

GONZO

The **spirit of the blues** is alive, well and living in the **Northeast of England**: we meet **Auld Man's Baccie**, Doug talks to **Happy the Man** drummer **Michael Beck**, Alan goes to **Strummerville** to discover the legacy of **Clash** guitarist **Joe Strummer**, and we discover the frightening dystopian world of **G P Ching**

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FREE!**

#201

NORTH COUNTRY BLUES



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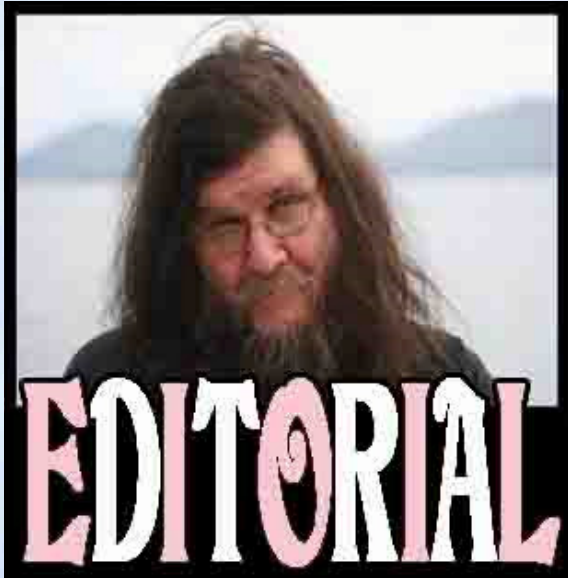
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THE THREE COMMANDMENTS OF GONZO WEEKLY:

1. Art is as important as science and more important than money
2. There is life after (beyond and before) Pop Idol
3. Music can and sometimes does change the world

If you think those three ideas are stupid then you should probably give up reading this magazine now.
Otherwise... enjoy



Dear Friends,

After celebrating our 200th issue last week, we now set forth on the long, and ever so slightly gruelling journey towards Issue 300.

It was after the interview with Ian Paice from the *Gastank* box set that we printed in last week's 200th issue that I renewed my acquaintance with *Deep Purple*. They were, in fact, the band which first introduced me to the joys of rock and roll.

As I believe I have mentioned once or twice in these pages, I lived in Hong Kong for a decade from 1961, because my Father was a senior member of Her Majesty's Overseas Civil Service, back in the days when Britain had the remnants of an Empire, and I was still knee high to a fairly mid-sized grasshopper.

Although back in the Mother Country, (yes the Headmistress of Peak School actually called it that on occasions during Assembly), London was swinging, and various people with whom I would become friendly four decades later, were doing their groovy and inimitable thing, pop music didn't really impact upon my life or that of my compadres. The Beatles visited Hong Kong in June 1964 on one of the brief tours when Ringo was in hospital and a guy called Jimmy Nicol replaced him on drums. I was less than five years old at the time, and although I vaguely remember my father blustering about "northern long haired guttersnipes" the event had no relevance to me whatsoever.

There was even a Hong Kong pop group, but apart from the vaguest memories of the name I could remember nothing about them, so I had to go to Wikipedia. Teddy Robin and the Playboys were a 1960s HK English pop band. The most notable members were Teddy Robin (vocal and guitar), who has a successful career as a singer/



“Dum dum-der Dum, dum-de Dum dum -de dum-de-dum DUM DUM! DUM DUM!”

songwriter and as actor/filmmaker; and Norman Cheng (father of actor/singer Ronald Cheng) (lead guitar), who later in the 1970s went on to become a top executive in charge of the Southeast Asian operations of Polydor Records. Teddy Robin Kwan's two brothers were also part of the band, with Raymond Kwan on rhythm guitar and William Kwan on bass. But basically pop music was for girls, and girls were - to my mind - more than slightly icky.

As the sixties trundled on to their end, a few more snippets of pop culture passed by my eyes. I remember the tears of the girls in my class when the rumour that Paul McCartney was dead reverberated around the world. The ten year old Jonathan repeated his Father's party line about “northern long-haired guttersnipes”, only for a girl called Lucy to splutter through her tears that “he was the one who had the shortest hair”, before running away blubbing. That summer, on holiday in England, the teenage daughter of the



اللجنة لهم إذا كانوا لا تأخذ نكتة



lady who ran the B&B on Dartmoor where the Downes family spent their summer holiday, sat in the public room watching Top of the Pops each week, and I vaguely remember The Equals singing 'Viva Bobby Joe', something which left me completely underwhelmed, and a year or so later I remember seeing the trailer for the *Woodstock* movie; but it was the nude girls rather than the music which had impressed itself upon my memory. The next year I remember a friend of mine singing Badfinger's 'Come and Get It' and basically that is the sum total of my



pop music experience in the sixties.

My Father became seriously ill with arthritis during the summer of 1970, and was invalided out of the Civil Service, and the Downes family returned to England. Sometime during our last few months in Hong Kong I had an epiphany.

Every evening the Downes family sat down to watch the evening news before tea. For some reason the local Rediffusion TV channel, would broadcast a five minute cultural item. It was usually a string quartet, or some Bulgarian acrobats. One day it was a bloke in a funny hat playing a flute, but on another night it was something truly extraordinary.

Five wild looking men with hair past their shoulders stood hunched over their instruments. There was a two bar drum roll, and then the music started.

"Dum dum-der Dum, dum-de Dum dum-de dum-de-dum DUM DUM! DUM DUM!"

It was Deep Purple and they were playing 'Black Night'. And my life would never be the same again.

Suddenly pop music was no longer something soppy that girls liked. It was something raw and

visceral. It was something glorious. It was something that was calling out to me, and I grasped it with both hands.

For years after that I listened to Deep Purple and followed them through their career. I will admit that it was the fourth version of the band, the one with Dave Coverdale and Glenn Hughes that I preferred best. But I followed the band through various incarnations, and bought most of the records. Like so many others I cheered enthusiastically when the classic lineup reformed in the mid 1980s, and waved my arms about wildly when 'Perfect Strangers' came out.

Then a few years later they released a second comeback album. I think I only ever listened to my copy of 'House of Blue Light' once, it was so underwhelming. And after that Deep Purple went their way and I went mine. Years later, when I was working as features editor for the sadly doomed *Planet on Sunday* I was sent a copy of the live album, which contained the remake of 'Concerto for Group and Orchestra', and I grooved to it for several weeks. But the spell had been broken, and I was no longer a proper Deep Purple fan (whatever that means).

Then a few years ago Jon Lord died and I write an obituary for him in these hallowed pages, and as far as I was concerned Deep Purple died with him, because although he had left the band a decade or so before, they were *his* band in the same way that The Rolling Stones were Ian Stewart's.

So, after putting last week's issue to bed, on a wave of nostalgia, I put 'House of Blue Light' on my iPad, donned my headphones that Alex aka Ve gave me as a present for my birthday, and turned up the volume. And you know what, it's not bad at all. And the weird thing is that when I then put on 'Perfect Strangers', which I had loved when it came out, it didn't sound that much better. But then I put on 'Stormbringer' and I have been asking myself all weekend why the hell I managed to let Deep Purple drift out of my life.

It is a question to which I have not yet managed to find a satisfactory answer.

Weird huh?

J



Deep Purple, John Ellis, Datura4, The Embrooks, The Prophet Hens, Gorillaz, Damon Albarn, David Bowie, Elton John, Strange Fruit, Friday Night Progressive, Mack Maloney's Mystery Hour, Canterbury san Frontieres, John D Loudermilk, Jerry Corbetta, Carlos Walker, Martin Stephenson, Jeff Wayne/Radio Luxembourg, Dee Palmer, Arthur Brown, Rick Wakeman, Pink Fairies, Captain Beefheart, Joe Cocker, Rick Wakeman and Mario Fasciano, Rick Wakeman and Brian May, Barbara Dickson, Auld Man's Baccie, Michael Beck, Alan Dearling, Joe Strummer, Strummerville, Mr Biffo, Roy Weard, Hawkwind, Hawklords, Xtul, G P Ching, The Beatles, The Who, Pink, Neil Nixon, Chinga Chavin

IT'S A LEGAL MATTER BABY

A lot of the time the pictures that we include in this publication are unique to Gonzo Weekly, and used with the photographer's permission. However, this magazine is free, and at least at the moment only available online, and so in our opinion we are covered by a recent decision by the European Courts of Justice.

Websites can link to freely available content without the permission of the copyright holder, the European Court of Justice says. The court's decision came after a dispute in Sweden between journalists and a web company that had posted links on its site to online news articles.

A Swedish court had asked the EU court to consider whether this broke copyright law.

Some of the pictures in this magazine are hotlinked to other websites where they are freely available. It is our opinion that we are covered by this ruling. So there!

Of course if someone objects to our using their material we will be good fellows and take it down, unless (and this is a big unless) we feel that it is not in the public interest to comply.

But normally we shall not stand on ceremony. If you want to read more about this decision go to:

<http://www.bbc.co.uk/news/technology-26187730>

Dramatis Personae



THE GONZO WEEKLY
all the gonzo news that's fit to print

This is quite simply the best magazine you will ever find that is edited by a mad bloke (and his small orange cat), and produced from a tumbledown potato shed on the outskirts of a tiny village that nobody's heard of in North Devon. The fact that it is published with Gonzo Multimedia - probably the grooviest record company in the known universe - is merely an added bonus.

NAMING THOSE RESPONSIBLE

This issue was put together by me and Captain Frunobulax the Magnificent, (who is, in case you didn't know, an insane orange kitten on the verge of adulthood) ably assisted by:

Corinna Downes,
(Sub Editor, and my lovely wife)
Graham Inglis,
(Columnist, Staff writer, *Hawkwind* nut)
Douglas Harr,
(Features writer, columnist)
Bart Lancia,
(My favourite roving reporter)
Thom the World Poet,
(Bard in residence)
C.J.Stone,
(Columnist, commentator
and all round good egg)
John Brodie-Good
(Staff writer)
Alan Dearling,
(Staff writer)
Mr Biffo,
(Columnist)
A J Smitrovich,
(Columnist)

Richard Freeman,
(Scary stuff)
Dave McMann,
(He ain't nothing but a Newshound-dog)
Orrin Hare,
(Sybarite and literary *bon viveur*)
Mark Raines,
(Cartoonist)
Davey Curtis,
(tales from the north)
Jon Pertwee
(Pop Culture memorabilia)
Dean Phillips
(The House Wally)
Rob Ayling
(The *Grande Fromage*,
of whom we are all in awe)
and **Peter McAdam**
(McDada in residence)

This is the nearest that you are ever going to get to a posh weekend colour supplement from the *Gonzo Daily* team. Each week we shall go through the best bits of the week before, and if there aren't any we shall make some up, or simply make our excuses and leave (you can tell the editor once did contract work at the *News of the World* can't ya?)

This weekly magazine is free, and will remain so. It is published by Gonzo Multimedia in conjunction with CFZ Publications, or is it the other way round? We're actually not that sure. Contact us with bribes and free stuff:

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Editor: *Gonzo Weekly* magazine
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so what's it all about, Alfie?

It is simple; my name is Jon and I'm the editor of the Gonzo Multimedia daily online bloggything, and wot what a long, strange trip it is gonna be...

I keep on thinking that I ought to have some sort of a mission statement in each issue, but it is more than a little difficult to do one.

Basically, (if you don't mind me sounding more like a wishy washy old hippy than my haircut in the photograph on the previous page would imply) I think that books and music are immensely important.

I look around and see that we are living in a world where the things that I think are important are valued less and less by society as a whole; a world where asinine gameshows and so-called reality TV (which is actually a complete oxymoron, but don't get me started) are of more importance to most people than anything of cultural or spiritual value.

I am also very disappointed by much of what the contemporary music press puts out, and I decided many years ago, that probably the only way I could read the things that I want to read, would be to publish them myself.

So this is what I have been doing for much of my life. I am also naive enough to think that music and art *can* change the world, and as the world is in desperate need of change, I am gonna do my best to help.

Now is an even better time than usual to subscribe because, not only is it FREE (yes, Oxford English Dictionary free, not yer usual publisher free which means that we sell all the mailing list emails that we garner to a company trying to flog Viagra and/or Double Glazing).

No this is FREE as in Gratis. Not a Sausage. But I digress. So make an old hippy a happy chappy and SUBSCRIBE TODAY

THE ^{gonzo} NEWSROOM



FROM THE K BAND TO THE LUMA GROUP

Guitar legend John Ellis would like to point you to a not-for-profit organisation he supports. The Luma Group employ freelance artists to deliver Luma Group workshops. They have been in a state of hibernation for several years but are now coming back to life. If you are especially interested in the way large organisations can support community projects, go to <http://www.lumagroup.org.uk/>

gonzo CURRENTLY IN STOCK
AT GONZO (UK)

gonzo CURRENTLY IN STOCK
AT GONZO (USA)

DATURA 4 U

Rock 'n' roll fans please welcome Hairy Mountain the second album from West Australia's Datura4. Building upon the 'guitars to infinity' approach of Datura4's acclaimed debut LP Demon Blues, Hairy Mountain is 10 solid tracks celebrating an unbridled joy for rock'n'roll with a nod to the spiritual presence of their hairy Oz rock forefathers. Hairy Mountain is the culmination of a lifetime of



musical archaeology and the ongoing search for the never ending riff.

"It's the brainchild of Dom Mariani (frontman of Australian garage rockers The Stems and powerpoppers DM3) and Greg Hitchcock (former You Am I and one-time New Christs' guitarist), and they're new full-tilt boogie, psych and prog combo calling it Datura4." – BLURT

"Throwback in the best possible way, the way you can go to some underground club in your nearest big city and see kick-ass rockers throwing it down like it was 1972. But unlike those amateurs, Datura4 is the real deal. In Mariani and Hitchcock, it has the pedigree – UNDER THE RADAR



"Capitalism is the extraordinary belief that the nastiest of men for the nastiest of motives will somehow work for the benefit of all."

John Maynard Keynes



THE EMBROOKS
Nightmare / Helen

THS-026

Vinyl single

Release Date: September 2016

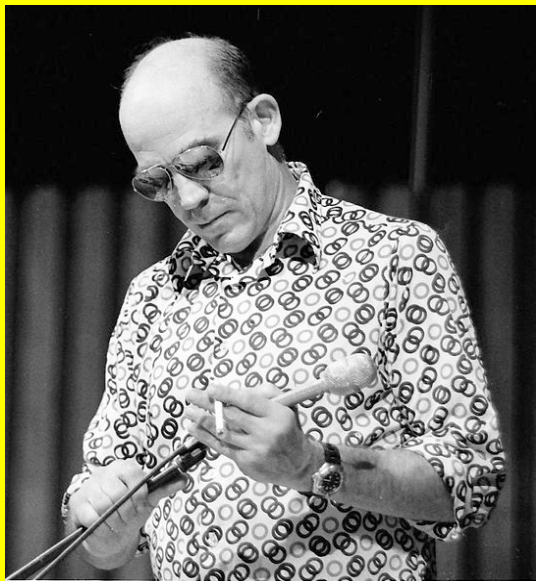
After a 10-year hiatus The Embrooks are back, and sounding better than ever. Over the past decade music has changed, fads have come and gone, and "psychedelia" now means literally anything. The Embrooks' pop-art stomp however sounds just as it always has, neither dated or of our era – and somehow they seem

to sound more powerful and youthful too. Pop music the way it should be.

Taking key elements, and attitude, from the immediate British post-1965 era – the time when beat bands and mod acts were starting to experiment with feedback, more introspective lyrics and unexpected musical textures – the Embrook sound very much carries forward this "musical movement", later coined freakbeat by Bam Caruso Records' Phil Smee. Amphetamine-laced music carrying the slightest whiff of the mind opening properties of pot.

The pounds burned fast across 1966 and into '67 with The Who leading the way with smash single after smash single of intense pop noise. Exactly 50 years on The Embrooks bring a needed kick in the balls to the "psych scene" with the edgy 'Nightmare' and bubblegumming, Equals-like 'Helen'. These would have definitely performed well back in the day. Songs recorded properly, but basically; natural vocals and an overall sense of fun without pretense or artifice.

With five albums behind them, an international fanbase, and need for tunes like these again, it's good to have another Embrooks' record: one that sits perfectly with their back catalogue, yet points to future.



WHO GONZO? WHY GONZO? WHAT GONZO?

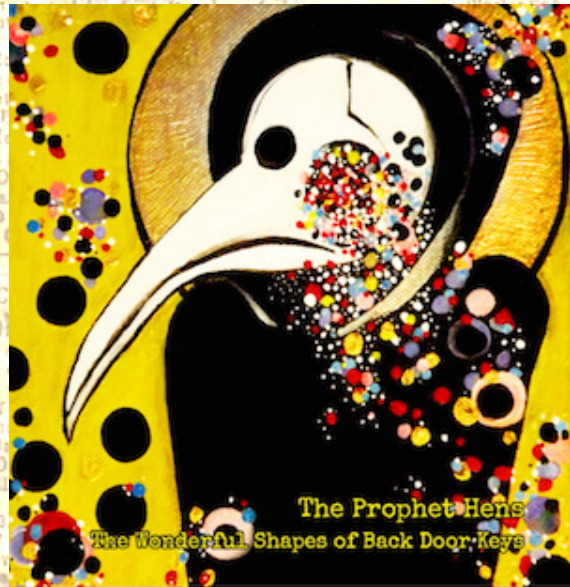
What? You don't know who Hunter Thompson is/was/might have been/will be? Without Hunter Thompson there would be no Gonzo Multimedia. It would have been completely different and that would have been an unforgivable pity. So here is:

- [A potted history of his life and works](#)
- [Rob Ayling explains why he called his company 'Gonzo'](#)

C.J.Stone suggested that as well as explaining Gonzo to those wot don't understand, we should do a weekly quote from the man himself...

"Every reaction is a learning process; every significant experience alters your perspective. So it would seem foolish, would it not, to adjust our lives to the demands of a goal we see from a different angle everyday? How could we ever hope to accomplish anything anther than galloping neurosis?"

Hunter S. Thompson



HO FOR THE HENS

The Prophet Hens return for a second album. The Wonderful Shapes Of Back Door Keys delivers on the tuneful jangly promise of their debut album Popular People Do Popular People*

US music blog The Finest Kiss described their popular debut as "Chills meets Belle & Sebastian pop alchemy" before saying "The Prophet Hens may be better than both" and making it their #2 album of 2013. It was a bold call from a respected indie-pop authority, but the band's new album gives that claim a sharp nudge. As the release date is less than a few weeks away I'd like to ask you to register your interest for a promo CD now. It will be sent Monday.

Ring the changes on this latest effort is the addition of bassist Robin Cederman's adventurous songwriting, on which keyboard player Penelope Esplin takes lead vocals. Her voice, the strong melodies, and richly detailed, dramatic storylines are sometimes reminiscent of an Antipodean Neko Case.

Robin's songs complement Karl Bray's minor-key pop numbers, which manage to be both melancholic and exuberant at the same time. Their teasing guitar intros along with jangling chord progressions woven through swirling fairground keyboards and reflective lyrics indicate he's as much in thrall to the chiming guitar of classic UK jangle-pop and early REM as to any local Dunedin forebears.

The Prophet Hens may have formed as the result of an accident but the "pop alchemy" progress on their second album leaves nothing to chance.

The Brighton Bar Proudly Presents...
Gonzo Multimedia Recording Artist

One Night Only



Featuring Joey Molland from "Badfinger"



Doors Open at 7:00 PM

Saturday
September 17,
2016

Also Appearing:



Stone Baby

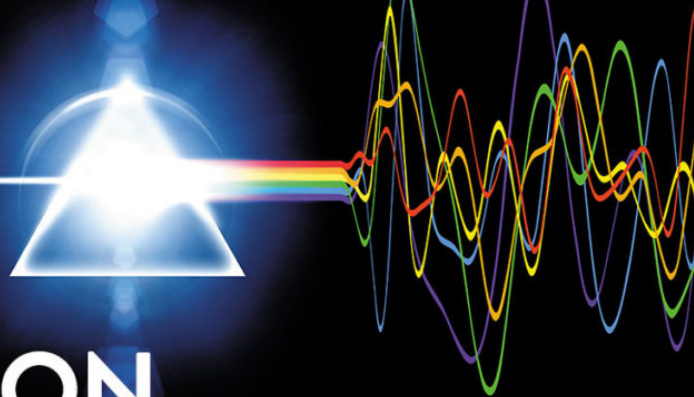
And

The Grip Weeds

MARK YOUR CALENDARS. TICKETS WILL GO ON SALE SOON!

THE PINK FLOYD EXHIBITION

THEIR MORTAL REMAINS
13 May – 1 October 2017



V&A

The Victoria and Albert Museum in London will play host to a spectacular exhibition of Pink Floyd's history. It is called The Pink Floyd Exhibition: Their Mortal Remains.

The exhibition was originally planned to take place in Italy a couple of years ago but planning issues meant it was not feasible.

At the exhibition you can experience an unprecedented, innovative and multi-sensory journey through Pink Floyd's extraordinary worlds, chronicling the music, design and staging of the band, from their debut in the 1960s through to the present day.

Visitors will have the unique opportunity to experience never-before-seen classic Pink Floyd concert footage and a custom-designed laser light show.

It features contributions from all living members of the band and follows a very successful exhibition centred around David Bowie.

Tickets cost £20-£24 and the exhibition runs from 13th May 2017 to 1st October 2017.

<https://www.vam.ac.uk/exhibitions/pink-floyd>

THE ^{gonzo} NEWSROOM



GORILLAZ IN THE MISSED: Gorillaz musicians have unfurled a brand new Instagram account and website ahead of their mysterious album release. The group hasn't dropped new music since their fourth album *The Fall* reached listeners in 2011, leaving fans at the edge of their seats in anticipation of fresh songs, and as the band prepares to put out a fifth record in 2017, the enigmatic crew has made quite a strange online debut. On Tuesday (20Sep16) the Gorillaz made their Internet presence known on social network Instagram by publishing 27 photos from previous artistic efforts dating as far back as their premiere self-titled 2001 album.

The very first image they shared on the photo-sharing app features the words, "NOV 2000", and directly links to the third published photo which has "TOMORROW COMES TODAY". The four track EP which first unleashed Murdoc, Noodle, Russel and 2D onto an unsuspecting world. Released in 2000" written in white letters against a blue background. The textual allusions reference the first

single released by Gorillaz entitled *Tomorrow Comes Today*, a tune which premiered back in November, 2000, as well as the fictional bandmembers in the creative group, which was founded by real-life Blur musician Damon Albarn and Tank Girl comic book artist Jamie Hewlett back in 1998 as a "digital band" with both cartoon characters and humans fronting the instruments.

Read on...

STOLEN HERO: Thieves have stolen a plaque from the wall of David Bowie's Berlin, Germany home just weeks after it was unveiled. The memorial, which quoted the late rock icon's lyrics from his hit *Heroes*, went missing on Saturday (17Sep16), and local police officials are now investigating what they're calling an act of vandalism. Berlin Mayor Michael Mueller unveiled the plaque on the wall of the house Bowie called home from 1976 to 1978, while he worked on the albums *Low*, *Heroes*, and *Lodger*, and produced Iggy Pop's *The Idiot*, on 22 August (16). It read: "David Bowie (1947-2016) lived in this house 1976-1978..."

"We can be heroes, just for one day," Mueller told fans gathered at the ceremony. "I think one can say David Bowie and West Berlin had quite a special partnership." **Read on...**

REG RETIRES: Sir Elton John is preparing to retire from music as he approaches his landmark 70th birthday. The Rocket Man singer headlined the Apple Music Festival in London at the weekend and appeared on breakfast show *Good Morning Britain* on Monday (19Sep16) to discuss his career, and his plans for the future. While Elton thinks his voice is continually improving, he admits it's time to pass the baton to the younger musical generation after becoming resigned to the fact that his records are no longer selling like they used to because "people have enough" of his music.

"I love playing," the Bennie and the Jets singer told the ITV show. "My records don't sell any more because people have enough Elton John records in their collection. I love making them but it's someone else's turn now." **Read on...**

PRATT, DOWNES & SCOTT,
NEW YORK.

"At midnight, all the agents and superhuman crew go out and round up everyone who knows more than they do."

— Desolation Row by Bob Dylan

When those who are in power over us, do something spectacularly stupid, or when something highlights their idiocy and ineffectualness, it turns up in this section. *Que Ipsos Custodes?* Us? We just make stupid jokes about them.

WE DO NOT CLAIM THAT ANY OF THESE STORIES ARE TRUE—ONLY THAT THE PEOPLE WHO POSTED THEM CLAIM THAT THEY ARE TRUE...



For thousands of years, large numbers of wolves roamed Norway. Today, there are only about 30 left in the wild, and hunters are lining up in record numbers for licenses to kill half of them this hunting season, which is already well underway and goes through March. More than 11,000 Norwegian hunters have registered for the chance to shoot 16 wolves. That's roughly 763 hunters per wolf. You don't have to be against hunting to know that this isn't right. We, as human beings in this age of environmental stress and widespread extinction, need to be stewards of nature and take care of what wildlife remains. Please join me in asking the Norwegian government to end these wolf hunts, so that this

amazing animal, on the brink of extinction in Norway, can stand a chance.

Norway is famous for its measured policies, reasoned diplomacy and, above all, its defense of the environment. But that belies what's going on with wolves, as well as Norwegian brown bears and wolverines. Just 1% of the country has been designated a "wolf zone", in which the animals are allowed to exist. But, even there, only three litters a year are permitted. Once three pairs of wolves have bred, all the rest can be shot. Hunters, and the government issuing these licenses, claim that "culling" wolves is necessary to protect livestock. But the statistics totally disprove this. Every year, some 2 million sheep are released onto public land without supervision. Around 1,500 of them are killed by wolves. Far more sheep - around 100,000 - die from falling into crevasses, drowning, and disease. After this hunting season, only 14 wolves would remain, assuming others aren't killed by illegal hunting. That is not enough to sustain their population. This is extermination, pure and simple, and most Norwegians have already come out against it.

Please join me in asking Norway to halt the wolf hunt immediately and give them a chance to survive in the lands they have lived in for millennia.

<http://tinyurl.com/jh9vyeg>



Democracy Watch

The subscribers, by appointment from the Commission
of Patents, in report of the U. S. Patent Office for re-
ceiving and forwarding to the said, models, sketches or
manufactures to be patented, & deposited things, which
will be sent free of expense and risk and will dispen-
se, prepare, Certificates, Specifications, Assignments, and all
the necessary Papers and Drawings; will make references
into American and foreign works, to test validity of inven-
tions, and render advice on legal and scientific matters.

TURAL and HORTICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS AND
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 SEEDS. Together with a general assortment of Western
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 All persons wishing to purchase any of the above men-
 tioned articles, are invited to call and examine his stock,
 with the assurance that they will find a choice selection,
 of good quality, and at fair prices.
 Worcester, May 10. 1857 OTIS CONVERSE.

NEW STORE!
(Warden Block,) No. 44 Front St.,
WORCESTER,

AND BE

THE subscriber having recently opened a New Store,
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The subscriber is alone responsible for property entrusted
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 Worcester Rail Road Company.

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 E. S. LEONARD.
 Feb 25, 1847.

PRATT, DOWNES & SCOTT,
 (C. P. BURGESS)

THE LAST WEEK AT GONZO DAILY

Sunday
Monday
Tuesday
Wednesday
Thursday
Friday
Saturday

IF YOU ARE NOT A PART OF THE SOLUTION YOU ARE A PART OF THE PROBLEM.

ELDRIDGE CLEAVER

Two types of people visit rhino in the wild

The strong and courageous
take a camera

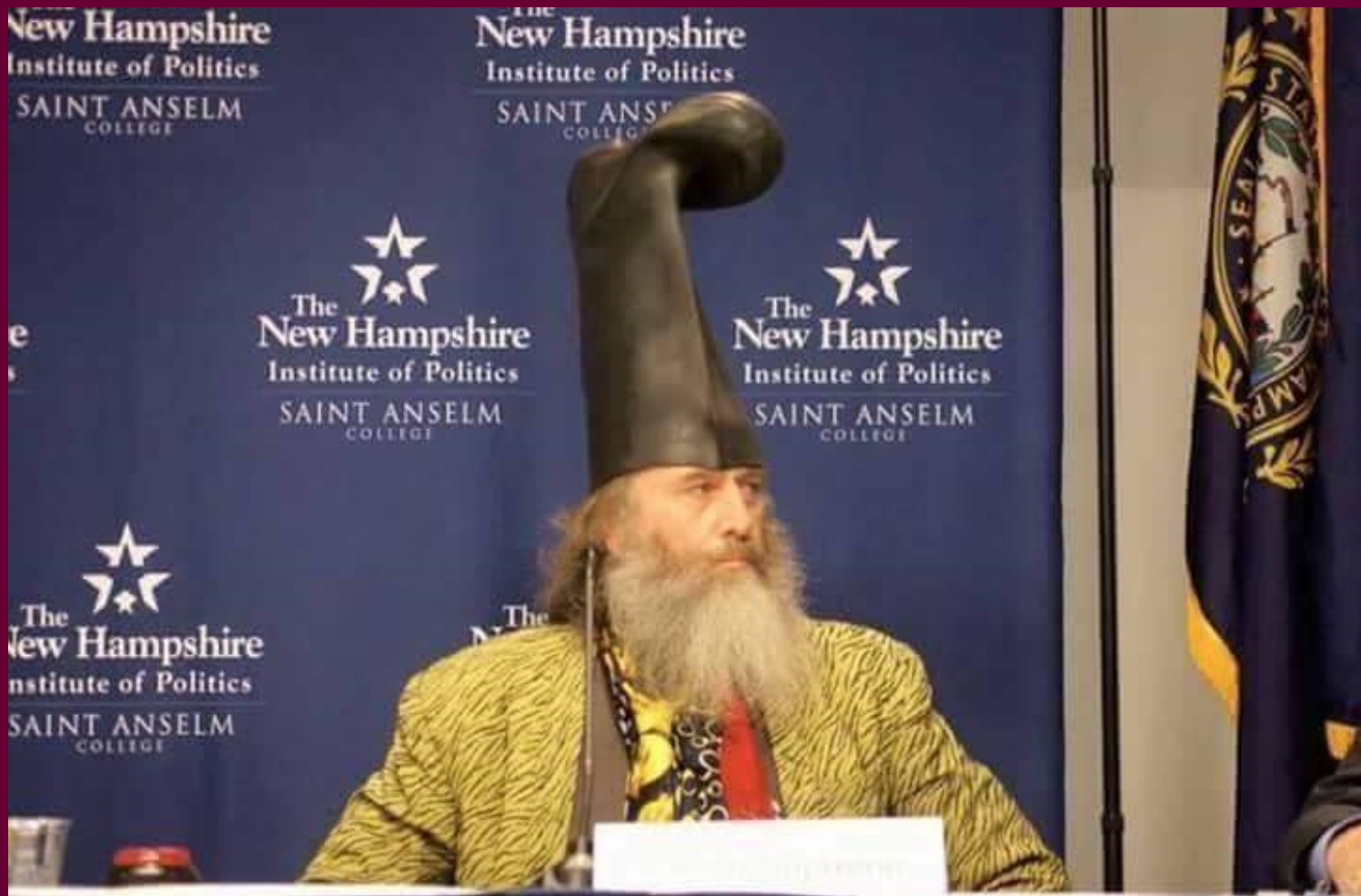
The weak and cowardly
take a gun

**What sort of
person are you?**

Celebrate wildlife on
World Wildlife Day
don't shoot it.



I always promised that this magazine would never endorse a political candidate. I am afraid that, as a person of integrity, that I have no option but to rescind that promise...

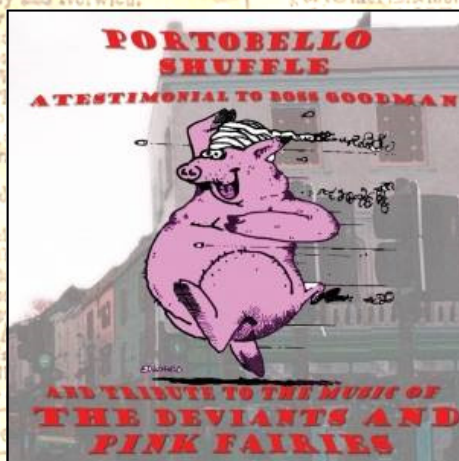


In New Hampshire, a man calling himself Vermin Supreme filed for the presidential primary. He said in his administration, every American will receive a pony. He also plans to defeat ISIS by going back in time.



I'M ON BOARD!

I stand with the volunteers on the Greenpeace ship *Esperanza* to speak for the Arctic.



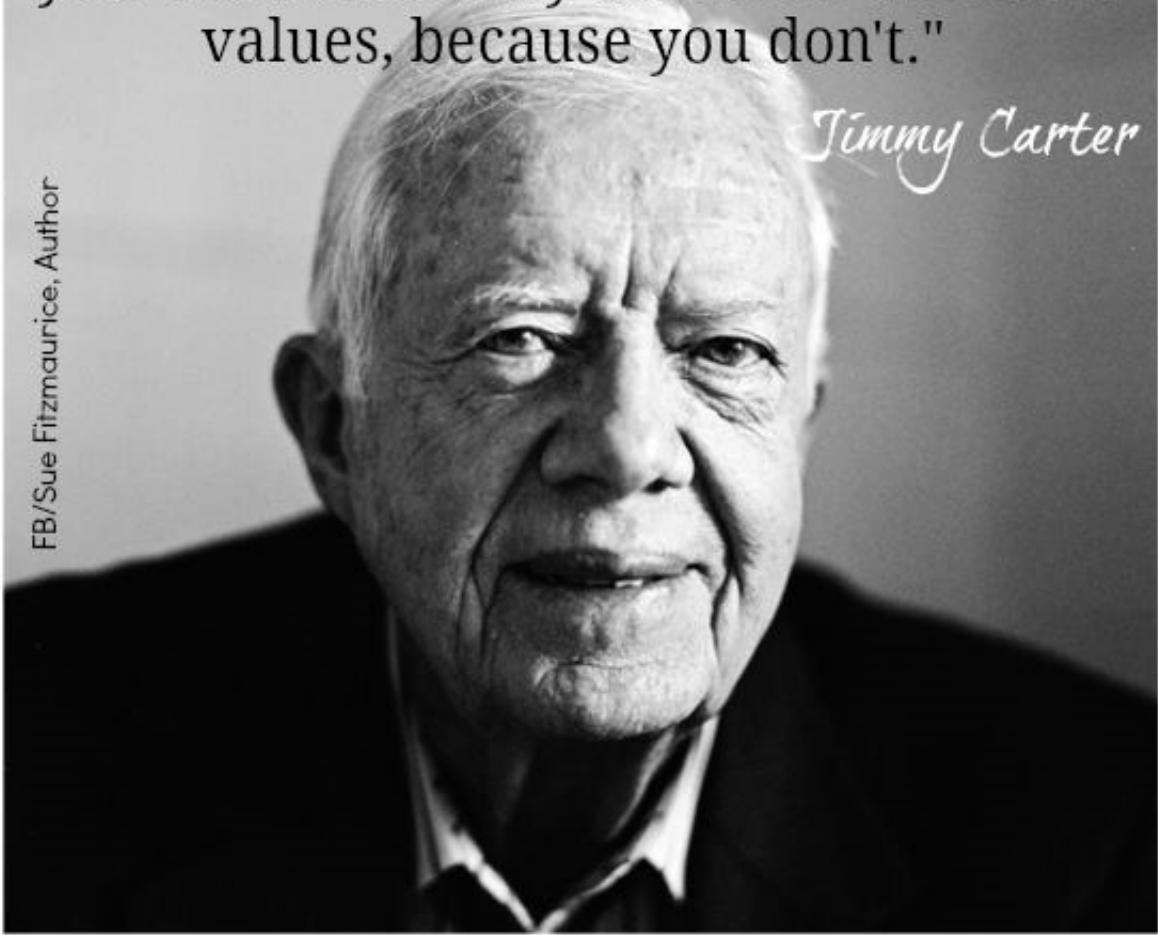
Portobello Shuffle CDs still at special low price of £5.00 each, 1 x CD inc. p&p = UK £6.80; Mainland Europe £8.90; USA £9.95; Rest of the World, contact Rich Deakin for postage price. arsydeedee@yahoo.co.uk

MICHAEL DES BARRÉS ON
LITTLE STEVEN'S UNDERGROUND GARAGE
MAXIMUM ROCK AND ROLL
MORNINGS 8AM - 11AM ET CH21 **SIRIUS** | ((XM))
SATELLITE RADIO
(FILLING IN FOR ANDREW LOOG OLDHAM)

"If you don't want your tax dollars to help the poor, then stop saying you want a country based on Christian values, because you don't."

Jimmy Carter

FB/Sue Fitzmaurice, Author



Trying to pick my favorite politician is like trying to decide which STD is just right for me.



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Peculiar News of the Week



Each week Richard Freeman: world famous cryptozoologist, explorer, author, and one of the most peculiar people I know picks a suitably off story from the world's press.

Dig set to solve Poland's Nazi gold train mystery

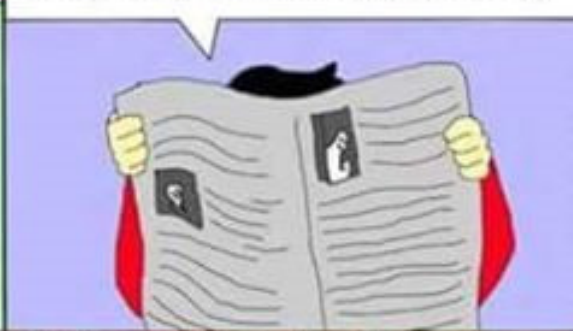
<http://tinyurl.com/jor9f94>



Bye Daddy! I'm leaving
for my date tonight!



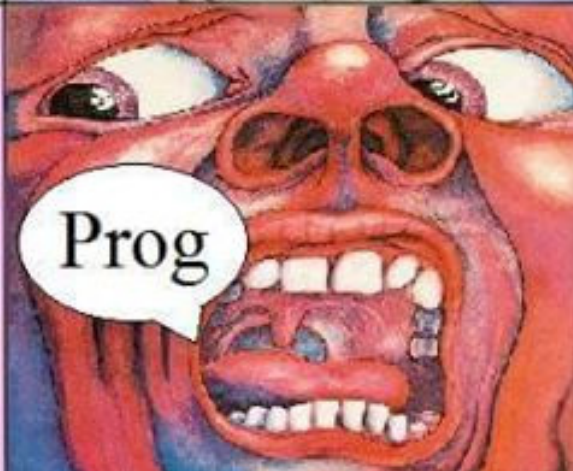
Hmph... You be careful, those
boys only care about one thing.



Sex?



No...



Prog

**ME TRYING TO FIND
GIRLS IN A PROG CONCERT**





Gonzo Web Radio started off as a medium by which interviews and radio programmes about the various acts covered by Gonzo Multimedia could be broadcast to an eagerly attentive world.

But over the past few years, it has become more than that. We now host regular weekly shows by Neil Nixon, a lecturer in professional writing at North West Kent College who uses his weekly radio show, Strange Fruit, as a learning experience for his students on the Foundation Course. I've known Neil for years, and he approached me with the idea of syndicating his show.

I agreed, and then the floodgates opened. We have regular weekly shows from Tim and Jaki on their submarine, and from the mysterious M Destiny on the other side of the pond with Friday Night Progressive. We also have a regular visit to the world of the Canterbury Scene courtesy of our friend Matthew Watkins. There are several other shows in the wings, waiting to join us, so stay glued to your seats boys and girls, your life is never going to be the same again!



Strange Fruit is a unique two-hour radio show exploring the world of underground, strange and generally neglected music. All shows are themed and all shows set out to give the most hardened of sound-hounds some new delight to sample.

The show is also unique in providing homework for undergraduate students on North West Kent College's Foundation Degree in Professional Writing (who dig up many of the odd facts featured in the links between tracks).

Neil Nixon, the founder and co-presenter of the show has released a book about rare albums for Gonzo Multimedia.

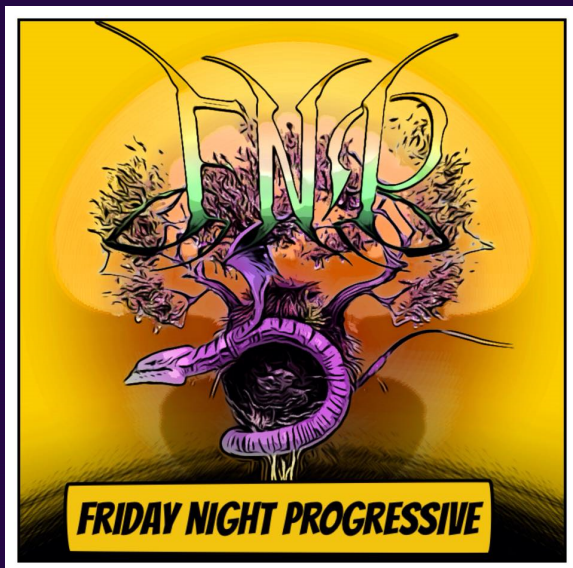
The show is broadcast on Miskin Radio every Sunday from 10-00-midnight.



Show 183 – Vintage Psychedelia from the Music City

Spanky and our Gang: And Your Bird Can Sing
 EG and Alice: Indian
 The Fall: Just Step Sideways
 Network: Ears of Stone
 Be-Bop Deluxe: Crying to the Sky
 Let's Eat Grandma: Eat Shiitake Mushrooms
 Dylan Carlson: A Rose in the Heather
 Mud: Flower Power
 The Teardrop Explodes: Colours Fly Away
 Discoballs: Have a Cigar
 Eric Gales: I Want you (She's so Heavy)
 The Electric Screwdriver: Light my Fire
 I Cut People: All About Crap
 Angelo Badelamenti: Laura Palmer's Theme
 Asschapel: Carcass Bloody Carcass
 Clear Light: The Susan Years
 Marilyn Monroe: Every Baby Needs a Da-da
 Daddy
 Julien Baker: Vessels
 Katiee: Atlantic City
 Neil Young: Love and Only Love
 Chainsaw Harakiri: Frag a Fag
 The Mad Tea Party: It's a Bliss to be Alive
 Charley Roman's Seventh Place: There's a Place
 Nona Hendryx: Leaving Here Today

**Listen
Here**



I first came across Friday Night Progressive totally by accident, but I soon found myself beguiled by the style and taste of presenter M Destiny who presents a weekly two-hour show showcasing all sorts of progressive music that you are unlikely to hear anywhere else. This is surely a man after my own heart. I also very much approve of the way that it is the hub of a whole community of artists, musicians, and collaborators. I hope that you enjoy them as much as I do. Welcome aboard, chaps.

Hello, I am M Destiny host of Friday Night Progressive. You will find it to be an incredible independent internet broadcast show. But it's more than that. We tend to boast that the musicians played on FNP are above the status quo. This includes the multi-instrumentalist and the educated musician. We tend to shy away from computer generated creations and rely on talent using musical instruments and steer this talent for purposes of sheer inspirational indulgence. It is only in the FNP chat room where you will find the most talented musicians packed at one time into such an honored space.



ARTISTS:

The Alea Dilemma Album: Within The Clamor Of Voices

<http://www.facebook.com/TheAleaDilemma>

Blank Manuscript Album: The Waiting Soldier

<http://www.facebook.com/BlankManuskript/?fref=ts>

Mindspeak Album: Pictures

<http://www.facebook.com/mindspeakmusic/?fref=ts>

Hiberna! Album: After the Winter

<http://www.facebook.com/hibernalband/?fref=ts>

Joshua Swann Album: Twenty Twelve

<http://www.facebook.com/Joshua-Swann-Music-454649144641680/?fref=ts>

Last Flight To Pluto Album: See You At The End

<http://www.facebook.com/Last-flight-to-Pluto-1524667531102974/?fref=ts>

Napier's Bones Album: Tregeagle's Choice

<http://www.facebook.com/napiersbonesband/?fref=ts>

Karda Estra Albums: The Seas and The Stars

<http://www.facebook.com/kardaestra/?fref=ts>

Exit Black Album: Predator & Prey

<http://www.facebook.com/exitblackofficial/?fref=ts>

Arcade Messiah Album: Arcade Messiah 2

<http://www.facebook.com/arcademessiah/?fref=ts>

— with Danny Brymer, Josh Swann, Henry Green, Ryan Sloan, Gordon Midgley, Simon Nagy, John Bassett, Mark Healy, Alice Freya, Alfons Wohlmuth and Richard Wileman.

**Listen
Here**

Friday Night Progressive



Both yer esteemed editor and yer Gonzo *Grande Fromage* are interested in the great mysteries of the universe, and so it was truly only a matter of time before Fortean related content began to seep its way into the magazine and onto Gonzo Web Radio...

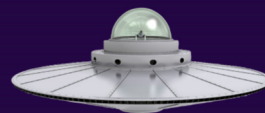
"Mack Maloney is the author of the best-selling "Wingman" science-fiction series, plus "UFOs in Wartime, What They Didn't Want You To Know," (Berkley Books).

He's a member of SKY CLUB, Gonzo recording artists. He's been a radio host since 2010. He lives with his wife, Doreen, on an island off the coast of Massachusetts."



AND LOOK WHAT MACK HAS FOR YOU THIS WEEK

UFOs, Clowns & Weird Dating in Antarctica
Mack, Juan-Juan and Commander Cobra talk to Rob Beckhusen about how one spy managed to ruin Russia's Air Force. Juan-Juan reports on the Exeter NH UFO conference, Switchblade Steve reports on creepy clowns. Plus, Cobra reveals he once ran a love-connection show for lesbians in Antarctica.



Listen
Here

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=UJ00-j0un6E>



CANTERBURY SANS FRONTIÈRES: Episode Thirty-Eight

We at Gonzo Web Radio are very proud to bring you Canterbury Sans Frontières - a podcast dedicated to the music of the 'Canterbury Scene' and more. Creator Matthew Watkins writes:

As with Canterbury Soundwaves, a new three-hour episode will be released with each full moon. I decided to wind down Canterbury Soundwaves so that I didn't end up

- (i) repeating myself,
- (ii) scraping the bottom of the Canterbury barrel, or
- (iii) becoming increasingly tangential.

This new podcast broadens the musical remit, so it'll be about one-third 'Canterbury sound', together with progressive/psychedelic/experimental music from the Canterbury of today, the remainder being a mix of music from various times and places which I feel to be in a similar spirit of creative adventurousness. I'll be doing a lot less talking, and the programme will be less expository – so no interviews, barely listenable bootlegs, etc. I also plan to include guest one-hour mixes from various musicians from the current music scene in Canterbury (Episode 2 features a mix from Neil Sullivan from Lapis Lazuli).

And for those of you who wonder what Matthew was referring to when he writes about Canterbury Soundwaves we have brought you all the back catalogue of that as well. Those wacky guys at Gonzo, eh?

Dedicated to the memory of Gilli Smyth, this episode features a one-hour mix of her work, including classic Gong, Shapeshifter Gong, Mother Gong, Glo, solo recordings and poetry. Also, some '71 Soft Machine, '76 live Caravan, new neo-Canterbury stylings from Galicia's Amoeba Split, pre-Univers Zero recordings from almost-forgotten Belgian band Arkham, allied "Rock In Opposition" ensemble Aksak Maboul, some live Miles from '73 and a couple of slices of neo-Ethio-groove from Munich and Paris. From the Canterbury music scene of today, live recordings from Arlet and The Boot Lagoon, plus work from Seth Scott, Nelson Parade and Vels Trio.

**Listen
Here**



John D. Loudermilk
(1934 – 2016)

Loudermilk was an American singer and songwriter from North Carolina. He learned to play the guitar as a young boy, and wrote a poem set to music "A Rose and a Baby Ruth", which he was allowed to play on-air by the owners of the local television station. This resulted in George Hamilton IV putting it on record in 1956, and after Eddie Cochran had a hit with Loudermilk's song "Sittin' in the Balcony" his career was firmly set.

He also recorded some of his songs as 'Johnny Dee'. Although he had his own recording career during the 1950s and 1960s, he was primarily known as a songwriter. His best-known songs include "Indian Reservation", a 1971 #1 hit for Paul Revere & the Raiders; "Tobacco Road", a 1964 top 20 hit for The Nashville Teens; and "Then You Can Tell Me Goodbye", a top ten hit in 1967 for The Casinos and also a #1 country hit for Eddy Arnold the following year.

A well-known story surrounding one of Loudermilk's songs is that, when he was asked by the Viva! NashVegas radio show about the origins of the Raider's hit song "Indian Reservation", he told that he wrote the song after his car was snowed in by a blizzard and being taken in by Cherokee Indians. He claimed that the chief "Bloody Bear Tooth" asked him to make a song about his people's plight and the Trail of Tears. Loudermilk, after being awarded the first medal of the Cherokee nation for this, was asked to read an old ledger book kept during The Trail of Tears. As he read through the

names, he discovered his great grandparents, at the age of 91, were marched 1,600 miles (2,600 km) during the plight.

He died on September 21 aged 82.



Jerry Corbetta
(1948 (?) - 2016)

Corbetta, although originally a drummer, switched to keyboards in his teen years and played in the Moonrakers and Chocolate Hair, the latter name being changed to Sugarloaf in honour of their Colorado roots. Sugarloaf were best known for their 1970 smash, "Green-Eyed Lady", a seven-minute

THOSE WE HAVE LOST

song that fit in perfectly with the psychedelic heavy blues of the day.

Corbetta carried on with Sugarloaf until 1978, when he joined Frankie Valli and the Four Seasons for a few years in the early '80s, and continued to work on the oldies circuit, particularly with the Classic Rock All-Stars and an occasional Sugarloaf reunion.

In 2009 Corbetta was diagnosed with Pick's disease, which slowly destroys the nerve cells in the brain in a similar way as does Alzheimer's disease. Upon diagnosis he was forced into retirement.

He died on September 16th at the age of 68.



**Carlos Walker
(1976 – 2016)**

Walker, better known by his stage name Shawty Lo, was an American hip hop recording artist from Atlanta, Georgia. Walker was a founding member of

the Southern hip hop group D4L in 2003, and also founded D4L Records. He self-funded this group to begin with and explained the name stands for "Down for Life".

It signed to indie label Dee Money Entertainment, which released the group's debut in conjunction with Asylum Records, the debut album being *Down for Life* with tracks "Betcha Can't Do It Like Me" and "Laffy Taffy".

The latter track attributed much towards D4L's success when it broke records as the most downloaded song in the history of music (according to 2007 *Guinness Book of Records*).

In June 2011, Walker announced he had signed his D4L imprint to fellow American rapper 50 Cent's subsidiary label.

In late 2008 Shawty Lo started working on a new album entitled *Carlos*; artists that were to be featured on the album included Rick Ross, T-Pain, Lil' Kim, Bun B, Nate Butler, Lyfe Jennings, Mýa, T.I., Lil Wayne, and Gucci Mane. In 2009,

Shawty Lo released a song from the album entitled "Roll the Dice"; this song being known for marking the end of the grumble between him and fellow rapper T.I.

He died on 21st September in a traffic accident.

Qiao Renliang (乔任梁; 喬任梁)

1987 – 2016),

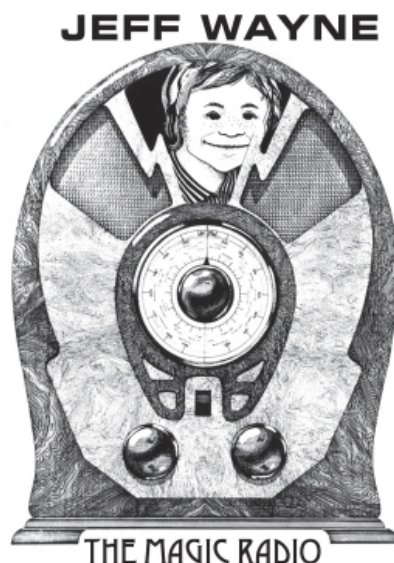
Qiao also known as **Kimi Qiao**, was a Chinese singer and actor. He took part in the second season of 加油好男儿) and finished the competition as the runner-up for that season in 2007, and released his first EP in 2008.^[1] On September 16, 2016, Qiao was found dead in a Shanghai apartment, having suffered from severe depression/

THOSE WE HAVE LOST



Artist Martin Stephenson
 Title Sweet Misdemeanour
 Cat No. BARBGZ101CD
 Label Barbaraville

Martin George Stephenson was born on 27 July 1961 to Alfred and Francis Stephenson in Durham and the lead singer of The Daintees. Stephenson's work has increasingly drawn on folk music and traditional musical roots, and his performances have often taken in low-key live events and venues for recording. He has recorded albums in a Scottish church and a disused lighthouse. Martin Stephenson currently lives in the highlands in Scotland. An anonymous source on Amazon.com commented: "'Sweet Misdemeanour' is right up there with his best work. Although much of the album has a rockabilly flavour to it, this is an eclectic mix of songs and for this reason, reminds me of the Daintees classic debut 'Boat to Bolivia'. This CD is well worth a listen"



Title The Magic Radio
 Cat No. GSGZ002CD
 Label Greyscale

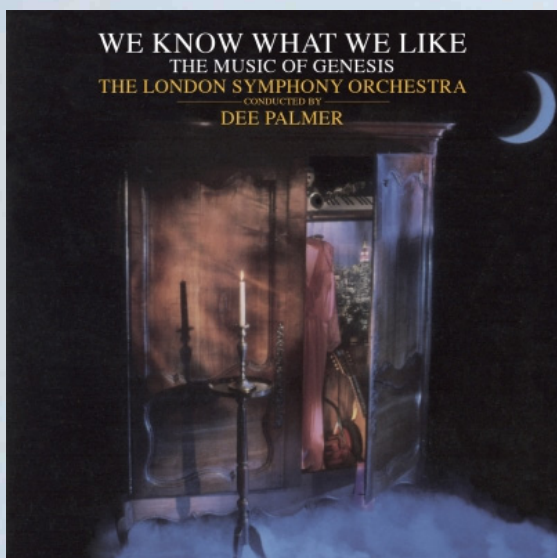
The original pressing of this album is "Undoubtedly one of the RAREST UK LPs EVER made! Up until 1973 Radio Luxembourg had the monopoly on advertising on UK Radio - as all other Radio Stations were BBC only! However in 1973 the 'Independent Local Radio' project was begun - and for the first time Radio Luxembourg faced serious competition for Radio advertising! And so they commissioned this LP (99 copies only to avoid tax!) to be given to advertising people to advertise their Radio Station. For the VERY FIRST TIME Jeff Wayne (later more famous of his legendary 'War Of The Worlds' double LP in 1977) was commissioned to write ALL the music on this LP! Naturally this makes this a VERY important LP indeed - as it was the first time EVER that Jeff Wayne was given a chance to put music

Artist Jeff Wayne/Radio Luxembourg



into an LP! Plus the fact that only 99 copies were EVER made making this 'Promotional ONLY' LP one of the ALL TIME rarest UK LPs ever made!"

Now we can all share and enjoy it!



Artist Dee Palmer
Title We Know What We Like - The Music of Genesis
Cat No. HST360CD
Label Gonzo

There have been numerous attempts at orchestrating the songs of rock groups - Queen and Yes, for instance, have had this done. Dee Palmer, is an accomplished arranger and conductor in many genres of music, possibly best known as a one time member of Jethro Tull. For her programme she has chosen Genesis songs from the mid-seventies to the early eighties, their progressive period, before they changed to a more pop-oriented band.

The music is beautifully played yet doesn't lack dramatic power when necessary. Highlights are the soft ballad "Entangled" and a lovely version of the early acoustic guitar piece "Horizons" delectably played by original guitarist Steve Hackett, who guests on the album throughout. Ian Anderson of Jethro Tull fame plays the flute solo on "I know what I like" in a very individual style. The use of the Charterhouse School Choir for the finale of "Supper's Ready" is thoughtful and nostalgic, as it was in the hallowed halls of Charterhouse that Peter Gabriel, Tony Banks and Mike Rutherford first met and laid the seeds of Genesis. The recording is outstandingly clear and this music benefits from being heard on a good hi-fi system. This is a special record for committed Genesis fans who won't be disappointed.



Artist Arthur Brown
Title Radio Sessions 1968, 1972 and 1975
Cat No. HST299CD
Label Gonzo

Arthur Wilton Brown (born 24 June 1942) is an English rock singer best known for his flamboyant theatrical performances, powerful wide-ranging operatic voice and his number-one hit in the UK Singles Chart and Canada, "Fire", in 1968. Brown has been lead singer of various groups, most notably The Crazy World of Arthur Brown and Kingdom Come, followed by a varied solo career as well as associations with Hawkwind, The Who, Jimi Hendrix, Klaus Schulze, and Frank Zappa.

Though Brown has had limited commercial success, he has been a significant influence on a wide range of musicians and artists and due to his operatic vocal style, wild stage persona and concepts, he is considered a pioneer of shock rock and progressive rock and influential on heavy metal music. Following the success of the single "Fire", the press would often refer to Brown as "The God of Hellfire" in reference to the opening shouted line of the song, a moniker that exists to this day. These vintage radio sessions go a long way towards explaining why he is a living legend. Enjoy!





Artist Rick Wakeman
 Title Made in Cuba
 Cat No. HST417CD
 Label Gonzo

"Made in Cuba", presents Rick Wakeman with his band the New English Rock Ensemble performing to a capacity crowd live at the Karl Marx Theatre in Havana, Cuba, in April 2005, and invited by the Ministry of Culture, the Cuban Music Institute and the Swiss foundation, "Association Friends of Cuba". Rock Keyboard legend Rick Wakeman traveled to Havana, to perform a series of concerts that will forever be recognized internationally as an enormous event for the Cuban people, and a historic moment marked by the importance of one of the first and largest official Rock concerts ever to be performed on the Island.

This DVD captures the spectacular performance and the momentous event which will undoubtedly be worthy of an entry in the chronicles of rock music history. Wakeman devoted most of the concert to classic tunes from the 1970s, including songs from his ""The Six Wives of Henry VIII"" ('73), ""Journey to the Centre of the Earth"" ('74) and ""King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table"" ('75) albums, plus a recent stage favorite from the ""Out There"" album called ""Cathedral of the Sky"" and the YES classics ""Starship Trooper"" and ""Wurm"".



Artist Pink Fairies
 Title Naked Radio
 Cat No. HST422CD
 Label Gonzo

The Pink Fairies are an English rock band initially active in the London (Ladbroke Grove) underground and psychedelic scene of the early 1970s. They promoted free music, drug taking and anarchy and often performed impromptu gigs and other agitprop stunts, such as playing for free outside the gates at the Bath and Isle of Wight pop festivals in 1970, as well as appearing at Phun City, the first Glastonbury and many other free festivals including Windsor and Trentishoe.

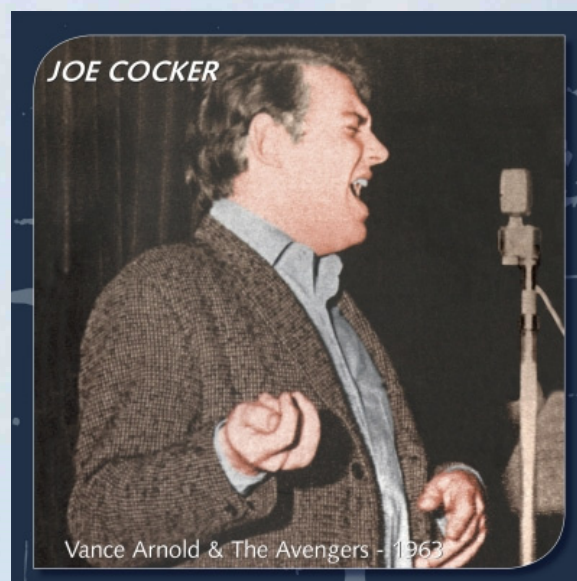
They never entirely went away, but now they are back with an astounding new record - their first studio album for many years. Up the Pinks!





Artist Captain Beefheart
 Title Easy Teeth
 Cat No. GSGZ006CD
 Label Gonzo

This show from 1978 shows Captain Beefheart at his crazy best. It does feature a great amount of “audience participation” which Beefheart appears to enjoy in a sort of “might go out of control any minute” kind of way. He attempts to calm them down by reciting short sections of song lyrics between tracks – giving them a bit of “Big Dummy” and “China Pig”. Then he tries to elicit some sympathy from them with “they put these damned lights on me and give me no water!” and tells them about once meeting Roland Kirk in the middle of the night out looking for “ribs” and advising him to try “the bible”. Before Owed T’Alex he tells them, in a good-natured way, how it is about Alex Snouffer and his tendency to “blame everything on his motorbike” while after Electricity he says “that song is twenty years old... it’s a square dance... that’s right... it’s a dance for squares”. At the end of one song he suddenly finds that Bruce Fowler is in the audience! – he then introduces him to the crowd who start to whoop excessively, and then Beefheart tries to convince Bruce to join them on stage and play, vaguely asking someone in the audience or off-stage “do you have a trombone?”. The show as per usual ends with Big Eyed Beans From Venus but they return for an encore of Golden Birdies to more wild whooping.”



Artist Joe Cocker
 Title Vance Arnold and the Avengers 1963
 Cat No. HST349CD
 Label Gonzo

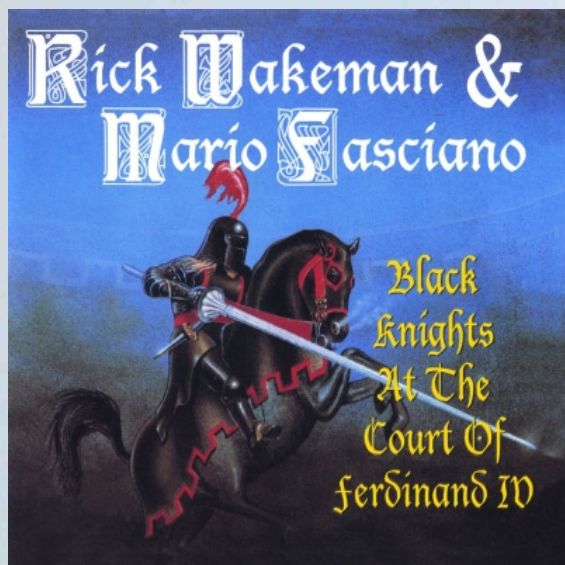
John Robert "Joe" Cocker, OBE (20 May 1944 – 22 December 2014) was an English singer and musician. He was known for his gritty voice, spasmodic body movement in performance and definitive versions of popular songs. Cocker's cover of the Beatles' "With a Little Help from My Friends" reached number one in the UK in 1968. He performed the song live at Woodstock in 1969 and at the Party at the Palace concert for the Golden Jubilee of Elizabeth II in 2002. His version also became the theme song for the TV series The Wonder Years. His 1974 cover of "You Are So Beautiful" reached number five in the US. Cocker was the recipient of several awards, including a 1983 Grammy Award for his US number one "Up Where We Belong", a duet with Jennifer Warnes. In 1993 Cocker was nominated for the Brit Award for Best British Male, in 2007 was awarded a bronze Sheffield Legends plaque in his hometown and in 2008 he received an OBE at Buckingham Palace for services to music.

In 1961, under the stage name Vance Arnold, Cocker was singer with, Vance Arnold and the Avengers. The name was a combination of Vince Everett, Elvis Presley's character in Jailhouse Rock (which Cocker misheard as Vance); and country singer Eddy Arnold. The group mostly played in the pubs of Sheffield, performing covers of Chuck Berry and Ray Charles songs. Cocker developed an interest in blues music and sought out recordings by John Lee Hooker, Muddy Waters, Lightnin' Hopkins and Howlin' Wolf. In 1963, they booked their first significant gig when they supported the Rolling Stones at Sheffield City Hall. In 1964, Cocker signed a recording contract as a solo act with Decca and released his first single, a cover of the Beatles' "I'll Cry Instead" (with Big Jim Sullivan



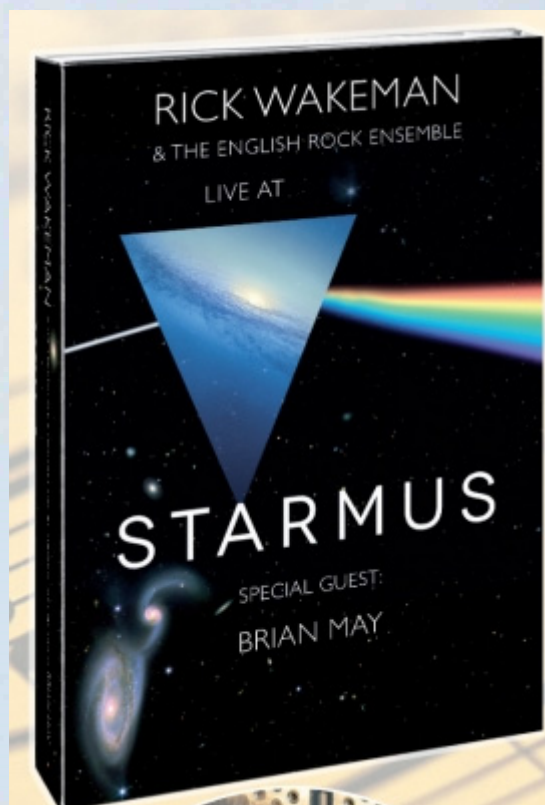
and Jimmy Page playing guitars). Despite extensive promotion from Decca lauding his youth and working-class roots, the record was a flop and his recording contract with Decca lapsed at the end of 1964.

Now you, too can hear what might have been.



Artist Rick Wakeman and Mario Fasciano
Title Black Knights at the Court of Ferdinand 4th
Cat No. MFGZ002CD
Label RRAW

On this extraordinary album, legendary keyboard player teams up with an Italian singer named Mario Fasciano. Stavros Moschopoulos writes: "Recorded on the Isle of Man, the CD contains 8 new Neapolitan songs and it is the result of a prodigious concurrence of a number of talented artists that have somehow reached a propitious zenith of creativity here, in this album. Exotic, Mediterranean, evocative, timeless, classic and classical, and wonderful are a few of the adjectives I use to describe this exciting CD". Rick's signature piano playing and Mario's warm Jon Anderson' like voice weave a web of medieval fantasy which won round up on Wakeman records on the internet described as being: "musically somewhere between prog and new age, with Italian vocals.". This is an unjustly overlooked record which fans of Rick Wakeman are certainly sure to enjoy.

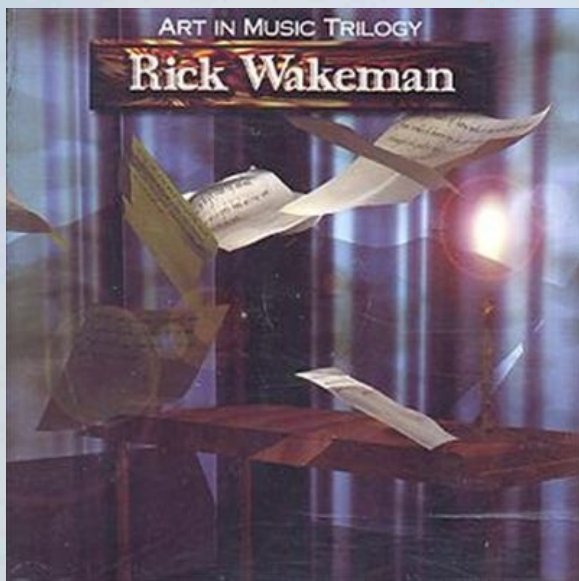


Artist Rick Wakeman and Brian May
Title Starmus 2014
Cat No. MFGZ019DVD
Label RRAW

Starmus is a festival of music and astronomy on the beautiful island of Tenerife. It is the brain child of Garik Israelian (the astrophysicist who led the team which found the first observational evidence that supernova explosions are responsible for the formation of stellar mass black holes). Rick Wakeman has made several appearances at this festival. The most notable was in 2014 where he was joined on stage by Dr Brian May, the iconic guitarist from Queen, where Rick Wakeman and English Rock Ensemble performed amongst other tracks from throughout Rick's career a legendary version of Starship Trooper.

This DVD is a must for fans of Classic Rock!





Artist Rick Wakeman
 Title Art In Music Trilogy
 Cat No. MFGZ007CD
 Label RRAW

Rick Wakeman is one of the foremost keyboard players of his generation, and therefore needs no introduction to anyone reading this. He is best known for being in the progressive rock band Yes across five tenures between 1971 and 2004 and for his solo albums released in the 1970s. Wakeman's discography includes over 90 solo albums that range from several musical styles. He has made many television and radio appearances; in recent years he became known for his contributions to the BBC comedy series *Grumpy Old Men* and his radio show on Planet Rock that aired from 2005 to 2010. Wakeman has written three books; an autobiography and two memoirs.

This release was hailed by his fans. Albert Johnson wrote: "This is perhaps one of the best albums Rick has produced. It's sensual, relaxing & a sheer musical pleasure to the ears of any age group. If you're feeling tired, rundown or stressed out then just sit back, close your eyes & relax to this musical extravaganza & let those worries fade into the distance. A must have album for true Wakeman collectors". And Peter Zajax wrote: "What more can one say about Rick Wakeman, musical works. If you like Wakeman you will like this. Apart from the excellent playing, I am always amazed by the quality of the recordings on Wakeman CD's as they seem to have a clean crisp sound."



Artist Barbara Dickson
 Title Live in Concert 1976/77
 Cat No. CTVPCD014
 Label Chariot

Released for the first time ever on any format, this exclusive DVD features two rare television concerts recorded by Barbara Dickson in 1976 and 1977. All fifteen live tracks from both studio sessions are also included as a bonus CD.

Not seen since the original broadcasts and remastered from the original studio master tapes, 'Barbara Dickson in Concert' sees Barbara and her band performing material from her first two best-selling pop albums, 'Answer Me' and 'Morning Comes Quickly.' In addition to 'Answer Me, a top ten hit for Barbara in late 1976, the release includes 'Another Suitcase in Another Hall,' Barbara's second chart hit taken from the soundtrack to the Andrew Lloyd Webber and Tim Rice musical, 'Evita'.

Also included are the singles 'Lover's Serenade' and Gerry Rafferty's 'City to City', as well as Steve Goodman's 'City of New Orleans,' a popular track from Barbara's live repertoire which has never previously been released on any of her studio or live albums.

The DVD booklet features a new interview with Barbara in which she looks back over her pop career and the many television appearances she has made over the years. Commenting on the concerts included on this release, Barbara says, "I haven't seen these since they were first broadcast but I have to say I'm impressed. They've been beautifully remastered and are a nice snapshot of what I was doing during that stage of my career. For those who enjoy my pop stuff, I don't think you'll be disappointed!"



YOU'VE READ THE MAGAZINE YOU'VE MARVELLED AT THE EDITOR'S IMPUDENCE NOW WEAR THE SHIRTS



Gonzo #32 The Dutch Festie c...

actions



Gonzo #30 The Mick Abrahams...

actions



Gonzo #27 The Prog shirt

actions



Gonzo #24 The Daavid Allen shirt

actions



Gonzo #23 The Michael Des B...

actions



Yer original Gonzo Weekly shirt

actions



Now, I don't know whether this is a good idea, a bad idea, or just an idea, but - as I believe you know - this magazine is put out each week on a budget of £25, and is free. It will remain free, but I would like to be able to generate some income so I can pay our contributing writers. So, 'why not flog *Gonzo Weekly* T Shirts?' I thought. 'Why not', I answered...

<http://www.zazzle.co.uk/gonzowebkly>

Beaucoup de Blues

Somewhere in Co Durham there is a crossroads. And I don't know whether a cornute fellow in black hangs around there offering to give guitar lessons to the unwary, but I am certain what plant grows around the base of the roadsign.

Auld Man's Baccie = Yarrow *Achillea millefolium*. In the Hebrides a leaf held against the eyes was believed to give second sight. In days of yore it was smoked in place of tobacco.

Turn your mind back, if you will, to the closing days of 1999. I was working for a sadly doomed Sunday newspaper which was run by an elderly and massively idealistic package holiday magnate who decided that *his* peculiar vision of a Sunday newspaper would not actually have any adverts in it.

Well that was a stupid fucking idea from the start. No conventional print publication can survive without advertising unless it is backed by someone with a lot of money. Well Clifford Hards (for this was his name) *did* have a lot of money, but not enough, and the publication disappeared up its own fundament after seven or eight issues.

This doesn't actually have that much to do with the story in hand, but it does explain why I had some extra money in my pocket when - together with my old friend and colleague Nigel Wright - I found myself in Lytham St Annes at a UFO conference.

Nigel and I were ostensibly there to publicise our book *The Rising of the Moon* which had been published earlier in the year, but I was basically on







the lam and having a jolly good time on my *Planet on Sunday* expense account. Now, I am not here to discuss all the drinking and debauchery that took place that weekend. If you want to know about this stuff google LAPIS 1999, my name and possibly that of Andy Roberts who wrote a massively amusing and somewhat scurrilous account of what happened in his magazine *The Armchair UFOlogist*. You may be shocked, you may be amused. And yes I did suggest that Mrs Bott from the *Staffordshire UFO Group* give me something called 'executive relief' if she wanted a free copy of *The Rising of The Moon*. But I was young and single then, and had only just celebrated my 40th birthday at another UFO bash in Las Vegas (the one referred to in my song *Men are from Mars, Women are from Venus (I really like Uranus)* which can be found on Spotify if you look hard enough.

But probably the most important thing that happened at the 1999 LAPIS Conference was that I met Dave Curtis and christened him "Geordie Dave", because his name is Dave and he ummmm comes from the North East, although he is technically not a Geordie but a Mackem. For some years the residential part of the LAPIS (which, by the way in case you are wondering stands for the Lancashire Aerial Phenomena Investigation Society) took place at a gloriously art dec hotel called *The Edenfield*, which was like something out of Agatha Christie. When the day's UFOlogisng had taken place, everyone went back to the hotel for drinks, and a singsong around the piano. There were only three people who could actually play the piano there: me, a bloke called Jose Escamilla from

Roswell, NM via California where (it is rumoured) he had something to do with the early days of the Grateful Dead although I can find no evidence for that anywhere outside gossip in the Edenfield bar, and a short balding bloke called Curtis.

It turned out that whereas Jose could bash out Beatles songs reasonably proficiently, the only songs that Dave or I could play - especially as we got drunker - were Irish rebel songs, and our own peculiar ditties which often tended to be humorous, scatological or both.

Andy Roberts wrote: "After dinner we all decanted into the piano room for a few hours of the most bizarre UFOlogical post gig 'fun' I have been present at, and I've been at a few. Simple Beatles songs soon gave way to rock standards belted out by a man who I spoke to much but know only as Dave from geordieland, aided and abetted by a freeflowing permutation of Jon Downes, Nigel Wright, Sir Malcolm of Robinson, and many others including Miss Bott on backing vocals. Louie Louie, Stand By Me, all the UFOlogical classics were trotted out and then it was into Irish rebel songs such as the touching version of The Armagh Sniper delivered by Jon (bar bill for the night £65.00) Downes, now doing a passable imitation of Citizen Caned.....the most responsible of us such as Posh UFOlogist, Nick Redfern, merely looked on in disbelief.....Matthew Williams skulked in an earnest fashion and then went off to ring his mummy.....we were joined again by the Hull people one of whom was well oiled and confided to all and sundry that he was a bouncer, and kept

showing parts of his anatomy whilst questioning the availability of leeches for it. Clearly I was missing the UFOlogical context he was getting at here and his friends eventually took him away.”

And Davey and I have been friends ever since. Over the years I met his lovely wife Joanne and became Uncle Jon to his lovely daughter Rosie (who is, by the way, off to Uni any day now, and her old Uncle is massively proud of her). As well as being a damn nice chap, and - until the doctor curtailed it - a drinking pal of vast dimensions (or do I mean proportions) to me (Davey listens to his doctor more than I do mine) Davey is also a songwriter of no mean talent, and for years fronted a peculiar band called *Happy the Man* (nothing to do with the better known progmeisters).

Over the years he was becoming increasingly disillusioned with playing to increasingly disinterested audiences, and was on the verge of giving up, he ran into an old acquaintance called Nick Phillips totally by accident.

“Nick and I had known each other for years (he once lived next door to my older brother)” says Davey, as always with an infectious giggle just below the surface of his voice. “After a chance meeting in October 2014 at a local open mic night we decided to get together and rehearse to see if it was viable to form a duo playing the music we loved, namely.... Acoustic Blues!

“It quickly became apparent that we knew more than enough songs to get up and running. So under that old adage “You can sit and strum in your living room until kingdom come, but it's only in front of an audience you really learn anything” we got some gigs and off we went (and haven't looked back!”

And they truly haven't looked back.

A recent appearance at the Reivers Rock and Blues Festival prompted this response from Radio Lionheart's Blues Presenter Roger Daniel:

“Those who weren't there missed a rare treat in Auld Man's Baccie. This was a highlight of the festival. Sure, there were great acts like Ben Poole, Mitch Laddie, Paul Lamb, Halfdeaf Clatch. They played wonderful sets. For me though, my abiding memory will be of Auld Man's Baccie. We are going to be hearing a lot more of them. I guarantee it.”

They have been nominated for awards and their gigs are getting bigger and bigger. Now they have two albums under their belt, and the other evening whilst enjoying a stealthy dose of Messrs Benson and Hedges finest I gave the records a listen. And you know what? They are not at all what I was expecting.

Yes, they are the blues, and yes there are a smattering if covers of songs from Muddy Waters and his ilk. But these records are something more.

They are really special indeed.

Much to my amazement, Davey has found a home for his wryly, and often darkly, comic musings on life, the universe and everything (and by everything I mean, female serial killers, alcohol, knocking shops and all sorts of other jolly subjects), and peculiarly these songs fit far better within the context of this peculiar acoustic blues duo than they ever did in other musical styles with which Curtis has experimented over the years.

Writing in *Blues Musician* Jim Bullock says:

“Auld Man's Baccie, a duo from north-east Durham. Mumford shirts and braces, shades of the pit? Right...? Well, no.

After years of valiant service in regional R&B bands, these boys have made a musical homecoming, back to the blues. And a very happy homecoming it is. AMB are Davey Curtis, aka Brother Curtis (vocals, guitar and foot percussion) and Nick Phillips (slide guitar, words of wisdom.) From their spiritual home, the Dun Cow, Seaton, they venture forth on their mission: to bravely challenge the insidious advance of musical blandness and X-Factorisation, two Davids against a chest-haired Goliath. Tampa Red, the great Elmore, Saint Muddy - these are their guardian spirits. Theirs is no 'wrist-slitting blues.' It's as foot-stomping as you like, full of joy and celebration and, thankfully, without a hint of macho posturing. And then there's The Table . . . The Table makes them a trio. It sits quietly, low, check- clothed, a lamp illuminating a framed photograph of Muddy, perhaps a glass of wine and a few selected offerings.

I was recently honoured to be asked to play some harmonica with them and was able to bring humble gifts - a black cat bone and a mojo chew. 'Champagne and Reefer'; 'It Hurts Me Too.' Go and see them. You won't be disappointed”.

No, you won't be disappointed. Even if fifty percent of the band wasn't a dear friend of mine, I would have written that if there is any justice in the world, that this peculiar duo are bound for very great things indeed.

But we know that there *isn't* any justice in the world, but isn't that what the blues is all about?

Watch this space.

[http://
www.auldmansbaccie
.co.uk/](http://www.auldmansbaccie.co.uk/)

Douglas Harr *Ear Candy for the Hungry Audiophile*

HAPPY THE MAN & MICHAEL BECK

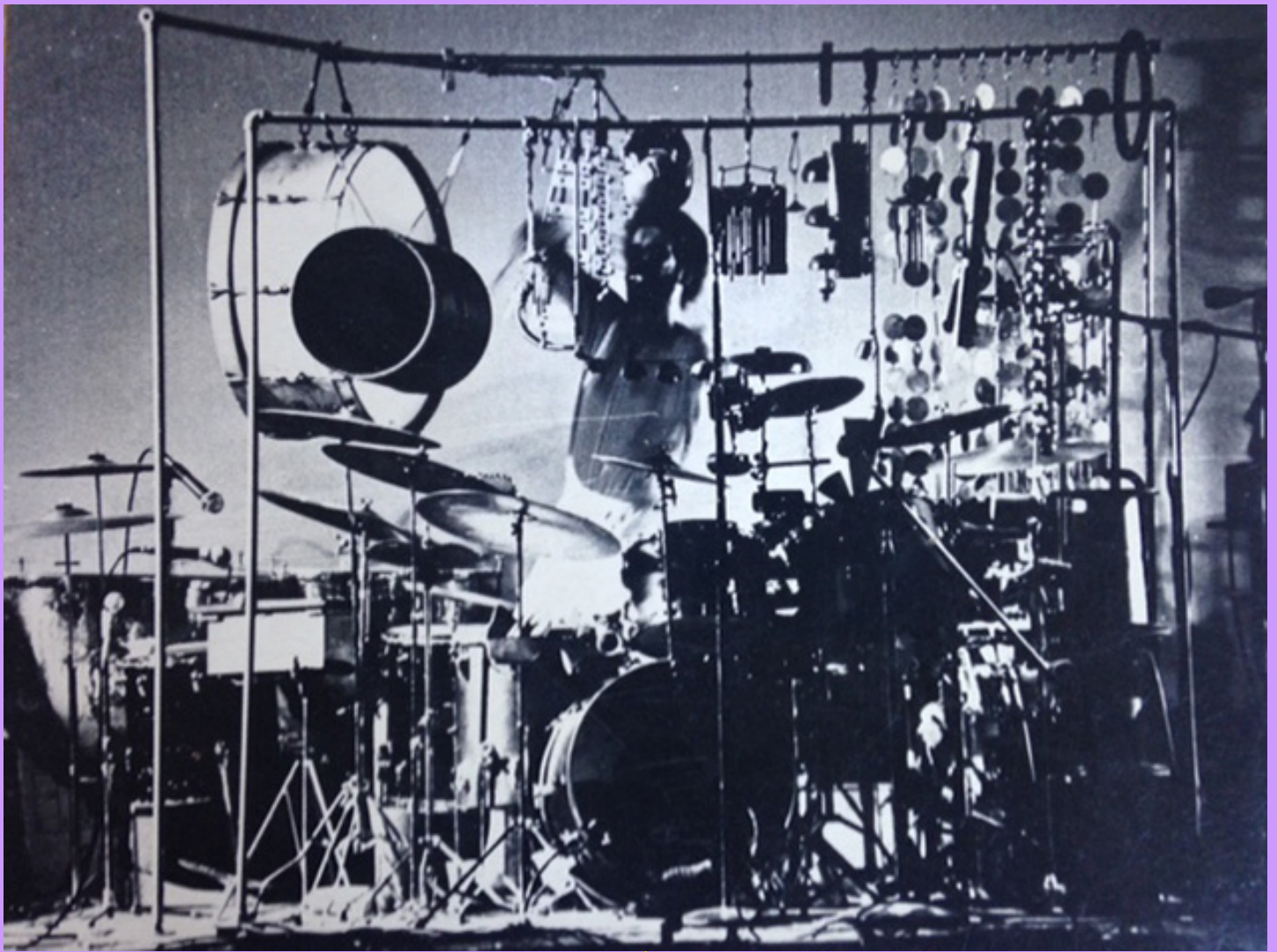
Michael Beck was the drummer for the band Happy The Man (HTM) back in the mid 1970s - the halcyon days of progressive rock. HTM was the most adventurous American prog band at the time. Founded by guitarist Stanley Whitaker and bassist Rick Kennell in the early 1970s, the band recorded and toured for five years, eventually gelling as an ensemble in the mid-1970s with Kit Watkins (keyboards, flute), Frank Wyatt (vocals, keyboards, saxophone, flute) and drummer Michael Beck. In the summer of 1976, the band was signed to Arista after a showcase in New York (with label president Clive Davis in attendance). The group went into the studio to record their first, self-titled album, *Happy The Man*, which was released in August 1977.

I've always been fascinated by this band's work. Listening through their early recordings, you are struck by the emotional impact of this adventurous music. Passages of dreamy, atmospheric beauty mix with challenging, assertive, serpentine interludes; dark tones interchange with light, sometimes within the same measure, giving many of the tracks a mysterious sheen. Take a sonic trip to the stars on "Starborne," from their official debut, and then brace yourself for the interlocking leads on "Stumpy Meets the Firecracker in Stencil Forest." It's pretty difficult to compare these compositions to any band you've ever heard.

Beck was an innovator for this band, wielding all manner of drums and rare percussive instruments to in turn



<http://diegospadeproductions.com/>



aggressively then delicately color their music, over time building such a big collection of instruments that he filled a large part of the small stages on which they played, most notably the Cellar Door, a small venue seating less than 200 patrons in Washington D.C. Beck explored ways to present the music live while moving in and around his large kit, considering how movement or dance could even be incorporated within their long song suites to expand the impact of stagecraft.

I talked with Michael last week about the history of this work with HTM, about his approach to innovation in percussion, and a bit about what he is doing today.

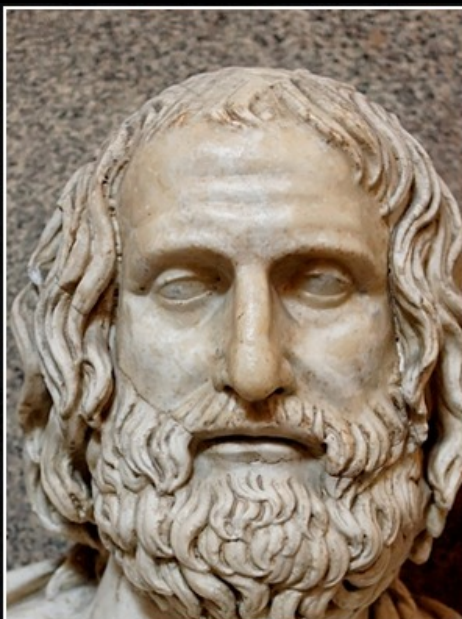
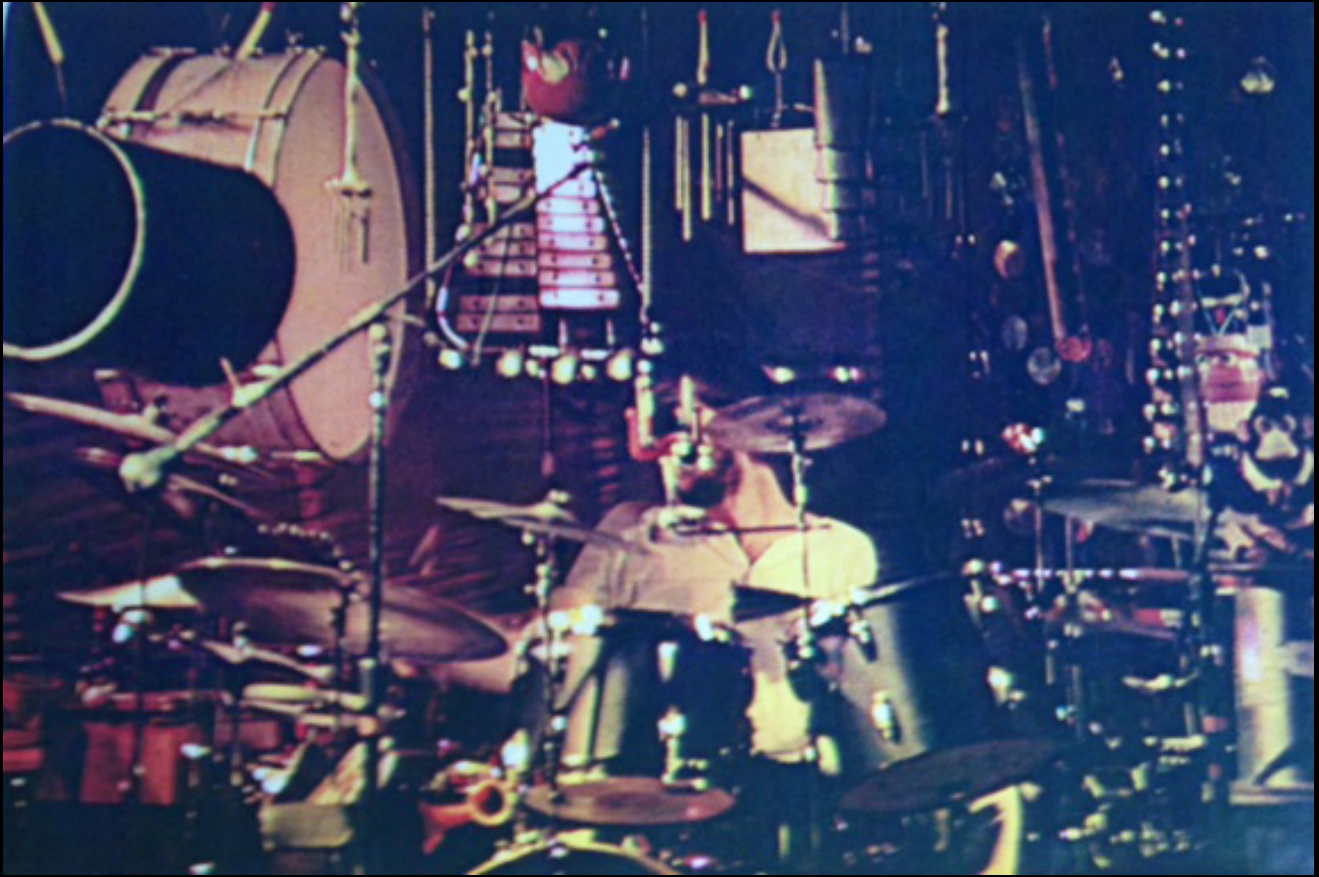
DH: How did you develop the very large kit you built for Happy The Man?

MB: I'm more of a percussionist than a drummer - hence my drum kit became loaded with all kinds of percussion around it. I was never going to be an incredible masterful player. I didn't think that way - I was more looking for what the tune needed. I was drawn to all the sounds and colors that percussion provided. When I got with HTM, the grand music that was written, and brought into rehearsal dictated what my kit became. I built it by adding things every time we worked on a new piece -

finding sounds that I heard in my head - that fit what I thought needed to be played in terms of coloring and landscaping. A drum kit was limited - you only have so many sounds to work with. What I heard in my head were chimes, wood blocks and all sorts of percussion from around the world. As we worked out each new piece I would go out and buy new sounds wherever I could find them, from trashcans to Salvation Army's, to music stores. I used everything I found - there wasn't anything in the kit that was just for show.

So my set-up got bigger and bigger, until I had two "rooms" - a "front room" with the main drum kit, where I would turn my chair around to get to any percussive sound on either side of me. Then I could get up and go into the "back room" which was separated by these beautiful round Polynesian shell chimes that were 10 feet tall, and in the back room I had tympani, chimes, log drums, toys and many other unusual sounds. The kit was probably 12x15' - it was huge. I would get up from the drum kit in front, walk 8-10 steps to the back room, and be able to choose, (on my way) from whatever instrument I'd collected, to play and fit into the music we were performing.

Consequently while doing that my movement evolved naturally - I wore dancing tights to get around more



Happy the man whose lot it is to know
The secrets of the earth. He hastens not
To work his fellows hurt by unjust deeds,
But with rapt admiration contemplates
Immortal Nature's ageless harmony,
And how and when the order came to
be.

— Euripides —

AZ QUOTES

comfortably and my movement just came naturally -it just fell into place. I had a lot of crazy gestures, with my eyes blinking in time, but that's the way it came out. All of us played from the heart - you got lost in the music and weren't thinking about other stuff - just doing our thing on another plane. It became something amazing for me - I lived and breathed it - it was my home for a long time.

DH: Did this almost threaten to overwhelm the work live?

MB: All bands go through debates about who is up front, who stands out. I was a big part of the show with all the craziness and interesting things that I was doing, but, I wouldn't have been there without the incredible masterful writing of Stanley, Frank and Kit. In rehearsal these three guys would bring the pieces to Rick and I. Then everyone had the total freedom to sculpt his sound and add what he heard and felt. Each member of the band was an incredible player. When we took it all out live in concert everyone stood out at different times. I was a bit more visible at times due to the need to traverse my part of the stage.

DH: It puts me in mind of Jamie Muir (King Crimson percussionist) in terms of adding to the stagecraft in concert.

MB: Jamie Muir was one of my big influences. His craziness and use of percussion back then was massively innovative. Jamie would use whatever he could find to get the sound he heard, whether it was rubbing two rocks together or a cup breaking. Also, I was into American composer, percussionist Harry Partch. Harry died several years ago but he wrote the music for the stage play called "The Delusion of the Fury" in 1965. He made these handcrafted beautiful percussion instruments and combined dance, mime, with percussionists. He developed an innovative system of micro-tonality with his large orchestra. I was less into his music but more into his presentation, which was amazing. I thought of myself as a percussionist, who would be in an orchestra, trying to match the sound of what I heard in my head, into the piece we were working on. The whole band worked the same way with their own instruments.

DH: Was there anything notable about your departure from HTM after the debut, and before second album Crafty Hands?

MB: There were some personal things, not as much in the group as around it. The band was moving into a more assertive rock direction, with less intricate percussion needed -Ron Riddle is a great friend -he ran with it and did a great job on that second album Crafty Hands. He was followed later by Coco Roussel who is another amazing drummer who worked on a third album that Arista did not release, but which came out later.

DH: Since then you've been up to quite a number of projects. For someone who started with such a large kit, you have some recent work with a very small kit, in a jazz framework.

MB: I still live by the same thought, custom building each kit I use, for whatever project I'm currently working on. I had a band for a long time called Dog Talk, which was a great live band with a lot of original material. It was better live than on record, and I did use a big kit then, to drive a lot of our world beat, reggae and Island sound. These days I work quite often with a Cahan drum that you sit on. My set up consists of percussion, hand drums, cymbals, foot percussion, and custom instruments all put together to be played with my hands. It's a very expressive hybrid kit.

I play for a living, so some gigs are for money, some more for artistic sake. My drum kit changes based on the projects that come in. Once I began making a living playing as a musician, I had to go with what fit the project. Now with a family, I've been lucky enough all these years to be able to do what I do -I wouldn't trade it for anything. I'm playing mostly locally in, and around Indianapolis, Indiana. I own a booking company, so I can book engagements, and include myself where it makes sense. I work with a lot of singer-songwriters -there are great musicians who live here and make a living playing within the city. Now with kids a bit more grown, I'm keeping my eye out for something a bit bigger to take on.

DH: What's the upcoming project Frank is arranging with former HTM alum?

MB: Frank has a studio and is putting together music he has written, the record. I'll be going out shortly when everything is down and add s which is a great idea and I'm looking forward to being involved.

If you have not had the pleasure of hearing this band, start with their debut Happy The Man. Then move to their second Arista release Crafty Hands. Their album Live gives you a very good idea of how astonishing the band was in concert. Check out this short documentary entry, revered by fans given it's one of the only films of them in existence:

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=_KKenofY3LI

Check out first album:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=DuxFp5-qPcl>

Michael Beck's site:

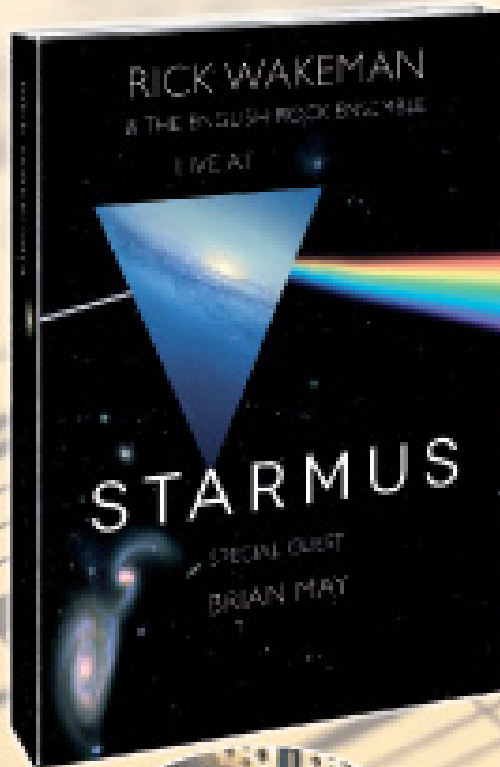
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Starmus is festival of music and astronomy on the beautiful island of Tenerife. It is the brain child Garik Israelian (The astrophysicist who led the team which found the first observational evidence that supernova explosions are responsible for the formation of stellar mass black holes). Rick Wakeman has made several appearances at this festival. The most notable was in 2015 where he was joined on stage by Dr Brian May, the iconic guitarist from Queen, where Rick Wakeman and English Rock Ensemble performed amongst other tracks from throughout Rick's career a legendary version of Starship Trouper.



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STRUMMERVILLE

THE JOE STRUMMER

FOUNDATION

Check out:

<http://joestrummerfoundation.org/>

The 101ers, London SS, the Clash – they were very much part of my own personal and work life in the 1970s. I was a youth worker – team leader for the area around Acton in West London. And along with many of the young people I worked alongside – I was passionate about music. This was part of the melting pot of punk and reggae. Roots Rock. 'Rock against Racism' and the events run under the banner of the 'Anti-Nazi League'. This was '76 to '78. It was a time

of pop and rock revolution, music went back onto the street. Young bands; political, and a heady time of hedonism and fighting back against Babylon. And the Clash along with the Ruts, Misty in Roots, Ian Dury and the Blockheads and many others changed a lot of lives – Forever!

And John Graham Mellor, born in Ankara, August 21st 1952 in Turkey, the sometime, 'Woody' Mellor, was a key player. But he's best known by most as, Joe Strummer, the sometime 'Daddy' of what is still an iconic quasi-movement. Clash Rockers!

alan dearling



In 2012, the ‘Guardian’ published a lengthy article about Joe’s daughters: Jazz and Lola. Lena Corner wrote:

“From the moment they were born, both Jazz and Lola accompanied their father on his annual pilgrimage to Glastonbury. ‘We grew up going to all sorts of festivals,’ says Jazz. ‘Every year at Glastonbury, Dad would create this kind of impromptu camp where people would just gather.’

‘He was always setting up camps – even with us as kids, it was always I’ll make you a camp out of sofa cushions and stuff. He loved that whole idea of creating a vibe and an atmosphere. At Glastonbury he would string up his flags, get loads of hay bales, have a big campfire – there’d be 24-hour music and he’d be DJ-ing. We’d all go as a family, and our friends would be there. It just became this hub of fun and people. He named it Strummer-ville and we were left to do exactly what we wanted. Run wild, run amok.’ ”

Strummerville (officially **The Joe Strummer Foundation for New Music**) was established in memory of Joe Strummer shortly after his death in December 2002. Strummer’s ex-wife/widow, Lucinda, was the principal founder and is a trustee along with their daughters, Jazz and Lola Mellor, and English artist Damien Hirst.

I’ve personally had some of my ‘best of times’ at Strummerville camps, especially at the now defunct, ‘EnDorset in Dorset’ festivals. They provided a vibe of comradely anarchy and ‘small is beautiful’, that is often missing from many festies. Here are a couple more of my Strummerville festi pics.

Jazz and Lola organised a special ‘Strummer of Love’ festival for 5,000 in a secret Somerset location in 2012, outwith the giant Glastonbury event.

Strummerville is a registered charity that supports aspiring musicians and funds projects which promote new music. I contacted their Digital Media Instigator, Steve Mullen, for more info about current activities. There appears to be a bit of ‘politics’ involved, as he said:

“We would prefer not bringing up Strummer of Love. And we should focus on more recent work and intentions & vision for the future.”

Not exactly sure why he said that, as it was organised by Joe’s daughters and featured Glenn Matlock, Dreadzone, KT Tunstall, Kate Tempest, Shane McGowan and the Pogues and Alabama 3 and at the end Mick Jones and Topper Headon with Jones’ group featuring the Farm, ‘The Justice Tonight Band’. They even played a string of Clash songs. But perhaps we



get an inkling of some of the challenges at 'Strummer of Love' from Andrew Hogg from 'e-festivals. He wrote of the event:

"It was a fitting end to a great one-off festival. It may have had its problems, from churned up mud (straw was put down way too late on the Sunday) to a small attendance. This was likely due to the cost of the festival (£175), when down the road established festival Beautiful Days was a sell-out with tickets priced considerably lower. But this was something that wouldn't happen again and overall the organisers did a brilliant job juggling the task of keeping everyone happy and making money for the charity Strummerville. They did this and more and it was a fitting tribute to the late great Joe Strummer."

Steve Mullen from TJSF, went on to say, *"We also just finished a fundraising campaign called StrummerJam - <http://strummerjam.com> which featured 28 independently organised events in 6 countries, 3 continents, 18 cities and involved over 170 bands. The campaign raised just over £7,500 GBP and helped 18 music related non-profits in UK, US, South Africa and Canada."*

Strummerjam took place throughout August 2016. Its theme was:

ROCKING LOCALLY, ACTING GLOBALLY (celebrating the life and music of Joe Strummer)

Opposite is the poster for the event in New York City, promoting local young punk bands. At another event held in Guelph, Ontario in Canada, the organiser provides a flavour of the 'passion' which Joe Strummer still creates amongst his audience. He says: *"I just think the ideal way to commemorate Joe is to get a bunch of people together to make music for a good cause. It's exactly what he stood for. It's also great to be the first to organize StrummerJam's in Canada. Let's hope it's the beginning of something bigger."*

The Foundation has previously been described as a bold effort to cultivate interest and interactivity among young artists. Their spokesperson said: *"We are not a label, so there's no ulterior motive for us. It's not a training ground for pop stars, it's about helping people express themselves through music."*

Strummerville extends encouragement and material support to all unsigned musicians. The Foundation operates the, 'Strummerville Studio', which has run a

series of free workshops and rehearsal spaces (decorated with handwritten lyrics by Strummer himself) at the Roundhouse in London. Other charitable facilities include two studios located in Belfast at the Oh Yeah music centre, plus one in Bogota, built in partnership with the international non-profit, FairTunes.

Since 2007, one of the stages at the Glastonbury Festival, has been named, *The Strummerville Bandstand*. Also at Glastonbury, there is a small campsite named for Strummer that is the scene of still more intimate fireside performances.

The Joe Strummer Mission

From their website, we see that The Joe Strummer Foundation offers opportunities to musicians and support to projects around the world that creates empowerment through music.

Their specific objectives are:

1. The prevention or relief of poverty, particularly of young people, anywhere in the world by providing: grants, items and services to individuals in need and/or charities, or other organisations working to prevent or relieve poverty.
2. To promote, improve, develop and maintain the education of the public in the art, culture and science of music in all its aspects for the public benefit, in particular young musicians, including by the provision of funds for the purchase of musical instruments and studio rehearsal.
3. To promote, improve and advance the arts, including music, for the public benefit including by the presentation of exhibitions, public events and concerts.

The Strummerville 40 Years of Punk Party-val took place at the Railway Tavern in Tulse Hill on June 4th 2016. The venue was just ideal. The organisers said afterwards that they were overwhelmed by the amount of people who attended and made this 'one to remember'.

They say: *"With the help of Concrete PR, Red Stripe and Wray & Nephew we were able to put together a superb line up together, which included acts from 1976 and 2016."* And it ended with a DJ set from the legendary DJ and Clash-collaborator, Don Letts.

You can check out all the amazing photos from the day on Brixton Buzz website.

<http://www.brixtonbuzz.com/2016/06/photo-feature-tulse-hill-strummerville-celebrates-40-years-of-punk-at-the-railway-tavern/>

Jack Laing, the sound engineer who kept it all so tight, said on the Foundation site: *"It was such a good line up, the best I've been part of for sure."*

And Don Letts said, after his set, *"Bringing people together for a collective experience is more important than ever in the digital age and no one does it better*

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£777 raised at 'Strummerville 40 years of Punk Party-val'

Photo credit: Brixton Buzz

than Strummerville! Saturday night's gathering was definitely my kind of place - a superb mix of bands and bass."

LIFE, one of the supporter organisations of the TJSF, add:

"Being passionate about DIY and underground community, LIFE are 100% behind the Foundation

and what it represents. It's in our DNA. It's important that people are given a voice and empowered through music and that next generation get an opportunity to be counted in Joe's legacy. Joe gave us a voice, let's make sure it's never silenced."

The Joe Strummer Foundation are centrally involved with the Roundhouse 'OnTrack' programme in 2016.



THE JOE STRUMMER FOUNDATION GRANT £10,000 TO SUPPORT ONTRACK





Through their fundraising campaigns over the past year they have been able to allocate £10,000 for the 'OnTrack' programme. Each year it offers a 6 week intensive course, working with up to 20 vulnerable and disadvantaged young people, who are classified as NEET (not in education, employment or training).

'OnTrack' provides music tutors and youth workers who offer three days per week of expert tuition, helping the participants to write collaboratively, practise and record original music. And it culminates in a live performance showcase at the famous Roundhouse venue.

"It's hard to believe you can do things you want to do when you've come from where I have. OnTrack has made me see how possible things are." OnTrack Participant (2015)

Joe was a complex individual. He was political, committed to his fans, and wanted to change the world to make it more 'pro-creative'.

Rock On Strummerville!



THE COMPLETE GOSPELS

The Gospels evolved because Rick Wakeman was asked to perform at an organ recital to raise money for the Camberley United Reform Church, which was in desperate need of a new organ. Rick pondered what to play and the more he thought about it and what the evening should mean, the more he felt that something very special was about to take place.

Thoughts of the New Testament kept creeping into his mind and he decided to write an instrumental piece to the settings of the four Gospels. He began working but after a couple of hours realised that there was no way he was going to get across the feelings he wished to portray without singing. The music seemed to cry out for an operatic tenor.

Amazingly enough, just a few weeks earlier, Rick had met the famous tenor Ramon Remedios at a charity concert in which they both performed and he plucked up courage to ask him if he would kindly agree to perform the New Gospels with him. The concert was a tremendous success and Ramon's feeling and understanding of the music moved many people to tears.

The complete Gospels is a limited edition box set containing all the known recordings of the project both audio and visual. Along with a reproduction A4 x 12 page concert program.

Special Limited Edition Boxset containing

Signed by Rick Wakeman and numbered certificate.

DVD containing over 2 hours of footage including an in depth interview with Rick about the project.

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This is the most important moment in history to do something for African elephants. Because it's the worst time in history to be an elephant.

In 1980 there were 1.2 million elephants in Africa. Now there are just 430,000 and 20,000 were killed last year alone to fuel soaring demand for ivory. About one every 20 minutes.

That's why The Nature Conservancy has teamed up with music industry icon Martin Guitar on #SaveElephants -- a movement to provide people with simple actions to help elephants that will add up to make a difference.

Martin Guitar has been a leader in elephant protection since the 1970s when the company made the decision to stop using ivory on its guitars and started to phase the material from its supply chain. As the founding sponsor of #SaveElephants, Martin has donated five custom elephant-themed guitars for raising funds.

#SaveElephants is part of a partnership between the Conservancy's programs in Africa and China to increase wildlife security, expand habitat, reduce demand, and reduce poverty and instability in places where elephants range -- the root cause of poaching.

Ultimately, this is bigger than elephants. Poaching spreads crime and instability, threatening lives and tourism-based income that's desperately needed by the people who live among elephants.

We have to do more. That's why we're thrilled to be working with Martin Guitar -- and with you. Together, we're powerful.

Asante sana (thank you very much),

David Banks
Director, Africa Region
The Nature Conservancy

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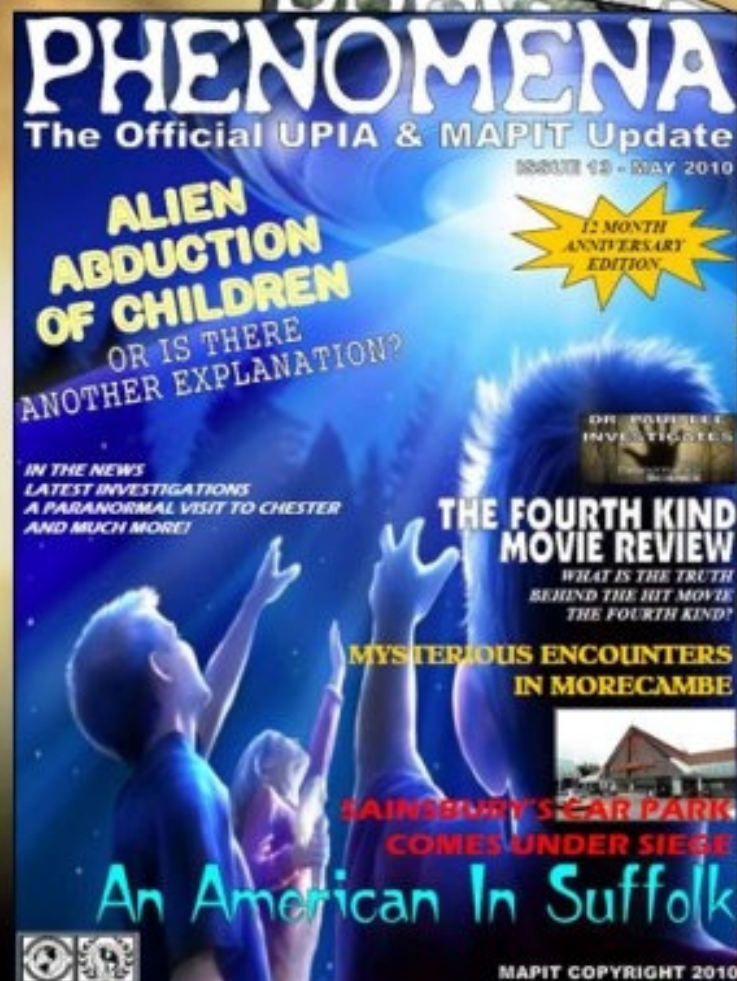
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As regular readers of these pages will probably know I have a strange, disparate, and diverse collection of friends, relatives, and associates, many of whom who are extraordinarily creative in one way or another. And as my plan was always to make this magazine the sort of magazine that I would want to read, many of them turn up in these pages with monotonous regularity. Meet Mr Biffo.

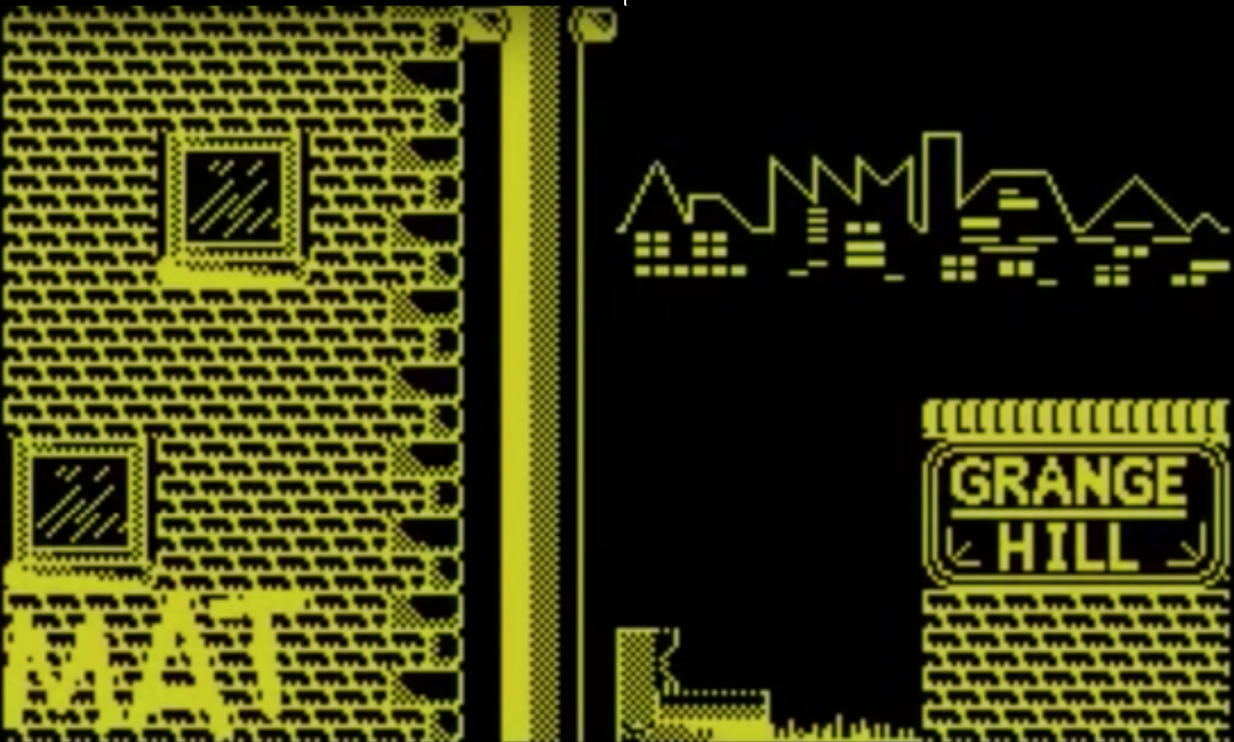
From 1993 for a decade he was the editor of an anarchic video games magazine on Channel Four Teletext. It was called Digitiser and contained some of the most gloriously funny bits of off the wall dicking about that I have ever read. Biffo happens to be a friend of mine and as the re-launched Digitiser2000 is just as stupid and just as funny as ever, we shall be featuring a slice of Biffo every week from now on.

GRANGE HILL: THE MOST DEPRESSING GAME EVER

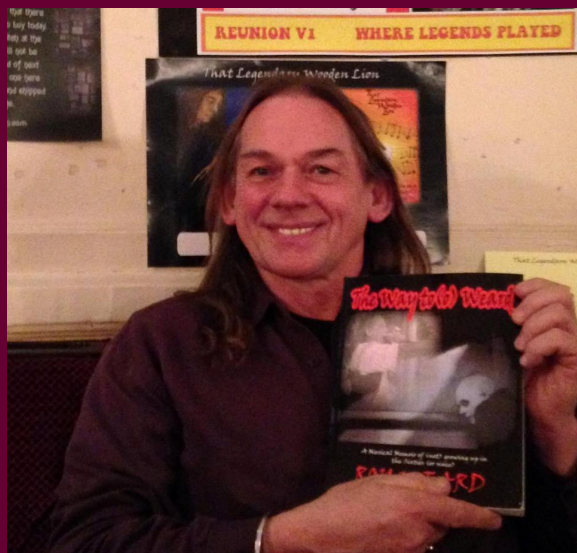
To any gamer who went to school in the 1980s, Skool Daze and its sequel Back to Skool were computer game equivalents of Grange Hill: a TV show that was an unerringly accurate portrayal of contemporary school life.

However, Grange Hill itself was given its own lesser-known multiformat title at the height of the show's popularity - a sort of action-adventure, featuring several of the show's then-characters.

Here is a look at why it might just have been the most depressing game of all time.



WORDS FROM THE WEARD



After a life spent in and around music Roy Weard has finally written it all down. From his beginnings in the folk clubs of the early sixties, to playing the free festivals of the seventies with his own band 'Wooden Lion', to touring as a merchandiser with acts like Santana, The Pink Floyd and Genesis, to fronting cult London bands 'Dogwatch' and 'Roy Weard and Last Post', then touring again as a sound engineer and tour manager for many different bands and solo acts. A wide and varied life - this book spans all of that and more and is freely sprinkled with backstage stories and tales of a life spent on many different roads. It also contains many photographs, mostly taken by Roy, the crews he toured with, or by the fans of his various bands.

Even now he is unable to give up being involved in music. He still fronts the revived band 'That Legendary Wooden Lion', is part of the team that puts on monthly gigs in Brighton and Hove under the name of 'The Real Music Club' and does a weekly one hour radio show on Tuesdays at 4pm on Brighton and Hove Community Radio. As of now, he also writes a regular column in this august publication..

In the three days that we spent in Budapest a lot of the boys had been out shopping and bought bottles of Stolichnaya – the premium eastern bloc vodka. These were stashed in the flight cases to take home with us. We went from Budapest to Austria to do one last show in a sports hall. After this show it was an overnight drive to the UK. The show went pretty much as usual until just before the end when I looked across the stage and saw Colin, stark naked, dancing on the monitor desk. He had launched into his stash of Stolly and was raging. Luckily he did not invade the stage in this condition and, although we could not find his clothes someone had found him a pair of underpants to put on for the load out. There he was dressed only in some borrowed underwear putting the gear away – still very drunk. He had a big road trunk with a tray in the top filled with small components. Valves, resistors, wires, tape all sorts of stuff. He was just lifting this to put it back in the trunk when Gaby, the catering girl walked past. He spun round crying,

‘Gaby, this is our last night, come back to the bus with me,’ and dropped the tray, upside down on the stage. He then got on his hands and knees and began shovelling the stuff back into the tray. Dave Ed and I decided to take him back to the bus for his own good. When we got there Kremmen had just finished cleaning the bus ready for the journey home. We put Colin in his bunk, but he wouldn’t stay there. He sat in a seat and said:

‘I’m going to throw up.’

Kremmen produced a plastic bag and held it under his chin.

‘I have just cleaned the whole bus, get him out of here.’

Colin looked up with a devilish smile.

‘No I’m not.....I’m going to piss myself.’ And he did.

Kremmen went mad.

On the way back we got stopped by French customs who woke us all up and made us get off the bus. They insisted that we got all our luggage out and they then searched it, then searched us. When they opened my overnight bag they came across my washing bag. The shower in Austria had been one of those big communal things and there was water everywhere. This washing bag had filled with water and I had emptied it out but, since it was the last show, not bothered to clean it. It was full of small hotel soaps. The customs guys were being very stropky in that typically French official way. The guy that was searching me pulled out my wash bag and looked me in the eye as he opened it and put his hand in. The look of superiority changed to one of disgust as he pulled out his hand dripping with semi-dissolved soaps.

‘Now, if you had worked hard and passed your exams at school you wouldn’t have to be standing there with a hand full of shit,’ I said. He just threw it down and walked away.

We were now back in London and finishing the tour at the *Dominion Theatre* in Tottenham Court Road. A couple of the guys from *Vitesse* had come over to party with the band for the gig and with them came Andrea. I was still trying to avoid getting too involved but Val, my partner, and Jemima and Tim’s mum, could clearly see there was something between us. When Manfred launched into ‘The Mighty Quinn’ at the end of the set *Vitesse* joined them onstage. Waller had unplugged his guitar and allowed the guitarist from *Vitesse* to plug the guitar he had with him into his amp and play with the Manfred. When it got to the final chorus of ‘C’mon without, c’mon within, you ain’t seen nothing like the Mighty Quinn’, Waller stood singing with his hands outstretched, guitar clutched in one of them.

Steve Hill came up to me and the exchange went like this:

‘Take his guitar.’

‘Why?’

‘He wants you to take his guitar off him.’

‘No he doesn’t. He is just posing.’

‘Take his guitar.’

‘Leave him alone, if he wants me to take it he will look at me. He will need it for the last song.’

‘Fuck you!’ Steve said and marched onstage and grabbed Waller’s guitar.

The audience at the Dominion that night were treated to the sight of Steve Hill and Steve Waller fighting over his guitar, while we all cracked up laughing in the wings.

The set closed with ‘Davy’s on the Road Again’, followed, as always on the tour, by a cartoon video of the band waving goodbye from a departing tour bus to the strains of ‘Land of Hope and Glory’ and then the stage lights came up and Monty Python’s ‘Sit on my Face and Tell Me That You Love Me’ blasted through the PA as we struck the stage - for one last time. What a wonderful tour.

Polly, Wad’s girlfriend, came round to our flat a week or so later and mentioned Wad’s fractured ribs.

‘You know how he did it?’ she said.

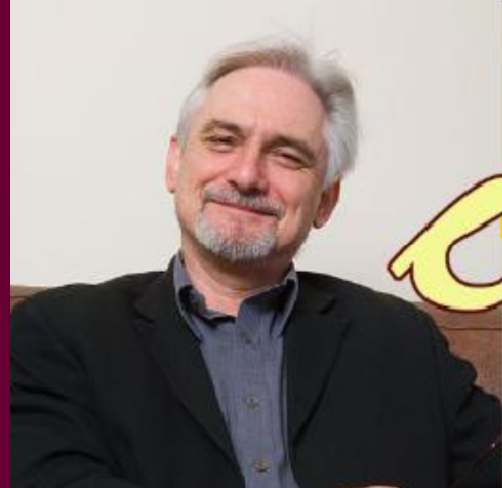
I tried to frame a suitable response, not sure what he had told her.

‘He was fucking some fat old boiler and she fell on him,’ she said.

Ah, rock and roll. The Manfred tour had finished, and I was left a bit high and dry, aching for another chance to get out on the road. I was back in touch with Andrea and we wrote to each other a bit, and there was *Mike Allen Rental Systems* but I was all fired up by the idea of touring now. I had itchy feet and I wanted more. As became usual for my music career, I was promised a US tour with Manfred later that year, but it did not happen. I was to have this problem with US tours all through my career.

GONZO CURRENTLY IN STOCK
AT GONZO (UK)

GONZO CURRENTLY IN STOCK
AT GONZO (USA)



c.j.stone

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT STONEHENGE

A Midsummer Night's Awakening

There's something about Stonehenge. It's buried in the soil around here. It's carved into the stones. It's marked out in the landscape. It's in the air you breathe.

You look at it from some angles and it's just a jumble of useless old stones littering the earth, but from another – from behind one of the triathlons, say, looking out over the sunrise above the heel stone on solstice morning – it is grand, it is epic, it is iconic, it is unique. It is cosmic, in fact. You take a photograph of that and you show it to any one, anywhere in the world, and they will know where it is.

But it's not just the stones: the whole landscape is scattered with forms: with burial mounds and processional avenues, and standing stones, and other great circles. Durrington Walls is nearby, as is Woodhenge. They are all part of the same grand complex. There were houses here too, thousands of them. And every year, maybe two times a year, people would descend upon this place from all over the country and from abroad, bringing their animals with them, their whole families, from every direction, to hold some kind of a celebration.

You can sense this in the landscape. You can feel that this was once a thriving community, full of life, full of action. The humps of the burial mounds lined up in rows, the shapes carved into the landscape, the wide, high plain stretching out all around, all speak of a sacredness and a presence, a purpose. And one thing is clear. One thing we can be sure of. Whatever other purpose this structure in stone is designed for, whatever other activities might have gone on around here, it's main purpose was time.

Stonehenge is a clock. It's a great calendrical-clock. It measures out the days. It tells you what part of the year you are in. It is very precise. It tells you the exact moment of the Summer Solstice, and the exact moment of the Winter Solstice, the longest day and the shortest day. It tells you the exact moment of the Equinoxes, the days when night and day are of equal length. The people who built it were very sophisticated. This monument, this temple, this timekeeper, this clock, was raised here, at this specific point on the Earth's crust, to give you a precise reading. Nowhere else would do.

It is an observatory. From here you can view the stars and take a measure of them. You can see the movement of the stars across the night sky, but you can also measure the movement between the stones. This gives you a reading of time. Time is space. It is movement. It is distance. As time moves, so the Earth moves, so the stars move, and by sitting in the centre of the circle here at Stonehenge, you can take an exact measure of all of this. From here, perhaps, in this centre of time, came the standardisation of measure which brought the world together.

The University of Time and Mind

The houses they have found around here conform to a type which existed throughout the British Isles. They had built in beds and cupboards, a hearth in the centre, a pounded chalk floor. They were built of wood and thatch here in Stonehenge, but of stone in the Orkneys, where wood was unavailable, but they are clearly the same design. Thus you can say that the civilisation which built this great monument to time was one which stretched throughout these Isles. The stone circles which litter the landscape of Britain are evidence of a unified culture. The pigs they brought to the great pig-feast which took place at the winter solstice in Durrington walls came from

many miles away. Thus we can see people travelling across the land, using the ancient track-ways and trade routes, to gather together in this place, to celebrate a common time and a common purpose recognised by all the people of their time.

People gathered here. All of the ancient track ways point towards it. It is too great an enterprise to have been undertaken by only one tribe. All of the tribes must have taken part. Perhaps they sent their brightest and best here to learn the art of the stars and the meaning of time. Their artists, their poets, their priests, and their magicians. Their scientists. Their musicians. Their engineers. Their workers in stone and wood.

Perhaps it was the University of Time and Mind for a great civilisation which embraced the whole known world.

There was a city nearby. The city housed the workers. Perhaps, too, it housed the magicians and the intellectuals, the ones who had devised this great scheme, who had worked out in precise detail how the whole thing was to be done. The bluestones came from 150 miles away, from the Preceli Mountains in West Wales. They must have been dragged overland, or brought by rafts along the coast and up the rivers. Why the bluestones were chosen and how they were brought here isn't known. Perhaps it will never be known. But it is a feat of engineering, of organisation, of almost unimaginable

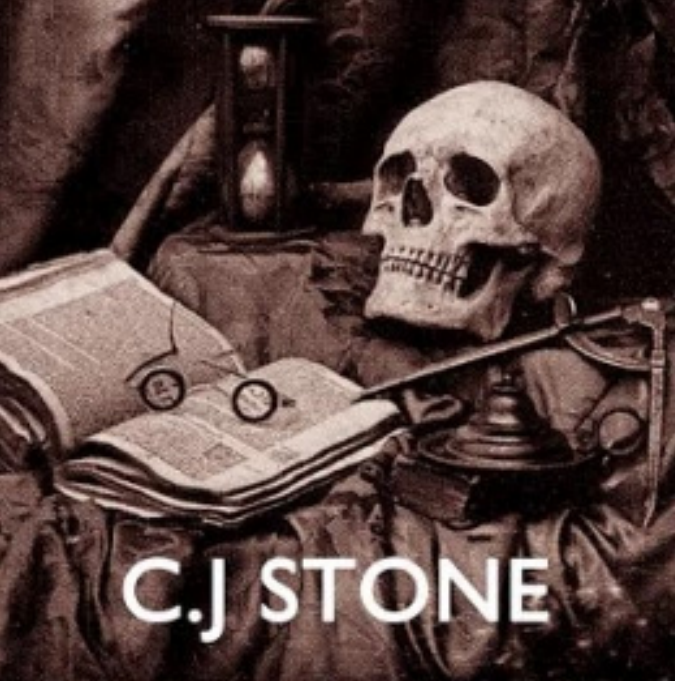
grandeur and, once more, it links the country together into a whole.

Later the sarsen stones were brought. These are much larger, though the distances are less. They were probably brought from Salisbury Plain itself, or from the Marlborough Downs. They are a type of sandstone, created by sand bound with silica cement, very hard, very dense. It was a huge undertaking to move them. The sarsens weigh up to 30 tons. They had to have been dragged overland, perhaps by means of rollers. Then they had to be carved and raised into the upright position and the lintels lifted to sit on top of them. The joints between the lintels and the upright stones were mortise and tenon joints. The tenons were cut into the upright stones and the mortises into the lintels. The joints must have been precisely measured to fit. And then the lintels are carved to make a neat circle, like the circle of the horizon. The whole thing must have taken years, perhaps decades, to finish, using only stone tools, stone to cut stone.

Read on

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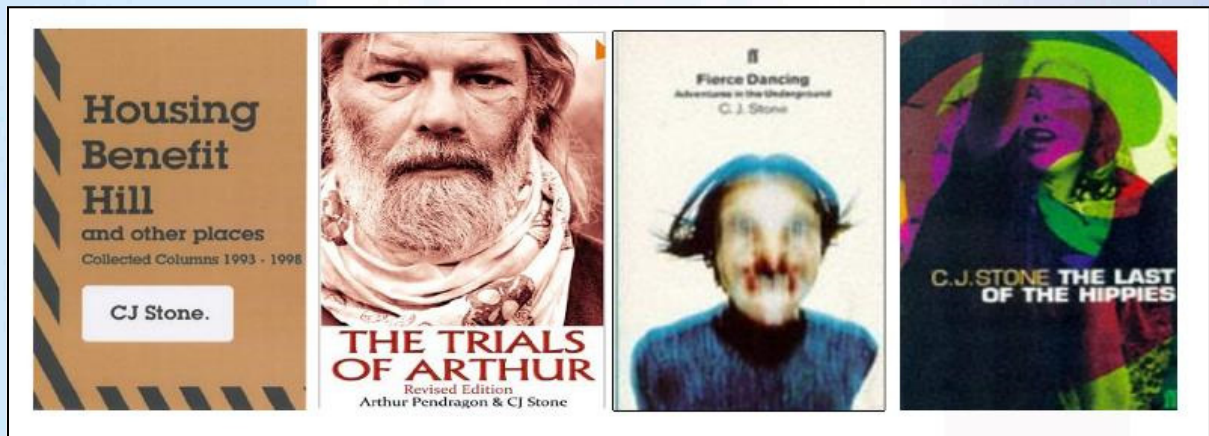
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A wide-angle photograph of the Stonehenge monument in a grassy field under a cloudy sky. The stones are arranged in their characteristic circular formation. A small figure of a person is visible on the right side of the image for scale.

**OTHER BOOKS BY
C.J.STONE**



The Masters of the Universe do seem to have a steady stream of interesting stories featuring them, their various friends and relations, and alumni. Each week Graham Inglis keeps us up to date with the latest news from the Hawkverse..

At what's traditionally a quiet time for Hawkwind, the offshoot band Hawklords obligingly fill the gap. The original Hawklords evolved from the Sonic Assassins in 1978 and operated for less than a year before reverting to being Hawkwind; and a band with the same Hawklords name was formed 30 years later. Initially regarded as a Nik Turner project, the band was viewed with suspicion in some quarters, but over the years they've established themselves with much of the current fan base, and have long since proved they're not just a cover band or a tribute band.

Now, they are about to tour again, in support of their fifth album, 'Fusion', which will be released on 7th Oct.

The Metaltalk website says "Girlschool's Kim McAuliffe guests on the album with a lead vocal on 'SR-71', a wry slice of commentary regarding the once golden 'American Dream' containing super, catchy choruses a big dose of

rock'n'roll."

The psychedelic guru Ian Abrahams, reviewing the new album, said: "Hawklords have been working a solid routine of album and tour annually for the past few years, with a few festival dates each summer thrown in for good measure, and through all of this they've developed a distinct space-rock vision, distinct from individual members' past Hawkwind associations.

"True to its title, it's a fusion: of space, progressive, and new wave rock. The result is a solid and engrossing batch of songs, with the articulate clarity of Ron Tree's vocals delivering strident, snappy and ritualistic sci-fi shaman declamations across the top of engagingly melodic tunes."

The sales outlet CD-services quotes the band as saying the album explores 'the themes of sex, death, art, time and identity' and then describes it as "another sonic slab of classic British space-rock, with 'real' songs, plus a strangely beautiful electronic and glissando guitar piece from Harvey Bainbridge (synthesiser and vocals) and Jerry Richards (guitars, multi-instrumentalist and vocal)."

Meanwhile, Abrahams concludes: "Generally what Hawklords do here is return to the roots of their name, crafting art rock statements that have a synergy, albeit an updated one, with the Charisma-era Hawkwind that their identity sprang from. That's distinct from their most recent albums where they'd stretched away from that style, but here they've most effectively rediscovered and reinvented the spirit of that age."

Spirits Burning

The music adaptation of Mack Maloney's sci-fi novel "Starhawk"

Over 70 minutes of music, over forty crew members
Includes bonus 8-page comic with artwork by Steve Lines

A sci-fi adventure ... resurrected by Don Falcone & Mack Maloney, with Hawkwind family members Dave Anderson, Alan Davey, Paul Hayles, Jerry Richards, Nik Turner, Twink, & Bridget Wishart, plus Daavid Allen (Gong), Robert Berry (3), Keith Christmas, John Ellis (The Vibrators), Kev Ellis (Space Cadets), Matt Malley (Counting Crows), Nigel Mazlyn Jones, Pete Pavli (High Tide), Ken Pustelnik (The Groundhogs), Billy Sherwood (Yes), Judge Smith (Van der Graaf), Steffe Sharpstrings, Cyrille Verdeaux (Clearlight), Steve York, & 24 more musicians ...



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12. For Those Who Are Searching
13. Rolling Out
14. Angel Full Of Pity
15. Right On The Mark
16. This Time, This Space
17. So Strong Is Desire

GONZO

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The tour dates are:

- Thu 13 Oct: Frome - The Cheese & Grain
- Fri 14 Oct: Oldham - Whittles
- Sat 15 Oct: Wigan - Old Courts
- Sun 16 Oct: Leeds - The Library
- Tue 18 Oct: Leicester - Musician
- Wed 19 Oct: Evesham - Iron Road
- Thu 20 Oct: Swansea - The Scene
- Fri 21 Oct: Hitchin - Club 85
- Sat 22 Oct: Nottingham - Doghouse
- Sun 23 Oct: Norwich - Brickmakers
- Tue 25 Oct: Oxford - 02 Academy2
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PANNE

Being Mainly About Elephants

JONATHAN DOWNES

XTUL

IN THE GREY HALF-LIGHT BETWEEN FACT AND FANTASY

The first book of *Xtul* stories comes out in book form next week, and will be available via all good retailers, through Fortean Fiction. But the story is far from over, and having taken a few weeks off to restore my battered *savoir faire* I am recommencing...

Are you sitting comfortably? Good. I shall begin.

XXX

Generations of legislators believe that they have made the United Kingdom a safer place, but to be brutally honest they have done nothing of the sort. Chloroform, (trichloromethane) for example, as used by the ecoterrorists that I was beginning to feel sure were at least partly something to do with the Kewl Chix, is popularly seen as being something straight out of the pages of a Sax Romer novel. But it still has modern applications, most notably in the production of Teflon and also - as we become more Americanised - in the mortician industry. Both chloroform and ether are used to euthanise animals in laboratories, and can be obtained



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from laboratory supply companies as long as one is able to pass the reasonably stringent security tests.

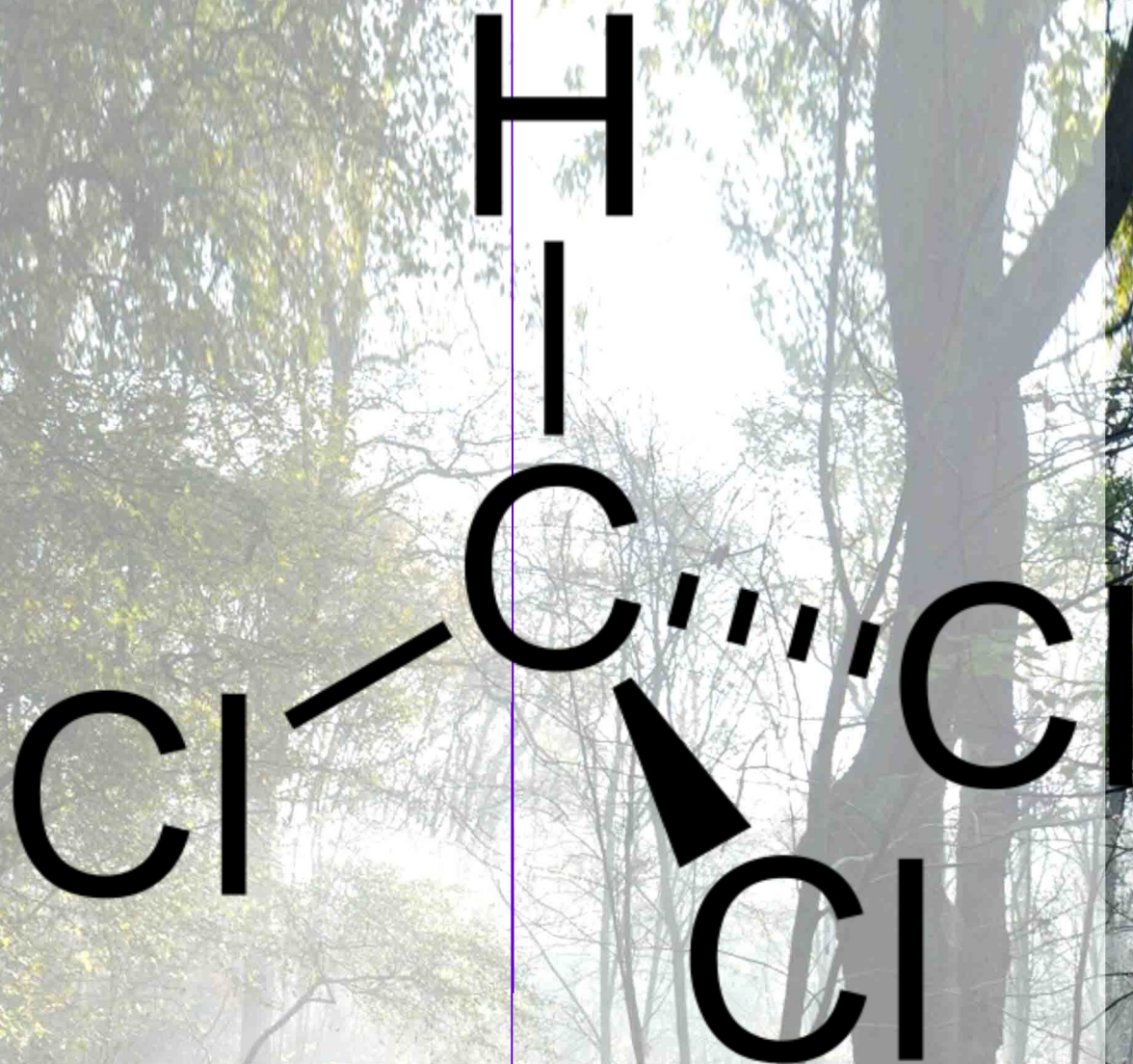
However, doing what I am best at, and putting two and two together to make 666, I am fairly sure that if one of the Kewl Chix had purloined the necessary paperwork from the educational establishment that they attended during the hours that they were not waging war upon animal abusers, and people that they perceived to be animal abusers along the Atlantic Highway, then they would quite easily be able to persuade some witless employee of a laboratory supply company to let them have a bottle fairly easily.

On the other hand, as I was to find out, the Kewl Chix, like so many teenage girls of all ages, were not above exploiting their feminine pulchritudinous charms for their own ends, and it is amazing what lengths of dishonesty a young fellow employed by this (completely hypothetical) laboratory supplies company will

go on the promises of a blowjob.

But the equally hypothetical Kewl Chix might not even have had to resort to promising, or indeed *delivering* sexual favours to a laboratory assistant, because chloroform is not particularly difficult to make, even without a sophisticated laboratory of one's own. And remember that, as teenaged pupils at a well appointed school or college in North Devon, they *would* have had access to the aforementioned sophisticated laboratory at the taxpayer's expense, because sodium hypochlorite solution (chlorine bleach) mixed with common household liquids such as acetone, butanone, ethanol, or isopropyl alcohol can produce some chloroform, in addition to other compounds such as chloroacetone or dichloroacetone.

The real mystery is why there is not more ether and chloroform out on the streets, especially after the popularity of Johnny Depp's interpretation of the good doctor's *Fear and Loathing in Las*



Vegas which specifically outlines the recreational uses of the former of those substances. Here I have to note that, whereas I have read the book on many occasions, I only saw the movie once, and I was stoned when I did so, so I do not know whether the following quote was actually immortalised on celluloid.

"The only thing that really worried me was the ether. There is nothing in the world more helpless and irresponsible and depraved than a man in the depths of an ether binge. And I knew we'd get into that rotten stuff pretty soon. Probably at the next gas station."

Whichever of the methods outlined above the Kewl Chix used to get hold of trichloromethane, they - or *someone* connected with them - certainly *did*, because their predations upon the

unwary animal abusing fraternity of North Devon continued. In the middle of June of 2008 when all right thinking people were at Glastonbury complaining about Jay-Z headlining on the main stage, *somebody* (and one can only imagine that it was the Kewl Chix) raided the region's largest battery chicken plant.

They broke in at midnight on the longest day of the year, chloroformed the three humans that they found, stripped them naked and wrote obscene and politically charged slogans all over their bodies. The next day they were found - still naked and covered with graffiti - with their heads shaved, and lashed to the barred metal fronts of the cages - but all the fowl had been taken, and were never seen again. When something similar happened at Lughnasadh, various people including yours truly noted that there seemed to



be a pagan connection with the attacks, but as we were broadly sympathetic to them, nobody (or at least I didn't) did anything about it.

At Samhain the attacks stepped up a notch, with the science laboratories at three separate local schools being torched, and elaborate poster and leafleting campaigns being carried out to inform the pupils at these various establishments what would happen to anyone found guilty of overstepping the boundaries of decency (as the unknown authors described it) as and when the attacks escalated. And at Yule a laboratory assistant at one of these establishments was attacked, beaten insensible, stripped naked and painted blue *pour encourager les autres*.

Although I still felt broadly in sympathy with what these persons unknown (remember I had never actually *heard* of the Kewl Chix back at that stage of my life, and innocence was bliss) were doing, the mood of the general populace was very negative, and I had enough common sense to keep my own counsel as far as these things we concerned.

Bideford has always been a farming town, and although the stuffing had been knocked out of it by the horrific events of the Foot and Mouth epidemic of 2001 and its brutal aftermath, to

come out publicly on the side of people who were openly at war with the farming industries was not, and probably still is not, a wise thing to do, although I have never been particularly known for my wisdom.

At Imbolc came the first death. A local abattoir was torched, and the night watchman on duty died of smoke inhalation, although there is some doubt as to whether this was actually intentional as a statement was telephoned in to a local newspaper claiming that it had been a tragic accident.

“We do not wish to kill dumb animals, even nightwatchmen”

it read, but another statement delivered in exactly the same way a few days later denounced the first one as a fake.

But both statements had something in common, despite having contradicted each other. They were both signed “The Daughters of Dionysus”.

Truly something spectacularly peculiar was afoot.



Thom the World Poet

Rob Ayling writes:

"Thom the World poet is an old mate of mine from way back in my history. Even pre-dating Voiceprint, when I was running "Otter Songs" and Tom's poetry tapes and guest appearances with Daavid Allen, Gilli Smyth *Mother Gong* are well known and highly regarded. It just felt right to include a daily poem from Thom on our Gonzo blog and when I approached him to do so, he replied with in seconds!!! Thom is a great talent and just wants to spread poetry, light and positive energy across the globe. If we at Gonzo can help him do that - why not? why not indeed!!!"

AGE

WHEN YOU ARE YOUNG

You can live on nothing-
in a squat or a slum
or the wreck of a room in a house or a home

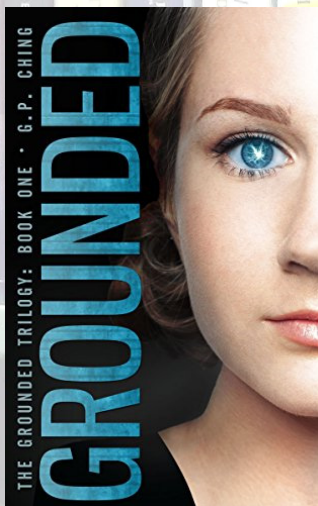
that seems totally inadequate for others
(Rich can hotel and cruise their lives away
They can always buy a holiday get away

One percent owns 99% anyway!
One or two live in tents in the Green Belt
in trees,caves,yurts,mudbrick adobes like in New Mexico

More will explore shared accommodations-
poverty makes for compromised associations.
Then from roomshare to room to flat to home
to family home/when family grows-alone.

This is where elder care comes in-
to seek a space for those declining.
Each stage a different scale of need-
easier to be conscious ,communicative and ambulatory
But we fall,and this is not Eden.Every Body Needs a Home. Zen

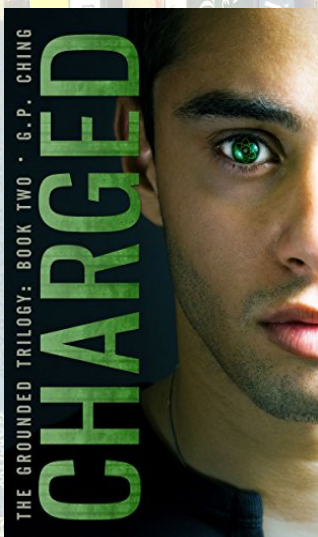
Yer Gonzo Bookshelf



Paperback: 358 pages
Publisher: Carpe Luna, Ltd. (13 Nov. 2014)
Language: English
ISBN-10: 194067512X
ISBN-13: 978-1940675121

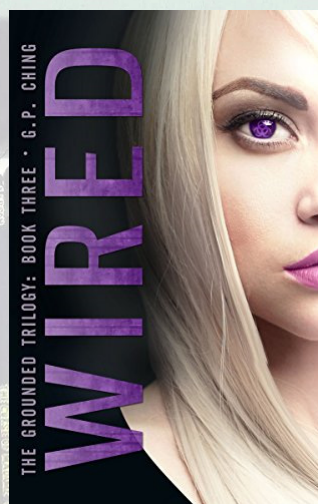
Paperback: 354 pages
Publisher: Carpe Luna, Ltd. (8 Dec. 2014)
Language: English
ISBN-10: 1940675154
ISBN-13: 978-1940675152

Paperback: 356 pages
Publisher: Carpe Luna, Ltd. (18 Jun. 2015)
Language: English
ISBN-10: 1940675146
ISBN-13: 978-1940675145



When I was a boy in my early teens my Father tried to persuade me to read a book that he had enjoyed when the same age as I was. It was called *John Halifax, Gentleman* and although I read it, being a reasonably dutiful son, I cannot remember a word of it. I can remember, however, that I fukkin hated it!

And the moral of that story is that one should never try to judge the social mores of one generation by the social mores of a previous one, especially when it comes to literature, films or music. When I was a teenager, the concept of 'Young Adult' literature was one that hadn't really been explored from a marketing point of view. It seems - with hindsight - that I went straight from reading *Swallows and Amazons* to reading *Stranger in a Strange Land*. Well, I still read both of them now, so what do I know?



The trilogy of books that I am discussing this week are loosely marketed as being for Young Adults, but they have far more sex and violence in them than anything I read when I was a teen. Whether that is a good thing, or a bad thing, or just a thing, I don't know, but I have a sneaking suspicion that it is certainly something which I should note at this point, which is why I am doing so.

Now, before we go any further, don't get me wrong. I am not being moralistic here. Teenagers have sex. I had sex when I was a teenager, although nowhere near as much as I either pretended or wished. This is no big deal, it is part of the way things are and always have been, and I think it is probably a good thing that literature aimed at that particular age group actually mirrors the stuff that the readership is likely to be going through.

Also, let me make another point here. As I say each week

whenever I discuss a work of fiction in these pages, I do my best to avoid actually revealing anything of the plot, because that just isn't fair, especially when - as is the case with these books - I enjoyed them immensely.

It is much easier to review non-fiction books. *The Beatles on Tour* for example, is obviously about The Beatles on tour, and *The Butterflies of Papua New Guinea* is obviously about a group of insects living in the right hand half of a large island just north of Australia, and to mention such in a review does not effect the enjoyment which a reader will have of the book one iota.

In fact, it could even be seen as a good thing that the potential readership is reassured that the book is about exactly what it says on the tin, but when one is dealing with fiction it is an entirely different ballgame.

So, I am not going to reveal plot twists, or anything which could adversely effect anybody's enjoyment. Rather, I am going to discuss the broad brushstrokes of the books, and why they have confirmed me in the belief that G P Ching aka Genevieve Ching aka Genevieve Jack is an extraordinarily good author, and furthermore, one that truly deserves a much wider audience than she has at the moment.

I discovered her works when I found that a few were available for free on iBooks. it was a full moon and I was full of vodka, antidepressants and wallowing in self-pity because I had run out of chocolate. In such an inauspicious manner I discovered these books, and this series is in fact the third series of her books that I have read, and in many ways it is both the most challenging and the most fulfilling if them all.

The heroine and main protagonist is from an Amish community, sometime in a dystopian future, and the way that her faith is tested, as her world view is turned upside down, is something that I have tried to explore in some of my writings, and I am happy to say that Ms Ching does it much better than I did. But that isn't the biggest shock in these books.

Back during my mis-spent younger days, there was a hippy chick that I knew - the ex-girlfriend of a mate of mine - who used to refer to certain people in the Exeter alternative scene as 'Green Nazis' saying that they were as intransigent in their beliefs as anyone on the right wing, and how they used the same "end justified the means" ethos as was the *modus operandi* of various people over the years on the centre and far right of European politics.

No names, no packdrill. I remember the identities of the people involved, but I cannot remember the ins and outs of what they were supposed to have done, and it certainly doesn't matter within this context. However, what *does* matter is that the antagonists in this trilogy, 'The Green Republic' are *bona fide* Green Nazis, and I find the fact that Ms Ching has bucked the current social trend that those people of a green persuasion are undoubtedly also on the side of the angels, to be an interesting one.

For this book is set some generations after the global cataclysm caused by the environmental collapse that so many of us (including this writer, and *this* magazine) are predicting. And in this very disturbing dystopia, the very people whose actions saved the remnants of the human race have - in their attempt to hold on to power - become the Green Nazis described above. Interesting, huh?

The second of the books is particularly unsettling. The two main protagonists find themselves living as part of a strange and vicious underground cult, part Hells Angel part Morlock, and very BDSM in their outlook.

Now, let me stress here, that the BDSM lifestyle is something which does not appeal to me at all, but I have friends who practise it, and I know enough about it to recognise large chunks of its argot in this book.

And this is what I find most admirable about Ms Ching. She is a Christian as are many of her characters. But some of these Christian characters, like the Green Nazis are shown to be absolutely despicable, and some of the characters that initially one would not suspect were capable of a kind word, are shown to be the morally upright ones.

There is far more to Christian authors (note I do not say Christian literature, because Ms Ching's books are not tracts, or attempts at a mass conversion of her audience, although I suspect that they may convert far more people to her cause than she would have thought) than tambourines, and Jesus wanting me for a sunbeam. Ms Ching has produced a minor masterpiece here and I very much look forward to seeing what she comes up with.

Well done.

THE BITCH IS BACK

Regardless, the mythical baby Mozart effect was born. Subsequent studies have never found an impact of more than 1 IQ point from any particular musical exposure to infants. Another study concluded pop music was actually the best genre for boosting spatial reasoning for children. The states of Georgia and Tennessee passed laws requiring all maternity wards to provide new parents with classical music CDs along with their new babies. Talk about whistling Dixie. Soon, pop scientists were extolling the virtues of classical music to reduce epileptic seizures, accelerate the growth of plants, and even encourage microbial activity at sewage treatment facilities. None of these benefits exist. On the other hand, encouraging children to play music does appear to impact children's development significantly. A recent Australian study suggests teaching toddlers to "jam" benefits numeracy, attention, and prosocial skills. So maybe it should be called the Baby Hendrix effect?"

I think about the only thing I played musically as a young child was probably a kazoo, although if you were to ask my mother she may well give you a detailed account of the times I tapped out primitive warning tunes on the banister rail with my fingernails when I was asked to do something/told I shouldn't do something and so on and so forth.

But that doesn't really count in this 'Mozart effect', as teenage angst, nay teenage *girl* angst, is a bit further on in life. And I would hope, of course, that my spacial reasoning was coming along nicely by then anyway.

By the way, I did – even though I do say so myself – tap out a mean cautionary tune with those fingernails.

But moving swiftly on. Let's puzzle about the next contender for inclusion into the fit-to-bursting cabinet.

The Beatles 3D PuzziSphere Puzzle Sphere 212

Pieces Sure-Lox Brand New in Box! - US \$45.99

"Awesome Rare! Very Hard to Find!!! The Beatles 3D PuzziSphere Puzzle Sphere 212 Pieces. Made by the Sure - Lox Company 2007. Very cool puzzle sphere with a Collage full of Beatles Graphics.

Awesome Piece that will look amazing fully

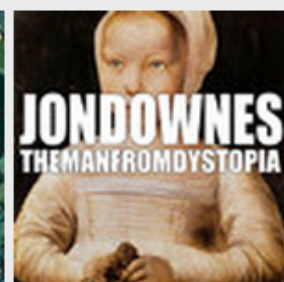
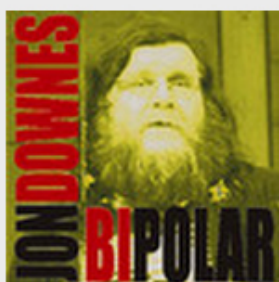


put together! Brand New and Sealed in Box!"

I have a spherical puzzle Christmas tree bauble that was great fun to build, and I must say it looks very effective. Irrelevant? Yes, quite probably. Especially seeing that this is going to end up about 10 times bigger than aforementioned bauble and would not, in anybody's dreams, fit on to a Christmas tree that is supposed to stand upright and not languish unceremoniously in a corner on its side.

SHAMELESS SELF PROMOTION TIME

Just in case you are interested, here is yer beloved Editor at iTunes



[Check it out now...](#)



Stray into the woods and forests and you will enter into another world; a world of creatures that live by their own rules, protect their own kind with fierceness, and view all strangers who venture under the protective boughs with deep suspicion. Tread the forest floor with care, for this is also the home of the hairy man - the wildman of the woods. Is he a man? Is he a beast? Is he something in between? Whatever he is, he is spoken about by humans in hushed voices. They are scared of him and they tell tales of him to their children to scare them from entering the hushed darkness of the tree kingdoms. They call him many names; the woodwose, the wudawasa, the wodwos amongst them. The bane of a high-born daughter takes her unintentionally through such a forest on her last journey as a single woman to wed the man of her father's choice. Imposters from another land tramp through such a forest on a mission of their own, killing everything that comes across their path. The lives of some of the creatures that dwell in this place become unavoidably entwined with both these trespassers. The lives of some will change. Some will cease completely.

wyrd
music

MIKE DAVIS

HOW CAN I TELL YOU?



Available from iTunes, Amazon etc

please take into account that the chess board alone takes me time and expense to make (the board design, cost of printing out on high quality gloss paper and encasing it into two plates of 1/8" glass)..... The chess board is 14 x 14. The high gloss print is set within two pieces of glass."

Not sure what to think about this one. I have included some handmade chess sets before, but I seem to remember they were slightly more ... erm ... aesthetically pleasing perhaps. However, there is no accounting for taste.

PINK AIR FRESHENER - p!nk music memorabilia art singer funhouse truth about love - AU \$2.95

"Strictly limited edition, get your hands on one of our own Arts Enemy designed "ART SERIES" Pink air fresheners. Hang them in your car/office/house and enjoy a long lasting scent as well as looking great. A great addition to personalize your car and stand out from all those other boring fools with Xmas trees hanging from their mirrors! Pink Air Fresheners can be purchased as a twin pack - See my other listings. Scents: Stencil is Vanilla scent. Mosaic is a Rose scent. No variations sorry!"

Well, blow me down with an over-exuberant air conditioning unit, I have just realised most of this week's entrants are to do with games of one shape

or another. I thought I had better throw this one in to finish up with, in order to bring you back to the



outside world ie enjoying nature and the scent of freshly mown grass, pine needles, or the salty air of the seashore or of ... uhm ... the cosy confines of your car in which to travel to partake of this fresh air, but with the horror of an overfull ashtray. Or, as in our case, the car that has been parked in the sun after the dog barfed in it. Pink doesn't look best pleased does she?

Oh, and guess what the acronym for Biologically Appropriate Raw Food is. Yes this is a bona fide trade name for dog food. Nice.

Toodle pip



"Ev'rywhere I hear the sound
of marching charging feet, boy"

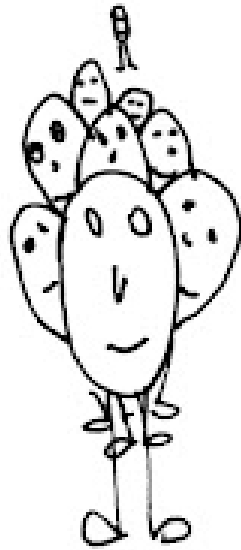
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AULD MAN'S BACCIE

RESONATING WITH THE BLUES

THE NINE HENRYS



The Nine Henrys are a quirky bunch of cloned cartoon characters. They live in a strange lo-fi domestic surrealist world peopled by talking rock buns and elephants on wobbly stilts. Over the years the Henrys have been published in a variety of local NE magazines and now here for the first time thanks to Gonzo Multi-Media the Nine Henrys are brought together in a compendium of line art craziness.

"a five ya aad can draw better than that"
Authors brother.

THE WORLDS FIRST CLONED CARTOON CHARACTER

modada@ninehenrys.com

There are nine Henrys, purported to be the world's first cloned cartoon character. They live in a strange lo-fi domestic surrealist world peopled by talking rock buns and elephants on wobbly stilts. They mooch around in their minimalist universe suffering from an existential crisis with some genetically modified humour thrown in. I think Peter McAdam is one of the funniest people around, and I cannot recommend his book *The Nine Henrys* highly enough. Check it out at Amazon. Each issue we shall be running a series of Henrybits that are not found in his book about the nine cloned cartoon characters who inhabit a surreal world nearly as insane as mine...



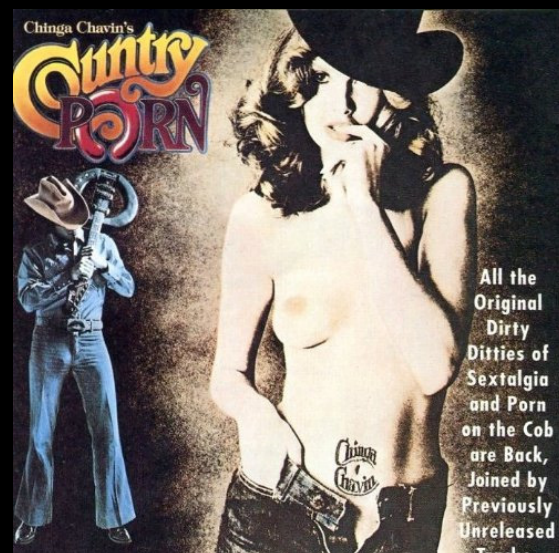
RAF Dickies



This book, which was released by Gonzo last year is an erudite catalogue of some of the most peculiar records ever made. The authors have lined up, described and put into context 500 "albums" in the expectation that those of you who can't help yourselves when it comes to finding and collecting music will benefit from these efforts in two ways.

- Firstly, you'll know you are not alone.
- Secondly, we hope that some of the work leads you to new discoveries, and makes your life slightly better as a result.

Each issue we are featuring one of these remarkable and peculiar records in a crass attempt to flog you the book.



Chinga Chavin: Country Porn (Country Porn Music, 1976)

What? Full-on seventies cheese, political incorrectness the way it used to be!

Not so much in your face as sitting on it, Chinga Chavin's most celebrated work turns in the aural equivalent of the big-breasted brainless-scripted seventies porn-cheese that now enjoys cult appreciation on the back of its collision of inept talent and incredible ambition. Porn was innocent, in its own way, back then. Pun-strewn, cheeky and not greatly given to depicting sex the way real, or really perverted, people actually did it. Chavin's take on his country lyrics stakes out the same territory and packs titles to kill for: "Talkin' Matamoros First Piece O' Ass Blues," "Cum Stains on my Pillow," "Sit, Sit, Sit (on my Face)" and "Dry Humping in the Back of a Fifty-Five Ford" tell you pretty much all you need to know. You will find country

music buffs who take this whole caper to task on the basis that the playing is far from brilliant. That's hardly the point. Sure, it's straight down the line Merle Haggard style simplicity with clear lyrics, horns, pedal steel and strings entering and leaving on cue, and yer man Chavin out front shooting from the hip and intoning the whole message with a straight faced, no none-sense air. Then again, he lets rip with an impressive take on a ranting southern preacher on "Cum Unto Jesus (A Sacred Tune)."

Not for the po-faced, or lovers of intense and deadly serious country music, and unless you get lucky it is possible that the current asking price for the 1992 CD reissue will also wipe the smile off your face. But, if you can hunt it down, Country Porn still packs a hefty load.

Gregg Kofi Brown

ROCK 'N' ROLL AND UFOs

Gregg Kofi Brown has transcended many genres of music...

Rock 'n' Roll and UFOs is an anthology of music from Gregg Kofi Brown's career and contains previous unreleased songs, remixes and demos, with many guest musicians and artists such as Sting guitarist **Dominic Miller**, **Bomb da Bass**, **Osibisa**, the cast of the **Who's Tommy**, The Chimes' **Pauline Henry**, the Who's former keyboard guru **John Rabbit Bundrick** and Seal guitarist **Gus Isidore**.

The CD is a companion to Gregg Kofi Brown's **autobiography** of the same name which covers his early career in Los Angeles and London. From his first pro tour with **Joe Cocker** and **Eric Burdon** to close encounters of a third kind in a California desert and his adventures touring the world with African rock pioneers **Osibisa**. His journey includes starring in hit west end productions in London, recording and touring with infamous rock bands like Hanoi Rocks and the Members.

His first tour in Gambia and Senegal West Africa supporting African superstar **Youssou N'dour** is well documented, as is his work in the African and West Indian music scene in the UK.

The last few years has seen Kofi perform with **Damon Alban's African Express** and collaborate live with **Amadou & Mariam** featuring **Beth Orton**.

CD and book available soon from Gonzo Multimedia



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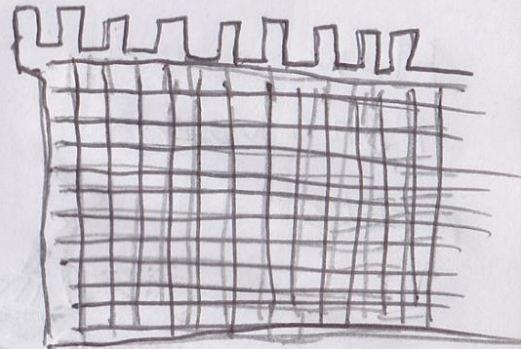
THE WORLD OF GONZO ACCORDING TO

Mark Raines

UP YOURS
TO HACKERS



SECURITY
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466

M.A. Raines -



M.A. Raines

Sad news, I am afraid, this week.

Anyone who has visited my office in the last two and a half years will have made friends with Bob the Builder, a yellow Mbuna cichlid who lived in the tank just inside the door. He earned that name by building a network of tunnels and earthworks out of the sand and gravel substrate. He had more character than any other fish I have known for years, and used to display whenever anyone he knew came near his tank, swimming up and down



earnestly until he was rewarded with fish flake or pellets. He was a little subdued on Tuesday, and I am afraid to say that Graham found him dead on Wednesday morning. I was very fond of him and am far more upset about it than I thought that I would be.

Somewhere in the Elysian Fields there is a pond with a very strong charactered little fish in it.



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FROM HARPOS CONCERT THEATRE, DETROIT

11 DEC 1980
ON STAGE 20.30

CAPTAIN BEEFHEART



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ERIC DREW FELDMAN * ROBERT WILLIAMS * RICHARD SNYDER * JEFF TAPIR/WHITE * JEFF MORIS TEPPER

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