

GONZO

In this week's exciting edition, Doug goes behind the scenes of **Nick Wakeman** and **Tony Ashton's** legendary TV show **GasTank**. We have a sneak preview of the long awaited new **Pink Fairies** album, and also reveal news about the new **Al Atkins** record. Jon and Corinna go to see **Focus**, Davey goes to see **Robin Trower**, we have amazing graphicky bits from **Martin Springett** of **The Gardening Club**. Jon muses upon **Budgie**, and Alan goes to the **Berwick Film Festival...**



GasTank

#204

LIFE'S A GAS



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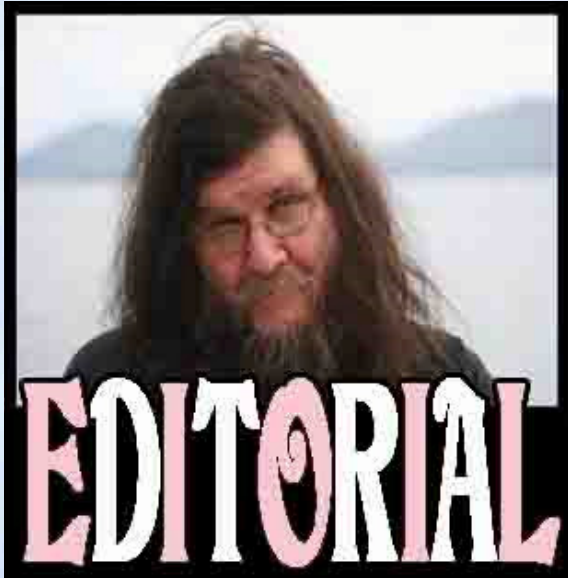
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THE THREE COMMANDMENTS OF GONZO WEEKLY:

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,

Welcome to another issue of what I sincerely hope is your favourite music magazine. It's mine anyhow.

I suspect that every professional discipline has its own professional jokes. Cryptozoologists, for example, have been known to giggle at Richard Freeman's silly word play about *Architeuthis dux*, and there are lots of rock musician jokes. For example:

Q: How do you know when you have a rock singer living in your spare room?

A: He always comes in late, and forgets the key

Years ago, Ric from Fairport Convention told me various jazz musician jokes, including one about the Penguin Cafe Orchestra, but the one that is apposite to this editorial is the following.

Once upon a time there was a group of tourists making an unscheduled trip to an undefined third world country somewhere in the tropics. No sooner had they disembarked from the aircraft than they sensed there was something wrong. There was a miasma of wrongness in the air, and from the depths of the jungle that surrounded the tiny airport, they could hear the repetitive primal beat of drums.

The leader of the group asked the tour guide why the drums sounded so foreboding, and in pidgin English the guide replied: "You need not wonder about the drums. The time to worry is when they stop!" And the little band of visitors, increasingly scared, had to be content with that.

They got to their hotel, and the drums were getting



"I had been waiting for over four decades to see an ennobled yodelling flautist"

more frenetic and disturbing. Fearing that at the very least there was a tribal uprising in process, the leader of the tourists repeated his question, and again the guide repeated: "You need not wonder about the drums. The time to worry is when they stop!" And the little band of visitors, increasingly scared, had to be content with that.

The drumming continued all through the night, and our intrepid band of travellers, now very scared got very little sleep. At breakfast the leader asked the guide once again for an explanation. And once again he replied: "You need not wonder about the drums. The time to worry is when they stop!" And the little band of visitors, increasingly scared, had to be content with that.

But then.....

.....the drumming stopped. And there was a horrified silence which lasted for a few seconds until someone shouted:

"Oh my God, it's time for the bass solo", and everyone dived for cover with their hands over their ears.

Well even though I am, or rather was, quite an accomplished bass player, I always laughed at that because, bass solos are truly one of those things - like blue movies - that it is more fun to be part of than to watch. Personally I have never attempted either.

But on Saturday night, I saw the first bass solo in my life that was truly gripping. Bobby Jacobs, the bassplayer and producer since 2002, stood statuesquely still, glaring at the audience like a Dutch Wilko Johnson, while coaxing out a solo that straddled neoclassical progressions and the sort of elegantly brutal noise seldom heard this side of Throbbing Gristle. And this was only three minutes out of nearly two hours of fantastic music.

Saturday night was actually one of the first gigs that I have been to in years, at which I was nothing but a punter. I have no professional link with Focus or with anybody to do with them, and I went purely as a fan. And, believe me, as a fan since 1973, when both *Sylvia* and *Hocus Pocus* were in the charts concurrently, I wasn't in the least bit disappointed.

It was also the first gig that I have ever ventured out to in my wheelchair, and although I felt very exposed and vulnerable, and clutched my walking stick as if it was my only weapon against hordes of marauding barbarians, everyone was very nice to me.

Progressive rock is a strange old thing. I was watching the YouTube video of the final ELP show the other day, and quickly realised why Carl Palmer decided to call time on the group. Because of his health issue, whereas Keith Emerson could still do the showmanship bits, he could no longer play with the precision that was needed. I saw a show by the Strawbs, about fifteen years ago in Exeter. The folky things were great and worked fine. But they just

اللجنة لهم إذا كانوا لا تأخذ نكتة



were not tight enough for the complex songs from *Grave New World*. So, I must admit I was approaching the Focus gig with a certain amount of trepidation.

I am over ten years younger than either Thijs Van Leer or Pierre van der Linden, and the reason why the vast majority of my music is now composed and recorded on computers is that I can no longer cut the mustard as a guitarist or bass player, and my music is nowhere near as complex or as multi layered as that of Focus.

I shouldn't have worried. Focus were completely magnificent, and in a richly textured set drawing upon all parts of their career they never failed to be enthralling. Despite the fact that my favourite of their albums has always been *Moving Waves* from 1972, I think that my favourite parts of the night were the songs that came from their most recent album *Focus X*.

I say most recent, as did Sir Thijs on Saturday night, but there have been several albums of Focusounds released since, most notably *Focus 8.5* which was recorded between the eighth and the ninth album, whilst on tour in South America. Featuring collaborations with local musicians, it is funkier and jazzier than most of their oeuvre. I like

it a lot, but I prefer the core Focus music like that which was played on Saturday night. Pierre van der Linden, now 72 I think, was absofuckinglutely magnificent, and I truly don't think that I have ever witnessed a better, and more soulful drummer. Whether he had benefitted from the tropical polyrhythms of *Focus 8.5* or whether (as I suspect) it was the other way round, I don't know but he was awesome throughout the night.

He did the obligatory drum solo, and I don't like drum solos, but if anyone deserved to do one it was our Pierre. Their new guitarist Menno Gootjes (OK he first played with the band in 1993 so *new* is a comparative term) is excellent, not just copying the seminal licks of Jan Akkerman, but bringing much of himself to the feast.

But Thijs Van Leer, or - more properly - Sir Thijs Van Leer, the original founder of the group back in 1969, completely stole the show. like a Rock and Roll Rumpole of the Bailey, he teased, cajoled, and totally won over the audience, some of whom - like Corinna - had seen them back in the '70s, and others - like me - who hadn't. He gave an endearing performance, effortlessly switching from his battered old Hammond Organ, to flute, and on one occasion melodeon, and alternately singing lead vocals, and producing layered vocal harmonies



through an electronic harmoniser.

And yes, the evening ended with a frenetic (and more than slightly chaotic) rendition of *Hocus Pocus* and an encore during which Sir Thijs warned us that we were all living in difficult and disturbing times, before we all disembarked into the damp October night.

Seldom have I been to a gig that was such a joyous life-affirming experience, and I strongly suggest that when they return to Blighty (or wherever you live) you check them out. I certainly will.

Toodle Pip

jd

Focus, Stick Men, Al Atkins, Bob Dylan, Prince, Rod Stewart, Radiohead, Motorhead, Led Zeppelin, Strange Harvest, Friday Night Progressive, Mack Maloney's Mystery Hour, Fergus David Edward Miller, Don Ciccone, Michiyo Yasuda, Rick Wakeman, Martin Stephenson and The Daintees, Archie Fisher & Barbara Dickson, Binky Womack, Arthur Brown, Nils Lofgren, Jackie Lee, The Pink Fairies, GasTank, Alan Dearling, Berwick Film Festival, Davey Curtis, Robin Trower, Mr Biff, Roy Weard, Hawkwind, Xtul, Martin Springett, The Gardening Club, Budgie, Mr Fibby, Louis Armstrong, Cliff Richard, N.Sync, Cavern Club, The Beatles, Hieronymus Bosch, Henri Chopin

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:

Jonathan Downes,
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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

STICK MEN



PROG NOIR TOUR - Chapter Two EUROPEAN TOUR, OCTOBER 12-23, 2016

- October 11 - Lomme (Lille), France (Maison Folie Beaulie)
- October 12 - Tilburg, The Netherlands (Paradox)
- October 13 - Heerlen, The Netherlands (Nieuwe Nor)
- October 14 - Wiesbaden, Germany (Alte Schmelze)
- October 15 - Weingarten, Germany (Kulturzentrum Linse)
- October 19 - Tel Aviv, Israel (Barby)
- October 21 - Nove Mesto Nad Vahom, Slovakia (Blue Note)
- October 22 - Usti Nad Labem, Czech Republik (Usti Nad Labem Jazz and Blues Festival)
- October 23 - Brno, Czech Republik (Sono Centrum)

PROG NOIR TOUR - Chapter Three WEST COAST USA + THE CARIBBEAN: JANUARY & FEBRUARY, 2017

- ??????? January 10 - Seattle, WA (The Triple Door)
- January 11 - Seattle, WA (The Triple Door)
- January 12 - Portland, OR (Mississippi Studios)
- January 13 - Eugene, OR (Hi-Fi Music Hall)
- January 15 - Napa, CA (Silos) - Poetry reading, Tony Levin only!
- January 17 - Sacramento, CA (Harlow's)
- January 18 - San Francisco, CA (Regency Theater)
- January 20 - Santa Cruz, CA (Kuumbwa)
- January 22 - Agoura Hills, CA (The Canyon Club)
- January 24 - Los Angeles, CA (The Baked Potato)
- January 25 - Los Angeles, CA (The Baked Potato)
- January 26 - San Juan Capistrano, CA (The Coach House)
- January 27 - San Diego (Brick By Brick)
- January 28 - Mexicali, BC, Mexico (Bol Bol)
- January 29 - Phoenix, AZ (The Crescent Ballroom)
- January 31 - El Paso, TX (Mesa Music Hall)
- February 1 - Santa Fe, NM (The Bridge)
- February 7-11 - Tampa, FL & Cozumel, Mexico (Cruise To The Edge 2017)

more shows to be announced soon! some will shock the progressive rock community!

- Leonardo Pavkovic of MoonJune Music will be with the band on all January & February dates and on some European dates (Lomme, Tilburg, Heerlen, Wiesbaden, Weingarten). Stop by to say hello at the merch table.

"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



CALL ME AL

Reloaded is a new solo album from Al Atkins featuring some of his favourite songs which he's written and co-written over the last four decades.

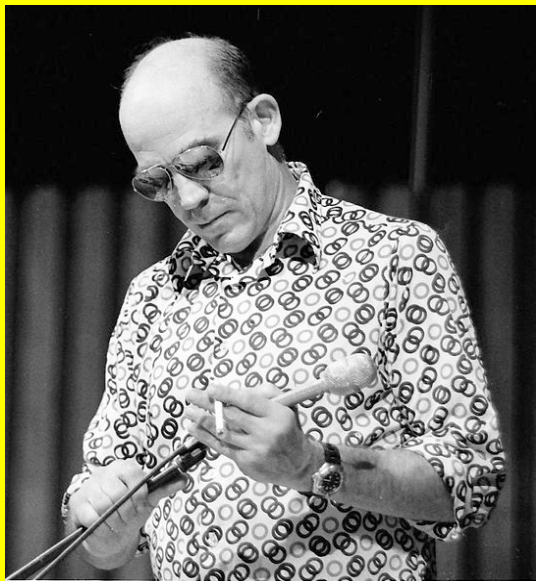
The album was recorded at Rock Solid Studios in the West Midlands earlier this year and once again produced by Paul May.

All the songs have been rerecorded with special guests. These include performances from:

Ian Hill on bass (Judas Priest, from the USA)
Roy "z" Ramires on guitar (Halford/Bruce Dickinson), **John McCoy** on bass (ex-Gillan), from Australia **Stu "Hammer" Marshall** on guitar (Death Dealer), from Japan **Tsuyoshi Ikedo** (Unveil Raze), from Germany a duet with **Ralf Scheepers** on vocals (Primal Fear), **Paul May** on Guitars (Atkins May Project/Temple Dogs/A.N.D.) **Chris Johnson** on guitar (Holy Rage).

A global gathering from the world of heavy metal which touches on Al's early years with the mighty Judas Priest, up until his last live band Holy Rage.

<http://www.pledgemusic.com/projects/al-atkins>



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...

"The press is a gang of cruel faggots. Journalism is not a profession or a trade. It is a cheap catch-all for fuckoffs and misfits—a false doorway to the backside of life, a filthy piss-ridden little hole nailed off by the building inspector, but just deep enough for a wino to curl up from the sidewalk and masturbate like a chimp in a zoo-cage."

Hunter S. Thompson



NOBEL PRIZE FOR THE BIG ZIM:

Legendary singer Bob Dylan has been awarded the 2016 Nobel Prize for Literature making him the first songwriter to be honoured with the award. At 75-year-old it was said he was selected "for having created new poetic expressions within the great American song tradition". The first American to win since novelist Toni Morrison in 1993, President Obama said the honour was "well-deserved". "Congratulations to one of my favourite poets," he wrote on Twitter. [Read on...](#)

PRINCE: AND SO IT BEGINS:

Prince's vault of unreleased music is reportedly up for sale for \$35 million (£29 million). The singer left a host of songs behind when he died from an opioid overdose on 21 April (16). There has been much speculation about what will happen to the music, which includes tracks such as Extraloveable, Electric Intercourse and Rebirth of the Flesh, all of which have been bootlegged but never officially released.

Now it has been claimed that the vault is being shopped to the three major record labels in America - Sony, Universal and Warner - by Prince's estate advisers Charles Koppelman and L. Londell McMillan. The three labels are apparently desperate to get their hands on the Purple Rain legend's legacy, with the price currently standing at \$35 million. "All three major labels are said to be in talks for rights to the music," the source told Billboard.com. The unnamed insider added to the outlet that a deluxe



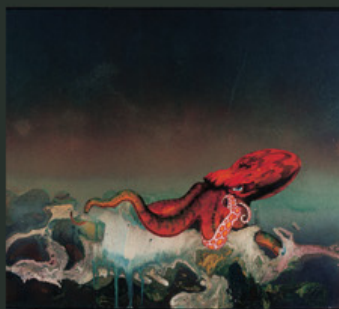
Painting © Roger Dean, 2016

ROGER DEAN

PATHWAYS EXHIBITION 2016

AT TRADING BOUNDARIES
1ST - 31ST OCTOBER

FREE ENTRY



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FOR FURTHER DATES/VENUES/GATHERINGS

David Allen Stringer (& Pam Stringer)
(Editor of *Phoenix NewLife Poetry*)
19 Royd Terrace, Hebden Bridge HX7 7BT
Tel: 01422 846146
Email: uni.alli@btinternet.com

THE ^{gonzo} NEWSROOM



edition of Purple Rain, originally announced in 2014, is now likely to be released next year (17), while a new greatest hits compilation is also expected to hit shelves by the end of the year (16).
Read on...

OZZY LEADS DYLAN TRIBUTES: Ozzy Osbourne has led tributes to pro skateboarder Dylan Rieder, who died on Wednesday (12Oct16) aged 28. The young star, who was known for his work in the skateboarding industry, he owned New York store The Hunt as well as making a name for himself as a model, had been battling leukaemia. On Wednesday, Rieder's manager confirmed his sad passing to Jenkem magazine, saying in a statement: "Today, October 12th, 2016, surrounded by family and friends, Dylan Joseph Rieder passed away due to complications with Leukemia. "His passion for life, art, music, fashion and skateboarding has

always been contagious. Dylan will be remembered

by all as a loving son, brother and friend. In lieu of sending flowers, the family requests donations be made in Dylan's memory to Dr. Stephen Forman."
Read on...



NEVER A DULL MOMENT: Rock legend Rod Stewart has officially become a 'Sir' after receiving a knighthood from Prince William on Tuesday (11Oct16). The 71-year-old musician was invited to Buckingham Palace in London where he was honoured for his services to the music industry and charity work. The Maggie May singer arrived for the investiture ceremony with his wife, Penny Lancaster-Stewart, 45, and children Aiden, 5, and Alastair, 10, dressed in his signature tartan trousers. Rod's honour was announced in June (16) as part of British monarch Queen Elizabeth II's 90th birthday honours list. Upon receiving the news he was to be given the honour, Rod said in a statement, "I've led a wonderful life and have had a tremendous career thanks to the generous support of the great British public."
Read on...

PRATT, DOWNE
1500 Broadway, N. Y. C.

A person wearing a white clown mask with a large red nose, blue eye makeup, and a wide, toothy grin showing yellow teeth. They have bright red, voluminous hair. They are wearing a purple long-sleeved shirt with a yellow collar and a green jacket. They are standing behind a black metal fence with vertical spikes, with a stone building in the background.

Spot the Pigeon
<http://tinyurl.com/h2bgtgx>

Indian police have taken a pigeon into custody after it was found carrying a warning note to Prime Minister Narendra Modi near the nation's heavily militarised border with Pakistan. Border Security Force (BSF) officers found the bird at Pathankot in the northern state of Punjab, where Pakistan-based militants launched a deadly attack on an air force base in January. "We took it into custody last evening," Pathankot police inspector Rakesh Kumar told AFP by telephone.

The Curious Case of Chacoan Polydactyly
<http://bit.ly/2aJ4RBq>

Ancient people of the Pueblo culture of Chaco Canyon, in what is now New Mexico, decorated their houses with six-digit handprints and footprints. Although it is not really known why these images were depicted in homes, researchers suggest that having an extra finger or toe made the person more important and respected in this society.

PRATT, DOWNES & SCOTT,
— 111 N. B. STREET —

"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...



Any attempts to repeal the Hunting Act would be "deeply unpopular" among the majority of the British public, a new poll has found. The Ipsos MORI poll commissioned by animal welfare charity the League Against Cruel Sports found 84% of the public do not want a return to fox hunting.

Opposition to hare hunting and deer hunting was even stronger, at 91% and 88% respectively.

The poll also suggested banning fox hunting is growing increasingly popular among Conservative voters. It is now at

73%, having risen from 64% in 2013, 66% in 2014, and 70% in 2015. League Against Cruel Sports chief executive, Eduardo Goncalves, said: "Today's polling highlights just how out of touch any move to repeal the hunting ban would be with the views held by the majority of the British public - including Conservative voters."

"The overwhelming view of electorates is that they do not want their parliamentary representatives supporting repeal."

Mr Goncalves also attacked Environment Secretary Andrea Leadsom, who has suggested she would take a fresh look at fox hunting. He said: "The Hunting Act made hunting wild animals with dogs for sport illegal, protecting a number of animals including foxes, hare, and deer. Not only would a move to legalise the cruel sport be potentially detrimental to the animals the law protects, but as today's polling makes clear - would make no sense politically. It is time for Andrea Leadsom to join the rest of the country and support the hunting ban."

<http://tinyurl.com/zlblohb>



Democracywatch

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 *Wooden*
Ware, Baskets, &c. &c.
 All persons wishing to purchase any of the above men-
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 Worcester, May 10. 1854 OTIS CONVERSE.

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Worcester. E. S. LEONARD.
Feb 6, 1847.

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

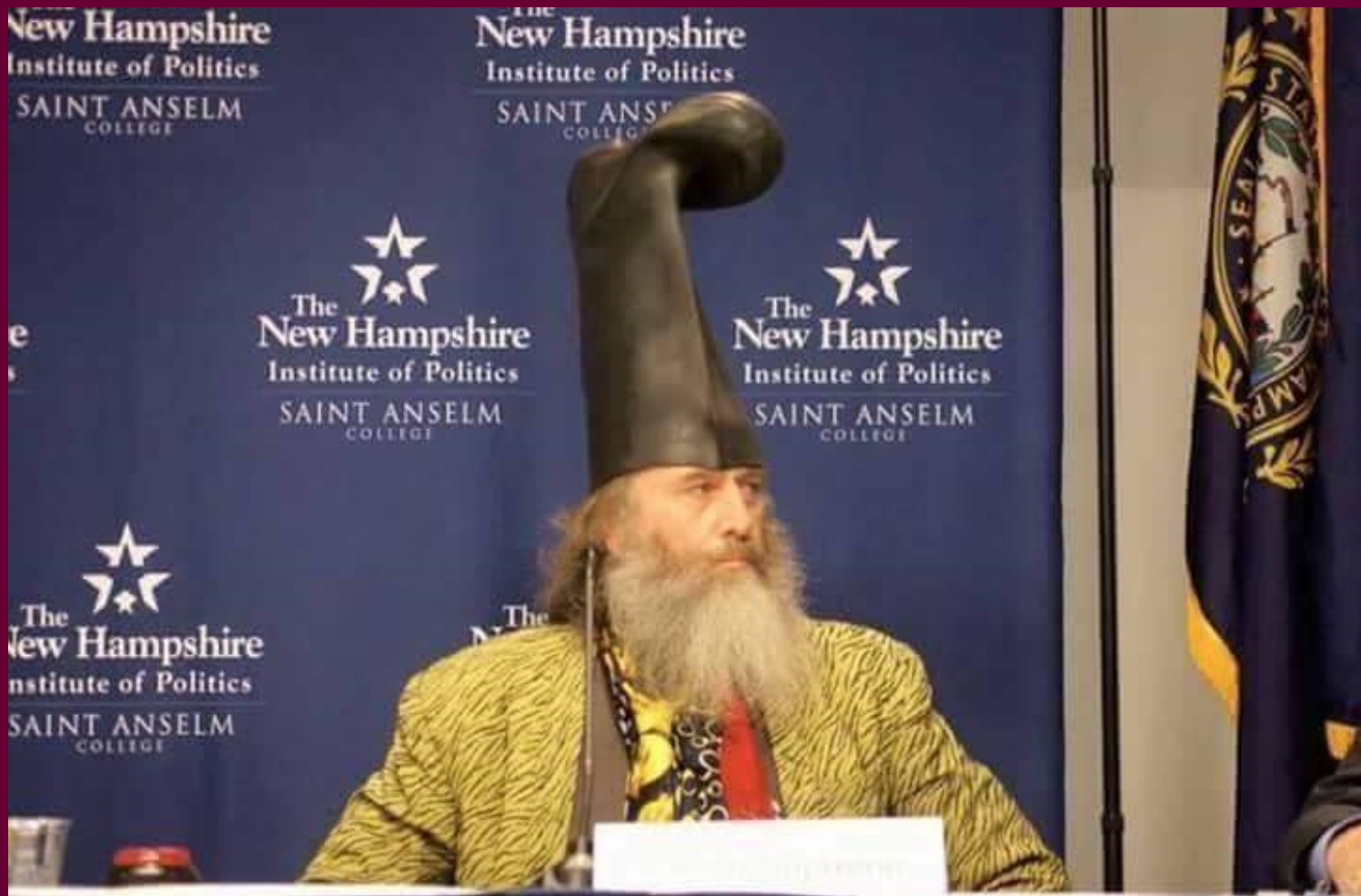
The weak and cowardly
take a gun

**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...

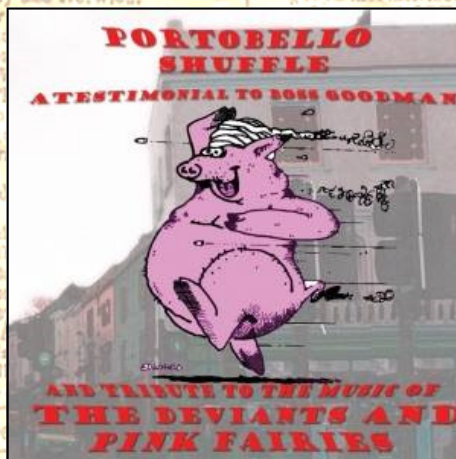


In New Hampshire, a man calling himself Vermin Supreme filed for the presidential primary. He said in his administration, every American will receive a pony. He also plans to defeat ISIS by going back in time.



I'M ON BOARD!

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



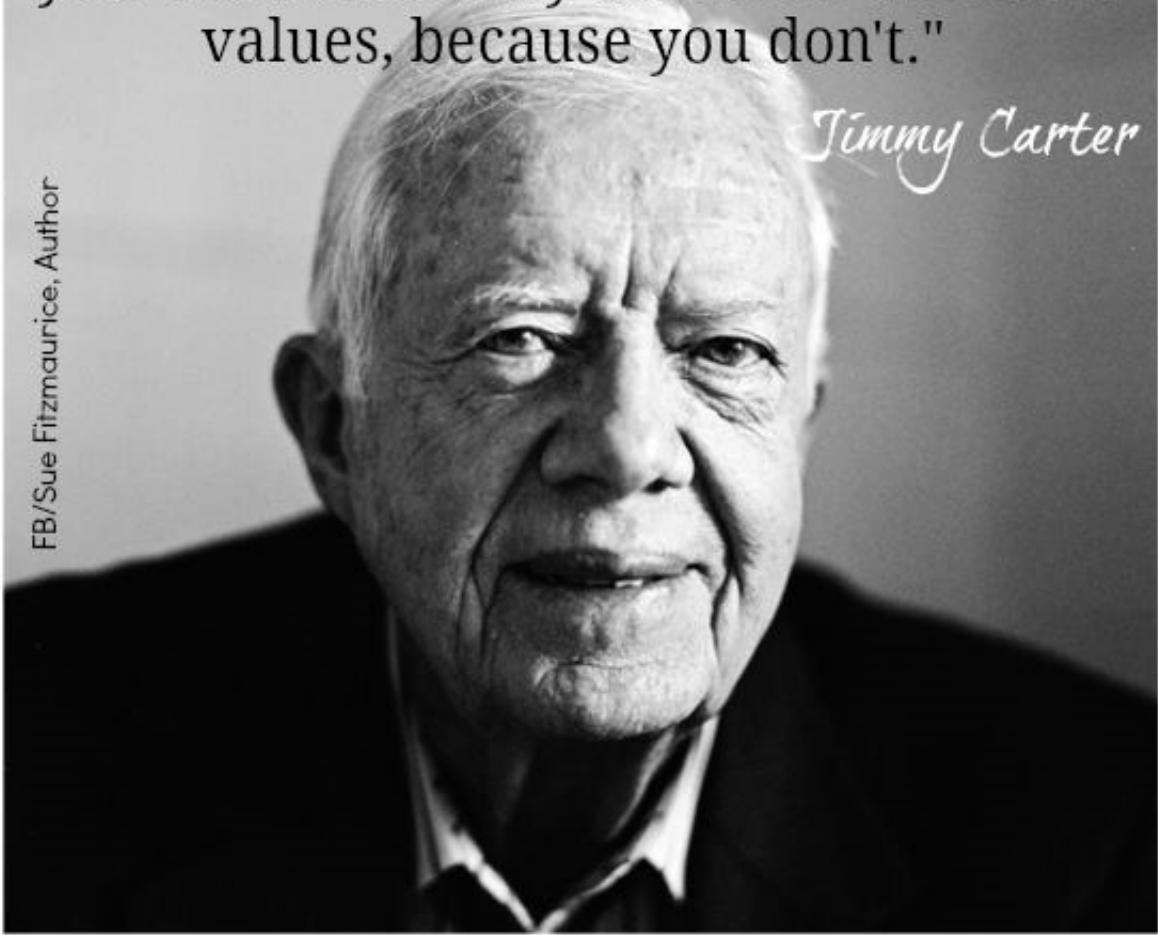
Portobello Shuffle CDs still at special
low price of £5.00 each, 1 x CD inc.
p&p = UK £6.80; Mainland Europe
£8.90; USA £9.95; Rest of the World,
contact Rich
Deakin for postage price.
arsydeedee@yahoo.co.uk

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.

What a snap! Police stumble across a
10-foot long crocodile in Altrincham

<http://tinyurl.com/zylra68>





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.

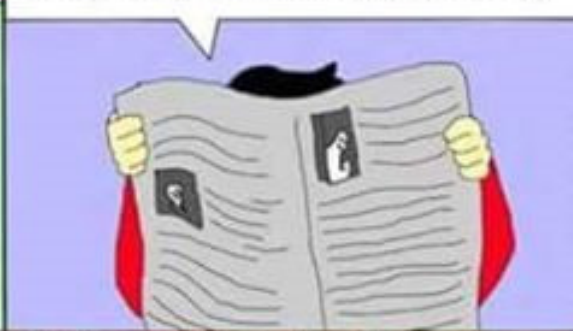
But over the past few years, it has become more than that. We now host regular weekly shows by Neil Nixon, a lecturer in professional writing at North West Kent College who uses his weekly radio show, Strange Fruit, as a learning experience for his students on the Foundation Course. I've known Neil for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

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



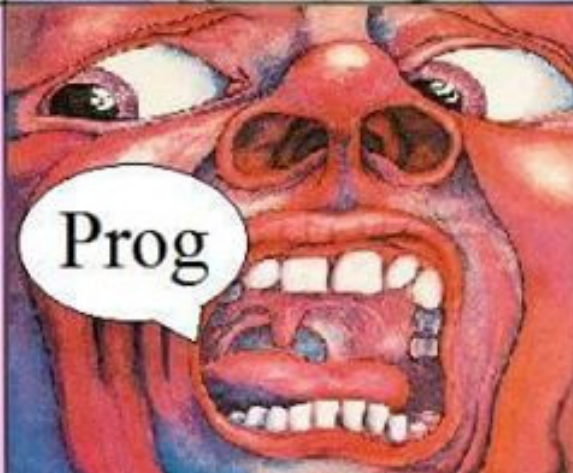
Hmph... You be careful, those
boys only care about one thing.



Sex?



No...



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





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.

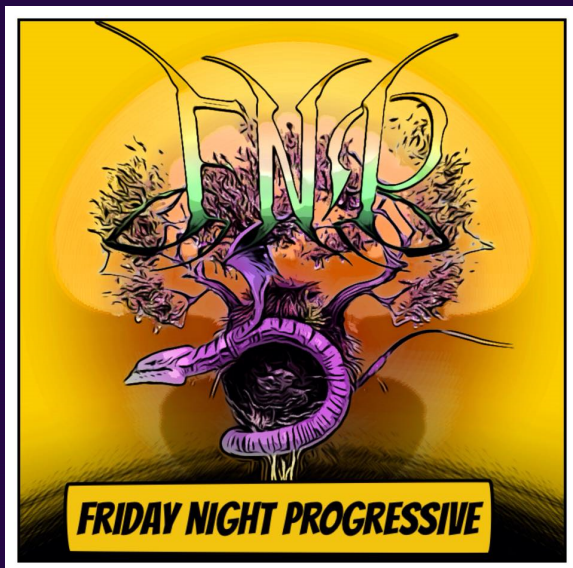
The show is broadcast on Miskin Radio every Sunday from 10-00-midnight.

For the next few weeks we are broadcasting special shows called "Strange Harvests" Why? It is far too complicated to explain.



Wild Beasts: Big Cat
Nora Mint Seymali: Arabina
Lies: Paranoia
Luke Haines: Marc Bolan Blues
Big Grunt: 11 Moustachioed Daughters
Anarchestra: Solipse 0
Wild Anima: Forget and Forgive
Rupert's People: Reflections of Charles Brown
Sands: Listen to the Sky
Morkobot: Kogromot
Pig: Drugzilla
Laura Cannell: Horselore
Icarus Peel: Forget me Not
John Chantler: Two and Four

**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:

Colin Tench Project

<http://colintenchproject.bandcamp.com/releases>

Coalition

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

STATIC

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

Half Past Four

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

PANGEA

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

X Hunters

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

SYM-PHONIC NV

<http://www.facebook.com/SYmPHONIC-NV-194582883897342/?fref=ts>

Panzerpappa

<http://www.facebook.com/Panzerpappa-112379508814650/?fref=ts>

Paul Hayworth

<http://www.electrocuted.moonfruit.com/>

The Luck of Eden Hall

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

— with David Penna, Nicholas Love, Paul Hayworth, Colin Tench, Diana Nowak-Riffel, Trond Gjellum, Gregory Curvey, Avery Bacchues -Wilson, Igor Kurtzman and Steve Gresswell.

**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."

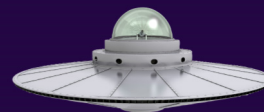


PHOTO BY SMITHMAXFIELD.COM

AND LOOK WHAT MACK HAS FOR YOU THIS WEEK

Clowns Lives Matter

Mack, Juan-Juan & Cobra discuss the rash of creepy clown sightings across America. Rob Beckhusen reports on all-clown units in the US military. Switchblade Steve recalls past creepy clown sightings. In-studio guest Agent X denies the clown sightings are a government conspiracy and Mrs Cobra reveals her fear of clowns goes back to an unfortunate jack-in-the-box incident. Also, Kathleen Marden on the famous Barney & Betty Hill UFO mystery.



Listen
Here

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



**Fergus David Edward Miller
(1990 – 2016)**

Known professionally as 'Bored Nothing', Miller was an Australian musician who released a self-titled album in 2012. It received some international attention and together with his band Miller had toured internationally.

As a teenager he began to develop an interest in music and 'started making little demos'. He acquired an 'old 4-track I got for cheap' and began to share them with friends. Eventually he began to put them 'on disc and leaving them around in pubs and record stores', and self-releasing the material through various outlets and formats including Bandcamp, CD-R, and cassette.

Recording under the name Bored Nothing, Miller signed to Spunk records and began to prepare his first major release in 2012 at the age of 22. His debut was a self-titled 14 track LP on which he plays "every [instrument] on the album (save one guitar part and a keyboard line), as well as recording and producing the thing at home."

In October 2016, Miller, suffering from depression, committed suicide at the age of 26.



**Don Ciccone
(1946 – 2016)**

Ciccone was an American singer and songwriter, who began performing as a musician at 14 years of age.

He was one of the founding members of The Vibratones, who changed their name to The Critters. Ciccone wrote "Mr. Dieingly Sad", which reached the Billboard Top 25 in 1966. From 1973 to 1981 he joined Frankie Valli and the Four Seasons before becoming the musical director and bassist for Tommy James and the Shondells.

He died on 8th October aged 70.

THOSE WE HAVE LOST



Michiyo Yasuda (1939 – 2016)

Michiyo was an animator and colour designer who worked for Toei Animation, A Production, Nippon Animation, Topcraft, and Studio Ghibli.

During a career spanning five decades in the animation industry, she worked on animated feature films and short films for theatrical release, original video animation (OVA), promotional music videos, animated television series, documentaries and commercials. Yasuda provided the colour designs for Miyazaki's Academy Award winning animated film *Spirited Away*. She officially retired after working on *Ponyo* in 2008, but worked on the Academy Award nominated animated feature *The Wind Rises*, released in July 2013.

Yasuda joined Toei Doga in April 1958, immediately after her graduation from high school. She started out in the Toei finishing department, in the ink and paint section, where she worked on TV series and commercials as a tracer. In traditional animation a tracer is a person whose job involves transferring cleaned up line drawings onto the cels. Through her work and union activities at the company she made the acquaintance of Isao Takahata and Hayao

Miyazaki whose careers also began at Toei, joining in 1959 and 1963 respectively.

She took charge of Studio Ghibli's colour department from its inception for the creation of the *Castle in the Sky* production and collaborated with various directors and animators in the creation of nearly all Studio Ghibli animation works until her retirement. She last worked on the feature films *Ponyo* and *The Wind Rises* and in between on the short *Pandane to tamago hime* for the Ghibli Museum.

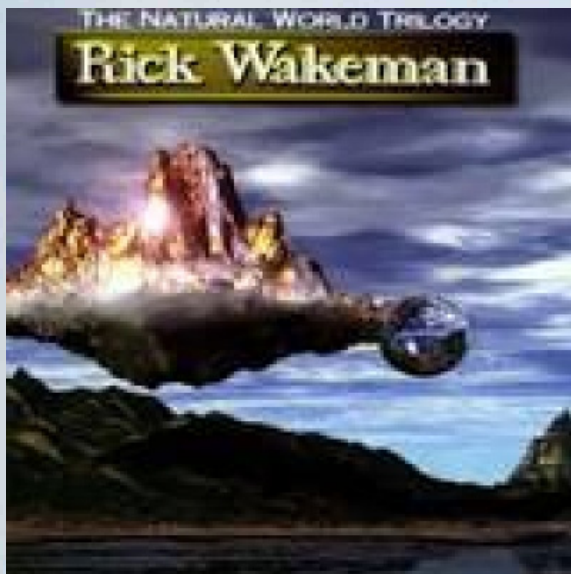
At Studio Ghibli, Yasuda decided colours in consultation with Miyazaki and let the depicted objects guide her choices, based on the availability of materials and dyes in the time period portrayed. Her choice of individual colours and a colour scheme was also determined based on the mood of each film, a particular scene and the personality of each individual character.

In their book *Anime Classics Zettai!*, Brian Camp and Julie Davis made note of Yasuda as a "mainstay of Studio Ghibli's extraordinary design and production team".

Yasuda died on 5th October, aged 77.

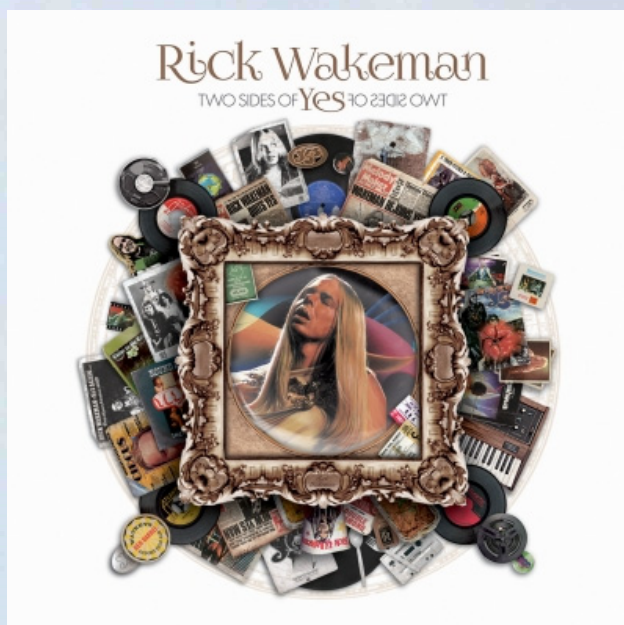


THOSE WE HAVE LOST



Artist Rick Wakeman
 Title The Natural World Trilogy
 Cat No. MFGZ006CD
 Label RRAW

Well within the genre of new age, The Natural World Trilogy is Rick Wakeman's attempt at uniting all of the earth's tranquil elements and translating them through the use of his keyboards to produce relaxing and overly sedative music. Broken up into three separate discs entitled "The Animal Kingdom," "Beneath the Waves," and "Heaven on Earth."

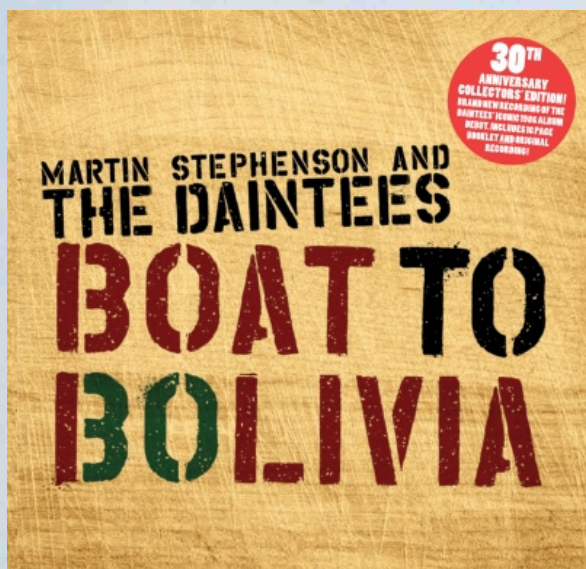


Artist Rick Wakeman
 Title The Two Sides of Yes
 Cat No. MFGZ013CD
 Label RRAW

The 'two sides' of the CD title are, respectively, new piano interpretations of Yes material ('Your Move', 'Long Distance Runaround', excerpts from 'Close To The Edge', and Anderson, Bruford, Wakeman Howe's 'The Meeting') intercut with previously released instrumental versions ('Wondrous Stories', 'Don't Kill The Whale' and 'Roundabout').



THIS SUMMER THAT
 FLOWERS



Artist Martin Stephenson and The Daintees
Title Boat to Bolivia 30th Anniversary Edition
Cat No. BARBGZ104CD
Label Barbaraville

Here we have a brand new 30th anniversary recording of Boat to Bolivia, made at The Tolbooth, Stirling 2016.

The idea was to celebrate the albums 30th with a fresh live sound, the band has never been hotter and truly creates a great take on this classic record, where the songs are just as timeless as the day of it's release, bearing in mind, most of the songs would have been written between 1980 & 1982!

The Daintees showed an incredible range and idiosyncrasy for such young recording artists, and some of the guitar solos John Steel created back then are still etched in the ears of the listener since this truly weird album's release!

It's wonderful hearing his 2nd takes with a 30 year distance, just outrageously good man!

Here the artist gives you a 30 year gap between original and new, with the original guitarist on both albums Mr John Steel, who left the band after its recording, never to surface till some 15 years later, Martin wrote the song 'Goodbye John' for him, which featured on following classic album 'Gladsome, Humour and Blue' for his missing friend

It was Anthony's brother Gary who joined the band in early 1986 to tour the album and then play on the next three of The Daintees major and awesome releases

Also on this new version we have John Steel's wife Kate Stephenson on drums, who has been with the band for over ten years now, worked closely with Sam Brown, Herbie Flowers and Midge Ure before

teaming up with Martin and the gang, another weird thing is, Martin's childhood friend and Bassist Christopher Mordey, who only played Bass on Daintees very first single release Roll on Summertime, who also played on Martin's first 1978 demo of 'Neon Skies' recorded at Newcastle's Spectro Art's Centre, so Chris is a hardcore Daintee and is arguably, along with Anthony Dunn, the first Bass player of The Daintees, so has a very authentic and valid connection.



Artist Archie Fisher & Barbara Dickson
Title Through The Recent Years
Cat No. CTVPCD016
Label Chariot

In 1970, Barbara Dickson and Archie Fisher were invited by Decca Records to record a new album of traditional music. The resulting set, 'Thro' The Recent Years – The Folk Experiences of Archie Fisher and Barbara Dickson,' has since gone on to become an acclaimed collector's item for fans of traditional music but despite its popularity this release marks its first ever release on CD outside of Japan.

Digitally remastered from the original master recordings, 'Thro The Recent Years' features fourteen superb tracks including Bob Dylan's 'Tears of Rage' as well as a selection of new songs by Archie and Scottish folk stalwart Rab Noakes (who also provides guitar and backing vocals on the album.)

'Thro' The Recent Years' is produced by the legendary Ray Horricks whose long career as a producer included albums with Rod Stewart, Sammy Davis, Jr and Anthony Newley.

The CD booklet features a new interview with Barbara in which she looks back over her career in Folk music from her earliest days performing at the

Howff in Dunfermline, through to her early recordings and influences and the eventual big break which took her on to become one of the most successful and well-loved singers of her generation.



Artist Archie Fisher & Barbara Dickson
Title Orfeo
Cat No. CTVPCD015
Label Chariot

Following on from his 1970 album, 'Thro' The Recent Years', recorded with Barbara Dickson, Decca Records invited Archie Fisher to record a follow-up solo set. 'Orfeo' features a mix of traditional songs and self-penned tracks which was ultimately released as Decca SKL 5057 later that year.

Barbara was once again on board, this time providing backing vocals with Rab Noakes, another friend of theirs from the Fife folk scene, playing guitar with Daryl Runswick featuring on bass and Bill Kemp on drums.

The album was produced by Ray Horricks who had been working with Decca Records and a handful of smaller labels throughout the 60's on a wide range of genres including folk albums by artists including Shirley Collins, Moira Anderson and Davey Graham, musical soundtracks and early singles by Rod Stewart, as well as several releases by Kenneth McKellar.

Of the eleven tracks on 'Orfeo', four are traditional with the others being new songs written by Archie. Looking back on the album, Archie comments that the songs were intended to be "very stylised and very chord-orientated and very much built around guitar tunes which were breaking away from the traditional songs and more towards jazz guitar and torch music."

Barbara Dickson also feels that with 'Orfeo' Archie

was keen to break new ground. "He was definitely moving forward musically which was the most important thing I think."

'Orfeo' has been digitally remastered from the original studio master tapes and features detailed CD liner notes on Archie's long career as a traditional music pioneer.



Artist Binky Womack
Title Womack Style
Cat No. SR1DWB6102
Label World Domination Music

Womack Style is the latest album project from Binky Womack, a member of one of the most iconic music families of all time.

Binky has his own studio in Burbank, California (The Ear Hole Recording Studio) and acts as a producer to many top line artists. He also has a publishing company, Bindelari Music, which is represented by World Domination Music for the world excluding North America. Bindelari is also the vehicle for new acts such as Jae, as well as Binky's own material.

The majority of the songs are originals by Binky Womack and with all instruments being played by him and overall production in his hands, this is truly "Womack Style" music.

The musicianship is of the same high quality that we expect from any song/production from the Womacks and Binky's guitar work is outstanding.

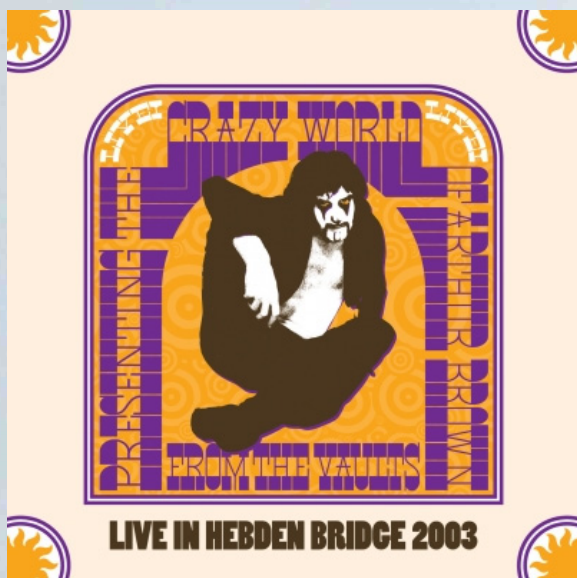
All tracks are available for licensing, sync and covers. Please also feel free to play any tracks on your show – all formats of each track are available on request from World Domination Music.

Binky is happy to supply station messages or other

sound bites and of course, is available for interviews, either via land-line, mobile or Skype.

All tracks are being promoted on radio in the USA and World Domination are arranging extra radio promotion throughout the UK and Europe through its trusted Partners.

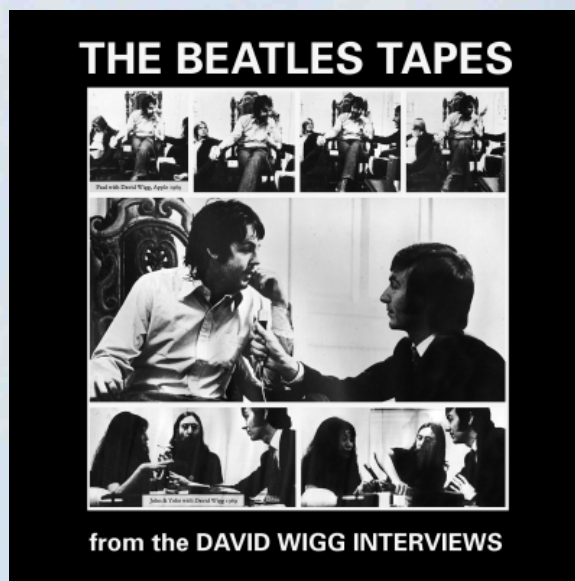
Binky will be involved in the Memorial Tour for his late uncle, Bobby Womack and his set will include favourites from Bobby's pen as well as new material from Binky.



Artist Arthur Brown
Title Hebden Bridge Trades Club
9th June 1993
Cat No. HST298CD
Label Gonzo

Arthur Wilton Brown (born 24 June 1942)[1] 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.

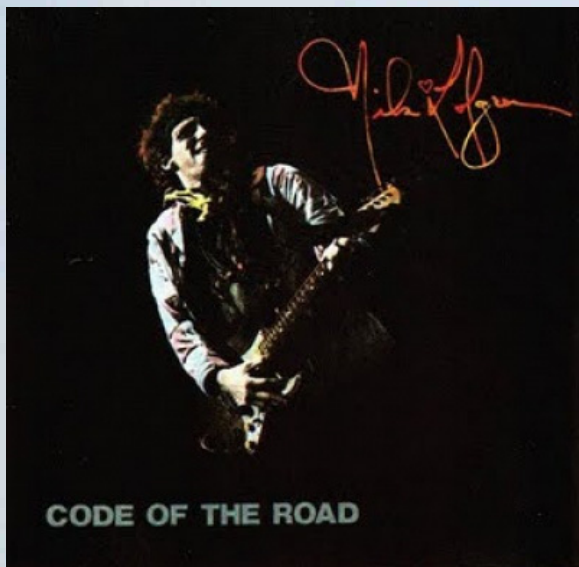
When the God of Hellfire returned to the stage in the United Kingdom after a strange anabasis in Texas when, together with Jimmy Carl Black (the Indian in the Mothers) he was painting houses for a living, pundits were surprised how vibrant and relevant he still was as an artist. Any thoughts that he was a novelty one hit wonder from the sixties vanished like the morning mist, and Arthur entranced audiences wherever he went. This show from 2003 will show you exactly what I mean.



Artist The Beatles
Title The Beatles Tapes
Cat No. GSGZ005CD
Label Greyscale

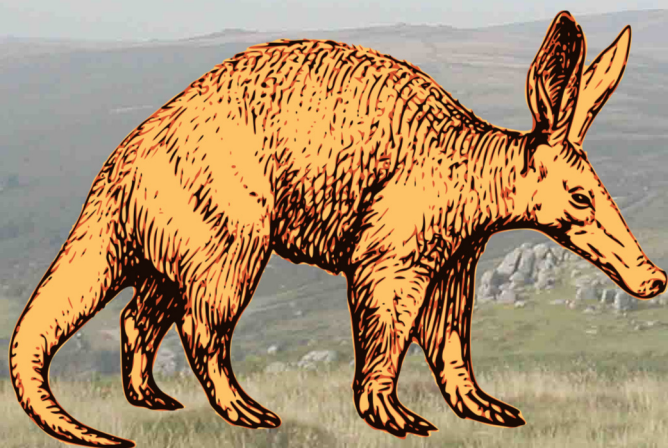
The Beatles Tapes from the David Wigg Interviews is an audio album of interviews with each of the four members of The Beatles: John Lennon (with his second wife, Yoko Ono), Paul McCartney, George Harrison, and Ringo Starr. British journalist David Wigg interviewed the individual Beatles at various points from December 1968 or January 1969 to December 1973, and excerpts from some of these recordings constitute the album's spoken words. Although he was a columnist ("Young London") for the London newspaper The Evening News, the interviews were intended for broadcast on BBC Radio 1's Scene and Heard. Interspersed among the interview excerpts are instrumental performances of Beatles songs, played by other musicians.





Artist Nils Lofgren
Title Code of the Road
Cat No. GSGZ009CD
Label Greyscale

Nils Hilmer Lofgren (born June 21, 1951) is an American rock musician, recording artist, songwriter, and multi-instrumentalist. Along with his work as a solo artist, he is a member of Bruce Springsteen's E Street Band since 1984, a former member of Crazy Horse, and founder/frontman of the band Grin. Lofgren was inducted into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame as a member of the E Street Band in 2014. Code of the Road: Greatest Hits Live is an entertaining tear through Lofgren's catalog, featuring most of the guitarist's best-known songs, plus a healthy selection of fan favorites, making it a solid live set for fans.



Artist Jackie Lee
Title White Horses
Cat No. HST372CD
Label Gonzo

I never dreamt in my wildest dreams that when I was asked by Ben Nisbett and Micheal Carr if I would like to sing a little song they had written for hopefully a new TV series about White Horses that it would become so popular. I of course said I would be delighted to do so. I then went to Ben's office in Tin Pan Ally (Denmark Street, London) as it was known and heard the song and saw the lyrics for the first time. I must say I fell in love with it We then set the key for the arranger and a week or so later I was in the rather small Studio to put my voice to the arrangement that had already been recorded. It was then I decided to make something of this sweet little song. As there were about two tracks left I used them to double track my voice and put in the harmonies which I knew would work well for the song. Lucky for all of us it was accepted for the TV series and Voila, a little gem was born.

I am quite astounded that my recording of the White Horses theme song is still remembered so fondly and played on the radio so regularly. So many people have written to me personally to recall all the happy memories they remember as children about the series and my Recording. After so many enquiries I am delighted that this album has been released with the White Horses recording and tracks from my White Horses LP along with some other favourites of mine. It includes one track that has never been released before which was part of an album that I created with Christopher Gunning called Calendar which was very dear to my heart. The Busker was about April showers, the album was never released and to date The Busker is the only track known to have survived. I have also chosen several recordings I made as part of the Raindrops, a vocal quartet with my ex Husband Len Beadle, Vince Hill and Johnny Worth. They all went on to make their own individual contributions to popular music.



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>

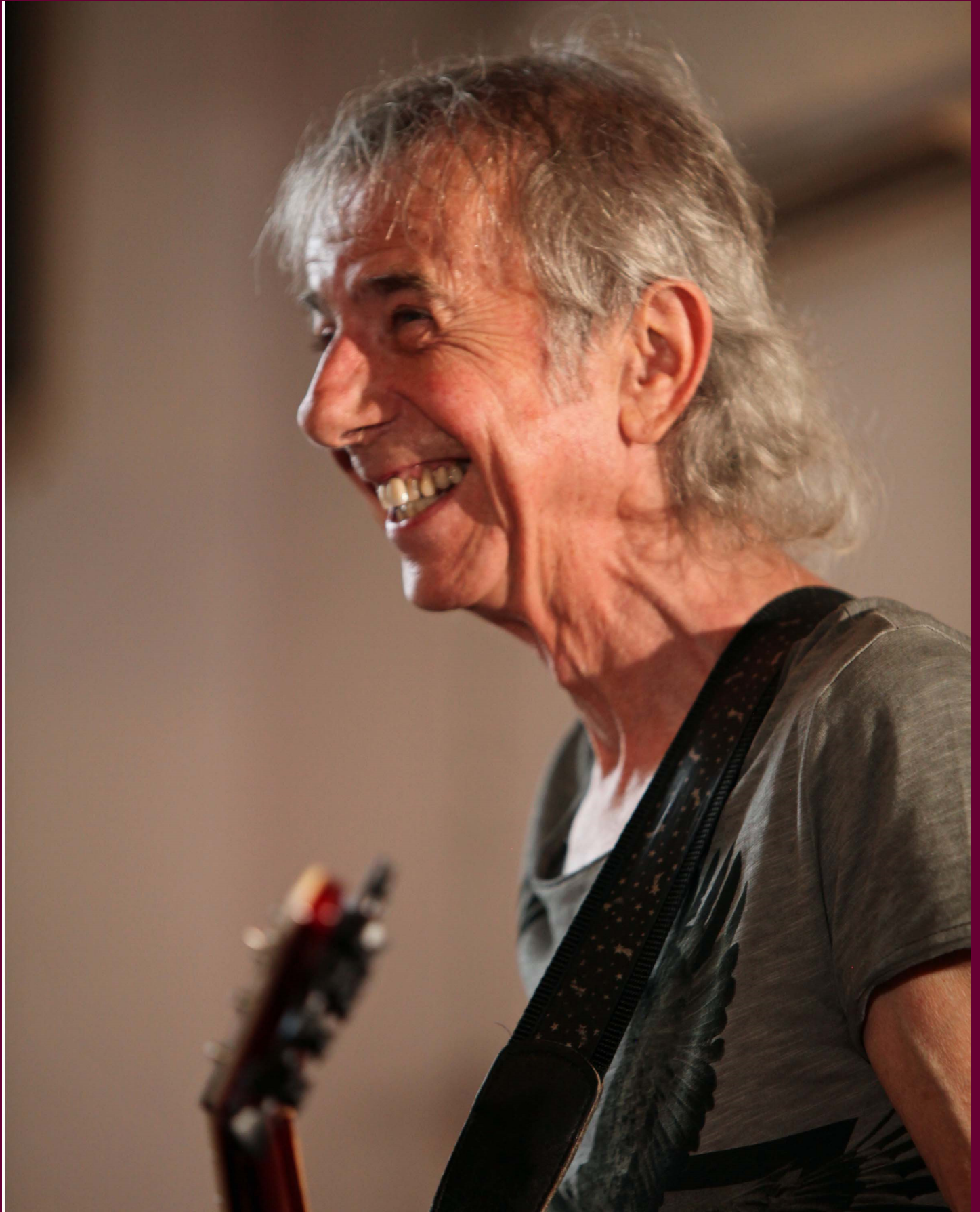


“Naked Radio”

**The Pink Fairies To
Release First New
Album in 3
Decades!**

And now you can see
why Andy is looking so
damn happy:

**[http://tinyurl.com/
zbjttf2](http://tinyurl.com/zbjttf2)**



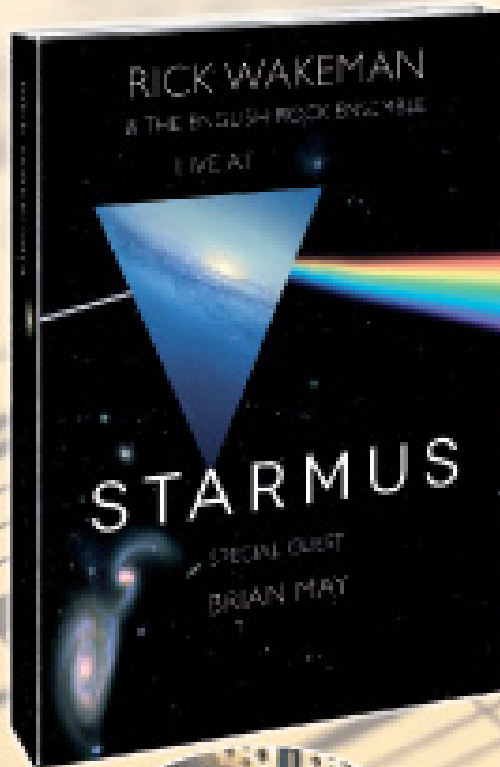
RAW presents

Forthcoming releases from Rick Wakeman & Friends

Rick Wakeman & Brian May

live from

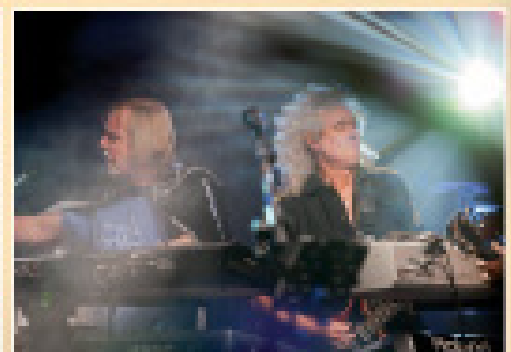
STARMUS 2015



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.



This DVD is a must for all fans of Classic Rock!



Available to pre-order from www.rickwakemansmusicemporium.com

Douglas Harr Ear Candy for the Hungry Audiophile

BEHIND THE SCENES OF GASTANK

The year is 1982. Popular music has gone through several tumultuous years, an understatement for artists of the time. Classic and progressive rock musicians are at that moment reimagining themselves, their sound, and their stagecraft, in light of new influences, and the tremendous impact of music videos via the juggernaut called MTV. Punk has come and mostly gone, but continues to influence a host of bands, all plying slightly different musical territory, be it goth, ska, “new wave” dance or one of any number of increasingly eclectic musical styles.

The most able and successful bands of the 1970s are weathering the storm, making changes to their style and stagecraft and often their lineup. *Genesis* for example was then approaching mega-stardom with Phil Collins at the helm. *Yes* in particular were continuing to change at least one member

with nearly every new release.

Wakeman himself is exploring new styles and approaches to his solo work, having struck gold in the 1970s with such epic releases as *The Six Wives of Henry*, *The Eighth* and *Journey to the Center of the Earth* he ended the decade with the more varied releases *Criminal Record* and *Rhapsodies*. It’s fair to say that in the early 1980’s Wakeman was in search of a new direction. He recorded a soundtrack for cult favorite *The Burning*, and the well-received *1984*. But issues with record companies, management, and the high cost of recording and touring were taking a toll.

In the face of these events, Wakeman joined partner Tony Ashton, establishing a new television show called *GasTank*. Produced by Paul Knight with associate Ralph Tobert, directed by Gerry Mill and recorded in a pub setting with stage and small



<http://diegospadeproductions.com/>



studio audience, the show aired in the U.K. on Channel 4 in 1982-1983. It featured Wakeman interviewing a host of musical artists as diverse as Steve Hackett, Ian Paice, Andy Fairweather Low, John Entwistle, Eric Burdon, and Godley and Crème, then joining these musicians for a few live numbers with stalwart cohort Tony Ashton and friends. The show was beloved by fans of rock and prog music who had the chance to see some well established rock 'n' roll heroes, along with a few overlooked artists of the era, play classic and new songs live in an intimate setting.

As an example, *GasTank* #1 kicks off with a couple of pieces by Ashton and Wakeman, then features friends Rick Parfitt from Status Quo, a reggae band The Cimarons, then legends Alvin Lee and Eric Burdon. Ashton brings a sense of humor, honky tonk bar-band blues piano and gritty vocals to his featured songs. Wakeman is, well, the man and musician we've come to know over so many years in the business – funny, disarming even, and as always brilliant on the keys. The house band includes long time Wakeman drummer Tony Fernandez with Chas Cronk and Jerome Rimson on bass. The rest of the crew play their parts whether an original tune from their catalog, or a suitable cover, such as when Eric Burdon introduces a long time Elvis Presley favorite. It's intimate and thoroughly enjoyable for any fan or interested viewer.

Three cameramen, Richard Dellow, Andy Watt, and Mike Hand Bowman capture the action primarily from positions just in front of the small stage, or on it, affording us an upfront view of fingers, frets, and performances. The sound by Mike Erander and enduring quality of the footage itself is exceptional.

GasTank has long been unavailable on home video in any format for years. The box set you hold in your hands puts that right. It includes every episode of the series, presented over 2 DVDs and 3CDs along with an interviews book and other goodies.

But there is a bit more to the story of *GasTank*, and for that we talked to the man himself, Rick Wakeman to learn more.

Rick, how did the concept for Gas Tank come about?

My dear friend Tony Ashton came up with it. The whole idea of the program, of playing live with people was his brainchild. He came up with the name as well, which I thought was a great name – back then “gas” was a hip expression. The first rehearsals that we had, Tony was slightly worse for wear when he arrived – he came to me and said, “Rick do you want to do all the interviews, I’m too pissed.” So I did nearly all the interviews, although Tony did do Ronnie Scott, which was great. He was wonderful to play with – all Tony wanted to do



was play piano, which worked well 'cause I played synths. He was a great boogie-woogie rock player – bands like Ashton, Gardener and Dyke and all the other groups he worked with are evidence to that. He was so, so good. It was sad when he died. One of the nice things is when I watch the programs – it's the memories of seeing Tony play and all the good times that we had that I cherish. We did have amazing amounts of fun.

What to you are some of the standout moments from the interviews or performances from the show, from your perspective?

There were quite a few standout performances. Phil Lynott was a great friend who came on and you'll see when you watch it, he introduced a new member of Thin Lizzy, one that became a very important part of the band. John Entwistle's solo appearance will remain with me forever. I asked him to come on - he was a great friend. I said "I want you to do a long solo – imagine an extended "My Generation" type of solo." He said okay. So we wrote this piece for him and he did it in rehearsal. It was a good solo – a bit subdued, but I thought it would be really nice. Then his roadie took me aside and said 'be prepared for tonight – that was just playing around.' The solo he did for the taping was just jaw dropping – he absolutely knew how to take it to that next level.

We had some good fun things on there. Suzy Quatro, Maggie Bell - lots of other performances. There were fun things as well – odd comments made, John Entwistle made one comment and his ex-wife sued him!

We had a great house band – we had a lot of fun with the house band - all great friends and camaraderie. Alvin Lee was on as a guest and he was fantastic. He loved it so much, he asked to come down and play in the house band. We had that with a few of the guest musicians – not just playing and leaving but most staying all day and watching the other people that came in. We had it set up like a club, and it was a great idea and it would still stand up today.

Give us one or two humorous anecdotes about the proceedings, something that went wrong or was surprising or even shocking?

Rick Parfitt came in and it was the first time he had ever performed solo. And I remember him saying to me "I'm nervous, I never get nervous!" He helped overcome his nerves before we did the interview, by getting completely rat-faced; mind you I was as well. I sat with him doing the interview and I saw the lights were on but no one was in, and he could see in me there wasn't anyone in either! I asked him a question (mumbles) "how did it feel to do your first solo" and he just grinned – and you can't see this part because the footage was



lost, but he came off the stool and he stumbled by me and landed on the floor (whack). The producers voice came down from upstairs and he said, “probably best to do this interview tomorrow!”

We used to do the interviews after the recordings, we would record in the morning then we would have a liquid lunch then we would do the interviews in the afternoon. They organized a green room, which was heavily stocked with alcohol - better than most pubs and bars. After the incident with Parfitt the green room was only opened after the interviews had been done!

The artists who performed together on the show were sometimes from very different backgrounds. What are moments from those collaborations we should look for – did it lead to unexpected unions afterwards?

The unexpected reunions did happen – such as with The Animals after Eric Burdon had been on. Eric hadn’t played in the UK for a long time – he felt the UK had deserted him so he deserted the UK and had been over in America. He happened to be in Europe and he came in. He wasn’t keen on doing it but when he did he had such a wonderful time, and the Animals reformed after that and they went out and did some shows. In its own way *GasTank* had a lot to do with revitalizing that band.

Phil Lynott introduced the new guitarist that he brought in for Thin Lizzy. They used to use two guitars which is how got those wonderful harmony guitar parts. His very first performance with the band was on the show.

Anyone you wanted to interview that wouldn’t do it? If you could go back in time who else would you have wanted to interview?

There were some other people we tried but couldn’t get because of availability. Roger Daltrey and Pete Townshend both said they would to do it but weren’t available. John Paul Jones of Led Zeppelin wanted to but also wasn’t available. There were quite a few of what I call “class” musicians that wanted to come in. In the end we came up with the list – we wanted to try to be as diverse as we possibly could just to show how many great musicians there were in different fields that could be connected in their own way. And that meant putting the house band together with musicians that were really good that could understand all those different styles as well. So that was a task in itself. One of the interesting things was that after we’d done the show a number of musicians asked if they could do the next series.

GasTank was an innovative show that should have lasted a lot longer – what factors led to it being dropped?

The thing that was absolutely crucial was the bands had to play

live. That was the criteria. The problem was that Channel 4, after we did the series said, "Well, we're disappointed there's no new young bands on the show." I gave them a list of all of the bands at that time in 1982-83 that we had asked to come and play on the program, and every single one of their management teams said, "No they won't play that live. We can pre-record the songs and they will mime." We said, "No you're missing the point – we play with them and it's live. This is for musicians - for bands that can play live." We couldn't get one record company to give us a band that would come on and play live. And we told this to Channel 4 and they wouldn't believe it, and I said, "Okay you find them." And they came back and said, "No, you're right!" And that's why there wasn't a second series.

Channel 4 wanted new faces, and they missed the point. At the same time they were running *The Tube*, a trendier program, which worked for what it was. Look at *The Tube* now and it seems more of its time. But blowing our own trumpet –if you look at some *GasTank* episodes now, I think people today will say it's fantastic, that musically it stands up, that it's going to live forever.

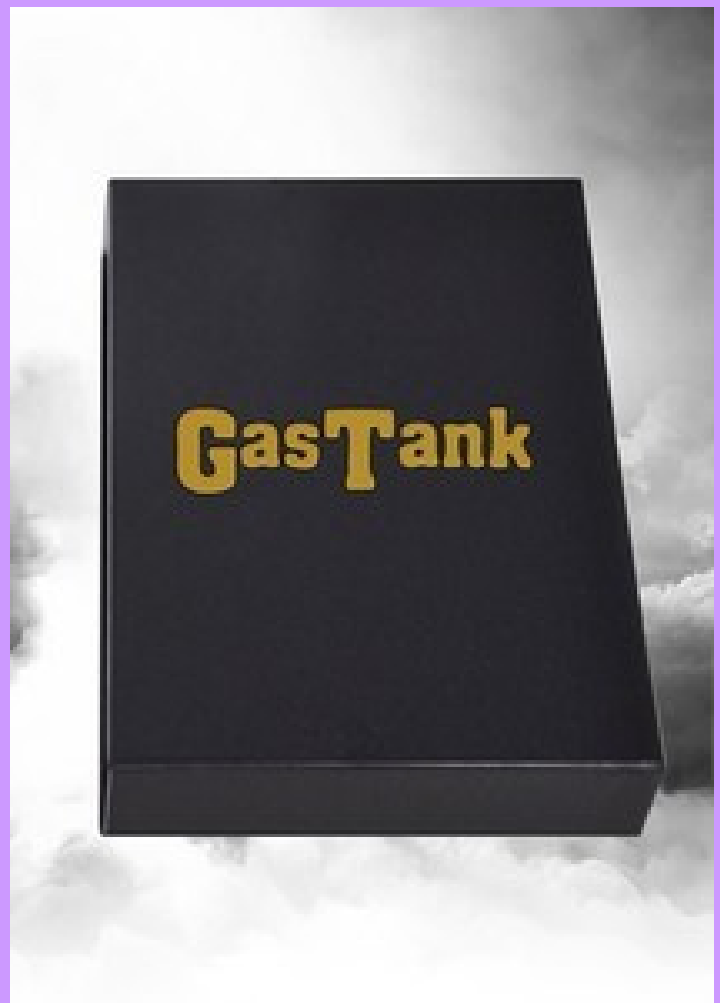
It's a tragedy because it was the forerunner to lots of programs like *Jools Holland* – somebody playing live with bands and talking sense with musicians rather than asking them what their favorite color was, and what their star sign was. The format was way ahead of its time. The way that it was done is something I'd love to do again – working with that same template because it was so good.

If you were to renew the show, tell us about a few of the top artists you would want to interview today?

I would certainly go back and get Roger and Pete from The Who. I would like Robert Plant and Jimmy Page from Led Zeppelin. I would want all the guys from Muse as they are exceptional. I would ask Marty from Lindisfarne – and a few other bands of that ilk. I would try to get more female content. There are certainly more musicians now that are confident of playing live and who would be great on the program – I don't think there would be any shortage of people willing to come on.

During the period of the GasTank, in 82-83, you released Rock 'n' Roll Prophet and Cost of Living – it seems a time in your solo career where you were exploring alternate sounds– anything you would want to share about this transitional time?

I actually recorded *Rock 'n' Roll Prophet* in 1979 – but the album was left on ice. There were a lot of new synths around and it was fun to do. Interestingly enough, you listen to some of the sounds now and they are being used today. The record company I had at the time hated it but I held on to it, and put it out myself eventually. There's some good stuff on there. In fact, it spawned my only top 30 single in the UK where I actually sang! *Cost of Living* - unfortunately there's some good stuff on it, but it was fraught with difficulties – Charisma was being sold to Virgin who weren't interested in any music of the ilk I was doing. They just wanted to acquire the product. In fact, they called me in and said they would only put the album out in the UK. So it was left to rot, which is what they did with the previous album as well. Which is fair enough because



Virgin weren't that kind of label – they weren't interested in the sort of stuff I was doing so I knew that was going to happen. *GasTank* came about at just the right time, when I was beginning to lose faith in the record companies and how music was being portrayed and done, so it really did play a big part in convincing me I wasn't the only one out there that actually wants to play.

In closing, give us the pitch for the DVD/CD Box Set.

I can truly recommend that you buy this wonderful collection. The reason I can say this is, I'd buy it myself! It contains so much history, so much fantastic playing, interviews that will never be heard again from a lot of people whom sadly are no longer with us. There's some music that was never recorded anywhere else. It's part of our heritage and history and if you're old enough to remember it, it will bring back great memories. If you weren't even born at the time, I'm sure you will like a lot of the music, and will like going back and learning how so much of it came about. The *GasTank* collection, there will never be anything else quite like it, I can guarantee that!

And you, too can see what's on offer...

<http://www.pledgemusic.com/projects/rickwakemangastank>

<http://diegospadeproductions.com/>



The 'X' Film and Media Arts Festival in Berwick upon Tweed.

Not sure I fit in that well with the Berwick literati. I know their lingo, but find it depressingly 'exclusive' and 'arty'. A mite pretentious at times. I'm not really one of the 'Luvvies'. But there was a lot to enjoy and be challenged by, at the Berwick Film Fest and its Fringe events, exhibitions and installations. Inevitably, like in music festivals, you quite quickly become 'filmed-out'. You can't see it all or take it all in. These first two pics are from the 'On the Fringe' – separately organised to run alongside the BFMAF official events. You can see more about the main event at: www.berwickfilm-artsfest.com/

The BFMAF programme guide informed us that:

"The 24th letter in the Latin alphabet, X is at once loaded with meaning whilst vacant for possibility. It is a marker for place but also an independent and indefinable variable...Whilst offering multiple possibilities for exploration, X also promises a tight focus around key issues of our time, embracing hidden histories and zones of exclusion. An unknown quantity in risk, experiment and invocation." A lot of allusions to BIG WORDS. "Contradistinctions in the Homoerotic Imagination"... "The Flaming

alan dearling





Creatures are now welcome in the Lincoln Center”, or, my favourite from a seminar session discussing primarily, the ‘New Cinema - queer cinema before Stonewall’. This is where I encountered the immortal line, that informed us that we were engaged in: *“the development of a pedagogy of cognitive dissonance.”* From the discussion I sensed that a number of the festival organisers seemed determined to confront the more mainstream members of the local populace. Confront them and make them feel uncomfortable.

The opening film was : Sylvia Scarlett - I wonder if I may be correct in thinking that Bowie and his minders might have borrowed his 'gouster' image of 'Young Americans' time, from Katharine Hepburn in the film. What do you think?

To kick off the Gala, we had three short talking-head presentations before the showing of George Cukor’s 1935 film (using real film and projectors) of Sylvia Scarlett, starring Katharine Hepburn and Cary Grant. It all

appeared rather self-congratulatory. Along the lines of, ‘how hard we’ve worked to bring you lucky, privileged folk, this fabulously courageous programme based on investigating the meaning of ‘X’ in films – especially in the works of early ‘gay’ directors.’ The film itself turned out to be a mad mix of farce, slapstick, pathos, vaudeville and music-hall, plus, of course, gender-swapping. Kate Hepburn moves between being female Sylvia to young male, Sylvester, as she supposedly relocates from France to England with her money-embezzling, gambling father. It’s an interesting, but confused and confusing old black and white film, and by no means a ‘classic’. Indeed, it probably lost the RKO Studio more money in the 1930s than any other film made in that decade. Much of the plot and dialogue is distinctly ‘clunky’. But Scarlett’s two suitors (or actually the guys she chases) do come out with some great one-liners.

Sylvia Scarlett: You've got the mind of a pig.



Jimmy Monkley (Cary Grant): It's a pig's world.

And:

Michael Fane (Brian Aherne, who looks uncannily like Gene Wilder did many years later): *[speaking to Sylvia dressed as a boy]* I say, uh! I know what it is that gives me a queer feeling when I look at you.

I'm not sure what responses the organisers had to the choice of Sylvia Scarlett as the flagship film? Very mixed, I suspect. But many folk visited the Maltings Theatre bar for a glass of something fizzy afterwards.

So, what was the festival like?

To answer that question is difficult. I saw about 18 or 19 films altogether – some short, some full-length features. I saw them in galleries, in a pub cellar, in a subterranean ice house in the walls of Berwick, in an old warehouse, in the town hall council meeting room and in both the main Maltings Theatre and the Maltings Henry Travers Studio. There's no point in commenting on all of them. And, as I've already said, I didn't see everything. But it was good to see a lot of people ambling around the town.

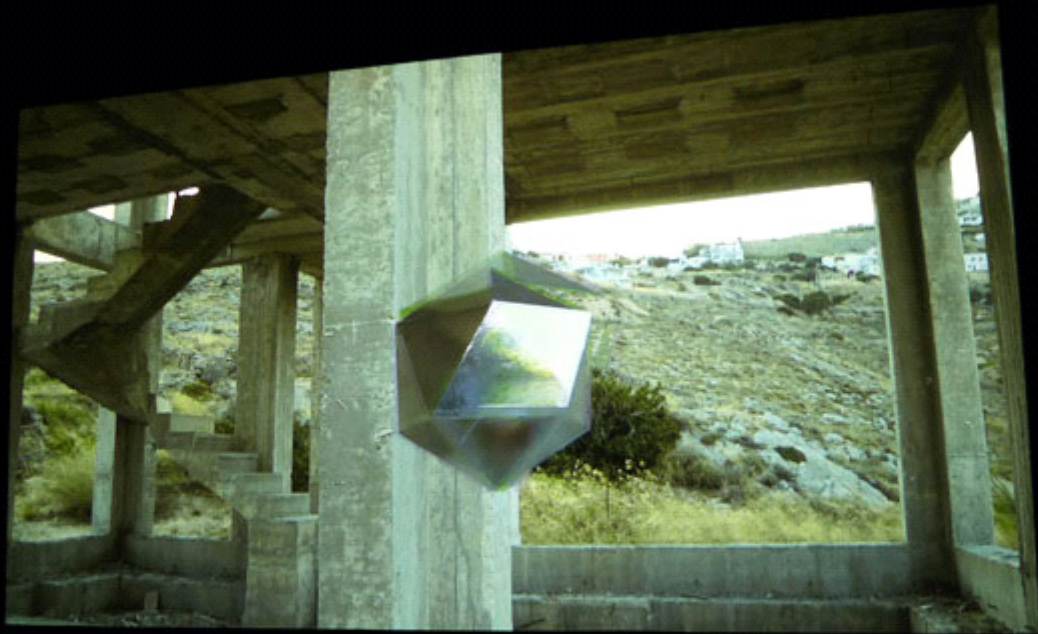
So, some highs, lows and in-betweens.

Some highs first. Claire Hooper's no-holds-barred film, 'Eris' (2011) in the Gymnasium Gallery focused on one woman's powerlessness and the power of authority figures to exacerbate the situation. Told in documentary-style, but linked to ancient Greek mythology, it reminded me of Kate Tempest's work to liberate young, working class women. I'm not really describing it adequately. It's full of emotion, powerful imagery and great music from grime MC, Lioness. Very moving, incredibly so, as a woman, the talented , Danielle Marie

Shillingford portrays her own story, in trying to keep her children from being taken into care and kept there. The social work authorities see her as 'a risk', a broken link in a chain. Well worth trying to see the film in its entirety and finding out about her other work. Here's a link to a clip: <http://www.picture-this.org.uk/worksprojects/works/by-date/2011/eris>

Down in the Ice House, deep in the bowels of the Berwick walls, the sound and visual feast provided by US film-maker, Deborah Stratman is supremely odd and disorienting. 'Xenoi' (2016) uses music and lots of 360 degree shots to evoke the arrival of strange floating objects, spinning in 3-dimensions across the sea and landscape of the Greek island of Syros. I don't claim to understand it, but it reminded me a lot of the hallucinogenic scenes of the monolith block at the end of the Stanley Kubrick's '2001 – a space odyssey'. Maybe they are aliens come to spy on us?

One of my all-time favourite and quirky documentaries was on show at the festival. Director Philip Trevelyan shot the scenes for his masterpiece, 'The Moon and the Sledgehammer' in 1969. Filmed down in Sussex, in woods not too far from where I was a youngster in the 1960s, it is a remarkable fly-in-the-forest example of a film genre that pays respect to its subjects. We see an extraordinary father, Oily Page, his two sons and two daughters living off-grid amongst grime, scrapped vehicles and steam engines. These are the Page family, bound to nature through a haunting old pump organ and threshing machinery. Oddball. Extreme, but fascinating. Agrarian sages from a long-gone age. The Berwick Festival also treated us to showings of two other of Trevelyan's films, student-piece from 1964, 'Lambing' – the study of Dick Freeman, a shepherd in Yorkshire, and 'Big Ware', a detailed portrait of one of the last traditional potters, George





Curtis. These are rarely seen – and we had the opportunity to discuss film-making with Philip on both nights. A memorable set of experiences. Short clips of Moon and Sledgehammer here:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=FXMY1QIRtw>

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=0FwR3B4A_vI

Interestingly, Philip retired from film-making to become an organic sheep farmer with his second wife, Nelly. But he told us that he is thinking of returning to make films again, which will be wonderful for us fans. He said he fancied making a film about, *“scrap merchants and football managers in Middlesbrough”, perhaps working with his daughter.*

Over in the Berwick Town Hall, Lucy Parker’s film, ‘Persuasion’ had been funded by the Arts Council.

It was apparently an attempt to share Berwick people’s search for ‘strategies for change’. Nicely filmed but seemingly short on any substantive content. Another annoyance in the main Maltings Cinema/Theatre was the quality of the sound. Along with many other festival-goers, I found it far too loud and intensely shrill and sharp. Unpleasant to the extent that I left before the end of 2015 French animation film, ‘Avril et le monde truqué’ (April and the Extraordinary World). This was visually very creative, but marred for me by the sound barrage.

And finally, to the strangely goofy, ‘My Hustler’ from Andy Warhol back in 1966. This made me smile. It’s the tale of one young gay man, being obsessively observed. And then being offered ‘career opportunities by two men and one woman. Absurd, repetitive and absorbing, up to a point. We all have to see a Warhol film occasionally!



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.

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This is Rick and Orchestra at their finest !!!



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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

p.s. Start helping elephants today at [nature.org/elephants](https://www.nature.org/elephants) and follow us on Instagram, Facebook or Twitter to get action alerts.





We're off to see the wizard!

Hi Jon,

As you may know Robin Trower is in the middle of a tour in the UK and rather than wait to for him to come close to home I went down to The Picturedrome in Holmfirth, Yorkshire on Saturday Oct 1st. This legendary venue has a gig on nearly every night from Walter Trout, The Undertones through to The Three Degrees!

I love the Picturedrome; it's like something out of the pages of history, fading grandeur by the side of a stream.

Once inside there was a large crowd, but I

could still move freely about to enjoy the music from different areas of the room without squeezing past people.

The stage set up was a little different from last year when I saw him. Then he was going through a Marshall half stack amplifier. This time he was using what looked like 2 Marshall 'Bluesbreaker' amps and a half stack, but still touting the white Stratocaster!

A mixture of old and new material with songs from his new album 'Where are you going to' but to tell you the truth, it doesn't matter what he plays, it's all so hypnotic. I still don't know how he does it!

The drummer keeps it simple and the bass player isn't exactly whizzing around the neck like Geddy Lee or a John Entwistle so.....How does it sound so full! I heard him from different spots throughout the show and he just sounded AMAZING. I've seen some posts on his Facebook page and I am

DAVEY CURTIS



not alone in thinking that. He is the master of less is more; his phrasing is phenomenal. In a world of guitarists trying to outdo each other in the Spinal Tap Notes Per Second Competition, Robin Trower can make you cry with sadness or joy with just a couple of

notes. And that's all that matters at the end of the day. A true legend in action. Now have I amassed enough Brownie points for Mrs C to let me go and see him on Monday the 10th Oct at the Sage, Gateshead? Ha .



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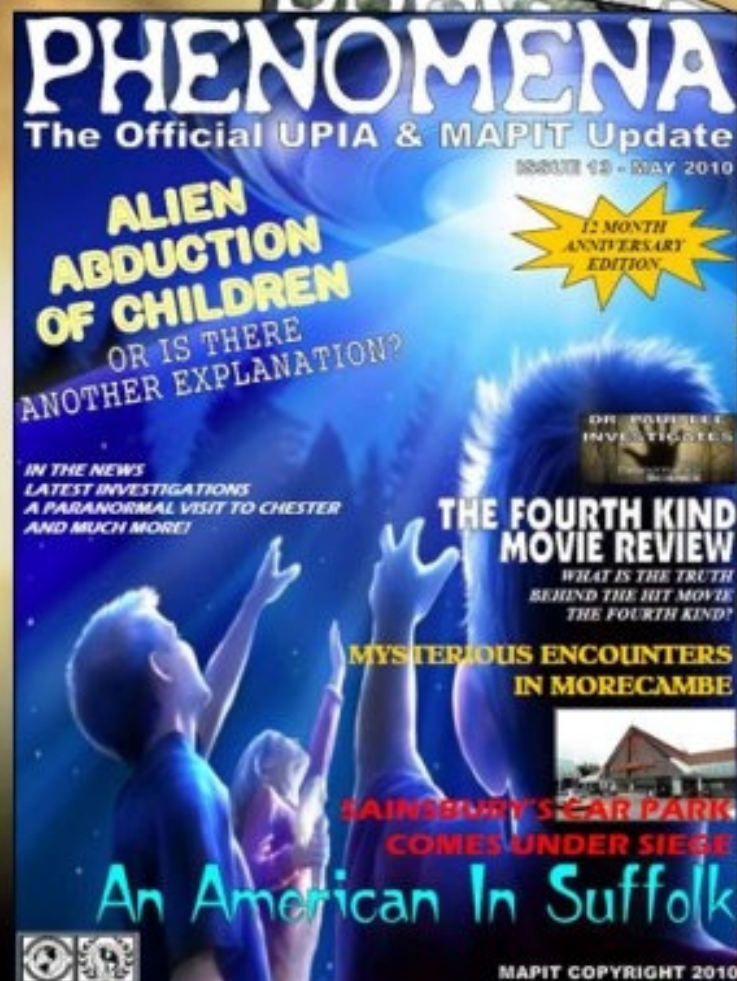
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FREE!

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.

WELCOME TO THE CROWD OF FUND - BY MR BIFFO

So here I am then; up to my waist in the crowd-funding whale's blowhole. It's only right, after all. I mean, I was there, right at the beginning. I was one of the few thousand who started this whole new epoch of fan-backed projects. No, really. I was! You have me to thank.

You might know this, or you might not, but crowd-funding was invented by the band Marillion. Who, as you might also know, because I don't shut up about it... are my favourite band.

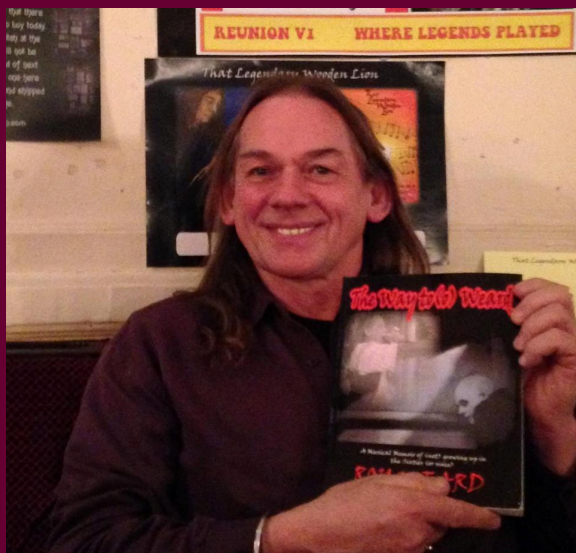
Don't believe me that Marillion were responsible? Go and take a look at the Wikipedia page for crowd-funding. Kickstarter, Patreon, Indiegogo, Gofundme, Pledge Music - all of them exist because Marillion did it first, in 1997, when a bunch of American fans raised \$60,000 to pay for the band to tour the US.

Off the back of that, Marillion then hit upon the notion of asking fans to buy their 2001 album, Anoraknophobia, before they had recorded or written a single note. In return, the fans would be guaranteed an album that would've otherwise been rushed - plus a nice special edition, with their name in the booklet.

That changed everything for Marillion, for the music industry, and - indeed - everyone who ever had an idea for a thing. Such as, y'know, an idea for an hilarious online series called Mr Biffo's Found Footage, which you can now back on Kickstarter. Woof! Woof!



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..

Stump had a few gigs lined up for the early part of 1988. The first of these were on a short tour of Scotland. I enjoyed touring with *Stump* on many levels. I had done so much touring with bands that had been around the block for so long they were dizzy, that I had forgotten that fresh approach that a new touring band can have. Working with people like Roger was good on the level that they were all a bit more relaxed about the tour, but touring with *Stump* had a freshness about it.

We travelled up to Scotland in a 'splitter' mini bus with the band's fairly minimal backline in the back. The band had decided to buy their own bus and fitted it out. After much discussion among themselves, they decided the best colour to have it sprayed was - pink! Only a band like *Stump* could have made that decision. When we came into the upland area the band wanted to stop and climb around on the rocks. The pictures on this page were taken then and show the playfulness that they had. I must admit my photographic eye did not see some of the background flaws that a more experienced photographer would have seen, but they made for funnier pictures, which were, I feel, more in keeping with *Stump's* innate quirkiness. They were always such a unique-sounding band and had a commanding stage presence that was mesmerising. Once they were on stage it was hard to take your eyes off Mick's gyrating lankiness while your ears were continually assaulted by Chris' jagged guitar lines and Kev's virtuoso bass. All of this was held together by Rob's wonderful drumming. Do I sound like a fan? Well I was. One of the great things in the music business, well for me at least, was that I got to work alongside people whose music I liked, and the *Stump* tours were fun on so many levels. I think it was only Ivan's multi level-incompetence that got me annoyed and spoilt things a bit. I always felt that it was like sitting on your foot for a few hours and then trying to run for a bus, dragging a numb and unresponsive limb around with you.

One of the first gigs on the tour featured a support band which made *Stump* look normal. I cannot recall what they were called, but they were a duo with one guitarist and a banjo player who had a guitar pickup mounted upside down over the banjo's strings. He also had an array of effects pedals, one of which was a distortion box, which he used to great effect playing a very Hendrix-style solo during one of the songs. They both wore heavy duty work boots which they used to create the rhythm tracks. One song remains stuck in my head to this day had these memorable lines. One would sing:

'There's a train comin'

And the other reply:

‘Ay Jimmy, but it’s nae stopping here’

Repeated, over and over again. It quite took me back to the ‘60s and the original *Soft Machine* song ‘We did it Again’.

We finished this section of touring off with a gig in the *University of London* and the band went off to get their new album, ‘A Fierce Pancake’ ready for release.

In the gap I went to do a bit of work for *Encore*. The PA that was installed in *The Electric Ballroom* was a bit of a mess, as I found out when one of the amp racks tripped out. Instead of it being a section of the speakers not working it was a patchwork of them. Seems they had the idea that if one rack went down it would not be the whole of one side that was not working. We completely rewired it after that to get it to run a bit better. Chris Mounser was trying hard to build up the stock of equipment and to move into other areas. He was trying to get me to come and work for him, but I did not want to tie myself to a company. I was quite happy being a freelance engineer so I could pick who I worked with. When you work for a company they often choose for you, and even if they don’t, you often can’t go off and do a tour for someone using a rival company. Of course *Encore* had no touring PA, so the other factor would be that I would be tied to working in London and I was rather more interested in touring. Still, even though I resisted the offers to join *Encore*, I was happy to do some one-off shows for them.

We did a show at the *Electric Ballroom* with *The Red Hot Chili Peppers*. They were not very well known at the time so the place was not exactly packed solid. There had been some complaints about the sound levels for some of the gigs at this venue. A lot of it had been down to the hollow stage under the stage left PA wing. This also made the whole sound very bass reverberant, and prone to low end feedback. The venue had closed for a short time while they did some soundproofing work and, among the restrictions placed on it when it reopened was that they installed a Db cut off. There were a set of ‘traffic lights’ at the back of the stage. If the sound got too loud it would move through amber, and if it stayed on red for more than 30 seconds it cut the power to the stage. I was looking after the front of house, but they had their own sound man so I was basically there in case anything went wrong. I told the guy about the Db meter when we did the soundcheck, but he said it would be no problem. When the band hit the stage at the start of the show they pulled the power within the first couple minutes! It took two more attempts before they achieved a level that would not trip the meter. Their sound man was not very happy about this, but there was nothing we could do about it. I think this was also the first gig they did in the UK, and the first time an English audience caught the spectacle of a band coming onstage naked apart from a sock attached to their private parts!

Stump, meanwhile were in rehearsal for the next tour. This was to be their first tour with a full PA and lighting rig. I hoped that having the same PA every night, and one which was plenty loud enough for all the gigs we were doing, might be what Ivan needed to get the sound right, but I was to be proved wrong. My old friend Steve Wollington joined us to rig the backline for the tour leaving me free to concentrate on the monitors. Lighting was by Derek Watson who proved to be exceptionally

entertaining during the tour as well. We did a short production rehearsal in London and stayed overnight in *The Columbia Hotel* so we could get an early start in the morning. I realised then that I was the only person on the crew who could drive, so I was going to have to be behind the wheel for the entire trip. Ivan was driving the band in a separate mini bus. The hotel was one of those rock and roll hotels that everyone stays in unless they have a bit of money to spare. Not exactly luxurious, but certain to turn a blind eye to excess and to keep the bar open as long as it took to fully anaesthetise the last band or crew member standing. We ran into Alex Koerver and a couple of German promoters I knew who were staying there. Steve also met up with Peter Howard from *Skan PA*, and the whole lot of us made our way to the bar where we were joined by the crew from *All About Eve*. I said it was a rock and roll hotel. After a few drinks I realised I was going to have to bail out early so I would be up and ready to drive to the first gig which was at *The College of Art and Technology* in Cambridge. I was sharing a room with Steve and I woke when he came in, several hours later. He stood there staring intently at the two beds in the room. After a few minutes of deliberation he threw himself confidently – onto the floor between them, which he hit with a resounding thud. Rather than attempt to summon the energy and co-ordination required to make the herculean task of regaining his feet he decided the best thing to do was to reach up for the pillows and duvet and just sleep there. In the morning he was clearly the worse for the previous night’s experience. I asked him why he had thrown himself on the floor.

‘I came into the room and I could see three beds and I thought it has to be the middle one, but I was wrong,’ was his answer. Logical I suppose, but only if your sense of logic had, that night, drowned in a vat of alcohol and other substances. We went downstairs, had breakfast and set off for the gig. Just outside London I stopped for fuel. It was still quite early in the morning, the sun was shining, the birds were singing and a little Asian man was polishing the petrol pumps when I pulled up and filled the tank. I had just finished and replaced the nozzle when the passenger side door of the bus opened. Steve leaned out and splattered his breakfast and some of the previous night’s alcohol over the pump.

‘That’s better,’ he belched, and shut the door.

The Asian guy looked horrified by this.

‘He’s not a well man,’ I commented and went off to pay. As we drove off, the man was still staring at the pebble dashed pump in disbelief.





c.j.stone

The life of trees

I used to see her looking up at the tree outside my front window. She would pause beneath it most days and look into the leaves, lifting her face towards them as if basking in some invisible radiance. She couldn't see very much, of course, being mostly blind, but she could see movement and tell dark from light and I imagine she would sense the shimmer of the sunlight from the surface of the leaves through the interplay of shadows beneath the branches.

Sometimes she would catch a leaf between her

fingers. It was as if she was communicating with the tree, talking to it, absorbing its presence in all its seasonal moods.

There are a number of trees in the communal gardens at Somerset Meadows. She would talk to them all in the same way, pausing beneath each one as she went on her way.

She was my next door neighbour. I live at number 23, she lived at number 24. Until about a month ago, that is, when she died. I don't know how old she



was. In her 80s I'd guess.

The last time I saw her she was in a wheel chair, with a pale blue blanket wrapped tightly around her, being lifted into the back of an ambulance, with an oxygen mask pinching her face, looking very pale, very fragile.

I was sitting at my computer in my living room. I put on my shoes to go out, but by the time I got out there the ambulance doors were already slammed shut. Another neighbour was standing outside, arms folded, wrapped up against the cold, waiting with an air of patient expectation.

"What happened to Daphne?" I said, joining her.

"She had a funny turn last night," she said. "She collapsed. They think it might be a stroke."

"Did she ring you?"

"Oo yes," she said. "We always ring each other if we're in trouble."

"Let me know how she is," I said.

The other neighbour is called May. She lives at number 22. Daphne and May would sit on the bench outside my back windows in the summer, watching as the shadows lengthened into evening, drinking tea and putting the world to rights. I never knew quite

what they talked about out there on those benches outside my window, except that it always seemed to involve a lot of laughing.

One interesting aspect of living in a flat in a communal garden is that you can't help but notice what's going on. Hence my close observation of Daphne when she was communicating with the tree. I wasn't being nosy. I was just looking out of my window.

Hard not to notice, too, when she was being hauled out by the ambulance men, trussed up like a turkey on a Christmas morning, with an oxygen mask slapped unceremoniously on her face.

I see a lot of ambulances in Somerset Meadows. I see a lot of people being bounced up and down in wheelchairs with oxygen masks on their faces.

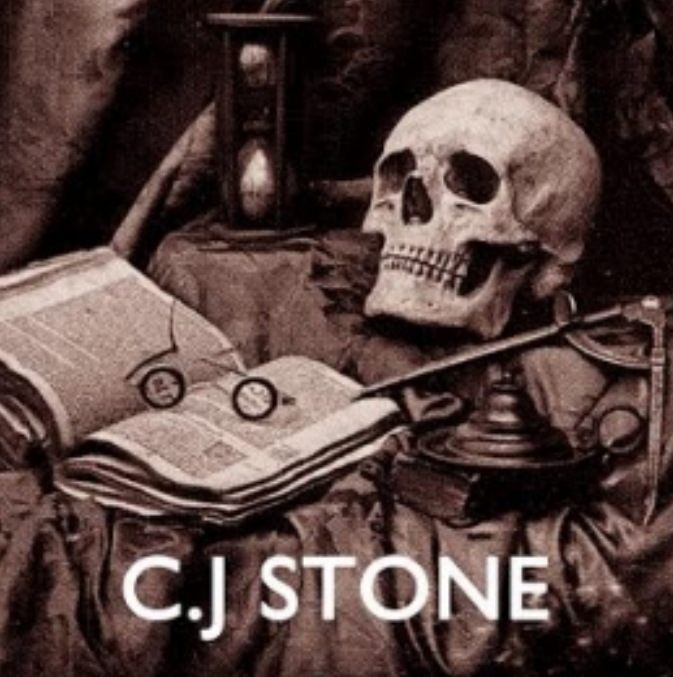
It's like the waiting room for the next world around here.

I'm considered a wild young raver being all of 55 years old.

Read on

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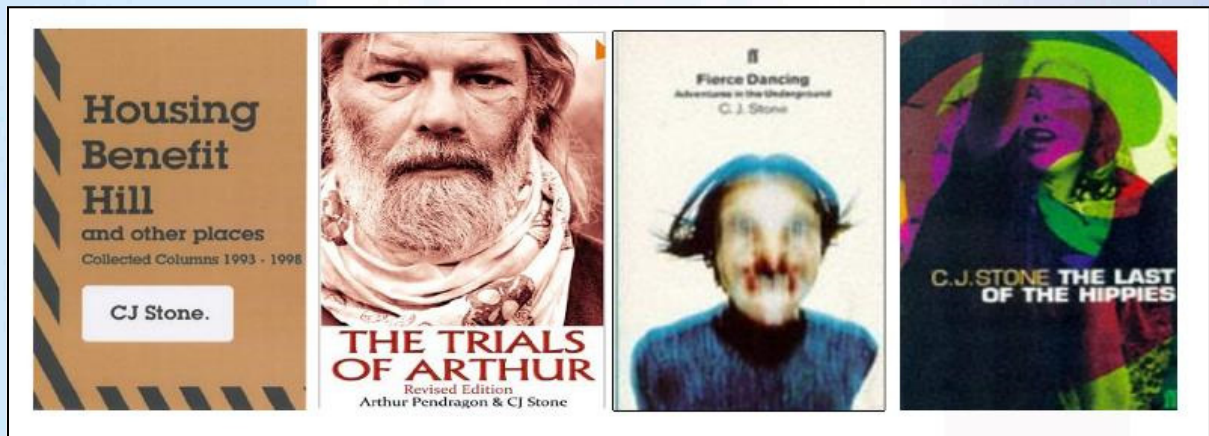
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Independent on Sunday



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<http://www.amazon.co.uk/Housing-Benefit-Hill-Other-Places/dp/190259343X>

The Trials of Arthur:
<http://www.amazon.co.uk/Trials-Arthur-Revised-Ronald-Hutton/dp/0956416314/>

Fierce Dancing:
<http://www.amazon.co.uk/Fierce-Dancing-Underground-C-J-Stone/dp/0571176305/>

The Last of the Hippies:
<http://www.amazon.co.uk/Last-Hippies-C-J-Stone/dp/0571193137/>

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, providing a sense of 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..



Rumours have been circulating to the effect that the 2006 Roadburn DVD might yet see the light of day. This Hawkwind video project was in work for a considerable while before eventually being put on the backburner.

Hawkwind played the Roadburn Festival in April 2006, and it was the standard line-up for that year - Dave Brock, Alan Davey, Richard Chadwick, and Jason Stuart – but with an interesting addition: one Mr Dibs, who did some vocals on '7 By 7' and 'UpsideDown'.

Hawkwind's trading rules for audience recordings do 'ring-fence' any shows that are slated for possible commercial release. The phrasing used is "if we have chosen to offer for sale a particular Hawkwind performance, this 'official' version will take precedence over other recordings and said recordings should no longer be traded." And the Roadburn show has been



ring-fenced in this way ever since the trading rules were first announced.

In 2011 it emerged that there were production problems with the DVD, and some fans assumed 'Roadburn' was going to join 'Space Melt' in the disk graveyard in the sky... and



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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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2. I Have Two Names
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6. Let's All Go Cloud Puffing
7. Stellar Kingdom
8. Spaceships At The Starting Line
9. We Move You
10. Tripping With The Royal Family
11. Xara's Poem
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

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there the matter mostly has rested, aside from occasional rumours before, of a possible DVD release after all. The gig has always stayed on the ring-fence list, which maintains hope that such a thing might come about after all.

It's quite likely that fans would welcome the release of this particular show, as it has several strong selling points. It's a well-performed gig

with strong visuals, partly thanks to the very large backdrop that's used for the Hawkwind visuals. This was possibly Mr Dibs' first-ever non roadie appearance with Hawkwind, and certainly is a very early sample of his work with the band. It also shows Jason Stuart in a good light, and fans haven't seen much of him on DVD as he suddenly died, in 2008.





HAWKWIND PASSPORT APPLICATION



Greetings space travellers!

This is your Hawkwind Earth Visitors Passport application form.

Please fill it in and return to Mission Control, at PO Box 617, Newcastle Upon Tyne, NE15 7WA, together with two passport sized photographs, signed on the back and a 16cm x 11.5cm stamped addressed envelope.

The idea is for Hawkwind fans to have access to special Hawkwind events such as Hawkfest, obtain limited edition DVDs and CDs of exclusive material and to attend private Hawkwind parties.

Pass. No.....(Leave blank)

Volunteer Crew Register

Name

Please give details of your occupation/profession for inclusion in crew register and possible duty roster (optional)

.....
.....
.....

Full Earth Address:

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Post Code

E-Mail Address: (Please print clearly).....

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Additional info:

www.hawkwind.com

Any enquiries hawkwindpassports@hawkwind.com



The Song of

PANNU

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.

XXXXI

I do not understand women, I have never understood women, and I doubt if I shall ever understand women between this point of writing and the day that I shall die.

I have been accused of being sexist, but this has been by people who do not understand what the term means. I have a scatological and vulgar sense of humour, akin to that of a schoolboy just entering puberty.

I find many bodily functions irresistibly amusing, in particular those which are not discussed in polite company. I am childish, and



[HTTP://WWW.XTUL.CO.UK](http://www.xtul.co.uk)



sometimes vulgar, but not in the slightest bit sexist.

I tend to agree with Robert Heinlein who wrote:

"Whenever women have insisted on absolute equality with men, they have invariably wound up with the dirty end of the stick. What they are and what they can do makes them superior to men, and their proper tactic is to demand special privileges, all the traffic will bear. They should never settle merely for equality. For women, "equality" is a disaster."

And I agree wholeheartedly with Simone de Beauvoir who wrote (in a book that was banned by The Vatican until 1966) that "to carry off this supreme victory, men and women must, among other things and beyond their natural differentiations, unequivocally affirm their brotherhood".

Women are superior to men in every way that I can think of. They are better designed, live longer, and have a far more important social function within society. Ever since the human race was a bunch of hairy geezers living in caves and mud huts (and as my house is made primarily of cob, it is basically a mud hut) it is women who have held the social groups together, women who have nurtured, women who have borne, cared for and reared the next generation, and women who have done all the important stuff, while the males of the species rampaged about spreading their DNA willy nilly, and then tended to get themselves killed in nasty ways by the bunch of hairy geezers living in the next valley.

Radical feminist acquaintances of mine have poo-pooed my position and claimed that by stating that what I have written in the above paragraph is merely a way of objectifying women, and forcing them into a specific gender role, but in my



opinion such people are determined to disagree with me, whatever I say, because I have that little y chromosome which they don't. My statement is a matter of biology rather than everything else, because when it comes down to it, our nasty little species is not the pinnacle of creation, but a monkey that got lucky.

So no, as far as I am concerned, I am not sexist in any way, shape or form. But I shall never understand women until the day I die.

Why? Why do I say this at this point in my narrative? Because far from spitting feathers and hissing at each other like angry cats (which is what I was expecting) the two women - my wife of the last decade or so, and my erstwhile girlfriend of a decade and two thirds ago - immediately bonded, and before I knew what was happening, Lydia was sitting down in my Grandmother's old nursing chair, next to the hearth on which a log fire grumbled.

Sitting in her armchair on the other side of the fireplace was Corinna, and Mother bumbled and bustled (and if you think those are two different things, you have never met my Mother-in-Law) about muttering about young people today, whilst Lydia told them both the sad story that she had related to me earlier in the evening.

Me? I was relegated to the corner of the room, where I sat in my favourite armchair like a good little man, and marvelled at this great female

mystery that was unfolding before my eyes.

How and why Lydia and Corinna became friends, I still do not understand, but it happened, and even if I had wanted to, there would have been nothing that I could have done to prevent it. But I didn't, and truly felt sorry for my ex-girlfriend, although - at this stage, at least - I couldn't imagine what I could possibly do to assist her.

However, I did learn more about The Maenads.

After Dorcas had run away from home, never to return, Lydia - quite logically - went through her room with a fine toothcomb, and was understandably shocked at what she found there. Dorcas had amassed quite an impressive collection of weaponry. There were butcher's knives, sheath knives, a crossbow, and even a water pistol that was full of ammonia. And, as Lydia said to Corinna and Mother, if Dorcas had left these things behind, one shuddered to think what she had taken with her.

There were also some impressively academic books on Ancient Greece, including Michael B. Cosmopoulos (ed), *Greek Mysteries: the archaeology and ritual of ancient Greek secret cults* (London, Routledge, 2003) which has been on my wants list to buy for several years, and a folder full of photocopies and print outs including the following passage:

"The first large-scale religious worship of



Dionysus in Greece seems to have begun in Thebes about 1500 BC, around a thousand years before the development of the Athenian Mysteries. Cultic worship of Dionysus (and his mother Semele, a moon goddess) was performed in the earliest Dionysian temples (usually located beyond the city walls, on the edges of swamps and marshes). Its first rituals probably originated in the Mycenaean period, but were probably similar (even in classical times) to rites still held on Greek islands such as Keos and Tenedos. Here the first wine was offered to Dionysus and the now-growing vine; a bull was sacrificed with a double axe, and its blood mixed with the wine.

There are indications that at one time the sacrificer of the sacred bull was himself then stoned to death, although this became a symbolic act quite early. The more-economical practise of goat sacrifice was later added to the rites. The goat (like the bull) was regarded as a manifestation of Dionysus. However, it was also seen as the "killer of the vine" by eating it—welcome in times of pruning, less so in times of growth. The death of the goat could thus be interpreted as a combined sacrifice of Dionysus and the sacrificer. The goat was usually torn apart, as the vine had been at harvest."

And, more worryingly:

"Maenads, possessed by the spirit of Dionysus, traveled with him from Thrace to mainland Greece in his quest for the recognition of his

divinity. Dionysus was said to have danced down from Parnassos accompanied by Delphic virgins, and it is known that even as young girls the women in Boeotia practiced not only the closed rites but also the bearing of the thyrsos and the dances.

The foundation myth is believed to have been reenacted every other year during the Agronia. Here the women of Thebes were organized into three dance groups and rushed off to Mount Cithaeron with ritual cries of "to the mountain!" As "mad women," they pursued and killed, perhaps by dismemberment (sparagmos), the 'king', possibly represented by a goat. The maenads may have eaten the meat of the goat raw (omophagia) or sacrificed it to Dionysus. Eventually the women would be freed from the madness and return to Thebes and their usual lives, but for the time of the festival they would have had an intense ecstatic experience. The Agronia was celebrated in several Greek cities, but especially in Boeotia. Each Boeotian city had its own distinct foundation myth for it, but the pattern was much the same: the arrival of Dionysus, resistance to him, flight of the women to a mountain, the killing of Dionysus' persecutor, and eventual reconciliation with the god."

Lydia passed the photocopies around. Corinna gasped, Mother tutted, and I began to get seriously worried.

THE GARDENING CLUB

BY MARTIN SPRINGETT

THE DAYS GO BY IN A FLURRY OF REMEMBERED MOMENTS EACH ONE PREENING AND PARADING ASKING FOR ATTENTION JOSTLING CRANNY LITTLE EGOS FLUTTERING FLAGS OF UNFULFILLED DESIRES OH YES WE ALL HAVE THEM DEFERRED DREAMS ELEGANT ARRESTING OVERQUALIFIED ARIAS OF SELF-REALIZATION AND SURELY WE DESERVE ALL THIS WE HAVE AFTER ALL BEEN SITTING IN THIS GARDEN NOW FOR SOME YEARS AWAITING A NOD OF RECOGNITION FROM SOME QUARTER OR OTHER JUST A NIBBLE WILL DO IT WILL ALLOW ME TO SPREAD MY WINGS AND SOAR PAST SPURIOUS LIMITATIONS I CAN CERTAINLY FLAP MY WAY OVER THE GARDEN WALL AND TAKE IN THE VIEW AT LEAST PERHAPS I WILL SIMPLY BE DISAPPOINTED AND FLAP MY WAY BACK OVER THE WALL...





... AND REALIZE THAT SITTING ON A TOADSTOOL CONVERSING WITH THE PHANTOMS OF MY IMAGINATION IS JUST AS RICH AND INTRIGUING AS ENTERING THE BRAYING FRAY OF THE SO-CALLED 'REAL WORLD' THAT WONDROUS CONSTRUCT THAT SCARES THRILLS AND DELIGHTS IN ALL ITS EMERGING POSSIBILITIES A CORNUCOPIA OF DREAMS AND NIGHTMARES SHOWING UP DAILY AT THIS HOUR AND THAT TO THRILL DISARM INSPIRE TERRIFY AND GENERALLY CONFUSE THE ISSUE WHICH IS WHAT EXACTLY TO LIVE A LIFE OF DREAMS ACTIONS AND DISAPPOINTMENTS WITH A HEAVY DOSE OF THE COSMIC GIGGLE WITHOUT WHICH I MYSELF (PUFF) CANNOT LIVE AMAZING IS THIS THE ONLY THING I TRULY KNOW IS THIS THE ROUND UP OF ALL THE WISDOM THAT I HAVE PERUSED IN ALL THE GREAT BRUISED BOOKS THAT HAVE COME MY WAY WRITTEN BY BRAVER SOULS THAN I PRESUMABLY SITTING ON BIGGER TOADSTOOLS RECENTLY VACATED TO HAVE A GOOD LAUGH IS THAT IT AH YES THE ARIAS OF LOVE LET'S HAVE THAT TOO BUT LOVE IS NOT A LAUGH LOVE HURTS LOVE BEGETS LAUGHTER BUT DOESN'T START THERE DOES IT NOT IN MY EXPERIENCE ANYWAY AND WHAT IS MY EXPERIENCE SO FAR THAT WOULD BE TELLING WOULDN'T IT AND THAT WOULD BE A STORY WHICH SUGGESTS THERE MAY BE A READER AND WHO DO AUTHORS WRITE FOR ANYWAY THEMSELVES WITH THE OCCASIONAL VISCERAL THRILL THAT ALL THESE PERSONAL REFLECTIONS MIGHT JUST CONNECT WITH ANOTHER SOUL WHO SITS ON A TOADSTOOL IN A WALLED GARDEN WONDERING ...

WHAT'S BEYOND
THE BRICK?





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!!!"

KINDNESS, EXTENDED

Away from the Trumpet of elections
Away from the city din and noise
In your own Spiritual Desert
in a Boat of Devotion, shared and sharing
It is the kindness folk will remember you

Your quizzical footsteps/rising and raising
issues like the dead and sleeping.
(You can not eat yesterday's breakfast-
Tomorrow is a spiral bound note book/unwritten
You wonder @skystars and build in loving
Core of all will hold your heart
when all the world is wounded/wounding..

Yer Gonzo Bookshelf



300pp
9780473238049

Of course I had heard of Budgie. I was a teenager who read the music press during the 1970s. And I expect that I must have heard them at some point. But I don't remember ever having done so before today. And the motto of this review is not only never to judge a book by its cover (the cover of this book is truly unpleasant) but never to judge a band by their Wikipedia page.

I downloaded this book for three reasons.

Firstly, despite the fact that I am the editor, and thus pretty much solely responsible for making executive decisions about the direction that this jolly little publication of our goes, I am very aware that this is primarily a music magazine, and that a lot of what I have written about in this particular section over the past few months have been fantasy novels and/or thrillers, and it was about time I reviewed another music book.

Secondly, I have always been impressed by enthusiasts, and people who most obviously do things for love rather than for money. And although Budgie had a few hit albums over forty years ago, with my knowledge of the music book publishing industry being what it is, I truly don't think that a book on Budgie, no matter how well it was written, was gonna cause Dan Brown any headaches any time soon.

And....

Thirdly, it was free, and I have been more than usually skint over the past few months.

Apart from the fact that they are Welsh, I knew pretty well nothing about the band, and I had assumed that reading a book on a band about which I knew rather less than bugger all was going to be a chore. But Chris Pike (about whom I know even less than I did about Budgie before reading this book) has had admirable access to the three original members of the band, and weaves a beguiling tale. Indeed it was so beguiling, that I was less than half way through before I started to check out the band. And golly I am glad that I did.

Because Budgie are, and apparently always were, a monumentally peculiar little ensemble. And this is where I have my beef with Wikipedia. The Budgie page on this often inaccurate online encyclopaedia reads:

"Budgie are a Welsh hard rock band from Cardiff. They are described by author Garry Sharpe-Young as one of the earliest heavy metal bands and a seminal influence to many acts of that scene, with fast, heavy rock (an influence on the new wave of British heavy metal (NWOBHM) and acts such as Metallica) being played as early as 1971. The band has been noted as "among the heaviest metal of its day".

Heavy metal? Budgie? Are they bollocks? Or at least the first four albums are not anything of the sort. They are a peculiar mixture of what in my day was called 'hard rock' and the sort of tentative steps into post punk ineptitude that so many of the bands that I listened to did in about 1981. I use the word ineptitude advisedly, because lying in bed listening to them, there are so many fluffed notes, and - especially on the third album - significantly crappy drumming that, in parts, this music sounds like demos, and not particularly good ones.

But in other places, it is this very ineptitude which gives this music its charm. Certainly, after the third album the band got significantly slicker, but they lost some of their charm. All the way through the early albums at least they would play little games with style, deftly moving from hard rock riffola to acoustic sections and even bits and bobs hinting at jazz and classical influences. And - especially on the third album - the lead guitar panning is by far the most eccentric that I have ever heard.

The original drummer, Ray Phillips, describes himself as being partly "coloured" (whatever that means) and I cannot tell what particular ethnicity he is from the photographs in the book or online. And I also don't care. It is none of my business. However, from a purely musical point of view I can feel a far more exotic rhythm section than that which usually comes from heavy metal bands featuring four white boys called Kevin. And again, this adds to the charm, as do the quite regular eccentric placements of drum rolls and tempo changes, which the three original band members quite readily admit were happy mistakes.

Other bits, like the heavily phased drum solo which opens one of the songs on the third album, are shocking in their shoddiness, with even Phillips describing it as embarrassing. But other bits on that album, such as their cover of *Baby Please Don't Go* which the book claims is based on the version by Van Morrison's Them, but which I have a

sneaking suspicion is actually based on the version by Gary Glitter (something that I cannot imagine anyone admitting to these days) is breakneck garageband stuff; what we would all like to think that the 101ers were like if they hadn't been not very good.

Another thing that I think adds to the singularity of this peculiar little band is that the singer is also the bass player. As both a singer and a bass player myself I am only too aware that trying to sing whilst playing anything more complicated than the simplest oompah bass is not an easy task, the baselines here are far from simple. The early albums were recorded live in the studio, and as a result Burke Shelley's vocal lines tend to follow the baselines giving them a charm all of their own.

So Budgie turned out to be nothing like I was expecting, and neither did this charming little book which is crammed full of rare photographs and memorabilia, and - for the real fan - after the main bodytext also includes the unedited text of the interviews with the three band members which are quoted from throughout the book.

I sincerely recommend both this book and the band to people who might be wanting to experience something that they were not expecting. If you want four white boys called Kevin singing songs about their "dark lord Satan", then take my advice and leave both well alone.





ROCK and ROLL

a cabinet of curiosities

In Victorian times every well-bred Gentleman had a 'Cabinet of Curiosities'; a collection of peculiar odds and sods, usually housed in a finely made cabinet with a glass door. These could include anything from Natural History specimens to historical artefacts.

There has always been something of the Victorian amateur naturalist about me, and I have a houseful of arcane objects; some completely worthless, others decidedly not, but all precious to me for the memories they hold.

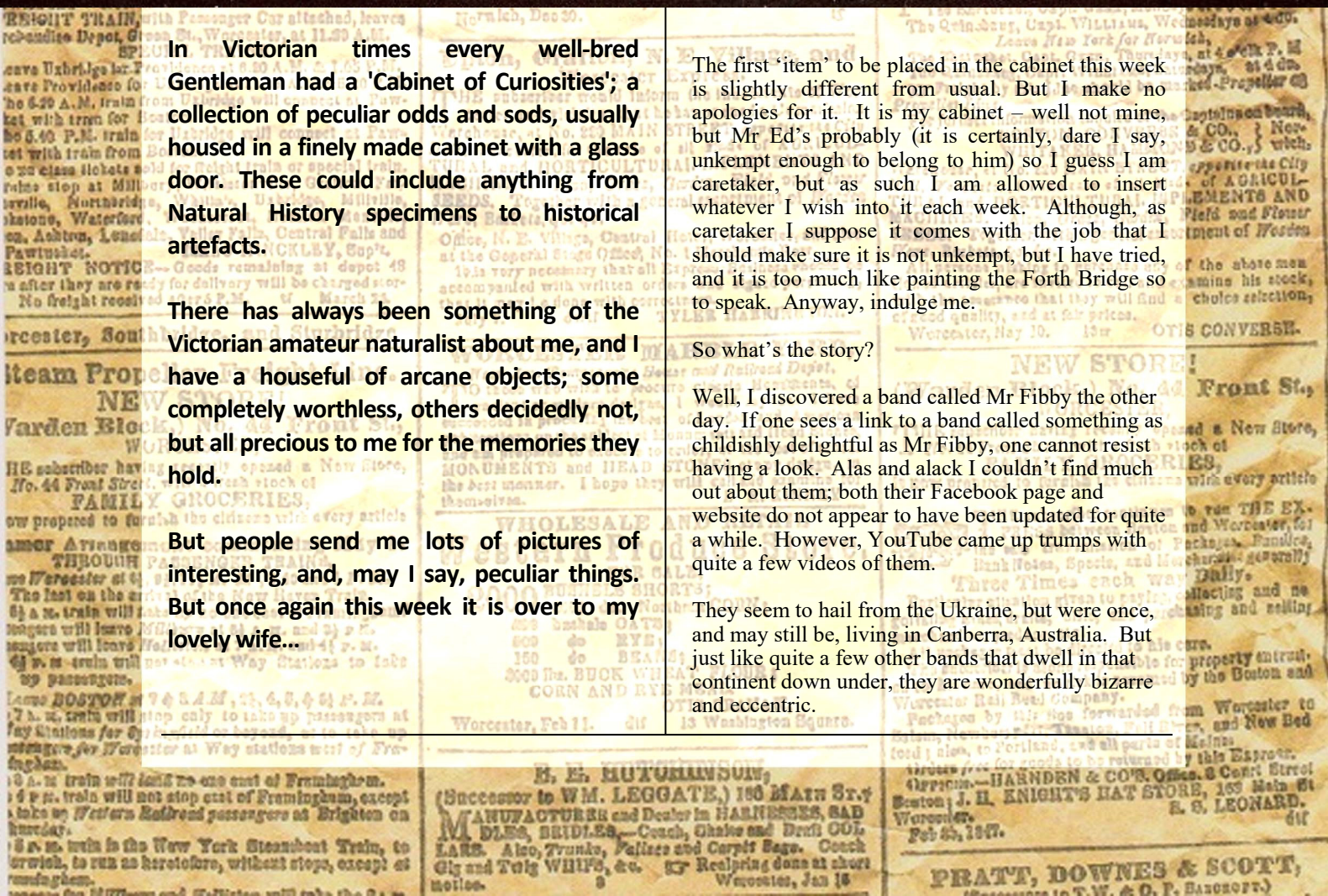
But people send me lots of pictures of interesting, and, may I say, peculiar things. But once again this week it is over to my lovely wife...

The first 'item' to be placed in the cabinet this week is slightly different from usual. But I make no apologies for it. It is my cabinet – well not mine, but Mr Ed's probably (it is certainly, dare I say, unkempt enough to belong to him) so I guess I am caretaker, but as such I am allowed to insert whatever I wish into it each week. Although, as caretaker I suppose it comes with the job that I should make sure it is not unkempt, but I have tried, and it is too much like painting the Forth Bridge so to speak. Anyway, indulge me.

So what's the story?

Well, I discovered a band called Mr Fibby the other day. If one sees a link to a band called something as childishly delightful as Mr Fibby, one cannot resist having a look. Alas and alack I couldn't find much out about them; both their Facebook page and website do not appear to have been updated for quite a while. However, YouTube came up trumps with quite a few videos of them.

They seem to hail from the Ukraine, but were once, and may still be, living in Canberra, Australia. But just like quite a few other bands that dwell in that continent down under, they are wonderfully bizarre and eccentric.



THE BITCH IS BACK



They list their genre as gypsy inspired tales of love and death, their influences are Gogol Bordello, Piazzolla, Mojo Juju & The Snake Oil Merchants, The Crooked Fiddle Band, Mikelangelo & The Black Sea Gentlemen, The Woohoo Revue, The Barons Of Tang, Monsieur Camembert, Nikolai Gogol, Edgar Allan Poe, E.T.A. Hoffman, Rapskallion, Masada, Jacques Brel, Taraf de Haidouks, and their biography on Facebook tells us:

“Forged from wooden cogs and lizard grease, MR FIBBY are eighteenth century Ukraine’s musical answer to Voltron. After confusing and alienating audiences across Australia, from Woodford Folk Festival to Robertson Festival’s ‘Irish Music Afternoon’, the unstoppable faux-gypsy warhorse of MR FIBBY continue to disappoint and delight audiences everywhere.

Through 2009 they have continued to verbally abuse people at festivals such as Corinbank, Candelo, National Multicultural Fringe Festival, Kangaroo Valley and Majors Creek.

They have extended their horrific inappropriate touching throughout Sydney and Melbourne, playing at The Basement in Sydney, and Blue Circus Studios, Rainbow Hotel, Thornbury Theatre and Open Studio in Melbourne.

Their theatre show 'Little Girl Lost In The Devil's

Black Beard' had sell out shows at the National Multicultural Festival, C Block Theatre and Crack Theatre Festival in Newcastle.

Onwards and downwards they continue, smashing together traditional folk tales with contemporary idiocy, inter weaved with beautifully depressing music.

They have been described as 'volcanic', 'full of sound and fury', and 'an inappropriate Act to stage in Robertson, on a Sunday afternoon, after a children's dance performance'."

If you like weird, and even if you don't, give them a watch and listen on YouTube.

How does one follow that?

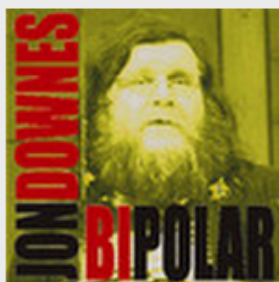
With a Louis Armstrong finger puppet of course:

Louis Armstrong Finger Puppet & Fridge Magnet - £7.99



SHAMELESS SELF PROMOTION TIME

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



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

"What a wonderful finger puppet version of the great Satchmo himself. The great jazz trumpeter now comes as a detailed puppet version complete with tuxedo and trumpet and glorious grin. And he's magnetic so when he's not making beautiful music he can jazz up your fridge."

Measures 10cm / 4" tall"

He's a magnet too! You can stick him on your fridge. Could he sing:

"I see peas of green,
Red salmon too.
Lumps of cheese,
and half-eaten stew.
And I think to myself,
what some wonderful food?"

Cliff Richard Memorabilia, Miss You Nights
Perfume - £5.50

"Cliff Richard Miss You Nights perfume in box, it



has been used, please see in photos as to how much. My mother in law was a huge fan, unfortunately passed away

The perfume comes in original box, in very good condition."

I have always had a problem with the title of this song. Apart from the more than predictable example of, "Will Miss U Nights please come to the foyer" why does he only miss this person/place at night?

What about the breakfasts, mornings, lunchtimes, teatimes and evenings? Still £5 is a cheap date - it would buy you a nice fish and chip supper.

N SYNC.BAND.MUSIC.PUPPETS ON STAGE.
WOVEN AFGHAN THROW TAPESTRY
BLANKET - US \$42.00



No other details I am afraid, other than it is acrylic. But then again what could one say other than that?

1960'S ORIGINAL CAVERN CLUB,
LIVERPOOL MEMBERSHIP MEDALLION-
BEATLES MERSEYBEAT - £39.99

"1960'S ORIGINAL CAVERN CLUB,
LIVERPOOL MEMBERSHIP MEDALLION-
BEATLES MERSEYBEAT



COMPLETE WITH PHOTOCOPY OF
NEWSPAPER ARTICLE. THESE MEDALLIONS
WERE ONLY IN FOR A SHORT PERIOD OF
TIME BEFORE BEING REPLACED BY THE
CHEAPER PAPER MEMBERSHIP CARDS. ALL



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

MEDALLIONS WERE INDIVIDUALLY HAND CAST. I BOUGHT THIS WHOLE COLLECTION. THIS WOULD LOOK GREAT



FRAMED. COMPLETE WITH ORIGINAL LEATHER CORD AS ISSUED."

Again nothing really to do with The Beatles per se, but it gets the punters to look I suppose.

And still The Beatles merchandise rumbles on:

Starting Nov. 1, you'll be able to find John Lennon, Paul McCartney, George Harrison, Ringo Starr, and their famous yellow submarine in a Lego store near you.

Lego announced its set of the Beatles' Yellow Submarine Wednesday—a set that comes with over 550 pieces to construct all four band members, the submarine, and more, according to Lego.



But then again, it IS the yellow submarine. And it has even got Jeremy. Tempting, tempting.

I will say ta-ta and leave you with the part of Hieronymus Bosch's magnificent painting that includes the musical buttocks.



H. E. HUTCHINSON,
(Successor to W. M. LEGGATE,) 186 MAIN ST.
MANUFACTURER and Dealer in HARNESSES, SADDLES, BRIDLES, Coach, Chaise and Drift COILS. Also, Trunks, Valises and Carpet Bags. Coach Gigs and Tidy WHIPS, &c. &c. Repairing done at short notice.
Worcester, Jan 18

PRATT, DOWNS & SCOTT,
(Successors to T. W. & O. P. BARONOFF)
HARNDEN & CO'S OFFICE, 8 CENT STREET
J. H. ENIGTS HAT STORE, 155 MAIN ST
Worcester, Feb 25, 1877.



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

[http://www.zazzle.co.
uk/streetfightingshirts](http://www.zazzle.co.uk/streetfightingshirts)



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...



Henry once remarked to a Hanging Finger
"Don't you give up comedy, young man".



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.



**Henri Chopin: Cantata for Two Farts and co (Radiotaxi, 1997)
What? Concrete poetry master; compiled.**

Excuse the indulgence here but many years ago now one of the authors of this book (Neil) found himself on a few occasions in the company of an unassuming Frenchman. He was convivial but said little and the encounters passed quickly. It was years later, reading the hyperbole in a mail-order catalogue of outsider music that Chopin's works came to Neil's attention, were duly bought and have been treasured since. Chopin's complex history includes losing two brothers to the German army during the war and a career spent immersed in a dizzying welter of avant-garde activities; organising, creating and working in writing, graphic design, film and a range of other media. In 2008 Chopin's obituaries focussed on the concrete poetry for which he was most famed and four of his best and most celebrated works make up this hard-to-find album (the whole collection is – however – easily sourced on ubuweb).

Chopin's work frequently started with sounds disregarded by all others: involuntary vocalisations, the smallest sounds made by the human body, the playful noises generated by manipulating the throat... His work also took on board the increasing sophistication of tape-recorders with delay, echo, mixing and the like and frequently wore its radical political intentions as a badge of honour. "Cantata For Two Farts and Juan Carlos 1" which opens this collection is a good example "marked primarily by a series of derisions and percussions" and fairly blatant in its disdain for Spain's political history, the sounds pop and spit in the speakers as the piece develops. It is physical performance if only because the listener can never escape being reminded that the main sounds come from one human voice. "Throat Power" – a 1974 work that remains amongst Chopin's best-known – opens the second side and spends a little over ten minutes exploring a range of sounds made with the human throat and tape effects, including bursts of feedback.

Cantata for Two Farts is as good a sampler for Chopin as you are likely to find. The will to explore previously unmapped territories of sound and create works of visceral strength and artistic endeavour is really the point. Studio trickery in the present age can easily replicate the sounds Chopin developed through painful trial and error and – whilst he may well shudder at the comparison – some of the wonder on show for your ears puts Chopin in similar territory to other mavericks like Spike Jones;

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



GONZO
MULTIMEDIA

www.gonzmultimedia.co.uk

THE WORLD OF GONZO ACCORDING TO

Mark Raines



THE TROUBLE IS TOO
MANY INDIANS AND
NOT ENOUGH CHIEFS!



M. A. Raines



HAVE
HOLIDAYS
FROM
THE
CAT!

M. A. Raines

And so another week, and with it another issue of this magazine, trundles to a close. This week has been compounded by an impending full moon and the fact that at half past ten on Friday night, the decision was taken to pull the original cover story (and with it a fair chunk of the inside) and replace it with next week's for all sorts of reasons too tedious to go into here.

That is why I find myself at eleven minutes past one, speeding out of my bonce from substance abuse (the substance in question being a whole bag of chocolate biscuits) and writing deathless prose as if my life depended on it. Medicos in the readership might find it interesting to note that a Type Two diabetic is capable of getting high as a kite on a cheap assorted bag of choccie biscuits from the corner shop.

Making the week even weirder is the fact that I was in three national newspapers this week and that according to a news



PDF becomes 4th most popular religion



most popular religion. In these decadent days *nothing* would surprise me.

Well, boys and girls, I have had enough of this week, and although I still have another hour or so's work to do, there is a bottle of vodka and some sleeping pills with my name on it. See you next week....



story found by Graham (above) pdf is now the world's fourth



THE BEST LAID PLANS

BEEFHEART AT HIS BEST

Live on stage



GONZO
MULTIMEDIA

www.gonzomultimedia.co.uk