This week we see the mighty Raz Band live with Joey Molland, Doug goes to see Brian Wilson, John travels across the Atlantic to see Steely Dan. Alan muses on Justin Johnson, and The Flame Trees, Jon reads about Tony Visconti and eulogises on Ed Harcourt. And there is a chance to win a pair of tickets to next year’s UK shows by Anderson, Rabin and Wakeman. Gee willikins!
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 the magazine which never ceases to amaze me by the way it manages to get published - against all the odds - each week. We are actually getting quite good at this, for despite the fact that I have been publishing magazines since I was ten years old, this is actually the only one since the one I published when I was a ten year old at Peak School, Hong Kong that actually comes out each week.

Sixteen years or so ago I was the Environmental Features Editor and the Music Features Editor for a short lived and rather Quixotic Sunday newspaper which only lasted eight weeks. But those eight weeks damn near killed me. After having done *The Gonzo Weekly* for four years, I think that if I could get hold of a time machine and go back to the West Midlands in 1999, I would find that - then punishing - schedule a freaking doddle!

I think the secret is that I write the things that I have to write throughout the week now rather than waiting until Friday, and spending an increasingly fraught day trying to put together a hundred page magazine when - often - I had about as many creative juices as a dried up aubergine.

Today, for example, writing this; it is Monday morning, and although I spent much of the weekend asleep courtesy of my friend Mr Smirnoff and the Hoffmann-La Roche pharmaceutical company of Basel, Switzerland, I went to bed reasonably on time last night. However, our friend Julia the psychic, Cornish ghost hunter and happy medium, moved in yesterday to live here for...
an indeterminate length of time. This is a jolly good thing, and we are all pleased that she is here, but my routine was temporarily disrupted and like a complete arse I forgot to take my medicine last night. So I only slept a couple of hours and was downstairs working by nine.

So in a pleasantly spaced out place caused by lack of sleep, and probably lack of my last night’s meds and listening to the new album by Ed Harcourt, I am here writing deathless prose, and - though I say it myself - doing it rather well.

But who is this Ed Harcourt? I hear you ask in the sanctum of my inner ear. Shame on you, wash your musical knowledge databanks out with soap!

Ed Harcourt is an English singer-songwriter. Harcourt was born Edward Henry Richard Harcourt-Smith on 14 August 1977, in Wimbledon, London, England. The youngest of three, Harcourt is the son of Maj. Charles Harcourt-Smith (Life Guards) and a former diplomat, and his wife Sabrina, an art historian. To date, he has released six studio albums, two EPs, and thirteen singles. His debut album, Here Be Monsters, was nominated for the 2001 Mercury Prize. Since 2007 he has been writing for other artists, including Sophie Ellis-Bextor, Paloma Faith and performed with Marianne Faithfull and the Libertines. His music is influenced by Tom Waits, Nick Cave, and Jeff Buckley, among others.

I am not going to lie to you. The above paragraph was culled from Wikipedia, and whilst I had been vaguely aware of Harcourt any time this past decade and a half I cannot remember his music having made any sort of impact on me. But yesterday Corinna brought this month’s Mojo back from the village shop, and it included such a compelling article on Harcourt and his new album that I was inspired to give it a listen.

This is something that happens once or twice a year, and - I have to admit - that whereas I am gullible enough to be beguiled by the latest “big thing” for a day or two, none of them ever take the place of the bands which have had a place in my heart for multiple decades. But I think that Ed Harcourt, at least his new album, is the exception that proves the rule.

The Daily Telegraph described the album as:

“The Daily Telegraph described the album as:

“Furnaces is an album of bold and brutal self-examination of masculinity’s darkest aspects, in which Harcourt seductively acknowledges the appeal of giving vent to selfish impulses while implicitly acknowledging their devastating effect on others, and indeed the world. It is timely subject matter.”

Harcourt himself told The Guardian that he: “wanted to make a record that people can
cry, fuck and fight to,” and The Guardian were not impressed. Well, fuck them. This is one of the greatest records what has been a surprisingly good year for music, despite such stellar deaths as Prince and Bowie. And that is what I want to talk about in this surprisingly convoluted editorial.

Elton John is the latest superstar performer to hint at his imminent retirement. “I love playing,” he told Good Morning Britain. “My records don’t sell anymore because people have enough Elton John records in their collection. I love making them, but it’s someone else’s turn now.”

Which brings us to the crux of this week’s discussion. Is rock and roll dead? And I am happy to say that that is the stupidest question I have been asked all week, even though it is me doing the asking. Of course it isn’t.

But it is a question which in all sorts of forms I am asked quite often. People usually skirt around the point, but what they are saying is that as those who are left of the original rock and roll generation are in their eighties, and the people whom they inspired who went on to change the world are now in their seventies, and are beginning to go the way of all flesh, be it through illness, retirement or death, what will happen when they are all gone? What will people like me find to write about?

Recently I wrote about an old schoolfriend of mine, now a senior police officer who wrote online that “all music made in the last three decades has been shit”. As I said a few weeks ago, and say again now, that is a spectacularly stupid thing to say.

I am very happy to say that the music I consume on a daily basis is not confined to stuff written and recorded in the ‘60s and ‘70s. It is not even confined to music made by artists who made their names during those two decades. I listen to Belle and Sebastian, Morrissey, The Divine Comedy, The Flaming Lips, Suede, The Polyphonic Spree,
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

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Nick Cave, and ... yes, Ed Harcourt just as much, if not more than I do to Pink Floyd, Led Zeppelin, the Beatles and the Stones. And, thanks to Alan and John from this very magazine, I find Ryley Walker on my playlist as much as Roy Harper. OK Bob Dylan gets played as much or more than ever, but he is a Nobel prize winning author for God's sake, and a talent like his doesn't come along every generation.

And I think it is important that more than a few of the artists on the above list are considerably younger than I am, which belies the idea that one can only get enjoyment from the sounds made by one's peers or the people who came before them. And by the way, did I say that Syd Arthur are fanfuckingtastic?

So what am I trying to say here? Basically what I have been saying for the last two hundred and six issues. The way in which we consume music may have changed, and our relationship with it may be different, but music is as important now as it was millions of years ago when a couple of hairy geezers on the plains of East Africa banged some flints together, screamed in unison and realised that they had just written Louie Louie.

Here endeth the lesson for today;
Love on you all
Hare bol

JD
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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eMail jon@eclipse.co.uk
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
ALL TOMORROW’S PARTIES: John Cale has announced that he’ll be playing The Velvet Underground’s classic album ‘The Velvet Underground & Nico’ at three special shows in New York, Paris and Liverpool. See dates and ticket details below. The legendary 1967 album was recorded during Andy Warhol’s Exploding Plastic Inevitable multimedia event tour. With Warhol’s now iconic banana artwork and containing tracks such as ‘Sunday Morning’, ‘I’m Waiting For The Man’, ‘Venus In Furs’, ‘I’ll Be Your Mirror’ and ‘All Tomorrow’s Parties’, it would become one of the most influential albums of all time.

“I’m often reluctant to spend too much time on things past – then, a time marker shows up – ‘The Velvet Underground and Nico’ turns 50,” said Cale.

“As so many bands can attest to, it is the fulfilment of the ultimate dream to record your first album. We were an unfriendly brand, dabbling in a world of challenging lyrics and weird sonics that didn’t fit into anyone’s playlist at the time. Remaining ferociously true to our viewpoints, Lou and I never doubted for a moment we could create something to give a voice to things not regularly explored in rock music at the time. Read on…

CHECK OUT OUR VERY OWN JAMES YOUNG’S TRIBUTE TO NICO:

GETTING YER NICOS IN A TWIST
Martin Stephenson and The Daintees

Boat to Bolivia

30th Anniversary Tour 2016

November 2016

02 Cambridge, Junction
12 Stirling, Tolbooth
14 Inverness, Eden Court
17 Dundee, Clarks
18 Salford, Lowry
19 Newport, Riverfront
22 Glasgow, King Tuts
23 Leeds, Brudenell
24 Liverpool, Cavern
25 Birmingham, Institute
26 Clitheroe, Grand
30 Sheffield, Academy 2

December 2016

02 Gateshead, Sage
03 London, 100 Club

Coming Soon! Anniversary Collectors' Edition!

Tickets & Info: GIGSANDTOURS.com
"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

SIGN OF THE TIMES: Prince's Paisley Park estate is to open its doors to fans later this month (Oct16), after it was given approval to become a museum. Officials at the Chanhassen City Council in Minneapolis took a vote on Monday night (24Oct16) and unanimously decided that the late singer's home can be rezoned and opened for public tours. While the complex had been taking tours on a temporary basis for the past four weeks, concerns had been raised about pedestrian safety and traffic on the site. But after reviewing these issues, the council voted 5-0 that Paisley Park can continue in its new role as a museum. Following the vote, the official Paisley Park website posted a statement telling fans that the tours will be resuming from Friday (28Oct16), with tickets available for tours up until December. Tickets for tours in 2017 are expected to go on sale by November. Read on...

STONED SINEAD: Sinead O'Connor has been confined to a sober-living facility after quietly seeking rehab help for an addiction to marijuana. The Irish singer, who has battled a string of mental health issues in recent months, has revealed she's committed to kicking her dependency after being a "weed head" for three decades in a post on Facebook. She wrote: 'I was in rehab by the way. For thirty years of being a weed head. Can proudly state I now have clean p**s and will be in a sober living environment for the next year."

"It's more like a home environment. Only its complete with support system. Which is a first for me. Proud of self. Wasn't easy..." Sinead addressed the drama from the past year, during which she attempted suicide and was hospitalised, and later went missing after failing to return from a bicycle ride. She added: "0-18 years in Ireland and then 34 years in music business and the s**t that's gone on for the last year... it's a miracle I wasn't on every drug in sundry." Read on...
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…

“Music has always been a matter of Energy to me, a question of Fuel. Sentimental people call it Inspiration, but what they really mean is Fuel. I have always needed Fuel. I am a serious consumer. On some nights I still believe that a car with the gas needle on empty can run about fifty more miles if you have the right music very loud on the radio.”

Hunter S. Thompson

PRETTY IN PUNK: It was supposed to be a year-long celebration of the UK’s punk heritage, but king of punk John Lydon has vowed to snub the “sissy” Boris Johnson-backed Punk London festival. The outspoken singer, whose anarchic band The Sex Pistols is credited with launching Britain’s punk movement in 1976, has slammed the lottery-funded event for misrepresenting the punk movement that he lead. The festival, held to celebrate the 40th anniversary of Sex Pistols’ influential album Never Mind The Bollocks, has been described by organisers as a celebration of punk “in all its ragged glory”.

But punk icon Lydon is not impressed, dismissing the year-long programme of gigs, exhibitions and films being held across the capital with support from the British Fashion Council, British Film Institute and British Library, as “something really silly”. Read on...

PISSED PHIL: Veteran rocker Phil Collins knew he had to sober up and kick his alcohol addiction after a doctor asked him if his will was in order. The Genesis legend went public with his secret booze battle in 2014, 18 months after overcoming his drinking problem, and in his new autobiography, Not Dead Yet: The Memoir, Phil blames the boredom and loneliness of retirement as a three-time divorcee drove him to seek solace in the bottle at his Swiss home. "Night after night I find myself lying on the bed, staring out of a skylight at grey Swiss skies, rueing my life," writes Collins, who announced he had quit music in 2011 due to ill-health. "I'm all alone, save for my good friends Johnnie Walker (whiskey) and Grey Goose (vodka). 'You've got everything,' I think, 'but you've really got f**k all.'" His turning point came in early 2013, when he contracted a near-fatal bout of pancreatitis and ended up in the intensive care unit at a hospital in Switzerland, where he heard a doctor whisper to his family, “Is Monsieur Collins’ will in order?”.

Reflecting on his personal struggle, he continues, "It took me until the age of 55 to become an alcoholic. I got through the heady Sixties, the trippy Seventies, the imperial Eighties, the busy Nineties. I was retired, content - then I fell.
ROGER DEAN

PATHWAYS

EXHIBITION 2016

AT TRADING BOUNDARIES

1ST - 31ST OCTOBER

FREE ENTRY

Enjoy a host of original paintings, as well as watercolours, sketches, limited edition silk screen prints, giclee prints and original sketch layouts. All on display throughout Trading Boundaries - Roger’s official UK gallery.
Phoenix Poets & Writers
invite you to an evening of live poetry/tales and music
With Open Mike

At 7.30 p.m. Monday 7th November

In the upper room of the White Lion
Bridge Gate, off George Square
Hebden Bridge

Especially if unable to come, please contact for further dates/venues/gatherings

David Allen Stringer (& Pam Stringer)
( Editor of Phoenix New Life Poetry)
19 Royd Terrace, Hebden Bridge HX7 7BT
Tel: 01422 846146
Email: uni.alli@btinternet.com
Because suddenly, I had too much time on my hands. "The huge hole, the void, I had to fill somehow. I filled it with booze. And it nearly killed me." Read on...

EMILY’S GLASTOCLUES: Emily Eavis has teased that Glastonbury 2017 will feature ‘exciting surprises’ on the Park Stage to celebrate the 10th anniversary of the area first launching. Eavis’ latest hint has led to speculation that the area will be continuing its tradition of hosting huge secret sets, after the likes of Radiohead, Franz Ferdinand and Pulp have all made surprise appearances over the years. Read on...

FUNNING YOKO: Yoko Ono honours a joke made about her on The Simpsons in a new art exhibition. In the season five episode ‘Homer’s Barbershop Quartet’, an affectionate parody of The Beatles’ story, Homer’s friend Barney enjoys a brief romance with a Japanese conceptual artist who is clearly modelled on Ono. When the Ono character pops into Mo’s Bar for a drink, she orders “a single plum, floating in perfume, served in a man’s hat”. Mo duly obliges her. As Twitter user @thefutureheart points out, this is the exact title and content of a new piece on display at Reykjavik Art Museum in Iceland. Read on...

RECORD STORE LIST: Prince, The Rolling Stones, Death Grips and The Raconteurs are among the releases in this year’s Record Store Day Black Friday event next month. The event which is due to take place on November 25 includes a number of rare releases including Prince and the New Power Generation’s – ‘Sexy M.F.’ 12 inch picture disc, Death Grips’ ‘Fashion Week/Interview 2016’, the Ramones ‘Live At The Roxy’ from 1976, The Raconteurs ‘Steady As She Goes’/’Store Bought Bones’ single along with The Rolling Stones’ new single ‘Ride ‘Em On Down’.

Other releases on the day will come from Iron Maiden, Disclosure and Prophets of Rage. read the full list: http://tinyurl.com/jbvsrep
Regular Readers of my scribblings here each week, and in other places where I ramble on about things will know about my friend Amy Phillipson, otherwise known as Nursey, partly because she is a nurse, and also because she mothers me like a Victorian nursemaid, which is something that I am sorely in need of on occasion. Well this morning she sent me this map with the message: “A useful map for Gonzo?”
Return of PHOENIX LIGHTS?
New mass Arizona UFO sighting sparks fears of alien invasion
http://tinyurl.com/hrgboxs

I usually make up headlines, but this one from Britain's Daily Express was so peculiar that I had to quote it. SOCIAL media exploded with multiple reports of UFOs over a city which once witnesses one of the most infamous mass sightings on record. Residents of Phoenix in Arizona posted video and pictures of a mysterious object in the sky. People saw strange-looking lights in the Queen Creek area of the East Valley on Tuesday evening. One video filmed in Gilbert, south east of Phoenix, shows three lights heading north. There was also another similar sighting around 70 miles away in Globe. The infamous Phoenix Lights incident happened on March 13 1997, when five lights were seen in a formation by thousands of people over three hours from 7.30pm to 10.30pm. The sightings took place across a 300-mile area from Phoenix to Tucson.

I AM NOT SURE HOW ONE EVALUATES THIS
http://tinyurl.com/zclywv8

Britain's tidiest ghost has been 'caught on camera' after a pub landlord claims to have been spooked after CCTV caught mysterious help during closing time clean-up. Eerie footage shows licensee Katie Ann Round, 31, placing an A-board and mop in the back room of the boozer after closing time last week. But after she left the room at The Chapel House in Dudley, West Mids., the yellow wet floor sign seems to move mysteriously and fold itself neatly on the floor. Then, as her fiance Ben Parkes, 35, enters the shot, the mop in the corner of the room is propelled across the nearby table.
"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...

TRUMPING MOBY

Moby has contributed two songs to the anti-Trump site 30days30songs.com calling the deluded wannabe politician “an angry, inexperienced clown”.

“No sane person would hire an angry, inexperienced clown to fix their plumbing, so why would any sane person think of hiring an angry, inexperienced clown to run the country?”, Moby said at the site.

In the first track ‘Trump Is On Your Side’, Moby sings “don’t you really worry cause he he really cares about you and me when he doesn’t pay his workers and he calls them slobs it’s only cause he cares about american jobs”.

The second spoken word track ‘Little Failure’ is even more to the point, “see, donald trump is supposedly a great business man, but what a lot of people don’t know is that he inherited six hundred million dollars from his father, and also, that at least half of his businesses have ended in bankruptcy so, donald trump is not a great business man, he’s just a little failure”.

30days30songs.com so far also features anti-Trump songs by R.E.M., Death Cab For Cutie, Franz Ferdinand, Aimee Mann and Josh Ritter.

http://tinyurl.com/jb82ovs
It is both sad and shameful that when night falls and the setts of southern England stir, their gentle folk will be needlessly slaughtered. That in spite of science and public will, the wrath of ignorance will further bloody and bleed our countrysides of its riches of life. That brutalist thugs, liars and frauds will destroy our wildlife and dishonour our nation's reputation as conservationists and animal lovers. I feel sick, sad, disempowered, betrayed, angry and crushed by the corruption of all that I know as right.

-Chris Packham
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.
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

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

Portobello Shuffle
A Testimonial to Doug Goodman
All rights to the songs of the Deviants and Pink Fairies

Michael Des Barres on Underground Garage
Maximum Rock and Roll

Mornings 8am - 11am ET CH: 21
SIRIUS 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

---

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

Silky the hairless hamster has been knitted a woolly jumper by kind-hearted carer

http://tinyurl.com/j272bc6
Bye Daddy! I'm leaving for my date tonight!

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

Sex?

No...

Prog

ME TRYING TO FIND GIRLS IN A PROG CONCERT
Gonzo Web Radio started off as a medium by which interviews and radio programmes about the various acts covered by Gonzo Multimedia could be broadcast to an eagerly attentive world.

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

I agreed, and then the floodgates opened. We have regular weekly shows from Tim and Jaki on their submarine, and from the mysterious M Destiny on the other side of the pond with Friday Night Progressive. We also have a regular visit to the world of the Canterbury Scene courtesy of our friend Matthew Watkins. There are several other shows in the wings, waiting to join us, so stay glued to your seats boys and girls, your life is never going to be the same again!
Strange Fruit is a unique two-hour radio show exploring the world of underground, strange and generally neglected music. All shows are themed and all shows set out to give the most hardened of sound-hounds some new delight to sample.

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

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

The show is broadcast on Miskin Radio every Sunday from 10-00-midnight.
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:
SERGE BRINGOLF
http://www.facebook.com/Cyborg-Desire-
Serge-Bringolf-207668039404329/
Karmamoi
http://www.facebook.com/Karmamoi/?fref=nf
Blacklands
http://www.facebook.com/
Progressive.Melodic.Rock/
Syncromind Project
http://www.facebook.com/
SYNCROMINDPROJECT/?fref=ts
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144511622309101/?fref=nf
LEGEND
http://www.facebook.com/LEGENDProg/
Gekko Projekt
http://www.facebook.com/
GekkoProjekt.music/?fref=nf — with Mike Kershaw, Enzo Ferrara, Joe Nardulli and 12 others.
Both yer esteemed editor and yer Gonzo Grande Fromage are interested in the great mysteries of the universe, and so it was truly only a matter of time before Fortean related content began to seep its way into the magazine and onto Gonzo Web Radio...

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

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

AND LOOK WHAT MACK HAS FOR YOU THIS WEEK

Mosquitoes, Clowns & the Dawn of the Beautiful One
Mack & Cobra talk to RAF pilot Ross Sharp about rebuilding an unusual WW2 aircraft. Rob Beckhusen on Russia's Giant Tank; Switchblade Steve reports on a UFO sighting witnessed by 30,000 Ozzy Osborne fans. Plus, the Cobra-Juan-Juan feud deepens after Juan-Juan demands to be called The Beautiful One and a letter complaining about Mack is read on-air.

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=UJ00-j0un6E
January 17, 2011, EMI/UK released Rarities, a double-CD package with 61 tracks, many of which were previously unreleased. Others included were alternate takes and first-time stereo releases as well as tracks from the album Bobby Vee Live on Tour minus the “canned” audience.

An active live performer into 2011, Vee was diagnosed with an early stage Alzheimer’s disease at which time he completed his scheduled tour obligations and recorded his final CD released three years later.

Vee died from complications of Alzheimer’s on 24th October, at the age of 73.

Peter Jozzeppi "Pete" Burns (1959 – 2016)

Burns was an English singer-songwriter and television personality. He founded the pop band Dead or Alive in 1980, in which he was vocalist and songwriter, and which rose to mainstream success with their 1985 single "You Spin Me Round (Like a Record)". He later rose to further celebrity status in

Robert Thomas Velline (1943 – 2016)

Velline, known professionally as Bobby Vee, was an American pop singer who was a teen idol in the early 1960s.

Vee’s first single, "Suzie Baby," was written by him with a nod to Buddy Holly's "Peggy Sue" and recorded for Soma Records in 1959. His followup single, was a cover of Adam Faith's "What Do You Want?", but it was his single, "Rubber Ball" in 1961 that made him an international star.

He went on to record a string of international hits in the 1960s, including "Take Good Care of my Baby", "More Than I Can Say" (1961, UK #4), "Run to Him" (1961, US #2; UK #6), "The Night Has a Thousand Eyes" (1963, US #3; UK #3) and "Come Back When You Grow Up" (1967, US #3).

Early in Vee’s career, a musician calling himself Elston Gunn (sic) briefly toured with the band. This was Robert Allen Zimmerman, who later went on to fame as Bob Dylan. Dylan's autobiography mentions Vee and provides complimentary details about their friendship, both professional and personal.

Vee was also a pioneer in the music video genre, appearing in several musical films, as well as in the Scopitone series of early film-and-music jukebox recordings.

The Very Best of Bobby Vee, released by EMI/UK on May 12, 2008, charted in the UK top five. On January 17, 2011, EMI/UK released Rarities, a double-CD package with 61 tracks, many of which were previously unreleased. Others included were alternate takes and first-time stereo releases as well as tracks from the album Bobby Vee Live on Tour minus the “canned” audience.

An active live performer into 2011, Vee was diagnosed with an early stage Alzheimer’s disease at which time he completed his scheduled tour obligations and recorded his final CD released three years later.

Vee died from complications of Alzheimer’s on 24th October, at the age of 73.
the British media following his appearance on Celebrity Big Brother 4, in which he finished in fifth place. He appeared on further television reality shows, including as a presenter.

According to an interview, Burns dropped out of school at the age of 14 after being summoned to the headmaster's office because he had arrived at school with "no eyebrows, Harmony-red hair and one gigantic earring".

While building his career, Burns worked at a Liverpool record shop, Probe Records, which became a meeting place for local musicians. Burns was notorious for his maltreatment of customers, sometimes throwing their purchases at them because he disapproved of their selection. Burns first performed as a member of the short-lived Mystery Girls, and then Nightmares in Wax, a proto-Goth group that formed in Liverpool in 1979. Nightmares in Wax released a 12" single, "Black Leather", and a 7" single, "Birth of a Nation", each containing the same three songs, but never produced an album. In 1980, after replacing several members, Burns changed their name to Dead or Alive.

In the early 2000s Burns recorded the single "Jack and Jill Party" with the Pet Shop Boys, and in January 2006, Burns appeared on Channel 4's Celebrity Big Brother 4.

On the topic of his sexuality, Burns stated that "[People] always want to know – am I gay, bi, trans or what? I say, forget all that. There's got to be a completely different terminology and I'm not aware if it's been invented yet. I'm just Pete."

Burns was known for his ever-changing, often androgynous appearance, which he freely admitted was greatly modified by cosmetic surgery. Burns had extensive polyacrylamide injections into his lips, cheek implants, several rhinoplasties and many tattoos. Burns at one time accused fellow pop star Boy George of appropriating his unique image.

Burns died following a sudden cardiac arrest on 23rd October, aged 57, following previous episodes of deep vein thromboses and pulmonary embolisms on a background of multiple surgical procedures and medications.

James "Jimmy" Perry, OBE (1923 – 2016)

Perry was an English actor and scriptwriter, best known for devising and co-writing the BBC sitcoms Dad's Army, It Ain't Half Hot Mum, Hi-De-Hi, and You Rang M'Lord?, all with David Croft.

Many of the sitcoms Perry co-wrote with Croft drew heavily on his personal experience: at 16 he joined the Watford Home Guard (Dad's Army); two years later he was called up into the full-time forces, and was sent to Burma with the Royal Artillery, where he joined the Royal Artillery Concert Party and reached the rank of sergeant ("It Ain't Half Hot Mum"). Demobbed and back in the UK, he trained as an actor at RADA, spending his holidays working as a Redcoat in Butlin's Holiday Camps ("Hi De Hi!").

The Dad's Army mummy's boy character Private Pike was partly based upon the teenage Jimmy Perry, who said, "She didn't go so far as making me wear a scarf, but she came pretty near." You Rang, M'Lord? (1988–93) was his last collaboration with David Croft. Perry's grandfather had worked as a butler, and he heard many anecdotes about life "below stairs".

Although best known for his comedy writing, Perry has also experienced musical success, composing the signature tunes to all of the above comedy series.

Perry died on 23 October 2016 after a short illness, aged 93.
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."

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').
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
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.

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
terviews, 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.
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, 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.

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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.
Ladies and Gentlemen, Mesdames et Monsieurs. Welcome back my friends to the show that never ends. Whoops wrong band! Yes, one of the most eagerly awaited cultural events of next year is coming to the UK! In the first of three competitions, to win a pair of tickets to the show nearest you, just answer these mind bending questions, carefully chosen by a team of Gonzo Mystics in the cupboard below the stairs:

Q: Fill in the missing word from the below YES hit song title
Owner of a _________ Heart

Q: How many shows will Jon Anderson, Trevor Rabin and Rick Wakeman (ARW) be doing on their UK tour in March 2017?

Send your answer in an email to info@gonzomultimedia.co.uk
OR
Put the answers on a postcard (or on a piece of paper in an envelope addressed to: FREEPOST GONZO and don't forget to include YOUR contact details!

Good luck prog pickers!
JON ANDERSON  
TREVOR RABIN  
RICK WAKEMAN

AN EVENING OF YES MUSIC & MORE

MARCH 2017 UK TOUR

SUN 12  CARDIFF MOTORPOINT ARENA
MON 13  BIRMINGHAM SYMPHONY HALL
WED 15  BRIGHTON DOME
THU 16  BOURNEMOUTH INTERNATIONAL CENTRE

EXTRA DATE ADDED DUE TO DEMAND

SAT 18  LONDON HAMMERSMITH EVENTIM APOLLO
SUN 19  LONDON HAMMERSMITH EVENTIM APOLLO
TUE 21  NOTTINGHAM ROYAL CONCERT HALL
WED 22  EDINBURGH USHER HALL
FRI 24  GLASGOW ROYAL CONCERT HALL
SAT 25  MANCHESTER O2 APOLLO

MYTICKET.CO.UK / SEETICKETS.COM
WWW.ARW-TOUR.COM

VIP PACKAGES INCLUDING MEET & GREET AVAILABLE FROM MYTICKET.CO.UK

A KILIMANJARO PRESENTATION IN ASSOCIATION WITH LARRY MAGID ENTERTAINMENT GROUP
The Raz Band, an LA based group of musicians with two of its original members from Jersey, hit the Jersey Shore on September 17 at the Brighton Bar in Long Branch. Now, they have been together for over 30 years so an overnight sensation they are not. What they are is a very talented group that enjoys themselves on stage as they play some of the most spectacular music anyone would enjoy, from the first song 'The Boy' to the last song of the night 'Back in the Shadows'. Raz, who writes the songs, plays guitar and sings lead vocals, was all over the stage, and in the audience (thanks to wireless).

As I said before, the whole band is involved with the audience (Jeff Hutch on drums, Jim Manzo on bass, the legendary Joey Molland, and of course Raz). As they banter back and forth including the audience as often as possible, you become friends with them as you enjoy a great night of fun, music and have an all round great time. I, and - as I noticed most of the audience - tapped their feet and swayed to the songs that brought smiles to our faces. The Raz Band promises to be back in the spring of next year. Whatever you do don't miss them. Until then, pick up their 2 CDs 'Madison Park' and 'The Best Of'.

You will not be disappointed.

Nick Anslinger

https://www.facebook.com/lfdmh/videos/550745075121131/
SATURDAY
SEPT. 17TH
2016

THE RAZ BAND
With
JOEY MOLLAND
of
BADFINGER

The Easy Outs
The Grip Weeds
Stone Baby

7PM
ADV TIX $15

BRIGHTON BAR
THE HOME OF ORIGINAL MUSIC
Raz played in bands in High School, with his friends Hutch & Neil. They would go see Joey Molland when Badfinger was playing in the New York/New Jersey area. As well as fans of Joe Vitale when he toured with Joe Walsh in the New York/New Jersey area. Raz & Hutch went to L.A. (winter in Jersey sucks).
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/gonzoweekly
“Naked Radio”

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

The Pink Fairies official website: www.pinkfairies.net

“Naked Radio” will be available to pre-order only on PledgeMusic together with other exclusive merchandise and experiences, go to this link http://www.pledgemusic.com/projects/pink-fairies to find out more.
Watch a video about the campaign

http://tinyurl.com/jflkhfog

Cop a sneak preview here:

http://tinyurl.com/z9825mr
Brian Wilson is an enduring artist who was the principal composer of the most successful American pop band of the 1960’s, *The Beach Boys*. The original core lineup of this classic band was made up of brothers Brian, Carl, and Dennis Wilson, with cousin Mike Love, and family friend Al Jardine. Most readers will be familiar with the history of the group, and are likely aware of their implosion in the mid 60’s, whence began Brian’s long battle with mental illness, most recently detailed in the movie *Love & Mercy* (2014) and Brian’s new autobiography. Brian eventually emerged from this period, recording and touring once again. We caught him and his band at San Francisco’s Masonic Auditorium on October 13, 2016.

Growing up in the ‘70’s most of my friends had *The Beach Boys* greatest hits album *Endless Summer*, a collection that remains a favorite today. The first time I saw the band was on America’s bicentennial July 1976 at Anaheim Stadium in sunny Southern California. Openers America and Santana set the stage for the return of The Beach Boys, then playing again with all the core members in a rare appearance. It was a fantastic show, featuring all the hits, along with a few from the new album *15 Big Ones* (1976). This was an occasion that heralded the return of Brian to the band. While that album was a tepid affair, not worthy of the group’s original catalog, the concert was a massive success. A television show was broadcast and eventually made it to DVD as *Good Vibrations Tour* (2013). The film combines performances from that night, with interviews and vignettes featuring the band members, including a bizarre skit featuring John Belushi and Dan Aykroyd from *Saturday Night Live* and *The Blues Brothers* coaxing Brian out of bed and back into the surf, while still in his bathrobe! Technically only brother Dennis surfed, but hey, that’s Hollywood.

This year’s Brian Wilson tour features *Pet Sounds* (1966), an album that’s been heralded as the band’s finest hour by countless critics. It’s a beautiful work, written and recorded just after Brian’s early nervous breakdowns, highlighting the romantic, vulnerable side of the man. It compares favorably with The Beatles classic *Rubber Soul*, released the prior year. Songs like “God Only Knows,” “I’m Waiting For The Day” and “Caroline, No” are touching tomes that typify the dreamy pace of the album while “Sloop John B” and “Wouldn’t It Be Nice” are the principal upbeat hits. At our show, Brian positioned the complete album in the set list just after the
Good Vibrations Tour

Brian Wilson
Carl Wilson
Dennis Wilson
Mike Love
Al Jardine

Including: Good Vibrations, Sloop John B, God Only Knows,
Surfin' USA, California Girls, Fun Fun Fun & many more.
intermission, which may have contributed to this reading seeming a bit sleepy. In addition, by breaking between each song, telling us the name of the next track and who would be singing, the spell this work can evoke was broken — it’s better experienced from start to finish, as with for instance Marvin Gaye’s *What’s Going On* (1971).

Nevertheless, it was great to see the creator of this masterpiece on stage once again, leading his band through this, and over twenty Beach Boys hits, plus Pet Sounds, and closer “Love and Mercy.” A well-crafted set for the effusive audience.

For this tour, longtime friend Al Jardine, who was in great spirits and fine voice, joined Brian. Al’s son Matt tours with them, and critically he nailed Brian’s original falsetto leads on songs like “Don’t Worry Baby.” Also a featured member of the band, though a bit awkward in his movements, is singer/guitarist Blonde Chaplin, who was part of the Beach Boys in the early ’70s for those tours. There were many other musicians, eleven members on stage in total, and between keys, frets, vibes, and other percussion every note of these classic songs rang true. Lighting was simple but effective; audio engineering stellar.

All in all, it was a great night to pay respect to this legendary artist and his work. It definitely feels like we are approaching the end of touring from Brian, so anyone inclined is well advised to get out on an evening safari to have some fun, fun, fun (couldn’t resist that)!
Forthcoming releases from Rick Wakeman & Friends

Rick Wakeman & Brian May live from STARMUS 2015

Starmus is a festival of music and astronomy on the beautiful island of Tenerife. It is the brainchild of Garik Israelian (the astrophysicist who led the team which found the first observational evidence that supernova explosions are responsible for the formation of stellar mass black holes). Rick Wakeman has made several appearances at this festival. The most notable was in 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
goers will bear testament to the fact that Nik is often hard to avoid, as he crops up as sax and flute-player all over the place (and world), known and lesser-known, even at 76 years of age.

If free jazz is your bag, check out this link to the official video for the track ‘Liquid’:
www.youtube.com/watch?v=1m92m67GAbM

The opening track, ‘Mosquitos’ sets the tone. Not so much interplay between sax, guitar, bass and drums as, ‘overplay’. Each musician seems to be pushing the audio envelope harder and louder – all at the same time. It’s very dense. I was somewhat relieved when the sound engineer gradually faded it out. There are snatches of tunes in there in ‘Past Lives’, but they are quickly submerged in the noisome melange.

The last track is by far the easiest on the ears. Called ‘Wild Flower’, like the track ‘Liquid’ it features Nik on flute and is mournful, lyrical and sensual. It features some much more laid-back, simpatico playing from Dennis of guitar, Paul on acoustic bass and Jack on drums. They are obviously good musicians and on this track prove the point that ‘less can be more’!

I met up with Seattle resident, Jack Gold-Molina at the Kozfest earlier in the year. He’s the drummer with Flame Tree, but our meeting was in the form of an ‘interview’ with me for an American publication, largely about new travellers in the UK, festival bands and the like. I didn’t even know that Jack was drummer in the band, Flame Tree, and that they had been playing with Nik Turner at this year’s Sonic Rock Solstice in Bromsgrove, Worcestershire. Here’s a link to a nice blog from Dennis Rae, guitarist with Flame Tree: www.dennisrea.com/reflections-on-sonic-rock-solstice-2016 who describes Flame Tree’s performance as, “our unholy mélange of free jazz, experimental noise, and broken grooves.” But thanks to Jack for organising a copy for review.

This album mostly bears out the description from Dennis! It is pretty uncompromising in the main. An avant-garde battle-ground of Competitive Noise, freak outs, and very LOUD weirdness. Much of this album is pretty hard work. This is free jazz near its audacious, confrontational peak. And US band Flame Tree are up for it, in a range of musical skirmishes with Nik Turner, ex-Hawkwind (1969-76), Inner City Unit, Space Ritual and New Space Ritual. Festival
Set during Mile’s fallow period in the late 70s, the plot seemed utterly ludicrous but it was an interesting piece of hokum and helped pass some of the flight. We loaded up in an airport shuttle van for the transfer to our hotel, the driver having his phone plugged into the van’s sound system and some smooth jazz pouring forth. I leaned through the gap between seats and saw it was Gerald Albright playing, an excellent saxophonist we had seen live in London early last year, playing a late night show under a pizza joint in Soho. A nice soundtrack as we headed into Manhattan on a sunny afternoon, the famous skyscrapers appearing before we headed into the Midtown tunnel before being dropped off. Whilst still not rush hour the traffic seemed solid, horns blaring all around. Our room turned out to be on the 41st floor, with side views of the East River and the wonderful top of the Chrysler Building just up the road. We quickly dumped our stuff and hit the streets of one of America’s greatest music cities. The land of the free…as long as you have the money to pay for it, even excluding the abysmal exchange rate, this is an expensive place.

We pounded the streets for a number of hours, including the tourist hotspot of Times Square, the multi-floor Tower Records long gone, and one of the biggest signs advertising Roger Waters upcoming gigs next summer.

Steely Dan

(the dan who knew too much tour)

with Rickie Lee Jones

Live in New York

In Gonzo speak, Steely Dan are an American Rock Band, releasing a series of essential albums during the 1970s. On Saturday the 15th of October 2016, they blew the fucking roof off New York’s Beacon Theatre, and then some………

We boarded the BA 747 at Heathrow’s Terminal 5 the day before, were pushed back and without stopping for pre-flight formalities, our pilots turned left onto the live runway and opened her up, seconds later we were airborne and turning hard west for the seven hour transatlantic crossing. After seeing Miles Electric back in June in San Francisco, I watched Miles Ahead, the movie starring Don Cheadle, which was released last year.
Saturday morning, we visited MOMA, the city’s fantastic museum of Modern Art, which currently includes a 1960s section. A whole wall was covered in original psychedelic posters advertising gigs from the late ‘60s and ‘70s, primarily from the US West Coast but also from London’s Roundhouse featuring the Deviants, another featuring a gig with the Soft Machine and Arthur Brown. Lower down were some ‘handbills’ too, many of them really jump out from the wall, nothing like seeing real art with your own eyes as always..... A visit to a Barnes & Noble bookshop yielded a decent selection of CDs and new vinyl on offer upstairs. On Sunday we headed south and visited one of the city’s secondhand record stores, most of which can be found in areas such as Greenwich and the East Villages, we also enjoyed some of the busking jazz quartets in and around Washington Square Park. The record store had a box in the basement with copies of ‘Goldmine’, a musical equivalent of Exchange and Mart for albums and CDs with a few articles and editorial amongst the pages of adverts for sounds. A car drove past us at one point, the Grateful Dead could be heard coming out of the windows.

Saturday evening arrived, we headed out and walked 30 blocks north to the Beacon, situated in the upper west side, on Broadway. Four teenage girls were posing for photos under the SD signs, a little young to have ‘shapely bodies’ but nice to see a new generation at the gig. The majority of punters were of course old badgers like me, but a few other English accents could be heard. Astonishingly, if you wanted to buy an alcoholic drink, and you looked like you were under 40, you had to show ID, 40! For the first time during the weekend, a bit of the scent of holy weed around some of the crowd. I had seen the dynamic duo of Donald Fagen and Walter Becker, twice before. Both ‘arena gigs’ in the UK, I remember the first one fondly, The Empire Pool in Wembley back in 2000. Their first UK appearance in many years at the time, I remember being surprised that they sounded like a rock band, akin to their earlier albums rather than the more smoother, r’n’b jazzy style of the Aja and Gaucho albums. The second time was Birmingham in 2009, and I remember that as being very disappointing, they were just going through the motions, no atmosphere at all. But this is 2016, the year of great musicians dropping dead, and when I saw they were undertaking a big US Tour, finishing with a multi-night residency in their ‘home town’, I took the plunge again.

The venue seemed similar in size and feel to the Hammersmith Odeon, big, but not enormous. As only the Americans can do, inside was extremely ornate, with what seemed to be Greek, Roman and Ancient Egyptian decorations all rolled into one.

Without much ado, Rickie Lee Jones walked onto the big stage, with a guy accompanying her on percussion. For most of her 45 minute set, she played acoustic guitar, and switched to a piano on the far right of the stage for the last few numbers. I was very surprised at the number of empty seats but as her set went on, they began filling up. That was the first of two seemingly cultural differences, people just kept drifting in throughout her set, without the help of ushers with torches either. A lot of UK venues close the doors whilst an artist is on, quite right too, it’s simply disrespectful in my book. But the other big difference is a positive one, American audiences get behind their performers, with whoops, calls and impromptu applause, which gives a much more exciting atmosphere than British ones, who almost entirely save their applause for between the numbers. With only two performers on stage, the shite sound for Rickie was unacceptable really. What is it about friggin sound mixers and female vocals. It was a big house PA system, she was the headliners guest, give her a break man. So, her fantastic jazzy voice, which she often uses as an instrument in its own right, was lost at times. I only currently have her first album, and perhaps only recognised one song, which didn’t help either, but her set passed pleasantly, and as is often the case, her confidence and vocal power certainly increased as she got into her stride. I privately wondered whether her set meant we would
get less Steely Dan, as she is with them on only four nights of the ten, but as it turned out, the boys and their band gave us a full, rockin’ two hour humdinger.

“We are going to play for you tonight like it might the last time we do”

Walter Becker

The travelling band filed onto the stage and started playing an old jazz standard to warm themselves up, just like a real show! A few minutes later, our heroes appeared from stage right, followed by the ladies, to simply enormous applause. This was a home-coming, home fans, about to get exactly what they want. In the past, Fagen and Becker were pretty famous for their inscrutability, their sardonic take on life, the ‘intellectual lyrics’, the perfection required in the studio for the later albums (but both ending up as modern masterpieces, Aja and Gaucho), and too aloof for ‘fans’. This tour, was simply them playing a selection of their songs, as well as they could still play them, for their fans. Record royalties have plummeted in recent years, touring is how you earn your money today. They’ve been on the road Stateside on and off since spring, this was the second night, of a ten night residency in New York City to round it all off. On some of the nights, entire albums were being played, on some, the audience can create the set list in advance, online. Fagen wore a white shirt, dark, wrap around shades. He punched out the chords on his keyboard and sang the opening lines of Babylon Sisters, in a quickfire manner, whilst still clearly pronouncing the words. Keith Carlock lay down a hell of a back beat on his kit, something he was to do extremely well all night. Walt stood stage left, with a backward lean, which if he been much further back he would have been over! Online rumours circulate about his health, he did seem to maintain the same physical position & pose all evening, and played pretty much the same solo too, but what the hell, it was the Dan live man! A ‘band’ which took a twenty year gap from playing live shows, starting in the mid-’70s. He was more than covered by Jon Herington, whose blistering guitar play evoked the solos of the ’70s, but with a definite 21st century feel of his own. I knew from the opening seconds, this lot were on fire, which I hadn’t truly been expecting, hoping maybe…….The audience around us were clearly loving it. Most of them old guys, and in many cases, with their ‘wives’, rocking away, air-drumming included, as best they could in the chairs. The girls started doing their thing on stage, adding more style to this West Coast hymn. An older one next, and a lot of this evening’s selection of material came from their earlier albums. Bodhisattva from Countdown to Ecstasy, a fast rocker with some suitably burning guitar work from Jon & Walt. The funkier tones of Hey Nineteen, the writer’s prayer to a nubile as he heads into his twenties (!), follow, and Walt works through a series of things with us, including how good they think this band is, before nicely setting up the ladies for the magical chorus that is

“The Cuervo Gold, the fine Colombian, make tonight a wonderful thing, (repeat)…….”

Black Friday follows, from the Katy Lied album. Rickie Lee Jones comes back for Show Biz Kids, another F&B song with great, great words. Kid Charlemagne, the opener from the Royal Scam, tales of the Bear’s acid factory in the Bay Area, way back when. Rikki, from Pretzel Logic (makes you want to get them all out and play them again...), perhaps the closest they came to a pop song? From time to time, the brass players would come forward and take a solo, into a ‘50s style mic at the front of the stage. Some very tasty sax, trumpet and trombone was delivered. Back to the Royal Scam for Green
Earrings, in some ways a track that hinted at what was to come in the later albums, the sparser, funkier stuff. The ladies took lead vocals for Razor Boy, not something that I think particularly worked in my humble view. Home at Last returned the focus, followed by Walter taking lead vocals for Daddy Don’t Live in that New York City……which was another error of judgement, his very flat voice not suited for a voice that needs to rise and fall, for which of course, Fagen’s nasal whine is perfect. Still, great to hear the song live though. Jose and Peg followed, and then we were up and dancing around, us old gits in New York. Cos we was having fun, jigging around and singing along to My Old School, which was then followed by the twin guitar attack of Reeling in the Years, what a chorus! We got them back, we shouted the place down and were rewarded with Pretzel Logic for our troubles, another personal favourite.

The SQ was great, they were loud (ear ringing slightly as we left the building for a few minutes) and they were burning. What was not to like? If modern music is studied academically in the future, this band’s catalogue should be part of the basic course. New York is a great music city, these boys are one of its, and America’s, greatest bands.

‘They’ve got the Steely Dan T-Shirts………’

**Setlist**

Babylon Sisters
Bodhisattva
Hey Nineteen
Black Friday
Show Biz Kids (with Rickie Lee Jones – lead vocals)
Kid Charlemagne
Rikki Don’t Lose that Number
Green Earrings

Razor Boy (female backing singers – lead vocals)
Home at Last
Daddy Don’t Live in that New York City No More (Walter Becker – lead vocals)
Time Out Of Mind
Jose
Peg
My Old School
Reelin’ In The Years
Pretzel Logic

**Dramatis Personae**

- Donald Fagen – electric piano/keys and lead vocals. Walter Becker – guitar and announcements.

**The Band**

- Keith Carlock – drums
- Jon Herington – guitar
- Freddie Washington – bass
- Jim Beard – keyboards
- Jim Pugh – trombone
- Roger Rosenberg – Baritone Sax
- Walt Weiskopf – sax
- Michael Leonart – trumpet
- La Tanya Hall, Carolyn Leonhart & Cindy Mizelle (The Danettes) – backing vocals

www.steelydan.com
If Walls Could Talk

is the newest album by

Justin Johnson

Recorded at Cash Cabin and Produced by five times Grammy Award winner John Carter Cash and Chuck Turner.

The album set includes CD, full-length DVD of behind-the-scenes video footage of studio sessions at Cash Cabin, plus a 24-pg booklet of photos & the stories behind the songs.

If Walls Could Talk album set: www.rootsmusicschool.com/if-walls-could-talk.html

I was immediately in thrall to Justin Johnson when I was sent by an Australian muso-friend, Mookx, a link to his video online playing the 3-string shovel guitar: www.youtube.com/watch?v=V9-ItPsbw9g

So, I asked for a review copy of his latest album.

It’s a purely instrumental affair. It kicks off and ends with slow, perfectly executed covers of standards, ‘Summertime’ from George Gershwin and ‘We’ll meet again’ by Ross

alan dearling
musical originality is rare, and fewer still hold strong to tradition, while moving on to create distinctive new music.”

Adding,

“When I first heard Justin, I was amazed. His technique is studied and focused, but still achieves previously unaccomplished inimitable ingenuity. He does this through a lately unstudied and somewhat forgotten method: honesty. You may hear the guitar style here of the old masters, the sounds of a wailing blues guitar, the tones of an ancient arch-top Gibson, the perfect sounds coming from a rare mandolin made in the early 1920’s, but there is more: and Justin will take you there.”

I’m less effusive. There is an abundance of ‘mellow’, quality-filled playing. And at times this sounds a bit like a ‘how-to-play-guitar’ sampler. Full of techniques. Classy, pure,
‘Abracadabra’ is one of my favourite tracks since it is a bit darker, more brooding and soulful. And ‘When the full moon rises’ has lots of bass and reverb, which takes us by the hand into the swamp territory of Ry Cooder.

Here’s the link to Justin’s homepage:

www.justinjohnsonlive.com/

controlled, but a bit self-absorbed, perhaps? He’s certainly a guitarist who obviously makes a fine teacher/instructor. And his playing often reminded me of Hank Marvin and Bruce Welch from the Shadows at the height of their fame. Lots of tremolo and vibrato effects.

Overall, the album swings gently, rather than cuts loose. Plenty of fine musicianship. I think

‘Abracadabra’ is one of my favourite tracks since it is a bit darker, more brooding and soulful. And ‘When the full moon rises’ has lots of bass and reverb, which takes us by the hand into the swamp territory of Ry Cooder.

Here’s the link to Justin’s homepage:

www.justinjohnsonlive.com/
THE COMPLETE GOSPELS

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

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

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

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

Special Limited Edition Boxset containing
Signed by Rick Wakeman and numbered certificate.
DVD containing over 2 hours of footage including an in-depth interview with Rick about the project.
Double CD 1, The Original Gospels - with Robert Powell as the Narrator.
Double CD2, The New Gospels
DVD / CD of The Gospels performed live in California – never seen before.
Reproduction A4 x 12 page concert program.

The Rainbow Suite

This is a brand new orchestral piece written and performed by Rick Wakeman and the Orion Orchestra. This is a specially written piece of therapeutic music designed for people with an Autistic Spectrum Disorder to enjoy as well aficionados of good quality instrumental music.
This is Rick and Orchestra at their finest !!!

Available to pre-order from www.rickwakemansmusicemporium.com
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 and follow us on Instagram, Facebook or Twitter to get action alerts.
Weekly Acoustic Jam Session Hosted by Dogleg

@The Village Inn, Westward Ho!
Every Tuesday from 7.30pm

All styles, levels and listeners welcome

facebook - dogleg Musician/Band
Now recognised as the leading online magazine of its type, Phenomena Magazine is a FREE magazine from Manchester's Association of Paranormal Investigation and Training. (MAPIT)

Recognised as the leading online magazine of its type, now distributed worldwide, 'Phenomena Magazine' is a FREE monthly publication. Phenomena looks into the whole realm of the Strange, Profound, Unknown and Unexplained, delving into subjects of the Paranormal, Ufological, Cryptozoological, Parapsychological, Earth Mysteries, Supernatural and Fortean Events. Guest writers along with reviews of books, movies and documentaries add to the content as does recent news from around the world. Phenomena Magazine can be downloaded from our site every month for FREE in PDF Format.

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WWW.PHENOMENAMAGAZINE.CO.UK
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 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.

It's a miracle any arcades still exist, given the gaming technology we have available in our homes. Back in the 1980s, if we wanted the best graphics and gaming experiences the video game arcade was our only option. If we wanted to watch people playing games, there was no YouTube, no Twitch - we had to hang out at Funland, and peer over people's shoulders.

Here are at least seven photos of one guy who took '80s gaming - TO THE EXTREME!

http://tinyurl.com/j7h8ues
At the start of 1989 I went in to the office at Encore to see what was happening for the next year. There were a few things planned, but nothing of any great length. It looked like it would be a lean year with Roger not planning anything much. There was a whiteboard on the wall used as a running diary and one item on the board took my eye. It lasted three days and read 'Steve Harley – production rehearsals – Electric Ballroom'. Steve was preparing for a few gigs and wanted to do some rehearsals there. I said I would be happy to look after that. I had always liked Harley’s stuff – especially the album ‘Love’s a Prima Donna’ so I was happy to look after them for a few days. I had expected him to have a sound and lighting engineer in tow and a full backline crew. As it was there was just me, and I was mixing it. The band consisted of Stuart Elliot (Cockney Rebel’s original drummer), Rick Driscoll on guitars and vocals, Barry Wickens on violin, acoustic guitar and vocals, Kevin Powell on bass and Ian Nice on keyboards. Steve was, of course, singing and playing acoustic and electric guitars. The lighting guy, Clive Davies, turned up on the second day, but there was no backline crew in sight. At the end of the rehearsals Steve asked me if I would do a gig for him at the Albany Empire in Deptford and maybe come on tour in Scandinavia with them. So, on the 22nd February 1989 I found myself doing the sound for Steve Harley’s first real gig in eight years.

I ran into Dave from Zenith Lighting just before this and told him I was off on tour with Steve.

“You don’t want to do that,” he said. ‘The man’s an arse,’ but I never found him to be so on the tour. In fact he seemed pretty good. Clive and I were the only two crew members and we helped the band set up before the gig and take it down afterwards. It was all very civilised – too civilised really. After four years with Chappo I was used to a much more rough and ready approach to touring.

After the Scandinavian tour we went to Greece to do two nights in the Rodon Club in Athens; in reality it was more an old cinema and pretty big for a club, but that was what they called it. It was all going pretty well. The band were absolutely tight as a drum. Every one of them was a professional player and they played and sang well. It was a joy to be mixing them.

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.
We went to Holland to do a few more gigs and I took Andrea along to the first of these – a venue in Maastricht in Holland. When we arrived I was walking round the venue and I noticed pictures of a concert orchestra playing on this stage and saw that they had draped the walls with big padded blankets. As soon as I had fired up the PA system I realised why that was. This venue made a swimming pool sound dead. Sound-wise the gig was a complete disaster. Without the soundproofing panels there was nothing anyone could do to make it sound nice. I thought that Andrea must have got a very bad impression of my abilities as an engineer from that. Luckily, two nights later, we played the Paradiso and it sounded absolutely fine. I learned later that the venue in Maastricht had been demolished because it was completely unusable.

After that we came back for a few shows in UK and I took an Encore PA out for that. We used the Martin F1 rig for this tour and I was pretty impressed with it. Shame it never made it into production. I thought it had a good warm sound and the coverage was better than the later F2 rig. For this tour we also had Peter Reidling doing the monitors, and a backline guy, Dave Thomas, for the first time. This was the first UK tour I had done for a while because most of the stuff with Roger was in Germany. It was interesting to see how much less organised the UK venues were. Most of the European ones had proper ‘C-Form’ three phase mains connectors for the power distribution – even the disaster of a gig in Austria had proper connectors. Here in the UK, we had to connect the bare wires into the distribution boxes and this was something that many people baulked at. Somehow electricity is still a bit of a black art for many people. The US comedian Steven Wright said, in his stage act, ‘I got my electricity bill today. I sent it back with a note saying “I have not seen any all month.”’

Even though you have to turn the isolator switch to the ‘OFF’ position before you can open the box they seem to think it is waiting just beyond the last wire. Waiting poised to reach out and spark them to death. I do recall going into the old Hammersmith Palais though and starting to put the mains in only to find it was still live, but that was because the guy in the power room had said I should take the house PA ‘tails’ out first and pointed at the box. I opened it and got one out before touching the next one across to the earth strap with the screwdriver. The tool flew out of my hand and embedded itself in the wall. I stepped back and looked at it and realised I was taking out the 128 amp feel to the whole system. Not a fuse between me and the substation!

We did the International II in Manchester at the start of this tour and I was able to invite my friend Erica Wright (the woman I met at the Pink Floyd show back in the Bingley Hall in 1976) along to the gig with her daughter Jade. (Jade is now a presenter for TV and Radio in Manchester – amazing to think I had known her since she was first born).

By the time we had finished that tour I was put in charge of the production for the next one later that year and firmly part of the entourage. Steve Mather, who was managing Steve Harley at the time through the John Lennard Enterprises Agency, was already working on the next two tours, one starting in May in the UK and the other going to Scandinavia and Europe in August.
It wasn’t a good start. It seems I had the wrong ticket. It was a peak time train and I only had an off-peak ticket. I was thrown off the train at Milton Keynes, and had to wait around on the platform for three quarters of an hour, watching dejectedly while other trains and other passengers continued on their way. Consequently I didn’t arrive in Bewdley until late in the evening, hot, stressed, weary and hungry.

But my first impressions of the town were very positive, turning a sudden corner in the taxi which brought me from Kidderminster station, dropping down into a valley, and then seeing the bridge spanning the sparkling River Severn nestled between the hills, and the row of Georgian-fronted buildings on the far side lining the bank.

Bewdley is very pretty. A well preserved medieval manufacturing town, it once stood at the border with Wales. The River Severn was the frontier. There’s a chip shop at a place called Catchems End just before you come into Bewdley. The taxi driver told me this story. Once, he said, Bewdley was a sanctuary town. If you were running away from the law, Catchems End was the last chance for them to catch you. Hence the name. After this, once you were over the river in Bewdley, you were safe from prosecution, in another country.

So it’s interesting that the place I am going to is called Sanctuary, and I certainly feel like a fugitive at this point, running away from the absurdities of 21st century life.

The Sanctuary is situated next to the river. You enter it through a gate, passing through a courtyard lined with carvings, at the far end of which is a resplendent garden. Tony Bailey, the therapist, is there to greet me, shaking my hand warmly while I complain heatedly about my treatment at the hands of the rail company.

After that he took me up to show me the space.

The first thing you notice is that it’s very uneven. The floor slopes up to the bathroom, and down to the kitchen. The building dates from 1599 and there are several ancient, rickety-looking beams spanning the ceiling. Fortunately they are reinforced by steel girders. The bathroom door looks as old as the beams and is mottled by holes. There’s a decent sized living room with a TV and a CD player and a neat bedroom with a double bed and a bookshelf stuffed with books.

So this is it, my resting-place for the weekend: a self-contained flat in a creaking, uneven medieval building. My one disappointment is that there’s no view of the river. All windows look down on the ubiquitous courtyards around which most of Bewdley is arranged.

SHEN-shine

I had planned to start my SHEN therapy that night, but was far too fractious and hungry to contemplate it now. Instead I bought some fish and chips, after which I lay down on the settee in front of the TV and promptly fell asleep.

SHEN therapy was developed in the 1970s by scientist Richard R. Pavek. It is not, as it sounds, an ancient Eastern therapy, but a modern, scientifically based therapy, which nevertheless uses concepts and ideas employed by ancient
systems.

“S.H.E.N” stands for “Specific Human Emotional Nexus”. It is based on the notion of the biofield which Tony says permeates the body and is the medium through which emotions are experienced. Negative emotions are trapped within the body through a process called the Auto-Contractile Pain Reflex. This is the natural reflex by which muscles automatically contract around pain in order to prevent tissue damage. In the case of physical pain the contractions release when the pain subsides. In the case of emotional pain, however, the contractions may persist and thus trap the emotion, slowing the natural flow of the biofield around the body.

The notion of the biofield sounds a lot like Qi energy in ancient Chinese philosophy, and, indeed, Tony refers to this when he talks about directing the Qi energy with his hands. Also the areas of the body where he works - though they are given unfamiliar names - clearly correspond to the Chakras of the ancient Hindu system.

Therapy sessions take place in a large Cathedral-like room dominated by ancient beams. After the introduction Tony guides me to the bed, which is what looks like a camp bed perched precariously on top of a massage table. The camp bed construction allows the therapis’ hands to be placed under as well as over the body. So high is the table that Tony has to help me up, but once there it is very comfortable and feels much more secure than it looks. There’s a pillow under the head and another under the knees. You have the feeling of being cradled.

Firstly he tells me to imagine a pearl dropping down slowly through my body as if through water, and to let it rest where it will. The pearl is my attention. I am quite taken by this idea, which he repeats at every session. It reminds me of an early Christian poem called “The Hymn of the Pearl” from The Acts of Thomas which is the tale of the soul lost within material existence and of its redemption through Gnosis.

I close my eyes allowing that thought to come to rest in my belly, and Tony begins his work, which, he says, is normally conducted in silence.
Housing Benefit Hill:
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/
Another item from Dik Mik's scrapbook was on view via Facebook recently, being a stage pass for one of the London Space Ritual gigs. It was portions of the Brixton gig that made it onto the subsequent live album, this pass being for the Edmonton show further north. Edmonton, London, not the big one in Canada! It’s a London suburb situated between Tottenham and Ponders End.

An amusing aspect is how the pass appears to have been converted from a guest pass into a stage pass by means of scribbling with a biro. That might well have satisfied the demands of 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.
security 44 years ago, but one can't imagine that sort of thing being permitted nowadays.

So much for December 1972, but what about Dec 2016? It's currently a quiet phase so far as the public face of Hawkwind is concerned, and nothing's been announced yet about any December gigs. Logistically, it's not too late for some to be lined up - but, in previous years, many months' warning has been given, so it's becoming a fair assumption that there won't be any December shows this year.

Meanwhile, the Hawklords tour is still rolling around Britain, with the Scottish portion ending this weekend, whereupon they make their way southwards, fetching up in London on 6 Nov.

I and some others wondered why Cornwall and the south coast of England had been omitted from the tour itinerary but the band's Facebook page explains that "our agency has not been able to line up dates for those areas" and that the band "will do our very best to make sure that those of you in the south west and along the south coast of the UK will not be left out next year."
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: .................................................................................................
..........................................................................................................................
..........................................................................................................................

Post Code ..................................................................................................................

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

Telephone Number: ...............................................................................................
The Song of Panne
Being Mainly About Elephants
Jonathan Downes
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.

I have never had any pretensions to being a hairy chested man of action. I am a thinker and a drinker and a dreamer and a theorist and a writer rather than a doer, and even as far as the adventures of Sherlock Holmes are concerned, the bits that most appealed to me were the bits involving a languorous divan and a bolt of raw opium. And I certainly never had any desire to be James Bond; even his kind of womanising was too energetic for me.
from my past coming back to fuck it up, and if Lydia was ever good at anything apart from sanctimoniousness and horizontal gymnastics, it was fucking things up. This may not be truly the action of a pukka sahib but although I like to think that I am an English Gentleman, I am a pragmatic one, and I wanted to get Lydia back out of my life as quickly as I possibly could.

So, I found myself in the peculiar position of doing cloak and dagger stuff in my own house. In fact it wasn’t actually that cloak and dagger! I did exactly what I said I was going to do. Well, sort of. I went out the back door, along the overgrown gravel path where - for at least half a century - people have been seeing the ghost of a “grey lady” walk, and in through the front door into my office, which - as I believe that I have mentioned from my past coming back to fuck it up, and if Lydia was ever good at anything apart from sanctimoniousness and horizontal gymnastics, it was fucking things up. This may not be truly the action of a pukka sahib but although I like to think that I am an English Gentleman, I am a pragmatic one, and I wanted to get Lydia back out of my life as quickly as I possibly could.

So jiggery pokery with half-inch memory cards is truly not my style. And, no matter how much I disliked her, neither is stealing said memory card from my God Bothering ex-girlfriend. But circumstances alter cases, and I truly could not see any other viable course of action.

Now, I am sure that some of you here reading this story will be of the opinion that I am not being fair to Lydia. I am certain that my darling wife thinks so. But the truth is that Lydia and I have a shared past that I thought was over a decade and a past behind me. The Jonathan Downes that she knew doesn’t exist anymore and will never exist again at any time in the future, nor would I wish him to. The relationship that we had went very nastily wrong, and I dare say that I was just as much to blame as she was, but the truth is that I don’t care. On the whole I like my new life and I don’t want ghosts...
folk with gossamer whatsits) when my dear (and long suffering) wife came in to join me. She, too, lit a cigarette and took a deep drag before letting out a long sigh. And I realised with relief that Corinna found Lydia as irritating as I did.

"We can’t just turn her out into the night", she said, adopting the Dickensian mode of language which both of us tend to adopt when saying something particularly portentous. I started to argue, pointing out that she owed me three grand, and had been responsible for me having been stalked around Exeter by a whole posse of self appointed elders of her peculiar church, and that she had sat on my autographed copy of *Led Zeppelin III*.

But Corinna had the moral high ground, and both of us knew it. So, I reluctantly agreed that she should offer to make a bed up for Lydia on the sitting room sofa, and sulkily went back to writing about The Pink Fairies’ forthcoming album. I did, however, ask Corinna to come upstairs as soon as she was able, because I “had stuff to show her”, and as soon as she had disappeared out into the night, I switched back to the other computer, and set the newly copied version of the data folder from the memory card to upload to Dropbox. As it was doing so, I carefully removed the memory card, reached for an adaptor from the plastic ice cream box on my desk which holds all sorts of useful electronic impedimenta, inserted the memory card into it, and once I had made sure it fitted correctly I inserted it into my computer.

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There, as I said I was going to do, I lit a cigarette. Once I had taken three delicious lungfuls of smoke that had seldom tasted so sweet, I took the memory card, reached for an adaptor from the plastic ice cream box on my desk which holds all sorts of useful electronic impedimenta, inserted the memory card into it, and once I had made sure it fitted correctly I inserted it into my computer.

Time was of the essence, because I truly didn’t want anyone, certainly not Lydia, and not even my darling wife to know what I was doing. So, once I had ascertained that the card contained just over 20gb of media, mostly jpg picture files, but a few proprietary video files and some txt files, I set the whole caboodle to copy to my hard drive. As this was going to take quite a few minutes to do, I switched over to the other computer and tried to write some deathless prose about The Pink Fairies.

I was half way through this delightful task (and I should, I think, point out that the Pink Fairies are a legendary psychedelic rock band rather than wee
which were barely adequate then.

Nearly a decade later high speed broadband came to the village, and me and my mate Martin (who has stuck his nose into this narrative at intervals, and will no doubt do so again) were amongst the first householders to sign up to it. And bloody hell it revolutionised everything. With speeds (in the wee small hours) of up to 46mb per second, it finally meant that we at the CFZ could do the automatic cloud drive back ups that everybody else in the known universe (OK I am indulging in worse hyperbole than usual, but it’s my party and I’ll exaggerate if I want to) had been able to do for aeons. And so it was on that misty autumn evening in 2015 that I was able to go to bed with the dogs, Panne and at least one of the kittens, secure in the knowledge that when Corinna came up (which would surely be soon) the two of us could explore the contents of the memory card together.

But though the spirit is strong and steadfast, the flesh is weak. I took my medicine, and soon, snuggled up with the dogs, the demigod and the kitten, I found myself deep in the arms of Morpheus.

I think that we sometimes do not realise how fast technology develops. Only two years ago we had pitifully slow broadband in the village where I live, and we often attained upload and download speeds of only a fraction of a megabyte per second. That was - like so much else that is crap in modern Britain - the fault of that egregious little arse Tony Blair. Following his party policy of providing style over content, he had promised in 2004 or thereabouts that broadband would be provided to any rural community where enough of its residents signed a petition. So, together with a whole bunch of other folk, I signed the petition, and within a few weeks Woolsery, the old Anglo Saxon settlement of Wulfeard’s Homestead which had existed in one form or another since five hundred and something AD, got broadband.

And guess what? Just like the New Labour government that had provided it, it was bollocks.

They had provided broadband OK, but had not replaced the crappy old telephone lines that I remember having been put into place in 1973, and which were barely adequate then.

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But though the spirit is strong and steadfast, the flesh is weak. I took my medicine, and soon, snuggled up with the dogs, the demigod and the kitten, I found myself deep in the arms of Morpheus.
There has been an illegal 'sprouting' on Pelos 5. The gardener has been at it again! The Federation must be informed! Where will this end?
MEANWHILE -

A NEW SONG IS BEING SUNG ON PELOS 5. HING TOADSTOOL HAS SURELY COME!
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 Daedel 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!!"

**HE USED TO WRITE ORIGINAL WORKS**

but now he translates. One poet in particular
Who wrote a book of GEMSTONES
another one of POETIC FORMS
a French poet who became a Bishop
one who lived in pre-celibate times
whose rhymes are preserved in Medieval Latin
and whose wit and depth - sing of the body and flesh
as well as spirit in form. THEY ARE SO MODERN!
He writes of a man in a marketplace,
who seeks to buy a BLUE GLASS VASE
protects it with a wicker basket, but finds a hairline crack
when he gets it home. Such a METAPHOR for Life!
In trust we check out each available option
Project perfection upon our surroundings
Only to find disappointment in translation.
This is my friend's new obsession.
both Mary Hopkin (Apple Records recording artist) and May Pang (John Lennon’s mistress during one of the more tumultuous portions of his career).

And so, when I was leafing through iBooks and saw that not only had Tony Visconti written an autobiography a few years ago, but that it was on offer for only a couple of quid. So, I bought it, and spent a couple of happy evenings, curled up with a bottle of what Horace Rumpole would have described as ‘cooking claret’ but which actually cost about 50p more than the Visconti e-book and came from Lidl.

Now, I am not quite sure how to deal with this. The book is pretty damn entertaining, indeed more entertaining than most of the autobiographies that I have read in recent years. It certainly passes muster on that account, but how does it fare as a historical document? I am not merely a bloke who enjoys reading rock and roll war stories, although I am and do. But I am also a self-declared rock and roll archaeologist who likes to rummage through the minutiae of what happened, and didn’t happen, amongst the odds and sods surrounding the music business of the past six decades or so. And sadly, there are some very big booboos here that do, I am afraid, cast a little doubt upon the veracity of the rest of the document. For example, the following passage recounted a conversation with Tony Hall of Deram records in 1967.

“But he said something that made it all right with me to live at his place:

‘I went to George Harrison’s home in Henley-On-Thames. When I arrived along with some other people George opened a little Indian pill case he was wearing around his neck. He pulled out an acid tab and popped it into each of our mouths. I had no idea what I was taking, but soon found myself on a ten-hour acid trip. I had the most awful time, people’s faces became grotesque, it was my first and last acid trip’.
Maybe so, but dropping acid with a Beatle made you instantly cool in my mind."

Hmmm. As my nephew Max would say, “Cool story Bro”. But it has one bloody great flaw.

The Friar Park estate was owned by Sir Frank Crisp from 1889 until his death in 1919. The property was then sold at an auction to Sir Percival David. Following their divorce, Lady David moved into the Coachman’s Cottage on the Southwest corner of the property when the rest of the estate was donated for the use of nuns belonging to the Salesians of Don Bosco order. The nuns ran a local school in Henley, the Sacred Heart School, but by the late 1960s Friar Park was in a state of disrepair and due to be demolished. And George Harrison, his wife Patti and various other members of the Harrison family didn’t move in until 1970, three years after Tony Visconti claims that Tony Hall did acid with L’angelo mysterioso there.

Now this might seem like a minor quibble. And, if one is looking at this book as a piece of entertainment, it most certainly is. But if one is a student of such things, the book suddenly becomes very seriously flawed. And there are other such errors in the book as well. Several of them. But let us sweep these things to one side for the moment, because I am feeling charitable, and this is - on the whole - a very interesting and well written book.

Visconti is painfully honest about episodes in his life which others would have tried to sweep under the carpet; his brief brush with heroin as a young man, his infidelities and other indiscretions which contributed to the breakdown of his marriages. And he casts light in the creative process of working with both David Bowie and Marc Bolan. In all the accounts of Bolan’s work during the seventies one has to admit that he comes over as a bit of a cock. Visconti is not the only person to intimate this. John Peel’s biography autobiogtrahy Margrave of the Marshes described how Bolan went from being a sweet and innocent flower child to being a money grabbing arse who was quite prepared to discard old and valued friends apparently on a whim.

Bowie, however, comes over as a genuinely nice bloke. I have been reading - totally serendipitously - the book which Visconti’s third (I think) ex-wife wrote about her affair with John Lennon, and told - touchingly - how the night that Lennon was shot, she was comforted by Bowie and his PA Coco Schwab.

But I digress.

The most disappointing thing for me is that a band I have always really liked - Omaha Sheriff - who produced a glorious album called Come Hell or Waters High, on which (from memory) both Visconti and Hopkin play and sing, get only a brief mention. However, I shouldn’t grumble, they got three lines more than I have ever found about them anywhere else, and it would be remarkably unfair of me to expect a career biography dealing with such a stellar career as Visconti’s, to mention such an obscure side-project. But then, nobody has ever accused me of being fair and equitable. But I ain’t gonna throw my toys out of the pram about it.

Visconti comes over as a damn nice bloke, and as the biography was written when the man was pushing seventy, it is probably both charitable and true to chalk up the factual errors in the narrative to the failing memory of a man who has packed one hell of a lot into those seven decades. I, for example, am nearly a decade and a half younger than him and I don’t always remember what I have done the previous afternoon, let alone the details of conversations I had half a century earlier. However, someone of Visconti’s calibre, or at least his management should have got a fact checker involved to sort out these minor flaws before the thing made it to the marketplace.

Also, sadly the book was written when David Bowie was still alive, and therefore doesn’t include the story of his final, and valedictory, album, which I am sure would have brought tears to the eye of many readers including yours truly. But that is hardly Visconti’s fault, and it would be both unrealistic and churlish to blame him. In fact, the fact that he hasn’t rushed out a new edition to capitalise in the death of his old friend is something for which he should really be lauded.
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…

A little snippet from a story for Hallowe'en; on a road near Ely three companions are making their way home after their car breaks down. Hearing some people talking in a language that appears to be French, Becky, Tim and the dog, Sprout, find themselves walking towards the sound.

“And then the icy grip tore at Becky’s insides. She felt so cold from the inside out. Icy cold. Deathly cold. She shot a quick glance at Tim, and from the ashen look on his face it was clear that he felt a similar sensation. Clumps of mist swirled across the road in front of them. ‘Will-o’-the-wisp,’ whispered Becky. ‘Ghost lights.’ She grabbed hold of Tim’s arm. ‘Don’t move,’ she continued. ‘They will lead you off the road.’

‘Superstitious hocus pocus,’ replied her companion. ‘Come on, let’s just keep moving. Sprout…move!’

‘No!’ shouted Becky. A swirl of ghostly shapes appeared behind the ‘lights’ and stopped. The sound of talking intensified as the shapes appeared to turn to face the walkers. Then they almost seemed to sigh as one in satisfaction at their discovery. Becky and Tim knew
that these were the voices that they had heard. The vapourous shapes slowly began to take the form of men as they walked slowly through the will-o'-the-wisp towards Becky and Tim.

"There you are, you see," announced Tim. "Blokes on a trip stopping off for a barbecue, that's all." But his voice didn't sound convincing. "Just say something to them in French, and we can be on our way."

"Somehow I don't think 'Bonjour, mes amis. Comment ça va?' is going to work, Tim," responded Becky.

Tim looked across at his companion. Her face was ashen, and for the first time that night he could see fear in her eyes.

"Unless we have stumbled across some film set, I am not sure why we should be greeting a dozen or so men in chainmail with the greeting of 'Hello my friends, how is it going?'", she said.

As the figures drew closer, and the sound of their armour rang out in the quietness of the night, Sprout growled, his lips wrinkling around his mouth to expose the rows of teeth.

"Back up," Becky continued. "Walk backwards and then just turn and run."

"Why?" asked Tim. "What the hell is the matter with you?"

"These are not real, Tim. Or, rather, they were once but not now."

"Oh come, on," said Tim. "You are not trying to tell me these are ghosts are you?"

"Just walk backwards, Tim. Hold my hand so we stay together. Come on Sprout."

The companions began moving slowly backwards. The figures kept on walking towards them. The breeze picked up and blew the stench from their bodies towards Becky and Tim.
“Turn, now. Run!” shouted Becky. Sprout’s growl had turned to a whimper and he strained at the leash. Becky had to let it go and she could do nothing but watch him run off into the fields. The two turned as one and ran back the way they had walked before. But their escape was cut short when in front of them more figures appeared. Slowly, they were surrounded by a circle of sneering, smelly figures; a circle that closed in tighter and tighter until each one of the travellers was staring into a pair of cold, lifeless eyes of evil. The soldiers’ lips moved as their unintelligible words uttered forth in their archaic foreign language, but the sounds and movement were slightly out of synchronisation.

By now Becky and Tim were standing back-to-back in the centre of this circle of malevolence. They both heard the smooth sound of steel being drawn from leather and saw the faint light of the moon shine on the metal. The heavy toll of bells resonated across the landscape.

Happy Hallowe’en one and all

And so we shall continue with opening the cabinet doors for this week:

**Justin Bieber's Gold Glove Worn On Believe Tour: AUTHENTIC - £5,000**

“My daughter met Justin Bieber on his Believe tour in 2013. She was lucky enough to be given his signature gold glove worn by Justin Bieber on the tour.”

I am glad that this person’s daughter has seen the error of her ways, although I do hope she knows that it is up for auction.

**Michael Jackson Container in Alluminion, THRILLER, 1980 - £1,200**

“This is a Container, a big Can. Its the gift for my birthday in the 70/80s. I used to keep clean socks. The mesures are: Hi: 45 cm. 30.5 cm Diameter. This is a mirable and in very nice conditions, Memorabilia. I have this container with me, I will accept good offer, in case!”

Yippee a container in which to keep your Michael Jackson. Perfect job. But to give credit where credit is due, the person selling this can write better English than I can Italian.

**PINK FLOYD, AN ORIGINAL BACKDROP, THE WALL - £999.99**

“PINK FLOYD ORIGIONAL TOUR BACKDROP TO "THE WALL", AS USED BY PINK FLOYD AT VARIOUS GIGS WHEN TOURING TO PROMOTE THE ALBUM INCLUDING EARL"
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.
COURT IN 1980.
SEVERAL STAGE DESIGNS WERE DONE BY
THE COMPANY FISHER PARK AND THIS
ITEM CAME FROM THE PERSONAL
COLLECTION OF JONATHAN PARK.
Has been kept in storage and not faded. Would be
great for interior design, or a Pink Floyd Tribute
Band.
DIAMETER IS 10 Feet 6 Inches (3.2 Metres)
Neat – alas, there is nowhere to put it here chez Mr
Ed, unfortunately.
BEATLES Solarex Sunglasses 1964 Original
Promo Easel-Back Counter-Top Display - $1,000
(approximately £821.39)
“Beatles - Solarex
Display (Selteab Inc.)
1964 13.75" x 22" easel-
back promo display
designed to hold
multiple pairs of the
Solarex sunglasses (not
included).
“.95 ea.” written in top
right edge, corners
slightly creased, tiny
stain along right edge,
1/2” split at top left
edge.”
Anyway I am off to tend to my spells ...erm sorry,
dinner. Sheesh, have you seen the price of eyes of
newts in the supermarket these days! And as for the
price of blind-worms’ stings – don’t get me started
on that!
See you next week my little pretties.
“Ev’rywhere I hear the sound of marching charging feet, boy”

http://www.zazzle.co.uk/streetfightingshirts

Auld Man’s Baccie

Resonating with the Blues
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...

“What do you think of my leg extensions?” remarked Paulus the Butterfly.
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.

Gene Clark: No Other (Asylum, 1974) What? “Cosmic country rock.”

No Other is a perennial performer in those lists drawn up by music writers about “best of” this or “most overlooked” of those. Electra Asylum spent years nurturing talents – like Judee Sill – capable of drawing on widescreen vision of the United States. The label achieved a fusion of sorts, in regard to a vision of American national myths and contemporary country rock with The Eagles’ Desperado (1973) and Hotel California (1976). No Other exists somewhere between the pair of these. It looks backwards both in terms of referencing country music, and mourning the loss of a natural environment: “have you seen the changing rivers, Now they wait, Their turn to die…”(from “The Silver Raven”). It also draws enough from soul and rock to anticipate the blurring of country rock boundaries that would occur massively in the wake of Hotel California.

No Other digs as deep as the reflective ruminations of Asylum contemporaries like Jackson Browne but frequently wears its intelligence and spiritual seeking very lightly. The title track, “The Strength of Strings” and “The Silver Raven” in particular flow by on effortless tunes that sugar the soul searching in lines like: “When the stream of changing days, Turns round in so many ways, Then the pilot of the mind, Must find the right direction” (From “No Other”). The individual tracks veer into light soul, old-style country licks and all the standard reference points of country rock but – as the liner notes in the CD reissue consider – this is frequently in the territory Gram Parsons aspired to visit. A realm he termed “cosmic country rock.” At the culmination of the original album “Lady of the North” takes a haikuesque journey from living in the moment to linking individual experience with the elements, throwing in the odd metaphor along the way. Clarke – probably – produces the best lead vocal performance of his career on this cornucopia of country rock brilliance and the shit-hot session crew assembled – including the likes of Joe Lala, Craig Doerge, Lee Sklar and Russ Kunkle – all rise to the challenge, making No Other an embarrassment of riches. Of Clark’s former Byrd-mates only Chris Hillman is on hand; Hillman’s mandolin on “From a Silver Phial” is a minor highlight on a collection bulging with good playing. The obvious problem that held this collection back from widespread appreciation is its ability to vary the sound and style from song to song such that it never sounds less than excellent, but it doesn’t easily tick any one stylistic box. No Other is a solo album in the true sense of the word; a collection of observations, insights and attempts to achieve a perfect fusion of feeling and musical form from song to song. All of which contribute to an insight into a complex and highly creative artist at the peak of his powers.
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
WHAT A WAY TO AVOID SOMEONE

M.A. Mixed

DOGS HELL'S ANGEL!
And so it has rolled around to being the end of another week. And once again it has been somewhat of a Curate’s Egg of a sennight. Charlotte attended Professor Downes’ Academy for Young Ladies on Wednesday, and did very well indeed. And the best news is that after two and a half years of being a money drain, work on my Exeter house is complete and I have new tenants ready to sign a tenancy agreement on Monday. Many thanks to Graham for all his hard work.

Our car failed its MOT terminally on Monday so we are using Julia’s until we get a new one.

You may well have noticed that we are running late with several things at the moment. Life is massively complicated with health issues, family issues and all sorts of other metaphorical crap on our equally metaphorical plate at the moment. But we are getting there … Slowly. And normal service, like they used to say on the BBC when the transmitter went belly up, will be resumed as soon as possible.

However, in the meantime there has been a spate of great new music. Paul Simon’s new album is his most bonkers ever and namechecks Quetiapine, which is amusing, and Van Der Graaf Generator’s new record sounds ummm exactly like Van Der Graaf Generator. I was so tempted here to claim that it was an acoustic record of reggae covers, but I couldn’t work out how to make it funny enough.

Mark the Gonzo Cartoonist asked us if we could mark the passing of his Pekinese, Robbie, who died at the age of at least fourteen.

He writes:

“Robbie was a rescue dog who came to our family and would always welcome all our guests and ask for a cuddle. He was a great friend and will be missed by us all”.

Rest in Peace Robbie.

We will be back next week.

Love to you all.

Hare bol
BEEFHEART AT HIS BEST
Live on stage

ADMIT ONE $5.50
STALLS

Somewhere Over Detroit
11 Dec 1980
From Harpo's Concert Theatre, Detroit
11 Dec 1980
On Stage 20.30

CAPTAIN BEEFHEART
& The Magic Band

Eric Drew Feldman • Robert Williams • Richard Snyder • Jeff Tapolark/White • Jeff Morris Tepper

Live

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