

GONZO

In this mesmerising issue we look at she who was Nico, Doug was in the audience when it all got weird for Kanye West, so unlike every one else we can print what REALLY happened, Alan looks at the music scene in Madeira, John was there when Ryley Walker went electric, and Archie was there when Jon had mixed feelings about J K Rowling, but at least he finally likes Paul Simon, (Jon that is, Archie is still undecided).

Strange Days Indeed
(Most Peculiar Mama)

#210

THE JANITOR OF LUNACY





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THE THREE COMMANDMENTS OF GONZO WEEKLY:

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

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



Dear Friends,

Welcome to a new issue of this singular magazine, which - much to my surprise, because none of the music magazines I have published before have managed it - is actually doing pretty much what I wanted to when I first envisaged it.

I think that - unless you have been living in a lock up garage for the past few weeks - you will know that we have just passed the 2016 Remembrance Sunday.

The recent American Presidential Election was an eye opener in all sorts of ways, but one of the things that startled me was to see that it was only the British news team that were wearing poppies. For some reason I had assumed that all the countries who had fought on the allied side in WW1 celebrated it, and had vaguely wondered how Japan, Italy and Romania who had been on *our* side during WW1 and on the side of the Axis Powers during the return fixture a few years later, had actually figured out how to celebrate the day. But as the United States had been our allies in both I had always assumed that Americans celebrated, like we do on the second Sunday in November, the Sunday nearest to 11 November, Armistice Day, the anniversary of the end of hostilities in the First World War at 11 a.m. in 1918.

But obviously not.



“I had images of an ageing Phil Oakey being dragged out to croon along to the band of the Coldstream Guards playing ‘Don’t you Want me?’”

According to those jolly nice fellows at Wikipedia: Remembrance Sunday is held in the United Kingdom and the Commonwealth as a day "to commemorate the contribution of British and Commonwealth military and civilian servicemen and women in the two World Wars and later conflicts".

So that’s something else I got wrong. And so, it seems, did the organisers back in the early seventies, because I still remember the last few survivors of the Boer War (1897-1902) then centenarians or close to it, residents at the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, being wheeled out for the cameras in 1971 or 1972, to be greeted by Princess Alice of Athlone (1883-2001) who was, if you



didn’t know, Queen Victoria’s last surviving grandchild.

My family always watched the Festival of Remembrance, as shown on BBC1, religiously (no pun intended) but I always remember my Father snorting dismissively, and switching off the television, when - after the main event, stars of stage and screen from the 1940s got up and led the audience in a sing song of popular music from the time. By the time of the Falklands War in the early 1980s, I vaguely wondered whether, thirty years later, the crowd at the Albert Hall would be singing along to pop songs that had been relevant to the soldiers in *that* conflict, and I had images of an ageing Phil Oakey being dragged out to croon along to the band of the Coldstream Guards playing ‘Don’t you Want me?’

Well, I don’t have an answer to that one, because I don’t think I have watched the event since I finally left home in 1980, but according to the Royal Albert Hall website, or was it the Royal British Legion website? “Over the decades the Festival has featured world-famous guest singers and performers including Alfie Boe, Katie Melua, Katherine Jenkins, Russell Watson, Rod Stewart, The Military Wives, Sir Cliff Richard, Brian May, Will Young and Bryn Terfel.”

اللجنة لهم إذا كانوا لا تأخذ نكتة



And, apparently, a few years ago, Rod Stewart and some chick called Pixie Lott, of whom I have vaguely heard, were accused of giggling during the service, and thus being disrespectful to the memory of those who had died. Ho Hum! This year, of course, Her Majesty's press accused Jeremy Corbyn of *dancing* his way to the cenotaph, via a cunning slice of photoshopery, but - believe it or not - none of this is what I actually want to write about this week!

I quite often sit with Mother and watch a DVD in the evenings, and we are currently working our way through the complete *Rumpole of the Bailey* which, as any fule kno, has a big connection to Gonzo Books, because it was written by the late John Mortimer, who was the counsel for the Defence in the notorious *Oz* obscenity trial in 1971.

For those of you unaware of the show (shame on you) check out this brief precis from Wikiwhatsit:

"Rumpole of the Bailey was a British television series. It starred Leo McKern as Horace Rumpole, an elderly London barrister who defended a broad variety of clients, often underdogs. The TV series led to the stories being presented in other media including books and radio.

The "Bailey" of the title is a reference to the Central Criminal Court, the "Old Bailey".

The series was largely set in the mid 1980s which was basically an unprepossessing time for British pop music, but also happened to be the time in history when I got married for the first time, qualified as a Nurse, and got my first mortgage. And it has got me thinking.

One of the perennial subplots in the series is the main protagonist, the eponymous Rumpole, contrasting his youth during the war years, with the youth of the young people in the series who were often about the same age as I was at the time that it was filmed. And this got me thinking. When I got my first post-qualification job, my immediate line manager was an elderly Charge Nurse who had served in the Navy in WW2, which was just over forty years in the past at the time that I was working for him.

He was about seven years older at the time than I am now, and - if he is still alive, which I sorely doubt - would now be somewhere in his late nineties. What am I getting at?

Well there is a longer historical gap NOW between the breakup of *The Beatles* and the heyday of much of the music that we write about in this magazine, and this grey November day when I am sitting down in my favourite armchair, with my blanket across my knees, and a small Jack Russell terrier burrowed beneath it. The rock and rollers of the sixties are now older than Charge Nurse Morrish was back in those dreary days when he was trying to teach me to be a competent Staff Nurse at Western Hospital for the Mentally Handicapped. And that, to me, is somewhat of a staggering concept.

“Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten as a dream
Dies at the opening day.”

Well, as entropy only goes in one direction, that is fairly self evident. But it still does my head in.

HareBol
jd



Binky Womack, Richard Palmer-James, Madonna, Steve Rothery Band, Elton John, Bruce Springsteen, Diana Ross, Bob Dylan, Morrissey, Strange Fruit, Friday Night Progressive, Mack Maloney's Mystery Hour, Craig Douglas Gill, Sharon Lafaye Jones, Hugh McDonald, Donald "Don" Lee Waller, Walter Howard "Hod" O'Brien, Joe Esposito, Spirits Burning and Clearlight, Vangelis, Al Atkins, Atomic Rooster, Rick Wakeman, Martin Stephenson and The Daintees, Archie Fisher & Barbara Dickson, Nico, Pink Fairies, Kanye West, Alan Dearling, The Camachofones, Andrei Ladeichikov, Quatro Litros, John Brodie-Good, Ryley Walker, Itasca, Mr Biffo, Roy Weard, Hawkwind, Xtul, Martin Springett, J K Rowling, nDavid Bowie, Adam Ant, Elvis, Neil Nixon, C.O.B. (Clive's Original Band)

IT'S A LEGAL MATTER BABY

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dramatis Personae



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

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

NAMING THOSE RESPONSIBLE

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

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

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

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

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

Jonathan Downes,
Editor: Gonzo Daily (Music and More)
Editor: Gonzo Weekly magazine
The Centre for Fortean Zoology,
Myrtle Cottage,
Woolfardisworthy,
Bideford, North Devon
EX39 5QR

Telephone 01237 431413
Fax+44 (0)7006-074-925
eMail jon@eclipse.co.uk

so what's it all about, Alfie?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE ^{gonzo} NEWSROOM



Gonzo Grande Fromage Rob Ayling is currently in America, and this week paid a visit to the one and only Binky Womack. *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.

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.

GOZZO CURRENTLY IN STOCK AT GONZO (UK)

GOZZO CURRENTLY IN STOCK AT GONZO (USA)

MARTIN STEPHENSON AND THE DAINTEES

BOAT TO BOLIVIA

30TH ANNIVERSARY TOUR 2016

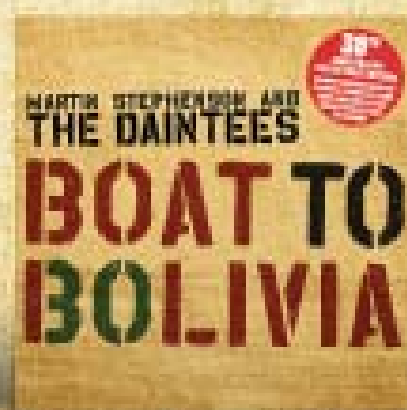
NOVEMBER 2016

- 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

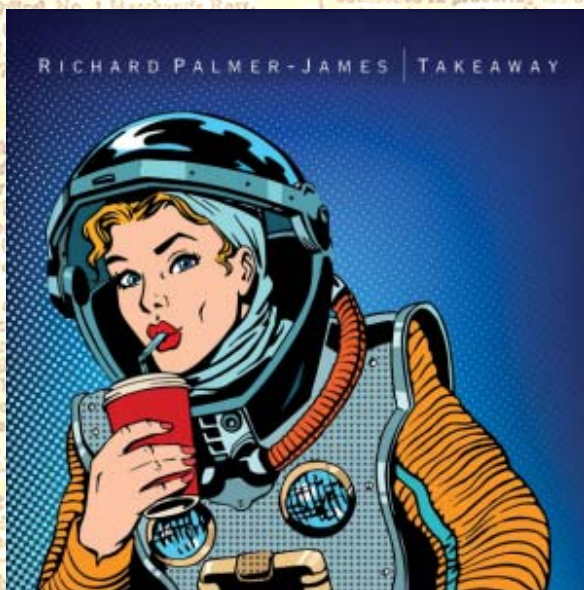
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"Capitalism is the extraordinary belief that the nastiest of men for the nastiest of motives will somehow work for the benefit of all."

John Maynard Keynes



Supertramp Founding Member & King Crimson Songwriter Richard Palmer-James Releases Debut Solo Album "Takeaway" OUT NOW!

London, UK — Supertramp founding member & King Crimson songwriter Richard Palmer-James has released his debut solo album "Takeaway"! An

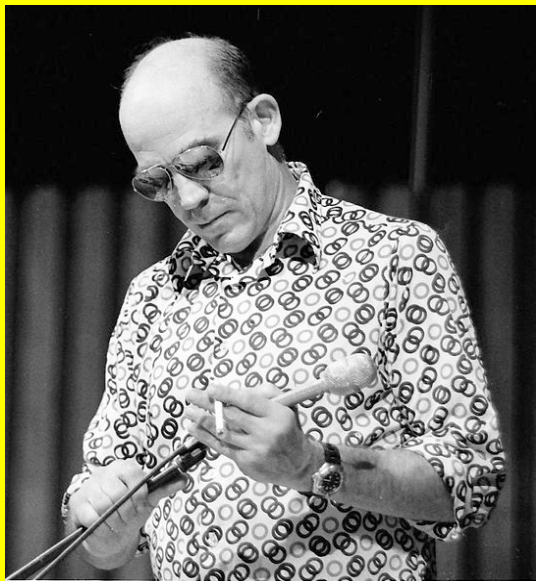
English songwriter & guitarist, Richard is best known for having written lyrics to several songs by the progressive rock group King Crimson in the early 1970s.

Says Richard, "Having spent the last few decades writing words for other people to sing, and thus being obliged to comply with the ambitions and sensibilities of others, I wanted to present a collection of songs that are uncompromisingly my own."

"I've been trying them out in club and pub appearances as a singer/songwriter, and they seem to work, but I'm very curious to see what sort of reaction this album production, which was realised with the indispensable help of a few talented colleagues from the Munich music scene, might elicit."

"The recordings differ stylistically from most of the stuff I worked on as a hired hand – probably because I enjoy playing acoustic instruments and writing pieces which involve storytelling."

Richard Palmer-James got his start in the music business playing in various Bournemouth bands: The Corvettes, The Palmer-James Group (formed with Alec James), Tetrad, and Ginger Man, all of which also included John Wetton on bass and vocals. He was a founding member of Supertramp; he played guitar, sang vocals and wrote the lyrics for their self-titled debut album under the name Richard Palmer and co-wrote the lyrics of the song "Goldrush", a song written during his days in the band and finally recorded on their 2002 album



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...

Hunter S. Thompson

"So we shall let the reader answer this question for himself: who is the happier man, he who has braved the storm of life and lived or he who has stayed securely on shore and merely existed?"

"Slow Motion".

Richard wrote lyrics for three of King Crimson's albums: "Larks' Tongues in Aspic", "Starless and Bible Black", and "Red". He did not participate in any of King Crimson's recordings, but worked with John Wetton and David Cross after Robert Fripp disbanded the group in 1974.

Richard has lived in Munich since the early 1970s. He worked in Munich on the composition and production of music for films and TV until his activities as a lyricist – for such diverse acts as King Crimson, La Bionda, Mireille Mathieu and Haddaway, among others – took priority, resulting in over 400 published titles. In the 90's, however, he returned to playing guitar regularly, and with the help of the resonator guitar and mandolin began to rediscover in blues and folk music the sources of his musical inspiration.

In 1978 Richard was visited by John Wetton and W.J. Hutcheson, who were his bandmates in Tetrax, and they recorded as "Jack-Knife" an album with the German drummer Curt Cress in 10 days called "I Wish You Would". He also wrote the English lyrics for the Italo Disco inventors La Bionda.

In 1997 he released a CD with former bandmate John Wetton under the title "Monkey Business", a compilation of unreleased material including some songs that were recorded for the first time in studio, like a King Crimson tune called "Doctor Diamond". In 2015 "I Wish You Would" and "Monkey Business" were released together as a twofer and that continues to be available via this link: <http://geni.us/OVtK2P>

Today Richard makes his living mainly as a lyricist and performing on guitar live. In support of his new album, Richard Palmer-James will be playing showcase concerts in the UK and Germany.

ROCCO'S REEFER

Madonna has asked for privacy as she and her ex-husband Guy Ritchie deal with their teenage son Rocco's bust for marijuana possession. Rocco Ritchie was found in possession of the drug in September (16), after police reportedly received a tip off about the 16-year-old's drug habit by his dad's concerned neighbours in London's posh Primrose Hill. Officers swooped on the youngster and found a stash of cannabis in his backpack after conducting a body search.

The incident wasn't widely reported at the time, and reports suggest officials at Camden Borough's Youth Offending Team have been working on trying to rehabilitate Rocco and show him the error of his ways. According to The Sun, he escaped a criminal record for the 28 September (16) offence, although a record of the legal run-in

The Gospel According to *BART*

My favourite roving reporter, this week sent us news of one of the most popular Marillion spin-off bands:

18 November 2016 Steve Rothery Band Gigs



With 2017 already filling up in the Marillion calender and due to overwhelming demand, Steve has managed to shoehorn in a few European Steve Rothery Band gigs for the first part of January. The tour is called 'Ghosts & Garden parties' and the dates are as follows

- 4th January Knust, Hamburg
- 5th January Musiktheater Piano, Dortmund
- 6th January Batschkapp, Frankfurt
- 7th January De Pul, Uden
- 11th January ABC2, Glasgow
- 12th January Band on the Wall, Manchester
- 13th January Islington Assemble Hall, London
- 14th January The Junction, Cambridge

The support will be The Dave Foster Band and once again he'll be joined by guest vocalist Martin Jakubski to revisit some of his favourite and seldom heard older Marillion tracks.

will be kept. Now his pop superstar mother Madonna has broken her silence about the incident, which she has branded a "family matter". **Read on...**



TRUMPED BY ELTON

Elton John's representative has shut down reports suggesting the rock icon has been booked to perform at U.S. President-elect Donald Trump's inauguration. The Rocket Man star had been an outspoken supporter of Trump's Democratic rival Hillary Clinton in the run up to the election earlier this month (Nov16), so fans were surprised to learn Elton had allegedly agreed to perform a show in Washington, D.C. in January (17).

Anthony Scaramucci, a key advisor to Trump, made the claim in an interview on BBC's HARDtalk, saying, "Elton John is going to be doing our concert on the Mall for the inauguration." However, it appears the announcement was news to Elton himself and a spokesperson has since denied the singer will be helping to celebrate Trump's election as the 45th President on 20 January (17). "This is incorrect," the representative writes in a statement emailed to Pitchfork.com. "Elton will not be performing at Trump's inauguration." **Read on...**

BRUCE AND DIANA HONOURED

Bruce Springsteen and Diana Ross were among the 21 people named this week to receive the Presidential Medal of Freedom.

The Medal of Freedom is the highest honour that can be given to a civilian and is reserved for those "individuals who have made especially meritorious

THE ^{gonzo} NEWSROOM



Medal of Freedom is not just our nation's highest civilian honor - it's a tribute to the idea that all of us, no matter where we come from, have the opportunity to change this country for the better. From scientists, philanthropists, and public servants to activists, athletes, and artists, these 21 individuals have helped push America forward, inspiring millions of people around the world along the way." **Read on...**

DYLAN: YOU ARE SO FUCKING COOL

Bob Dylan will not travel to Sweden to accept his historic Nobel Prize win. The folk rocker became the first songwriter to be awarded the literature prize on 13 October (16), when the Nobel panel experts praised him for "having created new poetic expressions within the great American song tradition".

As is tradition, all Nobel Prize winners are invited to accept their award in person at a ceremony in Stockholm, Sweden, but officials at the Swedish Academy, the organisation which picks the honourees, previously revealed they were struggling to get hold of Dylan. They eventually tracked him down and asked if he would be attending the 10 December (16) prizegiving. The folk-rock icon responded, "Absolutely, if it's at all possible."

However, the 75-year-old has now announced he will not be able to go to the ceremony. Officials at the Swedish Academy have received a "personal letter" from Dylan, in which he states he is not able to attend "due to pre-existing commitments". However, he is still required to give a Nobel lecture before June (17) as part of the terms of his win. The singer is not the only Nobel Prize recipient to not attend the ceremony - Harold Pinter and Doris Lessing also snubbed the prizegiving in 2005 and 2007, respectively.

"The prize still belongs to them, just as it belongs to Bob Dylan," a statement from the Swedish Academy reads. "We look forward to Bob Dylan's Nobel lecture, which he must give - it is the only requirement - within six months counting from December 10, 2016." **Read on...**

contributions to the security or national interests of the United States, to world peace, or to cultural or other significant public or private endeavors." President Barack Obama said "The Presidential

STRANGE DAYS



I SEE NO SHIPS

<http://tinyurl.com/zfa4tc3>

Archaeologists have found more than 40 vessels in the Black Sea, some more than a millennium old, shedding light on early empires and trade routes. The medieval ship lay more than a half-mile down at the bottom of the Black Sea, its masts, timbers and planking undisturbed in the darkness for seven or eight centuries. Lack of oxygen in the icy depths had ruled out the usual riot of creatures that feast on sunken wood.

This fall, a team of explorers lowered a robot on a long tether, lit up the wreck with bright lights and took thousands of high-resolution photos. A computer then merged the images into a detailed portrait. Archaeologists date the discovery to the 13th or 14th century, opening a new window on forerunners of the 15th- and 16th-century sailing vessels that discovered the New World, including those of Columbus. This medieval ship probably served the Venetian empire, which had Black Sea outposts.

GOTHIC JOKE

<http://tinyurl.com/zscomxv>

The FBI spent two years chasing down leaders of "God Hates Goths" church before realizing the whole thing was a parody. In December 2005, the FBI opened a file on the religious extremist group the "Church of the Hammer."

Named after the infamous treaty on witchcraft and allegedly founded by a protégée of Westboro

Baptists' Fred Phelps, the group called for violent retribution on those in defiance of God's will. Particularly practitioners of the goth subculture, but they weren't by any means picky.

The Bureau's main source on the case was a goth who had engaged with members of the Church via their Yahoo Group "GodHatesGoths," trying to dispel their misconceptions about the relationship between the subculture and Satanism.

The unnamed goth was apparently unsuccessful.

Eventually, the FBI deemed the Church enough of a threat to move beyond mere fact-finding into full-on investigation - agents feared that if they didn't act soon, they might have another Waco on their hands.

ONE OF THOSE DAYS IN ENGLAND

<http://tinyurl.com/z2am64l>

Chinese tourists are descending on an English village in search of "the true sense" of the UK, the BBC can reveal. Residents were baffled by coaches of sightseers arriving in Kidlington, Oxfordshire and posing for photos in front gardens and against parked cars. But a guide has now confirmed the tourists are attracted by the quiet houses and gardens.

The guide was responding to a BBC question sheet that was handed to tourists. The tourists were first identified in Benmead Road and the Moors in July, the Spotted: Kidlington Facebook page reported.

PRATT, DOWNES & SCOTT,
(Successors to T.W. & O.P. BARNETT)

"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...



Morrissey, bless his little cotton socks, has written an open letter to Mary Berra, the Chairman and CEO of General Motors asking that they stop using natural leather in their cars, especially the eco-friendly Volt and Bolt. Instead, he would like to see vegan leather used, a material that is normally made from polyurethane but can also be cork or kelp-based.

Morrissey wrote:

Mary T Barra

Chair and CEO
General Motors Company

21 November 2016

Dear Ms Barra,

As I head to Detroit to play the Royal Oak Music Theatre, I'm writing to ask GM to make Chevy's Volt and Bolt more eco-friendly by giving buyers the option to choose vegan leather interiors—including steering wheels and gear shifts. GM is named in PETA's brand-new investigation of cattle ranches, on which animals are branded on the face, electroshocked, and beaten before they're slaughtered and used to make leather interiors for car companies, including yours.

More and more people are opting for vegan leather for the sake of both cows and the environment. A staggering 51 per cent of global greenhouse-gas emissions are caused by animal agriculture. Animal skins also have to be treated with a toxic soup of chemicals in order to keep them from decomposing, and runoff from leather tanneries poisons vital waterways.

Given that the Volt and Bolt are being marketed to eco-conscious buyers, entirely vegan options would only broaden their appeal. I look forward to your reply.

Yours sincerely,

Morrissey

A large brown chicken is superimposed over a photograph of a protest. The chicken is standing on its legs, facing right. In the background, a crowd of people is visible, some holding signs. One sign says "CLEAN UP CHEVRON". Another sign says "THE FUTURE IS NOW". A large yellow banner with the word "Democracy" is visible in the foreground, partially obscured by the chicken. The word "watch" is written in a smaller font at the end of the banner.

Democracy watch

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the safe transmission of Packages, Families,
Bank Notes, Sports, and Merchandise generally
Three Times each way Daily.

Particular attention given to paying, collecting and ne-
gotiating notes, drafts, bills, and purchasing and selling
merchandise, produce, etc.

All packages must be directed to his care.
The subscriber is alone responsible for property entrusted
to his care, and no risk is assumed by the Boston and
Worcester Rail Road Company.

Packages by this line forwarded from Worcester to
Boston, Newburyport, Taunton, Fall River, and New Bedford;
also, to Portland, and all parts of Maine.

Orders for goods to be returned by this Express.

HARDEN & CO'S Office, 8 Court Street
Boston; J. H. KNIGHT'S HAT STORE, 169 Main St.
Worcester.
E. S. LEONARD.
Feb. 25, 1847.

IT IS TIME TO STAND UP AND BE COUNTED

PRATT, DOWNES & SCOTT,
— W & P BURGESS —

THE LAST WEEK AT GONZO DAILY

Sunday
Monday
Tuesday
Wednesday
Thursday
Friday
Saturday

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

ELDRIDGE CLEAVER

Two types of people visit rhino in the wild

The strong and courageous
take a camera

The weak and cowardly
take a gun

**What sort of
person are you?**

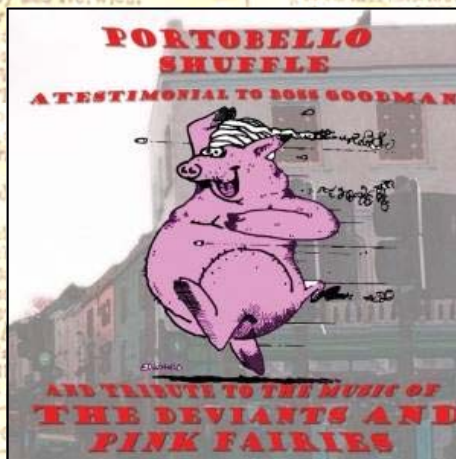
Celebrate wildlife on
World Wildlife Day
don't shoot it.





I'M ON BOARD!

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



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

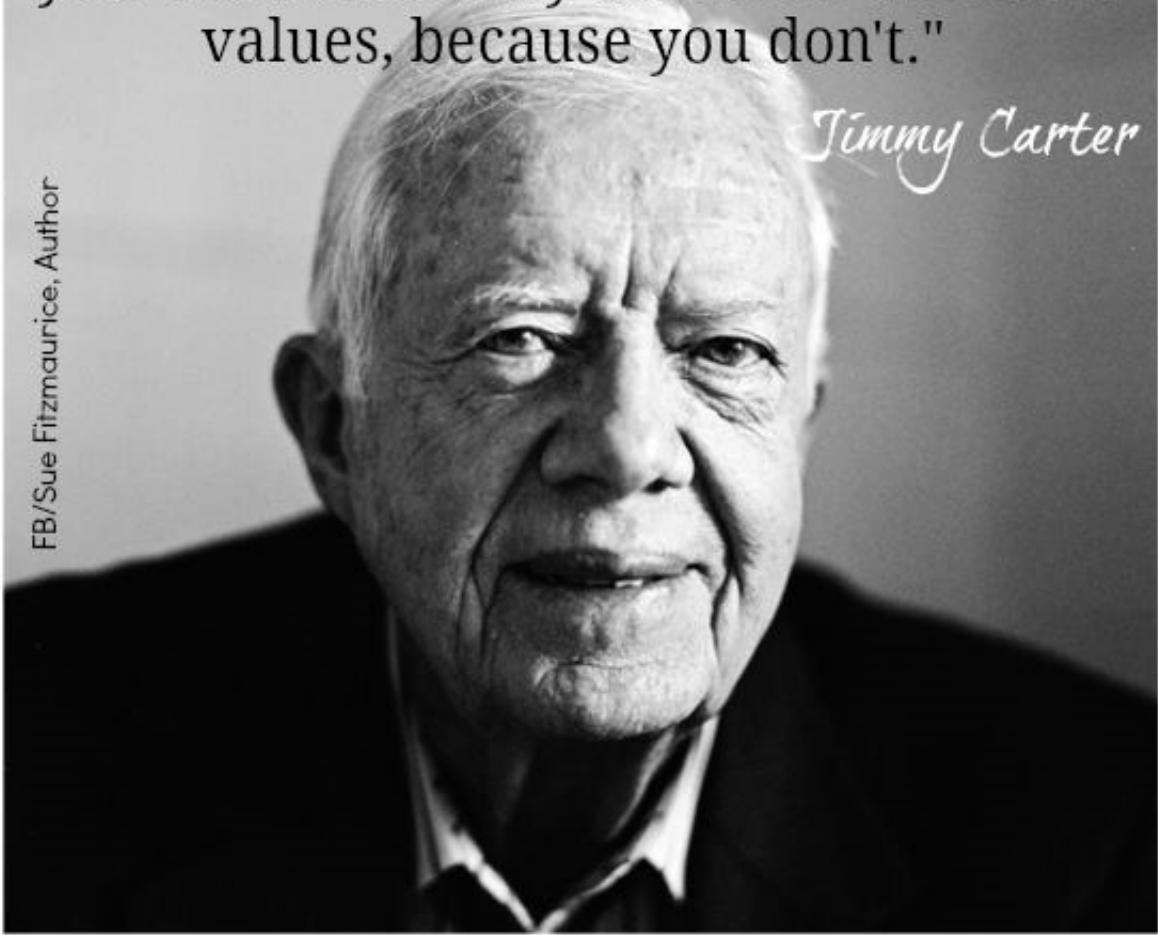
MICHAEL DES BARRÉS ON
**LITTLE STEVEN'S
UNDERGROUND GARAGE**
MAXIMUM ROCK AND ROLL
MORNINGS 8AM - 11AM ET CH21 **SIRIUS** | ((XM))
SATELLITE RADIO

(FILLING IN FOR ANDREW LOOG OLDFHAM)

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

Jimmy Carter

FB/Sue Fitzmaurice, Author



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



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Peculiar News of the Week



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

Massive 17-foot crocodile rescued from canal in Sri Lanka

<http://tinyurl.com/zebkmmms>





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

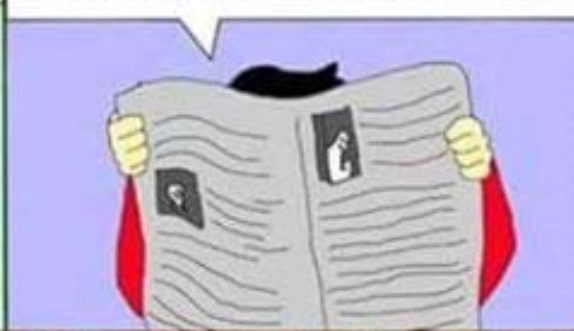
But over the past few years, it has become more than that. We now host regular weekly shows by Neil Nixon, a lecturer in professional writing at North West Kent College who uses his weekly radio show, Strange Fruit, as a learning experience for his students on the Foundation Course. I've known Neil for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

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

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



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



Sex?



No...

Prog



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





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

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

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

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



Show 189

MOTHER OF GONG

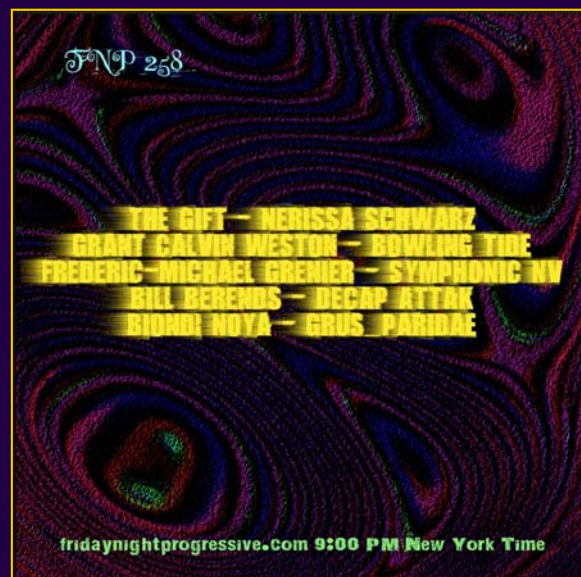
Steve Hillage: It's All Too Much
 Half Man Half Biscuit: It Makes the Room Look Bigger
 Billie Holiday: I'm a Fool to Want You
 Gilli Smyth: I am a Fool
 Gilli Smyth: Mother
 Einaris: Robin Williams
 Jim O'Rourke: Pictures of Adolf
 J.B's Internationals: A Little Bit of Disco
 The Liverpool Scene: Batpoem
 The Latest Flames: Jolene
 Phoenix: Sad Eyed Lady of the Lowlands
 Gilli Smyth: Taliesin
 The Scars: Psychomodo
 Aziza Brahim: Baraka
 Frank Sinatra: Excerpt From Reflections on the Future
 Some Some Unicorn: Time Begins Once More
 The Unthanks: Foundling
 The Luck of Eden Hall: Blown to Kingdom Come
 Michael Kiwanuka: Love and Hate
 Siouxsie and the Banshees: Drifter
 Momus: Pygmalism
 Gilli Smyth: Next Time Ragtime
 Fucking Crap: Prog 1

**Listen
Here**



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

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



ARTISTS:

The Gift

[http://www.facebook.com/](http://www.facebook.com/TheGiftMusicUk/?fref=ts)

[TheGiftMusicUk/?fref=ts](http://www.facebook.com/TheGiftMusicUk/?fref=ts)

Nerissa Schwarz

[http://www.facebook.com/](http://www.facebook.com/nerissaschwarzmusic/?fref=ts)

[nerissaschwarzmusic/?fref=ts](http://www.facebook.com/nerissaschwarzmusic/?fref=ts)

Grant Calvin Weston

<http://www.facebook.com/g.calvin.weston>

Bowling Tide

[http://www.facebook.com/](http://www.facebook.com/BowlingTideMusic/?fref=ts)

[BowlingTideMusic/?fref=ts](http://www.facebook.com/BowlingTideMusic/?fref=ts)

Frederic-Michael Grenier

[http://www.facebook.com/](http://www.facebook.com/fredericmichael.grenier)

[fredericmichael.grenier](http://www.facebook.com/fredericmichael.grenier)

SYMPHONIC NV

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[-194582883897342/?fref=ts](http://www.facebook.com/SYmPHONIC-NV-194582883897342/?fref=ts)

Bill Berends

<http://billberends.com/>

DECAP ATTACK

[http://www.facebook.com/DECAP-ATTAK-](http://www.facebook.com/DECAP-ATTAK-109494529099561/?fref=ts)

[109494529099561/?fref=ts](http://www.facebook.com/DECAP-ATTAK-109494529099561/?fref=ts)

Biondi Noya

[http://www.facebook.com/biandinoya?](http://www.facebook.com/biandinoya?fref=ts)

[fref=ts](http://www.facebook.com/biandinoya?fref=ts)

Grus Paridae

[https://www.facebook.com/GrusParidae/?](https://www.facebook.com/GrusParidae/?fref=ts)

[fref=ts](https://www.facebook.com/GrusParidae/?fref=ts) — with Frederic-Michael Grenier,

Mike Morton, Biondi Noya, Nicholas Love,

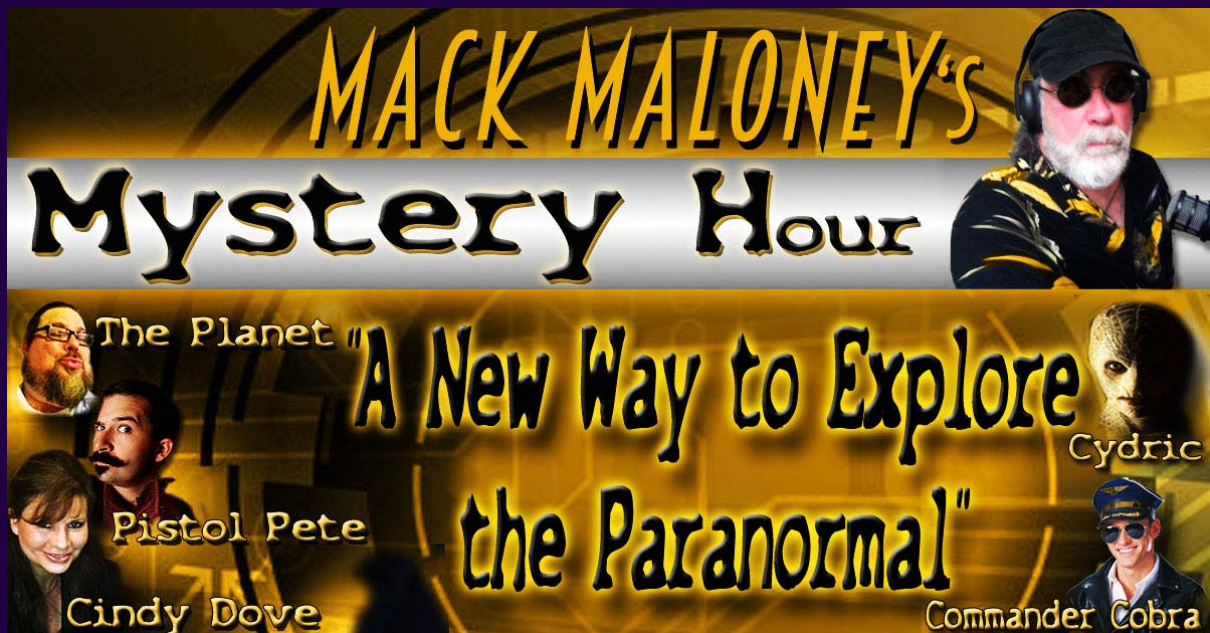
Rami Turtiainen, Nerissa Schwarz, Bill

Berends, Grant C Weston, Alf Schumacher,

DECAP ATTACK and Gordon Midgley.

**Listen
Here**

Friday Night Progressive



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

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

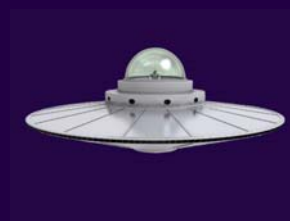
He's a member of SKY CLUB, Gonzo recording artists. He's been a radio host since 2010. He lives with his wife, Doreen, on an island off the coast of Massachusetts."



AND LOOK WHAT MACK HAS FOR YOU THIS WEEK

The Best of Commander Cobra

The name says it all. The best segments from the Distant Thunder Conspiracy Files presented by the Cobra himself.



Listen
Here

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



Craig Douglas Gill (1971 – 2016)

Gill was the drummer and a founding member of the Oldham-based indie band Inspiral Carpets, which was formed in the '80s alongside guitarist, Graham Lambert. He joined them in 1986 at the age of 14 after meeting them in a car park when their drummer had not turned up for a gig. By 1989 they made up a tenth of John Peel's Festive Fifty - his annual list of favourite singles. The following year *This Is How It Feels* took them into the Top 20 and on to *Top of The Pops*.

Gill was a DJ at The Hacienda nightclub, and also a music historian and ran music-themed tours around Greater Manchester, explaining landmarks relating to the Madchester scene and Manchester's musical heritage. He also published, *The Manchester Musical History Tour*.

After the band's initial split Gill ran a record stall at Affleck's Palace.

On 22 November 2016, Gill died at the age of 44.

Sharon Lafaye Jones (1956 – 2016)

Jones was an American soul and funk singer, and lead singer of Sharon Jones & The Dap-Kings, a soul and funk band based in Brooklyn, New York. Jones experienced breakthrough success relatively



late in life, releasing her first record when she was 40 years old.

Jones was a regular gospel singer in church, and often entered talent shows backed by local funk bands in the early 1970s. Session work then continued with backing vocals, often credited to Lafaye Jones, but in the absence of any recording contract as a solo singer, she spent many years working as a corrections officer at Rikers Island and as an armored car guard for Wells Fargo, until receiving a mid-life career break in 1996 after she appeared on a session backing the soul and deep funk legend Lee Fields.

In 2002, under the name Sharon Jones & The Dap-Kings, the group released the album *Dap Dippin'* with Sharon Jones and the Dap-Kings, for which they received immediate attention and acclaim from enthusiasts, DJs and collectors.

Jones had a small part in the 2007 film *The Great Debaters*, starring Denzel Washington and Forest Whitaker, in which she played Lila, a juke joint singer. Her performance of Lucille Bogan's "That's What My Baby Likes" is featured in the film, and additional covers by Jones of songs from the 1930s are included on the film's soundtrack.

In 2007 Jones performed on tour with Lou Reed, although her appearance in *The Great Debaters*

THOSE WE HAVE LOST

caused Jones to turn down a stint as back-up singer for Reed's fall 2007 live show built around his Berlin album. In 2009, she sang backup for Phish during their Halloween performance of the Rolling Stones' Exile on Main St.

Jones has sometimes been called, especially early in her late renaissance of a career, the Female James Brown.

It was announced on June 3, 2013, that Jones had been diagnosed with bile duct cancer, and underwent surgery, which forced her to postpone the release of the group's fifth album, *Give the People What They Want*. The diagnosis was later changed to stage II pancreatic cancer, for which Jones had surgery on her liver and underwent chemotherapy. This caused hair loss, and for a time she performed bald, refusing to wear wigs.

Jones suffered a stroke on election night 2016 and after a second stroke days later died on November 18, aged 60. According to bandmate Gabriel Roth, "She told the people that were [at the hospital] that Trump gave her the stroke. ... She was blaming Trump for the whole thing."



Hugh McDonald (1954 – 2016)

McDonald was an Australian musician, active from the 1970s to 2016, and performing and recording with The Bushwackers, The Sundowners, Banshee, Redgum, Des 'Animal' McKenna, Moving Cloud, and The Colonials. He became better known when he joined the folk-rock group Redgum in 1981, and after lead singer John Schumann left the band in 1986, he took over as lead singer until the group disbanded in 1990.

Hugh also lent his musical and recording expertise to the production of the Poowong Consolidated Primary School's annual music CD and more recently DVD. He has worked alongside the students and music teacher Phil Beggs to compose, write, record and produce the CD.

In 2014 McDonald released his fourth post-Redgum solo album titled *The Land*, which includes his more recent originals "If It All Goes South", a tender heartfelt song which he wrote for his wife, Rebecca Harris Mason, and "Shrodinger's Cat", a contemplative song about accepting the uncertainties of life.

McDonald performed for Australian forces overseas several times, visiting East Timor, Afghanistan, the Solomon Island and Tanzania.

He died on 18th November 2016 from complications of prostate cancer.

Donald "Don" Lee Waller (1951 – 2016)

Waller was a music writer and proto-punk singer with the Imperial Dogs, who contributed to the *Los Angeles Times* throughout the 1980s.

He wrote *The Motown Story* (Scribner's, 1985) and was also a chapter-contributor to the L.A. punk-rock history bible *Make the Music Go Bang!* and, in the '70s, co-founded (along with Phast Phreddie Patterson) the influential Back Door Man fanzine/ indie record label. He also wrote liner notes for sets

THOSE WE HAVE LOST



including “Beg, Scream & Shout!: The Big Ol’ Box Of ‘60s Soul,” the classic garage-rock series “Nuggets” and “Motown Superstars Sing Motown Superstars.”

He died on 17th November, aged 65, after a battle with lung cancer.



Walter Howard "Hod" O'Brien (1936 – 2016)

O'Brien was an American jazz pianist, who began playing professionally in 1950, and substituted for Randy Weston in 1955. He led his own group in

Massachusetts during 1956–57, then joined Oscar Pettiford in 1957–58, and J.R. Monterose/Elvin Jones in 1958–59. Between 1960 and 1963 he played with Phil Woods, Freddie Hubbard, Charlie Rouse, and Lee Konitz.

O'Brien ran the St. James Infirmary jazz club in New York City in 1974–75 and played in the house band alongside Beaver Harris and Cameron Brown; this group accompanied Roswell Rudd, Sheila Jordan, Chet Baker, Zoot Sims, Al Cohn, Pepper Adams, and Archie Shepp, among others.

He died at the age of 80 on November 21st.

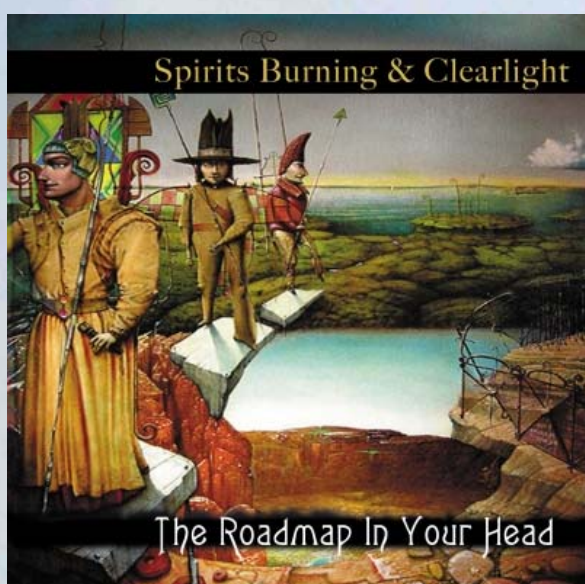


Joe Esposito (1938 – 2016)

Esposito was best known for his association with Elvis Presley. He first met Presley while serving in the military in 1958; they both went through basic training, but did not meet face to face until a year later when both stationed in West Germany. Esposito became Elvis's road manager and bodyguard beginning in 1960. Esposito served as co-best man, at Elvis's wedding. After Elvis' death, Esposito went to work for Jerry Weintraub becoming the road manager for greats including Michael Jackson, The Bee Gees, Karen Carpenter and John Denver.

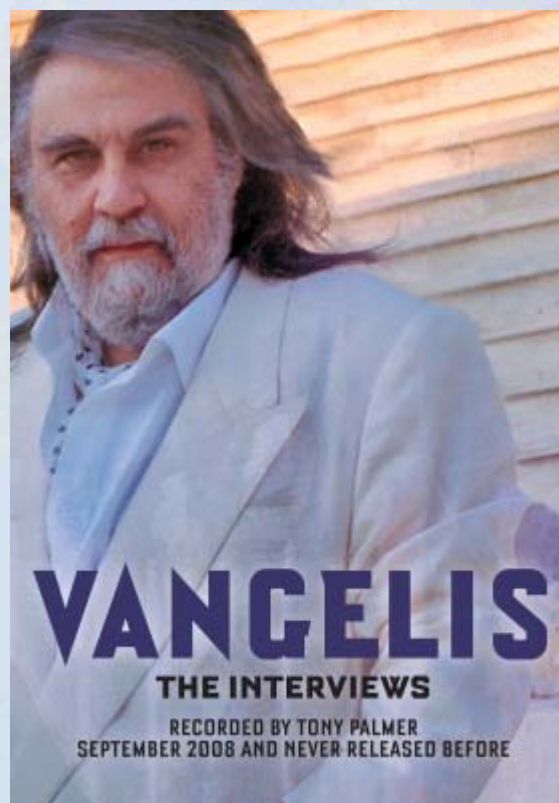
Esposito died November 23rd, after a year of declining health.

THOSE WE HAVE LOST



Artist Spirits Burning and Clearlight
Title The Roadmap In Your Head
Cat No. HST423CD
Label Gonzo

Spirits Burning, the brain child of multi instrumentalist producer Don Falcone team up with the legendary Clearlight (aka equally legendary Prog artist Cyrille Verdeaux) for a second album of delightful grooves together. Don Falcone (born November 5th, 1958) is an American musician and producer. Originally a poet-performer in Pennsylvania, he relocated to San Francisco at the beginning of the 1980s. He was a member of Thessalonians and the original Melting Euphoria, had a solo project called Spaceship Eyes, and since 1996 has led the Spirits Burning space rock collective. Various cable and TV network programs have also used Falcone's music. Cyrille, however, has been producing fantastic music since 1975, sometimes with various members of Gong. Put these two musical Giants together and the grooviest of sparks are going to fly! What's not to like?



Artist Vangelis
Title The Tony Palmer Interviews
Cat No. TPDVD192
Label Tony Palmer

Evangelos Odysseas Papathanassiou born 29 March 1943), known professionally as Vangelis is a Greek composer of electronic, progressive, ambient, jazz, and orchestral music. He is best known for his Academy Award-winning score for the film Chariots of Fire, composing scores for the films Blade Runner, Missing, Antarctica, 1492: Conquest of Paradise, and Alexander, and the use of his music in the PBS documentary



Cosmos: A Personal Voyage by Carl Sagan. Here he discusses his stellar career with legendary journalist Tony Palmer - never seen before!

Running Time: 280 minutes

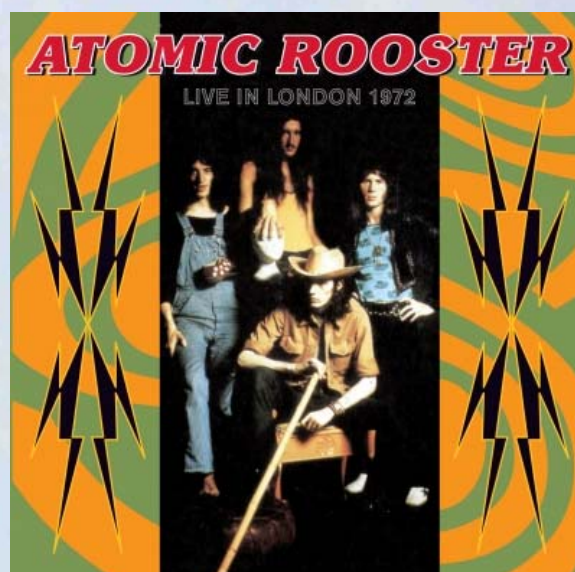


Artist Al Atkins
Title Back To Berlin
Cat No. HST427CD
Label Gonzo

Al Atkins is best known for being the original singer with Midlands heavy rockers Judas Priest with a wife and young daughter to support and no record deal in sight, Atkins was forced "to get a haircut and a 9-to-5 job" in May 1973.

He was replaced by Rob Halford, who found himself singing many songs that were originally written by Atkins. Consequently, the album Rocka Rolla gives a portrait of Atkins' original vision for the band. Atkins eventually formed another band, Lion and went solo after it dissolved, releasing four albums in the 1990s and a final, fifth album in 2007 as a solo artist.

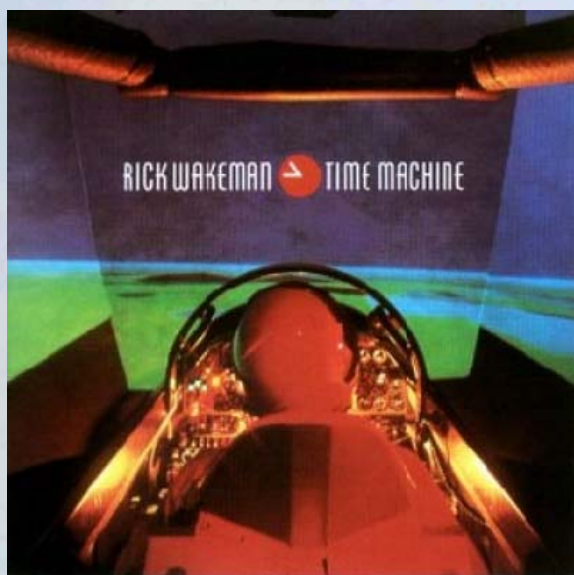
Despite being at the age that most men are thinking of retirement, Al is still one of the hardest rocking frontmen on the planet, as this album bears testament



Artist Atomic Rooster
Title Live in London 1972
Cat No. HST426CD
Label Gonzo

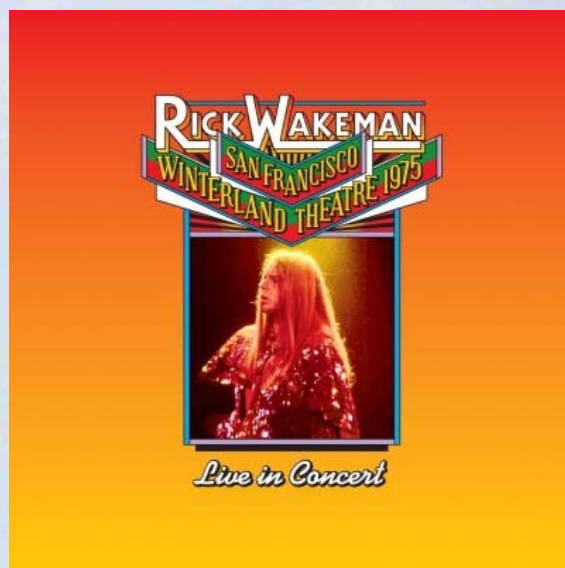
Atomic Rooster are an English rock band, originally formed by members of The Crazy World of Arthur Brown, organist Vincent Crane and drummer Carl Palmer. Throughout their history, keyboardist Vincent Crane was the only constant member, and wrote the majority of their material. Their history is defined by two periods: the early-mid-1970s and the early 1980s. The band went through radical style changes, however they are best known for the hard, progressive rock sound of their hit singles, "Tomorrow Night" (UK No. 11) and "The Devil's Answer" (UK No. 4), both in 1971. This record presents them live at their blistering best.





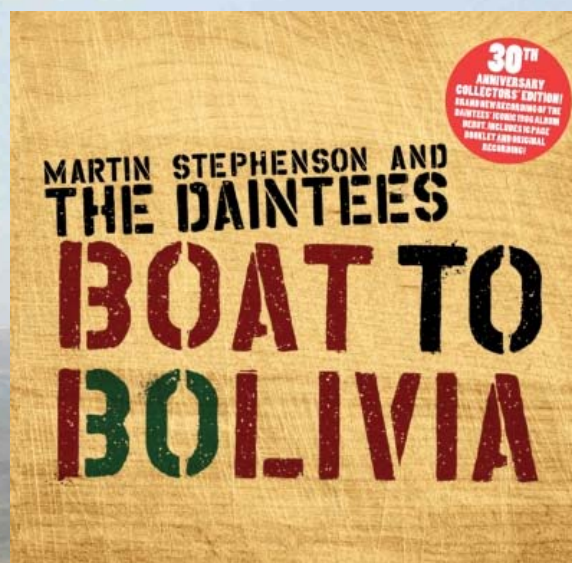
Artist Rick Wakeman
Title Time Machine
Cat No. MFGZ012CD
Label RRAW

Mie DeGagne writes: "Musically depicting certain historical events and places, Time Machine spotlights Rick Wakeman in his most familiar territory, as his whirlwind keyboard attack takes on a rock & roll feel across numerous conceptual pieces. Adding his instrumental fervor to such legendary occurrences as "Custer's Last Stand" and the ice age (in a track simply titled "Ice"), Wakeman's barrage of heavy synthesizer with front-and-center percussion gives this album its hardened, rock-induced edge. Guest vocalists John Parr, Tracey Ackerman, Ashley Holt, and Roy Wood of Wizzard are pleasant additions to the synthesized entanglements, especially Parr's contributions on "Ocean City" and the powerful "Rock Age.""



Artist Rick Wakeman
Title Live at the Winterland Theatre 1975
Cat No. MFGZ015CD
Label RRAW

Majestic Wakeman captured on this timeless radio broadcast. Features a great show with tracks from Six Wives, Journey and Myths. Sound quality is superb as The English Rock Ensemble and Rick are in fine form.



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

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

The idea was to celebrate the albums 30th with a

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

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

It's wonderful hearing his 2nd takes with a 30 year distance, just outrageously good man! Here the artist gives you a 30 year gap between original and new, with the original guitarist on both albums Mr John Steel, who left the band after its recording, never to surface till some 15 years later, Martin wrote the song 'Goodbye John' for him, which featured on following classic album 'Gladsome, Humour and Blue' for his missing friend

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

Also on this new version we have John Steel's wife Kate Stephenson on drums, who has been with the band for over ten years now, worked closely with Sam Brown, Herbie Flowers and Midge Ure before teaming up with Martin and the gang, another weird thing is, Martin's childhood friend and Bassist Christopher Mordey, who only played Bass on Daintees very first single release Roll on Summertime, who also played on Martin's first 1978 demo of 'Neon Skies' recorded at Newcastle's Spectro Art's Centre, so Chris is a hardcore Daintee and is arguably, along with Anthony Dunn, the first Bass player of The Daintees, so has a very authentic and valid connection.

Tour Dates

October 8, 2016: ULLAPOOL, The Argyll Hotel
October 21, 2016: OTLEY, Korks
October 22, 2016: RETFORD, St. Saviour's Community Centre
October 24, 2016: NOTTINGHAM, Theatre Royal
November 02, 2016: CAMBRIDGE, The Junction - Martin Stephenson & The Daintees
November 12, 2016: STIRLING, The Tollbooth - Martin Stephenson & The Daintees
November 14, 2016: INVERNESS, Eden Court Theatre - Martin Stephenson & The Daintees
November 16, 2016: LOSSIEMOUTH
November 17, 2016, DUNDEE, Clarks on Lyndsay Street
November 18, 2016: MANCHESTER, The Lowry - Martin Stephenson & The Daintees
November 19, 2016: NEWPORT, The Riverfront - Martin Stephenson & The Daintees
November 22, 2016: GLASGOW, King Tuts - Martin Stephenson & The Daintees
November 23, 2016: LEEDS, Brudenell - Martin Stephenson & The Daintees
November 24, 2016: LIVERPOOL, The Cavern -

Martin Stephenson & The Daintees
November 25, 2016: BIRMINGHAM, O2 Institute - Martin Stephenson & The Daintees
November 26, 2016: CLITHEROE, The Grand - Martin Stephenson & The Daintees
November 30, 2016: SHEFFIELD, Academy - Martin Stephenson & The Daintees
December 2, 2016: GATESHEAD, The Sage - Martin Stephenson & The Daintees
December 3, 2016: LONDON, 100 Club - Martin Stephenson & The Daintees
December 4, 2016: SKEGNESS, The Great British Folk Festival - Martin Stephenson & The Daintees



Artist Archie Fisher & Barbara Dickson

Title Through The Recent Years

Cat No. CTVPCD016

Label Chariot

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

Digitally remastered from the original master recordings, 'Thro The Recent Years' features fourteen superb tracks including Bob Dylan's 'Tears of Rage' as well as a selection of new songs by Archie and Scottish folk stalwart Rab Noakes (who also provides guitar and backing vocals on the album.) 'Thro' The Recent Years' is produced by the legendary Ray Horricks whose long career as a producer included albums with Rod Stewart, Sammy Davis, Jr and Anthony Newley. The CD booklet features a new interview with Barbara in which she looks back over her career in Folk music from her earliest days performing at the Howff in

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



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

Following on from his 1970 album, 'Thro' The Recent Years', recorded with Barbara Dickson, Decca Records invited Archie Fisher to record a follow-up solo set. 'Orfeo' features a mix of traditional songs and self-penned tracks which was ultimately released as Decca SKL 5057 later that year. Barbara was once again on board, this time providing backing vocals with Rab Noakes, another friend of theirs from the Fife folk scene, playing guitar with Daryl Runswick featuring on bass and Bill Kemp on drums.

The album was produced by Ray Horricks who had been working with Decca Records and a handful of smaller labels throughout the 60's on a wide range of genres including folk albums by artists including Shirley Collins, Moira Anderson and Davey Graham, musical soundtracks and early singles by Rod Stewart, as well as several releases by Kenneth McKellar. Of the eleven tracks on 'Orfeo', four are traditional with the others being new songs written by Archie. Looking back on the album, Archie comments that the songs were intended to be "very stylised and very chord-orientated and very much built around guitar tunes which were breaking away from the traditional songs and more towards jazz guitar and torch music."

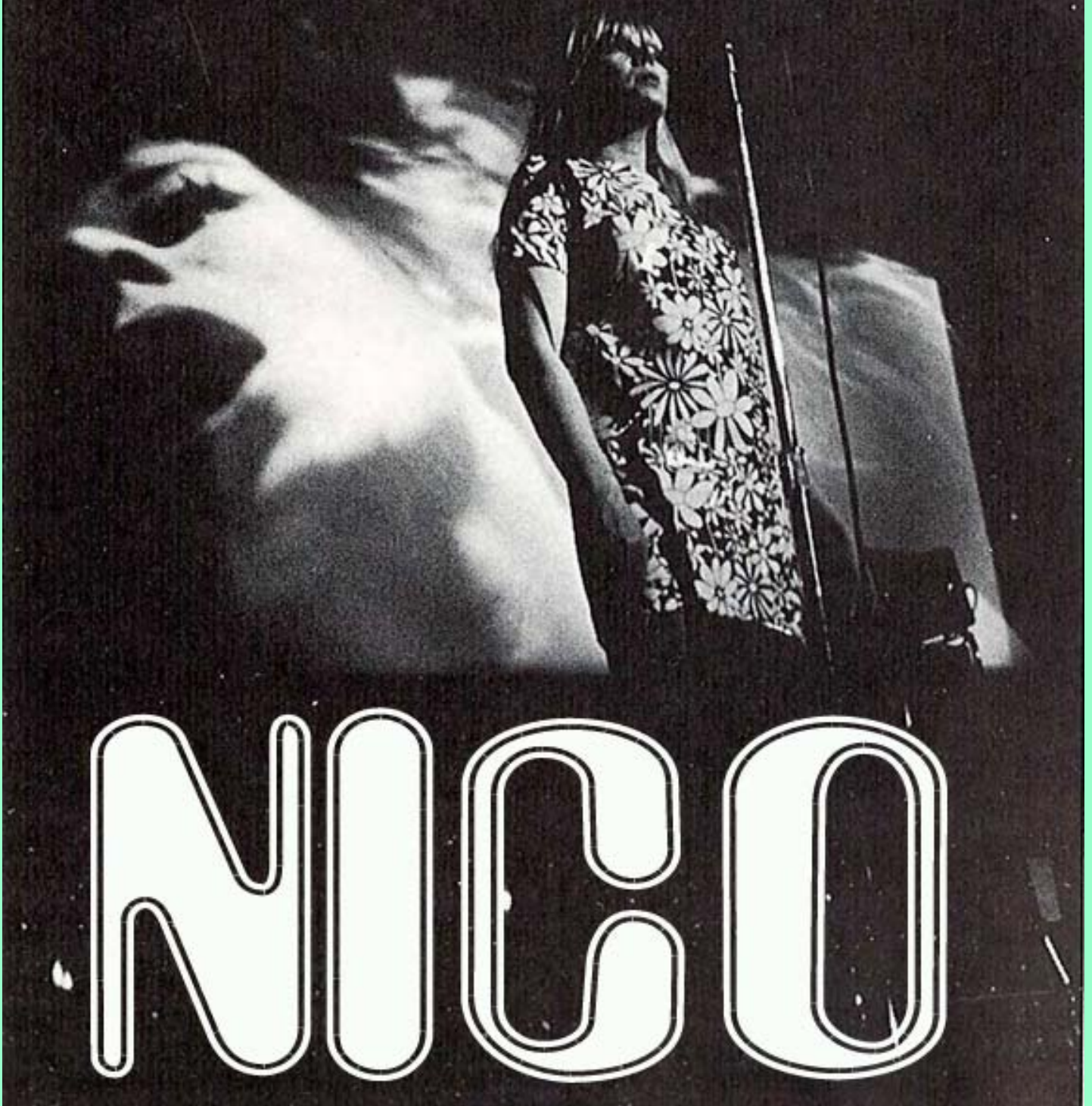
Barbara Dickson also feels that with 'Orfeo' Archie was keen to break new ground. "He was definitely moving forward musically which was the most important thing I think." 'Orfeo' has been digitally remastered from the original studio master tapes and features detailed CD liner notes on Archie's long career as a traditional music pioneer.



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

Released for the first time ever on any format, this exclusive DVD features two rare television concerts recorded by Barbara Dickson in 1976 and 1977. All fifteen live tracks from both studio sessions are also included as a bonus CD. Not seen since the original broadcasts and remastered from the original studio master tapes, 'Barbara Dickson in Concert' sees Barbara and her band performing material from her first two best-selling pop albums, 'Answer Me' and 'Morning Comes Quickly.' In addition to 'Answer Me, a top ten hit for Barbara in late 1976, the release includes 'Another Suitcase in Another Hall,' Barbara's second chart hit taken from the soundtrack to the Andrew Lloyd Webber and Tim Rice musical, 'Evita'.

Also included are the singles 'Lover's Serenade' and Gerry Rafferty's 'City to City', as well as Steve Goodman's 'City of New Orleans,' a popular track from Barbara's live repertoire which has never previously been released on any of her studio or live albums. The DVD booklet features a new interview with Barbara in which she looks back over her pop career and the many television appearances she has made over the years. Commenting on the concerts included on this release, Barbara says, "I haven't seen these since they were first broadcast but I have to say I'm impressed. They've been beautifully remastered and are a nice snapshot of what I was doing during that stage of my career. For those who enjoy my pop stuff, I don't think you'll be disappointed!"



Nico. What a woman. What a talent. What's not to like?

Her name wasn't actually Nico of course. She was born Christa Päffgen in Cologne just under a year before the war that 'the war to end wars' had singularly failed to prevent. Being a toddler during WW2, and spending her childhood in the wreckage of post-war Berlin, could not have been good for her nascent mental health. Her father Hermann, born into a dynasty of Roman Catholic Cologne master brewers, and disowned after marrying Nico's Mother who was a protestant, was conscripted as a soldier during World War II and sustained head injuries that caused severe brain damage and - depending on which version you believe - ended his life in a psychiatric institution, was euthanised by being shot by his commanding officer, or a concentration camp, or simply

faded away at home as a result of shell shock.

She left school at thirteen, and worked selling lingerie in the swish - and legendary, if you are interested in such things - department store Kaufhaus des Westens (KaDeWe) in Berlin. The art deco building had been seriously damaged in the war, and only opened again in 1950, so she-who-was-to-become Nico must have been one of the first employees.

Being stunningly beautiful, and five foot ten tall, and with the sort of chiselled Nordic good looks that must have brought back some uncomfortable memories of the Übermensch kind to some of her customers, becoming a model was an obvious career move for the young Christa. At the age of fifteen she was raped by a black American Air Force Sergeant, who was eventually hanged for a series of such crimes, but a year after



giving evidence at his Court Martial she became a star.

She was discovered at 16 by the photographer Herbert Tobias while both were working at a KaDeWe fashion show in Berlin. He gave her the name Nico after his ex-boyfriend, filmmaker Nikos Papatakis, and she used it for the rest of her life. Moving to Paris she was soon working for *Vogue*, *Tempo*, *Vie Nuove*, *Mascotte Spettacolo*, *Camera*, *Elle*, and other fashion magazines. Allegedly aged 17, she was contracted by Coco Chanel to promote their products, but she fled to New York City abandoning this job for reasons which - like so much of Nico's life - remain obscure. By this time, however she was at least trilingual and could speak English, Spanish, and French. She appeared in , and soon got small roles, in several films, the most notable being Federico Fellini's *La Dolce Vita*, where she attracted the attention of the acclaimed director, who gave her a minor role in the film as herself.

I have spent much of my adult life working as a journalist and trying to unravel a series of peculiar mysteries, trying to find out what, if any, truth there is behind them. But the most peculiar thing about Nico is that prior to arriving in 'Swinging London' in 1965, meeting Brian Jones and recording her debut single for Andrew Loog Oldham's Immediate label,

the actual truth about what she did, and what people did to her, remains obscure. When I have written a line like this in the past, it usually means that there is just no evidence to shed light on the facts; but in Nico's case, the opposite is true.

There is just too much evidence! Throughout her career Nico told stories about her life which always sounded perfectly plausible, but which quite often contradicted something that she had said only hours previously. Take the much heralded story of her rape, for example. Andy Goss writes:

"In 1952 such a trial would have generated much publicity, and there should be records of the court martial proceedings, but there are none to be found. It also came as a surprise to Nico's family members when she came up with the story many years later. This is not to say that the story is not true, in itself, but may well be someone else's tale, from several years previously."

After being introduced to them by Brian Jones, she began working in New York with Andy Warhol and Paul Morrissey on their experimental films, including *Chelsea Girls*, *The Closet*, *Sunset* and *Imitation of Christ*. When Warhol began managing the Velvet Underground he proposed that the group take on

Nico as a "chanteuse". They consented reluctantly, for both personal and musical reasons and Nico sang lead vocals on three songs ("Femme Fatale", "All Tomorrow's Parties", "I'll Be Your Mirror"), and backing vocal on "Sunday Morning", on the band's debut album, *The Velvet Underground & Nico* (1967).

According to John Cale, Nico's long preparations in the dressing room and pre-performance good luck ritual (burning a candle) would often hold up a performance, which especially irritated band member Lou Reed. Nico's partial deafness also would sometimes cause her to veer off key, for which she was ridiculed by other band members, and as quickly as she had been shoehorned into the band she was booted out. Again the precise details of her departure are obscure, and depend on exactly who you talk to. But it doesn't really matter, because her tenure within the band led to her extraordinary solo career.

Her first solo album *Chelsea Girl* (1967) was nice enough, but 'nice' wasn't where Nico was at, and she hated the album. She said in 1981: "I still cannot listen to it, because everything I wanted for that record, they took it away. I asked for drums, they said no. I asked for more guitars, they said no. And I asked for simplicity, and they covered it in flutes! ... They added strings, and— I didn't like them, but I could live with them. But the flute! The first time I heard the album, I cried and it was all because of the flute."

Two years later, *The Marble Index* was the first of an extraordinary trilogy of albums - *Desertshore* (1970) and *The End* (1974) - that made her name and have assured that - even decades after her death - she has a devoted following of artrock weirdos (including yours truly).

Then as heroin moved in, her artistic prowess waned. She only made two more studio albums, each more experimental than the last, but for those of you who want to try and get inside the head of this very contrary artist there are lots of live albums, compilation albums and intriguing odds and sods.

According to the John Peel wiki:

"Peel was so impressed with her voice that he invited her to perform a session on his show in 1971, and again in 1974, by which time she had become a cult figure and was recording for Island Records. (One of her Peel Session tracks, Secret Side was only released for the first time on a re-issue of her 1974 *The End* album, in 2012). Meeting her in 1971, he was less impressed with her personality, particularly when she got up and walked out of the studio in the middle of a conversation with him. As Sheila Ravenscroft recounts in *Margrave of the Marshes* (p.182) Peel wrote in his diary (on 4 February 1971) that Nico was "stunningly rude" and described her as "Andy Warhol NY super cool rat shit."

If I had my way this album would be called Super Cool Rat Shit,

but my commercial acumen is somewhere below Charlie Manson's desirability as a babysitter, and I am sure that wiser heads would have prevailed.

And Nico? What happened to Nico?

Oh. Didn't I say? Even her death was peculiar.

Her son explained: "In the late morning of July 17, 1988, my mother told me she needed to go downtown to buy marijuana. She sat down in front of the mirror and wrapped a black scarf around her head. My mother stared at the mirror and took great care to wrap the scarf appropriately. Down the hill on her bike: "I'll be back soon." She left in the early afternoon on the hottest day of the year."

She either had a heart attack and fell off her bike, or fell off her bike and the resultant shock gave her a heart attack. She died in hospital of a cerebral haemorrhage after having been misdiagnosed as having been suffering with heat exhaustion. She was 49.

However, one could not imagine this remarkable woman in her fifties, or sixties or seventies. She will not grow old as we who are left grow old. She will forever be a ridiculously beautiful Nordic ice maiden, sat hunched over her harmonium and singing in a deep, but remarkably expressive, monotone like nobody else before or since.

Although nearly everything about her, from cradle to grave, is open to interpretation, misinterpretation or argument, one thing is completely certain.

Nico was a one off, and I very much doubt whether we shall see her like again.





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Gonzo #32 The Dutch Festie c...

actions



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actions



Gonzo #27 The Prog shirt

actions



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actions



Gonzo #23 The Michael Des B...

actions



Yer original Gonzo Weekly shirt

actions



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

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Douglas Harr *Ear Candy for the Hungry Audiophile*

KANYE WEST MAD GENIUS

Kanye West played one of what may be the final shows of his current *Saint Pablo* tour last Thursday night, November 17 at the SAP Center, San Jose. From media of all kinds, by now you think you know what happened there. You probably do not.

First off, let me say that since my childhood I've been drawn to men with big egos, men with big plans, high ambitions and the certainty of their opinions. From Presidents (JFK), to fighters (Mohammed Ali, Bruce Lee), to musicians (John Lennon, Robert Fripp) and actors (Marlon Brando, Robert Conrad and Jane Fonda), these men and women inspired me, they thrilled me with the sheer power of their persuasive force,

the brilliance of their art and their belief in themselves. To a person these heroes of mine were at times shocking in their strident manner, often offensive in their rhetoric, nearly always unapologetic.

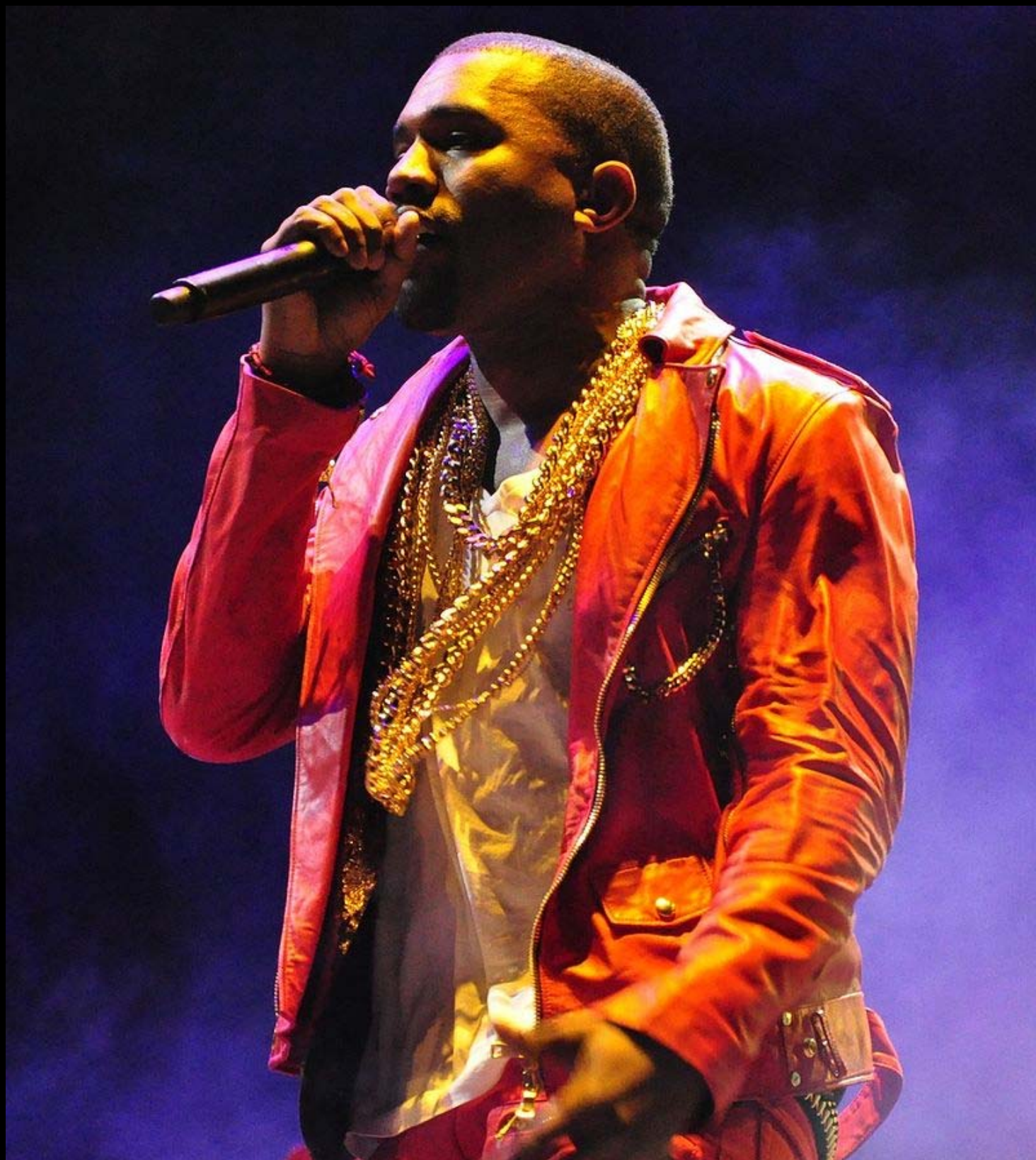
Kanye West is to me one such man in today's world. He is an absolute genius. Like him or not, love his music or not, he also lives passionately and he has strong opinions, unapologetically. Like other inspirational figures of the past Kanye has offended – he has made statements and taken actions that have shocked. From overly boastful claims, to taking the spotlight at award shows, to sometimes cutting a concert short, or filling it with speeches, to saying he would run for President in 2020,



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Kanye has to some, certainly to the media at large, crossed the line. Why?

First of all let me clarify I am not a big fan of rap music, mainly as it is not particularly the sound of my now older generation. But I have some of it in my collection. I caught on to Kanye when he released the track “Power,” as he sampled therein the chorus of King Crimson’s breakthrough song “21st Century Schizoid Man.” Next I saw him a couple of times on *Saturday Night Live*, rapping in front of large LED screens, once in front of a raging lighting storm, another time in a room completely covered in LED screens and more recently in a heavenly shoot for one of his new songs, “Ultralight Beam” a stunning meditative track that begins his latest work of genius, *The Life of Pablo*, an album I would place next to Stevie Wonder’s *Songs in the Key of Life*.

Recently my son screened a video of Kanye in 2015 at the BRIT awards, where he staged an absolutely spectacular performance of “All Day” complete with flamethrowers, and moves anyone who has danced would envy. Guess what – Taylor Swift was in the front row absolutely loving it, so we can all relax about award shows.

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=_ABk7TmjnVk

Kanye is known to sometimes inject into his shows long speeches, sharing whatever is on his mind, extolling the crowd to see his viewpoint or just hear him out on a few complaints. Knowing this, I still booked a ticket to see the man in San Jose, last Thursday night. Being a “school night” I was hoping for a tight two hour show, with about 33 tracks, as had been seen as the set list before that night. I was wrong, yet not dissatisfied and am happy to have gone.

The staging was innovative. As most of the music was pre-recorded, with a couple guys in the mixing booth adding guitar, keys and other live instrumentation, the stage existed to support Kanye alone. This allowed for a platform both literally and figuratively that was maybe 30’x30’ square, suspended above the crowd, with lights below and above, able to move back and forth across the arena floor, hanging from on a large suspension rig above. The rig was also able to articulate, turning slowly to one side or the other across the length of the arena – very impressive. A few pictures say it all.



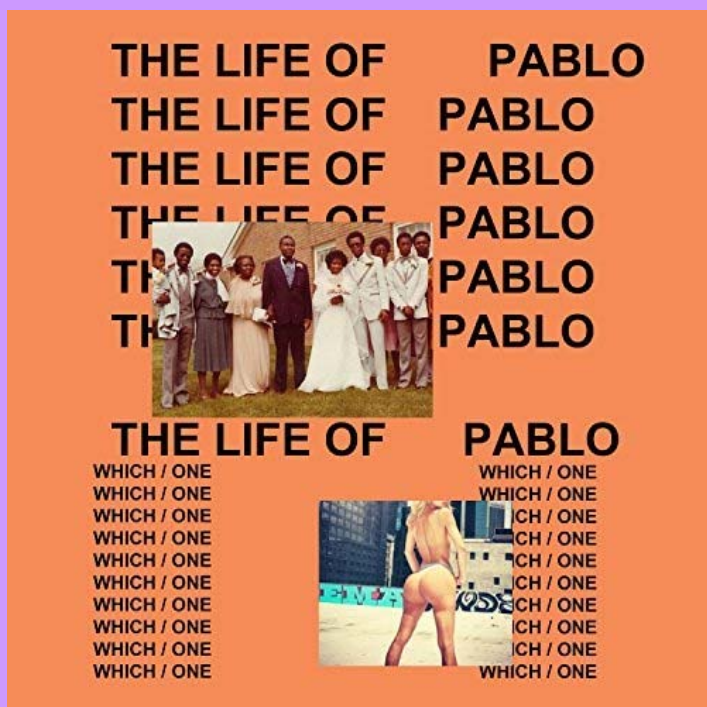
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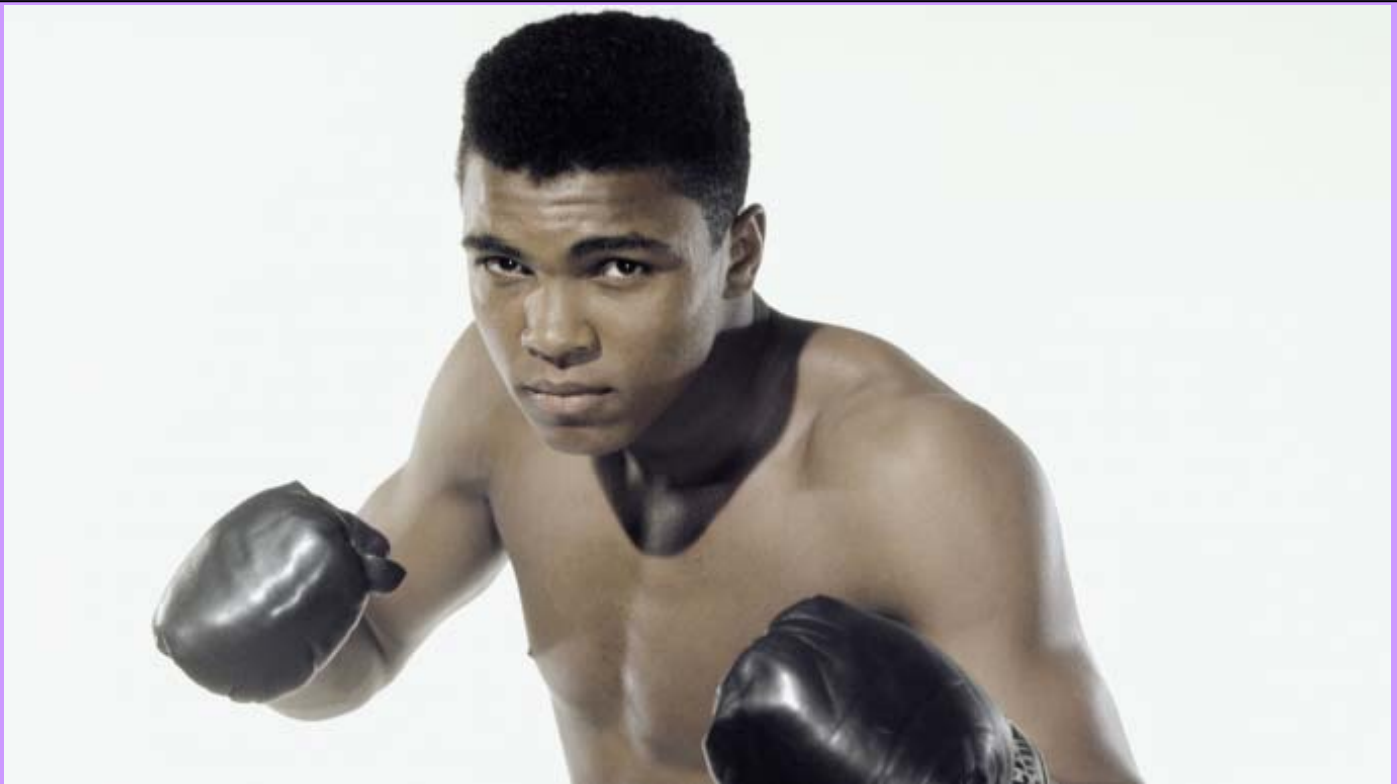
The songs and the performance were decent – I know Kanye is capable of more spirited showmanship, but he was in a way a bit subdued. As we would see, he had a lot of things weighing heavy on his mind. The audience enthusiastically joined in, a chorus of young voices filling in background vocals and singing along with their liege. Due to the breaks in the show, we had to

leave early near midnight, though I did get to see him perform my original favorite “Power.” He made it through 29 of the typical 33 tracks, mostly because it seems Kanye had clearly hit a breakpoint of some kind (queue media speculation here).

What happened that night? Nothing that was surprising to me based on what I know of the man and his concerts. Every fan who attends should it seems by now understand that if Kanye has something particularly urgent to say, he’s going to say it – this is his stage, and passionate speeches or “discussions” (not rants damn it!) are a part of his performance. Why is the media both formal and social making such a fuss about this? Kanye had politics on his mind ten days after the election, and all he did is talk to us about the following, perfectly leading to the next song in the set list “Power”

- How many people at the San Jose show voted for Trump?
- Do you think anyone here voted for Trump?
- Republicans and Democrats both came





to a Kanye West show so doesn't that mean we are closer than we think? Music lovers are not all liberal

- He did not vote; if he voted he would have voted for Trump
- The dumbest thing about politics is this idea of creating a separation; no one side is all good or all bad
- The echo chamber of online commerce is comparable to the same echo that drove us to think Hillary would win the election
- Don't believe everything you hear on the internet
- If Trump does not find a new way to govern, if that is not successful, then we should think about Kanye in 2020
- We are one world, one race
- Jay Z should call him

So... really? What is all the righteous indignation about? To my ears, nothing here seemed so outrageous. In fact a lot of what he said was important, particularly for his younger audience members, most of who cheered. Prolonging a show for a point of view is no big deal, unless you really can't miss seeing late night television? The man has his views, any fan knows, and he is apt to

share them. In order to deliver this stream of conscience in his way, several songs were interrupted midway through, later restarted. For us, it meant we could not stay for the whole concert –though I would have loved to see him do the opener for the new album, which was performed as the last track, I'm good.

After our show, Kanye cut his Sacramento set short after just three songs, clearly disturbed by the media reaction to San Jose, saying before dropping the mic, "get ready to have a field day, press." For the next show in Los Angeles, he cancelled three hours before it was planned to start. Now the rest of the tour is scuttled and worst of all Kanye ended up in the hospital to recover from some sort of breakdown, stirring the media frenzy. These things are regrettable.

But I would respectfully say, please, *REALLY?* Why must we eat our own? Why pile on via every possible media outlet to attack our artists, many of whom are, in fact brilliant in their own way, sometimes to the level of being a true tortured genius. Art and *seeing* can do this, we all know this, we *ALL* know this. Lay off Kanye, he is one of those few people in our times who reaches for the brass ring, a pursuit that means winning but sometimes falling off the horse, inspiring and sometimes offending. Spin *Life of Pablo* listening as openly as you can, listen to the core of his actual speech, and then tell me I'm wrong. And, don't believe everything you see on the internet

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=jKoe_GteC2I

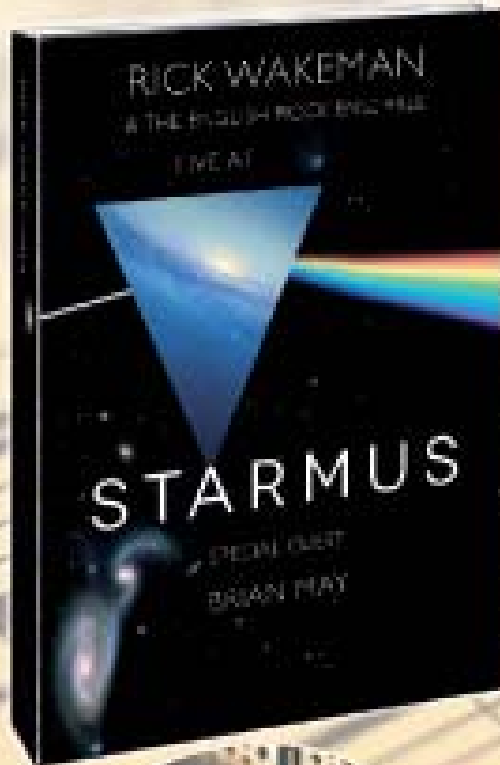
BRAW presents

Forthcoming releases from Rick Wakeman & Friends

Rick Wakeman & Brian May

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



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



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First up, let's take a look at, and listen to, the remarkable - **Camachofones**. This is punky, jazz street music. And they really are special enough to be spoken of in the company of the likes of the Chumbawamba and even the Clash. Shades of ska, dashes of South American samba, blues, hints of reggae, and on a track I particularly enjoyed live (and on their record, 'Isto Nao e Nada'), 'Tech-no-money'.

They are a lively, youthful 8-piece, with a full-on, duelling brass line-up: tenor and alto saxes, two trumpets, big, bold tuba and three pulsating percussionists, and even a washboard. And they provide maximum, musical street theatre. Two of their percussion instruments are home-made, Heath Robinson-style inventions. Once seen, hard to forget. But most of all, this is high quality, high energy dance music. Highly original and authentic from the villages and streets of Portugal and in particular, the little village of Camacha. Now, we can see it is the birthplace of the percussion instrument, which I think should be known as the

Camachofone, and a great world-music outfit, The Camachofones.

I only caught the final four numbers of their street set, down in the boulevard, close to the gardens and the nearby Cathedral in the centre of Funchal city. I had been bewitched from afar by the sound of their music and had been beguiled by them - a bit like the call to 'come out of doors and follow the Pied Piper!' The audience were engaged and incredibly enthusiastic. The band sold at least a dozen CDs in the limited time I watched them, and rightly received lots of generous donations.

I asked one of the percussionists where they normally play:

"Do you play clubs, bars and concerts, or, even on the visiting cruise ships?"

"No, we are a street band. This is where we meet our public."

The Camachofones believe (slightly amended from their own words) that:

alan dearling



"Street art lives in the splendour of its own creation...the art that exists in the freedom of the streets...the veins of civilizations unfolded throughout the world. It is through this kaleidoscope of smiles, looks, expressions that a blend of energies, cultures and diversities are created and shared.

The street is the purest stage. True freedom cannot be confined between four walls, inside a closet or kept in a drawer. True freedom is truly alive in all its glory when it comes outside and it can be shared."

I really, really, really recommend you get a watch and listen to the Camachofones on Youtube and Facebook (there are lots of links): www.facebook.com/camachofones/?fref=tshttps://www.youtube.com/watch?v=2rdIopjknHc

www.youtube.com/watch?v=2rdIopjknHc

And while on Madeira, their CD has enjoyed lots of plays. It's a great recording both in terms of quality and content. And genuinely

captures their special blend of high octane, authentic street music.

They ought to hit the festival scene round Europe and beyond. They could become the next big Euro phenomena (whatever that means!).



alan dearling



night I saw him, Andrei had to become something of a human juke-box for three hours. It's aimed at the 'middle of the musical road' - an older audience who enjoy Andre Rieu, methinks.

In the break, Andrei told me that his favourite artists include Stephane Grappelli and the piano jazz of Oscar Peterson. Andrei said, *"Gypsy music is very good, but violin is closer to rock than Gypsy music...I like Bireli Lagrene. My main project is duet with my wife, but it is interesting to play with background, (like here at Cafe Mare)...It gives me maximum freedom...Fiddle music is one of my favourites; it needs live musicians...but I like improvising and I also play with a DJ...Madeira is a quiet place. Older people like Madeira. They are children of the '60s and 70s and still have some of the energy of that period."*

Andrei Ladeichikov

Russian, Andrei and his wife Olga both play violins. And they perform regularly in the English Church in the centre of Funchal. These are fairly formal 'recitals', but of popular music, ranging from the Beatles, through the jazz of Grappelli, classical folk-based music of Tchaikovsky, and (given the time of year) Christmas songs of sleigh bells, music from Broadway shows and musicals, and even their take on some Coldplay and Nirvana tracks.

Together, Andrei and Olga perform as the **Island Soul Duo**: www.facebook.com/groups/585914001566686/

I watched Andrei in a solo performance at the Cafe-Bar Mare in Canico de Baixo, on the East Coast between Funchal and the airport. It's the home of Alex and his mother, and is very popular with tourists and locals for its authentic and fairly priced food and its friendliness. On the Friday



alan dearling



Quatro Litros

Now, here's a band who are worth looking out for if you are planning a visit to Madeira. Reminiscent (a bit) of Bonzo Dog and the Monkees. Recommended to me as Madcap Musical Clowns.

Must be fun live, but I have not caught up with them (yet)!

You can check them out, 4Litres: www.youtube.com/watch?v=2T9DyIOqibQ

And: www.youtube.com/watch?v=ecDVwyldXGA



Poncha accompaniment

A good way to get in the mood for some Madeiran musical escapades is to get yourself a glass or two of Poncha. Traditionally, this cocktail was probably designed to disguise the near-ethanol nature of aguardente, a white brandy, but most locals are now using local white rum as far as I could see.

Madeira produces a vast amounts of sugar cane and fruits. Original Poncha is a mix of mostly lemon juice, with a dash of orange juice, crushed ice and a fair serving of white rum (left in pic). Nowadays, Poncha Bars are opening up serving an increasing variety of different Ponchas. The green one (right) is mint flavour. Possibly with vodka deputising for the white rum. Potent stuff! And, good to keep the ageing joints oiled!



Ryley goes Electric!

Ryley Walker live in Birmingham,
16/11/2016

This was part of Ryley's third set of UK dates this year, amongst a total of over 200 gigs he has played since January. That's the life of a real musician, and after his excellent third album, *Golden Sings that have been Sung*, released in August, and succinctly reviewed by Alan in Gonzo 202, I had a feeling he might be really cooking at the moment. He is.

We headed north up the M5 on a dull grey November evening, heading for the *Hare and Hounds* pub in a suburb of Birmingham. A local music venue, with a proper 20th century bar downstairs, and two music rooms upstairs. The wine bottles holding

candles on the tables had forthcoming gig labels on them and we had a drink, and a toke outside, before heading upstairs at just after 7.30. The room was small but perfectly formed. A small stage and PA system at one end, sound desk and a bar at the other. Dry ice had been let loose for a bit of atmosphere, a big disco ball in the middle of the room. Room for around maybe 200 folk standing, it seemed full when Ryley went on.

First up was Itasca, a.k.a Kayla Ann Cohen, based out of Southern California. A young lady with an acoustic guitar sorted herself out up on the stage and she was off. Her website suffers from serious modern bullshit, acid folk seems to be the main drift however. She can certainly play guitar, a good picker indeed, but her vocals for the most part, were unclear sadly. As her set went on there did seem an overall sameness starting to creep in. A drone, was how one

John Brodie-Good



nearby local described her afterwards. Towards the end of her set she used what may have been some kind of 'phasing' button on her guitar, which was very effective. Ryley had invited her on the tour personally, and briefly gave her great praise during his set. I picked up her new CD, *Open to Chance*, in London the next day, on the basis I wasn't entirely getting it and felt there was more than I'd heard so far. After only two plays, I still remain a little mystified, but will persevere for a bit longer. She only spoke to us a few times, I couldn't work out if she was being slightly shy or aloof but a stronger stage presence would help her I feel.

After a short break, Ryley and his seemingly full band filled the small stage. I had assumed he would stand where Kayla had, but he chose to stand on the stage far right, one of the PA stacks almost completely hiding him. I certainly could see his head though when singing or talking between songs, during which he was usually very funny. No lack of confidence either. How the economics work of Ryley plus four musicians touring Europe in smallish venues I don't know, but I wasn't complaining. I'm guessing this is 'his' band of friends from Chicago, keys, electric guitar, double bass and a superb 'jazz-type' drummer, the players on his latest album? After a little ditty about Birmingham (the other one) and the first of a few US Election comments ("We really fucked up, Trump!") he closed his eyes and started playing.

Last year's Primrose Green album is largely 'acoustic', and Ryley often sounds like some of his musical heroes, John Martyn, Nick Drake and Tim Buckley etc. On the new album, *Golden Sings*, he has fully absorbed those influences and now has his own unique, musical trademarks, and vocal style. He also spent most of the evening playing a gleaming black Guild Starfire electric guitar, and only occasionally Guild acoustic 6 & 12 strings. Having the band with him allowed them to flesh out each song and we were treated to longer versions of his selection, rather than the much shorter song acoustic set that I witnessed in Bristol back in January (Gonzo 171). Eyes closed, sweating, sometimes shaking his hair, his words sometimes punctuated with yips and yaps, as his music ebbs and flows. I realised that

the new album is effectively more 'electric' too but he certainly resisted any rock star lead antics, but often used slow feedback which pointed to a potential interesting direction. For the most part, the songs just swirling around in a jazz-influenced manner, some superb bass playing (with a short burst of bowed double bass towards the end), propelled by some fantastic drum bursts, we were simply swept away on the musical tide. At one point, you could have closed your eyes and could have been listening to an early 70s Hawkwind jam, Ryley and his boys were close to getting heavy! At another, his head popped back into view behind the PA stack and I thought he looked like Randy California from Spirit for a brief moment..

More beers were ordered from the stage at one point, we were all invited to join him downstairs in the bar afterwards to chat and get drunk together. Slightly surprisingly, he also had a 'rabid fan' to deal with in the front. This guy, who I suspect by his behaviour, may have been on day release, kept shouting praise and comments from the floor. Ryley suddenly thrust his mic off the stage for the guy to babble in briefly. A number of people shouted him down and even Ryley got pissed with him later on, and was pretty much calling him a dickhead. If we didn't have to drive home nearly 100 miles, the bar would have been tempting, although the presumed presence of 'Sam' was off-putting.

The songs were largely from both of the aforementioned albums, plus a Van Morrison cover. The Halfwit in Me, Sullen Mind, The Roundabout, Primrose Green, Summer Dress and an exquisite version of Funny Thing She Said included. A live album from this tour would be a real friggin treat. He didn't play Sweet Satisfaction, but the parallels with John Martyn of them all remain the strongest. On the road constantly, intensely committed to his music, letting off steam and partying in-between. I suspect he will keep moving forward musically too. His already powerfully introspective song writing continues to improve, his voice will only improve, and it's fantastic already. I do envy his youth and his lifestyle, but it's also great just to know there are still a few 'kids' out there, living the life, in our increasingly





sanitized society (I'm the wrong side of 55). Ryley even praised UK 'cuisine' at one point, citing the M&S or Waitrose Chick Pea salads on the motorways were way better than crappy roadside 'dogs in the States.

In a year when we have lost so many legends, it is truly a pleasure to discover a seriously great new talent. Can't wait to hear what he does next, going to see him again live too, you may want to be there too.....

There's lots of free Ryley on You Tube. If you like it please buy the two fantastic albums and help him along (SQwise the CD of Primrose is better but pleasingly the vinyl of Golden Sings outclasses the CD).

Here's The Roundabout from Golden Sings....

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=55I8CvHH1U4>

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.

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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](https://www.nature.org/elephants) and follow us on Instagram, Facebook or Twitter to get action alerts.



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

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

SCRIPTS OF MY YEARS PART ELEVEN: BIFFOVISION - BY MR BIFFO

Biffovision was the easiest commission I ever had. Myself, Tim and Mark Freeland went in to pitch it to the BBC's head of comedy Cheryl Taylor, off the back of an outline covering a single side of A4. There wasn't much in there beyond us wanting to do a spoof kids TV show, and something about a "Bum farm" - which never made it to the finished episode.

We'd called it Biffovision as a placeholder - it was also the title of my column in Edge - but I never wanted the final thing to be called that, as I felt it suggested it was mine, rather than mine and Tim's. I was overruled in the end, when we couldn't come up with a better alternative.

We also told Cheryl that we wanted half the audience to hate the show, and the other half to love it.

"That's exactly the sort of thing we should be making here!" Cheryl enthused.

She gave us a pilot commission there and then. Only one problem: we had to have it finished and on air by the end of the financial year, in four months. At this stage, we didn't even have a script.

We would later learn that there was never a massive amount of enthusiasm for Biffovision. BBC Comedy basically had a bunch of money left over at the end of the financial year, and needed to spend it to ensure they'd be given a similarly healthy budget the following year.

Biffovision was the TV equivalent of those "essential" council roadworks which spring up around March/April.



<http://tinyurl.com/ztk2tfa>

WORDS FROM THE WEARD



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

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

It was clear that things were not running too smoothly in the *Stump* camp, but I had other things pressing on my time. The last show I did with them was at the *Electric Ballroom*. We stayed in touch a bit after that – even after they broke apart. They were another band I really loved working with and I was kind of sad that I did not get the chance to make them sound as wonderful as they should have done. I had too few gigs on the front desk to undo what Ivan had done. They introduced me to Flan O'Brien and I gave them Viv Stanshall's *Sir Henry at Rawlinsons End* and *Young Frankenstein*. They were funny and clever and should have gone on to better things.

We did a few odd gigs with Boz and Tam and then Tim Hinkley called me up and asked me to do stage sound for *Womack and Womack*. He was musical director for a short tour they were putting together, and he wanted me on board for that. We flew up to Edinburgh for the first show in the *Tron Theatre* there. We put out four main vocal microphones even though there were only the two vocalists, Linda and Cecil Womack. Two of these were radio mikes for when they wanted to walk around and two were wired microphones for when they were sitting. Of course they used the radio mikes when sitting down and tried to walk around with the wired mikes. Obvious really. The band consisted of three keyboards, bass, and drums – played by Ted McKenna of the *Sensational Alex Harvey Band*. The entourage for the tour was the same as I had seen when they did the radio show in Germany. Cecil and Linda, the grandmother (not sure whose grandmother it was), some children and a babysitter. After the first soundcheck Tim said, as they were leaving to go to the hotel, 'You can tune guitars can't you, Roy? Can you do Cecil's guitars for him?'

I agreed, and they left. He had a main guitar and two spares. I got the spares out of the case and started to tune them. They were miles out but I knew that Americans always loosened the string on guitars when they flew with them, so I tuned them up. When I got to the one he had played I realised that was also miles out and a thought occurred to me. What if he has an odd tuning? When they came back for the show I said, 'Cecil, how do you tune your guitars?' His reply was illuminating: 'Tim, how do I tune my guitars?' After some puzzling out we worked out they were all tuned a whole tone flat and one had a G string in place of a B string. I put them back to that and they did the show. Tim said later it was the first time the guitars had stayed in tune, but that was because it was also the first time they had even been taken up to the correct tension. After that show we flew back to London to do the *Watermans Arts Centre* in Brentford. When we got to the airport in London we were picked up, with all the backline, in a stretch Limo. When the band arrived they had a minibus – another cock up. After the show in London we had a couple of days off before heading off to

Brussels for a festival. Tim had another gig with Boz and Tam so I was in the *Encore* office, putting a small rig together to do that when my phone rang. It was Linda Womack. 'We are leaving this afternoon,' she told me.

'I have a gig tonight,' I replied, 'I will meet you at the festival tomorrow.'

'Oh no,' she said, 'we all have to travel there together this afternoon.'

I told her that Tim was doing the gig tonight with me and that we would go in his car. It was only Belgium after all. A few minutes later Tim called me to say we had both been sacked.

We later found out that they hired a guitarist to take Tim's place as MD and they all set off to drive to Belgium. They got across the ferry and then broke down just over the Belgian border. Apparently the entourage, kids and granny as well, spent four hours waiting for a rescue service in which time the new guitarist sat in the bus, smoked crack and watched porn on the video. That made me smile. About two months later they played *Dingwalls*. Tim had taken them to the Musician's Union for breach of contract, and I went over to see them. They said hello and I handed them an envelope with a writ from Tim in it.

In the summer there were a number of gigs with Roger Chapman. These were more of the usual festival format. Gordon and I would gather the backline and drive out on a Thursday or Friday, depending on when and where the first gig was, and then get back on the following Monday. The most interesting of these events was to take place in a small village in northern Germany called Hartenholm. There was a disused airfield there and that was to be the venue for a race between a motorbike and a car. The whole thing was a result of the German magazine/comic strip *Werner*. *Werner* started life when Brösel (Rötger Feldmann) started drawing his friends in the local village bar in the late 1970s. He made up comic strips involving them and a local paper offered to print them. This went on to become syndicated in larger and larger papers and, eventually, had its own comic book series. This has been the most successful German comic creation and led to films as well as making its author extremely rich. The main character in the magazine is obsessed with motorbikes and beer. At some point in 1988 the author bet someone that his bike could beat the other person's Porsche. This made its way into the magazine and became a race that would happen in reality. The loser was to be stood up against a wall and pelted with cat shit from a tennis ball serving machine. You can imply the level this was operating on. Roger was booked to headline the Saturday night, 3rd September. Gordon and I set off on the Friday afternoon and got there that evening. There was no hotel booked for that day, but we had a caravan backstage for us to sleep in. The festival was expected to be well attended, with crowds estimated to be around 25,000. We woke in the morning and found that it was my friend Pinky who was doing the catering for the event. We had little to do until the band turned up that evening so we hung around the site, but news began to trickle in that there were a few problems. Instead of 25,000 people there were now around 300,000. All the local roads had been blocked and the German Hell's Angels were setting up impromptu road tolls. They were demanding money from people to be allowed through,

and pushing cars off the road if they would not pay. The whole thing was out of hand. To make matters worse, the people on the site could not get off and the bands could not get on. Pinky came over to me and asked if I would like to come with her to go shopping. I said I would, but all the roads are blocked.

'That is OK,' she said, 'We have a hubpschrauber' (helicopter)

So I climbed into the helicopter with her and a couple of others, and we flew off over the site to the local supermarket. The site was huge with people everywhere and, as we went, I could see all the roads backed up with traffic. The local police had given up trying to sort it out – it was only a village after all and quite unused to this level of invasion. Police from the larger cities were still struggling to get through to it. We landed in the car park of the supermarket and went shopping. I wound up standing outside the supermarket with five shopping trolleys full of spirits and wine. Local Germans, who were also unused to such activity, just stared at me as they came out of the supermarket with their weekly shop. 'Just a small party round my house,' I commented as they filed past. Not that they would have necessarily understood me, being German, but I did not know how to say it in that language. We then went back to the helicopter and flew back to the site with bottles and food stuffed into every possible space in the small airplane.

The band was all flown in by helicopter as well. When the concert started it was riotous. The crowd were all going mad for the band, and Roger was on top form. As I stood there at the monitor desk a camera man began to inch his way onto the stage. I grabbed him and hauled him back. I explained that Roger hated anyone other than the band being on the stage unless they really had to be.

'It is my job,' he declared.

'Well he will hit you with a tambourine or, if you are lucky, a mic stand,' I warned him.

He was determined to go on so I let him get on with it. As soon as he was on the stage Roger tried to shoo him off. He clouted him with tambourines, and generally gave him a hard time to the extent of going right up to the camera and giving it the finger. What none of us found out till after, was that the camera was linked to a large screen over the stage and, at that point, all the audience could see was Roger's face and finger with him shouting 'Fuck off!' at the cameraman.

The crowd loved that too.





c.j.stone

How I survived a barium enema

Like most men I know I have an eye for a pretty girl. And it's not just the obvious things which attract me. I might find myself gazing at someone's eye-lashes, or her hair, or her belly-button, or her arms. I'm particularly attracted to bellies as it happens, which is deeply frustrating for an old bachelor such as me, given the current trend for exposing large amounts of deliciously tanned belly-flesh, usually with a choice tattoo and a silvery piercing for decoration.

However, on this occasion, it wasn't the woman's belly I was looking at, it was her mouth.

It was in the hospital, where I was waiting for an appointment. She was behind the reception desk. And she was very pretty, with light mousy-blond hair, small, curved shoulders and a sly, intelligent smile. But it was not her smile I was observing. She was chewing a biscuit, and I was much more obsessed with the biscuit than I was with any other quality she might be exhibiting.

I kept glancing up from the magazine I was reading as she tucked another crunchy mouthful away. The magazine was the Observer Food Supplement and there was a wonderful recipe for a Seychelles Fish Curry which I could almost smell from the description on the page. But I kept being drawn back to that mouth. I could see her jaw working with a delicate masticating rhythm, her throat as she swallowed, her lips opening for another bite, her white teeth stained with the crumbling remains. I could taste every bite in my own mouth, as my mouth began to water.

I'd been forty two hours without food by this time. Forty two hours with nothing but sweet coffee and Bovril to sustain me.

The day before I had also taken two doses of a heavy duty laxative (one in the morning and one in the afternoon) which had had me leaping to the toilet every five minutes, while a veritable rocket-blast of liquid effluent came roaring from my rear end. I'm sure that I was raised at least two inches from the toilet seat with the force of the explosion.

I was on my way for a barium enema.

I was also very, very nervous. Not so much at the prospect of any pain (I'd been assured it wasn't too painful) as at the humiliation of bending down to the scientific rigours of the medical establishment: being slapped on a table and pinned down like a specimen in a medical experiment, while they pumped alien substances into my back-passage, no doubt with the prime intention of blowing away the last vestiges of my human dignity.

As it happens, that's exactly what it was like.

Fortunately for me and the world, bums are just inherently funny. I spent most of the ordeal laughing at the absurdity of the situation.

It was like this:

First of all I had to take all of my clothes off in a cubicle, and then put on a gown with a slit up the back, with a dressing gown on top. Then I had to go and sit in the reception area again.

An old lady arrived and sat next to me. A nurse came out and offered her tea and a sandwich. The old lady looked through the selection and said, "Yes, yes. I don't normally eat meat but, yes... on this occasion. Yes please."

She opened her sandwich and began to tuck in.

I said, "is that your first food for over 40 hours?"

"Yes," she said, "it is. It was worse yesterday. I didn't know what to do with myself."

"I know," I said.

"Oh I'm sorry," she said, "you haven't eaten either. Would you like me to go somewhere else?"

"No," I said, "as long as you don't mind me drooling while I watch you."

After that I noticed that she turned her back on me and was eating her sandwich with a kind of furtive hunch, no doubt guarding herself from all that drool.

The radio was playing faintly in the background. "Sugar-sugar, oh honey-honey, you are my candy girl, and you've got me wanting you."

Then the news came on. There was a story about a doctor who had murdered one of his patients, no doubt by blowing him up from the rear end or starving him to death.

I was almost cracking up with hysteria by now.

Finally it was my turn to go in.

Well the doctor was very nice. He was trying to put me at my ease. He kept making jokes. Not that I found any of them funny. The joke was all on me.

So I was made to lie on a bed, with my knees bent, to one side, while the doctor took a rubber tube with a bobble on the end, and smeared it with lubricant, before inserting it into my back-passage. I was told to breath deeply while he did this. And then it kind of slipped in, with a low, slurping murmur and a satisfying schloop, like a piece of jelly slipping from a mould and slapping onto a plate.

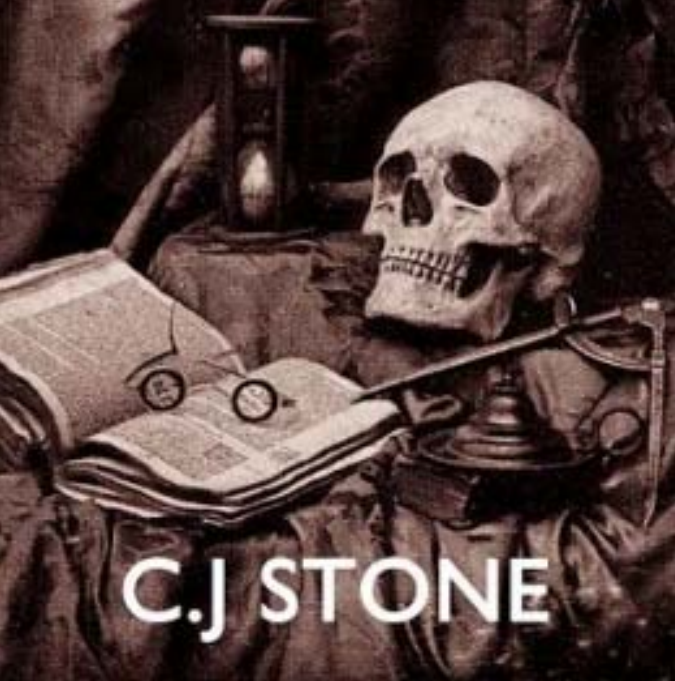
So now I knew what it felt like to be anally retentive. My anus was gripped on this tube with a sort of fierce determination all of its own. Anything stuck up your butt makes you want to unload your bowels. Except, of course, there was nothing left in my bowels to unload.

After that the barium was pumped up into my inside, while I watched a picture on the nearby TV screen of my own insides.

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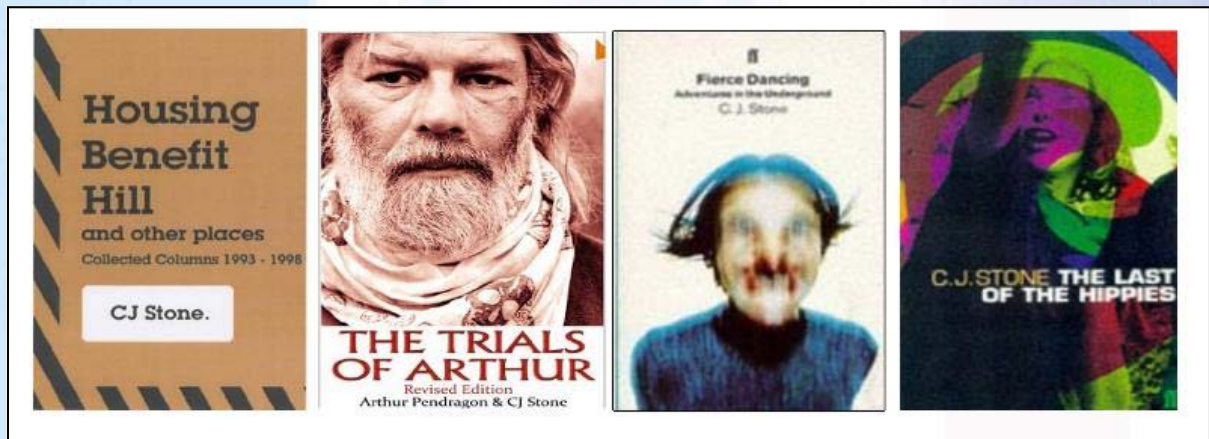
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**OTHER BOOKS BY
C.J.STONE**



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

The last few weeks have been rather quiet on the Hawkwind front, but that's what one often expects around the Autumn and Winter time. That's why I often fill in time prattling on about such off-shoots as Hoaxwind and Hawklords.

So it was with some surprise that Hakwind fans heard just this week that a new album is in the making. At first, only a photo was released – showing current Hawkwind members... with the



Spirits Burning

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

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

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



1. Our Crash
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3. JigSawMan Flies A JigSawShip
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13. Rolling Out
14. Angel Full Of Pity
15. Right On The Mark
16. This Time, This Space
17. So Strong Is Desire

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notable exception of Niall Hone. Of course, he might have been the bloke holding the camera?

Later, in last week, another surprise awaited the Hawkwind fans... three samples from the upcoming album, posted on Soundcloud. The new album is somewhat intriguingly called "Into the Woods" and each of the samples are around 30 seconds long.

They show Hawkwind in a somewhat melodic mood, the album samples being musically somewhat akin to the "Onwards" album - except without audio compression, a type of production value that Hawkwind applied to a couple of recent albums, and which met no favour whatsoever. Fans of Dave Brock solo albums might resonate with them much more than any die-hard fans hoping for 'Lord of Light' or 'Born to Go' moments.

The release date of the new album is currently slated for 2017.





HAWKWIND PASSPORT APPLICATION



Greetings space travellers!

This is your Hawkwind Earth Visitors Passport application form.

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

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

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

Volunteer Crew Register

Name

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

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

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Additional info:

www.hawkwind.com

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The Song of

PANNE

Being Mainly About Elephants

JONATHAN DOWNES

XTUL

IN THE GREY HALF-LIGHT BETWEEN FACT AND FANTASY

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

Are you sitting comfortably? Good. I shall begin.

XXXXVII

I actually woke up early and surprisingly refreshed the next morning. It would be easy - in order to create some sort of dramatic tension - to pretend that my sleep was wracked with horrific dreams about human sacrifices, but actually I had a very pleasant night snuggled up with Corinna, Panne and the animals, and woke with my arms round Archie, and with Prudence snuggled beneath my head like a hairy and slightly smelly pillow.

I actually prefer to get up early and go downstairs with my iPad, so I can read the morning news,



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



drink coffee (and if it is one of those times when I have lapsed from having given up smoking) indulge in a visit from my friends Mr Benson and Mr Hedges. It is about the only time of the day when the house is quiet, and I truly enjoy the solitude.

I had completely forgotten that Corinna had begrudgingly invited Lydia to stay the night, and that she had made up a makeshift bed for her on the sitting room sofa. However, to my great relief she had already risen and - or so it appeared - vacated my house. There was an untidy bundle of bedding on the floor, and she did not appear to have made any attempt to tidy up after herself. "That's fucking typical" I muttered to the two spur thighed tortoises in the vivarium on the floor, and sat down to muster my resources.

I really do not know what I would do without my

iPad: I use it to listen to music, write deathless prose and worthless doggerel, play games, and most mornings - if I have time - I use it as my eye on the world as I sit down to read the day's news.

There is an old Chinese proverb (or maybe curse) which says something about living in interesting times. I have always suspected that it is neither ancient, nor Oriental, as the earliest usage of it that I have been able to find was from Robert Kennedy in the early 1960s, but that is besides the point. Whether it is ancient or modern, eastern or western, it is made for the second decade in the 21st century, because the times we are living in are terrifying, and peculiar.....but undeniably interesting.

I navigated my way to bbc.co.uk. For some reason I always look at the world news first, but - as always



seems to be the way these days - apart from the novelty items about people who taught their pet guinea pigs how to rollerskate, or the family who did a remake of one of the nastier spaghetti westerns with a cast consisting entirely of children under the age of six, the news was unremittingly grim. The usual round of medieval style atrocities committed by various sides in the internecine conflicts in the Middle East, was now leavened by shocking acts of violence carried out by suicide bombers and urban terrorists in the urbanised west.

Wherever I looked, religious fanaticism seemed to be the order of the day. ISIS, The Westboro Baptist Church, Al Qaeda, and a dozen other examples of what dear old Roy Harper described as "The Nutters of God" were spreading their Gospel of Hatred, while at home in dear old Blighty, rich condemned poor, black condemned white, right condemned left, and the British Government had announced that they would be killing another 100,000 badgers in the public interest.

So, with a heavy heart, I moved to the local news section.

One of the reasons that I relocated to rural North Devon just over a decade ago was so that I could

avoid the increasing levels of unpleasantness that were beginning to surround me on a daily basis in rural Exeter, but now it seemed that pointless violence, racial tension and general unpleasantness were becoming *de rigueur* in my own little rural backwater as well. There were no less than three gruesome murders in the North Devon news that morning, and so I gave up, and sat back in my chair, and proceeded to immerse myself in the strategy game that I had - by then - been playing for more than a year.

I have always been fond of strategy games, ever since I used to play with toy soldiers as a child, and despite the fact that I am a dodgy old hippy who somewhere has a T Shirt emblazoned with the motto "Fuck the War Machine" I derive great pleasure from them. And on this particular morning a good bout of virtual militarism, and a long chat with people whom I consider friends, but whom I shall probably never meet in real life, did much to restore my good spirits.

After about an hour, I ambled into my office as if I didn't have a care in the world, and sat down to read my morning crop of emails. Before I did so, however, the events of the previous evening came to mind, and I opened my dropbox account. I am nowhere near as paranoid about internet security



as some of the people I know, but I do make sure that anything even slightly sensitive has been encrypted, and the material I had taken off the mobile phone memory card the previous night was far *more* than slightly sensitive. There is a handy little piece of freeware that is basically a virtual hard disk that encrypts files on the fly using 256-bit AES encryption. Unlike TrueCrypt, another popular on-the-fly encryption tool, it encrypts individual files, not an entire volume or container. Consequently, encrypted files sync with your cloud storage service immediately after you save them, whereas TrueCrypt syncing occurs only after you finish encrypting an entire volume.

Good stuff, eh?

I then removed any remaining traces of my activities from my desktop, and was getting back to my normal day's routine, when there was a rap on the door. Assuming that it was the postman, I shouted for whoever it was to come in, without raising my head.

When I looked up I saw two sinister looking hooded figures looming above me, and with them was Danny Miles.



Martin Springett was born in Crayford, Kent, England, in 1947. He studied art (that is he learned to play the Guitar) for two semesters at the Brassey School of Art in Hastings, Sussex. He emigrated to the West Coast of Canada in 1965, but returned to the UK in 1973 to pursue music in various bands. He spent time in Germany, and toured through Europe.

While in London Martin started to illustrate and design record covers for Columbia records. Upon his return to Vancouver, Martin carried on with music and illustrated various books and magazines. In 1978 he moved to Toronto, maintaining activity in every area where illustration is required. He released his own album, "The Gardening Club", in 1983.

In 1984 Martin was commissioned to illustrate the cover of "The Summer Tree" by Guy Gavriel Kay. This and the subsequent volumes of The Fionavar Tapestry Trilogy were published around the world along with Martin's covers. Martin continued his work in fantasy illustration, illustrating many covers for fantasy novels, including "The Traveller In Black" by John Brunner. In 1990 he illustrated his first childrens book, "Mei Ming and the Dragon's Daughter" written by Lydia Bailey. Martin has just finished illustrating his sixth children's book, called "The Follower" by Richard Thompson. He has been nominated for various awards, including the Governor Generals Award For Illustration. He has won the Aurora Award For Excellence in Fantasy Art, and two Silver Awards from the Art Directors Club of Toronto and Best Classical Record Cover of The Year Award (UK).

Martin still pursues the Musical Muse, recently producing a new CD, "Blue Evening" with his band "FREEFALL", an independent, instrumental album called "Rough Magic"; a collection of explorations on the guitar, and a collection of tunes inspired by the writings of Guy Gavriel Kay called "Bright Weaving

www.martinspringett.com/

<https://spacewreckrecords.bandcamp.com>

WHAT'S FOR DINNER?

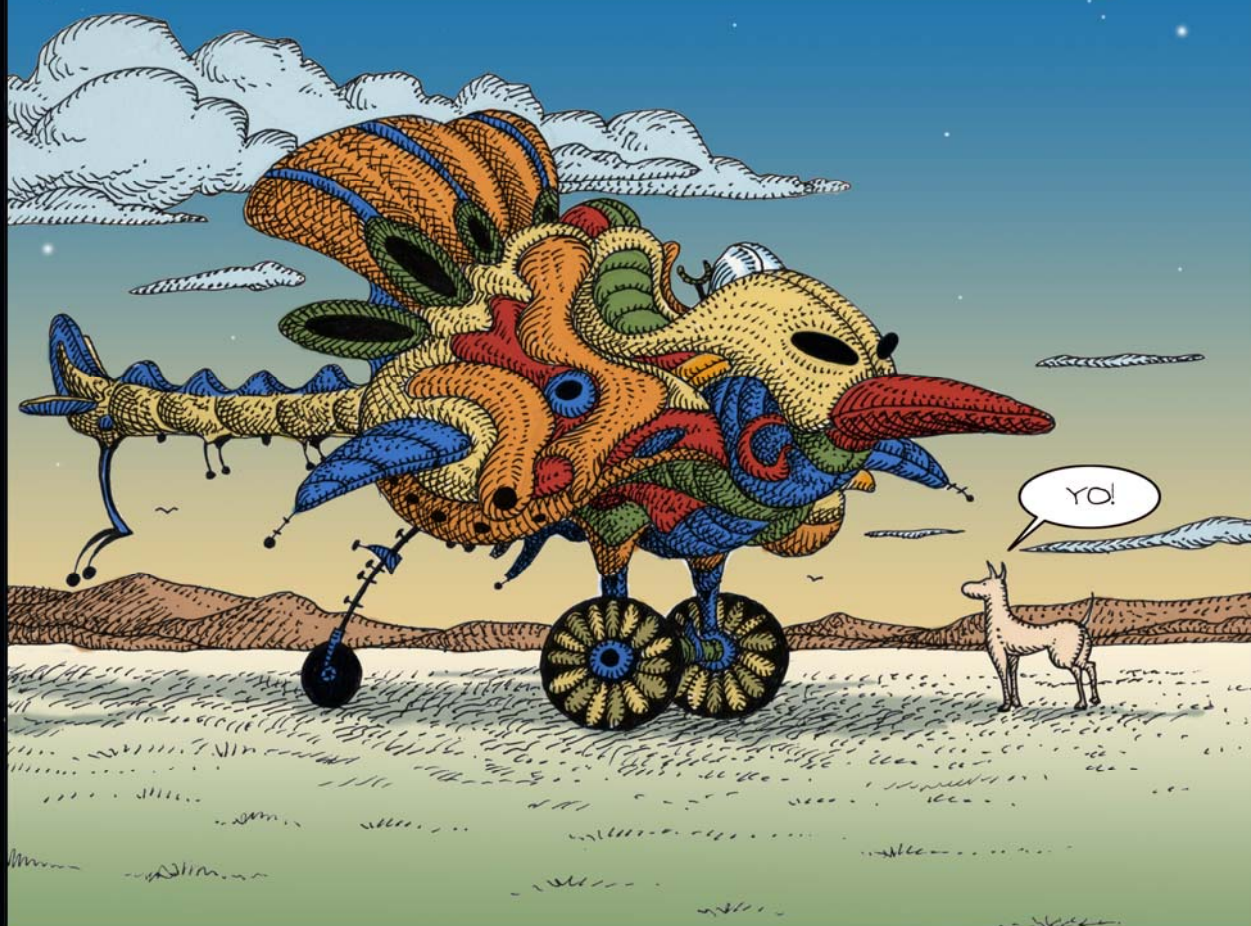
BY MARTIN SPRINGETT



Cosmo seems ready, the pilot is confident, visibility is good. Some storm activity in the fairground area, and the cobra is a bit testy, but apart from that all quadrants are clear of interference, human or otherwise.

Once the chase is on, only discreet intervention is advised. Signage is allowed, but at a minimum. Large sequential leaps have been tuned for maximum effect but there is always a small chance of drift. The Cosmo Spilito is on standby, the driver One Of Four. If the whale does decide to intervene, under no circumstances should the luaga net be deployed. The free associative must be allowed full play. In other words, let the visual chips fall where they may.

HERE WE GO THEN!
INTO THE WILD BLUE BLUNDER,
OR IS THAT YONDER? SUFFICE TO
SAY THAT WHEN A DOG OF MY
COSMIC PERSUASION DECIDES TO
HEAD OUT, THERE HAS TO BE A
SOLID REASON, LIKE CHASING A
BALL OR SEEKING A BIRD
PLANE TO COMMUNE WITH.





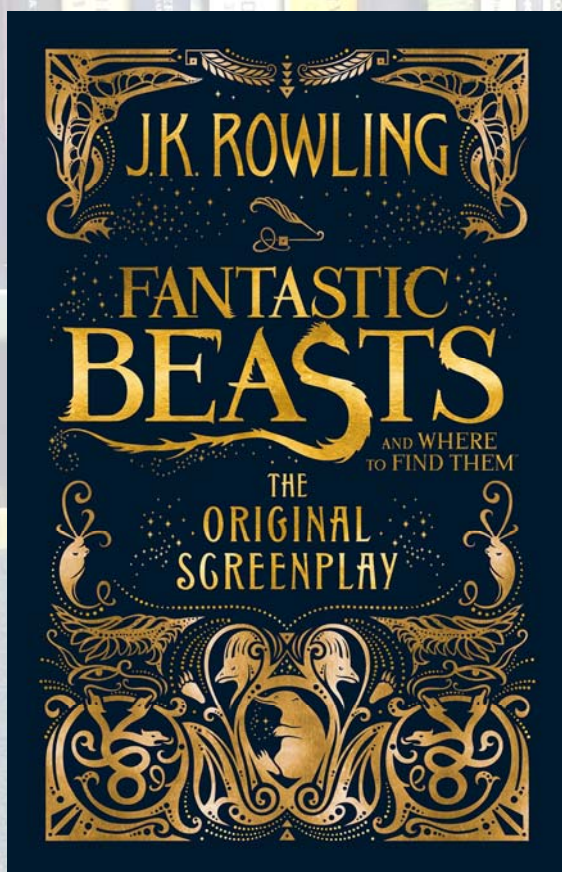
Thom the World Poet

Rob Ayling writes:

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

I WILL BELIEVE YOU
WHEN YOU TAKE RESPONSIBILITY
for representing the wishes and wills of others
who do not wish to take responsibility.
for their own actions, or the wishes of their demographic
Because we do not obey the law
we must pay jailers, police and judges
Because we do not make the laws
we pay politicians. When you step up
into the withering criticism of armchair FACEBOOK politicians
you will finally feel the hatred of the crowds
knitting near the guillotine
while another Royal head plops into the basket for their entertainment

Yer Gonzo Bookshelf



Hardcover: 304 pages
Publisher: Little, Brown;
01 edition (18 Nov. 2016)
Language: English
ISBN-10: 1408708981
ISBN-13: 978-1408708989

And so my increasingly complex and unpredictable relationship with the works of Ms J K Rowling continues. Although it is certain that someone of her means has her portfolio of intellectual properties controlled by a whole plethora of wealth management consultants, I increasingly think that she follows her own peculiar star as far as what she writes.

Nine years after the Harry Potter novel series came to an end and five years after the final movie, this year has seen a two part stage play, and now the first of five prequel films, each with an accompanying book of the script/

screenplay. A few weeks ago I wrote in these very pages how, despite initially being majorly cynical, and having prepared myself to write a sarcastic put down, I had both enjoyed and been moved by the book of *Harry Potter and the Cursed Child*, and so when the screenplay of *Fantastic Beasts and Where to Find Them* came out, I squandered eight quid on the ebook.

Rowling always said that she was not going to do a *Star Wars* and do a prequel telling the story of Harry Potter's parents, but - although this new run of films are set in the same universe, seventy years before - there is only one character (so far) who appears, who was actually *in* the original books and movies, although the main character was mentioned in the original canon.

Fantastic Beasts and Where to Find Them is mentioned as a school textbook in the Harry Potter book series, although its author, Newt Scamander himself does not appear in any of the books. In 2001 Rowling published an edition of the "textbook" to be sold to raise money for the British charity Comic Relief. The book is a directory of magical creatures written with an introduction by its author Newt Scamander; it does not contain a storyline narrative. (In literature, the creation of such a long work not part of a novel's narrative storyline is known as a false document.)

First announced in September 2013, the film project marks Rowling's debut as a screenwriter. The film sees the return of producer David Heyman, as well as writer Steve Kloves, both veterans of the Potter film franchise. After Alfonso Cuarón declined involvement, Warner Bros. announced that David Yates would direct at least the first instalment. Rowling's third draft was accepted after some improvements done by Yates, Heyman, and Kloves.

So, first, what is it all about?

In 1926, wizard Newt Scamander briefly stops over in New York City while en route to Arizona. He encounters Mary Lou Barebone, a No-Maj (non-magical human) and the head of the New Salem Philanthropic Society, which

claims that witches and wizards are real and dangerous. As Newt listens to her speak, a mysterious animal escapes from his magically-expanded suitcase that houses multiple magical creatures. As he attempts to capture it, Jacob Kowalski, a No-Maj cannery worker, mistakenly carries off Newt's suitcase. Demoted Auror Tina Goldstein arrests Newt for being an unregistered wizard and takes him to the Magical Congress of the United States of America (MACUSA) headquarters, hoping to regain her former position. However, President Seraphina Picquery and Auror Percival Graves dismiss the case. At Jacob's tenement apartment, several creatures escape Newt's suitcase. And magical chaos ensues.

I could expound upon the plot for hours, but it would be pointless as the story has been précised to a greater or lesser extent across the Internet, and I am not in the mood to do so once again. I suppose that I could cut and paste what somebody else has written on the subject, but that would be equally pointless.

Is the film any good? I don't know, as the nearest cinema is in Barnstaple, nearly twenty miles away, and Wheelchair access is limited. I will either buy or blag a copy on DVD when it finally comes out next spring, but I am old enough not to be *that* impatient.

But the big question here is whether the *book* is any good. And once again Ms Rowling has managed to surprise me far more than I was expecting. The book of the script of the play (golly that sounds convoluted but you know what I mean) was far better than I had expected and so I had high expectations from the book of the screenplay. And, initially, I have to say, I was disappointed.

It was obvious from the start that the story was likely to have made a good film. The film opens with a dark setting where a bunch of people are gathered. Then, there is a flash of light and the back of a wizard, later revealed to be Grindelwald. Then, there is a montage of newspapers before we finally settle in New York. We see Newton Scamander on a ship as it arrives, and he gets off.

But I got that from a precis on a Harry Potter fan site, and not from the script. The script is exactly what it says it is on the tin: a screenplay for the

film, and as such it is not going to be as easy or as entertaining reading as a straightforward novel. Peculiarly it is not even as easy or as entertaining reading as is the script of *Harry Potter and the Cursed Child*. And, I was about two thirds of the way through reading it before two peculiar things happened.

First I understood why I was not enjoying the book as much as I had the play script only a few weeks ago. It is because the play continues the stories of a whole bunch of characters who had become familiar over the course of seven (often quite lengthy) books and eight films, whereas the characters in *Fantastic Beasts* were being introduced to us for the first time, and so we had not had a chance to learn their backstories. And secondly: as soon as I took that concept on board, I found myself enjoying the book far more, and becoming more emotionally involved with both the characters and the plot.

So, now you and I have both come to the end of this rather peculiar review, which - in my defence - was written in the middle of the night after I had been laid low all day with an ear infection, what is the answer? I will give you all that I know so far.

Q: Is the film any good?
A: I don't know, I haven't seen it

Q: Is the whole project a blatant moneymaking exercise on the back of a successful franchise?
A: No, I don't think so

Q: Am I looking forward to seeing the film?
A: Yes

Q: Is the book worth reading?
A: I don't know, I will have to read it again to find out

Q: Will I read it again?
A: Probably

Q: Is this one of the least satisfactory reviews I have ever written
A: Yes

THE BITCH IS BACK



yearn to have this very desirable item which is difficult to come by. When Bowie used the Artwork for Hunky Dory it was his best friend George Underwood who uplifted and coloured the fantastic retro photo of David we all know and love today and George gave his blessing and approval for this along with David for this official piece of David Bowie Memorabilia. The second and third photos are taken from the Kreative Koncepts site and the first photo of the Hunky Dory Tapestry are of my other one which I possess and use as a rug in my home however it is never walked on. Please note the one I am selling is Brand new and in its original packaging and has only been opened to check for flaws when I first purchased it and has been stored out of light in its own packaging ever since."

Pretty cool.

ADAM ANT personal leather jacket from the 1995 Acoustic Rare Memorabilia - £3,000



"This jacket is Adam Ants' , was worn by him on the Wonderful Acoustic Tour 1995. It is his personal jacket that has never been washed. It has all the dirty stains and is worn in certain places and has all stains that he has accumulated during the tour and I guess his sweat ! . It is signed by Adam Ant on the inside and comes with the letter shown in the picture describing when he wore it. This Jacket was given away as a prize for the sexiest person at the Adam and the Ants convention 1995. This is a one off opportunity to by an historical item

SHAMELESS SELF PROMOTION TIME

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



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

and an extremely rare opportunity to purchase one of Adam's stage jackets as usually he gives all his stage clothes to the museum."

Nothing like a bit of sweat from the stars to encourage the opening of a wallet.

PERIODIC TABLE OF MUSIC GENRES
Laminated POSTER "Educational Chart" NEW
Licensed - AU \$24.90 (Approximately US \$18.44)

PERIODIC TABLE OF MUSIC GENRES																Rr	
<div>Numbers, Symbols and Music Notation Reference Chart</div>																	
<div>Key</div>																	
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<div>Dw Bg Sp Sk Bl P</div>																	
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<div>Jr J Bm Sa Mt Cy Ag Gt Ar Th Na Go Sy Sr Gp Jf Jz</div>																	
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<div>Combinations of Genres</div>																	
<div>Ar + Rr =</div>																	
<div>Ar + G =</div>																	

As you can't see it very well, here is a close up of part of it:

14	15	16	17
G	Bp	F	Rb
Orange	Bubblegum Pop Britney Spears	Folk Indigo Girls	R&B Mary J. Blige
31	32	33	34
Ec	Gl	Gr	H
Electroclash Fisherspooner	Glam Rock David Bowie	Garage Rock Weezer	Hip Hop Public Enemy
48	49	50	51
			Pk

ELVIS' THE KING 14K YELLOW GOLD NUGGET DIAMOND WIDE VINTAGE WATCH MEMORABILIA - US \$33,000.00



"ELVIS' GOLD AND DIAMOND WRIST WATCH. 14K YELLOW GOLD 7.5" LONG

NUGGET STYLE STRAP. 36 ROUND BRILLIANT DIAMONDS AROUND THE CASE, TOTAL 6CT IN WHITE GOLD PRONG SETTING. CLARITY VS-1 VS-2 COLOR G-H. TOTAL WEIGHT OF THE WATCH 260GRAMS"

Does your udder shudder in 'uddersfield? Mine sure does sitting here looking at this. How ostentatious can you get? All I can say is "Yuk!"

1950s Voice-O-Graph RECORDING STUDIO - works on 25c - US \$23,467.76



"vintage automatic 'direct-to-vinyl' vinyl RECORD MAKER!

This beauty is a 1957 model Voice-O-Graph made by Mutoscope International of Chicago, IL, US. Just like the earlier 1940s model Voice-O-Graph (like the one that I got for Jack White), these are EXTREMELY rare to find in any condition today. This auction is for one of only three known surviving 1957 model Voice-o-Graphs anywhere in the world! Not only that – it is amazingly cool! The Voice-O-Graph has been a passion of mine for more than 10 years, and the interest generated by the 1947 record booth I got for Jack White has been a joy. This Record Booth is restored, and UPGRADED to be a 'direct-to-vinyl' automated recording studio that has the capability to operate on a TOKEN (if you want to use it in a public space such as a vinyl cafe, record studio, etc.). It can also be setup to work on a 25c quarter, 35c, 50c, foreign coins, etc. It now works much, much better than it ever did when it was new! An operating Voice-O-Graph Recording



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.

PRATT, DOWNES & SCOTT,
NEW YORK.



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

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



AULD MAN'S BACCIE

RESONATING WITH THE BLUES

THE NINE HENRYS



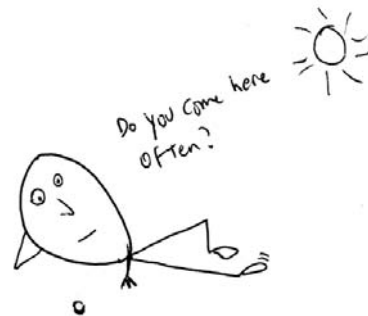
The Nine Henrys are a quirky bunch of cloned cartoon characters. They live in a strange lo-fi domestic surrealist world peopled by talking rock buns and elephants on wobbly stilts. Over the years the Henrys have been published in a variety of local NE magazines and now here for the first time thanks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

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

THE WORLDS FIRST CLONED CARTOON CHARACTER

modada@ninehenrys.com

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



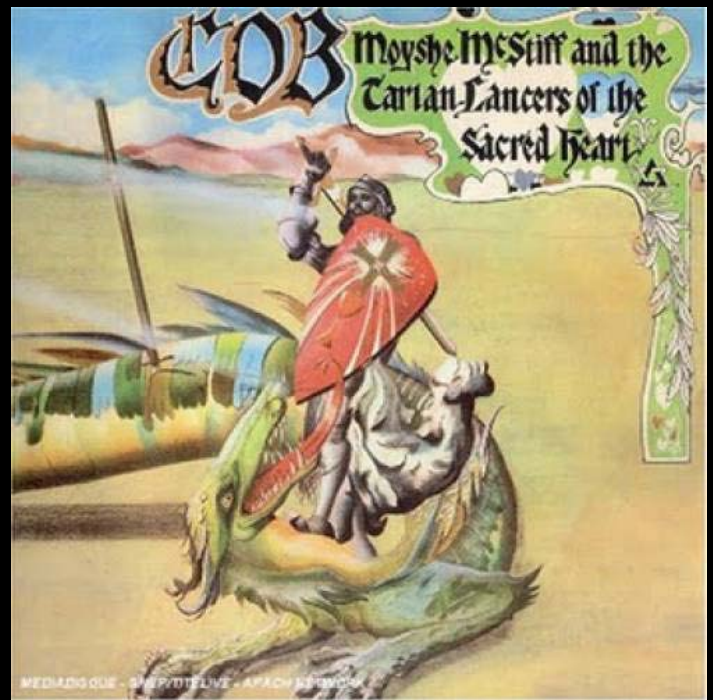
Henry leisurely seduces a lost coin



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.



C.O.B. (Clive's Original Band): Moyshe McStiff and the Tartan Lancers of the Sacred Heart (Folk Mill, 1972)
What? Prime acid folk with a backward glance and blissful vibe.

The Guardian's blog chronicling the 101 strangest records on Spotify says: "utter genius, an album so pure in intent it will sound like a camomile tea and cannabis scented English late summer's day for the rest of time. Delivering the perfect balance of sunsetsnapped hippie-folk idealism and LSD-stained experimentalism." The album represented the second, and by far most ambitious, long playing work by the band, and something of an about face for Palmer. Palmer was involved in the early Incredible String Band before decamping when financial success became a reality. He sought a bohemian purity and music created for its own value.

The hippie vibe on Moyshe McStiff permeates everything from the overblown and epic knights and dragon cover to the mix of instruments and the sound of each track. It is a study in perfection and being true to an artistic vision. The vibe may be blissful but the individual musicians, and Ralph McTell's production, present a case study in getting it all right. A mark of a wonderful album is the impossibility of finding a way that any song or any sound could have been improved. The crafting of Moyshe McStiff shows one inspired touch after another, an expressive banjo pushing forward "Pretty Kerry" or the exposed vocal of "Solomon's Song" perfectly capturing the character telling the story. The slow and effortless beauty of "Eleven Willows" makes the song sound like an epic, despite it clocking in short of two and half minutes. The album has long been regarded as a touchstone for folk rock gold. It is heresy to suggest anything is wrong with this album but its innate genius may well be its shortcoming. Each song sounds different to the others, nobody really sounds like C.O.B. and anyone attempting to cover these songs or equal this album is asking for trouble. If you come a cropper combining drones and banjo on the same album and the world will never forget. C.O.B.'s strongest supporters are those who know, and love, their acid folk. As a rite of passage Moyshe McStiff and the Tartan Lancers of the Sacred Heart is the sonic equivalent of that first sip of a fine malt whisky. Those convinced, find a delight fit to be savoured for years to come.

Gregg Kofi Brown

ROCK 'N' ROLL AND UFOs

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

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

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

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

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

CD and book available soon from Gonzo Multimedia



GONZO
MULTIMEDIA

www.gonzmultimedia.co.uk

THE WORLD OF GONZO ACCORDING TO

Mark Raines



CRAZY

MAN



M. A. Raines



ALWAYS THOUGHT
NESSIE
WAS
A GIRL NAME

M. A. Raines.

So, here we are at the end of another week, and true to my word I am NOT going to say what a peculiar one it has been because, it has actually been bordering on the prosaic.

The weirdest thing to happen in the week was a totally professional one involving my sixteen year old assistant Chloe. I have no idea what girlish dreams Miss Gray had for the future back when she was a little girl, but I bet she never thought she would end up as the webmistress of the *Pink Fairies'* Instagram Account. I have only got the vaguest idea what Instagram is. According to Wikiwhatsit:

“Instagram is an online mobile photo-sharing, video-sharing, and social networking service that enables its users to take pictures and videos, and share them either publicly or privately on the app, as well as through a variety of other social networking platforms, such as Facebook, Twitter, Tumblr, and Flickr.”

Are you any wiser? Nope, neither am I. But darling Chloe pointed out that all sorts of other people, including *Hawkwind* use Instagram, and—as I told *el grande fromage*—if it is good enough for the masters of the Universe then it is good enough for the *pink*s.

So we spent large chunks of Tuesday tarting up the *Pink Fairies* website www.pinkfairies.net and setting up the aforementioned Instagram account for them.

I have very mixed feelings about social media. I use



Facebook both as a business tool and for keeping in touch with family and friends (and, bizarrely, for conferring with Corinna and Graham elsewhere in the house) but that doesn't mean that I like it.

Because of my activities with this magazine, and with the CFZ and everything else that I do, I have lots and lots of contacts, and so— if you are to take it at face value—I have over 1100 friends which is patently ridiculous. I only know about a third of them in the flesh as it were, and I seriously doubt whether more than fifty of them are what could truly be described friends. But this is the modern world, and if by embracing this new media we can flog a few more albums for the *Pink Fairies* then bring it on!

Slainte jd



THE BEST LAID PLANS

BEEFHEART AT HIS BEST

Live on stage

ADMIT • ONE | \$5.50 | STALLS

Somewhere Over Detroit

11 DEC 1980
ON STAGE 20.30

FROM HARPOS CONCERT THEATRE, DETROIT

11 DEC 1980
ON STAGE 20.30

CAPTAIN BEEFHEART



& The

Magic Band

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

LIVE

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