The legendary Martin Stone played with many classic rock bands including Mighty Baby, Snakefinger, Southern Comfort, Pink Fairies, The 10lers, Wreckless Eric, and the Gibson Girls. He died at the end of last year, and Richard Foreman says goodbye to him. Alan eulogises Sandie Lee, Doug Shoop describes the Sweet Colleens, Kev trawls through more strange music, Doug Harr praises CircumLine, and Jon reads about "My Favourite Manson Girl", and remembers The Word magazine...
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THE THREE COMMANDMENTS OF GONZO WEEKLY:

1. Art is as important as science and more important than money

2. There is life after (beyond and before) Pop Idol

3. Music can and sometimes does change the world

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

Welcome to another issue of this peculiar magazine, which - as I end up writing so often - never ceases to amuse and amaze me in the way that it progresses.

Talking about the way that magazines progress, a few weeks ago I discovered something called The Whole Hogg Blog which covers the subject of the late, and very lamented magazine *Word* (later *The Word*) which was published by Development Hell, with Mark Ellen as the editor. You can find it here:

https://wholehoggblog.wordpress.com/about/

I read every issue of *The Word* from first to last, and it probably was my favourite magazine of all time (except perhaps *Fortean Times* at its best, thirty years ago).

For those of you not in the know *The Word* was a monthly music magazine published in London. It was voted UK 'Music Magazine Of The Year' in 2007 and 2008. It ran for 114 issues, the last bearing the cover date August 2012. The magazine was divided into two sections; the front, which featured photographs, interviews and features, and the rear, which concentrated on reviews of CDs, DVDs, books and films.

Regular features included 'Diary' (Mark Ellen discussing recent events) 'Face Time' (an interview feature), 'Word of Mouth' (People we like & the things they like) 'Departure Lounge' (obituaries), 'Word to the Wise' (an interview) 'InBox' (letters to the editor), and 'The Last Word', the reviews section. Latterly, this included 'The Massive
Attacks’, a section devoted to reader reviews taken from the magazine’s website.

I tried on a number of occasions to write for the magazine, but was always gently and politely rebuffed in an email from Mark Ellen, and eventually gave up. It was a great pity, because I truly think that I could have added something to the periodical, but things didn’t actually work out that way.

The magazine has come in for a measure of retroactive criticism, mostly because of a feature that Ellen wrote about his late band from university, which featured as singer a bloke called Tony. Ugly Rumours was the name of a rock band founded in part by former UK prime minister Tony Blair, while studying law at St John’s College, Oxford during the early 1970s; he sang and played guitar. The band’s name came from the cover of the Grateful Dead’s album *From the Mars Hotel*.

On 19 January 2006, Channel 4 broadcast a docudrama entitled *Tony Blair: Rock Star*, which stated that the band’s first gig was at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, during which the drum kit fell apart, and that the band played a total of six gigs before disbanding. It was also mentioned that Blair passed his audition for the band primarily because he was the only auditionee who knew all the words to the song he was asked to sing, "(I Can't Get No) Satisfaction" by Mick Jagger of the Rolling Stones, whom he imitated during his performances.

I always thought that I remembered that the interview appeared in the lead up to one of the General Elections that Blair had won with his shit eating grin and cheeky chappie persona, but in fact, a brief look at dates proved that this was not so. I moved to North Devon to look after my dying father in June 2005, a month after Blair’s final election victory. I put in a monthly order for *The Word* at the village shop, and I am certain that I read the article about Blair et al in bed upstairs in my old family home.

It annoyed me. I had always disliked Blair, writing him off as an unctuous arse chosen by a focus group because he had Jason Donovanesque public pleasing good looks. I was appalled at his behaviour before, during and after the Iraq War, and am terribly glad that public opinion has largely shifted to agree with me, here in 2017. But no, it may
have annoyed me, but it didn’t put me off the magazine. It is an editor’s job to curate their magazine in a way that makes it as interesting as possible, and the Tony Blair article was undeniably interesting. It is the job of a writer to provoke an emotional response, and the Blair article certainly did that.

I have absolutely no quarrel with Mark Ellen for having done that. I would have done the same, and in the unlikely possibility of me being able to get an interview with Anthony Charles Lynton Blair PC for this magazine I would - of course - do it. And I would have gone further than Mark Ellen and given him the front cover. I would, however have asked questions that would have reflected my view of the bloody man and his policies, and done my best to shaft him.

So, although I have a beef with The Word particularly in its final years, it has nothing to do with Politics, at least not with a capital P.

I have always had an idealistic view of rock music. I think it is the job of any artist to hold up a mirror to society, to confront, and to facilitate social change. Whether in a Bob Dylan, “times they are a changing” way, or a John Sinclair/Mick Farren “dope, rock and roll and fucking in the streets” way, or at least a “look inside your mind and tell me what you see” way. All art has to be more than mere entertainment, as far as I am concerned.

I may be being an arse here, and if I am, I would rather that someone wrote to me and told me so rather than just leaving it be, but it was the writing about “Dad Bands”, basically cover bands formed by people of my age so that they could look back and pretend that they were rock stars, bands with names like the Grateful Dad that pissed me off.

The writing came over as self congratulatory and bourgeois and really got on my righteous rock and roll tits. And this was a pattern, not only talking about “Dad Bands” but covering a range of subjects that really detracted from the impact of The Word during the final years of its existence.

In the “About” section of the Whole Hogg Blog, Gavin Hogg writes:

“I’ve challenged myself to write a post for
each issue of the much-missed Word magazine. It will start with the first and work steadily through them, highlighting anything that grabs my attention as I go. I hope to include interviews with a range of people involved in its production.

The Word Shuffle works like an iPod shuffle but with page numbers instead of tracks. It’s generated by a random number from http://www.random.org/ and I’ll briefly describe the contents of that page, often giving a sample quote. It’s the best way I can think of to remove myself from the process to some degree and to preserve some of the content and flavour of the magazine. I’ll try to update every 3-4 weeks at least and aim to be done by the end of 2017…but it could well take a lot longer.”

I would like to publicly congratulate him on this worthy endeavour. The use of the random number generator is a remarkably surrealchemical way to revisit snapshots from our collective past.

Because, although it occasionally irritated me, The Word made me happy each month from 2003-12 and provided entertaining and enlivening prose like no magazine ever did before or since.

Except….

Penny Rimbaud wrote how going to see The Clash play live acted as “a challenge to our creativity” and became a catalyst for the eventual formation of Crass. The Word did much the same for me, which is why you are reading this magazine now.

Love and peace and other unattainable concepts…

Jon Downes
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,
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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

It is simple; my name is Jon and I'm the editor of the Gonzo Multimedia daily online bloggything, and wot wot 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.
In this lavishly illustrated celebration of classic and progressive rock bands of the 1970s, author Doug Harr shares his vivid memories of the mind-altering rock spectacles he witnessed in his hometown of Los Angeles—the City of Angels—at the genesis of a new art form. Get a front-row seat at three-dozen spectacular concerts and the albums that spawned them. Revisit these legendary records and concerts along with reviews of the best video documents of the era, each hand illuminated by a hand-picked collection of brilliant images—most never-before seen—by the era’s best rock photographers. This 396-page hardcover book is nearly the size of an LP cover and features over 600 images. Foreword by Armando Gallo.

Available at Amazon and ConsoMultimedia.com
Preorder begins December 2016: wide release January 2017

Rockin’ the City of Angels features the work of some of the rock era’s greatest photographers, including Richard E. Aaron, Jørgen Angel, Fin Costello, Ian Dickson, Armando Gallo, Stacey Katsis, Terry O’Neill, Neal Preston, Michael Putland, Jim Summara, Lisa Tanner, Brian Weiner, Neil Zlozower and more!
ONE LIVES IN HOPE: According to Gene Simmons, there isn't going to be another KISS album unless there are some major changes in the way music is consumed.

While the band's popularity, at least at the consumer level, has ebbed and flowed over the years, their last couple of albums have been major disappointments from a sales perspective. KISS have released twenty studio albums only four of which have not gone, at a minimum, gold (500,000 units sold). 1981's Music From "The Elder" has sold about 375,000 copies while the more recent Carnival of Souls (1997) is at 181,000, Sonic Boom (2008) at 325,000 and Monster (2012) with 200,000.

Here's the big difference in those totals. The Elder was a bomb, only reaching 75 on the Billboard 200 and Carnival of Souls only made 27; however, Sonic Boom peaked at 2 and Monster at 3, even with those excessively low sales totals. With very few exceptions, today's albums just don't sell that many copies. Read on...

RIGHT ON BRUCE: On Thursday, January 12, Bruce Springsteen visited what has become one of his favorite stomping grounds over the last eight years, The White House, for a special acoustic set. Springsteen performed the event at the White House before heading to Australia to start his tour in Perth this Sunday.

Playing in the East Room, his performance was a thank you to the staff of the Obama administration who had worked at the White House for the eight years of his presidency. A full report on Backstreets talks of the evening as being neither festive nor somber and relays the fact that Springsteen spoke between many of the songs, sometimes about politics and others to relate a story about the tune. Over fifteen songs, Springsteen touched on twelve
Girls Just Want to Have Rod: Cyndi Lauper was thrilled when she learned she would be touring with Rod Stewart because she has admired him since before she was famous. The singers will head out on the road for a tour this summer (17) and Lauper insists the collaboration is a dream come true. “For me honestly... it’s like a bucket list thing and I’m trying to do everything that I didn’t do, and singing with Sir Rod is a big deal to me because when I started I was singing his songs,” she told U.S. breakfast show Today on Wednesday (25Jan17) during a joint interview with Stewart. “I was in the shower trying to squeeze my voice together so that I could sound like him... and the fact that he has longevity and that he’s a real musician and that he really is committed, it’s kind of great.”

The 63-year-old also reveals Stewart has become somewhat of a mentor, encouraging her to step out of her comfort zone when taking on new musical projects.

Twat: Rocker Ted Nugent has called on Secret Service officials to investigate his fellow Michigan native Madonna following her “blowing up the White House” remarks at an anti-Donald Trump rally. The pop superstar revealed she considered drastic action after Trump won the U.S. presidential election in November (16), and a day after his inauguration on Friday (20Jan17), she went public with her thoughts during a speech at Saturday’s (21Jan17) Women’s March in Washington, D.C.

The Material Girl has since explained herself, insisting she was speaking metaphorically, but Nugent and other top Republicans have suggested her comments were too much and she should be warned. Ted, who famously found himself at the centre of a Secret Service caution after making...
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…

“Coming of age in a fascist police state will not be a barrel of fun for anybody, much less for people like me, who are not inclined to suffer Nazis gladly and feel only contempt for the cowardly flag-suckers who would gladly give up their outdated freedom to live for the mess of pottage they have been conned into believing will be freedom from fear.”  .”

Hunter S. Thompson

controversial statements about President Barack Obama in 2012, now feels Madonna should get the same treatment. Read on...

RIGHT ON BRUCE (part two): Bruce Springsteen says he will dedicate the next four years as part of “the new American resistance” to speaking out against US demagogue Trump. Bruce Springsteen and the E Street Band played the first show on their 2017 tour in Perth, Western Australia, “The E Street Band is glad to be here in Western Australia. But we’re a long way from home, and our hearts and spirits are with the hundreds of thousands of women and men that marched yesterday in every city in America and in Melbourne who rallied against hate and division and in support of tolerance, inclusion, reproductive rights, civil rights, racial justice, LGBTQ rights, the environment, wage equality, gender equality, healthcare, and immigrant rights. We stand with you. We are the new American resistance,” Bruce told the crowd.

Earlier at a media conference, about his job, Springsteen said, “We observe and we report, we witness and we testify, and hopefully through doing so we lift up and help people transcend and we try to inspire people during tough times,” he said, “It’s been our job for 40 years and it will continue to be so in the next coming years.” He said his band is here to “witness and to testify” about the US government. Read on...

ONE BIOG NOSED BARD TO ANOTHER: Billy Bragg has written new lyrics for Bob Dylan’s The Times They Are a Changing to reflect the current times. With the new title The Times They Are A Changing Back, the song references a number of current events in America based on Bragg’s reflections on the Trump inauguration. Bragg wrote of the song:

At 5 pm on Friday, at the moment Donald Trump became President of the United States, Joe Henry
and I were beginning our sound check in Salisbury. Joe began mournfully strumming Dylan’s classic ‘The Times They Are A Changing’ and, listening to him from the wings, I ruefully thought that it seems more like the times are changing back to how they were in the 1950s. Read on...

THE DRUGS MAY BE WORKING: Following the announcement of new arena dates and a very special outdoor show at Castlefield Bowl, Richard Ashcroft has confirmed two extra dates at Newcastle O2 Academy and London’s O2 Academy Brixton in April and July respectively. Black Grape have also been announced as special guests for all dates (except from Castlefield Bowl). Richard Ashcroft saw out 2016 in grand style with festival performances at Isle Of Wight Festival and sold out UK shows including two very special dates at The O2 London and Liverpool Echo Arena which saw Ashcroft accompanied by an orchestra and Will Malone.

The Brit and Ivor Novello award winning and Grammy nominated artist released his album ‘These People’ last year and spent over five months in the UK Top 200 albums chart since having charted at No.3 in May 2016. Equally channelling his classic output and exploring adventurous new sounds, textures and themes, and graced by one of the most singular and unforgettable voices in British music, These People reaffirms him as one of the most...
defining and prodigious songwriters of his 
generation. 'Out Of My Body' and 'These 
People' is the latest single from the album 
following 'Hold On', 'They Don’t Own Me' & 
'This Is How It Feels'. Read on...

ZOMBIE ATTACK: 'Celebrating the 50th 
anniversary of 'Odessey and Oracle', uniting all 
four surviving members of the group with Colin 
Blunstone on lead vocals, Rod Argent on 
keyboards/ vocals, Chris White on Bass/ Vocals 
and Hugh Gundry on drums, the band will 
perform their iconic album that produced two of 
the bands biggest hits ('Time of the Season'/ 
'She’s Not There') live on stage, in its entirety 
for one final time at The London Palladium this 
September”

Announcing today Monday 23rd January 2017:

The Zombies continue their remarkable 21st-
century resurgence at The London Palladium on 
Friday 29th September 2017 with ‘Odessy & 
Oracle’ live!

Tickets On Sale: FRIDAY 27TH JAN 10AM 
www.altickets.com/Rutlive.co.uk/Gigantie.com

The last two years have seen extensive global 
touring from the current Zombie line up, with the 
release of ‘Still Got That Hunger’ on Cherry Red, 
bringing the band back to the Billboard charts 
almost 50 years after their first singles, their 
second nomination for the Rock N Roll Hall Of 
Fame, performances over two consecutive years 
at Glastonbury, an appearance on Jools Holland, 
performing for BBC’s Children In Need, two 
showcases at The Great Escape Festival and 
extensive support from 6 Music.

Young and old fans alike, have celebrated the 
career of a band hailed in the USA as leaders of 
the British Invasion, a musical institution and 
prominent influencers for modern bands 
today. Read on...
MAD MADONNA
Madonna turned the air blue at the Women’s March in Washington, D.C. with a string of ‘F’ words during her stirring anti-Donald Trump speech.

The pop superstar joined hundreds of thousands of activists who marched on the U.S. capital to protest Trump’s era as President, which began on Friday (20Jan17), following his inauguration.

Madonna stepped up to the stage after speeches from the likes of Scarlett Johansson, America Ferrara, Michael Moore, and feminist icon Gloria Steinem, and gave notice she intended to spearhead a girl power revolution.

"Are you ready to shake up the world?" she asked at the beginning of her speech. "Welcome to the revolution of love, to the rebellion, to our refusal as women to accept this new age of tyranny, where not just women are in danger, but all marginalised people, (and) where being uniquely different right now might truly be considered a crime.

"It took this horrific moment of darkness to wake us the f**k up... Today marks the beginning of our story. The revolution starts here. The fight for the right to be free, to be who we are, to be equal.

"Let’s march together through this darkness and with each step know that we are not afraid, that we are not alone, that we will not back down, that there is power in our unity, and no opposing force stands a chance in the face of solidarity."

She added, "To our detractors that insist that this march will never add up to anything, f**k you! F**k you! It is the beginning of much-needed change."

Many news channels, including CNN, cut their live coverage of Madonna’s speech as the expletives rained down.

 Millions of people joined sister marches across America and around the world in Europe and countries like Australia, Greece, and Myanmar.

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

-Chris Packham

Right On Chris

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

I'm on Board!

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

Michael Des Barres on

Little Steven's Underground Garage

Maximum Rock and Roll

Mornings 8am - 11am ET

SiriusXM 1 (XM) Satellite Radio

(Filling in for Andrew Loog Oldham)
"If you don't want your tax dollars to help the poor, then stop saying you want a country based on Christian values, because you don't."

Jimmy Carter

Trying to pick my favorite politician is like trying to decide which STD is just right for me.
Each week Richard Freeman: world famous cryptozoologist, explorer, author, and one of the most peculiar people I know picks a suitably off story from the world’s press.
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 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.

Suicide: Ghost Rider
Frank Sinatra Jr: Shadows on a Foggy Day
Prince: Planet Earth
The Rubettes: Juke Box Jive
Cassius Clay (Muhammad Ali): Stand by Me
Guy Clark: Desperados Waiting for a Train
Merle Haggard: Are The Good Times Really Over?
Blue Oyster Cult: Godzilla
Funkadelic: One Nation Under a Groove
David Bowie: Station to Station
PM Dawn: Apathy Superstar
Mike Hart: You Remind me of a Train
Emerson, Lake and Palmer: From the Beginning
Isao Tomita: Snowflakes are Dancing
Elvis Presley: Good Rockin’ Tonight
Fairport Convention: Bridge over the River Ash
Michael Nesmith: Rainmaker
Pierre Boulez (conductor) Pavane for a Dead Princess
America: Old Man Took
The Eagles: The Greeks Don’t Want no Freaks
Prince Buster and the Blue Beats: Independence Song
Bobby Vee: The Night has a Thousand Eyes
Van Morrison: Beside You
Kay Starr and the Billy Butterfield Quartet: Halloween Stomp
The Black Crowes: Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds
Jean-Jacques Perrey and David Chazan: Analog Dialog
A Tribe Called Quest: Scenario
Wings: Loup (The First Indian on the Moon)
Leon Russell: Out of the Woods
Leonard Cohen: Leaving the Table

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:
Bad Dreams
http://www.facebook.com/BadDreamsOfficialPage/
The Legendary Flower Punk
http://www.facebook.com/thelegendaryflowerpunk/?fref=ts
Bret Harold Hart
http://www.facebook.com/bretharoldhart?fref=ts
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Colin TenCh Project
http://colintenchproject.bandcamp.com/releases
Nerissa Schwarz
http://www.facebook.com/nerissaschwarzmusic/?fref=ts
Grant Calvin Weston
http://www.facebook.com/g.calvin.weston
Frederic-Michael Grenier
http://www.facebook.com/fredericmichael.grenier

— with Jerry King, Colin Tench, Grant C Weston, Gabriel Agudo II, Bret Harold Hart, Marcus Pehrsson, Kamille Sharapodinov, Nerissa Schwarz, Nicholas Love and Frederic-Michael Grenier

Listen Here

Friday Night Progressive
Is Your Electric Meter Spying on You?  
"Is Your Electric Meter Spying on You?" – Mack, Juan-Juan and Cobra discuss the strange case of a missing mad scientist and the baggage he left behind. Rob Beckhusen on a Russian tank built on skis, Switchblade Steve Ward continues the story of a bizarre UFO sighting off Miami in 1967, and Cobra recounts meeting rock star Eric Clapton. UFO Comedian Phil Yebba stops by to provide the yucks.

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=UJ00-j0un6E
Following the Only Ones' farewell in 1981, Kellie moved to the countryside north of Toronto, where he spent four years away from performing, and used this time to learn the piano and write songs.

Returning to Britain in 1985, Kellie spent several years hill farming in North Wales and Scotland where he became a shepherd. In 1999 Kellie reunited with Mike Harrison, Luther Grosvenor and Greg Ridley under the Spooky Tooth moniker, and in 2004, Kellie reunited with Mike Harrison and Gary Wright to play dates in Germany as a new incarnation of Spooky Tooth.

In 2014, Kellie released his debut solo album - *Music from The Hidden* - while still a member of the Only Ones; the album was produced by Kellie who also played drums, organ, bass and acoustic guitars, percussion and sang lead vocals. He was also a prolific session musician and worked with the likes of the Who on the film soundtrack of Tommy, Joe Cocker, Traffic, George Harrison, Jerry Lee Lewis, Peter Frampton, amongst others.

He died on 18 January 2017 following a short illness.

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In 1966, Kellie played in Birmingham in a band called the Locomotive with Chris Wood of Traffic, and later with the the V.I.P.'s (later Art) in Carlisle. Manager Chris Blackwell found a singer and organist from the New York Times band named Gary Wright, added him to the line-up of Art and launched the band Spooky Tooth with Kellie, Greg Ridley, Jimmy Henshaw, Keith Emerson, Luther Grosvenor and Mike Harrison.

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**Michael Alexander "Mike" Kellie**

(1947 – 2017)

Jaki Liebezeit

(1938 – 2017)

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**Michael Alexander "Mike" Kellie**

(1947 – 2017)
Lybezeit was a German drummer, best known as a founding member of Can. He was called "one of the few drummers to convincingly meld the funky and the cerebral".

In the mid-1960s, he was part of Manfred Schoof's quintet, who were early exponents of European free jazz, and subsequently moved towards the new possibilities being opened by psychedelic music as a member of Can. His drumming was prominent in the band's sound, particularly in his much-admired contribution to the side-long "Halleluhwah" on Tago Mago. Lybezeit is best known for his exceptional "metronome" style of playing; other members of Can have suggested that he sounds as though he is "half-man, half machine".

In 1980, he became a member of Phantomband, and has formed drum ensembles such as Drums off Chaos and Club off Chaos. Later he recorded with numerous musicians, such as Jah Wobble and Philip Jeek, with whom he produced an album for Jah Wobble's 30 Hertz Records, and has contributed drums and percussion to many albums as a guest throughout the years, such as the Depeche Mode album Ultra and Brian Eno's album Before and After Science. Recently, he has worked with Burnt Friedman on the Secret Rhythms albums and with Schiller on the Atemlos album.

The last release he worked on was the Cyclopean EP, released on 11 Feb 2013 on 12” and download for Mute Records. Cyclopean was a project that involved, other than Lybezeit, Irmin Schmidt from Can alongside long time collaborators Jono Podmore (Kumo / Metamono) and musician and producer Burnt Friedman.

Lybezeit died of pneumonia on 22 January 2017.

Peter Overend Watts (1947 – 2017)

Watts was an English bass guitar player and founding member of 1970s rock band, Mott the Hoople.

He started learning guitar while at Ross Grammar School, and by 1965, he had switched to bass guitar, and had become a professional musician alongside Mick Ralphs in a group, the Buddies, that played in German clubs. The group later became the Doc Thomas Group, and then Shakedown Sound, before finally changing their name to Silence and returning to London in 1969. The group then added singer Ian Hunter, became Mott the Hoople.

Following the departure of Ian Hunter and Mick Ralphs from the band, in 1974, the remaining members of Mott the Hoople recruited relative unknowns Ray Major, on guitar, and Nigel Benjamin, on vocals. The name was abbreviated to Mott and a further two albums were recorded with this line-up, before Benjamin quit.

Watts continued with Dale "Buffin" Griffin, Morgan Fisher and Ray Major in the Mott successor British Lions, recruiting former Medicine Head member John Fiddler, until their demise around 1979. He later became a record producer, producing albums for artists such as Hanoi Rocks, Dumb Blondes.

In January 2009 it was confirmed that Watts and the other original members of Mott the Hoople would reform for three 40th anniversary reunion concerts in October 2009. The reunion at the HMV Hammersmith Apollo, London, England was extended to 5 shows due to popular demand.

In August 2009 American rock music group Mambo Sons released their double album Heavy Days featuring a song in tribute to him entitled "Overend Watts".

Those we have lost

28
In November 2013 Mott The Hoople again reunited, with Martin Chambers once again sitting in (for an ailing Buffin) on drums, for a series of UK gigs in Birmingham, Glasgow, Newcastle and Manchester, before concluding at the O2 in London.


He died on 22 January 2017 from throat cancer.

Maggie Roche (1951 – 2017)

The Roches (Maggie, Terre, and Suzzy Roche) were a vocal group of three songwriting Irish-American sisters from New Jersey, known for their "unusual" and "rich" harmonies, quirky lyrics, and casually comedic stage performances. They were active as performers and recording artists from the mid-1970s through 2007, at various times performing as a trio and in pairs.

In the late 1960s, eldest sister Maggie and middle sister Terre (pronounced "Terry") quit school to tour as a duo. Maggie wrote most of the songs, with Terre contributing to a few. The sisters got a break when Paul Simon brought them in as backup singers on his 1973 #2 album There Goes Rhymin’ Simon. They got his assistance (along with an appearance by The Oak Ridge Boys) on their only album as a duo, Seductive Reasoning in 1975. Shortly after that, youngest sister Suzzy (rhymes with “fuzzy”) joined the group to form The Roches trio.

Around this time, they parlayed bartending jobs at famous Greenwich Village folk venue Gerde’s Folk City into stage appearances, an experience they commemorated in their song, "Face Down at Folk City", and it was here that they met many of their future singing and songwriting collaborators. Terre was now writing songs as well, and by the time of their first album as a trio, The Roches, Suzzy had also begun writing. Robert Fripp produced the album.

Maggie's "The Married Men" from this album was eventually to become the biggest hit of the songwriting trio — not for them, but for Phoebe Snow. After Snow and Linda Ronstadt performed the song in a duet on Saturday Night Live, the Roches were invited themselves to perform on the show a few months later in 1979 at the behest of Paul Simon. They did two songs, both unreleased at the time, "Bobby’s Song" and "The Hallelujah Chorus".

After a tour interrupted by the death of their father, The Roches released “Can We Go Home Now” in 1995, the last original recording they released as a trio until 2007. (Roche’s father was Loudon Wainwright III, and she was the half-sister of singers Martha and Rufus Wainwright).

In 1997, the sisters formally put their group on long-term hold. They continued to work on solo projects and often collaborated on albums and performances. At the end of 2005, the three Roches (with brother Dave) reunited for a short but highly successful holiday tour. Several more appearances in the U.S. and Canada took place in 2006-07, and in March 2007, after a 12-year hiatus, The Roches released a new studio album, Moonswep.

Maggie Roche died of cancer on January 21, at the age of 65.
Easter.

Because of a back injury in 1989 that would put Ray's drumming career on hold for nearly a decade, Ray shifted to playing guitar and keyboards during Game Theory's performances in late 1989 and early 1990. Prior to Game Theory's 1989 "mini-tour" of the Northwestern United States, Ray was a victim of random street violence in San Francisco, resulting in a serious eye injury.

Ray's drumming career resumed in 1998, when he teamed again with Scott Miller, joining as a member of Miller's 1990s band, The Loud Family. Live performances by Ray were included on the Loud Family album From Ritual to Romance, released in 2002. Ray was also featured in the concert documentary video Loud Family Live 2000, directed by Danny Plotnick, which was released on DVD in 2003.

After the dissolution of Game Theory, Ray formed a trio called Shiny Wet Parts with Shelley LaFreniere and Robert Toren, and in 1999, Ray joined The Snugglers, a "local supergroup," to write and perform the soundtrack of Swingers' Serenade, a short film by Danny Plotnick.

I Am Atomic Man!, Gil Ray's first solo album, was released on 125 Records in 2006, and in September 2011, Ray returned to performing live on drums after eleven years, participating in a reunion of his early 1980s band Fade To Black. Later that year, Ray rejoined Scott Miller, backed up by The Bye Bye Blackbirds, as drummer for a December 4 performance at the Starry Plough in Berkeley.

In 2012, Gil Ray joined Rain Parade, which performed their comeback concert on December 20, 2012 at Cafe Du Nord in San Francisco. Ray continued touring with Rain Parade in 2013 and 2014, including two shows in December 2013 with three other reunited Paisley Underground bands – The Bangles, The Dream Syndicate, and The Three O'Clock. Recording sessions in 2016 for Supercalifragile, the final Game Theory album, included Ray on percussion.

Ray suffered from cancer for several years and died on January 24th at the age of 60.
Drummer in the band. Together, the two drummers developed a rhythmic drive that would prove crucial to the band. Trucks laid down a powerful conventional beat while the jazz-influenced Johanson added a second laminate of percussion and ad libitum cymbal flourishes, seamlessly melded into one syncopated sound. The group became the Allman Brothers Band, who began touring heavily and released their first, self-titled album later that November. Trucks continued to record and perform with the Allman Brothers Band until they disbanded in 2014.

In 2015, Trucks performed at two festivals with a band billed as Butch Trucks & Very Special Friends. This band evolved into a band called Les Brers which was led by Trucks and also featured other former Allman Brothers Band members including his longtime drumming partner Jaimoe. He also performed with a band called Butch Trucks & The Freight Train Band.

Trucks died of unknown causes on January 24, at the age of 69.

Gordon Fitzgerald "Gorden" Kaye (1941 – 2017)

Kaye was an English actor and singer, best known for playing René Artois in the British comedy series 'Allo 'Allo!

He worked in hospital radio in Huddersfield (interviewing the Beatles in 1965), and had appeared in a radio play directed by Alan Ayckbourn and also in a television play from...
Marvell Thomas
(1941 – 2017)

Thomas was an American keyboardist known for his work in Memphis Soul, and son of the man dubbed "Memphis's other King", Rufus Thomas.

Thomas's studio career started at the age of 17, and he was the first piano player to punch the clock at Stax Records. He played on the label's earliest national hits, including "Burnt Biscuits" (by the short-lived group The Triumphs, later covered by Booker T. & the MGs), childhood friend William Bell's "You Don't Miss Your Water", and the company's first hit "Cause I Love You" (featuring a sixteen-year-old Booker T. Jones on saxophone), a duet by Rufus and Carla Thomas. He also played on some of Wilson Pickett sessions at Stax and at Muscle Shoals.

Thomas worked frequently as keyboardist and arranger, appearing on albums by Johnnie Taylor, The Staple Singers, Little Milton, and The..."
Mary Tyler Moore
(1936 – 2017)

Moore was an American actress, known for her roles in the television sitcoms The Mary Tyler Moore Show (1970–1977), in which she starred as Mary Richards, a thirtyish single woman who worked as a local news producer in Minneapolis, and The Dick Van Dyke Show (1961–1966), in which she played Laura Petrie, a former dancer turned Westchester homemaker, wife and mother. Her notable film work includes 1967's Thoroughly Modern Millie and 1980's Ordinary People.

Moore decided at age 17 that she wanted to be a dancer. Her television career began with Moore's first job as "Happy Hotpoint", a tiny elf dancing on Hotpoint appliances in TV commercials during the 1950s series Ozzie and Harriet. After she became pregnant while still working as "Happy", Hotpoint ended her stint when it was too difficult to conceal her pregnancy with the elf costume. Moore modelled anonymously on the covers of a number of record albums.

Moore's first regular television role was as a mysterious and glamorous telephone receptionist on Richard Diamond, Private Detective. About this time, she guest-starred on John Cassavetes's detective series Johnny Staccato. In 1960, she featured in two episodes, of the William Bendix-Doug McClure western series, Overland Trail and several months later in the first episode of NBC's one-season The Tab Hunter Show. In 1961, Moore appeared in several big parts in movies and on television and was cast in the weekly series, The Dick Van Dyke Show.

In 1970, Moore and her husband successfully pitched a sitcom centered on Moore to CBS. The Mary Tyler Moore Show is a half-hour newsroom sitcom featuring Ed Asner as her gruff boss Lou Grant.

In the mid-1990s, Moore had a cameo and a guest-starring role as herself on two episodes of Ellen. She also guest-starred on Ellen DeGeneres's next TV show, The Ellen Show, in 2001. In 2004, Moore reunited with her Dick Van Dyke Show castmates for a reunion "episode" called The Dick Van Dyke Show Revisited.

Moore appeared in several Broadway plays. She starred in Whose Life Is It Anyway and in Sweet Sue, and she was the star of a new musical version of Breakfast at Tiffany's in 1966.

and record producer Paul Vance, who signed him to RCA Records and changed his name to Joey Powers so as to avoid confusion with the singer Jimmy Rodgers. He released several singles produced by Vance, but without success, and he returned to Ohio State University to complete his degree and work as a wrestling coach.

However, after ending his contract with Vance in 1963, one of his demo recordings, "Midnight Mary", was heard by Paul Simon (then known as Jerry Landis), who recommended it to record label owner Larry Uttal. The song was written by Artie Wayne and Ben Raleigh, originally for the Everly Brothers who turned it down. Released as a single by Amy Records, Powers' recording rose up the national charts, entering the Hot 100's top 40 at no.36 on Powers' 29th birthday and reaching no.10 at the start of 1964.

Powers quickly recorded an album, Midnight Mary—recorded in the week of John F. Kennedy's assassination—with musicians who including Paul Simon and Roger McGuinn. He also recorded an album, Special Delivery, with Roy Orbison and country/folk musician Bobby Bare. However, these were generally ignored; as were subsequent singles, as the US became overtaken by the Beatles and the

Moore went back to television, and did not appear in another feature film for eleven years. On her return to the big screen in 1980, she received her only Oscar nomination for her role in the coming-of-age drama Ordinary People. She appeared in a number of television movies.

Moore wrote two memoirs. In the first, After All, she acknowledged that she was a recovering alcoholic, while in Growing Up Again: Life, Loves, and Oh Yeah, Diabetes, she focuses on living with type 1 diabetes. Moore was diagnosed with Type I diabetes when she was 33.

In addition to her acting work, Moore was the International Chairman of JDRF (formerly the Juvenile Diabetes Research Foundation) and was a long-time animal rights activist, working with Farm Sanctuary to raise awareness about the process involved in factory farming and to promote compassionate treatment of farm animals. She was also a co-founder of Broadway Barks, an annual animal adopt-a-thon held in New York City. Moore and friend Bernadette Peters worked to make it a no-kill city and to encourage adopting animals from shelters.

Moore died on January 25, 2017, after having been placed on a respirator the previous week, aged 80.

Joseph S. "Joe" Ruggiero
(1934 – 2017)

Ruggiero, who performed as Joey Powers, was an American former pop singer and songwriter whose record "Midnight Mary" reached no.10 on the Billboard Hot 100 in early January 1964. Powers had no further hits and is known as a "one hit wonder". He later became a booking agent, recording studio owner, record producer, and church leader.

He at one time played in a band with Bobby Vinton, won a wrestling scholarship to Ohio State University, before returning to Pennsylvania where he recorded three singles for the Nu-Clear and ABC labels under the name Joey Rogers in 1958.

In 1959 he moved to New York City, and through an introduction by family friend Perry Como secured a job at NBC. His singing was heard by songwriter and record producer Paul Vance, who signed him to RCA Records and changed his name to Joey Powers so as to avoid confusion with the singer Jimmy Rodgers. He released several singles produced by Vance, but without success, and he returned to Ohio State University to complete his degree and work as a wrestling coach.

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Those We Have Lost
“British Invasion”. In 1967, he released a single credited to Joey Powers and The New Dimensions. He then formed a new band, Joey Powers’ Flower who performed around Pennsylvania and New Jersey and released several singles on the RCA label in 1969-70, without success.

He later ran a booking agency in New Jersey, and a recording studio in West Orange, New Jersey used by musicians including Jethro Tull, Tony Orlando, Steve Allen, The Kinks and Aerosmith. He also managed the band Phantom’s Opera that included Richie Sambora, Tico Torres and Alec John Such, later of Bon Jovi, and helped produce a solo album by drummer Joe English.

He sold the recording studio in the early 1990s, and returned to college to study theology, later becoming an ordained minister, and setting up the Bayshore Gospel church in Keyport, New Jersey, and in 2002, he moved to Saint Petersburg, Russia, where he set up a Christian orphanage and built a recording studio.

Joe Ruggiero died January 20, at age 82.

Ronald “Bingo” Mundy (1940 – 2017)

named after a stylist haircut, in 1959 while students at Allegheny High School, inspired by groups like the Harptones, the Cadillacs and the Spaniels.

The Marcels made their indelible mark on the history of rock ‘n’ roll with the signature “bomp baba bomp...” that opened their 1961 hit “Blue Moon.” Mundy didn’t sing that bass part, but he was one of the angelic tenor voices that quickly came in on the harmonies: “moon-moon-moon-moon-moon-moon, dip-da-dip-da-dip.” The five-member vocal group reportedly recorded the song in two takes.

A demo tape sent to Colpix Records landed them at New York’s RCA Studios in February 1961 to record, among other things, a rockin’ doo-wop version of the Rodgers and Hart classic “Blue Moon” with an intro they had been using on their take of The Cadillacs’ “Zoom.”

In March 1961, the song knocked Elvis Presley off the top of the Billboard chart, becoming the first No. 1 rock ’n’ roll hit out of Pittsburgh. The million-seller went top 10 hit all over the world, as far as Israel and South Africa, and that summer the Marcels sang in the Hollywood movie “Twist Around the Clock.”

They released a number of other singles that year, hitting No. 7 with “Heartaches” and No. 24 with the “Porgy and Bess” classic “Summertime.” The group’s 1961 debut album also included The Chantels’ song “Goodbye to Love.”

Mundy died on the 20th January of pneumonia, at age 76.


In 1989, Hendricks formed the noise-rock trio Sludgehammer. When it broke up, in addition to playing bass in Thee Speaking Canaries, he...
launched the Karl Hendricks Trio in 1991, putting the emphasis on his wry, heartbreaking and very rocking love songs. In the span of twelve years, they released seven albums, toured, and even played as a four-piece rock band. The band's latest album was 2012's The Adult Section. The most recent line-up included Jake Leger on drums and Corey Layman on bass. Hendricks contributed as singer, songwriter and guitarist.

The moody, muscular indie-rock band dubbed the Karl Hendricks Trio formed in 1991 following the break-up of their nominal leader's previous band, Shughammer. Hendricks, a singer-guitarist born in Pittsburgh first began writing songs and releasing cassettes while in his teens; while working a day job in a record store, he formed the Trio with bassist Tim Parker and drummer Tom Hoffman. The band played their first show on New Year's Eve 1991 and recorded their first album a couple of weeks later. Released on LP on Hendricks' own label, 1992's Buck Electra garnered national attention and sold out quickly.

Later in 1995, Merge Records reissued Some Girls Like Cigarettes on CD. Len Jarabeck joined on bass and the band recorded their first completely new album for Merge, 1996's For a While, It Was Funny. The next album was 1998's Declare Your Weapons, the first to feature Kress on bass. Noah Leger also replaced Hoffman on drums.

From later in 1998 to 2000, the band expanded to a quartet (now dubbed the "Karl Hendricks Rock Band") with Matt Jenck on second guitar and Chris Emerson on drums. In 2001, the band returned to a trio, with Jake Leger taking over on drums. In 2002, the band started recording their next album for Merge, The Jerks Win Again."

The three Merge albums drew rave reviews and put them on the road with the likes of Neutral Milk Hotel and Superchunk, playing such historic venues as the Whisky A-Go-Go in Los Angeles and the Fillmore West in San Francisco.

Hendricks earned an M.F.A. in English in 2006 and began teaching composition and fiction.

The Karl Hendricks Trio released their latest album "The Adult Section" via the Comedy Minus One label on July 17, 2012. The band's sound and approach changed over the years. The early years presented a fervently confessional side of Hendricks, and the youthful heartbreak in the lyrics was embodied in the band's spirited performances. In later years, Hendricks' lyrics became more outward-looking and his guitar playing became more expansive.

Charles “Chuck” Stewart
(1927 – 2017)

Stewart was an American photographer best known for his portraits of jazz singers and musicians such as Louis Armstrong, Count Basie, John Coltrane, Ella Fitzgerald, and Miles Davis, as well as artists in the R&B and salsa genres. Stewart's photographs have graced more than 2,000 album covers.

He received an Kodak Brownie camera as a present when he was 13 years old and used it that same day to take photos of Marian Anderson, who had come to visit his school. After they were developed, he was able to sell his photos for two dollars, making him a professional photographer from his first day he took pictures.

He died on January 20th at the age of 89.

Those we have lost
No matter what you think about von Däniken and his writings, they sure do make a good basis for a sci-fi concept. The music on "In Search of Ancient Gods" varies from symphonic and spacey multi-part suites to short electronic exercises. The opener "Earthbound" is very atmospheric and pleasant based in a melodic theme played on synths, while a slightly more upbeat mid-passage also allow guitarist Philip Saatchi to deliver some solos. "Moon City" is the first of three short and pure electronic pieces on the CD. The mood is expect, dreamy and spacey, fitting the concept quite well.

The two remaining of these pieces are "The Gold of the Gods" that sounds like Tomita, while "Toktela" display a slight classical reference. "Miracles of the Gods" has many passages sounds like a spacey version of the early King Crimson sound. Even Bruford's drumming reminds a lot of what Mike Giles did on "In the Wake of Poseidon".

It also features quieter parts where Fishman plays some classical-influenced piano and also adds a few drops of Mellotron-flute. "Chariots of the Gods" (which also was the name of von Däniken's first and still most famous book) has a funky mid-tempo rhythm underneath Fishman's cosmic flow of keyboards. The closer "Return to the Stars" is ten minutes of pure electronic and experimental spacey sounds that could have been taken from an early Tangerine Dream or Klaus Schulze album. "In Search of Ancient Gods" is a minor classic of spacey instrumental symphonic progressive rock that will take you on a cosmic journey beyond your physical senses.
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!

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**Artist** Al Atkins  
**Title** Reloaded  
**Cat No.** HST425CD  
**Label** Gonzo

So much excitement for Metal fans worldwide, original Judas Priest vocalist Al Atkins will be releasing his new solo album “Reloaded”.

The album is a collection tracks from the last four decades, that Al has either written or performed from his days in Judas Priest to his last live band Holy Rage. It features special guest appearances: with Ian Hill of Judas Priest, (who performed on the original recordings of some of these classics like “Victim Of Changes” from the “Sad Wings Of Destiny” album. Apart from Judas Priest, Ian Hill has never recorded with anyone outside of the band until now!


These tracks have appeared in various forms on many albums over the past forty years. “Reloaded” also features a bonus track that is an excerpt of a guitar solo from the Judas Priest demo featuring Ian Hill on Bass and KK Downing on guitar - a never heard treat for all Judas Priest fanatics.

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

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**Artist** Arthur Brown's Kingdom Come  
**Title** Arthur Brown's Kingdom Come  
**Cat No.** HST297CD  
**Label** Gonzo

Though Arthur Brown never released another recording as commercially successful as "Fire", he worked with a varied group of musicians on projects called Strangelands, Puddletown Express, and (briefly) the Captain Beefheart-influenced Rustic Hinge, before releasing three albums with his new band Kingdom Come in the early 1970s. The three Kingdom Come albums each have a distinctive character. The first was a highly complex concept album apparently on the theme of humanity living in a zoo and being controlled by cosmic, religious and commercial forces. The second was loosely on the theme of water, which Brown had declared four years earlier would be the subject of the second album by the Crazy World. It was musically more conventional than the first, much less heavy, though stranger in places. The third was a wild mix of special effects, dramatic costumes and colourful theatrics, which were sometimes controversial. Brown had declared when Kingdom Come was formed that the intention was to create a multimedia experience and the band always followed that...
policy.

The concepts, the music and the theatrics proved very popular on the university circuit but proved too way-out for a mainstream audience. This album captures Arthur Brown and Kingdom Come at their live pinnacle and shows them at their blistering best on stage in front of a wildly enthusiastic audience.

"Lord" Richard Buckley was an American stage performer, recording artist and monologist, who in the 1940s and 1950s created a character that was, according to The New York Times, "an unlikely persona ... part English royalty, part Dizzy Gillespie." Michael Packenham, writing in The Baltimore Sun, described him as "a magnificent stand-up comedian ... Buckley's work, his very presence, projected the sense that life's most immortal truths lie in the inextricable weaving together of love and irony -- affection for all humanity married to laughter."

"A Most Immaculately Hip Aristocrat" features the ultra-hip humor of Lord Buckley was among an increasingly hard to find handful of releases in the compact disc medium, until now. The origins of this title hark back to 1970. Somehow, Frank Zappa got ahold of these Buckley raps, which had been documented by amateur recording engineer Lyle Griffin. He edited and then subsequently issued them on his Straight Records vanity label. Part of the unique charm of these five stories is that they were spun in a highly intimate setting with an audience of only a handful, as if the location may have been someone's living room. These recordings were made at some point in 1956, and contained material that was concurrently part of Buckley's live repertoire. However, in late 1960, Buckley's cabaret card (which enabled him to work at establishments selling alcohol) was revoked making these (or any) recordings of Buckley all the more exceptional.

The extended mile-a-minute story of the Marquis De Sade -- or "De Mare" as Buckley calls him -- varies only slightly from the performance version on the World Pacific release Bad Rapping of the Marquis De Sade (1969). Buckley's stream-of-
consciousness train of thought. "The Raven" (aka "The Bugbird") is an absolute stunning hip interpretation of Edgar Allan Poe's poem of the same name. Buckley's recitation retains the same rhythmic patterns as the original and is likewise faithful in storyline. Both "Governor Slugwell" -- which was one of Zappa's favorites -- and "The Train" display Buckley's immense vocal talents. His uncanny and often eerie sense of mimicry -- even in the form of a brass band -- never fails to leave audiences speechless. For the hip-minded, this is an essential release!!

Artist Tony Ashton & Jon Lord
Title First of the Big Bands
Cat No. HST443CD
Label Gonzo

First of the Big Bands is a studio album by Tony Ashton of Ashton, Gardner and Dyke and Jon Lord of Deep Purple, released in April 1974 by Purple Records in the UK and Europe and Warner Bros. Records in the US. The project was Ashton's and Lord's brainchild and continuation of their working relationship after Ashton Gardner & Dyke performed music written by Tony Ashton and Jon Lord on the soundtrack album The Last Rebel from 1971. First of the Big Bands was begun its life in October 1971 at Apple Studios as a projected single - We're Gonna Make It. Tony Ashton and Jon Lord had such fun they decided to get together and do a whole album. Sessions took place at Air Studios in 1971 and 1972, De Lane Lea in 1972 and Island Studios in 1973, with return visits to Air and Apple at later dates for mixing down. Ashton and Lord wanted to create the feel of a big band in the studio, so had up to 15 musicians in at any one time, and usually worked with two drummers, guitars, brass, keyboards and backing vocals. Other than Tony Ashton and Jon Lord, First of the Big Bands features the musical talents of: Roy Dyke, Terry Cox, Gerry Conway on drums, Caleb Quaye, Mick Grabham, Mick Liber on guitar. Also named but tracks not identified are Peter Frampton (of "Frampton Comes Alive" Fame), Ron Wood, pedal steel legend B.J. Cole, Wings saxophonist Howie Casey, Galliard's Dave Caswell, Jeff Beck and Rainbow drummer Cozy Powell and fellow Deep Purple legend, Ian Paice even plays on one track. Originally released in 1974 to avoid confusing the market during the line-up changes in Deep Purple. When it finally emerged, it was decided not to credit any of the musicians to avoid any possible contractual problems. A complete list of players has never been published until now. Stylistically, First of the Big Bands was the precursor to Paice Ashton Lord’s Malice in Wonderland album from 1977. This issue of the CD comes with an extensive booklet and two bonus tracks supplied by the Tony Ashton Estate.

Artist Adrian Legg
Title Technopicker
Cat No. GSGZ033CD
Label Greyscale

Adrian Legg is an English guitar player who has been called "impossible to categorize". He plays custom guitars that are a hybrid of electric and acoustic, and his fingerstyle picking technique has been acknowledged by the readers of Guitar Player who voted Legg the "best acoustic fingerstyle" player four years in a row (1993–1996). From his early start as a bench technician customising electric guitars, Legg moved into guitar instruction, publishing books and videos on guitar technique. In 1996 and 1997, Legg shared the stage with acclaimed guitar experts Joe Satriani, Eric Johnson and Steve Vai as part of the G3 tour. Vai called Legg "Uncle Adrian" and Satriani said of Legg's musicianship "He's simply the best acoustic guitar player I've ever heard. I don't know anyone else who can create such a cascade of beautiful notes... Adrian plays like he's got hammers for fingers." Technopicker dates from 1983 originally released on the now defunct label, Spindrift Records and is previously unreleased on CD until now.
Now, I don't know whether this is a good idea, a bad idea, or just an idea, but - as I believe you know - this magazine is put out each week on a budget of £25, and is free. It will remain free, but I would like to be able to generate some income so I can pay our contributing writers. So, 'why not flog Gonzo Weekly T Shirts?' I thought. 'Why not', I answered...

http://www.zazzle.co.uk/gonzoweekly
“Naked Radio”

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

The Pink Fairies official website: www.pinkfairies.net
Cop a sneak preview here:

http://tinyurl.com/z9825mr
Now that we are in the new year, I am compelled to catch up with some reviews and activities that unjustly fell off the plate during a very busy period leading up to 2017, right when my new book was released. To begin, one of the best new albums I heard last year was the excellent second release from prog rock band Circuline, titled *Counterpoint*.

Circuline was founded three years ago. Their album *Return* in 2015 garnered positive reviews and the group evolved to produce this excellent follow up. *Counterpoint* features Andrew Colyer (keyboards, sound design, vocals), Darin Brannon (drums, percussion, keyboards), Natalie Brown (lead vocals), William “Billy” Spillane (lead vocals, rhythm guitars), Paul Ranieri (basses) and new guitarist Beledo. What’s really unique about the sophomore outing is that there are no less than seven guest guitarists contributing to the album, including Randy McStine (The Fringe, Lo-Fi Resistance) who also contributed lyrics and vocal melodies, Doug Ott (Enchant), Alek Darson (Fright Pig), Ryche Chlanda (Fireballet,
Renaissance), Alan Shikoh (Glass Hammer), Matt Dorsey (Sound of Contact, Dave Kerzner) and Stanley Whitaker (Happy the Man, Oblivion Sun).

Occasionally I find modern prog music a bit wearing as so many new bands employ the 'wall of sound' approach that grates as the years go by. Yet on Counterpoint while there is epic prog intensity it is all balanced out with a deft use of dynamics. There is a separation in the field of sound, lots of space
for us to hear bass or drum led passages, and meaningful lyrics delivered by beautiful vocal leads and multi-part harmonies; the warm vibrato of Brown/Spillane shines throughout. Critically, Colyer’s default keys are played on real grand piano (courtesy of Yamaha) layered with warm synth patches atop Brannon’s well-tuned toms.

It’s not by accident that the music is so listenable - Brannon/Colyer write most of it and you can hear the result of how much thought and effort they put into their choices. It leads to a set list that is melodic and rhythmic in the way that a focused pairing of keys and percussion can achieve. Yet expert frets abound both at the low and high end - there is ample room for Ranieri/Beledo along with everyone that contributes.

Highlights abound across these ten songs – lush harmonies on “Who I Am,” Colyer’s gorgeous piano intro leading into long form suite “Hollow,” Darson’s searing guitar solo during “Forbidden Planet.” “Erosion” builds tension before “Nautilus” kicks in with more major tones, and great solos on frets and keys. “Stay (Peter Frankenstan)” is a favorite of the set – jazz-infused chord progressions, rumbling toms, impactful lyrics, and a smooth, winding lead from ace-guitarist Whitaker – a cycle of vocal harmonies to finish it off. “Inception” and “Summit” finish the set in a way that will please fans of prog and all-round creative music. The latter opens with a slow build and jazzy riff that pins down each verse, the chorus is set to dramatic phrasing as the band comes together, building on the themes rather than overwhelming them. The instrumental conclusion includes a section with intricate grand piano atop more tuned toms, building a theme that grows in intensity before easing it all back down to end the album. Lyrics reflect the ascent:

I left my life there
And laid my soul bare
Scaling the summit for truth

The song creates a powerful coda to an excellent album – if you missed it, now is a good time to remedy that and add it to your playlist.
Forthcoming releases from Rick Wakeman & Friends

Rick Wakeman & Brian May live from STARMUS 2015

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

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

Available to pre-order from www.rickwakemansmusicemporium.com
Sendelica 10th Anniversary Tour 2016 album/dvd

Recorded live at Cosmic Puffin; 15th Dream of Dr. Sardonicus; Blind Cat Festival on 2 x CDs, and at Kozfest; Primar Forest; Dr Sardonicus and the Cellar Bar for the ‘live’ DVD

A few words about the musical morass that is the Sendelica ‘experience’

_____________________

alan dearling
Sendelica on Facebook:  
www.facebook.com/Sendelica-191174294239796/?fref=ts

And: www.sendelica.bandcamp.com

These guys seem to produce albums faster than proverbial ‘hot suppers’. And much of their output is live, so there’s a fair bit of overlap. They also appear to specialise in ‘special’ limited edition releases on vinyl. As I said in the summer of 2016, I was mightily impressed with Sendelica’s live set at the Kozfest down in Devon. Their music is ‘old school’, but at the musical crossroads, where early Pink Floyd collides with jazzier-prog soundscapes, tinged with echoes of ambient dance. One track merges fluidly into the next. The audience drifts, dances along with the mixed vibes. It’s indeed a very vibrant sound and experience. And this set of two CDs and a DVD captures it very effectively. All of their live favourites are present and correct, including two versions of ‘Manhole of the Universe’, the ‘Cromlech Suite’; ‘Standing on the Edge’ and the rather magnificent ‘Set the Controls for the Heart of Buddha’.

They are based around Cardigan in Wales, and play lots of festivals and gigs around Europe and the rest of the world. They are real festival favourites. It’s fuelled with high-soaring sax, swirling keyboards, pounding bass and percussion. And it’s full of light and shade, which means that you can enjoy an intense mix of shaking your head, out-of-body minutes, and then dance like a mad Sufi Dervish around the living room moments later. Plus a chance to watch them in action on your home screen…

Great, intoxicating music.

Your pathway to musical enlightenment is open. Let Sendelica be your guide!

The line-up of Sendelica on this release is:

Peter Bingham: guitars/electronics
Glenda Pescado: bass
Lee Relfe: saxes
Lord Armstrong Sealand: Keyboards
Meurig Griffiths: drums, plus a fair array of guests on various tracks.

alan dearling
Sendelica

alan dearling
By Douglas Shoop
The Sweet Colleens former booking agent and manager for the Sweet Colleens.
Minneapolis, Minnesota USA

Greenhouse and Dave Willcock; Greenhouse being born of Canadian parent’s, initially growing up in California and then Ontario, and Willcock originally from the Canadian Maritimes, specifically from Newfoundland. Through various opportunities and chance, their lives both led them from Canada to Minneapolis, Minnesota in the U.S.

In 1999 they restarted their own brand of Canadian-Celtic music in the Twin Cities Metro. This is when Douglas Shoop caught wind of them and thrust

Doug Shoop
The Original Sweet Colleens – L to R, Jeff Gram (drums) Dave Bade (electric bass, harmony vocals, recording engineer/producer)
Founding member Jeremy Greenhouse (lead vocals, guitar, mandolin)
Founding member Dave Willcock - retired from the band (lead vocals, guitar, percussion)
Pete Sandvik – accordion, guitar, electric keyboard, harmony vocals

The Sweet Colleens 2017
The band will be making subsequent performance dates to support and promote their latest studio endeavor.

The 2017 band line-up is as follows:

**Jeremy Greenhouse** (founder)  Fiddle, Mandolin, harmonica, Guitar and lead vocals.

**Dave Bade**, (Studio recording producer & engineer)  Electric Bass, standup bass, Banjo, Mandolin, Drums, Acoustic and electric guitar, harmony and backup vocals.

**Pete Sandvik** – Accordion, Acoustic guitar, piano, electric piano, backup vocals.

**Jeff Gram**, Percussion, Drums, Caribbean steel drum

**Scott Keever** – Lead electric guitar, Dobro and multi-instrumentalist

The band expanded from two, to three and then in 2001 to five members. After a 7 year partnership of booking and management, the relationship remained intact in friendship, but parted in business. Since 2007 the Colleens have made changes in players, but remained true to their roots, and along the way additional talented players joined the band, adding sounds of Americana, Cajun, Caribbean into their repertoire.

The band will be releasing a new CD in 2017 (under the working title) “Dancing from the Fall”, their 5th CD release.

them both into musical ventures throughout the Midwest. under Shoop’s agency “Dark Water Entertainment”.

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**Image Above:** The Sweet Colleens – 2009 © D.R. Shoop Photography / Dark Water Entertainment
Martin Stone succumbed to cancer and made his own quiet exit. I only picked up this event a few days ago. Even amidst the buzz and chatter of online news there isn’t much to be read about it. Wikipedia still has him in the present tense.

Whatever his other talents may have been, Martin Stone excelled in two fields. He was a superb guitar player, a contemporary to and – to me and many others – an equal of Clapton, Beck and Page. Then at some point in the 1970s he turned his back on rock’n’roll to become a book dealer. Or perhaps to be more precise a ‘freelance book scout’. In that arcane field he earned an extraordinary reputation also – celebrated by litterateurs such as Iain Sinclair and John Baxter. It is

RICHARD FOREMAN
said that he had an ability, that some found near uncanny, to locate rare first editions of often extraordinary works. Google his name and you’ll find this legend embellished by a good many folk who’ve had dealings with rare books.

But it’s for the former artistry I shall chiefly treasure Martin Stone. I first heard him play guitar on the debut album by the band Mighty Baby, with its vivid Martin Sharp sleeve design. At that stage the band combined a hard rock sound, influenced – I would think – both by Cream and West Coast American psychedelic music, with unusually philosophical lyrics that seemed to indicate a deep and serious search for meaning in life. Some of the titles give you the flavour: ‘A Friend You Know But Never See’ or ‘House Without Windows’. They played around with allegory and paradox. I know a lot more about the band now than I did then, and amongst the facts I’ve read that Stone himself was the lyricist. In part, I’m sure, directed by extensive experience with LSD, he’d become immersed in the writing of G.I. Gurdjieff, an influential early 20th-century mystic, philosopher, spiritual teacher, and composer. This led Stone, and subsequently all bar one of the band to Sufism and, as he put it, ‘we all turned muslim’

The influence of Sufism was deeply entrenched in the band’s second album ‘A Jug of Love’, with the musicians – increasingly bearded and dressed in ethnic togs – posing on Arabic rugs on the front cover and a quote from Jalāl ad-Dīn Rūmī on the back. It was the first Mighty Baby album I owned and after a few plays I fell in love with it and have remained so ever since. It’s a mellower listen than the first album, new influences such as The Band filtering into the mix, but explores and lingers amongst a variety of sonic textures. That said, it’s not without its flaws as various band members themselves have admitted. The vocals have charm but are not what you’d call powerful, the songs tend to ramble a bit and mostly lack much in the way of hooks. It’s the atmosphere it generates that sucks you in, that and the constantly inventive ripple of Stone’s ever-fluid guitar work, weaving in and around the music.

Not long after that album’s release, Mighty Baby disbanded, and apart from a reunion gig or two around 2005/6 (recordings of which I’d love to hear), have not played together since. Stone, with old friend Phil ‘Snakefinger’ Lithman, then found his way into country rock and western swing band Chilli Willi and the Red Hot Peppers – who were stalwarts of the mid 70s ‘pub rock’ scene. Actually, the Willis played quite a variety of styles, including some hard grinding blues tunes. This, I found out as I researched Stone’s pre-Mighty Baby career, was very much at the roots of his style. He’d been a member of the Savoy Brown Blues Band, playing on their first album, and had had his own band, Stone’s Masonry, who played in a similar vein. He’d also been a session musician on recordings by visiting black bluesman Walter ‘Shakey’ Horton. Such was his reputation in the blues field that he was on the list of Alexis Korner’s recommendations for a guitarist to replace Brian Jones in the Rolling Stones.

The full band Willis can be heard on the very fine ‘Bongos Over Balham’ album and live on the ZigZag magazine 5th Anniversary Concert box set (available by mail order from RGF records). Stone’s guitar is less prominent in the mix, but now and again he steps forward and shines brightly. They were managed by Jake Riviera, who went on to be a founder of Stiff Records, and after the band called it a day, Stone became associated with that label. For a while he joined anarcho-rockers the Pink Fairies (‘I was so pleased to don the black leather jacket and shades’), releasing a single on Stiff. He also, I think, reformed Stone’s Masonry for a track on a Stiff sampler. And then played with Joe Strummer in the 101ers towards the end of their run. Thereafter, he disappeared off my radar for a good many years.

It was only when I was re-introduced to the work of Iain Sinclair, whose poetry I had encountered in the mid 70s, and read ‘White Chappell – Scarlet Tracings’, that I discovered Stone’s subsequent career (if that’s the appropriate word) as a book scout had commenced. The book begins with a graphic description of Stone (as ‘Nicholas Lane’) vomiting copiously in a state of extreme bad health. I doubted then that he had long to live, but survive he did to reappear in subsequent Sinclair books. Sinclair even has him, in ‘Landor’s Tower’ playing a gig in a waterfront bar in
occasionally played gigs in London with surviving colleagues from various points in his career and presumably continued to play live in France, but I largely lost track of him again until hearing of his demise. As mentioned, there’s not much in the way of news about it – though I trust *Mojo* and *Uncut* will be giving him obits in their upcoming issues. There’s a couple of online obits that are worth reading on:

https://blog.vialibri.net/martin-stone-1946-2016/

and:


with some heartfelt comments by those who knew him as to his personal charm, wit and generosity. Myself, I’m writing as a fan, so from a greater distance than those people, but the love is shared.

(Info sources include Brian Hinton’s extensive 1995 *Ptolemaic Terrascope* interview, Mighty Baby and Chilli Willi CD reissue sleeve notes and the work of writers and obituarists referred to above.)
Pink Floyd tribute bands around, but I have never understood the concept of buying an album of a tribute band – why not just listen to the original instead? However, this was promising to be slightly different as they had the idea of approaching the music in an acoustic fashion, yet not losing any of the power and emotion that makes Floyd such an amazing entity. Could it be done?

The line-up for this was Oliver Hartmann (acoustic guitar, vocals); Martin Hofmann (vocals, acoustic bass, guitar); Paul Kunkel (piano, vocals); Steffen Maier (drums and percussion); Michael Unger (woodwinds and vocals); Carolin Riehemann (vocals); Irena Morisáková (cello); Terezie Fadrná (cello); Mílénka Kolárová (violin) and Alice Vasilová (violin). Oliver is the most well-known of them all, as he is singer with Avantasia as well, but while he has incredible presence on songs like “High Hopes”, it is the complete band presence that makes this such a success.

From the first few notes of “Shine On You Crazy Diamond” through to the final “Run Like Hell” this is a masterpiece. The music is still very much that of Floyd, but it has been treated with great respect and the arrangements maximise the space and atmosphere from the originals but in a very new setting indeed. I can’t imagine any Floyd fan not falling in love with this the very first time they hear it – in some ways it feels like the old painting has been carefully restored.
Henning has always referred to this as an opera, and that is probably a good way of looking at it, as this is a story of four characters. Based in a rehabilitation centre, it tells of Nick (Jody), a professional athlete, who is withdrawn and has lost faith in life and people in general. Another patient, Matt (Matt), tries to befriend Nick and get him to change his outlook, but to no avail. Nick was having issues with his doctor (James), and meetings weren’t going well, but he kept going back to the café and talking with Matt, who introduces him to his own doctor (Michael). After this, things go well between Nick and his own doctor, and he and Matt celebrate with a cup of coffee. Musically this has elements in common with TSO and Savatage, yet that is sometimes cut through with the incredible guitar attack that Henning is known for, and at others with a simplistic piano and bass.

This was the seventh album in three years for Henning, and he was providing all the instrumentation himself, and I wonder if this was just a step too far. The album was based on a true story, and is obviously incredibly personal for Henning, and I am sure that is the reason that it doesn’t gel as well as it should.

There are sections, such as the guitar solo on “A Place In Time”, where everything comes together and is sheer brilliance, but there are plenty of others where the words and music don’t quite fit as they should. Metallic, progressive, over the top: it is all these things, but I can’t help feel that if Clive Nolan had been brought in to advise then it would have been a different beast altogether, and much the better for it. I may be wrong, but I don’t think that Henning has released a solo album since this one, and hasn’t released many albums at all in any form and is now concentrating on running a studio, which given his work rate prior to this album is quite something.

I still love Henning’s work, but for all the great moments and performances on this album, it is the one to which I will be returning least out of all his canon. The record label website hasn’t been updated for several years, and Henning’s own site is sadly in the same condition, www.henningpauly.com.

HENNING PAULY
BABYSTEPS
PROGROCK

Henning has long been a favourite musician and composer of mine, and he has released some wonderful albums under his own name, plus various bands/projects such as Frameshift, Chain, Shadow’s Mignon and Roswell Six. But, for some reason I had never listened to his 2006 “opera” until now. For this album Henning provided all the music himself, apart from piano by Marcus Gemeinder on three songs, plus a guitar solo by Ian Crichton (Saga) on one and a piano and keyboard solo by Jim Gilmour (Saga) on another.

He used four different singers this time, Jody Ashworth (Trans Siberian Orchestra), James LaBrie (Dream Theater), Michael Sadler (Saga) and Matt Cash (Chain). He has previously worked extensively with James, Michael and Matt in various bands, but I believe that this is the first time he has worked with Jody, who plays the lead role.

and new life provided. Some songs feel closer to the originals than others, but all have gained a great deal from this treatment. Sit down, relax, and fall into the world of songs that are all familiar yet here are revitalised and refreshed. This is an album that comes highly recommended indeed. For more details visit the band’s site at www.echos.de
I find it hard to believe that this band hasn’t been more recognised outside their own country. This release plus others, including their latest, ‘Synthetic Forms’ are all available through Bandcamp, and I highly recommend these guys to anyone who loves their metal to be brutal yet refined, chaotic yet firmly controlled, and always of the very highest order. https://horricane.bandcamp.com.

ILUZJON
SILENT ANDROMEDA
(MYSTIC)

This 2009 release was the third from Polish band Iluzjon, and saw them with a four-man line-up for the first time. Grzegorz Nowak (drums) and Michał Dziadosz (keyboards/vocals) had been joined for the second album by guitarist Slawomir Jaros after the departure of bassist/guitarist Paul Sierakowski, by now they had brought on board March Drumew (bass/stick). The addition of Marcin enabled the band to move more fully into the King Crimson style of prog that they were experimenting with on the debut, as his presence certainly adds some fluidity and presence to the overall sound. The vocals are clear, and there is plenty of space within the music for everyone to play their part, so even though Michał can be singing sweetly against his gentle held-down chords, the other three can be playing all around and over the theme. That they are all good musicians is never in doubt, but the songs themselves aren’t always as powerful and intense as they could be, although they do have their moments. The result is an album that is both enjoyable and
THE INTERSPHERE  
INTERSPHERES<>ATMOSPHERE (PROGROCK)

Formed in 2006 in Germany, this four-piece have found themselves being marketed into different musical areas over the years, and this 2010 release was no different as here they were being portrayed as a progressive act. I do have some sympathy with that viewpoint, as the band they have most in common with is probably Muse, although with far less dynamics and passion, mixed with some of the softer elements of U2 and Incubus. There is a huge amount of alternative within their overall sound, and my 20-year-old daughter summed it up by saying that this was music designed to appeal to teenage girls who wanted to rebel against their parents and thought that this was a way of doing it! She also told me that in some ways they reminded her of a boy band, but even I thought that was a steep too far.

Even though they are trying to come over as powerful, with plenty of The Edge style riffing guitars, for some reason this just feels lightweight and plastic – they know what they want to do, but aren’t quite getting there. Apparently their more recent albums have been well received (I haven’t heard them), so possibly this was just growing pains, but it isn’t one to which I will be readily returning. www.theintersphere.com.

INVISIGOOTH
NARCOTICA (PROGROCK)

Following on from 2007’s ‘Alcoholocaust’, it is hard to believe that this 2009 release is the work of just two guys, with Cage providing all the music and Viggo Domino all the vocals. When I first started listening to the album I thought I had it pegged at Steely Dan style Seventies rock, but it didn’t take long for those thoughts to be blown away. Musically this is all over the place, from Gabriel and Porcupine Tree through Styx and Floyd, Flower Kings, It Bites and many others. It is strange, yet easy to listen to: it is complex and chaotic, a ramshackle mess of music that somehow works incredibly well. The very first time I played this I fell in love with it, as there are so many changes of styles that it just shouldn’t work, shouldn’t gel, but somehow it does, and I have no idea how that can happen.

Just sit back, turn it on, and enjoy the ride, just don’t have any preconceived ideas before you do so. They even bring in middle eastern elements when they feel the time is right! In some ways, it feels more like a project than a band, but it certainly never sounds like the work of just two people. There is light, there is passion, and they are pushing the boundaries and refusing to accept they must stay inside the lines, and all power to them for doing that. An incredibly solid album, and one I enjoyed immensely.
THE COMPLETE GOSPELS

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

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

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

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

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

The Rainbow Suite

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

Available to pre-order from www.rickwakemansmusicemporium.com
This is the most important moment in history to do something for African elephants. Because it's the worst time in history to be an elephant.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Asante sana (thank you very much),

David Banks
Director, Africa Region
The Nature Conservancy

p.s. Start helping elephants today at nature.org/elephants and follow us on Instagram, Facebook or Twitter to get action alerts.
Weekly Acoustic Jam Session Hosted by Dogleg

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

All styles, levels and listeners welcome

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

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

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

10 BIZARRE MAIL ORDER PRODUCTS

Nowadays, the only thing you can buy via mail order is Russian brides, apparently. Back before American industry all went overseas, and the American landscape became dotted with abandoned factories like tombstones, you could buy almost anything by mail order. And here are ten of those things.

http://www.digitiser2000.com/main-page/10-bizarre-mail-order-products
The truck driver for this tour had brought his nephew along with him. They were a very rock and roll family and he wanted to introduce the boy to life on the road. He turned 18 when we had a day off in Hamburg so he decided he would take him round the fleshpots of the Reeperbahn. Chris and I came along too. We took him through the Herbertstrasse, the street where hookers present their wares in the traditional way, sitting in shop windows and beckoning to passersby, and from there we went on to a backstreet bar. I had my doubts about Chris. He sometimes seemed to be on a bit of a knife edge ready to explode at any moment. He made light of it by wandering round the gig giving status reports in the style of Star Trek. ‘Wobble level five and rising,’ and such like. I still thought he would go off at some point.

We entered the bar, ordered some drinks and were immediately surrounded by a group of women. They ushered us over to a table and we sat down with them. We were talking for a few minutes and I began to have my suspicions about them. Although quite convincingly made up and revealingly dressed I realised they were not women at all. The one I had been talking to said to me, ‘I tell you, but I do not tell the others. We are all transvestites in this bar. I think you knew that, no?’ I agreed that I had already guessed that. I looked at the others. They were all chatting away and the one that was with Chris had her hand on his thigh and was looking in his eyes. I was not too sure how he would react if he went into the back room and copped a handful of the ‘meat and two veg’. She did have very convincing breasts but I was not sure, or even too interested in finding out, how far the transformation had gone. I decided we should leave. I turned to the woman I was talking to and told him I thought I should get the others to go now before anything happened. She agreed, so I turned back and addressed the others:

‘I think we should move on guys’

Chris seemed put out.

‘Let’s stay here,’ he protested.

I could see that the truck driver had come to the
choice of partner.

I talked to a few of these women and most see it as a way of making a pile of money in a short space of time. They are mostly young and usually very pretty. They are tested on a regular basis for sexual diseases, never have any kind of sex without a condom, and are thrown out of the Eros Centre if caught using any kind of drugs. There are also heavies on tap if anything gets violent. Many of them see it as a way to get money together to start a business or something similar. Once they have their victim they take them up into the room they rent above the car park for as little sex as they can get away with. We found one that looked nice and explained it was the boy’s first time, paid her and let her take him away. Most people I have dropped in that situation have lasted around twenty minutes from when they are led away to rejoining us outside. Considering you have to climb the stairs, pay the money, get undressed and then get dressed afterwards and go back down the stairs that leaves a scant five to ten minutes for the actual act. The lad was in there for about forty minutes so I think she must have been kind to him. We didn’t ask.

same conclusion as I had and was not anxious to land his nephew in too dodgy a situation so we all stood up, said goodbye and left. When we got into the street Chris rounded on me, ‘Why did you do that, I was getting on all right there?’

‘They were all men,’ I replied.

‘No they weren’t, she was definitely a woman.’

I explained that the woman I was talking to had already told me, and the truck driver said he had worked it out too, but Chris would not believe us. He came with us to the next bar and then we lost him. I always wondered if he went back to the other bar.

We decided that best way to initiate the birthday boy was to take him to the Eros Centre. This is the sort of place that can only exist in a country like Germany. The one on the Reeperbahn is like an underground car park but it has no cars in it. It is lit by ‘black light’, the UV lighting that makes all of the flecks of dandruff on your shoulders fluoresce. In this case all of the hookers who stand around down there are wearing white underwear or basques and nothing else. It is these that the black light is designed to highlight. The whole scene is very surreal if you have not been in one of these before, and no first time visitor I have ever taken down there has ever managed to make it through the room without going upstairs with one of the girls. They come straight up to you and are always very nice, inviting you to go with them. Of course that is their stock in trade, that siren-like appeal to the male ego that always wants to be flattered into the belief that these women, who have seen hundreds of men pass through those doors, have singled them out as their
After a while Arthur took over the driving and our speed increased. We were doing up to 120 mph, tagged on behind another vehicle which Arthur was using as a marker, hanging on to its tail, swerving in and out of the traffic with furious precision, weaving a fine line between destiny and danger. Arthur was driving casually with one hand holding the steering wheel, a look of calm concentration on his face. I was most impressed with his driving and always felt like he was in complete control. Until we got to the other end, that is, after we’d dropped Kreb off in Glasgow and were making our way to my friend’s house in the fading light of evening, and he almost drove directly into a roundabout, missing the turning completely, and I suddenly realised that he couldn’t see anything, that he needed glasses, and I took over the driving.

My friend, Alan, had moved in with a woman with a couple of kids. The kids were most impressed with Arthur, especially his sword. Later on we were starting to get very drunk. Arthur wanted food. He was looking for something to eat and came across some dog biscuits in the kitchen, which he began to eat with relish, to everyone’s amusement. He ate at least eight of them. My friend said, “that’s why he has such a cold nose and a glossy beard.”

The following day we drove over to the Faslane protest site and Arthur almost immediately got himself arrested. He was wearing his robes. I overheard someone talking about the arrest. “What’s that for,” he said, “bad dress sense?” He was arrested along with a Labour MP, a Member of the Scottish Parliament, Catholic Priests, Church of Scotland Ministers and members of the Scottish Nationalist Party. I spent the rest of the day waiting for the phone call to say that he needed picking up. It didn’t arrive till late in the evening by which time I had already started to drink.

The following day we went to pick him up from the Friend’s Meeting House in Glasgow, which is where he’d been dumped after his arrest. He was standing on the step outside smoking a cigarette. It looked like he had been standing there all night. Later on we went to find Kreb at the peace camp and then went for a walk. There was an old empty Manor House nearby, which looked like a Pre-Raphaelite castle, and Arthur was talking about squatting it. It seemed like a great place for an Arthurian squat. We were in the garden and there was this old tree with a bough that stooped down low to the ground. Me and Alan both tried climbing it, but neither of us could manage. Alan found this stick and was practicing his swordplay, holding it over his head, making out like he was a Samurai warrior. And then we turned around and there was Arthur perched in the tree, lying on his side like a reclining Buddha, looking like some kind of a tree elf with a look of impish mischief on his face. It was so quick and unexpected it felt like he must have levitated himself to get there.

After that we bought some cider and Arthur was immediately drunk. He only had to open the bottle and smell the contents. We got
back to Alan's place and one of the locals called in, a very broad and muscular lesbian. "Nice tits," Arthur commented while sucking on his cider bottle. That's one of his chat-up lines.

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OTHER BOOKS BY
C.J.STONE

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

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

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

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

Hawkwind have this week announced that a Hawkeaster event will take place after all. There have been four such events in Seaton on Easter weekend in the past, but the delay in announcing a 2017 event led many fans to assume there wasn't going to be a Hawkeaster this year.

However, Hawkwind have now said: "Due to health problems within the HawkEaster team, we thought a HawkEaster would not be possible this year... But we have been so overwhelmed with requests and support, that we are going to go for it one more time... We know it's late in the day, but let's do it together!"

The news will be especially welcome because it'll see the first Hawkwind gig to be staged in the
renamed Brock Hall, the main performance room inside the Gateway venue. The room was given the name "Brock Hall" in August last year after Hawkwind's efforts in saving the seaside venue from closure.
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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Full Earth Address: .....................................................................................................................................................
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Post Code .................................................................................................................................................................

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

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Additional info: ..........................................................................................................................................................

www.hawkwind.com
Any enquiries hawkwindpassports@hawkwind.com
The Song of PANNE
Being Mainly About Elephants
JONATHAN DOWNES
The first book of Xtul stories comes out in book form next week, and will be available via all good retailers, through Fortean Fiction. But the story is far from over, and having taken a few weeks off to restore my battered savoir faire I am recommencing...

Are you sitting comfortably? Good. I shall begin.

LI

I first attended Bideford Grammar School in September 1971, a few weeks later than everyone else, because I had undergone some particularly nasty corrective surgery at Princess Elizabeth Orthopaedic Hospital in Exeter. Eighteen months or so before, whilst in Hong Kong I was diagnosed as having a particularly complicated version of knock knees, the treatment for which involved me having a number of steel staples hammered into my patella, and
removed a year later. Both operations seemed to me to be some sort of exquisite Roman torture, akin to the things which our Latin teacher was so fond of reading us, and I was in serious pain for a long time.

So, I arrived at a school which one of the few people I have kept in touch with from those days described to me as a “brutal place”, looking and sounding different to everyone else there, and with none of the shared cultural experiences. I had been taught by my parents that pop music was “moronic” and played by long haired twits, and I had no idea who or what Leeds United was, and I think that it would not take a Cassandra amongst you then or now to realise that my five years there were - on occasion - pretty horrid.

The aforementioned Latin teacher was a particularly egregious example of his type. I believe that he is dead now, and even if he isn’t he will be well into his dotage and is also extremely unlikely to be reading this. He was one of the “dark sarcasm in the classroom” brigade as written about by our Rog, and:

“By pouring their derision
Upon anything we did
Exposing every weakness
However carefully hidden by the kids”

As well as reading the class excerpts from a book about the Coliseum at the end of
taught. “Methinks he did protest too much” I said with a glass of merlot in my hand and an amused look on my face. And I laughed like a motherfucking drain when I found out who his inamorata was alleged to be.

In my first year at the school there was a young man whom I shall call Victor Ludorum, because that was basically what he was. He was Captain of that, President of several societies, and I cannot remember whether he was Head Boy or not. I do know that most of the school looked up to him (including yours truly), and that despite that, this ‘golden boy’ was a nasty sort of bully in a sort of detached, Olympian way. I was the object of some of his more vicious desires, and I remember being slapped, punched, and made to stand on a desk, tears streaming down my face, with my trousers round my ankles, reciting “I must be a homosexual because I don’t like football”.

Luckily for me, he left at the end of my first year, and I heard nothing more of him each lesson, which could well have been a misguided attempt to interest his unruly class in the mores of ancient Rome, but which for me - at least - only introduced me to such concepts as bestiality, child rape, and the mechanics of crucifixion, which scared me beyond all recognition, and blighted my psyche for many years to come, he also flaunted his heterosexuality by encouraging the more testosterone-filled chaos in the class to bring in girly magazines which he would read in front of the class, and - allegedly - keep in the locked top drawer of his desk.

A few years ago I made contact with an old schoolmate via Facebook (the bloke I alluded to above) and he told me, much to my amusement (but not altogether to my surprise) that my old Latin master (whom I sincerely hope is dead, because one cannot libel a corpse, and although every word I am writing here is true, I don’t really want to have to stand up and justify having written about it in court, mainly because I am a card carrying coward) was actually gay, and shacked up with a recent alumnus from the very school in which he taught. “Methinks he did protest too much” I said with a glass of merlot in my hand and an amused look on my face. And I laughed like a motherfucking drain when I found out who his inamorata was alleged to be.

In my first year at the school there was a young man whom I shall call Victor Ludorum, because that was basically what he was. He was Captain of this Team, Captain of that, President of several societies, and I cannot remember whether he was Head Boy or not. I do know that most of the school looked up to him (including yours truly), and that despite that, this ‘golden boy’ was a nasty sort of bully in a sort of detached, Olympian way. I was the object of some of his more vicious desires, and I remember being slapped, punched, and made to stand on a desk, tears streaming down my face, with my trousers round my ankles, reciting “I must be a homosexual because I don’t like football”.

Luckily for me, he left at the end of my first year, and I heard nothing more of him
for nearly half a century. Allegedly at least, he was my quondam Latin teacher’s inamorata. Over the years, one of the school staff of whom I was fond, would tell me of his progress, and I heard how he had gone to Canada and made a name for himself as a sporting and academic hero. But if the on dits are true, he actually had spent at least some of the intervening years shacked up in a Bideford Love nest with my Latin master learning the craft of a catamite.

I always asked my friend for news of my nemesis, not because I was actually interested, but because I wanted to make sure he was still as far away from me as possible. Until my old friend had told me all the decades-old gossip, I had almost forgotten about him, but I am afraid that sadistic schoolboy with the Talbot Baines- Reed good looks, had stayed lurking in the darkest interstices of my psyche ready to jump out and bite me in the ankles at the most inopportune and/or embarrassing moments.

After my friend told me all this, I did a small amount of online sleuthing of my own, and found that he had, indeed, gone to Canada where he went to university, but at sometime during the years when Tony Blair had made style over substance an essential business skill, he had returned to Britain, and now lived on the outskirts of Kilkhampton where he was a “businessman” (whatever that means; it is a designation which can cover a multitude of sins, often of the cenial variety). I made a mental note to avoid Kilkhampton (which, although it is less than ten miles away, is a place that I hardly ever go to, for some reason) and pretty much forgot about the matter.

However, as Danny Miles sat opposite me in my office, chattering away in the most open and healthy way I have ever known (sorry to bring Talbot Baines Reed into the equation for the second time in as many paragraphs, but it was a transformation truly akin to that of the ‘bad prefect’ in The Fifth Form at St Dominics) my schoolboy tormentor came back into my life again. Because it was he who was the victim of Malcky and Emmz’s first blackmail attempt, and it was largely his seventeen thousand quid in non-sequential used notes that was now nestling in my office safe.
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 Daevid 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!!"

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**NATIVE AMERICAN (STRict IMMIGRATION POLICY)**

Church and State are separate. That is in our Constitution. Yet Churches are still free of taxes, and do invest in politics—especially issues such as abortion, transgendering and gay rights. Rock solid Bible-reading Church folk were terrified of Tom Paine and French Revolutionary (atheist/desist) thinking. They despised Thomas Jefferson. They rallied against French, German, Irish as folk who were not Church members. Their one book was the Bible—not THE RIGHTS OF MAN. Rousseau?—NOT!

This anti-immigrant thinking has sustained itself into Megachurches with their Prosperity Consciousness and their inclusion of (patriotic) prayer in schools. We have not come far from the French Revolution (and its backlash)

We still bar refugees and immigrants "from sea to shining sea"

That Statue of Liberty was a gift from the French.

And that Emma Lazarus poem on the base still rings true—for some but never all..outside our walls..
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

DRAGON'S GROW AT A PRODIGIOUS RATE!
I HOPE I CAN HANG ON.

TO MY -

BALL!

MMM - DINNER!
essentially a solitary, market forces driven, activity and that the social aspects of both music and literature are now largely a thing of the past. As a direct result of that I was emailed by someone recommending Goodreads.

Goodreads is an Amazon company and "social cataloging" website founded in December 2006 and launched in January 2007 by Otis Chandler, II, a software engineer and entrepreneur, and Elizabeth Chandler. The website allows individuals to freely search Goodreads' extensive user-populated database of books, annotations, and reviews. Users can sign up and register books to generate library catalogues and reading lists. They can also create their own groups of book suggestions, surveys/polls, blogs, and discussions.

On July 23, 2013, it was announced on their website that the user base had grown to 20 million members, having doubled in close to 11 months. So, because it didn't cost me anything, I joined up.

I have written elsewhere about my fascination with the Manson Family when I was in my late teens, and indeed it is a minor plotline in my novel which was published at the back end of 2015. For Christmas Corinna gave me the most bad taste present that I have had in years. I was so impressed that my beautiful wife could sink so low. It was one of those Charlie Hebdo, ‘Je Suis Charlie’ T Shirts, but with Manson's face added. Marvellous.

The other night I couldn't sleep for no discernible reason. It was far too cold to get up, and so, not wanting to wake Corinna or the dogs up, I trawled about in iBooks and found this book. The blurb went: “Anna is a fifteen-year-old girl slouching toward adulthood, and she's had it with her life at home. So Anna "borrows" her stepmom's credit card and runs away to Los Angeles, where her half-sister takes her in. But LA isn't quite the glamorous escape Anna had imagined.

As Anna spends her days on TV and movie
An episode like this combined with the reference to Charlie Manson in the title might lead one to believe that we are facing a book filled with the sort of comic book violence of Tom Sharpe, but this is far more subtle, low key, and - dare I say, even though I have always enjoyed Tom Sharpe at his best - far better written.

I always have an ideological problem with writing reviews of fiction, because although I have:

a) To tell you whether the book is ok or not and
b) To write about 1,000 words about it

I have to do it in a way that doesn’t spoil the pleasure that any potential readers will have from reading it. In short, without revealing more of the plot than I have to.

Getting rid of the first, then, this is a lovely book; exquisitely well written, and the best new novel I have read since The Magicians, a year or so ago. This may even be better. It is impossible to quantify such things.

And secondly, how do I describe this book?

The protagonist, like most people of her age, acts on impulse, and slowly begins to realise that the world she has run away to is just as weird and unfair as the one she has run away from. Only on a bigger scale. Her sister’s sort of ex-boyfriend, who is a trashy low budget movie producer has her researching the girls of the Manson Family for a future project, and - peculiarly - both the protagonist and the reader discover the human side of the Tate/La Bianca murders in a way that Vince Bugliosi never managed to do.

And Goodreads? I was interested, when I had finished the book, to read a selection of other people’s reactions to the book. Some of them were similar to mine, others got something out of it that I hadn’t (which I think is the mark of great literature) and a large chunk of the young people to whom the book is actually aimed, didn’t like it at all. Bizarrely, several of them were ones who had been sent review copies by the publisher.

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

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

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

No clever poetry this week I'm afraid. And whoever that was that just muttered under their breath that there wasn't any last week either can just go wash their mouth out with bicarbonate of soda to mop up the acidity of their comment.

Whilst I am hoping at least one of you is prancing around in one of the items of clothing that were featured last week, if I am honest I know deep down that this carries with it a chance of at least -10. But a girl can dream.

What have we this week? A bit of this and a bit of that, a bit of taste and a bit of tat.

However, we will start with a bit of science, which I am well aware has dodged this column for quite a few weeks.

**Our musical brain**

We humans love our music. Americans on average listen to four hours of music per day. Around the globe, people consistently rank music as one of life's top pleasures and sources of emotional support. Yet, surprisingly, neuroscientists understand relatively little about how our brain processes and produces music. Or why we love it so much. A new study out
of MIT, just published in the journal Neuron, offers some promising clues. The MIT team has concluded that the human brain’s auditory cortex—where all sound is interpreted—has distinct centers for processing music and speech. Put differently, the brain has developed an independent function just for music. Some scientists now believe that our capacity for music may pre-date our capacity for speech; and the latter may have even evolved from the former.

Whoa! Another new study, from the University of Montreal, has found people who play music have much faster reaction times to a broad range of sensory stimuli. The researchers think that, somehow, a musician’s brain develops a heightened ability to anticipate or even predict stimuli. Or, it could be that musicians have learned how to focus intensely, which brings with it physiological changes such as a higher heart rate, increased blood flow, deeper breathing, and more responsive muscles. It appears brain science is finally catching up to what teenagers have known for centuries: music is cool, and musicians are even cooler.

“Soho Music are proud to present this lovely item! It is a 2003 promotional blow up model blimp with the Led Zeppelin name on the side. Never opened and never inflated this is in mint condition. The picture above showing it inflated is from the advertising. Very collectible.”

My ex-mother-in-law was, in the Second World War, in charge of blimps where she was stationed. She lost one! Oops.

REduced! Ramones tshirt shirt medium*

“punk Goth rock band hey Ho let’s go - AU $1,000,000.00 (Approximately £598,977.33)

“You get what you see. It’s awesome. A bit smaller than some medium sized shirts I’ve had...”
Erm… reduced? Was that, perchance, a dramatic typo for ‘exorbitant’?

**THE BEATLES CANDLE STARZ CRAFTS UNIQUE COLLECTION LIMITED EDITION - £6.00**

“The BEATLES UNIQUE COLLECTION: This beautiful sale comprises of one high quality British made Ivory candle, hand finished, (measuring D: 60mm x H: 120mm / D: 2.3” x H: 5”) Burn time approx.: 33 hours. Our starz pillar candles have good quality Images.”

Was it accidental or on purpose that, on first look, it seems as if this pillar candle is situated in front of a stained glass window? Or is just me that thought it was plonked in a church?

**beatles eeyore ringo rare - £9.99**

“Rare item ringo on drums”

WTF? How does Eeyore sitting in front of some felt drums suddenly become Ringo Starr? I know poor Ringo usually has the size of his nose blown up out of all proportion in caricatures, but this has crossed the border of ridiculous.

**Rat Pack Statues (Life Sized) - US $3,000.00**

“Life sized statues of the Rat Pack - Dean Martin - Sammy Davis JR - Frank Sinatra - We have had these statues for twelve years and it is time for them to move on to a better existence - When people see them they exclaim " How cool is this!". These are perfect items to enhance any background. They look perfect on any Stage - Night Club - Restaurant - or any place where people gather - These statues are rare and hard to find. They are a bargain at this price..”

You would need a mighty big room to put these guys in, which counts us here in Devon out. But they are cool.
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.
VINTAGE 1970's GEORGE HARRISON
Money Bank Hand Painted The Beatles - £39.95

This is tacky and wonderful. I love it.

Ta-ra
"Ev’rywhere I hear the sound of marching charging feet, boy"

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

Auld Man’s Baccie

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


We’re not for one second claiming this comfy collection as a ground-breaker or – indeed – as exceptional in any notable critical way. Simply as an example of a strange musical phenomena that has passed much of the world by. Country ‘n’ Irish is a generic term applying itself to an Irish offshoot of country music that might best be described as a fundamentalist approach to the basic values. Where the songs have lyrics (not the case here) great value is placed on statements pledging unshakable allegiance to your place of birth, spouse and the values that make a family a strong unit. Musical experimentation remains at the most moderate levels (perhaps by including a harp on an otherwise country set up of bass, drums, guitar and vocal) and the whole scene has supported several successful performers; some of whom have exported. A brief look online at a television show like Kilkenny Country will tell you all you need to know.

Country ‘n’ Irish Accordion name-checks no performer (although much Country ‘n’ Irish depends on the loyal following of particular acts) and it presents less variety than many collections in this area. However, as an insight into a sound and mentality you might mistakenly think consigned to history, this collection (sounding like the 1950s but released in the 21st century) suggests the music has staying power. Country comes no simpler, but that is the point here. Some medleys blend familiar folk tunes – “Botany Bay/ A Place in the Choir/ The Irish Rover/ Farewell to Carlingford/ Lowlands Low” – and others blend more up to date (but still pretty old) standards – “Walkin’ After Midnight/ I Fall to Pieces/ Crazy/ Someday You’ll Want me to Want You/ Have You Ever Been Lonely?”
I wonder if that dog does tricks?

Dog: Thought to ignore idiots.

Once upon a dog.

A dog is like a video.
And so we reach the end of another week here at the Gonzo Weekly offices. It has been a week dominated by the production of Barbara Dickson’s autobiography, and a whole plethora of jokes, film clips and Internet memes involving President Trump.

The masses on Facebook are arguing vociferously about him, even more than they did about his predecessor (who was, after all, the first President of the United States to be elected against the ubiquitous background of Social Media. Because, like it or not, practically everyone has it now, and it is a part of everyday life for people across the globe.

Skype has also become ubiquitous, with newspaper reports claiming that even the refugees from Asia Minor who turned up in Greece last year or the year before were doing their interviews with Immigration Control using the same piece of software that teenagers use to send photographs of their reproductions of, and cartoons of, cats wearing bedsocks to each other.

Where am I going with this? I’m actually not too sure, but there are several things that have happened to me over the past few weeks that have underlined that we ain’t living in Kansas anymore Toto.

Each generation is doomed to repeat the mistakes of their forefathers, but it isn’t 1974 any more - nothing like it, and it would be grossly unfair of me to try and do what my parents did, and that is to apply the criteria that were valid when I was growing up to the poor souls who are facing an uncertain future and can’t even legally have a drink to anaesthetise their horror at the events happening on the world stage.

When you think about that, maybe pictures of cats wearing bedsocks make a damn sight more sense than one would originally have thought.

OK kids, I am off to spend a weekend either drunk, asleep, or both.

See you anon.

Hare bol

JD

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