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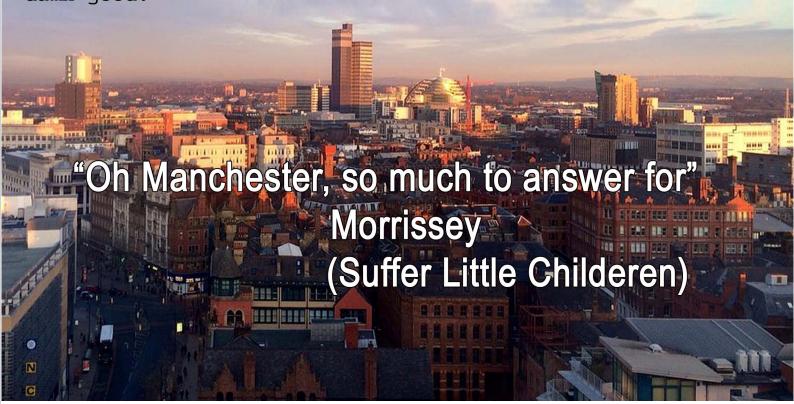
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I am very proud of my countrymen and women, of my friends, and of the disparate collection of people whom I am in contact with on Facebook. The events in Manchester the other night were, of course, despicable, but the aftermath — in general — showed the people of this country up in a good light. People from all across the social, ethnic, and political spectrum flocked to help, but it was the reaction of the people I know on Facebook that particularly moved me.

Now, before I go any further, I would like to stress that, I have no idea who the vast majority of my 'Facebook friends' actually are. I have well over a thousand people in that category, and although I exclude people that are obvious scammers, I accept every other friend request that I get to facilitate the greater community of both the CFZ and Gonzo.

I was expecting rants and tirades of bitter, xenophobic nonsense, and angry written attacks on the British Muslim community at large. Yes, a few of the people that I was expecting to come out with such reactionary bullshit did exactly that, but the vast majority of people that I know exhibited deep veins of compassion and sensibility, and just as happened in Manchester the other night, the community online pulled together in a positive, empathic fashion. And for once, even a dyed in the wool misanthrope like me is proud of his fellow men. As somebody who is usually full of bile about the human race, that is pretty damn good.

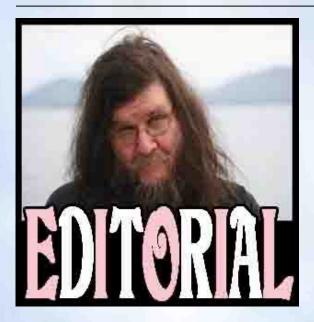


THE THREE COMMANDMENTS OF GONZO WEEKIY:

- 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 sthuid then you should probably give hu reading this magazine now.

Otherwise... enjoy



Dear Friends,

Welcome to another issue of this peculiar little magazine which always amazes me by appearing to go from strength to strength despite the fact that none of the people involved have any real idea of what we are doing, and are basically making it up as we go along.

One of the neologisms of our current society here in the west is 'bucket list', which - as far as I am able to understand - seems to be a list of things that one intends to do before one dies. And the term is often used by people who are terminally ill, or have their imminent mortality in mind, and seems to have very little to do with buckets. Wikipedia claims that it is "a list of things that one intends to do before one 'kicks the bucket'" but that explanation has all the hallmarks of a conveniently retroengineered piece of etymology, and doesn't really ring true to me.

However, the fact is that on Friday night I achieved one of the things that has long been on my bucket list (or would have been if I had got such a thing).

But first I need to go back nearly forty years to the summer of the year that the two sevens clashed. I was kicked out of boarding school at the end of May for a drunken escapade involving a bunch of stolen musical instruments, and - after some horrible months living back at home - I ended up taking a job with the Devon Ambulance Service in Exeter, to avoid my parents bullying me into



"...the singer's voice was so primal and feral that it sounded like the voice of one of the Manson killers on his way to butcher Sharon Tate and her friends"

enlisting in the Army.

I arrived in Exeter at the beginning of August, and - as had been my practise for several years - bought the music press: Sounds, The New Musical Express and Melody Maker each Thursday. And in one of the first issues of one of these that I bought after arriving in Exeter I saw a review of a single on Stiff Records called 'Whole Wide World'. The review, which I have just made a cursory attempt to find online, to no avail, praised the song, but described Nick Lowe's production as eccentric, and said that the singer's voice was so primal and feral that it sounded like the voice of one of the Manson killers on his way to butcher Sharon Tate and her friends.

Well, at the time I had never *heard* of the Manson Family, but the review made the record sound absolutely irresistible, and so that very afternoon - I went into one of Exeter's three record shops (I think it was the Left Banke in Paris Street) and bought a copy.

I took it home and found that I loved the song, thought the production was excellent and was soon a fan of the singer's raucous, nasal voice which sounded absolutely nothing like anything to do with the Manson Family. For the record here, Manson himself

was a fifties style crooner, Bobby Beausoleil sounded like Bobby Vee, and Clem Grogan like one of *The Eagles*. And Wreckless Eric sounds like.....um Wreckless Eric.

I loved 'Whole Wide World' to bits, and liked 'Semaphore Signals', the b side, nearly as much. And ever since, I have wanted to see a Wreckless Eric concert. And on Friday, I got the chance.

Back pedal a bit to the weekend before when I was slightly inebriated. Mother said something about needing the lavatory, and I started to sing the opening lines of another Wreckless Eric song, 'Recconaiz Cherie'...

On a convenient seat by the lavatories In the sodium glare

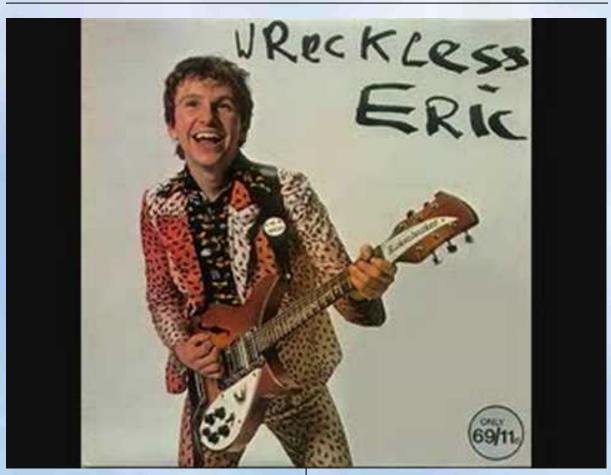
We used to wait for the bus in a Passionate clutch

And go as far as we dare

(OK, for the last forty years I have thought the words were "in a convenience, see, in a lavatory" and I only realised my mistake a few minutes ago)

And Julia, who was sitting in the corner of the room asked me what I was singing. So, in a mildly sozzled haze I went to the Wreckless Eric website, and found to my total delight that he was playing in Bideford the following





Friday. And, for those of you who are not aware, Bideford is about nine miles away from the village where I live.

Excited, I called to Corinna who was doing her best to ignore me in the other room, and squealed something incoherent about the gig. "Be quiet dear, you are drunk" she said with some justification. But on Friday, despite the fact that I was laid slightly low with some lurgy or other, I managed to persuade my darling wife to take me. When we arrived at the venue I almost immediately ran over Eric's foot in my wheelchair, but luckily did not, because if I had done, he would probably have been crippled for life, would certainly have gone straight to hospital, and the gig would have been cancelled, leaving me to face the wrath of the assembled weirdos who were in the bar waiting for the performance to begin.

Eric wandered on stage without an introduction, and - like a foul-mouthed Harry Worth - he had the audience eating out of his hand within minutes. The performance was

almost completely unlike what I had imagined. Back when I first heard 'Semaphore Signals' I was at the height of my Syd Barrett obsession, and I thought then how similar Eric's guitar breaks were to those of yer laughing madcap, and was mildly gratified when I read in Eric's autobiography how he had been channelling a barretesque vibe whilst doing the recordings.

But, somehow I have always thought of Wreckless Eric as being a song-based performer, whereas on Friday night, a great deal of what he did was sonic - feedback and distortion - based. And guess what? It was fucking marvellous.

His website proclaims: "Wreckless Eric is Eric Goulden. He was given the name to hide behind. After a while he realised he was stuck with it. Onstage he hides behind nothing, he tells the truth with big open chords, squalls of feedback, lilting enchantment, bizarre stories and backchat. Some people can't take it. Thirty seven years of touring have left him in good shape. He's coming to town."

I have written enough press releases over the years to know that most of them are bullshit, but this one is nothing short of the entire unvarnished truth.

The thing that surprised me most was that Eric was like a DIY bargain basement Pete Townshend, stringing together songs and stories, connected by spacey feedback drenched instrumental passages that sounded like a whole band of psychedelic mavericks on horseback, rather than a little bloke with a semi acoustic and a solid body guitar and a small mixing desk that he operated himself. These longer passages truly sounded like they were part of a Tommyesque rock opera from the classic years of rock excess. Eric skilfully manipulated sonic textures to produce something truly extraordinary.

Eric played large chunks of his new album Wreckless AmERICa and was far more political than I was expecting, and Eric himself was far funnier on stage than I was expecting. He was like a one man Velvet Underground with huge slices of anti-Trump polemicising on top. When I got home I listened to the album, and found that - just like the stage show - it was far more cohesive than I had expected, and was actually a sort of minor concept album, in which he took a mirror to the modern world and finds it both wanting and oddly satisfying.

Like all great music, the live experience and the studio experience are complimentary but entirely different, and I urge any of you who have the chance to check out both as soon as you have the chance.

I expected him to be good, but I never expected him to be great. I hope he comes back to Bideford again soon.

Love and peas

J



Wreckless Eric, The Butterfly Ball and the Grasshopper's Feast, Ariana Grande, Yes, Rick Wakeman, Strange Fruit, Friday Night Progressive, Mack Maloney's Mystery Hour, Sir Roger George Moore, KBE, Granville William "Mickey" Roker, Kenneth Cordray, Jimmy LaFaye, Paul Blake "Frankie Paul", George Reiff, Kid Vinil, Mary Hopkin, This Misery Garden, Martin Stephenson and The Daintees, Ashton, Gardner and Dyke, Jeremy Smith, The Doctors of Madness, Alan Dearling, Hyldemor/Hyldest, Skousen & Ingemann, Christiania, John Brodie-Good, Ryley Walker & Band, Kev Rowland, Oliver Lake & The Flux Quartet, Orange Clocks, Perspire, The Phans, Rog Patterson, Ronald Murphy, Mr Biffo, Roy Weard, Hawkwind, Xtul, Martin Springett, Elvis, Pete Doherty, John Lennon, Yoko Ono, Neil Nixon, Dick Dale

IT'S A LEGAL MATTER BABY

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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)

Jeremy Smith

(Staff Writer)

Alan Dearling,

(Staff writer)

Richard Foreman

(Staff Writer)

Mr Biffo

(Columnist)

Kev Rowland

(columnist)

Richard Freeman,

(Scary stuff)

Dave McMann,

(Sorely missed)

Orrin Hare, (Sybarite and literary bon viveur)

Mark Raines,

(Cartoonist)

Davey Curtis,

(tales from the north)

Jon Pertwee

(Pop Culture memorabilia)

Dean Phillips

(The House Wally)

Rob Ayling

(The Grande Fromage,

of whom we are all in awe)

and Peter McAdam (McDada in residence)

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

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

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

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

so what's it all about, Alfie?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

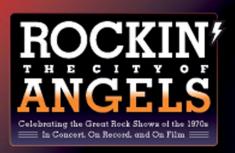
No this is FREE as in Gratis.

Not a Sausage. But I digress.

So make an old hippy a

happy chappy and

SUBSCRIBE TODAY



N THIS LAVISHLY ILLUSTRATED celebration of classic and progressive rock bands of the 1970s, author Doug Harr shares his vivid memories of the mindaltering 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 band illuminated by a handpicked collection of brilliant images-most never-before seenby 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 GonzoMultimedia.com Preorder begins December 2016; wide release January 2017

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The Butterfly Ball and the Grasshopper's Feast

is a concept album and subsequent live rock

opera appearing in 1974 and 1975 respectively,

The work was originally conceived as a solo

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Glover who had recently left Deep Purple.

based on the children's poem of a similar title.

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PRATT, DOWNES & SCOTT,

However, Lord proved too busy with Deep

Purple and Glover took up the reins on his

own. Using his connections, Glover recruited a

large cast of noted rock musicians - including

David Coverdale and Glenn Hughes, from the

then current version of Deep Purple - to

perform on it, with a different vocalist for each

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

John Maynard Keynes

On 16 October 1975, a one-off performance at the Royal Albert Hall took place. Again it had a star-studded cast of rock musicians, most notably Ian Gillan who was drafted in at the last minute and received a standing ovation on his entrance. He replaced an unavailable Ronnie James Dio who had commitments with Ritchie Blackmore's Rainbow (although Dio did eventually get to perform the song at the Royal Albert Hall in 1999 as the guest of Deep Purple). Gillan had not performed since leaving Deep Purple in 1973. Also notable was the appearance of Twiggy as singer and actress and Vincent Price as narrator. Apart from most of the musicians involved in the studio recording, the concert also featured Jon Lord. The live concert was filmed and released in 1976 produced and directed by Tony Klinger.

Tony Klinger is thrilled with the quality of the creation of this Limited Edition Deluxe Edition Box Set which includes Double DVD (original film + 2017, re-edit, remaster), a Double CD released soundtrack (never before), Reproduction Press Pack, 5 × 10"x 8" glossy promotional photos, A3 reproduction Film Poster. Each Box will contain a number certificate signed by Tony Klinger.

Box Set Content

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A3 reproduction Film Poster (different to the poster which we are offering for sale) Signed and number certificate.

There will only be 250 Boxes manufactured.

Prog-Fusion Ensemble BangTower Returns With Eagerly Awaited New Album "With N With Out"

Featuring Percy Jones, Neil Citron, Walter Garces, Robby "Pag", Frankie Banali, and others!

Chicago/Los Angeles - Declassified Records is proud to announce the newest album from progressive fusion legends "BangTower" entitled "With N With Out" is now also available in retail stores in Japan serviced by Marquee Distribution. The highly anticipated 13 track sophomore album, originally released late December, marks the first full length CD since the internationally acclaimed 2010 debut release, "Casting Shadows".

Returning to the project are fretless bass

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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
- Rob Ayling explains why he called his company 'Gonzo'

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

"The car suddenly veered off the road and we came to a sliding halt in the gravel. I was hurled against the dashboard. My attorney was slumped over the wheel. "What's wrong?" I yelled. "We can't stop here. This is bat country!"

Hunter S. Thompson



guitar legend Percy Jones of "Brand X", Grammy winner Neil Citron, "L.A. Drum Guru" Walter Garces, and musician/ producer Jon Pomplin. In addition, the album also features several guest artists including drummers Frankie Banali of "Quite Riot" and Rodger Carter of "John 5" as well as fretless bassist Robertino "Pag" Pagliari of "Ohm", Joan Fraley of "The Rave", Chris Colovus, Josh Greenbaum and Justin Stone.

BangTower was designed from the beginning to explore new musical landscapes by bringing together artists different musical specialties, disciplines and physical locations to create something exciting and exceptional. When numerous unavoidable and unexpected scheduling issues arose with the core members after production of the new record had started, the concept was expanded to include several other friends of the band as guest musicians to complete the record. The result turned out even better than anticipated and remained true to the BangTower ideal.

By combining digital technology and traditional studio recording techniques, musicians from New York, Chicago, Los Angeles and Hawaii were able to collaborate, write and record intricate, soulful music with a distinctive and fresh personality that is can be enjoyed numerous times. Compositions that challenged each player's imagination and style by pushing the edge of their musical "comfort zone", while remaining familiar and accessible to both the musician and non-musician fan alike. Although each piece of music is an exceptional stand-alone masterpiece, each track remains an

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The Gospel According to

This week my favourite roving reporter, like

the rest of us, is totally stunned by the events

that happened in Manchester earlier in the

"My thoughts are with you and the entire

U.K. .. Going after kids at a concert is

However, he also sent me an interesting link;

to the new Wikipedia entry for Yes featuring

Anderson, Rabine and Wakeman, pointing

out what a useful overview of the genesis of this exciting new project is given.. But there

is also very welcome news of a forthcoming

"A studio album has been in progress since

April 2011, when Anderson and Rabin began

to exchange ideas online by sharing music

files recorded at their home studios, to which Wakeman then incorporated his ideas. Before the process began, Anderson revealed the

band's initial plan to write new music with the

aim of performing it on stage with a selection

of Yes songs. Anderson described their new

songs as "unique"; Wakeman said they sound

"Very fresh, full of life, energy and melody".

Development on the material halted in March

2012 when Rabin needed time to be with his

family and his career in film scoring, and

aWakeman became too busy with other

commitments. Activity resumed six months

later when Wakeman was in the process of

submitting further ideas to Anderson. Music

was worked on progressively thereafter. In

June 2016, Rabin indicated that recording

was still at an early stage, still consisting of

http://tinyurl.com/leeflax

just "bits and pieces of song ideas".

despicable.. Thinking of you all there"

BART

week. He writes:

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the album, and the BangTower project as a whole. GOOD GIRL: Ariana Grande is reportedly preparing to cover the costs of funerals for

those killed in the horrifying bomb blast following her concert in Manchester, England on Monday (22May17). The Side to Side hitmaker was left "broken" after a suicide bomber targeted gig-goers, many of whom were children, outside the Manchester Arena as fans filed out of the venue, killing 22 and injuring many more.

Ariana flew home to Florida on Tuesday (23May17) to seek comfort in the arms of her boyfriend Mac Miller, and her family, but she has been keeping abreast of the situation in the U.K. and is allegedly doing what she can financially to help those who lost loved ones in the attack. The news emerged on a fan page on Twitter late on Tuesday, under the handle @ArianaDailyWW, in a post which read: "News on Ariana: Ariana has reached out to the families whos loves ones died last night (sic)... she is gonna pay for the funerals!" Read on...

ANIMALS IN ASIA: Legendary keyboard player for Yes and renowned raconteur Rick

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THE SONZO NEVSROOM.



Wakeman has become an ambassador for Animals Asia. Having long been considered a member of the Animals Asia family, Rick Wakeman has

accepted an ambassadorial position with the animal welfare charity. The position was confirmed in a presentation to him by fellow ambassador, actor Peter Egan following Rick's performance at a fundraising event at Sonning Mill Theatre, Reading. It was the third time the musician, presenter, author and actor had performed to raise much-needed funds and awareness for Animals Asia's work.

Speaking on Twitter, Rick said:

"Had the most wonderful night at The Mill in Sonning for the wonderful moon bears with friends Peter Egan and [fellow performers] the magnificent Triple Cream."

Rick has been a supporter since 2013 and is "dad" to moon bear Cyril who lives in Nanning, China in a temporary facility that has been converted from a farm by Animals Asia.

Animals Asia Founder and CEO, Jill Robinson ller Freight Line. | New Am. Tompere

MBE said:

"The bears - especially Cyril - and the entire Animals Asia family send Rick their gratitude and thanks for being their lifeline, their champion and their friend. Each year the challenge of raising funds and filling the bears' tummies grows harder, but each year somehow - we make it through, and this is in no small part to incredibly generous people like Rick who give us the courage and the support to continue.

We can't thank him enough for his vital work in raising awareness of animal suffering in Vietnam and China. People around the world know and love Rick, and that reach allows the truth about bear bile farming and the cruel dog meat trade – so rife with illegality – to reach so many more people. We're delighted that he has agreed to officially become our ambassador." Read on...





AnimalsAsia

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R. E. HUTUMUNDUN Successor to WM. LEGGATE,) 188 MAIN ST., MANUFACTURES and Dealer in HARNESSES, SAD W. DLES, BRIDLES, Couch, Ghales and Dreft COL. LARS. Also, Trunks, Palises and Carpit Sage. Couch Gig and Tuly WHIFS, &c. ar Realping done at short

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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 f stop.the.cull

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Right On Chris

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Successor to WM. LEGGATE,) 186 MAIN ST. AHUFACTURES and Dealer in HARNESEES, SAB M. Dilbo, BRIDLES.—Couch, Chalco and Dreft COL-LARS. Also, Trunks, Paliters and Carpit Sage. Couch Gly and Trily WHIFS, &c. gr Realpring done at short motios.

Western, Jan 18

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.

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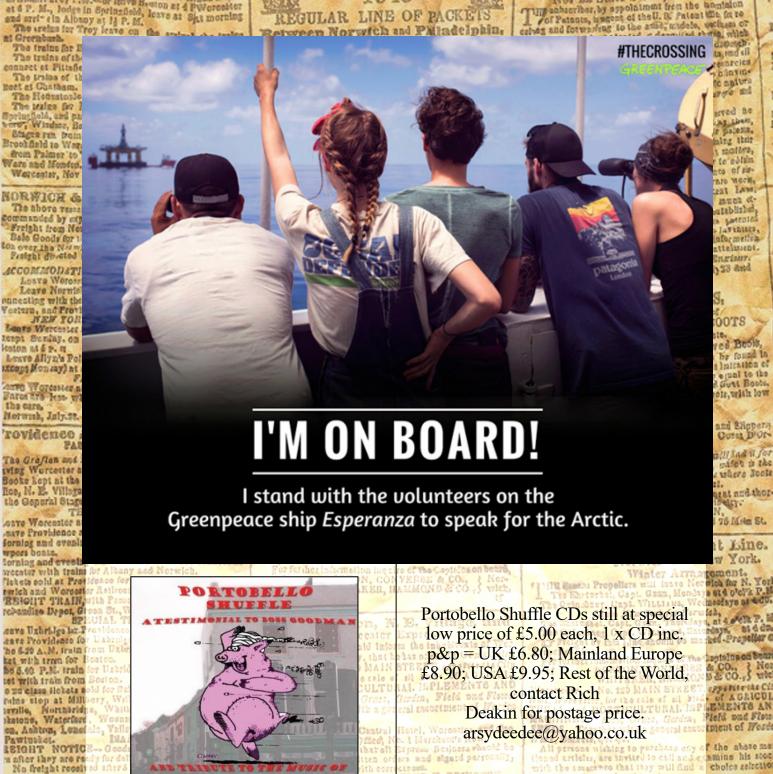
Two types of people visit rhino in the wild

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.



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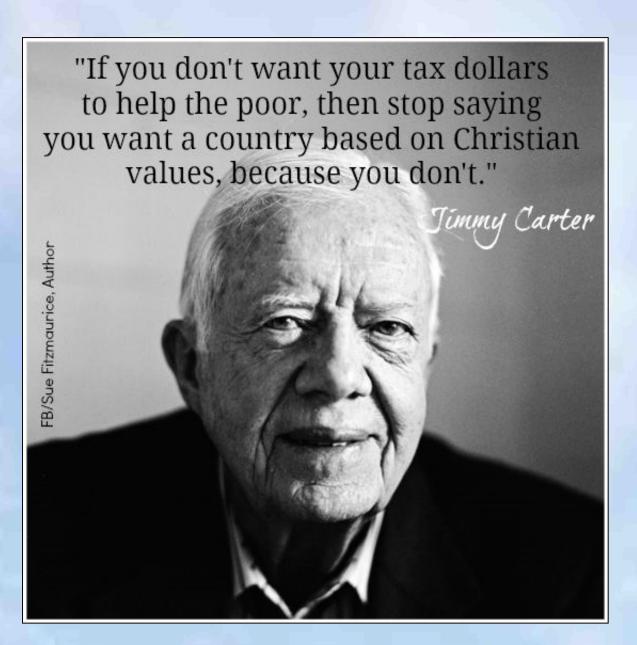
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(FILLING IN FOR ANDREW LOOG OLDHAM)







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.

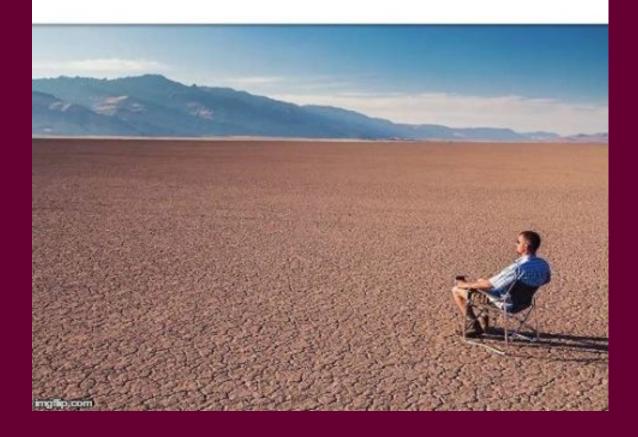


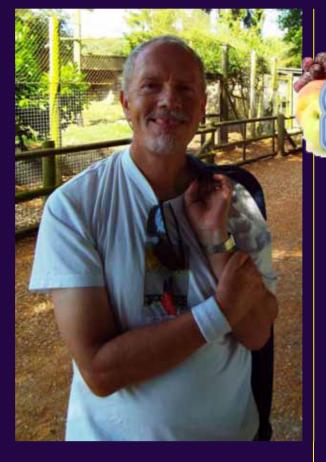






ME TRYING TO FIND GIRLS IN A PROG CONCERT





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.

Show 213 In Purson

Kittie: Brackish

Medicine Head: Mama Come Out

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Purson: Desire's Magic Theatre Essential Logic: Brute Fury

Alan White: Spring (Song of Innocence)
Lawrence English: Moribund Territories

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Afrika Bambaata: Looking for the Perfect

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Julian Cope: Safesurfer

Yorkshire Puddin': Keep me in Mind

The Residents: Train vs Elephant

Dana Countryman: Cocktails in Space The Stranglers: My Fickle Resolve Leo Kottke: The Other Day (Near Santa

Cruz)

Wishbone Ash: Phoenix

Mind Over Mirrors: Restore and Slip

Purson: The Sky Parade

Hope Sandoval and Warm Invention: Let me

get There (feat Kurt Vile) The Beatles: Goodnight

> 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 shear 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.

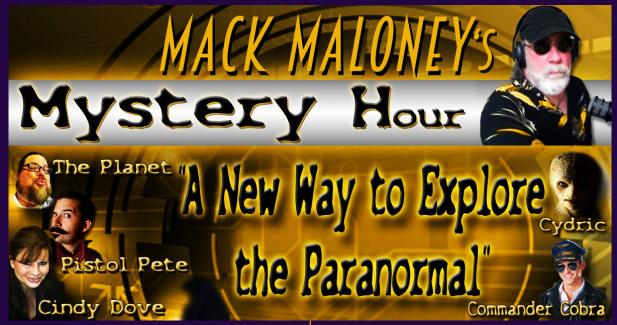


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Listen Here

Friday Night Progressive

Davis.



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

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

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



AND LOOK WHAT MACK HAS FOR YOU THIS WEEK

Eighty-Two Aliens Walk into a Bar...or Why Do I Fly in My Dreams?

While Cobra is on a secret mission for the Government, Mack & Juan-Juan talk with Nancy "Two-Turtles" about how best to communicate with aliens. Rob Beckhusen on Russia's new nuclear-armed monster tank. Chuck Stansburge reports on his latest adventures with the intergalactic space army. Switchblade Steve on the Nazi fighter pilot who turned into a werewolf. Special Guest: No Belly Button Man.



Listen Here

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



Sir Roger George Moore, KBE (1927 – 2017)

Moore was an English actor, best known for playing secret agent James Bond in seven feature films between 1973 and 1985, and Simon Templar in the television series *The Saint* between 1962 and 1969. Moore took over the role of Bond from Sean Connery in 1972, and made his first appearance as 007 in 1973's Live and Let Die.

The longest serving Bond with a continuous tenure, Moore portrayed the spy in six more films. He was appointed a UNICEF Goodwill Ambassador in 1991, and knighted by Queen Elizabeth II in 2003 for "services to charity". In 2008, the French government appointed Moore a Commander of the Ordre des Arts et des Lettres.

His father was a policeman who investigated a robbery at the home of film director Brian Desmond Hurst, which led to Moore being introduced to the director and hired as an extra for the 1945 film *Caesar and Cleopatra*. While there, Moore attracted an off-camera female fan following, and Hurst decided to pay Moore's fees at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. Moore spent three terms at RADA, where he was a classmate of his future Bond co-star Lois Maxwell, the original Miss Moneypenny.

Moore worked as a model in the early 1950s, appearing in print advertisements for knitwear which earned him the nickname "The Big Knit", and a wide range of other products such as toothpaste. In his book *Last Man Standing: Tales from Tinseltown*, Moore states that his first television appearance was on 27 March 1949 in *The Governess* by Patrick

Hamilton, a live broadcast (as usual in that era).

Lew Grade cast Moore as Simon Templar in a new adaptation of *The Saint*, based on the novels by Leslie Charteris. Moore said in an interview in 1963, that he wanted to buy the rights to Leslie Charteris's character and the trademarks. The television series made Moore a household name, and by early 1967 he had achieved international stardom. The series also established his suave, quipping style which he carried forward to James Bond. Moore went on to direct several episodes of the later series, which moved into colour in 1967.

Moore also starred alongside Tony Curtis in *The Persuaders!*, the show featuring the adventures of two millionaire playboys across Europe. The series failed in America, but it was successful in Europe and Australia. In Germany, where the series was aired under the name Die Zwei ("The Two"), it became a hit through especially amusing dubbing which only barely used translations of the original dialogue.

Moore was the oldest actor to have played Bond – he was 45 in *Live and Let Die*, and 58 when he announced his retirement on 3 December 1985.

Whilst Moore was playing his Bond period he starred in 13 other films incluiding Gold, Shout at the Devil, The Wild Geese, North Sea Hijack, and The Cannonball Run. He did not act on screen for five years after he stopped playing Bond.

His family announced his death from a brief battle with an unspecified cancer on 23rd May, aged 89.

Granville William "Mickey" Roker (1932 – 2017)

Roker was an American jazz drummer from Miami who, after his mother died, was taken by his grandmother to live in Philadelphia with his uncle Walter, who gave him his first drum kit and communicated his love of jazz to his nephew. He also introduced the young Roker to the jazz scene in Philadelphia, where drummer Philly Joe Jones became Roker's idol.

In the early 1950s, he began to gain recognition as a sensitive yet hard-driving big-band drummer.



Especially favored by Dizzy Gillespie, Roker was soon in demand for his supportive skills in both bigband and small-group settings. While in Philadelphia he played with Jimmy Oliver, Jimmy Heath, Jimmy Divine, King James and Sam Reed before moving to New York in 1959, where his first gigs were with Gigi Gryce, Ray Bryant, Joe Williams-Junior Mance, Nancy Wilson and the Duke Pearson big band.

In 1992, he replaced Connie Kay in the Modern Jazz Quartet. He had recorded with Dizzy Gillespie, Sonny Rollins, Duke Pearson, Ella Fitzgerald, Oscar Peterson, and many other jazz musicians.

He died on 22nd May of lung cancer, aged 84.



Kenneth Cordray (1954 – 2017)

Cordray was an American instrumental guitarist and songwriter, who shared the stage with notable musicians and performers such as John Mayall, John Lee Hooker, and Billy Gibbons of ZZ Top. Cordray became the lead guitarist for The Children under the ATCO label and later on ODE records produced by Lou Adler. He co-wrote the song "Francine," with Steve Perron for ZZ Top's album "Rio Grande Mud."

Cordray performed and wrote music with Jaco Pastorious, and played in Wayne Cochran and the C.C. Rider band at Pastorious' request. While playing with the C.C. Riders, Cordray backed up Jerry Lee Lewis on an episode of the Midnight Special and in Concert.

He moved to New Orleans to play with former C.C. Riders and Edgar Winter's White Trash band members before forming his own self-titled group, Cordray, and in 1991 formed The Civilians and recorded a CD entitled "Miracles". In late 1992, Cordray, Dave Foster, and Todd Harrison formed a "Texas rockin' blues psychedelic power trio", calling themselves Kenny Cordray and Blue Science.

Cordray taught guitar lessons to children and adults for many years, and also ran Rock Camp Live, a summer music camp for aspiring 10-18 year-old musicians in the Houston/Galveston Bay Area. Cordray was killed by his son on May 21st, in an apparent murder/suicide.



Jimmy LaFave (1955 – 2017)

LaFaye was an American singer-songwriter and folk musician, who crafted a musical style called Red

Dirt music and became a disciple of the state's most famous folk musician: Woody Guthrie; he became an Advisory Board member and regular performer at the annual Woody Guthrie Folk Festival.

He recorded 15 albums and his 2007 release, *Cimarron Manifesto*, reached the No. 1 mark on the Americana Music Association album chart. In 2012, LaFave released the studio album *Depending On The Distance*.

While living in Stillwater, LaFave and a loose collection of songwriters at a local venue known as "the farm" began developing a sound that would later become known as "red dirt music". During that time, LaFave met Bob Childers and produced his first record. Mixing blues, jazz, and country influences he began writing songs inspired by J. J. Cale, Chet Baker, Bob Dylan and Leon Russell.

LaFave relocated to Austin, Texas, and in 1992 signed with Colorado-based Bohemia Beat Records and recorded his debut album *Austin Skyline* which included four Bob Dylan songs and consisted of live performances and recordings from Marcia Ball's home studio. This album was followed by *Highway Trance* in 1994 and *Buffalo Return to the Plains* in 1995.

In 2003, LaFave produced a Woody Guthrie tribute show called *Ribbon of Highway, Endless Skyway*, which toured around the country and included a rotating cast of singer-songwriters individually performing Guthrie's songs.

In an article published in *The Austin Chronicle* in April 2017, LaFave announced publicly that he was battling spindle cell sarcoma, a rare form of cancer that had been diagnosed one year earlier. After various treatments failed, doctors advised LaFave that there was nothing else the medical profession could provide. During the course of his illness leading up to this announcement, LaFave continued to perform – not cancelling even one show. In addition, he has continued to record new songs that he hopes will add to his legacy.

LaFave died of cancer on 21st May, aged 61.



Paul Blake "Frankie Paul" (1965 – 2017)

Blake, better known as Frankie Paul, was a Jamaican dancehall reggae artist. Born blind, he has been dubbed by some 'The Jamaican Stevie Wonder'. As a child he had his sight partially restored by an operation on a hospital ship. He sang for, and impressed Stevie Wonder when Wonder visited the school that Blake attended, prompting him to pursue a singing career.

Adopting the stage name Frankie Paul, he first found fame in the early 1980s, and recorded prolifically throughout the decade. He has recorded for virtually every producer/studio in Jamaica at some time, and was known to release several albums a year.

Notable works of Frankie Paul include the popular "Sara" and "Worries in the Dance".

He died on 18th May.



George Reiff (1960 – 2017)

Reiff was a bassist from Austin, Texas who acted as all-city first-call bassist from the '80s, when he held high-profile gigs with Joe "King" Carrasco and Johnny Reno & the Sax Maniacs. This transformed into regular gigs with Ian McLagan, Ray Wylie Hubbard, Jon Dee Graham, Michael Fracasso, Charlie Sexton, Cotton Mather, Ian Moore, and Charlie Mars. Reiff also held down rhythm in the Austin Music Awards house band.

Reiff enjoyed tenures with Dixie Chicks spinoff the Court Yard Hounds, Tedeschi Trucks Band, Jakob Dylan, Jayhawks, and Black Crowes' leader Chris Robinson. He also worked with drummers Levon Helm and Ringo Starr, and toured with Eagles guitarist Joe Walsh.

He also operated a studio out of his North Austin home where he produced albums for artists including friend and frequent collaborator Ray Wylie Hubbard and Austin breakouts Band of Heathens. He also helmed Shinyribs' 2014 favorite Gulf Coast Museum, several discs for the Mastersons, and works by rising artists like Lincoln Durham and the Beaumonts.

Reiff toured extensively with Carrasco and played on three of his albums before returning to Houston in 1987. He then toured for a bit with Texas bluesman Mason Ruffner while also playing with Austin rock and pop bands Zulu Time and the Troll Dolls.

He also became known in local restaurants for his skills as a pastry chef.

He died of cancer on 21st May, aged 56.



Kid Vinil (born Antônio Carlos Senefonte) (1955 – 2017)

Vinil was a Brazilian singer, radio broadcaster, composer and journalist, who became well-known in the Brazilian rock of the 1980s.

He was the vocalist of the Brazilian band Magazine, at the start of the '80s he was a member of Verminose, a band of the punk rock and rockabilly genres. He was also a member of the São Paulo Punk Rock Movement at its start, organising shows and playing songs of bands of punk rock and postpunk in his radio program.

He returned to music in Magazine in 2000, and when the group disbanded he formed the Kid Vinil Xperience, and recorded his first independent CD in 2010, named *Time Was*.

He died on May 19th, aged 62.

WEDNESDAY WAS ROB AYLING'S BIRTHDAY

Hello and Good morning to all our avid readers new and (ahem) old..... No pun intended.....

I am sure you would all like to join me in wishing our amazing Mr "Gonzo" himself a truly wonderful Happy Birthday today. Yep, he is 50 years young today and is off to have a very well deserved couple of days of being spoilt......

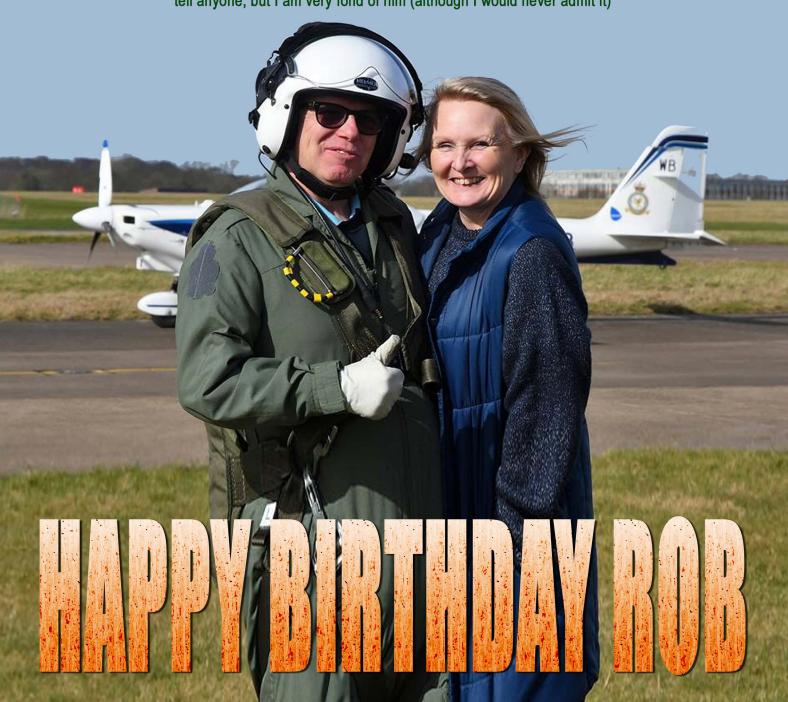
We all know that he works his little socks off to bring some amazing music, projects and publications to all of us not an easy job, especially in today's financial climate... He makes sure that everyone who works for him or contributes in any way knows that they are thought of and totally appreciated.

Rob is an amazing person and will always be there to help and inspire others...he is a wonderful Dad to Hunter (we all love you sunshine!!) and he has also embraced my children (and their friends) with open arms... So I propose a huge Hip Hip Hoooorayyy and we all wish you a Very Happy Birthday...here's to the next 50!!!

Sandy

P S forgot to add... "Even Jack (the cat) loves him....

EDITOR'S NOTE: I have known the silly bugger for thirty years bow, and hope that I know him for another thirty. Don't tell anyone, but I am very fond of him (although I would never admit it)





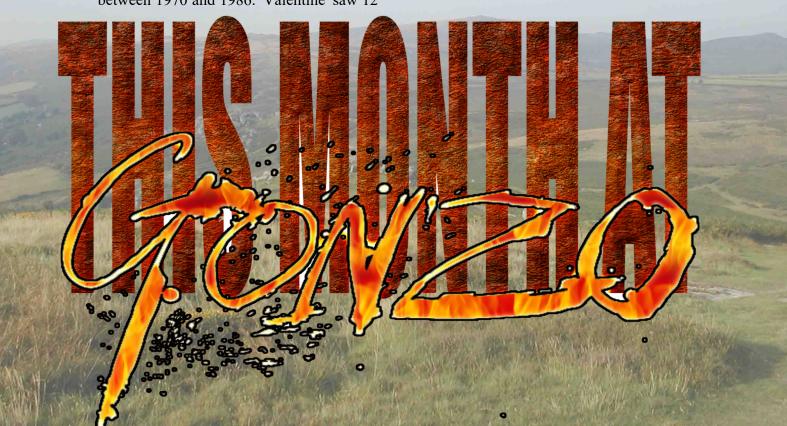
Artist Mary Hopkin
Title Recollections
Cat No. MHMGZ103CD
Label Mary Hopkin Music

Mary Hopkin continues to explore her archives, dust off some long-forgotten recordings and sends them out to air and to see the light of day in a new album of old songs. Following the release of 'Valentine' in May 2007, featuring a collection from the archives, 'Recollections', due out in mid -November, is a further 11 gems recorded between 1970 and 1986. 'Valentine' saw 12

previously unreleased tracks from the same stash, including three of Mary's own compositions. 'Recollections' features two of Mary's own, 'Another Day' and 'Who's the One?' with a cluster of other fabulous songs.

"There were about 30 hefty 2-inch tapes weighing heavily on my mind, and also on my bedroom ceiling," recalls Mary. "They had been gathering dust in my loft for many years, and one morning, I woke up to an ominous creaking sound, as a huge crack appeared in the ceiling. So, with some prodding from my daughter, Jessica, we decided to release them from their dusty boxes before the ceiling fell in." Mary Hopkin shot to fame in 1968 with 'Those Were the Days', recorded on the Beatles' Apple label. 'Live at the Royal Festival Hall 1972', the first release on MHM, is a recording of her "farewell" concert, which marked her retirement from the public eye to concentrate on her family. She has since projects recorded various and appearances on albums. She has appeared on work produced by her then husband Tony Visconti - most notably on 'Sound and Vision' by David Bowie. The songs that feature on Valentine and Recollections were produced by Tony during this period.

Some other legendary names appear on the album - Blue Weaver (Amen Corner) on piano, Dave Mattacks (Steeleye Span, Fairport



Convention) and Gerry Conway (Fairport Convention, Jethro Tull) on Drums, and Bruce Lynch (Cat Stevens, Richard Thompson) bass. The original on recordings have now been digitally remixed and remastered at Space Studios in Cardiff, where Mary bases her recording work and record label, Mary Hopkin Music. MHM distributes only on the internet at www.maryhopkin.com.

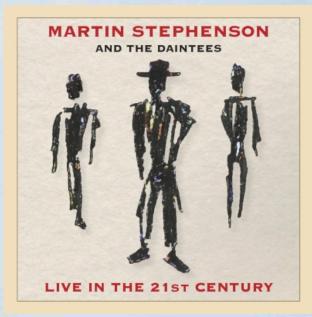
Mary Hopkin Music was set up in 2005 to release material by Mary entirely on her own terms - recording in the studio only without having to do tours, personal appearances or interviews. It is run by her daughter Jessica Morgan from Space Studios in Cardiff (owned by Jessica and her partner Chris Thomas), which is where Mary records new material. Mary loves to write and record with her son, Morgan Visconti, and Jessica. Devoted and loyal fans as well as new listeners can look forward to previously unheard music as well as new songs by Mary.



Artist This Misery Garden Title Hyperstitious Cat No. GLR119CD Label Galileo

This Misery Garden are unveiling their new opus "Hyperstitious". Once again produced by Drop (Samael, ex-Sybreed) at Downtone Studio, this new album reveals a stronger and harsher side of This Misery Garden's music.

Imagine you plant a seed of Katatonia, a seed of A Perfect Circle and water it with some Mastodon, you will harvest "Hypersticious", the most diverse and emotional tree of This Misery Garden.

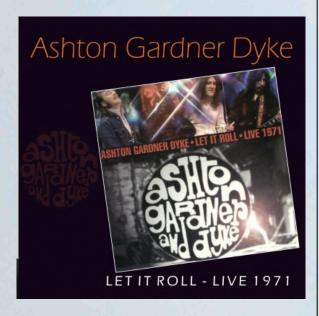


Artist Martin Stephenson and The Daintees
Title Live in the 21st Century
Cat No. BARBGZ102CD
Label Barbaraville

Martin Stephenson & the Daintees are a British rock/folk/pop band combining elements of "rockabilly, show tunes, rootsy pop, straight-ahead rock and punk". The band is fronted by songwriter/guitarist Martin Stephenson. The band were signed to a recording contract with Kitchenware Records and released their first single in 1982. Like other Kitchenware acts the group had their origins in the North East England. The band enjoyed a high critical profile and some minor commercial success. Their best-selling and most acclaimed album is Boat to Bolivia released in 1986. In June 1989, Stephenson took part in that year's Glastonbury Festival. They recorded three further albums – Gladsome, Humour & Blue in 1988, Salutation Road, produced by Pete

Anderson, in 1990 and The Boy's Heart in 1992 – but sales fell short of expectations and the band were dropped by their label.

After parting company with Kitchenware, Stephenson disbanded the group in 1992, but continued to record both solo and as part of a group. The Daintees reformed in 2000. The next year they recorded this superb live album.



Artist Ashton, Gardner and Dyke Title Let it Roll Live 1971 Cat No. HST433CD Label Gonzo

Ashton, Gardner and Dyke were a power rock trio, most popular in the early 1970s. They are best remembered for their song, "Resurrection Shuffle", a transatlantic Top 40 success in 1971. Founding band member, Tony Ashton first met the drummer, Roy Dyke, when playing with various Blackpool based groups. Ashton was invited to join the Liverpool beat group, The Remo Four as organist/vocalist, whilst Roy Dyke became the group's drummer, having joined them in 1963. Their best work came in 1966 when they released their album Smile!. Before their break-up in 1968, they backed George Harrison on his album Wonderwall Music. Harrison later played the guitar on their song "I'm Your Spiritual Breadman".



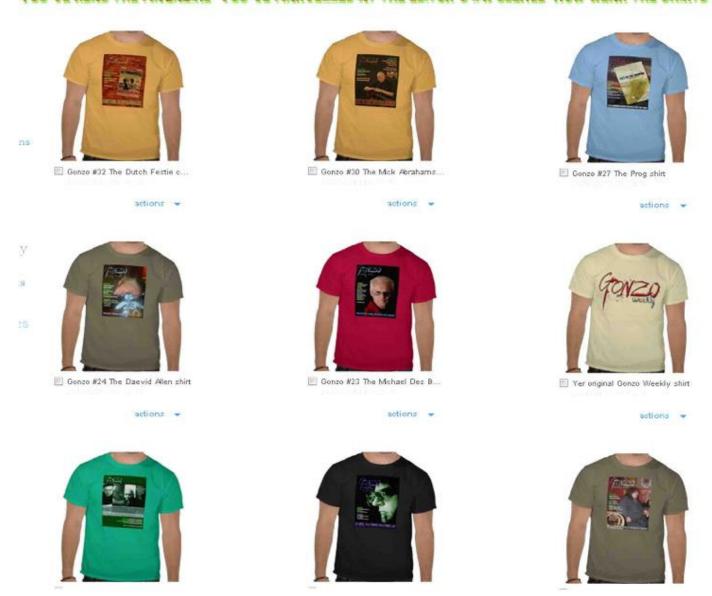
Ashton and Dyke then joined forces in 1968 with the bass guitar playing Kim Gardner, who had previously played in minor British groups, The Birds and The Creation. The triad simply called themselves Ashton, Gardner and Dyke.

Largely taken from a concert in Belgium in 1971, this captures the offbeat British group when it was at the peak of its popularity. The nine principal tracks are drawn from all three of the band's albums. Included, as most anyone interested in a release like this will be relieved to know, is the trio's big hit, "Resurrection Shuffle," the one Ashton, Gardner & Dyke song that most rock fans will know.





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



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



A Strangely Blitzed Evening The Return of the Doctors of Madness The Lexington, London, 16 May

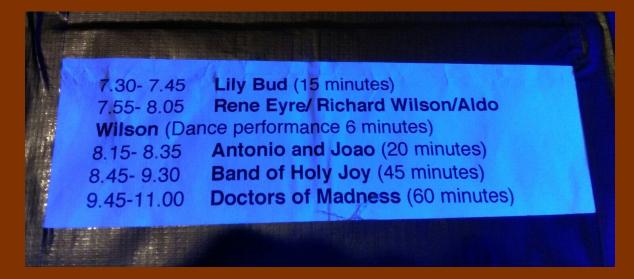
Some 40 years ago, the Doctors of Madness staggered off the stage at the Music Machine. It was a sad end to one of the best bands of pre-new wave era whose three albums paved the way for punk and added a blast of colour to the otherwise drab midseventies.

But 40 years later, they are back in town at the start of a short tour to promote the release of their 3 CD box set Perfect Past. The first gig of the tour was at the Lexington in Islington and was sold out weeks in advance. And as with Richard Strange's Cabaret Futura evenings, the gig featured a full supporting cast of Lilybud Dearsley, Rene Eyre, Antonio & Joao and the Band of Holy Joy, all of whom played interesting and different sets. In particular, Lilybud and the Band of Holy Joy stood out, Lilybud because of her wonderful voice and the Band of Holy Joy because I'd never heard of anything before that sounded like a cross between the Gang of Four and Spandau Ballet. Definitely a band to delve into more.

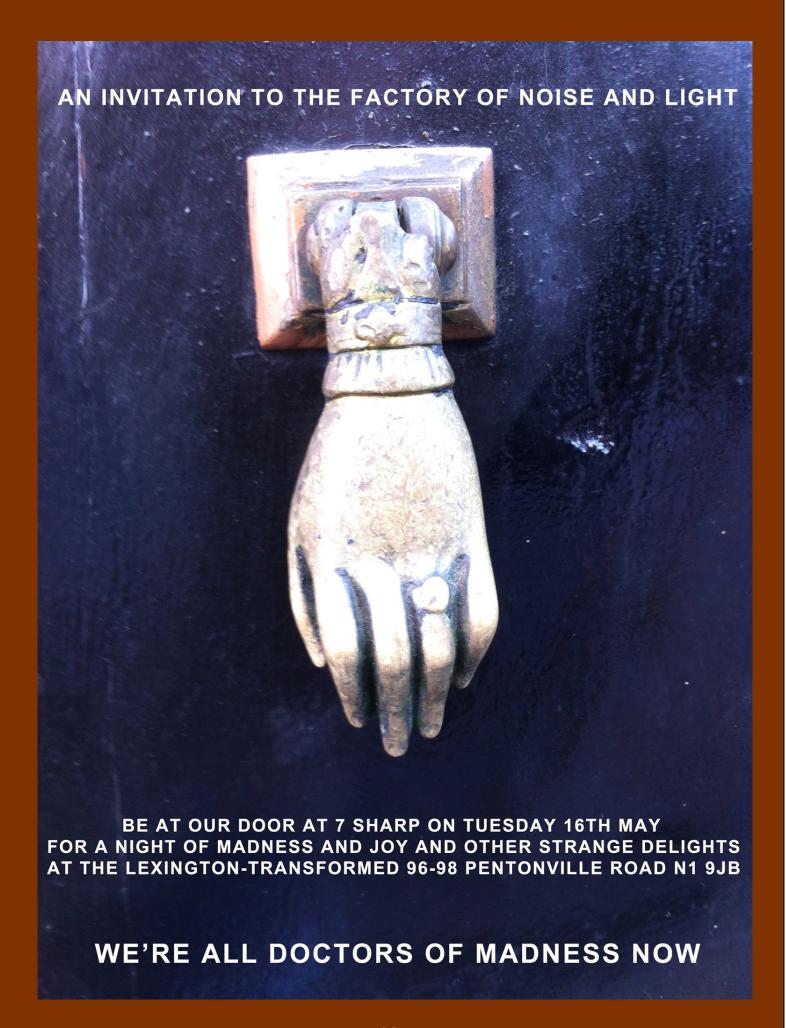
But the main act was the Doctors of Madness with original members Richard "Kid" Strange on guitar and vocals, the low-budget orchestra Urban Blitz on lead guitar and violins and a rhythm section made up of Susumu and MACKii from the Japanese glamrock band, Sister Paul who added a punk-like thrash to the proceedings. Coming on to a video interview from Twiggy wearing a silly hat, the stage was littered with dismembered body parts, TV screens and a tremendous light-show. Richard had described it as the Factory of Noise and Light and the multimedia approach added to the sense of occasion.

But Strange and Blitz were the stars, Strange for his charm and showmanship as well as his spangly red suit and Blitz for his musical perfectionism and virtuosity, which adds the colour to an otherwise Velvet Undergroundy thrash.

Kicking off with a breakneck version of Doctors of Madness, they followed up with



JEREMY SMITH





two of the faster songs from their three albums, Back from the Dead (dedicated to Stoner, the original bassist) who sadly passed away in 2014 and B-Movie Bedtime with Mackii flailing at the drums and Blitz fiddling like, like, like, well a fiddly thing. Then Marie

and Joe, sung along by the crowd including a delighted Attila the Stockbroker.

Two quieter numbers from the first album followed, Mitzi's Cure and I Think We're Alone which were notable by the absence of



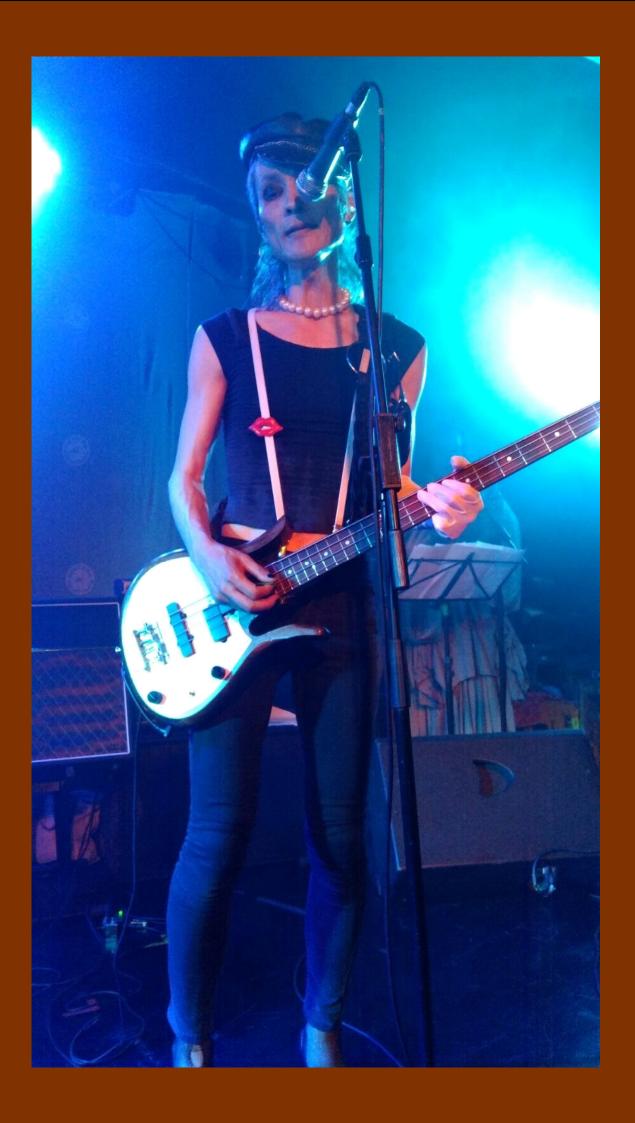


Blitz who was having equipment difficulties. But he was soon back as the band stormed through a short version of Mainlines, Billy Watch Out, Sons of Survival, Triple Vision, Suicide City (with Lilybud and Sarah-Jane

Morris on backing vocals) and Perfect Past.

The band was loving it and the level of energy was astounding both on stage and in the audience.







But sadly, all good things come to an end and as the clock was nearly hitting eleven, the show closer was the one we had all had been Waiting for (groan). Yes the set closer was a storming version of Waiting/Please Don't Shoot the Pianist before the band went of to a huge roar. By this time, the house lights were on but they came back for a quick version of Kiss Goodbye Tomorrow and a blistering feedback-strewn Into the Strange to send us out the door with smiles on our faces. It was truly a wonderful evening and it will go down on my list of ten great gigs of all time for the sheer joy it brought to me and other long-standing fans.

Eight more gigs to go and I can probably make two of them, woo hoo! What a way to start the summer! But please, please go and see them now before they disappear for another 40 years.

Thanks for Kevin Williams for the beers and the photos. See you in Brighton

Doctors of Madness UK dates so far:

May 24th Leicester Musician
May 25th Stockton Georgian Theatre
May 26th Scarborough Market Hall
May 27th Leeds Brudenell Social Club
May 29th Watford The Flag
May 30th Birmingham Hare and Hounds
June 2nd Byline Festival, Sussex (Richard
Strange Solo)
June 3rd Chadwell Arms, Chadwell St Mary,

Grays, Essex.

June 4th Brighton, The Prince Albert

Then September 1st - 12th the Doctors of Madness will be returning to JAPAN!!!!! Get Ready Tokyo, Kyoto, Nagoya, Osaka, Hamamatsu and Sapporo!!!



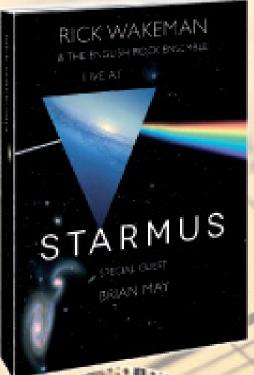






Forthcoming releases from Rick Wakeman & Friends

Rick Wakeman & Brian May



live from STARMUS 2015

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

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







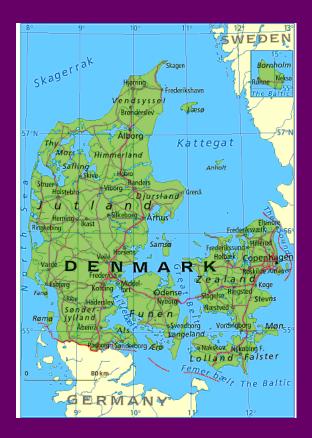


Going Green in Denmark

Scandinavian musings from Alan Dearling

I've visited Denmark quite a few times stretching back to the late 1960s. I've camped up towards Shakespeare's legendary castle at Elsinore, and more often spent time visiting friends and acquaintances in the clean, spacious splendours of Copenhagen - especially in the charmed-madness of the Free Town of Christiania.

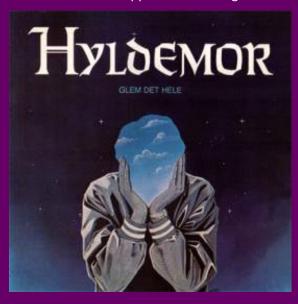
But this visit was for the Oko (Eco)-Net seminar and I'm bound for areas I know not. I stayed with Lars Myrthu-Nielsen, the co-ordinator of the Oko-Net, at his farm at Egense, in preparation for their annual green event. His farm is about seven kilometres from Svendborg. Whilst the land is



characterised by forest and lakes, the sea and many islands are part of the norm too. The name of the big island where I've been living and working is Fyn - Funen in English. It's in the middle of the country, between Zealand and Jutland.

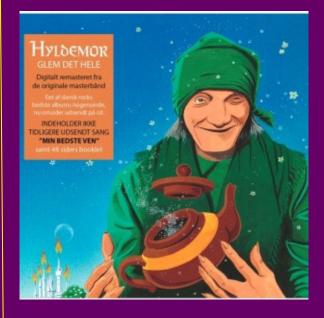
Hyldemor/Hyldest band at the Oko-Net eco -event, Brenderup, Denmark

The band's name appears to mean 'guardian'



tree spirit'. Something like that, anyway. The title derives from a Hans Christian Andersen story of the same name, which is all about shape-shifting (and tea pots - shades of Daevid Allen in the brew somewhere!). People are not what they seem to be...

The band were mostly active, according to online sources, from 1976-1999, with two studio albums and two live albums. But for these ecoevents, remaining core members of the band got back together to support their mate, Lars and his Oko-Net organisation.



On record, Hyldemor remind me a bit of Jethro Tull crossed with Curved Air with added strains of It's a Beautiful Day. Brim-full of 'prog.' They were one of the bands featured on a Christiania (big squat in Copenhagen's old military barracks) benefit album which the CBS label produced in the 1970s and was a number one hit in Denmark.

Here's a fun video from Hyldemor's return to Christiania in 1983: Rock - better than a steady job!

https://www.youtube.com/watch? v=nO3gF9_zDbo



It's an interesting piece of social history showing how Christiania was, and still is, in many ways a place of clowns, mirth and zany merriment. With front-man and lyricist, Hans Vinding's demise, the band now occasionally perform as a trio, **Hyldest (Tribute)**. And this was the band who performed after the talks, both at



alan dearling



The Machine in Svendborg and the Brenderup School.

Eco-villages, camping and glamping

I met a number of lovely and intriguing characters at the two Oko-Net events. Almost everyone is so much more actively engaged in green living. With Lars, I was able to visit one of the many local eco-villages. There, many





self-build homes are either finished or some way to completion. Lovely organic homes constructed from locally sourced wood, straw-bales and clay.

And I also met Lars Hansen, who is an environmental teacher/youth leader. Additionally, along with his GP-wife, he is gradually turning a caravan and camping park





alan dearling



into a quiet, yet rather special, eco-space. It's by the side of the sea and Lars H is a keen kayaker.

You cannot change such a site overnight, but with some imaginative agriculture; the creation of a sauna in a caravan and planned new camping 'wooden-wagons', which Lars H is building himself, it is gradually changing into a much more ecologically interesting recreation space. To find out more, visit:

www.syltemae-camping.dk



syltemaecamping@gmail.com

Syltemae Camping Strandgårdsvej 13 5762 Vester Skerninge Denmark

Recurrent themes

I went walking a fair bit. A largely flat farming area. On the farm Lars owns, and where I stayed, there are millions of dandelions. But far too many neighbouring fields of rape. Overall, a very gentle landscape, with tightly controlled farmland, which seems a bit restrictive in terms of access to me, compared with where I live in Scotland, with its policy of 'right to roam'.

I had a fascinating time on Fyn island in the middle of Denmark. Rural. Very, very Green. Organics and self-build everywhere. Nice wholesome, middle-class people in oodles. Yet, I also saw quite a lot of people who seemed mentally confused or unstable.

My two presentations went well. And absolutely jam-packed-full. Amazing venues:

The Machine, an alternative Free Youth Club (community-run Hub space) in Svendborg and the Brendurup Hojskole - Free Folk School - that's for young adults - old buildings and new eco-build - many international students. Lots of interest in alternative places, spaces and people around the world.

More bizarrely, perhaps, there were days when I felt I was trapped in an endless 'Groundhog Day'. I must have had variations on this following conversation, half a dozen times. I actually find it a bit creepy.

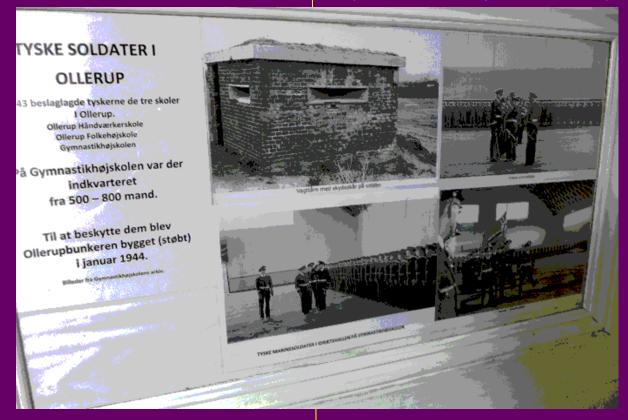
Danish person (DP): The world is safer at this time than ever before - it's proven fact.

Me: But what about Syria, Nigeria, famine in Africa, North Korea, Putin, Trump, Erdogan, Mugabe?

DP: There are less wars. It is far safer.

Me: OK, but I feel it's the most dangerous time I've ever lived in...worrying...

DP: Ah, what worries me is who has the power. It is not governments. It is Mafia and Big Corporations. And I worry about the cover-up



after 9/11. The seventh World Trade Centre tower. Why did it fall down, seemingly on its own, so long after the other attacks. In Denmark, we think a lot about conspiracies.

Changing the subject, I was surprised to see so much of the history of German occupation of Denmark, and the splendour of the Nazi Third Reich. For instance, the local, enormous Ollerup Gymnasium School campus had, I believe, a Danish-Nazi headmaster from the 1930s through the war. And the Physical Education Academy still displays all the statues, the photos of endless parades and salutes. It's as though it has been moth-balled, kept in a time warp. Why?

DP: We think we must not forget the past and what happened.

The Swine Festival

Lars took me to the Swine (Pig) Festival on the Saturday. This seemed to be organised by young Free School teachers. A weekendlong music event with a few games, vegan food, (and, of course) beer added to the musical stew. But strangely incongruous that it was held at an industrial pig farm! Apparently, the farm owner likes to support the young people, which is nice.

The frisbee game was fun. The idea is to play in two teams with a beer can balanced on top of another can stuck on top of a post. Team members took turns to try and knock off the opposition's can with their frisbee. There are a few more rules about catching and deflecting the frisbee, but lots of fun.

And the music was a good standard too relaxed and varied. I especially enjoyed a Danish song called something like, 'From where we stand', which was nicely played by the young Jam Band.







alan dearling



Lars later pointed me in the direction of the original: https://www.youtube.com/watch? v=Lzps9qX8TEM

from Skousen & Ingemann

Here they are Live in Svendborg 1971:

https://www.youtube.com/watch? v=Lzps9qX8TEM

And a new version from Christiania at Nemoland:

https://www.youtube.com/watch? v=8xepp9ilfzc

The full album:

https://www.youtube.com/watch? v=jUkLXd2llMs

And another couple of suggestions of music to listen to from Lars M-N:

Steppeulvene - 1967 from HIP: the track, 'Itsi Bitsi':

https://www.youtube.com/watch? v=Qpv6oi7oed8

Lars adds: "Maybe of interest - Skousen & Ingemann - when we had them in 2009 in Ollerup, which I arranged."

https://www.youtube.com/watch? v=hW7X jU8srM

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=aaUg6c5JvWo





Ryley's back in town...

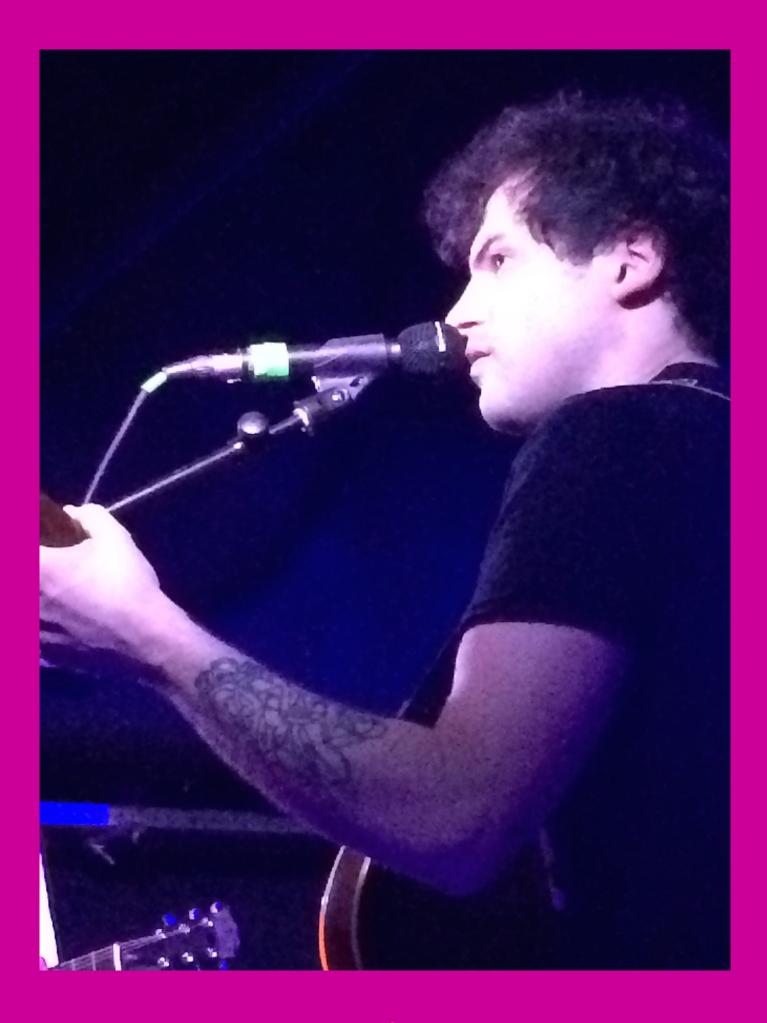
Ryley Walker & Band, Bristol, Thekla 19th May 2017 "Where's the rave afterwards? You guys coming? R.W.

'Can't, stuck to the floor!" a member of the audience yells in response

"Yeah, it's like there's 20 years worth of beer and come on the floor of this place". R.W.

It was indeed rather sticky. The Thekla is a ship, now permanently moored harbour-side in the centre of Bristol. A small but slightly

John Brodie-Good





different venue, the stage being in the bows of the ship, the audience stands in what may have been the cargo holds. Only the second time I had been there in over 20 years in this city, and the first was for John Martyn.....

The young man from Chicago is back in the UK and Europe for a very intensive tour but is threatening to take a break for a while, his own post on FB from May 12th...

'CHECK OUT THIS GIANT ASS TOUR!!!

Last shows for a VERY long time. I'm tired. I also found a sliding scale rate therapist in Chicago who told me I need more time at home to re-connect with the important people in my life. I said "I agree" and then immediately signed off to do this extensive tour. WOOPS. Sorry therapist lady—we can circle back.

Guaranteed 90 mins of great tunes. Lots of new stuff. Some of the new songs still suck so I gotta work them out on stage. Trying to get them tight cuz I wanna finish new record soon. Hope you don't mind. When we fuck a song up, I am hyper-aware of it- don't worry. I'll be just as mad as you- if not more.

Couple things to be added here and there---plus

some short Euro jammers in August. Slowly gaining weight and fading into obscurity after this summer. I love live music!'

(Photo is me in 2nd grade on 100 hits of LSD while watching nick jr) – visit FB to see it!

It was already six months ago since we saw him in Birmingham and so our tickets for this spring gig have been sitting in a corner at home, the quiet anticipation of several months had finally come to an end, and a pleasant dry evening beckoned. Sorry, but just couldn't be bothered with the support this time, at all. I went out on the smoking deck for a spliflet, when who should also pop out but the man himself with a ciggie in his hand. He looked around and above nervously and said 'you guys have killer seagulls or something here right?' Someone put him straight and he lit up, looking slightly relieved.

Although the vessel was pretty much full we suddenly found ourselves right down at the front, stage right, almost behind the PA. As we were next to Ryley, we stayed there as last time our view was blocked a lot of the time. He still turns and faces his band too much,

especially when jamming. His trusty box of guitars was being continually dipped into however, with at least four different instruments used throughout the 90 minute set (curfew at 2200 FFS!), two acoustics and two electrics, including "I've got a fucking Strat!" as he strapped it on towards the end.

His three-piece band hail from hometown Chicago I believe. Brian Sulpizio on 'rhythm' electric guitar (and he played a really gorgeous solo late in the set), plus on electric bass, Andrew Young, whose first trip t'was to the UK. His eyes I noted were glued to Ryley pretty much the whole time. The drummer is quite amazing, a guy called Ryan Jewell, who plays a really simple Ludwig kit, kinda underarm. Like a real old jazzer, but he can sure rock when required.

Ryley plonked a 4-can pack of Red Stripe on the stage by his feet, cracked one open and we were off, swirling and shimmering sounds..... into the night.

Whilst Ryley's FB puff talks of lots of new stuff I struggled to detect much of it. I thought they played a selection of extended versions of songs from 'Green and 'Sings largely. Possibly too many of them ended up as whitenoise type jams that the Fairies or Hawkwind would have been proud of, when they kept the jamming a bit slower, much more musical things happened. They did also drop a very nice version of Tim Hardin's If I Was A Carpenter on us however, showing another side of his voice.

Getting lost in this music is very easy, Ryley and his mates strive to get very free indeed, as many of his musical inspirations had done before him. There's very few people doing that today, and like all greats, he knows that you have to know the rules in the first place, to break them.

He's at an interesting point musically I suspect. He started as a 'folkie/singer songwriter' but seems to be getting much more electric/jazz live. Will the next album be more of a band thing or songs again? I quietly hope it's a band thing.....there's all kinds of interesting places Ryley could go with those axes in his hands. If we are lucky, I'm guessing it might be later this year, or more likely, we will have to wait until 2018.

Nice to have something to seriously look

forward to in the meantime it has to be said.

If you are very quick, the rest of the current tour is (sorry, the dates are American)

- 05/27/17 Pocklington, UK Pocklington Arts Centre
- 05/28/17 Exeter, UK Phoenix
- 05/29/17 Brighton, UK Komedia
- 05/30/17 Lille, FR L'aéronef
- 05/31/17 Nijmegen, NL Doornroosje
- 06/01/17 Paris, FR Mona Bismarck American Center
- 06/03/17 Ravenna, IT Hana Bi
- 06/04/17 Galzignano Terme (Padova), IT -Anfiteatro del Venda
- 06/05/17 Savona, IT Raindogs House @ Officine Solimano
- 06/06/17 Rome, IT Chiesa Evangelica Metodista
- 06/07/17 Montemarciano (Ancona), IT Klang @ Teatro di Montemarciano
- 06/08/17 Avelino, IT Auditorium Cimarosa
- 06/09/17 Brescia, IT No Silenz
- 06/10/17 Zürich, CH Bogen F
- 06/12/17 Munchen, DE Kranhalle
- 06/13/17 Vienna, AT Chelsea
- 06/14/17 Leipzig, DE UT Connewitz
- 06/15/17 Berlin, DE Lido
- 06/16/17 Dusseldorf, DE Zakk
- 06/17/17 Mannheim, DE Maifeld Derby
- 06/20/17 Norwich, UK Norwich Arts Centre

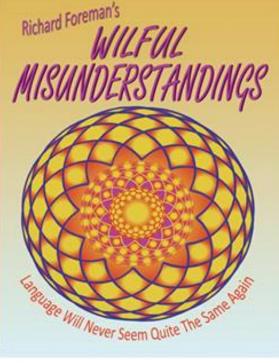
Ha, he's not planning to see his new therapist for very long it appears, I see from his website tonight that he is back in the UK in late August for more gigs and festivals including Totnes, so no excuse not to go and see him, for any of you!

www.ryleywalker.com

https://www.facebook.com/ryleywalkerjams/







Reviewers:

"Within five minutes of picking the book up and reading it for the first time I was immediately entranced. These stories are a delight, and I have spent much of the 'Festive Season' proselytising about Foreman to anyone who would listen. I have found myself using the words 'delight' and 'delightful' far more often than I would have wanted to, but I truly cannot think of a better adjective. My life has been enriched for having read these stories. I cannot wait for the next volume." Jonathan Downes, editor Gonzo Weekly magazine. "Expect the unexpected while reading Wilful Misunderstandings. The oddball characters and their quirky concerns will attract your attention. Richard Foreman demonstrates how deep his imagination is, and how the simplest of ideas can make interesting prose. He writes fluently, wittily, and his stories tend to approach the dark side in a humorous way." Michelle Stanley, Readers' Favorite website.

Writers:

"A passport to a parallel planet where nothing means quite what you thought it did, this book offers an excursion to a strangely familiar place that you have never previously dreamed of. Get your shots and book your ticket today." Alan Moore Watchmen, From Hell, Voice of the Fire, Jerusalem

"An ambitious and truly original collection from a master storyteller whose memorable characters in often surreal, unsettling situations linger long after the first page." Sally Spedding Wringland, Cloven, A Night With No Stars

"Carefully constructed scenarios with a playbill of disparate characters shrewdly and sympathetically observed. Offspring of a particular and subtle imagination, told with humour, craft and insight." Jamie Delano Hellblazer, World Without End, Leepus - Dizzy

Readers:

"Stories like dreams half remembered, tapping into a seam (or seeming) of the unconscious mind."

- "I love the feeling of shifting, malleable realities. It is so much fun and encourages thinking in new ways about the world.
- "The book is bloody brilliant. I read it in nearly one sitting. It totally messed with my head."
- "This is a collection to reread, a book to tickle and amaze, to ruffle and amuse and sometimes to raise the hairs on the back of your neck."
- "Unafraid to tread off the beaten track into vivid, unsettling worlds where nothing can be taken for granted. Where anything can happen."

Cost:£8.95 (+p&p) percopy

by mail order (signed) from Lepus Books website (http://lepusbooks.co.uk/wilful-misunderstandings/) Or available by order from bookshops (quote: ISBN978-0-9933901-0-4) For more info see Richard Foreman's website at richeff.moonfruit.co



OLIVER LAKE & THE FLUX QUARTET RIGHT UP ON (PASSIN' THRU)



Oliver Lake is showing no signs at all of slowing down, even though he released his debut album as long ago as 1974, and continues to play and record with a variety of ground-breaking jazz groups. He has been working with the Flux quartet since 2002, and this album is their first collaboration together.

Somewhat unusually, this isn't a collaboration in the sense one would normally expect, but instead features The Flux Quartet performing seven of Oliver's compositions for string quartet, and he only joins them on alto sax for three of these.

The result is something that is grounded in jazz, but with real avant-garde classical and krautrock stylings.

This is as abrasive as it is compelling, and while never easy to listen to has a depth and breaking soul that cries out to be heard. I have never heard strings played as harshly as this, the beguiling sound one normally expects is nowhere to be heard, and instead we have music that wouldn't be out of place on a kitsch Seventies Italian horror noir.

This certainly isn't music for the fainthearted, yet for those who are brave enough to keep turning this up there is a very special world indeed to be discovered. To my poor old jaded ears this is fresh, invigorating, compelling and immediate. From the first note to the very last I was intrigued and excited, as these musicians combine to create something incredibly significant.



KEV ROWLAND

ORANGE CLOCKS TOPE'S SPHERE 2 (BAD ELEPHANT MUSIC



I'm not quite sure who to blame for this, but I'm going to start with David Elliott from BEM, moving on to the band themselves if I can't find the evidence needed. From start to end this is a brilliant pisstake of an album, and I love it. It is combining HHGTTG with Gong, throwing in some bits of Hawkwind and a feeling of the Clangers with the Bonzo Dog Doo Dah Band and there we have it.

This is a comedy album, which really is funny, as well as some excellent songs and performances. The wonderful thing for me is that a back story has been provided so that this all makes sense, and I have seen reviewer after reviewer falling for it: I can just imagine the band and label sitting there reading some of the comments and killing themselves with laughter, when a quick search for some of the names would provide realisation that they only appear about these guys. This is what the band have said about themselves and the album.

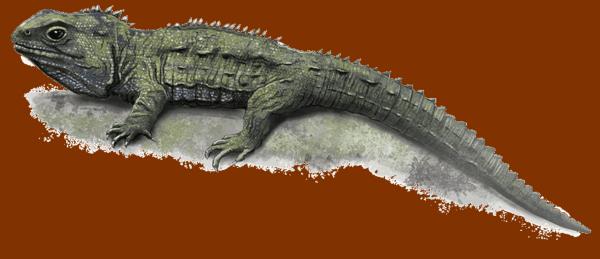
"Orange Clocks hail from a shed in the depths of East

Northamptonshire and specialize in music of no fixed genre; improvising and jamming for long periods, pausing only to consume lots of tea and biscuits. They have been in their current incarnation for a little over two years, although the seven band members have played together in different musical incarnations for many hazy years, united by a love of psychedelic and hypnotic music (amongst other things).

Originally devised in 1973 by eccentric producer Tomska R Huntley and destined for German TV, Tope's Sphere was set to be a ground-breaking animation featuring a live soundtrack by 1970's UK/ Germany supergroup, Klementine Uhren. The series followed Tope, the knitted monkey protagonist, with his sidekick Chode on their outer-space adventures accompanied by lush layers of psychedelic music. Unfortunately for Tomska, Klementine Uhren were unhappy with the final mixes. They promptly disappeared with all the tapes for an 'extended session', never to be seen again.

Tomska was bankrupted and his dreams shattered; he dumped what was left from Tope's Sphere into a skip and vanished into the depths of the Himalayan mountains. After the discovery of the fragments of video tape, stage props and art from Tope's Sphere, Russ Russell (Producer Extraordinaire of Parlour Studios) recruited Orange Clocks to re-imagine the soundtrack, taking what details they could find from the scraps of script rescued from the skip to bring the unique comic-book adventure back to life."

Even I can work out that the supposed supergroup name translates closely to "Orange Clocks". I love this album, as it is packed full of early Seventies humour and fun, yet is also a bloody good album, and one I have really enjoyed playing. I love it when a band don't take themselves too seriously, but I truly hope that they don't end up being tagged with a "novelty" label as they deserve much more than that. I'm not sure how the humour will translate outside of the UK, but if anyone loves psychedelia and space rock



mixed with prog and loads of laughs, then this is brilliant. You can even listen to it on Bandcamp before you splash out and buy the CD, https://orangeclocks.bandcamp.com

PERSPIRE
EXIT PLANET LUST:
(ETERNALLY INDEADED)



The full title of this twenty-six minute long EP is 'Exit Planet Lust: Embrace/Crush/Dream/Destroy', and features six instrumental pieces of work that I have found quite fascinating in their simplicity and emotion. Perspire is a composer, producer, conceptual artist and guitar shredder for hire residing in Brooklyn New York. His work has appeared in XLR8R, The Wire and more. According to his biography, on this work he draws influences from Derek Riggs, Can, Geoff Barrow, Brad Fiedel and Tangerine Dream. To be honest, I don't know all of those listed, but I certainly see the influences of Can and Tan Dream on this. I wasn't surprised to see that he is a conceptual artist as well as a musician, as in many ways this seems to have more in common with the former than the latter – as if it is conceptual art for the ears. The cover artwork is deliberately blurred, and there are few details to be found about Perspire on the web, which ties in with the label not even having a website (Eternally InDEADed is an art and record label created by ArKane in late 2015, based in Greenpoint, Brooklyn. The label specializes in short run vinyl, cassettes, zines, objects of beauty, and ephemeral happenings. Artists include Dead Ryan, Giorgio Moroser, Unwashed, Halford Witchcock, and Perspire.).

I honestly think the best way to appreciate this is by sitting in a room where the walls, ceiling and floor are painted brilliant white, and there is harsh lighting. In the middle of the room is a painted wooden chair, and the music is directed to that point, to the listener. I can't explain why I feel that way, but know it makes sense to me. This is an interesting and intriguing piece of art, which is available free of charge at https://perspire.bandcamp.com

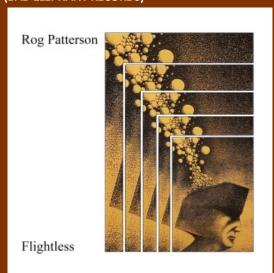
THE PHANS
THE PHANS
(EL PUERTO RECORDS)



This German trio are obviously living in the wrong age, as this album sounds mostly as if it is something that was spawned in the early Seventies. Bassist/ singer Karl (I only have first names) has a wonderful gravelly texture to his voice, while Matze plays guitar and Dany is on drums. They state that their heroes are Deep Purple, Led Zeppelin and Black Sabbath, but in truth they have more in common with Trapeze than with any of the above. Overall this is guite an enjoyable piece of work, but the production and arrangements doesn't do them many favours. There just isn't enough guitar in the mix, and there is too much space inside what they are doing, so the bass doesn't punch as hard as it should. Released last May I'm not surprised that it hasn't had a larger impact, but this does show promise.

The songs themselves are good without being great, but if they had another guitarist (or more overdubs) I am sure that this could be quite a different beast. This album may not have set the world on fire, but if they keep pushing then this blues-based Seventies-style melodic hard rock could become quite a beast. I would certainly make the effort to go and see them play in concert, as I imagine that in that environment the rawness would push through and make them very impressive indeed. https://www.facebook.com/phansmusic

ROG PATTERSON FLIGHTLESS (BAD ELEPHANT RECORDS)



Back in the early Eighties Rog Patterson went to Nottingham University to study Philosophy, and as luck would have it he soon made the acquaintance of a large hairy person by the name of Greg Smith, a fellow twelve-string player and Ant Phillips fan. They were finally convinced to leave the halls of residency and play some proper gigs, and made their live debut in a church hall in Billericay, as Twice Bitten. The ensuing sequence of lucky breaks saw them playing their fourth gig in front of a thousand people, supporting Roy Harper; and their fifth, seventh and eighth at the Marquee in London. Although they were playing acoustic twelve strings with nary a keyboard between them they were soon accepted into the then-thriving progressive rock scene, supporting Twelfth Night, Solstice, Pendragon and others. They released some cassettes, played numerous gigs with Haze, but by 1986 enough was enough. (If you haven't heard any of their music then you should seek out 'Late Cut', which was released on Bad Elephant last year).

Rog decided to keep performing as a solo artist, touring and playing in other bands as well, and even released some material. Of course, by being on tour so much it made sense that he became involved in the other side of proceedings, so in 1988 was asked to join Pendragon's crew, as a favour, for one gig: he soon became tour manager and sound engineer, as he didn't have enough to do. He released this album in 1989, and was soon on the road again, in Britain, Holland, France and Germany supporting Pendragon. I first met Rog in 1994, as somehow, he had got himself involved with Mark Colton and his new band Credo. By this time, he had almost given up on ever recording another solo album, as now he had a strong reputation as sound engineer and tour manager for bands such as Murder Inc., L7, Lawnmower Deth, Mordred, and Rage Against The Machine. But, he was still incredibly pleased and

proud of his album and gave me a copy, which I still have, to this day. So, some twenty-eight years after it was released, and some twenty-three years since I first heard it, yet again I am reviewing the album, which has just been reissued by Bad Elephant on CD.

The album features just Rog on mostly acoustic guitar, and conjures up thoughts of Ian Anderson, Roy Harper and Jay Turner. Some people think that an acoustic guitar means no power or vitality, but they ought to listen to Rog belt his way through "Ergo Sum". A twelve-string guitar has never suffered so much punishment. He is an outstanding guitarist and can play in many styles, so "Ergo Sum" manages to convey many different passions and emotions, just with different styles of playing. Double tracking enables him to harmonise vocals with himself on "Party Piece" to good effect, and this is an incredibly impressive piece, although part of the music was "borrowed" from Jethro Tull's "Up To Me". I bumped into Rog at a gig not long after I had written the original review and sent it to him, and I was more than a little nervous about what he would say regarding that comment. But, he told me that I had it bang to rights as he had been playing Tull while searching for inspiration one night and it just happened! What was originally the second side of the album featured just two songs, "Conclusion" and the title cut. The latter is more than twelve minutes long, and is lyrically the strongest, as Rog opens himself up for examination.

But wait, there's more! To quote Rog himself: "In a last-ditch attempt to avoid recording my 'new' solo album, I have somehow persuaded those fine but rather silly folk at Bad Elephant Music to release the old one again, including demo versions of three tracks which would have been on the next album had I ever got around to recording it. That's still imminent, though as '30 years late' is intrinsically funnier than '28 years late', I wouldn't hold your breath." So, we have three additional numbers, "Alien", "Couldn't Happen Here" and "The Name of the Rose", which feel both slightly drier and more polished than the rest of the album. But, they fit in well with the overall feel of this album, and it will be interesting to hear what they sound like if they appear on the new one! Although Rog and I haven't met up for probably fifteen years or so, we have been in email contact quite a bit recently, and he tells me that it is possible that we could be having a pint together in NZ next year talking about the new CD. I do hope that is the case as a) it will be great to meet up with him again after all this time and b) it has been far too long since he last released any music, let alone a solo album. If he does release a second, then it will have taken even more time than it did Credo, and that's saying something. I love this album, have done so for many years, and I urge all fans of Antony Phillips and Roy Harper to seek this out at once, if not sooner. http://www.badelephant.co.uk



You know the score as well as I do. I'm not even going to try to pretend that this is an original idea of mine; the BBC thought it up decades ago and it was Rob Ayling's idea to apply it to the Gonzo Weekly. The concept is a simple one: one takes a celebrity and plonks them on an un named desert island with a bible and the complete works of Shakespeare. Although any of our celebrities would be welcome to take a copy of the Bible and the complete works of Shakespeare with them, this being Gonzo, we can think of other, more appropriate accoutrements – what was it the good Doctor took with him on his most well known expedition? "We had two bags of grass, seventy-five pellets of mescaline, five sheets of high-powered blotter acid, a salt shaker half full of cocaine, and a whole galaxy of multi-colored uppers, downers, screamers, laughers and also a quart of tequila, a quart of rum, a case of Budweiser, a pint of raw ether and two dozen amyls."

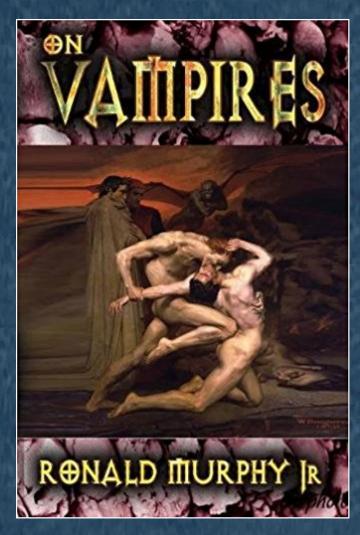
I wouldn't necessarily go that far, but if we may again quote the good Doctor: "I hate to advocate drugs, alcohol, violence, or insanity to anyone, but they've always worked for me." I am not going to lay down the law as to what luxury, or indeed essential items, our castaways are going to be given. The only thing we are going to ask them is for ten records which they believe would be utterly essential for their wellbeing if Gonzo Multimedia really were going to plonk them on an island in the middle of the ocean, which I have to say that, after the week I've had, sounds like my idea of utter bliss.



Ronald Murphy Jr. graduated from the University of Pittsburgh with a degree in Literature and Religious Studies and attended graduate school at Pitt and at Indiana University of Pennsylvania where he studied history. He is a professional actor, having appeared in movies, on television, and on stage. He is also a researcher and historical reenactor for the Underground Railroad in Blairsville, PA. Ronald is considered an international expert on faerie lore, and has researched the unexplained from Maine to Florida as well as in the United Kingdom. He is a noted lecturer, and appears at various conferences throughout the year. Ronald is interested in infrasound and pheromones in relation to fortean research. He also studies cryptozoology as it relates to the Collective Unconscious and focuses on archetypes found throughout world cultures

Ron's Top Ten

1. U2-- The Joshua Tree
2. Kate Bush-- Sensual World
3. Counting Crows-- August and Everything After
4. Fleetwood Mac-- Rumours
5. Pink Floyd-- Wish You Were Here
6. Heather Nova-- Oyster
7. Led Zeppelin-- Led Zeppelin IV
8. Guns n Roses-- Use Your Illusion II
9. David Bowie-- Heroes
10. Robbie Robertson-- Robbie Robertson



RON'S NEW BOOK:

Join cryptozoologist and folklorist Ronald Murphy as he journeys throughout history in his quest to uncover the impetus for the archetype of the vampire. Beginning at the lair of cannibals at the dawn of human history, explore the images and evolving ideas of the vampire, tracing these concepts up to the information age.

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Paperback: 154 pages

Publisher: cfz (24 Feb. 2017)

Language: English ISBN-10: 1909488518 ISBN-13: 978-1909488519

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 pendered what to play and the more he thought about it and what the evening should mean, the more he felt that something very special was about to take place.

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



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

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

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Double CD 1, The Original Gospels - with Robert Powell as the Narrator.

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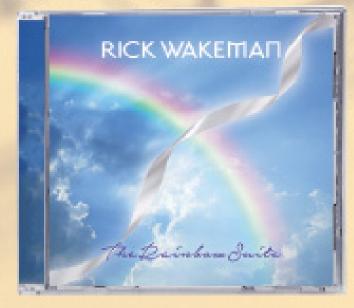
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This is a brand new orchestral piece written and performed by Rick Wakeman and the Orion Orchestra. This is a specially written piece of therapeutic music designed for people with an Autistic Spectrum Disorder to enjoy as well aficionados of good quality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

This is Rick and Orchestra at their finest !!!



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.



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- * VIDEO GAMES!
 * FUNNY STUFF!
- * OTHER STUFF!

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

From 1993 for a decade he was the editor of an anarchic video games magazine on Channel Four Teletext. It was called Digitiser and contained some of the most gloriously funny bits of off the wall dicking about that I have ever read. Biffo happens to be a friend of mine and as the re-launched Digitiser 2000 is just as stupid and just as funny as ever, we shall be featuring a slice of Biffo every week from now on.

A FEW WORDS FOR MANCHESTER - BY MR BIFFO

So, here's a thing. Digitiser2000 has, I've realised, become a bit more sensible in the last few months. I think I'm getting all my stupid funnies itch scratched over on Found Footage, and when I

come back here I mostly want a break from relentless nonsense.

That was going to change today. I was going to do a rather tongue-in-cheek feature... and then I woke up this morning to the news of the Manchester terrorist attack, and - suddenly - being funny felt like the wrong approach.

Don't worry. I know, I know, that if we change our behaviour we're letting the terrorists win, and all that. Normal service will be resumed shortly.

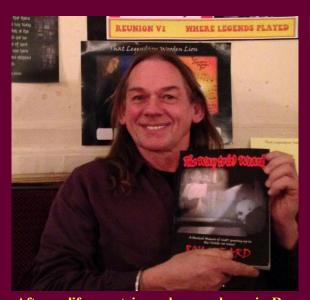
Nevertheless, this has affected me - like I'm sure it has you. It happened here, at home, to ordinary people on a night out. This wasn't soldiers or policemen being targeted. It was normal kids at a concert.

I'm not going to do that thing where I try to tangentially act as if I've some massive personal stake in this - "Oh, my cousin knows someone who sort of thinks he knows somebody who might've once been to Manchester" - but nevertheless, this particular incident has hit me more than most.

It's the fact that the intended targets seemed to be teenage girls - the same ages as my step-daughters (indeed, one of their best friends was meant to be seeing Ariana Grande later this week) - means that this time it really feels as if it could've been us. I remember taking my eldest daughter to a Steps concert years ago, and waiting for her in the atrium, like many of the parents who were no doubt doing the same last night. This one feels very real to me.



WORDS FROM THE WEARD



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

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

n 1989, after the first few gigs with Steve Harley I called Manfred. With typical caution his opening gambit was, 'What would you like me to do for you? I should say that I don't back people's projects, lend money or give out free studio time.'

I replied that I wanted to do something for him and arranged to meet him at the *Workhouse Studio*. He had not been on tour for a couple of years and I asked him if I could be considered to do the sound for him should he go out. I felt that a couple of tours with Harley, and generally good reviews for those, would stand me in enough stead to get a chance at the job. As it was he was not going on tour, but since Harley was doing the *Dominion Theatre* at the end of the next tour I invited him along anyway. He seemed favourably impressed with the sound and said he would definitely talk to me should he go on tour.

This did not happen for another year, and when the call came I was away on tour with Don. This meant that I could not do the production rehearsals or the meetings that preceded the tour. Manfred did, however, offer me the job of monitor engineer so I went off and did that.

Among the gigs we did were a series of festivals with the *Beach Boys* and *Allman Brothers*. At the bar in the hotel, after one of these festivals, Manfred was standing talking to Gregg Allman when a strange expression came over his face and he excused himself and left. He came over and joined us.

'I was just talking Gregg Allman,' he said, 'and he was saying he was much healthier now he had stopped snorting coke, freebasing and injecting heroin. I said that was good and he looked better than the last time I had seen him. He then said that he got all his drugs made up as a suppository now – and offered to make one for me!'

Manfred's singer, Chris Thompson, had left the band before this series of festivals and, on the previous tour, he had been sharing vocal duties with Noel McKalla, my old friend from the *Mezzoforte* tour. Noel had taken over all the vocals for these gigs and was sounding pretty good. I recalled that the first time I had heard Noel was when Manfred lent me of copy of an album Noel had made with his old band *Moon*.





This House In Amber

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www.weard.co.uk

CD / digital download:

https://royweard.bandeamp.com/album/this-house-in-amber



Manfred was very keen on swimming at the time and tried to get into the hotel swimming pool in the mornings if there was one. Noel liked this too. We flew to Sweden for a festival there and were met by a female tour representative. On the drive from the airport she was running over the itinerary and said that the band were staying in one hotel, and the crew in another. Noel asked if their hotel had a swimming pool and she said that it didn't. Noel said that they had to have a pool and could she change the hotel to one that did have one. After a few calls she did that and the crew were moved to the hotel the band would have stayed in, and given the band's rooms.

The drummer on that tour was Clive Bunker, former drummer of *Jethro Tull*, and the bass player was Steve Kinch. Steve was in the hotel lobby when Noel came down and asked the receptionist about the pool. The conversation went something like this:

'Hi, what time does the pool open in the morning?'

'We don't usually open the pool until 2pm, sir.'

'Oh, that is no good. I am with *Manfred Mann's Earthband* and Manfred likes to have a swim in the mornings.'

'I am afraid we don't have anyone to open it earlier, can't he have a swim in the afternoon?'

'We have to be at the soundcheck at 2pm, can't you see if it can be opened earlier just for us?'

'I will check it out for you.'

She took his name and room number and went off. After a while she came back again and said they would try to get the attendant in to open the pool at 11am. So far quite ordinary, but Steve had overheard all of this and went up to Clive's room. They decided to call Noel, and Steve put on a fake Swedish accent.

'Mr McKalla?' He started.

'Yes.'

'We have arranged for the pool to be open for you. Where shall we send the bill?'

'Bill?' said Noel, no one had mentioned a bill. 'What for?'

'Well we had to pay the attendant to come in and there are the extra heating costs. Who shall we make it out to?'

'It won't be much will it?'

'It is about 10,000 kronor' he said.

'That is about £10 isn't it?'

'No you will find it is much more than that. There are roughly 10 kronor to the pound.'

'Oh. That is far too much. You had better cancel it'

'It is too late to cancel it,' he said. Noel was beginning to worry now.

'We will have to charge you. Who shall we make the bill out to?'

By this time Steve was almost bursting with laughter and was having a hard time keeping up the fake accent. Clive said he should pass the phone to him. Steve did this saying 'One moment Mr McKalla, I will pass you to the hotel manager.'

Clive launched straight into the conversation in a broad cockney voice.

'Oi tosh, what's the problem 'ere. You asked for the pool to be opened and we have booked it. Are we gonna 'ave any bovver with you? Just tell me who to make the bill out to. Shall I make it out to the band?'

Noel agreed and then he hung up. Steve and Clive fell about laughing at this and then decided to call Manfred and tell him. Manfred then called up Noel and started asking him what this bill was all about. They kept him on the hook until later that evening when Steve and Clive confessed. The funny thing was that when they were leaving the hotel, there was a bill for early opening of the pool, but it was nowhere near 10,000 kronor.

The next day we all flew down to Cologne for a show there, and in the band's dressing room there was a hand basin. We got squares of black gaffa tape and stuck them to the bottom of the sink to look like tiles, made a miniature ladder and a diving board and then a small sign that said 'Pool Closed'. A few gigs later the crew were all issued with T-shirts that had been made up by the production manager. The front bore a picture of a person diving into a pool, and on the back it said 'Earthband Pool Attendants'.



A YEAR IN THE LIFE OF



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

Hawkwind's tour continues to roll onwards, mostly around the southern sections of England, this time.

In the aftermath of this week's terrorist attack in Manchester, troops have been deployed in parts of Britain, raising the intriguing possibility of Hawkwind fans seeing armed soldiers guarding the Roundhouse in Camden Town.

A Hawkwind announcement prior to that London gig said, "Due to extra security, front doors at the Roundhouse will now open at 6.30pm where tickets and bags will be checked. Doors to main space will open at 7pm."

Possibly more worrying for Hawkwind fans is this week's news from Stroud, where Hawkwind were reportedly asked

to turn the volume down.

A Gloucestershire newspaper this week carried the disturbing headline, "Rock legends Hawkwind were asked to turn it down by TV show makers in Stroud."

The news item described how TV comedy duo Mitchell and Webb were filming for a Channel 4 show around 50 yards away from the venue, and the 'noise' was interfering with the shooting of a scene outside a mock-up of a funeral parlour. The news item continued,

"Two Sub Rooms staff confirmed that a security guard from the set asked them to turn the music down - but Hawkwind played on to a capacity 450 crowd who enjoyed a full, and very loud, set."

Meanwhile, some reports of what's been played at what gig seem to indicate that the "support band" act, Hawkwind Unplugged, have expanded their set somewhat. In Portsmouth, the acoustic set consisted of 'The Only ones', 'Quark', 'Micro Man', the new 'Ascent' one, the rather older 'The Watcher', 'Wrong Step', and 'Psi Power'.

And an item from the archives has surfaced on eBay, which one can assume is in almost nobody's vinyl collection so far - a demo acetate of the first Hawkwind single, dating from 1970. However, those who can't afford to bid on the actual disk can at least have a photo of the label on their computer.

Spirits Burning

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

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

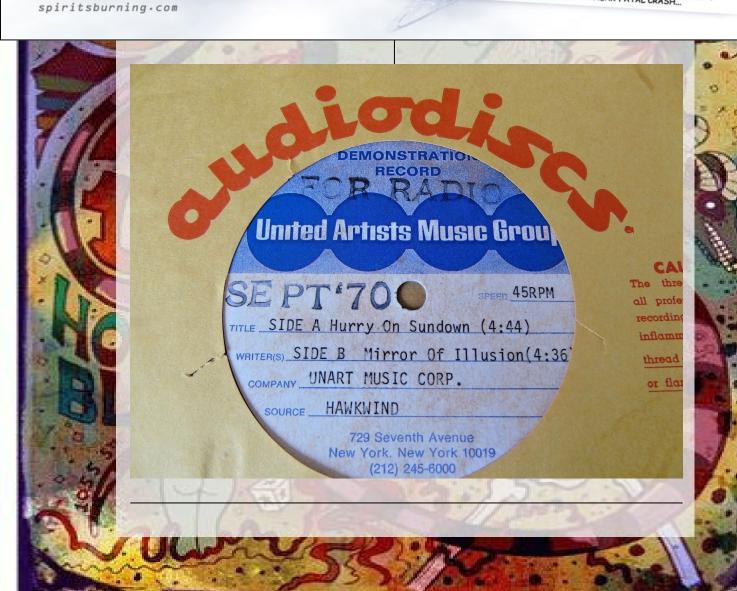
A sci-fi adventure ... resurrected by Don Falcone & Mack Maloney,

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



GONZO Multimedia 1. Our Crash
2. I Have Two Names
3. JigSawAnn Flies A JigSawShip
4. Live Forever
5. My Life of Voices
6. Let's All Go Cloud Purcing
7. Stellar Kingdom
8. Spaceships At The Starting Line
9. We Move You
10. Tripping With The Royal Family
11. Xara's Poem
12. For Those Who Are Searching
13. Rolling Out
14. Angel Full Of Pity
15. Right On The Mark
16. This Time This Space
17. So Strong Is Desire







HAWKWIND PASSPORT APPLICATION

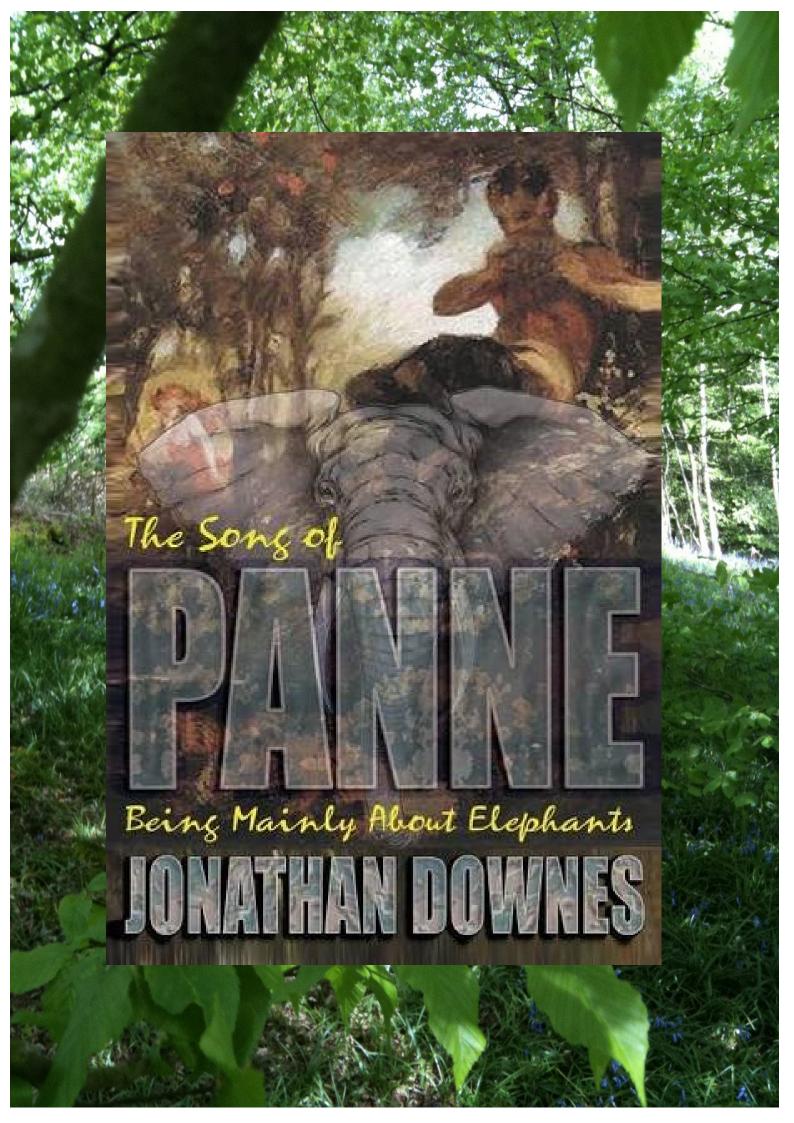


Greetings space travellers!
This is your Hawkwind Earth Visitors Passport application form.

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

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

Pass. No(Leave blank)
Volunteer Crew Register
Name
Please give details of your occupation/profession for inclusion in crew register and possible duty roster (optional)
Full Earth Address:
Post Code
E-Mail Address: (Please print clearly)
Telephone Number:
Additional info:





IN THE GREY HALF-LIGHT BETWEEN FACT AND FANTASY

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

Are you sitting comfortably? Good. I shall begin.

LI

Being a diabetic, when I feel the need to answer a call of nature, I have to go fast. And as a cripple I cannot go fast, so I made my excuses and left Danny for a few minutes. So I waddled off upstairs, and as I did so, my mind was working overtime.

What is a troll? And how are we to interpret this new claim that the redoubt in the deep woods was engaged in "raising and cultivating trolls"?



HTTP://WWW.XTUL.CO.UK



Without taking too much mental energy about it, I can think of three different meanings for the word 'troll'. The first of these is only relevant to those of us of a certain age who remember when little girls had collections of little troll dolls with furry up-combed hair. These were also known as a Dam doll after their creator Danish woodcutter Thomas Dam, and gonk trolls in the United Kingdom. The dolls were originally created in 1959 and became one of the United States' biggest toy fads in the early 1960s. They became fads again in brief periods from the 1970s through the 1990s and were copied by several manufacturers under different names. Most recently they were relaunched

as Trollz and failed magnificently.

Apart from the fact that they had always irritated me, it seems highly unlikely that these eminently tacky tween toys had anything to do with the sinister machinations going on in the deep woods.

So we move on to the second option. Over to those jolly nice fellows at Wikipedia:

"A troll is a class of being in Norse mythology and Scandinavian folklore. In Old Norse sources, beings described as trolls dwell in isolated rocks, mountains, or caves, live together in small family units, and are rarely helpful to human beings. Later, in Scandinavian folklore,



trolls became beings in their own right, where they live far from human habitation, are not Christianized, and are considered dangerous to human beings. Depending on the source, their appearance varies greatly; trolls may be ugly and slow-witted, or look and behave exactly like human beings, with no particularly grotesque characteristic about them."

Like most children of my generation, I first heard the term used for the supernatural entities which lived under a bridge and did their best to terrorise the three Billy Goats Gruff. I assume that today's children are likely to have first been introduced to the concept of trolldom by the first of the Harry Potter books and the subsequent movie.

However, as I grew to man's estate and started to make a living writing about things wot go bump in the night, I realised that these were not just storybook creatures, but peculiar paranormal entities which are still reported on occasion by those living in the far north of Europe. The more fundamentalist cryptozoologists

("there is no god but Heuvelmans and Coleman is his prophet") even attest that trolls are a bigfoot or yet itype creature that can reach enormous sizes, and whilst I am not prepared to nail my colours to that particular mast, there seems little doubt, that occasionally people in the wilder parts of Scandinavia do still encounter trolls, whatever the fuck they may actually be.

I was only too aware that there were entities living in those deep woods which would normally be found nowhere outside the pages of storybooks. I had a fugitive little forest godling living in my airing cupboard as living proof of that. But could there be trolls there as well? Could the amorphous giants that appeared to be made from animate greasy black smoke be trolls? They were unlike any other troll about which I had ever heard, but then again I was no expert. In fact, that's wrong. Apart from my mate Lars in Copenhagen, or my mate Richard in Exeter, I am most probably the best expert on the matter anyone was likely to find. But are they trolls? Fuck alone knows.

And then the was the third definition.

For those of you who are not aware of Internet Trolls, I am pinching a short description from those jolly nice people at Wikipedia:

"In Internet slang, a troll (/'trool/, /'trol/) is a person who sows discord on the Internet by starting arguments or upsetting people, by posting inflammatory, extraneous, or off-topic messages in an online community (such as a newsgroup, forum, chat room, or blog) with the intent of provoking readers into an emotional response or of otherwise disrupting normal, on-topic discussion, often for the troll's amusement.

This sense of both the noun and the verb "troll" is associated with Internet discourse, but also has been used more widely. Media attention in recent years has equated trolling with online harassment. For example, the mass media have used "troll" to mean "a person who defaces Internet tribute sites with the aim of causing grief to families." In addition, depictions of trolling have been included in popular fictional works, such as the HBO television program The Newsroom, in which a main character encounters harassing persons online and tries to infiltrate their circles by posting negative sexual comments."

After reading several books on the phenomenon I realise that the above description is a bit like describing Nazis as a bunch of people who "didn't like the Jews very much".

I had problems with being trolled about seven years ago: I am sure, but I cannot prove, that it was a business associate of someone with whom we had had unsatisfactory business dealings, who set up a blog accusing me and my organisation of the most appalling crimes and transgressions in a calculated attempt to destroy my career. The clever thing about what he did was that many of his allegations were almost true, and that the

inferences drawn were very far from what was actually the truth.

The effect on me personally was unbelievable. It catapulted my already fragile psyche into places that it had never been before, and I truly hope will never be again. The fact that someone had that much HATE for me upset me deeply, and I don't think that I have ever completely recovered.

The fact that, as I said earlier in this narrative, someone - presumably a band of maenads - had bound his hands, squirted ammonia in his face, and shot him in the back of the head with a crossbow, actually didn't comfort me as much as one would have thought.

But what happened to me is as nothing compared to how some people have suffered at the hands of trolls. Oisin Sweeney's book *Hackers on Steroids* is full of true (or at least I have no reason to suppose that they are not true, and every bit of cross checking that I have done appears to bear the assertions in this book out) accounts of the sadistic activities of 'trolls' who get their jollies by tormenting the families of the recently bereaved. They target Facebook memorial pages for recently dead children, posting sexual slurs and photoshopped images of the deceased.

This book describes, in horrible detail, how one particular Troll - Colm Cross - was responsible for a string of atrocities including:

"On a page operated by the friends of a 15-year-old girl who was stabbed to death:

Colm Coss This crackwhore is sitting on my cock now in hell. When I have finished with her every other denizen of the place will play with her corpse for all eternity.

On an RIP page operated by the family of a dead four-year-old boy: Colin Upson I ripped his eyeballs out and fucked the bloody dripping sockets. He never saw it coming."

And these were some of the milder comments. The author also describes how faked youtube videos showing the deceased child with swastikas for eyes, and photoshopped into sexual situations were splashed across the internet to general hilarity. I truly cannot bring myself to repeat the worst of these stories.

Then in the middle of the book, just as the reader is beginning to deal with the cavalcade of diabolical filth that has been laid before them, comes a chapter about Child Pornography rings on social media, including Facebook. Again, I knew such things existed, but the utter ubiquity of them horrified me.

I could carry on. But it would upset me too much.

Oisin Sweeney describes why and how he/she (I don't know their gender, and it doesn't really matter) became an Internet Vigilante, why they stopped, and why they believe that no-one else should follow in their footsteps. And they finish the book with this horrifically dystopian passage:

"It won't end. The names of dead children will continue to be fed into the Internet machine for the sadists and the professional mourners to claim ownership of. The Internet machine will itself continue to help generate dead children for its own self to feed on. Children will die, incidents of trolling will happen, the media will ask some more questions, the PR robots will be turned on in response and the clean corporate machine will continue to glisten as brightly as the smiles that go along with it. And then as the world turns in its orbit more girls going to meet 'boys' they found online ending up being found dead in fields or in deserts, and all as the workings of the child pornography factory continue to hum away quite silently under the much louder noise of billions of dollars' worth of social networking stock being bought and sold. I was so naïve at one early stage in all of this

that I believed that all which had to be done was to get the media to report on RIP trolling and change in social networks would be forced. I was as innocent as a child in that belief. Nothing is really going to change at all, except maybe that it all is just going to get worse and worse. To look into the horribly schizophrenic mind of the Internet is to perceive in the most modern and awe-inspiring of technologies the still-primitive race which built it. Technology is helping to bring the psyche of mankind back closer to the nightmare of the cave rather than awakening us further from it".

I was in a sombre mood as I limped back downstairs. And I was no closer to finding out the truth of the conundrum with which I had been faced before my Islets of Langerhans and bladder had let me down.

To which of these different types of troll had Skullfuck been referring? There was supporting, or at least circumstantial evidence to support both the digital and the paranormal scenarios, but until I talked more to Danny I would not be able to determine which of them it was, or even if it was something else entirely. I was concentrating so hard on this conundrum that I didn't look where I was going. I nearly tripped over one of the cats, and fell arse over tit down the stairs, but luckily, my failing reflexes had not failed quite that much and I managed to right myself.

I was half expecting Danny to have done a runner, but my suspicions were unjustified. When I entered the little office I found Danny sitting there deep in conversation with my mother-in-law who was trying to persuade him to have some breakfast. I realised at this point that I was feeling far more hungry than I should do at this time of the morning, and smiled sweetly at Mama and made noises like a marmalade sandwich.



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.

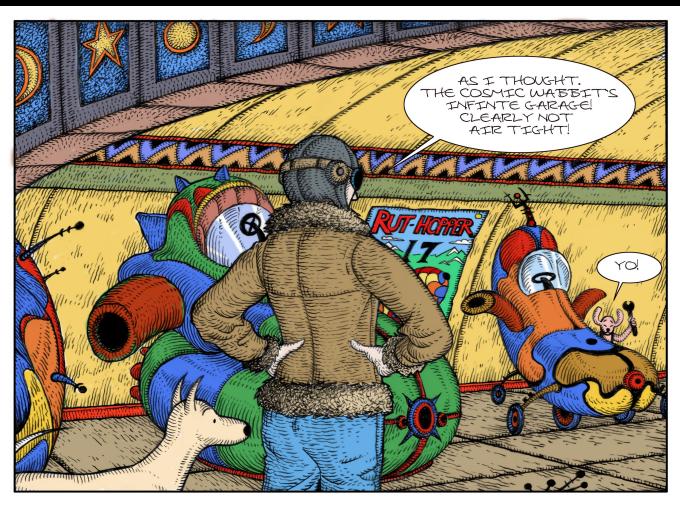
In 1984 Martin was commissioned to illustrate the cover of "The Summer Tree" by Guy Gavriel Kay. This and the subsequent volumes of The Fionavar Tapestry Trilogy were published around the world along with Martin's covers. Martin continued his work in fantasy illustration, illustrating many covers for fantasy novels, including "The Traveller In Black" by John Brunner. In 1990 he illustrated his first children's 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).

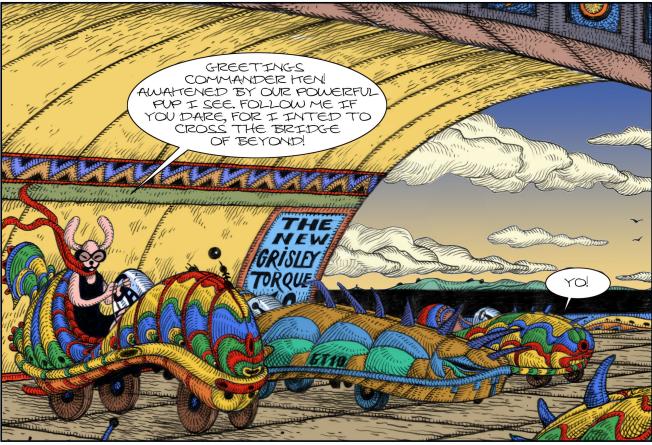
Martin still pursues the Musical Muse, recently producing a new CD, "Blue Evening" with his band "FREEFALL", an independent, instrumental album called "Rough Magic"; a collection of explorations on the guitar, and a collection of tunes inspired by the writings of Guy Gavriel Kay called "Bright Weaving

www.martinspringett.com/

https://spacewreckrecords.bandcamp.com









Thom the World Poet

Rob Ayling writes:

"Thom the World poet is an old mate of mine from way back in my history. Even pre-dating Voiceprint, when I was running "Otter Songs" and Tom's poetry tapes and guest appearances with 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!!"

MUSHRIKIN

MY REALIST FRIEND REMINDS ME

how so few believe in democracy in freedom of speech and assembly

Most accept censorship/the jailing of whistleblowers Some even accept the banning (and burning) of books.

If there are to be books(they say), let it be only their chosen one to believe in.

A book is a bridge between us.It is a carrier of cultures.

Each book is a message stick. A reminder of continuities.

This is not a cult!It is an affirmation of self-expression.An antidote to obedience Ideas are wings that lift us out of cells.The very idea of culture threatens some people.

They refuse to talk about this. They get angry. Voices are raised. Weapons, too.

Writers get banned. Journalists imprisoned/shot. Truth goes underground.

Tyranny is only censorship with weapons.

Freedom is every living breathing human being-

the ones who walk and talk and laugh and joke and sing and pray and dance and write their diary ways

under the same one moon,on this same one earth,for so many different reasons it would take a whole book just to start to explain/why we value each other...and books as a lover!



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.

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up passengers.

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...

There is nothing - once again - of any importance, amusement or any other sentiment to impart this week. So, I just jumped in unfalteringly whilst wearing my waist high fishermen's waders of protection against the slurry, whilst I searched for something worthy of note (for one reason or another) to add to the cabinet's collection for this issue.

And here we go, detritus pickers:

Vtg 17" Cast Iron Elvis Presley Head Statue Collectible Sculpture Rock & Roll - US \$75.00



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(Successor to W.M. LEGGATE,) 180 BEATH ST. T. AHUFACTURES and Dealer in HARNESSES, SAD LARS. Also, Trunks, Falines and Corpet Sage. Coach Glama Tulg WHIFS, etc. 27 Resipring done at short motion.

R. E. MUTUMANSVIR

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"Item: Vintage Handmade Heavy Iron Statue of a Head that Appears to be Elvis Presley. Unsigned Details: Plasma Cut Iron, Elvis Presley Caricature, Handmade in NYC Studio Years Ago. One of a Kind Age: Mid to Late 20th Century, American Measurements: 17" H x 10" W x 10" D"

ROFL – "appears to be Elvis Presley". Is this sarcasm at the shoddy workmanship, or is it a case of clutching at straws just to see if anyone buys it for \$75.00 - you know - just in case it is Elvis?

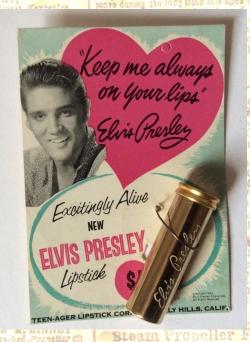
Pete Doherty's Harmonica - The Libertines at Wirral Live - £1,020.00

> "I was lucky enough to catch Pete Doherty's harmonica that he used during "You're my Waterloo" Libertines performance this weekend at Wirral Live. This is a genuine peice of history, performed on by Mr Peter Doherty"

I just thought and please do not think I am

suggesting anything here because I am not. But I just thought – as I said just now – I wonder if you can catch things from using other people's harmonicas. Herpes simplex virus comes to mind. You know....just saying, just pondering.

ELVIS PRESLEY-MEGA RARE EPE HEARTBREAK PINK LIPSTICK STILL ON CARD - £795.00



"WE BUY ELVIS ARE EXTREMELY

PRIVILEGED AND EXCITED TO HAVE

BEEN ENGAGED TO DISPOSE OF WHAT

MUST BE ONE OF THE WORLDS TOP

LOVELY ITEM HERE-ORIGINAL EPE

LIPSTICK-HEARTBREAK PINK- STILL ON

TOUGH ITEM TO FIND-GREAT

Get 'em in before the market crashes. You just

heard about the article from the Guardian last

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COLLECTIONS OF RARE ELVIS

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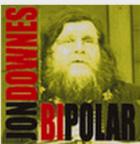
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SHAMELESS SELF PROMOTION TIME

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









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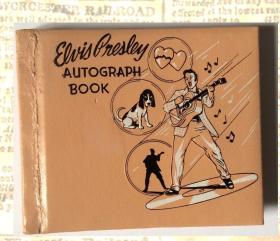
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ELVIS PRESLEY-ANOTHER RARE EPE ITEM-AUTOGRAPH BOOK-NICE CONDITION - £795.00



"VERY NICE ITEM HERE-VERY NICE EPE AUTOGRAPH BOOK-UNUSED PAGES-SMALL INITIALS ON THE BACK PAGE-SOME WRITING ONTHE FRONT INSIDE PAGE WHICH HAS BEEN CROSSED OUT-PAGES NICE AND TIGHT-CONDITION IS LOVELY FOR SUCH A RARE ITEMVERY NICE ITEM HERE-VERY NICE EPE AUTOGRAPH BOOK-UNUSED PAGES-SMALL INITIALS ON THE **BACK PAGE-SOME WRITING ONTHE FRONT** INSIDE PAGE WHICH HAS BEEN CROSSED **OUT-PAGES NICE AND TIGHT-CONDITION IS** LOVELY FOR SUCH A RARE ITEM"



I think they must just have been testing out their pen on that back page but clearly not a serious autograph hunter. My tatty old autograph book has about ten times more entries than this one. But then again, mine doesn't have Elvis on the front, does it? Makes all the difference, doesn't it? Excuse me while I yawn.

Adamas II Guitar 1981 - £1,100.00

acing May 1.

"The Abamas II guitar is ser number 1801 as seen in the pictures. Instrument comes with hiscox life lite case, this also is in amazing condition. This guitar is worth over 2k grab a bargain, and a bit of musical history."

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"Pot Head" Collectible Vinyl Figure RARE!!!!!!!!!!!! "ROCK AND ROLL" - US \$395.00 (Approximately £305.04)



"My prize figure in a very large collection!! 11 inches I have a collection of vinyl figures that is in the thousands of pieces. This is my prize piece!!! I have no idea who did it, there is no signature on it and it didn't come in a box. But the concept and detail is over the top crazy. From the roach clip to the little joint,

and on and on it is a true collectible piece of art. I have never ever

Nike sneakers

seen another one."

Hahahahaha.

R. E. MUTUMMYSUM

Successor to WM. LEGGATE,) 186 MAIN ST., AHUFACTURER and Dealer in HARNESEES, SAB W. Dilbe, BRIDLES, Couch, Chaice and Dreit COL-LARS. Also, Trunks, Paliters and Carpit Sage. Couch Gly and Trily WHIFS, &c. gr Realpring done at short motles. OFFICIAL HARNDEN & CO'R Office. S Cont. Street OFFICIAL HARNDEN & CO'R Office. SC Main St Ecation J. H. ENIGHT'S HAT STORE, 103 Main St E. S. LEONARD.

For Sh. 1847.

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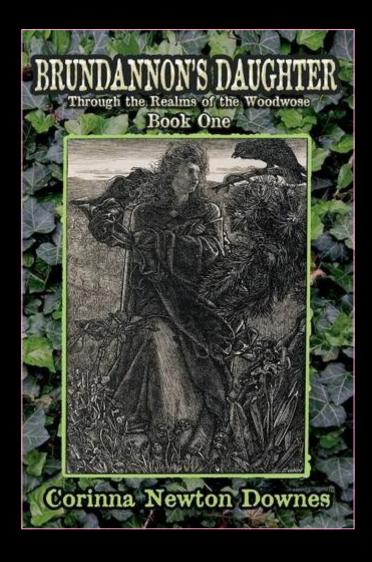
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Stray into the woods and forests and you will enter into another world; a world of creatures that live by their own rules, protect their own kind with fierceness, and view all strangers who venture under the protective boughs with deep suspicion. Tread the forest floor with care, for this is also the home of the hairy manthe 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 highborn 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.

at 6 P. M., lodge in Springfield, leave at 9 percenter and arely in Albany at 14 P. M. The creim for Troy leave on the arrival the trains at Greenbush.

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Between Norwich and Phindelphia.

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The line is composed of the following Pacieta:

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MIKE DAVIS HOW CAN I TELL YOU? Winter/Genocide Available from iTunes, Amazon etc

Extremely Rare Vintage John Lennon Yoko Ono -Two Virgins T-Shirt (Fr.Orig Owner) - US \$5,000.00



"Late 60s or early 1970s authentic vintage John Lennon and Yoko Ono "Two Virgins" t-shirt. This t -shirt was actually my father's! My mother handed it to me a couple of years ago, and said it was his. I have no memory of him wearing it, but he did. My father worked in the entertainment industry, many long hours in the movie and tv studios. So I think

when he was home, he didn't let us little kids see him wearing the shirt. My father died back in 1999, and my mom saved much of his stuff fortunitely Condition details: This shirt is used, and shows the condition of being washed, but graphics have survived well. Sized M (38-40), my father was 5' 11", medium build, so I'd think this shirt was tight on him. Measures: 25" long, and 16" armpit to armpit. Only one tiny hole was found, the size of a pinhole, on the back of the shirt, upper left towards middle. The shirt is in great shape, but as you can see in pictures, it shows its age. Only see a couple of yellowed dot stains toward bottom, hard to notice."

Ummm, so would you really want to hang around in a t-shirt with these two folks nakedly emblazoned on

There has to be a kind of rather limp joke here, but all I can come up with is that it would be a kind of willy, won't he scenario.

See you next week.

Toodle-pip

Just be careful who you hang with....

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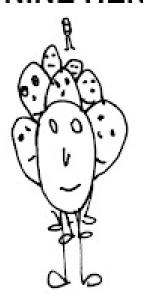
Successor to WM. LEGGATE,) 188 MAIN ST.





THE NINE HENRYS





The Nine Henrys are a quirky bunch of cloned cartoon characters.

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

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

THE WORLDS FIRST CLONED CARTOON CHARACTER

modada@ninehenrys.com

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



RAF Dickies



This book 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.



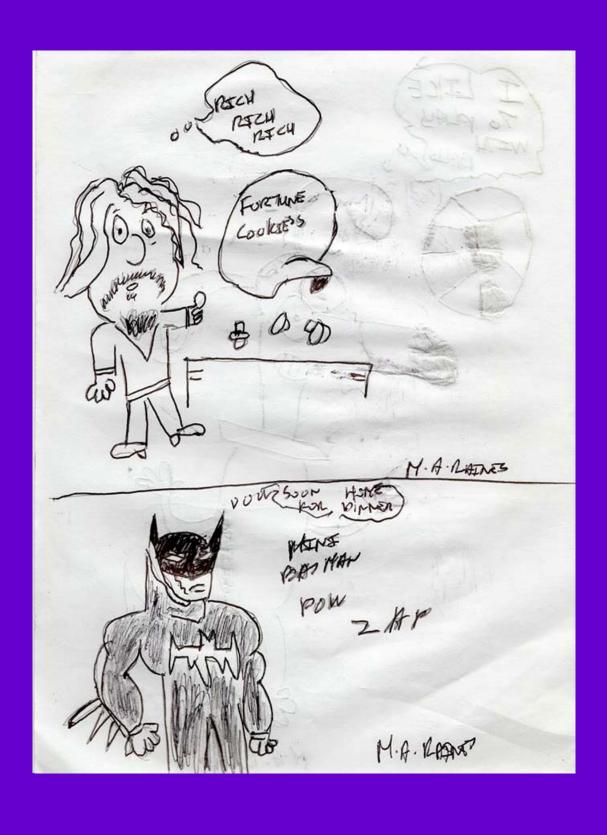
Dick Dale: Calling Up Spirits (Beggars Banquet, 1996) What? Superb and spiritual

ear-splitting surfathon!

Surf guitar never really went away but its revival in the midnineties marked a high-point for a sound side-lined since the Beatles and their peers stormed America. Surf pioneer Dick Dale rode the new wave as convincingly as he'd instigated the first one and garnered some strange nuggets of attention. When Dale's band cut a BBC session for John Peel there were complaints from others in the building about the noise. Bear in mind, this building was used to take-no-prisoners punk bands and the uncompromising likes of The Fall turning up to nail some tracks. As a rule, their noise levels were survivable. Dale – already within sight of his seventh decade – had more attitude than most of them.

Where others play surf guitar the same thing is something of a spiritual calling for Dale. It's an exceptional surf guitar album that includes the following in the sleeve notes: "I must tell you there was a time, that there was life, that was free from disease, free from illness, free from taxes, free from greed. Untrust was unheard of: they had only happiness, harmony and caring for their children with open hearts. Yes, they killed, but only to eat. Then the white man came...I reach out to the spirits of the indigenous ones that were here first and call up their spirits." It is this philosophy that sets Dale apart from nineties surfers like The Trashwomen (also chronicled in this book) for whom the revival was an excuse to get down, low-fi, and dirty. Dale's mission here extends to taking the lead vocal on "Window" – which expands the message of the sleeve-note above and fades out with a didgeridoo – and to a storming cover of Jimi Hendrix' "Third Stone From the Sun" (which opens with Dale saying: "Jimi, I'm still here; wish you were." But for the most part Calling Up Spirits is surf guitarist as shaman/original. The sound is immense, some tracks start or end with the rhythm section shuffling about whilst Dale's guitar speaks out front. The tempos elsewhere – like the explosive opening on "Nitrus" – are frenetic, and the mix of the sound is muscular and clear with enough power in the drums to separate out the kit so the cymbals rattle in your ears and the tom-toms – when required – explode in the centre of your head. Dale's rattling and round lead guitar notes are his voice for most of the 13 cuts and yet none of the message of spiritual purity and a man communing with a spiritual realm is lost.





And so we reach the end of another week. And you know what? This is one of those weeks when I look back at what I have been doing and can think of nothing whatsoever to say.

Yesterday we had a pale tussock moth in the garden, and Corinna rescued a young common shrew that was attracting too much attention from the cats, and the weather is far hotter than I feel comfortable with, but none of that is actually headline news.

It is peculiar that I was brought up in the tropics, and feel fine whenever I go back into tropical climes, but the British summer heat always knocks me for six. However, I don't think I would be being truly English if I didn't complain about the weather. Mad dogs and Englishmen may be the only ones who go out in the noon-day sun, but we always complain bitterly about it when we do.

Graham is visiting relatives in the Home Counties, will be seeing Hawkwind at the Roundhouse tonight, and will be returning to the ranch tomorrow, and condolences to Mark Raines on the loss of his Mother, and Glen Vaudrey who lost his entire flock of pet ducks to a marauding fox. It is these little experiences—both good and bad—that shape our lives and make us who and what we are. But bloody hell it is a bit too hot to get all metaphysical on you.

"Belsen was a Gas" is possibly the most controversial song in the Sex Pistols' canon. John Lydon would later



indicate that he felt that with this song, the group's shock tactics crossed the line into gratuitous bad taste. In an interview conducted for Q magazine in 1996 he stated "[the song] was a very nasty, silly little thing... that should've ended up on the cutting room floor".

However, although this piece of news is about 14 years late, when the Sex Pistols reformed for a reunion tour of the U.S. in 2003, after the start of the Iraq War, they performed an adapted version of the song, called "Baghdad Was a Blast", as an attack on President George W. Bush's policies in the region. Even nasty, silly things have a hope for redemption.

There is hope for all of us.

Love and peace

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PINK FAIRIES Chinese Cowboys Live 1987



Mandies and Mescaline...



WAYNE KRAMER & THE PINK FAIRIES Cocaine Blues



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