

GONZO



We go all **Rashomon** on you and publish two different reviews of **Hawkwind's** triumphant return to **The Roundhouse**, Alan mans the **Listening Post** and Corinna hunts **Lycanthropes** in **Cornwall**.

Jon muses about **Lightning** and critiques the long awaited **Roger Waters** album, and Davey Curtis goes to see Dutch freakmusos **My Baby!**

#237

NIGHT OF THE HAWKS



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THE THREE COMMANDMENTS OF GONZO WEEKLY:

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

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



Dear Friends,

Welcome to another issue of this peculiar little magazine of which I am very proud. It is the wee small hours of Sunday morning and I am in bed with the orange cat sitting on my tummy, and my iPad resting on the orange cat. Early on Friday evening, just as I was about to eat a very jolly red pepper stuffed with couscous and various North African spicy vegetable things, I received a Facebook message from one of my

madder friends, talking about a mutual pal who has fallen out with one of the bigger UFO research groups.

I was more interested in my Arabic veggie treat and so I answered non-committedly and forgot all about it. At about ten minutes past midnight he wrote back:

"Oh, OK. Trying to use an adapted Rife thing to make a thunder storm over Bristol. Seems to be working. Pitch black with no stars to the north over the valley, but bright stars east, south, and west."

I Was trying to watch the final series of *Parks and Recreation* on my iPad, and the happy pills had pretty well kicked in so I placed it in my mental filing cabinet under the heading "fuck it, I am happily wasted on my anti-psychotics, I will write to him tomorrow", and forgot all about it.

I got as far as the penultimate episode, realising sadly that the seventh season was nowhere as good as the previous six, but that as I had sat through something in the region of 130 episodes, I was gonna stick with it to the bitter end, when out of the corner of my eye I saw a white flash.



I was more interested in my Arabic veggie treat and so I answered non-committedly and forgot all about it.

Now, I need to explain something here. The east wing of our house was built (rather shoddily) by the father of one of my schoolfriends back in the 1970s. Unlike the main part of the house which dates from 1805, the roof leaks, and the whole wing is rather crap. There is a bloody great picture window of the sort which was all the vogue forty plus years ago, and the metal frames if it are so corroded that it is impossible to open or shut. This means that for a few weeks in April and the beginning of October, it is a perfect temperature, but for the rest of the year it is either swelteringly hot or bitterly cold. It also has no curtains, because of kitten depredations a few years ago, but as it only overlooks my garden, and the perimeter of said garden is guarded by thirty foot trees that I am really going to have to do something about one of these days, our modesty is reasonably secure.

Then, a few minutes later I saw another one. I immediately knew what it was. For the last six months a psychic from Cornwall has been living with us. Corinna and I have known her for years, and when she was suddenly made homeless we took her in. On occasions she has been known to wander around the garden with her digital camera taking pictures that contain reflections of raindrops or dust, that she believes are orbs.

Each generation has its own peculiar set of Fortean phenomena. The 1870s, for example, saw a spate of accounts of 'Entombed Toads';

batrachians apparently encased in solid rock, though still alive. A few years later came a spate of claims that live fish or frogs had fallen down in rainstorms, and the years coming up to WW1 saw a spate of Phantom Airships. The 1980s saw crop circles, and the 1990s flying triangles. But ever since the advent of cheap digital cameras the phenomenon *de jour* is orbs. True believers in such things believe that they have mystic powers of some sort or another.

Many years ago I was at a UFO. Conference in a hotel in Lytham St. Annes in Lancashire. A well meaning but slightly annoying woman called Penelope was wandering around the bar area where - in those days - one could still smoke. Well, back in those days, I was still a patron of Messrs Benson and Hedges, and I was sat in the corner of the bar with a pint and a fag (no, that doesn't mean what you think it means my American chums) and was talking to my old mate Matthew, the crop circle maker, when Penelope galloped up to me excitedly, brandishing her cheap digital camera.

"Jon, I always knew you were a special, cosmic and highly spiritual man" she spluttered, and I am sure I heard her say something about an Avatar of the new consciousness. She thrust her camera into my hand and showed me a picture that had obviously been taken a few minutes earlier. It showed me and Matthew sat down with our beers. But around my head was a halo of golden white blobs.

اللجنة لهم إذا كانوا لا تأخذ نكتة



“Look, orbs!,” she exclaimed. I tried not to laugh, and explained that the carbon particles in my cigarette smoke were reflecting the light back to her camera. And also, I had dandruff, and that skin fragments were doing much the same thing.

I don’t think that she ever forgave me.

But I was sure that the flashing lights that I was seeing were just Julia toddling around the garden taking photographs looking for orbs. So I went back to *Parks and Recreation*. But the flashes continued. So I sent an IM to Corinna who was still downstairs:

ME: Is Julia outside?

CORINNA: possibly

ME: Go see if she is taking pics

CORINNA: She is inside

ME: Then what are those flashing lights?

Corinna came upstairs and soon saw there was an electrical storm, and it was coming closer.

I have seen sheet lightning before, but nothing like this. Trying to describe it without resorting to cliché is almost impossible. Great swathes of white electric light split the sky, and for the first time I could hear the rumble of thunder. I wasn’t the only one; Prudence, our eleven year old boxer/bulldog bitch is terrified of bangs, and always reacts badly to thunder or fireworks.

She came rushing up the stairs with remarkable haste for such an elderly lady, and did a belly flop up onto the bed, whereupon she forcibly



burrowed herself next to me for a cuddle.

Meanwhile the storm was almost upon us, and for the next twenty minutes or so I saw the most magnificent display of natural pyrotechnics that I have ever seen. In storybooks one reads about how the night sky is suddenly as bright as day after a particularly impressive lightning flash, but that is a completely inadequate description. The flashes of sheet lightning, which were coming every few minutes, were orgasmic in their intensity. The garden was, indeed, illuminated, but by a brighter light than one that I have ever seen. For the few seconds of illumination, the white light was so violently intense that it washed all colour out of it, and it was almost like looking at a film negative illuminated a hundredfold.

Half an hour later it was all over for us, and the storm moved off towards the Bristol Channel. However, somewhere between our house and the sea a couple of miles away, an unlikely lightning strike did irreparable damage to a British Telecom cable which means that at the moment, as I write at 4:30 on Sunday morning, the entire village has been out of broadband access for over 24 hours. And this is why I am up writing next weekend's editorial so early.

Is it all the fault of my nutty friend in Bristol?

Or - extrapolating wildly and riffing on the Wilhelm Reich theme because I am sure that is what my nutty mate meant by a 'rife thing' - did *Hawkwind* play 'Orgone Accumulator' on Friday night. 'Cos I bet The Roundhouse is on a node of ley lines or something like that. I have read *From Hell*.

Or maybe we are just living in peculiar times? I should coco

Harebol

JD



Elton John, Ringo Starr, Liam Gallagher, Ozzy and Sharon Osbourne, Julian Dorio, Roger Waters, Ronnie Wood, Rod Stewart, Brian May, Strange Fruit, Mack Maloney's Mystery Hour, John Noakes, Gregory LeNoir "Gregg" Allman, David Sidney George Lewiston, Martin Intalex, Mrs Raines, Mary Hopkin, Steve Howe, Ashton, Gardner and Dyke, John Brodie-Good, Hawkwind, Graham Inglis, Alan Dearling, Snarky Puppy, Sleep, Electric Wizard, Uncle Acid and the Deadbeats, Pigs Pigs Pigs Pigs Pigs Pigs Pigs, Mike Vest and Bong, Blown Out, Spokes, Davey Curtis, My Baby, Kev Rowland, Ronny Whyte, The Room, Rozvitaus, Sectunefor, Richard Foreman, Mr Biffo, Roy Weard, Martin Springett, Bay City Rollers, The Monkees, Fall Out Boy, Lady Gaga, Alice Cooper, Sid Vicious, Elvis, Michael Jackson, Jimi Henrix, Neil Nixon, Bette Davis, Roger Waters

IT'S A LEGAL MATTER BABY

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dramatis Personae



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

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

NAMING THOSE RESPONSIBLE

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

Corinna Downes,
(Sub Editor, and my lovely wife)
Graham Inglis,
(Columnist, Staff writer, *Hawkwind* nut)
Douglas Harr,
(Features writer, columnist)
Bart Lancia,
(My favourite roving reporter)
Thom the World Poet,
(Bard in residence)
C.J.Stone,
(Columnist, commentator
and all round good egg)
John Brodie-Good
(Staff writer)
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,
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so what's it all about, Alfie?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

ROCKIN' THE CITY OF ANGELS

Celebrating the Great Rock Shows of the 1970s
In Concert, On Record, and On Film

IN THIS LAVISHLY ILLUSTRATED celebration of classic and progressive rock bands of the 1970s, author Doug Harr shares his vivid memories of the mind-altering rock spectacles he witnessed in his hometown of Los Angeles—the City of Angels—at the genesis of a new art form. Get a front-row seat at three-dozen spectacular concerts and the albums that spawned them. Revisit these legendary records and concerts along with reviews of the best video documents of the era, each band illuminated by a hand-picked collection of brilliant images—most never-before seen—by the era's best rock photographers. This 396-page hardcover book is nearly the size of an LP cover and features over 600 images. Foreword by Armando Gallo.

Available at Amazon and GonzoMultimedia.com
Preorder begins December 2016; wide release January 2017

AC/DC HEART PINK FLOYD
QUEEN DAVID BOWIE
ROLLING STONES
JETHRO TULL RUSH
ELTON JOHN EAGLES
THE WHO LED ZEPPELIN
ALICE COOPER KANSAS
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ELECTRIC LIGHT ORCHESTRA
EMERSON LAKE & PALMER
STYX DIXIE REGGAE PAUL
McARTNEY & WINGS
ZAPPA YES CAMEL PFM
GENTLE GIANT KATE BUSH
PETER GABRIEL GENESIS



Rockin' the City of Angels features the work of some of the rock era's greatest photographers, including Richard E. Aaron, Jørgen Angel, Fin Costello, Ian Dickson, Armando Gallo, Stacey Katsis, Terry O'Neill, Neal Preston, Michael Putland, Jim Summari, Lisa Tanner, Brian Weiner, Neil Zlowzower and more!



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THE ^{gonzo} NEWSROOM



ONLY THE PIANO PLAYER: Elton John reassured fans he's "feeling very well" as he made his first public appearance since his recent hospitalisation. The Rocket Man singer became "violently ill" after contracting a "potentially deadly" bacterial infection during his recent South American tour. He was admitted to hospital immediately after returning from Santiago, Chile at the end of April (17), and placed in intensive care for two days.

He cancelled a series of Las Vegas shows so he could recover at home but he returned to the public eye at the Cannes Film Festival in France on Monday, when he unveiled the winners of his YouTube competition Elton John: The Cut. Elton told people at the event he was in good health, assuring them he was "feeling very well" and told fans waiting outside the venue, "I feel good", according to reports.

"He's doing good," his partner David Furnish added, according to the Daily Mirror newspaper. "He's made a great recovery. I've been looking after him. He's been a good patient." However, a source told The Sun newspaper he seemed "a bit shaky on his feet" as he went up to the stage but was "on top form" regardless. **Read on...**



PEACE AND LOVE FOR RINGO: Ringo Starr will turn 77 on July 7 and, for the tenth straight year, he wants to bring people together in the name of "Peace and Love". The tradition started in 2008 in Chicago when Ringo gathered fans for a short ceremony.

He has since taken it to New York, Hamburg, Nashville and, for the last three years, in Los Angeles at the Capitol Records Tower. Once again, Ringo is asking fans to come to Capitol in L.A. at noon on July 7 for what is being called "a moment of peace and love". He has also asked those around the world to post #PeaceandLove in social media at noon the same day.

This year, there will also be sister gatherings around the world that have been organized by fans with the locations list growing all the time. For now, the following cities will see local Peace and Love gatherings:

"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

Africa, Juba, South Sudan
Antarctica, South Pole
Argentina, Buenos Aires
Brazil, Rio de Janeiro
Brazil, Sao Paulo
Costa Rica, San José
El Salvador, San Salvador
Haiti, Port Au Prince
India, Bijauri
New Zealand, Masterson
Panama, Panama City
Peru, Lima
Russia, Moscow
UK, London, England
USA, Fairfield, Iowa
USA, Las Vegas, Nevada

More cities and details will be posted on Ringo's Facebook page in the Events section as it becomes available. Ringo said "I can't think of a better way to celebrate my birthday, or a better gift I could ask for, than Peace & Love. How great that this idea keeps growing and spreading. Thanks to everyone supporting it. Peace & Love, Ringo." [Read on...](#)

GONZO CURRENTLY IN STOCK
AT GONZO (UK)

GONZO CURRENTLY IN STOCK
AT GONZO (USA)



MANCHESTER MAN: Liam Gallagher paid tribute to victims of the Manchester Arena attack by placing 22 candles onstage during his first solo gig in the city on Tuesday night (30May17). The former Oasis frontman, who is from the British city,



WHO GONZO? WHY GONZO? WHAT GONZO?

What? You don't know who Hunter Thompson is/was/might have been/will be? Without Hunter Thompson there would be no Gonzo Multimedia. It would have been completely different and that would have been an unforgivable pity. So here is:

- [A potted history of his life and works](#)
- [Rob Ayling explains why he called his company 'Gonzo'](#)

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

"Let us toast to animal pleasures, to escapism, to rain on the roof and instant coffee, to unemployment insurance and library cards, to absinthe and good-hearted landlords, to music and warm bodies and contraceptives... and to the "good life", whatever it is and wherever it happens to be."

Hunter S. Thompson

announced last week that his debut solo gig at the O2 Ritz would also serve as a fundraiser for those affected by the attack on 22 May (17), when 22 people were killed after an explosive device was detonated in the foyer of the Manchester Arena after an Ariana Grande gig.

He remembered those who died during his show by placing the candles on stage as he sang a moving a cappella version of Oasis hit Live Forever to close the show. During the encore, the crowd reportedly chanted "Stand up for the 22" and "Manchester la la la", and once Liam had left the stage, they sang impromptu versions of Oasis' Don't Look Back in Anger and Stop Crying Your Heart Out, which hadn't been on the set list.

Read on...

PERCUSSIVE SOLIDARITY: A drummer who survived the terror attack on the Bataclan theatre in Paris in 2015 has written a letter to the music fans caught up in the Ariana Grande concert bombing. Julian Dorio sat in on drums with the Eagles of Death Metal when terrorists stormed the Bataclan and killed 89 people in a sick shoot-out, and now he has poured his heart out to the survivors of the Manchester Arena explosion, which took place as Grande fans were exiting the venue last week (22May17). Dorio, who performs with The Whigs, begins his letter by writing, "Dear Manchester, I am heartbroken for you. As I watched the news of that terrible night from my home in Nashville, Tenn., 4,000 miles away, my central nervous system responded like a chemical reaction. **Read on...**

NOT FINISHED WITH HIS WOMAN: Ozzy and Sharon Osbourne didn't tell anybody they



While the setlist showcases four songs from 'Is This The Life We Really Want?', the first Waters album of original material in over 20 years, the bulk of the show is classic Pink Floyd with songs from the album 'Meddle' (1971), 'Dark Side of the Moon' (1973), 'Wish You Were Here' (1975), 'Animals' (1977) and 'The Wall' (1979) all included.

Read on...



ron found out about his affair with a hairdresser. The couple, who briefly separated following the revelation, are parents to three children Aimee, Jack and Kelly, but opted against involving them in the day as they wanted it to be just about each other. "It was just for us," Sharon explained to Britain's Hello! magazine. "I didn't want lots of people there making it into a big old party." **Read on...**

Wood had what is called “keyhole surgery” to remove the lesion which was found during a recent physical examination. He said “I’m so grateful for modern screening which picked this up so early, and would like to thank all the doctors who treated me.”

Ronnie is expected to make a full recovery and should be fine when the Stones kick off their latest tour in September. Wood, her turns 70 on June 1, is the youngest of the Stones lineup. He started his career playing bass with The Jeff Beck Group, appearing on the classics *Truth* and *Beck-Ola*. In 1969, he replaced Steve Marriott as guitarist for the Small Faces which had renamed themselves Faces.

Read on...

The subscribers, by appointment from the Honorable
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Worcester, Jan 18

PRATT, DOWNES & SCOTT,
NEW YORK.

THE ^{gonzo} NEWSROOM



ROMEO ROD: Rocker Rod Stewart was almost dumped by his wife Penny Lancaster at the start of their romance because she refused to date a man who was still playing the field. The photographer was just 28 when she first met Rod, who is 26 years her senior, and although they had great chemistry, she didn't want to become just another of the singer's flings.

"He was still playing games when I met him," Penny recalled on U.K. talk show *Loose Women*. "I didn't want to be a girlfriend, I wanted to be 'the' girlfriend." The leggy beauty made her feelings clear from the start, but Rod didn't believe her until his bad behaviour almost cost him the relationship with his future wife altogether. **Read on...**

JOURNALIST MAY NOT BE TRUSTED: Brian May of Queen is very proud of his new book, *Queen in 3D*, that combines two of his passions, music and stereoscopic photography. According to May, he talked at length about those subjects with a reporter from *The London Sunday Times* but the resulting article was nothing but "tired old stuff". The guitarist says that he entered an exclusive



agreement with the paper guaranteeing that he would not show the contents to the book to any other source and giving them full permission to use pictures from the release. The paper ended up using just two photos, "one of them reproduced not much bigger than a postage stamp", with the rest of the article filled with stock Queen photos from other sources.

Then there was the actual article: The opening of the piece inside says

"Tragedy, debauchery ... and dwarves ..."!! NONE of this tired old stuff features in the book, or was discussed in the interview. This woman came into my house, pretended she was a fan and was going to write a nice piece about the book, as agreed; then went away and wrote this pathetic sensationalistic drivel. I'm angry and disgusted. It's been a long time since I've seen such crass journalism and experienced such a betrayal of trust. Folks – please ignore this trash – the book is NOTHING like this. **Read on...**

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

PRATT, DOWNES & SCOTT,
(Successors to T. W. & O. P. BARRETT.)
155 Main St. Worcester.
Feb 24, 1877.

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will be sent free of expense and risk and will dispen-
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the necessary Papers and Drawings; will make references
into American and foreign works, to test validity of inven-
tions, and render service of legal and scientific nature.



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 OTIS CONVERSE.

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Feb 25, 1847.

THE LAST WEEK AT GONZO DAILY

Sunday
Monday
Tuesday
Wednesday
Thursday
Friday
Saturday

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

ELDRIDGE CLEAVER

Two types of people visit rhino in the wild

The strong and courageous
take a camera

The weak and cowardly
take a gun

**What sort of
person are you?**

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



STRANGE DAYS



Florida man tries to kiss rattlesnake; gets bitten

<http://tinyurl.com/lyxxu38>

A Florida man who tried to kiss a rattlesnake, only for it to snub his advances and bite him, is recovering in hospital. The snake was found by Charles Goff, a resident of Putnam County, in the north-east of the state. A day later, a neighbour, named by a local CBS channel as Ron Reinold, started playing with the snake and made his ill-judged move. Mr Reinold was airlifted to hospital and is now recovering.

"One boy said, 'I'm going to kiss it in the mouth,' and the snake bit him in the face," Mr Goff told Action News Jax. "Ron was just acting silly, you know? I guess he said he could kiss the devil and get away with it, but evidently he didn't." First Coast News said the victim was conscious but had initially been in a critical condition.

**A 25-year-old mystery solved:
Last unidentified victim of '92 L.A. riots has a name**

<http://tinyurl.com/y7kqqvqn>

For a quarter-century after his charred body was found inside a Pep Boys torched in the 1992 Los Angeles riots, he was known as John Doe No. 80. He was the only remaining unidentified victim

among the more than 60 people who lost their lives in the deadliest riots in U.S. history. His body was so badly burned that coroner's investigators were left with only some teeth and a partial print from his left middle finger. But they never forgot about him. Every few years, they would try to match the fingerprint.

Recently, coroner's investigators sent the print to an FBI squad that specializes in identifying victims of disasters such as Hurricane Katrina and the Sept. 11 terrorist attacks. Last month, as the 25th anniversary of the riots approached, a name came back: Armando Ortiz Hernandez, who was 18 when he died. Hernandez had a few minor arrests in Los Angeles County and Anaheim, allowing the FBI investigators to make a match, said Ed Winter, deputy chief of investigations for the Los Angeles County coroner.

**Is 'Devil in White City' buried in tomb?
Remains to be unearthed to find out**

<http://tinyurl.com/y87yz82j>

H.H. Holmes' "murder factory" in Chicago included a fake wall hiding a butcher's table, bones, bloody clothing and a crematory. Robert McCoppin and Tony Briscoe Chicago Tribune. The remains of notorious Chicago serial killer H.H. Holmes are set to be exhumed to try to solve a 120-year-old mystery:

Did the "Devil in the White City" fake his own execution? History tells us that Holmes — whose macabre murder spree during the 1893 World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago was detailed in Erik Larson's 2003 best-seller "The Devil in the White City" — was hanged in Philadelphia in 1896 and buried at nearby Holy Cross Cemetery. But Holmes, whose birth name was Herman Mudgett, was long rumored to have applied his infamous skills of deceit to his own fate, and one legend has it that he paid off jail guards to hang a cadaver in his place so he could escape to South America.

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

"At midnight, all the agents and superhuman crew go out and round up everyone who knows more than they do."

— Desolation Row by Bob Dylan

When those who are in power over us, do something spectacularly stupid, or when something highlights their idiocy and ineffectualness, it turns up in this section. *Que Ipsos Custodes?* Us? We just make stupid jokes about them.

WE DO NOT CLAIM THAT ANY OF THESE STORIES ARE TRUE—ONLY THAT THE PEOPLE WHO POSTED THEM CLAIM THAT THEY ARE TRUE...

**THIS JUST ABOUT
SUMS IT UP REALLY**

"Let's be honest, there are no children in Bath that need free school meals. We live in one of the richest cities in the UK, there's no excuse for it.

If it was up to me, I would prosecute any parent who can't afford to pay for their own child's lunch.

These people are scum and need to be utterly eradicated."

Ben Howlett - Conservative MP for Bath

todayisallaboutbath

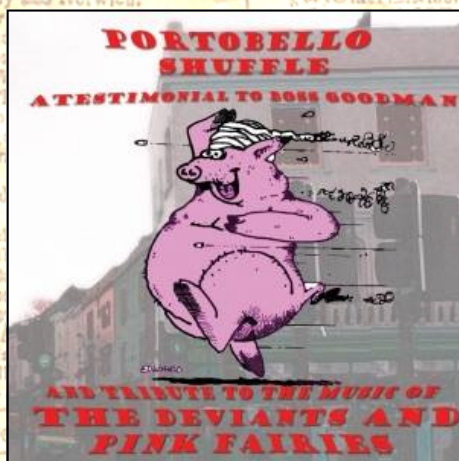
Democracy march





I'M ON BOARD!

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



Portobello Shuffle CDs still at special
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MICHAEL DES BARRÉS ON
LITTLE STEVEN'S
UNDERGROUND GARAGE
MAXIMUM ROCK AND ROLL
MORNINGS 8AM - 11AM ET CH21 **SIRIUS** | ((XM))
SATELLITE RADIO
(FILLING IN FOR ANDREW LOOG OLDHAM)

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

Jimmy Carter

FB/Sue Fitzmaurice, Author



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



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Peculiar News of the Week



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

Expert Says: Intelligent people go to bed late, leave a mess everywhere, and use bad language. Yes we twatting well do, says Richard.

<http://preview.tinyurl.com/lxaosxs>





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

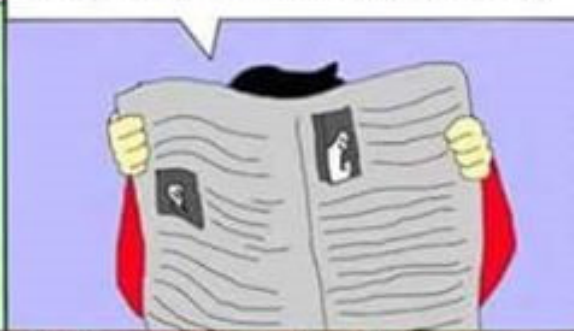
But over the past few years, it has become more than that. We now host regular weekly shows by Neil Nixon, a lecturer in professional writing at North West Kent College who uses his weekly radio show, Strange Fruit, as a learning experience for his students on the Foundation Course. I've known Neil for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

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

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



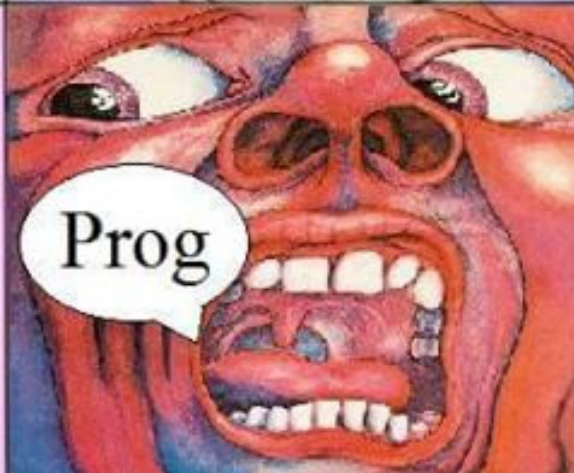
Hmph... You be careful, those
boys only care about one thing.



Sex?



No...



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





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

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

Neil Nixon, the founder and 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 214
4 June 2017
OMMADAWNS

Tony Bennett: Let's Begin
The Stargazer Lilies: Sunday is Monday at Midnight
The Ex-Pistols: Sex on 45
Groundation: Babylon Rule Dem
The Dream Academy: Waterloo
Mike Oldfield: Ommadawn pt. 1
The Jesus Abyss: Blood on Reagan's Hands
Rod Stewart: I've Grown Accustomed to her Face
Crystal Fairy: Crystal Fairy
DJ Crystl: Let it Roll
Aardvark: Salty Dog
Judy Nylon: Room Without a View
Cheech and Chong: Basketball Jones
The Laurels: Aerodrome
Monster Movie: Into the Light
Mike Oldfield: Return to Ommadawn Pt. 2
Groove Armada: Inside my Mind (Blue Skies)
The Plasmatics: Lunacy
Barbara Lea: Sleep Peaceful (Mr Used to be)

**Listen
Here**

**DUE TO TECHNICAL PROBLEMS BEYOND OUR
CONTROL THERE IS NO FRIDAY NIGHT
PROGRESSIVE THIS WEEK**



**KEEP
CALM**

Normal service

**Will resume
Shortly**



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

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

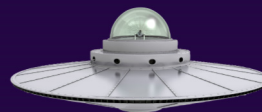
He's a member of SKY CLUB, Gonzo recording artists. He's been a radio host since 2010. He lives with his wife, Doreen, on an island off the coast of Massachusetts."



AND LOOK WHAT MACK HAS FOR YOU THIS WEEK

The Battle for America Show

Mack, Juan-Juan and Cobra talk to researcher/lecturer Michael Schratt about the fantastic Hudson River Valley UFO flap, sightings witnessed by more than 25,000 people. Switchblade Steve Ward on more cases of individuals wandering into other dimensions. Rob Beckhusen of WarIsBoring.com on weird weapons in Mack's new book. Juan-Juan defends Tom Brady for going to a foofy Gala in New York City.



Listen
Here

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



John Noakes
(born John W. Bottomley)
(1934 – 2017)

Noakes was an English television presenter and personality, best known for co-presenting the BBC children's magazine programme *Blue Peter* in the 1960s and 1970s; he was the show's longest-serving presenter, with a tenure that lasted 12 years and 6 months.

Blue Peter was planned to go from a weekly to bi-weekly show and producer Biddy Baxter needed a third presenter to join Christopher Trace and Valerie Singleton. Baxter spotted Noakes at the Phoenix Theatre in Leicester where he was playing Willie Mossop in the play *Hobson's Choice*. Noakes joined *Blue Peter* as a presenter on 30 December 1965. Trace left the programme in 1967, and was replaced by Peter Purves, creating the 'Val, John and Pete' line-up which lasted until 1972. When Singleton began to diversify her television career, former Young Generation dancer Lesley Judd joined the team. At a time when most BBC presenters spoke with Received Pronunciation (RP), Noakes's broad Yorkshire accent was a novelty.

Noakes was encouraged to take special responsibility for one of the show's pets. His original dog was Patch, the son of Petra, the first *Blue Peter* dog. After Patch's sudden death in 1971 he was

given another pet dog, a Border Collie puppy, named Shep by viewers. Noakes's attempts to control the excitable Shep led to his memorable catchphrase "Get down, Shep!".

Overlapping with his period on *Blue Peter*, Noakes and Shep appeared in another factual series, *Go With Noakes*, in which they travelled around the country getting involved in diverse activities like motor racing, rowing, aerobatics and painting. *Go With Noakes* began on 28 March 1976, and would run for six series and 31 episodes, finishing its original run on 21 December 1980.

When Noakes left *Blue Peter* on 26 June 1978, the BBC let him keep Shep.

In 1979, Noakes wrote a children's book, *The Flight of the Magic Clog*, published by Lion with illustrations by Toni Goffe. In the book, Mr. Brooks takes John, Mickey the brainy one, June the talkative one, Barbara the pretty one and Eric the clumsy one on an adventure against the international villain Baron Wilhelm Doppelganger and his secret arms factory, using a giant magic flying clog.

Noakes died on 28th May.



Gregory LeNoir "Gregg" Allman
(1947 – 2017)

Allman was an American musician, singer, keyboardist and songwriter best known for performing in the Allman Brothers Band. He was born and spent much of his childhood in Nashville, Tennessee, before relocating to Daytona Beach,

THOSE WE HAVE LOST



Florida. He and his brother, Duane Allman, developed an interest in music in their teens, and began performing in the Allman Joys in the mid-1960s. In 1967, they relocated to Los Angeles and were renamed the Hour Glass, releasing two albums.

In 1969, he and Duane regrouped to form the Allman Brothers Band, which settled in Macon, Georgia. The Allman Brothers Band began to reach mainstream success by the early 1970s, with their live album *At Fillmore East* representing a commercial and artistic breakthrough. Shortly thereafter, Duane was killed in a motorcycle crash in 1971, and the following year, the band's bassist, Berry Oakley, was also killed in a motorcycle accident very close to the location of Duane's wreck.

Allman next pursued a solo career with the Gregg Allman Band, releasing his debut album *Laid Back*. After a brief Allman Brothers reunion and a decade of little activity, he reached an unexpected peak with the hit single "I'm No Angel" in 1987. After two more solo albums, the Allman Brothers regrouped for a third and final time in 1989, and continued performing until 2014. He released his most recent solo album, *Low Country Blues*, in 2011, and his next, *Southern Blood*, is set to be released in 2017.

Allman was referred to as a Southern rock pioneer, and received numerous awards, and his distinctive voice placed him in 70th place in the *Rolling Stone* list of the "100 Greatest Singers of All Time". He also released an autobiography, *My Cross to Bear*, in 2012.

Allman died at his home in Savannah, Georgia, on May 27th, due to complications from liver cancer, aged 69.



David Sidney George Lewiston (1929 – 2017)

Lewiston was a London-born collector of the world's traditional music. He is best known for his recordings initially released on LP on the Explorer Series of Nonesuch Records beginning in 1967.

Lewiston earned a graduate degree in 1953 from Trinity College of Music in London, where he studied piano, conducting, orchestration, harmony, and counterpoint. He later studied composition in New York City with Thomas de Hartmann, who had been a devotee of G. I. Gurdjieff. For more than a decade he served as one of the musicians at the Gurdjieff Foundation, New York. Finding it difficult to make a living as a musician he worked as a journalist for more than a decade but abandoned it to return to music, traveling widely to record traditional music.

His first recordings were made in Bali in 1966, and the initial album from these recordings, *Music from*

THOSE WE HAVE LOST

the Morning of the World, was released in 1967.

He has made extensive recordings of Tibetan Buddhist rituals, most notably of the chordal chanting of Gyuto Tantric University, and the Drukpa Kagyu rituals of Khampagar Gumpa, as well as music from many other countries, including Bolivia, Brazil, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, Guatemala and Mexico, India, Jammu and Kashmir, Ladakh and Lahul, Himachal Pradesh in India's West Himalaya, Gilgit and Hunza in Pakistan's North-West Frontier Province, Darjeeling and Sikkim in the East Himalaya, the Republic of Georgia, and Morocco.

Lewiston died May 29th, aged 88.



**Marcus Intalex
(Marcus Kaye)
(? - 2017)**

Intalex was a British drum and bass who additionally played house and techno music under the pseudonym Trevino. Between 1993 and 2000 he co-hosted the drum-and-bass radio show *Da Intalex* on Kiss 102 FM in Manchester. Kaye was the founder of the Soul:R, Revolve:R, and Birdie recording labels, and was active as a DJ, record producer, and touring artist from 1991 until his death in May 2017.

Kaye began as a House DJ in 1991 under the name Marcus Intalex, before becoming known as an early adopter of the UK Drum and Bass sound in the city of Manchester. In 1993, Kaye and fellow DJ Mark

XTC started the Drum and Bass radio show *Da Intalex* on Kiss 102 FM in Manchester, which they co-hosted until 2000. As a DJ, Kaye toured globally. He was the founder of the recording label Soul:R, which he managed, and was also a cofounder of the label Revolve:r.

Kaye's first single was released in 1994, entitled "What Ya Gonna Do", and later in his career, he released three albums under the pseudonym Marcus Intalex. The first was *FabricLive.35* in 2007, a mix compilation through the *FabricLive* series released by Fabric Nightclub in London, the second was *21*, which he released on his Soul:R label in 2011, named in celebration of the 21st year of his career, and in 2016, he had another album release, *RA.EX309 Marcus Intalex* under the Resident Advisor label.

Kaye died on 28th May.



**Tankred Dorst
(1925 – 2017)**

Dorst, a German playwright and storyteller lived and worked in Munich. His farces, parables, one-act

THOSE WE HAVE LOST

-plays and adaptations were inspired by the theatre of the absurd and the works of Ionesco, Giraudoux and Beckett. His monumental drama *Merlin oder das wüste Land*, which was premiered in 1981 in Düsseldorf, has been compared to Goethe's *Faust*. Some critics see it as the first major drama of the 1980s. In his tribute to Tankred Dorst on the occasion of the conferment of the Georg Büchner Prize in 1990, Georg Hensel remarked that Dorst's plays all have a direct connection to the present: "For 30 years Dorst's plays have responded to the great transformations. He has always been a companion to the times."



**Parvathamma Rajkumar
(1939 – 2017)**

Parvathamma Rajkumar was an Indian film producer and distributor. She was the wife of Veteran Kannada actor Rajkumar. She produced successful films featuring Rajkumar and their sons Shiv Rajkumar, Puneeth Rajkumar and Raghavendra Rajkumar under the production house named

"Poornima Enterprises". Actresses who found fame in her productions include Malashri, Prema, Rakshita, Sudha Rani and Ramya. She was awarded with doctorate from Bangalore University.

Amongst the awards she has received are the Phalke Academy award, Kannada Rajyotsava, and a lifetime achievement award from the Government of Karnataka. By 2012 she had produced 80 films. She has spoken in defence of Kannadigas, regarding Karnataka's position in interstate water disputes and against infringement of the Kannada film industry's works.

**Mark Raines
remembers his Mother
who died this week**

**Barbara Raines
(1944-1962)**

What can I say about the person I knew as my mum; the person who brought me – Mark – and my sisters, Nicky, Joanne, and Jayne into the world?

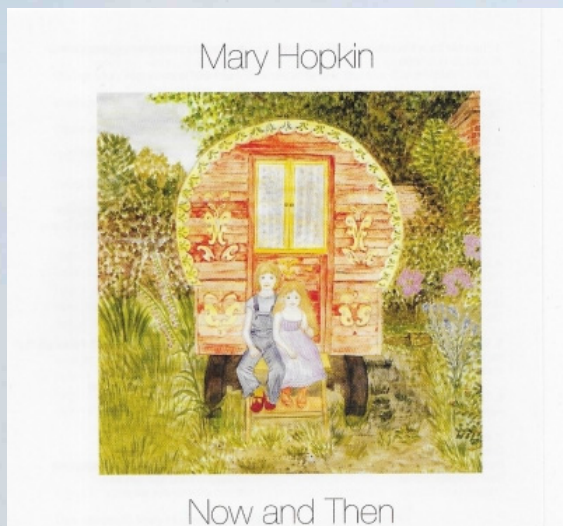
Mum was the one who never told me off when I bunked off school or put a football through the front room window.

She was married to my dad - Paul Tony Raines, who died 13th May 2013, for nearly fifty years. She was not perfect as obsessive with her cleaning, but I will always remember her taking me and Nicky for a meal after work - then as a cleaner at Southend Hospital. I enjoyed the banana split for afters.

I would ring her every week for a chat and she always gave to all her grandchildren. Still, at least she got to see us all get married and see her girls have children of their own.

So how do I say goodbye to my mum? With a gaze into the stars and a hope that she is looking down on me and my sisters, and extended family, so we can say thank you for being our mum.

THOSE WE HAVE LOST



Artist: Mary Hopkin
Title: Now and Then
Cat No. MHMGZ104CD
Label: Mary Hopkin Music

Mary Hopkin has one of those voices that perfectly combines clarity with a lilting and unclouded sweetness. It is pure and strong and has remained so ever since the days of her early classic 'Those Were The Days'.

In recent months she has been exploring her archives, dusting off some long-forgotten recordings and sending them out to see the light of day.

Original recordings have now been

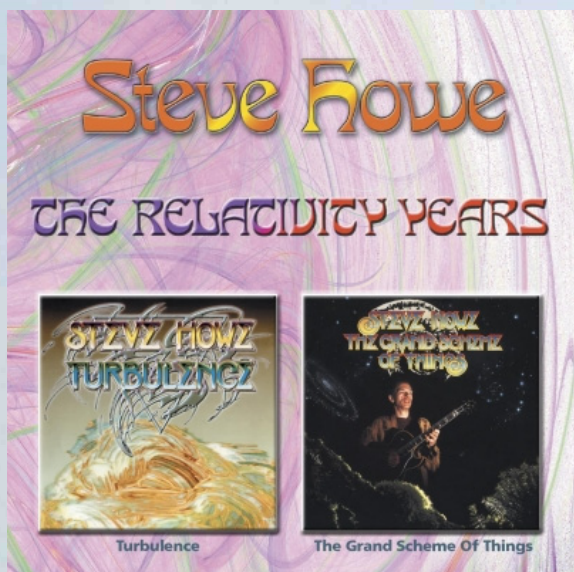
digitally remixed and remastered at Space Studios in Cardiff, where she bases her recording work and record label, Mary Hopkin Music.

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 Mary Hopkin Music, is a recording of her farewell concert which marked her retirement from the public eye to concentrate on her family.

Now And Then comprises 14 gems recorded between 1970 and 1988 and follows the release of Valentine in May 2007 and Recollections in January this year, both also collections from the archives. Valentine saw 12 previously unreleased tracks, including three of Mary's own compositions while Recollections featured two of Mary's own, 'Another Day' and 'Who's the One?' with a cluster of other fabulous songs. Both albums were produced by her then husband Tony Visconti.

Now And Then features a Mary original as well as songs from other legendary names including Bert Jansch, Tom Paxton, Jim Croce, John Kongos and Patti Hill. Some of the tracks have been brought bang up to date with the use of modern technology - notwithstanding being classics such as 'Happy Birthday'.





Artist: Steve Howe
Title: The Relativity Years
Cat No. HST447CD
Label: Gonzo

Stephen James "Steve" Howe (born 8 April 1947) is an English musician, songwriter and producer, best known as the guitarist in the rock band Yes across three stints since 1970. Born in Holloway, North London, Howe developed an interest in the guitar and began to learn the instrument himself at age 12. He embarked on a music career in 1964, first playing in several London-based blues, covers, and psychedelic rock bands for six years, including The Syndicats, Tomorrow, and Bodast.

After joining Yes in 1970, Howe established the band's change in sound which led to commercial and critical success from their albums which became a mainstay in progressive rock until their disbanding in 1981, including The Yes Album (1971), Fragile (1971), and Close to the Edge (1972).

Many of their best-known songs were co-written by Howe and singer Jon Anderson, including "Roundabout". Howe returned to the group in 1990 for two years; he has been a full-time member since 1995.

Issued under licence from Sony Music Entertainment UK Limited.



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



Gonzo #32 The Dutch Festie c...

actions



Gonzo #30 The Mick Abrahams...

actions



Gonzo #27 The Prog shirt

actions



Gonzo #24 The Daavid Allen shirt

actions



Gonzo #23 The Michael Des B...

actions



Yer original Gonzo Weekly shirt

actions



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

<http://www.zazzle.co.uk/gonzowebkly>



INTO THE WOODS

Phil Campbell and the Bastard Sons / Hawkwind

London Roundhouse, 26th May
2017

The ticket stub said I booked this one back in January, whilst this Hawkwind tour was in the early stages of being put together. They ended up playing just a few miles away from my home in the end,

earlier last week, but I don't like the O2 in Bristol, and I'd never been to the fabled Roundhouse before.

The forecast for the weekend in London was one of summer, up to 30 degrees even. Nice to finally have a weekend for which a t-shirt and jeans were enough. This north London venue has held many fantastic gigs and happenings back in the day. A display inside the foyer reminds you of that, including the Doors and Jefferson Airplane together. But it will mainly be remembered for hosting many gigs of the English Underground, including the Hawks of course. Most famously for perhaps the Greasy Truckers' live set from 1972, with Bob Calvert fronting the band. Early on in tonight's set, Dave Brock commented that their last gig here was in 1977, with Motorhead as support.....

I emerged from the Northern Line back into the late afternoon sunshine to see plenty of 'Hawknerds milling around the

JOHN BRODIE-GOOD





pavements on both sides of the road, not only outside the venue itself but outside the two pubs opposite too. A flurry of last minute messages on the Hawkfan FB page and an e-mail from the venue itself encouraged early arrival for 'enhanced security', a result of super-twat's actions in Manchester the previous weekend. I found a quiet corner (by a fire exit) and had a little couple of smokes. I heard a female voice call out, 'have you got a light please?' I saw a homeless dude sitting on the pavement against a wall get up from his begging bowl, walk across and proffer the woman his lighter. It turned out she was sitting in a car in the rush hour traffic, waiting for a red light to change. Street life in modern London.

The queue began moving and to be honest, it didn't take long to get in, then upstairs, grab a t-shirt (£25!), someone said they were £15 at other venues on the same tour), a pint of something very cold and wet and then my seat. My last three 'Wind gigs have all been standing, right at the front for the most recent two, which is great fun. But, you have to keep an eye on what's going on around you, you have a slightly limited view, and you are effectively inside the PA system so the sound can be a bit iffy. I 'treated' myself to the circle with a grand view over the proceedings.

The venue did indeed seem cool, it's been



considerably done up since the early days, but still has the domed centre and more importantly, now has a great sound system and/or someone who knew how to mix live bands properly too.

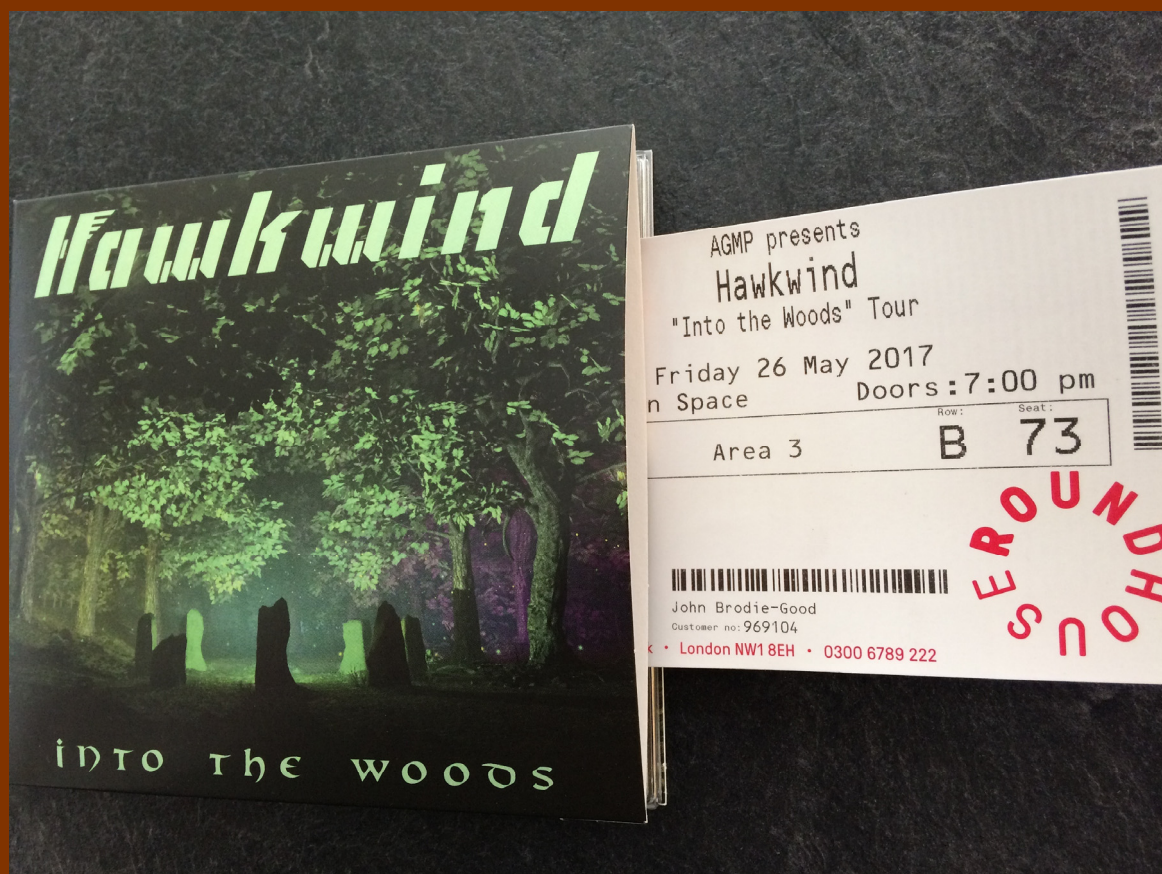
Phil Campbell and sons hit the stage just after 7:30. Just over 30 years in Motorhead meant this wasn't going to be a folk act, oh no. Formed just last year, Phil's sons play second electric guitar, bass and drums! How cool, is that, a real family band. Funnily enough, they didn't sound like the Partridge Family or the Osmonds or The Jacksons come to think of it, a bit more lively!..... Phil and sons are joined by vocalist/frontman Neil Starr and they rock, loud and fast. Heavy rock/speed metal/heavy metal...call it what you will, this is classic, derivative stuff, but done very well indeed. Performed with enthusiasm, power and something Hawkwind couldn't quite manage I realised later on, sheer youthful energy. The lyrics were a bit trite and predictable, the power chords crunched, the drum kit took a hell of a battering but it was honest, simple and fun. Neil shook his hair a lot, his foot often resting on a

wedge as he belted them out. Song titles included Big Mouth, Spiders and Take Aim, that sort of stuff. The minority, younger element of the audience were I noticed mainly sporting Motorhead, and in some cases Phil Campbell & Sons t-shirts, and they particularly loved it.

The full band name would of course have made Lemmy smile, not so sure about the boys themselves, but what the heck, it's only rock n roll after all and all the best people are bastards anyway.

Their time on stage flew past and then they were gone, giving us Ace of Spades and We Are The Road Crew from his previous band's repertoire along the way.

Intermission time, back downstairs, grabbed a copy of Phil & Sons new EP, marked 'tour edition' and signed by all the band, for a tenner on the way to the outside smoking area. This was large, and packed, the evening still very warm and pleasant. My last, ready-rolled single skinner quickly disappeared in smoke and then not long until the headliners.....



Hawkwind hit the road earlier in the month for this intensive tour, which has gone down a storm with the fans on FB, playing almost nightly for a good couple of weeks. This gig was in the latter part of the tour and apart from promoting the new album of the same name, has been highly touted for the support act, Hawkwind..... unplugged. Due to the Campbell's family's set we were expecting just an 'electric' performance but were treated to three acoustic songs to begin with, nice one chaps. Dave Brock played one of two acoustic guitars, Haz sat with what looked like a Fender bass, and Richard provided some light accompaniment on percussion. They started with Ascent from the new album, sounding tight from the off, Dave's vocals strong and pretty clear, followed by two classics, 'Wrong Steps and The Watcher. You sometimes forget amongst the space-boogie, synths and aural effects that Hawkwind have written some great songs along the wacky way too.

The rest of the gang filed on stage and buttons started being pressed and turned.

Haz strapped on his Rickenbacker Bass and was now standing. What followed was an exercise in musical power and control, rather than just noise and speed. Earth Calling soon exploded into Born to Go, that Space Ritual favourite, and we were off again, on the good spaceship Hawkwind. I loved the guy on the mixing desk, you could really hear Haz loud and clear, he is one of the best bassists that the band has ever had, and is just a joy to listen too, his fast little licks and runs really give the band a bit of bounce and underflow. Richard Chadwick's drums were a bit lost for the first half hour or so (upstairs anyway) and then it suddenly seemed the mixing desk found the button marked kick-drum, and turned it on or up, or both. Suddenly the full force of the band was powering into us at last. Dave Brock looked very happy, sang well and played some nice lead rhythm guitar including at least two solo type things during the set. Mr Dibs handled much of the lead vocals but was otherwise a tad quiet for a frontman, which Brock even remarked on at one point. Short bursts of sax were a nice addition, and this guy

could actually play it too.....A very strong sweet smell was rather noticeable later in the set, seems someone couldn't read the no-smoking signs, bless. Smelt really good too.

Dave and Haz were playing 'wirelessly,' allowing them to roam to and fro across the stage as they wished. The back screen visuals looked a little weak from upstairs I have to say, and there were no pyrotechnics nor indeed any dancers. We did get a short display from magician Paul Xenon at one point but for some reason I was expecting something really special to happen this evening, but it didn't really. In fact it seemed a very workmanlike performance all the way round, in a good way, but I did come away thinking maybe I like my Hawkwind a bit rougher round the edges perhaps. To be fair to them, they had been on the road for a good few weeks now, playing night after night so the tightness was to be expected, and many people would view it as a positive thing anyway.

Only three more tracks came from the new album this evening, the title track, a classic modern Hawkwind powerhouse, the rather fun Vegan Lunch, which sounds like one of their late 70s singles in some ways, and Darkland. In fact, the new album has lots to dig into, yes, the production could be a lot better, but having a real bassist has given them a bit of an edge again, the synth basses they've used for many years can sound rather bland in comparison in my view.

I have to admit, I legged it at the end of the main set, before the encores. My other half was sitting was in a hotel room in Regents Park and I needed a few brownie points. Hawkfan Nigel Smith has conveniently posted footage of the two encores on FB, however, so I got to see and hear them after all. He was in the melee and the first thing I noticed is the back stage projections looked really good down at this level. Phil Campbell joined the band and of course, they finished with Silver Machine. The single recorded at The Roundhouse in 1972, originally with

Calvert's vocals, then redone by Lemmy.

"The True Spirit of Hawkwind, Thank You!"

(Mr Dibs to the audience, before the encores.)

It seems lots of things do indeed flow in circles.

Setlist

- Ascent
- We Took the Wrong Step Years Ago
- The Watcher
- Earth Calling
- Born to Go
- Poem
- You'd Better Believe It
- Have You Seen Them
- Vegan Lunch
- Steppenwolf
- Darkland
- Magnu
- The Golden Void
- Synchronised Blue
- Into The Woods
- The Machine
- Welcome to the Future
- Brainbox Pollution
- Silver Machine

<http://www.philcampbell.net>

<http://www.hawkwind.com>



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into the woods



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HAWKWIND: INTO THE WOODS AND OUT TO THE ROUNDHOUSE

The Roundhouse is a rather historic venue, where Hawkwind are concerned, as it's where the "Greasy Truckers Party" gig took place in 1972, and where the hit single "Silver Machine" was recorded.

After the Manchester suicide bomber last week, security in London was pretty

damn tight. I arrived late, due to circumstances totally within my control... it's called 'being an untogether idiot'... but was somewhat relieved to find a long queue outside the venue. This didn't prove that I hadn't missed anything, but at least I'd have lots of company if I had!

One bizarre sight was that of a circulating ticket tout who appeared to be making a phone call while repeating his "buy or sell Hawkwind tickets"



GRAHAM INGLIS



mantra. So that's what they mean by telesales, is it? However, the queue moved in fits and starts, with clusters of us being let in and security-scanned while the rest waited.

As it turned out, I'd missed Phil Campbell and his merry men, but I found my seat in the upper circle zone, and settled down to enjoy the show.

Dave Brock amusingly said he knew we were here for a quiet gig, and they then did three acoustic numbers. Other shows on this tour had Hawkwind Unplugged acting as the actual support band, but here we just had the acoustic stint as a preamble to the main show.

Following that acoustic stint, we had the electronic sounds of "Earth Calling", and then "Born To Go", which struck me as highly similar to "You Shouldn't Do That" in its riff structure - or so I thought. Except that it had several stops and starts, and also descending guitar notes vaguely reminiscent of "Paranoia" from the first album.

Perhaps a bit of context is needed here.

I do like positioning variety at my Hawkwind gigs. Some, I like to get a spot at the front and lean against the stage or the front barrier. I choose other venues because I fancy a seated view. I've been sober at some gigs; gone along to a couple of walking-distance ones as the mushies start to kick in; smoked dope at others; and dropped a square blotter at Treworgy. And others, I've just drunk beer.

Tonight was a sitting-at-the-back one, getting a good view of the overall lightshow and necking back a few lagers. I'd bought my ticket and I'd chosen to be right at the back of a 3,300 capacity venue, so I could scarcely expect perfect EQ or a perfect mix.... but necking back 3 or 4 beers sure compensated for a slightly topsey back-of-hall sound.

The Roundhouse is a rather strange-looking venue, visually striking, and with a very high roof. It's a wonder that it doesn't play havoc with the venue acoustics. Places like the Sydney Opera

INTO THE WOODS TOUR



11.05.17 FALMOUTH Princess Pavilion
12.05.17 WEYMOUTH Pavilion
13.05.17 WORTHING Assembly Hall
14.05.17 NORTHAMPTON Roadmenders
16.05.17 BIRMINGHAM Institute
17.05.17 FOLKESTONE Lees Cliff Hall
18.05.17 STROUD Subscription Rooms
19.05.17 DORKING Halls
20.05.17 PORTSMOUTH Pyramids Centre
21.05.17 IPSWICH Corn Exchange
23.05.17 BUXTON Opera House
24.05.17 BRISTOL Academy
25.05.17 NORWICH UEA
26.05.17 LONDON The Roundhouse
27.05.17 MELLO FESTIVAL Throckmorton
29.05.17 JERSEY Opera House (tbc)

plus special appearance by

HAWKWIND UNPLUGGED
(all dates except London)



ticket details at www.hawkwind.com



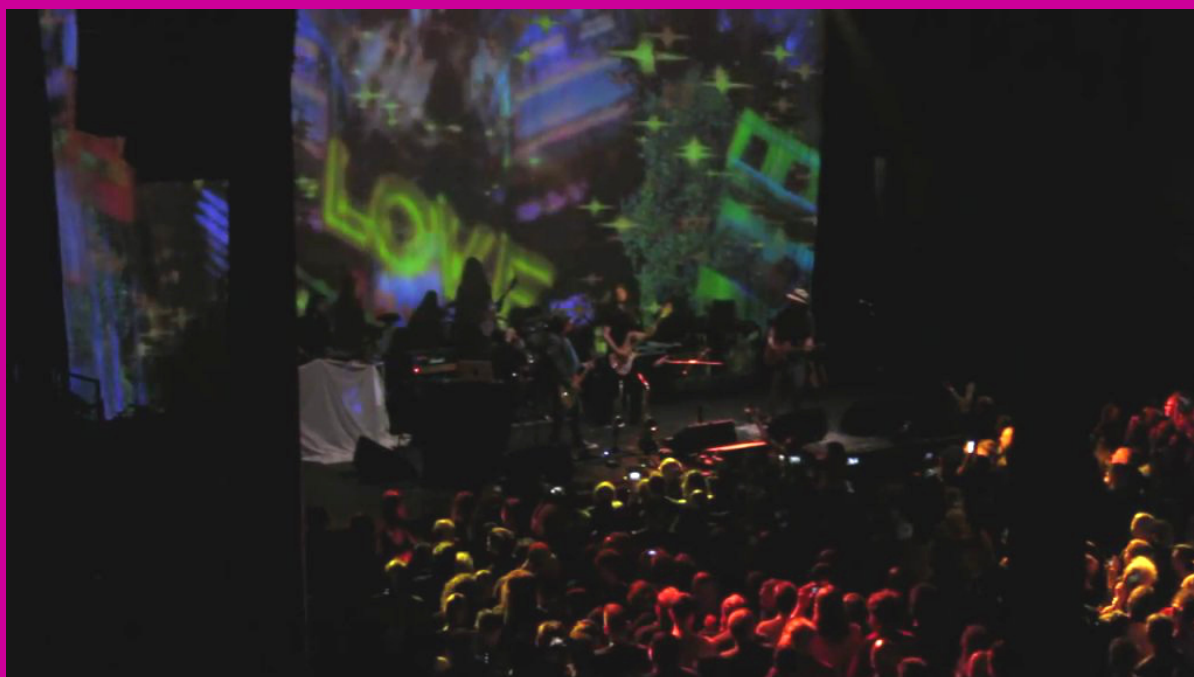
House have had to suspend baffles to reflect sound towards the audience, but the Roundhouse seems able to make do without such drastic acoustic engineering, and I could hear the structure of the Hawkwind tracks fairly well.

In 1976, I saw Hawkwind thunder their way through tracks in a manner as subtle as a sledgehammer, but now there's more attention to arrangement -

sometimes with some dramatic stops and starts, for instance. And clearer (albeit somewhat quieter) sound.

This was my first view of a Hawkwind that includes new(ish) bass player Haz Wheaton. Comparisons with Lemmy and with Alan Davey are frequently made, and I do agree with them. Seeing Mr Dibs busy with an electronics twiddle-box is good, partly because some years Hawkwind have been sadly





lacking in that dimension to their sound, and partly because it gives the chap something to do in between vocals.

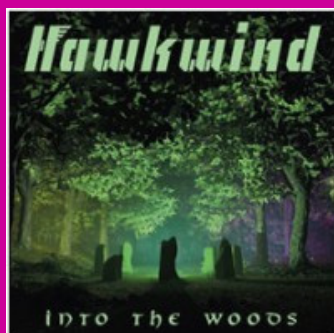
I thought I heard the sax player introduced as Jez Huggett, and of course he's played with Hawkwind before, going all the way back to 2001. On the rest of the tour I gather it was Michel Sosna from HipiersoniK who took that role.

Despite Hawkwind having released two studio albums in the last 14 months, there was a high preponderance of 1970s material in the show, which is a fairly sure-fire way of pleasing a Hawkwind gig-goer.

I've liked "Brainbox Pollution" ever since I bought the "Urban Guerilla" single by mail order in 1975, and it's a fairly infrequent visitor to the Hawkwind set-list, so I was very pleased to hear it in the encore. Phil Campbell, ex-guitarist from Motorhead, guested on this one, giving it a bit of extra spice.

And - just for the record - the second encore song was "Silver Machine" but I've not been a fan of the arrangement that's been in use since 1979, so I just let that one wash over me to some extent.

Although this gig wasn't the end of the tour, it had that feel about it, in some ways, and it seemed to be a bunch of 'happy hawks' who dispersed outside, many heading off to the Chalk Farm tube station.



RAW presents

Forthcoming releases from Rick Wakeman & Friends

Rick Wakeman & Brian May

live from

STARMUS 2015



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



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



Available to pre-order from www.rickwakemansmusicemporium.com



THE LISTENING POST

Dave's music (from The Curfew, Berwick/Hemelvaart Bier Café, Ayton)

Sometimes I'm looking for musical inspiration. So, for this little box of musical delights, I enlisted barman extraordinaire, Dave, from The Curfew's award winning micro-pub in Bridge Street, Berwick upon Tweed, to share some of his current faves. I've always felt that real ales and ciders mix very nicely with music!

Do you know what? I'd never actively heard any of them, which makes it even more fun, if a tad embarrassing. Alan Dearling

The Curfew Micropub and the Hemelvaart Bier Café are both on Facebook.

alan dearling



Snarky Puppy

Very tight, jazz-funk. Lots of improvisation, synths, solos, and a bold bass line (or three)! Led by Michael League from Texas, they're the epitome of cool, and after much hard-gigging are now three time Grammy winners. Their latest Grammy is for their 2016 album, 'Culcha Vulcha' which won the Best contemporary instrumental album category.

Here's a nice video of the band in concert:

www.youtube.com/watch?v=L_XJ_s5IsQc

And a link to lots of recent performances from the current 2017 tour and more:

<https://store.snarkypuppy.com/pages/live-snarky>

Sleep

Described in Wikipedia, thus:



alan dearling

"American doom metal band from San Jose, California. Sleep earned critical and record label attention early in its career. Critic Eduardo Rivadavia describes them as 'perhaps the ultimate stoner rock band'."

They've been going since the beginning of the 1990s, but took a long sabbatical from 1998 until 2009, since when they have intermittently re-emerged gigging at All Tomorrow's Parties and other venues. Obviously Dave wouldn't know anything about the content of their albums, but 'Dopesmoker' was first turned down by their record company, London, in 1995, when it was noticed that the 'album' was just one long song of the same name. It was later released as the album 'Jerusalem' in 1999, after that line-up of Sleep had gone off to bed.

Here's a link to 'Dragonaut' – heavy bass-riff led, psyched out heaven for their fans, methinks! Not subtle, but not that far from the world of Hawkwind.

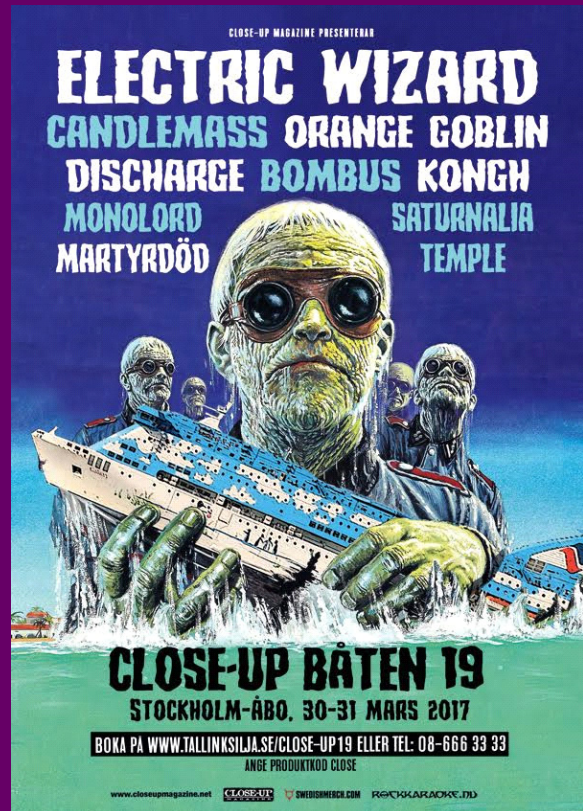
www.youtube.com/watch?v=zj9IAvv32wE

And a link to a live from 2012 chunk of 'Dopesmoker': www.youtube.com/watch?v=9OeH5jjeD-w

Electric Wizard

Actually, I had vaguely heard of Electric Wizard. They're another sludgy, heavy, heavy metal outfit, but originated from Dorset, near where I used to live in Lyme Regis. I've also seen their name emblazoned on Metal posters in Germany and the Nordic countries. Not my cup of chai, but probably masters of their genre.

Here's a link to their official website. You may notice that the name of the band has



an added 'word' in it!

www.electricfuckinwizard.com/

Uncle Acid and the Deadbeats

More blood lust and human sacrifice! Actually, fairly tuneful in a heavy sort of way. Quite old school prog-rock. Watching some of their live videos and listening to their music, I was minded a bit of Wishbone Ash 'Argus'-era.

Here's their track 'Melody Lane' from their album 'The Night Creeper', and a link to them live.

www.youtube.com/watch?v=6zDT_uGYdVs

www.youtube.com/watch?v=Q1UDJaaUbRk

alan dearling



PIGS PIGS PIGS PIGS PIGS PIGS PIGS
SAT 20TH // 2.15AM
BAINO STAGE

Pigs, pigs, pigs, pigs, pigs, pigs, pigs

Almost local to my home in the Scottish borderlands, this psychedelic-noise outfit are from relatively nearby Newcastle-upon-Tyne. They seem to be rising up through the European ranks and are hard-gigging the festi-scene at the moment, promoting their new 2017 album: 'Feed the Rats'. You can check them out through their Facebook page: [www.facebook.com/](https://www.facebook.com/PigsPigsPigsPigsPigsPigsPigs/)

[PigsPigsPigsPigsPigsPigsPigsPigs/](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=PjIDKj6rD-c)

Definitely young, punky and noisy. Look out for distortion and feedback! In the right mood, I think I'd be up for catching them live. Plenty of raw energy.

www.youtube.com/watch?v=PjIDKj6rD-c

Mike Vest and Bong

More noise merchants, with a stoner

alan dearling



following. I think Bong have played some of the Hawkwind-linked festivals that I have been to, but don't actually remember having seen them.

So, now I've done some checking out online. They even have an album called 'Stoner Rock' with two long jam-tracks on it, filling a side each on the vinyl edition. Here's a track that Mike Vest uploaded to Youtube – Lush Worker's 'Slashed'. Real psyched-up, squalling guitar. Probably appeals to all the many fans of Ben

Chasny, Six Organs of Admittance, Comets on Fire and more.

www.youtube.com/watch?v=pligLpjsy2Q

Gnod

I wrote the name of this band down wrongly, but I think this is the outfit that Dave was recommending. They're from Salford and making some indie-waves with their anti-everything stance. 'In Gnod we trust', is really quite a cute title!

It says on the 'Skiddle' site: *"Rhythm, drone*

alan dearling



& psychedelic noise collective formed in

**JUST SAY NO
TO THE PSYCHO
RIGHT-WING
CAPITALIST
FASCIST
INDUSTRIAL
DEATH
MACHINE**

November 2006, Manchester, UK.

The line-up shrinks and swells as the music rotates & expands to reach new frontiers and quite possibly other worlds."

And their latest offering is a bit political as well. Shades of Tub-thumping!

Definitely another band who've been weaned on Krautrock and Hawkwind:

[http://
rocketrecordings.blogspot.co.uk/2016/04/
watch-footage-of-gnod-live-in-berlin.html](http://rocketrecordings.blogspot.co.uk/2016/04/watch-footage-of-gnod-live-in-berlin.html)

alan dearling



Blown Out

Yet more psychedelic 'wall of noise'! This will bring on hearing loss...you have been warned!

Here's what it says about them on Amazon: *"While we're all still recovering from last September's epic (and now sold out) 'New Cruiser' album, Newcastle finest psychedelic space explorers BLOWN OUT have been busy crafting away their follow up effort 'Superior Venus'. The album is expected to land March 24th on neon orange vinyl (200 copies for UK/Europe) and once again consists of two long head expanding psych outs. You know by now what BLOWN OUT are all about ... and once again it's completely fuckin' epic."*

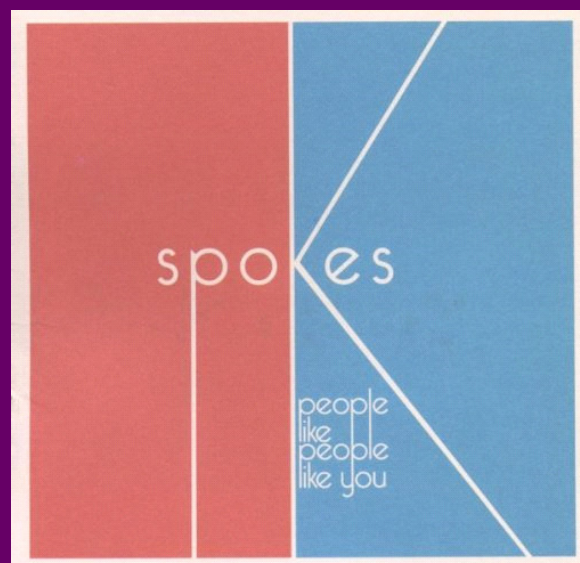
This video seems to capture the essence:
www.youtube.com/watch?v=JshdF-Z8Bzw

And their Facebook link:
www.facebook.com/blownoutnoise/

Spokes' first album

And so, to the last of Dave's suggestions. Another band with Newcastle and Madchester connections, if I've actually spotted the correct band! With song titles like, 'We like to dance and steal things' they have to be worth a listen. Here's the link to their Facebook page which includes video. Decidedly tuneful. Quiet and thoughtful...

www.facebook.com/Spokesband/



alan dearling

BE MY BABY



Squirrelled away in the corner of Times Square Newcastle is Think Tank, a small nightclub, and paying a visit as part of their European tour is the Dutch bluesy, voodoo vibe, trio My Baby.

Playing songs from their new album 'Prehistoric Rhythm' they led the assembled crowd on a tribal dance as their songs stretched out on a far out trancelike trip. It was hard to believe there was only three of them on stage, but with the dreadlocked drummer working overtime and the effects-laden guitars and violin driving the music on, it really was a delight for the ears.

DAVEY CURTIS





The band consists of Cato van Dijck on vocals, slide guitar and violin. Her brother Joost on drums, backing vocals and occasional bass guitar and Daniel Johnson on guitar and wall of sound

effects. What a talented bunch they are and I urge people to check them out. You won't be disappointed! A truly amazing experience.

DAVEY CURTIS

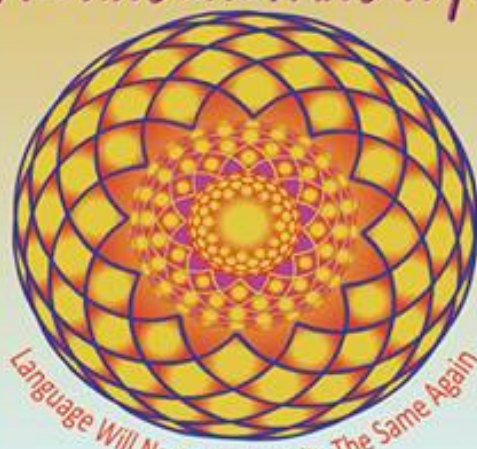


DAVEY CURTIS

WHAT THEY'RE SAYING ABOUT

Short stories by
Richard Foreman

Richard Foreman's
*WILFUL
MISUNDERSTANDINGS*



Language Will Never Seem Quite The Same Again

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."

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"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) per copy

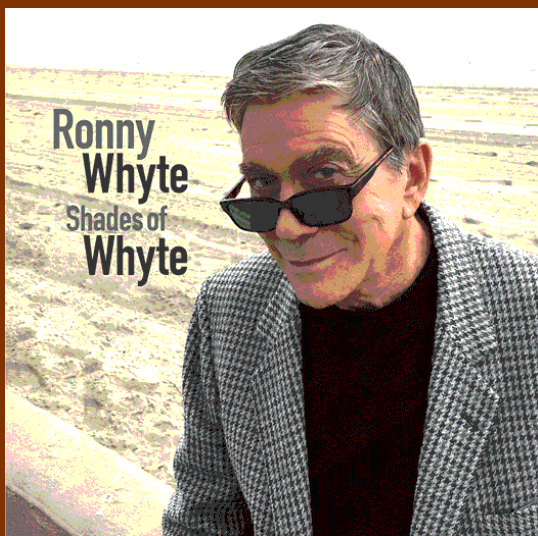
**by mail order (signed) from Lepus Books website
(<http://lepusbooks.co.uk/wilful-misunderstandings/>)**

**Or available by order from bookshops
(quote: ISBN978-0-9933901-0-4)**

**For more info see Richard Foreman's website at
richeff.moonfruit.co**

KEV'S WORLD

RONNY WHYTE
SHADES OF WHYTE
(AUDIOPHILE)



Ronny Whyte has been around the jazz and cabaret scene for quite some years now, he is an ASCAP Award-winning songwriter; his lyric "Forget the Woman" was recorded by Tony Bennett, and his music for 'The Party Upstairs' won the MAC Award for Best Song of 2006. He also produces and hosts Midtown Jazz at Midday at St. Peter's in Manhattan, a weekly jazz concert series. He does have a wonderfully delicate touch on piano, and overall this album is enjoyable

without being great, although there are a few things that do make it grate at times. It was recorded over just a couple of days last December with a band who are all great musicians, but one wonders if there was enough time spent on the vocals, as there are times when Ronny is slightly off-key or sharp, not something that one really wants from an album where the mellow swing style has the vocals very much to the fore.

Most songs on the album have been written by others, with just a few by Ronny himself, and it is one of the latter that make me grate my teeth every time I play it. The song in question is "Blame It On The Movies", and for the most part is a Dean Martin-style swing piece telling a story of woe. So far so good, but what makes me wince is the way he says he thought he would by now be "happily mated" and why doesn't he star in scenes that are normally "X-rated"? Even writing that sentence makes me pause, it is wrong on just so many levels. If you do want to find out any more about Ronny then visit <http://ronnywhyte.com>.

KEV ROWLAND

**THE ROOM
BEYOND THE GATES OF BEDLAM
(BAD ELEPHANT)**



I was having a conversation with David Elliott from BEM recently, and he asked me if there were any bands in the back catalogue that I would be interested in reviewing, and one of those I requested was The Room. I wasn't sure why, but knew that I had heard about them from somewhere, but for the life of me couldn't remember why. As soon as I started playing this it all came flooding back, as the man on vocals was Martin Wilson, ex-of Grey Lady Down, a band I saw many times back in the Nineties, and whose original demo I still have (blackmail anyone?). The other musician I also knew was Steve Anderson, who was latterly in GLD, but who I know from Sphere, the band he was in with Neil Durant (now in IQ). The line-up for this their second album is completed by Andy Rowe (bass), Steve Checkley (keyboards) and Chris York (drums).

This is music that hearkens back to the Nineties, when everyone involved in the UK progressive rock scene really felt that things were about to explode into the mainstream, as there were so many good bands that could be heard virtually every week in London. GLD, as with many others before them, played at The Marquee (with Jump as support on the night I saw them), yet as with most of the neo prog scene didn't make the

leap into the big time. A large part of the album is neo-prog, although there are also strong melodic rock tendencies, and there has been a great deal of thought with the arrangements.

Steve is an interesting keyboard player, one that is prepared to solo when needed, or stay more in the background playing the perfect accompaniment, and that comes through particularly on songs such as "As Crazy As It Seems", which is far more laid back than one might expect from a band like this. There are lots of different influences in what they are doing, and perhaps it isn't surprising that GLD is one of these, but bands as diverse as Credo, Marillion and Magnum all have a part to play as well. Martin's vocals are perfectly suited to this style of music and provide a significant point of difference, with emotion being very important indeed. This is a really solid piece of work, and I look forward to hearing more from The Room. <https://www.theroom.eu>

**ROZ VITALIS
AT LAST. LIVE
(BANDCAMP)**



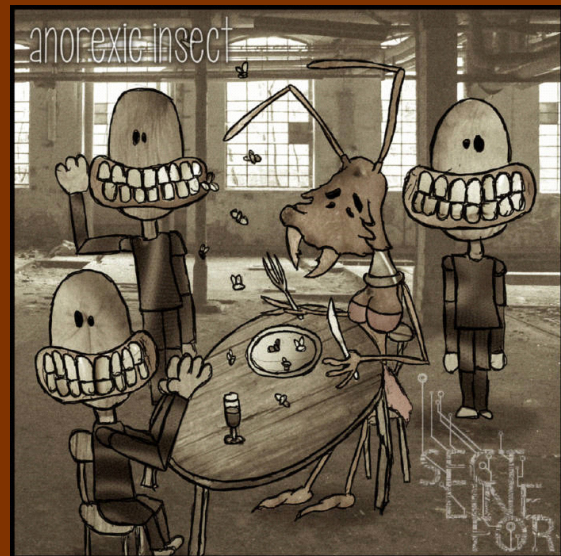
So, Roz Vitalis are back with another live album, which is taken from two different performances in St. Petersburg in December of 2016. What we are presented with here is the full live line-up of the band, which includes trumpet, flute and low whistle,

electric and acoustic guitars, keyboards, bass and drums. Here is a band where the arrangements are crucial, and some of the instruments are only used sparingly, which mean that from one song to the next the band can be quite different in their sound and approach. But, band leader Ivan Rozmainsky knows exactly what is needed for each piece, and maintains a continuity throughout. Much of the material being performed has yet to appear on an album, while others are older yet have also never been released in that format.

Musically the band they have most in common with, at least to my ears, is Karda Estra, as they bring together classical music and progressive rock so that a style is created that will appeal to fans of both areas. The largest difference between the two is that Ivan is firstly a pianist, and many of the songs rely on his delicate touch, while another significant difference is the use of trumpet. This is played as if it is being directed by an orchestral conductor as opposed to someone from the jazz scene, and the result is long notes that hit hard and pure, no sliding or strange stylings. Alexey Gorshkov has great breath control, and there is little sense of vibrato or strain, just clear sounds that take the music in a different direction. This brass feel is quite at odds with the flute and low whistle of Vladislav Korotkikh which is much warmer and friendly.

I have long been a fan of this Russian band, and each release cements that even more. I look forward to the next studio album to see what they do with some of the songs included here, and highly recommend this to anyone into the more orchestral style of progressive rock. As this is on Bandcamp, it is also possible to give this a listen before purchase, so why not give them a try? <https://rozvitalis.bandcamp.com/album/at-last-live>

SECTLINEFOR ANOREXIC INSECT (BANDCAMP)



When I recently started reviewing music again in earnest, I contacted bands and labels to let them know that I was back in the land of the living, and one of these was Piton from Ygodeh. He soon wrote back to me and told me that he had been working on a new project, Sectlinefor, and would I be interested in hearing the debut they had released recently? Like Ygodeh, Sectlinefor is a trio based around bassist Aal and Piton (everything else), but instead of Serberus, this time we have Jared providing vocals. I can see why it was decided that this was a new band instead of just a new album, as here we have something that is very special indeed, creating a form that I found both incredibly compelling and immediate.

Imagine if you will System For A Down mating with Throbbing Gristle, and bringing to life a bastard offspring that not only contains elements of both bands (and Serj Tankian's orchestral exploits to boot) but also the brutal force of death metal. Sonically this is immense, with Jared singing perfectly in key at some points, and only managing to get his vocals out through gritted teeth at others, struggling to even hit any sort of notes as he fights the restraints of the straitjacket he has been wrapped in. Here we have music that is pushing the boundaries, creating something that is

vibrant, brutal, and uncompromising at all levels, and I love it. The more I play it the more I find within it, as the layers open – there is no way that this should make nearly as much sense as it does, but for those who don't want their music to be 4/4 and boring then look no further than this. Available through Bandcamp I urge all those who enjoy music from left field to at least stream this and give them a try. What have you got to lose? And you have plenty to gain. <https://sectlinefor.bandcamp.com>. Then if that wasn't enough, I have to give special kudos to the press release, repeated below so that you can enjoy reading it as much I did. Sectlinefor are a band that should be on everyone's radar.

"Trawling through the freezing swamps and slicing his legs open on poisonous shrubbery, Piton realised he was about to die. Hungry parasites were suckling upon his organs and mosquitos the size of his fist were devouring his blood until no quantity of food or water could sustain his survival. For a while he could no longer remember why he had embarked on this mission in the first place, but as his bones withered into twigs, none of these things mattered anymore. He was so lost and worn that his knees began to betray him, and he fell into the muddy ground, disinterested in the life he once treasured so preciously, ready to surrender his person into death. But what he didn't know, was that he was being watched.

An external force by the name of Hypno-frog had been keeping an eye on Piton for quite some time now, admiring the man's ambition whilst waiting for the perfect moment to introduce himself. That moment came when Piton stumbled a few feet away from a dusty cabin, and crawled inside to find warmth and shelter from the elements. There, Hypno-frog revealed himself to Piton, complementing the boy on making it this far and then delivering a proposition. He handed Piton a guitar and requested that the two of them lived together in that very cabin without speaking, giving up their voices to communicate only via the means of music, the epitome of expression. Piton eagerly agreed, happy to abandon the cold in favour of his bloody fingers using strings to represent the soul he had trapped inside for so long. And for a

while, life was good again, the translation of spirit into an extrinsic audio force building health to both parties, each finding a mutual love (and hate) in the technical aggression of metal structures and cosmic atmospheres.

However, all things must pass, and eventually Hypno-frog instructed Piton to step back and witness what he had created. For before them was a full-length album, written and arranged, almost fleshy enough to be released beyond the constraints of the cabin. At first, Piton was confused as he did not know how to approach this discharge, but once again it was Hypno-frog who offered a solution. He suggested they should build a small army, one which could help sharpen these sounds into a more direct spike to pierce virgin ears with more precision. Piton not only understood the benefit of such an idea, but also knew exactly the right soldiers to do it. Enter Aal, a beast who explored bass frets like he was reading brail. Piton knew all too well that these passionate creatures were each born with their own unique sets of powerful skills, as together they had fought many wars in the past, formulating a chemistry they had named YGODEH, a separate audio project created from a consistency so potent that any sorcerer would shudder at the smell. They were already a team, and as soon as they assembled, they knew they were almost ready to charge into battle. Except they were missing one crucial piece to complete the message. They needed a voice.

After a tiresome search, they stumbled upon an abandoned child by the name of Jared. Depressed and confused, this boy was known to shout at the heavens in great anger, with no place to focus his elaborate tales of the earthly horrors he had witnessed. Recognising his dire need for adoption, the group presented Jared to Hypno-frog, and received his blessing, just like the scripture had foretold all those centuries ago. And with that, Sectlinefor was conceived like a baby in the womb, ready to be cut out and dismembered, a small piece for every person in the world. Every fairy tale needs a hero, and every fairy tale needs a villain. And at this early hour in our story, not even SECTLINEFOR know which side they are fighting for." 'Nuff said.



Yer GONZO ISLAND DISCS

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 unnamed 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.



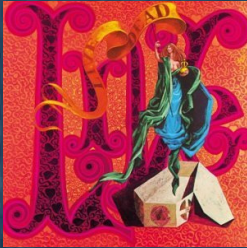
Richard Foreman is a regular contributor to these august pages, but who *is* he? Well we have probably been in the same place at the same time over the years as he used to live in Bideford and have had several friends in common, most notably the late Steve Moore. But I had not heard of him until last winter when he sent me a copy of his latest book—*Wilful Misunderstandings*—on spec, and I fell in love with it, writing:

These stories play whimsical and mischievous games with the English language. For a wordsmith like myself these stories are a delight, and I have spent much of what is euphemistically described as 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. These stories are truly a delight, and my life has been enriched for having read them. I cannot wait for the next volume.

But the question remains to be asked: what records would he take with him to a hypothetical desert island?

Richard's Top Ten

An extraordinarily difficult assignment for me. The actual Desert Island Discs deal would probably have driven me to madness. "Only ten *songs*?! Aargh!" As it is, on another day I could probably have come up with ten entirely different but equally loved albums. And then, on the following day...



Grateful Dead: Live Dead

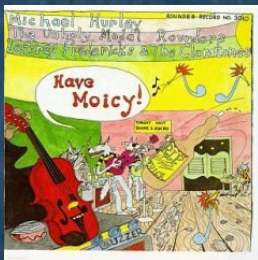
On the US psychedelic front, it had to be the Dead. A struggle to choose between this and American Beauty with its songs to fill the air, but I need music that takes me on journeys most of all and that's what this suite does. The one with which my Deadhead days began.



Pink Floyd: Piper at the Gates of Dawn

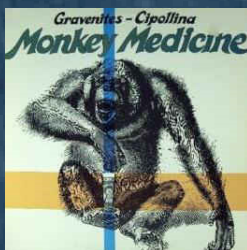
six stages.

To me the quintessential UK psychedelic album. Sonic journeys here too, and with one exception all wrapped up in two to four minute tracks. Exquisite arrangements, Syd's unique songs and the eastern promise of Rick Wright's keyboards. All movement is accomplished in



Michael Hurley, Jeff Frederick and the Unholy Modal Rounders: Have Moicy!

There had to be some Michael Hurley, his songs live in my blood. But there had to be some of the gung-ho magnificence of Peter Stampfel too. This brilliant album showcases both, along with their insalubrious but very musical Oregon colleagues.



Nick Gravenites/John Cipollina Band: Monkey Medicine

Another two birds one stone job. Had to sacrifice Quicksilver but Cipollina's contribution to this one is on a par, plus we get a fine version of 'Pride of Man' with vocals by Gravenites, who is nowhere near as well known as he should be and a long time favourite of mine.



Fernhill: Llatai

The spine tingling voice of Julie Murphy and three superb folk musicians blending Breton and Welsh styles. Exhilarating. The first of several great albums by this band, soundtracking my years spent in Wales, but this one remains somehow closest to my heart.



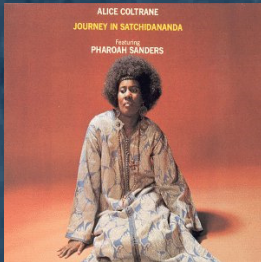
Lee Perry and the Upsetters: Super Ape

Dub it up blacker than dread – the very soul of reggae and dub at its deepest and most radiant. I've heard more fine versions of these and contemporaneous Black Ark tracks than I can keep a track of, but this album is the masterpiece.



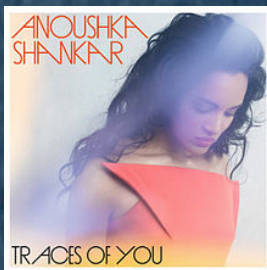
Kate and Anna McGarrigle: 1st album

The front parlour warmth of Kate and Anna, a faultless collection of songs, heart string tugging harmonies... A timeless and beautiful album. They made several more, until Kate's untimely death, with many lovely songs, but no single LP as entirely engaging as this.



Alice Coltrane: Journey in Satchidananda

There had to be some jazz, there had to be at least a bit of Pharaoh Sanders' overwhelming sax playing, and here it combines with Alice's extraordinary bursts of cascading harp and powerful keyboard work. More journeying music, as the title implies.



Anoushka Shankar: Traces of You

Tough to choose just one of Indian music, having loved Ravi, Hariprasad Chaurasia and ShivKumar Sharma among others, but I find Anoushka's sitar playing somehow warmer than her father's. She wrote three songs in tribute to him on this one, sung by half-sister Norah Jones, also a loved voice.



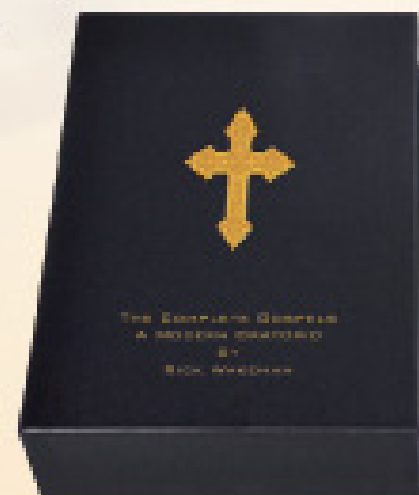
Another Fine Day: Salvage

There's a touch of Africa (which I haven't been able to squeeze in elsewhere) to this one, but – with or without his mbira – Tom (AFD) Green has been a consistent maker of fine electronica/dance music/jazz for many years. This album is refreshing, melodic and delightful from start to finish.

THE COMPLETE GOSPELS

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

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



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

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

Special Limited Edition Boxset containing

Signed by Rick Wakeman and numbered certificate.

DVD containing over 2 hours of footage including an in depth interview with Rick about the project.

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

Double CD2, The New Gospels

DVD / CD of The Gospels performed live in California – never seen before.

Reproduction A4 x 12 page concert program.

The Rainbow Suite

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

This is Rick and Orchestra at their finest !!!



Available to pre-order from www.rickwakemansmusicemporium.com

This is the most important moment in history to do something for African elephants. Because it's the worst time in history to be an elephant.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Asante sana (thank you very much),

David Banks
Director, Africa Region
The Nature Conservancy

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



DOGLEG



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THE SCIENTIFIC INVESTIGATION OF THE UNEXPLAINED

PHENOMENA

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

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

10 BLATANT TEENAGE MUTANT TURTLES RIP-OFFS

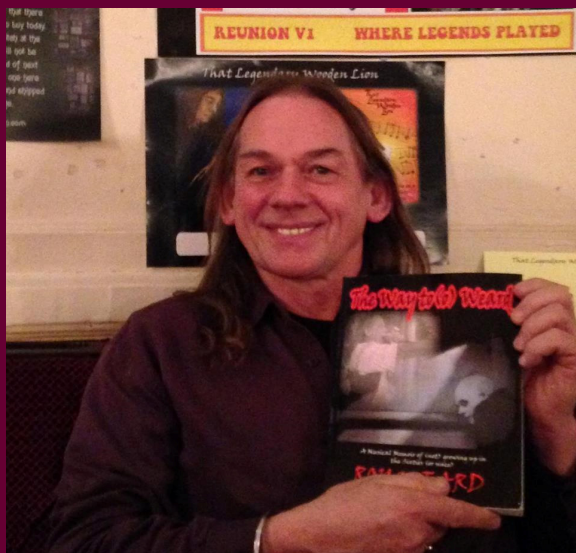
2017 marks 30 years since the launch of the Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles animated series. Though Michelangelo, Raphael, Donny Osmond and Leon Trotsky had already been around for some years, first appearing in Kevin Eastman and Peter Laird's comics series, it wasn't until the cartoon, and subsequent toy line, that they became a full-fat phenomenon.

As with any phenomenon, there comes countless imitators attempting to clamber aboard the bandwagon, and the years following the Turtles cartoon saw numerous efforts to grab some of the anthropomorphised glory/millions of dollars.

Here are just ten of them.



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..

Roy Weard and Last Post released its debut album, 'Fallout' on our own label. Recorded at the *Elephant Recording Studio* using time I had accumulated by building the studio. The man on the desk, and the person who did all of the production for us, was Simon Tassano, who went on to be Richard Thompson's tour manager, sound engineer and right hand man for over 20 years. This sold well at gigs, and we were writing a new



batch of songs for the next album.

The 'Post' had a song called 'The Room' that they used to close the set with. The lyrics, by Ronnie Raymond, referred to an incident when they were at a gig and his bass amp broke down. He called a friend who said he could borrow his, but he would have to collect it so Ronnie borrowed someone's car and drove over there. On the way he got stopped by the police and could not prove he had the car with the owner's permission. They took him to the station, words were exchanged and he got roughed up a bit. The song's lyrics went like this:

'I was alone in a room by myself
When in came a policeman and
somebody else



Roy
Weard

This House In Amber

New Album out now

Available on CD from :

www.weard.co.uk

CD / digital download :

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



They accused me of something I
didn't do
They beat me blue
They said I fell off a stool
I was alone in a room by myself –
now I'm dead!

The chorus was even better:

'I want to see every policeman in
hell,
because of what they done to me,
down 'in the cells'

We had a spell being managed by a guy
called James Campbell and he got us a few
gigs in odd places. One of these was
Wandsworth Prison. As you can imagine, we
decided against doing that song in the set.

It did stay as part of the set for a long time
though, and even though it was not really the
kind of thing I would write myself, I did
enjoy the hammy stage act I did with it. I had
a jacket with arrows on it, some make-up
bruises and I would go and sit in the
audience. Del Deacon was originally a
regular member of the audience, but he took
to dressing up as a spaceman and coming
onstage during 'Invaders'. He also dressed as
a policeman and used to come and get me
from the audience and throw me on stage. I
would then slit his throat during the closing
chorus, and he would do the blood capsule
bit.

In 1982 John Trelawney had formed a record
label and management company with a guy
called Mike Stockdale. He had picked up an
unknown band called *The Blow Monkeys* and
paid for some studio time for them to record
a single. I played him some of the stuff we
wanted to do in the studio and he came in
and played trumpet on two of these for us.
He also offered to release a couple of tracks
from these sessions as a single. Once this
was in place he booked the *Embassy Club* in
London for a showcase. I went down early to
put the PA and lighting in. My old van had
died the week before, so I borrowed a van
from a friend and we set off for the show.

The van was a wreck. The timing was out
and it kept backfiring. It was also beginning
to overheat by the time we pulled up outside
the club. Wisps of steam were coming from
under the bonnet as we unloaded the gear
and wheeled it into the venue. The staff at
the *Embassy Club* was, almost exclusively,
fey young men in pale grey jogging trousers.

When I started to set the PA a woman came
up to me and said, 'Is that your van outside?
It is on fire.'

'It is OK,' I replied, 'It is just overheating.'

She went away and then came back a short
time later.

'No,' she insisted, 'it really is on fire. I have
called the Fire Brigade.'

I followed her out to the street and saw she
was right. I opened the engine compartment
and saw that the carburettor had backfired
petrol into the air intake and the air filter was
burning. Not only that, but a lot of the wiring
had melted and was beginning to short out. I
undid the battery and was dealing with the
fire when the Fire Brigade arrived. One of
the young boys ran out with a fire
extinguisher which did not go off.

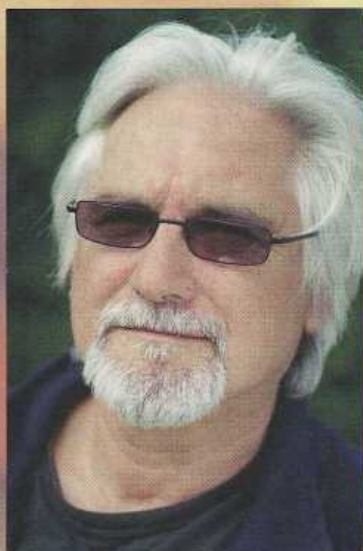
'That's no good,' simpered one of the others.
'They are all empty, we play with them.'

I had put the fire out by then and the firemen
did an inspection and wrote a report as best
they could with all those young boys almost
fainting over them. The gig itself was a bit
of a disaster. We played well, but the PA
went wrong during the changeover and *The
Blow Monkeys* accused us of sabotaging it so
their gig was blown. I tried to point out it
was my PA and I was fixing it but they were
a bit of an arrogant bunch back then. They
later stitched John up when they got a better
offer from a big company. Our single
'Triangle/Monopoly' was released on
Parasol Records. Things were not easy in the
band though, and even though we had *Arista
Records* coming to gigs and the new single
out, Steve and Ronnie Raymond decided to
leave to form another band. That was it for
me. I decided I would not carry on in a band.
I had high hopes for *Roy Weard and Last
Post* but they were not to be. I went back to
being a sound engineer and another door
opened, well two doors really.





c.j.stone



*Christopher
Stone explains
how he came to
pray and what
it means to him
as an urbane
agnostic*

WHY I PRAY

I started praying three years ago, in the spring of 2014. How it came about: a friend of mine lost his son unexpectedly, and I was looking for a way to express my condolences.

I really can't imagine anything worse than losing a child, can you? I'd lost my Mum a few years before, and the waves of grief that washed through me at the time were like a force of nature. But my Mum had cancer, and I was expecting her to die. Mums are supposed to go before their sons; sons aren't supposed to go before their Fathers.

So I was trying to put this into words. I

wanted to tell my friend that I felt for him, that I was with him in his grief. I wrote the words "you are in my thoughts", but that seemed trite somehow, mundane, and I quickly scribbled them out. I needed to refer to something deeper than thought, something that would truly express the profound mystery of grief.

So this is what I wrote, as the only proper form of words I could find under the circumstances:

"You are in my prayers." And that seemed entirely fitting, entirely natural and true.
Belief Structure



But that set me thinking. What is prayer? What is it that people think they are doing when they pray? And how could I write the words "you are in my prayers" and then not pray? It seemed hypocritical. I was forced

into a dilemma by it.

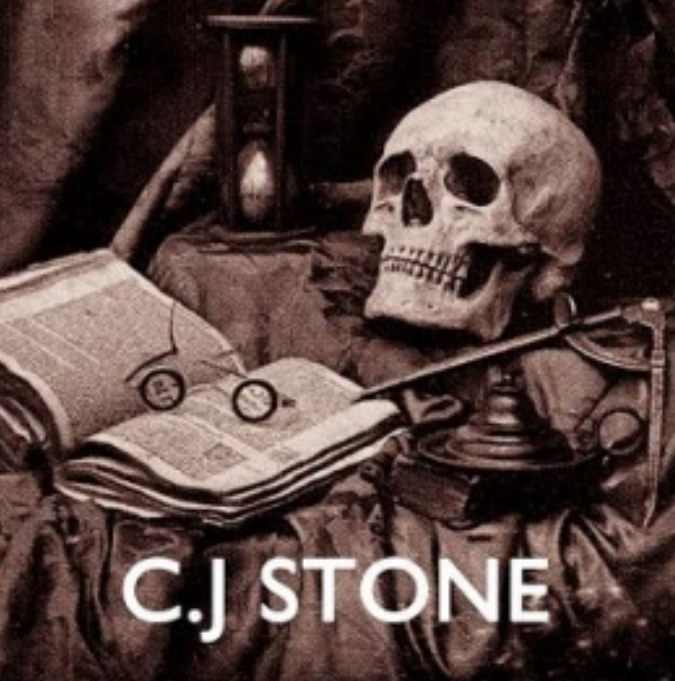
A weight suddenly descended on me. I kept imagining myself in an attitude of prayer. I would look down at the carpet in my room and picture myself there, on my knees, with my hands pressed together, my head bowed, whispering solemn words to the aether. It was quite eerie and out of keeping with my ordinary view of myself.

We all carry a self-image around with us, don't we? I guess I would imagine myself as, to some degree, sophisticated, sceptical, urbane. I'm an agnostic. I have no beliefs as such, and I hate to be labelled. Call me religious, and I'll deny it. But call me an atheist and I'll deny that too. No one is going to pin a belief-structure on me, like the tail on the donkey at a children's birthday party.

Read on

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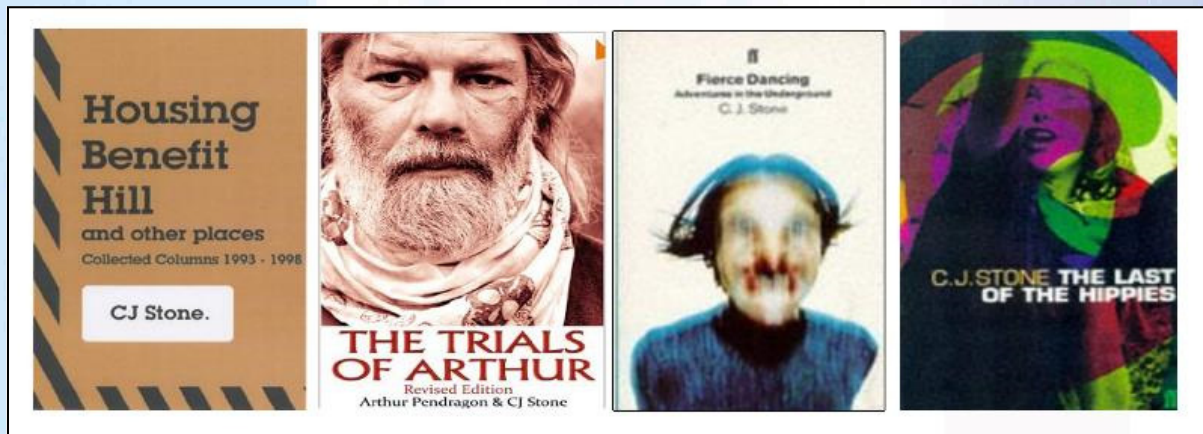
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Fierce Dancing:
<http://www.amazon.co.uk/Fierce-Dancing-Underground-C-J-Stone/dp/0571176305/>

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

A wide-angle photograph of the Stonehenge monument in a grassy field under a cloudy sky. The stones are arranged in their characteristic circular formation. A small figure of a person is visible on the right side of the image, providing a sense of scale.

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

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..



Liquid Len award

No doubt most of you have already read this week's "Projection, Lights & Staging News", but for the few that might possibly have missed it, PLSN carried an interesting item about ex-Hawkwind light show operator

Jonathan Smeeton, who is set to receive the 2018 Parnelli Visionary Award.

Smeeton, a pioneer of the psychedelic light show, was described as a man who "has consistently created magic for his clients, when budget and technical problems would have defeated other designers. No two shows look alike and, if there are rule books, he ignores them in the best possible way."

Smeeton was the mind behind "Liquid Len and the Lensmen," and provided light shows for Hawkwind in the 1970s. After experimented with 1,000-watt projectors and colored ink on slides, Smeeton became a sought-after designer. "I am sure that he was the only lighting designer who had his own billing on posters," said Gail Colson, music manager for Peter Gabriel and others.

By way of example, Liquid Len's name appeared on the 1977 Hawkwind tour posters, and not in small print either.

Smeeton subsequently worked with the Rolling Stones, Genesis, Frank Zappa, Def Leppard, Black Sabbath, Rod Stewart, Paul Simon, and Wham, among others.

On a sidenote, he once jumped out of a Montreux Casino window - not because of gambling losses, but because the place was on fire. This was a rather famous fire, on the Lake Geneva shoreline, and (yep) Deep Purple witnessed events from across the lake.

Spirits Burning

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

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

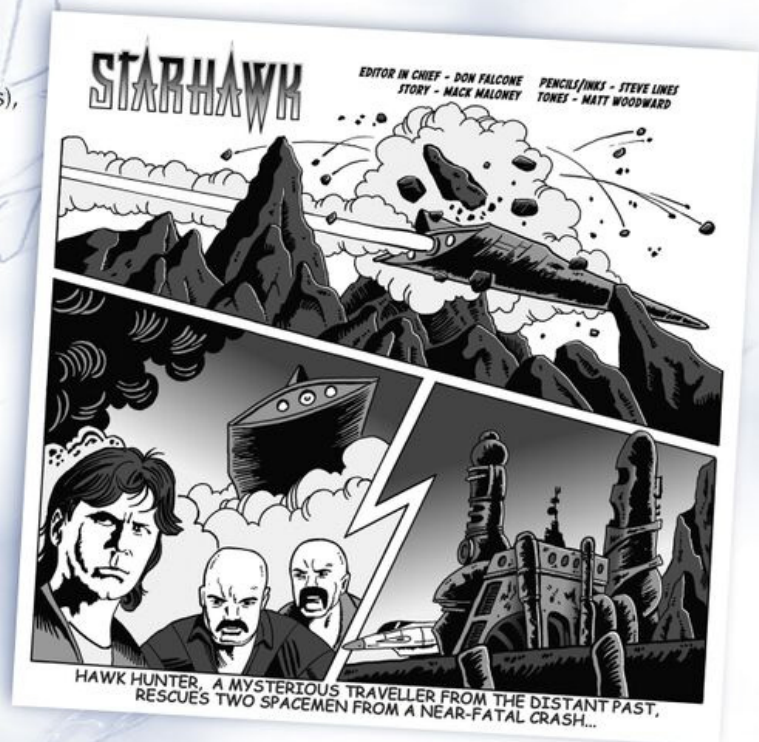
A sci-fi adventure ... resurrected by Don Falcone & Mack Maloney, with Hawkwind family members Dave Anderson, Alan Davey, Paul Hayles, Jerry Richards, Nik Turner, Twink, & Bridget Wishart, plus Daavid Allen (Gong), Robert Berry (3), Keith Christmas, John Ellis (The Vibrators), Kev Ellis (Space Cadets),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



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

GONZO

Multimedia
spiritsburning.com



The award ceremony is set for January 2018 in Anaheim, California.





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

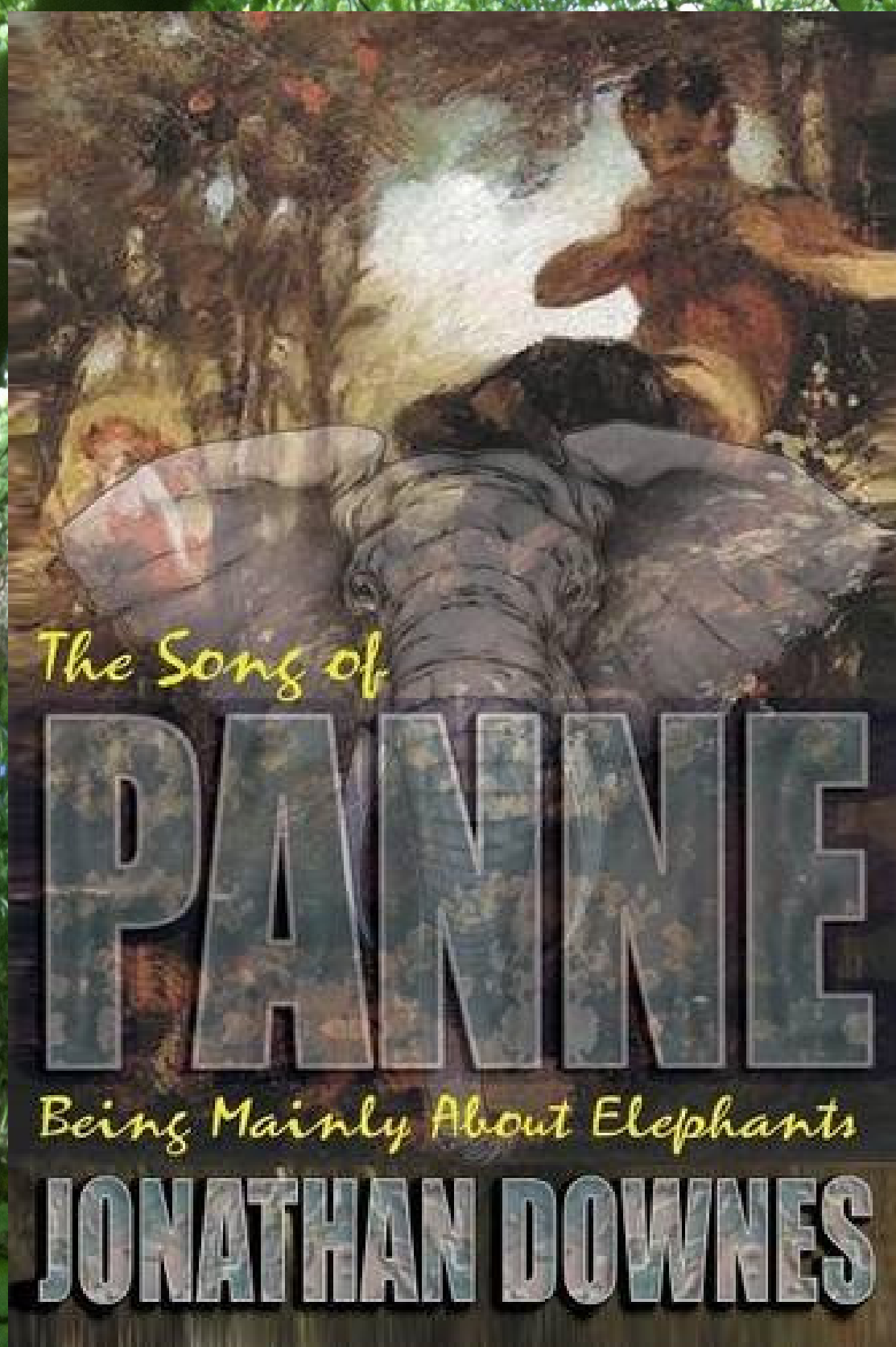
E-Mail Address: (Please print clearly).....

Telephone Number:

Additional info:

www.hawkwind.com

Any enquiries hawkwindpassports@hawkwind.com



The Song of

PANNE

Being Mainly About Elephants

JONATHAN DOWNES



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.

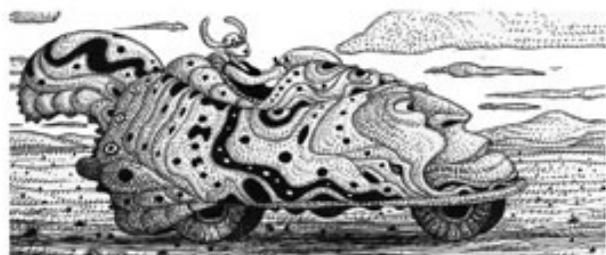
While in London Martin started to illustrate and design record covers for Columbia records. Upon his return to Vancouver, Martin carried on with music and illustrated various books and magazines. In 1978 he moved to Toronto, maintaining activity in every area where illustration is required. He released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

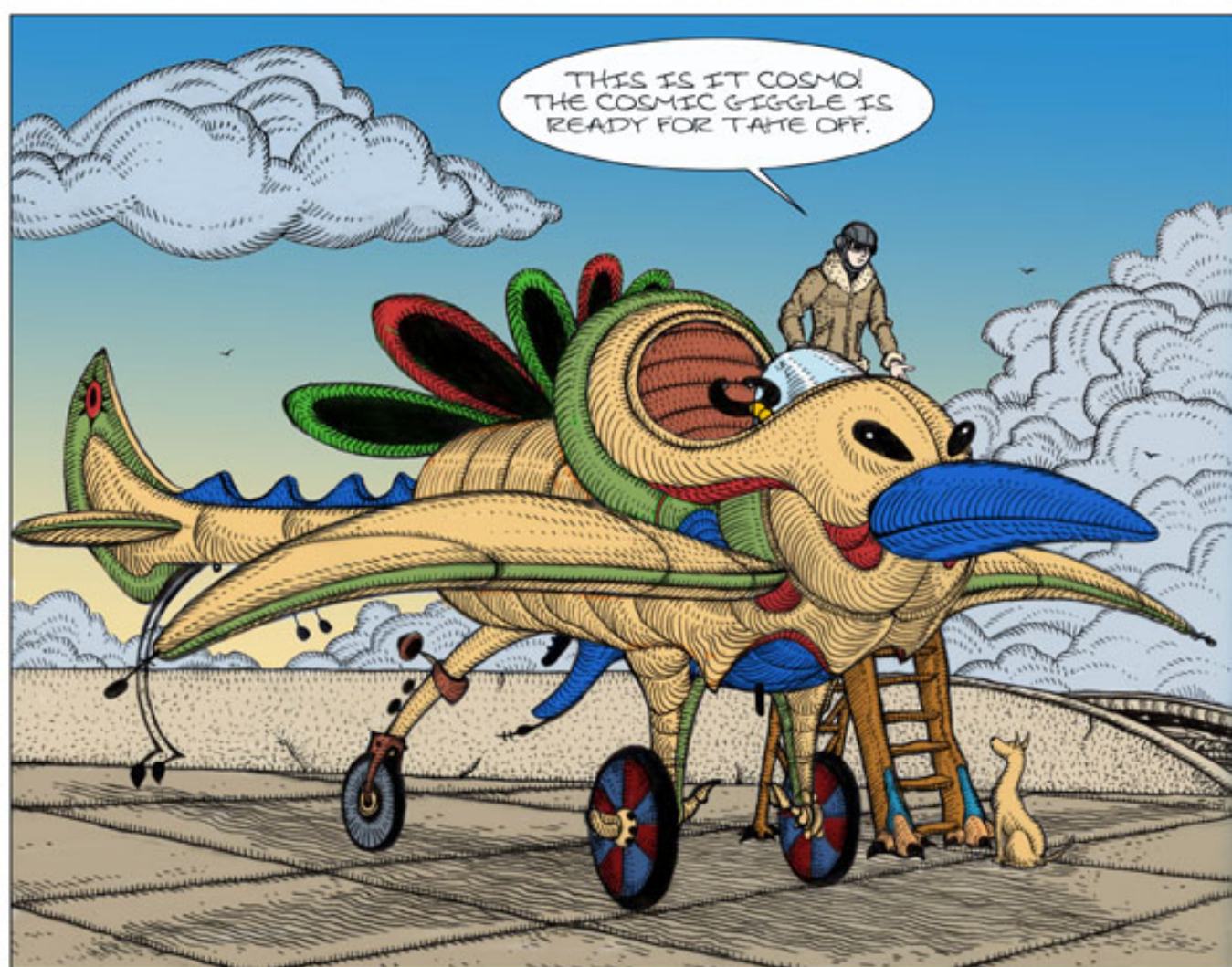
<https://spacewreckrecords.bandcamp.com>



WHAT'S FOR DINNER?

BY MARTIN SPRINGETT







Thom the World Poet

Rob Ayling writes:

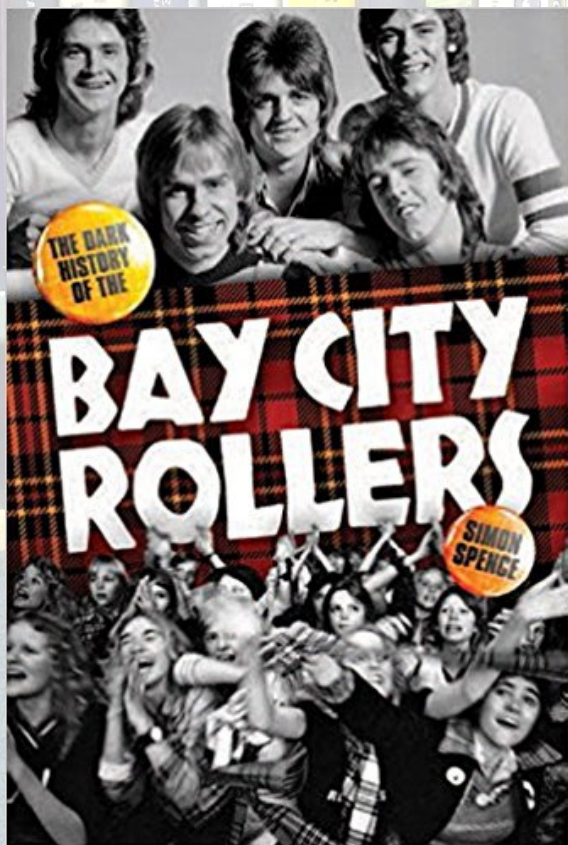
"Thom the World poet is an old mate of mine from way back in my history. Even pre-dating Voiceprint, when I was running "Otter Songs" and Tom's poetry tapes and guest appearances with Daavid Allen, Gilli Smyth *Mother Gong* are well known and highly regarded. It just felt right to include a daily poem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

FIRSTLY,I DID NOT FIGHT/WOULD NOT FIGHT

And got used to being lost(almost on purpose-
I admire and respect those brave enough
to not subsidize wars with their taxes

Those who demonstrate daily better ways to live
and show by example how peace is applied -gently,firmly,softly
more as a healing balm than an angry voice.I know anger
I grew up under dark clouds,with fists and slaps to learn
They remain in my aura,not wanting return.Gentle in the storms,
i will be as calm as can.Unless and until some provocation
unleashes those horrors again,and war is undeclared
I seek peace,and do not resist.I like to play WITH ,not FOR
and am still learning the HOW,now that the WHY is clear.

Yer Gonzo Bookshelf



Hardcover: 558 pages
Publisher: Overlook-Omnibus (25 July 2017)
Language: English
ISBN-10: 1468315188
ISBN-13: 978-1468315189

Back in the mid 1970s my best friend's sister Lorraine was besotted with a band called The Bay City Rollers, as were most of the other girls that I knew. Small gang of boys, who six months before had been striding around Bideford in their Ziggy Stardust haircuts, and purple flared jeans, and tottering about on platform heels, were now wearing peculiar high wasted white trousers with surprisingly short legs, garnished with stripes of tartan fabric. They looked (said my parents, and thought I) bloody ridiculous.

This was Rollermania, and there was even a minor riot when the five young (but not as young

as they claimed) Scotsmen played a gig at the Queen's Hall in Barnstaple.

Bloody hell the seventies were strange.

Some weeks ago, regular readers will remember that I wrote a swingeing review of a book called *Bay City Babylon* which I had got for free using the Kindle Unlimited application. Most of my bile was aimed at whoever had made the conversion of the book into a Kindle MOBI file, because the presentation was utterly shocking. The book, I said, was nowhere near as good as I had been led to expect.

Ummmmmmmm. That was because I actually thought that I was going to be reading this book; and this book is - as I had been led to believe - an entirely different kettle of fish.

I have always been rather fond of Albert Goldman's scurrilous biography of Elvis Presley, and - I have to admit - that I have found certain aspects of his adaptation of the story of the Madness of King Elvis to be both entertaining and even amusing. This book, like *Elvis* is a story of rock and roll excess and the riches to rags story of a career that turned to shit, whose protagonist(s) came from poor working stock and were manipulated by practically everyone who came in contact with them. But there the similarity ends.

This book, whilst totally gripping, isn't the slightest bit funny.

Unlike with the previous book that I read about the band, however, it isn't clear who are the heroes and who are the villains. The previous book portrayed singer Les McKeown as a complete arse, who was almost entirely unlikeable. In this book, however, the singer, whilst obviously a deeply flawed human being is shown as a far more three dimensional character, and furthermore, someone who not only has surprisingly positive aspects to his character, but appears - to this author at least - as being pretty well just as much sinned against (if not more) than a sinner.

This is not exactly a pleasant read. There is murder, rape, sodomy, drink driving, drugs, mutilations, suicide, attempted suicide, scandal, embezzlement, financial wrongdoings on an epic scale, child abuse, and a web of corruption both inside the music industry and the establishment that truthfully beggars belief.

But we are living in the Post Operation Yewtree years, and after what we know about Jimmy Savile, and think we know about dozens of other miscreants and alleged miscreants living and dead, nothing much comes as a surprise any more. And yes, Savile, Gary Glitter, Cyril Smith, Chris Denning, and several others are bit part players in this unputdownable but remarkably unsavoury drama.

It is the story of how a small town entrepreneur and potato merchant who wanted to be Scotland's answer to Colonel Tom Parker, took a supremely untalented local group and turned them into an international sensation whilst all the time taking various of his protégés around the back of the potato shed and slipping them one as one of his management perks.

It is the story of how the people from across the social spectrum of the entertainment industry colluded with each other to make the aforementioned five supremely untalented boys into the aforementioned international sensation, whilst screwing them - literally, colloquially and financially - into the ground, leaving a collection of angry, and irreparably damaged young men, who mostly had a life of misery before them.

For me, however, the real villain is not Tam Paton, who over the years, both before and after his death from diabetes related trauma at the age of seventy, whilst jerking off an amateur rent boy in his sauna, has been vilified in the press almost as much as Savile. No, the real villains - at least from where I am sitting - are the accounts departments of some major financial and music business institutions who appear to have swindled everyone else involved out of extraordinarily large sums of money. The excuse given being that Tam Paton et al, didn't provide adequate record keeping. However, this must have been known at the time, and it is difficult not to imagine this being just an excuse for all sorts of examples of financial impropriety and general lack of

proberty at the time.

For, Tam Paton was - by most people's lights - a deeply unpleasant man. But basically he was a potato salesman at heart, and about as good a financial manager as the Rollers were musicians, and financially at least I think that there is a case to be put forward that he was just as much a hick as they were, and was equally as ripe for manipulation and financial abuse.

The sexual impropriety by both Paton, and other players in this drama is a whole different matter. And just as one does when considering Savile, one wonders quite how he got away with what he did for so long. Unlike Savile, however, Paton was imprisoned for sexual offences in the early 1980s (although some, at least, of those offences, like those of Jonathan King would not be illegal now) and it was claimed both by him and by a surprisingly wide range of his associates, that in the two and a half decades after his release, his sexual and social life - whilst highly non-standard - didn't actually break the law itself.

His drug dealing? Well duh. Paton was as guilty as sin. But that is a whole different story.

Most of the different members of the band appear to have coped very badly with fame, and even worse with its aftermath, but whereas most rock biographies one reads can counteract the stories of horror and debauchery with a scholarly analysis of the music, this book doesn't do so. Why? Because - just as I thought back in 1975 - with a few jaunty exceptions most of their music was perfunctory, throw away crap. I will admit, however, that I was mildly surprised at how many of the songs written about here I remember (no pun intended) and could even hum along to even if it was bollocks.

And the moral of the story? It is not just that fame doesn't necessarily bring you happiness, I think that is pretty much a given. It is that some people are not suited for fame, riches or power. And that when - for their own ends - the financial establishment manipulate events so that a bunch of talentless and vulnerable hicks from the boondocks have more money and power than they can handle, it is always going to go to shit. And the fallout will hurt many more people than one could possibly have imagined.

Money huh?



ROCK and ROLL

a cabinet of curiosities

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

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

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

I went out for a jaunt with Julia (the resident psychic that Jon has mentioned in this magazine on several occasions). Well not a jaunt - more of an ongoing investigative outing regarding, partly, werewolves. Weirdly enough I encountered two synchronicities that make one stop and go 'blimey'. First we were following a car with the numberplate L###UPO (yes dear ones, Italian for wolf) and then when checking my phone for any important messages from base, I had received a mail from Twitter advising me I might like to check out a company's post - the company being HowlingMoon. Howzat folks for creepy synchronicity?

Anyway, back to the job at hand:

The Monkees, Monkee Mobile T-Shirt, 1990's, Size Large, Never worn or washed - US \$34.99

"This Orange Monkee Mobile T-shirt has the Monkee mobile on the front and Cars of the Stars on the back along with the Monkees logo. It has never been worn or washed. It is in new condition. Made by Gildan Activewear. It is made out of heavyweight 100% Ultra cotton and has been pre-shrunk."

BRIGHT TRAIN, with Passenger Car attached, leaves
rebounder Depot, Gloucester, at 11.30 A.M.
SPRINGFIELD, at 11.50 A.M.
Leave Unbridge for Providence at 1.30 P.M.
Leave Providence for Boston at 2.30 P.M.
The 6.20 A.M. train from Boston to Gloucester
stop at Millbury, Northbridge, Uxbridge, Waterford,
and, Ashton, Lenox, and Pawtucket.
The last on the route is the New York Train, which
leaves at 11.30 P.M. and stops at all the above
stations, Waterford, and, Ashton, Lenox, and Pawtucket.
BRIGHT NOTICE—Goods remaining at depot 48
hours after they are ready for delivery will be charged storage.
No freight received after 5 P.M.

Worcester, South
Team Prop
NEW STORE!
Varden Block
Worcester, Mass.
HE subscriber having recently opened a New Store,
No. 44 Front Street,
FAMILY GROCERIES,
now prepared to furnish the citizens with every article
of domestic and foreign produce at the lowest prices.
THROUGH
Worcester at 11.30 A.M.
The last on the route is the New York Train, which
leaves at 11.30 P.M. and stops at all the above
stations, Waterford, and, Ashton, Lenox, and Pawtucket.
BRIGHT NOTICE—Goods remaining at depot 48
hours after they are ready for delivery will be charged storage.
No freight received after 5 P.M.

Leave BOSTON at 7 & 8 A.M., 11, 4, 5, & 6 P.M.
The 7 A.M. train will stop only to take up passengers at
Way Stations for Springfield or beyond, or to take up
passengers for Worcester at Way Stations west of Framingham.
The 10 A.M. train will leave no one east of Framingham.
The 4 P.M. train will not stop east of Framingham, except
at Uxbridge, to run as hereafter, without stops, except at
Framingham.
The 6 P.M. train will leave no one east of Framingham.
The 11 P.M. train will leave no one east of Framingham.

Worcester, Feb 11. dit

Office, 16 E. Village, Central
at the Central Stage Office, No.
19 is very necessary that all
accompanied with written order
that it is not done without
themselves.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
CORN AND RYE MEAL
Worcester, Feb 11. dit

E. E. HUTCHINSON,
(Successor to WM. LEGGATE,) 186 MAIN ST.
MANUFACTURER and Dealer in HARNESSES, SADDLES,
BLANKETS, BRIDLES, Coaches, Chaises and Drags, OOL
LARS. Also, Trunks, Valises and Carpet Bags. Coach
Gigs and Tally WHIPS, &c. &c. Repairing done at short
notice.
Worcester, Jan 15

The Quin-Say, Capt. William, Wednesdays at 4.00.
Leave New York for Worcester, at 4.00 P.M.
Leave Worcester for New York, at 4.00 P.M.
Leave New York for Worcester, at 4.00 P.M.
Leave Worcester for New York, at 4.00 P.M.
Leave New York for Worcester, at 4.00 P.M.
Leave Worcester for New York, at 4.00 P.M.
Leave New York for Worcester, at 4.00 P.M.
Leave Worcester for New York, at 4.00 P.M.
Leave New York for Worcester, at 4.00 P.M.
Leave Worcester for New York, at 4.00 P.M.

NEW STORE!
(Front Block,) No. 44 Front St.,
WORCESTER,
Mass.
The subscriber has recently opened a New Store,
No. 44 Front Street,
FAMILY GROCERIES,
now prepared to furnish the citizens with every article
of domestic and foreign produce at the lowest prices.
THROUGH
Worcester at 11.30 A.M.
The last on the route is the New York Train, which
leaves at 11.30 P.M. and stops at all the above
stations, Waterford, and, Ashton, Lenox, and Pawtucket.
BRIGHT NOTICE—Goods remaining at depot 48
hours after they are ready for delivery will be charged storage.
No freight received after 5 P.M.

OTIS DRAMON,
13 Washington Square.
Worcester, Jan 15

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

THE BITCH IS BACK



Oh My My. I used to be a member of their fan club when I was but a little sprout. And, no doubt, I probably would have been thrown into some kind of head spin at the thought of owning and wearing one of these.

Fall out boy fob sweatpants shoes glasses pack - US \$9.99

"Fall out boy fan pack- includes sweatpants, glasses, and shoes. Also includes poster (not shown). All items are gently used but in good condition. Poster has been gently used but slightly torn."



I got around to listening to these guys today. They do make some very odd videos.

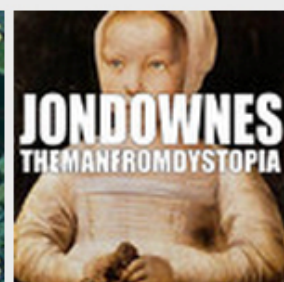
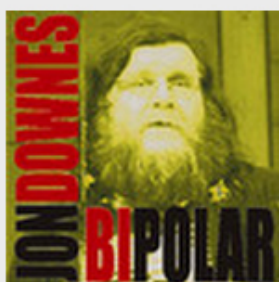
LADY GAGA TOOTH BRUSH - US \$6.00

"LADY GAGA TOOTH BRUSH. BORN THIS WAY & BAD ROMANCE. NEVER USED."

Well, d'uh...I would hope it has never been

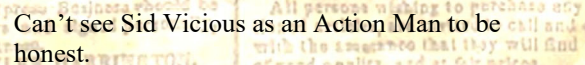
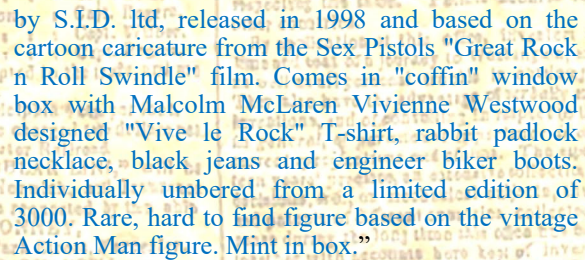
SHAMELESS SELF PROMOTION TIME

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



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

The subscriber, by appointment from the Commission
of Patents, is now at the U. S. Patent Office, for re-
ceiving and forwarding to the said Office, models, &c. of
manufactures to be patented, & deposited things, which
will be sent free of expense and risk and will dispen-
se his proper Certificates, Specifications, Assignments, and all
the necessary Papers and Drawings; will make returns
into American and foreign works, to test valuable inven-
tions, and render advice on legal and scientific matters.



OTIS CONVEY

NEW STORE!

VERY-HARD TO FIND No. 44 Front
PEPE BELT-MINT MINUS TER,
795.00 115 subscribers having recently opened a New
No. 44 Front Street, with a fresh stock of
FAMILY GROCERIES,
is now prepared to furnish the citizens with every
TO FIND THE BLACK VERSION to run T
NOVELLY MINT MINUS between Boston and Worcester
CKLES IN TOP CONDITION of Packages, B
and Merchants
TIGHT IN TO THE BELT each way Daily.
IZING ITEM FROM WE BUY saying, collecting
goin'g sides, drafts, bills, and purchasing and
merchandise, produce, etc.
All packages must be directed to his care.
The subscriber is alone responsible for property ad
ed to his care, and north is assumed by the Boston
Worcester Rail Road Company.
Packages by this line forwarded from Worcester
Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and other, and No
ford) also, to Portland, and all parts of Maine.
Forwards free for goods to be returned by this Express
Office—**HARDEN & CO'S** Office, 2 Cent
Boston; **J. H. KNIGHT'S HAT STORE**, 155 W
Worcester. **R. S. LEON**
Feb 24, 1847.

PRATT, DOWNES & SCOT
NEW & O. P. BANCROFT

**ELVIS PRESLEY-VERY HARD TO FIND
BLACK FIFTIES EPE BELT-MINT MINUS
CONDITION - £795.00**

“VERY HARD TO FIND THE BLACK VERSION OF THIS BELT-LOVELY MINT MINUS CONDITION-BUCKLES IN TOP CONDITION AND NICE AND TIGHT IN TO THE BELT-ANOTHER AMAZING ITEM FROM WE BUY ELVIS”

AT FLOUR;
MEAL.
13 DRAMAT,
13 Washington Square.

“Sid Vicious "Ultimate Punk Rocker" action figure



Stray into the woods and forests and you will enter into another world; a world of creatures that live by their own rules, protect their own kind with fierceness, and view all strangers who venture under the protective boughs with deep suspicion. Tread the forest floor with care, for this is also the home of the hairy man - the wildman of the woods. Is he a man? Is he a beast? Is he something in between? Whatever he is, he is spoken about by humans in hushed voices. They are scared of him and they tell tales of him to their children to scare them from entering the hushed darkness of the tree kingdoms. They call him many names; the woodwose, the wudawasa, the wodwos amongst them. The bane of a high-born daughter takes her unintentionally through such a forest on her last journey as a single woman to wed the man of her father's choice. Imposters from another land tramp through such a forest on a mission of their own, killing everything that comes across their path. The lives of some of the creatures that dwell in this place become unavoidably entwined with both these trespassers. The lives of some will change. Some will cease completely.

wyrd
music

MIKE DAVIS

HOW CAN I TELL YOU?



Winter/Genocide

Available from iTunes, Amazon etc



This looks like once of those nasty little plastic belts that either cut into you or bend very easily and never quite go back in the original shape again. Nasty, nasty, bin it, bin it.



**American Icon
Michael Jackson
Trophy Bronze Singer
Memorabilia
Sculpture Statue - US
\$89.25**

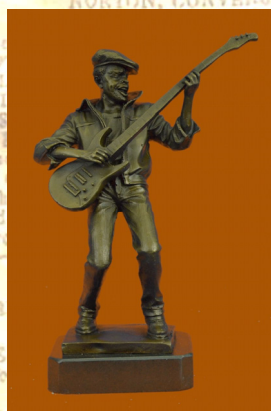
“Condition: This sculpture is in perfect condition.
Bronze Dimensions with

Marble Base: Height 12" x Width 7"
Marble Dimensions: Diameter 6 1/2"
Height without base: 11"
Weight : 7 LBS
Inventory : 17Y9002971

This one and the follow Hendrix don't look like either of them at all, although the body sculpture is pretty good. Oooo missus.

**Jimmy Hendrix Playing
Guitar Music
Memorabilia Art
Collector Bronze
Sculpture DB - \$103.20
(Approximately £79.89)**

“Condition: This sculpture is in perfect condition.
Bronze Dimensions with
Marble Base: Height 12" x
Width 9"
Marble Dimensions: 5" X
3.5"
Height without base: 11"
Weight : 7 LBS
Inventory : 17YRD7483971



That's all folks
See you next week

Ta-ra

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

PRATT, DOWNS & SCOTT,
(Successors to T. W. & O. P. BARONOFF.)
155 N. LEONARD ST.
Worcester, Feb 25, 1897.



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

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



AULD MAN'S BACCIE

RESONATING WITH THE BLUES

THE NINE HENRYS



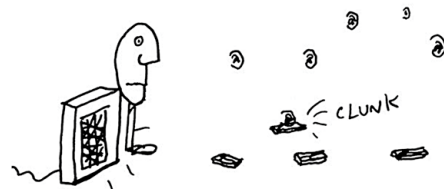
The Nine Henrys are a quirky bunch of cloned cartoon characters. They live in a strange lo-fi domestic surrealist world peopled by talking rock buns and elephants on wobbly stilts. Over the years the Henrys have been published in a variety of local NE magazines and now here for the first time thanks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

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

THE WORLDS FIRST CLONED CARTOON CHARACTER

modada@ninehenrys.com

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



The Sonny Boy Williamson songs led the floating ears into their traps.



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.



Bette Davis:
in Two's
Company
(RCA, 1953)
What? "Bette
had four notes
to her voice, all
of them bad."
Vernon Duke

Official histories, and online retailers attempting to sell this album (which had a vinyl reissue in 1975 and CD release in the 21st century) will inform you that Two's Company – a musical and comedy sketch revue view – ran for 90 performances on Broadway and was cancelled when Bette Davis' health gave out and audiences (intent on seeing the living legend) stopped buying tickets because she was the show. True enough, but like Madonna's turn in the London stage in an Arthur Miller play there was a gulf of light-years between the starstruck punters and the critical reaction. Finding a critic with any musical credibility willing to praise Davis' chops as a singer has remained very hard. The fact that the quote at the head of this entry was produced by someone who loved and admired Bette Davis says everything. For all this, Davis' sporadic recording career continued over many years, contained clear attempts to produce hits, including some novelty items, and continues to excite sound-hounds with a taste for the truly different. In this context Two's Company is the one most hunted and prized items.

This is a full cast recording, so Bette is simply the star turn. But she takes the first solo lead vocal and fronts five of the 19 cuts; "Turn me Loose on Broadway," "Purple Rose," "Roll Along Sadie," "Just Like a Man" and the "Finale." From the opening notes of the first the listener is confronted with perfect diction and the kind of honking, grating flat voice that Billy Connolly (albeit referring to himself) once described as "like a goose farting in the fog." Florence Foster Jenkins and/or Leona Anderson (both featured elsewhere in this book) are useful reference points. Bette isn't as bad as them. But, she shares an apparent lack of awareness with regard to her limitations with Jenkins and a calamitous ability to destroy musical nuance and lyrical deftness with her grating warble such that her vocal numbers become exercises in audience survival, and bring comedy of an unintended kind to the show. These are indeed show tunes, with a big band in support and stories to tell. But, to put this work in context the (highly recommended) tome on celebrity songsters Hollywood Hi Fi by George Gimarc and Pat Reeder features this recording as the first entry, highlighting; "Bette's off-key hollering" and stating; "It appears that turning Bette Davis loose on Broadway was roughly equivalent to turning a cougar loose on a hamster!" They effortlessly trawl other critical opinion, like New York Times critic Walter Kerr, who notes: "It's a lot like listening to Beethoven's Fifth played on a pocket comb. You marvel it can be done at all. And five minutes is just about enough of it." Davis' own solos here amount to over five minutes, when you add the songs in which her vocals front those of the ensemble she's way outstayed her welcome.

Gregg Kofi Brown

ROCK 'N' ROLL AND UFOs

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

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

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

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

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

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Mark Raines



Nearly a quarter of a century ago, I left my little house in Exeter and rushed into town to buy Roger Waters' album 'Amused to Death' on the day it was released. I bought it, and then excitedly rushed home again. And you know what? I hated it, and even now - although I have mellowed to it - I think it is massively overrated, bombastic, and although the bombast is something that has been in Waters' music for a long time, in 'Amused to Death' it was often counterpointed with schoolboy sarcasm which in a man of his age was just embarrassing. The worst offender was a cod-C&W song about Tiananmen Square which irritates me to this day.

So, today, with the release of his first album of new rock material since then, I was not over-optimistic. The three songs he had released as tasters were OK, but nothing to get excited about. And the reviews I have read were not exactly positive either.

However, I was still childishly excited at the prospect of being able to find out what the old bugger's new record was like. And guess what...

I REALLY LIKE IT

Unusually for a Waters album there is no bombast. Indeed the absence of his big cinematic reverb is the most notable aspect of the sound of this record. The drums even sound, in some places, as if they are from a hiphop record. (That is a good thing, by the way).

Producer Nigel Godrich has crafted an oddly confessional sound which is totally 2017, although



one suspects many of the people who will buy this record have their mindset back in the 1970s. At least that is what other reviewers have suggested, and those reviewers have implied that such *Pink Floyd* fans will only listen to this record a handful of times.

Just on a couple of listens this record is one of my favourites of the year so far, and—and I realise that I am going out on a limb here—might even be the best of his four solo albums.

The word-play is clever, and the musicianship is beautifully understated. And the three songs that I had heard individually work so much better within the context of the album as a whole. It revisits many of the themes of previous albums, but never becomes mawkish. And the orchestration, for the first time ever on a Waters album, and possibly even on a *Pink Floyd* album post Ron Geesin, is subtle, tasteful and adds to the overall feel rather than compounding the bombast.

Good show Rog!



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