



We mark the **Summer Solstice**, with an issue including **Alfredo Zitarossa** and **The Beatles**, and an exclusive excerpt from **Tony Klinger's** new book. Alan reviews **The Trouble with Goats and Sheep** by **Joanna Cannon**, Biffo looks at **Video Games** featuring **Pop Stars**, and Jeremy goes to see **King Gizzard and the Lizard Wizard**

Good 'ere innit?



##240

MIDSUMMER MADNESS



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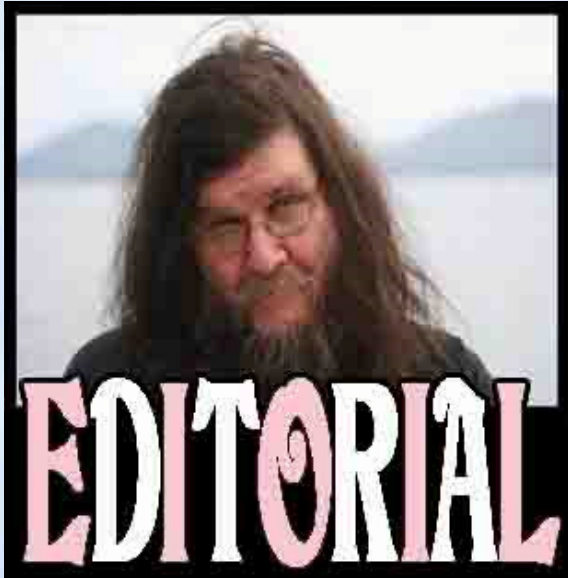
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THE THREE COMMANDMENTS OF GONZO WEEKLY:

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 singular little publication.

Nineteen odd (and believe me when I tell you that some of them were very odd) years ago I was in Mexico with my old friend and partner in crime Graham Inglis, best known to readers of this magazine as

the bloke who writes about Hawkwind each issue.

We were with a crew from an independent TV Production Company whose name eludes me after a gap of nearly two decades, and were engaged on the task of making a film for the UK Channel 4 *To the ends of the Earth* series.

We were about half way through our adventure when we drove through the outskirts of Puebla; an ancient city deep inside the desert from which it got its name. A cursory look at Wikipedia will show it as being a beautiful and interesting city with a long and proud history, but we were on our way to a little village deep in the desert to talk to a farmer who—it was claimed—had his livestock attacked by vampires. So we only went through the depressingly yucky parts of the outskirts, and never saw the glorious Spanish Imperial architecture of the town itself.

But we stopped at a makeshift supermarket that was tacked onto the back of a gas station. There we bought supplies,



“...we were on our way to a little village deep in the desert to talk to a farmer who—it was claimed—had his livestock attacked by vampires.”

including sun screen and enormous amounts of water, and Marcus the producer bought a cassette of an album called *Guitarra Negra* (the black guitar) by a bloke called Alfredo Zitarrosa. Apparently he had a habit of buying a record from each place that he had been filming, and this was the latest item for his collection.

It became the soundtrack for our Mexican adventure, and when—a few days before we left the country—I was in Mexico City buying presents for the folk back home, and saw a copy on CD, I bought it, and have it still.

Now, therein lies a tale. Back in Puebla when we first got the cassette, Gina our interpreter told us the tragic tale of the singer. Apparently he was a Uruguayan singer-songwriter, poet and journalist. He specialized in Uruguayan and Argentinean folk genres such as zamba and milonga, and he became a chief figure in the nueva canción movement in his country.

But, more importantly as far as this story is concerned, he joined a political movement which is now (2017) the leading political party in Uruguay, but - back in the 1970s - was illegal.

Frente Amplio was founded as a coalition

of more than a dozen fractured leftist parties and movements in 1971, and is the leading centre left to left wing movement in the country. The first president of the front and its first candidate for the presidency of the country was General Liber Seregni. The front was declared illegal during 1973 military coup d'état and emerged again in 1984 when democracy was restored in Uruguay.

A staunch supporter of Communist ideals, he lived in exile between 1976 and 1984, during the years when Frente Amplio was banned, living in Argentina, Spain and Mexico, from which he continued both music and activism. And according to those jolly nice fellows at Wikipedia he is widely regarded as one of the most influential singer-songwriters of Latin America.

And—they continue:

“After the ban on his music was lifted, like that of so many in Argentina after the Falklands War, he settled again in Buenos Aires, where he gave three memorable concerts at the Arena Obras Sanitarias the first day of July 1983. Almost a year after he returned to his country, he had a massive reception in the historic concert of March 31, 1984, which was described by him as la experiencia más

اللجنة لهم إذا كانوا لا تأخذ نكتة



importante de mi vida ("the most important experience of my life").

And, five years later, he was dead.

Now, this is where it gets weird. I remember Gina telling me in her delightfully sexy broken English, that Zitarrosa had been murdered "by those fucking peegs" because of his political activities, and that is the story that I have repeated whenever the subject has come up, for the last nineteen years. It added an extra poignancy to the brooding melancholy of his glorious voice, and the sweeping but sparse arrangements

consisting of two acoustic guitars, each recorded at different ends of the stereo spectrum. Plus an occasional (and ever so slightly out of tune) string quartet. Whenever I hear the music, I think of the beautiful vistas of the Puebla desert with Popocatepetl brooding angrily against the smoky horizon.

Now, I am sure that I looked up the story of Alfredo on t'internet, and I am sure I remember that it confirmed Gina's story.

Now, fast forward to this morning. I was having a jolly exchange of emails with our

very own Alan Dearling about music that I thought he would like and I mentioned Zitarrosa. But, because I am a lazy sod, I decided to cut and paste the story of his death from Wikipedia.

And guess what?

I couldn't find it. All the websites I could find merely bemoaned his untimely death, and eventually found an Argentine website which contained an obituary of the singer from back in the day. Using Google Translate, I discovered that it read: "According to the doctor Zitarrosa suffered Sunday a massive small intestine infarction of venous origin that managed to recover despite being operated on and died today due to intestinal cause peritonitis."

The story turns out to have been tragic, but not nearly as tragic as what I *thought had happened*. So, we are left with the following conclusions:

1. I got it wrong all along
2. I believed Gina's story and false memory syndrome did the rest
3. Someone, somewhere is playing silly buggers and rewriting history (presumably for political reasons)
4. Somehow I have been hopping from universe to universe on some sort of quantum level
5. None of the above
6. All of the above

I have absolutely no idea which of those is the correct answer. But it provides a nice little mystery for this week's editorial.

Slainte



Alfredo Zitarrosa, Queen, David Bowie, Bruce Springsteen, Yoko Ono, Coldplay, Eno, Neil Hannon, The Divine Comedy, Barry Gibb, Radiohead, Sigur Rós, Strange Fruit, Jeremy Smith's Seven Deadly Sins, Mack Maloney's Mystery Hour, Albert Johnson "Prodigy", Brian Cant, Stephen Furst, Sheila Raye Charles, Byron Christopher Murrell, Belton Richard, Mary Hopkin, Steve Howe, Ashton Gardner and Dyke, Tony Klinger, Alan Dearling, Joanna Cannon, King Gizzard and the Lizard Wizard, Kev Rowland, Elephant Plaza, Wednesday 13, Witch Vomit, Flyinglow, The Ferryman, Jim Jackson, Mr Biff, Paradise9, Roy Ward, Hawkwind, Xtul, Martin Springett, The Beatles, Elvis, Motley Crew, Biz Markie, Johnny Rotten, Sid Vicious, Bob Marley, Neil Nixon, The Dope King's Last Stand

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:

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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
KING CRIMSON SUPERTRAMP
ELECTRIC LIGHT ORCHESTRA
EMERSON LAKE & PALMER
STYX DIXIE REGGS 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



THE QUEEN'S BURIED TREASURE: Lost recordings from the awkward sessions that resulted in Queen and David Bowie's 1981 hit *Under Pressure* may get a release. Guitarist Brian May has revealed he and his bandmates recorded multiple tracks with Bowie and although the singer and Queen's Freddie Mercury didn't get along in the studio, they did create magic behind the microphones. Promoting his new book, *Queen in 3-D*, May told Mojo the sessions for *Under Pressure* weren't always fun: "It wasn't easy...." he said. "(We were) all precocious boys."

The guitar great recalls Freddie and David "locked horns", adding, "Those are the things that happen in a studio. That's when the sparks fly and that's why it turned out so great. (They locked horns) in subtle ways, like who would arrive last at the studio. So it was sort of wonderful and terrible. But in my mind, I remember the wonderful now, more than the terrible. "Not all of what we did in those sessions has ever come to light, so there's a thought..."

Read on...



THE BOSS ON BROADWAY: Bruce Springsteen has Broadway in his sights and he could be appearing as soon as this autumn. The New York Post has reported that the Boss will play an eight-week run starting in the fall at the Walter Kerr Theatre.

According to sources, Springsteen wanted to play a stripped down, more intimate show, which could mean it is a solo performance with no E-Street Band, and that he has always wanted to play on Broadway. The owners of the theater, which only has 975 seats, also gave him a great deal with no rent for eight weeks. There is also a rumor that Springsteen may be working on a Broadway musical based on his memoir, *Born to Run*.

Read on...

IMAGINE THAT: Yoko Ono's name has been added as the co-writer of the song *Imagine* with her

"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

late husband John Lennon. The honour came at the National Music Publishers Association's Centennial meeting where the song was honoured with the Centennial Song Award. Ono did not know about her name being added until NMPA president and CEO David Israelite said "While things may have

been different in 1971, today I am glad to say things have changed. So tonight, it is my distinct honor to correct the record some 48 years later, and recognize Yoko Ono as a co-writer of the NMPA Centennial Song Imagine and to present Yoko Ono with this well-deserved credit." The ceremony continued with the playing of a BBC interview with John Lennon that confirmed Ono's participation in the song.

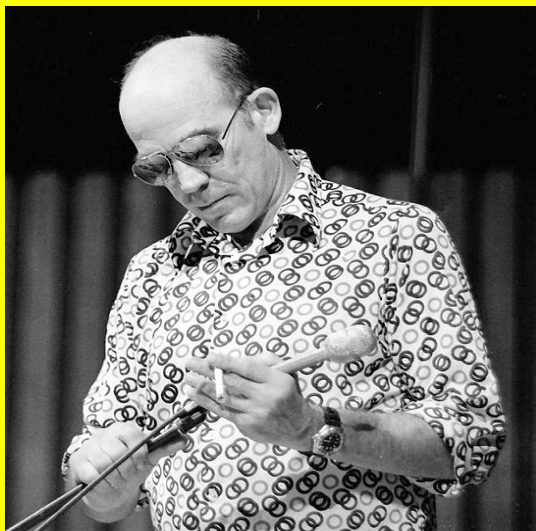
Actually that should be credited as a Lennon-Ono song because a lot of it, the lyric and the concept, came from Yoko, but those days I was a bit more selfish, a bit more macho, and I sort of omitted to mention her contribution. But it was right out of Grapefruit, her book. There's a whole pile of pieces about 'Imagine this' and 'Imagine that'. Ono attended the ceremony with her son, Sean Ono Lennon, who posted a picture of he and his mother with Patti Smith and her daughter on Instagram, talking about the evening. **Read on...**



GONZO CURRENTLY IN STOCK AT GONZO (UK)

GONZO CURRENTLY IN STOCK AT GONZO (USA)

ENO APP 4 COLDPLAY: Coldplay have recruited veteran rocker Brian Eno to create a mobile app to enhance the sound of their new track Hypnotised. The Viva la Vida hitmakers announced



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...

"But our trip was different. It was a classic affirmation of everything right and true and decent in the national character. It was a gross, physical salute to the fantastic possibilities of life in this country-but only for those with true grit. And we were chock full of that."

Hunter S. Thompson

the release of Coldplay : Hypnotised via social media on Wednesday (14Jun17), urging fans to download the companion app for free to use during their live shows.

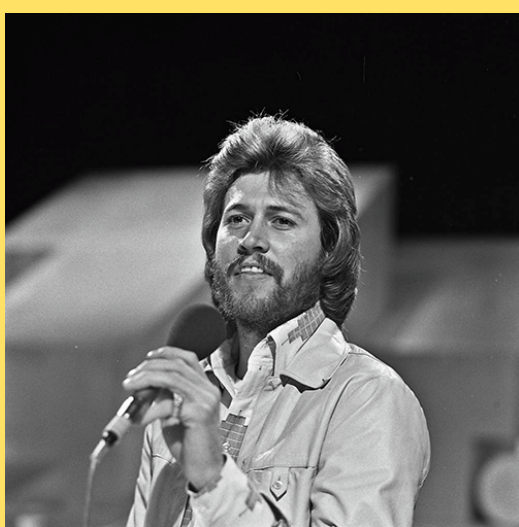
The program was developed by former Roxy Music star Eno and his collaborator Peter Chilvers, and is based on their own Bloom app, which allows users to create elaborate patterns and unique melodies simply by tapping on the screen of their device. Coldplay : Hypnotised is designed to detect when the band's new single is played, prompting it to generate a new melody based on the tune's piano motif, reports Pitchfork.com. Announcing the news online, the stars write, "Hello everyone. Our great friends Brian Eno and Peter Chilvers have created a beautiful app for the song Hypnotised..."

Read on...

THIS'LL PISS OFF THE DUP: Northern Ireland music legend Neil Hannon of The Divine Comedy is backing the campaign for marriage equality in Northern Ireland. The Derry/Londonderry-born star has called for the introduction of equal civil marriage rights for same-sex couples, saying: "I am one hundred percent behind the fight for marriage equality in Northern Ireland."

The musician, son of a former Church of Ireland Bishop of Raphoe, also sent his best wishes to





BARRY TELLS ALL: The Bee Gees star Barry Gibb has spoken for the first time about an incident in his childhood when a man attempted to molest him.

The singer said he has had doubts about speaking about the experience in the past. He told the Radio Times:

"I've never said this before, Jesus Christ, should I be saying it now? But there was a moment in time when a man tried to molest me when I was about four years old. He didn't touch me, but other things happened, and happened to other kids." He said that the man was arrested, and described the overwhelming aftermath of the incident. "Four years old and a policeman on your bed at four in the morning, interviewing you," he said. "If that doesn't teach you about life, nothing does. But it's vivid for me still. I've never told anybody."

Asked if the abuse was in the home, he replied: "Those details would be unpalatable."

<https://www.theguardian.com/music/2017/jun/20/bee-gees-barry-gibb-speaks-about-childhood-abuse>



everyone who will be marching for equal marriage in Belfast on Saturday 1 July. Northern Ireland is currently the only part of the UK or Ireland without equal marriage laws, despite widespread public support.

Neil Hannon said:

"I'm delighted to lend my support to this cause and to this event. I am one hundred percent behind the fight for marriage equality in Northern Ireland. The inexorable march towards equality and acceptance of all sexual orientations and genders in recent decades has been a joy to behold. Many brave people have put themselves in the firing line in pursuit of the dream. Thankfully they are now claiming victory after victory across Europe and the wider world. I fervently hope for the same in our little part of that world.

In the immortal words of Lenny Kravitz - Let Love Rule!!

Have a great day." Read on...

THE THIN WHITE DUKE'S THIN BLUE PLAQUE: BBC Local Radio and The British Plaque Trust today unveiled the BBC Music Day Blue Plaque that commemorates David Bowie. The blue plaque honouring David Bowie was unveiled outside Trident Studios in St Anne's Court, Soho where Bowie recorded the legendary albums *Hunky Dory* and *The Rise and Fall of Ziggy Stardust*. BBC Radio London presenter Robert Elms said: "David Bowie is one of our most shining sons, and it is

THE ^{gonzo} NEWSROOM



fitting that we should honour him here in Soho, the centre of our creative world."

David Bowie's was unveiled by singer songwriter Billy Bragg and Bowie's lifelong friend, painter and designer George Underwood, who also designed some of his album covers. Billy Bragg said:

"David Bowie was the greatest of the London boys that came out of the 60s. In 1971 he turned into something strange and curious – Ziggy Stardust. It's great to commemorate this spot with a blue plaque, so that everyone who loves these records can gaze up in wonder at Trident Studios." **Read on...**

ALL CHANGE FOR RADIOHEAD: Following the enforced cancellation of their two dates at Manchester Arena, Radiohead have announced that they will now play Manchester Emirates Old Trafford on Tuesday 4 July.

This one night replaces the two previously announced shows at Manchester Arena. Existing ticketholders for the previously announced shows on July 4 and 5 at Manchester Arena will be contacted by their ticket agent and offered a ticket swap for the new venue, or a full refund. Additional tickets for the July 4 show will go on sale on



Saturday 17th June at 10am from www.gigsandtours.com, www.ticketweb.co.uk and w.a.s.t.e

The news follows last month's tragic incident at Manchester Arena and its subsequent temporary closure, which left the venue with no option other than to cancel Radiohead's forthcoming concerts on Tuesday 4th & Wednesday 5th July.

The group apologise to fans for any inconvenience. **Read on...**

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

The subscribers, by appointment from the Commission
of Patents, report of the U. S. Patent Office for re-
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the necessary Papers and Drawings; will make entries
into American and foreign works, to test validity of inven-
tions, and render advice on legal and scientific matters.



TUBS, and AGRICULTURAL and HORTICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS AND MACHINES. Also, Grass, Garden, Field and Flower SEEDS. Together with a general assortment of *Flower, Basket, &c. &c.*
 All persons wishing to purchase any of the above mentioned articles, are invited to call and examine his stock, with the assurance that they will find a choice selection, of good quality, and at fair prices.
 Worcester, May 10. 1878. OTIS CONVERSE.

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THIS subscriber having recently opened a New Store
No. 42 Front Street, with a fresh stock of
AND BE
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the safe transmission of Packages, Families,
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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



rebeccalikes Voici un exemple de siphon à chantilly qui a explosé et percuté le thorax de Rebecca, entraînant son décès.

Précision : le siphon qui a engendré sa mort quant à lui été mis sous scellé.

N'utilisez pas ce genre d'ustensile chez vous ! Plusieurs dizaines de milliers d'appareils défectueux sont encore en circulation.

load more comments

anais_ca @maisroma she died because of a siphon whipped. It exploded in her thorax and touched her heart.

marilyn_kwsk Je suis choquée de voir de tels commentaires ☹ Les cons, ça ose tout. C'est même à ça qu'on les reconnaît. Ne leur répondez plus, c'est leur donner l'importance qu'ils ne méritent pas. Que la famille de Rebecca sache en tête



6,362 likes

1 DAY AGO

Log in to like or comment.

THE CREAM ALSO RISES

<http://www.bbc.co.uk/news/world-europe-40362094>

A well-known lifestyle blogger in France has been killed by an exploding whipped cream dispenser. Rebecca Burger's death was announced on Facebook in what her family called a "domestic accident". A warning against the faulty dispensers was posted to her Instagram account, saying it had "exploded and struck Rebecca's chest, causing her death". French media reported she had died of cardiac arrest after the incident, despite medical attention.

The popular fitness and travel figure was well-known in France, with some 55,000 Facebook fans and 154,000 followers on Instagram.

ALARM BELLS RINGING

<http://www.arkansasonline.com/news/2017/jun/16/alarm-clock-dropped-inside-wall-goes-daily-13-year/>

Alarm clock dropped inside wall goes off daily for 13 years at 2:10 p.m. A Pennsylvania homeowner is reminded once a day that he wasn't as clever as he hoped. Jerry Lynn told KDKA-TV that an alarm

clock he lost inside the wall of his home rings at 7:50 p.m. each day — during Daylight Savings Time — and at 6:50 p.m. otherwise.

Lynn says he tied the clock to a string in September 2004 and lowered it into the wall through a vent in his Ross Township home. Lynn set the alarm hoping noise would help him drill a hole in the right spot through which to pass a TV cable. But the battery-operated clock fell off the string and has stayed inside the wall ever since.

DEEPER AND DOWN

<https://www.rt.com/viral/384400-mariana-trench-deep-earth/>

Scientists have unearthed rock fragments containing organic matter six miles below the Mariana trench, presenting the possibility that this could be the deepest microbial life ever found on Earth.

The fragments were brought to the sea floor by massive mud volcanoes near the Mariana trench — the deepest place on the planet. If scientists confirm evidence of microbial life in the material it will triple the previous estimated depth limit for life within the Earth's mantle.

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

"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...

INCLUSIVE IS AS INCLUSIVE DOES

Icelandic band Sigur Rós have promised to make their upcoming show at the Margaret Court Arena in Melbourne "the most inclusive night ever" in a show of support for Australian marriage equality.

Former tennis champion Margaret Court made headlines in May after a pledge to boycott Qantas over their support of same-sex marriage. In an interview with a Christian radio station, she said transgenderism was the work of the devil and compared a global plot to promote equal sexual rights to Hitler.

Another former tennis champion, Martina Navratilova, has penned an open letter describing



Court as a "a racist and a homophobe", and calling on Tennis Australia to rename the arena. While Malcolm Turnbull has defended the arena's name, more than 10,000 people have signed a Change.org petition to rename it after Indigenous tennis champion Evonne Goolagong.

<https://www.theguardian.com/sport/2017/jun/09/icelandic-band-sigur-ros-pledge-celebration-of-equality-at-margaret-court-arena-show>

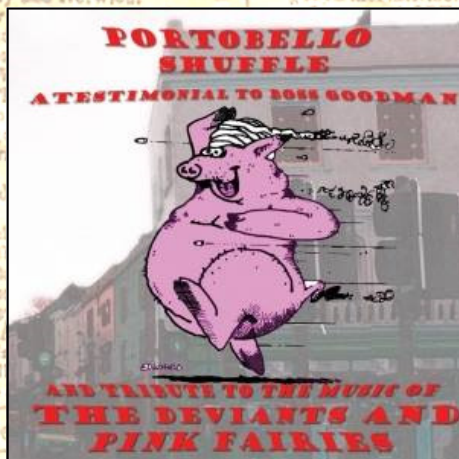


Democracywatch



I'M ON BOARD!

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



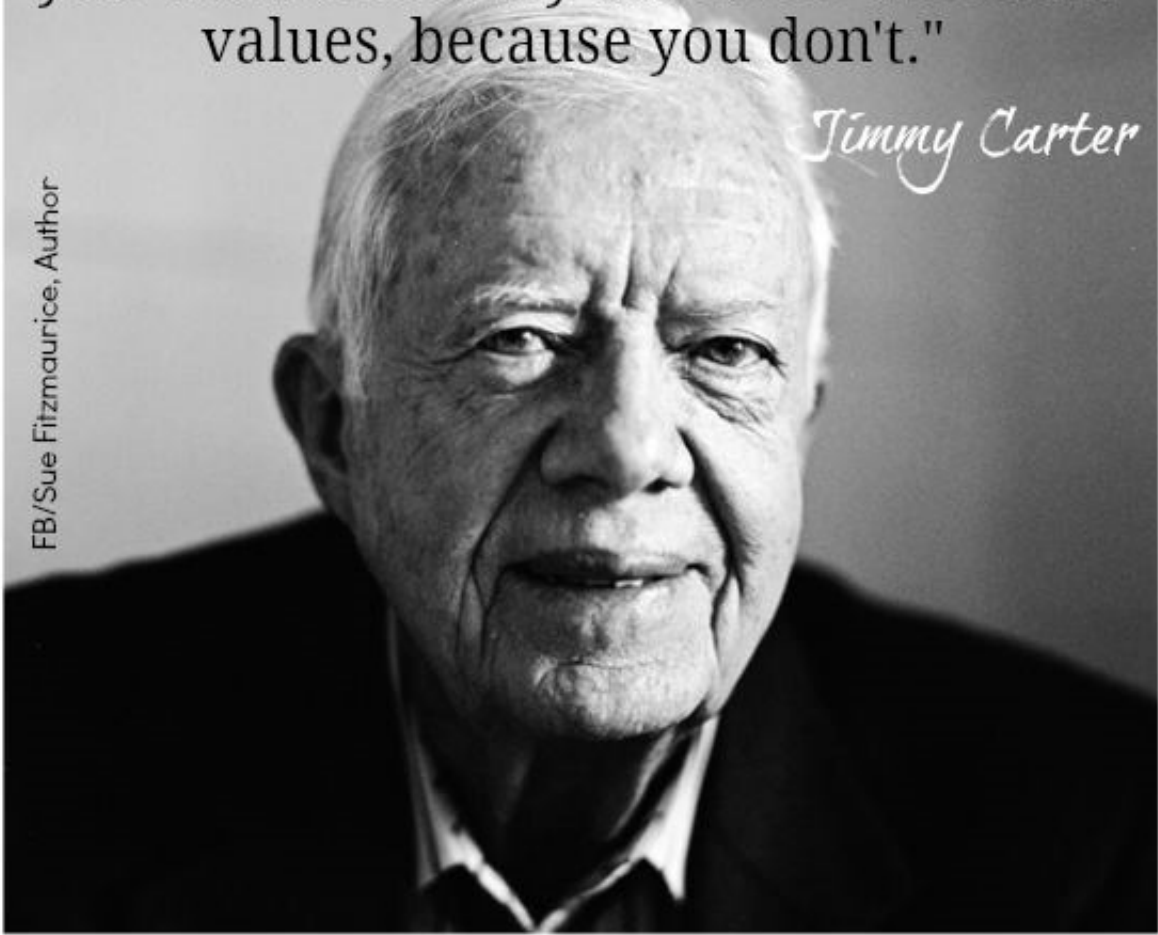
Portobello Shuffle CDs still at special low price of £5.00 each, 1 x CD inc. p&p = UK £6.80; Mainland Europe £8.90; USA £9.95; Rest of the World, contact Rich Deakin for postage price. arsydeedee@yahoo.co.uk

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

No one could describe the color 'blue' until modern times

<http://uk.businessinsider.com/what-is-blue-and-how-do-we-see-color-2015-2>





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

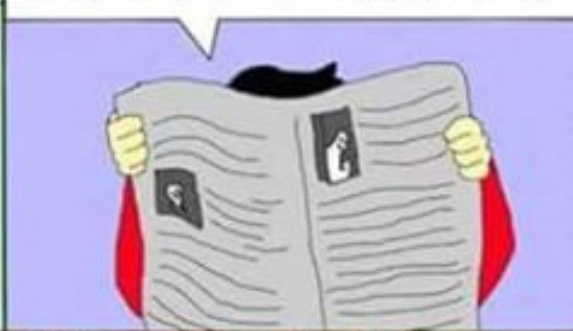
But over the past few years, it has become more than that. We now host regular weekly shows by Neil Nixon, a lecturer in professional writing at North West Kent College who uses his weekly radio show, Strange Fruit, as a learning experience for his students on the Foundation Course. I've known Neil for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

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

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



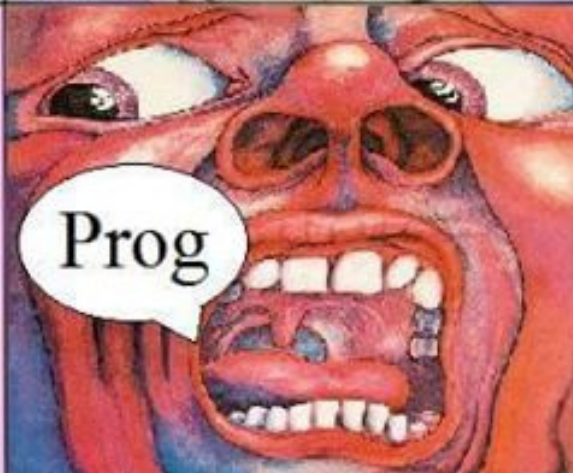
Hmph... You be careful, those
boys only care about one thing.



Sex?



No...



Prog

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





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

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

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

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



Hasil Adkins: Haunted House
 The Slits: Instant Hit
 Hawkwind: Space Ship Blues
 Robert Johnson: Debbie's Theme
 Baba Zula: Eferhali Yaprak
 Brinsley Schwarz: Private Number
 The Doctors of Madness: The Noises of the Evening
 Young Fathers: Get up
 Devilish Dear: I Wanna do it
 Devilish Dear: These Sunny Days
 Robert Johnson: I'll be Waiting
 Robert Johnson: Burnin' Love

Temple City Kazoo Orchestra: Kazooed on Classics
 Mannequin Pussy: Clue Juice
 The Doors: My Wild Love
 King Gizzard and the Lizard Wizard: Melting

Ringo Starr: (It's all Down to) Goodnight Vienna
 The Menzingers: After the Party
 Ballboy: All the Records on the Radio are Shite
 Eat Static: Implant
 Stinky Picnic: You've Unlocked the Hamster World
 Stinky Picnic: If you Can't Make it #4
 Julian Cope: Sunspots
 Mbilia Bel: Manzil Manzil
 Mbilia Bel: Awesome
 Robert Johnson: Guide my Energy
 Robert Johnson: Stones in my Passway
 Chief Kegwin: Dot Cotton

**Listen
Here**

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



**KEEP
CALM**

Normal service

**Will resume
Shortly**



JEREMY SMITH'S SEVEN DEADLY SINS



The Seven Deadly Sins

After two years presenting Strange Fruit with Neil Nixon, I've decided to move on and do something a bit different. My first idea was to sing into the microphone myself for an hour but unfortunately, the Health and Safety Executive found that this might be detrimental to public health. I've therefore decided to put together a septology of music shows based on the Seven Deadly Sins.

This isn't quite a unique concept because it's already been done in writing by Dan Savage with his rather brilliant book, "Skipping Towards Gomorrah: The Seven Deadly Sins and the Pursuit of Happiness in America" and of course also by the 1995 movie, "Seven".

However, it may well be the first radio show to focus on the Seven Deadly Sins: Pride, Greed, Lust, Envy, Gluttony, Wrath and Sloth as content and I must say, I'm particularly looking forward to Lust and Gluttony. These seven programmes will be coming out on Gonzo multi-media over the next few weeks, while I think of what I'm going to do next. Any cool ideas will be gratefully received.

Jeremy (jnismith@gmail.com)

The Seven Deadly Sins: 7 – Sloth

The seventh and final part of the "Seven Deadly Sins Septology" featuring songs relating to Sloth, Depression, Laziness, Ennui and Boredom.

Tracks:

- 1 Shed Seven: Chasing Rainbows
- 2 Eddie and the Hot Rods: Teenage Depression
- 3 The Jimi Hendrix Experience: Manic Depression
- 4 The Stranglers: Don't Bring Harry
- 5 Flamin' Groovies: Slow Death
- 6 The Stone Roses: Breaking into Heaven
- 7 Doctors of Madness: Mitzi's Cure
- 8 Doctors of Madness: I Think We're Alone
- 9 Fairport Convention: Sloth
- 10 Half Man Half Biscuit: Reasons to be Miserable, Pt. 10.
- 11 Half Man Half Biscuit: Depressed Beyond Tablets
- 12 Half Man Half Biscuit: National Shite Day
- 13 Wreckless Eric: Wishing My Life Away
- 14 Wreckless Eric: Depression
- 15 Small Faces: Lazy Sunday
- 16 The Byrds: Lazy Days
- 17 The Adverts: Bored Teenagers
- 18 The Buzzcocks: Boredom
- 19 The Clash: I'm so Bored with the USA
- 20 Bob Mould: Black Sheets of Rain

Listen
Here



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).

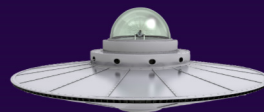
He's a member of SKY CLUB, Gonzo recording artists. He's been a radio host since 2010. He lives with his wife, Doreen, on an island off the coast of Massachusetts."



AND LOOK WHAT MACK HAS FOR YOU THIS WEEK

The Ghost of JFK Show

Mack, Juan-Juan and Commander Cobra talk to Afterlife Communicator Barbara With about her experiences house-sitting a haunted mansion. Rob Beckhusen on the Floating White Houses of the 1950s. Psychic William Stillman reports on a bizarre upsurge in Gray Alien stories coming from his clients. Switchblade Steve on the chilling Carl Higdon UFO abduction case. Famous author Marc Zappulla and UFO comedian Phil Yebba stop by to bring the funny. Week 2 of the big Wingman 18 free book giveaway.



Listen
Here

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



**Albert Johnson “Prodigy”
(1974 – 2017)**

Johnson, better known by his stage name Prodigy, was an African American rapper and one half of the hip hop duo Mobb Deep with Havoc.

Prodigy came from a musical family, whereby both his grandfather, Budd Johnson, was a saxophonist and his great-uncle, Keg Johnson, a trombonist, who were both remembered for their contributions to the Bebop era of jazz in the 1940s. His mother, Fatima Frances (Collins) Johnson was a member of The Crystals, and his father, Budd Johnson Jr, was a member of a Doo wop music group called The Chanters.

It was while attending the High School of Art and Design in Manhattan, that he met his future music partner, Havoc, and the duo became The "Poetical Prophets", before choosing the name "The Infamous Mobb Deep" from a mutual friend. Under the alias Lord-T (The Golden Child), the then 16-year-old Johnson joined Jive.

Mobb Deep released *The Infamous* in 1995, and a year and a half later, at the end of 1996, Prodigy and Havoc released *Hell on Earth*.

Prodigy released a 2001 autobiography, *My*

Infamous Life: The Autobiography of Mobb Deep's Prodigy, co-written with Laura Checkoway and published by Touchstone Books. Prodigy was featured in the 2011 documentary, *Rhyme and Punishment*, a film that documents Hip-Hop artists who have been incarcerated.

It was reported that Prodigy died on June 20th, after having been hospitalized a few days earlier for complications related to his sickle-cell anemia.



**Brian Cant
(1933 – 2017)**

Cant was an English actor of stage, television and film, television presenter, voice artist and writer best known for his work in BBC television programmes for children from 1964 onwards, most notably *Play School*.

Cant was performing in BBC Schools drama television programmes about the Romans for the corporation when he heard that auditions were being held for a new pre-school children's programme which was to be shown on the new BBC 2 channel; this being *Play School*. He was cast as a presenter and first appeared on the third week in May 1964, and stayed with the

THOSE WE HAVE LOST

programme for 21 of its 24-year run, and his involvement in *Play School* directly led to his work on three linked Gordon Murray puppet series: *Camberwick Green*, *Trumpton*, and *Chigley*. Later he hosted or co-hosted the programmes *Play Away*, and *Bric-a-Brac* for slightly older children.

From 1990–1999, Cant starred as Brian the farmer in the children's television puppet programme *Dappledown Farm*, as well as providing the voice for one of the characters, Harry the Heron. Aside from his work on children's television, Cant has worked as an actor in series for adults. In the 1960s he appeared in two *Doctor Who* stories, and in 1979 he presented the BBC programme *The Great Egg Race*, and was one of the guest presenters featured in the 1982 series of the game show *It's a Knockout*.

His film appearances were few but included brief roles in *The Pleasure Girls*, *The Sandwich Man*, and *A Feast at Midnight*. Cant was the main voice actor in the PolyGram spoken word recording of a dramatisation of the *Fortean Times* produced by Steve Deakin-Davies of The Ambition Company.

Cant's theatre credits include *Still Playing Away*, *The Railway Children*, *Present Laughter*, *Gas Light*, *Side by Side by Sondheim*, *The Canterbury Tales* (in which he memorably ad-libbed a reference to his work on *Play School*), and many more, as well as thirty-two pantomimes.

He died on 19th June, at the age of 83.

Stephen Furst (born Stephen Nelson Feuerstein) (1954 – 2017)



Furst was an American actor and film and television director. After gaining attention with his featured role as Kent "Flounder" Dorfman in the comedy film *National Lampoon's Animal House* and its spin-off series, he went on to be a regular as Dr. Elliot Axelrod in the medical drama series *St. Elsewhere* from 1983 to 1988, and as Centauri diplomatic attaché Vir Cotto in the science fiction series *Babylon 5* from 1994 to 1998 (Furst was amused by the report that North Korean dictator Kim Jong Un modelled his haircut after Furst's character in *Babylon 5*). Other notable film roles included *Midnight Madness*, *Silent Rage*,

THOSE WE HAVE LOST



and *The Dream Team*. Furst worked as a pizza delivery driver while looking for acting jobs in the mid-1970s, and included his head shot in pizza boxes. After Matty Simmons saw his photo, Furst was cast as Flounder in *National Lampoon's Animal House*, a role he reprised in the 1979 spin-off series *Delta House*.

In 1983, Furst also appeared in an episode of *CHiPs*, and in the 1995 animated TV series *Freakazoid!*, he voiced the character Fanboy, and in 2002, he guest starred in an episode of *Scrubs*.

Furst directed many independent and/or low-budget movies, including *Title to Murder*, and the direct-to-video children's movie *Baby Huey's Great Easter Adventure*. He also directed three low-budget movies for the Sci Fi Channel: *Dragon Storm*, *Path of*

Destruction, and *Basilisk: The Serpent King* in 2006; co-starring in the last two films.

Furst died on June 16th, aged 63, from complications related to diabetes.



Byron Christopher Murrell
(1956 – 2017)

Murrell was an American jazz and gospel singer who toured as the featured vocalist for the Count Basie Orchestra and also made appearances with the Roger Humphries Big Band.

He began singing as a young child and continued to study voice and perform through his childhood, singing in church and school functions. As a teenager, he travelled and performed throughout the US

THOSE WE HAVE LOST

with his own seven-piece gospel group, the Christian Disciples.

In May 1986, Frank Foster was the guest soloist at a concert with the North Carolina School of the Arts Jazz Ensemble in Winston-Salem, North Carolina. Murrell was invited to be a guest vocal soloist on the same concert, where Foster, who was shortly to take over as leader of the Count Basie Orchestra, heard Chris's rendition of "Lush Life", and when the opportunity presented itself, he hired Murrell to be the featured vocalist with the orchestra. Murrell released a solo album, *Reprise*, in 2002.

He died on June 18th, at the age of 61.



Belton Richard
(1939 – 2017)

Richard was a Cajun accordionist, who was known for his baritone vocal range. Born in

Louisiana in 1939, he began to play the accordion at the age of seven, and at 12 he started playing with 'Neg Halloway and the Rayne Playboys. He founded The Musical Aces in 1959 after a stint playing rock and roll and swamp pop.

During his tenure, he released many popular songs, including "Un Autre Soir Ennuyant," "Pardon Waltz," and "Waltz of No Return." Another notable song is "Cajun Streak," an inspired translation of Ray Stevens' novelty hit.

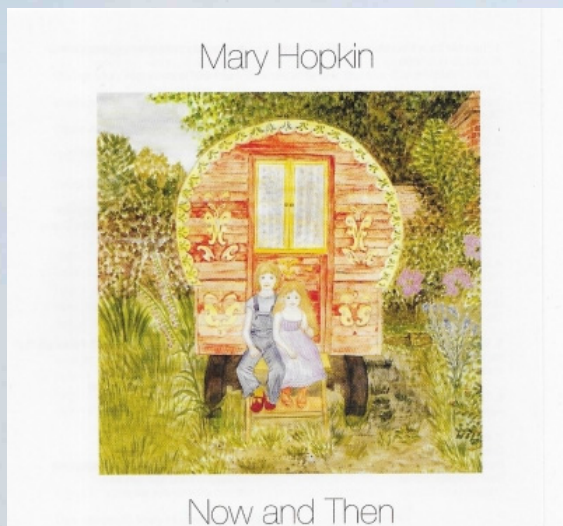
He died on 21st June.



Sheila Raye Charles
(born Sheila Jean Robinson)
(1963 – 2017)

Charles was an American singer-songwriter, and daughter of Ray Charles and Sandra Jean Betts. She died on 15th June, aged 53, of breast cancer.

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

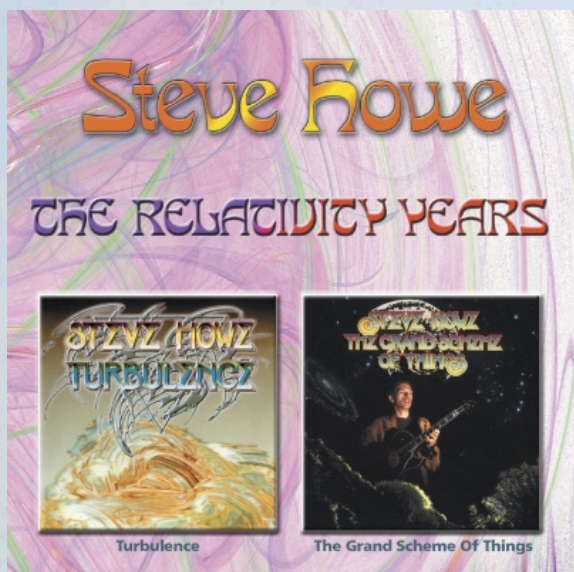
digitally remixed and remastered at Space Studios in Cardiff, where she bases her recording work and record label, Mary Hopkin Music.

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>



“Naked Radio”

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

The Pink Fairies official
website:
www.pinkfairies.net



Check it out

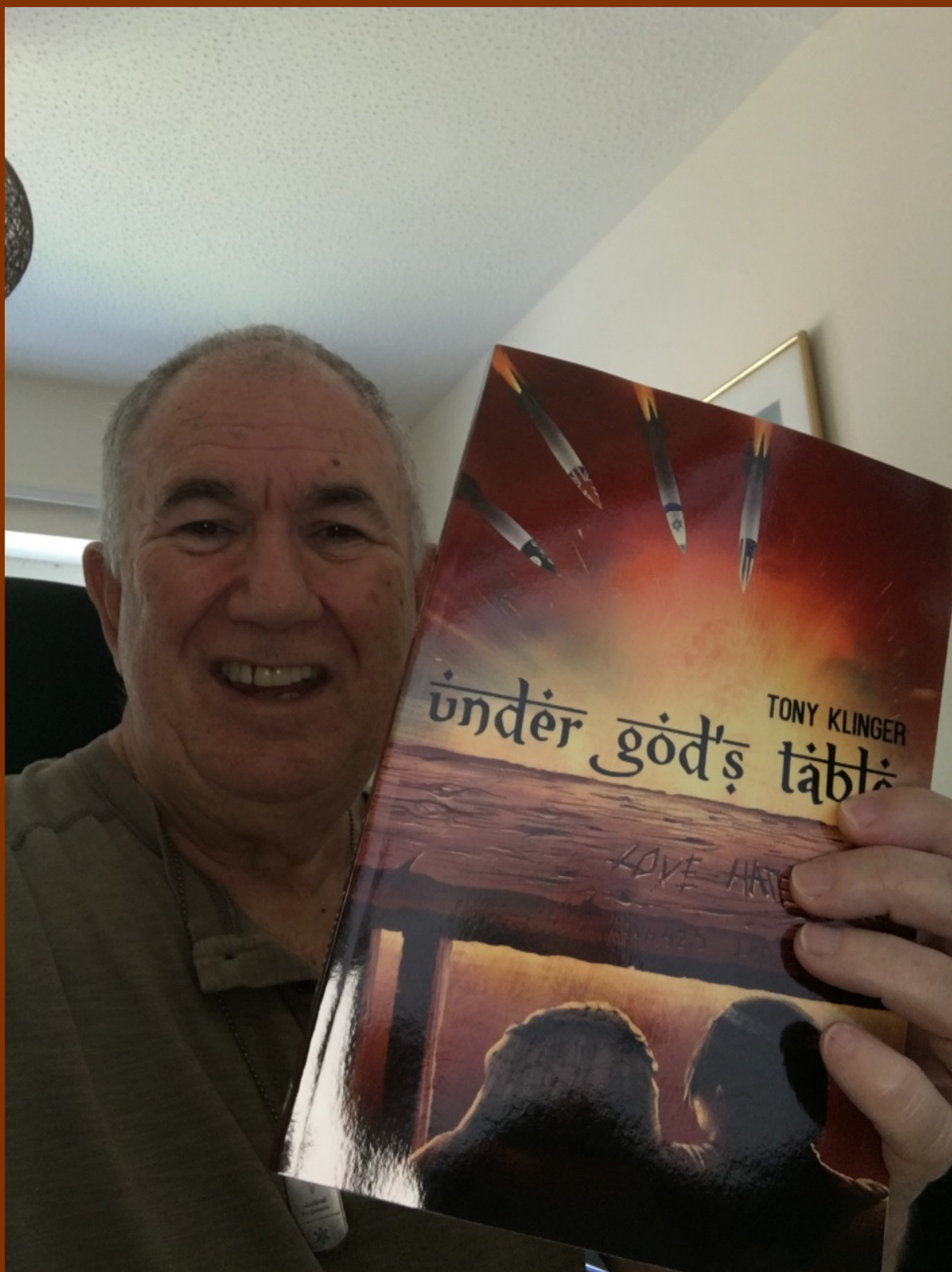
<http://tinyurl.com/z9825mr>

GONZO

**CURRENTLY IN STOCK
AT GONZO (UK)**

GONZO

**CURRENTLY IN STOCK
AT GONZO (USA)**



In last week's issue we met Tony Klinger, and Jon had a long and enjoyable chat about his new book published by Gonzo Multimedia. This week we present an exclusive extract...

Chapter Two

Children of Christ Orphanage, Basra,
Iraq

1 December 2003

Ehud and Mo had been the only survivors from the bombs that fell on, and wiped out, both their families. There was no one else to give them comfort or familiarity – it was as if a giant had simply extinguished their previous existence. There was nothing to remind them of the past, not a picture, not a keepsake, a piece of clothing, nothing. They hung on to each other, getting over the immediate shock very slowly, hardly noticing that they had been taken to a new home, a place full of other children orphaned by the war.

The passage of time could be measured by the increasing number of other children rapidly filling the squalid buildings. Each new child had stories of horror and shock that they were compelled to keep to themselves; who wanted to listen when each of them had their own recent trauma to deal with and overcome? Soldiers would call their suffering ‘Post traumatic stress syndrome’, but these were little children, and they were unable to put a name to their nightmares.

Days turned to weeks and even the worst, most terrible memories faded to less harsh pastel shades with the distance of time. The boys had each other and most of the other inmates of their strange new home had no one at all.

A few months went by and a group of boys, bombed out from another part of town, decided to levy a tax on the candy money they were each given to spend at the little stand the nuns set up each Thursday afternoon. As Ehud went past their leader, a burly eleven-year-old named Mehmet, he whispered,

“Give me half your money and we won’t beat you up, Jew!”

Without any thought, Ehud hit him on the nose, which started to bleed. Mehmet began to cry as his blood spilled onto the floor.

“Look what the Jew did to my nose!” he screamed.

“He broke my nose!”

Some of his friends who were prepared to join in an easy attack moved a little back, cautious not to get too involved if this meant a bloody nose for them.

Mo walked over to Mehmet and stood just inches away from him, their faces almost touching.

“You touch my brother, and I shall hurt you.”

Mehmet backed away.

“I only asked for half the Jew’s money. He could have kept the other half, and anyway, how can you be an Arab and brother to a Jew?”

“Because that’s what we want,”

Replied Ehud, just as Mo kicked Mehmet in his groin, sending him to the ground clutching himself.

This proved to the entire orphanage that the boys were as tough as anyone else in the place, and there were two of them, one always watching the other’s back. This placed them at an advantage with everyone else, and they were left alone by the other boys and girls who remained nervous of them. The staff either had too much to do elsewhere, or simply didn’t care.

After that day in Basra life had taken a very strange turn. They had been placed in the orphanage run by the American charity, “Children of Faith”, for the orphaned Christian children of families ravaged by the bombing and warfare, who were considered sufficiently devout by their community. No one was quite certain what to do with the two boys who continued to be inseparable. They clearly loved one another, but who, in living memory had ever heard of a Jew and an Arab who were like this?

Of course the small Christian community had all heard the ancient stories about how the two other ancient communities had once been so close, like long lost brothers, but those days were so long ago that they were now considered just to be myths. The priests were nervous, aware that their community was surrounded by hostility, but determined, nevertheless to do whatever was necessary to maintain their beliefs. Their leader, Father Louis Saaker, had taken one look at the two boys and decided that whatever the consequence, their families’ faith or the cost, his orphanage would give them a home. The Christian Father of the community was not a man for practical considerations. He often said, “God will provide.” when his Muslim assistant, secretary and general factotum,

Abdul, asked how they could afford to give any more charity when they had so little themselves.

A few months passed, and the British had now seemingly taken control over the city of Basra. They had fought briefly with the local militia, but the superior conventional firepower, equipment and training of the British soon saw them triumph in the brief asymmetric war.

Or so the British had thought when they relinquished their metal war helmets and replaced them with their red berets, settling down for what they thought would be a relatively comfortable occupation.

This was deemed an invitation too good to miss by the fighters of the militia who began to systematically subvert the British army at every opportunity. They booby-trapped the soldiers' foot patrols and their lightweight vehicles with improvised explosive devices. They ambushed and harried until the Brits were forced back to their barracks around the town's airport.

As time passed the local militia allowed the Brits to keep to certain areas of town, while they controlled everywhere else. It wasn't what either side of the conflict wanted, but a battlefield compromise, a way they could mutually exist.

The American General Staff in Baghdad was furious at the Brits, who, after winning the battle, were, in their view, losing the war simply by walking away.

The Americans decided to send their marines to fill the void left by the retreating British, now almost encircled in their Basra air base. It wouldn't be long before they would replace the British, who would remove their soldiers and redeploy them to Afghanistan.

"Lions led by donkeys!"

The American general said to Major Max Roman, quoting a German derogatory comment about the British army in the First World War, commending the incredible bravery and ferocity of the British infantry while insulting their terrible leadership.

"Go sort this mess out, Major, and we can still win the peace, you guys from Civil Affairs can wander around with your loose cash and goody bags like it's the Wild West and we get to keep to the rulebook."

The general added before sending Max to liaise with the British to co-ordinate the American takeover.

Roman was the man in charge of the intelligence group attached to the 1st

Marine Expeditionary Force's First Battalion command that had taken over their town after the British had lost control to the Shia militia. Prior to that, during his first tour, he had been attached to the British first invasion wave when they had come into Basra, Iraq's second city with their own major battle group and plenty of the right attitude. Time and budget cuts from the Ministry of Defence in Whitehall, London, had taken their toll and as the Brits ratcheted down their military presence, the local militia had done the reverse, with the help of the Iranians just across the border.

The Major was massive, made ever larger satisfying his huge appetites, he was sometimes called the Russian bear behind his back, almost as broad as he was tall, a giant, he seemed to fill a room. Unable, or unwilling, to control his ferocious food intake, he had an equally massive ego. Although Max was an American officer, he still had his thick Middle-European accent from his Polish birthplace that no amount of private lessons, or practice, had managed to fix; so when speaking his fractured English, his vocabulary was soon more than sufficient, but his syntax and grammar was idiosyncratic. He had joined the American army because he believed he could quickly make money, connections, and a future in its vast overblown and richly financed infrastructure. After dealing with the Soviet police state in which he had reached maturity nothing scared Max who believed he could achieve anything he set his mind on, and today he wanted a child to send home to his barren American wife.

Max's unconventional and eccentric uniform was his impression of how an American military man should dress, included a well worn, large black Stetson cowboy hat, a leather flying jacket he wore in all weathers, the finest black leather boots, and army issue handguns with his own customised pearl handles in his belt. He entered Basra's one Christian orphanage.

The interpreter, Abbas who was also the priest's general assistant, summoned the boys from the classroom where they were making necklaces with coloured beads.

Although a young man, Abbas looked old before his time. Swarthy, his face appeared to permanently have a growth of a couple days' stubble. He was always sweating, even when it was cold, had bad breath and a limp, and, as the ever

observant Mo had noticed, one eye that didn't appear to work. Ehud his friend, sensing that this man could be trouble, had instructed Mo to always talk to the eye that did work, out of courtesy, and to not look at the dead eye, and never to mention it.

"Allah," Said Mo, "Forbids mocking the afflicted."

Ehud nodded with great solemnity. "I have noted he is also a very ugly man, but I'm honour bound not to mention it."

Mo agreed. "Not good at all, especially in an interpreter who must deal with strangers, who must find his stinky breath, wonky eye and unshaven face very difficult to talk with.

Allah the merciful must be very happy that such afflictions are never mentioned."

Abbas brought them down the corridor of the dilapidated building, and paused when they got near the door. He bent down so that he and the boys were about the same height, and he talked to them with his good right eye close to their faces. The boys tried their best only to look at his good eye, and to ignore his gargoyle-like face and his extremely bad breath, Abbas was blissfully unaware that the boys were suppressing their laughter.

"This is an American that Abbas is introducing you to,"

He explained, "The most extremely biggest very important person. Remember what Abbas tells you, your name Mo, is now Moses. Moses is your name. You are no longer

Mohammed. Now you are Moses for Abbas. You understand, Moses?"

Mo pretended not to understand.

"My name is Moses?"

Abbas sighed, aware that the boy was toying with him, but insistent that this was not to be left to chance.

"This is too important for you to play being silly, you understand Abbas? Your name is Moses."

He held up his hand as if to smack the small boy, as he said this to Mo, who nodded.

"Moses was always your name, people call you Mo. You can remember this for Abbas, yes, Mo?"

Mo nodded again.

"So, Abbas asks of you your name, what it is?"

At that moment, Mohammed became Mo, for the first time he was serious.

"My name is Moses."

Abbas smiled.

"Excellent. Remember it is Mo that people call you, OK, Mo?"

The older man turned to Ehud,

"You also?"

He turned to Ehud who also nodded,

"If you want to live in America, in a big house, you will be brothers, and Moses was always Mo and will always be Mo, OK? You understand, nothing else must you say, never, if you want to live there in palace, you will have to live like your friend, as his brother, as one of two Jewish boy. Yes, you understand what Abbas tells you?"

This way you will grow up both to be lovely fat American boys."

Mo managed to keep a straight face. "Where is he from, sir, this important person?"

The older man stood up to his full height. "Are you stupid? America. He comes from America. He is a special type of soldier."

He stopped for a moment, and taking that opportunity, Ehud asked his question.

"What kind of American soldier, what part of America, it is such a big country sir?"

Abbas rubbed his forefinger and thumb together, in the age-old sign for money.

"We have found you a rich Jew soldier, not like you poor Jewish Basra always has here, no good waste of time poor Jewish, how is it our Jewish is all poor and a waste of time without pot to piss in? This Jewish he comes from a place called New York State, and you will smile at everything Mister New York says, and we will all nod our heads, is this clear?"

The boys looked to one another, not sure how to react, but before they could say anything, Abbas raised his hand as if to strike them. "Is clear?"

Both boys nodded eagerly. "Yes sir, clear!" They chorused then followed Abbas down the long corridor, past the torn, old furniture and fly-blown posters of the old Iraqi regime, extolling the virtues of

Saddam Hussein, now on the run.

In the bare grey interview room, they were confronted by a huge American soldier who spoke differently to all the Americans they had ever seen on their town's streets or on the television.

"Them boys are bigger than you said mister supervisor. Don't we got something a size or two smaller?"

Max struggled to make his English sensible, unaware that the fact he'd learned it from cheap crime novels and bad American cowboy movies and television cop shows made him sound like an old gangster.

Mo and Ehud smiled and nodded, unaware of what the giant was saying to the interpreter Abbas, who responded in English to the big man.

"Abbas is assuring you that apart from these two lovely boys, all available adoption Jewish babies is not available no more. This two piss poor selection is all we can show. The others is already in America or similar other countries, Major Roman.

There is only this two cute, very cute, lovely Jewish boys in whole of Iraq, and we is very lucky that they is very good-looking, top of class in school, already no mess makers and helps plenty around house!"

"We can buy a shiksa Russian maid from the old country. We want good boys who will make my Mrs. Roman happy," Max said in his odd colloquial English.

"They're very dark for Jewish boys."

He studied their handsome but small, swarthy faces.

Abbas had also noticed the major skin colour difference between the American and the boys but had an answer ready for him. He had no way of knowing that the big American Jew was in fact half-accursed Russian.

"They are Sephardim."

The American held up his big hand.

"Me also, I'm half Spanish Jewish heritage myself. My mother, may she rest in peace, her people they come from Turkey to marry my daddy, a good Jewish man from the eastern part of Europe, so I know from this, but still, these boys, they could both pass for Arabs."



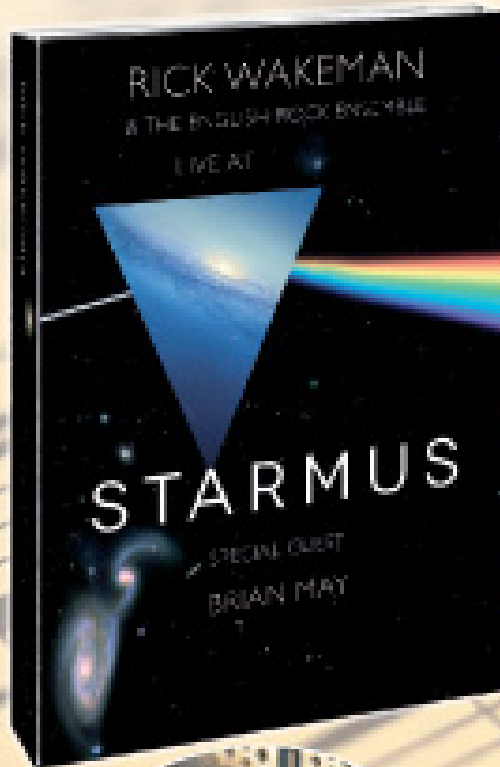
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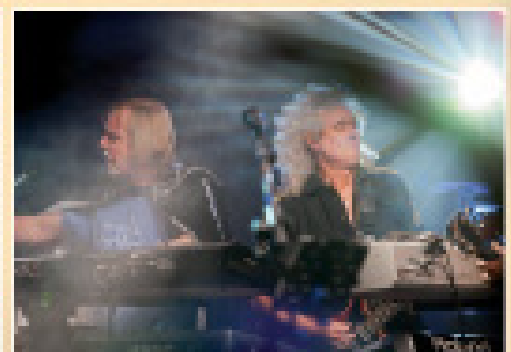
STARMUS 2015



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!

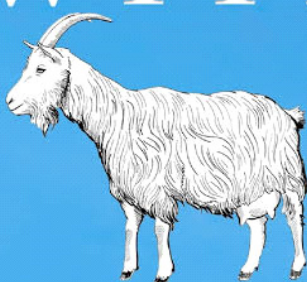


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JOANNA CANNON

THE SUNDAY TIMES BESTSELLER

THE TROUBLE WITH



GOATS AND SHEEP

'An utter delight'
SARAH WINMAN

'A wonderful achievement'
DAILY MAIL

'Beautifully written'
DAILY EXPRESS

by Joanna Cannon
isbn: 978000813216-3
The Borough Press

Oft times we need a good book to hide away in. I'm currently traversing through some of those 'oft times'. My mother, who lives many hundreds of miles south of my Scottish home, has had to move into a care home. And her body and marbles are definitely in malfunctioning mode. Her tower block flat is on the market to pay for the £1k per week care home costs. And personally, Virgin Money will not give me

alan dearling

a further mortgage because I'm too old, despite never having missed a payment and they want me to move me out of my house.

And so, I wanted to share this 'good book' with you.

'The Trouble with Goats and Sheep': It's a real one-off. A whodunnit, investigated by two youthful, pre-pubescent girls, Grace and Tilly. They are searching for Mrs Creasy who has vanished. Events from 1967 intertwine with the unfolding events of 1976. It's exquisitely written. It's packed full of evocative descriptions of people and places reminiscent of Dylan Thomas in 'Under Milk Wood'. Like that book, the theme is the secret goings on behind closed doors and in the labyrinthine caverns of the mind. Everyone is suspicious, watching out for themselves and their neighbours. The claustrophobic narrative ratchets up the tension, whilst retaining quirky humour and mirroring the absurd behaviour of 'ordinary' folk. For a first-time author, Joanna Cannon has the sensitivity and skill of an old-master. Listen to the description of Mrs Creasy's disappearance:

"Mr Forbes stood in front of us, sailing a cherry bakewell through the air and giving out his opinion, as warmth crept into the material of his shirt.

'He woke up one Monday morning and she'd gone. Vanished.'

'Beggars belief, said Eric Lamb, who still had grass cuttings on the bottom of his trousers.'

I hate reviews that give away too much of the 'story'. So, more to tempt your literary taste buds, I'll suggest that this 'story' is very much an allegory on distrust of 'others' and a parable on 'searching' and 'seeking'. It's not a religious book, yet in the young minds of Tilly and Grace, and after encounters with their local hell-fire

and brimstone vicar, they go under cover as Brownies searching for 'Him'.

" 'And now we need God to find her. You have to remember that God is everywhere, Mrs Morton.' I waved my arms about. 'So He can quite easily find people, and bring them back from captivity.'

'Who said that?' Mrs Morton took off her glasses and pinched at the marks they had left.

'God,' I replied, in a very shocked voice, and I made my eyes as wide as I could."

This is a book about all of us. About lives lived; lies told; and fear and loathing. And about love. It's about shepherds needing sheep and about goats, who don't seem to behave in quite the same way as sheep. It defies categorisation. As we read, we are not sure if this drama, poetic prose, or comedy. It also works on an absurdist level. Even with shades of Samuel Beckett's 'Waiting for Godot', though it's a much easier read. In fact it positively trucks along. It's a rock 'n' roll sort of book. You want it to go on forever.

Look out for it. I don't think you'll regret it.

I've done a little research about the author, Joanna Cannon. She left school with one 'O' level and worked as a barmaid, pizza delivery expert, and kennel maid. Not until she was in her thirties did she take 'A' levels and register for medical training. After Leicester Medical School, we are told she worked as a hospital doctor. She lives in the Peak District with her family and her dog and specialised in psychiatry. She is now a full-time writer, but volunteers in psychiatric work with the NHS, and it is expected that her second novel will be published in January 2018.

Bravely, she has admitted to bouts of mental depression. In a recent 'Guardian' interview they reported that:

alan dearling



"At the time, she told no one how mentally unwell she felt. 'It's very difficult to talk to a consultant you don't really know that well and admit that you're struggling, because everyone else appears to be coping ... and the consultants clearly cope ... so to hold your hand up and say 'actually, I can't deal with this' – you feel weak and stupid and a failure that all this money has been poured into your education to get you to this point and you've squandered it by not coping.'

She lauds Prince William and Prince Harry for talking about mental health as part of the Heads Together campaign. 'People say that the stigma is lifting, but I don't think it is. You talk to somebody with schizophrenia or bipolar or depression or anxiety and I don't think they would think it was lifting. The NHS does try and encourage people to talk more, but you are only reflecting the general attitude that it's just too difficult to admit to it sometimes. I've so much admiration for Prince Harry. It's amazing to have such a massive public platform and get on that platform and speak about something like that.' "

alan dearling

RICK WAKEMAN



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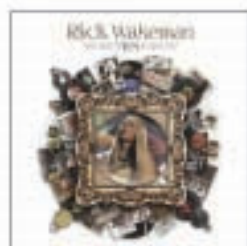
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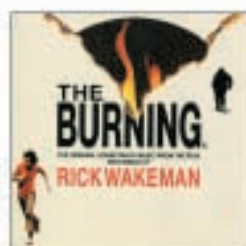
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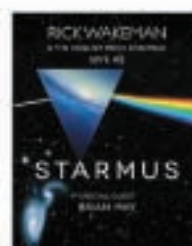
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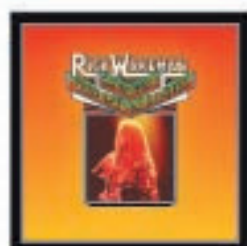
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Scissored in a Blizzard?

Not quite a blizzard really, but a warm evening with King Gizzard and the Lizard Wizard worked out just fine for me and took me back to 1977.

So off again to the O2 Forum at Kentish Town via our favourite pre-gig pub, the Southampton Arms (and respect to the guy there wearing a Sugar: Copper Blue T-shirt). Three pints and a few pies with my mates, Clive, Rob and Robin and off to the Forum for King Gizz, as my friend Sarah in Adelaide, calls them.

Now the last time we went to the Forum was for Hugh Cornwall and John Cooper Clarke and it was half empty (and that's being generous) but tonight it was sold out and the touts selling tickets for £50

each. So straight in and straight to the bar for some overpriced lager and our first glimpse of H. Hawkline and his band. You could tell which one was H. Hawkline (Huw Evans) and which were the band as Huw was wearing all white and the band all black but after that stunning revelation my interest faded and I started to think of how to describe the music. The first word that came to mind was Harmless and I tried very hard to extend that to Mostly Harmless in true Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy style but honestly I couldn't, so I think will stick at Harmless, though one of my friends thought he sounded a bit like Morrissey without all the things that make Morrissey interesting like misogyny,

JEREMY SMITH

EXPLORATIONS
INTO
MICROTONAL
TUNING

VOLUME
1

KING GIZZARD AND THE LIZARD WIZARD



FEATURING:
COOK CRAIG
ERIC MOORE
JOEY WALKER
LUCAS SKINNER
STU MACKENZIE
MICHAEL CAVANAGH
AMBROSE KENNY-SMITH

FLYING
MICROTONAL
BANANA

RATTLESNAKE
MELTING
OPEN WATER
SLEEP DRIFTER
BILL ABONG VALLEY
ANOXIA
DOOM CITY
NUCLEAR FUSION
FLYING MICROTONAL BANANA



racism, spite and hypocrisy, I guess.

Then after H. Hawkline, there was quite a lengthy gap while King Gizzard came on and twiddled with their instruments for a bit and then went off for a cup of tea or whatever young Aussies do these days. So I guess that's time for a bit of background about King Gizz, (thank you Wikipedia).

So just so you know, King Gizzard & the Lizard Wizard are an Australian psychedelic rock band from Melbourne. They are noted for energetic live performances and prolific recording output, having released nine albums since 2012. The band's name was created "last minute". Vocalist, Stu Mackenzie wanted to name the band "Gizzard Gizzard" while another band member wanted to use Jim Morrison's

nickname the "Lizard King" and so they eventually compromised on King Gizzard and the Lizard Wizard. I'd come across them last year and played them on "Strange Fruit" but it wasn't until their latest album Flying Microtonal Banana that I'd really stated to listen to them. Anyway, they have two drummers and lots of guitarists and make a lot of noise so what's not to like about them.

Now unlike most of the gigs I go to, the crowd was not made up of middle aged men looking slightly uneasy in their nicely ironed band t-shirts. In fact, there were nearly as many women in the crowd as men which made me wonder at what age, they would stop going to gigs? Maybe when they realise they would have to iron their partners' t-shirts?

Anyway, a huge cheer stopped my



musings and the Gizzard were on stage. Sarah says that they “thrash their music live” and boy they do. Straight into a storming “Rattlesnake” (Rattlesnake, Rattlesnake, Rattlesnake, Rattlesnake and repeat if you want to sing along) with a light show looking like a rattlesnake video game. I’ve always loved bands with two drummers, the Pink Fairies and the Grateful Dead spring to mind and with King Gizz, it really works with both Eric Moore and Michael Cavanagh laying down a cool beat and the bass of Lucas Sinclair and guitars of Joey Walker and Cook Craig alternatively riffing and noodling, though riffing won out on the night.

But the main man is singer/guitarist Stu Mackenzie who holds it all together from the front until he decides he wants to be

in AC/DC instead and does his Angus Young thing instead and just ROCKS.

Rattlesnake was followed by Open Water, Anoxia, Doom City and Nuclear Fusion, all performed at a breakneck pace. Then a break while Stu and keyboard player Ambrose Kenny Smith swapped places for Billabong City, probably the quietest track of the evening. I did sort of wonder whether some of the subtlety of their music was lost live with the focus on power chords rather than the twiddly guitar of their albums, but I think I was in a bit of a minority looking at the audience in the mosh-pit. In fact, the whole of the standing area was pretty much a mosh-pit with crowd surfing throughout the show. We managed a good view but sadly photos on an iPhone are never good from a distance and my brief



venture into the crowd of sweaty topless kids (well the boys anyway) to try and take better ones ended pretty quickly as soon as I realised that I wasn't going to keep on my feet for long.

After Billabong Valley, which to me was the peak of the show, it was back to more thrash and Sleep Drifter, Alter Me (1, 2, & 3), Altered Beast (1, 2, 3), Gamma Knife, People-Vultures and The Lord of Lightning. Alter Me and Altered Beast are from their new album Murder of the Universe to be released on 23rd June and continue the trend of Rattlesnake in being simple sing-along songs which sound just great live.

No encore but a final blast through Am I

in Heaven? with a medley of a few other songs and finally the River and then the house lights were on and before we knew it hordes of sweaty twenty-something's were pushing past us out into the night.

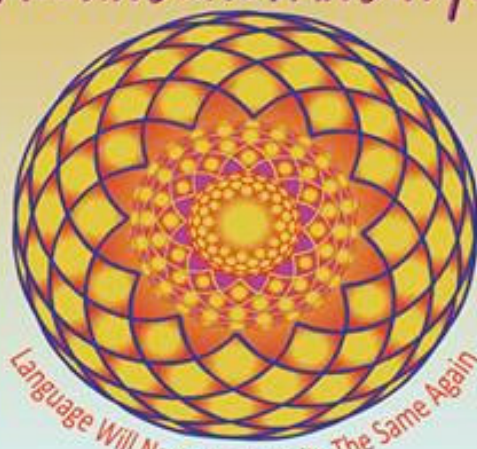
King Gizz, yeah rock'n'roll is alive and well in Melbourne. I sort of wish there were some English bands coming through at that level who can get an audience going so well. It wasn't quite 1977, but the excitement was there and King Gizz are what music should be, loud, noisy and fun.

Jeremy Smith
(Home for recovering middle-aged moshers)

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.

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richeff.moonfruit.co**

KEV'S WORLD

ELEPHANT PLAZA
MOMENTUM
PROGRESS RECORDS



This album started life as long ago as 2006, when Espen Mikarlsen (guitars) and Gilbert Marshall (Magic Pie), electric & acoustic guitars, keyboards, lead vocals, started jamming along to an idea. This led to the song "Naked", and the idea that possibly they ought to make this into a full project. Recording took place when they had the time, and the opportunity to bring other

musicians into the project, but neither could devote as much time as they wished due to other responsibilities (including the ongoing success of Magic Pie). But gradually they were getting somewhere, until in 2010 the building where their studio was situated was burned to the ground, and it took until 2012 to get everything sorted and work could commence again.

In 2013 Espen decided that he could no longer contribute to the project, but Gilbert was determined to keep it going to fruition, pulling together a full band that could perform live, and eventually the album was released through Bandcamp in June 2016, as well as being released on CD by Progress Records. I was sent a copy just a few weeks ago, and was somewhat surprised to discover its existence, and I would expect an album of this quality (and especially with the large Magic Pie connections) would have made large ripples within the progverse. But, it's here now, and it has been a joy to listen to. Gilbert has been joined in this endeavour by Kim Christiansen (lead electric & acoustic guitars, vocals), John Kamphaug (Magic Pie, bass, vocals), Olav Rygg (Magic

KEV ROWLAND

Pie Sound Tech, drums, percussion, vocals), John Petter Sæterdal (keyboards, vocals) and Jan-Fredrik Heier (keyboards, vocals) as well as plenty of guests. As one would expect from an album involving members of Magic Pie, the vocals are wonderful, with great harmonies, and musically this brings in influences from Pink Floyd and The Moody Blues along with great pop sensibilities.

There are even elements with female vocals that it sounds as if Lana Lane and Erik Norlander are in the house! This is an incredibly well-polished and accessible progressive rock album, and it never comes across either as a project or something that was so fraught, taking ten years to finally be released. It is something that any proghead who hearkens back to the music that easy to listen to, but never easy listening, played by masters who never see the need to show off, but who can all take the lead when the time is right, will surely get a great deal from. This is a stunning debut, and let's only hope that the now they are a functioning outfit and have it out the way that they get on with recording and releasing another!

Superb. <http://elephantplaza.com>

WEDNESDAY 13
CONDOLENCES
NUCLEAR BLAST



Wednesday 13 released five albums with Frankenstein Drag Queens From Planet 13, but it was when he joined forces with Joey Jordison from Slipknot in the latter's side project Murderdolls that most people became aware of him. Their 2002 debut album, 'Beyond The Valley Of The Murderdolls' redefined the horror punk genre, and when they went on hiatus in 2004 he started his solo career, releasing albums that saw him hailed as the bastard son of Alice Cooper and The Misfits. He even found time for an outlaw country project, Bourbon Crow, and a one-off glam metal act, Gunfire 76, before Murderdolls reconvened in 2010. After the 'Women And Children Last' album and tour, they again went on hiatus and he revived his solo career, and his latest album 'Condolences' is now on the player.

He has moved away from punk, and now this is much more straight forward heavy metal, although still with huge swathes of Alice Cooper influences. Part of that is down to his vocal style, as Wednesday 13 sounds as if he has been gargling whisky before laying down the tracks, providing a rough rawness that works well with the music which also owes a great deal to early W.A.S.P.. He says that he feels that there are no longer any boundaries for him, and that he can perform whatever style he now wishes to, but to be honest there isn't a tremendous deal of variety among the songs on offer. This is a basic album, with little to lift it to anything special, with the result being that while I may not walk across the room to take it off the player as it's okay, I may not actually have put it on in the first place. He's good at what he does, but just not what I want to hear.

www.nuclearblast.de

WITCH VOMIT
POISONED BLOOD
20 BUCK SPIN



Oregon-based death metal band Witch Vomit announced their presence in the underground last year with their full-length album 'A Scream From The Tomb Below'. It attracted the attention of 20 Buck Spin, who signed them to release this nineteen-minute-long mini album, which features an introduction plus four full-length numbers. What we have here is a real mix of deathgrind with Scandinavian raw black metal to create something that will appeal to fans of both genres. They often start the songs at a relatively slow speed, but they certainly know how to pick up the pace and create something that is blasting along. It is rough and ready, with no attempt to polish, but the guys are incredibly tight with some great twin guitars, and it was somewhat of a surprise for me when I checked out their Facebook page and saw that they are a trio.

Guitarist TT also provides the vocals, and he is accomplished on both. The album takes me back to the early days of death metal, when tapes were the only way to go, and it will be interesting to see where they go from here as I am sure that this is not the last we have heard of them. This is for fans of Autopsy and Cannibal Corpse, and to check it out visit the label site at <https://www.20buckspin.com>

FLYINGLOW
FLYINGLOW
SUBSTREAM



I think I got on Substream's mailing list by accident, as Craig Walkner from progressive band Yeti Rain passed them my details so that I could be sent a copy of his solo album. Now, a few years on, I find myself playing an album that is electro-pop and deep electronica. Given that the last album I reviewed before this was death metal, it does show what a strange and eclectic taste I have in music, as this is really quite good. The person behind Flyinglow is Swedish Uppsala-based musician Joel Gabrielsson, who grew up in Singapore, studied at the School of Movement and Performance in Finland and in 2009 relocated to Ukraine for a couple of years. It was during this time that his interest in composing music started taking a more prominent role. He fronted the drone-pop band Toys in the Well performing in venues around Europe before moving back to Sweden, where he began to develop a new, solo recording project.

The album took a year to complete, as Joel wrote, recorded and produced the songs on his own, which allowed him to move in the direction he wanted. Originally, he intended this to be an acoustic album, but he soon began to apply sequencers and synthesizers, which moved him in a different direction. Many of the tracks use poly-rhythms, and

the keyboards often swirl between the speakers, creating something that is electronic yet also warm. I was intrigued to realise that although this is not the type of music I normally listen to, and feel very much out of depth when writing about it, this was an album I really enjoyed playing. Just seven songs, and only thirty-two minutes long, it is far more commercial than the keyboard music I normally listen to, but found myself compelled to keep playing it and wondering what his next release will be like, as this is damn fine. <http://flyinglow.se>

THE FERRYMEN
THE FERRYMEN
FRONTIERS



For some reason, I had it in my head that a band called The Ferrymen would have some relationships with folk metal, but no, I was quite wrong. As I was being blasted away by some of the best shredding melodic metal I had heard for a while I had a look to see who was involved, and it all became clear. The man at the back of the band is none other than Mike Terrana, whose mohawk has been seen driving many bands onto heavier and greater things, and who I will always associate with Rage (he once memorably declared that the band name stood for Russian, American, German and Energy). The Dio-style singer is Ronnie

Romero, who was chosen by Ritchie to front Rainbow when he put a version of the band together for the reunion shows, and everything else is Magnus Karlsson (Primal Fear, Magnus Karlsson's Free Fall).

This is melodic metal, fusing the songwriting and epic structures of the Allen/Lande (for which Magnus Karlsson was the main architect of the first three widely praised releases) with Ronnie's vocal style to create something that is quite special indeed. Magnus is a great guitarist, and loves to show off his shredding skills with Malmsteen-style pace and attack, but there is always room for the songs themselves to live and breathe. Even though Magnus provides the songs, guitars, bass and keyboards he ensures that he hasn't taken over proceedings, and that each person has the room to show just how important they are to the project.

Simply put, this is one of the most stunning melodic metal debuts I've come across, but one wouldn't really expect anything else given the quality of those involved. If you enjoy this style of music then this is essential, 'nuff said. <http://www.frontiers.it>





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.



Jim Jackson is the only Conservative politician I allow in my house. He has lived in North Devon on and off since 1985.

Now settled in Appledore where, in company with the internationally acclaimed children's author and historian, Nick Arnold, he co-founded The Appledore Book Festival. He project-managed the reconstruction of the local library and continues to fight against plans for its closure. He became a Town Councillor in 2013, and has written books on local history as well as several volumes of entertaining short stories

Jim's Top Six

- 1) Domenico Scarlatti Harpsichord Sonata KK380
- 2) Bach J S Cantata 208
- 3) Chopin Polonaise Op 53
- 4) Handel Non lo diro col labbro

(As reinterpreted some time in the 1920s)

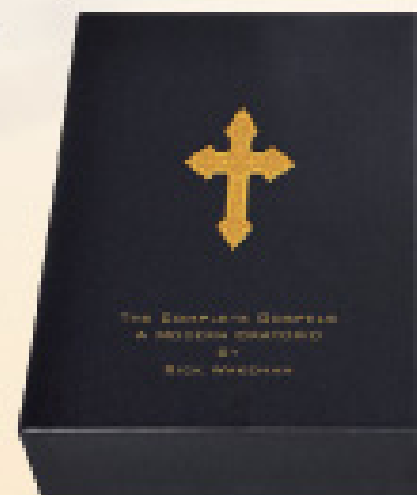
- 5) Walton Spitfire prelude and fugue.
- 6) Wagner Siegfried Idyll
- 7) Elgar Cello Concerto
- 8) Mozart The Magic Flute
- 9) Bach Toccata and Fugue in D Minor
- 10) Steppenwolf Born to be wild.

(Just to get me up in the morning)

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



Weekly Acoustic Jam Session Hosted by Dogleg

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

All styles, levels and listeners welcome

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THE SCIENTIFIC INVESTIGATION OF THE UNEXPLAINED

PHENOMENA

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and Training. (MAPIT)

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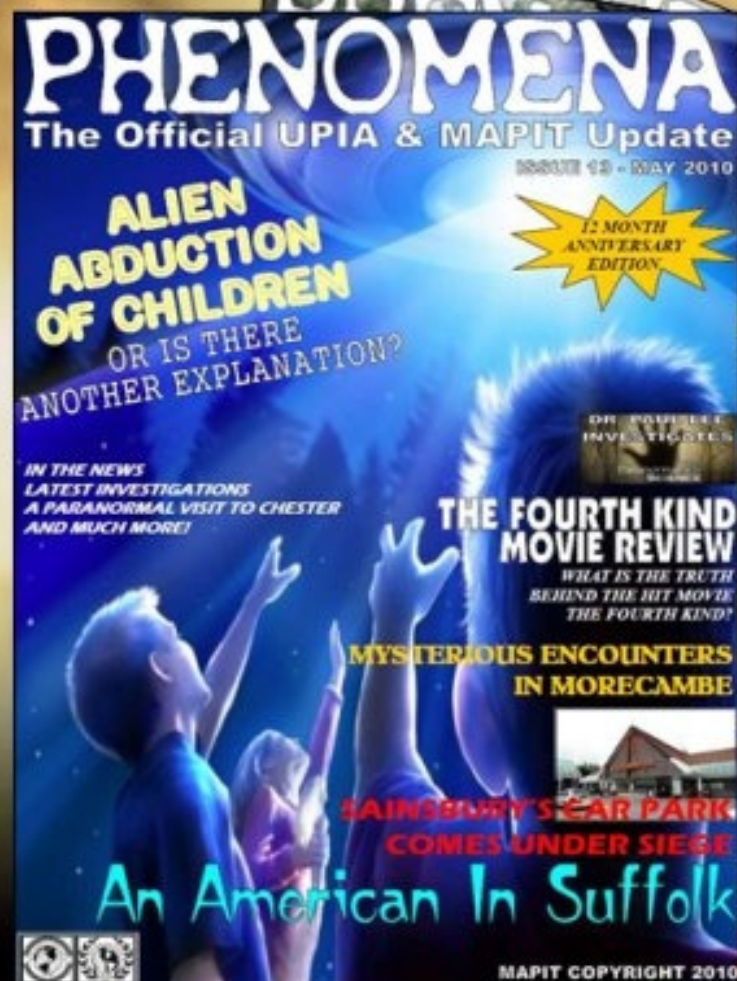
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FREE!

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.

11 GAMES INSPIRED BY TOP POP STARS

To me, pop stars always seem like awful people, apart from Adele who seems fairly normal even

though she probably isn't. It's inevitable, I suppose. Being screamed at night after night by people who think you're a god would do funny things to anyone's brain.

I mean, every famous or semi-famous musician I've ever met - and upon reflection, I've met about three - has been a weird mix of arrogance and crippling insecurity.

I once went to a party where the music was switched off so that some bloody woman and her boyfriend - who used to be in the band Reef - could get up and "jam". It wasn't so much an effort to entertain as it was an exercise in getting everyone to look at them.

Next time I go to a party I know they're going to be at, I'm bringing a crow with me. When I'm confident that everyone is having a good time, I'm going to smash the sound system to pieces, tell them all to stop dancing and having their conversations and enjoying themselves, because my crow wants to spend two hours showing them how good it is at flapping its wings and making bird noises.

Then I'm going to attach a length of twine to the bird's legs, and swing it hard into the faces of the Reef man and his girlfriend, and say: "THAT'S FOR RUINING MY EVENING ABOUT EIGHT YEARS AGO."

Anyway. Here are 11 games inspired by top pop stars - the most important people in the world.



PARADISE9

THE LATEST NEWS FROM THE PSYCHEDELIC COALFACE

It's been a while we know, but we finally can announce that the 20th anniversary double live CD is available as a pre-seal from BANDCAMP! It will be officially released on 30 July to coincide with our KOZFEST performance on the Judge

Trev Stage.

20th ANNIVERSARY 1997 ~ 2017 LIVE

This album celebrates 20 years of playing our fusion of psychedelic space rock,

PARADISE9



20TH ANNIVERSARY 1997 - 2017 LIVE

PARADISE9



20TH ANNIVERSARY 1997 - 2017 LIVE

**16th April - The New Avalon Ballroom Weekender,
The King Arthur, Glastonbury**

30th April - Cosmic Puffin Festival 10, Mersea Island

8th July - Tannerfest 10, Kettering

30th July - Kozfest 2017, Devon

12th August - Blind Cat Festival, Lincolnshire

25th August - A New Day Festival, Kent

30th September The Cellar Bar, Cardigan. Wales

5th November

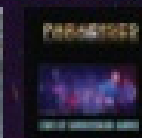
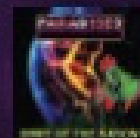
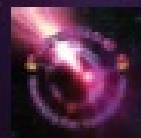
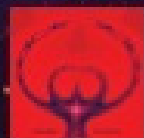
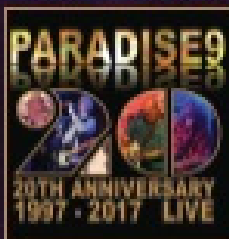
The Half Moon, Putney

20th Anniversary Gig

2nd December - The Brunswick, Brighton

9th December - Dubrek Studios, Derby

NEW 20TH ANNIVERSARY DOUBLE LIVE CD OUT NOW



FOR PARADISE9 20TH ANNIVERSARY LATEST NEWS AND CDS

www.paradise9.net



proto-punk, with flourishes of folk, prog, ambient and the album is a collection from those early days when the band emerged from playing at various West London singer/songwriter nights such as The Acoustic Revolution, The Troubadour and The 12 Bar Club up to last year's Kozfest and Blind Cat festivals.

The CD also comes with a band family tree pull out poster that details the changes in the band over the years. The CD and poster artwork have been brilliantly designed by Paul 'Woodbine' Woodwright (from Deviant Amps), who has also incorporated the artwork from the band's late great album cover artist, Mark Reiser.

Disc 1 ~ THESE DAYS

The first disc is called THESE DAYS are recordings of the band's present line-up from performances of last year's 2016 Kozfest and Blind Cat festivals.

Disc 2 ~ THOSE DAYS

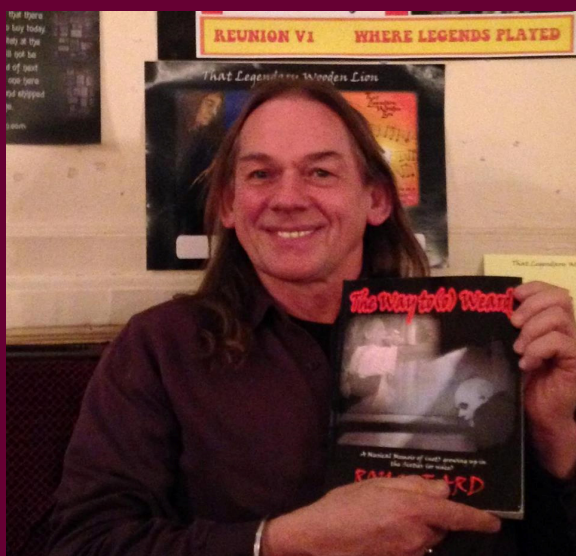
On the second disc, THOSE DAYS has recordings from 1998 featuring many of the previous members, Andy McDonald, Carl Sampson, Steve Teers, Mufa, Jaki Windmill and Jonas Golland and also features many special guests over the years, Nik Turner, Jeanette Murphy and Tracey Morais, Glyn Collins and Kev Ellis.

The pre-buy also comes with 4 extra digital extras the CD and extras also includes some previously un-released material! Sales will go towards funding our next studio album.

Hot on the tail of this release are our summer festivals and gigs, and our official 20th anniversary gig at the Half Moon Putney on Guy Fawkes night Sunday 5 November and will guest many ex-members and guests in an extended set. Tickets are available here;

<https://tickets.halfmoon.co.uk/events/2017-11-05-paradise-9-plus-deviant-amps-half-moon-putney>

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..

I blame my aunt and uncle and the epidemic of polio that swept through England in the early 50s. Had it not been for these people and things I may have grown up to have a normal life, working in an office or in a chemical laboratory. As it was, I didn't. So I blame those three factors for deviating me from the course of normality – and I thank them for that deviation, from the depths of my existence.

My mother and father were of normal East End stock. My mother was born Dorothy May Boden in Poplar, in the heart of 'Cockneyland' in 1920. She worked as a secretary for Johnson Matthey, dealers in gold and jewellery in the city, and she married my father, Frederick William James Wood during the height of the war. She said to me much later in her life that she married him because she did not expect him to come back from the war. To me, someone whose entire life has been lived in relative peace time (at least the wars were on someone else's land and so anonymous and removed from my childhood.), that seems an odd decision but those were special times and death and destruction lurked everywhere.

I was born in 1948. The eldest of three brothers, Norman was born in 1950 and Eric in 1952. By that time the family have moved out of the ruins of the East End of London and been re-housed in Essex. My earliest recollections were a flat in Green Lanes, Dagenham and then moving onto the vast sprawling Dagenham council estate that sat, like a brick desert between the 'nice' houses of Barking (at the time a gentle and rather genteel, suburban town and not the home of National Front style right wing extremism it is today) and the marshes of Rainham.

My father worked at Fords after he left the Navy – practically everyone on that estate did, and those that didn't were in the service industries that clustered around it like so many sucker fish. We moved to Becontree at first and then to a three bedroom house, in a roadless cul-de-sac that the locals called a 'banjo'. It is still there, only now its ruthless, almost Eastern bloc conformity, has been broken by Thatcher's sell off of the council estates. Back in those days armies of painters would sweep through the streets at intervals painting front doors in alternating red / green / black sequences, painting window frames white, small crooked rollup behind one ear and a pencil behind the other. Now that uniformity has been replaced by stone cladding,



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>



fake leaded windows and all manner of architectural excess.

Everyone smoked in those days. My childhood was spent in a fog of cigarette smoke in the house and a smog of coal fired 'Gor blimey guv it's a real pea souper' outside. But that was the 50s. I was the eldest of three children, all two years apart. I was born in Upney Hospital, but the other two were born at home. My father was on endless shift work and on the weeks when he 'worked nights' we had to creep around the house after school so as not to wake him. Not that that was hard. We had no radio in our house and TV did not start till after 6pm when he would wake and have food with us before leaving for work.

So, there we were, a fairly typical working class family. My aunt and uncle lived in the same 'banjo' as us – in a ground floor flat at the far end and my grandfather lived above them so we had this tight family group. In and out of each other's houses all the time, and this is where my three factors came into play.

When I was six and my brother, Norman, was four, he went into hospital for a routine removal of a cyst. The boy in the next bed died of polio while he was in there and my brother contracted the disease. They sent him home and said he had a cold and was a bit drowsy. My mother did not like this and called our family physician, a loud Irish doctor called Murphy. I can remember hearing him pronounce that 'this child has to be taken back to hospital', and all chaos ensued. I don't recall too much more of this but somehow Norman was whisked off to hospital when he quickly deteriorated. Polio is a vicious disease that causes carnage in the muscles and, if untreated, paralyses the lung muscles, causing death. Norman fought it back, with the aid of the doctors but was very ill. Eric, my youngest brother was barely two at the time so my mother took him everywhere with her. I was six, as I said, and I went to stay with my aunt – all the way over the banjo.

My aunt was my mother's sister and had married another naval man. My Uncle George, had been an engineer in the Merchant Navy. They were childless, I never found out if it was choice or not, and they adopted me as a part-time son. Their house was a revelation when I first went there, before all the drama happened, and now I was living in it for a few weeks. She had a radiogram! A giant piece of furniture that housed a radio and a record player, and she had a piano, which she played on occasion. They also had books. Story books, picture books about the Great Exhibition, encyclopaedias, all sorts. There were few books in my house.

I devoured all this and especially the music. Her record collection was small but varied. 'Living Doll', 'Seven Little Girls, Sitting in the Back Seat', 'Mack the Knife', on the one side and Grieg's Piano Concerto, Beethoven, Tchaikovsky and all manner of other classical music on the other with a

sprinkling of 'My Fair Lady' and 'The King and I'. I listened to it all. When we played 'Istanbul, not Constantinople' by Frankie Vaughan, I used to put on my uncle's old coat and trilby hat and he and I would walk around the sofa in time with the music. I cannot, for the life of me, recall why after all these years, but I think it set some sort of seal on what followed.

Apart from the records, we listened to the Home Service and all those comedy shows. 'The Goons', 'Life of Bliss', 'The Navy Lark', Hancock's Half Hour', Round The Horne' - all that wonderful comedy. I think this also set some sort of cast on my young mind. My mother was pretty tied up dealing with Norman and toting a two year old around with her. We did not have a car in those days and my mother was never allowed to learn to drive. My father was pretty authoritarian and I think that he resented my spending so much time with my aunt and uncle, filling my head with all this arty stuff. They took me to the theatre, to classical concerts, all over the place. I was mad keen on Spaceflight so they took me to a lecture on Space Travel at the Royal Academy.

Norman had, by this time, been moved from the hospital to a 'home' in Barnet. These were harsher times, you must remember. There was no P.C. 'mobility challenged', 'disabled' vocabulary to cover this situation. The country was awash with people back from the war, with missing limbs, damaged lungs, and ruined minds. They were just crippled. The polio virus had done its work. My mother was told, 'This is it. He will never walk again. You may as well leave him here with us.' Cue big red flapping thing to a female bull. She was having none of this. 'He is coming home', she said, 'and he will walk again', and home he came. Of course this was not an overnight thing and so I got to spend many weekends with my Aunt and Uncle absorbing all that other culture. Even when my brother came home I spent weekends with them. My mother had a lot to cope with. Norman was in a wheel chair at first but she was determined he would walk. She got them to provide callipers to fit to his legs to give him back some sort of rigidity, and she rigged a line that ran the length of the garden so he could hold onto something. Then she tempted him into walking, luring him on with small chipolata sausages, which were his favourite food then. Step by painful step he began to walk. Her belief and his determination conquered the weakness of his legs and he began to walk.



**CURRENTLY IN STOCK
AT GONZO (UK)**



**CURRENTLY IN STOCK
AT GONZO (USA)**



c.j.stone

WHO IS THE REAL TERRORIST SYMPATHISER?

So Andrew Neil spent half of his interview with Jeremy Corbyn last MONTH aggressively questioning him about his relationship with the IRA.

The following day, Nick Robinson, on Political Thinking on Radio 4, referring to the interview, said: 'No one could doubt, really, that Mr Corbyn had indeed been a cheerleader for what used to be called IRA/Sinn Fein.'

You can't get a more direct statement than that. Such is the supposed impartiality of the BBC during an election campaign that Nick Robinson is allowed to state unequivocally that Jeremy Corbyn is a terrorist sympathiser, even when there is no actual evidence that he is. The use of the term 'IRA/Sinn Fein' is particularly telling. It the exact formulation of words Margaret Thatcher and Ian Paisley always used to use to describe Sinn Fein during the Troubles, which in the minds of older people can't help but to spin them back to those fearful times.

Newspapers, on the other hand, are not obliged to show any impartiality whatsoever, either during an election campaign or at any other time. We've had newspaper after newspaper analysing

every statement Corbyn ever made about the IRA, checking every meeting and digging out every photograph, calling him 'an IRA sympathiser', 'Britain-hating', 'a hard-left, Marxist, terrorist sympathiser', along with a variety of other names. We've had meme after meme on Facebook: picture after picture showing him in the company of one Sinn Fein leader or another, even though some of the photographs are clearly from a time when the peace process was already underway, and Sinn Fein were talking to everyone.

It's the constant repetition that does the damage. Even though Corbyn signed a motion condemning IRA violence in 1994, and has always been clear in his opposition to terrorism, the impression is that he must be an IRA supporter because the media says he is.

Theresa May, on the other hand, faces no such questioning. Not from Andrew Neil, not from Jeremy Paxman. This is despite the fact that it can be shown that, as Home Secretary, she helped to facilitate British terrorists fighting in Libya, and that there is a direct link between one Manchester based terrorist group, the Libyan Islamic Fighting Group (LIFG) and the

Manchester bomber, Salman Abedi, himself.

In other words, Theresa May is not only a terrorist sympathiser, she is a terrorist enabler: and not several decades ago as a rebellious but relatively powerless back-bencher, but within the lifetime of the current government, as a serving Minister.

In the words of veteran reporter John Pilger: 'The "smoking gun" is that when Theresa May was Home Secretary, LIFG jihadists were allowed to travel unhindered across Europe and encouraged to engage in "battle": first to remove Mu'ammarr Gadaffi in Libya, then to join al-Qaida affiliated groups in Syria.'

When Jeremy Corbyn spoke of 'connections between wars that we've been involved in.... in other countries such as Libya, and terrorism here at home,' it was precisely the links between the British secret services and terrorist groups abroad that he was referring to.

Again, he was condemned by all sections of the press for making this intervention so soon after the atrocity in Manchester, but it was not only timely, it was accurate.

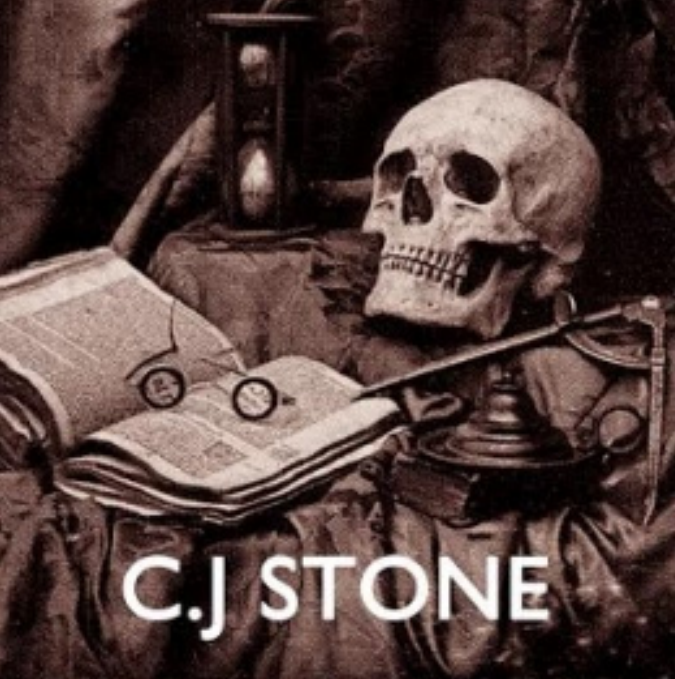
The British establishment has been routinely involved in facilitating and enabling foreign wars in order to meet the objectives of the oil lobby, the arms lobby and the banking lobby, all of whom do very nicely out of the ensuing chaos.

The press, meanwhile, have been deliberately covering this up and using past connections between Jeremy Corbyn and Sinn Fein as a diversion.

Read on

THE EMPIRE OF THINGS

SELECTED WRITINGS 2003 - 2013



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GONZO MULTIMEDIA**

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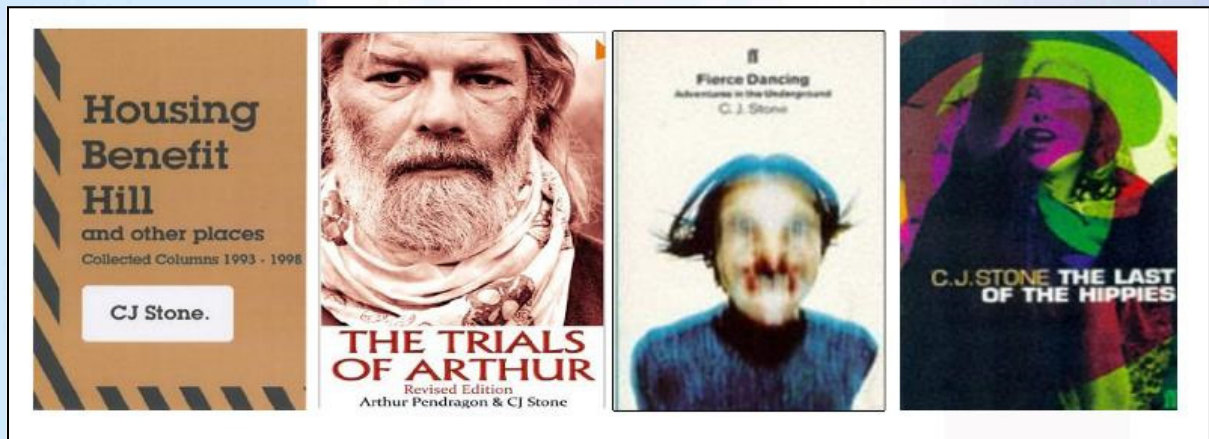
Times Literary Supplement

"Wry, acute, and sometimes hellishly entertaining essays in squalor and rebellion."

Herald

"The best guide to the Underground since Charon ferried dead souls across the Styx."

Independent on Sunday



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

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

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

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

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..

Part two of the report on how the bidding went, on a super-rare Hawkwind disk on eBay.

Now, where were we on the eBay sales of rare Hawkwind items?

Ah yes, we'd reached almost \$500 for the In Search of Space acetate before Gonzo Mag unfortunately had to go to press.

Up for grabs was a one-sided 1971 acetate of 'In Search of Space' with four tracks, 'Master Of The Universe', 'Children Of The Sun', 'You're Only Dreaming', and 'Adjust Me'. These are tracks 3, 6, 2 and 5 on the

commercial album release.

But now you can relax as we can bring you the concluding chapter - which is that the album (or semi-album) went for \$2,032 (£1,604). Bidding took a somewhat surprising break for over a week, after our last report - after which someone seemingly got an itchy keyboard finger and bid the price up a tad from \$500 - after which it took 3 hours and quite a few bids, for the price to double, to \$1000.

Then the serious money said "hey, me!" - and it said it right at that \$1,000 level. And then, a psychologically-shattering bidding leap to \$1,600 and an answering massive jump to \$2,000 shook off almost all of the speculators. It then took only another 32 bucks to clinch the deal.

Don't you just love 'market forces', eh? Or maybe it's a bit like a poker game, where you wait to scare the shit out of the opposition, and then make the killer bid.

And maybe we should remember that the starting price for this item on eBay was \$9.99 and, rather amusingly, the opening bid was \$10. From little acorns.....

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

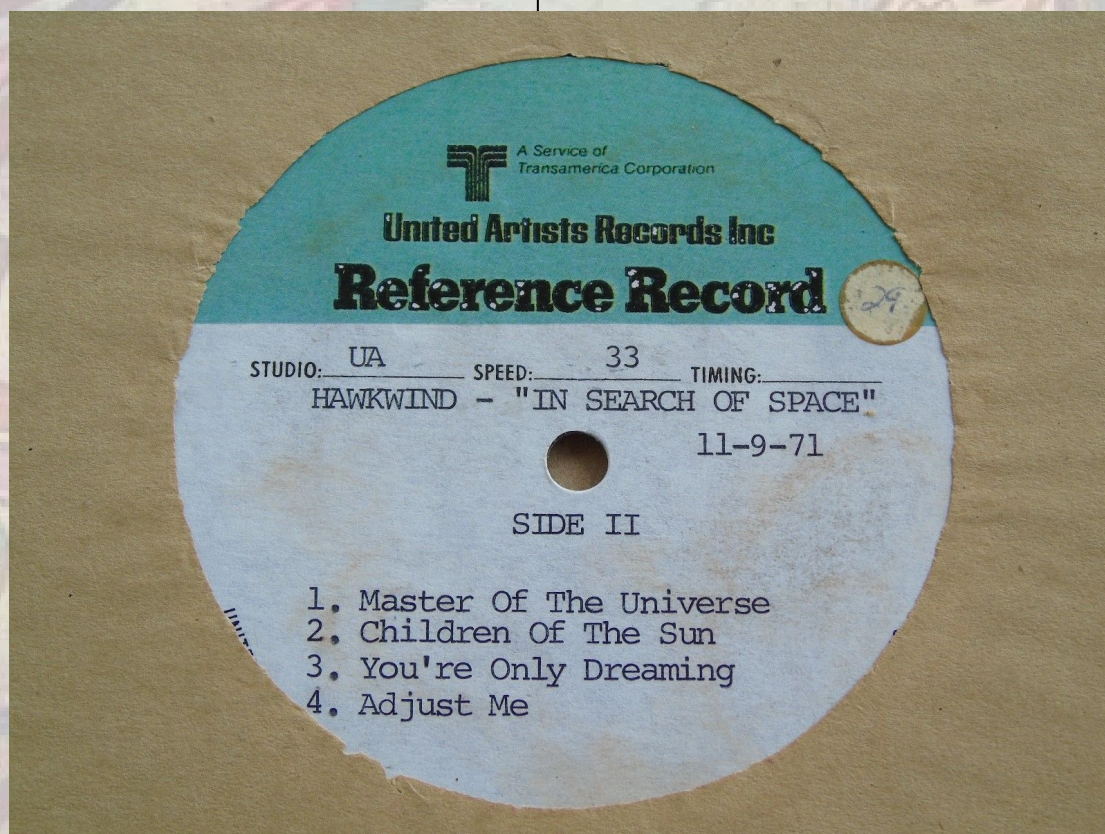
A sci-fi adventure ... resurrected by Don Falcone & Mack Maloney, with Hawkwind family members Dave Anderson, Alan Davey, Paul Hayles, Jerry Richards, Nik Turner, Twink, & Bridget Wishart, plus Daavid Allen (Gong), Robert Berry (3), Keith Christmas, John Ellis (The Vibrators), Kev Ellis (Space Cadets), 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





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

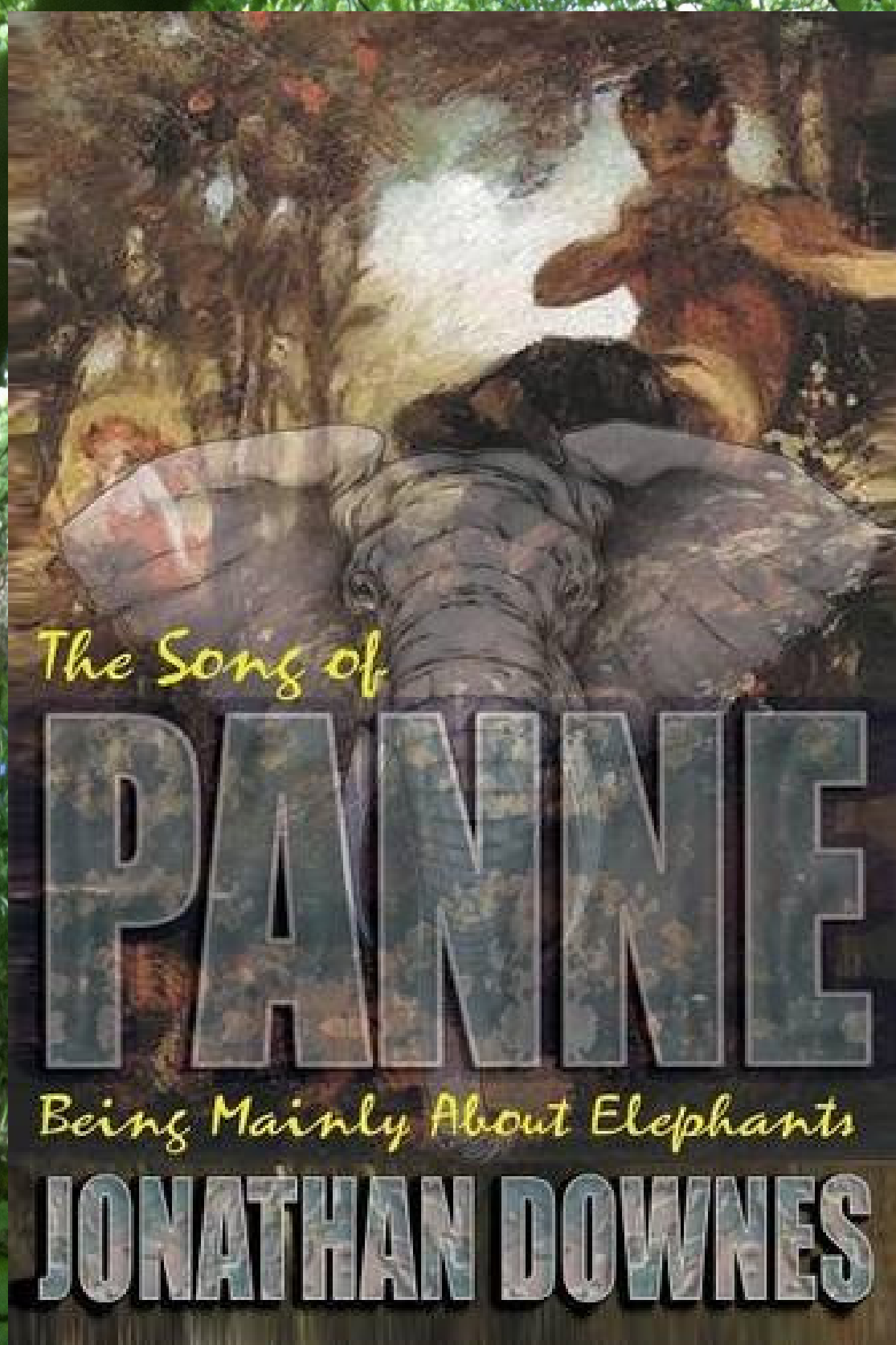
E-Mail Address: (Please print clearly).....

Telephone Number:

Additional info:

www.hawkwind.com

Any enquiries hawkwindpassports@hawkwind.com



The Song of

PANNE

Being Mainly About Elephants

JONATHAN DOWNES

XTUL

IN THE GREY HALF-LIGHT BETWEEN FACT AND FANTASY

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

Are you sitting comfortably? Good. I shall begin.

LI

I had more than a few misgivings about this new development. To start off with, over the previous year or so I had gone through a number of mildly sordid chemical and alchemical adventures of which young Skullfuck had been a part. On a personal level I wasn't even slightly ashamed of any of them, but I had decided from the start that the less that my new fiancée knew about my druggy adventures of the recent past the better. For when I had made the pledge to



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



settle down to married bliss in suburbia, I had also made a pledge to myself to leave drugs and wanton promiscuity behind for good. The wanton promiscuity stayed in limbo for the duration of my twelve year relationship with Alison, although my drugless state lasted only about four years, ending when - at a Record Fair in Taunton in 1988 - my mate Paul from Bristol passed me a spliff, and I took a big toke on it without thinking, and looked around guiltily to see Alison laughing at me.

But back to Staplake four years earlier. I was not only afraid that my sordid past would come back to bite me on the bum, but I was also concerned for young Skullfuck. Because, apart from his unfortunate soubriquet which was, after all, nearly completely down to me, he was an oddly sweet young fellow, and surprisingly innocent of the ways of the world, and particularly of the machinations of mad chicks.

His family were surprisingly wealthy and influential tenant farmers, who had farmed their particular portion of the Powderham Estate of the Earls of Devon for centuries, and they were (and always had been) stalwarts of the Parish Council, the PCC and all the other things that families of that sort had always been, and will probably always do.

As someone who had come from a comparable background myself, I could understand the layers of what is now called "shaming" that must have been ladled down upon the poor young biker from his family, who were appalled that instead of wearing tweeds and a flat cap, their son was now dressed head to foot in leather, had long and greasy hair, and sported various tattoos including one of an image that Stanley Mouse had nicked from an old edition of the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam (which a downy old bird once told Beetle was 'a poem not yet come into its own').



Now, a brief sidestep. I hope that the reader will forgive me when I pepper this narrative with literary allusions. I am not showing off, although I am quite aware that it might seem like it at times. But this whole story is broadly about magick high and low, and geomancy often in particular. As I get older I realise more and more that words have a high magickal power of their own, and as the written language is one of the greatest inventions of the human race, word magick may actually be one of the most important facets of the esoteric crafts.

J K Rowling wrote about something that she called legilimency, but I cannot determine whether that has any real substance outside the world of Harry Potter. But there is a Japanese discipline about which I have been finding out more and more in recent years. Kotodama or kototama (言霊?, lit. "word spirit/soul") refers to the Japanese belief that mystical powers dwell in words and names. English translations include "soul of language", "spirit of language", "power of language", "power word", "magic word", and "sacred sound". The notion of kotodama

presupposes that sounds can magically affect objects, and that ritual word usages can influence our environment, body, mind, and soul.

So, as the genius loci of Rudyard Kipling is magickally deployed across North Devon, and as the visual representation of his mentor's favourite poetry is now irresistibly linked with the magickal culture of the 'Children of the Three' (albeit because of a bit of stoned japery by yours truly back when he was a student) it should, I think, be noted upon.

So, before I end this slight literary anabasis, let me reiterate.

1. I am not being pretentious (not much, anyway)
2. I am not muddying the waters with irrelevancies
3. I believe in all sorts of weird things that most people don't
4. Whether I am barking mad or not is basically irrelevant
5. All of the above



Back to the story.

Young Skullfuck may have looked like one of the four Bikemen of th' Apocawassname but he was at heart an upper middle class farmer's son, and so - when it came to searching for a mate - his target group were basically not going to be sexy biker chicks from the Planet Freakout. Nope, he went after a dull girl just like the one that had married dear old Dad.

The difference was, however, that the dull young lady who had married his dear old Dad was not as big a bundle of neuroses and delusions as Cynthia (who went under the nom de guerre of 'Cindy' would turn out to be.

By this time in my nurse training I was only too aware that I was stuck on a career path that I didn't want to do, alongside a bunch of people that I mostly didn't want to be with, who had aspirations that I neither cared or wanted to care about, and who disliked me nearly as much as I was disinterested in them. There were, of course, some of my fellow

students of whom I was very fond, and I am still friends with them to a greater or lesser degree three and a half decades later. And one of them was a young man a year or two younger than me, who was both interested in and involved with the promotion of the burgeoning indie music scene. It was he who first told me about the music of *The Smiths* for example, (and I will admit shamefacedly that I thought they were complete bollocks then, and until about seven years ago) and several other jangly guitar indiemesters. I last saw him in about 1991 at a gig by *Carter the Unstoppable Sex Machine* at Exeter University, and like me he had grown his hair and left the dust of the Royal Western Counties a long way behind him (although, I suspect, that like me, the scars would be with him for ever).

Like me, he had also left nursing under a cloud, but the cloud that he had left under was called Cindy Morrison.



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

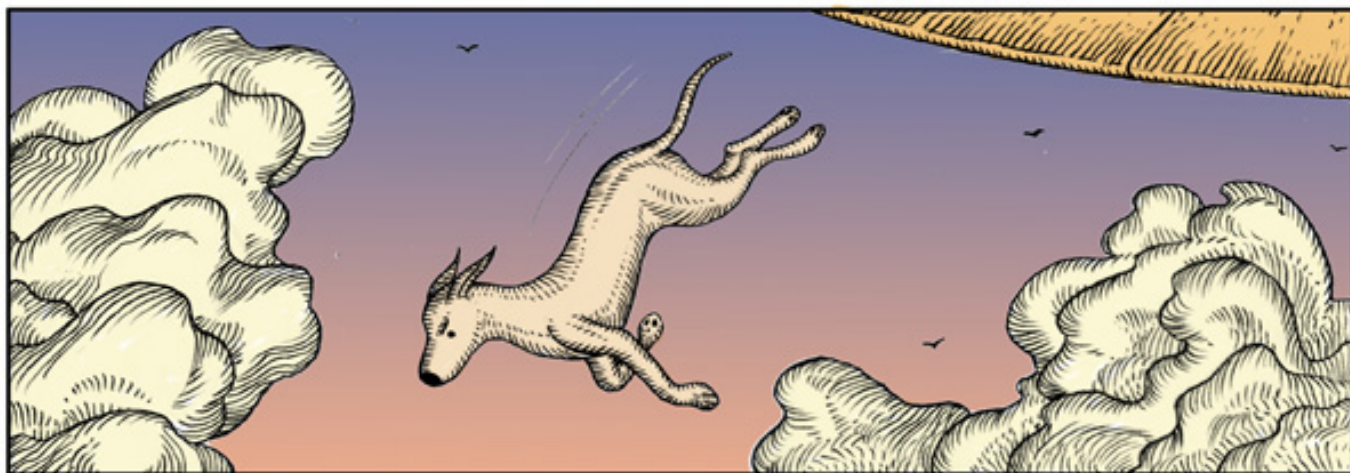
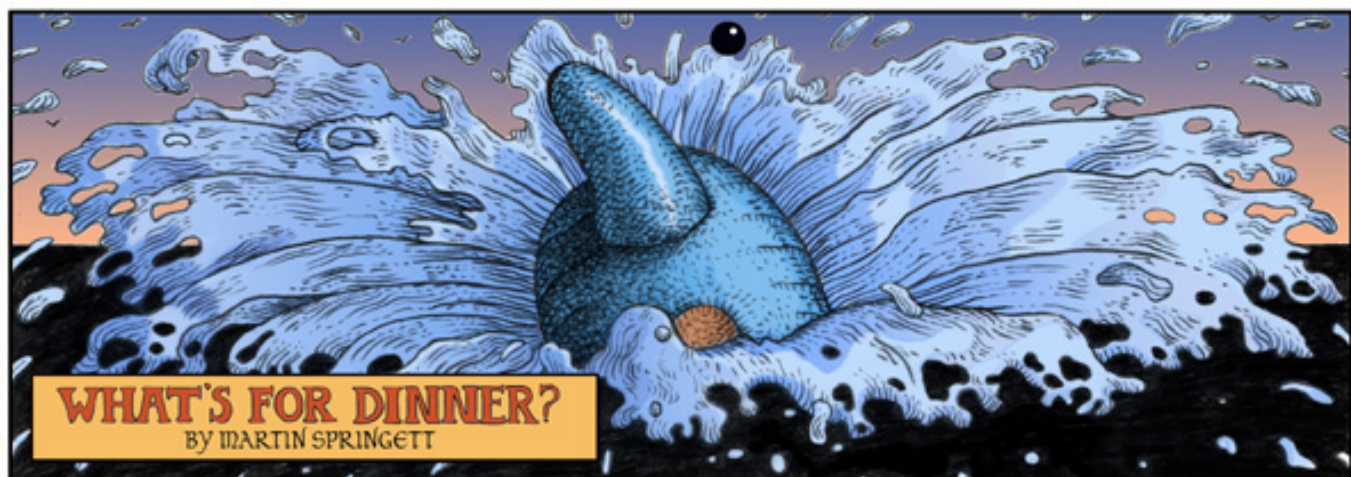
While in London Martin started to illustrate and design record covers for Columbia records. Upon his return to Vancouver, Martin carried on with music and illustrated various books and magazines. In 1978 he moved to Toronto, maintaining activity in every area where illustration is required. He released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

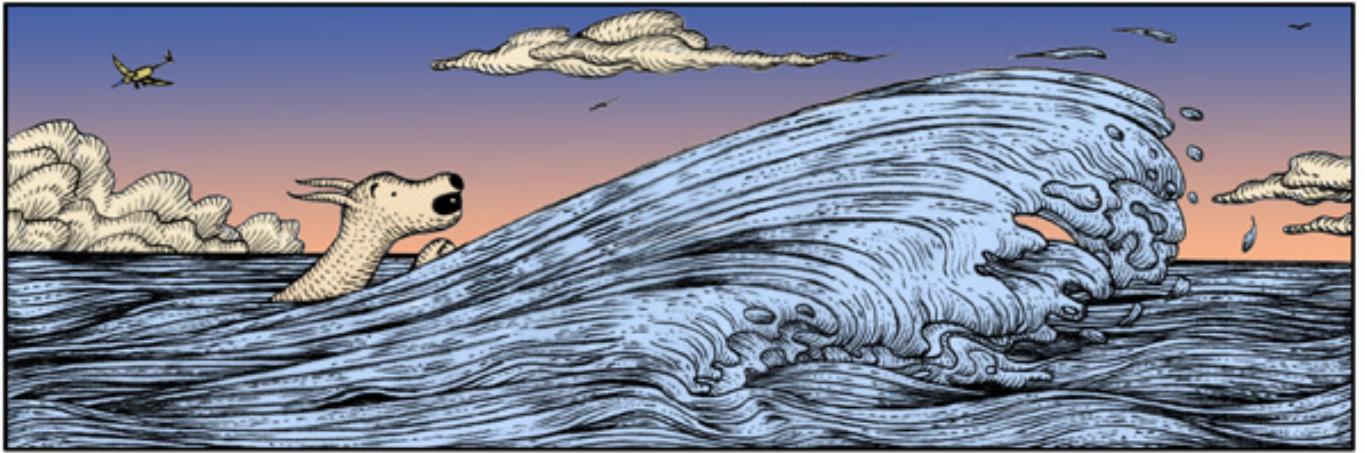
In 1984 Martin was commissioned to illustrate the cover of "The Summer Tree" by Guy Gavriel Kay. This and the subsequent volumes of The Fionavar Tapestry Trilogy were published around the world along with Martin's covers. Martin continued his work in fantasy illustration, illustrating many covers for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

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

www.martinspringett.com/

<https://spacewreckrecords.bandcamp.com>







Thom the World Poet

Rob Ayling writes:

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

THE FOURTH ESTATE FIRE SALE

It costs money to intrigue you with news
Most has become softcore faux entertainment
Investigative journalism rare as honest politicians
And print is morphing into digital /social media
with several sources covering controversial issues
There are no shortage of these-yet fewer avenues
to share with emergent demographics
(the gaps between rhetoric and reality
The moral compass has swung
into fear,anger and aggression.Chill &calm
are not the emotional emojis to sell.
Al-Jazeera in Qatar and US Guardian have learned
There is less of a market for investigative reporting-
more a hunger for profits from advertising-
and who wants controversy?Ask your President..
whose Press Conferences and tweets distract us
from the very real issues no print newspaper can touch..

Yer Gonzo Bookshelf

COME TOGETHER LENNON & McCARTNEY IN THE SEVENTIES



RICHARD WHITE

Paperback: 336 pages
Publisher: Omnibus Press (27 Sept. 2016)
Language: English
ISBN-10: 1468313843
ISBN-13: 978-1468313840
Product Dimensions: 15.7 x 2.8 x 23.6 cm

As I have written on many occasions in these pages, I have been a devoted *Beatles* fan ever since 1974, and have been collecting books about them since about a year later. The thing which (as I have also mentioned on various occasions) also never ceases to amaze me is that, even now - nearly half a century after the band essentially ceased to be - books are being published on the subject of the band and their various machinations together and separately, and not only are they still being published, but most of them still contain information that is new to me.

I woke up on the morning of the 9th December 1980 with a bit of a hangover. A few days before I had returned from my only visit to Hong Kong since my childhood there, and I was still finishing off my Duty Free bourbon. I also had some rather nice home grown cannabis from my mate Gaz, and the night before had spent an enjoyable evening with him smoking his crop and listening to *Joy Division* whom I had only just discovered. I was working for my parents' Management Consultancy company at the time, and so I arose at my usual time, performed my ablutions and went down to breakfast to be greeted with the news that John Lennon had been murdered. My Father crowed that the cruel deed was probably the work of another man like him whose children had been seduced by the words of long haired morons, but I ignored him. The biggest thought in my head was that one if the things that I longed for the most; *The Beatles* to reform, was now never going to happen.

Ever since then, the events of the 8th December 1980 in New York have loomed high above the consciousness of every *Beatle* fan, and - more importantly - above the consciousness of everyone who has ever written about them. In the same way as reading about the life of Our Lord is always overshadowed by the knowledge of his passion and death, every account of *The Beatles* after their breakup is always overshadowed by the fact that everyone reading the book is only too painfully aware of what would eventually, in only a few short years, happen to their erstwhile leader.

In this light, therefore, it is surprising to find that this book is the first one to examine just how close the band did come to reforming, either formally or informally.

A few years ago I read an interview with Paul McCartney in which he said that he is sure that the band would have reformed for Live Aid and Live 8 at least, because he could not imagine either John or George not wanting to.

I have had to paraphrase because I can't find this interview anywhere online. But surprisingly, what I did find, was that there are a plethora of alternate history websites which hypothesise a world where the band did, indeed reform in the late 1970s or mid 1980s.

However, it seems that up until McCartney sued his erstwhile bandmates in the High Court, George Harrison was convinced that the band were going to reconvene to make another album at some point during the latter half of 1971.

McCartney's first solo record contract contained a caveat that it was not to cover any music made alongside John, George and Ringo as *The Beatles*, and it appears that after the relatively short recording session in 1973 which featured the whole band sans McCartney, and after which Lennon said publicly that if Paul had been available he would have been most welcome to join in.

A year or so later, the only reason that there weren't three Beatles performing on the shambolic session that eventually came out on bootleg as *A Toot and a Snore in '74* is that Ringo was unaccountably absent. Lennon is on lead vocal and guitar, and McCartney sings harmony and plays Ringo Starr's drums. (Starr, who was recording with Nilsson at the time but not present at the session, complained at the next day's recording session that "[McCartney] always messes up my drums!") Stevie Wonder sings and plays electric piano, Linda McCartney is on organ, Pang plays tambourine, Nilsson provides vocals, Davis is on guitar, Freeman (who was producing Don McLean in the neighbouring studio) fills in on bass, and Keys plays saxophone. Keys had been questioned on a number of times about the session, but he couldn't recall any of it.

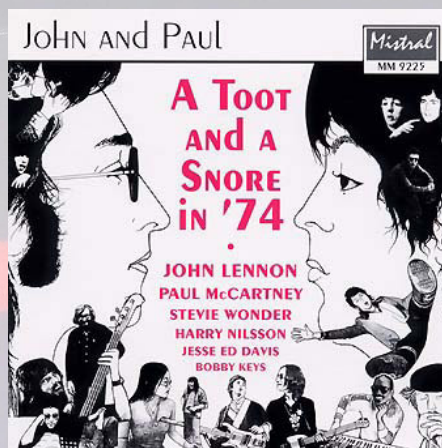
The whole thing is a terrible stoned drunken mess if the sort that was probably great fun to be involved in, but is sheer torture to listen to. Like most of us who are not music biz insiders, I first heard about the session in May Pang's in depth *Loving John*; a book which tells us more than we want to know about

Lennon's appalling behaviour during his 'Lost Weekend', during which he was temporarily separated from his wife, the indomitable Yoko Ono.

Another story that originally came from May Pang, but which was later confirmed by Paul McCartney, is that Lennon was invited to attend the Wings recording sessions in New Orleans for the album that later became *Venus and Mars*. Lennon and Pang were intending to accept this invitation, and several sources have confirmed that both Lennon and McCartney were intending to have a low key attempt at rekindling their old partnership, at least on a temporary basis. However, it was not to be. John and Yoko got back together again, and - whether or not you believe the claims that Yoko either hypnotised, or hexed John into coming back - from then on John Lennon's life was focussed firmly inside The Dakota building, and the musical reunion with Paul was not to be.

Right from the beginning Ringo had made it perfectly clear that he would have been up for a reunion of the Fab Four, and as we have seen, at various times the other three would also have been up for it. I have only given the bare bones of the story here, but in this book there are many more, well researched accounts which suggest that the only reason the four lads from Liverpool had not reunited was happenstance rather than antagonism, and that had John not been shot on that fateful night, a *Beatle* reunion would have been a near certainty.

Somehow that makes the tragedy seem even sadder.





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...

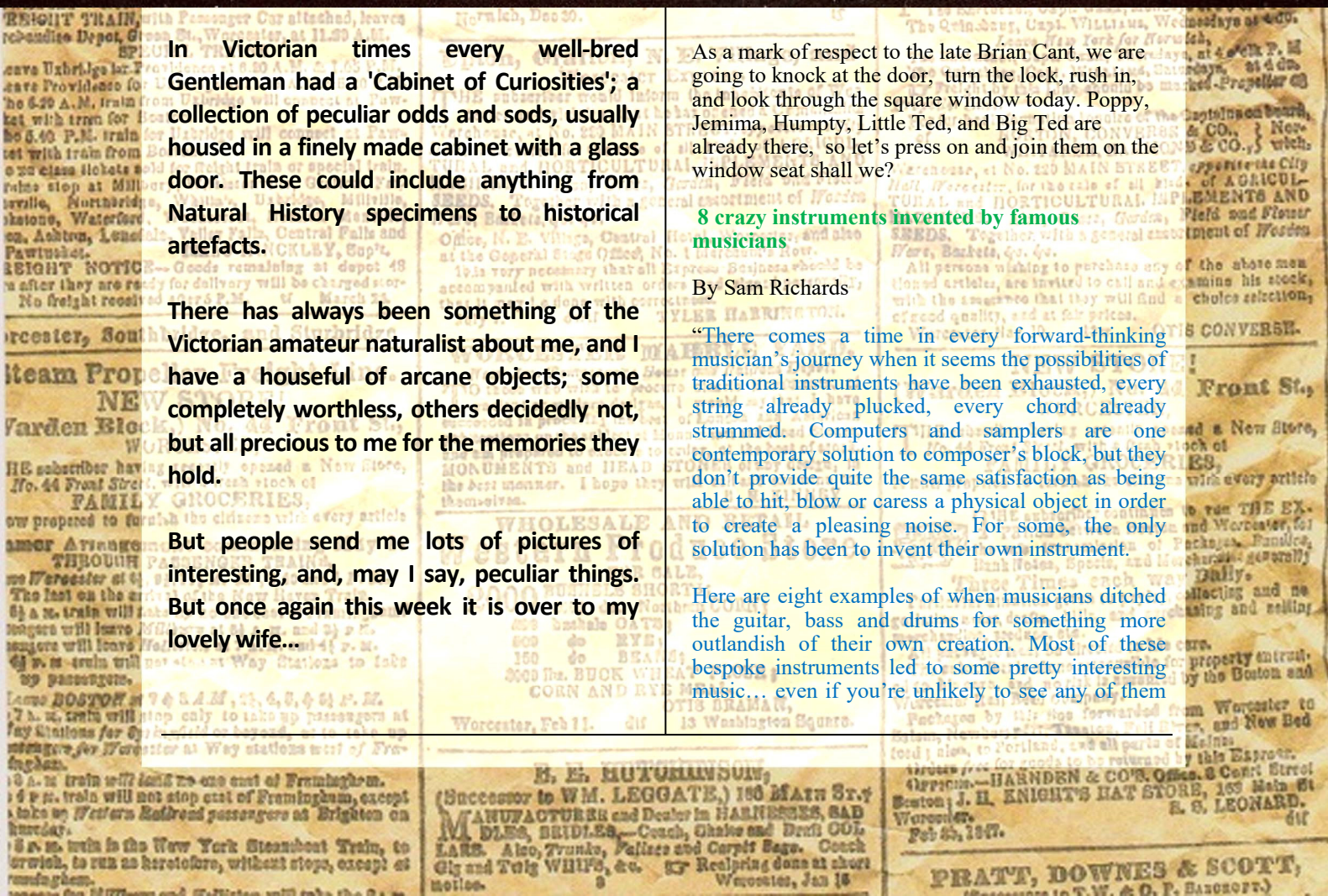
As a mark of respect to the late Brian Cant, we are going to knock at the door, turn the lock, rush in, and look through the square window today. Poppy, Jemima, Humpty, Little Ted, and Big Ted are already there, so let's press on and join them on the window seat shall we?

8 crazy instruments invented by famous musicians

By Sam Richards

"There comes a time in every forward-thinking musician's journey when it seems the possibilities of traditional instruments have been exhausted, every string already plucked, every chord already strummed. Computers and samplers are one contemporary solution to composer's block, but they don't provide quite the same satisfaction as being able to hit, blow or caress a physical object in order to create a pleasing noise. For some, the only solution has been to invent their own instrument.

Here are eight examples of when musicians ditched the guitar, bass and drums for something more outlandish of their own creation. Most of these bespoke instruments led to some pretty interesting music... even if you're unlikely to see any of them



THE BITCH IS BACK

being played at your local open-mic night any time soon."



Click the link to bathe in the weirdness of the gameleste, the Gizmotron, the Pikasso, the Sevena, the laser drum cage, Cloud-Chamber Bowls, Harmonic Canon, Quadrangularis Reversum, etc., the air cake and the Dube.

Those cloud-chamber bowls sure are neat.

The Beatles 1960s Lamp Base And Shade (UK) - £1,600.00

"An original 1960s Beatles lamp. The lamp stand is black with a gold guitar on the body. The paper lampshade features headshots of the group with song titles on a sheet music background. The lamp measures 30.5cm (12 inches) in height and the widest part of the shade measures 17cm (6.5 inches) in

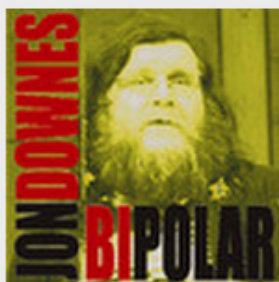


diameter. The lamp comes with wiring and current British Standard 3-pin plug. It has not been tested to see if it is in working order. There is some light creasing and scuffing on the shade but no tears and the wire frame is intact and holding shape. The condition is very good plus."

I think I may have included something like this before into the esteemed cabinet, but if I did I am pretty sure I would have ousted it by now, so I don't really care if I am repeating myself.

SHAMELESS SELF PROMOTION TIME

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



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

**ELVIS PRESLEY OWNED AND USED
PERSONAL OLIVE GREEN SAUCE PAN LID
MONOVALE DRIVE - £2,000.00**



"Elvis Presley owned and used Olive green small saucepan lid, owned and used by Elvis Presley in his Monovale Drive home in California. Obtained directly from Linda Thompson, Elvis' longtime girlfriend."

If you are going to spend that amount of money on a saucepan lid you either have too much money to toss around or you have plans to perhaps buy the following item as well, and partake in one completely resplendent, expensive, and cacophonous procession of lid and tin smashing whilst parading around the garden, to celebrate whatever may tickle your fancy at the time.

Or, like me, you would prefer to be able to buy the saucepan that goes with the lid. Methinks that would come in very useful to boil one's spuds in. After all, let's face it, one couldn't even boil one paltry spud on its own in a lid ... could you?



**ELVIS
PRESLEY
OWNED AND
USED
PERSONAL
CAKE PAN BY
MIRRO
MONOVALE
DRIVE - £2,000**

**Elektro Katamaran Motley Crew [sic] RT -
£1,293.06**



Product Details:
Item Weight: 1.8 Kg
Product Dimensions: 97.2 x 30.5 x 25.1 cm
Batteries: 1 Nonstandard Battery batteries required.
Item model number: AQUB2100
Main Language(s): Italian
Number of Puzzle Pieces: 1
Batteries Required?: Yes
Batteries Included?: No

Well, this is a strange amount to assign to a sale.

**BIZ MARKIE VOICE RAPPING ECKO
ALARM CLOCK V RARE - COLD CHILLIN**



VG PLUS COND - £15.09

"THIS IS A WONDERFUL ITEM! THIS IS A VERY RARE BIZ MARKIE TALKING ALARM CLOCK FROM MARC ECKO! BIZ MARKIE RAPS AND BEATBOXES TO YOU WITH PHRASES LIKE "GET YO ASS UP!!" - HE ALSO BEATBOXES + RAPS TOO - ITS JUST BRILLIANT!
THIS HAS BEEN ON DISPLAY AND IS IN VG+

PRATT, DOWNES & SCOTT,
(Successors to T.W. & O.P. BARONOFF)
133 Main St.
Worcester, Mass.
Feb 25, 1977.



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?



Available from iTunes, Amazon etc

CONDITION - ITS AS PHOTOGRAPHED AND ONLY VISUAL MARK IS SCRATCH ON BACK IN PICTURE.
NO BOX IM AFRAID BUT COMES WITH ORIGINAL INSTRUCTIONS."

Okay, I admit it. I had to look up this chap as I had absolutely no idea who he is.

Sex Pistols Johnny Rotten Sid Vicious action figures - £16.00



"Rare movable plastic dolls. Johnny Rotten has Stronghold Group 2003 and 2003 CBGB Club stamped underneath the shoes."

There is something strangely endearing about this Johnny Rotten figure.

Bob Marley Music figure 6.5" Legend Jamaica Singer Music Reggae Hot Gift HA242 - £4.98



I love the fact that the seller has included a photo of the microphone. I am not sure why, but it is extremely satisfying in an odd way.

See you all next week, folks.



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

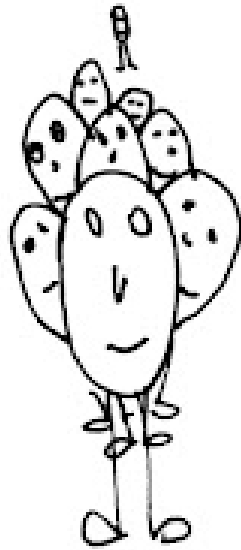
[http://www.zazzle.co.
uk/streetfightingshirts](http://www.zazzle.co.uk/streetfightingshirts)



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.

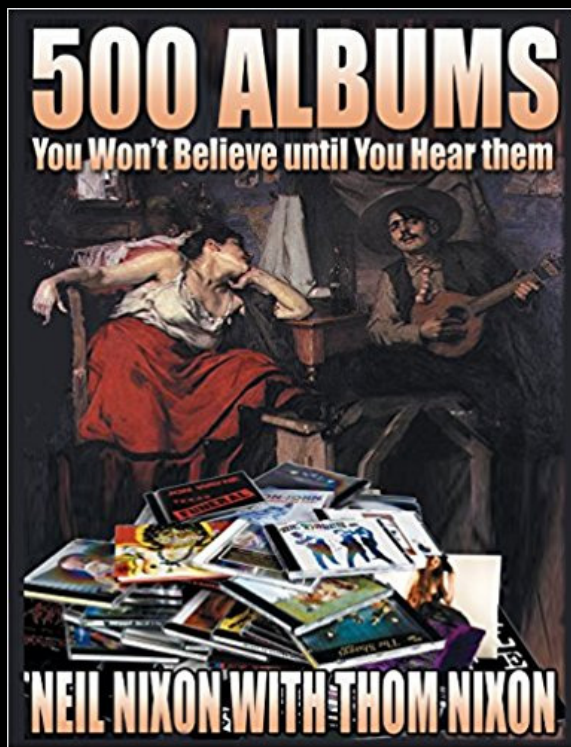
THE WORLDS FIRST CLONED CARTOON CHARACTER

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...



RAF Dickies



NEIL NIXON WITH THOM NIXON

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.

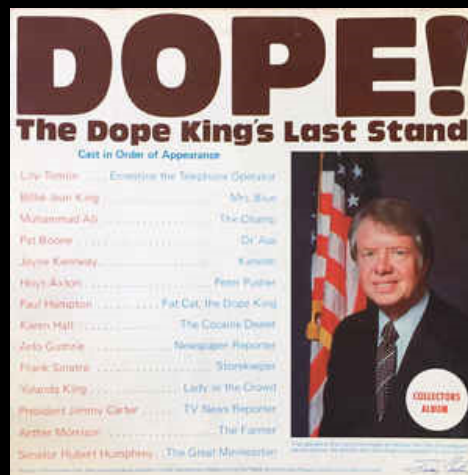
- Firstly, you'll know you are not alone.
- Secondly, we hope that some of the work leads you to new discoveries, and makes your life slightly better as a result.

Each issue we are featuring one of these remarkable and peculiar records in a crass attempt to flog you the book.

The Dope King's Last Stand: The Dope King's Last Stand (Cornucopia, 1977)

What? An audio drama of almost indescribable strangeness, starring Jimmy Carter!

Explaining the basics of this – mainly – dramatic/spoken word concoction is easy enough. A late seventies vintage cautionary tale designed to deter drug-taking amongst impressionable youngsters, The Dope King's Last Stand stumbles along like a surreal episode of Scooby Doo with Blaxploitation pretensions. Good battles evil, inane and – occasionally – inventive sound



effects/cod-soul licks provide the scenery. The surreal narrative is cemented with a guest list of almost implausible fame and diversity. Muhammad Ali provided a similar turn on another album, a tour-de-force recording wherein he and

"his gang" may be found battling tooth decay.

But Jimmy Carter was incumbent president of the USA when this bewildering blusterthon was unleashed, and that is far out. Any 21st century animated movie, and even the Muppets, would struggle to gather a vault of voice-talent to rival, amongst others: Lily Tomlin (who narrates), Arlo Guthrie, Pat Boone, Billie Jean King, Hoyt Axton and Frank Sinatra. The cack-handed dynamics of the narrative are predictable enough; good kid goes wrong, damn near poops his pants in fear, gets lecture on rights and wrongs, mobs up the good guys and wins out after the predictable showdown. So too the clunking informative messages and sound-bites as we answer those vital questions like: "What is a peddler?" and drop in the life-saving nuggets of information: "A pill head is someone who uses barbiturates."

Whether everyone in the stellar array of talent thought they were making the same album is debateable. This is barely a decade after Arlo Guthrie's dope-soaked Alice's Restaurant and the question of whether he's the only one packing a wry smile as he delivers his part has continued to tax the sound-hounds who have hunted down and cherished this bizarre bestiary of cameos. By contrast, the squeaky clean Pat Boone may well have believed this would make a difference to youngsters.

The Dope King's Last Stand certainly straddles the invisible line between well-meaning public information and Airplane-alike satire. Each blatant gag is supported by stereotyped names and sound effects that leave their subtlety at the door. As side one closes we hear "Fat Cat" on the phone, his mumbling evil being preceded by the strident opening to Beethoven's Fifth. It's doubtful whether Monty Python or The Firesign Theatre would have deployed the sonic sledgehammer as thickly as that.

The curious collision of plot, celebrities and sounds long ago made this collection a prized curio. No CD reissue looks likely but there have been mp3 files available online for years, making it clear that Chris Beyond's online comment: "This is an album that uses psychedilia to sell the idea of getting kids off drugs" is a fair summary of the consistent dramatic tension that – just about – makes this a compelling listen as well as an undisputed audio car crash of the highest order.

"Welcome drug-users to the rich man's high, cocaine. It's our luxury flight, and we'll experience a high in cocaine-energy. Cocaine is addictive at times; so our landing may be rough due to nosebleeds, destroyed membranes, high blood pressure, a few passengers may even die. But then, the trip is such fun." Classic!

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from Gregg Kofi Brown's career and contains previous
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Biography of the same name which covers his early
tour with **Joe Cocker** and **Eric Burdon** to close
his adventures touring the world with African rock
band productions in London, recording and touring
with **Anoi Rocks** and the **Members**.

supporting African superstar **Youssou N'dour** is well
known in the UK 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
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THE WORLD OF GONZO ACCORDING TO

Mark Raines



Today I had papaya for breakfast for the first time since I was last in Puerto Rico back in 2004. It has always been one of my favourite hot weather breakfast foods since I was a boy in Hong Kong. For Corinna to find it in our local Asda was the nicest surprise I have had in yonks.

I am in a peculiar quandary today, to do with events that have taken place in my other life—as a cryptozoologist which, (for those who do not know) is a person who devotes their life to the search for unknown animals.

A reasonably well known member of the cryptozoological community died recently, and—as is always the case—everyone is spewing out fulsome praise for his achievements. I didn't like him much and he and I never got on that well, but that isn't really the point.

I happen to believe that several of the claims that he made about his discoveries were at best delusional and at worst fraudulent, and I have a fair amount of evidence to support this. Should I speak out, in order to preserve scientific veracity, but at the cost of tarnishing his reputation? If I do, I may be acting in the most honourable way, but I shall be in danger of heaping coals of opprobrium down upon my head. Or should I just ignore it, because in the true scheme of things none of it matters anyway.



I think that I shall probably take the latter course of action, because not only am I a coward, but because the most important thing in my life is not the search for zoological truth. It is not even writing about peculiar rock music. It is the fact that I have a granddaughter with hair like Sideshow Bob.

See You next week,
Love
jon



THE BEST LAID PLANS

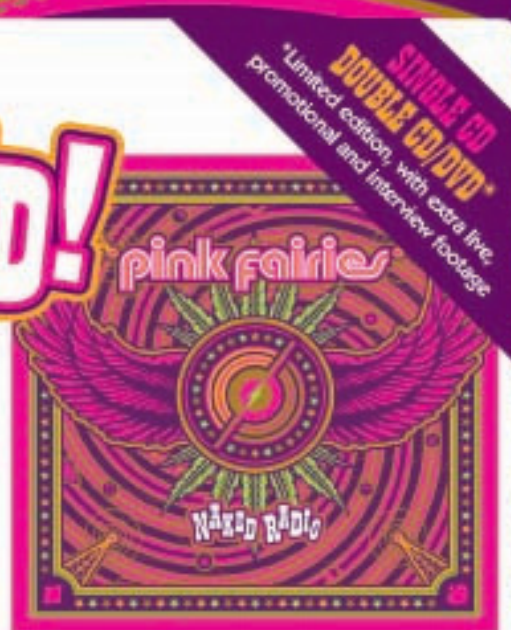
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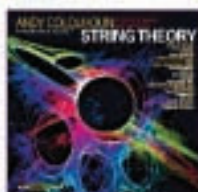
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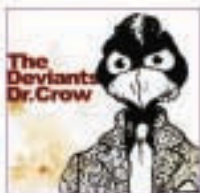
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