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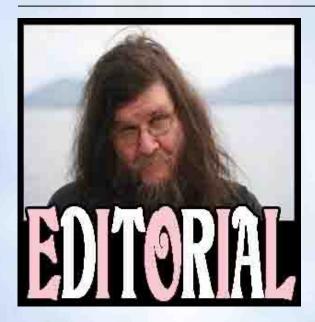
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THE THREE COMMANDMENTS OF GONZO WEEKIY:

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

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

Otherwise... enjoy



Dear Friends,

Welcome to another issue of this highly peculiar and ever evolving little magazine. As you probably know, I started the magazine nearly five years ago with the help of my old friend Robin Ayling of Gonzo Multimedia, and the rest is history. And history is what I want to talk about this week, because history has always been a subject that has interested me.

When I was eleven years old in 1971 my family returned to the UK after twenty years in Nigeria, and later Hong Kong, where my parents did their best to persuade themselves and everyone else that the empire upon which the sun never set, was still a living and breathing entity which was the envy of the world. Three of my grandparents were still alive then, and all three fed me with stories of their lives particularly in the First World War.

But my paternal grandmother told me how, at the age of seven, when her father was the head coastguard in Cork, she had helped him lower the Union Flag to half mast to mark the death of Queen Victoria in 1901. And as she regaled me with stories of her girlhood in an Ireland which was then as much a part of Britain as were the Home Counties, she let slip a snippet of information which has stayed with me ever since. When she was a little girl, there had been a very old man living in one of the tied cottages who had been a boy soldier at the Battle of Waterloo! It was then that I realised that history was a living and breathing thing, and that every day we are living in it!

Last week's magazine included a review of a book about the relationships between the various ex-*Beatles* during the 1970s, and I wrote how that in the same way as reading



It was then that I realised that history was a living and breathing thing, and that every day we are living in it!

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.

Elsewhere in the mounting pile of blurb that I write each week in this peculiar magazine I have written about my fondness for the alternate history genre of fiction, and described how I discovered it in my younger days from the historical novels of Joan Aiken, and a brief aside in one of the Robert Heinlein 'Juveniles'. Before going on any further, I should (I suspect) explain the concept of alternate history, for those who are not already aware of it.

Over to those jolly nice folk at WIkiwhatsit:

"The Collins English Dictionary defines alternative history as "a genre of fiction in which the author speculates on how the course of history might have been altered if a particular historical event had had a different outcome." According to Steven H Silver, an American science fiction editor, alternate history requires three things: a point of divergence from the history of our world prior to the time at which the author is writing, a change that would alter history as it is known, and an examination of the ramifications of that change."

OK fair enough. All well and good, I am sure that you agree. But what has this got to do with The Beatles?

Well, on Friday night, whilst mildly in my cups, I was in bed, pootling about online in my iPad when, on a whim, I typed in "Beatles alternate history" into Google and a whole slew of results came up. The most interesting that I have found so far started wit this divergence point:

"December 21, 1968

"I think that it was George's idea, really. He saw what the rest of us were trying to ignore. He was the one that called the meeting."

Ringo Starr, interview 1982

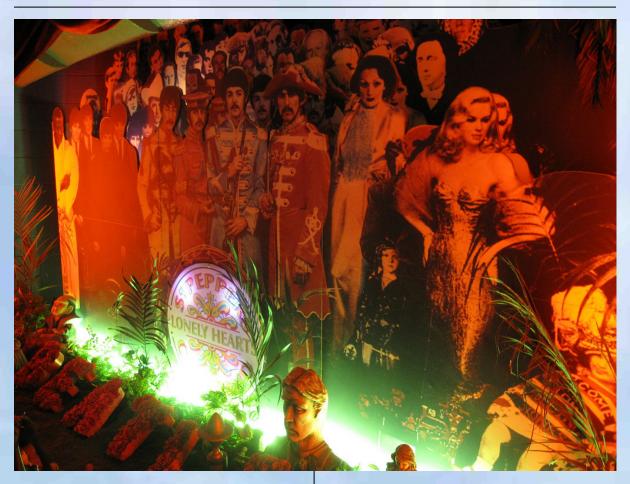
"Now, it was really the first time that the boys had involved me at all in their affairs non-musically. For that reason, and the fact that he and I were never very close, I was very surprised when George called me into Apple."

George Martin, interview 2011

Just a few weeks after the release of The Beatles, George Harrison called in the other three Beatles, as well as members of their inner circle, to an impromptu meeting at Apple's Headquarters.

"We were losing money very quickly. We were





just giving it away, to anyone who asked. So I called everyone in to try and sort it out. I had a feeling that if we were going to continue, we needed direction. The White Album was the antithesis of that direction. We really hadn't had it since Brian died."

George Harrison, interview 1997

"I think at the meeting, it was the four of them, me, Peter Brown, Alistair Taylor, Alex Madras, Neil [Aspinall], Derek Taylor, and George Martin. Clive Epstein and Dick James were invited to arrive late. George [Harrison] wanted to discuss Apple and Beatle finances. He said that we needed someone in charge of Apple, as no one really was at the time. He wanted to review the record and films divisions, and put someone in charge of those. He also wanted to get control of NEMS and Northern Songs. George really drove us to take a look at ourselves."

- Mal Evans, interview 1983

"It was surprising at the time, but it sort of made sense, you know. I had checked out, and Paul was doing whatever. George stepped up where he saw an opening."

John Lennon, interview 1975

The Beatles and their inner circle talked most about Apple management. Alistair Taylor had been general manager since January. At the meeting, Starr asked him point blank if he could successfully sort out Apple, and he replied that he thought that Peter Brown would be better suited.

On the subject of Apple Records A&R director, Harrison asked George Martin if he would fill the position. Martin replied that he would be happy to work as an outside consultant, he did not want to be very involved in Apple. Lennon suggested that Neil Aspinall could be nominal head until someone more permanent was found. The others agreed.

When James and Epstein arrived, the Beatles put forth offers to buy their respective companies. Epstein responded enthusiastically, but James decided to hold off until Apple was sorted out. He did, however, sign an agreement not to sell to someone else in the meantime.

"Happy Holidays to everyone. As the year draws to a close, we would like to announce our new management:

- Peter Brown is now CEO and chairman
- Neil Aspinall is Apple Records A&R director
- George Martin has been hired as a consultant for Apple Records
- Michael Lindsay-Hogg is now head of Apple Films

In addition, we are in talks with NEMS Enterprises to purchase them.

More exciting news: The Beatles are to begin a new project starting 1 January. Details to follow, but suffice it to say that it is unlike anything they have done before. The Beatles: 'Merry Christmas and Happy Holidays from all of us to all of you, and may all of your Cringles be light.'"

Apple Press Release, December 24, 1968

....and the stage is set for a remarkably cogent alternative time line where The Beatles continued to make music together after 1969, and were not torn apart by business and personal problems like they were in our depressing world.

The saga has only reached the late 1970s at the moment, so we do not learn (yet) whether John Lennon lives or dies, but I truly cannot wait to see what happens.

Check it out here:

https://www.alternatehistory.com/forum/threads/get-back-a-beatles-timeline.293837/

Hare bol

Jon Downes

a



The Beatles, Steve Earle, Scott Walker, Pink Floyd, Roger Waters, Spike Lee, Stew, Strange Fruit, Friday Night Progressive, Mack Maloney's Mystery Hour, John Blackwell Jr., Rudy Rotta, Barry Leslie Norman, CBE, Kelan Phil Cohran, Joan Clayton Boocock Lee, Pierre Henry, Carol Lee Scott, Mary Hopkin, Steve Howe, Ashton, Gardner and Dyke, Jeremy Smith, Peter Perrett, Alan Dearling, Ben Chasny, Ben Flashman, Ethan Miller, Comets on Fire, Howlin' Rain, John Brodie-Good, Peter Frampton, Steve Miller, Richard Foreman, Cambodia, Kev Rowland, Elegant Simplicity, Five Horse Johnson, Goblin, Shadow of Doubt, Jorn, Domingo Candelario, Glen Vaudrey, Mr Biffo, Roy Weard, Hoaxwind, Xtul, John Higgs, Biggie Smalls, Mic Conway's Whoopee Band, Beyonce, Kurt Cobain, Cream, Grateful Dead, The Dragons

IT'S A LEGAL MATTER BABY

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



THE GONZO WEEKLY

all the gonzo news that's fit to print

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

NAMING THOSE RESPONSIBLE

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

Corinna Downes,

(Sub Editor, and my lovely wife)

Graham Inglis,

(Columnist, Staff writer, Hawkwind nut)

Douglas Harr,

(Features writer, columnist)

Bart Lancia,

(My favourite roving reporter)

Thom the World Poet,

(Bard in residence)

C.J.Stone.

(Columnist, commentator

and all round good egg)

John Brodie-Good

(Staff writer)

Jeremy Smith

(Staff Writer)

Alan Dearling,

(Staff writer)

Richard Foreman

(Staff Writer)

Mr Biffo

(Columnist)

Kev Rowland

(columnist)

Richard Freeman,

(Scary stuff)

Dave McMann,

(Sorely missed)

Orrin Hare,

(Sybarite and literary bon viveur)

Mark Raines,

(Cartoonist)

Davey Curtis,

(tales from the north)

Jon Pertwee

(Pop Culture memorabilia)

Dean Phillips

(The House Wally)

Rob Ayling

(The Grande Fromage,

of whom we are all in awe)

and **Peter McAdam** (McDada in residence)

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

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

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

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

so what's it all about, Alfie?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

No this is FREE as in Gratis.

Not a Sausage. But I digress.

So make an old hippy a

happy chappy and

SUBSCRIBE TODAY



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

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

AC/DC HEART PINK FLOYD

QUEEN DAVID BOWIE

ROLLING TONES

JETHRO TULL RUSH

ELTON JOHN EAGLES

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are of importance, even the importance of death is somewhat ephemeral, as no one has yet faxed back a reliable report."

RIGHT ON STEVE: In the latest issue of

Mojo Steve Earle is quoted as saying that he

doesn't think that anyone who ever partook of

LSD would *not* believe in God. He further

went in to say that his belief in God had

nothing to do - either for or against - a belief in

This second statement is something I resonate

with entirely. I believe in God but agree with

Steve and the late, great Gerald Durrell who

said: "Nothing except possibly love and death

But as far as acid is concerned. When I

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

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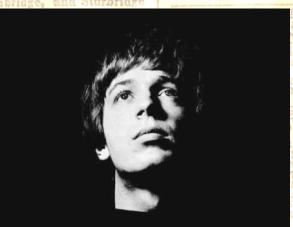
(Successor to W.M. LEGGATE,) 186 BAATH ST. Y. MANUFACTURER and Deuler in HARMESEES, SAB DLES, BRIDLES, Couch, Chalse and Druit OUL-LARE. Also, Trunks, Pallers and Corpet Sage. Couch Gig and Tulg WHIFS, &c. gr Realpring done at abort motios.

John Maynard Keynes

embarked on my brief career as a psychonaut, I truly hoped for some great mystickal insights, but - sadly - didn't get anything of any importance, although I once thought that I was a newt swimming through a pond that was my blue carpet, with green squiggly things that looked vaguely like waterweed.

THE SCOTT WALKER HOLY GRAIL:

Most Scott Walker fans will admit, that whilst they admire and intellectually appreciate the music that Senor Engel has made in the last three decades, what they *really* want to hear is performing velvet voice like 'Montague Terrace in Blue'. In late July the BBC are broadcasting something really special, that some people hope is going to be even more special. The BBC website





reads: "An icon of the 1960s, Scott Walker has travelled from Walker Brothers teen idol to avant-garde contemporary influencing artists from David Bowie and Leonard Cohen to Goldfrapp along the way.

Tonight's Late Night Prom tribute presents tracks from his four self-titled albums with live orchestral backing for the very first time. Among the special guests are Jarvis Cocker, John Grant, Susanne Sundfør and Richard Hawley.'

According to a piece in the latest *Mojo*, Scott is

Origina HARNDEN & CO'R Omes. & Cont Street Street Beston J. H. ENIGHT'S HAT STORE, 183 Main St. Worsender.

Feb 25, 1947.

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WHO GONZO? WHY **GONZO? WHAT** GONZO?

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

- A potted history of his life and 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...

"The whole framework of the presidency is getting out of hand. It's come to the point where you almost can't run unless you can cause people to salivate and whip on each other with big sticks. You almost have to be a rock star to get the kind of fever you need to survive in American politics."

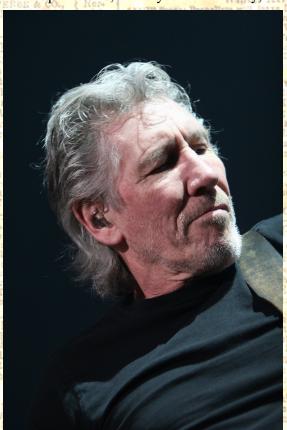
Hunter S. Thompson

pivotally involved in the arranging of the concert, which has raised many hopes for the (very unlikely) happening, that he will actually not only attend but perform.

GOOD ONE ROGER: The excellent Pink Floyd website Brain Damage that I knew back when it was a fanzine, has this to say about the possible publication of a piece of Floyd ephemera that has been languishing in obscurity for a long time:

"Almost six years on from the sad news that writer Nick Sedgwick had passed away, and Roger stating his wish at that time to publish a Pink Floyd manuscript that Nick had written, the interview with Roger in the new issue of Mojo now brings the story up-to-

Back in August 2011, he said: "One of my oldest friends, Nick Sedgwick, died this week of brain cancer. I shall miss him a lot. I share this sad news with you all for a good reason. He leaves behind a manuscript, In The Pink (not a hunting memoir). His memoir traces the unfolding of events in 1974 and 1975 concerning both me and Pink Floyd. In the summer of 1974 Nick accompanied me, and my then wife Judy, to



Successor to WM. LEGGATE,) 188 MAIN ST.7

OFFICIAL HARNDEN & CO'R. OR MINISTER HAT STO RESIDENCE FOR SALESTA. ORE, 163 Main E. S. LEONARD.

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GOOD VIBRATIONS

New research released today by the Royal Albert Hall has revealed the emotional health benefits live music has on our wellbeing.

Two thirds (69 per cent) of Brits are 'happier' and 'more stimulated' when listening to live music, the study of 2,000 adults revealed.

The British public is also 'more engaged' (68 per cent) and 'more sociable' (59 per cent) when live music is playing, according to the survey. Almost three quarters (73 per cent) agree that 'live music can make an event feel more special'.

Technology and online streaming services are making music more accessible and affordable than ever before. According to the poll a quarter of the British public are choosing technology over live music, with 25 per cent admitting they would choose to plug in their tablet or smartphone rather than hire a live band at an important event.

But despite our dependence on technology, it seems Brits do still embrace the positive live Over half (51 per cent) would like to know about venues offering free live music, and 42 per cent are interested in attending events beyond the main stage at large venues.

http://www.music-news.com/news/ Underground/106513/Royal-Albert-Hallstudy-reveals-live-music-is-good-formmotional-wellbeing

Greece. We spent the whole summer there and Nick witnessed the beginnings of the end of that marriage.

"That autumn he travelled with Pink Floyd all round England on The Dark Side Of The Moon Tour. He carried a cassette recorder on which he recorded many conversations documented the progress of the tour. In the spring of 1975 he came to America with the band and includes his recollections of that time also. When Nick finished the work in 1975 there was some resistance in the band to its publication, not surprising really as none of us comes out of it very well, it's a bit warts and all, so it never saw the light of ay.



In the new interview, Roger states his intention now to self-publish In The Pink, to include a USB drive within a planned deluxe edition, containing the interview material Nick recorded on audio cassette at the time. He notes that Gilmour originally blocked publication back in 2011, feeling it was a very biased account of things, and in this update, Roger notes that "the only thing I've heard from [David] is that it should be called My Friend Roger, not In The Pink".

THE GOLDEN BOYS BEHIND THE WIRE: Issues appertaining to Northern Irish politics are back in the mainstream news over the last few weeks following the questionable decisions made by the Conservative Party, in a desperate attempt to hold on to power. Hot Press reports that:

"Some of the biggest stars ever to emerge from Northern Ireland have joined the campaign for same sex marriage in the North. Among those who have declared their support for a change in

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the laws north of the border are Snow Patrol lead singer Gary Lightbody (pictured), actor Liam Neeson, star of The Fall, Bronagh Waugh, and Neil Hannon of Divine Comedy. The UK's most revered chat show host, now also a successful novelist, Graham Norton, has also joined the campaign.

These celebrity voices were raised in advance of the march in Belfast in favour of same sex marriage, organised by Amnesty International. Northern Ireland is the only part of the UK where same sex marriage is not permitted. Same sex marriage is also available in Ireland, following the historic referendum of 2015.

The introduction of same sex marriage in the North is opposed by the DUP – the party led by Arlene Foster, whose MPs have just entered into an agreement with the Conservative Party

to support Teresa May's badly afflicted government. The deal has ignited considerable anger - not least in that it makes the Tories dependent on a party that is hugely reactionary on the issues of personal freedom and which is generally hostile to gays."

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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.

ELIDRIDGE CITEVALES

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.



GULAR LINE OF PACKETS

WHAT HAPPENED TO BETSY https://strangeremains.com/2016/06/30/ rediscovering-betsy-ross-bones/amp/

Betsy Ross was a talented seamstress and upholsterer who was widely believed to have made the first American flag. She was also an 18th century entrepreneur who made supplies for the American soldiers during the Revolution and lost two of her three husbands during the war. In preparation for the country's 200th anniversary, the Betsy Ross Foundation and her descendants wanted to exhume her grave and rebury her remains in the courtyard of her historic home, where it was believed she sewed the first flag. But when a team of excavators dug under her grave marker in December of 1975 there was nothing at the bottom.

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https://www.rt.com/usa/395295-casketcontaining-child-organs/

An evening stroll turned gruesome in Philadelphia, when a casket, discovered across the street from a cemetery, was found to contain a bag of organs belonging to either an infant or a child."What was in the bag was sick," Chris James, one of the first to

discover the casket shortly after 9pm, told RT. "We were curious to see what was inside but it dangerous in many way to touch something so random," he said. James, who streamed the incident live on his Facebook page, said another witness called police who opened the casket to find layers of cloth which once removed, revealed the bag containing the organs. "According to the medical examiner they were in fact human organs, they believe belonged to an infant or child," Chief Inspector Scott Small told KYW. "What's unusual is other than the bag of organs there was no body," he said.

TOWER OF POWER

https://www.theguardian.com/world/2017/ jul/01/tower-human-skulls-mexico-cityaztec-sacrifices

Archaeologists find more than 650 skulls near site of Templo Mayor Presence of skulls of women and children is 'a first', says scientist A tower of human skulls unearthed beneath the heart of Mexico City has raised new questions about the culture of sacrifice in the Aztec empire, after crania of women and children surfaced among the hundreds embedded forbidding structure.

-HARNDEN & CO'R. OR ORE, 163 Main & E. S. LEONARD. OFFICIAL HARMBERT'S HAT ST Pob Sh. 1847.

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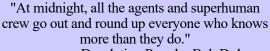
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Desolation Row by Bob Dylan

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...

SPIKE AND STEW VS TRUMP

Director Spike Lee and singer-songwriterplaywright Stew, known for his work on the musical "Passing Strange," released an anti-Trump music video ahead of the July 4 holiday.

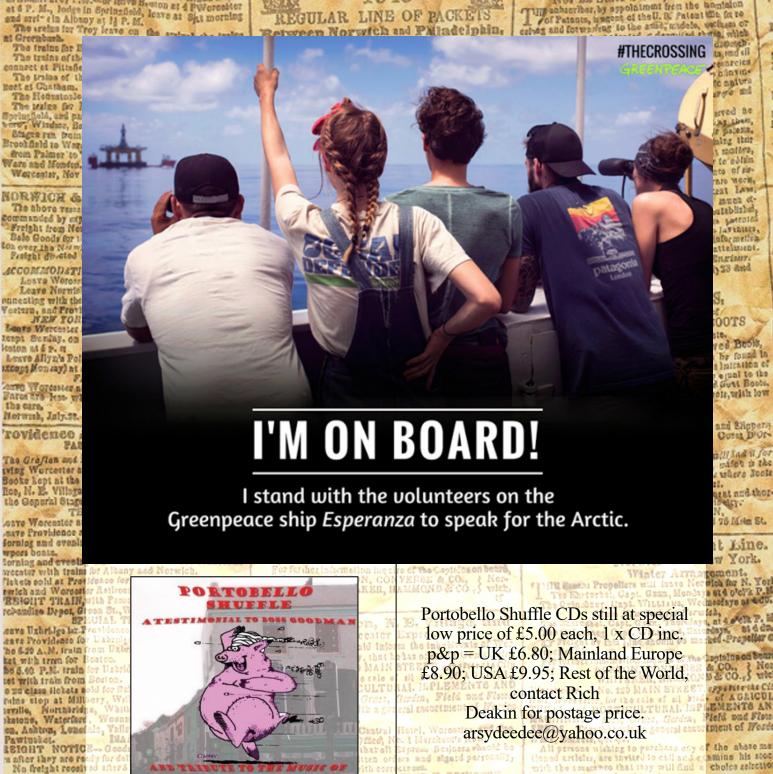
The Tony Award winner and his band the Negro Problem enlisted Lee to create the video for their rock-ballad protest song, "Klown Wit Da Nuclear Code."

The rather simple video, released Monday, shows images of signs and news coverage condemning the president juxtaposed with images of slavery, as lyrics such as "Bring back that old plantation, only this time we all get to be slaves" scroll across the bottom of the screen. Stew (real name Mark Stewart) croons, "Where bozo saddles John

Wayne's private plane and into high noon's hell hate flowed," seemingly referencing the late movie star's daughter, Aissa Wayne, endorsing Trump in Iowa in January of 2016. Wayne claimed her father would be a Trump supporter if he were still alive, although other members of the family later challenged the validity of that statement.

"This song is in the American tradition of protest songs," Lee said in a statement, according to Variety. "The lyrics are self explanatory — there's a reason the words appear on the picture." He said the song is a standalone single not tied to any album.

https://www.washingtonpost.com/ news/reliable-source/ wp/2017/07/04/spike-lee-teams-upwith-singer-songwriter-stew-on-atrump-protest-ballad-music-video/? utm_term=.c216d33ba1f0



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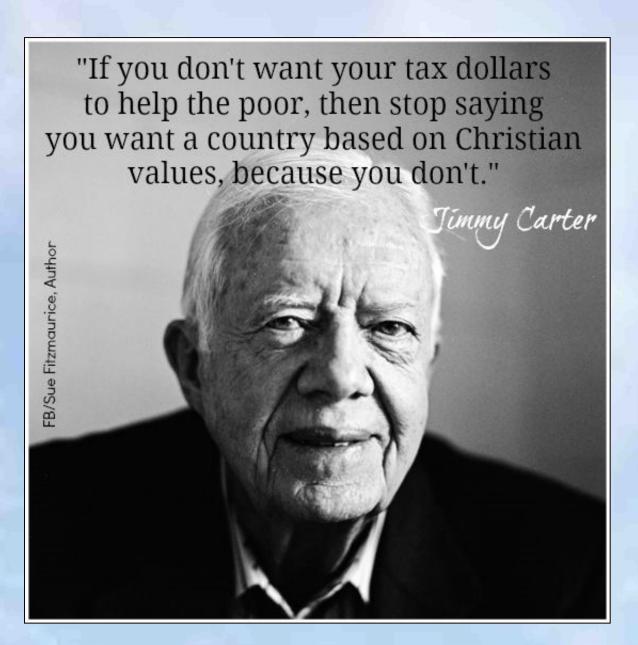
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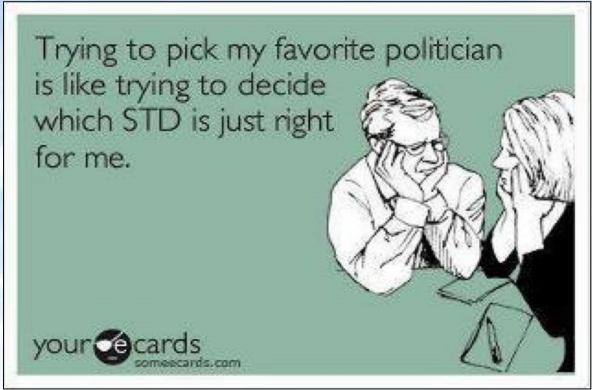
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(FILLING IN FOR ANDREW LOOG OLDHAM)









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

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

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

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

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

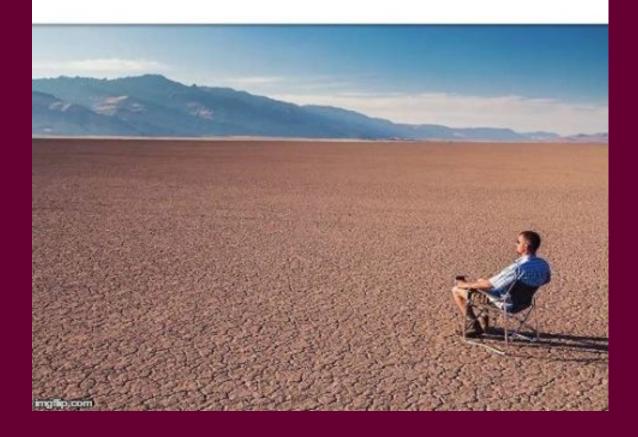








ME TRYING TO FIND GIRLS IN A PROG CONCERT





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

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

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

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

SF 221 23 - JULY 2017 SIN-ATRA

Honeyblood: Ready for the Magic

Camera Obscura: Moving the Mercury

The Antartics: Runaway

Glenn Hughes: I've got you Under my

Skin

King Crimson: In the Court of the Crimson

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Heaven 17: Being Boiled Toby Hay: The Gathering

Stina Nordenstam: I Came so far for Beauty King Gizzard and the Lizard Wizard: Melting

Dee Snider: It was a Very Good Year

Frank Sinatra: Michael and Peter

DOA: Class War Amara Toure: Africa

Rosemary Clooney & Wild Man Fischer:

It's a Hard Business Second Woman: ///\\\\

The Monkees: Zilch

F***ed Up: Year of the Snake Sandy Denny: Listen Listen Tim "Ripper" Owens: Witchcraft Rachel Zeffira: Goodbye Divine

The Beatles: Goodnight

Listen Here



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

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



Artists: **Drifting Sun** http://www.facebook.com/ driftingsunontheweb/ Doug Woods and Colin Powell http://www.facebook.com/dougandcolin/ **David Berends** http://www.facebook.com/david.berends http://www.facebook.com/SBLMusic/ Marc Ceccotti http://www.facebook.com/ marc.ceccotti.profile The Left Hand of Darkness http://www.facebook.com/TheLHoD/ Ten Jinn http://www.facebook.com/Ten-Jinn-380683175392072/?fref=ts Paul Hayworth http://www.electrocuted.moonfruit.com/ Gentle Knife http://www.facebook.com/gentleknife/ Moon Men http://www.facebook.com/ groups/272370493206022/ — with Marc

> Listen Here

Ceccotti, Pat Ganger Sanders, Charles J.

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Friday Night Progressive

Crispino.



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

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

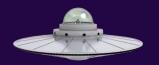
He's a member of SKY CLUB, Gonzo recording artists. He's been a radio host since 2010. He lives with his wife, Doreen, on an island off the coast of Massachusetts."



AND LOOK WHAT MACK HAS FOR YOU THIS WEEK

LOIS LANE SAVES THE WORLD

Mack, Juan-Juan & Commander Cobra talk to Rob Beckhusen about Russia's Doomsday Bomb. Cindy Bailey Dove on the coming of Amazon's enormous Zeppelins. Ghostly screams reported near the Mystery Airport. Switch on a new Mothman movie. Cobra on billionaires and UFOs. Lois Lane picks the first five winners in the "Wingman 18 -- Battle for America" free book giveaway.



Listen Here

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



John Blackwell Jr. (1973 – 2017)

Blackwell was an American contemporary R&B, funk, jazz, fusion, and pop drummer, best known for his work with Prince. Later, he was a member of D'Angelo's backing band, The Vanguard.

Blackwell started playing drums at age 3, which he learned from his father, John Blackwell Sr., a drummer himself, who played with Mary Wells, King Curtis, Joe Simon, J.J. Jackson, The Drifters, The Spinners, and others. Blackwell stated that he experienced synaesthesia since he was a child, seeing colours for musical notes, and was identified as having perfect pitch while in high school.

Blackwell played in both his high-school jazz and marching bands as a teenager, and began playing in jazz clubs at age 13. At 17, he landed his first professional gig backing jazz singer and bandleader Billy Eckstine. He left Berklee College of Music in 1995 to play with the funk band Cameo, for three years.

In 1988 he moved to Los Angeles to look for more drumming work, and got a job playing with Patti LaBelle for three years. Blackwell met Prince while performing with LaBelle in Minneapolis, and after touring with Japanese singer Hikaru Utada, he joined Prince's band, The New Power Generation, in September 2000.

Blackwell played with Prince on and off for 12 years, and toured with Justin Timberlake in support of his 2006 "FutureSex/LoveSounds" album. He also played with Crystal Kay, P Diddy and Charlie Singleton, and with Maze, featuring Frankie Beverly.

In 2009, he released his debut album, *The John Blackwell Project*, and also released two educational drumming DVDs: *John Blackwell - Technique, Grooving and Showmanship*, and *John Blackwell*. He joined the European leg of singer D'Angelo's tour in 2015, as a member of his band, The Vanguard, and also toured as a member of bassist William "Bootsy" Collins' Bootsy's Rubber Band the same year.

His death, from a brain tumour, was announced on July 4^{th} . He was 43.



Rudy Rotta (1950 – 2017)

Rotta was an Italian blues guitarist, who began his career in Switzerland at the age of 14, but eventually returned to Verona, where he had been born. Over his career, he played with a number of well-known blues artists including Brian Auger, John Mayall, Robben Ford and Peter Green.

Rotta died on 3rd July, aged 66.



Barry Leslie Norman, CBE (1933 – 2017)

Norman was a British film critic, journalist and television presenter, best known for presenting *Film...* on BBC One from 1972 to 1998; he was the programme's longest-running host.

He began his career in journalism at the *Kensington News*, and later spent a period in South Africa working for *The Star* in Johannesburg, then moving to Harare where he wrote for *The Rhodesia Herald*. When he returned to the UK, he became a gossip columnist for the *Daily Sketch*, and then show business editor of the *Daily Mail* until 1971, when he was made redundant. Subsequently, he wrote a column for *The Observer* and each Wednesday for *The Guardian*, also contributing leader columns to the newspaper. He was one of the collaborators with Wally Fawkes on the long-running cartoon strip *Flook*. He also contributed a column to the *Radio Times* for many years, and wrote several novels.

Norman was associated with the phrase "and why not?", which was often attributed to that of his puppet likeness on the satirical ITV show *Spitting Image*, but he explained in 2014, however, that it had originated from a Rory Bremner sketch show on Channel 4. Norman later adopted the phrase himself, and it is the title of his 2003 autobiography.

Norman died in his sleep, aged 83, on 30th June.



Kelan Phil Cohran (1927 – 2017)

Cohran was a jazz musician, best known for playing trumpet in the Sun Ra Arkestra in Chicago from 1959 to 1961, and for his involvement in the foundation of the Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians (AACM). He played trumpet in bands led by Jay McShann in the early 1950s, and then in a U.S. Navy band, before being introduced to the Sun Ra Arkestra by John Gilmore in 1959. He played mostly trumpet and sometimes stringed instruments such as the zither.

When the Arkestra moved from Chicago in 1961, Cohran declined to accompany them, and in 1965 he took part in the founding of the Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians (AACM). He also formed the Artistic Heritage Ensemble with Pete Cosey, future members of Earth, Wind and Fire's horn section and Motown percussionist "Master" Henry Gibson, among others. By this time, he was playing the harp, cornet, French horn, baritone saxophone and percussion.

Early in his career, he invented an instrument he called the Frankiphone or the Space Harp, which is actually an electrified mbira or kalimba, and he played it on some of Sun Ra's early albums. This instrument inspired Maurice White to use an electrified Kalimba in performance with Earth, Wind and Fire, and Cohran said that he taught White and his brothers music in their youth, much as The Wailers were tutored by Joe Higgs.

He died on 28th June, aged 90.



Joan Clayton Boocock Lee (c. 1921 – 2017)

Lee was a British-American hat model and actress. She was also notable for her 69-year marriage to comic book writer Stan Lee. In the 1940s, Lee was a hat model in New York City when she met Stan Lee. In her later years, she became a voice actress and provided her voice in Spider-Man and Fantastic Four both in the 1990s.

In 1981, Stan and Joan Lee moved from New York City to Los Angeles, California. Lee did voice work on two 1990s animated Marvel shows, Fantastic Four as Miss Forbes and Spider-Man as Madame Web. She also made a cameo in the 2016 film X-Men: Apocalypse alongside her husband.



Pierre Henry (1927 – 2017)

Henry was a French composer, considered a pioneer in the musique concrète genre of electronic music. Pierre Henry was born in Paris, France, and began experimenting at the age of 15 with sounds produced by various objects. He became fascinated with the integration of noise into music. He studied with Nadia Boulanger, Olivier Messiaen, and Félix Passerone at the Paris Conservatoire from 1938 to 1948.

Between 1949 and 1958, Henry worked at the Club d'Essai studio at RTF, which had been founded by Pierre Schaeffer in 1943 (Dhomont 2001). During this period, he wrote the 1950 piece Symphonic pour un homme seul, in cooperation with Schaeffer; he also composed the first musique concrète to appear in a commercial film, the 1952 short film Astrologie ou le miroir de la vie. Henry scored numerous additional films and ballets.

Two years after leaving the RTF, he founded with Jean Baronnet the first private electronic studio in France, the Apsone-Cabasse Studio.

Among Henry's works is the 1967 ballet Messe pour le temps présent, a collaboration with choreographer Maurice Béjart that debuted in Avignon. In 1970 Henry collaborated with British rock band Spooky Tooth on the album Ceremony. Composer Christopher Tyng was heavily inspired by Henry's "Psyché Rock" when writing the theme to the popular animated cartoon show Futurama. The theme is so reminiscent of the Henry's song, it is considered a variation of the original.

Henry died on Wednesday 5 July 2017 at Saint Joseph's Hospital in Paris, at the age of 89.



Carol Lee Scott (1942 – 2017)

Scott was an English entertainer, best known for her role on British television in the 1980s and 1990s as "Grotbags". Throughout her career, Scott regularly performed on the international cabaret circuit, and

prior to her TV work, she was a singer and released two albums.

Born in Bridgwater, Somerset, Carol Lee Scott began her career after moving to London singing in local pubs, all while working day shifts at the record department at Rumbelows. She gained her break as a performer when she joined Pontins, ultimately working there for 19 years, playing at all of the UK holiday camps, along with those in Scandinavia, Spain, and elsewhere. During the off-season, Scott played many of the northern England and Scotland working men's clubs, sharing a bill with stars including The Four Tops, Morecambe and Wise and Tommy Cooper.

During this time, Carol recorded an album in 1974 which she originally sold only at her concerts.

The concept of Grotbags came about while Scott was performing in summer season in Cleethorpes with Rod Hull. When Hull was approached to make a new show to be broadcast at the launch of Central Independent Television, he created the series Emu's World, and approached Scott to play the witch. Together they came up with the premise of Grotbags' character and name (the latter coming with Scott suggesting 'Miss Grot', the name the MD of Ladbrokes used to call her; Hull revised it to Grotbags). Grotbags first appeared in Emu's World in January 1982, and starred alongside various companions including cowardly crocodile Croc, mechanical butler Robot Redford, and fawning manservant Grovel. In many episodes, Scott would be given a song to sing. In 1991, she was the voice of Grotbags in the cartoon series, Rod 'n' Emu. She was also given her own spin off series, Grotbags which ran for 29 episodes across three series.



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 longforgotten recordings and sending them out to see the light of day.

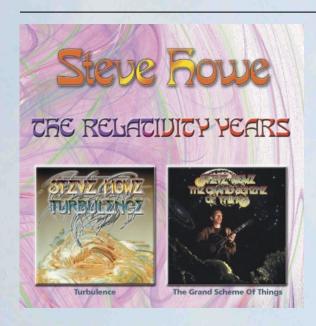
Original recordings have now been digitally remixed and remastered at Space Studios in Cardiff, where she bases her recording work and record label, Mary Hopkin Music.

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 cowritten 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.

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

Ashton, Gardner and Dyke were a power rock trio, most popular in the early 1970s. They are best remembered for their song, "Resurrection Shuffle", a transatlantic Top 40 success in 1971. Founding band member, Tony Ashton first met the drummer, Roy Dyke, when playing with various Blackpool based groups. Ashton was invited to join the Liverpool beat group, The Remo Four as organist/vocalist, whilst Roy Dyke became the group's drummer, having joined them in 1963. Their best work came in 1966 when they released their album Smile!. Before their break-up in 1968, they backed George Harrison on his album Wonderwall Music. Harrison later played the guitar on their song "I'm Your Spiritual Breadman". Ashton and Dyke then joined forces in 1968 with the bass guitar playing Kim Gardner, who had previously played in minor British groups, The Birds and The Creation. The triad simply called themselves Ashton, Gardner and Dyke. Largely taken from a concert in Belgium in 1971, this captures the offbeat British group when it was at the peak of its popularity. The nine principal tracks are drawn from all three of the band's albums. Included, as most anyone interested in a release like this will be relieved to know, is the trio's big hit, "Resurrection Shuffle," the one Ashton, Gardner & Dyke song that most rock fans will know.



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



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

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



"Naked Radio"

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

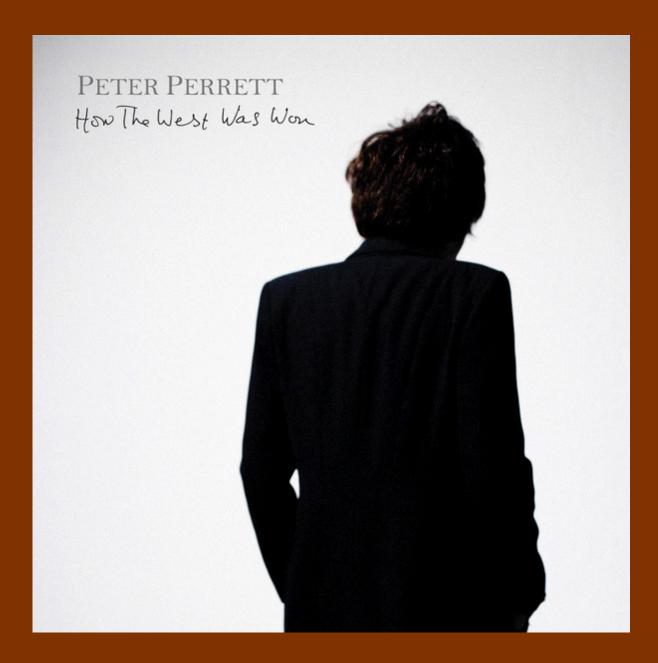
The Pink Fairies official website: www.pinkfairies.net



Cop a sneak preview here:

http://tinyurl.com/z9825mr





The Return of the Only One!

How The West Was Won by Peter Perrett

Like Keith Richards, Peter Perrett is one of rock's great survivors. His drug problems have been well publicised, and while he is now clean, there have been many wasted years. This has been reflected in his recording output, three albums with the Only Ones in 1978 – 1980, a brief comeback as Peter Perrett in the One with 'Woke up Sticky' in the mid-nineties, and now, at the age of 65,

his first solo album, 'How the West Was Won'.

With the possible exception of the third Only Ones album, 'Baby's Got a Gun' which rather runs out of bullets half way through the second side, all of his albums have been classics. And for me, 'Even Serpents Shine', is one of, if not the best ever, post-punk album.

JEREMY SMITH



Pt Penso

Perrett's song-writing skills really came to the fore on this and on 'Woke Up Sticky' and it's the mixture of these songs, his unique voice and John Perry's guitar with the Only Ones that make his music stand out.

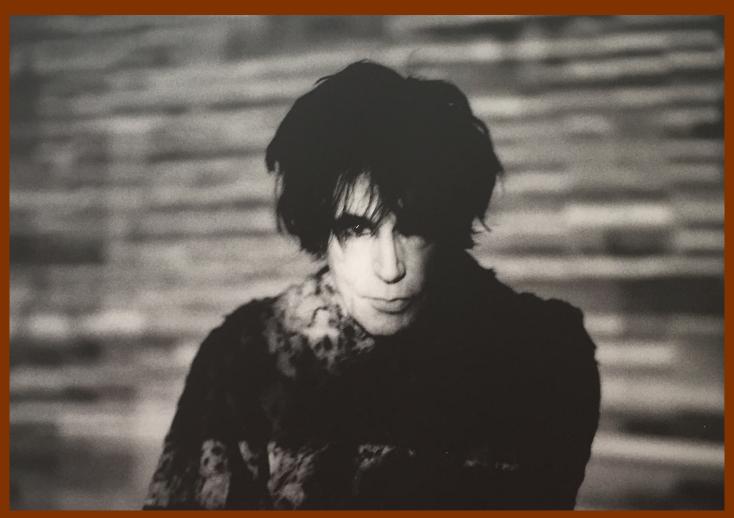
Perrett's new album was released on 30th June on Domino Records and as you can see from the photo, the vinyl is a lush package with double cover, signed picture, lyrics book and red vinyl. I felt a real sense of anticipation as I opened it. The first two tracks, the title track and 'An Epic Story' had been widely available for the last few months and I'd already grown to love them, even though I hear 'Sweet Jane' every time I listen to 'How The West Was Won'. 'An Epic Story' is another killer track; possibly the best on the album, with really fluid guitar work from his son Jamie and these two songs kick the album off so well and give the listener

the feel of the eight new songs to come.

But actually, that's the one problem with 'How the West Was Won', the tempo is just a bit the same all the way through and a couple of the songs end up a little low-key, and dare I say it, boring. 'Hard to Say No' is nice enough and 'Troika' tries to get going and has a pleasant chorus but seems a bit middleof-the-road. The last track on the first side, 'Living in My Head' is very laid back with a restrained guitar melody, and I was longing for John Perry to be there to wig-out in the way he did on 'The Beast', but while you do get a powerful ending, it just doesn't seem quite the same without him.

On to the second side, 'Man of Extremes' is my least favourite track, but after that the album really picks up. 'Sweet Endeavour' is pure Lou Reed from his New York period and builds





up into a real band song and 'C Voyeurger' is Perrett solo at his best and is possibly the best put together song on the album and the chorus has a real moment that tingles your spine. And after that, the next two tracks are probably the most rocky on the album. 'Something in My Brain' refers to Perrett's long time drug problems but builds up into a fluid song with a real cool riff driving it forward and some fairly disquieting lyrics and finally, the guitar wig-out I've been wanting to hear.

The last track, 'Take Me Home' is another glorious piece of Perrett's song -writing with a simple repetitive chorus and some anthemic guitar and leaves you wanting more, much more.

So how well does "How the West Was Won" rank against his back catalogue? Simply put, despite my earlier criticisms, it's right up there with his

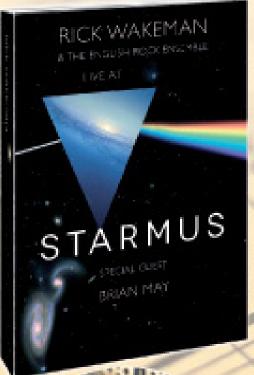
earlier recordings and it's likely to be my album of the year. As a piece of music, it has moments of beauty, personal and meaningful lyrics and some of the coolest guitar playing I've heard for a long time. But it's not without issues, as while there are stand out tracks, others lack the consistency depth of the song-writing, performance and wonderful melodies that made tracks like 'Out There in the Night', 'Someone Who Cares' and 'Shivers' so beautiful.

But that said, it's a wonderful album and I'm so glad that he's back, still in love with Zena and that they're both alive and kicking and I just hope that we don't have to wait another twenty years for a follow-up.



Forthcoming releases from Rick Wakeman & Friends

Rick Wakeman & Brian May



live from STARMUS 2015

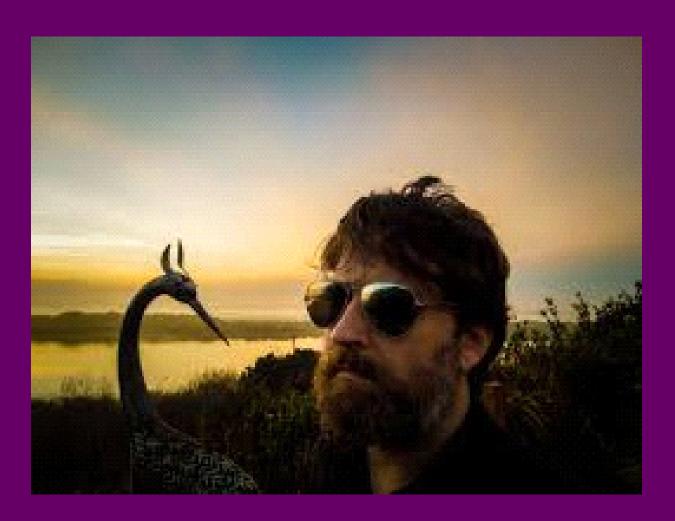
Starmus is festival of music and astronomy on the beautiful island of Tenerife. It is the brain child Garik Israelian (The astrophysicist who led the team which found the first observational evidence that supernova explosions are responsible for the formation of stellar mass black holes). Rick Wakeman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

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









The conflicted universes of Ben Chasny

In review by Alan Dearling

'Uncut' magazine, back in 2007, coined the phrase, 'new psychedelic outlaws' to collectively describe a new coterie of bands and musos. It's also been dubbed, 'new weird America'. Ben Chasny is in the thick of it, contributing to Ben Flashman and Ethan Miller's psych-noise outfit, 'Comets on Fire', which were formed back in 1999. Ben C 'officially' joined them in 2003, although he'd played with them before. As a fully-fledged band member, his first outing was on the 2004, 'Blue Cathedral' album. I particularly like their slightly more accessible and melodic album, 'Avatar' from 2006. The sleeve notes on that album (re-released in 2016) tell us:

"Avatar veers from swinging, bluesy explorations to piano-laced, progressive power balladry, to pure tribalism, evoking everyone from the Allmans, to Quicksilver, to Procol

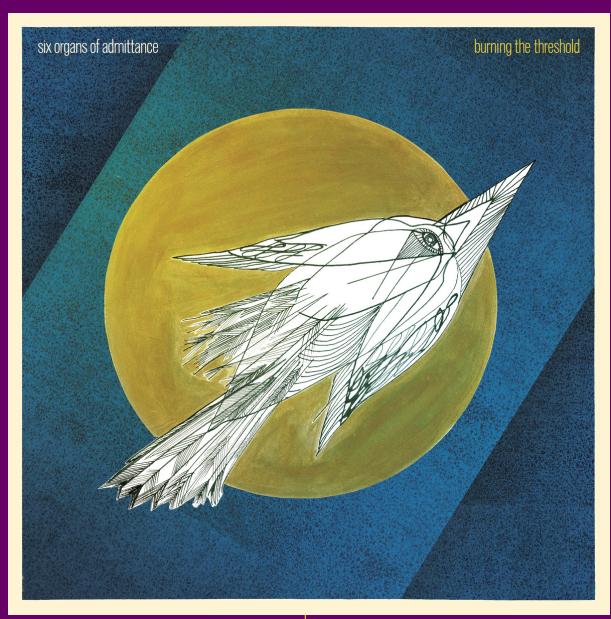
alan dearling



Harum, to some insane Fela/Sun Ra/Crazy Horse hybrid, yet remains wholly Comets on Fire. Though they play cleaner and clearer, their firepower is evident and abundant."

www.youtube.com/watch? v=rXjg0N_8mYY Ethan Miller's 'Howlin' Rain' is his alterego project. Other bands that might be seen in this new genre include 'Oakley Hall', 'Dead Meadow', 'Wooden Shjips', 'Goat', and at a push, 'Black Mountain'.

alan dearling



The angsty-acoustic sounds of Ben Chasny's 'Six Organs of Admittance' have been in existence since the inaugural album of the same name in 1998. It's classy stuff. Intellectual newfolk. The first 'Six Organs' album I bought was in 2005, 'School of the Flower', which I have long admired. More recently, Ben has been experimenting still further in his albums 'Hexadic' and 'Hexadic II'. His music certainly displays range schizophrenic musical 'personalities'! The two albums offer polar opposites, from full-blown sonic assault on 'Hexadic', through to sensitive acoustic versions on 'Hexadic II'.

All, according to 'Pitchfork' magazine, in the name of musical diversity and exploration:

"Several years ago, after tiring of the predictable patterns he sensed himself settling into as a guitar player, Ben Chasny of Six Organs of Admittance decided to design a theoretical framework that would



alan dearling



Full pasge pics by Joe Mabel

alan dearling

force his hands into different positions.

http://www.attnmagazine.co.uk/features/8723

Chasny distributed a deck of poker cards in a circular array of sets of six, corresponding to the notes of the guitar. The relative positions of the cards gave Chasny a 'tonal field' in which to operate, as well as a set of notes from which to pick, some indication of time and tempo, and lyrical rules for the songs themselves."

Here's a taster from both albums:

https://www.youtube.com/watch? v=Fi5Y6IJHgSY

www.youtube.com/watch?
v=RPbZ41bNU-E

And definitely see the man in action at Aquarius Records, playing acoustic selections from Hexadic II. Really rather ecstatic!

www.youtube.com/watch? v=hU8qXY2RZus

With the release of the new album, 'Burning the Threshold' by Six Organs of Admittance, aka the quiet, ruminative side of Ben Chasny, we find ourselves once again in an array of strangely beautiful, yet melancholic acoustic spaces. Gorgeous stuff, exquisite finger picking and fuzzed up voices. The new album includes six tracks featuring Ben's quietly fragile, breathless solos, with accompanying choir-like vocals. There

are also three instrumentals, 'Around the Axis' being a duo with the multi-talented, Ryley Walker. Their acoustic guitars are heard clearly separated in left and right hand channels. Like in some of the other featured tracks, they offer a master-class in the styles of folk guitarists like Davy/ Davey Graham, John Renbourn, Al Stewart, Bert Jansch and John Fahey. Check out 'Angi' by Mister Graham here: www.youtube.com/watch?

<u>www.youtube.com/watch?</u>
v=qXhWgbmc9yU

And Al Stewart's 'Small Fruit Song': www.youtube.com/watch? v=SS sk8bmHzo

Elsewhere on 'Burning the Threshold', things get more mystical, ethereal and psychedelic. Waves of oscilating guitars, swirling keyboard sounds drifting far out into the stratosphere, courtesy of Cooper Crain, coupled with repetition, drones, and raga-like rhythms, which wrap themselves hypnotically around the listener. It's a satisfying sonic adventure, being creatively recorded in ways that enhance the overall experience of 'admittance' into this slightly surreal world.

It's not always an entirely comfortable place. It feels a bit creepy. A little bit Dystopian. Perhaps much of album is a series of laments and laconic love stories, dedicated to lost amores?

From 'Reflection';

"dull abstract aching and more"

And,



"the universe is the body of a beast

stretching out and playing

for you and me

threshold of light"

from 'Threshold of Light'

The Quietus comments:

"The sonic world of Ben Chasny encompasses a huge range of atmospheres. Bleak catharsis, reverential calm, awestruck psychedelia and subliminal undercurrents are just some of the auras evoked in his work as Six Organs Of Admittance and, for that matter, in any one of the host of collaborations, bands and side-projects that this fierce autodidact has had a hand in."

You can sample the new album via bandcamp at:

https://

sixorgansofadmittance.bandcamp.com/

www.sixorgans.com/

And 'Acoustic Guitar' magazine have posted a video of Ben demonstrating a variety of his highly personal guitar techniques. Ten minutes of the guitar maestro in action. Unique and hypnotic:

www.youtube.com/watch?v=rqafGXfJ9Lw

To put 'Six Organs of Admittance in context, Devendra Banhart claims that Ben is the 'Leader of the Revolution', adding that: "Ben Chasny is the garden and I'm the snail eating the lettuce in the garden..." Devendra is also a huge fan of an unreleased Chasny album, which he says has been bootlegged on net (I haven't been able to locate it!). One track, 'Hazy SF', was on Banhart's 2004 compilation CD, 'The Golden Apples of the Sun'. It definitely reminds me of Nick Drake's guitar phrasing, with added San Franciso: www.youtube.com/watch?v=c1Vtiw0Of6s

alan dearling



Summer of Love +50

THE STEVE MILLER BAND Live!

with Peter Frampton.

Verona, NY 30th June 2017

.....The Space Cowboy.....

Hey, back in Rock and Roll land! British Airway's 'big 'ole jetairliner' safely carried us across the Atlantic to New York Newark, we picked up a

rental car and headed west. We had several routes to choose from to get to the gig, in a 'casino resort' in upstate New York near Syracuse. Coincidentally, one of the routes went past an old clapperboard farmstead where my mother spent her teenage years before the war. She passed away a few years ago and it was very moving for me to be standing outside it in the summer sunshine, 69 years after the event. Next morning we drove north arriving at our hotel mid-afternoon, just before the heavens seriously broke. Severe storm warnings were on the local weather forecast so being in situ seemed good, after travelling thousands of miles to get here. About an hour before we were going to head to the venue, the power went out, in the middle of a torrential rainstorm.

My phone 'pinged' with an incoming text message, a Tornado warning from the US phone network I was on, take immediate shelter it said. WTF? You don't get them here do you? When I went downstairs to see if they knew when the power might be back, other folk were talking about the warning and how unexpected it was.

John Brodie-Good







The power was out in the entire county, apart from one place, the Casino! Funny that, you can't stop the big bucks moving in the US of A, but it suited us too. Gig still on, a huge inward sigh of relief.

Rock and roll in a casino is a sign of 21st century times of course, the place was huge and tacky. Vast too, loads of people sitting playing slots and shit, never understood gambling, one works too hard for one's money to throw it away is my view. Each to his or her own I guess. The 5000 seat venue is in the middle of the complex and the local cops trying to assist you find your seat was definitely a new one for me. I think cops at gigs has been a long-standing thing in the States, seem to recall a certain Mr J Morrison had a few issues with them in the past, or perhaps viceversa.....They were very friendly it has to be said, as has every other person we have encountered on this trip so far. Yeah, Trump is in the news here but America seems to be America, everyone seems fine and just getting on with it.

.....The Gangster of Love.....

Steve Miller is not a name you hear much on our side of the pond, although his mid-70s albums Fly Like An Eagle and Book of Dreams both sold well in the UK at the time. Born to musical parents, a certain Les Paul was a regular visitor to the family household to name one. One of his school classmates was Boz Scaggs. In 1962 Miller moved to Chicago to 'play the blues'. 1965 found him driving to California in a VW Microbus his father had given him; he arrived in San Francisco with a few dollars in his pocket. He spent it going to a gig, a band called Jefferson Airplane.....he was hooked, turned psychedelic overnight. In many of the reviews of that time, his name often doesn't appear. In my and others view, Miller was definitely there and very much part of that scene. As he remarked on stage later in the evening, he recorded 5 albums in just 18 months (!), including Sailor which used to appear in many 'best of the era' lists. His late 60s output was of the 'cosmic' blues variety, in the mid-70s he turned more 'pop rock' and the above two mentioned albums topped the charts around the world. He is an excellent, non-flashy guitar player, has the voice of an angel, and writes great, great songs, many with classic American themes.

But first, we had to 'endure' Peter Frampton as



the support act. Yes, that PF, the 'Show Me the Way' guy. Quite a few of the people in our hotel were going to the gig too and a couple I met in a dark corridor had mentioned they were big Frampton fans too, he was a 'great guitar player' they said. The guy mentioned he had seen the Airplane in 1970 live too. Whisky bottles rolling around the stage, Grace was already well on her way to being the crazy lady she turned into......

We also had to endure an American audience again. Walls of phones going up when the bands came on, tons of talking going on, people wandering about in and out of the venue. We might be too English but felt too many people were far too disrespectful. If you don't want to listen to the music, fuck off right? I guess their view is they have paid their money so they can do what they want. Being the East Coast, there were some very big people around too. A couple in front of us had to sit almost sideways, they were being crushed between larger folk on both sides.

The band struck up, Frampton walked out, the place went lulu. He is the definition of an

Englishman made good in the USA; they absolutely love him. In fact, by the end of the evening it seemed a lot of people had come to see Frampton, some never came back for Miller at all and many left before the end of his set. I will happily confess Frampton earnt my respect, he was actually pretty good, worked hard and put on a good show. He is indeed a very good guitar player, and a nice guy, and it would be hard not to like him. I'd forgotten he had two other 'hits', and of course all three were played. He got 'Show Me...' done fairly early on in the set, not milked at the end, and played a new song, which was acoustic based. The audience were terrible for that one, they didn't know it so the level of talking was shockingly loud. The only slightly naff thing I thought was when he changed guitars, his second guitar player did the same, so they were always playing the same type. No, he was more than OK and deserved the big applause as they left the stage after an hour or so.

Whilst waiting for the band change it struck me also that fair play to Miller. He was confident enough to have a real support act on before him, suggesting he knew he had to try and top them next. Not many people would risk the infamous early 70s tour scenario by the Doobies who brought Little Feat with them. If the reviews and legends are to be believed, the Feat blew the 'Brothers off stage every single night. Frampton mentioned he and Miller had first met in 1967 in a recording studio in London. Frampton was in Humble Pie and Miller was recording next door. Frampton listening in on Steve multi-tracking some vocals, he described it as listening to a choir.....

"Ladies and gentlemen, without further ado, please welcome Stevie 'Guitar' Miller to the stage"

The set change was quick. Long, thin curtains came down across the stage, the 'Pegasus' logo now filled the space behind it. Weirdly I realised later as we left, there was no back line. Frampton had the usual line of guitar heads and amps across the stage, but Miller and his boys had nothing. Still can't work it out, they were using leads into the guitars (not wireless) but into what? They must have been hidden? Both bands were using in-ear monitoring, no wedges in sight. No doubt these guys were pros though, I've never seen roadies using tape measures from the floor to set the mikes at just the right height before. Anyway, would our hero deliver the goods or just trot thru his greatest hits and get out?

The lights went down, the opening bars of Song for our Ancestors was piped through the PA, figures came onto the stage, we were off. Within seconds I knew the journey had been worth it, one of my musical favs was standing in

front of us, doing his thing. The set was of course sourced from his vast back catalogue but played with vigour and freshness throughout. After only three songs a special guest was introduced, guess who? PF came back out on stage to join the band for two numbers but ended up staying for three. They duetted superbly, Miller giving Frampton more time than himself. This is what live music should be about, different to what is on the record; these are the bits you really treasure. Frampton has a more rock-style, Miller of course, lighter and bluesier, it was a sheer aural delight.

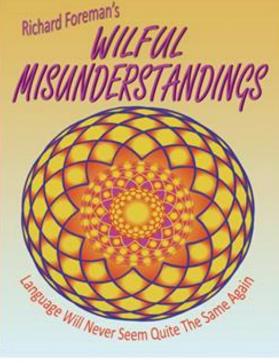
The songs just kept coming, some of the early stuff like Living in the USA and Going to Mexico but unsurprisingly a lot of tunes from Fly Like An Eagle and Book of Dreams plus some of his other 'hits' like Abracadabra. 'Fly' is an important album for me, I had just left school, that album and the Starship's Spitfire were the sounds of that summer. Take the Money and Run, Wild Mountain Honey, Mercury Blues, Dance, Dance, Dance, the seminal Rock N Me and of course Fly Like an Eagle itself, and a cookin' version to boot. The Joker was played too of course and I think a new song about the current state of the world. Annoyingly no one has posted the full list on setlist.com and I was too tired when we got back to our hotel to make notes, plus we had to get up early to continue our journey to California. The final encore song was very appropriately for us, Jetairliner.

.....The Midnight Toker.....

It was a long way to go to see a gig, the warm glow inside says it was more than worth it. As I'm about to send this to dear Jon, the sun has just risen in Marin County, California. If all goes well, later today I will be in front of another great favourite of mine, IABD, I will report back next issue on that one. In the meantime, I need to pop out to a local dispensary, I understand a certain medication is now legal round these parts......

www.stevemillerband.com





Reviewers:

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

Writers:

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

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

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

Readers:

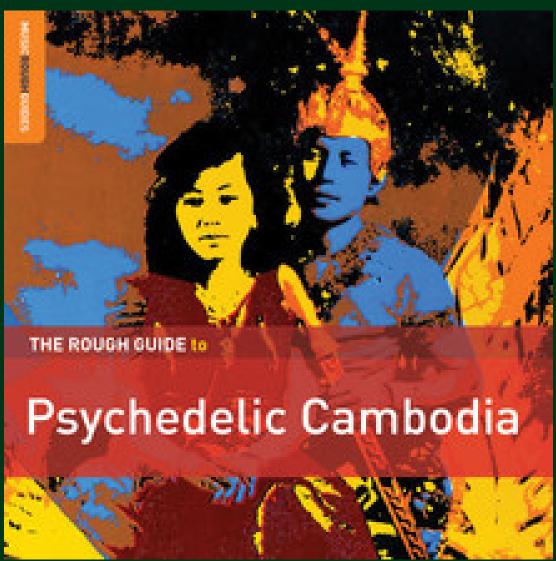
"Stories like dreams half remembered, tapping into a seam (or seeming) of the unconscious mind."

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

Cost:£8.95 (+p&p) percopy

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

short lived



I am a non-musician but a serious fan of a wide range of music from a wide range of cultures and traditions. That said, I don't get as much time as I once did for listening. Nevertheless, I retain a seemingly unending curiosity about and desire to hear music and set aside what time I can to do so.

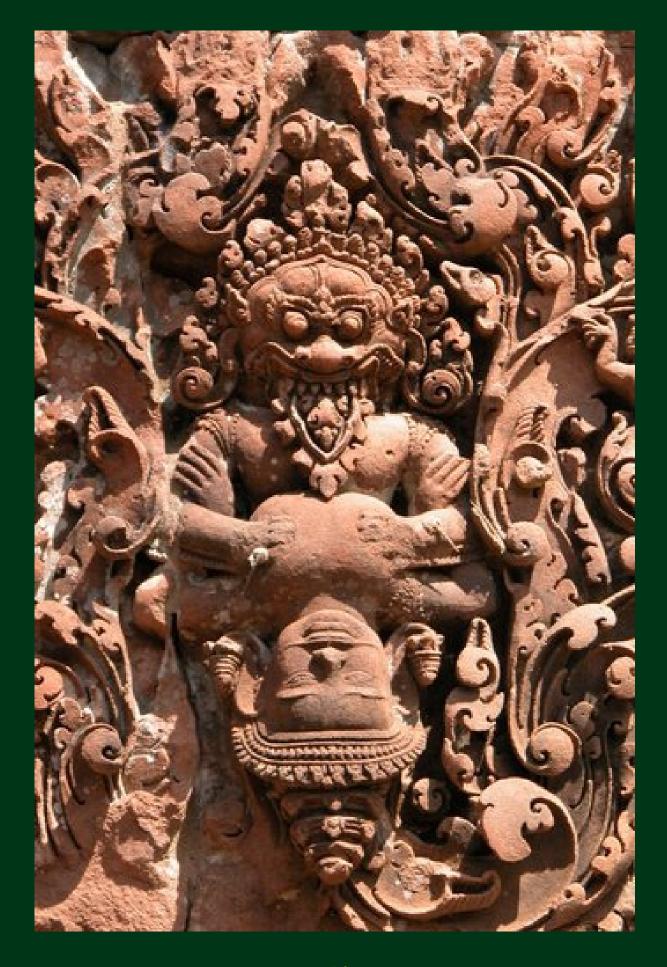
Thus, last night I began a serious listen to a compilation in the esteemed and generally excellent Rough Guide series that goes out under the heading: 'Psychedelic Cambodia'. I'd bought it in part because a friend of mine had played me an album by Dengue Fever and it had produced quite a high reading on the old thrillometer.

Dengue Fever, a mixed race, USA based band, have made something of a name for themselves in the last few years. I hope to find time to hear more of their work, but know that it is based in part on a relatively interlude in the musical history of Cambodia which occurred between the Khmer independence from the French and the arrival of the Khmer Rouge. This was in the late 1960s and early 1970s. And that music is mainly what is featured on this compilation.

Psychedelia? I can't say for sure.

If you've read the 'Ptoof!' piece on my website about Western psychedelic music and culture, you'll know something of the style of music to which I consider the term is genuinely applicable. Whilst it is not necessary to be on or even to have experienced the effects of psychedelic drugs to play it, it is music which is produced with a layering and attention to detail that — when listened to in a psychedelically enhanced or even a simply mindful state of reception — becomes evident and apparent. Psychedelic music works like those 'Magic Eye' 3D

RICHARD FOREMAN



pictures that on first appearance is but a pattern or random visual 'noise' on the page. You hold one close to your eyes, gradually move it away and at a certain distance, with the right degree of concentration, you find yourself looking at a 3D image, previously unseen. Sometimes in the music those 'hidden' elements are tricks of the mix, sound effects or vocal elements picked up only if you are paying close attention, sometimes they are contained in the weave of improvising instruments.

This compilation contains a dozen songs from the original era of this music, and three by modern bands, recreating and developing the style. The older songs (several tracks by key singers Ros Seresyothea and Pan Ron, plus a couple more) may or may not have been intentionally psychedelic. In the words of compiler Sean Hocking, they blend 'elements of traditional Khmer music with the sounds of rhythm-and-blues and rock-and-roll'. They do so with a quality of exotic beauty, combining often-female vocals, delicate and winsome, with a mixture of traditional and rock/pop instrumentation. I'd say that what largely earns the 'psychedelic' tag are the instrumental breaks, featuring guitarists who play in a style that clearly resembles that of, say, Barry Melton of Country Joe and the Fish, or keyboard breaks reminiscent of the Doors' Ray Manzarek.

Well, there I am listening to these songs and thinking: 'Wow! This really is great stuff.' It veers between a charmingly dated 60s kitsch pop feel, the purity and 'folk' feel of the Cambodian instrumentation, and wonderful. wild instrumental breaks. Intentional or not, it satisfies many of my psychedelic criteria. Particularly with the strange dreamlike feeling engendered by well known western song tunes that have been coopted into this music (such as Pan Ron's 'Kom Veacha Tha Sneha Knom' which is credited as traditional but is clearly the tune of 'Bang Bang' – as sung in the west by both Cher and Terry Reid). But there's something that bothers me too. Something that stops being able to enjoy it fully.

I don't have the same problem with the work of the modern bands — the aforementioned Dengue Fever or the trancey tracks by Cambodian Space Project and the Terence McKenna sampling Dub Addiction. That material all swoops and swerves into my ears delightfully, with the full benefit of modern

production techniques.

No, the problem with the original stuff is not its sound but the story that goes with it. The majority of these musicians were to become victims of Pol Pot's genocide regime. They were executed by the Khmer Rouge. I cannot get this fact out of my mind as I listen. It brings a dark edge to work whose main attribute is a quality of light grace and delightful celebration. A taint I am unable to ignore.

I will continue to listen to it. Maybe that feeling will pass. I hope so. Those musicians would have wanted their music to be heard after their deaths, I'm sure. As did, according to Sean Hocking, 'the Khmer people themselves who hid records or took them overseas and kept them as treasures of a lost past'. My gratitude is to all of them, those who died perhaps purely for the sake of this music, and those who took risks to preserve the recordings.

As for Dengue Fever et al – looks like I'm going to need more room on my shelves.

Toodle pip to one and all.





ELEGANT SIMPLICITY
KICKING THE OLIVE BRANCH
PROXIMITY



I have known Steven for more than twenty years now, from back in the days when he was releasing cassettes (which I still have!), and for the clear majority of that time he has basically been a solo artist, adding the odd musician or singer as the need arises. I have always been a fan, so when he said to me that he thought it might just be his best work yet. I was intrigued. Certainly, what I didn't expect was the most complete band effort of his career to date. "Timely

Reminder" opens the album, with the sax of Nathan Madsen keeping track with Steven's guitar, which immediately made me think of Blodwyn Pig. Then after only a few bars the music was moving and changing, going into new areas, returning to themes and then off again.

The next song contained real flute, care of Noam Goldstein, and by now I realised that I was listening to something quite special. Back in the day, Steven would have created all these sounds using keyboards, but here he has brought together a group of skilled musicians that is lifting his music to a whole new level. Although he has used singers in the past, most notably Ken Senior of Evolution, this is an instrumental album and I think Steven is right in what he said. In 2017, after more than twenty full-length releases, he has produced his finest and most complete work to date. I have been playing it a great deal, and the only major fault with this fifty-twominute long album is that it is just too short (and hence contains just the one epic, the title cut which breaks the twenty-minute barrier). Steven has been putting out quality albums for a long time now, but now could not be a better time to discover his music, as this is superb from the very first note to the last. For more details visit

www.elegantsimplicity.com

KEV ROWLAND

FIVE HORSE JOHNSON JAKE LEG BOOGIE SMALL STONE RECORDS



When Five Horse Johnson formed back in 1995, referring to themselves as a "blues band," a few brows might well have been furrowed. But this is a band that has always understood that the blues isn't a formula – it's a way of looking at the world. Their take on the "blooze" is as a dirty, sensual thing, enhanced with a healthy dose of humour. Now some two decades and seven albums into their career with eighth Jake Leg Boogie, set to drop late this June on Small Stone, they have created a niche of their own, a genuine love and respect for traditional blues and classic rock leading them to likewise become one of the most loved and respected bands in the heavy rock underground. Always a freight train live, they've toured the US (with Clutch and Halfway To Gone) and Europe extensively (including the festival circuit), gathering fans, friends, and drinking partners all over the Western World.

Singer Eric Oblander says "This time around we channelled a little more Hendrix and Funkadelic as much as the usual bluesy Aerosmith insanity. All the songs are a bit more stripped down, and have a deep -pocket groove". Interestingly, nowhere in the press release can I find any mention of the one band these guys reminded me of immediately, namely Molly Hatchet. True, there is more blues and less boogie than the southern guys, but Eric has a very similar gravelly approach as Danny Joe Brown, their slide guitar approach is very much in the same area as what they were doing in the late Seventies/early Eighties, and it just has a very similar feel. Now, there are some people who feel that Molly have always been a poor man's Lynyrd Skynyrd, but I can assure you that they have released some mighty fine albums and songs, so when I say that Five Horse Johnson remind me of them that is a huge positive. If they can create this amount of down and dirty rough emotion in a studio, I can't even imagine how good these guys will be in concert: this is essential to anyone who wants their music to have depth and passion. Blues rock and roll with some serious boogie rarely comes any better than this. http://www.smallstone.com

GOBLIN FOUR OF A KIND BLACK WIDOW



There is no doubt in my mind, and nor in many other's I would imagine, that Goblin are the finest progressive rock bands ever to come out of Italy. Their 1977 soundtrack to the cult horror 'Suspiria' is an amazing album, and I was lucky enough to see a version of the band play live in front of a showing of the film in Auckland a few years ago. But there's the problem, their history has been a little problematic, and in 2015 there were two different versions of the bands doing the rounds. I am a little unsure if this is a Goblin album, or a 4Goblin album, as it doesn't appear on the discography of their official website, and a "4" appears inside the capital 'G' on all places, and not long before this album came out in 2015 there was a band called New Goblin. In addition, Claudio Simonetti also has a version of Goblin, but he is the only member of the 'Suspiria' quartet missing from this line-up, his place taken by Maurizio Guarini who joined the band in 2003. Originally released by Backtothefudda in 2015, Black Widow have pulled out the stops with this release as there is a booklet, slip sleeve, and even four playing card aces featuring cartoons of the musicians. But, it is easy to see why, as here is a band that may have left the scene for quite a few years in this career, but they are back with an absolute vengeance. The production is spot on, which allows each of the musicians to really shine on this instrumental album. It shouts class from the first note to the very last, and it is incredible to realise

that this band was formed more than forty years ago yet is still producing music that is important and relevant today. Massimo Morante has the same delicate touch on guitar as always, and this brings the music together in a fashion that allows the others to create space and depth throughout. This is yet another Goblin classic to add to their canon, and I hope that I manage to catch these guys in concert again. Superb.

www.blackwidow.it

SHADOW OF DOUBT NO MERCY WAR RECORDS



I was sent this as a digital copy, but when I checked how it was being made available I was a little surprised to see that WAR Records are releasing it as a four-song cassette or as a ten-song CD which includes the band's 2014 demo and the track "Deceive". I can't remember when I last saw that something was being released on tape, it's certainly been a while. Shadow of Doubt are described as a blue-collar powerhouse that is a major part of the new breed of Texas hardcore. Featuring former members of Bitter End, Hardside, and more, the band combines their love for crossover, hardcore, punk, and metal, with powerful and memorable riffs reminiscent of the classic NYHC sound, resulting in the perfect soundtrack for this modern age of quarrel. No Mercy combines crushing riffs in the vein of Cro-Mags and Leeway while maintaining a modern sound reminiscent of Mizery, Take Offense, and Beautiful Ones.

Their sound is interesting in that is often quite a lot slowed than I would expect from a hardcore outfit, much more in a metal vein than even punk, and it will be interesting to see how they progress from here. Listen for yourself at

https://shadowofdoubthc.bandcamp.com

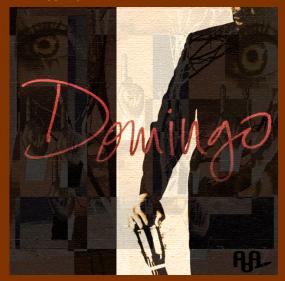
JORN LIFE ON DEATH ROAD FRONTIERS



I would have thought that Jorn Lande needs no introduction by now, as the Norwegian has been producing consistently strong melodic rock and metal albums for some years now, and why should 2017 be any different? He put together quite a new band from those that appeared on his last album, with only keyboard player and co-producer Alessandro Del Vecchio (Hardline, Revolution Saints) still there from 'Heavy Rock Radio', and together they have brought in bassist Mat Sinner (Primal Fear, Sinner, Kiske/Somerville), drummer Francesco Iovino (Primal Fear) and guitarist Alex Beyrodt (Primal Fear, Voodoo Circle). Yes, all the new guys are from the same band, although Francesco only joined in 2015, so perhaps it is no surprise that they know what they are doing together.

Apparently Jorn is Norway's biggest musical export since A-Ha!, and this album again shows just why that is the case. He has a voice that reminds the listener of Coverdale, yet he can sing in a higher register, always with plenty of emotion and breadth. In many ways, this does remind me of the classic '1987' album, with similar production and approach, and like that this has classic after classic with little room for breath. It is a great album, and the only thing left to do when it has finished is to turn it up that little bit more, and play it again. If you enjoy heavy AOR, or melodic metal then this is an album to savour. www.jornlande.com

DOMINGO CANDELARIO REVOLUCION AAA RECORDS



Domingo Candelario started his musical career when Yusa, who at that time had just finished studying at music school and was playing bass in Cuba's first allfemale jazz band, came to see one of his plays at a theatre in La Habana Vieja (the Havana old town). After the performance, she stayed behind to congratulate him, and they soon became inseparable. Domingo gave her songs, and in turn she gave him his first guitar. They quickly developed a theatrical performance where they used their bodies and voices as percussion instruments and beatboxes, then picked up regular instruments and went back to singing. From hanging out in his mum's kitchen rehearsing while she cooked food, to singing at friends' parties, to playing in France at the Palais des Sports in front of five thousand took just a few months. An important feature of Cuban music was the Nueva Trova movement and Domingo is often said to be a key player, although he doesn't see it that way, as it was from the Sixties, the generation before his. The movement was unique as it concentrated only on a solo artist, a guitar and a songwriter, rather than a band, which was the norm until that point. Nueva Trova means a new way, and at that time in Cuba's history, was involved in the socialist and communist revolution; it was very political. Nueva Trova inspired his generation of songwriters, giving a voice to stand alone with a guitar and express the thoughts within their hearts, although for some it was to be more of a free spirit without the political ideology. As Domingo says, "To be compared to the great songwriters of that generation is of course very flattering. It still continually inspires me to strive for that powerful stage presence, just one man, a voice, and a guitar." Although there is always a very Cuban base to his music, Domingo has covered many different styles, as he transcends culture and language: music is about expressing emotions honestly and he tries to be as unique as he can. As a child, his parents listened to a lot of Brazilian music, and he was fascinated by the way they used harmonies: it was so beautifully put together, so soft and in connection with the soul. His favourite performers are Stevie Wonder (US), Sting (UK), Chico Duarte, Djavan, Caetano Velozo (all Brazil) and Jose Antonio Mendez (Cuba), and he feels most at home when he can express his music to others in the same way that those musicians transcend language and cultural barriers. "For me, coming from a theatre background, musically I will use whatever style best communicates the feeling of my lyrics even for somebody who doesn't understand the language, so whether that is funk, soul, Latin, Cuban rhythm or a ballad."

'Revolucion' is a departure for Domingo in many ways, as it was recorded in London where he now resides, and not Cuba. Consequently, his new experiences as an immigrant, living far away from his home with a totally different culture, weather and lifestyle all had a major impact. "It was in parts melancholy with missing my family, my friends and my Cuban lifestyle, along with a desire to express a new version of me. From that point, my music was more open to new influences. It's not the same as writing songs on the Malecon in Havana or around friends and family... I wanted to write songs which would affect a new and global audience. The melody became as important or more important than the lyrics, I had to find a way to bring the poetry to life in a way that would touch people who didn't understand the language."

With a career that has had highlights such as opening for Latin Grammy award winning artist Andres Cepeda and for Amy Winehouse, headlining a university tour around England with just a guitar for a full set performance and performing at Ronnie Scotts, Domingo is now looking forward to finding a connection with a New Zealand audience on tour. This is a great opportunity for him to share his culture and music with a country which hasn't had much exposure to a Latino artist of his stature. This complex album can appear to be light and flowing, but it is also full of hidden depths, with a great deal to interest those who already know Domingo, or who have already enjoyed the wonderful world of Cuban music, as well as those who are new to the genre. Put it on, relax, and fall into a world which is full of vitality and presence.

http://www.aaarecords.com/artists/



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

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



MY MATE GLEN VAUDREY IS THIS WEEK'S GUEST CELEB, AND WILL INTRODUCE HIMSELF...

The eldest son of farm labourers, I was born into a once-thriving farming community that had, over the years, been overtaken by polluting heavy industry due to its position by the banks of the mighty Manchester Ship Canal. As a child I absorbed the juxtaposition of the agricultural and industrial landscapes around me.

On leaving school I completed my education by travelling the more remote parts of Northern and Eastern Europe.

During this period I worked variously as a court usher; hostel warden; snail farmer; and at one low point was to be found cleaning public toilets. After my wanderings I spent several years living in the Outer Hebrides writing and studying the local flora, fauna and folklore before settling in a small village on the edge of Cheshire.

Glen's Top Ten

A completely self-taught artist, as a young child I met a friend and one time model of the famed Wigan artist James Lawrence Isherwood; inspired to find out more I discovered Northern Art via Isherwood's work - perhaps the true face of Northern Art.

While I paint largely in the English Impressionist School of the North style I opt away from the dull browns and greys of Adolphe Valette and go for a much brighter set of colours. Unlike the majority of Northern School artists I fail to see the illusion of Lancashire pit towns being a modern day Elysium with happy folk trudging to pit or mill. Rather, I acknowledge the truth of grinding non-stop work, poor safety conditions, poverty, chronic health, and rivers so polluted you could walk on the surface without fear of drowning.

The grim reality comes through in my art but that isn't to say my paintings aren't also full of joyful vignettes and sardonic asides influenced by my childhood experiences.

As an award winning author of mystery animal books it's hardly surprising that as an artist I paint cryptozoological creatures. Occasionally these paintings come up for sale and are much sought after.

Not all of my work is Northern Impressionist, I have also had some dark surrealism pieces displayed in galleries. When exhibited at An Lanntair in Stornoway my work was memorably described as 'standing out for all the wrong reasons' – and promptly sold.

My work has been shown in galleries from the Outer Hebrides to Qatar, and sold across the globe from Australia to the USA.

I also run Weird Weekend North

https://www.glenvaudreyart.com/ or find me on facebook

https://www.facebook.com/Glen-Vaudrey-1381061508883332/?ref=bookmarks

As for list of records for a desert island these are the ten singles I would take.

A mixed bunch that just remind me of fun times

- Boo Radleys Lazarus
- Saint Etienne Nothing can Stop Us
- Cat Power The Greatest
- The World of Twist She's a Rainbow
- Smiths How Soon is Now
- The Knife Silent Shout
- Cocteau Twins From the Flagstones
- Perfume Carving your Name
- Curve Coast is Clear
- Drugstore I Wanna Love You Like A Man

THE COMPLETE GOSPELS

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

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



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

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

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 !!!



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Asante sana (thank you very much),

David Banks Director, Africa Region The Nature Conservancy

p.s. Start helping elephants today at nature.org/elephants and follow us on Instagram, Facebook or Twitter to get action alerts.



DOGLEG



Weekly Acoustic Jam Session Hosted by Dogleg

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

All styles, levels and listeners welcome

facebook - dogleg Musician/Band







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

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

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

ARE THESE THE MOST DEPRESSING VINTAGE GAMER PHOTOS EVER?

Do you remember the thrill of playing games when you were a kid? Do you? Or can you not remember that far back, because all the stress and hell you've endured since is getting in the way?

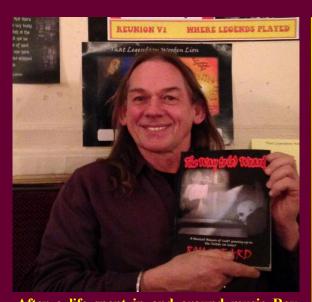
Here's a gallery of gamer children from the 70s and 80s enjoying games before that whole adult thing kicks in.

It might just be the most harrowing thing you ever see.



http://www.digitiser2000.com/main-page/are-these-the-most-depressing-vintage-gamer-photos-ever

WORDS TROM 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..

he music teacher lived in Seven Kings, a small area just east of Ilford and my mother ferried us over there once a week. I soon learned that this was no great classical tutor I was going to. He gave me a couple of chords to learn, showed me some music and got me to pick out the notes from 'September In The Rain'. This was not going to be the great display of musical prowess that would have Sheila sighing and wanting to be by my side. Apart from that, it was so slow. Weeks dragged by and still my fingers refused to go where I wanted them to and I could barely play that bloody 'September' song - which is up on my list of most hated songs along with 'Free Bird' by Lynyrd Skynyrd (I will come back to that later). Outside of the musical world things were changing, and so was I. My reading had led me to more radical stuff and I began thinking about politics. My mother was always a Conservative voter and my Father, holding true to his working class roots and union membership, staunch Labour. I began to read about Communism, Anarchy and all that. I was also being drawn toward the burgeoning folk music scene. Dylan was singing about war and my thoughts were leaning the same way. I also realised that I did not need to play 'September'. The few chords I had would do me for folk music.

So swift left turn, ditch the Brylcreem and start learning some folk songs then. Ditching the oil slick on my head had one, unfortunate, side effect. Our class teacher was called Mr Waterson and, like many of the teachers in the school, he used to walk around the class dishing out occasional physical attacks on the pupils. His favourite method was to come up behind you and clout you across the back of the head with a book. The first time he did it to me my head left a sizeable Torrey Canyon slick of Brylcreem on the tome. He did not repeat that process from then on – until I discontinued hair treatment, whereupon he launched back into it with gusto. 'You are a Nemesis, Wood', he used to say. Many of the teachers were quite used to this casual violence as a means of keeping discipline. Our music teacher ran an after-school club that I attended and we played records and talked about music; mostly classical, but some jazz and some pop. When he caught us doing something wrong one day, I can't recall what it was, he lined us all up and went along the line delivering a sharp punch to the sternum, thus removing our breath. He was later dismissed for sexually assaulting one of the more precocious and developed girls in our class. I suspect she led him on because she did that a lot to some of the boys in our class. We were never told the details. Our metalwork





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teacher was also as mad as they come and was prone to hurling lumps of metal at pupils if he thought their work was shoddy, shouting, 'This is rubbish, boy'. At least once a week he would drive into the school playground and crash his car into one of the gates. He would look at it, go into the school and re-appear with a hammer so he could knock the dent out. Anyhow, the change of hairstyle and folk guitar playing had given me more confidence and I took my chance and asked Sheila out – and it worked! I had a girlfriend. Not only did she come out with me but she also sang with me and we began to play at local folk clubs. I did a lot of standard folk tunes back then. Phil Ochs protest songs, Tom Paxton and all that stuff, both with Sheila and on my own. I started going on CND marches and embracing that whole left wing folk culture

My family did not want me to stay on at school, so I left at 16 and got a job in the laboratories at May and Baker's chemical factory in Dagenham East. When I went for the interview, straight from school, I was led into a room and confronted by three middle-aged men in blazers and ties. I was, of course, also wearing a suit and tie. After a round of questions about my academic qualifications and such like one of them asked, 'Is there any other job you had considered doing?' (Presumably to test my level of dedication to being a lab rat with a white coat on). 'Yes', I replied, 'I would have liked to have been a comedian'. The look of disgust and incredulity that crossed their faces was priceless. By this time I had passed my driving test and Sheila and I were driving out into the countryside for some sweaty groping. Never anything else. Breasts were fondled, lots of kissing happened but, apart from that, no direct sexual contact was made. There was that exciting area of flesh between the stockings and the forbidden area of the groin, but that was it. Still it was exciting in that seventeen year old way.

The factory sent me on Day-Release to Rush Green Technical College to study for, what we would these days call, a Non Vocational Qualification as a laboratory technician and analyst. Among the other pupils in that class was a guy called Roger who also played acoustic guitar. The pair of us decided we would try to put a folk club together in the college. Roger had a little duo and his musical partner was a guy called Richard Digance. Richard came along to play at one of these gigs and we became friends. He was moving up in the world, getting better gigs (which, in those days, meant actually being asked to come and play instead of just turning up, doe-eyed and trying to get in for free if you did a couple of songs). He had a great guitar style, complex but relaxed somehow, and he had a good line in between-songs patter. I was still awkward, trying to fit some of my songs in, but sort of knowing they were not good enough and falling back on more standard fare.

I went to a lot of gigs with Richard in those years and, once again, wound up as the qualified driver when he drove to a few shows before he passed his test. He had a battered Renault Dauphin in which we travelled to a gig in Reigate. Part of the way there it started to snow.

'Shit!', he said, 'The windscreen wipers don't work.' We stopped the car and I attached a piece of string to each wiper and then fed it through the quarterlights in the front doors. I then proceeded to pull the wipers back and forth while he drove to the gig. Then John Martyn made an appearance. He knew Richard from a while ago and had been staying at the row of cottages owned by *The Incredible String Band*, up in Scotland. His album, 'London Conversations', had just been released so he was travelling around doing gigs. At the time he was pretty wild and wired. I knew little about drugs then, but folk music was slowly sliding into a new scene and people were drifting off to become hippies.

1965 had seen the release of Rubber Soul and the sitar had made an appearance on the scene. This fascinated many musicians because of its strange sound and alien note interval. Ravi Shankar, widely regarded as the Indian 'Sitar Hero', began to appear in folk venues. I remember seeing him at the Hermit Club in Brentwood, supported by Bert Jansch and John Renbourne who both sat, wide-eyed, at the side of the stage while he played.

Many of the folk musicians I knew then smoked dope but, since I did not even smoke cigarettes at the time, I had never partaken. John Martyn, however, went for everything in a big way. I was at one gig with him in Ilford. There was a pub there called The General Havelock and, once a month the upstairs room was the venue for 'The Toad Hall Folk Club'. I first started going to the club a year or so before, when it was held at the Railway Arms in West Ham, but they had to relocate to Ilford High Road. John took to the stage and began to play, and play and play. He didn't stop. Songs flowed into other songs for well over an hour. Suddenly he stopped playing and looked up in surprise as if seeing the audience for the first time. The hall broke into cheers and applause and he wandered off the stage. He came up to Richard and I and said, 'That was weird. I took a tab of acid before I went on and I was playing one song and I thought, oh, that bit sounds like.... so I played that and then that sounded like.... He shook his head, put his guitar down and went downstairs. A few moments later there were shouts coming from downstairs. We went to investigate and found John in a full on fight with the barman. It seems that the barman, who was very overtly gay, had tried to 'pull' John, who objected violently. Still that was John. Always unpredictable and capable of going from spaced hippy to street fighting man at the drop of....well anything really.





LIFE AFTER DEATH

People ask me if I believe in life after death, to which I reply, of course I do. And I can prove it too. When I die, when you die, life goes on doesn't it? So there you go: there really is such a thing as life after death.

Look around you now: the world is teeming with life. It's bursting with it. The Earth is a cornucopia of continual abundance, overflowing with life. How can you say there's no life after death, when the evidence is clear everywhere that there is.

Ah no: you mean YOUR life, don't you? Your ego's life? Will YOU still go on? That's another question, which I will get round to answering presently.

About two days before my Mum died I had a last communication with her. She was home from the hospital by then, dosed up with morphine, hardly moving, in a specialist bed in the living room, in the place where the table used to be. I must have been standing over her looking at her in a worried way. And she opened her eyes and glanced at me. It was very brief, no more than a second or two. There was the merest hint of a nod of recognition as our eyes met, and then she closed her eyes. I'm not sure she ever opened them again after

that. But that communication, for all its brevity, was very deep. My eyes, I know, were filled with concern. I didn't know then that she would soon be dead. So there was worry in my eyes. The worry of not knowing.

The look in her eyes.... Is that even the right word? The presence in her eyes. Her presence. It was the presence of knowing: of knowing who I was. It was the presence of awareness, of simple recognition, uncluttered by demands or requirements, of questions and answers, of past and future. It came from a place before there were words and spoke to a place before there were names. It was elemental and unconditional, clear and simple, peaceful, just there: a last gleam of life from the being who had borne me and whose eyes and whose presence were the first I had known in this life.

She was saying goodbye.

I was present too at her death. Dad was holding her hand on one side of the bed, and I was on the other. He suddenly spoke up, sounding worried. "Her breathing is slowing down," he said.

I panicked. I tried ringing 111, but it was just a recorded message. I passed the phone onto Dad to wait. Still no answer. In the

end I rang 999 and, in a voice charged with emotion, told them I thought my Mum was dying.

I was being completely absurd, feeding her from a bottle of vitamin enriched milkshake, which is all she would take in the end. There was an autonomic response which made her suckle, like a baby from the teat. It died slowly away with her breath, and after a minute or two a little curl of chocolate milkshake ran down her chin from the side of her mouth. I didn't need to ask what that meant.

The ambulance was very quick. They bustled in efficiently, and got on with the business.

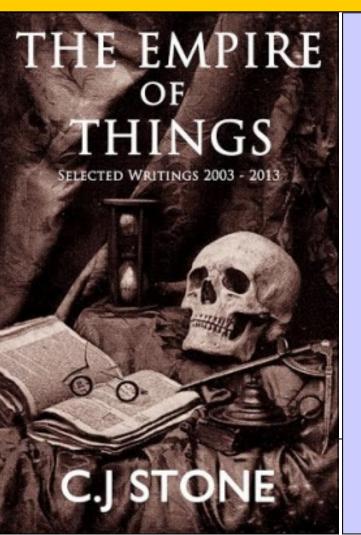
They were absolutely glorious beings those two, like energetic angels. I remember the woman particularly: wire thin and sinewy, in the peak of health, with cropped hair and a tan. These people spend their working lives at the front line between life and death and it showed. It kind of emanated from them. There was compassion and intimacy

mixed with a strong dose of rude efficiency for good measure.

They ripped my Mums top so her chest was exposed. She'd had her breast removed at the start of her illness, but there was no squeamishness from me, no embarrassment. This was a technical event and had nothing to do with any relationship I might once have had with the woman who had previously occupied this body. It was already a cadaver by then, bereft of life, a husk.

They applied the electrical pads, and the body jumped but no life came. After a while – how long I don't know – they said sorry but there was nothing more they could do. She was dead. But I already knew that.





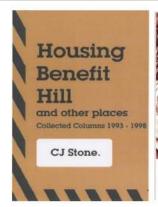
NOW AVAILABLE FROM GONZO MULTIMEDIA

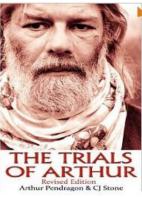
"Stone writes with intelligence, wit and sensitivity."

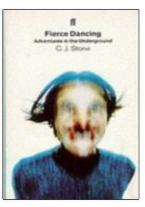
Times Literary Supplement

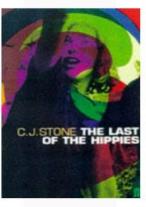
"Wry, acute, and sometimes hellishly entertaining essays in squalor and rebellion." *Herald*

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







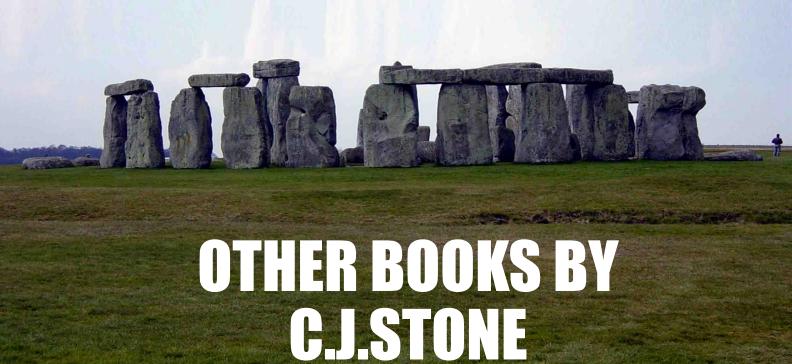


Housing Benefit Hill: http://www.amazon.co.uk/Housing-Benefit-Hill-Other-Places/dp/190259343X

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

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



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..

Hoaxlords, Hawklords, Hoaxwind, and Hawkwind

It's been a quiet week on the Hawkwind front, while they and indeed the fans absorb the news that the band have won their appeal against the American registration of the name 'Nik Turner's Hawkwind' as a trading name. As reported in last week's Gonzo Mag, the decision on each aspect of the case was a win for Dave Brock, except for one element which was declared neutral (in other words a no-score draw).

Activity on other 'Hawky' fronts has been somewhat considerable, too, albeit a lot less worrysome for the fans.

Tribute band Hoaxwind recently played The Fox & Duck, Richmond, Surrey, "for over two hours in sweltering heat" as the band said afterwards on Facebook. They played two sets, both of which (as usual) heavily concentrated on Calvert-era numbers such as 'Death Trap', 'Urban Guerilla', and 'Spirit of the Age'.

"We had an amazing time and we salute you and embrace you as part of our Hoaxwind family," they said.

Ex-Hawks do their stuff

Meanwhile, the 2008 Hawklords off-shoot group recently played the Surplus Festival, minus Ron Tree in their line-up. However ex-Hawks Jerry Richards and and Harvey Bainbridge were present, to do Hawkwind material such as 'Coded Languages' and their own things such as 'SR-71'.

And the Hawk-count was increased when Captain Rizz joined them for the encore 'Ejection'.

Gotta Stay Cool?

Space Pharaohs rhythm guitarist Chris had told us that he and his drummer Phil are going busking with portable drums and electric guitar. That's quite a feat, as Chris' band, once known as the tribute band Hoaxlords, currently ply their spacerock trade out in the deserts of Arizona, in Phoenix, where daytime July temperatures typically reach around 115°F, or 45°C. In the shade!

Spirits Burning

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

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

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

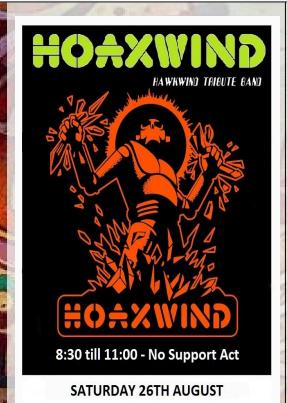
with Hawkwind family members Dave Anderson, Alan Davey, Paul Hayles, Jerry Richards, Nik Turner, Twink, & Bridget Wishart, plus Daevid Allen (Gong), Robert Berry (3), Keith Christmas, John Ellis (The Vibrators), Kev Ellis (Space Cadets), Matt Malley (Counting Crows), Nigel Mazlyn Jones, Pete Pavli (High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



Our Crash
I Have Iwo Names
JigSawMan Flies A JigSawShip
Live Forever Live Forever
My Life of Voices
Let's All Go Cloud Puffing
Stellar Kingdom · Spaceships At The Starting Line · We Move You Tripping With The Royal Family Xara's Poem 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



Multimedia spiritsburning.com



THE OAK - 98 Richmond Road, Kingston Upon Thames FREE ENTRY www.hoaxwind.uk

Chris says, "I was able to convert an IBANEZ 15W practice amp to run off 2x 12V rechargeable batteries. I am also going to add a multieffects pedal with looper. Phil [the drummer] is taking a WW2 wooden aircraft suitcase and converting the box to play bass drum with everything carried inside!" Chris has also given Gonzo an account of his approach to running this particular Hawkwind tribute band, including the current approach to and methods of mixing and producing their demo recordings. Watch this space (so to speak)!



HAWKWIND PASSPORT APPLICATION

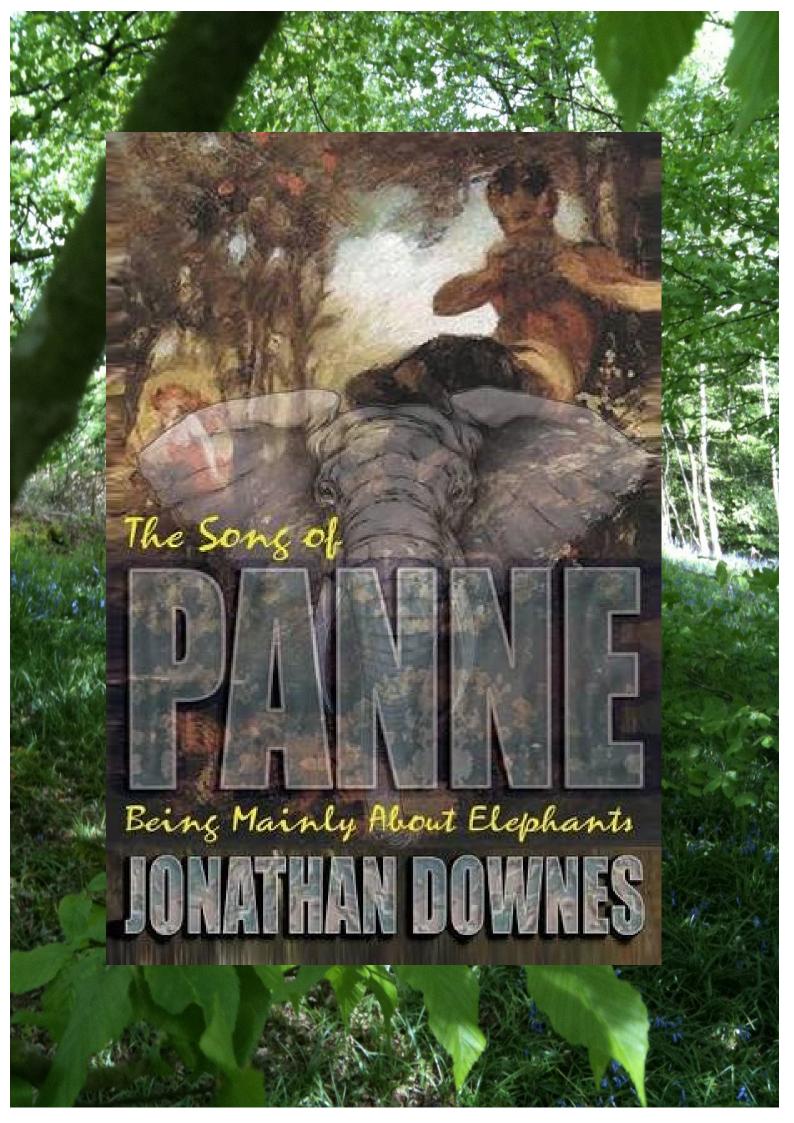


Greetings space travellers!
This is your Hawkwind Earth Visitors Passport application form.

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

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

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



IN THE GREY HALF-LIGHT BETWEEN FACT AND FANTASY

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

Are you sitting comfortably? Good. I shall begin.

L

Now, I hope that you will forgive me here, but although it would be hyperbole to describe myself as an old man, I am definitely ageing at a rate for which I was totally unprepared! And my memory is failing at an alarming rate. The events which I am describing took place over thirty years ago, and Anno Domini exacerbated by years of alcohol abuse have taken their toll upon my poor beleaguered synapses. And the truth is that after all this time I am not 100% sure of my facts. But the



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gist of the story is that Cindy took a shine to my friend the indie kid, and followed him around with a soppy look on her face, a bit like that worn by an ailing sheep.

It was peculiar. I remember thinking then, that I had seen no end of my male friends and colleagues suffering from sick sheep syndrome, as they obsessed over an unattainable female. Hell, I had even done it myself on many occasions.

If I may quote the divine Neil Hannon:

"Out or in - this is not a sin, it's not even original

and hey we're all individuals - so let the games

begin

I fall in love with someone new practically every day but that's okay

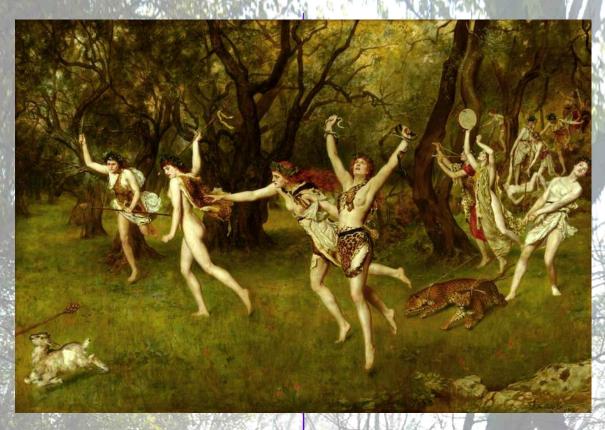
It's just the price I pay for being a man (if that's really what I am)

And I refuse to take it all too seriously

It's such a strange activity far too peculiar to be taken any other way"

But this was, I think, the first - and probably the only - time I had seen a reasonably attractive young woman, mooning about the place, making unrequited sheep's eyes at a member of the male gender. Or at least doing it in such a blatantly 'teenage boy' manner. Of course I have seen members of the fairer sex sad because of unrequited love, but there was

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something peculiarly masculine about the way she did it. And I am afraid that I do not know how I can describe it any better. There was something peculiarly disturbing about seeing a girl of nineteen behaving like a boy of fifteen, and - with hindsight at least - it was always going to end with something going tits up.

Then, all of a sudden, Cindy was swaggering around the old red brick house in which we all lived, claiming that she had finally "got her man", but it was only a matter of days later, that one of the other residents and I found her curled up in a foetal position on the big black leather sofa in the common room, sobbing her eyes out.

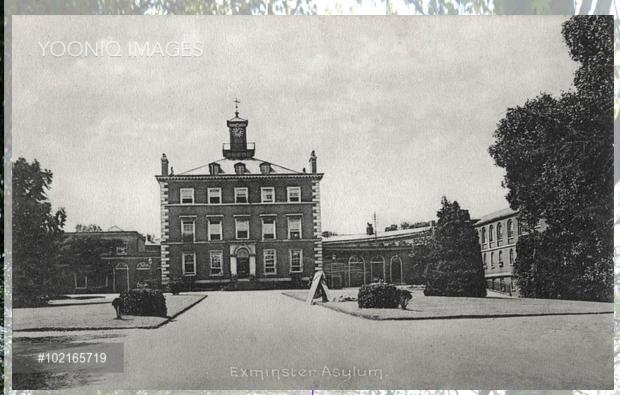
Overwhelmed by a flood of compassion, we did our best to comfort her, and she leapt upon me, clutching me like a security blanket, and weeping uncontrollably. Slowly we managed to piece together what had happened.

She told us that she had been visiting my mate the indie kid, and that they had got into some sort of ambiently romantic situation, when my mate suddenly channeled his inner Gilles de Rais, and forced her into committing a string of acts with which she was not comfortable. Like Meatloaf she would do anything for love, but she wouldn't do that...or that... or THAT!

It has to be said that this all seemed mildly convincing. Despite the fact that Indy Kid was a polite, laid back, and eminently pleasant individual, I think that any young man who has played the field will attest that for a young woman to suddenly change her mind during a romantic encounter was (and I assume still is) far from being unheard of. And that on such occasions the gentlemanly thing to do is to ignore the hormonal demands being made upon one's cerebellum, and retreat or withdraw gracefully.

Well, apparently Indy Kid didn't do anything of the sort, and had continued to press his suit, and had ended up "forcing" her into doing a whole string of things that revolted her. I was as gentlemanly as I could be, and did not ask for details, but merely did my best to comfort

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the crying girl, who still clung to my shirtfront like a baby three toed sloth does to its mother.

It is testament, I think, to the way that things have changed that, whereas these days one would certainly have telephoned the police straight off, and awaited the arrival of a specialist police officer with training in women's issues and trauma counselling, all we did was hug her and make her a nice cup of tea.

As she calmed down, her vitriolic rants against my mate continued unabated, and - shocked to hear such allegations against someone whom I had always thought of as a harmless sort of cove - I offered to call the police on her behalf.

Her demeanour suddenly changed. I mean changed in an instant, and she stopped crying and started to gush about how much she loved him, and how - despite his bestial behaviour - she couldn't bear to think of anything nasty happening to him. She then made us promise not to take any further action, and disappeared off into her bedroom. We kept

our promise as far as the police were concerned. Even at such a young age I had discovered that getting the constabulary involved was a simple way of making sure everything got far too complicated, and would ensure that matters would get completely out of hand.

However, raised on the pulp fiction of an earlier generation which told of the adventures of Hugh Drummond and Simon Templar, not to mention Lord Peter W., I resolved to take the matter into my own hands and have a word with the errant Indy kid myself.

So, later that day, I got in my battered blue sports car, and drove a few miles down the road towards Exeter, and made my way towards the imposing gothic (and in this context I don't know whether this should have a capital G or not) edifice of Exminster psychiatric hospital.



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

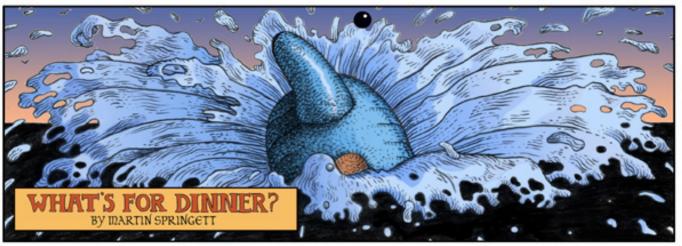
While in London Martin started to illustrate and design record covers for Columbia records. Upon his return to Vancouver, Martin carried on with music and illustrated various books and magazines. In 1978 he moved to Toronto, maintaining activity in every area where illustration is required. He released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

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

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

www.martinspringett.com/

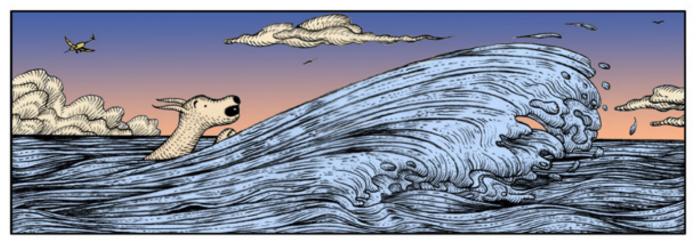
https://spacewreckrecords.bandcamp.com



















Thom the World Poet

Rob Ayling writes:

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

TO SPEAK WITH OTHERS

To speak in as many languages
as you are privy to/changes everything!
"Your world is your words"-not just vocabulary
More the ways of understanding you employ
in negotiating this multi-lingual world we live within
Every being is a language worth the learning
which makes for 7 billion possibilities of individual expression
in body language,ebonics,esperanto,accent,dialect,history,culture
All those nuances that are common to all and distinctly different
and take all our life to remember and forget.We are made of languages
And we learn every solar powered day/every moon star night
All out language littered world.All our words-for "water""joy""LIFE!





STRANGER

Reading John Higgs is like being shot with a diamond.

Suddenly everything becomes fentlyingly clear' Mojo

THAN WE CAN IMAGINE



MAKING SENSE OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

JOHN HIGGS

"A brilliantly stimulating tale" Financial Times

Paperback: 352 pages

Publisher: W&N (11 Aug. 2016)

Language: English

ISBN-10: 1780226578

ISBN-13: 978-1780226576

I have been putting off reviewing this book for some months. Why? Well, its not because it is a bad book. Certainly not. It is probably the most important book that I have read all year. And stylistically it is as good as one would expect from John Higgs. Nope, it is precisely because this is such an important, and excellent book, that it is nigh on impossible to review.

The 20th Century started with wax cylinders and ended with MP3s; I would suggest that it is the slice of a hundred years that saw more political, technological and military advances than any

other ten decades in the history of humankind. But how, and why did this all happen? And what does this mean for the future of our species?

John Higgs argues that before 1900, history seemed to make sense. We can understand innovations like electricity, agriculture democracy. The twentieth century, in contrast, gave us relativity, cubism, quantum mechanics, the id, existentialism, Stalin, psychedelics, chaos mathematics, climate change and postmodernism. The concept that "the world no longer seems to make any sense" is a familiar one to many of us of a certain age, but Higgs shows how the Omphalos - the navel of society - which acts as a focal point for the way that society works, changed as the structure of society changed with the end of the age of emperors, and the dawning of a grave new world where the old values were no longer relevant.

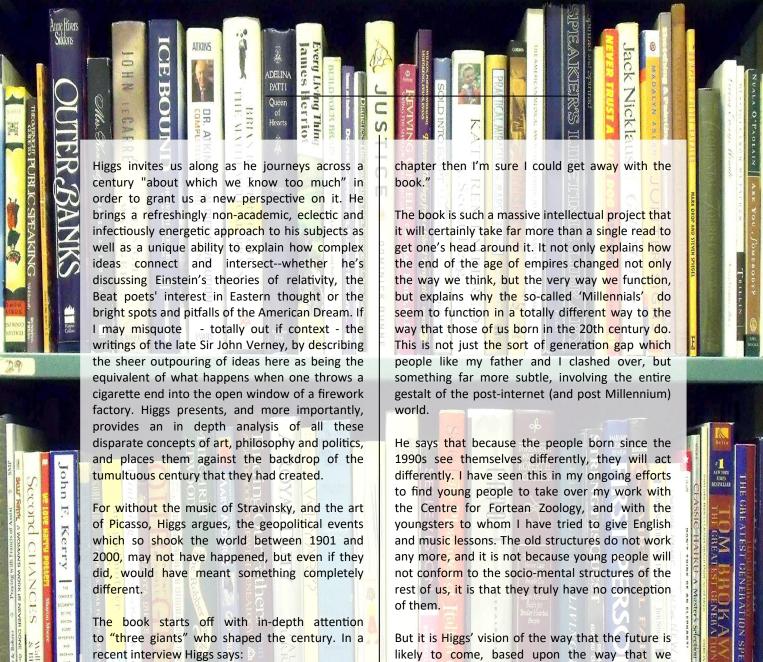
At the beginning of the 20th Century the vast majority of the world was ruled by a group of inter -related European emperors - British, German, Ottoman, Russian and Austro-Hungarian - but at the end of the Century, the five empires have crumbled into dust, and the final remaining monarchy had long since lost its empire. In its place was the new concepts of society ruled by individualism rather than from above by an emperor. As the 20th Century became the 21st, the rule of emperors had been replaced by that of the psychosocial concepts listed above, and even the non-European empires of Iran and Ethiopia had been overthrown. The only empire left was the Japanese one which had been emasculated and reinvented to suit the demands of the post war dream.

In order to understand such a disorienting barrage of unfamiliar and knotty ideas, Higgs shows us we need to shift the framework of our interpretation and view these concepts within the context of a new kind of historical narrative. Instead of looking at it as another step forward in a stable path, we need to look at the twentieth century as a chaotic seismic shift, upending all linear narratives.









"Oh man... Why are Einstein, Freud and Joyce so

important? Wow! I don't even know where to begin... I mean with Einstein, evolutionary doesn't

cut it; he was revolutionary. It was an entirely

new way of understanding ourselves and our

The book came about - one of the reasons

behind it - was that it's 100 years now since his

general theory of relativity and most people - I

count myself a few years back - really didn't

know what it was about. It just sounded

unfathomable, it just sounded 'not for me'. And

that's kind of crazy that even with an idea that's

100 years old, we can still find too much for us.

So the book begins by attempting to explain

Einstein in one chapter, not the maths obviously but the general concept; what was relevant about

it. I sort of figured that if I can do that in the first

place in the Universe.

But it is Higgs' vision of the way that the future is likely to come, based upon the way that we perceive it, that is most frightening. In another recent interview he says:

"...the problem is that at some point in the 1980s we gave up on the future. Before then there were all these positive futures imagined in things like Star Trek. It seems to me that the last ditch attempt to say something positive about the future was in 1989 in Bill & Ted's Excellent Adventure, when they say 'The future will be great — it's a bit like now, but with really great waterslides'. That was the best they could do. Ever since then the future has been shown as environmental apocalypse, zombie films, all of these things. And to create the future, first you have to imagine it, so this is a very worrying thing".

Hold on tight, its going to be a bumpy ride.



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...

Oh dear, what can the matter be, Mr Ed locked himself in the lavatory.... the other day. He did! I don't know how he did it, but he did. I was putting some clothes away in the bedroom, when a weird wail reached my ears. I ignored it at first, because I mistook it for one of those banshee-like cries you hear when the wind is a-bluster outside (and, let's face it, it may be summer but that fact does not seem to have reached the person who controls the weather up in the heavens - not round these 'ere parts at any rate).

But, as I continued to pat down the smalls into the drawer, I heard it again, and this time could just discern the syllables forming the word 'Help' from down the corridor. So, I thought I had better go and investigate. And lo and behold, those syllables became more penetrating and urgent the closer I got to the bathroom. Now, because Mr Ed is Mr Ed, he had not locked himself from within the bathroom, but from the extra mechanism on the outside of the door which was placed there to prevent the door being left open by all and sundry when the cats were kittens, thus preventing them – at night, after being safely closeted inside the house - from jumping out of the bathroom window, which is nearly always left open for some reason – even when it is pouring down with rain - onto the porch roof, and either

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hurting themselves jumping down on to the garden from there or not being able to jump back up.

So how the hell Mr Ed managed to flip the makeshift lump of wire on to the makeshift catch I have absolutely no idea. But, as I wrote, Mr Ed is Mr Ed. I can only think of two possible explanations: 1) he shut the door so violently that the hook jumped from the vibration and just happened to secure itself (a feat which should be applauded for the sheer marvel of him 'scoring' such a chance in a million) or 2) one of the ethereal house guests/tenants decided to play a jolly funny prank. The fact that we do have all sorts of peculiar things going on here at the moment may seem to sway the needle of the prankonometer towards the latter in my opinion.

Did I laugh? Um well perhaps a little chortle under my breath. No, I lie. I guffawed and snorted like a pig in mud for a full five minutes at least. And at least he didn't exclaim, "Put kettle on mother, I've finished on lav!"

But ... on with the show, my little piglets.

Details about NOTORIOUS B.I.G HIP HOP RAP action figure RARE White MEZCO big Biggie Smalls toy - Approximately £29.38 (US \$84.99)



"A notorious B.I.G. super poseable, highly articulated, highly detailed action figure/ figurine. 8.5 inches tall and 7 inches wide at the hands. Nice condition with real front pockets and snapping jacket. At least 12 points of articulation."

Sorry, but once again I

WORCESTER MA

had to look this guy up as I have never heard of him.

Signed Gun's n Roses Drumkit - AU \$20,000.00

"Signed Guns N Roses drumkit. This ultimate memorabilia piece is one of a kind. Signed by Matt Sorum of Guns N Roses. This kit was signed in 1997 and has a plaque which was presented to Mel Posner to commemorate the sale of over 300,000 copies in spain for Guns N' Roses Use your Illusion 1 & Use your Illusion 2. Each drum and skin is signed by Matt Sorum and the kit itself is a Mapex Orion series birdseye maple



drumkit. Comes complete in the case and would look great in someones business, man cave or memorabilia room."

Um..... I am not sure what to say about this.

AUSTRALIAN PAINTED CARNIVAL CANVAS, MIC CONWAY'S WHOOPEE BAND, SYDNEY & MELB. - AU \$3,400.00

"AUSTRALIAN PAINTED CANVAS FOR MIC CONWAY'S WHOOPEE BAND.

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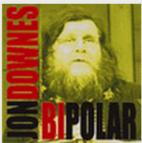
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SHAMELESS SELF PROMOTION TIME

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







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The trains for Braisle leave Albing at 75 Al. & 7 P.M. The trains of the Philadeld and North Adat Ball Road connect at Pittafield.

MUSICIAN, MAGICAN, ONE MAN BAND. MIC WAS ALSO KNOWN AS MICROPHONE

MIC CONWAY (MC WORK) WELL KNOWN

AROUND SYDNEY & MELBOURNE IN THE

LATE 1970'S & WELL INTO THE 1980'S HE

WAS AN ALL ROUND TALENT. THIS IS A

PIECE OF AUSTRALIAN HISTORY."

rem twica a day

I only put this in because Mr Ed likes chickens.

\$25,000.00 (Approximately £19,343.11)

Beyonce used towel from otr tour - US

"My daughter had this towel from beyonce concert

Complete with stains. And – by the way, sir or

madam - whose smell? Beyonce's or your

Kurt Cobain Nirvana Stage Used Guitar Pick

COA WOW Real I Pinky Swear - US \$49,999.99

"I'm a big time pick collector. This pick was used

by the Kurt Cobain. I have no way to prove it but who cares! I made a COA for you so that makes it

real! I don't remember but it dosen't matter. I have

photos of him using these EXACT same picks and I've included a COA so that automatically verifies

from 2 years still has her smell".

(Approximately £38,686.21)

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REGULAR LINE OF PACKETS Between Norwich and Paladelphia.

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that it is real. I'm a big time pick collector."



I think perhaps someone paying the price tag quoted might care if it could be proved or not to be fair. But who am I to wonder about such things?

CREAM Disraeli Gears 4FTx 4FT Framed 3-D Lenticular Vari Vue Masterpiece LOOK – US \$15,000.00 (Approximately £11,605.86)



"Extremely rare CREAM DISRAELI GEARS 4FT x 4FT Vari Vue lenticular album cover art. Truly a wonderful piece. Vari Vue had made prototypes for LP covers in the 60's. Most notable that was used the The Rolling Stones Satanic Majesties Request."

I wonder if Pressed Rat and Warthog would have sold these as well as atonal apples and amplified heat? It would have looked quite dapper between a pair of dog's legs and feet.

Hand Made Grateful Dead Quilt - US \$14,500.00 (Approximately £11,219.00)

"This is Truly a One of a Kind. This Hand Made Quilt is made from T-shirts that for the most part were only available at various concerts. This fabulous quilt measures 108" wide by 113" in

R. E. MUTURIMOUN (Successor to WM. LEGGATE,) 188 MAIN ST. AHUFACTURER and Dealer in HARNESEES, SAB W. Dilbo, BRIDLES, Couch, Chalco and Dreit COL-LARS. Also, Trunks, Paliters and Carpit Sage. Couch Gly and Trily WHIFS, &c. gr Realpring done at short motles.

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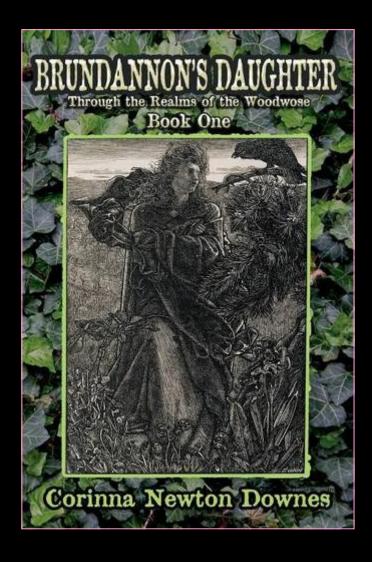
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Stray into the woods and forests and you will enter into another world; a world of creatures that live by their own rules, protect their own kind with fierceness, and view all strangers who venture under the protective boughs with deep suspicion. Tread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

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REGULAR LINE OF PACKETS Between Norwich and Paladelphia.

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



length. This will fit any bed or make an amazing wall hanging for any room."

Made by machine this would not take that long; made by hand it would take a bit longer. But I

would not fancy trying to sew stretchy t-shirt material into neat squares. I salute you, seamstress.

FILL Bushi Propellers beatles jigsaw (never used) - £1.99



No description I am afraid, but then again I guess there really isn't the need for one.

See you next week, my little porcine friends.

R. E. MUTUMMYSUM

E. E. HUR GRAND STATE
(Successor to W.M. LEGGATE,) 186 BEARN ST.Y
MANUFACTURES and Dealer in HARNESSES, SAB
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Wescales, Jan 18

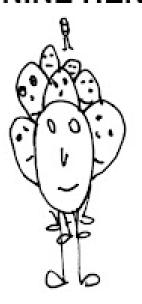
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THE NINE HENRYS





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

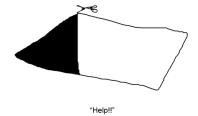
They live in a strange lo-fi domestic surrealist world peopled by talking rock buns and elephants on wobbly stilts. Over the years the Henrys have been published in a variety of local NE magazines and now here for the first time thanks to Gonzo Multi-Media the Nine Henrys are brought together in a compendium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





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 Dragons: Bfi (Ninja Tune, 2007)

What? Uh-oh, "best album you never heard," alert. Hang on; this is brilliant!

The world and his reissue label continue to assault us all with claims about unreleased masterpieces and woefully overlooked works of genius. Few such items – however – boast the back-story and pedigree of Bfi. It's widely accepted that Ninja Tune's first reaction on hearing the recording they'd just been offered was to suspect a scam. One track – "Food for my Soul" - from this 1970 recording had made it to a long-forgotten compilation and on tracking down

the band Ninja Tune were stunned get a complete album of wellproduced Californian psych-rock, suggesting – as a one commentator has put it – "something of a missing link between the Doors and Steely Dan." Far too good to be true, right?

Well, no. The Dragons are three brothers and whilst they never made it, one of their number became a household name. It's just that Daryl Dragon – AKA "The Captain" of Captain and Tenille fame – wouldn't have been doing his M-O-R audience of the late seventies any favours to revisit works like the terminally trippy "Sunset Scenery" complete with its Manzarak organ chords and eastward-looking drum solo. Bfi – meaning; apparently, "Blue Force Intelligence" – throws forth an album's worth of such pscyh-rock, most of it conveniently contained in radio friendly running times and much of it setting off in some clear direction with the intent of evoking a mood, making a point and doing what a great pop song can do. At which point layers of clavinet, organ, drums and vocals are added to give each track its own sense of identity.

Throw in lyrics that reference every west coast psychobabbling bit of cod-philosophy on offer and a production sound fit to rank with the great Brian Wilson himself and you have the blueprint for something so monumental Ninja Tune were right to be suspicious of a latter day scam. But, Bfi is most certainly the real deal and it made its full debut 37 years too late for The Dragons to get their due recognition. To be fair to those who passed on it in 1970 it is probably more Electric Prunes than The Doors, and the uneasy tension between music with one ear on hit singles and one on the trippier end of west coast psychedelia doesn't always work to perfection. But blissed out sunshine pop joys like "Amplified Emotions" are – if anything – stronger songs today than they were when first offered up for release.

To be totally pedantic – and fair to Captain and Tenille devotees – it should be noted that the sleevenotes credit Doug and Dennis Dragon as the mainstays of the band, listing Daryl (The Captain) atop those credited as "Additional musicians."





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

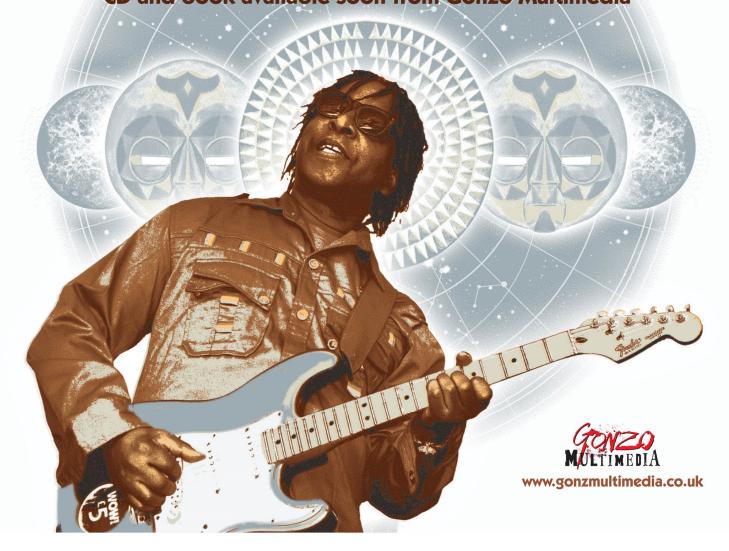
Rock 'n' Roll and UFOs is an anthology of music from Gregg Kofi Brown's career and contains previous unreleased songs, remixes and demos, with many guest musicians and artists such as Sting guitarist Dominic Miller, Bomb da Bass, Osibisa, the cast of the Who's Tommy, The Chimes' Pauline Henry, the Who's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

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

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

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

CD and book available soon from Gonzo Multimedia







And so here we are at the end of another Curate's Egg of a week. On the good side, I have personally achieved all I set out to do and more, the 61st issue of *Animals & Men* has been published, and I have managed to do some more filming for a project that I will tell you all about in due course.

On the distaff side, my car is unwell, and we won't even have more than a preliminary diagnosis before the middle of next week, and someone who I trusted and to whom I showed nothing but kindness owes me a grand and is being spectacularly unpleasant about it.

But these things are all part of the vagaries of existence,





and none of it matters that much in the big scheme of things. The actual thing that is bugging me most is that a few weeks ago I took out a rental agreement on a LG Smart TV thingy. One of the main reasons for me to do that was because I already pay fifteen quid a month for the highest level of access to Spotify, and I wanted to be able to listen to it in the sitting room. I was able to on my iPad for a while, but the Apple Air Port thingy was so bloody complicated and eventually gave up working entirely.

Now, Spotify have stopped supporting LGTV even with an external dongle thingy, and I'm Euchred m'dears.

Any bright ideas?

Love and Peace J







PINK PAIRIES Chinese Cowboys Live 1987



POVK PAIRIES Mandies and Mescaline...



wayne kramer & the pive pairies Cocaine Blues



ANDY COLGUHOUN Pick up the Phone America!



ANDY COLOUHOUN String Theory



warsaw pakt feat. ANDY COLOUBOUN Warsaw Pakt



MICK FARREN AND ANDY COLAUBOUN Black Vinyl Dress



THE DOVIANTS Dr Crow



THE DEVIANTS The Deviants Have Left the Planet



THE DEVIANTS Barbarian Princes Live in Japan 1999

TRACUIUS -...



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