Herewith the Gonzo Magazine summer bumper holiday special thing featuring Jon and Neil talking about The Beatles, fifty years after their greatest year, Jon interviewing Tim Bowness, John B G watching It's a Beautiful Day, Gregg from Paradise 9 on a desert island, Alan on Pirate Radio, and lots of Female Dr Who bilge, plus news, reviews, radio shows and self opinionated columnists...

#244/5
SUMMER HOLIDAY SPECIAL

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The Three Commandments of Gonzo Weekly:

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

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

3. Music can and sometimes does change the world.

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

Welcome to another issue of yer favourite weekly maggything. I have told the story of how I started it on a whim five years ago, and how it has exceeded all of my expectations, on many occasions, and I am not in the mood to reiterate it today, so please just accept that I did and it has. But also, please be aware of the fact that I am very proud of what we have achieved with this magazine, and I am immensely humbled at all the hard work everyone else who is involved puts in each week. Thank you folks.

This week the Centre for Fortean Zoology sent our second expedition to the Russian republic of Karbadino Balkaria in search of the fabled almasty; an upright walking hairy hominin reported across a swathe of Eurasia from the Caucasus to Mongolia.

This week all sorts of horrific events have happened on the world stage: our countries are still governed by self serving idiots, most world leaders are either buffoons or psychopaths or both, huge swathes of the Middle East are ruled by psychotic medieval brigands, and there are too many people even in this country living in what Lord Beveridge described as ‘want and fear’.

And are these the things that everyone has been talking about this week? Are these the things which have provoked either howls of derision or paeans of praise? Nope. The only topic on anyone’s lips this week was the fact that those in power at the BBC have chosen a
female actor (apparently to call her an actress is considered as sexist in these overly enlightened times) to play everybody’s favourite time travelling Gallifreyan in the next few seasons of *Doctor Who*.

Everyone except me that is. ‘Cos I truly don’t give a damn/fuck/toss/monkeys.

Various people I know have completely gone off their trolley on this matter. One has said that he will never watch anything on the BBC ever again, and others are ranting about political correctness and neo-Stalinist wankshaftery.

For the first time in one of my editorials, I am cut and pasting from *The Sun* who proclaimed:

“But not everyone is happy that the role, traditionally played by a man, is now being taken on by Jodie.

One fan of the show wrote: “My feeling? #DoctorWho has been ripped out of his essence to make a bunch of overheated feminists happy. #RIPDoctorWho You will be missed…”

“Well! This is one less show I have to watch! Adios #DoctorWho! A woman should not be the Doctor, just to fill a quota, so I’m out!” wrote another.

As someone else commented: “The new Doctor Who is now a Woman, and I don’t like it, I will not watch the new doctor who series, so that means the series is over for me”

And other people ranted with pleasure as if some great battle against sexism has been won. One columnist in her thirties wrote:

اللعنة لهم إذا كانوا لا تأخذ نكتة
"Future generations of women don’t have to relegate themselves to ‘just’ being the companion (I’m well aware they’re often more than able to hold their own). But, just think. There’s going to be a group of young girls out there when the new series starts who won’t have to imagine themselves as a man, they can picture themselves as the Doctor. They can hear the name spoken with the same level of reverence as it is uttered by every character then see it being associated with a female face. They don’t have to be the besotted (to various degrees depending on the companion) counterpart – they can be the genius who steals the show and saves the day. They can be the quirky centre, not just the straight-faced (again, to various degrees) person who gets things explained to them. In fact *gasp, shock, horror* they can be the one doing the explaining!"

The most level headed comments actually came from previous doctors.

Colin Baker who played the sixth (I think) doctor has said: "I have been shocked by the reaction of some people who would describe themselves as fans of the programme to the casting of a really good actress in the role. Some of them I know and am sad to see them vowing to “never watch the programme again”.

And quoting his opening lines as doctor thirtyish years ago he tweeted: "Change my dears and not a moment too soon - she IS the Doctor whether you like it or not!"

Right on Colin.

I quite like Doctor Who. I have been watching it on and off since about 1970, when Patrick Troughton morphed into Jon Pertwee, and I have managed to get quite a lot of pleasure from it over the years. I watched it with the twelfth doctor, Peter Capaldi, and I shall watch it with the thirteenth doctor, Jodie Whittaker. The fact that she is not in possession of a y chromosome truly matters not to me.

Why?

Because it is a fictional series which - at most - takes up about an hour of my week, and with which I truly have not been able to engage in any meaningful way since it came back onto our screens twelve years ago. And before anyone asks, it is not because I dislike the tactics of showrunners like Russell T Davies, or Stephen Moffat, but because it just doesn’t mean that much to me. And because the “new” format of stories lasting one or two fifty minute episodes rather than four, six or
more early evening episodes doesn’t resonate with me.

But mostly because a weekly slice of escapist television entertainment just truthfully isn’t that important. If it entertains me, as it has for the last few years, I shall watch it. If, as I did about a third of the way through the David Tennant years, I lose interest in it I shall stop watching it. it’s as simple as that, and the fact that it is being debated online as if it were great art, rather than light entertainment of - at best - mild cultural significance, is irritating. And the fact that people are getting so angry about it all is both annoying and baffling.

But what do I know? I am quite happy to spend hours discussing the oeuvre of obscure bass players and the colour variations of British *Nymphalidae* and other things that are of no interest to the vast majority of my species. So who am I to judge? Just a fat, elderly bloke in a wheelchair who has a bad attitude and a short temper, and a job that allows him to hold forth at will. That’s who.

Now, boys and girls, you will - no doubt - have noticed that this issue is one of our double issues, crudely dubbed as a “Summer Holiday Special”. Well, so it is. And the persons who are taking their summer holiday are me and Corinna. We are not going anywhere, but my beloved granddaughter and her mama and papa are coming to visit. And so, throughout next week I shall be “Grandad” rather than “Gonzo Jon”. And golly, I am so looking forward to it.

We shall be back in two weeks time. I look forward to seeing you all then.

Slainte,

Jon Downes
(the ringmaster of the Gonzo Magazine circus)
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:

Corrina Downes,
(Sub Editor, and my lovely wife)

Graham Inglis,
(Columnist, Staff writer, Hawkwind nut)

Douglas Harr,
(Features writer, columnist)

Bart Lancia,
(My favourite roving reporter)

Thom the World Poet,
(Bard in residence)

C.J.Stone,
(Columnist, commentator and all round good egg)

John Brodie-Good
(Staff writer)

Jeremy Smith
(Staff Writer)

Alan Dearling,
(Staff writer)

Richard Foreman
(Staff Writer)

Mr Biffo
(Columnist)

Kev Rowland
(columnist)

Richard Freeman,
(Scary stuff)

Dave McMann,
(Sorely missed)

Orrin Hare,
(Sybarite and literary bon viveur)

Mark Raines,
(Cartoonist)

Davey Curtis,
(tales from the north)

Jon Pertwee
(Pop Culture memorabilia)

Dean Phillips
(The House Wally)

Rob Ayling
(The Grande Fromage, of whom we are all in awe)

and Peter McAdam
(McDada in residence)

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

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

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

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

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

Rockin’ the City of Angels features the work of some of the rock era’s greatest photographers, including Richard E. Aaron, Jørgen Angel, Fin Costello, Ian Dickson, Armando Gallo, Stacey Katsis, Terry O’Neill, Neal Preston, Michael Putland, Jim Summara, Lisa Tanner, Brian Weiner, Neil Zlowzower and more!
THE RETURN OF WACKO JACKO:
The music of Michael Jackson will be the basis of a new one-hour animated special coming this October to CBS. Michael Jackson’s Halloween is created and produced by Optimum Productions, the Michael Jackson company now owned by his estate and will feature the voices of actors Christine Baranski, Kiersey Clemons, Alan Cumming, George Eads, Brad Garrett, Lucy Liu, Jim Parsons and Lucas Till.

The special follows millennials Vincent (Lucas Till) and Victoria (Kiersey Clemons), who meet “accidentally” on Halloween night and find themselves, along with Ichabod the dog, at a
"Capitalism is the extraordinary belief that the nastiest of men for the nastiest of motives will somehow work for the benefit of all."

John Maynard Keynes

mysterious hotel located at 777 Jackson Street called This Place Hotel. Once inside, Vincent and Victoria are sent on an unexpected adventure of personal discovery, culminating in a dance finale featuring an animated Michael Jackson.


RADIOHEAD IN TEL AVIV: Radiohead's controversial Tel Aviv gig went ahead without incident on Wednesday night (19Jul17) after the rockers ignored calls to cancel the show to protest Israel's treatment of its Palestinian neighbours.

Defiant frontman Thom Yorke fired back at criticism from the likes of Pink Floyd star Roger Waters and filmmaker Ken Loach, insisting he and his bandmates had weighed up the pros and cons of performing in the nation and decided to go ahead with the Yarkon Park concert.
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…

“There are times, however, and this is one of them, when even being right feels wrong. What do you say, for instance, about a generation that has been taught that rain is poison and sex is death? If making love might be fatal and if a cool spring breeze on any summer afternoon can turn a crystal blue lake into a puddle of black poison right in front of your eyes, there is not much left except TV and relentless masturbation. It's a strange world. Some people get rich and others eat shit and die.”

Hunter S. Thompson

Loach wrote an open letter to the band, stating: "Radiohead need to decide if they stand with the oppressed or the oppressor. The choice is simple,' prompting the angry singer to release a statement, which read: "Playing in a country isn't the same as endorsing its government."

Thom added: "We've played in Israel for over 20 years through a succession of governments, some more liberal than others. As we have in America. We don't endorse (Israel's Prime Minister Benjamin) Netanyahu any more than (U.S. leader Donald) Trump, but we still play in America.


THE KINDNESS OF FLOYD: Naomi Watts will always have a soft spot for Pink Floyd and their fans because they continue to help her come to terms with her father's heroin overdose death. The actress was just seven when her dad, a
sound engineer, died in 1976, and she now tells Britain's The Guardian newspaper that the family would have been destitute if it wasn't for her father's friends in the band.

"When he died, my dad hadn't saved money, and I guess my mum didn't have any, so they, the band, very kindly... I think they gave my mum a few thousand dollars to help get things under way. A lump sum, to help."

The money helped Naomi’s mother relocate to the U.K. from Australia and start a new life. And the kindness of the group's fans has always given the actress a chance to get to know her dad. "You've got to understand, I've got maybe three photos of my dad, and maybe two memories," she tells the newspaper.

Neil Young has made a video for 'Children of Destiny', his new song with Promise of the Real.

The song is a political charged anti-Trump song urging Americans to “stand up for what you believe” with a backdrop of flags, fighters and children marching.

In a post Neil Young said:

Friends

Thanks so much for your response to Children of Destiny! This is a heartfelt message to people all around the world, our home. We hope this song resonates with you and gives you strength to know that you are not alone. Resist those who lash out against our positive message with violence, name calling and negativity. We are concerned for our Democracy, Environment and Freedom. Nothing will ever stop us from standing up. We gathered together on the full moon to record our song. Here is a new video of that moment!

Love and Respect,

Celebrate Interdependence!

Neil

GET BACK LORETTA: Country superstar Loretta Lynn has postponed the release of a new album and scrapped all her remaining shows for 2017 as she continues to recover from a stroke. The Coal Miner's Daughter singer, 85, suffered the health scare in May (17) and subsequently checked into a rehabilitation facility to continue receiving treatment.

Representatives for the veteran revealed on Wednesday (12Jul17) she has since returned to her home in Tennessee, where she will be recuperating for the rest of the year (17). As a result, Lynn has pulled out of her remaining concert commitments, after cancelling a number of dates for the summer (17) in June (17), and she has also chosen to push back the planned August (17) launch for her new album, Wouldn't It Be Great.

"My main focus now is making a full recovery so that I can get back to putting all of me into what I love, sharing my music with all of you," she says in a statement posted online. "I now want to wait to release (Wouldn't It Be Great) next year because this record is so special for me. It deserves me at my best and I can't wait to share it."


WE'RE ALL WAITING FOR THE ANTS INVASION: Due to overwhelming demand, and after playing sold-out shows to over 75,000 fans around the world throughout the UK, North America, Australia and New Zealand, pop icon Adam Ant has saved the best for last by capping the year with one final homecoming performance of his phenomenally-successful ANTHEMS The Singles tour at The Roundhouse in London on Thursday 21st December.

Adam will play his classic chart-topping singles as well as rare singles, B sides and personal favourites.

From his early days in London as an underground, post-punk artist with a cult-like following to his explosion on the world stage that would lead him to become one of the most iconic artists of the 80s, Adam’s musical career spans the course of nine albums and 25 chart-topping singles around the world.

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

-Chris Packham
THE LAST WEEK AT GONZO DAILY

Sunday
Monday
Tuesday
Wednesday
Thursday
Friday
Saturday

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

ELDRIDGE CLEAVER

Two types of people visit rhino in the wild

The strong and courageous take a camera
The weak and cowardly take a gun

What sort of person are you?

Celebrate wildlife on World Wildlife Day don't shoot it.
One historian believes King Solomon's wealth may in fact be in the Egyptian Museum in Cairo. King Solomon's gold mines, which the Bible says helped him store wealth amounting to more than £2.3 trillion, are a complete myth, historians believe. The biblical ruler is said to have accumulated 500 tons of pure gold from the mines, but experts now say the pot of wealth is unlikely to have ever existed. Historians claim the Old Testament King's story has been misinterpreted and King Solomon was in fact an Egyptian Pharaoh. The expert spent 20 years researching the leader in a bid to uncover his hidden wealth, which he now believes never existed. But Mr Ellis claimed there was still a "grain of historical truth" to the story.

IT STARTED UNDER THE ARMPITS AND SPREAD ACROSS EUROPE
http://www.medievalhistories.com/devastating-black-death/

New studies of the levels of atmospheric lead as evidenced by ice cores drilled from an Alpine Glacier lets scientists gauge the devastating effects of the Black Death on Economy and Society. It appears all ground to a halt. Next-generation ice core technology reveals true minimum natural levels of lead (Pb) in the atmosphere: Insights from the Black Death. For many years historians depended on written sources to assess the calamity of such events as the Black Death. This yielded widely disparate conclusions claiming that the death-toll lay between 30 to 50%. In the last 30 years scholars have therefore held widely disparate positions concerning such fundamental questions as impact and consequences. In recent years, though, archaeologists have been able to provide some better statistics showing that for instance in a region like East Anglia, and using the fall in the number of ceramic shards, the decline in the 14th century measured on average to 44.7%. Some rural markets and towns even experienced a 55% decline post-plague.

SWISS MISSED
https://www.theguardian.com/world/2017/jul/18/bodies-of-swiss-couple-missing-for-75-years-found-on-glacier

Marcelin and Francine Dumoulin, the parents of seven children, discovered perfectly preserved near ski lift by workers. The frozen bodies of a Swiss couple who went missing 75 years ago in the Alps have been found on a shrinking glacier, Swiss media said. Marcelin and Francine Dumoulin, the parents of seven children, had gone to milk their cows in a meadow above Chandolin in the Valais canton on 15 August 1942. "We spent our whole lives looking for them, without stopping. We thought that we could give them the funeral they deserved one day," their youngest daughter, Marceline Udry-Dumoulin, 75, told the Lausanne daily Le Matin. "I can say that after 75 years of waiting this news gives me a deep sense of calm."
"At midnight, all the agents and superhuman crew go out and round up everyone who knows more than they do."
— Desolation Row by Bob Dylan

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

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

Shocking images emerge of the latest attack by ‘out of control’ fox hounds

There has been another attack by fox hunting hounds. And this latest in a long line of shocking incidents demonstrates why the law surrounding fox hunting should remain in place, or even be further enhanced. As the victim of the attack says the hounds were “out of control”.

Dr David Mullin was walking his two dogs, a lurcher and a whippet, at around 8am on Thursday 13 July. The incident, which Mullin claims involved the Mendip Farmers Hunt happened on Eastwater Lane in Priddy, Somerset.

'There were about 36 hounds in total and about 10 of them attacked my dogs. The Huntsman used his whip on my lurcher, who was also bitten and my whippet received extensive injuries which so far have cost us £350. The anticipated bill will be around £500. The Hunt are claiming that my dogs started it, despite the fact that they were both on lead and off the path. They have a photo of a dog with a bite in it’s flank but they have not provided any evidence that this happened on the day, or that my dogs did it.'

He said that the Master of the Hunt contacted him after the incident, and said he was "sorry that [his] dog was injured". But Mullin claims the Master said "it was my word against his". And he then said the hunt’s hounds "walk past dogs and children all the time and this has never happened before". But Mullin quoted the Dangerous Dogs Act to him, and "he was slightly taken aback".

When Mullin went to Avon and Somerset Police, they allegedly told him that the Dangerous Dogs Act only applies if a person is attacked or feels threatened and it doesn’t apply to animals or dogs. Mullin said: 'I asked him what would happen if the dog was killed and he said that wasn’t covered by legislation either and that I’d have to mount a private prosecution. The upshot? A Hunt can attack or kill dogs with impunity.'

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

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

Portobello Shuffle
A Testimonial to Bob Goodman

All thanks to the help of
The Deviants and Pink Fairies

MICHAEL DES BARRES on
LITTLE STEVENS UNDERGROUND GARAGE
MORNINGS 8am - 11am ET CH21 SIRIUS75 (filling in for Andrew Loog Oldham)
"If you don't want your tax dollars to help the poor, then stop saying you want a country based on Christian values, because you don't."

Jimmy Carter

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

In Jamaica a steak & kidney pie will cost you £2.30. An apple pie will cost £1.90. A chicken and mushroom pie will cost you £2.25. A cherry pie is £1.20 and a mince pie is £1.90.

In Trinidad & Tobago a steak & kidney pie will cost you £3.00. A rhubarb pie is £1.35 and a chicken pie (without mushrooms) is £1.20.

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

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

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

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

Sex?
No...

Prog

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

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

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

The show is broadcast on Miskin Radio every Sunday from 10-00-midnight.
I first came across Friday Night Progressive totally by accident, but I soon found myself beguiled by the style and taste of presenter M Destiny who presents a weekly two-hour show showcasing all sorts of progressive music that you are unlikely to hear anywhere else. This is surely a man after my own heart. I also very much approve of the way that it is the hub of a whole community of artists, musicians, and collaborators. I hope that you enjoy them as much as I do. Welcome aboard, chaps.

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

The Galactic Pillow Fight
A special show that is already considered a classic, writer, researcher and Wisconsin-based super-fan Barbara With shocks Mack, Juan-Juan and Commander Cobra by surprising them with an in-studio visit. Discussions about a wide range of topics ensue. Dr. Liira later joins the free-wheeling confab. Meanwhile, Number 1 Asian Cover Model Mai Tran picks the five latest winners in the Wingman 18 “Battle for America” free book giveaway and Cindy Bailey Dove reprises her recent report on drones.

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=UJ00-j0un6E
Landau was an American film and television actor, whose career began in the 1950s. He played regular roles in the television series Mission: Impossible and Space: 1999.

At the age of seventeen he found work at the New York Daily News, where he spent the next five years as an editorial cartoonist and worked alongside Gus Edson to produce the comic strip, The Gumps, but he quit the Daily News when he was 22 - influenced by Charlie Chaplin and the escapist of the cinema - to concentrate on theatre acting. After auditioning for the Actors Studio, he and Steve McQueen were the only applicants admitted out of 500 that applied.

In 1957, he made his Broadway debut in Middle of the Night, and made his first major film appearance in Alfred Hitchcock's North by Northwest. He also had featured roles in two 1960s epics, Cleopatra and The Greatest Story Ever Told, and played a ruthless killer in the western Nevada Smith.

Landau played the role of master of disguise Rollin Hand in the US television series Mission: Impossible, becoming one of its better-known stars. He was at first credited for "special guest appearances" during the first season, but became a full-time cast member in the second season. The role of Hand required Landau to perform a wide range of accents and characters, from dictators to thugs, and several episodes had him playing dual roles—not only Hand's impersonation, but also the person whom Hand is impersonating.

In the mid-1970s, Landau starred in the British science-fiction series Space: 1999 followed by appearances in supporting roles in a number of films and TV series, including the TV film The Harlem Globetrotters on Gilligan's Island. He won an Oscar for Ed Wood in 1994, for his role as actor Bela Lugosi.

Encouraged by his own mentor, Lee Strasberg, Landau also taught acting. Actors coached by him include Jack Nicholson and Anjelica Huston, and in 2009, Landau and his Actors Studio colleagues, director Mark Rydell and writer Lyle Kessler, collaborated to produce the educational Total Picture Seminar, a two-day event covering the disciplines of acting, directing and writing for film.

Landau died at the age of 89 on July 15th of what were described as "unexpected complications" after being briefly hospitalized.

George Andrew Romero
(1940 – 2017)

Romero was an American-Canadian filmmaker, writer and editor, best known for his series of gruesome and satirical horror films about an
imagined zombie apocalypse, beginning in 1968 with Night of the Living Dead, which is often considered a progenitor of the fictional zombie of modern culture. Other films in the series include Dawn of the Dead and Day of the Dead, and aside from the Dead series, his works include The Crazies, Martin, Creepshow, Monkey Shines and The Dark Half.

After graduating from university in 1960, Romero began his career shooting short films and commercials, and with nine friends, Romero formed Image Ten Productions in the late 1960s, and produced Night of the Living Dead, which became a cult classic and a defining moment for modern horror cinema. In 1978, Romero returned to the zombie genre with Dawn of the Dead, which although shot on a budget of just $500,000, earned over $55 million worldwide and was named one of the top cult films by Entertainment Weekly. Romero made the third entry in his "Dead Series" with Day of the Dead in 1985.

Romero had a cameo appearance in Jonathan Demme's The Silence of the Lambs in 1991 as one of Hannibal Lecter's jailers.

Romero, who lived in Toronto, directed a fourth Dead movie in that city, Land of the Dead, and its $16 million production budget was the highest of the four movies in the series; the film received generally positive reviews.

In 2014, Marvel Comics began releasing Empire of the Dead, a 15-issue miniseries written by Romero. The series, which is broken up into three five-issues acts, features not only zombies but also vampires. In May 2015, it was announced at Cannes that the production company Demarest was developing the comic series into a TV series.

In May 2017, Romero announced plans for George A. Romero Presents: Road of the Dead, a film that he co-wrote with Matt Birman, who would direct the film making it Romero's first zombie related film that he did not direct himself.

Romero died in his sleep on July 16th, aged 77, following a "brief but aggressive battle with lung cancer".

David Zablidowsky
(1971 – 2017)

Zablidowsky — known as David Z — was the bassist for New York-based metal band Adrenaline Mob, as well as playing with Trans-Siberian Orchestra and with his brother, Paul, in ZO2 that performed on the VH1 Rock the Nation tour in 2004, and an '80s tribute band called Rubix Kube. He also toured with Joan Jett and the Blackhearts and SOTO.

The Brooklyn-born Zablidowsky brothers were profiled by the Daily News in 2009 and most recently in 2011, when they formed the Rock Asylum Foundation, an organization that provides free rock concerts to New York public schools in an effort to inspire children to succeed in their education.

He died in a road accident on 14th July, aged 36, after a vehicle crashed in the band’s RV.

Graham Wood
(1971 – 2017)

Wood was an Australian jazz pianist. Wood started at the Western Australian Academy of Performing Arts before making his international debut in 1992.
Roland Cazimero (1951 – 2017)

Cazimero (twelve string guitar) was part of the Hawaiian musical duo, The Brothers Cazimero, along with his brother Robert Cazimero (bass). The duo’s trademark sound was always distinguished by a full-bodied vocal blend: Robert, an exceptionally gifted singer, sang lead, while Roland handled the high harmonies, often in a Hawaiian falsetto.

The Cazimeros got their start during the Hawaiian Renaissance with ukulele and slack-key guitarist Peter Moon’s band, The Sunday Manoa, on their first recording, Guava Jam. Since that time, The Brothers Cazimero released at least 36 recordings and three DVDs. For three decades, the group performed at the annual Lei Day Concert, and made their Carnegie Hall debut in 1989.


Roland collaborated with songwriter and chanter Keli‘i Tau’a on an album called Hokule‘a — The Musical Saga, paying tribute to the eponymous Polynesian voyaging canoe that traversed the oceans using only ancient navigation techniques.

Roland's first solo album was Pele, about the Hawaiian goddess of fire, complete with expository voiceover. The songs framed a mythological story in often personal terms, forming a clear narrative arc. The sound of the album combined pastoral folk with something approaching prog, as on a track called "A Promise Forgotten."

He died on 16th July, aged 66.


Bennington was an American singer and songwriter best known as the frontman for the rock band Linkin Park. He was also the lead singer for Dead by Sunrise and fronted Stone Temple Pilots from 2013 to 2015.

Bennington first gained prominence as a vocalist following the release of Linkin Park’s debut album, Hybrid Theory, in 2000, which became a...

Bennington took interest in music at a young age, citing bands Depeche Mode and Stone Temple Pilots as his early inspirations and dreamed of becoming a member of Stone Temple Pilots.

Bennington first began singing with a band called Sean Dowdell and His Friends?, and later, Sean Dowdell and Bennington moved on to form a new band, Grey Daze, a post-grunge band that recorded three albums; Bennington leaving in 1998, and struggling to find another band.

Bennington was frustrated and almost ready to quit his musical career altogether when Jeff Blue, the vice president of A&R at Zomba Music in Los Angeles, offered him an audition with the future members of Linkin Park. He had a successful audition with Linkin Park, who were then called Xero. He managed to record the song for his audition in a day, missing his own birthday celebration in the process, and he and Mike Shinoda, the band's other vocalist, made significant progress together, but failed to find a record deal.

Linkin Park eventually released their debut album, *Hybrid Theory*, through Warner Bros. Records. Bennington primarily served as Linkin Park's lead vocalist, but occasionally shared the role with Shinoda.

Dead by Sunrise started to form in 2005 while Chester Bennington was writing songs for Linkin Park's album *Minutes to Midnight*. The song titled "Morning After" was written by Chester Bennington and originally performed on September 12, 2001 at the Live in Berlin concert. Bennington also performed Morning After with his cover band entitled Bucket of Weenies in many shows throughout 2005 and 2006. This was the first time that Bennington had “officially” performed the song under a new name—Dead by Sunrise.

In February 2013, Stone Temple Pilots parted ways with long-time lead singer Scott Weiland, and the band recruited Bennington to replace him in May 2013.

Bennington died of an apparent suicide on July 20th, aged 41.

Edwin Mahiʻai (Mahi) Copp Beamer
(1928 – 2017)

Beamer was a tenor falsetto singer, composer and hula dancer of Hawaiian ancestry. He was named a “Living Treasure of Hawaii” in 2008 by the Honpa Hongwanji Mission of Hawaii, which has been recognizing Hawaii’s treasures since 1976. He received the 1992 State of Hawaii Recognition Award for his musical contributions to the state and for perpetuating his grandmother’s music.

Beamer is a 1946 graduate of Kamehameha Schools and went on to continue his musical education at University of California, Santa Barbara and Juilliard School of Music. He served in the United States Army during the post-World War II years at Wahiawa on the island of Oahu, where he played classical piano and the glockenspiel.

His civilian music career got its start with a three-year stint singing at the Queen’s Surf in Waikiki.

He died on 14th July, aged 88.
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'.

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

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

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

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

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

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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
Once upon a time, when the world was young, or at least when I was much younger than I am now, a mate of mine took me to visit a friend of his in the little town of Chagford. His mate was called Malcolm Stocks, and a few years earlier he, and a mate of his, had whiled away a few happy days creating the fictional biography of a non-existent progressive rock band. The two fabricated a detailed back-story including information on alleged band members and album titles, as well as a "colourful" history which purportedly included events such as a meeting at a 1970s rock festival and several trips in and out of prison. As soon as he had put aside enough money to buy his own studio equipment, his mate Steve put together some music by the fictional band. This conceptual project had, over the course of a couple of years, evolved into a ‘real’ band called Porcupine Tree. My mate, knowing that as well as interviewing as many major rock luminaries as I could, I was interested in featuring up and coming acts, took me to interview Malcolm and Steve.

I got on with Steve like a house on fire. I had always been interesting in mixing Pet Shop Boys-like sequencing with Pink Floyd-y guitar, and was particularly interested in the way that even though the backing tracks were largely sequenced, they still sounded remarkably organic and alive.
However, there is a well-known phenomenon within the ranks of people who believe that they have abducted by aliens.

False memory syndrome (FMS) describes a condition in which a person's identity and relationships are affected by memories that are factually incorrect but that they strongly believe. Peter J. Freyd originated the term, which the False Memory Syndrome Foundation (FMSF) subsequently popularized. The term is not recognized as a psychiatric illness in any of the medical manuals, such as the ICD-10 or the DSM-5; however, the principle that memories can be altered by outside influences is overwhelmingly accepted by scientists. False memories may be the result of recovered memory therapy, a term also defined by the FMSF in the early 1990s, which describes a range of therapy methods that are prone to creating confabulations. Some of the

We chatted for an hour or so, and just before we knocked it on the head, Steve gave me a couple of other CDs. He said that these were from his other main project, which was originally called ‘No Man Is An Island (Except The Isle Of Man)’ which had eventually coalesced into a duo ‘No-Man’. The band was basically a duo between him and Tim Bowness, and when I got home and listened to them, I was an immediate fan. And I have been a fan ever since.

Roll on nearly 30 years, and I went to see legendary songstral Judy Dyble at a charming little festival in Kent. I knew that Tim Bowness had been pivotally involved in making a recent album, and when she went on stage, I assumed the man who appeared to be musical director of her band was he! After the show, in the carpark, Judy introduced me to the band, and – to this very day – I could swear she had introduced Tim to me.
influential figures in the genesis of the theory are forensic psychologist Ralph Underwager, psychologist Elizabeth Loftus, and sociologist Richard Ofshe.

Why am I telling you all this? And, by the way, Olivia and I didn’t write that bit, we just nicked it from Wikipedia.

Well, back to the story. For years after, I told everybody who was interested how I had met Tim Bowness and what a nice bloke he was. Through a whole series of coincidences, I ended up talking to him via email about something completely different, and I thought it would be a nice idea that we could rekindle our acquaintance and interview him for the magazine. He was kind enough to say yes, and so we set an interview date. Almost the first thing I said to him was to remind him of our brief but cordial meeting a few years previously. This is where he shocked me by saying that he had never heard of the festival and certainly not been there. And so, just like people who believe that aliens have traversed the vastness of space, clearly in order to shove something up their wazoo, I had force-memorised the whole thing. However, we didn’t let that get in the way of what turned out to be a very interesting interview…

J: Congratulations on an absolutely fantastic album.

T: Thank you.

J: I read something about it in Mojo or something, and thought ‘Oh I’ll have to have a listen to this’ and thought it was absolutely bloody amazing. Tell me more about it?

T: Well, it’s a conceptual idea I’ve had for about 6 or 7 years and I wrote quite a lot of pieces based on the concept between 2010-2014. A few of those tracks ended up on the solo albums ‘Abandoned Dancehall Dreams’ and ‘Stupid Things That Mean The World’ as I never thought I’d finish the project to my satisfaction. I just had this idea that on one level I wanted to do this grand, concept album; like something that I grew up with such as The Wall. But I also wanted to have something that was recognisable, far from fantastical, and I wanted to use it as a metaphor to speak about the contemporary state of music. So, I deliberately used a figure that came from the revolutionary 1960s and who had lived through the changes in the music industry over the last 50 years: Someone who had witnessed the changes, so knew how music had gone from being culturally valuable to being an unpaid background noise stream in today’s society. So, I imagined somebody that had once had cultural significance, but now found themselves aged around 68-69yrs, playing at the Wakefield town hall to 100 people of their own age who were using this revolutionary music as comfort food. So that was a convoluted way of saying that I used it as a metaphor for music in the present day.

The album mainly came together in 2016, when I suddenly wrote about 4 or 5 new pieces based on the concept, and I realised that it could work. So, the album mostly comprises new material, but I’d also written a few songs based on the concept that appeared on a couple of previous albums.

J: It works as a cohesive whole, you wouldn’t have actually thought that; you’d have thought that it had all been written at the same time.

T: A lot of the material was. I suppose what was interesting with the released album, was that the whole of what I would call ‘Side 2’ was written last year, while ‘Side 1’ was written over a period of years, but was only completed last year. I did a lot of last-minute revisions, so it was all completed at the same time. In some ways, I see it as kind of a requiem for the album. One of the things that streaming does really badly is allow for detailed listening or a sense of being absolutely absorbed by the album experience. So, when I’d written this I very much visualised it as a classic 44 minute album that was presented in quite a lavish, physical package. I find that streams push
people towards more disposable ways of listening to music and that makes me want to create something that’s even more substantial, even more detailed, in terms of the composition, the recording, and the artwork. Music primarily is the motivation, but when I first got into music there was something about the overall package, the physicality of the cover and the sense of immersing yourself in the lyrics, the writing credits, and so on. That’s one of the reasons why it’s very much sequenced like a classic album. Relating to your question, the first half was all written between 2011 and 2014. Whereas the second half was last year so was very much as a piece, and what happened was that when I’d written the new material I went back to the old material and re-wrote substantial chunks of it so that’s perhaps one of the reasons why it has a real sense of continuity; I re-wrote some of the lyrics quite significantly, re-sang everything and in certain cases, re-recorded elements. Also, all of the guest appearances contributed to the project last year. So, although it was written over a period of 7 yrs, it all came together in about 2 or 3 months in 2016.

J: Who else is playing on the album?

T: On this occasion, there were a great number of guest stars including Ian Anderson from ‘Jethro Tull’, who plays flute on one of the tracks; Kit Watkins, who was in ‘Camel’ and ‘Happy the Man’, played flute; Andrew Keeling who is a classical composer, who’s worked with Robert Fripp and Evelyn Glennie and the Hilliard Ensemble, who also plays flute and provides the string arrangements.

On the two previous solo albums, I released - ‘Abandoned Dancehall Dreams’ and ‘Stupid Things that Mean the World’ - I wrote a lot of the music as well the lyrics and melodies, whereas on this one I co-wrote the music with Stephen Bennett, because Stephen has a wider chordal and musical vocabulary than I have, but again I was responsible for production, vocals, lyrics, melodies, etc.

J: When you write, do you do it in the studio, or do you do it at home and come in with a fully formed piece, ready to record?

T: It really varies. It can be any method that works. I mean what you want is the best release you can put out there, something that you’re extremely proud of and I think that good ideas come from anywhere. If I’m writing I tend to come into the studio, eventually, with a complete piece that I then present to the band, and it’s arranged with the band in mind and then produced from that point onwards. In some cases, I might be presented with certain chords or ideas that I then develop. I might be presented with chords and ideas by, say, Stephen Bennett
that I then take further. Similarly, with my project with Steven Wilson - ‘No-Man’ - the three main ways in which we write are that I’ll bring a complete piece in that me and Steven will then arrange as No-Man, Steven will send me backing tracks that I’ll write lyrics and melodies to, or we’ll just be together in the studio with guitar and piano, throwing ideas around, and something emerges spontaneously. So, I think that really, you’ve just got to use whatever produces the best results.

J: The advent of digital technology has really been a game changer, hasn’t it?

T: Absolutely, yeah. In some ways, it’s made things a lot easier; computer studios now do what I wish studios would have done in the 1980s and the 1990s when I first started. The one downside is that you have so many options now that you have to be more focused than before. When I approach a project, I limit myself deliberately in terms of the sound palette that I’m going to use. Otherwise you have everything at your disposal, and one of the problems with contemporary technology is that you have every sound, every era at your fingertips. Also you have the ability to over-dub thousands of times; there’s always options. Certainly, I use them, to a degree. On this album. I was determined that the vocal performances would be exactly as I wanted - in terms of feel rather than technique. In some cases, such as ‘Songs of Distant Summers’, I did two vocal takes, but on pieces such as ‘Moonshot Manchild’ I probably did around 50-100 takes. It was incredibly time consuming because I would do 10 takes, edit those, then do another 10 takes, edit those, then eventually come up with a composite of what I thought was the best performance. But it varies, so on the album you’ll hear performances that are almost one take in the studio, but then you’ll also hear certain things that are the result of days of editing vocal takes. So, technology is extremely useful in that it enables you to produce high quality work without going into expensive studios; but equally it provides problems in the same sense in working in a business, the emergence of emails and electronic accounts haven’t made things easier.

J: The other thing is that now, with file sharing, you can record with somebody on the other side of the world, who you’ve never even met.

T: I’ve been using file sharing probably since around 2000. And you’re right, I’ve collaborated with American bands, Italian bands, Estonian bands, without ever having met the people involved. On this album, there was a lot of file sharing; some of the performers were based in America, some were in Sweden, and others were based all over the UK. Weirdly, I don’t feel it makes a difference to the spontaneity or the feel of the music. Half of the previous two albums I made were recorded in real time with a band, but neither sound better or fresher. The interesting thing is that when I received ideas via files - for example Andrew Keeling’s string quartet additions to certain tracks - it then gave me other ideas. It was always a creative process, so file sharing isn’t just a moribund sense of saying ‘could you please do this?’. Often the contributions you get enhance the piece so much that you then change things in the piece, so it is an organic process and it ends up improving the pieces in my experience.

J: It’s interesting how technology can be both productive and counterproductive like that, I think you make a very interesting point.

T: Absolutely, I mean certainly it can be counterproductive if you’re going into a project with no particular ideas. Generally I tend to use two obvious approaches to writing. One is that I write a song on guitar; it’s as simple as that. Then I teach that song to the musicians I’m working with. The other way is that I improvise with samples, sounds that inspire me on the computer studio. Of course this leads me into areas that I wouldn’t normally go into and often leads me into quite experimental, non-musical areas. I enjoy both writing in real time with a real instrument, and programming and editing.
J: So, what’s next on the agenda, what are you going to do now?

T: The new album revolves around a fictional, classic rock star in the twilight of his career. The idea was that it starts from this very simple premise that this person is looking at themselves in a mirror, after a performance, and wondering how they got there; reflecting on their life, on their life in music and the way that music can impact on family life, on normal life etc. And of course, there were ideas that when this character started making music, music had a profound cultural difference and had a profound impact on people. Whereas now, even though music is more ubiquitous, it’s almost like water in the sense you can access it through Spotify whenever. It’s not necessarily as culturally significant; it doesn’t have as much of a life changing influence on people like it used to. I’m sure it still can, and that’s obviously why musicians such as myself still make music, because when I got into music it really made my life better, and it was something that I was emotionally reliant on; when I started making music it was an incredible vehicle for emotional self-expression as well as an expression of ideas. To me, music is still absolutely crucial in my daily life and it’s still something I believe in and love. I think it is interesting that for musicians who have given their lives to express themselves through the medium, it’s an interesting point in history that we find ourselves in. I want to exploit this concept further, so I’ve had certain ideas of performing the show with a real band pretending to be the fake band ‘Moonshot’ and with me nowhere to be seen <laughs>.

J: That would be fun, I like that idea.

T: Absolutely, there’s a band in the North West that I’ve talked to; they’re a covers band and I asked them if they’d be interested in this idea and they are, so we’ve discussed this notion of them performing as ‘Moonshot’. One thing we haven’t discussed is the artwork on the album, which reflects the career of Moonshot and the albums they’ve produced from 1968 to present day. I quite like the idea of a cover band performing a very coherent set of songs from the ‘Ghost Light’ in the style of ‘Moonshot’. So that’s one possibility. I also have an album’s worth of material featuring very different versions of the tracks that were written with the concept in mind that didn’t appear on ‘Lost in the Ghost Light’. Outside of that, I’ve been working with the band I was in pre-No-Man; the band I was in when I first started up in music in the mid to late 1980s. It was based in Liverpool and when I joined No-Man it disbanded. We’ve re-recorded all of the material that we wrote in the late 1980s and what’s been quite interesting is that approaching it 30 years on it’s become an exciting contemporary creative project in its own right. It’s fascinating singing the songs of a much younger version of myself and it’s ended up forcing me to do things differently. I’ve also done a second album with Peter Chilvers, a long-term collaborator of mine. Peter mostly works with Brian Eno and he’s been responsible for co-creating innovative apps, such as ‘Bloom’. What I write with Peter is a much more understated, piano-based ambient singer/songwriter music. I think I like to immerse myself in projects partly because there’s an incredible comedown when you’ve finished a project that you’re happy with. With Lost in the Ghost Light, it took an awful lot of time in terms of doing the recording, putting the artwork together, writing the pieces; it’s a huge chunk of life and when something’s completed, I find there’s always a sense of post-album depression <laughs> which is part of the reason that I almost immediately throw myself into other projects - to distract from that sense of loss that you feel when you’ve completed an album.
What? Another article about the Beatles?

The band split up 47 years ago, two of them are now dead, and the remaining ones lurch happily from project to project but have not done anything which is truly culturally significant for many years.

“Why does everybody love the Beatles?” asked Olivia as we started to write this introduction together, with me slaving over a hot iPad in North Devon and her typing busily away in Norfolk.

It’s a pretty good question. And, as I really had no idea what I was going to dictate in this introduction for a radio show that is basically a jolly chat between me and my old mate Neil, I’m going to have a bash at answering that question.

It would be easy to say that the Beatles are important because their music was so bloody good. But the only Beatles records anybody usually cites were produced after 1965, and even then, the band were responsible for some terrible records buried amongst the rest. One record that has already irritated the hell out of me is ‘She’s a Woman’. For fuck’s sake! McCartney opens with this rhyming couplet:

“My girl, she gives me presents,
I know that she’s no peasant!”

What the fuck? I know that he was a council estate boy made good, who by this time was shagging the daughter of a Harley Street surgeon, and a well known actress in her own right, but those lyrics are crass to the nth degree.

And ‘Obla Di Obla Da’! McCartney is singing in the sort of ethnic patois made popular by Amos and fucking Andy! If any white musician, these days, went on stage singing a song in such an
The BEATLES

All You Need Is Love

Baby. You're a Rich Man
exaggerated West Indian accent, they would quite rightly be accused of racism, and the record would be certainly banned. But for every song like this, there were half a dozen very good songs and a few utter masterpieces. But that’s not the reason the band are still important today.

They are important because they were the first. They broke the mould, in fact the new mould which – to a certain extent, at least – is still functioning today.

But it’s more than that. For those of us that believe in a sort of geomantic historiography surrounding certain pieces of music, the Beatles truly were the “four or five magicians” alluded to in the Magical Mystery Tour movie, and the world has never been quite the same since the band split.

I know that is the sort of hippy dippy nonsense which will make Olivia and those of her ilk roll their eyes in irritation, but, to me at least, it is true. But I have been across the Mexican desert looking for vampires, so what do I know?

Over the years, in these pages and elsewhere, I have mentioned my interest in alternative history. I have even mentioned alternative history and the Beatles, but that is a totally different story. However, quite possibly the nearest that one can get to alternative history of one’s favourite rock and roll bands is by looking at the material that they recorded but didn’t release. Indeed, the late John Entwistle of The Who once curated a compilation album of his band’s outtakes, claiming that he was doing it as an exercise in what the band could have done if their history had been different. With that in mind, the fact that I have been interested in the unreleased music of the Beatles for many years, and even wrote a book on the subject nearly 30 years ago, seems a perfectly reasonable thing to do.

My old mate Neil Nixon – someone I have known for many years – is also interested in the minutiae of the highways and byways of rock and roll. And indeed, our mutual friend Andy
Roberts once said that we were the only two people involved in the search for UFOs who could talk to him about bands like ‘Mighty Baby’. That as may be, but Neil and I have whiled away many happy hours talking about such things over the years. One of the first things I did when Rob Ayling asked me to be in charge of the nascent Gonzo books was the contact Neil because I felt sure that he had something up his sleeve that would be suitably Gonzo-esque, but also fit into our rock and roll sensibilities. I was right, and the second book he did for us was about… guess what? The myths and legends surrounding the fab four!

This year, as pretty well anyone will know, is the 50th anniversary of *Sergeant Pepper’s Lonely Hearts Club Band*, an album which many people believe did indeed change the world. But it is also the half century of several other breakthrough moments in the Beatles’ career. And so, in the first of two radio shows (the second one will be recorded and broadcast at the end of the year) you get the chance here to listen to Neil and me discussing the importance of a little song called ‘All You Need is Love’ and various other related subjects.

Enjoy!
Forthcoming releases from Rick Wakeman & Friends

Rick Wakeman & Brian May
live from
STARMUS 2015

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

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

Available to pre-order from www.rickwakemansmusicemporium.com
This comes to you in the wake of the news-waves generated by the info that Radio Caroline (still occasionally broadcasting from the ‘Ross Revenge’ on the River Blackwater in Essex) has been awarded an Ofcom licence to use a 1 kw transmitter to broadcast on AM waveband on 648 kHz across Suffolk/Essex. There’s also yet another book that has recently been re-published about the UK pirates, ‘Pirate Radio: An Illustrated History’, by Keith Skues and featuring lots of fab pics from David Kindred.

Gonzo’s Alan Dearling has put together a mixed-bag of memories and links.

A life on pop’s ocean waves, indeed.

alan dearling
One of Alan’s regular Sunday lunchtime drinking-buddies, in Coldingham in the Scottish borderlands, is none other than Paul Harris. As a student at Aberdeen University in 1968, studying politics, Paul (pictured on the previous page) audaciously compiled what is regarded as the first overview...
and commentary on pirate radio. The book became an instant hit. By the third edition, just one year later in 1969, Paul wrote:

“As the third edition goes to press the pirate radio era sinks fast into history and already is assuming something of the nature of romantic legend.”

In fact, in the 1960s, the air waves and sea and ocean waves were a ferocious battle-ground. The Jolly Roger was flown by many of the so-called ‘pirate radio’ ships and on an array of off-shore sea forts. The ‘battle-lines’ were drawn in and around countries such as Denmark, Sweden, the Netherlands and particularly the UK. The public – especially the younger public – were demanding access to more ‘pop’ music. Only the likes of Radio Luxembourg were providing some of what they wanted, but the reception was poor and music was frequently cut into shreds by adverts, jingles, awful edits cutting songs in half, and the weaving, wavering radio signal. Paul wrote in his book: “Ronan O’Rahilly (and Radio Caroline) were not, though, by any means the first ‘pop’ pirate. There had, in fact, been no less than eleven commercial radio stations on ships before Radio Caroline came on air in March 1964.”

Over a few pints of real ales and ciders, Paul and Alan frequently reminisce about nights in the 1960s spent trying to tune in early transistor radios to the frequencies for the likes of Radio Veronica, Caroline, Radio Sutch (which became Radio City), London and more. Your choice was limited by where you lived. And the authorities, led by the Postmaster-General, saw the pirates as infringing the copyright of artists, and in the UK, the monopoly of the BBC. At that time, shows like ‘Two way family favourites’ with Judith Chalmers, on a Sunday morning, were among the few shows on which you would hear any modern pop and rock music. Much of the BBC airtime was filled with their in-house orchestras playing supposedly tuneful, instrumental cover versions of Beatles, Stones and other artists’ songs. Aaargh! The music industry and in particular, the Musician’s Union were opposed to any increase in what used to be called ‘needle time’, insisting that music should be live and only performed by union members. By 1968, after the British government, through the Marine Broadcasting (Offences) Act of 1967, had pretty much effectively outlawed the pirate stations, and on May 3rd 1968, the last station operating, Radio Caroline International (as it was then known) was, to quote Paul Harris (left in July 2017) closed down,

“...by an act of real piracy – as the Dutch Wijsmuller company hijacked simultaneously the North and South Caroline ships (the ‘Mi Amigo’ and M.C. Caroline... Poetic justice indeed; ‘pirates’ silenced by ... piracy.”

And here’s a page of photos from the 1969 edition of Paul’s ‘When the pirates ruled the waves’.

Without the pirates, many of us who were
Ronan O’Rahilly of Radio Caroline

Tommy Shields – ‘Mr Radio Scotland’

Disc jockeys and crew on board Radio 270

Tony Blackburn on Radio London

The first girl dj on offshore radio:
Peggy Knight in the Radio City studio
music-loving adolescents in the 1960s, would have had little or no opportunity to hear the records which became our lifeblood. More maverick and risk-taking DJs like John Peel, Dave Lee Travis, Johnnie Walker, Emperor Rosko and Kenny Everett became our ‘radio friends’ through pirate radio, alongside the more mainstream hosts such as Tony Blackburn and Simon Dee. In 1966, National Opinion Polls Ltd conducted a survey which estimated that 45% of the UK’s population listened regularly to an offshore radio station or Radio Luxembourg. It had become a ‘way of life’.

Radio Luxembourg 8,818,000
Radio Caroline 8,818,000
Radio London 8,140,000
Radio 390 2,633,000
Radio England 2,274,000

Whilst Paul’s book is largely a blow-by-blow account of the British Government’s determined attempts to scupper the pirates, books like Ralph C. Humphries’ ‘Radio Caroline – the Pirate Years’, published in 2003, give much more space to the continuation of the pirate stories through the 1970s and 80s, AND to the music that was played, plus the legacy that moved over into BBC Radio One, Capital Radio and commercial and local radio.

There has always been much speculation as to the effect of what used to be called PAYOLA, whereby record companies bought their artists airplay. Humphries tells us,

“Caroline’s Top 50 was based on the bestsellers’ lists published by the music press. Other records could be added to Caroline’s playlist at a cost of £100 per week...Although unpopular with the DJs...there was no shortage of suppliers prepared to pay to have their music played.”

Humphries recounts ‘Their Final Hour’ for Radio London listeners on August 14th 1967:

“…the show was hosted by Ed Stewart, with Paul Kaye and Keith Skues. Taped messages were played, from DJs past and present, and some of the top artists of the day...Records played during that final hour included, ‘It’s all over now, ‘The Last Time’ and ‘Heroes and Villains’."

Messages from DJs and stars included ones from Tony Blackburn, Kenny Everett, Tommy Vance, Pete Drummond, the Beach Boys, Cat Stevens, Mick Jagger, Ringo Starr, Dusty Springfield, the Walker Brothers and Cliff Richard.

After the enactment of the Marine Offences Act of 1967, Radio Caroline International continued to broadcast on 259 metres, and opened the new era of illegality with the Beatles’ ‘All you need is love’, which had
become Caroline’s anthem. The so-called ‘Summer of Love’ of 1967 was enlivened for many by the new competition between BBC Radio One and the still popular underdog, Caroline International. But, as we’ve heard from Paul Harris, the two ships broadcasting Radio Caroline North and South were seized by the Dutch tugs belonging to the Wijsmuller brothers, who operated the tender services to both vessels. The boats were apparently taken into custody by the brothers to force Ronan O’Rahilly to settle unpaid debts. Thus ended that chapter of pirate radio history.

The new edition (2016) of ‘Pirate Radio: An Illustrated History’ by Keith Skues and David Kindred is the best illustrated account of the entire pirate radio era and attempts to bring it up to date. It’s worth the cost of admission for David Kindred’s photos alone. But, it also serves to underline the musical importance of the early pirate ships. The book ends with a section on the legacy of offshore radio, in the words of Caroline DJ, Graham ‘Spider’ Webb:

“We were the catalyst for the start of the British invasion of the pop music world. Had it not been for the likes of Caroline, London and other stations who gave them their break would we ever of heard of The Who, Small Faces, Rolling Stones, Moody Blues or the Kinks?”

The ‘Pirate Radio’ book is also a good way of finding out ‘what happened next’ in the history of ‘offshore’ pirate broadcasting. It offers blow-by-blow accounts of the ‘new’ pirates such as Radio Northsea International, Radio Caroline re-branded as Radio 199, Radio Atlantis, Radio Mi Amigo, Laser 558, Radio Monique and others. But, in a new era of commercial radio and local radio stations and new, digital pirate stations, they have never really regained the cutting edge impact of the
original Big ‘L’ and Caroline.

As Paul Harris presciently noted back in 1968: “The days when pirates ruled the waves, it has been demonstrated, are far from forgotten.”

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In looking at material on-line to produce this article here are some soundbites from a little blog I read from [www.theguardian.com](http://www.theguardian.com)

They concern the earliest pirate radio broadcasts. Interesting stuff and are sometimes at odds with what often appears in the many books on the subject. ‘History’ can be a moveable feast at times.

- “It is widely but mistakenly believed that it all started with Radio Caroline. The first of the ‘modern’ pirates was actually Radio Mercur, which operated from a small fishing boat off Denmark in 1958. It didn’t last too long, but was joined by Radio Veronica off the Dutch coast in April 1960 (and which would keep broadcasting for the next 15 years). Radio Caroline herself started in March 1964 with Simon Dee making the opening broadcast. She was followed later that year by numerous other UK and European pirates (Such, Atlanta, London, Noordzee, etc). However, a claim that Radio Luxembourg predated these as a pirate cannot go unchallenged. Whether or not you regard Fab 208 as a pirate, she was certainly not the first unauthorised station to broadcast to the UK and to incur the UK Government’s displeasure. This title would go to Radio Normandy, which broadcasted commercially sponsored programs to England from 1926 to 1939. In an internal memo of 7th April 1933, the Postmaster General wrote to the Head of the BBC saying: "We must use all our influence to stop this." In this, the P/G started a long tradition of bashing stations which the government could not control. It was Tony Benn in the same role who shut down (most of) the offshore pirates at the end of the 1960s.”

  Paul Reilly, Cambridge UK

- “Radio Veronica, which began regular transmissions to Holland on May 6, 1960, is generally credited as the world’s first offshore pirate broadcaster. It transmitted programmes to the UK in English (briefly) in early 1961. Radio Luxembourg was never an "unauthorised" broadcaster; it was legally permitted to transmit in English by international agreement in the 1930s.”

  Caudillo, London, UK

- “Re the answer quoting Simon Dee as being the first DJ to broadcast on Radio Caroline; I always thought that honour went to Tony Blackburn with the record "Walk on by" by Dionne Warwick. Blackburn went on to do the same on Radio One three years later by playing the first ever record broadcast on that station - "Flowers in the Rain" by the Move.”

  John Goodall, Cheam UK

- “The leaders of the Easter Rising in Dublin took over the Irish School of Radio Telegraphy in April 1916, the first attempt to put up the aerial ended when Tom Weafer was shot by a snipers bullet, eventually an aerial was put up and broadcasts on shipping frequencies took place giving details of the uprising, maybe not pop music but pirate radio for sure.”

  John Spendlove, Ripley, Derbyshire

- Check these out for the true story of the world’s first pirate radio station: [http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=NAdvZM-GmS0&feature=plcp](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=NAdvZM-GmS0&feature=plcp)


  Eamon O'Buadhachain, Dublin, Republic of Ireland
But personally, I’d always heard that the first pirate ‘offshore’ radio broadcasts of music in the UK was:

1928: The Ceto was a steam yacht reportedly renamed, ‘Broadcasting Yacht’ and fitted out for radio broadcasting purposes in 1928. Starting from off the coast of Dundee, Scotland, 'Daily Mail Radio/ Radio Daily Mail' (reports vary), broadcast easy listening music to various points around the British coast as it cruised around the nation’s coastline. The sole sponsors of this voyage were Britain’s Daily Mail, Evening News, and Sunday Dispatch newspapers, and the intent was not so much to set up an offshore station but rather to publicise the papers. The brain behind this publicity stunt was Valentine Smith, the Daily Mail’s publicity officer.

And of the current influential radio DJs/broadcasters, we find out that:

Gilles Peterson: “Gilles’ broadcasting roots lie with the burgeoning pirate radio movement in South London during the early 1980s. Inspired by the exciting blend of music broadcast on pirate stations such as Radio Invicta, he set up his own – Civic Radio – and went on to present on a string of pirate stations during its golden era – Invicta, KJAZZ, Solar Radio and on Horizon, before landing at BBC London with his show ‘Mad On Jazz’ and a box of soul, jazz, Latin and boogie records.”

And from the BBC, 19-5-2017:

“The former ship-based pirate station, Radio Caroline, has been handed its first full-time AM broadcast licence.

It allows the service, which is currently an internet and digital station, to broadcast on medium wave to Suffolk and parts of north Essex.

Manager, Peter Moore, wants to broadcast from its ship MV Ross Revenge on the River Blackwater in Essex.

It comes 50 years after the 1967 Marine Broadcasting Offences Act that was intended to stop pirate broadcasters.

Mr Moore said: “It’s our intention to broadcast to the same people we used to when we had the ships off the Essex coast. It will be the same sort of service they would have heard in the past delivered in the same way and presented in many cases by the same people as before.

It’s like a living time capsule.”

“The station was founded in 1964 to play pop music all day in a time where broadcasting was dominated by the BBC and pop was played for an hour a week.

After the Marine Broadcasting Offences Act was passed in 1967, Radio Caroline continued to broadcast until the Ross Revenge was shipwrecked off the Kent coast in 1991.

The vessel has since been repaired.”

And from Wikipedia:

“1980 – present

There are still many Dutch pirate radio stations, mostly located in rural areas. It has been claimed that in 2011 approx 50% of all European Pirate Stations are located in the East-Netherlands. Especially the provinces of Twente, Friesland and Drenthe have a lot of pirate stations. Most of the pirate radio stations air the so called ‘pirate music’, traditional Dutch folk music combined with classic English, German and Polka. These can be found particularly
1611 to 1700 kHz (This is called the X-Band.) Like many other European countries another hotspot is the 48 meter-band on shortwave radio. The frequency is 6200-6500 kHz. Some can be found in the American part of the band (6900-7000) but is rare. There are about 40 pirate radio stations based in the Netherlands alone.”

And from my mate and contemporary, Phil Bayliss:

“My memories of it are trying to tune in my ancient valve radio with a homemade aerial to the weak signals broadcast from the ships. I listened to Radio Caroline, Radio City and Radio London but there were several others around the coast. I was a member of the Radio London club. Every Sunday afternoon they would have a draw to win the current single of the week. I won a single one week called ‘That’s how Strong My Love Is’.

There were very few pop music programmes on the BBC Light Programme. Brian Matthew did Saturday Club and there could have been other programmes, but the best way to listen to any current music was either to go to a local café and listen to the juke box or the local record shop and ask at the counter for a particular single to be played in one of the listening booths in the shop. Of course the only music station before Pirate Radio was Radio Luxembourg which seemed to broadcast only at night, so many of my friends would be under the bed covers with an ear next to their tiny transistor radio.

Pirate Radio was a revelation not only for opening a world of accessible pop music, it launched the career of many DJ’s that are now sadly gone but many are still with us. Dave Cash and Kenny Everett were a brilliant team playing great music with plenty of daft banter. Johnnie Walker, who is still on Radio Two, was most famous for his ‘Kiss in the Car’, where you earned a sticker if you had a late night request when he would play Percy Sledge’s ‘When a Man Loves a Woman.’ Tony Blackburn earned his fame with silly jokes. After he launched Radio One, he is returning for a 50th anniversary programme soon.

There is a fun, but fairly lightweight film about a Pirate Radio station called ‘The Boat that Rocked’.

“Sorry Phil”, Alan adds, “I really didn’t rate the film, and gave my copy away.”

Here are few web sites, celebrating the life and times of Pirate Radio stations:

UK’s ‘The Pirate Radio Hall of Fame’: www.offshoreradio.co.uk/

Bringing it all a bit more up to date, Uncle Alan

alan dearling
alan dearling
Dug’s article (author of ‘Rave Diaries and Tower Block Tales’) for Dazed magazine, which links the old and new UK pirates in the ‘90s to now, with a little more about far-flung pirates: www.dazeddigital.com/music/article/34394/1/pirate-radio-history-and-future

Offshore Radio Guide: www.offshore-radio.de

Hans Knot, Dutch author of international

Radio Report: www.hansknot.com/

Offshore Echos magazine: www.offshoreechos.com

Radio Caroline website: www.radiocaroline.co.uk/#home.html

Radio London/Big ‘L’: www.radiolondon.co.uk

An informative site about the Radio Caroline ship, ‘Ross Revenge’: www.rossrevenge.co.uk/
Wickham Festival is a bit special
The lovely folk at the award winning, family-friendly Wickham festival, down in rural Hampshire have invited Gonzo Alan to attend this year’s event. He'll be producing a review with pics for us in August.

But here, in the meantime, is a little taster of some of the musical and comedy treats on offer.

For 2017, headliners include KT Tunstall, Seth
Lakeman and The Levellers alongside Eliza Carthy, 10CC, Show of Hands and The Selecter.

Wickham festival favourites, Oyster Band, Andy Fairweather Low, Peatbog Faeries and the Spooky Men’s Chorale are also putting in special appearances at the **event which runs from August 3 -6.**

Organiser Peter Chegwyn told us: “In many ways we are returning to our roots with a very strong folk line-up which will appeal to the many regulars who come year after year as well as our new generation of fans.

That has been reflected in advance tickets sales which are well up on those of previous years. The response has been fantastic and shows the appeal of the artists as well as the event itself. We had hundreds of fans booking for this year’s festival
even before we had finished clearing the site last August."

But Wickham also features a strong line up of comedy acts, and a special stage to accommodate the likes of the highly controversial (and rather wonderful) Tom Walker, better known as internet sensation Jonathan Pie, the frustrated news reporter known for venting his spleen in unguarded 'off-camera' rants. Gonzo Alan reckons he'll be worth a look-see.
Summer of Love +50

It’s A Beautiful Day – Live!

Marin County & Fair July 2017

With the inner glow of the Steve Miller gig still inside us, on Saturday morning we flew west via Chicago to San Francisco. Another boyhood dream came true and we were soon heading north in a gleaming white Ford Mustang across the Golden Gate Bridge to San Raphael in Marin County, the beautiful area just to the north of the Bay area where many of the musicians of the day moved to, along with many of the original ‘hippies’, to live in a new and alternative way out in the country, also by the ocean, with the big city only a few miles drive away.

Sunday morning dawned, not a single cloud in the blue skies above. The hotel poolside area looked like a LA Hockney painting whilst we ate breakfast. I called “dial-a-spliff” to see if I could get something local to smoke delivered (!) but was informed that the State was still working thru the rules and recreational sales officially commenced 1 January. Bit of a bummer, I couldn’t be arsed to waste time and get a $40 Doctor’s note and...
decided to try and score on the street.

Even though the Fairgrounds were only a mile away you just couldn’t walk, you had to drive. We arrived just before noon and already most of the car parks were full as families and couples streamed in, thousands of folk. This annual event is basically like an English County Show, but Californian style. Funfairs, food courts, farm animals, stalls selling stuff etc etc The pig racing was fun for the kids. The area is well known for it’s healthy eating and lifestyles but surprisingly most of the food outlets were the usual un-healthy American crap, although we found some tasty Nicaraguan lunch and a Mexican/Chinese dinner later on. Every night they held a firework display, people seemed to have set up their chairs hours in advance for that.

This year’s fair’s theme was the Summer of Love, “Let The Funshine In”, and over the five days the event was on for, a number of bands were playing. Bizarrely UB40 was one of them,.......The Commodores were another (!!). I was here for David Laflamme and It’s a Beautiful Day, another band I have loved for years and never dreamed of ever seeing live. In the main building was an excellent exhibition of Marin’s part in all the fun, with original concert posters and handbills plus more wacky stuff like homemade SOL cakes. What I didn’t know is Monterey Pop was not the “first” festival, that was actually held a week earlier in Marin, at Mount Tam, the Magic Mountain Music Festival, the main headliners being The Doors, their first major gig. A display of photos were up on a wall.

The event was largely populated with young families but there were also plenty of people who looked like they were there back in the day. It transpired of course that many of them were. My (new) Steve Miller t-shirt started many a conversation, with at least five people suddenly saying they were big Miller fans too, one guy who now sold ‘real estate in Tahoe’ claimed to have seen him over 35 times over the years. Another one told me a story about Miller in the early days when he first started shifting some vinyl volume. He apparently went into the Berkeley Ferrari dealer and asked about a ‘gold coloured Dino’. The salesman took one look at this long-hair and basically ‘humoured him’ and politely told him to go away. Miller went back in another door and saw the receptionist lady at the desk and asked her. Oh yes, she said, we have one. How much? Miller wrote out
stage at 3pm and so we wandered over to have a listen. Comprised of a journalist, Paul Liberatore and a bunch of musos it turned out to be another treat. A few seconds of sound made me realise that these guys and girls were good, very good indeed. They basically played a selection of the big songs of the period, I guess a tribute act but some of the stuff they played was astonishing good. They had a few hundred people in there, many from the days, and in ‘period costume’ and pretty quickly a number of them were grooving down the front, including an old guy dancing using his walking stick. Far out. Of course they were much better on some songs than

a cheque, then and there and purchased the car. He told the woman to find the manager, not the salesman. When the guy came down, having phoned Miller’s bank to check his credit, Miller stated the receptionist was to earn any commission due, not the twat out front. Never judge books is the message there I guess.

There was less to see and do than we thought however so we planned to sit in the shade by the lagoon for an hour or so before heading to the fairly tiny stage my target were playing on at 5pm. Sarah noticed in the programme a band called The Liberators were playing on the main
others. The two Grateful Dead songs they did, Know You Rider and Trucking were so good, it made me really have wanted to see the Dead live myself. White Rabbit and Somebody to Love were pretty blistering too, the attempts at Hendrix and Santana were less successful but the lady singer belted out a superb version of Janis’s Need A Man to Love just before the end. During each interval between songs, Paul fed us an interesting and funny narrative throughout. He mentioned they were preparing a longer show in a similar vein, for a venue in San Francisco later in the summer. We walked away before they finished as I wanted to try and get good seats in the small stage, they finished their set with a great version of Quicksilver’s Fresh Air. A nice little bonus indeed.

As we got to the small stage a choir of tie-dyed ladies were finishing their set of ‘classics’, a tad cheesy but they and their audience clearly had had their fun. We got two seats in the front row, just yards from the stage, sweet. Pretty quickly the band set up and then I realised Laflamme was on-stage, his silver sparkly violin came out of his case as the stage crew finished setting up the small PA for them. A few minor monitor issues ensued and then they were ready to go. I thought Laflamme might be a bit up his own arse for some reason but he was utterly charming, warm and very funny. His wife of 44 years, Linda still looks amazing, a wild woman, Amazonian and clearly not a lady who took any shit, she is after all from Brooklyn she informed us. David had just turned 76 which he said ‘wasn’t great’, but a ‘whole lot better than the alternative’. He promised us a performance of ‘original music’, which they then proceeded to more than deliver. His 10 minute chat with us already had the gig in the bag, he had completely won us over with his pure, natural charm. He almost possessed an aura, not unlike the two NASA astronauts I have met. God, I’m sounding a bit Californian here….He just came across as just a thoroughly nice human being. I noticed Sarah was equally enthralled next to me.

There must have been a couple of hundred of us there, but most were clearly IABD fans which made for a great atmosphere.
perfect. Intimate, close quarters, no lights or effects, just the band and their music, nowhere to hide. In my humble opinion, they have a fresh, unique and original ‘electric-folk rock’ sound, led by Laflamme’s violin, which was superbly complimented by Rob Cunningham somewhat jazzy style electric guitar. Linda on vocals and tambourines, Val Fuentes on drums (an original band member) Toby Gray on bass (35 years) and Gary Thomas on keys, plus Michael Prichard, an excellent percussion player. Would they stand the test of time? In a nutshell, they were stunning, an absolute aural rush.

David remarked that they had played the opening of the Lightshow at the Conservatory of Flowers in SF the previous week to over 15,000 people, an experience which they clearly loved. Considering IABD were the only, original SOL act they had over the five days, I was surprised they were playing on the smallest of the three stages, the Three Twins Solar Stage (far out man!), which was half a marquee, with a proper raised stage and small JBL PA system. A few rows of chairs were on the grass directly in front of the stage and then more folk could stand behind them and see in.

IABD would probably be ‘classed’ as a second tier band looking back, their self-titled debut album with it’s distinctive cover art is what most people remember them for. They did produce more albums and personally in my view, there’s some great stuff on them too. As far as this fan is concerned, they should have been on the main stage but actually this situation was

David continued his inter-song banter,
usually little stories of where, when and why the songs were written. They don’t play that often and their sheer joy of doing so again came strongly over. His violin playing is tasteful throughout, he doesn’t go rock guitar ‘apeshit’, a less is more approach. Linda’s vocals were delivered with superb microphone technique, her voice rising and falling as necessary. The hour just flew by. A very special hour indeed.

https://www.davidlaflamme.com

David & Linda LaFlamme – White Bird Live 2017 (the backing band are a tad Mexican!, not there regular players but a recent performance)

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=vgJuXsNYOOQ!

Back at the hotel that night, I went down and outside for a last ciggie in the car park. I just lit up when a black guy stepped out of the shadows, wearing a Commodores jacket (!). “Is that Mars up there?” was his opening line. I squinted up into the night sky, just to right of the Moon, where clearly a planet was shining bright. I replied and said I thought it was Jupiter as I couldn’t see any trace of pink, orange or red. It looked ‘cleanly’ white. “I’m really into this Space Black Ops stuff” was his second line. I kid you not, I was then subjected to a 45 minute discourse on how the aliens already ruled the Earth. It was awesome man! I wasn’t stoned and when I got back up to the hotel room I made notes on a piece of paper, I didn’t dream it, honest. They signed an agreement with Roosevelt years ago. There’s good aliens and bad ones, perhaps unsurprisingly. They took away most of our DNA strands, leaving just survival and reproduction. Gatekeepers guard the wormholes. The bad aliens included the AIs, greys, blues and the reptiles. They could of course change form at will. Syria and Afghanistan both possess ancient technologies, hence the ‘super-power’ wars for them in recent years. Beautiful women were aliens, they downloaded your data when you fucked them. That’s why he goes for the third prettiest chick in the room now, more likely to be human…. iPhones were of course alien devices of control, I am not making this shit up, he was! He was more cosmic than the entire SOL put together! Wish I had had a recorder, t’was fascinating stuff. He suddenly stopped his discourse, told me his name was Tyrone, the bass player, and had a 2am wakeup call for his flight home and bade me goodnight. California….

Monday morning we decided to explore some of the coast of Marin and noting three members of UB40 at the next table at breakfast we headed off in the Pony. We explored the natural wonders of Point Reyes, a peninsula which sticks out into the Pacific Ocean and later in the afternoon meet two guys who work for me as naturalists, both of whom live in Inverness, a paradise spot facing an inlet of the sea. Scot and his partner Molly cooked us all dinner, all produce from their garden plus a Salmon that Scot had caught out on the ocean that morning. I noticed a 60’s gig poster on the wall. Scot brought out his collection of pristine concert posters by Victor Moscosa to have a look at. He had collected them at the time, having gone to some of the gigs themselves. Most dated from 1966 and 1967, some auto-graphed by the artist. As 50 years ago is now real history, this collection alone would be worth thousands of dollars. Posters with Steve Miller and IABD only brought bigger smiles to my face.

4th July

Independence Day….we headed for the coast again, thick fog to start with, and ended up taking a walk in the wacky, spaced-out community of Bolinas. This little town doesn’t like tourists so even the State gave up putting up road signs to the place, the locals would just take them down
again. The smell of MJ was everywhere as we walked down the sunny hill into town, just in time for their ‘parade’. Somewhat alternative and great fun. Can’t be many places which had a Grateful Dead type outfit on the back of a pick-up truck. Needless to say, all the floats won first prize in their category. As we walked past the ‘saloon’, a rap-reggae band had just started up on the balcony. Great fun was being had by all for sure. Hummingbirds and giant Swallowtail butterflies flew by as we walked back up the sunny hill, overlooking the now blue Pacific, surfers out in the waves.

I wanted a proper blast in the Mustang so we got up very early and hit the road south before 6am the next day. We crossed the Golden Gate and headed down Highway 1, hugging the wild and beautiful coastline. We stopped at a great roadhouse for a Mexican style breakfast and then headed on south further to Moss Landing. After a fantastic Sea Otter experience and a walk on a classic sandy beach we drove back north to the city of Santa Cruz, known for surf, it’s seaside amusement park and ex-hippies. I was sure to score here? It was now really quite hot as we walked up the main drag. After a burger, a dude walking the other way quietly said to me, “bud, you shouldn’t smoke on the street”, presumably mistaking my rollup for something more interesting. I wanted to say “I’m actually looking for bud, bud” but he was already a long way down the pavement. Some great record shops though, we made a few purchases in Streetlight Records. Sarah bought IABD’s first on CD. To be fair to her, her own taste is more pop, but she bought and listened to a few Steve Miller CDs before the trip. (She also bought Frampton’s Comes Alive and we played it driving back north.). But she had never heard a note of IABD before and she also absolutely loved their performance on Sunday. Cool.

Our last morning in Marin found us at Muir
Woods by 8am. I love walking amongst these forest giants, although the crowds had well arrived by the time we left at 10ish. We drove down into Mill Valley, a small town where bands like Quicksilver lived when they moved out of the city all those years ago.

I wanted to go and visit the Sweetwater Music Hall, which although not the original, still holds some fine gigs, although unfortunately not whilst we were there. We never did find it and after chatting to a very nice, but drunk guy called Dave, went into Mill Valley Music, a record store on the main street. This was packed to the rafters with musical goodies, not just records but the walls were covered in posters, including many originals. None of the posters were price-marked and I didn’t ask, they were something I was saving for the big city. He had a big IABD cover card but it was black and white, not colour sadly. We came away with a few albums and CDs and after lunch at Super Duper Burger (they are!) we climbed back into the Pony for the last time and headed into the big city itself, San Francisco.

One of the CDs I bought in Mill Valley was Jefferson’s Starship’s Greatest Hits for a few bucks, as we crossed the bridge, ‘We built this City’ started playing on the sound system……
WHAT THEY'RE SAYING ABOUT

Short stories by Richard Foreman

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) per copy
by mail order (signed) from Lepus Books website (http://lepusbooks.co.uk/wilful-misunderstandings/)
Or available by order from bookshops
For more info see Richard Foreman’s website at richeff.moonfruit.co
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MKG228CD

Available from rickwakemansmusicemporium.com
and all other good music retailers
This is the fourth studio album from Hollywood band Warner Drive, and marks their first label release after three independents. It took me a while to work this out, as while the Bowling For Soup and Sum 41 influences were obvious, it took me ages to put my finger on the other main sound, and it wasn’t until I nearly finished playing this for the first time that it hit me, it was The Levellers! Okay, so didgeridoo or violin, but somehow these guys have brought a commercial punk element to the Brighton sound to create something that is quite special. There is a depth to this melodic punk that is far richer and deeper than one normally expects, yet still maintaining great hooks. It is crossing into melodic rock territory, yet still with that depth and breadth of style that one would expect from the writers of “One Way”, not from a band that hails from California.

This is infectious music, and the more I have played this album the more I have enjoyed it. It has everything that one wants from melodic punk, but is way more grown up with real presence. This is for someone who used to enjoy bubble-gum punk but has grown up and wants something more serious, just not too much. This is an album guaranteed to put a smile on the face of any listener. http://warnerdrive.com/

Created in 2015 in the thrash metal epicentre of the San Francisco Bay Area comes Wilderness Dream, a heavy metal unit of destruction combining the speed and fury of ‘80s thrash metal and ‘90s death metal into an explosive blast of blackened heaviness. The band released their debut self-titled 12” EP on Creator-Destructor Records in October of 2015, to critical acclaim and response; a fifteen-minute-long slab of blistering fast, melody-infused, raw, unforgiving thrash metal, void of unnecessary technicality and frills. While supporting their debut EP along the West Coast over the past two years, the band managed to concoct another wave of deadly
tracks, upping the ante of destruction even further on their upcoming sophomore EP release, ‘Paralysis Rise’.

Clocking in at just under twenty minutes, the seven new songs that comprise Wilderness Dream’s new assault retain the same intensity and urgency that characterized the band’s debut, while boasting similar misanthropic, nihilistic lyrical content. However, the listener will quickly notice that the band has eliminated most remaining melodies and lingering punk influences and replaced them with a doubled-down violent dose of dissonant, razor-sharp riffs, and unpredictable, chaotic song structures. Tracks like “Spiritual Predator” and “The Observer” see the band at their most blistering speeds yet, thundering through every chainsaw-driven riff and tortured lyric without looking back, leaving the listener zero time to take a breath. At the same time, songs like “Venom,” “Ghosts,” and “No Light” see Wilderness Dream bringing the tempos down to more stomping, punishing grooves, rounding out the EP with numerous unique and refreshing moments of sonic domination. http://creator-destructor.com

BLOODY HAMMERS
THE HORRIFIC CASE OF BLOODY HAMMERS
NAPALM

Bloody Hammers is a duo, comprising Anders Manga (vocals, guitar, bass) and his wife Devallia (keyboards, organ). I must confess that I wasn’t too sure what to expect when I saw the album cover, but I know that it wasn’t anything as commercial as what I am currently listening to. In some ways, it is reminiscent of Type O Negative, yet more melodic, but with plenty of fuzzed and distorted guitars, which sometimes get confused as to where they are and get involved with Hammer House of Horror instead. Anders has a wonderful baritone/bass vocal, and sings in a way so that every word can be clearly distinguished, and goes from a gentle delivery to one that is far more forceful with ease. There are hints of Incubus Succubus as well, and the result is an EP (six songs, twenty-six minutes long) that is well worth investigating. It is gothic, it is melodic, it is dramatic, and most of all is downright enjoyable to listen to. www.bloodyhammers.com

DA VINCI
AMBITION ROCKS
AOR HEAVEN

Da Vinci was formed in Norway back in 1986, and after a short round of demos, they got a record deal with Polygram Norway and released their debut album the following year. They enjoyed as much radio play and charting nationally in the same league as Return, Stage Dolls and TNT, they released two albums, ‘Da Vinci’ and ‘Back in the Business’. Their most well-known songs were “Forever in My Heart” and “Tarquinia” from the first album; and “Call Me a Liar” and “9&10” from ‘Back in Business’. They toured constantly from 1986 to 1992 completing more than 600 performances in Norway alone. They also played as support for Status Quo on their Christmas Remedy tour in 1989 in the UK and their final concerts were two gigs at Wembley Arena.
Now, twenty-five years after they were last together the band are back with a new album. Well, almost. Although one could think that this is the original band back having patched up whatever differences caused them to break up the first time, what we actually have is Gunnar Westlie (guitar) and Dag Selboskar (keyboards) with a new bassist, drummer and singer. But, although the use of the old name may be a marketing ploy to get them some publicity, when music is as good as this it doesn’t really matter what the name is on the cover.

This is class melodic rock/AOR from the first note to the very last. I don’t know the background of singer Erling Ellingsen, but he is a real find, with not only a powerful range but with just enough roughness to his voice so that the music always feels real, and never too cheesy. Bassist Roy FUNNER and drummer Bjørn Olav Lauvdal keep it locked down, providing the foundation that allows Gunnar and Dag to take turns in providing melodic leads, and the songs roll by with hooks aplenty. Seriously, there isn’t a weak moment on the album, with good production, great songs, and wonderful performances. If ever an album was resurrecting the glory days of this genre, then this is it. It may not be released until August 25th, but this is worth making a note in the diary for. www.facebook.com/davincitheband

GATEWAY TO HELL
CLOVERS
UNHOLY ANARCHY RECORDS

Baltimore doom metal unit Gateway To Hell, who describe themselves as a “groovy, ghoulish mix of doom metal and the laughter of ugly children, with a touch of inebriation and shame”, release their debut five-track EP at the end of July. What may be surprising from both the band name and their own description of their music, is that this is an incredibly melodic form of doom, something that feels very Southern in outlook, and not nearly as dark and satanic as one might expect. The guitars are distorted to the max, the vocals are so rich that one can put a saddle on the soundwaves and ride them around the room, and the whole EP has a real groove and presence. It is hard to realise that this is a low-budget debut EP (apparently their only other releases have been a demo and a single), as this is class and I love it. Singer Jerrod Bronson has left the band since they recorded this, so it will be interesting to hear what they sound like on the album they are currently recording. This is well worth hearing. http://www.unholyanarchy.com

INTRCPTR
MAGIC BULLET RECORDS

INTRCPTR is a new project that has been put together by guitarist Ben Carr (5ive) and drummer Larry Herweg (Pelican, ex-Lair Of The Minotaur). No vocals, this is Kyuss taken almost to extremes, and to be honest this is just plain boring. The only real positive I can take from this is that there are only five songs and it is only twenty-one minutes long. The cover isn’t solid black, there is a tiny tinge of red in the middle, whereas the music just feels like leaden and monotonous. One genre I have never been able to fully appreciate is the stoner movement that combines with jam band mentality, and that is what we have here. Some may understand this, but I don’t I’m afraid. Next!

http://www.magicbulletrecords.com
Phil surely needs no introduction, having spent thirty-two years as the right-hand man of Lemmy, and here he is, right back in the saddle with his new band. As soon as I heard the name I smiled, as the original name for Motörhead was going to be Bastard, until it was pointed out that the band would never get airplay anywhere (the world has changed in the last forty years). But, it is more than just a homage, as for this band Phil has brought in his three sons Todd, Dave and Tyla on guitar, drums and bass respectively. Singer Neil Starr completes the line-up, and this six-track live EP is the first release, although they have been getting some experience by supporting some band called Guns ‘n’ Roses, and will soon be heading out with Saxon.

What I like about this EP is that firstly there are three new numbers out of the six on offer, and that while one can hear a Motörhead resemblance at times, which would only be expected given how important Phil’s guitar sound was over the years, Phil has taken the music into a different direction. No-one will ever play bass like Lemmy, so there is no point in trying, and instead they have gone more melodic without losing any of the power and aggression that made his old band such a force to be reckoned with. New song “Spiders” shows that this band has real legs, and will make it in their own right, but ‘Head fans like me will also smile and thoroughly enjoy their blast through “R.A.M.O.N.E.S.” which is superb. They close the set with a surprising cover of “Sweet Leaf”, which works incredibly well indeed. Watch out guys, Phil is back, and he means business. Wonderful. www.philcampbell.net

What we have here is the latest release from LACES OUT
Hailing from Orange County, New York, Laces Out features members of Warwick-based post-punk quintet Pigeon, as well as acts Mandark, Veneer, and others. Drummer Steve Delucia and guitarist/singer Ed Ciolfella have been playing together in various projects for nearly fourteen years: long-time friend and local scene veteran Ray Wasnieski (bass) joined the duo in Pigeon, and has followed them into Laces Out. There is plenty of dynamics and angular progression in the sound and they have been influenced by the likes of Fugazi, Unwound, At The Drive In, Jesus Lizard, Drive Like Jehu, and Nirvana. They set themselves the task of writing five songs, and then recording them in the order in which they were written, which is certainly different, but it fits in with the staccato aggressive art rock style of music. This is music with sharp edges, and this twenty-one minute long EP captures the listener from start to end. http://nefariousindustries.com

PHIL CAMPBELL & THE BASTARD SONS
LIVE AT SOLOTHURN
NUCLEAR BLAST

What we have here is the latest release from
It must be said that I wasn’t the world’s biggest fan of Dušan’s last release, 2013’s ‘Am I Walking Wrong’, and I think it was probably the first time I had ever given a Moonjune album a poor review, but I just didn’t get it. So, when this arrived in the post one day I wasn’t immediately over-enamoured, but I opened the digipak and realised that the drummer was none other than Asaf Sirkis, someone whose work I highly admire. The line-up was completed by Vasil Hadzimanov on acoustic piano, Fender Rhodes electric piano and Mini Moog bass, and I was immediately intrigued. Further investigation led to the discovery that the album was recorded in just two days last February, and knowing that they had toured together in different incarnations, as opposed to being put together for a studio project, made me think that this could be quite a special album indeed.

I put aside any preconceived ideas, and as soon as the first notes came out of the speakers I was transfixed. Here were wonderful guitar lines, perfectly accompanied by different keyboards with both lightness and strong bottom end, and then there was Asaf who was playing as if he was the lead player in the band. There are many times during this album where Vasil is valiantly managing to keep it all together, as both Dušan and Asaf attempt to be the main in charge. This is simply a wonderful album, full not only of wonderful melodies but great interplay between all those involved. Ideas bounce between the trio, and there are so many thing son here to enjoy, from brightness and sparks to reflective and delicate, such as on the emotional “Yo Sin Mi”. Dušan’s guitarwork is exemplary throughout, as he switches styles and tones, yet there is always clarity and finesse. This is not a guitarist who feels the need to prove his skills by playing five thousand notes to the bar, but instead shows it every time he uses sustain.

This is one of the most interesting and enjoyable instrumental albums I’ve come across in 2017.

www.moonjune.com

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Brazillian trio Dialeto, whose last album ‘The Last Tribe’ was excellent. I was a little surprised that it has taken four years for them to come back with the follow-up, but that may have something to do with the fact that only guitarist Nelson Coelho was in the band last time around. He has now been joined by drummer Fred Barley and bassist Gabriel Costa, which makes them more how they used to sound, as for the last album the bassist had been replaced by touch guitar. This album is an attempt by Dialeto to take compositions by Béla Bartók and then move them into their own genre, with lots of improvisation. Bartók is considered to be one of the most important Hungarian composers of the last century, and through his collection and analytical study of folk music, he was one of the founders of comparative musicology, which later became ethnomusicology.

With six of the ten songs named Roumanian Folk Dances it isn’t hard to see where the music originally stemmed from, but here it has been taken to new levels as jazz fusion takes this as a base and then moves it into quite new areas. The whole album is fresh, exciting and interesting, taking the listener through many twists and turns, and by the end I found myself thinking that I loved this so much that I really ought to discover the originals and see just what Dialeto had done to them to transform them into this modern style of music. David Cross makes an appearance on the first number, and my only wish was that he had could have stayed for the complete album as he had so much impact, but as it is this really is an album to savour.

www.dialeto.bandcamp.com

DUŠAN JEVTOVIĆ
NO ANSWER
MOONJUNE RECORDS

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

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

Gregg McKella is front man of the legendary Paradise 9. For those of you not in the know (shame on ya) stalwarts on the festival scene they have played Glastonbury 2011/13/14, Bearded Theory, Alchemy, Hope and have headlined on the Toadhall Stage at Glastonbury Festival, The Green Gathering, Tannerfest, Cosmic Puffin and Kozfест.

But the big question is what would he take with him if we were to bundle him up in a bin bag, plonk him on a magick carpet and send him to our purely conceptual desert island?
Gregg’s Top Ten

Like so many previous Gonzo desert islanders have stated, an impossible job to do, and like some I have opted for my top 10 albums rather than just songs, that have mainly been on the turntable or CD player since my formative days! This lot are also and obviously have been my influence in the Paradise 9 mix (and make no excuses either! :) )

To keep things fair, I'll name the favourite track of each album (in case I get accused of cheating by picking albums!)

Here goes....

HAWKWIND - X IN SEARCH OF SPACE

My second Hawkwind album that I bought, after the debut album, In Search of Space was the definitive space rock album, that completely stole my soul to space rock n' roll. When I was recording with Peyote Guru at Dave Anderson’s Foel’s studio, we all agreed that this album, that ultimately defined our directions in the music we grew into and performed. I could easily have picked 'Space Ritual', but the second album was the album that changed Hawkwind into the band they became. I don't mind admitting Dave Brock influenced my rhythm guitaring and Nik Turner my clarinetting. And this was the album that Dave Anderson on bass and Terry Ollis on drums set the groove, that became Space Ritual. This is still my most played Hawk album. Track off the album I'd take would be 'You Shouldn't Do That'.

STEVE HILLAGE - GREEN

From Hawkwind I got into the space rock/psychedelic scene, and first bands I saw in my teens were Steve Hillage (second gig I ever went to, Camel being the first) at the legendary Friars Club in Aylesbury on his Motivation Radio tour (I still have the free single that was given on the night).

I decided on GREEN, as I love Palm Trees, and the ripping version of the Glorious Om Riff (aka Master Builder), which obviously is track off the album. A beautiful album that is a psychedelic journey into the ethers...

PLANET GONG/HERE & NOW - LIVE FLOATING ANARCHY 1977

When I discovered Here & Now, after seeing them at a gig at High Wycombe Poly in the late 70s. I got their first album 'Give & Take' at the gig. And with that I properly discovered Gong and Here & Now. As usual, I have a habit of working backwards, and discovered Planet Gong 'Live Floating Anarchy 77' with Gong’s Daedal Allen and Gilli Smyth with Here & Now. I remember us all in fits at the 'don't pay more than £2.25 but better still rip it off' bottom text on the front cover. Of course 'Allez Ali Baba Black Sheep Have you Any Bullshit' is the track I'd take if I had to prise one off the album...
Roy Weard - This House In Amber
www.weard.co.uk
https://royweard.bandcamp.com
“An excellent album with dark and deep lyrical themes.”

Tim Burness - Whose Dream Are You Living?
www.timburness.com
https://timburness.bandcamp.com
“A CD that cracked our ‘Best of 2017’ list.”
ProG Gnosis

Paradise 9 - 20th Anniversary 1997 ~ 2017 Live
www.paradise9.net
https://paradise9.bandcamp.com
“Celebrating 20 years of Space-rock/space-prog/proto-punk/rock n’ roll.”

www.realmusicventures.co.uk
TALK TALK - THE COLOUR OF SPRING

My mate Poppy Gonzalez (who I was in Dreamfield with in the 90s with, and a sort of sister band to Paradise 9) got me into Talk Talk in the 80s. I love the use of space in the sound, and the delicate treatment in the music. I just got this back on vinyl from my mate Jay who’s been flogging the last of his records (after the tape all chewed up...). Great album start to finish, with 'Life's What You Make' being the track I'd take away...

PSYCHEDELIC FURS - PSYCHEDELIC FURS

Still love their debut album, more punk than psychedelia. Love Duncan Kilburn's sax and Richard Butler’s rasping vocals. Like a lot of bands, they got overly produced the more success they received, and their first album is still my favourite (although by the post-punk days, the production level was still quite high). Opening track 'India' the one I'd take..."you're American - hah hah hah"... looking forward to catching them later in the year.

THE THE - SOUL MINING

Kinda seem to be going in chronological order here, and still stuck in the 80s, I first discovered the commercial but driven and most successful album 'Infected'. I love Matt Johnson's bluesy vocal over an electro-avant garde pop thing going on, and when I discovered the less commercial 'Soul Mining' album it cemented my respect of Matt Johnson’s introspective lyrics. He later directed his lyrics to more political observations, which were years ahead of his time on the ‘Dusk’ album. Track of the album I'd take is 'Uncertain Smile' with Jools Holland's discordant piano solo at the end.

HAWKWIND - QUARK STRANGENESS AND CHARM

Yep back to Hawkwind, and I'd have to have the Quark album. When it first came out, I (as many) thought, crikey, they gone all punk and new wave. The album very quickly grows on you, and arguably are some of Bob Calvert’s finest lyrics (although '25 Years' comes close). The album takes a very diverse tangent, embracing the punk rock/new wave era, while keeping the psychedelic flavour of the band. Now which track ....'Spirit Of The Age' or 'Hassan-i Sabbah'? You'll have to decide that one...and I'll go with whichever one!

Incidentally, the lyrics of 'Spirit Of The Age' were contained in the 24 page booklet (I no longer have :( ) in the 1971 'In Search of Space', album...Robert Calvert..another wordsmith so often years ahead of his time, and utterly the most underrated artist of that era!

INNER CITY UNIT - THE MAXIMUM EFFECT

So after Nik Turner first got booted out of Hawkwind, and via my cousin Simon, who introduced me to Nik's new band Inner City Unit. He played me the first album 'Pass Out' with versions of Hawkwind's 'Master Of the Universe' and 'Brainstorm' that sounded on more akin to The Dickies and again frankly had me horrified! However, another grower and when 'The Maximum Effect' came along, this album became their defining period, with great varied politico/humourous tracks from Nik Turner and Judge Trev with Dead Fred and Dino Ferari. Track off the album has to be
'Bones of Elvis'... (although 'Blue Rinse Haggard Robot' again a topical track a close second...)

**SIX BY SEVEN - THE WAY I FEEL TODAY**

And now for something completely different, Six By Seven were a 5 piece indie rock outfit from Nottingham. 'The Way I Feel Today' is a driving, rocking but soundscaping album. This 2002 album really is best played loaded and loud, preferably with a bottle of vodka! Like so many albums, it’s either the first or last track the takes it, and the opening track I’d take is 'So Close'. Simply driven!

**ROBERT CALVERT - CAPTAIN LOCKHEED AND THE STARFIGHTERS**

Of all Bob Calvert’s albums, I’d have to pick 'Captain Lockheed' although I loved 'Test Tube Conceived'.

Bob’s use of words and phrases and lyrical delivery is pure genius. A fusion of great musicians from Hawkwind and the Pink Fairies, along with Arthur Brown, Adrian Wagner and brilliant sketch performances from Bob Calvert, Viv Stanshall and Jim Capaldi in between tracks. Track to take would be 'The Right Stuff'. Lyrically Robert Calvert was a huge influence on the way I construct some of my songs.

**GOD AND MAN - JUDGE TREV**

And my final 10th choice has to be the Judge’s only solo album 'God & Man'. After following Inner City Unit over the years, in 2005 I moved to Brighton, and stumbled across Judge Trev Thomps, handing me a flyer for his club, 'The Real Music Club'. After a few gigs, and several beers we became good friends, and I joined as part of the RMC committee. It was then that I got his solo album 'God & Man', which he had self-released in 2000. Most folks know Trev for his raucous and speedy guitaring that he played in ICU and his other bands like Atomgods and MOAB, but this album shows a more (dare I say it!) sensitive side to Trev, and his music. The album is partly made up of sea shanties, folksy and heartfelt life songs, with wonderful performances from Nik Turner, Rick Welsh, Dino Ferari, Ron Tree and Harvey Bainbridge.

Towards the end of Trev’s life, he was going out as a duo with Kev Ellis (and me sometimes being the third part of the duo...) as Trev and Kev. Me and Kev still go out playing some of Trev's songs as Gregg and Kev (not the other way round!) and again, the track of the album I would take is 'Black Raven Love' (although One Move comes a close second). I hope this album will be re-released one day.
THE COMPLETE GOSPELS

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

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

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

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

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This is Rick and Orchestra at their finest !!!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Asante sana (thank you very much),

David Banks
Director, Africa Region
The Nature Conservancy

p.s. Start helping elephants today at nature.org/elephants and follow us on Instagram, Facebook or Twitter to get action alerts.
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PHENOMENA
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ALIEN ABDUCTION OF CHILDREN OR IS THERE ANOTHER EXPLANATION?

IN THE NEWS
LATEST INVESTIGATIONS A PARANORMAL VISIT TO CHESTER AND MUCH MORE!

MISTERY ENCOUNTERS IN MORECAMBE

GAINSBURY’S CAR PARK COMES UNDER SIEGE

An American In Suffolk

THE FOURTH KIND MOVIE REVIEW

WHAT IS THE TRUTH BEHIND THE HIT MOVIE THE FOURTH KIND

MYSTERIOUS ENCOUNTERS IN MORECAMBE

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

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

NOW THAT DOCTOR WHO IS A WOMAN: WHAT'S NEXT?!
The signs were there the minute Steven Moffat cast Peter Capaldi - initials PC; those lefty luvvies at the BBC have inflicted their politically correct agenda on the nation's most beloved institution - Doctor Who. How?! They've only gone and cast a woman!!!!!!! The Doctor used to have two hearts - now he's going to have two boooooobs!!!!!!! What a liability - he'll probably get them trapped in the TARDIS doors!!!!!!!

Why don't they do the decent thing and call the character what she is now: a nurse!!!!!!! Get back in the kitchen, Doc - where you belong!!!!!!! Galifrey?! More like Gal-afraid!!!!!!! Sonic vibrator, Doctor Phwoar, shegeneration... Etcetera etcetera.

The question is: where will the show go next?! Here's a glimpse into the future of the UK's formerly favourite long-running science-fiction series...!!!!??!!!

After the Chappo tour rolled to a halt I went out with a band called STA. They were doing a support slot on the It Bites, ‘Big Lad In The Windmill’ tour. That tour had, as part of its stage set, two large vanes which hung from the back truss and were made to look like part of a windmill. There was a constant cry of, ‘Ow, fuck that windmill’, as crew members ducked under the black drape at the back of the stage and cracked their skulls on the vanes. STA were a bit unremarkable, but their backing singer went on to much bigger things. I ran into her a year later at John Henry’s rehearsal studios, and while we were chatting I asked whose band she was there with. She said ‘Mine’ and it was only then that I connected Julia the backing vocalist with the Julia Fordham all the music press had been lauding that year. Her and the other backing vocalist had been great fun on that tour, sticking their hands up their T-shirts and doing ‘Alien’ impersonations when they were not singing.

Shortly after this I got involved in one of the odder tours of my career. Steve Hill, who had been PA rigger for the Manfred tour in ‘83, was now running a minibus hire company in Hammersmith. He had got involved with a band called i-Level who had a minor disco hit in 1984 called ‘Dance Together In A Minefield’. They were pretty much a studio band but Steve had convinced them to go on tour. He hired the PA from the same company that Manfred had used on the tour and had Alan Bradshaw doing front of house. He asked me if I would help with the backline, and since I had not much else on at the start of the summer I accepted. The crew was completed by Hugh ‘Hugo’ Richards on monitors and Lazlo on lighting. A very professional crew with a truckload of pro equipment – the trouble is we were, on the whole, playing venues that would have been overloaded by a third of that amount of gear. Steve, Lazlo and I drove in the truck, and Mr. B and Hugo used a car. The band had a tour manager who was not at all used to dealing with people like us and they also had their own travelling coke dealer.

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.
This House In Amber

New Album out now

Available on CD from:
www.weard.co.uk

CD / digital download:
https://royweard.bandcamp.com/album/this-house-in-amber
known as ‘The Pope’. The whole thing was a recipe for mayhem really.

It started coming off the rails right from the start when we had serious trouble getting the equipment through the door of the first gig, and one of the people who had been hired as local crew would not do anything because he ‘had his best shoes on and didn’t want to scuff them.’ We dragged all this equipment in and out of small discos up and down England to the amazement of many of the promoters. There was a lot of coke going down – or rather up. Lazlo was a decent chap and, more often than not, would turn down a toot saying:

‘I do like it but I don’t want to buy any so I won’t take any of yours. I will feel obliged to reciprocate.’

He also had a great line on US tours. On one trip we were talking about touring the States and I told him I had never managed to get over to America. He said, ‘When I started in this business I met a guy who had done a US tour and I thought “You’re the man!”’. Then I met someone who had done three US tours and I thought, “No, You’re the man.” But as I went along and spent more and more time in this business I got disenchanted and I met a man who had turned down a US tour. I knew then he was the man!’ A bit of rock and roll philosophy for you there.

When we were in Manchester we went up to the band’s singer’s room and The Pope had a large circular mirror. He laid out lines around the mirror like spokes and it was passed round the room. When it got to Lazlo he turned it down. The Pope said, ‘Go on, it is a present from the band’ so he went for it. He was sitting beside the wife of one of the band members and he turned straight to her and said, ‘I’ll give you £20 for a sniff of your knickers.’

Now we knew why he usually turned down the coke.

When we got to Leicester we were staying in the Holiday Inn and the band told us they were having a party in their room after the show. When we had loaded out and got cleaned up we went up there. The room was in darkness with the band smooching with some women to slow disco music. It was a bit like a teenage party and we quickly decided we did not really want to stay there. We went back down in one of our rooms and sat there having a smoke and a drink. The phone rang. Alan answered, and it was The Pope.

‘Someone has passed out in the band’s room.’

‘So?’

‘Can you come and deal with it?’

‘Do what about it?’

‘Get him out of the room so the band aren’t involved.’

‘Give us a couple of grams and we will.’

‘OK.’

So we trooped off to the band’s room where we found a prone young man. We collected the toot and then carried him out of the room to the fire stairs. As we were carrying him down the stairs Alan said, ‘I don’t think he is drunk. I think he is on the disco biscuits.’ He leant down to the man. ‘What have you taken?’ he asked. His friend, who had come with us, said, ‘Nothing. He hasn’t taken anything.’ Alan was not convinced.

We got him down to the street and laid him on the pavement. Alan leant down again, ‘Have you had any pills?’ he asked.

The man stirred, ‘Yes.’

‘How many?’ demanded Alan.

‘Two bottles,’ came the reply.

At first Alan looked worried. Two bottles of pills? That could be bad. Then it dawned on him that he meant Pils and not pills. He had drunk two bottles of lager and passed out! Alan straightened up in disgust.

‘Fucking lightweight,’ he exclaimed and we left him and his friend on the pavement.
IN MY experience the average lorry driver has a pornographic turn of mind. It’s all those long journeys with nothing to think about but the road. And all those long nights in the cab with nothing to do but to… So one day this geezer is driving along when he catches sight of a leggy blonde by the roadside. And, of course, his mind turns to carnal matters. He draws up beside her while in his imagination she is saying – like some cheesy line from a cheap porno movie – “do you fancy a shag?” But really he knows it’s a fantasy. Things like that just don’t happen. He’s fat and he’s bald with a hairy beergut and he smells of sweat and diesel, and this gorgeous young woman climbing into the cab right now is hardly likely to think twice about him. So she slams the door shut with a jolt, and turns to him, and says, “do you fancy a shag then?”

This is a true story. Her name is Louise and she really did give sex to lorry drivers for no other reason than that she thought it was the thing to do, and that they were nice to her.

Here’s another story. She’s sitting in a pub one day with a half a pint some bloke has bought for her. She finished that one and he offers to buy her another. “That’s all right,” she says, “you’ve already paid for your shag.” Well he must have been feeling generous because he bought her another one anyway, bouncing to the bar with an extra lightness in his step.

And that’s about all that’s the slightest bit funny about this story. Because the truth is Louise is very, very, very lonely. Very, very, very unhappy. Very, very, very ill. And if only someone would give her true love and affection for a change, maybe she’d be better.

Well someone tried. And it didn’t make her better.

Louise has a mental health problem, in case you haven’t guessed it. She’s a certified Manic Depressive, though the label doesn’t really tell you much. But she has no control whatsoever over her mind and what it thinks. And no control over her body and what it wants. Somehow the thread by which determination and action are connected is severed in her case. In modern English: she’s lost it.

She came to this town to sleep with someone. He had black hair and startling blue eyes. She had a steady boyfriend at the time and a decent life back in Switzerland. She was well off and spoke half-a-dozen languages. But this man haunted her. And
They were together for three years, travelling, living in vans, scratching a living from boot-fairs and fruit picking and anything they could find. And she spent the entire time thinking he was having affairs with all the women who were naturally drawn to him. And whenever the pressure got too much she would go off and have an affair. And eventually she got pregnant, though she’d always vowed not to have a child (she was adopted herself). And then they were in some dingy dive in some obscure town and it seemed as if the whole world was bereft of love, drained of love, like a void. And there was just her and this squalling thing – Gizmo being off with his mates – and tiredness, and uncertainty, and confusion, and really, really, really, deep down, though she couldn’t admit it to herself, she didn’t want the child. She didn’t want it just as she had not been wanted.

Later she fell for another man, a laid-back artist from the Midlands, brutally handsome in a cavemanish sort of way. She called him Gizmo. He was picking fruit in the south of France, so she went off looking for him. It took her two weeks to find him and meanwhile she slept with every lorry driver on the way. Something very strange was happening to her. She was a nice girl from a good background, but this inexplicable urge had hold of her. And meanwhile she was thinking about Jesus. And Jesus and the Devil were vying for her sanity, playing havoc with her loins. And she slept with ten lorry drivers in one day before she finally caught up with Gizmo.

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

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

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

OTHER BOOKS BY
C.J.STONE
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.

The final item on the Hawkwind gig horizon is their Windsor appearance, on 22 July. The festival is called "On Track for Summer" and celebrates the anniversary of the 1967 festival, at which Arthur Brown played. He returns for this month's festival, being joined by Georgie Fame and the Blue Flames, legendary blues guitarist Norman Beaker, and tribute act The Doors Alive.

As of now, there are no other gigs currently on the touring list.

Of probable interest to fans of Warrior-era Hawkwind, Universal film studio has just announced some new genre TV shows, including three new adaptations of fantasy and sci-fi books. One of these is an adaptation of Roger Zelazny's classic novel 'Lord of Light', written by 'X-Men: First Class' and 'Thor' co-writer Ashley Miller, which follows a society of humans where a select few can be granted the likeness and powers of deities, and one former god that rises up to challenge the status quo.

Meanwhile, the Hoaxy Ones have announced a holiday, and a new gig:

"Dear Hoaxwind family & friends, we're off on our holidays soon, just packing up
our stuff and getting on the Hoaxwind bus and heading ‘into the woods’ so to speak. Just a reminder that when we get back from our holidays we will be doing a Summer Show at The Oak in Kingston 26th August and it would be lovely to see you all again!”

And the artist 'Fish' has been speaking about the difficulties of touring, and his comments might well apply to Hawkwind too.

"It’s the same in North America where the bureaucracy and legal requirements are so overwhelming, the distances so huge and the costs so high it’s extremely difficult if not impossible to make sense of that commitment. It’s all very well a couple of people writing from a city asking for a gig but the promoters, the venues, and I need a lot more people to make sense of the numbers to make a show happen..."
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.

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

Are you sitting comfortably? Good. I shall begin.

LI

The story of my run in with Cindy Prosser is far less exciting than the story of what I believed had happened between her and my mate the Indy Kid. Nobody was alleged to have taken any clothes off at all, and - to be honest - the whole affair was so uninteresting that I cannot remember any of the banal details after all this time. But basically there were about twenty of us living in Staplake House at the time. Back in
those days home video recorders were nowhere near as ubiquitous as they were later to become, but I happened to own one. And I had a membership card to the local video library.

Being a nice bloke for whom TV was (as it is now) not a particularly important aspect of my life, I set my video recorder up in the main common room, and left the club card thing (I cannot even remember what the things were called after a gap of thirty four years) on the mantelpiece with a note saying that as long as they didn’t abuse it, other residents were welcome to use it and my VCR. Truthfully, I was engaged in wooing the girl who was to later become my ex-wife, and, between that, and serious drinking at one of Starcross’s four pubs, and surreptitious drug abuse, I never wanted to watch videos until late at night when I would watch one of the arty hippy or punk things that quite often still amuse me today.

The common room had huge French windows, and - sometime after midnight - I would open them, and wander out onto the broad green lawn where I would smoke a joint, and stagger back inside and watch *Jubilee* or *Alice’s Restaurant* for the umpteenth time. I do much the same now, except *sans* the French windows, so any thought that my life has progressed over the past three
cover it up. Then came the humdinger. Because I had shared the card with my housemates, I was actually in breach of my membership arrangement, and not only was I banned for life but they wanted me to pay fifty quid compensation to avoid being taken to court. Even now I would be annoyed at losing fifty quid, but for an impecunious student in the mid 1980s fifty quid was a small fortune.

I am afraid to say that I lost my temper, only to have Cindy channel her inner firebrand and start screaming at me. I retreated to my room, only to find when I emerged that she had made an official complaint about me to everyone else in the house. I wrote a memo about what had actually happened, and put it on the house notice board, only to find that the next day she had gone off sick with “stress and anxiety” and that there was a letter to me from the School of Nursing, accusing me of sexism and bullying.

I ended up being disciplined for and a bit decades is fairly ephemeral.

But I am digressing once again, something which I have a habit of doing. So forgive me, while I try and tear myself away from fond memories of a house where I was actually fairly happy for one of the first times in my life, and back to the minutiae of why I fell out so badly with Cindy Prosser.

Considering the fact that it made me so angry at the time, and even more so, the fact that I got into considerable trouble because of it, it is mildly ironic that I cannot remember the details. But piecing together vague memories, Cindy had used my video club card, broken the terms of the agreement somehow by not taking a video back in time, or something like that, and brazenly informed me that the owner of the video club had confiscated the card and cancelled my membership. I telephoned the video club and was informed that not only had Ms Prosser incurred my wrath by taking the video(s) back late, but that she had somehow broken the cassette and tried to
particularly unpleasant young woman, that not only was she not at the top of my Christmas Card list, but that I became really quite concerned when I saw her flouncing into the common room in the arm of an obviously besotted Skullfuck. Because, despite his tough looking exterior (and, believe me, even I could see that he was nowhere near as tough looking as he pretended) he was a sweet and very sensitive bloke. I (believe it or not, despite the fact that I have spent a goodly chunk of this memoir bitching about things that happened decades ago) actually do try to let bygones be bygones, and so I smiled welcomingly at the odd couple. But whereas the young biker grinned disarmingly at me, his date just glowered at me and pulled him out of the room, making it perfectly clear that she was not prepared to spend any time in the same room as me.

My heart fell, and I suddenly felt very worried about Skullfuck. And my fears were very well founded, because - as I was to find out many years later - she ruined his life!

something of which I truly felt that I was innocent, had black marks embedded on my permanent record and managed to acquire yet another hefty chip on my shoulder. I also paid the fifty quid, because I truly couldn’t see that I had any other option. But I did so with the worst possible grace, and yet another chip arrived on the bit between my scapula and my clavicle (or maybe it was the same chip grown larger and more uncomfortable - I do not know enough about such things to comment).

After a few weeks Cindy came back to work, milking the sympathy cash cow for everything that she could. I couldn’t even take the video recorder back to my room without being accused of sour grappitude, and so I spent more and more time at the Atmospheric Railway or the Alexandra Inn, and less time in the house where - for a time at least - I had actually been happy.

So, as you can see from both my and my friend the Indy Kid’s experiences with this girl who had turned out to be a particularly unpleasant young woman, that not only was she not at the top of my Christmas Card list, but that I became really quite concerned when I saw her flouncing into the common room in the arm of an obviously besotted Skullfuck. Because, despite his tough looking exterior (and, believe me, even I could see that he was nowhere near as tough looking as he pretended) he was a sweet and very sensitive bloke. I (believe it or not, despite the fact that I have spent a goodly chunk of this memoir bitching about things that happened decades ago) actually do try to let bygones be bygones, and so I smiled welcomingly at the odd couple. But whereas the young biker grinned disarmingly at me, his date just glowered at me and pulled him out of the room, making it perfectly clear that she was not prepared to spend any time in the same room as me.

My heart fell, and I suddenly felt very worried about Skullfuck. And my fears were very well founded, because - as I was to find out many years later - she ruined his life!
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!!"

I DID NOT KNOW

YOU WERE INVOLVED IN CO-OPERATIVE HOUSING
Nor that you lived in a Co-op and have done so for years
Nor that you were adding your wisdom to co-operative projects to make sure others had this access and advantage
As housing stock becomes over-priced and homelessness endemic/folk will have to examine alternatives
I have run open houses for homeless folk and been involved in outreach projects.I have slept in boot camps, hostels,shared houses,communes,squats and on railway platforms, in alleyways when hitchhiking,and under trees and in caravans and tents when camping.
All these adventures were young and voluntary,and to hear others still opening doors for others,and sharing their spaces is as refreshing as rain in a Texas desert.
And you play fine original songs,too!
Now, the weird thing about Milda Harris is that whoever writes the sales blurb (and I strongly suspect that as her outfit seems to be a cottage industry, it is probably Ms Harris herself) they do not even begin to do justice to the sophisticated and intricate storytelling that is inside these entertaining little books. Check this out, for example:

“Doppelganger (The Doppelgangers #1): Citrus Leahy is having a really bad day. First she's late to school. Then she runs into the girl who drives her nuts because she always calls her Orange instead of her name. To cap it all off, though, when Citrus finally

Oh I do like the books of Milda Harris. As I believe I have recounted elsewhere, I first discovered her writing earlier this year when somehow I received an email offering me a whole bunch of free e-books to choose from. One of them was a peculiar little book about the adventures of a teenaged girl who had the peculiar hobby of gatecrashing funerals. The premise sounded entertaining enough, and so I took a punt on it and soon became ensnared in a saga which was far more intelligent and enlivened than I had possibly expected.
children's literature, one had adult literature and there particularly aimed at my age group. One had was in my late teens, there were no books relatively new one. As far as I remember, when I r e l a t i v e l y n e w o n e . A s f a r a s I r e m e m b e r , w h e n I
The whole concept of Young Adult literature is a above.

“Doppelganger #2: On the Run (The Doppelgangers #2): The doppelgangers are coming! Citrus Leahy is on the run from doppelgangers! Now she and a group of teenagers whose lives have also been taken over have to figure out how to stay hidden. The doppelgangers could be anywhere or anyone. Her crush Aedan makes her feel safe except that he keeps reminding her of the guy she left behind...his doppelganger! Citrus also can't forget that the doppelgangers have her mother, but she has no idea how to save her when their group is barely saving themselves. It seems like the doppelgangers are always hot on their trail and there's danger around every corner, maybe even from within.”

Well, I don’t know about you, chaps and chappesses, but blurb like that would normally make me run a mile. But, I had been so impressed by the first half dozen or so of the Funeral Crashing series so much that when I found that this brace of books were available for free via Kindle Direct, I snapped them up. And as I suspected, the books were as excellent as one had been led to expect by my previous experience.

Now before we go any further, I am not going to include any spoilers. The point of a review of a fiction rather than a non-fiction book is to tell you what I think of the book, and discuss some of the concepts raised without spoiling the reading experience for the potential consumer. So, dudes and dudettes, you can indeed read on without me telling you anything that you could not already pick up from the sales blurb online, which I have already quoted above.

Such literature on occasion in these hallowed pages.

Because what Ms Harris has done with these books is truly worthy of examination. In the same way as J K Rowling took a seemingly outdated story genre - i.e the Boarding School adventure - and, with just a dash of witchcraft and wizardry, updated it for a whole new generation of readers, Ms Harris has taken a well-known concept from the science fiction novels and movies of the 1950s (liberally harvesting the works of John Wyndham, and movies such as Invasion of the Body Snatchers) and reinvents them for a new generation. And what’s more, she does so without dumbing them down in the slightest.

Something else that impresses me about Ms Harris’ writing is that unlike so many if her peers she does not suffer from Hollyoaks Syndrome; she does not make all her characters beautiful/rich/over nice or nasty. She has the knack of creating characters who appear to be true to life, rather than aspiring to some weird un-fictional meta-ideal that is more akin to pornography than story telling. But, whilst making her characters appear real, she also manages to make them people that the reader can actually care about, and with these new characters in the Doppelganger series, one finds oneself empathising with them far more than one might otherwise have suspected.

She pulls no punches. There is violence and death, and the premise of these books is truly frightening. What makes them even more impressive is that, even at the end of book two, with book two not expected until later on in the year, unless I have missed something entirely (and I don’t think that I have) I truly have no idea of what is happening. I have no idea who the doppelgangers are, where they come from, or what their motivation is. But that’s OK. This is a truly intriguing series of books, and I have become sucked into the mythos surrounding them. And, from what I can tell from the reader’s comments on Goodreads, I am not the only one.

Ms Harris is rapidly developing a cult following, but - being a very 21st Century writer - she is interacting with her cult following in a particularly 21st Century type way. There are readers groups on Facebook and Good Reads, and interactive fan pages on which she converses with her followers in a pleasantly informal fashion that would have been unthinkable only a few years ago. As with so much modern music, the medium and the message are equally as interesting, and one soon finds oneself sucked in to an experience far beyond that what one would expect from reading a young adult science fiction thriller.

Well done Milda. I cannot wait to see what happens next.
In Victorian times every well-bred Gentleman had a 'Cabinet of Curiosities'; a collection of peculiar odds and sods, usually housed in a finely made cabinet with a glass door. These could include anything from Natural History specimens to historical artefacts.

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

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

Well there were plenty of toys being thrown out prams on Sunday weren’t there, my lovelies? Come on admit it – were you one of them? Did Teddy end up nose down in a puddle of mud? Did you have some petulant foot stamping going on?

Here are a few samples of crass knee-jerk reactions I read:

“No...not for me thanks.end of my watching days...sorry”. – Hahahahaha that was definitely a petulant foot stamp there folks. What a blinkered-eye view. I could have said the same thing years ago about it always being a bloke to be fair.

“As long as we can have a male lead in wonder women” - erm wouldn’t that kinda be Superman? Hasn’t that been done already – like over and over and over again ad nauseum?

I also read some stupid twit’s remark about how they would have to now have a man play Elizabeth Bennett in *Pride and Prejudice*. Why? *Pride and Prejudice* is a book first published in 1813 that has had many dramatized versions. Dr Who is a TV series first shown in 1963 which was then followed by several books primarily based on the episodes. I am sorry but I really don’t see a connection here.
Dr Who was on the telly when I was a youngster and I basically stopped faithfully watching it when it (as is so often forgotten when it is mentioned how long the series has been running) had its long break from the gogglebox. Now working on the same premise as last weekend’s mass toy lobbing, was it because the Doc was played by a man?

Nope – it just got boring to be honest. I couldn’t give a finger of fudge whether the main character is played by a man, a woman, a bear juggling pogo sticks, or a monkey with a banana stuck up its arse to be quite frank. IT IS A TV SHOW. IT AIN’T REAL LIFE FOLKS.

And I am sure that a starving child in Africa, or a child maimed by bombs in illegal warfare by the superpowers couldn’t give a fig whether Dr Who is a woman or not. And don’t give me the ‘it’s escapism from the real world’ bollocks either if you are one of those who threw those innocent toys out of the pram on Sunday. Cos if you do, then you are completely negating your zealous anti-change/anti-woman crapulence, because if it is merely escapism you are after every time you sit yourself down in front of the screen whilst stuffing your face with your McBollocks you wouldn’t really care who was playing the character as long as you could turn on the TV and watch something to drown out the mind-blowing fuck that is going on in the world around you because you don’t want to think about it, because it mucks up your day. And you don’t want your day mucked up, do you. No, you just want to bitch about Dr Who being female for fuck’s sake. GROW UP.

And as for the comments about sonic screwdrivers – well the mind just boggles. I don’t ever remember reading anything about how many arse beads could be strung on if a lanyard were to be fixed to it.

Now I am cross. I really wasn’t going to mention Dr Who you know, but reading through the magazine I noticed there were already a couple of mentions and it reminded me of how amusing it was to read some of the posted reactions on Facepalm, and how some of them just made my blood boil. I was actually going to write about how I narrowly escaped being electrocuted the other day, but the moment for that has now passed. Shocking eh?

Anyway…good luck to you Jodie Whittaker. You appear to have some rather large foot-stomping boots to fill, but I am sure you already knew that. And I am sure that you will fit into them beautifully and will kick a few butts into touch as you step over the threshold of the Tardis. You go girl!

I had better get the doors open to add some dross into the larger-inside-than-it-looks-from-the-outside cabinet or Mr Ed may tell me off. But, he couldn’t possibly do that today because it is our 10th wedding anniversary, and as this is symbolised by something made out of tin I have already presented him with a tin of baked beans and a tin of rice pudding. That should have brought a smile to his face.

Frank Sinatra Owned Music Box for 40 Years in Show Biz - US $4,000.00
(Approximately £3,103.54)

"Wind-up music box is fully operational, playing a rendition of his theme song, "My Way". Music box measures..."
Frank Sinatra owned the music box for 40 years in show business? You’re winding me up! And no, I am not doing it ‘your way’. It is me who is doing it ‘my way’.

Elvis Bendable Toys - US $10.80

“Gotta find that rainbow beyond the bend
Beyond the bend, beyond the bend”

Don’t ask me. He sang it, not me.

Gallotone Guitar 1957 John Lennon Quarrymen Beatles, Signatures - £575

“Here is a genuine 1957 era Gallotone Acoustic Guitar. This was the same type of guitar that John Lennon was playing with the Quarrymen when he met Paul McCartney at the church fete. It is in pretty good condition for its age and I believe that it is still actually playable. There are the usual scratches etc but certainly no nasty damage anywhere. I however have only ever used it for display purposes. These guitars are becoming increasingly difficult to find in reasonable to good condition - many are near wrecked. Also included is a signed stick on pick guard by the existing Quarrymen. This was obtained during a Liverpool Beatle Week Convention and is totally authentic. This actual guitar would not have had a pickguard but it is an option for you to add if you wish. I should know!!”

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

1 Figure and 1 smaller Graphic Cling per packet - 3 Figures and 3 Graphic Clings in total - New and Sealed"

What the actual thingamabob is this?

One direction signed memorabilia - AU $9,000,000.00

“You are viewing a piece of music history from the band "one direction" and signed by the 4 absolute sickest blokes.

It also has a certificate of authenticity as pictured. I think.

Any reasonable swap offers will be considered but preferably big dollary doos.”

Just when you think you had heard the last of them...

So that’s that for this week. I will see you all soon.

Toodle-poo for now
“Ev’rywhere I hear the sound of marching charging feet, boy”

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

Auld Man’s Baccie

Resonating with the Blues
RICK WAKE MAN

COUNTRY AIRS
“Music from both the mind and heart...”

The original version – Now expanded with bonus material

www.rwcc.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...
This book is an erudite catalogue of some of the most peculiar records ever made. The authors have lined up, described and put into context 500 "albums" in the expectation that those of you who can't help yourselves when it comes to finding and collecting music will benefit from these efforts in two ways.

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

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

Keir Dullea: Keir Dullea (Platypus, 169)
What? From odyssey to oddity (with no relation to Bowie).

Keir Dullea’s estimable acting career hit its highest public profile when the man starred in Stanley Kubrick’s 2001 A Space Odyssey. A glance at his career credits shows him as a talent consistently in work; and all the more creditable for devoting so much time to (generally well received) stage performances. As a rule his one and only album doesn’t receive major retrospective coverage when his career is discussed. It does warrant a page in the highly recommended book Hollywood Hi.Fi wherein George Gimarc and Pat Reeder describe Dullea’s voice as “thinner than the atmosphere on Mars...his pitch wavers so wildly that his attempts to reach and hold notes resemble...recordings of the Apollo chimps being subjected to extreme Gforces.”

Had the people behind this book encountered the elusive Apollo Chimps in Agony album we could comment on the accuracy of that observation.

To be fair to Dullea, and the production crew behind his eponymous album, everyone seems aware of this. The man is frequently given the option of intoning over the lightest of light folk-rock-cum-ballady backings with sporadic instrumental licks, some harmonies and a few other random sounds being added to liven up the mix. In the smartest production move of the whole collection “A Cup of Coffee and you” is performed in a faux twenties jazz style with extended and tinny trumpet solo and Dullea sounding as if he’s crooning through a megaphone; thereby masking any vocal thinness.

Other reality checks worth considering are that Platypus records—who released this—aren’t exactly famous for signing the biggest acts, and a fawning website devoted to all things Keir spends much of the paragraph devoted to the album discussing the songs he could have recorded (like Simon and Garfunkel covers).

Keir Dullea is tree-hugging light hippie folk with a message—specifically in “Mother Earth” when Keir sings: “Mother Earth don’t cry we love you.” He generally shies away from anything already covered and claimed as a major vocal triumph by another singer, but does perform “Butterflies are Free” (as in the title track from a play in which he performed on stage—the same play that was turned into a movie vehicle for Goldie Hawn). As an insight into the kind of these-cum-recording-artist product that filled release schedules at the time Keir Dullea is something of an historic artefact (nothing sounds like this these days because Autotune and a range of other studio trickery has been developed to save the world from such sounds). Oddly, we’d depart from the comments of Gimarc and Reeder above (who are generally spot-on in their assessments) on the grounds that Keir Dullea has the feel of something honest and companionable and doesn’t smack of the kind of desperation that saw some actors—like Leonard Nimoy—packing albums with copious renderings of high-profile tunes, originally performed by sizeable talents. Frankly, for all the vocal# limitations and evidence of turning in the whole album at a budget price, you get the feeling Keir means this—particularly the global consciousness and be nice to your fellow man stuff—and wants us to share the love.
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
"D... Hide my dear"

"Yes I had the same dress on last time"

M. A. Raines
Ten years ago today I woke earlier than usual with a tight knot in my stomach. I knew that what was about to occur was something that I wanted to happen, and so I had not even considered that I would be so scared on the morning of the day in which it would come to pass. Chainsmoking I went downstairs. There was half a canister of helium there left over from various bits of balloon inflating that had been carried out the previous day, and various CFZ luminaries were twatting about breathing it in and talking in resultant squeaky voices.

This was more than I could deal with, so grabbing a cup of coffee liberally dosed with milk from the Kentucky cow I went out into the garden to try and get my head together. Then, finishing my coffee and yet another cigarette, I went next door to see Marjorie Braund - a lady whom I had known since I was eleven, and who had filled the role of surrogate mother for much of that time. She talked parentally to me. Both my parents had died earlier in the decade (Marjorie was to die two years later) and so I was grateful for her kindness and love. Though, to be honest, I would probably have done exactly the same thing even if they had still been alive.

I went back up to the house just in time for a notorious rock and roll dope dealer to the stars to arrive brandishing a gift for us. In his wake came my brother.

My brother is a vicar, as you probably are aware, and he had two important duties to carry out that day. I went into the office, opened the safe and got out a box about the area of a carton of two hundred Benson and Hedges, but squatter and not as long. It was surprisingly heavy. I carried it gently out to my car. It contained my Father's ashes. I won't go into details, but we reverently poured them into a stream through which it would eventually flow into the sea that he loved so well.

We drove back to the house to find it full of a wide variety of people. Musicians, Criminals, Politicians, Artists, Cryptozoologists, UFO hunters and others. They were all talking at once. So my Brother and I walked up to the church. He went inside to do vicary things, and I sat on the wooden bench where I was eventually joined by my Dad's best friend Royston Johns (who also died a few years ago). We talked for a while, and then the church bells began to peal. "I hope you're ready biye" said Royston, patting me on the back.

I wasn't. But muttering a brief but sincere prayer, I got up and walked steadfastly into the church, and as I faced the High Altar I crossed myself.

By the time I came out of the church forty five minutes or so later, Corinna and I were married! The last ten years have sped by, and all sorts of things have happened. And the only thing I regret about that day is that Corinna didn't let me have All You Need is Love played as part of the ceremony. Thank you for marrying me my dear. Thank you for giving me stepdaughters and granddaughters, and thank you for keeping me safe and relatively sound. I love You.
GET NAKED!

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