

GONZO

In which Kev Rowland returns to dear old Blighty, goes to **Cropredy**, meets **Richard Thompson**, watches **Fairport Convention** and friends, pays a visit to **Stu Nicholson** in hospital, and more. Jeremy examines The **Flaming Groovies** new album, Alan reads **Sammy Stein**, and Jon grieves for an old friend...



#252

A KIWI AT CROPREDY

and other rock and roll adventures



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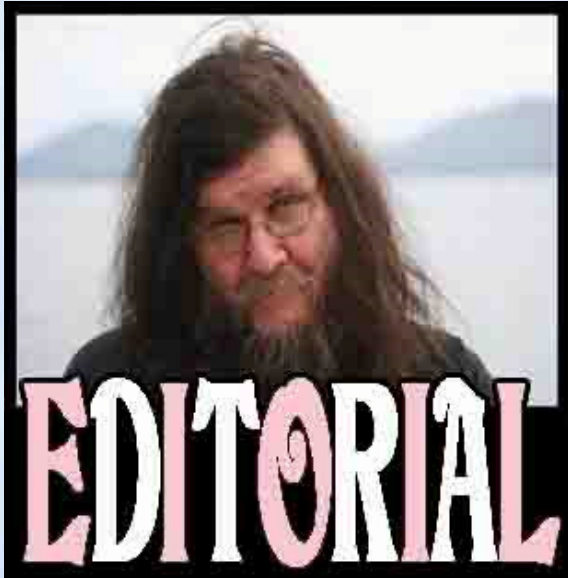
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THE THREE COMMANDMENTS OF GONZO WEEKLY:

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

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



Dear Friends,

Welcome to another issue of this peculiar little magazine which I, together with my merry band, have been putting together for the best part of half a decade now. I am very pleased that there is an ever growing community based around the various things that I do, and that people who avidly read this magazine each week, for example, are also involved - to a

greater or lesser degree - with my publications for the Centre for Fortean Fortean Zoology, and the monthly webTV show that I do with the help of another merry band, some of whom intersect with the aforementioned one (and probably several others) in a complex sort of Venn Diagram thingy.

The current structure of society seems to be doing what it can to push people apart rather than keeping them together, and I am very happy that my efforts seem to be doing something to negate that. Because that is what I am *really* doing. Look past the mystery animals, the progressive rock music, or the silly videos. Community building is what this is all really about.

About five minutes after putting last week's magazine to bed I had a telephone call from an old mate of mine Bob Morrell MBE. His long time business partner and friend Syd Henley died in hospital on the previous Sunday, and as Syd had no relatives of which I am aware, he was informing all of Syd's many friends.



I am certain that the words I have chosen for his eulogy will come as a startling surprise, because they come from - of all people - Louisa M Alcott, author of the *Little Women* quadrilogy.

Although I didn't know him well, I had known him for a very long time - well over twenty years - and I am very sad that I will never have any more of the long, rambling conversations that we used to have about, books, life, politics and all sorts of other things. Considering the sort of person he was and considering the person I am, I am certain that the words I have chosen for his eulogy will come as a startling surprise, because they come from - of all people - Louisa M Alcott, author of the *Little Women* quadrilogy. This is from the third of the books:

"No one can say a word of complaint against him, so just and generous and kind was he; and now, when he is gone, all find so much to love and praise and honour, that I am proud to have been his friend".

Syd was a dear, sweet and irreverent man. His politics and ur-religion confused and even angered some people, but they never affected my relationship with him. Indeed his simple philosophy which led to his espousal of what he called Atheist Paganism, made perfect sense when you talked to him about it. He was half of Apra Books with Bob Morrell, and before that the two friends had done all sorts of quasi-fortean investigating involving UFOs, the Loch Ness Monster, and many other subjects. He had been a good friend of the notorious Nessie

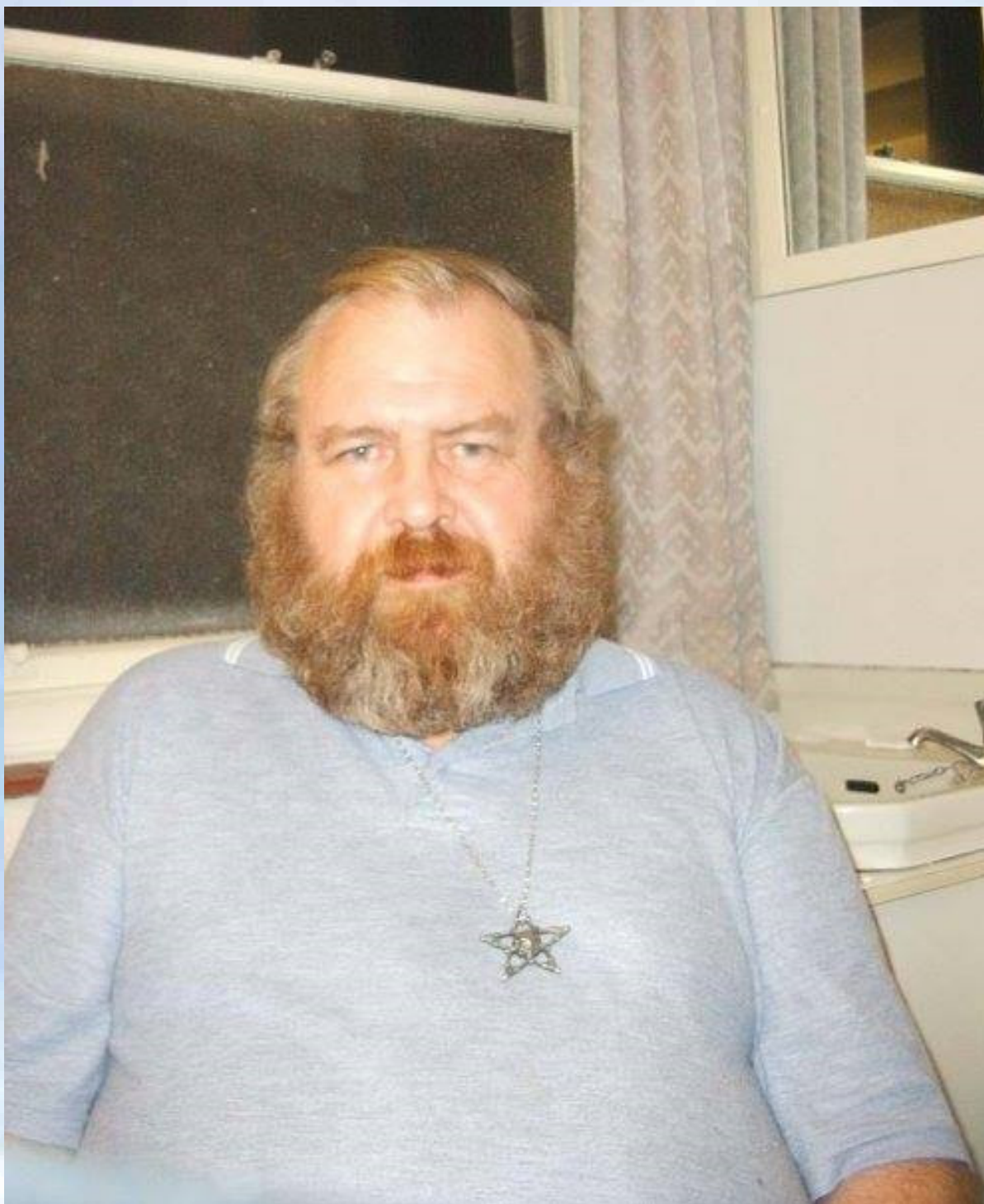
Hunter Frank Searle, and like several other people I know, have insisted that Searle's unpleasant reputation was largely created by other people involved with the loch and its denizens, who - for various reasons - had taken umbridge with his work, and how he carried it out, and who had decided that the world of cryptozoology was better off without him.

When my first wife and I split up during the horrible summer of 1996, he was one of the friends who continually comforted me down the telephone. And in the intervening years he would whisper something scurrilous and usually unrepeatable in my ear whenever we crossed paths at a UFO conference, with a new woman on my arm.

And when I first met Corinna, and introduced him to her he muttered to me something along the lines of: "This one's a keeper. Don't fuck this one up you silly sod". And so far, Syd, I haven't.

About twenty years ago a feral street child aged eleven or twelve started turning up in the shop that Syd and Bob then ran in Nottingham. Sadly, with the hardening of my arteries, my memory is pretty damn shocking these days, so I cannot remember her name. But Syd took her under his wing, treated her like a daughter and took her around with him and Bob whenever they went

اللجنة لهم إذا كانوا لا تأخذ نكتة



away to conferences. When she blundered through puberty, Syd was there to help her, and he mourned when she eventually drifted into the sort of adult life which one could have predicted for her. But through her formative years it appeared - to me at least - that Syd was the only adult in her life who actually cared for her.

He and Bob always came to our annual Weird Weekends, and when - a couple of years before we ceased - he had a stroke and could no longer drive, something was irreparably lost from the zeitgeist of the event. When he came here he always had treats for the dogs, and was particularly fond of Prudence, of whom he

always made an inordinate fuss. And when we were at the Small School in Hartland he would always buy extra food and treats for Godfrey the school cat.

In my capacity as a journalist I find myself having the regular task of having to write obituaries for all sorts of people, some of whom I knew personally and others whom I didn't. My obituaries are usually about three hundred words long, and - sadly - I often find myself having to put positive spin upon my memories of someone whom I actually thought was a bit of a tit. But I think that it is a measure of this particular man that my memories of him here are three times as long as my usual verbal obsequies, and that I could easily of gone on and on. He is one of the very few people (Marjorie Braund being another) of whom I can truthfully say that, even if I wanted to, I cannot say a negative thing about him.

As a man, casting worn-out garments,
taket h new ones, so the dweller in the body,
casting off worn-out bodies,
entereth into others that are new...

For certain is death for the born,
and certain is birth for the dead;
therefore over the inevitable
thou shouldst not grieve.

- From the Bhagavad Gita -

Rest in peace old friend,

Hare bol
Jon Downes



Syd Henley, Ringo Starr, Brian May, Mick Fleetwood, Yes, Maharishi Mahesh Yogi, The Damned, Stick Men, Alive and Dangerous, Strange Fruit, Friday Night Progressive, Mack Maloney's Mystery Hour, Grant Hart, Basi, Riem de Wolff, Jessi Zazu, Virgil Howe, Troy Gentry, Josh Schwartz, Don Williams, Sir Peter Reginald Frederick Hall CBE, Mary Hopkin, Endangered Species, Arthur Brown, Tony Ashton and Jon Lord, Martin Springett, Third Ear Band, Benjamin Britten, Kev Rowland, Cropredy Festival, Fairport Convention, Richard Thompson, Clive Nolan, Pendragon, Stu Nicholson, Galahad, Show of Hands, The Trevor Horn Band, The Divine Comedy, Josie Duncan & Pablo Lafuente, Gerry Colvin Band, Quill, Gigsanner Big Band, CC Smugglers, Pierce Brothers, Petula Clark, Morris On, Judy Dyble & The Band of Perfect Strangers, Plainsong, Cats in Space, Marillion, Dougie MacLean, Mark Colton, Credo, Alan Dearling, All That's Jazz, Sammy Stein, Jeremy Smith, Flamin' Groovies, The Emerald Dawn, End of Green, Mr Biffa, Roy Weard, Hawkwind, Xtul, Pink Floyd, Beatles, Freddie Mercury, Adam Ant, Neil Nixon, Bob Dylan

IT'S A LEGAL MATTER BABY

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dramatis Personae



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

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

NAMING THOSE RESPONSIBLE

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

Corinna Downes,
(Sub Editor, and my lovely wife)
Graham Inglis,
(Columnist, Staff writer, *Hawkwind* nut)
Douglas Harr,
(Features writer, columnist)
Bart Lancia,
(My favourite roving reporter)
Thom the World Poet,
(Bard in residence)
C.J.Stone,
(Columnist, commentator
and all round good egg)
John Brodie-Good
(Staff writer)
Jeremy Smith
(Staff Writer)
Alan Dearling,
(Staff writer)
Richard Foreman
(Staff Writer)
Mr Biffo
(Columnist)
Kev Rowland
(columnist)

Richard Freeman,
(Scary stuff)
Dave McMann,
(Sorely missed)
Orrin Hare,
(Sybarite and literary *bon viveur*)
Mark Raines,
(Cartoonist)
Davey Curtis,
(tales from the north)
Jon Pertwee
(Pop Culture memorabilia)
Dean Phillips
(The House Wally)
Rob Ayling
(The *Grande Fromage*,
of whom we are all in awe)
and **Peter McAdam**
(McDada in residence)

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

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

Jonathan Downes,
Editor: *Gonzo Daily* (Music and More)
Editor: *Gonzo Weekly* magazine
The Centre for Fortean Zoology,
Myrtle Cottage,
Woolfardisworthy,
Bideford, North Devon
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so what's it all about, Alfie?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

ROCKIN' THE CITY OF ANGELS

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

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

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

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



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



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THE ^{gonzo} NEWSROOM



STARR TIME: When Neal Glaser answered the phone one day in 2005, his art career got a lot more interesting. "I'll tell you, that is the shock of a lifetime, when your home phone rings and it is Ringo Starr," Glaser says. "Your first reaction is, 'Are you kidding me?'"

He wasn't. Glaser, a Philadelphia art dealer and collector, had met Starr on several occasions prior to the call. Glaser, who knew the former Beatles drummer was a painter, sculptor and computer artist, had asked several times whether Starr intended to publish or show his art. When Starr demurred, Glaser suspected that ship had

sailed. It hadn't, and beginning that year, the duo moved full-steam ahead, exhibiting Starr's work around the country and at shows with his All-Starr Band. What began as a hobby to occupy downtime during touring, became a way to raise funds for Starr's charity, the Lotus Foundation. It receives 100 percent of the proceeds.

To work with one Beatle would be a feat, but Glaser has had the fortune to work with two. He also is the distributor of fine art lithographs signed by Paul McCartney, the proceeds of which go to charities. For more than 20 years, Glaser has run ArtCelebs, an art publishing company, and exhibiting and auction gallery that grew out of his private

"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

collection he gathered to decorate his former Litchfield home. He presents work by famous artists, as well as celebrities who happen to be talented artists.

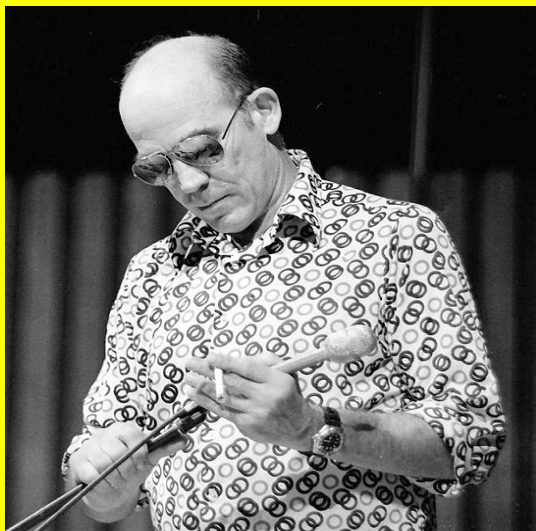
<http://www.ctpost.com/living/article/Beatles-artistic-side-in-Greenwich-12191658.php>



A SPRINGCLEAN FOR THE MAY QUEEN: Brian May has stunned Queen fans by revealing he dated late singer Freddie Mercury's longtime companion before she became the rocker's muse. A day after actress Lucy Boynton was cast as Mary Austin in the upcoming Queen biopic, the guitar great explains she was once his date. May reveals to Yahoo! Music Freddie asked for permission to ask Mary out after she and Brian had decided

they were better friends than lovers.

"Strangely enough, Mary was the girl that I picked out as somebody fabulous, and I was kind of going out with her," Brian explains. "Freddie came up to me one day and said, 'Are you serious with Mary? Can I ask her out?' And he did, and they were



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...

"I felt a strange tightness coming over me, and I reacted instinctively – for the first time in a long, long while – by slipping my notebook into my belt and reaching down to take off my watch. The first thing to go in a street fight is your watch, and once you've lost a few, you develop a certain instinct that lets you know when it's time to get the thing off your wrist and into a safe pocket."

Hunter S. Thompson

lovers for a long time."

Mercury and Austin's romance ended when the late singer revealed he was fond of guys, but they remained close until the star's AIDS-related death, and she was a major beneficiary of his fortune after his passing in 1991.

<http://www.music-news.com/news/UK/107911/Brian-May-I-dated-Freddie-Mercury-s-longtime-companion>

TIME FOR ANOTHER RUMOURS PUN: Join Fleetwood Mac founder and drummer Mick Fleetwood to celebrate a landmark 50 years since the legendary band's debut. In conversation with Guardian writer Michael Hann, Fleetwood will share extraordinary and unforgettable tales from his upcoming book that charts the remarkable story of the band up until meeting Stevie Nicks and Lindsey Buckingham in 1974.

Love that Burns – A Chronicle of Fleetwood Mac: Volume One 1967-1974 is Fleetwood's account of the band's debut performance and its early blues era, first international tours and the musical legacy of founder and former guitarist Peter Green. Fleetwood Mac debuted at the Windsor Blues and Jazz Festival in



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colorful graffiti murals.

The plan is to revitalize the site in time for the half-centenary and, coincidentally, the 100th anniversary of the Maharishi's birth. But first, because the site is part of the Rajaji Tiger Reserve, the department will reinforce a wall to keep the elephants, tigers, and leopards out, according to Sanatan Sonkar, director of the reserve. Then the forestry department will renovate one of the main buildings, which will be converted into a Beatles exhibit and an interpretive center for the tiger reserve, Sonkar told Bloomberg.

The Maharishi's bungalow, one of the only

buildings remaining from the time when the Beatles were there, will also be restored. What photos and memorabilia will be displayed is still to be determined, and the Indian government has yet to sign off on the final architectural plans. Sonkar said the work could be completed in January.

<https://www.bloomberg.com/news/articles/2017-09-13/you-can-now-stay-at-the-beatles-ashram-in-rishikesh>

NEAT NEAT NEAT: The Damned have today announced that a new record, their 11th studio album, will be released via Search & Destroy to coincide with their



Worcester, Feb 11. dlf 13 Washington Square.

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R. S. LEONARD.

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upcoming 2018 Evil Spirits UK Tour. The album is their first in a decade, and is produced by Tony Visconti, who has previously collaborated with David Bowie, T.Rex, Iggy Pop and Thin Lizzy. Speaking of the upcoming release, the band said that they "want to do the unexpected", which sees the return of bassist Paul Gray to the line up.

The Evil Spirits Tour takes place 26 January – 17 February 2018 and is set to electrify fans across the nation. Tickets are on sale NOW from

www.aegpresents.co.uk.

It has also been revealed that the rock'n'roll icon Slim Jim Phantom will be joining the band on the road in support. The Brooklyn-born rockabilly legend is renowned for his expertise as the drummer of the Stray Cats, spearheading the neo-rockabilly movement of the early 80s.

He has also worked with some of the world's greatest artists, most notably Phantom, Rocker and Slick. With his sound, style and image that remain as fresh



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today as ever, Slim Jim Phantom will excite and inspire audiences on the Evil Spirits UK Tour.

<http://www.music-news.com/news/Underground/107984/The-Damned-announce-first-album-in-a-decade-and-Evil-Spirits-tour>

STICKING IT TO THE MEN: Those jolly nice fellows at MoonJune wrote to us this week about a limited edition of **STICK MEN's** seminal album **Roppongi** vinyl edition is ready to be shipped sometimes next week. It's apparently a **TRIPLE LP BOX SET, CLEAR 180 GRAMS VINYL, MADE FROM THE HD MASTER SPECIALLY MADE FOR THE VINYL RELEASE.** Each album is inserted in differently colored heavy cardboard

single sleeves and packaged inside of a superbly looking rigid cardboard slipcase. - **DeLuxe Package, Collectors Item.**

This fabulous album was recorded in Japan at Tokyo's premier venue **Billboard Live**, earlier this year in February, and features, besides **STICK MEN's** core members **TONY LEVIN, MARKUS REUTER** and **PAT MASTELOTTO**, also the legendary sax/flutist of the King Crimson hall-of-fame **MEL COLLINS** (whose curriculum includes live performances and recording sessions with Eric Clapton, Roger Waters, The Rolling Stones, Bad Company, Camel, Dire Straits, The Alan Parsons Project, 10CC, Brian Ferry, Tears For Fears, Joan Armatrading, Jimmy Page, 21st Century

STICK MEN "Roppongi" [3LP 180 grams clear vinyl, BOX SET - LIMITED EDITION]



TONY LEVIN, MARKUS REUTER, PAT MASTELOTTO with special guest MEL COLLINS



AVAILABLE ALSO ON 2CD

MOONJUNE

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Schizoid Band, Climax Blues Band, Gerry Rafferty, Roger Chapman, Marianne Faithfull, and many more.). This box-set was manufactured at the premier European vinyl and CD manufacturing plant Takt, based in Krakow, Poland. Takt's C.E.O and MoonJune's friend, supporter and strategic partner via his own company **Audio Anatomy - Andrzej Mackiewicz**, handled the very first copy of this beautiful release to **STICK MEN's** drummer **PAT MASTELOTTO**, who was performing in Poland in recent days with KTU.

Only 200 copies were made of which only 150 available for sale. Your purchase includes instant download in any or all formats: FLAC, WAV, M4A, MP3-320.

Support the independent music industry, get this collectible items, support the independent artist and independent record label.

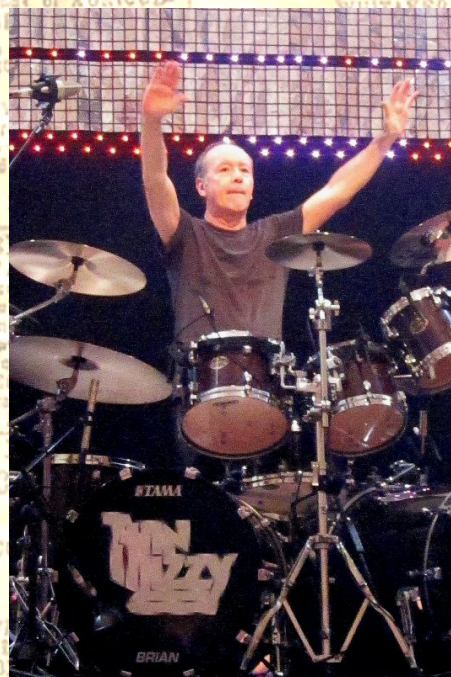
LIZZY MAN BACK: Due to exceptional demand **Brian Downey's ALIVE AND DANGEROUS** add a second London date at the **Nells Jazz & Blues** in London on **Saturday 25th November**. **Brian Downey**, known to millions of rock fans as the founding member of **Thin Lizzy**, will also perform at **Nells Jazz & Blues** in London on **Friday 24th November** with his new band **Brian Downey's ALIVE AND DANGEROUS**, to mark the 40th anniversary of one of the greatest live rock and roll albums of all time – **Thin Lizzy's "Live and Dangerous"**.

Downey's band features **Brian Grace** (best known as the guitarist for the Commitments' **Andrew Strong**), and former **Low Rider** members **Matt Wilson** (lead vocals, bass) and **Phil Edgar** (lead guitar).

2018 celebrates the 40th Anniversary of Thin

Lizzy's Live and Dangerous album. Although the album was recorded live in 1977 at London's Hammersmith Apollo and Toronto's Seneca College, it wasn't officially released until a year later in 1978.

Says Brian, "After the Thin Lizzy reunion shows finished in 2013, I was asked to join, what turned out to be **Black Star Riders**, but it just didn't feel right for me. In January 2016, following an appearance at the **Vibe For Philo** in Dublin, I approached **Brian Grace** and that's when we discussed getting a band together. After a few rehearsals, Brian suggested that we rehearse with **Matt Wilson** (lead vocals, bass) and **Phil Edgar** (guitar), both of whom had been in a band called **The Low Riders** (their name was taken from a lyric from the Thin Lizzy song **Johnny The Fox**). In January 2017, we jammed together at the **Vibe For Philo**, and it went so well, that we decided to form **Brian Downey's ALIVE AND DANGEROUS** and make it a full time proposition."



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Worcester, Feb 24, 1877.

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?**

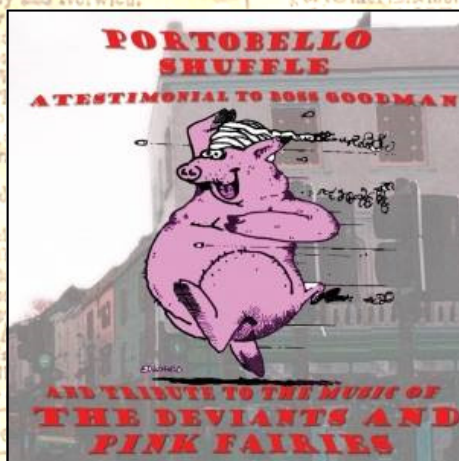
Celebrate wildlife on
World Wildlife Day
don't shoot it.





I'M ON BOARD!

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



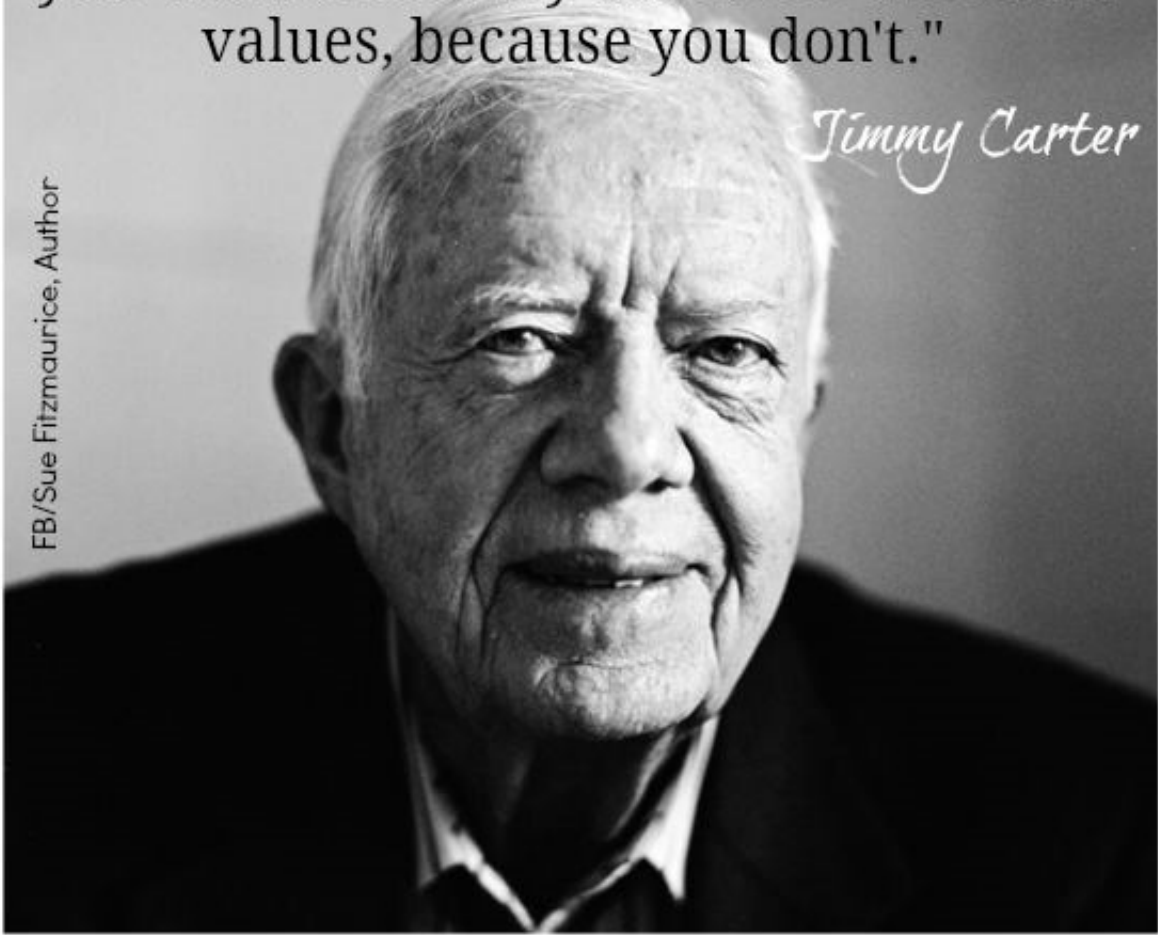
Portobello Shuffle CDs still at special low price of £5.00 each, 1 x CD inc. p&p = UK £6.80; Mainland Europe £8.90; USA £9.95; Rest of the World, contact Rich Deakin for postage price. arsydeedee@yahoo.co.uk

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

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

Jimmy Carter

FB/Sue Fitzmaurice, Author



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



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Peculiar News of the Week

<http://www.bbc.co.uk/news/uk-england-derbyshire-41243025>



Town's 'awful' Diana tribute mocked

The tribute to the Princess of Wales is part of Chesterfield's well dressing celebrations.

BBC.CO.UK | BY BBC NEWS

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.





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.

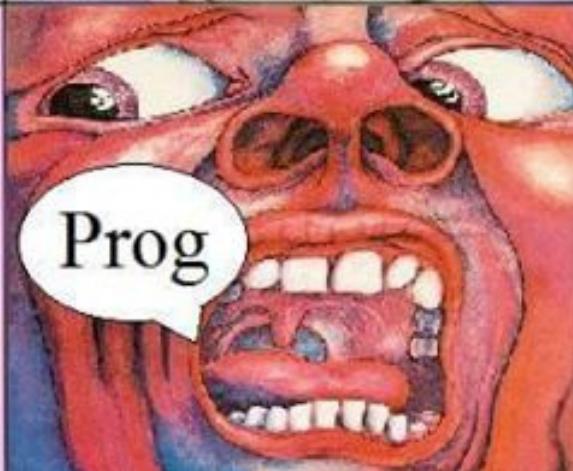


Sex?



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.



SF 228 – 1 OCT 2017?

Artanker Convoy

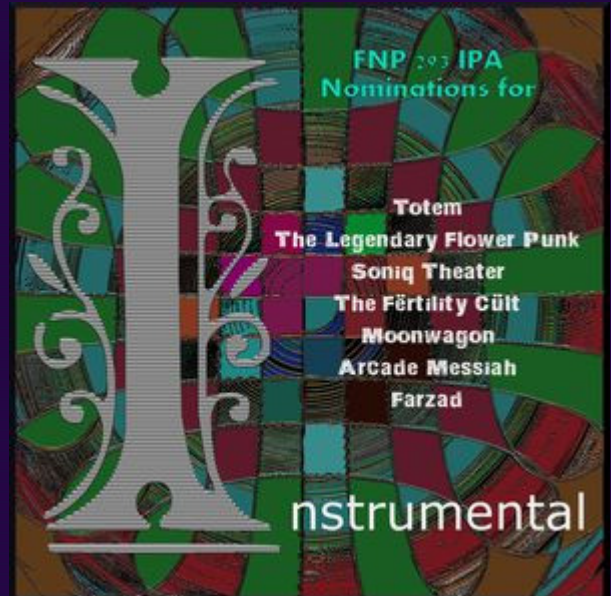
Afghan Whigs:	Birdland
The Pisdicables:	Never Learn
The Residents:	Death Harvest
Artanker Convoy:	Ejector
Ifriyiya Electrique:	La Laa Ila Alah
The Magnetic North:	A Death in the Woods
Saint Etienne:	Haunted Jukebox
The Bollock Brothers:	God Save the Queen
John Renbourn:	The Pelican
Artanker Convoy:	Open Up
Mediaeval Babes:	E Voluntieri (reprise)
Delia Derbyshire:	Moolies Bloogies
Prefab Sprout:	The Best Jewel Thief in the World
Juliana Hatfield:	Impossible Song
Mark Lanegan:	Old Swan
Pig:	Found in Filth
Fela Kuti:	Go Slow
Capability Brown:	Day in Day out
The Banshees:	Project Blue
New Order:	You've got me High
Artanker Convoy:	Geyser
Deep Purple:	Sail Away

**Listen
Here**



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

Hello, I am M Destiny host of Friday Night Progressive. You will find it to be an incredible independent internet broadcast show. But it's more than that. We tend to boast that the musicians played on FNP are above the status quo. This includes the multi-instrumentalist and the educated musician. We tend to shy away from computer generated creations and rely on talent using musical instruments and steer this talent for purposes of 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.



ARTISTS:

Totem – Album: “Manitou”

<http://www.facebook.com/Totemitaly/>

The Legendary Flower Punk – Album: Zen Variations

<http://www.facebook.com/thelegendaryflowerpunk/>

Soniq Theater – Album: “Globaliced”

<http://www.facebook.com/Soniq-Theater-216292108406845/>

The Fertility Cult – Album: “A Forest of Kings”

<http://www.facebook.com/thefertilitycult/>

Moonwagon – Album: “Rule of Three”

<http://www.facebook.com/Moonwagonband/>

Arcade Messiah – Album: III

<http://www.facebook.com/arcademessiah/>

Farzad – Album: “Seven”

<http://www.facebook.com/farzadonline/> —

with Jani Korpi, Alfred Mueller, Francesco Lembo, John Bassett, Daniel Beech, Kamille Sharapodinov and Farzad Golpayegani.

Listen
Here

Friday Night Progressive



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

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

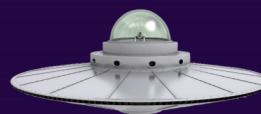
He's a member of SKY CLUB, Gonzo recording artists. He's been a radio host since 2010. He lives with his wife, Doreen, on an island off the coast of Massachusetts."



AND LOOK WHAT MACK HAS FOR YOU THIS WEEK

MMMFX meets NCIS Mack

, Juan-Juan & Cobra talk to Chris Ahr, a real-life investigator for the US Navy about his pirate-fighting activities and solving homicides within the military. Jim Harold on Black Eyed Children, Rob Beckhusen on anti-pirate weapons and Ukraine shipping tanks to The Congo. Special guests Willy Miranda and Susan McNeill Spuhler tease the upcoming New England UFO Conference.



Listen
Here

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



Grant Hart (born Grantzberg Vernon Hart) (1961 – 2017)

Hart was an American musician, best known as the drummer and co-songwriter for the alternative rock and hardcore punk band Hüsker Dü. After the band's breakup in 1988, Hart formed the alternative rock trio Nova Mob, where he moved to vocals and guitar. Hart's solo career became his main focus after the dissolution of Nova Mob in 1997.

Hart formed Hüsker Dü in 1979 with Bob Mould and his friend Greg Norton. The band's early material had them lumped in with the hardcore movement of the early 1980s. The band's music became more accomplished and melodic over time. Hart wrote two songs for 1983's *Metal Circus* EP, "Diane" and "It's Not Funny Anymore." Hart also designed most of Hüsker Dü's album covers.

The band dissolved in 1987, and in 1988 he released the solo EP, "2541", on Hüsker Dü's former label SST. In late 1989, he formed a new band, Nova Mob, with Michael Crego on drums, Tom Merkl on bass, and Hart himself taking guitar duties. The band took their name from the book *Nova Express* by William Burroughs; it had previously been used by an unrecorded group featuring the young Julian Cope and Pete Wylie. The band released their first EP "Admiral of the Sea" and album *The Last Days of Pompeii* in 1991. The lineup later changed with Marc Retish and then Steve Sutherland on drums, and Chris Hesler on lead guitar. The band released two full-length recordings, one EP and a handful of singles, before disbanding after the last record and a final tour.

Hart returned to recording as a solo artist with the release of the live album *Ecce Homo* in 1995 and *Good News for Modern Man* in late 1999. It was not until around a decade later that Hart recorded his next solo album, *Hot Wax*.

In December 2012, Hart embarked on a short tour of Ireland with a new lineup; Colm O' Herlihy on guitar, Dan Walsh on drums and Simon Dargan on bass. And in 2013, Hart released the double album *The Argument*, based on John Milton's *Paradise Lost*.

In October 2013, documentary filmmaker Gorman Bechard (*Color Me Obsessed*, about The Replacements) released *Every Everything, the music, life & times of Grant Hart* a film about Hart which chronicles the musician's life from birth to the recording of *The Argument*. Told in the style of the Errol Morris film *The Fog of War*, Hart is the only interview subject in the film.

Hart died on September 14th, from cancer, aged 56.



Basi (1980 - 2017)

Basi was a female giant panda, who until her death, was the oldest living panda in captivity. Basi was the original model of 'Panpan', the mascot for the first Asian games (in China, 1990). She died at 8:50am on September 13th, at the age of 37. The Straits Giant Panda Research and Exchange Center where Basi lived in Fuzhou held a memorial in her honour.

THOSE WE HAVE LOST



Riem de Wolff (1943 – 2017)

Brothers Riem and Ruud de Wolff founded the group, The Blue Diamonds, shortly after immigrating to Driebergen-Rijsenburg in the Netherlands in 1949. They were born in Batavia (now Jakarta), Indonesia.

Knowns as the 'Dutch Everly Brothers', The Blue Diamonds covered many Everly Brothers songs, but became famous in 1960 with their version of "Ramona", a song originally written for the 1928 film, *Ramona*. The song was written for promotional appearances with Dolores del Río, but not featured in the film itself.

Although their last hit was in 1971, they continued to perform together up until Ruud de Wolff died from bladder cancer at the end of year 2000.

Riem de Wolff continued to perform and release albums until his death from lung and liver cancer on 12th September, aged 74.



Jessi Zazu (1989 – 2017)

Zazu was lead singer with Those Darlins: a rock and roll band from Nashville, Tennessee active between 2006 and 2016. The group has released three albums, their alt-country leaning self-titled debut *Those Darlins* in 2009, the garage rock influenced *Screws Get Loose* in 2011, and the more classic rock and roll *Blur The Line* in 2013. The band also owns and operates its own record label, Oh Wow Dang Records. The band entered into a hiatus in 2016.

Zazu died on September 12th, from cervical cancer, aged 28.



Virgil Howe (1975 – 2017)

Howe was a British musician best known for his work in Little Barrie.

Howe was the second son of guitarist Steve Howe of Yes, and he played on several of his father's projects; performing on keys, alongside his brother Dylan Howe on drums, for the Steve Howe solo albums *The Grand Scheme of Things* (1993) and *Spectrum* (2005). He was in Steve Howe's Remedy band, who released an album *Elements* (2003), toured the UK and then released a live DVD. He wrote and performed on a piece on his father's 2011 release *Time*. He also plays drums on 11 tracks of Steve Howe's *Anthology 2: Groups and Collaborations* that were largely recorded in the 1980s. Under the name The Verge,

THOSE WE HAVE LOST

Virgil Howe produced the *Yes Remixes* album, released 2003.

Howe was in The Dirty Feel, and also worked for a period with psychedelic group Amorphous Androgynous, fronted by Garry Cobain of The Future Sound Of London.

In 2008, Howe joined band Little Barrie on drums, and between 2009 and October 2010 the band wrote and recorded their third album *King of the Waves*. The first single off *King of the Waves* was "Surf Hell", and this track was featured as the theme tune to the 2011 Channel 4 series *Sirens* and an advert for Rimmel "scandal eyes" mascara; it was also playable on the multi-platform video game "Rocksmith".

Session work included drumming on the Pet Shop Boys' album *Fundamental* and for Demis Roussos.

Howe died unexpectedly on 11th September, at the age of 41, shortly before Little Barrie were to embark on a tour for their fourth album, *Death Express*.



**Troy Gentry
(1967 – 2017)**

Montgomery Gentry was an American country music duo consisting of vocalists Eddie Montgomery and Troy Gentry. Montgomery and Troy Gentry began performing in the 1990s as part of two different bands with Montgomery's brother, John Michael Montgomery. Although Gentry won a talent contest in 1994, he reunited with Eddie Montgomery after Gentry was unable to find a solo record deal, and Montgomery Gentry was formed in 1999. The duo was known for its Southern

rock influences, and collaborated with Charlie Daniels, Toby Keith, Five for Fighting, and members of The Allman Brothers Band.

Gentry died on 8th September, in a helicopter crash, aged 50.



**Josh Schwartz
(1972 – 2017)**

Josh Schwartz, was singer-guitarist with bands such as Further, Beachwood Sparks, the Summer Hits and the Tyde and toured with the likes of John Cale and Charlatans UK. He also released a solo album, *Painted Hill*.

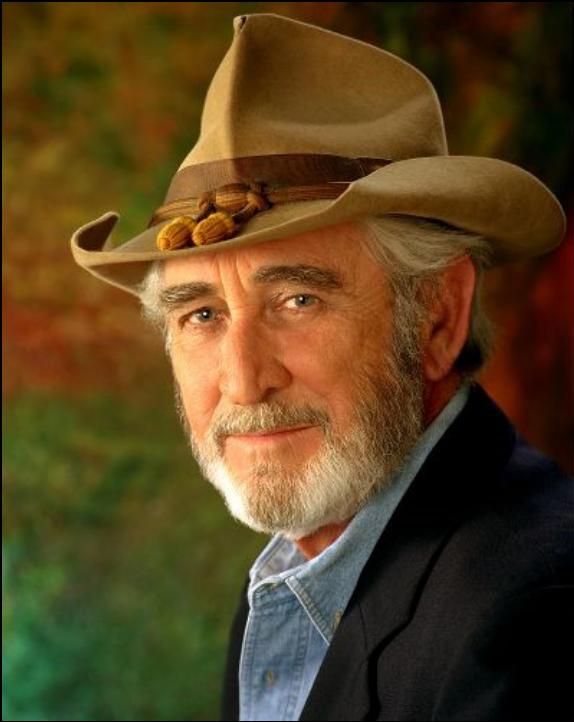
His death was announced on 8th September, at the age of 45, after a long battle with ALS (Amyotrophic lateral sclerosis).

**Don Williams
(born Donald Ray Williams)
(1939 – 2017)**

Williams was an American country singer, songwriter, who began his solo career in 1971, singing popular ballads and amassing 17 number one country hits. His straightforward yet smooth bass-baritone voice, soft tones, and imposing build earned him the nickname: "Gentle Giant" of country music.

Williams formed the folk-pop group Pozo-Seco Singers, and remained with the band until 1969 after

THOSE WE HAVE LOST



which he worked briefly outside the music industry. In December 1971, Williams signed on as a songwriter for Jack Clement with Jack Music Inc. In 1972, Williams inked a contract with JMI Records as a solo country artist. His 1974 song, "We Should Be Together," reached number five, and he signed with ABC/Dot Records. At the height of the country and western boom in the UK in 1976, he had top forty pop chart hits with "You're My Best Friend" and "I Recall a Gypsy Woman", and, in 1978, a #2 album, *Images*. Williams had some minor roles in Burt Reynolds movies. In 1975, Don appeared as a member of the Dixie Dancekings band in the movie *W.W. and the Dixie Dancekings* and also appeared as himself in *Smokey and the Bandit II*.

Early in 2006, Williams announced his "Farewell Tour of the World" and played numerous dates both in the U.S. and abroad, wrapping the tour up with a sold-out "Final Farewell Concert" in Memphis, Tennessee at the Cannon Center for Performing Arts on November 21, 2006. In 2010, Williams came out of retirement and during the same year Williams announced the release of a new record "And So It Goes", his first new record since 2004. The record includes guest appearances by Alison Krauss, Keith Urban, and Vince Gill. He died, aged 78, on 8th September, due to emphysema.



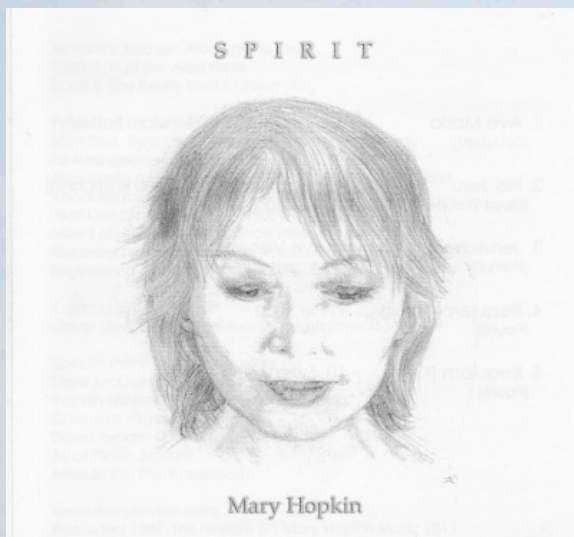
**Sir Peter Reginald Frederick
Hall CBE
(1930 – 2017)**

Hall was an eminent English theatre, opera and film director.

In 1955 Hall introduced London audiences to the work of Samuel Beckett with the UK premiere of *Waiting for Godot*. Hall founded the Royal Shakespeare Company (1960–68) and went on to build an international reputation in theatre, opera, film and television. He was director of the National Theatre (1973–88) and artistic director of Glyndebourne Festival Opera (1984–1990). He formed the Peter Hall Company (1998–2011) and became founding director of the Rose Theatre, Kingston in 2003. Throughout his career, he was a tenacious champion of public funding for the arts.

He died on 11th September, aged 86.

THOSE WE HAVE LOST



Artist Mary Hopkin
Title Spirit
Cat No. MHMGZ106CD
Label Mary Hopkin Music

Spirit is a collection of Mary's favourite classical pieces. The album was recorded in 1989 and has been unobtainable for many years. The recordings show off Mary's stunning vocals in a very different way from the folk and pop for which she has been known.

The concept of Spirit was to remember favourite pieces of music more as songs rather than as traditional classical pieces, and this especially shows in tracks such as "One Fine Day", "Jerusalem", and the

lullaby "Sweet and Low".

The album was produced by Benny Gallagher, who with Graham Lyle had written for Mary in her Apple Records days. Alan Park, a founder member of Beggars Opera, arranged and played most of the tracks, and Alan Clark of Dire Straits arranged and played Schubert's "Ave Maria".

Spirit adds another dimension to Mary's performances on record. While her liner notes state that there are "No aspirations to classical accuracy here..." the vocals are all the more breathtaking because they are not confined to traditional interpretations and Mary's passion shines through.

Artist Man
Title Endangered Species
Cat No. PNTGZ101CD
Label Point

The legendary Welsh band, Man, have often been described as being the British equivalent of one of the West Coast's psychedelic rock bands of the 60s, like Quicksilver Messenger Service. They formed in 1968, and with various line-up changes, are still going today. This was the last of the albums featuring Micky Jones and was also their first album of the 21st century. Ian Fortnan writes: "Endangered Species will delight long-





standing Man aficionados with its gentle baroque arrangements, subtle power and whimsical Celtic mysticism. Moments of Floydian fretboard heroism abound and extensive instrumental passages occasionally outstay their welcome, but this is, after all, prog rock, the genre that brevity forgo". The late great Phil Ryan produced and played keyboards on the album, and his lightness of touch and gentle mastery of the studio is only one indication of why he is so sadly missed after his death in 2016. This is a magickal album, and every listen takes one back to an era that many of us fear is gone forever!

Artist Arthur Brown

Title Crazy World of Arthur Brown
LIVE!

Cat No. HST296CD

Label Gonzo

Arthur Brown is an English rock singer best known for his flamboyant theatrical performances, powerful wide-ranging operatic voice and his number-one hit in the UK Singles Chart and Canada, "Fire", in 1968. Brown has been lead singer of various groups, most notably The Crazy World of Arthur Brown and Kingdom Come, followed by a varied solo career as well as associations with Hawkwind, The Who, Jimi Hendrix, Klaus Schulze, and Frank Zappa.

Though Brown has had limited commercial



success, he has been a significant influence on a wide range of musicians and artists and due to his operatic vocal style, wild stage persona and concepts, he is considered a pioneer of shock rock and progressive rock and influential on heavy metal music. Now, with his most famous music played live to a rabidly appreciative audience, you, too can see what the fuss is all about.



TONY ASHTON & JON LORD

LIVE FROM THE LONDON PALLADIUM

The First of the Big Bands

Artist Tony Ashton and Jon Lord

Title First of the Big Bands Live

Cat No. HST462CD

Label Gonzo

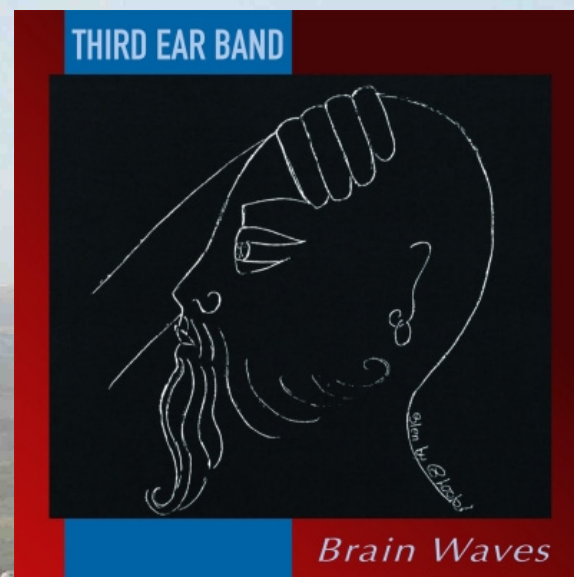
Tony Ashton was one of the great, underrated, British rock musicians. Starting out as organist and vocalist with the Liverpool band 'The Remo Four', he appeared on George Harrison's first solo album and went on to a long standing on/off collaboration with Deep Purple's keyboard player, Jon Lord. In the meantime, he formed a trio with Remo drummer Roy Dyke and bass player Kim Gardener, who had been in The Birds with Rolling Stone's Ronnie Wood. The eponymous trio had a hit single with 'Resurrection Shuffle' and quietly broke up after their third album. In the summer of 1974, Ashton and Lord recorded a beautifully eccentric record called 'First of the Big Bands'. It was a brave career move for them both, mainly because Jon Lord wanted to move away from his signature sound with Deep Purple (neo-classicism played on a Hammond organ with lashings of bravado and flash). He wanted to concentrate more on a sound featuring piano and a brass section, and between them, the two maverick musicians produced a bravely peculiar, but oddly enthralling album. As you can probably guess, from the title of this record, it is a welcome document of what happened when Tony and Jon 'First of the Big Bands' live.

Artist Martin Springett
Title The Gardening Club
Cat No. HST468CD
Label Gonzo

Martin Springett is an extraordinary artist, and – impressively, to me at least – was a friend of the legendary Pauline Baynes. He was born in Crayford, Kent, England, in 1947. He studied art (that is he learned to play the Guitar) for two semesters at the Brassey School of Art in Hastings, Sussex. He emigrated to the West Coast of Canada in 1965, but returned to the UK in 1973 to pursue music in various bands. He spent time in Germany, and toured through Europe. While in London Martin started to illustrate and design record covers for Columbia records. Upon his return to Vancouver, Martin carried on with music



and illustrated various books and magazines. In 1978 he moved to Toronto, maintaining activity in every area where illustration is required. He released his own album, "The Gardening Club", in 1983. This is a gloriously melodic and original album, and we are very pleased to bring it back into the public eye for the first time in many decades.



Artist Third Ear Band
Title Brain Waves
Cat No. HST455CD
Label Gonzo

The Third Ear Band came out of the artistic

milieu surrounding the legendary Free School in the London of the late 1960s. They fused traditional and early music with a psychedelic sensibility, and – amongst other things – they produced the soundtrack to Roman Polanski's notoriously nasty version of Shakespeare's Macbeth. They appeared at the Rolling Stones' free concert in Hyde Park in July 1969 and the Isle of Wight festival a month later: two impressively high profile gigs for such a determinedly esoteric band. It is impossible to think of something like that happening these days, mores the pity. The band split up in the early 1970s, but reformed (to everyone's surprise) in the late 80s when, one would have thought, the culture of rampant consumerism under Margaret Thatcher was even less conducive to their weird experimentation than had been the early 1970s. This record was released in 1993 and highlights include "Dance With Dolphins", the very English folk-sounding ten-minute "Water Into Wine" and the tribal "Psychedelic Trance Dance". Line-up: (seems that a few of these members play OTHER instruments on other TEB discs) Mick Carter - guitar, Glen Sweeney - percussion, Neil Black - violin and Lyn Dobson - synthesizer, flute & vocal. Some interesting sounds, no doubt.

Artist Benjamin Britten
Title Nocturne
Cat No. TPDVD198
Label Tony Palmer

The centenary of Benjamin Britten is marked with a new study by the multi-award-winning director Tony Palmer. It is a dark coda to Palmer's four other Italia-Prize-winning films with and about Britten, whom many now regard as one of the greatest composers of the 20th century. This extraordinary film explores Britten's uneasy relationship to the wider world. The bloodiest century in history profoundly affected Britten, not just because he was a committed pacifist, but on a much deeper level. What is the role of the artist in such a troubled world? What are his responsibilities? What is the nature of creativity itself? What is its function? Does

it have a function?

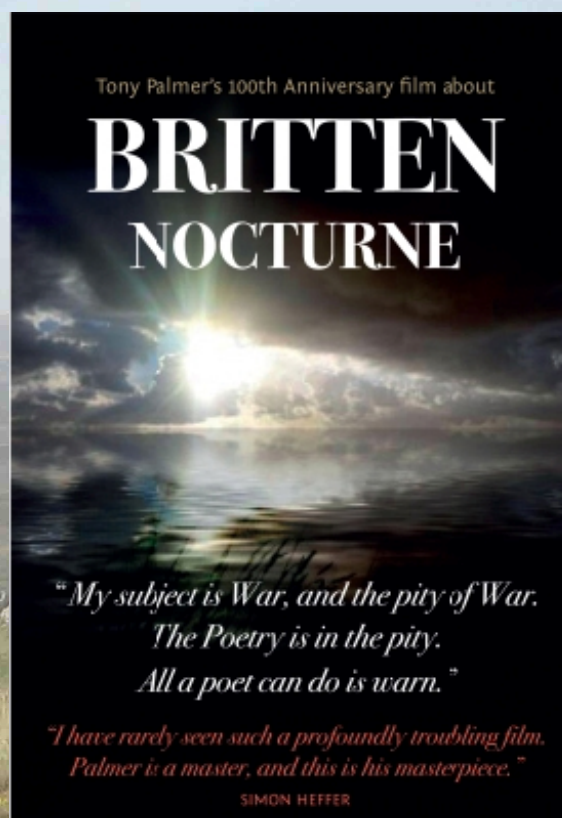
Man's inhumanity to Man now, and always. This is the subject matter which preoccupied Britten and that is the subject of this film.

Reviews

'I have rarely seen such a profoundly troubling film. Palmer is a master, and this is his masterpiece.' Simon Heffer

'The film is deeply powerful, if harrowing. I'll be haunted by its images and the potent use of Britten's music for quite some time, and my depth of understanding of Britten has considerably deepened. It's a work of art in itself.' Victoria Bevan, Albion Media

'Nothing quite prepares us for the ferocity and daring, and the intensely subjective rapture, of Palmer's work that still has to be classified as 'documentary'.' David Thomson, The Biographical Dictionary of Film





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



Gonzo #32 The Dutch Festie c...

actions



Gonzo #30 The Mick Abrahams...

actions



Gonzo #27 The Prog shirt

actions



Gonzo #24 The Daavid Allen shirt

actions



Gonzo #23 The Michael Des B...

actions



Yer original Gonzo Weekly shirt

actions



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

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



“Naked Radio”

**The Pink Fairies To
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Cop a sneak preview here:

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GONZO CURRENTLY IN STOCK
AT GONZO (UK)

GONZO CURRENTLY IN STOCK
AT GONZO (USA)



From Oxford (no, not that one) to Cropredy

It all started so innocently enough. Some time at the beginning of the year I received an email detailing the initial line-up for 2017's Cropredy Festival, and while sat watching TV with my amazing wife, Sara, mentioned that it looked interesting this year. It was a throwaway comment, nothing more or less, so imagine my amazement when she immediately responded "well, you should go". At the time of the conversation I was sat in my house near Oxford, which is not the famous university town, but instead is a small township to the west of Christchurch (no, not that one either), on South Island, New Zealand. By the way, the next township south of us is Sheffield, I tell my pommy mates that I think I must be living in Stoke. Anyway...

After my initial response of "you must be kidding", followed closely by "we can't afford it", I realised that Sara had decided. At this point I had the choice of fighting a good fight (and ultimately losing anyway), or wondering whether this might be doable after all? At this point it had been more than five years since my last visit to the UK, the country of my birth from which I had happily departed in 2006, and it was some 13 years since I had last been to the Cropredy Festival.

Also, it was Fairport Convention's 50th Anniversary so it was bound to be special, and Richard Thompson was headlining Friday night, and as an added bonus Show of Hands were performing as well. Even if the rest of the bands were no good (highly unlikely), those three alone would justify flying to the other side of the world. Or would they? I was still

KEV ROWLAND

Fairport's Cropredy Convention

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RICHARD THOMPSON

with Dave Mattacks, Simon Nicol, Dave Pegg & Christine Collister

PIERCE BROTHERS • CC SMUGGLERS • GIGSPANNER BIG BAND
QUILL • GERRY COLVIN BAND • JOSIE DUNCAN & PABLO LAFUENTE
(BBC R2 Young Folk Award winners)

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www.fairportconvention.com

undecided, until it was pointed out to me that this is the sort of thing that memories were made of, and that I should make the most of the opportunity. Very quickly I started to get quite excited, and the game was afoot. We decided to book onto a new airline that had recently commenced flights out of Auckland, Qatar Air, because it was a better price than my favoured Air NZ, and then started to plan the trip. If I landed in the UK on the Sunday, that gave me a few days before the festival started on the Thursday, and by flying back on the following Thursday it meant that I had the opportunity to visit some old friends as well. After a while it became transparent that I was going on a holiday to catch up with a lot of people who have been incredibly important to me over the years, and then in the middle I was going to see some great music!

It seemed to take for ages for the time to leave to come around, and as I had been in and out of Australia quite a bit for work in the time before departing I was already quite tired, and ready for the break. So, a short flight up to Auckland to stay overnight with my daughter, son-in-law and grandbaby (I can't be a grandad, I still play Napalm Death), and then the next day it was on the flight to Doha. I must say that Qatar Air do a great job, but it's still 18 hours to Doha, which is a long time to be sat in any airplane. Getting off the flight at midnight local time into 35-degree heat was an experience as well, but soon it was the time for the next round, and off to Heathrow. I landed at approximately 7:00 Sunday morning, and quickly collected my car from Avis (great service – they were awesome at both ends) and was soon on the M25. It was here that I made my first real observation, namely when did everyone start driving so bloody

fast!? The speed limit outside towns in NZ is 100 kmh, which equates to just over 62 mph, so I found even driving at 70 mph really quick, given that it would be more than 112 kmh. I know I used to regularly drive at about 85 mph back in the day, more than 135 kmh, which would be a driving ban in NZ (more than 30 kmh above any posted limit is instant).

Anyway, I soon made my way around the M25 to my first point of call, namely Barton's Bookshop in Leatherhead (<http://www.bartonsbookshop.co.uk>).

This is owned and run by one of my oldest friends, Peter Snell, who I have known for nearly 30 years. Peter is a polymath, and has an incredible brain, and thanks to him I saw more gigs, drank more malt whisky and studied more incredible cult movies than any sane man would ever appreciate. He was also one of the two witnesses at my wedding in 1993 (there is nothing quite like ringing up your parents to tell them that you got married that day). As an example of what he was like, we used to follow a band around London called Steve Waller's Overload, which featured Steve Waller (ex-MMEB, guitar/vocals), Pete Stroud (ex-Toyah, Roger Chapman, bass) and Glen Le Fleur (ex-Gerry Rafferty, drums). One night we asked the guys if we record their next gig, to which they happily agreed, expecting us to turn up with a tape recorder and a dodgy microphone. Instead, Peter walked into a professional studio and asked if he could borrow a mobile recording desk. Imagine the surprise when we turned up at The Southampton in Surbiton with all the kit needed to make a decent live recording (which they later mixed and were going to sell). Needless to say, Peter's bookshop is a treasure trove. If you want a Top 20 then go to Sainsbury's, as they sell them cheaper than he can buy them,

but if you want to talk to someone about what you've been reading, and possibly what you should be reading next, then he's your man.

Recently, Jon Downes and I were talking about what a small world it is, and sometimes it feels that we are all just next door. Peter told me that he had an employee who had gone back to NZ to live, and that she ended up in a seaside town called Orewa. I told him that two of my daughters had attended the High School in Orewa, to which he responded that he was sure that was where she worked. I responded that my son-in-law is a teacher at the school so they probably know each other. A few checks later and it transpired that her daughter was in the same class as my youngest and they all do indeed know each other. What are the chances? I spent an amazing day in the shop, reminiscing and

talking to customers but the jetlag was starting to hit so it wasn't long after the shop had been closed, and an evening meal had, that I crashed and slept the sleep of the dead.

Monday morning I was up bright and early as I had to get to Virginia Water, and I was looking forward to the joys of the M25 (not). Still, I somehow managed to time it right, and even managed to grab a coffee (and I thought it was expensive over here!) before meeting with **Clive Nolan** at his house, where the Thin Ice Studio is situated. I have known Clive for more than twenty-five years, and have followed his career with interest. Although during that time he has always been the keyboard player with Pendragon, he has also had multiple bands and projects of his own, all of which I've written about one time or another. My favourite of these is



'Alchemy', a theatrical production which tells the story of Professor Samuel King (played by Clive himself) and his battles with the dastardly Lord Henry Jagman (portrayed with real malice by ex-Twelfth Night singer Andy Sears). So, when I heard that the sequel was nearly ready to be released I knew that this was a great opportunity to catch up with Clive and understand more about the music and storyline.

Sat up in his music room, Clive explained that although it was a sequel in that it kept some of the main characters, and had some musical hooks that listeners may recognise from 'Alchemy', he felt that it could easily be listened to in its own right. For the last album, he used many people from the progressive underground, but while singer Alan Reed (ex-Abel Ganz, ex-Pallas) is involved, and musically it is the same band as last time, no-one else is from "the scene". Clive calls this the first steampunk musical (to find out more, then visit the website at <http://www.kingsransomthemusical.com/index.php/news> where it is also possible to see some short films made to promote this), and then handed me a copy of the script and we promptly listened to about half the album. Clive is hoping that both this and 'Alchemy' will take on a life of their own, be performed in different countries (as has already been the case with the first one), and hopefully both be made into full-length films as well. His next project will probably be a new Arena album and tour, but I do hope that his theatre productions get the attention and critical acclaim they deserve, as they really are quite special.

All too soon it was time to depart as Clive was on his way to rehearsals, so I found my way to the M4 and travelled down to

Chippenham to see some family. The next day was spent with mates in the New Forest, and then on Wednesday it was off to see one my oldest and closest friends in music, **Stu Nicholson** from **Galahad**. But, there was just a small fly in the ointment as it were, namely that he was in hospital!

On his way home from Thin Ice a few weeks previously he had been in the car with keyboard player Dean Baker, and when they stopped at the Services to get something to eat he was unable to get out of the car! Although initially the doctors thought they had everything under control that obviously wasn't the case and he ended up in Poole Hospital having to undergo an operation.

Until it was visiting hours I sat with Stu's amazing and supportive wife Lin in the house talking through old memories, looking at the band photos and posters on the wall and admiring the framed Galahad vinyl. Lin told me to go through the merchandise and grab anything that I didn't already have, which was lovely of her, and I did come away with a reissue of 'Classic Rock Live' that was now a double disc which I wasn't aware of, some vinyl, posters, and a Galahad mug!

We spent the afternoon in the hospital with Stu, and although he was obviously fed up with being there it was great to see him after way too many years – one of the problems of living on the other side of the world is that it's not so easy to catch up without a lot of effort. I had taken with me my Galahad file of every piece of paper they had sent me over the years, even the band Christmas cards, as I thought it was likely that I had some material that even Stu wasn't aware of. We talked about 'Distant Storms', and what the new album was going to sound

like, as well as the departure of Roy. I am intrigued to hear what they sound like with a new guitarist. We also discussed Andy Wild's book on Galahad and I learned that it was being updated, and as I now had more material available digitally I sat down the next morning and sent him some files. I am glad to report that Stu is now making a full recovery, and I am looking forward to him keeping his promise of coming over here with Lin in 2019!

Thursday morning came around, and it was time to make the trek to Cropredy. For those who are unaware of the history of Fairport Convention and the festival,

perhaps a small explanation is in order. Although the band had released one of the most important albums of all-time in 1969 with 'Liege and Lief', they had a somewhat confusing time in the Seventies with band members leaving (and some returning), and by 1979 there just didn't appear to be a market for folk rock. This, combined with Dave Swarbrick having been diagnosed with tinnitus and the band now unable to play electric, meant that they decided to call it a day. They played a final tour, ending it with a small event in Cropredy, the village where Dave Pegg and his wife Christine were living. The next few years saw the band getting back together for the event,



which Peggy then recorded and sold on his label Woodworm Records. This event gradually got bigger, and Peggy, Simon Nicol and Dave Mattacks eventually thought that possibly the time was right for the first studio album by Fairport Convention since 1978's 'Tippler's Tales'. Swarb was unavailable, so they asked Ric Sanders to guest on fiddle while Richard Thompson and Cathy Lesurf also helped. The resulting 'Gladys Leap' album found the band gain many new fans, and a new line-up was formed of Mattacks, Nicol, Pegg, Sanders and multi-instrumentalist Maartin Allcock. Fairport Convention were again a viable touring and recording band but by now the festival had taken on a life of its own. The whole village is involved with the festival in one way or another, and musically everyone knows that Fairport will close the gig with a 3 ½ hour set on the Saturday, and that various members and ex-members will appear throughout the three days, and that it is the friendliest and most eclectic around.

The stage is at the bottom of a sloping field, so no matter where you are sat, or stood, there is a good view of the stage. They have screens either side so that even those sat at the back in their deck chairs can see what is going on. There are stands and stalls up both sides selling both craftwork and a wide variety of foods, while of course the most important tent was Wadworths. Us folkies like our real ale.

So, **Fairport** started the event at 4:00 on the Friday, with some acoustic renditions of well-known songs, and when Maart made his way on stage for "Portmeiron" I could see it was going to be a special weekend. I wandered around just soaking up the ambience as I looked for beer, food and CDs (in that order). I did meet

with Richard Thompson at the signing tent being a real fanboy and getting some albums autographed. I did also speak to him about possible coming to NZ one day, please! **Feast of Fiddles** are a band that include nine fiddle players, and they did a great job of warming up the crowd. Soon it was time for the highlight of the day, at least for me, **Show of Hands**.



Steve Knightley and Phil Beer have probably played every toilet in England over the years, and it probably shook the establishment when they first booked (and sold out) The Royal Albert Hall. They are consummate performers and showmen, and with double bassist Miranda Sykes adding an additional element, this was always going to be special. Chris While (Albion band and others) joined for one number, but the highlights for me had to "Country Life", a sad indictment of what has happened to rural communities and "Roots", which asks some serious questions about why so few of us know our own musical heritage. They have played thousands of gigs together, and they have an ease and relaxed nature on stage that only comes with that familiarity. All too soon they were walking off, surely not, they couldn't have finished without playing "Galway Farmer"? But it was okay, they walked towards the back, turned straight around and launched into a song that is now so ingrained in musical culture that

it is listed as a traditional Irish folk song, even though it was written by Steve!

I enjoyed it so much that I decided I had to go and grab some of their newer albums, the last one I had was 'Witness', and why not get them signed at the same time? I was talking to Steve (who is from Widecombe), and I told him that he had made a Devon lad very happy. He asked where I was from, and when I said that I was from Brixham he started telling me just how dirty The Fishermen were. I had come all the way from New Zealand, and here I was yet again talking about rugby.

By now the next band was playing, **The Trevor Horn Band**, which is based around music either performed or produced by Trevor Horn, Steve Lipson and Lol Creme. They kicked off with "Two Tribes" and immediately I knew I was in trouble, as this was not good. They followed it with "Video Killed The Radio Star" and "Rubber Bullets" but by now I was already making tracks. I decided to get out of Dodge as quickly as I could so that I didn't have to listen to any more poor covers, and could instead crash as the jet lag and travel was catching up with me. It did mean that I missed out on the final band of the night, **The Divine Comedy**, and apparently, they put on a fine show.

I managed to upset my wife from the other side of the world by buying a hat the first thing the next day so that I wouldn't get either burned or drowned (it was left behind in the UK...), and then grabbed a coffee before making my way down to the front of the stage to start the serious business of discovering new artists. The only person I desperately wanted to see was Richard Thompson, who was headlining, but I know one of the joys of this festival is the number of "unknown" bands that appear.

On Friday and Saturday, the day starts at 12:00, and by tradition the opening act on the Friday is the winner of the Radio 2 Young Folk Awards, and this year was no different.



So, a very nervous looking **Josie Duncan & Pablo Lafuente** walked on stage, but they had nothing at all to worry about as they were among friends. Pablo is on acoustic guitar, and is pure Scots whatever his background is, while Josie is from Lewes and is a fluent Gaelic speaker as well as English. They soon had everyone highly involved with their wonderful lilting take on traditional songs. Josie has a standout voice, and they have arranged the numbers so that Pablo is very much the accompanist, and sometimes that means not playing at all. I was incredibly impressed with these guys, and having recorded an EP they are now trying to raise the funds for an album and I wish them all the best as they have a great future ahead of them.

I then received a message from Stu to let me know that another old friend of mine, Matt Ellis, was also at the event, and one way or another we managed to meet up. I don't think I've seen Matt for some fifteen years, and we still moan and talk about obscure prog bands just like we used to do back in the day. Apparently, he is revitalising the Mattfest event to get

some prog bands a place to play, and I hope it goes well.



By now the **Gerry Colvin Band** were playing who struck me as more comedic than anything else, although I do think they were trying to be serious. In some ways, they were reminiscent of The Pogues, just not in the same league, and this was something I more endured than enjoyed.

Next up were **Quill**, and this was much more like it. Full electric rock with a fiddle, great tunes and vocals, with a wonderful image. This is a six-piece led by three powerful women, and they were all having a blast and were very much in their element. If I was to pick a band to

compare them with then it would probably be Stone The Crows, but very much in the modern era. Just to show how much they are regarded by others, Clive Bunker joined them for one number while none other than Bev Bevan joined them for the last song of the set. These guys were a major surprise for me, and if I was in the UK then I would definitely go and see them play a longer set, as this was superb.

Next up were **Gigspanner Big Band** who were suffering with a muddy sound, but at least it allowed me to catch up with Ian Burgess for the first time in decades. Ian is behind 'The Ledge', and probably knows more about Fairport than anyone would either want or admit to. I eventually started listening to what was going on at the front again, and by now it was **CC Smugglers** who are a real fun rock and roll band. This is music that is all about having a good time and if they're having fun then the crowd will catch onto the idea as well. Again, well worth seeking out.

Having had something to eat (and possibly a beer), it was time to get down



the front. I had come all this way particularly to see Richard Thompson and there weren't many bands left until the main event. I was also intrigued to see what the **Pierce Brothers** were like. Cropredy is one of the largest festivals of its type (this year was the normal sell out of 20,000) and having different bands is one of its strengths, so bands are never booked to return the next year. But, these guys had gone down so well in 2016 that they were invited back in 2017, the first band ever to do that. Apparently, the year before they had arrived and asked what stage they were playing on, when they were told that there was only one and that they would be playing in front of 18,000 people their response was "Bloody hell, mate!". Did I say they were Aussies? There is no doubt that these guys were the discovery of the weekend for me, and I only hope that I can see them again as they come from (nearly) this part of the world. They have an energy and enthusiasm that is infectious, effective, and exhilarating. The basic set up is one on guitar, and one stood behind a drum kit, both singing, but they are both multi-instrumentalists.

At one point one (they're twins called Pat and Jack and I don't know which one is which, sorry!) of them jumped off the stage, but then it took him a lot longer to run back on that he thought it would, much to the other brother's amusement! This is high octane roots rock that must be heard and seen to be believed. Apparently, they have independently sold 50,000 copies of their EP, quite some achievement.

Then it was **Petula Clark**, yes, that Petula Clark (who is eighty-five before you ask). Peggy wanted her to perform at her first ever UK festival so she did. This is not my style of music at all, but the crowd were appreciative and she certainly did an amazing job vocally given her age.

But finally, it was time for the man himself to appear, **Richard Thompson**. I have been listening to his music a great deal in recent years and it has been a source of dismay for me that I hadn't even seen him play when I was in the UK as I hadn't got into his albums, whereas now he is one of my very favourite musicians. There is a great quote in the



programme, attributed to the LA Times, which says “The finest rock songwriter since Dylan and the best electric guitarist since Hendrix” – I’m not sure how they would rate his acoustic style, but I believe that to be better than his rock! He came on by himself, and started performing classic after classic with “Gethsemene” and “Persuasion” sitting alongside “1952 Vincent Black Lightning” and “Down Where The Drunkards Roll”. Christine Collister then joined him for a few numbers, such as “Sweetheart on the Barricades” before he was joined by Simon Nicol, Peggy and Dave Mattacks and suddenly everything was full electric. From “Wall of Death” through “I Want To See The Bright Lights Tonight” and “Hand of Kindness” here was a musician and band at the very height of their powers. All too soon it was over, but I just stood in awe, as tonight I had finally seen a musician who I knew was going to be incredible, but I hadn’t realised just quite what it would mean to me. I slowly walked back to the car thinking over what I had seen and heard, and there was still another day to go.

The next morning, I parked my car in its normal slot, but then decided to walk along the canal and into the village instead of the more direct route to the showground. Many of the barges were selling crafts of different types, and there was even a record shop! I soon found myself in one of the lower fields and caught up with Malcolm Holmes of Talking Elephant Records. I have known Malcolm for well over twenty years, from when he and Barry used to run HTD Records. That label morphed into TER and to my mind it is one of the most important labels around as it reissues “lost” progressive albums as well as keeping their finger firmly on the pulse of musicians such as Ashley Hutchings,

giving them an outlet for their new material. With many their albums stashed carefully away, it was time to walk past all the craft stalls and make my way to the field for the first band of the day.

Whispering Bob Harris introduced the day, talking about when he and John Peel were at Middle Earth and first came across Fairport, and the first band then came to the stage, **Morris On**.



When it comes to the people behind the folk-rock movement of the late Sixties, early Seventies, there are few that can have had as much impact as Ashley Hutchings. He was a founder member of Fairport, left them and formed Steeleye Span, and then in 1972 was behind the ‘Morris On’ album, which was the first attempt to rock up traditional Morris music. The Melton Mowbray Morris Dancers came on stage, as the band moved between more traditional styles and electric. Chris Leslie and Ric Sanders came on stage in time for “List For A Sailor”, so there were now three fiddlers involved. Then Dave Mattacks, Simon Nicol and Richard Thompson all came on to swell the band to 11 (accordion, bass, two drums, three fiddlers, four guitars) and they showed just how traditional music can work so very well in an electric rock environment.



Judy Dyble & The Band of Perfect Strangers calmed everything down, and even after all these years Judy still has a wonderful voice, and her version of “If I Had A Ribbon Bow”, which she had originally recorded almost exactly fifty years earlier with Fairport (it was their debut single, released in 1968), was simply stunning. I was making my way to the Wadworths tent when I bumped in Ric Sanders and had a long chat before turning almost straight into Maart who I had last interviewed some fifteen years

earlier. Before making it to the beer tent I walked past Maddy Prior and saw Clive Bunker having an animated conversation. It all just brought home to me just how friendly and special this festival really is

It was now time for another member of the early days to come to the stage, and this time it was **Plainsong**, led by Iain Matthews who was in the band from 1967 – 1969. Just three guys, two acoustic guitars and one electric, with original members Iain and Andy Roberts sounding as if it was the early Seventies all over again. Their arrangements and vocals were wonderful, and they swapped leads according to the song at hand. There was a big cheer for ‘Even The Guiding Light’ from their debut 1972 album, and the use of the electric guitar being gently picked really added to the ambience. There is a very American late Sixties, early Seventies, feel to the music, and this was sheer class from start to



end. Their a capella version of "From Galway To Graceland" was just wonderful.



Did I mention that the festival line-up can be somewhat eclectic? Next up was **Cats In Space** with their version of Eighties Uriah Heep style melodic rock, and they were a blast right from the introduction tape (the only band to use one). These guys were throwing shapes, very strong images, they are all rock gods – it may just be that the rest of the world hasn't found out yet. I had a smile on my face throughout this, and it wasn't a surprise to discover that a couple of them are in the current line-up of The Sweet. The power ballad "Fooling Myself" went down well with lots of audience participation, and they also pulled out a great version of Slade's "How Do U Feel?".

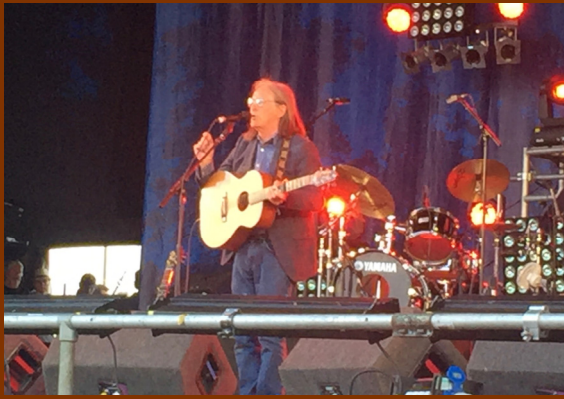
So, the stage was now set for a band that I have seen quite a lot, **Marillion**. I probably have every album they have ever released, I'm just not sure why. That they are all great musicians is never in doubt, and that they have released some

great songs is also true, it's just that I don't think that have released anything totally worthwhile since 'Misplaced Childhood' although 'Season's End' did have a few moments, but that came out in 1989! It may be the same line-up as that album, but seeing them again just reiterated what I have been thinking for some time, and that the soul and heart has disappeared. Steve Hogarth is always going to be a happy man, and it does seem to me that it has almost become him and backing musicians.



Pete Trewavas puts on a brave face, but it appears that he is trying too hard while Steve Rothery seemed fed up, and Mark just looked like he didn't want to be there (couldn't even see Ian Mosley). "Easter" was okay, but I was soon looking for a food stall and deciding whether to have curry or Mexican, and was I okay for another beer. "Man of 1000 Faces" had some life to it, and there was a cheer from the crowd when they announced, "This Strange Engine", but it is only when they rock and show their power that they again became the band that was so important to me 35 years ago.

One of the reasons they could have been a little upset, is that there was another act between them and the headline, singer-songwriter **Dougie MacLean**. Here is a consummate showman, displaying that all one needs are good songs, strong



musical skills, and an affinity with the audience that only comes from long years of playing anywhere and everywhere. By just the second song, "Shadow of the Mountain" everyone was singing along and having fun. In some ways, I felt his storytelling and relationship was quite like that of Billy Connolly, and "Caledonia" received a rousing reception.

By now it was approaching 8:30 and the natives were getting restless. Given what

we had seen over the last couple of days it was obvious that tonight was going to be very special indeed, but I don't think anyone ever expected it to be quite like this. **Fairport Convention** were formed in 1967, and since they reformed and released 'Gladys Leap' there have been just two line-up changes, but tonight wasn't about the last forty years, but instead a concentration on the first ten, and using the original musicians wherever possible.

Judy was only in the band for the debut album, so she was there for "Time Will Show The Wiser" but she was soon replaced by Chris While for Sandy songs, while Chris Leslie took the part of Swarb. Richard Thompson was having a great time, and to see the guys perform classics such as "Come All Ye" and "The Deserter" was amazing. But when Ashley asked if we wanted to hear "Tam Lin" my jaw just





dropped – it is an absolute classic of theirs, but they haven't had the line-up to do it justice so to finally hear it performed live was something I never thought I'd experience.

Line-ups were being switched for different songs, and we were treated to "Walk Awhile", and I was again transformed to see Richard Thompson perform the solo to "Sloth", another number I never thought I'd hear. Simon sang "Fotheringay", while the band shifted gears with "Now Be Thankful" and "Sir Patrick Spens". Maart came on to start switching between keyboards and guitar, while Dave Mattacks and Gerry Conway were now providing a double drum attack, and "Rising For The Moon" was followed by Ralph McTell joining for "The White Dress". They almost got up to date with "The Hiring Fair" and "Jewel In The Crown", while "Who Knows Where The Time Goes" and "Dirty Linen" were

incredible. "Matty Groves" tonight was started on a banjo, but then it was the curfew and just time for "Meet On The Ledge" which everyone of us sang with gusto. All too soon, it was over. I looked at my notebook and the person stood next to me asked if I felt they had missed any major songs from the set. After looking through them all I said that I couldn't think of any from the earlier period, they had all been played tonight, or over the weekend. I drove back to the hotel, happy but also sad that my time overseas was coming to an end. But I still had some more people to see first...

Sunday morning saw me depart Oxfordshire for Swindon, as I was on my way to catch up with **Mark Colton** from **Credo**, who was the other witness at our wedding. I first saw him sing with Casual Affair more than 25 years ago, and we very soon became firm friends. When he told me that he and Mike Mishra were



going to split the band and form a new one I was there to run the newsletter and spread the word of the mighty **Freewill**. Soon afterwards he was asked to join another band who were operating at the same time, **Ad Hoc**. They soon changed their name to **Chequered Past**, then finally to Credo, which is when Freewill stopped and Credo soon signed a record deal and I was helping them to get gigs. In the early – mid Nineties I probably saw Credo play live in every toilet in West London, but as they kept playing they gained more success, and when Mike Varty (Shadowland, and later Landmarq) joined the band they really hit their stride. Unfortunately, Mark was struck down by a serious illness which left him just hours from death, and he has never fully recovered (he showed me his latest impressive scar). There have been incredibly long gaps between the recording of Credo's albums, but they are now working on their fourth and I was lucky enough to hear some of the tracks

as they currently stand. Yet again I believe they are going to surprise a lot of people, just as they did with their last album 'Against Reason', which was released in 2011.

But, he is and always will be the consummate frontman, and if Credo aren't gigging enough then he will find other outlets for his creative energy and passion, even with all the health issues he has suffered. We discussed all the bands he had been in recently, and what had been happening in the punk covers band he had been working with, **One Chord Wonders**, who were building a steady reputation. But, all was not well and he told me that a new band was soon to be announced, **Rotten Aces**. These guys are already hitting the circuit, so if you want a great night, then check them out.

Down to Devon that night to finally hit the county I hail from, and the next day surprised some family that I hadn't seen in more than twenty years. During the day, I was served copious cups of tea, and for some reason I kept being given a new mug, and I was looking at the design of one of them and noticed that it was for *Fortean Times*. I mentioned this to my cousin, who told me that she was a massive fan and was a subscriber. When I then told her that I was going to see **Jon Downes** the following afternoon she turned into a gibbering wreck as she kept telling me how amazing and wonderful he is.

Tuesday found me heading into very deepest and very darkest Dartmoor. When I was young I used to often head up to the moors, but normally into the areas of Widecombe and Haytor, so the wilds around Bideford were quite unknown to me. The roads became lanes, which in turn became tracks, but just



when I thought the hedges couldn't get any higher or dense, I finally made into the village. Jon had told me to head for the church, which I did, and was amazed to find in the middle of nowhere a wonderful Norman building that I could look around. I took my time as I had arrived early, and even sat for a while in the peace of the graveyard, but then it was time to walk to his house which I was told was easy to find. Jon had told me to stand with the church behind me and just walk down the lane to the right and I'd see it with no issue. Having gone up and down the length of the lane a few times I admitted defeat and went into the shop and asked for directions. I was told to take the lane to the left and I couldn't miss it, and when I said I was told to take the one on the right I was told that I could get to it that way, but probably wouldn't find it!

I finally found the right gate, and after being introduced to Jon's two very neurotic dogs (who are both sweethearts), made my way into the inner sanctum. Although I have been writing for Jon for more years that I can count, it was the first time we had ever met, yet immediately felt real kinship. We were soon discussing Gong and that his wonderful wife Corinna had seen Henry Cow in concert when she was following Genesis in the early Seventies. I am still a little unsure if Jon was pleased to see me because I had made the effort, or if it was because he was allowed cake, as Corinna bakes when there are guests. We had a great afternoon, discussing not just music but lost animals from New Zealand, my upcoming books, the search for the Loch Ness Monster and anything else that sprang to mind. It was a wonderfully warm afternoon, and before I left he kindly signed a copy of 'The Owlman and Others' to give to my cousin, as well as giving me a copy of his novel 'The Song of Panne' (which is next on my reading list after the exhaustive biography of Barclay James Harvest I am

currently working through).

That left me with just one full day left in the country, so I headed down to Brixham, where I was born and raised and can trace my ancestry on my mother's side for generations (my dad was a foreigner, born at Bolt Head some 30 miles away). But, I came away incredibly disappointed, knowing that the town I knew and loved just doesn't exist anymore. But, I did have a present for my cousin so spent another great evening in Exeter. The next day it was back up to Heathrow, and the very long journey home.

Was the trip worth it? Yes, on so many levels. I caught up with friends and family not seen for aeons, as well as hearing some of the most amazing music it has ever been my privilege to witness. Will I ever go back again? Unless there is a compelling reason, I seriously doubt it. I left the UK by choice in 2006 to find a better life for myself and my family on the other side of the world, and we have everything we could have dreamed of and much more. I live in a country larger than the UK, with a population of less than five million, and I love it. British by birth, Kiwi by choice.

Now, what's next I wonder?



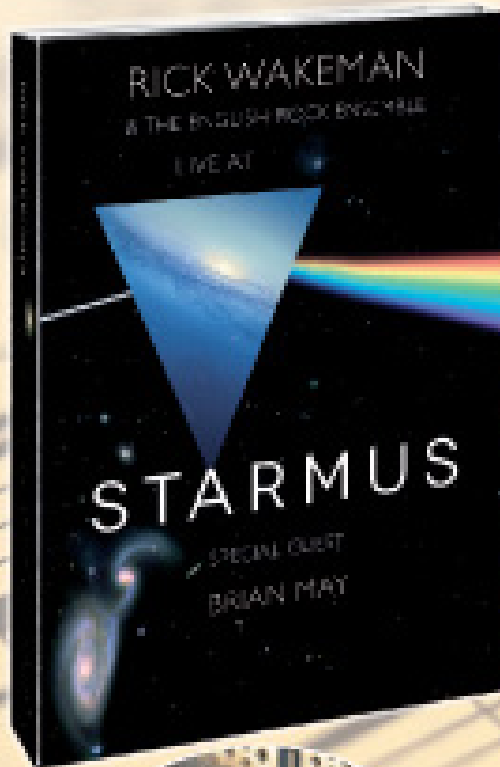
RAW presents

Forthcoming releases from Rick Wakeman & Friends

Rick Wakeman & Brian May

live from

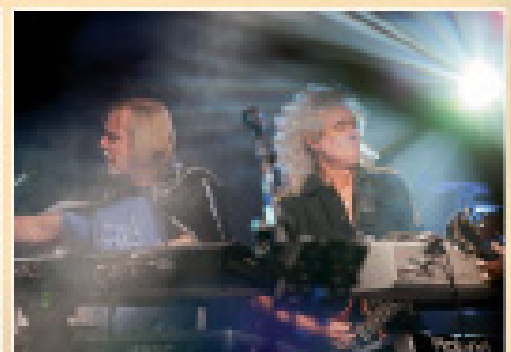
STARMUS 2015



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



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



Available to pre-order from www.rickwakemansmusicemporium.com



All That's Jazz

by Sammy Stein

isbn: 13: 978-0-9557670-9-8 (Tomahawk Press. £19.99 on cover. £18 to UK, addresses from Tomahawk Press. 198pps) www.tomahawkpress.com

Available from booksellers and direct from Gazelle Book Services at
sales@gazellebookservices.co.uk

This is a book with a brave and slightly intimidating title. And the back cover blurb expounds: *"For the first time, all contemporary jazz culture is explored, with contributions from the leading names in the industry."*

alan dearling

What makes jazz persist? How is it changing? And what is its future?...It is the book that Jazz has been waiting for."

So, does it provide what it says on the proverbial 'tin'? Perhaps the answer is 'No' more than 'Yes'. It is an interesting and challenging read, because Sammy Stein is a passionate advocate and champion of free and improvisational jazz. Her 'leading names' are largely exponents of these forms of jazz – the likes of Mats Gustaffson, Evan Parker, Kitty la Roar, Davey Payne, Daniel Bennett, Claire Martin and (my old mate) John Russell. Sammy's text brims over with enthusiasm and optimism. She tells us: *"Collaborations, new works, new artists, younger audiences, jazz is definitely on the rise. People 'get' jazz and once they get it, it is there for life."* But some of her contributors, like Gilad Atzmon, leader of the Orient Express, are more cautious (or realistic), saying, *"I feel the jazz scene in the UK is alive but one thing might put a question on its future more than any other is the audience's age...The UK jazz audience is the oldest I have met. It is a wonderful audience who kept the jazz*

scene alive for many years, but I am not sure what will happen to the scene in the future."

The book is at its best when it provides a platform for a cacophony of jazz 'voices' to tell tales from the gigs, the festivals, the marketing, the promoters, some of the record labels and venues, and the colleges and universities that increasingly offer academic training for jazz musicians. I travel a lot in Europe, and 'jazz', in countries like the Netherlands, Germany, Denmark and the Baltic States, sits more comfortably as a bedfellow alongside world music, rock, classical, reggae, hip-hop and even heavy metal. In these countries, jazz comes without its 'label' as an elite or somewhat peripheral type of music. As I go to live gigs and festivals in the UK, this can also be the case at events like Edinburgh's Jazz and Blues festival, but often jazz is marginalised.

I did love this photo by Dawid Laskowski of the jazz crowd outside Café Oto in London, which shows a much more mixed, if still slightly 'Bohemian' crowd.





Many of Sammy's contributors capture this slightly 'conflicted' state of the jazz world. Mat(t)s Gustaffson (the spelling, like many other in this book varies) explains: *"The audience in Western Europe is more traditional and consists primarily of men in their 50s and such, scratching their (jazz) beards. The audiences in the U.S. and Eastern Europe, Russia and the greater part of Asia are generally younger and much more balanced in terms of gender."* The Bosman twins in St. Louis are self-styled 'ambassadors of jazz', wanting to keep it live and vibrant, but their statistical analysis of the fan base, is somewhat depressing. Here is the 'story' it tells:

Males Ages (35-44):	40%
Males Ages (55-65+):	40%
Females Ages (17-25):	3%
Females Ages (35-44):	5%
Females Ages (65+):	12%

There are many powerful black and white photos of jazz artists illustrating 'All That's Jazz', but the choice is a bit quirky with at least seven each of Kitty la Roar and Davey Payne. There are insightful sections on, 'So, what is jazz' and 'A bit of history', and Sammy and her commentators explain the 'Black' history of jazz eloquently, and how it is bound with historic chains to American history. And, I loved her introductory use of President Barack Obama's 2016 speech that

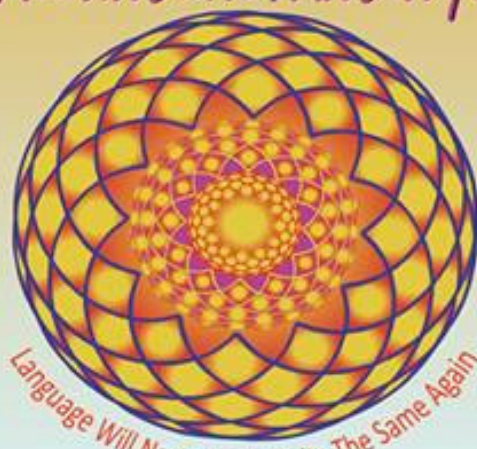
lauded National Jazz Day in the USA. The one-day on which the President renamed the White House, the Blues House, and *"...invited all my favourite jazz musicians to play in my backyard."* And he added that, *"...jazz is driven by an unmistakably American spirit...Born out of the struggle of African Americans yearning for freedom...This is truth-telling music...We hope this music will lead to new avenues for dialogue, and new collaborations across borders."* Hard to imagine President Trump speaking these words!

My biggest problems with the book are that it tends to offer too many 'lists' of the names of the jazz 'greats', from Brubeck to Ellington, Parker, Coltrane, Davis, Monk through to Marsalis. There is no contents page, or, more importantly an index, so it is difficult to navigate through. And, I became somewhat frustrated with the bias towards free jazz and improvisation, and the almost total neglect of many of my own contemporary jazz 'greats' such as Keith Jarrett, E.S.T., Pat Metheny and Jan Garbarek, and the lack of recognition of cross-over jazz in rock and psychedelic music, ranging from Gong, Soft Machine, King Crimson, parts of Hawkwind's output, Nik Turner, Jon Hiseman and Colosseum, Keith and Julie (nee Driscoll) Tippett, the Mahavishnu Orchestra, through to Sendelica and beyond. Or, even, Grover Washington, George Benson and the Grammy-winning, Kenny G (Gorelick), who I personally find too much into soft, lounge jazz, but has certainly sold a shed-load of albums!

WHAT THEY'RE SAYING ABOUT

Short stories by
Richard Foreman

Richard Foreman's
*WILFUL
MISUNDERSTANDINGS*



Language Will Never Seem Quite The Same Again

Reviewers:

"Within five minutes of picking the book up and reading it for the first time I was immediately entranced. These stories are a delight, and I have spent much of the 'Festive Season' proselytising about Foreman to anyone who would listen. I have found myself using the words 'delight' and 'delightful' far more often than I would have wanted to, but I truly cannot think of a better adjective. My life has been enriched for having read these stories. I cannot wait for the next volume." Jonathan Downes, editor Gonzo Weekly magazine.

"Expect the unexpected while reading Wilful Misunderstandings. The oddball characters and their quirky concerns will attract your attention. Richard Foreman demonstrates how deep his imagination is, and how the simplest of ideas can make interesting prose. He writes fluently, wittily, and his stories tend to approach the dark side in a humorous way." Michelle Stanley, Readers' Favorite website.

Writers:

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

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

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

Readers:

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"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
(quote: ISBN978-0-9933901-0-4)**

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

FLAMIN GROOVIES



**And it only took 38
years to Shake Some
Action!**

**Fantastic Plastic by
the Flamin' Groovies**

Well I really thought the day would never come, a new Flamin' Groovies album followed by a short tour of the UK and Europe. For those who don't know the band, they formed in 1965, yes, that long ago, in San Francisco and recorded four classic albums including Teenage Head with Roy Loney as lead vocalist. Loney then left and was replaced by Chris Wilson and the band moved to the UK and released three more albums in the 1970's including Shake Some Action, the nearest they

JEREMY SMITH

came to a hit. They also headlined the famous 4th July gig at the Roundhouse in 1976, which introduced the Ramones to the UK, and sadly left the Groovies trailing in their wake. But now they are back with a new album, *Fantastic Plastic*, but is it any good?

Well firstly, you wouldn't expect musicians and song-writers of the calibre of Cyril Jordan, Chris Wilson (guitars/vocals), George Alexander (bass) and Victor Pandalosa (drums) who've been playing together for years to produce a pile of poo, and they haven't. It's a great album, maybe not quite up there with *Teenage Head* or *Shake Some Action* but certainly better than *Now or Jumping in the Night*. The playing is lush, there's an edge to some songs and the harmonies work together brilliantly. And in the main, the songs are up to snuff too.

Kicking off with "What the Hell's Going On?", *Fantastic Plastic* storms through 12 tracks many of which echo the band's roots, whether it be the Beatles, the Stones or the Byrds and I'm not sure if that's the album's strength or weakness. Is it homage or is it derivative? Whatever it sounds just fine, especially if you turn up the dial.

"End of the World" sounds a bit like an apocalyptic *Don't Fear the Reaper*, just like a Hurricane boogies along like *ZZ Top* on acid, the instrumental "I'd Rather Spend My Time with You" could have come from the Shadows or the Ventures and "Crying Shame" has shades of Roger McGuinn's guitar work with the Byrds

There are two covers too, NRBQ's "I Want You Bad" and the Beau Brummels' "Don't Talk To Strangers." The first, which has been a feature of their live set is probably the stand-out

track on the album and is a real singalong with gigs and I'm glad its finally been released.

But it's the simple tracks that make the album, it's songs like "She Loves Me" (if you ignore the tacky lyrics), and "Lonely Hearts" that showcase the Groovies' guitar sound and make the album so worthwhile though I wish they'd have taken a bit less than 38 years to record it.

The Flamin' Groovies are on tour now in Europe and in the UK. Sadly, they seem to have shed original member George Alexander, who was the coolest bassist in rock, and also their long-term drummer Victor Penalosa, but let's hope their replacements are as good and tight as the band who made this record. I'm seeing them in London next week so I'll be reporting on this for you in a couple of weeks. But in the meantime, if you can get your hands on this, buy it. The Groovies are back in town.

AGMP presents

FLAMIN' GROOVIES



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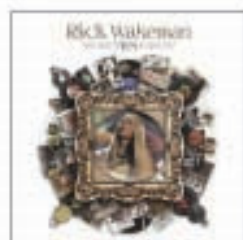
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HFG2023DVD



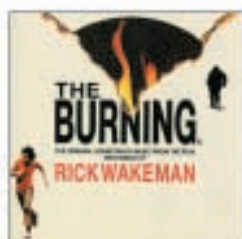
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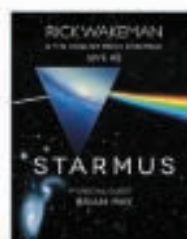
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With Adam Wakeman.
Entirely instrumental
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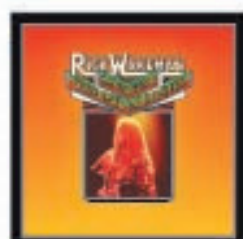
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KEV'S WORLD

**THE EMERALD DAWN
VISIONS
WORLD'S END RECORDS**



The Emerald Dawn was originally formed in Edinburgh, Scotland by Tree Stewart (keyboards, piano, flute, acoustic guitar, percussion, and vocals) and Ally Carter (electric and acoustic guitars, guitar synthesizer, tenor and soprano saxophones, keyboards, and vocals), before moving to South West England, where they were joined by jazz drummer Tom Jackson and then by bassist Jayjay Quick (fretless and fretted bass guitars, electric upright bass, electric violin,

and cello). The Emerald Dawn's first album, entitled 'Searching for the Lost Key', was released in 2014 and they are now returning with the follow-up, 'Visions'.

As is often the case, I was contacted directly by the band to see if I would be able to review the album, to which I of course agreed as I am always looking for "new" (at least to me) bands to be able to write about. I was intrigued before I even started listening to it, as there are only four songs, and the first of these is twenty minutes long! For most of the time their style of prog is reflective, and long instrumental passages are interspersed with some good vocals, and wonderfully warm fretless bass, and sometimes it makes me think of an incredibly laid-back Legend. However, my impression is that this was self-recorded, and I do think that an outside influence would have allowed the band to have made some better composition and arrangement decision.

For example, that Ally is a powerful and striking electric guitarist is never in doubt, yet this isn't used nearly enough, although it is always dynamic and refreshing when it makes an appearance. Another example is that there are some keyboard sounds being

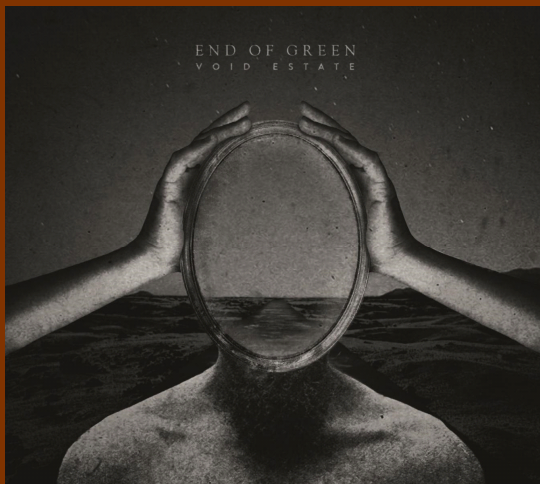
KEV ROWLAND

used as a fanfare within the opening “Musique Noire” and in my opinion they just don’t work, and repeating them doesn’t make it any better. What this meant was just a few minutes into the album and I was already distracted, feeling that this wasn’t going to be the sort of album I expected it to be. There is also a level of simplicity in some passages that detracts from the overall effect, while the use of saxophone isn’t always what I expected it to be.

That the guys can play is never in doubt, and I understand that this is always going to be down to personal taste. A friend of mine, whose reviews I always enjoy reading, has just given this the maximum 5 *’s on ProgArchives, so we are obviously hearing this album very differently indeed, but this isn’t something to which I will soon be returning. Why not go over to Bandcamp and give them a listen yourself, and see if you agree or not? Both of their albums can be found at

<https://theemeralddawn.bandcamp.com>

**END OF GREEN
VOID ESTATE
NAPALM RECORDS**



End of Green have been deploying their own styles of Goth, Doom, Metal, doleful Alternative metal for some twenty-five years, and with their ninth full-length album they are still desperate to find hope: based on this, I don’t think they’re going to find it any

time soon, although they’re not going to give up hope just yet. Michelle Darkness sings touching and intimate dirges about aging, loss and loneliness, and on “Darkside of the Sun” he comes across so much like Pete Steele that I had to look to see if it was a Type O number. This is dark music, with a sense of bleakness permeating every note, yet Michelle is also trying to be optimistic as he says in “Unseen”, “Together, we are less alone.”

What is apparent throughout this album is that it is packed full of quality and thoughtfulness, this isn’t something that has been rushed, but instead each lyric has had the sweat poured over it, and then the music has been polished to ensure that it is all working together at its optimum. It is gothic, it is dark, yet there is that slight tinge of light that makes one think that although the band are inhabiting a very dark place indeed, there may be some light for them the other day of the cellar door. I wouldn’t recommend playing this album under the influence of anything, as this is music that needs to be played in the light of day, yet “Crossroads” shows that they can be lighter when they want to be. Commercial, yet never compromising this is a mature album that shows that even though they have been around for quarter of a century they are showing no sign whatsoever of slowing down yet. www.endofgreen.de



THE COMPLETE GOSPELS

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

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

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

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

Special Limited Edition Boxset containing

Signed by Rick Wakeman and numbered certificate.

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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](https://www.nature.org/elephants) and follow us on Instagram, Facebook or Twitter to get action alerts.



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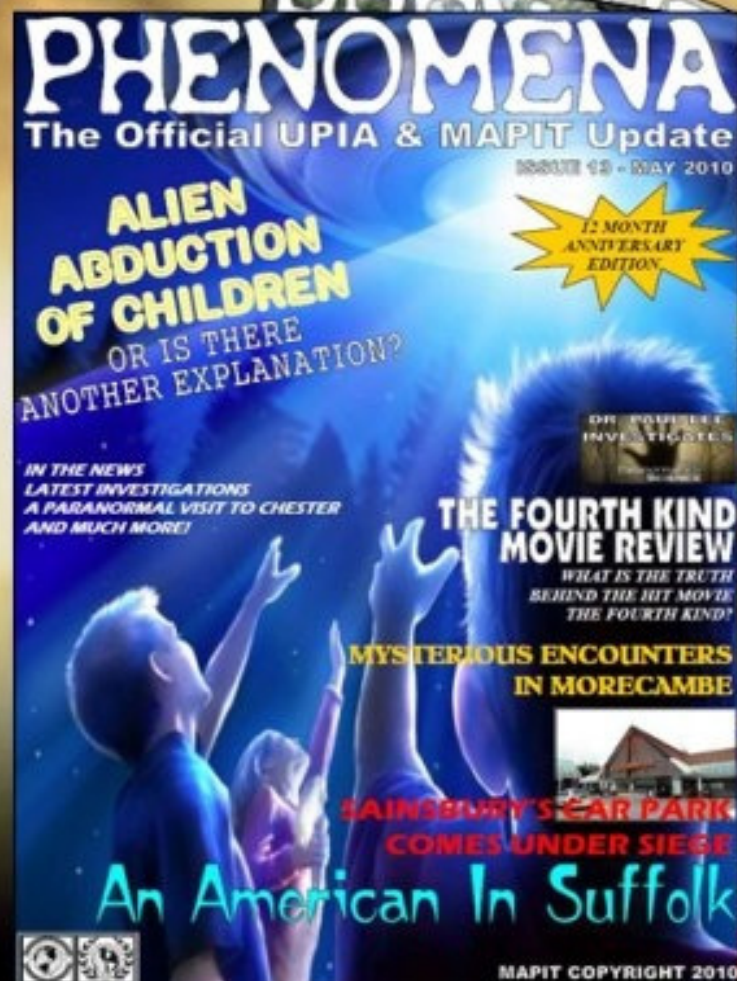
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Digitiser 2000

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

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

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

HELLO! You're going to have to do this: bear with me. I've tried to get some Digi done this week, but - frankly - my head is still in Found Footage mode, and I've been busy re-editing the next episode for Sunday, as well as working on all the episodes to come after that.

Why aren't they all done yet, and "in the can"? Well, partly because we were working hard on the epic finale to show at the premiere, partly because I can't stop tinkering, and partly because it's only now that for the first time this year I'm able to focus on FF more or less exclusively.

So... please... just bear with me a little longer until I can get Digitiser2000 back on some sort of even keel. Suffice to say, your very kind Patreon donations are going into the Found Footage pot - somehow, I'm still spending money on it, and every little helps.

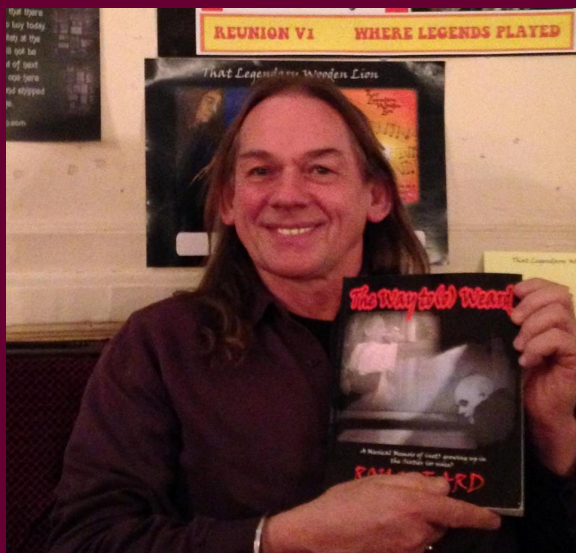
But! I hope you enjoyed the first episode of the series. This week's episode will be longer, and - I reckon - closer to my original vision for the show.

**I SHOULD WARN YOU THAT
OTHERS WHO WATCHED THIS
FOOTAGE BECAME
PROFOUNDLY DISTRESSED.**

- MR BIFFO

<http://www.digitiser2000.com/>

WORDS FROM THE WEARD

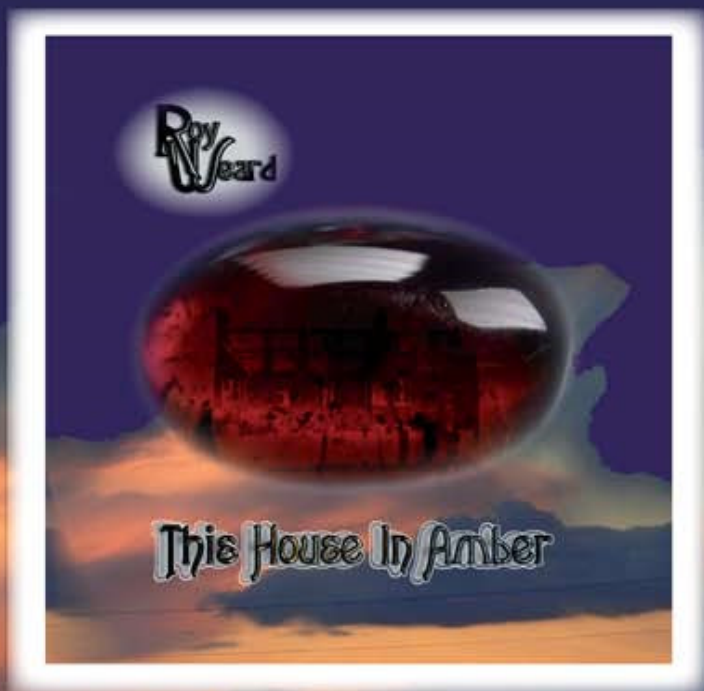


After a life spent in and around music Roy Weard has finally written it all down. From his beginnings in the folk clubs of the early sixties, to playing the free festivals of the seventies with his own band 'Wooden Lion', to touring as a merchandiser with acts like Santana, The Pink Floyd and Genesis,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

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

We turned up at one gig in Matrei in Austria to find we were playing in a small village. Not only that, but we were actually doing the gig in a large shed that was usually used to train horses. Sawdust on the floor and a general smell of animals. It all went wrong right at the start when Martin the truck driver tried to back into the courtyard. In the process he slipped the fifth wheel, which for those of you unfamiliar with trucking terms, is the bit at the back of the cab of an articulated truck that actually latches onto the body of the box trailer. It took a bit of manoeuvring and a tractor to get the thing flat and ready to be unloaded. While all this was going on we were looking at the gig. It did not look that promising to me. The stage was big enough, but when I looked at the power box I could see it would not have enough amps to drive the PA and lights. I mentioned this to Wilf who seemed to not really know what I meant so I gathered H and Gary round the power distro. I pointed out that the lights were usually run for a 63 amp three phase box and the sound from a single 32 amp phase. This box only has a three phase 32 amp supply. They seemed to think it would be OK so we loaded the gear in. We got ready to do the soundcheck and decided we would run the soundcheck with the PA blasting and the lights all on full in order to test the system. I did not really think it was an adequate test, but I was the last person to want to pull a gig so I went with it. The soundcheck passed without incident and they all said that I was being overcautious, but I was not so sure.

When we came back after eating, the hall was alive with beer stands, Gluhwein vendors and various purveyors of pretzels and hot, meat-based, food. All of these were hooked into the hall's power supply. They may not be hooked into the actual 3 phase box that we were, but they were all drawing on the same supply



Roy
Weard

This House In Amber

New Album out now

Available on CD from :

www.weard.co.uk

CD / digital download :

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



somewhere and this was a small town. I could not see where all these people had come from. There were not enough houses there for them all to live in.

The show kicked off and, four numbers in, the power went off. We switched off the PA, reset the breakers and, after a quick discussion decided to continue with half the lighting. The band came back on and played from the note they had stopped at before. Very impressive. The power tripped again – and came straight back on and went straight off and came straight back on, accompanied each time by a loud thud as the amps kicked in. I rushed round to the power box to find the caretaker resetting the breakers each time they went out. I stopped him from doing that but it was too late. He had already blown some of the horns in the PA. That was it for the night. The promoter took to the stage to explain and we struck the stage. Disaster didn't stop there though. We had a free night. We were out and finished by 9pm and the promoter invited us along to his bar for a drink.

We went off to his bar after that and stayed there drinking for a while. He came over to us and said, 'Let's have a party.'

'Where?' I asked.

He took us outside and pointed at a light across the valley on the slope of an adjacent mountain.

'That is my house, we can party there.'

The gig the next day was in Graz, which is not so far away from where we were, but involves driving through some fairly narrow and winding mountain roads. Apart from that we knew we would have to repair some of the horns so we had decided we would leave early the next morning. We all decided not to go off to the guy's house. All, that is, except Ray. When he told us he was going to go I reminded him about the leave time.

'We are leaving the hotel at 7am tomorrow. If you are not on the bus by then you had better start looking for a job here.'

Ray went off with the promoter and a group of his friends and we went back to the bar for

one last drink. The hotel we were staying in was the 'Sport Hotel Tyrol'. The whole basis of the hotel was to cater for the people who came up to this region in the summer to go horse riding, trekking, and all those other things that you can really only do when the sun is out. It was not in the skiing area so it was usually closed in the winter time. This meant that there was no staff at the hotel. Earlier in the evening Nick Pentelow, the band's sax player, had to operate the switchboard so he could make a call, and when we got back there was no one there to book a wake-up call with. We did have alarm clocks in the rooms so we set these and went to bed.

I got up the following morning, took a shower, and set off to go downstairs to see if there was any way to get coffee and breakfast. When the lift doors opened I was greeted by a strong smell of secondhand alcohol and the prone figure of Ray. He was asleep in the lift.

'Ray!' I cried (always the perspicacious one) and he woke up. He looked around and waved his arm.

'Come in,' he slurred.

'This is not your room, it is the lift!'

He waved a key and key fob at me.

'The key won't fit,' he stated, trying hard to focus his eyes.

'That is from the previous hotel,' I told him. 'You are in room 19. You have 40 minutes to get yourself together and we are leaving.'

He dragged himself to his feet and rushed off, unsteadily down the corridor.



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



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



c.j.stone

Borderlands: Bird Watching in Dobrogea, Romania

1. Across the River

We crossed the Danube at Braila on a flat-pack ferry like something you might find in the shelving section at Ikea. It had an embossed steel deck, shiny from years of being buffed up by the wheels of the vehicles as they loaded on and off.

Szabi waited in line with the van while Kinga and I waited on the jetty.

The deck was about seven or eight inches above the level of the jetty at first and the ferry would reel and judder as the cars and lorries lurched on board, dipping to take the load and then bouncing back once they passed over onto the deck. One of the crew was bent over on the jetty and watching as the wheels came in contact with the edge of the deck, making circling motions with his arms to show the driver when it was time to pull forward. He loaded the lorries on first and then the cars. Later, as more vehicles piled on, the level sank lower till in the end the ferry was seven or eight inches below the jetty, jerking about in the flapping waters like an animal on a leash waiting to escape.

After that, with a shout from the crew-member on the jetty as he unleashed the

rusted steel cable and jumped on board, followed by a burst of smoke and a roar from the engine, the ferry broke free from the tangle of waters by the shore-line and was out into the open river, heaving its way through the dark heavy waves, making great sucking and slapping noises as the water hit the square-cut prow.

The river was a deep sea-green and the air smelt of ozone mixed with diesel-fuel. We stood on the prow to feel the welcome coolness of the wind on our faces as it scurried and raced along the Danube, chasing its tail down to the mysterious sea.

It had been a long, hot journey so far, and it was certain to get even hotter. We'd driven down from Transylvania in the heart of Romania, to Dobrogea, near the border with Bulgaria, between the Danube and the Black Sea, a journey of some six or seven hours.

I'd met Kinga for the first time at 4am that morning when they'd come to pick me up from the Pensiuine in the Transylvanian mountains. She's Szabi's girlfriend, a very pretty Hungarian girl with shining eyes and a small stud in her lip. She spoke no English and I spoke no Hungarian, so hardly a word passed between us. But when I climbed into the van – which had two seats in the front

and none in the back – she insisted that I take the passenger seat, while she sat on a little camping chair which she unfolded and set low down on the floor between the two fixed seats. Later on I had a go. It was very insecure. Every time the van veered one way or the other the little seat would lurch and you would have to catch hold of the chairs in front to stop yourself from collapsing in a heap. She spent four days in that seat – as a gesture to my extreme age I guess – and I am grateful to her for that.

Szabi is tall and dark with a hooked nose like a bird of prey. There's something of the wild about him, something watchful and alert like a hunter. He would be our guide.

So – now – we were over the river, bouncing up a dusty road from the ferry-stop, and into Dobrogea, heading for the Macin Mountains. It was an expedition to scout out the birding in the area so that Szabi could take one of his groups there next week. He wanted to find out where the best sites were and had invited Kinga and I along for the ride.

As a consequence of this he was constantly stopping the van and leaping out with his binoculars to catch sight of some bird or another, which he would then name for me, while handing me a the binoculars. It didn't take him long to realise that I was entirely ignorant when it came to birds.

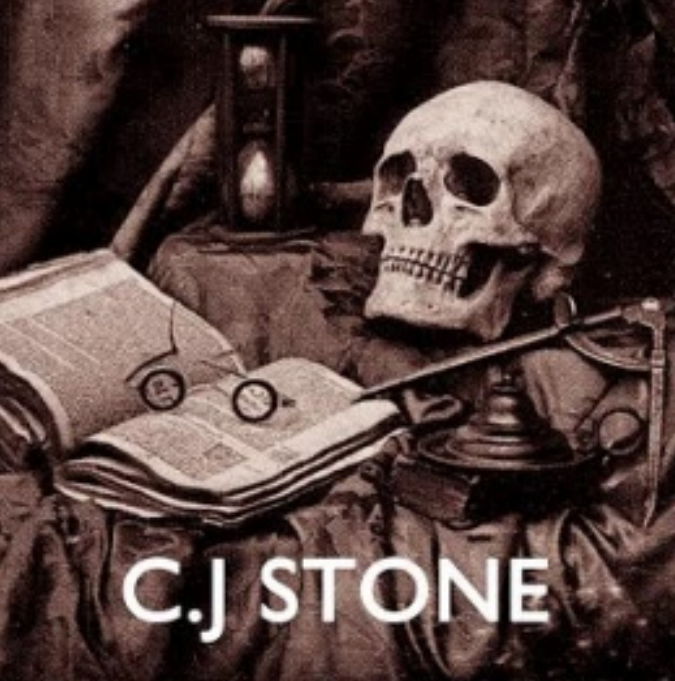
"I think you not know what I am say," he said, in that weirdly upside-down version of English of his. "But it not matter. I tell you anyway."

So that was it: me Szabi and Kinga on a birding expedition in which at least two of us knew nothing about birds. But Szabi was right: it didn't matter. Szabi's enthusiasm made up for our ignorance, and there were plenty of other things to see and do while we were here....

Read on

THE EMPIRE OF THINGS

SELECTED WRITINGS 2003 - 2013



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"Stone writes with intelligence, wit and sensitivity."

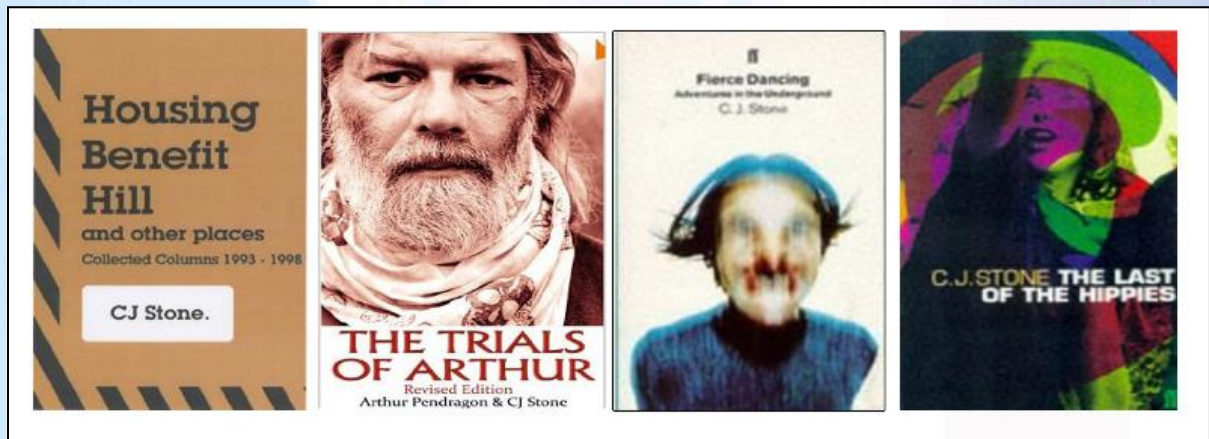
Times Literary Supplement

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

Herald

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

Independent on Sunday



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

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

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

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

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

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

A YEAR IN THE LIFE OF



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

OCTOBER 2017	
OCTOBER	WINNIPEG, CANADA
21 Saturday	Nik Turner's Hawkwind at Windsor Hotel With Hedersleben
ADD TO CALENDAR INFO & TICKETS	
OCTOBER	CHICAGO, IL
23 Monday	Nik Turner's Hawkwind at Reggie's Music Joint With Hedersleben
ADD TO CALENDAR INFO & TICKETS	

Onward Flies the (fake) Bird?

The so-called 'Nik Turner's Hawkwind' band seems to be back in operation.

Back in June we reported on the conclusion of the trademark hearing involving use of the Hawkwind name, and we headlined our report "Hawkwind Name Battle Concludes". However, it now seems we might have been a tad premature!

Ripples of dismay and/or indignation washed across the Hawkwind Universe this week,

when it was observed a forthcoming batch of pub gigs in America were being heralded as 'Nik Turner's Hawkwind' events.

In response, Hawkwind HQ merely reposted a link to a National Law Review report on the trademark verdict, whereas the Facebook Hawkwind fan group page took a somewhat stronger line:

"If, like us, you are appalled at the recent announcement of a NT tour that uses the HW name AGAIN, due to start next month, please post link below to their event pages."

The link is the aforementioned National Law Review link, and is <https://www.natlawreview.com/article/settling-hawkwind-trademark-flap-dave-brock-v-nik-turner>

"If you aren't bothered - no worries, please ignore this post.

"Commenting will be switched off on this post as other than this, Hawkwind Fan Group have a ZERO tolerance attitude towards this man's bullshit."

Some fans have expressed surprise, thinking Turner has breached a court order... however, things aren't quite that simple. The trademark board (or TTAB) is not a court in the "Objection, your honor" kind of sense; it's actually the squabble-settling section of a U.S. Government Agency - the United States Patent and Trademark Office (USPTO).

USPTO and TTAB appear not to have any

Spirits Burning

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

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

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



GONZO

Multimedia

spiritsburning.com

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



powers of enforcement over their decisions. However, any subsequent civil lawsuit would probably hold the TTAB decision to be a massively important factor.

That has led some people to suggest that Turner himself might not be the prime mover in all of this. Indeed, it has been suggested that there is an extraneous force at work, that basically is ferociously hostile towards Hawkwind, and is using Turner as a tool - perhaps even an unwitting tool - in their own warped vendetta.

If so, these are very murky waters.

The fact that Turner's own Facebook page promotes the forthcoming gigs doesn't necessarily demonstrate personal culpability, as it's quite common for public figures to have others or even a whole team operate social media on their behalf.

A news report this week showed that several betting firms are in deep trouble over adverts that claimed a gambler cleared his debts by playing online casino games. The firms in question whined that the ads were placed by agencies on their behalf, and they didn't know what they said. However the Advertising Standards Agency still held the

companies responsible because they stood to benefit from the ads.

Similarly, if - IF!! - Turner is an innocent pawn in all of this, it might behoove him to keep a more careful watch on what is being said and done in his name, in the future. Or, perhaps, it really is all his own idea. In which case, Hawkwind fans are fairly likely to become pretty exasperated by "this man's bullshit".



OCT 24 Nik Turner's Hawkwind w/ Hedsrleben at The Smiling Moose!

Public · with Nik Turner

★ Interested ✓ Going

Share ...

Tuesday, October 24 at 6:30 PM EDT

The Smiling Moose
1306 E Carson St, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania 15203

Show Map

Ticket Information
www.ticketfly.com

Find Tickets

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HAWKWIND PASSPORT APPLICATION



Greetings space travellers!

This is your Hawkwind Earth Visitors Passport application form.

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

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

Pass. No.....(Leave blank)

Volunteer Crew Register

Name

Please give details of your occupation/profession for inclusion in crew register and possible duty roster (optional)

.....
.....
.....

Full Earth Address:
.....
.....

Post Code

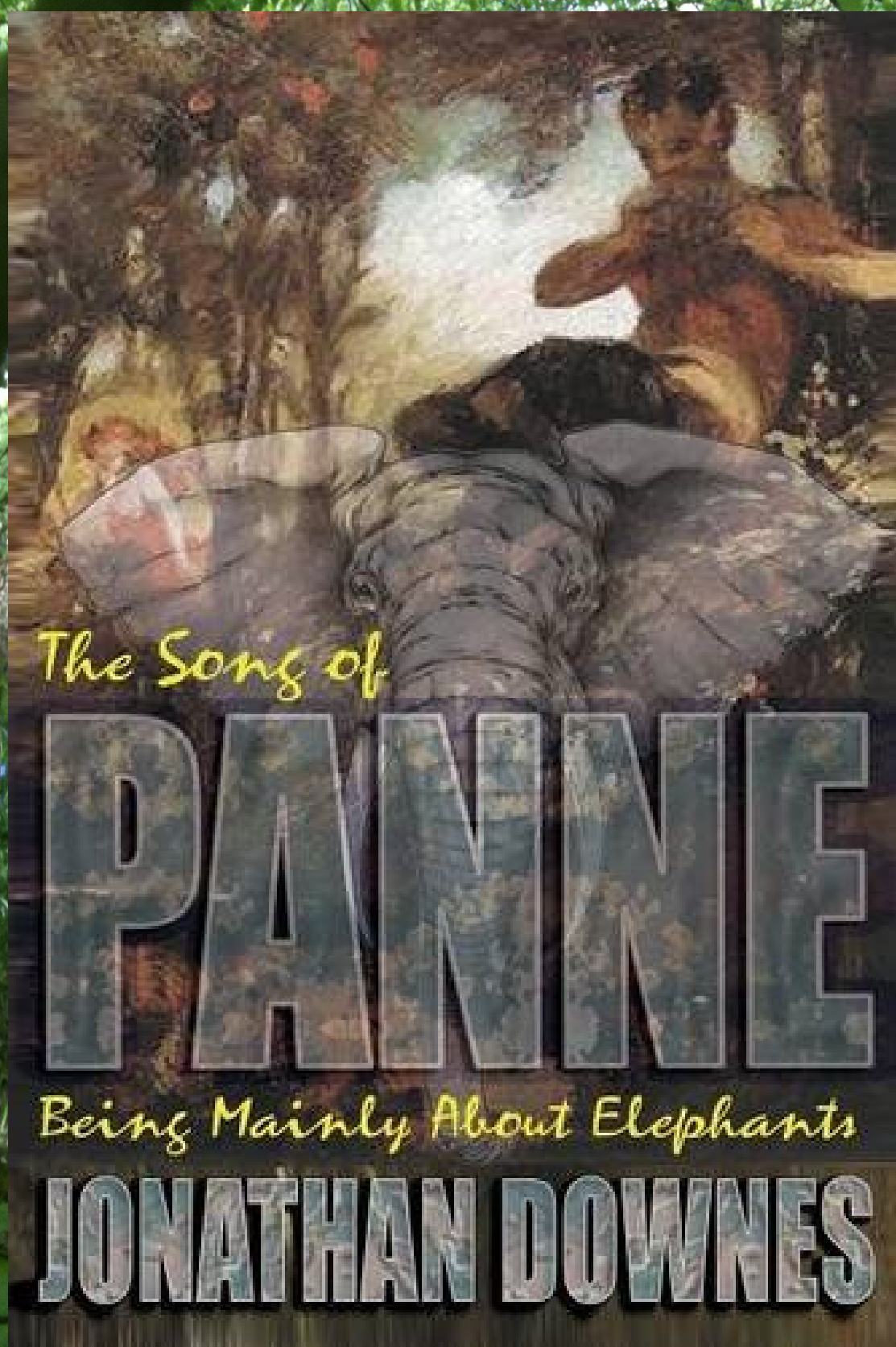
E-Mail Address: (Please print clearly).....

Telephone Number:

Additional info:

www.hawkwind.com

Any enquiries hawkwindpassports@hawkwind.com



The Song of

PANNE

Being Mainly About Elephants

JONATHAN DOWNES

XTUL

IN THE GREY HALF-LIGHT BETWEEN FACT AND FANTASY

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

Are you sitting comfortably? Good. I shall begin.

LI

Then the telephone rang. It was the man from Porlock.

In fact it wasn't. It was a mildly irritating but occasionally useful self-styled "Paranormal Expert" who lived with his excessively ugly wife, one of his daughters and his grandson (who had been conceived in an unfortunate liaison between his other daughter and several



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



minor members of a Middle Eastern Royal Family) near where I went to school on Exmoor, and - coincidentally, although we all know that there is no such word - not that far from the road to Porlock.

For those of you not in the know, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, the famous junkie poet, recalled that he fell asleep in his chair when he was staying at a farmhouse near Porlock in 1797. He had taken opium, to which he became addicted, and he was reading about Kubla Khan's palace. In his opium dream he imagined a poem of perhaps 200 or 300 lines. When he awoke,

with the whole work clear in his mind, he began writing: "In Xanadu, did Kubla Khan/
A stately pleasure dome decree...."

But after a while, he was "called out by a person on business from Porlock, and detained by him above an hour." That made him forget the rest of the dream. And that's why "Kubla Khan" runs only 54 lines and remains, by its author's account, unfinished. My opium days are a long way in the past (mostly, I must admit, because I have no idea where on earth I would get the stuff now I am a relatively respectable member of society, and do my best to no



longer consort with lowlife) and on the morning in question I wasn't tripping on anything, but I was engrossed in listening to Danny's narrative, and doing my best to get as much information as possible, and the interruption was most unwelcome.

But I am basically a polite sort of cove, and despite the fact that I have been known to scream abuse down the telephone at people trying to scam me or sell double glazing, and on one unfortunate occasion a woman from Save the Children who had telephoned the house on five separate occasions on a particular day, and finally got hold of me on a day when I was suffering agonies with piles. But, despite his irritating mannerisms, Clive Cohen was quite a nice old geezer (he was only about five years older than me, but wore his shock of white hair and his ageing wrinkles like a badge of honour, and I was quite fond of him. I have always suspected that he was about as Jewish as I am (about a

sixteenth, which means that I probably wouldn't have passed the Nuremberg Laws) but he always played on his ethnicity, with menorahs and stars of David prominently displayed on the walls of his caravan (and beforehand his council house) and he would gesticulate "Oy Vey my Boy" far more than was strictly necessary.

I gestured apologetically to Danny, then put my hand over the receiver and said *sotto voce* to him that he should go and see if he could get a cuppa and something to eat from Mother, and then turned back to give my full attention to Clive.

"Hey dude", I said in as welcoming a tone as I could. "I can't be long, I'm kind of in the middle of something at the moment"...

"Jon my Boy", came the reply. "How's your wife already, and your lovely Mother, and your daughters..." And I realised with a mental groan that whatever I said to him I



would have to sit through his labyrinthine, not to say Levantine, courtesies before I could actually get any semblance of sense out of him.

People often complain that it takes me a long time to do things, but in my defence I would say that as well as the fact that I do a heck of a lot (a hundred page music magazine each week for starters) and run the Centre for Fortean Zoology, Wyrld Records and CFZ Press as well as doing an increasing amount of freelance work for various other people, most noticeably Rob at Gonzo Multimedia,

I also have a larger than average number of peculiar friends and acquaintances who have an annoying habit of telephoning at all times of the day and night wanting to talk about things that range from the annoyingly trivial to the world-shatteringly

important, and all points in between, and I could never know in advance which of the two it would be. I also have two neurotic dogs and four eccentric cats, as well as an elderly Mama in Law, any of whom are liable to invade my space for a multitude of reasons, without any apparent rhyme or reason.

And so, my train of thought is always liable to be interrupted by someone or something, and as I have a grasshopper mind to start off with I am easily distracted. But, I am sure that those of you who have followed this dialogue so far, and seen the number of tangents which I am likely to jump off upon, will not be surprised at this. Meanwhile, Clive was just about to come to the end of his long winded social preamble, and was hopefully going to get to the point of his telephone call.

I have known him for about twenty years, and have just about managed to perfect a strategy which works in dealing with him. Recognising that he had just about come to the end of asking about my family and household, and realising that unless I acted promptly I would now be inflicted with a long description of the ailments and alarms and excursions of his extended menage, I decided that prompt measures were necessary, and so I decided to act.

"So, what can I do for you?" I asked.

"Well" he said, drawing breath and preparing himself for what would certainly be a massively enjoyable verbal salvo. "What do you know about Psychohistory?"

I gasped as quietly as I could. This was going to be a particularly peculiar day, and I had already run out of cigarettes.



Thom the World Poet

Rob Ayling writes:

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

PROCESS,PRODUCT,PERSISTENCE,PERFECTION

We are our Garden-both weeds and blossoms
We are in process towards unfolding Perfection
(which is to be who we truly are @all times)
The only "Product" is ourselves in relationship
with all two and four-legged, furred and feathered/flying
Each one mirror to a mirror (endless dimensions)
Each petal=every blossom/beaming brightness
Inner Garden needing Love,Care,Attention
Worlds Outside are watching/while Inner Whirls are Spinnng
Every One in Motion.Nothing Ever Stopping
Like your Huge Heart As Your Growing Golden Garden.



ROCK and ROLL

a cabinet of curiosities

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

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

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

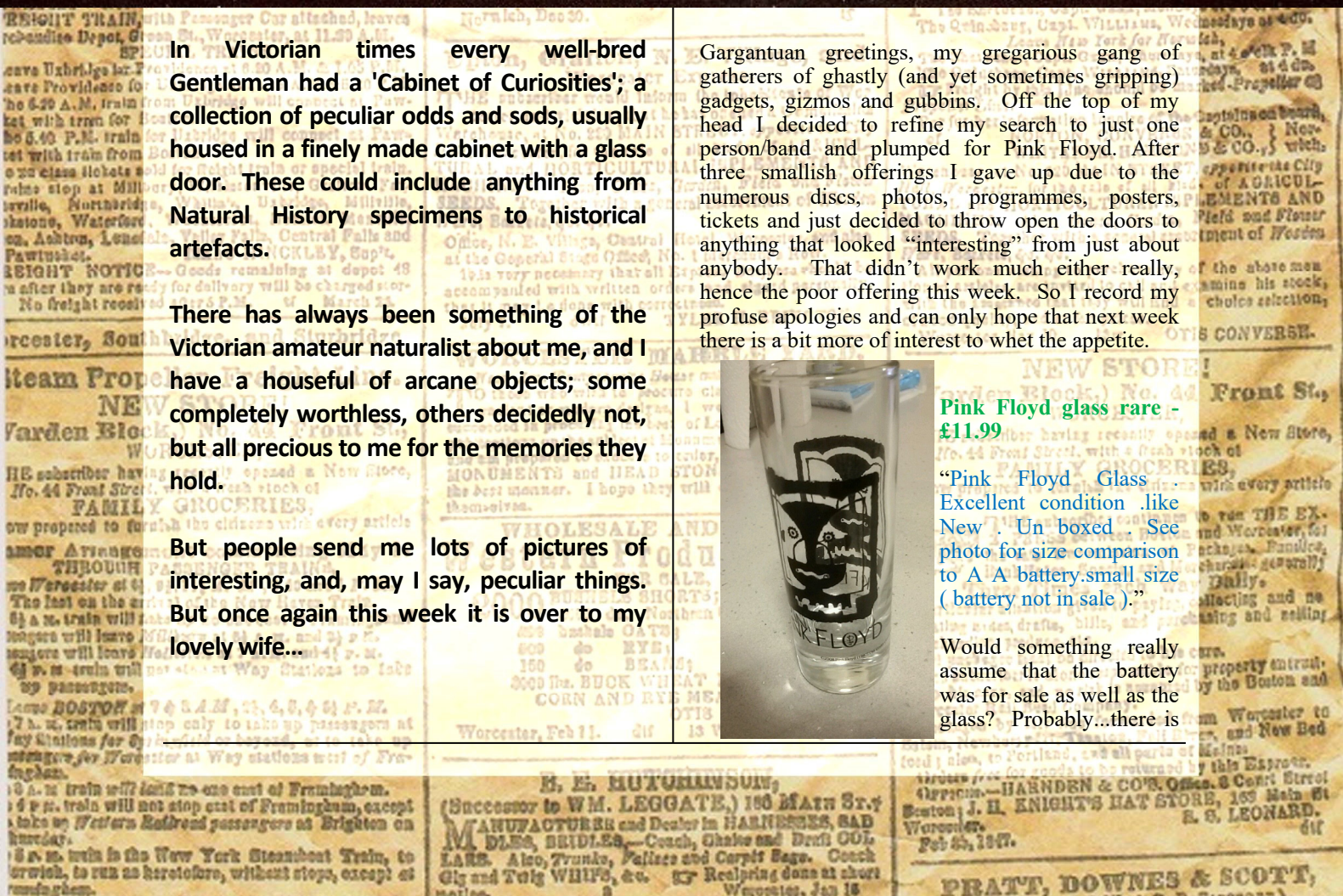
Gargantuan greetings, my gregarious gang of gatherers of ghastly (and yet sometimes gripping) gadgets, gizmos and gubbins. Off the top of my head I decided to refine my search to just one person/band and plumped for Pink Floyd. After three smallish offerings I gave up due to the numerous discs, photos, programmes, posters, tickets and just decided to throw open the doors to anything that looked "interesting" from just about anybody. That didn't work much either really, hence the poor offering this week. So I record my profuse apologies and can only hope that next week there is a bit more of interest to whet the appetite.



Pink Floyd glass rare - £11.99

"Pink Floyd Glass Excellent condition like New. Unboxed. See photo for size comparison to A A battery small size (battery not in sale)."

Would something really assume that the battery was for sale as well as the glass? Probably...there is



THE BITCH IS BACK

always one isn't there?

Pink Floyd Another Brick.... Commemorative Record Display - £25.00



"Pink Floyd Another Brick In The Wall Commemorative Vinyl Display"

Features a specially designed record sleeve, exclusive record label & info sheet on a bespoke designed backing display.

Looks great and measures a mighty 20x16", framed and glazed.

Be a talking point in your home, man cave, music venue pub or club.
100% unofficial (the record is for display purposes and does not play the titled song.)

And here again having to point out that the record is only for display purposes. It would be a bit hard to keep that stylus in the grooves from that angle after all.

Pink Floyd Animals Album Cover Black Rollerball Gel Pen 100% Official Fan Gift - £3.95

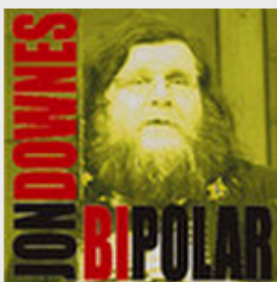


"Official licensed merchandise. This is for one pen. Black rollerball gel pen. High quality print. Fantastic gift."

One of these would get half-inched pretty smart if you took this out with you and left it unattended for too long. After all, if the good old Bic biro sprouts legs as often as it does, this surely would.

SHAMELESS SELF PROMOTION TIME

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



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

THE BEATLES "LEAD" SOLDIERS FIGURES HELP! - £47.50



THE BEATLES "LEAD" SOLDIERS FIGURES MAGICAL MYSTERY TOUR £47.50



"Little Lead Beatles Figures. Measure approx 10cms in length."

Great Scot. These need a close up:



Genuine lego mini figure Freddie Mercury Queen - £10.00



"This is my own lego figure. All listings are made to order, so please allow 2 weeks incase I need to order any parts. All enquiries welcome I make other lego tribute figures too."

Too cute. And yes he/she does make other ones:

Adam Ant Custom Genuine Lego Minifigures Set (3) - £40.00



"These Lego figures are made to order and will be as close to those in the picture as possible. Please allow 2 weeks to ensure I can replace lego stock if needed."

Sweet!



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.

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



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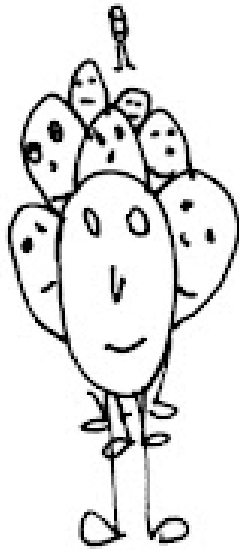
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THE NINE HENRYS



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

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

THE WORLDS FIRST CLONED CARTOON CHARACTER

modada@ninehenrys.com

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



Henry was living the high life



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.

**Bob Dylan:
The Bootleg Series, Volume 10: Another Self
Portrait (1969-1971)
(Columbia, 2013)
What? Dylan's Let It Be Naked?**

So Dylan represented a rag bag collection of the most dire and desperate dregs in the Dylan barrel of the time. The man recovered, the legend was duly embellished and by the 21st century enough words had been written, and history recorded, to put that period in its place. Dylan himself had discussed his Self Portrait (1970) album as a blatant attempt to confound those who saw him as a leader or prophet. Indeed; Greil Marcus' Rolling Stone review of the original Self Portrait famously opened with the words; "What is this shit?" When the monumental reissue and reappraisal of Dylan's tapes – The Bootleg Series – finally got around to the Self Portrait period it produced one of those rare bootleg/lost tapes collections that genuinely rewrote a small piece of history. The killer twists here are twofold. Firstly, this collection culls its material from a two year period in which Dylan wrote and recorded a significant number of original songs



(thereby escaping the wilful avoidance of massive statements and stand taking that marked Self Portrait as Dylan's most befuddling work to that point). Secondly, Another Self Portrait revisits the original recordings and finds some unissued work still in its skeletal state, and strips extraneous

overdubs from other work. What remains is an album that sounds coherent – if only because so many of the 35 tracks are low key, provisional, acoustic and under-rehearsed – and also presents an artist grappling with his position and slowly solving an identity crisis.

Let's be clear, a lot of what's here is rehearsal and first take stuff that isn't exactly radio friendly or anthemic. But it is an attempt to find and define Dylan between 1969 and 1971, and it makes a few monumental statements along the way. Firstly, some of the major cover versions are gone: "The Boxer," "Early Morning Rain," "Blue Moon" and "Let It be me" are all conspicuous absentees. Secondly, in the interests of coherence some of the songs from the period are presented in different versions. A defining move in this regard is an intimate and slightly insecure take of "I Threw it all Away" significantly less hymnal and reverberating than the – generally celebrated – cut on Nashville Skyline.

Where Dylan's albums of the period did make statements – even if Self Portrait was saying: "leave me alone I've got nothing to say to you, I'm just trying to figure things out" – the evidence from cuts here like "Little Sadie" and "In Search of Little Sadie" is that Dylan had some fun in the studio, messed around with licks, and sounds, and ideas, and generally drew on the things he relied on to make him feel good. Another Self Portrait presents enough of these moments to suggest the tortured soul image of the man at the time isn't the complete picture. Both "Sadie" tracks amount to Dylan and guitarist/multi-instrumentalist David Bromberg working their way through an idea and clearly relishing the opportunities to just play with a song.

Where the reliance on Nashville sessions and old-school country structures throughout the period from Nashville Skyline to Planet Waves suggested to many that Dylan had deserted any relevance to a young audience Another Self Portrait suggests it was more a case of Dylan being honest with himself about the music he grew up with and searching for a simple structure in that music to re-emerge as a sincere and insightful artist. In that regard the presence of "New Morning" and "When I Paint my Masterpiece" towards the end of this collection mark the successful end of a journey within which fragments like "All The Tired Horses" and "Sign on the Window" – pleasant as they are – represent signposts along the way.

Whether even his most ardent fans will want to listen repeatedly to Another Self Portrait is debateable, and whether repeated exposure this late in the day to Dylan covering Tom Paxton's "Annie's Gonna Sing her Song" adds even a footnote to our understanding of the man is very questionable. But as a vision of a major artist in search of his soul; and a vindication of subsequent decisions to head – generally successfully - towards country and covers albums of work that inspired him – Another Self Portrait is way more substantial than most artists' collections of out-takes and cast-offs.

Gregg Kofi Brown

ROCK 'N' ROLL AND UFOs

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

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

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

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

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

CD and book available soon from Gonzo Multimedia

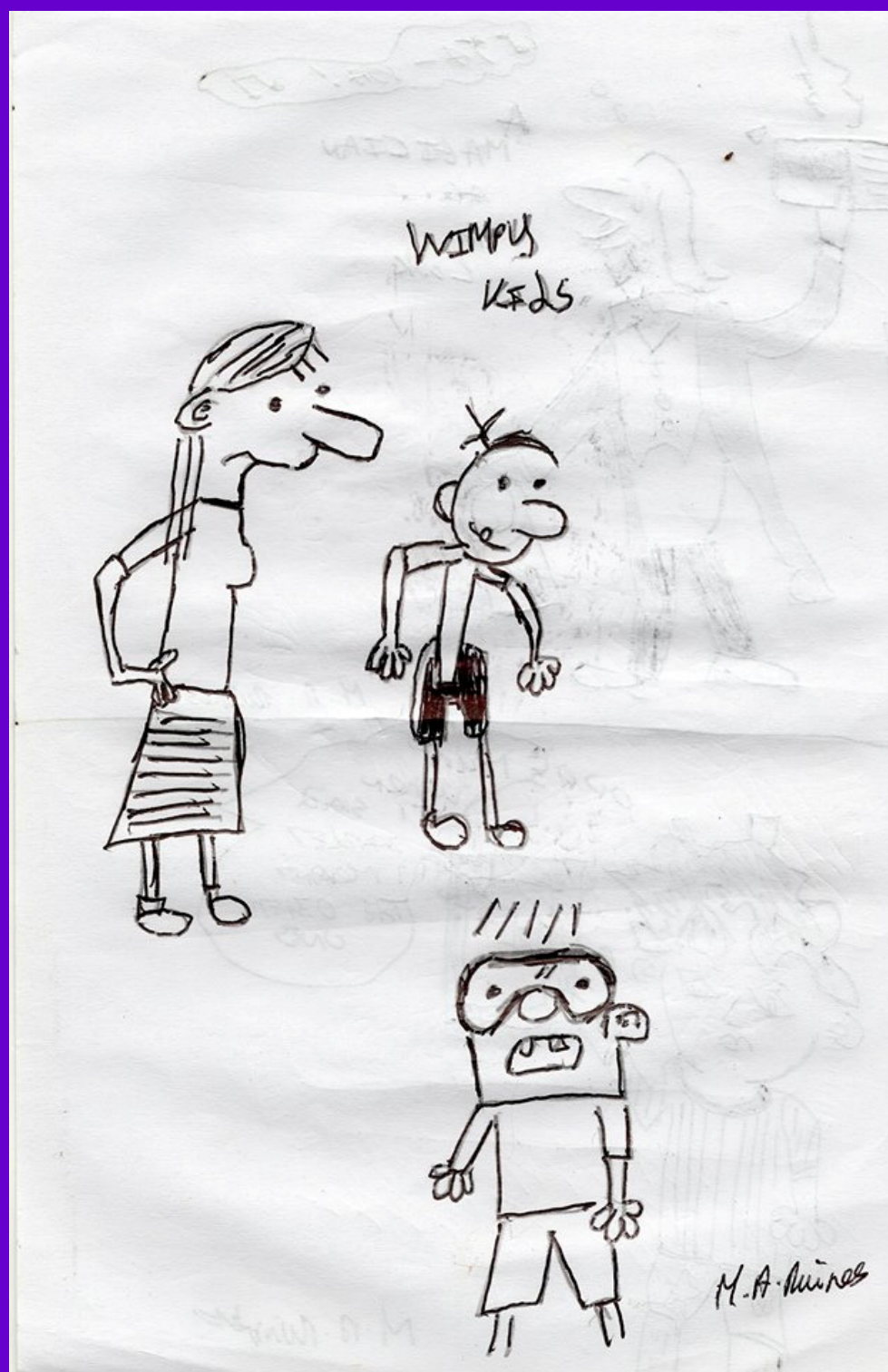


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THE WORLD OF GONZO ACCORDING TO

Mark Raines



So here we are at the end of another week. I have one of those irritating head colds that simmer away just below the surface but never seem to actually develop into anything. Corinna had something similar the other week, so it's not just me. And I tell you what; I think I would prefer one of the wham bam thank you ma'am ones which come into one's immune system, cause havoc for a few days, then bugger off leaving one a nervous wreck. But, of course, what I would rather have is no cold at all.

Rhinos I love. Rhinovirus I don't.

I was trying to channel my inner William Burroughs this morning and attempted to write a "Junkie"-like piece about Lemsip, but it came out too contrived even for me, and—worst of all—it wasn't even the slightest bit funny so I didn't bother to finish it, and instead slipped into a slough of self pity.

The biggest news from us this week is that Episode Two of our relaunched On The Track WebTV series has now been published/broadcast or whatever you call it when you upload a finished *.wmv file to YouTube. You can watch it here:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=hp3yg5XmN6w&t=139s>

I decided that, in a vain attempt to try to appeal to the Patreon generation, but mostly because I enjoy the technical challenge, the production values are higher than they used to be and the show features



more different segments, and although it will remain as silly, and hopefully as entertaining as ever, we are upping the content level of both Hard Science and High Strangeness.

Despite feeling queasy, in the past few days I have also interviewed Judge Smith and Dana Gillespie (two separate interviews I should add), sorted out the typography of a book on Frank Zappa, and watched Ken Russell's *Mahler* with Mama-in-law who went to bed about half-way through with a disapproving look on her face. And now it is the weekend and I can sing, sleep and explore the disciplines of psychonautics to my heart's desire.

Peace... j



THE BEST LAID PLANS

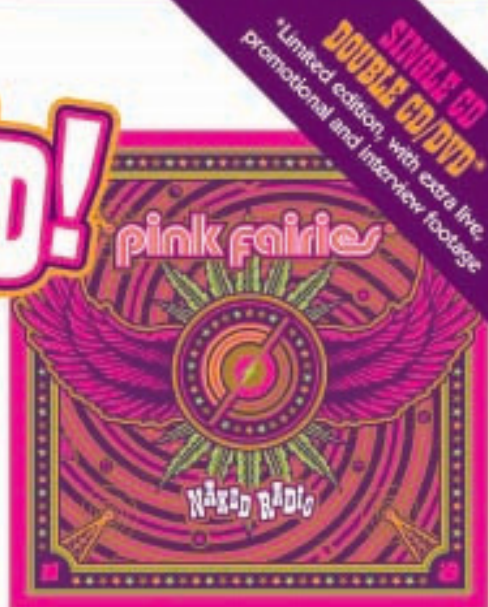
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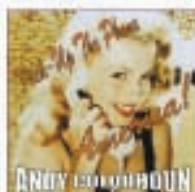
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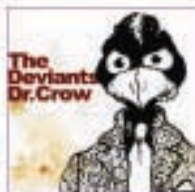
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