Alan discusses the events surrounding this summer’s Solstice Celebrations at Stonehenge, Doug presents the first of two looks at the delectable Annabella Lwin and Bow wow wow, Jon looks at where this magazine stands vis-a-vis the music press as a whole, we celebrate a partial victory for the tree protestors over Sheffield City Council, John goes to Yorkshire for the Shangri-La of speakers, Jeremy critiques the new book on the Flamin’ Groovies, together with fantastic pix from George Alexander’s collection, and Graham brings us up to date with Hawkwind news.

Oh How they Danced, the Little People of the Stones

#293

OR DID THEY?
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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.

So, the solstice has come and gone, and the slow, inexorable journey to midwinter has started. It seems particularly peculiar to be talking about the advent of midwinter when the sun is still high in the sky, and we are in the midst of a heatwave, a word which whenever I use it, inevitably reminds me of Martha Reeves and the Vandellas.

A couple of issues ago, I commented on a new sociological survey, that claims that people stop discovering new music after the age of thirty. As I said then, this is quite simply not true in my case, because although I will admit that I don’t assimilate as much brand new music now as I did when I was younger, well into this century I was discovering music that if it wasn’t new to the world, was certainly new to me. Such perennial favourites on the Jon Downes playlist such as Belle and Sebastian, The Polyphonic Spree, and Calexico, first entered my musical gun sights between 2001 and 2006, when I was in the second half of my forties. And even now, just over a year shy of sixty, I still discover new records each year, although I will admit that nowadays they are likely, but not always, records by artists who are at least already partly familiar to me.
“...the editorial team that puts out this magazine each week, are also in the habit of discovering new music “

So, does this make me unusual?

Yes, probably. But far from unique.

I am perfectly well aware that other members of the editorial team that puts out this magazine each week, are also in the habit of discovering new music: I got Doug into Paula Frazer, and John B-G got me into records by Carey Grace, and Ryley Walker, for example, whereas Alan Dearling is always introducing us to music that we would otherwise never have heard.

However, this could point towards the hypothesis that members of the editorial team behind this singular publication are non-standard people. Well, duh! I wouldn’t have it any other way! This is why, I think, that this magazine is such a success. There are other magazines which come out each month, such as Mojo, which pitch their tent almost entirely within the retro market. Several issues a year will feature either The Beatles or The Rolling Stones on the cover, and other ‘heritage acts’ make up the majority of the rest of the content of the magazine.

When they do feature contemporary artists that are unfamiliar to the vast majority of the readership, I strongly suspect that the vast majority of said readership skip those particular articles. I know I tend to. But I buy Mojo each month, almost entirely because I want to read about the minutiae of the careers of the bands with whom I grew up. Or, at least, the ones who provided the soundtrack to my twenties and thirties.
That is *Mojo’s* ‘job’ and it is a ‘job’ that *Mojo* carries out excellently. I can very seldom fault it.

I would like to think that this magazine, which I have the honour to edit each week, has a different ‘job’: whereas we do cover heritage acts, and – being bankrolled by Gonzo Multimedia – we perforce cover a number of large number of the acts which are signed to this, the most eccentric of record labels. But we also cover social, political and green issues, which the team putting the magazine together deem to be important. This magazine exists in the liminal zone, where art, music, radical politics, literature, and environmentalism all tend to overlap.

Probably the best recent example of this was when we featured the legendary Steve Andrews as our cover star. A bald hippy geezer with a big, bushy beard dyed green, fitted aesthetically into our ethos without a problem. But it was actually not his music (mostly, at least) that we featured. It was the stand that he had taken against the controversial decision by Sheffield City Council to cut down a large number of perfectly healthy trees in what seems, to many people, to be a decision purely motivated by financial concerns.

This has been something that caused outrage upon the counter-cultural community, but slowly, the wider community of the public at large got involved. There have been questions in parliament, and an amazing cultural cross-section of people have become involved with the protest movement, with the police acting in what appears to be an incredibly heavy handed manner. One woman was arrested earlier this year for what seems to have been the heinous crime of blowing a plastic toy trumpet at police officers.

Now the Forestry Commission have got
in on the act, and I am glad to say that this bastion of (small c) conservatism has come out – apparently at least – on the side of the protestors.

“The Forestry Commission has confirmed it is investigating the entire programme of tree-felling work being undertaken by Sheffield City Council as part of its £2.2bn highways maintenance contract with Amey, which is known as the Streets Ahead project. The Government’s newly appointed “tree champion” Sir William Worsley, who has been appointed in part to prevent the unnecessary felling of street trees, told The Yorkshire Post today he will “consider the findings of the investigation carefully” once it is completed.”

And so we are in the peculiar, but oddly gratifying, position that this magazine, a bloke with a green beard, several MPs, and now even the Forestry Commission (not to forget, several of the - usually – more reactive newspapers) are all on the same side. Long may this last.

I think that the most interesting aspect of this is the way that it chose how – in our increasingly beleaguered society – what used to be considered the ‘counter-culture’ is now spread across many different echelons of the people that live in Great Britain. And as the people who have been placed in power over us, both in the UK and the USA, behave in an increasingly peculiar and out-to-lunch fashion, this new radicalism is spreading like a proverbial wildfire. And I, for one, want to see where this interesting path of events is going to lead.

For as long as we are able, we shall carry on as rock and roll flâneurs, commenting upon it all as best we can.

Watch this space.

Hare bol,
Jon Downes


IT’S A LEGAL MATTER BABY

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

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

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

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

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

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

http://www.bbc.co.uk/news/technology-26187730
THE GONZO WEEKLY
all the gonzo news that’s fit to print
ISSN 2516-1946

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 McMan
(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
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Myrtle Cottage,
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Bideford, North Devon
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eMail jon@eclipse.co.uk
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.

It is simple; my name is Jon and I'm the editor of the Gonzo Multimedia daily online bloggything, and wot 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.
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

Rockin’ the City of Angels features the work of some of the rock era’s greatest photographers, including Richard E. Aaron, Jorgen Angel, Fin Costello, Ian Dickson, Armando Gallo, Stacey Katsis, Terry O’Neill, Neal Preston, Michael Putland, Jim Summara, Lisa Tanner, Brian Weiner, Neil Zlozower and more!
AND IT IS AT #23: A new Beatles museum packed with memorabilia is opening in a former Victorian warehouse in Liverpool this summer.

Created by Roag Best, brother of ‘fifth Beatle’ Pete, it will tell the story of band's history through 300 items from his personal collection.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Is this the same building which housed Peter Osborne-Ho’ Halligan’s Liverpool School of Language, Music, Dream and Pun? If so the ritual last November really is leading to a renaissance]

Magical History Museum will take up five floors of the building - at number 23 Mathew Street, next to the Grapes pub - which has been completely gutted and refurbished.

Roag said: "It’s going to blow people’s minds.

https://www.liverpoolecho.co.uk/whats-on/whats-on-news/liverpool-getting-new-five-floor-14841674

GORILLAZ IN THE MIST: Gorillaz are this week's UK Represent artist on Julie Adenuga’s Beats 1 show on Apple Music. Damon Albarn from the band spoke to Julie on yesterday’s show about the band’s new album, ‘The Now Now’, which is released today.

"Does anyone even recognise them as albums anymore? Or am I just completely out of date, out of sync, out of place; just out basically… I just wanted to have some
"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
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…

“Don’t let your fears stand in your way of accomplishing your goals. If you set out to do something, do it completely. Inevitably, things will go wrong at some point, but you’ll have something to glean from the experience.”

Hunter S. Thompson

THAT’S WHAT THEY WANT TO GIVE ME: Music therapy charity Nordoff Robbins has announced the winners of the prestigious O2 Silver Clef Awards 2018. Legends of the music industry such as Roger Waters, Ellie Goulding, George Ezra, Michael Ball & Alfie Boe, Sterophonics, Rudimental, Jorja Smith are amongst the winners of the 43rd O2 Silver Clef Awards.

Presenter Edith Bowman, will host the star-studded event on Friday 6th July at the Grosvenor House Hotel in London, whilst coverage from the red-carpet will be presented by Nordoff Robbins supporter, Peter Andre.

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

-Chris Packham

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

I'M ON BOARD!
I stand with the volunteers on the Greenpeace ship Esperanza to speak for the Arctic.

MICHAEL DES BARRES on LITTLE STEVEN'S UNDERGROUND GARAGE MAXIMUM ROCK AND ROLL
MORNINGS 8AM - 11AM ET CH21 SIRIUS 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
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.

Is this the world’s biggest cornflake? https://metro.co.uk/2018/05/29/is-this-the-worlds-biggest-cornflake-7588967/?ito=cbshare
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 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!
ME TRYING TO FIND GIRLS IN A PROG CONCERT
24-06-2018 – SHOW 264 – Burning Britain

Hardrock Gunther: I’ve Done Gone Hog Wild
Throbbing Gristle: Hamburger Lady
Mya PB: Crystal Eyes
Xinct: Blame it on the Youth
Vice Squad: Last Rockers
The Alexander Rabbit: Malaguena
Jonathan Richman: Affection
Jimi Hendrix/Steve Stills: Woodstock
Grant Lee Buffalo: Arousing Thunder
The Jesus Abyss: The End Effector
Edwin Starr: Abyssinia Jones
Abrasive Wheels: Urban Rebel
Newtown Neurotics: Mindless Violence
The Handless Organist: The Lord is my Shepherd
Shocking Blue: Hot Sand
Big Youth: Be Careful
Nirvana UK: Black Flower
Lords of Black: Icons of the new Days
Yes: Close to the Edge
Helen Merrill with the Pierre Umiliani Trio: These Foolish Things
Poison Girls: Pretty Polly
Dead Man: Toleration Street
Dosti Music Project: Lullabye/Leeper/Suficore

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

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

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

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

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

MDestiny  
https://www.facebook.com/MarquissMusic/  
Kinetic Element / Prog Rock Band  
https://www.facebook.com/kineticelementband/  
Michael Bernier  
https://www.facebook.com/michaelbernierchapmanstickist/  
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Ony  
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Unified Past  
https://www.facebook.com/TheUnified1/
We at Gonzo Web Radio are very proud to bring you Canterbury Sans Frontières - a podcast dedicated to the music of the 'Canterbury Scene' and more. Creator Matthew Watkins writes:

As with Canterbury Soundwaves, a new three-hour episode will be released with each full moon. I decided to wind down Canterbury Soundwaves so that I didn't end up

(i) repeating myself,
(ii) scraping the bottom of the Canterbury barrel, or
(iii) becoming increasingly tangential.

This new podcast broadens the musical remit, so it'll be about one-third 'Canterbury sound', together with progressive/psychedelic/experimental music from the Canterbury of today, the remainder being a mix of music from various times and places which I feel to be in a similar spirit of creative adventurousness. I'll be doing a lot less talking, and the programme will be less expository – so no interviews, barely listenable bootlegs, etc. I also plan to include guest one-hour mixes from various musicians from the current music scene in Canterbury (Episode 2 features a mix from Neil Sullivan from Lapis Lazuli).

And for those of you who wonder what Matthew was referring to when he writes about Canterbury Soundwaves we have brought you all the back catalogue of that as well. Those wacky guys at Gonzo, eh?

THIS EPISODE FEATURES:
Something almost fifty years old from Caravan, something very Caravanesque from Elvin Jones, an ancient song idea revived by a later-era Gong, Soft Machine struggling with a festival power supply in 1969, a slice of gorgeousness from Robert Wyatt's last album, National Health with Alan Gowen live in Holland in '79 and Kevin Ayers reading the news. Also, an Eno gem, brassy minimalism from Ellen Arkbro, an Ethio-jazz instrumental and something profoundly heavy from NYC's Ex-Eye. From the Canterbury of today, a rather abstract Lapis Lazuli remix, oblique beats from Humble Pious and the latest release from Boot Lagoon bassist Cam Dawson's Vels Trio project. The middle hour of this episode features a guest mix from freeform WFMU DJ Tony Coulter, a collection of Canterbury-sounding Belgian prog and fusion from the 1970s.
AND LOOK WHAT MACK HAS FOR YOU THIS WEEK

TAKING THE MYSTERY OUT OF ENIGMA
Mack, Juan-Juan and Switchblade Steve discuss one of the most baffling military X-Files of World War Two: the Nazi's "unbreakable" Enigma coding machine. Also, the horrors of insurance companies, plus "Ten Questions for Juan-Juan," featuring Emily M.

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=UJ00-j0un6E
Abbot, also known as Vinnie Paul, was an American musician, songwriter and producer, best known for being the former drummer, and co-founder, of the heavy metal band Pantera. He was also a member of Hellyeah, and also co-founded the heavy metal band Damageplan in 2003 with his younger brother, Dimebag Darrell.

He formed Pantera in 1981 with his brother Dimebag Darrell (then known as Diamond Darrell) and Terry Glaze on guitars, bassist Tommy D. Bradford, and vocalist Donnie Hart. Upon Hart's departure, Glaze assumed vocal duties.

After the breakup of Pantera, the Abbott brothers formed the heavy metal band Damageplan with former tattoo artist Bob Zilla on bass and former Halford guitarist Pat Lachman on lead vocals.

On December 8, 2004, while on tour to support Damageplan's album, Dimebag Darrell was shot dead onstage by Nathan Gale at the Alrosa Villa in Columbus, Ohio, and the band disbanded shortly thereafter.

Abbot formed Big Vin Records in February 2006 and released Rebel Meets Rebel and a DVD, Dimevision, Volume 1.

In November 2008, he handpicked several of his most memorable drum parts to demonstrate in a promotional video for the drum company ddrum: "Use My Third Arm", "Primal Concrete Sledge", "13 Steps to Nowhere", "Domination", and "Becoming".

He died of a heart attack on June 22nd, at the age of 54.

Fedor Frešo
(1947 – 2018)

Freso was a Slovak rock and jazz singer, who played on bass guitar as well. He studied at the conservatory in double bass, and bass guitar became his main subject.

After finishing his studies Fedor Frešo became producer and music director at the radio. He studied to play bass and as a member of several clubs, and up to 1989, he worked for Slovenský rozhlas.

He died of heart failure on 26th June, at the age of 71.

Vincent Paul Abbott
(1964 – 2018)

Bianco was an American Grammy Award-winning music producer who worked with such artists as Tom Petty, Bob Dylan, Lucinda Williams, Fleetwood Mac, Ozzy Osbourne, AC/DC, Primal Scream, and Mick Jagger, among others. He won a Grammy Award for best engineered album (non-classical), Wildflowers by Tom Petty.
which rendered him uniquely suited to, and successful within, modern personality-driven music radio.

Ingram was well known for playing doctored versions of popular songs. The Paul McCartney & Wings song *My Love Does it Good* became “My Glove Does it Good”. The stuttering title refrain of *Bennie and the Jets* went from three or four repetitions to countless.

He died on 24th June, from complications of dementia, at the age of 83.

George Cameron  
(*? – 2018*)

Cameron was an original member, and drummer, of baroque pop group, The Left Banke, whose 1966 first single, “Walk Away Renée,” became a huge hit.

Decades after the group disbanded, a version of the group led by Cameron and including various original members has toured since 2011.

He died on 24th June, aged 70, from cancer.

**Daniel Trombley Ingram  
(1934 –2018)**

Ingram was an American Top 40 radio disc jockey with a fifty-year career on radio stations such as WABC and WCBS-FM in New York City. Known as "Big Dan", he started broadcasting at WHICH Hofstra College, Hempstead, New York; WNRC, New Rochelle, New York; and WALK-FM, Patchogue, New York.

Ingram was one of the most highly regarded DJs from his era, and was noted for his quick wit and ability to convey a humorous or satiric idea with quick pacing and an economy of words, a skill

**THOSE WE HAVE LOST**

He died of a stroke on 20th June, at the age of 63/64.
Leslie Michael Grantham  
(1947 – 2018)

Grantham was an English actor, best known for his role as "Dirty" Den Watts in the BBC soap opera EastEnders.

Grantham trained at the Webber Douglas Academy of Dramatic Art. In 1982 Grantham made his television debut as Boollie in a BBC2 Playhouse edition called Jake's End. The following year he appeared as Frank on an episode of the short lived sitcom Goodnight and God Bless. Grantham was then cast by Matthew Robinson as Kiston, the henchman of Davros, in a 1984 Doctor Who serial, "Resurrection of the Daleks". He also played a signals sergeant in episode 12 of the mini TV series The Jewel in the Crown and wrote a play entitled A Reason To Live.

In 1984, Grantham auditioned with the BBC for the role of market trader Pete Beale in EastEnders, but he was offered the part of Den Watts.

On 25 December 1986, Grantham's character served his on-screen wife with divorce papers, with the famous line

Grantham on 15th June, aged 71.

Joseph Walter Jackson  
(1928 – 2018)

Jackson was an American talent manager and patriarch of the Jackson family of entertainers which included his children Michael Jackson and Janet Jackson.

Geoffrey Oryema  
(1953 – 2018)

Oryema was a Ugandan musician. In 1977 after the murder of his father, Erinayo Wilson Oryema, who was a cabinet minister in the government of Idi Amin, he began his life in exile. At the age of 24, and at the height of Amin's power, Oryema was smuggled out of the country in the trunk of a car.

He sang in the languages of his youth, Swahili and Acholi, as well as in English and French.

Oryema earned his international reputation on the release of his second album, Beat the Border. He had collaborated with Peter Gabriel and others, and was backed by French musicians including Jean-Pierre Alarcen (guitar) and Patrick Buchmann (drums, percussion, backing vocals), touring with WOMAD. In 1994 the band performed at Woodstock 94 celebrating the 25th anniversary of the legendary festival.

Gabriel's record label, Real World, helped with the first three of Oryema's albums, before his move to Sony International, a label established in France, where Oryema had lived since his exile.

He died on 22nd June, aged 65.
During the early 1950s, Jackson briefly performed with his own blues band The Falcons, playing guitar, but despite their efforts, The Falcons did not get a recording deal and subsequently broke up after one of their members, Thornton "Pookie" Hudson, founded his own band in 1952. That band would go on to become a successful doo-wop group named The Spaniels.

Jackson began working with his sons' musical group in the early 1960s, first working with his three eldest sons, Jackie, Tito and Jermaine; younger sons Marlon and Michael eventually joined the backing band. At first, the group went under The Jackson Brothers and Joseph began enforcing long and intense rehearsals for his sons. Following the inclusions of Marlon and Michael in the group and Michael's increased vocal presence within the group, their name was changed to The Jackson 5.

At first, the group went under The Jackson Brothers and Joseph began enforcing long and intense rehearsals for his sons. Following the inclusions of Marlon and Michael in the group and Michael's increased vocal presence within the group, their name was changed to The Jackson 5.

Jackson died on 27th June, from pancreatic cancer, at the age of 89.

Soto was an American musician; a multi-talented instrumentalist, performing regularly on guitar and bass guitar, as well as adding vocal harmonies on many musical acts such as Jack Grisham's group the Manic Low as well as Guitar and Backing Vocals on CJ Ramone's Album American Beauty as well as touring and performing on guitar. He was once part of California punk rock band Agent Orange, and started The Adolescents in 1980, performing on bass guitar in both bands, respectfully.

When The Adolescents broke up in 1981, Soto, together with Frank Agnew, joined the Los Angeles-based band Legal Weapon, performing on bass guitar from 1981-1982. Soto also fronted the band Steve Soto and the Twisted Hearts with James Achor, Mike Duffy, Veikko Lepisto, and Mike Bolger, and performed solo as a singer/songwriter.

He died on 27th June, at the age of 54.
My Music
Eliza Carthy

Label: Gonzo
Release Date: 1st June 2018
Catalogue Number: HST140DVD

This documentary series explores the musical influences of four of the most successful artists in contemporary English folk music. This film focuses on Eliza Carthy, a singer-songwriter who is bringing traditional music to a new audience. She is the daughter of legendary folk musicians Martin Carthy and Norma Waterson. Her father was awarded an MBE for services to folk music in 1998, which actually seems quite a niggardly gesture when one considers how important a figure he actually is. He was inspirational to such musicians as Bob Dylan and Paul Simon, and to later musicians such as Fairport Convention, Steeleye Span and the Albion Country Band (the last two bands that included him as a member for a time).

Her mother is also deserving of that much overused expression ‘Living Legend.’ She was a founder member of The Watersons, one of Britain’s premier traditional folk-singing outfits, together with her brother Mike and her sister Lal. She has been singing ever since and whilst I prefer to eschew Americanisms when discussing something so quintessentially British, if there was a “First Lady” of British Folk music, she would undoubtedly be it.

Unsurprisingly Eliza (who was born in 1975) spent her younger years playing music and recording with various members of her über-talented family. As she got older she began instigating more and more projects herself, and over the years has become one of the most important British
Born into a musical family in Sheffield in 1973, after becoming proficient on a number of instruments including the guitar, the fiddle and the piano, as well as honing her natural talent as a singer, she played in many local folk festivals as a child and teenager before joining (and becoming the lead vocalist of) the all-female Celtic folk band The Poozies. They recorded one EP and an album together before Kate left to concentrate on her burgeoning solo career.

Together with fellow Barnsley songstrel Kathryn Roberts she released an album called simply Kate Rusby and Kathryn Roberts, which two years later, was followed by her debut solo album Hourglass. Over the next fifteen years Kate became a British folk institution. Perhaps the most telling tribute to her was in 2012 when Island Records reinstated their legendary pink label, home of such musical luminaries as Fairport Convention, Dr Strangely Strange and Nick Drake, for Kate’s album 20. It was a telling moment, because Kate has become as important to the current era of this music, which is larger and more important than just folk music, but which despite its commercial and cultural success retains the humility and humanity of ‘the people’s music’, as the aforementioned acts were in previous eras.

Kate remembers listening to the music on the Pink Island label when she was growing up. Somewhere there is a young girl who is humming Kate Rusby songs as she plays with her skipping rope, unaware that in a few short decades, she too, will take the world by storm.
This 2007 release is a stunning set of interpretations of devotional Christian music.

Rick Wakeman's interest in music began at an early age and it was originally thought that a career as a classical pianist lay in store for Rick and a spell at the Royal College Of Music would seem to support this theory. Unfortunately Rick preferred playing in bands and appearing on the lucrative session circuit than studying as a classical pianist and decided to leave the Royal College of Music or was perhaps gently pushed in that direction depending on whose story you believe. Whatever the facts one thing is certain Rick Wakeman was in heavy demand playing sessions for some of the biggest names in pop music at this time (Late sixties/early seventies) and as such played on many hit singles including records by Brotherhood Of Man, Cat Stevens, T.Rex and also played on the David Bowie single Space Oddity.

Around this time Rick also decided to join the British folk rock band the Strawbs and it was with this band that Rick first caught the attention of the band with whom he is most closely associated...Yes.

Paice, Ashton & Lord was a short-lived British rock band featuring Deep Purple band members Ian Paice and Jon Lord with singer Tony Ashton. The band was formed in 1976, released its only album in 1977 and broke up in 1978. The band recorded their debut album Malice in Wonderland at Musicland Studios in Munich in September and October 1976. The record was released in February 1977. The music included elements of rhythm and blues, funk and soul, with several tracks featuring a brass section and backing vocals from Sheila and Jeanette McKinley. Despite some critical appreciation, the album was not a great commercial success. A second album was planned but was not released.

This live recording of a 1977 Paice Ashton Lord concert in London was first released in 2006 as a tribute to the late Tony Ashton. It was recorded live on 10 March 1977 at the Golders Green Hippodrome, London.
particularly notable for performing satirical songs that criticized current events during the time of the cold war, the civil rights movement, and the Vietnam War, in a less subtle way than the typical folk music and singer-songwriter musicians of their time.

Ronnie Langford Jr. writes on Allmusic: "The Mitchell Trio knew how to walk the line between political and good-time folk music, a necessary talent late in the '60s folk revival. With three good singers -- Chad Mitchell, Mike Kobluk, and Joe Frazier -- the trio could sing it pretty, but they also added political material that was occasionally controversial.

On Slightly Irreverent the trio offers a rousing ode to European imperialism to the tune of "Wimoweh" called "An African Song," and don't blink an eye when covering Phil Ochs' "The Draft Dodger Rag." There's also good solo vocal work by Frazier on Weill/Brecht's "The Alabama Song" and Kobluk on "When I Was a Young Man."

The Chad Mitchell Trio – later known as The Mitchell Trio – were a North American vocal group who became known during the 1960s. They performed traditional folk songs and some of their own compositions. They were
Now, I don't know whether this is a good idea, a bad idea, or just an idea, but - as I believe you know - this magazine is put out each week on a budget of £25, and is free. It will remain free, but I would like to be able to generate some income so I can pay our contributing writers. So, 'why not flog Gonzo Weekly T Shirts?' I thought. 'Why not', I answered...

http://www.zazzle.co.uk/gonzoweekly
“Naked Radio”

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

The Pink Fairies official website: www.pinkfairies.net
Cop a sneak preview here:

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Forthcoming releases from Rick Wakeman & Friends

Rick Wakeman & Brian May
live from STARMUS 2015

STARMUS is a festival of music and astronomy on the beautiful island of Tenerife. It is the brainchild of 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
I have to admit something here – I had a massive crush on Bow Wow Wow’s lead singer, Annabella Lwin, in 1982. And, I was not alone in this*. Way back then when this band came to my attention, I learned of the very young Anglo-Burmese singer and her surf-punk-meets Burundi-beat band. I thought it was her band and I thought she was intoxicating. As I discovered our age difference – she was a youthful teenager and me in my 20’s, my short lived crush turned into a life long appreciation of this unique artist, a fondness for her, the best female 80’s performer I’ve ever seen. Period.

If you were alive in the day, and of age, you would recall the biggest hit this band had, a cover of the song “I Want Candy,” with it’s accompanying video showing Annabella and band Mathew Ashman (guitars), Leigh Gorman (bass), and David Barbarossa (Barbe) (drums) on the beach dancing, playing and mugging for the cameras. There was a feckless joy about this ragtag group, and some seriously bad-ass musicianship and singing. Ashman was a powerhouse on guitars – one of the best users of the tremolo arm, the Chuck Berry pluck, the Dick Dale surfer slide – his work graced every one of the band’s songs, impossible to ignore. The rhythm section, featuring Gorman on bass was unbelievably adept at using bass for melody, but also for percussion and aggressive energy in support of his drummer. The drummer Dave “Barbe” is simply unmatched in the rock world. He has an uncanny ability to calmly lay down a jungle beat, even on a small kit, one that kept perfect time, but also swung a bit, one that drilled it’s way into your hips and kept you moving.

All this stellar musicianship, the swing, the tribal beats, kept Annabella moving, as she became the

* In the interests of what our transatlantic chums call “full disclosure” I think I should admit at this point that so did I. In 1981, when I got my first flat, the walls were plastered with posters of her.
hands-down best dancer in the business, one possessing the sweetest voice, an instrument that could go hard and high if she wanted, but was best in her light and airy range. Just another moment on Annabella’s dancing and it’s supremacy – she could swivel her hips, pogo up into the air, and most importantly, she perfected a sort of tribal dance, or native dance that was almost like watching an American Indian woman around our collective fire. I believe it was simply her own invention, and it was how she moved, but it was spectacular to have such a dancer front the type of music Bow Wow played, a music that could whip a crowd into a frenzy of raw, “off the rails” celebration.

My own appreciation aside, Bow Wow Wow did not achieve the level of widespread success I would have expected in their short time together, though before the plug was pulled by the boys in the band, they were building an impressive following, and the music was quickly maturing after cutting ties with manager Malcolm McLaren. The story has been told many times but let’s recap—Malcolm McLaren is either a genius or a louse depending on your perspective. While running a sex shop filled
with fetish clothing, Malcolm became a society guy and tastemaker. His level of involvement in each band differed but he is credited with being an influencer, supporter or manager of Adam and the Ants, Bow Wow Wow, and the Sex Pistols to name a few. Malcolm was told that a 13 year old girl, singing her heart out in a local dry cleaners, was worth meeting, so he did, and he ended up recruiting her to front his 3 piece band of guys who he had influenced to separate from Adam Ant prior to his own breakthrough recording, Kings of the Wild Frontier.

Annabella joined the band and became the lead singer of Bow Wow Wow. Malcolm stirred the pot, and after many singles and an initial album, the exhaustingly titled, See Jungle, See Jungle, Go Join Your Gang Yeah, City All Over Boy Crazy, the band left his management, released a second, superior album When the Going Gets Tough... The Tough Get Going, after which they gigged, mugged for the television cameras, and then disbanded.

When the Going... was a revelation. Having established their sound, one that was alternately raw (“Chihuawa”) and refined, (“Fools Rush In”) during the first year or so, and releasing many singles and a debut album, the band did something amazing. They sat down, wrote, and recorded what for this patron is one of the greatest albums of all time. Cracking opener Aphrodiasic” mines the same turf as the prior year’s somewhat naughty and breathless “Sex Amore,” but now it seems Annabella’s in charge of the narrative, “Take an Aphrodiasic, don’t do nothing just relax have a heart heart heart heart attack, take an aphro-disiac.” A trifle yes, but listen to Annabella with Dave, Matt, Leigh make it something so much more.

Early in the album, the song that should have been promoted better and a hit, ‘Do You Wanna Hold Me?’ (answer is of course ‘yes’ said thousands of fans) is one of their best pop bits. But the example of things to come, or that should have come, are “Man Mountain” and “Love Me.” This pair of slower songs showed the band could calm down, could actually nail a ballad, and could stir the soul after a few dances and a break. “Man Mountain” itself, is one of those that Annabella worked out with Ashman, and the lyrics are a personal favorite:

He's my man, he's my man mountain, he's my lover and dear oh to me

http://diegospadeproductions.com/
He's my man, he's my man mountain, Lord, delivers his soul onto me, Lord 
Delivers his soul onto me, Lord, delivers his soul onto me 
He don't breathe, he don't sleep, he don't even wash his feet 
He don't breathe, he don't sleep, he don't even wash his feet 
He's my man, he's my man mountain, he's my lover and dear oh to me 
Oh I love him, my man mountain, Lord, delivers his soul onto me, Lord 
Delivers his soul onto me, Lord, delivers his soul onto me 
He don't lie, and I don't know why 
He told me he loved me and that made me cry 
He don't lie, and I don't know why 
He told me he loved me and that made me cry 
He's my man, he's my man mountain, he's my lover and dear oh to me 
Oh I love him, my man mountain, Lord, delivers his soul onto me, Lord 
Delivers his soul onto me, Lord, delivers his soul onto me 

Delivers his soul onto me, Lord, delivers his soul onto me 
Delivers his soul onto me, Lord, delivers his soul onto me 

Note the uses of repetition, as parts of Annabella’s soft lead vocals are almost breathy chants, gently plaintive pearls of love – it’s a beautiful bit of writing and performance.

Leigh makes perfect use of a fretless bass here, while Ashman pulls at the acoustic guitar strings beautifully. “Love Me” follows and somehow matches the last though it’s one that challenges Annabella’s upper range, and is adorned by echo-washed lead guitar that would show anyone in one track why Ashman is missed. Dave Barbe just inhabits these pieces – he is as talented on soft numbers as he is on louder more aggressive tracks. This exploration of the more feminine side of the band makes clear where Bow Wow Wow could have travelled, and how they could have snared a much larger audience.

Alas, that was not to be. The boys in the band were restless, and thought they could be a there piece band, without the pesky Lwin on the payroll. It was

http://diegospadeproductions.com/
a disastrous choice, as they went on to obscurity with a band called Chiefs of Relief. Bow Wow Wow reunited many times with various members coming and going, and guitarist Ashman sadly died before the nineties came to a close.

A drummers break: Just to ensure respect for the incredible sound Barbe captured on drums, here is a bit on Burundi: The story of "Burundi Black" and the origin of the "Burundi Beat" and the associated controversy is told in the following excerpt from a 1981 New York Times article by Robert Palmer:

The original source of this tribal rhythm is a recording of 25 drummers, made in a village in the east African nation of Burundi by a team of French anthropologists. The recording was included in an album, Musique du Burundi, issued by the French Ocora label in 1968. It is impressively kinetic, but the rhythm patterns are not as complex as most African drumming; they are a relatively easy mark for pop pirates in search of plunder. During the early 1970s, a British pop musician named Mike Steiphenson grafted an arrangement for guitars and keyboards onto the original recording from Burundi, and the result was Burundi Black, an album that sold more than 125,000 copies and made the British best-seller charts... Adam and the Ants, Bow Wow Wow, and several other bands have notched up an impressive string of British hits using the Burundi beat as a rhythmic foundation.

Lest anyone come to the conclusion that the band were "pop pirates" of any sort, all music has references and this is just one that Barbe used to incredible, exhausting effect on Bow Wow Wow records – his influences were diverse, and he molded them into something all his own, playing it all while occasionally, calmly chewing gum. There never has been and never will be again a drummer like Dave Barbe in my estimation.

I talked to Annabella Lwin and Dave Barbe about their short-lived band, the legacy and their thoughts now, so many years after the event. In the day they were confident, full of "piss and vinegar" as we say, ready to take on the world. Today they are, and probably were before, gentle, kind, humble people who are seemingly thankful for being remembered so fondly. I asked them both similar questions in preparation for their next book Dancin' In Fog City (1977-1989) in which Bow Wow Wow will feature, particularly their 1983 coda, “When The Going Gets Tough…”

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK...
from George Alexander, master bassist and coolest man in rock until sacked from the band in 2017 after 50 years. Yet George is not bitter about this, being almost apologetic towards Cyril Jordan even though Cyril didn’t seem to have the decency to ring George up to tell him he’d been sacked. In fact, George’s goodness shines through in the book which is a mixture of his memories of playing and recording with the Flamin’ Groovies, his life since with Sharon and his personal philosophy and spiritualism.

And that’s where the book ends up being a bit disappointing for those who would like a warts and all exposure of life on the road with tales of sex, drugs and rock’n’roll. George gave up this
lifestyle 30 years ago when he met his current wife, Sharon in 1988. He seems to have led a charmed life since then working as a school bus driver and then for the US Postal Service for 25 years, eating healthily and organically and studying Tai Chi. George even writes about how his commute to work led to him studying philosophy, psychology, religion and history and how now he believes the populace has been “intentionally dumbed down over the last 50 years”. He may well have a point there, particularly in America!!
The reformation of the Flamin’ Groovies in 2013 is dealt with in more detail than the earlier years and I was particularly amused by his description of how touring when you are older was “quite a drag” with one of the problems being “getting enough sleep.” The Groovies seemed to have managed it quite well with the tour manager and (younger) drummer dropping the older members of the band, Cyril, Chris and George, off at the hotel and then “unload, setup and test our equipment at the venue, sound check the PA system, then pick us up and bring us to the venue right before we were due to perform.” This could well be why when I saw the band in 2013 and 2016, they seemed under-rehearsed and Chris Wilson seemed rather the worse for wear, a point which George mentions at another gig.
Finally, a point has to be made about Amazon’s production of the book, which is a bit shit really.

No picture cover, (and no apostrophe in the title Grrrrr!!) average paper quality and the pictures inside are small and dark. Unless you really want another rock-book, as I did, it might be worth waiting for the Kindle version.

But all in all, it’s a great read, though a bit short at 130 pages and it left me with a smile on my face to see that one of my heroes from the seventies (I wasn’t old enough to know the band in their first iteration), has survived and had such a happy life. Good for you George and thanks for letting me use your photos.
The Pentacle drummers at Stonehenge:

https://www.facebook.com/george.davis.77/videos/2451494584867407/

Music on David Sanger’s wondrous Travelling stage:

https://www.facebook.com/aprilinbloom/videos/10212182014245513/

From Stonehenge to Avebury, Woodhenge to Castlerigg, Cholderton Woods (and more) – solstice parties, ceremonies and frolicking took place around the 20th-22nd June. So, in very-gonzo fashion, here are some snippets from old and new members of the travelling tribes, sent to me (Alan Dearling), by and through friends on Facebook, including the Wyrd Sisters on Sanger’s stage, and a host of others.
doubled this year - before the police intervened & closed the site to vehicles.

The Stonehenge festival campaign put a lot of time, money, and effort into ensuring a free festival site would be available for those who like their music amplified, and who wanted to party on down @ the time of solstice as near as possible to Stonehenge - it didn't go exactly to plan but that just added to the midsummer madness... oh wotta solstice !!

Due to the forces of awe & boredom, ie, Babylon, the tribes were split in two with another site @ Cholderton ... thankyou Jozi Norton for organizing the campaign raffle, and thank you everyone who contributed.

Sid Hope:
22 June

www.stonehengefestivalcampaign.co.uk

WOODHENGE & SUMMER SOLSTICE CELEBRATIONS 2018 !!!!

Many, many, thanks everyone who partied @ Woodhenge again this June ... the forces of awe & boredom were worried that the number attending the Woodhenge site this year would get out of hand - it certainly looked like the number of folk had already
financially by buying tickets. Pictures: supplied by Sid Hope.

Some pics on line posted by Ben Botting at:

https://www.facebook.com/ben.botting.31/videos/477162772736259/

Doghouse live at the party:

https://www.facebook.com/jasondoghouse/videos/19811608755547863/

Thoughts on Stonehenge and the Summer Solstice 2018: Has the Dominant Materialism Killed Some Magic in the World? From Andy Worthington, author, musician and activist:

So the sun shone this morning, and it looked like a lovely sunrise at Stonehenge on the summer solstice. According to the BBC, however, the number of attendees was just 9,500, considerably less than in some years since Managed Open Access to the great temple on Salisbury Plain was reintroduced in 2000, after 16 years in which access to Stonehenge on the summer solstice was prevented through the existence of a military-style exclusion zone.

In part, this was due to the solstice dawn taking place on a Thursday morning. Attendee numbers are highest when it falls on a weekend, but other factors may also have been involved. It now costs £15 to park a vehicle for the solstice — “£15 per car, live-in vehicle and non-commercial minibus (up to 19 seats)”, as English Heritage describe it — and security has been ramped up in the last two years, primarily, it seems, because of the government’s delight in keeping us in a perpetual state of fear — and racist fear, to boot — by pretending that every aspect of our lives is subject to a potential terrorist threat, even the summer solstice at Stonehenge.

“As with last year’s event”, the BBC explained, “Wiltshire Police confirmed it had stepped up security with armed police on patrol.” Yes, that’s right. Armed police at Stonehenge. What a horrible and unnecessary policy. Supt. Dave Minty, Wiltshire Police’s overnight commander, conceding that there had been no trouble at all, and that, “behaviour at the stones was ‘brilliant’, with no arrests made”, nevertheless said of the security situation, “People seem to have adapted really well to the heightened level of security and they’ve been really patient with it.”
Alan Dearling: Many festies are now gentrified in various ways - even against their will and wishes. Sad, but true. Likewise the complex 'free spaces' like Ruigoord, Uzupis and Christiania. Many old squats and intentional communities have become very middle-class now as the artists are forced to leave and are replaced by a more yuppified groups. Plus the need for income generation, rules, health and safety, security requirements. It is quite complicated. Some of the most radical festies world-wide are the psy-trance ones and EDM parties - and often very eco-conscious as well.

Andy Worthington: 21 June at 20:34

On the summer solstice, after what looked to be a radiant dawn at Stonehenge, I reflect on the meaning of the solstice, and of the counter-culture, paganism and dissent, triggered, as ever, by my memories of the anarchic Stonehenge Free Festival of my youth, its violent suppression at the Battle of the Beanfield, the bizarre and surreal 16 years in which a military exclusion zone was established at Stonehenge every summer solstice, and the access to the stones that has been provided since 2000.

I speculate on why it feels to me that something of the magic of life has been lost, and suggest that it is because of the dominance of materialism in the modern world, in which everything has been commodified, and we are now little more than passive consumers in a kind of fantasy world of empty spectacles, overlaid with a layer of fear that has been cynically and permanently maintained since 9/11.

The corporate dominance isn’t overt at Stonehenge, of course, but it is there (you can now buy summer solstice at Stonehenge hoodies in the gift shop instead of being truncheoned by police at the perimeter fence), and the solstice is in many ways now a commodity (paid for with a £15 parking charge). Oh, and the security state is there too, with armed police deployed to prevent
those phalanxes of suicide bombers who are, in the security services' frankly alarmist assessment, intent on staging a terrorist attack at England's most celebrated ancient pagan monument.

Helen Hatt wrote online to Andy Worthington: i felt it was flat and misunderstood this year.....it was hard to connect and cohere our disparate gathering of hungry souls this year....and when we were closing the sacred circle with horn blowers a security guard talked right over the sacred moment asking us repeatedly to leave the stones NOW! ffs! 

More music links:

Wyrd Sisters and more: Brain Boru jam at Stonehenge:

https://youtu.be/oagJbm1RPJo

And the Hedge Inspectors:

https://youtu.be/m6yyvMXgXEY

Joe Public wrote:

30 years ago today i was watching Culture Shock in Cholderton Woods…last night and in the early hours of today, right past sun-up, it was RDF, The Sporadics, The Blunders and loads more playing on a makeshift stage (tarp off the side of a truck) in the same spot off the 303. Buzzing!!…no cops/high viz, just us. Bought back loadsa memories x x.
Lisa Mead wrote online to Andy Worthington: I went to Castlerigg stone circle in Cumbria, it was a lovely experience, everyone is camping in the National Trust field, we are still here now, no police no security, no mega egotistical druids trying to take control, just lots of happy smiley people, celebrating, and being free.

I see it different. Back in the 80s only a tiny section of the people went to festivals, today because of Stonehenge free festival, millions of people go to festivals. OK yes, ya gonna get the corporations trying to get
in on it, that capitalism for you, but as people go to these festivals, they are waking up to all
the bullshit that the government has been feeding us, I can see that everything is going
perfectly to plan, for us as a race to ascend into the age of Aquarius. And the festival
traveller, spiritualist culture is helping big time, the governments can see this as well, but
like a wild animal being hunted and trapped, the governments are going to fight back.

They’re getting scared, that people are breaking out of the matrix, and becoming the free
thinking powerful multi dimensional beings that we are.

**STONEHENGE**

or HOW ROCKS ATTRACT US

Call it magnetism(to original intention)
How rocks are aligned with starmap Heavens
Astrologers align portals via Solstices
So energetically, we can make music with the Stones
Celebration and joy our lodestones
vs Blue Meanie Beanfield police riots
who like the National Trust claim to "own" the Stones..
and charge naive Pilgrims who do not know
the capstone long gone from Pyramids
Stonehenge (and Woodhenge) decommissioned
while crop circles and Avebury continue radiating free of charge..
Same with our music-there are Stones missing
Stones piled idly on top of Stones, yet even the Kinks reform
when they see another successful Stones tour. MAGIC!

Thom the World Poet
‘An excursion to a strangely familiar place that you have never previously dreamed of.’ (Alan Moore, writer Jerusalem, From Hell)

‘Utterly beguiling and often unsettling... a tour de force of storytelling.’ (David Caddy, editor ‘Tears in the Fence’)

‘Within five minutes of picking the book up I was immediately entranced.’ (Jonathan Downes, editor ‘Gonzo Weekly’ magazine)

Richard Foreman’s Wilful Misunderstandings

Readers’ comments:

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

‘A sanctuary, a haven, a totally immersive other world...’

‘A book to tickle and amaze, to ruffle and amuse and sometimes to raise the hairs on the back of your neck.’

Cost £6.95 (+p&p) at:
http://lepusbooks.co.uk/wilful-misunderstandings/
All copies from Lepus can be signed by the writer on request
For sample stories & more info visit: Richeff.moonfruit.co
My two week silence has been due to having a holiday/vacation after a long hard winter, although the hopefully beaten cancer in the house meant extortionate travel insurance premiums for my good lady. So even though I own a small travel company we went up North to Yorkshire for a week and pottered around the stunningly beautiful Yorkshire Dales (although I think the best bit was Cumbria but don’t tell anyone) and the North York Moors, staying for a few nights in a delightfully ramshackle country hotel in a secluded valley a few miles from Scarborough. A hunting barn owl two out of three evenings, including flying past us along the little river about 6 feet in front of our faces, was only a bonus. A day trip
to Whitby, and a visit to the small but perfectly formed Captain Cook museum, plus perfect fish and chips all ensured the week flew by. All too soon it was time to head south for the weekend in S Yorks with my brother and his family. The ancient city of York was on the way and I wanted a quick look round as many people had said it was pretty special. We walked through one of the old city’s gates into the narrow inner streets and stopped for breakfast at a café. (I have to say, a full English in Yorkshire is the dog’s danglies, all were 9 pluses on my scoreboard). I checked record shops on my phone (a music connection at last!) and announced the ‘best’ sounded close by and at some point I wanted to check it out. We did the tourist bit and hit the ‘Minster, impressive from the outside, a bit sombre and ‘grey’ inside we thought. It made you feel small and insignificant as an individual. Gaudi’s ongoing masterpiece in Barcelona is a complete celebration of life by comparison, a joy to be inside. (Other brands of religion are available, not that I’m a customer of any of them).

We walked around the narrow streets and lanes, the place now pretty jam-packed with tourists (Little Tokyo) and we quickly found Rebound Records (Gillygate). A small shop with, it turned out, an ultra-friendly owner, a room with jazz and a room with rock/pop. Sarah wanted to sit as her chemo fatigue still very much comes and goes and the guy quickly produced a chair for her whilst I browsed. Customer service! He has a small, quirky and interesting selection and I came away with a fairly obscure Edgar Broughton Band LP and Joe Cocker’s Sheffield Steel which I hear is good. We came back out into the sunshine and I noticed three words above a shop across the road, The Sound Organisation. As a long time ‘Flat Earth’ hi-fi fan, I knew that they were judged as one of the very best UK retailers and I just had to go in for a nose at least. We could see through the windows the shop was quiet and pushed the door and went in. We were greeted
offered a personally selected range of kit which offered the best sound quality in each price bracket, from budget to high end as it is known. They didn’t

almost immediately by an extremely friendly gent who I guessed pretty quickly was the almost legendary Hamish, the owner. SO historically
Back in the 1980’s, two British hi-fi companies uniquely joined forces, but without exchanging bits of paper or money but each for a number of highly fruitful years tailored their products around each other. The end results sonically have arguably to be significantly bettered in terms of having a real go at reproducing the pace, rhythm and timing of reproduced music in the home, the boogie factor if you like which live music should always bring. I don’t mean that in a Canned Heat kind of way, all good music should have a groove, from just a single human voice to a full tilt band, real music has rhythm. Naim Audio made the amps whilst Linn Products produced one of the finest turntables (The LP12 Sondek) and after meeting Naim, designed three loudspeakers using their legendary NAP250 amp. Naim’s founder in particular had designed his own amp in the first instance because he liked recording his musician friends live at the time (early 1970s, reel to reel tape recordings) but was appalled at the ‘sound quality’ coming out of high street products of the time. Being the kind of guy he was, he worked out how to do it properly and the rest is history for thousands of music lovers around the world since.

My new babies are not shrinking violets however. The Briks themselves are 1.5 x 2.5 feet, and weigh 44kgs each! They sit on custom metal stands which are about nearly another foot high too. I paid Hamish and arranged to come back at a later date to pick them up. Monday night this week (instead of writing a real music piece for Gonzo!), I drove back up to York and overnighted in a motel. Tuesday morning found me back at the SO as they opened at 10:00. Hamish and his team wheeled them out on a small trolley and I just, just managed to get them in the car, stands in the boot. Four hours later back in
well, I’m constantly jigging around in my chair listening to my new musical boxes now.

So, I’m gonna play my whole record collection over the coming months, my long audio quest is nearly over. I say nearly because there will be more, oh yeah. As wondrous as they sound at the moment, I am running them passively. This means a single stereo amp (like most stereos) sending the signal to each speaker, a crossover inside the speaker divides the sound into each frequency and then sends it to the corresponding driver. This apparently, electronically, is a rather crude way to skin the cat. Pros, eg studios etc use active speakers. The sound is split frequency-wise electronically (ie without distortion) and then sent to multiple power amps so that each driver is effectively directly driven, by a single amp channel. This means less distortion, more control and shit-loads more music ultimately.

It turns out Hamish runs active Briks at home himself. I can get a third power amp off E-bay and I will be making a telephone call to York later today for the SO to order me a new electronic crossover for my Briks. I’m expecting a further 20% improvement in SQ, and at this level, that’s almost scary. Can’t wait…..

‘Back to normal next week’, some thoughts and comments on selected recent album releases……

Bristol, I was faced with unloading them, getting them up the six steps in front of the house and inside. They are normally a two-man or potential hernia job. In spite of the 32 degrees temp, I somehow got a divine wind from somewhere and 15 minutes later I was opening boxes in the front room. I set them up, pushed the main system back against the wall and had to take a break for normal human activities eg food etc I finally sat down in front of my new monoliths, put on a record and turned the vol up. My system had been starting to get really good in recent years, and when you make an ‘upgrade’, the audible difference should be quite noticeable. The previous speakers were in fact the Brik’s baby sisters, called Saras, which share their unique ‘isobarik’ bass-loading system. Behind the bass driver you can see, is another, in a sealed tube. This ‘fools’ the drivers into thinking they are in much bigger cabinets, and gives them prodigious bass output as a result.

As John Martyn Live started playing I pretty much had a few tears rolling down my cheeks within minutes. This isn’t an upgrade, this is a religious experience, of the rock and roll kind! I really do have live music in the home now. Briks do what’s known as scale. Being a genuine full range transducer means real and full bass. They are known for being the speakers for bass guitar. Not only can you clearly hear the shape of the note you can hear the full note, including the ‘bottom’. Most speakers at best, loose the lower registers of bass guitars, or in most cases simply smear it. Speakers sold with ‘good bass response’ are usually one-note plodders. With Briks you get the whole bassist! What all this means is they boogie like no other. It was hard to sit still listening to the Saras, which do in retrospect clearly hint at what their much bigger sisters can do very well.

Rebound Records (York)
https://www.facebook.com/pages/Rebound-Records/193488187361075

The Sound Organisation
https://www.soundorg.co.uk
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A wicked and erotic soundtrack!
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With Jeff Wayne and Kevin Peek
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Available from rickwakemansmusicemporium.com and all other good music retailers
a lot of fun. Ill Bill is a rapper, why anyone thinks that it is likely that someone actually wants to listen to both of these songs is sadly mistaken as genre-wise they are very far apart indeed.

GHOUŁ + ILL BILL
SPLIT 7"
TANKCRIMES

According to Wikipedia, this Ghoul is an American thrash metal band from Oakland, California, and it is believed that some members or past members of Ghoul also play or have played in other bands such as Impaled, Dystopia, Wolves in the Throne Room, Exhumed, Phobia, Morbid Angel, Asunder and Morbosidad. Their song is a nice mix of death, thrash and Anthrax and although the production quality lives something to be desired, it’s

LOATHE/HOLDING ABSENCE
THIS IS AS ONE
SHARPTONE RECORDS

This four-track sixteen-minute-long EP features two songs each from heavy experimental Loathe, and Cardiff ascending post-hardcore group Holding
impossible) to judge whether any of the versions here on offer do justice to the original, or take the song into new areas etc. But, if this is a fair representation of the best of Samhain, then I am not surprised that I haven’t bothered investigating them in the past. Of the thirteen songs on offer, only “Kiss of Steel” by Shed The Skin piqued my interest, as this metallic monstrosity strikes a chord with me. As for the rest, I’ll leave those to the purists and fans. Only 300 of these are being pressed, so if you want one then you had best get in quick, I don’t think I’ll bother.

http://www.corpseflowerrecords.com

SUPERFECTA
THE ABYSS EP
SKYFIRE RECORDS

This three-track single is a taster for the debut album due later this year, and based on this that can’t come soon enough. This quartet have been around for a couple of years now, and wear their influences on their sleeve from the likes of Foo Fighters (particularly), through Kyuss, Monster Magnet and Clutch right up to Bullet For My Valentine. Okay, even I can’t work out where I got the last one from, but there is just something about them that makes think of the Welsh metalcore
masters every time I play this, and I have no idea why. They are incredibly tight and loaded with bottom end, but what really makes this for me are the nuances here and there. The way the bass and drums really lock into a groove that makes the music swing, the way that the guitars can be locked down tight or given latitude to slide down the frets, and the way that they are always, always pumping melodic vocals over the top. I am certainly looking forward to hearing a lot more from these guys. www.superfectarocks.com

I wasn’t disappointed, as yet again it reminds me very much of Nineties-style Jadis, although it is also quite different, but there is something in the melodic and laid-back approach that really works here. The vocals are spot on from Larry Brödel (Toxic Smile) and Manuel Schmid, guitarist Ralf Dietsch has a wonderfully delicate touch not too dissimilar to Andrew Latimer or Gary Chandler, Clemens Litschko is an unsung here at the back with powerful drumming indeed, while Denis Strassburg hangs it all together on bass. But what makes the real difference here is the work of Marek, who not only uses a multitude of keyboard sounds and piano, but is also provides woodwind that allows the band to have that extra element, that extra touch of class.

As with the debut, this is a wonderful melodic progressive rock album that is immediate on first hearing, yet also rewards those prepared to put in the time and listen to it carefully and repeatedly. Great stuff.

German band Cyril came into existence in 2010 when former members of melodic rock band Gabria decided to move their music in a different direction. Keyboard and sax player Marek Arnold (Toxic Smile, Seven Steps To The Green Door, Flaming Row etc.) and I have been in contacted quite a bit recently, and he kindly sent me everything he has been involved with, which means that I am now catching up their last album, 2016’s ‘Paralyzed’. I reviewed their 2013 debut ‘Gone Through The Years’ when it was released, but hadn’t got to this one as it had been released while I was on an enforced break from reviewing while I was putting together a book of all my reviews from 1991-2006, but I did really enjoy that one, so was looking forward to this.

Given the album title it is no surprise at all to realise that this is the second album from Southern California’s Gygax. The quartet comprise vocalist/bassist Eric Harris formerly of Gypsyhawk, Skeletonwitch, and Sorcerer (and currently also filling bass duties in Huntress), and his Gypsyhawk partner-in-crime, guitarist Bryant Throckmorton continues to play alongside Harris in Gygax. Jeff Potts, previously of Warbringer and Mantic Ritual, joins on the other six-string, and rounding out the line-up is current Pentagram drummer Peter Campbell. I am guessing that the name has been taken from Gary Gygax who was co-creator of Dungeons &
The second album from German act Innfight was recorded during a period of turmoil for the band, as bassist Thomas Klesius passed away during the process, with Red Circuit bassist Tommy Schmitt stepping in to help finish the job. That must have had an impact on the band, and certainly the material feels dark as they mix and meld alternative rock with metal to create a sound that contains elements of Linkin Park and later period In Flames. They create rhythms that are quite hypnotic, dragging the listener in and then the bottom heavy guitar creates a backdrop, combined with spherical keyboard melodies and the distinctive voice of Frank Widderson. But, for the most part it feels just too smooth, too produced, too clean and sanitised. I kept wanting to hear the guitars to really blast, for the vocals to really take on a raw and powerful edge instead of just becoming gruff every now and then. This feels safe, there is no threat or danger within this, no matter what cover artwork they use or how they try to portray themselves. They find themselves in the no-man’s land of being slightly too heavy and alternative for those who want their rock sanitised, and not crunching enough for those who want a heavier experience. They’ll probably be massive in the States, but not for me in NZ.

Dragons with Dave Arneson. When I think of D&D I always think of the Seventies, and that is definitely where these guys have gone for their inspiration, as what we have here is solid ‘Jailbreak’ era Thin Lizzy. They have obviously have decided why mess with perfection, and instead are producing solid twin guitar melodies and chords that makes one think that Scott and Brian are again locked together.

They do have a more American approach to the music, and while Eric is a fine singer his voice is somewhat more raw than Phil’s, so no-one would ever consider these guys to be a tribute covers band, but when they kick a song off in the way they do for “The Lascivious Underdark” it only makes old Lizzy fans (and I am both old, and a Lizzy fan) smile. At eight songs and a total running length of just over 33 minutes long, one could argue that there just isn’t enough material here, but at the time of release the band are out on the road again, and this isn’t the only outfit they are involved with, so perhaps they can be forgiven. Let’s hope this makes enough people stand up and take notice for this to be their sole interest in time for the next album, as I definitely want to hear a lot more Lizzy-style rock. Wonderful.
Jari Tiura was born 1968 in Tampere, Finland. He began to sing around the age of 17 when he also formed his first real band Crommer. Two years later the band changed their name to Bourbon and started to play gigs in their home town. A big change in Jari Tiura’s musical career happened in the end of the 90’s, when he joined Snakegod, a Finnish power metal band. With Snakegod he released an album called ‘Invitation’ in 2001. In 2004 Michael Schenker contacted Jari Tiura and asked him if he would like to fly over to London for an audition gig. Everything went well and Jari even recorded most of his lead vocals for the upcoming MSG release ‘Tales Of Rock N Roll’ during his stay in London. The first MSG concert featuring Jari Tiura on vocals took place in 2006, and he was with the band for the next few years. After leaving MSG, the singer joined Finnish band Stargazery, with whom he has released two albums, and is also involved with Century Lost which is currently working on their debut album to be released in 2018.

So, as well as being in one active band, being involved in the set up for another, he has also found time to record his debut solo album. His singing style is somewhat lower than many in this field, and that definitely gives the album a distinctive...
sound, but what is really letting this down throughout is the quality of the songs themselves, along with some of the vocal performances. The producer, Sami Ala-lahti, is a good friend of Jari’s and between the two of them they wrote all the songs, while Sami also performed on some of them and Jari also acted as executive producer. One can’t help but wonder what this album would have been like if there were some external influences, as way too many are just plain boring and pedestrian. Given that Jari worked with Schenker for a few years, and everyone knows what a taskmaster he can be, he obviously is an incredibly talented musician but it just doesn’t come through on this.

There is a lot of really powerful melodic rock coming out at the moment: this isn’t one of them.

JIRM
SURGE EX MOMENTIS
SMALL STONE

Apparently, until recently this Swedish band were known as Jeremy Irons And The Ratgang Malibus, under which moniker they had released some albums, but thankfully they have now decided to use something somewhat shorter. These

have obviously been influenced by the early Seventies in particular, and are bringing together a heady mix of psychedelia, classic metal, heavy rock with some stoner and doom settings also in evidence, particular in the production if not so much in the riffs. There are times when they move away from clarity and distinction and instead go for the wall of mud approach, so that everything is mixed in together at the same level and there is little in the way of separation. Apparently there are some progressive influences also at play within this, but I just don’t hear it unless we include space rock as progressive, as this is as regressive as it comes, even if we were thing of prog as a genre instead of a mind-set.

But, it’s not all bad, as while these guys do have some incredibly set ideas, the way they are presenting these are quite interesting at times. If Blue Cheer and Vanilla Fudge had a date with Black Widow then this could well be the outcome, even if it is rather surprising to find those names linked together against a brand-new album in 2018. Apparently they have been together, albeit with a different name since 2004, so the fact that they know what they’re about is probably a given. Not really the sort of thing I would generally listen to, but not bad all the same.

https://www.facebook.com/JeremyIronsandtheRatgangMalibus

I am afraid that I have to differ from Kev on this matter. I think that *Jeremy Irons And The Ratgang Malibus*, is the best band name that I have heard for years, but then again I called my ensemble *Jon Downes and the Amphibians from Outer Space*.
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 Remedies 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
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This is Rick and Orchestra at their finest !!!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Asante sana (thank you very much),

David Banks
Director, Africa Region
The Nature Conservancy

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

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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.

Hawkwind's latest flyer is one reminding us of a pair of 'Atom Productions' England south coast gigs coming along in late July, which are:

Friday 20th July - Hall By The Sea, Dreamland Margate.

Saturday 21st July - Weymouth Pavilion.

- where Mike Batt (of Wombles fame) is set to be joining Hawkwind on stage as a special guest. It's interesting that the flyer says that Hawkwind are playing on account of "popular demand" - were they routinely to respond to fan demands, they'd be doing a 100-date world tour every year!

Meanwhile there's the mid-July festival appearance in west London: Sunday 15th July - Citadel Festival, where the posters do seem to suggest Hawkwind are way down the bill, with the likes of Tame Impala being headliners, and even La Femme Honne (who?) getting a higher billing. Hmmm.
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 Daedal 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), Steffie Sharpstrings, Cyrille Verdeaux (Clearlight), Steve York, & 24 more musicians ...

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2. I Have Two Names
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9. We Move You
10. Tripping With The Royal Family
11. Xara's Pose
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

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

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

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www.hawkwind.com
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The Song of PANNE
Being Mainly About Elephants

JONATHAN DOWNES
Regular readers of this magazine will have noticed that the ongoing story of high strangeness and weird goings on in the woods on the North Cornwall/North Devon border can come to an end for now. A book of the story (containing extra material) will hopefully be out before the end of the year, and – at the moment – is going to be called ‘Zen and Xenophobia’.

I have found that running them as a serial in the magazine is basically the only way that I ever get a book finished, so I beg your indulgence.

For the last 5yrs I have been trying to write a book about my peculiar upbringing in Hong Kong half a century ago. In its own way it has as much drama and grotesque strangeness as the Xtul book. SO, in a desperate attempt to finish it, I am going to start serialising new bits in the magazine as I write them.

Hold on, it’s going to be a bumpy ride!

It is actually quite a difficult task trying to write a convincing narrative about things which happened half a century ago, to which I am probably the only remaining living witness, as my brother was only just five years old, and his testimony is probably not going to add much to the overall fluency of my account.

So, I cannot actually tell you – for sure – how long it took the ship (which for some reason I remember as being Swedish) to get as far as Borneo. But, I remember our arrival at the port of Sandakan as if it happened yesterday. Sandakan is one of the major towns of the Malaysian state of Sabah, but only five years before we arrived as our first stopping off point on our voyage to Australia, Sabah had been the British Crown Colony of North Borneo. And, as the transition to independence had been generally peaceful, and endorsed by the government of the Motherland, Britain was generally quite popular, and there were still quite a few ex-patriot Britons living there, still working the same plantations that their families had owned for generations.

But only two years before, British soldiers had joined the Malaysian armed forces in a
bitter and vicious undeclared confrontation, with the Indonesian army. But being only eight years old, I didn’t know any of this, and as the green, leafy island – the third largest in the world - appeared on the horizon, all I could do was dream of orangutans, head-hunters, and spectral tarsiers.

After a week or so at sea (and this is where I truly would like to have been able to say exactly how long that leg of the voyage had taken), just being in sight of land was strange enough. But, the smells and sounds of this bustling tropical town wafted out to us long before we entered the little harbour.

We had sailed around the northernmost tip of Borneo some time over the previous twenty four hours, and it is only now, when I look at a map of the area on my iPad, that I realised what an impressive journey we had made. According to Google Maps, the captain must have carefully negotiated the disputed territorial waters surrounding the Paracel Islands, and the equally disputed Spratly Islands, the ownership of which is argued between communist China and four or five other countries in the area. We must have carefully navigated the strait which lies between the bottom of the Philippines and the top of Borneo overnight, because I remember finishing my breakfast and running out onto the deck to see the great, grey-green island get slowly bigger on the horizon. Coming into port seemed – to a child of eight, at least – to take many hours, and I remember that after the various formalities had been concluded, it was dinnertime that evening before some of the passengers were allowed to go ashore. For whatever reason, the Downes family were not amongst them.

However, I was happy enough to sit on deck in my favourite vantage point, and instead of watching the ever-changing seascape before me, sitting enthralled as I watched the pleasingly exotic hustle and bustle of the events unfolding before my eyes.

There had only been a few passengers at the start of the voyage, back in Hong Kong,
and I’m afraid that the only one that I remember was an elderly, white-haired, Australian man, who used to join my parents for drinks on the quarterdeck every evening when the sun was over the yardarm.

But, sitting at the front of the ship, watching what was happening around me with fascination, I was interested to see that our number had suddenly been swelled. Amongst the gaggle of passengers who joined the ship at Sandakan, were a middle-aged couple who still carried out the traditional British practice of running a rubber plantation, deep in the hinterland. I cannot remember their names (nor that of the elderly Australian), but all three — for different reasons — remain firmly lodged within my psyche to this day.

An hour or so after the new passengers had joined the ship’s community, I dragged myself away from the three-dimensional soap opera on the quayside, and joined my family in the bar for pre-dinner drinks.

Not entirely to my surprise, the rubber farming couple to whom I eluded earlier, had joined my parents and the elderly Australian at their table, and a lively conversation, mostly about how — since the British had left — everything had gone to shit, was ensuing.

My mother looked worried. My little brother was coughing and spluttering like a small, pink walrus and was getting noticeably worse. I sat at the edge of the table, nursing a glass of lemon squash, and doing my best to perform my seen-and-not-heard act, but when my mother took my brother back to the cabin that we shared, and put him to bed before making a call to the ship’s physician, my father brusquely introduced me to his new friends.

I actually feel mildly sad that I can’t remember their names, because they never treated me with anything but kindness and consideration. He looked a bit like Lord Lucan, with the prominent and rounded
moustache that was so fashionable amongst the more conventional members of the British upper classes during the sixties and seventies. She, however, had a taste for big, flowery dresses and even bigger flowery sunhats, which made her look as if every time she appeared on deck or in the mess room, that she had been attending a durbar three quarters of a century before. Together, they gave me one of my only pictures of life as a true British colonial expat: not a civil servant whose sojourn in a British Crown Colony would last half a dozen ‘tours’ of a couple of years or so, before returning to the leafy lanes of Surrey, but people who had not only made their homes in the tropics, but whose families had done so for centuries. They were the real victims of the decolonialisation process, and as the young state of Malaysia found its feet amongst the nations of the world, and grew further apart from Britain, I often wonder what became of this kindly couple, and whether (and how) they managed to adapt to this brave new world in which they found themselves living.

As well as my enduring interest in the natural world, I was – like most small boys – fascinated by things appertaining to the military, and took it for granted that if I couldn’t be a zookeeper when I grew up, that would probably be a member of one of Her Majesty’s armed forces.

This was, after all, something that every adult male, and many of the adult females, I knew had done. Nowadays, as an aging hippy with a bad attitude and a firm anti-capitalist and anti-militarist agenda, I find it peculiar to look back and think that there was a time that I blindly prepared myself to go out and kill people in the name of God, Queen and Empire, but back then, it never entered my mind that there would be any other options for me. With the benefit of hindsight (good old hindsight), I now know that the ubiquity of military service on the path of every English adult male that I knew, was because National Service had only come to an end a few years before, and before that, there had, of course, been the small matter of World War II, which – perforce – sent everybody into (at least, preparing for) conflict and in many cases, threw them headfirst into the war.

So, I was fascinated by my new friend’s accounts of his life in the local militias, fighting the communist backed Indonesian insurgency around about the time that I was born.

But he also told me wondrous stories about the animals, and the less tangible “things”, which the people living in the jungle – whether of European or local descent – took for granted, and which thrilled me to my very bone.

My mother came back to re-join the party, but she had a serious look on her face. Apparently, my little brother, Richard, had developed some sort of tropical fever of unknown origin, and – to be on the safe side – the ship’s medical officer had decided to admit him into the sick bay, in order to monitor his condition.

These days, it would be unthinkable for a five year old child to be admitted to hospital (floating or otherwise), without there being a provision for his mother to stay in attendance, at least part of the time. But this was fifty years ago, and furthermore, it was the 1960s, deep in the heartland of colonial and post-colonial Asia: a culture that was vaguely akin to Britain forty years before that. And so, as the two ship’s nursing orderlies tended to my brother’s pyrexia, my mother sat with me and my father, hearing stories about tiger hunting, shooting Indonesian guerrillas, and occasionally glimpsing the mysterious little forest goblins, as she sipped her gin and tonic and waited for the sun to be well and truly over the yardarm.
Martin Springett was born in Crayford, Kent, England, in 1947. He studied art (that is he learned to play the Guitar) for two semesters at the Brassey School of Art in Hastings, Sussex. He emigrated to the West Coast of Canada in 1965, but returned to the UK in 1973 to pursue music in various bands. He spent time in Germany, and toured through Europe.

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

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

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

www.martinspringett.com/

https://spacewreckrecords.bandcamp.com
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 Daevd 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!!"

**ENTERING A NEW WORLD**

**WHERE WE MUST LEAVE THE OLD**

Now we speak hospitals, doctors, appointments, tests, hospice
Now we speak cane to walker to wheelchair to bed
Now mobility is a memory, and senior moments arrive
With gaps between to savor all stored memories
(which you are rich in/even when you wish for more..
You contemplate endings, even when you want to live
It is not god who kills you. Death is a natural process
Desire is a flag you wave to show you are still here
The weight of that flag grows heavier in time
Until it cannot rise to the occasion and dreams come in
to remind you of those cycles round one sun
that you have spun, unaware they might end
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...

So, the Rolling Stones have been rolling out their wares on tour, and so we have a fair few listings of official tour tat... souvenirs creeping into the sales lists. I have listed a few, but it would be more than a little tedious to list too many. At least things have improved slightly since The Beatles' memorabilia, which is - let's be perfectly honest - mostly rather tawdry.

Rolling Stones No Filter 2018 UK TOUR Official Beer Pint Cup from Twickenham £7.00

“This Beer Cup has been used but very good condition and no show of use.”

Five out of ten of these have sold. Why someone would buy ten I have no idea – no wait, it was one of those little money-
making-idea lightbulb things going on right?

Rolling Stones - Headband / Bandana - 2018 No Filter Tour - £18.00

“Rolling Stones 2018 no filter tour official bandana. Excellent condition.”

All the rest of these Rolling Stones items are from the same seller. They must have spent a fair bit to gather it all up - that pesky lightbulb over the head time again I suppose.

But three bids so far for this? Hmmm.

Rolling Stones no filter tour clear tote bag - £59.99

“Brand new Rolling Stones clear plastic tote bag with red trim and handles.”

What was I saying about tawdry earlier?

Rare Rolling Stones no filter tour official phone charger - £49.99

“Brand new Rolling Stones phone charger with USB cable in opened in packaging.”

Perhaps with the profits from all these Rolling Stones collectables this person can buy a book on how to take a proper photograph. All the photos are appallingly out of focus.

Freddie Mercury and Brian May inflatables from the Queen Wembley 1986 concert - US $8,500.00

“Freddie Mercury and Brian May inflatables from the Queen Wembley 12 July 1986 concert Unbelievable find. These very inflatables used by Queen at their historical Magic Tour Wembley 1986 concert during the performance”

SHAMELESS SELF PROMOTION TIME

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

Check it out now...

They were in Robin Harris, owner of Air Artists, collection for all these years - as many other famous inflatables they made: after use almost every inflatable they made came back to Air Artists store shelves.

Before the auction of his inflatables collection Rob Harris told the BBC: "I'm sad to see them go but they very rarely see the light of day and so I would be quite happy for someone else to take them for a walk. The clear-out has been quite cathartic and brought back a lot of memories, but I do feel I've been there and done that now, and it's time to move on."

In very good condition for their age. Freddie lost one leg - but it is the history already. Painting is partly flaked but still in good condition. Material is thick, heavy and very tight nylon but seams of both inflatables need to be newly re-glued. I'm searching for a good master (and space!) to make a meticulous and professional re-glueing now - to swell them both up again!

A very interesting handwritten draft of Robin Harris' proposal for Queen dated 05 June 1986 is included (as well as all other Air Artists working-process drafts and celluloid copies of band members' cartoon characters from A Kind of Magic album cover - which came together with inflatables).

Provenance:
Robin Harris Air Artists collection
English auction house (pdf-catalog included)
Private collection, Moscow"

Well these are different, if not a little intrusive for one's sitting room.

NEW FULL BOX UNUSED TICKETRON 800 Blank Tickets Stock ORIGINAL ticketmaster - US $7,199.06

"You are bidding on a very rare original brick of 800 Ticketron fanfold tickets in the original box in completely unused condition. These are a very rare collectors item from a New England area record store that went out of business in the 1980's before Ticketron was taken over by Ticketmaster in 1990. This is a very rare chance to own a piece of rock music and sports history - this is a once-in-a-lifetime attic find in fabulous perfect condition in the original box! Shipping is $20 within the USA with Signature Confirmation required! Thanks for looking and good luck bidding!

We have taken great care to accurately describe this item(s) and condition. Message us in advance of bidding with any questions regarding this auction. The lot is available for viewing in the Los Angeles area as well as free pickup for cash purchases. We do accept all forms of payment - if you are paying by means other than Paypal, send us a quick note in advance. Due to the rare and unique nature of this item, no returns are permitted. We strongly advise you to view the lot in person before purchasing. We proudly do all of our International shipping through the eBay Global Shipping Program!

Back in the day, these tickets were used for major concerts from Pink Floyd, Grateful Dead, Led Zeppelin, Live Aid, Rush, KISS, Fleetwood Mac, The Eagles, Metallica, U2, Aerosmith, Michael Jackson, Bruce Springsteen and the E Street Band, Steve Miller Band, Cheap Trick, The Who, Elton John, Black Sabbath, Sex Pistols, The Ramones,
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.
Talking Heads and countless others. Perfect for making your own replica vintage era tickets!

While I can understand that these may well be a collector’s item, for someone with some money to pay on such things, I cannot really understand as to why someone would pay quite such a large amount of money for them.

Shania Twain Memorabilia - Pink Saddle - Still the One Tour at Caesar’s Palace - US $14,999.00 (Approximately £11,455.74)

“This saddle was custom made for and used by Shania Twain during her Still the One concert residency at Caesar’s Palace in Las Vegas. Saddle was made by Ramon Bercerra, internationally famous horse trainer and the owner/trainer of all the horses in the show. All metal was custom made for this saddle. Stainless steel with jewelers brass accents. Also includes the breast collar, bridle, and matching belt. The saddle stand is not included.”

I have kind of saddled myself with a weird one here, with unbridled enthusiasm at finding it and now not being able to make any comments other than some I may have to rein in for being uncharitable.

I will just place it here on the saddle stand and leave you all to it, I think.

I wish I could find something vaguely witty to say involving stirrups but I can’t and it is too hot to get in a sweat over as the gorgeous weather does that quite well on its own.

So ta-ra and see you on the gallops.
"Ev’rywhere I hear the sound of marching charging feet, boy"

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

AULD MAN'S BACCIE

Resonating with the Blues
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...
In my defense, the moon was full and I was left unsupervised.
Mark has a podcast: The Holsworthy Mark Show podbean. He says that it is a show "in which I talk about news myself, and do interviews. I sent it up as I found video a bit hard. I just hope people like and support and if anyone wants to be part of it or if come along for the ride they are welcome".

PS shows can be downloaded

http://maraines88.podbean.com/
Each week I try not to start off my burblings with “it has been a strange old week”, but once again it has been a strange old week, and so I am forced to deny my resolution one more time. Lady Selene has come and gone, and whilst she was here she played havoc with my brain chemistry even worse than usual.

It was supposed to be a ‘blood moon’ whatever that is, but unlike on another occasion when I went out to look at the blood moon and it hung like a boil, red and pussy in the sky (pussy as in suppuring, not as in affectionate felids) she just looked white and threatening to me, as our Lady S took a chainsaw to my sensibilities.

FOOL MOON IN MY SKIN
Seasons of blood tides again
Every time it swells, I rise to the night skies/mind and body
@ease in the correlating connection.
Nurses report of wards with wolf howls
Barbara Carr gets us all to ululate
Every body feels moon nights
Dog days, cat nights
There is a cat on the moon
There is a dog star in the sun
Sirius or Pleiades? War—or Peace?
Ask the fool moon as she glides
Riding waves of star struck night

…and that sums it all up pretty damn nicely.

The new Gorillaz album is out today. Reading an interview with Senor Albarn, he says that on Humanz he kind of forgot to put any of himself into it, which is roughly what I thought at the time, although the album has grown on me massively.

This album is sort of a polar opposite. It is nearly all Damon with only a couple of guests and is pretty well devoid of the signature hiphop. I like it a lot and am sure that it will grow on me further, but I think that if you added the two albums together and then cut the resulting collection in half, you might possibly have the greatest albums that Gorillaz have ever produced.

Just sayin’

Love and peas

JonD
GET NAKED!

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Jaki Windmill, Russell Hunter and George Butler

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HITM012

ANDY COLQUHOUN
Pick up the Phone
Americana
HITM014

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HITM026

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ANDY COLQUHOUN
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Dr. Crow
HITM028

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