

GONZO

In this strange and rather poignant issue, Richard Stellar discovers the incomparable **Shir Ordo**, Jon talks about **Roger Daltrey** and **Wilko Johnson**, Corinna has been in hospital, Alan revisits the **The Grunwick dispute** and strike action and associated street art, Phil goes to see **Roger Waters**, John goes to see **Canned Heat**, Graham looks at what we know about the forthcoming **Hawkwind** album, and Jon writes about **Evelyn Waugh**.

#297

SHIR BLISS

ISSN 2516-1946



Subscribe to Gonzo Weekly

<http://eepurl.com/r-VTD>

Subscribe to Gonzo Daily

<http://eepurl.com/OvPez>

Gonzo Facebook Group

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/287744711294595/>

Gonzo Weekly on Twitter

<https://twitter.com/gonzoweekly>

Gonzo Multimedia (UK)

<http://www.gonzomultimedia.co.uk/>

Gonzo Multimedia (USA)

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

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



As I have said on occasion in these pages, this magazine is – in many ways – a diary of the day to day activities of the people who write it. Never more than this week.

Ever since we started, 297 issues ago, my lovely, beautiful and long-suffering

wife Corinna has acted as sub editor, proofreader and columnist, and I have often said that I don't know what I would do, or how I would do the magazine without her. Well this issue is an illustration of exactly how I would.

Corinna was admitted to the North Devon District Hospital, undergoing a surgical procedure that has come as rather a shock to the both of us and our loved ones. She had been under the weather for several days, but – on Tuesday evening – started exhibiting some disturbing symptoms. On the advice of Andy and Amy Phillipson, who are dear friends, sometime contributors to this magazine, and also 'proper' nurses she went into A&E at Barnstaple hospital this morning. (I was a nurse for people with learning



ANOTHER TWO-EDITORIAL ISSUE???

difficulties between 1981 and 1990, but what little knowledge I have retained, that has not been washed away on a tide of brandy and high strangeness is woefully out of date).

Now, it appears that Corinna's condition is more serious than we had originally been told, and will need significant further treatment. She is home and is being as magnificent and brave as I would have expected her to be. I love and respect that woman so much more than I can put into words; but then I always was a bloody awful hack writer.

Please remember us in your thoughts and prayers to whichever deity you believe in.

Thank you all for your kindness and good wishes. Corinna and I are very touched by the amount of love that has been coming our way over the last few days. She does not want to go into the specifics of her condition until all the facts are in, so please forgive me for not answering many of your questions.

Just a couple of administrative matters.

For those of you old enough to remember the Falklands War, you may recall the little bloke who stood on the steps of the MoD each evening giving a briefing to the world's press. I feel increasingly like that man. Please use emails or Facebook Messenger to contact rather than telephone, so that we can keep the lines open and not alarm Mother. And please contact me rather than my darling wife.

And please keep on sending the love.

On top of it all, last Friday was the Full Moon, and I am slightly less *compos mentis* than I would usually like to be. So things are – all in all – really rather strange.

However, back to the magazine. There *is* a magazine, as you know because you are reading it, but some of the things that are normally done by Corinna are absent. Please forgive us for these sins of omission, and hope and pray that we will return to normal VERY SOON.



Dear friends,

Welcome to another issue of this increasingly peculiar little magazine. I am particularly glad to say that all sorts of synergistic results are coming out of the latest members of the editorial team. I have always seen the aforementioned editorial team as a vibrant group of people who can bounce ideas off each other, and work

happily together or separately. And that is the way that things seem to be going, for example, in this issue we see Alan and Thom collaborating once again, and this is something that makes me very happy indeed. The whole point of very well everything that I do, both within music, cryptozoology and everything else is to build communities and do my best to facilitate the coming together of people who otherwise wouldn't have met each other. And when it actually *works*, it is something that makes me very happy indeed.

Recently, the legendary Roger Daltrey released a new album, and because the record features a fair amount of guitar playing by some big-nosed bloke called Pete, the music press has started wittering on about this being a reunion of *The Who*. Well, it is obviously absolutely nothing of the sort.

In March 2014, Daltrey collaborated with Wilko Johnson on a record, which was widely expected to be Johnson's last. He had been diagnosed with pancreatic cancer



For example, out of this year's albums, so far, the new album by Gorillaz, Rick Springfield and – possibly – Parliament are likely to be still on my regular playlist in twelve months time.

in January 2013 and given only a year or so to live, surprising everyone when he didn't die at the appointed time. In March 2013, he played his 'final show' and announced he would not be playing again. But he did, and it turned out that the tumour was operable, after all. But, nobody knew this while Johnson and Daltrey were recording together, and the entire album is tinged with poignancy.

Being a workaholic, Daltrey started on a new album consisting of a mixture of his own songs, and cover versions of songs that have influenced him over the years. But for various reasons, Daltrey decided to shelve the project. However, Pete Townshend heard the early mixes and expressed interest in playing both rhythm and lead guitar on the record, and recording for the project continued during the breaks in *The Who's* 50th anniversary tour, and it was released in June. Now, I'm afraid that I have to return to a concept which we have visited on quite a few occasions in recent months. I listen to quite a bit of new music; probably more than most people of my age do. And, yes, I like quite a lot of it. But only a remarkably small proportion of the records that I listen to, *even* the ones to which I give positive and encouraging reviews, actually remain in my long-term mental playlist. For example, out of this year's albums, so far, the new album by

Gorillaz, Rick Springfield and – possibly – Parliament are likely to be still on my regular playlist in twelve months time. Even interesting recordings like the latest Jack White album, which I found both intriguing and enjoyable, are unlikely to be on my playlist for very long. I have enjoyed all three of his solo albums, but it is only The White Stripes records – particularly the third and fourth albums – that I regularly listen to for my own amusement.

So this new record by Roger Daltrey doesn't have a bleeding hope! But it is an interesting record. Townshend's contributions mesh with Daltrey's vocals in a way that – if we're going to be honest about things – they haven't done since *The Who by Numbers* back in 1975, and although only a couple of Daltrey's own compositions have made it to the finished project, they are perfectly worthy songs, even if they're nothing truly to write home about. But it is the choice of cover versions that is most interesting. And one, in particular, has left me feeling slightly unsettled. Several of the songs on offer are old soul records, which are presented as if they were old favourites of Daltrey's from way back when. Whether they are, or not, I have no idea, which doesn't even matter. One soul song that *did* make the grade, was a cover of Stevie Wonder's *You Haven't Done Nothin'*. This song was originally

اللجنة لهم إذا كانوا لا تأخذ نكتة



written as an attack on President Nixon, who resigned two days after the record's release, although one imagines that it was the mounting level of evidence to support an impeachment rather than a funky offering by a blind soul singer, that pushed him over the edge. Sadly, one gets the impression that Daltrey's politics are far less uncompromising, and that he is more likely to be a supporter of the current shit-show in office than the opposite.

He told *The Sunday Times* recently:

"I will never, ever forgive the Labour party for allowing this mass immigration with no demands put on what people should be paid when they come to this country. I will never forgive them for destroying the jobs of my mates, because they allowed their jobs to be undercut with stupid thinking on Europe, letting them all in, so they can live 10 to a room, working for Polish wages..."

And he has also put the boot in to Jeremy Corbyn in recent interviews.

But, his delivery of the Stevie Wonder classic is fuelled by righteous anger, and I, for one, want to know who it is that he believes "hasn't done nothin'".

But this isn't the weirdest song on the

record. He performs a version of Nick Cave's *Into My Arms*, originally from his 'break up album', *The Boatman's Call*, which – like the rest of the album – was presumably written about the messy and rather public end of Cave's relationship with Chanteuse P. J. Harvey. Although there are more unlikely choices, for example: the idea of Daltrey covering something from Throbbing Gristle's *First Annual Report* – I truly would never have even imagined that the lead singer of *The Who* would cover a song as spiritual, as idiosyncratic and, above all, as personal to Nick Cave as this one.

But the important thing is, does it work? And, I am afraid, that I am no nearer to being able to answer that question than I was when I first heard the record. Because, when I say that Daltrey's version of this is a 'note for note copy' of the original, I mean just that. He also copies every single one of Cave's inflections and vocal idiosyncrasies, and that amazing voice, which – for many people, including me – has been that of the greatest English rock singer of all time, easily eclipsing Mick Jagger, Robert Plant, and even John Lennon, has disappeared entirely. Daltrey even sings *Into My Arms* in the bittersweet tones with the coarsening effect that heroin

has upon the vocal chords, even decades later, of its composer. There is even a hint of an Australian accent – just like Cave!

Now, I am not for one moment trying to claim that Roger Daltrey has ever used heroin. He's always been vocally anti-drugs, and I think it's highly unlikely that he would have changed his position now. No, I am accusing him of that any more than I am accusing him of being a secret Australian. I am just complimenting him on an extraordinary piece of mimicry: I don't think I have ever heard a cover version which so effectively copies every twist and turn which can be heard in the original. It is remarkable. But the question does have to be asked: what on earth is the bleeding point?

This is one of the few tracks on the album which doesn't have Pete Townshend on it, and thus is not only stylistically out of place with the other songs contained therein, but is such a slavish copy of the original that it might as well have not been recorded. Why listen to Daltrey singing this song, when you can hear the original, and the whole slew of other songs about Cave's heartbreak and emotions towards Polly Harvey, on the original album?

Seldom have I heard a song that has so unsettled me. I don't understand its purpose, the motivation behind Daltrey having recorded it, or – indeed – what it is doing on the album. Whereas most of *As Long As I Have You* is pleasant enough, and his version of the Stevie Wonder song is pleasantly, and angrily, visceral, the Nick Cave song has made me think, and – indeed – I have probably spent far more time trying to work it out, than it actually deserves. But then, I'm funny like that!

I hope you enjoy this issue.

Hare bol,
Jon



Roger Daltrey, Nick Cave, Wilko Johnson, Shir Ordo, Paul McCartney, Led Zeppelin, Morrissey, Yoko Ono, David Bowie, Billy Gibbons, Z Z Top, Patrick Williams, Lucy Ferry, June Jacobs, Elbert Howard, Rick Wakeman, Michael Bruce, Natural Gas, Roger Waters, Canned Heat, UPF, Universe Infinity, Unruly Child, Vantomime, Vespero, Zero for Conduct, Abjection Ritual, Aborted Fetus, C J Stone, Hawkwind, Evelyn Waugh, The George Garabedian Players and the Awful Trumpet of Harry Arms.

IT'S A LEGAL MATTER BABY

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dramatis Personae



THE GONZO WEEKLY
all the gonzo news that's fit to print
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 McMann,
(Sorely missed)
Orrin Hare,
(Sybarite and literary *bon viveur*)
Mark Raines,
(Cartoonist)
Davey Curtis,
(tales from the north)
Jon Pertwee
(Pop Culture memorabilia)
Dean Phillips
(The House Wally)
Rob Ayling
(The *Grande Fromage*,
of whom we are all in awe)
and **Peter McAdam**
(McDada in residence)

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

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

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

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

so what's it all about, Alfie?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

ROCKIN' THE CITY OF ANGELS

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

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

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

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



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



diego spade
productions

www.diegospadeproductions.com

[@diego_spade](#)

[diegospadeproductions](#)

THE ^{gonzo} NEWSROOM



A CELLAR FULL OF NOISE: Paul McCartney returned to his Beatles roots on Thursday (26Jul18) by performing an intimate show at the Cavern Club, the Liverpool venue where the Fab Four played in the early 1960s. The rocker hit the stage to entertain 270 fans, who packed into the club for the free gig, and had a quick request midway through his opening number as fans flashed cellphones directed at him, trying to get a shot of the star onstage. He urged concertgoers who had been told to turn their phones off to follow the rules, stating, "It's, like, putting me off and I don't want to get put off."

His two-hour show included Beatles classics like Magical Mystery Tour, Love Me Do, and Get Back, as well as songs from his upcoming new album, *Egypt Station*.

Paul took time out between songs to soak in the moment, telling the lucky fans who managed to snag tickets, "All those years ago we came here and played and we didn't know if we had any future. We did OK... Coming back here with all my guys and all my crew and stuff, it's pretty amazing."

"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

McCartney, who last played at the Cavern Club in 1999, also remembered his late Beatles bandmates, John Lennon and George Harrison, during the show, stating, "Here's to them. Let's hear it for John and George."

<http://www.music-news.com/news/UK/114674/Paul-McCartney-thrills-fans-with-two-hour-afternoon-set-at-the-Cavern-Club>



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

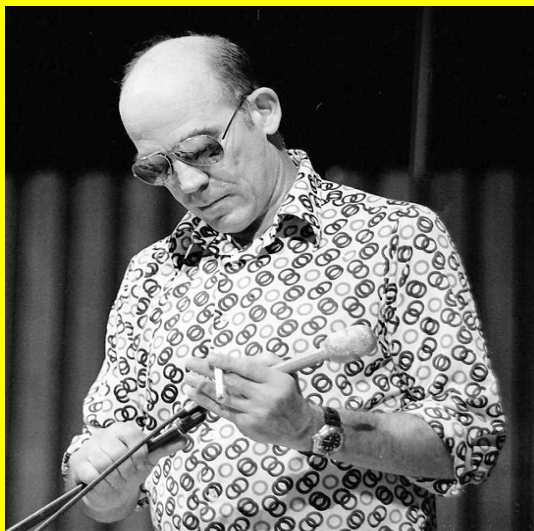


**CURRENTLY IN STOCK
AT GONZO (USA)**

LEGALISED: Medicinal cannabis is to be legalised in the UK following an announcement from Home Secretary Sajid Javid on July 26. Specialist doctors in the UK will be able to legally prescribe cannabis-derived medical products by the autumn. Other forms of cannabis still remain illegal.



The announcement follows a government review into the use of medicinal cannabis in direct response to recent high-profile cases where children with epilepsy



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...

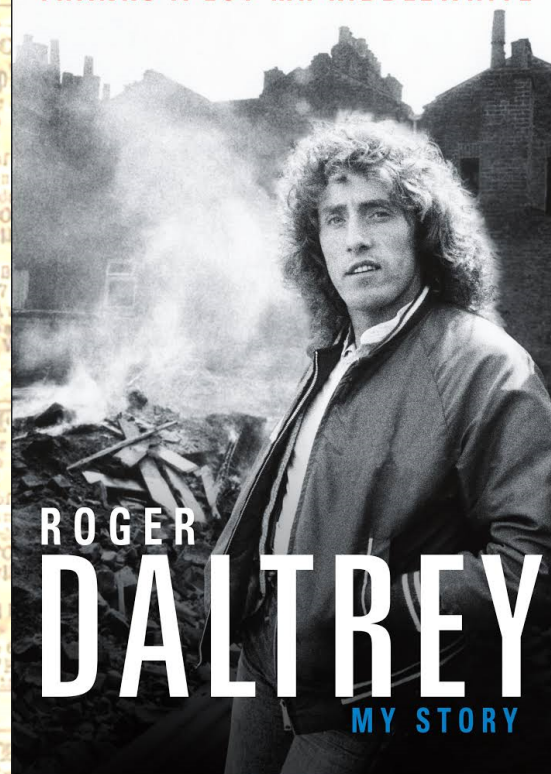
“Freedom is something that dies unless it's used.”

Hunter S. Thompson

were denied access to cannabis oil to control their seizures.

<https://www.nme.com/news/music/medicinal-cannabis-legalised-uk-2359674>

THANKS A LOT MR KIBBLEWHITE



THE WHO'S SINGER BY NUMBERS: The Who's Roger Daltrey has confirmed details of his long-awaited memoir.

The musician initially announced his plans to release an autobiography back in October 2017 but has kept any concrete details under wraps until now.

Now, a post on The Who's Facebook page has revealed that the memoir will be titled Thank A Lot Mr. Kibblewhite: My Story and will be released on October 18 in the UK, arriving in the US five days later. The cover features a black-and-white photo of a young Daltrey.

<https://www.nme.com/news/music/roger-daltrey-confirms-details-long-awaited-memoir-2359300>

The Gospel According to *BART*

Look what my favourite roving reporter sent across this week:



“Led Zeppelin will release an expanded box set version of their 1976 live album and concert film *The Song Remains the Same* later this year, adding previously unreleased video performance footage of four tracks, 5.1 sound and a host of other features.

The release is scheduled for Sept. 7, which will mark the 50th anniversary of the first show Jimmy Page, Robert Plant, John Bonham and John Paul Jones ever played together. In addition to the Super Deluxe Boxed Set edition, the album and film will be reissued on CD, vinyl, Blu-ray, streaming and digital formats.”

<http://ultimateclassicrock.com/led-zeppelin-song-remains-the-same-box/>



THE PRETTIEST STAR: A pickaxe-wielding guitarist has reportedly destroyed Donald Trump’s Hollywood Walk Of Fame star. The US President’s star has already been destroyed numerous times in the past, with one man taking a jackhammer to it in 2016.

This week (July 25), a man was reported to have taken a pickaxe out of a guitar case and smash the star to pieces, completely demolishing it. The LAPD have confirmed 24-year-old Austin Mikel Clay has been arrested on suspicion of vandalism and jailed on a \$20,000 (£15,180) bond.

<https://www.nme.com/news/music/donald-trumps-hollywood-walk-fame-star-destroyed-2359258>

AND SO THE MORRISSEY SAGA OF SELF-LOATHING CONTINUES: Morrissey has shared yet another previously unheard ‘lost studio track’.

Having previously shared ‘By The Time I Get To Wherever I’m Going’ online with fans, now he’s dropped another unheard song complete with a live footage compilation video put together by his photographer nephew Sam Esty Rayner.

The swooning but elegiac and orchestrally-led number sees Morrissey in a typically bittersweet and morose mood as he pines: “I’m scum, and I’ve always been scum/ And that’s just the way it’s gone... “I’ve failed and failed/ Jumped up again and failed again.”

<https://www.nme.com/news/music/morrissey-shares-lost-studio-track-blue-dreamers-eyes-2358962>

Ono will also premiere a new track from the album every Tuesday on streaming services and on her website. After over 50 years in the music industry, Ono has released twenty-albums. For her latest, Ono revisits 13 songs from her past work from 1970-2009 and reimagines them.

CHANGES ONE BREADHEAD: The first ever demo recorded by David Bowie when

The tape was discovered by former Konrads drummer and manager David Hadfield when he was moving home, when he also found booking forms, photographs, promotional sketches, letters and bills relating to the band.

THE FUNKY GIBBONS: ZZ Top's Billy F Gibbons is to release a new solo album on September 21. The ZZ Top guitarist and vocalist's album, 'The Big Bad Blues' will feature a collection of original songs as well as covers of some classic blues covers including Muddy Waters' 'Rollin' and Tumblin'" and 'Standing Around Crying.'

<https://www.nme.com/news/music/billy-f-gibbons-new-solo-album-2357609>

PRATT, DOWNES & SCOTT,
NEW YORK.

The trains for Troy leave on the arrival the trains at Greatton.

The trains for Buffalo leave Albany at 7 A.M. & 7 P.M.

The trains of the Philadelphia and North Adams Railroad connect at Pittsfield.

The trains of the Hudson and Berkshire Railroad connect at Castleton.

The Hingham and Boston Railroad connects at New Bedford.

The trains for New York, Springfield, and Palmer leave at Worcester, Boston, and New Bedford.

Stages run from Cambridge to Brookfield to Ware to Andover from Palmer to Taunton to Ware to Andover.

Worcester, Nov. 30,


NORWICH & W.
The above vessels are
Commanded by experts
Freight from Norwich
Bale Goods for this
ton over the New York
Freight directed to
ACCOMMODATION
Leave Worcester
Leave Norwich at
connecting with the
Western, and From
NEW YORK
Leave Worcester for
except Sunday, on
the Boston at 6 p. m.
Leave Albany's Point
(except Monday) at about
FALL
Leave Worcester at 6
Fares are less when
the cars.
Norwich, July 22.

PROVIDENCE
PAGE 1
The Craftsman and Worcester
 Worcester at 10
 Books kept at the
 Rice, N. E. Village, C
 the Capital Stage Co
THUR
 leave Worcester at 7
 leave Providence at 7
 morning and evening t
 express boats.
 morning and evening t
 Worcester with train
 tickets sold at Froster
 switch and Worcester
REHOUT TRAIN
 red-and-blue Depot, Glouce
SPENC
 leave Uxbridge by Froster
 leave Providence for
 the 6:20 A.M. train fro
 ket with train for Bos
 the 6:50 P.M. train
 ket with train from Bos
 own class tickets sold
 rates stop at Milbor
 leville, Northbridge,
 stonew, Waterford,
 co., Ashton, Lonsdale
 Pawtucket.
EIGHT NOTICE
 a after they are ready
 No freight receipt

Worcester, Southbridge, and Sturbridge
Steam Propeller Freight Line.
NEW STORE!
Varden Block,) No. 44 Front St.
WORCESTER,
HE subscriber having recently opened No. 44 Front St., with a fresh stock of
FAMILY GROCERIES,
now prepared to furnish the citizens with every article
under Arrangement commencing May 1.
THROUGH PASSENGER TRAINS.
No Worcester at 6, 8, 11, 1, 4, 6, 8, 10 and 4 P. M.
The last on the arrival of the New Haven Train.
At 6 A. M. train will take up no one east of Framingham
passengers will leave Worcester at 6 A. M. and 8 P. M.
passengers will leave Boston at 7 A. M. and 4 P. M.
At 6 P. M. train will not stop at Way Stations to take
up passengers.
Leave BOSTON at 7 & 8 A. M., 2, 4, 6, 8 & 9 P. M.
7 A. M. train will stop only to take up passengers at
Way Stations for Springfield or beyond, or to take up
passengers for Worcester at Way stations west of Fram-
ingham.
8 A. M. train will take no one east of Framingham.
4 P. M. train will not stop east of Framingham, except
to take up Western Railroad passengers at Brighton on
Sundays.
8 P. M. train is the New York Steamboat Train, to
Worwick, to run as heretofore, without stops, except at
Framingham.

REGULAR LINE OF PACKETS
Between Norwich and Philadelphia.
Sail on WEDNESDAY of each week.
 The line is composed of the following Packets:
 New Sch. James L. Day, : : : Capt. Nash.
 " " Mary H. Chapin, : : : Capt. Green.
 " " Martha Chandler, : : : Capt. Green.
 " " " " " " : : : Capt. Green.

The subscribers, by appointment from the Hamilton
of Patents, agents of the U. S. Patent Office, for re-
ceiving and forwarding to the said, models, machines or
manufactures to be patented, & deposited things, which
will be sent free of expense and risk and will dispo-
se, they prepare Certificates, Specifications, Claims, and all
the necessary Papers and Drawings; will make references
into American and foreign works, to test the validity of inven-
tions, and render advice on legal and scientific matters.



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



stop.the.cull



Right On Chris

IT IS TIME TO STAND UP AND BE COUNTED

SEEDS. Together with a general assortment of *Wardens*
Ware, Baskets, &c. &c.

Office, N. E. Village, Central Hotel, Worcester, and also at the General Stage Office, No. 1 Marchant's Row.

It is very necessary that all Express Packages should be accompanied with written orders and signed personally, that it may be done with correctness.

July 7. dwtl TYLER HARRINGTON.

Right On Chris

WHOLESALE
COUNTED
Western Produce Store.
FOR SALE,
2000 BUSHELS SHORTS;
5000 do. Northern CORN;
250 bushels OATS;
500 do RYE;
150 do BEANS;
3000 lbs. BUCK WHEAT FLOUR;
CORN AND RYE MEAL.
OTIS BRAMAN,
Worcester, Feb 11. 215 13 Washington Square.

H. E. HUTCHINGS,
(Successor to WM. LEGGATE,) 180 MAIN ST.
MANUFACTURER and Dealer in HARNESSES, SADDLES, BRIDLES, Coach, Chaise and Draft COLLARS. Also, Trunks, Valises and Carpet Bags. Coach Oils and Tole WHIPS, &c. Repairing done at short notice.
Worcester, Jan 18

1101, Worcester, Ind 120 1210 1211. All kinds of AGRICULTURAL and HORTICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS AND MACHINES. Also, Grass, Garden, Field and Flower SEEDS. Together with a general assortment of Western Ware, Barrels, &c. &c.

All persons wishing to purchase any of the above mentioned articles, are invited to call and examine his stock, with the assurance that they will find a choice selection, of good quality, and at fair prices.

Worcester, May 10. 1874. OTIS CONVERSE.

NEW STORE!
(Warden Block,) No. 44 Front St.,
WORCESTER.

AND BE

THE subscriber continues to run THE EX-
PRESS between Boston and Worcester, for
the safe transmission of Packages, Families,
the Boston, Concord and Manchester (several).

Further attention given to paying, collecting and negotiating notes, drafts, bills, and purchasing and selling.

The subscriber is alone responsible for property entrusted to his care, and no risk is assumed by the Boston and Worcester Rail Road Company.

Packages by this Nos forwarded from New York, Boston, Newbury, Pitts, Taunton, Fall River, and New Bedford; also, to Portland, and all parts of Maine.
 Charges free for goods to be returned by this Express.
HARDEN & CO'S Office, 3 Court Street

Boston: J. H. KNIGHT'S HAT STORE, 189 Main St.
 Worcester: E. S. LEONARD.
 Feb 25, 1897.

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

THE LAST WEEK AT GONZO DAILY

Sunday
Monday
Tuesday
Wednesday
Thursday
Friday
Saturday

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

ELDRIDGE CLEAVER

Two types of people visit rhino in the wild

The strong and courageous
take a camera

The weak and cowardly
take a gun

**What sort of
person are you?**

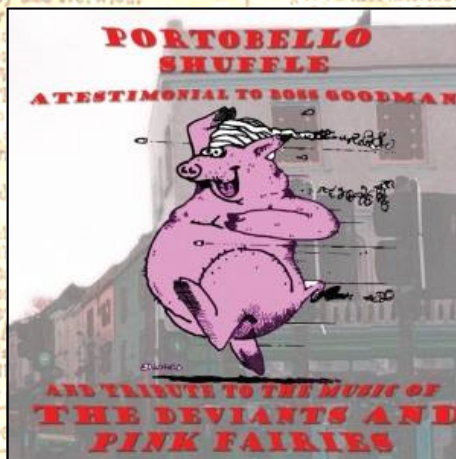
Celebrate wildlife on
World Wildlife Day
don't shoot it.





I'M ON BOARD!

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



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

MICHAEL DES BARRÉS ON

LITTLE STEVEN'S
UNDERGROUND GARAGE

MAXIMUM ROCK AND ROLL

MORNINGS 8AM - 11AM ET CH21 SIRIUS | ((XM))
SATELLITE RADIO

(FILLING IN FOR ANDREW LOOG OLDHAM)

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

Jimmy Carter

FB/Sue Fitzmaurice, Author



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



your  cards
someecards.com



Peculiar News of the Week



Each week Richard Freeman: world famous cryptozoologist, explorer, author, and one of the most peculiar people I know picks a suitably off story from the world's press.





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!

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



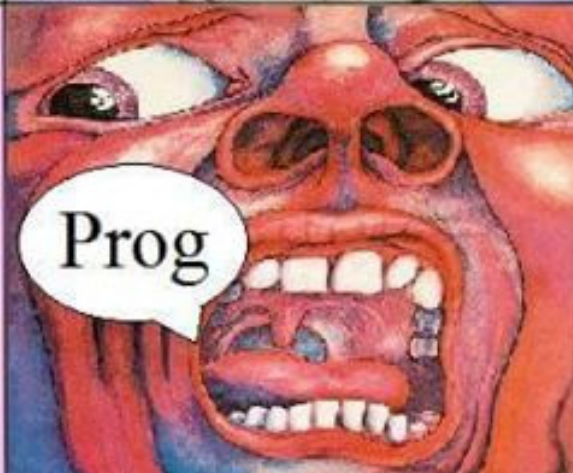
Hmph... You be careful, those
boys only care about one thing.



Sex?



No...



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





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

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

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

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



15 -07-2018 – SHOW 267 – Doomed and Stoned

Led Zeppelin:	The Rover
The Drinks:	Real Outside
Chief Kooffreh:	Women Power in Control
Owlcruiser:	Owlcruiser
Charles Fleisher:	Everybody Knows
Boomtown Rats:	She's not the Best
Leo Kottke:	Across the Street
O'Hooley and Tidow:	Wexford Lullaby
The Cassandra Complex:	In Search of Penny Century
Goatshlager:	Hog Machine
Nomadic Rituals:	Narrowing of the Light
Pat and the Wild:	The Giggler
The Moody Blues:	Dear Diary
P J Harvey:	The Nightingale
Issa:	Sacrifice Me
Joakim:	On the Beach (Joakim's Cray 76 Remix)
Mind Over Mirrors:	Halfway to the Zenith
Dr. Alamantado:	Reggae Train Step
Weed Priest:	Witches Curse
Heartbreak:	Loving the Alien
Rodd Keith:	Goodbye my Darling
David Crosby:	I'd Swear there was Somebody Here

**Listen
Here**



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

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



CHART POSITIONS

This upload was 11th in the #instrumental chart and 56th in the #rock chart.

TAGGED

#rock#friday night progressive#instrumental#fusion#prog rock

Anxtron

<https://www.facebook.com/anxtron/>

GEPH

<https://www.facebook.com/GEPHband/>

Mansini

[https://www.facebook.com/](https://www.facebook.com/brunomansinicomposer/)

[brunomansinicomposer/](https://www.facebook.com/brunomansinicomposer/)

Roz Vitalis

<https://www.facebook.com/Roz-Vitalis-203539749704367/>

New Sun

<https://www.facebook.com/NewSunBand/>

Tony Reed Mos Generator

<https://www.facebook.com/MosGenerator/>

Kiroptera

<https://www.facebook.com/Kiropterabanda/>

Visionoir

<https://www.facebook.com/visionoir/>

Single Celled Organism

<https://www.facebook.com/Single-Celled-Organism-3373669367.../>

**Listen
Here**

Friday Night Progressive



CANTERBURY SANS FRONTIÈRES: Episode Sixty-one

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:

A remarkable Kevin Ayers song which I bet you've never heard, performed live with The Whole World in 1970, more from the Caravan 15th anniversary gigs in 1983, something from Daevid and Gilli's last album with Gong, something from current Gong frontman Kavus Torabi's debut solo EP, a reunited Hatfield paying tribute to Elton Dean in NYC, Elton at the top of his game with Soft Machine in Oslo '71, members of Henry Cow collaborating with Japanese musicians on a Robert Wyatt classic, something lovely from Robert himself, plus Steve Hillage, Jon Hassell, Bjork and a very early Yes covering The Byrds to great effect. From the Canterbury of today, new work from Koloto, Nelson Parade, Paisley Mess and Humble Pious, plus old favourites from Jamie Dams and Syd Arthur.

**Listen
Here**



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

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

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

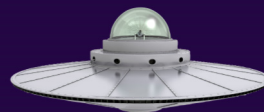


PHOTO BY SMITHMAXFIELD.COM

AND LOOK WHAT MACK HAS FOR YOU THIS WEEK

BIZARRE SECRETS OF THE

NAZIS Mack, Juan-Juan and Cobra talk to Bob Jamison, whose father worked for the OSS during World War Two spiriting German scientists out of Europe and saving them from the Russians. Chuck Stansburge on his recent trip through the galaxy with his alien friends. Rock musician Carmen Sclafani calls in to talk about his latest album. Switchblade Steve on just how freaky the Nazis were; Emily M on Hitler's obsession with cupcakes.



Listen
Here

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



Patrick Moody Williams

(1939 – 2018)

Williams was an Oscar nominated American composer, arranger, and conductor who worked in many genres of music, and in film and television. Born in Missouri, Williams grew up in Connecticut and received a degree in history from Duke University, where he directed the student-run jazz big band, known as the Duke Ambassadors, from 1959 to 1961. Since music was always his first love, he went on to Columbia University to study music composition and conducting, where his passion became his profession. He quickly became busy as an arranger in New York; he moved to California in 1968 to pursue work in the movie and television field while continuing to write and arrange jazz albums.

Williams was also a leader in the music-education field for many years. He served as the Artistic Director of the Henry Mancini Institute — one of the nation's premier training programs for young musicians seeking professional careers in music — for five years. He was Visiting Professor and Composer-in-Residence at the University of Utah and the University of Colorado, which awarded him an honorary doctorate. He also held an honorary doctorate from Duke University and performed and/or lectured at such other institutions as the Berklee College of Music, Indiana University, Texas Christian University, UCLA, USC, and Yale University.

Frank Sinatra asked Williams to arrange and conduct his two Duets albums. For clarinetist Eddie Daniels, Williams wrote A Concerto in Swing; for saxophonist Tom Scott, he penned Romances for Jazz Soloist and Orchestra. His Theme For Earth Day was recorded by John Williams and the Boston Pops. Amongst many films he scored the John Waters movie 'Cry baby' in 1990.

THOSE WE HAVE LOST



Lucy Ferry

(née Helmore; 1959 - 2018)

Ferry was a British model and London socialite, who was the former wife of Roxy Music lead singer Bryan Ferry. Helmore's father worked for many years at the Lloyd's of London insurance corporation. She was photographed by photographer Robert Mapplethorpe, and was a London socialite for years, attending parties and fashion shows. "She was making an impact on the fashion world too, beyond her modelling assignments. Designers such as Christian Lacroix, Manolo Blahnik and Philip Treacy have cited her as an influence on their work."

She posed as the cover model for Roxy Music's album Avalon, wearing the helmet. Only 22 and with Ferry 14 years her senior, they married on 26 June 1982, at the Church of St Anthony and St George at Duncton, West Sussex. The couple have four sons: Otis, Isaac, Tara, and Merlin.

The Ferrys divorced on 31 March 2003; Helmore was reportedly paid £10 million in the settlement. In October 2006, she married Robin Birley, the 48-year-old son of Lady Annabel Goldsmith. She died on 23 July 2018, aged 58, of a self-inflicted gunshot while on holiday in Ireland.



June Ruth Jacobs CBE

(1930 – 2018)

Jacobs was a British Jewish peace activist and a former President of the International Council of Jewish Women. Jacobs was the founder and first Chair of the National Council for Soviet Jews. She led missions in the 1970s to visit Jews who had been denied permission to emigrate (refuseniks) from the Soviet Bloc. She visited as part of a "tourist group and then" managed to "break away from them", risking jail for her activities. In particular, she regularly visited Moscow and Leningrad (now St Petersburg).

Jacobs later became known as an advocate of Jewish women's issues. As President of the International Council of Jewish Women, she represented the organisation at

THOSE WE HAVE LOST

Elbert Howard

(1938 – 2018)

the UN Commission on the Status of Women in New York. She remained involved late in her life through her membership of the European Women's Lobby and Women's International Commission.

Jacobs was a member of the board of directors of the New Israel Fund, a campaign for social justice in Israel. She was a patron of the Jewish Council for Racial Equality (JCORE), a member of the Black Jewish Asian Forum, Life President of Jewish Child's Day, and Vice President of the Memorial Foundation for Jewish Culture and Chairperson of their Nahum Goldmann Fellowship Program.[4][6] She was a trustee of the Kessler Foundation.

Howard, better known as Big Man, was an American civil rights activist and author who was one of the founding members of the Black Panther Party. Howard spent several years in the United States Air Force in Europe. After receiving an honorable discharge from the Air Force, Howard moved to Oakland, California. While attending Merritt College, Howard met Bobby Seale and Huey P. Newton. In 1966, at the age of 28, he became one of the six original founding members of the Black Panther Party. The others were Bobby Seale, Huey Newton, "L'il" Bobby Hutton, Reggie Forte and Sherman Forte. Howard was an active member of the Black Panther Party for Self-Defense from 1966 through 1974.



THOSE WE HAVE LOST

WALLY TENT • KOZFEST • SATURDAY • ALAN DEARLING • 4.30PM • BOOKSIGNING 5PM

TRAVELLING DAZE



Alan Dearling. Portrait by Rita Roberts

Author Alan Dearling will be at the Wally Tent on Saturday afternoon at 4.30 and will give a brief talk on festivals/free spaces and the challenges they face from all types of gentrification and rules.



Alan Dearling with Traveller friends



TRAVELLING DAZE

WORDS AND IMAGES FROM THE UK'S NEW TRAVELLERS AND FESTIVALS, LATE 1960s TO THE HERE AND NOW

BOOK WILL BE AVAILABLE TO BUY AT SIGNING

CONTENTS

Words and images from the UK's new Travellers and festivals, late 1960s to the here and now.

Alan Dearling, with dozens of friends and travellers

A cool 'new, amazing' kind of book. 200 pages packed with over 600 pics, artwork, images and hundreds of notes from the festivals, park-ups, roadshows, sites and conflicts with police.

It's a full-on roller-coaster ride. Good times, bad times and ones in between.

Even the contributors are saying: "Can't wait to see it all!"

Joe Public: "It's weird. It's a corker."

"I absolutely loved the book...you could pull up at any site, anywhere, and within a couple of days you would know who was who." Nicki Turton

Stavie Bubble remembers: "The sheer excitement, anything could happen and often did."

Years is the thing. Now you can share it, in living Technicolor, the lives and times of many of the UK's most colourful characters.

Price: £18.50
www.ashmolepublications.co.uk

Travellers, Artists, Festival 'n' Fun, George, Mutton, Pinneridge, Alan Dearling
Wally Hogg

In the beginning, there was Phil Russell...Alan Dearling, Stepping Hogg after that, now and into the future. A personal account by David Phillips, co-founder of the Wally Hogg Association

Travellers, Artists, Festival 'n' Fun, George, Mutton, Pinneridge, Alan Dearling

Life with the Gypsy to Young Gypsy and Beyond...Annette (Annette)

David Weller, Traveller artist, includes Queen Lane by Ray Bradbourne, Spidey by David George and Phil the Bear by Andy Hogg.

People are the best part of nature...Building by Elizabeth Andrews

National Welfare Services...the early part's a personal memoir by Margaret Greenwood and Pamela South

Life after Travellers...introduced by Peter Sheppard

Tales of a Traveller...Fiona Fyfe

St. Rude's

St. Rude's...introduced by Alan Dearling, St. Rude's in Traveller history...Andy Northampton

Some more observations about St. Rude's...Alan Dearling (with Jeremy Goodford), The Voice of Albion, St. Rude's as told by Jeremy Goodford

Some memories of travelling days...Nicki Turton

Memories of the festival and the travelling scene...Stavie Bubble

Presidential: a few words about the ultimate Traveller band...Alan Dearling

A sense of community by Liz

George Hogg (1944-2005)...Alan Dearling

You could see the stars...Stavie Bubble

Tell the World...Alan Dearling

The Traveller's Year's only one way of life, and that's your own...Alan Dearling

Travelling Bands, Music and Festivals within new Traveller Culture 1995-2002...Sam Wilkinson

Epilogue: Affiliates...Alan Dearling

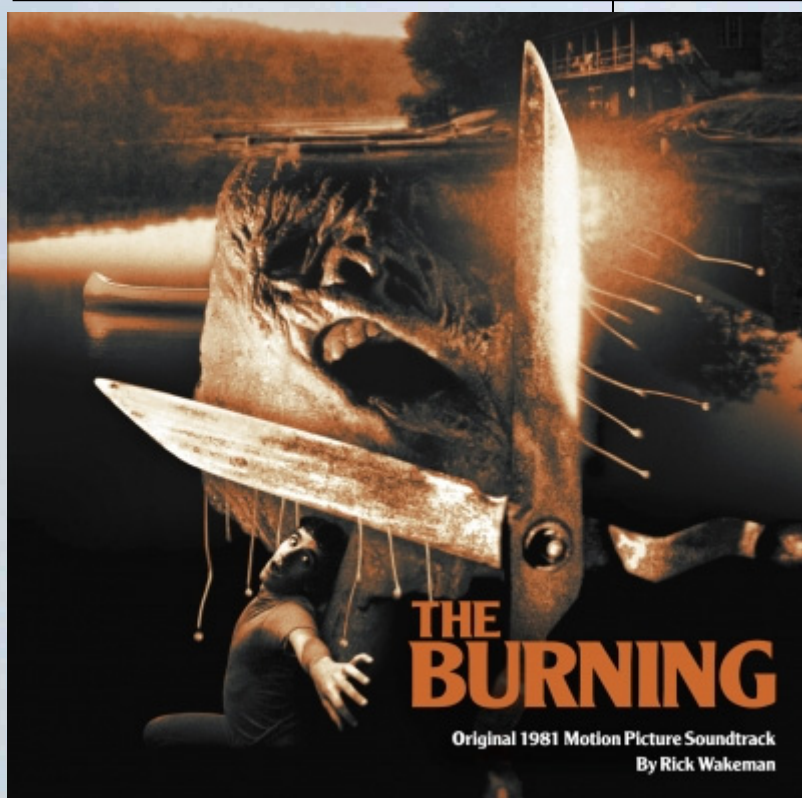
Plus pics and art from David Stooke, Joe Public, Traveller (Alan Dearling), Tell the World, Day (David O'Hare), George Hogg, Matt Smith, Shirley and other friends and travellers.



ALAN DEARLING WILL BE JOINED BY THE ARTIST DAVID STOOKE AT 5PM

DAVID STOOKE CONTRIBUTED A LOT OF PICTURES AND PAINTINGS TO THIS BOOK

DAVID WILL BE SHOWING SOME OF HIS WORKS IN RICHARD LUMLEY GALLERY SATURDAY



Artist Rick Wakeman
Title The Burning
Cat No. MFGZ024CD
Label RRAW

The Burning is a 1981 slasher film directed by Tony Maylam and written by Peter Lawrence and Bob Weinstein. It is based on an original story by Maylam, Harvey Weinstein, and Brad Grey, with a musical score by Rick Wakeman. The film is

loosely based on the upstate New York urban legend of Cropsey, a tale that became popular at summer camps in the 1960s and '70s. In the film, a summer camp caretaker named Cropsey who was horribly disfigured from a prank gone wrong is released from the hospital with severe deformities and seeks revenge with garden shears on those he holds responsible, starting with the kids at a nearby summer camp. Lou David stars as the maniacal Cropsey, while Brian Matthews plays Todd, the camp counselor that must stop him.

Stephen Ralteri writes: "The soundtrack from the movie The Burning is on side two of this album, with side one featuring "The Wakeman Variations" on some of the same material. With the exception of the "End Title Theme," the soundtrack is unusual for Wakeman, including some eerie ambient electronics, a horror story narrated by Brian Matthews, and two tracks on which Wakeman doesn't play, one a country-rock tune featuring banjo and pedal steel guitar. The "Variations" are keyboard-led instrumentals more in the Wakeman tradition."

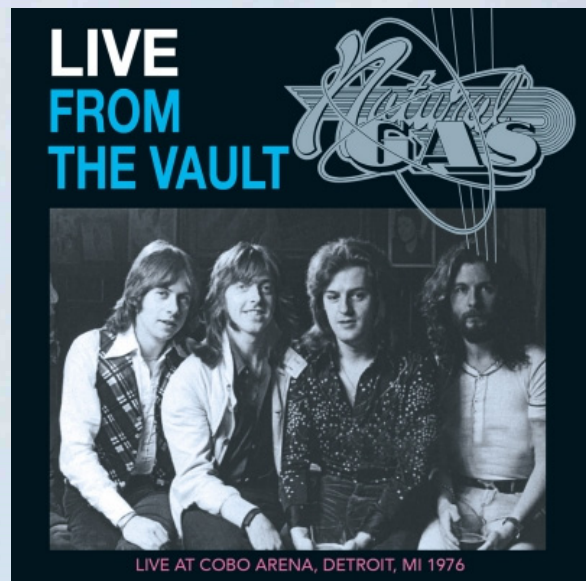




Artist Michael Bruce
Title Rock Rolls On
Cat No. HST484CD
Label Gonzo

Michael Bruce, the guitarist of the original Alice Cooper group released this 1983 seven song album on the Nevada based Euro Tech Records and Tapes. This is the guy who co-wrote "School's Out" and "No More Mr. Nice Guy," songs that epitomize all that Alice Cooper was and still is about. Having the rhythm section from Bulldog and the Rascals, the always perfect drums of Dino Danelli and bass work of Gene Cornish, along with keyboards by David Foster, make it clear that the music is going to be top notch.

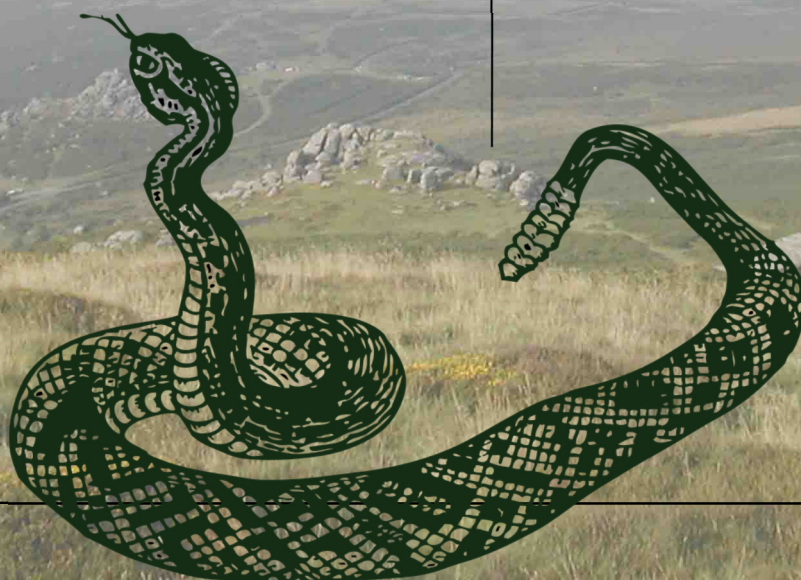
Check it out you rock and rollers.



Artist Natural Gas
Title Live From The Vault
Cat No. HST467CD
Label Gonzo

Natural Gas was a rock band which released one album, Natural Gas, produced by Felix Pappalardi, in 1976. The group performed a few gigs as an opening act for Peter Frampton in 1976. They released a self-titled album and three singles. The band consisted of Joey Molland, a guitarist in Badfinger, the famous Beatles-influenced pop act which collapsed after the suicide of its primary songwriter. Mark Clarke, a sideman bass player best known for playing in Uriah Heep during '71-'72, along with Jerry Shirley, the drummer from Humble Pie and Quiver member Peter Wood. Issued in 1975 on Private Stock, Natural Gas's only album aimed vaguely at being a harder-sounding version of Badfinger.

Here they are, on stage at their blistering best.





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



Gonzo #32 The Dutch Festie c...

actions



Gonzo #30 The Mick Abrahams...

actions



Gonzo #27 The Prog shirt

actions



Gonzo #24 The Daavid Allen shirt

actions



Gonzo #23 The Michael Des B...

actions



Yer original Gonzo Weekly shirt

actions



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

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



“Naked Radio”

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

The Pink Fairies official
website:
www.pinkfairies.net



Cop a sneak preview here:

<http://tinyurl.com/z9825mr>

GONZO CURRENTLY IN STOCK
AT GONZO (UK)

GONZO CURRENTLY IN STOCK
AT GONZO (USA)



SHIR ORDO

By Richard Stellar

I first met Shir Ordo about 4 years ago. She accompanied her mom Tammy, who is an accomplished violinist and music educator, and her father Avi, to Los Angeles to play in an event that I was involved in. Mutual friends kept the relationship alive, and I was able to keep in touch with this great family over Facebook.

Ah Facebook, the great leveler of humanity. Little did I know that behind the posts and photos of birthdays and recitals, there was a talent of global potential who was fermenting into a heady brew of artistry, poise and intellect. The little girl whose violin appeared like a cello in her diminutive embrace was growing into a star.

Fast forward to my recent trip to Israel. Over dinner at a trendy restaurant on the cobbled streets of Old Jaffa, her mom slipped me a CD festooned with foreign

words in Hebrew, and on the cover, laying in a field of clover was an older, grown-up Shir Ordo. I quickly scanned the CD, and couldn't help but notice that Shir was looking up at whoever was holding the CD, daring them to listen.

I tucked the CD into my valise, sandwiching it between a copy of the latest Rolling Stone, and the Beatle's Sgt. Pepper's digital release. Little did I know how at home that CD would be amongst some of the greatest music in my library.

Once back home, I unpacked my bags and tossed Shir's CD to my wife. "Here, you might like this", I said – offering what I thought would be more at home in her iTunes collection than mine. While I prefer my rock served hard and classic, Nuala dances to a different tune – more along the lines of Barbra Streisand, Joss Stone, Adele and gulp...Abba. I remember it was an interruption to Hendrix' "If Six Was Nine" that the headphones were ripped off of my head, and my wife's voice intoning:

"You've got to hear this".

She had tears in her eyes. Cutting onions again, dear? Nothing could have been further from the truth. Her soul had been touched. I searched for the CD, and found its digital equivalent on the Internet. I

Pic (above and cover): Tomer Almakayes
Pic (Opposite): Moshik Brin.

downloaded the album, leaned back, and experienced what must have been George Martin's response on that day when he heard The Beatles sing Love Me Do, all those years ago.

Shir Ordo had not only grown, she had matured. "Connected", her album of original songs touched me. I contacted Tammy over Facebook, and told her that my favorite song was 'Always', a song with a very trippy hook. She was singing to me. Yes Shir, I don't feel I'm good enough, and yes...life is really tough! By the time the chorus hit, I was moving – this was All You Need Is Love – hopeful and positive. It did make me fly, and by the end of the song, I was hitting the repeat button again, and again, and again.

The guitars soared and the violin scaled the melody, all a backdrop to Shir's voice that hinted at experience and embraced innocence.

Then, what followed is 'Kiss Me', and it was at this point that I felt the floor give away and I started to float. Again, the notion of flying was woven through the lyrics. Pure escapism, set on an exceptional arrangement. A daughter's song to a parent, asking for a kiss on the cheek and a commitment to love until death. I get choked up just writing this, as I watch children rescued from a Thai cave, the hopefulness of youth in the hands of an artist is what gives us a reason to carry on.

Yeah I know this is a prog rock magazine. I sent a copy to a friend who helms a popular cable alt rock show. "Do you realize that I play The Stooges and Howling Wolf?" Yes, but there is no denying true talent. Shir Ordo will be big. Bigger than big. I can't believe that I sat next to her eating Calimari Pizzas and talking about favorite ice cream flavors.

I'll say "I knew her when..."



RAW presents

Forthcoming releases from Rick Wakeman & Friends

Rick Wakeman & Brian May

live from

STARMUS 2015



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



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



Available to pre-order from www.rickwakemansmusicemporium.com

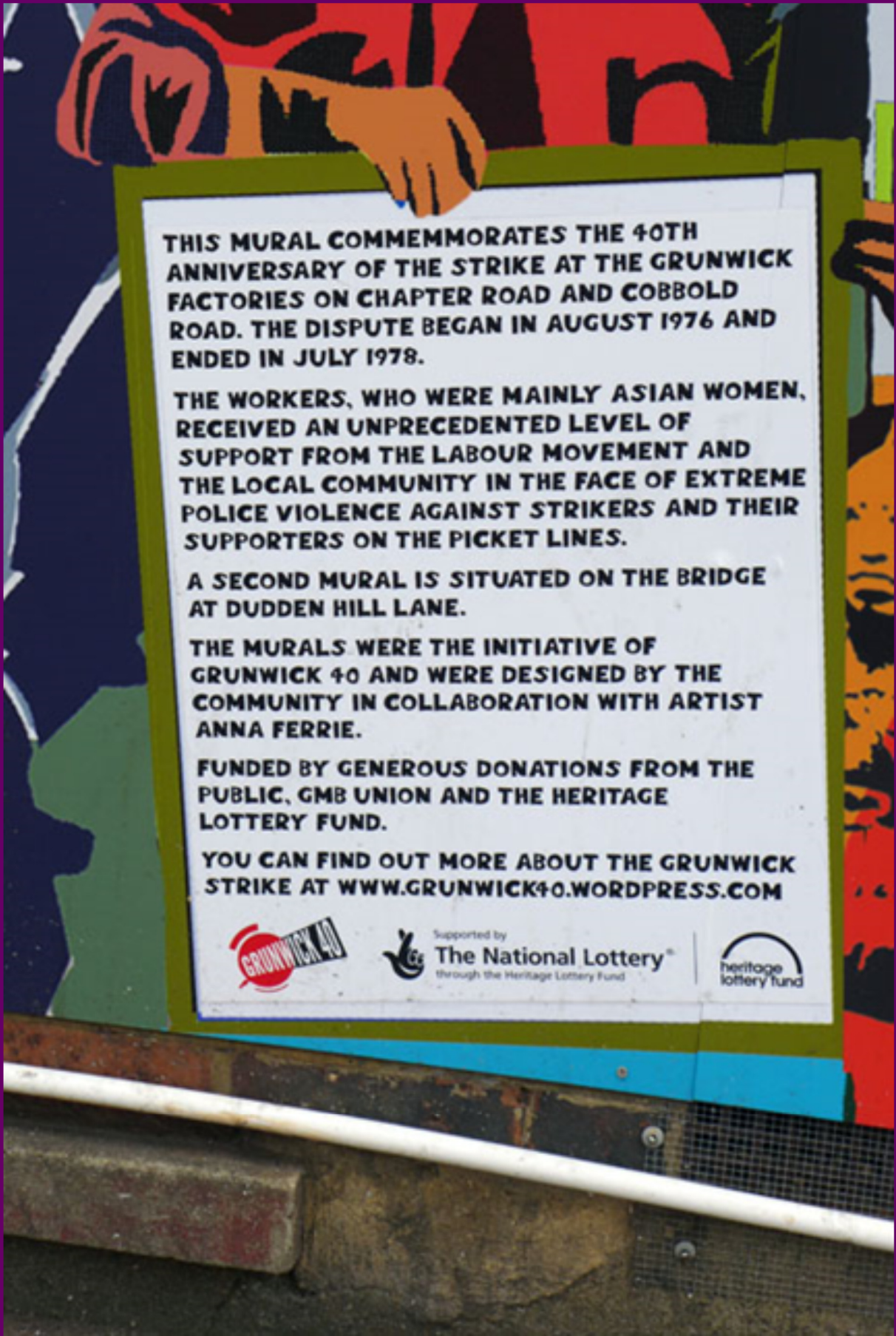


The Grunwick dispute and strike action

Two stunning street murals invite us to remember the largely Asian workforce at the Grunwick film processing factory in Dollis Hill, Willesden 1976-78.

Willesden Green and Dollis Hill in North-West London provided me with two flat-share homes in the mid to late-1970s. I was working as team leader for the youth and community service in Acton, for the London Borough of Ealing. It was a troubled time, but heady too. The IRA were organising the planting of bombs across London. Many of the IRA supporters lived, worked and drank in this area. I well remember feeling threatened at pub closing-time as black balaclava-hooded figures raised their black gloved hands in a salute and then came from table to table with collecting boxes to support 'the Boys' back in Ireland.

alan dearling



THIS MURAL COMMEMORATES THE 40TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE STRIKE AT THE GRUNWICK FACTORIES ON CHAPTER ROAD AND COBBOLD ROAD. THE DISPUTE BEGAN IN AUGUST 1976 AND ENDED IN JULY 1978.

THE WORKERS, WHO WERE MAINLY ASIAN WOMEN, RECEIVED AN UNPRECEDENTED LEVEL OF SUPPORT FROM THE LABOUR MOVEMENT AND THE LOCAL COMMUNITY IN THE FACE OF EXTREME POLICE VIOLENCE AGAINST STRIKERS AND THEIR SUPPORTERS ON THE PICKET LINES.

A SECOND MURAL IS SITUATED ON THE BRIDGE AT DUDDEN HILL LANE.

THE MURALS WERE THE INITIATIVE OF GRUNWICK 40 AND WERE DESIGNED BY THE COMMUNITY IN COLLABORATION WITH ARTIST ANNA FERRIE.

FUNDED BY GENEROUS DONATIONS FROM THE PUBLIC, GMB UNION AND THE HERITAGE LOTTERY FUND.

YOU CAN FIND OUT MORE ABOUT THE GRUNWICK STRIKE AT WWW.GRUNWICK40.WORDPRESS.COM



Supported by
The National Lottery
through the Heritage Lottery Fund





I was working with young punks, Rastas, youngsters with parents hailing from just about every place around the globe. Alienated, angry and sometimes nihilistic youth. It was the time of the Southall

riots; SUS laws – the police stopped ‘suspicious’ persons loitering with intent (especially Black young people); trouble at the Notting Hill Carnivals, and gigs





supporting Rock Against Racism and the Anti-Nazi League.

But the dispute at the Grunwick factory was something outwith my experience. And my flat-share in Dollis Hill was in Chaplin Road close to the Dollis Hill tube station AND Grunwick. This dispute was huge. Oft-times, thousands of strikers and their supporters with banners on the street outside the factory and the underground station. Outside my front door. Hundreds of police. Buses arriving with 'scab' labour being brought in to 'break' the strike. More buses arriving with pickets from mines and factories from all over the UK. It was literally 'in my face' every day. You don't forget such scenes. Especially when the strike leaders are Asian women. This, remember, was in the 1970s.

On August 20th 2018, it will be 42 years since the beginning of the dispute and 40 years since it ended. It raised so many questions...

- How could Asians, particularly from Uganda and Africa, find support and work in the UK after leaving Idi Amin's and other hateful regimes?
- Women workers challenged the patriarchy in the workplace. And found themselves at the heart of a dispute which went worldwide, supported by the international trade union movement.
- What constitutes reasonable and fair factory working conditions?
- The need for fair pay and good management practices were still challenged by many industrial bosses and owners.
- Racism – what is it – how can it be combated?
- It also led to the establishment of databases of activists, and the dispute contributed to the outlawing of secondary picketing under the Thatcher government of the 1980s.



A little bit of the Grunwick 'story' (from the BBC site below)

"On 20 August 1976, mother-of-two Mrs Desai walked out of the factory in support of a sacked colleague.

As she left, the line manager compared her and her colleagues to 'chattering monkeys'.

She replied: 'What you are running here is not a factory, it is a zoo. But in a zoo there are many types of animals. Some are monkeys who dance on your fingertips, others are lions who can bite your head off.'

'We are the lions, Mr. Manager.'

Her son Sunil Desai, who also worked at the plant, helped her set up picket lines outside the factory. The pair began a passionate campaign to improve standards at the company and egged on many more workers to walk out.

Research by Dr Sundari Anitha, from the University of Lincoln, and Professor

Ruth Pearson, from the University of Leeds, suggests that, while these women were 'willing to accept jobs that had low status and low pay, they were unwilling to accept the degrading treatment that in those days was typically handed out to 'unskilled' non-white immigrants in workplaces'.

Grunwick refused to recognise they had joined a union and also refused to give them permission to do so - a position from which they refused to budge. The 137 workers on strike were sacked.

After a few months picketing outside the factory, their cause was taken up by the wider trade union movement. By June 1977 there were marches in support of the Grunwick strikers, and on some days more than 20,000 people packed themselves into the narrow lanes near Dollis Hill Tube station.

The dispute rapidly escalated, culminating in pitched battles between mass pickets and police as the company bussed in other workers. Three of the Labour government's ministers - Shirley Williams, Fred Mulley



and Dennis Howell - joined the picket line.

On a particularly brutal day in November 1977, when 8,000 people turned out to protest, 243 pickets were

treated for injuries, 12 had broken bones and 113 were arrested. Home Secretary Merlyn Rees, who insisted a heavy police presence was 'necessary', turned up at the demonstration to appeal for calm but he was jeered.





The conciliation and arbitration service Acas was forced to withdraw from the dispute because the Grunwick management refused to take part in mediation.

Eventually, both the TUC (Trades Union Congress) and Apex (the strikers' union), felt that the dispute could not be won and withdrew their support. But nothing worked and after two long years of struggle, the dispute ended in defeat for the strikers. The workers who took action were never reinstated and neither did they win union recognition.

Although the strikers did not get their jobs back, some concessions relating to existing and future workers' pay and pensions were won. However, the greater victory was arguably the message it sent about immigrant workers' place in society and their determination to stand up for their rights.

It did not put an end to stereotypes of Asian women, but it certainly challenged them. This passionate assertion of strength, and the claiming of a newfound collective identity, bringing with it a

sense of hope and new possibilities, arose not only from taking a stand as exploited workers but from collectively confronting racism at work."

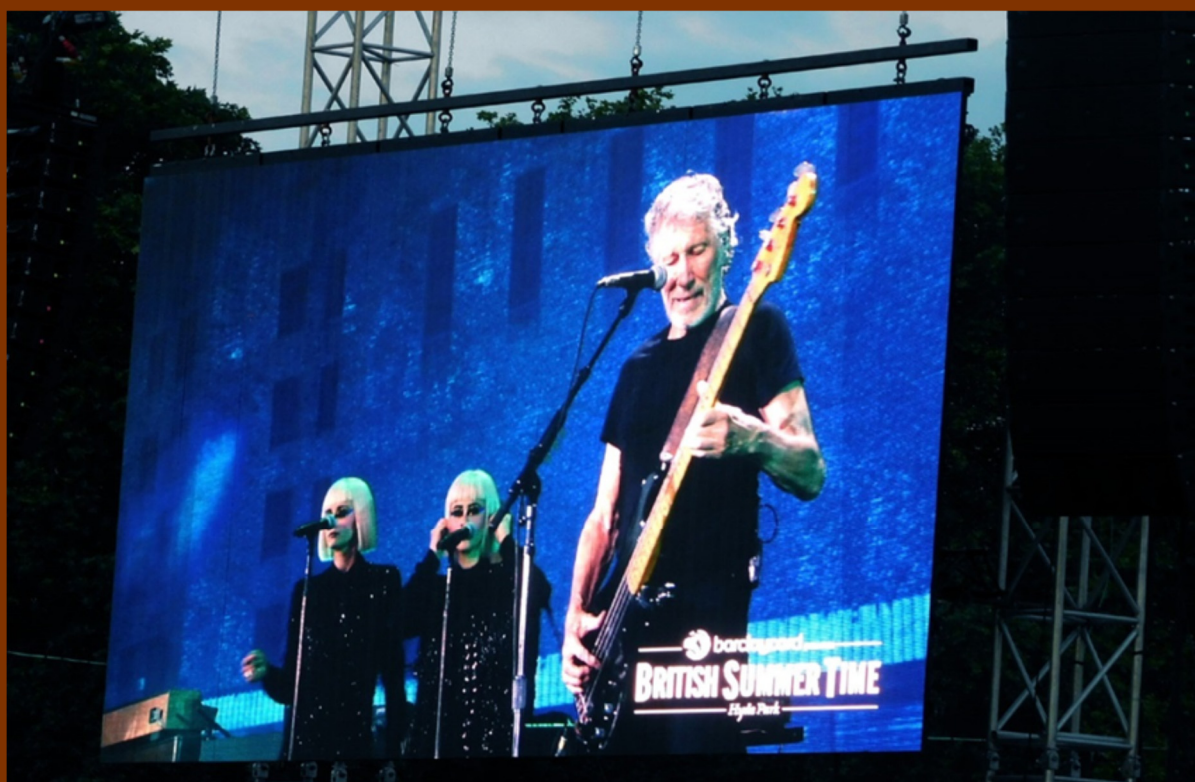
Here's a great piece of video that brings the tale to life:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=0uDkIPOPV98>

I recently went back to visit my old Dollis Hill home area. It was quite nostalgic. The area is still firmly working-class and multi-cultural. New shops and cafes, and old haunts like to wonderful scrappies on the High Street. The old 'local' pub is now closed and boarded up. But most of all – there are now the two wonderful street murals, commemorating the struggles of the Grunwick workers.

Check out more information about Grunwick:

<https://grunwick40.wordpress.com/>
<http://www.striking-women.org/module/striking-out/grunwick-dispute>
<https://www.bbc.co.uk/news/uk-england-london-37244466>



Roger Waters at British Summer, Time Hyde Park, London

The sound of invisible machines whirring overhead with accompanying squawking signalled the imminent appearance of Roger Waters and his band to the Hyde Park stage. "I've been mad..." the familiar voice-over from *Speak to Me* segued into *Breathe* from 'Dark Side of the Moon'. Swirling cartoons and colours lit the screens behind the massive stage as the grizzled ex-Pink Floyd bassist launched into *One of these Days* from 'Meddle'. Fortunately the distant tiny musicians were projected onto massive screens around the grounds.

Jess Wolfe and Holly Laessig of the LA band Lucius, donning a cloned-android look, rendered powerful backing vocals particularly on *The Great Gig in the Sky*. Later the rest of the band was introduced:

Dave Kilminster on steel guitar; Jon Carin on keyboards; drummer Joey Waronker and Jonathan Wilson on guitar and vocals. "Every band should have a hippie," quipped Waters about Wilson's distinctive mellow version of playing and singing the David Gilmour parts.

After *Welcome to the Machine* the atmosphere became more subdued during three tracks from his latest album 'Is this the life you really want?' Few in the crowd seemed to know these tunes. Perhaps predictably, they had really only come to be part of the Pink Floyd Experience. But, the verve and energy returned as everyone joined in the chorus of *Wish you were here*. Here is a link to the live clip: - <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=qdxuCjOvkzE>

During the opening strains of *Another Brick in the Wall* local schoolkids dressed in orange jumpsuits, reminiscent of Guantanamo Bay captives, gingerly came on stage trying not to peep out of their black hoods.

PHIL BAYLISS



Those hoods were dispatched as soon as they sang along to “We don’t need no education, we don’t need no thought control...” The marching hammers from ‘The Wall’ were projected behind them.

During the break we were regaled by some of Roger Waters’ maxims to “Resist” racism, hatred, intolerance and sexism...

The set was re-opened with *Dogs*, from





the 'Animals' album, the cover of which was reproduced in front of us with Battersea Power Station on the screens and four smoking chimneys rising from behind the stage. As a huge pig floated in the sky the band blasted into *Pigs (Three Different Ones)* "Big man, pig man, ha ha charade you are" which made Donald Trump an easy target to be lampooned.

'Stay human... or die' was the message on an even larger tethered pig which drifted across the stage

During *Money* the band donned pig masks and were served bubbly in an eerie tableau from the climax of the novel 'Animal Farm'.

The beautiful title song from this 'Us & Them' tour followed, then *Smell the Roses*, from the new album, building into



the finale with *Brain Damage* and *Eclipse* as a laser projection of the iconic prism covered the stage. The encore was the predictable but no less spine-tingling *Comfortably Numb* accompanied by spectacular pyrotechnics. Here is the link to the live video:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=4m7XWM89y0w>

This was a masterful two and a half hour set of wonderful music, spectacular visuals, and political gestures. Thankfully this was no longer the machine-gun toting egoist from 'The Wall Tour' of a few years ago. Roger Waters had combined the music, the visuals and the politics, including slinging a Palestinian keffiyeh around his neck and quoting the 1948 Human Rights Act, with a skilful empathy which melded into a memorable show.

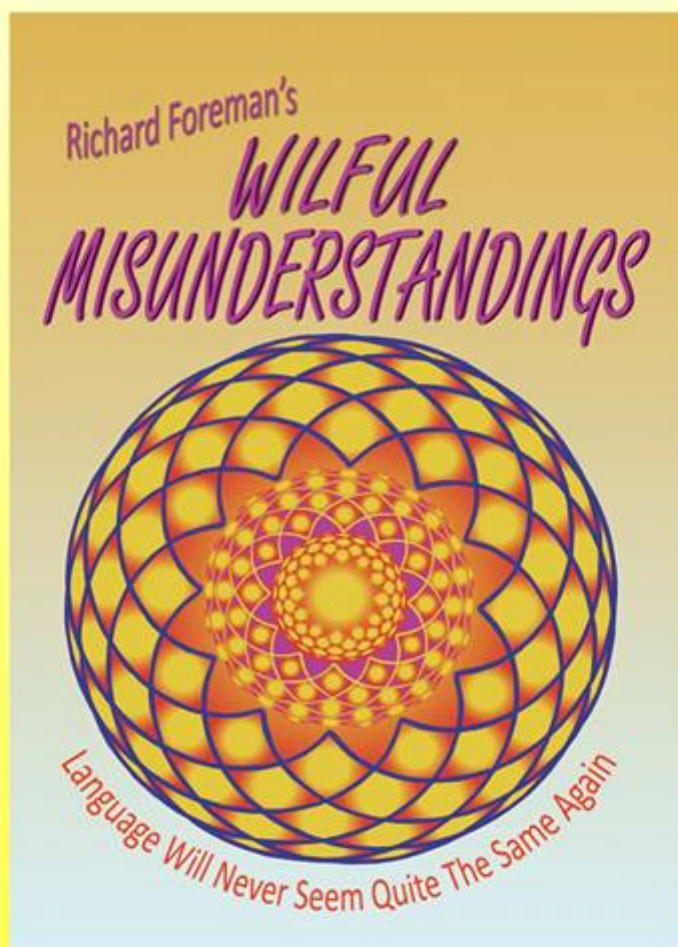


Expect the Unexpected!

'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)



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.'

Richard Foreman's Wilful Misunderstandings

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

MORE MASTERPIECES from RICK WAKEMAN



TWO SIDES OF YES

Double CD set. The very
best of Yes, Wakeman style
HFG2013CD



THE STAGE COLLECTION

Recorded live in August
1993 in Buenos Aires
HFG2004CD



TIME MACHINE

Guest vocalists include John
Parr, Tracey Ackerman,
Ashley Holt, and Roy Wood
HFG2012CD



GASTANK

Double DVD set. Rick's
classic 1982 music
and chat show
HFG2023DVD



GOLÉ!

Soundtrack album
featuring Tony Fernandez
and Jackie McAuley
BC241-60



COUNTRY AIRS

The original recording,
with two new tracks
HFG2014CD



THE BURNING

The original Soundtrack
album, back in print at last!
HFG2024CD



LURE OF THE WILD

With Adam Wakeman.
Entirely instrumental
HFG2003CD



STARMUS

With Brian May and
The English Rock
Ensemble. DVD
HFG2010VD



MYTHS AND LEGENDS

Double CD set. The
expanded 2016 version
HFG2016CD



LIVE AT THE WINTERLAND THEATRE 1975

Live in San Francisco
HFG2015CD



THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA

Double CD + DVD
HFG2005CD



CAN YOU HEAR ME?

Featuring The English
Chamber Choir
HFG2005



CRIMES OF PASSION

A wicked and erotic
soundtrack!
HFG2018CD



BEYOND THE PLANETS

With Jeff Wayne and
Kevin Peek
HFG2019CD



WAKEMAN'S MUSIC EMPORIUM



Available from rickwakemansmusicemporium.com
and all other good music retailers





Canned Heat On the Road Again.. Live 2018 21st July Hampton Pool, London, UK.

Surreal is not the word, Woodstock survivors playing a south west London Summer Picnic Concert, the majority of the audience sat on 'camping chairs' they

had brought along, whilst they ate their astonishingly posh picnics, Waitrose, M & S and somewhat more appropriately, Whole Food Markets packaging everywhere. "Olives dear? We have three choices....." The evening's concession to the Planet was wine was sold in plastic milk bottles from the bar.....a plea to bring some back went out halfway through the evening, seems some were getting too pissed to recycle. No alcohol was allowed to be brought in, no smoking or vaping, presumably sex wasn't allowed but there was to be some rock and roll. From some true legends at that....

We had driven up early from Bristol and spent a glorious day in Kew Gardens, exploring hidden corners and then just laid out on a blanket under a tree later in the day, soaking in the warmth and getting high. Having taken the piss in the intro above, we went into Richmond briefly and bought ourselves a little picnic

John Brodie-Good





from, er, Food Markets and Paul, a continental bakery. Very rock and roll.....We drove the short distance to Hampton, parked up and joined the hordes of 'oldies' streaming up the road towards the pool entrance. I say 'oldies', I really do forget I'm 60, we don't look pretty anymore do we really, sadly.....Not only did we have the requisite picnic, we even had two chairs I'm ashamed to say. I'd looked at photos of last year's event to try and suss it out and it seemed clear if you didn't have a chair, it was arse on the grass, and mine's getting a bit boney for that. I ripped the price stickers off when I took them out of the boot. I hope they would be easy to set up.....There was quite a q already but the gates soon opened and we slowly filed into an open-air swimming pool, complete with people swimming in it. Below was a grassy slope with a small but proper, stage set up, with lights and covered PA stacks on each side. It felt instantly relaxing and a bit

different. By the end of the evening, we both agreed that in spite of the fact most of the audience were rather middle-class plus, it was a really nice atmosphere, lots of people knew each other, there was a real sense of community. They seem to hold a few gigs in a short space of time every year, to raise funds for what is a community run pool, set on the edge of Bushey Park. Most of the bands are tribute acts but not all. Tonight was a real coup for them, originally billed as their only 2018 UK gig, it was preceded by Cardiff and Brighton I think, but just the three.

We got our chairs (I can't believe I'm writing this bit) just two rows back from the small roped off area in front of the stage, and settled down. My insides had been making strange noises in the last hour, I suspected the rather expensive 21 plant ingredient vegan burger I had had for lunch at Kew might be the culprit



(WTF is vegan cheese? it doesn't taste like cheese and looked like chip shop batter.....). The 'burger' itself looked like a moist purple cow pat which had been crisped on the outside. Thankfully things seem to calm down again and we tucked into our grub and mega-expensive fruit juices.

At 1945 the support act were on, today's version of Dr Feelgood. Not exactly my cup of Rosie, but they were enthusiastic and certainly got some of the crowd up and dancing down the front. In fact, they clearly had a few of their own fans along from Essex too. I have to give it to them though, some of the 60 years plus ladies were up and giving it their best shot from 30 plus years ago, one of them really doing her best 'fuck me' moves. You could have laughed but I had to admit I admired them for not giving a shit and just having fun. When Canned Heat were on later, I was standing on the edge of the

dancers, to get better views, when a song was announced being about mushrooms. The drummer, Fito, then added the word 'Magic' from his mic. 'Phillippa' or 'Veronica' next to me, suddenly laughed and said, "when I used to do mushrooms I could never remember a thing afterwards!" and continued giggling with her elderly friends. Rock on lady!

The Feelgood's drummer only seem to know one beat, Sarah said to me during the third song, is this still the first? They had a good hour on stage, went off, came and did an encore, pointed out their merchandise stall at the back of the pool and went. It was now getting dark and I went for a wander, loo and a spliff in the smoking section in the car park (at least they had one). Blimey, Dr Feelgood seemed to be back on again and played another ten minutes. No sign of Canned Heat 'merch' so I walked back through the chilled crowd to our little

encampment. It was a very pleasant place to be, has to be said, a glorious English summer evening helped, although light scattered cloud meant we hadn't been fried by the evening sunshine, perfect really. Dr Feelgood themselves humped their gear off stage (!) but the boys had a roadie who quickly finished setting up their gear. Our host thanked various members of the committee for their fundraising efforts and announced the headliners, Canned Heat!

Yep, that Canned Heat, from 1960 friggin five!, on a neat little stage, with a great little PA system (not a line array in sight), in suburban London, in 2018. Well OK, I suppose it's the remains of Canned Heat, but two original guys, from the 1969 Woodstock band (and they played Monterey Pop in 1967), Fito, on drums, and The Mole on bass aint bad, plus add two 'new' superb singers 'n players and I'm delighted to report, the 'Heat still Boogie.....and let's be honest here, they invented (rock) Boogie!! They are true rock legends, right here in 'Waitrose' land.....just surreal.

This band's history ticks all the major rock and roll boxes, they arose to global fame in the heydays of 1968 with their first anthem, On The Road Again. The distinctive high singing voice of Blind Owl Wilson (sadly long-gone) became number one around the world. Another 'call to arms' for the world's youth to forgo the pre-planned American life of the time, and go out explore the big wide world. They played all the big 'hippie' festivals and more, they were also a biker band. According to legend, in 1968, the band spent some time, sitting around, smoking huge amounts of grass, listening to John Lee Hooker 78's and came away with their new groove, Boogie. Their interest in the old blues was very genuine (they ended up recording an album with Hooker), but it all happened at a time when guitars had just gone electric and

minds were being expanded. The end result is a unique, soft, rolling rock blues sound, perfect for travelling. I loose interest in pure blues-rock pretty quickly, long, drawn out solos that never seem to go anywhere, 'woke up this morning, my leg fell off' type lyrics from white guys. But Canned Heat produced a very important set of great songs of not only their time, but our time again as they pointed out on the night. They will be in the text-book of Rock, when they finally teach it in schools. I'm pretty sure I keep hearing a snippet of Going Up The Country on TV currently, perhaps an advert? A few of their songs warrant hymn status even, they put a smile on your face and a little glow in your heart at the same time.

Front man was Dale Spalding on vocals, mouth harp and rhythm guitar, from 'New Orleans', looked familiar, energetic and fun, he took many of the songs Bob Hite sang, a really good harmonica player too (an instrument, I don't normally do). On lead guitar, was a very cool-looking dude indeed, John Paulus (JP), cradling a gorgeous golden starburst Les Paul, slim, dressed in black with grey hair in a neat ponytail. I suspect a lady's man, damn fine guitarist too. On (Fender?) bass, the original member number one, Larry 'The Mole' Taylor. Hard to get a good look at, with bushy beard and glasses, usually playing with his head down, he looked 'younger' than his years, he must dye/colour his beard. On drums, and not short of things to say too, original member number two, Fito de la Parra. From Mexico way, Fito has effectively been the band leader for many years now. He's written a book about many of their adventures on the way, Living The Blues (which I'm going to order), which is also about to be made into a film.

They hit the ground running, the psychedelic boogie from California began with a hymn, On The Road Again, the



rolling bass line leading us into the night proper. JP took lead vocals and made a fairly decent job of it, “on the road again.....” Thankfully, this band largely keep it shortish and sweet, no long extended (boring) instrumental jams, just good ‘ole rollin Boogie.....You forget how many anthems these guys produced, Going Up The Country appeared about half-way through the set, although JP did struggle a bit with the vocals this time,

Let’s Work Together and The Same All Over were superbly delivered, we were all just getting lost in it. They also played some older blues numbers, Larry Taylor switching to guitar for most of those, JP switching to bass. The playing styles of the two were completely different, The Mole always had his head down playing bass, seemingly concentrating on each and every note, on songs he must have played many many times before. JP

would just stand there, a knowing smile on his face, playing the bass without looking at the neck once.

The band seemed very keen to claim their psychedelic roots too, as well as the blues, with both Dale and Fito making quips throughout. Apart from the fore-mentioned m.m. song (Oaxaca), ‘we like green smoke’ came up at one point and when Dale mentioned the two older boy’s appearance at Woodstock he added “no concerns about the brown acid nowadays, just the brown arthritis medicine for us”.....Going up the Country was slightly amended by the “water at Hampton Pool tastes like wine”, which was kinda neat.

They also mentioned their long-term concerns for the environment and played an early song on the subject, So Sad. There was a longer piece in the main set, an instrumental, JP played some very impressive solo lead guitar to open it, nothing better than an Les Paul on it’s own, firing into the night through the PA.

The dancers danced, the rest of us just boogied along in our own quiet little ways, it was going too fast as usual. They didn’t play Amphetamine Annie, an ‘early’ biker’s song (“Speed Kills!”), nor Rollin’ and Tumblin’ or ‘Bullfrog Blues’ but they did close with an updated version of their epic, ‘Fried Hockey Boogie’ which I think is now called Euro Boogie. JP started the opening guitar riff, crisp and clear into the night air, Fito and Larry kicked in, tight as you like, we were off for the last time.....Dale does the vocal honours and introduces the three players for their solo spots in this longer piece. JP went first, not quite as burning as his earlier solo spot but nice and sweet nonetheless. Seeing and hearing The Mole do his boogie was amazing, just like the record from 1968. Finally, a drum solo from Fito. Drum solos thankfully are pretty rare nowadays, Fito was pretty good though and also knew to keep it

short and sweet. In fact, I suspect he is a very accomplished drummer, I noticed little, quiet, jazz-type frills from him during quieter moments throughout their set. He sure was a character too.

“ Don’t forget to Boogie....”

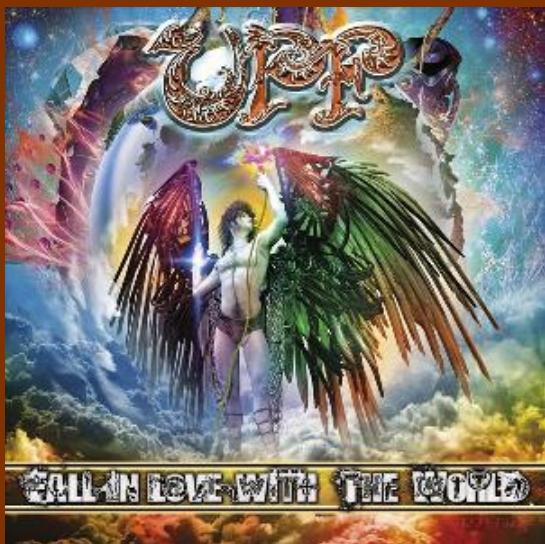
And they were gone. The good and the great of Hampton packed up their picnic chairs and bags and headed out into the still warm night. As we filed past the pool I noticed the ‘merch’ table had a few people around it. I walked over and picked up the only thing on it. A double Live LP from 2015. A quick scan of the back cover revealed a similar set from the same band. The German guy behind the table said it was a superb recording and pressing and my resistance lasted a nano-second. I walked out into the night with two camping chairs and a record under my arms. A quick play has revealed he was correct, it’s a lovely recording, with black silent backgrounds. Funnily enough, I think they played a slightly better set tonight than on the record, but it’s still a great, permanent, souvenir, of a really great musical treat. They were another band I never dreamed of seeing live, dreams still can come true it seems, even at my age.

Our heads hit the hotel pillows at Heathrow just after midnight, we had been on the road (again) for about 18 hours, what a blissful summer day it had been.

<https://www.cannedheatmusic.com>

PS: For a great introduction the band, try the (orangey/red cover) The Very Best of Canned Heat CD, seems to be widely available for around a fiver at the moment.

KEV'S WORLD



UPF
FALL IN LOVE WITH THE WORLD
INSIDE OUT

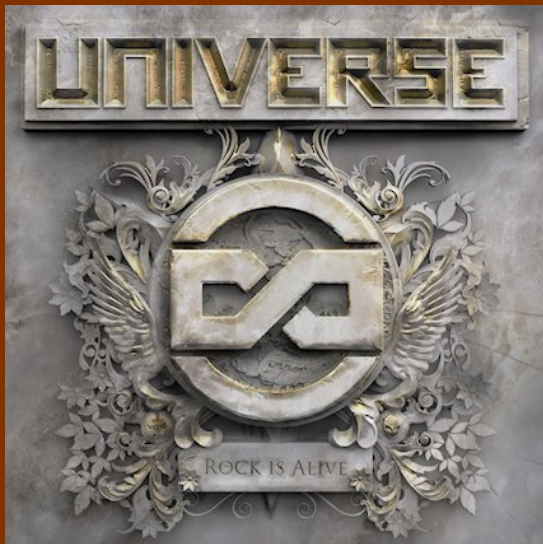
UPF stands for United Progressive Fraternity, and originally came about after the demise of Australian band Unitopia. Mark Trueack (vocals), Matt Williams (guitar, bass, vocals), Dave Hopgood (drums, vocals) and Tim Irrgang (percussion) then joined forces with Guy Manning (Manning, The Tangent etc.), who brought in Marek Arnold (Toxic Smile, Flaming Row, SSTGG etc.) and

with bassist Daniel Mash the line-up was complete. There as then the short matter of bringing in ten guest musicians, including such unknowns as Jon Anderson and Steve Hackett...

The use of Marek's saxophone is probably more prevalent on this than on his other releases, and the album certainly benefits from it. Musically this is crossover prog, with some interesting percussive and world influences, and in many ways it is quite different to what else is out there, although at the same time it contains some passages that are quite simplistic yet always melodic. I don't know how much impact Guy and Marek had on the writing of the music, but it is clear that they had a large amount to do with the arrangements. I haven't previously come across Unitopia, but I am certainly intrigued to hear what the band used to sound like, as this is an incredibly immediate and accessible album, and it is just a shame that it has taken me four years to come across it. The use of Jon Anderson on fourth track "The Water" on backing vocals is quite

KEV ROWLAND

interesting, as before looking up the details I hadn't been aware who had been involved but he stands out a great deal, and puts a stamp of approval on proceedings. Hopefully his appearance will attract fans of his to try this out, as that song itself is yet another great melodic AOR progressive rock number which makes me smile each time I play it. Overall, fun and commercial with small world influences here which make a big difference when they appear. Ecological, and great fun to boot!



UNIVERSE INFINITY
ROCK IS ALIVE
PRIDE & JOY MUSIC

Apparently the band Universe were formed back in 1982. After leaving the band Moon, lead guitarist Michael Kling, who founded the band WC in the late 70's with John Norum, was one of the founding members bassist Hasse Hagman, who played in Joey Tempest's first band, along with drummer Anders Wetterström and guitarist Per Nilsson, all came from the band Twilight. The line-up was completed by keyboard player Fredrik Kriström and singer Kjell Wallen, and they gigged whenever and wherever they could, releasing their debut self-

titled album in 1985. But, the band split up in 1988, although guitarist Per Nilsson kept checking if the guys wanted to play together again. In 2002 they finally decided that they needed to get back together and record a new album but they were all too busy, and it is only now, with new singer Andreas Eklund (ex-House Of Shakira) that they have made it back.

The name may have changed slightly, but this is solid Eighties melodic hard rock, with just that edge that makes it worthwhile and ensures that there isn't too much sugar within. I remember hearing Andreas back on the debut HoS album (a quick check has made me realise that was twenty years ago!) 'Lint', and I always loved his voice, and he has lost none of the power and emotion that made him such a great singer all those years ago. All the band are on fire and there is no way that anyone would imagine on hearing this that the guys are probably mostly in their fifties as they sound young and hungry. They lock in tight, crank out the riffs, and the melodies flow one after another, with a wonderful organ sound that ties it all together. This isn't cutting edge state of the art music, but rather is a warm blanket making the listener feel warm and happy. I'd love to see these guys live, as this is superb. Let's just hope that they don't take quite so long to release the follow-up!



UNRULY CHILD
LIVE FROM MILAN
FRONTIERS MUSIC

Following Mark Free's successful career with King Kobra and Signal, Unruly Child were born when he started writing songs with Bruce Gowdy (Stone Fury, World Trade) and Guy Allison (Lodgic, World Trade, Doobie Brothers). With a line-up completed with Jay Schellen (Hurricane, World Trade, Asia) and Larry Antonino (Pablo Cruise), Unruly Child released their in 1992. After many line-up and style changes, the original members of the quintet finally decided to reunite and in 2017 released 'Can't Go Home'. Just two months later they agreed to perform a special set of the debut album in its entirety, along with another couple of other numbers, and it has now been made available on both CD and DVD.

I have always been a fan of the early Unruly Child albums, and here the guys are back as if they have never been away, with songs like "Take Me Down Nasty" still as much headbanging fun as they were back in the day. The songs are melodic, with strong harmony vocals, great riffs and strong guitars, and when your keyboard player has been treading the boards with The Doobie Brothers for

the last 19 years it isn't at all surprising that he knows what he is doing. Then at the front there is Marcie Free, who is singing as well as she ever has, fronting the band as if she has never been away and as if they have been playing together for the last 25+ years. Unruly Child have always been one of the best melodic rock bands around, and here they are back with a real bang.



VANTOMME
VEGIR
MOONJUNE RECORDS

Dominique Vantomme is a pianist, keyboardist, composer, band leader, music educator and producer, equally well known for his work with many European pop and rock acts as for being the jazz piano instructor at the Music Conservatory in Kortrijk, Belgium. In 2016 he travelled to Holland to see Stick Men, and after befriending the Tony Levin (King Crimson, Peter Gabriel, Stick Men plus, literally, countless others), they decided to record together. They were joined in the studio by guitarist Michel Delville (The Wrong Object; douBt; Machine Mass), and drummer Maxime Lenssens, and with Dominique providing the musical sketches, it was then just a case of everyone else settling down and

letting the music take them wherever it needed to. The whole album was recorded in just one day in October 2016, and one can't imagine this being a highly constructed and layered affair as the four musicians are just bouncing ideas off each other and seeing where they will go. I have known of Michel Delville and his other bands for a number of years now, and here he is at the fractured best that I would expect of him. Tony is melodic, keeping things tight and mellow, while the drums keep playing ahead of the beat to drive things along while Tony holds into the leash. Then there is Dominique also keeping things in a melodic vein with fine organ, but Michel is out to take the music in quite a different direction, and it is the energy between the four as they ride the musical stallion and try to all keep it in the same direction although they all want to go off in different directions, that really makes this work. This is fusion and improvisational jazz working together to create something that is quite special.



VESPERO
SHUM-SHIR
BANDCAMP

Originally released digitally and on vinyl in 2017, this has now also been released

on CD with some additional songs. This is the eighth full-length studio album by Russian band Vespero, and is the second in the 'Abyssinian Tales' series, following on from 2016's 'Lique Mekwas'. Apparently, "shum-shir" is an ancient Ethiopian ceremony where every ten years the tribal elders and shamans would choose a new Nəgusä (King) for the entire tribe. This took the form of imbibing various drugs and dancing all night, and in the morning they would make the pronouncement. I continue to be impressed with the music coming out of Russia, and these guys are somewhat of a surprise to me as I felt I was fairly well informed, yet they have been around since 2003 and it is the first time I have come across them. They are an instrumental outfit, with more than a hint of Ozric Tentacles about them, but the violin is more important than woodwind, and percussion more important than either. This is space rock, but they have also taken on many influences from world music and fusion, with the result being an album that is incredibly impressive and inviting, while also not conforming necessarily to what people may expect from the Russian music scene. I just continue to be impressed with the quality and variety of the music coming out from that particular part of the world, and this is yet another unknown (at least to me) outfit that demands further close inspection. Psychedelic, progressive, meandering yet with direction, this is an album that fans of bands such as Ozrics or Gong should be seeking out. <http://music.vespero.ru/album/shum-shir>



ZERO FOR CONDUCT
CTRL + Z
NEFARIOUS INDUSTRIES

This New Jersey trio are back with their second album, eight songs at a fraction under 30 minutes, bringing together indie rock, shoegaze and punk, with a post-rock fringe. The music is incredibly angular and pointy, yet even with guitarist/singer Morgan Chen also providing bass as well as bassist Pat Holden (apparently they sometimes both play bass at the same time at gigs, with drummer Joe Dingerdissen keeping it all together) there doesn't seem to be a great deal of bottom end in this. They have obviously been impacted by the likes of Blur, as well as Hüsker Dü and Weezer, but somehow they have captured the stylings without really getting to grasp with the melodies and riffs of those guys. It is a fun punky poppy indie album while it is being played, but once that is over I found it is quite a lot of effort to want to put it on again. It is an okay album, but in reality it is never anything more than that.



ABJECTION RITUAL
SOUL OF RUIN, BODY OF FILTH
MALIGNANT RECORDS

According to the band, their music is Death industrial influenced by mental illness , disease , self- hatred , shame , failure and disgust for humanity. Mind you, when I say band, I'm not actually sure of the line-up and it wouldn't surprise me at all if this turned out to be just one guy with some guests, but I've given up searching the web as no-one seems to talk about the line-up so although I know from the press release that it features guest appearances by Rennie Resmini (Starkweather) and author Christopher Ropes, and that they have moved away from their previous albums in that this incorporates guitars, bass, and a live drummer, I have no information about them/him at all! They incorporate large amounts of doom and sludge into their heavily industrialised death metal sound, and what makes this for me is the amount of experimentation and going off the reservation that seems to be going on here. Neurosis and Swans are obvious influences, but so are bands such as Gnaw Their Tongues, and the use of electronic pulses, drones, and various sound effects, makes this an album that has to be listened to, really listened to. There is a great deal going

on with the arrangements, and the only way to truly appreciate this is by playing it with headphones with no disturbances, preferably in a blackened room at night. Although in fairness that is quite a disturbing experience in itself. This is not music that has bene created to make people feel content with the world, but instead to have the darkened side laid bare so that it is there for all to see and cannot be ignored. Powerful and impressive, from the artwork through the clear female vocals on opening song "Lamentations" through to the very last "Old Sins", this is an bleak industrial release that is well worth investigating.



ABORTED FETUS
THE ANCIENT SPIRITS OF DECAY
COMATOSE MUSIC

These Russians have been portraying their particular brand of brutal death metal since 2000, but in fairness only guitarist Alexander "Meatgrinder" Andreev has been the constant, with the rest of the quartet having only been onboard since 2014. But, given that their most recent album, 'The Art of Violent Torture', is viewed by many as their best release to date, that probably isn't important. What we are faced with here is

an attack that is highly based on Cannibal Corpse, but also with influences being taken from both Autopsy and Cryptopsy. They bring in blast beats when they need to, but there is also an innate complexity that many wouldn't expect from this style of music. Yes, it is brutally quick and twisted, with guitars and bass locked as one, but when they bring in other elements such as syncopation on "Drenched Eyes In Boling Oil" (this sentence reminds me of the piano scene in Spinal Tap for some reason) then it takes it to a whole new level. While it may not be expanding the genre in any way, Aborted Fetus are staking a claim to be taken seriously within the scene, with an album that anyone who has ever lost dandruff to this type of music should be seeking out. It would be interesting to see what could be done by these guys with the likes of Nuclear Blast and a top producer behind them, but even as it stands this could well be one of the top brutal death metal albums of the year.



THE COMPLETE GOSPELS

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

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

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

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

Special Limited Edition Boxset containing

Signed by Rick Wakeman and numbered certificate.

DVD containing over 2 hours of footage including an in depth interview with Rick about the project.

Double CD 1, The Original Gospels - with Robert Powell as the Narrator.

Double CD2, The New Gospels

DVD / CD of The Gospels performed live in California – never seen before.

Reproduction A4 x 12 page concert program.



The Rainbow Suite

This is a brand new orchestral piece written and performed by Rick Wakeman and the Orion Orchestra. This is a specially written piece of therapeutic music designed for people with an Autistic Spectrum Disorder to enjoy as well aficionados of good quality instrumental music.

This is Rick and Orchestra at their finest !!!



Available to pre-order from www.rickwakemansmusicemporium.com

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Asante sana (thank you very much),

David Banks
Director, Africa Region
The Nature Conservancy

p.s. Start helping elephants today at [nature.org/elephants](https://www.nature.org/elephants) and follow us on Instagram, Facebook or Twitter to get action alerts.



THE SCIENTIFIC INVESTIGATION OF THE UNEXPLAINED

PHENOMENA

MAGAZINE

Now recognised as the leading online magazine of its type
Phenomena Magazine is a FREE magazine from
Manchester's Association of Paranormal Investigation
and Training. (MAPIT)

Recognised as the leading online magazine of its type, now distributed worldwide, 'Phenomena Magazine' is a FREE monthly publication. Phenomena looks into the whole realm of the Strange, Profound, Unknown and Unexplained, delving into subjects of the Paranormal, Ufological, Cryptozoological, Parapsychological, Earth Mysteries, Supernatural and Fortean Events. Guest writers along with reviews of books, movies and documentaries add to the content as does recent news from around the world. Phenomena Magazine can be downloaded from our site every month for FREE in PDF Format.

GET YOURS FREE TODAY!

DOWNLOAD YOUR FREE COPY AT...

WWW.PHENOMENAMAGAZINE.CO.UK



WWW.MAPIT.KK5.ORG



NOW AVAILABLE IN RUSSIA
AUSTRALIA, CANADA, THE U.S.
& THROUGHOUT THE UNITED KINGDOM



FREE!

SOUNDCRASH PRESENTS A PIECE OF MUSICAL HISTORY

TOOTS AND THE MAYTALS

ALEXANDRA PALACE

THE BEAT STARRING
DAVE WAKELING

SPECIAL GUEST **RODIGAN**

LEE SCRATCH PERRY

PAMA INTERNATIONAL

TROJAN SOUND SYSTEM
FT. NEVILLE STAPLE (X THE SPECIALS)

DON LETTS (6MUSIC)

REGGAE ROAST // CHAINSKA BRASSIKA

SATURDAY 8TH SEPTEMBER

SOUNDCRASHMUSIC.COM

((SOUNDCRASH))

continental
drifts





Roy
Weard

This House In Amber

New Album out now

Available on CD from :

www.weard.co.uk

CD / digital download :

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





c.j.stone

A Surprise Attack

It was about 8.00 in the morning when Mum came down the stairs. Dad was late. But there was an extra twinkle in her eye. You could see she was relishing the morning's adventures.

She said, "He's in for a surprise when he gets up this morning. I'm going to make him change his own bed," and she let out a throaty chuckle, rubbing her hands with glee.

She'd obviously been planning it.

"I'm going to say, 'When I made those marriage vows I don't remember promising to make your bed for you.' He'll hate it. No matter how many times I show him how to change the duvet cover he always gets himself into a knot."

This must have been a Tuesday or a Sunday. All the other days are already occupied by Dad's impenetrable defensive routines.

Monday and Friday it's golf. Wednesday it's bowls. Thursday he makes his wine. Saturday it's the shopping. Monday afternoon he goes to the bank to collect cash from his account. Always from the bank, never from a cash-machine. Always the same amount.

The night before golf he goes to bed early – at ten o'clock rather than his customary 10.15 – but not before he's made all his preparations. The car has to be loaded with his electric trolley and his golf bag, and the car put away. This is usually done in the afternoon, which puts the car out of commission for the rest of the day. He doesn't like to leave the car on the drive or go anywhere in case someone notices the clubs glinting temptingly in the back, so he tucks it up neatly in the garage instead.

Then, just before he goes to bed, he lays out his flask, his gloves, his mobile phone, and a banana. I always know it's golf day when I see this enigmatic assemblage in a little bundle on the kitchen table, like some sort of a surrealistic commentary on the meaning of existence.

Why a banana? Why anything?

It's a kind of warning to the rest of us, like one of those triangular road signs indicating hazards ahead. "Warning!" it says. "Routine in Progress. Move Carefully. Do Not Distract Golfer From His Arrangements."

In the morning, he gets up at precisely 7.15, gets dressed, comes downstairs and makes

himself a cup of coffee while filling the flask with boiling water; after which he goes back upstairs to clean his teeth and collect his e-mails.

I think this is what describes my Dad best. Not the routines. We all have our routines. It's that hot water in the flask while he gets on with the rest of his business – not wasting a moment of his precious morning – so that the coffee later in the day, on the green, or wherever it is he drinks it, will be at the optimum temperature when required.

This is both my Dad's genius and his weakness. He plans everything like a military campaign. Meticulous down to the last detail, calculated and precise, you know that he's worked this all out in his head years ago, each move being timed and slotted in with an exact formula, like forward planning in a battle strategy.

The problem is that once he's set these plans in motion it takes an almost supernatural effort to break him out of them again.

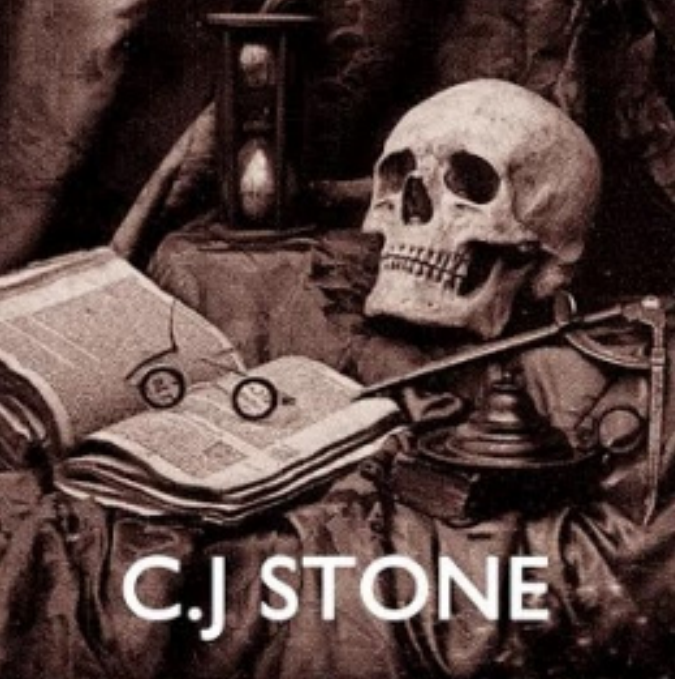
Take breakfast for instance. Breakfast on non-golf days takes place at 9.15. It consists of cornflakes, tomato juice, and a handful of pills, both medical and dietary. It's at this point that he'll watch one of his tapes: a cowboy movie with John Wayne, say, with lots of shooting and shouting, the volume turned up to some unbearable level (he's quite deaf these days) or some creaking 1950s stop-gap animation movie which Dad still thinks is the height of cinematic sophistication.

This takes place in the kitchen. But you have to be very careful if you walk in on him. He's in such a state of concentrated abandon – completely lost in this other world – that he physically jumps with surprise, like he's forgotten your very existence.

Read on

THE EMPIRE OF THINGS

SELECTED WRITINGS 2003 - 2013



**NOW AVAILABLE FROM
GONZO MULTIMEDIA**

"Stone writes with intelligence, wit and sensitivity."

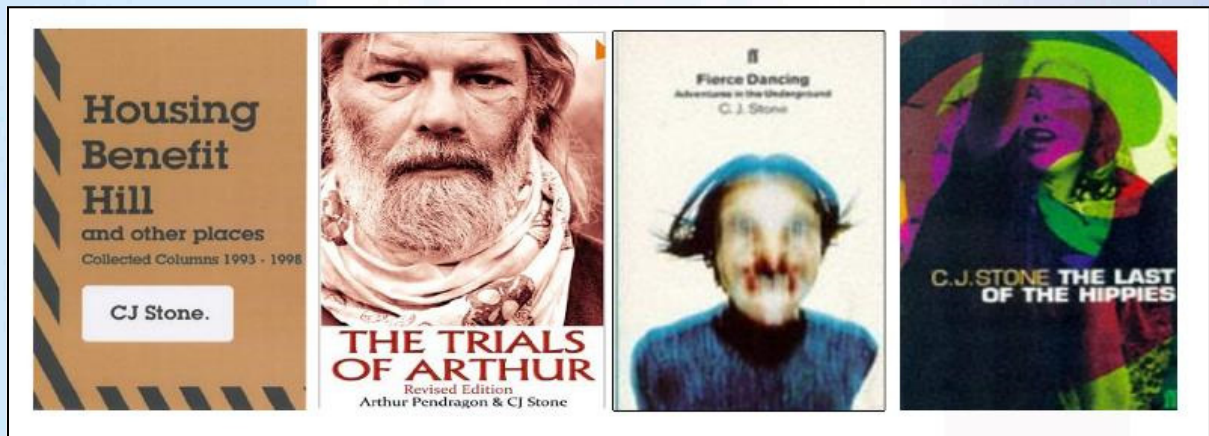
Times Literary Supplement

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

Herald

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

Independent on Sunday



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

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

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

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

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

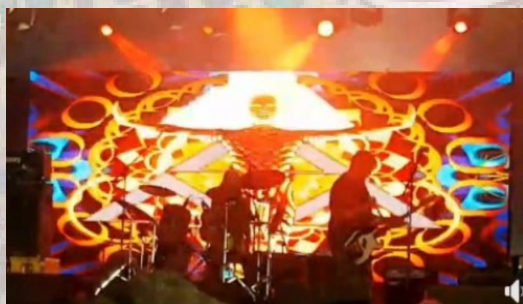
**OTHER BOOKS BY
C.J.STONE**



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

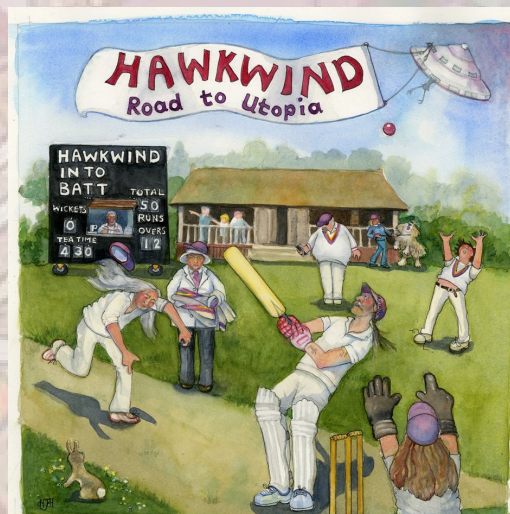
Last week's Hawkwind gig at Dreamland Margate has received an enthusiastic review from local reporter Kathy Bailes in the Isle of Thanet News:

"The sound was unmistakably Hawkwind with pounding bass and psychedelic feedback loops and effect pedals.



"The wailing Theremin was awesome to hear with the lead and bass hammered over the top creating a wailing psychedelic wall of noise which, combined with the trippy projected visuals, created a wild experience.

"It was an amazing gig, from a legendary band who have had more line-up changes than Trigger's broom but have kept the core identity of Hawkwind whole. I came out with my ears ringing and my head swirling but a massive grin on my face."



SPIRITS BURNING & MICHAEL MOORCOCK

An Alien Heat

An Alien Heat at the End of a Multiverse

re-imagined by Don Falcone, Albert Bouchard, & Michael Moorcock

with Blue Öyster Cult family members Joe Bouchard,
Richie Castellano, & Donald "Buck Dharma" Roeser

Hawkwind family members Harvey Bainbridge, Adrian Shaw,
Mick Slattery, & Bridget Wishart

plus Andy Dalby (Arthur Brown's Kingdom Come),
Monty Oxymoron (The Damned),
Ken Pustelnik (The Groundhogs),
Jonathan Segel (Camper Van Beethoven),
Andy Shernoff (The Dictators),
Lux Vibratus (Nektar),
Steve York (Arthur Brown)
and more...

Box set (and CD pre-orders) available from
pledgemusic.com until 23 July, 2018, 10 AM GMT



gonzomultimedia.co.uk
spiritsburning.com



London band The Fierce and the Dead played support.

As reported in Gonzo a couple of weeks ago, a new studio album by Hawkwind is due soon, called 'Road To Utopia', and there's been some fan discussion as to who's portrayed on the album cover.

The long haired bowler is obviously drummer Richard Chadwick, and the fielder looking at a mobile phone is vocalist Mr Dibs; but some of the others are less obvious. The consensus currently seems to be that the umpire (the one in dark trousers) is songwriter and conductor Mike Batt (of Wombles fame), with whom Hawkwind worked on the new album, to recreate a selection of Hawkwind songs with an orchestral ingredient.

The long haired wicket-keeper is, one presumes, bass player Haz Wheaton - present on the album but not attending the July gigs, as he is busy playing with sludge rock band Electric Wizard. The fielder with his arms raised has been identified as guitarist Magnus Martin. The scorer, seen in a window in the centre of the scoreboard, has been named as Eric Clapton - who plays guitar on one of the album tracks. And the person by the pavilion restraining a lively dog has been named as Brock's wife Kris Tait.

Ahead of Road To Utopia's release on the 14th of September will be a two-track digital single coupling 'Quark, Strangeness And Charm' and 'The Watcher' - the latter being the track with Eric Clapton taking part.



HAWKWIND PASSPORT APPLICATION



Greetings space travellers!

This is your Hawkwind Earth Visitors Passport application form.

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

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

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

Volunteer Crew Register

Name

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

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

Full Earth Address:

.....
.....

Post Code

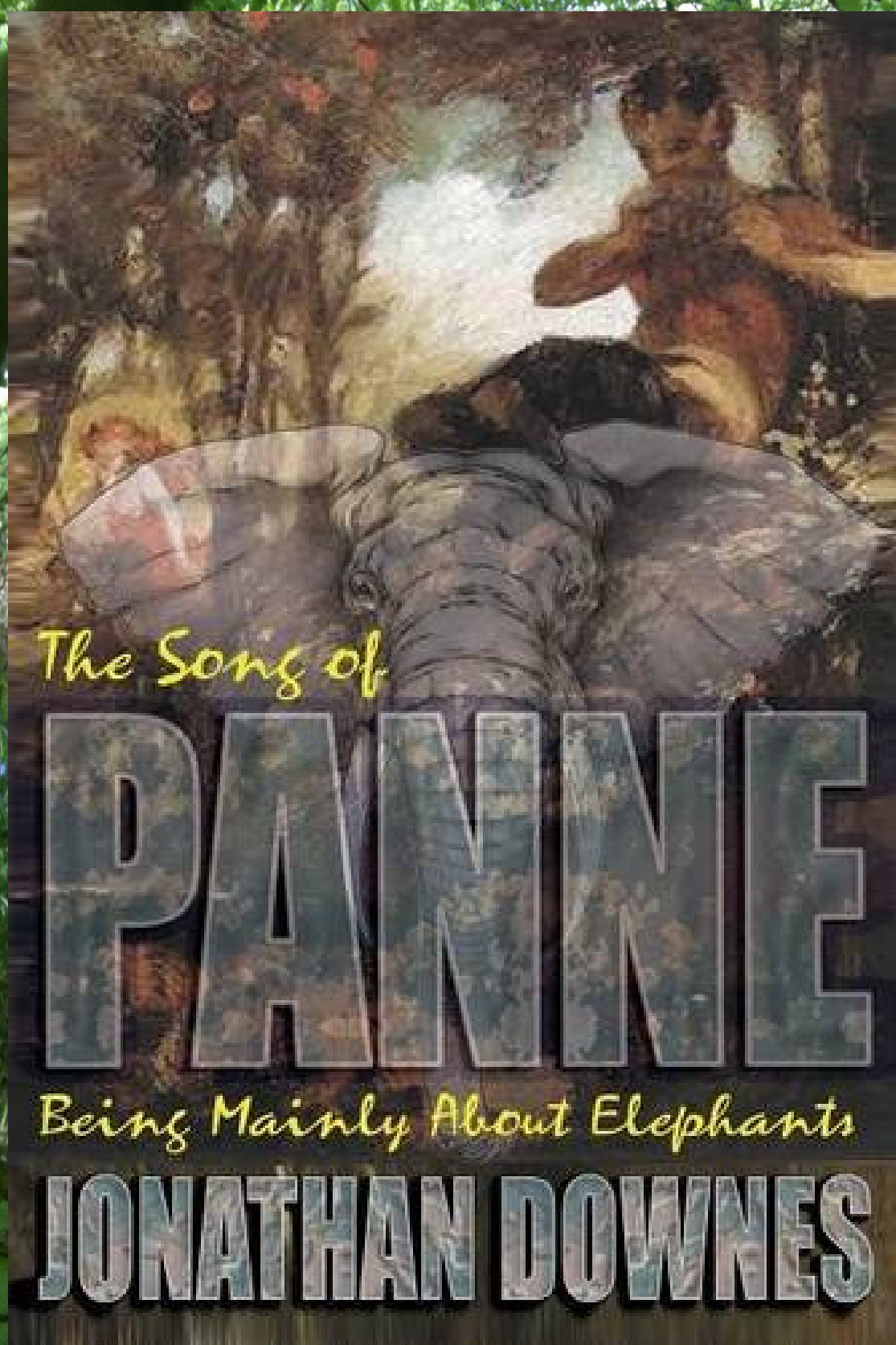
E-Mail Address: (Please print clearly).....

Telephone Number:

Additional info:

www.hawkwind.com

Any enquiries hawkwindpassports@hawkwind.com



The Song of

PANNE

Being Mainly About Elephants

JONATHAN DOWNES

The Wild Colonial Boy

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!

Time is a very strange thing, and often a remarkably objective one. It is a well known phenomenon that as one grows older, time appears to go past far more quickly. I remember that when I was at school, at the beginning of the summer holidays, the six stretched ahead like a glorious vista of opportunity.

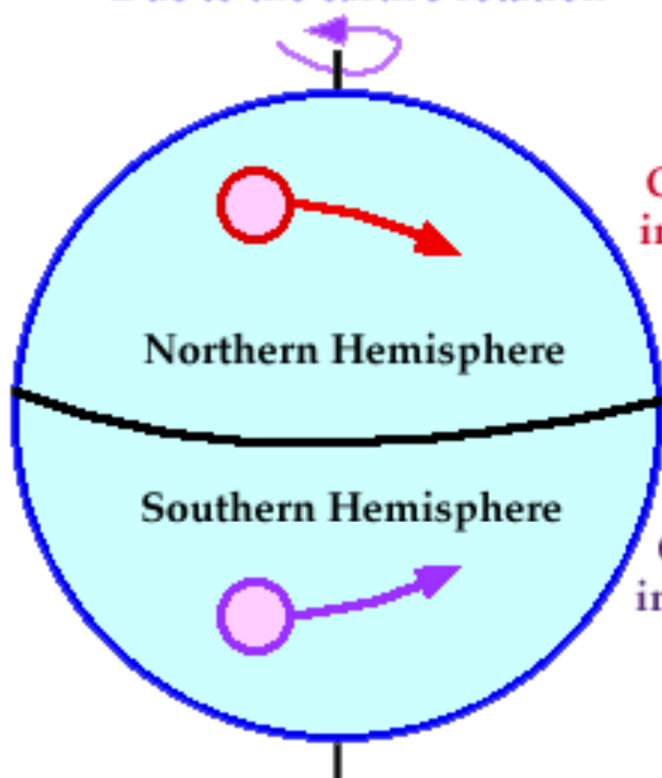
Whereas, now, just over a year shy of my sixtieth birthday, six weeks goes past in the flash of an eye, and even the temporal distance between one year's end and another, seems to go by stupidly fast.

So it is that as I look back fifty years to the Downes family's voyage from Borneo to Australia, I truly can't tell you how long it took. The days on board ship seemed to take place in a temporal universe all of its own, which – both at the time and in my memory – seemed to stretch on forever. But, looking at it from a logical point of view, we were probably only on board for about a week during this stretch of the voyage.

It had its high spots.

Earnestly, I had explained the Coriolis

Due to the earth's rotation



Objects deflect to the right
in the northern hemisphere

Objects deflect to the left
in the southern hemisphere

Effect to any of the adults – both passengers and crew - that would listen. The practical application of this, and the one that I particularly wanted to see for myself, was the phenomenon by which – allegedly – water swirls down the plughole the opposite way in the southern hemisphere, to the way it does in the northern hemisphere. I have read that when one was actually *on* the equator, the water would go straight down the plughole without swirling either clockwise or anti-clockwise. This was something I was intent on seeing for myself.

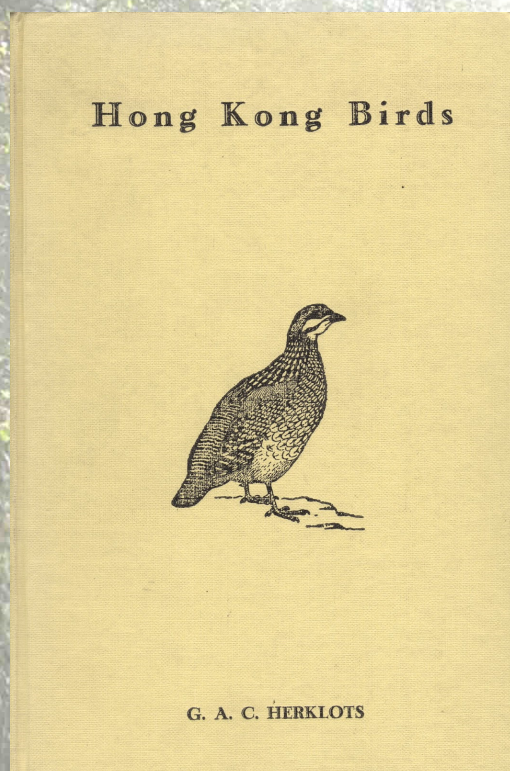
On the night on which we were scheduled to actually 'cross the line', I was determined to stay up and see what happened. My enthusiasms on the matter had apparently effected a large proportion of the crew, and I remember my parents – laughingly – tell all and sundry upon our return to Hong Kong, how members of the ship's crew had

stayed up to see the phenomenon for themselves. I, sadly, possibly as a result of my intense excitement on the matter, was ill that night, and so missed seeing what actually happened. I have, for some reason, managed to miss the chance of finding out whether the Coriolis Effect actually *does* work on the times that I have crossed the equator on subsequent equations. Sad, but true.

The next day, there were fun and games on deck. In a light-hearted ceremony which is always carried out on ships containing passengers who have not previously crossed 'the line'. One of the ship's crew is always designated as King Neptune, the ancient Greek sea god and – to this day – widely regarded as Monarch of the Seas. Other sailors are dressed up as highly unconvincing mermaids, who are His Majesty's Attendants, and an awful lot of splashing, and some dunking in the on deck swimming pool, is the order of the day. The 'Crossing the Line



Ceremony' is all good fun, and my brother Richard and I enjoyed it immensely. I would hate to think that this pleasantly bawdy nonsense would be



disallowed in these puritan times, because the sight of sailors wearing unconvincing, false breasts and mermaid fish tails, might offend either the LBQT or other akin communities. I truly hope not. Another momentous happening, which took place that week, as we sailed across the Coral Sea was the occasion of my ninth birthday. The captain and crew were very kind to me, and not only provided a birthday cake (which I don't think anybody in my family was expecting) but made a big fuss of me, and the captain himself took me up into the wheelhouse and let me 'steer' the ship for a few minutes.

This momentous day, which also included me being given a copy of Geoffrey Herklots' exhaustive tome on the birds of Hong Kong (which I still have, to this day), ended with me happily sat on deck in my favourite vantage point, seeing the most exciting piece of marine wildlife on the voyage. To my great delight, a hundred yards or so off the starboard bow, I saw a huge manta ray leap out of the water, high into the air



above, before re-entering the ocean in such a streamlined manner that, whereas there had been a significant splash when it left the ocean, there were only a few discernible ripples as it went back in. In all the years that I have been fascinated by sea life, I still think that this is one of my favourite experiences.

As we sailed by the coast of New Guinea, there was a mild tropical storm, and the next morning I found a huge silk moth sunning itself on one of the ship's bulkheads. It was considerably larger than my nine year old hand, with dark chocolate velvet wings, with a delicate pattern overlaid in fawn.

Then, the next day, came the moment I had been looking forward to for so long; we were to sail over the Great Barrier Reef. I had been enthused once more by my sighting of the manta ray, and I was certain that we were going to see all sorts

of glorious marine wonders. But the storm had done its damage, and the sea was a murky, greyish green and everything that I had been told about how those sailors on ships passing over the Great Barrier Reef would be able to see thousands of fish, crocodiles, and whales in crystal clear water, singularly failed to come to pass. I did see two large sunfish, however, and for the first time in my life, I wondered how a creature that seemed to spend its whole time swimming on its side could be even slightly happy with its lot. This was a big disappointment, but it was soon wiped out when we reached our last port of call: Brisbane.

Sadly, I cannot remember anything about Brisbane itself, or about anything that we did whilst we were there, because everything paled into insignificance besides one of the things that we did when we were ashore. We went to a place called the Lone Pine Sanctuary, where I saw koalas and – most excitingly – platypus for the first time. Somewhere,



there is a photograph of my brother and me grinning like imbeciles as we held a koala; something which these days is understandably discouraged.

But the thing that has stuck in my memory ever since, and the thing that – I think- still counts as the most impressive zoo exhibit I have ever seen in a lifetime of visiting zoos across the world, took place when we entered a small, subterranean viewing passage, which was considerably smaller than my own sitting room, here in North Devon. It was dark, and there were several wooden park benches positioned so one could look at a

long, glass window, maybe ten foot high and three times that in length.

The window looked out on an impressively adapted little creek, the water of which came about two thirds up the glass, so one could see the water to the depth of about seven foot. There were small fish, and yabbies – peculiar Australian crayfish that I have always admired – but most exciting of all were two small furry creatures, about twice the size of a European mole, and superficially similar in physiology, except for the fact that they had bills like that of a duck. The platypuses (I'm not



sure if they're supposed to be platypi or not) swam around visibly, their every move being greeted by a chorus of ooh's and aah's by the awestruck members of the public who sat there, watching them. I was too excited to join in.

To see such a glorious primitive creature; one of the few mammals left alive who lay eggs rather than giving birth to live young, was such an awesome experience that I could never find any way of externalising it.

It remains one of my most treasured zoological memories, and – like my sighting of the manta ray a few days earlier – has remained with me ever since, and will continue to remain with me for the rest of my life.

Under any other circumstances, the other animals which were on display at this lovely little sanctuary on the outskirts of Brisbane, would have been an extraordinary treat! There were echidnas (of what species, I cannot remember), for example, but after my interaction with the little platypus family, to see the only

other species of extant egg laying mammal was a bizarre anti-climax.

I could have spent a month there, but we were only able to be there a few hours. We went to visit some friends of my parents on the way back, and apart from the fact that they had two dried and lacquered sea horses that I dearly coveted on their mantelpiece, I can remember absolutely nothing about them. But the oddly elegant little aquatic monotremes remain with me still.



NEWS FROM THE POTTING SHED

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>

THE GARDENING CLUB



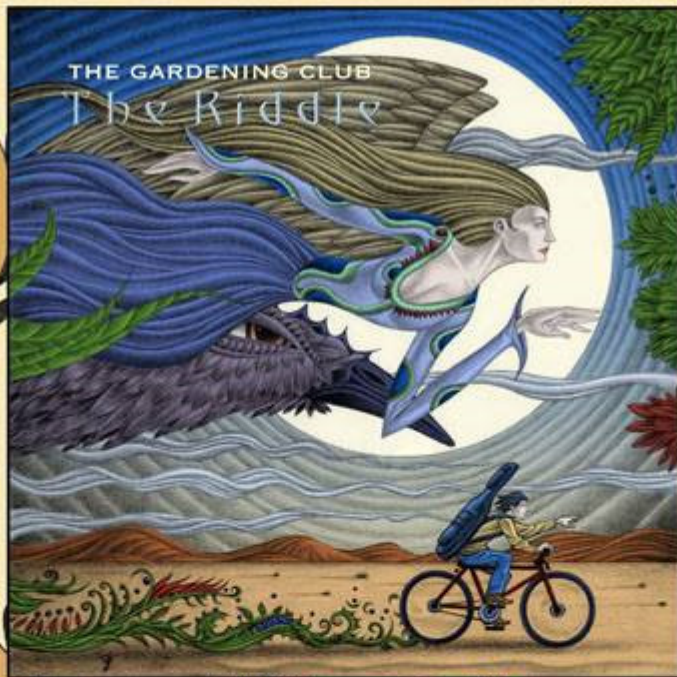
CIRCLING

BLUE SKY AFTER PLEASANT RAIN



NORM MACPHERSON

THE GARDENING CLUB
The Riddle





Thom the World Poet

Rob Ayling writes:

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

MY FATHERS WORLD IS NOT MY WORLD

HIS WAS PHYSICAL/MADE BY HAND
that broke the soil and our souls
so we might gain education and control
out tiny boat Fate world..Now we are Metaphysical
talk philosophy in coffee shops.Care for elders as they drop
into Rest and Retirement/Hospital to Hospice.
Future World is not our world/Formats faster than our fingers dance
across keyboards as we take our chance/in a Digital Universe..
Perhaps Spirit is the New Frontier/when we have made it clear
Our priorities more than Survival here.

Yer Gonzo Bookshelf



- **Paperback:** 304 pages
- **Publisher:** Penguin Classics; New Ed edition (5 July 2001)
- **Language:** English

- **ISBN-10:** 0141180900
- **ISBN-13:** 978-0141180908

I have always been very fond of *Brideshead Revisited*. I would go so far as to say that it is probably one of my favourite books. Like many people of my generation, I was first introduced to it by the mammoth ITV production of it, which took place over eleven episodes in the autumn of 1981, whilst I was working in a small hospital for the mentally handicapped here in North Devon, and preparing to go down to South

Devon to do my training. It is a book that I still enjoy now, and the nuances of which still bring me something new each time that I read it. I had a vague attempt at reading one of the books in the *Sword of Honour* trilogy, that I found in a car boot sale some time during the first half of the 1990s, but I found it heavy going, and didn't finish it. And for some reason, I truly can't tell you why, although I have read a couple of biographies of Evelyn Waugh, I have never attempted to read any of his other novels again. Now, as regular readers of this magazine will be aware, one of the subtexts within it is the way that the new platforms for proliferating media have affected the way that we consume books, music, films and TV, but – interestingly – the way that it affects *what* we consume as well.

I was slow in accepting the new methods of possessing books, although I was an avid proponent of P2P and streaming music as far as back as the heyday of Napster. But, eventually I came round to it, and now I consume e-books with a vengeance.

In these pages, I have recently extolled the virtues of Kindle Unlimited, a subscription service provided by those jolly nice fellows at Amazon, and which basically acts as a lending library, allowing the subscriber access to several million different titles for the quite reasonable cost of seven quid a month. However, it is not the only – perfectly legal, and ethical – way that one can consume books for free.

[Here, I want to *stress* that I am not going to even *mention* the various places that one can download pirate copies of books as PDFs for free. As someone whose income consists largely of sales of books that I have written and edited, I have no intention of supporting or extolling things which are basically a theft, and which directly affect the income of

those who wrote them!]

As regular readers of the book review pages of this publication of mine will be aware, I use them as a sort of online diary of my reading habits, and – so – will know that in the last couple of weeks I have been reading the entire series of books by Joan Aiken, which started off with the acclaimed *Wolves of Willoughby Chase*, back in the early 1960s. You will also be aware that my introduction to the series came with the second novel, which I first read whilst on holiday in Scotland fifty one years ago. When I had finished reading this series (reviewed in last week's double issue), I was still in a nostalgic mood, so I returned to another series of my youth; the magical books of Edward Eager, the first of which I had read during another family holiday in the year the Beatles recorded their last album.

I found three of the series, that I had not already read, on the Canadian version of Project Gutenberg. For those of you who are not aware, over to those jolly nice fellows at Wikipedia:

“Project Gutenberg (PG) is a volunteer effort to digitize and archive cultural works, to “encourage the creation and distribution of eBooks”. It was founded in 1971 by American writer Michael S. Hart and is the oldest digital library. Most of the items in its collection are the full texts of public domain books. The project tries to make these as free as possible, in long-lasting, open formats that can be used on almost any computer. As of 23 June 2018, Project Gutenberg reached 57,000 items in its collection of free eBooks. The releases are available in plain text but, wherever possible, other formats are included, such as HTML, PDF, EPUB, MOBI, and Plucker. Most releases are in the English language, but many non-English works are also available. There are multiple affiliated projects that are providing

additional content, including regional and language-specific works. Project Gutenberg is also closely affiliated with Distributed Proofreaders, an Internet-based community for proofreading scanned texts.”

I have not in the mood to review another set of children's book this week, so I think I will wait until I have finished reading the entire series of Edward Eager books before I write about them. But, whilst I was pootling around the internet, looking for books by Edward Eager, I also found something called The Internet Archive. Over to those jolly nice Wikipedians once again:

“The Internet Archive is a San Francisco-based nonprofit digital library with the stated mission of “universal access to all knowledge.” It provides free public access to collections of digitized materials, including websites, software applications/games, music, movies/videos, moving images, and nearly three million public-domain books. As of October 2016, its collection topped 15 petabytes. In addition to its archiving function, the Archive is an activist organization, advocating for a free and open Internet.”

Whilst I was doing so, I found that the early novels of Evelyn Waugh were mostly available on one or other of these platforms.

Back in my school days, when I first discovered the satirical novels of Tom Sharpe, the back cover blurb of one of them compared him as a humorous satirist with Evelyn Waugh; a comparison which – when one has only read *Brideshead Revisited* – didn't make much sense. Over the years, I have come across other allusions to Waugh having been a master satirist in his youth, but – for some reason or another – I hadn't got around to checking these books out. But, the other morning, when my sleeping medication had singularly failed to lull me into the arms of Morpheus, and the pale fingers of dawn were already poking big

'fuck off' gestures across the night sky, I found Waugh's debut novel, *Decline and Fall*, which was written a year before my beloved mother in law was born, and when both my parents were toddlers.

Christ on a Bike! This book is riotously funny. It may be ninety years old this year, but it is still funny enough for me to annoy my dear wife by waking her up continually by laughing out loud at it. It tells the story of a theological student, who suffers public humiliation at the hands of a bunch of dissolute aristocrats, who de-bag him, and dunk him in a fountain in his venerable old university, following which, the poor bugger is charged with indecent exposure and has no other option but to become a school teacher. But, like his contemporary, P. G. Wodehouse, the plot of this book is the least important thing.

He just uses the plot as a 'clothes horse' on which to hang a succession of sharply observed and hilariously vicious vignettes. For example, I am sure that all my British readers will remember the ten day scandal that rocked the country's newspapers some years ago, when it was revealed that during his student days, the then Prime Minister, David Cameron (who I always thought was an egregious shit) had performed a sexual act with a dead pig as part of an initiation ceremony into the Bullingdon Club; one of the more dissolute student clubs at Oxford university.

The club was founded in 1780, and it doesn't take too much of a stretch of the imagination that when Waugh writes about the Bollinger Club (for those of you not aware, 'Bollinger' is an extremely expensive type of champagne) that he is talking about exactly the same organisation.

Try this on for size:

"There is tradition behind the Bollinger; it numbers reigning kings among its past members. At the last dinner, three years ago, a fox had been brought in in a cage and stoned to death with champagne bottles. What an evening that had been! This was the first meeting since then, and from all over Europe old members had rallied for the occasion. For two days they had been pouring into Oxford: epileptic royalty from their villas of exile; uncouth peers from crumbling country seats; smooth young men of uncertain tastes from embassies and legations; illiterate lairds from wet granite hovels in the Highlands; ambitious young barristers and Conservative candidates torn from the London season and the indelicate advances of debutantes; all that was most sonorous of name and title was there for the beano."

And that is just the beginning. Nothing in contemporary society was safe from the vicious attacks of Waugh's pen. And what amuses me and – indeed – surprises me, is that the society which Waugh describes in the 1920s; one composed of wastrels, substance abusers, users, and the abused, isn't that much different now as it was then.

Although it has been forty years since I was expelled from my shitty little minor public school, Waugh's description of a similar educational establishment back in the 1920s certainly hit home, and I would be surprised if things had changed that much.

I intend to work my way through Waugh's novels, in chronological order, and will probably write about them in these pages, so be warned. In the meantime, do yourself a favour, and check them out for yourself. But don't tell your significant other that it is my fault that they are being kept awake at night by your belly laughs.



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

The underscriber, by appointment from the Commission
of Patents, is agent of the U. S. Patent Office for re-
ceiving and forwarding to the said, models, written or
manufactures to be patented, & deposited there, which
will be sent free of expense and risk and will dispen-
se to prepare Certificates, Specifications, Assignments, and all
the necessary Papers and Drawings; will make searches
into American and foreign works, to test validity of inven-
tions, and render advice to inventors and others, in all matters
connected with the Patent Office.



May 22. 811 Stand 78 Main St.

Steam Propeller Freight Line.
Norwich and New York.
Wipier Arrangement.
THE Steam Propellers will leave Norwich for N. York
Twice a Week, Capt. Gann, Mondays at 4 o'clock P.M.
The Quaker, Capt. WILLIAMS, Wednesdays at 4 o'clock.
Leave New York for Norwich,
The Quaker, Capt. Gann, Thursdays, at 4 o'clock P.M.
The Quaker, Capt. WILLIAMS, Saturdays, at 4 o'clock.
Freight by this line should be marked *Propeller Co.*
For further information inquire of the Captain or
of NORTON, CONVERSE & CO., } New-
WHITAKER, HAMMOND & CO., } York
Warehouse, at No. 125 MAIN STREET, opposite the City
Hall, Worcester, for the sale of all kinds of AGRICUL-
TURAL and HORTICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS and
MACHINES. Also, Grass, Garden, Field and Flower
SEEDS. Together with a general assortment of *Woods*
Wares, Barkels, &c. &c.

Worcester.
Feb 25, 1877.

PRATT, DOWNES & SCOTT,
CITY OF BOSTON.



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

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



AULD MAN'S BACCIE

RESONATING WITH THE BLUES

RICK WAKEMAN



*The original
version – Now
expanded
with bonus
material*

COUNTRY AIRS

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



www.rwcc.com

THE NINE HENRYS



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

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

THE WORLDS FIRST CLONED CARTOON CHARACTER

modada@ninehenrys.com

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

Olga the Yoghurt Carton and Henry in Student Bar at Uni



OLGA: Do you think Moyerbridge exploited the narrative in Pre-Surrealist Cinema, or was he just mucking about with sequential planted cameras?

HENRY: Gee I guess, where's the toilets?



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

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

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

The George Garabedian Players and the Awful Trumpet of Harry Arms:
Hooray for Hollywood
(?, 1968)
What? Pffttt! For Hollywood.

This one-shot novelty from the sixties is scarce to the point of extinction on the original vinyl. Enough copies have been snaffled in second hand shops over the years to ensure a certain cult status and mp3 files of the individual cuts now appear on a range of

music sites and blogs. All of which means, the music is known, but any person or website purporting to give you the original facts of its production shouldn't be trusted completely.

The claim, via more reputable sites like the WFMU blog, suggests that George Garabedian was a record executive with access to the best session players. That much is, provably, true. Garabedian is credited on other, more mainstream releases from the burgeoning brass scene of the sixties and beyond. The USP on this release, Harry Arms' "awful trumpet" is harder to prove. There's a story that Arms was "a third-month trumpet student with no idea of how to tune his instrument." He certainly sounds like such a creature, but it's beside the point now whether his paint peeling lead lines present him as a victim of a cruel joke. Acts like Spike Jones and his City Slickers turned apparent incompetence into a fine art of fun-making, and Arms has that quality consistently.

The concept is simple, a lively brass ensemble set about the material that Herb Albert and others were turning into sales gold. Two sides of tuneful and lively standards are lined up and played with skill, and Arms is the wild card in the bunch. Out of tune, out of time and exposed in the full glare of the mix. He throws brass chords off key and crashes and burns repeatedly as the arrangements call for an accomplished soloist. The fact he is slaughtering the likes of "Spanish Flea" and "Hooray for Hollywood" – i.e. massive tunes, wholly dependent on a combination of strong tempo and precise hitting of notes – only makes things worse. If you sample just one cut online we would suggest it is the near flatulent obliteration of Jimmy Webb's "Up Up and Away." Arms' lead line wavers, belches and scrapes its way along. The mirth comes thick and fast because Arms' never lets the tension drop. He's so close, but so far away, from getting it right and the big "hold 'em" notes are comedy gold.



Gregg Kofi Brown

ROCK 'N' ROLL AND UFOs

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

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

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

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

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

CD and book available soon from Gonzo Multimedia



GONZO
MULTIMEDIA

www.gonzmultimedia.co.uk

THE WORLD OF GONZO ACCORDING TO

Mark Raines



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/>

Well, boys and girls out there in Gonzoland, it has not exactly been a fun week. But both Corinna and I are overwhelmed at the kindness of so many of you, including people that we truly hardly know. You have been very kind, and it is this kindness of strangers (if I can steal a line from that playwright who is always being quoted at times like this— Tennessee Williams, I think) which is gonna get us through this.

I truly have no more information than I stated at the beginning of this issue, and Corinna does not want to make any of this public until we actually know what is what, and what is likely to happen; which at the moment, we don't.

Please remember us in your thoughts and prayers.

There won't be another magazine this week, but I have every expectation that there will be one next week. Or at least I hope so.

There's nothing you can do that can't be done
Nothing you can sing that can't be sung
Nothing you can say, but you can learn how to play the game
It's easy
Nothing you can make that can't be made



No one you can save that can't be saved
Nothing you can do,
but you can learn how to be you in time
It's easy
All you need is love, all you need is love

There's nothing you can know that isn't known
Nothing you can see that isn't shown
There's nowhere you can be that isn't where you're meant to be

See you soon
Om Namah Shivayah
Love

Jon



THE BEST LAID PLANS

GET NAKED!

...with the
Pink Fairies

Andy Colquhoun, Duncan Sanderson,
Jaki Windmill, Russell Hunter and George Butler

THEIR FIRST NEW ALBUM IN THREE DECADES!

GONZO MULTIMEDIA HIST453CD/DVD



**STANDARD
DOUBLE CD/DVD**
*Limited edition, with extra live
promotional and interview footage



Also available from the **Pink Fairies** and friends:



PINK FAIRIES
Chinese Cowboys
Live 1987
HIST24KCD



PINK FAIRIES
Mandles and
Mescaline...
HIST379CD



**WAYNE KRAMER
& THE PINK FAIRIES**
Cocaine Blues
HIST216CD



ANDY COLQUHOUN
Pick up the Phone
America!
HIST218CD



ANDY COLQUHOUN
String Theory
HIST273CD/DVD



WARSAW PAKT FET.
ANDY COLQUHOUN
Warsaw Pakt
HIST266CD/DVD



**NICK FARRER AND
ANDY COLQUHOUN**
Black Vinyl Dress
HIST119CD



THE DEVIANTS
Dr. Crow
HIST186CD



THE DEVIANTS
The Deviants Have
Left the Planet
HIST292CD



THE DEVIANTS
Barbarian Princes
Live in Japan 1999
HIST187CD

**GONZO
MULTIMEDIA**

All titles are available at: www.gonzomultimedia.co.uk
Weekly magazine: www.gonzoweekly.com
Daily blog: <http://gonzo-multimedia.blogspot.co.uk>

