

GONZO

In a groovy globetrotting issue, John takes the **hippie trail to Nepal**, Alan visits **Lindisfarne**, Davey catches the Number 21 to Newcastle to see **UFO**, Jon raves about **Connie Constance**, and sneers at a particularly strange book by **Lobsang Rampa**, Graham brings us up to date with **Hawkwind** and we send **Bunty and Nikki** to a completely hypothetical desert island.

#333/4

HIGH ON THE TOP OF
THE WORLD

ISSN 2516-1946

GONZO

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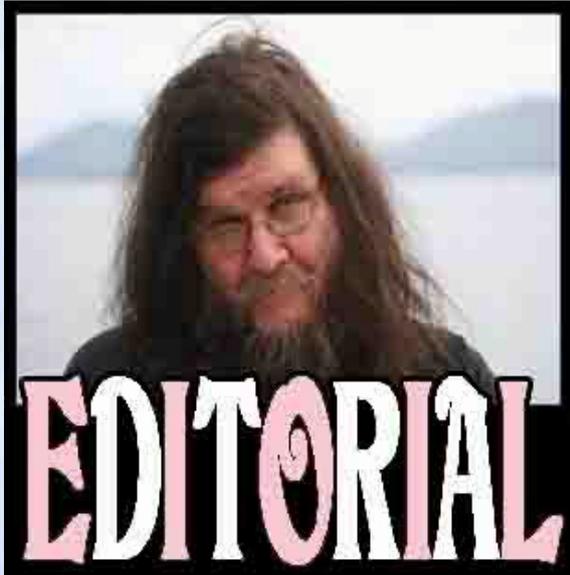
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THE THREE
COMMANDMENTS OF GONZO
WEEKLY:

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

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



Dear friends,

Welcome to another issue of this peculiar little publication, which continues to go from strength to strength, due more to the wide range of interesting contributors that have been attracted – moth-like – to its flickering light, rather than due to anything that I, as editor, have done intentionally. I have been editing magazines for half a

century now, and something that I have always seen is that if they do not implode in upon themselves during the first series of ‘shake down’ issues, they develop a life of their own in an almost organic manner. And so it is with this one.

Something that I have noticed over the years is that, with age, my musical tastes have changed somewhat. Whereas twenty-five or thirty years ago, my main musical input was basically rock music, I find myself less and less drawn to distorted guitar riffs and screeching vocals, and my tastes have diversified massively. For example, I now listen to genres, such as hip-hop, that I wouldn’t have touched with a metaphorical bargepole back in my salad days.

Every year, on January 1st, I start a new Spotify playlist for my albums of the year, and so far my 2019 playlist has seventy-nine songs on it. I have a sneaking suspicion that quite a lot of my readers, and even some of my nearest and dearest, would be surprised to see what is on there. About the only albums that are predictable,



It is the first new material with singer Terry Hall since *Ghost Town* back in the balmy days of 1981

I think, are *Focus Focus 11* by Focus, and *Tutti* by Throbbing Gristle's charming guitarist and cornet player. A lot of the rest is more modern, and – indeed – more danceable than one might expect.

Okay, I have just remembered that *Encore* by The Specials is also on there. I always had a soft spot for this band, and although long term main songwriter Jerry Dammers is missing, which is a great pity and leaves an enormous hole in the sound, this new record, which unites a whole bunch of the original members who are still alive, is pretty bloody good. It is the first new material with singer Terry Hall since *Ghost Town* back in the balmy days of 1981. There was a record, back in 1998, featuring four original members and a bunch of new songs, but neither Terry Hall nor Jerry Dammers had anything to do with it, and it is probably best to draw a discrete curtain in front of that one.

Another record which is in my list of the best of 2019 is *South of Reality* by a remarkable combination of Les Claypool and Sean Lennon. As a long term fan of The Beatles, I have kept a watching eye over the output of their children, all of whom are now well into middle age. And they have all done rather well for

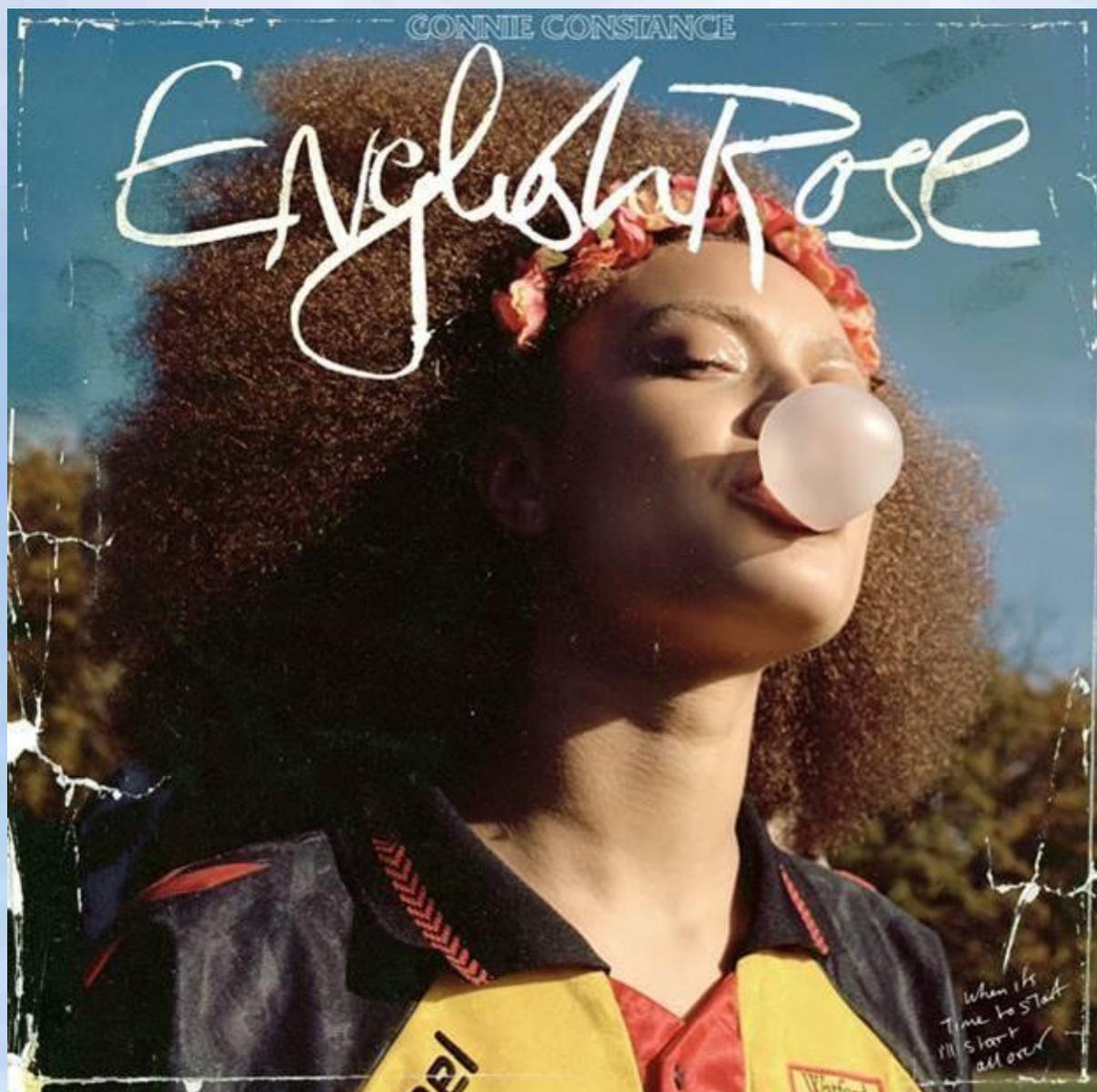
themselves, producing music which stands up well, and – unlike the output of some children of famous artists that we could mention – does nothing to besmirch their family name. *South of Reality* is a magnificent slice of modern psychodelia, which provides a gloriously disorientating soundtrack to whatever psychonautical experiments one is inclined to indulge oneself in.

Some years ago, when the Rolling Stones played Glastonbury, I went around the corner to my nephew David's house to watch them. The BBC, being the BBC, showed a whole slew of other acts as well, and I have to admit that most of them made no impression on me. One of the acts that not only was I unimpressed by, but for various reasons mildly irritated me, was a young Irishman operating under the *nomme de guerre* of Maverick Sabre. I thought then that his music was lacklustre and that his stage name was somewhere between silly and irritating.

However, the other day, somebody sent me a song from this young man's new album, and – much to my surprise – I liked it a lot. So I checked the record out.

The album is called *When I Wake Up* and is

اللجنة لهم إذا كانوا لا تأخذ نكتة



a satisfyingly complex mixture of acoustic balladry with a strong Hibernian cultural influence, and a sort of acoustic hip-hop that I'd never heard before. And I have been playing this record intermittently for the last month, and – I suspect – irritating my loved ones with it, because I am the only person in the house who even pretends to like hip-hop.

But my favourite record of the year, so far, is an album called *English Rose* by a young woman called Connie Constance. I am no good at understanding the differences between the various contemporary genres of popular music. One of my adopted nephews laughed at me

a few years ago because I didn't know the difference between Grindcore and Speedcore, and called me a 'old fart' when I said that I really didn't care, either.

So I've probably got it completely wrong when I say that this album is a mixture of delightfully minimalist hip-hop and piano-based RnB (for those of you interested, it took me many years to work out that the new meaning of RnB is nothing like the music produced by the Rolling Stones back in the early 60s, when Mick Jagger is quoted as saying, "I hope nobody confuses us with a rock and roll band"). The record opens with the title track; a beautifully

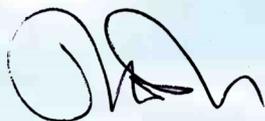
understated rendition of the song which first appeared on the third studio album by The Jam back in 1978, and in Ms. Constance's capable hands becomes a soulful and poignant look at what it was like growing up as the only Woman of Colour in an otherwise white family. And it's bloody gorgeous.

Connie Constance has produced the first great album of 2019, and I suspect that this new (to me) genre of understated and often acoustic music blending hip-hop with a whole slew of other multi-racial cultural influences, is going to throw up some more extraordinary music before we are very much older.

History tells us that times of social turmoil and confusion often produce extraordinary music. If you don't believe me, just look at what happened in the American South in the late 1950s against the background of the Civil Rights movement, the music that came out of the global unrest of the late 60s, the music inspired by the breakdown of the established order leading to veritable anarchy in the UK during the late 1970s, and the whole cultural scene that grew up as a reaction to Thatcherism, a decade later. Arguably, we in the UK are in the middle of a cultural and social upheaval as great, or greater, as any of those that I have mentioned and – across the pond – our American chums are having quite significant problems of their own. The western world is seeing an alarming move towards totalitarianism, and civil unrest is slowly becoming the norm again. We can only wonder what the soundtrack is going to be.

Until next issue,

Hare bol,
Jon



Focus, The Specials, Les Claypool, Sean Lennon, Maverick Sabre, Connie Constance, Olivia McCarthy, Tony Klinger, The Beatles, Be Bop Deluxe, Michael Jackson, Stevie Nicks, Fleetwood Mac, Davey Curtis, UFO, Richard Freeman, Strange Fruit, Friday Night Progressive, Mack Maloney's Mystery Hour, Lee Walker, Stephen Fitzpatrick, Audun Laading, Joe Flannery, Nipsey Hussle (ne Ermias Davidson Asghedom), Geoffrey John Harvey OAM, Simaro Massisya Lutumba Ndomanueno, Alberto Cortez, (ne José Alberto García Gallo), Richard Robert Elias, Kim English, Margaret Lewis Warwick, Billy Adams, James William Glaser, Shawn Smith, Davey J. Williams, Einar "Paster'n" Iversen, Tiger Merritt, David Farrant, Pink Fairies, Rick Wakeman, Comic Strip Presents, Iona, Essra Mohawk, Alan Dearling, The Holy Island of Lindisfarne, John Brodie-Good, Kathmandu, Nepal, Kev Rowland, Settke Your Scores, Shields, Skeletal Remains, The Slyde, Spiders, Stone Deaf, Stryper, Unprocessed, Nikki and Bunty, Roy Weard, C J Stone, Lawrence Ferlinghetti, Hawkwind, Jon Downes, The Wild Colonial Boy, Martin Springett, T. Lobsang Rampa, Lama Mingyar Dondup

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,
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Olivia, the Gonzo Weekly secretary, who single handed keeps everything in order and the show on the road writes:

Hey everyone, my BFF Jennifer and I are running the 5k Race for Life in May. I haven't run 5k since before having Evelyn, so this is a huge challenge for me

Not to mention I haven't been able to train for it yet, as most of 2019 so far

I've been recovering from a LLETZ procedure (removal of abnormal cells from the cervix) that I had healing complications with. Maybe I should have given a TMI warning to this post, but I firmly think this stuff needs to be more openly discussed, especially as cervical screening attendance rates are dropping. I'm so lucky to be able to say that the tests showed no cancer, but so many people every day aren't this lucky.

Please sponsor us for this great cause.

<https://fundraise.cancerresearchuk.org/page/liv-jen-5k-race-for-life>

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
NICE COOPER KANSAS
KING CRIMSON SUPERTRAMP
ELECTRIC LIGHT ORCHESTRA
EMERSON LAKE & PALMER
STYX DIXIE BREGS PAUL
MCCARTNEY & WINGS
ZAPPA YES CAMEL PFM
GENTLE GIANT KATE BUSH
PETER GABRIEL GENESIS



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



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THE ^{gonzo} NEWSROOM

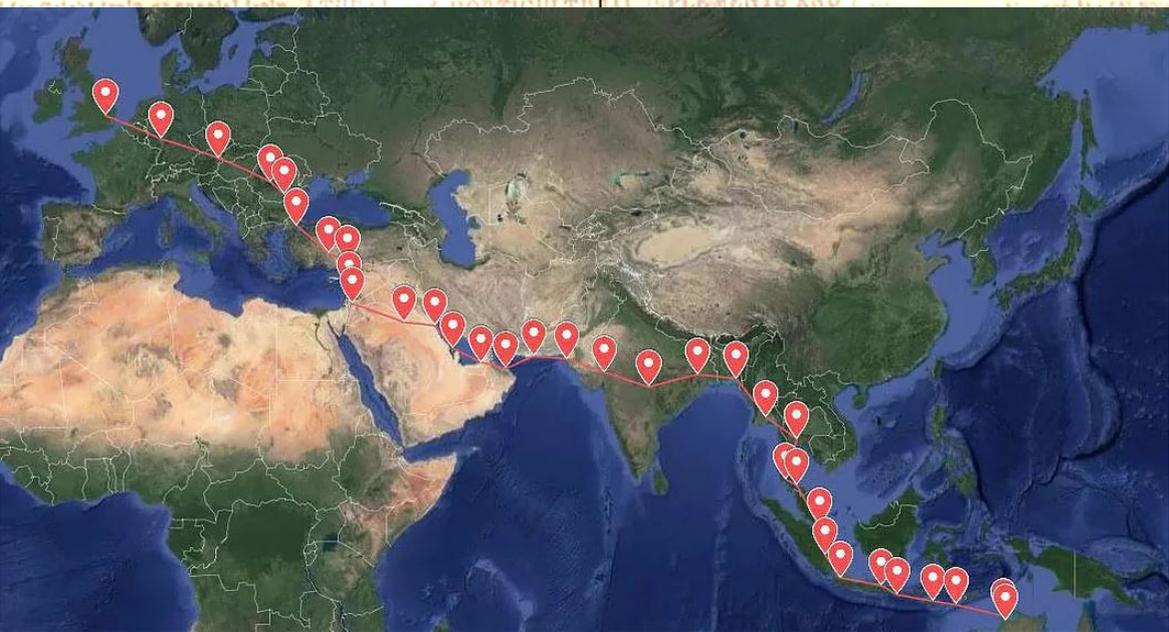
TONY KLINGER'S AMAZING NEW MOVIE: This is the first Give-Get=Go film. A woman winning her battle with life threatening cancer would normally be the end of a normal story, but with Amanda Harrison it was just the start. This is the story of a remarkable woman who faced and triumphed over tremendous odds throughout her life. Unstoppable Amanda is about to take on her biggest challenge, her lifetime ambition of flying Solo2Darwin from the UK, emulating her hero, Amy Johnson. Will Amanda be able to complete this dangerous and gruelling adventure so soon after surviving breast cancer?

"All you'll be good for is stacking shelves" one cruel school teacher told Amanda, "I'm going to prove you're wrong!" Amanda thought. She went on to obtain an Honours degree, overcoming dyslexia, then went on

to gain her commercial pilots license in a man's world. Amanda not only flies jets commercially, but has also broken into the world of vintage flying.

Solo2Darwin will see Amanda strap into a leather seat protected only by fabric and wood in a tiny 1942 Bi-plane. Imagine a misty morning as she flies her fragile aircraft at 60 knots through the Transylvania foothills. The flight ahead, treacherous, flying close to the Carpathian Mountains. Even more dangerous the mountains in Myanmar, as the weather can change in a matter of seconds from beautiful blue skies to killer monsoons.

Volcanoes to face along the ring of fire before a gruelling 7 hours of flying, completely alone! Seated in the tiny aeroplane, straining to hear any cough of the engine, that would mean ditching in the shark infested Timor Sea.



"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

Overcoming bureaucracy can be funny or hazardous when a form wrongly filled in, would mean being arrested in countries that might not be women friendly.

Why would you want to do this she's asked? "I can taste freedom, when the wheels lift off the ground, I was nearly dead but this proves I'm alive." Amanda responds.

Do you want to go on that journey with this driven, heroic woman in Tony Klinger's Give-Get=Go film of this epic flight? This journey proves women can achieve against huge odds. Join us for this epic adventure.

Gonzo Web Radio spoke to Tony Klinger about this amazing story, and you can hear their conversation...

Listen Here

And there are several interesting things from Tony available through those jolly nice fellows and fellowesses at Gonzo Multimedia...

CONZO CURRENTLY IN STOCK AT CONZO (UK)

CONZO CURRENTLY IN STOCK AT CONZO (USA)

BEATLES LOST AND FOUND: Following on from their successful 30th anniversary programme held last August, Kaleidoscope returns to BFI Southbank on



The Gospel According to
BART

This week my favourite roving reporter sent me some welcome news about one of those bands that I have always liked, but which remain criminally underappreciated:

Announced for release this October a deluxe edition reissue of Be Bop Deluxe's classic 1976 album *Sunburst Finish*.

Esoteric Recordings is proud to announce the release of a new re-mastered four disc deluxe expanded boxed set limited edition (comprising 3 CDs and a DVD) of *SUNBURST FINISH* the legendary 1976 album by **BE BOP DELUXE**.

[https://www.cherryred.co.uk/be-bop-deluxe-sunburst-finish-gets-a-4-disc-deluxe-edition-reissue-in-october/?](https://www.cherryred.co.uk/be-bop-deluxe-sunburst-finish-gets-a-4-disc-deluxe-edition-reissue-in-october/?fbclid=IwAR2_68OT5m09J9uAxQ2BiiCQ65ikXq9df13otF7jBI0G8SjeeK2dhatOQKw)

[fbclid=IwAR2_68OT5m09J9uAxQ2BiiCQ65ikXq9df13otF7jBI0G8SjeeK2dhatOQKw](https://www.cherryred.co.uk/be-bop-deluxe-sunburst-finish-gets-a-4-disc-deluxe-edition-reissue-in-october/?fbclid=IwAR2_68OT5m09J9uAxQ2BiiCQ65ikXq9df13otF7jBI0G8SjeeK2dhatOQKw)



MUST YOU MASSACRE THE QUEEN'S ENGLISH? IT'S A RAILWAY STATION FFS: Details in accounts from two of Michael Jackson's bodyguards and a biographer appear to corroborate some of James Safechuck's claims against the star.

Safechuck, who appeared in the recent documentary *Leaving Neverland*, alleged in a 2014 lawsuit that Jackson had abused him from 1988 until 1992. According to the now-41-year-old, part of that abuse took place in an upstairs room at the train station located at the ranch.

Those claims were recently criticised by biographer Mike Smallcombe, who said he had uncovered permits that show the station was only approved for construction in 1993. He added that the station didn't open until the first part of 1994.

Now, accounts from two of Jackson's former bodyguards have been uncovered, which seem to back up the dates in Safechuck's story. Writing in the 2014 book *Remembering The Time: Protecting*



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THE ^{gonzo} NEWSROOM

Michael Jackson In His Final Days, Bill Whitfield and Javon Beard said: "In 1990, Michael Jackson opened the gates of his Neverland Valley Ranch to the public for the first time.



"Neverland's visitors entered the ranch at its train station, boarding a steam engine that took them up to the main house."

<https://www.nme.com/news/music/evidence-michael-jackson-bodyguards-alleged-victims-leaving-neverland-train-station-sexual-assault-claims-2474374#tLDyXpHKOQw4GZYOY.99>

STEVIE NICKS BOOKS ABOUT KLEPTOMANIA: Fleetwood Mac have pulled out as headliners of this year's Jazz Fest and have had to postpone the remainder of their North American tour due to illness. The news comes days after replacing the Rolling Stones as headliners of the New Orleans festival due to Mick Jagger's heart surgery. Fleetwood Mac have had to cancel their appearance because singer Stevie Nicks is currently recovering from a bout of flu.

The band recently postponed concerts in Boston and Philadelphia due to Nicks' illness, and have now announced that the remaining four shows of their tour would be rescheduled to after the singer recovers.

"Stevie Nicks has the flu," a statement by the band read, according to Rolling Stone. "While she is feeling better already, management has consulted with her doctors and have decided to reschedule the remaining four shows of their North American tour to allow for her full recovery.

<https://www.nme.com/news/music/fleetwood-pull-headliners-jazz-fest-cancel-remainder-tour-due-illness-2474008#6TbMKdUa1zVbPU.99>



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EYEWITNESS

UFO
Last Orders Tour
Newcastle Academy

Thursday 28th
March



DAVEY CURTIS



Highlights included

Mother Mary
Run boy run
Lights outs
Baby blue
Venus

Only you can rock me
Burn your house down
Cherry
Love to love
Making moves
Too hot to handle
Rock bottom





Encore
Doctor doctor
Shoot shoot

As the house lights go down, the hypnotic pulse of Alex Harvey's faith healer can be heard, and then a 'Time bell' rings out

loud and clear and U.F.O take to the stage, straight into Mother Mary.

It's a bittersweet day, as Phil Mogg has called time on his career with UFO, but it hasn't dampened the fans' spirits as the packed house goes crazy. With a catalogue of songs stretching back to





1969, it was hard to cram everything into this one and a half hour farewell show.

All the classics - and some hidden gems - were belted out by this well drilled rock machine. Some of the melodic side of

their music was lost, as lead guitarist Vinnie Moore ratcheted up the 'metal' noodling, but the ghost of Schenker could be heard somewhere in the mix.

Mr Mogg was in fine form, stating that





“When UFO started, we had two TV channels. Bruce Forsyth was on one and Englebert Humperdinck was on the other.....it was bloody awful!”

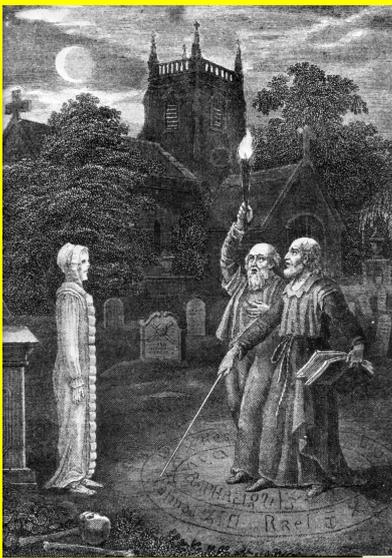
The age range in the fan base was vast, and when noticing a young girl in the crowd, he asked her, “Did your Mam and Dad bring you here?” Yes, was the reply. “The only place my Dad took me was to school, to make sure I bloody went in!” He quipped. The crowd loved it.

Saving Doctor Doctor and Shoot Shoot for the encore made sure everyone went home with a smile on their face. A great gig from a great band on top of their game, and if it truly is ‘Last Orders’, it’s a fitting way to sup up and go off into the night. And I can always say I was there!

WEIRD SHIT IS HAPPENING

For quite a few years now, I've been writing in these pages that we are living in strange and peculiar – not to say, disturbing – times. I continually get reports of strange stories sent to me, and they seem to weirdly compliment some of the other things that appear as if by magick in these pages.

Enjoy.



JAWS: TOO
<https://www.mirror.co.uk/news/world-news/huge-sharks-severed-head-found-14203315>

A fisherman has caught a huge shark's head off the coast of Australia, leading to fears an even bigger creature attacked it. The severed head weighed a huge 100kg, meaning the shark it came from could have been up to 12ft long. It appears the Mako shark's head was bitten off and discarded by a predator - potentially an even bigger

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The tomb is colorfully painted and well-preserved — and Mostafa Waziri, secretary-general of Egypt's Supreme Council of Antiquities, called it "one of the most exciting discoveries ever in the area."

Waziri told Reuters the tomb contains a lobby and a burial room with two stone coffins. It is said to have been built for a man named Tutu and his wife. The area outside the burial chamber also contained mummies of a woman and a boy between 12 and 14 years old. This animal-filled tomb is part of a series of recent archaeological discoveries in Egypt. According to Reuters, the tomb was one of seven burial sites found near the Egyptian town of Sohag last October. Smugglers had been illegally digging for artifacts in the area.

SOMETHING ABOUT MONDAYS REEKING:

https://www.washingtonpost.com/nation/2019/03/29/decades-garfield-telephones-kept-washing-ashore-france-now-mystery-has-been-solved/?utm_term=.9365b82ea267

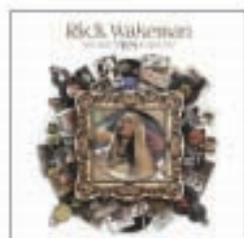
For more than 30 years, pieces of Garfield telephones kept washing ashore on the beaches of northwestern France, and no one quite knew why. Where was the lasagna-loving cartoon cat coming from? The mystery would puzzle the locals for years. His plastic body parts, first appearing in a crevice of the Brittany coast in the mid-1980s, kept returning no matter how many times beach cleaners recovered them. Sometimes they would find only his lazy bulging eyes, or just his smug face, or his entire fat-cat body, always splayed out in the sand in a very Garfield fashion. From the stray curly wires and the occasional dial pad, it was clear that the pieces came from the once-popular Garfield telephone, which hit the shelves in the early 1980s, several years after Jim Davis first colored the famously lazy cat into his hit comic strip. The phone parts were in remarkable condition, considering they had been belched from the ocean,



Claire Simonin-Le Meur, president of the environmental group Ar Viltansou, told The Washington Post. Even Garfield's black stripes were still painted onto his back, where the phone hooked.

She had been searching for the origin of Garfield for years, she said, out of concern for the damage the plastic phones may be doing to the ocean — and this month, after a chance encounter on the beach, she was able to get some answers. Simonin-Le

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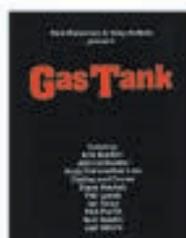
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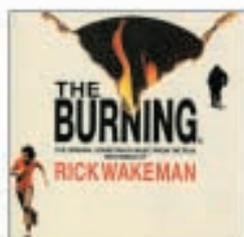
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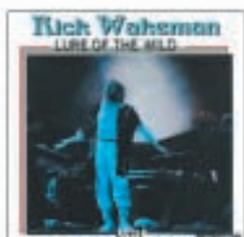
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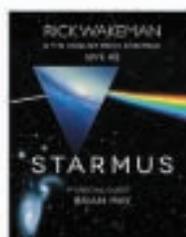
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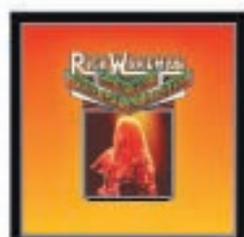
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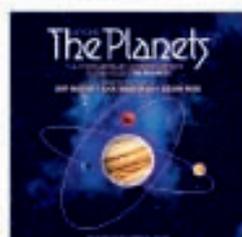
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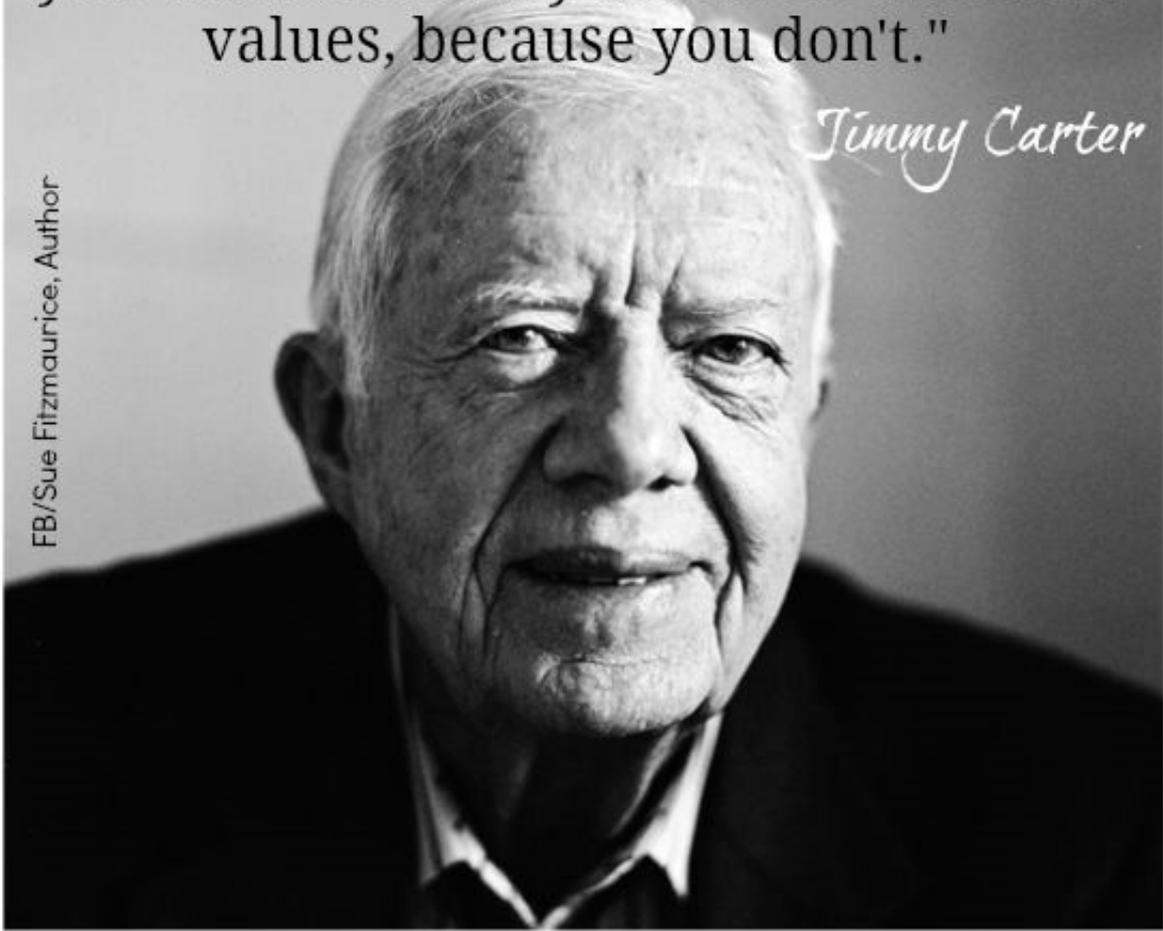
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Gonzo Web Radio started off as a medium by which interviews and radio programmes about the various acts covered by Gonzo Multimedia could be broadcast to an eagerly attentive world.

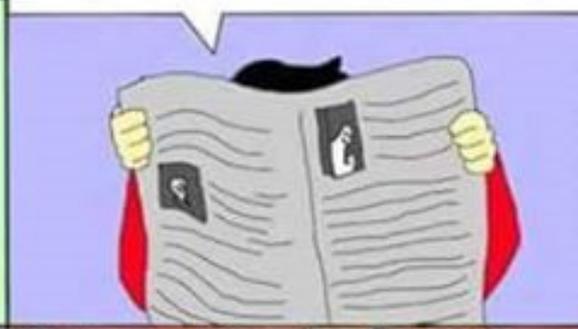
But over the past few years, it has become more than that. We now host regular weekly shows by Neil Nixon, a lecturer in professional writing at North West Kent College who uses his weekly radio show, Strange Fruit, as a learning experience for his students on the Foundation Course. I've known Neil for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

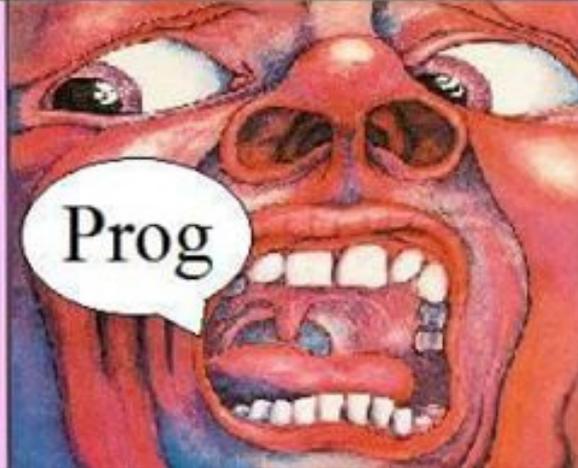


Sex?



No...

Prog



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





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

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

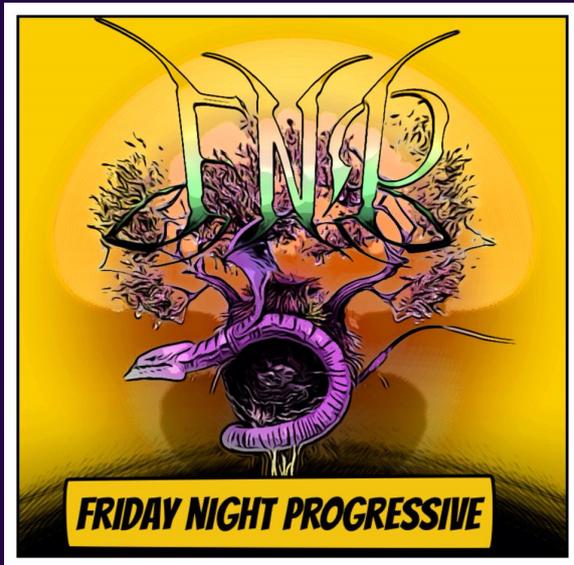
Neil Nixon, the founder and presenter of the show has released a book about rare albums for Gonzo Multimedia.

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

25 -11-2018 – SHOW 285 – Rythmeen

Unknown: I Hear Music
Little Richard: I Don't Want to Discuss it
The Moving Sidewalks: Crimson Witch
Lisa Gerrard and Pieter Bourke: Tempest
ZZ Top: What's up With That?
ZZ Top: Vincent Price Blues
Bo Diddley: You All Green
Tangerine Dream: Losing the Perspective
Tangerine Dream: Proton Bonfire
Davey Woodward and the Winter Orphans:
Tangerine Dream
Katy Forkings: Still a Child
The Flying Lizards: Money (That's What I Want)
ZZ Top: Zipper Job
Out on Blue 6: Examples
Elvis Presley: Good Rockin' Tonight
Angry Samoans: Garbage Pit
Lora Logic: Martian Man
Stella Sommer: 13 Kinds of Happiness
Tim Hecker: Music for Tundra Pt.1
Paul McCartney: Peter Blake 2000
Duke Ellington: Intimate Interlude
Pigbag: Brian the Snail
The Larke Sisters: Gumbo Mambo
ZZ Top: My Mind is Gone
The Human Beinz: April 15th

**Listen
Here**



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

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



ARTISTS

Faint Signal
<https://www.facebook.com/FaintSignalBand/>
 Dead End Space
<https://www.facebook.com/deadendspace/>
 Fractal Cypher
<https://www.facebook.com/fractalcypher/>
 Odd Logic
<https://www.facebook.com/OddLogicband/>
 Quicksilver Night
<https://www.facebook.com/Quicksilver-Night-Quicksilver-Nig.../>
 habelard2
<https://www.facebook.com/habelard2/>
 Estratagema
<https://www.facebook.com/estratagema.cordoba/>
 Bear the Mammoth
<https://www.facebook.com/BearTheMammoth/>
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<https://www.facebook.com/Ambiazok/>

**Listen
Here**

Friday Night Progressive



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

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

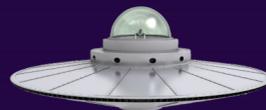
He's a member of SKY CLUB, Gonzo recording artists. He's been a radio host since 2010. He lives with his wife, Doreen, on an island off the coast of Massachusetts."



AND LOOK WHAT MACK HAS FOR YOU THIS WEEK

The Secret Behind The Space Force

Mack, Juan-Juan and Commander Cobra talk with researcher Mary Joyce about the behind-the-scenes reasons why some are calling for creation of a Space Force. Switchblade Steve Ward with more "Tales from the Fringe." Two special episodes of Coco's Corner, plus "Ten More Questions for Juan-Juan." Special guests Agent X and Cindy Bailey Dove.



Listen
Here

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

LEE WALKER



I have some very sad news from you all.

Lee Walker, contributor to Gonzo Weekly, reoccurring guest at both the Weird Weekend and Weird Weekend North, and probably the best author ever to be published by CFZ Publications, and lead singer of The Lids, has died suddenly whilst on holiday in South Africa with his wife Yvey. He had a massive stroke and died a few days later. He was due to appear at Weird Weekend North this weekend, and we are all shellshocked at the news. He was a kind, gentle and sweet man as well as a massively talented one, and it goes without saying that we shall all miss him tremendously.

Our love and positive vibes go out to Yvey and his family and many friends.

According to Charles Fort, some people have a wild talent. Lee Walker's wild talent was being able to tell a story like nobody else. Like some medieval bard Lee could mesmerize with his tales. Most were set in and around his native Liverpool. Often, they involved the weird and bizarre intruding on daily life; little vignettes of Fortean that somehow suggested a much larger, more horrible whole behind them. Some were the ultimate friend of a friend stories to be told in the pub on a rainy night. But some were deeply personal experiences that the author himself lived through. Perhaps the strangest was that involving the weird deaths of his family's pet rabbits that culminated in his sister's sighting of a grotesque, hammer wielding goblin.

I first came across Lee's work in a self-published magazine called *Dead of Night*. Though sporadic, *Dead of Night* was the very best Fortean magazine ever published. I devoured it and it was as much packed full of strangeness as a king-sized box of eclairs is packed full of calories. When he began to write books, big, thick books like wizards' grimoires, then the landscape of Merseyside became more like Arkham.

Lee's cultural influences were much the same as mine; 1970's *Doctor Who*, the stories of M.R James and the horror films of Hammer and Amicus. Liverpool and its surroundings morphed into a world of sinister factories and plants, empty houses once owned by kindly pensioners but now inhabited by something else, and twice-told tales of things seen creeping in graveyards or woods. It was as if anything could hide some monstrous and unnatural secret and that was the talent and lasting impact of Lee's writing; a lingering sense of unease that was unequalled by any living writer, and what's more that unease may well have been based in reality.

RICHARD FREEMAN

THOSE WE HAVE LOST

THE ART OF REMEMBRANCE

When those you grew with -your elders,exemplars
Fade ,flicker candle out,and you ask-"What did i learn from their life?"
It is to sing deep Spirit/to connect with others on their Path
To commemorate Life in every moment.And when those moments end-to remember and recall/the WHY of their singular birdsong.
We replay the music of our growing,and praise our elders,knowing their time will not come again.To live among the living is a privilege counted in heartbeats and in years.To acknowledge with respect their individual and collective achievements /brings us closer to this moment
from which we can never return.We learn this-when they leave.

RIPPLE

Perhaps it is the age we live in
Perhaps it is our age
But Mick Jagger has a heart problem
And our childhood heroes are retiring or dying
It is the speed of things-wake up and another headline name has gone
Soon you will not know their names-too young,too fast,not even famous enough
Pace compounds.Usual causes-heart attack,stroke,lifestyle consequences
So you go green-vegetarian ,vegan,breatharian.Seek longevity.A plant-based diet.
Years flash by like looking from a railway carriage.Only it is Amtrak
And you are traveling on an elder concession.

Thom the World Poet



**Stephen Fitzpatrick
(1994/95 – 2019)
Audun Laading
(1993/94 – 2019)**

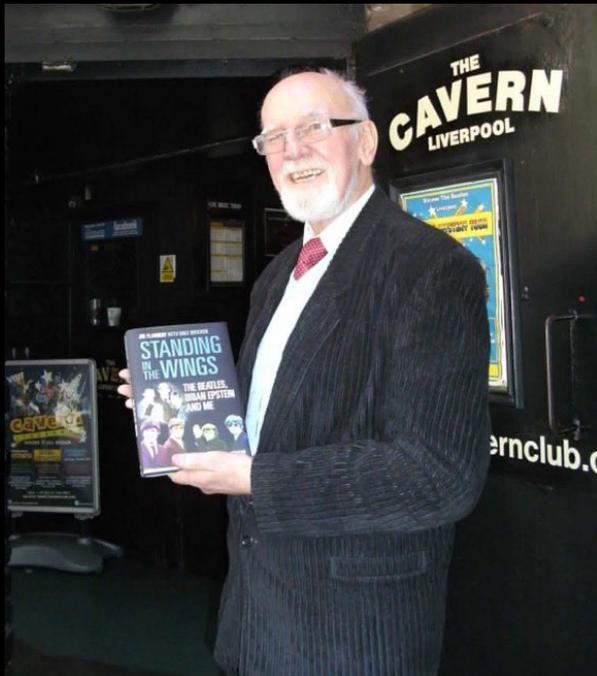
Fitzpatrick and Laading were members of the Liverpool indie duo Her's. They met at the Liverpool Institute for Performing Arts, from which they both graduated in 2016 after three-year music degrees.

Fitzpatrick, from Barrow in Furness, was lead singer and guitarist, and Auden, originally from Norway, was bass player. The duo released their debut single "Dorothy" in April 2016, and their first album, *Invitation to ... Her's* featuring "Love on The Line" and "Low Beam" in August 2018.

They used synths, funky guitar riffs and catchy beats, and were beginning to gather a dedicated following. They were also becoming known for featuring a cardboard cutout of Pierce Brosnan as James Bond - who appeared as the mysterious "third band member" on stage operating the automatic drum machine.

THOSE WE HAVE LOST

The duo died, along with their tour manager, Trevor Engelbrekton. while travelling to a gig in California, when they were involved in a road accident



**Joe Flannery
(1931 - 2019)**

Flannery was often regarded as the ‘Secret Beatle’ and was one of the key figures during the conception of the group. He was the band’s booking manager from 1962-63 as well as being a childhood friend of the band’s manager Brian Epstein.

From 1959 onwards, Flannery’s flat on Gardner Road, in Stoneycroft became a meeting place for Merseyside bands, which is where his association with The Beatles

began.

He eventually left the group, moving to Hamburg with his partner Kenny Meek and handling bookings for the Star-Club, where the Beatles had played their final residencies in the German city. But he eventually returned to his hometown and was a regular at Beatles-themed events in Liverpool.

He died on 27th March, at the age of 87.



**Ermias Davidson Asghedom
(aka Nipsey Hussle)
(1985 – 2019)**

Asghedom, known professionally as Nipsey Hussle (often stylized as Nipsey Hu\$\$le), was an American rapper and songwriter. In the mid-2000s, Hussle initially became known for his numerous mixtapes, including

THOSE WE HAVE LOST

his *Bullets Ain't Got No Name* series, *The Marathon*, *The Marathon Continues* and *Crenshaw*, the latter of which rapper Jay-Z, bought 100 copies for \$100 each. After much delay, his debut studio album *Victory Lap* was released in February 2018.

Hussle was shot and killed outside his store, *Marathon Clothing*, in South Los Angeles on March 31st, aged 33.



**Geoffrey John Harvey OAM
(1935 – 2019)**

Harvey was an English-Australian musician, pianist, conductor, musical director and television personality who worked at the Australian Nine Network for 38 years. Known primarily for his appearances on *The Mike Walsh Show* and *Midday*, Harvey also composed a number of the theme songs for the network's programs.

Harvey began playing piano and the organ at

the age of six and when he was eight he began playing at his local Catholic church. By age 14, he was playing in Westminster Cathedral. His first job was as a saxophonist in a band at the Round Towers Irish Club in Holloway Road, North London as a 15 year old. After completing his education and national service he began playing in jazz clubs across Europe.

Harvey went to Australia in early 1960s to join EMI Records, then part of HMV, producing records for the label with Bryan Davies. He decided to remain in Australia, finding work in the new medium of television.

Harvey died in March 30th, aged 83.

**GROWING UP WITH
GEOFF HARVEY**

**GROWING UP WITH AUSTRALIAN
TELEVISION**

Growing up with EMI and HMV records

Growing up with the DON LANE
SHOW & the MIKE WALSH SHOW

Growing up with A CURRENT

AFFAIR, the TODAY show,

SUNDAY and THE SULLIVANS (all of
which he wrote the theme songs for..)

Growing up with THE LOGIES and

CAROLS BY CANDLELIGHT

His musical mark defined the era of LIVE
television

with LIVE bands playing for a LIVE
audience

No wonder he was awarded the Order of
Australia

for "service to community via music and
for supporting charitable causes"

No wonder he was addicted to live
performances and live theater,

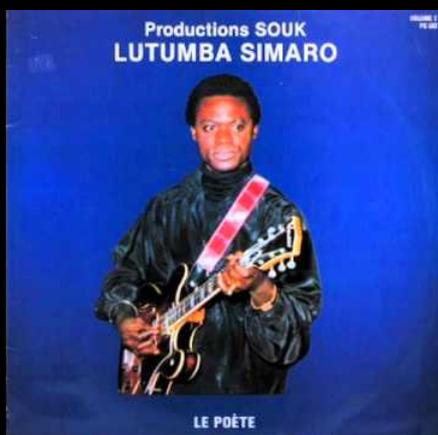
THOSE WE HAVE LOST

but lasted @Channel Nine for 38 years ,as musician at large

His last theatrical production was called SENIOR MOMENTS

In our senior moments,we will remember his music,his bright personality that charisma and talent that began in England in 1935 and is remembered everywhere in 2019...

Thom Woodruff



Simaro Massiya Lutumba Ndomanueno (aka Simaro) (1938 – 2019)

Ndomanueno, popularly known as Simaro, was a soukous rhythm guitarist, songwriter & bandleader in the Democratic Republic of the Congo (DRC). He was a member of soukous band TPOK Jazz which dominated the Congolese music scene from the 1960s through the 1980s.

According to Simaro, he joined Luambo Makiadi in 1961.

Later Josky Kiambukuta joined them, and later still Ndombe Opetum came along. For a while, Youlou Mabiala and Madilu System played with OK Jazz, before they launched their own solo careers. For many years, Simaro served as the Vice President of the band and led the group during Franco's long trips to Europe during the 1980s. In 1974, he composed the band's hit song "Mabele" sung by Sam Mangwana, which earned him the nickname "Poet".

In the late 1970s he was jailed at Makala Prison, along with Franco and some other musicians, over two songs deemed obscene by the authorities.

He died, aged 81, on 30th March.



Alberto Cortez (born José Alberto García Gallo) (1940 – 2019)

Cortez was an Argentine singer and songwriter.

He began composing songs at twelve,

THOSE WE HAVE LOST

including "Un cigarrillo, la lluvia y tú", and later continued his studies of music at the Chopin of San Rafael conservatory. At seventeen, he became the singer of the Arizona orchestra, where he was known as Chiquito García, and when eighteen and studying in the Social Sciences and Law School of Buenos Aires, he sang in bars to help himself with his studies. Later Cortez began to sing in the orchestra of Mario Cardi and was contracted to sing in the San Francisco jazz orchestra.

When he was 20, Cortez recorded his first album, and his record "Sucu Sucu" reached number one.

He died on April 4th, at the age of 79 years.



Richard Robert Elias
(1955 – 2019)

Elias was an American singer and songwriter based in Nashville, and is best known for being a founding member of Rich Mullins' A Ragamuffin Band, which recorded and toured from 1993 through 2000.

Elias wrote and produced music in Nashville, Tennessee, while performing solo throughout the U.S. and internationally. His music was included in the 1996 movie *That Thing You Do!*, *Dawsons Creek*, *My Big Fat Greek Wedding*, as well as other albums, independent films, and TV shows. During his career, Elias produced for artists such as Rich Mullins, Amy Grant, Aaron Neville, Michael W. Smith, and Randy Stonehill. He released four solo projects.

Elias died on April 2nd, aged 64.



Kim English
(1970/71 – 2019)

English was an American electronica, soul, gospel, and house music singer, born in Chicago, Illinois, United States. English began as a gospel singer, although throughout her career, English experienced success on the US Hot Dance Music/Club Play, Hot Dance Singles Sales, Hot Dance Airplay charts and the UK Singles Chart, beginning in the mid-1990s and continuing into the 21st century.

English died at the age of 48 on April 2nd.

THOSE WE HAVE LOST



Margaret Lewis Warwick
(c. 1939/1940 – 2019)

Warwick, known for much of her career as Margaret Lewis, was an American country music/rockabilly singer-songwriter and music entrepreneur. In early life she grew up singing in the Baptist church choir and listening to rockabilly and r&b. In high school she formed a band, the Thunderbolts, and they took second place in a talent show in Lubbock in 1957.

After some guest appearances on the *Louisiana Hayride* radio program, she joined the cast in 1958.

In Shreveport where the show was based she met Mira Ann Smith (1926–1989), a local guitarist and aspiring songwriter who had her own record label, Ram Records. Through Smith, Lewis and her sister Rose went on to tour with local artist Dale Hawkins and sang backup vocals on some of his Chess Records recordings.

Lewis and Smith then decided to concentrate on songwriting, and their first big success was "Mountain of Love", a country hit for David Houston in 1963. Lewis and Smith moved to Nashville and signed a deal with Shelby Singleton to write

songs for his SSS International and Plantation Records labels. They wrote a number of hits for various artists from 1967–1971, perhaps the best known being *Reconsider Me*, which has charted for at least four different artists. Lewis died, aged 79, March 29th.



Billy Adams
(c1940 – 2019)

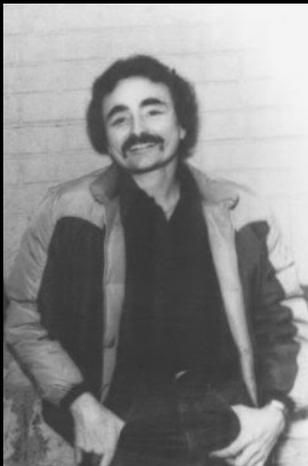
Adams was first heard in 1952 at the age of twelve on the station WCMI in Ashland. Adams was fascinated by the strong rhythm he had found in his own guitar playing, as he and his brother had accompanied their singing as children with banging on buckets. Adams (vocals / guitar) founded together with his brother Charles (electric guitar) and Curtis May

THOSE WE HAVE LOST

(bass) the Rock & Roll Boys, who played in the area.

In 1957, Adams and his band were discovered by Glenn McKinney, owner of Nau-Voo Records, at 440 Club in Portsmouth, Ohio, who organized a recording session in a small garage studio. Through contacts KcKinneys appeared the well-rehearsed single You Heard Me Knocking / True Love Will Come Your Way in January 1958 at Dot Records, but did not hit the charts. Between 1958 and 1959, Adams and his band, now Rock-a-Teers, recorded three more singles for Nau-Voo, including the song You Gotta Have a Duck Tail.

Adams died March 30th, at the age of 79.



James William Glaser
(1936 – 2019)

Glaser was an American country music artist, and brother of country singers Chuck and Tompall Glaser. He performed as both a solo artist and alongside his two brothers in the group Tompall and the

Glaser Brothers. His early career as a backup vocalist included a long stint with singer/songwriter Marty Robbins. Shortly before beginning his solo recording career he had two major hits as songwriter in 1964, the top 5 "What Does it Take" which was recorded by Skeeter Davis, and "Thanks A Lot For Tryin' Anyway" recorded by Liz Anderson and later covered in albums by Jan Howard and Connie Smith.

Glaser died on April 6th, at the age of 82.



Shawn Smith
(1965 – 2019)

Smith was an American singer, songwriter and musician who was a member of several

THOSE WE HAVE LOST

Seattle alternative and indie rock bands, such as Brad, Satchel, Pigeonhed and The Twilight Singers, as well as a solo artist.

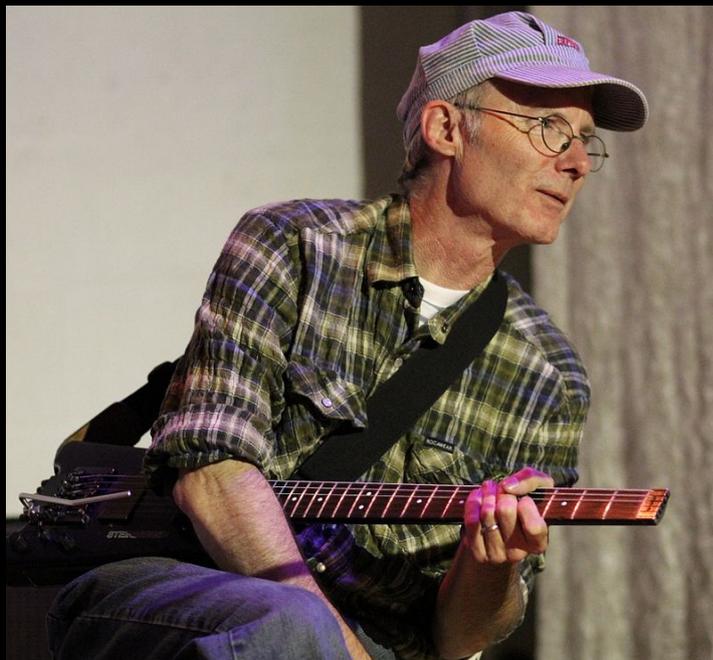
Smith's only major chart hit came in 1999, when the British techno group Lo Fidelity Allstars remixed the Pigeonhed song "Battle Flag" and released it as a single. The song, credited to "Lo Fidelity Allstars feat. Pigeonhed", reached #6 on Billboard's Alternative Songs chart in July 1999.

In 2005, Smith unveiled a musical project called "The Diamond Hand" involving many musicians. He also has worked with Thaddeus Turner (formerly of Maktub and many other projects including Brad) under the name Forever Breakers.

"From the North" was Shawn's newest band with core members of Malfunkshun (Regan Hagar, Kevin Wood, Cory Kane) and the lyrics left by the late Andrew Wood.

Since 2006, the band has also been billed as "Power of Wings" and also as "Von Nord" (allegedly meaning "From the North" in German; whereas this actually reads "vom Norden" or "aus dem Norden"). The band changed its name in July 2008 to All Hail the Crown and planned to release new music under this banner.

Smith died on April 5th, aged 53.



**Davey J. Williams
(1952 – 2019)**

Williams was an American free improvisation and avant-garde music guitarist. In addition to his solo work, he was noted for his membership in Curlew and his collaborations with LaDonna Smith.

Williams began on guitar at age 12. He played in rock bands in high school, and studied with blues musician Johnny Shines from the late 1960s until 1971. Early in the 1970s Williams played in the University of Alabama B Jazz Ensemble and the Salt & Pepper Soul Band. He also started working with LaDonna Smith around this time, and founded a musical ensemble/recording project called Transmuseq. Early in the 1980s he worked in a blues band called Trains in Trouble, then joined Curlew in 1986, who released several albums on Cuneiform Records through the 1990s.

In the 1980s he also worked with Col. Bruce Hampton and OK, Nurse, and in the early 1990s played in a punk rock band called Fuzzy Sons. Alongside working with Fuzzy Sons, Williams played in an improvisational three-piece called Say What?, and worked with Jim Staley and Ikue Mori.



THOSE WE HAVE LOST

Williams co-founded *The Improviser*, a journal of experimental music, in 1981. He also worked as a music critic for the *Birmingham News* and published freelance criticism elsewhere.

Williams died on 5th April, aged 66.



**Einar "Pastor'n" Iversen
(1930 – 2019)**

Iversen was a Norwegian jazz pianist and composer. He started playing jazz after World War II ended, and for more than sixty years, he played with everyone in Norwegian jazz.

Iversen studied classical piano under Inge Rolf Ringnes, Artur Schnabel and Finn Mortensen, and quickly established himself at the Oslo jazz scene (1949). He released his first album with Rowland Greenberg's orchestra (1953), and became one of the most respected Norwegian jazz musicians. He played in a number of theatres,

with Dizzy Gillespie at Birdland (1952), on the America Boat with Anthony Ortega (1954) and Modern Jazz Quartet (1955), and was a regular pianist at Metropol Jazz Club, where he played with jazz greats such as Dexter Gordon (1962), Coleman

Hawkins (1963), Johnny Griffin (1964), and with Svend Asmussen and Stuff Smith in Sweden 1965. He recorded an album with his own trio, E.I. Trio, (*Me and My Piano* 1967, reissued 2010). He died on 3rd April, aged 88.



**Tiger Merritt
(c1988 – 2019)**

Merritt was vocalist and guitarist of Kentucky psychedelic rock band Morning Teleportation. He co-

THOSE WE HAVE LOST

founded the band in 2009 and in the same year the band signed with Glacial Pace recordings. They released their debut album *Expanding Anyway* in 2011, followed in 2017 by *Salivating for Symbiosis*. The band played shows played shows supporting Modest Mouse, the Flaming Lips, Cage the Elephant, and others. Merritt died on 4th April, at the age of 31.



**David Farrant
(1946-2019)**

And so for the second time this issue I find myself writing about the death of a friend of mine. David Farrant, best known for being the bloke in the ongoing saga of the

Highgate Vampire who is not self-identifying (I think that is the correct use of the modern idiom) as a Bishop of an obscure Christian sect, has died.

I didn't know him well, but I had not known him well for about thirty years, and we had always got on well. He was a guest of ours at the Weird Weekend in Exeter on two occasions, and a splendid time was had by all. I will miss our occasional interactions which were always cordial and amusing. Of course the thing that most people knew about him was his decades long feud with Sean Manchester, but it must be said that of the books both men have written about the events at Highgate Cemetery, it is Farrant's that is by far the most down to earth.

Farrant's wife Delia wrote:

It is our sad duty to announce the passing of David Farrant at 9.20pm on 8th April 2019. David had suffered from ill-health for several years, but remained dedicated to his family and friends, and the world of paranormal research which he had devoted his life to. We know that David will be very much missed by his many friends, both online and in 'real life'. His loss is felt by us all, and he leaves a niche which no one else could ever fill. David's funeral will be held privately, but tributes are welcomed and will be read out.

If you have memories of David which you would like to be shared at his farewell ceremony please email dellafarrant@gmail.com Thank you all for the fun and intrigue which you brought into David's life. The legacy of his work – and his charisma – will live on through your podcasts, comments, thoughts and observations. And also through conversations over the years, perhaps especially for those of you who met him in person – either at his home, or at Pagan parties or paranormal events, and can imagine him sitting in that empty seat at the table.

Thank you all for your thoughts about David, your contributions to his life, and your respect for our privacy during this painful time.

He was a strange man, but a nice one, and the world will be a poorer place without him.

THOSE WE HAVE LOST



Artist Pink Fairies
Title Naked Radio
Cat No. HST422LP
Label Gonzo

The Pink Fairies are an English rock band initially active in the London (Ladbroke Grove) underground and psychedelic scene of the early 1970s. They promoted free music, drug taking and anarchy and often performed impromptu gigs and other agitprop stunts, such as playing for free outside the gates at the Bath and Isle of Wight pop festivals in 1970, as well as appearing at Phun City, the first Glastonbury and many other free festivals including Windsor and Trentishoe.

They never entirely went away, but now

they are back with an astounding new record - their first studio album for many years. Up the Pinks!



Artist Rick Wakeman
Title 2000 A.D.
Cat No. MFGZ033CD
Label RRAW

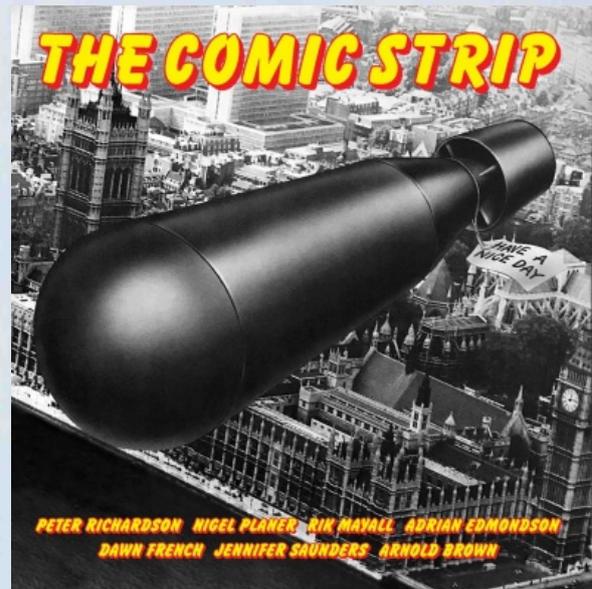
Rick Wakeman is one of the most interesting and idiosyncratic musicians from the prog-rock genre, an English keyboardist, songwriter, television and radio presenter, and author. He is best known for being in the progressive rock band Yes across five tenures



between 1971 and 2004 and for his solo albums released in the 1970s. Most recently, he has been a member of Yes Featuring Jon Anderson, Trevor Rabin, Rick Wakeman.

There's always been something mythic and larger than life about Wakeman, and so it is not particularly surprising that he turned his hand to interpreting the iconic 2000 AD comics, the weekly science-fiction oriented magazine, most noted for its Judge Dredd stories.

Dave Cable writes: "I believe 2000AD was hailed as one the most stylish and dynamic synth albums ever made. Many years and hundreds of albums later I feel that it still is and as a result it is a more than fitting title for such an immense body of work. Rick may well have ditched his cape in the pseudo-digital time tunnel but the wizard was still out there and in control. 2000AD confidently runs through a wide range of musical styles while offering a fair amount of pleasant surprises along the way that only Rick could get away with, because it is done so well and, after all this is his identity which, as an 'artist' is an important aspect of any work. 2000AD is quintessential Wakeman doing what he does best and on his own terms. In a nutshell a fantastic album. Outside, a memorable and true classic in every sense of the word."



Artist Comic Strip Presents
Title Comic Strip Presents
Cat No. TCSGZ101CD
Label Comic Strip Presents

The Comic Strip is a group of British comedians who came to prominence in the 1980s. They are known for their television series The Comic Strip Presents... which was labelled as a pioneering example of the alternative comedy scene. The core members are Adrian Edmondson, Dawn French, Rik Mayall, Nigel Planer, Peter Richardson, Jennifer Saunders and Alexei Sayle, with frequent appearances by Keith Allen, Robbie Coltrane, Lanah P and others.

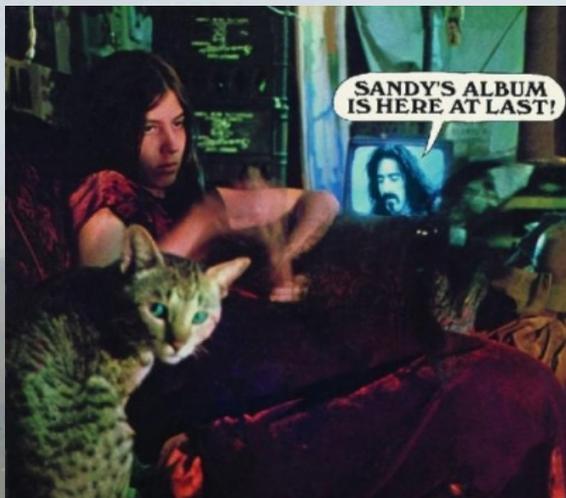
The series debuted on the 2nd November 1982, the opening night of Britain's brave new Channel 4.





Artist Iona
Title Edge of the World - Live in Europe
Cat No. OPENSKYCD17
Label Open Sky

Iona's first full-length live recording in 9 years! This new double CD was recorded at various venues in the UK & The Netherlands during their 2012 Another Realm Tour.



Artist Essra Mohawk
Title Sandy's Album Is Here At Last
Cat No. HST512CD
Label Gonzo

Sandra Elayne Hurvitz is an American singer and songwriter, who has been active

since the early 1960s, when the legendary produce, Shadow Morton, placed songs of hers with the legendary girl band, the Shangri Las. Whilst living in New York, she met Frank Zappa, who persuaded her to join The Mothers of Invention and also signed her to his Bizarre Records production company. This was her first album, released in December 1968.

However, the following year, she married her producer Frazier Mohawk, and from then on was known as Essra Mohawk. Although some people have claimed that 'Essra' is some bizarre cult name, a magical word of power, or a native American given name, 'Essra' is actually an abbreviated form of 'Sandra'.

She was so enamoured of her new Christian name that she retroactively used it for this album, which had already been released under her given name.

She was scheduled to perform at the Woodstock Festival in August 1969, but her manager missed the turn in the road, resulting in them arriving too late to perform. Sadly, this seems an encapsulation of her entire career. She has made some fantastic music, but always seems to have been in the wrong place at the wrong time.

I sincerely suggest that you check this album out, because it is a little piece of musical magic that you would otherwise probably have missed.

Enjoy.





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>

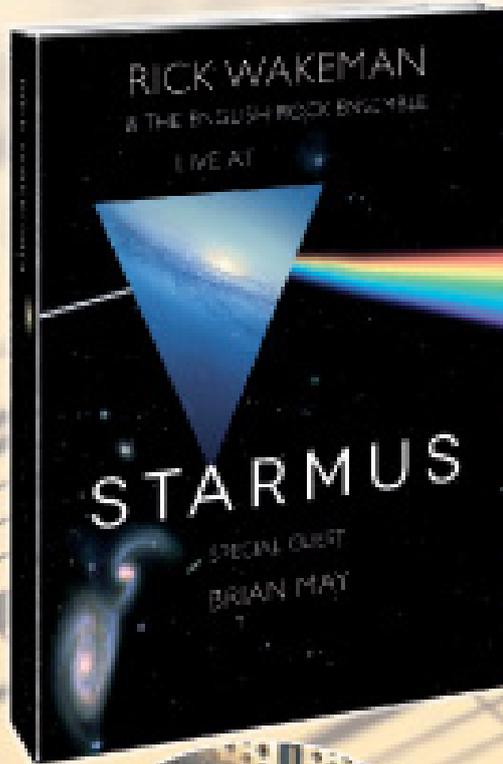
RAW presents

Forthcoming releases from **Rick Wakeman & Friends**

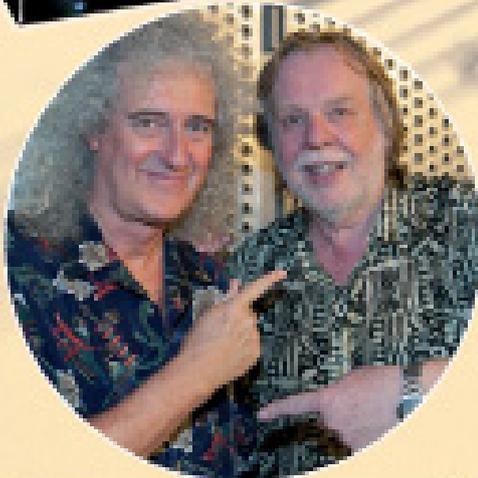
Rick Wakeman & Brian May

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.



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A sense of space – myths
and legends – the quark,
strangeness and charms of
**The Holy island of
Lindisfarne**

*Out on assignment: Images and words from Gonzo's
Alan Dearling*

Long, long time ago, I fell under the mystic spell of Lindisfarne. It is a place embedded in

alan dearling

WARNING



**THIS COULD BE YOU
PLEASE CONSULT
TIDE TABLES**

Northumberland
COUNTY COUNCIL



Viking, Nordic and Christian legends. It feels remote, yet is less than a mile from Beal on the mainland, Northumbrian coast. A mere fifteen miles south of Berwick-upon-Tweed, and less than twenty miles from the border with Scotland.

I've been visiting for over forty years, at least once a year in the past dozen, since relocating to the Scottish borders. It is rarely the place of peace and quiet contemplation that one might seek or hope for. Indeed, it is all-too-often overrun with cars, tourists of all types, from all around the world, most with cameras, many with their own personal quest in mind. It is an environment that engenders a sense of wonderment. Spirituality, if not necessarily religious enlightenment.

Being relatively 'local', it is possible for me to slip onto the island out of season, off-peak, travelling by the causeway during the relatively short 'safe crossing periods'. Many visitors get caught out by the incoming tide, which rapidly engulfs the umbilical causeway to the coast, twice each day. The new warning posters use the striking image as a way of getting the 'risk' factor conveyed to the often

foolhardy (or, sometimes plain stupid!). There is always a romantic allure of visiting an island. And, Lindisfarne has romance in bucket-loads. It is synonymous with Vikings visiting for a swift bout of 'rapine and slaughter', plus a bit of pillage and plunder; good old Irishman, St Aidan, founded the monastery in 634 AD, and then St Cuthbert developed it, and led what amounted to almost a crusade to establish Christianity in this remote Northumbrian outpost. After his death his body was carried by monks eventually to be interred in Durham Cathedral. This epic trip is celebrated in Fenwick Lawson's wooden replica in St Mary's Church.

Perhaps even more famous are the Bishop Eadfrith's 698 AD, highly illustrated, Lindisfarne Gospels (the originals are held safely – we hope – in the British Library in London). It's a landscape of castles, the relatively recent 16th century one on the island, much altered under the auspices of Sir Edward Lutyens at the beginning of the twentieth century, with Bamburgh lurking ominously over the water beyond the mysterious obelisks which guide boats safely into the mainland shore. Then there's the Priory, and St Mary's Church



Welcome to the Holy Island of Lindisfarne



with its umbilical connection with St Aidan's original monastery; a nature reserve and bird sanctuary; and tales of Grace Darling and the earliest lifeboat rescuing mariners from treacherous waters around the Farne islands.

Here's a link to the official website which features many striking images and plenty of visitor information about everything from the Priory and crossing times, visitor centre, through to accommodation and pubs:

<https://www.lindisfarne.org.uk/>

Amongst the most popular visitor attractions are the Lindisfarne Mead and Winery centre.

It offers a goodly array of whiskies, rums, gins, ciders and beers too. Lots of samples to taste and in busy times, an interesting range of local foods on show as well.





There's even a Lindisfarne music festival, referred to as 'the end of the summer party', that shares the island's

name, but actually takes place over on the mainland. The 2019 event will feature





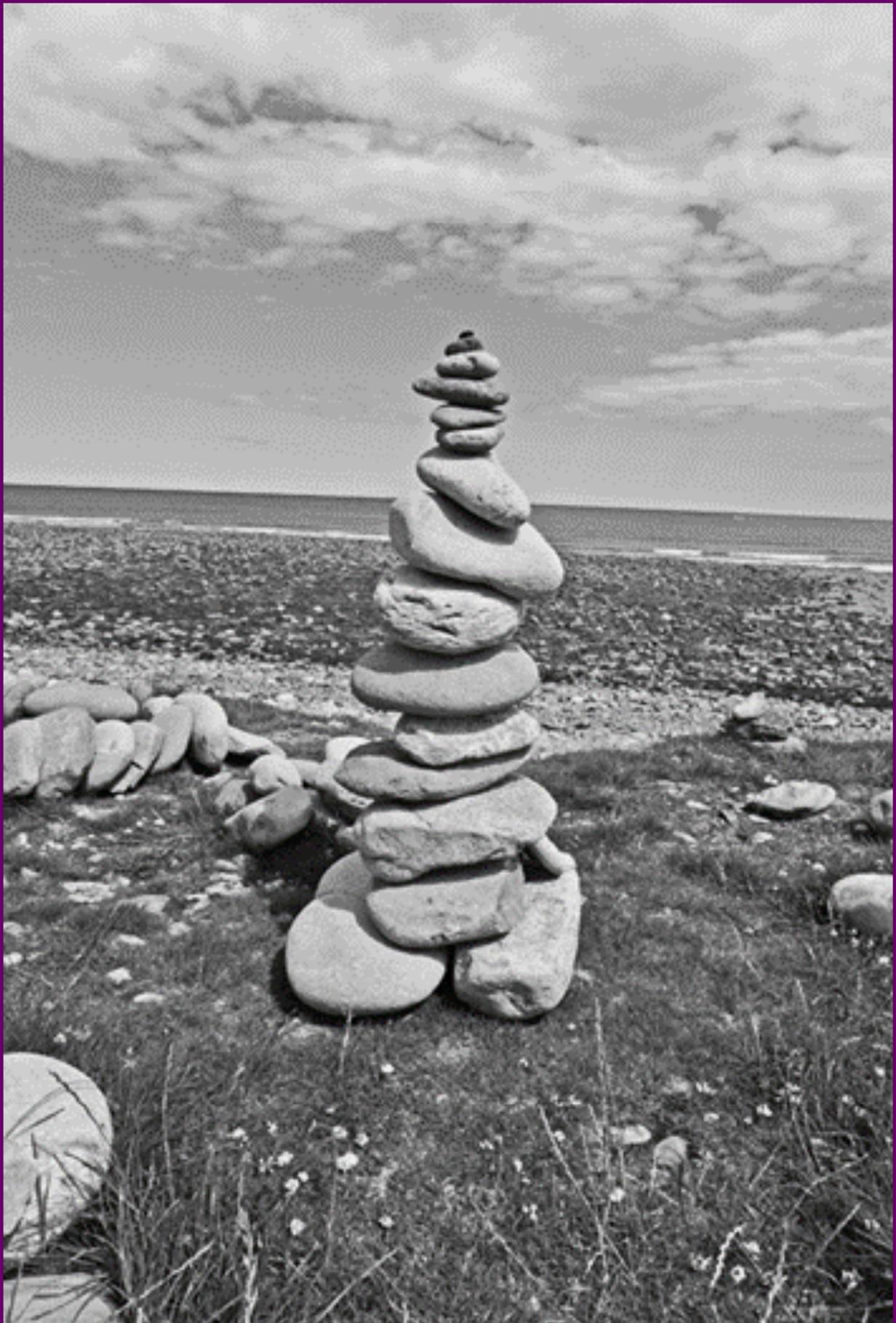
Ocean Colour Scene, and (yes, you've guessed it), Lindisfarne!

<https://lindisfarnefestival.com/>

Another special feature on the island is Gertrude Jekyll's walled garden. This is situated inland from the castle and is well worth visiting. It is being maintained in









accordance with Gertrude's original design and planting programme.

The Holy island of Lindisfarne is Special. Addictive. Seductive. Ever-changing. And deeply steeped in many histories. Enjoy my photos, and if you

are heading north up England's east coast towards Scotland, come join the thousands of other tourists and would-be-pilgrims, and marvel.

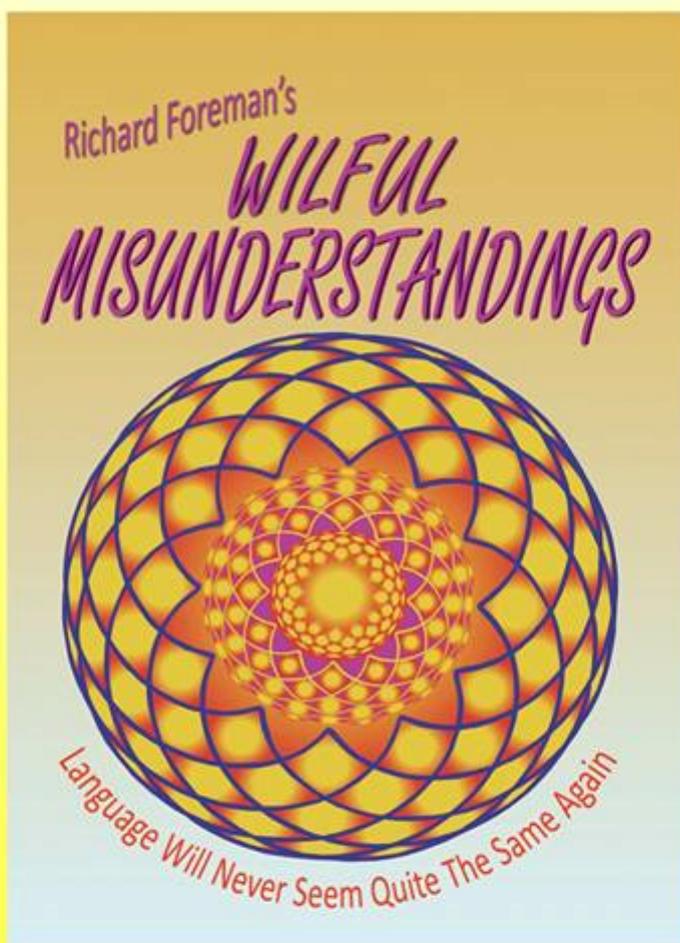


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'Utterly beguiling and often unsettling... a tour de force of storytelling.' (David Caddy, editor 'Tears in the Fence')

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



Readers' comments:

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'A sanctuary, a haven, a totally immersive other world...'

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The Hippy Trail to Kathmandu 2019? (Gonzo in Nepal!)

Temple Balls, Quicksilver & The Sacred Mountain

Back in 1988, I took myself off with a birding friend (a guy known as Dr Funk for his musical tastes) for just over a month to Nepal with a few days around Delhi on the way in. Essentially a bird-watching expedition, the highlight of which was to be two weeks trekking the Annapurna circuit. The cockroaches were running around the Air India 747 before it even took off from Heathrow, the beautifully dressed flight attendants and the curries giving just a hint of the eye-opening life experience that was about to come. Our few days in India soon passed and we found ourselves back at Delhi Airport waiting for our then, Royal, Air Nepal flight onto the legendary

John Brodie-Good



Kathmandu itself. An itch on my belly soon revealed a nice, armour plated tick, which had it's head buried in my flesh. My brand new Swiss Army Knife soon put paid to that when a long delay to our flight was announced. One of the airline's then two jets had broken down, so a replacement was being sent. Hours later

we boarded the second most beautiful aircraft I have ever flown in, a twin prop HS748, built in the UK in the early 1960s. The cabin staff apologised that the old girl didn't have ovens so we tucked into the nicest cold chicken curry I can recall.

The bus got us into Kathmandu from the

airport and was immediately surrounded by hawkers, “Change money, Room, Hash?” were the cries. I looked at a fresh-faced lad and said ‘Wrong order mate, Change money, Hash and then Room’. Within an hour I had a lovely, squidgy ball of black goodness in my pocket, that lasted me the trip. I did tend to lag behind the two others on trek a bit, but it was nice being able to sit down on a rock in the Kali Gandaki valley in the sunshine, by the ice cold river, skin a little one up and admire the heavenly scenery.

The trip opened by eyes to the other human world, the one with ‘no money’. The mountain people of Nepal seemed amongst the happiest I’d ever met, but in material terms they had almost nothing. A typical village house had two rooms, one with the firepit, in which the human inhabitants all lived, ate and slept in (they only owned the clothes they stood in) plus a second room usually, for the animals in winter. Ill never forget the village in southern Nepal later in the trip, by the steamy tiger-infested jungles of Chitwan (not that we saw any). There were so many small flies around the food that you realised you had to eat a few flies or starve! Just before dawn, the entire village would get up, go outside and piss and shit together on an area of grass. Imagine having a dump in the Asian squatting position with your granny having one next to you. Breaks barriers that one! I came away thinking everyone in the West should go and have a similar experience in the third world, you realise what’s important and what isn’t.

2019 and I had arranged a ‘Tiger trip’ to Tadoba National Park in Central India, we were due to meet two of my tour leaders after they had been up to Ladakh in search of Snow Leopards (four was this year’s total) and spend five days having jeep safaris in the park. Nepal must have gone deep and I said to Sarah, let’s go to Nepal on the way, you will love it. Being the

wrong side of 60, this time it wasn’t going to be in 15p a night ‘rooms’, with walls made of cardboard boxes, and I didn’t have the time to put together a detailed itinerary so I found a little ground agent online and soon we had a ten night itinerary, with some birding included, to be led by Raju and Prem ‘Beautiful moments always be with you’. Our arrival in Kathmandu was somewhat different to last time. An upgrade out of Doha meant five hours glorious sleep on a flatbed, followed by a freshly cooked Masala Omelette just before landing, served by an Angel. We did in fact have to hold for about twenty minutes before landing, an omen I should have realised. You fly thousands of miles and then have to circle, what a waste of fuel and time (it’s always good to be back on the ground safely too, let’s face it). After enduring the airport’s somewhat chaotic arrival process’s we were outside in the morning sunshine, my name on a bit of cardboard giving up Raju to us. We were soon heading into the city to our hotel. How much traffic? How much dust? 25% of the people on the streets wearing dust masks! WTF? Kathmandu? I’ve read about Indonesia, China and Indian cities but Nepal too? We agreed plans with Raju for the next morning and quickly unpacked.

Soon, we were walking into Thamel itself, the heart of the old city to explore (and hopefully score in my case). Not only was the air foul, it was not exactly pleasant to walk, the traffic on the main roads doesn’t stop, for nothing, including pedestrian crossings or policemen telling them too. The tiny little streets and alleys of Thamel are not much better. Hundreds of scooters and small motorbikes, horns beeping consistently. You have to spend 50% of your time just watching it! No shortage of people either. The Garden of Dreams was a restful paradise in the middle of this urban nightmare, we went daily whilst in town.



We arrived at the top of 'Freak Street', just off Durbar Square and found a café for a drink and snack (the first of many plates of Paranthas, deep fried veg bits with a hot pickle to dip into). I went for a ciggie outside and walked further down the street but no one said anything, no one looked like a dealer. In the late 1960s the Government Hash and Ganga shops were here, until Uncle Sam put enough pressure on them to make it illegal. (How many States is it now legal in?). Cafes blaring out West Coast and other rock music were here too. All gone, not a trace as far I could see. Ok I thought, no problem, I'm sure I'll score a little in Pokhara later on.

Noise and dust/air pollution were two major things, then there was the third. Plastic rubbish everywhere, and I mean everywhere. Often adding to the latter too, you saw little piles of plastic by the roads in the morning, which were then usually lit and burnt! I'm sorry, but what is wrong with the people? They have visually ruined their environment, it's gross, yet they don't seem to give a shit? Our last evening in the city and Prem took us to the very edge of the city to look for a wonderful bird called a Forktail (a giant wagtail looking bird, which lives on the fast flowing mountain streams and rivers). We got out of the taxi and started walking upstream. It was the worst place yet, the ground and stream were just covered and filled with rubbish (95% plastic). I thought to myself no chance of the bird and I'm not even sure I want to be here at all. We even walked through a primary school, the kids heading home for the day and that site was just as bad. Are they blind? They used to live in one of the most beautiful countries in the world. We gave up after an hour or so and headed back down. Incredibly, on about the only 200 yards of the stream which wasn't full of plastic (mainly water bottles and small blue plastic bags), we came across a pair of Forktails, result!, love it when Nature does that to you.



The seven hour drive to Pokhara wasn't much better, most of the roadside, again, covered in plastic litter, cement and brick factories everywhere, pouring out more dust into the atmosphere. Yes, they still have some major rebuilding after 2015's major earthquake, but Prem told us it was thought the Kathmandu valley could support around a million people. Today it's 5 million and still growing. Funny the latest Lonely Planet guide doesn't mention the litter landscape.....

A few days later, we arrived in Pokhara, a city 200kms to the west of the capital, and the gateway to the Annapurna range and it's world famous trekking. The city nestles against a 'green lake', Phewa Tal, and you can hire canoes (with or without a local boatman) and paddle out for the afternoon. March is a month of clear skies and a rack of high Himalayan peaks give the place a rather surreal atmosphere.

Tourism is however, booming. Lakeside comprises almost a mile of cafes and tourist tat shops, I don't remember any of that in 1988. Raju took us up to the World Peace Pagoda, a stupa overlooking the lake and valley, and we took a slow walk down through the forest, enjoying some nice birds and views along the way. A young lad rowed us back to our side of the lake and we slowly walked back to our hotel. I noted where the hash smell came from and took a later walk back along. Yet again, nothing however, no smells, no approaches. This is Nepal! There must be some smoke somewhere around here. I walked back to the hotel slowly. I found myself next to a young guy standing next to his bike, propped up by a wall. He smiled and said 'Is there anything you need sir?' Bingo!, he took me to his office across the road (a Temple by the lake, far out!) and we sat on a bench negotiating. Yeah, I got badly ripped, but I had no choice. It seemed very nice, very soft black, but how much? In fact, he gave it to me before I went to the hotel room to collect some extra cash. A quick tester on the balcony outside my room soon had me bumbling around back inside, with a big stupid smile on my face. Tomorrow the mountains! (er, the foothills actually, too



fat and unfit to go back up high this time sadly)

The car dropped the three of us at the foot of the trail, a few miles outside town. At one point we were following a school bus, the name of the school was Spiral Galaxies (!) but I couldn't dig my phone out. The dust again too. Thankfully a fairly gentle ascent during the morning, through some beautiful native forest, birding along the way, the skies above us full of vultures and eagles, the high peaks above us. Yes, this is the Nepal I fell in love with. We reached our place for the night, the delightful Annapurna Eco-Lodge, a small complex on the edge of a ridge, where two valleys meet, the high peaks again above. Run by a lovely local family, a few cottage rooms scattered around effectively a viewpoint. Sensibly, I had not had a spliff yet, so we settled into our room, the little garden in front, facing the sacred Fishtail Mountain (no climbing allowed). After a hearty Tibetan veggy soup for lunch, Raju agreed a 4pm meet up for a local birdwalk, whilst Sarah was heading for the 4pm meditation session for a bit of personal enlightenment. Speaking of which, I rolled a couple, slipped on my £20 JBL T450 bluetooth headphones, sparked the first one up and pressed play. Gary Duncan's Quicksilver astonishingly original album, Six String Voodoo began to play between my ears. (A Voiceprint CD, the predecessors to Gonzo – kinda space homework I guess)) An all instrumental affair, the opener is called Kathmandu...the second track, his interpretation of Round Midnight, almost entirely just electric guitar, most definitely took me there, Fishtail, the Annapurnas and flowering Rhododendren trees filled by vision. It was a special hour indeed. The Lodge's position meant as the afternoon wore on, thermals were all around in the sky, and the number of vultures, eagles and even a few migrating cranes built up until just before sunset, some of the mighty raptors actually



gliding past below us. Raju and I went out for our walk, and spent more time talking than birding, but managed to find some Leopard scat on the trail which was cool. (An animal we pleasingly saw in India the following week.)

We added an extra day back in Pokhara, rather than returning to sadly foul Kathmandu, which flew past. We took an early morning cruise on the lake, in search of birds. The skies were full of paragliders spiralling down in the morning sunshine, I asked Raju if he had ever done it? Not

likely he said, the pilots are all stoned! I met another guy who offered me 'Pollen' this time. Grown by the farmers in the west he said, "put's a smile like a Mango on your face".....I declined, still had enough TB left to see me out. Mango??.

The modern, young, backpacker is an interesting species. Wi-Fi is everywhere, it might not have a bog, but it will have wi-fi. A great shame really, all foreigners should lock their devices into mini-safes at Kathmandu Airport on arrival, you really wouldn't miss it and might actually





‘see and experience’ Nepal. In Pokhara one morning, we came across a Scandinavian woman, with backpack to give her her due (most hired porters to carry them) walking, with her LP guidebook in her hands, she said where is the Lake? What the green one that’s about 100 metres away under those trees I pointed? See the water glistening?

I asked Prem about smokables and he said interestingly, the government is seriously thinking about re-legalising soon, serious discussions are going on within the country. Mary Jane Tourism is proving to be a rather big hit elsewhere in the world today of course. The Government may open a new chain of medicinal plant shops, which will also sell the Holy weed again. The story about the high altitude trekkers who had to be e-vaced out of the mountains by helicopter a few months back because they were ‘too stoned’ to walk was mentioned too. Well I thought it was funny.

We were soon in the air again, this time heading for Delhi. My heart felt slightly broken, what are you doing to yourselves Nepal?, too much bad air, too much plastic and I know you need the money

but too much tourism planned and anticipated too. Your people are still totally wonderful but I came away thinking you are about to break your own Golden Egg.....as Prem remarked, too many people is the real problem, and not just in Nepal of course.....I never did find the Hippy Trail either but overall had a real blast, need to get fit and go back into the mountains proper, perhaps with some Mango pollen. Five sultry days in Central India yielded fantastic Tiger encounters too. Meanwhile, Brexshit rumbles on.....I thought it would be over!

Kathmandu – Gary Duncan Quicksilver

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=qV3rOWfUx_4

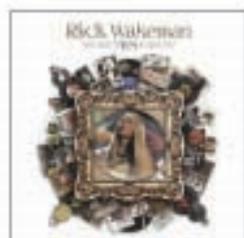
Annapurna Eco-Village

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

Adventure Samsara (Raju & Prem)
Prem is a devout Buddhist, well into all of that if Spirituality etc is your bag. He’s working on some meditation trek itineraries currently!

<http://samsaratrekking.com>

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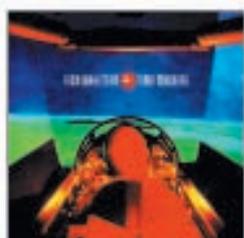
HFG2013CD



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

HFG2022DVD



GOLE!

Soundtrack album featuring Tony Fernandez and Jackie McAuley

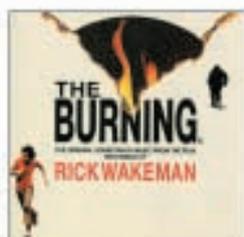
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COUNTRY AIRS

The original recording, with two new tracks

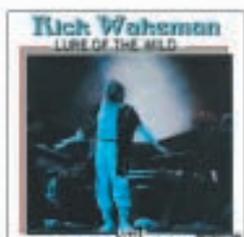
HFG2014CD



THE BURNING

The original Soundtrack album, back in print at last!

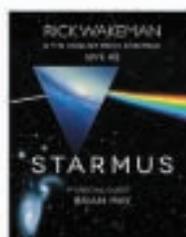
HFG2012CD



LURE OF THE WILD

With Adam Wakeman. Entirely instrumental

HFG2009CD



STARMUS

With Brian May and The English Rock Ensemble. DVD

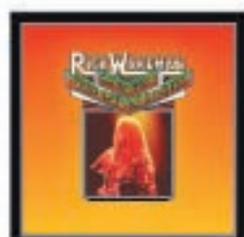
HFG2010DVD



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

HFG2006CD



CAN YOU HEAR ME?

Featuring The English Chamber Choir

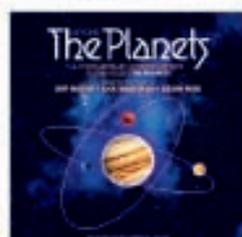
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CRIMES OF PASSION

A wicked and erotic soundtrack!

HFG2018CD



BEYOND THE PLANETS

With Jeff Wayne and Kevin Peek

HFG2019CD



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KEV'S WORLD



SETTLE YOUR SCORES
BETTER LUCK TOMORROW
SHARPTONE RECORDS

Formed in late 2014, Settle Your Scores wasted little time in establishing a name for themselves in the Midwest music scene and the digital sonisphere at large. With a well-established regional presence and an energetic, vibrant and bold live performance, the group unleashed their debut full-length record, »The Wilderness«, in January of 2016 and

haven't slowed down since. With nearly an hour of high-energy heavy pop punk under their belt, the outfit hit the road with the likes of Knockout Kid and For The Win, making several appearances at festivals throughout the Midwest and beyond.

Musically this is Blink 182 taken to a heavier level, with even some metalcore mixed at times, Atreyu for a modern age. It is annoyingly infectious, and one can see and hear just how much time they have spent on the road as they are incredibly tight. It is punchy, almost bubblegum metal, and the more I play the album the more I kept being reminded of "All The Small Things" – it doesn't really sound like that, and there is plenty more bottom end and aggression, but there is a very similar attitude, and I can imagine SYS recording a similar tongue-in-cheek video. It's not possible to listen to the album too much as it delivers too much sugar in the diet, but for something refreshing and full of annoying good cheer and happiness then this is worth hearing. It wouldn't surprise

KEV ROWLAND

me if these guys have the same impact on the scene as Blink 182, Bowling For Soup or Sum 41: a name to look out for.



SHIELDS
LIFE IN EXILE
LONG BRANCH RECORDS

Although London-based band Shields have been around since 2012, prior to this they had only released two EP's, and this their debut album is the first new material for three years. They have been touring a great deal, but given the reputation they have been building it is something of a surprise that it has taken them so long to get this together. What we have here is a metalcore mess of influences, as the band move from almost Muse-style soundscapes into Meshuggah, throwing djent into doom, synth smoothness into raucous riffs, pop into brutality. In many ways it is quite a hard album to listen to as there is never the opportunity to really settle down with Linkin Park being taken into areas they never expected to visit.

There is a great deal of emotion through the album, and a venom that is palpable – the way that Joe Edwards manages to

switch his vocal style throughout is certainly impressive. He always seems in control, whether it is a more melodic style or if the band are channelling their inner Slipknot, downtuned and in the groove. It is a dark album; there is a little in the way of light within it, and this makes it incredibly intense throughout. There is plenty of crunch when it needs it, but I did feel that while it is a strong debut it doesn't really have the spark that makes it stand out. The band have been through a great deal recently, as guitarist George Christie took his own life in January, but hopefully with this release now available, they can put that behind them and move forward. As good as opposed to great debut, metalcore fans will still find this of interest.

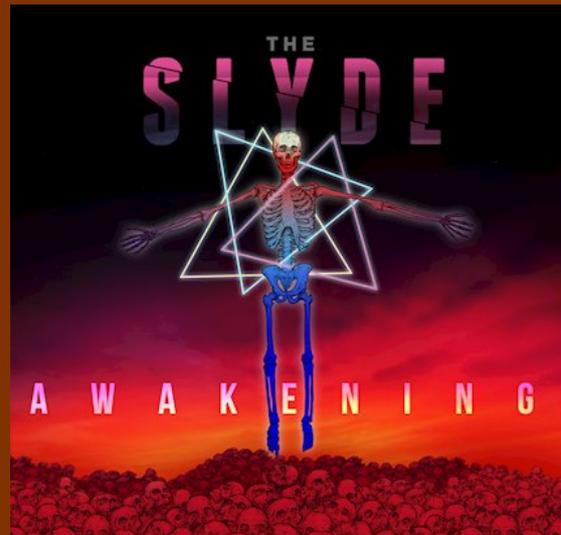


SKELETAL REMAINS
DEVOURING MORTALITY
CENTURY MEDIA

Taking their name from a song by cult NY thrash band Demolition Hammer, covering a song by Carcass on the album, along with it being mixed and mastered by Dan Swanö (Opeth, Bloodbath) and featuring cover art by Dan Seagrave (Entombed, Suffocation, Dismember), it is safe to say that with their third full-length album American death metal band

Skeletal Remains are not showing any signs at all of slowing down. These guys have obviously been heavily influenced by Death, with a technical old school sound that is reminiscent of Schuldiner. One of the delight of this album is the way that they mix tempos,. Not afraid to slow it right down almost to doom speed when the time is right, this allows them to hit back with real impact when they ramp it up, but also shows on songs such as "Catastrophc Retribution" that solos don't have to be at the speed of light to have the corrcet impact.

There is a lightness within this, with the bottom end not always a sprevalent as it might be, but with Chris Monroy's vocals not also being a guttural and brutal as one might expect, it actually works together really well. This is a really easy album to listen to, which isn't something that one can always say of the genre, yet contains plenty of dynamic shifts which are always in keeping with the tone and allows the band to create a distinct sound within the genre. More melodic than many, and certainly not as abrasive, this is an album which is essential for any fan of the genre.



**THE SLYDE
AWAKENING
INDEPENDENT**

Apparently this Canadian quartet have been around since 2008, but although this is the first I have heard of them, I am sure that this name is soon going to be far more widely known as this is a really enjoyable album. They appear to have released an album back in 2011, but only Nathan Da Silva (vocals, guitar) and Sarah Westbrook (keyboards, samples are still in the band from then, with the line-up now completed by Alberto Campuzano (bass, vocals) and Brendan Soares (drums, vocals). What we have here is a crossover prog/AOR album with hard rock elements, and when the press company states that here is a band that has been heavily influenced by Rush I can see what they mean not only in the vocals but in the approach.

The whole approach is somewhat softer than their fellow Canucks, mellow and more Seventies influenced in many ways, but the bass is played with a pick, giving a harder edge that pushes through the layers. Apparently they have supported Protest The Hero, which must have been interesting billing as musically the bands are incredibly diverse, but it is quite

possible that they are more metallic live, and certainly opener the driving "Awaken" could crunch quite heavily if left to its own devices. I did smile when I noticed that in the press release it states that this album could be of interest to fans of Megadeth, and I guess that's true if everyone has tastes as diverse as mine, otherwise somehow I think that comments misses the mark. But, overall this is a fun album that certainly made me smile, and I had no problem putting this on repeat, which isn't something I often do. For fans of Rush, particularly the more mellow AOR crossover stylings. <https://www.theslyde.ca>



SPIDERS
KILLER MACHINE
SPINEFARM RECORDS

Spiders, comprising Ann-Sofie Hoyles (vocals), John Hoyles (guitar), Olle Griphammar (bass), and Ricard Harryson (drums), crawled out of their native Gothenburg, made their presence felt with their 2012 debut 'Flash Point'. They then hit the road, pausing only to release 'Shake Electric' in 2014, playing with everyone from Kvelertak and Uncle Acid & The Deadbeats to Graveyard and

Metallica. Now they are back with their third album, "If Alice Cooper got married to Stevie Nicks, their child would be Killer Machine," smiles Ann- Sofie. "That's the vibe we wanted. The old influences are in there, but it's a little darker. If 'Shake Electric' was gold and sparkling, this is more black."

The debut single from the album, "Dead Or Alive", was co-written with Swedish GRAMMY® Award winner Peter Kvint. "The world is crazy right now," Ann-Sofie continues. "People just walk around with their eyes on their telephones like zombies. They don't even see you. They don't look at each other. It's not a nice lifestyle, because everyone is into something else all the time. It asks, 'What the fuck is going on? Why do we live our lives like this? What happened?' That's 'Dead Or Alive.'" It's a nice sentiment I guess, so it's a shame that it is also probably the worse song on the album. When people try to write a hit single, or to a formula, then it rarely comes out well. But, when they are allowed to just get on with it and do what they want, then that's a different matter altogether.

When they let their hair down and go for it, that's when the band is at their Seventies sleazy best. The description provided by Ann-Sofie is a good one, but add to that The Runaways, Girlschool and Mott The Hoople and it would be better. This is a good-time album, and apart from the single, it drips honesty and passion. I don't know what it is about Gothenburg, but they have produced some mighty fine bands over the years, and this is yet another that will appeal to anyone who enjoys really good songs-based hard rock with swagger and balls.



STONE DEAF
ROYAL BURNOUT
BLACK BOW RECORDS

This is the sophomore release from this Colorado-based outfit, and while they have a great stoner sound, I was soon quite distracted. The reason for that is that many of these songs actually sounds quite similar, and in one instance I actually though I had somehow hit repeat as the new song started in exactly the same way as the previous one. They know the groove they want to achieve and lock into it really well, but this might have been better shortened to an EP as opposed to an 8-track 30-minute-long album. I've never been the biggest fan of albums that chug along like this one, so perhaps I'm being too harsh, but I can't see myself returning to it.



STRYPER]
GOD DAMN EVIL
FRONTIERS MUSIC

I haven't considered myself religious for many years, but have no issue with those that do, and consequently am as happy to listen to religious albums as I do that portray cannibalism or Satanism. This means that I probably listen to more music with an open mind than many, as I guess that there are quite a few people who would balk at purchasing an album that is described as White Metal. But, Stryper are a band who I used to admire a great deal. I lost track of them over the years, but still have their first two albums on vinyl ('The Yellow and Black Attack' and 'Soldiers Under Command'), and their live video from Japan from the same period. My sister bought the album that probably broke them, 'To Hell With The Devil', but then the world changed in so many ways. The band eventually broke up in the early Nineties, before reforming in 2003, since which they have been consistently playing and releasing new music. Amazingly they still have the same singer/guitarist (Michael Sweet), lead guitarist (Oz Fox) and drummer (Robert Sweet) as they did when the band was originally formed as Roxx Regime some 35 years ago. Ex-Firehouse bassist Perry

Richardson joined in 2017, being only the third incumbent, so they have been incredibly stable.

Opening track, "Take It To The Cross" features a guest appearance from Matt Bachand (Shadows Fall, Act Of Defiance) on death growls, which shows just how far they have come from the glam days when I used to follow them! What has always been the saving grace (sorry) of Stryper for me, is that at the heart of it they are all actually good musicians, who write catchy songs with hooks, and they have a singer with a really great voice. Whereas many other bands with a Christian message tend to stay within that scene, Stryper broke out into the mainstream and have sold more than ten million albums, most to non-Christians. All these years on and they are still as polished as ever, while they may not ever win marks for most original music, this is commercial hard rock that contains edge and melody and those all-important vocals. If, like me, you only remember Stryper from the early days then in many ways they are still the band they used to be, although they are definitely now more metallic than the hard rock pop of yore. A great addition to their canon, and well worth hearing.



**UNPROCESSED
COVENANT
LONG BRANCH RECORDS**

Djent-style music is becoming far more prevalent in different genres at the moment, and here we have an example of it being used by a band who term themselves progressive metal. Lots of palm muting taking place, plenty of bass and lower register connectivity, and gruff vocals mixing with more melodic styles, and then there are some keyboards as well. So, prog metal, or metal with some progressive tendencies? I guess that it really depends on how one views music, whether progressive music is a genre or a way of thinking. Unprocessed are far more in the latter than the former, bringing together lots of different elements so that they are breaking down genres and sub genres so that the listener picks up bits and pieces from Meshuggah, Asking Alexandria, Protest The Hero and Killswitch Engage, and little from what one normally view as being a prog metal band.

The heavy, literally, reliance on guitars and bass with driving drums, means that there is little room for anything else. I could actually see this band morphing into an instrumental outfit, as those passages are often more technically interesting and passionate than those with vocals. Apparently this is a concept album, displaying the inner universe of a human being, who strives and seeks for answers in a cryptic world. His travels start with a vision of a colourful paradise ("Haven"), then lead his way through encounters with a female demon by name "Ghilan", who tries to seduce him with sweet singings, but then forces him to escape his death and flee into an underwater world described in "Malleable".

Overall, this is an incredibly intense release, that is definitely trampling over genre boundaries, and is all the better for it. Whether it is too metallic for some, and potentially too proggy for others, remains to be seen. But it is well worth investigating.

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

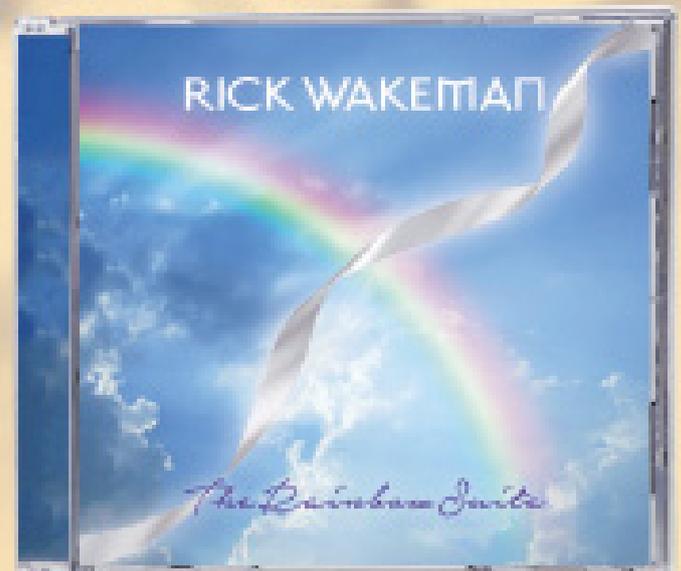
DVD / CD of The Gospels performed live in California – never seen before.

Reproduction A4 x 12 page concert program.

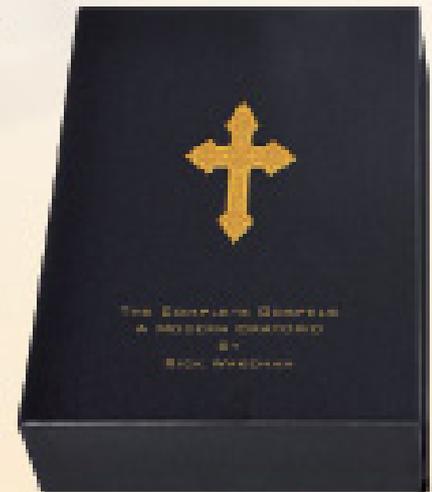
The Rainbow Suite

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 and follow us on Instagram, Facebook or Twitter to get action alerts.





YEP GONZO ISLAND DISCS

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

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



Just to show that we are truly down with the kids, and know all about video games and all that sort of thing, my guests this week are my favourite Sapphic Youtubers who mix stuff about Video Games and LGBT issues with some of the most delightfully filthy humour I have heard in a long time.

Check out their YouTube Channel here:

<https://www.youtube.com/c/NikkiandBunty>

...and in the meantime you can find out what music they would take with them to a purely hypothetical desert island.

NIKKI AND BUNTY'S TOP TEN

Nikki's choices

All Along The Watchtower - Jimi Hendrix

One of my favourite guitar pieces of all time, Hendrix was a genius. Plus it's in *Withnail & I*, which is one of my favourite films!

Immigrant Song - Led Zeppelin

Classic rock, can't say any more than that!

Paranoid Android - Radiohead

Radiohead are my favourite band, and it was difficult not to fill this list with purely Radiohead, but Paranoid Android is the song I'd choose if I had to pick just one. The perfect mix of guitar hooks, angry yelling rage, mellow comedown, reflection, anguish, release... it wraps Radiohead's range into a single song. Wonderful.

Love Like You - Rebecca Sugar

The purest love song I know, and expresses perfectly how I feel about Emma.

All Apologies - Nirvana (Unplugged)

This is a bit of a bittersweet one, because it showed where Nirvana could have gone if they hadn't have lost Kurt. Perhaps an acoustic folk direction would have lost them a lot of fans, but perhaps that wouldn't have been a bad thing for Kurt.

Bunty's choices

1) Florence and the Machine - You've Got the Love

I love the lyrics to this song, they hit home on a very personal level. And while I've always liked the original Candi Staton version, I absolutely /adore/ this version. Florence Welch's vocals give me goosebumps every time I listen, and it's just a joyful experience for me.

2) Queen - Bohemian Rhapsody

This song takes me back to being in a pub full of mates, singing along to this and headbanging, back to when my daughter was a baby and I was so tired I couldn't think of anything else to sing to her.



3) XTC - Making Plans for Nigel
It's just a banger, pure and simple.

4) Leslie Hall - Tight Pants / Body Rolls
Leslie is an icon, a role model, a legend. This song and its video are a window into the essence of Bunty.

5) Foo Fighters - Everlong
This was my introduction to the Foo Fighters, somewhere around 2000 I think. I saw the surreal video in the wee hours of the morning on M2 (aka MTV2) and it was like an epiphany, it just went straight to my soul. It's been one of my most treasured songs ever since.

Tony Klinger

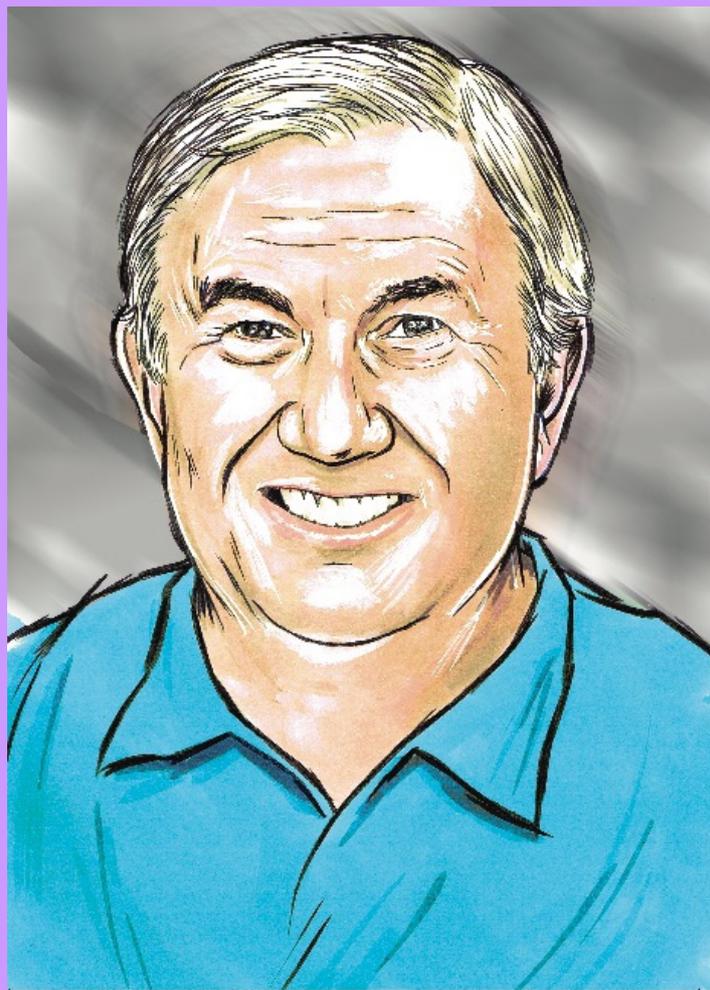
Tony Klinger is a British film-maker, author and media executive. He began his career as Assistant Director on *The Avengers* in the 1960s, directed several rockumentaries and headed media companies both in the UK and the USA.

He is the son of film producer Michael Klinger, with whom he worked on the film *Get Carter* (1971) starring Michael Caine. He was awarded The Lifetime Achievement Award at the Romford Film Festival on May 28, 2018. Tony Klinger is now also a public speaker giving talks, speeches or lectures on a variety of themes. And, yes you've guessed it, he is now a regular columnist for this peculiar little magazine.

**CHECK OUT TONY
KLINGER AT
GONZO:**

GONZO CURRENTLY IN STOCK
AT GONZO (UK)

GONZO CURRENTLY IN STOCK
AT GONZO (USA)



CHANGING THE PLACE

A woman named Jessica Hale, who makes documentary films, made me open my eyes to the fact that the future changes the world will need to

undertake will rest heavily or lightly on the shoulders of the world's youth. How many people know or care what the differences are between an illegal alien, a legal alien, an economic migrant from the newly expanded European Union territories that are allowed entry, or someone from Romania or Bulgaria, who are not allowed entry to our fair shores. I could go on but you get the picture. We don't have a true number of the people in the UK, and we're drowning in our own ignorance.

As Jessica correctly said, if you ask these young people what an asylum seeker is or what organizations like the UNHCR does, and most look at you with blank stares or they would more likely look away to avoid the question. As world crisis spreads it seems more and more important to educate the very age being most effected by social persecution. In thirty years our children will be running the world. If children are sheltered from the wrong doing of today how can they prepare to turn things around for the millions who already suffer?

It is our responsibility to make future generations aware of social and political issues that will directly affect them throughout their lives. Our children must be educated so that we enable them to recognize similarities between themselves and the refugee children, as well as show global concern, social responsibility, empathy and respect for others.

I attended a meeting that was addressed by Ron Lauder, the President of the American Jewish Congress and he said much the same thing. We won't get anywhere without the kids knowing where they come from and where they're aiming to go.

In Los Angeles I met with Rabbi David Wolpe, who was recognized by Newsweek magazine as the leading pulpit rabbi in America. We agreed that the future lay in educating the young. However therein is a dichotomy. If we, the liberals of the West, do our best to educate as many of our children as we can, what protects them from the haters in our world's midst?

How do we get these horsemen of the

apocalypse to stop poisoning the minds of their young? I honestly don't think you can. I believe that there is nothing we can say or do to stop them hating us and wanting us dead. By us I mean the liberals, the West, the Jews, America, Great Britain and Israel, and not necessarily in that order. By them I mean the leadership of Iran and the terrorist organizations such as Hizballah, Hamas, Al-Qaeda and the Taliban plus quite a large number of radical, fundamentalist Muslims. As everyone knows the leadership in Iran has called for the total elimination of the State of Israel and is developing the means to achieve this.

Therefore, and I say this with great reluctance, I feel the time has come to recognize that these are our implacable enemies and to stop trying to appease them and to stop talking with them unless and until they stop their campaigns against the world at large, and everyone I have listed in particular, renounced violence and declared this irrevocable. Then and only then, should we think about talking with them. I would impose a five-year waiting period before we did so, to prove they were serious in their intent.

In the meantime I would hit them time and again wherever they can be found and whenever the opportunity arises. This is a war, and they must be made to understand that they cannot continue to hit us with impunity. If we wait their attacks will proliferate, grow in size and be more spectacularly destructive, as threatened, the consequences will be apocalyptic.

What do you think would happen if Iran staged a strategic nuclear attack on Israel?

Iran must be stopped before the clock chimes midnight.

If we can stop this disaster happening then perhaps, we can start to educate all the children, as this is so clearly vital. As John Lennon sang, Imagine?

THE SCIENTIFIC INVESTIGATION OF THE UNEXPLAINED

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ALIEN ABDUCTION OF CHILDREN
OR IS THERE ANOTHER EXPLANATION?

12 MONTH ANNIVERSARY EDITION

THE FOURTH KIND MOVIE REVIEW
WHAT IS THE TRUTH BEHIND THE HIT MOVIE THE FOURTH KIND?

MYSTERIOUS ENCOUNTERS IN MORECAMBE

SAINSBURY'S CAR PARK COMES UNDER SIEGE

An American In Suffolk

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BACKYARD'S WAY!

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ROME UNDER SIEGE

MORE JAPAN

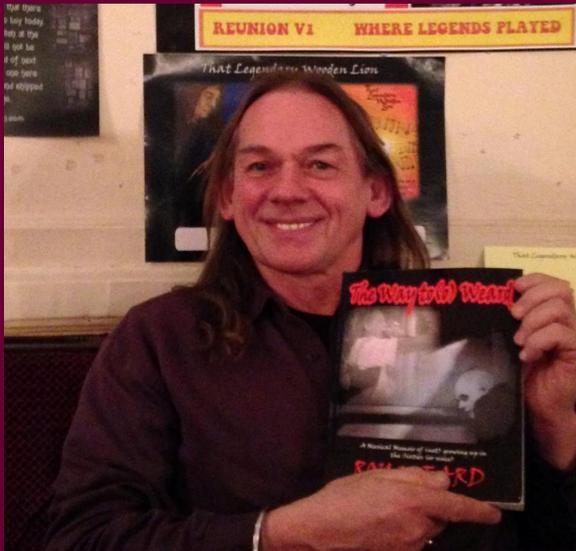
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WORDS FROM THE WEARD



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

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

I had stayed in this hotel a few times when on tour so I knew it quite well. It was a businessman's haunt, as were many of the hotels that the bigger bands used in those days. There was a certain irony on the fact that the suited community would happily check in and pay these inflated prices for food, drink and accommodation on their expense account jaunts. They would sit there all smug and superior, sipping drinks in their tawdry luxury bar, and then in would march a loud, dirty sweaty road crew, fresh from loading a couple of trucks. I loved the look on their faces whenever we did that, especially when they were posing it up to some women, and even more when the women were more interested in knowing what band we were with than in examining the size of their wads.

I also knew that this hotel was the haunt of a few hookers who would set up shop in the bar, trying to ensnare said businessmen. So it was, fired up with a few lines of Kremmen's speed I went downstairs for a quick drink before leaving to go out. I was sitting in the bar alone when I was approached by a lovely looking woman. I guessed that she was working, but we chatted and I bought her a drink. She was quite nice so I tried to explain, gently, that I was not buying. She did not deny anything but stayed anyway. The bar was pretty empty. I got talking about towns and places I had been to and said I liked Zurich but I had never found any good clubs to go to. She disagreed and said there were some good places. I said that I had been there a few times now and never found any. She stood up and said, 'Come on then, I am taking you out.'

She was as good as her word. We got in a taxi and went into the town centre. We went to a couple of bars down side streets and then to a nightclub that played some good music.



Roy
Weard

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Finally, both of us a bit drunk, we went back to the hotel where, in the midst of some energetic sex, she fell off the bed and cracked her head on the bedside table. She kissed me goodbye and left in the morning with a large lump on her head. I did leave her a ticket for the gig on the door, but she did not show up.

It was on the Manfred tour that I also first found out about the German promoters penchant for hookers. On one of the nights off the band were invited out to a brothel. This would seem to have been standard practice in those days and Germany has very liberal laws about how brothels should be run. It was one of the few areas where they actually live up to their stereotypical image of efficiency and cool logic. We were all going off to a bar as the band were leaving on this jaunt. An hour or so later one of the band members came and found us – I won't say who it was. He said, 'We all went into this big room with a bar in it. There were women going down on men all over the place and I said to the promoter 'is it all right to watch?'. He said, 'They will all be watching you in a moment' and laughed and I chickened out and came to join you boys'. I was to get a closer view of this later in my touring career, but I was never 100% comfortable with the idea of just 'using a woman'. There is, however, something intriguing, something fascinating about it all though. Always the thought that these professional women might know some tricks that other women don't, or unlock some new ecstasy, and this idea always drew me toward the sleazier side of life. They didn't of course. Most of the time they want the money and a quick turnaround and I had better experiences with the casual women on the road. There were a group of women who had been employed as drivers for a big gig in Hannover the year before—known by the crew as the 'Blow Orchestra', more for their liking for cocaine than for their sexual preferences. Someone from the crew gave them a call, and they came along to the hotel when we arrived in Hannover and went out with a few of us for the evening. I spent a lot of it with a woman called Varena and she said she would come along and see me again. Dave Ed was with us too and I got the impression that he had not interacted too much with the 'ladies of the road' as Bob Fripp from *King Crimson* used to call them

(before he got religion and started appearing on 'Songs of Praise' that is). When we got back to the hotel he kept saying, 'We were peaking tonight, eh, Roy? Fucking peaking.'

Varena came to stay with me on a couple of other days off on that tour, including the two days spent in Munich. What you can see on the table is the *Intercontinental's* Easter Breakfast, much of which, the cream and the honey at least, wound up in our bed. Luckily there are two beds in an Intercontinental so we slept in the clean one.

We had been offered two options for the days off after the Munich show. We could either stay on in Munich or go to Switzerland and go skiing. Colin Barton opted for the latter and came back from it with a large gash across his nose where he had walked into a chair lift. After Munich we headed down to Budapest in Hungary for three shows, all of which were filmed. The film came out as a video called *Budapest* and a live album of the same name.

After the first show we went out for the evening en masse. Budapest was still very much part of the communist bloc in 1983 so it was all a little bit police controlled. We found ourselves, towards the end of the evening, in a disco. They would play music for an hour or so and then stop and show Tom and Jerry cartoons for a while, resuming the music later. Quite late in the night there was a sudden flurry of activity and all the lights went up. A squad of police with the regulation guns and batons entered the room and started demanding ID papers. We walked up to them and I said 'English, *Manfred Mann's Earthband*. We are leaving.' To my astonishment, they parted the line and let us out. It was bluster and bravado more than anything else, but it worked.





c.j.stone

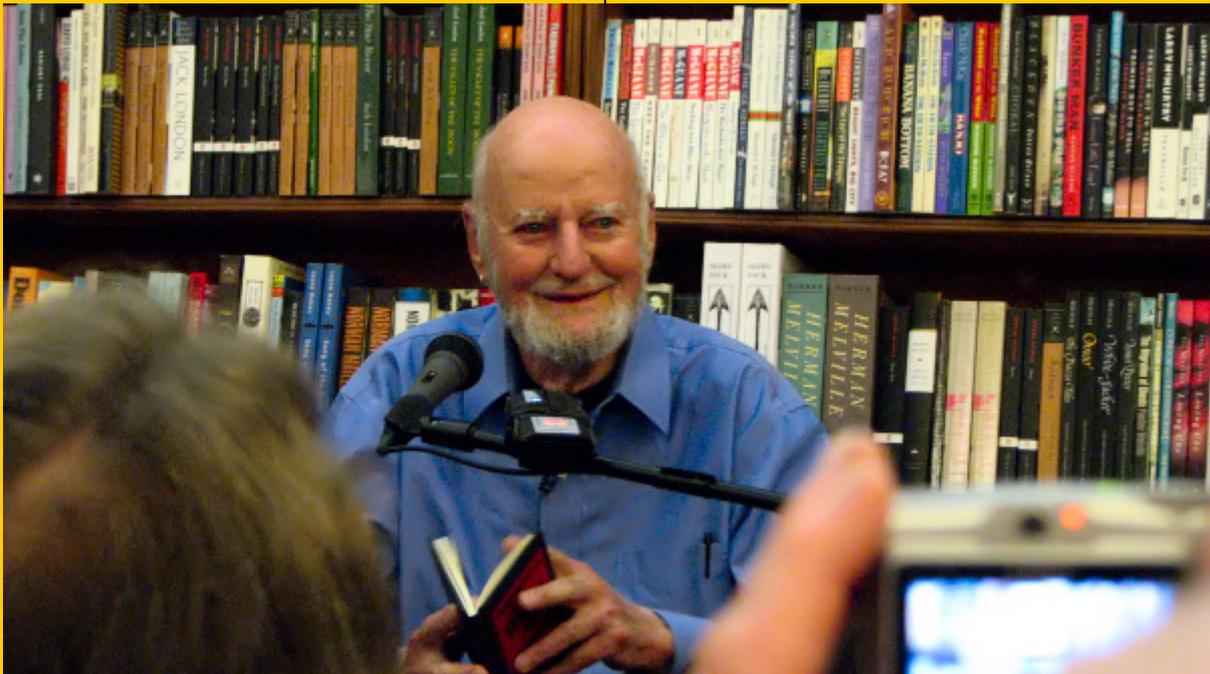
Happy Birthday Ferlinghetti

If you read last week's paper you will know that I've been involved in moves to save the Whitstable Carnival. It's not actually what I'd planned for my retirement, but there you go.

I'm busy with the process of setting us up with a constitution, along with looking into ways in which we might earn some money. If anyone has any ideas, please let me know.

Meanwhile I've also been working with Kevin Davey, the author of *Playing Possum*, the Whitstable based novel that was shortlisted for the Goldsmith's Prize, on a celebration to mark the birthday of Lawrence Ferlinghetti.

I suspect few of you will have heard of him. If I mentioned Jack Kerouac or Allen Ginsberg, on the other hand, my guess would be that many more of you would register who they were.



Kerouac was the author of the seminal Beat novel, *On The Road*; Ginsberg the poet responsible for *Howl*, whose publication led to an obscenity trial in 1957.

Between them these two writers kicked off the Beat movement in the United States, and Ferlinghetti was inspirational to both. Himself a poet and artist of some distinction, his City Lights bookshop in San Francisco, and the publishing house that is associated with it, has been the focus of radical literary and political dissent for the last 65 years. It was born in 1953, the same year as me.

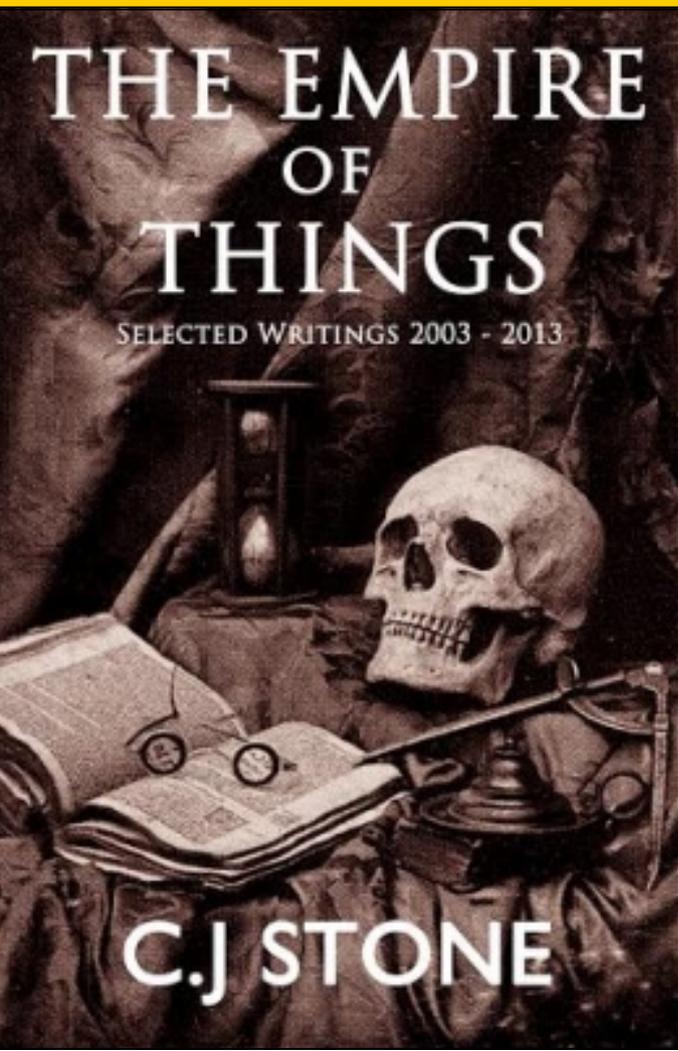
Since then City Lights has issued novels, poetry and prose that have challenged war and nuclear weapons, opposed the corruption of the Nixon years, explored gender and challenged homophobia, strengthened the struggle for civil rights, and given voice to struggles in the developing world and dissent in Eastern Europe.

It was the City Lights bookshop which became the meeting place between the organisers of the New Left, and the alternative culture of the hippies, and which created the first stirrings of the mass movement that finally put an end to the Vietnam War.

In other words, Lawrence Ferlinghetti is an important man. Aside from the two writers above, he also published Aimiri Baraka, Charles Bukowski, Gregory Corso, Angela Davis, William Burroughs, Diane de Prima, Noam Chomsky and Huey Newton.

What these names remind us is that it is entirely possible for an art movement to change the world.

Read on



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"Stone writes with intelligence, wit and sensitivity."

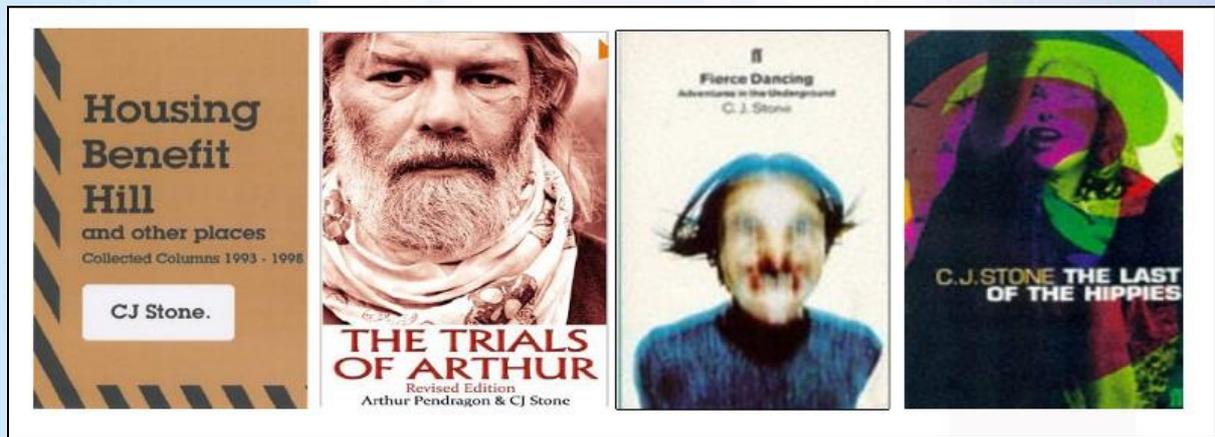
Times Literary Supplement

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

Herald

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

Independent on Sunday



Housing Benefit Hill:

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

The Trials of Arthur:

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

Fierce Dancing:

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

The Last of the Hippies:

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

**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..

After the announcement of a special 50th Anniversary party for Hawkwind Passport holders, HawkwindHQ have now floated the idea of a private festival,

saying:

Ahhhh Hawkfests!

To Be or Not to Be.....??

Anyone fancy another one for our 50th Anniversary this year?

Unsurprisingly, the idea has been greeted with enthusiasm. If it happens, it would be the sixth such event. The first Hawkfest was held in July 2002 in East Devon. There followed Blackpool (2003), and Castle Donington





(2007). The 4th Hawkfest (2008) was near Honiton, and the 5th, on the Isle of Wight, was in 2010. In later years, Hawkfests were, broadly speaking, replaced by the Hawkeaster series of indoor events.

Meanwhile, "Psychedelic Sundae", a free event on Easter Sunday at the Cheese and Grain, in Frome, Somerset, is next on the gigging agenda, where the support performances Tarantism, The Blackheart Orchestra, Invisible Eyes, and Sonic Trip Project. (Blackheart is the duo that played support on the Autumn tour last year.) This is followed by the Hard Rock Roadtrip event in early May, on the Mediterranean island of Ibiza.

In what we might call Not Hawkwind News, cosmic stirrings on the other side of the Atlantic include an upcoming gig by Arizona's Hawkwind cover band Space Pharaohs (formerly Hoaxlords) who will be playing support to ST37, an Austin Texas band. ST37 have scored a blip on

Hawkwind fan radar for having done a cover of Orgone Accumulator. The gig is in Tempe, Arizona.

Talking of Austin, Hawkwind fans in Texas had a rare chance to attend a Hawks-related event in that city, last month.



50th BIRTHDAY
CELEBRATIONS

SUNDAY
21st APRIL
RAISING AWARENESS
FOR ANIMAL CAUSES

PSYCHEDELIC SUNDAY

STALLS INCLUDE
VIVA, HUNT SABS,
SEA SHEPHERD UK
VEGAN FOOD

RAWKREWIND
TARRANTISM
THE BLACKHEART ORCHESTRA
SONIC TRIP PROJECT
INVISIBLE EYES
UNIT X

CHEESE & GRAIN
FROME • SOMERSET
2pm-10pm

BENEFIT SHOW
ALL MONIES RAISED
GO TO ANIMAL
CHARITIES/CAUSES

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



Hopefully the Austin Chronicle's piece about the then-upcoming event didn't mislead anyone, as they said it "presents members of Hawkwind and related acts for two days of space rock mania." Actually, the most recent Hawkwind member - Alan Davey - left the band 13 years ago. Be that as it may, Davey is still very active on the music scene, and for this event, he was certainly scheduled to be busy: with his own Motörhead tribute band Ace of Spades as well as being part of headliners Moonhawks.

Local band ST37 were a support act at this event.

And finally, back over in the

UK, Hawkwind cover band Hoaxwind are playing the Beaverwood Club on 11 May, where we're told to expect the sights, the sounds and possibly the smells of Hawkwind circa 70s & 80s. The venue is in Chislehurst, near Bromley in Kent.

CHECK OUT HAWKWIND AT GONZO



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



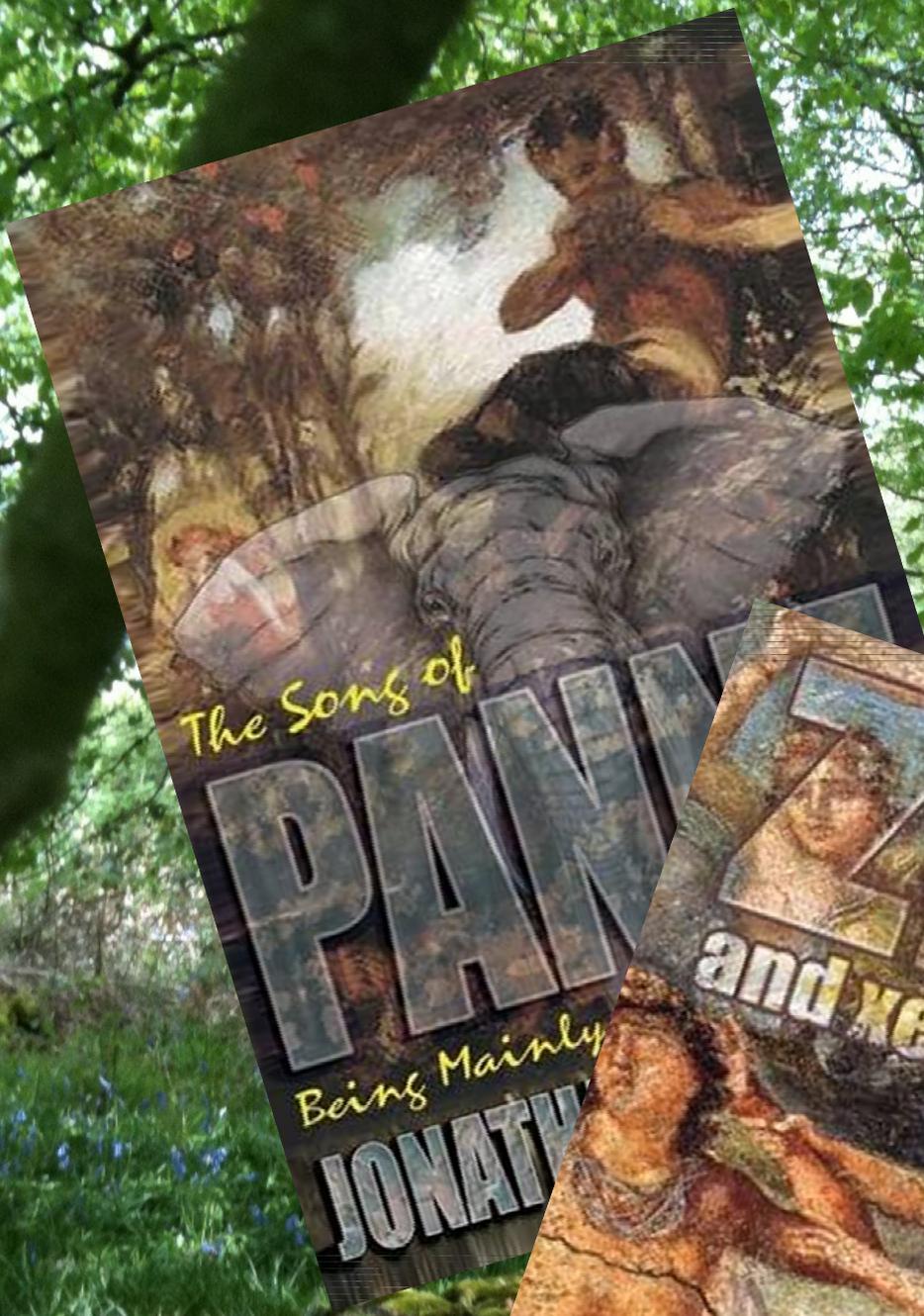
**CURRENTLY IN STOCK
AT GONZO (USA)**



Hawkwind Earth Visitors Passport - The "Hawkwind Passport"

The stated aim is that Hawkwind fans can have access to special Hawkwind events such as Hawkfest, to obtain limited DVDs and CDs of unreleased material and to attend private Hawkwind parties. So far, six Hawkfests (outdoor festivals), five Hawkeasters, and some other events such as Rock for Rescue have been on the gigs list.

The application form is available via Hawkwind.com and needs to be filled out and physically posted off to Mission Control with two passport sized photographs and a stamped addressed envelope.



**DEEP IN THE FOREST SOMETHING
STIRS. TWO NOVELS, ONE HORRIFIC
SECRET...**

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!

But, there was one creature that I dearly wanted to exhibit in my newly won exhibition space. Over the years, I have become mildly obsessed with the existence – or otherwise – of the bright red freshwater crabs that people told me about, of which I had seen the occasional mortal relic in the shape of discarded claws or fragments of bright red shell, but which I had never seen for myself. In a very real sense, they were – to my eyes at least – ‘cryptids’ in that they were creatures that were ‘ethnoknown’ (were seen reasonably regularly by people who lived on The Peak) but which were unknown to the mainstream scientists of the area (me). There was even a perfectly valid alternative theory to explain “why they should not exist”. I did not know it at the time, but these interesting little crustacea presented me with a classic cryptozoological paradigm, similar to those with which I would be confronted – on and off – for the rest of my professional life.

I had been looking diligently in all the ponds and streams that I frequented (this sounds grand, but in actuality, these were all fed by the same main watercourse: the one that started at Victoria Peak Gardens,



gathered pace, fed the waterfall that tumbled down the face of Mount Austin, and ended up at Tadpole Pond). But, sadly, I never found any.

It is strange how literal minded children are, or at least I was. I had been visiting Victoria Peak Gardens, both with and without my parents, for the previous four years, but I had never even *thought* of following the little stream beyond the decorative bridge, which marked the eastern border of the park. Similarly, I had explored the tiny plateau that lay at the top of the waterfall on many occasions, but it had never occurred to me to see what happened above it. I knew, intellectually, that the two watercourses were interlinked and it seems ludicrous to me now that I never thought about exploring this further, but like Syd Barrett, I have always had a very 'irregular head' and, over the years, many expensive therapists have done their best to unravel its workings, and if they couldn't manage it, how the hell can I?

I don't know what it was that finally 'persuaded' me (if that is the correct word, which I don't think it is) to explore the stream in the 'unknown' stretch between the bridge and the waterfall, but one fine

day in the early summer of 1969, I finally did so, and I found something that – to me at least – seemed completely miraculous.

Here, let me digress for a minute, although I promise you it is a digression that will – eventually – make sense.

As I have written elsewhere in this narrative, large parts of my childhood were defined by the books that I read, and in the year when The Beatles broke up, the media decided that the hippy dream was defined by the Woodstock Festival and decided that it all ended at Altamont, and Charlie Manson and his family were running amok in California, I was obsessively reading Hugh Lofting's *Doctor Dolittle* books. For those of you who have either never heard of them, or whose only introduction to them were the 1998 film and its sequels, I shall resist the temptation to rant on about the way that the film industry rides roughshod over much loved pieces of literature, and explain that the books that I loved so well were set in Gloucestershire during the early part of Queen Victoria's reign, and featured a tubby, white, country doctor, who learned to converse with animals and became a notable vet.



One of my favourites of these books was *Doctor Dolittle's Post Office*; a subplot of which featured a storyline about an island off the coast of West Africa, where no human (apart from the doctor) had ever stood. John Dolittle MD changed the name of this island from 'No Man's Land' (which I strongly suspect was a grimly funny joke on the part of the author, who was in the trenches of the First World War when he wrote these stories, to send home episodically in letters to his children) to 'The Animal's Paradise', because it was such a rich and happy home for a wide variety of creatures. Well, despite the fact that my newly discovered stretch of stream - which was no more than two hundred yards long, and probably less - didn't contain surviving dinosaurs and an enormous range of other birds and mammals, hitherto unsuspected in that part of the world, it *did* contain a whole string of little rock pools, several of which contained my elusive freshwater crabs. As there were all sorts of other tiny, aquatic creatures there, very few of which I had ever seen before, I took a leaf out of *Dr Dolittle's Post Office* and - to myself, at least - I named this tiny rocky nullah and

its attendant rock pools 'The Animal's Paradise', and have used that name ever since, whenever I think of it.

To me, a nine year old boy obsessed with the tiny creatures that can be found in ponds and streams, this *was* a veritable paradise, and I spent many happy days perched on one of the big, smooth, boulders, observing the complex and interrelated lives of the creatures who lived there.

Here, I am afraid I need to put in a slightly disappointing interjection. In 1980, many years after my family had left Hong Kong, I inherited some money from a deceased relative, and the first thing I did was to pay for a return visit to the land that I loved so well. It was not altogether a success, and - at the tender age of twenty one - I discovered for the first time that things get smaller as one grows older. What, in 1969, had seemed like a glorious vista of ponds and animals had, by the time I was twenty one, been reduced to a small, dried up and grubby little watercourse that - even then - was clogged with rubbish that had been washed downstream in the previous rainy

season from the picnic grounds high on Victoria Peak. But, let's return to the summer of 1969, when the world was freshly minted for my delight.

I was delighted to find that the simple expediency of turning over some of the largest stones that lay on the stream bed revealed freshwater crabs of various colours and sizes. They were all basically red, or purple, in colour and it never occurred to me that there would be more than one species of crab living in these little ponds.

It was only whilst putting this book together that I read about a newly discovered species of freshwater crab in the tiny Chinese territory of Macau; a former Portuguese colony only a few miles west of Hong Kong, on the other side of the Pearl River estuary. I looked at this dark purple creature, *Nanhaipotamon macau*, and thought to myself that this little decapod, which is thought to be endemic to Macau, looked awfully familiar. Perhaps it is, or at least *was*, more widely distributed than the present authorities expect, but most of the crabs were the species that is now known as *Nanhaipotamon hongkongense*, a bright red creature that is a true freshwater crab, because – unlike so many of its relatives – it does not need to go back to the sea in order to breed. I knew this, not because I

had read it somewhere (my only written resource on the subject of freshwater crabs in Hong Kong described a 'green' creature in passing by Herklots when he was talking about something else) but by observation. I knew that freshwater crabs elsewhere in the world (having read about the hermit crabs of Florida) had to go down to the sea to breed and that the larval form of these creatures lived for many months in a planktonic state, which could not be replicated in freshwater. However, even on my first day in 'The Animal's Paradise', I found a dozen or so tiny – but fully formed – crabs, but no sign of any larval crabs in any approaching a planktonic state. The nine year old me deduced that this meant that this particular population of crabs must breed in a different way.

And the nine year old me was right.

This was confirmed upon a later visit to the ponds, when I discovered a female crab with a whole clutch of juicy eggs tucked untidily underneath the triangular flap of the abdomen.

When I held her up to the light, I could see the shapes of the larval crabs wriggling about inside the eggs. This was where the elusive planktonic stage took place.

I couldn't wait to exhibit these fantastic creatures in my washing machine 'show tank' at the school nature table, and – a few days later – I did just that! Sadly, nobody was as impressed as I was with these fantastic little crustaceans, and - not for the first time and certainly not for the last – I realised that the things that excited me didn't necessarily excite anybody else!



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 winds that day were mercurial



turbulent



OH NO!
IT'S EDDIE!



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!!!"

VOLTAIRE WROTE CANDIDE

ABOUT A NAIVE OPTIMIST

living in "the best of all possible worlds"

We live among immune deficiencies

Ancient plagues are resurrecting-measles,mumps,smallpox,rubella,polio

New SUPERBUGS like Vietnam War's BLACK ROSE

are completely resistant to penicillin,and dangerously potent

Call it CANDIDA AURIS(not the Candida of yeast infections)

Found in New York,New Jersey and Chicago-but spreading

Like Imagination,this horror movie has no limits

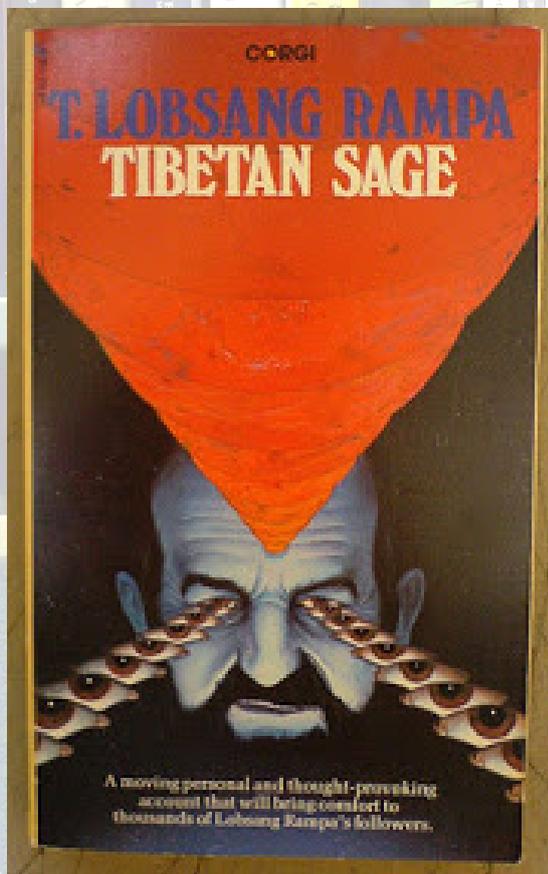
Do Not Worry!It will only kill off

the very young,the very old,anyone with compromised immune systems....

Who is next?

!

Yer Gonzo Bookshelf



Paperback: 160 pages

Publisher: CreateSpace Independent Publishing Platform (15 Dec. 1980)

Language: English

ISBN-10: 1533522391

ISBN-13: 978-1533522399

One of the most famous and controversial mystics of the 20th Century tells of his experiences, as a young boy, in the lamaseries of Tibet.

Traveling with his guide, the Lama Mingyar Dondup, into the timeless world of the Caves of the Potala, the young disciple witnesses breath-taking visions and phenomena of the past and future.

A few months ago, I wrote a review of a book by Sheelagh Rouse (aka 'Buttercup') about the twenty five years that she spent with the controversial "Tibetan mystic" Lobsang Rampa. Most people reading this will know why I put the words "Tibetan mystic" in double quotation marks; it is because ever since 1958, it has been widely known that the man using this name was Cyril Henry Hoskin, who had been born in Devon in 1910 and was the son of a plumber. After he was 'outed', he claimed that although his physical body was that of Cyril Hoskin, he had allowed the 'spirit' of Lobsang Rampa to inhabit his body, and continue his own life elsewhere.

Like many people, my first introduction to Lobsang Rampa was his first book, *The Third Eye*, which was first published in 1956. I found it in my school library, of all places, and was immediately entranced by the story of a little boy from a very wealthy household, who, at a very early age, following instructions given to his family in a horoscope, became a high-ranking Buddhist lama.

The book details his esoteric training, and climaxes with the account of how he had a hole drilled in his forehead to 'open his Third Eye', allowing him to see the human aura and all sorts of other groovy things.

This was my introduction to esoteric subjects, and – despite the fact that it is widely claimed to be nothing more than a disingenuous hoax – I consider it to have been one of the most important esoteric books in my life.

It was something in the region of fifteen years before I discovered the story of what *Fortean Times* called 'The Plumber from Lhasa' and I started to read through



Rampa's various books with great interest. However, even the bright-eyed and bushy-tailed fourteen year old me began to have my doubts as my investigation of the series continued. For example, the books started to advertise something called 'touch stones', that appeared to claim that if you held one of these objects and chanted something or other, you would reach some degree of spiritual enlightenment. And that just appeared to be complete bullshit, as far as I was concerned.

I soon started to grow out of my Lobsang Rampa fixation, and – although Rampa continued to write books until just before his death in 1981 – I missed out on the last six or seven of them. The more that I read about Lobsang Rampa and his activities, the less interested I was. However, after reading Sheelagh Rouse's book I became mildly interested in the subject of the ersatz Tibetan Lama for the first time in decades, and upon finding a

website that contained free eBooks of all his writings (www.lobsangrampa.org), I downloaded them and started to read them again for the first time in forty years. Sadly I didn't find them either as charming or as intriguing as I once did. But, I decided to try an experiment.

Various things that I have read about Rampa implied that, as his books have progressed further, they got more and more like conventional science fictions and less like the Occult Primers that they had purported to be earlier on in his career. So, I decided to read this; his final book.

And, bloody hell, what a load of old bollocks it is. Whilst I would love to believe that, hidden in an impenetrable mountain fortress deep in the Himalayas, there is a repository of alien technology brought to this planet by the 'Gardeners of the Earth', who are apparently some benevolent alien race, I think this is highly unlikely.

The book tells how Rampa, together with his mentor, the Lama Mingyar Dondup, went to explore this aforementioned fortress with dramatic results. Mingyar Dondup gets himself injured by a rock fall, and our intrepid Lobsang has to nurse him back to health using various bits of space-age technology, all of the time whilst being given tutelage in various items of esoterica, by Dondup.

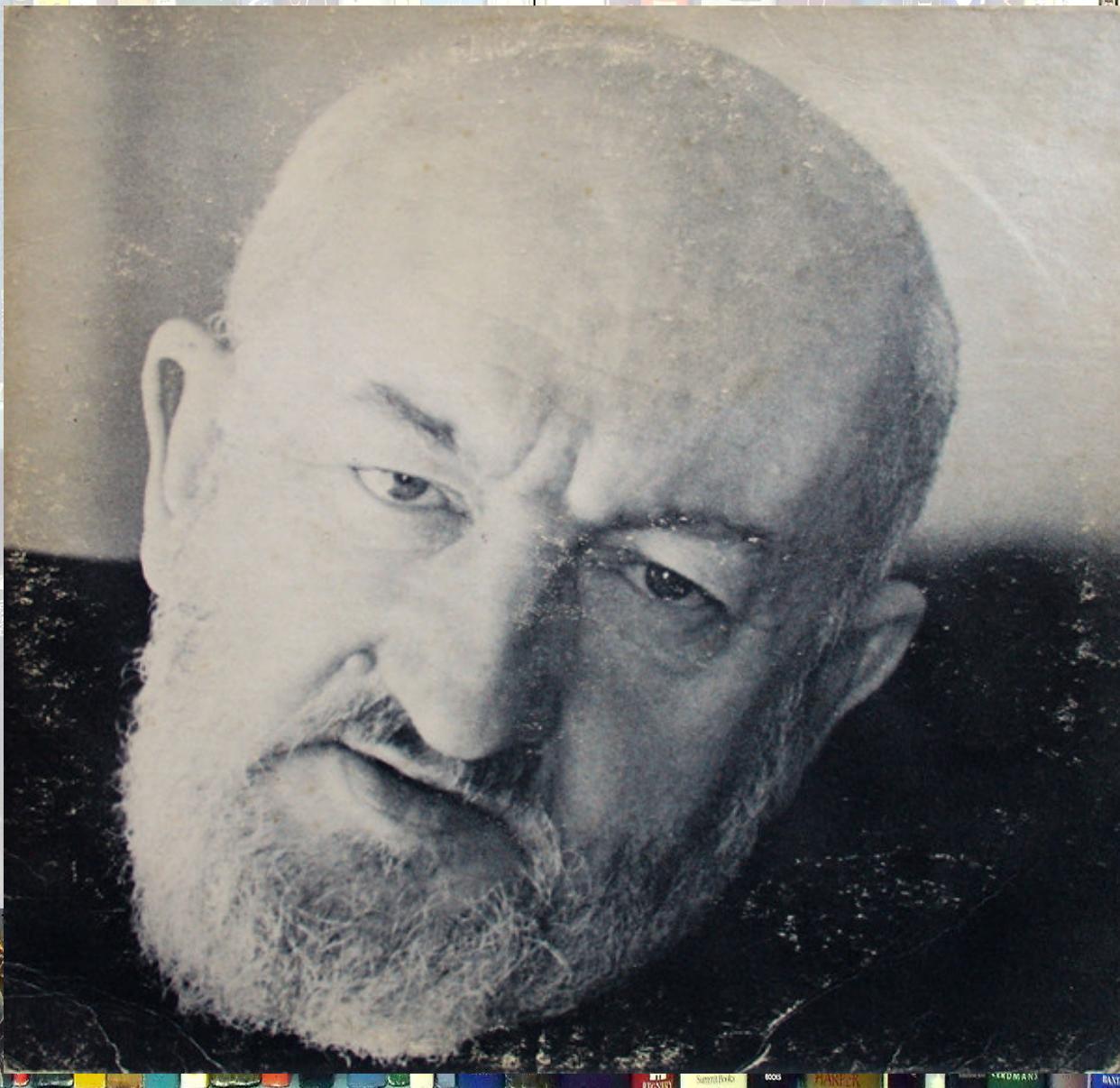
The theology of Dondup's lessons, both in this and all the other Rampa books, seems to have very little in common with the Tibetan brand of Buddhism, which is *actually* taught in this mountain kingdom. I discovered this, with a bang, back in 1975 when – totally overwhelmed by the spiritual messages I was getting from this ever increasing wallage of nonsense – I ordered a book called *Foundations of Tibetan Mysticism*, only to find out that it had nothing in common with the easily

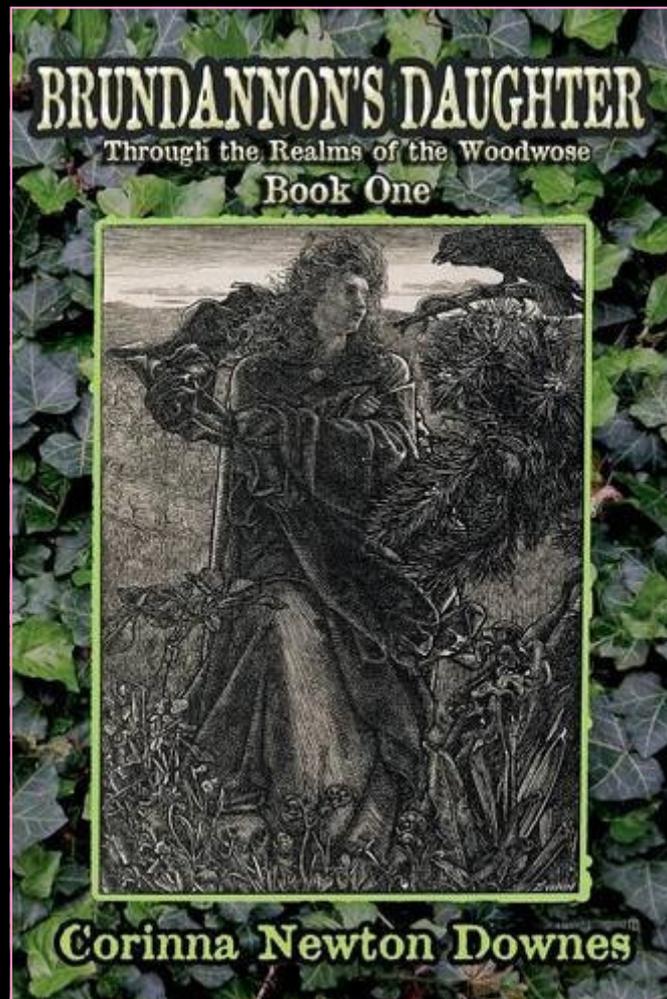
digestible spiritual messages of Rampa's books, and the academic prose was neither entertaining nor enlightening. A large amount of Rampa's perceived spiritual discipline appears to come from the teachings of the Spiritualist church, interspersed with bits of mid-20th century popular occultism by people like Doreen Valiente, all mixed in together to make a comforting and appealing mish-mash of spiritual ideas from a whole different sources.

The strange thing about this book is that, despite being fairly obviously arrant nonsense, it is still written in a remarkably engaging style. It may be nonsense, but it's quite entertaining nonsense. It is both disturbing and mildly amusing that so many of the authors that

acted as an 'entry drug' to an esoteric lifestyle, were dodgy as hell. Carlos Castaneda, for example, seems to have run some weird cult, because after his death in 1988 at least one of his acolytes died under mysterious circumstances, and much of his writings have since been discredited.

The same can be said about Erich von Däniken, whose books are riddled with inconsistencies and exaggerations, but it must be said that if it had not been for these three men, a whole generation of Fortean scholars would probably never have come into existence. Would that really matter? In the wider scheme of things, probably not. But from my personal viewpoint, I think that my life would have not been half as interesting without them.





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.



"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

THE NINE HENRYS



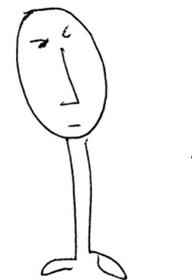
The Nine Henrys are a quirky bunch of cloned cartoon characters. They live in a strange lo-fi domestic surrealist world peopled by talking rock buns and elephants on wobbly stilts. Over the years the Henrys have been published in a variety of local NE magazines and now here for the first time thanks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



Hair on the film

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

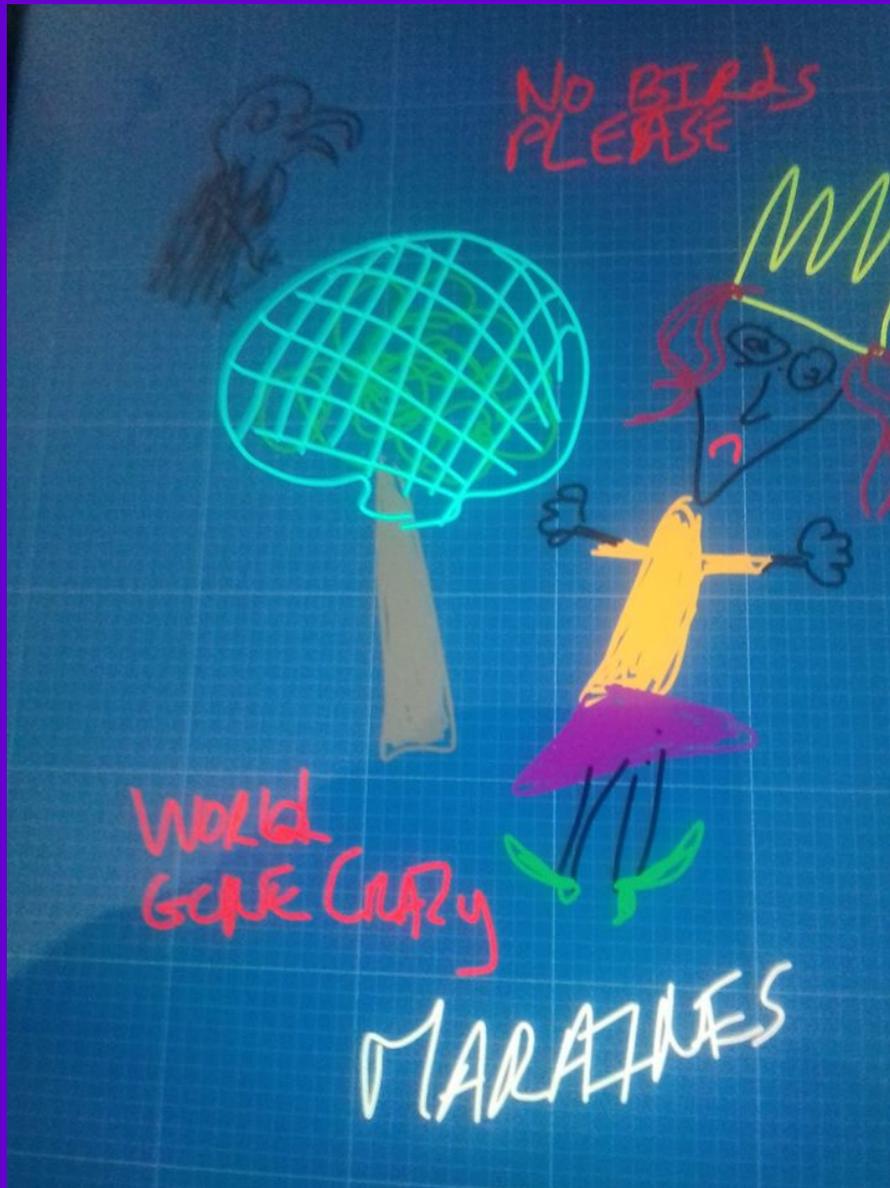


GONZO
MULTIMEDIA

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/>

Unusually I am finishing off my work on this magazine on Wednesday rather than on Friday. You see, my two main office computers are very much past their best and need to be replaced. So several weeks ago I bought a 2xhex core PC which will replace all the machines that I do this magazine and various other design projects on. I got a new 2xquad core machine to do video and sound editing on some months ago, and I have been slowly putting it into commission (which is a much more drawn out and tedious job than you might imagine).

Tuesdays are the days when I sit down in my favourite armchair with my iPad and dictate deathless prose, letters and other things to my beloved stepdaughter/secretary Olivia, and so I vacate the office for the day, and last Tuesday we scheduled that Graham could have untrammelled access to the office so he could set up the new computer. But, the best laid plans of mice and men have a distressing tendency to go tits up, and so I was not particularly surprised to find that we needed two specific plugs in order to set the machine up.

So we ordered the plugs, and they arrived last Friday. So, I said that I would vacate my office on Monday and let Graham have access to able to set up the computer, blah blah blah.

And guess what? One of the plugs turned out to be the wrong one, so we have ordered yet another replacement, which should be arriving tomorrow



(Thursday) and as I have a hospital appointment tomorrow to have more bits cut off my foot, I thought that I might as well vacate the office for a third day in the hopes of getting my new computer set up whilst I am at the hospital...

So that has explained what and why in unnecessary detail, but I mildly enjoyed writing it.

Ciao darlings,
Hare bol

Jon



THE BEST LAID PLANS

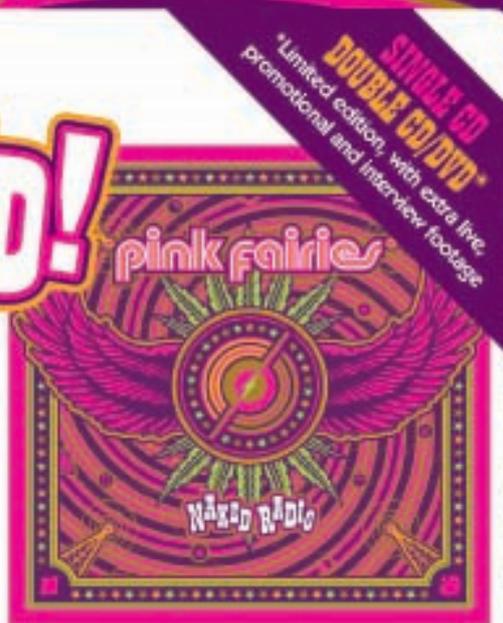
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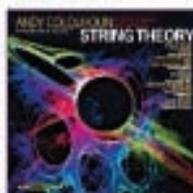
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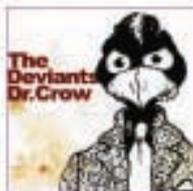
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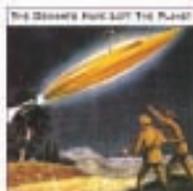
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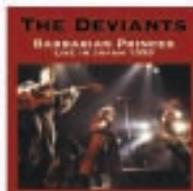
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