

GONZO

Nearly forty years after it first came out Gonzo are reissuing the only album by **Zee** - a duo consisting of the late **Richard Wright of Pink Floyd** and **Dave Harris** from **Fashion**. To mark this we have an exclusive interview with Dave. Meanwhile Alan is at **London Remixed**, Graham goes to **Hawkwind Summer Sundae**, Steve remembers the **Phun City Festival** organised by **Mick Farren** with the **MC5** and all sorts of other groovy folk, Carl goes in search of **Spaghetti Westerns** and Jon is **Chasing Eris** and worrying about **Greta Thunberg**...



#337/8

YAY TO ZEE

ISSN 2516-1946



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<https://gonzo-multimedia.blogspot.com/>

THE THREE COMMANDMENTS OF GONZO WEEKLY:

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

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



Dear friends,

Welcome to another issue of what I sincerely hope is your favourite magazine. It certainly is mine, but I suppose I could be accused of blowing my own trumpet here.

Regular readers will, no doubt, be aware that over the last year or so we have been covering green issues more and more, and

especially the actions of radical environmental groups, such as Extinction Rebellion. One of the things that I personally find the most gratifying about the current crop of environmental protesters is the way that young people have become politicised to a far greater degree than they have done at any time during my adult life. I was a young boy back in the 1960s, and so although I was vaguely aware of such things as they were happening, the radicalism of the time basically passed me by, and whilst I enthusiastically joined in Crass' brand of anarchism back in the early 80s, it was not as far reaching a social movement as had been its predecessors a decade and a half before. But the current brand in the youth environmentalism most definitely is a mass social movement. And, one of the leading figures in this movement (she stresses that she is not a leader, but just an activist) is sixteen year old, Swedish schoolgirl, Greta Thunberg. Greta was in England last week to coincide with the massive Extinction



I enthusiastically joined in Crass' brand of anarchism back in the early 80s

Rebellion protests in London, and – only a few days after having met The Pope – she was called upon to address the British House of Commons. Not too shabby, for a schoolgirl!

But now the backlash has started, and it is a vile and bitter one. Toby Young - whom I have always considered to be an egregious little shit since reading his book, *How to Lose Friends and Alienate People* - commented widely on social media that Greta had only got where she had because she came from a “privileged” background. This turned out to be that her mother – an opera singer – had done not very well in the 2009 Eurovision song contest. Her father is an actor, but by no means a superstar.

If one compares this respectable, but not outstanding, family's background with that of Toby Young (the son of Lord Young, who – according to various sources – had to intervene in order to assure Toby a place at Oxford University) the claims of “privilege” are even more ludicrous. And the attacks didn't end here. One particularly nasty series

of exchanges on Twitter, triggered originally by an article in *Spiked*, describes Greta:

“This poor young woman increasingly looks and sounds like a cult member. The monotone voice. The look of apocalyptic dread in her eyes.”

Other exchanges described her as being like a character from *Village of the Damned*.

Even a friend of mine, someone whom I hold in great regard and whose opinions I mostly agree with, wrote to me describing Greta as “seriously mentally ill” and being exploited by unnamed adults, who are encouraging her to preach a very dangerous line of propaganda.

Whereas I am fairly convinced that some, if not all, of the internet pundits who have turned on her in the past week, some even promulgating the line that she should be “humiliated” on national television just in order to put her ‘in her place’, are doing so in order to try to establish themselves as edgy media ‘talking heads’, I am equally convinced that people like my friend are seriously

اللجنة لهم إذا كانوا لا تأخذ نكتة



worried, although – in my humble opinion – they are misguided for being so.

Greta is autistic. A very high functioning autistic. And whilst autism is a neurodevelopmental disorder, it is not a mental illness. And it is this neurodevelopmental disorder that is the root cause of her appearance so nastily described by *Spiked*. When you add to this the fact that she is naturally a shy and withdrawn person, and that English is at least her second language, then one's admiration for this young woman can only grow by leaps and bounds.

The claims that she is somehow being manipulated by adults around her are also very difficult to substantiate. Whilst it is certain that adults from various pressure groups are letting her become the figure head of the climate change protest movement, again – in my opinion – it is hard to interpret this as deliberate and callous manipulation. What all her critics conveniently forget is that the facts and figures that she quotes are not her own. They are not the result of her unilateral research,

and therefore the climate change movement does not stand or fall on the testimony of one autistic schoolgirl. These figures, this data, and the whole global warming mind-set come from such organisations as the United Nations, UNESCO, UNFCCC, and many other global and national organisations which it would seem should be considered as above reproach. Why this brave young woman is being pilloried for quoting the research of eminent scientists from around the world baffles me.

Except that it doesn't. Whereas The Pope, the previous Archbishop of Canterbury, and other spiritual leaders have endorsed this movement, and whereas, as a direct result of April's Extinction Rebellion protests in London, the regional assemblies of both Scotland and Wales, and – it appears – the main opposition parties in the UK, have all agreed to call a state of Climate Emergency, the most powerful man in the world, US President Donald Trump, continues to claim that climate change is a myth. And, sadly, as a result, quite a few of the people who matter

have their heads in the sand, ostrich like, praying that their blind faith in the capitalistic ideal will continue to guide them through a crisis that they hope will never come.

Whilst I think that *Spiked's* claims of Miss Thunberg sounding like a "cult member" are both unkind and untrue, and I am appalled at the way that so many people seem to want to have this poor child publicly humiliated and scourged with the ritual opprobrium, the fact that they can do so publicly, as well as getting away with it, when talking about a young woman with a disability, beggars belief. Surely moral laws, if not legal ones, are being pissed on from a great height? However, with every day that passes, she is becoming more famous, and her position as a fearless warrior princess - riding like a Joan of Arc - in front of her coalition army becomes more certain. And I do not use the words "Joan of Arc" lightly. I believe that she is her own woman and that everything she says comes from her own head and her own heart, but I am increasingly worried that she will end up like Joan of Arc, and we all know what happened to her. Every movement needs martyrs, and I sincerely hope that Greta Thunberg has enough of a social support network around her to make sure that she doesn't become a martyr herself, which is something that I am afraid I could see easily happening.

We live in strange, upsetting and disturbing times. But nobody could say that they're not interesting.

Hare bol,

Jon



Extinction Rebellion, Greta Thunberg, Liv McCarthy, John Lennon, Michael Jackson, The Rolling Stones, Geoff Downes, Morrissey, Elton John, Richard Freeman, Strange Fruit, Friday Night Progressive, Mack Maloney's Mystery Hour, Phil McCormack, Reijo Taipale, Michiro Endo, Jah Stitch (born Melbourne James), Rowland Charles "Boon" Gould, Russ Gibb, Juan Vicente Torrealba, John Lewis Starling, Subir Nandi, Freddie Starr (Frederick Leslie Fowell), Peter William Mayhew, Malcolm Black ONZM, The Fall, America, Michael Bruce, Joey Molland's Badfinger, David Harris, Richard Wright, Zee, Steve Andrews, Phun City Free Festival, Alan Dearling, London Re-Mixed, Deadbeat Brass, Das Brass, GOG, Rich Mix, Ludi's Eye, Tarantola, Malphino, The ReMix Reeling, Gypsies of Bohemia, Animanz, Sam and the Womp Sound System, True Strays, London ReMixed UKG Orchestra featuring the Blue Lion Band, Onipa, Henge, Rum Buffalo, Kev Rowland, Abstracter, Al Ard, Amorphis, Art of Illusion, Barren Altar, Black Elephant, Black Orchid Empire, Bleeding Through, Carl Marshall, Georgie Jackson, Spaghetti Westerns, Tony Klinger, Hawkwind, Jonathan Downes, Coldharbour Diaries, The Wild Colonial Boy, Martin Springett, Brenton Clutterbuck, Discordianism, Milda Harris

IT'S A LEGAL MATTER BABY

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dramatis Personae



THE GONZO WEEKLY
all the gonzo news that's fit to print
ISSN 2516-1946

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

NAMING THOSE RESPONSIBLE

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

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

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

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

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

Jonathan Downes,
Editor: Gonzo Daily (Music and More)
Editor: Gonzo Weekly magazine
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so what's it all about, Alfie?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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>

ROCKIN' THE CITY OF ANGELS

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

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

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



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



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



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THE ^{gonzo} NEWSROOM



TAKE A BUTCHERS AT THIS
<https://www.nme.com/news/music/john-lennons-copy-of-the-beatles-butcher-album-sells-for-180000-2486388>

John Lennon's personal copy of of a Beatles LP that sparked controversy due to its graphic cover has gone under the

hammer for £180,000 – the third-highest price ever paid for a vinyl record.

The “butcher” cover of ‘Yesterday and Today’ showed the iconic band covered in raw meat and decapitated baby dolls before it was withdrawn from sale in 1966.

"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

The cover shot was taken by Australian photographer Robert Whitaker and sparked outrage upon release in the US – where it was suggested that it was a protest against the Vietnam War.

GONZO CURRENTLY IN STOCK AT GONZO (UK)

GONZO CURRENTLY IN STOCK AT GONZO (USA)

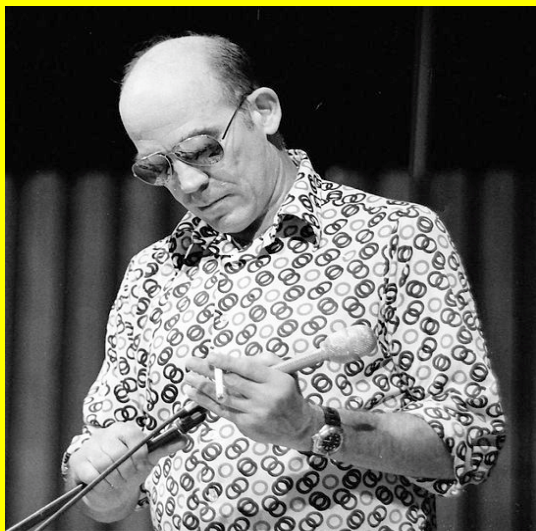
I AM RUNNING OUT OF WACKO PUNS
<https://www.nme.com/news/music/michael-jacksons-final-days-to-be-examined-at-new-trial-next-week-2486282>

The final days of Michael Jackson will reportedly face examination in an upcoming trial brought by his former manager.

Businessman Tohme Tohme began working with Jackson in 2008 and claims



that his work helped the star rehabilitate his public image – clearing the way for him to announce the 50 date residency at London's O2 Arena that Jackson was planning at the time of his death.



WHO GONZO? WHY GONZO? WHAT GONZO?

What? You don't know who Hunter Thompson is/was/might have been/will be? Without Hunter Thompson there would be no Gonzo Multimedia. It would have been completely different and that would have been an unforgivable pity. So here is:

- [A potted history of his life and works](#)
- [Rob Ayling explains why he called his company 'Gonzo'](#)

C.J.Stone suggested that as well as explaining Gonzo to those wot don't understand, we should do a weekly quote from the man himself...

"Losing in New Hampshire was usually permanent, and winning was a guaranteed fast ride to somewhere—maybe the White House—or at least a fiery exit. Probably soon, but so what?"

Hunter S. Thompson

In 2010, Tohme launched his first lawsuit against the Jackson estate, claiming that he was owed money under his contract with the late star.

The latest lawsuit was filed all the way back in 2012, but is expected to finally face the courtroom next Tuesday. Tohme claims that the the Michael Jackson Estate owes him a 15 percent commission on the compensation that Jackson received in his final year before his death.

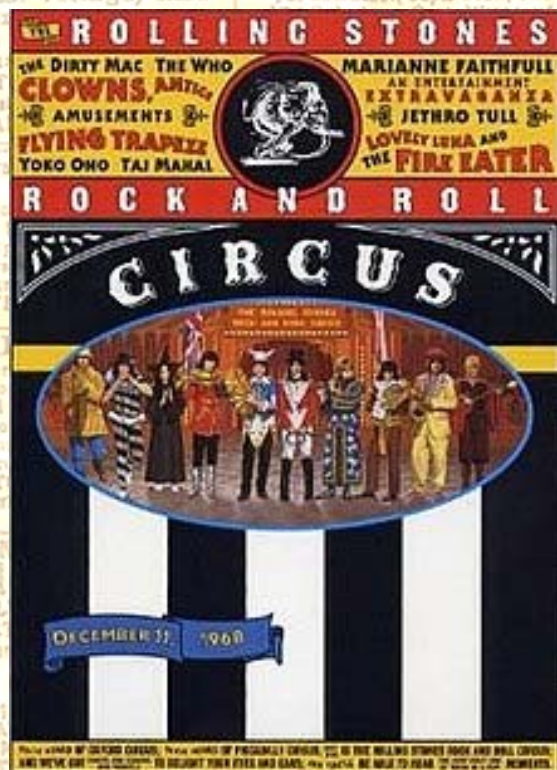
GOIZO CURRENTLY IN STOCK AT GONZO (UK)

GOIZO CURRENTLY IN STOCK AT GONZO (USA)

ROCK AND ROLL CIRCUS

<http://www.music-news.com/news/Underground/121554/The-Rolling-Stones-Rock-and-Roll-Circus-4k-restoration-soundtrack-to-be-released>

On June 28th (June 7th in the USA) ABKCO Films and ABKCO Music &



The Gospel According to *BART*

This week my favourite roving reporter sent me a very revealing interview with Geoff Downes (no relation) in which he explained his beginnings underground and overground on Wimbledon Commonb:

"Everybody needs to start somewhere. For Geoff Downes, that break came in the orchestra pit at London's New Theatre. It was 1975, and the 23-year-old Downes was playing keyboards in a brand new stage show. And his unlikely paymasters? Pointy-nosed kids' TV characters The Wombles.

"It was my first job after I finished music college," says Downes, northern accent undiluted after more than 40 years on music's frontlines. "I answered an ad in Melody Maker looking for musicians for a theatrical production, and I got the job. It turned out to be the stage version of The Wombles."

And did he have to wear a costume?
"Thankfully I didn't," he says with a laugh.
"They were bloody unhealthy things."

<https://www.loudersound.com/features/i-think-in-my-life-i-ve-only-met-jon-anderson-once?fbclid=IwAR0rzbp2RNiDJ0VKqWf-qwIk0dmUysY3yPJq8isVDmY-q3b5kxJKK-GORla4>



Records will jointly release the 4K Dolby Vision restoration of the concert film The Rolling Stones Rock and Roll Circus on Blu-ray for the first time ever; in addition, the film will be released on DVD and for digital download (TVOD). The movie, shot over two days in December 1968, features The Who, Jethro Tull, Taj Mahal, Marianne Faithfull, impromptu supergroup The Dirty Mac (John Lennon, Keith Richards, Mitch Mitchell, Eric Clapton), Yoko Ono in addition to the original lineup of The Rolling Stones.

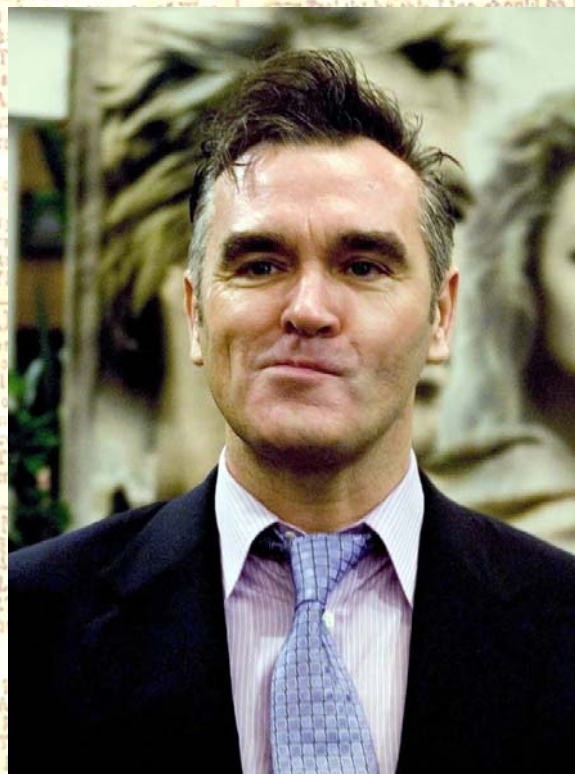
GONZO CURRENTLY IN STOCK AT GONZO (UK)

GONZO CURRENTLY IN STOCK AT GONZO (USA)

THAT CHARMING MAN

<http://www.music-news.com/news/UK/121770/Andy-Rourke-Life-would-be-boring-without-Morrissey>

Following it's first airing in April 2017, hit

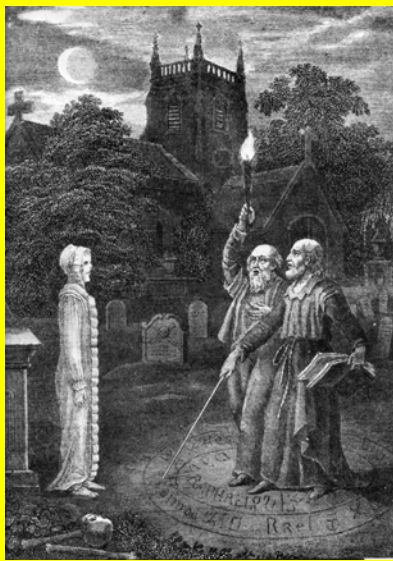


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(Incorporated in T.W. & O.P. HANCOCK)

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.



TRANSAMAZONIA

<https://www.sciencedaily.com/releases/2019/04/190424153604.htm>

Humans settled in southwestern Amazonia and even experimented with agriculture much earlier than previously thought, according to an international team of researchers.

"We have long been aware that complex societies emerged in Llanos de Moxos in southwestern Amazonia, Bolivia, around 2,500 years ago, but our new evidence suggests that humans first settled in the region up to 10,000 years ago during the early Holocene period," said Jose Capriles,

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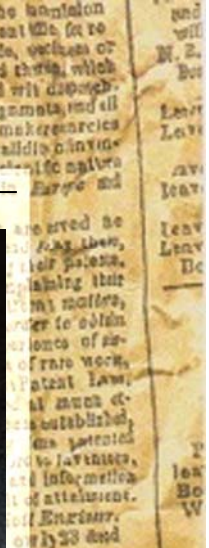


A photograph of a fossilized hominid tooth, likely a molar, mounted on a black pin. The tooth is light-colored with a yellowish base and is positioned on a dark, textured surface. A small white arrow points to the base of the tooth.

Received of the Hon. Secy of State, forwarded by this Express,
 Office:—HARNDEN & CO. Opp. S. Court Street
 Boston, J. H. KNIGHTS HAT STORE, 155 Main St
 Worcester, E. S. LEONARD.
 Feb 24, 1877.

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into American and foreign works, to test the validity of claims
there, and render advice in patent and scientific matters
relating to the same. Patent Agents in Europe and
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representing himself in court, lost his case last year but refused to give up — telling The Washington Post that he doled out a “significant” amount of money to hire Thygerson to prove he wasn’t talking on his phone at all. His willingness to take on the legal fees — which exceeded the cost of the ticket — was a matter of principle, he added.

“Distracted driving violations go on your record, and they never come off,” Stiber said in an interview. “Plus, a lot of people don’t realize your insurance rates go up.”

WITHOUT A LEG TO STAND ON
[https://www.pressdemocrat.com/news/9523612-181/prosthetic-leg-lost-during-cloverdale?](https://www.pressdemocrat.com/news/9523612-181/prosthetic-leg-lost-during-cloverdale?sbA=AAS&artslide=0)
sbA=AAS&artslide=0

It was an unusual discovery: A prosthetic leg in a Nike tennis shoe was found in a

Cloverdale lumberyard. It turns out the leg fell from the sky, lost during a skydive the day before, at the nearby Cloverdale Municipal Airport, the Sonoma County Sheriff’s Office said.

It belonged to Santa Rosa native Dion Callaway. The 39-year-old man, who has performed nearly 500 jumps since 2003, lost the prosthetic leg at the beginning of his 10,000-foot dive. When he landed, Dion and others from NorCal Skydiving launched a daylong search of nearby vineyards and properties where it might have fallen.

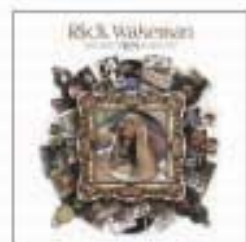
“I’ve jumped with the prosthetic before, but a rush of air got inside this time and it just flew off,” Callaway said Monday after being reunited with his leg. “I tried to watch where it was falling, but I was so overwhelmed in that moment I could not keep track.”



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Worcester, Feb 24, 1877.

MORE MASTERPIECES from RICK WAKEMAN



TWO SIDES OF YES

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

HFG2013CD



THE STAGE COLLECTION

Recorded live in August
1993 in Buenos Aires

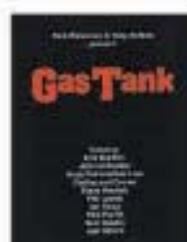
HFG2004CD



TIME MACHINE

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

HFG2012CD



GASTANK

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

HFG2012DVD



GOLÉ!

Soundtrack album
featuring Tony Fernandez
and Jackie McAuley

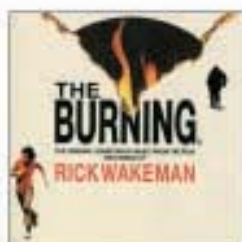
BF241-60



COUNTRY AIRS

The original recording,
with two new tracks

HFG2014CD



THE BURNING

The original Soundtrack
album, back in print at last!

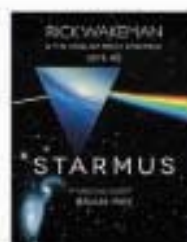
HFG2014CD



LURE OF THE WILD

With Adam Wakeman.
Entirely instrumental

HFG2003CD



STARMUS

With Brian May and
The English Rock
Ensemble. DVD

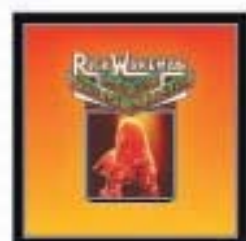
HFG2010VD



MYTHS AND LEGENDS

Double CD set. The
expanded 2016 version

HFG2016CD



LIVE AT THE WINTERLAND THEATRE 1975

Live in San Francisco

HFG2019CD



THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA

Double CD + DVD

HFG2005CD



CAN YOU HEAR ME?

Featuring The English
Chamber Choir

HA4CD005



CRIMES OF PASSION

A wicked and erotic
soundtrack!

HFG2018CD



BEYOND THE PLANETS

With Jeff Wayne and
Kevin Peek

HFG2019CD



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manufactures to be patented, or deposited things, which
will be sent free of expense and risk and will dispen-
se, prepare, Certificates, Specifications, Assignments, and all
the necessary Papers and Drawings; will make entries
into American and foreign works, to test validity of inven-
tions, and render service to legal and scientific matters.



1894. It includes the latest list of all kinds of AGRICULTURAL and HORTICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS and MACHINES. Also, Grass, Garden, Field and Flower SEEDS. Together with a general assortment of Wooden Ware, Barrels, &c. &c.

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

Worcester, May 10. 1894

OTIS CONVERSE.

Worcester, May 10. 1877. THIS CONNECTION

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

THE subscriber having recently opened a New Store
No. 44 Front Street, with a fresh stock of
FRUIT, VEGETABLES, AND GROCERIES,
will sell the cheapest and every article

AND BE

THE subscriber continues to run THE EX-
PRESS between Boston and Worcester, for
the safe transmission of Packages, Families,
Bank Notes, Specie, and Merchandise generally.
Three Times each way Daily.

Particular attention given to packing, collecting and no-
tifying notes, drafts, bills, and procuring and selling
merchandise, produce, etc.

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

Packages by this line forwarded from Worcester to
Boston, Newburyport, Taunton, Fall River, and New Bedford;
and also, to Portland, and all parts of Maine.

Freight free for goods to be returned by this Express.

Office:—**HARNDEN & CO'S. Office, 3 Court Street.**
Boston; **J. H. ENIGHT'S HAT STORE, 169 Main St.**
Worcester. **E. S. LEONARD.** dr

Feb 24, 1877.

PRATT, DOWNES & SCOTT,
Superior



For those of you interested in such things several members of the Editorial Team put out a monthly web TV show covering cryptozoology, green issues and all sorts of other stuff that we basically make up as we go along...

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

ELDRIDGE CLEAVER

Two types of people visit rhino in the wild

The strong and courageous
take a camera

The weak and cowardly
take a gun

**What sort of
person are you?**

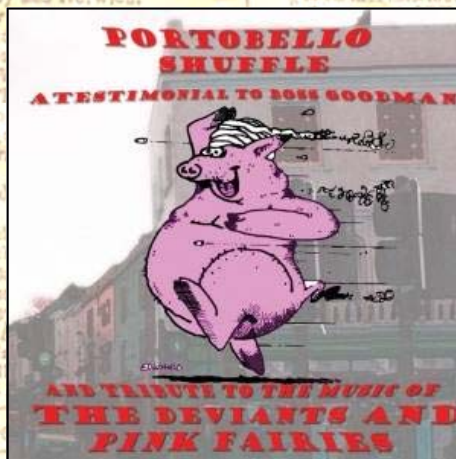
Celebrate wildlife on
World Wildlife Day
don't shoot it.





I'M ON BOARD!

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



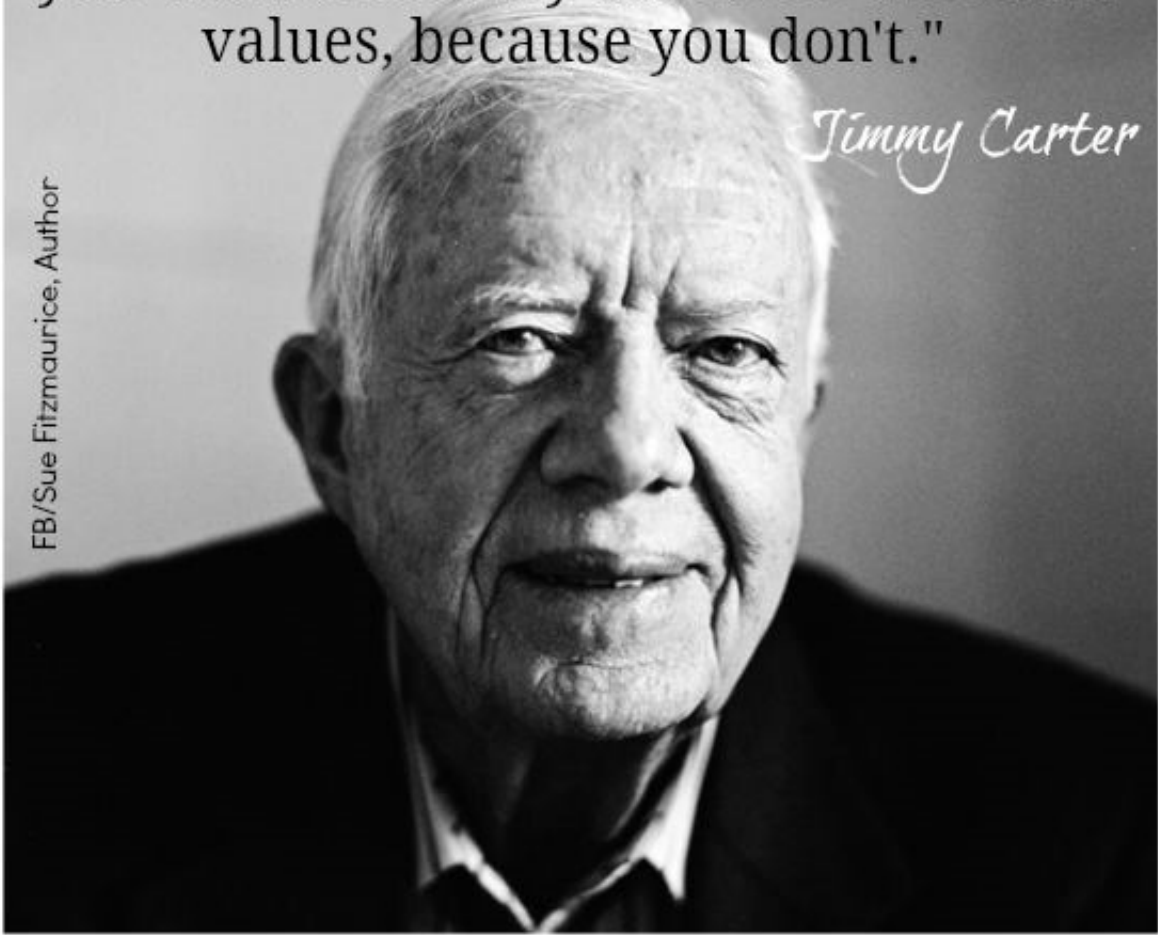
Portobello Shuffle CDs still at special low price of £5.00 each, 1 x CD inc. p&p = UK £6.80; Mainland Europe £8.90; USA £9.95; Rest of the World, contact Rich Deakin for postage price. arsydeedee@yahoo.co.uk

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

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

Jimmy Carter

FB/Sue Fitzmaurice, Author



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



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Peculiar News of the Week



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





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

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

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

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



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



Sex?



No...

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.



09 -12-2018 – SHOW 288 – Krautrock sampler

The Third Bardot:	Five Years Ahead of My Time
The Cleaners from Venus:	Life in a Time Machine
Boney M:	Heart of Gold
Amon Duul II:	Eye Shaking King
Can:	Oh Yeah
King Gizzard and the Lizard Wizard:	Rattlesnake
Jane Birkin:	Kawasaki
Bob Seger:	Persecution Smith
Inca Babies:	Dresden
Edgar Froese:	Aqua
Mya PB:	Bluebird
Lorde:	Perfect Places
Scott Walker:	Jackie
Memphis Jug Band:	Cave Man Blues
Christ on Parade:	Riding the Flatlands
We are Muffy:	Coloured Pencils
Yes:	Don't Take no for an Answer
Eliot Wilder:	My Dear Narcissus
Cluster:	21:17
Nina de la Puebla:	Siempre Estoy Ilorando (I'm Always Crying)
Daniel Bachman:	Songs for the Setting Sun III

[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.

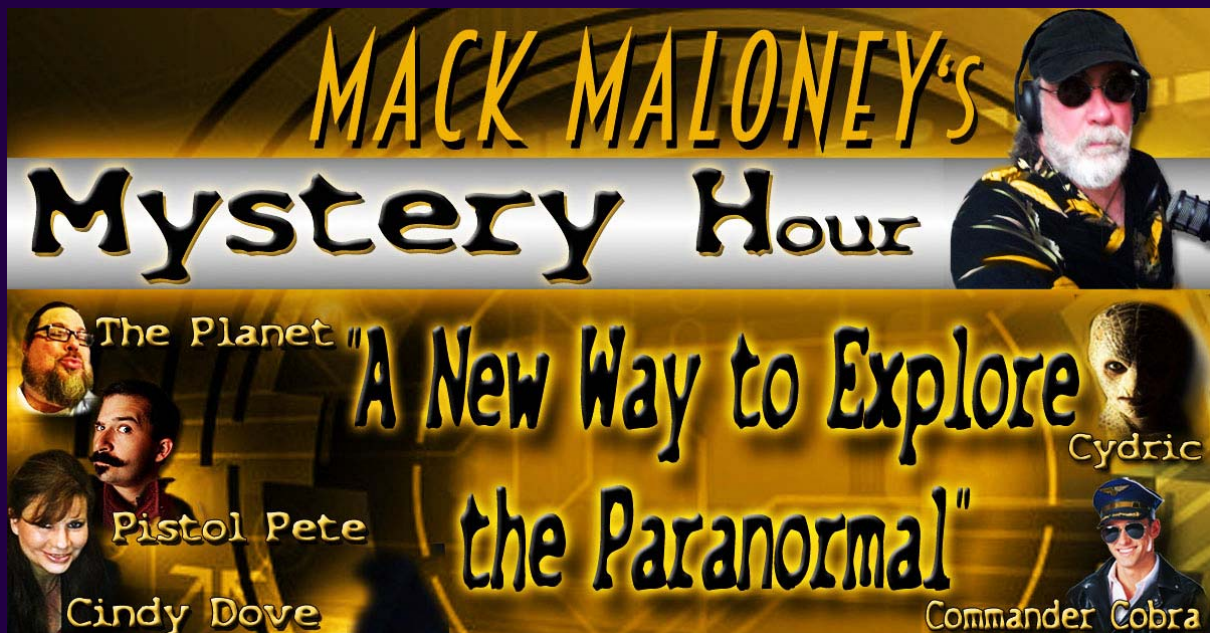
Hello, I am M Destiny host of Friday Night Progressive. You will find it to be an incredible independent internet broadcast show. But it's more than that. We tend to boast that the musicians played on FNP are above the status quo. This includes the multi-instrumentalist and the educated musician. We 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.



The Swan Chorus
<https://www.facebook.com/TheSwanChorus/>
 How far to hitchin'
<https://www.facebook.com/howfartohitchin/>
 Faint Signal
<https://www.facebook.com/FaintSignalBand/>
 El tubo elástico
<https://www.facebook.com/ElTuboElastico/>
 Karmamoi
<https://www.facebook.com/Karmamoi/>
 Luiz Zamith
<https://www.facebook.com/luizzamithebanda/>
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Listen
Here

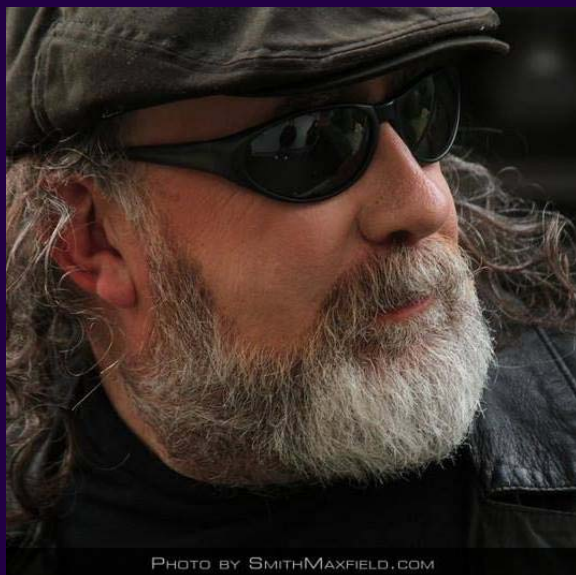
Friday Night Progressive



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

Why is England so Haunted?

In another Coco-free episode, Mack and Juan-Juan talk with RAF expert Ross Sharp about famous military ghost stories from the British Isles. Also Switchblade Steve and Emily M report on the recent Mothman Festival, plus 10 More Questions for Juan-Juan. Special guests, UFO Mechanic Al Renaldo and love guru Dr. Lira.



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



Phil McCormack
(c.1961 - 2019)

McCormack temporarily joined Molly Hatchet in 1992 as lead singer, before becoming a full-time member in 1995. Since joining the band he has performed on seven albums: *Devil's Canyon*, *Silent Reign of Heroes*, *Kingdom of XII*, *Warriors of the Rainbow Bridge*, *Southern Rock Masters*, *Justice* and *Regrinding the Axes*.

Often associated with such similar-minded acts as Lynyrd Skynyrd, Blackfoot, Marshall Tucker Band and .38 Special, Molly Hatchet is best known for such hits as "Flirtin' With Disaster" and "Whiskey

Man," as well the sword and sorcery-style comic art from such beloved artists as Frank Frazetta and Boris Vallejo.

Prior to joining Molly Hatchet, he was a member of fellow Southern rockers The Roadducks, appearing on their 1987 album *Get Ducked*, and played with Savoy Brown, singing on two tracks on their 1992 album *Let It Ride*.

He died on 26th April, aged 58.



Reijo Taipale
(1940 – 2019)

Taipale was a Finnish pop singer since the

THOSE WE HAVE LOST

1950s specializing in Schlager music and tango.

Throughout the 1970s, he collaborated closely with Eino Grön with the two releasing four joint tango-based albums.

Taipale died on 26th April, at the age of 79.



Michiro Endo
(1950 – 2019)

Endo was a Japanese musician, author and socialist activist, and was best known as frontman of the influential punk rock band The Stalin. He gained notoriety for his stage antics, having once thrown a severed pig's head into the audience.

He formed The Stalin in 1980, and they went on to be one of the dominant acts of the 80s Japanese punk rock scene. Endo released his first solo material in 1984. In 2002 he formed the trio Notalin's. Two

years later, he and Thee Michelle Gun Elephant drummer Kazuyuki Kuhara formed the acoustic trio M.J.Q, whose motto is "unplugged punk".

Endo was still active on the live scene in the 2010s, as a solo performer, playing in M.J.Q, or with the occasional The Stalin concert.

Michiro Endo died April 25th, aged 68.



Jah Stitch
(born Melbourne James)
(1949 –2019)

Stitch was a reggae deejay best known for his recordings in the 1970s.

After an introduction to music singing in a yard with the likes of The Wailers, The Heptones, Roy Shirley, and Stranger Cole, James became well known in Jamaica by deejaying with the Lord

THOSE WE HAVE LOST

Tippertone and Black Harmony sound systems, working as Jah Stitch. His debut single was the Errol Holt-produced "Danger Zone". Shortly before the One Love Peace Concert in 1976, Stitch survived being shot, providing the inspiration for "No Dread Can't Dead". His success in Jamaica continued and in 1977 he toured the UK.

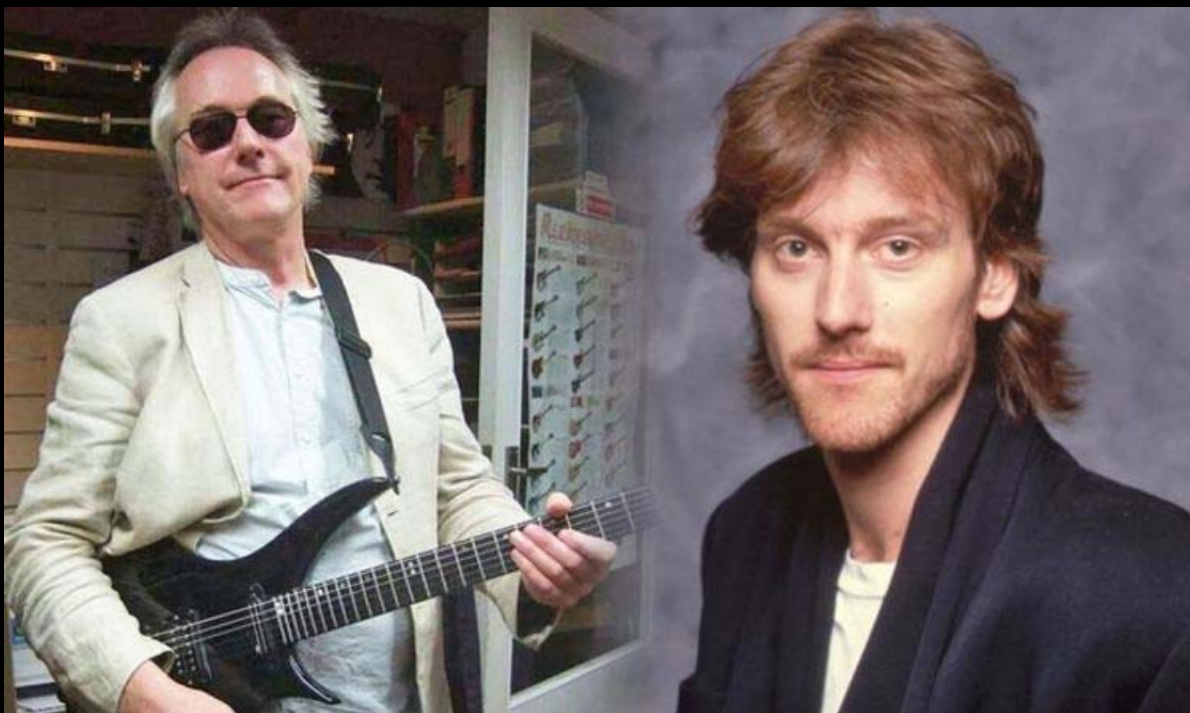
In the mid-1980s, he worked as a selector on Sugar Minott's Youth Promotion sound system, now under the name Major Stitch. He resumed his recording career in 1995, working with Trevor Douglas and Jah Woosh. His peak 1970s output for Bunny Lee and Yabby You was collected in 1996 by Blood and Fire on the Original Ragga Muffin (1975–77) compilation.

He died on 28th April, aged 69.

Rowland Charles "Boon" Gould (1955 – 2019)

Gould was an English musician and one of the four founding members of Level 42. He was called 'Boon' since, at a very young age, an uncle of his commented to his mother that his apparent inability to cry was a 'real boon for the family'.

He was the guitarist of Level 42 and occasional saxophone player on their earliest albums, and was the brother of Phil Gould, who was the drummer and also a founding member of Level 42. Gould's tenure as a full-time member of Level 42 ended in 1987 after a period of sustained illness and nervous exhaustion, culminating in his suffering panic attacks whilst on stage during a tour of the United States. He continued writing lyrics with the group and was present during studio work for



THOSE WE HAVE LOST

the *Staring at the Sun* album in 1988.

Here released two solo albums: *Tin Man* and *Love Kills Overtime*, the second under the pseudonym 'Zen Gangsters'. The second album used a number of his brother's drum samples from his later work with Level 42.

Gould provided lyrics, some guitar work, and some music for the latest Level 42 album *Retroglide*, although he and King had an agreement that Gould was credited solely for lyrics and King solely for music.

In October 2012, Gould joined his longtime bandmates and friends, Mark King and Mike Lindup, for a one off guest appearance in Bristol, UK. Gould performed alongside the band for the classic

tunes "Heathrow" and "Love Games". Although Gould has had a lot of writing involvement with Level 42 after the dissolution of the original lineup, the Bristol show marked his first public appearance with Level 42 in 25 years. Gould was found dead in his home in Dorset on 30th April, at the age of 64.

Russ Gibb (1931 – 2019)

Gibb was a concert promoter, and media personality best known for his role in the "Paul is dead" phenomenon, a story he broke as a disc jockey on radio station WKNR-FM in Detroit.

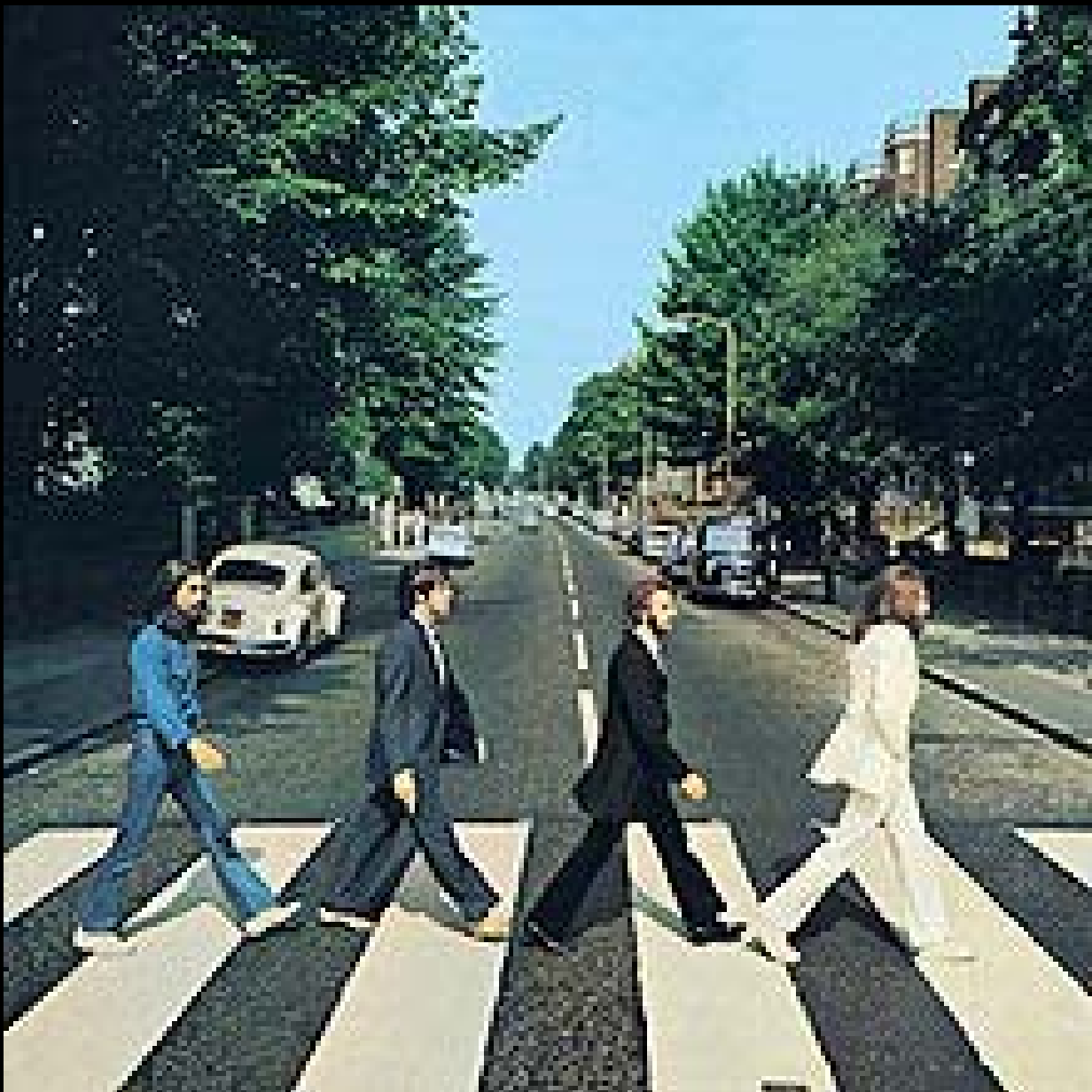
On October 12, 1969, a caller to Detroit



THOSE WE HAVE LOST

radio station WKNR-FM told disc jockey Russ Gibb about the rumour and its clues. Gibb and other callers then discussed the rumour on the air for the next hour. Two days after the WKNR broadcast, *The Michigan Daily* published a satirical review of *Abbey Road* by University of

Michigan student Fred LaBour under the headline "McCartney Dead; New Evidence Brought to Light". It identified various clues to McCartney's death on Beatles album covers, including new clues from the just-released *Abbey Road* LP. As LaBour had invented many of the clues, he was



THOSE WE HAVE LOST

astonished when the story was picked up by newspapers across the United States. Gibb further fuelled the rumour with a special two-hour programme on the subject, "The Beatle Plot", which aired on October 19, 1969, and in the years since on Detroit radio.

Gibb operated the Grande Ballroom in Detroit, and was a major player in the late 1960s and early 1970s Detroit music scene. He was instrumental in giving the MC5, Ted Nugent and Iggy Pop their start. The Grande Ballroom also was where The Who played their rock opera, *Tommy*, for the first time in the United States.

He died on 30th April, aged 87.



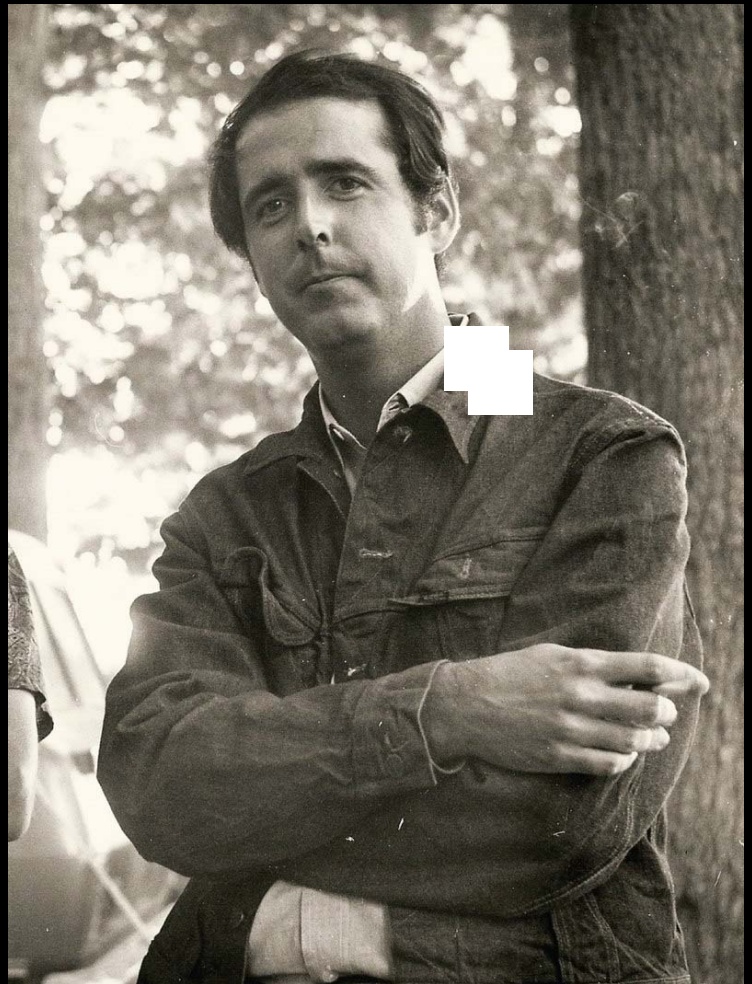
**Juan Vicente Torrealba
(1917 – 2019)**

Torrealba was a Venezuelan harpist and composer of popular music. In 1947 he founded the group Los Torrealberos with his brother Arturo and his son Santana. The following year he launched his solo career and performed before crowds in Latin America, Europe and the United States.

In 1971, he recorded the album "Rhapsody Llanera", in which his group was accompanied by a symphony

orchestra. Since then the incorporation of the most varied instruments and technical elements was a constant, and turned his group into a kind of chamber orchestra.

He died on 2nd May, at the age of 102.



**John Lewis Starling
(1940 – 2019)**

Starling was an American bluegrass musician and composer, and a founding member of the bluegrass group The Seldom Scene. He also had a medical profession as an otolaryngologist.

Following his tour of duty in Vietnam, he did his

THOSE WE HAVE LOST

residency at the Walter Reed Army Medical Center in Washington, D.C, where he met fellow musicians Mike Auldridge and Ben Eldridge. The three began making music together after work and eventually were joined in this activity by two former members of the bluegrass band The Country Gentlemen, John Duffey and Tom Gray. Soon, the five musicians formed The Seldom Scene. In 1977, Starling left the band, to concentrate on practicing medicine, but returned to The Seldom Scene briefly in 1993 to fill in following the departure of singer/guitarist Lou Reid, while continuing his medical practice.

In 2006, following his retirement from his medical practice, Starling resumed his musical career, teaming with former Seldom Scene members Mike Auldridge and Tom Gray, along with Jimmie Gaudreau and Ricky Simpkins, to form a new bluegrass band, John Starling and Carolina Star.

Starling died on May 2nd, at the age of 79.



**Subir Nandi
(1953 – 2019)**

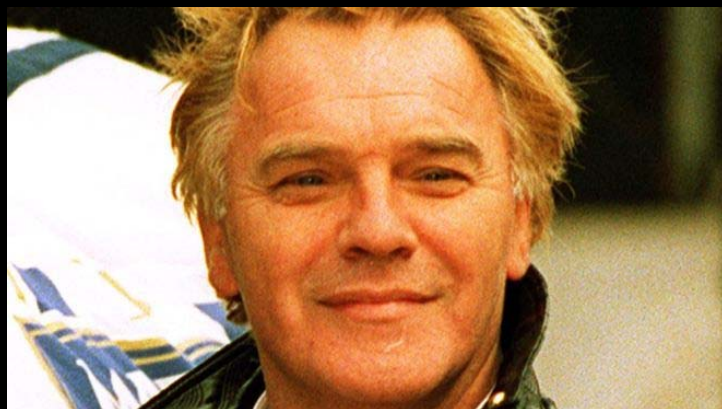
Nandi was a Bangladeshi musician. He won Bangladesh National Film Award for Best Male Playback Singer five times for

his performance in the films *Mahanayak* (1984), *Shuvoda* (1986), *Srabon egher Din* (1999), *Megher Pore Megh* (2004) and *Mohua Sundori* (2015). He was awarded Ekushey Padak in 2019 by the Government of Bangladesh.

Subir and his nine siblings all learnt music from Ustad Babar Ali Khan. In 1972, Subir recorded his first song, “Jodi Keu Dhup Jele Dai”, written by Mohammed Muzakker and composed by Ustad Mir Kasem.

In 1994, Nandi rendered songs at the House of Commons in United Kingdom.

Nandi died on 7th May, at the age of 65.



**Freddie Starr
(born Frederick Leslie Fowell)
(1943 – 2019)**

Starr was an English comedian, impressionist, singer and actor. Starr was the lead singer of Merseybeat pop group the Midneters during the early 1960s and came to prominence in the early 1970s after appearing on *Opportunity Knocks* and the *Royal Variety Performance*. In the 1990s he starred in several television shows, including *Freddie Starr* (1993–94), *The Freddie Starr Show* (1996–98) and *An Audience with Freddie Starr* in 1996. In 1999, he presented the game show *Beat the Crusher*. He was a contestant on the television show *I'm a Celebrity...Get*

THOSE WE HAVE LOST

Me Out of Here! in 2011.

Starr was found dead at his home on the Costa Del Sol on 9th May, aged 76.

Freddie Starr

It's very sad to hear that this legend of British comedy has passed on to do a gig for God above.

Some years ago, me and my stepson, Shane, were able to obtain tickets to see Freddie Starr live in Torquay as both of us were great fans and wanted to see him live. The coach trip was quite long, but it was great to see the famous Torquay palm trees. We entered the theatre and managed to get front seats. The crowd were buoyant, and the backing band opened the show.

Then on came Freddie Starr and we were in stitches as it was a mix of slapstick and manic comedy in Act 1. Then it was the break before Act 2 - time for a wee. A very long line of men queued up a flight of stairs, and if you wonder to yourself, "why not go during the act?" one person did, and Freddie was merciless on him.

Act 2 and it was time for Freddie Starr to get someone out of the audience. We were secretly hoping we would get picked but no joy. Once people had been picked, Freddie Starr did a human puppet show which was very painfully funny and he thanked the people for coming in stage. Then we were treated by Freddie Starr and his backing band to a selection of songs, as Freddie Starr was a great singer as well. Shane brought the music CD after the show, and I think he still has it in his vast collection.

So this is the end of my personal story about Freddie Starr who, in my humble opinion was a true comedy genius who will be missed by many. Thanks for all the laughter and vivid memories. I am glad to have seen him live.

Mark Antony Raines



Peter William Mayhew
(1944 – 2019)

Mayhew was an English-American actor, best known for portraying Chewbacca in the *Star Wars* film series. He played the character in all of his live-action appearances from the 1977 original to 2015's *The Force Awakens* before his retirement from the role.

His height was a product of Marfan syndrome, not gigantism, and his peak height was 7 feet 3 inches (2.21 m). Mayhew gained his first acting job when the producers of *Sinbad and the Eye of the Tiger* (1977) discovered him from a photograph in a newspaper article about men with large feet, and cast him in the role of the minotaur.

When casting the original *Star Wars* (1977), director George Lucas needed a tall actor who could fit



THOSE WE HAVE LOST

the role of the hairy alien Chewbacca. He originally had in mind 6-foot-6-inch (1.98 m) bodybuilder David Prowse, but Prowse chose to play Darth Vader. The 7-foot-3-inch (2.21 m) tall actor was immediately cast as Chewbacca after he stood up to greet Lucas. Mayhew modelled his performance of Chewbacca after researching the behaviour of bears, monkeys and gorillas he saw at London Zoo. Mayhew retired from playing Chewbacca due to health issues.

Mayhew wrote two books for younger audience: *Growing Up Giant*, which explains that being different is a strength instead of a weakness, and the anti-bullying book for children *My Favorite Giant*.

Mayhew died on 30th April, aged 74.

Malcolm Black ONZM (1960/61 – 2019)

Black was former lead singer of the Netherworld Dancing Toys and was

widely known for the enduring classic For Today (I Remember Your Smile), which earned him and co-writer Nick Sampson the APRA Silver Scroll in 1985. Following his music career in the 80s, Mr Black became New Zealand's first specialist music lawyer, and was a key advisor on the establishment and subsequent review of the New Zealand on Air music scheme.

He worked with artists Bic Runga, Dave Dobbyn, Dimmer, Brooke Fraser and Che Fu, among others, and was co-manager of Neil Finn and Crowded House. In 2016 he became the NZ Writer Director on the APRA AMCOS board.

Earlier this year, he went into the studio to record an album - Songs For My Family - and he performed last year at the Silver Scroll Awards ceremony.

He was made an Officer of the New Zealand Order of Merit in the 2018 New Year Honours for services to music.

He died on 9th May aged 58.



THOSE WE HAVE LOST



Artist Fall, The
Title Live at the Astoria, 1998
Cat No. COGGZ107CD
Label Cog Sinister

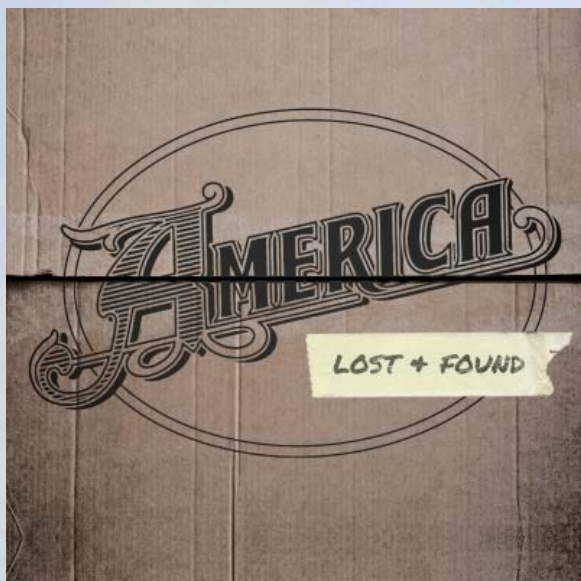
When Mark E Smith died in January 2018, an era ended with him. The Fall were an English post-punk band, formed in 1976 in Prestwich, Greater Manchester.

They underwent many line up changes, with vocalist and founder Smith as the only constant member. First associated with the late 1970s punk movement, the Fall's

music underwent numerous stylistic changes, often concurrently with changes in the group's lineup. Nonetheless, their music has generally been characterised by an abrasive, repetitive guitar-driven sound, tense bass and drum rhythms, and Smith's caustic lyrics, described by critic Simon Reynolds as "a kind of Northern English magic realism that mixed industrial grime with the unearthly and uncanny, voiced through a unique, one-note delivery somewhere between amphetamine-spiked rant and alcohol-addled yarn."

They were always at their best on stage, and this collection captures them in full flow. Fantastic!





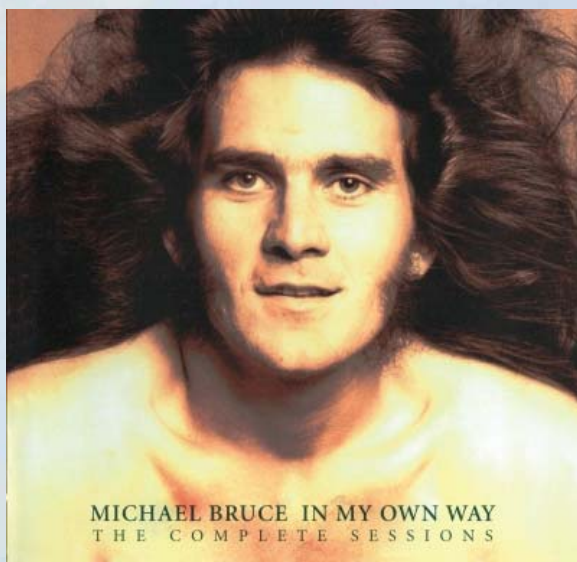
Artist America
Title Lost and Found
Cat No. USGZ114CD
Label America

America is a British-American rock band formed in London in 1970 by Dewey Bunnell, Dan Peek, and Gerry Beckley. The trio met as sons of US Air Force personnel stationed in London, where they began performing live.

Achieving significant popularity in the 1970s, the trio was famous for their close vocal harmonies and light acoustic folk rock sound. The band released a string of hit albums and singles, many of which found airplay on pop/soft rock stations.



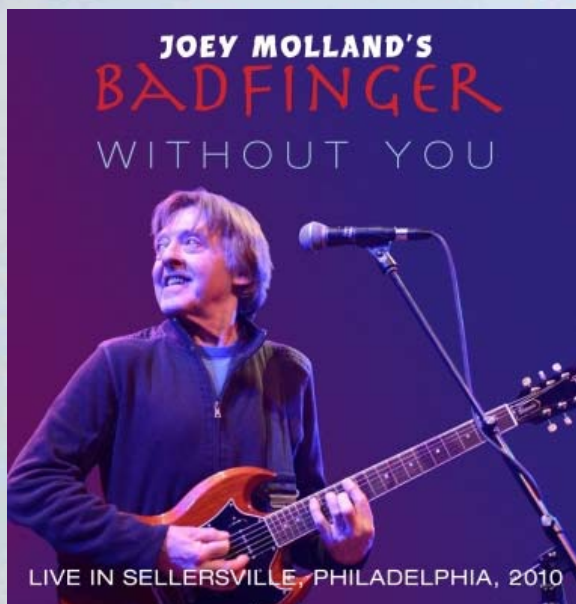
Lost & Found is the 18th studio album by America, released May 5, 2015 by America Records. It is their first album of "original" material in eight years, since Here & Now. It includes music recorded between 2000 and 2011 but not released on previous albums. The song "Driving", an upbeat single, received some airplay and was highly regarded by many.



Artist Michael Bruce
Title In My Own Way - The Complete Sessions
Cat No. HST483CD
Label Gonzo

Michael Bruce was the guitarist with the legendary Alice Cooper band, back when 'Alice' was actually a bloke called 'Vince'. Bruce's album In My Own Way was recorded over the course of three months in 1975 with producers Gene Cornish and Dino Danelli of The Rascals. Many different musicians came to the Record Plant and participated in the sessions for the album: Gerry Beckley (America), Jackie Lomax (The Undertakers, The Lomax Alliance, and Badger), Ricky Fataar (The Flames, The Beach Boys, and The Rutles), Keith Moon (The Who), Brian Garofalo (session bassist), David Foster (Skylark and Airplay), Hunt Sales (Todd Rundgren, Paris, Iggy Pop, Tender

Fury, and Tin Machine), Tony Sales (Todd Rundgren, Iggy Pop, and Tin Machine), Mylon LeFevre, Lynn Carey and many more. American fashion photographer Francesco Scavullo did a shoot for Bruce that yielded the cover of In My Own Way.



Artist Joey Molland's Badfinger
Title Live in Sellersville, PA, 2010
Cat No. HST496CD
Label Gonzo

Joseph 'Joey' Charles Molland (born 21 June 1947, Edge Hill, Liverpool, England) is an English composer and rock guitarist whose recording career spans four decades. He is best known as a member of



Badfinger, the most successful of the acts he performed with. Molland auditioned for the band Badfinger in November 1969 and was subsequently hired. Badfinger were a conspicuous Apple Records recording group at the time (a label launched by The Beatles). The band enjoyed an early string of successful singles and albums for the next couple of years. During Molland's association with Apple, he made guest appearances on two George Harrison albums, All Things Must Pass and The Concert For Bangladesh, and the John Lennon album Imagine.





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



Gonzo #32 The Dutch Festie c...

actions



Gonzo #30 The Mick Abrahams...

actions



Gonzo #27 The Prog shirt

actions



Gonzo #24 The Daavid Allen shirt

actions



Gonzo #23 The Michael Des B...

actions



Yer original Gonzo Weekly shirt

actions



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

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

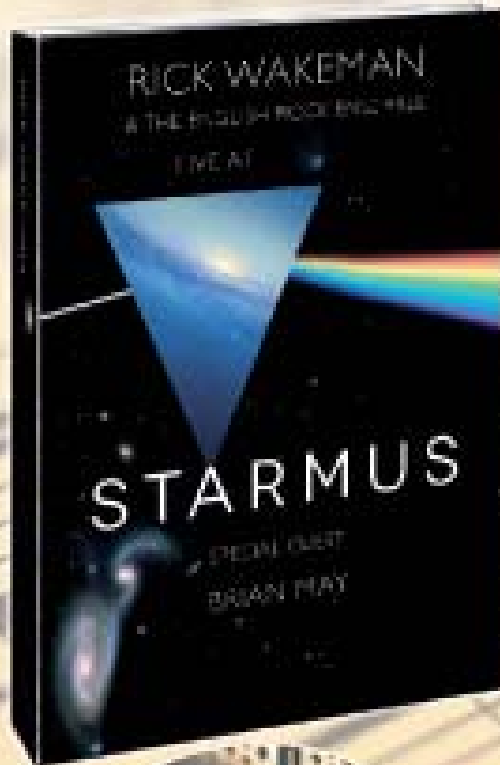
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Rick Wakeman & Brian May

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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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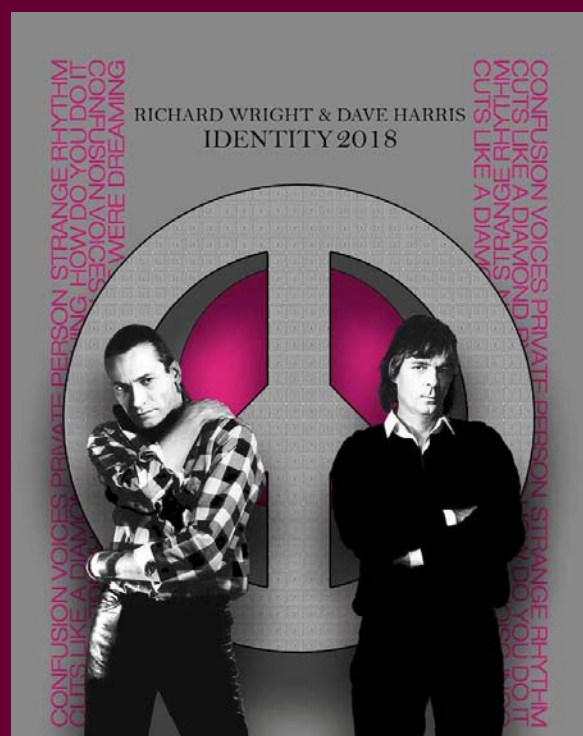
JON MEETS DAVID

Pink Floyd have been one of my favourite bands ever since a school friend of mine's big brother first played me *Dark Side of the Moon* about six months after it was released. I was hooked, and have listened to music by the band ever since.

I have also listened to the various solo albums by each of the members, and – forty odd years ago – I first became aware of a band called Zee.

Back in the mid-1980s, I was a student working towards my qualification as a nurse for people who were then described as 'The Mentally Handicapped', but who are known now by various more socially acceptable epithets. It was the time when the pop charts were dominated by fans with silly haircuts and monophonic synthesisers, which made futuristic sounding beeping noises. I threw myself enthusiastically into this new milieu, but also felt mildly guilty that I still surreptitiously listened to the same stuff that I

had done a decade before. And then came Zee.



Relationships within Pink Floyd had been getting ever more strained as the 1970s dragged on, and by the time that the band convened to record the Roger Waters masterwork, *The Wall*, keyboard player Rick Wright had reached a head. For tax reasons, the band were recording in France, New York and Los Angeles, and for various reasons that are outside the remit of this article, soon became badly behind schedule.

Rick Wright had recorded a solo album in France almost immediately before sessions for *The Wall* convened, and was also going through a bitter divorce, and so – unlike other members of the band – was not able to bring his children abroad with him.

As a result of all this, he was unable to see his children for quite a while, and the accumulative effect of this, his unhappiness

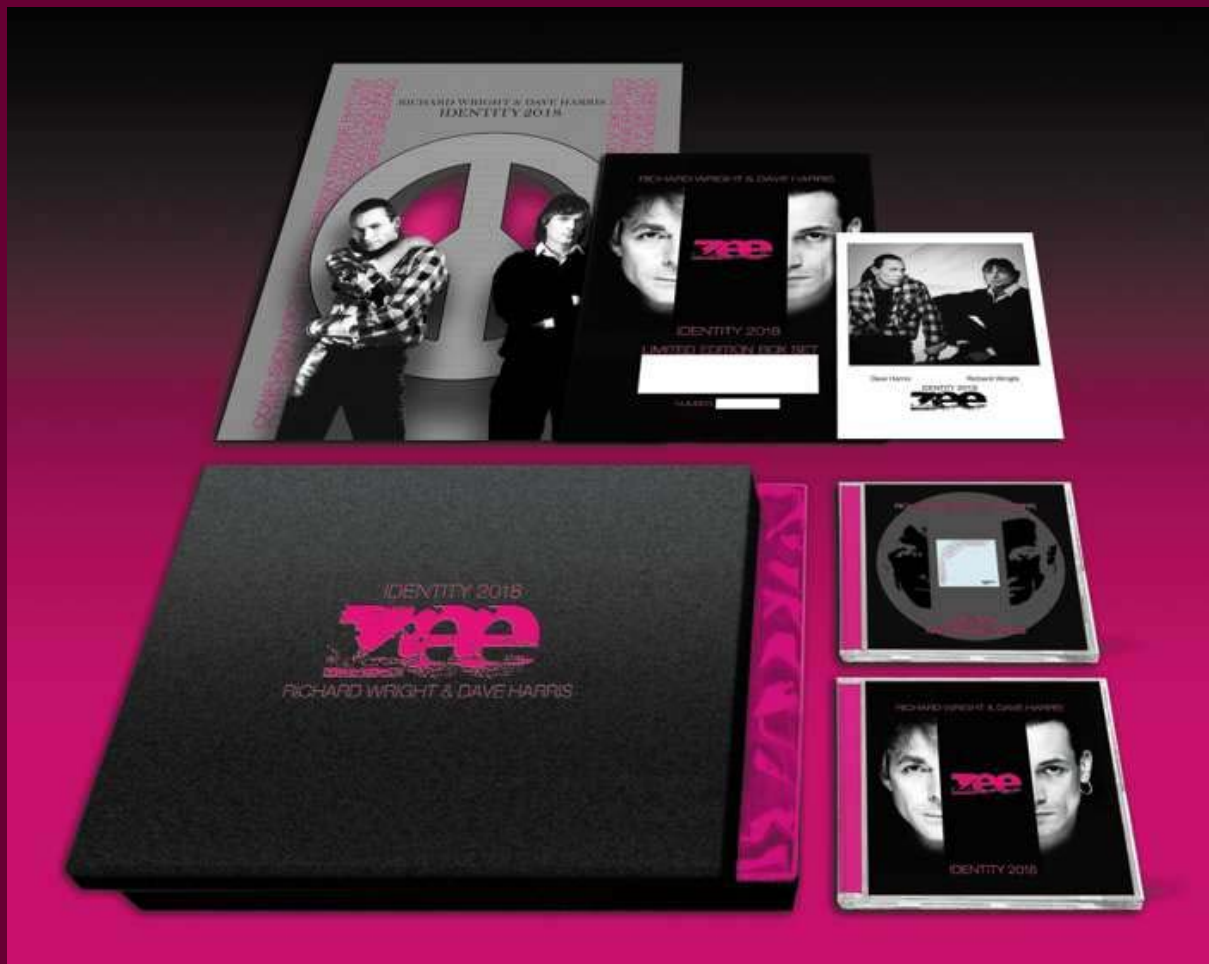


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DAVE HARRIS

RICHARD WRIGHT

ZEE



within the band, his struggles with Waters, his artistic frustrations at playing music in which he had not had a hand in creating, and various other things, was that he fell into a deep depression.

Wright's contributions to *The Wall* were later described as "minimal" and, according to drummer Nick Mason, Waters was "stunned and furious" with Wright's intransigence and felt that Wright was not doing enough to help complete the album, started to lobby for his dismissal, and eventually presented the rest of the band with an impasse; either Wright leaves or he would block the release of the album. Several days later, according to Wikipedia, "worried about their financial situation, and the failing interpersonal relationships within the band, Wright quit".

News of the schism was kept from the press, and "although his name didn't appear anywhere on the original album, he was employed as a session musician on the band's subsequent *The Wall* tour".

Ironically, this meant that as he therefore didn't have to contribute towards the massively expensive staging of the tour, he was the only person involved who actually made a profit from it.

Newly divorced from his previous life and previous musical activities, Rick Wright was at somewhat of a loose end and was vaguely thinking about putting a new band together, when Raphael Ravenscroft, who is best known for the saxophone break on Gerry Rafferty's "Baker Street" (and is the son of the bloke who wrote *The Spear of Destiny* (1972), whom I knew a little bit in passing) introduced him to a 'New Romantic' musician called Dave 'Dee' Harris.

The two of them hit it off, and – after various misadventures – decided to team up as a duo, which they called Zee. The two unlikely bedfellows produced a strange synergy, and the resulting album, *Identity*, worked much



better than anyone could have guessed, and as a fan of both the harder edge of New Romantic music and Pink Floyd, I lapped it up. However, it had remained horribly obscure, and is probably the least known record of anything that has come out from the Pink Floyd 'family'.

And, for reasons which remain mysterious and don't really matter anyway, the record was soon deleted and never received an official release on CD.

... until now.

Yes, as you have probably guessed from the fact that Dave Harris' face is on the front cover of this issue of the magazine, and the fact that I am writing about it now, those jolly nice chaps at *Gonzo* (of whom I happen to be one) are releasing a super duper expanded version of the record. And to mark this momentous occasion, I got hold of Dave Harris' email address and contacted him, diffidently asking if he would like to do an interview.

He agreed to my request, and then there followed a peculiar comedy of errors of the sort that one would normally expect from a 1970s BBC sitcom. This was not helped by the fact that somehow I had got it into my head that Harris lived in the Antipodes, rather than the British East Midlands.

Then, our first scheduled appointment got mixed up with me first going to the hospital to have bits cut off my foot and then voting for the Green Party in the British local council elections.

But we got there in the end, and Dave and I settled down to have a belated, but very enjoyable, chat...

**Listen
Here**

<https://bit.ly/2Wx3agX>



Phun City: The First Free Festival

I can't be sure but I think Phun City was the first free festival. I can't be sure about a lot when it comes to my memories of this event because it was way back in 1970 and I was probably under the influence of various substances when I was there.

Phun City happened from 24-26 July, on Ecclesden Common, Worthing. Nothing like it had ever taken place before. It had been intended, I seem to recall, as a benefit to raise funds for *OZ* Magazine, which had been busted, as we used to say then, for obscenity in the "Schoolkids Issue." This publication, *International Times* (*IT*) and *Frendz*, were all essential reading at the tail-end of the 1960s, if

you were part of the Underground and Counterculture movement. I think it was in *IT* that I first read about Phun City. This was going to be somewhere you could "Get your end away," it was being organised by Mick Farren (of The Deviants), and MC5 were going to be headlining. MC5 were famous or infamous for having a lead singer who encouraged us to "Kick out the jams, Motherfuckers!" Well, that was enough to spark my interest. I was hoping to get my end away, though it didn't happen. I used to read about how hippies held free love orgies. I can't say I ever saw much evidence of this but as a young man I was hopeful.

I got to Phun City by hitching. I actually have a photo of me on a grass verge somewhere on the south coast doing this. It is all I have left of this time. I have no more photos (much is the pity), have no idea what happened to the camera it was taken with or even how I managed to get someone to take a snap of me taking a

STEVE ANDREWS



brief break from thumbing a lift but I do have that photo. In it I am wearing a striped high school blazer, a very popular item of hippy fashion, even though many of us refused to wear school uniforms when we were in school. I used to get sent home repeatedly for having long hair and, according to my headmaster, a “disgusting growth on my upper lip.” But let’s get back to the festival this article is about!

Besides MC5, The Edgar Broughton Band, Kevin Ayers, Mighty Baby, The Pretty Things, The Pink Fairies, The Third Ear Band and Mungo Jerry were some of the acts who played for free. Steve Peregrine Took’s new band Shagrath were also on the bill. I was already a big fan of Edgar Broughton, having been amazed by his performance at an Isle of Wight Festival I had attended. To see the great man chanting “Out Demons Out” and getting thousands of festival-goers up on their

feet and chanting this as well and clapping along, was an unforgettable experience. Edgar combined hard bluesy and psychedelic rock with audience participation that worked. He did this again at Phun City and as a real bonus was joined on stage by Kevin Ayers, who was another of my favourites. I am pretty sure they jammed to Kevin’s Lady Rachel: “She climbs up the stairs by the light of a candle, then the door with no handle is closing behind her again.”

I remember Kevin Ayers as having dyed his hair purple but I cannot find any reference to this anywhere online on websites about Phun City, so I am left wondering whether this really happened or was it due to the effects of something I was on at the time? It would have been well ahead of its time, if he did have purple hair, but Kevin Ayers, in so many ways, was ahead of his time, and why he has been a strong influence on many other acts ever since.

I can vaguely remember watching Mungo

GET YOUR END AWAY AT..... PHUN CITY

at ECCLES DEN COMMON, PATCHING, NR. WORTHING, SUSSEX.

PHUN CITY INCLUDES:-

ROCK FESTIVAL

SATURDAY

july 24, 25, 26



MC5 (FIRST EUROPEAN APPEARANCE)

FRIDAY

FREE

PRETTY THINGS

CLARKE HUTCHINSON

STRAY

WILDMOUTH

EDGAR BROUGHTON BAND

KEVIN AYERS

MIGHTY BABY

HUMBLEBUMS

PINK FAIRIES

COCHISE

DEMON FUZZ

SUNDAY

SUPER SURPRISE! (to be announced when contract is definitely confirmed)

MUNGO JERRY

RENAISSANCE

THIRD EAR BAND

MATTHEWS SOUTHERN COMFORT

FORMERLY FAT HARRY

MICHAEL CHAPMAN

plus!



POETRY GATHERING: Tom Pickard; Tom Raworth; Stuart Montgomery; Tony Jackson; Mike Horovitz; Barry McSweeney; & many many more. (see IT/82).

SCI-FI CON: William Burroughs, Alex Trocchi, Bill Butler & lots more. (see IT/82.)

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ELECTRIC CINEMA: movies announced in IT/82.

LIGHTSHOWS: Cyberdescence, Chrysanthemum

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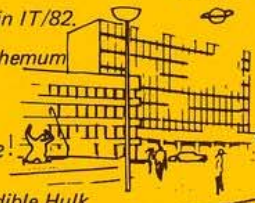
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FRIENDS

Number 1.2

21 August 1979 3p-35p

PHUN CITY RAVE-BUT THEN... CARNAGE!



Phun City, the first festival for heads by heads, collapsed into chaos late on Monday, July 27, one day after most people had gone home, when police rampaged through the woods, destroying all that they found and driving out the remaining kids.

The police action, criticised most strongly as 'punitive' by Working Class Milit, Mr. E. F. Oates, was completely illegal—the site, 100 acres of land including the adjoining woods, had been hired, at a cost of £700 for another 26 hours—and may well have been attributable to Sunday's incident when several members of the local fascist were spotted in front of the stage and were surrounded by a large crowd who joined and cancelled while the officers, plainclothes men in warden, lodged severely.

SHOWN

About 3 pm on Monday afternoon, while most of the remaining kids were still sitting peacefully in their tents and shelters in the woods, a group of about 40 police arrived at the site and began to comb through the woods, destroying and burning as they progressed. They gave everyone a statutory 3 miles to clear out, another began to pick up rocks and put them into plastic bags. They ripped clothes, tore down tents, upset stoves and, in the euphemistic words of Mr Oates 'showed' the heads out.

RIT workers then went down to the woods and attempted to clear up and return people's belongings and took them back to the main tent. There they found members of the London Street Community, notably Justice Freeman, Scripts and several others of the group. They pointed out the various possessions that were brought in and promptly ripped the lot off, exclaiming 'There is no property, man' and 'I can wear this down the Penobscott Road!' One RIT chick was so incensed she had to split outside the tent and be sick.

NO CHANCE

By the standards of communally based festivals, Phun City never had a chance. Of the tens of thousands expected about 2000 arrived plus the obligatory stall-holders, Hells Angels, and local residents came out to look at the heads. The IT organisation, under Mick Farnon and Joe Cox never got on top of the problems—first of which was their inability to pay groups or the various site workers. Five arrived on Friday night and demanded their £150 fee in advance. When Farnon was unable to hand over the cash, Five split. Oates groups either didn't make it or didn't bother to play when they arrived. Formerly Fat Harry didn't play and Renaissance, renowned in fact to have broken up, never arrived. But the musicians who didn't mind the hassle were sufficient to get things on. Six of the show, M.C.s from Detroit, brought their own band of revolution-ary rock back to the festival and the Phun City Jam Band—Mango Jerry plus converted musicians—kept things raving with into early Monday morning. New bands Noir and Quiver proved that they should be interesting in the future. The Pick Farnon lived up to expectations and played part of their set in the main. Everyone loved it, especially the local rag—the



Disturbed shelter, garbage and people's belongings thrown around

Working Garage—which gained the festival a 'A' grade—and devoted hypocritically over 'naked love-making and drugs'.

STRIKE

Lack of funds provided the main problem, and almost ended the festival early on Sunday afternoon when the electrical crew cut off the power for the musicians when they were unable to be paid off for their work. Only a 'general chat' with anonymous Jeff Dexter cooled them out. Though Jeff was dubious of the IT methods 'when you supply that much equipment, you can expect to get paid, especially if people keep promising you the bread every half hour. The only reason they were willing to put the power back on was for the sake of the people'. Jeff kept things together throughout the three days, and his star turn was the pointing out of the wandering police on Sunday afternoon. 'Be nice to 'em, talk 'em on' he suggested.

Ronan O'Kahilly, complete with a vast bun, arrived at the Festival and was faced with all the problems. He took over the financial side and all bills are being sent to him. It is estimated that he also took over IT as part of the deal, but no confirmation

has been received.

While freak technicians were prepared to work for the people, Mr. A. Carter, the main catering concessionaire, whose green and orange hamburger vans surrounded the stage like a menacing army, was distinctly not. With one black eye himself, he threatened around the site, threatening violence and 'the lads' to all who caused his displeasure. He threatened one ice-cream man, Les Harris, and threatened the Friends tent, which was selling a few rolls and cups of tea and coffee, with 'vomiting my fucking handover over your bloody tent' and 'smashing your bloody face



in'. Friends troubled by despoiling all their stocks free, and fantastic contributions, in cash and food, from everyone there, made it possible for the free feeding to go on from early Sunday morning to late Sunday night. Carter was duly upstaged but had little or no hope against the united kids and the Hells Angels, who, contrary to reports in the Garage, behaved well throughout the festival and caused far less trouble than either the police or Mr. Carter himself.

Carter, faced by the give away, said 'I'm not going to give them any more anything for nothing' and similar choice phrases, ended up by towing his vast stockpiles of provisions into the rubbish pen. He claimed they were possibly contaminated, and certainly some of his rolls which found their way to Friends on Sunday night, were covered in mould. He complained that his weekend had been a 'catastrophe', not a little caused by his own stupidity.

Given the problem of Mr. Carter's general unpleasantness Mick Farnon could only protest that no reputable firm would touch the festival. He had been unable to get a caterer who could accept the freaks and had to make do with one who would exploit them. Coffee was priced at 1/- a cup, and stock brands of cigarettes were all priced at 6d over normal prices.

COMPLAINTS

Local residents were divided over the Phun City promise. Mrs. Lancer, who lived opposite the site, about half a mile from the stage, said she had only 5 hours sleep all weekend and complained about 'the disgusting smells which drifted over from the common'. One of her neighbours, Mrs. Burgess, spent her weekend frantically phoning the police and demanding that they stop the noise. They failed and Mrs. B snapped 'I think it is a damned disgrace that our lives should be ruined with no sleep. It was like that made from an



PHUN CITY

**ECCLES DEN COMMON, PATCHING
NR WORTHING IN SUSSEX
24 25 26 JULY**

PHUN CITY IS -
THE ROCK FESTIVAL
CRUISE
FEST
PHUN CITY SUMMER
CLASH OF TITANS
AT ECCLES DEN
LEAVE
WILL DOUBT

SATURDAY
NO 1 PINE (London, Liverpool)
THE LA (Walthamstow, Essex)
BAYN AYOIA
PINK PABLO
STEVE DESCHAMPS TOUR &
SHAGGY
MELTIE BASH
WILL DOUBT
CIN 1000
BROWN PILL
LEAD LARRY (Walthamstow, Essex)
SUNDAY

MONDAY
SUPER BASS (Walthamstow, Essex)
BY ANTHONY (Walthamstow, Essex)
THE BASS (Walthamstow, Essex)
THE BASS (Walthamstow, Essex)
THE BASS (Walthamstow, Essex)
THE BASS (Walthamstow, Essex)
THE BASS (Walthamstow, Essex)
THE BASS (Walthamstow, Essex)

WEDNESDAY
ROBERT COLEMAN
THE BASS (Walthamstow, Essex)
THE BASS (Walthamstow, Essex)
THE BASS (Walthamstow, Essex)
THE BASS (Walthamstow, Essex)
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THURSDAY
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BY - EXPERIMENTAL &
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FROM AGENCY

WORTH TO PLAY AND SLEEP IN

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SCOTT'S WITH THE BASS

LEAVE WITH THE BASS
WILL DOUBT
WILL DOUBT
WILL DOUBT
WILL DOUBT
WILL DOUBT
WILL DOUBT
WILL DOUBT
WILL DOUBT

WILL DOUBT, AND STRAIGHT

WILL DOUBT, AND STRAIGHT

WILL DOUBT, AND STRAIGHT

WILL DOUBT, AND STRAIGHT

WILL DOUBT

WILL DOUBT, AND STRAIGHT

Jerry. I had seen them at a few more festivals. They had a big hit with *In The Summertime*, and Phun City was held in the great British summer.

Shagrat were a great disappointment for me. I suppose I was expecting something similar to Steve Took's work with Marc Bolan in *Tyrannosaurus Rex* and didn't get it. Shagrat were just another loud and noisy rock band, as far as I was concerned.

When it comes to MC5 I can't recall much about their set really but I was there and that was what counted! I was showing my support for the revolution and the alternative society that was going to change the world. Phun City, to my mind, was a gathering of like-minded folk, a celebration of new ways of living and a challenge to the system we were rebelling against. I can tell you, though, that MC5 were loud and they rocked, and they kicked out the jams, and their lead

singer Wayne Kramer had big hair! Strangely, I can remember more about the woods that bordered the common than the music or bands. I remember seeing people living in benders and tents under the trees. Camp fires in clearings, wood smoke and dope smoke. I had never seen anyone living like this before. This was years before the New-Age Traveller camps and convoys. This was getting away from "straight society," this was the alternative way!

Another memory is a huge dome inflatable tent I went into looking for somewhere dry to sleep. I had a sleeping bag with me and just needed somewhere I could put my head down for a few hours. It wasn't to be in the dome tent because there was a light show, strobe lights, loud music and people sharing dope and acid. I wanted somewhere quiet and this wasn't it but it has stayed in my memories of Phun City all these years later on.



IT-82-3-16 JULY 1970

it



DYLAN ALBUM

MC5

FOR PHUN CITY SPECTACULAR



Detroit rebels for U/ground Super Fest.

AFTER lengthy negotiations, Phun City organisers have arranged for the legendary US revolutionary band, MC5, to make their first-ever European appearance.

Negotiations are also in progress to finalise the first UK appearance of the entire GRATEFUL DEAD package show, which includes the Electric Grateful Dead, the Acoustic Grateful Dead, The New Riders of the Old Purple Sage, a country music band featuring JERRY GARCIA on steel pedal guitar, & also KEN KESSEY & THE MERRY FRANKSTERS.

If negotiations are successful, the package will finish the festival with a 6-8 hour set on Sunday night.

Cont on page 1



Sparkling 14 year old 11, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000

**FURRY FREAK
BROS. PAGE 7 →**

**GOING UP THE COUNTRY?—A
GUIDE TO SUMMER TRUCKIN:
DOPE NEWS: CRISIS ON DILLY:
THE GREAT ASPIDISTRA MOB:**



Two nights at Rich Mix venue on Bethnal Green Road in Shoreditch, London –

LONDON IS THE REMIX

<http://londonremixedfestival.com/>

This is a personal favourite indoor festival for Gonzo's Alan
Dearling.

alan dearling

Here he offers some of his reasons why this two day event is so special. Overall, he suggests that it's hard to beat the explanation of the organisers, Global Local and Continental Drifts, who say that this is:

"...the most exciting, inclusive musical event in London. We are bursting with bands fresh from the fields of the summer festivals and those who are being primed for 2019...We wish you as much fun as you can squeeze into one glorious global fiesta."

The Brass-Off: Friday

London Re-Mixed offers plenty of opportunities to party. To dance. To make a lot of noise. And, on the Friday night, that is in close company of two brass bands, one from the North of England, Huddersfield, t' other from East London's Stepney.

It was Colourful, Dance-full, it was very Loud indeed. The audience was raring to party. To make noise. To strut their stuff,

to show off, if you like. To make themselves heard. They were performers too.

It was fun, and more than that, it was, strangely perhaps for London, a quite intimate PARTY!

Old and New Schools – friends old and new.

It's an unusual format. Two brass bands, **Deadbeat Brass** (Huddersfield) and **Das Brass** (London), each performing sets on the main stage at the Rich Mix for a forty-five minutes. Re-Mixed host, Chris Tofu MBE, provided a DJ set in between. Finally, both bands were crammed on stage together in a wonderful musical melange. Contrasting looks and styles and plenty of head-to-heads from sax, trumpet, trombone and sousaphone players – even drummers. But, one very obvious difference, Das Brass had a singer/rapper! In the finale, the Sound Clash, the Brass-Off, there were four numbers from each band, plus contributions from their opponents for the





night. Then we reached an audience noise-level driven result, with **Das Brass** becoming the London Re-Mixed Brass-Off Champs...

Here's a link to the self-described, 'Riot Jazz Band', Deadbeat Brass – check them out:

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

And, another to the Das Brass, who say they 'Bring the party!':

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

The detailed comments which come next are from my Brass-Off companion at Rich Mix for the night, who is a professional trombone player and brass band guru. He told me to refer to him as GOG – Grumpy Old Git!

GOG tells us:
"Deadbeat Brass

Lots of energy, and a really good spirit. Fun. No subtlety. Everything played at full volume and fast tempo. Rather one-dimensional.

The sousa was miked really loud, and the snare was really loud as well, out of proportion to the rest of the drumkit. Not sure if this was intentional, but between them they completely dominated the sound.

Not bad soloists, although the backings didn't give them enough space to be heard clearly.

The trumpets seemed underpowered, especially as with 4 of them they outnumbered the trombones (3) and saxes (2). By underpowered, I mean in volume, energy, playing ability, and charisma. A bit odd, as those things are the whole point of trumpets...



Clearly strongly influenced by the Youngblood Brass Band, but they haven't developed it in any interesting way, or added much of their own.

The arrangements were as full-on as the dynamics – there were a few moments

where the trombones were able to play some nice stuff in harmony and be heard, but not many such areas of light and shade.

Not much on-stage interaction. Difficult on that small stage, as I know from personal experience, but for example the trombone and soloists didn't even glance at

one another as they traded fours.

The tenor player was good, but star of the evening was the alto player, who played some stonking solos.

Das Brass

Their influences are wider, including the Hackney Colliery Band. A bit of a mixed bag. Much tighter, and not lacking in energy. Better arrangements, and much more light and shade. However, an odd mixture of well-arranged, tightly played and interesting stuff, and long vamps with short riffs where nothing much seemed to happen.

About half of it was great, and half was “Ok, what’s next?” There was an excellent number in 12 where they shifted the feel around in various ways

between 3, 4 and 6 which I really liked – it reminded me of the Gangbe Brass Band from Benin. But not enough of that sort of thing.

Liked the way they used the baritone sax texturally – providing a good bass contrast to the sousa in places.

Having a rapper was good, but maybe not used most effectively. And he in particular annoyed me a bit by spending quite a long time (out of a tight set time) getting people cheering. This annoyed me because it was early in the set and it hadn’t been earned by the band – he was riding on the energy in the room, most of which had been created by the previous band and the DJs. My view is “impress me, and then I’ll cheer for you.”



Too much reliance on covers. This has been a topic of much argument amongst some of my friends, and I didn't really take a strong stand either way until last night, but now I completely get where my hard-liner mate ("play originals or you're dead to me!") is coming from. I don't want to hear '7 Nation Army' or 'Thriller', I want to hear what they have to say. There's enough of them that at least one or two should be able to string a few notes together of their own.

And finally: 11 musicians in DBB, and 9 in DB. No women. WTF? Not very diverse in other ways, either."

Gog adds at the end, "Then again, maybe I'm just a grumpy old git."

But – be assured – the Rich Mix venue was jumping and a buzzing. The audience got both good value and lively fun. I now know that a Brass-Off is lots of noisy mayhem and madness!

London Re-Mixed on Saturday night

A day later. A carnival. An indoor festi. All about the vibe. No mud indoors, but snow and ice out in the cold Shoreditch streets. It's a colourful area filled with venues, street art and bustling party people.

BOTH BANDS





Indoors at Rich Mix, one main stage, dubbed the ‘Tropicarnival’ on the ground floor, plus the silent disco downstairs, the Disco Lift, plus two stages on the fourth floor (lost of stairs in between!!!). The main upstairs’ stage is called, ‘The Polka Club’, with the smaller room entitled the somewhat controversial, ‘Folk Ghetto’.

And it really did feel, as in previous years of London Re-Mixed, like a local-global celebration of diversity, both musical and of culture, art and ethnicity. Even more so than Gog, I’m an old geezer and not daily mixing with rappers and real cool, full-on looking gangstas - but, hey, they called me ‘Bro’ – “Good to see you Bro, thanks for coming and taking our pictures.” Wonderful stuff. Another Bro, a fully dreadlocked Rasta Man, gave me a hug and said, “Funky, great jacket; where you get it man?” I was able to say, “Boom festival in Portugal. EDM. This jacket has been with me at over 50 festies worldwide.”

The organisation at London Re-Mixed is pretty tight. Relatively short, 45 minutes sets, overlapping in real time, and scattered around the venue. So, to watch, listen and experience all the bands and DJs is a hard-call. Anyway, here are some words about, and links to, a number of the bands and DJs at the 2019 event. Much talent to admire. Many diverse styles.

Ludi’s Eye

Cuban jazzy sounds. Two female vocalists. including composer, Clara Serra López.

They say that they are inspired by grooves from Chicago to Havana, melodies from Erykah Badu to Dayme Arocena. Quite raw and improvisational at time. See more:

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





Tarantola

Web site:

<https://www.tarantolaofficial.com/>

Frenetic, madcap musical clowning.
Think: Gypsy folk-punk, a la Gogol

Bordello. Fun, but perhaps a bit short on
variety. Plenty going on as they dash
around the stage. It's a musical circus
performance.

]It's apparently all based on 'Taranta'
music from the Salento area of Italy.





They say: “The circus is life. The circus is you.”

Malphino

Island rhythms, beats, percussion and waves of hypnotic world-sounds. Even touches of Shadows-style guitars.

They tell us that they are: “a mystical band from an imaginary tropical island...

a land of...cumbia rhythms, subtle digital warbling, accordion textures, voodoo vapours and woodblock charms.”

Reminded me at times of ‘Egyptian Reggae’ mixed with Manu Chao’s Esperanza period. Weird, oriental, mesmerising and infectious.





Have a listen and find out a bit more:
<https://www.malphino.com/>

The ReMix Reeling

This was a Disco Ceilidh! Complete with three callers and the lads and lasses at London Re-Mixed were well up for it.

Dashing White Sergeants and Eightsome Reels – all at a heart-attack inducing pace and combined with disco beats from the likes of ‘Saturday Night Fever’. Awesome.

Gypsies of Bohemia

Website: <https://gypsiesofbohemia.co.uk/>

Likeable, fun, and musically non-traditional purveyors of not-quite-Manouche-Gypsy music.

They sum up themselves pretty perfectly when they say that their music: “Draws inspiration from the legendary Gypsy guitarist Django Reinhardt, the band capture all the Parisienne charm and sophistication of the Hot Club de France whilst putting their own unique spin on hits by Britney Spears, Blondie, Girls Aloud and even Iron Maiden...”

Oddball, popular and charismatic. And down to London from Manchester for the event.





Animanz

Web: <https://www.animanz.co.uk/>

Fronted by self-proclaimed 'funk renegade' Juanita Euka, Animanz offer a flurry of beat-led, dance friendly music. I agree with their comment that they are

'genre defying'. But, ethereal , outer planetary, soul-jazz-funk about sums it up. They say that they:

"Evolved from a zoo coup into a genre smashing, liberation collective."



And with tracks with titles like, ‘Killa Housewife from Outta Space’, I’d agree. There’s a bit of Sun Ra in there somewhere.

Sam and the Womp Sound System
Womp Website madness:

<http://samandthewomp.com/>

Completely bonkers, but loadsof fun.

This is an Anglo-Dutch collaboration of musicians, dancers and DJs. ‘Posh Ragga’ and ‘I am the Ice Cream man’ are fair examples of their reggae-based sounds. Jump, dance, shake and shimmy. Lots of brass. Mixed and mashed-up. Ska beats, Balkan stomps. Visually entertaining too.

True Strays

Great original songs and a powerhouse rock ‘n’ blues-style straight out of the late ‘60s/early ‘70s heavyweight tradition



founded by the likes of Led Zep, The Doors and even Cream.

An excellent set with a crowd-pleasing medley of covers added into the mix. A live-musical delight.

Check out these videos and seek out more:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ygSxuQjkL9g>
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=71kL8H_Y1e8





Here's what the press have written about this modern take on an old-style r&b blues outfit:

<http://www.truestrays.com/press/>

London ReMixed UKG Orchestra featuring the Blue Lion Band

I'm assuming that UKG stands for the UK Garage Orchestra. They combined with the Blue Lion Band to put on a sound clash crew that is absolutely modern and unique. Rappers, classical strings – I didn't catch the names of the guest rappers – it was quick-fire and savvy. Garage and Funky!

This is a link for the Blue Lion Band part of the set-up:

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

Endnote:

Sadly – that was all I saw, so I missed sets from **Onipa**, **Henge** and **Rum Buffalo**, plus lots more DJs. Respect to all at London Re-Mixed.

More power to the Global Local/ Continental Drifts collective elbow!

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

<http://continentaldrifts.co.uk/music/>

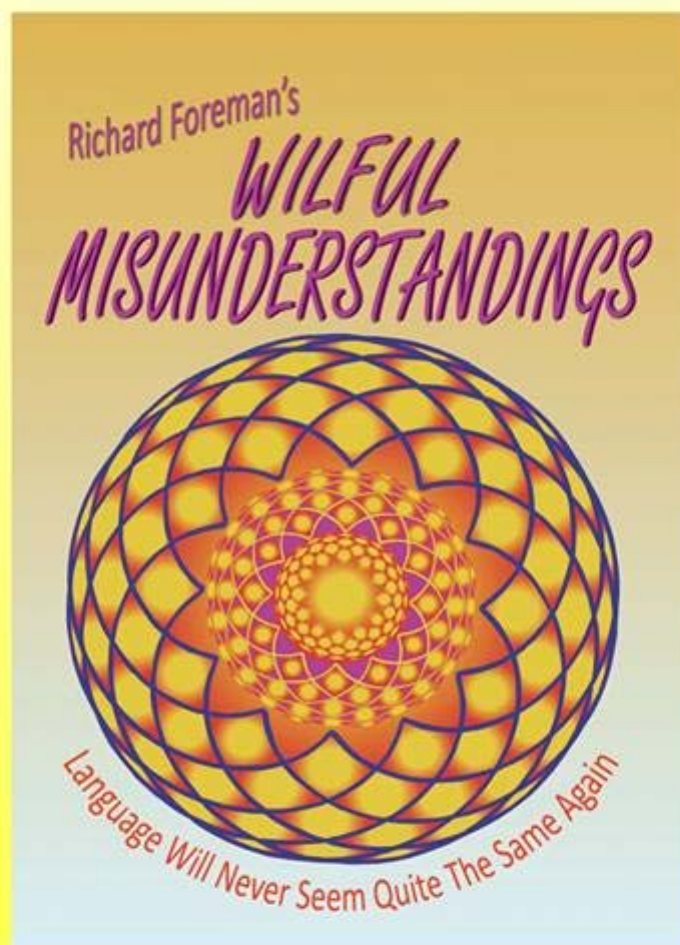


Expect the Unexpected!

'An excursion to a strangely familiar place that you have never previously dreamed of.' (Alan Moore, writer Jerusalem, From Hell)

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

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



Readers' comments:

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

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

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

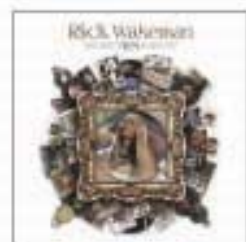
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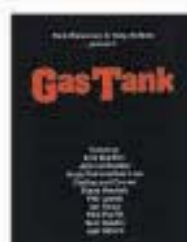
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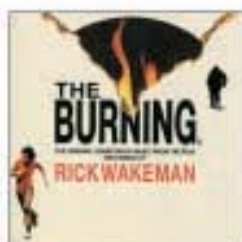
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with two new tracks
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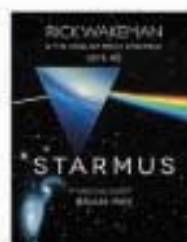
THE BURNING

The original Soundtrack
album, back in print at last!
HFG2014CD



LURE OF THE WILD

With Adam Wakeman.
Entirely instrumental
HFG2003CD



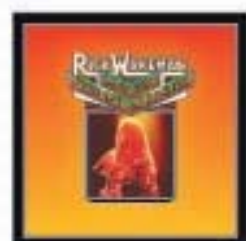
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With Brian May and
The English Rock
Ensemble. DVD
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Live in San Francisco
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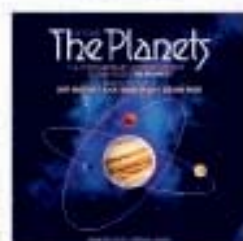
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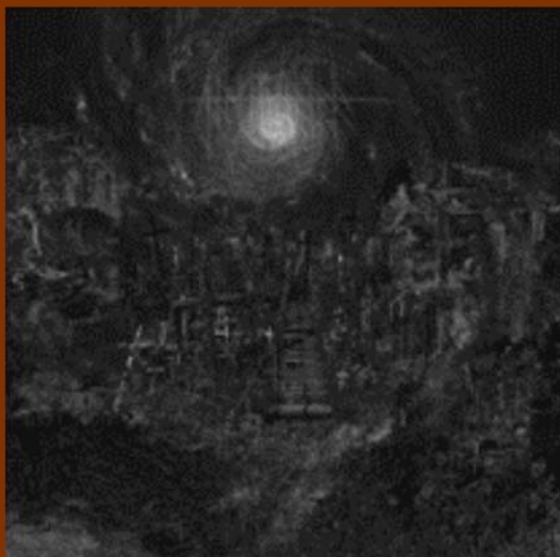


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KEV'S WORLD



**ABSTRACTER
CINEREOUS INCARNATE
SENTIENT RUIN**

This is the third release from this California band, and I think it's fairly safe to say that they don't spend a great deal of time out enjoying the beaches and the sunshine. In many ways this is quite a hard album to describe, as while doom and black metal are the two main culprits at play, we also have sludge, ambient, atmospheric, dark ambient, industrial and probably the kitchen sink as well. Now, that may sound like quite a mess, but when it is being handled by a

band who know both what they are doing and what they want to achieve, then it makes for an incredibly impressive sound indeed. This is not an album to play during the day – wait until the night is cold and dark, preferably with snow on the ground, and then it will be the optimum moment. In many ways it reminds me of the frozen wastes that so many Scandinavian bands managed to get into their music some twenty + years ago, as if they are playing in the heart of a bleak forest landscape, and the listeners are there freezing to death but unable to move away from the music.

It is a colossus of an album, one of the most impressive BM releases I've heard in quite a while. Don't try to understand the lyrics, just treat the vocals as yet another instrument making a noise to add into the maelstrom and have done. Apparently the band started as a noise duo back in 2010, but the quartet have broadened their outlook since then, and have created an atmospheric oppressive release that is quite something. It has been released on every format, through multiple labels, and is an album that fans of extreme music should consider essential. Hear this and other releases at

<https://abstracter.bandcamp.com>

KEV ROWLAND



AL ARD
AL ARD
CODE 666

Whenever I get an album from Code666 I always pay close attention, as over the last 10 or 15 years I have learned that they are often able to discover bands quite unlike anything else I have heard, and Al Ard are no exception to that. This Sicilian trio are bringing together Industrial and black metal sounds, with elements of D'n'B and Dubstep, which are taking music to an area I'm not too convinced it actually wants to go, but is being taken there with feet being dragged across the cobbles. Add to this voices and chants that sound as if they are taken from films, along with treated electronic vocals and music that goes from doom speed to attempting to break the record for the number of beats in a bar, then the listener is in for one heck of a ride.

Apparently the band was formed in 2011, and is part of a cluster of deviated bands called Nera Cooperativa Sicula, whose basic element is the fraternal cooperation and whose aim is the experimental creation of "sickness", whether it be music either visual and sensorial art. Along with the likes of Psychogrotesque, Malebolge, Stridulamentis and SVD they are driving an artistic movement that is developed on fundamental concepts such as the proposal for an alternative to "alternative" and a diversity in what today is defined different. This movement is not

limited to simple musical aspect, but the aim is to support most forms of art, that expand beyond established boundaries and are able to build the foundations for a new way of thinking and imagining the art itself. I can imagine Genesis P-Orridge being a huge fan of these guys as they are attempting something incredibly radical, which they are not constraining to just be music.

But in itself this album is a morass of styles, and attempts really hard not to be music as such, moving into noise at times, and consequently something that I found quite enthralling. This is only ever going to be of interest to those with incredibly eclectic tastes, but for those that who are willing to explore, this is an impressive piece of work.



AMORPHIS
QUEEN OF TIME
NUCLEAR BLAST RECORDS

After twelve albums, world tours, countless gold records, Amorphis are back with their mix of metal, folklore and rock. After their last tour they decided to take a break before going into the studio to rehearse the new album, so had a single day off, before starting the next chapter. This means that all the tightness and understanding that develops from being on the road and gigging were still very much there. In many ways it goes back to

the early Seventies when bands were expect to either be on the road or in the studio, preferably releasing an album every 6-8 months. I remember reading an interview with Ian Anderson saying that all his downtime while on tour in the States was spent writing songs for the next Jethro Tull album as they had to be ready for the band to record before they headed back out on the next tour.

I have long been a fan of Amorphis, who somehow manage to bring together many different styles and influences yet make the music so complete and seamless that it always makes total sense. It doesn't matter if there is a saxophone, or guitar solo, or choir, it is always exactly the right thing to move the music onwards. After their last album, 'Under The Red Cloud', some fans may have expected them to get even heavier, but here they have moved sideways and have brought in the likes Chrigel Glanzmann (Eluveitie) on pipes, laryngeal singer Albert Kuvezin and saxophonist Jørgen Munkeby, plus an orchestra and a choir, while also maintaining an incredibly heavy intensity. These elements deliver a dramatic and cinematic depth to the sound, making everything even more epic, even deeper, and even more meaningful than ever before.

As always, borne by Pekka Kainulainen's poetic lyrics, AMORPHIS penetrate deeper than ever into the thicket of folklore and cosmic contexts. "This time, Pekka tells about the cosmic powers that people believed in long ago in a very universal way: the rise and fall of cultures." This is also symbolized by the image of the bee on the album cover - the queen of time, as Holopainen explains the title of the album. "It represents the microcosm that can nevertheless trigger cataclysmic changes. The fall of world empires ushered in by a small sprouting seed. The butterfly that causes a hurricane." And as "Daughter Of Hate" needed a spoken part, lyricist Kainulainen also appears for the first time as a narrator. An excellent choice: His wise and venerable shaman-like voice is a

perfect match to the music. Original bassist Olli-Pekka Laine, has also returned to the fold, following the departure of Niclas Etelävuori after 17 years, as the band look both back over what has gone before, and to the future with yet another stunning piece of work. From the production through to the quality and style of the songs, this is essential.



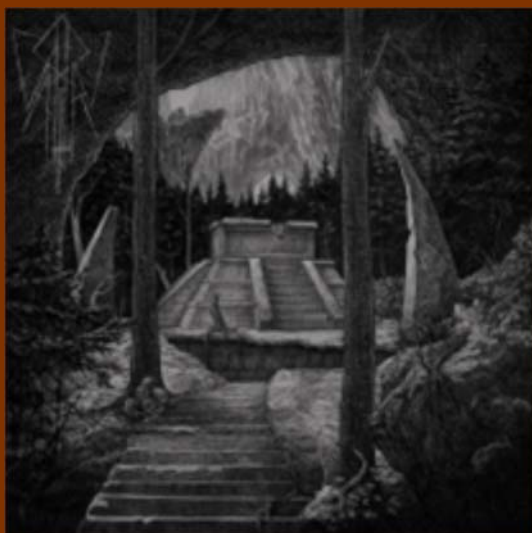
**ART OF ILLUSION
COLD WAR OF SOLIPISM
12 SOUND PRODUCTION**

Art of Illusion are a Polish prog metal act who are new to me, but this is their second album, released at the beginning of 2018 (following up on 'Round Square of the Triangle' which was released in 2014). The quintet are Marcin Walczak (vocal, choirs), Filip Wiśniewski (guitars), Paweł Łapuć (keyboards, piano), Mateusz Wiśniewski (bass), Kamil Kluczyński (drums, choirs) and I am amazed that I have not previously come across either the band or any of the individuals as this is quite some album. There are some similarities with fellow Polish band Riverside, but I think what really makes this album for me are the changes in tempo and the twists and turns which allows them to bring in elements that are quite deliberately off-key, creating discord that then returns to harmony.

There is a high use of piano, which adds a

different feel to the more keyboard oriented bands in the genre, while the bass is also used as a lead melody instrument at times which definitely adds to the complexity as Mateusz uses many different styles, not content with just providing a backbone. Kamil is also an incredibly complex drummer, certainly not settling into any particular style or form for very long, ensuring that there is a different feel being provided into different areas of songs. As for the guitar, Filip may shred, or be restrained, or riff, or bring in an acoustic and pick that if the mood is right, and then at the front is Marcin. Vocally this is all about control, in a more baritone style than many, and there is a deliberate contrast between what he is doing and what is happening underneath, so long drawn out notes from the vocals are underpinned by complex arpeggios being played at great speed on either guitar or piano.

This is an incredibly exciting and refreshing album, and ones that fans or prog rock that stray into metal territory at times, surely need to hear. Available on self-released CD, the band have also put it up on Bandcamp so give it a listen. <https://artofillusion.bandcamp.com/>



**BARREN ALTAR
ENTRENCHED IN THE FAULTS OF
THE EARTH
INDEPENDENT**

‘Entrenched In The Faults Of The Earth’

is the debut full-length from Bay Area blackened funeral doom act Barren Altar, and although hit only comprises five songs two of these are more than ten minutes in length. Overall this album is very much up and down for me, as when they launch into the full black metal assault it doesn’t quite work, but when they take it slow and steady such as on the hugely atmospheric “Submerged” then it becomes something else altogether. Here there is an innate understanding of what they are attempting to do, and as it moves seamlessly into “Call To The Waves” there is a feeling of being deep in the caverns searching for the answer. While not an essential release, there is definitely something here of merit, but it needs to be heard before purchase. The band have released the album themselves, but have only pressed 300 physical copies, so go to Bandcamp to hear it first.

<https://barrenaltar.bandcamp.com/album/entrenched-in-the-faults-of-the-earth>



**BLACK ELEPHANT
COSMIC BLUES
SMALL STONE RECORDS**

This is the third full-length album from Italian psychedelic fuzz rock unit Black Elephant. One can guess the style of music just from looking at the psychedelic cover that wouldn’t have looked out of place at the Fillmore in the late Sixties.

Based in Savona, Italy, the four-piece are taking their influences from Blue Cheer, Iron Butterfly, and Seventies fuzzed and distorted heavy rockers with a guitar sound rich and fat enough to saddle the notes and take a ride around the room as they seem so physical. Add to that a singer who has been listening to the great Dan McCafferty and one may just get an idea of what this album is like. The guys have played literally hundreds of gigs together, and it shows, as one can truly imagine this being repeated onstage as they have just sat into the groove and are enjoying it as much as the listener.

Apparently the album is being made available on limited edition purple vinyl, and if ever an album deserved to be heard in full analogue glory then it has to be this, as listening to a download just doesn't give the presence that it should. Listening to this I am taken back to the early Seventies, sitting on the floor with the album cover in my hand, admiring the artwork and reading the lyrics (if there were any, often there weren't), and falling in love with the music. This is most definitely for fans of the early Seventies, fuzzed, honest, robust psychedelic rock. Just sit back, turn on, tune in, drop out.



BLACK ORCHID EMPIRE
YUGEN
LONG BRANCH RECORDS

London trio Black Orchid Empire are

back with their second full-length album, bringing together influences as diverse as Queens of the Stone Age, Muse and Funeral For A Friend. The music is complex, aggressive, full of hooks and wall of sound production that allows the music to hit the listener like an avalanche. It is clear, it is clean, but somehow it is also full of guts and passion without losing any of the pop mentality. This is metal for a modern age, and it is interesting to see Skin from Skunk Anansie saying so many positive things, as I thought that same about that band when they broke out in the Nineties.

Virtually every song sounds as if it could be played on the radio, but at no times "selling out" or losing any presence. In many ways it is as if Foo Fighters having been spending even more time listening to QOTSA and decided to record an album that is a mixture of the two styles. The guys certainly don't sound like a trio, as the guitar sound is rich and lush, creating a warm and vibrant atmosphere that is inviting the listener to keep turning it up that little bit more. They've just finished a major tour around the UK, and this album is only going to attract even more fans with its commercial yet heavy polished approach that is a sheer delight to listen to.

BLEEDING THROUGH
LOVE WILL KILL ALL
SHARPTONE RECORDS

[Bleeding Through may not have had an immediate impact when they started back in 1999, but by 2004 Spin magazine were saying that they were a "band to watch," while Revolver heralded the group as one that was shaping the "future of metal". A true metalcore band, they were somewhat unusual in bringing keyboards and therefore a somewhat black metal sound into the mix. Operating as a six-piece they kept touring and recording, but the final album was 2012's 'The Great Fire', and in 2014 they announced the end. But singer Brandan Schieppati stated that the final songs were incredibly emotional,



and that there may be more from the band in future.

Well, after a four-year gap they are back. Operating now as a five-piece with single guitar, all those involved were there in 2014, and in fact keyboard player Marta Peterson is the most recent member, joining in 2002, so this is an incredibly valid line-up. Schieppati has been quoted as saying that he viewed Bleeding Through as a hardcore band, and that they were hardcore kids, just approaching the music in a different way. They certainly have the vocal aggression that one would expect from the genre, but the music itself is far removed, way more metallic, while there are also plenty of lines that are sung (and even harmonies) as opposed to just being shouted. The keyboards also give them a very different feel, giving them more texture than the likes of Whitechapel or Bring Me The Horizon, and with no lead guitarist they have mostly dispensed with solos and although there are some passages where they definitely move into black metal, it is just a ploy to provide more emphasis to the metalcore when everything returns to normal. Great to have you back guys!



Kev is a self confessed music addict who has been toiling in the rock and roll vineyard for many years, and Gonzo are chuffed to bits to be publishing his remarkable series of books which disprove any suggestion that prog died with the advent of punk...



GONZO CURRENTLY IN STOCK
AT GONZO (UK)

GONZO CURRENTLY IN STOCK
AT GONZO (USA)



Spaghetti Westerns — The Good, The Bad, and The Objectionable

“Those who know me call me Blade. Because I’ve got a habit of letting this do my talking for me.”

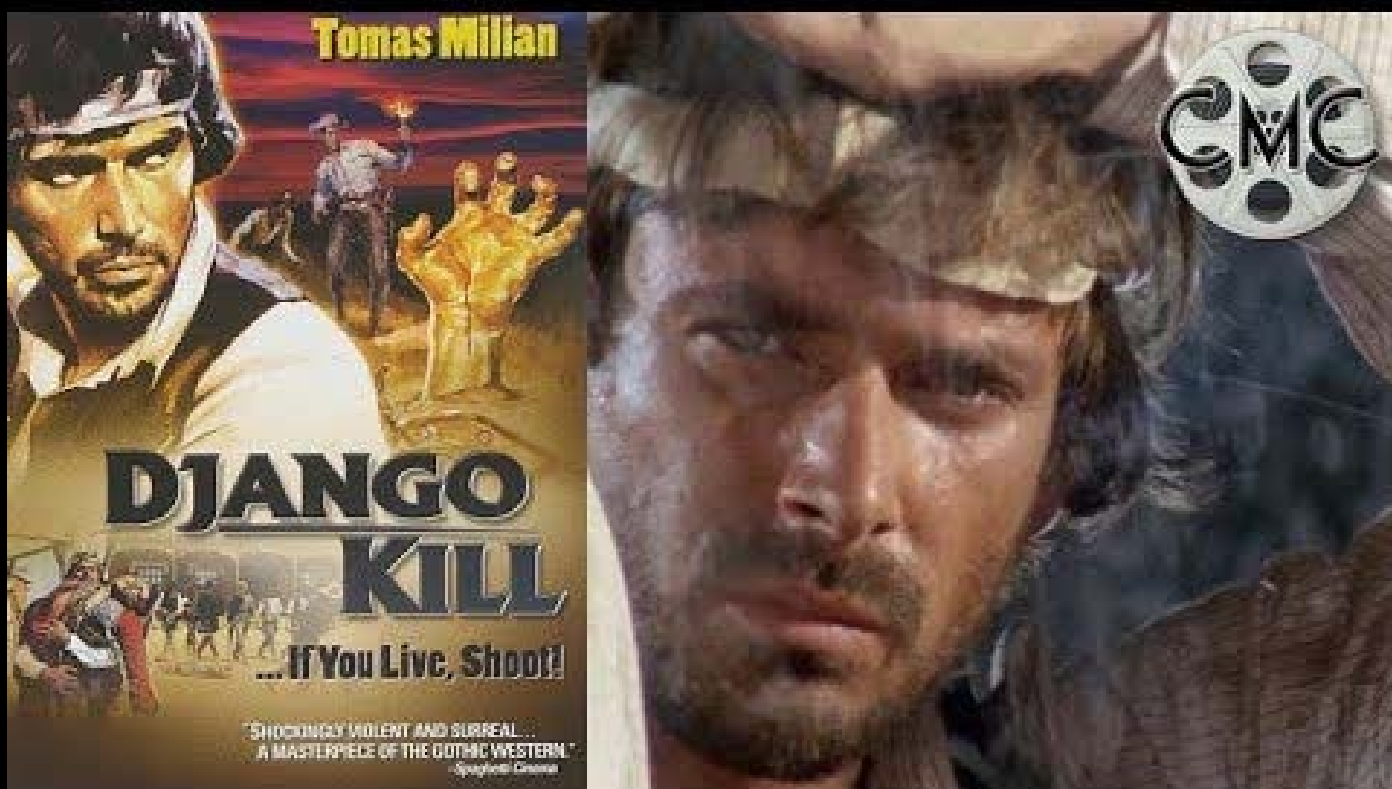
Maurizio Merli. Mannaja,
A Man Caalled Blade (1977).

Following the phenomenal success of Sergio Corbucci’s *Django* played by the great Franco Nero; the character, at least in name, has appeared in many Spaghetti Westerns, some good, some truly awful.

As far as I’m aware, there is only one official sequel to *Django* starring Nero (and another in post production at the time of writing), yet there were at least 39 unofficial sequels produced from 1966 to 2007, and of course Quentin Tarantino’s wonderfully distasteful and

Carl Marshall and Geordie Jackson

DARK MATTERS



Spaghetti inspired *Django Unchained* (2012).

During the late 1960s to the early 1970s, it seems that whenever an Italian western wasn't proving financially viable, it would be quickly re-dubbed and re-titled *Django* something or other, in an often vain attempt to cash in on Corbucci's earlier success. Giulio Questi's *Django Kill... If You Live Shoot* (1967) is certainly one of these movies, however, it does contain the 'extra sauce' necessary for review in *Dark Matters*, as it is often considered to be one of the most violent and depraved of all western Italiana.

Django Kill... If You Live Shoot! Reviewed by Carl Marshall

Django Kill... If You Live Shoot! (Italian: *Se sei vivo spara*, lit. If You Live Shoot) is one of the many unofficial sequels to Sergio Corbucci's *Django* (1966), but in fact has little to do with that movie in terms of its plot. *Django Kill...* was made in 1967 by the above mentioned Giulio Questi; a director who worked on many Italian television projects, yet unfortunately made very few feature films. Although Questi's movie is usually marketed as *Django Kill...* its original Italian title *Se sei vivo spara* – *If You Live Shoot*, does much more justice to the film's plot in my opinion; which is itself a unique story of sexual sadism and vengeance. It's a no-holds back world of madness, murder, rape, brutality and revenge!



Tomas Milian (*Four of the Apocalypse*, *Run Man Run*) plays Django, or more appropriately – The Stranger. The film begins with Milian's hand reaching out from a mass grave, close to death after being shot and left for dead by a gang of bandits of whom he was once a member. Eventually he's discovered and nursed back to health by two Indian medicine men who help him in the belief that he can now give them information from the spirit world. Soon The Stranger/Django finds himself in a bizarre and sadistic western town where sexual brutality and violence seem to be the norm - the Indians call this town "the unhappy place".

The rest of the gang soon arrive and attempt to buy horses and food with their plunder. However, the saloon keeper of the town soon recognises the gang leader from a wanted poster. Before long an armed mob

capture and brutally lynch most of the gang in the street while the leader Oaks, escapes and takes refuge in a store where he runs into Django once more.

Django takes his revenge on Oaks by shooting him several times with gold bullets. Oaks, still alive, is operated on in the saloon but is killed when the townsfolk discover he has been shot with gold – they literally tear him apart scooping out the gold bullets with their bare hands.

When Django and the Indians cut down the hanging corpses of the gang to bury them, they are ordered to leave town. While horse-hunting, Django witnesses the kidnapping of the saloon keeper's son at the hands of The Zorro Gang. They return to the ranch, where Zorro offers Django work, throws a party, and sends a messenger to town to inform the saloon keeper they have kidnapped his son Evan played by Ray Lovelock (*The Living Dead at the Manchester Morgue* – See issue 313/314) demanding a ransom. Zorro eventually orders Evan killed, but Django saves his life via a drunken drinking game. Zorro allows Evan to live but Django is unable to help him as he's surrounded by Zorro's amorous Muchachos. While Django slips into unconsciousness, Evan is brutally gang raped by Zorro's men, later taking a pistol and committing suicide.

Django returns to town with Evans corpse. Enraged by his death, Django tries to avenge the boy he once tried to save by taking revenge on both the towns rival factions.

Django Kill... If You Live Shoot! Is an extremely surreal experience. Unnecessarily violent and bloody for a Spaghetti Western, this is one film that does not refrain from depicting the Wild West in a brutally sordid manner. Typically westerns avoid these sorts of homoerotic undertones, yet Questi's movie seems to relish in its blatant nonconformity.

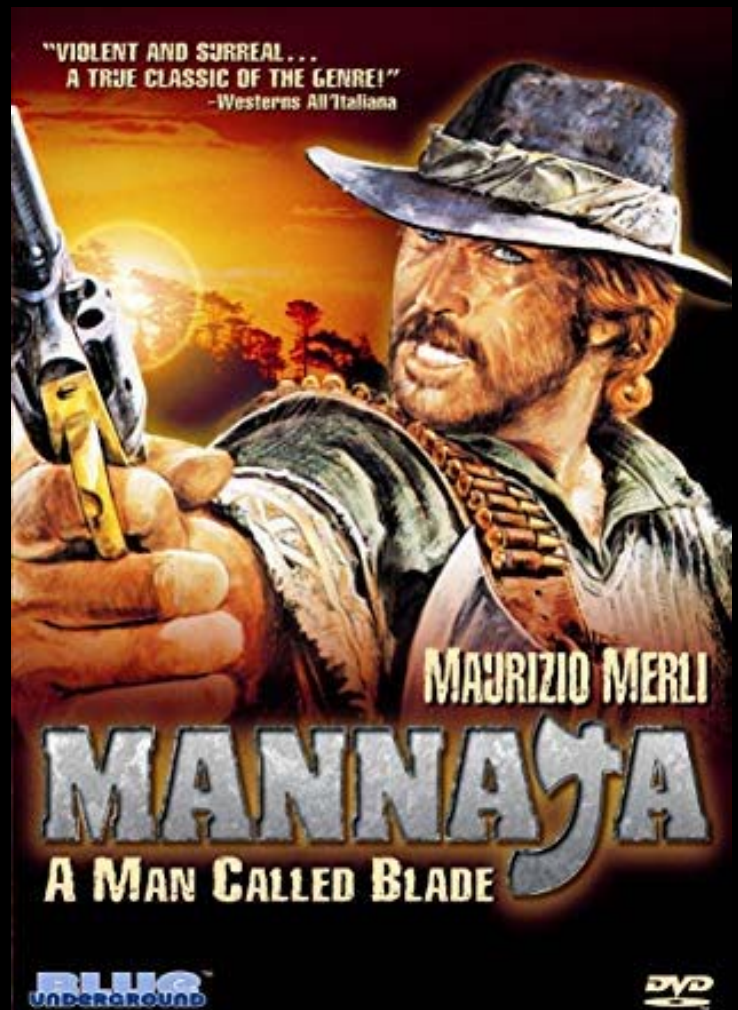
This movie has two scenes that are often cut from releases and you know when they are coming up in the uncut version because the audio skips over into Italian language. This is because these scenes were re-edited

into the film after it was cut and dubbed into English. So you can tell when a particularly brutal scene is coming up because the audio changes into Italian beforehand. One such scene is where one of Django's Indian companions is viciously scalped in the street and another is when the bandit Oaks is killed by the avaricious townsfolk. It's a bleak world; women and children are not respected in Questi's west, and pretty much all men are villains in one way or another – including the protagonist.

British writer Sir Christopher Frayling believes there was once a cut of *Django Kill... where animals are tortured and characters are roasted alive on spits*. I cannot confirm if this is true as I have never seen this alleged cut (neither has anyone I have personally met), however, if this was proven to be factual, it wouldn't be all that surprising as Italian cinema wasn't becoming particularly animal friendly at this time and the versions available are still pretty extreme compared to the likes of Sergio Leone's Dollars Trilogy.

I am going to give Giulio Questi's *Django Kill... If You Live Shoot!* a respectable 6.0/10, as this film is just so bizarre and unique compared to any other Spaghetti Westerns. It has some decent performances, bloody kills, torture, a controversial narrative, and even vampire bats – what not to like here?

Django Kill... If You Live Shoot! Is definitely not the most violent Spaghetti Western ever made. That title belongs to a movie we will be reviewing in future, However, it is certainly one of the most deranged and disturbing. It's definitely worth a watch if you can find a complete cut



Mannaja, A Man Called Blade (1977)

Reviewed by Geordie Jackson

Mannaja aka A Man Called Blade, directed by the great Sergio Martino in the heyday of Spaghetti Westerns is one of the better examples of the Twilight Spaghetti Westerns. Released in 1977, *Mannaja* stars Maurizio Merli as title character Blade - a bounty hunter who prefers to use stone axes instead of a pistol. Other major roles are played by John Steiner, Sonja Jeannine and Spaghetti regular Donald O'Brien.

The plot follows a bounty hunter named Blade who mostly uses a tomahawk; which is unusual but adds to

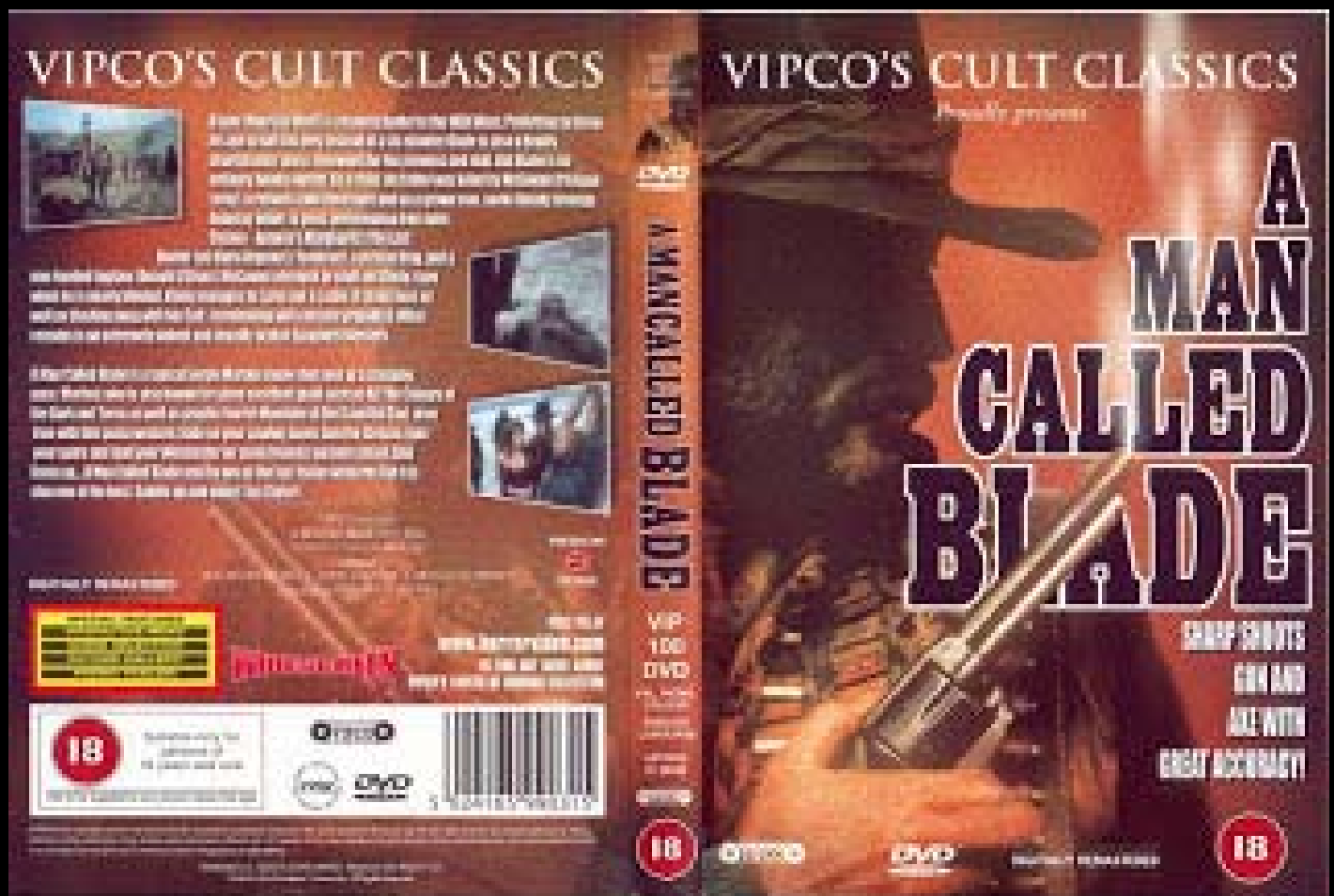
the surreal nature of the film. It starts with Blade chasing down a bounty through muddy swampland. This slow motion scene, festooned in fog, is very strange. Blade, throwing a tomahawk, chops off the hand of his bounty in a particularly gory scene that must be seen to be believed.

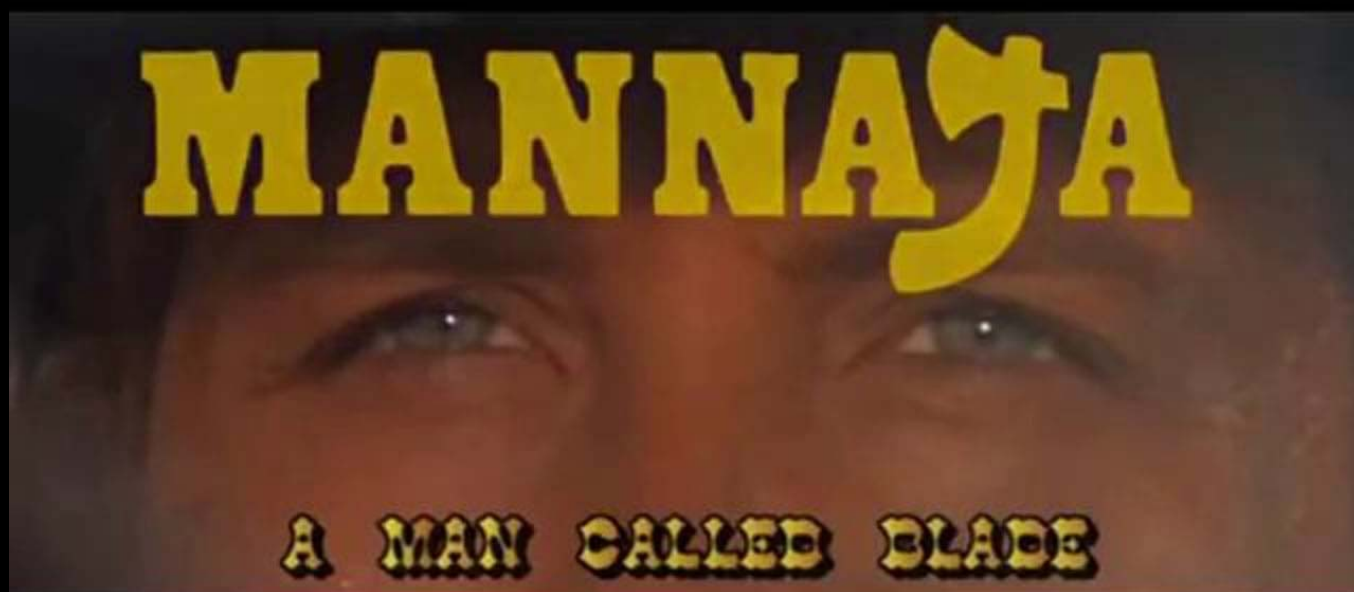
After dragging the now one handed criminal Burt Craven (Donald O'Brien) behind his horse for several miles of swampland, Blade and his bounty ride into a small mining town run by McGowan, who we later find out was responsible for the death of Blade's father many years before. Oddly Blade decides to let Craven go telling him he smells too bad and that he will find him again when he is in need of money.

Rather than killing McGowan, Blade decides not to let him know who he is just yet and actually accepts employment from him. McGowan asks Blade to deliver a ransom for his daughter Deborah (Sonja Jeannine). However, this mission fails as we discover that McGowan's daughter is actually in love with her captor - McGowan's former foreman Theo Voller played by English actor John Steiner.

Voller had secretly worked for a gang of bandits that regularly robbed shipments of silver from the mine. Voller then murders McGowan in cold blood and turns his mining empire into bloody chaos by massacring the mine workers.

Blade is almost beaten to death, buried up to his neck and left to be blinded by the sun. In order to achieve this cruel act Voller orders Blade's eyes to be nailed open (the eyelids nailed into the orbital sockets of his skull) in a scene that is still very shocking today.





Blade is saved by Craven, and the two retreat to a cave so Blade's eyes can recover in the darkness. After a few weeks Blade starts to recover his sight yet doesn't inform his companion. This is a good thing as Craven (now sporting a hook) decides to double cross Blade by giving up his whereabouts to Voller's gang.

Little do they all realise Blade's eyes have now almost fully recovered and in the darkness of the cave he has built several makeshift tomahawks and hidden them in strategic locations ready for the inevitable attack.

Blade kills Voller's assassins in quick, brutal succession with the tomahawks and then finally shoots the hooked criminal who betrayed him.

The film ends with the obligatory showdown with Voller (and his vicious dogs - which I thought was a bit unnecessary) and Blade walking off into the sunset.

I did enjoy this film which is undoubtedly another *Django* rip off (I wonder if it's ever

been retitled anywhere?) except Blade has a sort of Clint Eastwood vibe going on too. The main characters were all pretty good, especially John Steiner who excels in the role of the villain.

I have already mentioned the most violent scene in the plot summary and Sergio Martino is renowned for violence in his films. The tomahawk scenes were pretty gruesome and the murders of the stagecoach passengers were also quite gory.

The cinematography was reasonably well done and the film is very atmospheric (it almost feels like a horror movie), however I don't think this one would ever win an Oscar.

I watched the original uncut version which is the only version worth having on DVD.

I'm giving Sergio Martino's *Mannaja A Man Called Blade* a solid 7/10. I enjoyed the tension and moody atmosphere (it's actually filmed in Italy and not southern Spain for once). *Mannaja* was one of the last decent Spaghetti Westerns and quite original in its own right. It's definitely worth checking out if you're interested in the more extreme Spaghetti Westerns.

THE COMPLETE GOSPELS

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Asante sana (thank you very much),

David Banks
Director, Africa Region
The Nature Conservancy

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



Tony Klinger

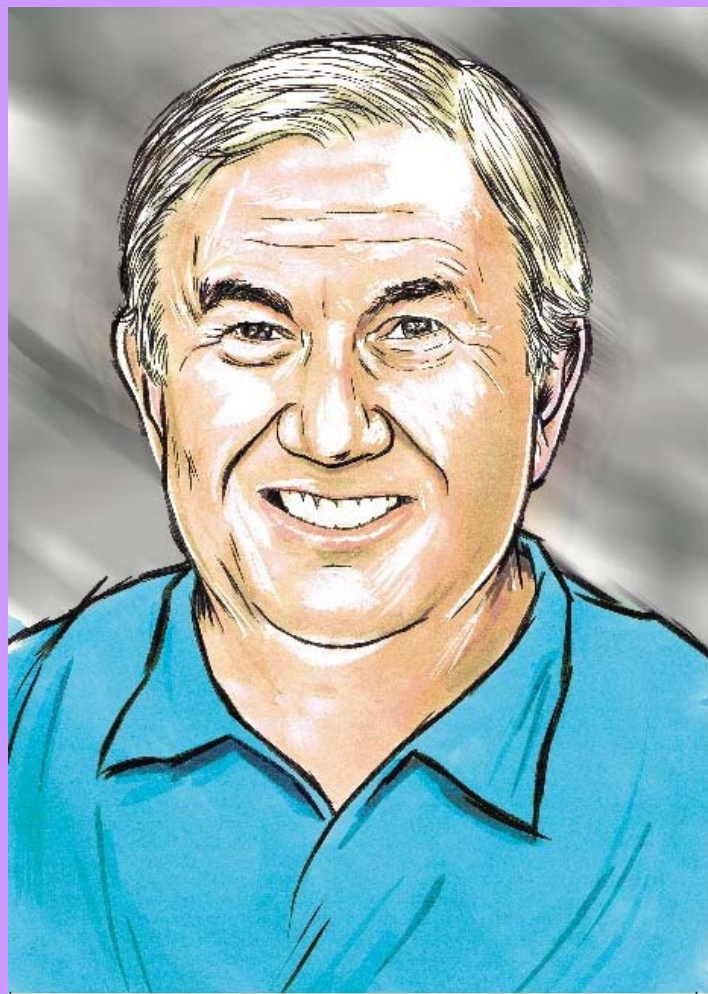
Tony Klinger is a British film-maker, author and media executive. He began his career as Assistant Director on The Avengers in the 1960s, directed several rockumentaries and headed media companies both in the UK and the USA.

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)



CHOC DROP

Many years ago travel was fun. It has become progressively less like fun, and more like punishment with every passing year. Two incidents stand out in my mind that demonstrate how things have changed.

My friend Mike was returning to the States, where he had moved. The Customs man asked to see inside his bag and found a tin of "Good Boy Chocolate Drops

For Dogs". The officer raised the tin and asked Mike what the can contained, "Good Boy Chocolate Drops for Dogs.." Mike responded, "and, what exactly, are they?" the man enquired with great suspicion, Mike repeated that they were "Chocolate drops for my pet dog;" he responded quite reasonably. The man was not happy and he asked again, "and what precisely are good boy chocolate drop for dogs?" Mike then made the fatal mistake of presuming that somewhere within the uniform lurked a human being, "I'll tell you what officer, if you're a good boy I'll give you one." After Mike was arrested it was only a few hours before the confusion was cleared up and the innocent dog treats were returned from the laboratory.

The other two occasions were linked. Again my friend Mike was involved. We were taking our small film crew, him, me and one other, down to the Cannes film festival. We didn't have much money so we were using my car and a rented caravan to get to the South of France and carry all our equipment. Knowing the French were very officious we were careful to obtain all the carnets and proper documentation to clear through customs. It took a few weeks of running around and filling in forms but eventually we were ready to run the gauntlet. The English customs first checked we had all the necessary papers before we got on the ferry at Dover. We then sailed and were blissfully unaware of the trouble to come. On landing the French customs asked to see the various colour carnets for our film, camera and sound equipment, transport which we were able to show with great alacrity. They then asked for our orange carnet. This was the one colour in the rainbow we didn't have. I tried, in my best French to enquire what was the purpose of this hitherto unknown carnet. I was told it was to prevent us selling our hired equipment and leaving it in France as an illegal import.

This being a Sunday it proved impossible to get anyone from the British government authorities to explain to their French counterparts that we didn't own the equipment and would vouch we couldn't or wouldn't try to sell it. The French came up

with a Gallic compromise. If we were to provide a Bond for about \$100,000 they would forego the additional carnet. It's also pretty difficult to obtain a bond on a weekend when you can't reach anyone on the telephone from a French customs hall in a remote port. Much as we tried the best we were able to do was obtain a promise from friends at home that they would do as was necessary first thing the next day. In the meantime the French authorities locked our caravan up in their customs hall, which meant we had to go and sleep without our beds or food, both in the caravan, on the side of the road outside of town.

The next morning we were able to generate the bond and release our goods and we then went on to make our film. About four weeks later we were on our way home. We stopped on the road overlooking the port, determined not to suffer any more with the French authorities. We decided to wait until the last possible moment before the ship sailed and drive at top speed onto the ferry. We executed the manoeuvre perfectly, arriving on board with screeching brakes as the sailors were about to pull away from the harbour.

We were young, and easily impressed with our bravado as we sat in the bar and toasted our small victory. On arriving at Dover the British customs officer asked us if we had anything to declare. We answered in the negative but something made my colleague say, "except for the heroin in the lighting equipment.." before he finished with this poor joke the officer was ordering the stripping down of our vehicle. It was a great deal later before we could arrange a garage to help us re-assemble the vehicle that we were able to leave.

So travelling has long had its complications, and this remains the case. Remember the cardinal rule, don't make jokes with the customs and immigration officer, they have no sense of humour.

THE SCIENTIFIC INVESTIGATION OF THE UNEXPLAINED

PHENOMENA

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

The big news this week is that Hawkwind are to headline on the acoustic stage at Glastonbury Festival.

The full announcement said: "We are happy to confirm that Hawkwind will be headlining the Acoustic Stage at Glastonbury on Sat 29th June this year!

Although it's called the Acoustic Stage, we will be playing a full electric set!"

With tickets already sold out a long time ago, Hawkwind fans will likely pay attention to television coverage, currently in the hands

of the BBC. The last time Glastonbury was held - in 2017 - BBC2 and BBC4 devoted over 30 hours of TV coverage over the festival weekend, along with other live performance streams on the BBC website and the BBC iPlayer, and audio on BBC Radio 1 and 1Xtra, and 6 Music. However, there'll be over 10 stages at the festival, and how much coverage, if any, Hawkwind will get is difficult to predict at this juncture.





And now, a continuation of Graham's description of the Psychedelic Sundae freebie event in Frome, attended by Hawkwind Passport holders.

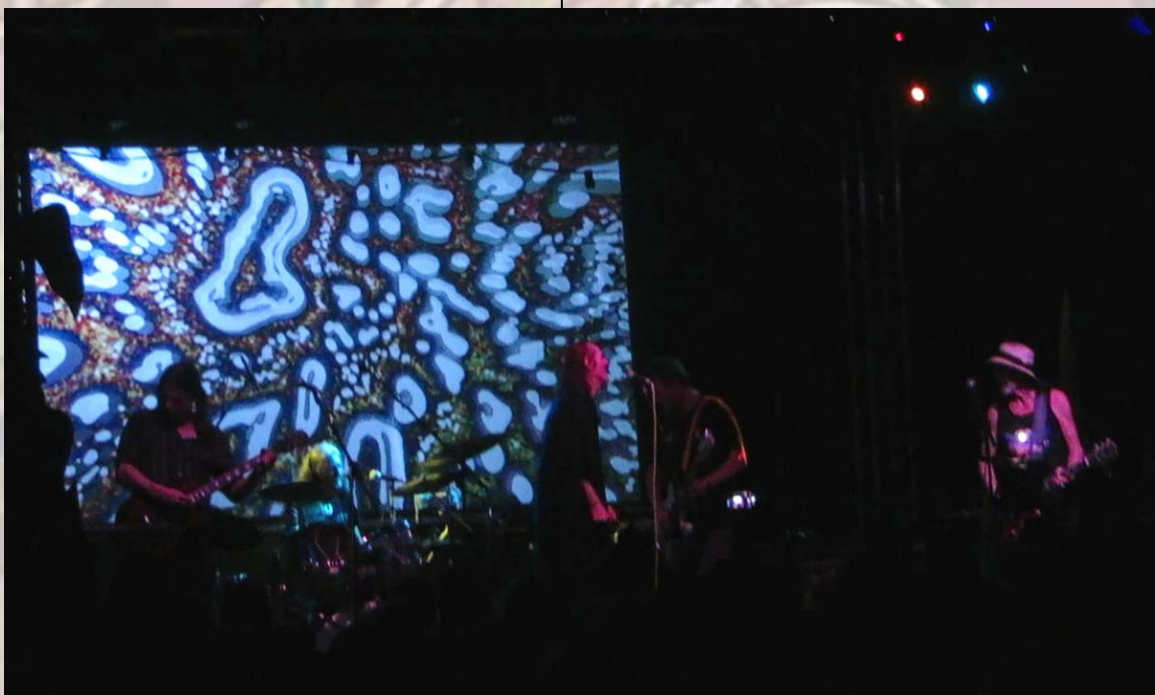
Magnus Martin was stage left (as seen by the audience), and bassist Niall Hone and also Dave Brock were on the other side. In other words, Brock was in his customary location.

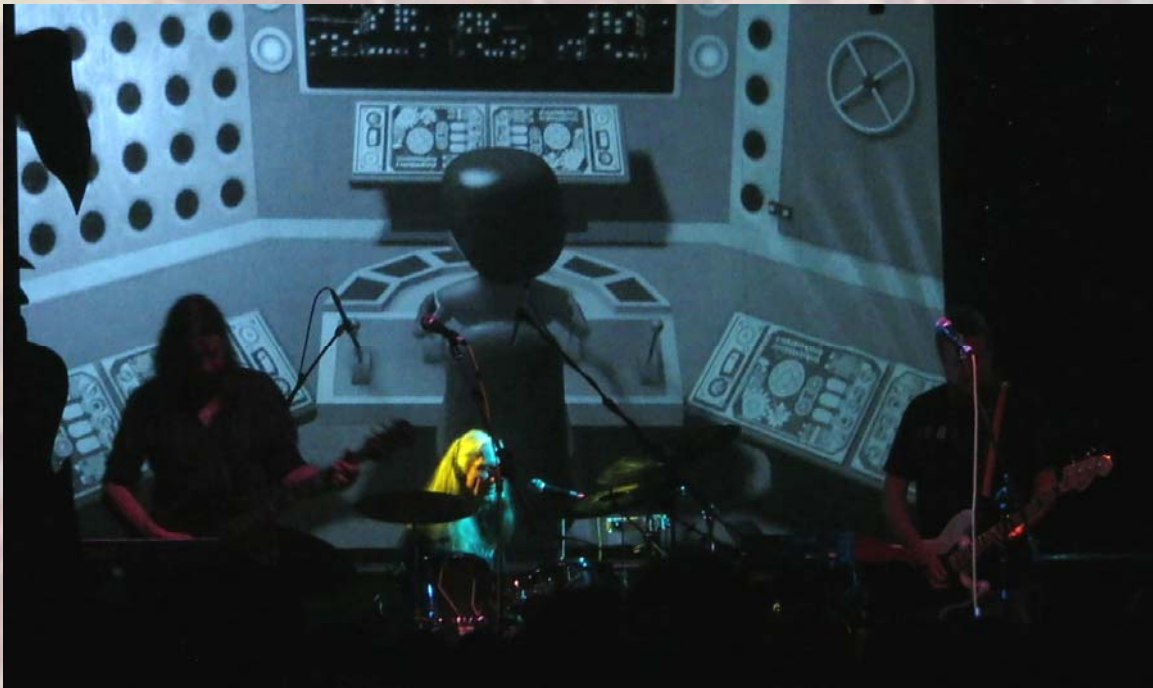
Probably because this was a free gig, there was no light show, and just a handful of venue stage lights,

and it was rather odd to see the drummer, Richard Chadwick, was better-lit than anyone else. Oddities at a Hawkwind gig? Well, well...!

Brock-spotters will have noted he was wearing a white brimmed hat with black trim, and also currently has a short and neat beard. Colour references there are approximate, due to the general lighting conditions!

After the Hymn to the Sun instrumental, it was firmly back to the 1970s, with Psychedelic Warlords, then a lengthy Ejection with Ron Tree on vocals, and a





long break-down during the middle section. This included playback of a voiceover tape, but I admit I couldn't make out a single word of what it was about. Oh, well.

Ron Tree took up a central position,

in front of the drums, for his few stage stints. Brock's guitar was nice and loud during this gig, which many Hawkwind fans think should be near the top of the "to do" list at any gig.

A lively 8-minute Spirit of the Age





followed next, then Arrival in Utopia - not actually a 1970s item, but 1982 is near enough. This, another 8-minute track, included a semi-ambient kind of slow section in the middle.

After that, the pop format of mere 8-

minute songs was laid aside, for Born to Go to get over 14 minutes! Since that one's my favourite Hawkwind track, and has been since 1976, this was rather welcome. And that was the end of the main set. Not many tracks in all, but they added up to a





full gig of content.

Silver Machine was the encore, despite Master of the Universe having been on the list that was

photographed and posted on Facebook. Chadwick did the main vocals, as is customary, and Ron Tree also took part on this one. And so that was it. Another Hawkwind gig,



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43 years on from when I first
saw them, and different in some
ways (most notably quieter while
less muddy, and with less 3-
chord riffing) but mostly still the
same kind of band in overall
style and content.

CHECK OUT HAWKWIND AT GONZO



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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.



The

Diaries

And so, dear friends, it's time for another update about my self-imposed task to run a record company of my own, selling the fruits of peculiar art projects by me and some of my associates. This is – I assure you – by no means an attempt to make any money. This is probably a good thing as I have singularly failed to make a living out of any of my artistic endeavours any time this last forty years. My latest record, *Coldharbour*, has still only actually sold eight copies, which doesn't really put me in to tax exile status just yet, and the other records on the Wyrd Records roster haven't done even as well as that.

But, things have progressed slightly over the past few months. We do have the beginnings of a Wyrd Records website, which you can check out at:

<http://www.gonzoweekly.com/Wyrd/>

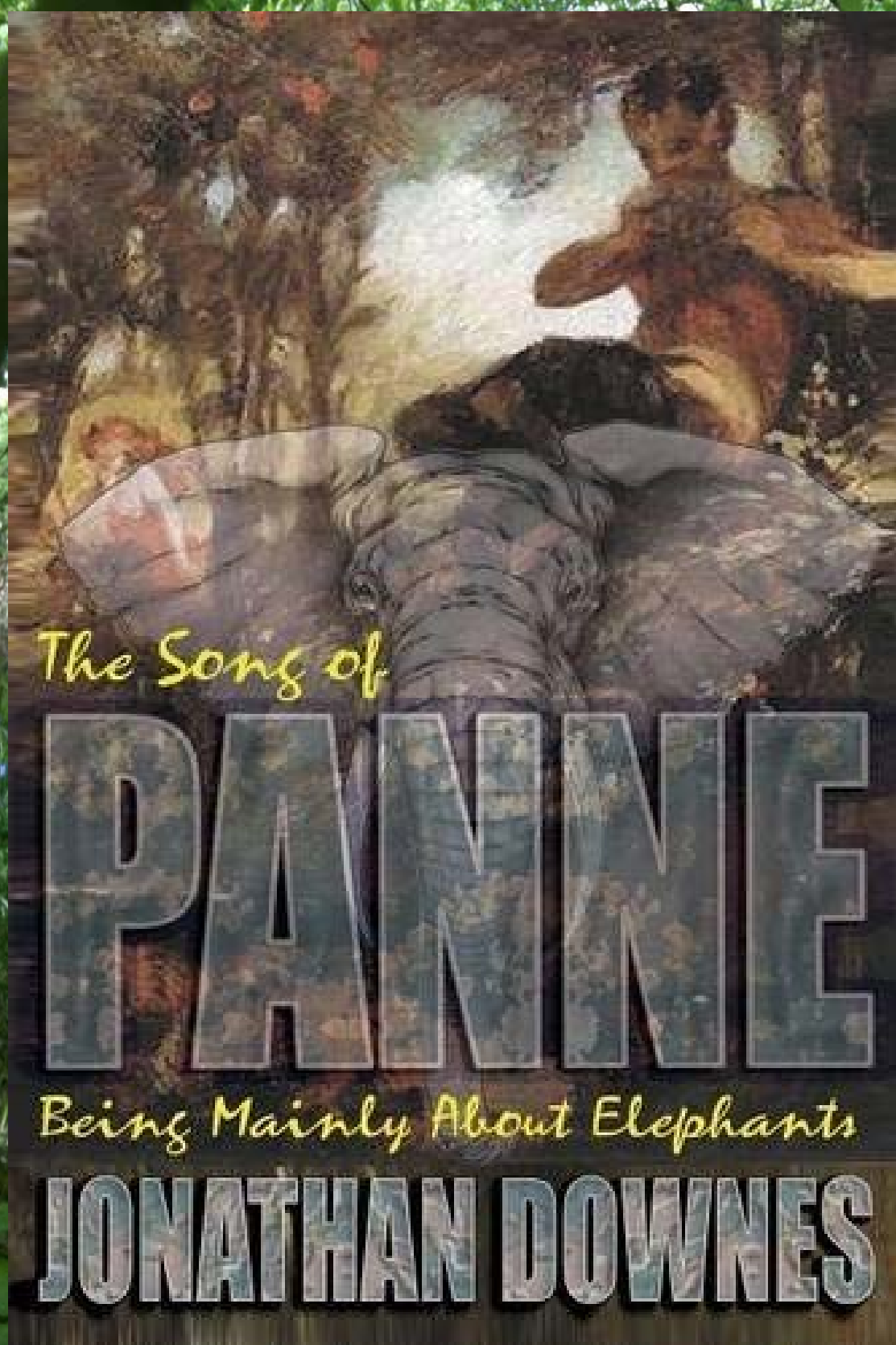
This is, I would like to stress, purely an intellectual exercise and mostly for my own enjoyment. I think that working for Gonzo Multimedia is the closest that I will ever get to being anything in the conventional music

business, but if I can do something to bring the music of people like Mike Davis some greater degree of some public recognition than it gets at the moment, I think that I will be a happy man.

I first met Mike back during the summer of 1982. I was a student nurse, and was driving from Starcross Hospital into Exeter, when – somewhere between Starcross and Kenton – I picked up a hitchhiker who had an acoustic guitar strapped to his back. At the time, I was trying to start my own record company (at least I am consistent) and this obviously alternative geezer seemed like a good bet.

He was.

I am not indulging in the hyperbole, but I truly think that Mike is the greatest songwriter that I have ever met, and remember – three and a half decades working on and off with Rob Ayling – I have met quite a few luminaries of stage and song. Mike is like the weird lovechild of Lou Reed and Buddy Holly, and truly ekes out some amazingly memorable music from patterns of three or four chords.



The Song of

PANNE

Being Mainly About Elephants

JONATHAN DOWNES

The Wild Colonial Boy

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

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

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

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

Dartmoor is a strange and often bleak place. However it has been inhabited for at least four thousand years, and there are many prehistoric remains scattered about the National Park, including dolmens, standing stones, and stone circles, as well as an estimated five thousand hut circles, which are circular or oval depressions in the ground with evidence of where a stone wall once stood. Although Hong Kong has been inhabited for at least two thousand years longer than Dartmoor, and – if you know where to look – one can still find evidence of these first settlers, the summer of 1969 was the first time that the nine year old me had ever been confronted with physical evidence of prehistory.

And it was a heady experience.

It wasn't as if one even had to go searching for these prehistoric monuments. I had been excited enough to see Stonehenge for the first time, back in the days when one could visit the place untrammelled by authority and walk right up to, and even climb upon, the stones. But to the nine year old me, the fact that it was right by the side of the A303, one of the great arterial trunk roads of the British Highway system diminished somehow my feeling of communing with the

past. On Dartmoor, I had no such problem.

Because, in those days, as it was everywhere in the country, there were far less cars on the road than there are now. And, if – as my parents liked to do – we frequented, like Wordsworth's Lucy, the “untrodden ways”, when we came across a Neolithic stone circle nestled in the furze by the side of the road, it was if it was a special gift to the Downes family from benevolent Gods.

Again, with the same poem by Wordsworth:

“A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye!
—Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.”

I explored the ever-changing landscape with delight. So unimaginably big, though so perfect in miniature, it was a whole world of things that I had never seen, or even imagined before.

A significant chunk of the northern part of Dartmoor, particularly the part accessible through a little road that goes up a steep hill in the middle of Oakhampton town centre, has been used a British Army firing range for over two hundred years. Like all small boys, I was fascinated with things appertaining to the military, and eagerly collected spent cartridge cases that I found, although I was upset to be told by my father that – because of the draconian legislation that had been brought in in the wake of the 1967 Communist uprising – I would be unable to take them back to Hong Kong with me. On one occasion, I discovered proof - as if any proof were needed - of the history of military activity on the moor, when I found a spherical object which was unquestionably a piece of grapeshot, probably dating back to Napoleonic times.

Whilst I had, of course, been aware of the bare bones of history, this was the first time that I was confronted with it as a living, breathing thing. And I greedily soaked up as much of it as I could.

On the far side of Hay Tor is a quarry, which was built in 1820 in order to provide fine granite to the newly expanding cities of England. A peculiar stone tramway was constructed to carry the granite a journey of ten miles to a canal which led from southern Dartmoor to Newton Abbot from whence it would go down the River Dart by barge, to the sea. I found the derelict tramway and the little groups of ruined huts adjacent to it, which, although they had been built and destroyed in the middle of the 19th century, truly didn't look much different from the remains I had found elsewhere on the moor that dated from several thousand years before that, totally fascinating. Not only did I cajole my family into spending as much time as I could there, but I have gone back at intervals ever since, and it is one of my greatest sorrows that now I am disabled and mostly confined to a wheelchair, that I shall never go back again.

The quarry had been full of water for about a century, and the resulting ponds were a fascinating little ecosystem of their own. Because they have never been fed by anything except for rain, there are none of the animals that one would normally expect to find in a body of still freshwater on Dartmoor. There are no fish. But, actually, that isn't quite true!

Somebody, at some time in the past, had introduced goldfish and they had made themselves at home. Behaving like wild animals rather than the fat, sleek, and lazy denizens of every garden pond, one would occasionally see a brilliant flash of orange as one of these delightfully feral *Cypriniformes* skittered from the clear water in the middle of one of the three or four interconnected pools to one of the myriad of intricate granite hidey holes.

The other vertebrate animal that lived there was a large colony of palmate newts. It was the first time I had ever seen a tailed amphibian in the wild. There is an indigenous newt in Hong Kong, called – unsurprisingly –

the Hong Kong newt, but whilst they are not uncommon – apparently, in some of the mountain streams – I had never seen one. The closest I had ever come was the fire bellied newts, which were occasionally sold as pets at P. G. Farm. As a direct result of my fascination with the palmate newts of this quaint little quarry behind Hay Tor, I cajoled my parents into letting me buy one of these delightful pet amphibians. I had it for some months in an enormous goldfish bowl (which I think had originally been a punch bowl) but, sadly, it escaped (newts can climb up the sides of perpendicular glass walls with relative ease and are great escape artists) and its mummified corpse was sadly found underneath the corner of my bedroom carpet some months later.

Back on Dartmoor, these beautiful little caudates were a continual source of a fascination to me. They moved through the water with surprising grace, like tiny dinosaurs doing some sort of strange sub-aquatic ballet dance, and I never tired of

looking at them. Also living in the cool, still waters, was a whole pantheon of different invertebrates, some of them similar to those that were already familiar to me from the hill streams of Mount Austin, and others – like water scorpions – that seemed to me to be wildly exotic. As always, my fascination with life in ponds and streams was unsatiated, and I took every opportunity to indulge it.

There was an intricate system of little lanes, which criss-crossed the hinterland of Widecombe-in-the-Moor, and there was a pleasant walk of a mile or so, which started at our lodgings, went down the hill, over a stream, past a tiny hamlet consisting of an old farmhouse and a few attendant cottages, and a small patch of oak woodland, before emerging into an area of moorland and a surprisingly steep hill that led down to the village. I was particularly keen on this walk, because there was a tiny stream that went alongside the base of the perimeter wall of the farmhouse, and which contained a mysterious inhabitant. Every time we walked





past, we saw a fishy flash out of the corner of our eyes, as the little animal – whatever it was – darted out of sight. It was dark brown, and about the size of the top joint of my thumb, and – although I never could catch it – I suspect it was one of those peculiar little fish called miller's thumb, or bullhead. It got its common English name because of a fanciful similarity between this tiny fish, the only British freshwater sculpin, and the largest digit of the right hand of someone whose lifestyle choice was to be someone who milled corn.

Apparently, such people have a depressed and flattened thumb because of all the time spent pressing down upon a millstone. Anyway, that's the way that I read it, back aged nine, and I have never looked into the matter in any depth to verify it one way or another. This is something that I suppose I really should do at some stage, but like so many other things in my life, it has to be put on the metaphorical back burner, because there just isn't enough time in the day to do

all the things that interest me.

Many years later, I found out that this little hamlet, which had been remarkable to me only for its mysterious fishy inhabitant, was actually somewhere of cryptozoological importance. In May 1988, a farmer, quite possibly the man who lived in the aforementioned walled farmhouse, which reminded me so much of the place where Amyas lived in Rosemary Sutcliffe's *Simon*, which was my favourite book that summer, shot an animal that was attacking his poultry. It turned out to be an Asian leopard cat (*Prionailurus bengalensis*).

It turned out that it was one of two that had been illegally kept by a local drug dealer. When he had been busted, his animals escaped and history does not relate what happened to the other one.

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.

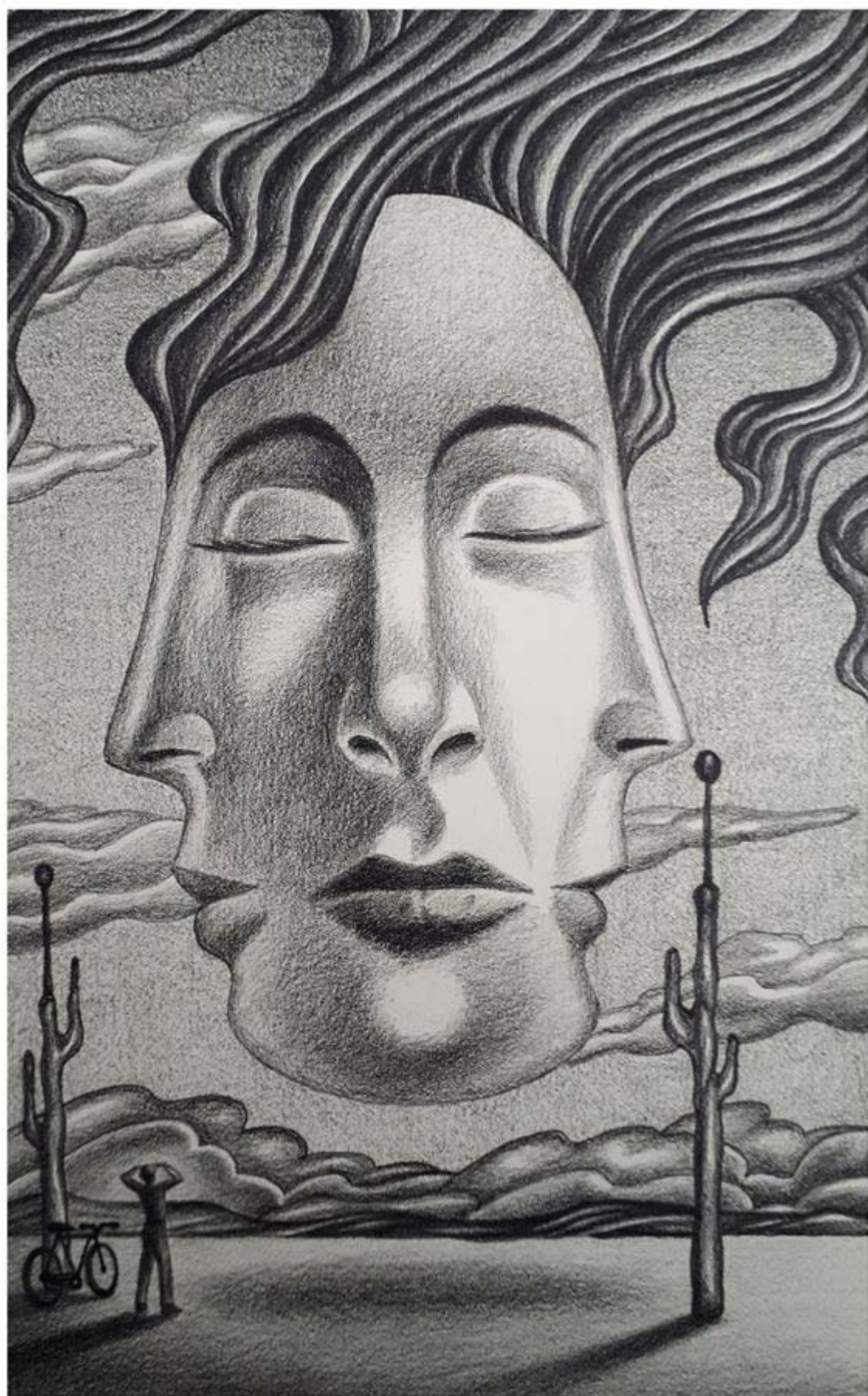
While in London Martin started to illustrate and design record covers for Columbia records. Upon his return to Vancouver, Martin carried on with music and illustrated various books and magazines. In 1978 he moved to Toronto, maintaining activity in every area where illustration is required. He released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

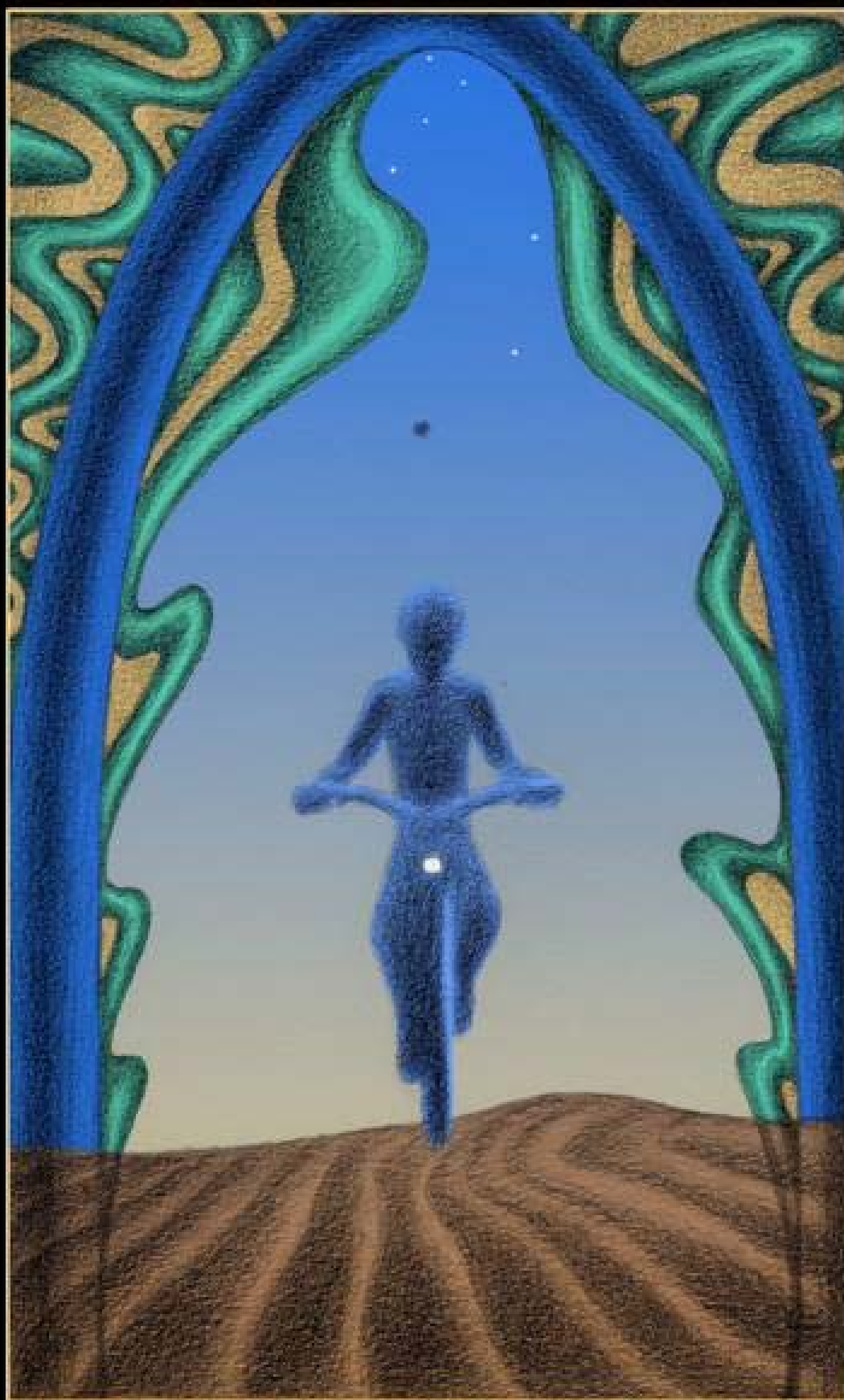
Martin still pursues the Musical Muse, recently producing a new CD, "Blue Evening" with his band "FREEFALL", an independent, instrumental album called "Rough Magic"; a collection of explorations on the guitar, and a collection of tunes inspired by the writings of Guy Gavriel Kay called "Bright Weaving".

www.martinspringett.com/

<https://spacewreckrecords.bandcamp.com>



BOY ON A BIKE / LYRICS



THE GARDENING CLUB



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!!!"

NEVER ZERO

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You are part of Every One. SHINE AUM!

!

Yer Gonzo Bookshelf



- **Paperback:** 310 pages
- **Publisher:** lulu.com (19 Aug. 2018)
- **Language:** English
- **ISBN-10:** 9781387709021
- **ISBN-13:** 978-1387709021
- **ASIN:** 138770902X

It's the most influential religion you've never heard of: Discordianism took the world by storm when it was revealed to two young hippies in 1958 or 1959. Who would have thought this goofy nuttiness would eventually turn into a worldwide caper involving the assassination of a

US President, Timothy Leary, a rubber gorilla, a ten hour play, a million pounds of burnt cash, the German secret service, a pumpkin launching trebuchet, the Electronic Frontier Foundation, Charles Manson, twelve arrested New Orleans Mardi Gras participants, a series of murders, Kermit the frog, and an extremely confused Australian who wrote this very silly book? Not me, that's for sure. Featuring a Forward by John Higgs, and an Afterword by Professor Cramulus.

Those of you who have been following my personal journey through high strangeness will know that I discovered the topsy-turvy world of Discordianism through these very pages, about six years ago. Although I had been vaguely aware of it as a 'thing', I only really began to understand what it was all about after reading John Higgs' remarkable book about the KLF, which – true to form – is just as much about Discordianism, magick, and the career of Ken Campbell, as it is about Messrs. Drummond and Cauty. Reading the book inspired me to go back and re-read the labyrinthine *Illuminatus* trilogy by Robert Anton Wilson and Robert Shea, and also inspired me to check out things like *Principia Discordia* by Malaclypse the Younger and the other dude, whose name I always forget. This led me into a fairly serious (if one can use that adjective under these circumstances) examination of the cult of Eris, and whilst I have not become a Discordian myself, being sufficiently confused by my own espoused mish-mash of Christianity and Paganism, I am definitely what one might call an Erisian fellow traveller.

BRENTON CLUTTERBUCK



LEOSKYBAYS
PANTHEON FORTNIGHTLY INTERVIEWS

And so, I got hold of this book sometime last summer, and I have been reading it at intervals ever since. It is far too rich and heady fare to be read in one go; not because it is badly written – not at all. But it is such immensely dense writing, and contains such a wealth of esoterica that it needs to be read in small chunks so that it can be easily digested. Or at least, I found it to be so.

The basic premise of the book is thus: the author embarked on a quest. Now, before we go any further, I don't believe for a moment that his parents bestowed upon him the name 'Brenton Clutterbuck' at birth. However, there is a long and noble tradition within Discordianism of giving each other stupid and portentous sounding names. The aforementioned Malaclypse the Younger was actually called Gregory Hill, but this name would not have been half as conducive to his 'career' as a prophet of Eris.

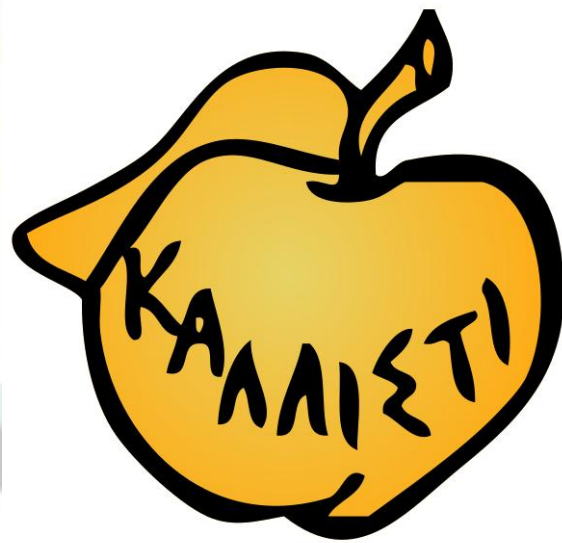
Clutterbuck's grand quest was to travel

around the world, meeting various people involved in Discordianism and its allied disciplines to a greater or lesser degree, and this book recounts his adventures. Of course, it explores the well known events, such as Ken Campbell's monumental, not to say epic, dramatic reconstruction of the *Illuminatus* trilogy on stage and what happened when two disaffected rock stars decided to burn a million quid. But these stories are well known, even though Clutterbuck brings a new perspective on them. What is far more interesting, is the way that he meets 'ordinary' (if such an adjective can be used to describe people involved in the cult of Discordia) people who are involved in this extraordinary way of life.

The big question asked throughout the book is whether Discordianism is a religion or a joke. The answer, of course, is that it is both. Nowhere is it written that a religion has to be deadly serious. Indeed, within Roman Catholicism, for example, there are enough incidents of slapstick humour to

bear out the truth of my assertion. Take the story of St. Joseph of Cupertino. He was basically a feeble-minded Franciscan Friar who lived the seventeenth century, whose claim to fame was that when he got excited or ecstatic, he would levitate and often lose control of his bladder. There is a story that, one day, someone said to him that "God had sent them a beautiful day", and young Joseph was so happy that he floated above the entire congregation sitting in church and ecstatically pissed upon them all. There is nothing even half as ludicrous, or slapstickly funny, as this in the entire canon of Discordian teachings.

What is interesting, at least to me, is the way that in the sixty-odd years since Greg Hill and his mate Kerry Thornley first promulgated the discipline of Discordianism, it has spread aetiology similar to that that one would have expected of any intellectual discipline. As Clutterbuck travels around the globe meeting Discordians in real life that he previously had only contacted online in a markedly *ad hoc* manner, he finds that the way that Discordianism has developed in each of these countries is markedly different from each other. This, of course, is something that can be seen in more conventional religions. The Christianity practiced by the Coptic peoples of Ethiopia is, for example, about as far removed from the 'Holy Rollers' of various parts of the United States as you can get. But, of course, Christianity has had two thousand years to develop and metastasise, whereas – as previously noted – Discordianism (a religion that claims to venerate the ancient Greek goddess of Chaos) has only been around since 1963. Personally, I find the way that this religion has developed separately along geographical lines absolutely fascinating, and I truly think that the



study of this weird discipline tells us far more about the metaphysics of 'belief' than most theologians or, indeed, sociologists, would care to admit.

Because, at least in the Western world, we seem to find the idea that something comedic can be of proper spiritual value complete anathema. Something can be a joke, or it can be serious, but there is some sort of spiritual OCD within us all, which says that it cannot be both. Brenton Clutterbuck, like many a Discordian luminary before him, disproves this assertion once and for all.

In our increasingly peculiar and disturbing world, perhaps Discordianism is the ideal religion for these troubled times. Or perhaps it isn't. It doesn't really matter.

Hail Eris.





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"

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Gregg Kofi Brown

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

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

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

CD and book available soon from Gonzo Multimedia

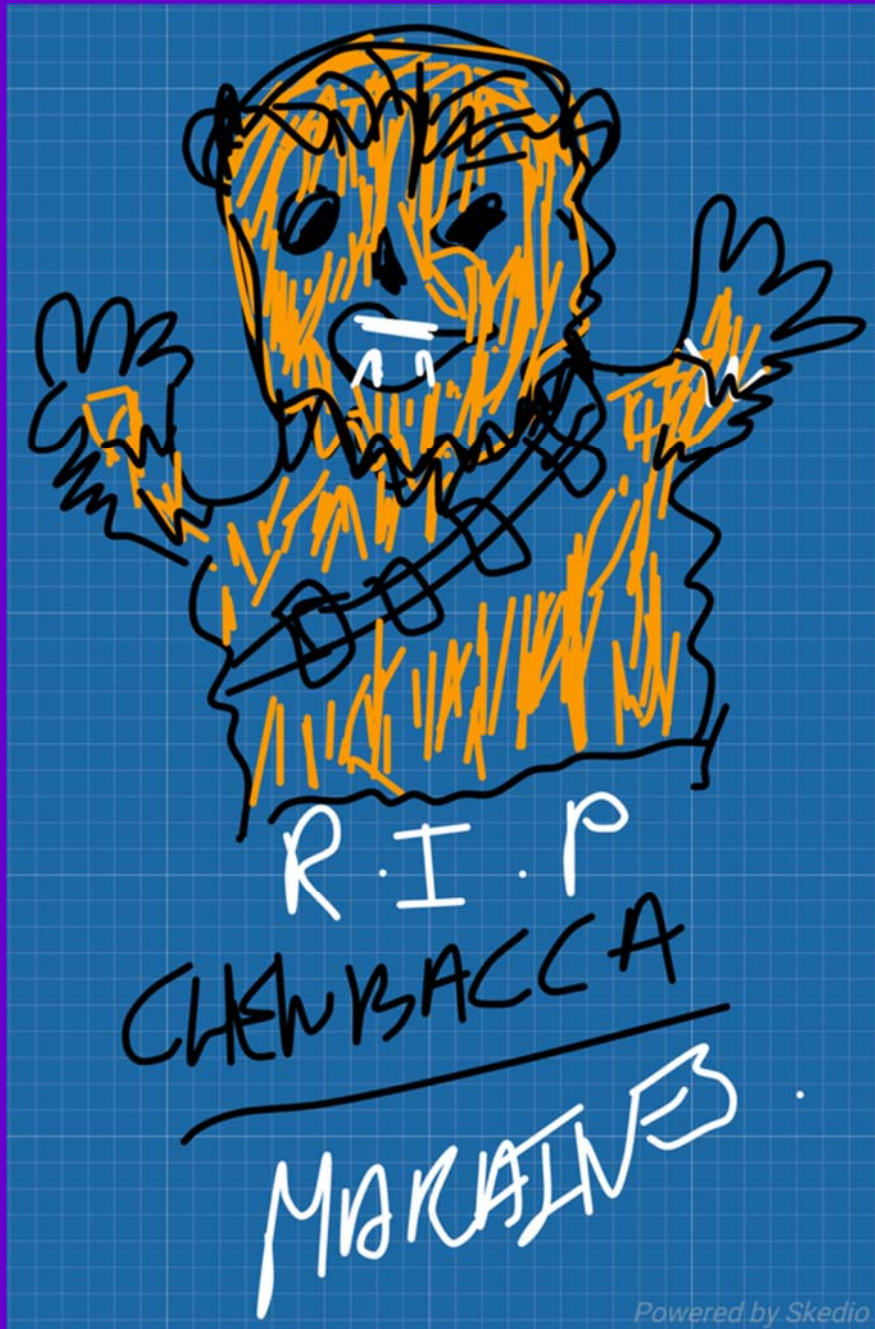


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THE WORLD OF GONZO ACCORDING TO

Mark Raines



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

PS shows can be downloaded

<http://maraines88.podbean.com/>

Well, here we are at the end of another issue. I have spent much of this last week trying to find the whereabouts of the author of a series of novels of which I am really rather fond.

It all goes back a few years to when Corinna and I were visiting Olivia (my stepdaughter and coincidentally the person to whom I am dictating this slice of deathless prose) at her home in Norwich. We flew from Exeter to Norwich, and because of the strictures of the Ryanair baggage allowance, we could not take as much stuff with us as we would have done if we'd gone by car, and so - as I am an avid reader and always have a selection of books on the go - I swallowed my natural dislike of eBooks and looked at ways I could find some reading material that I could take with me without having to spend any money. And, I found, to my great pleasure, that there are various places on the Internet where one could get hold of eBooks - legally, I would like to stress - without having to splash the cash. And so, this is exactly what I did.

One of these books, that I got for free (from a website that I have completely forgotten), was called *Adventures in Funeral Crashing*, which I chose because of the amusing title and not for any other reason. I have no idea what I thought it was going to be like, but it turned out to be an amusing and stylish detective story aimed at a target audience about four decades younger than me, featuring a teenage girl who liked to "crash" funerals and hang out in graveyards. And no, it's nowhere near as morbid as that sounds.

The author turned out to be a lady called Milda Harris, and - even though I had to pay for the rest of her books - I soon romped through the entire series, and other things she wrote, and enjoyed most of them massively.

At the end of book four, there was (as had been the case in all the previous books) a taster for the next in the series. This was to be called *Adventures in French Sleuthing*, and was to be released at some time during 2017.

Now this is where it gets weird. The first deadline came and went, and the release date was then given as some time in 2018. And it seemed that every three months or so, the release date would be put back further. I began to get mildly annoyed by this, but



there were far more important things in my life last year than the release date of an eBook aimed at young adults. So, I basically forgot all about it.

Then, over the weekend, I was inspired to write Ms. Harris a letter, asking for clarification. I tried to contact her via Twitter, and found out that it was impossible to directly message her account. So, I found her on Facebook, noted that there hadn't been a post on either her personal page or the fan page for her books since January, and sent her a message. I then looked at her account on Smashwords, and found that it appeared to be dormant. Finally, I checked out her website, only to find... wait for it...

... that it was selling furniture, rather than eBooks.

So what the bloody hell has happened? Her books on Amazon, which it turned out, were available only through Createspace, appear to be largely still available, although some titles are inexplicably missing, but other places which used to advertise her books no longer do so. It is a mystery worthy of Kait Lennox, the young protagonist of the novels, herself. I will let you know how my investigations progress, but in the mean time, I wish you all health and happiness until the next issue.

Jon

THE BEST LAID PLANS

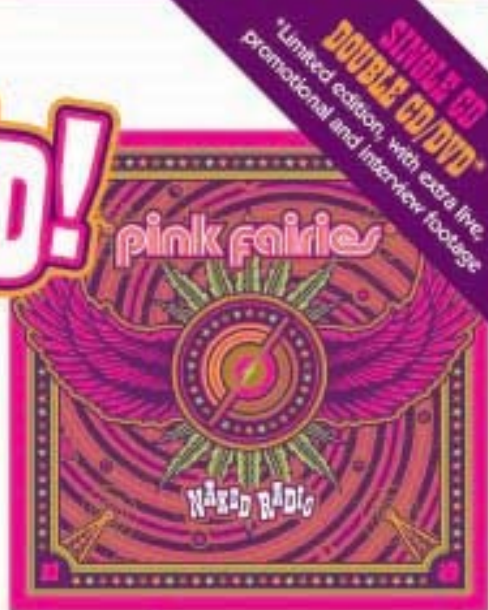
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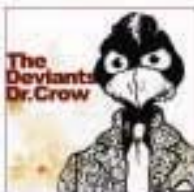
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