

GONZO



#391/2

AWOPBOPALOOBOP!

ISSN 2516-1946

GONZO

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LEST WE FORGET



John Brodie Good



Dave McMann



Mick Farren

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 non-standard issue of the increasingly misnamed *Gonzo Weekly*, lovingly crafted for, and by, these non-standard times.

Once again, life is continually peculiar. Corinna went into hospital yesterday morning and came out yesterday evening, and the same thing is scheduled to happen on Wednesday,

although everything can, might, and often does, change on a sixpence. So God alone knows what is actually going to happen.

But it's not all doom and gloom here in Lockdown City. One of the things that I actually really rather like is the fact that Alan Dearing and I have long and cheerful conversations most mornings, and – yesterday – we progressed to being what Martin Degville et al. would have called '21st century boys' and used videochat for our morning conversation, which was – perforce – interrupted two or three times by phone calls from the hospital and some Western Oriental Gentleman trying to flog me non-existent double-glazing.

We have been talking about all sorts of things that aging hippies tend to talk about, including various festivals that we had been to at the time.

I remembered the occasion when one of the Sunday colour supplements had included a photograph of Twink and Russell Hunter from the Pink Fairies skyclad on stage.

I remembered the shitstorm of indignation



Awopbopalooobop alopbamboom

from my father, and thought that if I could get hold of a copy of this picture – which I thought was taken at Phun City – then it would make an amusing anecdote for these pages.

However, Alan wrote:

“I was at Phun City but I don't remember them being nude. Hawkwind's drummer was - but I'm not sure that was Phun City. It is mythical now, but it was a complete shambles with little going on a lot of the time.”

And went on to say:

“I seem to remember it as having about 100 people spread across a sloping field with nothing much going on...”

Now, I am quite an innocent sort of cove, and so I was not prepared for what I found when I put in “+Russell Hunter+Twink+naked” into Google. But although I didn't find the picture of the two drummers of the Pink Fairies capering about in the altogether, I did get hold of a whole pile of graphic homosexual pornography which came close to making me blush.

A little further investigation told me that the word ‘Twink’ refers to a certain subset of young man, especially when they are engaged in boy on boy action. I wonder should I tell

Mohammed Abdullah John Alder, or will you? I have always got on very well with Twink, and have interviewed him a couple of times for these pages, and would not like to do anything that would jeopardise that.

So, once again coming over like a post-modern version of Esther Rantzen, it's over to you guys. Have any of you got a picture of various members of the Pink Fairies capering about with their meat and two veg displayed for all to see? Mick Farren mentions it in one of his books, and somewhere I have a copy of the Pink Fairies biography, but my library is in such disarray, as it has been a store room for mother's effects ever since her death in December - and she lived in it the six or so years before - so it is still more of an old lady's bedroom than an elderly cryptozoologist and rock and roll flaneur's library. But Graham has just brought me a cup of coffee as I sit here dictating deathless prose to my step-amanuensis, Olivia, and I have asked him to have a quick shufti and see if he can find either of the tomes.

But I want to change the subject!

As anyone who knows me will attest, I am particular fond of the lyrical side of rock music. Indeed, I have been quoted as saying that my

اللجنة لهم إذا كانوا لا تأخذ نكتة



favourite rock band would have been Abba but with the vocals and lyrics provided by either Tom Waits or Captain Beefheart. In fact, the more I think of it, I think that this would be such a sublime mixture that all the hundred thousand names of God would fall into place automatically, and the universe as we know it would immediately come to an end. Which would be no bad thing.

I don't think that you could get much better tunesmiths, or indeed arrangers, than Abba, but their lyrics always made me want to embark upon a blood-fuelled killing spree.

"Dancing queen, young and clean, only seventeen..."

Fuck me ragged, even repeating these words in order to make a poetic and artistic point begins to get my ire up. Indeed, as far as I'm concerned, the best use of this song was when Messrs Drummond and Cauty railroaded it for 'The Queen and I' on the first Justified Ancients of Mu Mu album. (And I am sure I

can visualise my step-amanuensis across the aether, and my ailing missus on the other side of the room, thinking "Bloody hell, he's managed to get the KLF into yet another editorial!")

However, like many people, I am in mourning this week. Because the greatest lyricist, or at least the man who penned the greatest lyric in the whole canon of rock and roll music, has died at the age of 87. The reverend Richard Penniman was an American singer, songwriter and musician, and was an influential figure in popular music and culture for seven decades.

Never heard of him? Oh yes you have! Hang on, I will get my voice into the right raspy shout and quote you the aforementioned greatest line in the history of rock and roll music, if not popular music as a whole.

Here we go:

<screams> "Awopbopalooobop
alopbamboom!"

It was only when dictating this to Olivia that I realised that I'd never written it before, and when I looked online the best resource I could find was Nick Cohn, and he wrote 'Saturday Night Fever', so he must know.

But, I hear you saying, that is a line of barely alliterative nonsense. You are a devotee of everything that is literate and wordy. How come this is the greatest line of rock music?

Well, it's simple. I like complex, well-crafted and intricate music, like the stuff that Steely Dan produced for so many years. But the greatest song ever is 'Louie Louie', preferably as sung by Iggy and the Stooges. It only has three chords, and no fixed set of lyrics. Why? Because it doesn't need any more.

And the beginning of 'Tutti Frutti' by Little Richard is completely sublime and doesn't need any more words to get its heartfelt message across. And if you don't get that, you shouldn't be reading this magazine.

Little Richard died last week, at the age of 87. Without him, there would have been no Beatles, no Elvis (at least, not in the way that we know him today), and probably no rock and roll. And none of us sitting here reading these words would be here.

Rest in peace, man!

And I was going to tell you all the story about how I thought that I bought two packets of diabetic friendly biscuits, and was mightily surprised (and had all sorts of teasing from my wife and Graham) when an enormous crate arrived, containing two bloody great catering packs and several other standalone packets of different biscuits as well. And I wasn't even drunk when I ordered them.

It's a good thing I like biscuits.

I will see you in the next issue, God willing.

Stay safe.

Hare bol,

Jon



Russell Hunter, Twink, Little Richard, The EBC Foundation, Edinburgh Blues Club, John Lennon, Virtual Stonehenge 2020, 'Covid Connections' around the World Part 2, Alan Dearling, Natalia Utkina, Manuela Simola, Angelos Bolotos, Virginia Moerenhout, Graham Inglis, Football, Ruhr derby between Borussia Dortmund and Schalke, Friday Night Progressive, The Merrell Fankhuser Raadio Show, Brian Anthony Howe, Benedict Chijioko, John Macurdy, Andre O'Neal Harrell, İbrahim Gökçek, Marcus Barkan, Richard Wayne Penniman (aka Little Richard), Carlos José Ramos dos Santos, Bessie Regina Norris, David António Corrêa, Jean Nichol (stage name of Louis Simoneau), Gustavo Nakatani Ávila, better known as Yoshio, Aldo Bassi, William Awihilima Kahaial'i, known as Willie K, Lucky Peterson (born Judge Kenneth Peterson), Eusebio Grados, (Also known as Chato Grados), Denny DeMarchi, Phil May (born Philip Dennis Arthur Wadey, later Kattner), Guillermo "Jorge" Santana, Derek John Lawrence, John David "Moon" Martin, Rick Wakeman, The Waterson Family, The Fall, Richard Wright and Dave Harris - Zee, Chasing the Monsoon, PAART, 'Beat Instrumental' March '69, Instrumental News, Vivian Stanshall, Ric Lee, Rick Sanders, Chicken Shack, Mike Clifford, Man, Psychedelic Wolf, Caravan, Kev Rowland, Pain, Ten, Argos, Stick Men, Stick Men+, Tony Klinger, Martin Springett

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 cat) ably assisted by:

Corinna Downes,
(Sub Editor, and my lovely wife)
Alan Dearing,
(Contributing Editor, Features writer)
Douglas Harr,
(Features writer, columnist)
Bart Lancia,
(My favourite roving reporter)
Thom the World Poet,
(Bard in residence)
Graham Inglis,
(Columnist, *Hawkwind* nut)
C.J.Stone,
(Columnist, commentator
and all round good egg)
John Brodie-Good
(in memoriam)
Jeremy Smith
(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)
Phil Bayliss
(Ace backroom guy on proofing and research)
Dean Phillips
(The House Wally)
Rob Ayling
(The *Grande Fromage*,
of whom we are all in awe)
and **Peter McAdam**
(McDada in residence)

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

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

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

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

so what's it all about, Alfie?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

ROCKIN' THE CITY OF ANGELS

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 features over 600 images. Foreword by Armando Gallo.

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ROLLING STONES
JOHN DIXIE DREGS
TYX HEART WINGS P.F.M.
HAPPY THE MAN KATE BUSH



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

Edinburgh Blues Club launches EBC Foundation

The EBC Foundation is a community arm of the Edinburgh Blues Club to replace its changing charity partners. It will allow the club take control of the allocation of funds to ensure they are invested in a relevant, complimentary and recorded fashion. Its purpose is to involve, engage and empower Edinburgh Blues Club and its members in the decision making on the allocation of funds and sits comfortably within the club's social enterprise status.

Richard Tweeddale, Club chairman, said of the initiative, 'It has been established with the belief that the success of Edinburgh Blues Club is measured not only by membership numbers and ticket sales, but also by the influence the club can have to positively impact the blues community and environment of Edinburgh for its artists, residents and visitors.'

The current pandemic has hastened the launch of EBC Foundation and our immediate aims are to help support local artists, venues and indeed the infrastructure necessary for musicians and touring music to survive and thrive.'

What have we done so far?



ESTABLISHED
2014

"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

- 'Pre-paid' for future performances to several local musicians whose income and livelihoods have been decimated by the Covid-19 pandemic and lock down.
- For all venue hire fees already paid for postponed shows, we have not requested a refund. We hope this will allow the venues to continue to cover essential costs and contribute to their survival.
- Made a sizable contribution to Gerry Jablonski Band's appeal to raise funds to record a single and accompanying video.
- Committed to re-arrange all shows which have been cancelled.
- Committed to a member's event exclusively featuring local artists.
- Offered pre-payment to our locally based designer who creates our flyers, posters and adverts.
- Tentatively arranged a 2 day January 'festival' style show headlined by international artists but supported by the best of Scottish blues.

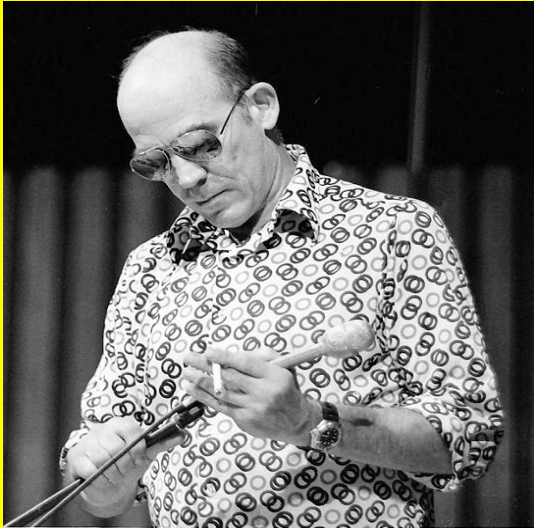
Our objectives going forward

- Inspire young musicians and provide them with the opportunity to develop their learning, i.e. funding placements at Edinburgh Jazz & Blues' 'Blues Academy' and providing opportunities for 1-2-1 lessons with future Edinburgh Blues Club artists.
- Financially support young musicians and bands - i.e. rehearsal room expenses, leads/cables/strings/cymbals and other miscellaneous necessities.
- Assisting with tour costs for Edinburgh bands looking to tour.

We are excited to grow and develop the EBC Foundation and see how we can advance and elaborate it and what it can achieve in the future.

LENNON'S ON SALE AGAIN
<https://bestclassicbands.com/john-lennon-1980-book-kenneth-womack-5-16-20/>

John Lennon's final year, one initially of hope and renewal, yet ultimately of tragedy, is the subject of an upcoming book, *John Lennon 1980: The Last Days in the Life*. The new title, from noted Beatles historian Kenneth Womack, arrives October 29, via Omnibus Press.



WHO GONZO? WHY GONZO? WHAT GONZO?

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

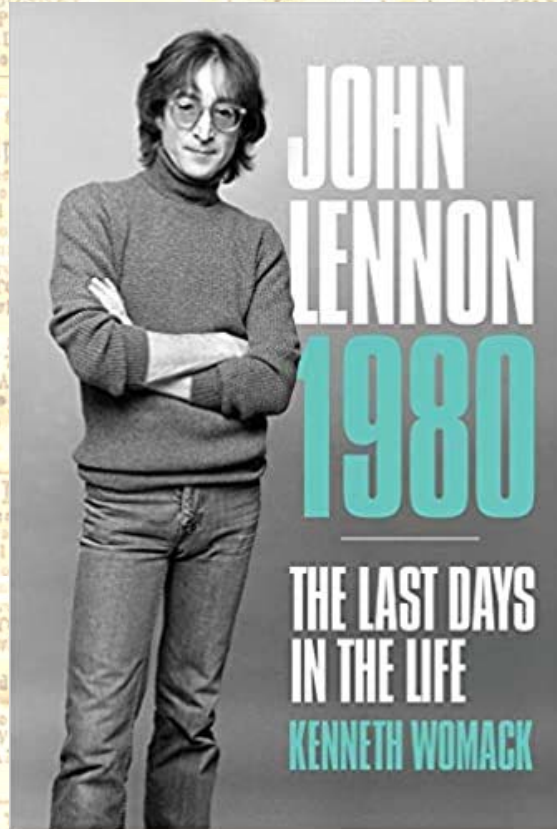
- [A potted history of his life and works](#)
- [Rob Ayling explains why he called his company 'Gonzo'](#)

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

"I was not proud of what I had learned but I never doubted that it was worth knowing."

Hunter S. Thompson

The book's publication date falls a few weeks after what would have been Lennon's 80th birthday, and roughly six weeks before the 40th anniversary of his death.



From the book's announcement: "Lennon's final pivotal year would climax in unforgettable moments of creative triumph as he rediscovered his artistic self in dramatic fashion. With the bravura release of the *Double Fantasy* album with wife Yoko Ono, Lennon was poised and ready for an even brighter future, only to be wrenched from the world by an assassin's bullets.

"Drawing on new interviews, the book is an informative, engaging and often deeply moving portrayal of the final chapter in Lennon's remarkable life."

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the cars...
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Boe, N. E. Village, C...
the General Stage O...
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Leave Providence at...
morning and evening...
support boats...
morning and evening...
connector with trains...
ickets sold at Provid...
rich and Worcester...
RIGHT TRAIN...
red-roads Dyer, G...
EPL...
Leave Uxbridge for...
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the 6:20 A.M. train...
ket with train for...
the 5:40 P.M. train...
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on class tickets...
rules stop at Mill...
ville, Northridge...
stations, Waterford...
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EIGHT NOTIC...
after they are rec...
No freight receipt...

Worcester, South...
Team Prop...
NEW...
Garden Block...
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No. 44 Front Street...
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AMOR Arrangem...
THROUGH P...
no Worcester at...
The last on the...
6 1/2 P. M. train will...
engers will leave...
engers will leave...
6 1/2 P. M. train will...
29 passengers...
Leave BOSTON at...
7 1/2 P. M. train will...
lay stations for...
engers for Worcester at Way stations west of Pro...
viden.

10 A. M. train will...
6 P. M. train will...
engers for Western Railroad passengers at Brighton on...
Sunday.
6 P. M. train to the New York Steamboat Train, to...
Norwich, to run as heretofore, without stops, except at...
rumpden.
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Three Times each way Daily.
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EYEWITNESS

Virtual Stonehenge 2020

"Hello there.

*Everyone has a smart phone these days.
Or a reasonably bloody clever when they*

*want to be phone. It's so easy to post a
mug shot or video online. So, why not
dress-up in your best festival garb, give it
a few words of wisdom/wonder, try out
your best blag or site swagger, or sample
in some tunes and throw down some
shapes? How cool would it be to fill this
virtual Stonehenge Festival 2020 with
faces? Familiar faces, happy faces. So
yeah, don't be shy. Show us that twinkle
in your festival eye... x"*

Neil Goodwin (as Charlie X)



NICKY NEWMAN
PHOTOGRAPHY



Elina Garland, contributor with many other Travellers and Festi People, to: ‘A Time to Travel?’, ‘Travelling Daze’, and ‘Battle of the Beanfield’ books writes:

“As Neil Goodwin told me, Stonehenge was always CHAOS CENTRAL. A Virtual Stonehenge 2020 will be Virtual Chaos... it was always Anarchic. In the later years , running up to the infamous Battle of the Beanfield in 1985, 100,000+ city tourists, moved it from the Good Vibes of the early years of Here and Now, Gong, Zorch, Hawkwind and more, into one almighty Bad Vibe, oft-peopled with heavy geezers being violent, stealing and selling bad drugs. There was still some good music, cosmic experiences and some nice people...”

The entry page to the Virtual Stonehenge site is from the Website:

<https://www.stonehenge2020.com/?fbclid=IwAR2rGjsw4kr8oJUt33MVUQh9dU2CbgcfS7nOJRmVgP0YzmCUdc1JxWsWg-U>

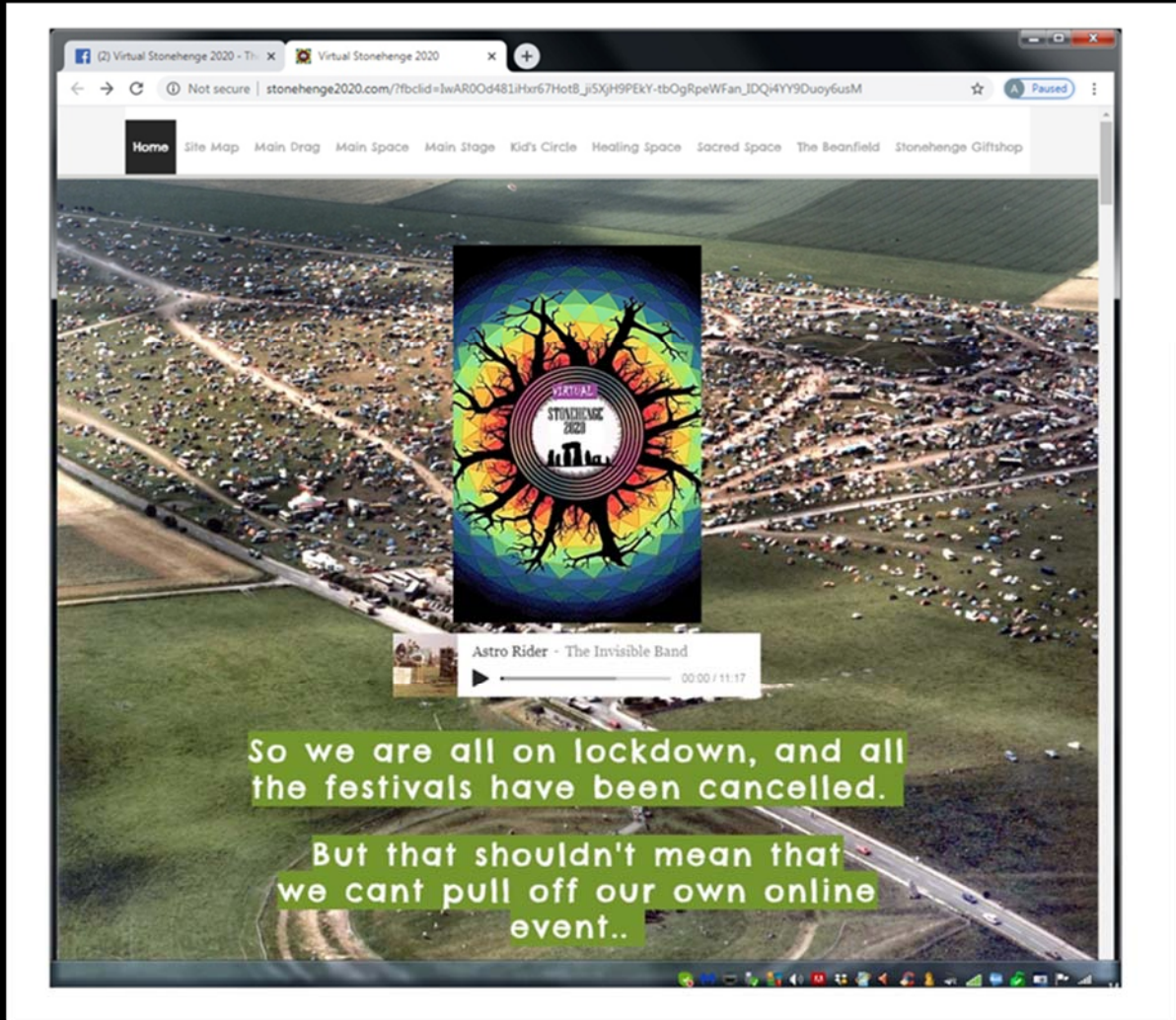
https://www.facebook.com/Virtual-Stonehenge-2020-The-Main-Stage-105650287803191/?ref=py_c

BUT...

On the next pages there is a Visual Guide on how you can enter the site and reach the posting pages located on a variety of Facebook pages. There’s no Index or Categories of performance, rants etc...

You just post what you want on whichever Facebook page you fancy inhabiting with your 2020 vibes...



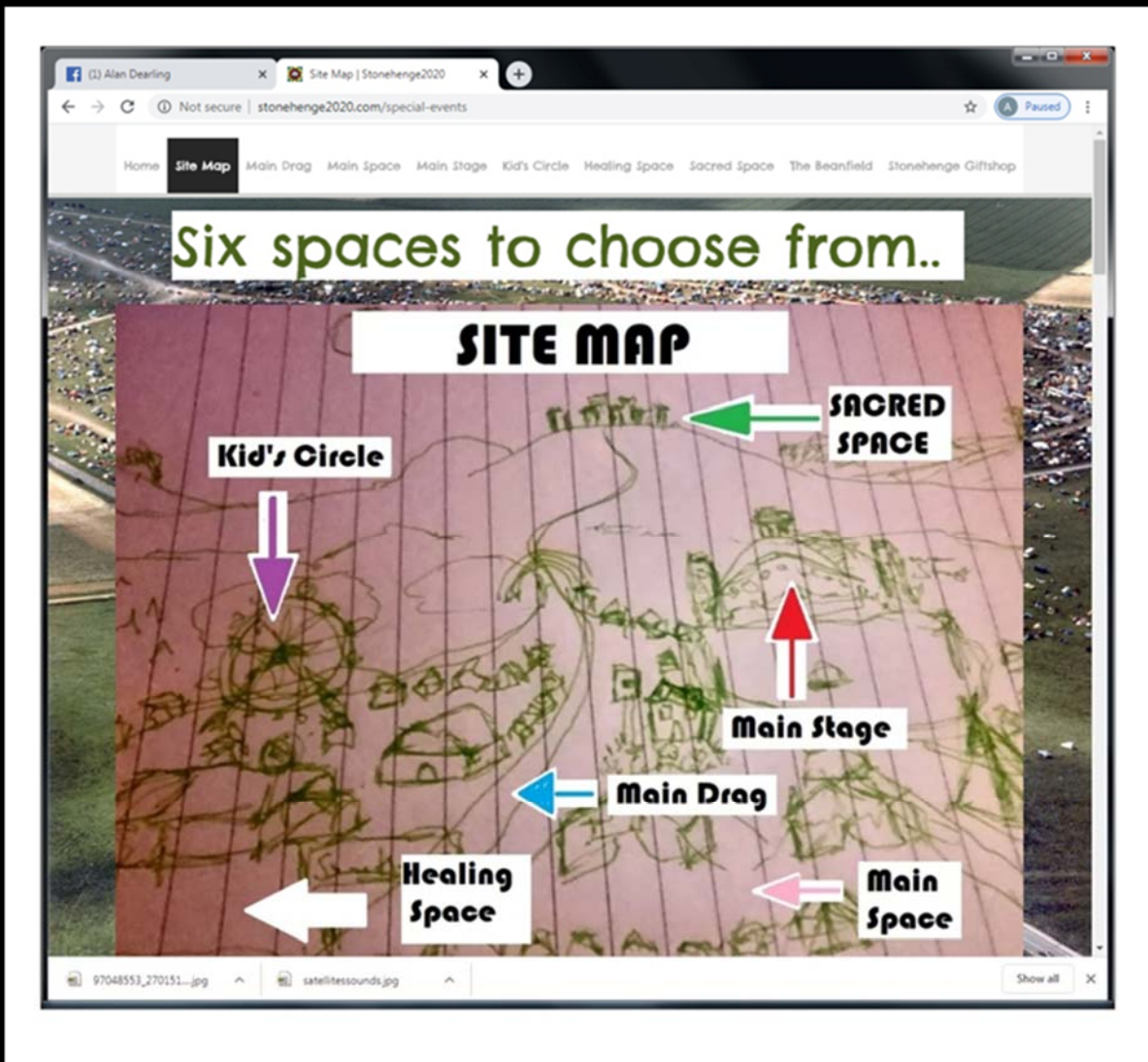


Click on the **Stonehenge Virtual** page





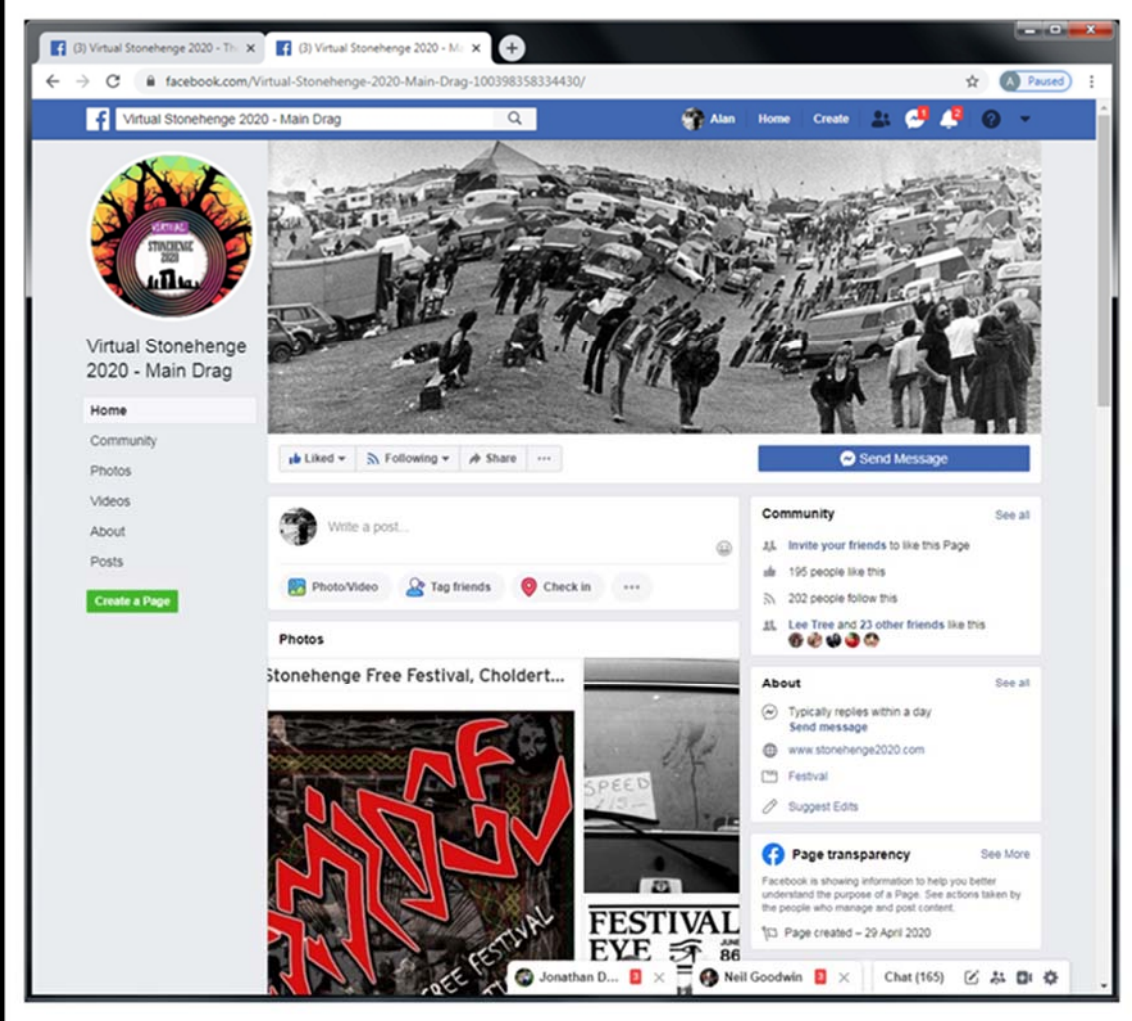
This is the Site Map page. Click on an area at the top of the page, which takes you to a separate Facebook page:



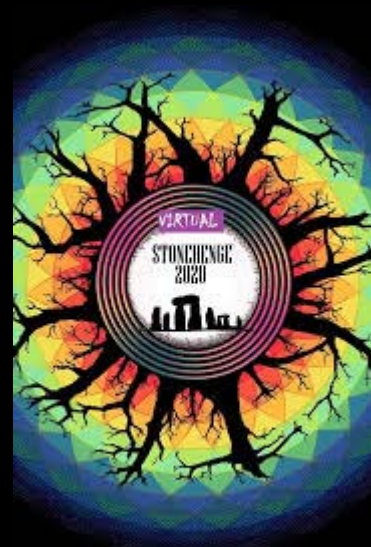


For example, take a look at the **Main Drag**.
And click on the photo at the bottom of the
page to enter.

The screenshot shows a web browser window with the URL `stonehenge2020.com/wow-art-sessions`. The page title is 'Main Drag | Stonehenge2020'. The navigation menu includes: Home, Site Map, Main Drag (highlighted), Main Space, Main Stage, Kid's Circle, Healing Space, Sacred Space, The Beanfield, and Stonehenge Giftshop. The main content area features a large black and white photograph of a festival street. The text 'THE MAIN DRAG' is overlaid in large green letters. Below the photo, a text box reads: 'Meet Random Strangers, buskers, dealers, stall-holders, clowns, crafts folk, still walkers, you name it. The Main Drag is the back-bone of the site. Bump into someone you haven't seen for ages, or simply bimble through on...'. The browser's address bar shows 'Not secure | stonehenge2020.com/wow-art-sessions'. The bottom of the page shows a file manager interface with two files: '97048553_270151...jpg' and 'satellitessounds.jpg', and a 'Show all' button.

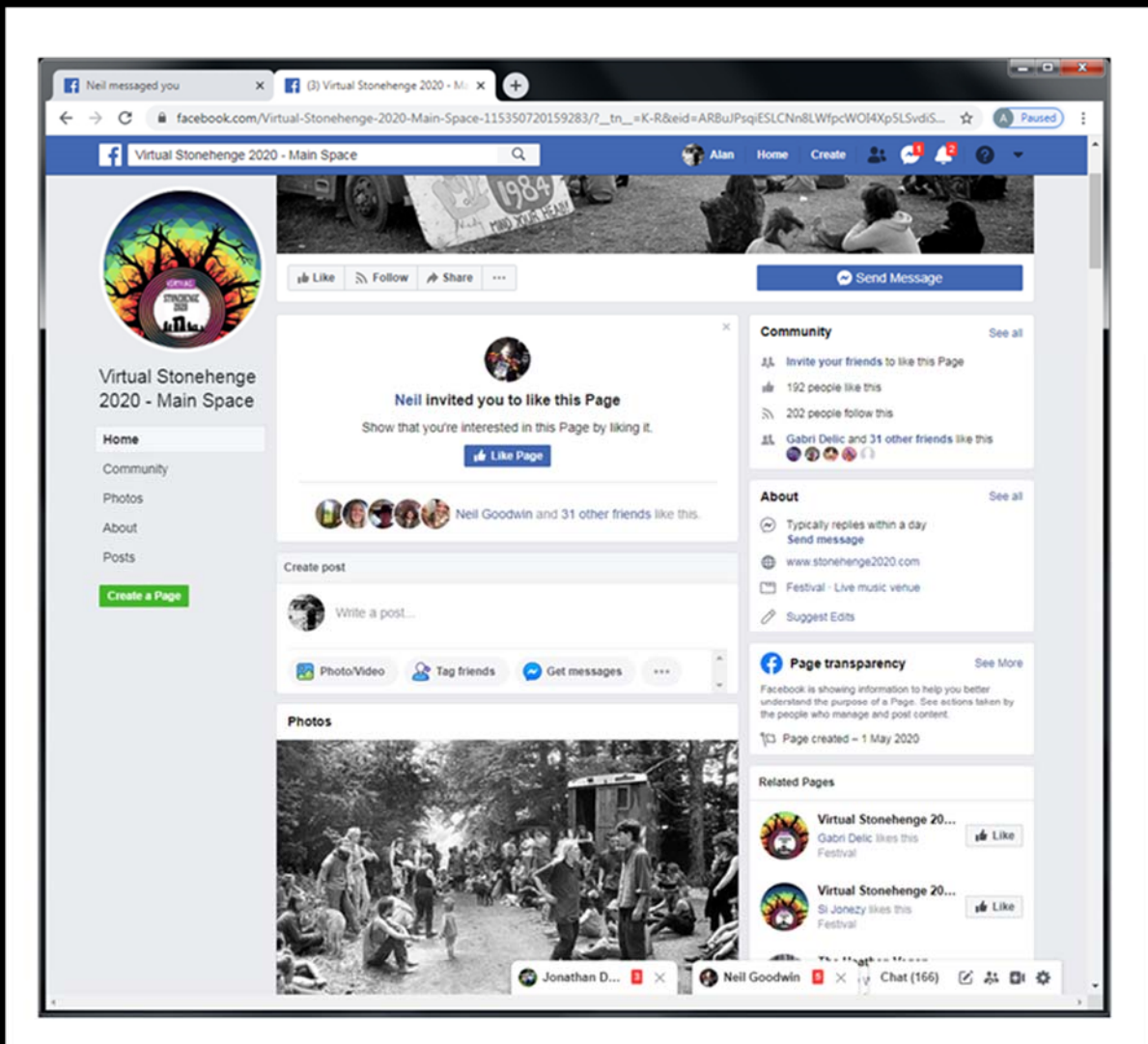


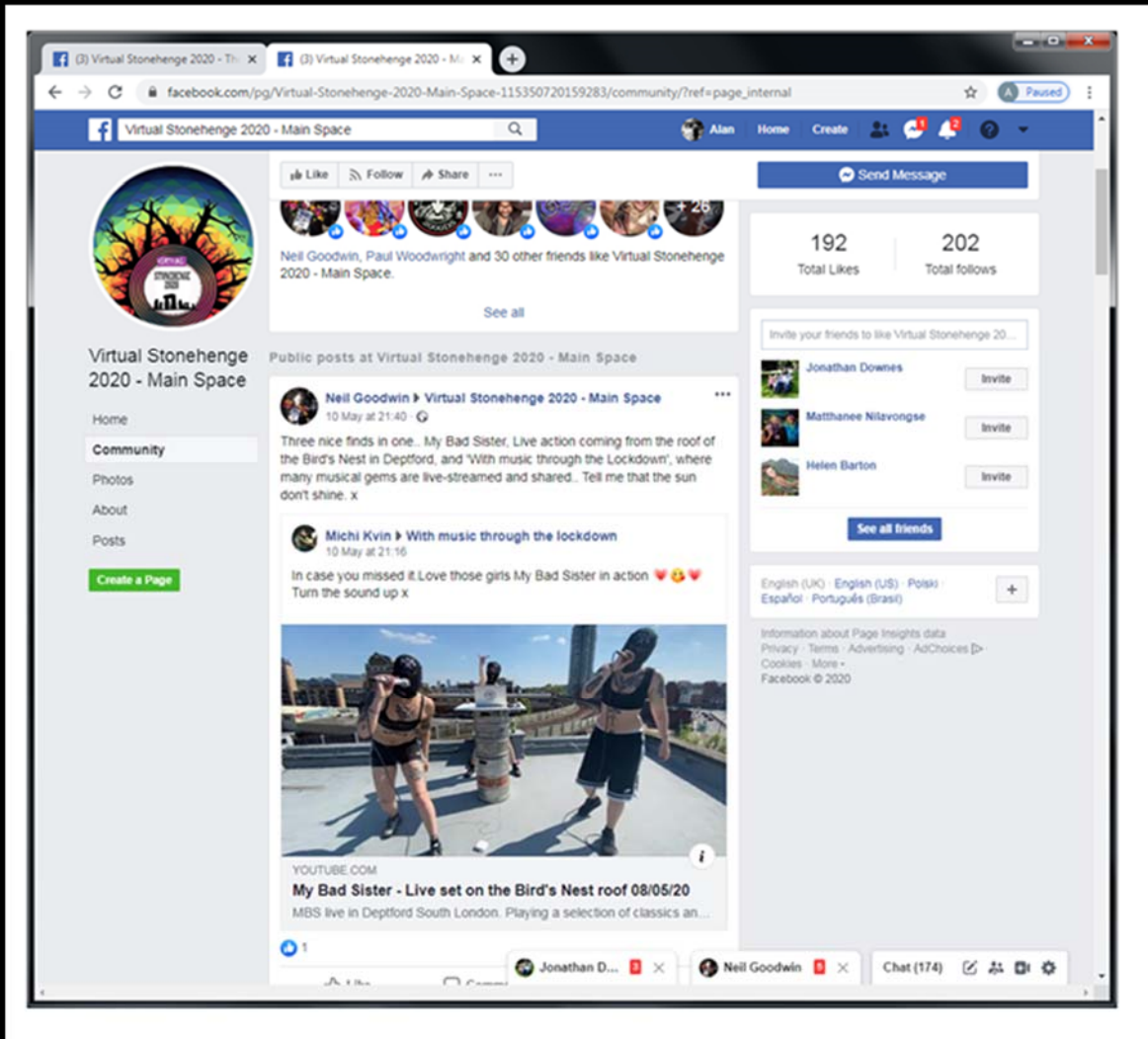
Here you can add your own content, performance, video or whatever as a **POST**. You are **CREATING** an entry on that page.





Or, for example, go to the Main Space and Add your Post.





To see what's going on...On the left hand-side, click on **COMMUNITY**, and you can scroll up and down to see who and what has already been posted. What's going on in that part of the Virtual Stonehenge site.

There is no distinction between Performers and Festi-People at Virtual Stonehenge 2020.

You are **ALL PERFORMERS**





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

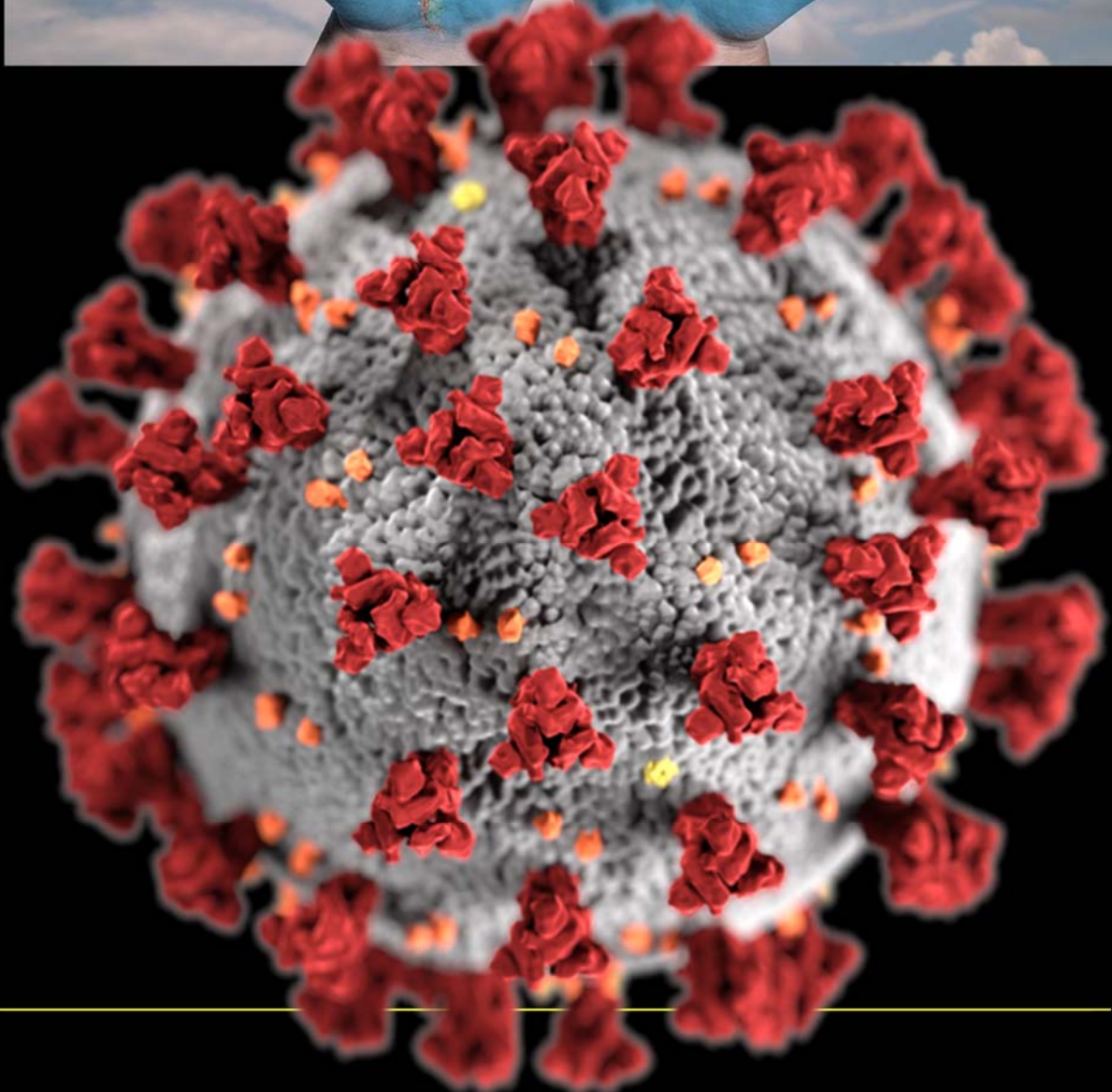
The strong and courageous take a camera

The weak and cowardly take a gun

What sort of person are you?

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





A
JOURNAL

OF THE

Plague Year:

B E I N G

Observations or Memorials,

Of the most Remarkable

OCCURRENCES,

As well

PUBLICK *as* PRIVATE,

Which happened in

~~THE~~ **WORLD**

During the last

GREAT VISITATION

In **2020**

Written by a CITIZEN who continued all the
while in *London*. Never made publick before

L O N D O N :

Printed for *E. Nutt* at the *Royal-Exchange*; *J. Roberts*
in *Warwick-Lane*; *A. Dodd* without *Temple-Bar*;
and *J. Graves* in *St. James's-street*. 1722.

It is very difficult to be a journalist in these times with the story that is on everybody's lips changing so rapidly. Each day I am receiving stories from all around the world; some from people I know, others from total strangers. This is undoubtedly the worst global crisis to happen in my lifetime, and I am 61 this year, and I think it's going to be the biggest game changer at least since 9-11, and possibly since the end of the Second World War. Whatever happens during the unfolding crisis, nothing will ever be the same again.

I am not even going to attempt to keep an up-to-the-minute journal of events, but I would like to try and produce an ongoing oral history of what happens, and how – most importantly – it affects the readers of this magazine. Please grab me on Facebook, (using my personal account as Jonathan Downes, rather than the magazine account) or by email at jon@eclipse.co.uk if you want to contribute.

‘Covid Connections’ around the World *Part 2*

Alan Dearling

An Introduction of sorts

In my ‘Intro’ to Part 1 of the very personal stories in ‘Covid Connections’, I started by saying that, “*the responses to the Covid-19 pandemic around the world are ever-changing, at variance, and frequently baffling.*” If anything, a few more weeks further on into the global pandemic, the news is even more confused and confusing. Second waves of contagion; ‘is there-isn’t there’ accurate testing available?; the Magic ‘R’ number; quarantine for travellers; the ‘New Normal’ (now, there’s a conundrum!); when will there be a vaccine?; how many businesses will never re-open?; How should we travel safely in the future? The problem of who is asymptomatic and presymptomatic?

An almost endless set of questions and challenges.

In China, the two major cities of Shulan and Wuhan have lurched back into lockdown after new batches of Covid-19 cases. And now we have the giant ‘baby-steps’ being taken by the UK’s English government urging people ‘To Be Alert’; whilst Scotland, Wales and Northern Ireland are remaining much more cautious. The gradual loosening up of lockdowns and controls across some

In this Covid Connections’ collection (Part 2), we hear from my friends, Natalia in Russia, Manuela in Madeira, Angelos in Lithuania, plus a complex, moving and deeply personal contribution from artist, Virginie, from Maastricht, Netherlands. It helps to make us realise how every Covid-related experience is personal, different and socially, economically and politically contextualised in the space, place, government and culture of the countries they live in.

nations in Europe and parts of North America is reported daily, discussed and dissected in the media, analysed by experts and then, erm, ‘parked’. The Covid Journey continues... No clear End of the Road, no single destination.

But, before you read their pieces, I want to let off a bit of steam. I have many, many friends, acquaintances, work colleagues, creative types from around the world contacting me. A very small number are, to my mind, spreading seriously dangerous propaganda. I won’t even call it misguided, or, fake news. They claim that the Covid-19 pandemic is a Total Fraud. A Sham. A Global Conspiracy. Some seem to suggest it is an Illuminati Plot to kill off the old and infirm, or to complete a World Power Grab. Some of my ‘friends’ are linking it to quasi-medical evidence that vaccines are designed to kill, and some are even using it to reinforce their belief in the Flat Earth that we inhabit. Most are loudly advocating that the populace needs to ignore lock-down and safety measures. Presidents Trump (USA) and Bolsonaro (Brazil) could quite easily be their

Personal Messiahs in terms of questioning the very existence of the pandemic, or, that thousands of people have actually died from the Coronavirus. I don't want to name names, but here are few direct quotes and images they have shared:

- "People wake up and don't buy the media lies any more. We can't have health without freedom."

- "Please stop believing this pandemic pantomime. They're fudging the figures & twisting reality to suit their own agenda."
- "The lock down is unlawful & goes against the Nuremberg code, common law & the Magna Carta!"

Now, don't get me wrong, I enjoy a good Conspiracy Theory. In the past, I've been



I have my own story of my Sister-in-law's fiance died of a massive heart attack on April 3rd and they recorded his death as COVID-19.

I knew since then something was wrong and of course paying attention to media reports of proof.

The government is not going to send the GAO after this to verify money was spent correctly.

7h Like Reply

115 >

Yup
 My friends cousin was kicked in the head by her young horse accidentally Sadly she died several days later from a brain haemorrhage
 Death certificate was Signed
 Cause of death Covid 19 😞
 There were 3 witnesses there when it happened
 She was a perfectly healthy young girl!
 Just a freak accident
 They are lying to the whole world !!!

34 m Like Reply

3:08 44%

Replies

My uncle died recently of cancer and it was listed as covid
 13m Like Reply

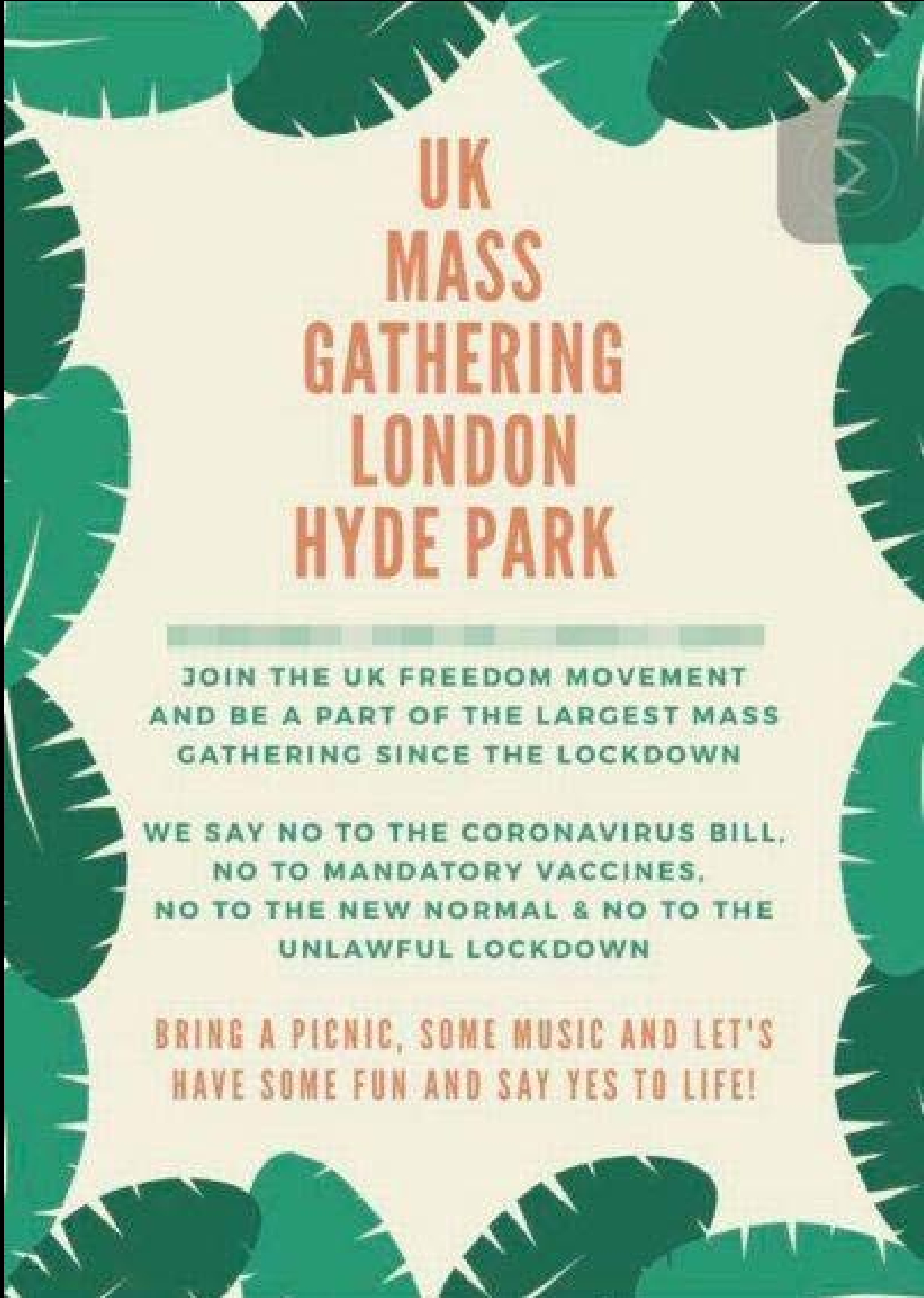
Did he even have Covid?
 11m Like Reply

there was no covid in the hospital my uncle died at
 He had cancer for years and it got really severe towards to end of his life. He got given weeks to live. He died, and the doctors marked his death of covid although there was no covid there at all.. his wife was fuming!

Write a reply...



thoroughly entertained by David Icke (from afar) affirming that the Royal Family are reptiles, and by Icke together with Von Daniken with their tales of 'the gods as aliens on tourist astronaut trips'. But at the current moment in time, surely this risks more people dying from misinformation, and, to be brutally honest, spreads Lies. It could be tantamount to writing death warrants for thousands or potentially millions. In the UK, some of these misguided (I'm being kind) conspiracy theorists have called themselves the Freedom Movement. They look to be extremely dangerous, indeed. That's a Big Issue. End of Rant!



UK MASS GATHERING LONDON HYDE PARK

JOIN THE UK FREEDOM MOVEMENT
AND BE A PART OF THE LARGEST MASS
GATHERING SINCE THE LOCKDOWN

WE SAY NO TO THE CORONAVIRUS BILL,
NO TO MANDATORY VACCINES,
NO TO THE NEW NORMAL & NO TO THE
UNLAWFUL LOCKDOWN

BRING A PICNIC, SOME MUSIC AND LET'S
HAVE SOME FUN AND SAY YES TO LIFE!

Here's some artwork sent to 'Gonzo' during the pandemic.

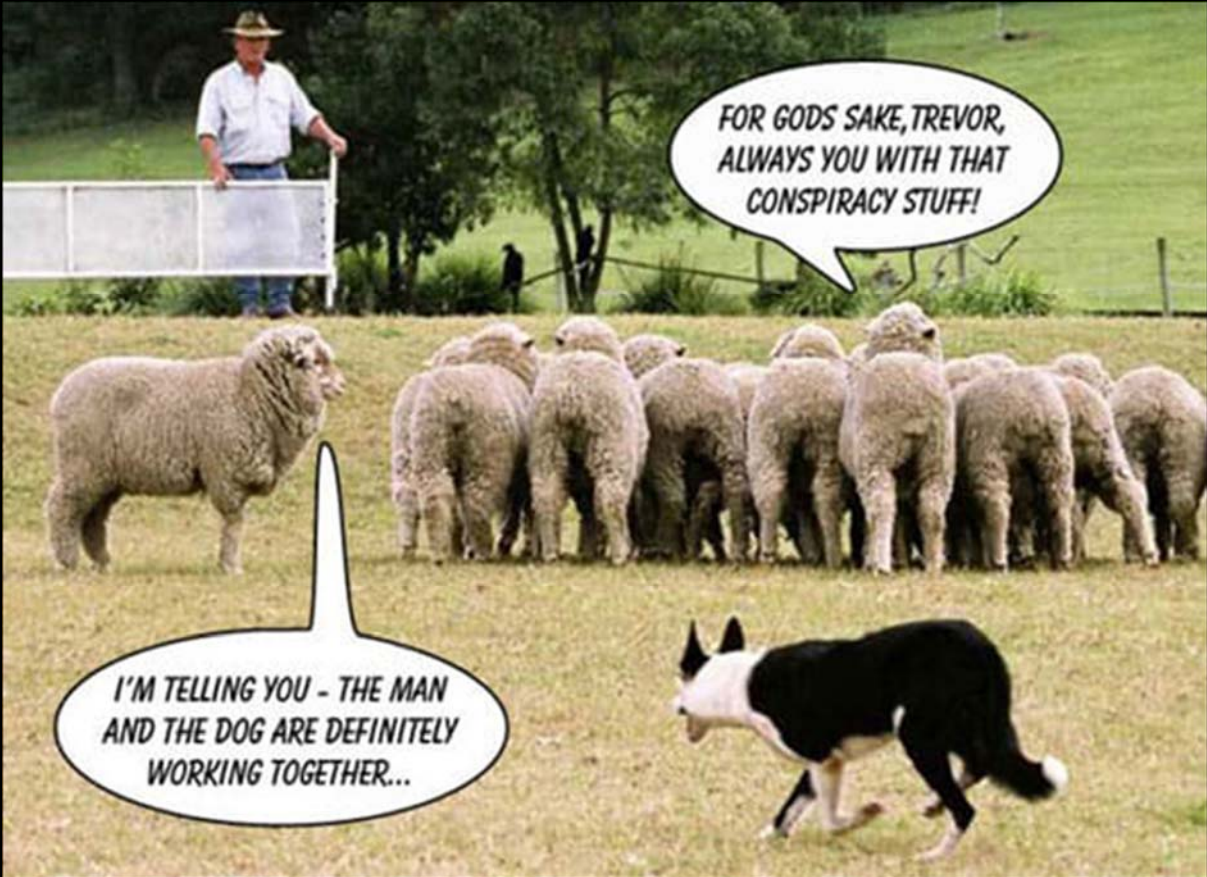
Coronavirus - A retrospective

Life in a pandemic through the eyes of an artist

Art by Vaudrey

Coming in 2021





On a much lighter note. Let's get away from some of the Doom and Gloom for a minute. Here are two images I've been sent. The restaurant is in Amsterdam and

is novel way of ensuring 'social distancing!' Your very own greenhouse by the canal...





Every day on the TV we see a procession of 'talking heads', scientists, medical advisors, economists, and politicians talking remotely by Skype and Zoom. Usually, with a back-drop of their books. This is my 30 seconds on camera! *Trust Me, I'm an Expert!*

<https://vimeo.com/416256614>

And, finally, a rather lovely spoof video that perhaps sums up recent governmental responses in quite a hilarious way. The Famous 4-Stage Strategy from 'Yes, Minister!'

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=2CD6IVk-ia8>

*luv 'n respect
Alan Dearling*

Written in Russia By Natalia Utkina, resident of Shiram community.

Russia has been quarantined since March.

Me and my friends in Shiram, which is outside big cities, in Tverskaya oblast, were thinking about questions:

What is the meaning of the coronavirus, and what it generates?

What is the meaning specifically for each of us?

One of the possibilities that lies on the surface is:

The virus tells humanity that you have

Alan Dearling says: Natalia is a special lady. We have spent time together and with friends and colleagues at the Boom festival in Portugal, and in Free Cultural Spaces events. Especially memorable was our time in the Uzupis Free Republic, in Lithuania, when we became clowns along with our colleagues, as a means to spread the 'creative spirit'. She is a permanent member of the Shiram community in Russia. Shiram is a transformational community, running workshops, located in a rural setting between Moscow and St Petersburg.



strayed far from harmony and are consuming too many resources.

Then the best solution is to return to Earth, begin to establish the most harmonious lifestyle, learn to survive by spending the least amount of resources.

And that's what we're focusing on right now. On the search for harmony, and the search for the most harmonious relationship with the earth as the soil, and with the Planet Earth as a whole.

What are the predictions for the situation with coronavirus?

What should we do and how should we treat the crisis?

The forecasts were as follows:

- nothing will change,





We decided to play a game – assuming that we are here forever, and, what's next?

We decided to run a natural economy. Learn how to grow and store food here.

More particularly. We began in Shiram:

- Poultry farming
- animal husbandry
- making vegetable beds using the Holzer method (self-organization, plus technology).

On the one hand, this is a wide range of scenarios and experiments, and on the other hand, it is interesting to play the game.

- it will change a lot, there will be an economic crisis.

Maybe we will be able to build an economy on other principles than





industrial, and thus move forward, and then we will get closer to people... And here we are!

We also bought some quail and they are already laying eggs.

May began.
What do we have today?
We turned on the incubator and bought duck eggs and during the quarantine, the ducklings hatched and even grew up.

Every day we solve problems and tasks - we develop our intelligence and creativity.



In the evenings, we practice Osho's "Mystical rose" meditation - laughing, crying, and the next stage is contemplation.

We also started creating a game based on Russian folk tales – 'The way of the Hero'.

During the day, we create by working on the flower beds, in greenhouses, and build houses for animals.

Shiram's website. Rather old, but in English. In particular, have a look through Natalia's slide show presentation. It provides an overview of some of the aims and activities of the community:

http://shiram.daism.ru/en/node/3330?fbclid=IwAR3s6v05xTKj4fLLNa7ydxdcMt9m_C1PFUWP2IDD5tjutnITj8_aN7NLak0

Covid-19 Madeira ***Manuela Simola***

I must say that the whole situation has hit us very badly. Starting from 16.03.20, Madeira was in a "state of emergency". That meant that all people were advised to stay home. Hotels were still working so long they had tourists but slow by slow the airlines were taking them all home. During that time there were no trips, no rent a car, no restaurants open.

The weekend before the shut down started, excursions were stopped and all tourists that had rented a car, had to deliver them back and could see how they could get their money back. Even the local buses did not take any tourists anymore because people were so afraid that they can get the virus.





As Madeira is dependent on tourism...many people lost their jobs. Social Security pays 60% of their wages, but for independent workers much less. Companies get free credit to help them over the time. From April, all got a

reduced bill for electricity. 50% - the government pays. And water will be free of charge.

We now have only 2 planes per week going to Lisbon. Everybody who enters





Madeira has to stay for 14 days in quarantine in a hotel, before they are allowed to see their families. It is not allowed to sit down at the beach or any place. People can walk but not rest. All beaches are closed. And they are talking that public beaches stay closed until middle of September. Starting from next Monday some more shops will be open under strong hygiene restrictions.

For us it was like a shock! No work, no income! (Alan adds – Manuela and her husband work entirely in tourism). We really don't know how long we can survive like this. To avoid having depression, we make ourselves busy to do some little renovations in our house and going out for a long walks in the nature. Even if it's not allowed to drive far away from your house ... but we just do it.

We hope slow by slow we get our old lives back and starting from July we can welcome some tourists again. Madeira is one of the safest places at the moment. Only 86 registered positive cases. 43 have already recovered. One is still in hospital but not in life danger. All Madeira people have lot of discipline to follow the restrictions, keeping distance, and putting their masks on in the shops.

Alan Dearling remembers: I first met Manuela in Egypt. I was visiting there to go snorkelling, take part in the night-time mountain hike to the summit of Mount Sinai, and make a tourist visit to the Valley of the Kings and Luxor. Manuela is an impressive lady. Practical, athletic, fit and efficient. She has qualifications in many water sports and has been a tour guide in Madeira and has provided a range of services for tourists on the island. She invited me to visit her island home of Madeira, and subsequently I have made three trips there. It is a pleasure to know Manuela and have spent time with her and her husband. And Madeira is a very special eco-tourist heaven with its mountainous vistas, amazing vegetation, micro-climates, the lavada walks, Funchal's breathtaking cable-car, plus a rich, diverse local and visiting population from all over the world, but perhaps especially, Scandinavia, Russia, Netherlands, Portugal, Germany and the UK... I hope it can regain its visitors and rebuild its economy. I've included a couple of my photos along with



Lots of regards and have a nice 1st of May...

Manuela

Alan tells us: Greek-born Angelos lives with his wife and children in the capital city of Lithuania. He is good mate of mine. He's a music dj, designer and artist. Indeed, a good all-round, creative friendly geezer. His Design Company uses the moniker and logo, 'It's Braining.'



Angelos Bolotos, Vilnius, Lithuania

Hello Alan!

Nice to hear from you!
We are all safe too!

Back to the "day-time work" one week already, and I'm also busy with freelance artworks and family at home!

The month I was staying home was kind of surrealistic-lazy but with a lot searching for music-vinyls and family time, and a lot of movies, but for some reason I could not work my freelance, I can't explain the laziness I was feeling :)

Keep in mind that in Vilnius (here in Lithuania) there was not totally lock-down in houses, like in Greece. Just everyone should wear masks outside.

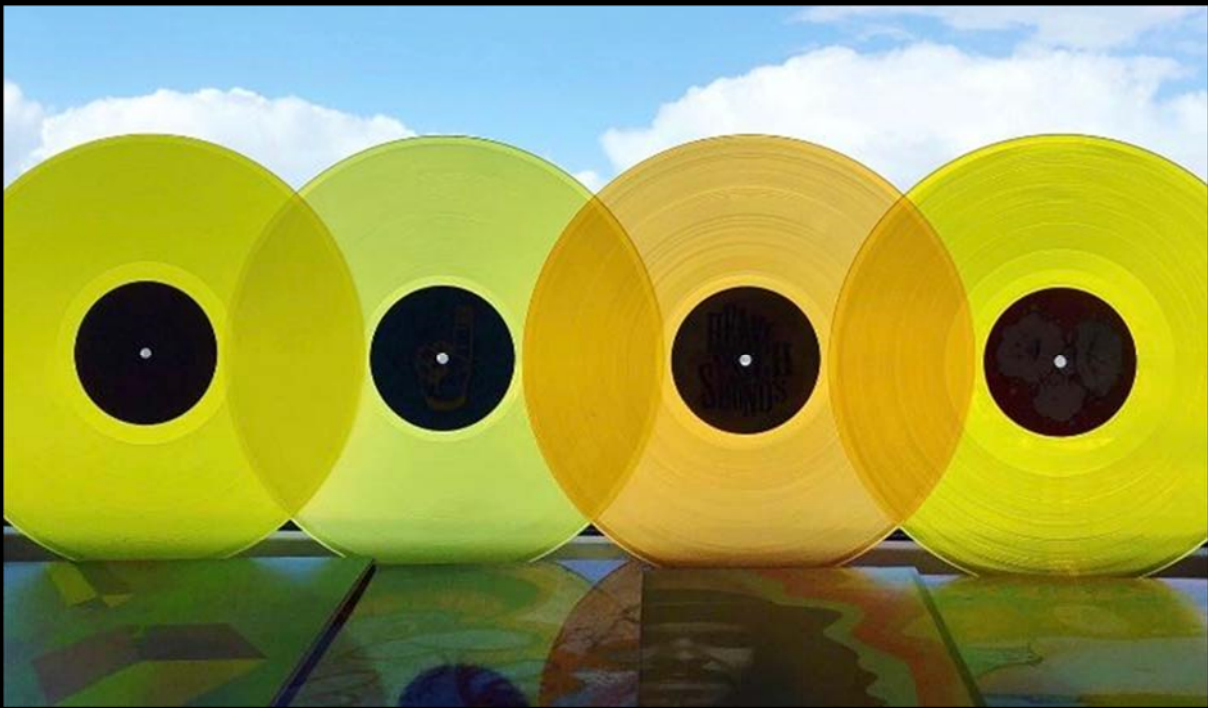
These last two pictures with drawings are





made this period, on packaging carton of the vinyls I received. In one drawing I used it like a cover for a mixtape I made on these days: “psych-ramus” (psychic calm), find the link here:

<https://www.mixcloud.com/drinkingSongs-hearingDrinks/psych-ramus/>







Wish you all the best!
See you in the future...

Angelos

*Alan added in this pic of Lithuania's
President (I think)!*



Alan Dearing says: Virginia is one of those strong, unique women, who are also fragile. Here she offers an intensely personal account of her current Covid lock-down in the Netherlands. Darkness and Light. I've worked with, and spent social time with her in a number of European countries. She's a fine artist – on the street and as an illustrator. She's an activist, committed to social change. Her series of crisp bag art entitled: Dictator Chips, capture the humour that is central to much of her work.

Photo: At Christiania by Lars Myhre-Nielsen
Here are links to some of Virginia's work:

- <http://www.swampwood.nl/>
- <http://www.facebook.com/SwampwoodMultiMediaDesign>
- <http://www.facebook.com/dictatorchips>
- https://www.bol.com/nl/p/ramses/9200000131777409/?suggestionType=browse&bltgh=pmsJsEL3cQ56JqCMB7NHAg.1_2.3.ProductImage&fbclid=IwAR1ggCunWYw98hnCluZbts7VB5SmzKyMNEtzM6jTJDkFs5MtLYq1xmhCHW0I/1336860
- https://www.blurb.com/b/4746874-fee2013?fbclid=IwAR1C9ys1o3hNIPCnhKrwYVpkdkkjSTpXWMx6kodGzwD7LKuf_PtTV1yGFM



Virginia Moerenhout in Maastricht (Written in Dutch, and translated by Alan Dearing into English)

With astonishment I have often observed the pride people can feel for their own country. Amazement and jealousy... I do not know pride in this context.

My identity is connected to Europe, my Dutch citizenship that I have never screamed out loud. It has been my longest ambition to become a foreigner. It was quite a struggle to free myself from Tilburg, the city where I grew up. I can now literally see the border on the horizon, living in Maastricht. I may get there someday. Yet I was often faced with the fact that I am very Dutch.

I can't give you a list of characteristics, but my point of view comes from this low land. The privileges I take for granted and cannot even distinguish as a privilege. In the context of the Netherlands, I belong to the 'poor class', raised by a single welfare mother, in what is called a dysfunctional family.

The small boat I bought with my lover had become my home after his death, my harbour. In no way did I feel safe in my life, and the home that I so diligently sought and found in his arms was no more. All that remained was to withdraw into what made me feel closest to him and provided shelter. It was survival.

Now a year and a half later, I am still lying with my boat in the harbour in the middle of the city of Maastricht. Just below the cultural freezone, the squatted old grain factory, the community I had been part of for so long, until recently. A place that sheltered me and gave me space to express myself creatively. That made it possible to keep all balls in the air, and be flexible. I had quite some balls in the air. Caring for my sick father, the weight of my drug-addicted brother. My other



Photo: Ricardo Meertens

family, and the ballast that a past with them brought. The grief after the death of that brother and father, so closely following up on each other. But also the release of the burden on my shoulders. It opened me, so I met my love Tom. And, oh irony that after a wonderful year together, he also suddenly died without any announcement.

The boat with its small size and soothing cradle on the water gave me the peace and tranquillity I needed, after too much mourning and over-exploitation. Tranquillity that I no longer found in the Cultural Freezone. The place had changed drastically after continued external pressure. The group was not strong enough to tackle those forces. Despite the many efforts, including on my part, to avoid the implosion.

Only now in my sick bed from the Corona

virus, I have made the break. The place I was connected to for so long. The 'Faded glory' that it is. I had become part of his identity and vice versa. Until I just wanted to distance myself from it. My stuff is still there, they still have to be moved to my new place. A task waiting for me. I lack the energy. Energy that was already low anyway, recovering from earlier drama. And now, because of the virus, it is almost completely gone. Recovery goes slow, very slow.

"The world is on fire and I buy a new dress."

That's how I felt four and a half years ago when I started to organize a series of events devoid of political message or protest. Multi-disciplinary art events in the squat. I did not seem to be able to escape it entirely. I once gave a lecture about my artistry with the conclusion that

all my expressions were permeated with activism, my whole being.

At one point I was tired of fighting. Especially when my brother died, the outside world lost most of my interest. It was time for the inner world, as far as circumstances allowed. I felt guilty and an

activist of nothing, ball-less.

Why wasn't I on the barricades?

Okay, yes, life threw strong excuses for me being a retired activist. And only now, finally, I have made time to put things in order for me. Chopped all drama in small



pieces and making books of them, one by one. Literally and figuratively finishing, processing. Very good and necessary, for me. But the space I gain with it also lets the world back in.

And bejeezus, the world is really on fire now! Maybe a Trump, but no Australian to deny that. The end of time? The grasshoppers lead the way. And, I send my books to the printer, while people in need knock on our borders. I want nothing more than to stick my head in the sand like the rest. Pretend that everything is 'business as usual'. As if the old normal was not a crisis situation.

Ferdinand...

I once lived with Ferdinand for nine years. You can tell a lot about Ferdinand, but what interested me most about him was his intelligence and his helicopter view... he was always ahead of the pack. Even after years together, when at a party or other social context, we mainly talked to each other. We were by far the most interesting discussion material for each other.

Ferdinand was a writer, mostly short stories, no shortage of talent, but for long epistles he lacked the stamina. Nevertheless, he had started the intensive and time-consuming work to shape his idea for a "Survival manual". Twofold: a novel as well as a practical manual. All possible disasters were mapped, survival strategies and supplies, materials and skills. The changing earth. Everything passed.

And this in a time where it was far from clear, or obvious to the crowd, what awaited us. A small group in the world screamed five-to-twelve, their call stayed deaf and mute in the desert. Even though everyone remembered the acid rain from their youth...the consequences of Chernobyl, felt here in the Netherlands.

But, because of an invisible something, we suddenly were no longer allowed to eat spinach.

But, there is no rush...said the ostrich... as long as I've got my head in the sand.

When I started talking about water, which would sooner or later become a problem, abundance and scarcity, I was viewed as a paranoid eco-hippie. Not only Ferdinand was a seer in this, also my mother, with whom I have many issues, in this she also seemed mad by most, but, well, a madwoman with the truth on her side. Her struggle to maintain a healthy environment, her many battles against Roundup, back in a time when no one had heard of Monsanto yet. I grew up with it.

Walking in front of the troops is lonely, you always remain that 'weird person', and you rarely get the credits for being right after the event. When two 'seers' meet. People who see the same things, there is automatically a bond there. The 'Wow moment', that glory of not being alone anymore. But in reality, you soon learn to keep your mouth shut, because it places you out of the group, disqualified when you share your visions with the majority. When you can express yourself with an equal, it's fantastic. Also in silence, intuiting that the other person knows with a glance... I see it too.

I had such a click with my love. Tom was like a warm bath to me, coming home in so many ways. Never lonely again. That feeling remained even after his death. But now, in quarantine on my boat in the heart of Maastricht, with slight symptoms of the virus that caused this pandemic, I have a difficult time, to be almost alone in my opinions. With my history, I heard the disasters roar from afar. But at the same time, with my history of loss, I also lacked the energy to prepare properly. Or not? I was trained to be flexible, and to be able to live with little luxury, by relatively



Photo: Carla Kavelaars

After all the personal disasters, hiding out on my boat, I sway with the waves. No running water, and no shower for more than a month now. I create and provide a natural 1.5 metres distance. My new place is out of the picture for now, due to the risk of infection. It has too many shared spaces. But my boat is nice, and in that sense far from lonely by being close to the natural wildlife all around me.

This week, an exhausted pipistrelle bat took refuge on my boat. The poor boy needed help, and is now getting it from the Animal Care, a treatment that we will be very jealous of in a very considerable time. Birds populate the Basin more than ever. I have never seen the kingfisher

before all the way up here. Now that my Egyptian geese, Ramses and Chica, have very wisely built their nest out of the reach of the killer swan, I see them very little. Once a day they come to greet me, in an increasing hurry. I suspect the eggs can crack at any time. I know where they are, but I can't look them up right now.

The fever attacks restrict me. It started with a very mild sore throat at the start of Carnival, the lifting of the Mooswief, a local tradition. I had always missed it before, Carnival, not my party. Why I went there against my better judgment, I don't know. No more if 'it' started there. I only stayed there for a moment, it was cold, too busy and uncomfortable. I



Photo: Ricardo Meertens

should have been more sensible after living with Ferdinand and the Sars epidemic. Avoid crowds when a virus threatens. The eternal fear of losing the economy means that magic is done with numbers and the truth. Words change colour as if they are magic balls. I felt I had something off-kilter in my body. But naming that thought, not so long ago, immediately threw me down into the same familiar place I know so well...

Of course it was just a common sore throat or else it was definitely in my head. I see many people in the same state of confused uncertainty now. And that is mid-pandemic. Alone, and very aware of my vulnerable position, I started stockpiling emergency supplies. I will not use the

word 'hoarding'... before you know it, you will be burned at the stake. Indeed, our Prime Minister called all who did so 'anti-social'. And this after we have learned from his policy, to grab all you can for yourself. But I had started hoarding way too late for a person with my knowledge, but miles before the crowd. Nobody noticed that I bought a few things 'extra' every time I was shopping. Yes, also toilet paper! I almost always used tap water in bottles for personal cleaning instead of toilet paper (Google botol cebok) in my penthouse in the tower of the squat - it was by far my preference, feels many times cleaner - but now I had to walk at least forty metres for that flowing water to fill the bottle.



Photo: Bert Janssen

Very naively, I envisaged a three-week lock-down period in my head. When I realized that naivety, much too late, just a week before the crowd, I did a few more sprints. When is enough? It made me uneasy. I cried gallons of tears. Because of missing Tom, especially now. The loss of so much familiarity, everything would be different. Because of the uncertainty, the loneliness. And all the suffering in the world, that we had let happen for years, and now the new pandemic-related suffering we still had to get familiar with here in the rich west.

I was also very aware of the great luxury that we had had that had allowed my father to die in peace, when it was his time, with so much love, in my arms and not alone. Years before Corona. I cried litres of tears when I became less and less connected to friends, opinions became increasingly heated, and more and more divided. Oh, if only I had Tom by my

side, my beautiful man who frequently shared my views and visions. Or, at least provided me with the confidence that what I saw was not nonsense, even if he might not see the same.

The ominous spring sounds of the daily bird fights supported the underlying announcement of doom. When my illness progressed, the anxiety disappeared as to whether I had enough reserves and preparation. It forced me to let go of everything... I would make ends meet with what I have, and then trust that something would come up, community spirit or something.

My body told me to direct the energy inward, and I listened for a day, and it was nice to be sick. I had relegated the 'news' to a moment in the day, the rest of the day was mine. Until it seeped in how big the denial was, and that there was still a lot to fighting to do. That, if we did not quickly

realise the scale of the drama that was unfolding, it would be too late. So I did my best to fight public opinion, as the virus in my body tried to tell me a different story - one with an increasingly urgent message.

After the speech of Prime Minister Rutte I felt a last urge to save the world from blindness to these - in my eyes - nauseating ideological words and their impact on our future and reality. If misery happens to you, it is one thing, if there is policy behind it, it is quite another. I got a very bad taste in my mouth from this. Sacrifice people for the greater purpose. And what is the purpose? Maintain this system? My mouth was frequently gagged. You should no longer have your own opinion, unless you are a scientist or lung surgeon. Even when a different reality emerged a day later, disagreement was viewed as slanderous and unpatriotic. I was commanded to unite behind my government. With confidence in their skills and knowledge. This was the moment when the Health Minister passed

out, the ultimate proof of their commitment. Without a doubt an inhumanly heavy task on their shoulders, but that does not automatically mean that they own the permit for the truth.

The question must be asked, what is their purpose?

What are they trying to maintain, and at what cost, or to whom, in this case?

What actual values does this virus expose? And what weaknesses?

We walked like lemmings towards the abyss, and there was little hope that we would change direction en masse.

"Wisdom comes to us when it can no longer do any good."

The horror that has knocked on our door, that's where we, the West, let others live in for years, so we could continue our growth in wealth.



Photo: Alan Dearling

What is our Prime Minister trying so desperately to uphold? An old rotten system. An economy that really is just a lot of juggling with numbers, half of which don't even really exist. And meanwhile, a small group of people are in control and we accept that. It is false freedom and false security in which we lived.

What freedom has really taken from us?
We have a sick status quo, designed so that a select group can continue at the expense of the rest.

* * * * *

Those three beautiful men in my life who were closest to me, I lost them three in a row, in three years. It is quite something. But soon my pitiful status will be surpassed by many.

Everyone has the right to their feelings and responses to the Covid pandemic, but still, just to put it into perspective. Not able to see your loved one for a few weeks? Heavy? What are you talking about?! Especially if you can avoid so much misery with it?! Peanuts! Enjoy the peace! I will never see my lover again!!!

But, let me also highlight the other side, where I am a lucky bastard compared to the suffering that is, and that which is yet to come. I will not consider my brother, because that story is complex.

But, how happy I am that my father, when it was his time, could die in my arms in peace, with all the care he needed, and not alone. That, after he passed, I could find comfort with friends. And we could say goodbye to him. And were able to bury him in one of the most beautiful places in Maastricht, under a very large tree in a beautiful cemetery.

My beloved Tom died in a very happy period of his life, far too early, but in a

way he always said Was preferable. Without pre-stage illness and long suffering. We found consolation after his death, in each other's arms. His cremation was, as many told me, exactly as he would have organised it himself. The farewell party in his Bonnefanten Museum, was an evening celebrating life, attended by cultural Maastricht. Some 400 people attended the evening. Such an incredible privilege to be able to say goodbye like that.

Many people are dying now and into the future without their loved ones. And with considerable suffering. Not at peace, not in their time, and not with the care they needed. And with little opportunity for a worthy funeral, unfortunately...

In Italy, the corpses are now being picked up by the army. There are too many... The suffering is over for the dead, but the next of kin will have to continue hardcore, without saying goodbye. Without group hugs and beautiful rituals that are, oh so healing. By dealing with the other sick people, or, god-forbid, even more deaths, those who care for the sick have to make inhuman decisions, work impossible hours, and make unreasonable sacrifices. Those who are lucky in the game of chance of care, get a place on the ICU or on the ventilator, and survive. For many, recovery will take a long time, and some may never be really fit again.

I had fairly mild symptoms, plus panic with every fever. It shoots up unexpectedly and you don't know where it will end up. Some symptoms were added every day. It came in gusts and in the meantime I felt by no means OK, but I could get-by. I may speak of great luck. The Covid-light version. But the list of complaints had steadily expanded; mild fever, sometimes more; headache, sore throat, diarrhoea; no appetite, tired and irritable. Bad memory, (much more than normal), warm (feverish) thighs, neck

muscle pain, sweating, nausea, dizziness, seeing light stars (no disco), more and more, a cough.



Photo: Virginie in Uzupis, Lithuania

by Alan Dearling

Something raced through my body, and then suddenly fell silent. And then it rushed on again. It felt strange and unknown. It felt like a buzzing in your ear, which is suddenly gone, and there it is just as suddenly. Not in you hearing but in your whole system. It also reminded me of the movie 'Contact'. Not that I think the virus is alien, but because of the sequence of messages that came in, and also the sudden stop to rebuild. I suspect that it is the trademark of Corona: "Oh it seems over" and then it pops up again. Often, more intense.

I know many people who have met the virus. For most it was not really spectacular, for some it was fatal. And then the people like me, the in-betweeners, who could stay at home, but were really sick. I also know Dutch people where I am the only one for whom the virus is no longer a stranger. It must be said, my network is large and international.

Raised in Tilburg, Brabant. Living in Maastricht, Limburg. The two most affected provinces in the Netherlands. Both with the carnival tradition, the contamination period arrived in the midst of the party buzz. Both provinces have a high, a very high number of livestock farms. We are the Wuhan of the West. The high concentrations of fine dust/particulate matter, nitrogen and ammonia, are highest in areas where there is a lot of contamination. People in the east of Brabant are again more seriously ill than elsewhere. The Dutch population is about 17.4 million.

In Brabant and Limburg there live nearly 8 million pigs, about two-thirds of the Dutch total, and 235,000 goats, nearly 40 percent of the Dutch total. Together, the



two provinces also house over 43 million chickens. That is also more than 40 percent of the Dutch total. And this is not the first virus outbreak here, previously there was the Q-fever. A virus that had passed from goats to humans.

My dear brother (previous page) was working as a volunteer on a goat farm when he got the symptoms. But like me now, and many, many alongside me, we were not tested. And so we do not count in the statistics. Despite everything, I have never been as hopeful for humanity as now.

We walked like lemmings towards the abyss, and there was little hope that we would change direction en masse. If this doesn't change us, what will?

Virginie



Photo: Bert Janssen

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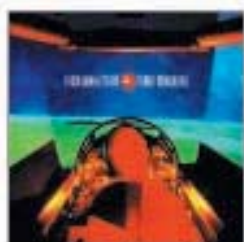
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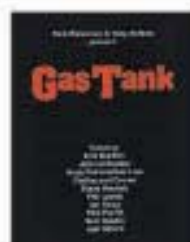
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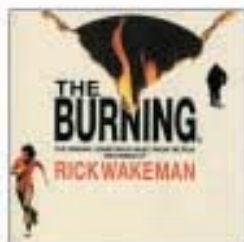
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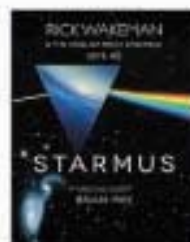
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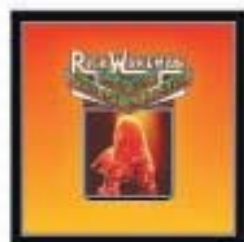
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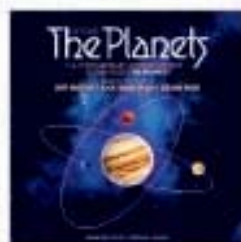
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THE RETURN OF THE ENGLISH GAME

Football (the soccer variety, that is) is gradually restarting, in a rather experimental fashion.

So far, it's produced a strange mix of the familiar and the unfamiliar, but one of the oddest side effects of the games being played behind closed doors happened in Seoul, South Korea, where so-called 'sex dolls' were placed in the viewing stands, to simulate a watching audience.

The newspapers had a field day with that story, which was reported all around the world, and resulted in the football club being fined £65,000 (\$90,000), despite the mannequins practicing safe distancing, and wearing face masks.

The restart of European football, in the Faroe Islands in early May, was a much more decourous affair, and the German Bundesliga similarly got the ball rolling a

FC Seoul have been fined £66,500 for placing empty sex dolls in empty seats at a recent home game Credit: Reuters



GRAHAM INGLIS

week later.

Their opening game was the Ruhr derby between Borussia Dortmund and Schalke 04.

No more than a total of 300 officials and players and media were allowed in. Clubs were responsible for stopping their fans from gathering outside, and fears of fans ignoring social distancing to gather to cheer on their teams proved unfounded.

The cliché about taking it one game at a time is almost literally true, now, as each

game is played on the basis of “earning the right” to do it all again next week. In short, did everyone behave?

After kick-off, the basic silence apart from a few echoing shouts seemed very strange. Social distancing was the general rule, although the 'wall' when a free kick is taken near the penalty area was still used - and social distancing is impossible then.

Scotland and France have declared their top league's season concluded, whereas Holland has declared its 2019/2020





season void. In England, League 2 is declared finished, whereas the top two levels and still looking to play the remaining fixtures, albeit under different rules to those prevailing pre-Covid.

Whatever is decided, it'll seem unfair for some teams - the phrase used is sporting

integrity. If the league started under normal conditions and then ends under very different rules, such as no supporters at vital home games for a club trying to avoid relegation, then the goalposts have been radically moved during the campaign. The riposte to such complaints is that, well, life IS unfair sometimes.





Then again, the lack of atmosphere in the stadium could help underdogs when they take on the heavyweights. For instance, in one game in Germany last weekend, without the fans jeering as opponents take a penalty, it seemed to help a penalty-taker, as that was one kind of pressure he didn't have to deal with.

Goal celebrations used to be quite exuberant, with hugs or a mound of bodies, and that's definitely a no-no

nowadays. One goal celebration involved static swaying of a rather half-hearted kind, while some other players watched from afar.

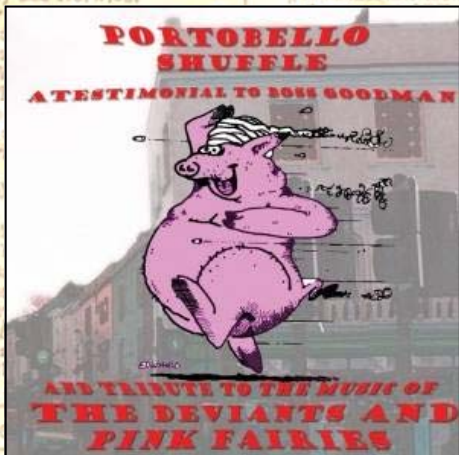
It's interesting to speculate on when things will get back to normal, or what form the new normal will take. Given the amount of money involved in the sport, though, it's only a matter of time before some sort of equilibrium is established.





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

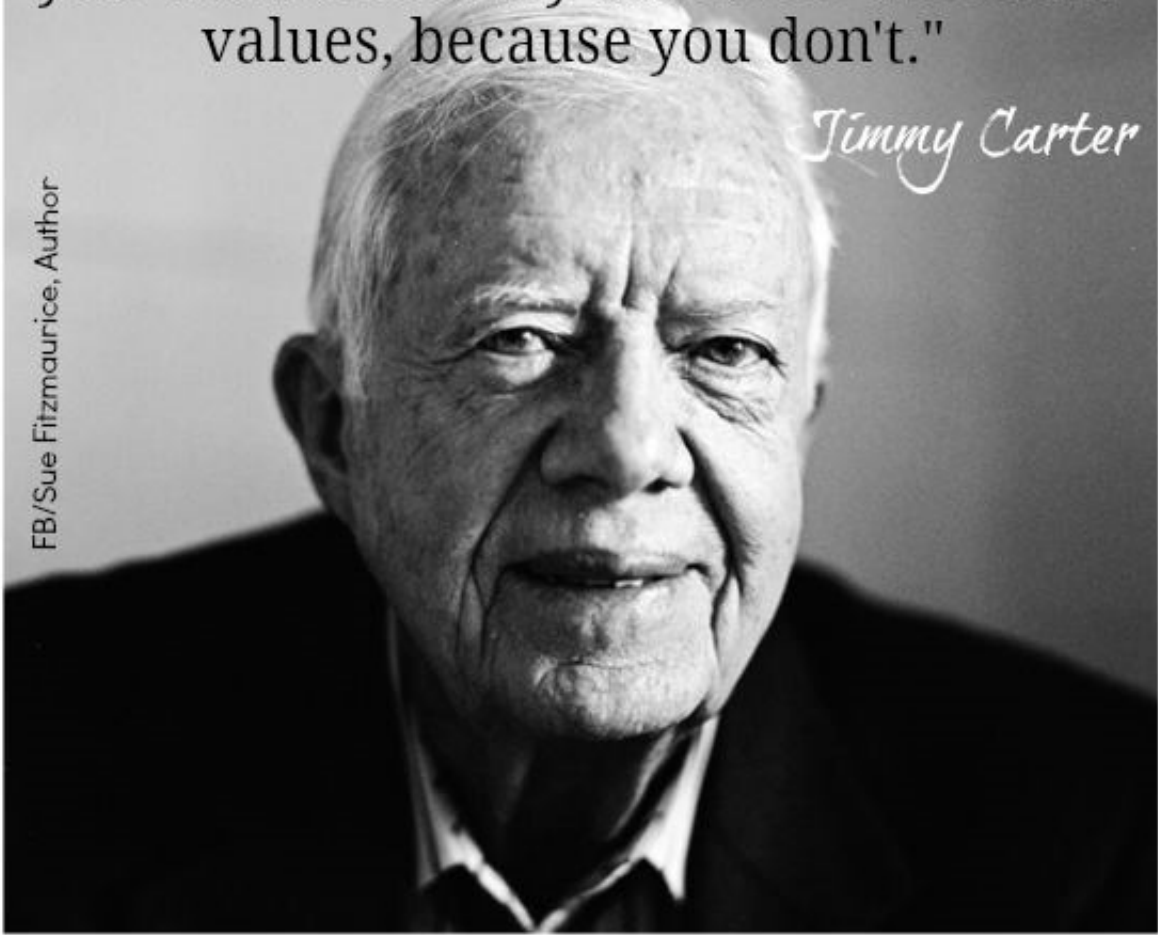
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Jimmy Carter

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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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





**DUE TO TECHNICAL PROBLEMS BEYOND OUR
CONTROL THEESE SHOWS ARE TEMPORARILY
UNAVAILABLE**



KEEP

CALM

Normal service

Will resume

Shortly



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.



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Friday Night Progressive



The Merrell Fankhauser Radio Show - Whole Day Ahead of Us Album

Tonight we play the Entire Album "Whole Day Ahead of Us"... Make sure to check out Merrell Fankhauser's You Tube Channel <https://www.youtube.com/user/manfrommu> And his Website www.merrellfankhauser.com All Music is Written and Performed by Merrell Fankhauser and aired on You Tube with his Written Permission.... Fankhauser Music Publishing Company - ASCAP

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MACK MALONEY'S Mystery Hour



**DUE TO TECHNICAL PROBLEMS BEYOND OUR
CONTROL THESE SHOWS ARE TEMPORARILY
UNAVAILABLE**



KEEP

CALM

Normal service

Will resume

Shortly

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



PHOTO BY S

"Wingman"

<https://>



Brian Anthony Howe (1953 –2020)

Howe was an English rock singer and songwriter, best known for replacing Paul Rodgers as the lead vocalist of Bad Company. Howe's career was jump-started in 1983 when Ted Nugent recruited him to handle lead vocals for his *Penetrator* album and front its subsequent world tour.

He sang with a local band called Shy who had one minor hit single in the UK but he quickly quit, seeking a harder rock band. He had a brief stint with the NWOBHM group White Spirit, having replaced their recently departed singer Bruce Ruff. However, the group quickly collapsed, and Howe never recorded an album with them. A sole cut, "Watch Out", surfaced on Neat Records' 60 Minutes Plus cassette compilation in 1982, also issued on vinyl as All Hell Let Loose by Neat in conjunction with Italy's Base Records label in 1983.

In 1986, Mick Ralphs and Simon Kirke decided to regroup for a new project. Their label, Atlantic Records, however, insisted they resume the Bad Company name, but Paul Rodgers was already engaged with a new supergroup called The Firm. With Rodgers gone, the remaining two members partnered with ex-Ted Nugent vocalist Brian Howe

as the new lead singer. The band hired Foreigner producer Keith Olsen to produce the new line-up's initial album, 1986's *Fame and Fortune*. Reflecting the musical style of the mid-1980s, the album was laden with keyboards, unlike previous Bad Company albums, and was modestly commercially successful. The single "This Love" managed to reach No. 85 on the UK Singles Chart, but was not the success the band hoped for, but things were about to change.

In 1987, Dechert was dropped from the line-up as the group decided not to play up the keyboards in their sound as much. They toured that year supporting Deep Purple.

For the next Howe-era album, 1988's *Dangerous Age*, the band replaced Olsen with producer Terry Thomas.

The band's next album, *Holy Water* written mostly by Brian Howe and Terry Thomas released in June 1990 on Atco, also produced by Thomas, was enormously successful both critically and commercially. *Holy Water* was the band's first album on the Atlantic subsidiary Atco Records.

The final studio album of the Howe era, 1992's *Here Comes Trouble*, featured the Top 40 hit "How About That" (#38) and "This Could Be The One" (#87). The band recorded a live album, *What You Hear Is What You Get: The Best of Bad Company* on the *Here Comes Trouble* tour. The critically acclaimed album released in November 1993, featured live versions of hits from both the Rodgers and Howe eras of the band.

Howe released his first solo album, *Tangled in Blue*, in 1997 on Touchwood Records. It was re-released with one additional song under the name *Touch* in 2003 on MTM Music and Publishing.

In late February 2010, Howe's second solo album, *The Circus Bar*, was released in United Kingdom to mostly positive reviews. In October 2016, Howe began recording acoustic renditions of Bad Company classics, some of Brian's solo material and other songs for a future album titled *Porch Sessions*.

Howe died on 6th May, aged 66.

THOSE WE HAVE LOST

COMPILED BY CORINNA DOWNES



Benedict Chijioke
(1972 –2020)

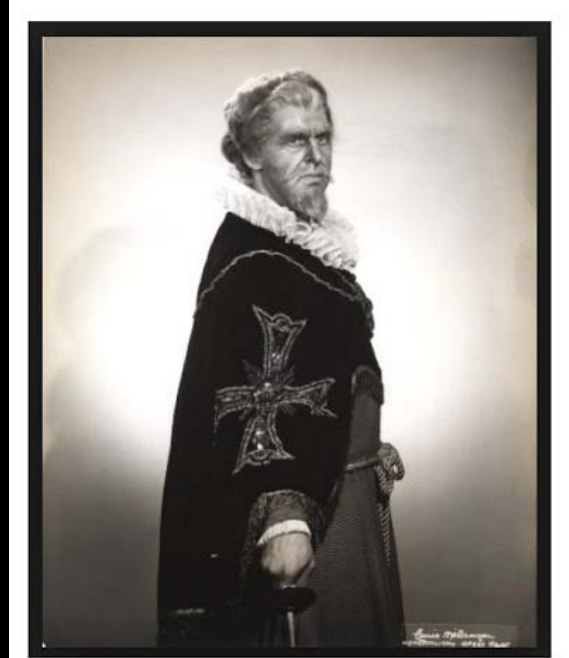
Chijioke , better known by his stage name Ty, was a British rapper. He released the albums *Chijioke Awkward* (2001), *Upwards* (2004), *Closer* (2006), *Special Kind of Fool* (2010) and *A Work of Heart* (2018).

He spent many years of his youth in the care of private foster parents in Jaywick, Essex—as reported in a 2019 Channel 4 News feature by Symeon Brown.

In 1995, he co-founded Ghetto Grammar, a pioneer in hip hop education in the UK. Ty's first album, *Awkward*, was released on the Big Dada imprint in 2001. His second album, *Upwards*, was released in 2003 and reached No.35 in the UK Independent album charts.

He left the Big Dada label in 2007, saying "there's a time when you ... acknowledge that the people either have lost faith in what you're doing or are no longer interested in what you're doing" and experimented with spoken word for a period. He returned in 2010 with the album *Special Kind of Fool*. His final album, *A Work of Heart*, was released in 2018 on the contemporary jazz label Jazz re:freshed. Chijioke died on 7th May, aged 47, due to pneumonia after intensive treatment for COVID-19.

John Macurdy
(1929 –2020)



John Macurdy as The Commendatore in "Don Giovanni"

Macurdy was an American operatic bass, who sang at the Metropolitan Opera more than one thousand times in the 1960s, 70s, 80s, and 90s (and also sang numerous performances in other opera houses). Among his teachers was the contralto Elisabeth Wood of New Orleans, who was also the pedagogue of Norman Treigle, bass.

Macurdy made his formal debut with the New Orleans Opera Association on the opening night of the 1952–53 season. He went on to appear with that company until 1959, in *Thaïs*, *Die Entführung aus dem Serail* (conducted by Julius Rudel), *The Consul* and *Norma*. He was to return to New Orleans for Sarastro in *Die Zauberflöte*, in 1979. During those years, he also occasionally performed with other companies, notably portraying Mr Earnshaw in the world premiere of Carlisle Floyd's *Wuthering Heights*, at the Santa Fe Opera in 1958.

THOSE WE HAVE LOST

In 1959, Macurdy made his New York City Opera debut, as Dr Wilson in *Street Scene* (opera). Macurdy died on 7th May, aged 91.



Andre O'Neal Harrell
(1960 –2020)

Harrell was an American record executive, record producer, songwriter and rapper, and was the founder of the record label, Uptown Records. Harrell also served as the president/CEO of Motown Records. He was the first half of the hip hop duo Dr. Jeckyll & Mr. Hyde. Harrell was perhaps best known as the man that turned Sean "P. Diddy" Combs into a music mogul.

When he was a teenager, Harrell and Alonzo Brown, his high school friend, formed a rap/hip-hop duo named Dr. Jeckyll & Mr. Hyde (Harrell and Brown, respectively). The group achieved success with major hit songs like "Genius Rap" (1981) and "AM/PM" (1984). Despite this early success in the music industry, Harrell had other career intentions. He went on to study at Baruch College, before transferring to Lehman College.

He majored in communications and business management, intending to become a newscaster. After three years, he dropped out of college and went to work for a local radio station.

In 1983, Harrell met Russell Simmons, the founder of Def Jam Records. He went to work for Def Jam

and within two years became vice-president and general manager. After a few years working at Def Jam, Harrell left and founded his own label called Uptown Records.

Harrell is credited with having discovered and signing Sean "Puffy" Combs. In 1988, Mary J. Blige recorded an impromptu cover of Anita Baker's "Caught Up in the Rapture" at a recording booth in a local mall.

In 1988, Harrell was offered a label deal MCA Music Entertainment Group. After he had multiple successful releases, in 1992, MCA offered Harrell a multimedia deal, which involved film and television productions. They developed the feature film *Strictly Business* and FOX's hit police drama series, *New York Undercover*, which aired from 1994 until 1998.

Harrell died on May 7th, aged 59.



İbrahim Gökçek
(1980 – 2020)

Gökçek was a musician of the Turkish revolutionary band Grup Yorum. He played the bass guitar. He died on 7th May, after a 323-day hunger strike, which he had ended two days before. He was c. 40.

Marcus Barkan
(1934 –2020)

Barkan was an American songwriter and record producer. He was also a musical director for the television show *The Banana Splits Adventure Hour*, which aired between September 7, 1968, and December 13, 1969, lasting two seasons, on NBC. His first major success as a writer was with "The Writing on the Wall", a 1961 US top 5 hit for Adam

THOSE WE HAVE LOST

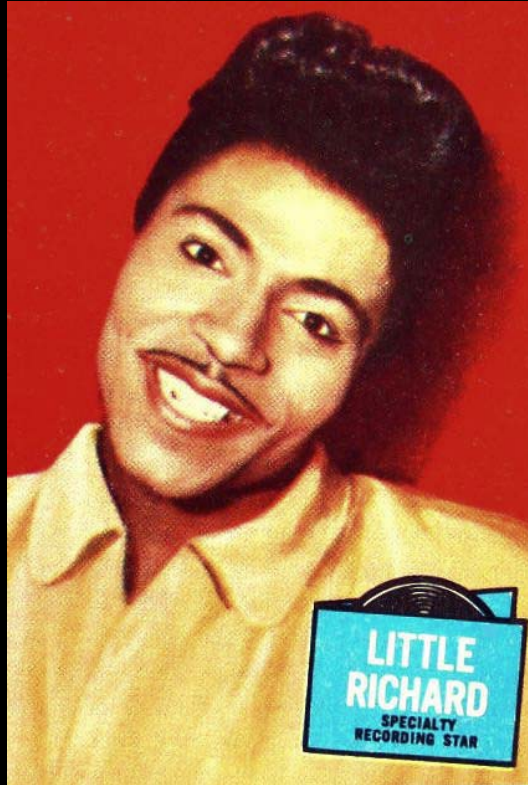


Wade which he co-wrote with Sandy Baron and George Paxton (credited as George Eddy). He had further success with "I'm Gonna Be Warm This Winter" (co-written with Hank Hunter), which was a hit for Connie Francis in 1963; Lesley Gore's Top 5 hit "She's a Fool" (co-written with Ben Raleigh); the often-covered "Pretty Flamingo", which was a hit single for Manfred Mann in 1966; and "The Tra La La Song (One Banana, Two Banana)" from The Banana Splits (co-written with Ritchie Adams).

In 1966, Barkan was responsible for producing the album *Psychedelic Moods*, by The Deep, which has been credited as the first psychedelic album. Barkan also wrote songs for many other artists, and was involved in "cult" bands as well. He and Ritchie Adams co-wrote songs for The Archies, The Monkees, and for many other recording artists in the late 1960s. The team of Barkan and Adams was instrumental on the Banana Splits project, and they also wrote and produced all the songs for *Toomorrow*, a 1970 musical sci-fi thriller, produced by Don Kirshner, which starred Olivia Newton-John as a band member. In later life, he

collaborated with Albert Bouchard, formerly of Blue Öyster Cult, on the 2018 album *Fidelis ad Mortem*.

Barkan died on May 8th, at age 85.



Richard Wayne Penniman
(aka Little Richard)
(1932 –2020)

Penniman, better known as Little Richard, was an American singer, songwriter, and musician. An influential figure in popular music and culture for seven decades, he was nicknamed "The Innovator", "The Originator", and "The Architect of Rock and Roll". Penniman's most celebrated work dates from the mid-1950s, when his charismatic showmanship and dynamic music, characterized by frenetic piano playing, pounding backbeat and raspy shouted vocals, laid the foundation for rock and roll. His innovative emotive vocalizations and uptempo rhythmic music also played a key role in the formation of other popular music genres, including soul and funk. He influenced numerous

THOSE WE HAVE LOST

singers and musicians across musical genres from rock to hip hop; his music helped shape rhythm and blues for generations to come.

"Tutti Frutti" (1955), one of Penniman's signature songs, became an instant hit, crossing over to the pop charts in both the United States and the United Kingdom. His next hit single, "Long Tall Sally" (1956), hit No. 1 on the Billboard Rhythm and Blues Best-Sellers chart, followed by a rapid succession of 15 more hit singles in less than three years.

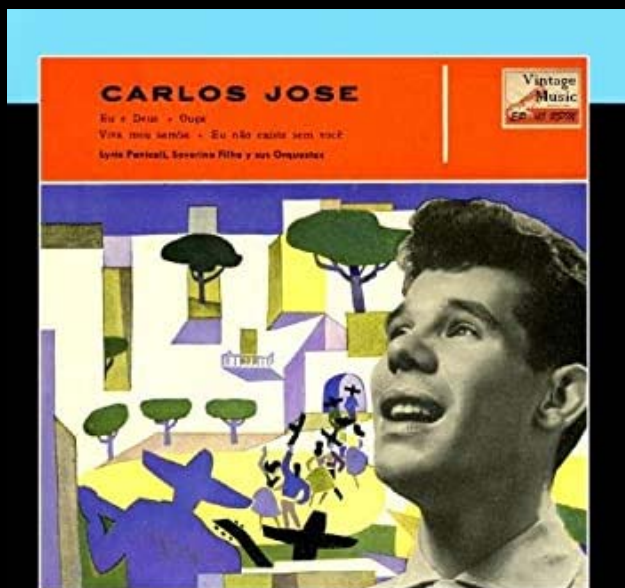
Penniman is cited as one of the first crossover black artists, reaching audiences of all races. His music and concerts broke the color line, drawing blacks and whites together despite attempts to sustain segregation. His contemporaries, including Elvis Presley, Chuck Berry, Buddy Holly, Bill Haley, Jerry Lee Lewis, the Everly Brothers, Gene Vincent and Eddie Cochran, all recorded covers of his works. Taken by his music and style, and personally covering four of Penniman's songs on his own two breakthrough albums in 1956, Presley told Penniman in 1969 that his music was an inspiration to him and that he was "the greatest".

On May 9, 2020, Penniman died at the age of 87 at his home in Tullahoma, Tennessee from bone cancer, after a two-month illness. His brother, sister, and son were with him at the time of his death. In the following days, Penniman received tributes from musicians such as Bob Dylan, Paul McCartney, Mick Jagger, John Fogerty, Elton John, and Lenny Kravitz, as well as many others, such as film director John Waters, who were influenced by Penniman's music and persona.

Carlos José Ramos dos Santos (1934 – 2020)

Santos, better known as simply Carlos José, was a Brazilian singer-songwriter of the genre seresta.

He started his singing career at Um Instante Maestro, a radio program created by Flávio Cavalcanti and broadcast at Rádio Nacional Rio de Janeiro.



Active from 1957 to 2020, José released eight studio albums and one extended play from 1959 to 2005, with two of them being a compilation of greatest hits.

Aside from musical career, Carlos José also had a Law degree, and practiced law for a couple of years before giving up to pursue a full time musical career.

José died on May 9th, due to complications brought on by COVID-19.

Bessie Regina Norris (1953 – 2020)

Norris, better known by her stage name Betty Wright, was an American Soul and R&B singer, songwriter and background vocalist. Beginning her professional career in the late-1960s as a teenager, Wright rose to fame in the 1970s with hits such as "Clean Up Woman" and "Tonight Is the Night". Wright was also prominent in regard to the use of whistle register.

Born in Miami, Florida as Bessie Regina Norris on

THOSE WE HAVE LOST



December 21, 1953, Wright was the youngest of seven children of Rosa Akins Braddy-Wright and her second husband, McArthur Norris. Wright began her professional career at the age of two when her siblings formed the Echoes of Joy, a gospel group Wright contributed to vocals on the group's first album, released in 1956. Wright and her siblings performed together until 1965, when she was 11 years old.

Following the group's break-up, Wright, who was already using the name Betty Wright, decided to switch musical styles from gospel to rhythm and blues, singing in local talent shows until being spotted by a local Miami record label owner, who signed her to her first label (Deep City Records) in 1966 at 12. She released the singles "Thank You Baby" and "Paralyzed", which found Wright local fame in Miami. In 1967, the teen was responsible for discovering other local talents such as George and Gwen McCrae, helping them sign with the Alston Records label TK Records, part of Henry Stone's recording and distribution company. Her first album, My First Time Around, was released when she was age 14. Her first hit single was "Girls Can't Do What the Guys Do". In 1970, while still in high school, she released "Pure Love" at the age of 16.

Several of Wright's works have been sampled over the years by hip hop, rock and R&B musicians. In 1992, Wright sued the producers behind Color Me Badd's breakthrough hit "I Wanna Sex You Up" after claiming they used the sample of her live version without clearance and without permission, and sued for royalties. Wright won her case, winning 35% of royalties for writing the song.



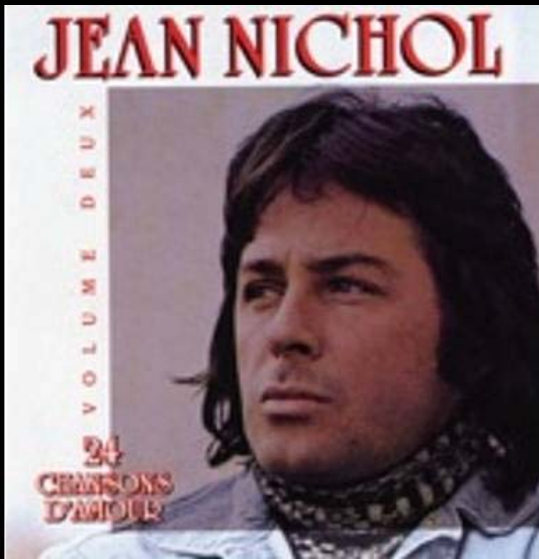
David Antônio Corrêa
(1937 – 2020)

Correa was a Brazilian singer and songwriter of the genres samba, samba-enredo and pagode. On April 17, 2020, Corrêa was run over by a vehicle in Rio de Janeiro, which required him to be hospitalized in order to have surgery. Less than a month after being run over, Corrêa passed away in Rio de Janeiro after suffering from kidney failure brought on by COVID-19.

Jean Nichol
(stage name of Louis Simoneau)
(1944 – 2020)

Jean Nichol was a Canadian singer and songwriter. She performed with the group Les Commandeurs from 1962 to 1966. He also sang in bars under the name Maxime. He was discovered by Guy Cloutier, who became his manager and helped him adopt the name Jean Nichol. He experienced success in 1970 with the song Oh Lady

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Mary, and he subsequently participated in the Musicorama tour. He often recorded French language versions of the songs of Tom Jones. He would perform at the Place des Arts in Montreal and the Grand Théâtre de Québec in Quebec City. He continued recording into the 1980s, with a little less success.



Gustavo Nakatani Ávila,
better known as Yoshio
(1959 –2020)

Yoshio was a Mexican singer whose greatest hits were in the 70's and 80's. Son of Yoshigei Nakatani and Emma Ávila, the young child was named Yoshio after showing noble tributes, since Yoshio means noble man in Japanese. His father was the famous Japanese style peanut manufacturer. His great hits are a reflection of his heritage and style,

such as the song Samurai. Among his other hits are the songs Lo Que Pasó, Pasó, Reina de Corazones and A Mi Manera.

On April 30, 2020 he was interned at the Xoco hospital, where he was at first diagnosed with Salmonellosis, but later he was diagnosed with Coronavirus, as he tweeted there was a suspicion, and he was receiving treatment for it. Fellow singer and friend Alejandra Ávalos confirmed that one of his lungs had collapsed and the other was working at 20%. In his Twitter account was reported his critical condition. He died in the hospital on May 13, at 16:50. He was 60 years old.



Aldo Bassi
(1962-2020)

Bassi was an Italian trumpet player and composer Italian He is considered among the most popular Italian jazz trumpeters. After graduating in trumpet from the conservatory of S. Cecilia in Rome, he joined some Roman jazz bands: the Alberto Corvini Big Band, the Big Band of S. Louis conducted by Bruno Biriaco and the Testaccio Jazz Orchestra. After returning to Italy, after a formative Cuban experience, he released Conversation with Franco Piana's Big Band and subsequently with Riccardo Fassi's Tankio Band two albums. In 1992 he started the Bassi-Giuliani Quintet with Rosario Giuliani with the album L'incontro in 1996 and participation in the Jazz & Image Festival .

In 1998 he formed the first band in his name, the

THOSE WE HAVE LOST

Aldo Bassi Quartet, with whom he published *Distanze* in 1999. In the tour of the following year he hosted the American saxophonist Rick Margitza. In 2001 he recorded the quartet's second album, *Muah!* published in 2004, in which Margitza and Antonello Salis participated. In 2004 he joined the Italian National Jazz Orchestra and the following year the Parco della Musica Jazz Orchestra (PMJO) with which he left for a world tour. In 2006 he formed the Aldo Bassi Trio with Stefano Nunzi on double bass and Alessandro Marzi without publishing anything. In 2007 he released the album *Sirio* with the pianist Alessandro Bravo and in 2010 a new work by Quartet New Research. He later worked for Rai and Mediaset. In 2013 he started the Metal Jazz Trio project together with Pierpaolo Ranieri and Roberto Pistolesi.

He also collaborated on some soundtracks by Ennio Morricone, Armando Trovajoli, Manuel De Sica and Renato Serio. Since 2001 he has been the creator and organizer of the Latina Aprile Jazz festival for five years. Since 2005 he has taught trumpet and jazz trombone at the Frosinone conservatory.



William Awihilima Kahaiali'i,
known as Willie K,
(1960 or 1961 – 2020)

Willie K was an American musician who performed in a variety of musical styles, including blues, rock, Hawaiian, and opera. Born and raised in a family of musicians in Lahaina, Hawaii, Willie began performing at the age of 8 alongside his father, Hawaiian jazz guitarist Manu

Kahaiali'i. In 1993, Willie began a collaboration with Amy Hānaiali'i Gilliom that would last for nine years. The pair recorded, performed, and toured together, and also shared a personal relationship. Their recordings won seven Na Hoku Hanohano Awards, part of Willie's total of 19 Hokus as a musician and producer.

In 2005, Willie's reunion album with Gilliom, *Amy & Willie Live*, was nominated for a Grammy in the first year of the Best Hawaiian Music Album award. In 2007, Willie K became one of very few artists to win a Hoku as part of three different acts - his collaboration with Eric Gilliom won Best Contemporary Hawaiian Album, in addition to wins already achieved with Amy and as a solo artist. In February 2018, Willie K was diagnosed with lung cancer and promptly cancelled upcoming performances in Honolulu. In April 2019, Willie announced via his Facebook page that he was undergoing immunotherapy. Willie K died at age 59 on May 18, 2020.



Lucky Peterson
(born Judge Kenneth Peterson)
(1964 – 2020)

Peterson was an American musician who played contemporary blues, fusing soul, R&B, gospel and rock and roll. He played guitar and keyboards. Music journalist Tony Russell, in his book *The Blues - From Robert Johnson to Robert Cray* has said, "he may be the only blues musician to have had national television exposure in short pants." Peterson's father,

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bluesman James Peterson, owned a nightclub in Buffalo called The Governor's Inn. The club was a regular stop for fellow bluesmen such as Willie Dixon. Dixon saw a five-year-old Lucky Peterson performing at the club and, in Peterson's words, "Took me under his wing." Months later, Peterson performed on The Tonight Show, The Ed Sullivan Show and What's My Line?. Millions of people watched Peterson sing "1-2-3-4", a cover version of "Please, Please, Please" by James Brown. At the time, Peterson said "his father wrote it". Around this time he recorded his first album, *Our Future: 5 Year Old Lucky Peterson*, for Today/Perception Records and appeared on the public television show, *Soul!*.

As a teen, Peterson studied at the Buffalo Academy for Visual and Performing Arts, where he played the French horn with the school symphony. Soon, he was playing backup guitar and keyboards for Etta James, Bobby "Blue" Bland, and Little Milton. The 1990s were a prolific period for Peterson. Two solo Bob Greenlee produced albums for the Chicago-based Alligator Records (1989's *Lucky Strikes!*, and the following year's *Triple Play*) remain his finest recorded offerings. He then released four more for the Verve record label, (*I'm Ready*, *Beyond Cool*, *Lifetime*, and *Move*). While with Verve, Peterson collaborated with Mavis Staples on a tribute to gospel singer Mahalia Jackson, called *Spirituals & Gospel*. Peterson played electronic organ behind Staples' singing.

Peterson lived in Dallas, Texas, and maintained a rigorous tour schedule performing all over the world. He had four children. He died on May 17, 2020, in Dallas at age 55.

**Eusebio Grados,
Also known as Chato Grados
(1953 –2020)**

Grados was a Peruvian huayno singer. Eusebio "Chato" Grados was the second of the seven children of the marriage of the miner and musician Mateo Grados Tiza and the peasant and amateur singer Marina Robles Cabello. During his childhood he followed in his father's footsteps and worked in the mines of his native Pasco, while beginning his artistic career entertaining workers during breaks



and strikes. He learned the Huanca footwork under the tutelage of the Huancaíno Rolando Navarro Vivas. He was also a footballer. Due to his love of music and huayno, he suffered bullying at school. He was discovered by Carmen Pizarro Rojas "Cori Wayta", daughter of the folklorist Luis Pizarro Cerrón, so he traveled to Lima with the artists' caravan of the company directed by Pizarro in the late 1960s, with the purpose of making a foothold in the world of folk music.

His best known song was the Huaylarsh [es] "El pío pío". It was written in 1988 after listening to a melody composed by Luis Anglas during the Huancaíno Carnival in Chongos Bajo that reminded him of the chirping of the chicks. From this success it was widely known. In 1998 he was the host of the *El Mañanero* Andino and *Chatoneando* programs on the ATV network. He was also director, since 1990, of a popular singing school. He also directed the folk music group *Las chicas mañaneras* and the orchestra *Los super mañaneros*.

In 2000 he made a brief foray into politics, appearing for the Union for Peru party. In June 2017, he was diagnosed with bone marrow cancer. He also had kidney failure. Due to complications of his illness, he died on May 16, 2020 at the age of sixty-six due to cardiac arrest at the Guillermo Almenara Irigoyen Hospital in Lima.

THOSE WE HAVE LOST



Denny DeMarchi
(1962 – 2020)

Denny was a Canadian multi-instrumental musician who was talented as a keyboardist and prolific singer-songwriter. He was also a guitarist, backing vocalist, audio engineer and record producer. DeMarchi was notable as a rock concert tour musician for the well-known Irish band The Cranberries during their reunion tour (2009–11). He was equally notable for performing with Dolores O'Riordan on both TV and radio internationally as her keyboardist and guitarist during her Solo world tour in 2007. DeMarchi was also known for his role as the keyboardist who played the signature keyboard notes for the popular 1990 No. 1 Billboard hit song More Than Words Can Say by the band Alias, which features his brother, Steve on guitar.

In the mid 80s, DeMarchi helped his brother Steve and their good friend Freddy Curci build the sound recording studio, Platinum Sound, out of the DeMarchi family basement where most of the songs on the Alias album were written and recorded. He was also involved with some of the production and engineering work for that album.

DeMarchi was the keyboardist and backing vocalist for the 1990 No. 1 Billboard hit song More Than Words Can Say from the ALIAS album. He also co-wrote the last song in the Alias album, "Standing in the Darkness".

DeMarchi played keyboard, bass and did some of the production and engineering work for the 1994 Freddy Curci Dreamer's Road album. He co-wrote and produced the song "Diamonds" in this album.

On 15 May 2020, website iHeartRadio reported that DeMarchi had died after losing battle with cancer.



Phil May
(born Philip Dennis Arthur Wadey,
later Kattner) (1944 – 2020)

May was an English vocalist. He gained fame in the 1960s as the lead singer of Pretty Things, of which he was a founding member. May remained a member throughout the band's changing line-up over the years, and was one of the band's main lyricists. He was the primary lyricist for the album S.F. Sorrow. He formed the Pretty Things at Sidcup Art College in 1963 with guitarist Dick Taylor, who had recently left the fledgling Rolling Stones. With May as lead singer, the band became part of the British blues rock scene and quickly gained a recording contract. They became popular and had a number of hit singles including the UK Top Ten "Don't Bring Me Down".

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In the late 1960s, The Pretty Things started to branch out into psychedelia and May became a prominent counterculture figure, known for his claim of having "the longest hair in Britain", drug-taking and bisexuality. The 1968 album *S.F. Sorrow*, which was released on the Motown imprint Rare Earth, was regarded as the first rock opera album. The songs and lyrics were based on stories written by May, which were often written whilst the album was being recorded. May later admitted that his usage of LSD had a major impact on the album, saying "It was like a sharpening of the imagination for me. I don't think *S.F. Sorrow* would have been impossible without it, but there's a lot of acid [in] the imagery." The album was not successful at the time, only later becoming a cult favourite. May remained with the Pretty Things until they retired in 2018, following a final concert with guests including David Gilmour and Van Morrison.

He died on 15 May 2020, aged 75, in a hospital in King's Lynn, from complications following hip surgery after a cycling accident. He is survived by his partner and two children.



Guillermo "Jorge" Santana
(1951 – 2020)

Santana was a Mexican guitarist, brother of musician Carlos Santana. He was a member of Malo, who had a top twenty hit in the U.S. Billboard Hot 100 with "Suavecito" in 1972. He released two solo albums on Tomato Records, *Jorge Santana* and *It's All About Love*, featuring former Malo members. In the mid-1970s he played with the Fania All-Stars.

His distinctive guitar is a green Fender Stratocaster, acquired in the 1970s.

After a long split, Santana toured with his brother, Carlos. The album *Sacred Fire: Live in South America* was recorded in Mexico City on this tour, featuring Jorge Santana, who played a personalized orange Paul Reed Smith guitar. In 1994 he recorded an album with his brother and Carlos Santana's nephew, Carlos Hernandez, called *Santana Brothers*. He passed away of natural causes on 14 May 2020, aged 68.



Derek John Lawrence
(1941 – 2020)

Lawrence was an English record producer, famous for his work for Joe Meek's Outlaws, Deep Purple, Flash, Machiavel and Wishbone Ash. Lawrence came in contact with Meek circa at the end of 1963, when he managed a group, Laurie Black and the Men of Mystery, that won a recording session at Joe Meek's studio. He continued working for him until 1965. He brought him Merseybeatners Freddie Starr and the Midnighters.

THOSE WE HAVE LOST

In the late 1960s, he worked for Harold Shampman at Film Music (part of Top Rank) and as freelance producer (inspired by Meek) for The Pretty Things, The Zephyrs, The V.I.P.'s, The Nocturnes etc. He produced Jethro Tull's debut single "Sunshine Day" (1968). Ritchie Blackmore, whom he had known from previous work, invited him to work with Blackmore's new band, and as a result Lawrence produced Deep Purple's first three albums, the first at Pye Studios in London and the next two at De Lane Lea Studios, Kingsway, London. He produced Flash's first two albums, Flash (1972) and In The Can (1973), both at De Lane Lea. After struggling with Flash's ex-Yes guitarist, Peter Banks, he recommended that the band replace Banks, and suggested several top names. It was advice that they failed to heed, which led to the band's abrupt break up while on tour after the release of their third self-produced album, Out Of Our Hands (1973). He produced Wishbone Ash's first three albums Wishbone Ash (1970), Pilgrimage (1971) and Argus (1972), and returned to produce their ninth album No Smoke Without Fire (1978).

Lawrence died on 13 May 2020, at the age of 78.

John David "Moon" Martin (1950 – 2020)

Martin was an American singer-songwriter and guitarist. He was given the nickname "Moon" because many of his songs had the word moon in the lyrics. Born in Altus, Oklahoma in 1950, Martin gained recognition in the 1970s as a pop artist and composer. Originally a rockabilly artist, he wrote the songs "Bad Case of Loving You (Doctor, Doctor)", made famous by the English singer Robert Palmer, and "Cadillac Walk", made famous by the American singer Willy DeVille.

Martin scored two minor hits of his own with "Rolene" (#30 Billboard Hot 100) and "No Chance" (#50), both in 1979. His 1982 song, "X-Ray Vision" was an MTV hit music video.

He died in May 2020 at the age of 69.



THOSE WE HAVE LOST

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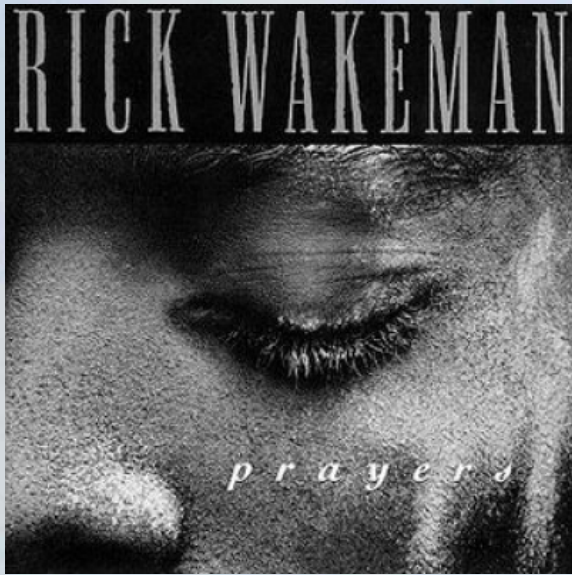
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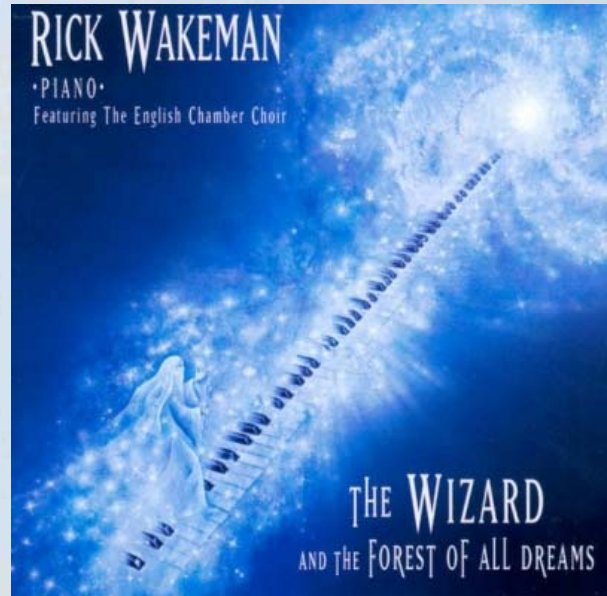
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Artist Rick Wakeman
Title Prayers
Cat No. MFGZ049CD
Label RRAW

Prayers is a Christian liturgical album released for the first time in 1993 and more of the rare of the Wakeman albums. A contemplative piece of work and as much a meditation as a musical piece. A lot of energy can be felt throughout this album and lead vocalist Chrissie Hammond has a strong presence, supported by Rick's synthesizer and backing choir singers. Wakeman had previously written a religious album, The Gospels, and this is generally considered his follow-up. It appeared on Hope Records, a small label that

also cut production. According to his own words, only 5000 copies would be pressed, but Rick feels that there were probably more. Recordings took place in the private studio Bajonor Studio on the Isle of Man during the months of February to July 1992.



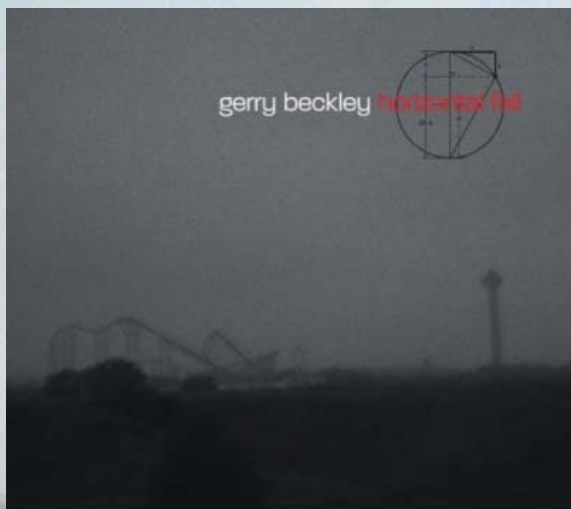
Artist Rick Wakeman
Title The Wizard and the Forest of All Dreams
Cat No. MFGZ050CD
Label RRAW

The Wizard and the Forest of All Dreams is a studio album by Rick Wakeman and the English Chamber Choir. The album contains modern



classical choral music, with Wakeman accompanying on the piano. Wakeman composed the whole in April 2002 during stays in Milan and Tenerife. It was recorded in the Music Fusion Studio (private studio of Wakeman) and the Phoenix Studio in Wembley. Christian Loebenstein writes:

"The Wizard And The Forest Of All Dreams" is a beautiful set of modern classical pieces for piano & choir (with a little keyboard added here and there). The lengthy tracks are prime examples of Rick's unique compositorial and arranging gift & ability - still you can hear influences from Bach or Haydn to Gershwin and Philip Glass, if you like. In times of "Crossover", Bocellis, Brightmans, ERA and Bonds or even Kennedys, this album could easily reach (want it or not) a large audience - then again it's of course by no means "pop". So if you like modern classical music or you're simply looking for a new way to relax (it works!) you should definitely give this album a try.



Artist Gerry Beckley
Title Horizontal Fall
Cat No. USGZ110CD
Label America

Gerald Linford Beckley (born September 12, 1952) is an American singer, songwriter and musician, and a founding member of the band America. Beckley was born to an American father and an English mother. He began playing the piano at the age of three and the guitar a few years later. By 1962, Beckley was playing guitar in The Vanguards, an instrumental surf music band in Virginia. He spent every summer in England and soon discovered 'British invasion' music.

This solo album was first released in 2006, and Albert J Mora writes: "There is an imaginary scale of perfect music from pure artistic to pure commercial, where everything is genius. On the extreme left there is perfect pure art. Think Beethoven. In the middle there is a perfect balance between pure art and pure commercialism. Think The Beatles. On the extreme right there is perfect pure commercialism. Think Madonna.

Gerry Beckley's Horizontal Fall CD is on this Genius scale. It is just to the left of the Beatles. That is, it leans more toward being pure art than toward being commercial. It is creative. It is thoughtful. It is simple. It is light. It is dark. It is haunting. Above all, it is beautiful. If this CD were not in English, it would remain fascinating to English-speaking listeners. If it had no vocals, it would remain beautiful as a pure instrumental album. The lyrics by themselves are magnificent poems. For connoisseurs, the production quality of the CD is fantastic - no shortcuts. It will bring out the best in the finest sound systems or studio headphones.

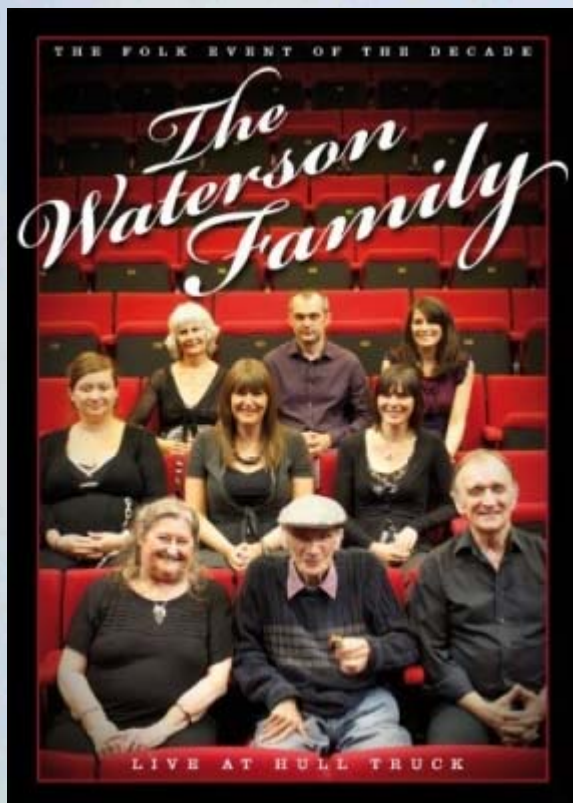
As a result, this is a CD you can listen to seemingly endless times and derive something new every time. Buy it for someone who loves permanent, thoughtful things over fleeting, trivial things. Someone smart."

And you can't say better than that.

Artist The Waterson Family
Title Live at Hull Truck
Cat No. SCARGZ105DVD-CD
Label Scarlet Records

The Waterson Family celebrates 50 years as Britain's 'First Family of Folk' with this homecoming concert at Hull Truck Theatre. Norma and Mike Waterson from the original quartet are joined on stage by Norma's husband Martin Carthy and their daughter Eliza as well as various other talented members of the family.

Tony D writes: "This DVD was recorded shortly before the sad death of Mike Waterson and is a very fitting tribute to him. My wife and I have followed the Watersons for many years and attended Liverpool Philharmonic Hall for a concert last year which took the same form as this one - the whole family on

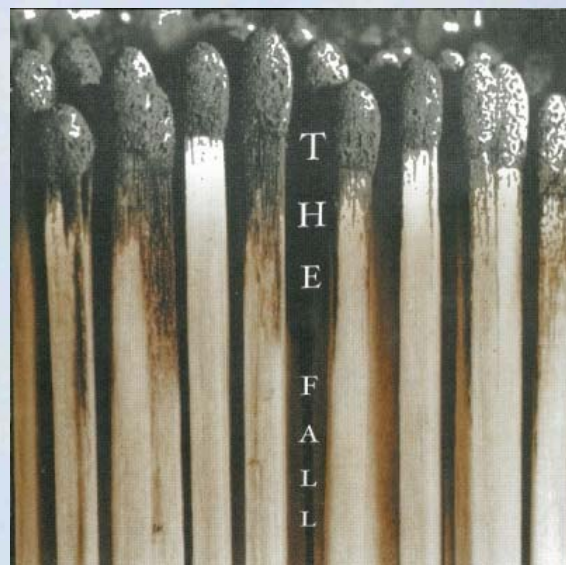


stage singing sublimely, mostly unaccompanied, a large selection of their repertoire. Not surprisingly, they received a standing ovation from an audience of like minded souls who, if anything like me, had the hairs on the back of their necks standing up for the whole concert with the magnificence of their harmonies."

Artist The Fall
Title The Idiot Joy Show
Cat No. COGGZ112CD
Label Cog Sinister

Mercurial performer, Mark E Smith, auditioned for a number of heavy metal bands but finding his musical tastes far more eclectic, formed The Fall in 1977. The Fall provided Mark with a far better base from which to utilise his talents and of course the other major plus was that it was his band. The line up of The Fall has constantly been in fluctuation around Mark, but the band has successfully weathered the storms of all these changes.

The Fall, were and indeed always have been seen as a cult band and thus they have survived the trends of the music business whilst others come and go. The late John Peel was a huge fan and one of the most high profile members of the band's fan base. Of all the artists John



Peel had welcomed to his show over the years, the session recordings of Mark E Smith and The Fall are allegedly the only ones he kept in his personal archive.

Disc one recorded live at The Junction, Cambridge, October 24th 1995. Disc two recorded live at The Phoenix Festival, Reading, July 21st, 1996 except tracks 2-2 and 2-10 recorded at The Roskilde Festival, Denmark, June 30th, 1996.

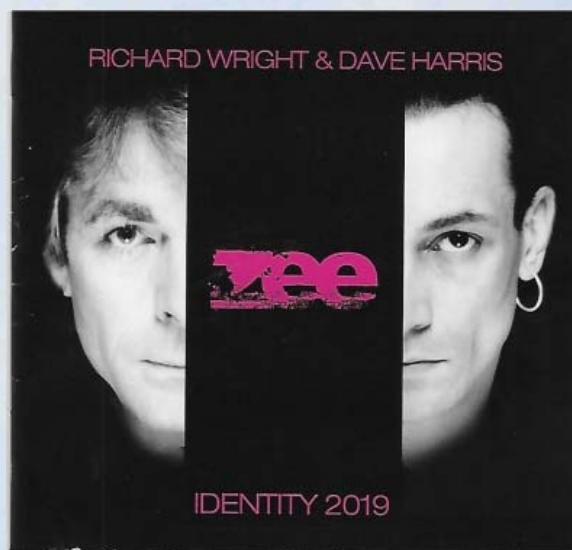




Artist Rick Wakeman
Title White Rock II
Cat No. MFGZ047CD
Label RRAW

Richard Christopher 'Rick' Wakeman is an English keyboard player and songwriter best known for being the former keyboardist in the progressive rock band Yes. He is also known for his solo albums, contributing to the BBC comedy series Grumpy Old Men and for Rick's Place, his former radio show on Planet Rock that aired until December 2010.

Of this album, Rick writes: "When asked to write new scores for all the early Winter Olympic sports films I pieced together the best of all the music and made this album, which I personally think is a nice and genuine follow up to the original. One day I would like to enhance the original and put these two out together but the current owners of White Rock are uncommunicative and so it has about as much chance as happening as I have of ever getting married again!"



Artist Richard Wright and Dave Harris - Zee
Title Identity 2019
Cat No. HST490CD
Label Gonzo

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 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”.

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.

Artist Chasing the Monsoon
Title No Ordinary World
Cat No. CTMCD001
Label Immrama

Ian Jones is, of course, best known as the main driving force behind neo proggy band Karnataka. This album was started by Ian Jones



and named after a book of the same name by Alexander Frater in which the author writes about his life changing experiences following the monsoon across India. The band name also continues Jones interest in India which is where the Karnataka band name came from.

An article on The Progmeister website reads: "The idea behind the project was to do something progressive incorporating strong rhythmic elements, world music and Celtic influence. As well as Ian Jones playing bass, acoustic guitar and programming there are some talented folk on here who were totally unknown to me, though i am pleased to say that they aren't now. Steve Evans plays some rather tasty keys and some great vocals. Lisa Fury who is definitely a singer I will be keeping an eye on and no stranger to Karnataka fans having loaned her singing talent to the bands *The Gathering Light* album, and Ian Simmons playing some sumptuous guitar licks. OK, let's get the obvious comparisons over with and out of the way shall we? *Lovers of Magenta*, Karnataka, *Mostly Autumn*, Rob Reed etc and all subsidiaries thereof may well fall in love with *Chasing The Monsoon*. The bloodlines are there so to speak."





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Gonzo #32 The Dutch Festie c...

actions



Gonzo #30 The Mick Abrahams...

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Gonzo #27 The Prog shirt

actions



Gonzo #24 The Daavid Allen shirt

actions



Gonzo #23 The Michael Des B...

actions



Yer original Gonzo Weekly shirt

actions



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

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

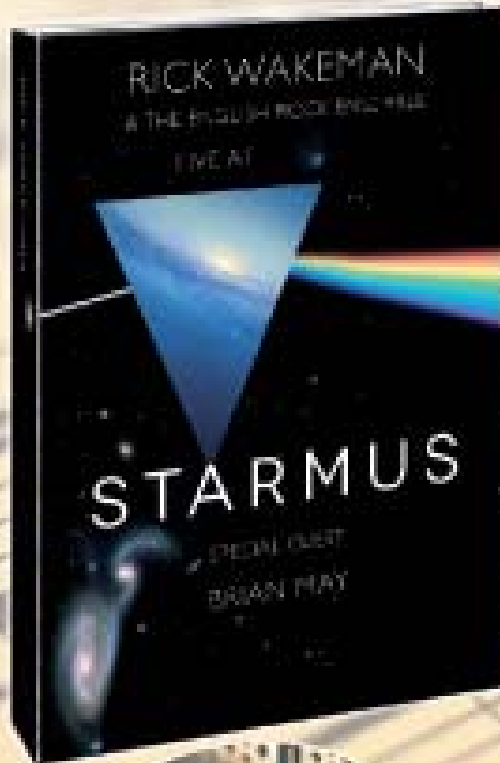
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Starmus is festival of music and astronomy on the beautiful island of Tenerife. It is the brain child Garik Israelian (The astrophysicist who led the team which found the first observational evidence that supernova explosions are responsible for the 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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we cover.

Our rescue partners are many, ranging in size from large organizations like The American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (ASPCA), and North Shore Animal League America, as well as small shelters in remote areas of West Virginia, Kentucky, Virginia and beyond. One of our newer partners is St. Hubert's Animal Welfare Center in Madison, New Jersey. With an increasing population disparity in the northern states, St. Hubert's serves as a hub for animals heading into New England where rescue dogs are scarce but people still want to have the fulfilling opportunity to rescue a beautiful, healthy animal who otherwise would have met a devastating fate.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=CWG1AdEQ48k&feature=share>



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PITTSBURGH AVIATION ANIMAL RESCUE TEAM and **412 FOOD RESCUE** are teaming up to help feed Pittsburgh. Join us on Friday from 1pm - 3pm at the McKeesport High School for a no contact drive-thru distribution as we provide free dog food and people food to keep Pittsburghers and their pets fed during the Covid-19 Crisis.

TWO OR FOUR LEGS... WE WANT TO FEED YOU

People And Pups: A Special Event

We heard it over and over during our last few drive-thru food distribution events. People were shuffling between our event and people food events. This was causing undue stress on our friends and neighbors struggling during the Covid-19 crisis.

An idea was born, we needed to find an organization as dedicated to helping our community as we were. A call to 412 Food Rescue was all it took for joint event to become a reality. On Friday we are co-hosting a special People and Pups no contact drive-thru food distribution event. 412 Food Rescue will be providing Farm to Family boxes of produce and dairy and PAART will be providing 40 pound bags of dog food.

One event, one stop, dog food and people food.

We are so excited to continue giving back to our community.

With our last 30,000 pounds of dog food we are dedicating this to our friends and neighbors who have been struggling for months to hang on during this crisis. We found the perfect partner in 412 Food Rescue and we are excited to help feed not only Pittsburgh's pets, but their loving owners as well.

Please share this post so we can reach those in need. See you Friday.



POLL RESULTS

BEAT INSTRUMENTAL

MAR.
31-



*Grab your Tardis and Travel in Time back
to...*

'Beat Instrumental' March '69

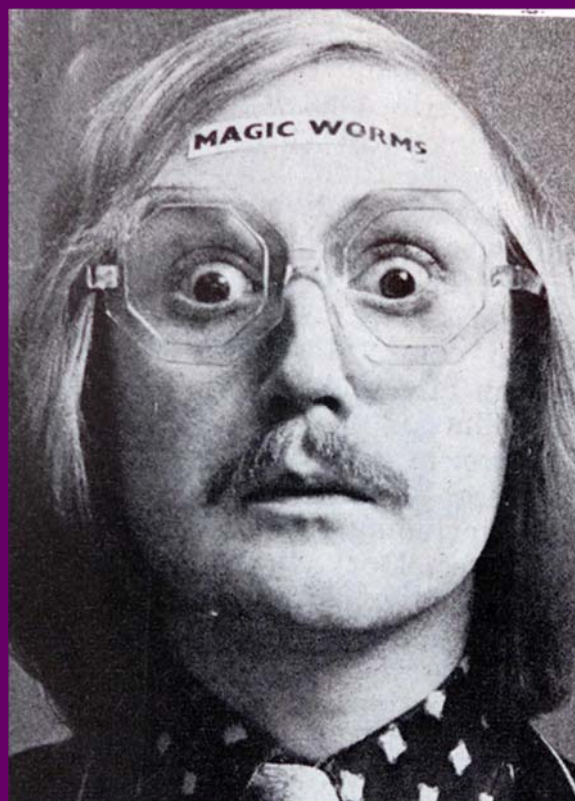
Alan Dearling takes us to a different time... saying:

alan dearling

OK, none of us has perfect memories, but by 1969 I know that I had begun dabbling in the underground media populated by 'it', 'Oz' and 'Rolling Stone' (the American magazine founded in 1967). In the mid- to late 1960s, I cannot remember ever having seen 'Beat Instrumental' magazine. My contemporaries were also reading (or devouring) copies of 'Disc and Music Echo', 'Melody Maker' and 'New Musical Express'. But, not 'Beat Instrumental'. Apparently it had started life as 'Beat Monthly' back in 1963, then became 'Beat Instrumental Monthly', and by 1969, simply, 'Beat Instrumental'. I stumbled across a perfectly preserved copy of Issue 71 recently, in the rather delectable, 'Muse Music/Love Café' in Market Street in Hebden Bridge.

I only got around to reading it the other day, a few weeks after purchase. It's an amazing time capsule. A different world. Bands that became famous, infamous, legendary were just rising to the surface. Others were sinking even before reaching the surface! Views, humour, attitudes, the adverts, fashions... Wow, how they have changed... It was apparently meant to be geared to 'musicians' and 'music business insiders'. It even billed itself as: "The World's First Group & Instrumental Magazine". Lots of adverts for amplifiers, lights, guitars and guitar strings.

Let's dip in and out of the UK Music Scene circa, March 1969, courtesy of this really rather odd, often surreal, and sometimes bonkers publication.



Here's an item from the 'Instrumental News' pages:

YOUTHFUL NUDITY

Nudity in the record world continues. Buddah Records have accumulated all their best and biggest selling bubblegum records and put them into an album called the 'Naked Truth', which features an album cover full of nudes. They don't expect an outcry, however, because the models are all about four years old.

The Vivian Stanshall Column (excerpts)

Hello, this is my first bash at being a writer and it's jolly exciting...So, today I'm wearing a purple striped dressing-gown (with alarming décolletage) because it seems appropriate. Bernard Shaw used to do it on the top of buses but I don't.

(Returning home in a car after a show in Bristol at 3 a.m.)...Nine hours in a closed car with six pimply ruffians bulging with Wally's O.K. Café "Beans on toast with

sauce anonyme" is an unforgettable experience and can cost a king's ransom in dry-cleaning.

It amazes me I can still look glamorous. Sol Warthogstein, my manager and close friend told me, "Sunshine, never kick a badger, and no matter how tough things become, keep grinning and waving and signing autographs even if people don't want them. Remember that and I'll make you a star." I look forward to boring you

next month with more "Secrets of the Stars".

Yours immeasurably, Vivian Stanshall.

y, Vivian Stanshall.

PLAYER OF THE MONTH: RIC LEE
(excerpts from Rick Sanders)

Musicians start playing their instruments for a variety of reasons. Ric Lee, drummer



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with *Ten Years After* (and no relation of Alvin Lee), was inspired to become a percussionist at the age of 11. "I used to love listening to the Billy Cotton Band Show after lunch on Sundays, trying to tap knives and forks in rhythm with the drummer. That's where it all started.

CHICKEN SHACK (excerpts from Mike Clifford)

May I carve a modest niche in pop history for Stan Webb of the Chicken Shack? I saw Stan recently at the Blue Horizon/London Blues Society Blues Concert at the St. Pancras Town hall, where he appeared to be under the spiritual guidance of Mike Yarwood. His impressions, very visual and very funny, didn't in any way detract from his enterprising and original band. Together, they entertain people, and that,

says Stan "is what I'm here for." ... (it was) rather like being in a Dave Allen audience in front of millions of television viewers, and told that your flies are undone, while Mr Allen throws custard pies at you. When it was obvious that Stan wasn't going to direct his attention at any one unfortunate, the audience relaxed. Then the electricity was cut off..."Let there be light," cried one. "Let's go home," cried another.

MAN (excerpt from review – Mike Clifford/Rick Sanders)

Wales, we hear continually, is a place for the musically backward. Although it is only a few hundred miles from London, it may well be Mondego for all anyone cares. Well, a group from Wales have just released an album called 'Revelation' which deals, however obviously, with the



world from its conception. The title track is about the sexual act. While the music builds, a girl cries and moans. It is vivid, too vivid perhaps, and has caused a fair old stir in the business... "We thought it was a good idea, and went about it as best we could. If people don't like it, or it offends them, well, that's that. It's honest and it happened, and as for 'Revelation', what do you do? Close your mind to sex everywhere?"

PSYCHEDELIC WOLF (Instrumental News)

Howlin' Wolf was pressured by Chess Records into making a psychedelic blues album with studio session men during January. Wolf is not pleased with the results, although the executives at Chess think it will sell well "and he needs the bread".

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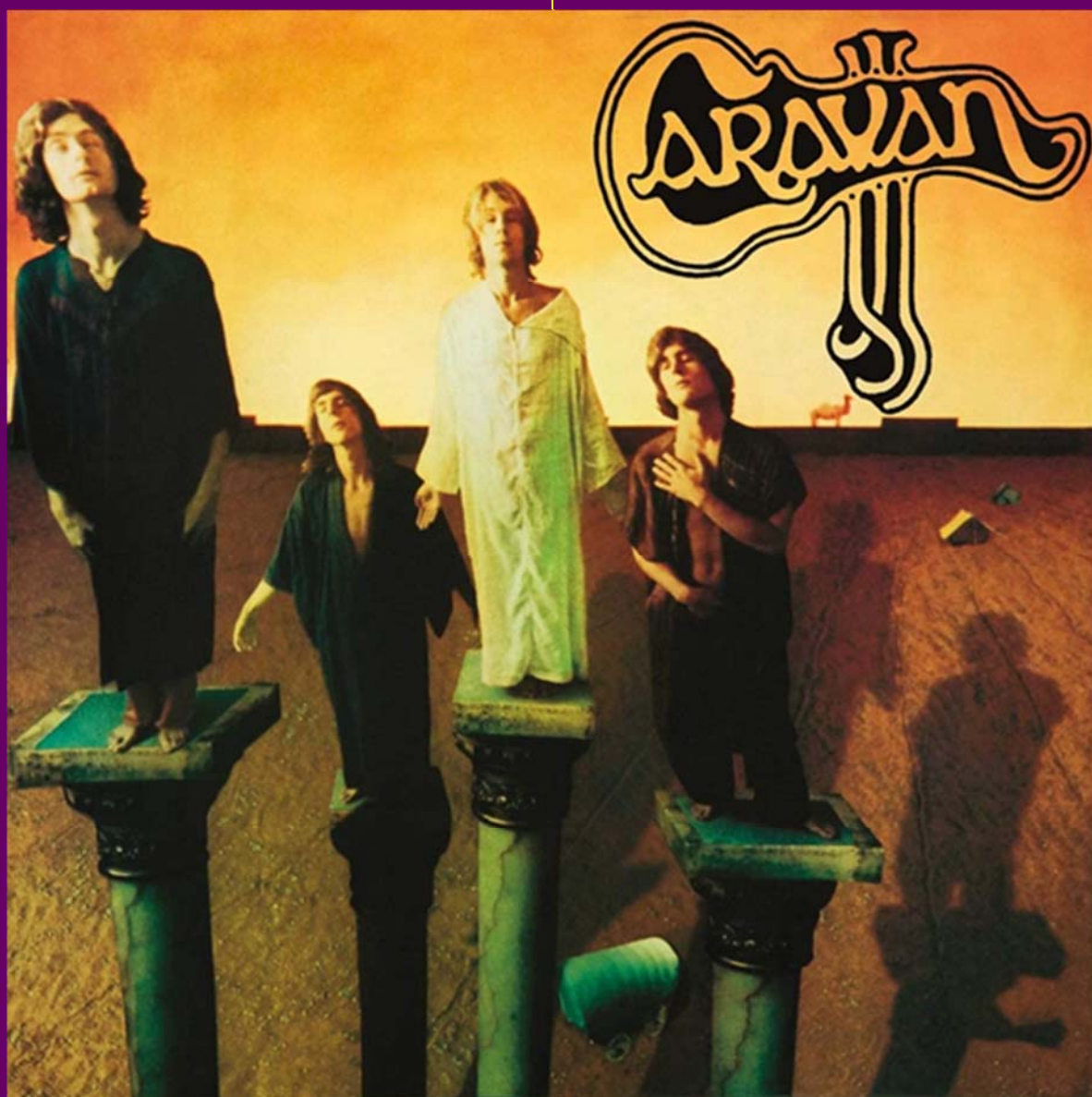
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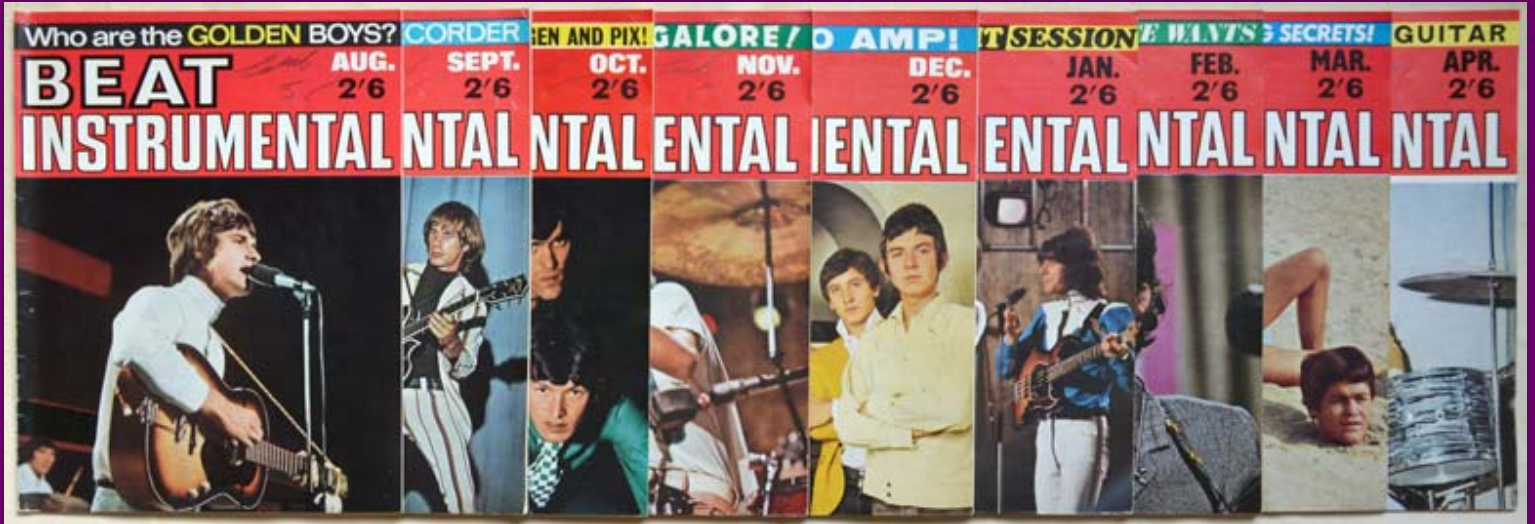
Sole manufacturer: James How Industries Ltd. (Music Division),
20 Upland Road, Bexleyheath, Kent.

CARAVAN (the opening section of the review by Mike Clifford)

There is an Eastern legend which tells of a young man who has a recurring dream about patterns. He sees lines, and colours, but he can never join them together. The lines run wild, are never stable enough to form a base to weave any more than a disjointed criss-cross through a blur of dull colour. As the months pass, his frustrations grow more and more as his dreams never improve – indeed, they worsen into a continual nightmare which doesn't just come at night anymore. He is stricken during the day, until his mind is eventually blown, and then comes the moral.

His ideas are reversed, and he sees colours and patterns as they really are – visions of his unbalanced past, and he thanks Buddah for focusing his life as a useless nonentity, which he vows to correct in his future. Now his dreams are centred around his god, the waving arms of the Buddah, and it's a dull shade of green. He rejoices, and is lauded as a man of great learning – a man who can separate all his thoughts to the bare core, able to see many different things at once, yet all within the framework of his mind. A complete separation, yet still together. Needless to say he was made ruler of the country, married a beautiful princess, and lived happily ever after, etc., etc.





I was listening to the first album by Caravan, when I was reminded of this story. Here was a group with separation, and unity at the same time.

And so, in a few lifetimes away from Beat Instrumental, we return to a world of pandemics, international bans on events, music and travel. Keep washing your hands with warm soapy water for 20 seconds or more. Keep coughing and sneezing into your hankie. 1969 was a wacky, zany time. Rock music was still evolving. Now we are, of course, all doomed. Or, as Woody Allen said, the only two certainties in life are death and taxes!

Gonzo Alan

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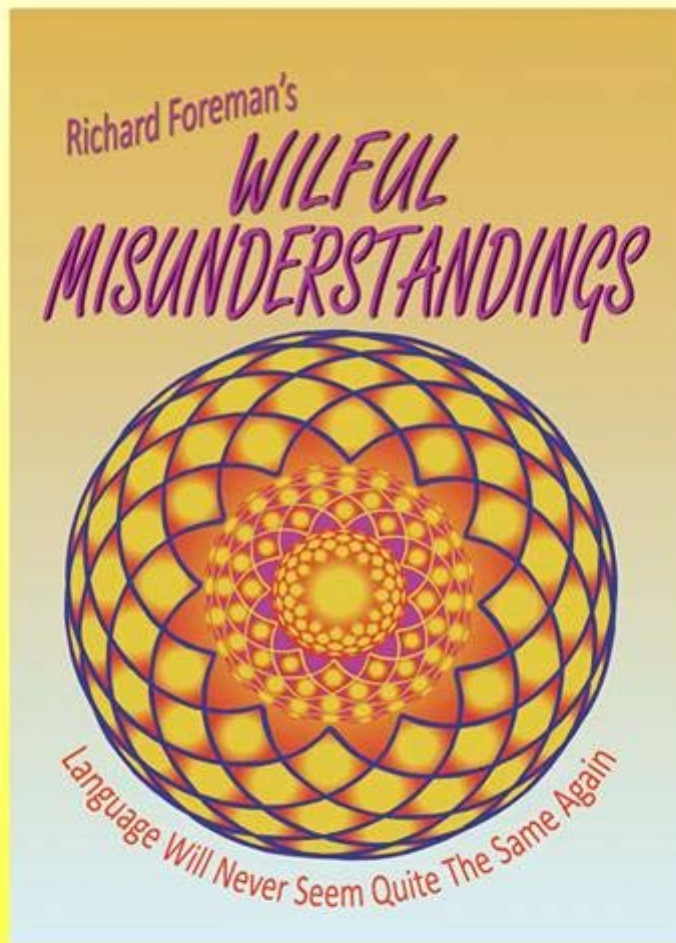
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Readers' comments:

'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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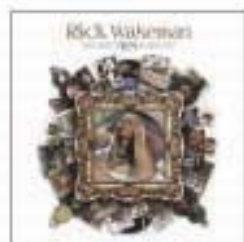
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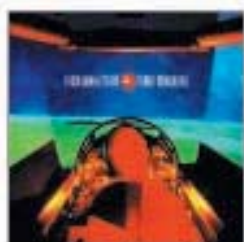
HFG203CD



THE STAGE COLLECTION

Recorded live in August 1993 in Buenos Aires

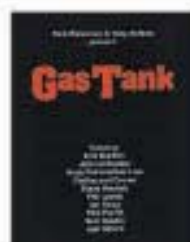
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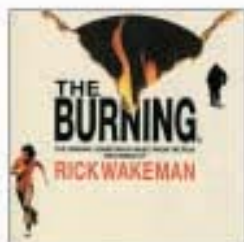
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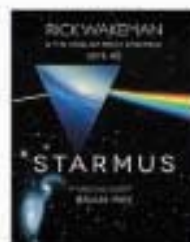
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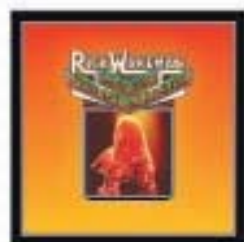
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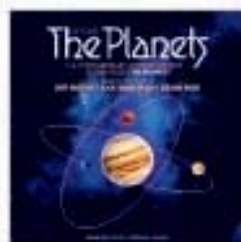
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KEV'S WORLD



PAIN
COMING HOME
NUCLEAR BLAST RECORDS

'Coming Home' is the most recent album from Peter Tägtgren (Hypocrisy), their eighth, released in 2016. Tägtgren started Pain as a side project to bring together his interests of industrial and techno into metal, and in the studio provides all the music and vocals himself, with the rest of the guys being the live band. I have been playing this album quite a lot recently, as with this album he has also been bringing

in some symphonic elements, and although there are times when he is influenced by Rammstein there are plenty of others when it could be Dimmu Borgir or even Nightwish. It is the sort of metal album I can imagine getting plenty of flak from reviewers as there are quite a few numbers that one could imagine being played on a rock radio station as they are quite commercial. That it made it into the Top 30 in four different European countries doesn't surprise me at all.

The album starts with a country and western pastiche, with is worrying on a couple of fronts: namely it's country and western and the production seems to be missing all of the bottom end. But then the guitars really kick in and "Designed To Piss You Off" lives up to its name. There is something about this album that makes it incredibly listenable to, right from the off, which is probably why I have been playing it so much in the car recently. It is perfect travelling music, bashing the steering wheel and singing along with the music blasting very loudly indeed. Funnily

KEV ROWLAND

enough I don't have many passengers. This is industrial metal for those who feel that Rammstein are just too Germanic, who enjoy the odd symphonic influence but don't want it to always be there or be over the top, and enjoy strong bottom end nu-metal vibes with English lyrics. Now that they have finished touring this one, they are promising album number nine in the future. Something to look forward to.



TEN
HERESY AND CREED
FRONTIERS RECORDS

Back in the Nineties, one of the bands that were a real find for me were Ten, with their distinctive singer Gary Hughes. Alongside guitarist Vinny Burns they crafted one wonderful bombastic hard rock album after another, with Gary taking time out to record two wonderful solo albums ('The Once and Future King'). But, for one reason or another I lost touch with the band and what they were doing. Fast forward a few years and one night when I was noodling around the web I came across an album by Darrel Treece-Birch, which I really enjoyed, and a review later we were in touch with each other.

This led me to discovering that Darrel was also keyboard player for Ten, having joined them in time for this 2012 album, so of course it only seemed right and proper to give it a listen and see what I thought. Having checked the personnel I could see that there had been quite a few changes, which isn't surprising given the time which had elapsed, but as soon as I put it on I was immediately taken back in time, as Ten are still performing to the same incredibly high levels they always have. There is a strong foundation from the bass and drums which allows the twin guitars of Dan Mitchell and John Halliwell to pitch against, while Darrel either sits quietly in the background, providing the lead, or nuances as the music demands, and then there is Gary. Right from the very first time I heard his voice, some 20 plus years ago, I knew that here was a star, and he still is. For some reason he always makes me think of David Coverdale, even though vocally he doesn't have a great deal in common, it is more the depth and breadth of his vocals. He can go up the octave when the time is right, but his vocals rely more on emotion and solidity.

Combine that with strong material and one couldn't wish for much more – the production is superb, the artwork is great, with the only real thing wrong being that this is the sort of material that should have come out in the Seventies when polished rock like this would have rewarded the band with a retirement fund. As it is, released some 16 years after the debut, Ten are showing no sign whatsoever of slowing down. And is there any other group that does a power ballad quite like them? Piano, poignant guitars, multi-tracked vocals, great stuff.

www.tenofficial.com



TEN
ALBION
ROCKTOPIA RECORDS

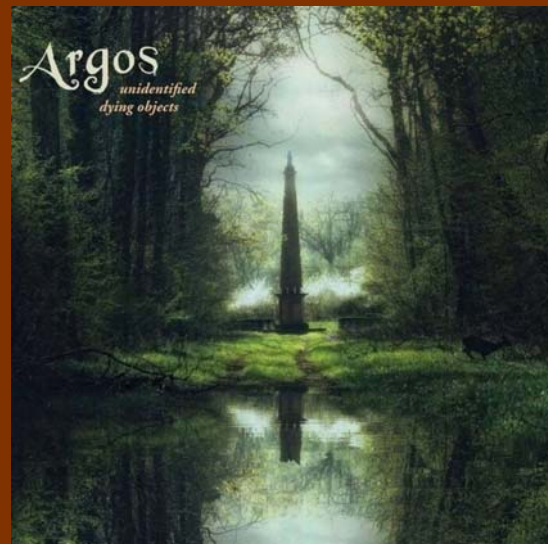
2014 saw the band back with their eleventh studio album, and in the two years since 'Heresy and Creed' there had been some changes in the guitarists, with Dan Mitchell leaving due to health problems related to his wrist and arm, being replaced by Dann Rosingana and Steve Grocott (yes, the band now had three guitarists). One might think with an over exuberance of six stringers that the band would turn into a heavier direction, but that is never likely happen all the time that Gary is at the helm and here is an album that is the direct sequel to what had gone previously.

Ten do have a formula, but there again so do many other bands – one knows exactly what one is going to get when buying an album by Ten, and they deliver time and again. Gary is a superb singer, but what makes Ten such a great band is the combination of all the musicians coming together as a complete unit. There are some great guitar licks, some wonderful elements added by the keyboards, times when the bass is up the front, and the drums are driving it all

along, and it is all of this combined with the vocals that make them such a force to be reckoned with.

Back in the Nineties I was very involved with the melodic rock underground, albeit not nearly as much as I was with prog, but these days have lost touch (doesn't help that I am now on the other side of the world as well). Consequently I don't know what the buzz is around Ten at present, but to my ears they are still one of the very finest exponents of melodic hard rock around, and long may it stay that way. The songs are strong, the music really does rock, it is always melodic and full of hooks, the production is spot on, and the vocals are harmonious and powerful without ever being turned into parodies of the genre. It has taken me some years to rediscover Ten, and my musical world is all the better for it.

www.tenofficial.com



ARGOS
UNIDENTIFIED DYING OBJECTS
BAD ELEPHANT RECORDS

When I first typed in the album title I wrote 'Unidentified Frying Objects' by accident, but thought it didn't really look right which is a shame, as that additional

element of humour would have fitted in really well with an album that in many ways is quintessentially English. The band was originally conceived as a solo project by Thomas Klarmann, whose passion for progressive music was reignited on discovering the new progressive movement in the 1990s spearheaded by acts such as Spock's Beard and The Flower Kings. In partnership with vocalist and keyboards player Robert Gozon, Superdrama was formed, with drummer Ulf Jacobs offering his services after hearing the duo's work on Myspace. The new trio, now called Argos, signed to Musea in 2008, releasing their eponymous debut album the following years

Their second album 'Circles' (2010) added guitarist and producer Rico Florczak to expand their sound, followed by 'Cruel Symmetry' in 2012, and the highly-acclaimed 'A Seasonal Affair' (2015) featuring guest talents Andy Tillison and Marek Arnold. The band also began performing live, including making a much-lauded appearance at the Summer's End festival in 2014. Both Andy and Marek are back on this album as guests, along with Linus Kåse (alto saxophone) and Johannes Steinbronn (trumpet). The guests bring in additional textures and styles into an album which in many ways is a quite unique blend of Canterbury scene influences and contemporary progressive rock. In some ways it is as if classic Caravan is mixing it up with 'Trespass'-era Genesis, but then bringing in Spock's Beard and IQ. Although I felt that their last album was somewhat disjointed and forced, this has a far easier flow to it, almost as if with their fifth studio album they have decided to relax into what they are doing, and the album is all the better for it. Modern, with a very retro twist indeed, this album is mixing

together elements and styles from the prog scene decades apart, and shows just what can be achieved when it is done with care.



STICK MEN
PROG NOIR
IAPETUS MEDIA

Originally formed in 2008 by Tony Levin (Chapman Stick, vocals), Pat Mastelotto (drums) and Michael Bernier (Chapman Stick, vocals) (hence the band name), the line-up changed in 2010 with the departure of Bernier and the addition of Markus Reuter (touch guitars, vocals). This 2016 album was their fifth studio album, and comprises songs that were specially composed for the purpose, as opposed to ones that they had worked through on the road. I must confess that the first time I played this I really wasn't too sure, as although the musicality on display is of course of the very highest order, I felt the songs were contrived and not allowed to expand to their full potential, while the vocals weren't doing anything for me at all.

But, as is often the case with music of worth, the more I played this the more it grew on me, until I found that my views

were quite at odds with what I thought initially. I'm not even sure how quite to describe this to someone who hasn't come across them prior to this, as Pat and Tony are often taking the lead, with Markus providing additional tonal elements which often don't even sound as if they are coming from a guitar at all. Pat seems to have been at the top of the drumming game forever, while Tony is recognised as the world expert in the Chapman Stick, and they have been playing together in King Crimson for more than twenty years. This joined experience means that they know exactly what each other is going to do, where they are going to move, so it is no surprise that they fit together seamlessly. Then there is Markus, who adds additional tonal colour to everything that is taking place: I'm not sure how he always finds room among Tony's double-handed 12-string attack, but find room he does, creating a sonic assault that brings everything together.

Instrumentals like "Schattenhaft" are simply stunning, while "Plutonium" is a wonderful little song that is bound to bring a smile to any proghead. As I write this Stick Men are touring South America, and I just wish they would make the little trip over to Australia and New Zealand, as I would be great to see them play. There is a song on here called "Leonardo", and there can't be many bands who dedicate a number to their manager, but richly deserved as Leonardo Pavkovic must be one of the hardest working people in the business and remains one of the nicest. This is an album that demands repeated playing, but more than repays the effort.



STICK MEN +
MIDORI
MOONJUNE RECORDS

The reason for the "+" sign, is that here the trio of Levin, Mastelotto and Reuter have been joined by violinist/keyboard player David Cross. In April 2015 the quartet put on four concerts in Japan, and this double CD set captures the two shows from Tokyo, recorded on April 10th. With 19 songs, and nearly 140 minutes of music, this is very different indeed to the 'Prog Noir' studio album. What we have here are four top musicians pushing the boundaries of what is acceptable within music, refusing to compromise, and allowing themselves to fully explore the limits of touch guitar and stick. Given that three of the four have very close ties indeed with King Crimson, it isn't surprising that they also include some songs from that band, and each set closes with "The Talking Drum" and "Lark's Tongues In Aspic Part 2".

This is music for the listener to lose themselves inside, with all four seemingly going in totally different and

unconnected directions, particularly during their improvisations, yet somehow it all still makes sense. This is where RIO, avant-garde, free jazz and progressive rock all decided to meet up for a brawl, with each of them getting the upper hand at some point, and the listener being the winner in the end. In many ways this isn't easy music to listen to, as it challenges the ears to accept what isn't often viewed as acceptable harmonies, but it is incredibly intriguing and I know that I for one am far richer for having heard it.

Strangely enough, I actually found this easy to get into the very first time I played it, and I would put that down to having well-trained ears, although my wife would probably say it's just because I'm weird (and she would know). But that's okay with me, all weirdos unite, and discover this incredible release which is perfect in just about every way.



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



Gonzo CURRENTLY IN STOCK
AT GONZO (UK)

Gonzo CURRENTLY IN STOCK
AT GONZO (USA)

THE COMPLETE GOSPELS

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

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

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

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

Special Limited Edition Boxset containing

Signed by Rick Wakeman and numbered certificates.

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

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

Double CD2, The New Gospels

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

Reproduction A4 x 12 page concert program.

The Rainbow Suite

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

This is Rick and Orchestra at their finest !!!



Available to pre-order from www.rickwakemansmusicemporium.com

Tony Klinger

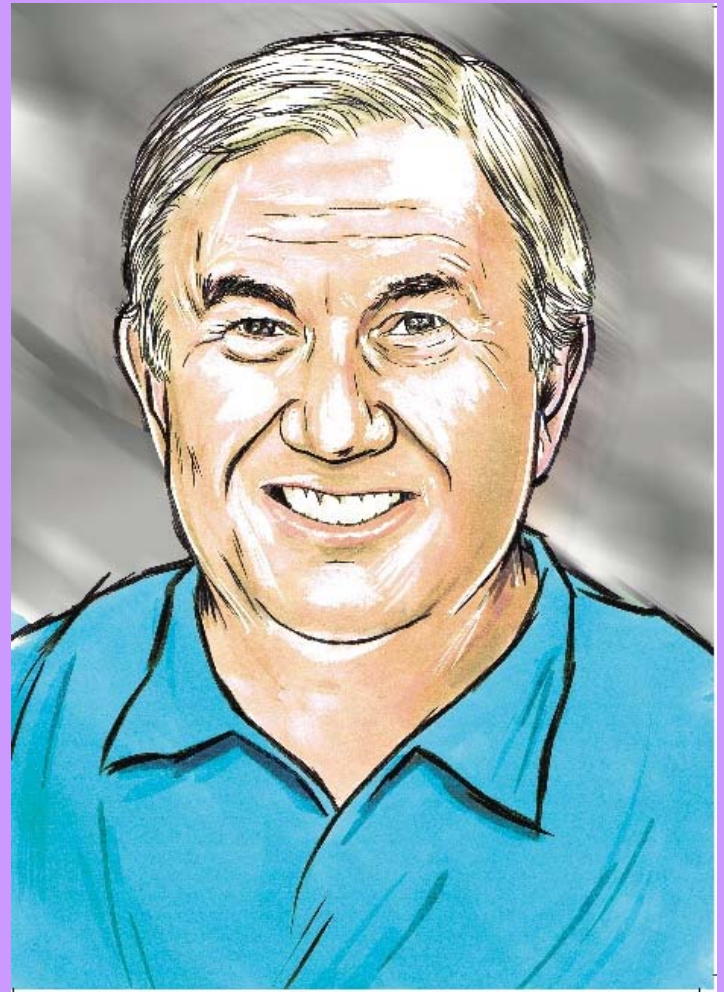
Tony Klinger is a British film-maker, author and media executive. He began his career as Assistant Director on *The Avengers* in the 1960s, directed several rockumentaries and headed media companies both in the UK and the USA.

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.

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KLINGER AT
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GONZO CURRENTLY IN STOCK
AT GONZO (UK)

GONZO CURRENTLY IN STOCK
AT GONZO (USA)



“my death” by Tony Klinger Ó 2018

Just before the start of 2012 I died. Luckily for me I was in a hospital at the time and was resuscitated within a couple of minutes. No white lights for me, no angels, and no celestial choir. Just waking up with my wife stroking my head and looking more worried than I had ever seen her. My family surrounding me while I had no idea what had happened.

It started fairly innocently with my going in for yet another growth removal from my scalp. This was about the fifteenth such procedure, most of them being uniformly standard procedures in which I had received local anaesthetic and had the growths excised. I had long since been used to the discomfort from these procedures. However, as time progressed the operations had become progressively bigger, more complex and uncomfortable.

The origins of these growths apparently started when, as a young man I had worked on distant and mostly very hot locations as a rapidly rising filmmaker. We filmed in and around the goldmines of South Africa for the big action movies "Gold" starring Roger Moore and again with him and this time Lee Marvin in the wild Skeleton Coast of that country for "Shout at the Devil", in Israel with Mickey Rooney and others in Barcelona, Vancouver, Malta, with Keith Moon in Los Angeles for "The Kids are Alright" and many other such places, almost always in the open air without a hat, and however hot it got. These were the days that the most we feared was a touch of too much sun, not enough liquid or perhaps a burnt skin. We had no idea we were at risk from skin cancer.

As time went by more often than not the tiny growths in my scalp or on my face were turning out to be pre-cancerous or basal cell carcinomas and then a month or so back I was told that one of the nasty little things was a squamous cancer. Fortunately the surgeon got to it good and quick and although there were a few nasty moments when I was calmly informed that they might have to check for secondary growths in my lymph nodes it turned out I was to receive the all clear.

I can confirm that the episode had me worried about secondary cancer and my family suddenly started wearing hats when they were outside. But I couldn't have been luckier, I had dodged the bullet, as it seemed I would need watching but no further treatment.

Just then, when I thought the saga was finally over I was discovered to have three, maybe

four more small but significant growths on my scalp. Yet again I was to have a procedure, the third in five weeks, this time to eliminate what should be the last of these. Now I was having what was referred to as "twilight sedation", more or less the same but less powerful than general sedation, but I was more or less to be "out of it." while the excision was made and skin grafts put in place from other parts of my body.

I am a 61 years old, film maker, writer, business man and one time academic and as brave as the next person, but I had undergone so many procedures on my head that I simply couldn't tolerate any more while aware of the surgeon digging and cutting into my head if I had the choice. I asked for sedation.

This was going to be general anaesthetic but because I have sleep apnoea the anaesthetist decided it should be the less dangerous form of sedation, known widely as Twilight sedation. "Not to worry." I was informed, "You won't remember a thing!" In fact for procedures one and two this was true. I was a little disconcerted that the surgeon found it necessary to hack off some of my hair after I had been so happy that I still had a fair covering but otherwise I was able to remain phlegmatic when I was told that yet another procedure was going to be necessary.

Everything appeared as if it was going to be a simple repeat of the first two little operations. The only difference was that my first anaesthetist was to be replaced by another fellow. He seemed perfectly fine when he introduced himself with the reassuring words that he was going to be using precisely the same methods as his predecessor.

I was prepared for the operation in the same very nice private room in the lovely surroundings of the smart and well-run private hospital. I wasn't nervous, as this was something I had undergone so many times I had lost count. Slippers and dressing gown on and I followed the nurse down to the operating theatre. On to the trolley, slippers and dressing gown removed and the anaesthetist tells me that he is going to slip in the catheter through which he is going to administer a tiny amount of sedation to start the procedure prior to wheeling me into

theatre.

I don't remember much after that since the sedation clearly worked very fast. From this point on I have to reconstruct what happened to me via the anaesthetist, the surgical sister, the chief technician and my surgeon. Very vaguely I remember not feeling right as I was being wheeled to the operating table. I started to struggle and apparently said something like, "I'm not feeling right, and I've got pins and needles in my arms and in my hands." The medical team immediately noticed that a red rash was appearing on my neck and shoulders and I was rapidly becoming more agitated.

The surgeon was simultaneously preparing the hidden area behind my left ear for a skin graft to my head as I became even more resistant. As this became too much for him to contain the crash team, led by the Chief Technician, realized that they had to take over my care. This was exactly what they had trained for and I shall always be grateful that the man in charge had been a paramedic in his native South Africa before settling in the UK. The team immediately ascertained that the pulse in my neck was very weak as were the others in my ankle and wrist. Very quickly my body was closing down totally. Apparently I was struggling with the five-person team who were trying to look after me. It had become a life or death battle.

My blood pressure now read 70 over 40 and my last pulse had vanished. I was immediately injected with more adrenaline but it didn't work. I had stopped breathing as my heart stopped. The Chief Technician had repeatedly thumped my chest hard trying to get a reaction. Another member of the team shoved a tube down my throat to breathe for me. Apparently there were five people all around me and I had failed to react to another shot of adrenaline. A little more than two minutes passed before they got my heart and lungs working.

In the meantime the hospital administrative staff were letting my wife know that there was a problem. They were very kind but quite direct, and when my wife asked if I was going to wake up brain damaged they responded with honesty that they didn't

know. I don't know how she coped with that information but cope she did, and immediately called our two kids that live fairly locally as the hospital advised her to get our family to hospital quickly.

After a few more minutes of doubt I was able to breathe for myself as my vital signs began to recover.

As ever our children responded wonderfully to an emergency and materialized as if by magic within minutes. I knew nothing about any of this. I was slowly being brought round in the post-operative room. My wife was insistent, she wanted to see me for herself. I began to recover consciousness with her stroking my head. My eyes opened to see her crying quietly. I was confused, everything but my head hurt. My chest felt like a herd of elephants had been tap dancing on it, and my ear felt like it had been half ripped off, but worst of all was the pain in my throat where the medical team had intubated me, inserting a tube into my larynx through which they had kept me breathing. But I had been blissfully unaware of the extraordinary minutes and hours leading to my finding myself in the recovery room.

My wife slowly began to explain what had happened to me as the medical team began their extraordinarily thorough checks to see if I had come through the ordeal without damage. For the next two days I was confined to the High Dependency Unit where I was monitored, measured, prodded and tested continually by the continually attentive staff.

Over these next days the entire team who had resuscitated me or been present visited me. I saw that they were more traumatized by what had happened than me. I began to realize that mine had been an extremely rare occurrence. Initially I hadn't take the whole situation terribly seriously, after all I was a very fit and active man, with the strength of an ox, used to being in control of situations, finding a way to make things bend to my will; I couldn't really take in the fact that this had been totally out of my control and that I had crossed the border and visited death. This realization came home to me when my anaesthetist came to see me for the second or third time and asked did I want him to take me through the entire

proceedings, no holds barred. I said yes and while he told me about my death I saw his eyes start to cry as he explained that he had never had this happen to him in twenty years of practice. His obvious trauma triggered my reaction as I started to feel just how near I had come to not being here for to enjoy the holidays and the future with my family and friends. It was then that I cried; yes some tears for me, but mostly in gratitude to whatever life force there is that decided it wasn't yet my time to leave this place. I'm not a religious man but at that moment I could have sworn that I looked up and the good Lord was smiling at me.

I was then taken by ambulance to the Cardiac Care Unit of Watford General Hospital and after a bit of a shuffle getting a bed they were wonderful to me. Yet more tests, this time organized by the Cardiac Consultants including angiograms were performed with amazing rapidity, good humour and kindness. Yes, apart from the discomfort and the food it was wonderful treatment. I have to admit for a privately insured person usually terrified of the idea of the NHS that when you're potentially really unwell it's a fantastic service.

The outcome for me is that almost unbelievably I have dodged the bullet yet again. I have no heart problems as a result of the problem that turned out to be anaphylactic shock brought about, almost certainly by my being severely allergic to the anti-biotic used in my sedative. No one could have known that this would have happened and no one is to blame. It only remains for me to book another operation, this time with different anti-biotic, to remove the lesions on my scalp.

The outcome was different than I could have anticipated. Tests went on for months from dedicated medical teams to determine the exact nature of my allergies that eventually confirmed the details. In addition there was a lengthy spell of time when I was running from hospital to hospital meeting new consultants for ongoing treatments for the seemingly never ending series of small growths on my scalp. Now the treatments were less invasive, sometimes involving the freezing off and at others small surgical procedures.

My new consultant deals with everything immediately, so instead of going home and thinking about what was going to happen the new

growths were removed straight away. If they could they treated these with a very mild form of chemo cream that would take six weeks of treatment for each incidence. I have so far had three cycles of this treatment, which involves five days of application, with two days off for each week. It burns the growth away and begins to hurt after a while but so far it has worked very effectively for me. So yes, the basal cell carcinomas seem to keep coming but I'm thrilled to be able to report that so far we are winning the battles, who knows about the war.

I have found there were dark times when I couldn't work, I simply wasn't very well and I admit to becoming clinically depressed. This alarmed my family and I was convinced to seek yet more medical intervention and that resulted in therapy and some happy pills. The former has benefited me enormously and I have tried to limit the intake of the mood altering medication.

All of this meant my bills continued but for a long while there was no income at all. In the words of Charles Dickens character Mister Micawber "annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure twenty pounds nought and six, result misery." We certainly had good reason for some misery but when you get to the bottom you either give in or go on.

I'm only now, a little more than a year later, beginning to see the famous light at the end of that previously very dark financial tunnel.

I still have that worry which just wouldn't go away. How many times could a person keep dodging the bullet? I hope and believe that I shall but I don't know what I've done to deserve this good fortune.

I don't know what I've been spared for, perhaps to write more books or make more films? More likely it is to spread the word that everyone needs to wear a hat when they're outdoors, especially in the hot sun if they don't want problems later in life. In the meantime I intend to try and enjoy every day as if it's my last, because one day it will be.



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.

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.

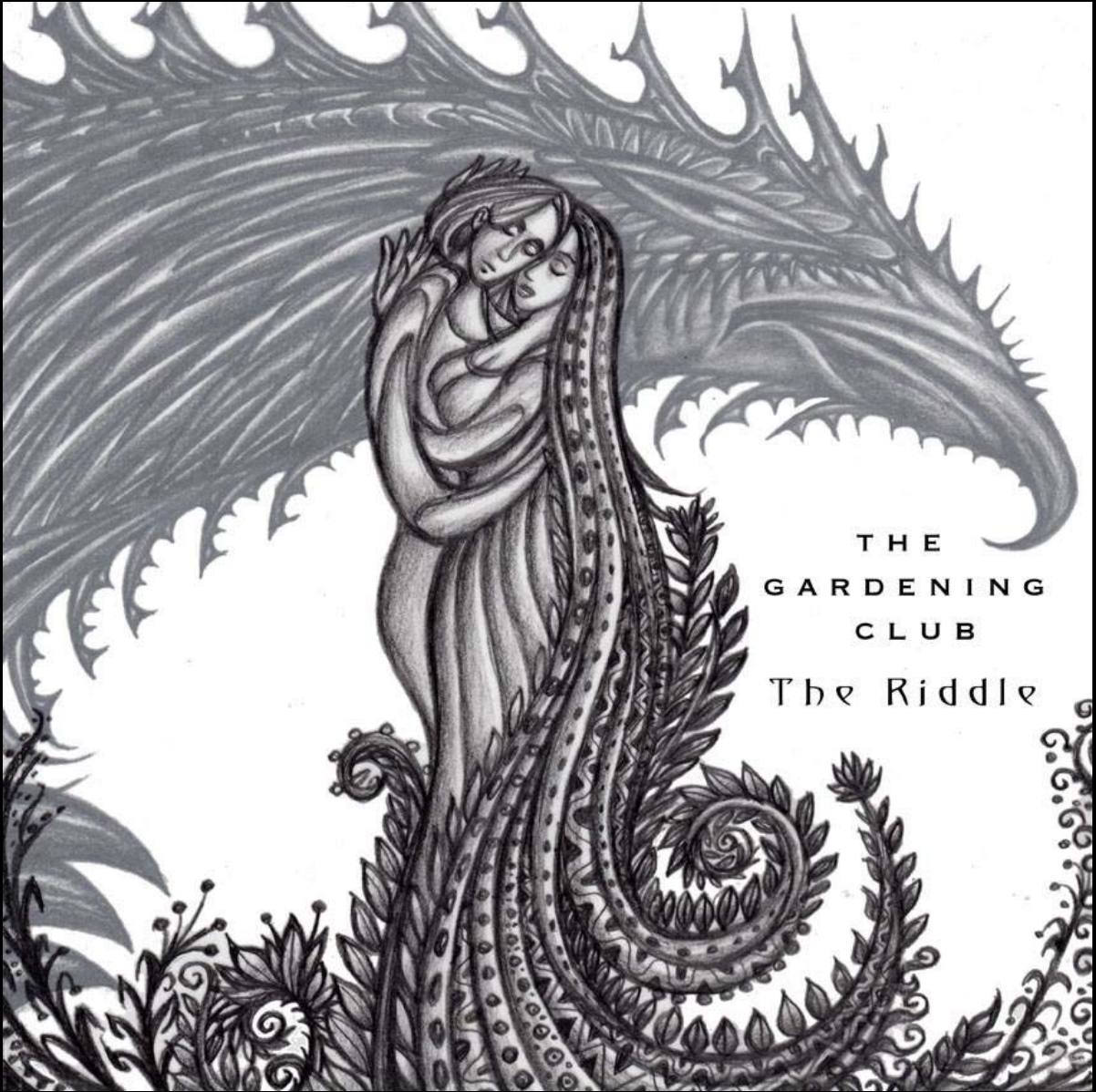
While in London Martin started to illustrate and design record covers for Columbia records. Upon his return to Vancouver, Martin carried on with music and illustrated various books and magazines. In 1978 he moved to Toronto, maintaining activity in every area where illustration is required. He released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



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THE GARDENING CLUB



BOY ON A BIKE



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!!!"

BOCCACCIO & CHAUCER

MARY SHELLEY & CAMUS

Daniel Defoe ,Thucydides,

Procopius of Caesarea,

Edgar Allen Poe's "Masque of the Red Death"-

all witnesses and documenters

of the Plagues of their Ages..To live in this world

with the clash of Pre-Covid vs Post-Covid

exposing class and race wars,quarantines and chaos

construction and ruins,Classical and not

We flip back to see the plagues of Rome and English History-

We ,exposed to a new viral threat to existential liberty

still claim to be unique.Every Vincent Price half-price Hammer Movie says
different.

Leprosy,polio,smallpox resurface when polar ice caps melt

Shopping Malls now integrate social distance ,hand sanitizer and masks

We retreat to our Garden,where innerness recants

Every body in solitary.Every body same-and different.



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

ROCK 'N' ROLL AND UFOs

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

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

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

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

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

CD and book available soon from Gonzo Multimedia



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www.gonzmultimedia.co.uk

THE WORLD OF GONZO ACCORDING TO

Mark Raines



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

PS shows can be downloaded

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

And so, boys and girls, we come to the end of another issue. Both on the global and my personal stages, we are watching a series of hitherto unsuspected, un-planned-for, and completely bonkers performances. Like you, I have no idea what is going to happen next with various media predicting anything from bloody revolution to a glorious utopia being just around the corner. Obviously, it can't be both. I suspect that it will be neither.

On a personal level, thank you to all of you who have been so kind in sending in your good wishes for Corinna's recovery. As I have written elsewhere, I think that all these good wishes work a bit like a Tibetan prayer flag.

A prayer flag (Lung ta) is a colourful rectangular cloth, often found strung along mountain ridges and peaks high in the Himalayas. They are used to bless the surrounding countryside and for other purposes. Traditionally, prayer flags are used to promote peace, compassion, strength, and wisdom. The flags do not carry prayers to gods, which is a common misconception; rather, the Tibetans believe the prayers and mantras will be blown by the wind to spread the good will and compassion into all pervading space. Therefore, prayer flags are thought to bring benefit to all. By hanging flags in high places the Lung ta will carry the blessings depicted on the flags to all beings. As wind passes over the surface of the flags, which are sensitive to the slightest movement of the wind, the air is purified and sanctified by the mantras.

I believe something similar happens with positive vibes



transmitted electronically. And so, please forgive me when I write about Corinna's health problems every day, but I am convinced that these electronic Lung ta and the resulting torrent of good vibes that has been the major contributory factor to the aetiology of her illness so far.

So, keep up the good work. May you and yours stay safe, and I hope to see you all on the other side.

Hare bol,

Jon



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Michael Bruce

Sun Ra

Albert Lee

The Selecter

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Atomic Rooster

Billy Cobham

Hookfoot

Al Atkins

The Beach Boys

Pete Seeger

We'll be adding more twin titles over the coming months, check the sites below for details

GONZO
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All titles are available at: www.burningshed.com

Weekly magazine: www.gonzoweekly.com

