

GONZO

Weekly #96

EXCLUSIVE:
Tony Palmer
remembers the
Oz Trial

EXCLUSIVE:
Doug Harr meets
the Rocket
Scientists

EXCLUSIVE:
How the music
industry is
changing

EXCLUSIVE:
Ozzy
Osbourne
and the
insect
geneticist



"TO DEPRAVE AND CORRUPT"

THE THREE
COMMANDMENTS OF GONZO
WEEKLY:

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

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



Dear friends,

Welcome to another issue of Gonzo Weekly. I have been a journalist – on and off - since I was ten years old. Every October there was a Michaelmas Fair held in the grounds of St. John's Cathedral in Hong Kong. I always looked forward to it, for several reasons. The battalion of Ghurkhas who were stationed in (what was then) a British Colony always did a demonstration of taking a collapsible field gun up a small but daunting slope on the backs of a number of well-trained mules. As a pre-teen (as I believe they are

described these days), and furthermore as a pre-teen who had enthusiastically devoured as many of the books of Rudyard Kipling as he could get his hands on, this was massively exciting and reminiscent of the best bits of all my favourite books. I also enjoyed it because it was the one time of the year I could buy a butterfly net, which – if my memory serves me well – were made by nuns at the local Leper Colony in order to raise funds for their valuable work.

They also had a magnificent second-hand book stall at which I did what I have always done since, and browsed and bought as many volumes as I could afford. On this particular occasion I bought an impressive volume of the Complete Robinson Crusoe (which I sorely wish I still owned, but which has long since been lost) and several hardback books by Anthony Buckeridge. One of these (which I do still own) told the story of two young schoolboys who started a school magazine, and I was enthused enough to do likewise. Thus my journalistic career began, in the autumn of 1970, and I have been doing it on and off ever since.

One of the things I like most about being a journalist is the uncertainty of it all. Putting a magazine together is always an adventure, because you don't know what is going to happen; news items come in and facts change just as you are going to press and one can often find that the finished product is completely different to the one which the hapless editor had originally envisaged.



But I don't think I have ever found myself in such a state of editorial indeterminacy as I am with this present issue.

My step-daughter is due to give birth in the next few days and so I am going to be hightailing it to Norfolk as quickly as I can as soon as I receive the phone call telling us that she is in labour. As I am sure you are aware babies are not an exact science and although she is due to give birth on Sunday, it could be any time in the next fortnight. Another imponderable is that we won't know until it happens what, if anything, she wants her mother to do, so I have no idea when we are going or when we will be back.

Not having any biological children of my own (that I am aware), or any sisters, this is actually the first time I have experienced the miracle of childbirth firsthand. My brother and his wife have four children but they were born in Germany, two of them whilst I was in America, and I was only three years old when my little brother was born, and so was not really able to have any proper perspective upon the proceedings. However, the events happening on my life at the moment have made me ponder more than usual upon the vagaries of the human condition.

William Horman (c. 1440 – April 1535) was a headmaster at Eton and Winchester in the early Tudor period of English history. He is best known for his Latin grammar textbook the *Vulgaria*, which created controversy at the time due to its unconventional approach in first giving examples of translations of English writings on different topics, and later discussing the rules of grammar. He asserted, probably following Quintilian, that grammar cannot be perfect without music.

Probably his most oft quoted aphorism is “manners maketh man,” although he is also credited as being the first person to use the phrase “necessity is the mother of invention,” in the English language. So he is directly responsible for the most publicly recognised of Frank Zappa's work, but - as I often do – I am digressing. My Father was very fond of over quoting “manners maketh man”, usually when I had done something heinous in his eyes which was probably perfectly normal for a schoolboy in the 1970s. So having had that proverb rammed down my throat as a child I am not very fond of it. But, recently, I have begun pondering it again.

Now I am in the second half of my middle age I find myself becoming more like my Father than I feel comfortable, and even though he was even more of a psychotic old sod than I am I think that much of what he said had validity, even though the way that he said it could, with hindsight, have been done more tactfully.

Looking at William Horman's most famous aphorism, one cannot really but agree with it. And, at the risk of sounding like a completely miserable old git, I would like to ponder the subject for a few minutes.

As regular readers of this magazine will, I am sure, be aware there are quite a few of the artistes whom we cover within these hallowed pages who are amongst the nicest people who I have ever met and several of them have become personal friends of ours.

Others, even though we have never met in the flesh, have also become friends and have always treated me and my colleagues on *The Gonzo Weekly* with nothing but kindness and respect. I would like to stress, and stress IN CAPITAL LETTERS, that they are the vast majority of people with whom we have dealt over the last 95 weeks. A small minority, however, have been officious, rude, and even downright nasty, and in all ways the opposite of what William Horman wrote.

There is an episode of *The Simpsons* in which Bart wins a elephant in a radio station competition. The elephant, when finally re-homed in a wildlife park, turns out to be both vicious and intractable. The wildlife park ranger explains to Bart that elephants are like people – some are just idiots. This could well be the explanation for the fact that a small minority of musicians with whom we have dealt and their assorted hangers-on have behaved so unpleasantly towards us. But I think it is more complicated than this.

Up until the mid-1950s musicians were merely people who played musical instruments for a living. However, with the advent of the star system, some musicians achieve high and higher status in the eyes of the general public; something which probably reached its apogee when Timothy Leary described The Beatles as “the wisest, holiest, most effective avatars the human race has ever produced.” Not bad for four lads from Liverpool, eh?

Like all journalists I have occasionally indulged in hyperbole. But even I have never gone so far as to equate four pop musicians with the likes of Jesus, Buddha, or Confucius. Personally, although I have the regard for all four of The Beatles, I think that was a ridiculous thing to say, and – if anything – it actually denigrates both the importance of the band, and the fallibility of Leary's prose.

But we are left with a socio-cultural situation where several successive generations of people for whom the only thing that marked them out from the rest of what Karl Marx called the lumpenproletariat was the fact that they were quite good looking and could play a musical instrument to a greater or lesser extent, have been elevated to the status of demi-gods and have started to believe their own press.

A lot is being talked in musicianly circles about the changes in the music industry as a whole, and the fact that it is becoming more and more difficult for a musician or artist to make a living using the traditional business models. I am not sure that this is necessarily such a bad thing. New business models, and crowdfunding is the thing which comes to mind most readily, are developing for the 21st Century. Although our relationship with music, and in particular the way that we consume it, has changed dramatically since Shawn Fanning first came up with the concept of P2P file transfers, in the wider scheme of things nothing much has changed. The human race has made and consumed music for considerably longer than it has been in existence. And for as long as there has been commerce there have been professional musicians and professional composers. I cannot see that this is going to change. However, with the mass democratization what has been wrought by technological advances, particularly social media, the music industry (as we know it) is not the only thing which is in a terminal decline. The star system also has its days numbered. The advent of reality television shows on which Andy Warhol's oft quoted aphorism that "everybody can be famous for fifteen minutes," has been made flesh, has had an unexpected side effect. Now, not only *can* anybody be famous for fifteen minutes, but it won't be long before nobody will be ever be famous for much more than fifteen minutes. And Kim Kardashian is a distant relation to the right honourable David Cameron MP. I think that makes my point better than anything else I could come up with.

Of course there will still be a music business. It will just be a different music business than the one we have experienced over the past half-century. And of course people will still be able to make a career as a musician, a composer, a songwriter, or a performer. It is just that nobody entering into this career path can expect to be treated like a demi-god any more.

And the people who will have the most successful and respected (and indeed long term) careers will be those who (to quote Dickens, who in turn was paraphrasing Our Lord at the Sermon on the Mount) "do as they would be done by." And I would like to think that those who treat everybody else like shit because they are not as good guitar players as them, will be swiftly forgotten. If that comes to pass, I think it will be rather a good thing.

See you next issue (whenever that issue might be).

Love and peace,

Jon Downes.



Cat Stevens, Sharon Osbourne, Rolling Stones, The Everly Brothers, The Fall, Kate Bush, Papa Roach, David Bowie, Daevid Allen, Galahad, Clepsydra, Strange Fruit, Friday Night Progressive, George Hamilton IV, Johnny Gustafson, James Brown, Rick Wakeman, Tommy James, Clearlight, Captain Beefheart and his Magic Band, Wilding/Bonus, Hugh Hopper & Mike Travis, Steve Ignorant, Jethro Tull with the London Symphony Orchestra, Atkins May Project, Tony Palmer, Oz Trial, Rocket Scientists, Doug Harr, Hawkwind, Yes, Alan White, Jon Anderson, Jean-Luc Ponty, Steve Howe, Jon Davison, King Crimson, Bill Bruford, Alice Cooper, Beatles, Cliff Richard, Harry Styles, Lady Gaga, Mick Jagger, Jimi Hendrix, Art Rock, Azoria, Primeval Realm, Ruby Cone, Trollwar

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

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

NAMING THOSE RESPONSIBLE

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

Corinna Downes,

(Sub Editor, and my lovely wife)

Graham Inglis,

(Columnist, Staff writer, *Hawkwind* nut)

Bart Lancia,

(My favourite roving reporter)

Thom the World Poet,

(Bard in residence)

C.J.Stone,

(Columnist, commentator and all round good egg)

Kev Rowland,

(Kiwi Reviewer)

Lesley Madigan,

Photographer *par excellence*

Douglas Harr,

(Staff writer, columnist)

Jessica Taylor,

(PA and laughing at drunk pop stars)

Richard Freeman,

(Scary stuff)

Dave McMann,

(He ain't nothing but a) Newshound-dog

Orrin Hare,

(Sybarite and literary *bon viveur*)

Mark Raines,

(Cartoonist)

Davey Curtis,

(tales from the north)

Jon Pertwee

(Pop Culture memorabilia)

Dean Phillips

(The House Wally)

Rob Ayling

(The *Grande Fromage*,
of whom we are all in awe)

and **Peter McAdam**

(McDada in residence)

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

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

Contact us with bribes and free stuff:

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so what's it all about, Alfie?

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

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

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

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

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

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

You will have certainly noticed that it has all changed. In fact there is no certainly about it. But if you haven't noticed I would like to know what you have been smoking , and can I have a large packet of it please.

Yes. It has indeed all changed. Basically I have been wanting to upgrade the visuals of the magazine for some time, but now the technology to do what I have wanted to do for yonks has finally become within our budget (i.e free) and we are going to give it a go.

If things don't work out we can still go back to the previous method of putting the magazine together, and we shall still be utilising those jolly nice fellows at MailChimp in order to send out the subscriber notifications.

In fact, 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. Not only is it FREE but there will be some exclusive offers for folk who avail themselves of them, so make an old hippy a happy chappy and SUBSCRIBE TODAY

THE ^{gonzo} NEWSROOM

- **SHE STILL HASN'T FOUND WHAT THEY'RE LOOKING FOR** Sharon Osbourne has weighed in with a rant about U2 calling the members of the band 'middle-aged political groupies.' The new U2 album Songs of Innocence, and the associated campaign giving it away free, have received their share of criticism as has the band for the route they have taken with their career. First there was the fact that the album was placed in 500 million people's iTunes playlist, ready to be downloaded. Rapper Tyler, the Creator publicly criticized the move, Tweeting 'Its legit like waking up with a pimple or like a herpes. I did know you were on my phone. What the f**k.' Now it is Sharon Osbourne taking to Twitter with critical words on the situation, not for the download but the precedent it is setting for the music industry. On Monday, she said: 'U2 you are business moguls not musicians anymore. No wonder you have to give your mediocre music away for free cause no one wants to buy it. Guys nothing is for free, how much you making? PS, btw you are just a bunch of middle age political groupies.. Whose political ass are we going to pull you out of today? Or are you front row at another tragic fashion show? Jimmy Iovine, iTunes, U2, you're a bunch of megalomaniacs. FUCK YOU!' **Read on...**
- **ROLLING ON** The Rolling Stones are opening their vault for two live shows in their new From the Vault series. The first, Hampton Coliseum ' Live in 1981, will be out on November 3. The release includes the full 2-1/2 hour show which was also broadcast as a pay-per-view event, the first time a music concert had ventured into the new technology. The footage has been carefully restored and the sound newly mixed by Bob Clearmountain. The second, LA Forum ' Live in 1975, will be out on November 17. This 2-1/2 hour show comes from the Tour of Americas '75, the first trek with new guitarist Ron Wood. Both releases will be made in a number of formats including standalone DVD, DVD with a 2-CD set, DVD with a 3-vinyl LP set, and single Blu-Ray. **Read on...**

- **BROTHERS BEYOND** The Everly Brothers have been selected as the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame's 2014 Music Masters, the 19th time the honour has been presented. Not only will the annual four-day event salute the duo, who were inaugural members of the Hall of Fame, but will also create awareness of chronic obstructive pulmonary disease (COPD) which killed Phil Everly earlier this year. **Read on...**
- **BEATING ABOUT THE BUSH** The Fall's Mark E Smith has hit out against the praise lavished on Kate Bush's comeback. The notoriously outspoken frontman says he doesn't understand why the singer – who is currently completing her 22-date run of shows at London's Hammersmith Apollo – is "suddenly cool again". "Who decided it was time to start liking her again?" Smith told Manchester Evening News. "I never even liked her the first time round. It's like all these radio DJs have been raiding their mam's and dad's record collections and decided that Kate Bush is suddenly cool again. But I'm not having it." **Read on...**
- **DON'T BOGART THAT ROACH** Papa Roach frontman Jacoby Shaddix has claimed that his first kiss was with his uncle and it left him with herpes. The possibly tongue-in-cheek comments came in an interview with Hit The Floor in which he revealed the times he did life-changing things for the first time. Speaking about his first kiss, Shaddix said: "My first kiss was when my uncle kissed me and he gave me herpes. It was terrible. Anybody else got herpes? Yeah, you do. Don't lie to yourself. I know you got it, you watching this." (NOTE: I have no idea who Papa Roach are, but I found the story irresistible) **Read on...**
- **THE NEXT DAY** David Bowie will be celebrated in Chicago later this month with his own official day. September 23 will see the arrival of Bowie retrospective exhibition 'David Bowie Is...' at Chicago's Museum Of Contemporary Art and the city's mayor, Rahm Emanuel, has declared the day as officially belonging to the musician. **Read on...**

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



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Nicked from Jaki Windmill's Facebook pages

"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

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Sail on WEDNESDAY at midnight.
The line is composed of the following Packets:

This subscriber, by appointment from the Honorable
767 Patents, urgent of the U. S. Patent Office, in re
cases and forwarding to the said models, without or
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will be sent free of expense, and risk, and will dispo
the various Certificates, Specifications, Assignments, and all

at 4 P. M., lodge in Springfield, leave at 4 P. M. for
at Albany at 11 P. M.
The trains for Troy leave on the arrival the trains
at Greenburgh.
The trains for Boston leave Albany at 7 A. M. & 7 P. M.
The trains of the Western Railroad connect at Pitts
The trains of
The Hudson
The trains for
Springfield, and
Troy, Windsor,
Stages run to
Brookfield to W
from Palmer
Ware and Mand
Westchester, N

MONUMENTS and HEAD STONES of every design, in
the best manner. I hope they will call and examine for
themselves. H. N. KINNEY
AT THE
GORTON, CONYER & CO., 1 No.
WHITAKER, HARRISON & CO., 3 No.
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May 21. 24
Steam Propeller Freight Line.
Winter Arrangement.
The Eastern Propellers will leave Norwich for N. York
The Western, Capt. Gann, Mondays at 4 o'clock P.M.
The Quebec, Capt. Whitman, Wednesdays at 4 o'clock P.M.

leave Worcester at 7.30 A.M. and 3.45 P.M.
leave Providence at 7 A.M. & 10 P.M.
foreign and evening trains connect with way with the
upset boats.
foreign and evening trains from Worcester
connector with trains for Albany and Norwich.
tickets sold at Providence for Albany and stations of
with and Worcester Railroad.
EIGHT TRAIN with Passenger Car attached, leaves
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leave Uxbridge
leave Providence
at 6.30 A.M. fr
at 6.40 P.M. fr
at 7.10 P.M. fr
at 7.40 P.M. fr
at 8.10 P.M. fr
at 8.40 P.M. fr
at 9.10 P.M. fr
at 9.40 P.M. fr
at 10.10 P.M. fr
at 10.40 P.M. fr
at 11.10 P.M. fr
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S. S. LEONARD.
617

**"At midnight, all the agents and
superhuman crew go out and round up
everyone who knows more than they do."**

— *Desolation Row* by Bob Dylan

When those who are in power over us, do something spectacularly stupid, or when something highlights their idiocy and ineffectualness, it turns up in this section. *Que Ipsos Custodes? Us? We just make stupid jokes about them.*

WE DO NOT CLAIM THAT ANY OF THESE STORIES ARE TRUE—ONLY THAT THE PEOPLE WHO POSTED THEM CLAIM THAT THEY ARE TRUE...

THE PEACE TRAIN—LATE AS USUAL

We are living in very disturbing, though undeniably interesting times, and one of the most contentious subjects in our contemporary culture is the influence of Islam. Unlike many people that I know, I am not prejudiced against Muslims. My Father was an Islamophile, and during his tenure as a Colonial



Civil Servant in Northern Nigeria during the 1950s became personal friends with the Emir and the Imam of Zaria. I was brought up to have a great deal of respect for the religion, and my views have not really changed since.

I am absolutely terrified of religious extremists, whichever God they claim to support, but that is an entirely different thing.

One of the best pieces of news for some sort of reversion to sanity between Christians and Muslims, in recent months is that Cat Stephens/Yusuf Islam is returning to the concert stage for his first US Tour since 1976.

If anyone can be an ambassador for Islam, and go some way at least towards persuading the West that the genocidal torturers of ISIL are not typical Muslims it is he.

A recent article about him reads: Despite the political climate, with the US fighting Islamic State militants in the Middle East, Stevens said he did not expect his faith to be an issue when he goes on the road in this country.

"I'm afraid that a lot of things that people believe about Islam are totally different from the religion that most of us recognise," he said. "I was really fortunate that I got to know Islam before it became a headline." **Read on...**



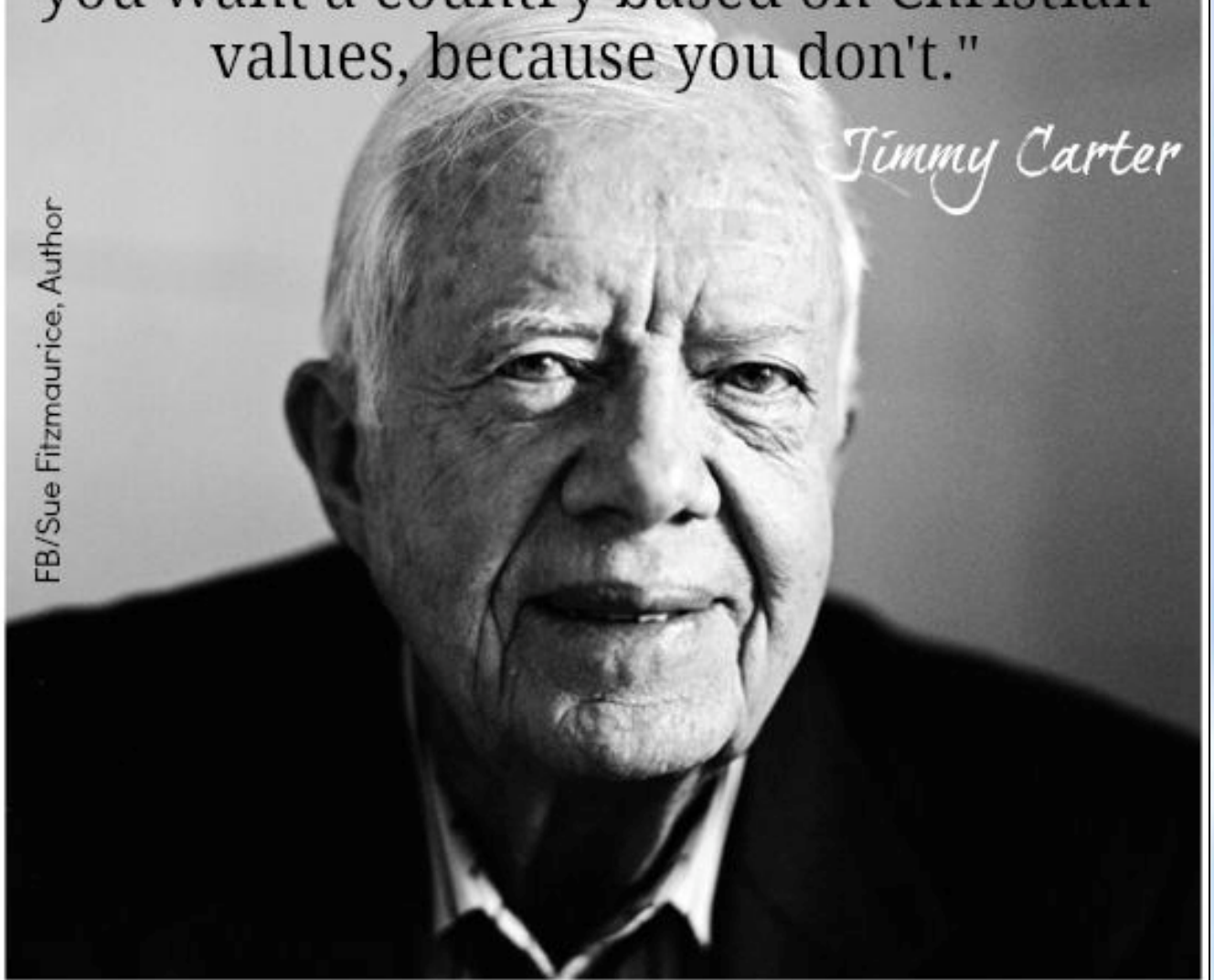
Democracywatch



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

Jimmy Carter

FB/Sue Fitzmaurice, Author



THE LAST WEEK AT GONZO DAILY

Sunday
Monday
Tuesday
Wednesday
Thursday
Friday
Saturday

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

ELDRIDGE CLEAVER

Two types of people visit rhino in the wild

The strong and courageous
take a camera

The weak and cowardly
take a gun

**What sort of
person are you?**

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



DAEVID ALLEN UPDATE



There is no new news from Daevid Allen this week, but as I continually stress in these pages, we believe strongly in the power of good vibes, and want to send as many as we can across the globe to where Daevid is languishing in the Antipodes.

The vibes accompanying the extraordinary piece of glissando guitar music which was produced earlier in the year as part of Daevid's psychic healing process have been extraordinary, and

even if it is only by sharing a couple of paragraphs of prose a week, and a picture, we are doing something to keep el grande Pothead Pixy in your mind's eye and helping to heal him further.

I am convinced that this does nothing but good, and would urge everybody reading this just to send images of love and light across the aether to him. I think that you may well be amazed by what transpires.

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

the week that's past



As regular readers of these hallowed pages will be aware, I am very fond of the music of Galahad. Their latest release is now available. On the band's website they write...

16.09.2014 - MEIN HERZ BRENNT EP - NOW AVAILABLE TO PRE-ORDER
 Here is the front cover for our third and final EP release of 2014. Mein Herz Brennt will be released on 6th October 2014, pre-ordering will be available from 15 September 2014.

This release will contain four different and varied versions of the Rammstein classic.

As most people know we don't generally record or perform cover versions but we

just fancied recording one for a change as a bit of fun, plus this track a little less obvious than what many people may think we might attempt!

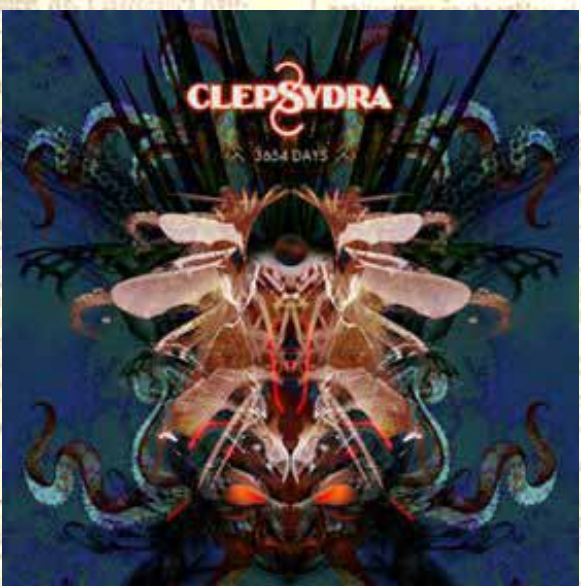
We had tremendous fun in the studio recording it and hope many of you will like listening to it too!

CURRENTLY IN STOCK AT GONZO (UK)

CURRENTLY IN STOCK AT GONZO (USA)

the week that's past

A BULLETIN FROM THE WATERCLOCK



The CD albums can be ordered at the Galileo Records online shop (www.galileo-records.com) or from other major shops and mail orders around the globe.

I really like this band. Not only do they blend consummate musicianship with inventive and intricate songwriting, but they have a down-to-earth humility that is both admirable, and - sadly - rare.

They seem like genuinely nice people, and I think that the way that they interact with their ever growing fanbase, is something which really deserves to be admired.

Well done chaps.

I, for one, cannot wait to hear the new album!

Everybody's favourite Swiss Prog band is going from strength to strength and has issued the following statement on its Facebook page:

Clepsydra official: while there are still a few 4CD deluxe box sets with certificates and 12" book available, the individual albums have been released as remasters. The 4 remastered albums are also available for purchase as downloads from all major music platforms (iTunes, Google Play,...).

GOZZO CURRENTLY IN STOCK AT GOZZO (UK)

GOZZO CURRENTLY IN STOCK AT GOZZO (USA)

the week that's past

#RESTASOLOQUELLOCHENONC AMBIA



JANUARY 2015



Peculiar News of the Week



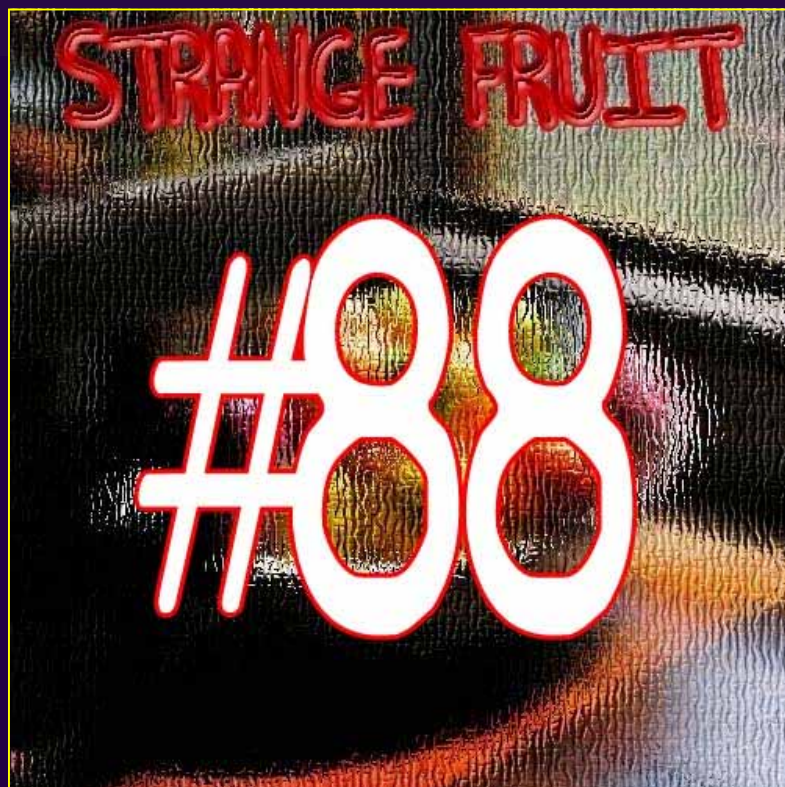
GONZO



WEB RADIO

Strange Fruit, Miskin's Radio's home of alternative, off-the-wall and otherwise generally strange sounds is looking for a co-presenter. This is not a paid job, but would give the lucky individual the chance to present two hour shows of music generally ignored by radio, and broadcast them twice a month to be heard by Miskin Radio's audience online and then archived on Gonzo Multimedia's website, where their audience would devour them. Radio experience would be useful, but isn't necessary. The ideal candidate would be able to come to our Dartford studios, be trained and begin work when ready.

Alternatively, anyone capable of self-producing and Dropboxing shows will be considered. Fame and wealth are unlikely but the chance to indulge your most maverick musical tastes knows few limits in this job. In the first instance email Neil Nixon, nlnxn@aol.com to express an interest. Also check out our shows on Gonzo Multimedia's web radio page and Miskin Radio's own site – www.miskinradio.co.uk



the week that's past

STRANGE FRUIT

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

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

Strange Fruit presenter Neil Nixon is



currently working on a book about rare albums for Gonzo Multimedia. The show is broadcast on Miskin Radio every Sunday from 10-00-midnight.

07-09-14 – SHOW 88

Choir of Aspatria Townswomen's Guild: John Peel

The Misunderstood: I Can Take You to the Sun

Russell Morris: The Real Thing

Free: Walk in my Shadow

Pink Floyd: Astronomy Domine

Principal Edwards Magic Theatre: The Asmoto

Running Band

Mike Hart: Please Bring Back the Birch for the Milkman

Lol Coxhill: Little Triple One Shot

The Damned: New Rose

Rico: Africa

Medicine Head: His Guiding Hand

Quintessence: Sea of Immortality

Tangerine Dream: Dolphin Dance

Gentle Giant: Pantagruel's Nativity

Girls at our Best: Getting Nowhere Fast

And the Native Hipsters: There Goes Concorde Again

Grab Grab the Haddock: I'm Used Now

Mighty Mighty: Is There Anyone Out There

The Cure: A Forest

Altered Images: Song Sung Blue

The Frank Chickens: Blue Canary

The Orb: Back Side of the Moon

Maxman: Fascist Boom

Bolt Thrower: Prophet of Hatred

Peanuts Wilson: Cast Iron Arm

Winifred Atwell: The Charleston

Ballboy: All the Records on the Radio are Shite

CLSM: John Peel is Not Enough

**Listen
Here**

the week that's past



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

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



musician. We tend to shy away from computer generated creations and rely on talent using musical instruments and steer this talent for purposes of sheer inspirational indulgence. It is only in the FNP chat room where you will find the most talented musicians packed at one time into such an honored space.

ARTISTS:

Orquesta Metafisica
<http://www.facebook.com/orquestametafisica>
 Moonwagon
<http://www.facebook.com/Moonwagonband>
 Dreadnaught
<http://www.facebook.com/pages/Dreadnaught/135886783102455>
 Circle of Illusion
<http://www.facebook.com/circleofillusion>
 Three Wise Monkeys
<http://www.facebook.com/pages/Three-Wise-Monkeys/106937686000814>
 The Inner Road
<http://www.facebook.com/InnerRoad>
 Rare Blend
<http://www.facebook.com/rareblendmusic>
 Voice of the Enslaved
<http://www.facebook.com/votemusicproject>
 Yuval Ron & Residents Of The Future
<http://www.facebook.com/YuvalRonMusic>
 The Former Life
<http://www.facebook.com/pages/The-Former-Life/152310128188668>
 Backdrop art by: Robert Marquiss — with Brad Kypo, Circle of Illusion, Yulia Dyukova, Yuval Ron, Victor Samalot, Jani Korpi, ORQUESTA METAFÍSICA, Richard Habib, Matteo Ballarin, Steve Gresswell, Blake GreenMan Carpenter and Michael Schetter.

**Listen
Here**

Friday Night Progressive



George Hege Hamilton IV (1937 – 2014)

Hamilton was an American country musician. He began performing in the late 1950s as a teen idol, later switching to country music in the early 1960s. Hamilton was born in Winston-Salem, North Carolina, on July 19, 1937.

While a 19-year-old student at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, Hamilton recorded "A Rose and a Baby Ruth" for a Chapel Hill record label, Colonial Records. The song, written by John D. Loudermilk, climbed to No. 6 on the United States Billboard Hot 100 chart. By 1960, "A Rose and a Baby Ruth" had attained gold record status for ABC-Paramount (which had acquired the song from Colonial). The self-penned B-side of the record, "If You Don't Know", revealed Hamilton's ambitions to be a rockabilly-country singer. In late 1959, Hamilton moved his family to Nashville, Tennessee to further his work as a country musician. On February 8, 1960, Hamilton officially became a member of the Grand Ole Opry. Later that same year, he began recording for RCA Records, having been signed by Chet Atkins. In the UK he was less

successful, with his biggest hit being "I Know Where I'm Going" in 1958. In 1984 he appeared with Billy Graham on his UK tour 'Mission England' and made other appearances as a solo performer in venues around the UK at this time.

Hamilton's breakthrough hit was the 1961 song "Before this Day Ends". His biggest hit came two years later with "Abilene", another song penned by Loudermilk and Bob Gibson. The song spent four weeks at No. 1 on Billboard's country singles chart and reached the Top 20 of the Hot 100. The success of "Abilene" was followed with the song "Fort Worth, Dallas Or Houston" (a Top 5 hit in late 1964).

By the mid-1960s, Hamilton's music began showing a decidedly folk influence. This was especially evident with 1966's "Steel Rail Blues" and "Early Morning Rain" (both by Gordon Lightfoot), and 1967's "Urge for Going" by Joni Mitchell. Another 1967 hit was "Break My Mind" (by John D. Loudermilk). One more Hamilton song of this genre was a moderate hit in 1969—the Ray Griff-penned "Canadian Pacific". His last Top 5 single came in 1970, with "She's a Little Bit Country".

After his American chart success declined in the early 1970s, Hamilton began touring the world, across the Soviet Union, Poland, Australia, the Middle East and East Asia. These widely acclaimed international performances earned Hamilton the nickname The International Ambassador of Country Music. He also hosted several successful television programs in the UK and Canada during the 1970s, and in the 1990s he played himself in the West End musical Patsy, based on the life of Patsy Cline.

In 2004, he recorded an acoustic gospel album with producer Dave Moody titled On a Blue Ridge Sunday which earned Hamilton a Dove Award nomination in the "Best Bluegrass Album of the Year" category by the members of the Gospel Music Association. A single from the album, "Little Mountain Church House", won nominee recognition in the "Best Bluegrass Recorded Song" category the following year.

THOSE WE HAVE LOST



Johnny Gustafson 1942 – 2014

Gustafson was a legendary English bass guitar player and singer, who had a lengthy recording and live performance career. During his career, he was a member of the bands The Big Three, Ian Gillan Band, Roxy Music and his own group, Quatermass, among others.

Born in Liverpool, he is known for his work with 1960s bands The Big Three and The Merseybeats, and for singing on the original recording of Jesus Christ Superstar as Simon Zealotes. He made an appearance on Roger Glover's The Butterfly Ball and the Grasshopper's Feast album track, "Watch Out for the Bat Now", as a vocalist. He is probably best known for playing bass guitar for several re-incarnations of the Ian Gillan Band and for his earlier participation in the progressive rock band, Quatermass. He also re-formed The Pirates, originally the backing band for Johnny Kidd.

Gustafson was a member of Roxy Music for four years and performed on three studio albums. His final record with the band, Siren, included their only American hit single, "Love Is the Drug".

In a 2007 interview Gustafson said of his early

days: "I can't recall another rock trio at that time in Liverpool, although I can't be sure. We got away with it at first by being loud and aggressive until we developed a trio playing style. Whether or not we influenced any other trios is open to debate."

He added: "Any playing style I had came from listening to all my favourite kinds of music, and it's only natural to want to play like the people you admire, even if you can't equal it. A certain amount of flexibility develops. A great help was the many years of studio work, and being on sessions with many great players – far better than I."

Bernie Torme, one-time member of Quatermass, said via Facebook last night: "RIP to the great John Gustafson, who did so much for music from The Big Three onwards. A true one off. Honoured to have met him and chatted back in the day."



THOSE WE HAVE LOST



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



Gonzo #32 The Dutch Festie c...

actions



Gonzo #30 The Mick Abrahams...

actions



Gonzo #27 The Prog shirt

actions



Gonzo #24 The Daavid Allen shirt

actions



Gonzo #23 The Michael Des B...

actions



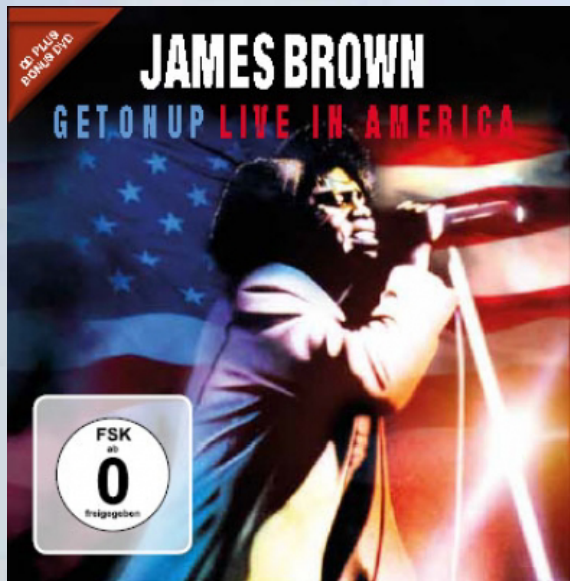
Yer original Gonzo Weekly shirt

actions



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

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



Artist James Brown
Title Get On Up - Live in America
Cat No.HST288CD
Label Gonzo

James Joseph Brown, Jr. (May 3, 1933 – December 25, 2006) was an American recording artist and musician. One of the founding fathers of funk music and a major figure of 20th-century popular music and dance, he is often referred to as "The Godfather of Soul". In a career that spanned six decades, Brown profoundly influenced the development of several different musical genres.

Born in Barnwell, South Carolina, Brown moved to

Augusta, Georgia, to live with relatives at the age of five. After a stint in prison for robbery, Brown began his career as a gospel singer in Toccoa, Georgia. Joining an R&B vocal group called the Avons that later evolved to become The Famous Flames, Brown served as the group's lead singer. First coming to national public attention in the late 1950s as a member of The Flames with the ballads "Please, Please, Please" and "Try Me", Brown built a reputation as a tireless live performer with singing group The Famous Flames and his backing band, sometimes known as the James Brown Band or the James Brown Orchestra.

Brown's success peaked in the 1960s with the live album, *Live at the Apollo*, and hit singles such as "Papa's Got a Brand New Bag", "I Got You" and "It's a Man's Man's Man's World". During the late 1960s, Brown moved from a continuum of blues and gospel-based forms and styles to a profoundly "Africanized" approach to music-making that influenced the development of funk music. By the early 1970s, Brown had fully established the funk sound after the formation of The J.B.'s with records such as "Get Up (I Feel Like Being a) Sex Machine" and "The Payback". Brown also became notable for songs of social commentary including the 1968 hit, "Say It Loud - I'm Black and I'm Proud". Brown continued to perform and record for the duration of his life until his death in 2006 from congestive heart failure and pneumonia. He leaves behind his children and grandchildren.

Brown recorded 16 number-one singles on the Billboard R&B charts. Brown also holds the record as the artist to have charted the most singles on the



Billboard Hot 100 which did not reach number-one on that chart. Brown was honored by many institutions including inductions into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame and Songwriters Hall of Fame. In Joel Whitburn's analysis of the Billboard R&B charts from 1942 to 2010, Hot R&B Songs, James Brown is ranked as number one in The Top 500 Artists. Brown is ranked seventh on the music magazine Rolling Stone's list of its 100 greatest artists of all time.

This record captures the Godfather of Soul at his blistering best! Comes with FREE BONUS DVD of the show!



Artist Rick Wakeman
Title Night Music
Cat No. RICK005CD
Label Rick Wakeman

Rick Wakeman is one of those artists who really needs no introduction, but just in case you have spent the past four decades with your head in a bucket, or ensconced on a desert island somewhere (or both) I will provide a potted history (mostly nicked from Wikipedia).

“Wakeman was born in West London. He purchased his first electronic keyboard at 12 years of age. In 1968, he studied the piano, clarinet, orchestration and modern music at the Royal College of Music before leaving after a year in favour of session music work.

He went on to feature on songs by artists including Black Sabbath, David Bowie, T. Rex, Elton John and Cat Stevens. Wakeman joined the folk group Strawbs in 1969 and played on three of their

albums. He first joined Yes in 1971 to replace Tony Kaye, and left the group in 1974 to work on his solo career. He returned in 1976 before leaving with lead vocalist Jon Anderson in 1980. Wakeman was part of the side project Anderson Bruford Wakeman Howe, a group of ex-Yes members formed in 1989, and the eight-member Yes line-up that followed until his third departure in 1992. He returned for two years in 1995 and once more in 2002, where he was part of the band's 35th anniversary tour until its end in 2004.

Wakeman began his solo career during his first run with Yes. His perhaps most known records being his first three, *The Six Wives of Henry VIII* (1973), *Journey to the Centre of the Earth* (1974) and *The Myths and Legends of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table* (1975). He has produced over 100 solo albums that have sold more than 50 million copies. In November 2010, Wakeman was awarded the Spirit of Prog award at the annual Marshall Classic Rock Roll of Honour Awards, and in 2012 was crowned as a ‘Prog God’ at the Prog Rock awards”

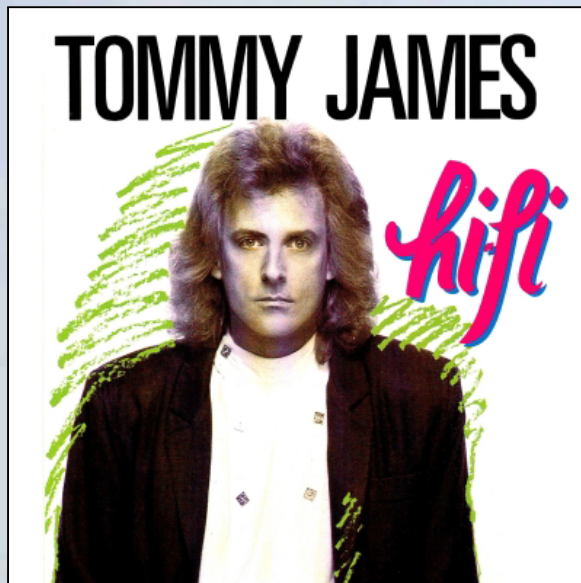
What Wikipedia doesn't say is that Rick is one of the most fluid and intuitive keyboard players in the world today, whether in the rock genre in which he is most famous, or within any other genre of the broad gamut of contemporary musicianship.

About this DVD, Kevin Wierzbicki writes:

This is another show done for British television, this time out for *A Little Night Music*. Wakeman's usual bank of keyboards has been pared down to a grand piano and a double synthesizer and the show's format is a bit more formal than the rowdier *Old Grey Whistle Test* or Swedish shows.

Wearing a tuxedo (albeit a flashy one) Wakeman turns to the camera and introduces each song but this time he leaves out the jokes, simply giving the song's title and perhaps a very brief comment on it. The set list is an odd one, featuring the well-worn "Merlin the Magician" and "Catherine Howard" but also the sedate "Elgin Mansions" and a number with children from the West Heath Infants School, "Bedtime Stories."

The show's mood delves further into schizophrenia with Wakeman hopping from a calypso (!) beat on "Gole/Black Pearl" to "Gray's Elegy" narrated by the beloved English actor Robert Powell. The show closes with "After the Ball," a tune that Wakeman originally wrote for use in the ice skating competition of the Innsbruck Olympics in 1976. It's unclear as to the exact year that this show was performed---Wakeman states only that it was in the '80s.



Artist Tommy James
Title Hi-Fi
Cat No. 3080
Label Aura

One Thing About This Album: As the 1980's unfolded, Tommy's music went through a renaissance. Besides being a staple on classic rock and oldies stations, his songs began popping up everywhere... in films, on TV and cover recordings by other artists.

Joan Jett had a smash hit with her remake of "Crimson & Clover" while Tiffany and Billy Idol had back-to-back number one records with "I Think We're Alone Now" and "Mony Mony" respectively... his catalog was getting hot. Because Tommy had continued a vigorous recording schedule throughout the eighties and stayed on top of the new digital technologies that were transforming the music industry, he was ready when longtime friend and record exec Ron Alexenberg asked him to do a new album for Aegis Records

The result was HI-FI: an artful mix of lush, synthesized orchestrations offset by hard driving guitars and percussion and of course, nine great new TJ songs.

The two singles released from the album were "Go" a smokin' "get outta your seat and dance" track and "You Take My Breath Away" a seductive, mid-tempo love song.

HI-FI album was Tommy's first album in ten years and is available again now through Gonzo Multimedia.



Artist Captain Beefheart and his Magic Band
Title Le Nouvel Hippodrome, Paris 1977
Cat No. GZO105CD
Label Gonzo

Don Van Vliet (born Don Glen Vliet; January 15, 1941 – December 17, 2010) was an American musician, singer-songwriter, artist and poet known by the stage name Captain Beefheart. His musical work was conducted with a rotating ensemble of musicians called the Magic Band (1965–1982), with whom he recorded 13 studio albums.

Noted for his powerful singing voice with its wide range, Van Vliet also played the harmonica, saxophone and numerous other wind instruments. His music blended rock, blues and psychedelia with avant-garde and contemporary experimental composition. Beefheart was also known for exercising an almost dictatorial control over his supporting musicians, and for often constructing myths about his life.

During his teen years in Lancaster, California, Van Vliet developed an eclectic musical taste and formed 'a mutually useful but volatile' friendship with Frank Zappa, with whom he sporadically competed and collaborated. He began performing with his Captain Beefheart persona in 1964 and joined the original Magic Band line-up, initiated by Alexis Snouffer, in 1965. The group drew attention with their cover of Bo Diddley's Diddy Wah Diddy, which became a regional hit. It was followed by their acclaimed debut album Safe as Milk, released in 1967 on Buddah Records. After being dropped by two

consecutive record labels, they signed to Zappa's Straight Records. Van Vliet has been described as '...one of modern music's true innovators' with '...a singular body of work virtually unrivalled in its daring and fluid creativity.' Although he achieved little commercial or mainstream critical success, he sustained a cult following as a 'highly significant' and 'incalculable' influence on an array of New Wave, punk, post-punk, experimental and alternative rock musicians. Known for his enigmatic personality and relationship with the public, Van Vliet made few public appearances after his retirement from music (and from his Beefheart persona) in 1982. He pursued a career in art, an interest that originated in his childhood talent for sculpture, and a venture that proved to be his most financially secure. His expressionist paintings and drawings command high prices, and have been exhibited in art galleries and museums across the world. Van Vliet died in 2010, having suffered from multiple sclerosis for many years. This extraordinary record catches the Captain at his best; live on stage in 1977. A few days after the show he said:

"This band is so good - the best I have ever had! They play with a smile. They really breathe up there when they are playing. After all this time I have finally found the band I'm looking for. It's amazing! Playing with this group is like going for a walk: they are so happy when they play. People I meet from the audience have been coming up and telling me how pleased they are that I have finally found a band that I am content with - and they are right. The gig we played in Paris was monstrous. It was three days ago, but I haven't slept since - it was so good! And my voice, well, I can still feel that show in my voice. It hit me so hard I am down to three octaves I couldn't get over the way the audience was singing along with it, singing the words back at me in English - and I don't speak a word of French. This group, I tell you, I couldn't believe that there were such nice people still around on this earth. True, they are playing what I have written, but they really are playing. This band is moving so fast that very soon I won't have to tell them anything. I really must say: this band is the best"

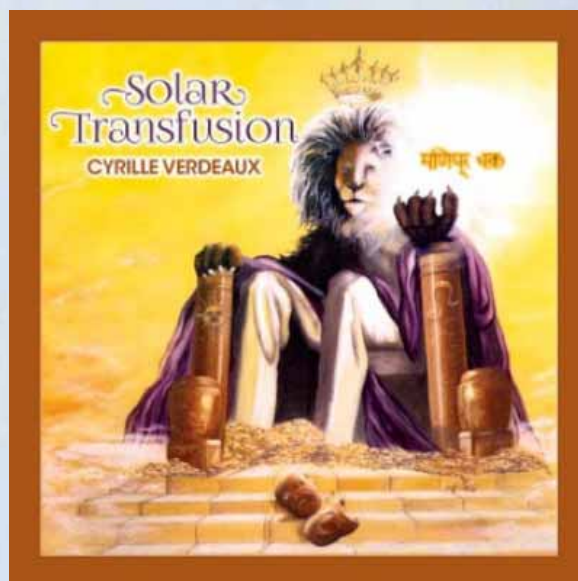
Artist Clearlight

Title Solar Transfusion

Cat No. HST213CD

Label Gonzo

Clearlight is a French progressive rock band from the 1970s, although their best known work was produced in England, and released by a major British record company. While progressive rock is an appropriate overall genre for the band, much of their work delves into other genres including psychedelic music, jam band music, symphonic rock, space rock, jazz fusion,



and new age music. "Clearlight" consists of pianist and composer Cyrille Verdeaux alongside other musicians, who are usually guest participants with no compositional input, except on a couple of occasions, like the second album *Forever Blowing Bubbles*, where bassist Joël Dugrenot had virtual co-leader status, composing two of the tracks, or *Visions*, which prominently featured Didier Malherbe (formerly of Gong) and Didier Lockwood (formerly of Magma and Zao) as soloists. Clearlight has rarely performed live. In 1975, Virgin sent a variation of the *Forever Blowing Bubbles* band on the road supporting Gong, but it broke up soon afterwards following Verdeaux's decision not to relocate to England as Virgin insisted he did - which ended his relationship with the label. In April 1978, a new version of the band was unveiled at the Olympia in Paris, a performance intended to be followed by a proper tour to promote [*Visions* (Clearlight album)|*Visions*]], but lack of interest from promoters dictated otherwise. In the 1980s, the name was largely retired as Verdeaux concentrated on albums released under his own name, although there was another one-off performance at an electronic music festival in 1988 featuring Verdeaux and regular collaborators Christian Boulé and Tim Blake. In the 1990s, Verdeaux began recording under the Clearlight name again.

Solar TransFusion is the third chakra of Cyrille Verdeaux's magnum opus Kundalini Opera which is spread out over a series of his albums. Solar TransFusion has a full band sound in the tradition of Clearlight Symphony and features Gong's Didier Malherbe (saxophone and flute) and Christian Boule as well as Genevieve Meynier (violin), Chico (bass), Jacky (electric guitar) and the Chorus of Les Regresses Vertes. The African rhythms and infectious grooves of Solar TransFusion will awaken your inner fire. This is classic progressive music in the Clearlight tradition!

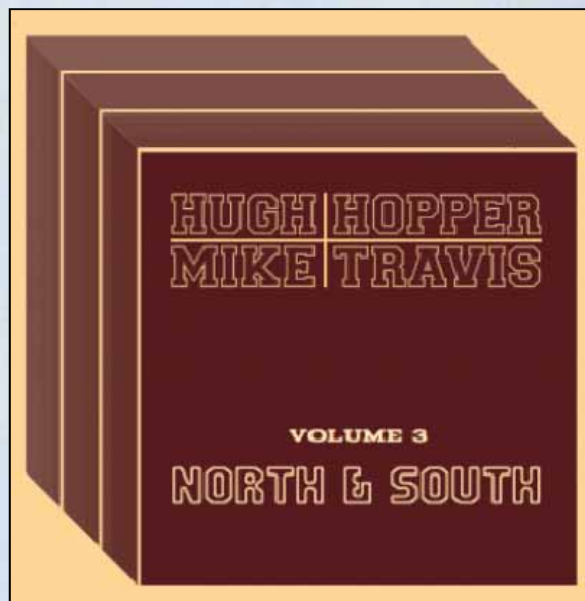


Artist Wilding/Bonus
Title Pleasure Signals
Cat No. HST230CD
Label Gonzo

This fusion is one of those fantastic albums that exist here and there in the music industry. Danny Wilding (guitar) and Pete Bonus (flute) came out of nowhere, made this one LP, and then disappeared again. An uncredited online pundit writes: "The main selling point back then - and now, actually - is that the backing band is essentially Brand X on most of the tracks: John Goodsall, John Giblin, Phil Collins, Robin Lumley, Morris Pert, as well as other musicians like Rebop, Phil Chen, Bayette, Andy Clarke, Mike Shrieve, and more. All instrumental!"

There are some top notch musicians here, each one with his contribution in developing the sound of this album, but as B Olario writes on the Prog Archives: "...above all Pete Bonus is the one who gives the shining moments on this album, at least for my ears. No one can deny the beautiful and very smooth arrangements on flute from here, the perfect example is almost Tullian approach on G. Storm, what an excellent piece where the flute simply shine not else, the rest of the pieces are more then ok, instrumental jazz fusion very well played and composed. I really liked what I've heard on this unknown and forgotten album from late '70's."

Artist Hugh Hopper & Mike Travis
Title Volume 3 North and South
Cat No. HST242CD
Label Gonzo



Hugh Hopper started his musical career in 1963 as the bass player with the Daevid Allen Trio alongside drummer Robert Wyatt. There can be few other free jazz bands of the era with such a stellar line-up. Unlike other legendary ensembles such as The Crucial Three (a Liverpool band from 1977 which featured three musicians who were to go on to enormous success) the Daevid Allen Trio actually played gigs and made recordings.

All three members ended up in Soft Machine, which together with Pink Floyd was the 'house band' of the burgeoning 'Underground' movement which tried so hard to turn British cultural mores upside down for a few years in the latter half of the 1960s. (Hopper and Wyatt had also been in another legendary Canterbury band called The Wilde Flowers). Hopper stayed with Soft Machine (for whom he was initially the group's road manager) until 1973 playing at least one session with Syd Barrett along the way. During his tenure the band developed from a psychedelic pop group to an instrumental jazz rock fusion band, all the time driven by the lyrical bass playing of Hugh Hopper.

After leaving the band he worked with many pillars of the jazz rock fusion scene such as: Isotope, Gilgamesh, Stomu Yamashta and Carla Bley. He also formed some co-operative bands with Elton Dean who had also been in Soft Machine.

This ten part series is compiled by Michael King, a Canadian Hugh Hopper Scholar. He writes: "My first encounter with the music of Hugh Colin Hopper backdates to the summer of 1976. While visiting a friend I was intentional played a record titled Volume Two from a British rock group about whom I knew little, The Soft Machine. The experience was staggering and prompted a radical reappraisal for the conventions I had been conditioned to accept as 'Progressive'. Once smitten I undertook to follow and purchase a spate of

seriously inventive record albums that Hugh Hopper released and appeared on, namely; Hoppertunity Box, Rogue Element, Soft Heap, Cruel But Fair and Two Rainbows Daily. Throughout these works I found Hugh's textural bass guitar by turns anchored and animated the music with ample good taste. Here was a rarefied musician who avoided overplaying his instrument in favour of approaches reflecting his personal musical Zen".

Technically, by processing his bass guitar with fuzz box, flanger, wha-wha, octave pedal effects, his use of tapes loops, and latterly computer programming, Hugh constructed multilayer soundscapes with great attention to detail. His creative template embraced aesthetics well beyond the orthodox roles assigned to the bass guitar and its practitioner. As example, Hugh cleverly adapted the time altering effects of the repetitive tapes loops he was creating with two tape recorders in the early sixties - to his bass guitar - by playing such repeating patterns in real time. Furthermore, minimalist mutations and modularity often characterize the rhythmic, harmonic, melodic foundations of Hugh's musical compositions (many displaying melody lines of uncommon length). These aspects, alongside a brilliant capacity to freely improvise, (dynamically from a whisper to a roar) distinguish Hugh Hopper as a consummate musician of great standing, one who thrived in myriad musical settings". This ten part series is to compliment an heretofore large body of work (over sixty titles) by presenting previously unreleased concert and studio recordings, with the focus on Hugh's compositions as performed by groups under his leadership.



Artist Steve Ignorant

Title The Last Supper, Shepherds Bush Empire 2011

Cat No. DIM-GZ001DVD

Label Gonzo

On 19th November 2011 a little piece of musical history took place. For those of us of a certain age, despite what Dan le Sac Vs Scroobius Pip claimed, a few years ago, Crass were far more than "just a band". A disparate group of nine musicians and artists residing in a shared house in rural Essex promoted anarchism as a political ideology, a way of life and a resistance movement. Crass popularised the anarcho-punk movement of the punk subculture, advocating direct action, animal rights and environmentalism. The band used and advocated a DIY punk ethic approach to its sound collages, leaflets, albums and films. And, yeah, they made some pretty bloody good records as well!

In November 2007 lead singer Steve Ignorant, who is also a sculptor and who has worked as a traditional Punch and Judy Professor, performed the entire Feeding of the 5000 album live at the Shepherds Bush Empire to great acclaim. Three years later he announced plans for a world tour called "The Last Supper", performing Crass songs from the period 1977-1982 with largely the same band that performed with him at Shepherd's Bush, including Gizz Butt, Bob Butler and Spike Smith. With the extraordinary Carol Hodge performing songs originally sung by Eve Libertine and Joy DeVivre, he performed the last show of the tour again at the Shepherds Bush Empire. The band were joined by ex-Crass members Penny Rimbauld and Eve Libertine and Steve said: "And then Penny came on...and we did it, 'Do They Owe Us A Living' as we'd first done it all those years ago. As it started, so it finished". Steve pledged that this would be the last time that these songs would be performed by him, and across the globe a disparate collection of middle aged men and women who had been politicised by Crass all those years before, and whose lives had taken a completely different path because of him, shed more than a few tears. It was undoubtedly the end of an era, but now, those of you who weren't able to be at the concert can share in the experience for yourselves.

Artist Jethro Tull with the London Symphony Orchestra

Title A Classic Case

Cat No. HST289CD

Label Gonzo

Jethro Tull are a British rock group, formed in Luton, Bedfordshire, in December 1967, initially playing experimental blues rock, they later incorporated elements of classical music, folk music, jazz, hard rock and art rock into their music. Having more than 20 official members over the years, their music is characterised by the vocals, acoustic guitar, and flute playing of Ian Anderson, who led the band since its founding, and the guitar work of Martin Barre, who had been with the band since 1969, after he replaced original guitarist Mick Abrahams.

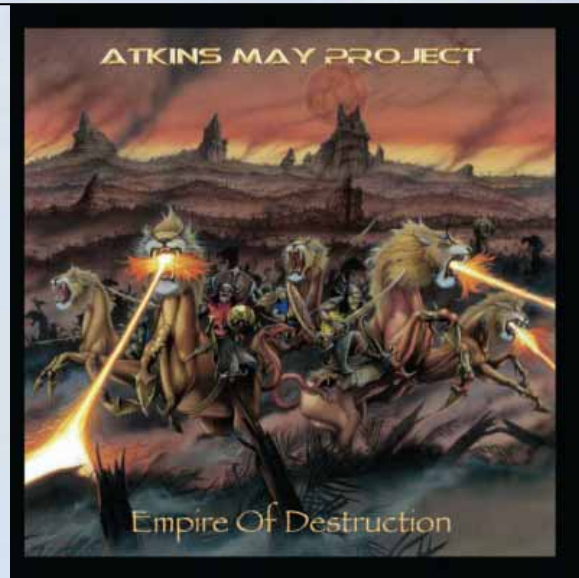
They achieved success early in 1969 with their UK



No.1 album *Stand Up*, touring on both sides of the Atlantic and appearing in most of the festivals of 1969–70. But it was with the world-acclaimed album *Aqualung* (1971) that Jethro Tull established themselves in rock history. Together with *Thick as a Brick* (1972), the band conquered the annals of Progressive Rock. Two decades after their founding, the band earned the Grammy for Best Hard Rock/Metal Performance, Vocal or Instrumental for their *Crest of a Knave* (1987) album – which increased and sustained their fame through the years. Jethro Tull have sold over 60 million albums worldwide. They have been described by *Rolling Stone* as "one of the most commercially successful and eccentric progressive rock bands". *A Classic Case* (1985) is the 16th album by Jethro Tull, playing with the London Symphony Orchestra, released in 1985. The music was arranged and conducted by David Palmer. The album features band members Ian Anderson, Martin Barre, Dave Pegg and Peter-John Vettese. The album was recorded during the summer of 1984 at the CBS Studios in London and was originally released on 31 December 1985, in the United States and now available in the UK through Gonzo Multimedia!

Artist Atkins May Project
Title Empire of Destruction
Cat No. HST286CD
Label Gonzo

Al Atkins is best known for forming UK's Judas Priest and fronting them for four years, and laying down the foundations that would see them eventually selling 40 million albums worldwide. He also wrote songs for them that went gold like *Dreamer Deceiver*, *Never Satisfied*, *Winter*, *Caviar and Meths*, and Priest's all time classic *Victim of Changes*. Al's unique powerful vocal style influences by noted rock singers Roger Daltrey, Paul Rodgers and longtime friend Robert Plant. Al has done countless

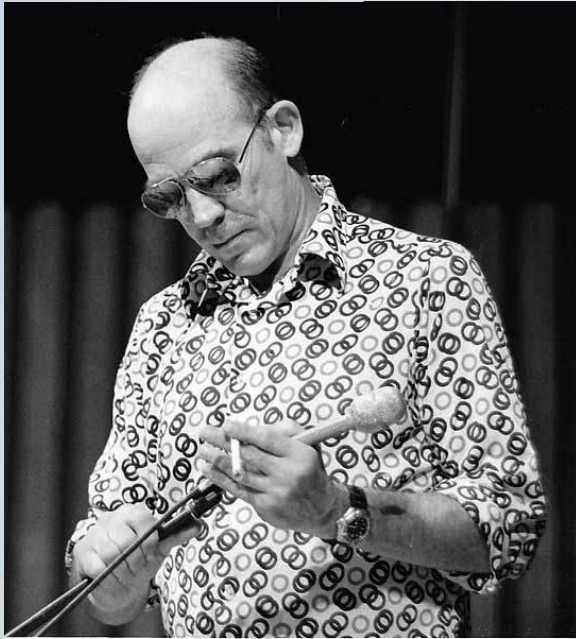


radio and TV interviews worldwide and recently was filmed for BBC TV British Heritage and Banger Films Canada for the metal evolution series on VH1. He has even written a book on his musical life about growing up in Birmingham, UK, alongside Robert Plant and Black Sabbath, called *Dawn of the Metal Gods*. Al has released 6 solo albums to date, toured the US twice, and has worked with Brian Tatler (Diamond Head), Dave Holland (Judas Priest), Dennis Stratton (Iron Maiden) and Bernie Torme (Ozzy/Gillan).

Paul May is another kettle of fish. Some people learn to play guitar, Paul was born (again) to play guitar! Paul has become respected for his passionate, soulful guitar work and noted for his explosive and exciting solos. As a world-class professional guitarist and songwriter, Paul has played and recorded sessions across the globe, touring and playing throughout the UK, Europe, USA and the Eastern block. Paul appears on around 50 albums to date, featured in both the secular and Christian arenas. Paul is also a record producer and has covered the entire spectrum of musical tastes in production. Paul has played, recorded with and produced alongside the bands and members of: Al Atkins (Judas Priest), Dave Holland (Judas Priest), Roy Wood (Move, ELO, Wizard), Jon Brooks (The Charlatans), Smokin Roadie/Tempest, MC5, V-Rats, Janus, A.N.D, Dave Rowley Band, Larry Norman and many others. Along with working with Al Atkins, Paul currently plays guitar with A.N.D and Temple Dogs.

They teamed up about four years ago, and this is their third album, which takes them into slightly more progressive territory than the first two, whilst maintaining their normal high standards. Highly recommended.

Comes with a FREE BONUS DVD!



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 great man himself. So here goes:

“Publishers are notoriously slothful about numbers, unless they're attached to dollar signs - unlike journalists, quarterbacks, and felony criminal defendants who tend to be keenly aware of numbers at all times.”

Hunter S. Thompson

ver GONZO Weekly BACK ISSUE BONANZA

This is all very exciting and things are changing very rapidly. There is now a dedicated website at www.gonzoweekly.com. At the moment it is extremely skeletal, but it will be titivated and enhanced and augmented with other stuff over the next few months.

In my defence, I have never pretended to be any sort of web designer, and I have never worked out how to use Dreamweaver or any of those clever things, and I don't understand anything but basic raw htm.


But it does the biz as Graham would say, and it contains links to all sixty-nine back issues. I will be guided by you, the readership as to what else should be on the magazine's website. There will also be special things there which are only available to subscribers, which as the subscription costs now't, is—I think—a reasonably good deal.

Somewhere along the line I will call upon members of my ever expanding Robot Army of the Undead and get someone to transfer all the back issues from the Mailchimp format in which they were originally composed, to this swish new page turny flip book thingy. But it ain't gonna happen any time soon because - believe it or not - the rigours of putting out a 70 page magazine every seven days with a team of volunteers, and a budget of twenty five quid, are quite considerable.

But it will happen....in the fullness of time...

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EXCLUSIVE
Interview with the
legendary
rockabilly
pioneer
and
Gonzo
legend
Bill Haley
and
the
comedian
Bill
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NEW SINGLE FROM ANOMALY BCS GAMES

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Rockabilly
legend
Bill Haley
and
comedian
Bill Engvall

EXCLUSIVE
The
Comedian
Bill Engvall

EXCLUSIVE
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The Dutch
Woodstock
and more



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The
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NO APRIL IN A STORM IN A STORMY LAP

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ANT BEE

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ANDY COLQUHOUN REVISITS DR. CROW

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CONVERSING WITH CRYSTAL

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IN THE COURT OF THE CRIMSON JUNKIE

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ERIK'S ON THE ROAD AGAIN
Got what happened to Asia featuring John Vignoli



Help Us Save
Elephants

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

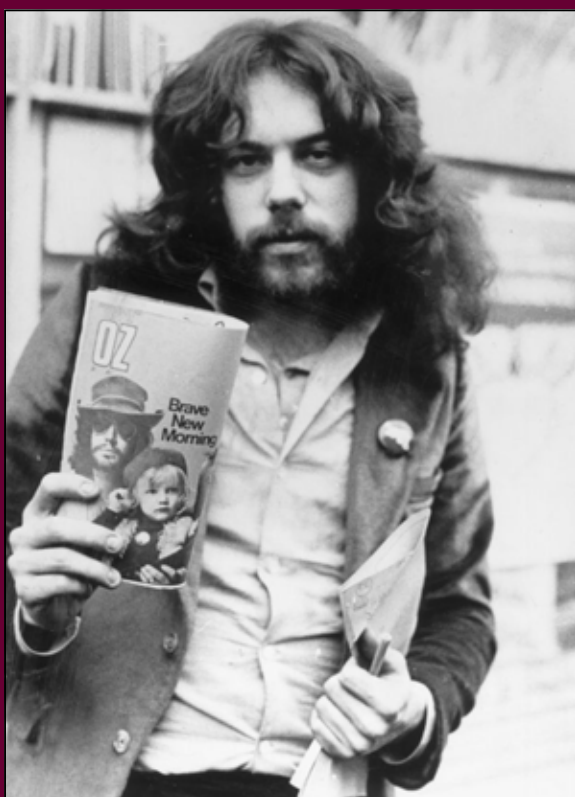
Asante sana (thank you very much),

David Banks
Director, Africa Region
The Nature Conservancy

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

Jon meets Tony Palmer

Felix Dennis died earlier this year. He was a remarkable man and one of the most important people to have come out of the counter-culture of the late-'60s and early-'70s. Indeed he can probably be described as being the person who



came out of said counter-culture who had the most successful publishing career of all. More importantly, unlike many of his peers, who will remain nameless, he continued doing projects – such as the Heart of England Forest, whose mission statement is: “the plantation, re-plantation, conservation and establishment of trees for the benefit of the public, together with the education of the public by the promulgation of knowledge and the appreciation of trees”. which are totally in line with the ethos of the hippy movement then and now. According to Sean Coughlan, writing in 2006, Dennis told him: “I've been busy for years, buying land, often under pseudonyms, and planting trees on it. All the money is going into it when I die - and in the end I'd like to think that it will be 20 to 30,000

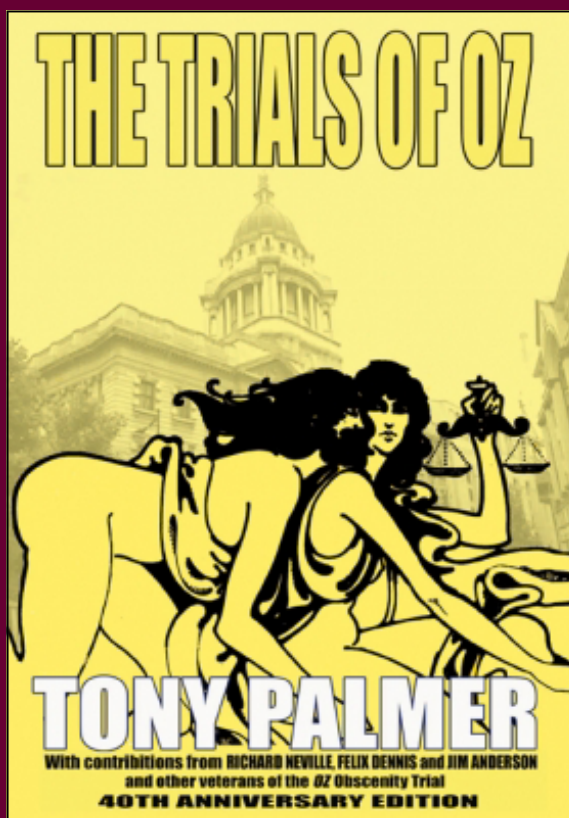
acres.”

Later in the same interview he described how he still felt that need to stand up against the establishment where necessary: “It's the bullying that annoys me... When I see something that's wrong, I just speak and act first and I'll take the consequences later.”

He was the youngest and arguably the most dangerous of the three Oz conspirators, and his death has left a very big gap to fill.

The trial took place in the summer of 1971. Writer, broadcaster and film-maker Tony Palmer was in the court throughout the trial, and wrote an excellent book on the subject called ‘The Trials of Oz’.

Some years ago I worked with Palmer on a new edition of this book which is now being reissued via Gonzo Publishing.





Palmer had this to say:

"Felix Dennis vowed revenge on all and sundry when, at the infamous OZ trial in 1971, Judge Michael Argyle sentenced him to a lesser term of imprisonment than the other two defendants, Richard Neville and Jim Anderson, "because he was obviously less intelligent."

Within a few years Felix was a multi-zillionaire who could easily have destroyed Argyle financially in a threatened libel case against the now discredited Judge.

That he chose not to do so is symptomatic of the Felix I knew - a pussy cat, generous, funny and a very shrewd business man.

And a good poet, connoisseur of wine and collector of art - he had over 40 bronzes in his gardens.

He adored the fine life and the pleasures it brought him. Nothing pleased him more than buying David Bowie's house in Mustique, not to mention the million (yes, a million) trees he planted around his house in Warwickshire as part of an educational scheme for children.

He gave away his money as fast as he earned it. It meant nothing to do him, except that it allowed to do those things

which he hoped would give others pleasure.

This for him was happiness.

Incredibly, he still lived in the same house in London he bought soon after the Oz Trail. "Why move?" he asked me. "It's quite big enough for what I need."

He was a lovely, lovely man, only 67 when he died and, as he told me last year "so much to do, and so little time."

What a waste.
TONY P.

The new edition of *The Trials of Oz* on which I worked long and hard is now available, both through Gonzo Multimedia and outlets such as Amazon.

This week I caught up with Tony for a chat for the first time in some years

**Listen
Here**

AN EXCLUSIVE EXCERPT FROM THIS REMARKABLE BOOK

Mr. Mortimer rose at 2.55 p.m. on Wednesday, June 23 in Court Number 2 of the Central Criminal Courts at the Old Bailey in the City of London.

“Ladies and gentlemen of the Jury,” he began.

Pointing to two cardboard boxes containing 400 copies of the satirical, underground magazine, OZ No. 28 - School Kids Issue, he went on:

“I am sure you are all very curious to discover what it is that has led us all here, people from various parts of London and various walks of life, to consider how dangerous or explosive may be those bits of paper over there in those little sugar baskets. In my view, this is a very, very important case. Because it is this case, and cases such as these, which stand at the crossroads of our liberty, at the boundaries of our freedom to think and say and draw and write what we please.

Members of the Jury, this is a case about dissent. It is a case about dissenters; a case about those who are critical of the established values of our society, who ask us to reconsider what they believe to be complacent values, and are anxious, on that basis, to build what they think (and what we may not think) is a better world. Members of the Jury, we are all of us, totally entitled to disagree with their views; but this is a case about whether or not they are also entitled to disagree with us.”

The Jury, nine men and three women, shuffled about nervously, some looking away from Mr. Mortimer’s persistent gaze with apparent embarrassment. The Court Room was noticeably draughty and cold. The actual temperature was 62° F. Mr. Mortimer rubbed his not under-endowed paunch, pushed his horn-rimmed spectacles back up his nose, and continued:

“When you hear the word dissenter, you may think of those who, in past times, used to thunder their denunciations in dark clothes and rolling phrases from the pulpits of small chapels. Now, the dissenters wear long hair and colourful clothes and dream their dreams of another world in small bed-sitting rooms in Notting Hill Gate. In place of sermons with their lurid phrases about damnation, we have magazines reflecting a totally different society from that in

which we live.

You will probably hear a lot about sex in this case and you may hear something about drugs. We would also like you to hear something about the basic beliefs which the people who edited that magazine share, basic beliefs with which few of us would quarrel. A genuine, and generally held, belief that peace is preferable to war, for example. A genuine and generally held belief that racial tolerance is preferable to intolerance. That love between people is preferable to hatred. That freedom of expression is at all times preferable to censorship. An impatience, which may at times have been expressed childishly, with what they regard as the hypocrisies of conventional attitudes. The right to speak freely, without inhibition, about whatever matters there are that deeply concern them and their lives. A refusal to recognize that there should be taboos which would prevent our free debate about every single matter which concerns us as human beings. And it is in pursuit of those beliefs that this prosecution and this trial originate.”

The crowded public gallery, into which were squeezed a veritable assortment of London’s hippie community, grinned at one another with obvious satisfaction. Mr. Mortimer may not look much like it, but, in truth, he was one of them. The public gallery in Court No. 2 has one distinct characteristic. It is so constructed that from it the spectator finds it almost impossible to hear or see anything that is going on in the Court Room below.

“The indictment accuses the defendants of, among other things, corrupting the morals of children and young persons.”

Mr. Mortimer concluded:

“Members of the Jury, those of you familiar with history may have heard of the Greek philosopher Socrates. Socrates also stood trial and his trial resulted in his death. And the charge on his indictment was that he had corrupted the morals of young persons. And the reason he was so charged, was his unfortunate habit of continually asking why?”

And we who defend in this case believe that we do so in the interests of everyone, whatever age or sex or class or education, to question and to ask, why?"

I first became interested in this trial after I had attended the West London Magistrates' Court the previous December where Richard Neville, one of the three accused persons now before us, had appeared on a drugs charge. He and his girl friend, Louise Ferrier, had been arraigned for the possession of cannabis, detained overnight and brought before the Magistrate at 10.30 a.m.

At least, it should have been 10.30, but as they had been put down as No. 45 on the list to be heard that morning, I found myself sitting through the cases of 44 others. If you have never attended a local magistrates' court and you cherish the illusion that British justice when administered by the police is a fair and impartial thing, I suggest that a visit would quickly dispel those illusions. Those up in court before Neville included an Irish alcoholic, clearly unwell, clearly inarticulate, clearly desperately in need of help.

"Speak up, I can't hear what you're saying," shouted the magistrate. It seemed to me that he harangued the defendant loudly when it suited him and then mumbled inaudibly when it suited him; I was sitting five yards from the magistrate, for example, and most of the time even I had difficulty in hearing a word he was saying.

The Irishman in the dock had difficulty in offering a coherent, verbal explanation of his conduct so the magistrate ignored him, addressed his remarks to the police, who sniggered, and sent the man to jail for Christmas. It didn't seem to occur to anyone that the police themselves, when presenting their version of any story, also mumbled, fumbled, droned away in clichés and read their statements like naughty schoolboys summonsed before the headmaster. They gossiped noisily while other evidence was being read and ordered witnesses around like imbeciles. They couldn't even get the law right - one constable thought that the annual road tax was £24 and had based his particular arrest partially on this assumption.

Another defendant, a dilapidated middle-aged Scotsman suffering from a virulent and contagious form of TB, was on trial for having stolen or misplaced four letters addressed to his landlady. "Well," said the magistrate, "your action may have caused great anxiety. You're obviously a public health danger. I shall send you to prison if you come here again." Whereupon the man, who had difficulty in breathing properly, began to offer his explanation only to be shouted down by the magistrate and manhandled out of the dock by a police sergeant.

The priceless jewel of articulation, the way with words, which most of us take for granted, had not been his to command. The magistrate must have known this, and so had used his own verbal, linguistic and educational advantage, mercilessly.

Another defendant, who had been out of work for months and had stolen a small amount of lead presumably to buy his family something for Christmas, was fined £15 and told to pay within 21 days. It was obvious that the only way he would be able to raise the money was to steal some more lead.

Another was fined £40 for masturbating 'in a public urinal'. "If you've got a kink this way, you'd better go and see a doctor," advised the magistrate. Two policemen laughed loudly. Two local pressmen by my side scribbled away furiously, busily underlining the sexual details.

Eight members of the Hare Krishna Temple appeared next, accused of "willfully obstructing the free-passage of a highway". These are members of a religious sect who dance and sing up and down Oxford Street (among other places), giving a little local amusement and offending no-one. "I don't know why you were there," said the magistrate to himself, not bothering to find out.

The police sergeant who had arrested them could hardly contain his sarcasm when he described their address as "a place of worship".

And then came Richard Neville, No. 45 on the list, looking tired and despondent. The facts were brief; that Neville, while released on bail pending this present trial for obscenity, was alleged to have been in the possession of drugs at his flat in Notting Hill. The police had raided the offices of OZ with the intention of taking away evidence to use in the obscenity trial. Apparently, they had rushed in, locked the doors, taken the phones off the hook, intimidated the occupants and "seized", among other things, advertising data and accounts' ledgers.

Surprisingly for such work, they had turned up with two hash hounds. They also failed to caution one secretary until they had asked her all the relevant questions. Then, they rushed round to Neville's flat and arrested him and his lady, Louise Ferrier. Every one of the 44 defendants before Neville had been asked if they had anything to say. Neville was not. Every one of the 44 defendants before Neville who had requested bail, had been granted it. Neville was not.

Prepared to stand bail - to a total of a quarter of a million pounds - were, among others, Kenneth Tynan, Colin MacInnes, George Melly, Ed Victor

from Jonathan Cape Ltd, Michael White and Clive Goodwin. Neville's solicitor, David Offenbach, was not allowed to make full application for bail. He was shouted down. Members of the public rose to protest. They were forcibly evicted by the police. Abuse was hurled. Application for bail would have to be made to a judge in chambers, said the magistrate. That was almost impossible, said Mr. Offenbach, as Christmas was upon us. It was indeed, replied the magistrate.

Neville asked permission to make a statement. One policeman applauded mockingly while others hurled themselves at Neville, pulling him from the Court. He had wanted to make a prepared statement which he had scribbled in the back of a book with a borrowed pen. Police had refused him a pencil and paper. Here are extracts:

"This is primarily a political occasion. In a broad sense, most cannabis charges are political to the extent that they represent a repression of a new culture by the old. I am in this dock this morning not because of any criminal activity ... but because I am involved in publishing OZ magazine, one of the most articulate, informed and crazy-passionate voices of our generation. Because this voice is being heard and understood by growing numbers in our community, people such as Detective Inspector Luff (the arresting officer) are determined to silence it by whatever means they can. (His) opposition to bail is utterly uncalled for. There is no question of my not turning up; there is no evidence to suggest that I might not do so. I look forward to the case even more than Mr. Luff because it will enable me to establish that there is a real conspiracy to stifle dissent in this country, that the freedom of the press - the freedom of our press - is being forcibly stifled by policemen who have taken it upon themselves to enforce, not the law, but their own dismal and hypocritical standards of morality."

Mr. Neville was forcibly removed before he could make this statement. The Law and its embodiment, the police, had triumphed - for the moment.

The statement might seem a little naïve, a little paranoid, even a little exaggerated. But it was certainly not worthy of suppression. Above all, both the statement itself and the police behaviour in the magistrates' court that morning suggested that there might be something more to the arrest of Richard Neville than at first had seemed apparent. Could there, for example, be said to be any validity in the claim that the Press, by which Neville meant the underground press, was being stifled? Was there, moreover, evidence to suggest that it had been stifled before, in any other place? Indeed, did the content of the underground press warrant its suppression anyway? In what sense were these

magazines and newspapers 'underground'? Did their increasing emergence in ever greater numbers indicate anything particularly noteworthy, and if so what?

And how was it, for example, that in the context of a declining overground newspaper industry, these journals had managed to appear at all?

It had been rumoured in some quarters, for example, that the future of The Times newspaper itself might be in question. In the first three months of 1971, it had lost nearly a quarter of a million pounds and even the Thomson pockets were not thought to be bottomless.

The prospect of a nationalised Court Circular in order to preserve some supposed and probably mythical journalistic dignity could not be dismissed, although that wouldn't be doing much for the image of the Free Press. Union problems, the postal strike and falling advertising revenue had doubtless contributed to what was a general malaise, although the turgid, some would say unreadable, prose style which afflicted some of its columnists, probably hadn't helped either. Nonetheless, the Daily Sketch had already gone up the spout and might well be followed in that direction by several more. Whether this would be a real loss except in terms of journalists keeping each other mutually employed, was another question. The Times and the Guardian then announced, yet again, that their prices would have to be increased "before long". Mr. Lawrence Scott, the Guardian's chairman, thought that there would be few newspapers which could avoid such increases, necessitated as they were by the bogey of rising costs. Mr. Henry Stevens, company secretary of the Daily Telegraph, had gone so far as to suggest that almost no national newspaper was making a profit and, in one case at least, a very substantial loss was being incurred.

It must have been a surprise to such people, therefore, to learn that the underground press was, at the same time, on the edge of a vast boom. Among magazines such as Friends, Time Out, and OZ, circulation was growing at a pace which the various organizations could hardly contain. Increasingly, these publications were being designed, not just to appeal to young people, but to steal away some of the readership of already existing overground magazines. This curious phenomenon had occurred, moreover, without any of the traditional trappings of success - very little advertising, no tit and bum content, no proper distribution and very little fuss. It was obviously fulfilling a need being experienced by those who were dissatisfied or frustrated with or just left out by the accepted organs of communication.

The underground press existed because it believed

that proper newspapers either ignored what was really happening or else distorted it. Certainly, the sustained and polemical brilliance of the 'colour supplement' and 'footnotes' sections of the magazine *Private Eye* indicated that there was much to be told that somehow, mystery upon mysteries, never reached the daylight of print.

Unfortunately, the *Eye's* accuracy was not always what it should have been and its gossip not always free from malice. But its challenge to other newspapers was simply that, frequently, it was better informed than they were. And whereas previously the subject matter of the underground press had often been concerned with the pop milieu, its interest was now extending to political involvement, social discussion, the other arts and even sport. Far from being amateur, moreover, either in spirit or in organisation, a determined new professionalism had crept into the hearts of those responsible. This commercial explosion had first begun five years ago with the success of Jann Wenner, a 27 year old Californian, who saw that none of the media understood or were prepared to take cognisance of, the hurriedly expanding pop-orientated culture.

Even today, BBC television, for example, devotes not one single second to this subject. One of the only programmes to make some attempt in this direction, *How it is*, produced by the BBC took off in spite of an audience larger than the average for *Omnibus*, its accepted and acceptable arts slot. Curiously, one of the regular contributors to *How it is* had been Richard Neville.

Wenner knew that the snobbish and scandal-seeking attitude with which the Press then talked about popular music & rock 'n' roll, was alienating a potentially huge audience. Since pop was reckoned to be one of the more eloquent voices of young people, it was at least worth taking seriously, however childish and misguided that voice might sometimes be. His newspaper, *Rolling Stone*, supplied that seriousness. It wrote about pop and all that pop involved in a nondidactic, non-patronising way. The result was often over-seriousness and a feebly edited concentration on trivia; but the circulation grew to nearly a quarter of a million and the 36-page fortnightly was now distributed internationally. A host of others prospered in its shadow. Some, like *OZ*, experimented typographically, hoping to change completely newspaper design. Illegibility was achieved more often than might have been desired, but its success was often stunning. The layouts devised for *OZ* by Australian Jon Goodchild were in part responsible for the huge growth of posters and interest in poster design.

Another publication, *Time Out*, begun in 1968 as a single sheet alternative to the almost archaic (some would say unreadable) *What's On*, had developed into

a 100-page weekly magazine, partly review but mostly information, which many London hotels now recommend to foreign visitors in preference to *What's On*.

Newspapers, such as *Black Dwarf* or *Red Mole* were generally propagandist in intention, although they had frequently given access to information of much wider public interest. The Bertrand Russell/Ralph Schoenman Memorandum was only one notable example. It still seems to me astonishing that such a document, whose existence was known by many journalists, should have been left for publication to a sneered-at underground journal.

The need for such newspapers was neatly summarised in the aims and ambitions of two new weeklies which were in preparation in the summer of 1970. The first, called *The Alternative*, hawked around a brochure and a dummy. "There is a large and increasing number of radical and intelligent young people," the brochure told us, "who are not satisfied with what the national papers have to offer." The fault, it said, was that most established publications were too big, having to satisfy both the old and the reactionary as well as the young and the radical. Unfortunately, *The Alternative* couldn't even raise the money necessary to pay for its brochure and it collapsed.

The second, called *Ink*, said it wanted to demonstrate that youth and radicalism were an attitude of mind and not an age-bracket. It wanted to provide space for the kinds of story that journalists were frequently aware of but afraid to publish because of particular editorial restrictions. It intended to be non-profit making and not dependent for its existence on advertising.

Its activities were to include the publication of pamphlets and eventually books. It said it was to be non-political and non-propagandist. Its editorial staff and correspondents were to be properly paid, and it was said that many well-known journalists had offered their services; one distinguished publishing editor did the same. The newspaper intended to achieve an immediate circulation of 50,000 and it said it had revolutionary plans for distribution to keep to this intention. It would certainly be youth-orientated but without being in any way exclusive. Its title, like its ambition, was simple and fundamental. The body needed blood, it said. Newspapers needed *Ink*. Its editor was to be Richard Neville, and it must have been ironic to him that in the very week he was in the process of launching his new newspaper, *Ink*, his old newspaper, *OZ*, (which he also edited) was being seized for obscenity. As it happened, ironically, the charge of obscenity was one with which he was thoroughly familiar.

Douglas Harr Ear Candy for the Hungry Audiophile

DOUG MEETS THE ROCKET SCIENTISTS

Erik Norlander (keyboards), Mark McCrite (guitar, vocals), and Don Schiff are the core members of the progressive rock band Rocket Scientists. The group's first album was 1993's *Earthbound*, – since that time the band has released a number of albums and videos over the years each building on a legacy of quality prog art.

Earlier this year they released a fantastic EP called *Traveler on the Supernatural Highways* that is part of a broader album coming soon from the band. The EP consists of one long epic instrumental work – the multi-part title track, followed by a smoking hot version of “On Her Majesty’s Secret Service.” If this recording is any indication, the new album is going to be their best yet.

I spoke to Erik and Mark this August at his home studio in remote Placerville, California just west of Lake Tahoe. We were surrounded by many vintage and modern day keyboards, and started with a question about his use of these instruments:



D: Although you use these vintage keyboards on your own work and on Rocket Scientists albums they all still sound so contemporary – how do you achieve that?

EN: I'm not really a collector – I just like classic keyboard sounds, and the best sounds I can get. If you're a guitar player, no one is going to think twice about you playing a Les Paul Goldtop- it's a classic guitar that's been around, what, 50 years? But then if I play a synthesizer that's that old or even 20 years old – suddenly I'm “going vintage.” Actually I'm just going for great sounds, and I happen to love the Minimoog and

<http://douglasharr.wordpress.com/>



Rhodes sounds from the 70's and my Hammond organ, which is from 1939.

MM: It's similar to how many people are into pressing new music on vinyl because they like the sound of vinyl, and it's not like that's retro – it just sounds a certain way.

EN: That's exactly it – I'm not trying to go retro, I'm not trying to sound like Yes in the 70's – I love that – but I don't want to do that again – I want to make new music, and when I make new music like the Galactic Collective with all these instruments, I go for sounds that seem current.

There's an interesting thing about bass sounds I use like the modular Moog bass. I recently got to know Michael Boddicker who was a major session guy in the late 70's and 80's – played keys on Michael Jackson's *Thriller* – tons of films, he's on a million things. We were talking about big Moog sounds and listening to some of my stuff and he said, "those great big stereo basses you do – we couldn't do that in the vinyl days – the lathe wouldn't cut it with the modulation that low." That's why the Moog bass on a lot of those older albums doesn't sound as big as what I'm doing now.

D: I never hear a shrill keyboard sound out of your stack.

EN: We work hard to not do that!

D: The guitar sounds very fresh and the drum fills are so tight

EN: I think our generation is unique in that late 70's and 80's prog music went in a more metal direction, and then you had Dream Theater which is really on the metal side – so that became part of our musical vocabulary. I guess like any artist, you pick what you like and don't like – we take some and leave out the rest. No Swedish death metal voices here.

MM: Its almost like prog music split up – what retained the "Prog" label was the more metal sounding work, but I hear a lot of progressive influences in things like Radiohead, and for some reason, that hasn't attracted as much of the prog audience. Crowded House is one of my favorite bands – they are kind of Beatlesque, but they also have a lot of elements you'd hear on old Moody Blues records – I see it as all part of the same legacy.

EN: Greg Stone back in the KLOS days said the first prog album was Sgt. Peppers, and I agree with him. I think it was released the month before I was born!

D: Erik, how much work does it take you now to dial in the sound you want for a solo or for a particular song – a lot of fine-tuning and effort?

EN: The smart-ass answer is it takes 47 years to dial in that sound! I can do it very fast now but only because I've spent



my whole life learning how this stuff works and how to dial it in. It's about building up sound libraries – digital instruments and analog instruments like this [points around his studio] and knowing exactly how to set an envelope. Last night we were working on this track, and Mark said I should do some Buchla modular sound effects, and I went directly to get that sound. It wasn't a question of "let me load up 50GB of sample libraries and go through them all, or let me pull these 10 instruments out of their cases and see what might make this sound." Fortunately, I go right to it and know how to achieve it.

This instrument here – the Alesis Andromeda – which I helped design – was really the first truly analog polyphonic synthesizer of the modern era. You started with the Minimoog, then we got into instruments you could play polyphonically – instruments like the Prophet 5 and the Yamaha CS-80 and the Oberheim keyboards and that grew and grew until digital became more practical to use, and then you started putting samples into keyboards. Eventually by the mid to late 80's, analog synthesizers completely fell out of favor. I remember buying 3 Minimoogs from a rental house in LA for \$300, which would now be worth 30 times that.

By the end of the 90's I pushed to make a new modern analog polyphonic synthesizer. The guy who owned Alesis, a guy named Keith Barr who passed away a few years ago, he was

the designer of the famous MXR guitar pedals, like the Phase 90 and the Distortion Plus, the little MXR stomp boxes that you see on every guitar player's pedal board for the last 30 – 40 years, and he was an amazing analog designer. I convinced him to design some analog chips needed so it could fit in a smaller keyboard. So we built this Alesis analogue keyboard – and that's actually how I met Bob Moog and his daughter Michelle. When I had the green light to do that project, Keith was designing the chips, but then we needed an analog design engineer to design the circuit boards, and I said, "let's get Bob Moog." He was already building the new Minimoog Voyager at the time, and I didn't know about that, so he was not able to work on this project, but he was able to advise from a distance!

D: Erik, when is "the wall" needed as opposed to one of your smaller Moogs?





Another Brick in the Wall

EN: Functionally there is very little it does that a modern synthesizer can't do – it is modular by nature which means you can patch it together in ways that you can't patch a Minimoog or Moog Voyager, but that generally just gets you bizarre sounds – Dr. Who sounds and things like that. For the actual musical tonal sounds, the difference between the modular Moog and any other synthesizer is essentially just quality. There's something about the discrete electronics and the build quality and the hand wiring and all that voodoo. There's multiple voices – multiple sounds at one time that are possible. It has a little sequencer built into it – I can also send it sequences from the computer – more modern stuff which I do all the time, and you can play it by plugging in any keyboard into it via its MIDI interface. I do have the original Gate / CV which was the original way to interface a keyboard to a synthesizer – so even the keyboard was modular – just a controller – telling the synthesizer what note to play and how long to play it. You can do that from a keyboard, from the instrument itself, from a sequencer, so I do all of the above. It's set up to do 4 sounds or voices at a time. For example, live, I'd have one voice that would be sequenced, one that would be for a lead sound, one for a drone that I would set up. I wired it up so I could trigger the drone from the modular itself – the whole idea of a drone is you have just one note that you hit and you let it go on while you do your spacy intro or break-down. Walking up to this big wall of synthesizers and triggering that sound is fun to do in concert as ultimately it's a show – you gotta be involved.

You can also see the blinking lights, which I had custom built, which helps tell the audience when that instrument is being used. Otherwise it's just a big black wall with wires coming out

and the sound could seemingly be coming from anything. When I'm going to a keyboard and soloing and you see the lights on the modular come up then suddenly you know I'm playing it – this engages the audience in the instrument.

D: At what point do you decide on an acoustic instrument vs. a keyboard sound? For instance, the horns on "On Her



Majesty's Secret Service are real.

EN: I think there is a time to use electronic instruments and a time to use acoustic. And when you are doing a James Bond song, you have to use real brass! I've got great brass sounds – as good as any keyboard player, but when we were going to do that track I thought – I've got to have real horns. I worked with these guys on the album *Hommage Symphonique*, which was a covers album – it has a version of "Conquistador," (by Procol Harem) and we used them again. When it came time to do "On Her Majesty's Secret Service" there was no question we had to have the horns. Mark had been a fan of that song as long as I've known him.

MM: When we did the UFO theme, I was like "dude, another sci-fi song? Can we do a James Bond song this time?" Lana also covered "You Only Live Twice" and "From Russia With Love." Don't get me wrong – I love the sci-fi stuff too, but I've been a fan of Bond music since I was 5!

D: Mark, for your instruments, do you collect guitars, or focus on a few?

MM: I find myself going more for the acoustic guitars. I have a really old Martin guitar that I love, and a beautiful Guild 12 string – I just got a baritone acoustic Taylor. I went to see David Gilmour for my 40th birthday and was surprised that a lot of the slide guitar on "Breathe" and so many others was him actually playing the lap steel, so I went out and bought one. I was really torn – the collector in me wanted to get an old 50s Rickenbacker or a Supro that looked like a toilet seat but I listened to the newer Chandlers and decided I'd rather have something really clean and really hi-fi.

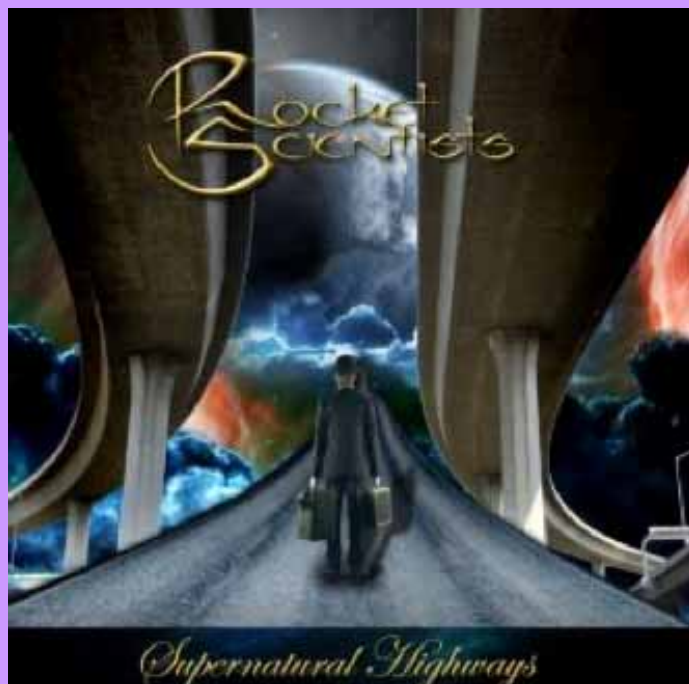
EN: I bring out my old Guild when Mark flies up here from LA to record. It wasn't an expensive guitar, but it's one of those magical ones where everything is just right on it. It's not pretty, but it sounds great.

MM: I have a 16 year-old daughter who plays in bands, so lately I've been buying basses for her – she's got nicer ones than me now.

D: On the latest Rocket Scientists EP – the long piece "Traveler On the Supernatural Highways" – how did you guys put that track together?

MM: It started out as part of the album we're working on now and there were pieces of this track that we were trying to figure out as far as what the sequencing would be on the record – and it became obvious that all these instrumental pieces belonged together and so we decided to split it out and get that out there first.

EN: Originally we wrote them as movements of a larger piece, and on the full album we thought about doing "part I" then a vocal song, then "part II" then another vocal and so on –



and it just felt jerky going back and forth – it sounded better as one epic symphonic piece. We decided to put it together as one thing. If we put that on a regular album we felt it would overshadow the album or itself be overshadowed – we did not set out to do an EP, but that's how it came out.

MM: The project started when we realized that 2013 was the 20th anniversary of our first album release so and we wanted to do something to honor that. We decided the best way would be to make a new album... though we kind of missed our deadline! The Supernatural Highways EP and the album we are working to complete now are all one album really – recorded last summer – we just ended up with over 2 hours of music which would not fit on one album. The first bit is out now and the rest will fit on the coming album, which at this stage has no title.

[Ed note: watch the band playing this new track "Traveler on the Supernatural Highways" live, in studio, on YouTube is an excellent way to become more familiar with the band, their style, and immense capability as purveyors of quality prog music.]

D: When is the new album expected?

EN: We plan to release the full album this year not too long from now. Mark is doing the last bit of tracking – some harmony vocals [*points out vocal booth.*] Then I'm going to mix it – then over to mastering engineer, Maor Applebaum. He's turned into a major guy – the "new thing" for our kind of music – he's done Billy Sherwood, the new Yes, some metal – he's just awesome. He will latch onto something and won't let it go – saying for example, "Erik I can work with this but you really need to change the mix because the bass is doing this in the wrong way – I can master better if you give me the right mix!" I really appreciate that

quality. So, this goes over to him soon.

MM: I'm really excited about the new record!

D: Don Schiff couldn't be here today – what can you tell me about Don?



EN: Don Schiff is the third element in the Rocket Scientists machine. His style and approach are a big, if not obvious, part of the band's sound. Don comes from a jazz background. His father was a sax player and band leader, and Don cut his teeth in the music business by being the house bass player at The Las Vegas Hilton ... which ironically is where the "Raiding the Rock Vault" show now plays, the Vegas show that featured my old band mates, John Payne and Jay Schellen. Don played with every major act that came through the Hilton including Elvis – yes, really! He learned the vital role of the bass in all different styles of music, how it can make or break the groove. Don also loves classic Motown and what I would call "vintage pop R&B" stuff like Blood, Sweat and Tears and early Chicago. So you inject that approach and influence into a band like Rocket Scientists, and the results are really unique. We're a prog band that grooves! Oh, and of course Don plays these wonderful, bizarre instruments from genius inventor, Emmett Chapman: the Chapman Stick, the NS/Stick, and now the new "half-fretless" NS/Stick that he is using all over these latest Rocket Scientists recordings. You can see that one in the "Traveler on the Supernatural Highways" video on YouTube. Half of the neck is bright stainless steel, so it's easy to spot that bass!

D: Another musician on the record who also jumps to the fore is drummer Gregg Bissonette.

EN: Gregg Bissonette is from Detroit, and he started out playing with Maynard Ferguson, the jazz legend, and then from there, he did the natural thing and joined David Lee Roth's band! Since then he's just become one of the most in demand drummers in the field.



MM: He did the *Supernatural* record by Santana as one of his big things – he did the last ELO record and toured it, Joe Satriani, James Taylor, a ton of those Baked Potato gigs, etc.

EN: It's easier to figure out who he has not played with!

D: Mark, who are some of your influences?

MM: I think of myself as the Adrian Belew type that pulls a prog band in a pop direction – Beatles, David Bowie – Neil



Finn is one of my heroes along with Jon Brion, Wendy and Lisa from Prince's band, and all of Steven Wilson's stuff. Actually, I met Steven at a festival show Rocket Scientists played with Porcupine Tree back in 1999 and I've helped him out with some guitar gear over the years. I'm a big King Crimson and UK fan, along with Sylvian / Fripp. I have 3rd row center seats for the upcoming Crimson show in Los Angeles!

D: Mark, what are you going for in your vocal delivery and how have you developed your style?



MM: I've never really tried to articulate it before, but I guess I'm just going for honesty and emotion. It took me a long time to really find my voice. When I first started singing, I equated a great vocal with great pitch, and was pretty disconnected from the lyrics I was singing. When Erik produced the vocals for our first album "Earthbound," he helped me to focus more on vibe than pitch and helped me to find a much stronger delivery, but something was still missing. While I liked those vocals, I didn't think they sounded like me. I befriended Kevin Gilbert around that same time and his biggest criticism was that I was over-singing and should consider using way less vibrato. I started experimenting, but really didn't like where I landed on the "Brutal Architecture" album – the vocals were honest, but they were too stark and I think they were ultimately a bit weak.

After that, I played for a while in a side project called River with an amazing singer named Pat Meyer, and also began playing in Lana Lane's touring band. They're both simply born with an amazing natural gift and I learned a lot just from watching them operate. I finally started focusing more on dynamics and tuned into a style I'm

comfortable with on the third Rocket Scientists CD "Oblivion Days," which I have stayed with ever since. I'd like to think I'm



borrowing bits from Kevin, Neil Finn (below), Justin Hayward and Buck Dharma.

D: How do you guys decide when something is going to be Rocket Scientists or an Erik Norlander solo track or something better for Lana Lane?

EN: The answer is astonishingly simple. When Mark and I work together, it's Rocket Scientists. When we do a Lana Lane album, it's very vocally oriented and centered around Lana. We write the songs that way, and create the production that way. My solo stuff is really just me – writing and arranging by myself. The other musicians are almost session musicians.

MM: I think it's also a mindset – you think about it differently when you are creating for another medium or a different band. I've written a lot of things for Lana, in general I always have an idea of what the final product is going to sound like. By imagining her singing it in my head, the writing just goes a certain way.

The new EP has been out now through the summer and comes highly recommended. Again, expect an album shortly that will be the Rocket Scientists best yet, full of the kind of driving, modern progressive music one would expect from these talented musicians. A supernatural highway well worth traveling.





Yer GONZO ISLAND DISCS

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

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



I really am getting increasingly fond of Doug Harr. About a year ago he wrote a slightly belligerent email to me offering an article, but saying (and I paraphrase) that he was sure that I wouldn't have time to read his email, let alone respond.

I had a quick gander at his website and decided that I liked his writing very much indeed and that of course I would respond. (By the way, I get about 400 emails a day but I do try to respond to them all, and I spend a day a week dictating swathes of letters to the ever dutiful Andrea, or to my even more dutiful and long-suffering wife).

I wrote back and asked him whether he wanted to write for *Gonzo Weekly*, and I think that he has done so every week since.

He is currently on holiday in Italy, but I grabbed him on Facebook and asked for his top ten albums...

Doug's Top 10

- #1 Genesis: Selling England By the Pound*
- #2 Yes: Close to the Edge*
- #3 Jethro Tull: A Passion Play*
- #4 Gentle Giant: Octopus*
- #5: Pink Floyd: Wish You Were Here*
- #6: Camel: Rain Dances*
- #7: Happy the Man: Crafty Hands*
- #8: PFM: Jet Lag*
- #9: Supertramp: Crisis, What Crisis?*
- #10: Radiohead: Hail to the Thief*



c.j.stone

Cider

A few years ago I lived in a van and, instead of the fences and paving slabs and parked cars I can see now, all I could see out my windows were trees. Apple trees, as it happens. It was an orchard. And, of course - this being autumn, then as now - the apple trees were dropping their apples to the ground, leaving them to lie abandoned in the long grass.

That was in Somerset. It was where I lived while I was writing my second book. And in between writing I did the logical thing. I went round picking



up the windfalls to give to local farmer to make cider with.

Well I wasn't exactly giving them away. We'd got a deal. I'd give him the apples, and he'd give me cider. I was hoping for lots of cider to make up for all the work I was doing, bending down and picking up apples by the bucketful, and then emptying the buckets into sacks, and then loading the sacks into a trailer to take down to the farm. It was back-breaking work, but worth it. In the end the farmer gave me two gallons of rough, strong cider, about 2lb of Farmhouse Cheddar and the same of creamy Stilton, and fifty pounds in cash. That was for over two months work, and worth every minute of it. There's nothing like a plate of creamy, electric Stilton or tangy, nose-curling Cheddar with a pint of rough, wild cider to end a day of apple-picking. It's not so much a job, as a privilege under those circumstances.

In case you don't know, cider apples are small and tough. You can't eat them. They taste like parchment soaked in dish-water. But they make lovely cider. Also, you pick up every apple, no matter what the condition is. Under-ripe apples. Bruised apples. Spotted apples. Grubby apples. Half-eaten apples. Rotten apples. Under-sized apples. Over-ripe apples. Insect-ridden apples. Mouldy, brown, sloppy apples, dripping with slime and smelling of yeast. Every apple you can see. It's the mould that makes the cider brew.

So I was musing about this, as I was absent-mindedly loading this unpromising harvest into buckets, in between bouts of my writing-work. My mind was wandering. I started to think that apple-picking was a bit like writing, really. "All this dry, tasteless, grubby fruit," I thought, "all this rotten, slimy, bruised and molested material, loaded into paragraphs, then tied up in chapters, to give to the



publisher to make a book with. Such an unpromising harvest. Such a heady brew."

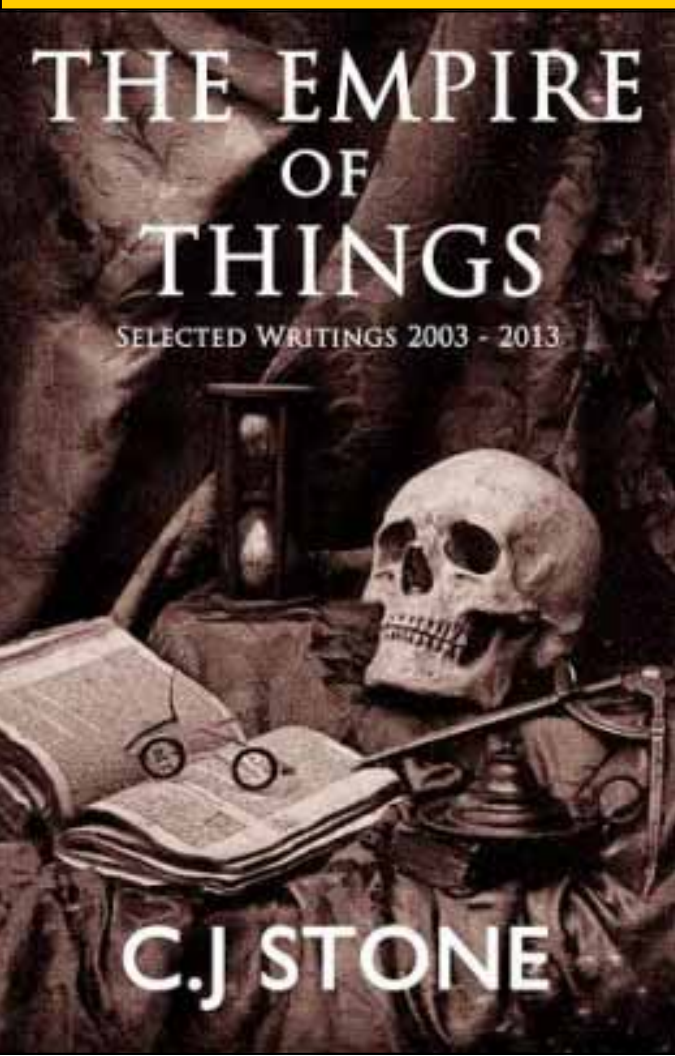
Also - as anyone who has ever picked apples will know - you become obsessed. You dream about apples. Every time you close your eyes, you see apples. Every time you're relaxed, it's apples you're thinking about.

Apples, apples, apples, dancing about before your eyes, nestled in the bushes or peeping out at you from the long grass. It's your life. You can't see an apple without wanting to grab it. You'll put your hand anywhere, into briars, and nettles and cowpats. You can't stop yourself.

Even when the briars catch your flesh and the nettles sting, you just can't stop. In the end you hardly notice the pain. It's apples you want. The sight of an unpicked apple is an affront to your eyes. It belongs in the bucket, and then in the sack. It belongs in the cider press and then in the vat. It belongs in the barrel and then in your glass.

Finally it belongs in your mouth.

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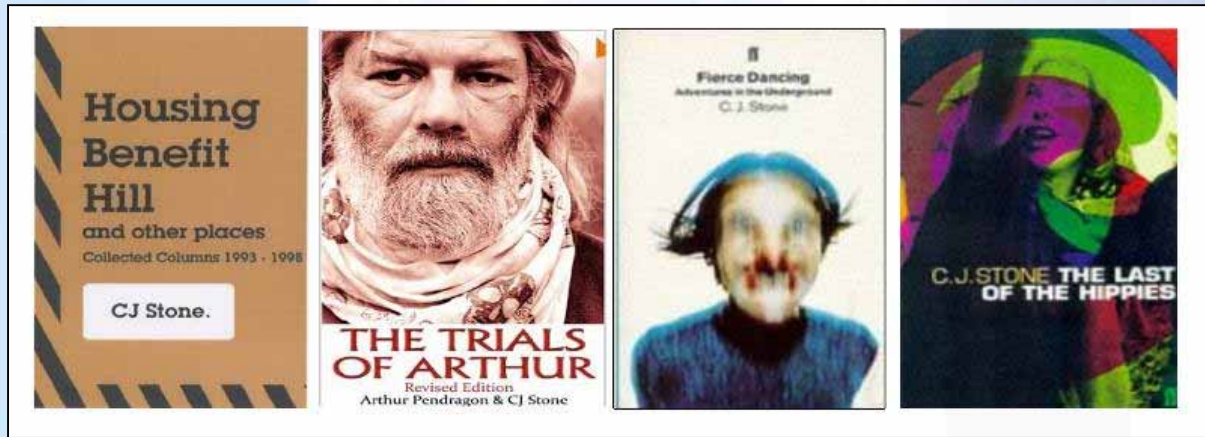
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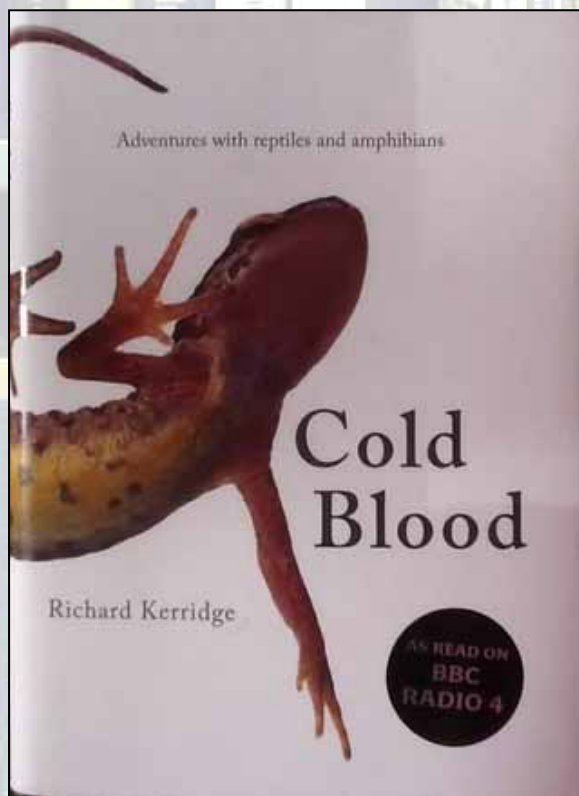
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**OTHER BOOKS BY
C.J.STONE**

Yer Gonzo Bookshelf

My name is Jonathan and I am an addict. It's been ummmmmmmmm about two and a half hours since my last book. I am an inveterate reader, and have adored, devoured and collected books since I was about seven years old. This column was intended as a place to review books sent me by kindly publishers, but although such people do exist, and whilst I continue to get review books on occasion, and include them here, this column has evolved into reviewing the books—old and new—that I devour each week.



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When I was an eleven year old boy in Hong Kong back in 1970, my mother used to play tennis with a lady called Mrs Muirhead and when, in the summer of that year, I was in hospital for some fairly serious surgery the aforementioned Mrs Muirhead brought her young son Richard, who was six at the time, round to visit me on my bed of pain. Fast forward forty-four years and Richard and I are still friends.

He is very good at buying Christmas and birthday presents, and knowing my fondness for things which hop and crawl, this year he brought me a book by someone called Richard Kerridge. The book is called 'Cold Blood: Adventures with Reptiles and Amphibians.' This is, of course, not the sort of book that one would normally find reviewed in these pages, but, like so many of the books that we *do* review in these pages, as well as being an interesting memoir of a young life spent keeping reptiles and amphibians it has proved to be an invaluable sociological document of the 1960s, and as such I think it deserves to be included in these pages.

Earlier this week I interviewed Freddy Bannister, who was one of the most important concert promoters of the time. His story will appear in a future issue. However, the one thing that as cultural auteurs we sometimes tend to forget in a world where the music of The Beatles for example is still as popular now (if not more so) as it was then, is that the world of nearly half a century ago was a very different one to the one in

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which we live today. Britain still had quite an impressive empire upon which the sun still didn't quite set, male homosexuality was illegal until 1967 and frowned upon thereafter, the Death Penalty was still on the Statute Books with the final judicial executions in this country taking place at about the same time as 'A Hard Day's Night', and corporal punishment for children was still common, both at home and at school. And those are just a very few examples.

This book actually recounts a fascinating journey. And it is a journey which I, too, travelled. It tells the story of a young man born into a relatively privileged background whose interest in the natural world took him out of that background and eventually to a place within the permissive further education, complete with cannabis and free love, of the time.

These days, one would imagine that the alpha male of an upper middle class family would be rather pleased that his son and heir was interested in the natural world. After all it beats the hell out of vandalizing telephone boxes, sneaking off to have a joint before school or getting drunk on

cheap cider in the woods with a bevy of ne'er-do-well companions. But for Kerridge's father, every moment spent hunting for newts, catching lizards, or caring for a smooth snake (then and now the rarest British reptile) was time spent away from his studies, and another nail in the coffin of any hope of his son attaining the level of genteel respectability which he, as the master of the household, felt was appropriate.

I had exactly the same. And, like Kerridge, the fact that one of my chosen companions in hunting the byways of the local landscape after various creep crawlies was the son of an unwed mother who had failed his eleven plus and went to the local Secondary Modern school propelled my father into the realms of apoplexy.

Both Kerridge's and my father did their best to discourage our activities because they felt that – in Kerridge's words – if we consorted with people who ate Kraft processed cheese triangles, it would somehow pollute our families' rarefied DNA and propel us towards social vulgarity.

Such class conscious bullshit is hard to



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<http://www.etsy.com/shop/etsybabz>

countenance these days and I hope that, like capital punishment and the other extinct horrors listed above, it is now mercifully gone forever. But, I suspect not.

Class conscious snobbery (and remember it works both ways) has been one of the less attractive aspects of the human race for thousands of years.

Reading Kerridge's tale struck a very sympathetic chord for me and actually reopened some old wounds which I had not only closed for good but had actually forgotten about.

But the most extraordinary thing about this book is the realisation what Kerridge and his friends did in the 1960s, and – indeed – what I and my friends did in the 1970s, would be completely illegal today.

Under the provisions of the Wildlife and Countryside Act it is illegal to capture or keep species of most, if not all, British amphibians and reptiles. And it is this which opens up a whole slew of moral conundra.



As a society we are becoming increasingly divorced from the reality of the natural world, and I truly believe that this is a direct result of the fact that the last few generations of children have *not* been encouraged to pursue Natural History as a hobby.

The excuse that is given is always the big C word - conservation, but the truth is that only one species in Britain has become extinct due to the predations of naturalists and collectors; the large copper butterfly in 1864.

And even this was compounded by the environmental changes wreaked by large scale drainage of its native fens.

The vast majority of species in the United Kingdom, if not the world, that have become extinct have done so due to environmental or social factors which have nothing at all to do with schoolchildren collecting caterpillars or butterflies or newts and keeping them in jam jars on their windowsills.

But unfortunately the legislation which should be used to prevent the increasing urbanisation of our countryside, and to stop fields and hedgerows and woodlands being grubbed up in the name of 'affordable housing' or leisure centres or motorway bypasses is being used counterproductively, and if we are not careful we shall become so divorced from the natural world that soon there will be entire generations who don't care enough about it to fight to save it.

Between the mid-19th Century and the mid-20th Century the study of Natural History was the most popular pastime in Britain amongst all social classes from Dukes to chimney sweeps.

Now it is seen as a peculiar eccentricity at best and at worst is demonised to the extent that a desire to study animals in your own home is seen as socially beyond the pale; well on its way to becoming as abhorrent as sexual abuse or terrorism.

Something has gone terribly wrong, and I truly believe that we are the last generation who shall be able to do anything about it! If we don't act now the only interaction future generations will have with the natural world is looking at it on television, or seeing cutesy creatures on increasingly fatuous video games.



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

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=acUjxz3NGM0>

Hawkwind's Autumn dates are under way, recently having played at the Reverence Stoner Festival in Portugal.



The stage structure was rather suitable for Hawkwind, vaguely resembling (from some angles) the crashed spaceship depicted on the Hall of the Mountain Grill album cover. The festival was held at Valada, around 40 miles inland from the capital, Lisbon.

The setlist included well-established tracks

like Uncle Sam/Iron Dream, Seasons, Orgone



Accumulator and Prometheus, and it seems there's been no personnel changes. There was speculation in the summer that guest guitarist John Etheridge might continue with the band, following his appearance with them in February, but Gonzo understands that he didn't participate in the Portugal show. Then again, Hawkwind don't always travel with a full contingent to a one-off overseas show anyway.

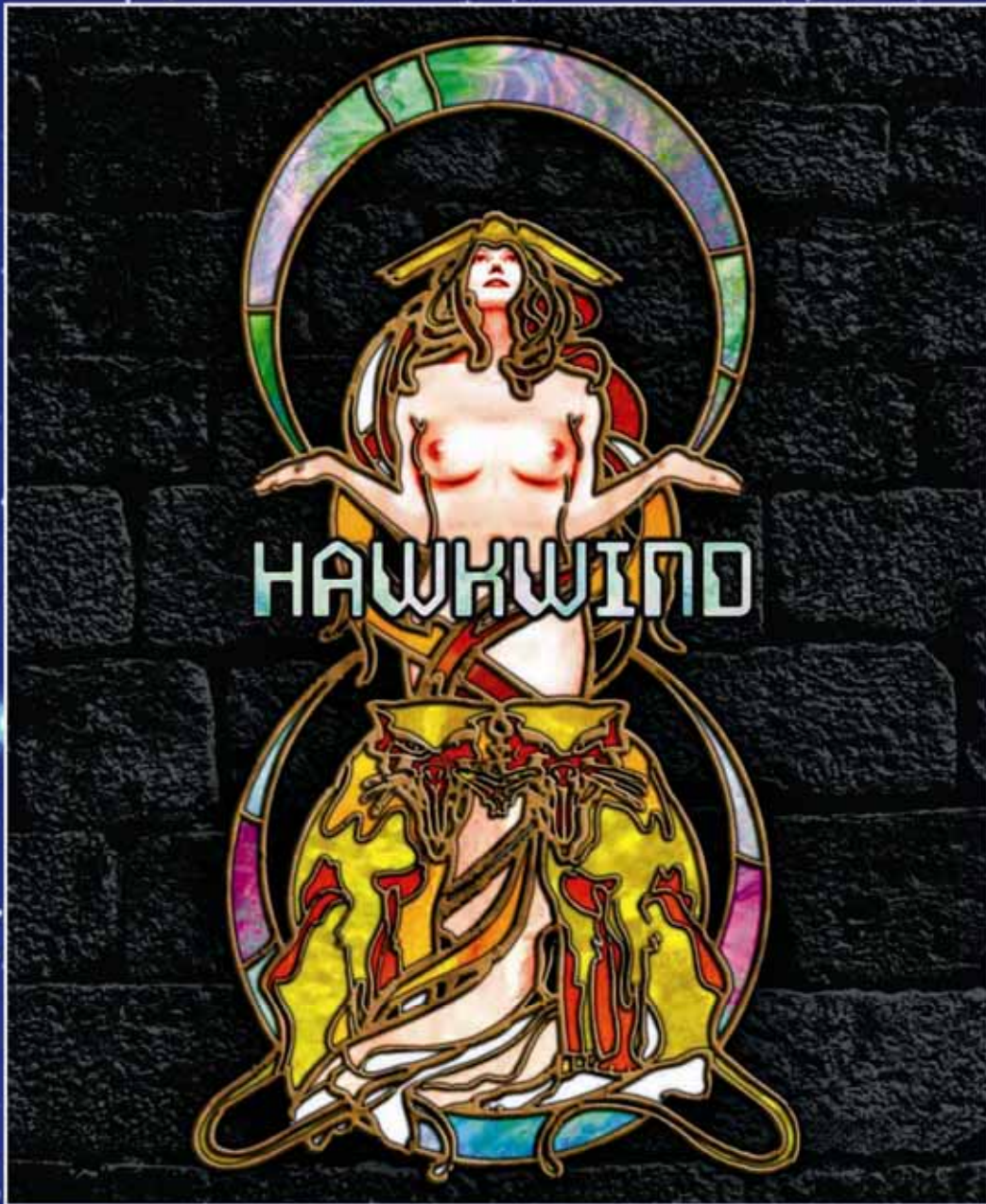
The British portion of the tour kicks off next week in Exeter, on September 26th. As ever, full venue and ticket information can be found on the Hawkwind.com website.



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Greetings space travellers!

This is your Hawkwind Earth Visitors Passport application form.

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

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

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

Volunteer Crew Register

Name

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

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

Full Earth Address:
.....
.....

Post Code

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

Telephone Number:

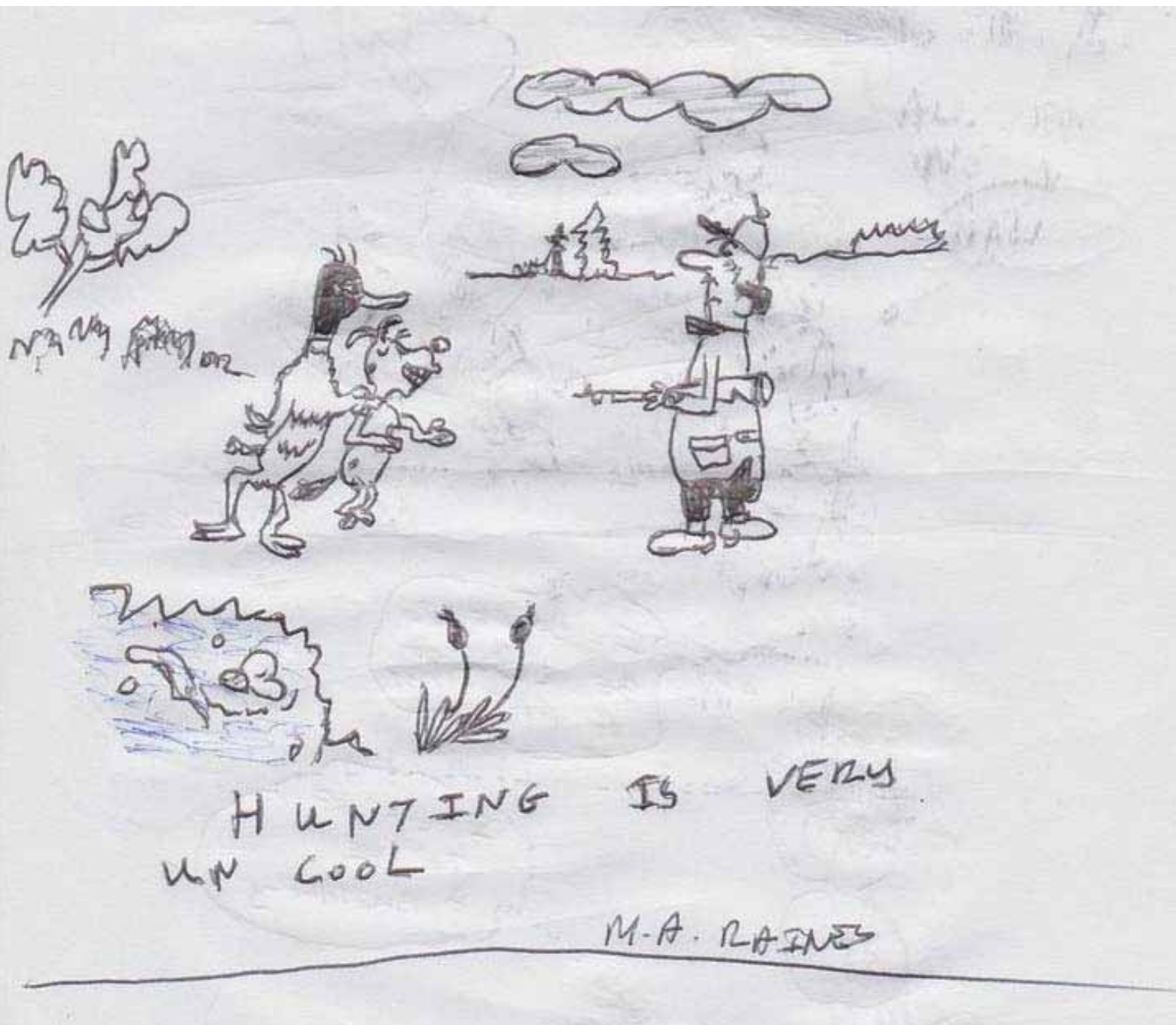
Additional info:

www.hawkwind.com

Any enquiries hawkwindpassports@hawkwind.com

THE WORLD OF GONZO ACCORDING TO

Mark Raines



THE



CIRCULAR

***The Court Circular* tells interested readers about the comings and goings of members of The Royal Family. However, readers of this periodical seem interested in the comings and goings of Yes and of various alumni of this magnificent and long-standing band. Give the people what they want, I say...**

Its been a funny old week in the world of *Yes* and the various alumni, that threaten sometimes to outnumber those of *Spinal Tap*. The tour is over, and the album has been released to a mixed reaction. As you may remember, I actually liked it a lot, but many other pundits didn't agree with me.

However, now the pressure is off, as it were, the stories are beginning to get a bit more interesting, because they are actually news stories, not a vain attempt to plug something. For example there is this article about the relationship between Cameron 'Almost Famous' Crowe and the band

- **CAMERON CROWE Vs YES (It's time for prog fans to forgive Rolling Stone magazine)**

Alan White seems to be the busiest of the band this week with no less than two interviews - both about the early days of his career; with *Yes* and with John and Yoko. However he is also appearing as guest percussionist supporting the Buffalo football team.

- **ALAN WHITE OF YES DRUMS UP SUPPORT FOR FOOTBALL TEAM**
- **Yes' Alan White on the Early Days: "People Thought We Were Crazy"**

- **ALAN WHITE OF YES: 'Jesus, did I do that?': John Lennon heralds Beatles' demise with Live Peace in**

As far as actual news is concerned, the most important story is this interview with Jon Anderson and Jean-Luc Ponty

- **Interview with Jon Anderson and Jean-Luc Ponty**

Steve Howe is on tour at the moment and there is an interesting interview with him about his guitars, as well as an interesting interview with Jon Davison about his new-found creative partnership with the veteran guitarist.

- **Steve Howe Talks Vintage and Line 6 Guitars and New Yes Album, 'Heaven & Earth'**
- **'Beautiful and so thrilling': Jon Davison has found a creative spark with Yes' Steve Howe**

And finally, Bill Bruford fans watch out. Some legendary King Crimson recordings are about to see the light of day!

- **KING CRIMSON (WITH BILL BRUFORD) TO RELEASE LONG-COVETED 'BLUE TAPES'**

I am probably getting a bit OCD about all of this, but I find the Yes soap opera of sound to be absolutely enthralling, and I for one can't wait to see what happens next!

RICK WAKEMAN

JOURNEY & RETURN TO THE CENTRE OF THE EARTH

Celebrating the 40th anniversary of the release of his landmark concept album, Rick Wakeman presents the repackaged, re-recorded, extended **JOURNEY TO THE CENTRE OF THE EARTH.**

Based on the novel by Jules Verne, which will also mark its 150th anniversary in 2014, the album is one of the rock era's landmark achievements - a record that sold 15 million copies and rewrote the rules.

"This is the start of a new Journey," says Rick Wakeman, "the original score for the album had been lost for so many years, making any new performances impossible, but after it turned up without warning, we managed to restore it and add previously missing music that was not included in the original performances."

Return To The Centre Of The Earth was originally released in 1999 as a sequel to 'Journey'. The album has been out of print and unavailable for many years, 'Return' has now been re-issued and re-packaged to complement the newly extended and re-recorded edition of 'Journey To The Centre Of The Earth'

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JOURNEY TO THE CENTRE OF THE EARTH

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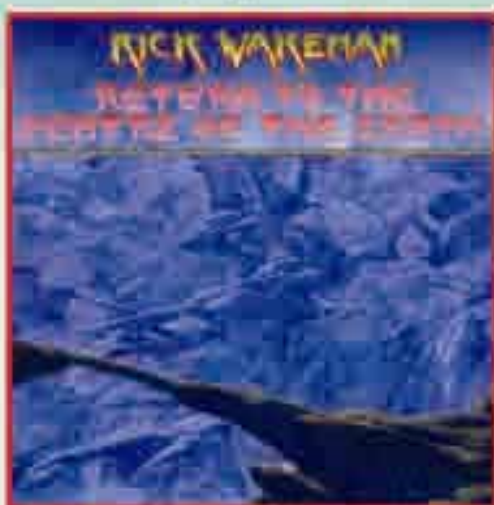
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The worldwide Freecycle Network is made up of many individual groups across the globe. It's a grassroots movement of people who are giving (and getting) stuff for free in their own towns. Freecycle groups match people who have things they want to get rid of with people who can use them. Our goal is to keep usable items out of landfills. By using what we already have on this earth, we reduce consumerism, manufacture fewer goods, and lessen the impact on the earth. Another benefit of using Freecycle is that it encourages us to get rid of junk that we no longer need and promote community involvement in the process.

<http://uk.freecycle.org/>



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!!!"

MODERN ODDYSEY ONCE UPON A TIME

Artist, poet Kathleen Romana ran a poetry open mike from her retro shop in North Austin on Sunday nights. When it closed, the next we heard was that the space had later been used as a transit center for sexual traffickers. We did not know! When out of towners come to Austin, they ask - "Where are the drugs? Women?" We did not know that this is true for F1 followers as well as ACL and SXSW attendees. Runaways are seduced or kidnapped. Some begin their work as strippers, others are simply forced by pimps under threats of violence/harm to relatives /death. DMST (Domestic minor sex trafficking) is the commercial sexual exploitation of American children within US borders. Rampant abuse also happens to refugees seeking US residency. According to studies, human trafficking in the US alone is a \$9.8 billion industry. 13 is the age most children are exploited for prostitution - and at least 100,000 are sold annually here. At least 1.68 million US children run away each year. 1 out of 5 girls, 1 out of 10 boys will be sexually victimized before they reach adulthood. In New York, 85% of DMST victims experienced contact with the child welfare system. 70% of DMST victims have experienced physical or sexual abuse in their homes. Pornography and prostitution are deeply linked. Up to 90% of victims are under control of a pimp/who may sell underage children for up to \$400 an hour. A Chicago study showed traffickers sold between 20 to 800 girls/women in the pimp's lifetime. 48% of men use pornography once a week or more often. Buyers were on average age 21 when they first bought sex. 83% of buyers said jail time would be a deterrent to their buying sex. These are not numbers. They are your children.



ROCK and ROLL

a cabinet of curiosities



In Victorian times every well-bred Gentleman had a 'Cabinet of Curiosities'; a collection of peculiar odds and sods, usually housed in a finely made cabinet with a glass door. These could include anything from Natural History specimens to historical artefacts.

There has always been something of the Victorian amateur naturalist about me, and I have a houseful of arcane objects; some completely worthless, others decidedly not, but all precious to me for the memories they hold.

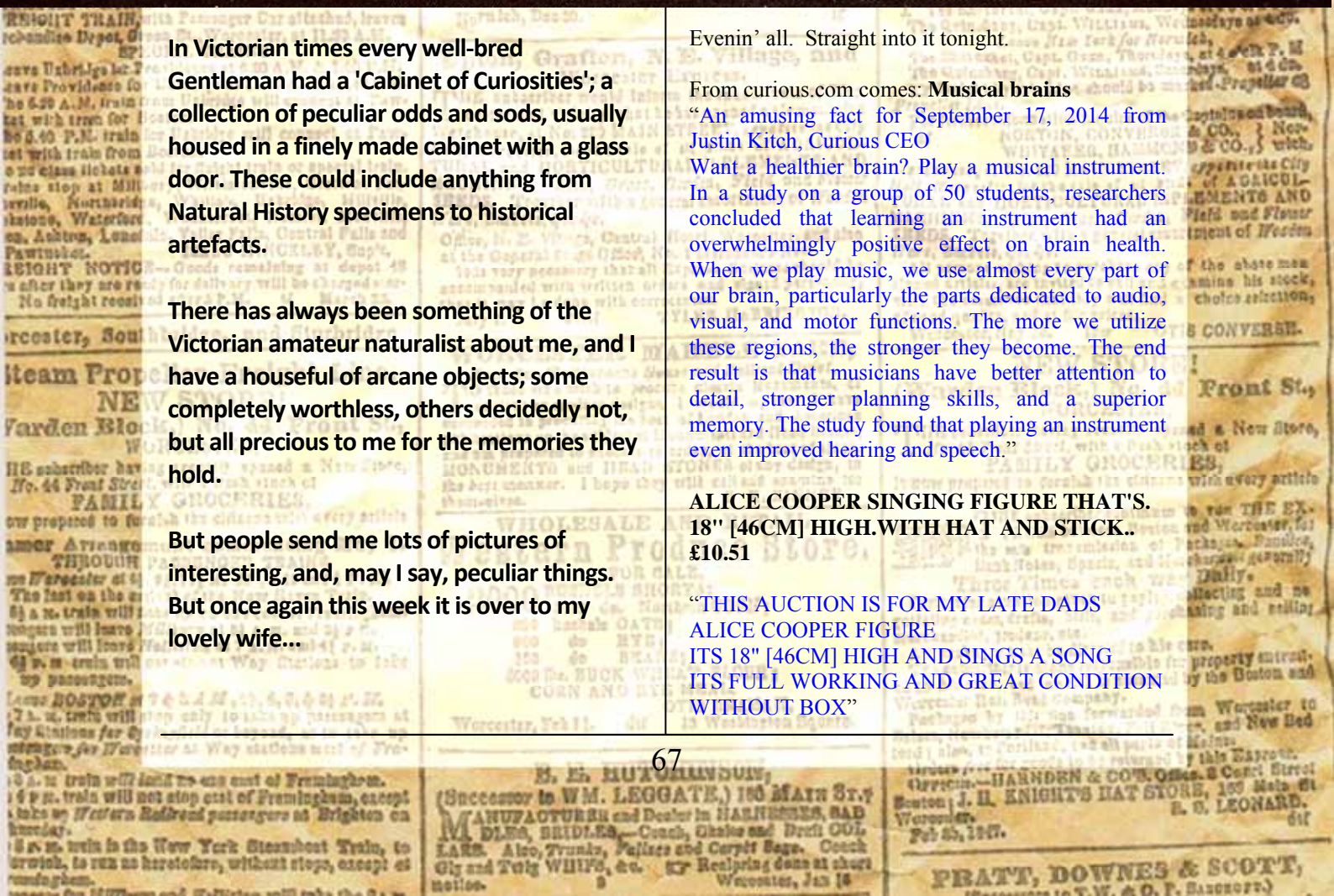
But people send me lots of pictures of interesting, and, may I say, peculiar things. But once again this week it is over to my lovely wife...

Evenin' all. Straight into it tonight.

From curious.com comes: **Musical brains**
 "An amusing fact for September 17, 2014 from Justin Kitch, Curious CEO
 Want a healthier brain? Play a musical instrument. In a study on a group of 50 students, researchers concluded that learning an instrument had an overwhelmingly positive effect on brain health. When we play music, we use almost every part of our brain, particularly the parts dedicated to audio, visual, and motor functions. The more we utilize these regions, the stronger they become. The end result is that musicians have better attention to detail, stronger planning skills, and a superior memory. The study found that playing an instrument even improved hearing and speech."

ALICE COOPER SINGING FIGURE THAT'S 18" [46CM] HIGH.WITH HAT AND STICK.. £10.51

"THIS AUCTION IS FOR MY LATE DADS ALICE COOPER FIGURE ITS 18" [46CM] HIGH AND SINGS A SONG ITS FULL WORKING AND GREAT CONDITION WITHOUT BOX"





This is nothing short of brilliant; I do have a soft spot for our Alice. Although the picture to show scale does seem to indicate that he is not that happy about the can of chicken soup.

[http://www.ebay.co.uk/itm/ALICE-COOPER-SINGING-FIGURE-THATS-18-46CM-HIGH-WITH-HAT-AND-STICK-/251644002427?](http://www.ebay.co.uk/itm/ALICE-COOPER-SINGING-FIGURE-THATS-18-46CM-HIGH-WITH-HAT-AND-STICK-/251644002427?pt=UK_Music_Music_Memorabilia_LE&hash=item3a9726c07b)

[pt=UK_Music_Music_Memorabilia_LE&hash=item3a9726c07b](http://www.ebay.co.uk/itm/ALICE-COOPER-SINGING-FIGURE-THATS-18-46CM-HIGH-WITH-HAT-AND-STICK-/251644002427?pt=UK_Music_Music_Memorabilia_LE&hash=item3a9726c07b)

Beatles Yellow Submarine CERAMIC 4DOLLS figures toys rare - £88.99

“Beatles figures new box set of 4 figurers,brand new.

28 CM OR 11.00 INCHES APROXIMADETLY (EACH FIGURE)

Material:PVC. Weight: 2.6KG”

Ceramic? PVC? Is ceramic also PVC? I was never any good at science subjects, but they look more like plastic to me than ceramic. And they are remarkable like Lego figures too. This listing has actually totally confused me.



[http://www.ebay.co.uk/itm/Beatles-Yellow-Submarine-CERAMIC-4DOLLS-figures-toys-rare-/221134828770?](http://www.ebay.co.uk/itm/Beatles-Yellow-Submarine-CERAMIC-4DOLLS-figures-toys-rare-/221134828770?pt=UK_Music_Music_Memorabilia_LE&hash=item337ca9b4e2)
[pt=UK_Music_Music_Memorabilia_LE&hash=item337ca9b4e2](http://www.ebay.co.uk/itm/Beatles-Yellow-Submarine-CERAMIC-4DOLLS-figures-toys-rare-/221134828770?pt=UK_Music_Music_Memorabilia_LE&hash=item337ca9b4e2)

CLIFF RICHARD From Me to you Danbury Mint Plate - £10.00



“Danbury Mint plate which is new and been in the loft since purchase, Comes with a Certificate of Authenticity. It is no 1009 of a limited

THE BITCH IS BACK

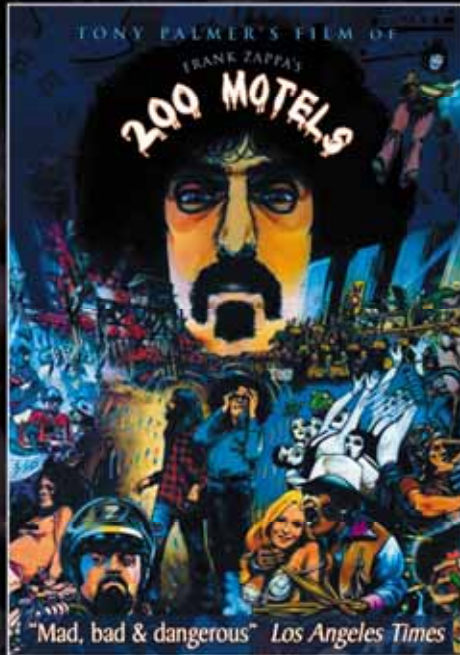
If it's groovy...it's in!

MAN
Tapes of The Unexpected
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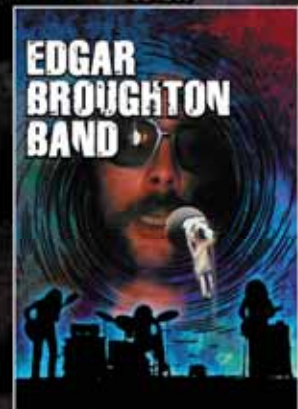


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RENAISSANCE
Kings & Queens
VPDVD67



PETER HAMMILL
In The Passionkirche Berlin
VPDVD65



THE STEVE HILLAGE BAND
Live at The Gong Family Unconvention
GWVP208DVD



VAN DER GRAAF GENERATOR
Live at The Paradiso
VPDVD64



PANIC ROOM
Satellite
FMCDD01



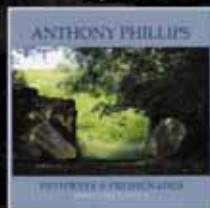
KARNATAKA
The Gathering Light
KTKCD005



PARADE
The Fabric
NAUTCDD04



ANTHONY PHILLIPS
Pathways & Promenades
VP216CD



RICK WAKEMAN
Past, Present and Future
MFVP125CD



SPIRITS BURNING
Crazy Fluid
VP492CD



HAWKWIND
San Francisco 1999
HAWKVP48CD



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edition. This is one of 12 fine porcelain plates created exclusively for Danbury Mint.”

Oh dear – unwanted present? It was bought, or given, and then immediately taken to the loft? There is a blatant clue of was thought of it if ever I saw one.

And another similarity came to mind – this week’s column is full of them!

I much prefer the bottom one.

http://www.ebay.co.uk/itm/CLIFF-RICHARD-From-Me-to-you-Danbury-Mint-Plate-/361050299225?pt=UK_Music_Music_Memorabilia_LE&hash=item5410465b59

Harry Styles wants 'classy' home
“Harry Styles wants his home to be 'really classy', it is claimed.

The One Direction star apparently ordered a £10,000 lamp by jewellery designer Dominic Jones and artists Thomas Campbell and Joe Armitage, the British newspaper the *Daily Mirror* reports. The lamp is still being finished by the group of artists and will supposedly be delivered to the singer's home, adding to his collection of art.

“Harry's got a real eye for style and takes decorating his pad very seriously. He might be away a lot with the band, but he wants to make sure his home is really classy,' a source told the publication.

“He wants to show off his art to family and friends and is proud of his collection.”

Harry Styles has style. I am sure Sir Mick (see p69) will be impressed. This is the sort of rubbish you see in *Hello!* Magazine (yes, I have to admit that I have flicked through such a tawdry publication whilst waiting in the dentist’s waiting room amid the sounds of drills and screams, as well

as in the doctor’s waiting area amid the germs that gleefully circulate in the air that feeds the lungs of a somewhat captive collection of victims.) But I really don’t see why folks want to know how Harry Styles – or anyone under the umbrella of ‘famous’ – decorates his home to be honest.

<http://www.music-news.com/shownews.asp?H=Harry-Styles-wants-classy-home&nItemID=83442>

Gaga's a Grecian goddess

“Lady Gaga has teased fans with a series of topless pictures.”

Oh you tease. Nobody has ever done that before.

“Placing her hands over cleavage to maintain a semblance of modesty, Gaga was seen reclining on a lounge in the first picture, which she captioned: 'Aphrodite Lady Shower Greekini, feeling frisky. #Venus.'”

Do you not know that you must never take the names of Gods in vain, much less through narcissism?

“But next year Gaga's musical stylings (Are they like the comedy stylings of Mr. Ed’s well-known-at-the-CFZ-rhinoceros, Wally?) will be treated to a truly unique location, as the singer is reported to perform in a Virgin Galactic ship at zero gravity, according to *Us Weekly*.”

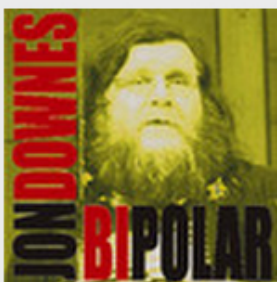


And apparently the songstress wants Starman legend David to do the show with her.

‘Gaga wants David to perform as she

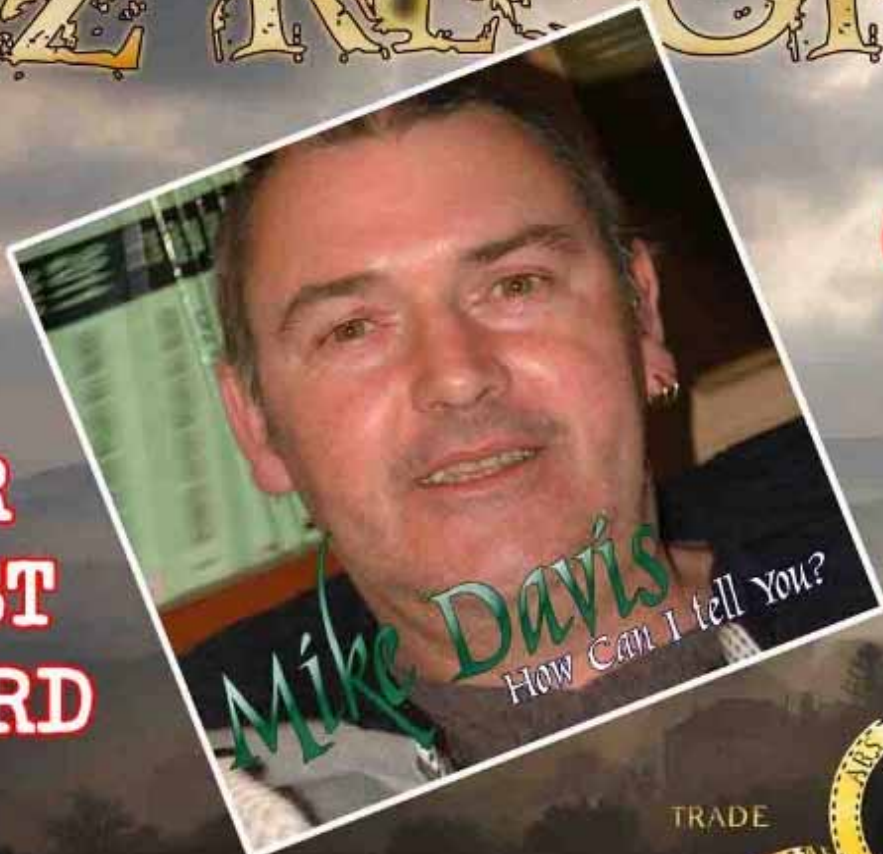
SHAMELESS SELF PROMOTION TIME

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



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FIRST
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knows what a legend he is and what an amazing talking point it would be,' a source told British newspaper *The Mirror*."

Notwithstanding the obvious publicity she would attract of course.

<http://www.music-news.com/shownews.asp?H=Gagas-a-Grecian-goddess&nItemID=83463>

Miley Cyrus could reportedly face detainment for allowing one of her dancers to spank her with a Mexican flag.

"The 21-year-old pop star stirred controversy after an independence day performance in Monterrey on Tuesday, during which she apparently celebrated by twerking while being smacked on the backside with the national symbol.

Now she's the subject of a controversial proposal circling in the legislature in the northern state of Nuevo Leon, according to Reuters.

Francisco Trevino reportedly told the outlet his fellow lawmakers have approved a warrant allowing the Interior Ministry to enforce a law

dictating inappropriate use of the flag.

According to Reuters, that could mean detainment of up to 36 hours or a \$1,200 fine for Miley or members of her team."

Nothing surprises me when this name is mentioned. What I want to know though, is how on earth do you spank somebody with a flag? Wouldn't it be a bit on the flaccid side?

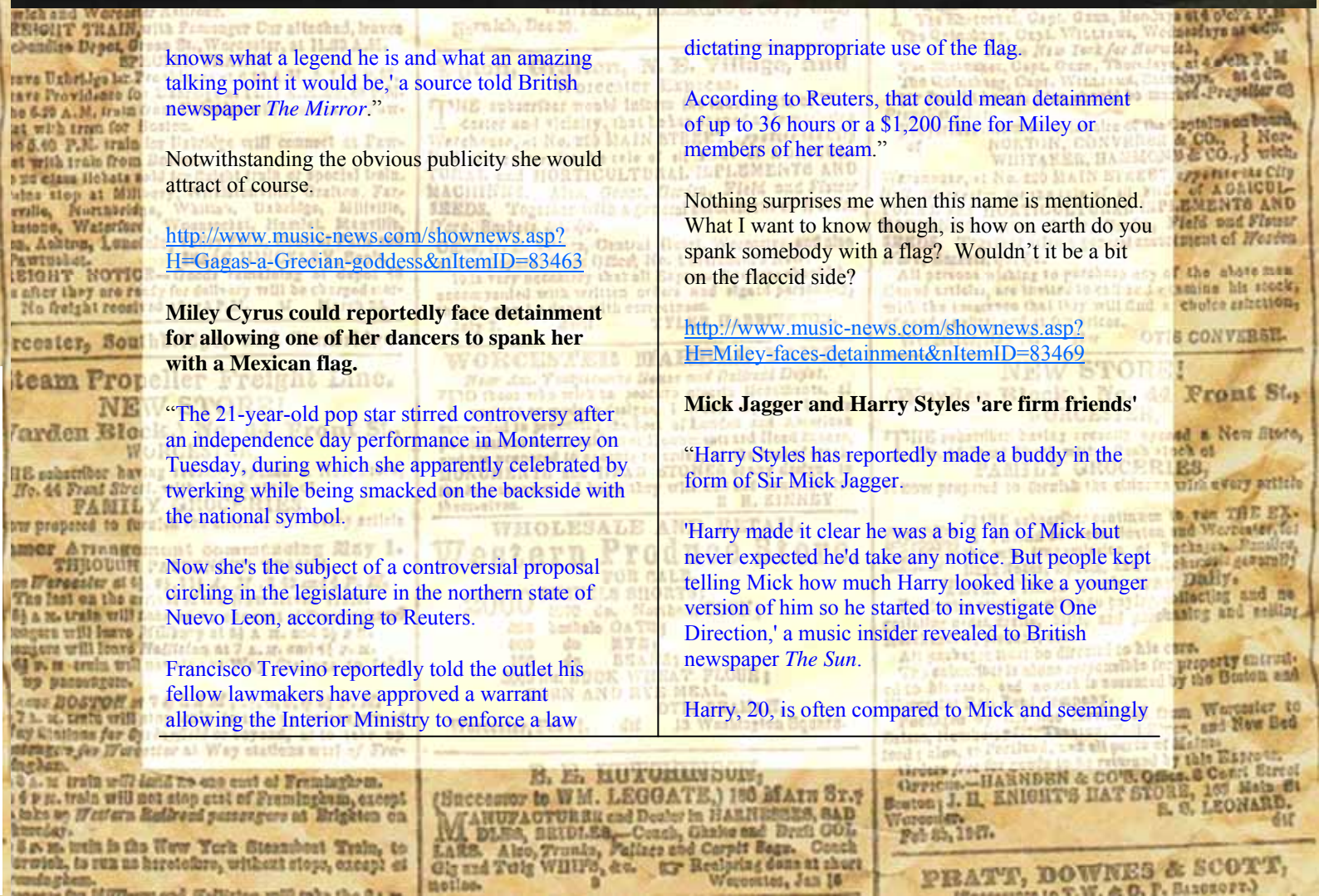
<http://www.music-news.com/shownews.asp?H=Miley-faces-detainment&nItemID=83469>

Mick Jagger and Harry Styles 'are firm friends'

"Harry Styles has reportedly made a buddy in the form of Sir Mick Jagger.

'Harry made it clear he was a big fan of Mick but never expected he'd take any notice. But people kept telling Mick how much Harry looked like a younger version of him so he started to investigate One Direction,' a music insider revealed to British newspaper *The Sun*.

Harry, 20, is often compared to Mick and seemingly



SEPARATED AT BIRTH?

OZZY OSBOURNE Talking Head figure in box. [Ozzy Osbourne](#)

Item **Very Good**
condition:



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Current bid

One bites the heads off bats, the other tests the DNA of obscure beetles. Only one of them reads Gonzo Weekly. Guess which? **100% positive feedback**

mimics his rock-star style.”

Does he? Let us examine this. Lo and behold it seems to be well talked about, or photographed at least. Here are two examples.



“Because of the age gap, some may think Mick is taking on a teacher role; but those close to the stars says it's a genuine friendship that has blossomed.”

<http://www.music-news.com/shownews.asp?H=Mick-Jagger-and-Harry-Styles-are-firm-friends&ItemID=83471>



As a parting note, lest we forget:

Jimi Hendrix
27th November 1942 – 18th September 1970
Your talent can never be surpassed.

"Little Wing"
Well, she's walking through the clouds,
With a circus mind that's running wild,
Butterflies and Zebras,
And Moonbeams and fairy tales.
That's all she ever thinks about.
Riding with the wind.

When I'm sad, she comes to me,
With a thousand smiles she gives to me free.
It's alright, she says it's alright,
Take anything you want from me,
Anything.
Fly on little wing.

That's all Folks!

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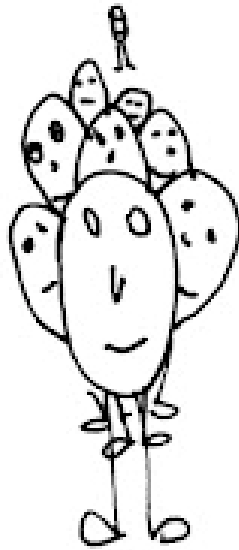
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THE NINE HENRYS



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

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

THE WORLDS FIRST CLONED CARTOON CHARACTER

modada@ninehenrys.com

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



Henry received 10.66 in change

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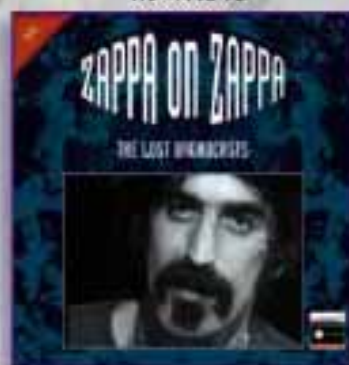
INCREDIBLE STRING BAND
HS10660 DVD



CAPTAIN BEEFHART & HIS MAGIC BAND
HS11420 DVD



FRANK ZAPPA
HS11090 DVD



CURVED AIR
HS10580 DVD

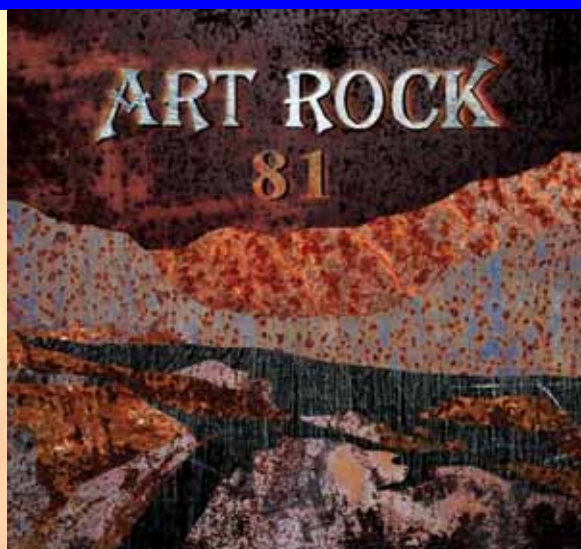


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THE WORLD OF KEV ROWLAND



ART ROCK 81 (LYNX MUSIC)

Originally formed in 1979, Art Rock made a name for themselves during the martial law period in Poland, but like many others broke up without releasing much material. However, they had recorded during this period and a compilation of this material was released in 2008, which led to the band reforming (albeit with a new drummer).

This is their debut album, which is comprised solely of songs from their original period, hence the album title. Interestingly, if someone had asked me to gauge when this album was recorded I would have pushed for that sort of year, with only the quality of the recordings itself leading me to more recent times. Heavily influenced by the music of the Seventies, combined with an additional heaviness and a real love and understanding of the blues, this is quite some album.

One can only wonder what would have happened with these guys if they had sounded like this thirty years ago, and were playing in the Western world, as this is polished, controlled and emotional.

I don't understand what Mirek Dublan is singing, but he really means it, while Krzysztof Zawistowski has an incredibly delicate touch on guitar, and there are times when I can't help but think that he was influenced by Rory Gallagher. Solid, passionate, blues-based Seventies rock wit attitude, this is a real find and let's hope they decide to keep it going. www.lynxmusic.pl



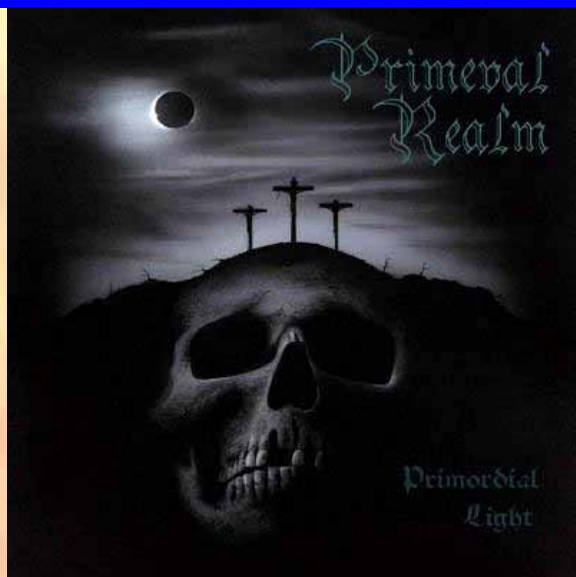
AZORIA SEASON'S CHANGE (DOOLITTLE)

Azoria are a project that was formed by lead guitarist Alexander Oriz (ReinXeed, Oriz). He has been joined by bassist Chris David (ReinXeed, Oriz, Sledge Leather), rhythm guitarist Simon Jonsson (ReinXeed) and drummer Emil Eriksson (Oriz, JD). Yep, they have all been playing together for quite some time, and the more perceptive of you will notice that a singer hasn't been listed. That is because this is a project and so Alexander has brought in a load of guests to help out. It is of no surprise at all that one of these is Tommy ReinXeed (ReinXeed, Golden Resurrection) and he is joined by Mikael Dahl (Crystal Eyes), Mike Andersson (Full Force, Cloudscape, Ayreon), Snowy Shaw (Sabaton, King Diamond, Dream Evil, Therion, Dimmu Borgir etc...), Mike E Gunnardo and the sole female Matilda Eriksson.

The impression is that Alexander wants Azoria to be the next Avantasia, but there are just too many times on this album when it just doesn't fire as it should. It's not that it is inherently bad in any particular way, but rather that the music and performances aren't exactly inspired. When the band should be really pushing through there is the feeling that the guitars are just behind the beat and are lagging instead of charging: not exactly the most inspiring thing in a power metal act. But, Matilda proves herself and her performance is one of the standouts of the album.

To me this is solid middle of the road stuff, so listen before purchase to see if this is for you. www.azoriametal.com

THE WORLD OF KEV ROWLAND



PRIMEVAL REALM PRIMEVAL LIGHT (PURE STEEL)

Guitarist Joe Potash wanted to be in a band where he was the only guitarist, so decided that the best way to do that was to form a band of his own and follow a path of doom.

Recording as following on from some demos where a trio, with additional musicians for live work, this is their debut album and is part of a three-album deal that they have signed with the German label Pure Steel Records.

In many ways this takes me back to the early Eighties, as while it is solid doom it also has that NWOBHM feel about it, with that naivety that made the genre such a delight. It doesn't have the gravitas and desire to take itself seriously as with some other bands such as Candlemass (one of the groups that the promo blurb links them to), but is a fine romp all the same.

There is a real space inside the music, and I'm not sure if that feeling is deliberate or not but it certainly puts them apart from the doom bands that really want to be sludge, as this has a lightness and dexterity that shows them to be quite different to the many within the scene.

Overall this is a powerful album with a lot going for it. Some true doom fans may say that this is too lightweight for their tastes, but it definitely suits mine. Fat and powerful, this is good stuff.



RUBYCONE PICTURES FOR SUSCEPTIBLE HOUSEWIVES (MALS)

A Fifties-style cover and an interesting album title gives nothing away about what one will find when one puts this on the player, and song titles such as "And The Perfect Yellow Walls Will Show You The Magic" doesn't exactly lend themselves to interpretation. But all becomes clear when one finally listens to the music as here we have a band that are refusing to conform in any way whatsoever. The basis of this could probably be best described as instrumental prog metal, but there are huge jazz influences at play here as well. They move between electric and acoustic instruments with ease, each having it's own place in the collage of music they present, and while they can riff out in true Dream Theater style with plenty of counterpoint and aggression the real joy of this album is never being really sure as to what it likely to come next.

With 11 songs and only just over 41 minutes long it is a concise piece of work, with just the one lengthy number, the closing "When The Rain Is Over I'll Say To You: Hasta La Vista" (with some sound snippets from a certain film) which is eight minutes, but generally they have to keep their musical journeys short and to the point. Overall this is quite a debut from this Moldovan quartet, and some five years on from its release I am amazed that there hasn't been a follow-up. I just hope that doesn't mean that these guys are no more as this is well worth investigating. The music is so tight there just isn't any room for a singer or keyboards, and the rhythm section manage to keep it going so that the two guitarists can interweave the melodies. Superb.



TROLLWAR

Formed in 2011 Trollwar is a Folk Metal band from Quebec.

The members are:

WöX The Rogue Assassin : Guitar
Holrægh The Berseker : Guitar
Poignar Bartoss the Undead : Bass
Påj'hō The Shaman : Keyboard
Exodiüs The Blacksmith : Drum
Värgal The Storyteller : Vocal
Trolläthan The Old Bard : Accordion



Facebook

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

Website

<http://trollwar.bigcartel.com/>

Trollwar - Trollka

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=uPGE78IOQfE>

Trollwar - The Fallen |2013|

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=muXG0kerphs&index=2&list=RDuPGE78IOQfE>



And so we come to the end of another issue. It is actually a few seconds past midnight on Thursday as I sit here writing this, and as Olivia has not yet gone into labour, and we have not yet collected the hire car I don't know when this issue will be published, or even whether a few regular features will have arrived in time to make it into this issue.

But as I wrote in my editorial a couple of days back, that is what makes journalism a challenge, and is one of the main reasons why I am still editing periodicals over four decades after I started.

The other reason, of course, is that it is the only profession that I know where long liquid lunches are actively encouraged and can sometimes be put onto one's expense account, although I have to stress that we don't have anything so disgustingly decadent here at this magazine.

I have no idea what will happen about next week's magazine either, and—in fact—as some pregnancies can go on for weeks after their due date, about the week after that.

However, I am sure that we will manage somehow. I would like to say a big thank you to all the people with whom I put this magazine together, in particular Corinna, Andrea And Doug who have been complete bloody troupers over the last week or so.



Thank you my dears. Working with you all is both a pleasure and a privilege.

Thank you also to all the people within the Gonzo Family and within the *Gonzo Weekly* readership who have become friends of us all. Your encouragement is what keeps us all going, and what drives us to strive for bigger and better things, and—let me tell you—there are some very big and interesting things in the pipeline.

See you soon,
Slainté

Jon Downes



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