

GONZO

We meet **Raz** of the eponymous **Raz Band** to talk about their ground breaking new album with ex-**Badfinger** main man **Joey Molland**, Alan gets the **Blues in Scotland**, Richard joins **Extinction Rebellion** while Jon muses on them and other peculiar subjects, Graham talks **Hawkwind** and goes to their **Easter Sundaes**, Dean remembers **Wally Hope**, Kev interviews **Bernie Tormé** and Carl looks at cult **Spaghetti Westerns**, while we bid a fond farewell to **Prudence Downes**.



#335/6

THEIR NUMBER

NINE DREAM

ISSN 2516-1946

GONZO

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THE THREE
COMMANDMENTS OF GONZO
WEEKLY:

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

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

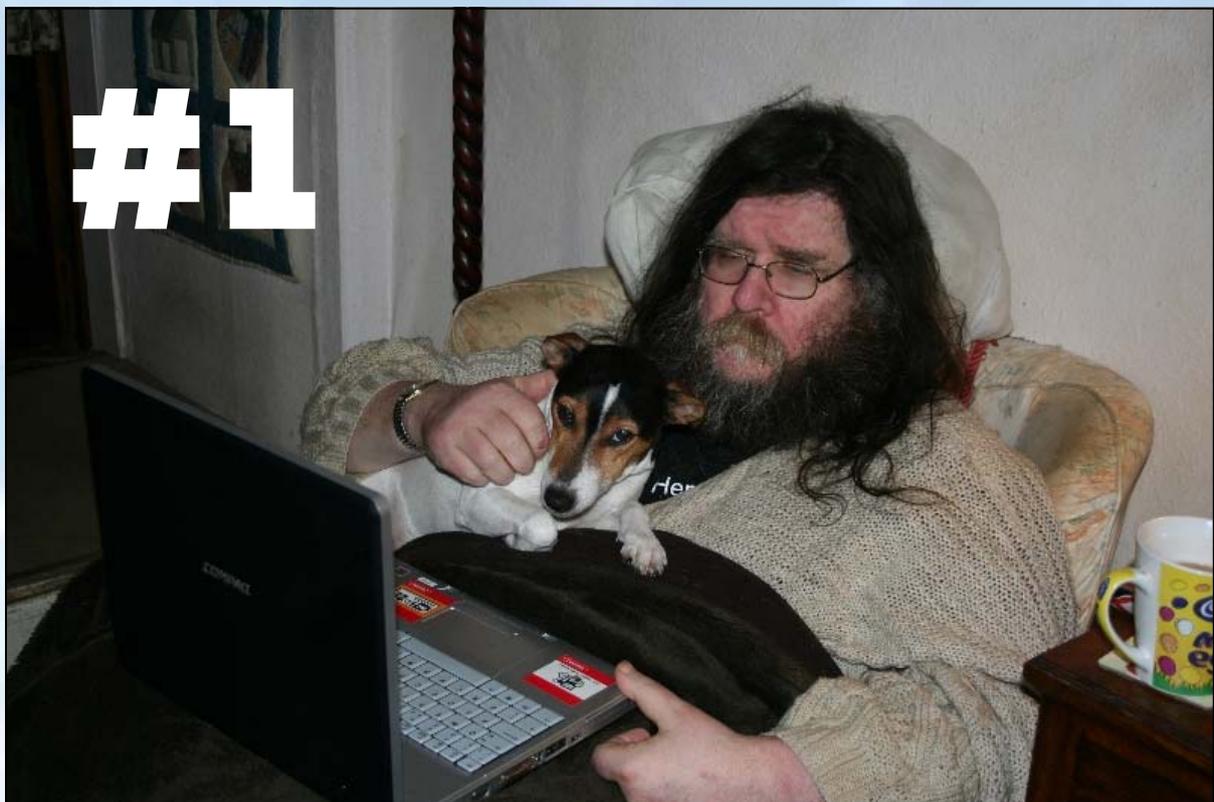


Dear friends,

This is another one of those strange issues in which I have written two editorials. The editorial that comes after this one is the original one that I dictated to Olivia last week. Although we have been slightly overtaken by events, the sentiment remains true; the world is still completely insane, we are still being failed by our political leaders,

all sorts of strange stories continue to circulate about Julian Assange, and whilst I don't believe many of them, his current styling of facial hair does make him look unquestionably like a garden gnome, and Extinction Rebellion are still fucking heroes, and I truly hope that the inevitable backlash against them won't be big enough to diminish their efforts one iota.

But, my own household has also been overtaken by events. At about 5pm on Easter Sunday, we lost a member of the family. A much loved member of the family, who has been with us for the last nine years. Prudence Downes, the very sweet (but not very bright) Bulldog x Boxer, who we took in as a rescue a month after our old dog, Biggles, died suddenly and unexpectedly, left us for the doggy Elysian Fields. She had been asleep with me in the office earlier, and had gone outside for one of her gentle ploddings around the garden, that she liked to do on sunny days. I heard a strange noise, and – not knowing whether it was her or something else – I asked Corinna to go outside and check. She came back to tell me that Prudence was obviously unwell; she was



At about 5pm on Easter Sunday, we lost a member of the family.

lying on her side on one of the gravel paths, trying to be sick. I immediately phoned the vet and put the wheels in motion to have an emergency call out, but whilst I was on the phone, Prudence died.

It was swift, mostly merciful, and - above all - in the surroundings that she knew. There was no needle in the neck, no smell of antiseptics and scary chemicals of a veterinary surgery, and Corinna was with her until very nearly the end. It was pretty much the death that I would have wished for her.

When we first started looking for a dog, back in October 2010, I discovered some very peculiar things about the human condition. It was the first time since 1985 that I had actually gone out to look for a dog, and an awful lot had changed. There were no mongrels anymore; all the dogs in the animal shelters and adoption agencies that we searched appeared to be purebred, or weird hybrids between well known breeds, like 'Cockapoos' (no, that is not a parrot with diarrhoea, but a hybrid of Cocker Spaniel and Poodle), and whereas when I bought Toby, my Labrador x Collie, in May 1985, he cost a fiver. Now, all the dogs we looked at seemed to be enormously expensive. But, there is an excellent charity called North Devon Animal Ambulance, and I was inspired to phone up the person in charge of dog rehoming.

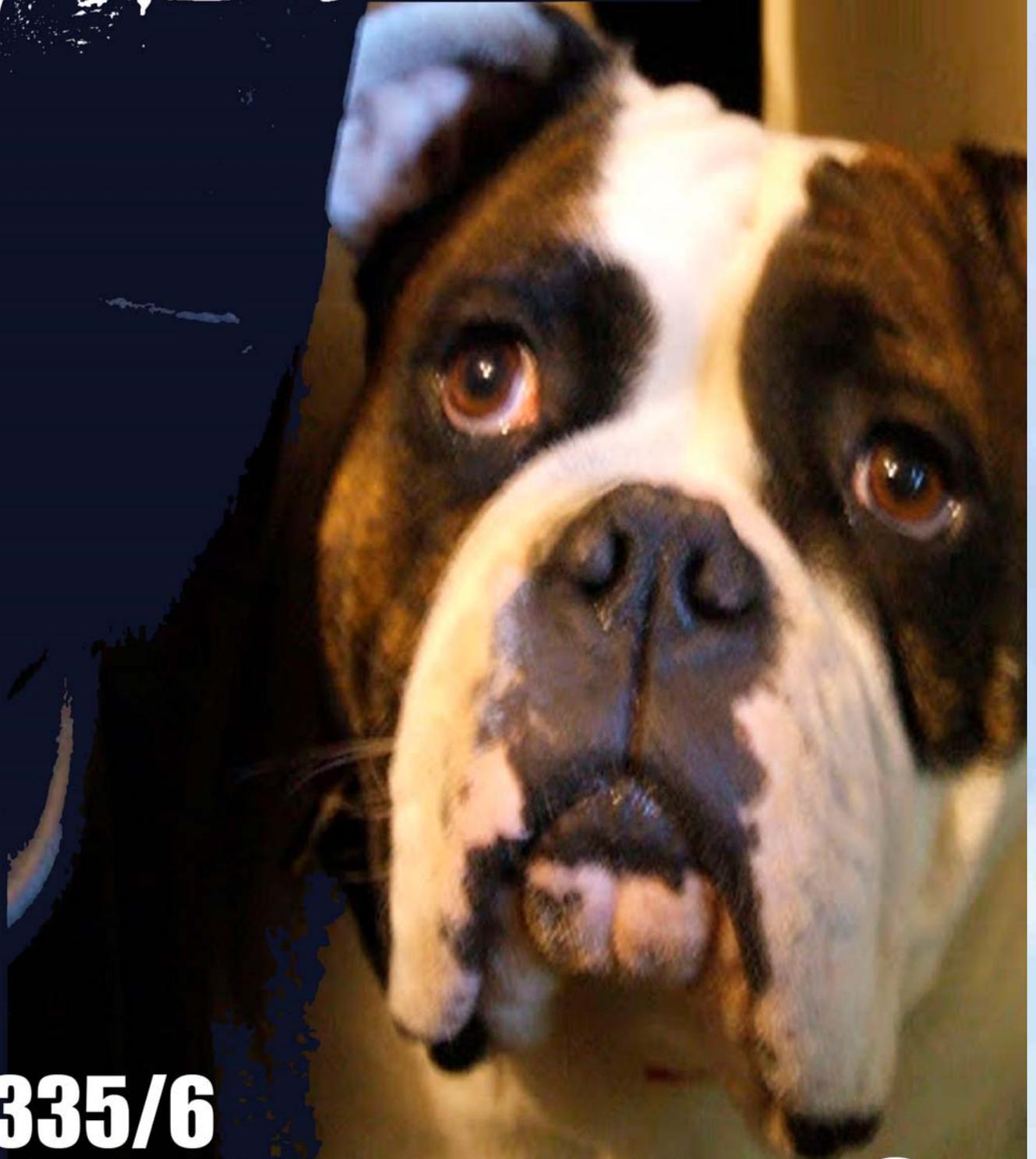
The man that I spoke to had a deep Devonshire accent, and was eventually to turn out to be one of the few remaining gentleman farmers of an old Devon family. Most of his ilk had been put out of business by the foot and mouth outbreak of 2001, but when we went to visit him it was like going back in a time warp to the old farmhouses in

which friends of my parents used to live, and where I spent so many happy hours as a boy. He had three dogs up for adoption: a Border Collie, a Staffy, and a Bulldog x Boxer. He warned us that the collie was a bit boisterous and needed enormous amounts of exercise. Biggles, our previous dog, had been a collie and - sadly - exhibited many of the behavioural problems that are so common with the breed. Corinna had a deep distrust of staffies, so we only had one choice, really. But a Bulldog x Boxer sounded terribly fierce. After all, both breeds had originally been used to kill animals considerably larger than themselves in the barbaric sport of bull baiting. So, I don't think Corinna, Graham or I had any intention of adopting this weird, bull baiting Chimera, but we went along with the old farmer more out of a sense of politeness than anything else.

When we met her, it was love at first sight. She had a figure somewhere between a pot-bellied pig and a pigmy hippopotamus, and she rushed about the small, walled garden, joyously. The three of us looked at each other and made an unspoken decision. "We'll have her," said Corinna. And so, we did. We took her home, and she settled in immediately. Over the next week or so, we heard some more details about her history. She had been rescued from a puppy farm, by a well-meaning woman who lived in a tiny flat on the outskirts of Bideford. She already had a much smaller dog and, unsurprisingly, when Prudence was introduced to her new home, she wanted to play with the smaller dog. But, because of her size and general clumsiness, she totally trashed the place. The lady who had rescued her was understandably unhappy about this, and after a few more days of seeing her goods and chattels being

GONZO

There is sorrow enough in the natural way
From men and women to fill our day;
And when we are certain of sorrow in store,
Why do we always arrange for more?
Brothers and Sisters, I bid you beware
Of giving your heart to a dog to tear.



#335/6

DEAR PRUDENCE

ISSN 2516-1946

This is the cover which this issue would have had in an alternate universe

THE POWER OF THE DOG

THERE is sorrow enough in the natural way
From men and women to fill our day;
And when we are certain of sorrow in store,
Why do we always arrange for more?
*Brothers and sisters, I bid you beware
Of giving your heart to a dog to tear.*

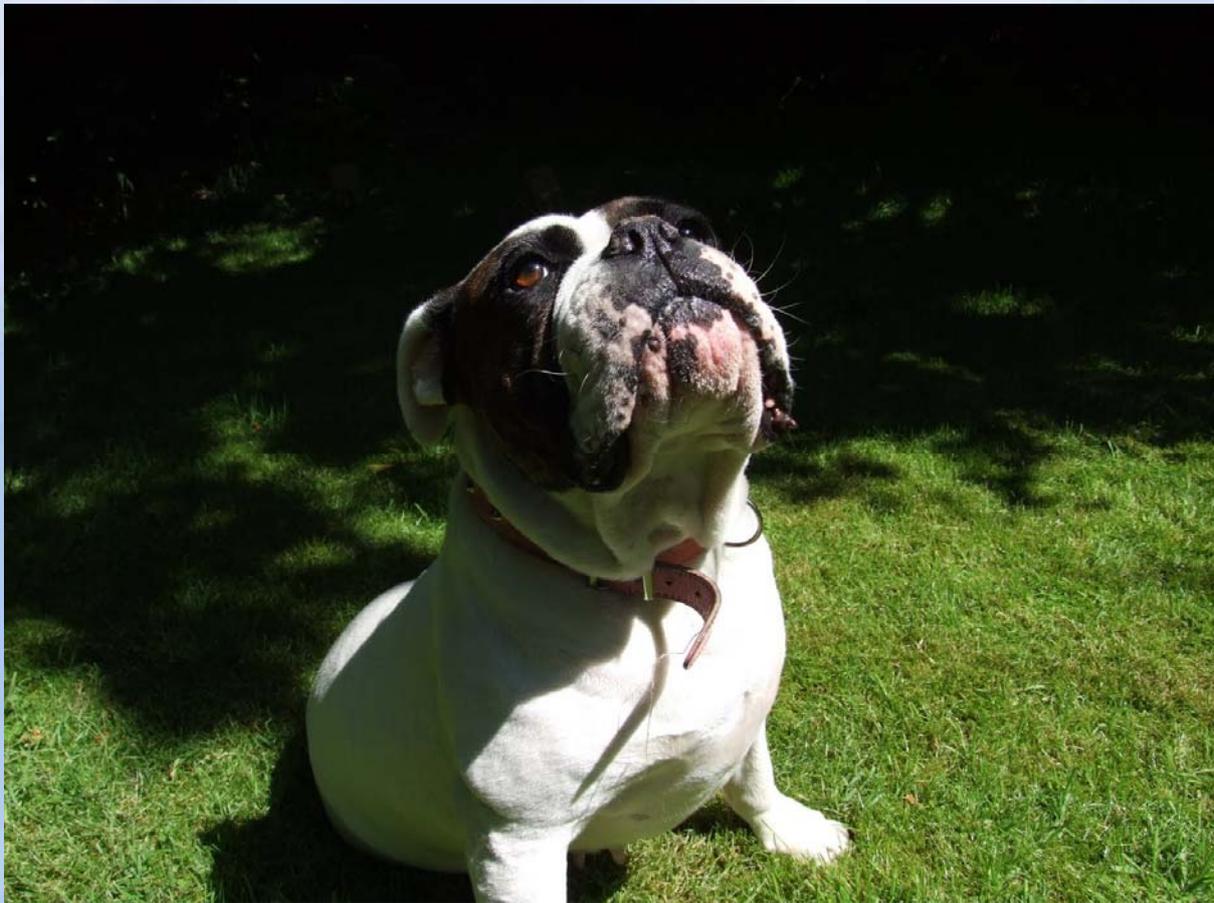
Buy a pup and your money will buy
Love unflinching that cannot lie
Perfect passion and worship fed
By a kick in the ribs or a pat on the head.
*Nevertheless it is hardly fair
To risk your heart for a dog to tear.*

When the fourteen years which Nature permits
Are closing in asthma, or tumour, or fits,
And the vet's unspoken prescription runs
To lethal chambers or loaded guns,
*Then you will find - it's your own affair, -
But ... you've given your heart to a dog to tear.*

When the body that lived at your single will,
With its whimper of welcome, is stilled (how still!),
When the spirit that answered your every mood
Is gone - wherever it goes - for good,
*You will discover how much you care,
And will give your heart to a dog to tear!*

We've sorrow enough in the natural way,
When it comes to burying Christian clay.
Our loves are not given, but only lent,
At compound interest of cent per cent,
Though it is not always the case, I believe,
That the longer we've kept 'em, the more do we grieve;
For, when debts are payable, right or wrong,
A short-time loan is as bad as a long -
*So why in - Heaven (before we are there)
Should we give our hearts to a dog to tear?*

Rudyard Kipling



destroyed, she reluctantly took her to the vet to have her destroyed.

The vet, quite understandably, refused to do this, but took custody of Prudence (who, back then, was still called 'Patch') and from whom she got taken over by North Devon Animal Ambulance.

I have always had my dogs sneak on the bed, and so when it was time to retire, Corinna and I took Prudence upstairs with us and settled her down on the end of the bed. We went off about our ablutions, and came back to find that Prudence was nowhere to be seen, but there was a suspicious lump under the quilt, and that suspicious lump (luckily positioned between where I sleep and where Corinna sleeps) was snoring lustily.

And so, it continued, for the next nine years. She had no reason to like or trust humans, and I suspect that she had probably been used for dog fighting at least once during her life before she came to us, but she was the sweetest, nicest natured and friendliest dog I have ever known. As of last Sunday evening, there is a bloody great pigmy hippo shaped hole in my life, and it is a hole that I very much doubt will ever be filled again.

Hare bol,
Jon

DEAR PRUDENCE

A DOG ALLOWS US/THEM TO BE HELD

To nuzzle and be nuzzled, to be fed

To be a faithful companion even unto end

So we learn love in fur/close as paws

And we hold even closer/to keep Life alive.

(Yes-ours-and theirs-both related as hugs and cuddles
are a language every dog learns-from puppy love to elder.

Now is the time for release-and it is harder

To no longer have the unconditional love of another.

How specific this-to reminisce

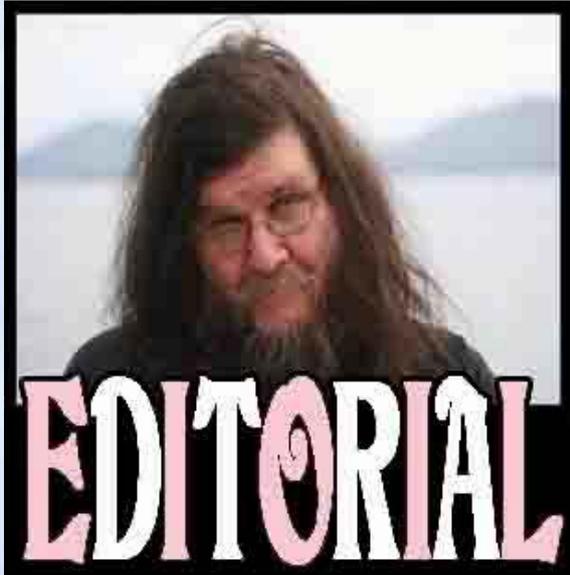
"THE HER STORY OF CLOSENESS"

Intimacy is a dog's life.

Companionship /affection freely given.

Even when life is taken/Memories move in—
and they are Golden.

Thom Woodruff



Dear friends,

Here we are again, at the beginning of another issue of what I sincerely hope is your favourite periodical. Somewhere, I read a philosophical quote that claimed that all art was just a huge window through which one looked at the universe. I took that concept, ran with it, and suggested that if this were true, then this magazine was

'The Confessions of the Window Cleaner'. No-one apart from Doug Harr actually found that funny, but now we have Tony Klinger on board, and Tony is the son of the man who directed these notoriously tacky 1970s sex comedies, so perhaps someone else will laugh at my joke.

For it is a joke. Like much of what I say, it was never meant to be taken seriously, and was more or less for comedic effect.

One of my favourite books is *The City and the Stars* by Arthur C. Clarke. It is the story of a tightly controlled society in our distant future. One of the main characters is a man called Khedron, who has the rare, but intermittently recurrent role of 'Jester'; someone whose role is to set a hypothetical cat amongst the equally hypothetical pigeons, and stop society in this computer-controlled city from stagnating.

Although the book was written in 1956, actually re-telling a story that had been published as a novella eight years before, I have always felt that certain aspects of it, and the character of Khedron in particular,



But look at what has happened over the last couple of weeks. One truly could not make it up.

had many resonances with the Situationists who were around at roughly the time the book was written, and the hippy movement a decade later.

And I feel that it is one of the important roles of this magazine to take the piss and provide an absurdist counterpart to the horrors of contemporary life. But look at what has happened over the last couple of weeks. One truly could not make it up. I am – amongst other things – a novelist, who writes about a surrealchemical universe that only really exists in my head (or does it?) and I sit back, completely flabbergasted to see what is happening in the world around us.

As I've been dictating this via my iPad to my darling step-amanuensis, Olivia, it is Holy Week, and one of the greatest churches in the world came close to burning down. At the same time, fire broke out in the vicinity of one of the most significant holy places of Islam.

The British Government is continuing to make a ludicrous mess of the Brexit

arrangements. I have never made any secret of my political inclinations on this matter, but whether you want to leave the EU or not, I don't think anybody could fail to be unimpressed by the absurd comedy of errors that has been played out in the House of Commons, and in Brussels, over recent months.

Also, Julian Assange has finally had his protection removed by the Ecuadorian government, and he has now been summarily arrested in London, although – at the time of writing – it is unclear whether he will go to prison in Britain, be expedited to Sweden to face rape charges, or be offered up on the sacrificial alter as a gift to the Great God Trump. I am not going to take sides on this, in public at least, mainly because I am not sure where I actually stand on the matter, but I will point out that the once handsome and disturbingly Aryan-looking demagogue now looks like a garden gnome, and has been accused of smearing his bodily waste on the wall of the Ecuadorian Embassy, as if he were one of the 'blanket boys' on 'dirty protest' back in the balmy days of 1981.

اللجنة لهم إذا كانوا لا تأخذ نكتة

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IS teen gets legal aid for citizenship case

Shamima Begum, who fled to Syria aged 15, wants to overturn a ruling stopping her returning to the UK.

2h | UK

- Who gets legal aid?
- What is Ms Begum's legal status?
- The IS women left behind

No-fault evictions to be banned

A major shake-up of the rental sector in England is intended to give tenants long-term security.

2h | UK

Avoiding European polls a priority - Hunt

Jeremy Hunt suggests the Tories' pact with the DUP could be "rebuilt" to help get Brexit "over the line".

25m | UK Politics | 3216

City falls silent in Hillsborough tribute

A minute's silence was held in Liverpool at 15:06, the time the 1989 Hillsborough disaster was stopped.

1h | Liverpool

Ex-soldier to be charged with 1972 murder

Daniel Hegarty, 15, was shot twice in the head in Londonderry during an IRA operation in 1972.

Northern Ireland

Game of Thrones series eight: Worth the wait?

A spoiler-free round-up of how the first episode of the final series was received.

8h | Entertainment & Arts

Under-18s face social media 'likes' ban

6h | Technology | 298

'I've lost four of my five children'

1h | Scotland politics

Climate protesters block London roads

19m | London

One of the world's rarest turtles dies

2h | Asia

▶ Watch the moment Woods wins Masters for 15th major

Tourist dies in Thailand zipline fall

Chinese billionaire defends 12-hour working day stance

2019, what the fuck is going on?

It has got to the stage now that I – at least – have great problems believing anything that any news outlet says to me. Even the

BBC, once the epitome of unbiased news reporting, has become reduced to a cynical mouth piece for whoever. For example (again, from the vantage point of the day in which I am actually dictating this, about ten days before you will read it), last night



many thousands of protesters brought much of London to a standstill in the ongoing eco-protests by Extinction Rebellion. Some have claimed as many as thirty thousand protestors have taken to the streets of the metropolis. However, at one point, the news reporting of these events on the BBC News website were shoved out of the way to make room for some piece of light fluff about the new series of *Game of Thrones*.

It has got to the stage that one is hardly prepared to accept the truth of anything that most of our world leaders says in public. Everything is rhetoric, hyperbole, and 'Fake News'. We seem to be living in an increasingly complex hall of smoke and mirrors, and very little seems to make much sense anymore.

So, as I said, it is the job of this magazine (amongst other things) to hold up a huge window, or perhaps a mirror, through which one can examine the events that are taking place around us in more detail. It is the job of this magazine to fight the bad stuff with humour; something that my old friend Tony 'Doc' Shiels told me to do many years ago, "because the ol' devil hates the sound of laughter". He was talking about combatting a phenomenon called 'psychic backlash', which is particularly prevalent amongst those of us who explore Fortean phenomena, but I have found that it works just as efficaciously when one is dealing with the horrors of day-to-day life.

But are we providing an antidote? Or are we just fiddling, while Rome and the rest of our planet burns around our ears?

I will leave you to be the judge of that, because at the moment, from where I'm sitting, I truly have no idea. And that is a very scary prospect. I will see you next issue, in a couple of weeks.

Hare bol,
Jon



Prudence, Julian Assange, John Lennon, The Beatles, Michael Jackson, Woodstock 50, Camel, Pink Floyd, Prince, Olivia McCarthy, Strange Fruit, Friday Night Progressive, Canterbury Sans Frontieres, Mack Maloney's Mystery Hour, Earl Thomas Conley, Paul Martin Raymond, Dina (born Ondina Maria Farias Veloso), Jörg Demus, Kent Levaughn Harris, Leslie David Reed OBE, Johnny 'Hutch' Hutchinson (also known as Johnny Hutch), Joe Terry (born Joe Terranova), Ed Tigner, Jr., (better known as Eddie Tigner), Amar Pal, Dave Samuels, Dick Rivers (born Hervé Forneri), Pink Fairies, Rick Wakeman, Comic Strip Presents, Iona, Essra Mohawk, The RAZ Band, Joey Molland, Michael Rescigno, Kev Rowland, Bernie Tormé, Alan Dearling, Scottish Blues Weekend, Edinburgh Jazz & Blues Festival, Big Jon Atkinson, Øyvind Støleffell, Kyla Brox, New Blues Session, Nicole Smit, Gus Munro, Thomas Lucas, The Jensen Interceptors, Sandy Tweeddale, Tim Elliott, Allan Jones, Toby Mottershead, Rollin' Joe Dalton, Richard Foreman, XR, Dean Phillips, Wally Dean, Voices, Wiegedood, Winterfylleth, Within the Giant's Reach, '77, Fistula/Hemdale, World Demise, Age of Taurus, Amanda Somerville's Trillium, Carl Marshall, Geordie Jackson, Spaghetti Westerns, Tony Klinger, Graham Inglis, Hawkwind, Jon Downes, The Wild Colonial Boy, Martin Springett, Daisy Campbell, John Higgs

IT'S A LEGAL MATTER BABY

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dramatis Personae



THE GONZO WEEKLY

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

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

NAMING THOSE RESPONSIBLE

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

Corinna Downes,

(Sub Editor, and my lovely wife)

Graham Inglis,

(Columnist, Staff writer, *Hawkwind* nut)

Douglas Harr,

(Features writer, columnist)

Bart Lancia,

(My favourite roving reporter)

Thom the World Poet,

(Bard in residence)

C.J.Stone,

(Columnist, commentator
and all round good egg)

John Brodie-Good

(Staff writer)

Jeremy Smith

(Staff Writer)

Alan Dearling,

(Staff writer)

Richard Foreman

(Staff Writer)

Mr Biffo

(Columnist)

Kev Rowland

(columnist)

Richard Freeman,

(Scary stuff)

Dave McMann,

(Sorely missed)

Orrin Hare,

(Sybarite and literary *bon viveur*)

Mark Raines,

(Cartoonist)

Davey Curtis,

(tales from the north)

Jon Pertwee

(Pop Culture memorabilia)

Dean Phillips

(The House Wally)

Rob Ayling

(The *Grande Fromage*,

of whom we are all in awe)

and **Peter McAdam**

(McDada in residence)

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

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

Jonathan Downes,

Editor: *Gonzo Daily* (Music and More)

Editor: *Gonzo Weekly* magazine

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so what's it all about, Alfie?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

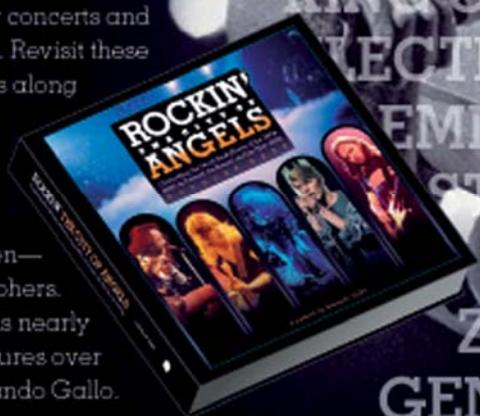
No this is FREE as in Gratis. Not a Sausage. But I digress. So make an old hippy a happy chappy and **SUBSCRIBE TODAY**

ROCKIN' THE CITY OF ANGELS

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

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

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



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



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



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THE ^{GONZO} NEWSROOM



LENNON'S PIANO: Money can't buy you love, but it can score you some cool Beatles memorabilia. An antique piano once owned by John Lennon and used by the famed Beatle to write several songs featured on the Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band album, was purchased at an auction Saturday for \$718,000 by Jim Irsay, owner of the National Football League's Indianapolis Colts, the Indianapolis Star reports. "I'm elated to now be the steward of John's 'Sgt. Pepper' upright piano," Irsay, a noted Beatles fanatic and rock-memorabilia collector, wrote Saturday in a post on his Twitter. "It's a responsibility I take seriously, with future generations in mind."

According to the Gotta Have Rock and Roll auction site, the piano was made by the John Broadwood and Sons company and dates back to about 1872. Lennon purchased the instrument, which is an ornately painted upright model, in or around 1966 and used it as his Kenwood and Tittenhurst Park residences in the U.K. Lennon eventually gave the instrument to a friend, but first had a plaque affixed to it that reads, "On this piano was written: A Day in the Life, Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds, Good Morning, Being for the Benefit of Mr. Kite and many others. John Lennon. 1971."

<http://www.classichitsandoldies.com/v2/101227/>

GONZO CURRENTLY IN STOCK AT GONZO (UK)

GONZO CURRENTLY IN STOCK AT GONZO (USA)

LET IT BE NAKED: The new Let It Be UK Tour opens next week – so cast took time out of rehearsals to visit the place where it all began, Liverpool. After a successful Autumn 2018 tour, Let It Be: A Celebration Of The Music Of The Beatles goes back on tour with its updated show for Spring 2019. The new UK tour opens next Tuesday (23 April) in Portsmouth, before visiting Inverness, Glasgow, Aberdeen, Blackpool, Bath, Bradford and Norwich.

Ahead of the new tour, the cast were invited to the birthplace of The Beatles to

"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

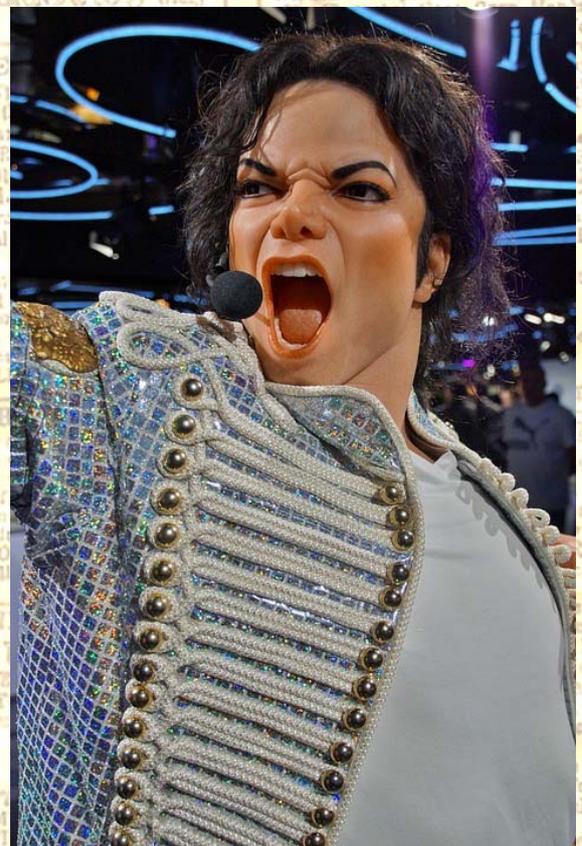
officially launch a recently unveiled new mural of Abbey Road, to celebrate the 50th anniversary year of the release of the album of the same name. The Let It Be cast are Emanuele Angeletti (Paul McCartney), Richard Jordan (John Lennon), John Brosnan (George Harrison), and Ben Cullingworth (Ringo Starr). They donned their Abbey Road costumes to recreate the iconic album cover pictures. The public interactive artwork can be found in the city's quirky Baltic Triangle area, it was specially commissioned by visitor attraction The Beatles Story located at Royal Albert Dock Liverpool, and created by acclaimed Liverpool artist Paul Curtis.

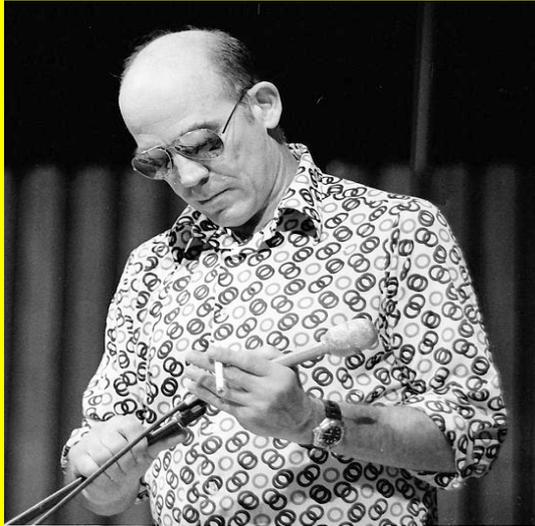
<http://www.music-news.com/news/UK/121311/Let-It-Be-cast-become-Day-Trippers-to-Liverpool-ahead-of-new-tour>

GONZO CURRENTLY IN STOCK AT GONZO (UK)

GONZO CURRENTLY IN STOCK AT GONZO (USA)

WACKO: A former bodyguard of Michael Jackson has defended the late singer despite allegations in the Leaving Neverland documentary. Matt Fiddes, claims that key facts were left out of the





WHO GONZO? WHY GONZO? WHAT GONZO?

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

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

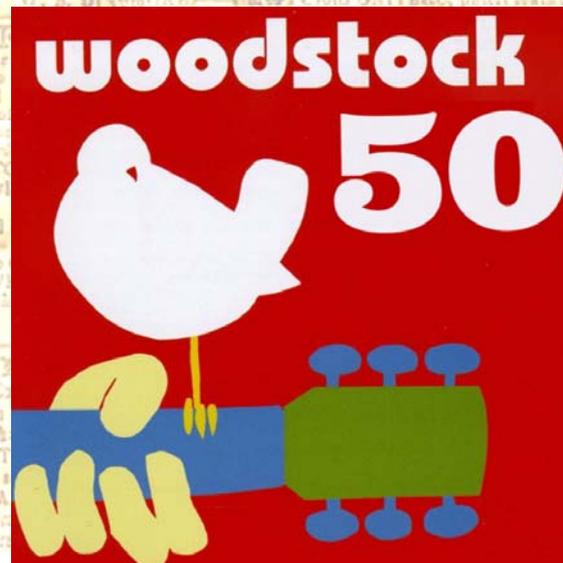
C.J.Stone suggested that as well as explaining Gonzo to those wot don't understand, we should do a weekly quote from the man himself...

“Which is not really a hell of a lot to ask, Lord, because the final incredible truth is that I am not guilty. All I did was take your gibberish seriously... and you see where it got me? My primitive Christian instincts have made me a criminal.”

— Hunter S. Thompson,

film which details accounts of two subjects who claim they were sexually abused by the singer. He said “it is now time to defend his friend” in an Instagram post. “I have sat back and watched the circus which we got used too over the years. People forget this man was and still is the most famous man in the world. The biggest target in the world. And he wanted his life to be a ‘mystery’. He understood the media value of that. And it has backfired on him in death sadly,” he wrote.

<https://www.nme.com/news/music/another-michael-jackson-former-bodyguards-promises-reveal-true-private-life-2480189#QeKLPk04oedtjbSi.99>



BACK TO THE GARDEN: Woodstock 50 ticket sales have been postponed sparking fears the festival could be cancelled. The organisers of this year’s Woodstock 50 festival have responded to rumours that the festival might not be going ahead. Fears were raised after ticket sales for the event were postponed without reason. An email was sent to ticket agents on Friday (April 19) informing them that ticket sales for the event were currently “on hold.”

It read: “There is currently a hold on the Woodstock 50 on-sale date. We are waiting on an official press statement

The Gospel According to **BART**

This week my favorite roving reporter sent me news of one of the best loved classic British progressive bands:

"Legendary prog rockers Camel have released a live clip of End Of The Line, recorded live at last year's live show at London's Royal Albert Hall. You can see the clip, featuring keyboard player Peter Jones taking the vocal lead on the Dust And Dreams cut, at the link below.

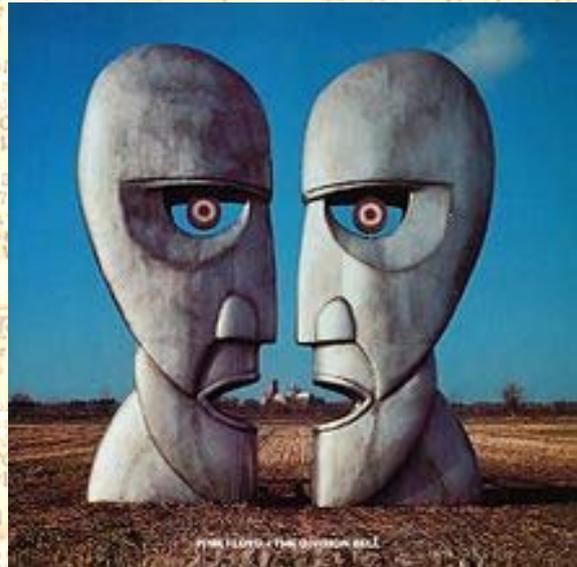
The whole concert will soon be released on Blu-ray and DVD according to the band.

"Camel returned to the Royal Albert Hall on 17 September 2018 for a sell-out performance," the band announce. "The show was video recorded for release on DVD and Blu-ray. This clip is from the line cut (mixed on the night during the show) and is a special, sneak preview of what's to come. End Of The Line is from Camel's flagship release Dust And Dreams under their own label, Camel Productions."

[https://www.loudersound.com/news/camel-release-live-clip-of-end-of-the-line-from-royal-albert-hall?](https://www.loudersound.com/news/camel-release-live-clip-of-end-of-the-line-from-royal-albert-hall?fbclid=IwAR3DRtcDjQgHW-s0CaxbwIhY5BEo0MRruQfFh8O4JWU0xoW82QUoaVjRLq0)
fbclid=IwAR3DRtcDjQgHW-s0CaxbwIhY5BEo0MRruQfFh8O4JWU0xoW82QUoaVjRLq0

from Woodstock 50 regarding updated [announcements], ticket pricing, and overall festival information. We will get this information to you as soon as we receive it."

<https://www.nme.com/news/music/woodstock-50-organisers-respond-to-rumours-of-festival-cancellation-2479031#IQdmfd5Y0H12zxjo.99>



HAS IT REALLY BEEN TWENTY FIVE YEARS? Pink Floyd Records is releasing a 25th anniversary edition of 'The Division Bell', the band's 1994 multi-million selling album that included the Grammy Award winning track Marooned (Best Rock Instrumental Performance). Set for release on June 7th, this 25th anniversary edition will be available on translucent blue vinyl (echoing the original limited blue vinyl release in 1994). Click here to pre-order.

'The Division Bell' was the last studio album to be recorded by the band: David Gilmour, Nick Mason and Richard Wright. The album debuted at No 1 in the UK, the USA, Australia and New Zealand, staying at the top of the US charts for 4 weeks; it also went to No 1 in six other countries and, to date, has reached total album sales of over 12 million. The album was recorded by the band at Astoria and Britannia Row

THE ^{gonzo} NEWSROOM

Studios with the majority of the lyrics being written by Polly Samson and David Gilmour.

David Gilmour said at the time: "The three of us went into Britannia Row studios, and improvised for two weeks. Playing together and starting from scratch was interesting and exciting, it kick-started the album and the process was very good, it was collaborative and felt more cohesive."

'The Division Bell' contains 11 tracks including A Great Day For Freedom, Keep Talking (featuring a sampled Stephen Hawking), High Hopes, and Pink Floyd's only Grammy-awarded track, the instrumental 'Marooned'. A video for Marooned was made for the 20th Anniversary Immersion release of the album and has now had almost 25 million views. The highly acclaimed video, directed by Aubrey Powell of Hipgnosis, was shot on location in Chernobyl and also includes incredible footage from space taken by NASA. The author Douglas Adams suggested the title, based on a line of Polly Samson's lyrics from 'High Hopes', referring to the parliamentary bell used to alert politicians to return to the House.

<http://www.music-news.com/news/Underground/121131/Pink-Floyd-release-The-Division-Bell-25th-anniversary-limited-edition-vinyl>

AROUND HIS WORLD IN A DAY: Prince's "deeply personal" memoirs are to be released in October (19).

The Purple Rain hitmaker left his

autobiography unfinished at the time of his death at the age of 57 from an opioid overdose in April 2016, but the work has been completed from his handwritten notes, rare photos, scrapbooks, and lyrics.

Accordingly, bosses at publishing firm Random House announced on Monday (22Apr19) that they will publish the book, titled The Beautiful Ones, in conjunction with his estate, this autumn.

"The Beautiful Ones is the deeply personal account of how Prince Rogers Nelson (his full name) became the Prince we know: the real-time story of a kid absorbing the world around him and creating a persona, an artistic vision, and a life, before the hits and the fame that would come to define him," a statement obtained by The Associated Press reads.

<http://www.music-news.com/news/UK/121360/Prince-s-memoirs-to-be-released>



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(Successor to W.M. LEGGATE.) 180 MAIN ST. &
MANUFACTURER and Dealer in HARNESSES, SADDLES, BRIDLES, Coaches, Shaes and Draft OOL. LARS. Also, Trunks, Valises and Carpet Bags. Coach Gigs and Tally WHIPS, &c. Repairing done at short notice.
Worcester, Jan 15

PRATT, DOWNES & SCOTT,
(Successors to T.W. & O.P. BARONOFF.)
Boston, J. H. KNIGHTS HAT STORE, 155 Main St. Worcester, Feb 24, 1877. E. S. LEONARD. 617



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

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

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

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

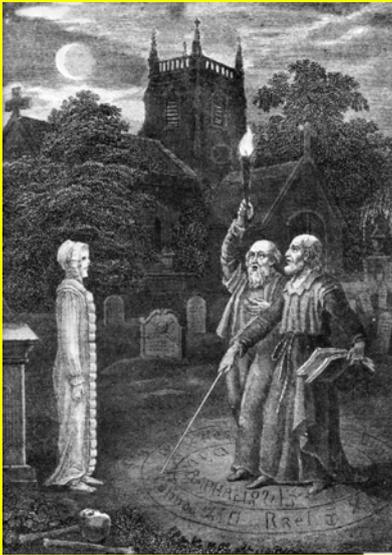
Please sponsor us for this great cause.

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

WEIRD SHIT IS HAPPENING

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

Enjoy.



BLAME IT ON THE STONES
<https://www.smithsonianmag.com/smart-news/stone-circles-avebury-may-have-surrounded-house-neolithic-one-percent-180971974/>

Avebury, a sprawling network of stone circles situated some 25 miles north of Stonehenge, may have been erected to mark the site of a house inhabited by members of the Neolithic elite, a trio of scientists posit in the journal *Antiquity*.

As Alison George reports for *New Scientist*, researchers from England's University of Leicester and University of Southampton used ground-penetrating radar to examine a square of standing stones buried beneath the middle of the

megalithic monument's southern inner circle. This circle and a second northern inner one are surrounded by a larger circle of upright stones, English Heritage explains. The enclosing circle, in turn, is situated inside of a huge circular bank with four causewayed entrances.

First identified in June 2017, the unusually shaped square structure measures nearly 100 feet long and appears to surround the foundation of a second building—namely, a “relatively modest” wooden house dating to around 3,700 B.C., or 700 years prior to the construction of Avebury’s extant above-ground circles.

REACH FOR THE BLEACH
<https://www.theguardian.com/us-news/2019/apr/19/church-group-to-hold-washington-event-despite-fda-warnings-against-miracle-cure>



Group to hold ‘effective alternative healing’ event in Washington state in which they peddle a ‘sacrament’ known to be industrial cleaner. A group calling itself Genesis II Church of Health and Healing plans to convene at a hotel resort in Washington state on Saturday to promote a

“miracle cure” that claims to cure 95% of all diseases in the world by making adults and children, including infants, drink industrial bleach. The group is inviting members of the public through Facebook to attend what they call their “effective alternative healing” at the Icicle Village Resort in Leavenworth. The organizer of the event, Tom Merry, has publicized the event on his personal Facebook page by telling people that learning how to consume the bleach “could save your life, or the life of a loved one sent home to die”.

Should we point out here that Tom Merry is the principal character in the "St Jim's" stories which appeared in the boy's weekly paper, The Gem, from 1907 to 1939. The stories were all written using the pen-name of Martin Clifford, the majority by Charles Hamilton who was more widely known as Frank Richards, the creator of Billy Bunter. But hey, we just report the news not analyse it.



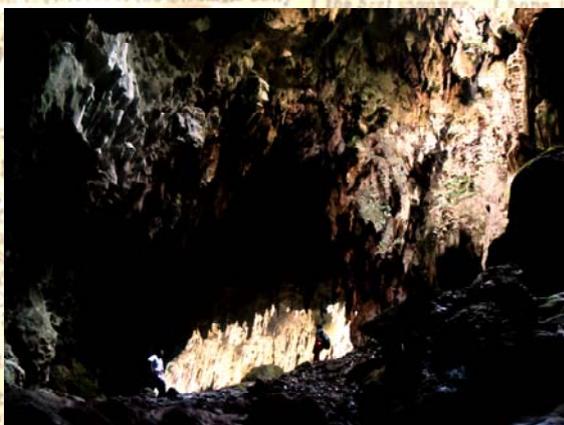
INSERT STEVIE WONDER JOKE
<https://penntoday.upenn.edu/news/how-superstitions-spread>

Even seemingly irrational beliefs can become enshrined in the social norms of a society. Research by biologists in the School of Arts and Sciences shows how. Ancient Roman leaders once made decisions about important events, such as when to hold elections or where to build new cities, based on the presence or flight patterns of birds. Builders often omit the thirteenth floor from their floor plans, and

and he would've wanted Chris' body of work to be preserved. There's really only one way to do that, and several funeral homes were not interested. Finally, she found one that would, basically, skin her husband.

She thinks it's going to catch on, the CBC reports.

<https://www.cbc.ca/news/canada/saskatoon/man-s-preserved-tattoos-displayed-saskatoon-tattoo-expo-1.5097865>



IT'S MAN, JIM, BUT NOT AS WE KNOW IT

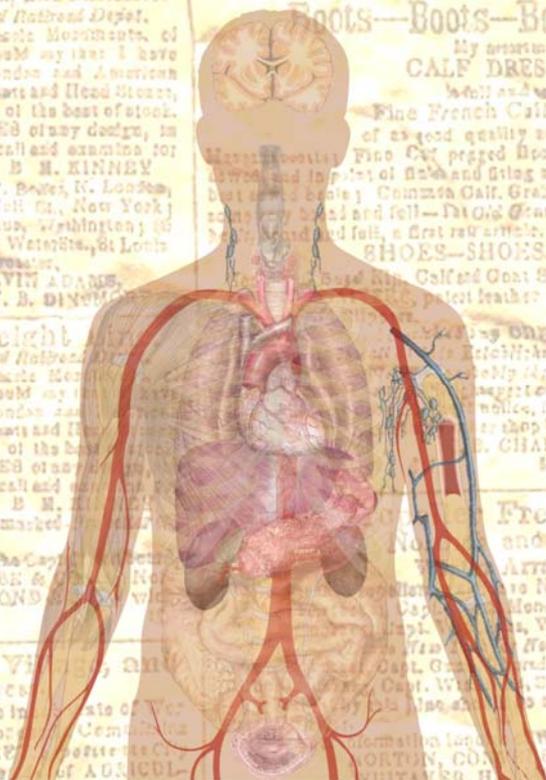
[https://gizmodo.com/new-species-of-tiny-extinct-human-discovered-in-philip-1833942655?](https://gizmodo.com/new-species-of-tiny-extinct-human-discovered-in-philip-1833942655?fbclid=IwAR3SwhzeyerLKijMHLjwUiS26TTe5RBWtWB_t1pR_h2EiiPiR2uGkresxkGc)

[fbclid=IwAR3SwhzeyerLKijMHLjwUiS26TTe5RBWtWB_t1pR_h2EiiPiR2uGkresxkGc](https://www.theguardian.com/science/2019/apr/10/a-medical-marvel-woman-lived-to-99-with-organs-on-wrong-side-of-her-body)

Scientists are reporting the discovery of a previously unknown species of ancient human that lived in the Philippines over 50,000 years ago. Evidence suggests the new species, named *Homo luzonensis*, was exceptionally tiny—and possibly even smaller than the famous Hobbit species uncovered on the island of Flores in 2004.

The story of human evolution just got a hell of a lot messier—and considerably more fascinating—owing to the discovery of a previously unknown human species. Bits of teeth and bone pulled from Callao Cave on the Philippine island of Luzon

point to the existence of a distinctly human species, one deserving of the *Homo* designation in terms of its genus. At the same time, however, the fossils found in Callao Cave exhibit features unlike anything ever seen before, thus warranting the declaration of a completely new human species, *Homo luzonensis*. The details of this astonishing discovery were published



today in Nature.

ORGAN VOLUNTARY

<https://www.theguardian.com/science/2019/apr/10/a-medical-marvel-woman-lived-to-99-with-organs-on-wrong-side-of-her-body>

Medical students in Oregon made the discovery only after the death of Rose Marie Bentley

Rose Marie Bentley was an avid swimmer, raised five children, helped her husband run a feed store and lived to 99. It was only after she died that medical students discovered that all her internal organs, except for her heart, were in the wrong place.

In the Florida Everglades, a team of invasive species researchers got more than they bargained for – a 17-foot-long python, plus 73 developing python eggs. On Friday, Big Cypress National Preserve announced in a post to Facebook that its team of researchers had discovered the largest python ever to be removed from the swamp. The pregnant female weighed 140 pounds, though presumably some of that was egg-weight. They found the record-breaking python using a new, and intuitive, tracking method – following male pythons on their quests for female mates.

NO SHIT?

<https://www.vox.com/science-and-health/2019/3/22/18236125/apollo-moon-poop-mars-science>

It's been nearly 50 years since the Apollo 11 moon landing. Neil Armstrong's iconic footprint is still there, undisturbed; there's no atmosphere, no wind on the moon to blow it away. But the bigger human

footprint on the moon is, arguably, the 96 bags of human waste left behind by the six Apollo missions that landed there. Yes, our brave astronauts took dumps on their way to the moon, perhaps even on the moon, and they left behind their diapers in baggies, on humanity's doorstep to the greater cosmos.

The bags have lingered there, and no one knows what has become of them. Now scientists want to go back, and answer a question that has profound implications for our future explorations of Mars: Is anything alive in them?

WHERE THE STREETS HAVE NO NAME

<https://www.sciencemag.org/news/2019/04/declassified-u-2-spy-plane-photos-are-boon-aerial-archaeology>

For millennia, people known as the Marsh Arabs lived in wetland oases fed by the Tigris and Euphrates rivers in southern



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Worcester, Jan 15

Salom, Member, Fair, ANNA...
found a new, or returned by this Express.
Office: — HARNDEN & CO'S Office, 8 Court Street
Boston; J. H. KNIGHTS HAT STORE, 155 Main St
Worcester.
E. S. LEONARD.
Feb 25, 1877.

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TWO SIDES OF YES

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

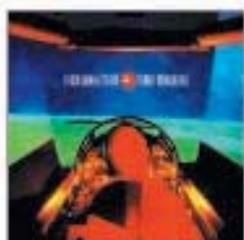
HFG203CD



THE STAGE COLLECTION

Recorded live in August 1993 in Buenos Aires

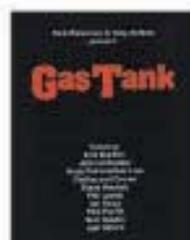
HFG204CD



TIME MACHINE

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

HFG205CD



GASTANK

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

HFG206DVD



GOLE!

Soundtrack album featuring Tony Fernandez and Tactar McAuley

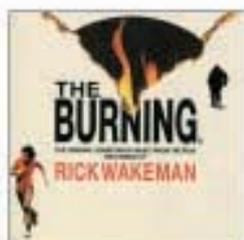
RF241-CD



COUNTRY AIRS

The original recording, with two new tracks

HFG204CD



THE BURNING

The original Soundtrack album, back in print at last!

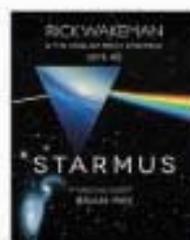
HFG205CD



LURE OF THE WILD

With Adam Wakeman. Entirely instrumental

HFG209CD



STARMUS

With Brian May and The English Rock Ensemble. DVD

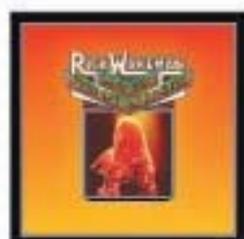
HFG207DVD



MYTHS AND LEGENDS

Double CD set. The expanded 2016 version

HFG208CD



LIVE AT THE WINTERLAND THEATRE 1975

Live in San Francisco

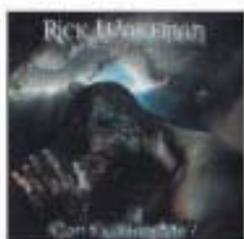
HFG208CD



THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA

Double CD + DVD

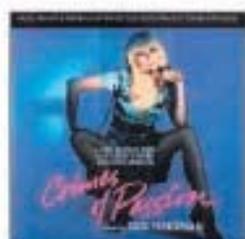
HFG209CD



CAN YOU HEAR ME?

Featuring The English Chamber Choir

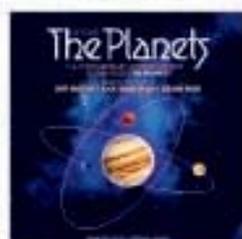
W44-CD005



CRIMES OF PASSION

A wicked and erotic soundtrack!

HFG208CD



BEYOND THE PLANETS

With Jeff Wayne and Kevin Peek

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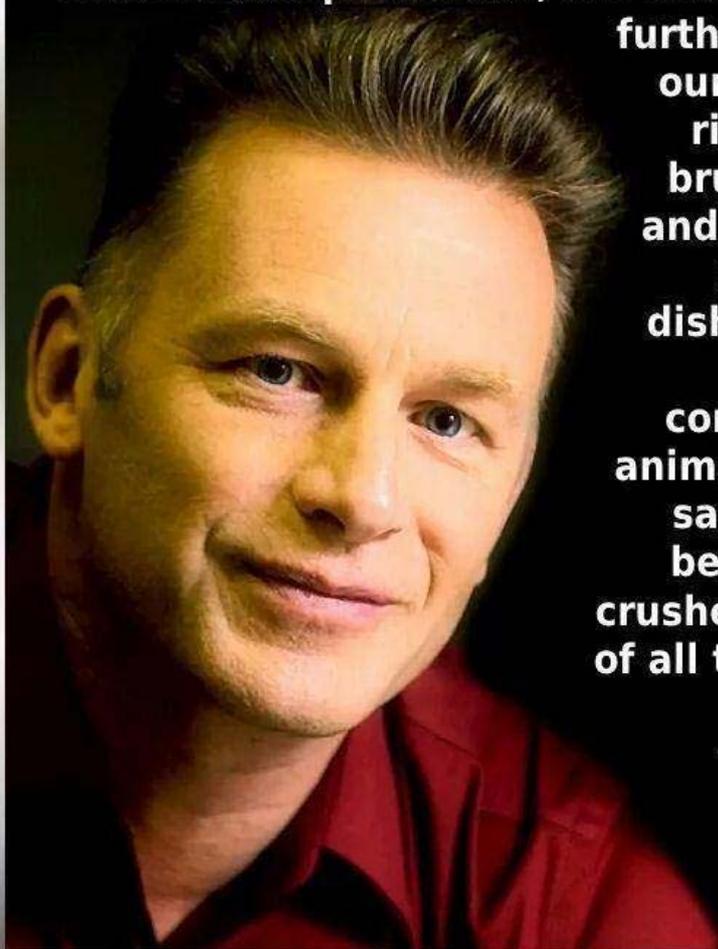


Available from rickwakemansmusicemporium.com
and all other good music retailers



It is both sad and shameful that when night falls and the setts of southern England stir, their gentle folk will be needlessly slaughtered. That in spite of science and public will, the wrath of ignorance will further bloody and bleed our countryside of its riches of life. That brutalist thugs, liars and frauds will destroy our wildlife and dishonour our nation's reputation as conservationists and animal lovers. I feel sick, sad, disempowered, betrayed, angry and crushed by the corruption of all that I know as right.

-Chris Packham



 stop.the.cull



Right On Chris

IT IS TIME TO STAND UP AND BE COUNTED

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

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

The subscriber, by appointment from the Hon. Secy of Patents, inquest of the U. S. Patent Office, for receiving and forwarding to the said models, designs or manufactures to be patented, & deposited there, which will be sent free of expense and risk and will deposit the necessary Papers and Drawings; will make references into American and foreign works, to test the validity of patents, and receive notices to be sent to the said parties.

NORWICH & W...
The above vessels are
commanded by exper...
Freight from Norwic...
Bale Goods for this...
load over the N... wh...
Freight de-oted to...

Providence &...
The Grafton and No...
ving Worcester at 10...
Booke kept at the Gr...
Boe, N. E. Village, O...
the General Stage Of...

SEEDS. Together with a general assortment of Garden
Ware, Barrels, &c. &c.
Office, N. E. Village, Central Hotel, Worcester, and also
at the General Stage Office, No. 1 Merchants Row.
It is very necessary that all Express Business should be
accompanied with written orders and signed personally,
that it may be done with correctness.
July 7. 1851 TYLER HARRINGTON.

TURAL and HORTICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS AND
MACHINES. Also, Grass, Garden, Field and Flour
SEEDS. Together with a general assortment of Garden
Ware, Barrels, &c. &c.
All persons wishing to purchase any of the above men-
tioned articles, are invited to call and examine his stock,
with the assurance that they will find a choice selection
of good quality, and at fair prices.
Worcester, May 10. 1851 OTIS CONVERSE.

Worcester, Southbridge, and Sturbridge
Steam Propeller Freight Line.
NEW STORE!
Garden Block, No. 44 Front St.,
WORCESTER.
The subscriber having recently opened a New Store,
No. 44 Front Street, with a fresh stock of
FAMILY GROCERIES,
now prepared to furnish the citizens with every article
in the most advantageous manner commencing May 1.
THROUGH PASSENGER TRAINS.
Worcester at 8 1/2, 11 A. M., 2 40 and 4 P. M.
The last on the arrival of the New Haven Train.
At 2 P. M. train will take up to the east of Framingham
passengers will leave Millbury at 5 1/2 A. M. and 2 P. M.
passengers will leave Millbury at 7 A. M. and 4 P. M.
At 7 P. M. train will not stop at Way Stations to take
up passengers.
Leave BOSTON at 7 1/2 A. M., 11, 6, 8, & 6 1/2 P. M.
At 7 1/2 A. M. train will stop only to take up passengers at
Way Stations for Springfield or beyond, or to take up
passengers for Worcester at Way Stations west of Fram-
ingham.
At 11 A. M. train will take up to the east of Framingham.
At 2 P. M. train will not stop east of Framingham, except
to take up Western Railroad passengers at Brighton on
Sunday.
At 6 P. M. train is the New York Steamboat Train, to
New York, to run as heretofore, without stops, except at
Framingham.
Passengers for Millbury and Millis will take the 2 P. M.

WHOLESALE
Western Produce Store.
FOR SALE,
2000 BUSHELS SHORTS;
2000 do. Northern CORN;
200 Bushels OATS;
500 do RYE;
100 do BEANS;
3000 lbs. BUCK WHEAT FLOUR;
CORN AND RYE MEAL.
OTIS GRAMM,
Worcester, Feb 11. 1851 13 Washington Square.

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(Warden Block,) No. 44 Front St.,
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Gigs and Tally WHIPS, &c. &c. Repairing done at short
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Worcester, Jan 15

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Worcester, Jan 15

PRATT, DOWNES & SCOTT,
(Successors to T. W. & O. P. BARRETT.)
155 Main St. Worcester, Mass.



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

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

Two types of people visit rhino in the wild

The strong and courageous
take a camera

The weak and cowardly
take a gun

**What sort of
person are you?**

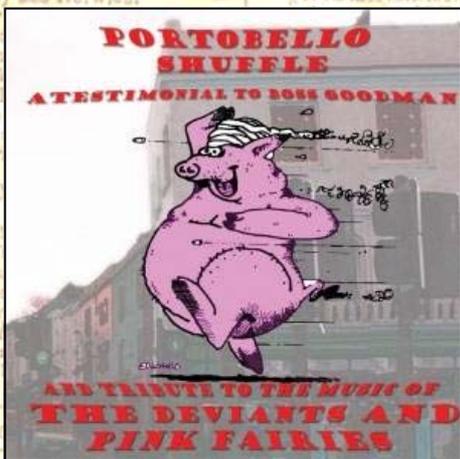
Celebrate wildlife on
World Wildlife Day
don't shoot it.





I'M ON BOARD!

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



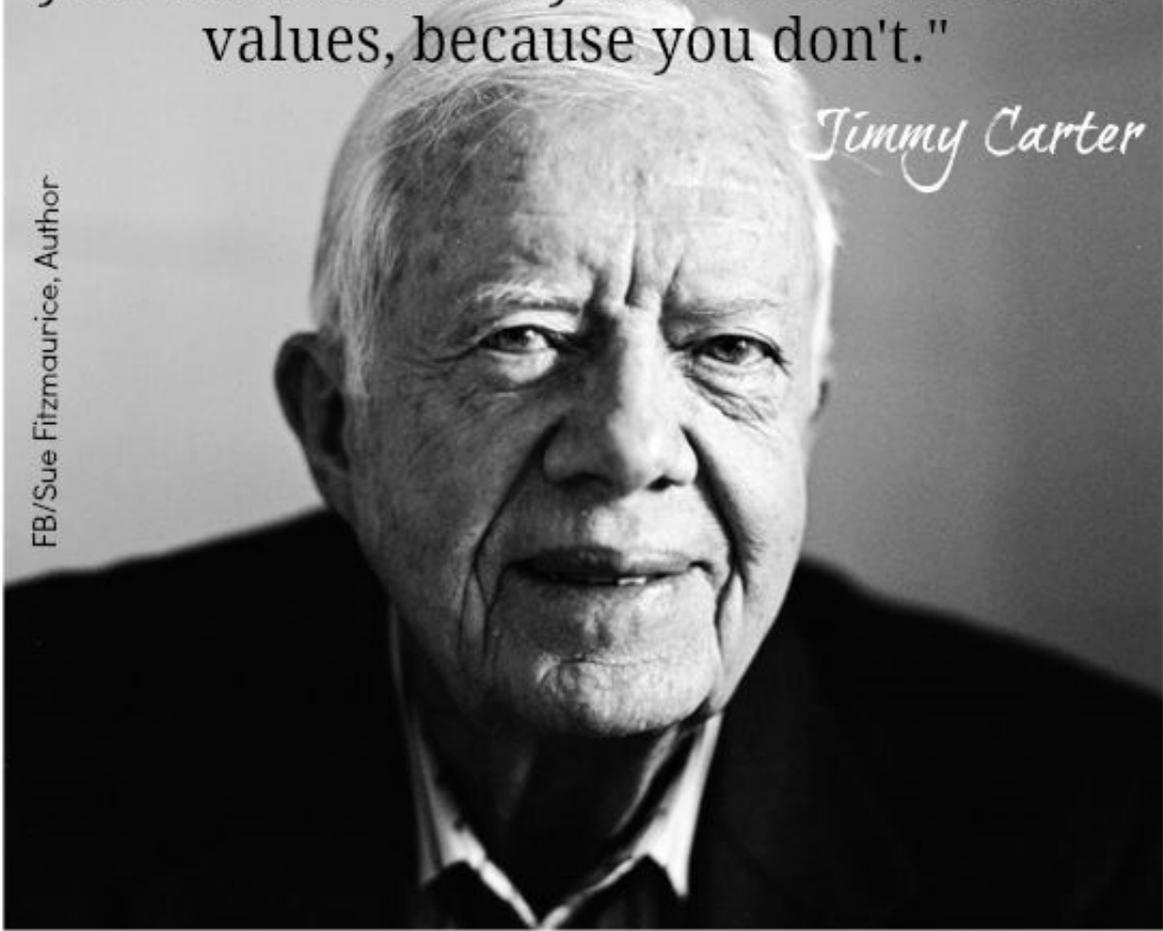
Portobello Shuffle CDs still at special low price of £5.00 each, 1 x CD inc. p&p = UK £6.80; Mainland Europe £8.90; USA £9.95; Rest of the World, contact Rich Deakin for postage price. arsydeede@yahoo.co.uk

MICHAEL DES BARRÉS ON
LITTLE STEVEN'S UNDERGROUND GARAGE
 MAXIMUM ROCK AND ROLL
 MORNINGS 8AM - 11AM ET CH. 21 SIRIUS | ((XM))
 SATELLITE RADIO
 (FILLING IN FOR ANDREW LOOG OLDHAM)

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

Jimmy Carter

FB/Sue Fitzmaurice, Author



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



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Peculiar News of the Week



http://justsomething.co/rescue-goat-suffers-anxiety-calms-duck-costume/?fbclid=IwAR3AUZLkuxOeNGNQmCwC6Wi-hp6mNnU7yvaTiGZLqDJy3_nW-NZbxhjYE

Each week Richard Freeman: world famous cryptozoologist, explorer, author, and one of the most peculiar people I know picks a suitably off story from the world's press. But as sometimes happens, this issue's strange story came from Corinna...

Rescue Goat Suffering From Anxiety Only Calms Down In Her Duck Costume





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

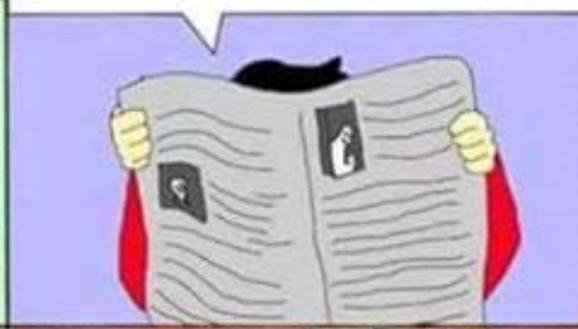
But over the past few years, it has become more than that. We now host regular weekly shows by Neil Nixon, a lecturer in professional writing at North West Kent College who uses his weekly radio show, Strange Fruit, as a learning experience for his students on the Foundation Course. I've known Neil for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

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

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



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

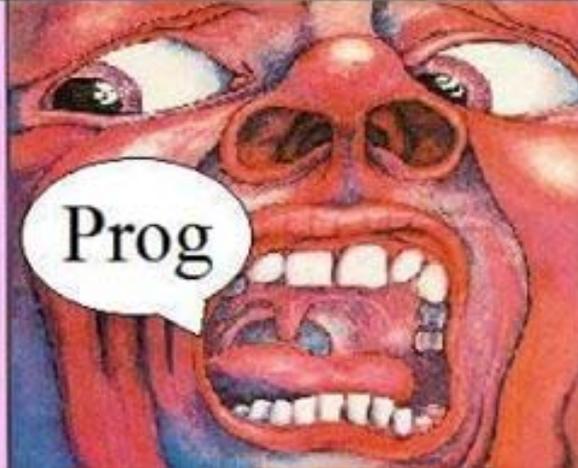


Sex?



No...

Prog



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





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

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

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

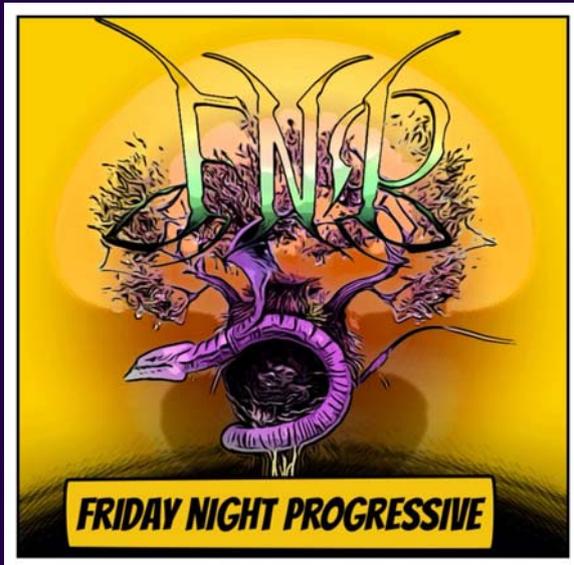
The show is broadcast on Miskin Radio every Sunday from 10-00-midnight.



02 -02-2018 – SHOW 287 – DJ Shadow

The Monkees: Star Collector
Warren Smith: A Red Cadillac and a Black Moustache
Unkle: Celestial Annihilation
DJ Shadow: Best Foot Forward/Building Steam with a Grain of Salt
The Wind in the Willows: There is But One Truth Daddy
The Durutti Column: Overlord Part One
Love Unlimited Orchestra: What a Groove
The Severed Limb: Hammer Horror Gunna be the Death of me
The Marine Girls: Don't Come Back
Gwynfor Raymond: Sometimes There's Blood
DJ Shadow: Changeling
Sun Ra: Sketch
Vegetables: Marry Me
The Shangri Las: I Can Never go Home Anymore
Zola Jesus: Doma
Lush: Ethereal
Sparks: Tits
Tyrannosaurus Rex: John Peel Jan 1970: Hot Rod Mama/Debora/Pavilions of the Sun/Dove/ By The Light of the Magical Moon
The Jesus Abyss: Rendered Useless
DJ Shadow: Napalm Brain – Scatterbrain
Frank Black: The Farewell Bend

[Listen
Here](#)



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

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



Far Corner
<https://www.facebook.com/FarCornerBand/>
 Hypersonic Factor
 ONE MUSIC
<https://www.facebook.com/MSROneMusic/>
 Jonatan Piña Duluc Music
<https://www.facebook.com/jonatanpinadulucmusic/>
 Lazleitt
<https://www.facebook.com/lazleitt/>
 Alberto Rigoni Music
<https://www.facebook.com/AlbertoRigoniMusic/>
 Tautologic
<https://www.facebook.com/tautologic/>
 Steve Bonino
<https://www.facebook.com/steveboninopage/>
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 LIGHT
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Listen
Here

Friday Night Progressive



CANTERBURY SANS FRONTIÈRES: Episode Seventy

We at Gonzo Web Radio are very proud to bring you Canterbury Sans Frontières - a podcast dedicated to the music of the 'Canterbury Scene' and more. Creator Matthew Watkins writes:

As with Canterbury Soundwaves , a new three-hour episode will be released with each full moon. I decided to wind down Canterbury Soundwaves so that I didn't end up

- (i) repeating myself,
- (ii) scraping the bottom of the Canterbury barrel, or
- (iii) becoming increasingly tangential.

This new podcast broadens the musical remit, so it'll be about one-third 'Canterbury sound', together with progressive/psychedelic/experimental music from the Canterbury of today, the remainder being a mix of music from various times and places which I feel to be in a similar spirit of creative adventurousness. I'll be doing a lot less talking, and the programme will be less expository – so no interviews, barely listenable bootlegs, etc. I also plan to include guest one-hour mixes from various musicians from the current music scene in Canterbury (Episode 2 features a mix from Neil Sullivan from Lapis Lazuli).

And for those of you who wonder what Matthew was referring to when he writes about Canterbury Soundwaves we have brought you all the back catalogue of that as well. Those wacky guys at Gonzo, eh?

THIS EPISODE FEATURES:

Matching Mole contemplate Britain's role in Europe, Egg loosely wring out the ground (with the help of their old friend Steve Hillage), Gong contribute to the soundtrack of a motorcycle racing film, Soft Machine display their "Teeth" and Hatfield and the North get an extended case of "Mumps". Also, a 1973 John Peel session track from Henry Cow, a lullaby from Kevin Ayers, Robert Wyatt and friends singing Harold Pinter, and a selection from Robert himself - a slab of Turkmenistani spiritual jazz fusion from '79! Sun Ra solo in 1980, Jon Hassell live in '82, NYC's Sunwatchers covering Alice Coltrane, Terry Riley remixed and a gentle gem from early 70s Floyd. From the Canterbury of recent times, the only 4/4 track on the last Lapis Lazuli album and some deep melancholia from Anthony "Stray Ghost" Sagers.

Listen
Here



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

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

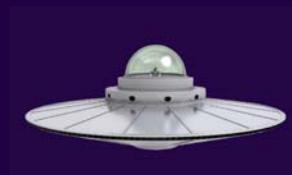
He's a member of SKY CLUB, Gonzo recording artists. He's been a radio host since 2010. He lives with his wife, Doreen, on an island off the coast of Massachusetts."



AND LOOK WHAT MACK HAS FOR YOU THIS WEEK

DID USAF BOMBER PILOTS FLY SUICIDE MISSIONS?

Mack, Juan-Juan & Commander Cobra explore the little-known story about America's top-secret "Suicide Squadrons." Also, special guest, author & researcher John Tenney along with Switchblade Steve & Emily M. Plus, another "10 Questions for Juan-Juan," and Cobra explains why helicopters make so much noise.



Listen
Here

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



Earl Thomas Conley (1941 – 2019)

Earl Conley was an American country music singer-songwriter who, between the years of 1980 and 2003, recorded ten studio albums, including seven for the RCA Records label. In the 1980s and into the 1990s, Conley also charted more than thirty singles on the Billboard Hot Country Songs charts, of which eighteen reached Number One.

Conley's eighteen Billboard Number One country singles during the 1980s marked the most Number One hits by any artist in any genre during that decade except for Alabama and Ronnie Milsap.

He was offered a scholarship to an art school, but rejected it in favour of joining the U.S. Army, and while in the Army, Conley became a member of a Christian-influenced trio, where his musical talent and vocal ability both

first became apparent. Conley then decided to consider performing as a serious career option. He shifted more deeply into the classic country sounds of artists such as Merle Haggard and George Jones. During this period he first tried his hand at songwriting. In 1973 while in Nashville, Conley met Dick Heard, who produced country music singer Mel Street. This meeting eventually led to the Conley-Heard collaboration on the song "Smokey Mountain Memories," which made the top 10 for Street. After being honourably discharged from the military, Conley began playing in clubs in Nashville, Tennessee, at night, supporting himself by working blue-collar jobs during the day.

Conley moved to Huntsville, Alabama, to work in a steel mill. There, he met record producer Nelson Larkin, who helped him sign with independent record label GRT in 1974. Conley released four singles on that label, none of which became large hits. At the same time, he was selling songs that he had written to other artists, including Conway Twitty and Mel Street, who were having much success with them.

By the end of the 1980s, Conley began collaborating with Randy Scruggs in the hopes that he could bring his music back to his country roots. His record sales began to drop in the 1990s, as country took a more progressive turn, and Conley was dropped from his record label in 1992. He took a seven-year recording hiatus between 1991 and 1997 and began recording again in 1998.

Conley died on April 10th, at 77 years old.

THOSE WE HAVE LOST



**Paul Martin Raymond
(1945 – 2019)**

Raymond was an English keyboard player and guitarist, best known for playing in UFO and Michael Schenker Group.

He began his musical career in January 1964 as a jazz musician, and later joined Plastic Penny as their keyboardist/vocalist, and replaced Christine McVie (nee: Perfect) in British blues band Chicken Shack when she left for a solo career. Raymond then joined Savoy Brown as their keyboardist/guitarist, and subsequently recorded with the former Fleetwood Mac guitarist Danny Kirwan.

He was recruited by UFO in 1976 to replace their first keyboardist, Danny Peyronel. He

wrote songs for UFO but because of a previous publishing deal was not credited for these songs until recent years. When Michael Schenker left UFO, he joined Schenker's own band, MSG, in 1981 and later joined UFO bassist Pete Way's own band, Waysted, in 1983.

Raymond worked with Phil Mogg, Andy Parker, along with Schenker and Way, in UFO from 1976–1981, 1984–1986, 1993–1998 and 2003–2019.

Raymond died on 13th April, aged 73. years old.



**Dina
(born Ondina Maria Farias Veloso)
(1956 – 2019)**

Dina was a Portuguese singer, best known for her participation in the Eurovision Song Contest 1992 in Malmö.

THOSE WE HAVE LOST

She first entered the Portuguese Eurovision selection, Festival da Canção, in 1980, finishing eighth with "Guardando em mim", and participated again in 1982 with two songs, but could only manage sixth and eighth. Dina finally got her chance in 1992, when her song "Amor d'água fresca" ("Fresh Water Love") won the competition and went forward as the Portuguese representative in the 37th Eurovision Song Contest.

Dina released six albums and composed music for many film and television drama productions. She continued to perform, and in September 2009 celebrated 30 years in the music business.

Dina died on 1th2 April, at age 62.

Demus received his first piano lessons at the age of six, and five years later, at the age of 11, he entered the Vienna Academy of Music, studying piano, composition and conducting. He made his debut as a pianist when he was still a student.

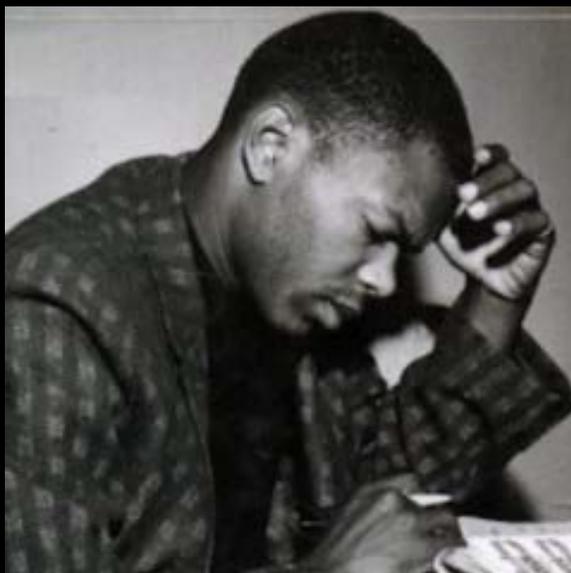
At the age of 15, he played in the Brahms-Saal of the prestigious Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde Bach's Das wohltemperierte Klavier. He graduated in 1945, then 17 years old, after which he continued to study conducting with Josef Krips and Hans Swarowsky.

Demus kept playing until shortly before his death, performing with Badura-Skoda at the 2018 Linz Brucknerfest. He died on 16th April, aged 90.



Jörg Demus
(1928 – 2019)

Demus was an Austrian classical pianist, who appeared internationally and made many recordings. He was also a composer, and lecturer at music academies.



Kent Levaughn Harris
(1930 – 2019)

Harris was an American songwriter and

THOSE WE HAVE LOST

record producer, who is best known as the writer of novelty tunes such as "Shoppin' for Clothes" (a hit for The Coasters, credited to Harris, Leiber and Stoller) and "Cops and Robbers" (a hit for Bo Diddley). He recorded under various pseudonyms including Ducky Drake and Boogaloo and his Gallant Crew.

He first recorded in 1954 as Ducky Drake for Trend Records, singing the B-side of his sister Dimples Harris' record "Hey Mr. Jelly." The B-side was called "1992." He would then change his stage name to Boogaloo. Harris originally recorded the song later known as "Shoppin' For Clothes" for Crest Records, as "Clothes Line (Wrap It Up)." It was released in 1956 as by Boogaloo and His Gallant Crew. Following the relative failure of his two Crest singles, Harris abandoned his recording ambitions in favour of a career behind the scenes. He is listed with 97 songs in the BMI songwriters' database. Harris saw a number of his songs recorded by artists on Atlantic, Capitol, RCA and Columbia. The Coasters' hit version, produced by and co-credited to Leiber and Stoller, was released in 1960. The B-side of this record, "Cops And Robbers," later became a hit for Bo Diddley in 1957. His previous release for the label in 1955 was "Big Fat Lie" b/w "Talk About A Party."

Harris produced records for several artists in the 1960s and 1970s. He produced "Stick Shift" b/w "Cruising" by The Duals in 1961 and "So Far Away" b/w "Monkey Hips And Rice" by Hank Jacobs in 1963. He produced some jazz recordings for Adolph Jacobs in the 1970s. Other songs written by Harris include "Fat Sally" by The Seviles (from 1961), "Lover Supreme" by Prentice Moreland, "I'll Come Back To You" by Dorothy Berry, "Tell Her For Me" by Jimmy Norman, "Oh! My

Aching Back" by H. B. Barnum (all from 1962), and "The Big Rip Off" by The Coasters (from 1976).

Harris' final works were producing and co-writing several songs for the motion picture film soundtrack, *Norbit*.

He died on 16th April, aged 88.

CERTAIN TUNES ARE EARWIGS

**THEY STAY WITHIN YOUR
INNER EAR ,AND ROOST**
Certain tunesmiths know this, and
create novelty songs
that last much longer than their
creators. Roger Miller is one-
another is Ducky Drake aka
Boogaloo and his Gallant Crew.
Do you remember that Coasters'
hit "Shopping for Clothes?"
What about Bo Diddley's "Cops
and Robbers?"
Both were written (or co-written by
Kent Levaughn Harris
And he just left us with at least two
reasons
To remember his many names
And claims to musical fame.

Thom Woodruff

THOSE WE HAVE LOST



**Leslie David Reed OBE
(1935 – 2019)**

Reed was an English songwriter, arranger, musician and light-orchestra leader. His major songwriting partners were Gordon Mills, Barry Mason, and Geoff Stephens, although he wrote songs with many others such as Roger Greenaway, Roger Cook, Peter Callander, and Johnny Worth.

Reed co-wrote around sixty hit songs, and is best known for "It's Not Unusual", "Delilah", "The Last Waltz" and "Marching On Together". His songs gained a number of gold discs and Ivor Novello Awards.

He was an accomplished musician by the age of 14, playing the piano, accordion and vibraphone, and studied at the London College of Music before joining the Willis Reed Group, with whom he

toured for four years. Having been called up for National Service, he played piano and clarinet in the Royal East Kent Military Band. In 1959, he joined The John Barry Seven as their pianist.

In the mid-1960s, Reed began a successful songwriting partnership with Geoff Stephens which yielded such hits as "Tell Me When", a hit for The Applejacks; "Here It Comes Again" for The Fortunes; "Leave A Little Love" for Lulu; and "There's a Kind of Hush", a 1967 success for Herman's Hermits. During 1964, Reed penned "It's Not Unusual" with ex-Viscounts member and Tom Jones' manager Gordon Mills, which was Jones' debut recording and gave him a UK number 1. Reed also arranged the song and played the piano for the recording.

Around this time, Reed struck up a songwriting partnership with Barry Mason, and they wrote a song for Kathy Kirby, "I'll Try Not To Cry", as Britain's entry in 1965 for the Eurovision Song Contest. The

THOSE WE HAVE LOST

songwriters had a 1967 hit in "Everybody Knows" by The Dave Clark Five—who also recorded a Reed–Mason follow-up—and another success in 1968 with "Delilah", again a Top 10 hit for Tom Jones. "Delilah" was originally written for P. J. Proby, and later covered by The Sensational Alex Harvey Band in 1975. Reed and Mason also wrote "The Last Waltz", which became a million selling UK number one for Engelbert Humperdinck in September 1967. Mason and Reed wrote "Who's Doctor Who?", a novelty song recorded by Doctor Who star Frazer Hines in 1967, but it failed to chart. In 1968, the duo scored another UK number 1 hit with Des O'Connor's recording of "I Pretend".

He died on 15th April, aged 83.



**Johnny 'Hutch' Hutchinson
(also known as Johnny Hutch)
(1940 – 2019)**

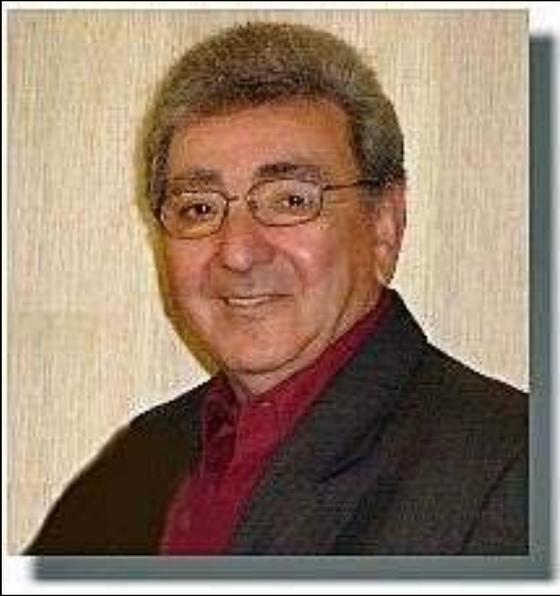
Hutchinson was a Liverpoolian rock and roll drummer of the late 1950s and early 1960s, during the same time that The

Beatles rose through the ranks of British rock bands. Hutch's group, The Big Three, were rivals of the Beatles, and his opinions of them were not the highest; one early remark he made was that the Beatles "weren't worth a carrot."

Feelings aside, Hutch sat in with them during a 1960 audition, keeping a beat until their then-drummer Tommy Moore could arrive. *Mersey Beat* magazine editor, Bill Harry, claimed that the vacant drummer position in The Beatles when Pete Best was dismissed was initially offered by Epstein to Johnny, who Epstein later managed. Knowing The Beatles had secured a record contract, Hutchinson turned down the job, saying, "Brian asked me to join the Beatles and I said, I wouldn't join the Beatles for a gold clock. There's only one group as far as I'm concerned and that's the Big Three. The Beatles can't make a better sound than that, and Pete Best is a very good friend of mine. I couldn't do the dirty on him". Johnny did play for The Beatles when Pete Best never turned up on the evening of his dismissal, and two subsequent bookings, until Ringo Starr could join The Beatles from Rory Storm and the Hurricanes.

For many, Johnny and his band, The Big 3, defined the Cavern sound. Following his success with the Beatles, manager Brian Epstein signed up the Big Three. Their big-time career was limited, though, and the band disliked the image crafted for them by Epstein, parting ways with him in mid-1963. A year later, the Big Three disbanded, and Hutchinson retired from music. He had attended International Beatleweek a number of times over the last few years and always had many great stories and memories to share, many of his time filling in on drums for The Beatles.

THOSE WE HAVE LOST



Joe Terry
(born Joe Terranova)
(1941 – 2019)

Terry was singer with and a founding member of American doo-wop and rock and roll vocal group Danny & the Juniors. Formed in 1955, they had a hit with "At the Hop" in 1958.

Danny & the Juniors owed credit for their rocket-like launch to Dick Clark, the "American Bandstand" host who told them to change their song "Do the Bop" to "At the Hop."

Danny & the Juniors featuring Joe Terry continued to tour, with Terranova singing lead, along with Maffei and Maffei's brother, Bobby Maffei. From September 2011, Frank Maffei and Terranova presented an hour-long rock'n'roll radio special for London's Covent Garden Radio in the UK.

He died on 15th April, at the age of 78.



Ed Tigner, Jr.,
(better known as Eddie Tigner)
(1926 – 2019)

Tigner was an American blues pianist, keyboardist, singer and songwriter. He recorded two albums, both released by Music Maker, and continued to perform on stage each week, despite being in his nineties. He performed standing up at the keyboard latterly, noting "Most keyboard players sit; I can't anymore. If I sit down to play, I'll go to sleep."

In the early 1930s, Tigner heard the barrelhouse blues that his mother played at Atlanta house parties. After his father died

THOSE WE HAVE LOST

from the effects of mustard gas poisoning he suffered in World War I, the family relocated to a mining camp in Kentucky, and Tigner then listened to the country and bluegrass music of that region, but also the largely African American camps had a tradition of blues music. At the age of 14, the family moved to Atlanta, Georgia. Once there, and with his mother in demand as a pianist, Tigner followed her to evening engagements at house parties and fish fries.

Tigner began military service in 1945 in the United States Army, and during his term there learned to play the piano. Tigner was also in charge of booking entertainment for the servicemen. He often travelled to Baltimore to transport Bill Kenny, one of the founding members of the Ink Spots, to perform on the army base at Aberdeen Proving Ground in Maryland. Tigner also met T-Bone Walker during this time. In 1947, after his discharge he returned to Atlanta and assembled his first group, known as the Maroon Notes. In the group, Tigner played the vibraphone and they found intermittent work in Georgia and Florida.

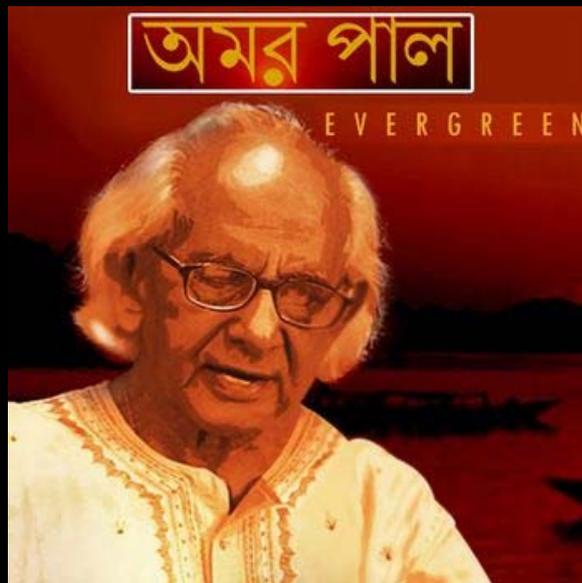
In 1959, Tigner joined the Ink Spots onstage during a show in Atlanta. During this time Tigner met and played backing for Elmore James for a couple of years. In 1991, Tigner commenced playing in clubs in and around Atlanta, with the encouragement of a local guitarist Danny "Mudcat" Dudeck.

Tigner began touring again, appearing at the Chicago Blues Festival and Australia's Byron Bay Bluesfest, plus a six week tour of Europe in 2010. His overseas traveling ended in 2012.

Tigner has been featured in the book *Music Makers: Portraits and Songs from the Roots*

of *America* (2004), plus the Music Maker documentary film, *Toot Blues*. Tigner's work also appears on various compilation albums including "After Hours" on Lucerne Blues Festival 2001 and "Route 66" on *We Are the Music Makers!* (2014). He also played the organ and piano on Mudcat's album, *The Mess Is On* (2007).

Tigner died on April 18th, at the age of 92.



Amar Pal
(1922 – 2019)

Pal was an Indian Bengali folk singer. He learnt folk song from his mother Durga Sundari Devi. He also trained in classical music from Ustad Ayat Ali Khan, brother of legendary Allauddin Khan. Later Pal received training in folk music from Mani Chakraborty and Suren Chakraborty in Kolkata.

Pal went to Kolkata in 1948 with Sachindranath Bhattacharya, a lyricist of All

THOSE WE HAVE LOST

India Radio, and in 1951, he first got a chance to sing in Akashbani Kolkata. Thereafter he recorded thousands of folk and modern Bengali songs in the next seven decades. The satirical song Kotoi Rongo Dekhi Duniyay, in Satyajit Ray's *Hirak Rajar Deshemade* him famous. He worked in a number of Bengali films as a playback singer or music director.

Pal died on 20th April, at the age of 96.

**Dave Samuels
(1948 – 2019)**

Samuels was an American vibraphonist and

marimba player who spent many years with the contemporary jazz group Spyro Gyra. His recordings and live performances during that period also reflect his prowess on the steelpan, a tuned percussion instrument of Trinidadian origin. At the age of six he started playing drums and piano, and learned vibes and marimba while a student at Boston University. He continued his studies at the Berklee College of Music, also in Boston, and studied with vibraphonist Gary Burton. He taught percussion at Berklee before moving to New York City in 1974. Soon he was recording and performing with Gerry Mulligan, Carla Bley, and Gerry Niewood. He played in a vibe/marimba duo



THOSE WE HAVE LOST

with David Friedman, who had been his teacher at Boston, releasing albums under the name Double Image. In 1979 he began recording with Spyro Gyra, eventually becoming a member of the band in 1986 and remaining with it through the 1990s. During the 1980s he also recorded with Paul McCandless, Art Lande, Anthony Davis, and Bobby McFerrin. In 1993 he created the Caribbean Jazz Project.

Samuels wrote columns for the magazines *Modern Percussionist* and *Modern Drummer*, a method book, and made an instructional video. He has taught at Berklee and at the New England Conservatory of Music. Samuels died, aged 70, April 22nd.

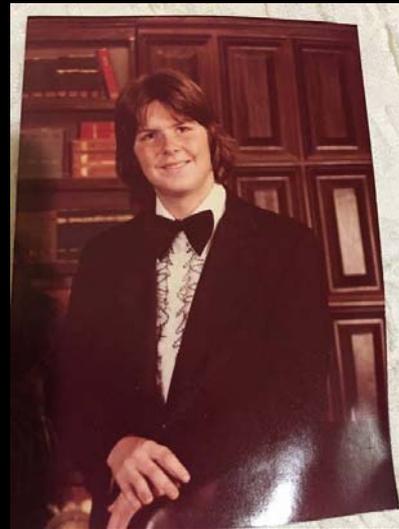


Dick Rivers
(born Hervé Forneri)
(1945 - 2019)

Rivers was a French singer and actor who has been performing since the early 1960s. He was an important figure in introducing rock and roll music in France. He is known for being an admirer of Elvis Presley, who highly influenced both his singing and looks. His stage name came from the character, Deke Rivers, that Presley played in his second film, *Loving You* (1957).

Rivers started his music career in 1961 as the

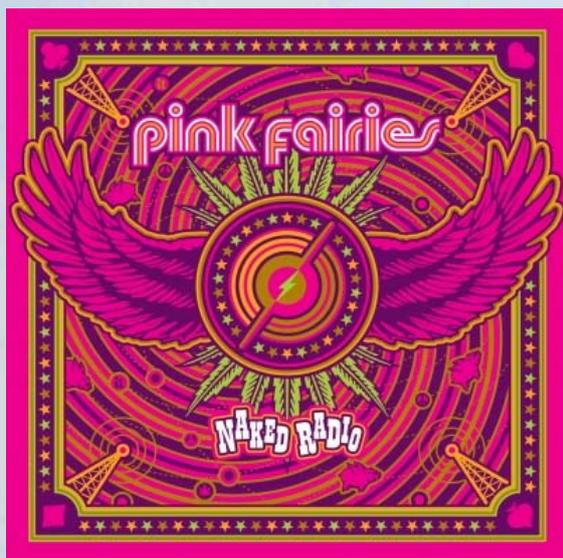
lead singer of the band Les Chats Sauvages, cutting his first record on his fifteenth birthday. In 1961, the British music magazine, *NME*, reported that a Rivers concert with his group Les Chats Sauvages at the Palais des Sports de Paris, whilst headlining with Vince Taylor, had turned into a full-scale riot. Rivers left Les Chats Sauvages in 1962 to pursue a solo career. His latest album, *Rivers*, was released in 2014. He died on his birthday, 24th April, aged 74.



Victor Manning
(?-2019)

University of North Texas
was his alma mater
Member of PLANET GONG and
INVISIBLE OPERA COMPANY OF
TIBET
and a Founder of VIBE TRIBE which
included BLISSNINNIES, OLD DEAD
BUG and GRANPA'S CHILI
His musical jamming followed in the
footsteps of GRATEFUL DEAD
He lived for music
and music sustained him.

THOSE WE HAVE LOST

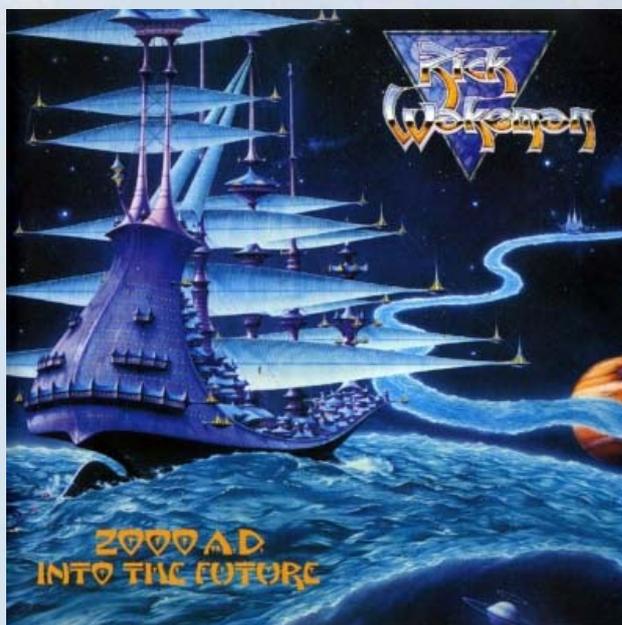


Artist Pink Fairies
Title Naked Radio
Cat No. HST422LP
Label Gonzo

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

They never entirely went away, but now

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



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

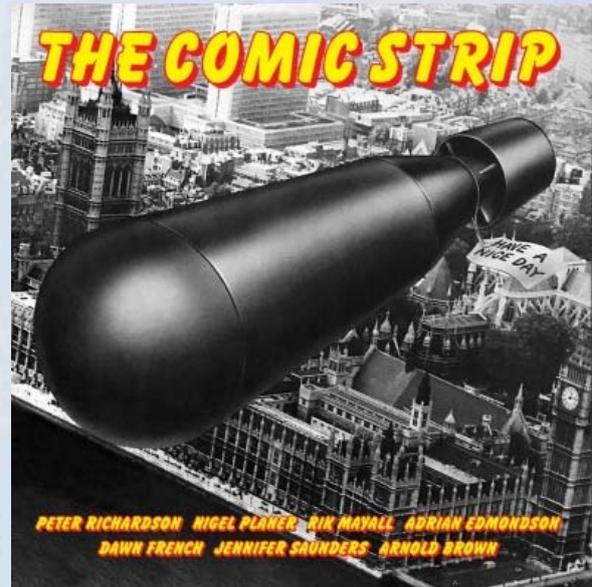
Rick Wakeman is one of the most interesting and idiosyncratic musicians from the prog-rock genre, an English keyboardist, songwriter, television and radio presenter, and author. He is best known for being in the progressive rock band Yes across five tenures



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

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

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



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

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

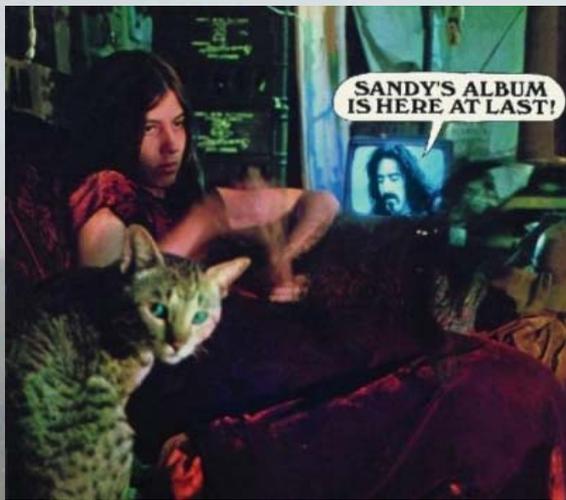
The series debuted on the 2nd November 1982, the opening night of Britain's brave new Channel 4.





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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Enjoy.





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



Gonzo #32 The Dutch Festie c...

actions



Gonzo #30 The Mck Abrahams...

actions



Gonzo #27 The Prog shirt

actions



Gonzo #24 The Daavid Allen shirt

actions



Gonzo #23 The Michael Des B...

actions



Yer original Gonzo Weekly shirt

actions



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

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

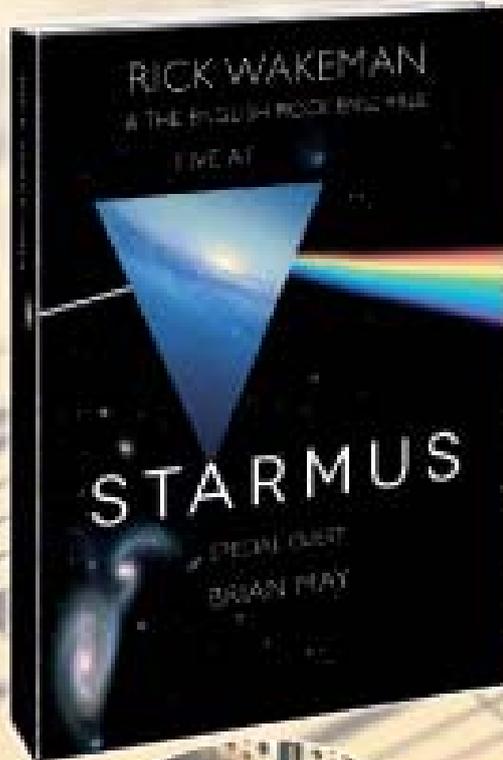
RAW presents

Forthcoming releases from **Rick Wakeman & Friends**

Rick Wakeman & Brian May

live from

STARMUS 2015



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

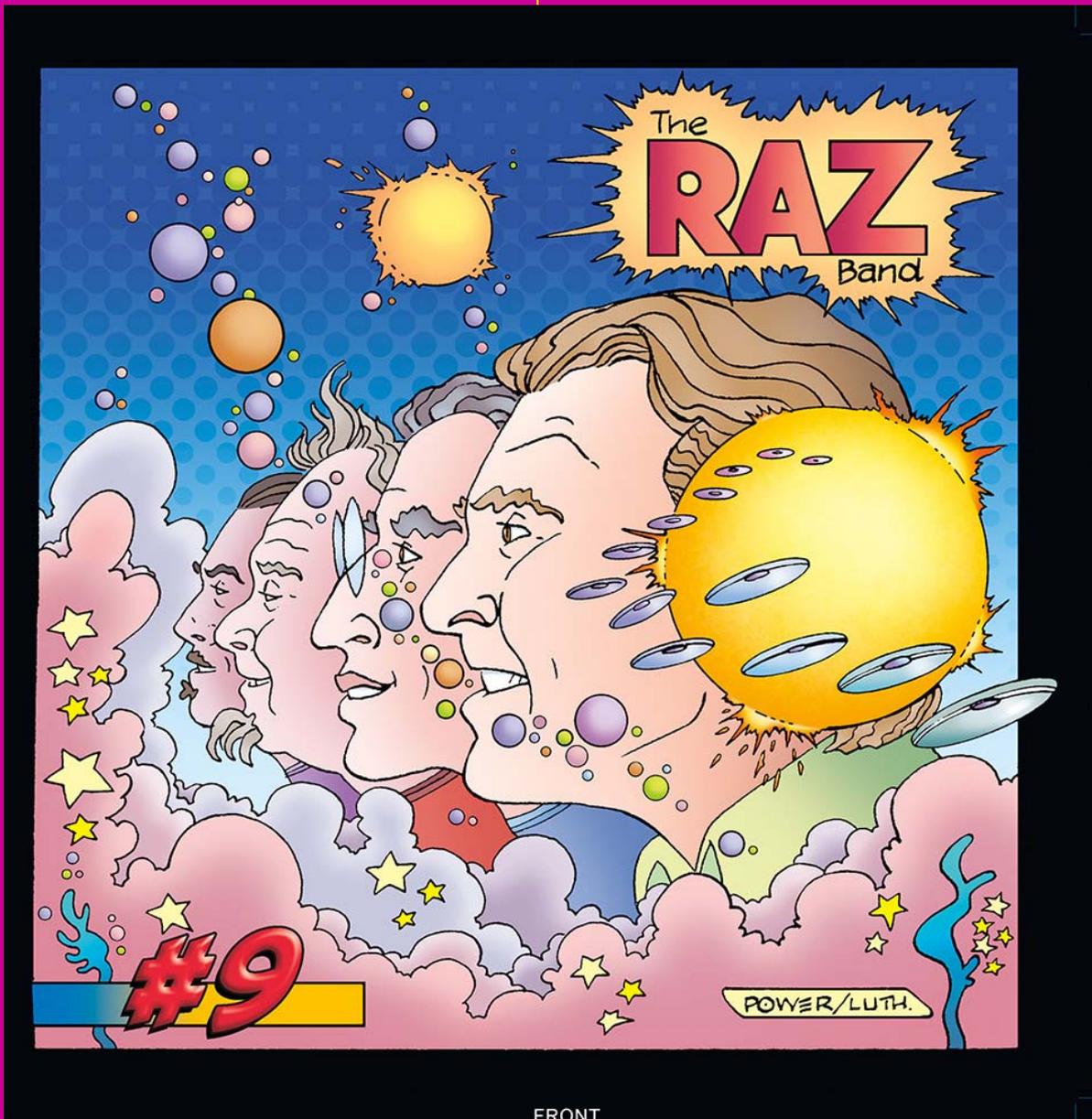


This DVD is a must for all fans of Classic Rock!



Available to pre-order from www.rickwakemansmusicemporium.com

JON MEETS



FRONT

I first heard about The RAZ Band a couple of years back, mostly because they included within their ranks none other than Joey Molland, who is sadly the last man standing of the dreadfully ill-fated *Badfinger*. Well, as you all probably know by now, I am very much a Beatles fan, and that interest spread to artists who were signed to Apple records, and the most successful of these was indubitably Badfinger. They were probably the most ill-fated band that ever existed, losing

half their membership to suicide and their drummer to cancer. I have always been a fan of Joey's post-Badfinger solo work, but with The Raz Band, it was nice to see him working within a band framework again.

But there is more to the band than a singing guitarist from Liverpool. They've been around a long time in various guises, and main man Michael Rescigno is a first rate songwriter. It turns out that



Jim
Manzo

Michael "Raz"
Rescigno

Joey
Molland

Jeff
Hutchinson

from a very young age, none of young Michael's peers, or even teachers, could pronounce his name, so everybody called him Raz. A few weeks ago, I received this communiqué:

"The RAZ Band with Badfinger's Joey Molland have completed their new album "#9". Produced, mixed & mastered by Joey Molland "#9" will be released by the Gonzo Multimedia Group on February 9, 2019.

On "#9" Joey is making a statement playing amazing guitar including brilliant slide guitar. Joey sings lead vocals on two of the eleven songs.

This will be the RAZ Band's ninth album. #Lucky #9"

On December 8, 2018, The RAZ Band w/ Joey Molland had a live album recording session at CenterStaging Studios, Burbank, CA. The "live album" will be included with the first 1000 copies of

"#9".

I was intrigued, so I decided to telephone Raz himself to find out more about this record. This was more easily said than done, and there was a series of misadventures (partly due to a series of surgical procedures on my left foot and partly due to the fact that I'm a complete dunce who can't understand time zones), but eventually, on the third or fourth try, we managed it. And you can listen to our conversation here:

**Listen
Here**

Gonzo CURRENTLY IN STOCK
AT GONZO (UK)

Gonzo CURRENTLY IN STOCK
AT GONZO (USA)



This has not been a good year for many of us; more of the musicians and writers whose work we revere have died than one would imagine was statistically likely. This number has sadly included some dear friends of mine, and I am really rather punchdrunk from it all. One of the keenest losses from the rock and roll field was Bernie Tormé who died of pneumonia in March, a day before his 67th birthday. He was a massively talented guitarist with an idiosyncratic style, and when Kev Rowland told me that he had interviewed Tormé back in the day, we asked him whether we could reproduce the interview as a tribute to one of the finest guitarists of his generation. JD

Pix courtesy of Mik Gaffney

Bernie probably needs little in the way of introduction to rock fans of my age – the sight of a shock-haired guitarist wrenching feedback-laden sounds from his instrument are still clear in my mind. He has one of the most recognisable guitar sounds in rock, and having reviewed so many of his reissues recently it was about time that we got together for a chat.

Bernie Tormé Interview

What inspired you to first pick up the guitar?

Well frankly it was the usual sad tale of adolescent puberty and crass opportunism: I was a ridiculously shy kid, I had a bad stammer (which I still have but it's much more tame these days), but I wanted to impress the young ladies, which let's face it I wasn't going to do through my permanently gridlocked gob. It was nothing to do with innate musical talent whatsoever. Playing the guitar badly didn't work with the young ladies in any way shape or form however, and after I started playing I just fell in love with the guitar and music in general. Proves I'm weird.

Who were your initial influences?

George Harrison. Keith, Townshend, Dave Davies, and

KEV ROWLAND

then the totally unbelievable experience of Jeff Beck with The Yardbirds. Yes, unfortunately I am that old, but not quite as old as Jeff. Then through Beck to Clapton with The Bluesbreakers, Peter Green, and then in '67 to Jimi, who was just completely incomparable and a million miles apart from everyone else: a law unto himself. A true star.

How did you develop your distinctive playing style?

Basically incompetence. I never had any lessons, so everything I learned was through my own flawed vision and hearing. Being Irish I was probably destined to dig holes, and being Irish I was probably also destined to fill them in. Being 99% crazy I do both without being asked, I just leave holes and put fills in them. A lot of them are in very idiosyncratic places, that means probably wrong, but it's where I like them, so that's the way it goes. Truth is it's the way I speak, it's much easier than talking, and that's probably got a lot to do with it.

How would you describe the style of The Bernie Tormé Band?

Enthusiastic and a whole lot of fun. Good bass and drums. Lovely times. Wish we'd had a click track.

How were you invited to join Ian Gillan?

Ian phoned up and asked me after we supported them at Aberystwyth and Colchester. It was all engineered by Ian's then bass player and mostly very good friend of mine John McCoy (we have had our ups and downs, but that's love). I am eternally grateful to John, Ian and Colin Towns for that amazing break. But I'm still not quite sure that Ian gave much of a toss about who was on guitar so long as it wasn't Ritchie.....I don't really think I deserved it, I just happened to be there at the time and to know John McCoy. And I wasn't Ritchie, which helped, though I started to strangely transmute into Ritchie later on....at least for Ian I did.

What are your best memories of being in Gillan?

Too many to mention: Reading, 'Mr Universe', Kingsway Recorders, the endless laughs. A lot of highs, and lows. A once in your life experience. Nothing could ever touch it for me. Or repeat it. I hope. Once was enough.



Who were the Split Knee Loons credited on 'For Gillan Fans Only'?

Me, John, Chas Watkins who engineered the Gillan albums and Colin Towns. Did I say that? Actually, truth is they were the great undiscovered band of the 70's and 80's, Ernie Orme, Stix Hoi Polloi, Wah Wah Watkins and Cosmo Toons set the real standards that we are still all trying to match: course we'll never do it. You can't match perfection. "Mr and Mrs get down the foot of our stairs" is a true classic.

In some ways that whole 80's metal thing was very constricting: it would have been nice to forget ourselves and do something truly stretching the envelope musical like the Loons did.

Just why are you wearing a patch on the photos for 'Future Shock'?

Because I was just a total poser. But the funny thing is, I bought it a few days before for the sleeve photos, and the day before the photo session we did the 'Rock Goes To College' BBC thing. At that my roady Cliff pushed one of my amp heads off the top of my cabs and straight into my eye (thanks Cliff mate!). Massive unbelievable shiner. So I had to use the patch on the photo session whether I wanted to or not. Synchronicity or what? I suppose God wanted me to look like a prat.

Why did you leave?

Because we as a band were promised certain things personally by our, er, band leader. This of course would not have been a problem if we had never been successful, which was probably the expectation underlying the promises. Our great leader, being unfortunately only human and subject to the whims and failures of us lesser mortals, may well have been trying to pass his years in exile just keeping his tool greased until he and Ritchie and t'others reached some sort of "accommodation". But shit happens and unfortunately for us all, we got very successful. I'm not a patient man. When these promises did not materialise I was not interested in having my head patted, ass wiped, or in putting on the blurry pink glasses. The writing was on the wall, and has remained so ever since. Truth is truth and lies are lies. I try to take everything and everyone at face value until proved wrong, but I don't work for liars, even likeable ones who are mates, it's too difficult and stressful.

It was personally very upsetting, and was a great pity. It took a while for the penny to drop with the others. In truth the money was never all that important, it never is, it comes and goes, but the damage that all that breaking of faith has done to all of us personally, and I mean absolutely all of us, is something that has affected all of our lives, and not for the good. I'd rather remember the

good bits personally. Whatever, it's over. For this experience and it's end much thanks.

How did you get involved with Vincent Crane?

His Mum and Dad turned up at my flat in Richmond and asked if I lived there and what was my telephone number! I don't know how they knew I lived there. So then Vinny phoned, and I was a HUGE fan, believe me, Vinny and Rooster with Carl Palmer were the only band I ever saw blow Rory Gallagher off in Dublin! They were just totally brilliant. So I was hugely flattered. But Vinny was a funny guy to work for, we virtually never rehearsed: once or at most twice I think. There were different arrangements every night, you had to follow Vin, so while it was pretty chaotic it took 100% of your whole brain attention, and totally unexpected magic happens. Closer to the flame.

How did you get the invite to play with Ozzy and is it true that you left because you were fed up with being pulled across the stage by your hair?

I was signed to Jet, Don Arden's label before I joined Gillan. Sharon Arden, now the delectable Sharon Osbourne, had approved of our signing, I was told, though I didn't remember meeting her, I was probably stuttering too much at the time, you know blinded by the spittle. I knew all of the people at Jet, though we hadn't spoken for years. David Arden, Sharon's brother, phoned and asked me if I knew about Randy's death and would I go to the US to stand in. I didn't, and I really was not a fan of Sabbath at the time, I thought it was total moronic troglodyte grind, and I knew sod all about what Ozzy had been doing, the last time I had seen him in the Jet offices he had been a bit, er, somnambulant.

I do incidentally see the value in Sabbath now, I was just a bit biased maybe at the time, hey we change, I've been wrong before, so anyway I said "no". This obviously pee'd David off, threatened his view of the musician music biz hierarchy and who wore the pants, so he phoned back a half hour later and offered me silly amounts of money. I still didn't want to do it, but I said I'd think about it. I wasn't really in a good state of mind, so I really didn't want to do it, but I got talked into it by various people I talked to at the time. I got a week's pay up front, with great difficulty, and I was promised there were no auditions, which I found totally unbelievable. On getting to LA and Ozzy, of course there were auditions. I got through, and it turned out that David's per week pay scale turned out to be bi annual. This didn't leave a good taste in the mouth, and my immediate reaction was "right first time, shouldn't have done this..."

But I really liked Ozzy, the music was great, the band were great, and Sharon was a real 100% full on caring manager. So I thought I'd give it a try. But I really wasn't





in a great state of mind at all. A lot of people get off on playing to 20,000 people a night even if its only for \$200 dollars a week, because after all, all us musos/stage performers we just lurve that ole applause, yes, we're addicted to it, we feel justified, god they really really love me, that's all that matters. They love me, I feel all warm inside, even though they don't know my name, I'm dressed in Randy's gear, and they wouldn't piss on me if I was on fire if they met me in the street.

Paranoid.

Onstage I couldn't hear anything I or anyone else was playing apart from a bit of snare and Ozz. Of course I had 20,000 people cheering me on, so it didn't matter, they just lurve me. Unfortunately, being the crooked person I am it just didn't give me the horn. Much as I loved Ozzy, and the songs, they were great, and the band, it wasn't waters I could swim in and be happy, and if I'm not happy I'm no good to man or beast. My bank manager still doesn't agree, but it just wasn't meant to be. Hey he could have pulled me round by my hair all day if not for the fact that I wasn't in love with it. That's factoids for you. Hair pulling, no problem, I feel no pain on stage. Pubic hair might have been more of a problem.

Why do you feel that Electric Gypsies didn't get the success that they could have? Was the energy of live performances captured in the studio?

The 'Shoorah' EP was pretty much us. I never liked 'Turn Out The Lights'. No, the live energy was not captured, though I do like the 'Shoorah' EP. Four other reasons:

1. I told the record company MD to go and f**k himself and gave him rehearsal tapes instead of the album even though they had releases for it pretty much worldwide.
2. We weren't really a band: and when the going got tough everyone bailed out. It was nice to be part of Bernie who played with Gillan and Ozzy when it went well, but we are talking 1980's and Maggie Thatcher.
3. We weren't that good anyway. Not that that's ever damaged anyone else in the music business.
4. I'm a lousy business man and not really much of a band leader either.

How did the Widowmaker project evolve?

I suppose you mean Desperado, I had nothing much to do with Widowmaker apart from writing some songs: on Desperado Dee called me, we spent a long time writing and recording, too long really, and then Elektra in their wisdom dropped us. Dee is still a good mate.
Over the last ten years or so, apart from reissues,

musically it has appeared that you have been less active. why is this and do you see yourself recording and performing more in the future?

Life intrudes: I've got three lovely kids, and that is a priority. I live in a society and place that places no value, or very little, on what I do: I'm not generic or boring enough to sound like every other "good" guitarist, so I don't fit into that class, which is no problem cause I don't like most of them anyway, apart from the fact that I still don't know what "good" means in that context. I know what I like and I do like what I do, that's why I do it, it just has little commercial value today. So what? But it does make it quite difficult to play and record and release, and very difficult indeed to play live.

I sing like a deaf corncrake, but it will get better, I'm studying masters like Dylan, Neil Young, Hendrix and Rory Gallagher among others, not to mention Johnny Rotten and Joe Strummer. Maybe even the golden tonsils of Mark Knopfler. I'm avoiding Bruce Dickinson cause even though he's a lovely bloke I really can't stand opera. I like guitar, its a much crucified instrument these days, not too many sparks around. I like lyrics and tunes, not much into edge of the envelope singers who sound as if they've just crossed swords with the alien invader, or some other invader beginning with a: to me it distracts from the content, I've never seen that the combination of heavy guitars and la traviata was anything other than puerile vacuous crap. Personal opinion.

But I like to do as much as I can with really whatever comes up, and just play the guitar and not make too many judgements on whether I like it or not. In the past few years I've played on Gary Barden's Silver albums, a dance thing in Australia called Psyburbia, and also a bit on Antiproduct's last album, so its all been pretty diverse stuff. I do see myself recording more. performing more is probably not likely. I'd still like to do a record I'm really proud of, something as cold and passionate as the dawn, as Yeats says. Or maybe as hot and spicy as a vindaloo.

What musical aspirations do you still have to achieve?

Get better, that's life's work. And play more, but that's probably unrealistic. I'd love to play with Flea. And also jam with Gary Moore, also jam with Zakk, the last two so I could learn something, but just to stop them getting cocky I wouldn't dare even stand on a stage with Jeff Beck! Probably not Flea Gary and Zakk all at the same time though.

Might be of interest, McCoy and I and Mick Underwood are having a meet up shortly with a view to doing something together again: hopefully Colin will guest too. I'm looking forward to it.

For more details about the bands with which Bernie has been involved and current releases, visit www.bernietorme.ision.co.uk



Øyvind Stølefjell and Big Jon Atkinson – the headliners at the Scottish Blues Weekend.

ANOTHER LOST WEEKEND

**But, there's a million places worse to be lost than at
Edinburgh's 'Scottish Blues Weekend'
*Come for a Gonzo taste of the blues from north of the
border with Alan Dearling***



No apologies, this is going to be a Gonzo piece of reportage. If you've been festival-going in the summer mud and the fields, this is different. Three days with eight gigs in indoor venues spread out across the Gothick city of Edinburgh. From the functional St Bride's Community Centre in Dalry, to the splendour of the Voodoo Rooms, tucked upstairs behind the Guildford Arms and the Café Royal and nearby St Andrew's Square. Plus three shows in the upstairs Debating Hall at the oldest Student Union building in the world, which first opened its doors in Teviot Row House, Potterrow in 1889. Three very disparate settings. But, in all three performance venues, plenty of down-and-dirty blues riffs and harps. Piano blues. Solo chain-gang stomping. Everything from acoustic blues, rural and urban blues to electric big bands, taking in various shades of jazz, soul, boogie jams and even some rock 'n' roll. What's not to like?

alan dearling



The official Edinburgh Jazz & Blues Festival was the host organisation for the whole weekend, with one gig at the Voodoo Rooms hosted by the Edinburgh Blues Club. They both put on lots of gigs and festivals throughout the year. Well worth checking out.

<http://www.edinburghjazzfestival.com/>
<https://www.facebook.com/bluesclubedinburgh/>

The Scottish Blues Weekend was the brainchild of Richard O' Donnell. This was its first incarnation. And Richard performed in many of the sets, solo piano, with the Jensen Interceptors, Mud in Your Ear and in various jam sessions. It was Richard's birthday bash and we were treated to many quips from his day job as a dentist, and all about his favourite hair products, used to keep his magnificent quiff in fine order. For the weekend, Richard had invited two

international guests, who performed with many of the Scottish bands and players and with each other. They were **Big Jon Atkinson** from the United States of America and **Øyvind Stølefjell** from Norway. Two very different performers and styles. Big Jon – larger than life – and full of warm Stateside bonhomie, singing, playing guitar and drums. Øyvind, a piano perfectionist, but also singing authentic-style US blues, guitar-playing – but by comparison – far more retiring by nature.

A Cook's Tour of the Blues

To be perfectly honest, by Day Three, I'd had a surfeit of 'Wang-Dang-Doodle'. I think it was performed at least four times. But blues and jazz are extremely personal genres. We all like some of the styles and forms more than others. So, I'm not trying to hide my own bias. Also, supporting 'live' music is a large element in the overall equation. I look out for new-to-me performers, and performers who have some



‘magic’ about them that they manage to convey to their audiences. There’s also some almost intangible elements, subjective, highly personal feelings about material, authenticity, performance style, charisma. There was blues a-plenty to relish, if at times it became a tad ‘samey’.

So, entering into the Lion’s proverbial ‘Blues Den’, what were my highlights? Two women come high on that subjective list.

First up is **Kyla Brox** and her band, who performed at the intimate Voodoo Rooms to a much younger audience than at St Bride’s and Teviot Row. I only caught the final five numbers, as I had to bus over from another gig in Dalry. Kyla’s final number, a haunting arrangement of Leonard Cohen’s ‘Hallelujah’ was absolutely stunning. I wish that I had seen more. I will look out for her in the future. A really tight band too – who look good – and have a bit of ‘edge’ about them. Even slight shades of Dr Feelgood. Kyla’s new





album, her sixth, I think, 'Pain and Glory', is due out in March 2019.

Interestingly, we learn from her promo information that, "Born in Lancashire in 1980, she was exposed to the passion of Afro-American music at first-hand from her blues singing father, Victor. She traces her interest in singing from age three, partly from a desire to be closer to her charismatic but distant dad. She was the late product of the marriage between Victor (Caiaphas in the original cast recording of Jesus Christ Superstar) and Annette (the 'maid by the fire' in the same). Kyla joined the family business in 1992, singing with Victor onstage at Band On The Wall at the age of 12, and performing with his regular touring group shortly afterwards. The core of the Kyla Brox Band go back to this remarkable unit, nominally the Victor Brox Blues Train, but known as 'the child slavery band' for the extreme youth of the players."

Find out more about Kyla and her band and watch some videos:

Here's 'Hallelujah':

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=jRJbtRaodP4>

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

Then, on Sunday, starting at the unreasonably early-for-blues-time of noon, we were invited to the **New Blues Session**. This was the showcase for what the organisers described as the 'next





generation of Scottish Blues Stars’, and ran for a couple of hours at St Bride’s. Originally from Jakarta in Indonesia, **Nicole Smit** captivated the audience alongside the other featured guests, Gus Munro and Thomas Lucas, and members of her own very tight band. The band’s version of ‘Ball and Chain’ was to die

for. It’s not only Nicole’s vocal range that cast its spell – she has personality in oodles – and brings some real youthful charms and quirkiness to the Edinburgh rhythm and blues scene. Refreshing. And much needed in a genre of music that all too often feels like a rather stagnant backwater from a past era. But it was nicely balanced





set of jams and improvisations from a group of younger players who shared their love and vitality with everyone at St Bride's. Thomas Lucas plays a mean blues harp.

Singing Big Mama Thornton's 'Ball and Chain':

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=miFeZuJxX6Q>

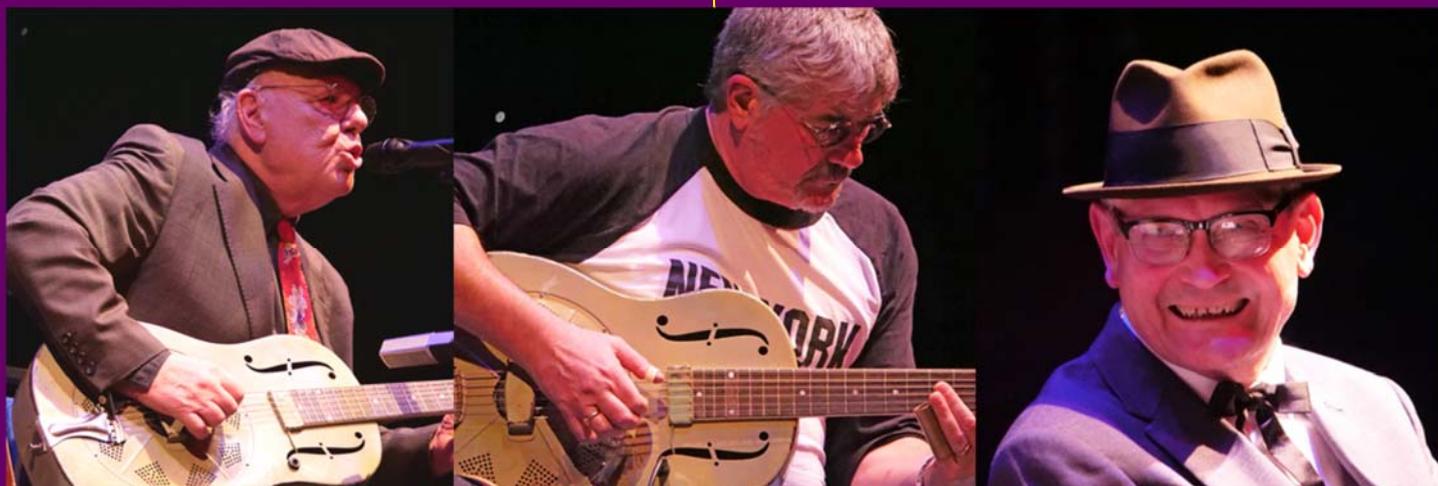
Nicole Smit:

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

A short video of the final New Blues jam of 'Shake your boogie':

<https://vimeo.com/319824725?fbclid=IwAR0slgzVcdKKsn-6lq-CKFYtNHFmBnv6OZtsbdko4rOO1k1wATUtcHjS8U>

There was plenty else to love – but with



Allan, Sandy and Tim

any festival – there’s not room to comment on everything.

The Jensen Interceptors are Hot. In their ranks they have a number of the ‘best of the best’ of the Scottish blues players. They purvey excitement and entertainment, much of it fast and furious, but also with style and musicianship. Always worth seeing.

Here’s Al Brown, from the Jensen’s link:

https://www.facebook.com/albrownblues/?_tn=%2Cd%2CP-

[R&eid=ARD2Bqh7HQB2mdDw3Xm6tjHJiUI6B4B4tz7L1nhJ2ltllhTNVafFzL2ZZVW_mXBbc3LAX60xtLPHNLS8](https://www.facebook.com/albrownblues/?_tn=%2Cd%2CP-R&eid=ARD2Bqh7HQB2mdDw3Xm6tjHJiUI6B4B4tz7L1nhJ2ltllhTNVafFzL2ZZVW_mXBbc3LAX60xtLPHNLS8)

Again, remembering that this is my personal ‘reminisce’ of Blues Weekend, I have a great fondness for the Scottish players who have given audiences so much pleasure over the last fifty years. **Sandy Tweeddale** and **Tim Elliott** (original frontman of legendary ‘Blues ‘n’ Trouble’) told stories, played, sang, produced great harp and guitar combos, and were a





positive joy. **Allan Jones** is authenticity in the blues personified. His stature in the Scottish blues scene has made him one of its elder statesmen. He really knows his stuff.

Toby Mottershead told a story about asking Allan Jones how he learned to play the blues so well – and accurately. Allan informed him, “Listen to the records”. Toby is a younger custodian of blues history and startled the audience at Teviot Row when he jumped from the stage with a thunderous bang and proceeded to holler a succession of chain-gang songs.

Here’s a short video of Allan performing:

<https://vimeo.com/319279200?ref=fb-share&1&fbclid=IwAR2YBTd6RHZWI3VzDw7KVdMTnix91iGMOczxMvOCNauvhmOnUYvErWK9IOU>

And a link to some of Toby Mottershead’s music:

<https://bandcamp.com/tobymottershead>

Sandy Tweeddale:

<https://www.facebook.com/sandy.tweeddale>

Blues ‘n’ Trouble:

<https://www.facebook.com/pages/category/Musician-Band/Blues-n-Trouble-171282056261250/>

The solo blues piano session included an opening set from **Rollin’ Joe Dalton**. Joe told me that he hasn’t performed on stage for many years. He was an absolute stalwart of the rock ‘n’ roll and rock-a-billy scene in Scotland in the 1980s. Blues isn’t really his thing, but a bit of rocking and



rolling added a touch of something different to the proceedings.

Here's a video of him performing:

https://vimeo.com/319355781?ref=fb-share&1&fbclid=IwAR1Seq8pw0MyR5YUTghBLE_CS5nYDMzbAu5ksg1EA0DAAUSjiNriMCVfwWo

Øyvind Stølefjell's solo piano slot was mesmerising. Full of light and shade and made special by being performed on the grand piano.

A link to Øyvind:

<https://www.facebook.com/oyvind.stolefjell>

Big Jon Atkinson played host for the final band session, in addition to guesting throughout the weekend. His music, like his personality is bold and kind of loud. Here's a link to Big Jon singing:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=OMVdsOqOrb4>

Obviously there were lots more...but these were among my highlights.

Don't we just love keeping music live?





A Day with the Rebels

The Extinction Rebellion action in London kicked off with a big but very respectful boot on April 15th, and – at time of writing – is just entering its second week with a People's Assembly at Marble Arch making decisions on what is to come. So far it looks from here like a serious success, but as it seeks negotiation with that slippery beast known as 'government' final outcomes are impossible to predict. I'm sure Gonzo readers in general will have followed the news stories, subscribed to XR's highly informative newsletters or in some cases, one hopes, been amongst the rebels themselves.

The initial request from XR for a five-day commitment and a willingness to camp out in the big city, proved more than I could offer. Certain physical frailties that come with age, plus home commitments including another and very impending house move ruled it out. Not only that but here in my home town of Shaftesbury we had an XR action of our own planned for Saturday the 20th, and some preparation was necessary for that.

But conscience insisted that I had to be there for at least a token period, and following Jon's sterling appearance for the cause on Bideford Quay a few weeks back, I thought Gonzo might appreciate some more XR reportage. So on the Wednesday I made a day-trip to the city, checking out three of the sites and lingering to participate at two of them. Some brief impressions follow.

RICHARD FOREMAN



Waterloo Bridge was my first stop and it was beautiful. Devoid of all traffic but cyclists, treed/planted up and colourful it felt like a gently bucolic chunk of Glastonbury had been inserted into the city. It was still relatively early in the day and not a lot was happening, so I took a few photos and moved on along the river's edge to Parliament Square. Beyond the police roadblocks this area was partitioned off with

marquees and banners at the various road intersections. There were reasons I'm sure for the selection of all the sites and Parliament Square was an obvious one, but one of the effective aspects I hadn't appreciated until I arrived there myself was the constant passage of people through them. This enabled much interaction with the public, which worked well given the friendly and welcoming vibe the





rebellion tends to promote. Again it was quiet, people in the marquees doing inductions and giving information, of course, and some hanging around offering flyers to passers by, but that was about it. On the green there was a round stage set up and the 'People's Podium' – but at the time I passed it was being used by a group publicising the plight of Kurds in Turkey.

A fairly lengthy stroll through Green Park and Hyde Park took me on to the Marble Arch encampment where the now familiar banners and displays surrounded the various clusters of tents. Again there was that festival vibe about the setting. As speakers on behalf of XR have emphasised at every opportunity, no matter how dire the situation we face, making the facing of it into fun whenever possible is part of the package. On another impromptu





stage, a guy was just starting up playing electric guitar and singing. He wasn't, unfortunately, spinning my prop – so again I took a few pics and moved on.

Back in Parliament Square there were more folk gathered round the stage and the music distinctly appealing to my ears. This was courtesy of an acoustic guitarist

finger-picking in a John Fahey, Jack Rose et al style, playing with both feeling and finesse. No stage patter, just one tune after another – the only one I recognised being the evergreen 'Angie'. Lovely stuff. When he was done I buttonholed him to express appreciation and ask his name. He pointed to his hat and told me he was 'Panama Dave'. He was followed by a couple of women doing a prepared q&a





on one of XR's core demands – the one for a Citizen's Assembly to oversee and hopefully bypass the political chicanery if our government ever get round to making a real attempt at measures to combat climate breakdown. And then a younger gent followed this up with an introduction to the idea of People's Assemblies and a useful exercise in how to conduct them, courtesy of an

organisation called Talk Shop (talkshopuk.org). A few minutes later I found myself cross legged on the grass with a group five rebels discussing 'How Britain Should Be Run'. At the end of the process, on account of our note-taker's unwillingness to get on the stage alone, I was standing on the platform myself and being offered a microphone. Managed to disgrace myself by starting to read the wrong set of answers to the first question.





Nerves. Unaccustomed as I am... But later did manage to say one or two half-way sensible things, I am relieved to say.

I'd been there for a while and was hankering to get back to Waterloo Bridge, but as I left the Green there was more music happening. I don't know how impromptu it was but there in the road intersection was a

dreadlock drummer chanting into a mike, several other percussionists, and a couple of saxophonists adding snappy riffs from time to time. Had to dance. They were brilliant. Charged up on that vibe I moved on back to the Bridge for the last few hours of my time. There a similar People's Assembly session was going on, this time on knife crime. At every site I'd been impressed by the sight of





studious and attentive discussion groups, but after the privilege of participating in one of them I was content to be an observer this time. Hung out, and chatted with a few people, took more pics and the time passed pleasantly.

Though I know from reports of Friday and Saturday there was some heaviness, the police presence during my time there seemed unimposing and on the whole co-operative. It's just that every now and then they have to play this game of arresting people. We know from conversations we have with them, how many of them individually support what XR is about. We know too from statements issued by the Met and by Cressida Dick how tricky the situation is for them. They have their own issues with the government, these days. But they have their job to do and eventually they did it full on. Probably by the time this turns up in Gonzo, the story will have moved on considerably further. I and other members of our

local group are poised to go back if events in the ensuing week or two demand it, or if there's some kind of closing rally at the end. I've not been exactly a front line person so far, but the time may come.

One last impression. It's rush hour by the time I get back to Waterloo Bridge. No cars crossing of course, but along both pavements a constant stream of people – hundreds, perhaps thousands in that hour or two. Loads of cyclists coming through, having to dismount and wheel their bikes through the encampment. Plenty of these passing folk doubtless disdainful but a fair proportion of them taking the leaflets, reading the slogans and meeting the eyes of those on the bridge with a smile. To be honest, there's not a vast amount of hope for humanity in my mind, or for the many species being driven to extinction, but anywhere things like this can happen, there's got to be shred of it. Just got to be.

Peace. Love. Freedom. Hope. Murder?

Everyone's Wally

Everyone's Wally

Everyone's Wally tells the life story of Phil Russell, better known to many as Wally Hope, the founder of the Stonehenge Festival. It studies the years leading up to the first festival in 1974 and examines the rise of the free festivals and the counter culture that supported them. Using docu-drama and archive footage it relives the key events that led this young man into the high courts, the press and folk history. Before the second festival in 1975, Wally Hope was arrested and then sectioned under the Mental Health Act, the film looks at his imprisonment, his medical treatment and his decline from health. It covers his untimely death at the age of 28, and the suspicious circumstances that have led many to believe that he was in fact "knocked off" by powers unfriendly to the free festival movement. Told by his guardians, his friends, and researchers, the story is mixed with music from the time and rare archived footage, bringing to life the spirit of the age.

Wally Dean 2019
wallysociety@yahoo.co.uk

Narrated by Mark Savage. Featuring Mark Stevenson as 'Wally', James Joel Dean as 'Nick', Christopher Terry as 'Dr Hatfield'. Interviews with Dean Phillips, Penny Rimbaud, Mary Guyver, Cl Stone, Alan Dearling, Sue Hall, Nigel Ayres, Dave Lee, Alan 'Tash' Lodge. Graphics and Visuals by Gavin Smeeth. Written and directed by Paolo Sedazzari.

It was a cold wet October night in the Preseli Mountains, close to where the blue stones of Stonehenge had been quarried thousands of years ago. I had been invited to run a cocktail bar at a Samhain party on a farm. My friend Helen the Hat had asked me, during a conversation at Stonehenge at summer solstice. Helen was the custodian of Wally Hope's ash box; the box Wally's ashes had been taken to Stonehenge in, and spread from in 1976. The box had been made by Penny Rimbaud, a friend of Wally who would later gain notoriety as a member of the band Crass. It was through Crass I had been educated about Wally.

Wally, real name Phil Russell had started the Stonehenge Free Peoples Festival in 1974. He had encouraged a band of around thirty people, who planned to set up camp in the field next to Stonehenge for six months. Stonehenge, he argued, was in the care of the nation and as his group of "Wallies" represented the people of the nation there should be no problem.

"And the children of Albion shall dance freely in the shadow of the great stones"

- Wally Hope, 1974.

The Department of Works didn't see things in such utopian terms and in August, the "Wallies" were summoned to the High Court of London. The judge found in favour of the Government Department and the "Wallies" were told to leave. They moved, but only five yards, onto the track beside Stonehenge.

Wally was arrested for possession of LSD while organising the 1975 festival. He was told that if he pleaded guilty to the charge he would be out in time for his festival. He did, and the Judge remanded him to Winchester Prison. While there he had been medicated heavily after a dispute over pyjamas on parade had earned him a trip to the doctor. The doctor decided that if this young man thought he was Phil Russell and Wally Hope then he was clearly a schizophrenic. Wally was sectioned, indefinitely, to the Old Manor Hospital in Salisbury. He was again heavily medicated.

The 1975 Stonehenge Free Peoples Festival had happened without its founder. Around 500 people had camped in King's Barrows Woods overlooking Stonehenge, bands played including The 101ers (with Joe Strummer who later formed The Clash) and a great time was had by all.

DEAN PHILLIPS

Wallies give judge the willies



Two days after the festival had moved on, Wally was released, a cured man. His guardians in Essex were doctors and were shocked at the “zombified” man who was returned to them.

Wally told friends at the Watchfield Free Peoples Festival 1975 that he felt the system had broken him. He held an audience in a tipi, which was filmed by John Hoppy Hopkins, during which he talked of buying land for a permanent festival site.

Four days later he was found dying on the kitchen floor and was taken to St Margaret’s Hospital where he died shortly after. A total of three coroners’ inquiries were needed to come to the decision that Phil Russell had taken his own life. His guardians and friends refused to believe this verdict.

The stormy weather continued to pound the marquee as I set up the bar and started to decorate the area. Samhain, now more commonly known as Halloween, is a night to commemorate the dead, our ancestors.

“So where is Wally?” I asked Helen. Helen replied that the ash box was on her bus. So I asked if I could bring him out to the bar. Once on the bar, he was toasted time and

time again as I told, and retold Wally’s story to everyone who came for cocktails. For one night it was “Wally Hope’s Bar”.

In the morning I went to return the box and was told that it was my job now to continue to spread the story.

It has now been nearly ten years since I became “Wally Dean” and so much has happened since then. I set up the “Wally Hope Appreciation Society” and the “Golden Daze of Free Festivals” on Facebook, which now has over 5000 members. I set out to meet as many “Wallies” as I could. Some of the first were Ricky Wally, Mary Wally, Milly Wally and Jakey Wally. They inspired me so much and I knew that without them there was no way that Wally Hope could have made his stand for freedom. They told me stories about staying at Stonehenge and the magic times they had had. They filled in the gaps I had always felt were missing from the Crass retelling of the story. They let me know more about the man they had known and of their shared vision of a free festival at Stonehenge. I had set about reconnecting the tribe and in the process had started finding pieces of the puzzle.

All I had set out with were a few articles from Festival Eye, the Crass booklet and a

few national newspaper articles. I decided to go and visit Dial House, the commune where Penny Rimbaud lives, where Phil had made flyers and posters for the Stonehenge Festival.

I had first got into Crass as a teenager, around 1984. The politics, the music and anarchist punk attitudes had shaped my life, made easier by a shared contempt for Thatcher's Britain. This was the first time Penny had seen the ash box he had made since summer solstice 1976, so it was a very emotional visit.

In Penny's "Last of the Hippies" book, he had written how he had received death threats and was visited several times by the police while he investigated Phil's death. In the end he set fire to his files and abandoned his findings. At the end of my visit he presented me with a cardboard box which housed all he had left of his investigation. There were correspondences between various doctors as well as letters written by Phil while in hospital. There was the book Phil had been writing, "Windsor Rock". There were leads to follow.

Slowly I started to piece together what had happened to Phil; his vision, his enthusiasm, his imprisonment, his treatment and his demise. I soon contacted some of the names involved and was soon meeting friends of Phil who furnished me with yet more of Phil's postcards and manifestos. I learnt things I had never heard before, for example that Phil had managed to abscond from hospital around the time of the summer solstice in 1975. I was now stringing together a chronology for Phil's life, his activities and the circles he was moving in from the Aldermaston marches, to the London streets and then his "Get out of the City" manifesto which led to his involvement in free festivals, and also in the growing counter culture.

I helped with Alan Dearling's "Travelling Daze" book and have written a number of articles for Gonzo, Festival Eye, Stonehenge campaign and more. I have done talks, everything from "Weird Weekends", anarchist book fairs and also at festivals. I have a marquee at Kozfest, "Wallys", and I also run a gathering near Glastonbury called "Wally Days" which

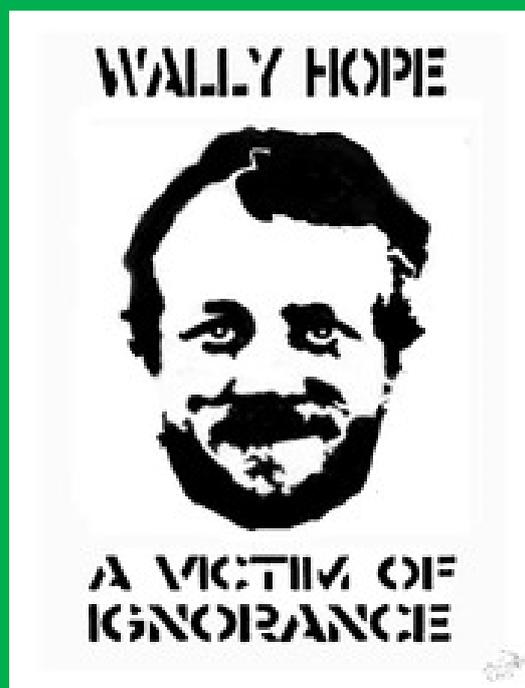
has been a lovely way of reuniting Wallies. I can't explain how nice it feels to reconnect friends who haven't seen each other since the seventies.

I have participated in a few films; Al Stoke's "Way of the Wally" is on YouTube and I have also helped with an hour-long docudrama on Phil's life called "Everyone's Wally". This mixes old footage with modern drama and paints a good picture of the man, the movement and the moment.

Proceeds from the sale of the DVD will be financing a great number of Freedom of Information applications which I need to continue working on my book. Under the working title of "The Psychedelic Anarchist" I intend to have it out by the summer solstice 2020.

I am still very active with the Stonehenge Campaign; we had two festivals last year. I attend the meetings with English Heritage, Wiltshire Police and Council etc. I have been instrumental in putting live music back into the Stonehenge event with Dave Sanger's Travelling Stage.

KEEPING
WALLY'S DREAM ALIVE!! 2019



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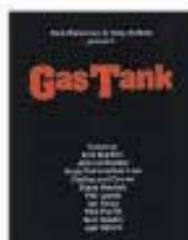
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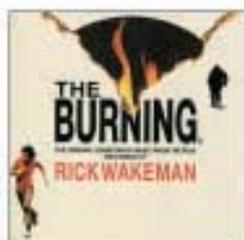
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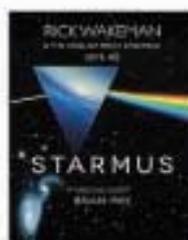
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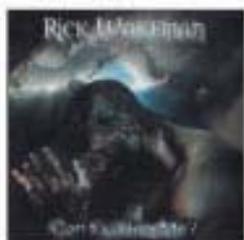
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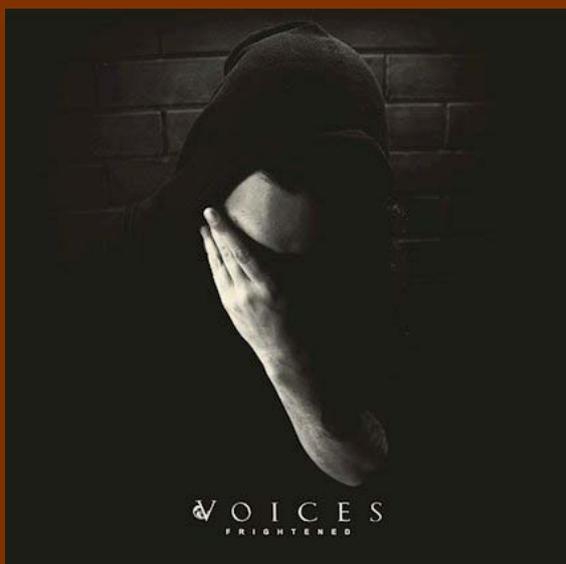


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KEV'S WORLD



**VOICES
FRIGHTENED
CANDLELIGHT/SPINEFARM**

Voices was born out of the embers of Akercocke in 2014. These embers remained alight until igniting once more with Akercocke's reformation in 2017, yet Voices remains, carving out their own identity with two studio albums and a long list of live appearances. Upon completion of their third album the band now solidify the sonic chaos and open the doors to an entirely different musical territory anyone of its highly prolific members has tackled before. It is quite hard to describe this album as musically it is all over the place, from progressive in its truest sense

through post punk, apocalyptic bleakness and progressive into something is symphonic and truly adventurous. The vocals are an instrument that at times are deliberately working against the feel of the music, which shifts and moves time signatures like the fickle wind.

There are times when I can hear Bowie, at others Muse, sometimes Throbbing Gristle, but also it is like none them or all of them at the same time. This is a tiring album in that the only way to get the best from it is by giving it your undivided attention, but by doing that it is also incredibly wearing due to the sheer intensity of what is going on. That's not to say that there aren't quieter passages that far more balladic in approach, and there are even gently picked acoustic guitars, but it is all a ruse to lead the listener into a false sense of security. Listening to 30 seconds of the album at random, will provide no idea at all of what the rest of the album is like – take the fragility of "IWYSA", it is nothing short of beautiful with wonderful orchestration and piano/harp combinations that are superb, but this song in many ways bears no relationship with the rest of the album at all, until it turns into something quite different at three minutes in. Definitely worth investigation.

KEV ROWLAND



**WIEGEDOOD
DE DODEN HEBBEN HET GOED III
CENTURY MEDIA**

This album is the final part of the 'De Doden Hebben Het Goed' trilogy, ('The Dead Have It Good'), and is the natural ending to what has gone before. All three albums are built of epic black metal, and 'III' blends the atmospheric of 'I' and the aggression of 'II'. The three albums are brought together not only sonically but also visually, with each cover featuring their sigil photographed in the landscape. The trio of Gilles Demolder (guitars), Wim Coppers (drums) and Levy Seynaeve (guitars and vocals) wanted something that represented the band as individuals as well as a unit. The photo for 'III' was taken in Sint-Eloois-Winkel, a small town near Kortrijk where Levy grew up, while the cover for 'II' was taken in De Haan, where Gilles was raised and the first cover picture was taken in Ransberg, where Wim grew up and is still living today.

The guys are in other bands as well, notably post-black metallers Oathbreaker and post-metallers Amenra, which means that they set themselves specific time to focus on Wiegedood, pronounced We-guh-doad, so that it doesn't get in the way of other projects and outlets. Certainly, the result in 'III' is a band who are incredibly tight and structured, knowing when it is time to provide lightness into the dark, and when to come back with the hammer down to really hit home. The atmosphere within the music as a whole is incredibly important, as it is what binds everything together as one. My only minor complaint is that there are times when there just isn't enough in the bottom end, so the music appears too top heavy, but this does seem rather minor when taken into consideration of the album as whole.

Century Media have consistently promoted some great bands, and this is definitely no exception, as if you haven't not come across these guys before, but enjoy black metal, then this is simply essential – especially as there are times when it reminds me of "Discovery" from 2112; there is something within the atmosphere.



**WINTERFYLLETH
THE HARROWING OF HEIRDOM
CANDLELIGHT/SPINEFARM**

It's not really surprising that genres become further split into sub-genres, as some of them are incredibly broad and diverse, and that is definitely the case with black metal. I could pick out some Burzum, put that next to Darkthrone, then pop over to Immortal or Venom, and no-one could honestly say that they sound similar. Now, UK black metal act Winterfylleth have always incorporated elements of folk into their music, and actually describe it themselves as "English Heritage Black Metal". Having completed a successful 10th anniversary tour last year, they are now back with their sixth album, and a line-up that has been stable since 2014's 'The Divination of Antiquity'. It would be interesting to see what BM specialist sites are saying about this, as it is no longer possible to describe the band as BM if this is anything to go by, as what we have here is a wonderful album of twelve songs that are fully acoustic. They have also brought in viola, violin, flute, cello, glockenspiel and a female singer to allow them to fully deliver their dreams.

This is acoustic, but rarely folk (although some numbers, such as "Elder Mother" are closely aligned), and is packed full of atmosphere. The vocals are often sung in harmony, and guest Victoria Bernath on violin plays a huge part in the overall sound, with

lilting melodies over the top of vocals that are often bass or baritone in nature, and guitars that are often there for support as opposed to taking a lead. This is a stunning album in just so many ways, and I hope that it is treated in the manner in which it deserves, as opposed to folkies asking what a metal band are doing in their backyard, and metalheads accusing them of wimping out and where are the electric guitars?

I've just gone back to their 2010 album, 'The Mercian Sphere', and it is hard to realise that it is the same band (not exactly the same line-up, but Chris Naughton and Simon Lucas were founders back in 2007, and Nick Wallwork has been there since 2009). I still really enjoy the former album, but 'The Harrowing of Heirdom' is a thing of beauty and in a league all its own.



**WITHIN THE GIANT'S REACH
IN THE BEGINNING
INDEPENDENT**

This is the debut EP from San Antonio-based Within The Giant's Reach, six songs some 25 minutes in length. Musically these guys are very heavy, moving in and out of groove metal, thrash, nu-metal and others, mixing and moving around as if they can't work out if they are Slipknot, Lamb of God, Killswitch Engage, Fear Factory, Whitechapel, Meshuggah or something else altogether. The aggression is palpable, but I do have some problems with the overall sound, in that the prevalent guitar is quite high in the mix, and as that sound is actually quite annoying (at least to me), it definitely detracts from the EP as a whole. They have tried some different things with the production, and it definitely doesn't come across as a self-release, but overall this isn't

really for me.

**XAEL
THE LAST ARBITER**



TEST YOUR METAL RECORDS

I've just been over to the label site, followed some links, and now realise that this album is available for "name your price" from Bandcamp, <https://xaelofficial.bandcamp.com>.

That's probably a good way of hearing it first, as although it is being portrayed for fans of Septicflesh, Fleshgod Apocalypse, Wardruna, Behemoth, Black Crown Initiate, Dimmu Borgir and Orphanland, I somehow don't think I'll go quite that far. Yes, it is black metal, with brutal blast beats (interestingly the drums in the studio are provided by Nassaru (lead vocals, guitar) but they have a different drummer playing live.

It is when the band are at their most symphonic that they really gel, but the biggest issue for me with this album is down to the arrangements. There is the feeling at times that someone said "it would be great to have piano here" and they put it in, but then give too much credence to that in the mix, and it jars. For me it is a somewhat disjointed album in that there are lots of ideas being put into the mix, and they don't always work. It would be interesting to see what these guys are like in concert, as with three guitarists I would expect them to be even heavier than they are here, and for many of the arrangement issues to be resolved. Of all the bands mentioned above, the one they get closest to is Fleshgod Apocalypse, and it is as these times that they shine. This is definitely one to hear before purchase.



'77
BRIGHT GLOOM
CENTURY MEDIA

Formed in Barcelona, Spain in 2006 by brothers LG Valeta and Armand Valeta as a tribute to the release, subsequent longevity and relevance of AC/DC's 'Let There Be Rock', '77 refers directly to the year 1977. Their love of everything from the Seventies is clearly plain on this album, which was recorded live in the studio and onto tape. An early fascination with AC/DC has evolved into an adoration for The Who, Black Sabbath, The Stooges, MC5, Thin Lizzy, Slade, and a host of others and they have tried to bring all that into their music which has an incredibly rich and fat sound. Just goes to show what can happen if all of the music is captured – I just wish I was playing this on vinyl to get the full experience.

This album just drips honesty and passion: there is nothing incredibly subtle about the way the quartet approach the music, it is just heads down and loads of riffs and meet you all at the end. That they drop Sabbath-style doom riffs into the songs just makes me smile as it all makes so much sense, there is nothing corny or contrived about this as it is just how the music moves and grooves. I keep finding myself closing my eyes while listening to this album as I am transported back in time. I know many people seem to disparage the Seventies now, but I was 11 in 1974, the year I discovered Sabbath and Ted Nugent, having already become a fan of bands like Slade and The Sweet, soon moving into Deep Purple, Jethro Tull, Genesis and so many other bands. I loved the music and styles of the Seventies, and so do these guys. If you want good old-fashioned honest music refusing to pander to any current trends then this is it.

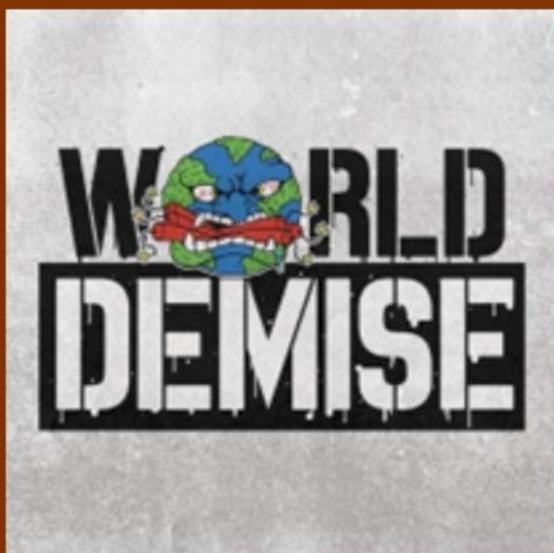


FISTULA/HEMDALE
SPLIT 7"
PATAC RECORDS

Long-running Ohio sludgecore practitioners Fistula have released the latest in their series of split singles, this time with Ohio death/grind institution Hemdale. All you really need to know about the two songs can be seen in the statements from the bands below. Relays Fistula vocalist Dan Harrington, "A few years back, an eccentric weirdo approached us about doing a release... I handled all the technical stuff and it came out great. He started taking on a lot of projects at that time; I advised him to slow down... I didn't want him to get in over his head and be unable to deliver for his customers. Things started getting strange when he tried to interfere with a release that we had going on with another label. He was trying to remaster our audio (he has no experience in this field) but his attempts were ignored. Then he started taking pre-orders for releases that were not planned.... Then all was quiet until a hilarious, 40-minute emasculated rant appeared on YouTube. In this video, he starts a bonfire to burn all of his label's releases and slandered just about anyone you can think of from his roster. The insane ramblings contained in that YouTube rant were then regurgitated into the lyrics of "Whore Cancer.""

Notes Hemdale guitarist/vocalist Matt Rositano of the Hannah Montana-inspired "Miley" that occupies the B side. "The song "Miley" was a lengthy process. We were big fans for years of her talent and music. The witty humour of the show Hannah Montana was inspired. Excellent acting and vocal work just made for a wonderful viewing experience. The show ended, and we wonder, what now? With Hannah gone, what will this become? Will Miley [Cyrus] triumph over Hannah and stand on her own two

feet? The worrying then was just a waste of time. She was a Phoenix rising from the ash of the Hannah Montana show with talent and grace that can't be stopped. That is when we knew we needed a song as a tribute to such talent. Thus 'Miley' the song was written. It was a fast process, as if God was flowing through our instruments. The song really wrote itself. We were just lucky enough to receive it. How could you not be overwhelmed by her talent and create a lasting tribute." Personally I love it, and who could not be taken in by such a tribute from a death/grind act? Stunning stuff



WORLD DEMISE
WORLD DEMISE EP
FLATSPOT RECORDS

This New Jersey band only came together in April 2017, but they have already started building a reputation for an interesting take on metallic hardcore, and here they are with their debut 7-track 19-minute-long EP. Biohazard are an obvious point of reference, although World Demise have less in the way of variety in their attack: this is hard chopping riffs and driving drums with an angry guy at the front. Brendan Garrone from Incendiary supplies additional vocals on "Dead & Gone", but overall this really does seem that if you have heard one song from World Demise then you have probably heard all of them. As an EP it works quite well, as the aggression and angst manages to power through, but I don't know what I would think of an album of this material, as there isn't enough variety within it for me.



AGE OF TAURUS
THE COLONY SLAIN
RISE ABOVE RECORDS

There has been a major musical shift since the debut album, which probably has a lot to do with the change in personnel. Singer/guitarist and conceptual mastermind Toby W. Wright is still there, along with drummer Darius Claydon, but they have now been joined by new bassist Leo Smee and most recent recruit, guitarist Daniel Knight. Now, I know little about Daniel, but Leo is a musician I have come across before. Many will point out that he was in Cathedral for a great many years, so his doom credentials are unsurpassed, and Age of Taurus are/were a doom band. But, going back into his history then Lee has incredibly solid NWOBHM background as at one time he was a member of the mighty Trespass, one of the most under-rated but brilliant bands of that period. He was also in Bill Steer's (Carcass, Napalm Death in case you didn't realise) wonderful outfit Firebird. I am sure it is his influence that has made such a change to the music on this album, as if I didn't know the background of Age of Taurus, or when it was released, then I would be stating that this was a long-lost classic from 1979-1983. Wright sings gently in a crooning style as opposed to being a screamer or vocal powerhouse, which gives the music a certain flavour anyway, and while the songs still have doom influences, they are also plenty of times when the NWOBHM feel and push is definitely there. This album actually sounds more dated than if it was "standard" doom, just because of the different influences at play, but as I was 16 in 1979, and bought up every single and tape I could find I'm actually really happy! It may not set the world alight, but this is a solid release and hopefully we won't need to wait so long for the next one.

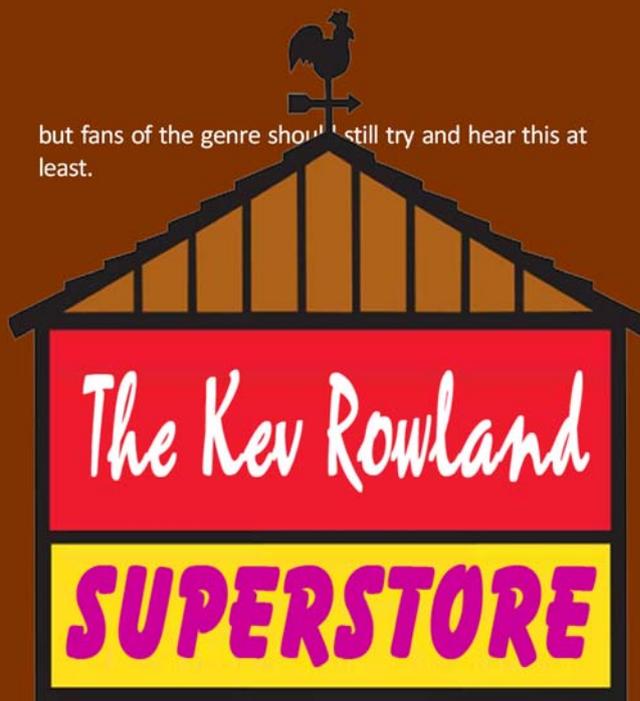


**AMANDA SOMERVILLE'S TRILLIUM
TECTONIC
FRONTIERS MUSIC**

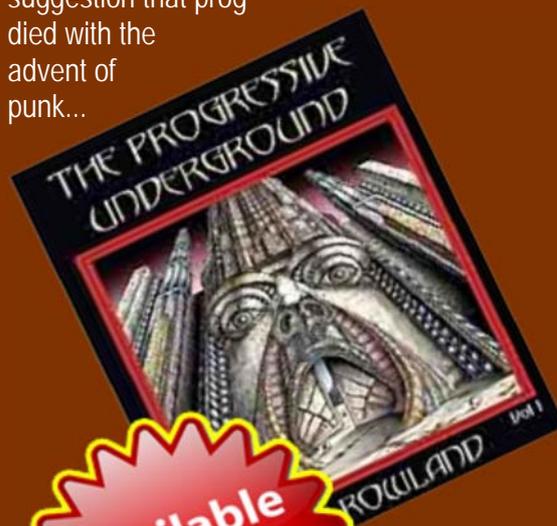
Somerville has written and recorded with bands such as After Forever, Edguy, Kamelot, Epica, Avantasia, and Mayan, and this is her second release as Trillium. 'Alloy' was released in 2011, when it was credited to just Trillium, so it appears that there are views somewhere that she needs to be pushed more to the fore, yet keep a link to the last album. Either way, whenever I see a band name extended with the name of a member I do ask, why bother? Anyway, there is no doubt that Amanda has an amazing voice, and it is no surprise that she has appeared on other people's albums as well. She is a strong alto, which allows her to go sing in a slightly lower register than many other female singers, with power and control, yet still hit higher notes when the need arises without going to the very heights of sopranos.

It may have been seven years since her last solo album, but as well as being in demand in the symphonic metal world she has also got married and had a baby, so life has been rather full on. Musically this is a symphonic metal album, which to be honest doesn't really stand out too much from many of the other albums around, but what makes the real difference are Amanda's vocals which are direct, and contain such incredible power that it cuts through like a hot knife. The album has been designed as a vehicle for her voice, so even though the songs aren't as rich and as expressive as I would wish them to be, the album is still far superior to what it would be with many other singers. Perhaps her forte does lie with other bands, such as the mighty Kamelot or Epica,

but fans of the genre should still try and hear this at least.



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





Spaghetti Westerns With Extra Sauce

The western. A genre Hollywood could

honestly call its own. Up until the 1960's, some forty percent of motion pictures made were westerns. The fact they were primarily American productions with American actors telling all American tales did not stop the western from being equally popular overseas, particularly in Europe.

The introduction of commercial television witnessed the rapid rise of the small screen western. TV westerns such as *Wagon Train* (1957 – 1962) and *Rawhide* (1959 – 1965), with stars like Frank McGrath, Robert Horton and Eric Fleming becoming the new western heroes, and as a result studios cut back on the production of western feature films. This drought from Hollywood left a tempting gap in the market.

The time was right for a new breed of Gunslinger to hit town.

Carl Marshall and Geordie Jackson

DARK MATTERS

Between 1964 and 1975 over five hundred westerns were produced or co-produced by Italians.

This new gritty and violent style of western, later referred to as ‘Spaghetti Westerns’, ‘Western Italiana’, or ‘Macaroni Westerns’ (primarily in Japan) quickly became the new standard following the success of Sergio Leone’s Dollars Trilogy (*A Fistful of Dollars* 1964, *For a Few Dollars More* 1965 and *The Good the Bad and the Ugly* 1966) starring the then up and coming Clint Eastwood (fresh from *Rawhide*) as the so called Man With No Name; even though he’s referred to as Joe, Manco and Blondie respectively.

Soon the spaghetti western had helped produce other notable stars such as Lee Van Cleef, Franco Nero, Mario Girotti aka Terrance Hill, Thomas Millian, Klaus Kinski, Fabio Testi, Luigi Montefiori aka George Eastman and Giuliano Gemma aka Montgomery Wood.

A small handful of spaghetti westerns (or should that be a fistful) were more graphic in their depictions of violence and were generally more deranged than the likes of say Sergio Leone’s more stylistic approach. In fact, many of the directors of these films later went on to make infamous Italian horror movies during the 1970’s and 1980’s, making this genre not just in keeping, but pertinent for *Dark Matters*. Therefore, we intend to produce a continual series of reviews exclusively for *Gonzo* taking a much needed look at some of the less known and ultimately more violent and controversial spaghetti westerns out there.

We hope you enjoy.

“When you have to shoot...
Shoot, Don’t talk!”



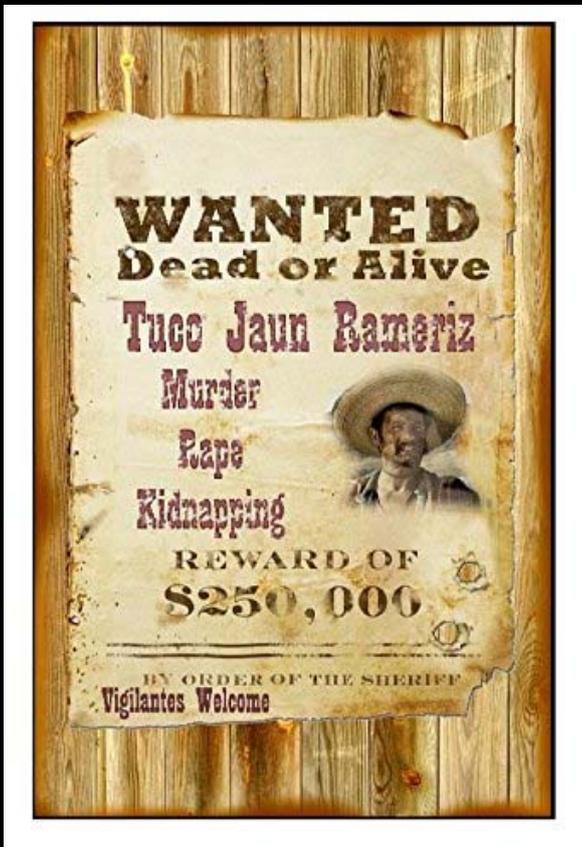
Tuco Ramirez, aka “The Rat”. *The Good, the Bad and the Ugly* (1966).

***Django* 1966**

Reviewed by Carl Marshall

Django is a gritty and highly entertaining spaghetti western which presents an iconic cinematic character in the form of the movie’s central figurehead Django.

Exceptionally down and dirty, this is one western that truly revels in the life styles of the era and the extreme harshness of the environment. If you are looking for a film as violent as it is enthralling, then look no further than Sergio Corbucci’s mud splattered 1966 classic *Django*.



Django is a lone gunman who mysteriously arrives at a rundown frontier town dragging an old coffin behind him. Our uncanny hero soon gets himself caught between two warring factions comprised of a band of Mexican rebels; the leader of which has a penchant for cutting off peoples ears and forcing them to eat them, and a powerful clan of southern racists reminiscent of the Ku Klux Klan, complete with red Klan hoods. Django cunningly plays both sides against each other in order to settle an old debt while at the same time stealing a large cache of gold for his troubles.

With the aid of a scorned prostitute, Django must try to make it out alive against a chaotic mix of bandits, mercenaries and cutthroats.

Franco Nero takes on the iconic role of Django – the coffin dragging gun fighter who always seems to have all the right moves. Incredibly intense and hauntingly



edgy, Nero encapsulates the character to perfection. His presence in the movie is the essential ingredient that makes Corbucci's *Django* so believable, and Nero's genuine approach is a welcome addition to the harsh narrative of the film's cinematic world.

Highly capable and armed with a hidden machine gun, Nero shines in the gun fighter role as villains begin dropping thick and fast, and in brutal fashion. You really do believe that Django is an unstoppable force, and that is the true power of Franco Nero's solid performance in the production. He's confident and strikingly charismatic in a low key sort of manner, and it's this outlook where the film really gets its hardedge toughness. This is one of the most outstanding aspects of the film. It's totally gritty in its portrayal of the old west and never holds back on the more sleazy elements from the time period. Life is harsh in this cinematic

world and director Sergio Corbucci goes all out in presenting the film in the most brutal light. The sets are absolutely lived in and the outside locations are desolate in their depressing visuals and desaturated tones.

However, it's beautiful in its validity, creating a world that is absolutely believable and equally dangerous.

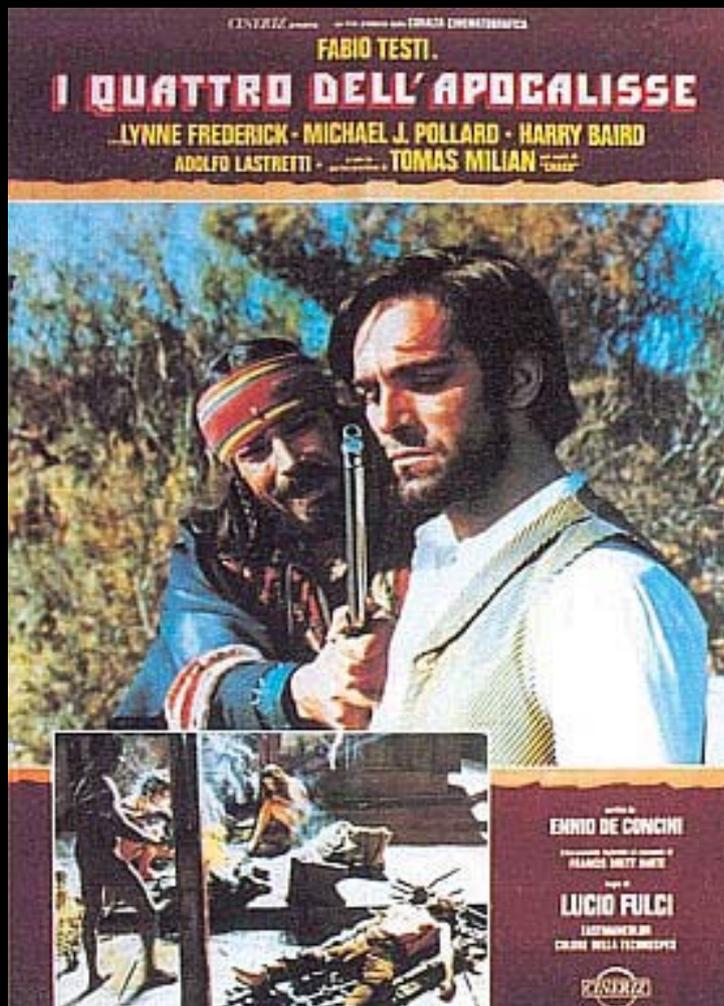
All in all, *Django* is a wonderful example of a spaghetti western that does the genre proud. From its abundance of diverse characters to its twisting narrative filled with double crosses and frequent back stabs, the production has a hell of a lot going for it. The greatest positive of all though is the outstanding performance by Franco Nero. He completely captures the atmosphere of the picture, kicking ass and taking names! All with a dry wit and a violent hand.

Enjoyable to the very last, *Django* is a spaghetti western of iconic proportions, extremely mean spirited and very violent (just ask yourself how many westerns have scenes of forced cannibalism, sadomasochism and heavy machine gun fire, as *Django* proudly does?). *Django* has certainly earned its cult status among fans.

If you are looking for a movie that's all out entertainment and absolutely no fluff this is your lucky day!

There were over thirty unofficial sequels, most of which are not terribly good, however, *Django Prepare a Coffin* (1968) starring Mario Girotti (credited as Terrance Hill) is a worthy follow-up to Corbucci's classic.

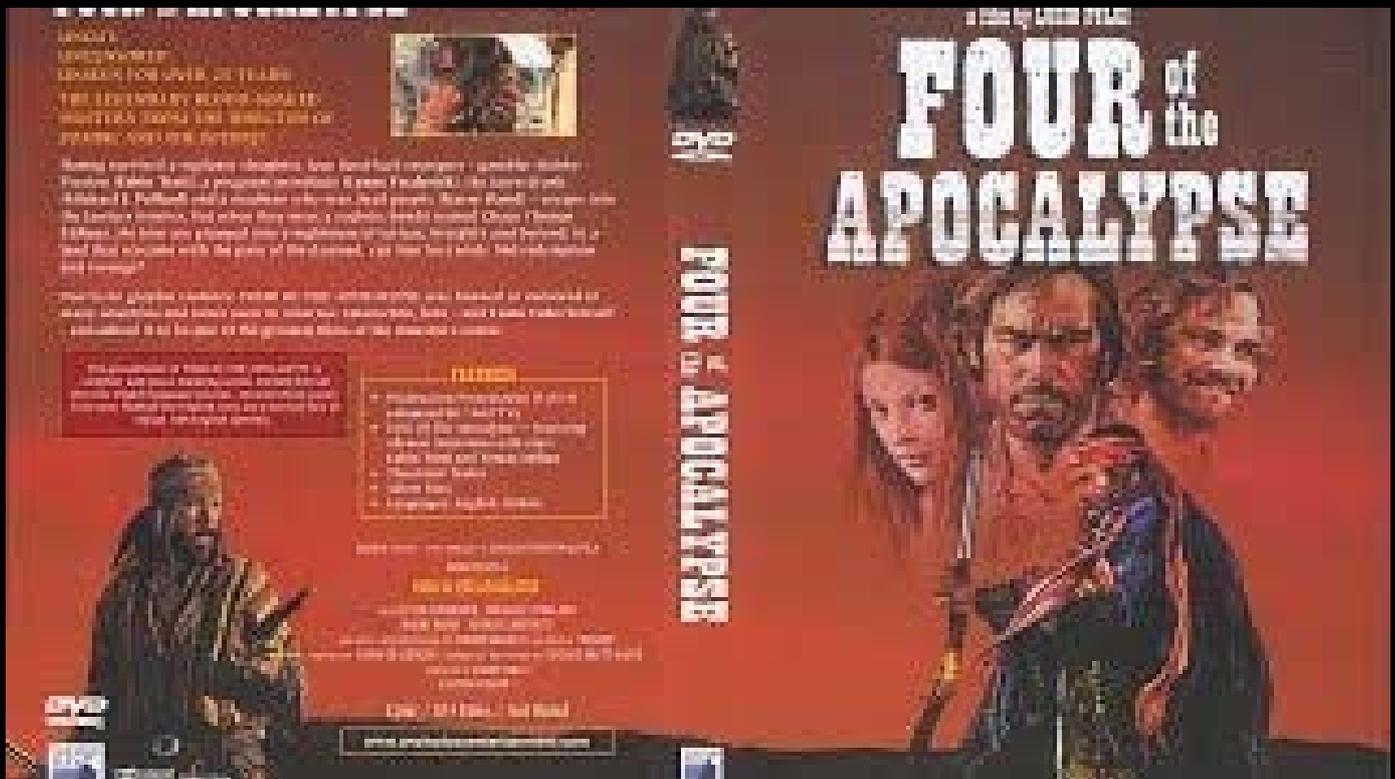
Django (1966) is spaghetti western badassery at its very best. Second only to Sergio Leone's movies, *Django* is undoubtedly one of my absolute favourite spaghetti westerns. Franco Nero knocks it out of the park and for that reason I'm going to give Sergio Corbucci's *Django* 8.5/10.



Four of the Apocalypse (1975)

Reviewed by Geordie Jackson

Directed by none other than the great Italian film director Lucio Fulci, *Four of the Apocalypse* is a story of greed, violence, over consumption and excessive cruelty, yet later oddly also has touching scenes that have to be seen to be believed. Fulci's foray into other genres have largely been very successful, such as *The Smuggler* (1980) aka *Contraband*, and of course *Zombie Flesh Eaters* (1979) aka *Zombie 2*. You often get violence in Fulci's movies and *Four of the Apocalypse* is certainly no exception. The American version of the film had some cuts made such as a scene where Thomas Millian skins the stomach of a lawman. Also, another controversial scene has Millian cruelly provoking Fabio Testi's character about the earlier graphic rape of Bunny



O'Neill played by Lynne Frederick.

The film was released on the 12th of August 1975. There were many spaghetti westerns made from the mid 60's to the late 1970's and Fulci's *Four of the Apocalypse* was undoubtedly one of the better films now termed the *twilight spaghetti westerns*.

The story follows four petty criminals through the salt flats of Utah in 1873; a lawless place with many hidden dangers such as bandits and corrupt sheriffs. Soon our main characters run into Chaco (Thomas Millian), a deranged bandit with a very cruel disposition; who initially offers to protect and hunt for the group, but quickly becomes sadistic towards them even going so far as drugging them and brutally raping one of the female characters who happens to also be heavily pregnant during the vicious assault.

The Badlands of Utah are an inhospitable place for the group, not only having to deal

with Chaco, but also dealing with the environment is equally challenging, if not worse. They survive by swindling and conning travellers they come across in the desert.

Donald O'Brien stars as the Sheriff of Salt Flats. O'Brien can be found in many spaghetti westerns from the 1970's and also several notable Italian Cannibal and Zombie movies during the 1980s.

Fabio Testi, another regular of spaghetti westerns, plays the part of Stubby Preston; a professional gambler and expected love interest of Bunny O'Neill (Lynne Frederick) - a pregnant and kind hearted prostitute. Michael J. Pollard plays the alcoholic Clem and Harry Baird plays the fragile minded Bud.

As mentioned previously, Thomas Millian is Chaco, the Mexican gunman who causes the group so much trouble. Soon Chaco attacks a team of lawmen, and as the group look on in disgust, Chaco casually and gleefully starts to skin one of the surviving lawmen alive in a graphic scene that is usually cut from American versions of the movie. The controlling side of Chaco is also revealed when he relentlessly teases alcoholic Clem; spitting whiskey directly into his

mouth. Chaco later shoots Clem in the leg when he fails to convince him to help overrun the rest of the group.

Later, they all ride into a small ghost town with no supplies. Clem dies from the gunshot in which Bud, apparently loosing his mind, decides to make the most of by slicing flesh from the fallen Clem and cooking it for the three survivors to eat. Stubby and Bunny soon realise they're eating their deceased companion and decide to leave Bud behind as he's obviously sick in the mind and by this point now talking to 'ghosts'.

Stubby and the now heavily pregnant Bunny travel together to a small mining town which is oddly populated entirely by men, where bunny gives birth to a healthy baby boy. Bunny tragically dies during childbirth which leaves Stubby in shock. The doctor who delivered the baby tells Stubby to leave the baby in the care of the men of the village as it would be safer, and in a surprisingly touching scene they all decide to name the baby boy Lucky.

Now alone, Stubby heads out to seek revenge on Chaco, discovering him hiding in a barn with two *companioneros* along with Stubby's possessions in their cart. He realises the Sheriff of Salt Flats and Chaco were in cahoots the whole time. Stubby quickly kills the Sheriff and bandits; and vengefully taunts and tortures the wounded Chaco, who taunts back by holding up the cross of a dead evangelist reminding him of Bunny's vicious rape. Stubby shoots Chaco dead without another word, and heads off towards the horizon after welcoming a stray dog to join him for company.

For a Fulci movie I must admit I was expecting more violence and gore from *Four of the Apocalypse* than was actually delivered. This was a good quirky movie that I did enjoy, however, I must admit I feel Lucio Fulci's best works are found in

both the Italian horror and Giallo genres.

My verdict has to be 6.5/10 as I have seen many better productions by Fulci, yet this is definitely one of the better *twilight spaghetti westerns* from the mid to late 1970's.

Conclusions concerning the influence of Spaghetti Westerns in popular culture

Sir Christopher Fraying, in his noted book on Italian westerns, describes American critical reception of the spaghetti western cycle as, to "a large extent, confined to a sterile debate about the 'cultural roots' of the American/Hollywood western." He remarks that few critics dared admit that they were, in fact, "bored with an exhausted Hollywood genre."

The days of great spaghetti westerns are regrettably long gone (as has the golden age of Italian cinema as a whole, I think), yet we truly believe it's safe to say that the Italians' once bleak and gritty approach to making genre westerns ultimately changed the face of traditional Hollywood westerns forever.

Next time we will be looking at two more classic ultraviolent spaghetti westerns, *Django Kill – If You Live Shoot* (1967) starring Thomas Millian in the title role, and *Mannaja, A Man Called Blade* (1977); both have plenty of 'sauce' to them.

The information featured in these reviews was gathered through online research via articles, interviews, clips and other informative sources.



THE COMPLETE GOSPELS

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

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

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

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

Special Limited Edition Boxset containing

Signed by Rick Wakeman and numbered certificates.

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

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

Double CD2, The New Gospels

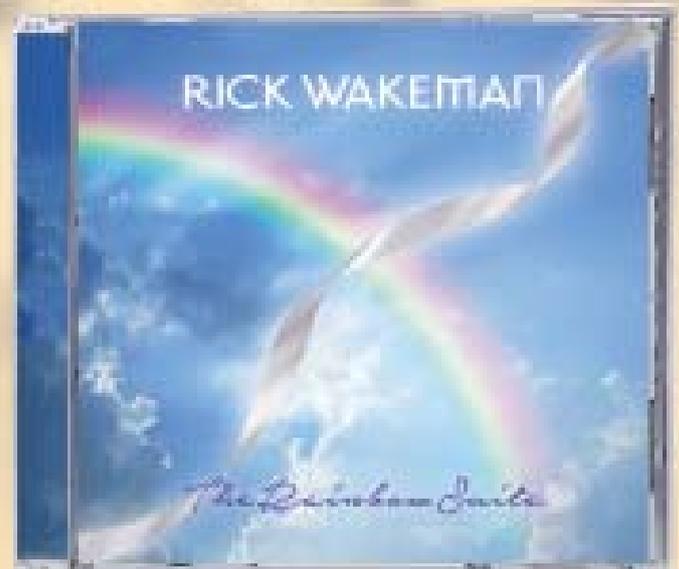
DVD / CD of The Gospels performed live in California – never seen before.

Reproduction A4 x 12 page concert program.

The Rainbow Suite

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

This is Rick and Orchestra at their finest !!!



Available to pre-order from www.rickwakemansmusicemporium.com

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Asante sana (thank you very much),

David Banks
Director, Africa Region
The Nature Conservancy

p.s. Start helping elephants today at nature.org/elephants and follow us on Instagram, Facebook or Twitter to get action alerts.



Tony Klinger

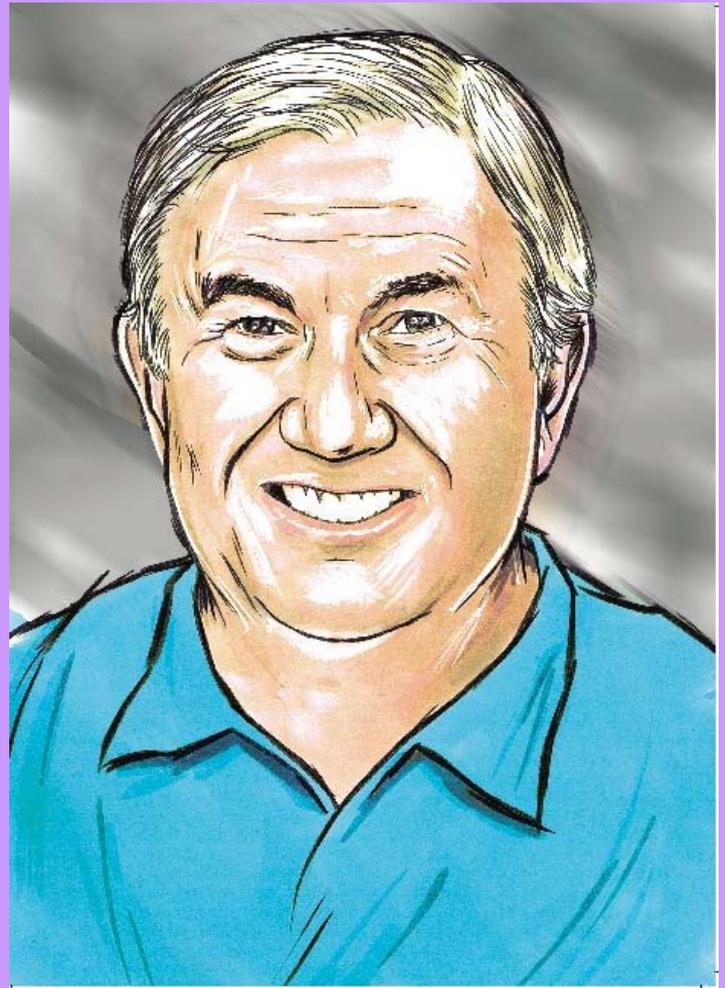
Tony Klinger is a British film-maker, author and media executive. He began his career as Assistant Director on The Avengers in the 1960s, directed several rockumentaries and headed media companies both in the UK and the USA.

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

**CHECK OUT TONY
KLINGER AT
GONZO:**

GONZO CURRENTLY IN STOCK
AT GONZO (UK)

GONZO CURRENTLY IN STOCK
AT GONZO (USA)



STILL FIGHTING

There are very few openly pro Jewish and pro Israel politicians in this country. There are many in the USA. Is this because there are too few Jews in the UK to count politically whereas there is a critical mass of more than 6 million Jewish people in America, not afraid to make themselves clearly heard? Or, could it be, there are many non Jewish people who would take a Philo Semitic stance based on the facts, but are scared to do so in the UK as there are perceived to be a very voluble contrary group

here, namely the Muslim community?

Many people are terribly afraid to defend Israel especially when it's been hard to do so against a rising current of hate and vitriol.

Recently there had been more than a whiff of anti-Semitism in the way some members of Britain's Labour party had described leading Conservative and Jewish politicians Michael Howard and Oliver Letwin, particularly in their printed material.

There has recently been major political debate about Britain's faith schools. The point has been made that Islamic schools should employ a more inclusive curriculum, taught in English as Jewish faith schools do. Of course Islamic schools could teach prayers in Arabic just as Jewish schools teach their prayers in Hebrew.

There is in Britain a commonly accepted perception amongst Jewish people that there was and remains a lack of impartiality at the BBC where it concerns Israel. Whilst we all recognise that there is some desire among certain areas of the Corporation's leadership to correct this imbalance there is a long way to travel before our desire for the BBC's impartial destination is reached.

We shall shortly be celebrating Israel's 60th birthday and all those who have fallen to defend her. It is amazing how much this little country has achieved in that short time, and despite all the odds against it. We can all be proud of Israel and her people. They have done remarkably well in almost impossible conditions.

Despite this the British academics again seek to sever connections with Israel's universities. Of course this ban is abhorrent to any right thinking person. How can anyone protect the right of the Palestinians by taking away the rights of academic congress with Israel? Even Palestinian academics have argued against this ban and were joined by every British newspaper. Even normally anti Israel papers such as the Independent have been firm in their rejection of this ban,

Ask yourself how this ban would be communicated if Israel were really ostracised. You wouldn't be able to do so without Israeli technology in your mobile phone, nor would you be able to send an email since the processor in your computer is likely to have been designed in Israel, and a great many other technologies were produced in Israel and so on. Who loses if Israel were ever cut off from this

country? Probably this country.

This type of ban and the logic for it has no basis in reality. What it's really about is anti-Zionism and it borders on anti-Semitism. Does anyone seriously believe the spurious reasoning behind this ban? If they were then why is there no ban on academic centres in countries like China for what they did and still do in Tibet or Tiananmen Square. How about Iran, Syria, Egypt, Zimbabwe, Burma and thirty or forty other countries for their abuses of human rights, torture, arrest without trial etc?

We deal with insidious anti-Semitism posing as anti-Zionism all the time. I make it my business to fight it wherever it appears. It is awful that I have to report that this situation is worsening all the time. You would be upset and perhaps as horrified as me to witness this in all its abhorrent forms. Suffice it to say students are being victimised and bullied purely because they are Jewish. I have received threats, and I am not alone, for having the temerity to state that there is another point of view.

Even some Student Unions have joined in this behaviour resulting in a wide variety of insults, physical assaults, threats and intimidation. Remember I am not talking about pre-war Berlin, but present day Britain.

It seems to me that there is a direct correlation between extreme Islamic radical student groups; a hard left union agenda and unreasoning, unceasing and total hatred of anything Israeli. Presently there is some potential for a peace deal in the Middle East. Even some hard line terrorist groups have ceased, albeit begrudgingly and temporarily, attacking Israel; but not the AUT. They choose now to continue their attacks on Israel. What it means is that Israel can never do right in their eyes. There really does appear to be two sets of rules, one for every other country and another for Israel. In addition one feels compelled to ask if the overt racism being experienced by Jewish people in this country today, particularly in our university campuses would be acceptable if visited on any other racial group. Sadly we know the answer. We have to put a stop to this.

Three hundred and fifty years in this country and we are still fighting.



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..

It's not often that America's NBC News has a story about Hawkwind, but this week has seen an exception, with the headline: Beto O'Rourke wins the endorsement of the original 'Psychedelic Warlord,' David Brock.

Americans might have imagined that headline referred to the David Brock who's an American political analyst and commentator, and who founded a media watchdog group - and they'd have had to read on to discover who it really was about.

"Punk rocker turned presidential

candidate Beto O'Rourke has won the endorsement of the leader of the venerable British space rock band Hawkwind," explains NBC News.

The message from the Hawkwind camp was: "From one Psychedelic Warlord to another, Dave sends Beto his best wishes and hopes he finds Utopia for the American people."

O'Rourke, asked for a response, told NBC News that he was not familiar with Hawkwind but said he would check out the band's music on Spotify.

Beto O'Rourke is a former bass guitarist for Foss, an El Paso rock band that included members who now play in an winning act The Mars Volta. Meanwhile, O'Rourke went into business and later into Democrat Party politics, running for United States Senate (upper chamber) in 2018 against incumbent Republican Ted Cruz. His campaign received international attention for its record fundraising, ability to draw

U.S. NEWS

Beto O'Rourke wins the endorsement of the original 'Psychedelic Warlord,' David Brock

The rock band Hawkwind's leader wished Beto O'Rourke luck 'From one Psychedelic Warlord to another.'



large crowds, and extensive use of social media.

O'Rourke didn't win that Senate race, but did set a polling record for most votes cast for a Democrat in Texas history.

When Democrats of varying shades

of opinion started putting themselves forward to be the challenger to Trump when Trump seeks re-election in 2020, it wasn't until mid-March that O'Rourke officially threw his hat into the ring.

He's what one might describe as

Brock's song doesn't exactly sing the praises of O'Rourke's current calling. The opening lyrics are: "Sick of politicians/Harassment and laws/All we do is get screwed up/By other people's flaws."

Hawkwind, which was formed in 1969, is still around and recently staged several performances that featured a full orchestra on a tour called "In Search of Utopia – Infinity and Beyond."

"We have been in search of Utopia ourselves for some time now," Brock's wife and Hawkwind manager, Kris Tait, told NBC News. 



a pragmatic Democrat. On the "war on drugs," he's called for the repeal of ineffective marijuana laws. He appears not to support Cultural Marxism policies such as open borders, but he also doesn't want to see his southern border area militarized. He supports America's "great tradition and culture of gun ownership and gun safety" but wants wider background checks on gun ownership. He opposes Trump on many issues, but, according to political analysis site fivethirtyeight.com, he voted in line with Donald Trump 30% of the time during the 2017-2018 Congressional sittings. He's also quite prepared to vote against his own party on issues like trade.

The NBC News report took due heed of the irony that the lyrics of the Warlords song aren't exactly

complimentary to O'Rourke's currently-chosen career. However, if O'Rourke wins the Presidency in 2020, then I'll lose my £15 (\$20) bet on a Trump win - but Hawkwind will be able to casually refer to "our man in the White House." Perhaps he would be able to sort out any visa problems that crop up.

The "Psychedelic Sundae" free event on Easter Sunday was held at the barn-like Cheese and Grain venue in Frome, Somerset, and doors opened at 2pm. The event was a special 50th





Tarantism, Invisible Eyes, and Sonic Trip Project played support acts in the afternoon, and auctions in aid of animal charities included the sale of SciFi / Science Fantasy books, and - rather oddly - model aeroplanes. Then Hawkwind were the evening event, due to kick off at 8:15.



Hawkwind's performance was preceded by Matthew Wright giving an account of a homeless person (Tony) who walked from London to Bristol to raise awareness of the homelessness issue, and also intended to see this Hawkwind gig once he'd finished his walk. However, Tony unexpectedly found a job (with live-in accomodation) and so was unable to attend the gig after all.



Anniversary party for Hawkwind Passport holders.

and "pulled a sickie," as we say in the UK. Still, that presumably would be



taking the piss, if you've only just landed a job that includes a roof over your head. Anyhow, Hawkwind then kicked off their part of the evening with an appropriate track: Gimme Shelter, which isn't a customary part of their set. Samantha Fox famously sang the lyrics when Hawkwind covered it in the 1990s, but tonight Mel Rogers, lead singer with Tarantism, did those vocals.

Have You Seen

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An Alien Heat

An Alien Heat at the End of a Multiverse
re-imagined by Don Falcone, Albert Bouchard, & Michael Moorcock

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

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

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

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gonzomultimedia.co.uk
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Them (from the Woods album) followed, then the "mixed bag" of tracks continued with the jaunty-styled arrangement of Orgone Accumulator, and then Magnus Martin's instrumental piece Hymn to the Sun.

Martin was stage left (as seen by the audience) and bassist

Niall Hone and also Dave Brock were the other side. In other words, Brock was in his customary location.

.GRAHAM'S ACCOUNT OF HIS ADVENTURES WILL BE CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE

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HAWKWIND PASSPORT APPLICATION



Greetings space travellers!

This is your Hawkwind Earth Visitors Passport application form.

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

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

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

Volunteer Crew Register

Name

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

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

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

Post Code

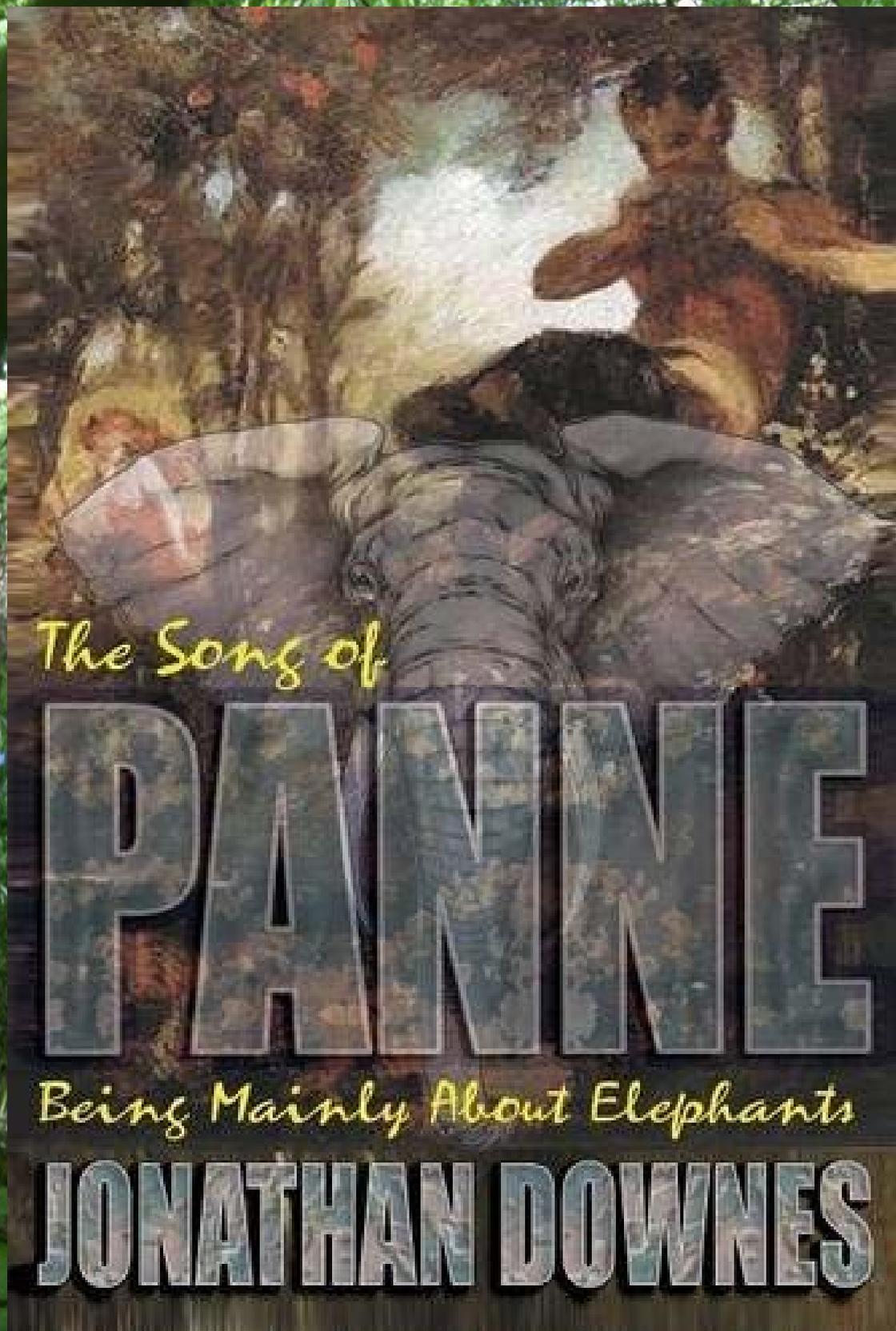
E-Mail Address: (Please print clearly).....

Telephone Number:

Additional info:

www.hawkwind.com

Any enquiries hawkwindpassports@hawkwind.com



The Song of

PANNE

Being Mainly About Elephants

JONATHAN DOWNES

The Wild Colonial Boy

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

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

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

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

Then summer arrived, and you must remember that I was only nine years old. And at the age of nine, at the beginning of the summer holidays (and you must remember that in order to facilitate the families of school children who were all, or very nearly all, either colonial service officers, army officers, or ex-pats of some degree or other, the summer vacation was eight weeks long), the next two months stretched endlessly before me like the golden road to Samarkand and the weeks and months ahead were full of exciting and wonderful opportunity.

For the fourth year running, my father had chosen to take his annual leave in a six week block. Many years later, during the short months before he died, when we were actually close friends, he confided in me that all three of my surviving grandparents had used all sorts of egregious social ‘blackmail’ in order to make sure that the Downes family came back to England on holiday this time, instead of another jaunt round foreign parts like the one we had done the previous year.

Whilst we had been at the Royal Perth



Agricultural Show in Australia, the previous summer, my father had seen a herd of the eponymous cattle from North Devon with which he had worked whilst working as a farm manager between Bideford and Barnstaple, twenty years earlier, when he and my mother first married. And these ‘ruby red’ (actually a purplish brown) bovinds had evoked such pangs of homesickness, that - although my mother wanted to go to South Africa on holiday for the summer of 1969 – my father was quite happy to give in to the family pressures and spend six weeks in Devonshire.

My father was actually born in Tavistock, a small market town some miles north of Plymouth, right on the edge of Dartmoor, and for the first few years of his life – before his family underwent one of the periodic episodes of financial unrest that both sides of my family (and indeed, myself) have suffered over the years –

lived in a large country house, which was almost a mansion, just inside the parameter of Dartmoor National Park itself.

So, my parents decided to base our family holiday at a guesthouse just outside the village of Widecombe-in-the-Moor. It was called Dunstan House, and was a large and well appointed farm house with a huge paddock behind it, and various dogs and cats with which my brother and I could play.

Of the four six-week vacations that the family took, this is probably the one that I look back on with most pleasure. This is partially, of course, because I was older and able to experience and enjoy my surroundings more than I had when I was younger. But I think that the real reason that I enjoyed it so much was that my father – being so close to his original home, and back in the Devonshire that he had truly never wanted to leave – was

happier and more content than I had ever seen him. As a knock on effect from this, I didn't seem to piss him off as often as I usually did and – for most of the time, at least – we enjoyed a happy *detente*, which was both welcome and unfamiliar to us both.

The establishment was run by a lady called Mrs Cruikshank, who lived with her teenage daughter, Diana, whom I shyly adored from afar, but who – being sixteen – was very nearly grown up in my eyes, and so quite out of reach. A few years ago, when Mrs Cruikshank's son, whom I had never met, telephoned here to tell me that his mother had died, he got the John Downes and me – Jon Downes – completely mixed up, and when I told him during our affable conversation that I'd had an enormous crush on his sister back in 1969, there was a shocked silence until I explained that I had been the shy nine year old, rather than his autocratic father. Once we had sorted that out, and each commiserated with the other upon the death of their parents, the phone call ended on a friendly note. I've never heard from him since, nor is there any reason why I should, but every time I am on Dartmoor I always drive out to Dunstan House and gaze longingly at it from the safety of my car (or whosoever's car I happen to be in), as if intently involved in a surrealchemical ritual to revisit one of the happiest summers of my life. You never know, perhaps that's exactly what I always do.

One of the things that I always found a delight about being in the Mother Country, was the fact that there are so many things that one can safely eat in the hedgerows and byways of the English countryside. Back in Hong Kong, my mother had strictly forbidden us to eat any of the berries and nuts that grew in profusion in the various plants that I saw everyday in the lush forest. She was convinced that they were all deadly poison, and it is probably a good thing that she never knew how my friends and I would chew happily on fresh bamboo shoots, suck the honey

out of the pretty black and yellow daisy shaped flowers that grew on the verge of Peak Road as it climbed the great mountain, and even ate the wild bananas when we found them. Although tasting reasonably familiar to those of us who were used to the taste of cultivated bananas, the stumpy bluish purple fruits, full of large seeds which had to be spat out with relish, were very different indeed.

However, in the lanes of Devonshire, which I was exploring for the first time, it seemed that there was an enormous range of different things that one could eat. There were blackberries, wild raspberries and strawberries, the delicious milky-green unripe hazelnuts, and – just down the lane from Dunstan House – the hedge was full of wild gooseberries. This totally and utterly amazed me, and started an interest in hedgerow cookery that I have had ever since, to the chagrin of various of my loved ones over the years, who have had to put up with my various experiments from the pages of Rosamond Richardson's *Hedgerow Cookery*. As I have got older, less mobile, and as the once fecund hedgerows have become ever more polluted by the emissions from motorcars, this activity has waned away to nothing. But it is still something that fascinates me, and when my friend Amy, who is a self-avowed forager, starts to talk about wild food sources, I sit back and bask in her words like a slow-worm on a dry stone wall on a summer's day.

I say slow-worm, because this was the first time I had ever encountered these peculiar legless lizards. I had read about them, of course, in books like my beloved *The Children of Cherry Tree Farm*, but this was the first time I saw one for myself. Despite my mother's strictures to leave well alone, I had followed Herklots' warning that all the poisonous snakes in Hong Kong have stripes, to a greater or lesser degree, and had handled and examined several different species of stripeless serpent over the years. This included a snake called the Red Necked Keelback, which, it turned out



many years later, was actually highly venomous despite having no stripes. I was only ever bitten once by a snake; I was climbing the steep path which led from Peak Mountain up to the ruins of the hotel behind it. As usual, I was wearing open-toed sandals and grey socks. Joyfully scampering through the long grass, I felt a sharp pain in the big toe on my right foot. Looking down, I saw two little puncture marks bleeding slightly, but hard as I looked, I couldn't find the perpetrator. I am still alive, half a century later, so I assume that it could not have been one of the poisonous snakes of the territory. I never told my mother, indeed I never told anyone until now, because I knew that if I did, this would inflame her hatred of serpentiforms to a greater degree than it already was. And, considering that she seemed to be in a permanent state of Defcon One on the matter, the repercussions of telling her about my incident would have been unthinkable.

But when I first found one of this charming little legless lizards basking in the late-July sun, on a dry stone wall, round the side of

Dunstan House, I picked it up and ran to show my parents, secure in the knowledge that when my mother started her normal anti-serpent protests, I could explain that it was not a snake at all, but a lizard, and point out that it had both external ears and eyelids. Surprisingly, this worked, and despite the fact that it looked like one of the serpents that terrified her so, the fact that it was in possession of ears and eyelids placated my mother so much, that I was eventually able to keep these animals as pets, handling them every day.



NEWS FROM THE POTTING SHED

Martin Springett was born in Crayford, Kent, England, in 1947. He studied art (that is he learned to play the Guitar) for two semesters at the Brassey School of Art in Hastings, Sussex. He emigrated to the West Coast of Canada in 1965, but returned to the UK in 1973 to pursue music in various bands. He spent time in Germany, and toured through Europe.

While in London Martin started to illustrate and design record covers for Columbia records. Upon his return to Vancouver, Martin carried on with music and illustrated various books and magazines. In 1978 he moved to Toronto, maintaining activity in every area where illustration is required. He released his own album, "The Gardening Club", in 1983.

In 1984 Martin was commissioned to illustrate the cover of "The Summer Tree" by Guy Gavriel Kay. This and the subsequent volumes of The Fionavar Tapestry Trilogy were published around the world along with Martin's covers. Martin continued his work in fantasy illustration, illustrating many covers for fantasy novels, including "The Traveller In Black" by John Brunner. In 1990 he illustrated his first children's book, "Mei Ming and the Dragon's Daughter" written by Lydia Bailey. Martin has just finished illustrating his sixth children's book, called "The Follower" by Richard Thompson. He has been nominated for various awards, including the Governor Generals Award For Illustration. He has won the Aurora Award For Excellence in Fantasy Art, and two Silver Awards from the Art Directors Club of Toronto and Best Classical Record Cover of The Year Award (UK).

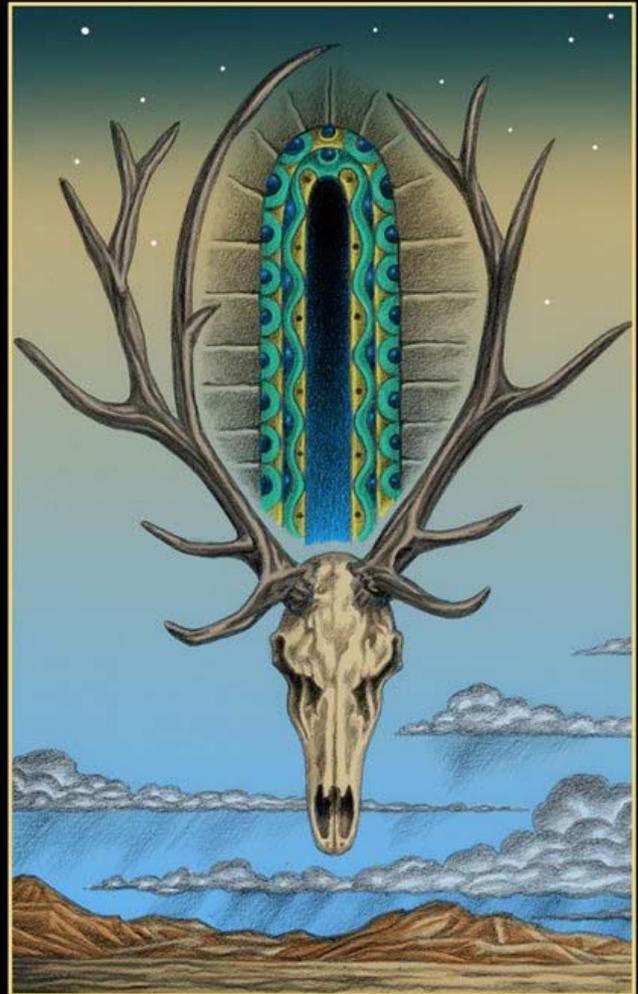
Martin still pursues the Musical Muse, recently producing a new CD, "Blue Evening" with his band "FREEFALL", an independent, instrumental album called "Rough Magic"; a collection of explorations on the guitar, and a collection of tunes inspired by the writings of Guy Gavriel Kay called "Bright Weaving".

www.martinspringett.com/

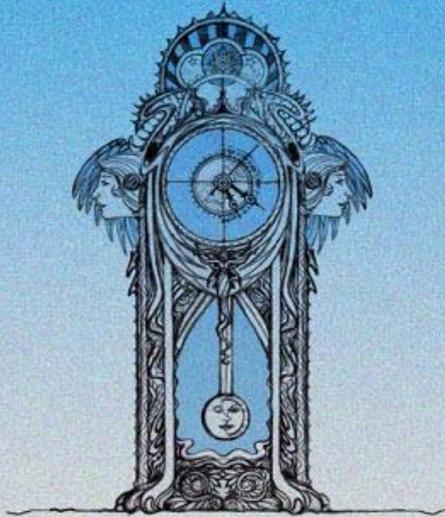
<https://spacewreckrecords.bandcamp.com>

*THE BRUSH MARKS
OF HEAVEN*

The brush marks of heaven
hang over the moon
as the wolf walks her solitary path
down the empty highway
The black ribbon runs
sightless to the horizon
no one sees her go
none see her pass beyond
the encircling clouds
No witness
No witness
but the swirling snow
The brush marks of heaven
hang over the moon
as the searcher walks his solitary path
down the grey shale mountain
the dark river runs
flowing to the horizon
searching for the fortune
that lies beneath the earth
never to be found



THE CLOCK



WOLFGATE





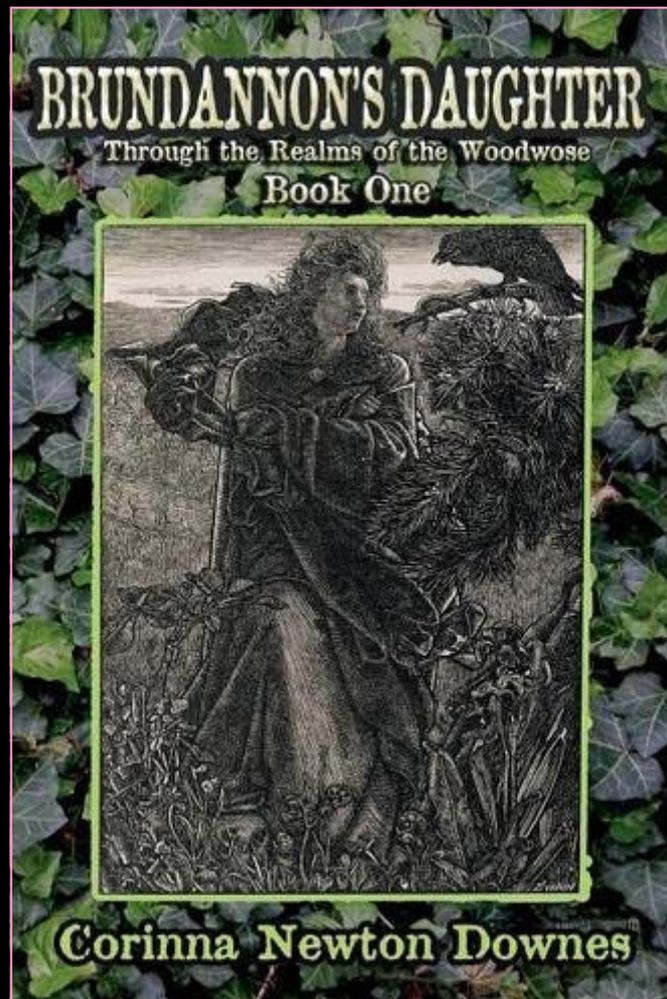
Thom the World Poet

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!!!"

EATING HOLLOW EGGS UNDER THE LAST FULL MOON WHEN CATHEDRALS OF FOREST

Turn to Cathedrals of Stone. When hearts open
turn closed. When only YELLOW JACKETS
and GREEN REVOLUTION/EXTINCTION REBELLION
provide the color for gray life matter/then it is time again
to turn to each other. Smile and say "I LOVE YOU"
in a non-Hallmark truthfulness that makes Oistre
a celebration of both egg and the moon. It is Spring-
Green triumphs over Red blood. Resurrection
is in the air (like allergies). We rise like wildflowers
with energy and enthusiasm, in the trust that time allows us
to live beyond this extinction process. Ice goes, we follow.
Birds become extinct - we grow wings and follow them.
Species die out - like compassion, kindness, community.
Emotional gridlock moves in, and EMERGENCE
replaces EMERGENCE. Unless here. Until now. You & I,
repeating that mantra for all living - "I LOVE YOU!"



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

THE WORLD OF GONZO ACCORDING TO

Mark Raines



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

PS shows can be downloaded

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

Well, as I suspect that you may have gathered by now, this has been a strange and rather unsettling week. Because of Prudence's size we ended up having to hire a mini-digger to excavate her grave, and we laid her to rest soon after nightfall on Tuesday, carefully waiting until Mother had gone to bed so that she didn't get more upset than necessary.

Before leaving this subject I would - by the way - like to offer sincere thanks to Andy Phillipson, and David and Ross Braund-Phillips for their kindness, help, and comfort on Sunday. I am truly grateful.

Now to change the subject radically. Daisy Campbell, John Higgs *et al* have carried out a remarkable ummm thing. Cop a load of this:

Where are you when they Immanentized the Eschaton? Off on a pilgrimage & a caper, a magical working to end & save the world, a fools' leap. Taking the large hardon to the Large Hadron. Falling laughing to the great (G)Nothing in fake teeth. The Electric Dreamer returns with resonances to a silly, sincere trip.

Hear about it:

<https://www.totallyradio.com/shows/bang/episodes/bang-cerne-to-cerne-17-apr-2019>

Now, I have absolutely no idea what this is all about, apart from being a pilgrimage starting at Cerne



Abbas in Dorset, where there is an ancient (or possibly not so ancient) chalk hill figure of a giant not in need of Viagra, and ending up at CERN in Switzerland where Sir Tim Berners-Lee invented the World Wide Web.

Video has surfaced of various shenanigans involving Prunella Gee's old Eris costume, and there have been some cryptic tweets about PERATION MINDFIX. FIX not FUCK seems to be the order of the day, and if the eschaton has not been well and truly immanentized, I for one will be very disappointed.

Watch this space,
Love

J



THE BEST LAID PLANS

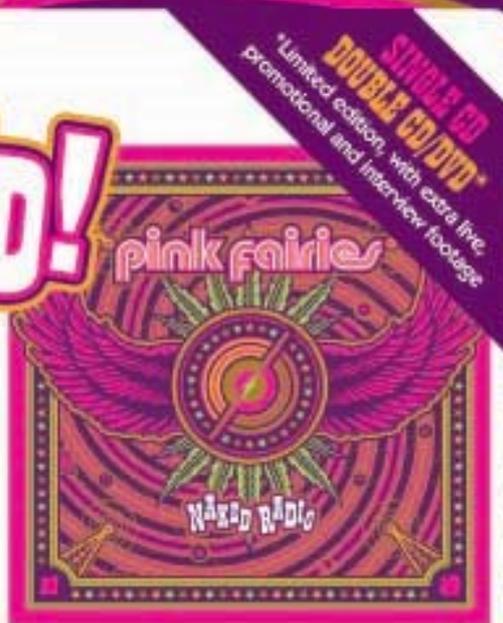
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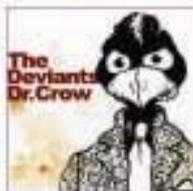
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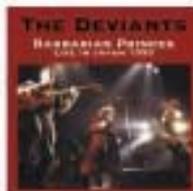
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