

GONZO



DARK SIDE OF THE YULE

GONZO

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LEST WE FORGET



John Brodie Good



Dave McMann



Mick Farren

Dear Friends,

This is another of those issues in which I have been overtaken by events. Corinna was unexpectedly and urgently admitted to hospital on Thursday afternoon, and subsequently has operations on both her kidneys. If her obs improve markedly she may be out on Monday but we are not counting on it.

Her latest blood results show no change, but whether or not there should have been changes twelve hours after the operation I cannot comment. She appears to be in good spirits. Once again, thank you for all your kind comments and support

I am going to try and keep the blogs and things going, and I hope that you will forgive me both for the lateness of this issue, and for the fact that the news pages, radio shows and the clickable links are missing.

I will keep everyone posted about what is happening, and I would like to think that the next issue of this magazine will come out more or less on schedule

Many of you have told me to forget about everything else but Corinna until she is out of hospital, but leaving things that need to be done is bad for my mental health, so I will work as much as I can, as much for my own sanity than for any other reason. But again thank you for all that you have done for us.

Love and a Happy Christmas.

Jon

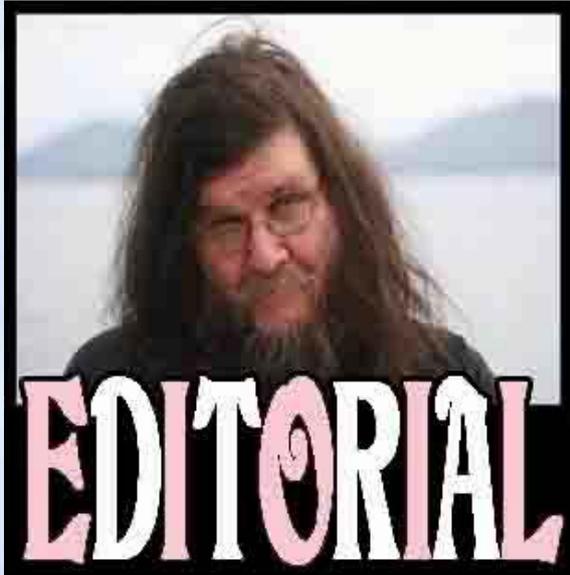


*"Well I'm so grateful
When I feel that's true
That there are angels watchin' over me and you"*

THE THREE
COMMANDMENTS OF GONZO
WEEKLY:

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

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



Dear friends,

Welcome to a mildly festive issue of this magazine. If it wasn't for the fact that I have a five year old granddaughter, I would be completely Scroogeish about Christmas. The blessed Ebenezer has always been top of my list of Christmas notables. Anyway, he is "naughty,

naughty, very naughty" as any fule kno (and amusingly, I can tell that my beloved step-amanuensis Olivia has absolutely no idea what I'm talking about).

The results of last week's UK general election, and even more concerningly, the shambles that resulted at COP25 last weekend, are not exactly guaranteed to give any of us here at the Downes household and many other contributors to this magazine an overly impressive dose of festive cheer. Broadly, the UK election results were what I expected, although I was not expecting such a large swing towards the government.

But my father always told me that the best way to lose friends was to discuss politics or religion, and though I tend to agree with him, I think that it would be very remiss of me to not mark the passing of this incredibly important, not to say pivotal, UK election in some way.

It has certainly re-written the political map



my father always told me that the best way to lose friends was to discuss politics or religion

in Britain for the next five or ten years, and we are unlikely to see a socialist government here before I am at least the same age that Jeremy Corbyn is now. The bug-bear is, of course, Brexit, which has been insanely divisive on the British people. The attendant backbiting and emotional violence that has ensued when people who voted for one of the two options in the 2016 referendum accuse people who did otherwise of being racist, sexist, ageist, or all sorts of other -ists. I, for example, who voted to leave the EU, have been lumped together with people broadly accused of all these aforementioned -isms. And this is just simply not fair; I merely have problems with the way that EU legislation is implemented, and am no fan of federalised superstates. And despite the fact that the government now has a comfortable majority, and will presumably be able to get "Brexit done" as the

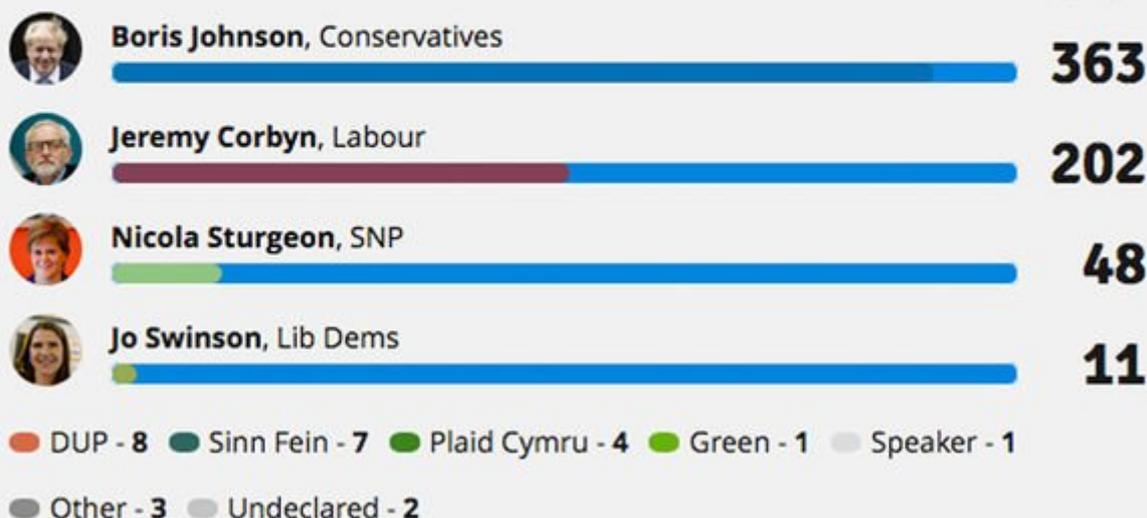
increasingly irritating campaign slogan has it, I feel certain that the social ills which have been triggered by David Cameron's ridiculously badly thought out referendum are going to continue to tear our disunited kingdom apart for the foreseeable future.

What happened at COP25, however, was far more of a shock. When one is commenting about news items which have appeared on the national and international stage, the spectre of "fake news" hangs over everything. And the stories that came out of COP25 were particularly unbelievable. Surely no United Nations climate conference would be sponsored by a multi-national company dealing in fossil fuels? Surely the movers and shakers of the youth climate protest movement which is providing so much hope and encouragement to the young people of the world (and indeed, us oldies, as well), wouldn't be excluded from large portions

اللجنة لهم إذا كانوا لا تأخذ نكتة

ELECTION RESULTS LIVE

326 needed for majority



of the event?

But that is, apparently, exactly what happened. As Jennifer Morgan, Executive Director of Greenpeace, said:

“I think that the climate politics are quite dark. You have the oil majors working with the Trump Administration, with others, to try to slow things down here. And you have others that just aren’t prioritising it.”

She went on to say:

“The role of countries or units like the European Union becomes even more important, but... it's like they're tired and they're not rising above the daily kind of issues and there's no time for that.”

Karin Nansun was even more damning.

“The voices of people defending the rights of Indigenous Peoples, women, and Southern communities were aggressively pushed out of the COP in a clear attempt to silence them.”

And these are just two comments, and I have purposefully not chosen to report what the well-known protestors like Greta Thunberg or Vanessa Nakate had to say on

the matter. The whole thing leaves one with a nasty taste in the mouth, and more than a few forebodings for what is going to happen to the planet in the brave new world of 2020.

It is frightening to realise that we are already 20% of the way through the 21st century, and that in a year’s time the joyful celebrations of millennium eve will be far away in the past as was the assassination of John Lennon on the night that we all went out and got pissed to celebrate the advent of the 21st century.

But one must do one’s best not to dwell upon the crapulence of life. Christmas, believe it or not, is meant to be a time that brings us all together, as one celebrates the birth of a baby boy in first century Judea, or – if one does not believe in such things – celebrates the spiritual positivity which is always associated with that event.

But, sadly, it has become a celebration of world capitalism and consumerism, as we all spend money we can’t afford on things we don’t really want, quite often for

people we don't actually care about.

Or, one can see it as the victory of the light; the time when winter is at it's deepest, and the sun slowly starts to come back into our skies at something in the region of eight more minutes every day.

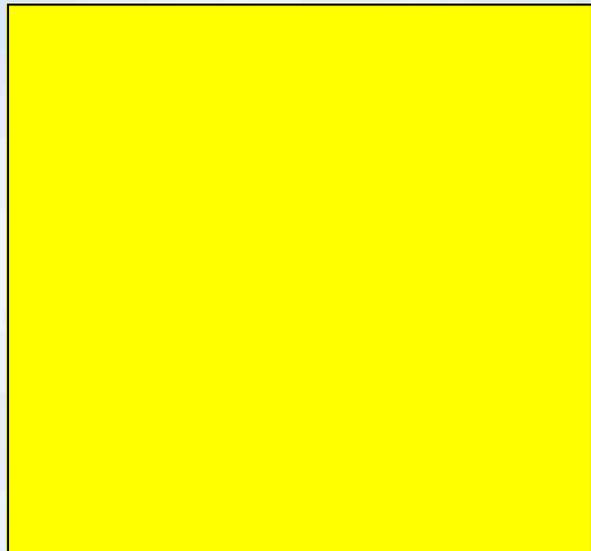
These are three quite different reasons that people celebrate this time of year, and I try to make my celebrations consist of #1 and #3, keeping #2 at arm's length as much as possible.

I am going to do my best to greet the coming of a new decade with optimism, strength and cheerfulness. Why? Because I truly believe that, if we don't do our best to change the world for the better, then we are all doomed. Random acts of kindness like the one that happened on London Bridge a few weeks ago, when a convicted murderer put his own life in danger to try to ensure the safety of others, give me hope. As I have been saying for all my adult life, we mustn't allow our lives to be defined by the people that are less than benevolent that democracy has placed in power over us. We owe it to ourselves, and to those who we love, to work together to make this planet – in the words of another elderly bloke with a beard – better for “the many, not the few”.

Happy Christmas.

Hare bol,

Jon



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).

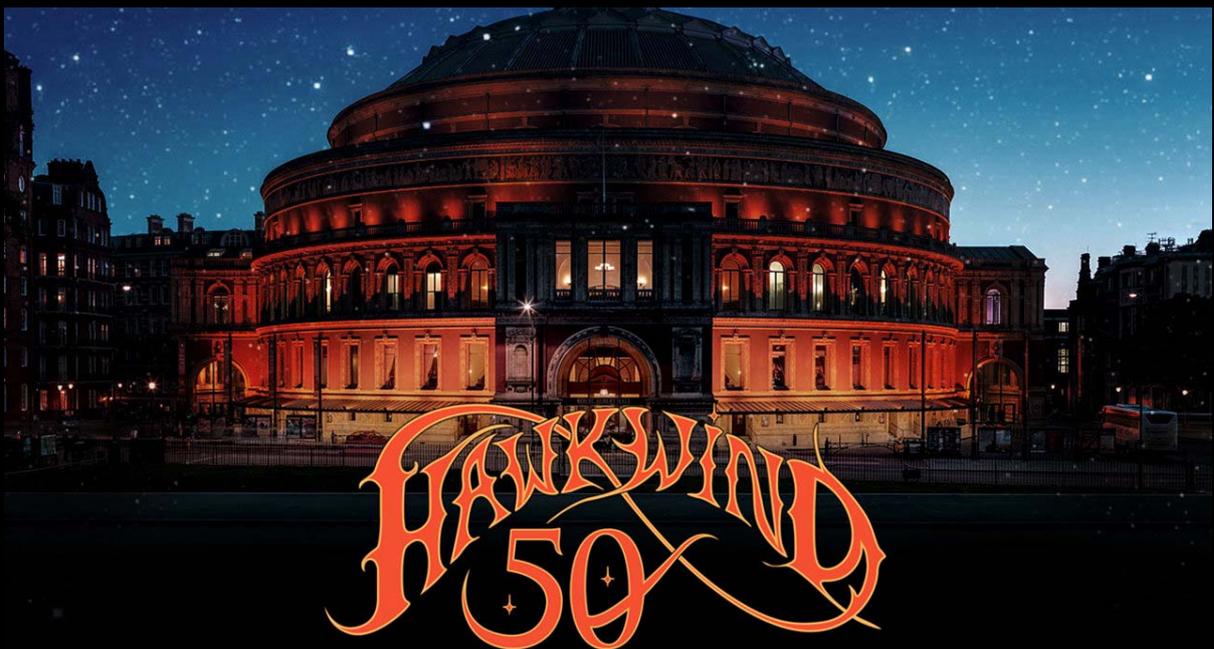
No this is FREE as in Gratis. Not a Sausage. But I digress. So make an old hippy a happy chappy and **SUBSCRIBE TODAY**



EYEWITNESS

As regular readers of this magazine will be aware, every issue, my old friend, colleague and housemate, Graham Inglis, writes about the latest news from Spaceship Hawkwind. Last issue, he wrote about the

culmination of the band's triumphant 50th Anniversary tour. It was lavishly illustrated with photographs, but there were some left over. And so, this seemed like a jolly good place to put them...





 THE MJJ GROUP PRESENTS

HAWKWIND 50

50TH ANNIVERSARY TOUR

SUGGESTS
THE
BLACK HEART
ORCHESTRA

SUNDAY 10TH NOVEMBER

THEATRE ROYAL, BRIGHTON

MONDAY 11TH NOVEMBER

GRAND OPERA HOUSE, YORK

TUESDAY 12TH NOVEMBER

CORN EXCHANGE, IPSWICH

WEDNESDAY 13TH NOVEMBER

ANVIL ARTS, BASINGSTOKE

FRIDAY 15TH NOVEMBER

ALBERT HALL, MANCHESTER

SATURDAY 16TH NOVEMBER

THE QUEEN'S HALL, EDINBURGH

SUNDAY 17TH NOVEMBER

O₂ ACADEMY, GLASGOW

MONDAY 18TH NOVEMBER

CORN EXCHANGE, CAMBRIDGE

TUESDAY 19TH NOVEMBER

ANSON ROOMS, BRISTOL

WEDNESDAY 20TH NOVEMBER

THE TRAMSHED, CARDIFF

FRIDAY 22ND NOVEMBER

ROCK CITY, NOTTINGHAM

SATURDAY 23RD NOVEMBER

TOWN HALL, BIRMINGHAM

SUNDAY 24TH NOVEMBER

EMPIRE, COVENTRY

MONDAY 25TH NOVEMBER

G LIVE, GUILDFORD

TUESDAY 26TH NOVEMBER

ROYAL ALBERT HALL, LONDON

TICKETS AVAILABLE FROM: EVENTBRITE.CO.UK
WWW.HAWKWIND.COM

MORE MASTERPIECES from RICK WAKEMAN



TWO SIDES OF YES

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

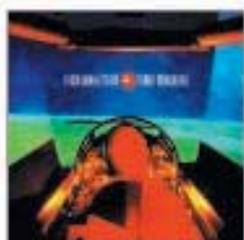
HFG203CD



THE STAGE COLLECTION

Recorded live in August 1993 in Buenos Aires

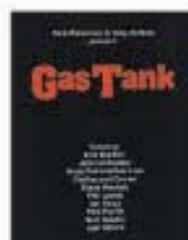
HFG204CD



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 Tactac McAuley

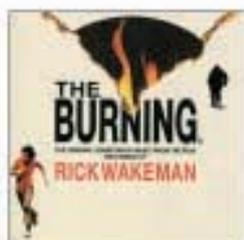
8F241-CD



COUNTRY AIRS

The original recording, with two new tracks

HFG204CD



THE BURNING

The original Soundtrack album, back in print at last!

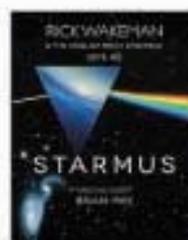
HFG205CD



LURE OF THE WILD

With Adam Wakeman. Entirely instrumental

HFG209CD



STARMUS

With Brian May and The English Rock Ensemble. DVD

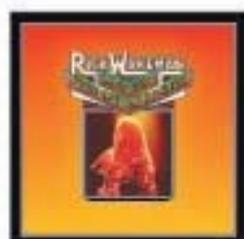
HFG207DVD



MYTHS AND LEGENDS

Double CD set. The expanded 2016 version

HFG206CD



LIVE AT THE WINTERLAND THEATRE 1975

Live in San Francisco

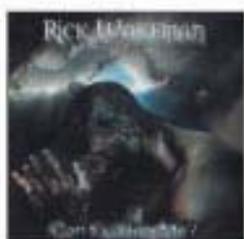
HFG208CD



THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA

Double CD + DVD

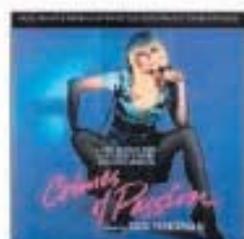
HFG205CD



CAN YOU HEAR ME?

Featuring The English Chamber Choir

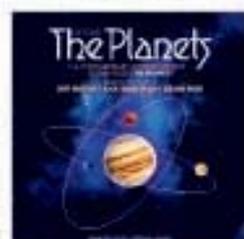
W44-CD005



CRIMES OF PASSION

A wicked and erotic soundtrack!

HFG208CD



BEYOND THE PLANETS

With Jeff Wayne and Kevin Peek

HFG209CD



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Available from rickwakemansmusicemporium.com
and all other good music retailers





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.



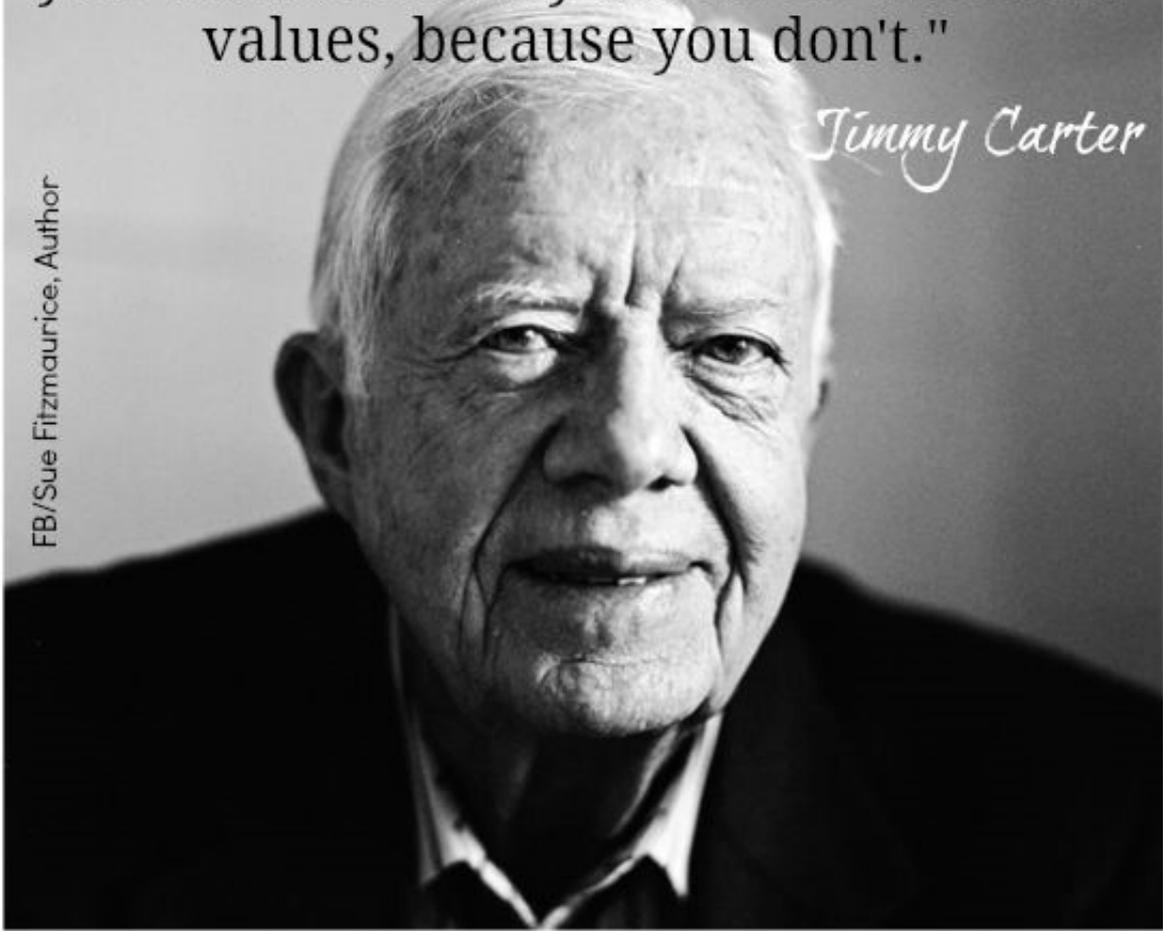
Portobello Shuffle CDs still at special low price of £5.00 each, 1 x CD inc. p&p = UK £6.80; Mainland Europe £8.90; USA £9.95; Rest of the World, contact Rich Deakin for postage price. arsydeede@yahoo.co.uk

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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someecards.com



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.

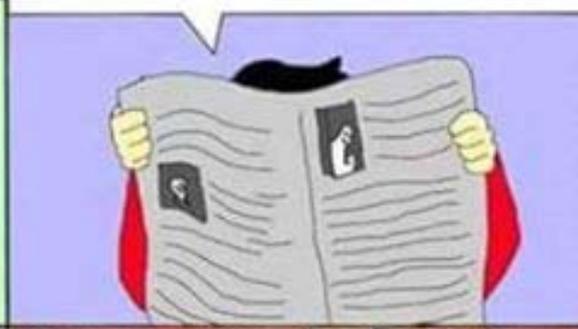
But over the past few years, it has become more than that. We now host regular weekly shows by Neil Nixon, a lecturer in professional writing at North West Kent College who uses his weekly radio show, Strange Fruit, as a learning experience for his students on the Foundation Course. I've known Neil for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

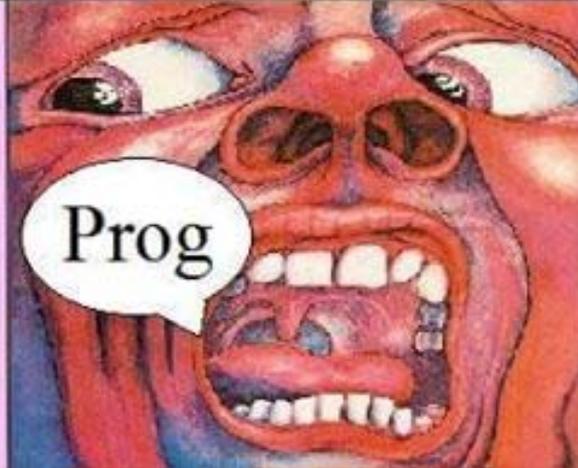


Sex?



No...

Prog



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





**Gun-Marie Fredriksson
(known as Marie Fredriksson)
(1958 – 2019)**

Fredriksson, was a Swedish pop singer, songwriter, pianist and painter, known for forming pop rock duo Roxette in 1986 alongside Per Gessle. The duo achieved international success in the late-1980s and early-1990s with their albums *Look Sharp!* (1988) and *Joyride* (1991), and had six top two hits on the Billboard Hot 100: "The Look", "Listen to Your Heart", "Dangerous", "It Must Have Been Love", "Joyride" and "Fading Like a Flower (Every Time You Leave)".

Fredriksson had a successful career in her native country prior to forming Roxette. She was a member of punk group Strul, a band which created their own music festival in 1979. Strul's dissolution led to the creation of her next project, the short-lived

MaMas Barn, after which she began releasing solo work. Her first album, *Het vind*, was issued in 1984, followed by *Den sjunde vägen* in 1986 and ... *Efter stormen* in 1987. Roxette's international breakthrough coincided with a period of inactivity for Fredriksson as a solo artist, punctuated only by the release of the non-album single "Sparvöga" in 1989. Subsequent solo albums included *Den ständiga resan* (1992) and *I en tid som vår* (1996).

In 2002, Fredriksson was diagnosed with a brain tumour. During her rehabilitation, she continued to record music as a solo artist, resulting in *The Change* in 2004 and *Min bästa vän* in 2006, as well as the non-album single "Där du andas" in 2008—her first solo number one single in Sweden. She and Gessle later reunited to record more albums as Roxette, who embarked on a worldwide concert tour. She also continued to record as a solo artist in her native Sweden, releasing *Nu!* in 2013.

She enrolled in a music school in the Svalöv Municipality at the age of seventeen, where she befriended students from the theatre department by composing music for their amateur plays. Since no other vocalist in the school could emulate Fredriksson's vocal range, she joined the cast of a musical she co-wrote, which toured throughout Sweden.

Fredriksson died on 9th December, at the age of 61 from complications during treatment of her aggressive brain tumour.



**Herbert Joos
(1940 – 2019)**

Joos was a German jazz trumpeter, flugelhornist

THOSE WE HAVE LOST

and graphic designer. He made recordings solo and in groups, especially with the Vienna Art Orchestra. In 2017, he received the Jazzpreis Baden-Württemberg for his life's work.

Joos learned trumpet first by self-study and then by a private teacher. He studied double bass from 1958, but then turned to flugelhorn, baritone horn, mellophone, and alhorn. Since the mid-1960s, he was a member of Modern Jazz quintet Karlsruhe, from which the group Fourmenonly was created (with Wilfried Eichhorn and Rudolf Theilmann). Afterward, he was a member of various modern and free jazz. He played at festivals and in the Free Jazz Meeting Baden-Baden of the SWF at a flugelhorn workshop and made a name for himself with his solo recording, *The Philosophy of the Flugelhorn* in 1973. He also led his own wind trio, quartet and orchestra.

He also produced drawings, book illustrations and paintings.

Joos died on 7th December, at the age of 79.



Joe McQueen
(aka Joe Lee McQueen né Joe Leandrew McQueen)
(1919 – 2019)

McQueen was an American jazz saxophonist.

He started playing saxophone in his teens in part because of his cousin, Herschel Evans, a saxophonist with Count Basie during the 1930s.

He performed with jazz musicians, such as Charlie

Parker, Chet Baker, Paul Gonsalves, Lester Young, Count Basie, Duke Ellington, Dizzy Gillespie, Nat King Cole, Louis Armstrong, Cab Calloway, and Ray Charles.

In 1962 he played in Idaho Falls, Idaho, with Hoagy Carmichael. As he approached the age of 100, he was still performing.

McQueen was the subject of the documentary film *King of O-Town*. In 2002, the governor of Utah established April 18 as Joe McQueen Day. In 2019, the Utah legislature honoured his 100th birthday. McQueen died on December 7th, at the age of 100.



Rosa Morena
(1941 – 2019)

Morena was a Spanish flamenco pop star who achieved international fame during the 1970s disco era, with the song, "Échale guindas al pavo". She died on 4th December, at the age of 78.

Jarad Anthony Higgins
(1998 – 2019)

Higgins, known professionally as Juice Wrld (stylized as Juice WRLD; pronounced "Juice World"), was an American rapper, singer, and songwriter. He was known for his singles "All Girls Are the Same" and "Lucid Dreams" which helped him gain a recording contract with Lil Bibby's Grade A Productions and Interscope Records.

THOSE WE HAVE LOST



"All Girls Are the Same" and "Lucid Dreams" acted as singles for Juice WRLD's debut studio album *Goodbye & Good Riddance* (2018). After collaborating with Future on the mixtape *Wrld on Drugs* (2018), Juice WRLD released his second album, *Death Race for Love*, in 2019 which became his first number-one album on the Billboard 200.

His parents divorced when he was three years old leaving his mother to raise him as a single mother alongside one older brother. Higgins' mother was very religious and conservative, and did not let him listen to hip hop. He was, however, allowed to listen to rock and pop music he found on video games such as Tony Hawk's Pro Skater and Guitar Hero, which introduced him to artists such as Billy Idol, Blink-182, Black Sabbath, Fall Out Boy, Megadeth, and Panic! at the Disco.

He first learned to play the piano at four years old, having been inspired by his mother who later began paying for lessons, followed by guitar and drums. Higgins also played trumpet for band class. In his sophomore year of high school, he started posting songs to his SoundCloud which he recorded on his cell phone. Around this time, Higgins began to take rapping more seriously.

Higgins began to develop himself as an artist in his first year of high school. His first track, "Forever", was released on SoundCloud in 2015 under the name JuicetheKidd. Higgins recorded a majority of his first tracks on a cellphone, uploading them to SoundCloud in his sophomore year. His name changed from JuicetheKidd, a name inspired by his affection for rapper Tupac Shakur and his part in the film *Juice*, to Juice WRLD because it "represents taking over the world."

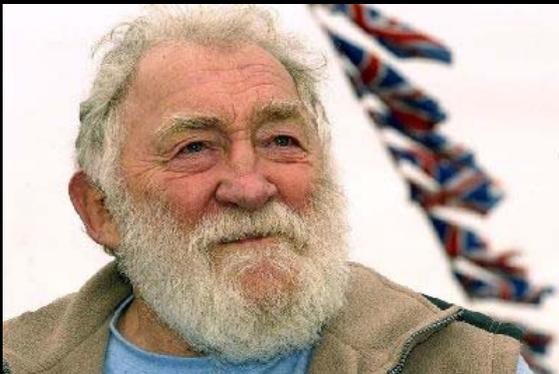
After joining the internet collective Internet Money, Higgins released his debut full-length EP, *9 9 9*, on June 15, 2017, with the song "Lucid Dreams" breaking out and growing his following.

Higgins' music has been branded as "emo" and "rock" leaning, "genre-bending" with music focusing on "every broken heart, every wounded feeling." With a penchant for short, hook-heavy songs, Juice WRLD seemed a leading figure for the current era of hip-hop.

On December 8th, 2019, Higgins was aboard a private Gulfstream jet flying from Van Nuys Airport in Los Angeles to Midway International Airport in Chicago, where law enforcement officers

THOSE WE HAVE LOST

were waiting for the jet to arrive as the pilot had notified them while the flight was en route that the jet was carrying guns and drugs. While police were on board the plane searching the luggage, Higgins allegedly swallowed multiple Percocet pills to hide them. According to law enforcement, several members of Higgins' management team aboard the flight attested that Higgins had taken "several unknown pills". Higgins began convulsing and going into seizures, after which two doses of the emergency medication Narcan were administered as an opioid overdose was suspected. Higgins was transported to hospital, where he died at age 21. Police found three handguns and 70 lb (32 kg) of marijuana on the aircraft.



**David James Bellamy OBE
(1933 – 2019)**

Bellamy was an English author, broadcaster, environmental campaigner and botanist. As a child, he had hoped of being a ballet dancer, but he knew his rather large physique would stop him. initially showed an aptitude for English Literature and History; then found his vocation because of an inspirational science teacher, studying Zoology, Botany, Physics and Chemistry in the sixth form. He gained an honours degree in Botany at Chelsea College of Science and Technology (now part of King's College London) and a PhD at Bedford College in 1960.

Bellamy's first work in a scientific environment was as a laboratory assistant at Ewell Technical

College before he studied for his BSc at Chelsea. In 1960 he became a lecturer in the Botany department of Durham University. The work that brought him to public prominence was his environmental consultancy on the Torrey Canyon oil spill in 1967, about which he wrote a paper in the leading scientific journal, *Nature*.

Bellamy published many scientific papers and books between 1966 and 1986. Many books were associated with the TV series that he worked on. During the 1980s he replaced Big Chief I-Spy as the figurehead of the I-Spy range of children's books, to whom completed books were sent to get a reward. In 1980 he released a single written by Mike Croft with musical arrangement by Dave Grosse to coincide with the release of the I-Spy title I Spy Dinosaurs (about dinosaur fossils) entitled "Brontosaurus Will You Wait For Me?" (backed with "Oh Stegosaurus"). He performed it on Blue Peter wearing an orange jump suit. It reached number 88 in the charts.

After his TV appearances concerning the Torrey Canyon disaster, his exuberant and demonstrative presentation of science topics featured on programmes such as *Don't Ask Me* along with other scientific personalities such as Magnus Pyke, Miriam Stoppard and Rob Buckman. He wrote, appeared in or presented hundreds of television programmes on botany, ecology, environmentalism and other issues. His television series included *Bellamy on Botany*, *Bellamy's Britain*, *Bellamy's Europe* and *Bellamy's Backyard Safari*. He was regularly parodied by impersonators such as Lenny Henry on *Tiswas* with a "gwapple me gwapenuts" catchphrase. His distinctive voice was used in advertising.

In 1983 he was imprisoned for blockading the Australian Franklin River in a protest against a proposed dam. He was a prominent campaigner against the construction of wind farms in undeveloped areas, despite appearing very enthusiastic about wind power in the educational video *Power from the Wind* produced by Britain's Central Electricity Generating Board.

David Bellamy was the President of the British Institute of Cleaning Science (BICSc) and was a strong supporter of the BICSc plan to educate young

THOSE WE HAVE LOST

people to care for and protect the environment. The David Bellamy Awards Programme is a competition designed to encourage schools to be aware of, and act positively towards, environmental cleanliness. He died on 11th December, at the age of 86.



**Monique Leyrac, OC CQ
(1928 – 2019)**

Leyrac was a Canadian singer and actress from Quebec, who popularized many songs by French-Canadian composers.

Leyrac started her acting career on radio in 1943, using her knowledge of music and drama. She recorded ten albums of music, and in the 1980s she began to write and stage one-woman shows in which she sang and acted.

A biography of Leyrac's life was released in 2019. Leyrac died on December 15th, aged 91.



**Irv Williams
(1919 – 2019)**

Williams was an African-American jazz saxophonist and composer. Throughout his nine-decade career, Williams focused on the Great American Songbook and the tenor sax as a solo vehicle.

His first instrument was the violin before switching to the clarinet and then to the tenor saxophone. In his early career, he played in bands behind Ella Fitzgerald, Fletcher Henderson, Mary Lou Williams, and Billy Eckstine. Turning down invitations to go on tour with Duke Ellington, Count Basie, or Louis Armstrong, he chose to stay and become part of the Minneapolis–Saint Paul (Twin Cities), history. In the Twin Cities, Williams has played at every jazz venue, past and present, including the old Flame Bar.

Since his 84th birthday, Williams came up with a stream of releases: *That's All* (2004), *Dedicated to You* (2005), followed by one of his most acclaimed, *Duo* (2006) with piano partner Peter Schimke, and *Finality* (2008).

Irv Williams had a regular weekly gig at the Dakota Jazz Club in downtown Minneapolis.

Williams died on 14th December, aged 100.

THOSE WE HAVE LOST



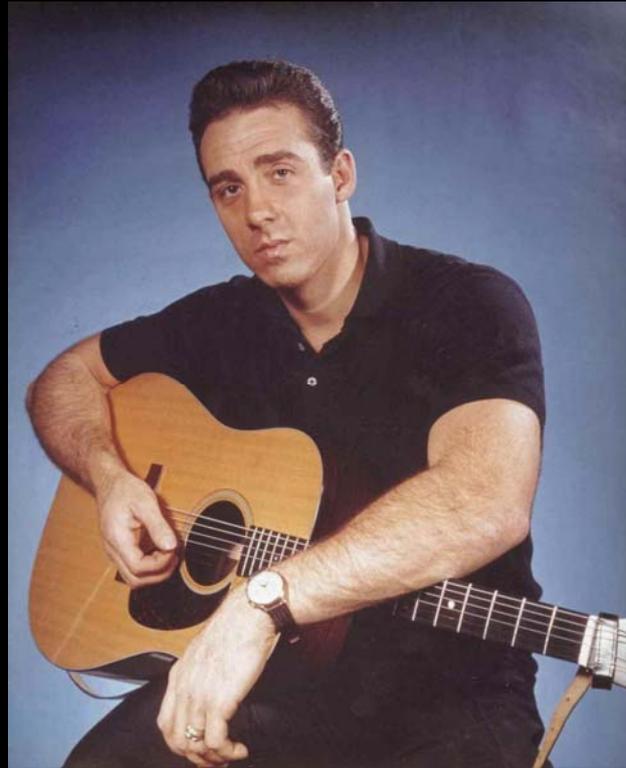
Dalton Baldwin
(1931 – 2019)

Baldwin was an American collaborative pianist. He made more than 100 recordings and won numerous prizes, working with outstanding singers such as Gérard Souzay, Elly Ameling, Arleen Auger, and Jessye Norman. He visited southern Africa on numerous occasions, accompanying Gérard Souzay three times (in 1958 for the first time) and Elly Ameling twice (in 1973 for the first time). He died on December 12th, aged 87.

Jack Scott
(born Giovanni Domenico Scafone Jr.)
(1936 – 2019)

Scott was a Canadian-American singer and songwriter. He was inducted into the Canadian Songwriters Hall of Fame in 2011 and was called "undeniably the greatest Canadian rock and roll singer of all time."

He grew up listening to hillbilly music and was taught to play the guitar by his mother, Laura. As a teenager, he pursued a singing career and recorded as "Jack Scott". At the age of 18, he



Roy Loney
(c1946 – 2019)

formed the Southern Drifters. After

Scott had more US singles (19), in a shorter period of time (41 months), than any other recording artist except for The Beatles, Elvis Presley, Fats Domino and Connie Francis. He wrote all of his own hits, except one: "Burning Bridges."

It has been said that "with the exception of Roy Orbison and Elvis Presley, no white rock and roller of the time ever developed a finer voice with a better range than Jack Scott, or cut a more convincing body of work in rockabilly, rock and roll, country-soul, gospel or blues".

Scott died of congestive heart failure on December 12th, 2019, at the age of 83.

Loney was founding frontman of garage rock band, the Flamin' Groovies, formed in in 1965, combining rock'n'roll, blues and R&B. Their strong sense of melody helped point the way to the power-pop sound of the 1970s and 80s, and they were revered in the punk scene of the

THOSE WE HAVE LOST



late 70s.

In the early 1960s, Loney began playing guitar and singing with Tim Lynch in the San Francisco band the Kingsmen, which would later evolve into the Chosen Few. By 1965, the Chosen Few became the Flamin' Groovies. After self-releasing their *Sneakers* EP in 1968, the band landed a record deal with Epic. Just one year later they delivered their debut studio album *Supersnazz*. The band would become known for its tracks "Love Have Mercy," alongside twists on classics like Bobby Troup's "The Girl Can't Help It" and John Vincent and Huey "Piano" Smith's "Rockin' Pneumonia and the Boogie Woogie 'Flu."

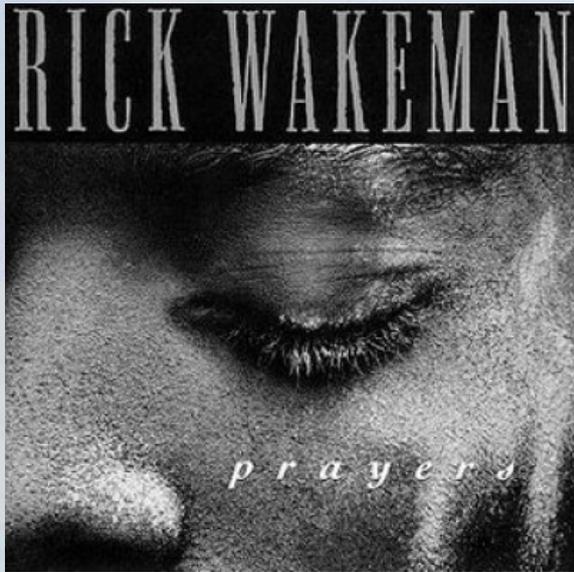
They didn't have commercial success, but they were admired by their peers: according to the liner notes of a reissued version of the Flamin' Groovies 1971 album *Teenage Head*, Mick Jagger thought of it as a better version of the Rolling Stones' *Sticky Fingers*; the Loney-penned song "Headin' for the Texas Border" has been covered by Jack White's band the

Raconteurs.

Loney left the band in 1971. He went on to record solo material while the Flamin' Groovies continued with Chris Wilson as frontman, recording power-pop hits such as "Shake Some Action." Loney reunited with the group after they released their 2017 album *Fantastic Plastic*, performing at live shows, including playing *Teenage Head* in full. He had been due to tour Europe with them earlier in 2019, but was injured in a fall and forced to cancel. He died on 13th December, aged 73.



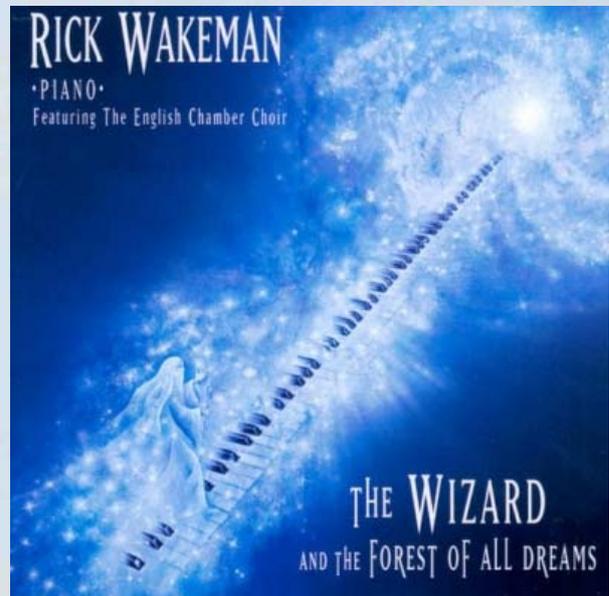
THOSE WE HAVE LOST



Artist Rick Wakeman
Title Prayers
Cat No. MFGZ049CD
Label RRAW

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

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



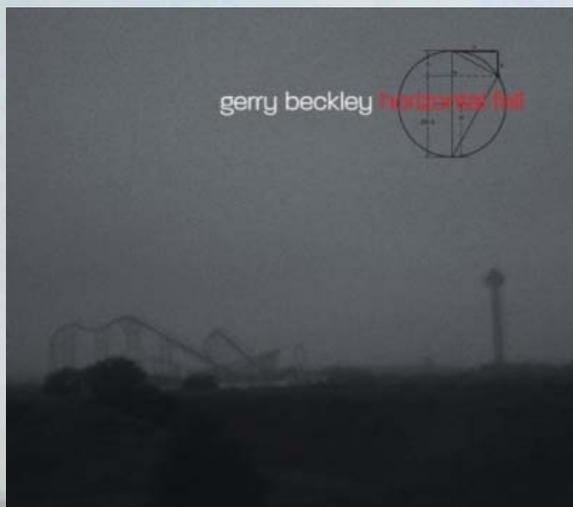
Artist Rick Wakeman
Title The Wizard and the Forest of All Dreams
Cat No. MFGZ050CD
Label RRAW

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



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

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



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

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

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

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

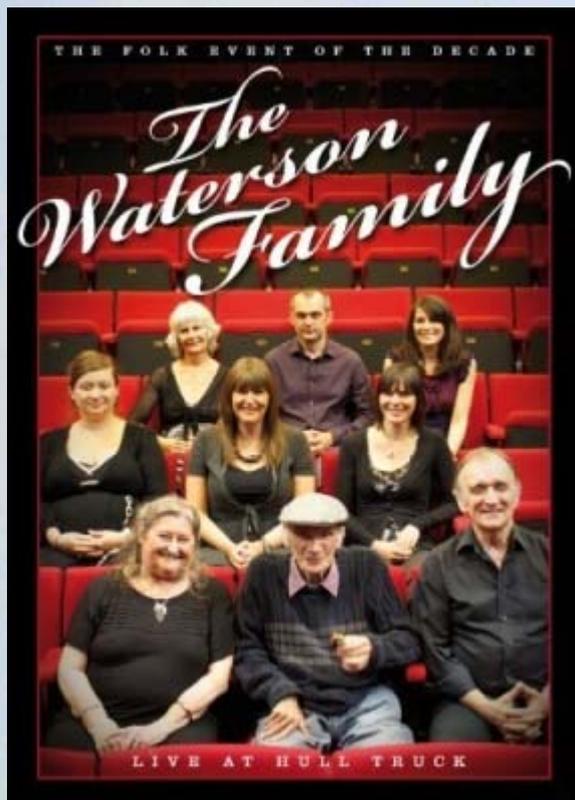
As a result, this is a CD you can listen to seemingly endless times and derive something new every time. Buy it for someone who loves permanent, thoughtful things over fleeting, trivial things. Someone smart."

And you can't say better than that.

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

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

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

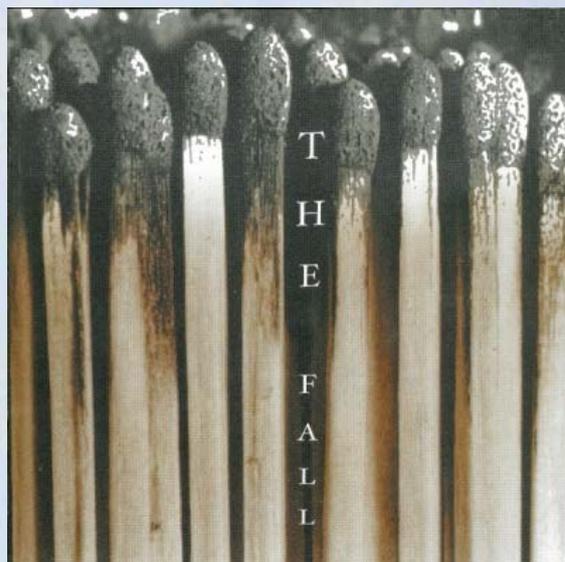


stage singing sublimely, mostly unaccompanied, a large selection of their repertoire. Not surprisingly, they received a standing ovation from an audience of like minded souls who, if anything like me, had the hairs on the back of their necks standing up for the whole concert with the magnificence of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

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

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

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



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

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

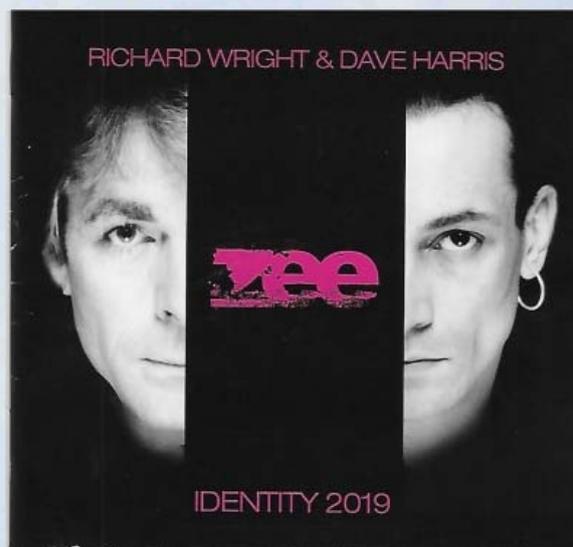




Artist Rick Wakeman
Title White Rock II
Cat No. MFGZ047CD
Label RRAW

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

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



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

Relationships within Pink Floyd had been getting ever more strained as the 1970s dragged on, and by the time that the band convened to record the Roger Waters masterwork, The Wall, keyboard player Rick Wright had reached a head. For tax reasons, the band were recording in France, New York and Los Angeles, and for various reasons that are outside the remit of this article, soon became badly behind schedule. Rick Wright had recorded a solo album in France almost immediately before sessions for The Wall convened, and was also going through a bitter divorce, and so – unlike other members of the band – was not able to bring his children abroad with him.

As a result of all this, he was unable to see his children for quite a while, and the accumulative effect of this, his unhappiness within the band, his struggles with Waters, his artistic frustrations at playing music in which he had not had a hand in creating, and various other things, was that he fell into a deep depression. Wright's contributions to The Wall were later described as "minimal" and, according to drummer Nick Mason, Waters was "stunned and furious" with Wright's intransigence and felt that Wright was not doing enough to help complete the album, started to lobby for his dismissal, and eventually presented the rest of the band with an impasse; either Wright leaves

or he would block the release of the album. Several days later, according to Wikipedia, “worried about their financial situation, and the failing interpersonal relationships within the band, Wright quit”.

Newly divorced from his previous life and previous musical activities, Rick Wright was at somewhat of a loose end and was vaguely thinking about putting a new band together, when Raphael Ravenscroft, who is best known for the saxophone break on Gerry Rafferty’s “Baker Street” (and is the son of the bloke who wrote *The Spear of Destiny* (1972), whom I knew a little bit in passing) introduced him to a ‘New Romantic’ musician called Dave ‘Dee’ Harris. The two of them hit it off, and – after various misadventures – decided to team up as a duo, which they called Zee. The two unlikely bedfellows produced a strange synergy, and the resulting album, *Identity*, worked much better than anyone could have guessed, and as a fan of both the harder edge of New Romantic music and Pink Floyd, I lapped it up. However, it had remained horribly obscure, and is probably the least known record of anything that has come out from the Pink Floyd ‘family’.

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

... until now.

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

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



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

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





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>

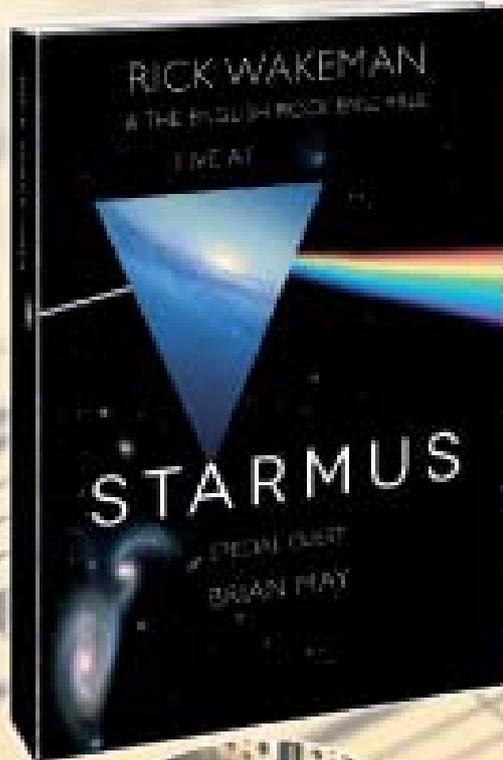
RAW presents

Forthcoming releases from **Rick Wakeman & Friends**

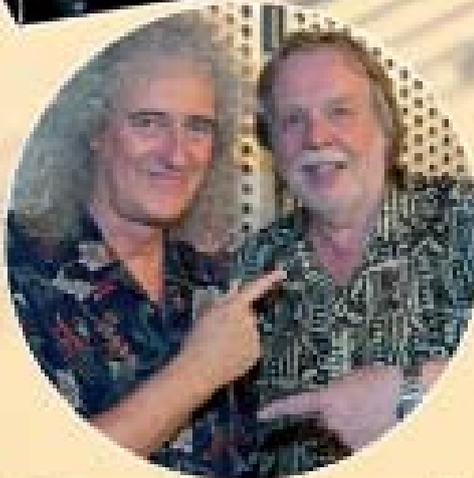
Rick Wakeman & Brian May

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

Douglas Harr Ear Candy for the Hungry Audiophile



**Happy Sleep for
Jagged Jokers and
Mr. Rogers...
whew! Happy
Holidays.**

This holiday season I am particularly grateful because I was able to crawl out of

a hole of my own making and have a normal February through December cycle.

Its been a helluva time as I rebuilt an IT tech business, restarted my 80's book

*The 80s Are Coming (again)
Punk, Goth, New Wave and the Second
British Invasion*

and started getting requests to be patron-exec producer. So yeah this Christmas and Hanukkah I feel ready for gratitude and reflection.



<http://diegospadeproductions.com/>



<http://diegospadeproductions.com/>



It was a good year for concerts, but there were great ones. Gwen Stefani delivered No Doubt tracks and many solo bits at her Las Vegas show. Former Members of Oingo Boingo were a blast – never thought any singer could inhabit Danny Elfman’s material but he did. Brian Setzer reformed Stray Cats and rocked this town.

But as it the holidays, I must say, the movie *The Joker* starring Joaquin Phoenix was a smash hit from the view in my chair. You might say what the heck does that have to do with the holidays? Well this version of the Joker origin story positions the man as a working clown, who is beaten and battered by it seems everyone in his life. His social worker is a mind-fucker, the man he was told by his mother was his father punches him in the nose and sends him off in pain. Three Wall Street thugs begin kicking him in a subway and that’s when he starts to fight back and gaining

some confidence.

What the story is about is a man so beaten and bruised by the collective members of “society” that he feels so ignored, marginalized and screwed over – people not even knowing who he is, stepping over him and not helping. This Joker is tragic and reminds us to pay attention at least to homeless and less fortunate near us, within reach to ask what might be needed, or done to help.

Mr. Rogers with Tom Hanks was a “three hankey” affair. There is a point where Mr. Rogers who Tom Hanks makes hyper real turns towards the screen, breaking the forth wall, just to invite us to think of someone that made a difference in our lives, just for a moment please, and in my theater, the majority of the audience sighed and some sobbed including this softly because of the beauty of that question and the inevitable gratitude it elicits in all of us.

In this way Mr. Rogers and the Joker ask us



two different things that are related – a fear based request that we pay attention and be nice or we will “get what we deserve” and a love based request to think about people with gratitude and forgiveness. Both valid, both beautiful

Over the last few days as we close in on the holidays I’ve had a couple of business trips where I mixed business with entertainment to wonderful results. Last week in New York I met Rick Kennel from Happy the Man who with Ken Scott has some very interesting work in the queue. He is such a powerful and kind man – and his wife Leah did the “Beauty gone Wild” cd and played the first track to me and my managing producer Elyse. First Kleenex. Then I got to hear the project Rick was working on. Second Kleenex for the joy again of hearing great art rendered in perfect sound.

Then we went to *Sleep No More* – an interactive play where we were led into the darkness of minor key drones of sound in what was like a haunted hotel, hospital and woods.

Something like scenes from MacBeth were enacted by pale actors who ignored the onlookers (all of us wearing mandatory bird face masks and not



allowed to look or touch). When I emerged from this nasty hangover of dread, I emerged into the smoky bar and was uplifted by a solo blonde beauty singing “Have Yourself A Merry Little Christmas” in the most beautiful delivery I’ve ever seen and heard. A jazz trio followed. A controlled statuesque torch song singer led them with such a dispassionate demeanor that she became for one and all an instant heartbreaker.

Jagged Little Pill followed the next night at a Broadway Theater.

I was not a big fan of Alanis Morissette before but now I am. The songs she has released are so fitting for a sort of variety show about broken but healing suburbanites. Struggling with the aftermath of rape, attempting suicide, succeeding at same, etc. etc. and pulling heartstrings with an exceptional cast that made her songs and words come alive.

So one and all have yourself a merry little holidays and say thanks to whoever you believe is there in moments of doubt, pain, love gained or lost, and best of all those filled with joy.

Happy 2019, Diego Spade



What began as one dog on an airplane several years ago has evolved into a team of over 100 volunteers who fly or drive animals from danger to safety. Founded in 2009 by pilots and friends Brad Childs and Jonathan Plesset, the organization became a recognized 501c(3) entity in 2012. Since then our teams have conducted a wide range of missions including hoarding cases, saving animals from dog fighting rings and natural disasters, and helping overcrowded shelters. We now have the capability to respond to a huge variety of rescue needs both near and far. During the devastating hurricanes in 2017, PAART made its first international journey, heading to the storm-ravaged island of Tortola in the British Virgin Islands to rescue not only 42 animals, but two rescuers who had found themselves stranded on the island for weeks. Our reach stretches from Texas to Florida and all the way up the East Coast to Massachusetts. We have conducted rescue missions as far inland as the Mississippi River. While Pittsburgh is in our name, it actually makes up less than 10% of the area

we cover.

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

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



PAART™
*pittsburgh aviation
animal rescue team*



100 Missions In One Year. It's a milestone that we want to dedicate to every Pilot, Land Pilot, Volunteer, Staff, Administrator, and Board Member of PAART. Most importantly it's to YOU, our supporters, who cheered us on, donated to our cause, shared our posts, and shared in the joy with us of seeing animals go from Danger to Safety. It never gets old and the feeling of hope we have felt on each 100 of these missions keep us yearning for mor

PAART Pilots Jonathan Plesset and Pete Lehmann flew the PAART Plane yesterday on our 100th rescue of 2019. 21 dogs who had run out of time met us along with some of our favorite partners, Wags To Riches – Helping Animals In Need, Morgan County, West Virginia, and Love of Paws Rescue. After loading the animals up for the 100th time this year we were left with a sense of love for

everyone who participates in these rescues. It's an emotional experience that we share with people like Pat, Russ, Victoria, Michele, and Bruce that forever bonds us all.

We flew back to Pittsburgh with a huge group of people waiting for us in the hanger from Cross Your Paws Rescue and newcomer East Coast Bulldog Rescue, who are taking all 21 of these animals into their care. If you want to adopt one of these special dogs please contact them for details and when you do please drop us a note and let us know how their story ended.

Thank you to Mary Kennedy Withrow and Brittany Lewkowicz for your tireless work making sure these missions go off without a hitch. Thank you to our Pilots, our Land Pilots, and our volunteers for donating your time to each and every one of these missions. We sincerely can't thank each of you enough.





Dark side of the Yule!

Alan Dearling goes a bit Pagan on us and contemplates:
So...here we are about to become deeply rooted into the Darker half of the
Year!

"We celebrate the rebirth of the sun, not the son."
So said, Kate West, High Priestess of a Wiccan coven in Cheshire.

alan dearling

And at its heart, we have a few options to ponder. There are the Roman Bacchanalia/Saturnalia celebrations (a week-long, or more, Party-time, kicking-off from the 17th or 19th December), the Norse Wiccan Yule Feast (December 21st (ish)), and the celebration of the Unconquered Sun on December 25th. All are near enough to 25th December Christmas date, which seems to have been chosen pretty randomly by Pope Julius I in 340 AD... Previously, the 6th January and 29th March had been celebrated for the birth of Jesus. Then again, in the old Julian calendar, the 25th December was the shortest day. This year, in the Northern Hemisphere, the winter Solstice (meaning 'the sun stands still') – the shortest day – in 2019 is Sunday 22nd December and daylight is expected to last a mere 7 hours 49 minutes and 41 seconds in London. But, confusingly, the Solstice is usually the 21st, but can also be on the 20th or 23rd December. Confusing? Hmmm

These days, Stonehenge is opened up to a diverse mix of Pagans, Druids and revellers for the Winter Solstice. Usually a lot less folk than for the summer event. Over in Ireland, an annual lottery is held to select around 120 people to be present for the winter Solstice at Newgrange, an imposing, 5,000-year-old burial mound. Nice time of year for a Riot, anybody?

What about the music?

There's always been a fascination in neo-folk and heavy rock quarters for a slice or two of Pagan and Wiccan music. Cast a thought back to the likes of the Incredible String Band, Dr Strangely Strange, Pentangle, Jimmy Page, Fields of the Nephilim, Blackmore's Night, and even Black Sabbath. Lots of Celtic and Pagan mythology buried in their back catalogues. As in the past, there are plenty of modern acts out and about, suitable for the Winter celebrations. Ones that I am half-familiar with include: the Gaia Consort; Elvin's Tales; Heilung; Omnia; Faun; Goat; Inkubus Sukkubus and the Wyrd Sisters





Heilung1:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=GPV38e7yfSo>

Heilung2:

<https://newnoisemagazine.com/grand-fashion-heilung-iconic-sound/>

Wyrd Sisters, Canada, 'Warrior':

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=OvvVAzyH6o8>

From Germany, Faun:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=uEwde4bjysY>

Inkubus Sikkubus are one of the most prominent Pagan Goth bands. Here's 'Wytches':

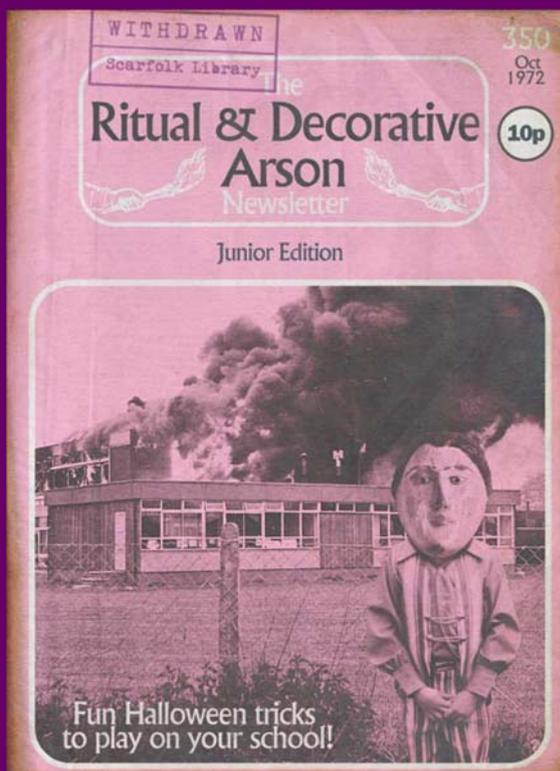
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=B2D6C2IC1U0>

*"When all the world has gone to sleep
The fairies from the forest creep
From out 'the wild wood comes the call:
The dance is life, the dance is all!
An ancient forest beckons me
To run skyclad amongst the trees
This band of pagans cannot wait*

*With you, tonight, to celebrate.
Cernunnos, Lord of Beasts, has spoken:
Come join us for some Pagan folk!"*

More on Old-style celebrations...

There's shed-loads of info concerning the Old Skool celebrations. Pagans, Druids, Witches through to the Vikings. Then there's the ancient Romans, who particularly venerated the god Saturn. All good for a bit of sacrifice! **Fertility rituals** took place under a canopy of mistletoe. But it is probably the source of where the kissing-under-the-mistletoe tradition comes from. Interestingly, it was also used for peace and reconciliation gatherings, where weapons were laid down by Norse warriors. Apparently, mistletoe is also the symbol of Frigga, a goddess of love



I mentioned **Saturnalia** earlier. It was a designated time to honour the god Saturn. Houses were decorated with a host of greenery—vines, ivy, and the like. Over in ancient Egypt, they used palms—being the symbol of resurrection and rebirth. This probably was the source of the much more modern tradition of the 'holiday tree'. Candles, fruit and gifts were laid out in

German tradition to honour Odin at Solstice time. Sounds a bit like the Halloween celebrations too... Holly was associated with the god of winter—the Holly King, who was supposed to be out engaging in his annual battle with the Oak King.

Thinking about so-called Christmas cake, it probably harks back to ancient Egypt. Foodies may have heard about how the Egyptians used to put **cakes** made of fermented fruit and honey into the tombs of their deceased relatives and friends. Thereby, expecting them to feed the dead forever and a few days!

Lighting fires as part of celebrations is common (even at our modern music festies). But going back in time, the celebration utilising the Yule log has its origins in Norway, on the night of the winter Solstice. Traditionally, the festivities around Yule actually lasted 12 days. Now, that's a proper revel! It was originally to give thanks to, and celebrate, Thor. Heaving a girt big log onto the hearth celebrated the return of the sun each year. Apparently, Norwegians believed that the sun was a giant wheel of fire that rolled away from the Earth and began rolling back again on the winter Solstice. This seems to me, more plausibly logical than the ravings and rantings of some of my Flat-Earth mates! (Sorry, Richard and Brian!)

Some sources:

Apologies re- images... they are bit of a random collection and I don't have the sources logged.

<https://www.learnreligions.com/christmas-customs-with-pagan-roots-2563021>

http://news.bbc.co.uk/1/hi/special_report/for_christmas/new_year/pagan_christmas/37276.stm

<https://www.metoffice.gov.uk/weather/learn-about/weather/seasons/winter/winter-solstice-facts>

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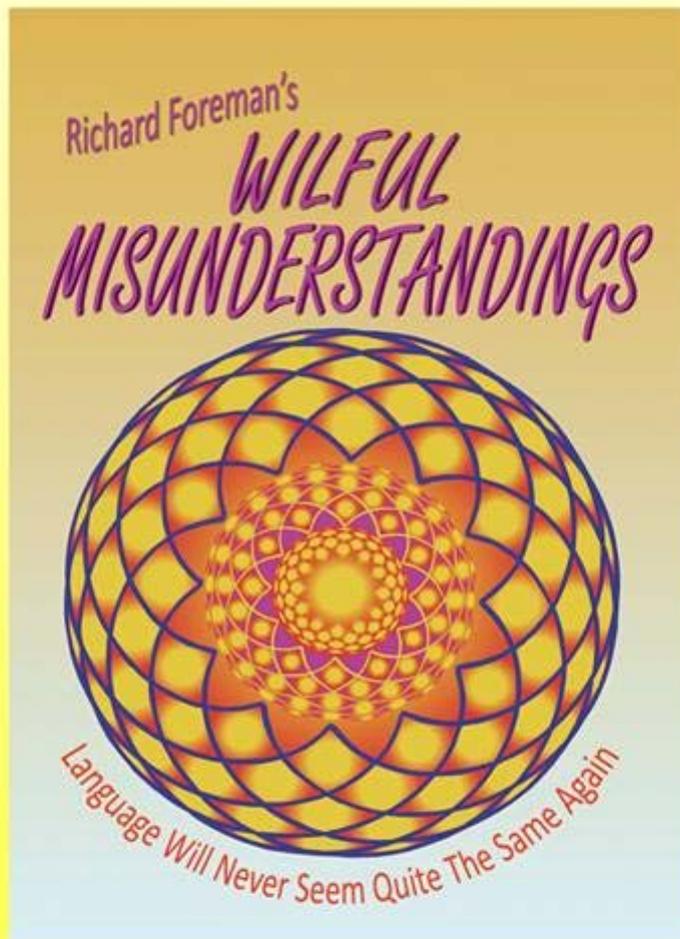
**Blessed are the Gypsies,
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the Artists, Writers,
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Wanderers and Vagabonds,
Children and Misfits :
For they teach us to see
the World
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10 TOP TEN



1. The Specials: Encore

For those of you not aware of this band, here is a brief backstory. The band were formed in Coventry in 1977, and from the beginning had a multi-racial line up, which was still a rarity in those days. The band combined “danceable ska and rocksteady beats with punk’s energy and attitude”. They produced two albums before the band started to fragment, and the third album, ‘The Special AKA, in the Studio’ was the last featuring founding member Jerry Dammers.

And then came chaos. From 1993 onwards, various different members of

2019

the classic line up partially re-grouped under 'The Specials' name, although the entire classic line up have never got together since the split. There have been various albums, all of which were emotionally, musically and philosophically a pale shadow of what the band once were. Until now.

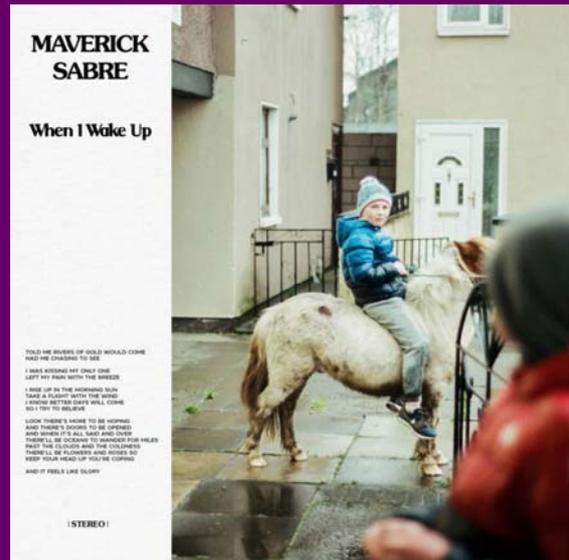
This new album is the first for nearly forty years to feature new material by Terry Hall, and although there are only three of the original members on parade today (others have died, been in ill health, or declined to be involved in this current project), this is by far the most satisfying record they have made since 1984. The songs about racism (B.L.M) and mental health (The Life and Times) are particularly strong but, for me, it is the re-imagining of Prince Buster's 1963 song, 'The Ten Commandments', featuring poet and activist Saffiyah Khan, that really makes this album memorable.



The original is, to 21st century ears, appallingly sexist and quite distasteful, but Saffiyah starts as she means to go on, with:

*"Thou shall not listen to Prince Buster
Or any other man offering kindly advice
In matters of my own conduct
You may call me a feminazi or a femoid
And then see if I give a stinking shit"*

An excellent record, and one which I have no hesitation in recommending it to you all.



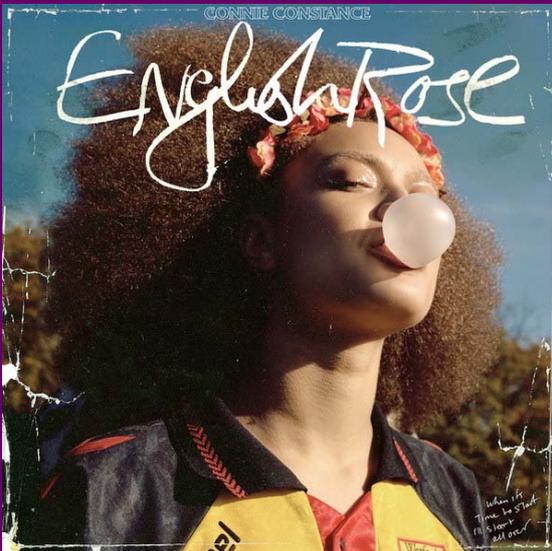
2. Maverick Sabre: When I Wake Up

I first heard of this guy whatever year it was that the Rolling Stones played Glastonbury. And I was not impressed, and moreover, I thought his stage name was stupid.

However, the music of Michael Stafford (his real name) has grown on me over the last few years, and the way that he combines acoustic guitar strummetty-strum with hip hop is truly something quite remarkable.

He has an extraordinary voice which – without warning – can go off into a high-pitched falsetto, but otherwise has the timbre he shares with many of his fellow Irishmen; particularly to these ears, the

singers in a number of Irish rebel folk bands, such as The Wolfetones. You can take the boy out of Ireland, but no way are you ever going to take the Irish angst out of the boy. I am reminded of the final scene in *The Commitments*, when Jimmy claims that country music is the perfect vehicle with which to express the bitterness of Ireland's downtrodden people. If it wasn't for the fact that Michael Stafford was still in nappies when actor Robert Arkins uttered those highly prescient words, (and cited hiphop) something very similar could have been said about Maverick Sabre.



3. Connie Constance: English Rose

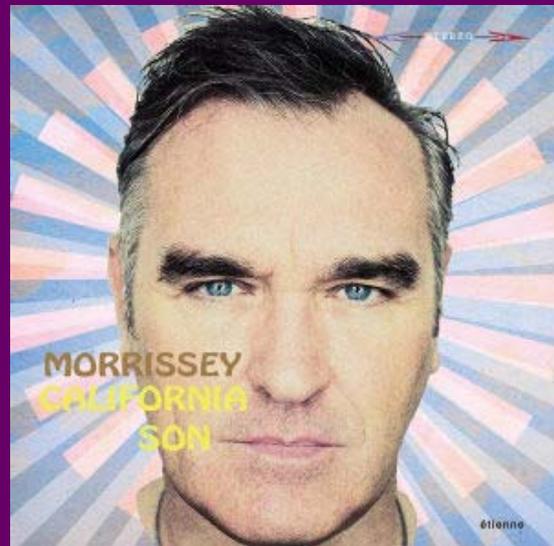
I carefully have not put my top ten in any particular order because this year, like quite often, my choice of the leaders in this list changes from day to day. But always somewhere near the top is this remarkable slice of contemporary British soul music from Connie Constance. This is the first album by this young mixed-race British singer, and whilst I don't usually make a big thing about the racial origins of any of the people whom I review, in this situation it actually is

relevant!

Connie describes how, when she was at school, her friends were mostly white kids who listened to bands like The Smiths and The Stone Roses, but that out of school, her friends were black and mixed-race kids into hip hop and RnB. Which actually goes a long way to explaining why this album is such a beautifully seamless mix of soul and indie music.

It includes a long experimental track called *Bloody British Me*, on which Connie - the only dual heritage person from a white Watford family - declares that British blood ain't all the same...

"We're all from these different cultures now really," she explains, "but there are so many things that we're so in line with, no matter where you are from, or whether you are left or right."



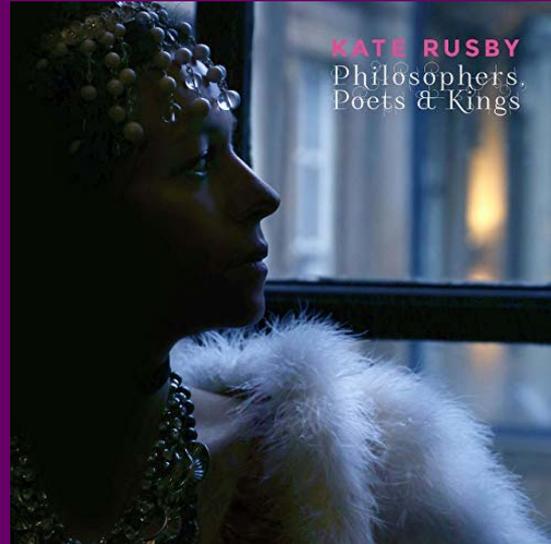
4. Morrissey: California Sun

Morrissey has had somewhat of a chequered year. He has continually expressed admiration for various

members of the British right wing, most notably a minor political party called 'For Britain Movement', led by a lady called Anne-Marie Waters, who left UKIP after Nigel Farage described her and her supporters as "Nazis and racists".

Morrissey's only record this year has been equally atypical. It is a collection of cover versions of songs that – apparently – mean a lot to him. You can listen to this album on at least two levels. As a collection of songs, it is beautifully recorded, beautifully sung, and a very satisfying listen.

However, if one gets a little bit more analytical about it, the collection of artists whose work Morrissey has chosen to cover on this album, is not at all what one would suspect. There is only one – Jobriath – who could be said to have been predictable. And all the other artists that one would have supposed to have been on here, like The New York Dolls, are highly noticeable by their absence. Instead, the source material is mostly from the 1960s folk revival, such as Joni Mitchell, early Bob Dylan, Melanie, Phil Ochs and Buffy Sainte-Marie, together with other 60s singers such as Tim Hardin and Dionne Warwick. The collection is much smaller and less abrasive than I was expecting, and indeed, is more fun to listen to than the expected album of spikey self-indulgence. Although it is not the done thing these days to praise Morrissey, I find it hard not to say that this album is indeed one of the year's highlights, even though his political stance can only be seen as unfortunate.

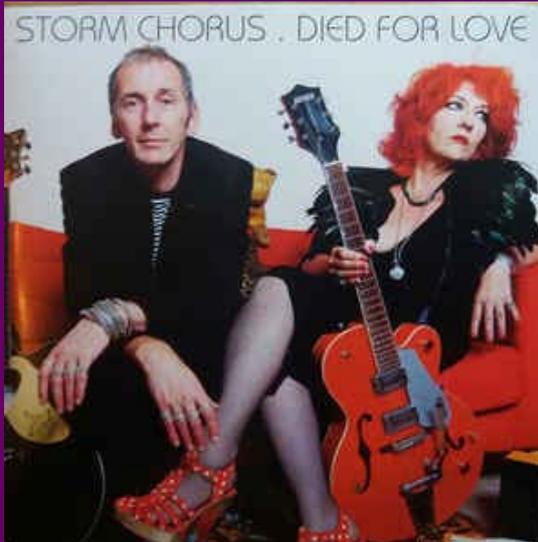


5. Kate Rusby: Philosophers, Poets and Kings

I sincerely doubt whether there will be any readers of this magazine who are not aware of Kate Rusby. She was born in 1973 into a family of musicians, and for the past twenty or so years she has been seen as one of the greatest contemporary English folk singers, and she is one of the few of them to be nominated for a Mercury Prize. This is her seventeenth or eighteenth album, and whereas the Morrissey album described above is outstanding because it is not at all what one was expecting, this is completely the opposite. It is exactly what one has come to expect from Kate Rusby, containing beautifully played, beautifully sung and emotive songs that take traditional idioms and use them to explore contemporary subjects, at least most of the time.

Her homespun north country accent suits these songs down to the ground and keeps them grounded, stopping them from becoming too sweet or too ethereal. I'm not as much a fan of

contemporary folk music as some of my peers, and feel that quite often, technical prowess has replaced emotional grounding, but this is something that one can certainly not say about this album. Like all the rest of her music that I have heard (most of it), this is perfectly sublime and I cannot recommend it highly enough.



6. Storm Chorus: Died for Love

I really like this record. David Owen (no, not the bloke who started the Social Democrats) was originally lead singer of the Leeds band The Hollow Men, who toured with The Stone Roses, Primal Scream, and others. He then made two albums, partly homages to the KLF, recording under the name of the FLK, which mixed folk, ajit pop, and situationist weirdness. This record, a collaboration with singer Rebecca Denniff, is a peculiar, though impelling, mix of dark electronic beats and traditional folk references, all mixed up in a slyly witty melange.

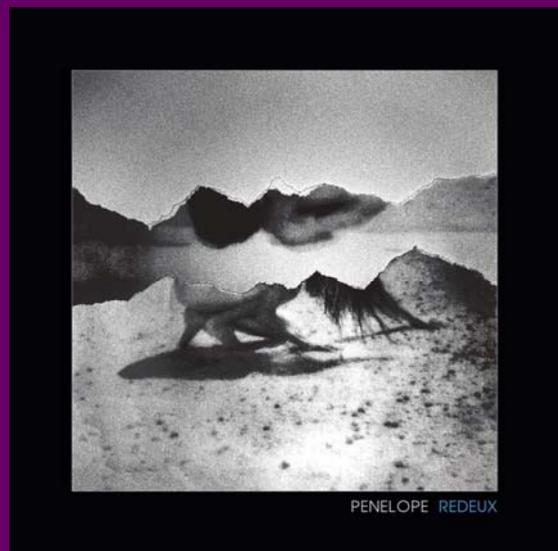
The record opens with the line:

“Here we are, sitting in a tree, K-I-L-L-I-N-G”

And gets darker from then on. I think that if the Wicker Man had been true life, this is the band who would have been playing on the Saturday night in the local pub.

Deftly mixing folk horror with lo-fi electronica, this band are truly something worth watching.

Great stuff!



7. Penelope Trappes: Penelope Redeux

Some issues ago, I noted the advent of a new genre of music which seems to be taking hold, at least in the areas of public consciousness where I venture to go. It is a sort of finely crafted electronica played by and for and about young women. Despite the fact that my position within the gender spectrum takes me a long way from their intended fan base, I have become very fond of the music by people like Penelope Trappes.

This is a remix album of tracks from last year's 'Penelope Two', remixed by such people as Cosey from Throbbing Gristle and Mogwai.

Peculiarly, a bit like the above album by Storm Chorus, there is something innately English about this music. It has very few musical references to anything else I have heard, but if you can imagine the electronic sound scapes of Throbbing Gristle, whilst still scary, but with the addition of some ethereal and sombre melodies, then you might come a little closer to what this album is all about. It is one of the most precious things I have heard all year, although it is – for me, at least – absolutely impossible to categorise. Is it classical? Dance? Avant guard? Electronica? EDM? Or something else entirely? I've never been particularly good at putting things into pigeonholes, but as far as this young lady and her music are concerned I find it completely impossible.

Check it out, you will find out exactly what I mean.



8. The Private Sector: Your Mind, Our Marketplace

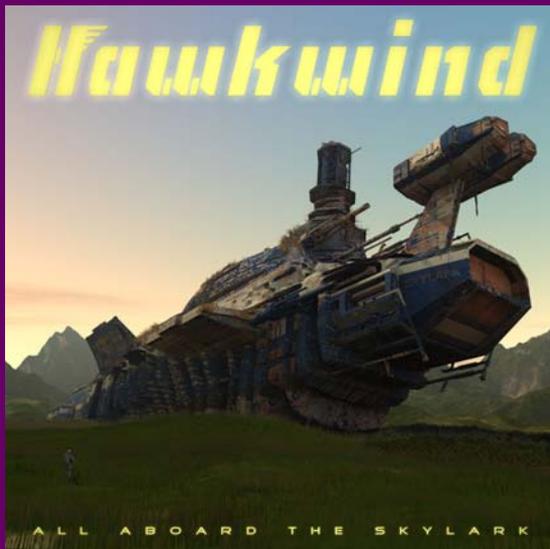
9.

I like this band a lot. They have been around for a couple of years, and my old mate John Higgs describes them best:

"The Private Sector are as dreadful as a moment of clarity. They are traumatic, but necessary. They are psychologically damaged by expensive schooling and there is no alternative. They are part of the problem and not the solution. They are exactly what you deserve.

Back when there was a counter-culture, The Private Sector would have been described as agit-pop. They would have been called political, or situationism, or dada. This is why we don't have a counter-culture anymore; any movement that clueless was never going to last. Fucking amateurs. Eventually you need to get the professionals in. Somebody has to look the reality of the world in the face and frame it so that a sheep-like audience can understand. Somebody has to map the dead-end of western culture or else the tourists will never come. As we know, our current generation of supposed artists and musicians are either incapable, scared or too concerned with career advancement to do the work. When there's a job that needs to be done, your only option is to outsource it to The Private Sector. Stop reading now."

Somewhere between the Justified Ancients of Mu Mu and Crass, they mix barbed political comment with eminently listenable to and danceable to sounds and beats. If you are going to take a chance on just one record by someone you've never heard of this year, make it this one.



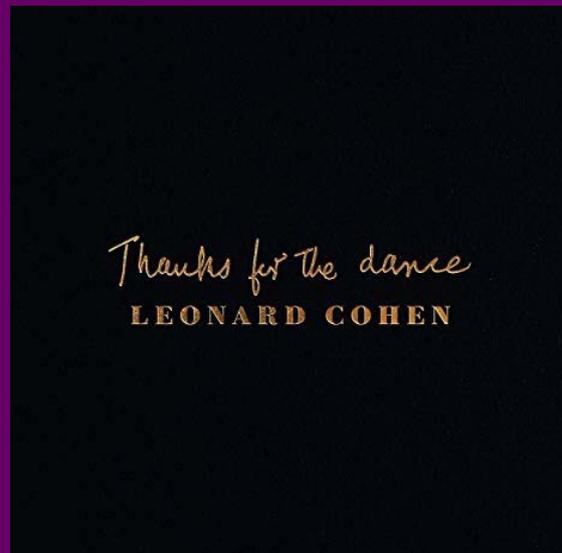
9. Hawkwind: All Aboard the Skylark

I have been listening to Hawkwind ever since Silver Machine was a hit back in 1972. And every time there has been a new Hawkwind album out since then, I have usually managed to check it out. Whilst I enjoyed most of the early ones a lot, by the time we came to the turn of the century, Hawkwind's glory days were long behind them. Their 21st century albums were – to my ears, at least – chunky, over-compressed, and uninspiring. Last year, along came a collection of some of their most famous songs, re-recording with an orchestra by Mike Batt (you know, the Wombles bloke), and it was a breath of fresh air, with the best production values that I have ever heard on a Hawkwind album.

Although there are no Wombles to be seen anywhere near the Skylark, this album is beautifully recorded, and has some of the best music they have released for many decades, probably since the 'Love in Space' album back in 1980. It appears to be an album which

appeals more to the casual Hawkwind listener than to the hardcore fan. I'm not sure why this is, because I find their newly discovered use of acoustic guitar melded seamlessly with the signature Hawkwind wooshing noises a very welcome breath of fresh air.

Hawkwind have always had to be congratulated for not reverting into a 'greatest hits juke box' like so many other bands who are still around after fifty years in the business. They have always continued to present their audience with new material, and on the basis of this album at least, long may they continue.



10. Leonard Cohen: Thanks for the Dance

Posthumous releases cobbled together from recordings that artists make before their death are often somewhat of a Curate's Egg. Whereas George Harrison's final album was put together by his son and his collaborator Jeff Lynne from detailed notes that Harrison had left, other records, like the various albums in the 'American Recordings' series by

HONOURABLE MENTIONS

Johnny Cash, which have appeared since his death, are – sadly – less impressive, and probably would not have got past the artists's own innate quality control department.

So, I didn't know what to expect when I heard that a 'new' Leonard Cohen album was ready for release over three years after his death.

The songs on the album comprise "sketches" left over from the sessions for Cohen's final studio album *You Want It Darker* that were finished by Cohen's son Adam Cohen in a "garage near his father's old house". Regarding the tracks, Cohen noted: "Had we had more time and had [Leonard] been more robust, we would have gotten to them. [We had] conversations about what instrumentation and what feelings he wanted the completed work to evoke — sadly, the fact that I would be completing them without him was given."

I think that Adam Cohen is being unfair here, both to himself and the material, because this record is an absolute masterpiece. In fact, I prefer it to 'You Want It Darker' although I can't explain why. At his best, Leonard Cohen was always one of the most emotionally evocative artists of his time, and his music could always work magic on the listener's psyche. Much to my surprise, this record is rapidly turning out to be one of Cohen's best.

Fantastic!

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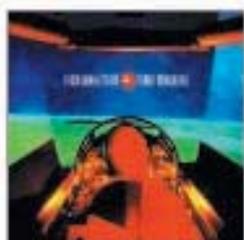
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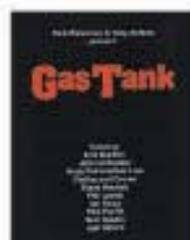
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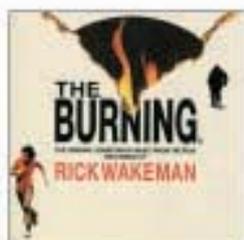
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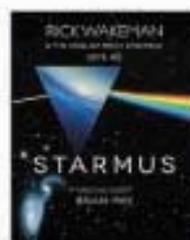
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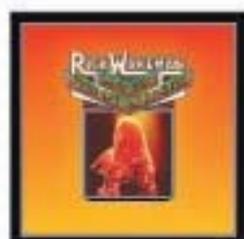
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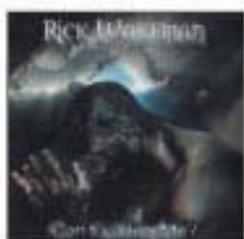
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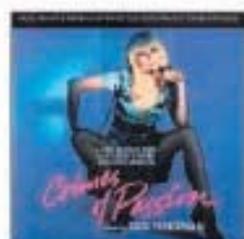
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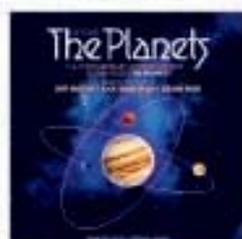
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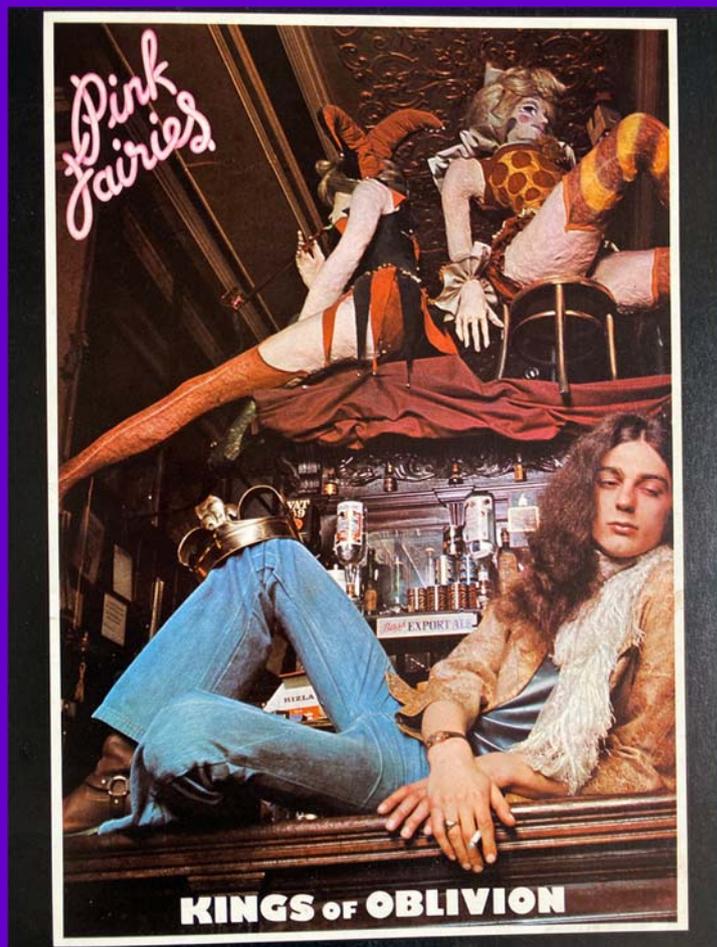
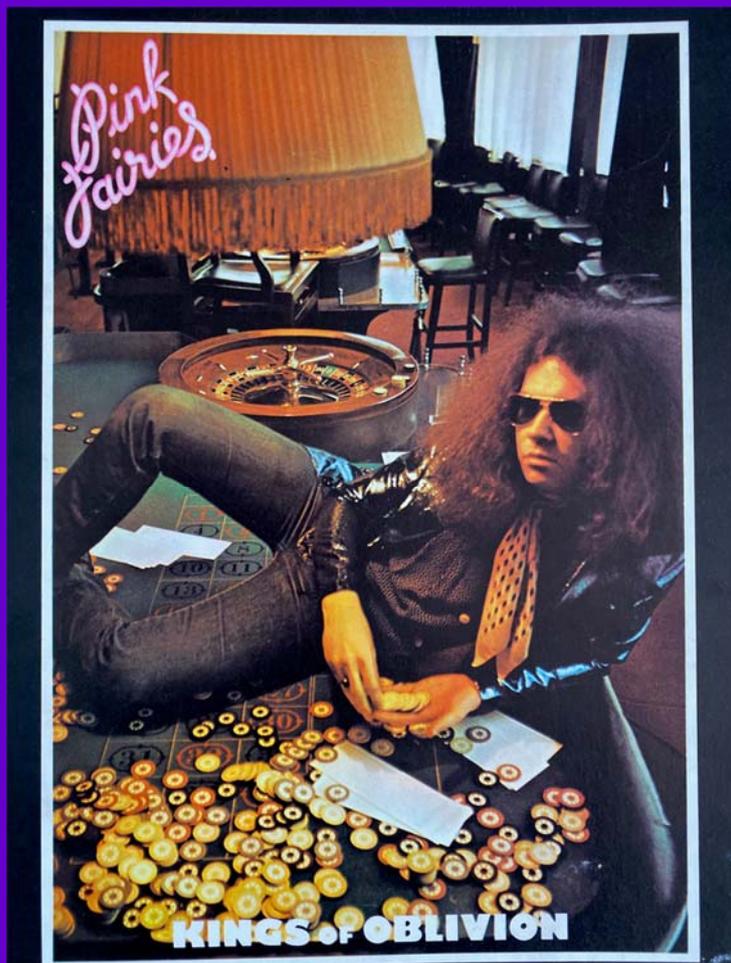
In Memoriam to the Kings of Oblivion – Larry Wallis and Duncan Sanderson

I became a fan of the Pink Fairies in the early seventies through my “hippy” school friends. There were a number of bands that were considered cool at the time including the Fairies, Hawkwind, Amon Düül II, Man and even Genesis. I bought both ‘Sweeties’ and ‘Never Never Land’ from the second-hand shops in Brady’s arcade in Kingston and was

disappointed that the original band broke up before I had the chance to see them. When I did get to first see the band, it was the Kings of Oblivion trio and to me, that was always the classic Fairies line-up. The loss of Larry and Sandy is a huge loss to all in the Fairies community and I thought I would celebrate their lives with a few reminiscences.

The first time I saw the Fairies was in 1974 at the Westway Theatre in Ladbroke Grove. The line-up was Larry, Sandy and Russell and I can still remember them kicking off with City Kids. It was noisy, it was discordant and although I was high as a kite, I can still remember the afternoon as if it was yesterday. My first experience of Portobello Market, some kickass rock’n’roll and a fairly terrifying train journey home.

Then a few more gigs around London, the



JEREMY SMITH



Winning Post at Twickenham with a storming version of “I’m waiting for the Man”, an all-nighter at the Lyceum, which seemed to end much too early, the Roundhouse, with the Fairies headlining over the up and coming Stranglers, and probably more. The Roundhouse I remember as an especially good gig with Larry debuting “On Parole”. They were just a great rock’n’roll band and Larry’s guitar and Sandy’s bass made “Bye Bye

Johnny” so much better than the original.

1977 brought punk and the Stiff Tour, 7th October 1977, two hours of the best music ever with Nick Lowe, Elvis Costello, Ian Dury, Wreckless Eric and of course Larry Wallis. Larry with the most hair I have ever seen, playing Police Car to an ecstatic audience. I really thought he had it made but the album never came out and there wasn’t another release from him



until Leather Forever a few years later. What a waste.

By the late eighties, I was married and living in South London, I'd tried to see Larry a couple of times but the gigs had been cancelled, one when I didn't find out till we got to a pub in Camden to see Larry Wallis and the Pork Torpedoes and

walked into an absolutely empty room with the support band playing but no Larry. But then the Fairies reformed as a five piece and I went to see them at the Town and Country Club only to find it was sold out, which I couldn't believe. Luckily, I did get to see the new improved speed-metal Fairies with Twink and Andy Colquhoun at the Clarendon in Hammersmith and the old vibe was still



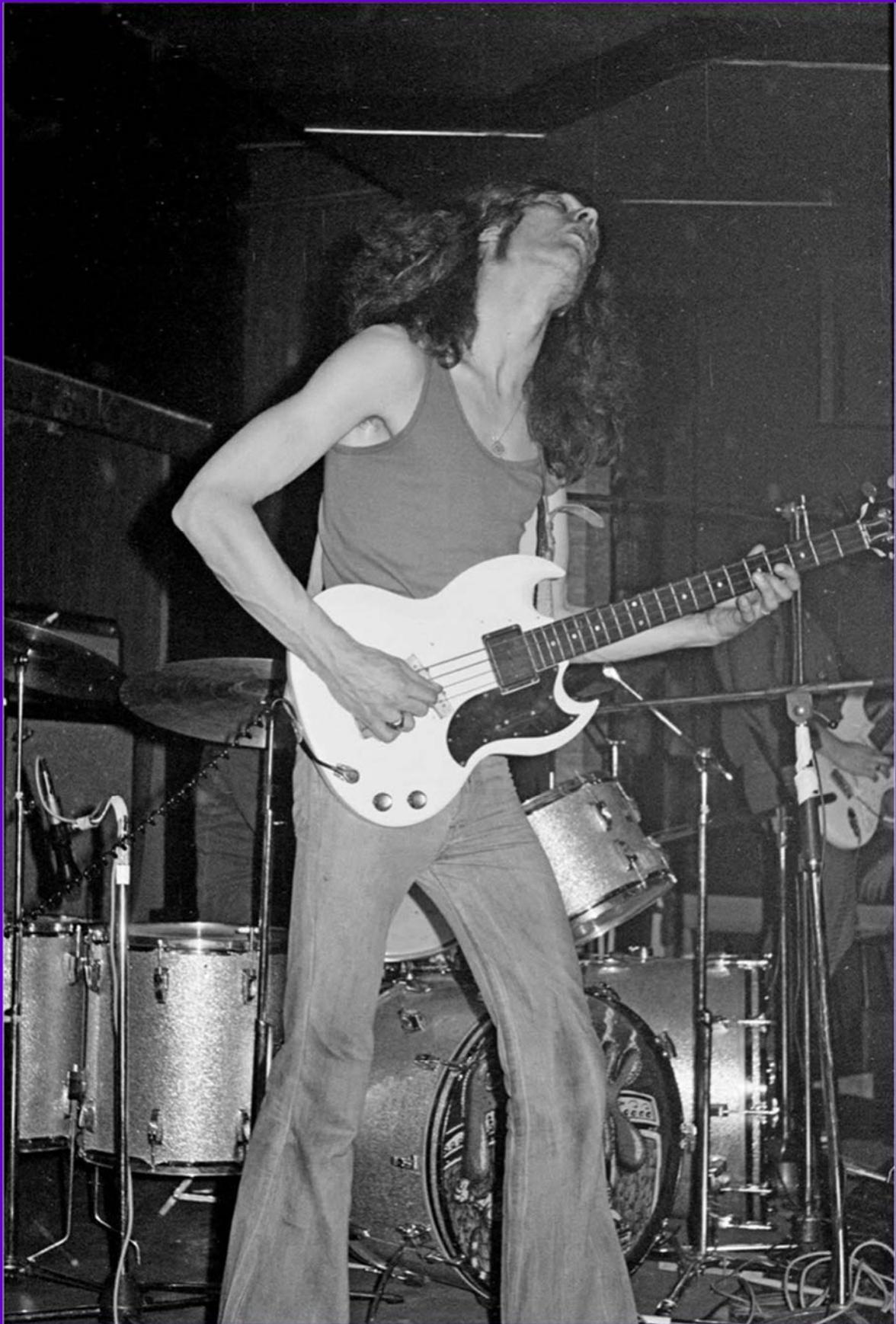
there. Sandy still imperious at the back holding together the rhythm section (I'm still not sure how a bassist can play along with two drummers) and Larry's howling guitar and vocals. Another great evening.

And then nothing for years and years. There was the odd record, like the Canvey Island Allstars, a few live albums and there was going to be a gig at the Roundhouse in 2007 but it was cancelled due to Larry's ill-health. But then suddenly in 2014, the Pink Fairies were back, not with Larry but with Sandy on joint lead vocals with Andy and new

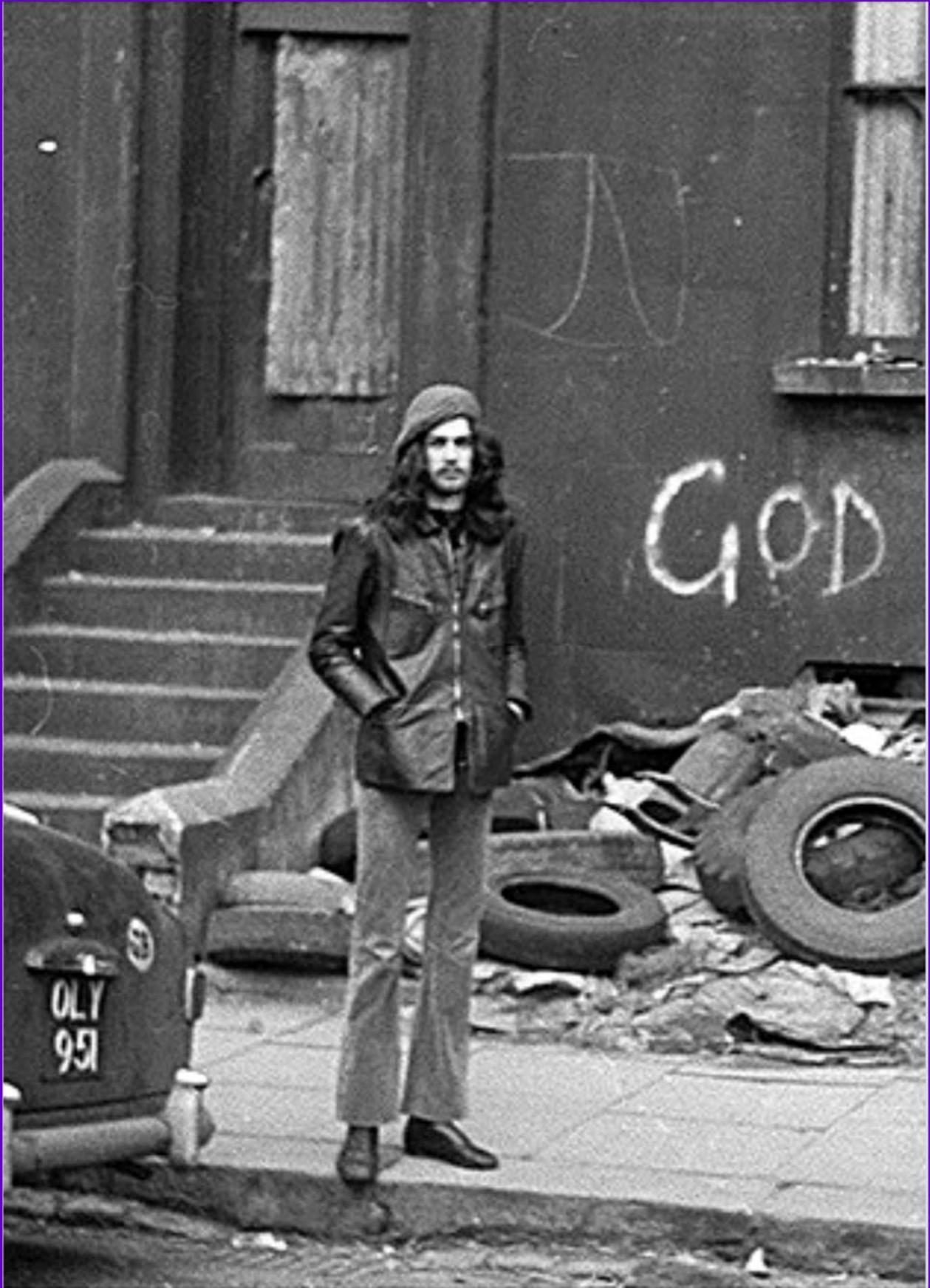
songs. I saw them twice, in Leamington Spa, supporting Hawkwind and then the last ever gig at the Borderline (with Tim Rundall supporting) where heat and undiagnosed lung problems caused Sandy to topple over. An inglorious end to a glorious band.

The Pink Fairies have been with me all my life; I doubt a year has gone by when I haven't played one of their albums, my poster from the Kings of Oblivion is no longer on my bedroom wall (my Mum hated it) but still tucked into the sleeve of the album, and my memories of the band





JEREMY SMITH



JEREMY SMITH



will stay with me for ever. I never met either Larry or Sandy but did correspond with Larry for a while when doing his Gonzo Weekly interviews and found him a great laugh. My kids still laugh that he sent me a tape addressed to Jezzburger Smith.

RIP Larry and Sandy.

Larry Wallis by Kosmo Vinyl

In October 1977 I had the good fortune to become one of the two M.C.'s (the other: Les Pryor R.I.P.) on the Five Live Stiffs Tour. It was on that tour I first got to know Larry Wallis and we soon became fast friends.

Never an "earner", The Stiff Tour Bus

would often return to London after a show, to avoid the expense of hotel rooms. It wasn't long before I started to crash at Larry's flat on the Walworth Road in South London, where his downstairs neighbour was Elvis Costello's drummer Pete Thomas. I slept in the front room along with a bare chested parrot and a snake in a glass box, which I feared and loathed. "He won't bite ya Kos" would chirp Lazza setting him free in the room "He's a constrictor!".

At various times during the tour, when not in service of its owner, Larry would let me wear his trademark Aviakit Lewis Leathers jacket - I loved everything about it, except, when I discovered it, it's price. Well beyond my then current means.

The Stiff Tour came to an end and on



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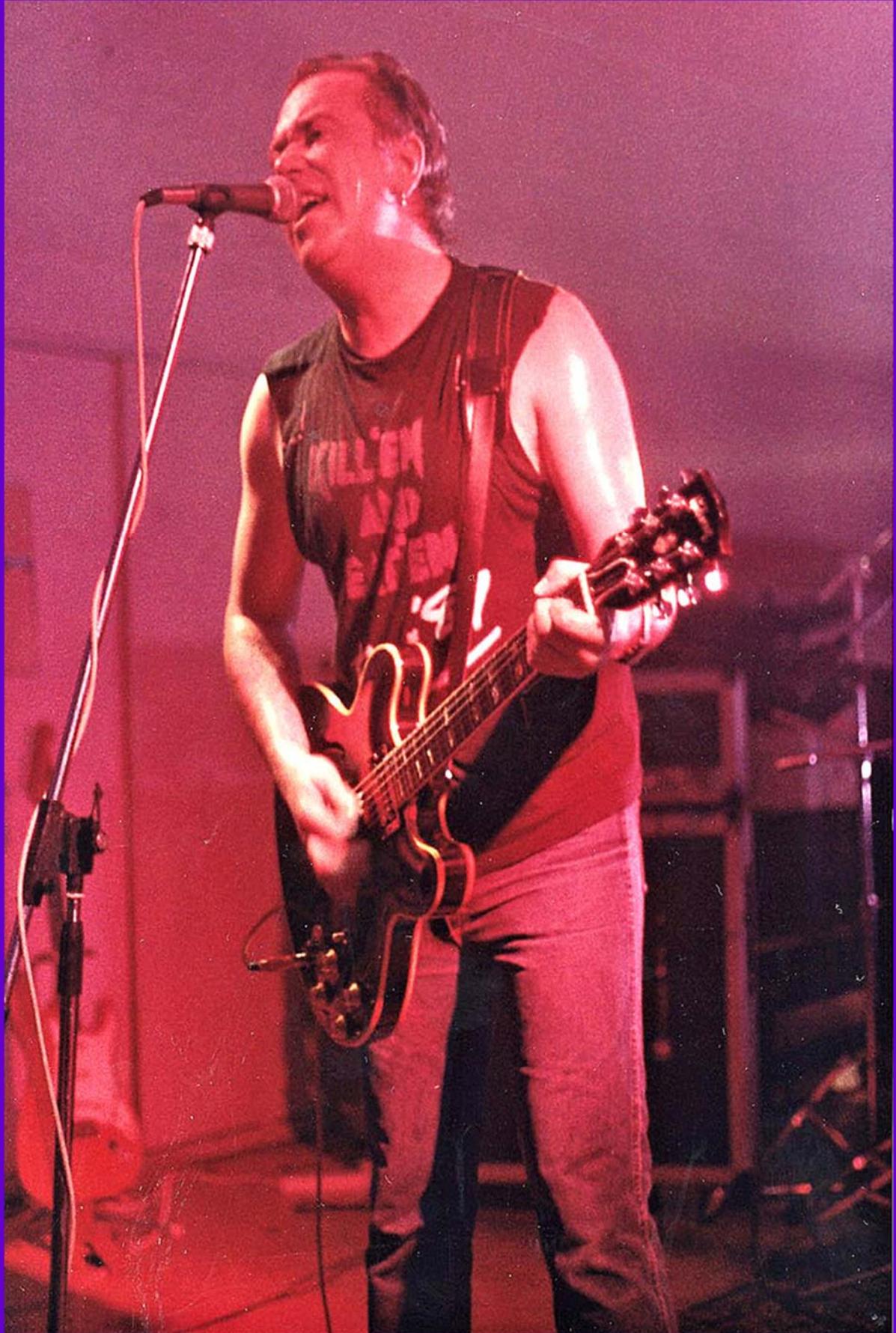


All the acts are playing sets of equal time ..but the playing order will change nightly

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WHERE THE FUN NEVER SETS





our last day on the bus, Larry approached and said he had a surprise. He then presented me with my very own Lewis Leather - he had organised a "whip round" and proudly told me every single person on the bus had chipped in. I could not have been happier if I had scored a goal for West Ham at Wembley!

Alas the jacket is long gone (loaned to a drummer - need I say more!), but if you look on the back cover of the

"Live Stiffs" LP there is the Lewis Lazza got me.

Kosmo Vinyl was also a member of the Stiff Tour's "Twenty Four Hour Club" and also it's "Pound A Minute Club". He is now an artist and lives in New York City.

KEV'S WORLD



KHEMMIS
DESOLATION
NUCLEAR BLAST RECORDS

Denver doomed heavy metal exponents Khemmis are back with their third full-length album, 'Desolation', following on from 2016's highly acclaimed 'Hunted'. Although undoubtedly influenced by both doom and classic metal, here is an album that is taking those influences and then polishing them to a high gloss to create something that contains those elements but are taking them to new heights, while

also maintaining a sense of melody and hooks that are not often seen or heard in this style of music. Imagine Paradise Lost combining with At The Gates, Opeth, Nickelback (yes, you did read that correctly) and High On Fire and you may get close to what this album is all about.

They have just completed the Decibel Magazine Tour with Enslaved, Wolves In The Throne Room, and Myrkur, and it shows just how varied their musical approach is to be able to survive with those guys. But, while they are always incredibly heavy, the often dual vocal approach contains wonderful harmonies, and they're not afraid to use Maiden-esque style guitars when the time is right. The way they change attack during songs, as well as between them, makes for an incredibly interesting album where one doesn't know if black metal vocals are going to make an appearance (they do) or just what is going to happen next. It is an album that metalheads from across the spectrum are going to find interesting, and with international promotion through Nuclear Blast, the

KEV ROWLAND

band are going to find themselves at the forefront of many critics' picks of the year.

'Desolation' is an album that fans of Paradise Lost, Candlemass, Judas Priest, Thin Lizzy, Iron Maiden, Spirit Adrift, Pallbearer, Yob, Warning, Atlantean Kodex, High On Fire, Metallica, and Corrosion Of Conformity should not miss. Pure Heavy metal rarely gets better than this.



**CONSECRATION
REMEMBRANCE
INDEPENDENT**

Consecration have recently signed an agreement with Imperative PR, and as part of that, this collection has been put together to celebrate the first eight years of their existence. Tracks 01-08 originally appeared on the 'Ephemerality' album, released 2014, tracks 09-12 are previously unreleased 2011 demo recordings, while tracks 13-18 appeared in their original form on the 2010 EP 'Gut The Priest'. All tracks have been restored and remastered for this compilation. The band hails from East Anglia, the part of the UK most often associated with witchcraft, and these guys have taken the

foreboding and melded into their doom to create something that is raw, palpable and evil.

This isn't the pleasant style of doom that one associates with the likes of Black Sabbath, but instead it is raw, and almost hurtful in its aggression and intensity. There are times when it feels as if an abrasive Black Metal band, or even a Death Metal act, have decided to slow it down and make it much, much heavier. I have listened to quite a lot of slower styles over the years, doom, stoner, sludge, but none of it has ever had the rawness and sheer aggression of this. This music is definitely not for the fainthearted, and those who may normally avoid this genre as they feel it is just heavy music played at funeral pace ought to think again. At well over two hours in length, this is definitely worth investigating

<https://consecration666.bandcamp.com>



**DAVID KOLLAR/ARVE HENRIKSEN
ILLUSION OF A SEPARATE WORLD
HEVHETIA**

Every so often I am contacted by a band/label/PR company I haven't come across before, and am asked if I would be interested in hearing the new release by

someone I am not aware of. Generally I agree, as it is one of the best ways of discovering new music, and sometimes I come away quite astounded at what I am listening to, and this is definitely one of those instances. I am probably one of the few progheads in the world who hasn't been totally impressed with some of Steve Wilson's solo albums, so rarely seek them out any more, so hadn't come across Slovakian guitarist, film music composer and sound designer David Kollar, who was invited by Wilson to play on two tracks on 'To the Bone' and then as opening act in the European leg of his shows.

King Crimson's Pat Mastelotto also took a serious interest in Kollar's work, and joined forces with him and trumpeter Paolo Ranieri to create the KoMaRa project in 2015. David's other collaborators include Fennesz, Marco Minnemann, and Gergo Borlai. Mastelotto describes his style as "An interesting combination of Eastern European classical influences, jazz, ambient, techno, IDM, trippy heavy blues rock mixed with Eastern folk styles, played on a homemade guitar through a quirky combination of pedals and effects.

I know critics often like to put music into categories but with David's music that's very difficult to do." Here he has joined forces with Norwegian trumpet maestro Arve Henriksen: after meeting at a couple of festivals in 2017 they decided it would be a good idea to join forces, and this is the result.

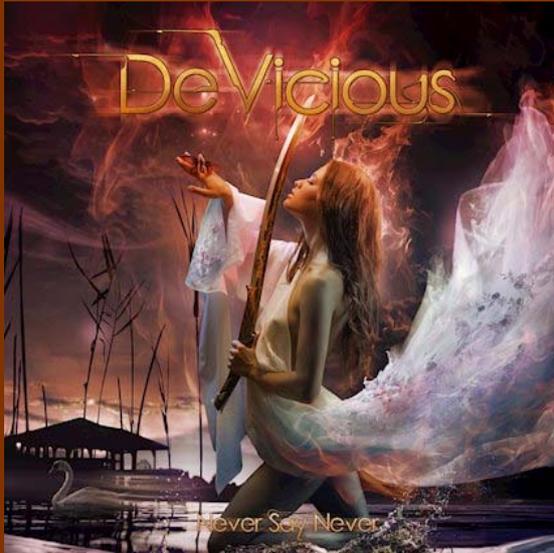
Right from the off I decided not to try and work out what instrument was providing what sound, as many have been treated and changed, but instead went with the flow which is possibly the only way to describe this music, as it feels like a river

full of vitality, eddies and currents, with a great deal of movement happening under the surface. It's not ambient, or jazz, or fusion, but somehow a mixture of all these and much more. This is progressive rock in its truest sense, and while there are times when it can be very gentle indeed, there are others when a strident guitar cuts through like a scimitar through a curtain.

The production of this album is amazing, with everything captured just as it should be, and the result is a wall of noise that is also ethereal and breathtaking in its audacity. Simplicity and complexity go hand in hand, and one never knows what is going to happen next. Tribal style percussion may move the music in one direction, while a treated soprano trumpet could move it in another at the drop of a feather. There are times when Arve provides some vocals, but yet again it is another musical instrument as opposed to a lead role.

Overall this is an incredible release, and I'm not really sure that I have heard anything quite like this before. It may not be to everyone's tastes, but if you want to hear music that is both refusing to conform to any sense of normality while also breaking boundaries and being inherently enjoyable throughout, then this is it.

www.hevhetia.com

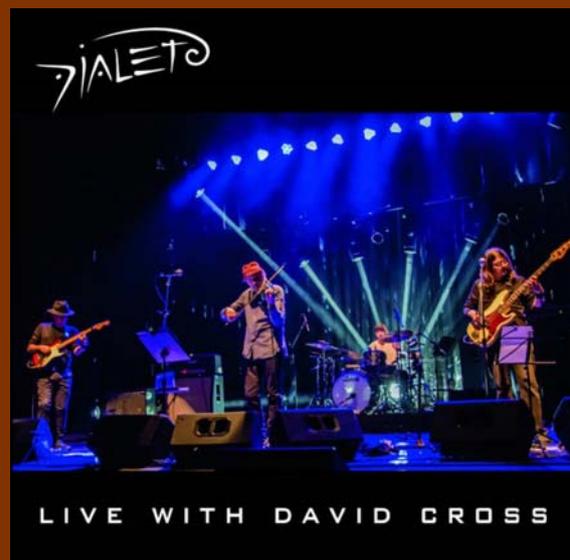


DEVICIOUS
NEVER SAY NEVER
PRIDE & JOY MUSIC

DeVicious are a new band, comprising Alex Frey (bass, song-writing, production), Radivoj Petrovic (lead guitar), Gisbert Royder (rhythm guitar), Denis Kunz (keyboards), Lars Nippa (drums), and Serbian singer Zoran Sandorov aka Mister Sanders. After the release of the first videos for the tracks “Everything” and “Penthouse Floor” in early 2018, they toured in Germany with Xtasy and Ammunition. Their stated aim is to play Eighties styles melodic hard rock, and one has to say they manage to achieve that, even if the songs themselves never really set the world on fire. I have no idea where the name came from, but it certainly doesn't imply that this is a melodic classic style rock band, as one would probably expect something far harder, heavier and aggressive, so I'm not sure if that name is really going to work in their favour. I'm also not a massive fan of the cover art, as I honestly thought we had moved past having half-naked women being used to sell things, but I guess it fits in with their theme.

As for the music? Well, they say that they

want to play Eighties melodic rock, and they are definitely doing just that. But, there is nothing here that is massively inspirational or enticing to make the listener want to play it again, and I can honestly say that I haven't gone around singing any of the songs. I don't think it is totally fair to dismiss them out of hand though, as musically these guys are straight down the line, and the vocals have a nice edge to them, and aren't too sugary sweet. I am sure that as a support act they will do very well indeed, and it will be interesting to hear how they fare when they undertake those duties for Hardline later this year, and what happens after that. They need more hooks and some inspiration, but as it stands this is a solid, but not earth shattering.

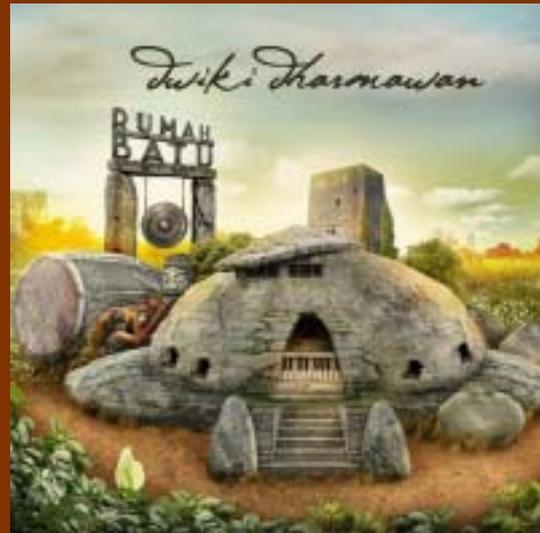


DIALETO
LIVE WITH DAVID CROSS
MOONJUNE RECORDS

When Dialeto released their previous album, 'Bartók In Rock', famed ex-King Crimson violinist David Cross made an appearance on one song, and in my review I said that he had made such an impact I really wish he has played on

more. Well, at this concert on 22nd July 2017, he stuck around for way more than just one song. Coming onto stage in time for the sixth number on the CD and staying there all the way through to the end. The Brazilian trio are mostly instrumental, and here they were promoting their last album, which took compositions by Béla Bartók and then moved them into their own genre, with lots of improvisation. Interestingly, one of the songs featured on this CD is “Mikrokosmos 78”, which Dialeto hadn’t worked on, and it was only after the suggestion of Cross that a version was put together especially for this concert.

Cross is a very busy musician, but one hopes that he sticks around for more gigs and recording with the trio, as they all blend their skills so very well together, to create an album that is exciting, invigorating, and just bloody great fun to listen to. The interaction between all four is incredible, as they extend and move away from songs and take them into new areas. The first eight songs are by Dialeto, and then we have four from King Crimson and one from David’s own band. “Starless” is instantly recognisable, and gets a reaction from the crowd; it is the perfect way to close out the concert (with drummer Fred Bayley showing that he is a fine singer, and it is a choice for the band to be instrumental as opposed to lack of skill). But before then everyone has been treated to an amazing concert, with four great musicians bouncing ideas off each other, allowing the music to take them where it needs to go. Dialeto have been building quite a reputation, and deservedly so, and hopefully this work with Cross will see them being recognised by a far wider audience, as it is certainly deserved.



DWIKI DHARMAWAN
RUMAH BATU
MOONJUNE RECORDS

There is no doubt that one of the most consistently exciting record labels over the last 20+ years is Moonjune Records. Part of this is because this one-man organisation is run by someone who truly loves music, and when he isn’t putting musicians together and having them record, or putting out the next release, he is actually on the road with one band or another. How he actually finds the time to do what he does is beyond me, and I always thought I was good at time management. But, against a backdrop of incredible releases, I am now listening to what is possibly the best and most important album he has ever put out.

There has been incredibly high praise, and deservedly so, for Mark Wingfield’s ‘The Stone House’, and this album was recorded in the same studio and has the same title (just in the Indonesian Bahasa language), and also includes both drummer Asaf Sirkis and bassist Yaron Stavi who were/are key members of Mark’s band. To fill out the quintet there are Nguyễn Lê (electric guitar, soundscapes) and Charles Benavent (bass guitar). Yes, you read that right, there are

two bassists in the band. This core group were then recorded live in the studio, bouncing ideas off each other as they run through a series of Dharmawan originals, plus some traditional numbers he rearranged, plus one group composition. All of those involved are amazing musicians, although I do think it might be interesting to hear Dwiki solo with no-one else involved, as some of his piano runs, fills and flourishes almost defy belief.

If there was no-one else involved, and the recordings coming out of La Casa Murada Studio were all there was, then I would still be stating that this is an essential album for anyone into great music, but after the three days (yes, just three days) of recording were over, more traditional Indonesian musicians and singers were added to the mix. What this has done is taken an incredibly complex yet melodic and joyous album to a whole new level. There were times when my mind was trying to understand if I was listening to traditional music with a Western influence, or the other way around, and what on earth was making that particular sound I could hear, and did it matter? In the end, the only way to really understand the music is to forget about trying to understand it, forget attempting to categorise what is going on, and just fall in love with what is an incredibly complex interaction between cultures that is just incredible.

All praise to Mark Wingfield for mixing and mastering this, to Leonardo for having the vision of bringing together musicians like this, but mostly to Dwiki Dharmawan and all those involved for what is a truly great album. This is simply essential, nothing less.



Kev is a self confessed music addict who has been toiling in the rock and roll vineyard for many years, and Gonzo are chuffed to bits to be publishing his



Gonzo CURRENTLY IN STOCK
AT GONZO (UK)

Gonzo CURRENTLY IN STOCK
AT GONZO (USA)



Five Days (and Nights) in Edinburgh and London

Live music, exhibitions, photos, folk, loud rock, indie sounds, swirling lights, art and much more...with Gonzo's Alan Dearling clutching his trusty cameras and acerbic pen...

A five-day, whirlwind tour of 'culture', travel and two capital cities. For me, the first port of call was the magnificent grandeur of Edinburgh's National Portrait Gallery for a look around the aptly named: **Scotland's Photograph Album**. This is 'part one' of a projected series of shows allowing the public to view some splendid samples from the MacKinnon Collection, now curated for the public by the National Galleries and Scotland's National Library. Lots of splendid photographs from the streets, sports, wildlife and lives of the poor, the rich and everyone in between circa 1840s-1940s. Plenty of fine examples of photographic and darkroom skills. Rooms-full of social history. Art, reportage, and the massive changes that a century brings. It's a free exhibition and is open to the public through until 16th February 2020. Recommended. Here are a couple of examples to whet your appetite.



I just had time to unpack my luggage, grab some pub grub and a pint in the winter tourist-land of the Old Town's Grassmarket. Then, queuing to get into the Cowgate venue, Stramash, for an opportunity to see and hear the 2019 iteration of **Dr Feelgood**, supported by the **Gerry Jablonski Band**. The event was hosted by the UK's Blues Awards Blues Club of the Year Award Winners for 2018, the ever-innovative, Edinburgh's Blues Club.

Find out more:

<http://www.edinburgh-blues.uk/>

Good-natured, loud, and full of bawdy fun, Stramash captured the spirit and raucous noise of the early 1970s pub-

blues scene. High octane stuff. Fast, furious – but possibly paced slightly slower than 'back-in-the day', to accommodate the many old-timers in the crowded performance hall. The pace was set by the Scottish-Polish, Gerry Jablonski Band. Volume turned up to 9, with lots of noisome histrionics in the Joe Bonamassa vein of slick showmanship.

Here's a pic of Gerry in action.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=7GtW3xbv1L4>

As in many venues across the land, live music is only as good as the punters who turn up, often in bad weather, to support the performers. Edinburgh's finest turned



up in force. Lots of smiling faces, dancers, tattoos, banter...and the good times rolled... if not literally 'Down by the Jetty' in Leith, not very far removed! And, Dr Feelgood did not disappoint. The current line up are all consummate showmen, and have an instinctive love for the rock 'n' roll and rhythm 'n' blues

roots of the Dr Feelgood musical repertoire.

The Stramash venue was jammed and the audience cheered, clapped, shouted, sang and jumped around to the string of songs that made the original Dr Feelgood justly viewed as one of the 'best of the best' of





pub-rock bands. The fact that the current line-up doesn't contain any of the familiar faces from the classic Feelgood period – hardly made any difference to the crowd. This was a celebration of great music, well-performed

Personally, I'd been working in London in the hey-days of Dr Feelgood and saw them often, especially at the Hope and Anchor in Islington's Upper Street.

#

I have a particularly vivid memory of seeing them with Mick Green from Johnny Kidd's Pirates, guesting. Awesome. Hot, sweaty, drunken nights. Along with Ian Dury and the Blockheads, Kilburn and the High Roads, Eddie and the Hot Rods, Brinsley Schwarz and a few others, the Feelgoods were the musical bridge between heavy rock and punk. Live music that was energetic and exciting. Dr Feelgood in

Edinburgh captured that spirit. They don't sound like the original Feelgoods.

There's not the edge of menace, what NME's Charles Shaar Murray called, "Hiroshima in a pint mug", that (perhaps) the most famous line-up of Lee Brilleaux, John Sparks, Wilko Johnson and the Big Figure (Chris Martin), originally produced. But, thumbs up to them... the current Feelgoods provided a great night of musical entertainment. The Stramash punters were more than happy!

All the Feelgoods worked their proverbial socks off. Here's Robert Kane, lead singer giving it his considerable 'all'.





And, here are a couple more pics of the Feelgoods in action.

Plus a wee video of 'Back in the Night'

at Stramash:

<https://vimeo.com/376525026>



Check out their movements at:

<http://www.drfeelgood.org/>



PHILL MITCHELL
BASS GUITAR



ROBERT KANE
VOCALS / HARMONICA



KEVIN MORRIS
DRUMS



STEVE WALWYN
GUITAR



A day later, more bustling trains and buses, and once more, I find myself down in the diverse worlds that London has to offer.

A distinctly weird Friday night of supposedly psychedelic folk-rock at Farringdon's Betsey Trotwood pub.

It was very much a folk affair and sadly, for the performers, poorly attended. A lively, edge-of-the-city venue crammed with after-work drinkers, but only a very few ventured upstairs into the small room that was the set out for the music gig.

Alula Down started off proceedings with some ethereal strangeness...lots of bird sounds, nature and minimalism, drones of harmonium and solo guitar. A night where all the performers were obviously richly talented musos. But, this turned

out to be a decidedly folk gig for a folk audience. Not at all my sort of gig. A foreboding sense of 'Shush' and 'Keep Quiet'. Little sign of psychedelia. I have to say, I was a bit disappointed. I stayed to the end, and I appreciated the quality of the playing –particularly some great acoustic guitar styles.

You can see some examples of **David Ian Roberts** and **Laurence Collyer**, aka, **Diamond Family Archive** here:

Diamond Family Archive:
<https://vimeo.com/376757980>

David Ian Roberts:
<https://vimeo.com/376624102>

This is Laurence Collyer.



And, lights/action, it's another day. All set for the busy, almost febrile Camden Town on a Saturday night. I'm at Joe's Bar to see **Necessary Animals**.

I've become a friend of composer, Keith Rodway, who in many ways *is* Necessary Animals. I really rate the material. Strong songs with intriguing lyrics. Indie-arts music. This was my opportunity to see the live incarnation of the NAs. Unfortunately, this was an ill-suited venue. The seven-piece band was stuffed into a dark corner of Joe's Bar, to the left of the entrance door. The sound check morphed into the first set. Hen parties and punters for 'Feeder' at the Chalk Farm Roundhouse opposite, came into the bar, drank, made lots of noise, and left. The Necessary Animals' first set was more of a rehearsal than a performance. After a half-time break, the band picked up the challenging 'baton' and produced some of the magic I expected. The bar staff, the band's roadie, me and a couple of audience members, tried to support their efforts. A

band to watch as they evolve into 2020. 'Revelation' live from Camden:

<https://vimeo.com/375427497>

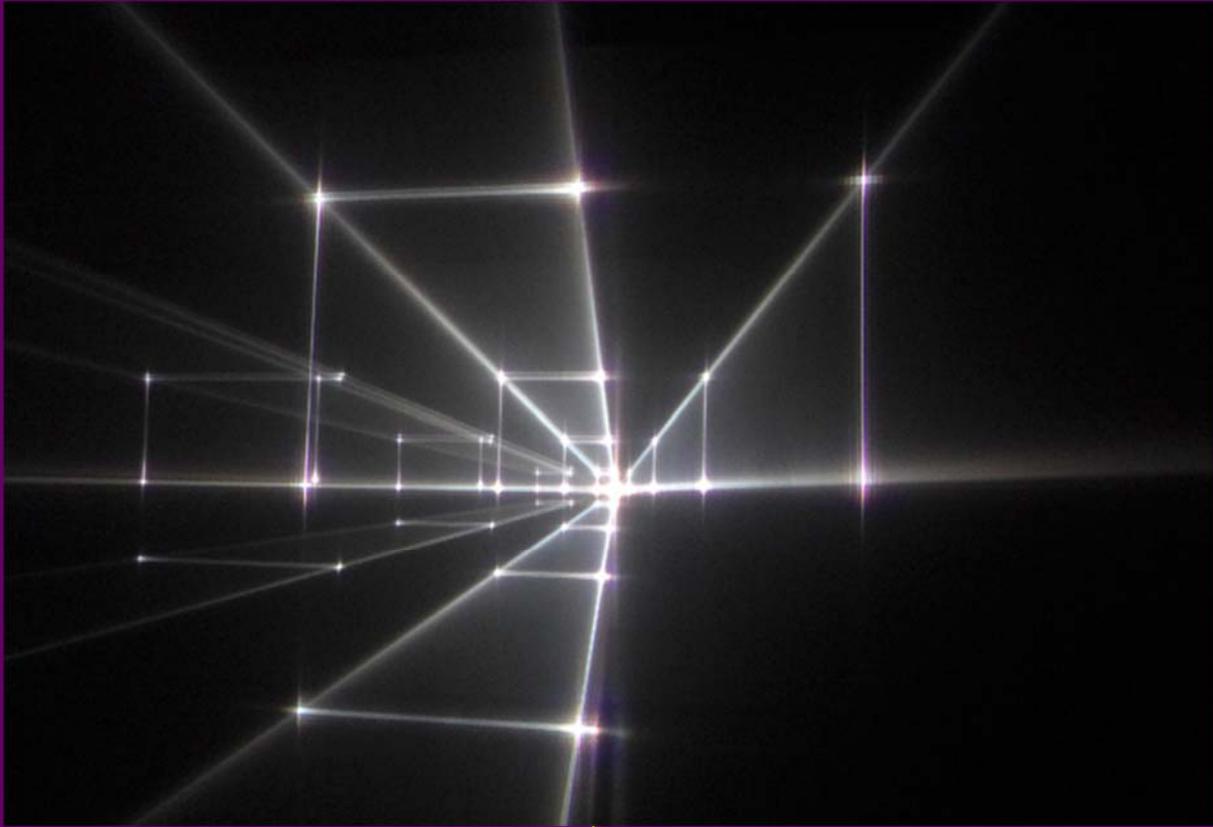
And so, onto some arty shows. Mind-stretching stuff.

108 The Strand: Other Spaces. Three rooms of immersive light and sound installations. Pulsating, weird, loud and distinctly 'trippy'. I really enjoyed all three 'experiences', but especially the middle room, 'Vanishing Point', a kaleidoscope of laser-beams. A space where I felt that I entered through the rabbit hole, a tunnel of flashing lights that was whisking me into the world of Tron via Alice's Adventures. It was also quite amazingly, absolutely, completely 'Free', but it will have ended by the time this is published. Vanishing Point:

<https://vimeo.com/376814488>

Other Spaces was curated by Store X/The Vinyl Factory in collaboration with





Fondation Cartier pour l'art contemporain, Paris..... An events space to watch! <https://180thestrang.com/>



The 24/7 exhibition at Somerset House, is also located in The Strand. Sprawling inside and across a vast suite of rooms at the rear of London's famous, Somerset House, there is a lot to see and experience. It is a collection based on a strong set of concepts around how stress, time, sleep, surveillance, modern gizmos, phones, social media, travel, work – all conspire to make our lives something of a recurring train-wreck. Hands without a mobile phone – one pair of Esmeralda Kosmatopoulos's casts of 15 pairs of hands.

“Inspired by the book *24/7: 'Late Capitalism and the Ends of Sleep'* by New York-based art critic and essayist Jonathan Crary (Verso, 2013), it is the first time that a major multi-disciplinary exhibition has been dedicated to creative responses to this modern malaise.”

I loved some of the exhibits and found some a tad boring. Here's the press release link and some of the exhibits that got my old brain cells functioning.

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

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MAYOR OF LONDON





Finally, here's Alan inside one of the exhibits, 'The Life Palace', from Japanese artist, Tatsuo Miyajima. It's a meditative isolation chamber with flashing numbers, bathed in a spectral blue light. The exhibition is on until 23rd February 2020.

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

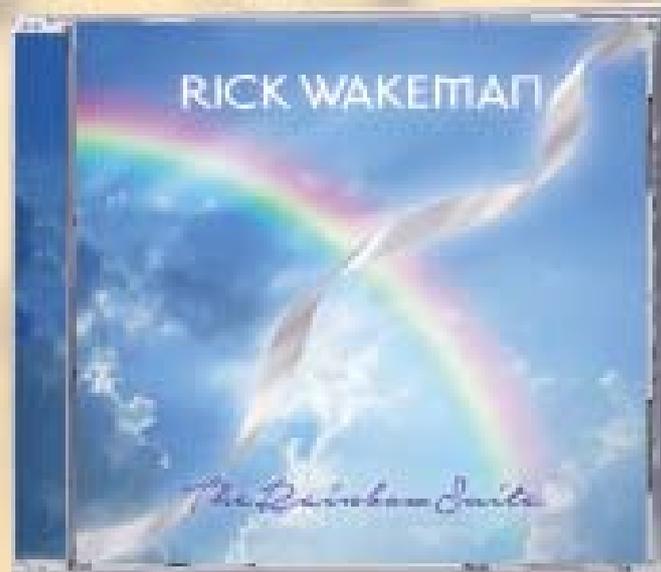
DVD / CD of The Gospels performed live in California – never seen before.

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

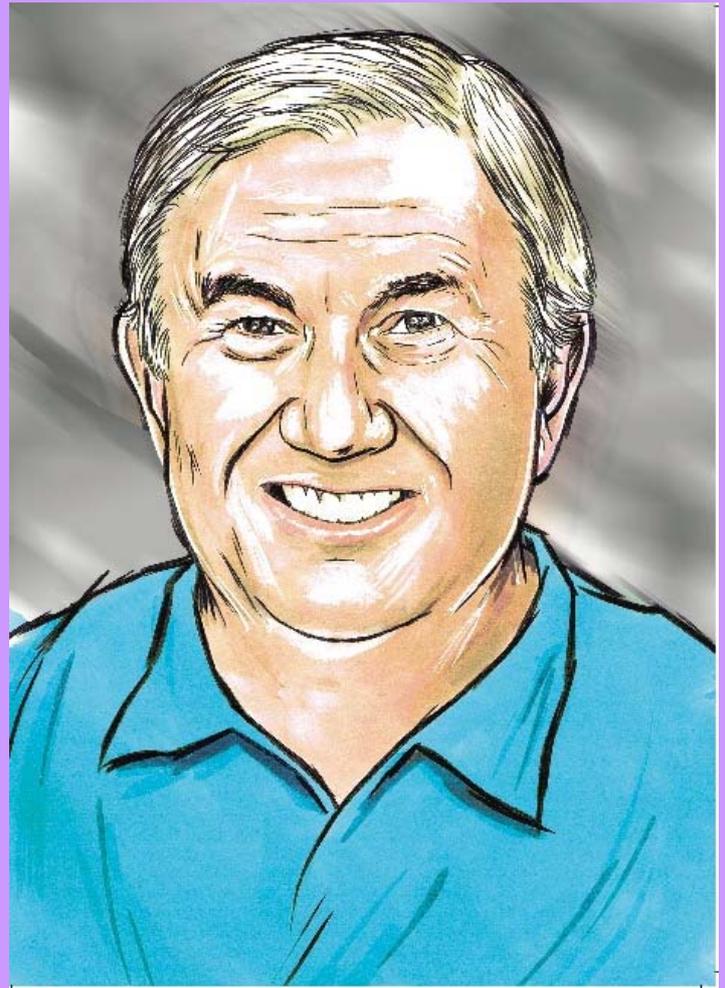
Tony Klinger is a British film-maker, author and media executive. He began his career as Assistant Director on The Avengers in the 1960s, directed several rockumentaries and headed media companies both in the UK and the USA.

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)



“Waiting”

Before we're born our parents are waiting for us to arrive. After we do so it is the human condition for us to be forever waiting. We can't wait to crawl, walk, run, grow, get a beard if we are male or develop boobs if we're a female. When all that has happened, we continue with our impatient

wait for our first alcoholic drink, our first dance with a member of the opposite gender, our first intimacy. Then our growth to adulthood begins with the seemingly endless wait for our education to be complete, our first time to vote, our first serious relationships, long term commitments, marriage, jobs and then our first children completing this, the first part of the endless cycle of human life.

Presently we are all waiting for the election and whether or not the UK will eventually Brexit. It seems like these things are endless, but one day the wait will be over. At a time in history when we seem to be waiting for the permission of others to get on with our lives, we feel it's our duty to help where we can to give our creative lives a better chance of successful resolution.

I am a creative, or what my mother used to call a "Storyteller". I took it as a compliment, but I think she meant I told porkies. I denied it then, but now, as her memory is soft and hallowed in my mind, I wish she was here to call me whatever she wanted.

The big plus about being in the business of telling stories is that I get to use my mind in a creative and constructive manner. I also get to wait around too long and too often waiting for those with the ultimate power to green light my films, books, plays and other creative projects. Without the investment of huge amounts of the money of others my ideas would never be shared with the world.

Like everyone who ever painted a picture, or wrote a story, or made a film or put on a play we end up waiting on other people to raise their thumb or point it down to the ground as if they were Roman Emperors in our distant history. We live or die by the reactions of these power brokers. Or put it more succinctly we prosper or go hungry by the reactions of those who commission our works.

We usually don't even know the reasoning behind those decisions which can sometimes appear to beggar belief. It can,

for example, be very hard for an author to hear about another celebrity written novel being given the big PR push on Television while their own novel is not even commissioned. It's even worse when you find out that the supposed celebrity author might have had their book ghost written, and the ultimate insult was recently heard when Katie Price admitted she hadn't even read her book, let alone written it!

Yes, way before the public get to see our genius or lack thereof expressed for them to view and enjoy there are people who select whether we are worthy of their approval, backing and possible finance.

Ever since I was 17 years old and making my first tentative and independent steps as a creative, I have had to wait on people liking or not liking my ideas. I am not unique in this regard, it happens to the humblest of beginners all the way through to Steven Spielberg.

The reasons for this are because there are far more people with creative ideas, projects and schemes than there is capacity to have them developed, financed, distributed and shown or shared. For example, there are about 70,000 screenplays registered with the American Writers Guild alone, and there are only about 300 films made in America per year. That doesn't begin to cover the more than 1 million books also available every year. The odds of an independent film maker getting past those barriers are about the same as anyone winning the Lottery. Not impossible but very tough.

Then how comes people like myself get to make some films, write some books etc? The answer is that you have to find ways to try and beat the odds. You have to find alliances, do your homework and find elements that will excite and encourage those decision makers to jump aboard.

It won't happen just because you are wonderful, it probably won't happen even if you have created a concept that is brilliant. The reason is obvious if you think about it, and that's about marketing and sales.

If you have the most wonderful artefact in the entire world but you're the only person in the world who has seen it how will anyone else know about it?

I decided a while back that I would try and make it my business to help other creatives with their business. To that end I started Give-Get-Go.com in order to explain the routes to success. We can't guarantee your creative ideas will find someone to commission it for the public to make their choices about it. But we can increase the chances you will have with the project.

There are ways to engage with an agent, a publisher, a commissioner in TV or a film financier. We can help make that happen. We think everyone deserves their shot at stardom. If you don't follow these simple steps, and rely on luck alone you will, sadly, most likely fail.

That's why we are creating books, videos and giving talks to create and enhance these opportunities.

You will still have to do your share of waiting, but you can possibly jump the queue and get a quicker response and that gives you a much better chance of success. No one can make you successful but you, and this becomes possible when you stop procrastinating, get busy doing, and stop making excuses. You will most likely to learn how to communicate your needs and wants, learn how to circulate, to mingle and to realise that we live in an inter-connected world where one hand washes the other.

Be patient with others, understand their schedules will sometimes mean you're not going to be their priority every time you want them to be. But have a plan of action, and maybe one or two plans in reserve if your first strategy isn't working.

Where you can, don't wait for others, and don't procrastinate, or put another way don't wait for yourself. Be decisive and take the world on, don't wait, unless you have to. But don't be afraid to push for answers. A quick no can be better for you than a lingering maybe. Of course, a yes

always seems better, and many times it is. However, there are instances when you obtain that precious yes and discover you'd have been off going in another direction. For myself I have experienced the wrong derived from my own wrong choices. There were occasions I was too hasty picking a wrong publisher, film distributor or finance deal. Nevertheless, I did get the deals and the books did get published and the films made and distributed. That's why I still believe a bad deal is better than no deal. It gives you a platform for better things in the future. You have proved you're a can-do person and there's evidence in real things you accomplished and once it's out in the world who knows it might turn out to be successful beyond your wildest dreams. I don't know what will succeed for you, no one does, all we can do is make an educated guess, get it done and out there to sink or swim.

Above all be patient with yourself. When I was starting out as a very young film maker and writer, I wrote out a list of aims and ambitions I wanted to achieve with the age I would hit that target by. You know the kind of thing, have a film made by the age of 18, check, have a London film premiere by the age of 21, check, in fact I beat that by a year or so, sell my first script by 22, check. There were many more such ambitions listed and I was achieving them, but when I climbed one mountain, I realised it was actually a hill, and in front of me, now with a better view, I saw a range of mountains stretching into the far distance. Half a century later I am still climbing those mountains.

We all have a lifetime learning how to wait until the answers arrive. As one older man said to his friend, "I had it all, money, a stunning home, a great business and the love of a beautiful woman, then pow, everything I'd waited for went in one day, pow, just like that, gone!" "What happened?" asked the friend, "My wife found out about the beautiful woman."

Digitiser 2000

- * VIDEO GAMES!
- * FUNNY STUFF!
- * OTHER STUFF!

As regular readers of these pages will probably know I have a strange, disparate, and diverse collection of friends, relatives, and associates, many of whom who are extraordinarily creative in one way or another. And as my plan was always to make this magazine the sort of magazine that I would want to read, many of them turn up in these pages with monotonous regularity. Meet Mr Biffo.

From 1993 for a decade he was the editor of an anarchic video games magazine on Channel Four Teletext. It was called Digitiser and contained some of the most gloriously funny bits of off the wall dicking about that I have ever read. Biffo happens to be a friend of mine and as the re-launched Digitiser2000 is just as stupid and just as funny as ever, we shall be featuring a slice of Biffo every week from now on.

THE SCIENTIFIC INVESTIGATION OF THE UNEXPLAINED

PHENOMENA MAGAZINE

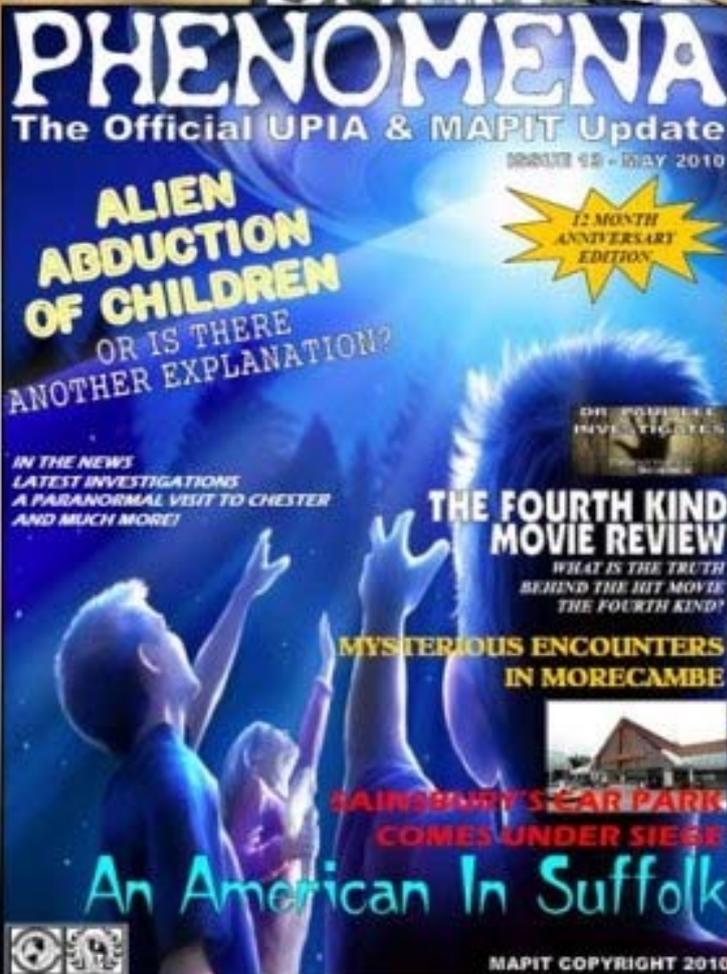
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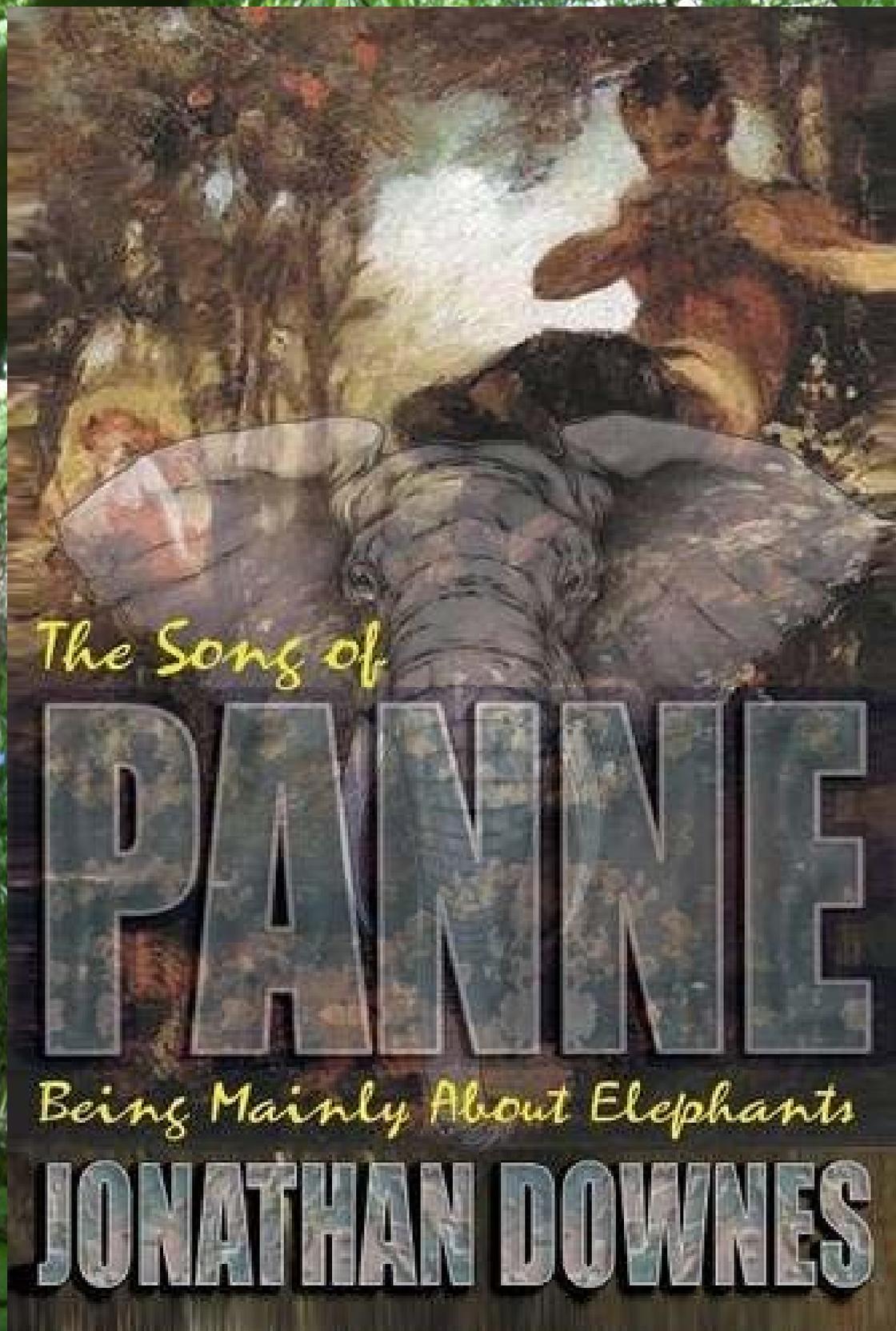
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Hawkwind Earth Visitors Passport - The "Hawkwind Passport"

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

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



The 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!

For someone like me who has always been more interested in what Herklots and my mother both referred to as ‘creepy crawlies’ than the larger and more spectacular beasts of the field, my last winter in Hong Kong was notable because of a remarkable number of huge silk moths. In ‘The Hong Kong Countryside’, Herklots wrote that he suspected that these magnificent insects, which despite it all were only the third largest of the saturniids to be found in the region, were the ‘cynthia moth’, now known as *Samia cynthia*.

It has been nearly fifty years since I last saw them in the wild, but I have bred them here in my home in North Devon on a number of occasions, and I tend to agree with Herklots's identification. There are, apparently, several subspecies and I would not like to hazard a guess which of these I found so delightful back in the winter of 1970. There must have been something in the air which was favourable to the saturniids, because that winter, I also saw a couple of Chinese moon moths (*actias sinensis*). Perhaps the most lovely



moths that I have ever seen, the moon moth complex are spread across much of Asia and parts of north and central America. They are beautifully patterned with light brown markings on a pale green background, and they sport long, delicate tails at the bottom of each wing which flutter in the breeze like the bridal veil of a fairy princess. Despite the fact that there are quite a few different species scattered around the world, I have only seen three of them live and in the wild; the Chinese species, the Mexican species and the north American one, although I have seen various specimens of the Indian moon moth (A. selene) in various butterfly farms around the world.

Nobody else in my family was even slightly interested. My brother was at his wits end because having reached his turn to take his class hamster home for the weekend, the little rodent – which for some reason was called Honey Fred – did what members of the hamster family are so good at and escaped, living a feral

existence underneath the floorboards of what had once been the servant's quarters and now was my father's office. Some weeks later, Ah Tam, who still came to work for the family on occasion, managed to capture the errant rodent and present it back to my brother, who, greatly relieved, took it back to school whereupon it escaped again, but this time it was not the responsibility of any member of the Downes family.

My parents were even more distant and preoccupied than they had been before. At the age of eleven I didn't realise that, because my father was being invalided out of Her Majesty's Overseas Civil Service, that there were going to be all sorts of problems with his pension and that although my father, at least, longed to back in England after two decades in foreign climes, for a while it looked like he would have no money when he did take his family back to the Motherland.

My parents had to go to an interminable

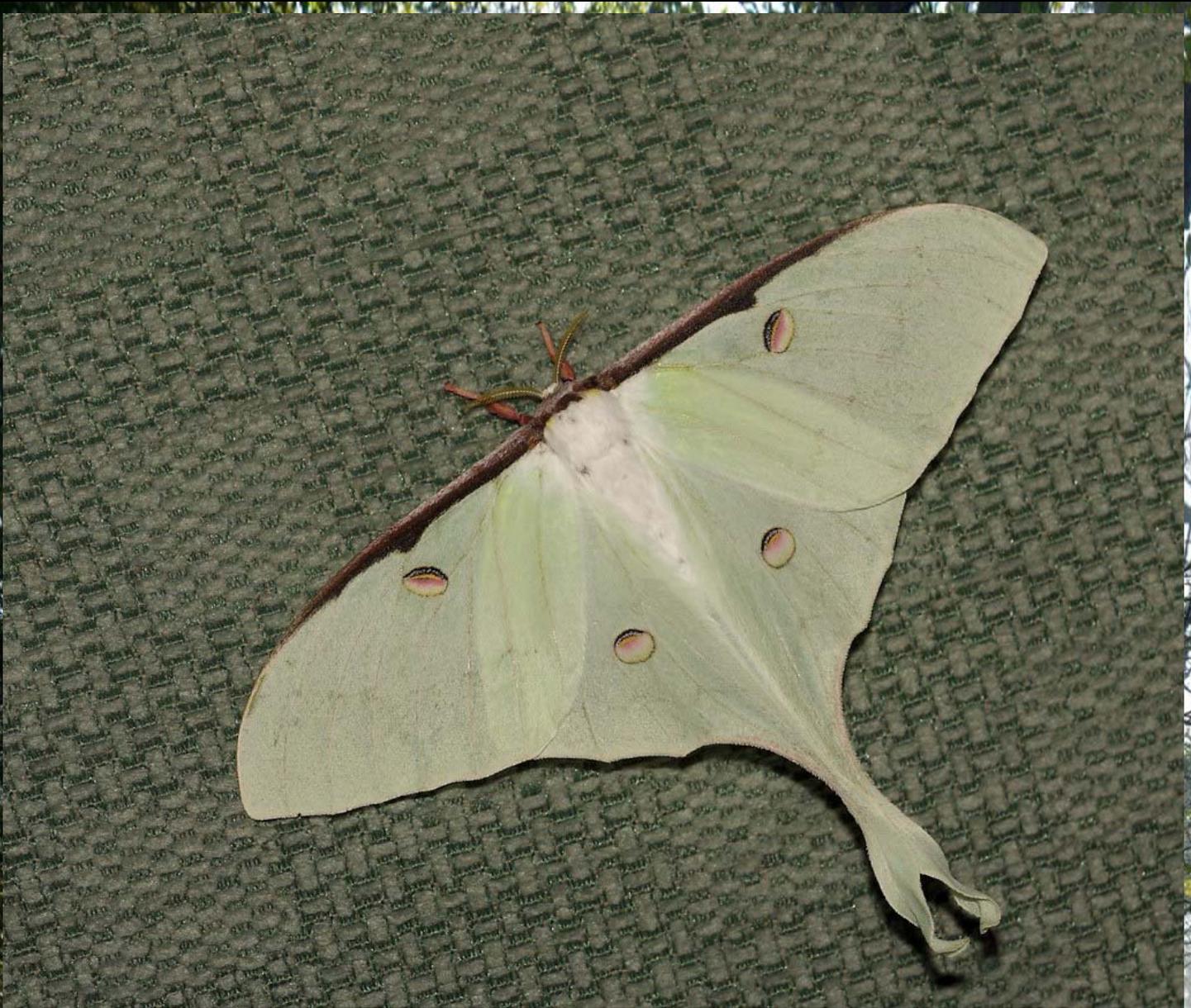
round of farewell dinners – the sort of black tie, formal events that my father hated, and my mother tolerated – all the time with my father arguing with the Colonial Secretariat in Hong Kong and the Secretary of State for the Colonies back in Whitehall. But he was still the Assistant Colonial Secretary and had a gruelling workload which he still continued with up until the very day that he retired. Bear in mind here that his crippling osteoarthritis was getting worse by the day. He could no longer sit at his desk, and – for a while – he stood at a lectern that had been borrowed from one of his friends in the Royal Hong Kong Police.

My father had a long and complex relationship with the Hong Kong Police force. During the 1960s, there were a number of serious corruption scandals, and – from what I can gather – my father had been the senior civil servant in charge of not only organising some of the enquiries but also restructuring the new and improved Police service which would go forward into the 1970s and beyond. As a result of that, he was presented with a ceremonial police truncheon; what our transatlantic chums call a ‘nightstick’. When my father finally died in February 2006, his coffin was draped in the Union flag and the black, ebony truncheon was placed atop it for the duration of the ceremony.

Because of my father’s special relationship with the new hierarchy of the Royal Hong Kong Police, the family – which in practice meant my father and me – were invited to various police service parades, and I remember being very impressed by a magnificent billy goat that was marching as the police service mascot. A week or so later, I was upset though interested to hear from my father that the goat had

been attacked and killed by a civet cat. This must have been one of the last records of the large Indian civet (*Viverra zibetha*) in the colony, because by the time I started studying the wildlife of Hong Kong again in the late 1980s, this impressive carnivore, which can reach a head and body length of up to thirty seven inches with another two foot of tail attached behind, was finally declared to have been extirpated from the colony. There are three species of civet cat that have been found in Hong Kong and the large Indian civet, with its total nose to tail tip length of five feet, is by far the largest. Any animal capable of taking down a hefty adult goat needs to be treated with a damn sight more respect than many people would accord to one of the south Chinese civet cats.

Many decades later, having – in the interim – studied the predation methods of both civet cats and mongooses, I put the arcane knowledge which I had gathered to good use when I spent two sojourns on the island of Puerto Rico in the lesser Antilles in 1998 and 2004, when I was studying the alleged activities of a creature called the chupacabras which many people suspected was responsible for a string of quasi-vampiric attacks on livestock across the island. Another experience of mine during those last months before we left Hong Kong for good, and also – coincidentally, although we all know there is no such thing – involved the Royal Hong Kong Police. A senior police officer who may actually had been the Chief of Police but I can’t remember, sent out an armed guard when he was convinced that communist insurgents were responsible for having attacked his prize banana tree. This might not have been quite as ridiculous as it sounded. There were communist activists and wannabe revolutionaries aplenty in



Hong Kong at the time, and one of the important facets of Chinese character is that many place a great deal of importance on not 'losing face'; something which onlookers like those of us in the west would do well to remember when trying to understand things happening on the world stage, like the violent protests against the regional government which are going on at the moment (December 2019) as I dictate the final chapters of this book.

So, when the police commissioner (if it was him), angry at the destruction of one of his prize-winning banana trees, set an armed guard on the other, he wasn't over-reacting as badly as one might have thought. In the middle of the night, a few

nights later, the marauders struck again and this time a shot rang out, and the blood of the bandit soaked into the virgin Hong Kong earth.

The bandit was a porcupine. Attacks by porcupines upon banana trees were not, and are not, an uncommon occurrence. Indeed, Herklots himself relates a very similar story which happened somewhere near Pokfulam in the years before the Second World War. But I saw the mangled remains of the once proud banana tree, and this was instrumental in my formulating a hypothesis to explain the existence of the chupacabras of Puerto Rico over three decades later.

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).

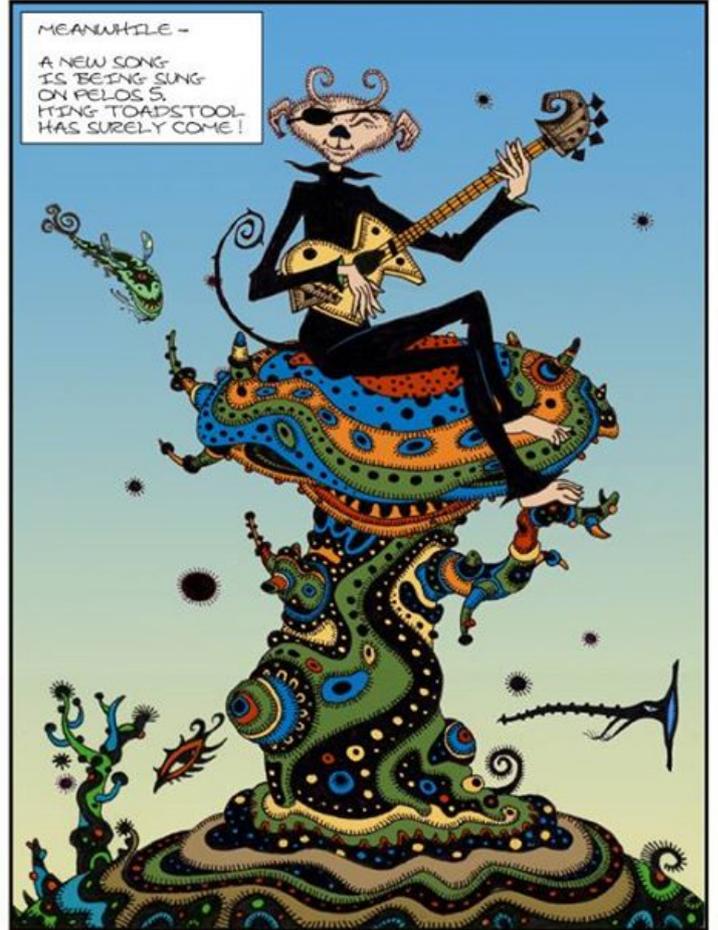
Martin still pursues the Musical Muse, recently producing a new CD, "Blue Evening" with his band "FREEFALL", an independent, instrumental album called "Rough Magic"; a collection of explorations on the guitar, and a collection of tunes inspired by the writings of Guy Gavriel Kay called "Bright Weaving".

www.martinspringett.com/

<https://spacewreckrecords.bandcamp.com>



A MERRY CHRISTMAS and a HAPPY NEW YEAR





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!!!"

!THIS IS A GOOD PLACE TO BE

From here, you can see miles and miles
of experiences that are precious and unique

You can recollect all good deeds

You can recount true stories

You can recall and remember
more than any young person ..

For you have the DNA of dynamism

Your energies are curated now

You consider before taking actions

Those whom you have known

have shared and bestowed a richness of experience

no babe nor youth nor young adult can know.

And, although you can not go back

you can measure those memories of times passed

because they are yours alone. TREASURE THEM!

The golden leaves gilt on shared hands

Autumn leaves us loosened from the World Tree

but open to The Wild West Winds of change

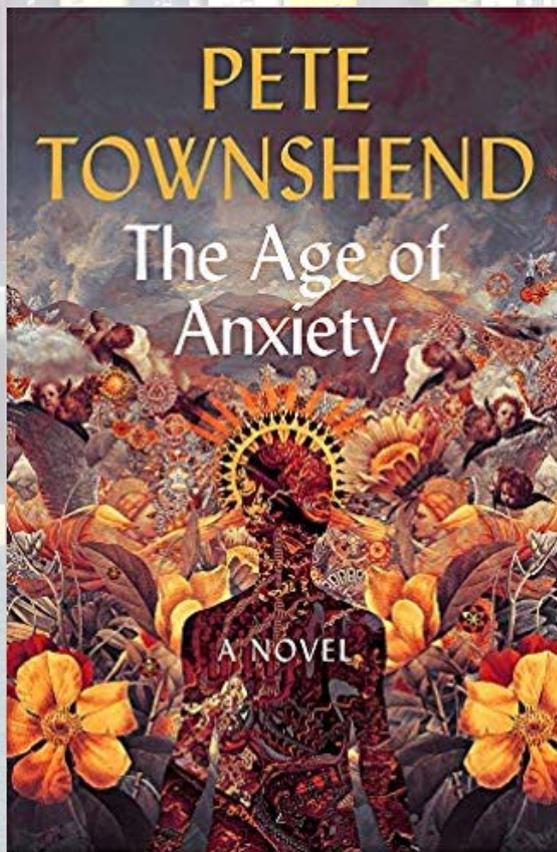
And change can rattle in your pocket or your mind

but it restores your life, and Spirit

awaits your self-validation.

PROCEED AUM!

Yer Gonzo Bookshelf



- **Hardcover:** 272 pages
- **Publisher:** Coronet (5 Nov. 2019)
- **Language:** English
- **ISBN-10:** 147362293X
- **ISBN-13:** 978-1473622937

In his debut novel, rock legend Pete Townshend explores the anxiety of modern life and madness in a story that stretches across two generations of a London family, their lovers, collaborators, and friends.

A former rock star disappears on the Cumberland moors. When his wife finds

him, she discovers he has become a hermit and a painter of apocalyptic visions

An art dealer has drug-induced visions of demonic faces swirling in a bedstead and soon his wife disappears, nowhere to be found

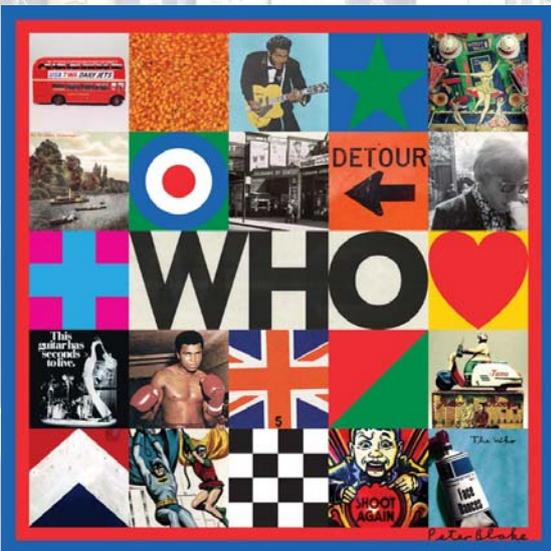
A beautiful Irish girl, who has stabbed her father to death is determined to seduce her best friend's husband

A young composer begins to experience aural hallucinations, expressions of the fear and anxiety of the people of London. He constructs a maze in his back garden. Driven by passion and musical ambition, events spiral out of control-good drugs and bad drugs, loves lost and found, families broken apart and reunited.

Conceived jointly as an opera, The Age of Anxiety deals with mythic and operatic themes. Hallucinations and soundscapes haunt this novel, which on one level is an extended meditation on manic genius and the dark art of creativity.

As I have alluded to elsewhere in this issue, The Who released a new album in early December, which is most definitely one of the greatest records of the year. As far as The Who are concerned, it is most certainly their best record since the death of Keith Moon in 1978 (bloody hell was it really that long ago?). Roger Daltrey has gone on record to say that this is the best album the band have made since Quadrophenia.

I am not sure that I would go quite that far, because I have a very soft spot for the band's 1975 album, The Who by



Numbers, but I am nit picking. This is an utterly magnificent record, and, just in the same way as the aforementioned The Who by Numbers album, allowed Pete Townshend to ruminate at length on the subject of his passage from being an angry young man to being a massively fucked up middle aged one, this album chronicles Townshend's passage into old age, and – unlike the previous one – he does it without displaying an ounce of self-pity.

But, I hear you remonstrate with me in whatever the aural equivalent of my mind's eye happens to be, this section of the magazine is meant for book reviews, not for record reviews. I am perfectly aware of that, I reply, somewhere in the noosphere, but this new record is so integrally linked with Townshend's debut novel (okay, it's not his debut novel, but it's the first one to actually be published) that I don't think it is possible to review either of them separately to one another. Several of the songs on the record appear to be directly influenced by the novel, and indeed, the novel was first conceived as part of a larger multimedia

work, and one hopes that Townshend will carry on with his avowed intention to make this happen.

The first anyone heard of this book was about ten years ago, when Townshend announced that he was planning a new large format project with The Who. It was to be called 'Floss' and it was to tackle the big subjects of aging, amongst other things.

Townshend has been announcing ambitious new projects all his career, and – sadly – many of them singularly fail to reach fruition. And, for some years, it appeared that this was going to be another of them. At various times over the last decade, Townshend has mentioned 'Floss' in passing, and in 2013, he announced that it was ready to reach the first stage of his ambitious plan. But, once again, nothing came of it. Then, in a move completely overshadowed by the release of the new Who album (and I suspect that Townshend planned it that way), out came Townshend's debut novel. Like so much of his work, it seems to be at least semi-autobiographical.

In his autobiography a few years ago, Pete wrote at length about how he 'hears' music in his head, continually, and how much of his efforts as a composer have been directed towards trying to replicate this music so that other people can hear it.

This has also been one of the major themes of his novella, 'The Boy Who Heard Music', and his legendary unfinished project, 'Lifehouse'. Indeed,

one of the central characters in *Lifehouse* is a washed up, elderly rockstar, called Ray High (born Ray Highsmith, and I bet he has a big nose), who is a barely concealed self-portrait. Ray High also appears in *The Boy Who Heard Music*, which was only published online and since disappeared (and if anyone reading this has a PDF I can have, I would be very grateful). And, Ray High was the main character in a radio play called 'Psychoderelict' (1993), which was, to date, Townshend's most recent solo album of new material.

And although Ray High does not appear in this current volume, one of the central characters is a young man who can – wait for it – hear music in his head and who attempts to make his mental music audible by all.

There is an elderly ex-rockstar from a band called 'Hero Ground Zero', who becomes a hermit in a succession of caves in the wilds of Cumbria, and later becomes an outsider artist. But although he is essential to the plot, and his song 'Hero Ground Zero' is one of the most obvious parts of the new Who album to be obviously referencing this book, he is far from being a central character.

Townshend has stated that he is really rather embarrassed by the fact that this book has turned out to be a novel about sex, drugs, and rock and roll, but – in fact – it is nothing of the sort.

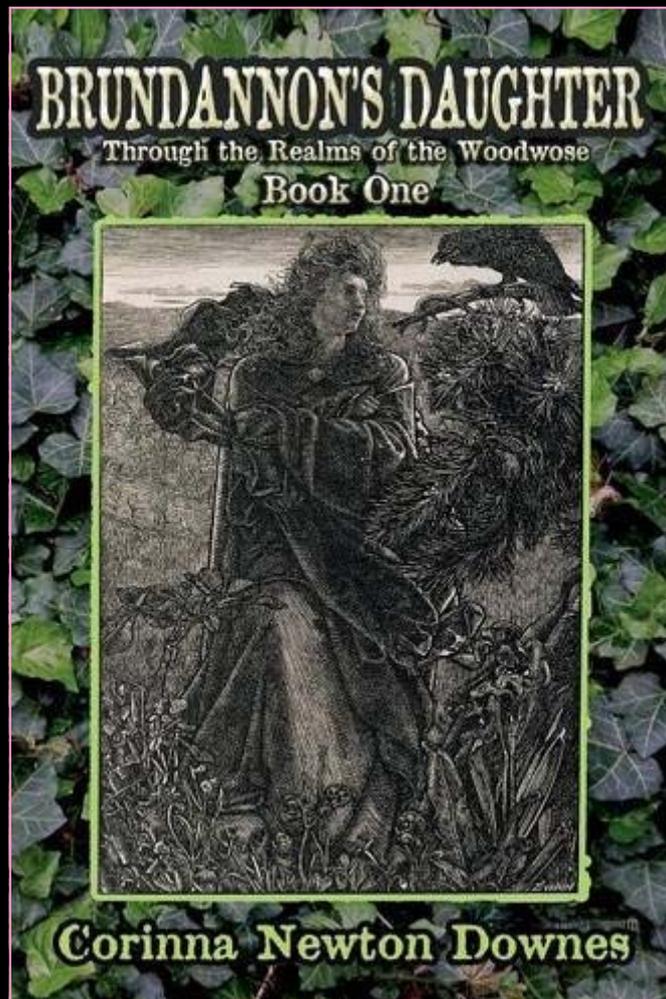
Several of the main characters are – broadly speaking – more or less rock and roll singers, several people have sex, and quite a few drugs are taken. But this is actually a novel about trust, whether or not people

have psychic abilities, guilt, dedication, and commitment.

It is actually nothing like what I was expecting. I had been expecting the eponymous 'Floss' to be an old lady, either married to, divorced from, or widowed from a Ray High type rockstar, but it is nothing of the sort. When we first meet her, she is twenty (give or take a few years) and at the end of the book, she is hardly twenty years older. The book is narrated by Louis, an art dealer and ex-junkie, and although one can see a bit of Townshend's trademark self-loathing – especially when describing Louis's drug use earlier in his life – for the first time, Townshend seems to have produced a narrator who is not overtly autobiographical.

Unlike some rock stars that one could mention (but I won't), Townshend is a very gifted narrator; he uses the English language elegantly and sparingly, and although we first learned this when we read his autobiography a few years ago, this book continues in the same literary vein and is a delight to read.

The story is intriguing and the characters engaging, and one truly doesn't know what is going to happen in the end until you get there. Although Townshend is now in his mid-70s, and such a dilettante polymath that I doubt whether he will time during the rest of his life to have another novel. But I hope he does, and I hope he eventually manages to make a record of the sounds he hears in his head, and above all, I hope that this difficult and tortured man who has provided so much inspiration for me over the years, will finally find some semblance of peace.



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

"Ev'rywhere I hear the sound
of marching charging feet, boy"

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

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

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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

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And so, dear friends, we come not only to the end of this issue of the magazine but to the last issue of the decade, and that is a really quite bizarre thought.

As always, I am dictating this to Olivia on Tuesday morning, a week before Christmas Eve, and I am quite aware that in our increasingly unstable world that all sorts of things can and probably will happen between now and the end of the year, but the magazine comes out on Friday, and my tasks for the year will be mostly over.

Last night, Corinna and I sat back and watched the final episode in the HBO series of *Watchmen*, and it was just as magnificent as one would have hoped from this increasingly wonderful series. The thing that I find so impressive about it is that, not only have they run with the universe created by Alan Moore and Dave Gibbons, adding to it and subtracting nothing, but like the original twelve issue comic book series, and subsequent graphic novel, it presents a homogenous and all-encompassing storyline. Show runner Damon Lindelof told *Rolling Stone*:

“I feel like *Watchmen* is bigger than me. Of course it is. It survived without me and endured as one of the greatest pieces of storytelling for 30 years before I had anything to do with it. So I got my turn at the wheel — just like I had a turn at the helm of *Star Trek*, and then I stepped back, and now others have taken it. I do have a desire for there to be more *Watchmen*. Maybe these nine episodes have demonstrated that the playing field is a little bit larger than previously thought. It may inspire someone else to tell a *Watchmen* story. But right now, I don't have any more ideas. Whether you call something a limited series or an ongoing series, that's fodder for awards consideration. I'm not comfortable calling this anything other than nine complete episodes with a beginning, a middle, and an end. There is no promise of a continuation. Although others may disagree.”

And, he has said widely that he does not intend to make another



series. And you know what? Despite, or possibly because, this has been the best piece of fictional television I have seen in many years, I am completely alright with that! Like Lindelof, I assume that at some point in the future, someone will return to the *Watchmen* universe, but it doesn't have to be him, it doesn't have to be now, and it doesn't have to be on television.

To use the current idiom, it is what it is. And it is bloody fantastic. And in our increasingly beleaguered television industry, it is not every day that one can write that. And guess what, kiddies? Next year, someone is doing *Illuminatus!* I'm not sure whether to be excited, whether to laugh, or whether to cry, but one can say that about a lot of things in the 21st century.

A happy Christmas and a peaceful new year to you all.

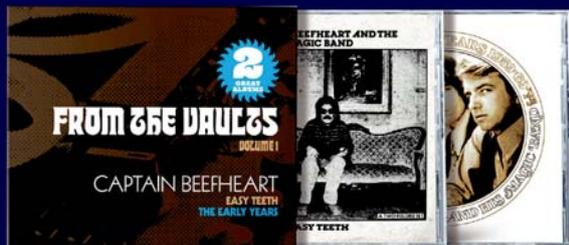
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