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John Brodie Good

LEST WE FORGET



Dave McMann



Mick Farren

THE THREE COMMANDMENTS OF GONZO WEEKIY:

 Art is as important as science and more important than money

 There is life after (beyond and before) Pop Idol
 Music can and sometimes does change the world

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



Dear friends,

Welcome to another issue of this ever peculiar magazine. I don't need to tell you that everybody on this planet is currently affected by the biggest crisis for at least a generation. For those of us in the UK, it is the biggest crisis since the end of the Second World War and quite possibly longer, and not only do we not know how long it's going to last, but we have no real idea of how the world is going to look when we all eventually come out of isolation.

A lot of the people that I 'know' on Twitter are still in a state of of utopian idealism, claiming that this is the final death knell for World Capitalism. Others are depicting the advent of a nasty Orwellian police state in which all of our civil liberties will go out the window, and the United Kingdom becomes something akin to Belarus.

Me? I'm not going to make any predictions at all. We still have months of this lockdown to go, and – no doubt – the situation will change many times before we are finally allowed out to associate freely.

However, I will just say that it is quite gratifying that the idea of anti-Capitalism, which I have been espousing all my adult life, has finally become part of a mainstream agenda. Whether or not it happens, and I doubt it shall, it is still gratifying.



A lot of the people that I 'know' on Twitter are still in a state of of utopian idealism

But, let's change the subject.

One thing is becoming self evident. And that is that even when people are taken out of the equation for a matter of weeks, Mother Nature does a remarkable job of repairing herself. Initially, I thought that the news stories that I read about the Venetian canals being full of clean water in which one could see fish swimming, and – according to some reports – dolphins playing and upon which, one could see swans gliding majestically, were all hoaxes. But then the stories started to appear on reputable news sites, like the BBC, and it became clear that there was at least a modicum of truth behind them.

Satellite photographs of China and Italy show that the ever present air pollution, particularly nitrogen dioxide, has dissipated, and although it is obvious that these things are going to be only temporary before our species re-emerges and starts causing havoc again, it does prove that the radical anticarbon initiative proposed by people like Extinction Rebellion are not as unfeasible as one would have thought a couple of months ago. There are hardly any aeroplanes in the sky, and hardly any cars on the road. The number of animals whose lives have been saved by not becoming roadkill can only be marvelled at.

The idea of 'Earth as Organism' or the 'Gaia Hypothesis' have been cornerstones of Fortean thinking for about a century now, and – whether or not you believe them – it is tempting to apply them to our current global predicament. It is a lovely idea that a selfaware Gaia produced the novel coronavirus in order to keep human beings at bay, and allow herself time to recover. When this is all over, I hope that this will give us a little more time on top of the ten years that climate scientists



say that we have left in order to make significant changes to our carbon emissions.

In the last issue, you will, I think, remember that I was talking about a moral conundrum about whether it was permissible to listen to the music by someone who was, to a greater or lesser extent, a dick. All of us can be dicks; I am not immune. Just ask my first wife. But my dickness is very mild compared to the activities of people cited in last issue's editorial, such as Genesis P'Orridge, and Gary Glitter. And the alleged dickness of the late Michael Jackson.

It is incontrovertible that Steven Patrick Morrissey, who - despite only being three months older than me, to the day – has sold more records than I could ever have dreamed of, has courted controversy throughout his career. During the 1980s, as frontman of The Smiths, he inhabited a fashionably left-wing and artistically revolutionary place in popular culture. He espoused animal rights, radical vegetarianism, and called for the then Prime Minister, Margaret Thatcher, to be decapitated on the guillotine.

But as the band broke up, and his solo career took shape, some of his songs, for example, 'Bengali in Platforms' and 'National Front Disco', caused many people to question his stance on the subject of racism. This was compounded by an appearance at the Madstock festival in Finsbury Park, where he appeared wrapped in a Union flag, during a song called 'Glamourous Glue'. The mounting abuse forced Morrissey to walk out after only nine songs. The mess was discussed considerably in the UK music papers (notably the NME who appeared to be out to get him at the time) during the following weeks, even months, adding even more fuel to the rumours of Morrissey being racist. The singer never gave in to the pressure, he actually boycotted the publication for 12 years and only addressed the subject a few years later, to a different publication.

As an aside, here: I have always been mildly disturbed by the way that overt displays of the Union flag or of the British Cross of St. George are seen as racist, when Americans all over the world display the stars and stripes at the slightest provocation, and every Irish pub in the world has the Irish tricolour boldly displayed upon it. But that is another question, and probably one for another day.

More recently, Mozza has been pissing people off by his support of a very minor right -wing political party, called 'For Britain'which was started by Anne-Marie Waters, an anti-Islam activist, and one time associate of the egregious Tommy Robinson - and has been subsequently seen wearing the badge of this group, both on television and on stage.

Over to those jolly nice people at Wikipedia:

"In June 2019 Morrissey rejected accusations of racism against him, saying, "The word is meaningless now. Everyone ultimately prefers their own race—does this make everyone racist?" In response to his recent political comments, fellow singer-songwriter Billy Bragg accused Morrissey of dragging the legacy of Johnny Marr and the Smiths "through the dirt". However, Nick Cave wrote an open letter defending Morrissey's right to freedom of speech to voice his beliefs, as well as arguing that his musical legacy should be kept separate from his political opinions."

Now, Morrissey has a new album out. It is called 'I Am Not a Dog on a Chain' and it is the strongest album he has made in many years. In fact, although I have only had a few days to get my head around it, I think it is his best since 'Ringleader of the Tormentors' back in 2006. Yeah, it's that good.

It is easily his most experimental album, and



sees him inhabiting a strange new world of electronica, which even borders on the avant garde. I listened to it twice the other night, lying in bed in the dark, whilst fighting Archie for the quilt, and doing my best not to disturb Corinna, who had gone to sleep before me. This is very much an album that needs to be listened to on headphones, and in that strange headspace in which you find yourself in the hour or so before you go to sleep, it sounded magnificent. I listened to it the next day on the office hifi and it still sounded fantastic. Why is it, therefore, that all the reviews I have found are lukewarm, at best? Over to the Wikipedians again:

"I Am Not a Dog on a Chain currently holds a score of 64 out of 100 on review aggregator Metacritic based on eight reviews. Josh Modell of The A.V. Club gave the album a Band felt that the lyrical content was the weakest but that Morrissey displayed songcraft and "a great vocal performance". The editorial staff of AllMusic gave the album 3.5 out of five stars, with reviewer Stephen Thomas Erlewine summing up his review by calling the album "one of the better latterday Morrissey records" but decrying how "placid and complacent he's been for the better part of a decade". Mina Tavakoli of Pitchfork rated the album 6.1 out of 10 and called it "frequently ridiculous, mildly captivating, and occasionally repetitive, pocked by moments of goofiness that come from the runoff of a man eager to chase old miseries and find new ones to berate".

Writing for *The Independent*, Jake Cudsi rated the album two out of five stars, opining that it "has its moments, but they are brief and virtually lost amid the more experimental forays". Laura Snapes of *The Guardian* also gave the album two out of five stars, judging that Morrissey plays the "victim" and is "often lost among the strident music as he hectors people afraid to be themselves", although his "coyness undermines his apparent glee as a truth-teller"."

Could it be that the great and the good of the music press are being negatively affected by the perceived stigma of Morrissey's political stance of recent years? And, if so, shame on them. It is the job of a journalist to be objective about the things on which he or she holds forth in print. And if they can't bring themselves to do that, then shame on them.

I am totally with Nick Cave on this one.

Enjoy this issue, my friends.

Hare bol,

Jon

Morrissey, Sam Wilkinson. Kev Rowland, Alan Dearling, Adam Smith, Friday Night Progressive, Canterbury Sans Frontieres, The Merrell Fankhauser Show, Mack Maloney's Mystery Hour, Bob Andy (ne Keith Anderson CD), Mirna Doris (née Annunziata Chiarelli), Delroy Washington, Bert Olav Holmquist. Martin MBE (born William Wylie MacPherson), Joe Logan Diffie, Alan Merrill (born Allan Preston Sachs), Paravai Muniyamma, Jan Howard (born Lula Grace Johnson), Louie "L.A." Kouvaris, Wallace Roney, Clementino Rodrigues (better known by the nickname Riachão), Louise Ebrel, Rafael Berrio, Cristina Monet Zilkha (née Monet-Palaci), Bhai Nirmal Singh Khalsa, Ellis Louis Marsalis Jr., John Paul "Bucky" Pizzarelli, Adam Lyons Schlesinger, Patrick Francfort (aka Patrick Gibson) Alex Harvey (born Thomas Alexander Harvey), Helin Bölek, Karuranga Virgile (aka as DJ Miller), Alexander George Thynn, 7th Marquess of Bath, Rick Wakeman, Gerry Beckley, The Waterson Family, The Fall, Richard Wright and Dave Harris -Zee, Chasing the Monsoon, Tony Henderson, Addyction, The Adarna, The Already Dead, Alexander Nakarada, Gunpowder Gray, Into the Cave, Mob Rules, Blight House, Carl Marshall, Geordie Jackson, Dark Matters, Hawkwind, Jonathan Downes, The Wild Colonial Boy, Martin Springett, Thom the World Poet

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



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

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

NAMING THOSE RESPONSIBLE

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

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

Richard Freeman, (Scary stuff) Dave McMann, (Sorely missed) **Orrin Hare**, (Sybarite and literary *bon viveur*) Mark Raines, (Cartoonist) **Davey** Curtis, (tales from the north) **Phil Bayliss** (Ace backroom guy on proofing and research) **Dean Phillips** (The House Wally) **Rob** Ayling (The Grande Fromage, of whom we are all in awe) and Peter McAdam (McDada in residence)

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

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

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

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

so what's it all about, Alfie?

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

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

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

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

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

So this is what I have been doing for much of my life. I am also naive enough to think that music and art *can* change the world, and as the world is in desperate need of change, I am gonna do my best to help. Now is an even better time than usual to subscribe because, not only is it FREE (yes, Oxford English Dictionary free, not yer usual publisher free which means that we sell all the mailing list emails that we garner to a company trying to flog Viagra and/or Double Glazing).

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

10



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

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



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further bloody and bleed our countryside of its riches of life. That brutalist thugs, liars and frauds will destroy our wildlife and dishonour our nation's reputation as conservationists and animal lovers. I feel sick, sad, disempowered, betrayed, angry and crushed by the corruption of all that I know as right.

-Chris Packham



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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.





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

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



VanLife: On the Road during Covid-19 Part 1

Sam Wilkinson - 31 March 2020

(Alan Dearling says: I'm blessed with many friends in the world Traveller community. Sam is someone I've known and admired for many years. She was one of the 'Surplus People'. We'd first met on -line, then at the old-skool, 'En-Dorset' festivals. Seemingly 'forever' I've followed her blogs, travels and adventures. Real-life ups and downs. I invited her to share this current update from Morocco – one of the marginally more exotic destinations favoured by adventurous Travellers. Luv 'n respect to her and all during the Coronavirus crisis. Keep well – keep safe – spread kindness – be creative.)



Sam, Alan and Mister Orange, Ladies' Day, En-Dorset 2010

Sam says:

I've lived in vehicles for the past ten years, for the twenty years before that I'd had links to the New Traveller scene through friends, festivals and raves. In this thirty years I've seen this lifestyle become trendy, become criminalised, become unpopular and become trendy all over again with a new wave of travellers that call themselves Vanlifers, as well as far more retirees in motorhomes, some worth in excess of £100,000.

This article is about my personal experience during the Coronavirus crisis and about how the wider New Travellers, Vanlifers and Motorhomers reacted to it and are coping with it, it is not about Gypsies as I have no links personally to that way of life or its people.

In the last decade there has been a sharp rise in people living on wheels again, some of these people would identify as New Travellers but there are a huge amount of people now identifying as Vanlifers as well as a massive increase in Motorhomers, the retired Northern European sun seekers who spend the winter months in motorhomes in the South of Europe and North Africa. Some of these people live in their campervans or motorhomes permanently, and so have no other place to live. A lot of this group call themselves 'full-timers'.

In the ten years I have lived on the road I have spent a lot of time travelling in the UK, Ireland, France, Spain and Portugal. I have travelled and explored but have also spent long periods of time parked in one place, on various illegal traveller sites and at times on friends' land. My partner and I had been planning for the last few months a trip to Morocco and in mid-February 2020 we, and some of our friends also in vans, took the ferry from Algeciras to Tangier Med port to explore the country. We were a mixed group, some of us New Travellers, some of



us Vanlifers and some of us Motorhomers.

I had been working in the UK in the last two weeks of January and like everyone else had heard the reports of Coronavirus in Wuhan and how it was spreading through China. In the first two weeks of February we heard the news of a few cases outside of China and the infected people on the Diamond Princess Cruise ship. As it got closer to our day of departure cases were increasing but it seemed like something happening elsewhere, something that was unlikely to affect us.

With hindsight it is easy to say that we shouldn't have travelled, it is easy to point the finger at the authorities, and say we should have been told not to travel. It's easy to say borders should have been shut by then, movement of people should have been curtailed by then, but we didn't have that benefit. We, like many other travellers and holidaymakers didn't want to abandon our plans for something that was probably being



blown out of proportion by the media and that probably was no worse than the flu.

On the 20th of February we took our ferry and drove to the lovely town of Asilah in Northern Morocco, where we spent a couple of days before heading on down the coast. We didn't all stay in one big group, we split off into different groups depending on who wanted to see or do what. We met up with some of our fellow travellers at various points. Some of us came for the sun, some for the surf, some to make travel blogs, we came to explore, to embrace the culture, to sample local food and to hopefully pick up some Arabic. By the end of February there was more Covid-19 cases around the world but it still seemed like most of the cases were a long way away and although there were some other countries with multiple cases it seemed a lot of the other countries had just one or two cases. We, along with many others still believed we would be fine, that we would be able to continue on our trip and that we wouldn't be affected.

As we entered March things started to get more serious. On the 2^{nd} Morocco reported its first case of the virus, a man who had flown in from Italy. Then on the 4^{th} of March the Moroccan government banned large gatherings of people. This included the Nomad Festival on the edge of the Sahara



that we were heading to. On the 10th Morocco reported its first death from Covid-19, an elderly woman who had been the second reported case a few days before. By the 11th March there were five cases, flights had been suspended to Milan and Venice and Morocco suspended all ferries to Italy.

Don't panic! Get on with life...

Also on the 11th March the advice from the head of government in Morocco was to avoid over-reacting and not to panic. We hadn't heard any advice from our respective countries at this point, in our group were people from the UK, Ireland, Portugal and Sweden. We had travelled down a lot of the coast and had made our way inland to a Southern town in the Anti-Atlas Mountains called Tafraoute. It was here we had planned to get some work done on our van as my partner had been before and seen lots of campervans getting work done. So on the same day as being told not to over-react, we did just that, got on with life and organised the work on our van.

The next day work started on our van and for the next five days we were parked at the garage with some other people in vans also getting work done. Every day there was a new development in the pandemic sweeping the world, ferries and flights between Morocco and Spain got suspended and schools got shut. More and more flights got



suspended until it was all international flights. On the last day we were at the garage the government ordered the closure of all mosques, cafes, restaurants, hammams, gyms and clubs.

It was a strange evening that day as cafes and restaurants started to shut. As anyone who has ever visited Morocco knows there is a massive café culture here, with the daily drinking of some mint tea while watching the world go by almost obligatory! There were still lots of people about, but there was



an air of uncertainty now, among locals and tourists alike.

The embassies in Morocco started to advise holiday makers to get home and were giving details of repatriation flights. The FCO (Foreign and Commonwealth Office) were also starting to advise tourists to return to their home country. Ferries were still running to mainland Europe from the Spanish enclave Ceuta on the Northern Morocco coast and so some people in campervans and motorhomes decided to go back to Europe.

Rumours were going round on social media that Morocco was going to go into lockdown sooner rather than later. The official line from the government was that they had implemented phase one of the fight against the virus and they would not implement phase two until there were 500 cases of covid-19 in the country. There were also rumours on social media that locals were getting wary of Europeans and some tourists had suffered verbal abuse. Despite this everyone in our group, who were scattered all over the South of the country were more than happy to stay until it was all over.

We decided that as the advice from the FCO to leave, was to holiday-makers and short-

term travellers that we did not really fit into that category. We intended to be in Morocco for the three months of our visa, so thought of ourselves as long-term travellers. We don't have a house to go back to as our van is our home so why drive hundreds of miles risking spreading the virus to go and live in our van somewhere else? Added to that, where would we even go? I am officially a UK resident, but with no actual home there, and my partner is officially an Irish resident in the same situation.

Some of our group were in a village on the coast, we had visited the same village a couple of weeks earlier and liked the place. Hicham, our host, offered that we could come and park up there with them until the ferries were back to normal. It was outside a hostel that had shut due to the virus, but we could use the facilities there, toilet, shower and WiFi for a very reasonable price.

Shall we leave, shall we stay?

On the 18th March we drove six hours to get to Imsouane, the village some of our friends were already parked at. The day before, some of our other friends had made a seemingly sudden decision to leave Morocco, and the next day some more of them made that same decision. It was a hard choice and not one that anyone really had



time to think through. Rumours were now rife about border closures, lack of ferries, campsites possibly not allowing new patrons and an increase in abuse towards tourists from locals.

What was really lacking and still is at the time of writing is specific advice for longterm travellers in campervans and especially those where their van is their only home. I understand the advice to tourists staying in hotels, guesthouses and other short-term accommodation that have taken a flight to another country. They should get back to their home country and their normal home. What I was not understanding, was, on the one hand the advice to stay in one place and avoid all unnecessary contact, but on the other hand, there were thousands of campervans driving across North Africa and some of the worst hit countries in Europe. Why?

There are many reasons that I can see from friends and from reading about different experiences of people in campervans online. Firstly, no clear and concise advice from any government specific to our situation. Secondly, the people who have a house and so are not living in their campervans fulltime only see themselves as short-term travellers and so felt the best place for them was to be back at home with more space and more home comforts. Thirdly, rumours with little basis for truth on social media were a very good way of making people panic. Stories of cases of the virus in certain towns, internal travel bans, ferries stopping, campsites shutting, and of people being threatened with violence from locals all fed a sense of fear that was rising in some people. This seemed to prey on the minds of some of my friends and I even heard someone say they were worried that if food ran out what locals would do to us as tourists.

While some of these stories became fact they were all rumours on social media days before they happened. Morocco has been very strict on tackling any fake news appearing in the country via social media. In one such piece, were the reports of two cases of Europeans with the virus in a small town on the edge of the desert. A friend of ours was there and heard the rumour from people in the town, I read it on Facebook



Surfing at Imsouane before the lock-down



and it sounded like it was false. Two people were being hunted by police for spreading this fake news on social media.

Another reason that I think some people left is that there seemed to be a strongly held belief among many people that we, as Europeans, would be happier and healthier amongst our own. There was the view that our healthcare systems were better and that to be around other Europeans would be better for us. As someone from the UK who works in the care industry, I am well aware of the failings and underfunding in the NHS. I have nothing but admiration for the frontline workers, the doctors, nurses, porters and cleaners, who are under massive pressure under difficult circumstances. Due to years of underfunding I certainly don't feel I'd be better off there if I got ill. I'm not saying I would be better off here either. I don't really know much about the healthcare here, although one of our group did have to go to hospital before the virus got to Morocco and he was treated well and quickly in a modern accident unit. What I do know though, is that by displaying this kind of innate response, many people believe that they are better off in their own country, and sometimes the reasons stem from a kind of 'exceptionalism' and are borderline racist.

A quick dash away

Our group had, at its strongest, been twelve people in seven campervans, one motorhome and one tent. Some with homes in the UK and Portugal but most with only their van as their home. By the time of writing all have left Morocco except me and three others. All of the group that left made a quick dash to Ceuta driving many more miles in a day than they would usually. They all had to pay extra to change their tickets as the port where their return ticket was originally for was now closed. They faced long queues on the border of Ceuta and queues at the ferry port.

The motorhomers of our group were a retired couple with a home on the Algarve so they made it back to their house without too much travelling once they docked in Algeciras. There, they were able to selfisolate, and had family nearby to help them if needed. I can understand their desire to get home. Some of our group got back to the UK after long drives and more ferry crossings. A couple of others who seemed to have genuine reasons to get back to their country of origin are now parked up in Spain and it seems that really they just wanted to get out of Africa and back to somewhere they could get free healthcare if need be.

After two days in our new park up there were still only 66 cases of Covid-19 in Morocco. Despite the official line of a few



A meal with friends before they left.

days earlier, the government moved into phase two of the fight against the virus and announced a state of emergency starting from 6pm that night. This meant that only essential shops would be open and only until 6pm every day. It also meant that people were to stay indoors apart from getting medical help or supplies, essential shopping and work. Exceptional movement permits were required for everyone, these are forms provided by the local authority giving you the right to be on the streets for various different reasons. Ours gave us the right to be out for essential shopping.

Internal travel ground to an almost halt, public transport was much reduced, even newspapers stopped printing. The village was on the whole quiet but not everyone was taking the lockdown seriously. No children or Moroccan women were out and about but plenty of local men and tourists were still out enjoying the sunshine and socialising. Many were not keeping a 2 metre distance from each other and were still sharing bottles of water, cups of tea, food and cigarettes! Imsouane is a surf resort and quite a few locals and tourists were still going out surfing. All this is still going on at the time of writing and is frustrating when you are doing your best to keep to yourself and to keep away from others.

Repatriation flights were still going on although they were getting less and less and by the 22nd most repatriation flights had ended. A few people in Morocco in vans decided to leave their vans and get flights home instead. Europe was on lock-down and restrictions were getting tougher as each European country brought in more measures to fight the spread of the virus. In Europe, campsites were shutting down with all apart from permanent residents given five days' notice to leave. Someone I know who was on an aire in the Algarve was told to go back to her home country, I think the trouble was that campsites are seen as housing mostly short-term holiday makers with homes to go to. In other parts of Portugal I am aware of other people in small groups free-camping who have had no trouble with the police. In fact the police have been helpful and understanding.

Mixed messages...

A friend who is free-camping in the South



of Spain was moved on by the police but I also know someone elsewhere in Spain who has had no issues. Moving people on seems against the advice for people to stay in one place and you have to wonder what the thinking is behind this. Like in many other countries the instructions given to the authorities are not always clear and can be interpreted by the police in different ways. This can be frustrating and dangerous as my friend in the Algarve ended up driving all the way back to the UK after being evicted.

In Morocco, campsites shut to only new people, so at least the people already there didn't get kicked out. All the shutting down of campsites and aires and the moving on of some free campers has left many 'vanlifers' suddenly faced with the very real problems New Travellers have had to deal with for a long time. Where to safely park up without fear of eviction? Where to get access to clean water and waste disposal? What started as a fun lifestyle of adventure and freedom has turned into a nightmare for some. In my experience so far the New Travellers seem to be coping a little better, in terms of not panicking so much. Better than the Vanlifers and Motorhomers.

A few days ago the border between Morocco and Ceuta closed leaving approximately 500 vans in a queue waiting to get in to get ferries back to Europe. Many people were literally trapped with no way to turn round to get out of the queue. There was no access to clean water, waste disposal or toilets. Some people spent 48 hours in the queue. Tempers were fraying and some cassettes (the waste part of a campervan toilet) were emptied onto the pavement. The Moroccan authorities could see something needed to be done and so they provided all those in the queue a huge carpark equipped with a couple of porta cabins, one housing toilets and one a shop selling essentials. There was also clean water provided and waste disposal.

At the time of writing some of those waiting have returned to Europe. There has been a



Us during lockdown playing music

ferry for campervans only put on between the Moroccan port of Tangier Med and the French port of Sete. There is another ferry due to depart tomorrow, 2nd April. Most people taking these ferries would have normally returned by the much quicker ferry crossing to Algeciras in Spain and so they had a much longer and much more expensive crossing. On board people stayed in cabins and had to have their temperature taken twice during the crossing.

Here in Imsouane we are now on day eleven of lockdown, it is the last day of the month and there are now 602 cases of Covid-19 in Morocco. The hardest thing for me personally has been watching some of our group not taking the social distancing as seriously as we are. Different countries have put different rules in place and because in some European countries it has been stated that people can go out once a day for exercise people here are doing that even though that's not actually been advised by the Moroccan government. The rule here is no-one outside except for essentials, some would say exercise is essential but can be done at home. It's a toss-up between using a bit of common sense and obeying the government exactly.

Like all major disasters this pandemic has brought out the best and the worst in people and it has been no different among the travelling community. Just like housedwellers, some travellers will get too involved with the negative aspects and rumours on social media and the lack of human contact may bring depression and anxiety. On the other hand, many will be used to spending their time being creative at home or working from home, for example the digital nomad has taken off in recent years. Many vanlifers will still be able to make the videos they have taken on their travels into watchable YouTube content and many bloggers will still be able to write accounts of their travels.

As for keeping myself occupied, I, like a lot of people, have been doing some things I've been meaning to get round to for ages. Some of those things are odd jobs which once done are done, but also more long-term things which I think are really important like reading and writing more and learning to play guitar. I feel blessed to be in a good place and lucky that I am quite used to being at home doing my own thing which often involves creative things I can still do now. Obviously only time will tell the effect of long-term living like this.

What will be the hardest for those living 'roadside' will be getting moved on by the police and no access to water and waste disposal. The UK and Ireland have put a temporary stop on evictions for those living roadside or on illegal sites, but there are still some open loopholes that could mean people still get moved on. If you are in the UK or Ireland then it is worth reading the



Van-dwelling during lock-down

latest advice from Gypsy Traveller organisations. They can also offer help if you are faced with eviction.

What people living roadside or freecamping in other countries do if moved on, especially if their van is their only home, I have no idea. I have not been able to find any concrete information on whether the police have any right to move people on at this time. I have also not been able to find any charities or organisations that can give up-to-date help and advice for full-time vehicle dwellers outside of the UK and Ireland.

The state of emergency or lockdown here in Morocco officially ends on 20th April, a month after it was implemented. Time will tell whether it is lengthened, but I hope to bring you another article at around the end of April. For now stay safe and stay at home!

Sam Wilkinson - 31 March 2020

If you are a New Traveller, Gypsy, Vanlifer, Motorhomer, Nomad, Van or Boat dweller and need help and information during this time try: <u>https://www.gypsy-traveller.org</u>

<u>http://</u> www.communitylawpartnership. <u>co.uk/our-services/gypsies-and-</u> <u>travellers</u> <u>https://itmtrav.ie</u> There is also a dedicated

Facebook group called Nomads, New Travellers, Van & Boat dwellers Covid-19 Support & Information

Covid 19 – Aotearoa By Kev Rowland

I am sat writing this on the afternoon of Sunday April 5th, and the latest set of figures have just been released by the government, saying there were 89 new cases yesterday (made up of 46 confirmed and 43 probable), which takes us to 1039 nationwide, with just 1 death so far (and that person had serious underlying conditions). When looking at the map, my home is under the 86 on South Island, while I am working up in Auckland, pretty much under the 77. We have a massive advantage over the rest of the world in that we're a bloody long way from anyone else - it takes four hours to get here from Australia, and it isn't much different to get to the Pacific Islands.

When Covid 19 started spreading around the world it was quickly realised that the best thing to do was to ensure anyone coming into the country was self-isolating. Travellers were banned from coming here direct from China as long ago as February 3rd, before the ban was extended to Iran and other countries. A change was then made so that all visitors coning into the country had to self-isolate for 14 days, and when it was that wasn't working (bloody realised tourists) the government took the unprecedented step on March 19th of closing



Stages of alert

ALERT LEVEL ONE: PREPARE Covid-19 in NZ, but contained

- Activate border measures
 Contact tracing
- flu-like symptoms
 Intensive testing for Covid-19

Stay at home if sick and report

- Cancel mass gatherings of more than 500 people
 - Physical distancing encouraged

ALERT LEVEL TWO: REDUCE Contained but risk of community transmission growing • Entry border measures maximised • Employer to begin alternative ways of working if possible (shift

- maximisedFurther restrictions on mass
- gatherings
- Physical distancing on public transport
- Limit non-essential travel around country

Business contingency plans activated

work, working from home etc)

Elective surgeries and procedures

deferred and healthcare staff

 High risk people to remain at home (over 70s, people with existing conditions)

ALERT LEVEL THREE: RESTRICT Heightened risk that disease not contained • Travel in areas of community transmission limited • Non-face-to-face primary care

consultations

reprioritised

- Affected educational facilities closed
- Mass gatherings cancelled
- Public venues closed
- Alternative ways of working
- ALERT LEVEL FOUR: ELIMINATE
- Likely that disease not contained
- People to stay at home
 Ratio
 require
- Educational facilities closed
 All non-essential businesses
- All non-essential business closed
- Rationing of supplies and requisitioning of facilities
- Severe travel restrictions
- Major reprioritisation of healthcare services

the borders to any non-Kiwis or permanent residents.

The government, who to be honest seem to incredibly inept in times of non-crisis but highly clued up when things hit the fan, announced on March 21st they had developed four levels of alert, and at that time New Zealand was on Level 2. On Monday March 23rd in the afternoon, just two days later, it was stated we were moving immediately to Level 3 and that Wednesday night at midnight the country would move into Level 4 for at least 4 weeks.

This caused some concern for many of us, in that I had to work out how to set up people so they could work from home, and we had to get them out quickly. We also wondered how we as a business would



survive, given we wouldn't be undertaking much work, and what that would mean for our people. Again the government acted quickly, and we were told we would be given a subsidy to assist us in paying a minimum of 80% of our wages while the banks were also told they were going to provide everyone with a six month mortgage repayment holiday if they wished (yay!) although interest would still accrue (boo).

My company is deemed to be an essential business, but we have had to be audited by the govt to confirm we are meeting all requirements, and have had to set up new rosters in our warehouses to ensure there is now a morning shift and an afternoon shift, with a large enough gap in between so noone meets. Social distancing of 2 metres is strictly enforced, and we are only allowed to move goods (I work in transport, 3PL and international freight) which are either deemed as essential themselves or are going to an essential business. We're not moving any 90" TV's at the moment.

10 days into lockdown and it seems to be having an effect. We certainly haven't seen the exponential growth which was expected. The PM announced today that initial modelling expected us to have 4000 cases by now, instead of the 1000 which we appear to have. Yes, more testing needs to be done, and there are always idiots who flout any rules who are gathering when they shouldn't (basic rules are you can't be within 2 metres of anyone outside your "bubble", and can only drive your car to the supermarket or pharmacy). No-one is allowed to go fishing in a boat, no yachting, hunting, tramping, surfing, swimming etc as there must be no risk for emergency responders.

This morning I queued the other side of the supermarket carpark, just because everyone in the queue was at least 2 metres from the next person, and it was a one in, one out, policy. All cashiers have plastic screens to protect them, trollies (over here supermarket trollies are called trundlers, always makes me smile) have their handles disinfected between each user, the delicatessen counter is closed, as is the loose rolls/cake section.

No-one moans, the supermarket is basically fully stocked (there was nothing I couldn't buy, and only kitchen towels looked low) and the impression is we are all in this together. We actually implemented the full lockdown before a single death, and although it is too early to tell if we have flattened the curve, it looks like we may have. I believe the government will end up extending Level 4, possibly to the end of May, and then slowly by district reduce it to Level 3 but keep the borders closed. The feeling here is mostly positive, and a very typical "she'll be right" Kiwi attitude. We look at the rest of the world in dismay but feel we may have just done the right thing at the right time and it is up to each one of us to break the chain.



A Surreal, Scary, Lock-Down – It is War!

Alan Dearling offers some images and muddled thoughts

I've never lived through a World War. The nearest was back at school when teachers gave us 'drills' in what to do in the event of nuclear war. We closed the



classroom door, then the blinds, and crawled under our school desks. Obviously, that was good, sensible Warplanning.

The situation now, with advice and



information from our UK and devolved governments changing radically every day, is very different. The Enemy is everywhere. There are no allies. It's a common Enemy. A worldwide pandemic. But the responses appear local, messy, divergent and contradictory. People are confused increasingly and shitting themselves, metaphorically and probably in reality too...families and individuals are being told to self-isolate, but no testing for the coronavirus is available, whilst the message from the World Health Organisation is, "Test, test, test!"

On the afternoon before Boris Johnson's Lock-Down speech, I went for my daily walk in the small fishing town of Eyemouth in the Scottish Borders – to shop, to exercise, and to see how the retail shops were responding. The signs on the shops were a foretaste of things-to-come.

A few were especially poignant. Many family businesses lurching towards selfdestruction. The large play-park totally deserted. The High Street resembling a ghost town, with the statue of Willie Spears, the nineteenth century radical fishermen's leader, seemingly pointing the way out...get out of town now...while you can! Later, back at my house on the edge of the town, in splendid isolation, I watched the news unfolding. From my sofa, I'd chosen to watch Channel 4 News, which seems to me, to offer a bit more international comparative information.

The news itself, as it unfolded, was, in turns, bizarre, surreal, scary, offering glimpses of a series of steps into unknown, uncharted possible 'futures'. Social, economic, personal and health meltdown. The End of the World as we knew it.



And the news items were interspersed with seemingly archaic adverts and sponsorships from 'another time, another





place' – for travel, moving house, luxury toiletries, cars... maybe it all fits with the madness only too well







The following day dawned and the reality of staying at home endlessly, potentially for months, has started to create early signs of cabin fever. At least that's how it felt looking at posts and messages across social media. I went for my first 'one-a-

day' exercise walk and made friends with some horses who also seemed starved of human company and trotted over to say hello.

Five miles later, I was down in the eerily





deserted harbour area at Eyemouth. It was bustling the night before. Now, no-one at all, no sign of any movements at any of the numerous fish processing plants, no fishermen on the boats. I checked out the situation for the fishing industry online and read this in the 'Guardian':

"The coronavirus outbreak has hit British fishers with a 'very severe shock' as demand from export markets and the domestic restaurant trade has dried up.

The UK exports about 70% of its catch to Europe and Asia but imports most of what British consumers eat. Fishing leaders said catches of normally expensive seafood such as Dover sole and lobster may now end up in fishmongers at bargain prices.

It was then time for shopping. We have just one main food outlet, a smallish Coop. No meat, no milk, no eggs and a sad, dejected feeling in the air. I needed milk, but can survive until more is delivered. At the check-out, a familiar lady cashier told me:

"Last night after Boris's announcement, the hordes arrived in their big 4x4s, went mad, stuffed their trollies, bought everything...Wouldn't listen to us staff, urging them to leave enough for the more vulnerable. It was awful. Sad for our community."

(hopefully to be continued)...



ABSOLUTELY FREE

This section is all Kev's fault. Over the last week or two he has been telling me stuff that is for free, or being given away for free, by people and artists reacting positively to the coronavirus lockdown. So, I asked him and Alan to keep a lookout for stuff like this, And to make a list of such things that can be put in the magazine. Now I'm going to throw it over to you, the readers. Please email me with any free stuff that you find, and we will always put it in the magazine. I am very impressed at the way people are reacting to these strange times, and the least we can do is write about it. In fact, the least we can do is to wave to one another, but you know what I mean.... JD

Lockdown – Keeping Sane (sourced by Kev Rowland)

All during these trying times there are some musicians who are trying to keep everyone sane. I was sent an EP from Italian musician Marco Ragni yesterday which he wrote and recorded while in lockdown, and Matt from The Fierce and the Dead has told me they are trying hard to write the next album and make best use of the time, although in fairness it is hard to be motivated. But, if you look hard enough there are some gems coming out during this time which we would not have seen otherwise.

John McLaughlin. If you don't know who he is, then you have no business at all reading a magazine which originally purported to be about music (none of us are quite sure what it has morphed into, but we love it). He has made his new album, 'Is That So?' recorded with Shankar Mahadevan, Zakir Hussain free to download until April 20th.

https://

mahavishnujohnmclaughlin.bandcamp.com/ album/john-mclaughlin-shankar-mahadevan -zakir-hussain

Neal Morse. Neal has been one of my very favourite musicians since I first heard Spock's Beard more than 20 years ago, and I have been fortunate enough to interview him a few times as well as seeing him solo in concert and he is an amazing performer. He has put together a free sampler, called 'Hope', and he says "I've tried to interject elements of hope in my music for as far back as I can remember, so we have made a special album of songs from my entire catalogue, accenting the uplifting and affirming, to help you navigate these unchartered waters with peace and blessed assurance."

https://nealmorse.com/2020/03/17/free-hope -sampler-released/

Phideaux. I have known Phideaux for more than 15 years (and we are currently working on an interview together, watch this space!). He has made the whole of his digital catalogue available free of charge and take it from me there are some great prog rock albums in there (I suggest 'Snowtorch' as a starting point). Each album has to be downloaded individually

https://phideaux.bandcamp.com/

Concerts

I have become aware of at least three different forms of concerts taking place

from home. The first of these feature an artist at home performing in different manners. There are lots out there, but a couple of my favourites are as follows:-Daria Kulesh. Someone else who will soon be featured in Gonzo, Daria is a Muscovite from Ingush heritage now living in the UK. Her folk songs are just amazing. The link is to her sat on a chair in her front room, dressed up as if performing a gig, accompanying herself on various instruments. When I just went to her FB page to check for the video link, I was so pleased to discover she has now completed a second 30-minute set which is playing in the background as I write this.

Stu Nicholson. Stu and I have been mates for more than a quarter of a century, and I think my writing will always be linked with Galahad in one way or another. Here he just stands in front of his phone, singing a Rush number to a pre-recorded guitar. Simple, but very nice indeed.

https://www.facebook.com/ stuart.nicholson.3192/ videos/711911599551859/?t=12

Then we have the two other forms of concerts I have been seeing, where bands are using a platform where you pay for a digital ticket to attend, and another where the performance is free but there is a digital tip jar. In each case this helps support the artists whose revenue has died overnight.

There is lots of great music out there, all you need to do is look around. I'd like to leave you with this, as it is a wonderful series of videos. Auckland progressive rock band Outside In have signed with AAA Records for their debut release, and given I write all the press releases I have become involved with them and am incredibly excited over what I have heard so far. There will be a lot more about them when the album is ready to release, but until then watch the series of videos to understand some of the story. For those who enjoy things to be eclectic, the album is a concept based on Hermann Hesse's 'Siddhartha'. <u>https://www.youtube.com/playlist?</u> <u>list=PLWIwBrxGaiovJ9_nG7-</u> <u>BaLSq96fJbfebg</u>

Music streams and video links (sourced by Alan Dearling)

Notes from Alan: I've put this list together in a bit of a rush. No way is it definitive. A lot of these links and sites are 'works-inprogress'. Many of the grassroots ones are a bit hit-or-miss in terms of streaming quality. Many are portals to pay/donate-what-youwant sites. Some are probably to-pay-for. It's a new business model for many artists. We're all in this together and learning on the hoof! And, of course, there are dozens of Coronavirus songs. This one from reggae outfit, Ras Strika, has been one of the better efforts, and the video is quite funny, in a sad sort of way:

https://www.youtube.com/watch? v=38KjOGwYSz8

Together at Home: high profile stars, including Lady Gaga and Emeli Sandé in a range of concerts and performances: a hub link through World Citizen:

https://www.globalcitizen.org/en/campaign/ stand-together-to-beat-coronavirus/

Spin hub site supplies links to such sites as Jack White's Third man Records, Rufus Wainwright, Neil Young's remarkable Archives site, and even guitar lessons from Laura Marling! <u>https://</u> www.spin.com/2020/03/live-music-duringcoronavirus-which-artists-are-streaming/

Billboard hub site offering links to many American music events and places including museums:<u>https://www.billboard.com/</u> <u>articles/columns/pop/9335531/coronavirus-</u> <u>quarantine-music-events-online-streams</u> **Glamour** have also put together a hub site linking to high-profile artists such as Coldplay and Pink: <u>https://</u> www.glamour.com/story/coronavirus-allthe-artists-offering-free-online-concertswhile-youre-stuck-at-home

UDiscovermusic hub site – if they continue to update it, looks like a good portal to a lot of mainstream offerings: <u>https://</u> www.udiscovermusic.com/stories/livestream-coronavirus/

Virtual Stonehenge 2020. An attempt by Neil Goodwin and folk from the more alternative music scene to create the vibe of the original free festi in on-line virtual reality: <u>https://www.facebook.com/</u> events/896632707417423/

EDM Identity. Electronic Dance Music links site: <u>https://</u>edmidentity.com/2020/03/16/coronavirusquarantine-livestream/

Junior Jungle. Live broadcasts at 11.00 am for little ravers and dancers: <u>https://</u> www.facebook.com/JuniorJungleparty/

Feelgood Productions. Djs broadcasting dance vibes live from Italy: <u>https://</u>www.facebook.com/feelgoodproductionsdjs

Dunkelbunt. Trans-global, electronic, Balkan and Gypsy sounds being offered for download free: <u>https://</u> <u>dunkelbunt.bandcamp.com/?</u> <u>fbclid=IwAR0APLY2QlkpUog2STUdFMq</u> <u>eJu4PqE5g1pA3kdQ0n6giLNgTYETdtQjJ</u> <u>0aM</u>

Trombonist, Dave Jago (Bombay Brass Band and others), and one of Alan's mates, is adding music to his playlist to keep jazz and world enthusiasts on their musical toes. He's inviting suggestions too: <u>https://</u> www.youtube.com/playlist? <u>list=PL1klvi6GyKWu_20W8utXMpRp-</u> j8IWG2Yp

Alan Dearling shares with us, some, *Leatherfooting in the Plague Year*

Adam Smith is one of my newer Facebook friends. We've recently been swapping words, ideas, images and sharing experiences.

Here are some brief excerpts from his online 'diary'. It's live and direct. A work-in-progress. As surreal as our current lives and anything I've read.

The excerpts end with a tiny part of a wonderful poem which seems just so, so appropriate, for our new 'Normal' times – and some uplifting music from the west of Ireland last year. Adam seems like the archetypal 'free spirit'. The artist, the seeker and the wanderer.

Currently, Adam is in a prison cell awaiting a coronavirus test. He seems content. Maybe this is his 'luck'. Part of his 'journey'.

The most recent entries come first. His Facebook page is: Adam Smith: <u>https://www.facebook.com/profile.php?</u> id=100046159012965

26 March 2 x entries

So, here I am, sat in a police station, somewhere on the Algarra river with two Police officers rifling through my packs... it doesn't happen often but it's never a pleasant experience especially, I suppose, because I'm quite unlikely to give any


answers that they're happy with.

They want to know why I'm not at the address my passports contain. An endless round of questions..

'Why aren't you at home' 'Because I don't live at home' 'You don't live at home?' 'No' 'Where do you live?' 'At the moment?' 'Yes' 'Here' 'Do you have a residence here?' 'No' 'Then you can't live here' 'I don't want to live here' 'Then you should leave' 'I can't' 'Why' 'My things are spread over a five metre radius and you have my passports' 'Where would you go?' 'Valencia' 'Valencia is closed' 'Closed?' 'Closed' 'Then I'll go home, to the address on the passport' 'How' 'I'll walk' '..... is that your cat?'

...and so on and so forth. At the moment they're making a heated phone call.

My request for coffee has been ignored.

Evening...

Quick update on this afternoon's shenanigans. I'm still here at the station but through

choice. Apparently a nurse from the nearest hospital is visiting outlying villages tomorrow morning and I've been offered a swab test for Covid-19. Be silly not to, right?



In the meanwhile I've been given some latex gloves, a few masks and a bunk in what I can only presume is the local drunk tank.

Adam Smith 23 March ·

Good afternoon...

I've been staying off the beaten track following the Cabriel river out of Boniches. It's a long and winding path so I might be covering much less distance than I imagine but at the moment the sun is out and all is well. The cat did not stay behind and is somewhere up ahead of me, scouting the way...

There is something very life affirming about following a river and if you do it for long enough it reveals itself as a living thing. Develops a personality, even. I suffer from loneliness hardly at all but do lead a relatively solitary life. I don't mind that at all... enjoy it, in fact but after a day or two walking with a river does make you feel as though, somehow, you are 'in good company'. And, of course, you get to eat fish. Luna will be pleased.

Adam Smith 17 March

Just picked up a few days work glazing a barn conversion, in the hills south of Boniches, for a token wage and board and lodging.... if asked if you can do something you've only limited experience at, always say yes, see where it takes you but be prepared to accept any fallout gracefully. About half of this work is constructing a stained glass skylight. I'm sure it'll be just fine... The workshop is a thing of technicolour beauty with dozens of bins filled with every colour glass you can imagine. On the downside, a day or two getting used to sleeping through the nights.



Adam Smith 15 March at 13:43

I hope you're all keeping well in these strange times....

Luna and I are well on the way to the Mediterranean coast having found a lift to Cuenca in the early hours and intending to carry on by foot toward Valencia at nightfall.

Walking through the night is something I fully recommend (perhaps even more so at the moment, given people's desire to stay out of each other's way); it fires the imagination and hones the senses and lets you see the daylight hours in a completely different way.

11 March at 10:08 · 40'15'39"N 3'54'29"W



About 25km west of Madrid is my blue, ten year old Seat Alhambra camper with a full tank, keys on the visor but no paperwork for anyone who happens to be passing.

Truth is, driving somewhere might save you time but you miss too much for my liking. So back to leatherfooting we go. We, being the cat and I.

11 March at 15:52

Last year I spent some days working on a stud farm in Galway, Ireland. The hospitality and acceptance I was shown will stay with me always... that, and we had some spectacular evenings in the local pub in nearby Athenry.

Just now, I received an invitation to not only attend a wedding there in June, but also to perform a reading of a poem I recited to my hosts during an evening of reciting, singing and playing things for each other.

If you're interested, here's the piece... (*Editor: actually, just some short samples* from – well worth a read of the whole poem) by Oriah Mountain Dreamer http://www.oriahmountaindreamer.com/

It doesn't interest me what you do for a living...

I want to know if you can sit with pain mine or your own without moving to hide it or fade it or fix it...

I want to know if you can be alone with yourself and if you truly like the company you keep in the empty moments

By Oriah © Mountain Dreaming, from the book 'The Invitation', published by HarperONE, San Francisco, 1999 All rights reserved at 6 P. M., Jodge in Springheld, leave at 4 Purorector and arei " (in Albany at 15 P. M. The scains for Trey leave on the sector of the sector of Greenburgh.

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REGULAR LINE OF PACKETS

I'M ON BOARD!

I stand with the volunteers on the

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

TTTTE Statis

MICHAEL DES BARRES ON UTTUE STEVENS MAXIMUM ROCK AND ROLL MIRNINGS VAM - IIAM ET CH21 SIRIUS IN I ((XXXX))

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."





WEB RADIO

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!



ME TRYING TO FIND GIRLS IN A PROG CONCERT





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

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

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

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

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

KEEP CALM Normal service Will resume Shortly



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

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



ARTISTS Evan Hause https://hausemusic.bandcamp.com/ ARS PRO VITA https://www.facebook.com/arsprovita/ Diam Karet https://www.facebook.com/Djam-Karet-143758952312255/ Pierre Minvielle Aton Five https://www.facebook.com/AtonFive/ Volvox https://www.facebook.com/volvoxprog/ Onioroshi https://www.facebook.com/onioroshi/ The Steve Bonino Project https://www.facebook.com/steveboninopage/ Pathos https://www.facebook.com/pathos.sound/

Listen Here

Friday Night Progressive



CANTERBURY SANS FRONTIÈRES: Episode Eighty Two

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

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

(i) repeating myself,

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

This new podcast broadens the musical remit, so it'll be about one-third 'Canterbury sound', together with progressive/psychedelic/experimental music from the Canterbury of today, the remainder being a mix of music from various times and places which I feel to be in a similar spirit of creative adventurousness. I'll be doing a lot less talking, and the programme will be less expository – so no interviews, barely listenable bootlegs, etc. I also plan to include guest one-hour mixes from various musicians from the current music scene in Canterbury (Episode 2 features a mix from Neil Sullivan from Lapis Lazuli). And for those of you who wonder what Matthew was referring to when he writes about Canterbury Soundwaves we have brought you all the back catalogue of that as well. Those wacky guys at Gonzo, eh?

THIS EPISODE FEATURES: A Kevin Ayers song perfectly suited for the currently locked-down Canterbury, a '67 Soft Machine B-side, Dave Stewart fusioning out with Bill Bruford and Alan Holdsworth, classic Gong from '71, Matching Mole riffing on Caravan in early '72, Caravan working on something new in early '73, something cosmic from Harmonia in '74 and Hatfield in the studio in '75. Also, some early 80s Czech chamber-prog, a new release from Kaitlyn Aurelia Smith and Canterburyesque sounds from both Billy Bottle and the Multiple and Barcelona's Magic Brother & Mystic Sister. From the Canterbury area of now, Lapis Lazuli recorded live with the legendary Damo Suzuki late last year, a new EP from Koloto, fresh soundtrack work from Raven and something beautiful from Frances Knight's forthcoming album.

Listen Here



The Merrell Fankhauser Show - "Signals from Malibu"

#

The Merrell Fankhauser Radio Show - "Signals from Malibu" Episode "Signals From Malibu" songs from Merrell's 2014 album that feature strange radio signals that are believed to have come from a dome shaped anomaly underwater off the coast of Malibu California - Make sure to check out Merrell Fankhauser's You Tube https://www.youtube.com/user/ Channel manfrommu And his Website www.merrellfankhauser.com All Music is Written and Performed by Merrell Fankhauser and aired on You Tube with his Written Permission Fankhauser Music Publishing Company ASCAP

Listen Here

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

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

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



AND LOOK WHAT MACK HAS FOR YOU THIS WEEK

MACK MALONEY'S HAUNTED UNIVERSE' BOOK PARTY

The gang read their favorite stories from Mack's best-selling book.



Listen Here

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



Bob Andy (ne Keith Anderson CD) (1944 – 2020)

Anderson, better known by the stage name Bob Andy, was a Jamaican reggae vocalist and songwriter. He was widely regarded as one of reggae's most influential songwriters.

At the age of seven he moved to live with his grandmother, but after she died, his mother gave him away, and he was subject to beatings at the hands of his adoptive parents. After several years he returned to Kingston to help look after one of his siblings, but to escape beatings from his mother, he tried to get a place at Maxfield Park children's home by telling them that his mother had died. They both ended up in court, where he was made a ward of the state and returned to Maxfield Park It was whilst at the home, that he taught himself to play piano, and began singing in the Kingston Parish Church choir. In the local scout troop he met Tyrone Evans, with whom he formed the Binders. ;

Andy was one of the founding members of The Paragons, along with Tyrone Evans and Howard Barrett, with John Holt later joining briefly before being replaced by Vic Taylor. Andy left after Holt rejoined and worked for Studio One delivering records and songwriting before embarking on a solo career. His first solo hit record in 1967, "I've Got to Go Back Home", was followed by "Desperate Lover", "Feeling Soul", "Unchained", and "Too Experienced". He also composed songs for other reggae artists, including "I Don't Want to See You Cry" for Ken Boothe, and "Feel Like Jumping", "Truly", and "Melody Life" for Marcia Griffiths. He had several hits in the late 1960s, including "Going Home", "Unchained", "Feeling Soul", "My Time", "The Ghetto Stays in the Mind", and "Feel the Feeling". Some of these, and his 1992 hit, "Fire Burning", be have come to regarded as reggae standards and have several been covered several times by other artists.

In the early 1970s, he recorded with Marcia Griffiths as Bob and Marcia, initially for Studio One, but later under producer "Harry J" Johnson's tutelage. They had a major UK hit with "Young, Gifted and Black" (with orchestral backing added for the UK market) and spent time in the UK promoting it, touring with Elton John and Gilbert O'Sullivan.

He continued without Johnson's involvement and returned to the UK where he recorded "Pied Piper" with Griffiths and they toured again. "Pied Piper" gave them another top 20 hit, but the duo was dissolved when Griffiths joined the I Threes.

Disillusioned with the industry, in 1978 Andy put his music career on hold and after taking up creative dancing with the National Dance Theatre Company, concentrated on his career as an actor, starring in the films *Children of Babylon* in 1980, and *The Mighty Quinn* (1989). He relocated to London, where he worked as a producer and recorded with Mad Professor, and later to Miami.

In 1997 he released a new album, Hangin' Tough.

Andy toured Africa for the first time in 2005, performing at the Bob Marley 60th birthday concert in Addis Ababa, and while in Ethiopia also sang at the President's Palace and gave benefit concerts for the Twelve Tribes organization at the Rastafari movement settlement at Shashamane.

Andy died on 27th March, aged 75.

THOSE HE HAVE LOST

Compiled by Corinna Downes





She died aged 79, on 27th March.

Delroy Washington (1952 – 2020)

Washington was a Jamaican-British reggae singer best known for his releases for Virgin Records in the late 1970s.

Born in Westmoreland, Jamaica, Washington moved with his family to London in the early 1960s, and his early experience in the music industry was as a session musician and tour manager. As a member of the band Rebel he recorded material for CBS Records which was not released.

In 1973 he released an independently produced single "Lonely Street" on the Count Shelly label. He recorded backing vocals for The Wailers on the *Catch a Fire* album, after befriending Bob

THOSE HE HAVE LOST

Mirna Doris (née Annunziata Chiarelli) (1940 – 2020)

Doris was an Italian Canzone Napoletana singer, mainly successful in the second half of the 1960s. After studying singing Doris started performing in street festivals and private parties in her hometown, and in 1962 she was a finalist at the Castrocaro Music Festival.

Between 1963 and 1970 Doris entered the main competition at the Festival di Napoli, winning the competition in 1968 and in 1969 with the songs "Core spezzato" and "Preghiera a 'na mamma". During her career Doris also participated in several editions of Un disco per l'estate, Canzonissima and Festival delle rose. Marley in the early 1970s, and he continued to provide backing vocals for Wailers albums until the late 1970s. Washington wrote songs with Marley and worked with him on making Marley's lyrics more suitable for European listeners.

He also provided backing vocals on the debut album from Aswad. He continued to record as a solo artist and was one of the first reggae artists signed by Virgin Records in the mid-1970s, his "Give All the Praise to Jah" single became a success on the British reggae charts. He released two albums on Virgin, *I Sus* in 1976 and *Rasta* in 1977.

After leaving Virgin he released a handful of singles on different labels up to the early 1980s. He appeared on the 1984 Jah Shaka album *Message From Africa*, singing the opening track "Help One Another".

Washington founded the Federation of Reggae Music, which worked with Brent Council to install a blue plaque on the house in Neasden where the Wailers lived in the early 1970s.



Washington died on 27th March, aged 67.

Bert Olav Holmquist (1936 – 2020)

Holmquist was a Swedish trombonist who was active in the European music scene since the 1960s. A completely self-taught musician, he began his career in a Swedish armed forces band (I20). He first took up the tuba, switched to valve trombone, and then to slide trombone. Starting as a freelance musician, he managed to land a job with the Swedish Radio big band in 1963 but continued to freelance throughout the 1960s. During this period, he often worked with Björn Ulvaeus and Benny Andersson, who were later members of ABBA.

He also worked regularly with American musician Quincy Jones. In 1971, Holmquist joined the Swiss Radio big band, and in 1976, he moved to Berlin as a member of the RIAS (Radio In The American Sector) big band. In 1978, he became a member of the James Last Orchestra, a position he held until 2013. Over the years, he has also toured and recorded with many other acts, such as Kai Warner, Freddy Quinn, Jerry Lewis, Manhattan Transfer and Lill Lindfors.



Holmquist died on 26th March, aged 83, after suffering from COVID-19 and Alzheimer's disease.

Bill Martin MBE (born William Wylie MacPherson) (1938 – 2020)

Martin was a Scottish songwriter, music publisher and impresario. His most successful songs, all written with Phil Coulter, included "Puppet on a String", "Congratulations", "Back Home", and "Saturday Night Having tried, and failed to build a career in the shipyards, Martin completed his apprenticeship as a marine engineer. Although he had actually written his first song at 10 years of age, it was during his apprenticeship that he heard Bobby Darin's song "Dream Lover" which convinced him that his future lay in songwriting.

He studied at the Royal Academy of Music, and had



trials to become a professional footballer for Partick Thistle. After returning from South Africa, where he played football for Johannesburg Rangers, he determined to make songwriting his primary focus, and began using the name Bill Martin as he thought that Wylie MacPherson was "too Scottish". He spent months working in Denmark Street and finally, in 1963, he had his first song released on record, with "Kiss Me Now" by Tommy Quickly. In 1964, he entered into a writing partnership with Tommy Scott, and as Scott & Martin he had success with such acts as the Irish trio The Bachelors, Twinkle, the Irish folk band The Dubliners, Van Morrison, and Serge Gainsbourg.

In 1965, he met Phil Coulter and the two became established as a successful songwriting team that lasted more than ten years (Martin for the lyrics, Coulter for the melody). They had records with such (mostly UK) acts as comedian and baritone Ken Dodd, American R&B artist Geno Washington, Los Bravos, Dave Dee & Co, The Troggs, Mireille Mathieu, Dick Emery, Tony Blackburn, Billy Connolly, Cilla Black, The Foundations, Cliff Richard, Sandie Shaw, and Elvis Presley.

Between 1967 and 1976 they had four No. 1 hits in the UK: "Puppet on a String", "Congratulations", "Back Home" and "Forever and Ever". There were also numerous Top 10 hits including the Bay City Rollers' "Shang-A-Lang", "Fancy Pants" by the glam rock band Kenny, "Requiem" by the Scottish pop group Slik, and "Surround Yourself with Sorrow" by Cilla Black.

The songwriters also wrote for the films *The Water Babies* and *Carry On* and a number of television theme songs.

Although he continued to write music, Martin found himself gravitating to the business side of the music industry by the 1980s, and his partnership with Coulter ended in 1983 when Martin bought out Coulter's share of the business. He later sold the company to EMI.

In 1983 he produced the musical *Jukebox*, which had a six-month run in London's West End and was featured in the Royal Variety Performance of that year. In 2017, Martin published his autobiography, *Congratulations*. *Songwriter To The Stars*, with his friend Stuart 'Cheeky' Cheek helping



him collate the memories.

Martin died on 26th March, aged 81.

Joe Logan Diffie (1958 – 2020)

Diffie was an American country music singer. After working as a demo singer in the 1980s, he signed with Epic Records' Nashville division in 1990. Between then and 2004, Diffie charted 35 singles on the Billboard Hot Country Songs chart, five of which peaked at number one: his debut release "Home", "If the Devil Danced (In Empty Pockets)", "Third Rock from the Sun", "Pickup Man" (his longest-lasting number-one song, at four weeks) and "Bigger Than the Beatles". In addition to these singles, he had 12 others reach the top 10 and ten more reach the top 40 on the same chart. He also cowrote singles for Holly Dunn, Tim McGraw, and Jo Dee Messina, and recorded with Mary Chapin Carpenter, George Jones, and Marty Stuart. Diffie released seven studio albums, a Christmas album, and a greatest-hits package under the Epic label.

His first musical performance came at age 14, when he performed in his Aunt Dawn Anita's country music band. Diffie's father, Joe R., played guitar and banjo, and his mother sang. Following in his mother's footsteps, Diffie began to sing at an early age, often listening to the albums in his father's

record collection.

Diffie first worked in oil fields, then drove a truck that pumped concrete in the oilfield in Alice, Texas, before he moved back to Duncan to work in a foundry. During this period, he worked as a musician on the side, first in a gospel group called Higher Purpose, and then in a bluegrass band called Special Edition. Diffie then built a recording studio, began touring with Special Edition in adjacent states, and sent demonstration recordings to publishers in Nashville. Hank Thompson recorded Diffie's "Love on the Rocks", and Randy Travis put one of Diffie's songs on hold, but ultimately did not record it.

After the foundry closed in 1986, Diffie declared bankruptcy and sold the studio out of financial necessity, before deciding to move to Nashville, Tennessee. There, he took a job at Gibson Guitar Corporation. While at Gibson, he contacted a songwriter and recorded more demos, including songs that would later be recorded by Ricky Van Shelton, Billy Dean, Alabama, and the Forester Sisters. By the mid-1989, he quit working at the company to record demos full-time.

Diffie's debut album, A Thousand Winding Roads, was released at the end of 1990. Diffie also performed his first concerts in late 1990, touring with George Strait and Steve Wariner. In 1991, Diffie co-wrote the tracks "Livin' on What's Left of Your Love" and "Memory Lane" on labelmate Keith Palmer's debut album.

Diffie's second album, titled *Regular Joe*, was released in 1992.

Honky Tonk Attitude (1993) shipped a million copies in the United States and was certified platinum. Also in 1993, Diffie was inducted into the Grand Ole Opry.

Third Rock from the Sun was Diffie's highestcharting top country album (where it reached number six, as well as his second consecutive platinum album. It was also the first album that he co-produced, doing so with Johnny Slate.

In mid-1995, he recorded the title track for Columbia Records's *Runnin' Wide Open*, an album comprising NASCAR-themed songs by various artists. He issued two albums later in the year. The first was a Christmas project titled *Mr*. *Christmas*, which comprised covers of traditional Christmas songs, as well as newly written songs.

His other release that year was the studio album *Life's So Funny*.

His final album for Epic Records, titled A Night to Remember, was released in 1999.

Diffie later became a country music radio broadcaster himself, fronting a midday program for Tulsa radio station KXBL.

On March 27th, 2020, Diffie announced that he tested positive for coronavirus in the midst of the 2019-20 coronavirus pandemic. He died on



March 29th, at the age 61.

Alan Merrill (born Allan Preston Sachs) (1951 – 2020)

Sachs was an American vocalist, guitarist, songwriter, actor and model. In the early 1970s, Merrill was the first Westerner to achieve pop star status in Japan. He was the co-writer of, and lead singer on, the first released version of the song "I Love Rock 'n' Roll", which was recorded by the Arrows in 1975.

Merrill was best known as a vocalist and songwriter but also played the guitar, bass guitar, harmonica and keyboards.

Merrill was the son of two jazz musicians,



singer Helen Merrill and saxophone/clarinet player Aaron Sachs. He started his semi-pro career in New York City aged 14 when he began playing in Greenwich Village's Cafe Wha? with the bands The Kaleidoscope, The Rayne, and Watertower West. The groups played the club during the 1966-1968 period.

In 1968, Merrill auditioned for the New York City band, the Left Banke. The audition was successful, but the band dissolved. Shortly thereafter, he left to reside in Japan, and started his professional career there with the band The Lead, on RCA Victor Records. The band was a foreign Tokyobased act. The Lead had one hit single, "Akuma ga kureta Aoi Bara" (Blue Rose), but the project soon fell apart when two of the American members of the group were deported.

In 1969 Merrill signed a solo management deal with Watanabe Productions, who contracted him to Atlantic Records, and changed his professional surname from Sachs (pronounced sax) to Merrill because "Merrill" sounded less lascivious and was more commercially viable when spoken by young Japanese pop music fans.

He recorded one album with Atlantic Records, "Alone in Tokyo" which yielded one hit single, "Namida" (Teardrops) and he became the first foreign domestic market pop star in the Japanese Group Sounds.

Merrill acted on the popular TV soap opera *Jikan Desu Yo* and had his own corner as a regular on the TBS's *Young 720*, a morning show for teens. In 1971 he released an LP of his own compositions titled *Merrill 1 in Japan* for Denon/Columbia record label produced by Mickey Curtis. At the peak of his fame Tiny Tim covered an Alan Merrill composition from the *Merrill 1* album, a song titled "Movies", in 1972 on Scepter Records. He then formed the band Vodka Collins, which became Japan's top glam rock act.

In 1974 in London Merrill formed the band Arrows (as lead singer and bass guitarist), and in March that year the Arrows were in the top 10 in the UK charts with the song "Touch Too Much".

In 1977, Merrill formed a new group, the albumoriented rock act Runner, with Steve Gould (Rare Bird), Mick Feat (Van Morrison band), and Dave Dowle (Whitesnake). The Runner album charted in the Billboard top 100 in the United States. And in 1980 he joined forces with Rick Derringer as a guitarist/vocalist in New York City. They recorded three albums, *Good Dirty Fun, Live at The Ritz, Rick Derringer and Friends*, and a film, "The Rick Derringer Rock Spectacular." Alan Merrill wrote three songs on the Rick Derringer Good Dirty Fun album, "White Heat" (Alan Merrill), "Shake Me" (Alan Merrill/Jake Hooker) and "Lesson Learned" (Alan Merrill/Rick Derringer). "Shake Me" was included in the soundtrack of the film Where The Boys Are (84).

In 1982, Joan Jett released a cover of the Arrows song, "I Love Rock 'N Roll" (composed by Alan Merrill and Jake Hooker), it went to number one on the U.S. Billboard charts for 7 weeks.

Merrill died on March 29th, COVID-19, during the 2019–20 coronavirus pandemic. He was 69 years old at the time of his death.



Paravai Muniyamma (1937 – 2020)

Muniyamma was an Indian folk singer and actress from Paravai, Tamil Nadu. Appearing in many Tamil films, she also sang playback and acted in movies and had her own cooking show on Kalaignar TV.

She completed 2,000 stage performances on folk songs, which also include shows in London, Singapore and Malaysia.

She died on March 29th, at the age of 82.





Jan Howard (born Lula Grace Johnson) (1929 – 2020)

Howard was an American country music singer, songwriter, and author. As a singer, she placed 30 singles on the Billboard country songs chart, was a Grand Ole Opry member and was nominated for several major awards. As a writer, she wrote poems and published an autobiography.

In 1957, she met and married Harlan Howard. Early in their marriage, he discovered that she could sing. Impressed by her voice, Harlan arranged for her to record demonstration tapes. These tapes were heard by other country artists and led to her first recording contract with Challenge Records. Howard had her first major country hit in 1960 with "The One You Slip Around With". As her husband's songwriting became more successful, Howard's recording career followed suit. She had her biggest success after signing with Decca Records. Howard had major hits with the singles "Evil on Your Mind" (1966) and "My Son" (1968). She also had several hits after teaming up with Bill Anderson, including the number 1 hit "For Loving You" (1967). The pair continued recording and touring together until the mid 1970s.

The success of "Evil on Your Mind" also led to an increased demand for Howard to regularly perform. In 1966, she played a tour alongside other artists that ended at the Hollywood Bowl in California. She also played a show in Detroit, Michigan that attracted roughly 24,000 people. While not touring, Howard was in the recording studio.

During the mid-1960s, Howard began touring and recording with Bill Anderson. Both artists were not only on the same label but also were being booked by Hubert Long. On the road, the pair would sometimes sing together, often performing the song "I Know You're Married But I Love You Still". Anderson and Howard approached Owen Bradley with the proposal of recording duets together. Bradley agreed and the pairing began with their first single in 1965.

In addition to singing, Howard also wrote songs for herself and other artists. One of her first compositions that she released was "Crying for Love", which appeared on her 1966 studio album Jan Howard Sings Evil on Your Mind. Howard continued writing songs for her later albums. Self-penned songs by Howard appeared on the studio albums For God and Country, Love Is Wheel, Sincerely, Spinning Like a Jan Howard and Stars of the Grand Ole Opry. Songs Howard composed were also recorded by other artists.

Howard also penned songs with other artists. With Bill Anderson, she wrote "I Never Once Stopped Loving You", which became a major hit for Connie Smith. The pair also co-wrote "Dis-Satisfied" in 1970, which they made a hit of their own as a duet partnership.

Howard's autobiography, *Sunshine and Shadow: My Story*, was released in 1987.

Howard died on March 28th, 2020, fifteen days after her 91st birthday.



Louie "L.A." Kouvaris (c.1954- 2020)

Kouvaris was original guitarist with Riot. He was a member of the late Mark Reale's band from 1975 to 1978, appearing on their debut album, 1977's *Rock City*. He went on to become a session musician, notably appearing on recordings by the Village People, and after a series of musical projects he opened a commercial production studio in L.A. in 1988. He'd made a number of guest appearances with Riot V, as the group renamed itself following Reale's death in 2012. Last year he'd joined some of them under the title Riot Act, concentrating on the band's first three LPs.

Kouvaris — along with singer Guy Speranza and guitarist Mark Reale — penned several of Riot's anthem-style songs on both the band's debut album, 1977's "Rock City" and 1979's "Narita", which took Japan and Europe by storm. Often regarded as the best Riot vocalist, he sang on the group's first three full-length albums before being replaced by Rhett Forrester.

Lou had shared the stage and toured with Journey, Tom Petty & The Heartbreakers, Neil Young and Rick Derringer, to name a few.

In 1979, he recorded for The Village People as a studio guitarist for Jacques Morali of Can't Stop Productions.

Last year, Kouvaris joined forces with another ex-Riot guitarist, Rick Ventura, to form Riot Act. He died 28th March, at the age of 66.



Wallace Roney (1960 – 2020)

Roney was an American jazz (hard bop and postbop) trumpeter.

Roney took lessons from Clark Terry and Dizzy Gillespie and studied with Miles Davis from 1985 until the latter's death in 1991. Wallace credited Davis as having helped to challenge and shape his creative approach to life as well as being his music instructor, mentor, and friend; he was the only trumpet player Davis personally mentored.

Roney attended Howard University and Berklee College of Music in Boston, Massachusetts, after graduating from the Duke Ellington School of the Arts of the D. C. Public Schools, where he studied trumpet with Langston Fitzgerald of the Baltimore Symphony Orchestra. Found to have perfect pitch at the age of four, Wallace began his musical and trumpet studies at Philadelphia's Settlement School of Music.

He studied with trumpeter Sigmund Hering of the Philadelphia Orchestra for three years. Hering regularly presented Wallace at recitals at the Settlement School, and with the Philadelphia Brass Ensemble, during his studies in Philadelphia. When he entered the Duke Ellington School, Roney had already made his recording debut at age 15 with Nation and Haki Mahbuti, and at that time met, among others, Bill Hardman, Valery Ponomarev, Woody Shaw (who befriended him), Johnny Coles and Freddie Hubbard. He played with the Cedar Walton Quartet featuring Billy

Higgins, Sam Jones, and Philly Joe Jones at 16 years of age with the encouragement of his high school teacher. In 1986, he succeeded Terence Blanchard in Blakey's Jazz Messengers. In the late 1980s and early 1990s, he was an integral part of Williams's quintet. In 1991, Roney played with Davis at the Montreux Jazz Festival. After Davis's death that year, Roney toured in memoriam with Davis alumni Wayne Shorter, Herbie Hancock, Ron Carter and Tony Williams and recorded an album, *A Tribute to Miles*, for which they won a Grammy Award.

Roney recorded his debut album as a leader, *Verses*, on Muse Records in 1987. A number of albums on Muse, Warner Bros. Records and Concord Records/ Stretch Records followed, and by the time he turned 40 in 2000 Roney had been documented on over 250 audio recordings. His album titles from the 2000s include *Mystikal* (2005) and *Jazz* (2007) on HighNote Records. His two most recent albums are *A Place in Time* (HighNote 2016) and *Blue Dawn - Blue Nights* (HighNote 2019), which features his nephew, drummer Kojo Roney. Roney died at the age of 59 on March 31st, from complications arising from COVID-19.



Louise Ebrel (1932 – 2020)

Ebrel was a Breton singer whose parents Eugénie

Goadec (one of the Goadec Sisters) and Job Ebrel were themselves singers. Her repertoire was composed of traditional Breton songs, either for dancing (kan ha diskan) or for listening (gwerz).

From 1991 to 2006 she accompanied the singerpoet Denez Prigent in concerts, both as a duo and with his musical group. Since 1996 she frequently sang with Ifig Flatrès in kan ha diskan at festoù noz. Since 2006 she performed on Breton stages with the punk group Les Ramoneurs de menhirs and the rockers of Red Cardell as well as the ensemble The Celtic Social Club founded in 2014.

She died on 30^{th} March at the age of 87.



Clementino Rodrigues (better known by the nickname <u>Riachão</u>) (1921 - 2020)

Riachão was samba of Brazil, one of the most recognized in the country, alongside Nelson Sargento, Dona Ivone Lara and more some others from the old guard. Because he was inspired by extravagant episodes in the capital of Bahia (such as the exhibition of a whale in Praça da Sé), he came to be called a "musical chronicler". An exponent of the golden era of Bahian radio in the 1940s and 1950s, his irreverent sambas, such as "Retrato da Bahia" and "Bochechuda e Papuda", made him the winner of the "Gonzaga Trophy".

He also worked as an actor, acting in some films, among them "A Grande Feira", by Roberto Pires, in 1961, and "Os Pastores da Noite" by Marcel Camus, in 1972, based on the work of his friend Jorge Amado . And in 2002, he made a special appearance in the series "Pastores da Noite", from Rede Globo de Televisão, based on the film.



In 2001, at the "Festival de Brasilia", the documentary "Samba Riachão", by Jorge Alfredo, was shown, which tells his story.

In the year 2017 he gave testimony in the series "Depoimentos para a Posteridade", from MIS (Museum of Image and Sound of Rio de Janeiro), at the headquarters of Praça XV

At the age of nine, he was already singing in serenades, on birthdays or in drumming with friends from the neighbourhood where he was born. He drummed in water cans where he drummed his sambas. The first composition came at the age of 12, an untitled samba that said: "I know I'm a kid, I know, I know my way / Let the day break that my class, she is good at drumming".

The nickname "Riachão" won in childhood, explains:

"When I was a boy, I loved to fight. As soon as a fight was over, I was already fighting another one. And then the elders came to break up, using that popular saying: you are some stream that cannot be crossed".

Riachão had several of his songs performed by national singers, one of the best known was "Vá Morar com o Diabo", sung by Cássia Eller. He is also the author of the famous song "Cada Macaco no Seu Galho", chosen by Caetano Veloso and Gilberto Gil, in 1972, to mark his return to Brazil after a political exile during the military regime in Brazil and which he recorded later.

In 1976, Riachão had a samba banned by censorship. The lyrics of the song "Barriga Vazia" spoke of hunger: "I, from hunger, will die first / you, on my stomach, will also die someday". The news of the censorship spread to the city and, in a show at the ICBA, in 1976, the university audience that frequented the cultural space, located in an elite neighborhood in Salvador, demanded that Riachão sing it.

Riachão died on March 30th, at the age of 98.



Rafael Berrio (1963 - 2020)

Berrio was a Spanish composer, lyricist and singer. He played with Poch in the 1980s and has been part of the groups Amor a treason and Deriva . His greatest success was the album "1971" released in 2010. He learned to play the guitar with his father who, according to what the musician himself told in an interview, had a workshop, sang boleros and played the requinto. He formed his first group in 1971. In the 1980s he was part of Donosti Sound and New Wave, he was attracted to the punk movement, he recorded his first EP with Shanti Records and he performed with his friend Poch, also from San Sebastian. It was not until 1991 that he recorded his first LP at the Du Manoir studios in The Landes, but the Shanti Records company went bankrupt and the album was unreleased.

In this decade he released two albums with the group Love Betrayal: The also titled *Love Betrayal*, edited by DRO-Warner in 1993, and *A Bad Song*, Galerna, 1997. He would later help compose Van Gogh's Ear his eighth track for Tell the Sun. In 2000, with a new band, Deriva, and with lñaki de Lucas as producer and arranger, he published *Planes De Fuga* with the Valencian independent company Criminal Discos. In 2003, Deriva recorded another album in the lñaki de Lucas studio in San Sebastián. The album, *Harresilanda*, was released as a separate production in 2005. In 2010 Rafael Berrio obtained his greatest success with the 1971 album, ten songs recorded and distributed again by Warner that can be heard on Spotify.

He died on31st March, aged 56.





Cristina Monet Zilkha (née Monet-Palaci) (1959 – 2020)

Zilkha, known during her recording career mononymously as Cristina, was an American singer and writer, best known for her new wave recordings made for ZE Records in the late 1970s and early 1980s in New York City.

Her husband started ZE Records with Michel Esteban, and he persuaded her to record a song titled "Disco Clone", an eccentric pastiche dance record written by Ronald Melrose, a classmate of hers at Harvard. The original recording, released as ZE001 in 1978, was produced by John Cale and was the first to be issued on the ZE label.

"Disco Clone" was a cult success and encouraged ZE to release a full-length album in 1980, which was produced by August Darnell of Kid Creole & The Coconuts. The album was reissued as *Doll in the Box*. Cristina also issued on a 12" single a cover of Peggy Lee's "Is That All There Is?" with new, satirical lyrics. Its authors Leiber and Stoller sued and successfully got it withdrawn for many years. Later, she released a cover of the Beatles' "Drive My Car" (also released as "Baby You Can Drive My Car"). She released the track "Things Fall Apart",

produced by Was (Not Was), on ZE's Christmas Record, in 1981.

Cristina's second album *Sleep It Off* was produced by Don Was and released in 1984. The lyrics satirized urban decadence with often dry, sarcastic delivery. The album was re-released in 2004 with six bonus tracks, two of which were produced (and one co-written) by Robert Palmer.

Cristina died on April 1st, at the age of 61, reportedly from COVID-19.



Bhai Nirmal Singh Khalsa (1952 – 2020)

Khalsa was a Sikh Hazoori Ragi of Darbar Sahib in Punjab, India.

Born in Ferozepur, Punjab, he obtained a diploma in gurmat sangeet from the Shaheed Missionary College, Amritsar in 1976. He served as a music teacher in Gurmat College, Rishikesh, in 1977 and in Shaheed Sikh Missionary College, Sant Baba Fateh Singh, Sant Channan Singh, Budha Johar, Ganga Nagar, Rajasthan, in 1978. From 1979, he started serving as 'Hazoori Raagi', at Sach Khand Sri Harmandir Sahib. He has also performed Kirtan at all the five Takhts, historical Gurdwaras in India and 71 other countries. He is one of the finest raagis having knowledge of all the 31 Raags in Gurbani of Dhan Sri Guru Granth Sahib Ji.

He was the first hazoori raagi to receive this award. Khalsa died on April 2^{nd} , aged 67, due to complications arising out of COVID-19.



Ellis Louis Marsalis Jr. (1934 – 2020)

Marsalis was an American jazz pianist and educator. Active since the late 1940s, Marsalis played saxophone during high school but switched to piano while studying classical music at Dillard University, graduating in 1955. In the 1950s and 1960s he with Ed Blackwell, Cannonball worked Adderley, Nat Adderley, and Al Hirt. During the 1970s, he taught at the New Orleans Center for Creative Arts. His students have included Terence Blanchard, Harry Connick Jr., Donald Harrison, Kent Jordan, Marlon Jordan, and Nicholas Payton. Though he recorded almost twenty of his own albums, and was featured on many discs with such musicians as David "Fathead" Newman, Eddie Harris, Marcus Roberts, and Courtney Pine, he shunned the spotlight to focus on teaching.

As a leading educator at the New Orleans Center for Creative Arts, the University of New Orleans, and Xavier University of Louisiana, Marsalis influenced the careers of countless musicians, as well as his four musician sons: Wynton, Branford, Delfeayo and Jason.

In 2010, The Marsalis Family released a live album titled *Music Redeems* which was recorded at The John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts in Washington, DC as part of the Duke Ellington Jazz Festival.

Marsalis died on April 1st, aged 85 after being hospitalized with COVID-19 symptoms.



John Paul "Bucky" Pizzarelli (1926 – 2020)

Pizzarelli was an American jazz guitarist. He was the father of jazz guitarist John Pizzarelli and double bassist Martin Pizzarelli. He worked for NBC as a staffman for Dick Cavett (1971) and ABC with Bobby Rosengarden in (1952). The list of musicians he collaborated with includes Benny Goodman, Les Paul, Stéphane Grappelli, and Antônio Carlos Jobim.

He learned to play guitar and banjo at a young age. His uncles, Pete and Bobby Domenick, were professional musicians, and sometimes the extended family would gather at one of their homes with their guitars for jam sessions. During high school, Pizzarelli was guitarist for a small band that performed classical music, and began his professional career at 17 when he joined the Vaughn Monroe dance band in 1944.

In 1952 Pizzarelli became a staff musician for NBC, playing with Skitch Henderson. In 1964, he became a member of The Tonight Show Band on *The Tonight Show Starring Johnny Carson*. During his time spent performing for the Tonight Show, he accompanied guest bands and musicians playing through a variety of musical genres, including playing with Tiny Tim (after tuning the performer's ukulele) on the day that Tiny Tim married Miss Vicki on Carson's show.

From 1956–1957, Pizzarelli used the stage name "Johnny Buck" and performed with The Three Suns pop music trio. He toured several times with Benny Goodman until Goodman's death in 1986. During the following year, he and guitarist George Barnes formed a duo and recorded two albums, including a live performance in August, 1971, at The Town Hall in New York City. Beginning in the 1970s, he began recording as a leader, issuing many tributes to musicians of the 1930s. He performed with Benny Goodman at the White House in Washington, D.C., and he performed for presidents Ronald Reagan, Bill Clinton, and First Lady Pat Nixon.

He died on April 1st, aged 94.





Adam Lyons Schlesinger (1967 – 2020)

Schlesinger was an American singer-songwriter, record producer, and guitarist. He won three Emmys, a Grammy, and the ASCAP Pop Music Award, and was nominated for Oscar, Tony and Golden Globe Awards.

He was a founding member of the bands Fountains of Wayne, Ivy, and Tinted Windows, and was a key songwriting contributor and producer for Brooklynbased synth-pop duo Fever High. Schlesinger grew up in Manhattan and Montclair, New Jersey.

In addition to writing and co-producing the title song to *That Thing You Do!*, Schlesinger composed "Master of the Seas" for *Ice Age: Continental Drift* performed by Jennifer Lopez, Peter Dinklage and others. He wrote and produced three songs for *Music and Lyrics*, and his music has also been featured in films such as *Shallow Hal* (which he scored with Ivy); *Robots*; *There's Something About Mary*; and others.

Schlesinger and The Daily Show executive producer David Javerbaum co-wrote the songs for the musical theatre adaptation of the John Waters film *Cry-Baby*. Schlesinger and Javerbaum also co-wrote the closing song "I Have Faith in You" for Javerbaum's play *An Act of God*.

Schlesinger and Javerbaum co-wrote the opening number of the 2011 Tony Awards ceremony "It's Not Just for Gays Anymore" as well as the opening and closing numbers of the 2012 Tony Awards, "What If Life Were More Like Theater" and "If I Had Time", all performed by Neil Patrick Harris.

As a record producer and mixer, he worked with The Monkees, Fever High, Dashboard Confessional, Swirl 360, Tahiti 80, Motion City Soundtrack, and many other artists, as well as producing or co-producing five Fountains of Wayne and five Ivy albums. Schlesinger was also in a side project band called Tinted Windows formed by guitarist James Iha, previously of The Smashing Pumpkins and A Perfect Circle, singer Taylor Hanson of Hanson, and Bun E. Carlos of Cheap Trick, and recorded and toured with them in 2009 and 2010. He also contributed to Iha's second solo album, *Look to the Sky* (2012).

He was the main composer and producer for Brooklyn-based synthpop duo Fever High.

Schlesinger died on April 1st, at the age of 52 as a result of health complications caused by COVID-19.



Patrick Francfort (aka Patrick Gibson) (? – 2020)

Francfort was a member of Martinque's The Gibson Brothers which form in 1976 by brothers, Chris, Kool, Patrick and Alex Gibson. They became known with their 1979 single "Cuba". In 1987 the band released the album *Emilie*

He died from the COVID-19 virus on 4th April 2020.





Helin Bölek (1992 – 2020)

Alex Harvey (born Thomas Alexander Harvey) (1947 - 2020)

Harvey was an American singer, songwriter, author, actor, and radio host. In 1964, he graduated from Murray State University in Kentucky with a Master's Degree in Music and Education, and he also studied acting in Los Angeles.

Alex Harvey performed and recorded as a musician throughout the 1970s and 1980s; his songs have been recorded by many other significant artists such as Alan Jackson, Three Dog Night, Billy Ray Cyrus, Jimmy Buffett, Anne Murray, Eydie Gormé, Henry Mancini, Peggy Lee, and Sammy Davis Jr. Kenny Rogers alone has recorded eighteen Alex Harvey songs.

Two of Alex Harvey's greatest hits were "Reuben James," recorded by Kenny Rogers, and "Delta Dawn," recorded by Tanya Tucker, Helen Reddy and Bette Midler. He died on April 4th, aged 73. Bölek was a member of the leftist Turkish folk music band Grup Yorum. She took part in the group as a soloist, and during a police operation in İdil Culture Center in Istanbul in November 2016, she was first detained with the seven members of the group on charges of "resisting the police, insulting and being a member of a terrorist organization" and then arrested. The musicians Bahar Kurt, Barış Yüksel and Ali Aracı announced that they started an "indefinite and irreversible" hunger strike on May 17, 2019, to end their pressures, concert bans, and raids on cultural centres. Bölek joined the hunger strike in June 2019. Bölek was released in November 2019 but kept on fasting. On March 11, 2020, on the day of the conflict, İbrahim Gökçek on the 268th day of the death fast and Helin Bölek on the 265th day were taken out to the Umraniye Training and Research Hospital after the police raided their home that morning.

Bölek died on April 3rd, 2020, on the 288th day of a hunger strike at her home in Istanbul. She was 28.



Karuranga Virgile (aka as DJ Miller) (1990 – 2020)

Miller was a popular Rwandan DJ, record producer, and hip hop and Afrobeat musician. He began singing while in high school before turning to music mixing and DJing. In 2018, he released the single "She Can't Deny It".

DJ Miller started working as a DJ immediately after High School. Along with the members of Dream Team DJs, DJ Miller was arguably one of the best deejays in Rwanda.

He died on 5th April due to complications from a stroke. He was 29.

Alexander George Thynn, 7th Marquess of Bath (1932 – 2020)

Thynn, styled Viscount Weymouth between 1946 and 1992, was an English politician, artist, and author.

After inheriting the marquessate from his father in 1992, he sat in the House of Lords as a Liberal Democrat. Among other things, he spoke on the need for devolution for the regions of England, until he lost his place in the House of Lords after the Labour Government's reforms excluded most of the hereditary peers.

He had open sexual relations with over seventy women during his marriage, and installed many in estate cottages. He referred to these women as wifelets.



Born with the family name Thynne, he dropped the "e" in 1976, as he wanted to emphasise its correct pronunciation to rhyme with "pin" and not "pine". He was known for his colourful style of dress, which he acquired as an art student in Paris in the 1950s, and was a prolific amateur painter who decorated rooms of his home with erotic scenes from the Kama Sutra.

In 1999 Thynn appeared in series 6, episode 4 of Time Team, which dealt with the excavation of a cave in the Cheddar Gorge, an area of land owned by him. From 2000 to 2009 *Animal Park*, a television documentary about the life of keepers and animals at Longleat Safari Park, Wiltshire, England, aired over 9 series on the BBC. It also covered the daily life of workers in Longleat House, the estate and the gardens and regularly featured items about Lord Bath himself.

The Marquess of Bath, a book by Nesta Wyn Ellis, initially written with Bath's co-operation, was published in the autumn of 2010. Lord Bath's autobiography, collectively called *Strictly Private to Public Exposure*, was first published as a series by Artnik Books, and since 2002 has been republished by Top Spot Publishing. His other screen credits include an episode of *Globe Trekker*. He played an aristocrat in the music video for the Pet Shop Boys song Rent.

He died of the COVID-19 virus on 4th April, at the age of 87.

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Artist Rick Wakeman Title Prayers Cat No. MFGZ049CD Label RRAW

Prayers is a Christian liturgical album released for the first time in 1993 and more of the rare of the Wakeman albums. A contemplative piece of work and as much a meditation as a musical piece. A lot of energy can be felt throughout this album and lead vocalist Chrissie Hammond has a strong presence, supported by Rick's synthesizer and backing choir singers. Wakeman had previously written a religious album, The Gospels, and this is generally considered his follow-up. It appeared on Hope Records, a small label that also cut production. According to his own words, only 5000 copies would be pressed, but Rick feels that there were probably more. Recordings took place in the private studio Bajonor Studio on the Isle of Man during the months of February to July 1992.



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

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



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

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



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

Gerald Linford Beckley (born September 12, 1952) is an American singer, songwriter and musician, and a founding member of the band America. Beckley was born to an American father and an English mother. He began playing the piano at the age of three and the guitar a few years later. By 1962, Beckley was playing guitar in The Vanguards, an instrumental surf music band in Virginia. He spent every summer in England and soon discovered 'British invasion' music. This solo album was first released in 2006, and Albert J Mora writes: "There is an imaginary scale of perfect music from pure artistic to pure commercial, where everything is genius. On the extreme left there is perfect pure art. Think Beethoven. In the middle there is a perfect balance between pure art and pure commercialism. Think The Beatles. On the right extreme 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 repetoire. 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."



Tony Henderson

Some time ago now when the Pink Fairies reformed and were back on the road again, my good friend Martin Cook (the Gonzo album cover designer) mentioned that a new live PF's album may be in the pipeline, and if this were to happen, would I be interested in collaborating with him on this live album project, if it's confirmed? Of course, I jumped at the chance to start making a PF's themed model of the band to fit in with Martin's design ideas for the album cover.

I created a model of each band member and gave each member a skeleton/zombie look to their character. I combined this into a full live gig/stage setting for the models. The skeleton theme was just something that I carried over from the Pink Fairies 'Naked Radio' album cover,





for which I'd previously contributed skeleton models and the CD booklet.

Sadly, after all the work I'd done, the proposed Pink Fairies live album was cancelled, so this skeleton/zombie stage model was simply packed away, and obviously not without disappointment on my part. However, I later sold that particular model privately to a fellow PF's fan, so all wasn't lost in the end.

Some time after the Pink Fairies live

album project, I was asked again by Gonzo design supremo Martin Cook if I'd like to take the lead in another album cover design for Gonzo. This time for Mick Farren & Andy Colquhoun. This album was a collection of rare unreleased tracks that Mick & Andy had recorded together some time ago.

The album was going to be called 'Buried Treasure', and I came up with the idea of an opened treasure chest laying on the seabed, it being full of various bits of



memorabilia and trinkets that were relevant to both musicians featured on this album.

Where the contents were visible in the treasure chest, some other bits of memorabilia I scattered on the seabed of the model just to give an impression that these items had simply floated out from the treasure chest and come to rest beside it. But who had opened it? I deliberately placed a tiny key on the seabed as a cryptic visual clue.

Martin Cook designed the accompanying CD booklet for this album which featured a centre spread of the buried treasure model taken from another angle. Martin also added the relevant typography to the final album cover design.

I also made a model for the 'Buried Treasure' CD label.

This was a sunken and broken up plane that had come to rest on the bottom of the seabed, and again with various bits of memorabilia spread around it that were relevant to both musicians, with the added 'Deviants band logo' added to the plane, just to add interest. I was very pleased with the outcome of the design process and especially when I received some copies of the 'Buried Treasure' CD.

Most importantly Andy Colquhoun was pleased with how the *Buried Treasure* album cover had turned out in the end. Everything that I'd contributed to this project had reproduced well in the manufacturing process.

I later framed a 12-inch print of this album cover, which is proudly on display in my tiny room where I create these models.

My very next project was a big one for me.

I was asked by Gonzo label boss, Robin Ayling, if I'd make a model to celebrate keyboard wizard Rick Wakeman's 70th birthday. And this was going to be quite a challenge as Robin wanted a model of Rick sitting at and playing a grand piano, which after a long period of time I managed to handcraft.

Every part of it was handcrafted - the


figure of Rick as well as the grand piano itself. I also included a miniature piece of sheet music on top of the piano that was the proper music notation for the 'Happy Birthday' melody.

The whole project was a slow process and just had to be as good as I could possibly achieve; it's very hard to replicate a person in clay, more so when it's a famous person that we all know. But I was pleased with the final piece.

I was just hoping that Robin would be pleased with what I had created for Rick's birthday celebration, but obviously most important of all was that Rick Wakeman himself liked it.

Fortunately, Robin was very pleased with what I'd created for his friend's special occasion, and sometime after Robin collected this model from me, I received a text from Robin simply saying, "Big Rick meets little Rick." Accompanying the text was a photo of Rick Wakeman holding the model that I'd made, and I was very happy to see that all my hard work on this project had finally paid off.

Mr Wakeman looked happy holding up my model in the photo I'd received; this was such an excellent result for me.

After completing the Rick Wakeman figure I was in contact on a regular basis with my good friend Larry Wallis. Our conversations were spread throughout most of last year.

I was very lucky that Larry was quite a fan of my work and he would often text me to ask me about what crazy creation I was currently working on, which often amused him. Towards the final months of last year, Larry was texting me crazy ideas for a PF's themed Christmas card, as I usually posted on various FB Pink Fairies pages a festive image that incorporated the PF's album covers in a humorous way. In one of my conversations with Larry I told him that his old buddy Nick Lowe had just published his biography. This intrigued Larry because the front cover of Nick's book featured a photo of Nick holding up a bass guitar which just happened to be one of Larry's. Larry told me the story how this bass guitar had ended up in Nick's possession, which was very interesting to hear.

Sometime later I asked Larry if he would consider writing his own biography, which he seemed quite positive about doing at the time, although his health wasn't too good. Regardless, Larry said that he'd call his biography 'The King of Oblivion', which I thought was a very fitting title for his book - perfect in fact. We left things on a positive and upbeat note the very last time that I was in contact with Larry. Unfortunately, the worst thing ever happened.

I received a text from Larry's wife telling me the sad, awful news that Larry had passed away a few days after I was in contact with him. I was just so shocked and sad when I got to hear of this awful news. Speechless in fact at the time!

Unknown to Larry, I'd planned on making him something relevant to him which I intended sending to him for the Christmas just gone. This was a model inspired by Larry's 'Redbirds' EP cover, brilliantly illustrated by the late, great Ed Barker, the 'RedBirds' cover depicted Three Crow Amigos.

My plan to finish my RedBirds model still went ahead but sadly with a heavy heart. Instead of this model being a Christmas gift to Larry to cheer him up, this was now becoming a kind of tribute/memorial to him from me. Maybe at some point in time a memorial service will be held in Larry's memory, and if so, I would really like my three crows model placed at the ceremony.

It's just such a shame that Larry never got to see what I'd made for him last Christmas. I know that he'd have been amused by my creation and that he would have appreciated it. It is all just so very sad! To bring you right up to date: I'm currently working on another Rick Wakeman project.

This is going to be a 12-inch 3D replica of the album sleeve for Rick Wakeman's forthcoming album 'The Red Planet'. This album features a superb sleeve design by my good friend, designer Martin Cook.

I'll most likely post some photos of my 3D album cover replica of the 'Red Planet' on my FB page when it's all finished before the whole piece is hopefully presented to Rick Wakeman at some point after this album has been released.

The end for now!







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

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

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

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Readers' comments:

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

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

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

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ADDYCTION WONDERFUL DELUSION LYNX MUSIC

This 2014 album is pretty much a solo effort from Adam Muszyński, whose nickname is 'Addy', and says he is addicted to music so hence the title. On this release he provides acoustic, rhythm and lead guitars, drums and drum programming, bass guitar, synthesizers and virtual instruments. Adam has been in a few bands, most notably prog rock outfit Keep Rockin', whose 2013 album I reviewed when it was released, but having heard this it is obvious that he should stick with this style of music. He is a fan of Steve Vai, and that shows in some of his runs and shreds, but where this album really comes to life is the way that he often plays quite slowly, building the emotion and atmosphere, and showing that there is more to music than just five thousand notes to the bar, although he can probably do that as well.

I have played a great many guitar-led instrumental albums over the years, but few really manage to capture the imagination quite like this one. This really is all about the music and allows the listener to feel involved, as opposed to yet another "look at me I'm so clever" guitarist. It is delicate when it needs to be, and there is no doubt that this is an album that takes the listener on a journey of musical realisation as opposed to being blasted to death. There are a few keyboards here and there, but they add to and don't detract from the guitars,



while the drums are actually quite good – they certainly don't seem as programmed as normal and much more like the real thing.

I don't think that Adam has released another solo album since this one, which is a real shame as I would like to hear more, but he is still involved with Keep Rockin' who released a new album last year. Overall, this is a really enjoyable guitar instrumental album – for more details visit <u>www.lynxmusic.pl</u>



THE ADARNA ROAD TO RESONANCE INDEPENDENT

This is the third album from Seattle-based The Adarna, who state that they are influenced by old school rock-n-roll such as The Cult and Guns 'n' Roses to modern rock such as Foo Fighters, Sick Puppies, Halestorm, Queens of the Stone Age, and Muse. They certainly wear their love of The Cult on their sleeve, yet also bring in other influences they haven't mentioned such as My Chemical Romance, Panic! At The Disco and Fields of the Nephilim. Musically this is all over the place, as they mix and meld the sounds, bringing certain influences to the fore and then dropping them back again. The result is an album that in some ways sounds like a mixture of bands as opposed to one band with a mixture of styles.

The one thing in common with all of them is that all the numbers contain plenty of hooks and styles, with strong anthem-like choruses and an invitation to sing along with the band. It has been mixed to maximise the pop element, and although there are plenty of guitars they aren't as heavy as I am sure the band is in a live environment. They take their name from a mythical phoenix-like songbird in Filipino folklore, and describe their music as "Jet City Rock," due to their proximity to Seattle's Boeing Field. Although musically this isn't for me, it has been well produced, has catchy songs, and I can see many alternative rockers wanting to get hold of this. Also available at https://theadarna.bandcamp.com/ album/road-to-resonance



THE ALREADY DEAD THE WAR OF YOU AND ME INDEPENDENT

There are times when I struggle to listen to an album all the way through even once, and if it wasn't for my own policy of reviewing everything I am sent to review, then this wouldn't have made it through the first song. But I persevered, and I definitely suffered for my art, as I disliked it more by the end than I had at the beginning. The band was put together to combine sounds from long time rock and commercial music producer Steve "Stevv" Green, twice Grammy nominated artist Rob "Fresh IE" Wilson, and classically trained singer out of University of Winnipeg and MBCI, Ann Katherine "AK" Green. So we have a mix of classical, metal, rock, hip hop and rap all taking place at the same time in the same song. There are death metal vocals growling at the bass while Green is singing sweetly over the top, and yes it does sound as bad as it seems. Their version of "Amazing Grace" should be played just to demonstrate what not to do when undertaking a cover version.

I really don't know who this is aimed at, as metalheads like me are going to run a mile, while at times there is surely too much guitar and metal emphasis for those into hip hop. The only real positive for me, is that now I have written about it I don't have to play it again and my ears thank me for that.





ALEXANDER NAKARADA DEVIL'S HYMN INDEPENDENT

This is the third album from Norwegian multi-instrumentalist Alexander Nakarada, although he has also been releasing many other tracks for use in films etc. That makes a lot of sense to me, as this instrumental guitar-led melodic symphonic album is incredibly cinematic in its approach, with a large sound that definitely works in that context. Each time I play this I get something new from it, and although it is possible to hear the impact that the frozen north and classic Norwegian Black Metal has had on Nakarada, that is very much a starting point which he has moved a long way from. According to his own bio he says that he doesn't like to sit in a particular genre for too long, and works on whatever type of music he wants to, which could be techno or reggae if the mood takes him. In some ways that approach should be applauded, but in others it could well be a concern if someone really likes this album only to be disappointed if there isn't another in a similar vein, and finds that Nakarada is then producing music that they would never want to listen to, so may not

return.

But that may, or may not, be an issue for the future. All I have heard to date is this release (although there are copious other material available through his Bandcamp pages), and although it can be a little repetitive at times, for anyone into symphonic music being approached from the viewpoint of metallic guitar, then is definitely worthy of further investigation.

https://

alexandernakarada.bandcamp.com



GUNPOWDER GRAY LETHAL ROCK AND ROLL MIDNIGHT CRUISER RECORDS

This four-track EP is an interesting insight into the world of Atlanta-based quartet Gunpowder Gray. What this reminds me very much of is the Eighties metal scene post-glam but pre-grunge. The attitude pours out of every note, with Guns 'n' Roses an obvious influence, as is Mötley Crüe and Faster Pussycat. It is solid and heavy, and is a load of fun, exactly what this type of music is supposed to be about. This is their third release in five years, but do appear to be very active on the live scene – according to their FB page they opened for BOC recently, which would have been interesting as I would have thought these guys have way more energy. Overall this is solid, will have to wait and see what an album brings.



INTO THE CAVE INSULTERS OF JESUS CHRIST INDEPENDENT

Into The Cave are a blackened death metal band from Rio de Janeiro, comprising A. Bestial Vomitor (vocals), Bitch Hünter (guitars), Dyd Bastard (bass) and Erick Fryer (drums). They have obviously been influenced by the likes of Sodom, Destruction, Sarcófago, Blasphemy and Beherit, and this is their second album, following on from 2014's 'Sex and Lust'. What I like about this album is that they are mixing death and black metal with NWOBHM, to create something that is really primitive, yet somehow is also guite familiar and interesting. They obviously need to somehow get themselves signed to a label to move the production away from the wall of mud approach that is there at present, and allow the rhythm section to be heard, but although this appears

incredibly naïve in many ways, it is also something I also enjoyed playing.

It isn't nearly as abrasive as the album title, song titles or artwork would lead the listener to believe before playing it. New singer A. Bestial Vomitor (I mean, with a name like that his only choice is to play this type of music, right?) has a really deep raw approach that I really like, and the whole band gel together to create an album that is powerful and interesting throughout. It's not perfect, but I believe most of that is down to lack of big label support as opposed to anything inherently wrong with the songs or performance. I'm looking forward to hearing more from these guys, as this definitely shows promise, and bags of attitude.

https://www.facebook.com/ intothecave666/



over the last 24 years, and their ninth studio album is just going to cement that. Singer Klaus Dirks may be the only person still there from the beginning, but around him there is a strong group of musicians who know what needs to be done to keep driving forward the band's reputation. Newest recruit is guitarist Sönke Janssen, who for many years was a pupil of lead guitarist Sven Lüdke, who proposed him to the band. They know the way each other play, and it has allowed them to immediately perform as if they have been working together for years, which outside the band they have been.

When I see the name Mob Rules on the cover I know exactly what to expect, a huge power metal sound with symphonic influences and great vocals, combined with strong guitar interplay, blistering solos, and a metal band at full power, again I haven't and yet been disappointed. It has actually been some years since I last heard a new album of theirs, and in that time they have grown in power, passion and ability, and it is no surprise that they will soon be celebrating a quarter of a century at the top of the game. This is not a group of guys who are deigned to grow old gracefully and rest on their laurels, but instead are still putting out albums that any fan of the genre will be snapping up immediately. Superb.

MOB RULES BEAST REBORN SPV/STEAMHAMMER

German power metal band Mob Rules have built an incredibly strong reputation



BLIGHT HOUSE SUMMER CAMP SEX PARTY MASSACRE NEFARIOUS INDUSTRIES

The two guys behind this release, Frank Lloyd Blight and Frank Owen Gorey are very sick individuals indeed. Grind and Death Metal combine with snippets of speech that makes one think that instead of an album, instead there is a lo-fi gore movie being shown with buckets of blood. As is stated at the beginning of "Mom's Away", "Yesterday was mother's day, that's a day to honour your mother, not a day to cut her head off!". Ten songs, nearly 25 minutes long, this combines the likes of Agoraphobic Nosebleed, Pig Destroyer and Napalm Death into something that is intense, massively over the top, surreal, dark and twisted. Have you worked out yet that I think it's awesome? This really won't be for everyone, and actually will only be of interest to a very small minority, but for those who want their music to be massively over the top and filled with blood then this is essential. The sound is a solid wall of noise, with little in the way of clarity, totally unintelligible vocals, and production that took place in a dungeon somewhere. It's extreme, over the top, and although it probably isn't the reaction the band expected, it makes me smile as it is just so much fun.



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







Many, many movies were, at some time or

other accused of being 'video nasties'.

Video nasty is a colloquial term used in the UK to refer to a number of films distributed on video cassette that were criticised for their violent content by the press, organisations, religious and social commentators. These video releases were not brought before the British Board of Film Classification (BBFC) due to a loophole in film classification laws that allowed videos to bypass the review process. This allowed some truly crazy films to get through! As a result, this produced a mass of potentially censorable video releases, which led to public debate concerning the availability of these movies to children due to the unrelated nature of the market. Following a moral campaign led by Mary Whitehouse and the NVALA, local jurisdictions began to prosecute certain video releases for obscenity. To assist local authorities in

Carl Marshall and Geordie Jackson DARK MATTERS

identifying obscene films, the Director of Public Prosecutions released a list of 72 films that the office believed to violate the Obscene Publications Act 1959, and another 82 titles which they felt may not achieve successful prosecutions but could nonetheless be fortified under the lesser 'Section 3' obscenity charge.

This list included films that had been acquitted of obscenity in certain jurisdictions or that had already obtained BBFC certification. The revisions to the list and confusion regarding what constituted obscene material led to Parliament passing the Video Recordings Act 1984, which forced all video releases to appear before the BBFC for certification. Below are 39 films that were cleared from the nations shops and successfully prosecuted. Some were later released in butchered editeddown versions, others were never seen again - the lucky few managed to make a meagre existence at especially dodgy carboot fairs.

Here they are, ladies and gentlemen, the original, in infamous, the banned, the... video nasties.

• ABSURD (1981, It.)

Aka ROSSO SANGUE aka HORRIBLE aka THE MONSTER HUNTER.

The late, almost great Joe D'Amato's gored up take on John Carpenter's *HALLOWEEN* (1978).

Not to mention a sequel to fellow 'nasty' *ANTHROPOPHAGOUS* THE BEAST (1980).

• ANTHROPOPHAGOUS THE BEAST



(1980, It.)

Aka ANTHROPOHAGUS aka THE GRIM REAPER.

D'Amato monster epic. Part gore hounds delight, part travelogue. Managed of offend almost everyone with a foetus quaffing scene.

• AXE (1977, US)

Aka CALIFORNIA AXE MASSACRE aka LISA LISA.

A largely incompetent, rape/revenge saga that would have been largely forgotten today if it hadn't have been caught up in the 'nasties' furore.

• THE BEAST IN HEAT (1977, It)

Aka SS HELL CAMP aka SS EXPERIMENT CAMP 2.

One of the most notorious 'nasties' and also one of the rarest. Original copies have been known to exchange hands for silly, and I mean silly, money! A dumb, a dull Nazi Sexploitation film.



• *THE BEYOND* (1981, It)

Aka L'ALDILA aka SEVEN DOORS OF DEATH.

Arguably Lucio FULCI'S finest movie. A

surrealist zombie *tour-de-force* with eye popping (literally) gore FX.

• *BLOODBATH* (1971, It.)

Aka A BAY OF BLOOD aka TWITCH OF THE DEATH NERVE.

Mario Bava's hugely influential black comedy. A gory body-count movie about deadly struggles and fatal greed. Without it there would not have been *FRIDAY THE* 13^{TH} (1980).

• BLOOD FEAST (1963, US)

Herschell Gordon Lewis' seminal gore epic is the oldest film on the list.

• BLOOD RITES (1969, US)

Aka THE GHASTLY ONES.

One of Andy Milligan's tedious period gore/home-movies.

BLOODY MOON

(1980, Sp/WG.)

Aka *PRO FONDE TENEBRE* aka *COLEGIALAS VIOLADAS*.

Never one to let a movie trend go by without exploiting it, this is legendary Spanish director Jesus Franco's take on the slasher/body-count movie. Unrealistic gore, disco dancing, and more fast zooms than you can shake a boomstick at.

• THE BOGEY MAN

(1980, US)

Aka THE BOOGEYMAN.

Ulli Lommel's sometimes intriguing mixture of themes from *THE EXORCIST* (1973), *THE AMITYVILLE HORROR* (1979) and, of course, *HALLOWEEN*.

• THE BURNING

(1980, US)

This summer camp slaughterthon in the *FRIDAY* 13^{TH} (1980) vein was, after an administrative error, it should have been the cut UK cinema version, accidentally put out on video uncut by a mortified *THORN/EMI*. Eventually a *BBFC* approved version, which made sizable cuts to Tom Savini's brilliantly inventive gore FX.



• CANNIBAL APOCALYPSE

(1980, It.)

Aka CANNIBALS IN THE STREETS aka INVASION OF THE FLESH HUNTERS.

Even 'X' rated in the US when that rating was only used for pornography, this is a grim and gory mixture of cannibal and Vietnam war movie. Staring John Saxon and that regular of the list John Morgen.

• CANNIBAL FEROX

(1981, It.)

Aka MAKE THEM DIE SLOWLY aka WOMAN FROM DEEP RIVER.

One of the nastier of the 'nasties', a film that revels in the avalanche of gore but, at the same time, quite hokey. Unnecessary animal mutilation warning! Proudly proclaimed itself as being "Banned in 31 countries".

• CANNIBAL HOLOCAUST

(1979, It.)

Right up there with *DRILLER KILLER* and *I SPIT ON YOUR GRAVE* as nasty *numero-uno*, Deodato's film is a powerful and disturbing work that is acclaimed as a masterpiece in some quarters, but, like FEROX needlessly relies on the extremities of the MONDO movies for a great deal of its shock value. CANNIBAL *HOLOCAUST* has been repeatedly, yet erroneously, accused of being a 'snuff' film, by societies' intellectually challenged.

• CANNIBAL MAN

(1972, Sp.)

Aka LA SEMENA DEL ASESINO aka THE APARTMENT ON THE 13TH FLOOR.

The 'cannibal' tag got this one noticed, but it is in fact a Spanish variation on the themes from Polanski's *REPULSION* (1965). Was eventually re-released (by Redemption), after some *BBFC* cuts.

• CANNIBAL TERROR

(1981, Fr/Sp.)

Dull and inept. Even completists find this a chore to sit through. Was dropped from the *Director of Public Prosecution's* list of films liable to be prosecuted. Not terribly good!

• CONTAMINATION

(1980, It/WG.)

Aka ALIEN 2 aka ALIEN CONTAMINATION.

Following the hearty Italian tradition this is Luigi Cozzi's cheap and cheerful (unofficial) sequel to *ALIEN* (1979).

• DEAD & BURIED

(1981, US)

One of the larger budget films to get banned. *DEAD & BURIED* had completed a fairly successful run at UK cinemas and *THORN/EMI* were expecting equally good things for its video release. Unfortunately in the then hysterical climate, Stan Winston's realistic gore FX were considered beyond the pale. So this, one of the best horror movies from the early 1980's disappeared from the shelves.

• DEATH TRAP

(1976, US)

Aka EATEN ALIVE aka STARLIGHT SLAUGHTER.

Tobe Hooper's follow up to his *THE TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE* (1974) not only upped the black comedy, but also the gore for his backwoods-motel-massacre.



DEEP RIVER SAVAGES

(1972, It/Thai)

Aka THE MAN FROM DEEP RIVER aka MONDO CANNIBALE.

Lenzi's later *CANNIBAL FEROX* (1981) may be the more brutal and graphic film, but he hardly does the Third World any favours with this gut-muncher. Once again proving that using real-life animal butchery for effect is a weak disguise for a lazy and talentless film maker.

• DELIRIUM

(1980, US)

Aka *PSYCHO PUPPET*.

Confusing and misogynistic junk that has a Vietnam vet hired to 'clear some scum off the streets', in his spare time. He likes to hunt down and kill nubile women! Was rereleased with cuts as *PSYCHO PUPPET*.

• DEVIL HUNTER

(1980, Sp/WG)

Aka SEXO CANIBAL.

More nonsense from the unstoppable Jesus Franco. This one is a confusing and inept tale concerning a model (who's clothes keep falling off), being kidnapped by primitives and being saved by... well, you guessed it. Why this terrible film was banned remains a mystery to this day.



• DON'T GO IN THE HOUSE

(1979, US)

Aka THE BURNING.

Originally it was going to be called *THE BURNING* until the makers realised that *Miramax* has snapped up the rights to that name for its own Summer Camp slaughterthon. This is a sleazy tale of a nerd who locks women in a steel room and burns them to death in a twisted revenge against his dead mother.

• DON'T GO IN THE WOODS

(1980, US)

Aka DONT GO IN THE WOODS... ALONE!

This back-woods slasher is a sphincter-rupturingly bad film. Almost achieves a new art-form through its jawdropping ineptness. Once seen, never forgotten.

• DON'T GO NEAR THE PARK!

(1979, US)

Aka NIGHT STALKER aka CURSE OF THE LIVING DEAD.

The everyday story of two pre-historic teenagers condemned to live for eternity as vampires. A few disembowellings and an early appearance from Scream Queen *Linnea Quigley*, as a girl with the power to make rapists explode. It was removed from the list, released, but has never been re-released.

• DON'T LOOK IN THE BASEMENT

(1973, US)

This Florida shocker was, originally, a big hit at US drive-in theatres. Its that old The-Lunatics-Have-Taken-Over-The-Asylum gag again. The release that was banned in the UK had already had much of the gore cut out of it.

• DRILLER KILLER

(1979, US)

Abel Ferrara's much maligned first feature feared by those who hadn't seen it and generally hated by those who had. The film does have explicitly gory moments, but very few of them.



• THE EVIL DEAD

(1982, US)

Sam Raimi's hugely enjoyable, wildly frenetic rollercoaster ride through a gore drenched comic book landscape. Famously became Mary Whitehouse's *bête noir*. It was eventually released with around 65 seconds worth of cuts made at the altar of the *BBFC*.

• EVILSPEAK

(1981, US)

Great 'worm-that-turned' horror story with Clint Howard (brother of Ron) as a nerdy student at a military academy who accesses arcane powers through a computer. A little slow at times, but well executed. However, when the film was re-released on video (post VRA) most of the best bits had been removed. Go figure!

• EXPOSE

(1975, GB)

Aka THE HOUSE ON STRAW HILL aka TRAUMA.

The second British film to find itself on the banned list, the other being the sci-fi/horror opus *XTRO*. *EXPOSE* was panned, and was actually heavily promoted at UK cinemas, as a vehicle for, then famous, 70's British sexpot Fiona Richmond. It turned out to be more akin to Peckinpah's *STRAW DOGS*.

• FACES OF DEATH

(1979, US)

This lamentable pseudo-documentary was produced primarily for the Japanese market and by the time it was released on an unsuspecting British public it had lost 35 minutes of its more troubling material, courtesy of nervous British distributer '*Atlantis*'. Still enough Mondo madness remained to offend most who saw it, and even more so the people who just heard about it.

• FIGHT FOR YOUR LIFE

(1977, GB)

Aka I HATE YOUR GUTS aka BLOODBATH AT 1313 FURY DRIVE. A revenge flick along the lines of *LAST HOUSE ON THE LEFT*, but made without any modicum of skill. Racist clap-trap, that, in yet another illustration at how fucked up things were during this period, *FIGHT FOR YOUR LIFE* was given an UK cinema 'AA' certificate by the *BBFC*. That certificate no longer exists but, at the time, it meant the censors were more than happy to let children as young as 14 see it! Naturally it is still banned, primarily for its racist and hateful dialog, and surprisingly, not for its visuals.

• FLESH FOR FRANKENSTEIN

(1973, It/Fr.)

Aka ANDY WARHOL'S FRANKENSTIEN aka IL MOSTRO E IN TAVOLA... BARONE FRANKENSTIEN.

Kooky, campy, gory and originally shown in 3-D! This version of Frankenstein is an absolute riot from beginning to its climax. Regardless of who directed it, it certainly wasn't Warhol.

• FOREST OF FEAR

(1979, US)

Aka TOXIC ZOMBIES.

A mildly enjoyable variation of *DAWN OF THE DEAD* (1978) theme. Stoners are turned into toxic zombies in flares and bandanas with a taste for human flesh after the dope they've been cultivating is blitzed with an experimental herbicide. It's all fairly cheap and cheerful. A few graphic gore FX managed to get it noticed by the law.

• FROZEN SCREAM

(1982, US)

I haven't had the pleasure, but from what I hear it isn't up to much and found its way onto the list through bad luck more than anything.

• THE FUNHOUSE

(1981, US)

Spooky fairground set thriller, which shows the possibilities for the slasher movie when it is in the hands of someone with real talent. It's no *TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE* (1974), but Hooper really wrings some thrills and a good deal of suspense from a fairly generic script concerning teens battling a mutant in the eponymous funhouse of the title.





Apparently a slick and polished rip-off of the earlier *THE NIGHT PORTER*.



• THE HOUSE BY THE CEMETERY

(1981, It.)

Aka *QUELLA VILLA ACCANTO AL CIMITRO*.

Another of Lucio Fulci's Italian gore epics. The legend on the box declares: 'Can anyone survive the demented marauding zombies in... *THE HOUSE BY THE CEMETARY*? In fact there is only one, albeit especially nasty zombie – Dr Freudstein. It's short on logic but long on gore.

• THE HOUSE ON THE EDGE OF THE PARK

(1980, It.)

Aka LA CASA SPERDUTA DEL PARCO.

Ruggero Deodato's return to 'nasty' territory is a vicious story of class warfare which takes its cue from Wes Craven's *THE LAST HOUSE ON THE LEFT*, it even uses that films main villain, David Hess, in a similarly sleazy role.

• HUMAN EXPERIMENTS

(1979, US)

Aka BEYOND THE GATE.

I haven't seen this one, but by all accounts I haven't missed much! Those who have, usually wonder why it got added to the list in the first place. A fairly dull potboiler set in an asylum.

• I MISS YOU HUGS AND KISSES

(1978, CAN)

Aka DROP DEAD DEAREST.

Another film that, probably, got into trouble more for its packaging than its content. A confusing and crappy film, which contains little sex and the violence is presented in an almost abstract fashion.

• I SPIT ON YOUR GRAVE

(1978, US)

Aka DAY OF THE WOMAN.

Another of the big titles as far as the list goes. This rape/revenge saga has been declared as everything from "a feminist feature" to "a misogynistic, degrading experience". I suppose it could be seen as a little of both.

• INFERNO

(1980, It.)

Aka HORROR INFERNAL.

This is Dario Argento's magical sequel to SUSPERIA

(1977). Beautiful, surrealist and non linear, *INFERNO* is the work of a master at the highest of his experimental prowess.



• ISLAND OF DEATH

(1975, Gr.)

Aka ISLAND OF PERVERSION aka A CRAVING FOR LUST.

This sleazy little flick certainly lives up to its depraved reputation. A young couple torture, rape, and murder their way around a small Greek island. Has a schizophrenic morality that seems to offend practically anyone who watches it. Also known as *PSYCHIC KILLER 2*. • KILLER NUN

(1978, It._

Aka SUOR OMICIDI aka DEADLY HABIT.

Anita Ekberg plays the eponymous 'killer nun' in this Italian would-be sleazy epic. She takes drugs, has sex with multiple men and then kills them – which all sounds more interesting that it really is!

• THE LAST HOUSE ON THE LEFT

(1972, US)

Aka KRUG AND COMPANY aka SEX CRIME OF THE CENTURY.

Wes Craven and Sean S. Cunningham's seminal and controversial reworking of Ingmar Bergman's *THE VIRGIN SPRING*. Two girls are kidnapped, tortured, raped and eventually murdered. The tables are turned when the girls' parents take revenge. Inspired a whole slew of Italian exploitation movies, most of which ended up on this list.

• NIGHT TRAIN MURDERS

(1974, Fr/SP.)

Aka L'ULTIMO TRENO DELLA NOTTE aka THE NEW HOUSE ON THE LEFT.

Basically *THE LAST HOUSE ON THE LEFT* set on a train. This is one of the better films that were inspired by Wes Craven's film.

• THE LIVING DEAD AT THE MANCHESTER MORGUE

(1974, It/Sp.)

Aka LET SLEEPING CORPSES LIE aka DON'T OPEN THE WINDOW.

Jorge Grau's excellent living dead movie. Set, incongruously, in the English Lake District (but filmed in the Peak District), flesh eating zombies prowl the English countryside after being awakened by sonic waves from an experimental pest control device. Atmospheric, suspenseful and bloody gory. A masterpiece that perfectly bridges the gap between Romero's *NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD* and *DAWN OF THE DEAD*.

• LOVE CAMP 7

(1968, US)

Aka CAMP 7: LAGER FEMMINILE aka CAMP SPECIAL NO. 7.

Early Nazi sexploitation is tamer than some of its later Italian counterparts, but is still pretty tasteless. It is inept and boring.

• MADHOUSE

(1981, US)

Aka THERE WAS A LITTLE GIRL aka AND WHEN SHE WAS BAD.

Bonkers movie from Italy which copies US slasher movies, rather than use the more traditional 'giallo' style, but still manages to come up with something quite unique. It's the story of two sisters, one nice, the other murderously mad and has just escaped from the asylum. Very gory death scenes.

• MARDI GRAS MASSACRE

(1981, US)

Low rent semi-remake of *BLOOD FEAST* (1963). A killer stalks New Orleans and scoops out hearts of victims.

• NIGHT OF THE BLOODY APES

(1968, Mex)



Aka HORROR Y SEXO aka GOMAR, THE HUMAN GORILLA.

A daft Mexican mad scientist movie. Things go terribly wrong when a gorilla to human heart transplant goes very wrong. Cheaply gory. Re-released with cuts.

• NIGHT OF THE DEMON

(1980, US)

Not to be confused with the 1950's B/W classic. This is the hilariously bad and hugely enjoyable Bigfoot, backwoods slasher. Tons of gore, none of it particularly convincing. Poor dialog.

• NIGHTMARE MAKER

(1981, US)

Aka BUTCHER, BAKER, NIGHTMARE MAKER aka NIGHTMARE MAKER.

Excellent psychological thriller with Susan Tyrell as an unbalanced woman who jealously protects her adopted son. Well acted and written. Gory towards the end.

NIGHTMARES IN A DAMAGED
BRAIN

(1981, US)

Aka NIGHTMARE aka BLOOD SPLASH.

Cheap but effective slasher-come-psychodrama. A man released from an asylum, on a course of experimental drugs, goes on a killing spree across the US. Incredibly graphic film. The film was prosecuted resulting in the distributer being jailed for six months.

• POSSESSION

(1981, Fr/ WG.)

Andrzej Zulawski's surrealist and organic tale of a woman's neurosis becoming flesh still managed to offend *Daily Mail* readers.

• PRANKS

(1981, US)

Aka THE DORM THAT DRIPPED BLOOD aka DEATH DORM.

Prime era slasher where a group of college students stay behind during the Christmas holidays to catalogue items in an old dorm that is due to be ripped down. Naturally they are horribly murdered. God only knows why this film was banned as it is far less gory than other films that were passed over, such as *FRIDAY THE 13TH* (1980) and *ROSEMERY'S KILLER* (1981).



• PRISONER OF THE CANNIBAL GOD

(1978, It.)

Aka MOUNTAIN OF THE CANNIBAL GOD aka SLAVE OF THE CANNIBAL GOD.

Ursula Andress slums here big time along with Stacy Keach in this early entry in the cannibal cycle. Pretty feeble and contains the usual cruelty to animals contrived by no talent directors.

• REVENGE OF THE BOGEYMAN

(1982, US)

Aka Boogeyman 2.

Ulli Lommel's fairly needless sequel to the first 'Bogeyman' movie. The only interesting aspect of the film is the semi-parody of Hollywood.

- SHOGUN ASSASSIN
- (1972, Jap)

Made from two shorter Japanese films in a popular series, edited down into *SHOGUN ASSASSIN* for the American market, hence it is a little fragmented and not particularly linear. However, it is a great film. A jaw dropping balance of violence and choreographed bloodletting. A brilliant assault on the senses.

• THE SLAYER

(1981, US)

A very good, creepy, atmospheric film that thematically pre-dates Wes Craven's *A NIGHMARE ON ELM STREET* (1984), by a number a years. A writer is haunted by dreams of '*the slayer*', dreams which begin to take shape in reality, with fatal results.

• SNUFF

(1976, Arg/US)

Aka SLAUGHTER.

The sheer audacity of Robert and Michael Findlay to pass a crappy Argentinian exploitation film as a snuff movie by tacking on a lamentably phoney looking ending, is not the most incredible thing about this video. It's the fact that anyone actually believed it was real!

• SS EXPERIMENT CAMP

(1976, It.)

Aka SS EXPERIMENT LOVE CAMP.

Yet another title where the lurid cover art invited controversy. It's title became a by-word for depravity in the tabloids during the early 1980's.

TENEBRAE





The film that could only be made in South America... where Life is CHEAP!

Aka TENBRE aka UNSANE.

Dario Argento's brutal *giallo*, which gives a slight nod to the *stalk-n-slash* films, then popular in US cinema. Packed with cruel and lush visuals that make the majority of Argento's work such a treat.

• TERROR EYES

(1980, US)

Aka NIGHT SCHOOL.

The director of *CHITTY, CHITTY, BANG-BANG* made this lack-lustre addition to the slasher stakes. A head-hunter is decapitating young women in the Boston area. There is precious little gore and Rachel Ward, the film's star, has all the presence of a plank of wood.

• THE TOOLBOX MURDERS

(1978, US)

Infamous, but if truth be told, grindingly dull gore film, except in the version banned in the UK, and the heavily censored print that appeared in cinemas. The director's complete inability to muster up any semblance of suspense makes it play more like a low budget pornographic film.

• UNHINGED

(1982, US)

Pretty dull slasher with three leads who sure weren't selected for their acting abilities. Attempts a little of the *TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE* at the end but fails miserably. • VISITING HOURS

(1981, CAN)

Aka THE FRIGHT.

Occasionally diverting slasher movie starring Michael Ironside as a crazy man stalking Lee Grant through the wards of a large hospital. Sleazy in places.

• THE WEREWOLF AND THE YETI

(1975, Sp.)

Aka NIGHT OF THE HOWLING BEAST.

Pretty standard lupine goings on in Paul Naschy's eighth outing as the Wolfman. Why this one was banned and none of the others that were available is something of a mystery.

• THE WITCH WHO CAME FROM THE SEA

(1976, US)

An oddity from director Matt Climber (one time husband of Jayne Mansfield). Millie Perkins stars in a story of razor blades and bloody castrations.

• WOMEN BEHIND BARS

(1975, Fr/Sp.)

Providing that he had his fingers in all the pies, yet another Jesus Franco sleaze epic. This time a cheerfully inept women's prison film.

• XTRO

(1982, GB)

Aka MONSTROMO.

Just to prove that we could provide our own home grown 'nasties', here is a story of alien abduction. Guaranteeing itself in the hallowed halls by including a bit where a woman gives birth to a full grown man. Quite disturbing.

• ZOMBIE CREEPING FLESH

(1981, It/Sp.)

Aka INFERNO DEI MORTI VIVENTI aka VIRUS aka HELL OF THE IVING DEAD.

Akin to many other titles that got sucked into the mania that surrounded the 'nasty' hysteria ZOMBIE CREEPING FLESH was far from uncut when it made its glorious debut onto early 1980's video cassette. Still that didn't stop this hum drum story of toxic zombies chowing down on the living. Mondo footage of Papuan New Guiney tribal death cult.

ZOMBIE FLESH-EATERS

(1979, It.)

Aka ZOMBIE aka ZOMBI 2 aka ISLAND OF THE LIVING DEAD.

At least VIPCO, ZOMBIE FLESH-EATERS's UK video distributors, had the common decency to put out two versions of the film on video; the soft censored one and the "Strong Uncut Version". Thus bestowing onto the audience a modicum of choice and even road testing a system of certification as illuminated as that in the US, even though, admittedly, that it is far from perfect. Anyway, the authorities decided to take away the moral choice from Joe Public and slammed both versions of Fulci's celebrated, blood splattered masterpiece.



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 pege-concert program.

Special Limited Edition Boxset containing

Signed by Rick Wakeman and numbered certificate. 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.





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The Masters of the Universe do seem to have a steady stream of interesting stories featuring them, their various friends and relations, and alumni. Each week Graham Inglis keeps us up to date with the latest news from the Hawkverse.. The quiet phase on the Hawkwind front in February came to an end in March, starting with unsurprising news of a gig being disrupted by the Coronavirus situation:

"Sad to let you know, that due to the spread of Coronavirus (Carnivorous), and government advice....HRH Prog, which Dave Brock was headlining in Sheffield and London, has been postponed. New dates to be





announced soon."

The announcement by Hawkwind, on Facebook, then went on to say: "If we can get our heads around technology, Dave is working on something special for everyone here.....It would be a shame if all that rehearsing went to waste."

Later in the month a video emerged showing Dave Brock doing the playback of a track that was in individual tracks on a digital audio workstation. It wasn't evident which software was in use, but there are

SPIRITS BURNING & MICHAEL MOORCOCK

An Alien Heat

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

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

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

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



gonzomultimedia.co.uk spiritsburning.com

many products around these days, such as Adobe Audition, Cakewalk, Cubase, and even FL Studio (formerly known as Fruity Loops).

Dave said it was a new track, topically called "Virus," and which started with some synthesizer sounds, a chord synth and his oscillators "all making horrible noises," as he put it.

He then explained the sax track was him playing sax sounds on a keyboard, "but we want to get [Michel] Sosna to play the sax properly."

After the vocals, there's "the middle bit of doom" where maybe Magnus Martin might add some keyboards at that point.

And, after a third vocal section, the

track ran into "the doom-laden section" and a gradual fade of layers and then volume.

It made for a very interesting video to watch, and Brock then raised the possibility of some kind of guitar workshop hosted by himself, as a project for the future, during this lockdown phase.

CHECK OUT HAWKWIND AT GONZO



HUTS BURNING

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.



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'.

EDUIE

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!

And so, the Downes family, together with perhaps another hundred or so passengers, continued our voyage; and we sailed down the east coast of Africa towards our next ports of call. And do you know what? I can hardly remember a thing about it.

My diaries of the time have long since vanished, and so I have nothing really to act as an *aide memoire*.

My only memories of this part of the voyage are disjointed and mostly unhelpful. I, of course, remember the big kerfuffle when the ship passed through the equator going south, and Lord Neptune (again, in reality, one of the crew) presided over the ceremony of Crossing the Line. All the young people on board enjoyed this immensely, but I was a seasoned traveller and this was my third time travelling in between hemispheres, and the whole thing left me rather jaded.

I remember one of the other young people on the passenger list telling me proudly how he tormented frogs while living at his home in India. And I remember another swarthy young man, a year or two older than me, who, followed at a discreet distance by what seemed to be all the young women under the age of twenty-five on board, swaggered up and down the deck as if he owned it. As it turned out, as he was some sort of Arabian princeling, he probably did. Me? I mostly kept myself to myself, sitting alone on deck reading my beloved Edith Nesbit, or gazing out to sea, hoping to spy a sea-serpent.

Somewhere along the line, my parents decided that I was putting on weight, and so they unilaterally said that I was not to eat midday meals from then on. It was about thirty years before I was to discover that fasting is actually one of the worst ways of trying to lose excess adipose tissue, and so my sufferings were completely useless. All they did was to upset and alienate me, and to sow the seeds of the eating disorder which I have had pretty much ever since.

Luckily, although I was – unsurprisingly – lonely, and isolated from the rest of the

people of my own age upon the vessel, 1 could, and did, gain endless satisfaction from watching the flying fish skitter out the way of our approaching craft, the dolphins playing in the bow wave, and the albatrosses which became more and more common the further south we went.

The next port of call was Durban, the European settlement of which had been founded a hundred and fifty years before, when HMS *Salisbury* – a fifty-eight-gun 'fourth rate Ship of the Line' – was travelling from the Portuguese colony of Mozambique to the British at the Cape of Good Hope. They got caught in a terrific storm and pulled in to a convenient shelter in the Bay of Natal.

They started a small trading colony in order to engage in commerce with King Shaka kaSenzangakhona, also known as Shaka Zulu, who was a minor character in several of the books of Henry Rider Haggard, an author of whom I was very fond. We stayed in Durban
for a day and a half, and - although I know full well that we explored parts of the city – I cannot remember anything about it. Together with a few members of the ship's passenger list, and a motley group of locals and trippers, we took a coach trip to a 'wildlife park', where - it was alleged - that we would see more of the giants of the African veldt. But, after the magnificence of Tsavo, this was very small beer indeed. I remember a few zebra and a few broadlooking antelopes, and a solitary, badtempered-looking rhinoceros. This was no valuable slice of unspoiled Africa, and there was certainly nothing here for my father to share a bonding moment with. To be honest, it felt both civilised and genteel; more like a semi-cultivated piece of parkland in rural England than a virgin portion of the dark continent. My father was obviously as unimpressed as I, as my only real memory of this sojourn, apart from the disgruntled rhino, was my father adopting an outrageous South African accent and singing a song about a South African boy who wanted to visit the big city of Durban, in order to buy 'Eskimo Pie', which was apparently some sort of ice cream. The South African members of our company looked annoyed by this, but kept their own counsel, as we returned to the ship and made ready for our departure.

Having been totally underwhelmed by Durban, I was actually very much looking forward to the next item on our itinerary, which was to brave the stormy seas off the Cape of Good Hope, which had first been rounded in 1488 by Portuguese explorer Bartolomeu Dias. Herodotus, writing in the fourth or fifth century BC, implies that unnamed Phoenician mariners had done the same thing five hundred years before the birth of Christ, but even in 1971, to sale 'round the Cape' was a nautical excursion worthy of Nancy Blackett. Much to my surprise, my father and I were two of the only passengers on deck to brave the salt spray and to see the southernmost tip of Africa (actually, it's not, but that is besides the point) looming out of the mist, many miles to Port. I prattled incessantly, and probably – with fifty years hindsight – annoyed my father immensely, but – for once – he kept the annoyance to himself.

A couple of days later, we sailed into Cape Town.

I remember a little bit more about Cape Town than I do about Durban. Our coach trip this time was to the Constantia Valley, which was (and probably still is) a major grape-growing and wine-making district, which, as my first dabblings with the 'Demon Drink' were six or seven years in the future, and there was no wildlife to be seen whatsoever, left me completely uninterested.

What was more exciting, as far as I was concerned, was the steam railway locomotive that puffed away in a corner of the docks, pulling wagonloads of cargo from one place to another, with eternal industriousness. It was the only time, as far as I'm aware, in my life, that I ever saw a steam locomotive which wasn't just preserved for its own sake, and was actually doing the job for which it had been originally built.

Another thing which sticks in my mind was the fact that park benches, public lavatories, and drinking fountains were sometimes dedicated as 'Whites Only'. This both intrigued and upset me: back in Hong Kong, where the white minority were also the rulers, no such thing had been enforced! I had played alongside some Chinese children in school, sat with Chinese children at various sporting and cultural events, gone swimming with them in the vast South China sea, and I had even appeared, bare chested, alongside a Chinese boy in an advert for my father's Sea

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Cadet Corps. And this new (to me) manifestation of racial disunity was quite upsetting.

My mother whispered in my ear that she also found this racial segregation to be both disturbing and nauseating, and I remember this when – a decade or so in the future – the young hippie activist Jonathan, by then in his early twenties, had a flaming row with his parents about their regular holidays in P. W. Botha's South Africa.

As we sailed out of Cape Town to continue our long journey north towards Europe, we passed a whaling station, where, apparently, enormous piles of whale skeletons were visible. Another passenger, an adult who knew about my passion for natural history, pointed it out to me, but I had been looking at something else and totally missed it.

The 'something else' that had, and was to, occupy my mind fully during our time in South African waters, was the legendary Flying Dutchman, a ghost ship which is said to never make port, and which is doomed to sail the oceans forever.

George Barrington wrote this in 1795, in chapter six of *A Voyage to Botany Bay:*

"I had often heard of the superstition of sailors respecting apparitions and doom, but had never given much credit to the report; it seems that some years since a Dutch man-ofwar was lost off the Cape of Good Hope, and every soul on board perished; her consort weathered the gale, and arrived soon after at the Cape. Having refitted, and returning to Europe, they were assailed by a violent tempest nearly in the same latitude. In the night watch some of the people saw, or imagined they saw, a vessel standing for them under a press of sail, as though she would run them down: one in particular

affirmed it was the ship that had foundered in the former gale, and that it must certainly be her, or the apparition of her; but on its clearing up, the object, a dark thick cloud, disappeared. Nothing could do away the idea of this phenomenon on the minds of the on relating their sailors; and, the circumstances when they arrived in port, the story spread like wild-fire, and the supposed phantom was called the Flying Dutchman. From the Dutch the English seamen got the infatuation, and there are very few Indiamen, but what has some one on board, who pretends to have seen the apparition."

Even the future King George V saw the phantom vessel, in 1880, and wrote:

"July 11th. At 4 a.m. the Flying Dutchman crossed our bows. A strange red light as of a phantom ship all aglow, in the midst of which light the masts, spars and sails of a brig 200 yards distant stood out in strong relief as she came up on the port bow, where also the officer of the watch from the bridge clearly saw her, as did the quarterdeck midshipman, who was sent forward at once to the forecastle; but on arriving there was no vestige nor any sign whatever of any material ship was to be seen either near or right away to the horizon, the night being clear and the sea calm. Thirteen persons altogether saw her ... At 10.45 a.m. the ordinary seaman who had this morning reported the Flying Dutchman fell from the foretopmast crosstrees on to the topgallant forecastle and was smashed to atoms."

Although I had no wish to be "smashed to atoms", I dearly wanted to become one of the exclusive club of mariners who had encountered this spectral vessel. But, sadly, it was not to be.



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







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 Daevid 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!!"

!EQUANIMITY

I feel @ease and connected with all I tune in and watch the instant horror-Bodies in streets/lying politicians A smile comes over /rainbow after storms There will be more storms/weather changes There will be losses of those familiar My powerlessness is total-i surrender. Yet still this gladness and goodwill Enough to fill an aircraft carrier I see the wave rise to its apex I watch the faces talking (so serious) We will (not all)come through this Release.Relax.Let go of attachments. Little Buddha is mowing the grass in the rain She knows-"Everything is (loose)change"



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 highborn 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"

http://www.zazzle.co. uk/streetfightingshirts



THE WORLD OF GONZO ACCORDING TO





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

PS shows can be downloaded

http://maraines88.podbean.com/

This is like living in some strange analogue of *Day of the Triffids*. Except, of course, that there are no triffids, and – as yet – nobody has been struck down by blindness by a bunch of unwanted cosmic rays.

The Prime Minister is in intensive care (or at least, he was, when I dictated this to Olivia on Tuesday afternoon), nobody has seen the Home Secretary for weeks, since she was accused of nastiness in a high-profile news item, which has since been swallowed up by the stories of coronavirus. Various other senior government ministers have also been struck down by the disease, and even the Heir to the Throne has been laid low.

On Sunday evening, at about seven o'clock, Corinna and I were sitting in our armchairs in what my mother used to insist was called her 'Drawing Room' (although that is too pretentious even for me), when our semi-slumber was rudely shattered by the sound of something that I am reliably informed was by S Club 7 (probably the only time I have knowingly heard it in my life) blaring out of a surprisingly impressive PA system in one of my neighbour's gardens. It was apparently an invitation to all the people of the village to dance together in isolation, in order to feel the community feeling as we gather together against the ravages of the coronavirus. I think it might have been better if somebody had actually announced why they were making this god-awful row in advance. A notice had been put on Facebook, but I never go on Facebook more than I have to. The torture only lasted three and a half minutes before silence was restored, but, as I also have a PA system, I was very tempted to wait until the most annoying time and blare out some well-known ditty by The Rudimentary Peni or Throbbing Gristle, in order to challenge Covid-19 with a godawful row of my choosing.



But I couldn't be bothered. And soon the moment passed.

I hope that everyone reading this is safe, and dealing with the isolation which has been imposed upon us by our lords and masters in Westminster, and with which, despite the fact that I will continue to take the piss, I entirely agree. And, I very much look forward to writing to you again in a couple of weeks.

Stay safe.

Love and peace,

Jon

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



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