In this exciting issue, Jon critiques Tony Palmer’s reboot of what was the worst and weirdest Beatles film ever, Doug enthuses on Camel, Alan meets DJ Jeremiayah, John looks at the Spirit albums released after Randy California’s untimely death, Igor presents a sonic dialogue, and there are lots of other things as well!
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THE THREE COMMANDMENTS OF GONZO WEEKLY:

1. Art is as important as science and more important than money

2. There is life after (beyond and before) Pop Idol

3. Music can and sometimes does change the world

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

Welcome to another issue of this peculiar little magazine, which continues to amaze me by forging on into directions that I truly was not expecting. But whatever directions it does forge off into, it never ceases to be an interesting journey, or at least I think so.

I have recently taken possession of a number of Beatles DVDs, and it is two of them in particular, which have propelled me off onto this week’s head trip, as you will surely see. We shall get to the Fab Four in a moment.
But, first let me give you a history lesson.

Fifty years ago, Brian Epstein was not a happy bunny. When The Beatles ceased touring in 1966, he felt that his role within the band organisation was severely diminished. For Christmas this year my lovely wife gave me, amongst other things, the documentary DVD about The Beatles touring years, made by the bloke who was once Ritchie Cunningham in Happy Days and who is now a famed documentary film maker. It was great fun to watch, and contained some fantastic footage that I had never seen before. It talked about the unpleasant events in Manila when Imelda Marcos claimed that she had been insulted by the band, and set the whole machinery of her totalitarian state against the Fabs. And it explored the fundamentalist fallout from John Lennon’s “bigger than God” comments. But if one time Beatles aide Peter Brown is to be believed, all sorts of other things also went on behind the scenes of this final tour, but - mildly surprisingly - they did not make an appearance in the documentary.

Peter Brown’s tell-all book The Love You Make introduced the world of Beatles fans to a sordid and unpleasant character called Dizz Gillespie and his extortionate exploits.

"Dizz was an aspiring actor-singer in his early twenties, with dark hair, mischievous eyes and an impish, upturned nose. Brian was so taken with him that he seized upon Dizz’s phantom acting career to play Svengali. Brian had this act down pat. He signed Dizz as a NEMS artist and arranged for a new wardrobe. A press announcement was sent out, and Dizz’s picture appeared in several London papers as Brian’s new discovery."

Epstein paid Gillespie’s debts and provided him with drugs. Sometimes they did drugs together. “More often than not these drugged, drunken nights ended in some sort of unhappy confrontation,” Brown wrote. “They ran from simple arguments to all-out fistfights, which
included breaking vases and mirrors. One night, unhappy with Brian’s largesse, Dizz worked himself into a rage. When Brian ordered him out of the house, Dizz raced to the kitchen, grabbed the largest knife he could find, and held it to Brian’s jugular vein while extracting an additional sum of money from Brian’s wallet.”

Gillespie’s knife spared the vein but severed the affair. But only for a while. He reappeared in August of 1965, when Epstein was in New York just prior to the Beatles’ Shea Stadium concert. Through an intermediary, Epstein’s New York lawyer Nat Weiss, the young hustler demanded $3,000 to buy a car and disappear. In exchange, Brown says, “Dizz agreed to be kept locked in a hotel room at the Warwick Hotel on Sixth Avenue—with a private guard hired by Nat—until the Beatles and Brian left town.”

Dizz materialized for the last time on the penultimate date of the band’s final 1966 tour. He turned up and sweet-talked Epstein into a final night of passion before stealing his and Weiss’ briefcases.

Pete Brown again:

“Brian’s attaché case was a witches’ stew of enormous ramifications. First, there was his large and questionable supply of pills, obviously the property of a junkie. Then there were half a dozen or so billets-doux containing explicit references to his conquests, along with Polaroid photographs of his young friends. Lastly, there was $20,000 in brown paper bag money skimmed from concert funds to be distributed as a bonus. The revelation of any of these items would make John’s “Jesus” furor seem like an Easter pageant.

Weiss soon received a blackmail note demanding $10,000 for the return of Brian’s personals. The briefcase was later secured, along with a luckless Gillespie confederate, in an elaborate sting devised by Weiss and a Los Angeles private eye. But the pills, the letters, the photos, and much of the money remained missing—as did Dizz Gillespie himself. Back he had stolen into his personal hole of obscurity, never to reappear in the Beatles’ narrative.”

This event was just one of the long series of things that made the Brian Epstein of 1967 a broken man.

On 27 January 1967, the Beatles signed a new nine-year contract with EMI. The contract stipulated that 25 per cent would be paid to NEMS for the full nine years even if The Beatles decided not to renew their management contract with Epstein, which was up for renewal later that year. Epstein knew that the renegotiation of his management contract (up for renewal on 30 September 1967), would lower his management fee from 25 to 10 per cent, and that NEMS would no longer receive a share of the Beatles’ performance fees, reducing its revenues still further. But the renewal of the record contract with EMI was somewhat of a coup for him.

As we all know, the band never renewed their contract with ‘Eppy’ because - accidentally or
not, depending on who you believe - the man whose business acumen certainly went a long way towards ‘making’ the Beatles succumbed to an overdose of 2-Bromo-N-carbamoyl-2-ethylbutanamide and alcohol.

Roll on nine years. The band had split up over half a decade before, and had gone through periods of one or more not speaking to the others. They had gained and lost Allen Klein as a manager, John and Yoko had moved to New York, and all sorts of other things of greater or lesser import had happened. But the important thing is that at the beginning of 1976 their 1967 contract ran out, and all sorts of new attempts at marketing the Fab Four took place. EMI retained the right to reissue anything it wanted from the old catalogue, and they weren't slow in seizing this opportunity. On the 8th of March 1976, EMI re-released the 22 original Beatles' UK singles in new picture sleeves. All 22 singles had the same design for the front sleeve but four different photographs on the rear.

Then a couple of months later came a compilation album of rock and roll music by the band, titled, ummm Rock and Roll Music, and the stage was set for a string of increasingly tangential albums collecting together EMI’s most lucrative cash cows. With The Beatles at their highest commercial ebb since 1970, various other artists tapped into the zeitgeist and had hits with cover versions of songs made famous by The Fabs. Some were less successful than others, and the one that sticks in my mind most - Steve Harley’s “Here Comes the Sun” was something that I found particularly baffling.

Then came possibly the most peculiar Beatles-related film of all time. Yup, much more peculiar than Magical Mystery Tour, and even more peculiar than the slow motion film of Lennon’s dick. Edward Havens writes:

“A documentary about World War II in and of itself is not a bad thing. Over the past sixty years, there have been hundreds that have examined practically every imaginable angle of the conflict. A popular artist of the day redoing some of the best Beatles songs of all time in and of itself is not a bad thing either. Joe Cocker’s version of “With a Little Help From My Friends” is as indelible in modern musicology as the original. But a documentary about World War II that juxtaposes the music of the Beatles to assist in telling the story of The Good War? Not the best idea ever envisioned, as you can imagine. But how it came about is even stranger than the actual product.

Imagine if you will, two men sitting around one day, wondering how best to promote an album they are planning, with artists like the Bee Gees, Helen Reddy, Rod Stewart and Bryan Ferry doing their own versions of the songs of Lennon and McCartney. Spurred on by the then-current success of Phillipe Mora’s “Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?,” which intermixed documentary footage of the Depression with music from the day, someone comes up with the brilliant idea of doing this with their music and both documentary footage and clips from dozens of Fox movies made during or about World War II.”
My Father almost had apoplexy, and - I am afraid, and slightly ashamed to say - I could find no words with which I could defend my beloved Beatles, and when I finally saw the movie many years later, I thought it was both unwatchable and in very questionable taste (two things that would normally have made the film more appealing to me. The thing that I found most questionable about it was that the whole effect was of a Beatles jukebox, with the WW2 footage just appearing to have been bunged on top as spectacle, like one of those incomprehensible, but very expensive Duran Duran videos from the mid 1980s.

I was not, therefore, at all surprised when the whole project seemed to have become quietly swallowed up by an industry not known for hiding its Beatles lights under a bushel. I was therefore somewhere between surprised and appalled when I was told that Tony Palmer had finished a reboot of the film, and that we were putting it out.

Palmer said: “Although the original 1976 film had disappeared, thanks to the indifference and stupidity of the original distributor, instinctively I felt the central idea, and the material, and of course the music, were just too good to be lost forever.

“So for those fans who have had to rely on a few very poor quality extracts on YouTube, the 2016 film is a completely new experience, much of it in HD. Yes, we have used some of the original
The Beatles

WORLD WAR II


Produced by Sandy Lieberson
Edited by Tony Palmer
tracks, but added a lot of new archive footage, some never seen before. In addition, I have often used totally different music. The film starts with Vaughan Williams, and ends with Shostakovich, taking in Rachmaninoff en route and including many of the famous 2nd World War speeches by Roosevelt, Churchill, Montgomery, Chamberlain, Joe Kennedy and Hitler. And the film makes reference to war-torn Syria and the massive problem of immigration along the way.

“It is a far more complex film than the original, and I hope will give everyone pause for thought about the troubled world in which we live.”

And you know what? He is completely right. I sat down with my 87-year old mother-in-law to watch it the other night, and we both found it a very moving experience. Mother said “that was the best documentary I have ever seen about the War”, and I have to say that I almost agree. Whereby the original film was really rather unfortunate, and pretty well totally misjudged, Palmer’s new film (I am not going to say new version because as far as I am concerned it is an entirely different film), is both tasteful and touching, and has enough moments of pure in-yer-face agit prop to make the ghost of John Lennon nod his head in approval.

From being one of the worst rock and roll movies of all time, this has suffered a complete sea change, and is one of the best artistic depictions of the Second World War that I have yet seen. Tony Palmer has managed to pull off a minor miracle, and for this he should be congratulated.

I am sorry that my editorial was twice as long as usual this week, but that is the way that the proverbial cookie crumbles.

See you next week,

Love

JD
THE GONZO WEEKLY
all the gonzo news that’s fit to print

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

NAMING THOSE RESPONSIBLE

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

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

Richard Freeman,
(Scary stuff)
Dave McMann,
(Sorely missed)
Orrin Hare,
(Sybarite and literary bon viveur)
Mark Raines,
(Cartoonist)
Davey Curtis,
(tales from the north)
Jon Pertwee
(Pop Culture memorabilia)
Dean Phillips
(The House Wally)
Rob Ayling
(The Grande Fromage, of whom we are all in awe)
and Peter McAdam
(McDada in residence)

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

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

Contact us with bribes and free stuff:

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

Telephone 01237 431413
Fax+44 (0)7006-074-925
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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

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

Available at Amazon and GonzoMultimedia.com
Preorder begins December 2016; wide release January 2017
IN DE NILE: Nile Rodgers will guide viewers through his musical legacy in a new three-part series for BBC Four this April. Nile Rodgers: Lost In Music will take a fascinating look at the career of the Grammy-award winner and Rock and Roll Hall of Famer as he reveals the secrets of his success, what it takes to make it to the very top of the music industry, and how to stay relevant decade after decade. Using his hits as a guide, Nile will take viewers through the creative
"Capitalism is the extraordinary belief that the nastiest of men for the nastiest of motives will somehow work for the benefit of all."

John Maynard Keynes

process of making a hit record, as well as living with the success and excess that inevitably follows.

Nile Rodgers first picked up a guitar as a teenager and since then he has changed the course of music history. He has sold more than 300 million records, transcending decades and musical genres. He has written, played and produced some of the most recognisable records of all time, not least with his Disco super-band Chic, as well as numerous hits for artists such as Daft Punk, David Bowie, Duran Duran, Diana Ross and Madonna.

With unprecedented access to Nile and his collaborators, the series will hear from many of his friends and colleagues including, Kathy Sledge, Carly Simon and Nick Rhodes, as well as the new generation of musicians Nile has worked such as, Mark Ronson, John Newman, Laura Mvula, Keith Urban and Avicii.

DEAR CATASTROPHE ROCKGROUP:

Glasgow’s finest, Belle & Sebastian, have announced a triumphant homecoming show as headliners of the BBC 6 Music Festival, where they will be topping the bill at the O2 Academy on Sunday, March 26th. Stuart and Chris from the band joined Lauren Laverne on BBC 6 Music this morning, where details were revealed of the festival, which will take place in Glasgow between the 24-27th of March. Precocious labelmates Car Seat Headrest will also be making an appearance, playing on Saturday, March 25th at Saint Luke’s.

For full details of the BBC 6 Music Festival head to bbc.in/2mhjAHp.

The news follows what is shaping up as a busy year for the six-piece, led by frontman and musical visionary Stuart Murdoc. The band recently announced North American tour dates for the summer, playing a number of fabled venues such as Merriweather Post Pavilion and the Hollywood Bowl as part of a seven date jaunt. They will be
WHO GONZO? WHY GONZO? WHAT GONZO?

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

• A potted history of his life and works
• Rob Ayling explains why he called his company ‘Gonzo’

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

“Ah, that we lack the courage of our romantic convictions; and thereby miss the wine of life, forgoing the very thing that makes living worthwhile.”

Hunter S. Thompson

THE THIN WHITE WINNER: The late David Bowie was the big winner at the 2017 BRIT Awards at London’s O2 Arena on Wednesday (22Feb17). The rock icon, who passed away aged 69 after a battle with cancer in January last year (16), won two of the night’s most prestigious prizes, the Mastercard British Album Of The Year and the British Male Solo Artist statuettes. David’s son Duncan Jones accepted the album of the year award on behalf of his father, and gave an emotional speech spanning three generations of his family.

"I lost my dad late year but I also became a dad and I was...thinking what would I want my son to know about his granddad and I think it would be the same thing that most of my dad's fans have
taken away over the last 50 years.” Referencing his father’s quirky 1971 track Kooks, he added, “He’s always been there supporting people who are a little bit weird or a little bit strange or a little bit different. So this award is for all the Kooks and all the people who make the Kooks. Thanks.” Michael C. Hall, the star of Bowie’s stage musical Lazarus, picked up the late rock icon’s other award, and also gave an emotional tribute to him. Read on...

NO BE IN ANNIVERSARY PARTY: The Human Be-In rally that touched off the Summer of Love in San Francisco’s Golden Gate Park on 14 January 1967 may have been a psychedelic, hippy-dippy, drug-addled, free-love, damn-the-man love-fest, but it did have one thing going for it: a permit. Fifty years later, San Franciscans can order delivery of a joint with an app and marry a same-sex partner at city hall, but bureaucratic approval for a concert celebrating the 50th anniversary of the Summer of Love is out of reach.

On 7 February, the San Francisco recreation and parks department denied a permit to the anniversary concert in a harsh letter to concert organizer Boots Hughston, citing his “numerous ‘misrepresentations of material fact’” in his dealings with the department. “The Summer of Love was an incredible moment in our city’s history and its message of peace and love is more important than ever,” the department wrote, citing concerns over safety before adding: “We cannot put the public at risk and grant a permit for your proposed event.”

The denial is a major setback for Hughston, who had been planning to host a free day-long concert featuring, among others, Eric Burdon and War, Country Joe McDonald, and the remaining members of Jefferson Airplane. Hughston, who previously organized a 40th anniversary Summer of Love concert, had hoped to secure an appearance by the Dalai Lama to this year’s celebration but, he said, “his holiness was booked in LA”. Read on...
It is both sad and shameful that when night falls and the setts of southern England stir, their gentle folk will be needlessly slaughtered. That in spite of science and public will, the wrath of ignorance will further bloody and bleed our countryside of its riches of life. That brutalist thugs, liars and frauds will destroy our wildlife and dishonour our nation's reputation as conservationists and animal lovers. I feel sick, sad, disempowered, betrayed, angry and crushed by the corruption of all that I know as right.

-Chris Packham

IT IS TIME TO STAND UP AND BE COUNTED
THE LAST WEEK AT GONZO DAILY

Sunday
Monday
Tuesday
Wednesday
Thursday
Friday
Saturday

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

ELDRIDGE CLEAVER

Two types of people visit rhino in the wild

The strong and courageous take a camera
The weak and cowardly take a gun

What sort of person are you?

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

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

Michael Des Barres on

Little Steven's Underground Garage
Maximum Rock and Roll
Mornings 8am - 11am ET
CH21 SIRIUS Satellite Radio
(Filling in for Andrew Loog Oldham)
"If you don't want your tax dollars to help the poor, then stop saying you want a country based on Christian values, because you don't."

Jimmy Carter

Trying to pick my favorite politician is like trying to decide which STD is just right for me.
Bye Daddy! I'm leaving for my date tonight!

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

Sex?

No...

Prog

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

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

When All The Rubber Bands Point in the Right Direction

Mack, Juan-Juan and Cobra talk to Rob Beckhusen about new top-secret "swarming drone" weapons and a dogfight between a US F-16 and a Russian fighter plane seen over Area 51. Cobra reports on America's very hush-hush Space Plane, Switchblade Steve on UFOs over Loch Ness & Juan-Juan interprets Mack's strange fortune cookie message.

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

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

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

He's a member of SKY CLUB, Gonzo recording artists. He's been a radio host since 2010. He lives with his wife, Doreen, on an island off the coast of Massachusetts."
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.
CANTERBURY SANS FRONTIÈRES:
Episode Forty—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:
Richard Sinclair recorded recently in southwest France, Robert Wyatt with Annie Whitehead and an African choir in the 80s, Kevin Ayers live in Dorset in 2002, an early Hatfield lineup involving Dave Sinclair on keyboards and Robert Wyatt on guest vocals, lysergic poetry from Allen Ginsberg and a tribute to Greg Lake, King Crimson's first bass player/vocalist. Also some vintage Jamaican dub, a set of new music that emerged from the Canterbury area in 2016 (Syd Arthur, Bison Bonasus, Jamie Dams, Witchdoctor, Gneng), something from Canterbury's twin city (Rheims) and a guest mix from listener Joe in Toronto featuring a variety of music from that city's thriving underground scene.
Larry Coryell  
(born Lorenz Albert Van DeLinder III)  
(1943 – 2017)

Coryell was an American jazz guitarist known as the "Godfather of Fusion". He graduated from Richland High School, in Richland, Washington, where he played in local bands the Jailers, the Ramblers, the Royals, and the Flames. He also played with the Checkers from nearby Yakima, Washington. He then moved to Seattle and played in a number of popular Northwest bands, including the Dynamics, while living there.

In September 1965, Coryell moved to New York City, where he attended Mannes School of Music, and then became part of Chico Hamilton's quintet, replacing Gabor Szabo. In 1967 and 1968, he recorded with Gary Burton. Also during the mid-1960s he played with the Free Spirits, his first recorded band. His music during the late-1960s and early-1970s combined the influences of rock, jazz, and eastern music. In the early 1970s, he led a group called Foreplay with Mike Mandel, although the albums of this period—Barefoot Boy, Offering, and The Real Great Escape—were credited only to "Larry Coryell." He formed the group The Eleventh House in 1973.

Following the breakup of this band, Coryell played mainly acoustic guitar but returned to electric guitar later in the 1970s. He released an album credited with Mouzon and an album with the Brubeck Brothers that was recorded direct-to-disc, a recording method revived for a time. He made several acoustic duet albums, two with Belgian guitarist (and former Focus member) Philip Catherine. Their 1977 album Twin House drew favourable reviews.

In 1979, Coryell formed The Guitar Trio with fusion guitarist John McLaughlin and flamenco guitarist Paco de Lucia. The group toured Europe and released a video recorded at Royal Albert Hall in London entitled Meeting of Spirits. In early 1980, Coryell's drug addiction led to him being replaced by Al Di Meola. Coryell died of heart failure on 19th February, at the age of 73.

Clyde Stubblefield  
(1943 – 2017)

Stubblefield was an American drummer best known for his work with James Brown, and his recordings with the latter are considered to be some of the standard-bearers for funk drumming, including the singles "Cold Sweat", "There Was a Time", "I Got The Feelin'", "Say It Loud – I'm Black and I'm Proud", "Ain't It Funky Now", "Mother Popcorn", "Get Up, Get Into It, Get Involved" and the album Sex Machine.

As a youngster his sense of rhythm was influenced by the industrial sounds of factories and trains around him, and he was inspired to pursue drumming after seeing drummers for the first time in a parade. He played professionally as a teenager, and in the early 1960s he worked with guitarist Eddie Kirkland and toured with Otis Redding. In 1965 he joined the James Brown band, and over the next six years the band had two drummers, Stubblefield and John "Jabo" Starks who had joined the band two weeks earlier. Starks' style was influenced by the church music he grew up with in Alabama. The two drummers had no formal training, and according to Stubblefield, "We just played what we wanted to play (...) We just put down

**THOSE WE HAVE LOST**

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what we think it should be." The two "created the grooves on many of Brown's biggest hits and laid the foundation for modern funk drumming in the process."

His rhythm pattern on James Brown's "Funky Drummer" is among the world's most sampled musical segments. It has been used for decades by hip-hop groups and rappers such as Public Enemy, Beastie Boys and Prince, and has also been used in other genres. Stubblefield was featured in the PBS documentary, Copyright Criminals, which addressed the creative and legal aspects of sampling in the music industry. Since the 1970s Stubblefield worked with a variety of musicians such as keyboardist Steve Skaggs, guitarist Cris Plata, jazz violinist Randy Sabien, country trio Common Faces and jazz group NEO. Stubblefield's first solo album The Revenge of the Funky Drummer was released in 1997, and in 2002 he released a 26 track break-beat album titled The Original Funky Drummer Breakbeat Album. His third solo album The Original was released in 2003. Stubblefield collaborated frequently with "Jabo" Starks. As the Funkmasters, the duo released an album in 2001 called Find the Groove and an album in 2006 called Come Get Summa This. The duo also released a drumming instruction video in 1999 titled Soul of the Funky Drummers.

Stubblefield died on February 18th, from kidney failure.

Peter Skellern (1947 – 2017)

Skellern was an English singer-songwriter and pianist. He attended Derby High School, playing the organ at St Michael's Church in Bolton during his early years, and studied piano at the Guildhall School of Music and Drama. He later joined the pop groups Harlem and March Hare.

Skellern's first song to become a hit was "You're a Lady" in 1972. The record featured choir-rockers the Congregation, who had recorded "Softly Whispering I Love You" which reached number three on the UK Singles Chart and number 50 in the United States Billboard Hot 100. Success for Skellern followed three years later with "Hold On to Love" which reached number 14 on the UK chart. He also sang the theme song to the TV series Billy Liar (1973). For three years in the 1970s he worked on BBC Radio 4's Stop the Week. In 1978 Skellern had a minor hit with the 1930s song "Love is the Sweetest Thing" (which featured backing by the Grimethorpe Colliery Band), winning the Music Trades Association award for best middle of the road song. The use of brass bands and choirs to create a nostalgic and romantic feel became his trademark.

In 1981 he wrote, composed and performed in a series of musical playlets for the BBC called Happy Endings, and in 1983 he hosted the Private Lives television chat show. He wrote the lyrics for the song "One More Kiss, Dear" from the 1982 film Blade Runner. A year later, Skellern performed the theme song for the television programme Me and My Girl. In the same year, he formed a group called Oasis with cellist Julian Lloyd Webber and Mary Hopkin, and the group released a self-titled album in 1984. In 1987, Skellern collaborated with Richard Stilgoe in cabaret and in musical comedy with comic songs such as "Joyce the Librarian", and they released three live albums; A Quiet Night Out, By the Way and Who Plays Wins. More recently, Skellern had written choral music, including "Waiting for the Word" (which was written for the BBC's Songs of Praise programme of 19 August 2001), Six Simple Carols and The Nativity Cantata written for a Hemel Hempstead choir, the Aeolian Singers. The work was first performed by them in 2004 and was later recorded.

In October 2016, it was revealed that Skellern had developed an inoperable brain tumour and that he had fulfilled a lifelong calling to be ordained in the Church of England. Under a special faculty from the
Evan Sewell Wallace  
(best known as e-dubble)  
(1982-2017)

Wallace was an American rapper from Philadelphia. In June of 2008, e-dubble moved to Baltimore to live with his friends and collaborators. Together they formed the hip-hop band Young English, and played their first show in July of 2008. The group went on to purchase a renovated warehouse, dubbed “The Hampden Mansion,” where e-dubble would later go on to write, record, and produce his debut album *Hip-Hop is Good*. He went on to produce his Freestyle Friday series, in which he released a new song each Friday throughout all of 2010, with one final release in 2012. He was also the founder of Black Paisley Records.

He died aged 34 on February 13th after suffering from vasculitis, a type of autoimmune disease.

Alan Aldridge  
(1938 – 2017)

Aldridge was a British artist, graphic designer and illustrator. Aldridge was born in East London and lived in Los Angeles, California. Aldridge was twice divorced. He is survived by eight children: Miles, Saffron, Pim, Marc, Toby, James, Lily and Ruby. Four of his children are fashion photographer Miles Aldridge and models Saffron Aldridge, Lily Aldridge and Ruby Aldridge. On 17 February 2017, his daughter Lily announced his death via Instagram.

Aldridge’s illustration for *Make Room! Make Room!* by Harry Harrison typifies his early style. Aldridge first worked as an illustrator at “The Sunday Times Magazine.” After doing some freelance book covers for Penguin Books, he was hired in March 1965 by Penguin’s chief editor Tony Godwin to become the art director of Penguin. Over the next two years as art director, he especially focused on science fiction book covers and introduced his style which resonated with the mood of the time. In 1968 he moved to his own graphic-design firm, INK, which became closely involved with graphic images for the Beatles and Apple Corps. During the 1960s and 1970s, he was responsible for a great many album covers, and helped create the graphic style of that era. He designed a series of science fiction book covers for Penguin Books. He made a big impression with his illustrations for The Beatles Illustrated Lyrics book. He also provided illustrations for The Penguin Book of Comics, a history of British and American comic art.

Archbishop of Canterbury, he was ordained both as a deacon and priest on 16 October 2016 by the Bishop of Truro. Skellern died as a result of the brain tumour in February 2017 at the age of 69.
by Tony Klinger, Mike Lytton. It covers the whole gamut of present day human behaviour, from carefree pop fans bathing nude at the Isle of Wight to withdrawn, pathetic junkies hastening their own deaths with hard drugs. Such is the range encompassed by the so-

Artist Supertramp
Title Extremes
Cat No. HST446DVD
Label Gonzo

Available for the first time on DVD. "EXTREMES" is the 1971 film Directed

THIS MONTH AT

GONZO
Edward Anthony "Tony" Ashton (1 March 1946 – 28 May 2001) was an English rock pianist, keyboardist, singer, composer, producer and artist. This record, recorded at the legendary Abbey Road studio in 2000, capturing a unique night of what Tony would come to call, "Endangered Spices". The Endangered Spices he is talking about are none other than a plethora of distinguished friends including: Jon Lord, Ian Paice, Bernie Marsden, Micky Moody, Neil Murray, John Entwhistle, Zak Starkey (Ringo's son), Zoot Money, Chris Barber to name but a few.

As you might expect given that it was recorded Sgt Pepper engineer Geoff Emerick at Abbey Road, the sound quality is absolutely first rate. The picture quality is also of a very high quality, shot using state of the art equipment for the time, by film director Mike Figgis. Most of the show is shown in crisp colour, but there are also artsy black'n'white "atmospheric" shots interspersed.

This DVD/CD package with an extensive booklet of photographs from the set and sleeve notes by Tony Klinger finally pays justice to this unique film.

Artist Tony Ashton with Jon Lord, Ian Paice, Bernie Marsden, Micky Moody, Neil Murray, John Entwhistle, Zak Starkey (Ringo's son), Zoot Money, Chris Barber to name but a few.

The concert itself was a magical event and this double CD and DVD captures the vibe perfectly. It all starts in earnest when Ewan McGregor introduces the main man himself and Tony Ashton and his band perform their set. The three-song set is highly enjoyable, showcasing Tony's wonderful talents as
Artist Lutz Ulbrich featuring Nico  
Title Luul  
Cat No. HST445CD  
Label Gonzo

Nico (born Christa Päffgen; 16 October 1938 – 18 July 1988) was a German singer-songwriter, lyricist, composer, musician, fashion model, and actress who became famous as a Warhol superstar in the 1960s. She is known for her vocals on the Velvet Underground's debut album, The Velvet Underground & Nico (1967), and her work as a solo artist. She also had roles in several films, including Federico Fellini's La Dolce Vita (1960) and Andy Warhol's Chelsea Girls (1966).

This record was made in 1981 with Nico in collaboration with the legendary German electronic music composer Lutz Ulbrich, formally of Ashra Tempel, Ashra (voice, guitars, keyboards), TANGERINE DREAM legend, Christoph Franke (mix, sequencer, electronic drums) and Harald Grosskopf (drums, percussions). Finally released on CD with a booklet in both English and German, this ultra rare slice of Krautrock is available for all enjoy this previously hard to find classic.
Now, I don't know whether this is a good idea, a bad idea, or just an idea, but - as I believe you know - this magazine is put out each week on a budget of £25, and is free. It will remain free, but I would like to be able to generate some income so I can pay our contributing writers. So, 'why not flog Gonzo Weekly T Shirts?' I thought. 'Why not', I answered...

http://www.zazzle.co.uk/gonzoweekly
“Naked Radio”

The Pink Fairies To Release First New Album in 3 Decades!

The Pink Fairies official website: www.pinkfairies.net
Cop a sneak preview here:

http://tinyurl.com/z9825mr
Camel is one of the greatest yet least known of the “progressive rock” genre bands spawned in the 1970’s. Led by Andrew Latimer (guitar, flute, vocals, later keyboards) and initially with his partner, the late Peter Bardens (keyboards) joining Doug Ferguson (bass) and Andy Ward (drums), the band navigates rock and jazz motifs, prog / space rock, and English folk for the greater whole. Camel just released a concert DVD taken from a fantastic performance last year in Japan, titled ichigo ichie (Treasure every encounter, for it will never recur). The film as produced by Susan Hoover, filmed and Directed by David Minasian is exceptionally crafted. It captures a four-piece lineup delivering a set list of classics from their long catalog, highlighting one of their most popular original albums Moonmadness (1976). The staging and lighting is simple; the whole production is tightly focused on the band and their playing, with ample close ups of keys, frets and toms. It will be a treasure for long time fans and newcomers alike who want to see these musicians up close, in a crisp audio and video production.

Much of Camel’s work is surprisingly sunny – while Latimer’s evocative guitar style might be compared to David Gilmore of Pink Floyd fame, there is less gloom in their work, more major than minor tonality. Part of this influence was Peter Bardens, whose keys and compositions graced the first six records from 1972’s self-titled debut Camel, through 1978’s Breathless. He left the band and

http://diegospadeproductions.com/
went on to success as a solo "new age" music artist before his untimely passing in 2002. Other group members playing bass, keys, and drums have changed over multiple times, with the most persistent member being Colin Bass, an amazing bass player who also offers rich vocals to many tracks since 1979. Powerhouse drummer Denis Clement joined in 2000 and has punctuated albums and stage shows since. The most persistently rotating seat in the Camel lineup has
been at the keyboards. After Bardens, a series of exceptionally strong keys men have played on albums and/or concert tours, among them Jan Schelhaas, Kit Watkins, Dave Sinclair, Chris Rainbow, Mickey Simmonds, Guy LeBlanc, Ton Scherpenzeel, and for their most recent show, captured on the new DVD, Pete Jones.

Pete Jones is fascinating to behold throughout the concert. Though was rendered sightless before age 2, he’s built a career as a composer and multi-instrumentalist, and released a very well regarded album under the moniker *Tiger Moth Tales*. His warm expressive vocals grace that solo work, and were put to excellent use with Camel. Jones sings on opener “Never Let Go,” then later “Air Born” and “Long Goodbyes.” The tenor of his voice, the lilt - it was like he was born to take these songs out live with the band. His keyboards throughout, and recorder solo on “Preparation” are sublime.

Again the set list includes a handful of tracks from *Moonmadness*, while touching on most of Camel’s other core records. It’s fairly common for Latimer and crew to say little between songs – to let the music and a bit of lighting speak for itself. True here again, as Latimer’s first interaction is, “How wonderful to be back in Tokyo after 16 years!” followed during the show with very brief introductions to the songs, and the naming of band members. As the show is in Japan, brevity seems appropriate, and as intended the music and fairly limited lighting effects set the stage. This affords an uninterrupted, bird’s eye view for the cameramen to put us right on stage, up close, most appropriate for any aspiring musician who may want to see just how those colorful notes are magically drawn by each musicians. Of the set, the band really stretches out on “Hopeless Anger” with a searing guitar solo from Andrew, dramatic deep toms from Clement and Jones giving his best. Sentimental ballad “Long Goodbyes” was dedicated by Latimer to two “dear friends” Chris Rainbow and Guy LeBlanc – who are on longer with us.

Camel has been Latimer’s primary occupation, being the one remaining original member, and after a period of inactivity from 2003-2013 due to illness, he and the band have been back on the road for short tours several times over the last few years. Time has not diminished their skills, and we have in Camel an important and enduring ensemble of immense talent. Camel continues the journey – check out this DVD to see how impressive and worthy their travels have been – here’s hoping they embark again.

The stats:

Ichigo ichie:  *Treasure every encounter, for it will never recur*
Camel Live in Japan 2016

Andrew Latimer – guitar, vocals, flute and recorder
Colin Bass – bass guitar, vocals
Denis Clement – Drums, recorder
Peter Jones – keys, vocals, penny whistle

Filmed and directed by David Minasian
Assistant Director Trinity Houston

Recoded live at the Ex Theater Roppongi Tokyo, Japan
Lighting design by Del Jones is tasteful, effectively focusing attention on the four piece.
Forthcoming releases from Rick Wakeman & Friends

Rick Wakeman & Brian May
live from STARMUS 2015

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

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

Available to pre-order from www.rickwakemansmusicemporium.com
Reggae music and art inna Babylon!

Artist and DJ Jeremiyah, aka Jerry Neville, shares some top rankin’ riddims with Gonzo’s Alan Dearling

Jerry/Jeremiyah is on Facebook at: www.facebook.com/jerry.neville1?fref=ts

alan dearling
Alan: Jerry, good to get a chance for a proper musical trip through memory lane with you. We first met in about 1978 in Edinburgh and you worked with me as illustrator along with our mutual friend, Howie Armstrong. That became the first, ‘Youth Games Book’. And we realised we both shared a love for Reggae and all its offshoots.

I’d recently moved up from London where I’d been helping run the Nocta Caribbean Club and a number of Battles of the Sound Systems, with Sir Coxsone and others at the Priory in Acton. And, the extraordinary, Misty in Roots were our ‘club band’. Lucky sods, eh? That was alongside lots of punk and other music. What had been your involvement in the Reggae scene up to that point at the end of the 1970s?

Jerry: Well to be honest, I can’t remember the exact time that I first became aware of the existence of Reggae music but it would most likely have been the voices of Ken Boothe and Desmond Dekker in the 1960’s, emanating from out of one of our old valve radios which my brother used to refurbish. I loved the sound of it but it wasn’t until the Ital Club appeared in Edinburgh in 1976 that my involvement really started.

Alan: I guess like a lot of people, I was particularly entranced by Bob Marley and his seemingly perfect output of albums and singles in the mid 1970s, starting with ‘Catch a Fire’ on Chris Blackwell’s Island label. Tracks like ‘Redemption Song’ and ‘One Love’ are still anthems for successive generations today. Was he your main man?

Jerry: Yes, indeed he was, and he still retains a special place for me as it was his words and voice that first drew me into Reggae music. I saw him play in the Rainbow Theatre, Finsbury Park in 1977 and his presence was more akin to that of a prophet than a music star. It was a unique moment in time for me and I’ve never experienced anything like that before or since! Coincidentally I was at an all-night show in the Hammersmith Palais that same week-end, to see Ken Boothe, Delroy Wilson, Leroy Smart and Dillinger who are all seminal figures in my world of Reggae. The Clash were to sing of that same night in their song, 'White Man in The Hammersmith Palais', and as one of the very few white men at the show that night, I feel a certain affinity with the song!

Alan: Live Reggae in the London clubs was a much heavier affair. Toastin’ DJs and heavy dub rhythms. The Sound System battles. Were you able to enjoy that sort of thing?

Jerry: Well, the only sound system in Scotland at the time was Schweitzer Oddoye’s 'Papa Swi Hi Fi’ which he custom built to play at the Ital Club. However, as mentioned above, forays into the London Reggae scene were like
Jerry: My journey was something of a haphazard one. I remember early purchases of Alton Ellis albums along with Culture, Mighty Diamonds, I Roy, U Roy, Gladiators and other Jamaican artists who were brought to the UK on Virgin Records 'Front Line' imprint. To be honest although I like Ska music I never purchased much of it, preferring to spend what little money I had on Roots music, Rocksteady and Lovers Rock and not much Ska is featured uppermost on my set lists. There are many others who specialise in that area so I leave it to them. I have to add that I just love Ernest Ranglin's guitar playing, he is a supreme talent and a HUGE figure in the history of Reggae.

Alan: Again, my early experiences were from London – there was some mixing of the Reggae and punk scenes through Rock against Racism and Anti-Nazi League gigs. Were you involved at all?

Jerry: I wasn't involved in any promotional or organisational capacity but I attended quite a few such gigs, either in Edinburgh where I remember Aswad being on the bill, or during my college days living just outside of London. Aswad, Steel Pulse, both at their radical best and other bands like the now almost-forgotten Merger played at such gigs alongside various punk bands. Linton Kwesi Johnson should get a big mention here as his firebrand 'dub poetry' burned to the core of the racism, police brutality and Thatcherite politics of the day.

Alan: It took a time, but I began to delve into Reggae’s musical past and bought some ska records and eventually albums by Ernest Ranglin (and his wonderful, ‘Below the bassline’ and ‘In search of the lost riddim’), which linked together Jazz, Reggae and Ska. What about your ‘journey’?
Alan: I wasn’t DJing, but I bought a lot of the more obscure Reggae music from Yellow Man, Culture, I Jah Man (a personal favourite, especially), Dr Alimantado, New Age Steppers and others. What about you?

Jerry: As well as those you just mentioned, I loved the singers and vocal harmony groups that proliferated in Jamaica at the time. A lot of the early Reggae music, especially with the vocal groups, was influenced by the Rn'B and Soul music that reached JA from the radio stations in Florida and the Southern states of the USA. I had an early love of Blues and Soul music so I suppose I warmed to the rich interpretations that were recorded by so many Reggae artists of the time. As previously mentioned, the Mighty Diamonds are an excellent example of a harmony trio who took songs by the Stylistics and others and made them their own. The great Alton Ellis and Delroy Wilson would be other examples of singers whose singing career reaches back to the early sixties and whose repertoire covers so many Rn'B and Soul tunes.

Alan: The Reggae singles market also mushroomed in the middle to late 70s with the likes of Althea and Donna and ‘Up town top rankin’ and ‘Fattie bum bum’ from Carl Malcolm got a lot of plays.

Jerry: Althea and Donna’s version of Up Town Top Rankin’ did a lot to introduce Reggae music to a wider audience, especially in the UK and I always loved Carl Malcolm’s ‘No Jester’. However, my purchase of singles was very restricted as I found out that if I searched long and hard, I could find many bargain Reggae albums that nobody seemed to want at the time, for no more than the cost of a 45. ‘Pre-release’ 45’s from Jamaica could be found in the UK in limited numbers during the 70’s at something of a cost, but having a very limited budget LPs represented much better value for money for myself.

Alan: Like many other folk, I listened a lot to John Peel and he played a lot of Reggae and cross-over music from the likes of the RUTs and the Clash. Peel was a huge fan of Misty in Roots’ ‘Live at the Counter Eurovision’ album. Were you interested in that development too?
Jerry: Yes, although not a huge lover of the sound of a lot of Punk music, I liked what the Clash did and their collaboration with Mikey Dread. I loved John Peel and his championing of Reggae music, which I remember he would play regularly on his evening shows. I have a great recording on tape cassette of Misty playing a session on his show and there is also a great double cd set still available, of early Aswad* sessions. Bristol band Black Roots were producing some great and unique-sounding UK Roots Reggae around this time and there are quite a few recordings of theirs, some made at the BBC, readily available. (*Here I'd like to gratuitously add that I had the great pleasure of being in Meanwhile Gardens at Notting Hill Carnival on the afternoon that Aswad made their wonderful 'Live and Direct' album!).

Alan: Lee Scratch Perry and the Mad Professor were major performers and producers. But for me, their output is, err, 'variable' in content and quality…do you agree…what would you recommend?

Jerry: I love Lee Perry’s output from the years of his Black Ark studio before he burned it down. Some great, great recordings came out of that period including the anthemic 'Police and Thieves' by Junior Marvin, album sets by The Congos, George Faith and others. There are still quite a few very decent compilations of Perry's productions from this time still available. I always liked Mad Professor's 'Lovers Rock' style of productions as compared to his better-known Dub recordings. However, no reference to UK Lovers Rock can be made without mention of the great Dennis Bovell, whose musicianship and production work in this style and also with Dub poet Linton Kwesi Johnson, stands out as some of the finest Reggae to come out of the UK. Sadly Lovers Rock is not currently very fashionable in today's world of Reggae, but personally I've always loved it and always include a decent amount in any of my DJ sets.

Many Jamaican producers outside of the better known ones like King Tubby or Scientist, were hugely instrumental in the creation of some great music. Of the older ones, Coxsone Dodd's 'Studio One' recordings are amongst the finest music to come out of Jamaica and had an enormous influence on the evolution of Reggae. Bunny 'Striker' Lee is an all-time favourite of mine and the more recent work of the late Philip 'Fatis' Burrell (commemorative album cover by Jerry below) as 'Exterminator' with the likes of Luciano and Sizzla, stands out. No mention of great JA music production could be made without mention of Sly and Robbie and their 'Taxi Gang' output with so many artists which has spanned decades and always comes with quality guaranteed. Other big names old and new would include Niney the Observer, Blackbeard, Bobby Digital, Clive Hunt, Leslie Kong, Duke Reid, Gussie Clarke, Junjo Lawes, Joe Gibbs and as usual, the list could go on.

Alan: Who are some of the other Reggae artists who you really rate?

Jerry: In addition to the ones previously mentioned my list would have to be a long one since there are just sooo many great Reggae artists, historic and contemporary. However, to name just a few not necessarily in any chronological order or preference - Bob Andy, Burning Spear, Delroy Wilson, BB Seaton, Sugar Minott, Big Youth (pictured above ).
Alan: When did you start producing your sublime Reggae artworks? Tell me some more about that work? It seems quite an obsession.

Jerry: Ha! Ha! Yes you could call it an obsession! I was never a great talent and failed all my art exams at school but I always loved to...
draw and doodle. This however was not really conducive to 'self-expression' which I understand is what 'real' artists do - or so I've been told over the years! So I just started doing funny little pictures and since I was listening to so much Reggae music it started to influence my choice of subject matter.

I don't spend too much time reflecting on, or trying to analyse my work or why I do it. However, if I do have a purpose in this life, then part of that purpose seems to be to paint and draw, and my work does seem to bring some joy. I'd like to think that I'm adding something to the relatively small body of Reggae visual art that exists in the world and at the same time, trying to make an honest living.

(**Advertisement** As I'm now almost entirely dependent on selling prints or commission work within the Reggae market I'd like to point out that all of my paintings are available as high quality litho prints in various sizes. Painting on left by Jerry of Burning Spear). Overleaf are Sugar Minott, I Roy and Dennis Brown outside the Channel One Studio.
Alan: Is your life as an artist and as a DJ interlinked?

Jerry: Well that’s an easy question to answer as the short answer is YES! Although I take on commercial work which is totally unrelated to my 'cultural' work, listening to and playing Reggae music inspires my artwork more than anything else by a long shot. I produce the artwork for all flyers and posters to advertise the gigs I play, and really it was primitive poster production for the
Ital Club back in the mid 1970s that marked the first steps in my journey as a Reggae visual artist.

Subsequently I did a few album covers for the long-departed Burning Sounds label and others. Years down the line and having had to subsume my love of drawing anything Reggae to humdrum commercial work for too long, I'm relatively free now to indulge my real interests.

alan dearling
I seem to have developed an idiosyncratic style which incorporates my old love of cartooning with my more recent inclination towards a more realist style and it appears to be quite popular.

I look at my efforts as giving something back for all the joy, teaching and inspiration that Reggae music has given me for the best part of my life.

**Alan:** Where would you place artists like Peter Tosh, Dennis Brown and Gregory Isaacs in the pantheon of Reggae fame?

**Jerry:** As most who even vaguely know his music would acknowledge, Bob Marley is the King of Reggae. Dennis Brown is known as the 'Crown Prince' and Gregory Isaacs as the 'Cool Ruler'. Although Peter Tosh did not have such a title bestowed upon him, his influence and importance in the story of Reggae music can never be overstated.

**Alan:** I worked at a lot of music festivals and became aware of the evolution of Reggae into a new form of dance band. Dreadzone and Zion Train (below) were among my favourites on the more alternative circuit, often alongside artists like Gong, the Levellers, Tofu Love Frogs and Chumbawamba from the new Travellers' scene. Did you get into these newer artists? Who else?

**Jerry:** I guess you named virtually the only two whom I warmed to - Zion Train and Dreadzone. They both have/had a nice Reggae core to their sound, which they embellished and adapted for a new audience.

**Alan:** My mind’s its normal messy self. Going back and going forward…backwards first: how
do you rate the earlier artists like Toots and the Maytals, the Skatalites, Desmond Dekker and Prince Buster?

Jerry: All of those that you just mentioned are what would be known as 'foundation' artists whose history in the Reggae scene stretches way back to the early 1960s. The Skatalites contained the cream of Jamaican musicianship and most members spent their lives playing Reggae music in one guise or another. Of course there were many more such influential figures such as Alton Ellis, Delroy Wilson, Marcia Griffiths, John Holt and Pat Kelly whose voices were, and in some cases still are, uniquely enjoyable.

Alan: Moving into more recent times, I’ve really enjoyed a lot of the New Zealand Reggae-bands like Katchafire and Fat Freddy’s Drop. You too?

Jerry: Yes, I really warm to Reggae from the Pacific islands. Two particular favourites of mine are House of Shem and Stan and The Earth Force, both of whom have their own sound as well as expressing a traditional Reggae style.

Alan: Mishka is another artist I really enjoyed when his first album came out on the Creation label. I suppose he was being hyped as the new White Bob Marley?

Jerry: I have to say that I think the word 'hyped' is the significant one in that statement. My 'ex' loved him and demanded that I buy her his CD as a birthday present. I obliged, listened to it and felt nothing, sorry.

Alan: Are there any books on Reggae you rate? I have the Lloyd Bradley 'Bass Culture' and Mike Alleyne's 'Encyclopedia of Reggae' and ‘Reggae Explosion’.

Jerry: Anything by John Masouri - his trilogy of books on the Wailers – ‘Wailing

alan dearling
Blues’, ‘Stepping Razor’ and ‘Simmer Down’ are all great and hugely informative reads. An early favourite of mine, now dog-eared and falling apart, is ‘Reggae Bloodlines’ by Peter Simon and Stephen David and ‘Rude Boy’ by Chris Salewicz is a good yarn and a great snapshot of Jamaica and the nascent JA Reggae scene in the 1970s. Other good titles would include ‘Reggae Explosion’ by Adrian Boot and Chris Salewicz, which, besides a very interesting text, has some great visual images. Of course I’d have to include ‘Stir It Up’, by Chris Morrow which is a compendium of classic Reggae album cover art.

Alan: Yup, I’d totally agree with you about the ’Reggae Explosion’ book, which was born out of the touring exhibition of photos, ‘ReggaeXplosion’ in 2000...Who would you recommend these days – any particular artists and albums?

Jerry: Mentioned quite a few already but happy to add some more - Tarrus Riley, Raging Fyah, Protoje, Jesse Royal, Chronixx, Richie Spice, Busy Signal, Christopher Ellis (son of Alton), Alaine, Jah Cure, Tanya Stephens, Bitty McLean, Spiritual, Nature and I could go on...and on....One excellent album that I got hold of recently is ‘We Remember Dennis Brown’ which comprises a host of Dennis Brown songs covered by mostly contemporary artists and produced by Clive Hunt.

Alan: More than happy for you to share any other thoughts, ideas about music/your art work...and thanks for chatting...a real pleasure...as ever!

Jerry: It’s been a pleasure talking to you
Alan, but I think I've probably said quite enough for now. However, if anyone would like to see more of my artwork, then it's on display on FB (see below) and I'll be getting my Original Jeremiyah website up very soon!

www.facebook.com/Jerry.neville1

and also

www.facebook.com/OriginalJeremiyah

Many thanks and One Love! From Jeremiyah and Alan
Randy California (Spirit) – Posthumous Albums

Kaptain Kopter was taken from us at the age of 45, back in 1997, his Spirit still swirling around somewhere in the Pacific Ocean Blue.

When most great musicians pass, a steady stream of usually iffy posthumous releases follow, most of which wasn’t deemed acceptable by the artist/s themselves when alive presumably, but record companies, and I guess family estates, want the most they can get from their dearly beloved departed rellys. With the reputation that the industry had/has for ripping off musicians that generate their profits, you can understand the families wanting their fair share. Someone in California’s family took on Led Zep last year but failed in their plagiarism case in respect of ‘Stairway’. At least it should have got Randy some publicity, if not exactly the most positive.

To some degree, the first of any posthumous releases should contain the best ‘unheard’ material and as time goes on, and more stuff...
comes out, the quality starts heading south, often rapidly. Hendrix would be a perfect example. Pleasingly, and perhaps unsurprisingly, that does not seem to be the case here. Our hero was somewhat prolific, and usually had a recorder switched on for good measure.

**Cosmic Smile (2000)**

There would appear to be four such albums so far, the first of which Cosmic Smile, a single CD album from 2000, and it’s an absolute humdinger. I can think of a lot of bands that couldn’t produce music of this quality with any official releases, let alone ‘out-takes’.

Randy was a multi-instrumentalist and the majority of the 15 tracks here are entirely his own work but a number do feature members of the most recent version of Spirit (who recorded the also excellent California Blues album from 1996) including Matt & Rachel Andes plus of course Ed Cassidy, California’s 73-year old step-father who just happened to be a rather good jazz, then rock drummer. Mr Skin himself no less. Most of the material is credited as being from 1990-1995.

Randy’s electric opens proceedings with a semi-spiritual number, Shake my Ego Down.

*Cast off hatred, shake my ego down, shake my ego down*

*When it reaches zero, I will walk in the light of the sun*

Barking Up The Wrong Tree is a really nice bouncy little number, with gently phased guitar and vocals, the classic Spirit aural purity in all it’s glory, angelic vocals and choruses. Compromise is all Randy, a rocker if slightly tinny sounding. Yet again, his glorious vocals shine through, with another catchy chorus.

No Time to Pretend is the first to feature Ed Cassidy beating this meats, another hymn-like number with echoes of the acoustic stuff on Spirit of 76. Close to You is a delicious heart-warming ditty of love, Cassidy playing some gorgeous rolling drums, California plucking away on an acoustic, his electric swirling in and out, it just takes you away on a wet, grey February day.

Once in a while, Randy simply turns his electric up to 11, stun and fuzz setting to max and just lets rip. Mean and Beautiful is one of those, a Bruce Gary giving it the full drum beans behind him. In general terms, California is one of those guitarists who hides most his talents under a bushel on studio albums, and often plays economically, but totally let rip live. Randy going apeshit in the studio is always a treat and this one is no exception. ‘Son of Hendrix’ indeed. (and echoes of The Rainbow, London, 1978, still one of my best gigs, ever).

Then, in an instant, we switch moods completely, the sublime One by One, Cassidy back to propel this angelically sung anthem along. A lonely kick-drum starts Fire, accompanied only by an acoustic guitar and Randy’s voice. He couldn’t just sing well, he can twist and phrase his voice superbly too. Wave is a short instrumental piece, almost sounds like the vocals were missing.....Love from the Heart, as it’s name implies is a positive little number, with almost a country feel to it, but with a big drumbeat behind it. I Had a Dream finds Randy and his acoustic in a more serious mood, the voice gently twisting and turning again. Kick drum runs us into River of Love, Rachel providing supporting vocals, the daughter of original Spirit bassist, a family production from the original Family That Plays Together.

Back to hard-rockin California for Break My Back, the drums don’t even sound like dustbins, it sounds like someone hitting a wooden box, great stuff. The title-track swirls in a slow space jazzy style, the music has appeared before in an earlier Spirit song and unfortunately having a senior moment, I can’t remember which. Randy plays some sweet and slow licks, angelic choirs turned to max. I’m sure it’s off ‘76...Can’t Sit Down finishes this astonishingly good ‘compilation’, in fact the whole set stands up to their better albums throughout, which is very high praise indeed. It’s the third rocker too.
Sea Dream 2002

The second compilation of unreleased material is a double CD set, very lovingly put together by a Mick Skidmore with Randy’s mum, Bernice Pearl in the background (it must be a bit shitty to outlive your kinds, bless her). The accompanying booklet explains Skidmore had to deal with up to 21 versions of the same songs on a variety of DAT tapes and good ol’ cassettes. He writes that this is an attempt to present a cohesive selection, aimed squarely at ‘traditional RC/Spirit fans’ and states there is much more still in the can, including some really polished, even better stuff……

This one includes 28 tracks which I’m not going to go through individually but is full of more musical gems. It does include his Sea Dream Suite however, some kind of concept
piece, comprising of 9 'parts'. It opens with Whale, a somewhat ambient sound until Randy lets rip with some rather tasteful Dave Gilmour-style lead guitar, all really rather pleasant. Heaven, a short ode, the sole lyrics being 'Come with me to the Deep Blue Sea', somewhat ironic! Sign is extremely Pink Floyd, not just Gilmour, but complete with slow and 'deliberate' drums. The vocals are a little too far back in the mix though. T4/Sai Baba sounds just like a prog-rock instrumental, complete with ponderous drums. Daylight is another instrumental but sounds like classic Spirit, kick-drums a plenty, California's guitars swirling above them. Dolphin opens with a nice bouncy acoustic guitar thing going on over percussion, it definitely sounds like it's missing its vocals though. A bit of a bass guitar solo follows and then back to the melodious guitars and then it fades out and then back in. Garden of Creation opens with more kick drum and heavenly choirs, 'standing in the garden of creation', then some seriously nice Randy electric soloing follows, Jimi-style. Much
more like it. A second version of Heaven closes the movement, instrumental with some slower space guitar and keys bubbling in the rear.

I have to say I think this suite is far from complete sadly, even the order seems questionable as Skidmore admits that the DAT master seemed to be confusingly labelled compared to the tracks and that he had ‘re-sequenced’ them as a result. You are left wondering what the full blown suite would have sounded like.

One of Spirit’s most well known albums, Twelve Dreams of Dr Sardonicus, is often referred to as a concept album but California let it be known that the song running order ‘was chosen by the record company’ and it was news to him...Must play that again soon too.

Blues from the Soul 2003 & Son of America 2005

These are the third and fourth of the official un-released material compilations so far and I have to confess, my copies are still on their way to me, so a somewhat short review......

The various 5* reviews on amazon.com are encouraging for SOA and Skidmore big’s up ‘Blues in the sleeve notes for Sea Dream. I'll keep you posted in a future issue.

The great news is all are currently available on Discogs.com, although only a few copies of SOA seem around at present for about £12 plus p’n’p. Various CD copies of Cosmic Dream are on offer from around £10, and to my huge delight there is a German-pressed vinyl double version which I’ve just ordered for the somewhat pricelly sum of £30 (friggin Britexit). Sea Dream can be found for as little as £4 for the double CD whilst Blues from the Soul can be had from just £6 a pop.

If you haven’t treated your ears and mind to the musical genius that was and most definitely always will be, Randy California, then you should. Cosmic Smile is good enough to be a great starter, and then the whole, wonderful back catalogue awaits you....

SPRING 2017
TOUR NEWS

With so many ‘media outlets’ nowadays it’s almost too easy to miss things going on under your nose if you don’t keep your eyes and ears open. A perfect such example is Dreadzone who are currently on tour throughout the land, and have a very good sounding new album to go with it, Dread Times; we just secured tickets for April. Ryley Walker is coming back to Europe already!

Yeah, Bristol in May for us, full details and tickets on his website. The Cary Grace Band are playing the King Arthur in Glastonbury again next month (and have a new single and glow-in-the-dark t-shirt coming soon, but next album not until 2018, boo hoo), and Sendelica hit the road again too, hoping to catch them at Glastonbury too on Easter Sunday.

Stateside I see Steely Dan have a residency in Las Vegas in April, they were on fire in New York last autumn, would love to see them again before it’s too late. The Airplane Family & Live Dead 69 are playing Sweetwater Music Hall on the weekend of March 18th/19th. If I wasn’t going to Cornwall and seeing a Hendrix tribute act at the Bristol Jazz Festival (?), I could be well tempted by that. They have other dates later in the spring too.

This is also the 50th anniversary of the Summer of Love, although the first attempt to stage a big free gig in the park in San Francisco just got turned down by the authorities. Shame. Mind you, so did the Human Be-In too.......
Reviewers:
“Within five minutes of picking the book up and reading it for the first time I was immediately entranced. These stories are a delight, and I have spent much of the ‘Festive Season’ proselytising about Foreman to anyone who would listen. I have found myself using the words ‘delight’ and ‘delightful’ far more often than I would have wanted to, but I truly cannot think of a better adjective. My life has been enriched for having read these stories. I cannot wait for the next volume,” Jonathan Downes, editor Gonzo Weekly magazine.

“Expect the unexpected while reading Wilful Misunderstandings. The oddball characters and their quirky concerns will attract your attention. Richard Foreman demonstrates how deep his imagination is, and how the simplest of ideas can make interesting prose. He writes fluently, wittily, and his stories tend to approach the dark side in a humorous way.” Michelle Stanley, Readers’ Favorite website.

Writers:
“A passport to a parallel planet where nothing means quite what you thought it did, this book offers an excursion to a strangely familiar place that you have never previously dreamed of. Get your shots and book your ticket today.” Alan Moore Watchmen, From Hell, Voice of the Fire, Jerusalem

“An ambitious and truly original collection from a master storyteller whose memorable characters in often surreal, unsettling situations linger long after the first page.” Sally Speeding Wringland, Cloven, A Night With No Stars

“Carefully constructed scenarios with a playbook of disparate characters shrewdly and sympathetically observed. Offspring of a particular and subtle imagination, told with humour, craft and insight.” Jamie Delano Hellblazer, World Without End, Leepus - Dizzy

Readers:
“Stories like dreams half remembered, taping into a seam (or seeming) of the unconscious mind.”

“I love the feeling of shifting, malleable realities. It is so much fun and encourages thinking in new ways about the world.”

“The book is bloody brilliant. I read it in nearly one sitting. It totally messed with my head.”

“This is a collection to reread, a book to tickle and amaze, to ruffle and amuse and sometimes to raise the hairs on the back of your neck.”

“Unafraid to tread off the beaten track into vivid, unsettling worlds where nothing can be taken for granted. Where anything can happen.”

Cost: £8.95 (+p&p) percopy
by mail order (signed) from Lepus Books website (http://lepusbooks.co.uk/wilful-misunderstandings/)
Or available by order from bookshops
For more info see Richard Foreman’s website at richeff.moonfruit.co
Davy Mickers (Stream of Passion, Ayreon) and Alejandro Millán (Hello Madness, Stream of Passion) soon joined the project to bring the story to life. Swedish designer Mattias Norén, created the artwork that appears in the booklet with the lyrics. But, while this 2010 has been hailed as a major success by some, I’m not one of them.

It is doubtful that I will ever criticise an album that involves Karl and Damian as I am such a fan of both their works, but what lets this down is not the performance but the quality of the songs. This is prog metal, but it is disjointed in just so many ways. A good project album will feel either like a band, or a rock theatre production, yet this one falls between the two camps and comes across as disjointed and just way too over the top. It is too layered, too over produced, just too much altogether! There are bits that grab the attention, but for the most part it is about wondering how much longer this has to go, and whether now might be a time to switch to something else.

It’s not awful, it’s not bad, but I can’t bring myself to say that it is anything
mentioning Iron Maiden as a real influence, but it doesn’t come across in the music, and neither does Yngwie Malmsteen. This is power metal with many keyboards – sure, there is some shredding and quick runs, but if I hadn’t see what they were saying then I would point out that these guys are obviously massively influenced by Stratovarius. They have also used a few guest musicians on certain songs, which says to me that they seem to be a little lacking in confidence, which I find strange as anyone into this style of music will find a lot here to enjoy. Personally, it is just a little too polished for my tastes, but there is never any doubting that they are very good at what they do. If you want metal that is powerful, yet also sanitised, melodic and shredding, but always with control, then possibly this is for you. www.avenfordmusic.com

BETONTOD
REVOLUTION
NUCLEAR BLAST

‘Revolution’ is the seventh studio album from this German punk outfit, yet if it wasn’t for the press release telling me that they were a punk band I would be saying that here was a heavy melodic rock band, as there isn’t a punk sound in sight. This is powerful stuff, and the German only lyrics add to the overall feel – but this

AVENFORD
NEW BEGINNING
PRIDE & JOY

Avenford was formed by guitarist Peter Szehoffner and guitarist/vocalist Arpie Gamson in Hungary in the summer of 2012. They had similar backgrounds, musical ideas and influences which include Masterplan, Jorn Lande, Yngwie Malmsteen and Iron Maiden. A few months later they had enough material written and after Szehoffner and Gamson moved to the UK, they got together in Gamson’s flat and recorded the basic tracks for the debut album, ‘Mortal Price’. Moving forward to 2017 they have a new rhythm section, and a new album, which was recorded with Roland Grapow (Masterplan), and they say that it stronger, harder and faster than the first one.

Within the press release they do keep looking at some of the people involved it just goes to show that the basis of any album must be the quality of the songs. If the foundation is shaky, then the structure is never going to be sound and stable. The only real positive about this is that now I’ve written about it I don’t have to play it again, and it is doubtful that I will.
is no Rammstein covers band, but rather one that feels that they have no need to sing in English and are just going to do whatever they like. Apparently, they are incredibly active on the gigging front, and it is no surprise at all that they have appeared twice at Wacken as musically these guys have far more in common with the other acts that appear there than either the bubble gum punk of bands like Blink 182 or the raw roughness of the Stooges.

This is “wall of sound” rock with strong pop sensibilities and melodies, delivered extremely hard and heavy. Their last two albums have been a huge success in their home country and I see no reason why this won’t do the same, as it hits with real passion, with the brutality just slightly softened. There isn’t a weak link, as one over the top monster follows another. They are a hit with the punk crowd, a hit with the metalheads, and seem to be doing quite well in the mainstream: they certainly are an act to look out for. www.betontod.de

CAPTAIN OF THE LOST WAVES
HIDDEN GEMS (CHAPTER 1)
(INDIE)

One of the joys of being in contact with other underground writers, is that every so often they will send something along that they feel might be of interest to me. One of the very top reviewers around, in my humble opinion, is Olav Bjørnsen from Sweden. I sent him a copy of the wonderful ‘Sand’ by Miss Peach & The Travellin’ Bones, and when I explained to him what it was like, he immediately sent me a link to a video by Captain of the Lost Waves. I was blown away, and the album followed swiftly afterwards. On first hearing I was immediately entranced, as here is the much-missed Bond Street Bridge combined with Mumford & Sons, Fairport Convention, Edith Piaf, and possibly even a little Captain Beefheart.

I wasn’t surprised to see that he has performed at Steampunk festivals, as this music would fit perfectly within that scene. It is folk, alt-folk, acoustic yet poppy, melodic and easy to listen to yet also full of thought and passion. Once you get inside his world it is hard to get back to reality, as here is a place where acoustic instruments are the order of the day, and the piano accordion is once again a key musical component. As with much music these days, I listened this to the first time in the car, and here is my only complaint about the whole piece. I noticed that the final song on the album, “Mr. Many Men”, was more than twenty-eight minutes and I braced myself for a folk epic extravaganza like I had never heard before. So, imagine my disappointment when it faded out after about six minutes, to which I thought “Great, a hidden track, I thought they had gone out in the Eighties”. There was nearly nine minutes of silence before the album started up again, and then there was a series of songs that continued through to the end – but, they can’t be separately selected, and these are worth hearing so why not list them as such and get rid of the silence? It’s not clever, not wanted,
One of the more interesting and experimental black metal bands around must be Code, and with this new EP they have decided to revisit their last four albums and experiment with songs from each of them. What is a little surprising is that of the six songs on offer, three of them are from their most recent album, ‘Mut’, with just one taken from each of the others. The result is something that is incredibly compelling, as they mix the emotional atmospheric sounds of BM with Muse to create something that is easy to listen to, yet strangely quite disturbing at the same time.

There are elements of Burzum in some of their approach, and it is a deeply compelling work throughout, with the one major flaw being that it is less than thirty minutes in length, which is not nearly long enough. The first three tracks are from ‘Mut’, then ‘Resplendent Grotesque’, then ‘Augur Nox’ before ending with “Brass Dogs” which was originally on the debut, ‘Nouveau Gloaming’, which came out in 2005.

It is the first three songs on this EP that work the best for me, possibly showing just how far they have come in recent years. But, there isn’t a dull moment, and anyone into post rock, BM, experimental prog metal etc. will find a great deal here to enjoy. That they cross so many musical boundaries are a testament to Aort, who has kept the band going all these years, and hopefully it won’t be too long until we get the next full-length release. For more details visit the label site at www.agoniarecords.com.

http://captainofthelostwaves.com

CODE
LOST SIGNAL
(AGONIA)
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 Remedies at a charity concert in which they both performed and he plucked up courage to ask him if he would kindly agree to perform the New Gospels with him. The concert was a tremendous success and Ramon’s feeling and understanding of the music moved many people to tears.

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

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

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

A TRIBUTE TO THE DREAMCAST - BY MR BIFFO

I attended Sega's lavish UK launch party for its Dreamcast with my friend and Digitiser columnist Violet Berlin. I remember her greeting the actor Verne Troyer with the words "Hello, Mini-Me!", which - as I remarked at the time - I'm sure he loved.

The only other celebrity I remember being there was Paula Yates, who had brought her young daughter Peaches along. I never saw her talking to anyone, and though it's easy to read much into her behaviour, thanks to what we now know, she seemed to me rather alone... just sort of wandering around the party with Peaches on one arm, and a large wicker bag on the other.

It's heartbreaking to think that neither mother nor daughter are with us anymore. Indeed, it's probably only a matter of time for Sega too; such is the curse of the Dreamcast.

http://tinyurl.com/jxusspl
After a few gigs a guy turned up from a drum factory and offered to supply Sam Kelly with the kit of his choosing for the duration of the tour. Sam was pleased with this and they decided that he should come to the factory to choose a kit when we played in the adjacent town. Sam asked if he could travel with us that day because we were leaving in the morning and he would have more time to look at drums. I told him we were leaving pretty early because it was a long drive, and that if he was not there at 6:30 am, we would not wait for him. He agreed. The next morning I got up and went down to the bus. It was, as usual, littered with empty beer bottles so I gathered them up and put them in the bin. In among the detritus of the previous night’s gigging there was an empty vodka bottle. I had an idea and so I took that into the hotel, washed it out and then half filled it with water. I told the crew about this. Sam arrived and we piled into the bus. I was taking first stint at driving. When everyone was sitting down I picked up the vodka bottle and said:

‘This bottle has no lid, it’s going to fall over and go everywhere. Let’s finish it off.’

I took a great big swig of the water in the bottle and passed it on. It went round the bus until it got to Sam, but by then it was empty – as planned. Sam looked at us in astonishment. Gordon was rolling a spliff in the passenger seat and Gary was chopping out a few lines.

‘I suppose I had better join you,’ he said and pulled out a bottle of Jack Daniels and downed a huge swig of that. Gordon passed the spliff to him and within minutes of setting off he was asleep. He did not wake until we arrived at the gig.

After the soundcheck we sat down to eat, and he said to the band:

‘These guys are amazing, they wake up at 6am, get in the bus, drink half a bottle of vodka, have a spliff and then drive 400km without batting an eyelid.’

I did not tell him it was water in the vodka bottle until the tour was over. We met up again in 2013 when I popped in to see ‘The Chuck Farleys’, a band he plays with.

‘I still have not forgotten that trick with the vodka bottle,’ he told me.

We went on through to Austria. It was here I learned about a tradition that the Austrian promoter, Wolfgang...
Klinger, had. He would put in a day off and take everyone somewhere unusual to get drunk. On this tour it was a schnapps factory on a mountain. I say ‘factory’, it was really a cottage industry, but they did make their own schnapps there and we were invited to sample it for free. I was never too keen on sledgehammer spirits (except tequila) so I only had a couple, but everyone else was going for it. We were sitting in a small hunting lodge type bar, decorated with animal heads and ice picks; someone suggested to Wilf that he got his hair cut and then Chris Youle bet him a week’s wages that he would not have his hair cut and beard shaven off there and then. He said he would and so Chris got the guy at the bar to call for a hairdresser to come up and do it. When the hairdresser arrived she was dressed in leather trousers, and was very good looking. She proceeded to give Wilf a haircut and shave in the middle of the room. He did make a drunken attempt to get her to come to the hotel later but she never showed up.

The gigs had not been going too well for Ray. You can get into a spiral of things going wrong on a tour. Everyone has one or two bad days, but get a run of them and you can start to doubt you own ability to do the job. For a monitor engineer the worst thing that can happen is that you start to think that you are doing it wrong and then you overcompensate and it all goes downhill. You can’t hear what is happening on the stage as I said before and once you get to the stage of having pulled large swathes of frequencies out of a mix all you have is a quiet mix that sounds odd. By the time we got to Austria, Ray was well along that route. His confidence was slipping and he was drinking a bit too much; a recipe for disaster in anyone’s book.

We turned up at one gig in Matrei in Austria to find we were playing in a small village. Not only that, but we were actually doing the gig in a large shed that was usually used to train horses. Sawdust on the floor and a general smell of animals. It all went wrong right at the start when Martin the truck driver tried to back into the courtyard. In the process he slipped the fifth wheel, which for those of you unfamiliar with trucking terms, is the bit at the back of the cab of an articulated truck – a recipe for disaster. It had been built on the valley floor in the valley on the slope of an adjacent mountain. ‘Where?’ I asked.

‘Let’s have a party.’ We went off to his bar after that and stayed there drinking for a while. He came over to us and said, ‘He’s a party.’

‘That is my house, we can party there.’

The gig the next day was in Graz, which is not so far away from where we were, but involves driving through some fairly narrow and winding mountain roads. Apart from that we knew we would have to repair some of the horns so we had decided we would leave early the next morning. We all decided not to go off to the guy’s house. All, that is, except Ray. When he told us he was going to go I reminded him about the leave time.

‘We are leaving the hotel at 7am tomorrow. If you are not on the bus by then you had better start looking for a job here.’

When we came back after eating, the hall was alive with beer stands, Gluhwein vendors and various purveyors of pretzels and hot, meat-based, food. All of these were hooked into the hall’s power supply. They may not be hooked into the actual 3 phase box that we were, but they were all drawing on the same supply somewhere and this was a small town. I could not see where all these people had come from. There were not enough houses there for them all to live in.

The show kicked off and, four numbers in, the power went off. We switched off the PA, reset the breakers and, after a quick discussion decided to continue with half the lighting. The band came back on and played from the note they had stopped at before. Very impressive. The power tripped again – and came straight back on and went straight off and came straight back on, accompanied each time by a loud thud as the amps kicked in. I rushed round to the power box to find the caretaker resetting the breakers each time they went out. I stopped him from doing that but it was too late. He had already blown some of the horns in the PA. That was it for the night. The promoter took to the stage to explain and we struck the stage. Disaster didn’t stop there though. We had a free night. We were out and finished by 9pm and the promoter invited us along to his bar for a drink.

We went off to his bar after that and stayed there drinking for a while. He came over to us and said, ‘Let’s have a party.’

‘Where?’ I asked.

He took us outside and pointed at a light across the valley on the slope of an adjacent mountain.

‘That is my house, we can party there.’

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The gig the next day was in Graz, which is not so far away from where we were, but involves driving through some fairly narrow and winding mountain roads. Apart from that we knew we would have to repair some of the horns so we had decided we would leave early the next morning. We all decided not to go off to the guy’s house. All, that is, except Ray. When he told us he was going to go I reminded him about the leave time.

‘We are leaving the hotel at 7am tomorrow. If you are not on the bus by then you had better start looking for a job here.’
When we get excited or sad our breathing changes pace, our temperature changes - meaning our atoms vibrate at changing speeds, etc. Music excites motion in our bodies, which creates emotion. Like the jackhammer of the worker on the street creates vibration to make the picture fall off the wall in your house, so the singer creates vibration that transforms our hearts.

What is common and what is different between human dialogue and instrument dialogue?

Of course, text, and that is the most important thing. In this internet age, we seem to be losing storytellers. Telling of age old stories of culture has been central to the development of cultures for millennia. Now Facebook and internet groups, short sound bites, and short attentions are what we deal with. Stories are no longer told. We are losing the tradition of listening to stories, and then learning from them: we learn about our own human history, about how we are, about ourselves, about what to continue and what we dare not repeat. We also hear of the stories of “other.” In this digital era, we can search for just the news we want to hear, for just the groups we want to belong to. In the age of stories, we hear about stories of others, which leads to greater empathic living. The more I understand your story, the more compassion I
I don’t really understand what you are asking here. But I have said above that I think all music is a metaphor of some kind. Not literally. I think when we have tried to be literal in our music making that leads to poor art. I think you saw that during Soviet times, that the music dedicated to the State, for example Shostakovich, is of lesser quality than his symphonies which were more human in expressiveness. In America, after the September 11th bombings in New York, there was much patriotic or sentimental art created about the events. Virtually all of it is too sentimental and only had temporary meaning. Only now after 16 years is art being created that is more general that may refer to the pain of those events, but only in a generally human way.

So text is the most important difference?

As I said above, the instrumental world also has a narrative of colour, musical gesture and shape, and resonance that reflects the voice and reflects the hum and experience, so we draw parallels, but they are more general. Instrumental music also tends to be longer than vocal music, and that is a positive thing. Leonard Bernstein said that when we make or hear great music, we breathe a “strange, special, air.” A longer piece helps immerse a listener in that strange special air for a longer time, which I feel creates a more profound concert experience for the listener.

Lastly, as a singer breathes, the depth and meaning, and the effort and timing all communicate a narrative as well. The breath resonates with the listener. As choirs breathe together it transforms them. Heartbeats tend to unify, as do body functions, as do attitudes and spirit.

What is common and what is different between structure of symphonic or choral artwork and polylog of human characters in our civilization life?
Kalavala, Just So Stories, Aesop’s Fables, Jesus’ Parables and not specifically about the characters, but what they point to. So too, every song we sing is not just about what we are singing, but the universal humanity that it points to. Many of our public schools in America do not allow sacred music. But if we look at all music, Buddhist, Christian, Muslim, and secular as having universal meaning and not sectarian, then there is no problem.

Do you work with secular and spiritual streams in your chorus and orchestra artworks? How you mixing or uniting these ways?

We do. And we always approach it from the aspect of storytelling. I feel that choirs and orchestras to a lesser extent are the most important storytellers of our time. So we sing a Rachmaninov Vespers, we tell the story of the Russian people in the early 20th century; the beauty, the coming revolution, the tradition, the orthodoxy, the anonymity of the iconographer. If we sing a Magnificat, we tell the story of the composer, Mary, the tradition of Advent, of darkness and light, of contrast, of the paradoxes of Advent, the mountains made plain and the valleys lifted up. We tell stories that are universal and which emanate from the specific. Like ancient storytelling, the Epic poetry, the

Spiritual music in the religious sense is perhaps trying to create vibration in those areas we cannot see. When I stand in a Russian Orthodox worship, and the Cantor sings a long chant on one pitch, my mind or spirit seems pulled into a deep place, then as he breaks the intonation with a sudden silence, or the change of one tone, my whole body is shocked like being splashed with cold water. This is a spiritual journey, there is a subtle, unseen element of resonance and vibration occurring. The seen and unseen.

Can you talk readers about your personal acoustic philosophy?

When I listen to singers, I listen for resonance and acoustic rather than vowels and colour. Are they resonating efficiently on that pitch? The vibrato, tension, vowel distortion all point to challenges in acoustics and resonance in the vocal tract. I can align the resonance by hand gesture metaphors as well as vocal tract vowel modification, by “breathing” in a particular vowel that will shape the pharynx appropriately. This allows all voice parts to resonate together on the different frequencies that they sing and creates an unusual blend and tuning. Remember America is a melting pot, singers come from all over the world; there is much less ethnic uniformity than there is in most countries in the world. So, helping choirs blend is always a challenge, but all choirs can benefit by matching resonance.
The Song of
PANNE
Being Mainly About Elephants
JONATHAN DOWNES
IN THE GREY HALF-LIGHT BETWEEN FACT AND FANTASY

The first book of Xtul stories comes out in book form next week, and will be available via all good retailers, through Fortean Fiction. But the story is far from over, and having taken a few weeks off to restore my battered savoir faire I am recommencing...

Are you sitting comfortably? Good. I shall begin.

My dear wife once told me that I was unkind to describe Malcky as “a lanky, red haired streak of piss” who was “about as much use as tits on a bull”, but it seemed apposite then, as it seems apposite now. But it does seem that the bloody man learned something from me during the years that he hung about my household. Because from what Danny told me, the opening scenes of Victor Ludorum’s perverted soirée, lit and
Geneva Place, just around the corner from the Grammar School on Abbotsham Road. ‘Dirty Gertie’ must have attended ‘Geneva’, which is why I never knew her.

I say this not from any reasons of snobbery, but because - whereas Bideford Grammar School did start admitting girls in the autumn of 1972 - it was a year after I had started, and we only ever had a handful of girls in our class, and none of them were called ‘Gertie’. In fact, to the best of my knowledge, none of them were ‘Dirty’ either, and I am sure that I would have remembered someone who had the reputation that ‘Dirty Gertie’ had even as stage managed by the lanky red haired streak of piss himself, were nothing short of magnificent.

Once upon a time there was a woman who went under the sobriquet of ‘Dirty Gertie’. She was apparently my age (give or take a few years) and even went to the same school as me, apparently. This is not as significant as one might have thought, because until the fifth year what was to be known as Bideford School (later, Bideford College) was actually two different schools, Bideford Grammar School (which I attended) and Bideford Secondary Modern School, known to everyone as ‘Geneva’ because the huge, red brick edifice that held it was sited on...
Apparently she lived in one of the terraced houses above the Pannier Market, in the narrow street which had once held a pub called The Lamb. And it was from here that she carried out her business as a very low class prostitute, who would do anything for under a tenner. But I never went there, I never met her, and to the best of my knowledge I never even saw her. And to be quite honest I had forgotten all about her until that peculiar afternoon in the late autumn of 2015, when Danny Miles jogged my memory.

But, as I said, I had never heard of her during my schooldays, and it was only many years later that I heard of her. In a last ditch attempt to save the family honour, my parents sent me to a fairly crappy boarding school on Exmoor after I had failed most of my O Levels. After I was expelled from there, I lived in Exeter, Bracknell and Plymouth for short periods of time, before moving back with my parents, and then living in Canada for a while. I didn’t find myself back in Bideford until 1981, five years after I had left, and by this time the myth of ‘Dirty Gertie’ was in full swing.

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Although I had never met her (nor had I had any particular desire to) it did not come as any great surprise to find that she was a social and professional intimate of Malcky and Emmz, or that the gruesome twosome had co-opted her to join them in their business venture. Victor Ludorum had made it clear that money was not a problem, and had given Malcky carte blanche to spend whatever he needed in order to make the evening a success.
country, if you lived in the vicinity of a shipping port, it was pretty widely used by commercial fishmongers, and was thus reasonably easy to get hold of. Nowadays it is even easier, with several websites boasting of their ability to provide carbon dioxide in its solid state in a variety of easy to use shapes and sizes, to anyone with a credit card and a legal mailing address.

Cushti.

Then, you put the dry ice in the tin bucket, and pour small amounts of boiling water onto it, using the electric fan to direct the resulting white, semi-opaque vapour across the stage or other area that you wish to cover in mist. Carbon dioxide vapour, being heavier than air, drifts spookily across the stage to greatly theatrical effect. If you then illuminate the stage area with coloured stage lighting it is even more impressive, and has provided generations of rock bands who hold the Health and Safety executive in disdain, with a cheap and massively impressive piece of stagecraft!

So, using a fair amount of presentational nous which I am not particularly proud to say that he probably got from me, Malcky hired (or bought - I neither know, nor care) a small but useful lighting rig, a PA system and used an old trick I had told him about to make a mist machine as impressive as anything used by a Goth band in the mid-1980s.

Back in 1982 when I was a first year Student Nurse in South Devon, I became friends with a bloke called Kevin, who was one of the Charge Nurses at (the now long demolished) Royal Western Counties Hospital at Starcross. Kevin was a multi-instrumentalist who had his fingers in a whole slew of musical pies (including some that involved me) and taught me all sorts of useful tricks, including a (these days) massively illegal but very useful way of making the sort of ghostly mists on stage, so beloved of bands like The Mission.

It was simple. All you need is a tin bucket of dry ice, an electric kettle, an electric fan, and some water. Whereas, even back then, dry ice was not an easy thing to get hold of in most of the country, if you lived in the vicinity of a shipping port, it was pretty widely used by commercial fishmongers, and was thus reasonably easy to get hold of. Nowadays it is even easier, with several websites boasting of their ability to provide carbon dioxide in its solid state in a variety of easy to use shapes and sizes, to anyone with a credit card and a legal mailing address.

Cushti.
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 childrens 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
WHAT'S FOR DINNER?
BY MARTIN SPRINGETT
AH! THERE YOU ARE!
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!!!"

This week’s poems should have appeared in this magazine some weeks ago, but—although I commissioned them—my email system ate them, and I only received them a few days ago. Sorry Thom...

DEKE LEONARD BEGAN IN WALES

Think “Lucifer & The Corncrackers” evolving into MAN then ICEBERG
then THE JETS (aka THE SMOKELESS ZONE)
then psychedelic DREAM, then THE BYSTANDERS, then MAN again
Solo, then ICEBERG, then MAN etc but Deke is beloved not just for his music,
As an author, radio and TV panelist, he shared his life on Pub Rock Quizzes via his four books: RHINOS, WINOS & LUNATICS, MAYBE I SHOULD’VE STAYED IN BED, THE TWANG DYNASTY (From Memphis to Merthyr) to MAXIMUM DARKNESS (Man on the Road to Nowhere).

It was his wit and storytelling ability endeared him to so many as a raconteur he spilled the wine of road gigs and other impossible logistics
about crazed shows and impossible record contracts
about joining and leaving and rejoining and leaving (eg SON OF MAN)
both MAN and ICEBERG as people changed and everything transformed
Deke was more than a Welsh musician and raconteur, he was as beloved as Bard and Muse on BBC radio and TV as he was in pubs and on stages around the singing Western world.

"ONLY TIME WILL TELL" in the "HEAT OF THE MOMENT"

YES PROGRESSIVE MUSIC JUST LOST JOHN WETTON
when colon cancer, sepsis, heart problems, alcoholism could not stop his "lasting melodies and wonderful lyrics" from resonating within all of us. Whether you loved King Crimson’s HEARTS TONGUE IN ASPIC, or STARLESS & BIBLE BLACK, or RED - or enjoyed Asia’s (Sole Survivor) anthems or URIAH HEEP or BRIAN FERRY's works (he toured with Roxy Music) - or extended your love to RENAISSANCE, FAMILY, WISHBONE ASH or MOGUL THRASH you were still resonating to the vocal /musical/bass lines of John Wetton.
His solo works will be re-issued - but the true loss to us is of his live performances.
He was to have toured with ASIA/JOURNEY. His journey is now within all of us - we who remember with love and respect that voice and bass lines from childhood 70s right up to the PHOENIX of Asia / his UK and iCon;
and all the songs he played upon that must now live with us with our bright memories of John Wetton.
In Victorian times every well-bred Gentleman had a 'Cabinet of Curiosities'; a collection of peculiar odds and sods, usually housed in a finely made cabinet with a glass door. These could include anything from Natural History specimens to historical artefacts.

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

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

Have you ever been thinking about something, or someone, whilst doing something else, when something else happens which culminates in you saying something to the person you were thinking of in the first place - but erroneously - to the something/someone who interrupted your train of thought?

Huh?  Yes that was rather garbled was it not?  Let me explain in a more nuts and bolts kind of fashion. I was sorting out dessert (or afters/pudding/pud - whatsoever rocks your banana boat really) the other day.  We had an extra person at the dinner table, and after I had dished up two bowls, I realised that I had miscounted and had only scooped the ice cream into Jon's and our visitor's dishes, having forgotten that my mother wished for some too. Hence 'mother' had etched herself into the forefront of my mind at that particular moment.  So, after obtaining another dish and returning to the worktop where I had been serving out the aforementioned pudding, I noticed that Squeakky the kittoon had just completed her usual trick of jumping up on to the worktop and was fast approaching the already dished out contents of the ice cream tub.  So what did I say loudly?  Yep you guessed it….‘Get down Mother!’  Oh how it made me laugh.  I laughed so much I nearly wet myself, which – of course - made it all the trickier to
actually get the extra ice cream serving into the bowl without spilling any, thus satisfying the gluttony of Squeaky.

Now does my opening sentence make sense?

Ah well, 'tis all part of life's rich tapestry.

Ella Fitzgerald Lithograph By Pablo Picasso - US $19,500.00

I am thinking that it would be an honour to be sketched by Picasso, friend or not, but to be honest, this is not the most flattering, is it?


SHAMELESS SELF PROMOTION TIME

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

Check it out now...
“New Nsync Toy FM Light-up Cordless Microphone, Yaboom! Glowing Transmits Via Radio. Brand New...Demo batteries are drained”

I bet they are “snigger”. Well, it’s been a while. That the band broke up I mean. 2002 in fact. What did you think I meant?

BEATLES 1964 Wing Dings sneakers - blue FAB 4 vintage shoes Excellent - US $624.95

“BEATLES 1964 Wing Dings sneakers - These are an original 1964 pair of blue BEATLES Wing Dings, size 55M. The left shoe has two small spots. One is up by the laces and kind of hard to see and the other is down towards the toe and more obvious (see photos). There is also “1.25” written on the bottom of each sole, the price from the store they were located in in the early 70’s. I know nothing about cleaning vintage sneakers so I am leaving any attempt to clean the canvas or the soles up to the buyer. These Fab shoes are in Excellent condition.”

I remember chucking a box that once held a pair of these into the cabinet a year or so back, but this is the first time I have seen a picture of the actual shoes. Not much else I can say really. They are neither great or not so great.

Clockwork Orange Punk Oi Bowler Hat - £40.00

“Clockwork orange – bowler hat...with eye patch and studs...can do in 4 different sizes see below. High Quality 100% Wool Bowler Hat, with satiny lining. You won't be disappointed stand out from the crowd!! don't just wear a trilby from Tesco’s 😜😂 4 Sizes: 55cm 57cm 59cm & 61cm”

Bowler hats are cool. Clockwork Orange bowler hats are not so cool. I detest that movie.

Vintage THE RESIDENTS Cube-E The History Of American Music...1990 Promo Bandana - £45.00

“Soho Music are proud to present this original 1990 promo bandana for The Residents’ Cube-E: The History of American Music in 3 E-Z Pieces. The graphics are lovely and clean throughout and the bandana is generally in Excellent condition, with just a faint stain to the left hand side. It measures 21" x 20.5”.”

Stain...

Lemmy Kilmister / Motörhead Hat - £80.00

“Lemmy kilmister hat...good quality hat for any Lemmy fan like myself, hats will be made to order to suit size required. Inside Lemmy memorial badge, also for extra 5 pounds if you have a motörheadbanger (MHB) membership number you can have your personal membership number on inside of hat on another patch with the Lemmy one
Stray into the woods and forests and you will enter into another world; a world of creatures that live by their own rules, protect their own kind with fierceness, and view all strangers who venture under the protective boughs with deep suspicion. Tread the forest floor with care, for this is also the home of the hairy man - the wildman of the woods. Is he a man? Is he a beast? Is he something in between? Whatever he is, he is spoken about by humans in hushed voices. They are scared of him and they tell tales of him to their children to scare them from entering the hushed darkness of the tree kingdoms. They call him many names; the woodwose, the wudawasa, the wodwos amongst them. The bane of a high-born daughter takes her unintentionally through such a forest on her last journey as a single woman to wed the man of her father's choice. Imposters from another land tramp through such a forest on a mission of their own, killing everything that comes across their path. The lives of some of the creatures that dwell in this place become unavoidably entwined with both these trespassers. The lives of some will change. Some will cease completely.
Why not finish it off with a great pocket watch see pics ....... £19 EXTRA CHARGE DOES NOT COME WITH HAT 🎩

Why not indeed.

“Sizing Info: Small - 55.56cm, (6 7/8 UK) Medium - 57.58cm, (7 1/8 UK) Large - 59.60cm, (7 3/8 UK) X-Large - 61.62cm, (7 5/8 UK)"

Always liked his hat.

BEATLES VINTAGE FRINGED SCARF 26 X 26 - US $105.64 (Approximately £84.72)

“I’VE SCANNED THE LISTING FROM A 1998 BEATLES PRICE GUIDE MOST LIKELY THIS IS WORTH MORE NOW.”

Oh dear. It seems that I have ended up doing half a fashion column again; shoes, hats and now a scarf, albeit a very colourful one.
“Ev’rywhere I hear the sound of marching charging feet, boy”

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

Auld Man’s Baccie

Resonating with the Blues
There are nine Henrys, purported to be the world’s first cloned cartoon character. They live in a strange lo-fi domestic surrealist world peopled by talking rock buns and elephants on wobbly stilts. They mooch around in their minimalist universe suffering from an existential crisis with some genetically modified humour thrown in. I think Peter McAdam is one of the funniest people around, and I cannot recommend his book The Nine Henrys highly enough. Check it out at Amazon. Each issue we shall be running a series of Henrybits that are not found in his book about the nine cloned cartoon characters who inhabit a surreal world nearly as insane as mine...
This book is an erudite catalogue of some of the most peculiar records ever made. The authors have lined up, described and put into context 500 "albums" in the expectation that those of you who can't help yourselves when it comes to finding and collecting music will benefit from these efforts in two ways.

- Firstly, you'll know you are not alone.
- Secondly, we hope that some of the work leads you to new discoveries, and makes your life slightly better as a result.

Each issue we are featuring one of these remarkable and peculiar records in a crass attempt to flog you the book.

Criswell: The Legendary Criswell Predicts Your Incredible Future (Horoscope, 1970)
What? Days of future passed.

Criswell, aka Jeron Criswell King, (1907-1982), was a crowd pleasing prediction artist. Famed for the overblown delivery of his visions, the wild inaccuracy of his work and appearances in resplendent celluloid rubbish of the highest order. It is Criswell who speaks the first words in Plan Nine from Outer Space (1959), famed as the worst movie ever made. The self-same shtick: "we are all interested in the future for that is where you and I will spend the rest of our lives" opens this long playing stream of consciousness. As the willardswormholes website notes: "Criswell was hysterical, not only for his inane predictions, but also for his awful writing and sideshow delivery. These tapes...feature 42 minutes of Criswell going on about everything from aliens to education with LSD, speed, marijuana changing your sex... Scientists revealing pigs once had wings, and are growing them again.

All of the above is achieved with Criswell alone at the microphone and his mellifluous vocal cadences rising to rapid-fire raptures during the most surreal passages.

If Russ Meyer imagined the Book of Revelation Criswell would undoubtedly have appeared, and in that reality his predictions of:

- Embalming by radar
- "Riot, rape and revelry" becoming the new 3 Rs
- UFOs landing at the White House on 6 May 1991
- LSD, speed, marijuana changing your sex
- Scientists revealing pigs once had wings, and are growing them again.

might have some validity.

To be fair to Criswell, this is about entertainment and he throws in the odd obvious joke, like working to a decent level of gravitas before predicting that nudist funeral processions will end at the police station. He is accurate about the future, (he's speaking in the 1960s and the album came out in 1970), ubiquity of vending machines in providing food for the workforce. He is spot on with regard to the possibility of cremated ashes being loaded into warheads of rockets for deployment in space. But, Criswell is a scattergun psychic with an Old Testament vision of the end times, which are all boiling seas, cataclysmic disasters and a select few faced with continuing the human story on some other world. But, there is hope because being "one with God" means you are always in the majority. Whether the "drug party" crowds enjoying this album, have ditched their bongs and followed Criswell's urging to get right with God isn't explained online.
Gregg Kofi Brown has transcended many genres of music...

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

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

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

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

CD and book available soon from Gonzo Multimedia

www.gonzomultimedia.co.uk
THE WORLD OF GONZO ACCORDING TO

Mark Raines

[Image of a drawing with text: ?
DROP THAT
ACCEPT
TERROR
WHOEVER
$7
IS

M. B. Raines]
For some weeks I have been getting increasingly worried that significant chunks of my emails have seemed to be going astray. The Monday before last, for example, Chloe and I wrote 52 e-mails, and only two people actually replied.

This put me in a difficult situation. If I were to write to all the people that I suspected had not been receiving my e-mails, it could well be interpreted as me accusing them of being ill-mannered enough to ignore my emails, and I most certainly didn't want to do this.

I still remember—with a very real shudder—a day, back when e-mail was still a new experience to me, when - upon not receiving a reply to an urgent e-mail - I wrote again, only to be told that the wife of the bloke I was writing to had just died of brain cancer.

Then along comes my knight in shining armour, in the shape of my good friend, noted Danish zoologist, Lars Thomas. It seemed that somehow my gmail account (which I had never used, and which only existed to get into my GoogleDrive) had become active, and about a third of the emails sent to me were ending up there. This has now been fixed.

Thanks Lars.

If I have not replied to an email that you sent me, or if I have been pestering you for an answer to an e-mail that you sent me, please forgive me. I think that I have sorted them all out now, but I had something in the region of 50,000 emails (mostly Google News Alerts) and so I was forced to do the sort of automated searching that I always hate doing because things get lost that way. I was also secretary-less this week and was, therefore, forced to cut even more corners.

So, please, get in touch and chase me if you are waiting for an answer to something.

Bloody computers!

See you next week dudes and dudettes…

Love

Jon
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