

# GONZO

In which we meet the legendary Don Airey, who tinkles the ivories for Deep Purple (amongst others) and talks about his mountainous solo album, John talks about Cary Grace, the Luck of Eden Hall, Steely Dan and Pye Hastings, Alan gives an Observer's Guide to Lithuanian Pop Music, Jon critiques the best novel he has read all year and presents the latest news from The Justified Ancients of Mu Mu

#247

the [deep]

# PURPLE HEADED MOUNTAIN





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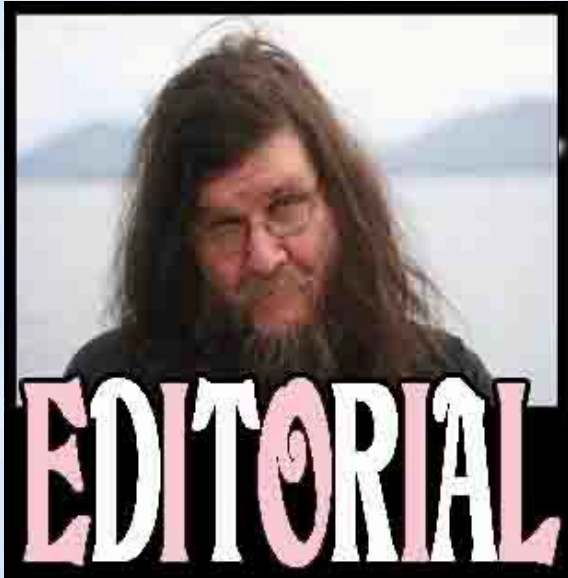


# THE THREE COMMANDMENTS OF GONZO WEEKLY:

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 the magazine that the thinking person uses to put at the bottom of the cage in which they keep their digital budgerigar. Confused? Well so am I, and I always think that it is important for the editor and the readership of a magazine to have something in common. The contributors who make up the gallant



writing staff of this magazine, however, know exactly what is going on.

I make no apologies for returning to the subject upon which I expounded last week: The return of the Justified Ancients of Mu Mu. I expect that this event will take a poll position in this magazine over the next few weeks, mainly because not only do I find the whole thing massively intriguing, but I have a sneaking suspicion that it will be the major cultural event, not only of THIS year, but of several years on either side.





**bido lito!**



# WELCOME TO THE DARK AGES

## GRADUATION BALL

### COME GET THE GATEWAY DRUG !

the world premier of the full 69 min directors cut of The JAMs film 2023: what the fuuk is going on?



LIVE ON STAGE

FOR 3 MINUTES ONLY

THE ONE AND ONLY

# BADGER KULL

PERFORMING

TOXTETH DAY OF THE DEAD

**ai food**



**Greg Wilson<sup>DJ</sup>**

NO TERRORISTS

OR TIMEWASTERS

ENTRY TO THE GRADUATION BALL  
IS INCLUDED FOR WELCOME TO THE DARK AGES TICKET HOLDERS  
A LIMITED AMOUNT OF £10 TICKETS TO THE BALL ARE AVAILABLE AT [BIDDLITO.CO.UK/JAMS](http://BIDDLITO.CO.UK/JAMS)  
25TH AUGUST | INVISIBLE WIND FACTORY | 22:00 TO THE END...





Something else that I find irresistibly intriguing is the way Messrs Drummond and Cauty seem to be tapping into the same bits of the cultural zeitgeist that I have been over the past few years; the wasteful, cruel and totally pointless killing of a small but significant portion of our badger population, sacrificed on the altar of political expediency.

This week, the JAMMS/K2 Plant Hire (and no, I am not oblivious of the lexilink to this week's cover story) made the following announcement:

### **The Graduation Ball**

The Justified Ancients of Mu Mu will be throwing a Graduation Ball, following the events of Welcome To The Dark Ages.

**This Graduation Ball** will be for all of The Volunteers who have graduated to The Dark Ages.

**This Graduation Ball** will be at the Invisible Wind Factory.

**The Invisible Wind Factory** is

many things.

One of those things is a nightclub.

**The Invisible Wind Factory's** doors will open at 22:00 on Friday the 25th of August.

**The address of the Invisible Wind Factory** is 3 Regent Rd, Liverpool L3 7DS.

There will be guest DJs - DJ Food and Greg Wilson.

There will be the world premier screening of the 69 minute director's cut version of the film 2023: What The FUUK Is Going On? by The Justified Ancients of Mu Mu.

There will be the one and only performance by Badger Kull.

**Badger Kull** will be performing



# WELCOME TO THE DARK AGES



**WARNING**

**a lot can go wrong in 72 hours !**



their one and only song.

**Their one and only song**  
is Toxteth Day of the Dead.

Although this Graduation Ball will be free for all of The Volunteers who have graduated to The Dark Ages, there will be a limited number of tickets for the general paying public – £10 entrance fee.

On the guest list will be Vladimir Putin + 1, the Little Perch, The 23 Sparrows, and Tat'jana & Kristina. But no one else.

This Graduation Ball will last as long as it lasts. Or until the last of the Little Perch have been kicked out and thrown back into the Mersey.

Be there at the Birth.

And remember:  
**'Life is the gateway drug to death'**

**Tat'jana & Kristina** appear to be two characters from the JAMMS novel which is due for publication the day after my 58th Birthday. But who the Little Perch are I have no idea. 69 is three times 23, and 23 three is—as you are all aware—the foundation upon which the triptych is to be laid. I wonder whether Badger Kull may be a The-17 style choir made up from the 400 ticket holder 'volunteers'. But who knows? I certainly don't.

But there are only a few more weeks left unless the whole thing is banjaxed by a North Korea/USA adventure in Guam. 2017: What the fuck is going on?



The Justified Ancients of Mu Mu, RAZ Band, Paul McCartney, Foo Fighters, Ronnie Wood, Patti Smith, Alice Cooper, Joe Perry, Strange Fruit, Friday Night Progressive, Canterbury Sans Frontieres, Mack Maloney's Mystery Hour, Chantek, Jessy Serrata, Glen Travis Campbell, Janet Seidel, Arleta, Rick Wakeman, Ashton, Gardner and Dyke, Third Ear Band, Atomic Rooster, Deep Purple, Don Airey, Alan Dearling, Laura Remeikienė, Neda Malūnavičiūtė, Rugile, Boris and the Gopnik tour of Vilnius, John Brodie Good, Cary Grace, The Luck of Eden Hall, Caravan, Pye Hastings, Steely Dan, Donald Fagen and The Nightflyers, Kev Rowland, ESP, Eternal Wanderers, Gentle Knife, Horseneck, Immolation, Integrity, Jam It!, Neil Arnold, Mr Biffo, Roy Weard, Hawkwind, Xtul, Nathan Kuzak, Lemmy, James Brown, Michael Jackson, Ringo Starr, Charlie Watts

#### IT'S A LEGAL MATTER BABY

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



# Dramatis Personae



**THE GONZO WEEKLY**  
*all the gonzo news that's fit to print*

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

## NAMING THOSE RESPONSIBLE

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

**Corinna Downes,**  
(Sub Editor, and my lovely wife)  
**Graham Inglis,**  
(Columnist, Staff writer, *Hawkwind* nut)  
**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,  
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# *so what's it all about, Alfie?*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



# ROCKIN' THE CITY OF ANGELS

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

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

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

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



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



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# THE <sup>gonzo</sup> NEWSROOM



**ON THE RAZ:**  
Michael Rescigno writes:

"I just wanted to update you on the latest news from the RAZ band.

365 Radio Network continues to play the RAZ band every day. They have been very good to us and we finish in their charts almost every week. This week, "\$1.50 For Your Love" came in at #9.

We have also received airplay on some pop stations from our song, "What Love Can Do" because it is on the International Pop Overthrow #20 cd collection. More exposure is good. Our show on July 28th was a rousing success. The band rocked and the audience response was great.

Joey Molland is now at my house. We're rehearsing our new RAZ band songs and have block booked a great studio for 4 days from this Wednesday through Saturday. We should get most of the new album done. I truly believe that this will be the very best RAZ album that has ever been recorded. True story :-)

**gonzo**

**CURRENTLY IN STOCK  
AT GONZO (UK)**

**gonzo**

**CURRENTLY IN STOCK  
AT GONZO (USA)**



"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

**FOO FIGHTING BEATLE:** Sir Paul McCartney has been identified as the big special guest featured on the Foo Fighters' forthcoming album.

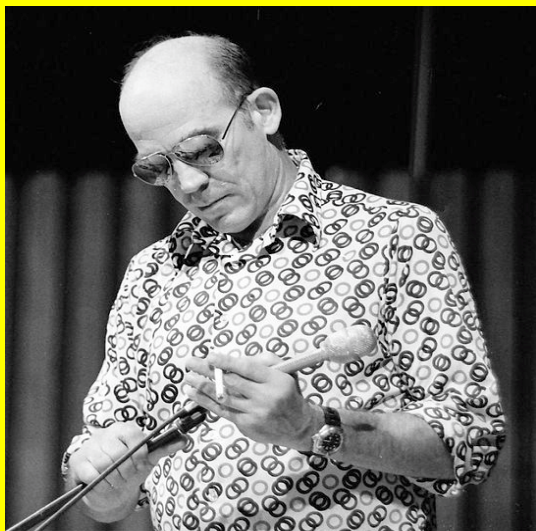
Frontman Dave Grohl teased fans earlier

this year (17) when he told BBC Radio 1 the rockers had secured a number of famous names to join them in the studio for their project Concrete and Gold, claiming the list included the "biggest pop star in the world".



Pic: Zoran Veselinovic





## WHO GONZO? WHY GONZO? WHAT GONZO?

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

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

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

"Every reaction is a learning process; every significant experience alters your perspective. So it would seem foolish, would it not, to adjust our lives to the demands of a goal we set from a different angle everyday? How could we ever hope to accomplish anything anther than galloping neurosis?"

Hunter S. Thompson

He refused to share any further details about the big surprise at the time, but this week (begs31Jul17), he spoke out to deny speculation Adele had lent her vocals to a new song.

Fans had made the connection as Concrete and Gold producer Greg Kurstin had contributed to three tracks on Adele's most recent album, 25.

He also ruled out the prospect of Taylor Swift singing on the project in his interview with Rolling Stone magazine, but now Dave has revealed the person he branded the "biggest pop star in the world" is in fact Beatles icon McCartney, who switched out his signature guitar to play drums for one tune.

"He's a pal," Grohl told ET Canada, while drummer Taylor Hawkins explained, "He hadn't even heard the song. He comes in and Dave picked up an acoustic (guitar) and showed him real quick. He sat on his special drum set that his tech set up for him. I sat there with a drumstick conducting. He did two takes."

<http://www.music-news.com/news/UK/107214/Paul-McCartney-is-Foo-Fighters-album-special-guest>

**GONZO** CURRENTLY IN STOCK AT GONZO (UK)

**GONZO** CURRENTLY IN STOCK AT GONZO (USA)

**STONE SENSE OF TUMOUR:** Ronnie Wood's ex-wife Jo has revealed the rocker is "completely fine" after battling lung cancer earlier this year (17).

The 70-year-old Rolling Stones star revealed in an interview with the Mail On Sunday's Event magazine that he had feared for his life when his doctor told him he had a cancerous lesion on his left lung. After undergoing surgery to



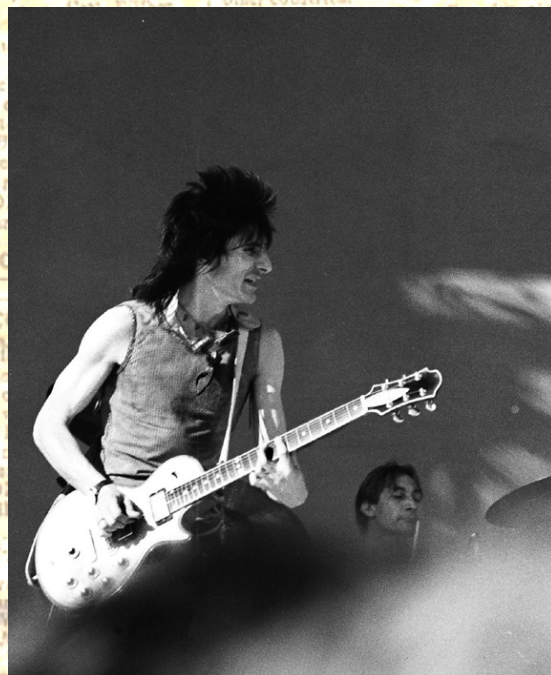


**PATTI AND SAM:** Punk star Patti Smith has recalled the heartbreaking final days of her friendship with her one-time lover Sam Shepard in an emotional tribute to the late actor and playwright. The Oscar nominee passed away last Thursday (27Jul17) following complications from neurological disease amyotrophic lateral sclerosis (ALS), an illness he had secretly battled at his home in Kentucky.

The news of his death was made public on Monday (31Jul17), and on Tuesday (01Aug17), editors at The New Yorker published an online essay written by Patti in memory of her longtime pal and collaborator. Titled *My Buddy*, the article details the rocker's lifelong friendship with Shepard, revealing he would often call her late at night, while on the road, to catch up and share thoughts about "writers and their books". They often met up when their paths crossed in various cities across the globe, and Shepard once promised to show Patti, the co-writer of his 1971 play *Cowboy Mouth*, the beauty of their American homeland.

"Sam promised me that one day he'd show me the landscape of the Southwest, for though well-travelled, I'd not seen much of our own country," Patti writes. "But Sam was dealt a whole other hand, stricken with a debilitating affliction. He eventually stopped picking up and leaving."

<http://www.music-news.com/news/UK/107196/Patti-Smith-pens-emotional-tribute-to-Sam-Shepard>



remove it, Ronnie was told the disease hadn't spread so he had avoided needing chemotherapy or further treatments.

Ronnie added to the publication that he had initially decided not to tell anyone about his health issues, apart from his wife Sally, because he didn't want to burden anyone else with the news. But now, speaking to Britain's *The Sun* newspaper, Jo, who split from Ronnie in 2008, said she would never have feared for her former spouse anyway - because she knows just how strong he is.

"Ronnie will bounce back. He's tough as old boots and completely fine now," Jo said. "He's got to be back on it as he's going on tour."

Rolling Stones frontman Mick Jagger and the band have a string of European dates lined up for later this year. And Ronnie took to his social media to assure fans he would be joining them following the publication of the magazine article, writing: "Thank you for all your words of support today - I'm feeling great and ready to see you on the road next month."

<http://www.music-news.com/news/UK/107266/Ronnie-Wood-opens-up-about-secret-lung-cancer-fight>



# THE <sup>gonzo</sup> NEWSROOM



**SPOOKY ALICE:** Alice Cooper and Joe Perry were once forced to flee a haunted house shortly after the rockers were released from rehab.

The School's Out hitmaker met up with the Aerosmith guitarist in the early 1980s at an old home in Copake, New York to write songs for Perry's 1984 movie *Monster Dog*, but the musicians weren't prepared for the supernatural disturbances they experienced during the collaboration.

"Every time I would put something down - I'd go in the other room, I'd come back - it (the object) was in some other place," Alice recalls to *Rolling Stone* of the creepy haunting. "It was more playful than scary. We were both just out of rehab so we figured we were just insane."

"But (we knew it was real) when the two road guys (with us) said, 'Jeez, I know I put 'em there and they were on the other side of the room when I came back.'"

Although playful at first, the haunting quickly escalated in intensity: "That night at dinner, there's a basement right under us and it sounds like somebody's moving furniture down there. It's not just a bump or a little thing: It sounds like 20 people are moving furniture," Cooper remembered, noting the terrifying bangs prompted himself and Perry to jet out of the house immediately.

"And it's not like the movies where you go, 'Let's go see what that is.' It was more like, 'Do you know where the car keys are?' We got out of there that night," he added.

<http://www.music-news.com/news/UK/107197/Alice-Cooper-escaped-ghost-haunting-with-Joe-Perry-after-rehab-stints>





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

f stop.the.cull



Right On Chris

IT IS TIME TO STAND UP AND BE COUNTED

at 4 P. M., lodge in Springfield, leave at 8:45 morning  
The trains for Troy leave on the arrival the trains  
at Greenbush.  
The trains for Buffalo leave Albany at 7:45 A. & 7 P. M.  
The trains of the Pittsfield and North Adair Rail Road  
connect at Pittsfield.  
The trains of the Hudson and Berkshire Railroad con-  
nect at Greenbush.  
The trains for New  
Springfield, and passing  
Worcester, Windsor, Bolton,  
Stages run from Ch  
Brookfield to Ware, B  
from Palmer to War  
Ware and Mendon.  
Worcester, Nov 30,

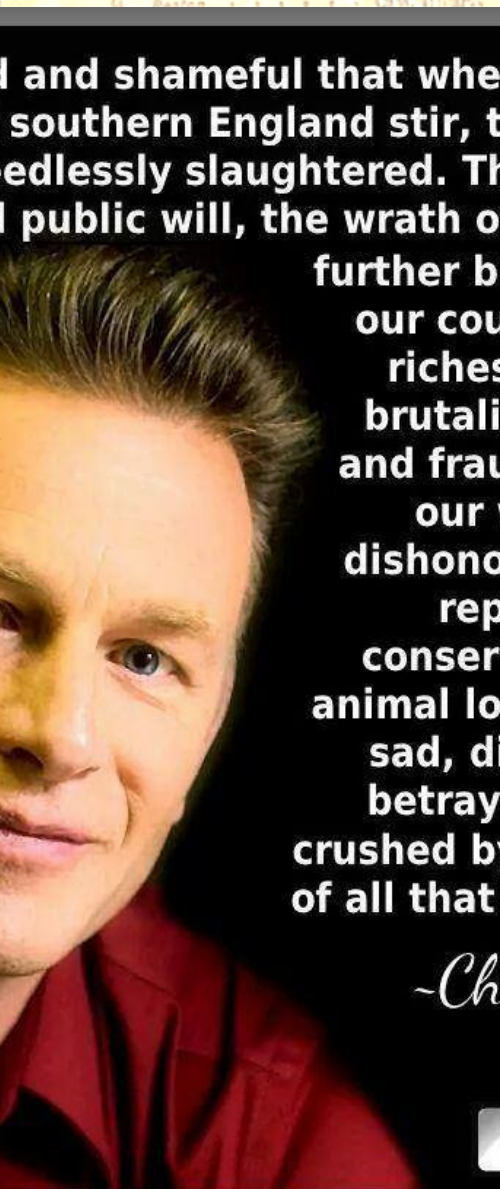
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commanded by experts  
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ton over the New York  
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**ACCOMMODATION**  
Leave Worcester  
Leave Norwich  
connecting with the A  
Western, and Providen  
**NEW YORK**  
Leave Worcester for  
Sept. Sunday, on the  
location at 5 P. M.  
Leave Albany's Point  
excepts Monday) at abo  
**FRE**  
Leave Worcester at 6  
Paras 175-180, when  
the cars,  
Norwich, July 22.

**Providence &**  
**FAME**  
The Grafton and Wor  
iving Worcester at 10  
Booke kept at the Cl  
lice, N. E. Village, G  
the General Stage Of  
**THE**  
Leave Worcester at 7  
leave Providence at 7  
morning and evening t  
support boats.  
forming and evening t  
Worcester with trains  
tickets sold at Providence  
Worcester and Worcester  
**REIGNIT TRAIN**  
relocated Depot, Glee  
**SPR**  
Leave Uxbridge for Pro  
leave Providence for  
the 6:20 A. M. train fro  
ket with train for Bo  
the 5:40 P. M. train fo  
ket with train from Bo  
on class tickets sold  
rine stop at Millbury, Whittemoreville, Grant's, Fair  
ville, Northbridge, Whittemoreville, Uxbridge, Millville,  
Stations, Waterford, Woonsocket, Hamlet, Montville,  
ca, Ashton, Lonsdale, Valley Falls, Central Falls and  
Bewchester.  
**MAAC HINCKLEY, Sup't.**  
**WEIGHT NOTICE**-- Goods remaining at depot 48  
after they are ready for delivery will be charged stor-  
No freight received after 5 P. M. W March 23.

Worcester, Southbridge, and Sturbridge  
**Team Propeller Freight Line.**  
**NEW STORE!**  
Varden Block,) No. 44 Front St.,  
WORCESTER,  
HE subscriber having recently opened a New Store,  
No. 44 Front Street, with a fresh stock of  
**FAMILY GROCERIES,**  
ow prepared to furnish the citizens with every article  
amer Arrangement commencing May 1.  
**THROUGH PASSENGER TRAINS.**  
no Worcester at 8:45, 11:15 A. M., 3:40 and 4 P. M.  
The last on the arrival of the New Haven Train.  
8:45 A. M. train will take up no one east of Framingham  
passengers will leave Millbury at 8:45 A. M. and 3 P. M.  
passengers will leave Fitchburg at 7 A. M. and 4 P. M.  
8:45 P. M. train will not stop at Way Stations to take  
up passengers.  
Leave Worcester at 7:45 A. M., 11:15, 3:40, 4:45 P. M.  
7 A. M. train will stop only to take up passengers at  
Way Stations for Springfield or beyond, or to take up  
passengers for Worcester at Way Stations west of Fram-  
ingham.  
8:45 A. M. train will take up no one east of Framingham.  
4 P. M. train will not stop east of Framingham, except  
to take up Western Railroad passengers at Brighton on  
Sunday.  
8:45 P. M. train is the New York Steamboat Train, to  
Worcester, to run as heretofore, without stops, except at  
connecting places.  
connecting from Millbury and Fitchburg will take the 8:45

**REGULAR LINE OF PACKETS**  
**Between Norwich and Philadelphia.**  
Sail on **WEDNESDAY** of each week.  
The line is composed of the following Packets:  
New Schr. James L. Day, 1:1 Capt. Nash.  
" " Mary H. Chappell, 2:1 Capt. Griffin.  
" " Hartford, 3:1 Capt. Adams.  
" " Boston, 4:1 Capt. Ward.

This subscriber, by appointment from the Hon. Sec-  
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the necessary Papers and Drawings; will make references  
into American and foreign works, to test the validity of inven-  
tions, and render advice to inventors and scientific authors  
upon the subject of Patents, and the manner of securing the same.



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

**WORCESTER, MASS.,**  
Near the City Hall.  
To those who wish to secure cheap publications, of  
T. S. S. and modern designs, I would say that I have  
succeeded in procuring the best of London and American  
publications on the subject of Monumental and Head Stones,  
and the like, and at the best of prices.  
I have also a large stock of the same, and am prepared to  
furnish them to order.  
W. H. WINNEY  
**WHOLESALE**  
**Western Produce Store.**  
FOR SALE,  
2000 BUSHELS SHORTS;  
5000 do. Northern CORN;  
200 Bushels OATS;  
500 do RYE;  
150 do BEANS;  
3000 do. BUCK WHEAT FLOUR;  
CORN AND RYE MEAL.  
OTIS DRAMAT,  
Worcester, Feb 11. dwt 13 Washington Square.

**NEW STORE!**  
(Warden Block,) No. 44 Front St.,  
WORCESTER,  
THE subscriber having recently opened a New Store,  
No. 44 Front Street, with a fresh stock of  
**FAMILY GROCERIES,**  
and the subscriber is prepared to furnish the citizens with every article  
THE subscriber continues to run THE EX-  
PRESS between Boston and Worcester, for  
the safe transmission of Packages, Bundles,  
Bank Notes, Specie, and Merchandise, generally.  
Three Times each way Daily.  
Particular attention given to paying, collecting and ne-  
gotiating notes, drafts, bills, and purchasing and selling  
merchandise, produce, &c.  
All packages must be directed to his care.  
The subscriber is alone responsible for property entrusted  
to his care, and no risk is assumed by the Union and  
Worcester Rail Road Company.  
Packages by this line forwarded from Worcester to  
Salem, Newbury, Fitchburg, Fall River, and New Bedford;  
also, to Portland, and all parts of Maine.  
Through rates for goods to be returned by this Express.  
Office--HARDEN & CO'S Office, 8 Court Street  
Boston; J. H. ENIGHT'S HAT STORE, 155 Main St.  
Worcester.  
Feb 24, 1877. R. S. LEONARD. dwt



---

## 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.

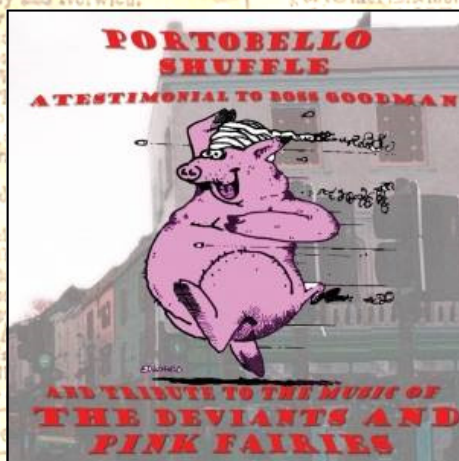






# I'M ON BOARD!

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



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

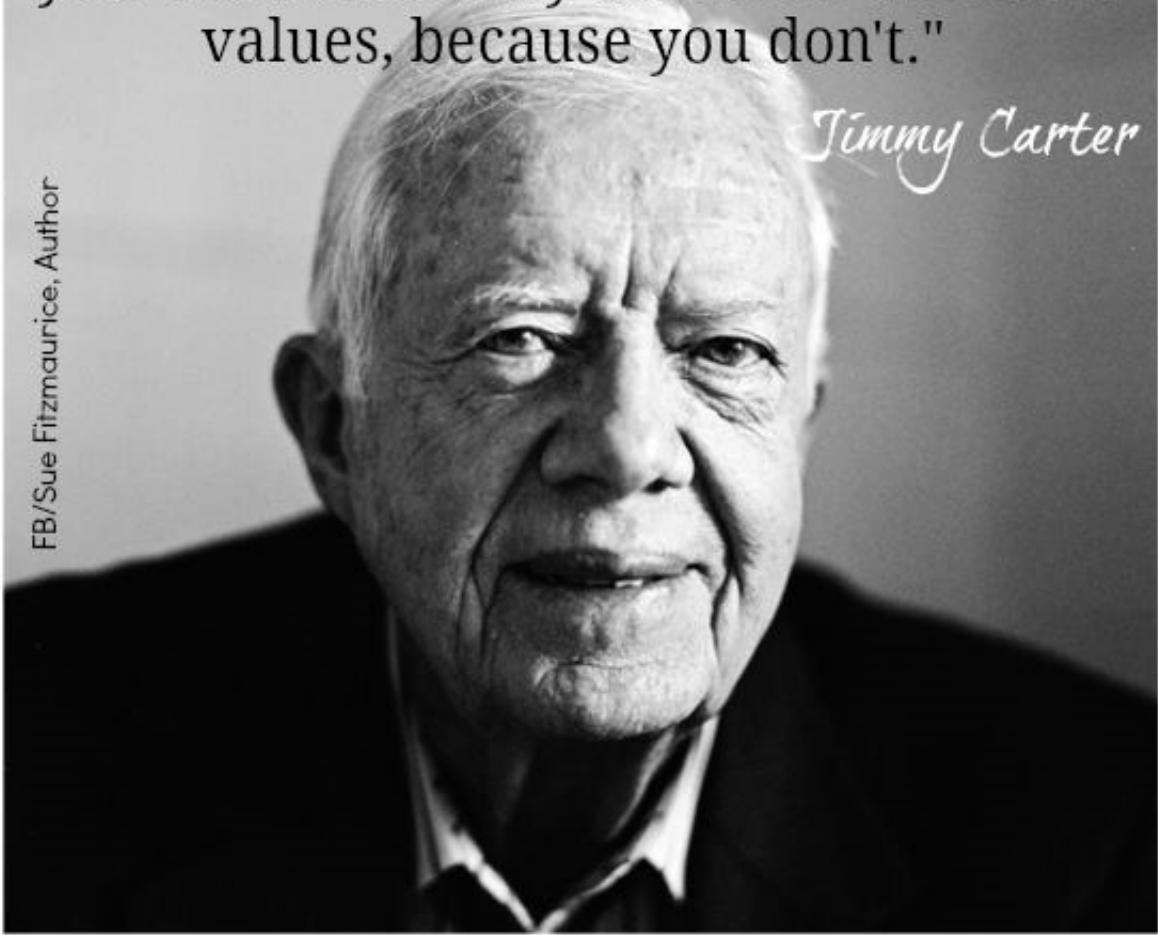
**MICHAEL DES BARRÉS ON**  
**LITTLE STEVEN'S UNDERGROUND GARAGE**  
MAXIMUM ROCK AND ROLL  
MORNINGS 8AM - 11AM ET CH21 **SIRIUS** | ((XM))  
SATELLITE RADIO  
(FILLING IN FOR ANDREW LOOG OLDHAM)



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

*Jimmy Carter*

FB/Sue Fitzmaurice, Author



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



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# Peculiar News of the Week



Each week Richard Freeman: world famous cryptozoologist, explorer, author, and one of the most peculiar people I know picks a suitably off story from the world's press.

## **The Furred Reich: The truth about Nazi furries and the alt-right**

<http://www.newstatesman.com/science-tech/social-media/2017/02/furred-reich-truth-about-nazi-furries-and-alt-right>







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!

---



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



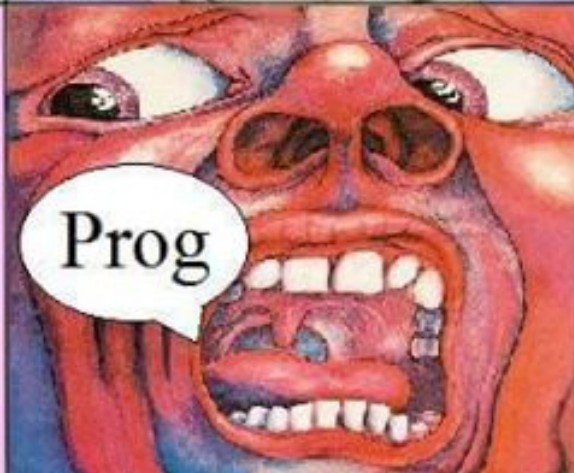
Hmph... You be careful, those  
boys only care about one thing.



Sex?



No...



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







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

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

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

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



SF 223 – 20 AUG 2017 – BUTTING IN

The Birthday Party: Release the Bats  
 Edith Massey: Big Girls Don't Cry  
 Sonic Jesus: Space Heels  
 Butthole Surfers: Sweet Loaf  
 Ceus de Abril: Regando Lirios  
 Scanner and Anni Hogan: Once Upon  
 Vieux Farka Toure: Samba Si Kairi  
 Bonnie Jo Mason: Ringo I Love you  
 Lavender Country: To a Woman  
 Butthole Surfers: Human Cannonball  
 Hawkwind: Space is Deep  
 Kurt Cobain: You Can't Change me/ Burn  
 my Britches/ Something in the Way  
 Groove Armada: Whatever Whenever  
 Ma Rainey: Walking Blues  
 Captain Beefheart: When Big Joan Sets up  
 Alice Coltrane: Turiya and Ramikrishna  
 Sylvian Chaveau: Slowburner (with  
 Stillness)  
 Crystal Jacqueline: Await the Queen  
 Crosby, Stills and Nash: Wooden Ships  
 The Uncalled 4: Grind her up  
 Riot Squad: Why Should we?  
 Butthole Surfers: Graveyard  
 Butthole Surfers: 22 Going on 23  
 Serafina Steer: Night Before Mutiny

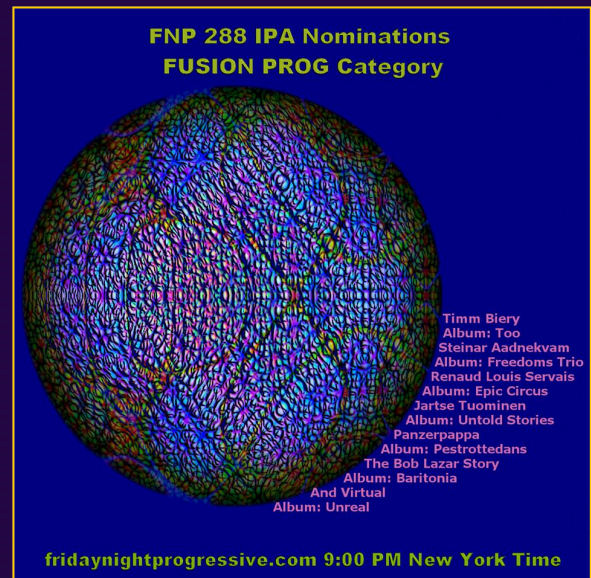
**Listen  
Here**





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

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



#### Artists:

Timm Biery - Album: "Too"

<http://www.facebook.com/TimmBieryMusic/>  
Steinar Aadnekvam – Album: "Freedoms Trio"

<http://www.facebook.com/steinarguitar/>  
Renaud Louis Servais – Album: "Epic Circus"

<http://www.facebook.com/RLSGroup/>  
Jartse Tuominen - Album: "Untold Stories"

<http://www.facebook.com/jartsetuominenmusic/>

Panzerpappa – Album: "Pestrottedans"  
<http://www.facebook.com/Panzerpappa-112379508814650/>

The Bob Lazar Story – Album: "Baritonia"  
<http://www.facebook.com/theboblazarstory/>  
And Virtual – Album: "Unreal"

<http://www.facebook.com/andvirtual/> —  
with Donald Cramer, David Penna, Timm Biery Music, Trond Gjellum, Renaud Louis-Servais, Nicholas Love, Matt Deacon, Christiane Heide, Jartse Tuominen, Gianluca Missero, Lobsang Kedrub, Roland W. Craig, Steinar Aadnekvam and Jim Cochrane.

**Listen  
Here**

# Friday Night Progressive





## CANTERBURY SANS FRONTIÈRES: Episode Forty—Nine

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:

Eric Dolphy's influence on the young Richard Sinclair, another gem from a lesser Gong album, Robert Wyatt at home on the piano, half of Hillage and Giraudy's '79 ambient masterpiece "Rainbow Dome Music", Hatfield live in '75 and an Egg miniature. Also, some neo-prog from Guapo, progressive electronica from Amon Tobin and Four Tet and yet more Terry Riley. From the Canterbury of recent times, a Boot Lagoon studio jam, a solo piece from the Boot's guitarist, another track from the new Syd Arthur live EP and a recent piece of melancholia from Stray Ghost. The middle hour is dedicated to the commemoration of the 50th anniversary of John Coltrane's physical death, with some tracks from '59 to '64 interspersed with interview clips.

**Listen  
Here**





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

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

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

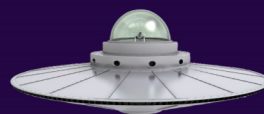


PHOTO BY SMITHMAXFIELD.COM

## AND LOOK WHAT MACK HAS FOR YOU THIS WEEK

### SPECIAL RE-BROADCAST –The Mystery of TWA Flight 800 – 21 Years Later

Two hours devoted to the events surrounding the bizarre crash of TWA Flight 800 off Long Island, New York in July 1996. Was there a bomb on-board? Did a terrorist missile shoot it down? Were UFOs involved? Or did the U.S. Navy blow it out of the sky? Mack, Juan-Juan and Commander Cobra join Agent X, Rob Beckhusen and Switchblade Steve in a roundtable discussion of various TWA 800 conspiracy theories. Investigative reporter & author Jack Cashill joins the conversation in the second hour.



Listen  
Here

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





## **Chantek (1977 – 2017)**

Chantek was born at the Yerkes Regional Primate Research Center in Atlanta, Georgia, who was transferred to UTC (the University of Tennessee at Chattanooga) when he was nine months old. He was a male hybrid Sumatran/Bornean orangutan who understood spoken English, and mastered the use of a number of intellectual skills, including American Sign Language (ASL); he had a vocabulary of around 150 modified ASL signs.

Chantek made and used tools and even understood the concepts of money and work-exchange. He possessed the spatial comprehension to direct a driving-route from UTC to the closest Dairy Queen, and the mental comprehension to refer to events that happened years ago. He was a huge fan of the country basket at Dairy Queen and enjoyed many Dilly bars. He also enjoyed creative projects and made paintings, necklaces, and music.

American anthropologist Lyn Miles was the director of a research project to study apes, and she and a few student volunteers cared for him the first several months after his arrival at UTC. She taught him his first signs, "food-eat" and "drink", and soon after this her teaching schedule made it necessary to hire an assistant, Ann Southcombe. Ann had experience raising 7 baby gorillas at the Cincinnati Zoo and was the first "mother" and "teacher" for Michael, the young gorilla companion to Koko the first signing gorilla. Under the direction of Dr. Miles, Chantek was raised much as a human child yet also had time to be an orangutan. Ann toilet trained Chantek, much as she did Michael. He was given chores, like pick up his toys or sit for a signing test for which he was given an allowance, using steel washers as

money.

Chantek spent almost nine years living under constant supervision in a specially adapted trailer on the UTC campus, and went to classes regularly and was so beloved by the academic community that his photo was included in the school yearbooks. However, as his size increased, and as containing him in his compound became a problem, the administration feared an accident/lawsuit, and they returned him to Yerkes following an incident in which he escaped from his compound and caught a female student by surprise. For the next eleven years of his life, he was confined to a 5x5 cage, where he entered a depression and put on weight due to his inactive lifestyle at Yerkes. When his caretakers were permitted to visit, he continually signed for them to get car keys and take him home. Finally, in 1997, the Zoo Atlanta offered him sanctuary in an enclosure with trees for swinging from branch to branch.

Like children, Chantek preferred to use names rather than pronouns – as the reference is fixed – even when talking to a person. He even invented signs of his own (e.g., 'eye-drink' for contact lens solution, and 'Dave missing finger' for a special friend). He developed referential ability as early as most human children, and pointed to objects just like humans do. Chantek used adjectives to specify attributes, such as "orange dogs" when he referred to orangutans unfamiliar to him.

Chantek also demonstrated self-awareness, by grooming himself in a mirror and by using signs in mental planning and deception. Rather than simply exhibiting conditioned responses, as critics of primate intellect contend, Chantek learned roles – and role reversals – in games like 'Simon Says'. Like many other orangutans who have demonstrated problem solving skills, Chantek exhibited certain intuitive and thinking character traits comparable to the rationality used in human engineering.

His intellectual and linguistic abilities made some scientists, regard him as possessing personhood. This term is often ascribed by experts to animals who demonstrate conscious awareness, language, and acculturation.

To further her objectives, Miles created 'Project Chantek', seeking to better understand the mind of

# THOSE WE HAVE LOST



an orangutan, and her work is supported by the Chantek Foundation. This foundation was also a member of ApeNet (formerly Animal Nation, founded in 2002 by Peter Gabriel) which was an attempt to link great apes through the internet, thus creating the first interspecies internet communication. However, the project was cancelled.

Chantek died on 7<sup>th</sup> August, aged 39.



### **Jessy Serrata (1953 – 2017)**

Serrata, nicknamed "Mr. Iron Throat", was an American Tejano musician and vocalist. He appeared on over 17 albums, and although he was best known for his voice, Jessy also played bass guitar. His music career began with Agapito Zuniga (a.k.a. El Rey de la Cumbia). In 1972, he became a member of the group Los Buenos which included his brother Rene; the brothers would also perform as Los Hermanos Serrata. Jessy was half of the duo Los Chachos with Cha Cha Jimenez.

Jessy's trademark phrase was "Awww Baby", often uttered to express his enthusiasm while performing his music. He tours throughout the US with his band, The New Wave Band. His album *Better Than Ever* was nominated for a Latin Grammy in 2004.

He had recorded and performed with Steve Jordan, Oscar Hernandez y Los Profesionales, Conjunto Bernal, Bobby Naranjo y Grupo Direccion and the Tuff Band.

He died on 4<sup>th</sup> August, aged 63.



### **Glen Travis Campbell (1936 – 2017)**

Campbell was an American singer, songwriter, musician, television host, and actor. He is best known for a series of hits in the 1960s and 1970s, and for hosting a music and comedy variety show called *The Glen Campbell Goodtime Hour*.

Campbell started playing guitar as a youth and he credited his uncle Boo for teaching him that instrument, and in 1954, Campbell moved to Albuquerque, New Mexico, to join his uncle's band, known as Dick Bills and the Sandia Mountain Boys. He also appeared there on his uncle's radio show and on *K Circle B Time*, the local children's program on KOB television. Campbell formed his own band in 1958, the Western Wranglers and two years later he moved to Los Angeles to become a session musician, and also joined the Champs.

By 1961, Campbell had found a daytime job at publishing company American Music, writing songs and recording demos, and it was because of these demos that Campbell soon was in demand as a session musician and became part of a group of studio musicians later known as the Wrecking Crew. He left the Champs in 1961, and was subsequently signed by Crest Record. His first solo release, "Turn Around, Look at Me", was a moderate success, that same year. Campbell also formed the Gee Cees with former bandmembers from the Champs, and they, too, released a single on Crest, the instrumental "Buzz Saw".

From December 1964 to early March 1965, Campbell was a touring member of the Beach Boys, filling in for Brian Wilson, playing bass guitar and singing falsetto harmonies. In 1965, he had his biggest solo hit yet, with a version of Buffy Sainte-

# THOSE WE HAVE LOST



Marie's "Universal Soldier". Campbell also played guitar on the Beach Boys' 1966 album *Pet Sounds*, among other recordings, and in April of the same year, he joined Ricky Nelson on a tour through the Far East, again playing bass.

His biggest hits in the late 1960s were the songs written by Jimmy Webb: "By the Time I Get to Phoenix", "Wichita Lineman", "Galveston", and "Where's the Playground Susie". An album of mainly Webb-penned compositions, *Reunion: The Songs of Jimmy Webb*, was released in 1974, but it produced no hit single records. "Wichita Lineman" (1968) was selected as one of the greatest songs of the 20th century by *Mojo* magazine in 1997 and by *Blender* in 2001.

During the late 1960s and early 1970s, Campbell released a long series of singles and appeared in the movies *True Grit* (1969) and *Norwood* (1970). The 1969 song "True Grit" by composer Elmer Bernstein and lyricist Don Black, and sung by Campbell, received nominations for the Academy Award for Best Song and the Golden Globe for Best Original Song.

"Rhinstone Cowboy" was Campbell's largest-selling single, initially with over 2 million copies sold and still continues to be used in TV shows and films, including *Desperate Housewives*, *Daddy Day Care*, and *High School High*. Campbell also made a cameo appearance in the 1980 Clint Eastwood movie *Any Which Way You Can*, for which he recorded the title song. In 1991, he provided the voice of the Elvis Presley sound-alike rooster Chanticleer in the Don Bluth film *Rock-a-Doodle*.

During his 50 years in show business, Campbell released more than 70 albums. He sold 45 million records and accumulated 12 RIAA gold albums, four platinum albums, and one double-platinum album. He placed a total of 80 different songs on either the Billboard Country Chart, Billboard Hot 100, or Adult Contemporary Chart, of which 29 made the top 10 and of which nine reached number one on at least one of those charts.

In April 2017, Campbell's final album, *Adiós*, was announced, featuring twelve songs from his final 2012–13 sessions, the album being released on June 9, 2017.

Campbell died of Alzheimer's disease on August 8<sup>th</sup>, aged 81.



And a poem from Thom the World Poet:

WICHITA LINEMAN OR RHINESTONE  
COWBOY

SONGS THAT YOU HUM

remain in your mind, even when

their creator has moved on-

Alzheimer's to oblivion.

Those who love the songs-still sing them

Those who loved the man-mourn their loss

Life? or Art? Which lives longer?

Which lives stronger? SING ON!

# THOSE WE HAVE LOST





**Janet Seidel  
(1955 - 2017)**

Seidel was an Australian jazz vocalist and pianist, who was described as a "virtual institution" in her country.

She was a music teacher at Sydney Girls High School, and her albums, recorded with musicians including her brother, bassist David Seidel, were nominated for prizes such as the ARIA Music Awards, whilst her album *Moon of Manakoora* won the Bell Award for Best Australian Jazz Vocal Album in 2006.

Seidel died on 8<sup>th</sup> August at the age of 62, from ovarian cancer.



**Arleta  
(1945 – 2017)**

Arleta, real name Αριάδνη Νικολέτα Τσάπρα Ariadne Nicoleta Tsapra, was a Greek musician, author and book illustrator, who published her first album of her own creation (*Ένα Καπέλο με Τραγούδια, A hat with Songs*) in 1960.

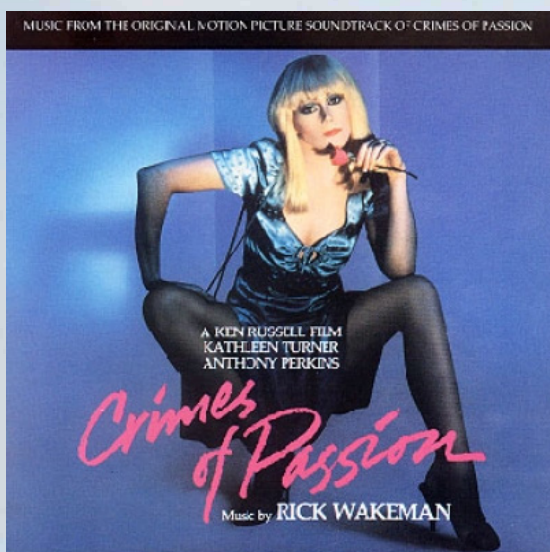
At the beginning of her career she worked with many well-known Greek composers like Giannis Spanos, Manos Hatzidakis and Mikis Theodorakis, and her first great successes came with songs whose music was written by Lakis Papadopoulos and lyrics by Marianina Kriezi.

Her 1997 book, *Από πού πάνε για την Άνοιξη (Whereto does one go to get to Spring)* includes her own illustrations.

She died on 8th August 2017, aged 72.

THOSE WE HAVE LOST





**Artist** Rick Wakeman  
**Title** Crimes of Passion  
**Cat No.** MFGZ018CD  
**Label** RRAW

Rick Wakeman is a remarkable musician who, as well as being the keyboard player most firmly linked with 'Yes' in the public eye, having been a member of this venerable band on no less than five occasions, he also leant his distinctive playing style to hit singles by such notables as David Bower and Cat Stevens.

What is less well known, however, is his

long-standing career as a composer of film soundtracks.

Rick first met Ken Russell when he was asked to star in Russell's peculiar movie Lisztomania in 1975 alongside Roger Daltrey. The term "Lisztomania" was coined by the German romantic literary figure Heinrich Heine to describe the massive public response to Liszt's virtuosic piano performances. At these performances, there were allegedly screaming women, and the audience was sometimes limited to standing room only. Russell, however, played fast and loose with historical fact, and the film features Rick Wakeman as the Norse god Thor, and Richard Wagner as a weird Frankenstein/Hitler wielding a machine-gun-guitar.

This record is the soundtrack from Ken Russell 1984 movie 'Crimes of Passion'. The film explores themes of human relationships and mental illness through a mix of sex and suspense!

Wakeman says: 'Working with Ken Russell was not only a highlight in my musical life but also a great learning time for me as well – Ken truly understood film and film music like no other. He knew what he wanted, but after telling you then expected you to take his ideas to another level. He was always





involved and came to stay with me during my writing period. He would listen and make suggestions. He would always be complimentary if you did something he really liked and if he felt something wasn't working musically, he would discuss it with you and explain what he needed for the film.'



**Artist Ashton, Gardner and Dyke**  
**Title The Last Rebel (original soundtrack)**  
**Cat No. HST432CD**  
**Label Gonzo**

Ashton, Gardner and Dyke was a remarkable Hard Rock ensemble, who are best known for their transatlantic hit single 'Resurrection Shuffle' in 1971. But they could have been so much more! Singer Tony Ashton, for example, was part of the band that backed George Harrison on his first solo album in 1968. Even when the trio were in the height of both critical and commercial success, he was working outside the group with various members of Deep Purple. This record, originally intended as a band project, actually became something far more exciting.

An article on [deep-purple.net](http://deep-purple.net) puts this extraordinary record in historical context.

"To a Deep Purple fan, especially a Jon



Lord fan, this album is a lost gem. Add to which that it also features Tony Ashton (as part of Ashton, Gardner & Dyke) and you have both an addition to the catalogue of Jon's orchestral work and a precursor to their subsequent collaborations, 'First Of The Big Bands' and 'Malice In Wonderland'. Whilst originally credited as an Ashton, Gardner & Dyke album, a look at the writing credits shows that this album owes an awful lot to Jon Lord. The session tapes also testify to Jon's management of the project. In addition to providing keyboards on many tracks, he also conducts the orchestra and turns his hands to tambourine and xylophone."

There have been several films called 'The Last Rebel' but this one is set in Missouri in 1865 at the end of the American Civil War. The main actors and their characters are: Joe Namath as Burnside Hollis, Jack Elam as Matt Graves, Woody Strode as Duncan, Ty Hardin as Sheriff, and Victoria George as Pearl.





**Artist Third Ear Band**  
**Title Spirits**  
**Cat No. HST428CD**  
**Label Gonzo**

The Third Ear Band were one of the most interesting improvisational groups to come out of London in the late 60s. Unlike so many of their peers, they used traditional acoustic instruments rather than electric and electronic ones. Dave Tomlin was interested in free form Jazz, and initiated sessions of this music at the London Free School, and later at the UFO club. He was soon joined by drummer and percussionist Glen Sweeney, and the result became known as 'The Giant Sun Trolley'. Later they combined with members of another free improvisational group to become the Third Ear Band, whose first music was recorded with legendary composer and arranger Ron Geesin.

Italian writer Luca Ferrari, who is an expert on the Third Ear Band and allied artists, has curated a series of record by the band for Gonzo Multimedia. He described this record thus:

'Recorded at Tuxedo Club, Piacenza (Italy), on January 14th, 1989, TEB's "Spirits" is a great live gig in a strange day-off tour date with a rare performance of Dave Tomlin's "Lark Rise" played by

a wonderful line-up: Glen Sweeney (hand drums), Mick Carter (electric guitar & effects), Lyn Dobson (flute, sax) and Ursula Smith (violin); the same that played on another great Gonzo Multimedia's release - New Forecasts from the Third Ear Almanac (HST312 CD').

The Liner notes are by Luca Chino Ferrari and film maker Francesco Paolo



Paladino who recorded a video from the concert.

**Artist Atomic Rooster**  
**Title The Devil Hits Back**  
**Cat No. HST429CD**  
**Label Gonzo**  
**Dealer Price £7.99**  
**Release Date 25th August 2017**

One of the most important and innovative rock performers of the 1960s was Arthur Brown. However, unfortunately, Brown's wild showmanship - most famously including a section of the show when he performed with a flaming crown on his head - has often overshadowed the fact that his band were also remarkably talented. When 'The Crazy World of Arthur Brown' went their separate ways in 1969, thwarting hopes of a second album, Arthur went on to form his critically successful band Kingdom Come, whereas





organist Vincent Crane and drummer Carl Palmer (later of ELP) formed an exciting new band: Atomic Rooster. They had originally planned to team up with Brian Jones, who had only just been kicked out of the Rolling Stones. But, as everyone knows, Jones' career ended at the bottom of a swimming pool and they recruited Nick Graham as a singer.

One of the most important and innovative rock performers of the 1960s was Arthur Brown. However, unfortunately, Brown's wild showmanship - most famously including a section of the show when he performed with a flaming crown on his head - has often overshadowed the fact that his band were also remarkably talented. When 'The Crazy World of Arthur Brown' went their separate ways in 1969, thwarting hopes of a second album, Arthur went on to form his critically successful band Kingdom Come, whereas organist Vincent Crane and drummer Carl Palmer (later of ELP) formed an exciting new band: Atomic Rooster. They had originally planned to team up with Brian Jones, who had only just been kicked out of the Rolling Stones. But, as everyone knows, Jones' career ended at the bottom of a swimming pool and they recruited Nick Graham as a singer.

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The Devil Hits Back is a compilation album by Atomic Rooster. Shortly after the death in 1989 of Atomic Rooster founder member Vincent Crane, it was compiled as a tribute by his widow, Jean, and former bandmate John Du Cann. As well as containing a dozen latter-era Atomic Rooster tracks, all its reissues are rounded out by Atomic Rooster's three Beat-Club appearances, dating from 1971 and 1972. The Beat-Club tracks were later included, with video, on the Masters from the Vaults DVD.







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



Gonzo #32 The Dutch Festie c...

actions



Gonzo #30 The Mick Abrahams...

actions



Gonzo #27 The Prog shirt

actions



Gonzo #24 The Daavid Allen shirt

actions



Gonzo #23 The Michael Des B...

actions



Yer original Gonzo Weekly shirt

actions



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

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





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# JON MEETS DON

My relationship with Deep Purple is a long, complex, and mildly interesting one. As many readers will know, I lived in Hong Kong as a child and – as such – I missed out on the Cultural Revolution which characterised the 1960s in the western world. Hong Kong in the 60s was a strangely Kiplingesque sort of place. The panoply of empire was still very much in evidence; the Governor, for example, still went to church at St. John's Cathedral on Sunday mornings in a vintage Rolls Royce, wearing a hat bedecked with ostrich plume, and the 'noonday gun' made famous by Noel Coward was still firing each day. That last bit of imperial tradition is irrelevant as it is still fired each day today, even though the former British territory has

been under Chinese rule for 20 years now. But I digress.

Just in case you hadn't noticed, I'm always digressing. But, hey, I am the editor, and I can digress if I bloody well want to!

Going back to the narrative in point; despite the fact that the colony existed in some sort of temporal anomaly created by British intransigents, occasionally bits of the modern world did sneak through. There were only 2 television channels in Hong Kong at that time, both operated by Rediffusion. RTV2 was a Chinese language station, whilst RTV1 broadcast in English. Just as in the Motherland, the news was broadcast religiously each day at 6pm,





but before the news, there was always a 5 minute cultural segment showing an opera singer, a string quartet, or some desperately stylised acrobats from some European country doing their own inimitable thing. One day, whilst sitting as a family waiting for the news, the eastern European acrobats were replaced by 5 impressively long haired young men brandishing guitars and performing a song, which went “duh duh de-duh duh-duh”.

The band were, of course, Deep Purple, the year was, of course, 1970, and the song was, of course, ‘Black Night’!

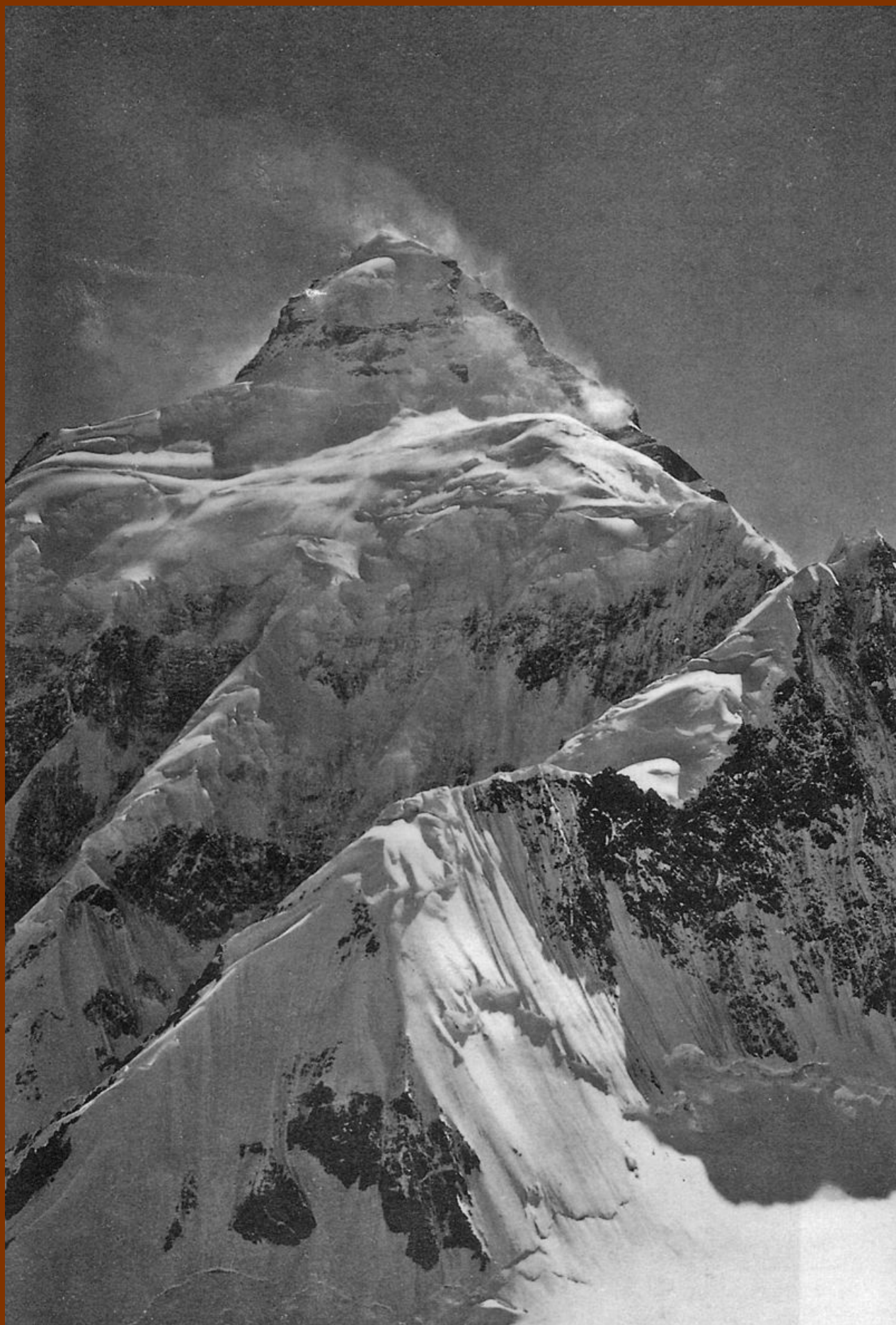
And guess what, kiddies? My life has never been the same.

I have followed Deep Purple on and off ever since, and was aghast when founding member Jon Lord, whose Hammond organ had defined the band for many people, including me, retired in

2001. But then I realised that his replacement, legendary keyboard player Don Airey, had actually played on records by people I admired for as long as I had been a follower of Deep Purple. For example, he played with Cozy Powell, Black Sabbath, Rainbow and Colosseum II, just to mention a very few. He had even arranged the orchestra on a song by Katrina and the Waves. And furthermore, when I first heard Deep Purple with him on the piano stool, I was massively impressed. Okay, he wasn’t Jon Lord, but it didn’t matter. Jon had retired, amicably, to do other things and the band had reinvented themselves for the 21st century with Don in the hot seat. And damn, they were good.

Interviewed by Jeb Wright, for *Classic Rock Revisited*, about the album *Now What?!*, he said “Well, it’s Deep Purple and there is a Hammond there. There is only one way to go, really. Over the









years, I have really worked on my sound, it didn't just happen overnight. The first two, or three, years I was with the band, I was using Jon's C3 and it was pretty knackered. I had it refurbished. It's been put in mothballs now... I much prefer Hammond A-100's, that's my choice."

So, when the Gonzo *grande fromage* emailed me and said "Oi, Jon. We are putting out a record by Don Airey. Will you go interview him?" my answer was, of course, an enthusiastic 'yes'. So, I sent him some questions and sat back to see what would happen.

This is what happened:

**What inspired you to do an album about such a non-rock-and-roll subject as mountaineering? The only other example I can think of is Judge Smith's 'The Climber'.**

*Never heard of that one!*

*Journeying to Japan with Rainbow in 1981, in those days you weren't allowed*

*to fly over Russian airspace, so we got a view of Everest on the way out, and K2 on the way back. The latter stuck in my brain - George Mallory said K2 was the most frightening sight he'd ever beheld in his life - and when I started to compose music for a solo album in 1986, the rather dark turn the music took, made me realise I was writing about the sombre mystery that is K2. The metaphorical implications vis a vis getting to the top but not coming down, were creatively inspiring too.*

**K2 has a very dramatic history, with even Aleister Crowley attempting to climb it. Did it take a lot of research?**

*Yes indeed. I was surprised to find out that Crowley had been there (given my connection with him thru Ozzy) but it was just one of many strange coincidences. There wasn't a lot to find out about K2 30 years ago. Only a handful of people had reached the summit, most of them had died in the process, or were driven to utter despair by the experience. It is not*





*near any inhabited place which is why there is no local name, it occupies an unusual situation at the confluence of four sacred rivers, and has very odd weather patterns, lots of storms which obscure the summit most of the year, strange flashing lights and other phenomena. I was in London doing the round of libraries, drawing a blank, and ended up at my sister's flat; she handed me that week's Observer Magazine that had a picture of K2 on the cover with the storyline "Peak of Destruction", being Jim Curran's account of the disastrous 1986 expedition in which 12 climbers died. I journeyed up to Sheffield to meet Jim, and once he'd heard some of the music, told me the whole story of Alan Rouse, Julie Tullis et al.*

**Did it take a long time to write and record?**

*It took about 3 months to write and demo it, took it round the record companies, and when MCA signed me up, the recording was two weeks start to finish,*

*and 5 days mixing. It was one of the most satisfying projects I ever worked on.*

**Do you write the material separately or is it written in the studio?**

*Very little was written in the studio, just Blues for JT. It was very much like an old fashioned recording session, parts handed out, one run through, shouts of "rolling", red light on, two or three takes and we were done. In Gary Moore's case just one or two takes was all it took.*

**What are you working on at the moment?**

*I've just finished a solo piano album that will probably come out on my own label next month, and am in the middle of mixing a rock album recorded with my own band for release early in the New Year, and of course getting ready for the second leg of Deep Purple's Long Farewell tour, which starts in Las Vegas next week. Also working on me memoirs.*









**Looking at the list of the things you have done over the years, I truly don't know how you find the energy. How do you juggle all your different commitments, but still manage to keep your sanity?**

*The great Daniel Barenboim was asked the same question recently. His reply was classic - "Its easy - I only work on one thing at a time"*

K2 (Urdu: كٲو, also known as Mount Godwin-Austen or Chhogori (Balti and Urdu: چھوگوری) is the second highest mountain in the world, after Mount Everest, at 8,611 metres (28,251 ft) above sea level. It is located on the China -Pakistan border between Baltistan, in the Gilgit-Baltistan region of northern Pakistan, and the Taxkorgan Tajik Autonomous County of Xinjiang, China. K2 is the highest point of the Karakoram range and the highest point in both Pakistan and Xinjiang.

K2 is known as the Savage Mountain due to the extreme difficulty of ascent. It has

the second-highest fatality rate among the eight thousanders. With around 300 successful summits and 77 fatalities, about one person dies on the mountain for every four who summit. It is more difficult and hazardous to reach the peak of K2 from the Chinese side, so it is usually climbed from the Pakistani side. Unlike Annapurna, the mountain with the highest fatality-to-summit rate (191 summits and 61 fatalities), or the other eight thousanders, K2 has never been climbed during winter.

K2 - Tales of Triumph And Tragedy was initially recorded the album in 1988 at Sarm East Studios, London, and was inspired by an article written by mountaineer Jim Curran about his harrowing experiences on the 1986 expedition to K2 that claimed the life of 12 climbers.

The album features guest appearances by artists including Gary Moore, Cozy Powell, Colin Bluntstone and Chris Thompson.



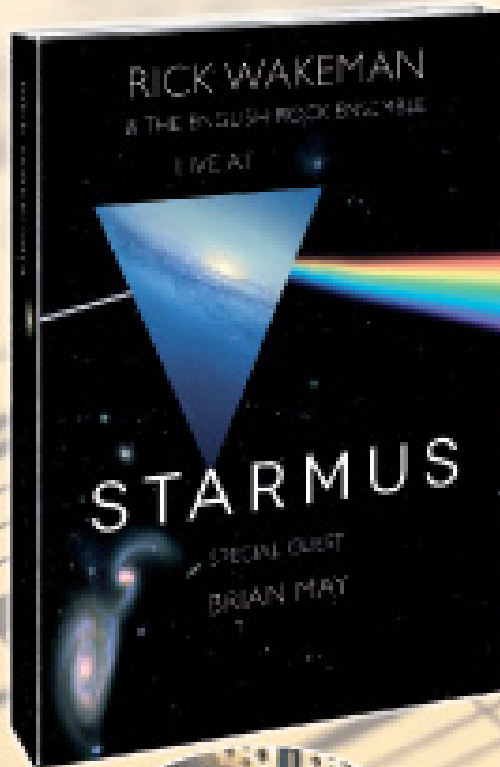
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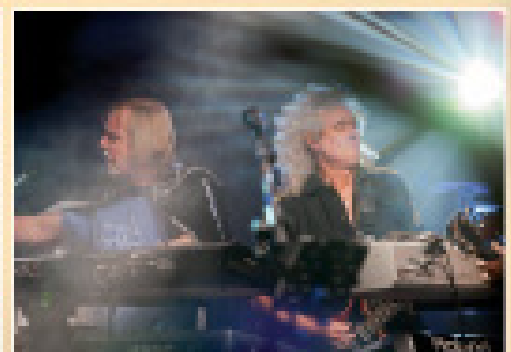
## **STARMUS 2015**



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



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# More Lithuanian music

*Alan Dearling offers us...*

**...A quick introduction to some more 'stars' of the Baltic.**

**Even if they are a bit MOR.**

**Laura Remeikienė- Tuk tuk, širdele**

An infectious flavoured popcorn. Cutesy in extremis. The sort of summer song for the poolside. Hard to hate it. But you may dislike yourself for humming it hours after. High class, Euro-trash.

[www.youtube.com/watch?v=b3Dn1oGrMsw](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=b3Dn1oGrMsw)

Her latest album even includes a karaoke version! I love some of the Lithuanian translations into sort-of-English. It is described as: "CD PADAINUOKIM and the jump "(2016) - a set of original

alan dearling



*songs, which is dominated by convivial, dance rhythm of breathing original songs . The CD-ROM, in addition to already well-known works: "On the waves, one day ... you will find 11 of the original version of the song (with voice), and the same 11 songs phonograms (without voice), and all the lyrics."*

### **Neda Malūnavičiūtė**

A bit quirky, half-way between pop and folk. Perhaps on the edge of the territory occupied by Elton John when he first set sail.



Easy listening, central Pleasantville:

[www.youtube.com/watch?v=n3BENQqtFuU](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=n3BENQqtFuU)

and: [www.youtube.com/watch?v=mDZ-vILR4Ho](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=mDZ-vILR4Ho)

and even: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=jfIRjh5Ev3s>



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alan dearling





## Rugile

Rugile Daujotaite Music - Three Lithuanian Folk Songs : [https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=FaC\\_6JrxHxQ](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=FaC_6JrxHxQ)

Jazzy, strangely sombre. Some superb piano playing then the singer joins in - Rugile is beautiful.

And here she is again, jazzing it up at the Blue Note in Amsterdam. Impressive, but a bit strident for my ears at times. But it gets better: [https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=y\\_OR4xXHD6I](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=y_OR4xXHD6I)

If your taste is for something, in the Monty Python vein, try:

**Boris and the Gopnik tour of Vilnius** – a very alternative view of food (blins), alcohol, pot holes, speed puddles...a bit of light-hearted fun...with a few shades of Sasha Baron Cohen's 'Borat', or, to give it its full name: *Borat: Cultural Learnings of America for Make Benefit Glorious Nation of Kazakhstan*

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=GNAuz\\_qhHTk](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=GNAuz_qhHTk)

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# WHAT THEY'RE SAYING ABOUT

Short stories by  
Richard Foreman

Richard Foreman's  
*WILFUL  
MISUNDERSTANDINGS*



*Language Will Never Seem Quite The Same Again*

## 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 Spedding *Wringland, Cloven, A Night With No Stars*

"Carefully constructed scenarios with a playbill 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, tapping 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."

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**For more info see Richard Foreman's website at  
[richeff.moonfruit.co](http://richeff.moonfruit.co)**





## The Luck of The Eden Hall & Cary Grace, Live Glastonbury 4<sup>th</sup> August 2017

Not another CG Live review! Yep, my Cary 4<sup>th</sup> gig in less than 12 months, and probably the best one yet. I'm not going to bore you with how great she and her band were again, and that most of her set came from her wondrous

'Tygerland' album either.

We went, to take a young lady (aged 15) to her first gig, she is a singer and dancer herself and we thought she would find Cary interesting and enjoyable which she did, which was great.

This time around Cary had a special guest, Greg Curvey, the guitarist from an American 'psychedelic' band called The Luck of The Eden Hall (great name!). I understood Cary and her band would support him for his own set, and he would then join them for their set. It's actually what happened, but the other way round, Cary played her set

# John Brodie-Good





first. This was a pisser for me because we took our guest home after Cary's set and I missed EH.

We did however get to enjoy some great guitar work from the guy throughout Cary's set however; really does make me wonder what came next. Because he was so good, I've taken a chance on EH and have their most recent LP, a double, *The Acceleration of Time*, is on it's way on vinyl. From what I've read, Mellotron features strongly in their music, a great instrument, so defo looking forward to it arriving soon.

Before they kicked off however, I was sitting there, starting to quietly fume about the lack of punters yet again. There were three guys I've seen before, and at other gig venues I think, who I'd overheard saying they had driven for

two and a half hours for this gig, so it's not just me who thinks she's great! I recognised a few other faces too but there seemed to be a lack of locals. I suppose it is the school holidays; Bristol has been a bit of ghost town too these last few weeks.

As they were partway through the first song the penny dropped. Actually, this tiny venue with just a few of us in is perfect. It's like a private gig almost. The people who were there wanted to listen; no friggin' chatting going on throughout. The SQ was superb, the PA was only needed for the vocals, synths and keyboards. The lead guitar and bass just coming live and direct from the musicians amps, and that's where the real treats lie. The electric guitar cut into the air, it was tangible, you could almost 'feel' the different tones. The







bass was clean and fluid, no one note bottom end from the PA system. The drummer bless him, suddenly increased his volume about half way through however. Jesus the snare became loud. Thankfully not for too long as I noticed Cary turned to him and indicated by hand to quieten it down a bit again.

They were really tight, and Victoria's vocals really synched with Cary's superbly. I felt slightly sorry for her however, as she played an oboe solo. The oboe was micc'ed up and seemed to have a rubber tube coming out of the end of it. I'm guessing possibly going through Cary's synth? Sadly at first we couldn't hear anything, and then feedback so the soundboard guy kept turning her back down. After a minute or so she turned her head away from her vocal mic and the feedback stopped. The solo was nearly finished however.

So, I'm not going to complain any more if there are empty seats or not many punters, I'm just going to enjoy the added intimacy from now on.

<http://theluckofedenhall.com>

<http://www.carygrace.com>

## Pye Hastings – From The Half House CD

I've always had more than a soft spot for Caravan, a great British band that is still active, greatly enjoyed them back in April 2014, live in Frome, just after



the release of their last album, *Paradise Filter*, which has some good stuff on it. A few months ago I noticed their mainstay, guitarist and vocalist Pye Hastings was crowd-funding or whatever it's called, for his first solo album. New, decent music is hard to come by nowadays for this old boy, so for the price of a new CD, I signed up.

It appeared just before the States trip and I've only finally got around to playing it a few times now. The good news is, if you are a Caravan fan, it would seem an essential buy. Ten self-composed songs are on offer, Pye plays bass and guitar plus sings, he's joined by Jan and Mark from Caravan on keys and 'percussion'. The real star for me is Jimmy Hastings, who plays some superb flute, clarinet and sax throughout, one of the flute pieces sounding not unlike Quintessence. If there is a weakness, it might be Pye's vocals, which are 'light' and from a casual listen, rather samey. In their earlier days Caravan featured the wonderful voice of Richard Sinclair of course. But, the songs are strong enough that he pulls it off nicely.



Overall quite a rich bass sound, oddly, the 'percussion' sounds somewhat tinny though.

*In the Land of Grey and Pink* is a winter album to me, this one has a very much summer sound, but still with that 'Canterbury', English tone. I suspect there will be quite a few more plays of this one, a pleasant surprise indeed.

<http://www.pledgemusic.com/projects/pyehastings>

PS. I see Caravan are on the road in the UK again, this November.....

## Steely Dan shenanigans

Jumping across the pond, our heroes just played big West and East Coast gigs, with the Eagles headlining both. The FB faithful quickly reported the non-presence of Walter Becker, who is half of the band. Donald Fagen has finally come out and stated Walt is recovering from a 'medical procedure' so hopefully the signs are good for the London and Dublin gigs in October. In



fact, they've just slotted in another US date earlier that month so confidence must be high. It was quite amusing to read Fagen's thoughts on being a 'support' band again for the recent mega-gigs, I think he found it difficult. "turn up the Eagles, the neighbours are listening....."

Fagen himself is however back out on the road, Stateside of course, largely playing material from his four, excellent solo albums. Interestingly, he's taken a group of relatively young musicians with him, The Nightflyers, not the usual suspects. The initial reports of the first gigs sound fantastic. There is a lot to be said for the old guard playing with young blood, it can inject new life into 'old music'. Love to catch one of those gigs and I can't imagine he will bring them to the UK. Can't have it all I guess.

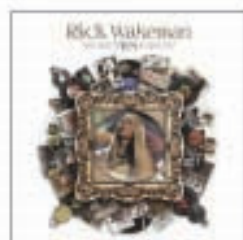
Donald Fagen and The Nightflyers –  
Green Earrings Live 2017

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=v\\_9fuKqrwEU](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=v_9fuKqrwEU)





# MORE MASTERPIECES from RICK WAKEMAN



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## THE STAGE COLLECTION

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HFG2004CD



## TIME MACHINE

Guest vocalists include John Parr, Tracey Ackerman, Ashley Holt, and Roy Wood  
HFG2012CD



## GASTANK

Double DVD set. Rick's classic 1982 music and chat show  
HFG2023DVD



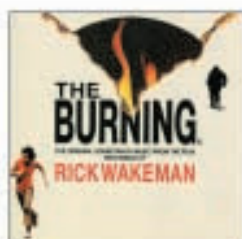
## GOLÉ!

Soundtrack album featuring Tony Fernandez and Jackie McAuley  
BC241-60



## COUNTRY AIRS

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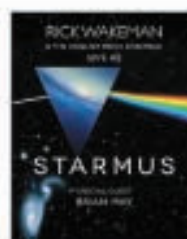
## THE BURNING

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HFG2024CD



## LURE OF THE WILD

With Adam Wakeman. Entirely instrumental  
HFG2003CD



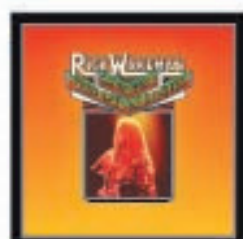
## STARMUS

With Brian May and The English Rock Ensemble. DVD  
HFG2010VD



## MYTHS AND LEGENDS

Double CD set. The expanded 2016 version  
HFG2016CD



## LIVE AT THE WINTERLAND THEATRE 1975

Live in San Francisco  
HFG2015CD



## THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA

Double CD + DVD  
HFG2005CD



## CAN YOU HEAR ME?

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HFG2005



## CRIMES OF PASSION

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# KEV'S WORLD

ESP  
INVISIBLE DIN  
SUNN CREATIVE



On the cover the album is credited to Tony Lowe and Mark Brzezicki (Big Country, Procol Harum) and special guests, and on closer inspection, it can be seen that these guests comprise David Cross (King Crimson), David Jackson (Van der Graaf Generator), Phil Spalding (Steve Hackett, Mike Oldfield), Steve Gee (Landmarq), John

Young (Lifesigns), Pat Orchard, Alison Fleming (Tony Lowe), John Beagley and electric harp from Yumi Hara (Daavid Allen, Hugh Hopper). So, quite special indeed. David Cross only adds his violin to a couple of songs, but David Jackson is there with a sax and flute for five, but while the guests do add to the overall album, this very much the work of Tony (guitar, keyboards, vocals) and Mark (drums, vocals).

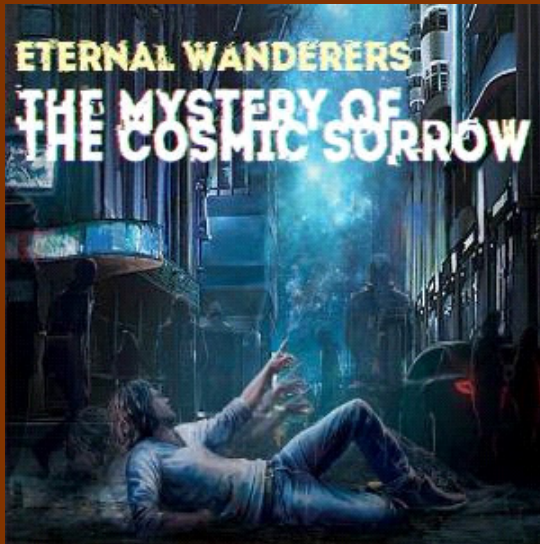
The best way to describe this album is to think of the more laid-back prog of the Seventies, as many of those bands had an impact here. Imagine if you will 'Octoberon' era Barclay James Harvest combined with Alan Parsons Project, Steve Hackett, and possibly just a touch of Pink Floyd. It is a delicious delight, perfect for late nights, and for drifting away on. There are layers upon layers, and it is all about the arrangements: it is exactly the type of music that punk was supposed to get rid of, and failed. Symphonic prog, which has managed to stay on just the right side of being produced to death,

## KEV ROWLAND



so that each instrument can be clearly discerned and the complexity of the music can be appreciated, yet always it seems almost simple in its beauty and approach. Highly accessible, this is a wonderful progressive rock album that will delight many fans of the genre. <http://sunncreative.com/latest/esp/>

**ETERNAL WANDERERS  
THE MYSTERY OF THE COSMIC  
SORROW  
MALS**



This album is my first introduction to the music of Eternal Wanderers, the Russian band led by sisters Elena (lead vocals, keyboards) and Tatyana Kanevskaya (guitars, backing vocals). I wandered over to their site and discovered that earlier this year they played a gig with another of my favourite Russian groups, Lost World Band, and I bet that would have been quite interesting as in many ways they are similar yet also very different indeed. What we have here is a double CD that has very much a science fiction feel to it, so much so that it reminded me less of Tangerine Dream (who have obviously been a major influence),

than of Hibernial who in some ways is following a similar musical path. Apparently, the double CD set comes with a fully illustrated booklet (I only have a digital copy), and there is lots of information on the website (which thankfully can be turned to English by clicking on the Union flag) about each song, and what they are about: given that many are instrumental that is certainly a useful facet.

Given that two songs and more than twelve minutes have elapsed before Elena starts singing, it came something of a surprise to hear what a strong singer she is, more alto than soprano, and with plenty of power and emotion. For some strange reason these guys are listed on ProgArchives as neo prog, but they would much better fit within the Crossover genre, although I am sure that Eclectic would love to lay claim to them if they could. What I like so much about this album is that it is just so enjoyable from start to end, and the ninety minutes just flies by: it really is music to get lost inside. The keyboard sounds are all over the place, bringing in quite a few that would normally be at home more in electronic, while the guitars can be there just to provide some counter harmonies or leads, or to crunch out riffs in quite a metallic manner.

There are some amazing bands coming out of Russia at present, and Eternal Wanderers is one that every proghead should be looking out for.

<http://www.eternalwanderers.ru/en/>



**GENTLE KNIFE  
CLOCK UNWOUND  
JUST FOR KICKS MUSIC**



This is the second album from Norwegian act Gentle Knife, but the first I have come across, and to try and give some idea of what it sounds like let's look at the line-up. They have no guests, as with this many people they really don't need any more! It must be one of the largest line-ups of a progressive rock band I have ever come across, but each has their place. Astraea Antal (flutes, woodwinds and visuals), Pål Bjørseth (keyboards, vocals, trumpet), Odd Grønvold (bass), Thomas Hylland Eriksen (sax and woodwinds), Veronika Hørven Jensen (vocals), Håkon Kavli (vocals, guitars), Eivind Lorentzen (guitars and synths), Charlotte Valstad Nielsen (sax), Ove Christian Owe (guitars), Ole Martin Svendsen (drums, percussion) and Brian M. Talgo (samples, words, vocals, visions and artwork) have put together one of the most interesting albums of the year.

That it is progressive is beyond doubt, but as to what sub-genre it belongs to is more of a discussion. The band have been claimed by Crossover, but they could easily have gone into eclectic if it

wasn't for the majestic beauty of some of the passages that transcend all thoughts of prog into stunning classic rock pop. The production has a large part to play on this album, and in many ways, can almost be thought of as yet an additional instrument, as it is the clarity and separateness of all those involved that prevent this from turning into a muddy mess. There is an emotional use of bass saxophone on the fifteen-minute-long title cut where the notes resonate against the gently picked electric guitar with quite devastating effect and impact. They aren't afraid to use volume, driving riffs and screaming guitars when the need is right, or to move from melody into atonal noise where everything crashes together, before moving into yet another space and time.

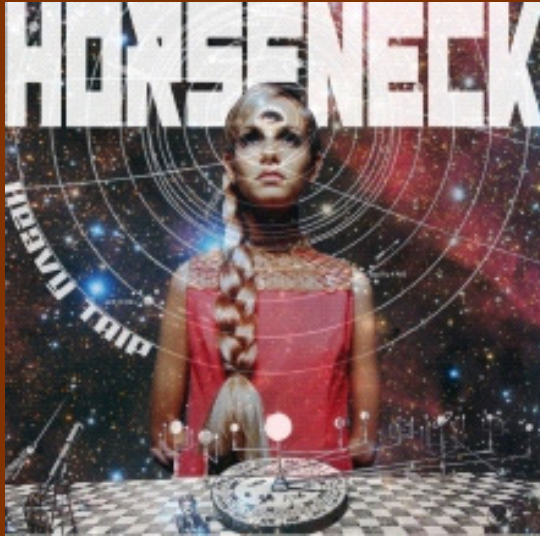
This is music that is exciting, vibrant and with a controlled chaos that is rarely heard in today's scene. The arrangements are complex and perfectly executed, and in many ways this album is reminiscent of the most rich and fragrant paella one could come across: take a bite, give it a stir, and the next bite could be totally different as firstly one tastes mussels, and the next chorizos, yet at all times the rice is providing a balance and continuity. I think this is the first time I have ever compared an album to food, and I have written many thousands, but this is comfortable, intriguing, welcoming and inviting, just like a good meal. Needless to say, a good drop of South Otago Pinot Noir goes with it very nicely indeed, thank you very much.

In some ways very Seventies, and in others very up to date, this wonderful album should be heard by all progheads. It is simply stunning.

<http://www.gentleknife.com>



**HORSENECK  
HEAVY TRIP  
INDEPENDENT**



Take a huge dose of Queens of the Stone Age – no, that’s enough, you need more than that – throw in psychedelia care of Blue Cheer and a couple of handfuls of fuzzed out distorted guitar and plenty of early Seventies over the top rock and combine it with a Hammond Organ and vocals that are forced out, and you may just come close to what this California quartet sound like. According to their biography, from the depths of the unknown canyon comes a rock force that has undeniable power and style. Steeped in ancient tradition and ritualistic sacrifices this force continually bludgeons the masses who are compelled to witness them. Their heavy riffs continually snap the necks of anyone sent to challenge them. The wild thunder broom undertones growl from on high, and will never be denied. Powerful rhythms shake the very ground they walk on, and those who are lucky enough to witness this spine crushing quartet will undoubtedly never be the same. Anthony the riff Lord, Lennon the bass wizard, Lance the heaviest of shred, and Jess the power thwack and thud will always leave your

neck barely able to hold your head up. So now you know.

What these guys have done quite cleverly, is that amongst all the swagger and posturing they totally understand what makes a good rock song, and have thrown plenty of melody and catchy hooks in with all the distortion that grabs the ear and drags the listener to a place they might not actually want to go. There is also a Rocket From The Crypt feel at times, with some interesting horns, and by the end of the album I found that almost in spite of myself I had really enjoyed playing it. So, I put it on again. This style of music can often come across as boring and repetitive, but they have managed to bring something new to the genre so that the listener stays interested right to the end. Not a simple task with this much distortion, bottom end, and everything turned to the max and being pounded out. This is also available to stream on Bandcamp so why not try it out?

<https://horseneck.bandcamp.com/releases>

**IMMOLATION  
ATONEMENT  
NUCLEAR BLAST**





When I saw the artwork for the latest Immolation album I smiled, as this was what I wanted from a death metal band that have been around for nearly thirty years, something that looked like it belonged to the genre. This is their third studio album with Nuclear Blast, and their tenth overall, and singer/bassist Ross Dolan and guitarist Robert Vigna have been there since the very beginning in 1988, while drummer Steve Shalaty has paid his dues, having been there since 2003. However, there has been a line-up change since the last album with Alex Bouks taking the place of Bill Taylor. The last two albums had a very different look, but this feels like it is looking back to times past, as one would expect with the release of a milestone.

Of course, the label is saying this is the best thing they've ever done, but as it's only the third album of theirs that I've heard I can't quite go that far, but I do know that this is superb in every way so it wouldn't surprise me if many fans aren't saying just that. It is heavy as hell, the vocals have a presence all their own, the guys lock together as one, and each song is different and shows both restraint and control while kicking at the same time, not an easy thing to accomplish. From the first note to the very last riff, this album delivers on absolutely every level, and the only way to fully appreciate it is by turning it up so much that your neighbours can enjoy it as well. I thought 2013's 'Kingdom of Conspiracy' was superb, but this has taken it to a whole new level. Death metal rarely gets better than this.

## **INTEGRITY**

### **HOWLING, FOR THE NIGHTMARE SHALL CONSUME**

**RELAPSE**



Since forming the band in 1988, vocalist Dwid Hellion, has led Integrity on a mission to both terrify and educate people to his views. During that time, they have not only upset more than a few people, but have been uncompromising in their approach with Dwid ensuring that their focus stays true no matter how many musicians pass through the ranks. With an intense sound that melds together high-velocity hardcore punk, heavy metal, thrash and angular, noisy guitar riffs with lyrical themes that include religion, the supernatural, mental illness, individualism, the occult, and Holy Terrorism, they have been one of the pioneering forces that forged the worlds of hardcore and metal together. Their influence on hundreds, if not thousands of bands can still be heard to this day.

Here with their twelfth studio album we have a conceptual foretelling of the final days of Armageddon. It is a manifestation of Pentecostal nightmares and religious depravities, wrought with fire and brimstone sermons and occult prophecies bathed in waves of



destruction. The album, heavily inspired by the Satanic-Panic era of 1980's heavy metal and its effect on culture is an extremely moody, diverse and aggressive offering. While Motörhead are an undoubted influence, this album does also cross into raw black metal territory and there are some incredibly melodic and delicate passages that contrast greatly with the aggression and attack of what is around it. It is one that repays repeated listening's, as when I first played it I wasn't that impressed, only really coming to terms with the nuances and dynamics on the third or fourth time around. For those who want their metal a bit rough around the edges.

<http://holyyterrorrecords.bigcartel.com>

**JAM IT!**  
**FOLLOWING THE UNKNOWN**  
**BANDCAMP**



I feel incredibly fortunate at present, as I am being introduced to many Russian progressive rock bands, and here is yet another that has passed me by in the past that I am grateful to hear now. Formed in St. Petersburg in 2006, they

have been operating as an instrumental outfit since 2010 and this 2015 release was their third (and latest) album. The quartet of Alexey Vostrikov (drums), Dmitry Medvinsky (bass), Konstantin Ilin (guitar) and Roman Savelyev (keyboards) are obviously influenced by the jazz rock fusion boom of the Seventies, but here it is firmly within the realm of progressive rock, and there are also some metallic influences which bring it right up to date. There should also be a special mention here of the treatment of the drums within production, as it often feels that instead of four instruments being blended together, that it is three plus one. The drums and cymbals are vibrant, bright and direct and given the versatility and musicianship being displayed by Alexey there is a major impact on the overall feel of the album.

Normally one would expect the rhythm section to be more controlled in this style of line-up, but here just Dmitry has the that role, with Alexey doing his thing, and then Konstantin and Roman both taking it in turns to provide melody and lead lines. It certainly never feels like a self-released album, as it is vibrant and fresh, never too self-indulgent but twisting and changing in a manner that is always interesting and fascinating. The metallic approach that is brought to bear at times is never too over the top or intrusive, but has a part to play in creating dynamics and emotion. Overall this is an enjoyable album that is well worth discovering.

<https://jamit.bandcamp.com>





# Yer GONZO ISLAND DISCS

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

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



Neil Arnold has been a friend of mine for well over twenty years; one of the best known, and most credible, big cat researchers in the UK, Neil is the author of several books on mystery animals and general Forteanism, as well as being a card-carrying Mod, and a devotee of monster movies and obscure psychedelia.

He is joining our gallant crew to write a regular column on the latter, and I could think of no better way of introducing him to you all than by dropping him on a conceptual desert island with only ten records for company.



# Neil's Hit Parade

Many years ago I was in a pub with a friend when he asked me what ten albums I would take on a desert island with me and play forever. I hoped that no-one would ever ask me this question again simply due to the trauma it caused.

Sure, it sounded like a classic pub conversation but I knew I just couldn't answer it; but now, several decades later I don't want to find myself in the same situation - scratching my head and standing in quizzical nature; so here it goes.

Now, I've got a broad taste in music; my childhood in the early '80s was spent listening to Motown, Ska, Michael Jackson, Madness and other pop; and then by 1987 I was full-blown metallor with a penchant for satanic thrash metal, miserable death metal and scathing black metal.

This would stay with me until today although in-between there were fits and starts with obscure gangster rap, glam rock, Heavy psych, French freakbeat, punk and goodness knows what else but I seemed to have tried it all. So with this list I'm trying not to list my top ten albums, but creating a top ten of albums that I would have to take to a desert island and be in possession of forever.

So, first up I'd have to suggest Michael Jackson's 'Thriller', a monstrosly selling album which pretty much acted as the soundtrack to my younger years - at the time it seemed as if everyone in the world owned the record and it's an album I just couldn't live without.

But then there was the flamboyance of Adam Ant, my first ever man-crush who prompted me to adorn myself in my mother's dressing gown, and slap a strip of toilet paper across my nose, and so his album 'Kings of the Wild Frontier' with its thumping title track is another album that I'd pack in my trunk.

In at number three - although these are in no order of course, I'd have Iron Maiden's 'Number of the Beast', the record which not only introduced me to heavy metal but changed my life. From 1987 I grew my hair (badly), spun records backwards, adorned a denim jacket in numerous patches and dabbled in dungeons, dragons, and devilish girls.

What a time...and it has never left me. It was the first Maiden record to feature Bruce Dickinson; and it was a friend who somehow forced me to spend £3.49 on the cassette after an impromptu visit to John Menzies, where I also emerged with a copy of *Metal Hammer* magazine. It was a special time.

Staying on a heavy metal trip, it would have to be Motley Crue's debut album 'Too Fast For Love' up next; a dirty, sleaze, sweating smorgasbord of leathery glam and sordid weight. Total punk attitude. And how can I also leave out Oasis - another life-changing



band, and their brace of albums; 'Definitely Maybe' and 'What's the Story...' saved the '90s from Take That and Phil Collins with their swagger and attitude; sure, it wasn't to everyone's taste but they brought the bravado, menace and flair of some of my other heroes, Alex Higgins, Oliver Reed, Keith Moon, John Lennon, Marc Bolan, etc, all rolled into one - the arrogance and just in your face oomph was something I could never live without, and the detractors fobbed them off as a Beatles rip-off, but you'll never hear The Beatles write 'Rock n Roll Star'...but what Oasis did was bring music back to the masses, the rather annoying Brit Pop era still showcased a lot of talent from guitar bands, but Oasis soon became a seminal rock n' roll band, a feeling last experienced with the likes of the already mentioned Beatles; the Stones and T-Rex.

And T-Rex's 'The Slider', along with numerous Stones albums should have made this list; I'd probably cheat and throw a few 'best ofs...' in, but instead I've opted for a few surprises; first up is what is probably...possibly...maybe...my favourite all-time album; Mother love Bone's 'Apple'; a pre-grunge cult classic that existed without the downbeat fuzz or the despondent angst but instead remains as a seemingly bloated, stadium rock album harkening back to the glory days of Zeppelin, T-Rex, Queen - fronted by the mercurial but sadly departed Andrew Wood, the greatest rock star you never knew who shone like stardust, feather boa and all and unintentionally left behind a posse of players who would go on to form Pearl Jam.

But Mother Love Bone were a different kettle of cool; slick, glammed up, pompous, arrogant and wholesome. I hated the whole grunge thing, but Mother love Bone were magic; a far removed glam rock party who fizzled out so quick.

But the darkest album to certainly accompany me would be the mighty 'Angel Dust' from Faith No More. A poisonous, evil, seedy and downright fist in the face to those who'd indulged so heavily upon the colourful vibes of previous album 'The Real Thing'; which should've also made the list. But 'Angel Dust' was just sick; an unexpected descent into the psyche of vocalist Mike Patton via the ferocious strains of 'caffeine', 'Jizzlobber' and almost poppy temptations of 'A Small Victory'.

Here was a band too cool for everyone, yet too darn scary for anyone to be part of the in-joke. 'The Real Thing' changed heavy rock music, but 'Angel...' spat in its face, and prompted me to chop off my heavy metal locks and become friends with a doll named Needles....don't ask.

And so it's down to the final two, again there's the temptations for T-Rex and so a 'best of...' just has to be included, if only for the bump n' grind glam glory of '20th Century Boy' which would no doubt be contrasted by my final desert island record, and it would surely be something by heavyweights Black Sabbath; my favourite of theirs being 'Sabotage' in spite of the enormous black shadow cast by their rain-soaked debut album. Of course, by the time this article goes to press these essentials would have no doubt changed, but I've decided I can not think too much in case I implode...or explode.

Sure, there are many albums from so many genres that I could not go without; The Specials, Sex Pistols, Marvin Gaye, Slayer and many others spring to mind....but sleep in peace I must.



# THE COMPLETE GOSPELS

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

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

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

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

## ***Special Limited Edition Boxset containing***

Signed by Rick Wakeman and numbered certificate.

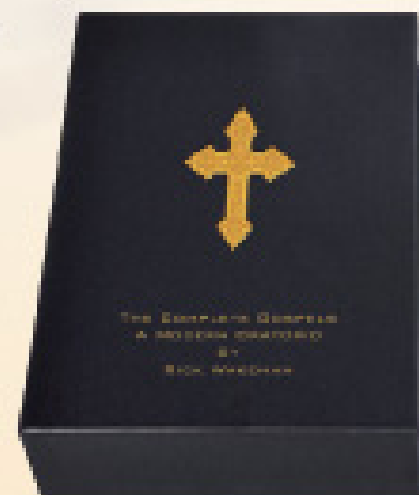
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This is the most important moment in history to do something for African elephants. Because it's the worst time in history to be an elephant.

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](https://www.nature.org/elephants) and follow us on Instagram, Facebook or Twitter to get action alerts.





# DOGLEG

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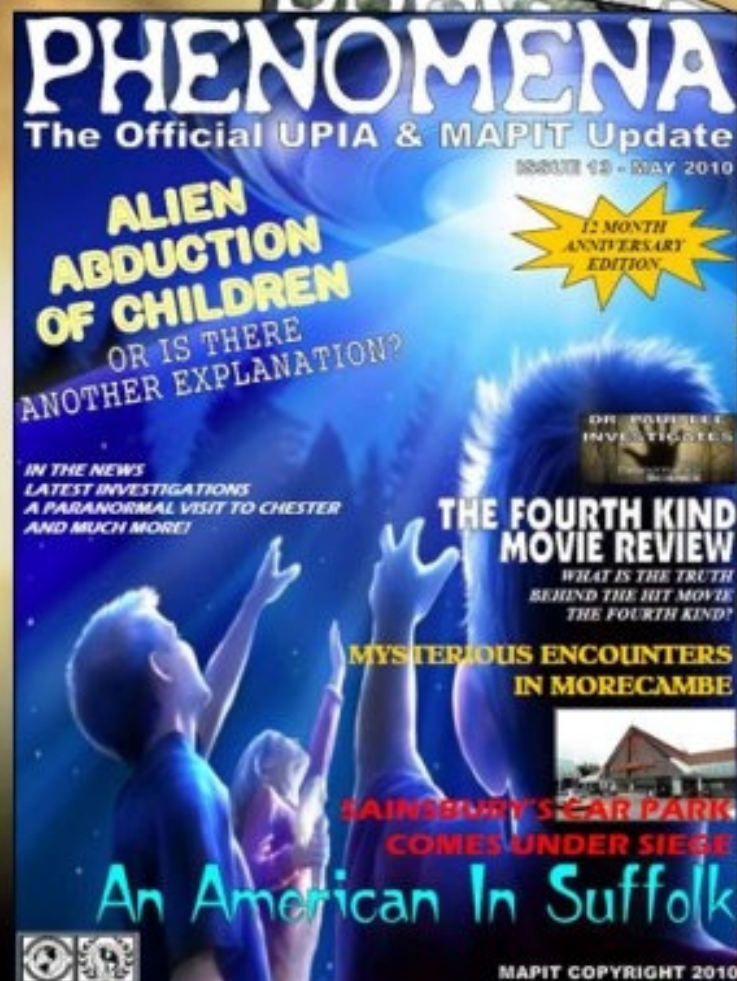
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As regular readers of these pages will probably know I have a strange, disparate, and diverse collection of friends, relatives, and associates, many of whom who are extraordinarily creative in one way or another. And as my plan was always to make this 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.

## 10 NINETIES TOYS THAT MODERN KIDS WOULD LAUGH AT

During last summer's Pokemon Go mania, my local off-licence put a sign on the door telling customers that if they wanted to hunt for Pokemon in their shop they have to buy something. It's debatable whether or not this discouraged adult players, or merely encouraged children to buy vodka.

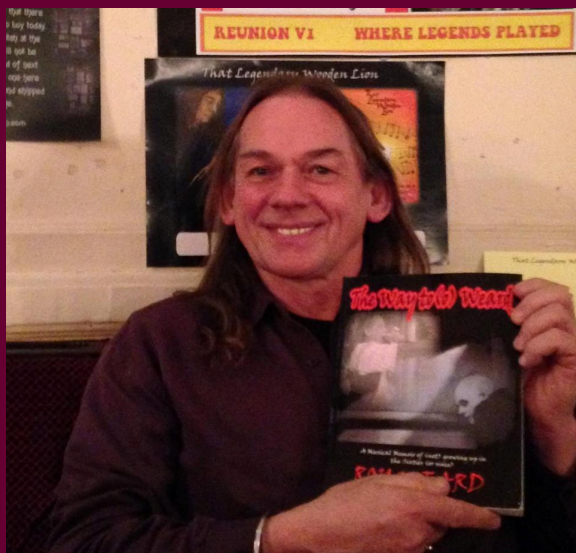
Of course, the Pokemon Go fad burned brightly and then faded away - as we all knew it would - becoming just another short-lived youth craze. Frankly, modern kids don't know how good they have it with their high-tech toys and smart phones and Snapchat stories and fidget spinner-related injuries.

Here are just ten of the faddy toys we played with in the past..





# WORDS FROM THE WEARD



After a life spent in and around music Roy Weard has finally written it all down. From his beginnings in the folk clubs of the early sixties, to playing the free festivals of the seventies with his own band 'Wooden Lion', to touring as a merchandiser with acts like Santana, The Pink Floyd and Genesis, to fronting cult London bands 'Dogwatch' and 'Roy Weard and Last Post', then touring again as a sound engineer and tour manager for many different bands and solo acts. A wide and varied life - this book spans all of that and more and is freely sprinkled with backstage stories and tales of a life spent on many different roads. It also contains many photographs, mostly taken by Roy, the crews he toured with, or by the fans of his various bands.

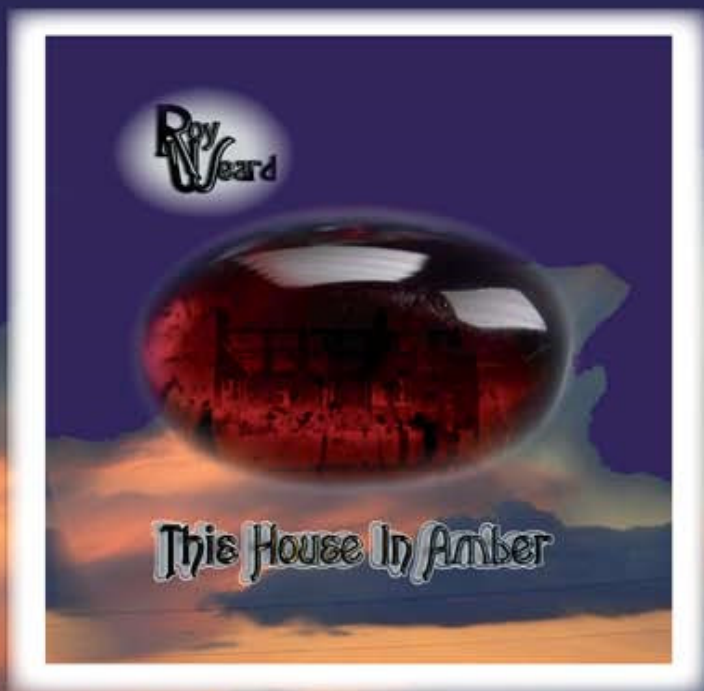
Even now he is unable to give up being involved in music. He still fronts the revived band 'That Legendary Wooden Lion', is part of the team that puts on monthly gigs in Brighton and Hove under the name of 'The Real Music Club' and does a weekly one hour radio show on Tuesdays at 4pm on Brighton and Hove Community Radio. As of now, he also writes a regular column in this august publication..

Things at the hospital had taken a strange turn. One of the guys who worked there, who went by the name of Keith, became very interested in some of the hippy ideas I was talking about. Keith was very tall, six foot nine at least, and had to bend his head when he went through a door. He and I were asked to go over to the old pathology labs, which were, at the time, being demolished to make way for a new surgical block. The basic remit was to see if there was anything left there that we could use in our lab.

The old block was dark, dusty and deserted. Like many of the old laboratories it had big, lead-topped benches that stretched down the centre of the room. We began opening cupboards and checking to see what was there. There were several shelves and storage spaces under the benches and Keith screwed his massive frame up to crawl underneath to see what was there. Moments later there was a sharp cry, a thud and the bench lifted very slightly. Keith emerged rubbing his head. He then delved back into the gloom and emerged clutching a glass jar containing two severed hands! While he was under there he swung the torch around and the two hands were hanging inches from his face. We had no idea to whom they belonged - no labels or other identification - so he took them back to the lab and spent the next month dissolving the flesh from the bones and mounting the hands onto a wooden plaque - wiring the small bones together. The finished skeletal hands then sat proudly on his desk.

In the lab above us there were a couple more eccentric characters. Terry also had long blonde hair and the pair of us used to borrow stethoscopes and, in our white lab coats, wander aimlessly through the outpatients, much to the consternation of those waiting for treatment. They were worried they might be being treated by hippies. Terry worked for a doctor from the Far East (I have no idea where from or what his name was) and he invited us over to his place one evening. He lived opposite the *Swiss Cottage* pub at the end of the Finchley Road. His balcony looked directly





Roy  
Weard

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at the pub. In the summer he would sit on the balcony with a small pipe of opium and a telescope, looking over at the pub. If he saw a woman he fancied he would go over there – if not it was a night in with a pipe.

Keith also got into the life of the band and we took to making a speaker cabinet during our lunch break, a process that was curtailed after protests from the other residents of the lab about the amount of sawdust we were generating. Keith was also using joss sticks in the lab and the consensus of opinion was that I should be asked to leave as a disturbing influence. The upshot of this was that I decided I would go back to college and do some 'A' levels with the idea that I should go to University. By this time I had also taken to reading poetry at Middle Earth. I would get up between bands and read some of my stuff out. I usually did this at the DJ booth, standing on a crate. Jeff Dexter, resident DJ there, once remarked I was the only poet to get high on a milk crate. Middle Earth was probably my favourite venue of them all. UFO had moved to doing shows at the Roundhouse by then, but this was a less intimate space than the one in Covent Garden. Mind you, the Roundhouse was not the swanky, upmarket, place it is now. In those days it was still little more than the engine shed it had started life as. They had taken out the turntable and put in a stage, but it still had whole sections piled high with rails and sleepers, and it was still very dirty.

I was at Middle Earth when Captain Beefheart played there for the first time. It was, in fact, his first ever gig in the UK. He had been sponsored by John Peel who was also the DJ for the night. I had been looking forward to this show for a while. The place was pretty full but Captain Beefheart was not that well known and Middle Earth did not really need to do much advertising because the audience was mostly made up of people who came along each week anyway. Hippiedom was going mainstream though, and there was a lot of interest in 'Underground Music' in the Press and elsewhere. Billy Walker was a boxer who ran a nightclub in Forest Gate. This was called 'The Upper Cut' and had opened in Dec 1966 with *The Who*. They put on mostly 'mod' type bands and would send people out to go to other clubs to see what they are doing. Now Middle Earth did not have an alcohol licence – they did not need it because all the highs that went on there were not exactly of the kind you could get a licence for. They sold Coca Cola and milk and a few other soft drinks, but that was all. As a consequence, there was little or no trouble there. On the night of the Beefheart show they *did* have a drunk in, and he was trying, in a very

aggressive way, to chat up a girl I knew. She changed places a couple of times but still this oaf followed her. My chivalry gene kicked in and I said something along the lines of 'I don't think she wants to talk to you'. His response was to turn around and hit me. I reeled back from the punch but did not fall over. I recall him looking at me in amazement and taking a couple of steps back as I attempted to say, 'What did you do that for?' I say attempted because, for some reason, my jaw would not work. The guy was hustled out of the club and people gathered round to ask if I was OK. After a few minutes I decided I would be better off going to a hospital. University College Hospital had an Outpatients Department so I got in the car and drove there. I was told I would need an X-Ray and the radiologist would not be in for a few hours. It was 2am at the time. I decided to go back and see Beefheart's second set, which is what I did.

I then drove back to the hospital, got X-Rayed and discovered he had broken my jaw on one side and shattered it on the other (where the blow had landed) Turns out my assailant was one of Billy Walker's sparring partners. The hospital admitted me and operated on my jaw to rebuild it. This rebuilding took the form of getting two of those metal jaw-shaped trays that dentists use when they take an impression of your teeth. These ones, however, had hooks along the sides and, once the broken parts of my jaw were in the correct place, they glued the tray in place. They then fixed a similar plate to my upper teeth and clamped my jaw together with yellow elastic bands. All of this was done under general anaesthetic. When I woke from the anaesthetic I felt woozy and a bit sick. I sat up and threw up – but it had nowhere to go! My jaws were clamped shut. This has been an enduring memory. Sitting up in a hospital bed with a mouth full of vomit, wondering what to do next. Only one answer really – swallow it. While I was in hospital, Middle Earth was raided for the last time and then invaded by the people who worked at the market, falsely informed that 'The Hippies are burning a child at the stake down there'. That was the end of the club.

**GONZO** CURRENTLY IN STOCK  
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AT GONZO (USA)





# c.j.stone

## Royal Mail managers – bureaucrats not businessmen

### Annual leave

I had an interesting conversation the other day with the manager who allocates the annual leave. They've just brought in a new system. You have to specify the date in one box, and then the day in another box, two boxes for each day, on one half of the sheet; and then do the whole thing again on the

second half of the sheet, which they return to you if your request is denied. Meanwhile they allocate dates for you which you haven't requested, which you then have to ask to be removed: again two boxes for each day, on two halves of the same sheet. The whole sheet is a maze of boxes and dates and days which you have to





negotiate your way through. If you fail to fill it in correctly your request will be denied.

In the old days you just asked for the days you wanted and, if certain days were over subscribed, you would have a conversation about it. Sitting in the office with the Line Manager talking about your annual leave was one of the pleasures of the job for both parties.

So I complained about the fact that my last lot of requests hadn't been given and that I was still being landed with a holiday in February which I didn't ask for and didn't want.

The manager was being particularly obstreperous about it. It was obvious that he enjoyed the power he had over me. He said, "we're not here to please you. This is a business now. It's the interests of the

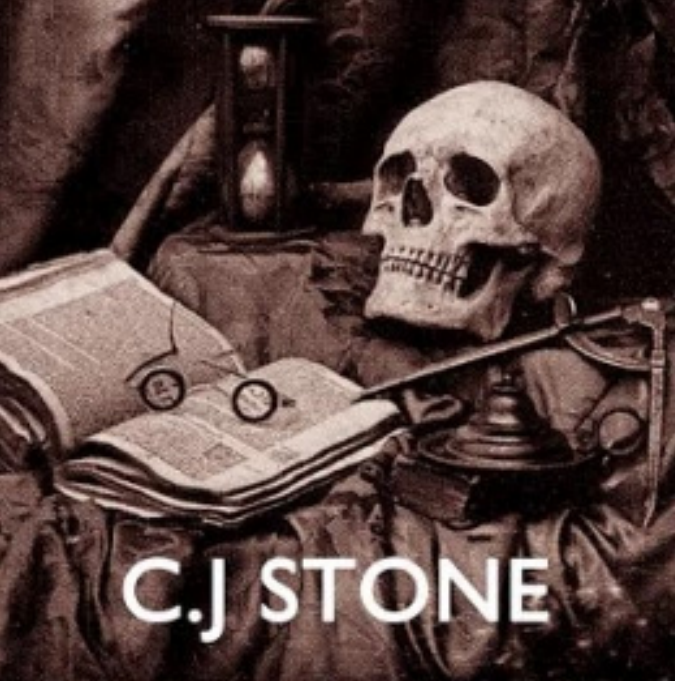
business that come first."

The joke here is that neither this manager, nor the management of the Royal Mail as a whole, are businessmen. They are bureaucrats. Very few, if any, of them have ever had any experience outside the Royal Mail. They learnt their trade in a 500 year old state owned industry, not in the cut and thrust of the business world. The basic requirement since privatisation, to cut costs in order to increase profits, is the perfect excuse for them to become even more belligerently awkward than they already were.

**Read on**

# THE EMPIRE OF THINGS

SELECTED WRITINGS 2003 - 2013



## NOW AVAILABLE FROM GONZO MULTIMEDIA

"Stone writes with intelligence, wit and sensitivity."

*Times Literary Supplement*

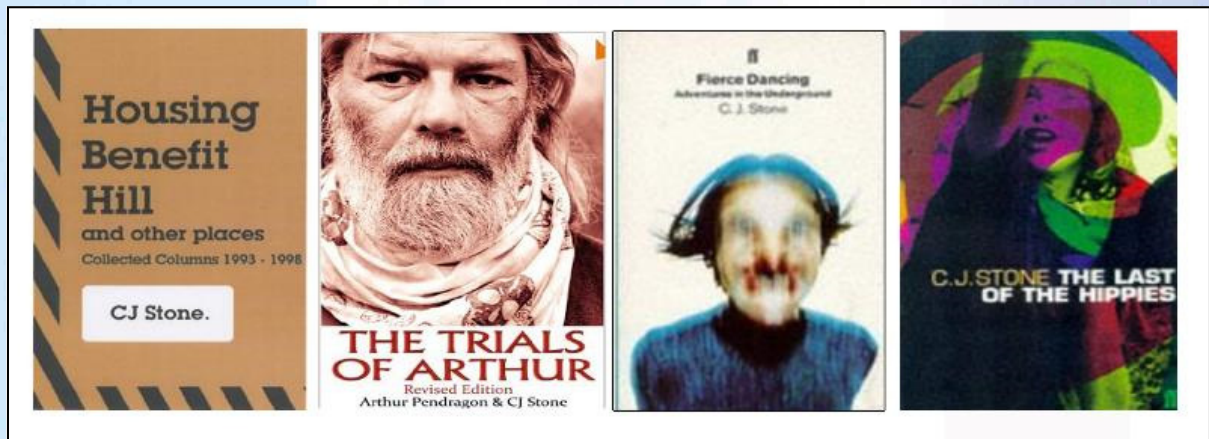
"Wry, acute, and sometimes hellishly entertaining essays in squalor and rebellion."

*Herald*

"The best guide to the Underground since Charon ferried dead souls across the Styx."

*Independent on Sunday*





Housing Benefit Hill:  
<http://www.amazon.co.uk/Housing-Benefit-Hill-Other-Places/dp/190259343X>

The Trials of Arthur:  
<http://www.amazon.co.uk/Trials-Arthur-Revised-Ronald-Hutton/dp/0956416314/>

Fierce Dancing:  
<http://www.amazon.co.uk/Fierce-Dancing-Underground-C-J-Stone/dp/0571176305/>

The Last of the Hippies:  
<http://www.amazon.co.uk/Last-Hippies-C-J-Stone/dp/0571193137/>

A wide-angle photograph of the Stonehenge monument in a grassy field under a cloudy sky. The stones are arranged in their characteristic circular formation. A small figure of a person is visible on the right side of the image for scale.

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





The Masters of the Universe do seem to have a steady stream of interesting stories featuring them, their various friends and relations, and alumni.

Each week Graham Inglis keeps us up to date with the

latest news from the Hawkverse..

While all is quiet on the Hawkwind front at present, with no gigs apart from 2018's Hawkeaster currently scheduled, a mild mystery surrounds ex-Hawk Ron Tree's involvement with the 2008 Hawklords incarnation.





# Spirits Burning

The music adaptation of Mack Maloney's sci-fi novel "Starhawk"

Over 70 minutes of music, over forty crew members  
Includes bonus 8-page comic with artwork by Steve Lines

A sci-fi adventure ... resurrected by Don Falcone & Mack Maloney, with Hawkwind family members Dave Anderson, Alan Davey, Paul Hayles, Jerry Richards, Nik Turner, Twink, & Bridget Wishart, plus Daavid Allen (Gong), Robert Berry (3), Keith Christmas, John Ellis (The Vibrators), Kev Ellis (Space Cadets), Matt Malley (Counting Crows), Nigel Mazlyn Jones, Pete Pavli (High Tide), Ken Pustelnik (The Groundhogs), Billy Sherwood (Yes), Judge Smith (Van der Graaf), Steffe Sharpstrings, Cyrille Verdeaux (Clearlight), Steve York, & 24 more musicians ...



1. Our Crash
2. I Have Two Names
3. JigSawMan Flies A JigSawShip
4. Live Forever
5. My Life of Voices
6. Let's All Go Cloud Puffing
7. Stellar Kingdom
8. Spaceships At The Starting Line
9. We Move You
10. Tripping With The Royal Family
11. Xara's Poem
12. For Those Who Are Searching
13. Rolling Out
14. Angel Full Of Pity
15. Right On The Mark
16. This Time, This Space
17. So Strong Is Desire

GONZO

Multimedia  
spiritsburning.com



Captain Rizz has reportedly stood in for Ron Tree on some recent Hawklords dates, but generally only for the encore songs.

And another ex-Hawk Jerry Richards took on the frontman duties at Surplus Festival, a Welsh community-style grassroots festival.

Fans asking about the apparent and possibly temporary personnel change were shoo'd off the subject in no uncertain manner, with one fan describing how he'd got his head bitten off for asking a question about Ron, and another fan saying that whoever was posting for the band had been "in a bit of a snippy mood."

The now-possibly-headless fan added, "I'm not sure that being rude to your fans is the best way

to encourage folks to come and watch you."

However, there are reports that Tree has said that he's returning next year. In the meantime, a spot of opacity regarding band membership is not really likely to shock or surprise any fans that might happen to be Hawkwind fans too.







# HAWKWIND PASSPORT APPLICATION



Greetings space travellers!

This is your Hawkwind Earth Visitors Passport application form.

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

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

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

Volunteer Crew Register

Name .....

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

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

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

Post Code .....

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

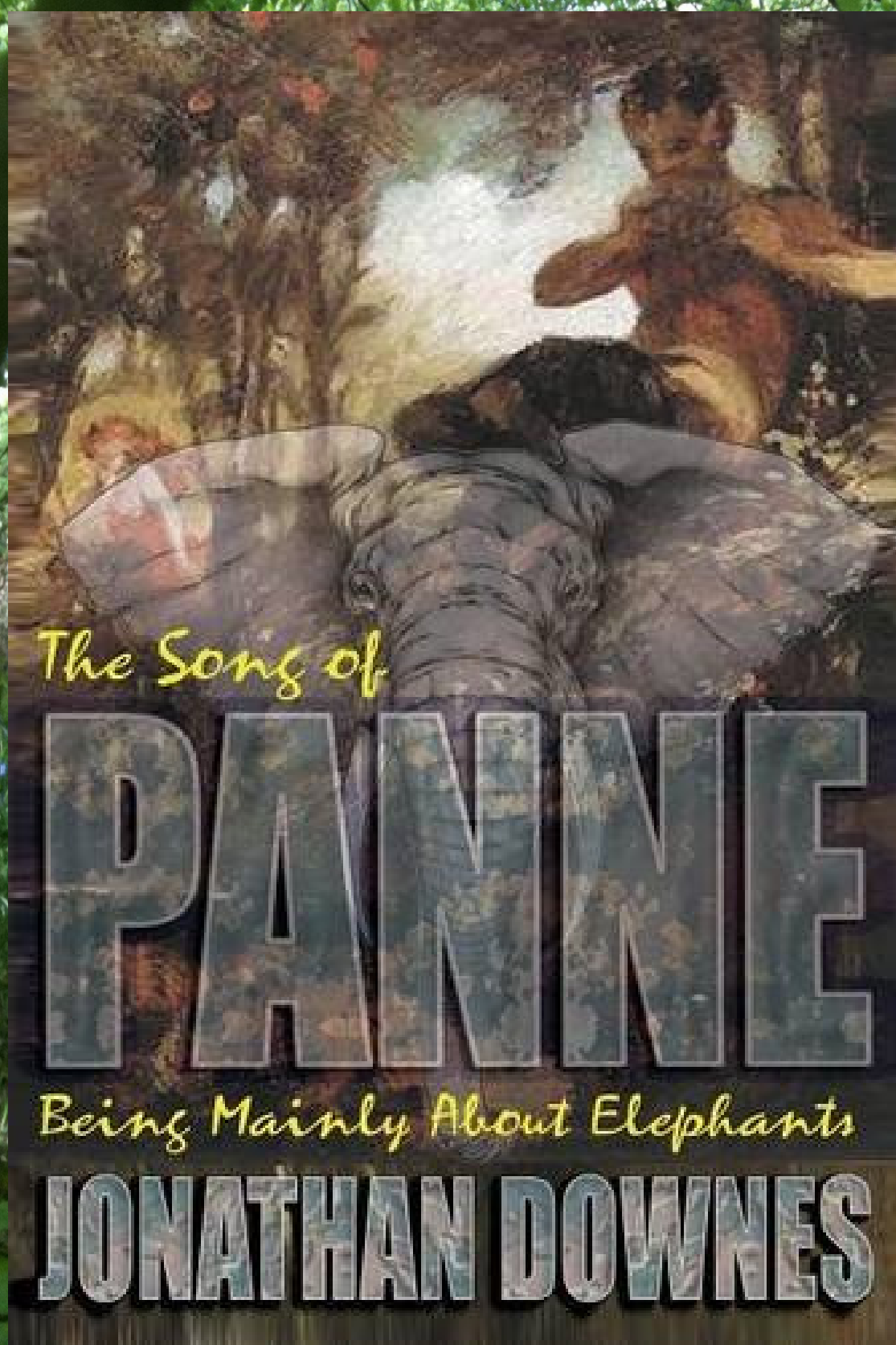
Telephone Number: .....

Additional info: .....

[www.hawkwind.com](http://www.hawkwind.com)

Any enquiries [hawkwindpassports@hawkwind.com](mailto:hawkwindpassports@hawkwind.com)





*The Song of*

# PANNE

*Being Mainly About Elephants*

JONATHAN DOWNES



# XtUl

## 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.

LI

But I didn't know any of that back then, and even at the time of which I am writing I was not to find out what had actually happened to Skullfuck for a little while. I had always quite liked the bloke, but we were never what one might call socially (or in any other way) intimate, and as I intensely disliked Cindy Prosser (and I hope that you will agree that I had every reason so to do) I am afraid that I made



[HTTP://WWW.XTUL.CO.UK](http://www.xtul.co.uk)





no effort to renew my relationship with the hapless biker lad. We had different friends, my fiancée did her best to keep me away from my erstwhile drink and drugging buddies down at *The Dolphin* in Kenton, and as I was in love and getting sober, I realised that my relationship with these people was basically involved with getting drunk and/or stoned whilst listening to peculiar music and swapping examples of our mutually tasteless senses

of humour, the fact that I stopped seeing Skullfuck didn't really matter to me.

I honestly did my best to fit in with Alison's petit-bourgeoise ideals. I stopped taking drugs, and my drinking was under reasonable levels of control. Her friends became my friends, and the coterie of arty druggies with whom I had spent most of my life over the previous few years disappeared over the horizon before me as





matrimony, home ownership and a responsible career appeared looming over the horizon before me.

A few months later there was another drama in the Nurses Home, and as a result of it, Cindy Prosser ran away, and tendered her resignation from the School of Nursing by post. There was another interminable enquiry, during which I was once again fingered as being a social and professional undesirable. But I truly can't remember the details, and don't care anyway. Cindy was never seen again, I went off and got married and moved into my little house in Exeter where I lived for the next twenty years, and I completely forgot about Skullfuck.

But Danny's narrative brought him back

into the forefront of my cerebral cortex. And I remembered what an oddly sweet lad he had been; underneath the wannabe bikerfreak was a dear fellow who collected stamps and knew the names of all the flowers in the lanes around his home in Kenford.

Danny spent the next week at the redoubt in the deep woods, but - apart from Skullfuck - he made no attempt to socialise with any other of the inhabitants. Unlike on previous occasions, he had not been summoned to partake of social communion with the elephant-headed demigod in charge of the gallant little fortress, and - as he had finally realised that all the beautiful (and not so beautiful) young women there were not seduceable unless one was prepared to pay a price far



above anything that he was ever going to be prepared to pay for anything - he had given up talking to any of them, unless it was to say how many dollops of baked beans he wanted on his burnt toast in the makeshift cafeteria. And so, for the next seven days, he spoke to nobody but Skullfuck.

I have already told how Danny has always been spectacularly uninterested in the world about him unless it was something that he could smoke, drink, snort or fuck. However, I still find it extraordinary that he didn't ask more questions, and even with the questions that he *did* ask, he was peculiarly unable to extrapolate any information from the data that was being presented to him each day. He realised that the whole community had suddenly been transformed to being on a war footing, for example, but seemed completely incapable of asking with whom the imminent conflict was going to be. "It just never occurred to me", he muttered shamefacedly as I berated him for his insane intellectual apathy.

Likewise the newer inhabitants of the woodland ménage. Everyone he had met before (except for Panne, of course) was basically human. Even Mr Loxodonta could have passed for being human with the addition of some spectacularly expensive theatrical prosthetics. But some of the beings he was now seeing on a daily basis; the giant smoke men, the pack of talking black dogs (oh, didn't I mention them, I forgot) and the physical manifestation of the Internet meme of Slenderman, were obviously not human, nor could they ever have been portrayed as such. But although Danny was overwhelmed with awe at these things which were totally beyond

the ken of practically anyone in the contemporary human race, it never actually occurred to him to find out who they were, what they wanted, what their purpose was, or - indeed - where they came from.

I had known Danny for over three and a half decades, and he had done a lot to piss me off over those years. But I don't think that I had ever been so pissed off with him as I was now. Every further piece of the anecdotal evidence with which he presented me, served only to make me more and more cross. How could anyone be so obtuse as to be presented with face to face evidence of the physical proof of some of the most insoluble and abiding mysteries that have ever confronted the human race, and not bother to even *ask* for an explanation?

Danny tried to explain, but I am afraid that I just took it as another one of his facile excuses and three and a half decades of dealing with his bullshit came to the surface, and I refused to listen to him. I should probably have listened to him as he tried to explain that, in the isolated little redoubt in the middle of what had once been part of Her Majesty's Forestry Reserves, but which had been sold off by one of Thatcher's more resolutely privatising governments, what would have seemed to most people as a post Marcel Duchamp nightmare of surreality, actually became normal. "Our normal, seemed more normal than normal", he tried to explain to me. But I wouldn't listen.

Possibly I should have done.





# Thom the World Poet

Rob Ayling writes:

"Thom the World poet is an old mate of mine from way back in my history. Even pre-dating Voiceprint, when I was running "Otter Songs" and Tom's poetry tapes and guest appearances with Daavid Allen, Gilli Smyth *Mother Gong* are well known and highly regarded. It just felt right to include a daily poem from Thom on our Gonzo blog and when I approached him to do so, he replied with in seconds!!! Thom is a great talent and just wants to spread poetry, light and positive energy across the globe. If we at Gonzo can help him do that - why not? why not indeed!!!"

## CRUISE CONTROL

SOLO,MARCO POLO

You traveled the Orient

Our worlds opened like a flower

Later,your followers

Hordes travel in huge ships

Rich enough to afford a "world"trip  
or fulfill a bucket list

Yet they do less than this visit

Buy trinkets,snap photographs

They call themselves "tourists"

Leave a mess on the streets and in oceans

Finally,world villages say ENOUGH!

You add nothing to us.Do not learn our histories

Do not respect our monuments or hieroglyphs

We tire of your superficial mass dumpings on our shores

We would prefer refugees,please

"Tourists go home"



# Yer Gonzo Bookshelf

## VOID

NATHAN  
KUZACK

*How can you escape when there's nowhere to go?*

- **Format:** Kindle Edition
- **File Size:** 441 KB
- **Print Length:** 150 pages
- **Simultaneous Device**
- **Usage:** Unlimited
- **Publisher:** NKP (19 Dec. 2016)
- **Sold by:** Amazon Media EU S.à r.l.
- **Language:** English
- **ASIN:** B01MXMQRL4

It certainly isn't everyday that one comes across a book that was basically described in a work of fiction written half a century ago. But with this book I have come the closest that I shall probably

ever come.

I think that this is probably the best novel I have read all year. But I have to agree with a lady called Greta, who is the only other person on Good Reads to have reviewed it so far when she says that she has no idea what it is all about. She speculated that it could be about redemption, faith or belief. I wouldn't even go that far. But it certainly is unforgettable.

I will pass you over to the publisher, who I suspect is probably also the author, for their/his blurb, in order to set the scene:

"Insurance worker Robert Samson wakes one morning to find the entire world outside his home has vanished overnight, leaving his house suspended in the middle of a vast, dark, featureless void. With limited tools at his disposal, he sets about examining the void and his place within it, trying to explain its sudden, mysterious appearance. Meanwhile, his total solitude causes him to start looking back on his life, especially the traumatic fallout of a childhood incident involving a young girl named Rainey Day.

Utterly alone, with food and water supplies that are dwindling rapidly, can he find a way out of the void before he loses his mind – or even his life?"

Back in the late 1979s or early 1980s the BBC broadcast a rather good adaptation of Nancy Mitford's *The Pursuit of Love* and *Love in a Cold Climate*. I was a punky little Herbert at the time, and would probably have never paid it any attention if my mother hadn't refused to watch it because she wouldn't believe the upper classes could ever behave in such a manner. A year or so later, by the way, she refused to watch *Brideshead Revisited* because she didn't believe that the Upper Classes would ever indulge in anything so vulgar as homosexuality. Oscar Wilde was a foreigner, after all. But I digress.

As a result of my mama's disdain, I watched and enjoyed the BBC's adaptation of the two Mitford



books, and went out and got them out from the library the very next weekend. I was an immediate fan, and Uncle Matthew joined the literary depiction of Lawrence Durrell as a young man as portrayed by his younger brother, as templates for what I wanted to be as I grew up. Add a smidgeon of Jubal Harshaw, and I think that I have pretty well got there, but that is another story and I am in danger of digressing again.

In the first of Nancy Mitford's brace of books describing a fictionalised account of her life as one of the culturally notorious Mitford Sisters, one of the minor, but still memorable characters, is Captain Davey Warbeck (apparently based on a notoriously eccentric relative, Cdr Geoffrey Bowles) who married the aunt of the main narrator and protagonist of the book. Amongst other things, Warbeck is an author who - amongst other things - wrote a novel about the final days of an Antarctic explorer stranded alone in a hut on the vast southern continent knowing full well that however frugally he metes out his supplies, he will not live long enough to see the arrival of his rescuers.

Now, Nancy Mitford obviously thought that this was a massively funny satire on the pretensions of the literary avant-garde of the 1930s, but I thought then (and think now) that it is a fuck off clever idea for a first person novel. And I wondered then, as I wonder now, why nobody ever went out and wrote the thing. And now somebody has. Or at least as near as dammit.

Whatever the philosophical message behind this quasi-absurdist novel may be, and here I come very close to repeating my favourite quote from Mark Twain about people looking for a novel being shot, this is a story about a man falling apart. And then building himself up again. He actually deals with the immediate aftermath of his dilemma very well, but once the reality of his predicament hits him, things slowly but inexorably change. As Davey Warbeck's novel never existed outside whatever axis of the Burroughs Time Twister contains the Worlds of/ as Myth, one cannot actually do any fact checking here, but one can imagine *his* unnamed hero spending weeks contemplating the reality of

being forced to drink his own urine in order to survive (although, come to think of it, in Antarctica there would actually be no shortage of water, albeit frozen, so it probably wouldn't come to that) but one can imagine the hypochondriac Davey writing reams of prose in which he contemplated such a horrifically uncivilised lifestyle option.

At first Samson is phlegmatic about his plight, even enjoying it as he discovers new realms of self reliance that he never knew he had. After all, he thinks, he might be a middle aged man with no life partner and a collection of utterly pointless and very expensive collectible man toys. But he is dealing with this utterly horrific eventuality, and dealing with it rather well. Fuck, he can still make cocktails, he has a lot of stored electricity in batteries, and even goes outside to explore. But slowly the electricity runs out, he is left in darkness, and realises that every time he gets drunk he dehydrates himself and ends up using up more of his precious reserves of water, and the end that he so desperately wants to avoid gets closer.

At the end, when he has run out of water and his kidneys are failing to the extent that he can no longer produce enough urine to mix with the juice from his tinned peaches (the thought of that is so revolting that I truly wish to change the subject) and his collections of overpriced sci fi collectible tat have long since been thrown out into the endless night, either out of rage or emancipation (one is never quite sure) he takes a leap of faith. And.....

Fuck. I am not even going to attempt to describe what happens next. If I was going to be like that twat who almost destroyed Bruce Springsteen's career 43 years ago, I would say that "I have seen the future of one specific genre of peculiar absurdist literature, and his name is NATHAN", but that would be vulgar, and unlike Jon Landau, in my family vulgarity never begins at home.

So read the fucking book. You can get it for free on Kindle Unlimited, and even if you have to pay for it, I truly think that you should.

Ta ta.





**ROCK and ROLL**

# a cabinet of curiosities

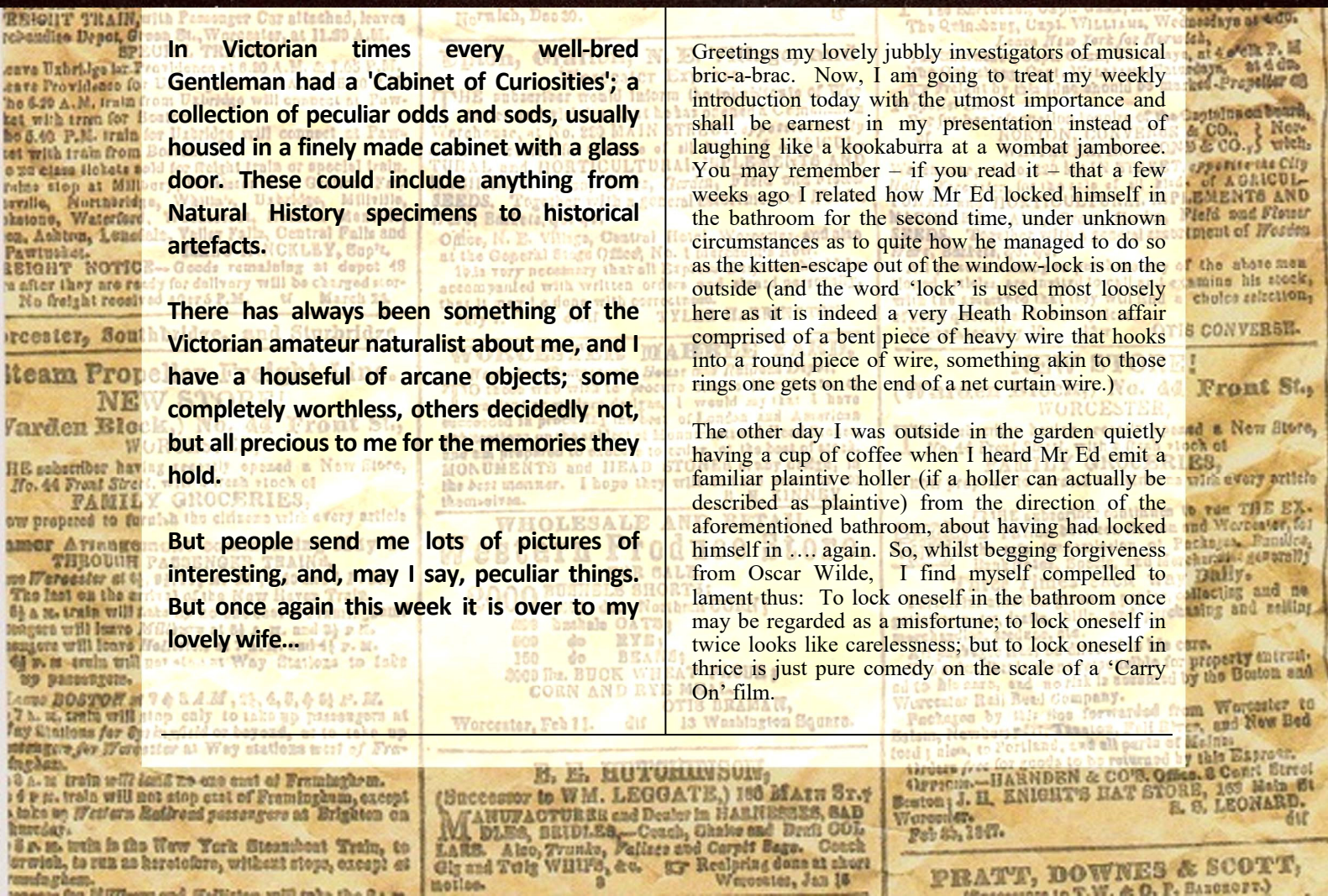
In Victorian times every well-bred Gentleman had a 'Cabinet of Curiosities'; a collection of peculiar odds and sods, usually housed in a finely made cabinet with a glass door. These could include anything from Natural History specimens to historical artefacts.

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

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

Greetings my lovely jubbly investigators of musical bric-a-brac. Now, I am going to treat my weekly introduction today with the utmost importance and shall be earnest in my presentation instead of laughing like a kookaburra at a wombat jamboree. You may remember – if you read it – that a few weeks ago I related how Mr Ed locked himself in the bathroom for the second time, under unknown circumstances as to quite how he managed to do so as the kitten-escape out of the window-lock is on the outside (and the word 'lock' is used most loosely here as it is indeed a very Heath Robinson affair comprised of a bent piece of heavy wire that hooks into a round piece of wire, something akin to those rings one gets on the end of a net curtain wire.)

The other day I was outside in the garden quietly having a cup of coffee when I heard Mr Ed emit a familiar plaintive holler (if a holler can actually be described as plaintive) from the direction of the aforementioned bathroom, about having had locked himself in .... again. So, whilst begging forgiveness from Oscar Wilde, I find myself compelled to lament thus: To lock oneself in the bathroom once may be regarded as a misfortune; to lock oneself in twice looks like carelessness; but to lock oneself in thrice is just pure comedy on the scale of a 'Carry On' film.





# THE BITCH IS BACK

How the heck does he manage it?

## Motorhead's 'Lemmy' has dino croc named after him

It would appear that a team of music-mad scientists have unveiled an extinct, sea-dwelling crocodile from the Jurassic period this week. And they have named it in honour of Lemmy.

"*Lemmysuchus*"—Latin for Lemmy's crocodile—was about 5.8 metres (19 feet) long and had a skull of more than a metre—similar to a modern-day saltwater crocodile to which it is only distantly related.

"It would have been one of the largest coastal predators of its time," researchers from the Natural History Museum said in a statement. The teeth were large and blunt, perfect for crushing prey such as turtles."

Lemmy's croc was dug up at Peterborough here in Cambridgeshire, England in the early 20th century.

But it was recently re-examined and found to have been incorrectly lumped with other sea crocodiles from the area.

Given that it belonged to a unique group, the creature "needed a new scientific name," said the statement.

"Natural History Museum curator Lorna Steel was still mourning the demise of her favourite band, and suggested that it should be named after her musical hero."

"Although Lemmy passed away at the end of 2015, we'd like to think that he would have raised a glass to *Lemmysuchus*, one of the nastiest sea creatures ever to have inhabited the Earth," the statement quoted Steel as saying."

Way to go Lemmy.

And then I wondered how many other organisms have been named after folks associated with music. I knew there were a few, but I didn't realise quite how many. Here is a selection that I have found, although they are

mostly what some would class under the creepy crawly sub-heading:

*Aphonopelma johnnycashi* is a species of tarantula found in 2015 near Folsom Prison in California, and named after Johnny Cash, whose song, "Folsom Prison Blues", made it famous. Mature males are generally black, and the country music singer was also known as "The Man in Black".

*Litarachna lopezae* is a species of aquatic mite found around depths of 70 meters in the Mona Passage, Puerto Rico, the species being named after Jennifer Lopez.

*Loureedia* is a genus of araneomorph spiders in the family Eresidae, containing a single species, *Loureedia annulipes*, found in the Mediterranean. Being a velvet spider that lives underground, the genus was named after musician Lou Reed, lead singer of the group Velvet Underground.

*Aegrotocatellus* is a genus of trilobite in the order Phacopida, which existed in what is now Nunavut, Canada. It was named by Adrain and Edgecombe in 1995, and the type species is *Aegrotocatellus jaggeri*, a species named after Mick Jagger.

*Perirehaedulus richardsi* is

a species of trilobite named after Keith Richards.

*Aleiodes shakirae* is a species of parasitic wasp belonging to the family Braconidae. The species is named after Shakira.

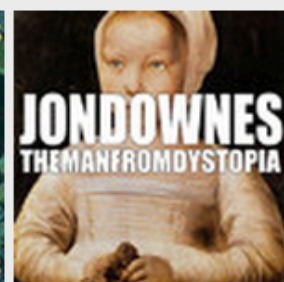
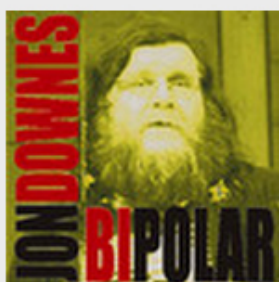
*Aleiodes gaga* is a species of parasitic wasp belonging to the family Braconidae, named after Lady Gaga.

*Alviniconcha* is a genus of deep water sea snails, marine gastropod mollusks in the family Provannidae. And *Alviniconcha strummeri* is named after Joe Strummer.

*Aphonopelma hollyi*, also known as the Lubbock gold tarantula, is considered by some sources to be a species of tarantula native

## SHAMELESS SELF PROMOTION TIME

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



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to Texas in the United States. The scientific name honours the 1950s rock-and-roll singer Buddy Holly.

*Arcticalymene* is a genus of trilobites found in Silurian-aged marine strata of Arctic Canada and Central Victoria, Australia. The Canadian species are named after each of the Sex Pistols: *A. cooki* (Paul Cook), *A. jonesi* (Steve Jones), *A. matlocki* (Glen Matlock), *A. rotteni* (Johnny Rotten) and *A. viciousi* (Sid Vicious).

*(Aptostichus bonoi)* Bono's Joshua Tree trapdoor spider is a species of Euctenizidae spiders, found in Joshua Tree National Park, California, named after Bono in honor of the U2's The Joshua Tree. *Avalanchurus* is an extinct genus of trilobites; the genus containing four species, and it is pretty easy to see who they are named after.

*Avalanchurus garfunkeli*

*Avalanchurus lennoni*

*Avalanchurus starri*

*Avalanchurus simoni*

*Heteropoda davidbowie* is a species of huntsman spider of the *Heteropoda* genus, described from the Cameron Highlands District in peninsular Malaysia and named in honour of David Bowie.

*Synalpheus pinkfloydi* is a crustacean named after Pink Floyd – well d'uh

*Taeniopteryx mercury* is a stonefly named after guess who – Freddie Mercury  
*Vallaris zappa* is an extinct gerbil named after Frank Zappa

*Zappa confluentus*, the New Guinea slender mudskipper, endemic to New Guinea was also named after musician Frank Zappa "for his articulate and sagacious defense of the First Amendment of the U.S. Constitution".

*Myrmekiaphila neilyoungi* (Neil Young, trapdoor spider)

*Scaptia beyonceae* (Beyoncé, horse fly)

*Orectochilus orbisonorum* (Roy Orbison, whirligig beetle)

*Cirolana mercuryi* (Freddie Mercury, East African isopod)

*Cryptocercus garciai* (Jerry Garcia, wood roach)

*Masiakasaurus knopfleri* (Mark Knopfler, small dinosaur)

*Preseucoila imallshookupis* (Elvis Presley, gall wasp)

*Anacroneuria taylori* and *Anacroneuria carole* (James Taylor and Carole King, insects)

Well I could go on – there are many others. But for the sake of the usual tat that needs to be shown here I must desist and continue with the job I was assigned for.

Many thanks to Wikipedia for all these long citations.

**JAMES BROWN 1970's Stage Worn JUMPSUIT AND VEST With Photo, LIFETIME GUARANTEE. SEE OUR OTHER LISTINGS- RARE RECORDS & MUSIC MEMORABILIA - US \$3,999.00 (Approximately £3,085.89)**



"A custom made jumpsuit and rhinestone studded vest, owned and worn on stage by the Godfather of Soul, James Brown, during the 1970's. The green jumpsuit has a silver embroidered front with zipper closure. The long green vest has a silver embroidered collar, black lining and rhinestone accents. This outfit, a pair of Brown's boots (not included here), and a photograph of Brown wearing a virtually identical jumpsuit on stage were donated to a Cleveland charity auction in the 1970's. We purchased them from the auction winner.

The jumpsuit and vest are accompanied by the aforementioned photograph, and

Recordmecca's written lifetime guarantee of authenticity. A wonderful artifact from the Godfather of Soul, ready to frame and hang on your wall."

Oh those jumpsuits of the 1970's eh? Don't they make you cringe?

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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.



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"A very reluctant sale of a fantastic oil painting. MJS last commissioned portrait by Kehinde Wiley the famous artist. This is an exact oil on canvas replica and any dedicated MJ fan will be proud to own! Buy it now for £1500 or i will consider any sensible offer. This painting is a huge 2.0 m x 1.75 m. All enquires welcome."

Stunning steed and gorgeous chubby cherubs, and I do have to say that the horse is nicer than the original Rubens painting of King Philip II of Spain it was - I believe - based on. I can't make up my mind if I prefer the original angel or the two cherubs, though.

The Beatles RINGO STARR Hand Signed 8"x10" Photo +PSA DNA COA \*\*BUY GENUINE\*\* - AU \$1,699.00 (Approximately £1,035.08)



"You are bidding on an Lab Quality 8"x10" photo Hand Signed By The Beatles RINGO STARR."

I know that you have a trilobite named after you Ringo, but I am sure it had more than four arms to hold you.

Rolling Stones Charlie Watts At Stargroves, Framed Picture By Michael Donald - £1,100

"Picture 31x43cms. Frame 52x67cms"



You have got one nice ballet first position turn-out there, Mr Watts - from what I can see in this rather dark photo anyway. Ever thought of doing a bit of attitude derrière?

See you next time, folks





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

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# THE NINE HENRYS



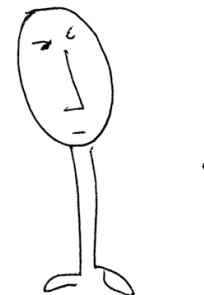
The Nine Henrys are a quirky bunch of cloned cartoon characters. They live in a strange lo-fi domestic surrealist world peopled by talking rock buns and elephants on wobbly stilts. Over the years the Henrys have been published in a variety of local NE magazines and now here for the first time thanks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

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

THE WORLDS FIRST CLONED CARTOON CHARACTER

modada@ninehenrys.com

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



Hair on the film



# Gregg Kofi Brown

ROCK 'N' ROLL AND UFOs

## 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**.

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THE WORLD OF GONZO ACCORDING TO

# Mark Raines



WHEN I SAID THE  
ANIMALS FELT LIKE  
I DID NOT WANT TO  
SHARE MY BED!

M.A. RAINES



I was very proud of my cover headline (or should that be strapline?) for this weekend's issue of *Gonzo Weekly* featuring the legendary keyboard player Don Airey, who has ably filled Jon Lord's boots in Deep Purple for the majority of this century. As you will know, he made a concept album about the mountaineers why tried to climb the Himalayan peak known as K2.

So the headline (to me at least) was obvious. But it seems that everyone to whom I have spoken about the aforementioned headline were unaware of the line in 'All things bright and beautiful' which goes:

The purple-headed mountain,  
The river running by,  
The sunset and the morning  
That brighten up the sky:

However, I note with some amusement that one verse has been entirely expunged from the online hymnals:

The rich man in his castle,  
The poor man at his gate,  
God made them high and lowly,  
And ordered their estate.

Hmmmmmmmmmm. Apparently the Inner London Education Authority positively banned this verse in 1982. And, it turns out, the cheerfully swinging tune, Royal Oak, was arranged by Martin Shaw in 1915 from a traditional melody celebrating the restoration of Charles II in 1660.

Who'd a' thought it?

And then to cap it all off, I thought of a totally different



headline (or whatever the bloody hell one is supposed to call it) that it is now far too late to use. But William Allingham's prose is even less likely to be in the public consciousness than are the less well known verses of the aforementioned children's hymn:

Up the airy mountain,  
Down the rushy glen,  
We daren't go a-hunting  
For fear of little men;  
Wee folk, good folk,  
Trooping all together;  
Green jacket, red cap,  
And white owl's feather!

Hey its Friday, and poetry is where it's at! Julia is still in hospital, but is likely to be out over the weekend. I have veggie Indian food and cold beer in my gunsights for later on.

Slainte



# THE BEST LAID PLANS



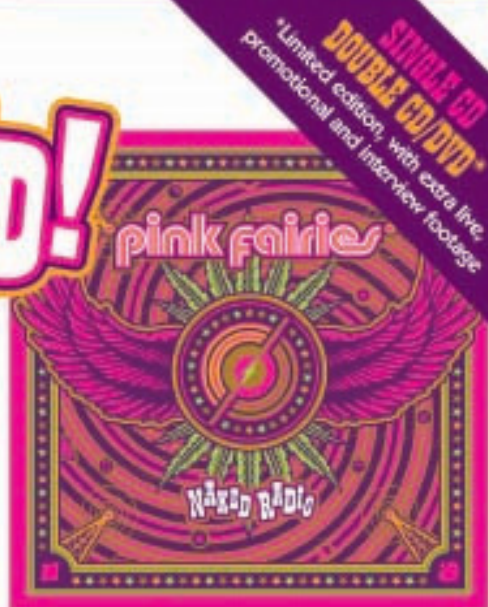
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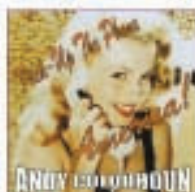
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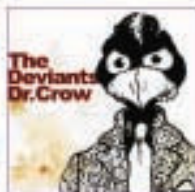
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