

GONZO

A photograph of two men in rockabilly style standing in front of a blue train car. The man on the left is wearing a brown top hat, purple sunglasses, a white jacket over a black shirt, and patterned pants. He is making a hand gesture. The man on the right is wearing sunglasses, a white shirt, a black vest, and black pants. He has his arm around the first man's shoulder.

We talk to **Erik Norlander** about **The Dukes of the Orient**, his new band with ex **Asia** singer **John Payne**, Doug goes to see **Robert Plant**, Neil looks at some of the more peculiar **Pagan Psychedelia**, and Alan checks out **The Shape of Water**, and Graham talks **Hawkwind**

ISSN 2516 1946

#276

BEAST FROM THE EAST?



Subscribe to Gonzo Weekly

<http://eepurl.com/r-VTD>

Subscribe to Gonzo Daily

<http://eepurl.com/OvPez>

Gonzo Facebook Group

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/287744711294595/>

Gonzo Weekly on Twitter

<https://twitter.com/gonzoweekly>

Gonzo Multimedia (UK)

<http://www.gonzomultimedia.co.uk/>

Gonzo Multimedia (USA)

<http://www.gonzomultimedia.com/>

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,

Once again it is that time of the week; the time when I sit in my favourite armchair, small but willful Jack Russell on my lap, covered with a brown blanket, cup of coffee in one hand, and iPad in the other, dictating deathless prose to my beloved step-amanuensis, Olivia. This has been a particularly strange week, and it's only

Tuesday! I know that I say things like this quite often, but I truly cannot think of a better way of prefacing the following description.

This weekend just gone, I have been binge watching the excellent Netflix docudrama about the man hunt which eventually captured Ted Kaczynski, known as the Unabomber. I've always been interested in Kaczynski and his philosophies, but it was my elder stepdaughter Shoshannah who recommended this particular Netflix biofilm. I'm particularly grateful to her for having done so, because - peculiarly - it had completely arrived under my radar, and I think that there is every chance that if she had not done so, I would never have heard about it.

But it is not the hunt for the Unabomber that I intend to write about this week. Last week was a particularly tiring one, and - as is my habit - I spent much of Saturday asleep, although I did various blog and magazine related things on Sunday. I was not firing on anything like all four cylinders, and when I went to bed, fueled



I've always been interested in Kaczynski and his philosophies, but it was my elder stepdaughter Shoshannah who recommended this particular Netflix bioflic.

by a bottle or so of merlot, and four episodes of the hunt for the Unabomber, I was more than slightly bewitched, bothered and bewildered by the time I went to bed.

I am prescribed a dazzling array of different medications for my various ailments, and have sixteen pills each morning and fourteen each evening. The ones I take at the end of the day include a number which have sedative effects, even



though that is not their primary function. However, on Sunday night, I was stupid enough to take my morning pills when I should have taken my evening pills and - as a result - I didn't sleep a wink.

There were various things that I needed Graham to do to my various office computers and so - as I was absolutely knackered, and also had a radio show that I was scheduled to do pencilled in for late Monday night - I decided to let discretion be the better part of valour, and spend most of the day dozing in my armchair, whilst Graham did what he had to do in the office, in the full realisation that I could do my 'daytime tasks' on Monday evening. This I did, and - when I eventually got to bed at about half past two this morning - I ultimately fell into the arms of Morpheus and slept for about six hours.

I am reasonably awake this morning, and am in the midst of a successful session of dictating deathless prose to Olivia, but it is difficult not to see my new found fondness for Netflix as being at least a *causative* part of my present condition.

I wrote last week about how Netflix has become my regular viewing platform, and as a result of it, I am regularly watching 'television' for the first time in decades. I do not understand their business model at all,

اللجنة لهم إذا كانوا لا تأخذ نكتة



but Netflix does seem to be able to present a stream of well-crafted and cerebrally satisfying content, and this is what I want to talk about again this week.

BoJack Horseman is a cult animated series. It takes place mostly in the Los Angeles area, most specifically, in Hollywood (later known as "Hollywoo" after the 'D' in the Hollywood sign is stolen in a romantic gesture).

In an alternate world where humans and tailless anthropomorphic animals live side by side, BoJack Horseman, the washed-up star of the 1990s *Horsin' Around*, plans his big return to celebrity relevance with a tell-all autobiography that he dictates to his ghostwriter Diane Nguyen.

BoJack also has to contend with the demands of his agent and on-again-off-again girlfriend Princess Carolyn, the misguided antics of his freeloading roommate Todd Chavez, and his friend/rival Mr. Peanutbutter, who is also Nguyen's boyfriend. The series satirizes Hollywood, celebrity culture, drug abuse, anxiety, depression and the effects of the entertainment industry in contemporary culture.

That above bit was lifted largely from those jolly nice fellows at Wikipedia, and although it tells the functioning story of what *BoJack Horseman* is all about, it fails to describe the meticulously complex world building that has gone into the premise of the show.

And it fails to explain how this peculiar little cartoon, which is now awaiting season five, stands head and shoulders above the current apparently popular glut of 'adult' cartoons.

There have been many such adventures in this genre, in the wake of the success of *Family Guy* and *American Dad*, most of them taking a fairly basic sitcom format and adding a string of pussy jokes. Whilst *BoJack Horseman* could possibly be described in an exercise in bad taste; the protagonist's grandmother had a prefrontal lobotomy, and the protagonist himself not only has a reasonably convincing drug habit, but has had more of his fair share of borderline morally acceptable sexual relationships, at least one of which is so far over that border that he is in danger of entering Roman Polanski territory.

But it is not a catalogue of bad taste, nor is

it an animated analogue of *The 120 Days of Sodom*.

Rather it is the story of a deeply flawed, but oddly likeable, character residing in a complex but peculiarly believable world of anthropomorphic characters. He is struggling with his own demons and embracing others, and basically trying to wrestle with Loudon Wainwright's aphorism that "it is better to be a has been than to be a never was".

For the eponymous BoJack Horseman was once the star of a 'feel good' 1990's TV show along the lines of *The Cosby Show* or one of those other staples of American prime-time TV which feature a diverse and peculiar family under the 'leadership' of an eccentric patriarch. In this case, however, the aforementioned patriarch is a man with a head of a horse.

It is a show (if I may steal from *Seinfeld*) about nothing, but also about everything. It is about aspiration, loneliness, mental illness, substance abuse, and the vain attempts of the featured character to make some sense of the increasingly peculiar world around them.

I think it is one of the best things I have seen for a long time. Certainly the best animated series (in my opinion) since the heyday of *The Simpsons*, and in its own way, just as much of a game changer.

Go watch it. I love it, but you might hate it. But fuck it, that's what life is all about!

Enjoy this week's issue,

Hare bol,

Jon



Netflix, BoJack Horseman, John Lennon, #200Fish Project, Led Zeppelin, Neil Young, Quincy Jones, Tony Kaye, Strange Fruit, Friday Night Progressive, Mack Maloney's Mystery Hour, Eddy Amoo, Harriet Fier, Emma Gwynedd Mary Chambers, Barbara Dickson, Jessica Lee Morgan, Rick Wakeman, Billion Dollar Babies, Tangerine Dream, Erik Norlander, John Payne, Dukes of the Orient, Robert Plant, The Shape of Water, Alan Dearling, Neil Arnold, Barbara, Jacula, Mort Garson, Antonius Rex, The Vampires Of Dartmoore, Three Monks, Kev Rowland, Taylor's Universe, Blackmore's Night, My Ticket Home, The Soul Exchange, Soul Drinker, Thaw, Then Comes Silence, This Will Destroy You, TNNE, Mr Biffo, Roy Weard, CJ Stone, Hawkwind, Jon Downes, The Wild Colonial Boy, Martin Springett, Even Rock and Roll has Fairy Tales: The Flight of The Sherry Fairy, Sherry Carroll, Darkthrone Abba, Pink Floyd, Limp Bizkit, My Chemical Romance, Paul McCartney, Korn, Neil Nixon, Wild Man Fischer

IT'S A LEGAL MATTER BABY

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dramatis Personae



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

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

NAMING THOSE RESPONSIBLE

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

so what's it all about, Alfie?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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 REGGS 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!



diego spade
productions

www.diegospadeproductions.com

twitter @diego_spade

facebook diegospadeproductions

THE ^{gonzo} NEWSROOM



EVERYBODY'S GOT SOMETHING TO BUY IF YOU LIKE HIM AND HIS MONKEY: John Lennon used to have a Honda Monkey bike as well as a Mercedes 600 Pullman and a psychedelic Rolls-Royce. He bought the bike new in 1969, and used it to ride around the premises of his country house near Ascot, England. The 49cc Z50A is one of the earlier Monkeys, as the model line was originally introduced in the mid-Sixties and made commercially available in England by 1967. Monkeys or other Z-series mini bikes are still being made.

The fantastic thing is that the bike is still as rough and dirty as Lennon left it, when he sold it in 1971, at the same time as he sold the house and moved to New York. In the early '70s, his celebrity status was so strong that the family purchasing the bike decided to just store it, instead of running

it to the ground. Well, any further into the ground than Lennon had — there's certainly some patina on the bike.

However, it runs, the frame and the powertrain are numbers matching, and it's still registered with the original plate. That all will probably translate into a final auction price that would buy you a boatload of old Honda Monkey bikes: The estimate ranges from \$28,000 to \$55,800, and even the starting bid is almost \$14k. The Monkey is part of a National Motorcycle Museum auction held on March 4 in Solihull, England.

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

FIND THE FISH: Hello to everybody who has joined the #200Fish Project

News February 2018

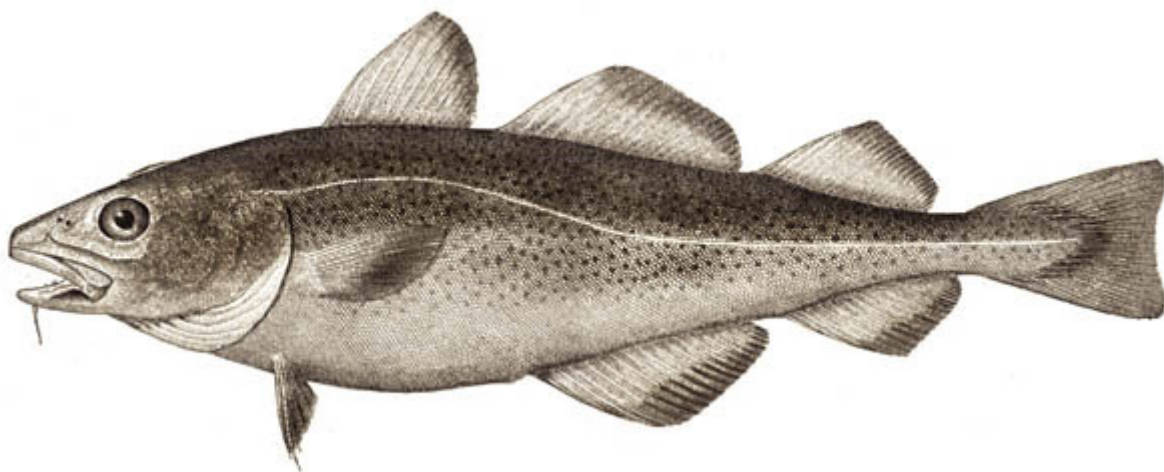
A massive thanks to everyone who has joined in to make this project a success.

Over a hundred images of #200Fish related artworks have now been submitted and uploaded to our website. You can view the pictures by clicking on the 'Picture' against any of the fish names in the big list at

<http://transitiontownlouth.org.uk/bell6.html> or just scroll through them one by one.

So, we're about half way there to our target of two hundred artworks based on fish that are found in the North Sea.

As you know, our original ambition was to find someone to paint or sculpt each fish, one artist per fish, but such has been the unexpected popularity of this project that we now have about 360 artists who have said they would like to join in. And we





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...

"There is not much mental distance between a feeling of having been screwed and the ethic of total retaliation, or at least the kind of random revenge that comes with outraging the public decency."

Hunter S. Thompson

really don't want to put anybody off.

Our intention is still to hold an exhibition of the approximately 200 North Sea fish and first refusal to exhibit goes to the first 200 people who signed up. I daresay a few might not, in the end, complete their work or turn out to be unable to contribute a piece of work, so it will be good to have a few spare to fall back on. And maybe we shouldn't be too precious about having each species represented by just one artwork, especially when different media are used, a painting and a sculpture, for example.

Some works will get sold and we will then be able to call on others to replace the gaps. Then, and here's an exciting opportunity, we are developing plans to take the #200Fish exhibition on tour. For that we may need further artworks. We are looking into the possibilities of taking the fish to village halls up and down the Lincolnshire coast, making it easier for people to engage with the project by bringing art to the people. Also we've had enquiries from organisations in Morecambe and Glasgow asking whether they might take the exhibition.

But one step at a time. We still haven't finalised the location and date for our opening exhibition. Our preferred venue, the new North Sea Observatory at Chapel Point is still a building site. We are watching that space.

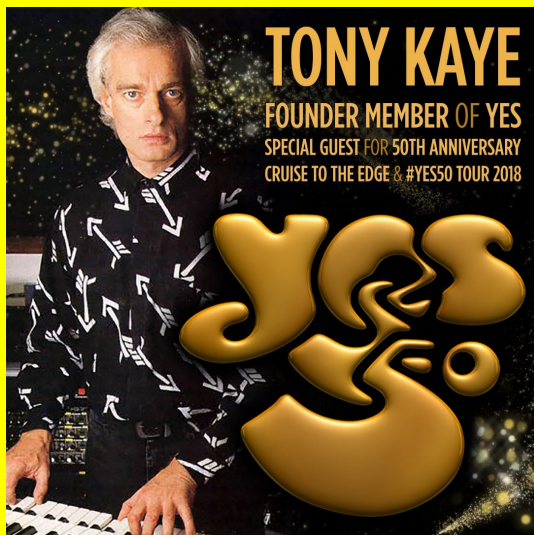
Meanwhile the website is growing to be the biggest (only?) online source of art related to the fish in the North Sea. Since websites are indefinitely expandable we can go on adding more and more pictures and text. From the comments I've received I'm sure that everybody visiting the website has been impressed at the extraordinary quality, variety and creativeness of your art. It's a fantastic achievement by all of you, whether you are a professional artist or someone quite new to making art.

Now, a few bits of housekeeping. If you

The Gospel According to *BART*

My favourite roving reporter sent me this piece of news recently: that founder member Tony Kaye will be joining Yes on their 50th Anniversary tour.

<http://www.progressiveears.org/forum/showthread.php/21164-Tony-Kaye-will-guest-on-Yes-s-50th-Anniversary-Tour>



It would, of course be churlish to suggest that this is a perfect way of countering those who say that Yes feat ARW is a more authentic version of the band because they have an original member, plus a superstar keyboards whizz.

And one never sees me being churlish, does one? And kaye's appearance will undoubtedly make the shows considerably more "special",

have sent in an image of your work please do check the website to see that I have received it and uploaded it. Do let me know if you spot any typos or other things that are wrong. If you don't see the dimensions or the media used, written under the image, it's either because I forgot to add it or because you haven't told me. In that case please do. For the purposes of the website an image of around the 500KB or 1000 pixel width will do just fine, but when we come to produce a book it may be useful if we have an image of higher resolution. Many of you have used a proper camera, rather than a phone, and sent in the unedited file straight from the camera. That usually gives the best result.

Then we come to the writing. Some of you have produced some fantastic work, combining good, scientifically correct information with creative writing about your fish. And poems. Real poems. Some folk have yet to send in their written piece and some folk have done a bit and promised more. Of course it's no good assuming that just because you can paint a fish, qualifies you to be the next Shakespeare, but if you're still not quite happy about this aspect of the project, do have a look at what others have done and do do a bit of googling to investigate your fish. There's something amazing about every fish on the list. It just needs digging out and putting together. If the book is going to be a success we're going to need some more well-chosen words arranged in the right order.

Don't forget we're more than happy to add links to your website if you have one, and to include a biography if you like.

And finally, let's not lose sight of a big part of this project: raising awareness of the life in the seas and the threats that overfishing, pollution, global warming and acidification present. It would be a bit of a shame if all we leave to the future is jellyfish. (Not that I've anything against jellyfish.) So let's all use our art to start conversations and get folk thinking about what's going on and

THE ^{gonzo} NEWSROOM

what we can do to be part of the solution.

Do look out for appearances of #200Fish in far-flung corners of the internet. We're on Facebook, twitter, Instagram and who knows where else. North Sea fish are becoming famous.

Cheers

Biff

Artistic Director, Time and Tide Bell
Community Interest Company

bit.ly/TimeandTideBell
Tithe Farm, Church End
North Somercotes
Louth, Lincolnshire
LN11 7PZ
01507 358413

FIFTY YEARS ON: In advance of Led Zeppelin's 50th Anniversary celebration, slated to commence this September, the band will whet fan's appetites with their first ever release for Record Store Day on April 21. The limited edition 7-inch single is produced by Jimmy Page and pressed on yellow vinyl. The single will feature two previously unheard studio mixes, handpicked by Page to appear on the release: the "Sunset Sound Mix" of "Rock And Roll" b/w the "Olympic Studios Mix" of "Friends."

The previously unreleased version of "Rock And Roll" provides an additional peek into the fabled "Sunset Sound Mixes" of Led Zeppelin IV. Only two previous "Sunset Sound Mixes" have been released, the first being the version of "When The Levee Breaks" on the original album and



THE ^{gonzo} NEWSROOM

the second the "Stairway To Heaven" mix that debuted on the 2014 deluxe edition. The previously unheard "Olympic Studios Mix" of "Friends" is a stripped-down version, without the orchestration of the final mix, offering a true fly-on-the-wall feel from the band's recording sessions for Led Zeppelin III at Headley Grange.

<http://www.music-news.com/news/Underground/111414/Led-Zeppelin-to-release-limited-edition-yellow-7-inch-single-for-Record-Store-Day>

SHAKEY Vs GOOGLE: Neil Young has posted a new open letter that was published on Friday (February 23) on the Neil Young Archive. Aimed at the tech giants and, especially, Google, Young talks about the future of the music business, questioning how a new artist is expected to be able to survive.

Here is the text of his message:

Young artists today, great authors, songwriters and musicians at the beginning of their creative output, are challenged to make ends meet in the digital world, a world where the artist is paid last, if at all, by the Tech Giants. This came to mind somehow today, listening to Broken Arrow, an album I made with Crazy Horse about twenty years ago, in 1996.

Broken Arrow is an overlooked album. It was the first Crazy Horse album after the death of David Briggs, our producer since the beginning's lucky "Everybody Knows This Is Nowhere." It was engineered by Greg Archilla, who David had just introduced to us. Broken Arrow is soulful. Real. Not trying

to be anything it wasn't. I was beginning to see that hits were overrated and that hit-makers were falling like flies.

There's a comet in the sky tonight.

Makes me feel like I'm alright

I'm movin' pretty fast

For my size

Those lyrics from "Music Arcade" are kind of how I felt at the time. Today, in the age of FaceBook, GOOGLE, and Amazon, it's hard to tell how a new and growing musical artist could make it in the way we did. The Tech Giants have figured out a way to use all the great music of everyone from all time, without reporting an artist's number of plays or paying a fucking cent to the musicians. Aren't they great companies!!! It makes you wonder where the next generation of artists will come from. How will they survive?

'Don't Be Evil.' That was GOOGLE's corporate motto as they directed users to pirate sites to get artists' creations and not pay!! Amazing tech breakthrough!! Meanwhile, they reap the bucks from ads people read while listening to music made by the artists. GOOGLE just changed their motto to 'Do The Right Thing,' but haven't changed anything else as they continue to rip off the artist community, building their wealth on music's back and paying nothing to the artists. WOW! Brilliant tech breakthrough! BTW, GOOGLE is YOUTUBE! Guess who's next?

I am so happy to be able to share my music

THE ^{gonzo} NEWSROOM

and albums like Broken Arrow with you here at NYA, where you can actually hear what we did. Xstream high resolution music makes me feel like I was there. I hope you can feel it too. The more you enjoy this music, the happier I am to share it with you. NYA is moving into a future that is really different from what we have now. It will not be easy. We are going to break a few rules and give you what you want.

PEACE
NY/NYA
VVN Music

<http://www.music-news.com/news/UK/111367/Neil-Young-tears-into-Google-in-open-letter>

SORRY SEZ QUINCY: Music producer Quincy Jones has apologised for shooting his mouth off about Michael Jackson and the Beatles in recent interviews, revealing his comments led to a family intervention.

The legend stunned music fans when he took aim at the King of Pop in GQ and Vulture articles, suggesting he stole Donna Summer's State of Independence for Billie Jean, and attacked the Beatles for being subpar musicians.

The defiant hitmaker hasn't taken back anything he said, but suggests he should have kept some of his comments to himself, stating his interviews left members of his family concerned.

Quincy reveals his six daughters pulled him aside for a surprise "family intervention" due to some "silly things" he said, but the sober star insists he wasn't



drunk, as has been suggested, when he lashed out at his former music collaborators, calling the Fab Four "no-playing motherf**kers" and Paul McCartney "the worst bass player I ever heard", and suggesting comedian Richard Pryor had been intimate with Marlon Brando, a claim that upset both Brandos and Pryor's daughter.

<http://www.music-news.com/news/UK/111335/Quincy-Jones-apologises-for-wordvomit-interviews>

gonzo

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

gonzo

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

The subscribers, by appointment from the Commission
of Patents, in report of the U. S. Patent Office for re-
ceiving and forwarding to the said, models, sketches or
manufactures to be patented, & deposited things, which
will be sent free of expense and risk and will dispen-
se, prepare, Certificates, Specifications, Assignments, and all
the necessary Papers and Drawings; will make references
into American and foreign works, to test validity of inven-
tions, and render advice on legal and scientific matters.

TURAL and HORTICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS AND
 MACHINES. Also, Grass, Garden, Field and Flower
 SEEDS. Together with a general assortment of Western
 Ware, Baskets, &c. &c.
 All persons wishing to purchase any of the above men-
 tioned articles, are invited to call and examine his stock,
 with the assurance that they will find a choice selection,
 of good quality, and at fair prices.
 Worcester, May 10. 1878 OTIS CONVERSE.

NEW STORE!
(Warden Block,) No. 44 Front St.,
WORCESTER,

AND BE

THE subscriber having recently opened a New Store,
No. 44 Front Street, with a fresh stock of
FRUIT, VEGETABLES, AND GROCERIES,
sells the citizens with every article

 THE subscriber continues to run THE EX-
PRESS PACKS between Boston and Worcester, for
the safe transmission of Packages, Families,
Bank Notes, Sports, 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, etc.

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 Boston and
Worcester Rail Road Company.

Packages by this line forwarded from Worcester to
Baltimore, Newburyport, Taunton, Fall River, and New Bedford;
also, to Portland, and all parts of Maine.

Freight free for goods to be returned by this Express.

Office—**HARNDEN & CO'S OMS, 3 Court Street**
Boston: J. H. KNIGHT'S HAT STORE, 169 Main St.
Worcester. A. S. LEONARD.

Feb 25, 1847. dit

PRATT, DOWNES & SCOTT,
(C. P. BURGESS)

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?**

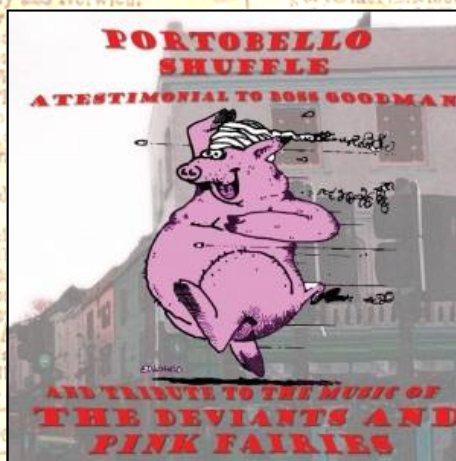
Celebrate wildlife on
World Wildlife Day
don't shoot it.





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

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.



your  cards
someecards.com



Peculiar News of the Week



Facebook censors 30,000 year-old Venus of Willendorf as 'pornographic'

Nude statue is latest artwork to be deemed inappropriate by social media

THEARTNEWSPAPER.COM

<https://www.theartnewspaper.com/news/facebook-censors-famous-30-000-year-old-nude-statue-as-pornographic>

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.





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.

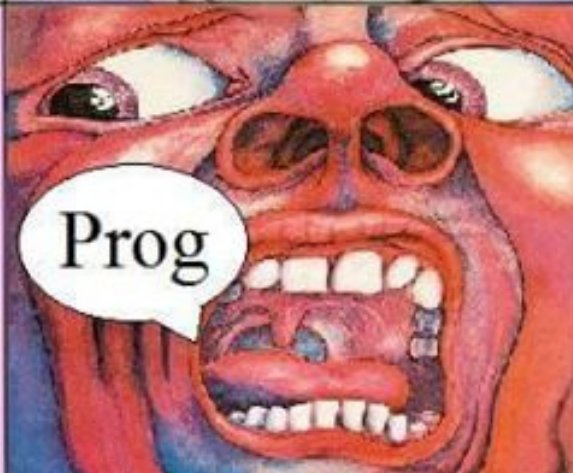


Sex?



No...

Prog



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





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

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

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

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



SF 246 – 18 FEB 2018 – TEMPTING

Bobby Rydell:	Telstar
Syllabus:	Seven Hours Drunk with Furniture
Against the Door	
France Gall:	Teenie Weenie Boppy
The Temptations:	Psychedelic Shack
King Gizzard and the Lizard Wizard:	Melting
Mercury Rev:	I Only Have Eyes for you
Bee and Flower:	Swallow your Stars
T.Rex:	Left Hand Luke (Piano version)
Lothar and the Hand People:	Today is only
Yesterday's Tomorrow	
The Temptations:	Take a Stroll Through your Mind
Sarah Cracknell:	Coastal Town
The Enormous Room:	I Don't Need you
Sect:	Born Razed
The Animated Egg:	Sippin' and Trippin'
Rose McDowall:	On the Sun
Lavender Country:	Waltzing Will Trilogy
Apple Rabbits:	Crying Murder in the Street
The Infinite Trip:	Underworld Dream
Jane Weaver:	Argent:
The Temptations:	Smiling Faces Sometimes
Richard Bone:	Damfino
Sarabeth Tucek:	Good Night

**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.



Ephemeral Sun
<https://www.facebook.com/ephemeralsun/>
 Jupiter Hollow
<https://www.facebook.com/JupiterHollowOfficial/>
 Orpheus Nine
<https://www.facebook.com/OrpheusNine/>
 Jack Potter Music
<https://www.facebook.com/JackPotterMusic/>
 Eduardo Aguillar
<https://www.facebook.com/aguillareduardo/>
 Gaillion
<https://www.facebook.com/gaillion25/>
 Atlas Cube
<https://www.facebook.com/atlascube/>
 Minor Giant
<https://www.facebook.com/MinorGiant/>

Listen
Here

Friday Night Progressive



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

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

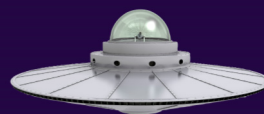
He's a member of SKY CLUB, Gonzo recording artists. He's been a radio host since 2010. He lives with his wife, Doreen, on an island off the coast of Massachusetts."



AND LOOK WHAT MACK HAS FOR YOU THIS WEEK

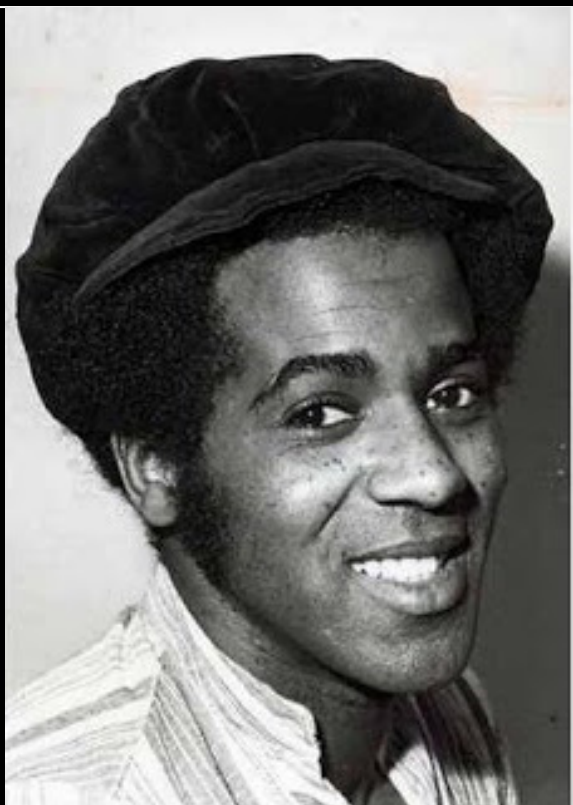
Every Day Should Be Veterans Day

Mack, Juan-Juan and Commander Cobra talk to Iraqi War veterans Luke Hartmetz and Mellanie Ramsey about their tours of duty. Cobra tells of his own experiences flying over The Sandbox. The gang remembers the famous Doolittle Raid. Navy pilot/stand-up comedian Mitch Stinson calls in to bring the funny. Special in-studio guest: Agent X.



Listen
Here

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



Eddy Amoo
(born Edward Robert Amoo
(1944 – 2018))

Amoo was lead singer with Real Thing, the band that shot to fame in the 1970s with hits such as *You to Me Are Everything*

In 1976, somewhat against the odds, the Real Thing topped the UK charts with *You to Me Are Everything*, a song that became a disco classic. Although black soul music was appreciated by British record-buyers, they had shown little interest in homegrown examples. This was the breakthrough single, the one that said it was OK to buy British soul music. The band continued to have hits, but by far their most thought-

provoking release was their album, *4 from 8*, from the following year, in which Amoo, and his younger brother, Chris, wrote about the turmoil around them in the Toxteth area of Liverpool 8.

In his younger years, Amoo was caught with a knife and sent to borstal, and in the early 1960s, he befriended Joey and Edmund Ankrah, and together with Alan Harding and Nat Smeeda they formed a doo-wop group, the Chants. They sang Gene Chandler's *Duke of Earl* and Kathy Young's *A Thousand Stars* a cappella. They saw the Beatles, who occasionally backed them.

As a result, the Chants established their own backing unit, the Harlems. The Chants were signed to Pye Records and produced by Tony Hatch.

In 1975 Chris Amoo formed his own band, the Real Thing, and he suggested that Eddie, now playing guitar and keyboards, should join them. Eddie coached the band, which included Dave Smith and Ray Lake, and they toured with David Essex, who used them on the hit album *All the Fun of the Fair* (1975) and later on the hit single "Me and My Girl (Night-Clubbing)" in 1982.

Amoo died on 23rd February, aged 73.

THOSE WE HAVE LOST



Harriet Fier
(1950 – 2018)

Fier was an American writer and editor who, after graduating from college, got a job with *Rolling Stone* in San Francisco as a switchboard operator. She became the managing editor of the magazine in 1978, and held this position until 1980. At one point her job involved removing various of the magazine's star-struck staffers from the proximity of Hunter S. Thompson.

After leaving *Rolling Stone*, Fier edited the Style section of the *Washington Post*, a position she held for four years, and her later jobs included senior editorships at *Time Inc.*, *Bantam Books* and *Simon and Schuster*.

Fier died of complications from breast cancer, on 21st February, aged 67.



**Emma Gwynedd Mary
Chambers**
(1964 – 2018)

Chambers was an English actress, known for playing the role of Alice Tinker in the BBC comedy *The Vicar of Dibley* and Honey Thacker in the film *Notting Hill*.

THOSE WE HAVE LOST

Chambers trained at the Webber Douglas Academy of Dramatic Art in the 1980s, and after taking some smaller parts on television productions such as *The Bill*, in November 1994 Chambers played the role of Charity Pecksniff in the TV serialisation

of the Charles Dickens novel *Martin Chuzzlewit*. From 1994 to 2007, she played the role of Alice Tinker, and appeared in all 20 episodes and four Comic Relief specials until 2007.

She was in theatre for about 10 years before her first break in television. She appeared in a number of stage productions including *Tartuffe* and *Invisible Friends*, and in 2002, she toured with the Michael Frayn play, *Benefactors*.

Chambers died of natural causes on 21st February 2018, aged 53.



Barry Crimmins (1953 – 2018)

Crimmins was an American stand-up comedian, political satirist, author of *Never Shake Hands with a War Criminal* released by Seven Stories Press, former Air America Radio writer and correspondent, and comedy club owner.

Crimmins founded two comedy clubs, The Ding Ho and Stitches, in the 1980s in Boston. Shows at these clubs, produced by Crimmins, included performances by comedians Steven Wright, Paula Poundstone, Bobcat Goldthwait, Kevin Meaney, Jimmy Tingle and many others.

Crimmins' satirical writing and comedy routines have focused through the years on the need for political and social change. In the 1990s, in a more serious vein, he led a crusade against images of child abuse on the Internet, calling for police investigation of Internet service providers. Crimmins received the "Peace Leadership Award" from Boston Mobilization for Survival, and was honored by Community Works with the "Artist for Social Change Award" for his years of activism. Howard Zinn presented Barry Crimmins with "The Courage of Conscience Award" from Wellesley College and The Life Experience School at The Peace Abbey in Sherborn, Massachusetts.

THOSE WE HAVE LOST



**Wim Claes
(1961 – 2018)**

Claes was a Belgian composer, arranger and music producer. As a songwriter, he was best known for "Like The Wind", Belgium's entry in the Eurovision Song Contest 1999, sung by Vanessa Chinitor. He was also a member of the Eurodance group DJ Peter Project.

"Like the Wind", which finished seventh in the contest and reached no 3 in the Belgian charts, was performed in English, in accordance with new rules introduced that year. Other successful co-written by Claes included "Oui oh oui" and "Lilali", both sung by Kim Kay, which reached no 15 and no 4 respectively in the Belgian charts.

**Juan Hidalgo Codorniu
(1927 – 2018)**

Hidalgo was a Spanish composer, poet, an action and visual artist.

Hidalgo was born in Las Palmas, Canary Islands. After studying piano and composition in Barcelona and Paris with Nadia Boulanger and Bruno Maderna, he participated in the XII Internationale Ferienkurse Für Neue Musik festival in Darmstadt in 1957 with his work "Ukanga", a serial-structural composition for five chamber ensembles. With this piece, Hidalgo became the first Spanish composer to take part in that festival. In 1958 Juan Hidalgo met the Darmstadt American composers John Cage and David Tudor who were crucial to his musical and career development.

THOSE WE HAVE LOST



Artist Barbara Dickson
Title Time And Tide
Cat No. CTVPCD001
Label Chariot

'Time and Tide', Barbara's 2008 studio album, sees her continuing her hugely-successful creative partnership with musician and producer Troy Donckley, which began with the release of 2004's 'Full Circle' and saw Barbara's long-awaited return to her folk roots.

The album features ten new recordings, mixing traditional favourites including 'Dream Angus' and 'The Rigs o' Rye' with re-workings of more popular songs such as the Carole King/Gerry Goffin classic, 'Goin'

Back' and a stunning rendition of Charlie Chaplin's 'Smile'.

Also included are Charlie Dore's 'Disremember Me' and a dramatic reimaging of Archie Fisher's 'The Witch of the Westmerlands'.

The album features Troy Donockley on Uilleann Pipes, guitars and whistles, Frank van Essen on violin and viola and the beautiful vocals of the Combined Singers of the Schola Cantorium and Scola Puellarum of Ampleforth Abbey.

"Barbara's still in magnificent voice and a superb interpreter." ('Folk Roots' Magazine).

"After her 40 years in the business, you'd think it would be easy to predict what Barbara Dickson would do next. But, as this album proves once again, she's not one to rest on her laurels... truly special."





Artist Jessica Lee Morgan
Title I Am Not
Cat No.SPA001
Label Space Records

Jessica Lee Morgan is a singer and songwriter raised on a wholesome diet of folk and rock. Her on-stage style is honest yet playful, with songs and a voice that come from the heart.

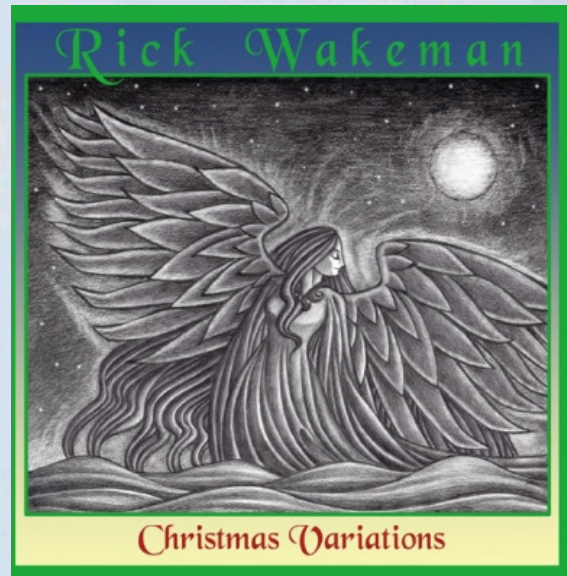
Born to Welsh singer Mary Hopkin and American-Italian producer Tony Visconti, a musical career was inevitable but Jessica has also worked in fields such as health and social care, with people from all sorts of backgrounds, and this reflects in her songwriting.

Live, she performs mostly with Christian on bass and her acoustic guitar, with percussion strapped to her army boots.

Jessica also tours with Bowie supergroup Holy Holy alongside her father Tony Visconti (Bowie, T.Rex), Woody Woodmansey (Spiders from Mars) and Glenn Gregory (Heaven 17), as well as Paul Cuddeford, James Stevenson and Berenice Scott. They have toured in the USA, Canada, Japan and the UK.

Jessica sings and plays saxophone, 12-string guitar and percussion in the band.

She has also opened most of the shows along with Christian Thomas on bass, joined sometimes by Jessica's brother Morgan Visconti, when they alternate lead vocals.



Artist Rick Wakeman
Title Christmas Variations
Cat No.MFGZ026CD
Label RRAW

Rick Wakeman's interest in music began at an early age and it was originally thought that a career as a classical pianist lay in store for Rick and a spell at the Royal College Of Music would seem to support this theory. Unfortunately Rick preferred playing in bands and appearing on the lucrative session circuit than studying as a classical pianist and decided to leave the Royal College of Music or was perhaps gently pushed in that direction depending on whose story you believe.

Whatever the facts one thing is certain Rick Wakeman was in heavy demand playing sessions for some of the biggest names in pop music at this time (Late sixties/early seventies) and as such played on many hit singles including records by Brotherhood Of Man, Cat Stevens, T.Rex and also played on the David Bowie single Space Oddity.

Around this time Rick also decided to join the British folk rock band the Strawbs and it was with this band that Rick first caught the attention of the band with whom he is most closely associated...Yes.

Rick left the Strawbs following a well received live album (Just A Collection Of Antiques and Curios) and a studio album (From The Witchwood) and joined Yes in time to record the bands fourth album Fragile and the single from that album (Roundabout) went on to achieve great success in America.

Rick would achieve great success with Yes recording a number of highly successful albums with the band including Close To The Edge, Tales From Topographic Oceans and the live Yessongs.

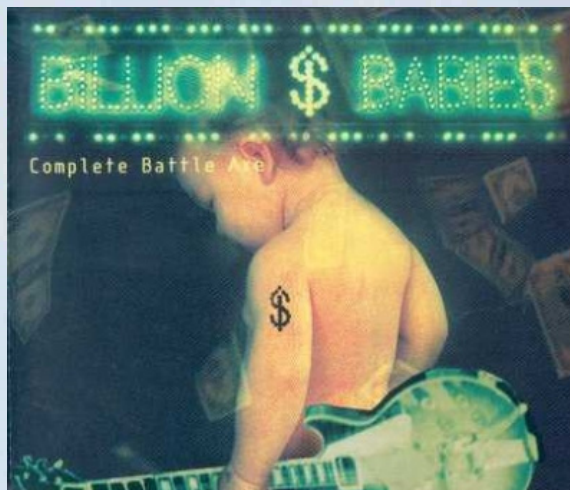
It was also around this time that Rick released his own debut solo album The Six Wives Of Henry The Eighth. Rick decided to leave Yes following disagreements over the bands album Tales From Topographic Oceans and went solo full time recording his second album a musical interpretation of Jules Verne's Journey To The Centre Of The Earth.

With this album Rick became a bona fide superstar and recorded more themed albums including The Myths and Legends of King Arthur and The Knights Of The Round Table. He also recorded two well-received film soundtracks for the films White Rock and Ken Russell's Lisztomania in which he also had a small role.

Returning to Yes in 1977 Rick managed to juggle both the responsibilities of a solo career and also his obligations to Yes although once again in 1979 Rick departed Yes for a solo career. Rick would return to Yes again on a number of occasions and at the time of writing is still a member of the premier British progressive rock band.

This album has been unavailable for some time and is indeed one of Rick's favourite albums. Comprising ten traditional Christmas Carols performed in the

inimitable style of Rick Wakeman Christmas Variations is that rare thing a Christmas album that you can play all year round. This version of the album has been re mastered for release.



Artist Billion Dollar Babies

Title First Ever Live Show - Flint 1977

Cat No. HST486CD

Label Gonzo

Alice Cooper was undoubtedly one of the major rock artists of the 1970s and 80s. However, what is less well known is that originally the man now known as 'Alice' was called Vince and he was the lead singer of a band called 'Alice Cooper'. The band consisted of lead singer Vince Furnier, Glen Buxton (lead guitar), Michael Bruce (rhythm guitar, keyboards), Dennis Dunaway (bass guitar), and Neal Smith (drums). Furnier legally changed his name to Alice Cooper and has had a solo career under that name since the band became inactive in 1975.

The band played their final show on April 8, 1974 in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil. Bruce, Dunaway and Smith would go on to form the short-lived band Billion Dollar Babies, producing one album - Battle Axe - in 1977.

While occasionally performing with one another and Glen Buxton, they would not reunite with Alice until October 23, 1999, at the second Glen Buxton Memorial

Weekend for a show at CoopersTown in Phoenix (Buxton having died in 1997). This is a recording of their first ever show, and what a show it was!



Artist Tangerine Dream
Title Live at Coventry Cathedral 1975
- Directors Cut
Cat No. TPDVD197
Label Tony Palmer

Film director Tony Palmer had always been deeply unsatisfied with his film of legendary Krautrock band Tangerine Dream. For one thing it had contained the wrong music. Palmer explains: "Well, it was a cunning piece of Richard Bransonism! That is, it was the soundtrack of the yet-to-be-released album. So, he was doing a cunning bit of PR, because what they played in Coventry cathedral was music from two existing albums and that was of no interest to him whatsoever.

What was interesting for Richard, and what was important for Richard – I respect that, of course – was to promote the new, not-yet-released album. And I was a sucker, and I fell for it, and we cut all the pictures to the new, yet-to-be-released album.

So what we've done this time is we've actually gone back and listened again to the music they did actually play, and of course now, I realise that it was quite different. And I've had to recut not all the pictures, but a great many of the pictures to that soundtrack that was the music that they actually played.

So, for the first time, we've got a decent cover, a proper restoration of the pictures, AND the real sound"





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>



“Naked Radio”

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

The Pink Fairies official
website:

www.pinkfairies.net



Cop a sneak preview here:

<http://tinyurl.com/z9825mr>

GONZO CURRENTLY IN STOCK
AT GONZO (UK)

GONZO CURRENTLY IN STOCK
AT GONZO (USA)

JON MEETS ERIK

I once described my career as having consisted of "hanging around in bars with celebrities". And this is not that far from the truth. I have been interviewing famous, and not so famous, people about sex, drugs, and rock and roll (supposedly the latter) for well over 35yrs now, and I have found that - unfortunately - quite a few of the people with whom I converse

in the course of my journalistic duties, singularly fail to live up to their reputations as being 'damn nice chaps'. No -one will probably be that surprised to know that some of the rock and rollers with whom I have had dealings over the years are selfish, self-absorbed, greedy and sometimes just plain nasty. But, luckily, the really bad ones are in the



minority.

Sadly, the really nice ones are also few and far between.

One of the nicest people whom I have come to know over the past five years of sitting in the editorial chair of this fine publication is a keyboard player called Erik Norlander. He has always been kind, helpful, and generous. Back in the years when I was still promoting the Weird Weekend here in North Devon, Erik - without being asked - each year donated a large box of CDs and DVDs for us to give away as door prizes. It was a typically generous gesture from a quite, self-effacing, and immensely talented man.

Erik Norlander was born in Hollywood, California, and grew up studying both jazz and classical music on several instruments from a young age through his years at university where he also graduated with a degree in English Literature. He abandoned a masters degree program on the road to becoming an English professor when he realized the call of his music was too strong to resist. He remains an avid reader and occasionally writes for both art and technology magazines. Erik currently resides in El Dorado County in Northern California with his wife, Lana.

Erik Norlander is an accomplished keyboardist, composer and producer with over 40 album credits including 9 solo albums, 7 with his Rocket Scientists project, and 10 albums with vocalist wife Lana Lane. He toured with the Asia spinoff Asia Featuring John Payne for 6 years and co-wrote the band's only original release "Seasons Will Change." He is currently touring with Last in Line featuring original Dio members Vinny Appice and Vivian Campbell. Prior to Last in Line, Erik toured with Big Noize, a supergroup featuring hard rock all stars, Joe Lynn Turner, Simon Wright, Phil Soussan and Carlos Cavazo. Erik also wrote the music and produced the album Roswell Six - Beyond the

Horizon for science fiction author, Kevin J. Anderson, in support of his Terra Incognita series of fantasy novels.

Asia was originally formed in those weird years at the beginning of the 1980s, when people who had achieved immense fame and fortune during the previous decade decided that they needed to reinvent themselves with shorter haircuts, neatly moussed hair, and glossy synthesizers. Some of these bands did this because their hand had been forced by the death, madness, or incapacitation of a key member of their band (Led Zeppelin). Others did so for less obvious reasons. On the whole, I never liked any of these shiny super pop bands half as much as I did the originals.

The most commercially successful line-up was its original, which was a supergroup of four members of different progressive rock bands of the 1970s, including lead vocalist and bassist John Wetton of King Crimson, guitarist Steve Howe of Yes, keyboardist Geoff Downes of Yes and the Buggles, and drummer Carl Palmer of Emerson, Lake & Palmer. Their debut album, Asia, released in 1982, remains their best selling.

The band underwent multiple lineup changes before the original four members reunited in 2006. As a result, a band called Asia Featuring John Payne exists as a continuation of John Payne's career as Asia's frontman from 1991 until Wetton's return in 2006.

Sadly, John Wetton died recently, and his place as Asia bassist has been taken by the ubiquitous and multitalented Billy Sherwood. But Asia, featuring John Payne, fell apart in a fairly high profile manner four years ago, and it looked as if the project was finished.

Imagine my surprise, not to say enthusiasm, to find out recently that Erik and John have resolved their differences and have not only revisited the tantalising unreleased album by Asia ft. John Payne,



but have finished it, updated it, and formed a brand new band. And having heard the album - and this is not hyperbole - it is good enough to be a real game changer.

"Presenting Dukes of the Orient, International AOR with a Mid-Atlantic Prog Accent.

What do you get when you match a Brit from London who loves American AOR with an American from California who grew up on British Prog? Dukes of the Orient is the masterful pairing of vocalist John Payne (ex-ASIA, GPS) with keyboardist Erik Norlander (Last in Line, Lana Lane, Rocket Scientists) who now present their eponymous debut album, ten years in the making. Payne's powerful arena-seasoned vocals carry soaring

melodies and lush harmonies over the sea of classic synthesizers and keyboards artfully painted with Norlander's signature sonic palette.

Payne says of the album, "With Dukes of the Orient we have dug deep with analog soundscapes, superlative musicians and song-driven epics. Add to this the masterful artwork of Rodney Matthews and a journey that started with the supergroup ASIA, we give you the next chapter, one we are extremely proud of."

The two are backed by a world-renown ensemble of top musicians including Jeff Kollman, Guthrie Govan, Moni Scaria and Bruce Bouillet on guitar, Molly Rogers on strings and Jay Schellen on drums. Payne provides bass guitar and additional lead and rhythm guitar parts to





complete the audiophile production. The album was mixed on a traditional analog console to preserve and enhance the natural depth, clarity and soul of the tracks with great care taken to avoid over-compression, extreme equalization and distortion.

Dukes of the Orient has its origins in 2007 as "ASIA Featuring John Payne," a band that continued on after ASIA keyboardist, Geoff Downes, left the band to re-form the original 1982 lineup. Payne recruited Norlander to join Guthrie Govan and Jay Schellen for tour dates in the US and initial recordings, some of which endured to appear on the Dukes of the Orient album here. Govan left the band to form The Aristocrats and was replaced by guitarist Bruce Bouillet followed by Jeff Kollman and Moni Scaria. The final lineup resulted in the track, "Seasons Will Change," released as a video in 2013 and also now appears on the Dukes of the Orient album. Following the death of original ASIA vocalist, John Wetton, in early 2017, Payne and Norlander decided that these recordings should give birth to a new band, both out of respect for Wetton and for clarity with the Downes-led ASIA."

Not only is it a bloody good record, but I am very fond of Erik and always enjoy talking with him. So it was no chore whatsoever, to arrange an interview, and to sit down and give him a ring...

**Listen
Here**

GONZO

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

GONZO

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

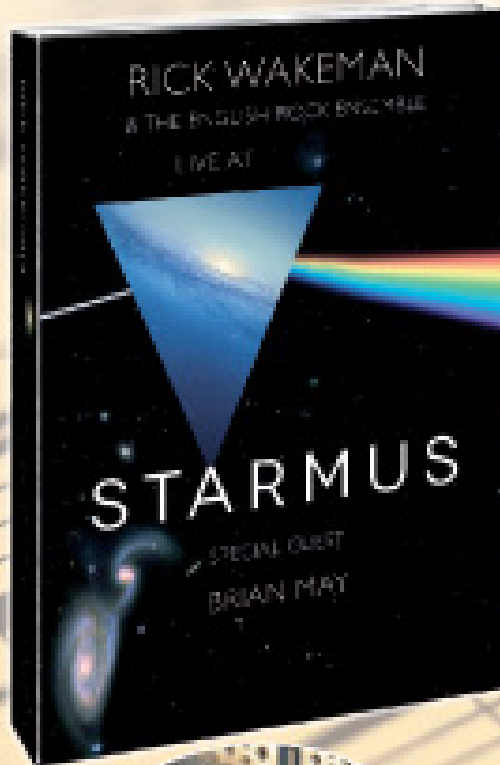
RAW presents

Forthcoming releases from Rick Wakeman & Friends

Rick Wakeman & Brian May

live from

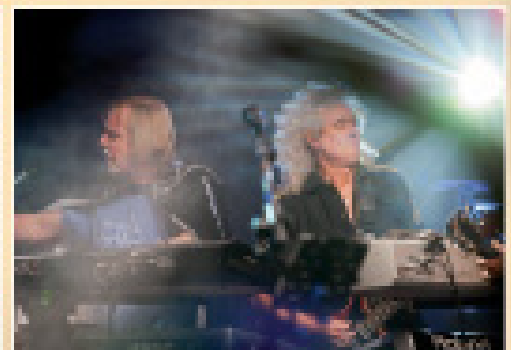
STARMUS 2015



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



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



Available to pre-order from www.rickwakemansmusicemporium.com

Douglas Harr

Ear Candy for the Hungry Audiophile

Once in a while you get a rare chance to see a true musical hero. Sometimes when you get a bit up in years, it's someone you've seen with band or solo with accompanying memories of the fondest sort.

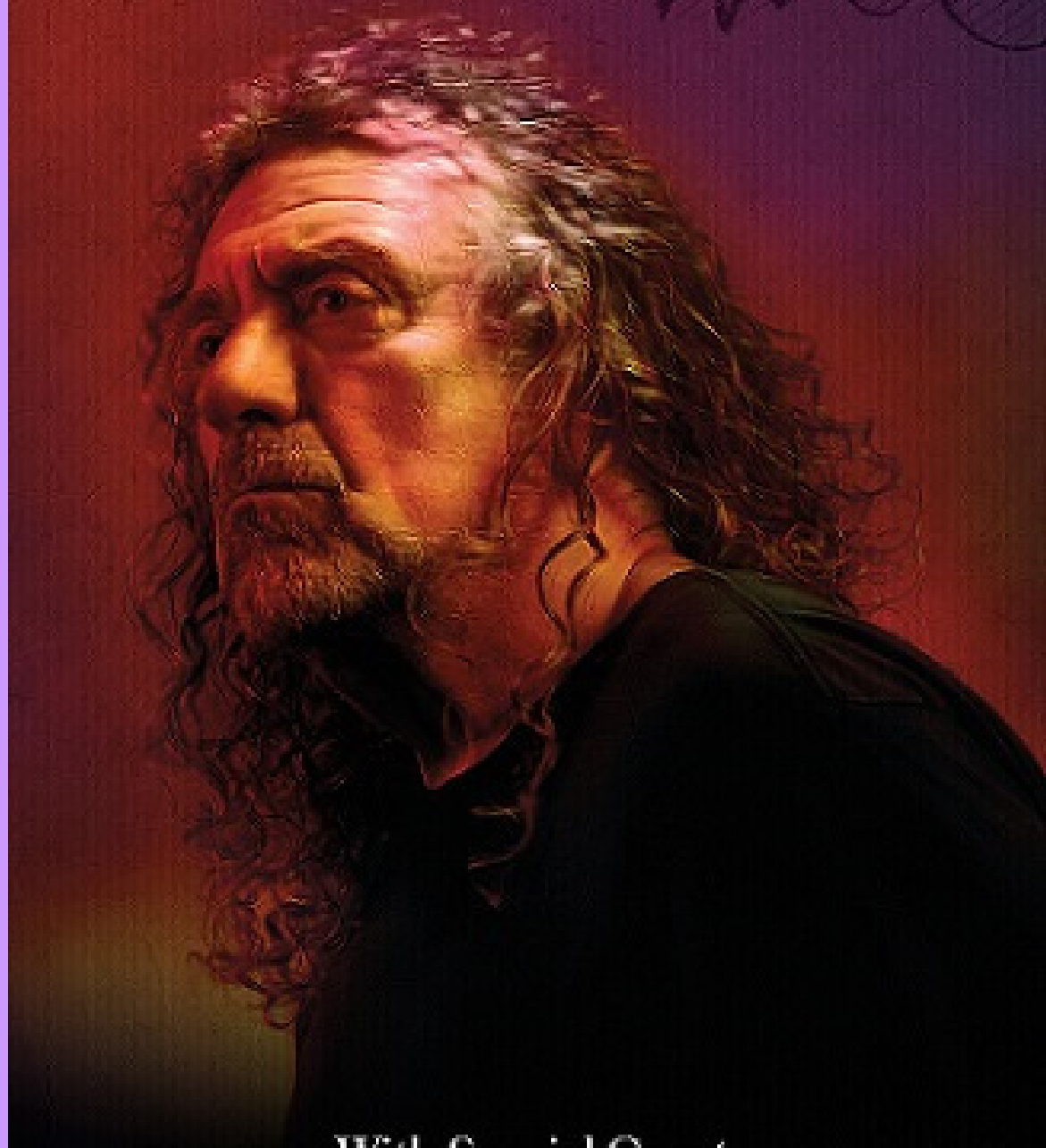
Last nite was one such occasion, 49 years after he graced our world with his golden throat, my rock hero, Robert Plant.

About the time Robert introduced one such 49 year old tune "Babe I'm Gonna Leave You" the audience fell into a hushed reverence as his beautiful vocals, undiminished by time, with a couple less octaves on top sure, but a full natural range, he says leave you in the summer time, leave you when the summer comes a rollin in.... okay we know what's comin da-da-dada-da-daaaaaaa repeated by the crack band



ROBERT PLANT

& THE SENSATIONAL SPACE SHIFTERS



With Special Guest

FEBRUARY 26

SYMPHONY HALL



that featured two guitarists, amazing bass/drums and keys to boot.

All of Roberts new material from Carry Fire



came off like it just happened to be his best solo material in history, which in this fans view, is an absolute truth.



<http://diegospadeproductions.com/>



**The Shape of
Water
(2017, but released
in UK, February
2018)
*Reviewed: Alan
Dearling***

I was passing through London last weekend and spotted that 'The Shape of Water' was being shown. The story line, embodying a love story between a cleaner and some sort of Mer-man, in a high security US secret base in the 1960s, had captured my curiosity. I like 'arts films', science fiction and science fantasy, and gothick horror. All elements, I have previously found in films by Mexican director, Guillermo del Toro. I've not seen his comic super hero adaptations like Hellboy II and the two Blade films. His films are distinctive, visually inventive, and vaguely bonkers. The Spanish language films like, 'Pan's Labyrinth' and 'the Devil's Backbone', provide a fair indication of what to expect.

'The Shape of Water' doesn't disappoint. It solidifies the view of del Toro as some kind of slightly deranged genius. And more. It is perhaps both the most satisfying and at the same time, challenging, of all his output to date.

Sally Hawkins gives an amazing performance as the mute, Elisa Esposito, alternately, cowed and winsome, then powerful, ingenious and even vengeful. A female hero captive in, what del Toro has described as, "a fairytale for these troubled times". But this film is defiantly surreal. It's constantly a visual feast with some amazing photography and film-making. There are mind-blowing circular panning shots that seem to embrace and absorb the very smells, sounds and early 1960s. Dan Laustsen's camera-team do an exemplary job. TVs show old musicals, dance-sequences, comedy and children's shows, TV news. A visceral treat.

I loved all the bold dis-continuities as the film moves from scenes of Tarantino-like ultra violence, sadism and horror, juxtaposed with Busby Berkeley song and dance routines. Hints too, of Frankenstein, the Creature from the Black Lagoon and King Kong, with del Toro skilfully depicting a sea-monster with feelings, who becomes first an object for sympathy, and

ALAN DEARLING



later the focus for love and redemption.

Perhaps the most abiding strength of the film is that the audience (mostly) suspend disbelief of the central improbability of the swamp-creature – as a monster or a god. Indeed, the film works well in terms of conjuring up a cold-war spy story, filled with scientists and generals fighting over what to do with their discovery. Plenty of real suspense. Michael Shannon is becoming very type-cast as an over-the-top Bond baddie, but he fits the role in ‘The Shape of Water’, and there’s plenty of good support from Octavia Spencer as the cleaner, Zelda, and side-kick to Sally Hawkin’s character. And Michael Stuhlbarg is good as the Russian scientist with a heart. Finally, a bit of respect for Sally’s balding, commercial artist flat-mate, played with integrity and sincerity by Richard Jenkins as Giles – he provides the wayward ‘anchor’ to Sally’s embattled fight for the redemption and survival of both the amphibian ‘creature’ and herself.

Sensitive and creative use of music in there too. Especially, “You’ll never know just how much I care,” the tune which underpins much of the film. It’s sung by opera star, Renée Fleming, along with Madeleine Peyroux’s “La Javanaise”. Together, these provide the nostalgic and recurrent theme

throughout, ‘*The Shape of Water*’; a central element in Alexandre Desplat’s film-score. However, there is also very clever use of snippets of songs and tunes heard from the TV, which allows a certain ‘Frenchness’ to subliminally underlay the film score. Desplat wrote and arranged the music for the film after talking with del Toro about the central love story between a mute and a fishman and watching the final film. He says: “It was completely unconscious, but the melody I wrote for the opening scene is actually made of waves. I did not do that on purpose, but by being completely immersed in this love and these water elements, I wrote a melody that plays arpeggios like waves.” The film starts and ends in water, with a voice-over by Richard Jenkins: “... love is like water because it takes the shape of everything”.

If you like your films simple, straightforward, packed with action and special effects – A-V-O-I-D! If you like something different, quirky, and a halfway house between arts-film noire and science fantasy, I’d recommend. It has certainly left a strong impression on me, and I look forward to seeing it again in the future. Flawed, but hugely inventive.

Here’s the link to the film trailer:

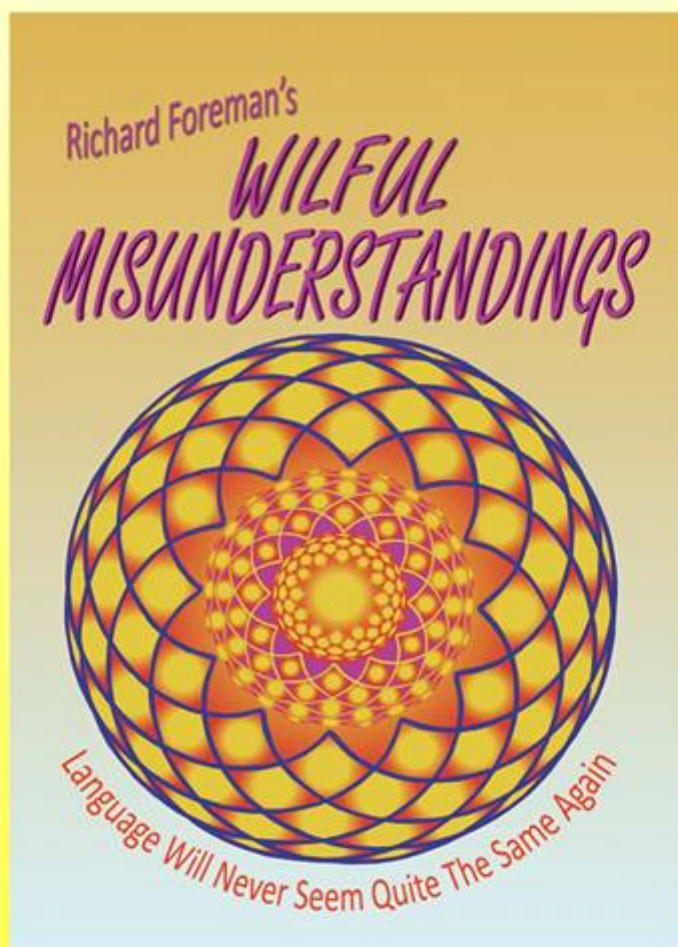
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=XFYWazblaUA>

Expect the Unexpected!

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

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

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



Readers' comments:

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

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

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

Richard Foreman's Wilful Misunderstandings

Cost £6.95 (+p&p) at:

<http://lepusbooks.co.uk/wilful-misunderstandings/>

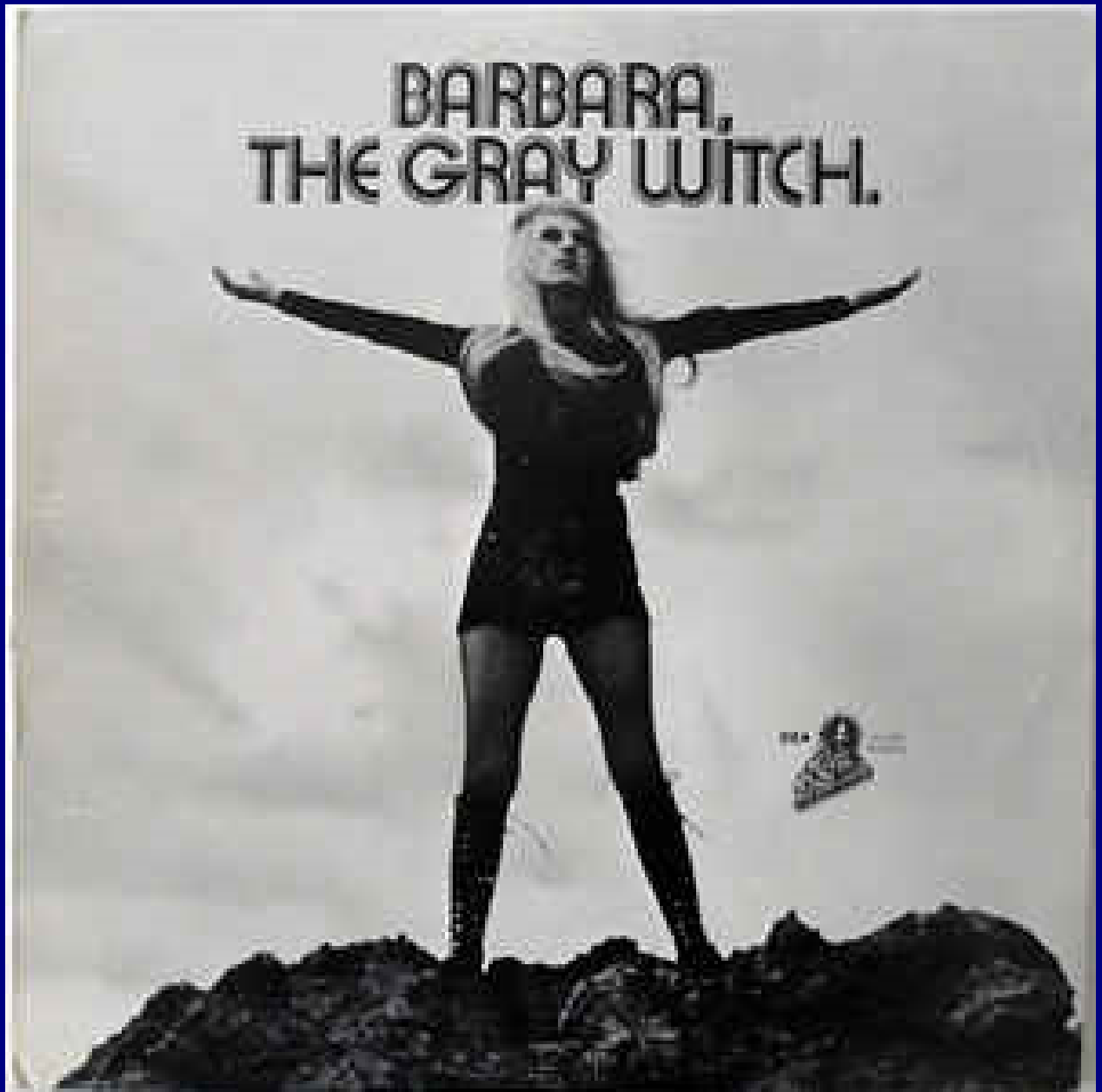
All copies from Lepus can be signed by the writer on request
For sample stories & more info visit: Richeff.moonfruit.co



I've been on another spooky psychedelic trip recently; unearthing unusual, haunting rarities from the late '60s and early '70s and this usually comes about after watching obscure '60s and '70s weird horror films and also listening to a lot of modern day occult-obsessed, and usually female-fronted doom/prog' acts. A few issues back I concentrated on quite a few eerie psych meddlings and wanted to bring to your attention the glorious Barbara. Sure, the name seems rather

bland but her 1968 (or possibly 1970?) opus *The Gray Witch*, a much sought after gem, remains one of the spookiest rides you'll ever experience. Little is known about Barbara (real name Barbara Roehrs), but I believe the album was only ever released on vinyl from DEA Records. However, alongside the haunting beauty of *The Wicker Man* soundtrack, I don't think I've ever heard something so wistfully melancholic. With titles such as 'Black Occult', 'Contacting Spirits', 'Black Witchcraft', 'White

NEIL ARNOLD



Witchcraft' and 'Shamoo-Ra' I am still, many years after discovering the platter eager to know more. Of course, I never found out if Barbara was a real witch or whether she's still practicing her trade out of Illinois, but the album comes across like a series of spine-chilling chants. Conduct a simple Google search of 'Barbara The Gray Witch' and you'll discover that she's still about and in 2007 was the main focus of an article on the wndu.com page regarding spooks and spectres with mention of her aptly named

Raven House at South Bend. The album cover looks almost typical of its time, as Barbara – looking rather attractive yet lonesome – stands, arms outstretched on some desolate landscape in swingin' attire whilst on the back cover, from the waist up, she flails her hair wildly to the headline 'Witchcraft has never looked better'. It's certainly an album I would've been lost in if I'd plucked this from the racks all those years ago.



WITCHCRAFT HAS NEVER LOOKED BETTER

BARBARA, THE GRAY WITCH tells you the truth about modern witchcraft. In this album, she gives you a series of tests to determine if you were born a witch or warlock. And what you can expect to gain from witchcraft. Barbara gives you the authentic chants and rituals used to gain prosperity, call forth spirits, beckon and pay homage to Satan, and exorcise evil spirits. She'll introduce you to witches and warlocks who describe everything from a demon to the everyday problems of practicing witchcraft in a modern society. Barbara reveals for the 1st time the differences between the three realms of witchcraft: black, white and gray.

It's a fascinating trip through the world of modern witchcraft.

The world of BARBARA, THE GRAY WITCH.

All text written by Barbara, The Gray Witch & Ed Hansen

All songs written by Barbara, The Gray Witch, with the exception of

"Witch's Love Song" co-written with Ed Hansen

All text and songs copyright by Aladen Enterprises, Inc.

Produced by Ed Hansen

Musical Director K. Dustin Heller

Cover Photography by John Brooks

Additional Photography by Nelson Shewn

Art Direction by Bob Klein

DEA Records, P.O. 69249,

Los Angeles, California 90069



In a sense this almost spoken word artefact bears some resemblance to Louise Huebner's work; eerie incantations whose fantastic '69 work; *Seduction Through Witchcraft* remains one of my favourite oddities from that period when witchcraft, spells and general strange behaviours were considered the norm. Her hypnotic words accompanied by a peculiar soundtrack of eerie plops, buzzes and odd electronica made for a mesmerising and often cosmic listen. Louise was better known for being an author of occult books and was born in New York in 1930. At

the age of ten she developed her psychic powers and went on to become known as the world's only official witch, and she passed away in 2014. Shortly after her mind-bending cauldron of *Seduction...* she featured on the *Occult Explosion* album but at the other end of the spectrum we had another electronic bonanza; the downright obscure Jacula whose 1972 *Tardo Pede In Magiam Versus* platter was an extravagantly Gothic and horror-ridden drenched in dramatic Hammond organ and laced with the curiously creepy female vocals of Fiamma Dello Spirito; also known



as Doris Norton! Doris founded the band in '68 alongside Antonio Bartocetti, medium Franz Porthenzy and organist Charles Tiring. The opus remains a cult item simply due to its spooky atmosphere which would no doubt inspire the likes of Goblin who were better known for their creepy, throbbing scores. It wasn't Jacula's only work, but it is the band's best remembered slab and one which got a re-release on Black Widow Records in 2007. But at the other end of the, let's say, more Satanic spectrum we had the delightfully moody electronica of *Black*

Mass Lucifer, the utterly bonkers 1971 recording from one Mort Garson who for thirty-minutes held me spellbound with a series of cosmic rides with titles such as 'Incubus', 'Black Mass', 'The Evil Eye', 'Exorcism' and 'Witch Trial' although musically one felt as if they were time-travelling through a series of 1970s television themes from supernatural children's dramas such was the throbbing intensity and genuine creepiness. To those who don't know, Mort was a Canadian composer born in 1924, who passed away in 2008, but was also known for

such works as *Signs of the Zodiac* and *Love Sounds*; and he also co-wrote the hit song 'Our Day Will Come', but why he composed a record as strange and chilling as *Black Mass Lucifer* we'll never know, but there was no denying his talents with the Moog synthesizer which also shone through on the 1975 album *Ataraxia: The Unexplained* (*Electronic Musical Impressions of the Occult*).

In fact, two years after Garson's musical exploration of the supernatural, the wonderful Antonius Rex issued 1977's *Zora*; a weird and waffling prog-rock consisting of staggering arrangements woven together by peculiar piano-laced jams and so in a sense although it was as equally quizzical as some of the Gothic rock oddities out there it was decidedly less, er...ghoulish! Even so, with lashings of odd fuzz and heaps of seemingly random tinkering once again showcased the talents of Doris Norton and Antonio Bartoccetti, who, alongside Albert Goodman cast all manner of bizarre spells behind a killer album cover depicting a naked woman and an orchestra of skeletal musicians. Doom metal bands have tried to re-create such morbid fantasies and occult nuances ever since.

I've spoken previously about the unearthly and often bewitching delights of psych acts such as Blues Creation, Iron Claw, Salem Mass, Message et al and it's fair to say that there's a whole treasure trove of obscure outfits of this ilk still to unearth, and the spookier the better I say. But one of the strangest musical assemblies I've heard from that magical era must surely be the brilliantly named The Vampires Of Dartmoore who in '60 coughed up the inimitable *Dracula's Music Cabinet*; a groovy ghoulie spook-fest if ever there was one and composed by a bunch of unknown German's who'd clearly spent too much time hangin' around misty graveyards and were responsible for such quirky delights as 'Die Folterkammer Des Dr. Sex (The Torture Chamber Of Dr. Sex)', 'Tanz Der

Vampire (Dance Of The Vampires)', 'Dr. Caligaris Gruselkabinett (Dr. Caligaris Creeps-Cabinet)' and 'Frankenstein Grüßt Alpha 7 (Frankenstein Greet Alpha 7)' among others; all being short and sweet two-minute spooky soundtracks of sleaziness mixed with cheese-ridden lounge music as if they'd made up such oddities on the spot. Thankfully this super rare item was re-released, although to not much fuss, on Finders Keepers Records in 2009.

But as I near the end of this article I'd like to spare a mention for the more recent band Three Monks who have released two fantastic albums via Black Widow Records; 2011's *Neogothic Progressive Toccatas* and 2013's *The Legend Of The Holy Circle*, the former being a ghoulishly Gothic slice of organ-drenched eeriness that the heavily lauded Swedish band Ghost could only gawp at. Indeed, imagine a night trapped in a derelict cathedral only for the organ to start-up of its own accord and manically wheeze away until the dawn of your madness. It's great instrumental prog-rock harkening back to the musty days of spooky psych. I'd also like to take my hat off to labels such as Black Widow records for reissuing so many psychedelic and progressive gems. Until the next time...



MORE MASTERPIECES from RICK WAKEMAN



TWO SIDES OF YES

Double CD set. The very best of Yes, Wakeman style
HFG2013CD



THE STAGE COLLECTION

Recorded live in August 1993 in Buenos Aires
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

The original recording, with two new tracks
HFG2014CD



THE BURNING

The original Soundtrack album, back in print at last!
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?

Featuring The English Chamber Choir
HFG2005



CRIMES OF PASSION

A wicked and erotic soundtrack
HFG2018CD



BEYOND THE PLANETS

With Jeff Wayne and Kevin Peek
HFG2019CD



WAKEMAN'S MUSIC EMPORIUM



Available from rickwakemansmusicemporium.com
and all other good music retailers



KEV'S WORLD



**TAYLOR'S UNIVERSE
ALMOST PERFECTED
MARVEL OF BEAUTY RECORDS**

Looking at my CD shelves I can see nearly thirty albums recorded by Robin Taylor in one of his projects, and after a break of a couple of years, he is back with the latest from Taylor's Universe. The concept behind this was quite simple, take some old tunes and then re-arrange them with the current line-up in mind, and re-record them.


Given that some of the current musicians had never heard the originals they were bound to give them a different interpretation, and the result is an album quite unlike many of Robin's other works. Robin tends to often approach music from a jazz viewpoint, taking it to more extremes with Taylor's Free Universe, but what strikes the listener with this album is just how melodic and progressive sounding it is. Yes, there are jazz elements here and there, as well as RIO, but this is fluid, melodic and complex yet always retaining a simplicity within its structure.

There are only four songs on the album, with a total length of forty-six minutes, but one is never sure exactly what is going to happen on the musical journey. "Mean Attack" starts with gentle percussion, held-down chords and a quiet gentility, which is smashed to pieces at about one minute twenty before it resumes again. Jakob Mygind again provides a sterling performance on various saxophones, while the guitars of John Sund and Robin cut through dynamically.

KEV ROWLAND

TO THE MOON AND BACK

BLACKMORE'S NIGHT



20 YEARS AND BEYOND...

In 1981, I finally managed to see one of my heroes in concert, namely the one and only Ritchie Blackmore with Rainbow. The band were amazing, and he was incredible, and I went away very happy indeed. By then myself and virtually all Deep Purple fans had resigned ourselves to the fact that they would never reform, so I was first in line when Mark II announced a tour in support of ‘Perfect Strangers’ and saw them at Wembley Arena supported by Bad Company. Something must have gone awry during the gig, or immediately afterwards, as when the band returned to encore with “Smoke On The Water” it was without the guitarist. From there we all knew it wouldn’t be too long before he would move on to pastures new, but I don’t think anyone really expected that he would come back with a band based around renaissance music.

Twenty years after he formed Blackmore's Night with his wife Candice Night as singer, the band have released a double CD compilation which also features some new recordings. What makes this album work so well is the sheer diversity of the music on offer, so although we do get some songs that sound as if they come straight out of the musical coffers of 500 years ago, there are others that are bang up to date. Some are folk, some are folk-influenced rock, and to be honest a couple are straightforward rock! There are times when the music is acoustic and going on quite well, and then that white Stratocaster makes an appearance with a blistering solo and the song is completely transformed into a something very special indeed. But, not only does Ritchie let others take centre stage (especially with the violin as a lead), it must be remembered that his wife's name is in the band name as well, and for very good reason. It is widely accepted that Linda McCartney couldn't sing a note, and that she was in Wings because she was Paul's wife, but Candice is an incredibly fine singer who has great depth, power and control. She has a warmth to her voice, and an undoubted love of this style of music which shines through. For the Rainbow diehards, they may be interested in the cover of "I Surrender" (which I remember Joe Lynn Turner belting out at that gig so many years ago), but to be honest this collection shows just how much Ritchie has changed since then. Well worth investigating.



**MY TICKET HOME
UNREAL
SPINEFARM RECORDS**

Is there anything more meaningless and arbitrary than a genre tag? In this day and age, you're either hard-, nu-, -core, or just plain old confused. Ohio quartet My Ticket Home - Nick Giumentti (lead vocals, bass), Marshal Giumentti (drums), Derek Blevins (rhythm guitar), and Matt Gallucci (lead guitar) - proudly raise a middle finger to that concept and dub what they do as simply, "Puke Rock." "The term just describes whatever we do," affirms Matt. "We knew people would label us with genres that weren't even close to our sound, so we made our own. No matter what music we make, it's 'Puke Rock', plain and simple. It's My Ticket Home."

What we have is guitar-driven metal with an independent edge and feel, bringing together thoughts of Avenged Sevenfold and Five Finger Death Punch, with something more melodic and at times almost poppy. Muse have made an impression, but they don't sound like any of the other bands, just hints and nuances here and there. This is their third album, and while they are just left of the mainstream, there are times when some of the songs, such as "Time Kills Everything" that could end up on a very depressing playlist somewhere. This is polished music, and even when they put

their heads down and riff, there is still the feeling that it is all planned as opposed to spontaneous. Not really for me.



**THE SOUL EXCHANGE
VOW OF SETH EP
PRIDE & JOY MUSIC**

Five songs, thirty-two minutes in length, and the first thing I have to say is that this sounds nothing like I expected from the band name and the EP title. It is metal, with two guitarists, and there are times on "Back To The Dark" where there are solid Sabbath influences, but for the most part this is fairly laid-back and melodic. I mean, I was expecting black metal at the very least! Keyboards are an important part of the overall sound, but it is to the vocals that one is most drawn as they are always front and centre. Polished and professional, what is missing is the spark and excitement that makes music what it is. It is okay, but I often found my attention drifting, as I felt that the band wasn't as signed onto this as it should be. Although it has some doom tendencies, it is almost as if the band are falling into by accident as opposed to deliberately, and the result is not what it should be.



**SOULDRINKER
WAR IS COMING
EL PUERTO RECORDS**

Another band producing music I didn't quite expect given the name, but once I got over the initial surprise I was smiling and having a blast. The band describe their music as a dose of Pantera, a dash of Amon Amarth, forged in metal and big melodies, but to me this is straightforward power metal played with plenty of bollocks, plenty of volume, and hooks a plenty. They have shared a stage with the likes of Morbid Angel, Delain, Powerwolf and Brainstorm, toured with Serenity and Visions of Atlantis, and now they have released their debut full-length album surely it can only get bigger and better for these guys.

Iris Boanta isn't what many will expect from a female singer, as vocally she has much more in common with rough-edged singers from the male genre, and she has a power and range that will be the envy of many. This isn't someone who is sweet and innocent, or playing on her looks, but instead is one of the boys and is getting down and dirty with the best of them. This is rough and raucous stuff, but there is always plenty of melody, and at times they are almost poppy, but in a heavier style than The Wildhearts (who surely must be the masters at putting pop hooks and metal together in such a way that metalheads don't realise). There are ten

songs on this album, with each one firmly there in its own right – no room for album fillers. This is the first I have heard about the band, but know it won't be the last.

www.souldrinker.org



**THAW
GRAINS
AGONIA RECORDS**

Sat here listening to this album on a bright summer's day, I was amazed at how cold I suddenly felt, as the chill of the music swept over me, and although there wasn't a cloud in the sky it didn't seem quite so bright outside. Formed in 2010 by members of Mentor, ARRM and Furia, this Polish black/experimental act combines black metal with sludge, doom and sonic experiments, as well as noise, electronics and free-impro. Recorded during sessions scattered over various periods of time, the album is divided into five pieces which evolve in multiple directions. As well as black metal noise, there is drone, and the understanding that traditional musical constructs have no place here.

There are many black metal bands who are taking music to an extreme, and Thaw have been at the vanguard for a while, and this album is only going to cement further the importance of their place within the canon. One just doesn't know what is

going to come next, and somehow electronically distorted vocals (so that the singer almost becomes a dalek), makes as much sense as anything else they are doing. I don't think that one could say that this is an easy album to listen to, as it follows a strange and distorted path, and it is one that needs to have close attention paid to it at all times, but the end result is strangely satisfying, even if the listener needs to take a conscious step back into reality once it has finished. Only for the adventurous, <http://agoniarecords.com>

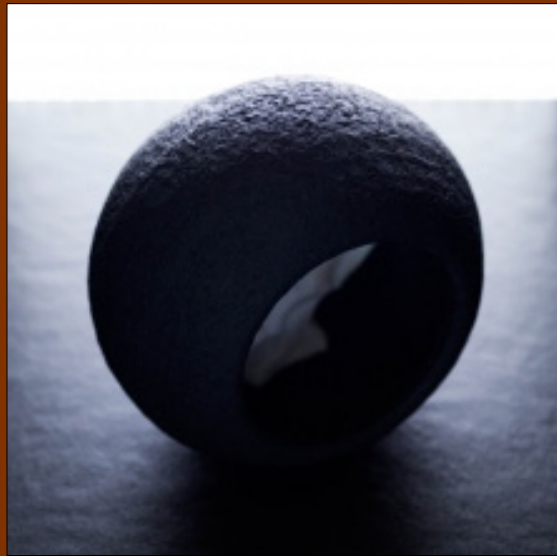


**THEN COMES SILENCE
BLOOD
NUCLEAR BLAST RECORDS**

I did have to take a quick look at the calendar, as I hadn't realised that bands were still producing music like this in 2017. I was never a massive fan of the post-punk/alternative movement in the Eighties, and although I had some Killing Joke and New Order I never got into Sisters of Mercy or Simple Minds, yet somehow Swedish act Then Comes Silence is doing their best to combine all of them, with possibly just a touch of Bauhaus. This is their fourth album, and certainly captures the sounds of a time gone by. The bass guitar is often a lead melody instrument, while the guitars are jangly and the drummer spending a lot of time on the hi-hat, hitting the best on the

snare in 4/4 time, with just a slight change every so often to show that he isn't a machine.

This is music that is designed for arenas, and I can see them going down a storm if they managed to get a U2 support gig, but I wasn't a fan the first time around and this does nothing to convince me I made a mistake. Of course, if you like any of the above then possibly this is worth seeking out. www.nuclearblast.de



**THIS WILL DESTROY YOU
KITCHEN
MAGIC BULLET RECORDS**

"Kitchen" is a single six-minute long song which provides the first aural glimpse into the Vespertine project, a collaborative concept wherein the entirety of Chef Jordan Kahn's new Culver City restaurant has been custom-scored by Los Angeles' own This Will Destroy You. One of seven pieces written for the building itself, "Kitchen" is the music that diners first hear as they are greeted by Chef Kahn before dinner service begins for the evening. In composing the music for this interaction, the band have tried to convey a warm, hospitable – if not reassuring – tone for listeners. Purely electronic, this is somehow melodic, relaxing and unsettling all at the same time. This is certainly the first time I have come across music scored

for a restaurant, and this seems much more like an art concept as opposed to somewhere where one goes to eat. I don't know if the rest of the pieces will be released commercially, or if it is just this one. Strange in so many ways.



**TNNE
Wonderland
Progressive Promotion**

Three years on from 'The Clock That Went Backwards', Luxembourg's TNNE (which as the band was seen as a continuation on from No Name, was called TNNE for The No Name Experience) are back with the second album under that banner, or sixth studio album overall. There has been a major change in the line-up, with Claudio Cordero coming on board, who of course has been guitarist with the mighty Cast for more than ten years. That he has had a major impact on the band is never in doubt, with his more metallic guitar riffs and solos definitely enhancing their neo prog credentials. The PR company likens them to RPWL and IQ, and while I do struggle a little with this, I can understand why those comments have been made although TNNE are far heavier, without ever moving into the prog metal genre.

Alex Rukavina on keyboards is an excellent foil to Claudio, while both drummer Giles Wagner and bassist Michel Casadei della Chiesa are far more in your face and driving melodies than is usual, creating a quite different dynamic. The first time I played the album I discovered I was smiling all the way through, and my feelings towards it have only warmed. In many ways, it does hearken back to the Nineties, yet also feels incredibly current and with a powerful production it really does become an album that is surely at the vanguard of the current neo prog scene. Highly recommended, as with soaring vocals from Patrick Keifer, melodies and counter melodies, complexity and simplicity, layers and space, this is a prog album to savour.

www.ppr-shop.de



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.

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

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

Double CD2, The New Gospels

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

Reproduction A4 x 12 page concert program.



The Rainbow Suite

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

This is Rick and Orchestra at their finest !!!



Available to pre-order from www.rickwakemansmusicemporium.com

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Asante sana (thank you very much),

David Banks
Director, Africa Region
The Nature Conservancy

p.s. Start helping elephants today at [nature.org/elephants](https://www.nature.org/elephants) and follow us on Instagram, Facebook or Twitter to get action alerts.



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.

PROOF THAT AMIGA OWNERS WERE THE WORST PEOPLE WHO EVER LIVED

I've written before about Digitiser's history with the Amiga. Indeed, it's one of the first things that comes up whenever I'm interviewed. In short: Digi

didn't cover the Amiga initially. Amiga owners complained in their thousands. We relented and got our bosses to buy us an Amiga, but we continued to grumble bitterly, and then - when the Amiga did go under - we gloated and continued to troll Amiga owners, because it was funny. Thing is, when we started writing Digi, we had nothing against the Amiga or Amiga owners. I mean, why would we? What sort of lunatic would hate a computer?! How broken would you have to be to launch a vendetta against a computer and its entire user base?!

I mean, to be honest I even regretted that I'd chosen the Atari ST over the Amiga. It had probably been down to some latent loyalty from owning an Atari 2600 years before, but it soon became clear to me which system had the best games catalogue.

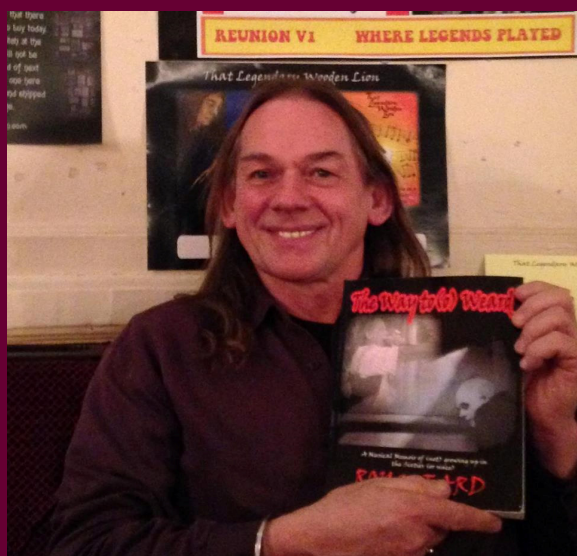
Regardless, we didn't see the Amiga as a priority. Anyone could see that the games industry was moving towards a PC/console-centric place, and the Amiga had been knocking around in one form or another since the mid-80s.

Unfortunately, pointing that out didn't stop Amiga owners from hating us, and it didn't stop us trolling them, and that certainly didn't stop Amiga owners telling us we had an obligation to cover the Amiga, and complaining about us to our bosses and television watchdogs, and trying to get us sacked.

I never understood it. If they wanted Amiga reviews there were plenty of magazines they could go to! Were these people also writing complaints to, I dunno, Mean Machines and Super Play?! Why us?!



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..



One of the videos we watched on the bus was *Young Frankenstein*, the Mel Brooks comedy. It had long been one of my favourite films, but some of the guys from *Stump* had never seen it before. Steve and I were wisecracking all the time – a habit I have never been able to break, even in the most dire of circumstances. Kev said one day, ‘What I like about you two is that you make a hundred jokes each day, and so does Steve, and every now and then one or two of them are funny.’

We were watching *Young Frankenstein* as we went along the road and it got to the bit where his fiancée turns up just after he has copped off with the young German woman, Inger (played by Teri Garr). Those two and Eyegor (Marty Feldman) are all standing on the steps of the castle when the carriage pulls up with his fiancée in it. She gets out, wearing a round red hat and the coachman unloads a lot of luggage and Gene Wilder says ‘Eyegore, give me a hand with the bags.’

‘OK,’ he replies, ‘You have the blonde and



Roy
Weard

This House In Amber

New Album out now

Available on CD from :

www.weard.co.uk

CD / digital download :

<https://royweard.bandeamp.com/album/this-house-in-amber>



I'll have the one in the turban.'

Rob burst into uncontrollable laughter.

'A roadie joke,' he gasped. 'A roadie joke in a movie. Classic.'

Various incidents during that tour made the band realise that Ivan had to go. In Den Haag we all decided to go for a drink after the show, but Ivan wanted to go back and check into the hotel. We all asked him if he would put our bags at reception for us, but when we got back to the hotel a few hours later we found someone had smashed the window and stolen the TV and video player. Ivan had not put our bags in the hotel and they had emptied all the bags onto the floor of the minibus and then stolen all the cameras, walkmans and other devices. I had about £1000 worth of cameras and lenses there, and they all went. We woke Ivan to ask what had happened and his only reply was, 'Hey, it was just some poor people, eh?' To which Steve's reply was to haul him off the ground by his lapels and shout:

'Well, let's go up to your room and get your stuff and then we can find some poor people to give that to!' The final straw came on the last day when we were back to do the Melkweg in Amsterdam. I had spoken with Andrea a few days before and she said that the day we were arriving was 'Queen's Day' which is a big national holiday in Holland. She asked where we were staying and said it would be hard to drive into Amsterdam that day. I asked Ivan and he said, 'Oh we can just get a hotel when we get there, eh?'

I passed on the information and told him Andrea said it would be hard to get a hotel. He did not seem to think that this was important, and did nothing about it. When we got there it was as Andrea predicted, the place was packed and Ivan went off to find a hotel while we sat in a bar. He came back and said, 'Two of us can stay in that hotel and another one in a hotel round the corner and....'

That was as far as he got. I told him that was nonsense and that we would never all

get to meet up for the gig. Andrea and I took over and made some calls, but the only place we could find to stay was the *Holiday Inn* by the airport, miles out of the town, and that finally put the nail in Ivan's coffin.

A little while after this Danny was running the PA for the evening in *Dingwalls*, and Chris and I were sitting in the *Encore* office. Danny came in and sat down. We asked him why he was there and he said Ivan was doing sound for one of the bands and, 'I can't stay in there with Mr Feedback.'

I took over doing the front sound for *Stump* after this and we went back to *The Leadmill* in Sheffield to play there again. After the show the promoter came into the dressing room and said, 'Last time you were here you had all that PA and it sounded dreadful. Tonight you used our shitty little house rig and it sounded great. Why?'

Mick just pointed at me. It was not that I was that good, you understand. Just that Ivan wasn't.

It was clear that things were not running too smoothly in the *Stump* camp, but I had other things pressing on my time. The last show I did with them was at the *Electric Ballroom*. We stayed in touch a bit after that – even after they broke apart. They were another band I really loved working with and I was kind of sad that I did not get the chance to make them sound as wonderful as they should have done. I had too few gigs on the front desk to undo what Ivan had done. They introduced me to Flan O'Brien and I gave them Viv Stanshall's *Sir Henry at Rawlinsons End* and *Young Frankenstein*. They were funny and clever and should have gone on to better things.

GONZO

CURRENTLY IN STOCK
AT GONZO (UK)

GONZO

CURRENTLY IN STOCK
AT GONZO (USA)



c.j.stone

Riding With Lady Luck: A journey across Europe in a Grand Cherokee Jeep

I phoned Stuart, my constant companion on this journey, a friendly voice on my mobile giving me instructions. "Hello mate," he said. I'd had about three nervous breakdowns so far, having missed the hotels he'd told me about, and having wandered off the road and getting lost, once near a MacDonald's near an erotic supermarket where I'd eaten a burger and lost my wallet, and always Stuart's voice was there, disembodied, distant but reassuringly familiar, offering sound advice. Now he was telling me about the next leg of my journey, past Budapest towards Szeged, and the most dreaded part of the journey so far, into Szeged itself, my first attempt to drive through a city with traffic.

This was the first time I'd driven on the right hand side. It's easy enough on the motorway. A cinch. But those couple of times when I'd come off and got lost had frightened me. I just didn't know what to do at a roundabout. I kept having visions of taking a wrong turn and smashing in to the on-coming traffic. Every time I got to one I'd have to talk my way through it. "That's right, Chris, veer right. That's right. Keep to the right. OK, so now you come off here. Keep it steady." Breathing deeply to hold my concentration. "OK, so that's it, you're

approaching the motorway. Down the slip-road. Watch for the traffic on your left." Driving a UK registered right-hand drive vehicle. Looking out from the passenger mirror. Seeing the traffic surge and loom as I indicate, speeding up to position myself between lorries, pulling out. "There you are Chris. Back on the road. That's it, that's it. Heading in the right direction again. Good boy Chris. You made it," before putting my foot down to slip into the fast lane and passed the lorries that were hemming me in.

That's why I was still travelling all these hours later. It was easier to keep going than to have to go through all that trauma every time I came off the road.

I was still sitting in the car, a Grand Cherokee Jeep, all black, with tan leather upholstery and tinted windows. It was Stuart's car. I'd agreed to drive it to Romania for him. It had cruise control, which meant you could set a speed and then sit with your feet off the pedal. That was good. You would position yourself between two cars going at approximately the right speed, and then set the cruise control. After that you'd just be sailing, guiding the car with occasional jerks on the steering wheel,

though it had very sloppy steering which meant you were adjusting it all the time. My right hand ached from gripping the wheel. Every so often I'd change hands and do these tai chi patterns with my spare hand, like floating magical gestures in the air, pointing at the road, just to relieve the tension.

But I wasn't driving now. I was just sitting here in this anonymous place of nothingness, watching small birds dart and weave between the traffic signs. There was one little bird close by, oblivious of me, pecking in the grass. I was just watching it blankly, letting my tired muscles relax a little. Letting myself unwind. Tired. So tired. I really could do with some sleep. I closed my eyes, but sleep wouldn't come. I was too wired-up with the journey. Too wired into the road.

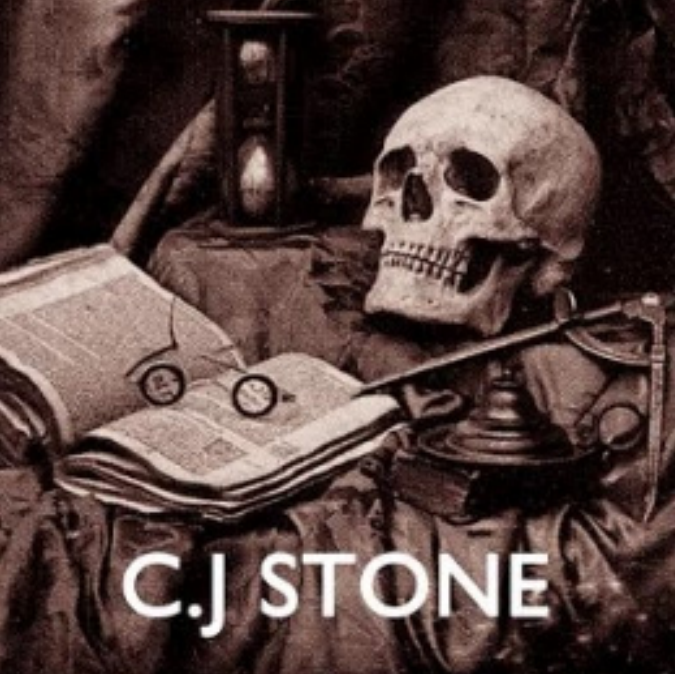
I had all these CDs with me. Nothing special. I hadn't selected them for the journey. They were just some CDs I'd grabbed hold of the last minute to keep me

going. The first was a compilation from [Uncut](#) magazine specially selected by Keith Richards of the Rolling Stones. That was the one I'd played ultra loud as I'd descended the ramp from the ferry and taken to these European roads for the first time. Amos Milburn, *Down The Road A Piece*, this boogie-woogie piano reeling and rolling like a fast car careering down the motorway, followed by Jackie Brenston, *Rocket 88*, which is about a guy singing the praises of his new car, its V8 engine and how fast it is. I screamed with laughter at the appropriateness of these songs, banging my fists on the steering wheel and singing along at the top of my voice.

Read on

THE EMPIRE OF THINGS

SELECTED WRITINGS 2003 - 2013



**NOW AVAILABLE FROM
GONZO MULTIMEDIA**

"Stone writes with intelligence, wit and sensitivity."

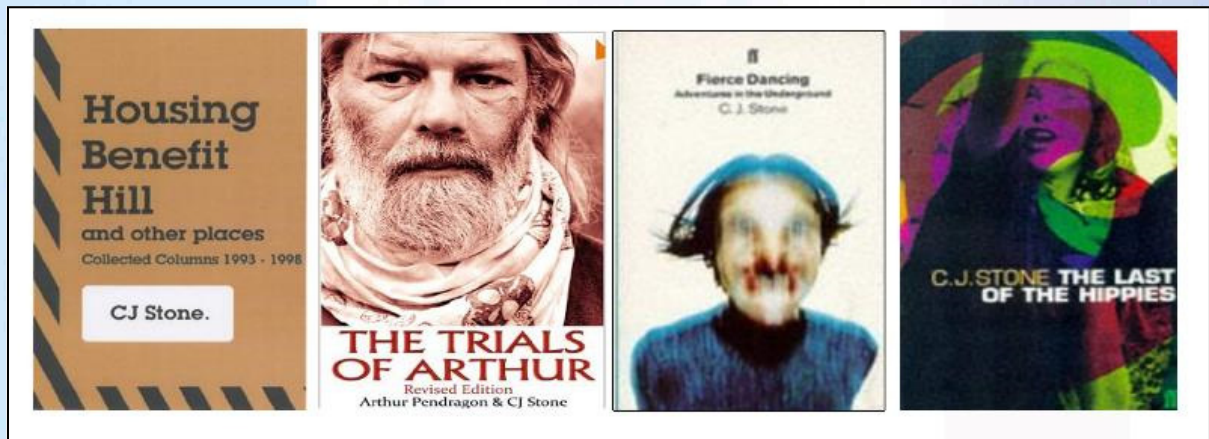
Times Literary Supplement

"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, providing a sense of 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..



A recent listing on eBay was a distinct oddity - Hawkwind material on an Apple Records disk. And a test pressing, to boot! Described as a Doremi album pressing, the item went for £1072 on Monday, which is just under \$1500. Doremi was Hawkwind's third album, released in 1972. Hawkwind signed to Liberty Records in 1970 and that label was merged with United Artists a year later, so just why Apple would be involved with processing a Hawkwind release back in 1972 is somewhat unclear.

To muddy the waters further, the item

description didn't list the tracks but did suggest that it might have a different mix to the standard release. That again sounds a bit odd, as the mix is usually finalised before any pressings occur.

-

Meanwhile, it's been announced that Hawkwind will headline the seventh 'HRH Prog' event in North Wales in November 2018 - being held in Pwllheli.



The venue is similar to some of the other off-season holiday camp venues that Hawkwind have played before.

The venue's self-description runs thus: "Following HRH Prog 6 in Pwllheli this year [2017], HRH Prog 7 will take place back at HRH's favourite location, Camp HRH in Pwllheli, North Wales. Just minutes from the coast and against a backdrop of the Snowdonian mountain range, Hafan y Môr is

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



unique. Nestled in this charming seaside village a choice of high-quality chalets, apartments and mobile homes are available onsite featuring self-catering facilities, cosy furnishings and all mod cons. There's also a huge choice of places to eat and three supermarkets exclusively for HRH customers' use, all within walking distance of the live arenas."

The three-day event seeks to be the biggest residential Prog gathering on the planet.



And later this month, Hawkwind's indoor festival - HawkEaster - kicks off on Friday evening 30th March (doors 6pm), at the Alhambra Theatre in Morecambe, Lancs.

In addition, Hawkwind will, on Easter Monday, play the opening set for the world record breaking attempt for The Never Ending Gig!" - this being the attempt to break the world record for continuous live music in a concert environment, currently standing at 378 hours, which was set in Las Vegas in 2014.

To beat that record, the Never-Ending Gig is planned to span 17 days and involve several hundred bands and musicians. Hawkwind plan to open and also close the event.

Hawkwind have had problems with clock-watchers at performances before - the dreaded curfew! But this might be the first time Hawkwind have had people with stopwatches monitoring the gaps inbetween tracks. Too long a pause between tracks or songs, and the continuity is broken, and the attempt on the world record fails.



HAWKWIND PASSPORT APPLICATION



Greetings space travellers!

This is your Hawkwind Earth Visitors Passport application form.

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

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

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

Volunteer Crew Register

Name

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

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

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

Post Code

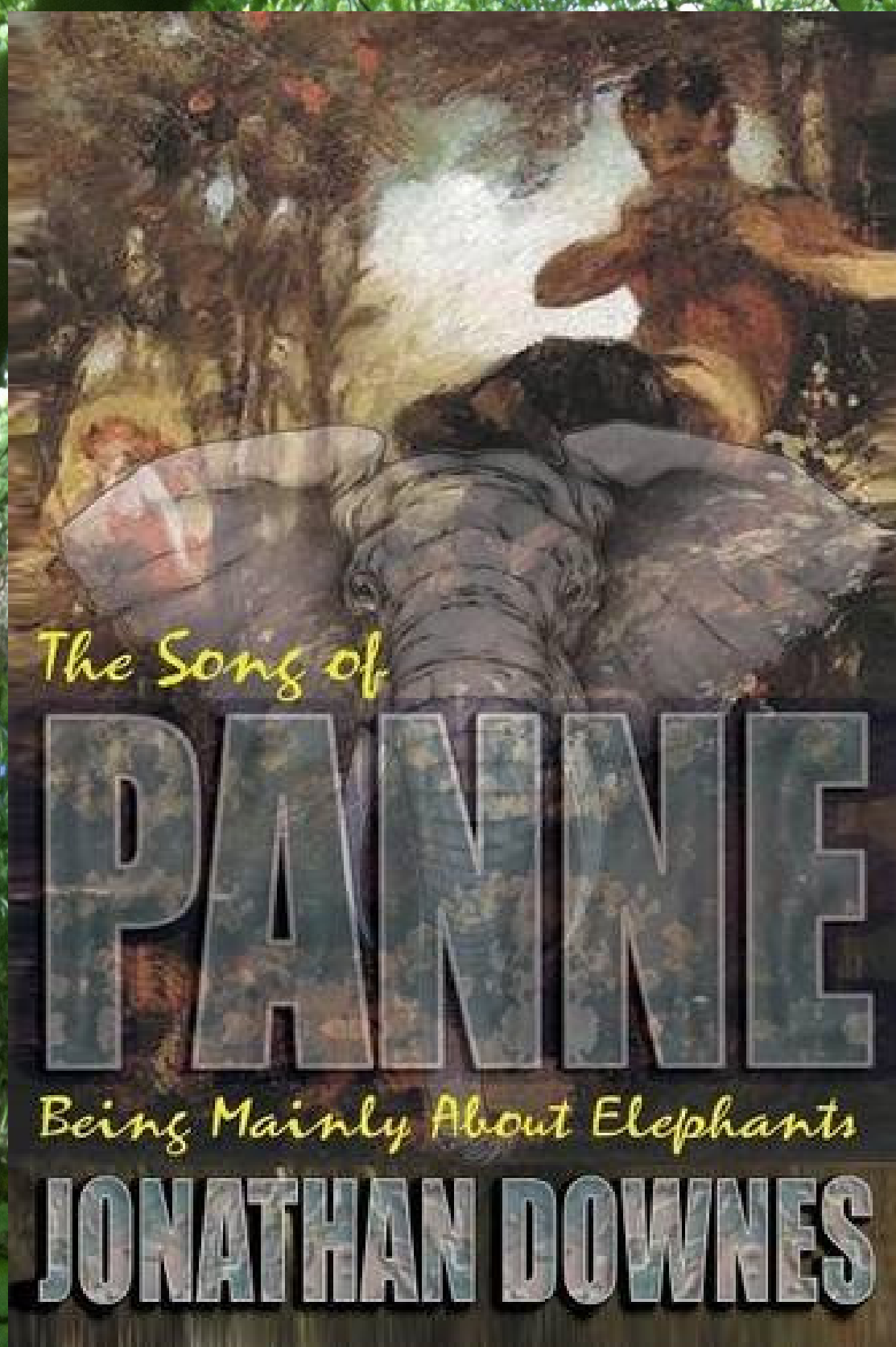
E-Mail Address: (Please print clearly).....

Telephone Number:

Additional info:

www.hawkwind.com

Any enquiries hawkwindpassports@hawkwind.com



The Song of

PANNE

Being Mainly About Elephants

JONATHAN DOWNES

The Wild Colonial Boy

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

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

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

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

I can still remember the sights, sounds, and smells of the Hong Kong jungle, even though it has been very nearly half a century since I lived in the former British Crown colony. The trees, which covered the hillside above Mount Austin were covered in thick groves of rhododendron. Peculiarly, although I can remember them clearly, and I even remember stealing flower buds, I don't remember ever seeing them in bloom. Whether this is because the wild rhododendron do not erupt into the riot of colours displayed by their domesticated cultivars, or whether the memory of a man in his late 50s trying to recall events that took place half a century before is flawed, I don't know.

But I remember the dark greeny-grey leaves of these evergreen bushes and trees, each highly polished as if by a veritable army of faerie housemaids, like it was yesterday. Rhododendron are quite a successful invasive species in other parts of the world, most notably in the United Kingdom, and I have been in small rhododendron forests in the UK. But they all lack the vitality and polish of their Hong Kong equivalent, and they lack the diagnostic herbal aroma of a

natural rhododendron forest at the northern edge of the tropics. For rhododendron forests, when in the place that The Almighty had naturally decreed, have a peculiar aroma, almost like oregano, cooking on a freshly baked pizza. And they are home to a dazzling diversity of tiny creatures.

From my earliest years I have been a devotee of butterflies, but whereas some of the butterfly families that I saw as a family have analogues within the families of butterflies found here in the UK, others don't. And it is one of the latter; a beautiful and delicate group of butterflies called *Euploea*, which are always synonymous in my mind with the Hong Kong rhododendron forest.

They are closely related to milkweed butterflies like the iconic monarch, which is familiar to everyone living in north American for its mammoth yearly migrations between Canada and Mexico. For some reason *Euploea* have got the English name of crows, which has always

seemed - to me, at least - to be a completely inappropriate appellation. Crows are noisy, gregarious, and cheekily outgoing.

They are scavengers, scroungers, and chancers, and although they are birds of which I am very fond, they have nothing in common with these beautiful, delicate, and shy forest butterflies. There are several species of these lovely butterflies in Hong Kong, but the ones that I remember best are a dark, chestnut coloured insect, which was only ever found in the thickest part of the rhododendron forest. The chestnut wings, sprinkled with a smattering of little white spots, looking - for all the world - as if some mischievous child had flicked Tippex all over them, glided effortlessly between the branches, and the tiny flowering plants on the forest floor from whence they got the nectar, upon which they subsisted. They flew in a peculiarly mechanical fashion, as if they were Lilliputian ornithopters from the pages of a steampunk novel or a progressive rock album cover painted by Roger Dean. I



believe that the species was *Euploea mulciber*, but, all the pictures and descriptions that I have been able to find of this species describe it as having blue patches on the forewings, and so it might have been *Euploea core*. However, after all these years, it doesn't really matter. There are four species of *Euploea*, recorded from the British colony, but it is the fact that then - and now, when I allow myself to indulge in flights of fancy - I thought of them as the embodiment of strange guardian spirits of the jungle.

Although there was quite a few species of mammal living in Hong Kong, the larger ones had enough sense to keep out the way when they realised that a human being was blundering across their demesne. So, although I knew that two species of civet cat, the little barking deer, porcupines, and quite possibly much rarer creatures like pangolins and leopard cats, were to be found in these forests, I never saw them.

It was some years later, when on a



crepuscular ramble through the forests of Pokfulam hills together with my classmates and a wildlife officer from the Hong Kong government, that we were lucky enough to see a pangolin alive and in its own habitat. For those of you who do not know, pangolins are primitive and highly specialised mammals marked by large, hardened, overlapping platelike scales made of keratin; the same material of which our human fingernails are made. They eat insects, mostly ants and termites, and are critically threatened throughout their range. Although, when I was a boy, they were lumped together with the anteaters and sloths in an order called the Edentates, it is now believed that their closest relatives are actually the carnivores, such as cats, dogs, bears, and seals.

I vividly remember seeing this beautiful throwback to an archaic past peering indignantly at my classmates and me, before resuming its hunt for tiny insects in the undergrowth as if nothing had happened. In the daylight, however, which is - unsurprisingly, as I was only seven years old - the only time that I wandered through the jungle untrammelled by adult supervision, the only mammals that I ever saw were the tiny, grey, musk shrews, which were named *chuchundra* in Kipling's *Jungle Book*. They are commonly known as the Asian house shrew, and it is as a nocturnal dweller in human houses that it turns up in Kipling's glorious prose. But I only saw them scuttling through the leaf litter of the forest floor as I was going about my furtive explorations.

For some reason, the forest on the far side of the great, grey stone escarpment upon which the great waterfall crashed to the ground during the rainy season, was much wilder and more impenetrable than the well explored jungle on 'my' end of the hillside. It was darker, and the lianas and other creepers hung down far more densely. One could hear the chattering of parakeets high in the forest canopy above, but I don't remember ever seeing any. Strange communal nests of various types of moth



caterpillar hung down like grotesque fruit from the forest branches, and - I have to admit - that although I know perfectly well what it was written about, whenever I hear Billie Holiday singing about 'strange fruit', it is these weird bundles of microlife that come to mind. I never found out what it was that these caterpillars actually ate. I never saw them, except as part of a huge colony. Once I opened one of these nests up and tried to count the number of inhabitants, but I gave up as I was approaching a thousand, and carefully closed up my investigation hole and went on about my business. Occasionally, I would see epiphytic pitcher plants hanging off the branches, but the microclimate was not humid enough for them here. They were much more likely to be found in the more conventional rainforest of the lower lying areas on Lantau Island, for example.

As I have written elsewhere, although the Second World War was over fourteen years before I was born, in many ways - both in Hong Kong and in the UK - the war years were the defining historical points of my young life. Hong Kong, in particular, had

suffered particularly badly at the hands of the invading Japanese, and the scars were still everywhere to be seen. During the four years in which Hong Kong was under Japanese administration, the vast majority of the natural forest had been cut down for firewood, and it was one of the major goals of the colonial British government during the post war years, and of the semi-autonomous Chinese government since 1997, to replace the indigenous forests as exactly as can be managed.

I never did find out whether the forests on the side of Victoria Peak, which overlooked my little kingdom of the Mount Austin playground, was indigenous or had been replaced. The fact that in the 38yrs since I last went there, the ruins of Grey Walls of which I have written about elsewhere, have become overgrown by the jungle, whereas they were open to the sky in my day, suggests the latter. But as far as this narrative is concerned, it doesn't really matter.

Because, no matter what the history of these forests was, they still concealed some mysteries to which I - as one of the few children to go poking about away from the well trodden paths - found myself privy. Martin Booth, in his remarkable memoir of his childhood in Hong Kong about ten years before I went there, describes how he found the mortal remains of a Japanese soldier half-buried on the hillside. Martin's exploits lived on after him, and - 40 years before I read his book, and 30-something years before his untimely death from cancer - the longer term residents of Mount Austin Mansions remembered him and his family and told stories of how Martin had discovered some of the mysteries of the mountain. I never found any dead Japanese soldiers, nor did I find the remains of an American dive-bomber, which had allegedly been shot down by the Japanese garrison at the top of Victoria Peak and crashed into the jungle. But I did find a tomb.

NEWS FROM THE POTTING SHED

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

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

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

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

www.martinspringett.com/

<https://spacewreckrecords.bandcamp.com>



UNDER HEAVEN



GUY GAVRIEL KAY

ILLUSTRATION BY MARTIN SPRINGETT



www.martinspringett.com www.guygavrielkay.com



Thom the World Poet

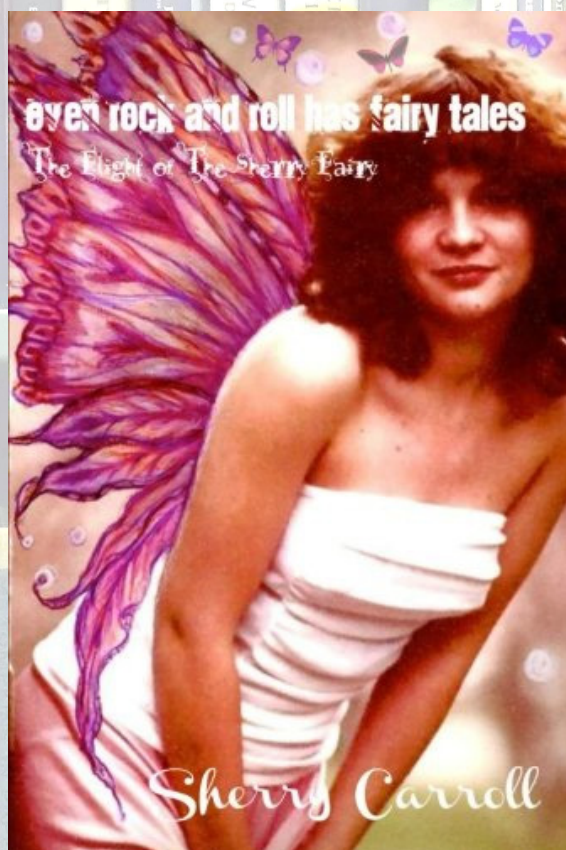
Rob Ayling writes:

"Thom the World poet is an old mate of mine from way back in my history. Even pre-dating Voiceprint, when I was running "Otter Songs" and Tom's poetry tapes and guest appearances with 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!!!"

WE ARE THOSE WHOSE PARENTS ARE LEAVING

FIRST THEIR MIND/NEXT MOBILITY..
they repeat repeat as if to locate certainty
They do not know what they will do today
Whether habit will save them or family
remind them they have both
precedents and antecedents
It is enough to know
they do not know today
They are always leaving
As we arrive.

Yer Gonzo Bookshelf



- **Paperback:** 288 pages
- **Publisher:** CreateSpace Independent Publishing Platform; 1 edition (13 Nov. 2014)
- **Language:** English
- **ISBN-10:** 1502490471
- **ISBN-13:** 978-1502490476
- **Product Dimensions:** 15.2 x 1.7 x 22.9 cm

This is a particularly peculiar, and oddly heartwarming, little book. I don't really know what I was expecting when I picked it up, but what I got was an exquisitely crafted exercise in portraying a series of little tragedies – and triumphs, which defined a large chunk of the author's life.

I have always -- and by always, I mean

since one evening in October 1977, when I first saw Tony Palmer's film *All My Loving* - been a fan of Eric Burdon. He is, of course, best known to millions around the world as being that Geordie geezer who sang 'House of the Rising Sun' back in 1964. But it is the music he made a few years later, when - having been seduced by "a girl named Sandoz" - he produced some utterly extraordinary music, which had very little to do with his bluesy shouting roots.

I am, of course, of the generation that came after the early sixties generation who idolised Eric's group, The Animals, but I have been a staunch fan for over 40yrs now, and, it appears in this book, that I am not the only person who - although considerably younger than Eric - became a besotted follower.

The author of this book describes how she started going to concerts in her middle-American hometown, and discovered that it was surprisingly easy to get backstage and establish a relationship with the various members of the touring ensemble.

One of these touring ensembles was the administrative machine which propelled Eric Burdon and his band around America.

She describes how she first met Eric Burdon:

"I'm not sure exactly how I ended up sitting right there next to him after the show. It was shocking to me, but most likely not a surprise to Eric, his band, the crew and every girl in the audience. It must have taken quite a bit of guile and manipulation on one or most of our parts. I don't remember exactly what it was we talked about, although we talked non-stop for hours. Nevertheless, I will never forget

how intently he listened to me. He took me, and what I had to say so seriously. That was definitely something I was not used to and never expected."

The phenomenon of 'groupies' is something that has been explored many times in rock music, and books and films *about* rock music. However, it does not seem that these young women (and occasionally young men) are a homogenous subset of society. After all, whereas Frank Zappa described "crew sluts" who would "do absolutely anything for \$50", books such as *Before I Get Old* by Dave Marsh describe a much more complex and sophisticated relationship, whereby certain young women had a very real, and emotionally driven, relationship with their favourite popstar. They would become - to all senses and purposes - wives or girlfriends during the period that the band were on tour.

Anyone who has ever been on tour with a rock band will know, it is very easy to be sucked in to a little bubble of alternate reality, and so - much though the more conventional thinkers of society, and certainly the bona fide wives and girlfriends, of the rock and roll stars in question would have disputed the matter, there is actually quite a cogent degree of logic behind the explanation that, whilst in this heavily shielded alternate reality of the road - certain rock stars needed, or at least wanted, touring wives and girlfriends, different from the ones waiting patiently at home for them back in their Home Counties.

"Crew slut" or "touring wife"? Which one did our heroine become? The latter, of course. Whilst there are books about the women who spent their touring career debasing themselves in front of the altar of rock and roll excess, the story of how this nice, vaguely ordinary, and talented young woman became Eric Burdon's

"touring wife" is an interesting one.

She describes how, after some years of this, she became to want an ordinary existence, and how she opted for husband, career, and children. However, she admits with a wry smile, whenever Eric Burdon came to town on another one of his rock and roll touring extravaganzas, she would shed her hard won conventional skin and become a rock and roll hellbitch from the planet Freak Out for a few days. However, one gets the impression that on each of these occasions, she was confidently expecting it to be the last time.

A couple of decades after first meeting, and getting involved with, The Animals' front man, her cosy domestic life went more than slightly tits up, and - it so happened - that in one of those streaks of happenstance, that the Gods of Acausal Synchronicity love so much, Eric Burdon was on tour at the very same time. So, our heroine gets her rock and roll hellcat costume out of mothballs and travels across country to meet up with her touring husband, for the first time in what seemed like a very long time.

At first, things were exactly the way that she had hoped. But it didn't take long for her to realise that something very important had changed. It turns out that, for the first time in all the decades she had known him, Eric Burdon was now in a committed relationship, and - furthermore - one in which he didn't want to conveniently lie to his life partner.

So, the shit well and truly hit the fan. And there is an enormous row, which culminates in Eric Burdon calling the hotel security to have our heroine removed - bodily - from his hotel room:

"I'm sorry, Miss, I have absolutely no idea what you're talking about." He shrugged at the hotel goons and smiled

Yer Gonzo Bookshelf



apologetically. "I've never seen this woman before in my life." I couldn't even look at his face anymore. But they were all staring and glaring at me. "Why don't you gentlemen help this young lady find her way out of the hotel as quickly as possible? She doesn't seem to be very happy with me. I think it would be best if she just left immediately with your assistance by the back door, and if you ensured that she didn't come back anymore. I believe I saw a twenty-four-hour diner just a few blocks away. I'm sure she can wait there until her car is available in six or seven hours."

The rest of the book describes, in depth, and with not a little wry humour, how the author coped with her subsequent adventure, being stuck in a strange city overnight, with nowhere to go, and

wearing rock and roll gladrags completely unsuited for the perilous situation in which she now found herself.

The moral of the story isn't that "all men are scum" or even that the subset of those male members of the human race who picked up guitars in order to head for a strange and wild frontier are particularly susceptible to behaving like selfish dickheads. I think everybody knows that anyway. It is actually a book about how one very strong woman reconciled the two apparently disparate reality tunnels in which she had been living for her entire adult life. And in doing so, how she came out the other end as a stronger and more confident person. Okay, at various times in this book, one wants to give the legendary Georgie blues shouter a damn good twatting, but in the end, although it is the author who one admires rather than the singer, reading this book has not affected my fandom of Eric Burdon one iota. But, it was always the music, rather than the person, that I cared about.

But one does come away admiring Sherry Carroll very much indeed, and looking forward to her next literary outing so one can assimilate some more of her sublime, self-excoriating prose.

Bloody marvelous!





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...

Because I waffled on a bit last issue, I thought I had better keep my lips firmly sealed this time round and just get straight on with what I have to do here. So, without any further explanation or ado, let's go, campers:

Darkthrone Abba T-Shirt, Cult (S, M, L, XL, XXL Available) New - £16.32



H. E. HUTCHINSON,
(Successor to WM. LEGGATE) 166 MAIN ST.
MANUFACTURER and Dealer in HARNESSES, SADDLES, BRIDLES, Coach, Chaise and Drift OOL LARS. Also, Trunks, Valises and Carpet Bags. Coach Gigs and Tally WHIPS, &c. &c. Receiving done at short notice.
Worcester, Jan 15

PRATT, DOWNES & SCOTT,
(Successors to T.W. & O.P. BARONOFF)
Worcester, Feb 25, 1897.

THE BITCH IS BACK

"Cult-shirt of the Norwegian black metal band. One of Fenriz's favorite shirts, check the photo! size S-XXL available."

How peculiar, although fairly interesting.

JUST FUNKY Pink Floyd Art Set of 4 Pint with Assets, White, One Size - £49.99

"This gorgeous pink Floyd art set of 4 pint with assets has the finest details and highest quality you will find



anywhere! pink Floyd art set of 4 pint with assets is truly remarkable. Pink Floyd art set of 4 pint with assets details: condition: brand new item Sku: ss-jf-pf-gs4-1860-jfc-01 dimensions: H: 5.5 x W: 1.97 x D: 1.97 (inches)

Features: Perfect gift for those that love drinkware & glassware. Great craftsmanship. Measurement: H: 5.5 x W: 1.97 x D: 1.97

Product Details: Brand: Just Funky. Model Number: PF-GS4-1860-JFC-01. Colour: White. Item Weight: 1.74 Kg. Product Dimensions: 5 x 14 x 5 cm. Capacity: 16 fluid ounces. Auto Shutoff: No. Shipping Weight: 1.7 Kg. Date First Available: 18 July 2014"

From the description, I am presuming these are

pictures that one can get on pint glasses

Pink Floyd / upcycled Drum Clock - £55.00



"This is a handmade drum clock, it is made from a 12 inch tom drum and has been upcycled and painted by myself.

* The clock face itself is a black glittery drum skin featuring the famous pink Floyd dark side of the moon Design that also says i love you to the dark side of the moon and back with silver and gold glittery numbers around the edge.

* The drum itself is in gloss black

*The clock is a gold silent none ticking mechanism & runs on an AA battery (included), and is easily hung on a nail or picture hook.

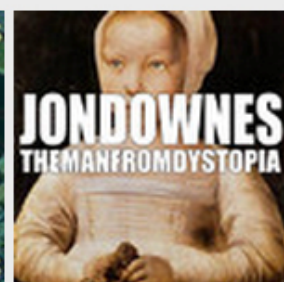
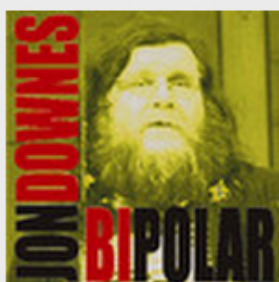
This is a one of a kind piece, you will not find this anywhere else!

Very unique and will look great in any room at your home, music studio, man-cave or bar.

Please bare in mind that i can also make these

SHAMELESS SELF PROMOTION TIME

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



[Check it out now...](#)

to customers specifications of any image. A large range of different hand designs & colours & a choice of ticking or none ticking is available (unless specified the clock will usually come with none ticking. I can make different size drums ranging from 6 inches up to 22 inches. Any design, any colour drum shell & any colour drum skin."

What a clever idea.

Original Hofner violin Beatles bass 500/1 1963 Paul McCartney Macca - £5,100.00

"Selmer serial number 301 Pot code 383
"Total original. Never even had its strings changed!"
ORIGINAL 1963 HOFNER BEATLES VIOLIN



BASS 500/1.
Pot codes 383. Selmer serial number 301. Which all confirm this is a 1963 model.
A complete "barn find". My dad bought it in the 1970's but has never used it. I found it about 8 years ago in our attic along with some other sentimental Beatles memorabilia and old photo of my dad holding the guitar (if you wish to see this photo for confirmation purposes please msg me your email address and I will send it to you).
I have looked after the guitar ever since. Unfortunately, I now need to sell this guitar ASAP for personal reasons. I would like £3900 ono."

What does one say?

RARE! My Chemical Romance Day of the Dead Masks - Set of 5 - AU \$1,000.00



"These were from a limited edition release for My Chemical Romance's album 'The Black Parade' is 'Dead' back in 2008.
This includes:
A pinewood coffin box burned in with the My Chemical Romance logo.
All 5 hand painted collectible Day Of The Dead masks created and designed by each band member. (Photo left to right - Gerard, Ray, Frank, Bob & Mikey)
Death Certificate of Authenticity numbered with a print of each band member's autograph.
These are hard to find, and the sets are even harder to come across. All masks are in MINT condition, never been displayed and always kept in a box with foam padding."



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.



MIKE DAVIS

HOW CAN I TELL YOU?



Available from iTunes, Amazon etc

Cool – I love Day of the Dead paraphernalia. I also love the word ‘paraphernalia’ but that is totally beside the point.

LIMP BIZKIT - LEGO STYLE SMITI SET LIMITED NUMBERED EDITION - £5.00

“Limp Bizkit - Smiti Set”

There is some slight wear to the box, due to being in storage. The figure set itself is in great condition.”



Not that I would want to myself, I can fully understand the appeal of having collections of this sort of item. I love the guy on the far right - his hair is ace. And, .. Ahem ... we won't go into the meaning of limp biscuits here folks, because this is not the time nor the place.

KORN - GRUNTZ FIGURES MUNKY FIELDY JONATHAN HEAD DAVID COMPLETE SET - £5.50

“KORN - Gruntz figures complete collection. The boxes have some light wear and some sun damage. The figures themselves are in great condition and come complete with accessories (Hats, sunglasses, extra hands etc)”



Here are some more of the same ilk (because I am filling up a space to be perfectly and brutally honest)

Phew just enough space.

Toodle-pip for this issue



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

[http://www.zazzle.co.
uk/streetfightingshirts](http://www.zazzle.co.uk/streetfightingshirts)



AULD MAN'S BACCIE

RESONATING WITH THE BLUES

RICK WAKEMAN



*The original
version – Now
expanded
with bonus
material*

COUNTRY AIRS

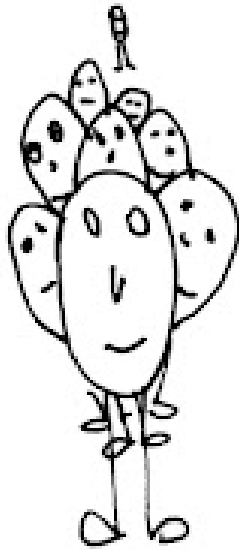
“Music from both the mind and heart...”



www.rwcc.com

THE NINE HENRYS

GONZO
MEDIA
GROUP



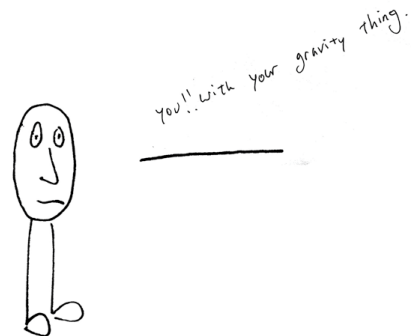
The Nine Henrys are a quirky bunch of cloned cartoon characters. They live in a strange lo-fi domestic surrealist world peopled by talking rock buns and elephants on wobbly stilts. Over the years the Henrys have been published in a variety of local NE magazines and now here for the first time thanks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



The Horizontal Line insulted Henry on his verticalness



This book is an erudite catalogue of some of the most peculiar records ever made. The authors have lined up, described and put into context 500 "albums" in the expectation that those of you who can't help yourselves when it comes to finding and collecting music will benefit from these efforts in two ways.

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

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

Wild Man Fischer:
The Fischer King
(Rhino Handmade, 1999)
What? Outsider music gold.

As last week's entry attests, Larry "Wildman" Fischer was a singular and uncontainable talent. His entire career was blighted by paranoid schizophrenia and the complications it brought to every area of his life. It is – then – to the eternal credit of Rhino Records and in particular to the Barnes and Barnes production team that the recordings on this generous double CD exist. After parting company with Frank Zappa, Fischer recorded almost every significant note of his wayward, stop-start musical career for the Rhino label. The bulk of the work appears on the albums *Wildmania* (1977), *Pronounced Normal* (1981) and *Nothing Scary* (1984). These appear in sequence and in their entirety on *The Fischer King* along with other hard-to-find treasures like the original "Rhino Records" single that launched the label in the mid-seventies and the gloriously spirited "It's a Hard Business" in which Fischer duets with Rosemary Clooney. All this with copious sleeve notes and a poster of the Mona Lisa modified



to look like Larry, what's not to like?

The Fischer King opened the account of the Rhino Handmade label; a specialist operation for collectors that has gone on to release complete session recordings from key albums, and other treasures that would otherwise have remained impossible to get. In the case of *The Fischer King* this lavishing of attention is something of a saintly act given that the unmanageable Fischer had staged one of the least successful marketing campaigns in music industry history when he took to visiting Rhino Records – as in the same shop he'd praised on a single – approaching queuing customers and ripping records from their hands, before replacing them with copies of his own albums. The misguided charm offensive resulted in copious complaints, no sales of Fischer product and the eventual banning of the man from the shop he lauded in song.

His trio of Rhino albums give shape to *The Fischer King*. Larry is wayward, sparky, clearly coming from the back of left-field with regard to some of his lyrics and permanently packing the ability to be scary and in need of love. *The Wildmania* cuts include solo vocal items, live recordings out of doors and some skeletal rock numbers of which a loose and vocally ragged take on Frank Sinatra's "Young at Heart" is something of a stand out. Lyrically it isn't always pleasant, Fischer acts out his autobiography (again) making it plain there are family members who find it hard to be with him and a line from "I'm the Meany" about a girlfriend shocks when he sings: "She told me she was pregnant, so I hit her in the stomach." It isn't exactly easy listening. There's hilarity, invention and even a passable impersonation (though not by Larry) of George Harrison. *Pronounced Normal* and *Nothing Scary* are helmed by Barnes and Barnes and feature Larry supported by electronic backing along with the usual guitar/bass/drums. The rapping title track of *Pronounced Normal* is a corker; from the second Larry belts out "Certified wrong..." at the start you know you're in for a bumpy and compelling ride. "Watch Out for the Sharks" (a sideswipe at those who have wronged him) is another barbed gem. *Nothing Scary* is a bumper 34 track helping of Fischer on form in which "Derailroaded" is yet another insistent rap about life's misfortunes, "Oh God Please Send me a Kid to Love" is heartfelt and chilling in equal measure and the band America each contribute a song, both of them fragile gems that bring out a sense of Larry's vulnerability. Gerry Beckley plays most of the instruments on his "All I Think About is You" and Dewey Bunnell's "The Rain Song" would easily have graced any of America's best-selling albums.

The Fischer King was released in a limited edition of 1000. The original Rhino albums have all enjoyed CD reissues, albeit with no sign of the bonus tracks that pack out *The Fischer King*. A few other, download only, Fischer cuts appear on the odds and ends collection, *Lost and Found Pep*.

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**.

CD and book available soon from Gonzo Multimedia



GONZO
MULTIMEDIA

www.gonzmultimedia.co.uk

THE WORLD OF GONZO ACCORDING TO

Mark Raines



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

PS shows can be downloaded

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

On Thursday I wrote:

It is supposedly the coldest winter for 27 years, but - peculiarly - I don't remember the winter of 1990/1 being a particularly harsh one. And I was on tour with Steve Harley for much of it, so I would have been aware of the vagaries of the winter.

However, our washbasin outlet pipe has frozen for the first time ever, and we are romping through gas like a gas bottle romping thing.

And we have a snowstorm scheduled for lunchtime.

Oh joy!

Well, Friday is now here, and it is marginally less cold than it was, but there is still about half an inch of powdery snow scattered about the garden and the lane outside our house. The promised blizzards and Arctic carnage singularly failed to arrive, although Corinna and I slept downstairs because it is far warmer.

As a result I had the nicest night's sleep that I have had in yonks, stretched out in my favourite armchair with Archie curled up on my lap.

Now, I don't mean to be one of those curmudgeonly old sods who continually complains about the state of the modern world, but this snowfall is a fukkin' doddle compared to some of the ones I experienced in this very house when I was a youngster.



On two or three occasions the snow was as high as the upper windows of the house and we were properly snowed in. Half an inch of powdery stuff with the consistency of icing sugar, and one frozen pipe is nothing in comparison.

But in those days the newspapers didn't employ people to come up with cute little names for inclement weather patterns.

"Beast from the East" Pah!

See you next week, when I sincerely hope that the outlet pipe for my bathroom wash basin will have thawed.

Hare bol,
Love

Jon the Ringmaster of the Gonzoid circus.



THE BEST LAID PLANS

GET NAKED!

...with the
Pink Fairies

Andy Colquhoun, Duncan Sanderson,
Jaki Windmill, Russell Hunter and George Butler

THEIR FIRST NEW ALBUM IN THREE DECADES!

GONZO MULTIMEDIA HIST453CD/DVD



**STANDARD
DOUBLE CD/DVD**
*Limited edition, with extra live
promotional and interview footage



Also available from the **Pink Fairies** and friends:



PINK FAIRIES
Chinese Cowboys
Live 1987
HIST24KCD



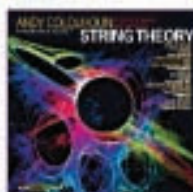
PINK FAIRIES
Mandles and
Mescaline...
HIST379CD



**WAYNE KRAMER
& THE PINK FAIRIES**
Cocaine Blues
HIST216CD



ANDY COLQUHOUN
Pick up the Phone
America!
HIST218CD



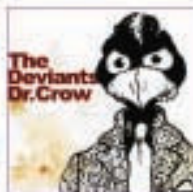
ANDY COLQUHOUN
String Theory
HIST273CD/DVD



WARSAW PAKT FET.
ANDY COLQUHOUN
Warsaw Pakt
HIST266CD/DVD



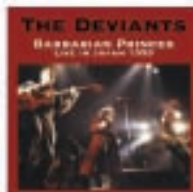
**NICK FARRER AND
ANDY COLQUHOUN**
Black Vinyl Dress
HIST119CD



THE DEVIANTS
Dr. Crow
HIST186CD



THE DEVIANTS
The Deviants Have
Left the Planet
HIST292CD



THE DEVIANTS
Barbarian Princes
Live in Japan 1999
HIST187CD

**GONZO
MULTIMEDIA**

All titles are available at: www.gonzomultimedia.co.uk
Weekly magazine: www.gonzoweekly.com
Daily blog: <http://gonzo-multimedia.blogspot.co.uk>

