The immortal and happily visible Mr Biffo has a new TV project and needs OUR help, Alan reviews Lady Sybil Grey, Doug concludes his series on Split Enz, John loves the new Cary Grace album, and Jeremy goes to see the Handsome Family, while Jon reads a book about The Beatles. Wot, another one?
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THE THREE COMMANDMENTS OF GONZO WEEKLY:

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

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

3. Music can and sometimes does change the world

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

Welcome to another issue of this ever-evolving magazine. I say 'ever-evolving' because it does seem to change almost organically, more so than any other magazine which I have worked on. A good periodical does seem to take on properties very similar to that shown by a living creature. Anybody who has any in-depth experience of running magazines will tell you that. But this one seems to have taken on a life of its own to a far greater extent than I would have imagined when I first started it five and a bit years ago.

I think that the secret behind it is that I have always involved various friends of mine in the production of Gonzo Weekly, but it is also true that many of the regular contributors to this magazine have become personal friends. I don’t want to sound like some dreary old hippy (even though I probably am a 'dreary old hippy'), but friendship is a very positive bedrock on which one can build a conceptual edifice like this one.

As anybody who has read more than a modicum of my writings here, or indeed in anything else that I write for, will know, I pride myself on my wide variety of interesting friends. When I was a boy, my mother and grandmother introduced me to the Pulp Fiction of the early years of the 20th Century. These included books by H. Rider Haggard, 'Sapper', Edgar Wallace and Leslie Charteris. It is Charteris that I
SAMPLE JOKE:
Q: What do you call a giant killer bat?
A: Super Beast 47

want to talk about, but as an aside, it has always fascinated me that he was half Chinese. Somehow, one expected the creator of Simon Templar to have a hundred percent Home Counties background. I expect this is subliminally racist of me, but it's true.

In one of Charteris' collections of short stories, originally published as Boodle in 1934, Charteris' eponymous hero says that one of his hobbies is collecting strange friends. When I first read that as an eleven year old schoolboy, I thought it was an eminently sensible thing to do and I set out to spend my life doing just that.

Changing my literary influences for a moment, one of my favourite books for the past fifty years has been My Family and Other Animals by the immortal Gerald Durrell. My hero in this book was - to many people's surprise - not the young Gerald, but the wickedly lampooning pen portrait of his elder brother, the greatly renowned novelist, Lawrence Durrell. The description of how he filled his family's lives with an endless succession of massively eccentric friends, somehow ticked all the right boxes for the young Jonathan, and I resolved to do just that.

And guess what, readers? Both these literature inspired ambitions came true a hundred and fifty percent!
In the late 1980s, I became mildly obsessed with the then cutting-edge technology of Teletext. This, for those of you too young, or too stoned to remember it, was a kind of proto-internet, which was broadcast daily on one's television, if one had one of the special television sets that could record such things. I actually saw a documentary about it on YouTube the other day, which explains that the Teletext signal was broadcast in the bits around the side of the main picture broadcast, or at least that's what I think it said, but will be totally honest and admit that I didn't understand a word of it.

At the end of 1992, a piece of legislation that had been passed by the Thatcher government a couple of years before, kicked in. Again, I can't remember the details, but it was something about how all broadcasting service providers had to reapply for their own jobs without government subsidy, and so various broadcasters that I had taken for granted, like TSW, which had been the ITV franchise holder for the South West of England for the previous ten years, and the company who had originally been responsible for breakfast television in the UK, and - for the life of me - I cannot remember their name, but it doesn't really matter, lost their franchise. But the change that impacted me the most was that Oracle, the company which was responsible for both ITV and Channel 4 Teletext, lost their franchise as well.

By the end of 1992 I had been checking out various features on Oracle almost daily, for the previous four years, and this was quite a blow. However, when it came to midnight on New Year's Eve, things weren't as bad as I had thought they were going to be. The outgoing incumbents flashed up a crude graphic of flames, presumably signifying the fires of Hell. Accompanying this crude but effective graphic, was a five word caption: "And so the nightmare begins!" and at one second into the brave new year of 1993, the new service, run by a company called Teletext Ltd., sprung into action!

It took me about a week to get my head around all the new delights on offer, but one of these was a video game magazine called 'Digitiser'! It came out every weekday, was edited by someone who called himself Mr. Biffo with help by someone identified only by Mr. Hairs, and it wasn't long before I realised that the brew that it served up was a rich and heady
one, and often had nothing to do with the subject that it was meant to be covering. It was massively eccentric, and featured the exploits of a number of incredibly ridiculous characters, starting with someone called 'The Man with a Long Chin', who inhabited some sort of surreal soap opera that appeared to be a cross between The Beano and something by Max Ernst, and it was not long before I became a complete addict.

And for the next ten years, as long as I was in England, I read it pretty well every day. I tried to introduce various of my friends to it, but only one - Richard Freeman (who is one of the aforementioned regular contributors to the pages of this magazine) - found it as funny as I did.

We would baffle other people by repeating Digitiser nonsense jokes to each other at every possible opportunity.

SAMPLE JOKE:
Q: What do you call a giant killer bat?
A: Super Beast 47

It has made me laugh out loud just dictating this to my poor, long-suffering, step-emanuensis Olivia, whom I suspect thought that it was about as funny as nasal polyps.

Then, in 2003, it all came to an end, and I assumed that this would be the last that I
would hear of it. But, four years later, when I was supposed to be working hard on preparations for my forthcoming wedding, I was pootling about on the internet, and found that Mr. Biffo was actually a TV screen writer called Paul Rose, and at the time he had a fairly popular blog, so I wrote to him introducing myself and thanking him for having given me ten years of surreal and ever-so-slightly twisted entertainment. It was actually only the second fan letter I had ever written in my life (the other having been to Yoko Ono twenty years before) and, like Ono, Paul Rose replied.

Over the next few weeks and months, we became quite friendly, and just after mid-summer that year, he came down to Devon to visit us. We hit it off massively, and - as a result - he ended up going on the '07 CFZ expedition to Guyana.

And we have been friends ever since.

A couple of years ago, he resurrected the Digitiser brand, with a regularly updated website called Digitiser 2000, and last year he branched out into film making with a series called Mr. Biffo’s Found Footage. It was massively eccentric, and even had me in one episode. He has decided to follow this up with a WebTV show called Digitiser TV, which will be produced to professional standards, and will feature all
sorts of the amusing bollocks for which he has become so renowned.

If this idea amuses you, I think you should seriously consider going to:

https://www.kickstarter.com/projects/1534877882/digitiser-the-show-proper-retro-gaming-tv

And do your bit to support the Crowdfunding initiative for this show.

As is self-evident to anyone who reads the news, or even who looks out their window, we are living in dark, strange, and distressing times. And as my old friend Tony 'Doc' Shiels has told me on a number of occasions, the only viable antidote to unpleasant shit is laughter "because, the ol' Devil, he don't like the sound of laughter!"

And if you want an antidote for strange and peculiar times, what would be better than a WebTV show bristling with strange and peculiar humour?

Trust me, I'm a cryptozoologist.

Love on you all,
Jon
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:

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Editor, Gonzo Daily (Music and More)
Editor, Gonzo Weekly magazine
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Myrtle Cottage,
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Telephone 01237 431413
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eMail jon@eclipse.co.uk
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

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

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

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

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

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

So this is what I have been doing for much of my life. I am also naive enough to think that music and art can change the world, and as the world is in desperate need of change, I am gonna do my best to help.
In this lavishly illustrated celebration of classic and progressive rock bands of the 1970s, author Doug Harr shares his vivid memories of the mind-altering rock spectacles he witnessed in his hometown of Los Angeles—the City of Angels—at the genesis of a new art form. Get a front-row seat at three-dozen spectacular concerts and the albums that spawned them. Revisit these legendary records and concerts along with reviews of the best video documents of the era, each hand-illuminated by a hand-picked collection of brilliant images—most never-before seen—by the era's best rock photographers. This 398-page hardcover book is nearly the size of an LP cover and features over 600 images. Foreword by Armando Gallo.

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

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 Summara, Lisa Tanner, Brian Weiner, Neil Zlozower and more!
Announced on 20 March - the 49th wedding anniversary of John Lennon and Yoko Ono Lennon - from May 2018, the Museum of Liverpool will show a ground-breaking exhibition, exploring the personal and creative chemistry of this iconic couple and their ongoing Imagine Peace campaign.

Double Fantasy - John & Yoko, at Museum of Liverpool from 18 May 2018 to 22 April 2019, is a free exhibition, celebrating the meeting of two of the world’s most creative artists who expressed their deep and powerful love for one another through their art, music and film. They used their fame and influence to campaign for peace and human rights across the world, transforming not only their own lives, but art, music and activism forever.

Featuring personal objects alongside art, music and film produced by John and Yoko, the exhibition is drawn from Yoko’s own private collection, some of which has never been displayed. Yoko Ono Lennon said: “I am so happy and grateful that we are having our Double Fantasy - John & Yoko show in Liverpool.

“This is where John was born and I know John would be very happy too.

“We were a very simple couple just loving each other every day and I just wanted to show the simple truth of us. In our personal life we were pretty simple people, and we made all sorts of things with love for each other. Everything was made out of love.
"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

We found that we were both very strongly interested in world peace. I feel John and I are still working together. I always feel his warmth next to me.”


SHEERAN PISSED ABOUT NEWTS: Ed Sheeran's plans to build a private chapel on his Suffolk estate could be scuppered by newts. The 27-year-old singer, who lives near Framlingham, submitted an application to Suffolk Coastal District Council but a number of objections were lodged, as The Sun reported.

Neighbours have concerns not only about having another church in the village, but also about the effect on the area's great crested newt population. The newts are a protected species.

http://www.bbc.co.uk/news/uk-england-suffolk-43469458

DRUMMER GETS GONG: Beatles drummer Ringo Starr has been knighted for his services to music.
THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE BESTOWED THE HONOUR ON THE LIVERPOOL-BORN STAR AT A CEREMONY AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

"IT MEANS A LOT ACTUALLY," THE MUSICIAN TOLD THE BBC. "IT MEANS RECOGNITION FOR THE THINGS WE'VE DONE. I WAS REALLY PLEASED TO ACCEPT THIS."

THE HONOUR COMES 53 YEARS AFTER THE BEATLES WERE ALL AWARDED THE MBE - AND STARR SAID HE HAD MISSED HIS BANDMATES' COMPANIONSHIP THIS TIME AROUND.

"I WAS A BIT SHAKY TODAY ON MY OWN," HE SAID.

http://www.bbc.co.uk/news/entertainment-arts-43472196

INTO ORBIT: SEMINAL ENGLISH ELECTRONIC DUO, ORBITAL, HAVE BEEN ANNOUNCED AS THE FIRST OF THE VERY SPECIAL GUESTS FOR HAÇIENDA CLASSICAL’S SHOWS AT 2018’S HERITAGE LIVE CONCERTS AT KENWOOD HOUSE IN LONDON ON 15TH JUNE, AND WREST PARK IN BEDFORDSHIRE ON 2ND SEPTEMBER. ORBITAL WILL PRESENT A DJ SET IN THE STUNNING GROUNDS OF THESE ENGLISH HERITAGE VENUES FEATURING BOTH BROTHERS PAUL AND PHIL HARTNOLL - A CONTRAST TO THE EARLY 1990’S ABANDONED WAREHOUSE RAVE SCENE IN THE SOUTH EAST THAT ORBITED THE M25, FROM WHICH THE DUO TOOK THEIR NAME.

SINCE RE-FORMING IN 2017, ORBITAL HAVE SOLD OUT VENUES AND TOPPED THE BILL AT FESTIVALS ACROSS THE UK AND EUROPE, BRINGING THEIR ACID HOUSE INFUSED SOUND THAT HAS ACHIEVED COMMERCIAL AND CRITICAL ACCLAIM ACROSS EIGHT STUDIO ALBUMS. THE DANCE PIONEERS HAVE BEEN A RECURRING MAINSTAY OF BRITISH ELECTRONIC MUSIC EVER SINCE BREAKING THROUGH TO MAINSTREAM AUDIENCES VIA THEIR HIGHLY REVERED 1994 GLASTONBURY SET.


WHO GONZO? WHY GONZO? WHAT GONZO?

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

- **A potted history of his life and works**
- **Rob Ayling explains why he called his company 'Gonzo'**

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

"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
ROGER RETURNS: Polydor Records are proud to announce that legendary Who frontman, the ‘rock vocalist’s rock vocalist’ Roger Daltrey is returning on June 1st with a brand new studio album ‘As Long As I Have You’. Daltrey has sold over 100 million records including 9 US & 10 UK top ten albums and 14 UK top ten singles. He’s played over well over 2000 gigs in a career spanning over 50 years including venues such as Woodstock, Monterey Pop, Glastonbury (twice), Hyde Park (four times), The Isle Of Wight (three times), Desert Trip, Shea Stadium, The Superbowl half time show and Live Aid to name but a very few.

Roger has raised tens of millions of pounds for charity all over the world and was awarded a CBE for his work with The Teenage Cancer Trust and is in the Rock And Roll Hall Of Fame, the UK Music Hall Of Fame and has lifetime achievement awards from The Brits and from The Grammys.

‘As Long As I Have You’ was produced by...

ROCK AND UH... ROLL: Glenn Hughes, the former bassist and singer of Deep Purple, known to millions as the ‘Voice of Rock’, Rock and Roll Hall of Fame inductee, and the current front man for rock super group Black Country Communion, is pleased to announce that he will be performing Deep Purple only material with his “GLENN HUGHES PERFORMS CLASSIC DEEP PURPLE LIVE” for the first time ever in Ireland in September 2018 ahead of his nationwide UK tour in October 2018. All tickets on sale through our official partner Ticketmaster.

The two date tour promises to be a dynamic, turn-back-the-clocks, two-hour live extravaganza homage to his tenure in MK 3 and MK 4 incarnations of Deep Purple - one of music history’s most seminal and influential rock and roll groups. Tickets for Belfast are priced £30 and for tickets for Dublin are €35.

Dave Eringa, best known for his work with the Manic Street Preachers and on Roger and Wilko Johnson’s album ‘Going Back Home’ and features Pete Townshend’s inimitable guitar on seven tracks as well as guest performances from Mick Talbot on keyboards (Dexys, The Style Council) and Sean Genockey on lead guitar who has worked with Suede, Shame and The Proclaimers).


TIPPING THE BLACK SPOT: A new report has found that music piracy grew in 2017 and that, despite the prevalence of streaming services, piracy remains “more popular than ever”.

According to the annual Global Piracy Report from piracy data tracker MUSO, music piracy grew 14.7% from the year prior in 2017, with 73.9 billion visits to music piracy sites made worldwide.

30.5 billion visits were made to web streaming sites, 21.2 billion visits to web download sites, 15.7 billion to streaming ripping sites, 6 billion to public torrent sites and 500 million to private torrent sites.

The report found that music piracy is the second most popular form of piracy, behind television and ahead of film.


LAZARUS LIVE: A film version of the London production of Lazarus, the musical that was one of David Bowie’s last works, will get a special screening in Brooklyn this spring with a live accompaniment by the band that joined the cast on its original run. The event, billed as a “motion picture/live soundtrack experience,” will take place at the Kings Theatre on May 2nd.

Bowie handpicked the seven-piece band, which last performed the nearly-20-song set together on the final night of Lazarus’ off-Broadway run in New York. It consists of keyboardist and musical director Henry Hey, who rearranged Bowie's hits for the production, alongside keyboardist-guitarist J.J. Appleton, drummer Brian Delaney, saxophonist Lucas Dodd, bassist Fima Ephron, trombonist Karl Lyden and guitarist Chris McQueen. Tickets go on sale March 20th through Ticketmaster.

It is both sad and shameful that when night falls and the setts of southern England stir, their gentle folk will be needlessly slaughtered. That in spite of science and public will, the wrath of ignorance will further bloody and bleed our countryside of its riches of life. That brutalist thugs, liars and frauds will destroy our wildlife and dishonour our nation's reputation as conservationists and animal lovers. I feel sick, sad, disempowered, betrayed, angry and crushed by the corruption of all that I know as right.

-Chris Packham
THE LAST WEEK AT GONZO DAILY

Sunday
Monday
Tuesday
Wednesday
Thursday
Friday
Saturday

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

ELDRIDGE CLEAVER

Two types of people visit rhino in the wild

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

What sort of person are you?

Celebrate wildlife on World Wildlife Day don't shoot it.
Portobello Shuffle CDs still at special low price of £5.00 each. 1 x CD inc. p&p = UK £6.80; Mainland Europe £8.90; USA £9.95; Rest of the World, contact Rich Deakin for postage price: arsydeede@yahoo.co.uk

I'M ON BOARD!

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

MICHAEL DES BARRES on LITTLE STEVENS'S UNDERGROUND GARAGE

MAXIMUM ROCK AND ROLL

MORNINGS 8AM - 11AM ET CH 21 SIRIUS 1 (IXM) SATELLITE RADIO

(FILLING IN FOR ANDREW LOGG OLDHAM)
"If you don't want your tax dollars to help the poor, then stop saying you want a country based on Christian values, because you don't."

Jimmy Carter

Trying to pick my favorite politician is like trying to decide which STD is just right for me.
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.
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 shear inspirational indulgence. It is only in the FNP chat room where you will find the most talented musicians packed at one time into such an honored space.
AND LOOK WHAT MACK HAS FOR YOU THIS WEEK

ATTACK OF THE MUTANT JELLYBEANS
Mack, Juan-Juan and Commander Cobra talk with UFO researcher Mary Joyce about recent UFO sightings over North Carolina. Cindy Bailey Dove on the U.S. military’s plans to utilize sex robots. Emily M on a frightening encounter between a U.S. Air Force bomber and two UFOs. Switchblade Steve on sightings of a massive UFO over Chicago’s O’Hare Airport and the English Channel. Juan-Juan’s experiment with "special" jellybeans goes awry. Special guest: Pistol Pete.

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=UJ00-j0un6E
northern white rhinoceroses, when he was two years old. He was shipped to the Dvůr Králové Zoo (Czech Republic) for their northern white rhinoceros display. In December 2009, Sudan was moved from Dvůr Králové Zoo to the Ol Pejeta Conservancy for a "Last Chance To Survive" breeding program, along with three other northern white rhinoceroses. It was hoped that Ol Pejeta would provide a more natural habitat for the animals to induce breeding.

Sudan was the father of Nabire, who was born November 15, 1983, and died at Dvůr Králové Zoo July 2015. He was also the father of Najin, who was transported to Ol Pejeta Conservancy along with him in 2009. Najin was born in 1989. As one of the other three rhinos transported in the Ol Pejeta Conservancy, Suni, died in 2014, Sudan lived the final years of his life with his daughter Najin and granddaughter Fatu. Northern white rhinoceroses are guarded 24 hours a day at the conservancy to protect them from poaching, which is a major problem for rhinoceroses. The protection includes horn-embedded transmitters, watchtowers, fences, drones, guard dogs, and trained armed guards around the clock.

There are ongoing attempts at in vitro fertilization of eggs from Najin and Fatu with semen from Sudan and to implant the resulting blastocysts in suitable female southern white rhinos.

At the end of 2017, Sudan suffered from an infection in his right hind leg. Although his condition improved in subsequent months, the infection returned, and, in March 2018, his state seriously deteriorated, despite intensive care.

Sudan was euthanised on March 19th, aged 45, after suffering from “age-related complications”.

Mann, known as C. K. Mann, was a Ghanaian Highlife musician and producer. His music career spanned over four decades, and he won multiple awards for his songs.

He worked briefly as a seaman before joining Moses Kweku Oppong's Kakaiku band. After familiarizing himself with the Ghanaian music scene, he joined Ocean Strings and led the band until 1965. When the band was disbanded, he joined a newly formed band in Takoradi, The Carousel 7. He came to prominence in 1969 when he released his single "Edina Benya".

He died on 20th March, aged 83.

Sudan (1973 – 2018)

Sudan was a captive northern white rhinoceros who lived at the Ol Pejeta Conservancy in Laikipia, Kenya. He was known for being one of only three living northern white rhinoceroses in the world, and the last known male of his subspecies.

Sudan was captured in Shambe, South Sudan by animal trappers employed by Chipperfield's Circus in February 1975, along with five other northern white rhinoceroses, when he was two years old. He was shipped to the Dvůr Králové Zoo (Czech Republic) for their northern white rhinoceros display. In December 2009, Sudan was moved from Dvůr Králové Zoo to the Ol Pejeta Conservancy for a "Last Chance To Survive" breeding program, along with three other northern white rhinoceroses. It was hoped that Ol Pejeta would provide a more natural habitat for the animals to induce breeding.

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Sudan was euthanised on March 19th, aged 45, after suffering from “age-related complications”.

Charles Kofi Amankwaa Mann (1936 – 2018)

Mann, known as C. K. Mann, was a Ghanaian Highlife musician and producer. His music career spanned over four decades, and he won multiple awards for his songs.

He worked briefly as a seaman before joining Moses Kweku Oppong's Kakaiku band. After familiarizing himself with the Ghanaian music scene, he joined Ocean Strings and led the band until 1965. When the band was disbanded, he joined a newly formed band in Takoradi, The Carousel 7. He came to prominence in 1969 when he released his single "Edina Benya".

He died on 20th March, aged 83.

Sudan (1973 – 2018)

Sudan was a captive northern white rhinoceros who lived at the Ol Pejeta Conservancy in Laikipia, Kenya. He was known for being one of only three living northern white rhinoceroses in the world, and the last known male of his subspecies.

Sudan was captured in Shambe, South Sudan by animal trappers employed by Chipperfield's Circus in February 1975, along with five other northern white rhinoceroses, when he was two years old. He was shipped to the Dvůr Králové Zoo (Czech Republic) for their northern white rhinoceros display. In December 2009, Sudan was moved from Dvůr Králové Zoo to the Ol Pejeta Conservancy for a "Last Chance To Survive" breeding program, along with three other northern white rhinoceroses. It was hoped that Ol Pejeta would provide a more natural habitat for the animals to induce breeding.

Sudan was the father of Nabire, who was born November 15, 1983, and died at Dvůr Králové Zoo July 2015. He was also the father of Najin, who was transported to Ol Pejeta Conservancy along with him in 2009. Najin was born in 1989. As one of the other three rhinos transported in the Ol Pejeta Conservancy, Suni, died in 2014, Sudan lived the final years of his life with his daughter Najin and granddaughter Fatu. Northern white rhinoceroses are guarded 24 hours a day at the conservancy to protect them from poaching, which is a major problem for rhinoceroses. The protection includes horn-embedded transmitters, watchtowers, fences, drones, guard dogs, and trained armed guards around the clock.

There are ongoing attempts at in vitro fertilization of eggs from Najin and Fatu with semen from Sudan and to implant the resulting blastocysts in suitable female southern white rhinos.

At the end of 2017, Sudan suffered from an infection in his right hind leg. Although his condition improved in subsequent months, the infection returned, and, in March 2018, his state seriously deteriorated, despite intensive care.

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Those We Have Lost
José Juan Piñero González  
(1942 - 2018)

González, better known as Pijuán, was a Puerto Rican musician who produced and/or has been credited on several albums under the record labels Phillips Borinquen, Hit Parade, Kubaney, Discos Melón, TH Records, Private Ranch Records and Musigol Records.

Pijuán's love for music began during childhood, and after completing studies, combined tropical rhythms creating his own musical identity called "salsa lounge", throughout festivals playing salsa, son, guaguancó, guaracha, bomba, plena, ballad, mambo, jala jala, calypso, and bugalú.

And during these festivities and his career, he met instrumental individuals such as the director of the orchestra Rafael Muñoz, expanding the opportunity to play in prestigious hotels all over Puerto Rico. In 1964, he put together a sextet of musicians, and during the next decades, Pijuán showcased his vibrant sextet to Puerto Rican TV viewers, and/or invited local musicians to shows.

He died, aged 75, on 14th March due to cardiac complications.

Killjoy  
(born Frank Pucci)  
(1966 – 2018)

Killjoy was the lead vocalist for the death metal band Necrophagia, which he founded in 1983. The band first dissolved in 1990, and shortly, Killjoy formed his solo band, and released “Compelled By Fear” in 1990. He reformed Necrophagia in 1997 with Phil Anselmo, and performed with the band until his demise. He was the only original member in the group’s current line-up.

He was also the vocalist for the death metal/thrash metal band Cabal in 1990, and participated in several side projects with Phil Anselmo, including Viking Crown and Eibon. He was also the vocalist for the death metal band The Ravenous, and also sang for the black metal band Wurdulak, Forliss and Enoch.

He died, aged 48, on March 18th.

Alfred Lynn  
(aka Allah Real)  
(? – 2018)

Lynn was a Wu-Tang Clan affiliated educator, advisor, and singer, and as a singer, appeared on albums such as Ghostface Killah’s The Pretty Toney Album (“Holla”), RZA’s Birth Of A Prince (“Grits”), Masta Killa’s No Said Date (“Queen”), and Mathematics’ Love Hell Or Right (Da Come Up) “Hip Hop 101.”
Laurence Cleary (1957–2018)

Cleary was co-founder and guitarist with The Blades, an Irish new wave band, which formed in the late 1970s in South Dublin. Cleary used a stage name, Lar Schreiber, in a bid to disguise the fact that two-thirds of the band were from the same family.

The band regularly played in Dublin's infamous venues like The Magnet on Pearse Street, McGonagle's on South Anne Street and The Baggot Inn on Lower Baggot Street, where they did a six-week residency with U2. Their first single Hot For You was released on Energy Records in 1980, followed by Ghost Of A Chance in 1981 which they played on The Late Late Show.

He had been living in the Far East since he left the band in 1982, and had been working in Japan as a translator and English teacher.

He died on 16th March, aged 61.

Katie Boyle, Lady Saunders (born Caterina Irene Elena Maria Imperiali di Francavilla) (1926 – 2018)

Boyle was an Italian-born British actress, television personality, and game-show panellist, well known for appearing on TV panel games such as What's My Line? and for presenting the Eurovision Song Contest in the 1960s and 1970s. She was once an agony aunt, answering problems that had been
posted to the *TV Times* by readers.

She was born in Florence, Tuscany, Italy, the daughter of an Italian marquis (the Marchese Demetrio Imperiali di Frangavilla), and his English wife, Dorothy Kate Ramsden. She came to Great Britain in 1946 and started a modelling career, which included work for such publications as *Vogue*. She also appeared in several 1950s films, the first being *Old Mother Riley, Headmistress*, *I'll Never Forget You*, *Not Wanted on Voyage*, *The Truth About Women*, *Intent to Kill*, and *The Diary of Major Thompson*.

She was an on-screen continuity announcer for the BBC in the 1950s, and a decade later she became a television personality, regularly appearing on panel games and programmes such as *What's My Line?* and *Juke Box Jury*. In the 1960s she appeared in a long-running series of television advertisements for Camay soap.

She died on 20th March, aged 91

**Peter "Mars" Cowling (1946 – 2018)**

Cowling was an English bass guitarist, best known for his work with Canadian blues rock guitarist Pat Travers.

Cowling formed The Syndicate with Steve Mills on vocals, Frank Singleton on lead guitar, Doug Hollingworth rhythm guitar, Geoff Smith on piano and John Smith on drums in 1962, and this band played covers of tracks by Elmore James, Ray Charles, Rufus Thomas, Bobby Troup and John Lee Hooker. After that, Cowling played in British groups including Gnidrolog and the Flying Hat Band, before joining forces with Pat Travers in 1975.

Cowling recorded eight albums for Travers from 1976 to 1982. Later in the 1980s joined sisters Pam and Paula Mattioli in the band Gypsy Queen (later to become Cell Mates in the early 1990s after Cowling's time in the band), appearing at the 1987 Reading Rock Festival and on Gypsy Queen's debut album before leaving the band later the same year.

He rejoined Travers in 1989, and remained until 1993.

He died on 20th March, aged 72.
produced, directed and wrote The Festival Game, a documentary on the Cannes Film Festival which remains one of the most widely released documentary films in the history of British Cinema. Tony Klinger writes:

"In 1969 two young men, Mike Lytton 21 and Tony Klinger 19, set out from England with a caravan in tow, to make a factual film, THE FESTIVAL GAME. It had a stellar star cast featuring CHARLTON HESTON, PETER USTINOV, OMAR SHARIF, DENNIS HOPPER, JACK NICHOLSON, YUL BRENNER and a host of others. It became one of the most successful cinema documentaries ever. It told the story of that year’s Cannes Film Festival. '69 was the year when films like EASY RIDER and IF took centre stage, replacing big studio pictures. Was this the turn of the tide or simply a false dawn?

Almost 50 years later, Tony and Mike, now slightly older, have, through this film, found each other and now you are going to explore what has happened to them, their beloved film industry and film festivals in general and the Cannes Film Festival in particular.

'69, THE FESTIVAL GAME – combine the best elements of the original smash hit documentary, re-mastered and enhanced with unique and exciting new material including the
Man are one of the most iconic British bands of the last half Century. The Man band first came together as the Bystanders in 1964. The band were one of many pop bands in the sixties that were trying to climb the ladder of success and managed to release many singles during the period between 1964 and 1968. The band became Man when Deke Leonard from another Welsh band The Dream joined and the band signed to Pye records. The music that the Man band performed however was very much removed from the pop sensibilities of The Bystanders and more in keeping with the West Coast sound of American bands such as The Quicksilver Messenger Service. The band would record two albums for Pye (Revelation and 2ozs Of Plastic With A Hole In The Middle) before leaving the label to sign with the more progressively minded Liberty records in 1970 and were to remain with the label until 1976 when they signed with MCA.

Following the deal with MCA the band released just one more studio album (The Welsh Connection) before announcing their decision to call it a day following one more tour that would be recorded and
finally be released as All’s Well That Ends Well. Throughout the seventies the band had undergone a number of changes with members coming and going at an alarming rate with Deke Leonard leaving and joining and Martin Ace leaving and also returning briefly. During the years that followed the split the various members all concentrated on solo projects however in 1983 the band decided to re-form and head out on the road and play gigs and record again. And they were just as good as ever, as you can hear on this extraordinary slice of vintage British head music.

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Delius has long been renowned for his depiction of the natural environment, with pieces such as On Hearing the First Cuckoo in Spring, yet his music is usually steeped in the sensuality and eroticism that he himself experienced. This documentary features specially-filmed performances by the widely acclaimed Danish interpreters of Delius, the Aarhus Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Bo Holten, as well as the chamber choir, Schola Cantorum of Oxford (conductor, James Burton), and the violinist Philippe Graffin. Also taking part: Christina Christensen (soprano), Simon Duus (baritone), Marisa Gupta (pianoforte).

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The composer Frederick Delius is often pictured as the blind, paralysed and caustic old man he eventually became. But in his youth he was tall, energetic, handsome and charming – not Frederick at all for most of his life, but Fritz. He was a contemporary of Elgar and Mahler, yet forged his own musical language, with which he always aimed to capture the pleasure of the moment. Using evidence from his friend, the Australian composer Percy Grainger, who reported that Delius “practised immorality with puritanical stubbornness”, this revelatory film by John Bridcut explores the multiple contradictions of his colourful life. Delius has long been renowned for his depiction of the natural environment, with pieces such as On Hearing the First Cuckoo in Spring, yet his music is usually steeped in the sensuality and eroticism that he himself experienced. This documentary features specially-filmed performances by the widely acclaimed Danish interpreters of Delius, the Aarhus Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Bo Holten, as well as the chamber choir, Schola Cantorum of Oxford (conductor, James Burton), and the violinist Philippe Graffin. Also taking part: Christina Christensen (soprano), Simon Duus (baritone), Marisa Gupta (pianoforte).

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The Pleasures of Delius

A film portrait by John Bridcut
of the composer of On Hearing the First Cuckoo in Spring

Originally broadcast on BBC television as
Delius: Composer, Lover, Enigma

"A superlative documentary...a wonderful programme." The Observer
"Absolutely engrossing...a delightful 80 minutes within an intriguing psyche." The Times

Artist Delius
Title The Pleasures of Delius
Cat No. CRUXGZ003DVD
Label Crux Productions

The composer Frederick Delius is often pictured as the blind, paralysed and caustic old man he eventually became. But in his youth he was tall, energetic, handsome and charming – not Frederick at all for most of his life, but Fritz. He was a contemporary of Elgar and Mahler, yet forged his own musical language, with which he always aimed to capture the pleasure of the moment. Using evidence from his friend, the Australian composer Percy Grainger, who reported that Delius “practised immorality with puritanical stubbornness”, this revelatory film by John Bridcut explores the multiple contradictions of his colourful life. Delius has long been renowned for his depiction of the natural environment, with pieces such as On Hearing the First Cuckoo in Spring, yet his music is usually steeped in the sensuality and eroticism that he himself experienced. This documentary features specially-filmed performances by the widely acclaimed Danish interpreters of Delius, the Aarhus Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Bo Holten, as well as the chamber choir, Schola Cantorum of Oxford (conductor, James Burton), and the violinist Philippe Graffin. Also taking part: Christina Christensen (soprano), Simon Duus (baritone), Marisa Gupta (pianoforte).

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The Passions of Vaughan Williams

The award-winning film
by John Bridcut

Winner of Prix d’Argent at IDFA
"Wonderful, totally involving" The Times
"Superb documentary" The Guardian

Artist Vaughan Williams
Title The Passions of Vaughan Williams
Cat No. CRUXGZ001DVD
Label Crux Productions

In this musical and psychological portrait of Ralph Vaughan Williams, John Bridcut
Elgar’s intense relationships with several women apart from his wife belong to his restless, obsessive nature, and fresh evidence of the nature of these relationships is revealed in the film. This surprising portrait of a musical genius, originally shown on BBC Television, explores the secret conflicts in Elgar’s heart which produced some of Britain’s greatest music. Among the specially-shot performances are the dark, suicidal music of Judas in The Apostles (rarely-heard and never filmed before, yet this is Elgar at his most operatic), the turmoil of The Music Makers, and the bleak, almost atonal character of some of his unaccompanied partsongs. The musicians taking part include the BBC Symphony Orchestra (conductor: Edward Gardner) with James Creswell (bass), Janice Watson (soprano), Michael Laird (shofar) and Crouch End Festival Chorus; Schola Cantorum of Oxford (conductor: James Burton); Mark Wilde (tenor) and David Owen Norris (piano).

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With his noble bearing, stiff upper lip and imperial moustache, the composer Sir Edward Elgar is often seen as the epitome of Edwardian England. But this image was deliberately contrived, and far from reality. Based on the enigmatic clues he left in his music and in his private correspondence, John Bridcut’s film looks behind the famous moustache to disclose the apparently self-confident Elgar as a brilliant but neurotic musician, with a chip on his shoulder about his lowly origins and his Catholic religion, who despised the Establishment, yet longed to belong to it.
Now, I don't know whether this is a good idea, a bad idea, or just an idea, but - as I believe you know - this magazine is put out each week on a budget of £25, and is free. It will remain free, but I would like to be able to generate some income so I can pay our contributing writers. So, 'why not flog *Gonzo Weekly* T Shirts?' I thought. 'Why not', I answered...

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

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

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

http://tinyurl.com/z9825mr
London gig had sold out so we bought tickets early. It wasn’t quite a sell out this time but we had to sit upstairs which was actually pretty good as we had a wonderful view and good acoustics.

This tour is a 20 year celebration of their rather wonderful 1998 album: ‘Through the Trees’, which is all quite nice but if I had known they were going to play all of ‘Through the Trees’ rather than the usual “greatest hits” set, I would have listened to it again a couple of time beforehand. No matter, I knew a few of the songs and the rest were all rather special in their own way. It’s just that when you are waiting for your favourite song (‘Gold’) and then you realise that they’re not going to play it, it’s a bit disappointing.

Visually, Brett Sparks looks a bit like Saul Berenson from Homeland and it would be just perfect if Rennie looked like Carrie but instead, she is a dead ringer for Morticia Addams as played by Anjelica Huston. The Addams family connection suits her rather well too, particularly if you have read her book ‘Evil’ which is full of rather nasty short stories as are many of her lyrics which is what attracted me to the band in the first place. But the music is also tremendous. It’s not rock’n’roll and therefore not my usual cup of tea but their mixture of alt-country, bluegrass and rodeo suits me.

Well this was quite a big tour for the Handsome Family, 20 dates across the UK and if you know the band, you wonder how Brett and Rennie Sparks will cope, their on-stage banter being quite biting at time, particularly when Brett interrupts Rennie in one of her meandering song intros. But here they were in the rather wonderful Round Chapel in Hackney, in the middle of their tour with voices still strong and no knives sticking out of backs as far as I could see. I had missed them last year as their

Handsome is as Handsome Does!
fine, especially if you have a good seat and pleasant companions.

It seems a bit silly listing the songs played, as it really was a walkthrough of “Through the Trees” but here they are: ‘Weightless Again’ (just beautiful), ‘My Sister’s Tiny Hands’, ‘Stalled’, ‘Where The Birch Trees Lean’, ‘Cathedrals’, ‘Down In The Ground’, ‘The Giant of
Brett Sparks taking a sabbatical from Homeland
THE HANDSOME FAMILY

UK TOUR — MARCH 2018

THU 1  BIRMINGHAM
FRI 2  GATESHEAD
SAT 3  LIVERPOOL
SUN 4  MANCHESTER
TUE 6  CARDIFF
WED 7  EXETER
THU 8  HEBDEN BRIDGE
SAT 10  EDINBURGH
SUN 11  GLASGOW
MON 12  ABERDEEN

TUE 13  STIRLING
THU 15  LONDON
SAT 17  LEEDS
SUN 18  SHEFFIELD
TUE 20  NORWICH
WED 21  CAMBRIDGE
THU 22  BRISTOL
FRI 23  SOUTHAMPTON
SAT 24  BRIGHTON
SUN 25  FOLKESTONE

TICKETS: PUNKROCKBLUES.CO.UK

And then they were gone, off into the night, leaving us to try and find our way back to the car through the dark streets of Hackney which are no longer full of crack-houses as these have been replaced by shops with ironic names like “erbert”. But before we go too, let me just say a bit about the support act “Drunken Prayer” or Morgan Geer his real name who played a short set of bluesy songs which sadly came over a bit too blurred for me to hear the lyrics.

Rennie said that he has 12 children and lives in a giant shoe so needs a lift up but it’s always shit being a support artist, particularly when the audience doesn’t know you. But “Drunk” (everybody calls him that don’t they, well they should if they don’t) made a good fist at it, but one of my friends did comment that they wished he could play the guitar as well as he sang, as the music seemed to be just a few bar chords in search of a melody. Still all pleasant enough and enough to make me want to look him up on Spotify, which is probably all you can hope for these days, earning 0.001p per play, but that’s a different story which we ought to cover one day in Gonzo Weekly. So another week, another gig. Next week is the Doctors of Madness and after that Ferocious Dog. It’s a tough life being a Gonzo reviewer!

Jeremy Smith - March 2018
jnismith@gmail.com
Forthcoming releases from Rick Wakeman & Friends

Rick Wakeman & Brian May
live from
STARMUS 2015

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

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

Available to pre-order from www.rickwakemansmusicemporium.com
Part III, the End of the Enz

As we learned in part II of this 3 part series, Split Enz was formed by singer/songwriter Tim Finn in 1973, along with Phil Judd (guitars). Tim’s younger brother Neil joined the band for their 1977 album *Dizrythmia*. While punk was raging in Britain (Sex Pistols) and pop-punk in the states (Ramones), Split Enz was still recording decidedly-not-punk music, while making quiet preparations to draw the world into their loving circle.

Where we left off, this marvelous act had released a two-fer of ear candy – *True Colors* (1981), and *Waiata* (1981). The two albums that came next will forever go down in the cannon of proggy-new-wave music as absolutely perfect records based every possible measure.

*Time and Tide* was recorded in 1981 and released in 1982; the third number 1 album Split Enz brought to ANZ. Tim’s opener to side 1, “Dirty Creatures” (also written by Neil and Nigel) and accompanying video were instant classics for new wavers of the 80’s. “Pioneer/Six Months in a Leaky Boat” grace side 2 and the pair similarly nail every newly minted model in the new wave genre, while being a bit of a sea shanty at the same time! Said to be somewhat autobiographical, the Creatures/Six Months tracks were instant Tim Finn led classics. In between, Tim’s “Never Ceases to Amaze Me,” and “Small World” cap a brilliant collection from this tenor wonderkind.
The pair of Finn brothers are credited with “Lost for Words,” quite possibly the greatest Enz song on record. Great lyric: “I can’t relate, to your vicious excuses, the damage has all been done, and talking is useless….” Now listen to the bass/drum beats of the verse/chorus and in particular the middle section, while Eddie plays a haunting set of chords that chill, leading back to the verse “I’m looking for words, I give it all I got, And I’m lost for words, you don’t even listen – its’ all been said before so I’ll just turn and walk away.”

Neil is not to be outdone on this classic Enz record. He checks in with “Hello Sandy Allen,” (the world’s tallest woman) and my favorite early Neil track, “Take a Walk.” The lilt of his upbeat guitar, the happy yet seriously dramatic sound of Eddie’s piano thrill as Neil sings:

I could take a walk again
Up a mountain to a stream
Standing on the open rock
Looking out over the sea
Funny when we move ahead
Never worry what we leave behind
Remember what a friend of mine said
You gotta be kind

Truer words…..

Now, before the band composition “Make Sense Of It” which closes the record, the brothers each pen a classic seemingly autobiographical two-fer – Tim’s “Haul Away” (“at 21 I was thirsting for experience and my brain was about to burst”) and Neil’s more haunting, dramatic reading, “Log Cabin Fever.”

It’s cold out hear the wind howl down the chimney
Wish I could just cry out to someone, help
But we live in isolation of the cruelest kind
Scared to show our colours to the world

Time to break away from my condition
Rejoin the human race, see what I’m missing
Try to face the day my private passion
Is eating me away

It’s well worth mentioning at this point that Noel Crombie (drums) and Nigel Griggs (bass) have honed their fine skills to the point that every song is anchored and embellished with their work. Many of the most effective parts they play are based on a kind of aboriginal tribal sound, a compelling combination of tones that will move even the most jaded listener. They teach a master class at the low end.

That any tour dates from the Time and Tide tour

http://diegospadeproductions.com/
were caught on video is a miracle. It was getting more common by the early 80’s to capture bands on video, but we have many examples to share of groups that have paltry little to show in terms of live in concert documentation. The live show is taken from an evening in Canada at Hamilton Place in 1982. While to date only available on VHS and YouTube, hopes remain that a proper restoration will come to light for those who never saw the band in their prime.

The final recording to feature the classic 1980-1983 lineup of Split Enz follows *Time and Tide*. Marred by a lack of PR -- hampered by mistakes made by Mushroom Records, they do only a short tour for this record, upon its release in 1983. Instead, Tim releases his first solo album, a beautiful work titled *Escapade*, and the band, essentially, spontaneously dissolves. This time though, Tim’s outside work allow more focus on Neil, who pens 6 of the tracks on this final brothers-together album *Conflicting Emotions*. His work includes the ode to his newborn son, Liam, called “Our Day.” Considered by this ardent fan as Neil’s greatest lyrical achievement (with unbelievable band backing) the singer / multi-instrumentalist / songwriter pens the greatest cautionary welcome to an embryo, ever attempted:

```
Let our love create another life
It's growing even as we speak
He don't know what's waiting for him here
Suspended in his dream sleep
His mother's all around him
His father's just a sound to him, singing gently
We have promised him a future
So I'm hoping that tomorrow
Is, was, and will ever be

And we're waiting now
Waiting for our child to come
The old age is near the end
The new one's just begun

There's a face that I will come to love
That I have never seen before
There's a brain that's absolutely free
From any kind of conscious thought
You are me, and you are she
It won't be long 'til we meet
And I'll be going on a journey
In a flimsy paper boat upon a stormy sea

And so we're waiting now
Waiting for our child to come
The old age is near the end
The new one's just begun
Yes we're waiting now
For something burning far away
Tear the old age down for good
Welcome the young one

I'm shaking like a leaf
Wound up like a spring tonight
You say this ain't no place for children
```

http://diegospadeproductions.com/
Oh God, I hope that what we've done is right
Am I vain to feel as if the world
Owes anything at all to me
Searching, burning, tossing and turning
Desperately

And so we're waiting now
Waiting for our child to come
Can't imagine what the future holds
Just hoping there is one

Yes we're waiting now
For something burning far away
Tear the old age down for good
Welcome the young one

Hear this my son, I promise you the best that we can do
We love, we love, we love, we love, we love you...

© Neil Finn / Split Enz

(I hope sincerely that Neil does not mind the reprint here – I do not like to do this, but I talked to Liam about this song, and he shared that it was truly written for him, and it’s just one of the best lyrics written ever, ever, ever, period (peace Neil)).

Neil just nails everything he does on Conflicting Emotions, including opener “Straight Old Line” (also objectively, the best video of the band) “Message To My Girl” (which sent hearts a flutter all over the world), and “No Mischief” followed by “The Devil You Know.” At this point it’s clear, and fortunate -- Neil is ready to lead the band, and eventually form his own, Crowded House.

Tim contributes stellar tracks once again, “Working Up An Appetite,” “I Wake Up Every Night” ” (ode to dance lover – this time he do want to dance!), “Conflicting Emotions,” (their most spacy, proggy cut of the band’s catalog and an overt vocal display of vibrotechnics (my word)) and the absolutely gorgeous, heart rending finale “Bon Voyage.” Any listener who by this time does not understand why Tim is one of this earth’s greatest ever tenors, is frankly deaf.

Yes there is some controversy over this album, ignore it, the greatest art we have in this world is marred by controversy, and this is no exception. But, it does mark the point where Tim leaves the band he had started way back in the 70’s, just after Conflicting Emotions, the band’s finest hour.

Photos of the Conflicting Emotions Tour © 1983 Graeme Plenter:
http://www.rockvizion.net/artists/splitenz.html

Neil cleans up in 1984 with a collection of songs that were B-sides (“Kia Kaha (Ever Be Strong)”), or were destined for the first Crowded House release (“I Walk Away”). “This Is Massive” is credited to new drummer, and future CH skins maestro Paul Hester. Titled See Ya ‘Round the final album caused more than a few dry eyes to tear up, as it represented the Enz of an era (I can’t help myself). It’s a great album in it’s own right, and while Neil was reportedly uncomfortable going it alone as to Finn family members, it does not show in the results. Tim returned for an “Enz With A Bang” tour, an Australasian outing that once again missed the UK, Europe, and North America – Tim sings his first solo hit, “Fraction Too Much Friction” as part of the long set list and over and out it was. The live album taken from the tour is fantastic.

As fair readers will know, to round out the period from 1977-1987, Tim released his second solo album, the masterwork Big Canoe in 1986 and Neil released the first Crowded House album also in 1986. It’s important to state here clearly, Big Canoe
is a critically overlooked work -- it's at once accessible, complex, multi-layered music that has to be heard on a proper stereo, hopefully with a small bit of dance floor, waiting near by.

The rest is history, including reunions, Tim joining the House for Woodface, (1991) and the Finn brothers very special first album together, Finn (1995).

So many of my friends who were drunk on the elixir of “prog rock” did not “get” Split Enz, while I frankly and gladly left them in the dust listening as they did to 80s era Yes/Genesis. What a loss for them! How an album like Time and Tide could only make it to 58 on the U.S. Billboard charts and penultimate album Conflicting Emotions lagging at 137 shows just how clueless we were in the states as to this legendary band.

So fair readers, this is seriously awesome music you need to hear – again as fresh today as the day it was released. I was privileged to see the band, in the gym of Cal Poly, San Luis Obispo – for the Waiata tour -- an amazingly fun, artful show that sold me forever on this important, influential band. Check it out, along with Tim’s and Neil’s post 1984 work, along with the rest of the individual band members, who together and apart continued to labor in relative obscurity.

http://diegospadeproductions.com/
Lady Sybil: Empire, War and Revolution
Simon Boyd

Isbn: 978-1-9103237-29-8
Available through Hayloft Publishing: www.hayloft.eu

Reviewed by Alan Dearling

This is a big book, illustrated, often very effectively, with 75 black and white photos. It is a meticulously researched biography of Lady Sybil Grey’s life. She was the daughter of the 4th Earl Grey. As we read we can sense that the author, Simon Boyd, Sybil’s grandson, has been on, what he told me was: “...a sort of ‘Who do you think you are?’ quest.”

Simon starts from the question: WHY did a young Englishwoman travel out to Russia in the First World War to establish a British Hospital in wartime Russia? By then she was 33 years of age and unmarried. On the book cover we see her in her uniform as a commandant in the Women’s Legion after the end of World War I.

It takes us a long time to unravel possible clues to the answer to that question. Sybil’s upbringing was one of extreme privilege. It was life filled with garden games, ponies, shooting parties, balls, attending cricket matches at Eton and Harrow. A life filled with - fripperies - all manner of ‘entertainments’. Add to that, considerable world travel - she’d visited most of Europe by the age of 20. It was a life led in some of the great mansions of UK and in the colonies. Howick Hall in Northumberland was the main home. Her extended family
and friends were members of families such as the Bowes-Lyons, Grenfells, Elphinstones, Markhams, Holfords and the Keppels. It’s interesting to learn that one of her relations was Alice Keppel, who was Edward VII’s ‘favourite mistress’. Alice was also great-grandmother to Camilla Parker-Bowles, second wife of the current Prince of Wales.

Simon says that Sybil was “funny and amusing”. Maybe. But this is a girl, who was always destined to be a ‘Lady’, a part of the Empire and Colonial aristocracy. Amongst the very uppermost crust of society.

In the first 130+ pages before she reaches Russia in 1915 with colleagues to establish a British Red Cross Hospital, she comes over as “comfortable and cosseted”, surrounded by Uncle Morley, Aunt Minny, Monty Parker – innumerable Lords, Ladies, Earls and at times, members of the Royal Family.

Her father, Albert, the 4th Earl Grey was rich, but by 1900, despite his vast estates, apparently was saddled with £250,000 in debts. One guesses that his diplomatic and military appointments in Rhodesia, Malta and Canada helped balance the family ‘books’.

The entire book is based on Sybil’s own diaries and letters. This makes it at times, a bit of a hard read from today’s viewpoint. Simon Boyd calls it seeing the world through a, “European prism”. In fact, it is an Empire and colonial prism. Sybil was strongly opposed to the Suffragettes, and whilst ‘political’, it is a politics of paternalism. Along the way though, there are some amusing anecdotes, such as when she consults a palmist and is told that she is ‘almost entirely male’, and that she has been reincarnated as a man seven times! Maybe this is the key answer to Simon’s initial question about Sybil’s motivations. To avoid normal ‘female conventions and roles’.

After working at Howick Hall, the family home, in its time as a Hospital, the book transports us to Petrograd, where Sybil met the Tsarina. Sybil was wounded at the front, and later indirectly sheltered one of the assassins of Rasputin. The Rasputin assassination has always been shrouded in mystery and remains so here. She later witnessed the Russian Revolution in 1917, on a subsequent visit. However, her political astuteness might be questioned. She wrote: “England need never be afraid of Russia. Nothing will ever convince me to the contrary.”

The strength of the book is when there is bit more ‘colour’ and less of a procession of names and places. Such as when Simon tells us that, on meeting T.E.Lawrence (of Arabia),

Sybil wrote, “I had expected rather a fine imposing-looking person, and instead found a very small insignificant looking little man. He was very amusing and entertained me considerably by giving me candid opinions on all the great men in Paris – but I couldn’t make up my mind what I really thought about him.”

Simon writes of his own book, “…it has been a personal journey rediscovering my family’s history, politics and social milieu.”…“Lady Sybil lived through times of immense social and political and material change, spanning a childhood before the days of cars, telephones or aircraft through to an old age in the era of the space race.

Born into a world of privilege there was nothing she enjoyed more than a simple life fishing in the wilds of Canada. She saw at first hand both the heyday and ultimate decline of the British Empire.”
Cary Grace

Covers

Volume 1

I get the basic concept of ‘limited editions’, which presumably means ‘get them whilst they’re hot, they won’t be around for very long’. But if the editions are very limited it can immediately become an expensive sport and therefore unobtainable in many cases for the genuine music fan. ‘Collectors’ and E-bay entrepreneurs get in the way. I’ve never entirely understood ‘collectors’ who usually demand mint (as new) media and covers. Most of them don’t play the stuff anyway. I wish they would just go for mint covers and let the rest of us grab the mint media itself, ie the music.

The Fruit de Mer records label is an interesting case in point. Specializing in music inspired from the late 60s and early 70s is all good in my book but they do seem experts in marketing too. Most of their releases are very limited, and in fairness, if you keep a wary eye on their website, you
should be able to get what you may want if you order very early. Most of their releases are sold out by the due date. They also run multiple act gigs/mini-festivals where even more exclusive releases are often available. That’s fine if you’ve got tickets to the gig, if you aint, no chance! A quick look at fleabay this evening and the usual two pages of some of their releases appear, with at least three having three figure sums desired. The original musicians of course do not benefit at all from this resale economy. Why not take early pre-orders and then get those pressed plus a few more? I don’t work in the record biz so maybe it’s not that simple……

Anyway, whilst taking a quick look at their site this evening I’ve pre-ordered a triple LP from them.

Cary Grace has had a few of her cover songs on various FDM CD compilations including her cooking version of Bowie’s Queen Bitch and her beautiful version of Floyd’s Cirrus Minor. I admit I had to pay over £40 for each. She recently released her and her band’s excellent cover of the Floyd’s Fat Old Sun on vinyl, a specially etched disc with some very classy artwork. I think less than 100 were pressed, some sold at a festival last summer, and she then sold the rest via her website. I was too slow (again) and ended up getting a copy from E-bay for £50. Three figures copies are already doing the rounds. But someone must have been bending her ear, because with little advance warning her new CD album, Covers Volume 1 has just appeared, for less than 15 quid!

Whilst it might have saved me over a hundred, the vinyl is excellent and unique (yeah I know, good marketing……) and the double CD FDM compilation with Cirrus Minor on it is really good throughout, not just Cary. The Bowie songs compilation (A New Career in a New Town) is a bit of a shocker however, Cary excepted. Some of the music sounds good on the other songs but when the vocalists start up, oh dear. Most of them sound like sixth form posers. Also reminds you that Bowie had a fantastic voice I guess.

Covers kicks off with Queen Bitch. I first heard Cary play this live towards the end of a set in Glastonbury and it rocked. In her hard voice-mode, she is ideally suited to this classic Bowie number. Two more Bowie songs follow, Sound and Vision which bounces along very nicely, with some fine backing vocals from Victoria from her band, and Black Country Rock, a song I’m not familiar with.

Dylan is next, It’s All Over Now……, a Byrds/Dead type version which swirls along nicely, and back in soft-voice mode. A big change to Amon Duul II’s Archangel’s Thunderbird which I’m pretty fond of anyway. I’m not sure if this is the same version as on You Tube, credited to Cary and Mauve La Bitch but a good rockin pounder, the drummer really nails it on this one. Cary’s voice flying over the top, her synths bubbling away, great stuff. (It is, link below………)

The Stones’ 2000 Light Years…….is up next, although the first 30 seconds seems silent……this one is really danceable, jigging around as I write, and then it gets spacey. Love it.

Cream’s Tales of Brave Ulysses sounds like Cream but with Cary on vocals, far out! The last two tracks are the aforementioned Pink Floyd tunes. Cirrus Minor really takes you away, an aural beauty, whilst Fat Old Sun just builds and builds, her ladyship’s synths breaking through towards the end.

Out with the old, in with the new, a really perfect release for Spring, an easy album of the year without question. Highly recommended. At some point in the future, I hope we will see and hear Volume 2, I’ve certainly heard at least one cooking Jefferson Airplane cover live too.

The best news of all is Cary’s confirmation of work in progress on her next studio album, the long-awaited follow-up to 2015’s masterpiece Tygerland. Can’t wait, but this will more than do in the meantime.

Archangel’s Thunderbird

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=z_kAwkkMttM

www.carygrace.com
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Surely one of the biggest comebacks in recent years has to be the resurgence of the mighty Testament, who continue to release great album after great album. I can’t imagine not having ‘Dark Roots Of Thrash’ playing on a regular basis, and with this album released at the end of 2016 they are showing no sign at all of slowing down. I am convinced that it was the return of Gene Hoglan who has made such a difference to the band, as he is a monster behind the kit, and on this album, there has been another returnee in bassist Steve DiGiorgio, who was in the band for six years before leaving in 2004. Apart from Gene, we now have the same line-up that released ‘First Strike Still Deadly’ in 2001, but they have all matured and are playing better than ever.

They deliver everything that one could wish for, with a rhythm section unlike any other in the scene, two guitarists who have been playing together on and off since 1986, and then there is Chuck Billy. His rough and raspy vocals are front and centre, and he is in full control of the band, bringing it all together in a manner that only makes the listener to keep reaching for the volume control. Testament have always been somewhat pushed behind the Big 4 in the pecking order, but for me these guys slot in tightly behind Megadeth as being the most important band to listen to in the genre, followed by Slayer and then Anthrax, with Metallica not even on the same bus but walking dejectedly along in the rain. If you enjoy thrash, then this is essential. ‘Nuff said.
some great passages within the songs, such as the fretless bass solo during “Denial” which takes us into the fluid guitar solo, it is so different to what has gone before and what has yet to come that it is refreshing to the ear. Overall, this is quite some album, and if the band were operating in the UK or the States I am convinced that we would be hearing a great deal more about them. As it is, this is a stunning album and I look forward to the next one with great interest.

http://www.x-panda.net

X-PANDA
REFLECTIONS INDEPENDENT

Formed in 2009 in Tartu, Estonia, this 2016 album follows on from their 2011 debut ‘Flight of Fancy’, which made such an impact that it was nominated for album of the year in the metal category of the Estonian Music Awards. Musically this is progressive metal, but they’re not just another Dream Theater clone, bringing in elements of Porcupine Tree, Muse and others into something that is a strange yet enjoyable mix of many different styles. They are not content to stay firmly within the boundaries of what many feel is progressive metal, but instead move and flow, bringing in different styles. They have even used a full orchestra (the Tartu University Symphony Orchestra and a choir (E STudio Youth Choir), I mean, what on earth is going on?

There have been a few bands who have attempted to bring together a rock band and “real” orchestra with mixed results, but here the guys have worked with arrangers who are totally in tune with what they are trying to achieve and the result is seamless, so the band and orchestra are one, not two different entities being forced together in unholy matrimony. Tamar Nugis has a vocal style which sounds as if it belongs on a stage as opposed to in a band, but the music works perfectly with him as frontman. There are
decided to stop songwriting for others and to start her own solo artist career, concentrating on melodic rock and metal.

There have been some who have already been likening her to Doro, and she has managed to get some well-known musicians involved with her debut album, including bassist Pontus Egberg (King Diamond) and guitarist Staffan Österlind (Paul Dianno). But, I found her voice quite harsh, and isn’t really suited for the style of music she is fronting. If the music was more aggressive, then it would work, but I often found myself wondering what would happen if there was a more melodic singer involved. Mind you, whether a better singer could have rescued the songs is another matter altogether: there is no vibrancy or soul, and if any album ever sounded like a project as opposed to a band then it is this. The production is good, and the musicians know what they are doing, but there is little here for me to recommend.

**ANTI-FLAG**

**AMERICAN FALL**

**SPINEFARM RECORDS**

There are some bands who refuse to conform to what others might expect, and resolutely set a path and continue on it through thick and thin, and that is the case with Pittsburgh’s Anti-Flag who are back with their tenth album. They’ve been at this game for more than twenty years now, and have their own sound which brings in influences from bands as diverse as Rancid, NOFX, The Clash and even The Levellers (I know this last doesn’t make sense in many ways, but just listen to this and you will see what I mean). This is punk rock with attitude, and if they want to write and perform an anthem (“Finish What We Started”) or ska (“When The Wall Falls”) then so be it.

This is an overtly political album, written as a response to the Trump administration and what the band sees going around them. The heaviest, fastest and shortest number on the album is “Liar”, and this is the one where it really hits home I’ll never trust you, you’re just a liar, Closing the border of the fallen empire, I never thought that it would end like this, A finger on the button and a trigger to the kids”. This is a band that are conscious of society, there place within it, and what needs to change. Next to the lyrics to “Casualty” are accompanied by phone numbers for Trans Lifeline, Suicide Prevention, Domestic Violence, Crisis Text Line, and Trevor Project Lifeline. Moreover, the booklet includes essays, quotes, and writings of Nobel Prize winner Joseph Stiglitz, Peter Montgomery, Ryan Harvey, and more. Punk with a conscience, Joe Strummer would be proud.
ARMED CLOUD  
MASTER DEVICFE & SLAVE MACHINES  
FREYA RECORDS  

Armed Cloud is a Dutch symphonic metal band, formed by guitarist Wouter van der Veen and bassist Boris Suvee in 2011. The current line-up came together in 2013, with Wouter’s brother, keyboardist Remco van der Veen, plus vocalist Daan Dekker and drummer Rico Noijen. This is their second album, and they feel that the best way to describe their music is to think of Fates Warning, Korn, Avenged Sevenfold, Rainbow, and Savatage, and every combination thereof. To be honest, the Korn and Rainbow influences are so minor as to be almost unhearable, but I was somewhat surprised with Daan’s delivery style, as he actually manages to remind me of Peter Garrett from Midnight Oil, not a band normally thought of within the metal environment (although in concert I can attest that the Oil are far heavier and dynamic than one could ever imagine).

It is the vocals that actually make the band stand out from the crowd, as they combine well with the very bottom end sound of the band, who sometimes lose themselves within the bass, as the drums, bass and guitar are all at the low end of the register, with the keyboards not really providing the lightness one might expect, it is all left to the vocals. There are some times when the overall effect can become a little muddy, but for the most part this is an interesting approach, and one that does make them stand out from others in the genre. www.freya-records.com  

BABYLON A.D.  
REVELATION HIGHWAY  
FRONTIERS MUSIC  

Babylon A.D. are one of the very few hard rock bands from the late Eighties that still have the original line-up, namely singer Derek Davis, guitarists John Mathews and Ron Freschi, drummer Jamey Pacheco and bassist Robb Reid. Formed in 1987, the following year they caught the attention of Arista Records President and music industry legend Clive Davis, who signed them at a live showcase in Los Angeles. The resulting debut reached gold sales status in the U.S. and spent 38 weeks on the Billboard Top 200, peaking at #46. It took them until 1992 to come back with their second album, but then it wasn’t until 2000 that they released their third, and another 17 years until the fourth! I can’t believe that they have been active all that time, and it does appear that it was only in 2014 that they started working again, since when they have been gigging fairly hard.

Sometimes one wonders what might have happened if a band had got all the right breaks at the right time. I’m guessing that
Babylon A.D. were one of the many acts that suffered with the grunge explosion, which is a real shame as in Derek they have a singer who has more than a touch of Steve Tyler, both in vocal style and attitude, and the rest of the band are spot on, with solid songs and performances. They don’t always have the energy that one might want from this style of melodic hard rock, but they always feel professional and controlled, and it certainly wants to make me find out more about them. Let’s hope that they stick at it and give us another release in the near future, as this is definitely worth investigating.

It has been six years since the last band of Rain album, but Chris Gill is finally back with another release. As has been the case with his other albums, he continues to mix it up, and this time he has provided guitar, programming etc. and has been joined by Micha Steinbacher (bass, flute, sax, multi-instruments, programming, vocals). Most of the album is instrumental, but on two of the songs he has again engaged the vocal talents of Ria Parfitt, which takes the music into quite a different direction from the rest. This is hypnotic, almost trance-like music, treading a line where progressive rock and psychedelic music meet, reminiscent of Hawkwind, Pink Floyd and very early Porcupine Tree.

It is complex and complicated, and for all the times where it feels that it is driving and forceful there are others where the music just washes over the listener and allows them to relax into it. My favourite is “Indian Summer”, where the combination of flute and synthesisers provides an introduction that makes one think that it is going to be in the style of Native Americans, before it goes into traditional Indian, and then something quite different altogether. This really shows the experimental aspect of the music, as the band bring together music from different cultures to create something that is both different and enjoyable. I know that Chris is often busy working on albums by others, but I do hope that we don’t have to wait quite so long for the next one.

www.bandofrain.com

BAND OF RAIN
THE DUST OF STARS
INDEPENDENT

BEAST IN BLACK
BERSERKER
NUCLEAR BLAST

In 2015 guitarist Anton Kabanen parted ways with Battle Beast as he felt that they were moving in different directions. Not long afterwards and he was back with a new band, Beast In Black, and the band
played their live debut opening for Nightwish. The quintet soon started work on the first album, and here is the result. It isn’t only the name that Anton is using to make people aware of the relationship with Battle Beast, but he has also renewed his collaboration with Roman Ismailov, who was the original illustrator and graphic artist for that band. Apparently, some of the songs on the album, such as the title track, “Beast In Black”, and “Zodd The Immortal”, are strongly influenced by the Japanese manga and anime ‘Berserk’. Now, that would be okay if everyone knew what that was, but when I see the title ‘Berserker’ I initially think of the stunning much-missed Australian extreme metal act The Berzerker, or then of the champion Norse warriors who were reported in Icelandic sagas to have fought in a trance-like state. Both of those images make me think of force and fury, yet that isn’t what we get here.

This is symphonic metal, well played and performed, with elements of both Angra and Nightwish, and appears to be a continuation of what Anton was doing with Battle Beast on their first three albums. Apart from the track “Crazy, Mad, Insane” which is obviously a joke song that will come back to haunt them, this is an enjoyable album that is rarely more than that. There is no emotional connection for me with the music: it just feels too one-dimensional and doesn’t contain the power and ferocity I hoped for.

BETONTOD
1000X LIVE
ARISING EMPIRE

This German quintet are showing absolutely no sign at all of slowing down, and guitarist Frank Vohwinkel wouldn’t have it any other way: “The mainstream will never like us because we’re different! We’re different than all the other acts that are played every day. We aren’t smooth, we have rough edges… and it’s good the way it is!” What we have here is punk combined with metal, in a way that appears to both sides, and for a band that thrives in the live environment it is easy to see why with a crowd that are totally behind the band, singing the words for them.

This was their thousandth concert, an achievement for any band, and it was also their largest as a headline (although they have played Wacken a few times) and the crowd were with them from the moment they walked on stage until they left an hour and a half later. There is a palpable energy and connection between those on the stage and the people in front of it, and they were all there for a celebration. The band thrive and have locked in and do what they do so well, provide high octane singalong metal punk (all sung in German). I have no idea what they are singing about, but as everyone is having such a great time I am as well! The music is totally honest, and instantly enjoyable, and will leave any listener with a smile on their face.
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.

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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

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Lidl won’t be getting a penny more off me after ticket fiasco
I had a wonderful Christmas present from Lidl last year. They charged me £90 for the use of their car park.

This came as a bit of a surprise to me. I’ve been using their car park, on Sturry Road, Canterbury, on and off, for about six years now.

I used it for work as the delivery office is just around the corner, on Military Road.

It’s a bit cheeky, I know, but I always used to make a point of shopping there on my way home. Last financial year, 2016-2017, I spent a total of £732.81 in Lidl, so they were reasonably well compensated for their loss.

I’d stopped using it recently as I’d found another place to park, but on this particular day, in the run up to Christmas, with all the extra staff and the extra vans in the staff car park, the usual places were full, and I ended up back in Lidl car park again.

What I hadn’t realised is that in the interim period its status had changed, and there was now a strict time limit on how long you could stay.

Fair enough. Lidl don’t really want stray postal workers using their car park and filling up their their spaces; although, I
have to say, even at peak periods, it was never completely full.

So you can imagine, when I got the parking charge notice I was mortified. That’s well over a day’s pay for me. So I decided to contest the charge on the basis that I hadn’t seen the signs.

This is entirely true. I arrived in the dark and I left in the dark and, no matter how many signs there were, or how well lit, I wasn’t looking so I hadn’t seen them.

I made my appeal, and they rejected my appeal. There are enough signs, they said, and I should have seen them. Then I made an appeal to the Independent Appeals Service (IAS).

My argument was this: the prima facie evidence that I hadn’t seen the signs is that I was parked there in the first place. QED. Had I seen the signs I would naturally have opted to park somewhere else.

The IAS also rejected my appeal, which seemed questionable to me.

All they did was to repeat what the parking company had said, while failing to give any weight to my argument; which makes me wonder how independent the Independent Appeals Service really is.

What strikes me is that this is sheer, unadulterated profiteering.

Lidl pay Athena ANPR Ltd. to administer their car park, so they are already fully compensated for the work they do.

**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*
OTHER BOOKS BY C.J. STONE

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/
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.

Captain Rizz has teeth knocked out in Camden Town street attack.

It's been reported in the press that a street attack on Captain Rizz, a former UK general election candidate and former lead singer with Hawkwind resulted in his front teeth being knocked out.

The assault reportedly was missed by street surveillance cameras, despite taking place on a busy Saturday night in the heart of Camden Town.

The Camden New Journal newspapers website reported the story thus:

“Captain Rizz” – an anarchist who stood as an independent in the Hampstead and Highgate seat in 1992 and 1997 – was punched in Chalk Farm Road, near the Lock bridge, at around 11.30pm on Saturday night. He said he confronted a man who was hitting a woman before being chased to the entrance of the Stables Market.

Mr Rizz said: “I shouted out, ‘hey brother, please don’t hit the girl anymore’, but he turned around in a rage. All I know is I have no teeth. I remember running down the middle of Chalk Farm Road and then collapsed outside the Stables. I remember thinking, I’ll go in the road because it will get picked up by the cameras.”

He added: “I got a few bruises – my arm is bruised – and I got a big fat lip. It’s not nice to get kicked in your home town.”

Mr Rizz said he was rehearsing with a punk band in Camden Town before he was attacked.

A council spokesman said: “There are two council-managed CCTV cameras in the vicinity of the incident, however the assault was not captured in this instance. The police investigation is ongoing and we will respond to requests for assistance from the police.”
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 Daedal 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. Love 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 Pose
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
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)
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Full Earth Address: ......................................................................................................................
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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
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!

And so, the Downes family trekked around Scotland, slowly and painfully, for the next six weeks. Even with the concertina-like roof thingy fully extended, there was not a tremendous amount of room for three adults, and two children. Each night we parked somewhere in the vicinity of a Bed & Breakfast, where Grandmother could spend the night, and the rest of us would go to a campsite. Peculiarly, my memories of this time are relatively scant; I remember all sorts of odds and ends, but nothing near enough to be able to provide a coherent narrative.

As you have already noticed, I didn't have anything like this problem when recalling the events of the previous summer on Guernsey, and as you will discover, I have no problem in recalling the events of the two subsequent holidays in the 1960s.

Conspiracy theorists or cod-psychology types would most probably deduce from this that some overwhelmingly horrific event happened to me during that holiday, and - as a result - I have blanked the whole thing out and expunged it from my memory forever.
Well, as this book has, and will show, I am convinced that the roots of the mental illness that has plagued my adult life can be traced back to the 1960s and particularly to my troubled relationship with my parents, but I don't think that my missing memories of the events of the summer of 1967 have any such sinister cause. Rather, I think, it was merely just a crappy holiday, and - furthermore - one that was skewed towards the adults rather than the children. I strongly suspect - although I cannot prove it, fifty one years after the event - that the whole idea of this holiday was for my father to reconnect with his mother, but whether or not that was a success, I couldn't begin to tell you.

The two things which I do remember about the holiday were the books that I read during it, and my amateur efforts at gathering specimens for my 'museum' back in Hong Kong.

I still remember my grandmother telling me that precious stones, and even gold, could be found in the rivers of Scotland, and - so, as a result - I badgered my poor parents to let me go 'prospecting' in every river that we passed. There seemed to be an awful lot of them, and - with hindsight, I strongly suspect, but again, cannot prove - that my father purposefully parked up the campervan by the side of as many rivers as possible so that I would get out of the way and stop being a pain in the arse. For I was an inquisitive and garrulous child, and I was prone to asking a lot of questions about subjects on which my elders had no information, and as I write this as a miserable old git only a year or two away from his 60th birthday, I can imagine how irritating the constant prattle of the eight year old Jonathan would have been. So, as my parents, and grandmother, sat around in deck chairs eating sandwiches and complaining about the death of the British Empire and the decadence of the time in which they found themselves living, I spent happy hours wading calf-deep across the riverbeds of countless shallow rivers in search of booty.

Rivers were something almost completely new to me. There weren't any on Hong Kong island, and the nearest that I had ever seen were tiny mountain streams on Victoria Peak. There were (and still are) proper rivers on the chunk of the Chinese mainland, which was known to all and sundry as the New Territories (being the area of land leased from China for a 99 year period from 1898) but I have no memory of ever visiting them. I do remember visiting a large, flat, muddy beach somewhere in Tai Tam Bay, which had a small but sturdy watercourse flowing through it, to the sea. It was impressive enough to be counted as a small river, but with the benefit of half a century, I expect it was probably only a large stream. But more of that elsewhere.

I have always been attracted to the small creatures that live underwater, and - just as I had done in my Hong Kong homeland - I pestered my parents to buy me a small fishing net and some plastic sandwich bags, and I investigated these shallow rivers for the aquatic life therein.

Back in Hong Kong, at this time, I had only ever seen one species of native freshwater fish. And even this wasn't truly native. I've written elsewhere about how two (and possibly a third) of New World livebearers were introduced to Hong Kong earlier in the 20th Century, in a relatively successful attempt to control the mosquito problem (mosquitoes, of course, being the vectors of malaria). And at this time in 1967, these little fish - a species of which I am inordinately fond - were the only piscine residents of Hong Kong that I had ever seen. So, being confronted by a series of aquatic and semi-aquatic habitats half a world away, each containing three or four different fish species, was quite exciting for me.

On one level the most impressive of these fish were the trout and salmon that I saw
Many years later, in the mid 1970's, I kept a breeding pair of this fish in a makeshift aquarium made out of a large biscuit tin and - for the first, and only, time in my life - saw the male resplendent in his impressive bicoloured breeding colouration; dark, with cream coloured nobbly bits.

Another fish that I observed for the first time in these waters was the perch; an iconic fish with green and yellow stripes and red bits on its fins. It is so colourful that one could be forgiven for assuming that it was actually a tropical fish rather than a denizen of our cold, northern waters. They are pugnacious little beasts, and although they swim quite happily together in medium sized shoals, if a fish from another shoal - even if it is of the same species - dares to come within the territory of their shoal, it is given short shrift.

I also saw minnows, and a couple of European eels, which impressed me very much indeed. I was to re-kindle my relationship with all these species at various other points in my life.
Occasionally, my father would join me in my rock hunting activities, and on one occasion, he found what he was convinced was a large, uncut, topaz. It was a sizeable (about the size of his clenched fist) translucent pebble; if you held it up the sun, a small amount of dingy yellow light would filter through. It later turned out to be some sort of quartz, but I was totally fascinated by it, and was to take it back to Hong Kong where it took pride of place in my little museum.

So I redoubled my efforts, and - after a couple of weeks - these efforts were rewarded when I found a medium sized stone, which - like the one that my father found - appeared to be translucent; but this one was bright green. "I think it is probably arsenic," said my father, in an authoritative tone of voice. And he went on to tell me that I should put it to one side and show it to my uncle Arthur (his brother in law) when we visited him and his family later in the holiday.

There were also large numbers of interesting invertebrates that I had never seen before, such as the remarkably industrious caddisfly larvae, who cover their vulnerable, soft bodies with intricately assembled protective casings made of twigs and tiny stones. About the only inhabitants of these northern waters with which I was already vaguely familiar were dragonfly larvae; grotesque predators of the floor of slow moving rivers.

The ones in Scotland looked remarkably like the ones that I had seen at Victoria Peak Gardens in Hong Kong, although the adult insects into which they would turn were markedly different species.

But, fascinating as these tiny freshwater creatures were. I had been bitten by treasure lust, and I was determined to find a hoard of precious stones, and thus make my family's fortune.
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
THE GARDENING CLUB
OR WHAT’S FOR TEA?

MARTIN SPRINGETT
Rob Ayling writes:

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

TO GET TO THE HOUSE OF POETRY

YOU NEED TO LEAVE WHERE YOU ARE RIGHT NOW
Seek the company of other poetic pilgrims immediately..
Even when this means movement, discomfort—even some pain
It is not the search that causes reaction(nor the journey-
More the gap between dream and here and now—
that tantalizing thin rope bridge over chasms
with no safety net and an infinite capacity for mistakes.
You have your life experiences-sliced like bread,buttered with recounting
You share these with anyone with ears and time and energy to listen
Then you must stop.Wait.Ear to the ground/awaiting..
What happens next is unknown..Elizabeth Barratt Browning smiles
Robert Browning welcomes you..Those who value dreams
"hold close to those with whom they share their hopes"
LISTEN!They are talking,sharing,discussing..I even heard them laughing.
As anybody who follows my burblings will know, I have been a fan of The Beatles since four years after they split, and I have been collecting and/or reading books about them for nearly as long. Like many people, my interest in The Beatles’ music intensifies with the material released in and after 1966, when the four musicians from Liverpool stepped off the 'beat group ferry (across the Mersey)' and took the first in a series of quantum leaps into hitherto uncharted territory. And so it is tended to be, with books written about the Fab Four. The books that I have sought out are those that cover the short but stellar career path of Apple Records, which went from a brave and laudable new enterprise, to a magnet for fraudsters and scam artists within a few, short years. This is something that I feel I have an empathy with, because of what happened to my organisation, the Centre for Fortean Zoology (CFZ) a few years ago. But, I digress.

The other books that I have tended to read have been ones about their psychedelic era and ones about what happened in 1969 when the group slowly and painfully fell apart.

On the whole, I have been inclined towards avoiding books about their early years. No, this isn't fair. I haven't actually avoided them, but rather I have tended to prioritise on ones about the periods in which I am more interested.

However, during one of my regular trawls through the music section of Kindle Unlimited, I found this title, and decided to give it a punt.

The published blurb reads:

"The story takes the reader back in time to
Liverpool, the city where I was born in the 1940’s. Written in a style which brings Liverpool to life during the 40’s, 50’s and 60’s, the story leads up to the first time I encountered The Beatles at Aintree Institute on their return from a booking in a Hamburg nightclub.

There are events which are either unknown or have been completely overlooked, giving the reader a deeper insight into The Beatles earlier years and the special rapport they had with their fans. From the first time I spoke to John Lennon, he called me Marg number one fan.

The reader is taken around Liverpool in the early 1960’s to venues where the group played, including those eventful nights at The Cavern.

This is the story of a fan who saw one of the best known groups in the world perform in a small dingy cellar in the heart of Liverpool.

What this blurb does not adequately explain, is that not only is this a valuable slice of social history, telling the first hand story of an adolescent girl in a low-income family, in post-war Liverpool and not only does it give some valuable insight into the cultural and social milieu surrounding The Beatles before they became famous, but it does so with warm good humour and some charmingly engaging prose. Indeed, Margaret Hunt has a deftness of touch in her writing, which many more famous authors would do well to emulate. She comes over as an eminently likeable and down to earth old lady, remembering back to when she was an eminently likeable and down to earth young lady. And it is this vantage point, after an entire lifetime has passed, that makes this book so engaging. One tends to forget that, this year, Ringo will be two years shy of his 80th birthday, and John - had he lived - would have been the same. Even George Harrison would have been 75 years old. They are, or would have been, old men in this brave new world of the 21st Century, and there is a pathos, as well as an admiration, which comes as a result of this.

The biggest surprise in this book is that Margaret describes John Lennon so warmly. In the past thirty years, he has been progressively demonised by a succession of authors, starting probably with Albert Goldman, or even his ex-girlfriend May Pang. A succession of books have described him as a violent, sociopathic individual who left a trail of human flotsam and jetsam behind him, whilst concurrently producing one of the most impressive volumes of work of any songwriter or musician in the rock and roll era.

Way back in the Cavern Club era, he was depicted as being a volatile and violent drunk, with an insatiable appetite for young women. However, Margaret describes a sweet and gentle fellow, who always looked after Margaret in an almost big brotherly way.

Note to readers: By 'big brotherly' I am referring to an elder male sibling, rather than the iconic character from George Orwell’s best known novel, or anything to do with that irritating reality TV show.

Margaret describes how it was John who arranged with the roadies and management of the Cavern Club to allow her full access to the backstage area and the band’s dressing room, when other band members were loath to do so. It was John who wrote her letters from Germany during the band’s residency at a series of seedy nightclubs in Hamburg. It was John who never refused to be photographed, or to sign pictures, press cuttings or other memorabilia. And, in a surprise move for
her friends felt at the time, and one suspects, still feel.

Another emotionally poignant episode was when her mother pinched her Beatles scrapbook, taking it to work so she could show her friends that John Lennon had actually written to her daughter. By now you will probably have realised that somebody had nicked it from her, and this valuable slice of Beatle history has been lost forever.

The book ends with Margaret and her friends realising that the band were on the cusp of proper fame, and 'wouldn't belong to the Liverpool fans anymore'. She describes how this was a bittersweet moment in her life; how despite adoring the band and wanting their music to be heard by the greatest possible audience, she realised that an important part of her life was now dead and gone. She was never to see The Beatles again on a one-to-one level, and her sadness at this is palpable.

Whether you are a Beatles fan, a student of the sociology of the early '60s, or merely like to read a well-written autobiography, I truly recommend this book to you. As a piece of Beatle history, it is very useful, but as a piece of literature, it is remarkable.
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…

Little Squeaky Biscuits (don’t ask) is a very peculiar little cat. She likes to think she is slightly feral, yet spends most of her time asleep on our bed. Anyway, when the snow was thick and crisp and even after the last dumping of the white stuff we had at the weekend, Archie, the terrier went out for his morning constitutional and did what he had to do before dashing off for his well-trodden perambulation around the garden. As he went one way at a rate of knots, Squeaky dashed in the opposite direction, unknowingly straight for the selected spot he had chosen for his morning poop. She, luckily, was nimble enough to put the brakes on and skidded to a halt just in front of the…erm…pile of…erm…poop. She looked at it, sniffed it and then proceeded to cover it with the snow in such a housekeeper sort of way. One can only conjecture what she may have been saying to herself in cat speak as she did so. Perhaps something along the lines of “Dirty dog, I suppose I have to clean up after you” or even “Where were you when cleanliness was given out, you ignorant beast”…on the list of sarcastic comments could go on. But you never know – she may even have thought she had done the pile herself and had forgotten to deal with it properly and was quickly covering up her mistake as fast as her little legs would let her. So what have we this week, for inclusion into the
cabinet of wonder? A bit of this and a bit of tat... I mean... that.

MOTORHEAD LEMMY'S DEMO (UNPLAYED) VINYL DISC LEMMY'S SIGNATURE ON IT. READ ALL!! – US $20,000.00

“THIS DISC WAS GRANTED TO YANNIS ROSSIKOPOULOS (THE CHIEF - FOUNDER OF THE GREEK MOTORCYCLE CLUB HELL'S ANGELS) AS THEIR BODYGUARD WHEN MOTORHEAD STAYED IN ZAFOLIA HOTEL DURING THEIR CONCERT IN ATHENS. IT IS LEMMY’S PERSONAL DEMO (VIRGIN - HAS NEVER BEEN PLAYED) WHICH CAN NOT BE FOUND FOR SALE IN THE MARKET AND THERE IS NO OTHER. IT’S LEMMY'S PERSONAL SIGNATURE ON IT WHICH SIGNS "TO CHIEF" WHICH WAS GIVEN HAND TO HAND TO THE CHIEF WHEN HE WAS INVITED IN THEIR SUITE AFTER CHIEF'S SMALL ERRAND TOWARDS LEMMY. COPIES OF THIS ORIGINAL DEMO HAVE BEEN RELEASED THOUGH FROM VARIOUS SOURCES (BLACK DISCS) BUT THIS RED ONE IS THE ONLY LEMMY'S DEMO GENUINE DISC SIGNED WITH LEMMY'S SIGNATURE ON IT. DARE OFFERS!!! GOOD ONES MAY BE ACCEPTED. PLEASE ACCEPT THE HIGH PRICE BUT IT'S EMOTIONAL TOO”

Interesting little background story—always nice.

BARNCASTER ELECTRIC GUITAR

There is a popular industry of making electric guitars that are finished to look like they are

SHAMELESS SELF PROMOTION TIME

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

Check it out now...
distressed and aged (worn paint and varnish jobs; rusted and discolored metallic parts). Most of these guitars are custom built, and feature finishes and design elements that suit the buyer's tastes. One particular class of these custom guitars are called "barncasters" -- they are typically made from reclaimed wood, which means they are often made from non-traditional woods for a solid-body electric guitar: rough pine, knotty pine, and damaged wood are all common and make beautiful barncasters. Another trend with barncasters is unique pickguards, often cut from old LP vinyl records, other pieces of reclaimed wood, old tin signs, and license plates.

This guy goes through how he makes his here:

BEATLES DRESS MATERIAL 2 Pieces Original HOLLAND Super Rare x 2 PINK DRESS - US $395.00

"WE LOVE THE BEATLES. YEAH YEAH YEAH WE LOVE THE BEATLES. THE BEATLES DRESS MATERIAL 1964 DUTCH The "Beatles"-Dress Authorized Design Copyright N.V. Stoomweverij Nijverheid Enschede Holland - SUPER RARE MATERIAL FROM THE BEATLES DRESS 2 large original pieces, super rare. The pink dress and material is the rarest and most sought after. THE BEATLES DRESS MATERIAL x 2 PIECES Amazing original 1964 official Dutch material. The Beatles Dress was sold as a Beatles Dress or as material for girls to make their own dresses or whatever they wanted to. The "Beatles"-Dress Authorized Design Copyright N.V. Stoomweverij Nijverheid Enschede Holland Each Piece Size: Width: 58cm Height: 57cm"

This is so dated, it's almost embarrassing.

Fun T-shirt - Great For Barry Manilow Fans - Music Is My First Love Design - £3.50

"Extra large size t-shirt with novel 'Music is my first love' design on the front. T-shirt is as new - has never been worn. Background colour of grey with front fun design mainly in blue and silver colours. Clean and unspoiled. Can see folds on pictures front where it has been tidily stored in draw, but these will easily iron out. Great for Barry Manilow fans!!"

What about John Miles fans?!

The Beatles memorabilia Rare Beatles collectible Sgt peppers music box.crank mus - US $140.00

"Beautiful handmade collectible Beatles Sgt Pepper's music box. Crank the handle and watch John, Paul, George and Ringo move (Ringo's arms actual move up and down in a drumming motion!) as they play Yellow Submarine. Made of wood; expertly painted; measures approximately 12" high x 6" wide x 14" long. Only one currently available."

Cute. I love this kind of thing.
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.
The Beatles Paul McCartney Bendy Doll / Figure, Vintage 1960's Music Memorabilia - GBP 295.00 (Approximately US $414.92)

Paul McCartney Bendy Doll
The doll is overall in good condition. There is some wear which is common for toys of this material / age. - Still displays very well and is one of the best condition ones I have seen. The nose has worn as pictured. There is some cracking to the paint and discolouration to the face and hands. The foam is still soft and can be posed although I would not recommend it. Please use pictures as part of the description.

Stands at approx. 10" tall. A very rare, early piece of Beatles memorabilia.”

I know I have put one of these into the cabinet before, but that one was missing a hand if I remember correctly. At least this one seems to be whole so if you wanna hold his hand you can!

The Beatles “Let it Be” Rooftop Concert 7” Resin Figurines - Music Memorabilia - GBP 125.00 (Approximately US $175.81)

The Beatles "Rooftop Concert" Figurines
The figurines are in excellent condition with no damage or repairs. Approx. 7" tall.
I believe this set was made in the late-90's but I am not certain. There is not a lot of information about this set online.”

Ummm, Who are these rooftop imposters? Since when did Ringo look like Martin Freeman, and John look like your Aunt Maud?

Toodle-pip
”Ev’rywhere I hear the sound of marching charging feet, boy”

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

AULD MAN'S BACCIE

RESONATING WITH THE BLUES
RICK WAKEMAN

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

The original version – Now expanded with bonus material

www.rwcc.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...
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.

Five Starcle Men:
Gomba Reject Ward Japan
(Lost Frog, 2007)
What? Beefheart’s children.

The liner notes on the download site state: “This FSM history album (spanning 1992-1998) for study by government demons and cartoons for Japanese kid of audience is not gay. But this is a gay press release for the University Press and Disney CGI.” Their record company kindly provided us with the following biography:

“These kids were involved in alien drug torture and deadly cartoon culture governments. They loved performing their little hit “Pizza Hut Families Rule” which often led to their being kicked off stage by the police or various forces that didn't like the song. Using modern cultural, pharmacological, and other technologies, these young suburban punks constructed highly aestheticized, delusional realities for themselves and their viewers, often resulting in a dangerous sense of political and intellectual ability.

Original Members: Glen Hobbs, Luke McGowan. Location: Lancaster, California, USA.” Now we’ve cleared that up, this elusive and enigmatic band present 28 cuts of dazzlingly demented outsider strangeness. Most of which mine the Beefheartian realm of impossible time signatures and its counterintuitive element of the least together instrumental sounds, like apparently random guitar noises, being the glue that holds the “songs” together. There is more spoken word, less blues and more conventional, just, vocal sounds than on classic Beefheart. But, Trout Mask Replica mashed with the most surreal alternative rock of the nineties and beyond, is the basic sound here. Not that anyone could accuse Five Starcle Men of being derivative, or lacking their own ideas. The real strength of Gomba Reject Ward is its self-contained sense of authority. This works, because it works. Like The Residents, these inveterate experimenters with sound create worlds within worlds, populate everything with characters and vivid scenery and produce a soundtrack of ceaseless invention and fearless creativity.

Seriously, it is that good. Whether it means anything is totally beside the point. Tracks like “Only Kids of Nothing Star” with its refrain of “there is no such thing as Devil worship…there is no such place as Hell” could be read as critiques on narrow, fundamentalist, thinking. But to look for such literal meanings in this festival of abstractions is to miss the main attraction. This is an album that makes a manifesto of outsiderdom and pulls no punches. “Ten Foot Barbie” sounds like the nightmare promised by its title and, by contrast, “Mummy on Drugs” is just over 100 seconds of genuine knockabout hilarity. Every track here works in its own perverse way, the gamut of strangeness covered through the 28 cuts establishes Five Starcle Men amongst the envelope pushing greats and even the Music for Maniacs blogsite has got itself into a froth about how out there this collection is: “Every sound is warped beyond recognition, lyrics range from unintelligible jabbering to surreal nonsense, samples and tapes loop themselves into delirium, unnatural rhythms pound away, all adding up to a mind-melting experience.” Praise comes no finer.
Gregg Kofi Brown has transcended many genres of music...

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

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

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

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

CD and book available soon from Gonzo Multimedia

www.gonzomultimedia.co.uk
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/
After reading John Brodie-Good’s review elsewhere in this issue, I checked out the Carey Grace covers album on Thursday morning and it is - indeed - a corker. I would recommend it to anyone, but also wonder whether anyone else but me thinks that her voice sounds a bit like that of Chrissie Hynde. Again, that is no bad thing.

Over last weekend we have had more snow than we have had in years, and although the assorted dogs, cats and humans, made it into a trodden down mess, at the beginning of the week the garden was still fairly wintry.

Carl Marshall was due down on Monday, but we took the decision to abort, purely because everything that we needed him to do is outside, and making the poor boy work outside in those conditions would have been something akin to being an inhabitant of a Gulag somewhere.

But by mid-week it had warmed up and Carl came down on Wednesday, and has been working very hard with the animals and the garden, trying to make the place look a bit less like a WW1 battlefield.

I am actually <TOUCH WOOD> having rather a nice time at the moment. We leapt on poor Carl as soon as he arrived on Wednesday afternoon and we managed to get all the filming I wanted to do sorted.

We also retrieved the trail camera from Common Moor, where we found the deer carcass back in January. And - lo and behold - the SD card contains images of a large and healthy dog fox, strutting about as if he owned the place. The fact that the place where the carcass was found was bang in the middle of his patch, and the predation on the skull was indicative of a large fox, is not conclusive, but is pretty good supportive evidence.

 hopefully we have finally seen the end of the winter and can get on with the more enjoyable parts of the year, although it is frightening to think that it is only five weeks until Bealtaine. Tempus fuckin’ fugits too bloody fast for my liking.

Hare bol,
Jon
Get Naked!

...with the
Pink Fairies

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

Their first new album in three decades!

Also available from the Pink Fairies and friends:

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<th>Wayne Kramer &amp; The Pink Fairies</th>
<th>Andy Colquhoun</th>
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