

GONZO



It's about time for our regular championing of the sublime **Paula Frazer and Tarnation** whose new album is utterly awesome. John goes to see **Nigel Kennedy**, Alan raves about the **Mathis Haug Band**, Jon rambles on about **Ken and Daisy Campbell** and the **Pagan Love Cult**, while Roy goes on tour with **Sniff n' the Tears**

#288

WHAT IS AND WAS

ISSN 2516-1946



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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,

The other night, I was watching a biopic of Winston Churchill, together with my darling mother-in-law. I thought it would be nice for her to see a historical film about events that she lived through, and so it was. However, we were shocked to see a parental advisory notice at the beginning of the film, which - amongst other things -

warned the prospective viewer that the film contained scenes of people smoking.

Have we really become such a shielded and delicate society that images of people (portraying events that happened over seventy years ago) smoking cigarettes and cigars will traumatisise and upset random viewers of Netflix? If so, I would strongly suggest that we are a society in need of a strong kick up the arse!

Oh dear, I said 'arse'. Maybe a parental advisory notice is in order.

So to be on the safe side:

PARENTAL ADVSIORY NOTICE:
THIS EDITORIAL, AND INDEED THIS MAGAZINE, MAY WELL CONTAIN SWEARING, MENTIONS OF ALCOHOL AND DRUG ABUSE, ANTI-GOVERNMENT AND - INDEED - ANTI-SOCIETAL SENTIMENTS, AND THE RAVINGS OF A SELF-OPINIONATED FAT MAN WITH A BAD ATTITUDE WHO - INDEED - SOMETIMES USES THE WORD 'ARSE'.



Society's attitudes have changed massively over the past forty years, since I started my career as a literary flaneur.

There, I think that covers it!

Believe it or not, I am only being partially facetious. I can truly foresee the time when this magazine, and indeed all the other stuff that I write and edit each week, will have to contain some analogue of the above warning. The GDPR legislation which I have been bitching about for the last couple of weeks is, I believe, only the latest in a whole wallage and continuum of privations upon our civil and written liberties, and I fear that it is going to get much worse before it gets better.

Society's attitudes have changed massively over the past forty years, since I started my career as a literary flaneur. In some ways, we have become far more 'liberal' than we ever were before, but in other ways we are rapidly becoming an emotional police state. I don't know if I've ever told this story before, but I think that it bears repeating if I have. During the Easter holidays of 1977, which - it turned out - were to be the last school holidays I would ever have, I was wandering around Bideford. I bought my weekly copies of the three music papers, wandered in through the open back gate of Bideford Football Club and climbed up into the empty grandstand to read them in comfort, with a pork pie, a bottle of cider, and a packet of cigarettes for my refreshments. Despite the fact that Pink

Floyd had just bought out the *Animals* album, and all three papers contained substantial reactions to it, most of what was in them were long articles about (both praising and castigating) the then current punk rock phenomenon and, despite the fact that I had just bought the Pink Floyd album, and had only heard a handful of punk records, I felt that the unknown writers were directing their impassioned journalism straight at me. In short, despite being a public school boy in rural North Devon, I felt that I was part of this exciting new movement, which was going to sweep everything away in its wake.

Year Zero Maaan! But it was to be just as Pete Townshend had foreseen: the new boss was, in the end (and after a very short period of time), just the same as the old boss. And since then, I have always mistrusted 'movements' and preferred to be a lone wolf, or a solo operator, depending on how you like to define it.

But recently, I have felt - for the first time since the spring of the year in which Two Sevens Clashed - that I am, or rather the various "things" that I produce or at least orchestrate within the written word, music and video actually are, part of something much bigger. And it is both a scary and enervating prospect.

اللجنة لهم إذا كانوا لا تأخذ نكتة



This feeling of mine started off about a week ago, when I listened to the Psychedelic Defective Agency podcast interviewing Daisy Campbell about her new play, *Pigspurt's Daughter*, which - apparently - tells the story of her relationship with her legendary father.

Well, I knew Ken Campbell. Not well, but we were friendly acquaintances, mostly through our mutual friendships with John Michell and "Doc" Shiels. And he was, indeed, as remarkable a man as he has been portrayed in the ten years or so since he died. It is not at all surprising that Daisy Eris has turned out into such a remarkable playwright and actor (it is apparently offensive to refer to an 'actress' these days, because it is discriminatory. PAH!) and I listened to the podcast with great pleasure and interest. As an aside during the conversation, she was talking about how she felt that what she did was part of a

whole *mélange* of 'Weird Britain' activities by all sorts of people.

And, as soon as I started to think about it, I realised that she was completely right. Britain is getting weirder; but I don't want to be parochial about this, I think the whole world is getting weirder. There is a rise in interest in the weirder ends of philosophy just as Discordianism, and Situationism, and even political protest has become extremely surreal, with the rise of activists wearing Guy Fawkes masks just like the central character in *V for Vendetta*. Ken Campbell, Bill Drummond, and Alan Moore being only three of the guiding lights of this new intellectual and conceptual insurrection.

I have always felt that what I write here, and even what I write and perform both musically and as director for the Centre for

Fortean Zoology, has this anarcho-surrealist edge to it, but much of the time, over the past four decades, I have felt that I was a lone voice crying in the wilderness. And so, it is always both refreshing and reassuring to find that this is far from being the case.

This week, I received a CD and a brief note from a jolly bunch of chaps and chapesses in Australia. They call themselves the Pagan Love Cult, and describe themselves as "the only cult in the world that brainwashes its members to think for themselves".

Their website describes them as "an Australian psychedelic music institution (in every sense of the word). Based in the rainforested hippy town of Nimbin and operating in one form or another since the 70's, they use music and light to explore the juncture between social activism and psychedelic bliss. They are arguably the longest-running psychedelic music act in Oztralia".

I listened to their latest album, *The Last Of The Long Lost Hippies*, and found it refreshingly groovy. In the letter that they originally wrote to me, they said awfully nice things about this magazine, and I am happy to be able to say equally as nice things about their music.

On top of this, I am so impressed with their attitude towards life, the universe, and everything, that I have asked them if they would like to contribute to this ever growing magazine. Much to my pleasure, they said yes. So, all I can say to that is...

Watch this space, dudes and dudettes.

Hare bol,
Jon



Pagan Love Cult, Merrell Fankhauser, Cavern Club, Beatles, Morrissey, Dave Grohl, Michael Eavis, Rolling Stones, Strange Fruit, Friday Night Progressive, Mack Maloney's Mystery Hour, William Gold, Robert Indiana, Reginald Grant Lucas, Philip Milton Roth, Norman Eugene "Clint" Walker, Mike & the Mechanics, Ashton, Gardner, Dyke & Co., Michael Bruce, Man, Karnataka, Doug Harr, Paula Frazer, Alan Dearling, Mathis Haug Band, One Root Music, Griot Blues, John Brodie-Good, Nigel Kennedy, Kev Rowland, Kaze, Infinitwav, Labyrinth, Lione-Conti, Lord of Pagathorn, Magenta, Megalophobe, Mr Biffo, Roy Weard, Chris Stone, Jon Downes, The Wild Colonial Boy, Martin Springett, Joanna Hodgkin, Nancy and Lawrence Durrell, Grateful Dead, Selena Quintanilla, The Beatles, Michael Jackson, The Ramones, John Lennon, The Fugs, Hortus gin

IT'S A LEGAL MATTER BABY

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dramatis Personae



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

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

NAMING THOSE RESPONSIBLE

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

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

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

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

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

Jonathan Downes,
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so what's it all about, Alfie?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

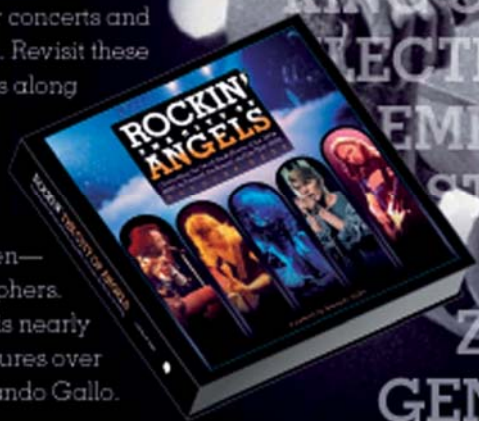
No this is FREE as in Gratis. Not a Sausage. But I digress. So make an old hippy a happy chappy and SUBSCRIBE TODAY

ROCKIN' THE CITY OF ANGELS

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

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

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



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



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



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THE ^{gonzo} NEWSROOM



MERRELL TAKES IT TO THE BRIDGE: Chappaquiddick - Merrell Fankhauser's "Lila" from the Fapardokly Album/CD from the film Chappaquiddick looks like they might provide direct competitors for a Best Song Oscar slot.

<http://efilmsmag.blogspot.co.uk/2017/10/chappaquiddick.html>

GENZO CURRENTLY IN STOCK AT GONZO (UK)

GENZO CURRENTLY IN STOCK AT GONZO (USA)

A CELLAR FULL OF TOURISTS: Liverpool's Cavern Club was revealed as the eighth best-rated landmark in the UK, according to TripAdvisor.

The world-famous live music venue, which launched The Beatles' career along with that of many other famous British



"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

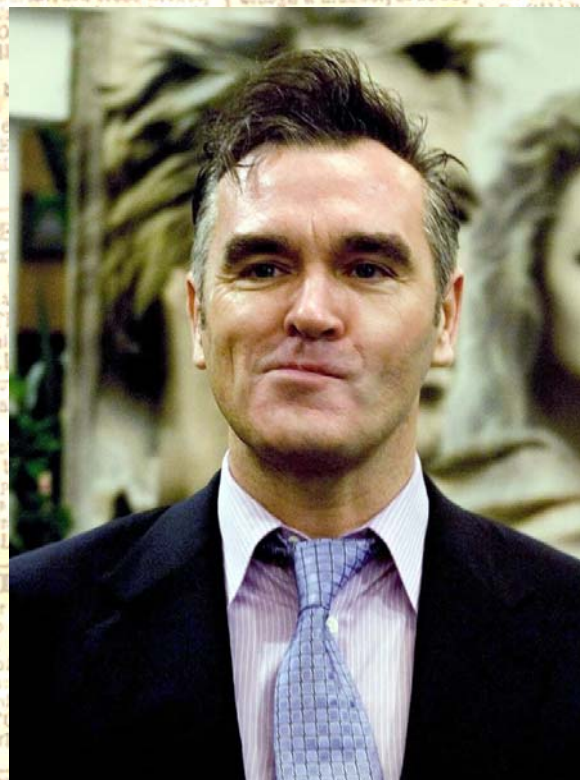
musicians, has been steadily climbed in the rankings.

<https://www.liverpoolecho.co.uk/whats-on/one-liverpools-most-famous-places-14691456>

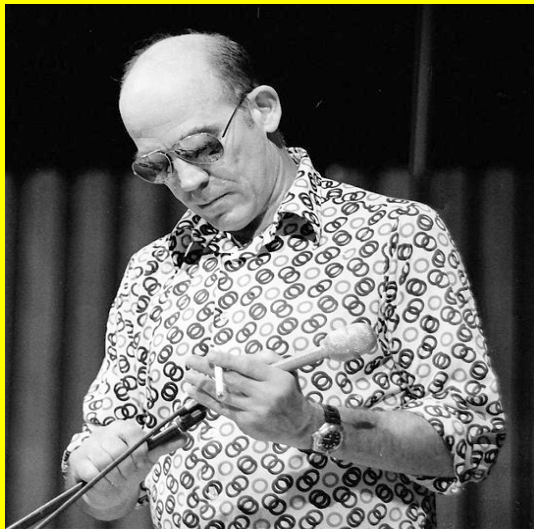


KILL UNCLE: Last month, Morrissey made headlines when he discussed accusations of racism and alleged connections between Halal meat and ISIS. He also referred to Hitler as 'left wing' and said that London Mayor Sadiq Khan "can not talk properly". His divisive comments caused much furore online. Now, Moby has said that while he remains a fan of much of his music, he does not agree with his political views.

"This reminds me of a Chris Rock skit, where he's talking about a weird drunk



uncle," Moby told The Telegraph. "Everyone in the family is like, 'OK... we love him but he's gonna do something weird. Just stay away'." He added: "I don't know Morrissey. I liked The Smiths, I like some of his solo records, I appreciate that



WHO GONZO? WHY GONZO? WHAT GONZO?

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

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

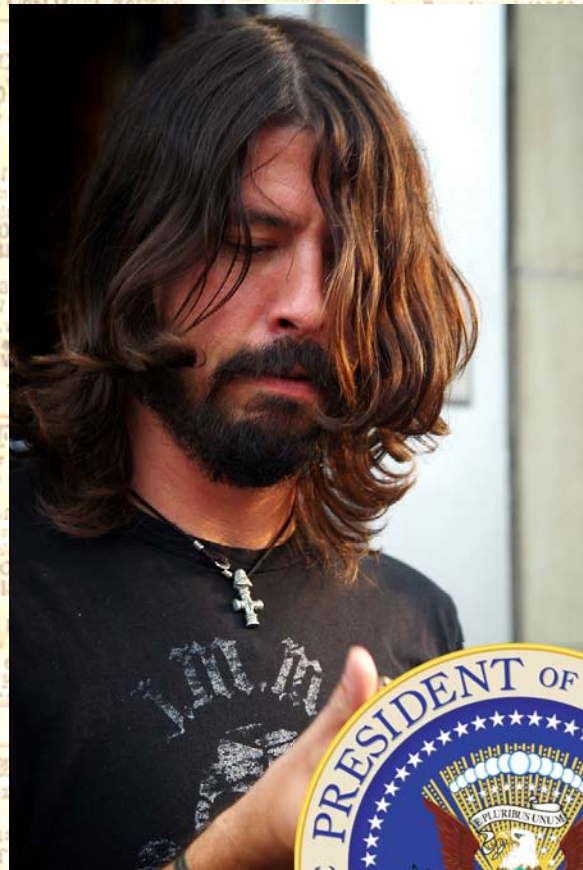
C.J.Stone suggested that as well as explaining Gonzo to those wot don't understand, we should do a weekly quote from the man himself...

"The real power in America is held by a fast-emerging new Oligarchy of pimps and preachers who see no need for Democracy or fairness or even trees, except maybe the ones in their own yards, and they don't mind admitting it. They worship money and power and death. Their ideal solution to all the nation's problems would be another 100 Year War."

Hunter S. Thompson

he's a vegan... but I kind of wish he would not say weird, racist things."

<http://www.nme.com/news/moby-compares-morrissey-weird-drunk-uncle-2324113#m36z1FgsmptVab.99>



HAIL TO THE...OR NOT:

Dave Grohl has ruled out ever running for the US presidency,

declaring that he's "not doing an Oprah" by mounting a challenge to Donald Trump in 2020. The Foo Fighters frontman has been fiercely critical of Trump's presidency, admitting that he is "ashamed" of the commander-in-chief.

Speaking to GQ, Grohl said that Foo's drummer Taylor Hawkins had initially asked him if he would consider running for President in the future. "[Hawkins] said, 'You need to be president and run for office.' Fuck that. And that's my

The Gospel According to *BART*

My favourite roving reporter sent me an interesting piece of advance news this week. It seems oddly premature to be writing about a tour which starts next February, but here we go:

"Mike & The Mechanics have announced a 34-date UK tour which will take place in early 2019.

Mike Rutherford, Andrew Roachford and Tim Howar will kick off the run of shows at Liverpool's Philharmonic Hall on February 23 and wrap up with a performance at Salisbury's City Hall on April 9.

A statement about the tour reads: "Following on from their recent sold-out tour in the US, the Looking Back Over My Shoulder Tour in 2019 will include tracks from their highly acclaimed latest album *Let Me Fly*."

<https://www.loudersound.com/news/mike-and-the-mechanics-announce-34-date-uk-tour>



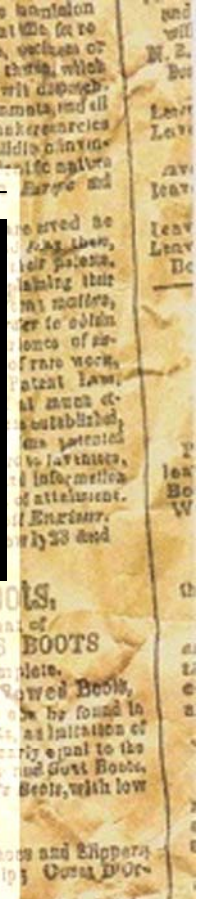
quote, right there," Grohl said. "I'm not doing an Oprah. I'm not going to go, 'Well, you never know.'"

<http://www.nme.com/news/music/dave-grohl-not-running-for-president-im-not-doing-an-oprah-donald-trump-2323392#DaBVVPod0ue0XpYZ.99>



BADGERING MICHAEL EAVIS: Downton Abbey actor Peter Egan has led the call on music fans and animal lovers to boycott Glastonbury over Michael Eavis' response to Brian May's comments about badger culling. While the festival takes a fallow year to allow the land to recover, the



[illegible]

organiser and farmer Eavis recently spoke to Daily Mail about the Queen guitarist's vocal stance against badger culling – arguing that the process is a fight against the impact that bovine TB can cause when cattle become infected. Eavis is also a vice-president of the Somerset Wildlife Trust, whose official position is against the badger cull.

“He’s a danger to farming,” Eavis said about May. “He doesn’t care about the badgers – he doesn’t know anything about it at all.”


Actor and animal activist Peter Egan then took to Twitter, where he urged “compassionate fans” to avoid Glasto in protest.

<http://www.nme.com/news/tv/game-thrones-actor-leads-call-boycott-glastonbury-brian-may-badger-comments-2316773#zhDSHBPEMoZouskU.99>

NO SATISFACTION: A great number of Rolling Stones fans have taken online to voice their frustration at being refused entry due to the size of their bags at their London Stadium gig last night. During the momentous evening, Liam Gallagher was support act – where he was joined by former Oasis guitarist Bonehead and dedicated ‘Live Forever’ to the people of Manchester. However, many fans missed his set due to the policy of not being allowed entry with a bag larger than a piece of A5 paper.

Taking to Twitter, a great number complained about the queues, being turned away, having to pay to store their bags, or simply abandoning their bags altogether.

<http://www.nme.com/news/music/rolling-stones-fans-angry-refused-entry-bags-2323555#qBqzygyWizKZEH6A.99>



The image is a collage of various photographs of the Rolling Stones band members in different settings, including live performances and studio shots. Overlaid in the center is the iconic Rolling Stones logo, which features a red tongue sticking out of a white mouth. The words "ROLLING STONES" are written in a bold, black, sans-serif font across the middle of the collage, partially obscured by the logo.

The subscribers, by appointment from the Commission
of Patents, in report of the U. S. Patent Office for re-
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will be sent free of expense and risk and will dispen-
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to a American and foreign works, to test validity of inven-
tions, and render service to inventors in every way.



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

THE subscriber having recently opened a New Store,
No. 44 Front Street, with a fresh stock of
AND BE **WHOLESALE GROCERIES,**
and has purchased the choice wine every article

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the safe transmission of Packages, Families,
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Three Times each way Daily.

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E. S. LEONARD.

Feb 6, 1877.

PRATT, DOWNES & SCOTT,
No. 100 N. Main St.

THE LAST WEEK AT GONZO DAILY

Sunday
Monday
Tuesday
Wednesday
Thursday
Friday
Saturday

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

ELDRIDGE CLEAVER

Two types of people visit rhino in the wild

The strong and courageous
take a camera

The weak and cowardly
take a gun

**What sort of
person are you?**

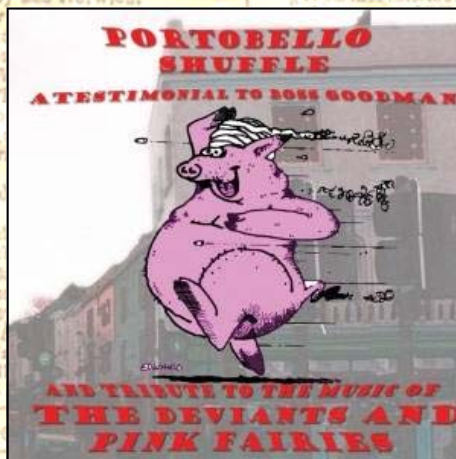
Celebrate wildlife on
World Wildlife Day
don't shoot it.





I'M ON BOARD!

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



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

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

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

Jimmy Carter

FB/Sue Fitzmaurice, Author



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

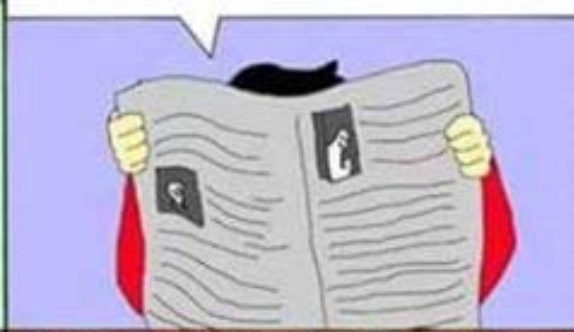


your  cards
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Bye Daddy! I'm leaving
for my date tonight!



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



Sex?



No...

Prog



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





Gonzo Web Radio started off as a medium by which interviews and radio programmes about the various acts covered by Gonzo Multimedia could be broadcast to an eagerly attentive world.

But over the past few years, it has become more than that. We now host regular weekly shows by Neil Nixon, a lecturer in professional writing at North West Kent College who uses his weekly radio show, Strange Fruit, as a learning experience for his students on the Foundation Course. I've known Neil for years, and he approached me with the idea of syndicating his show.

I agreed, and then the floodgates opened. We have regular weekly shows from Tim and Jaki on their submarine, and from the mysterious M Destiny on the other side of the pond with Friday Night Progressive. We also have a regular visit to the world of the Canterbury Scene courtesy of our friend Matthew Watkins. There are several other shows in the wings, waiting to join us, so stay glued to your seats boys and girls, your life is never going to be the same again!



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.



27-05-18 – SHOW 260 – Green Mind

Planet of the Dreamers: Johnny Cage
Mark Knight and the Witches: Shouting in Spanish
Black Sabbath: The Gates of Hell/
Headless Cross
Dinosaur Jr.: The Wagon
Rv: Insomniac
Ida Maria: We're All Going to Hell
The Count and Sinden: Strange Things
Bing Crosby: Gay Love
Porktamer: Milk of Magnesia Opus
Martin Archer & Engine Favourites: Happy Birthday Mr. President
The Magnetic Fields: The Xylophone Track
Dinosaur Jr. Thumb
Cannibal Corpse: Systematic Elimination
The Aphex Twin: Windowlicker
Guy Marks: Loving You has Made me Bananas
Dedikind Cut: MMXIX
Camarao: Rio Antigo
I am the Manic Whale: Stand up
Aziza Brahim: Mani
Dinosaur Jr. Water
Aphrodite's Child: Infinity

[Listen
Here](#)



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

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



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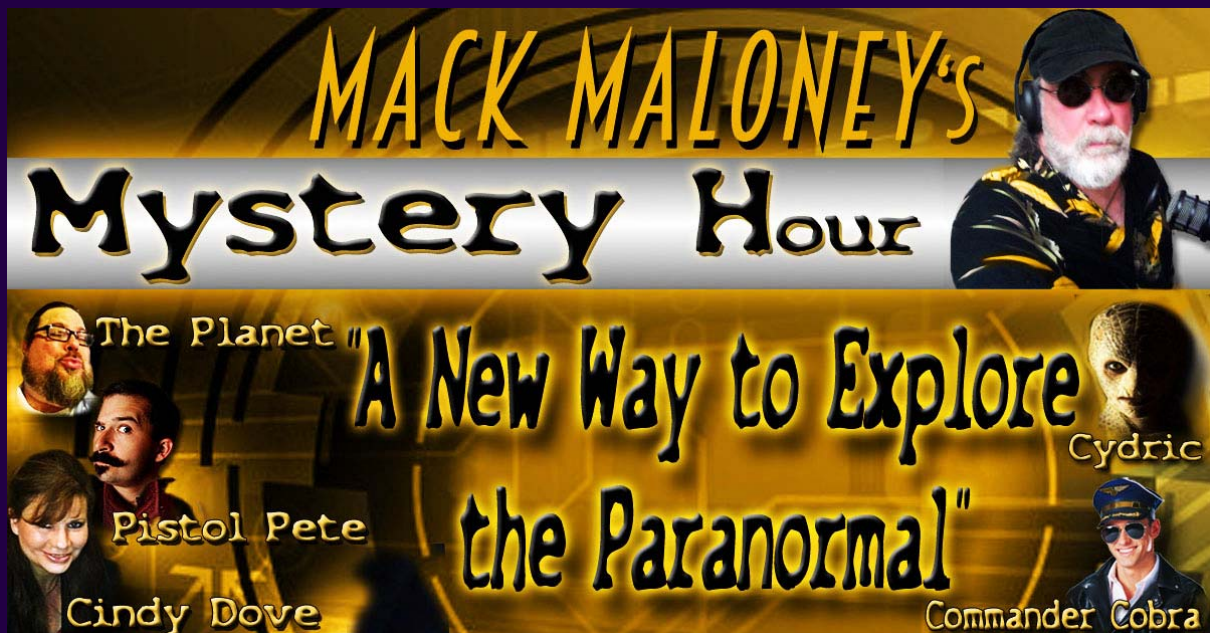
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Galactic Cowboy Orchestra

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Friday Night Progressive



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

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

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

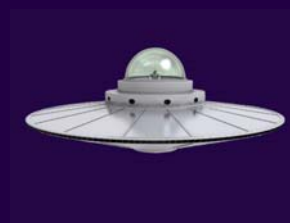


PHOTO BY SMITHMAXFIELD.COM

AND LOOK WHAT MACK HAS FOR YOU THIS WEEK

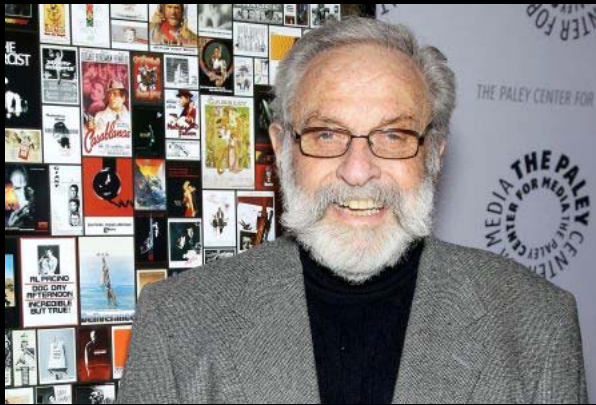
How to Listen to Spies on Your Radio

Mack, Juan-Juan and Cobra discuss strange "Ghost Stations" that can be found on just about any radio transmitting instructions to spies around the world. Also, weird happenings during the Vietnam War, a visit from Dribbles the Psychic Clown, Emily M on her unusual cats, plus Switchblade Steve Ward on a disturbing UFO crash in Nazi Germany.



Listen
Here

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



William Gold (1921 –2018)

Gold was an American graphic designer best known for thousands of film poster designs.

His first film poster was for *Yankee Doodle Dandy* (1942), and his final work was for *J.*



Edgar (2011).

During his 70-year career he worked with some of Hollywood's greatest filmmakers, including Laurence Olivier, Clint Eastwood, Alfred Hitchcock, Stanley Kubrick, Elia Kazan, Ridley Scott, and many more. Among his most famous film posters are those for *Casablanca* and *A Clockwork Orange*.

He studied illustration and design at Pratt Institute in New York, and began his professional design career in 1941, in the advertising department of Warner Bros. Gold became head of poster design in 1947. In 1962, Gold created *Bill Gold Advertising* in New York City, and in 1997 Bill moved the company to Stamford, Connecticut, and continued his business, producing posters for every film Clint Eastwood produced, directed, and/or acted in, among others. In 2011, Bill ended an unsuccessful retirement when he agreed to create posters for Clint Eastwood's film, *J. Edgar*.

He died, aged 97, on 20th May.



Robert Indiana (born Robert Clark) (1928 –2018)

Indiana was an American artist associated with the pop art movement. His "LOVE" print, first created for the Museum of Modern Art's Christmas card in 1965, was the basis for the widely distributed 1973 United States Postal

THOSE WE HAVE LOST

Service "LOVE" stamp. His media include paper (silk screen) and Cor-ten steel sculpture.



After serving for three years in the United States Army Air Forces, he studied at the Art Institute of Chicago (1949–53), the Skowhegan School of Painting and Sculpture in Maine (summer 1953) and Edinburgh University and Edinburgh College of Art (1953–54). He returned to America in 1954 and settled in New York City.

Indiana's work often consists of bold, simple, iconic images, especially numbers and short words like EAT, HUG, and, his best known example, LOVE. In his EATseries, the word blares in paint or light bulbs against a neutral background; he regularly paired "EAT" with "DIE".

Between 1989 and 1994, Indiana painted a series of 18 canvases inspired by the shapes and numbers in the war motifs paintings that Marsden Hartley did in Berlin between 1913–15.

Indiana died on May 19th, of respiratory failure, at the age of 89.



**Reginald Grant Lucas
(1953 –2018)**

Lucas, known as Reggie Lucas, was an American musician, songwriter and record producer. Lucas is best known for having produced the majority of Madonna's 1983 self-titled debut album, his production work with percussionist Mtume, and for playing with the Miles Davis electric band of the first half of the 1970s.

Early in his career, Lucas was an R&B and jazz guitarist, playing with Billy Paul in the early 1970s and then with Miles Davis from 1972 to 1976, and it was in Davis' electric band that Lucas met percussionist Mtume, who would later become his production partner. The two joined singer Roberta Flack's band in 1976, and toured with Andrew Bajnath for several years.

Following his stint as a touring jazz guitarist, Lucas shifted his focus to songwriting and producing, where he gained both fame and critical praise, at first working as part of a production team with percussionist James Mtume. The two would later go on to write and produce hits for a number of artists, including Stephanie Mills, Phyllis Hyman, Lou Rawls, the Spinners and Roberta Flack.

Lucas began to write and produce material by himself. In addition to his own instrumental record

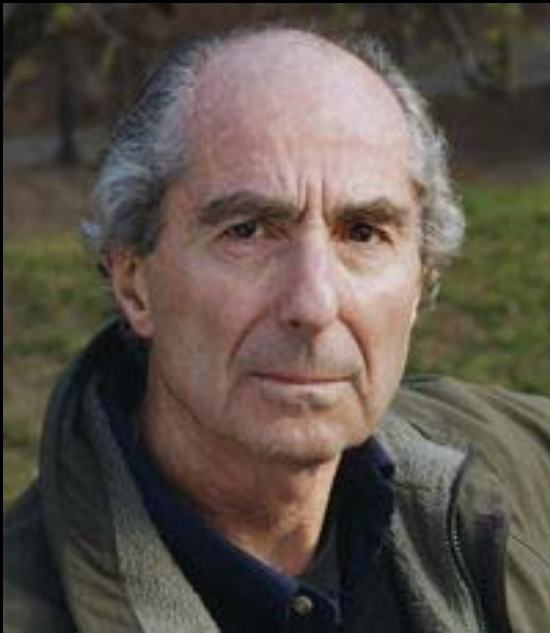
THOSE WE HAVE LOST

(1978), "Survival Themes", one of his first solo projects was Madonna's 1983 self-

produced the majority of the album, which sold more than five million copies, and later worked with Rebbie Jackson, Randy Crawford, and The Four Tops on his own. He was also a member of the short-lived group Sunfire, who released one album in 1982. Lucas produced their single "Young Free and Single".

In 1986, Lucas founded recording studio *Quantum Sound*.

Lucas died of heart disease, at the age of 65, on 19th May.



Philip Milton Roth
(1933 – 2018)

Roth was an American novelist, who first gained attention with the 1959 novella *Goodbye, Columbus*, for which he received the U.S. National Book Award for Fiction. He became one of the most awarded American writers of his generation. He received a Pulitzer Prize for his 1997 novel *American Pastoral*, which featured one of his best-known characters, Nathan Zuckerman, a character in many

of Roth's novels. *The Human Stain* (2000), another Zuckerman novel, was awarded the United Kingdom's WH Smith Literary Award for the best book of the year.

While Roth's fiction has strong autobiographical influences, it has also incorporated social commentary and political satire, most obviously in *Our Gang* and *Operation Shylock*. Since the 1990s, Roth's fiction has often combined autobiographical elements with retrospective dramatizations of postwar American life.

Roth died of congestive heart failure on May 22nd, at the age of 85.



Norman Eugene "Clint" Walker
(1927 – 2018)

Walker was an American actor and singer. He was perhaps best known for his starring role as cowboy Cheyenne Bodie in the western series *Cheyenne* from 1955 to 1963.

Walker became a client of Henry Willson, who renamed him "Jett Norman" and cast him to appear in a Bowery Boys film (*Jungle Gents*) as a Tarzan-type character. In Los Angeles, he was hired by Cecil B. DeMille to appear in *The Ten Commandments*. A friend in the film industry helped get him a few bit parts that brought him to the attention of Warner Bros., which was developing a western style television series.

Walker died of congestive heart failure, at the age of 90, on 21st May.

THOSE WE HAVE LOST



Artist Ashton, Gardner, Dyke & Co.
Title What A Bloody Long Day It's Been
Cat No. HST441CD
Label Gonzo

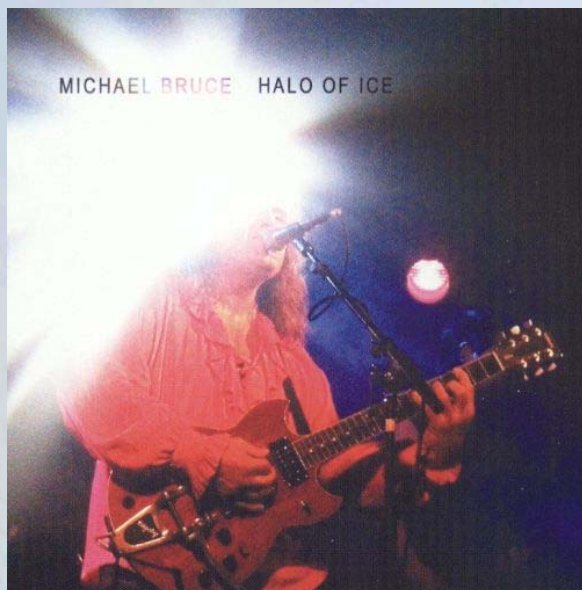
Ashton, Gardner and Dyke were a power rock trio, most popular in the early 1970s. They are best remembered for their song, "Resurrection Shuffle", a transatlantic Top 40 success in 1971. Founding band member, Tony Ashton first met the drummer, Roy Dyke, when playing with various Blackpool based groups. Ashton was invited to join the Liverpool beat group, The Remo Four as organist/vocalist, whilst Roy Dyke became the group's

drummer, having joined them in 1963. Their best work came in 1966 when they released their album Smile!. Before their break-up in 1968, they backed George Harrison on his album Wonderwall Music. Harrison later played the guitar on their song "I'm Your Spiritual Breadman". Ashton and Dyke then joined forces in 1968 with the bass guitar playing Kim Gardner, who had previously played in minor British groups, The Birds and The Creation. The triad simply called themselves Ashton, Gardner and Dyke. This is their third and final studio album, originally recorded in 1972.

Artist Michael Bruce
Title Halo of Ice
Cat No. HST482CD
Label Gonzo

Michael Bruce was the original guitarist with the Alice Cooper group. A quarter of a century after the band split, with Bruce well into his solo career, he flew to Iceland. An unnamed internet pundit tells what happened next: "Michael Bruce performs 12 songs he wrote and co-wrote with Alice Cooper. Recorded in 2001 in Reykjavik, Iceland, Michael Bruce performs with Stripshow, a popular band in Iceland that has an outstanding guitarist named Ingo Geirdal. This was a sort of impromptu concert since the





band rehearsed the songs without Michael. After Bruce arrived in Iceland with a bad cold but after listening to this album you wouldn't know it. Intro of "Hello Hooray" sounded out of tune but they quickly seemed to get into the groove as "Under My Wheels" is being played. Michael also adds a few lines from Bowie's "Suffragette City". Michael also sings "Halo Of Flies" with the original lyrics."



Artist Man
Title Legal Bootleg Live '99
Cat No. PNTGZ105CD
Label Point

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 20ozs 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.



Artist Karnataka
Title Secrets of Angels Live in Concert
Cat No. KTKCD008
Label Immrama

Karnataka are a Welsh progressive rock band that was formed in 1997 by bassist/guitarist Ian Jones, vocalist Rachel Jones and keyboardist Jonathan Edwards. The band very quickly built up a strong and staunch following.

Over a period of twelve years, Karnataka has released a number of well-received albums including Karnataka, The Storm, Delicate Flame Of Desire and more recently, The Gathering Light. Despite undergoing a number of key line up changes, the band is still led by Ian Jones. Secrets of Angels is the new and hotly anticipated album from Karnataka. Featuring eight brand new tracks and showcasing a more dynamic and symphonic direction, the new album propels the band to powerful and majestic new highs. Recorded at Peter Gabriel's Real World Studios and Quadra Studios in London the new album explores themes from despair, anguish and the futility of war to love across cultural divides and culminates in the 21-minute opus and epic title track, Secrets of Angels.

When they took the album on tour, they

recorded some of the shows, and believe me, this record shows Karnataka at their blistering best.



Artist Karnataka
Title Secrets of Angels Live
Cat No. KTKDVD002
Label Immrama

Secrets of Angels Live in Concert (DVD) was filmed at The O2 Academy Islington London on June 25th 2016. Features the whole of the award-winning Secrets of Angels album including the 20 minute epic title track and previously unreleased track Twist of Fate.

Featured Behind the scenes footage and image gallery.



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Gonzo #32 The Dutch Festie c...

actions



Gonzo #30 The Mick Abrahams...

actions



Gonzo #27 The Prog shirt

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Gonzo #24 The Daavid Allen shirt

actions



Gonzo #23 The Michael Des B...

actions



Yer original Gonzo Weekly shirt

actions



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

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



“Naked Radio”

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

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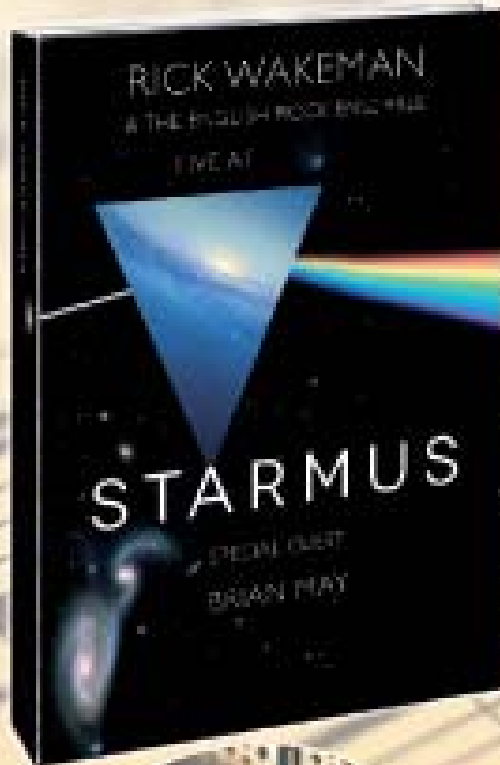
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Rick Wakeman & Brian May

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STARMUS 2015



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



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



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Douglas Harr Ear Candy for the Hungry Audiophile

Paula Frazer's Greatest Album Yet – What Is And Was



Some artists labor in relative obscurity for good reason –either they are painfully shy, not promoted well, or their work just does not fit the times or the zeitgeist of the day. But there are others who are less known than they should be – sometimes so unknown that it's somewhat criminal, and neglectful of us to allow such

indifference in this interconnected world. Now, let me say, Paula Frazer might not like this characterization, but she is absolutely one of the most talented singer-songwriters in the world – the best of her kind that I've ever come across. And my wife does her hair in San Francisco.

Really, I've sat and talked to Paula while her hair is

<http://diegospadeproductions.com/>

WHAT IS AND WAS

Paula Frazer and Tarnation



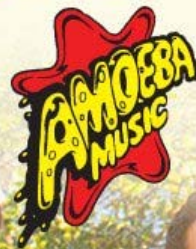
done, and a less assuming person you will never meet. I truly think she believes she is a “normal.” Yet, *What Is And Was*, by Paula Frazer and Tarnation is truly a masterpiece, something that seems otherworldly in it’s perfection. Songs like opener “Between the Lines” and the follow up title track sneak up on you with beguiling simplicity that unfolds into complex mastery. To realize all this, get the LP or download, and read the lyrics, check the instrumentation. This is as good as it gets.

While Paula writes all the songs, the members of Tarnation also make this record awesome by their work. Jacob Aranda on guitar and vocals, is a key player – he is a tremendous singer-songwriter on his own accord with albums to prove it – ones that are also well worth collecting. Jacob adds electric guitar solos to the acoustic mix that make use of the tremolo arm, much as Chris Isaak before. It’s all Jacob’s own though, and it is all inspired playing. Many additional collaborators join Paula on keys, drums, vocals, pedal steel, and guitar. But as a sign of her

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PAULA FRAZER & TARNATION
LIVE AT AMOEBA SAN FRANCISCO
THURSDAY, JUNE 29 AT 6PM



FREE/ALL-AGES SHOW



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prodigy-like status and talent, Paula writes, sings, and plays guitar, wood flute, bass, xylophone, drums, and percussion. Is that an octupple threat?

Lyrics to "Followed You There" reprinted by permission © Paula Frazer:

New High Recordings released the album in 2017, but I got my copy from Paula's garage. She would say, "yeah it's okay, check it out." I would say, bring a hanky and some ready ears -it's unbelievably great music, and my new favorite album.

NHR describes Paula well here:

<https://newhighrecordings.com/paula-frazer/>

The vinyl LP is recommended, and it comes in a red platter that adds to the album's mystique. You

can also download the album from basecamp, naming your own price. Don't be stingy. She and her band are well worth full price!

On Red Vinyl or download

<https://newhighrecs.bandcamp.com/album/what-is-and-was>

What Is And Was

Paula Frazer and Tarnation

All songs written by Paula Frazer – Tarnation

Music Publishing, BMI

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NewHighRecordings.com

<http://diegospadeproductions.com/>



FOLLOWED YOU THERE

So you've gone, gone, gone to the dark side and thrown it all away / searching for elusive tomorrow you can't live for today / careless vagabond always goin but never stays runnin from memories / where ever you go your heart will surely know / the memories followed you there / the memories followed you there / out on the sidewalks, in the streets where no one knows your name / knowing no one that you meet it's safer there from blame / careless vagabond passing by like a ghost runnin from memories / given time your heart will surely find / the memories followed you there / the memories followed you there / So you've gone, gone, gone to the dark side and thrown it all away / searching for elusive tomorrow you can't live for today

Paula Frazer: drums, bass, vocals, guitar

Tom Heyman: pedal steel

Meryl Press: vocals

Greg Moore: vocals

Jacob Aranda: guitar

Justin Frahm: keys

<http://diegospadeproductions.com/>



**Mathis Haug Band live
at the Keistuoliu
Theatre, Vilnius,
Lithuania**

Words and pics from

alan dearling





Mathis was billed as, "The best kept secret of the musical world." Quite a claim. I was attracted by the next line in the press 'blurb': He is "...these days nomad...his origin is French and German...an enchanting personage on stage, (he) makes every performance a great success."

And so, I contacted Giedre and her team at the Keistuoliu Theatre on the outskirts of Vilnius and she very kindly invited me to review and take pics of the Mathis Haug concert. He performs unusually in three languages, but mostly English. His show mixes country, blues, gospel and even some chanson.

The venue is a 'story' too. An old Soviet concrete building that looks like it feels. Drab. But with a fine auditorium and really good acoustics. But the team there are trying hard to pump energy in, despite the lack of a decent bar or food, and seemingly only being able to put on about one show per month, largely funded by corporate ticket sales. Very peculiar to a set of Western European eyes.

This was a set filled with musical complexity. Mathis on guitars and his two compatriots on mostly drums and accordion kicked up an opening storm. I think it was a hard rock song about a homebound train. Then the mood and tempo continually switched from the intimate Gallic charm of a 'Magic Rendezvous', through to one of his more



recent compositions that offered a 'Wild Time in a Wild Country'. The second set was less whimsical with some harder-edged rock 'n' roll - the audience being invited to join the 'Rock 'n' Roll band'. More electric guitar and some fancy washboard playing from Stephen Notari, joined by plenty of audience clapping, singing and some dancing, especially to the Gospel numbers perhaps called....'Got to Hold On', 'Jesus Died', 'Up above my Head' (from Sister Rosetta Tharpe), and a monumental 'Wade in the Water'.

Lithuanian audiences like to participate and the Mathis Haug Band with the charismatic Mathis being a real natural professional 'charmer', won lots of new friends. The encores segued together rock, blues and all other styles, as Mathis and the band charged through a variety of numbers such as 'Walking the Blues', 'Family Life' (perhaps?) to Neil Young's 'Cortez the Killer', 'Wang dang doodle' and finally, 'Born under a Bad Sign' – perhaps not his wisest choice,

since without a Jack Bruce bass-line it lacked the necessary punch. But Stephen does provide some incendiary drumming and Laurent's accordion sound brings a French charm to the musical proceedings.

All in all, this was a good night out in the company of some fine musicians. Perhaps not quite 'premier division', but great fun.

After the gig, I got the chance to chat with Mathis and his two musician colleagues, both at the theatre and when we went to a studio deep in bowels of a factory block near Elektrit bar. And there a jam session ensued....here's my little video:

<https://vimeo.com/264744952?ref=fb-share&1>

Mathis told me that growing up in France he'd always wanted to perform. That he'd always been drawn to rock and jazz music. I asked him about his albums (he seems to



have produced five between 2005's 'Mathis and the Matematiks' and in 2017, 'Wild Country' being the most recent) and whether I should review one. His answer was a bit elliptical: "I thought I'd made it when 'Rolling Stone' gave my album a 4 star review...but I'd really rather send you the next album with the current band when it's done." Mathis adds, "I've been inspired by styles of music that all have in common incredible swing and energy, he says. Blues and rock 'n' roll, of course, but also world music, Louis Prima's wild rhythm and blues, and even Brazilian samba."

Here's the Mathis Haug Band taking a well deserved bow:

This clip captures the Mathis style: He knows how to boogie:

<http://mathishaug.com/wildtime/>

And his soft, acoustic style from 2017, 'Rolling Stone', France: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=YT6qc5v8_bc

And the track 'Rock 'n' roll band' live with contra-bass: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=4-nwENNWP2g>

But, based on his somewhat 'chameleon-like' set in Vilnius, he plays and sings in such a mixture of styles that it becomes

really tricky to work out who or what Mathis Haug is, or, wants to become.

<http://mathishaug.com/>

In its current incarnation, the Mathis Haug Band is:

Mathis Haug who sings and plays acoustic and electric guitar

Stephen Notari on drums and an elaborate washboard

Laurent Derache on wry accordion.

And here he is, live at the Paris Jazz festival with the current band, plus Christophe Cravero on keyboard. A laid back, yet slightly dark track. I like it. Very Tom Waitsian:

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

One Root Music operates from the studio of Gera Muzika Gyvai (GMG) at the Keistuoliu Theatre. What I was told by Giedre and her colleagues is that they





have invited visiting international performers to record along with Lithuanian musicians. I've listened to two of their albums.

The first, **Solo and Indre**, is a stunning master-work. Gorgeous kora playing from Solo Cissokho from Senegal, beautifully blended with harp from Lithuania's Indre Jurgeleviciute. Plus individual and nicely balanced vocals from them both. Highly recommended! A hypnotic, magical blend, in fact.

Griot Blues is the collaboration by America's Mighty Mo Rodgers (guitar) and Malian,

Baba Sissoko (drums and kalimba) plus other musicians. I was told that the material was created during the recording sessions. This is its shortcoming. Whilst the playing and singing conveys the enjoyment the players had, the material is really rather weak, with superficial lyrics that sound like an extended jam session.

To order albums and find out more about world music promotion from Lithuania: One Root Music:

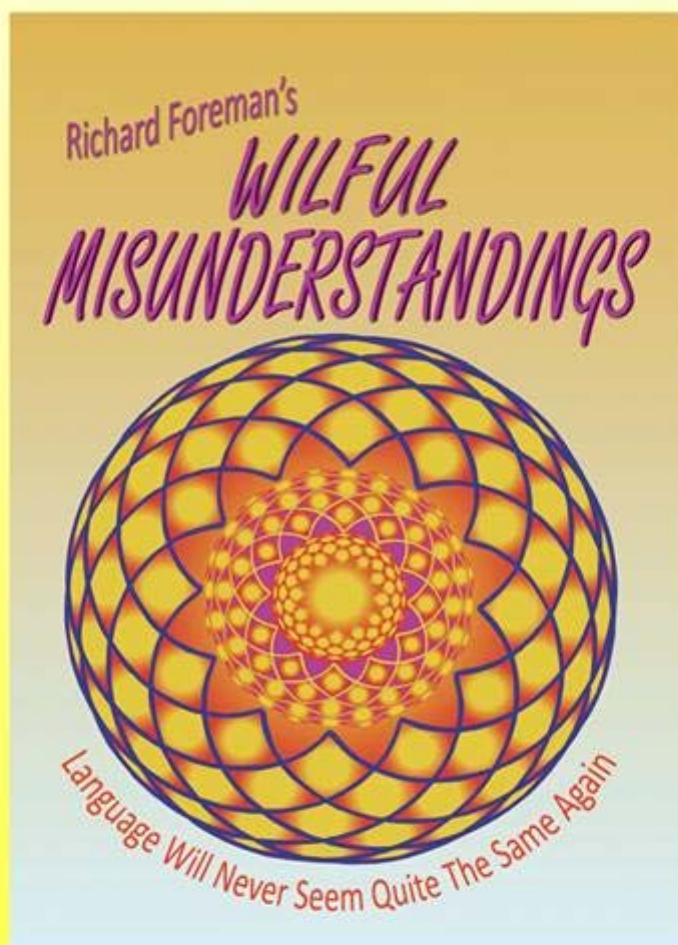
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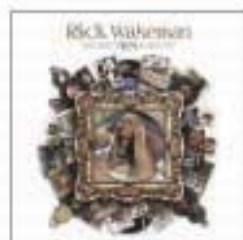
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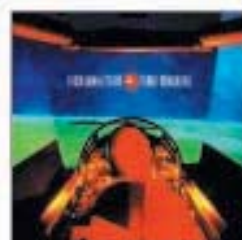
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HFG2013CD



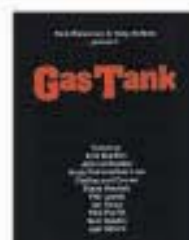
THE STAGE COLLECTION

Recorded live in August 1993 in Buenos Aires
HFG2004CD



TIME MACHINE

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



GASTANK

Double DVD set. Rick's classic 1982 music and chat show
HFG2012DVD



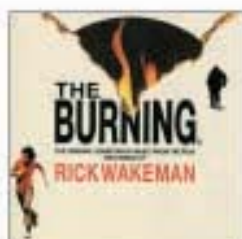
GOLÉ!

Soundtrack album featuring Tony Fernandez and Jackie McAuley
HFG241-CD



COUNTRY AIRS

The original recording, with two new tracks
HFG2014CD



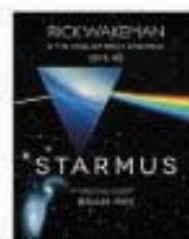
THE BURNING

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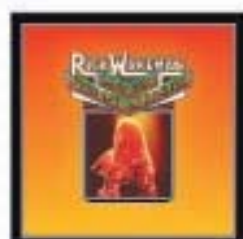
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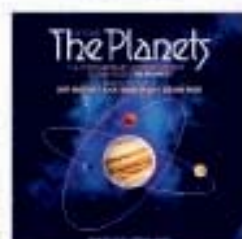
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Nigel Kennedy

Who needs classical
anyway?

**Live, The Royal
Festival Hall,
London 19/5/2018**

Known primarily as a classical music venue, The Festival Hall is now part of The Southbank Complex, which includes The Queen Elizabeth Hall, The Purcel Room and the adjacent Hayward Art Gallery. Opened in 1951 as part of the Festival of Great Britain, the main hall featured an acoustical consultant in the original design team but major updates were needed and occurred in both 1964 and 2007. I've been into the complex many times, and soaked in some stunning exhibitions at the Hayward but never been to a concert/gig. The QEH has a pretty illustrious history with underground/alternative acts over the years and previous performers have included the likes of Nick Drake and Robert Calvert to name but a few. My departed mother regularly went to concerts and recitals

John Brodie-Good

NIGEL KENNEDY

A dramatic photograph of violinist Nigel Kennedy performing in a New York City street at night. He is shown in profile, playing his violin with intense focus. The scene is illuminated by the warm, glowing headlights of a classic yellow taxi cab in the foreground, which is partially visible on the left. The background features tall, dark city buildings, with the iconic Chrysler Building's Art Deco spire rising prominently against a deep blue night sky filled with stars. The overall mood is one of artistic passion and urban atmosphere.

BACH MEETS
KENNEDY
MEETS
GERSHWIN



at the FH so I was quite personally interested to check it out. The few classical concerts I've been to though, I've not usually lasted the course, sleep ensuing before the end. Well, no bass and drums innit? Our 'Nige' is a bit different though. Tonight's programme didn't sound the most exciting but at least a mixture of genres and Mr Kennedy has not disappointed on the previous occasions I've seen him live.

The Southbank Complex is a great spot for a bit of 'free' London. Lots of sofas and chairs about the place, clean loos, fresh air outside by the river when dry,

cheap coffee and food around and abouts. People are encouraged to relax and meet friends here. The other similar place is The Tate Modern. Really comfortable leather sofas are an added bonus there too.

A child violin prodigy from the age of 10, Kennedy started his trade by playing classical but grew up in a world of Hendrix, sex, drugs and all those other good things from the 1970s (he's 62 this year) around him. Recently quoted by the *Daily Telegraph* as using 'ganja' to relax after gigs and for artistic inspiration, he was the wild boy of

classical music. Today, he seems to prefer (or the media seem to confer) a more punk image, his shaggy Mohican assisting I'm sure. His *Four Seasons* is still one of the biggest classical selling albums of all time and his early commercial success gave him the 'freedom' to start pursuing musical directions which were also of personal interest to him. This has included a rock period with electric violin, a while back now (the excellent *Kafta* album, 1996), rock-inspired 'concept' albums (eg Hendrix & The Doors), various jazz periods including Gershwin, the main theme of tonight's gig, and of his latest album release. I get the impression he has become rather frowned upon nowadays by the classical establishment, the more non-core projects he has been involved with. I've certainly seen some snobby comments on hi-fi forums on occasion about him, including recently. He has been also accused of arrogancy by recently stating he would not play with a full orchestra in the UK. It turns out his reason is the opposite, he's said it's his perfectionism in respect of classic pieces, which require him to rehearse with the orchestra at least twice before the performance. Sounds reasonable to me but of course money is the issue. It's 'too expensive' for proper rehearsals in the UK so it's rarely done. Sounds like a kick in the nuts for the establishment to me. I seem to recall FZ complaining of a similar situation in his excellent little book. I think it goes along the lines that UK musician union rules meant the musicians got paid full rate for rehearsals too. Nice one. No income and you have to pay the staff full rate.

So our hero is a bit of a rebel then. He's also a tad annoying. There is

undoubtedly a child-like element to him which is hard not to like though. The 'mockney' accent is pretty thin, and the high-fiving each member of the band after each piece really started to fuck me off but I just drew a deep breath. My other half reminded me that I was doing my crust last time (Bristol, 14 months back) about the same things. He still dresses like a tatty college kid, shitty old 'Aston Villa' top underneath, screaming yellow tacky trainers. I know I said this before, his four musicians had made a bit of effort, why not him? The boy that refuses to grow up still.....

It was a perfect spring London evening; blue skies, 20 plus degrees, hundreds if not thousands of people milling around, chatting, eating, drinking, enjoying the views out over the river and the city beyond. I still managed to find a quiet spot for a couple of quick jazz fags (under the arches of course) and in we went. The main hall seems pretty unique, real retro 50's sci-fi (the building is now listed). We sat in the middle of the stalls, above on the sides were boxes which looked like pulled out office desk drawers. Queeny's was empty though, I think she was supposed to be at a knees up in Windsor. Seats were comfortable, cinema/theatre style with I have to say on reflection, OK leg room. It seats 2500 today and tonight was of course, pretty much a sell out. A wide variety of ages from old to really quite young which was cool.

The sound set-up was fascinating for this evening, and it took me a while to work it out, (assuming I did so correctly in the end anyway). The auditorium is of course sonically geared to acoustic music and voices. The stage for just five



musicians is vast, with a choir gallery above it. There is a smallish line Array PA system up in the gods I noticed, but no obvious subs down on or around the stage. Mind you, low bass reproduction is not what the system here is required for! So, in the centre of the stage they had created their own little world. Screened in on all but the front side, by acoustic clear Perspex sound screens, were the band, with four modern PA monitors inside with them. A grand piano sat on one side, the double bass player stood in the middle at the rear, instrument facing out. A cello player sat on the left, facing across the stage, whilst opposite him, sat two acoustic guitarists, facing back across the stage. NK stood in the middle at the front of this little inner stage, his instruments facing up and out at the 'correct' 45 degrees or so. The cello and guitars were mic'ed up. I also noticed the sound desk guy set up a portable digital recorder just before lights down. I was expecting him to plug a cable from the desk into it but instead he carefully laid it on top of the board, to record direct from air.

I'm guessing the four inner monitors were actually for the performers' use; for a while I guessed they were to amplify things for us too. Towards the end of the evening I became aware that the house PA was starting to pipe through the guitars above us too. NK's violin was heard naturally, the double bass was being heard naturally too. The other three (for a short while later, four) instruments were being sound enhanced in some way therefore. Seemed rather complex and tricky to get right, which I'm personally not sure they did; the guitars and cello needed

to be louder for this rockin' grandad's ears.

At 1930, a very deep, British voice warned us against photography and recording and the house lights went down, leaving the massive stage area bathed in soft blue and pink light. You could have heard a fly fart it was so quiet. A distant sound of a group of voices shouting together, down a tunnel somewhere. We laughed politely and continued to sit in silence. The four musicians filed in from the left, and took their places in their inner sanctum. We waited a bit longer. Finally our lad bounced out with a mug of tea in his hand, to rapturous applause, and joined his little gang. He plonked his tea down stage front and then introduced each player in turn (high-fiving all the way) who played a short melody. Rolf Bussalb (German) and Howard Alden (American) both played acoustic guitars, Alden noted as a star jazz player. On cello a young Englishman, Peter Adams and on double-bass, Yaron Stavi (Israeli) who has serious classical, jazz and rock form. Just before they came on, NK's violin 'roadie' did his thing, carrying three very precious cases onto the stage (I noticed he removed all three during the interval). An electric was placed on the floor, just outside the enclave, to our left, propped against a line of 'guitar effects' type pedals. One of the two 'natural' violins was put on the piano back inside their little camp; he has played Strads and Guarneri's which cost a few bob.

After the boys had played their little pieces NK stepped to the left and picked up his Violectra (custom-made in Birmingham) and lifted his bow. I

hadn't expected any electric, let alone opening with it so I felt myself sitting a bit more forward. Whilst not loud, it was audibly electric and he started slowly, added some echo and pressing some of his other pedals. A sweet, but it turned out short, dose of the real cosmos, nice. He gently put the instrument back down, still with a decaying note, walked back into the centre, picked up a wooden fiddle this time and really began to play. All the whatever's simply just disappear when his hands start to move however, it's just musical magic. The first, not very long, section was 'classical', a bit of Bach. It seems to be the higher notes in particular where the sounds just seem to float and fire across the air, naturally. He can conjure up the most exquisite and delicate musical sounds. I personally have no idea if it's 'any good' in classical terms, I don't know anything about the subject (I've just read the Telegraph classical reviewer thought the Bach wasn't good but the rest was brill!). The Bach piece was followed by a short suite of self-composed, Polish inspired music. It was rather good, the two guitarists were now involved, and whilst the sentiments might have been European, the structure seemed more like jazz, with each player taking solos, albeit the cello player the least. NK's soloing was mostly superbly restrained, with slower playing the rule, rather than more manic up-tempo stuff. His mastery of his instrument seemed laid bare for all to hear. Unsurprisingly, his band mates weren't shabby either. The big bass player delivered some lovely runs throughout, both guitarists were clearly technically brilliant, if a little quiet sadly. I couldn't really hear the

individual notes, it was slightly 'blurred'. NK was clear as a bell throughout thankfully, the hall's natural acoustics doing their thing correctly at last.

At the end of this piece, he said they had stormed through it and had a bit of time in hand. So NK moved over to the piano for the first, Gershwin number. I think he has played piano for many years but I have to say, it ain't his first instrument. I guess a luxury you can afford if you are NK?

After a short interval, we were back seated for the main Gershwin inspired set. Again, I haven't got much George in my album collection, I recognised some songs titles and melodies of course. None were too long and the quintet held us enthralled with their musical prowess, the man himself, a clear cut above when he played though. The infamous NK foot-stomping was also present and correct of course, more so in the second half. It must be a nightmare to record him live with these loud, random thumps, bless him. Sometimes, when he was really flying, so was his right foot. I also thought his inter-song banter wasn't as funny as previously. He is, of course, very intelligent and quick but he seemed to be using rather hackneyed crowd pleasers tonight, with the naughty-boy spirit. But when that bow is up and raised, sheer aural bliss ensues, the rest is just words.

Slightly chaotic ending, the audience semi-leaving in three waves because they thought it had finished, twice! They stayed on stage, brought a third guitarist on and did Hendrix's Little



Wing and then a couple of other short pieces. At the very end, NK slowly walked off stage left, still playing.....

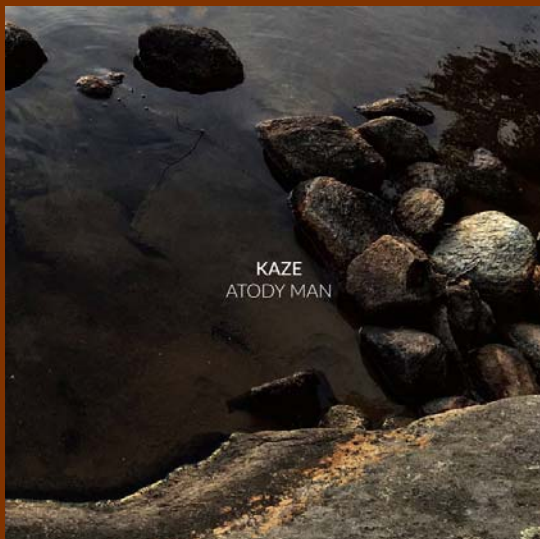
Most of the music I listen to has guitars, keyboards or horns playing the solos. Violins are relatively rare and so can be viewed as a bit of treat. To hear one of the modern masters play, is truly a treat. I plan to see him again for sure.

<https://www.southbankcentre.co.uk>

<https://www.nigelkennedy.co.uk>

KEV'S WORLD

KAZE
ATODY MAN
LIBRA RECORDS



Kaze is a free jazz quartet featuring Japanese pianist Satoko Fujii and trumpeter Natsuki Tamura, French trumpeter Christian Pruvost and drummer Peter Orins. Given that two of them don't speak French, and the other two don't speak Japanese, it is incredible that this collaboration has reached its

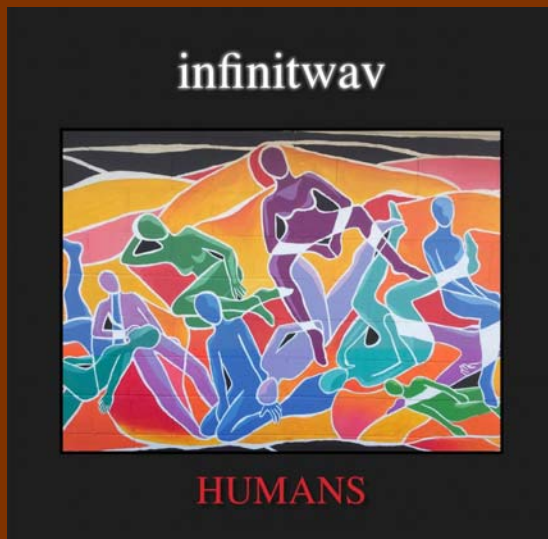
eightth year. The music is incredibly sparse, and quite fractured in many ways. There are times when it all seems in perfect harmony, others when nothing seems to work and instead of four musicians having a quiet conversation with each other through their instruments, they are arguing and in total discord. This improvised music really is at the very boundaries of what should be considered as such, as there are times when the musicians involve do seem to be just making some noise while waiting for the next inspiration to burst through. Satoko sees no reason as to why he should play his instrument in just the musical sense, so is happy to strum the strings directly, while the trumpeters sound at times as if they have never before become across the instrument (in my youth I played trumpet, and those sounds are similar to what I used to produce when I was first starting out). Then there are other moments of perfect clarity, and it all comes together in a way

KEV ROWLAND

that is quite indescribable. This is not for everyone, and I'm not even sure if it's for me, but I am glad that I have heard it as it definitely has enriched my musical palette.

<https://kaze2.bandcamp.com/album/atody-man-if-you-are-feeling-brave>.

**INFINITWAV
HUMANS
INDEPENDENT**

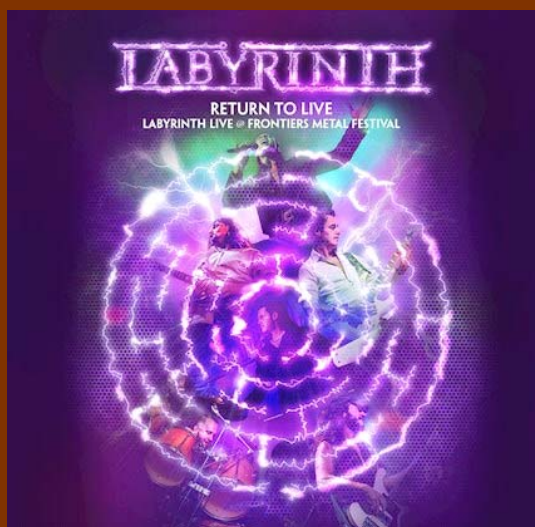


One has to admire Stephen Latin-Kasper, the man behind Infinitwav. Not only is he a solo instrumentalist who he recorded this his debut album over a period of three years, but he wrote the extended story that fills the booklet explaining the rationale behind it, and also made the decision that as he had written it for vinyl then that was the way he was going to release it. I can't remember the last time anyone actually sent me a record to review, but it has to be at least fifteen years! When Stephen first contacted me, he had this to say. "When I started writing the music for 'Humans', my intent wasn't to create a progressive album. And after being influenced by the writing of the story that goes with it, the music morphed. The project turned into a

concept album in a weird organic way that had nothing to do with planning. Upon completion of the last song, and listening to it myself, I honestly didn't know what genre it belonged in. I only started thinking of it as progressive myself after other people who heard it called it that. To me, what I created was simply a fusion of classical, jazz, and rock."

I believe that this is progressive in its truest sense, as opposed to a genre, as if I had to put a tag on this it would be electronic foremost but with lots of other influences. It is certainly unusual for an electronic album to contain as much percussion as this, and while it is never massively overt, it is definitely an important factor of the music. I have found that this is an album that truly does repay the listener who pays attention and has the booklet in front of them to be able to read the story about the different species of the human race (I thoroughly enjoyed how he describes Steve Jobs and Mark Zuckerberg). This album is probably best viewed as a story with music being used to tell it, as it is the two together that make it work. While the album on its own is interesting, it needs the story to take it to the next level, while the same is also true in reverse. I wonder what the next step is for Stephen, as there is the impression that this has been left in a state that it can be viewed as complete, or that there is another chapter to come. But will there be a follow-up? Only time will tell. Some of these songs can be played at www.infinitwav.com, and it is certainly well worth seeking out.

LABYRINTH
RETURN TO LIVE
FRONTIERS



To say that Roberto Tiranti can sing a bit, and that he can hit the high notes, is like saying Lennon and McCartney could write the odd hit. I don't think I've across him before, and haven't been that impressed on hearing a singer for the first time since I came across Brad Delp and thought that there was no-way he could possibly hit the note he was obviously aiming for on "More Than A Feeling" but of course he did. These guys have been through a few line-up changes and musical shifts over the years, with Tiranti himself being in the band on at least four separate occasions, but at the Frontiers Metal Festival in Trezzo Sull'Adda on October 30th, 2016, the renewed line-up featuring founding members Olaf Thorsen and Andrea Cantarelli on guitars, long time singer Tiranti and new faces Nik Mazzucconi (bass), Oleg Smirnoff (keyboards) and John Macaluso (drums) kicked up a storm. Many fans view their 1998 album 'Return To Heaven Denied' to not only be their finest hour but also one of the top power metal albums of all time, and here they played it in its entirety for only the second time ever.

This set has been released as a CD/DVD or Blu-ray set, but I only have the audio to go by, but that is just fine with me, as these guys start as they mean to go on with both guitarists being solid masters of the shred, and Roberto commanding the stage throughout. The other guys all have their part to play of course, with Mazzuconoi in particular making his presence felt, but they are more about providing the backing for the other three to turn it up and crank it out. It is dynamic, it is fast without ever losing the melody, and then there is that voice. If, like me, you haven't come across Labyrinth before this, then this is the perfect introduction: eight minutes of melodic metal that is just superb.

LIONE-CONTI
LIONE-CONTI
FRONTIERS



The rather complicated relationship between Fabio Lione and Alessandro Conti does warrant some explanation, so bear with me for a minute. Alessandro Conti is the singer of the Italian power metal band Trick Or Treat and was also tapped to be the lead singer in Luca Turilli's Rhapsody when the two founding

members of Rhapsody, Luca Turilli and Alex Staropoli decided to part ways and create their own versions of said band. Fabio Leone is the original singer of Rhapsody, who fronted the band's classic albums and he sang for Alex Staropoli's Rhapsody Of Fire, until he decided to re-join Luca Turilli on the very recent Rhapsody world tour. Got that? The concept behind this album was to create an Italian version of Allen/Lande (the studio project featuring legendary metal vocalists Russell Allen and Jorn Lande), and the task fell to Simone Mularoni of DGM (who also provides guitar and bass on the album) to write all the songs. One decision made early on in the process has had a major impact, namely that this was going to be treated as a band so instead of bringing in a cast of thousands, instead the line-up is completed by Marco Lanciotti (drums) and Filippo Martignano (keyboards).

Any fan of the original Rhapsody or the offshoots will have a certain expectation of what the music is going to be like, and they certainly won't be disappointed. Mularoni knows how both these guys sing, and has written and produced an album that plays to their strengths, allowing their voices to blend together when the time is right, or for each of them to take some solo lines. Behind them is powering symphonic metal played with passion and dynamics that belies that this is a studio project as opposed to a band that has been on the road together. It will be interesting to see if this is the only album, or if this becomes a "real" band in their own right. Given the evidence here before me, I certainly hope that it is the latter.

LORD OF PAGATHORN
DAIMONO PHILIA
WOODCUT RECORDS



When I read the press release, check out the band's website, and then refer to the bible that is 'Encyclopaedia Metallum' and still can't work out the band's full biography or even who played on this album with any certainty, then I know I'm in trouble. What I can say with some confidence is that a line-up of this band released a demo in 1994, and singer/bassist/guitarist Corpselord played on both. I am guessing that the other two musicians on this release are Sedit (bass) and Hellwind (drums), and this is only the second full-length album as after the 1994 demo they went on hiatus for some 15 years.

But, even though I'm not sure of their history, or even who they are, but I do know that this is a black metal album of some importance. They are reminiscent of Darkthrone, with the more violent aspects of Burzum, with quite a dose of Mayhem thrown in for good measure. This is bleak and cold music, bringing with it the feeling of snow and pine forests in a bleak wilderness with no heat or life for hundreds of miles. The only thing that really makes one realise that this is an

album of 2018 is the quality of the production, as thankfully they have decided to make it sound as good as they can, as opposed to those who feel that to be authentic their music must sound as if it has been recorded onto cassette using dodgy microphones. Some 24 years since that demo, and four years since their debut album, one can only hope that Lord Of Pagathorn are going to be gracing us with new music in a much shorter timeframe. This is indispensable to any fan of the genre.

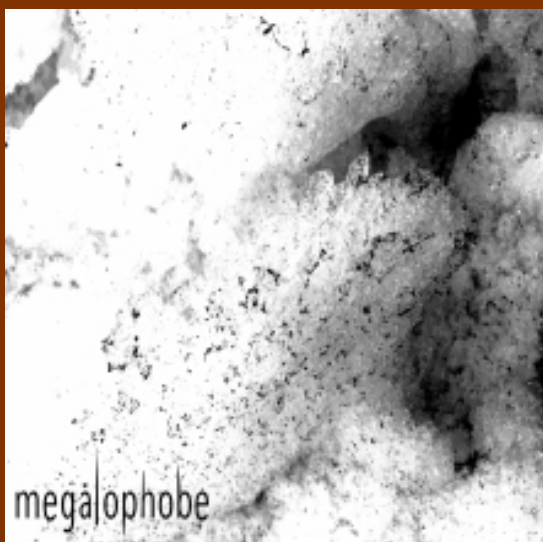
MAGENTA
THE SINGLES:COMPLETE
TIGERMOTH PRODUCTIONS



I've only just come across this double CD set that was released in 2015, but if any release could be said to be the perfect introduction to the band then it just has to be this. 24 songs, with a total running time of more than two hours, this shows exactly why the band have built such a strong reputation since their inception since back in 2001. Although the set is marked as "complete", I don't think that's technically true, but it is still a fine compilation nonetheless. Rob Reed is not only a wonderful multi-instrumentalist but a fine composer, and in long-time guitarist Chris Fry he has built a great relationship, which has allowed them to

work with other musicians to create the perfect backdrop for Christina Booth. Christina is certainly one of the most important female singers of her generation within the prog field, and she is always front and centre of the music, always providing the perfect vocal foil, whether it is a rock number or something more overtly progressive.

Rob had never hidden his love of progressive music of the Seventies, and it clearly shows in Magenta's music, even down to the few covers that are included here. I have heard a few different versions of "Wonderous Stories" over the years, but there is no doubt that the version here is the best to date, but the other cover is the one of great interest to me, namely "Lucky Man". This feels more stripped-down, more acoustic, yet somehow even more layered than the original, so that it comes across as a very different version indeed, but losing none of the power of Greg's original. But, what really shows the depth of the band is the way that these songs don't stand out dramatically above their own material, with numbers such as "Broken" and "Speechless" demonstrating just how diverse the band are, bringing together numerous progressive elements but also driving the bass and guitar to create something that is looking both backwards and forwards at the same time. I've been playing this set a great deal as it is just so easy to fall into the world of Magenta, and if you have yet to investigate why not start now?



MEGALOPHOBE
MEGALOPHOBE
BANDCAMP

On the self-titled debut EP, Megalophobe's Benjamin Levitt weaves a minimalist-yet-expansive spectrum of ambient soundscapes. Otherworldly tranquillity is intermittently met with curious instability, with layers of transformational effects swirling through the mix of accordion, effects, bass, percussion, and more, and more. Levitt delivers nearly twenty-five minutes of intriguing, ambient bliss through four extensive tracks ranging from just over four minutes to nearly nine-and-a-half minutes in length, some of which was captured live on the porch of a remote Catskills cabin, while the rest was created at Levitt's home base of Forked Audio in Brooklyn. The EP's lead track, "A Field Of Wind Turbines In The Foreground," sees Levitt joined by Gridfailure's David Brenner who supplies effects-laden synth, percussion, and Theremin to the song. I wasn't surprised to see that David and Benjamin working together on this, and to discover that they have collaborated together in the past, as they

certainly share similar traits. But, Benjamin's approach isn't as overtly caustic or aggressive as David, and again shares a great deal with the more experimental approached of Can and Art Zoyd. I am finding myself drawn to this style of music more and more these days, as I find it strangely relaxing and thought-provoking, although I am sure that many people would just run screaming, as they will feel that this isn't music at all. This may never gain a huge audience, but for those of us who have always enjoyed spilling blood on the cutting edge of the genre then there is a great deal here to enjoy.

<https://megalophobe.bandcamp.com>



THE COMPLETE GOSPELS

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

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



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

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

Special Limited Edition Boxset containing

Signed by Rick Wakeman and numbered certificate.

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

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

Reproduction A4 x 12 page concert program.

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

This is Rick and Orchestra at their finest !!!



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Asante sana (thank you very much),

David Banks
Director, Africa Region
The Nature Conservancy

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



THE SCIENTIFIC INVESTIGATION OF THE UNEXPLAINED

PHENOMENA

MAGAZINE

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& THROUGHOUT THE UNITED KINGDOM



FREE!



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

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

**NOOO...! OH NOOOO!
THERE'S A WOMAN IN
BATTLEFIELD V!**

I admit it; there are days when I despair at the knee-jerk political correctness lobby. I despair because, I'm all for political correctness. I want there to be

universal equality. I want us to be better than our prejudices, to evolve and grow, and not go backwards.

In short... I'm on your side, but you don't half make it difficult sometimes. I've had moments where I've stopped and gone... "Wait, are we the baddies?"

Political correctness sometimes needs to be wielded sparingly, subtly, almost invisibly, because you don't want to give the other side anything to rail against until it's too late. If you give equivalent weight to everything, then the big stuff is diminished. You reinforce the arguments of the opposition.

We have to choose our battles more wisely, fight the ones that matter, the ones that need to be fought, and let some of the smaller stuff slide. Annoying I know, but, well... FFS.

If you don't, it just looks as if you're too caught up in your own crusading to see the bigger picture. You cannot force a change to centuries of established patriarchal convention - you have to do it in a way that the gammons almost don't notice. Otherwise, you get the world we're currently living in. Compress a spring all the way, and it bounces back with even more force.

Like, years ago, when I was at school, we had a substitute English teacher for a day. We'd had him before, and he was one of those teachers who we all sort of knew was a pushover. Weirdly, he was an actor on the side, and I later saw him crop up in episodes of Cats Eyes and Doctor Who (he played "Dad" in The Greatest Show In The Galaxy).

WORDS FROM THE WEARD



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

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

The summer of 1991 was dotted with festivals for Steve Harley and Manfred along with a few odd shows with Donovan. I was jumping backwards and forwards between the UK, Scandinavia and mainland Europe. In the period after parting with Andrea I had been seeing a lot of Saskia, the woman I met in the *Fabrik* in Hamburg a couple of years ago. We had always tried to meet up whenever I had a gig in Hamburg, and what was a platonic friendship, had blossomed into something a lot stronger. We took a couple of weeks and went off to drive around England in my battered series one BMW. It was sort of like doing a tour without actually doing any gigs. We went to Liverpool and called in on my old friend and long time *Wooden Lion/Dogwatch/Last Post* roadie, Steve Wollington, who was looking after all of the instruments for the touring version of 'The Buddy Holly Story'. That summer we drove all over the UK, up to Scotland and over to Ireland when my BMW blew up as we entered Dublin, spewing oil all around. Luckily I had full RAC cover because I sometimes used the car on tour, and so I was able to get it recovered to London for repair.

The following year I set out on tour with *Sniff 'n The Tears*. I knew the name, but not the music and I had somehow got the impression that they were some sort of 'Disco' type outfit. I was pleasantly surprised to find they were not - in fact they were an excellent band. Paul Roberts, who was the lead vocalist and major songwriter had a vast back catalogue of great albums although they only had one hit, 'Driver's Seat' some years before. *Panasonic* had used this song on an advert for a car stereo and an opportunist record label had re-released it as a single again. It went back into the charts and the band went out on tour. Unfortunately the success of the single was not reflected in the number attending the gigs, and although we did some great shows there were not a lot of people there to see them. At the Bad Salzufen gig, the one I had done so many times before with Roger Chapman and Steve Harley among



Roy
Weard

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others, there was the strange spectacle of the promoter apologising to Paul for the small audience, and Paul apologising back for not pulling enough people. Those who did go saw some great gigs though.

The band featured Les Davidson on guitar and vocals, Jeremy Meek on bass, Steve Jackson on drums, and Andy Giddings on keyboards.

We rolled into Cologne to play *The Live Music Hall* on the 12th February 1992. This was a great aircraft hanger of a gig – for small aircraft. All through the tour Sniff's backline guy had been waffling on about PA systems and how good Turbosound rigs were. I had not had many good experiences with them myself and was prone to saying, 'Plastic speakers in blue cardboard boxes,' to him, just to shut him up.

When we walked into the hall there were two stacks of blue Turbosound speakers, one each side of the stage.

'Oh look. Turbosound. Your favourite PA,' he shouted at me.

A tall thin man came over and said:

'Ah so you like my PA then?'

I repeated the 'Plastic speakers in blue cardboard boxes' quip at which he looked a bit crestfallen. The guy turned out to be the owner of the system and was based in Wuppertal. His name was Frank Trazkowski and we were later to become very good friends. First, however, I had to wind him up about his system. He was a very serious person, especially when working

with the PA so winding him up was not too hard.

We actually had a really good gig that night and there were quite a few people there. When we had packed down and were heading to the bus to go I walked over to Frank to say goodbye. I took a few paces away and then turned back and said, 'Actually this is the best sound I have ever had from a Turbosound rig. It sounded really good – but don't tell anyone.'

As I walked to the bus Frank ran after me and said:

'Give me your number and come and do some shows for me.'

So I did. And that started something.

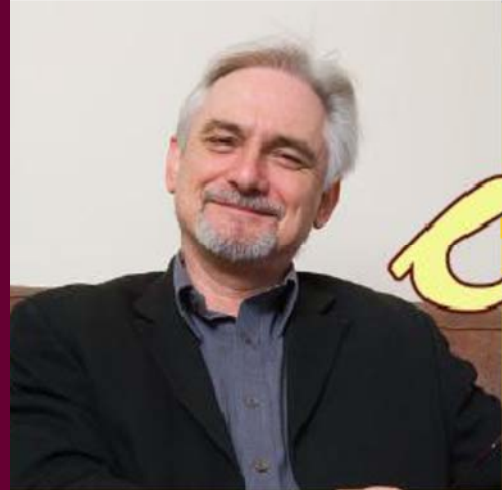
One thing I recalled, looking back at my photo album from this tour, was that Steve, the drummer, always managed to look really sad on every photo. It was a good tour though.



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



**CURRENTLY IN STOCK
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c.j.stone

OFF THE GRAILS

I've just got back from seeing the "Our Lives" exhibition at the Fishslab Gallery in Whitstable, where I was shown around by the inimitable Kate Adams, co-organisier and

caseworker for Kent Refugee Help.

For those of you who weren't able to see it, it was an exhibition of paintings by foreign



national prisoners and ex-prisoners, taken from a variety of sources. The exhibition was on display from the 1st to the 7th of May, and was opened by our MP, Rosie Duffield.

Amongst the artists were Nasrin Parvez, a political exile who spent many years in prison in Iran for campaigning for women's rights, and Everal Hall, a member of the Windrush generation.

Other artists included Kadour Milnyali, an Algerian exile with indefinite leave to remain in the UK, and Abdul Haroun, a Sudanese refugee, most famous for the fact that he walked 31 miles through the Channel Tunnel, risking his life, before he was finally caught just half a mile from the exit in Folkestone.

Also amongst the exhibits were a number of poems, including one by Nazanin Zaghari-Ratcliffe, the Iranian woman with dual nationality currently held in prison in Iran, supposedly for plotting against the Iranian regime.

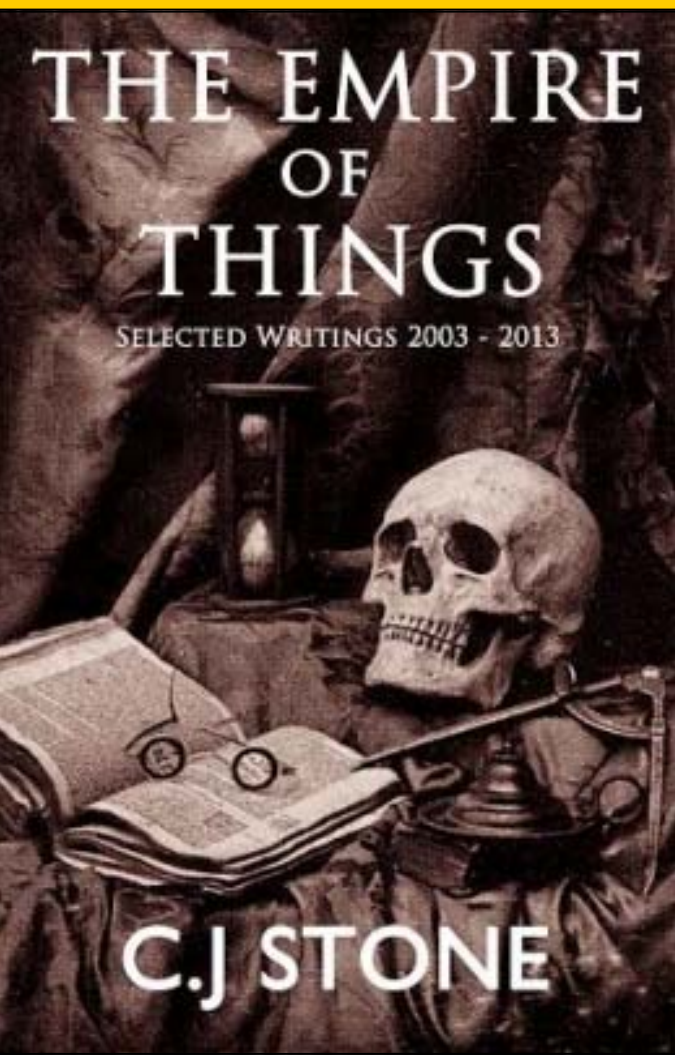
Here it is, in its entirety:

Autumn Light

The diagonal light falling on my bed
Tells me that there is another autumn on the way
Without you
A child turned three
Without us
The bars of the prison grew around us
So unjustly and fearlessly
And we left our dreams behind them
We walked on the stairs that led to captivity
Our night time stories remained unfinished
And lost in the silence of the night
Nothing is the same here
And without you even fennel tea loses its odour.

Nazanin Zaghari-Ratcliffe

Read on



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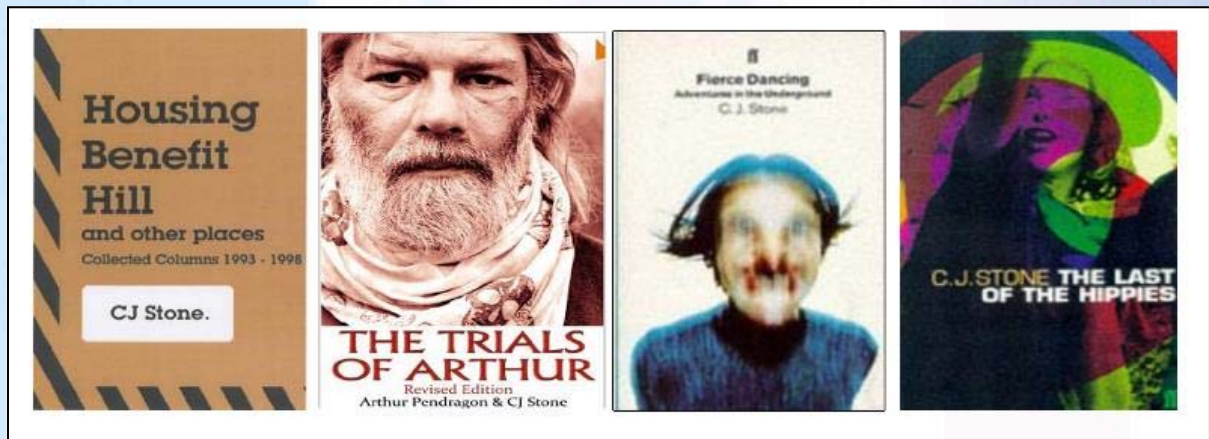
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Independent on Sunday



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

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Fierce Dancing:

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

The Last of the Hippies:

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OTHER BOOKS BY
C.J.STONE



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Greetings space travellers!

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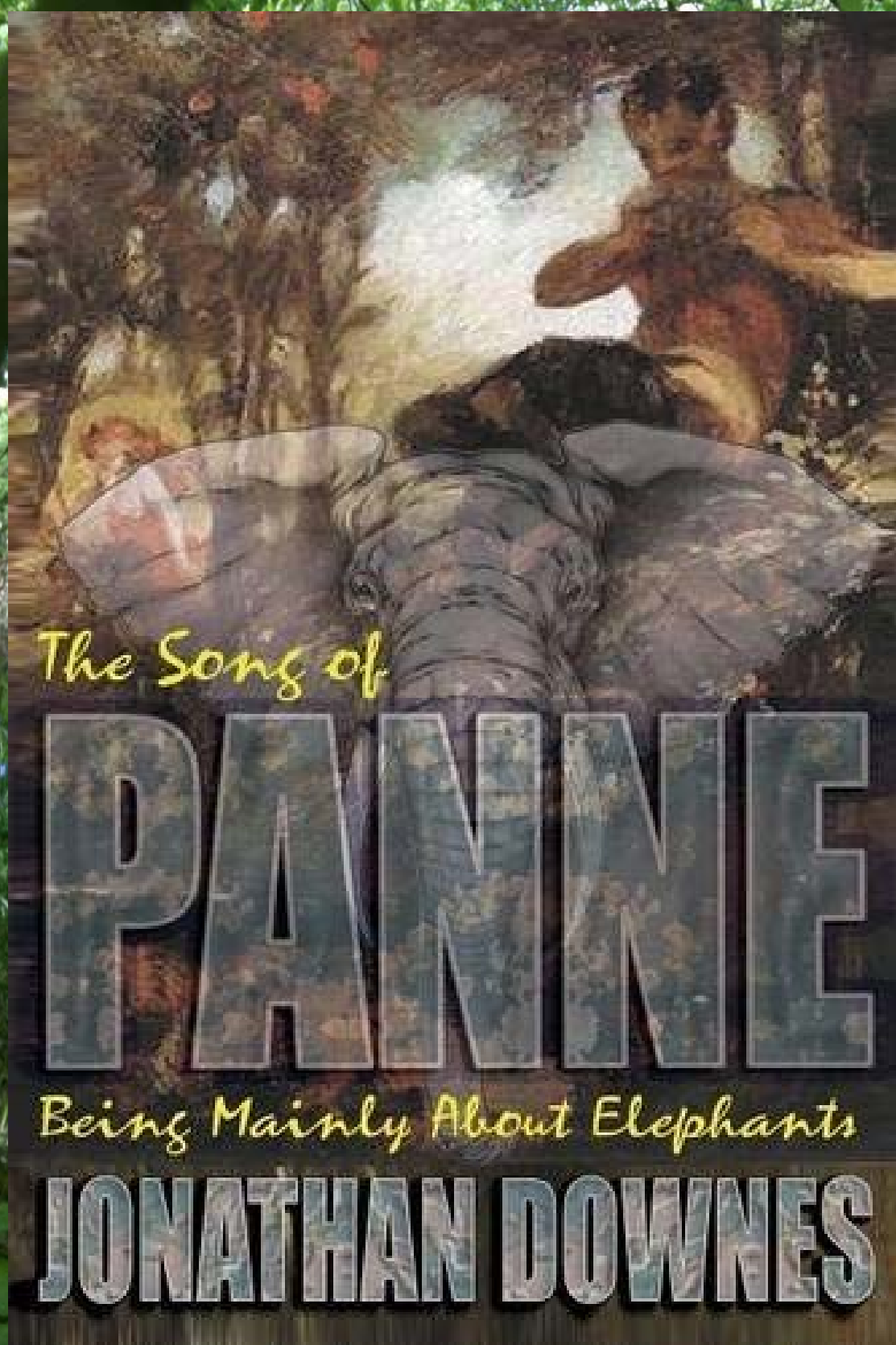
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The Song of

PANNE

Being Mainly About Elephants

JONATHAN DOWNES

The Wild Colonial Boy

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

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

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

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

William (except he wasn't actually called William yet) was a crested mynah (the contemporary spelling seems to be mina, but I am stuck in my ways, and much prefer the old spelling). It is a species of starling which is native to southeastern China and Indochina. Interestingly, in the last decade of the 19th century, the species was introduced to the Canadian city of Vancouver, from where it spread across quite a large swathe of the continent, although it has now become extirpated. They are inquisitive, and intelligent, birds who naturally live in open country rather than forest, and can be seen quite widely in semi-urbanised parkland, as well as grass and scrubland.

Jim Wakeford presented him to me, still residing inside his sunhat, and with a gruff voice he told me that here was another exhibit for my zoo. I don't think that he had cleared this beforehand with either of my parents, both of whom looked less than impressed with the idea.

Jim Wakeford was a very tall man; from memory, a few centimetres short of seven foot in height, and I believe - from what my mother told me subsequently - that he had spent the years of the Second World



War as a naval officer on board various submarines. I always wondered how he had managed to get in and out of such cramped quarters, and had a delightful mental picture (which stays with me still) of them having to use the same sort of weird tin opener contraption that - to this day - is used on most cans of corned beef. I am sure that this was not the case, but the concept amuses me still.

I don't think that Mr Wakeford's height had any bearing on the matter, but, my parents came from a social background, where one did not criticise another adult in front of children (who were mostly required to be 'seen but not heard') and so they were faced with a fait accompli, and William was to live with us for the next three years.

Luckily for him, our picnic lunch, which had been so rudely interrupted, included tomatoes, bananas and hardboiled eggs,

and I had enough knowledge of such things to be aware that from these humble ingredients, I would be able to make a delicious repast for the young Sturnid. I cut one of the hardboiled eggs in two, and mashed it up with the banana, before adding a few pieces of finely cut tomato. Then, using a technique which I had honed over the past few months, and which I still practice occasionally today, I sat cross-legged on the deck (something that I have not been able to do for nearly half a century), plonked Jim Wakeford's hat on my knee, firmly but gently held the bad tempered little bird, and gently squeezed the base of its bill between thumb and forefinger. The little mynah was forced to open its beak, and - using the index finger of my right hand - I pushed a mouthful of the unappetizing-looking splodge into its beak. It swallowed it with every sign of pleasure, and after doing another couple of times, the small bird got the idea that I was



its new 'mother' and gaped for me obediently. Giving it water was more problematical. These days, I would use a syringe, but - although I had such a thing back at Peak Mansions - I didn't have one on the boat. But, I did have a teaspoon, and William drank several spoonfuls of fresh water, before having an enormous bowel evacuation and going to sleep. Looking at William's droppings, I was pleased to see that there was no visible blood and that he seemed healthy. And, although I knew even then that as a 'rule of thumb', most baby birds do not survive, I had decided that as an axion, if one of my feathered charges survived the first night, then it was likely to have a much better chance of surviving in the long term.

We took William home at the end of the day (still in Jim Wakeford's hat) and installed him in a sizeable bamboo bird cage that I had kicking around. Because the apartment was demesne of Augustus the Siamese cat, the only place that was safe to put William was the conservatory, which was already home to several other rescued birds, a pair of blue budgerigars, and a fat, unattractive white mouse. That night, as I said my prayers, I included William in them, and the Great God Pan must have

been listening, because the next day, when I awoke and went rushing to the conservatory, he was sitting up (still in Jim Wakeford's hat) demanding his breakfast. From various books by Gerald Durrell, I had gleaned the information that cod liver oil and Abidec multivitamin drops were very useful in bolstering up the constitution of orphaned young fledglings, and, I always had them in my store cupboard. Bolstered with such useful supplements, the bird became larger, stronger, and more vociferous, and before long, was a family favourite. Even my bad tempered father, who normally did his best to ignore my burgeoning menagerie, used to come and talk to William, and was even seen surreptitiously feeding him on occasion.

The origin of his name is lost in the mists of time. Indeed, it was lost only a week or so after he was named, because I thought that I had named him William after my friend William Topley (not the country and western singer) who lived with his family in an apartment elsewhere in Peak Mansions. It had been William who had brought me the tiny Zosterops, which had kick started my collection of rescued wild birds, and I was sure that I had named the mynah after him in appreciation of this.

My father insisted that he had (sarcastically) named him William, or more exactly "Sweet William", because his cage was so odoriferous. For those of you not aware, the original "Sweet William", was Prince William Augustus, Duke of Cumberland, who is best remembered for his role of putting down the Jacobite rebellion at the battle of Culloden in 1746, after which he became a popular hero across much of Britain. However, he was no revered by everyone; his opponents referring to him as 'Butcher' Cumberland. As I was writing this part of the book, one of the Queen's grandsons got married. As a result, it was a matter of Royal precedent that he would be granted the title of one of the Royal Dukedoms. However, there are only a certain number of these, and, for those of us aware of such things, there

were very good reasons why many of these could not have been granted to Prince Harry. One of the most contentious of these would have been 'Duke of Cumberland', because - in a United Kingdom struggling to remain United - the idea of naming a high profile member of the Royal family after the bloke who was most famous for having massacred thousands of Scottish peasants in a most brutal fashion, would have been undiplomatic to say the least. The possibility amused me in a malicious sort of way, but - luckily, although slightly disappointingly - somebody involved with the decision making process had both some knowledge of the lessons of history, and common sense; two things which are sadly absent from the CVs of many of the ruling classes and politicians of contemporary Britain.

But I digress, as I so often do. William soon became the tamest of any bird that I have kept before, or since. As soon as one opened his cage, he would hop out onto your finger and sit with his head pointing skywards demanding to be scratched under his chin. Even as an adult, he would occasionally come up to you and gape like a fledgling, which presumably was the bird equivalent of the way that adult cats will come up to their owners, turn around, stick their tails in the air and display their bottoms as if they were kittens allowing the



mother cat to check for the presence of tapeworms; a mildly revolting but also touching display of familial submission.

One sunny day, however, disaster struck. I had put his bamboo cage on the broad windowsill of the conservatory so he could bask in the sun; something which he had always enjoyed. The window was open, and an inopportune gust of wind blew the cage over, the clips which secured the top to the base broke, and the cage fell apart. William, who by this time was pretty well fully fledged, flew into the blue yonder. We were all devastated, because the little bird had become a much loved member of the family. I never expected that I would see him again, but the next morning when I went into the conservatory to feed the other birds, he was there at the window, pecking at the glass to be allowed in. Seldom have I been so happy, and - even now, half a century later - my memory of my relief is palpable.

NEWS FROM THE POTTING SHED

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

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

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

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

www.martinspringett.com/

<https://spacewreckrecords.bandcamp.com>

THE GARDENING CLUB

OR WHAT'S FOR TEA?



MARTIN SPRINGETT

SPACE
WEEK



THE GARDENING CLUB



Illustration by Martin Springett



Thom the World Poet

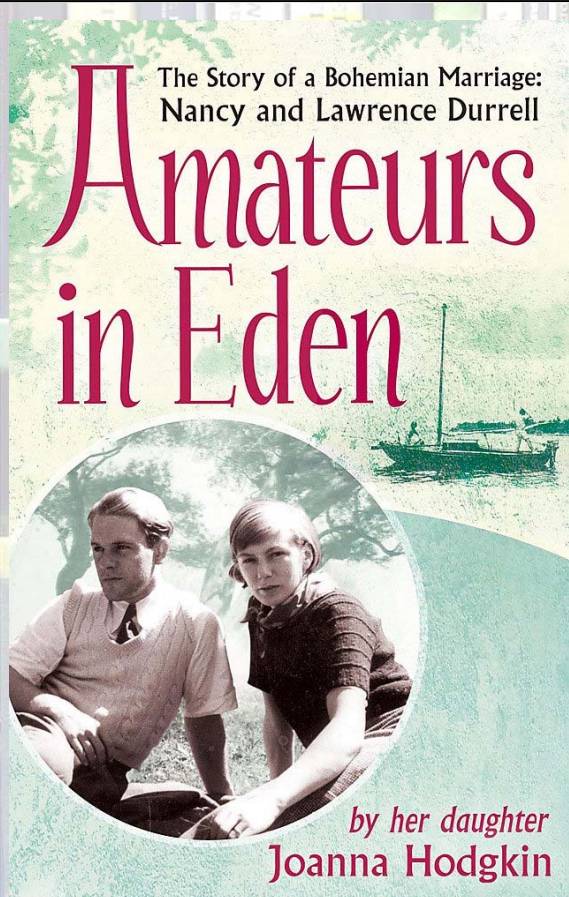
Rob Ayling writes:

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

THE BOOK OF BECAUSE

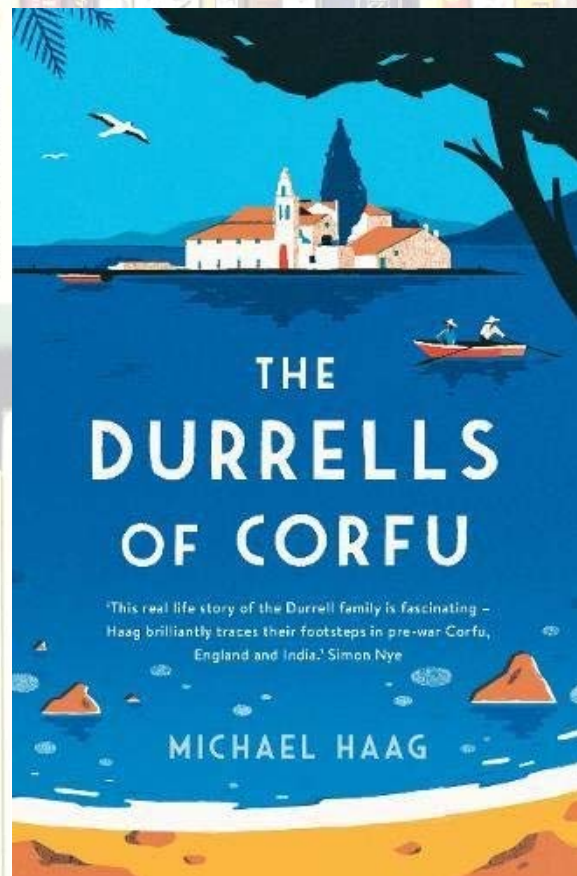
We start with a model-say geocentric to heliocentric
Evidence allows us to sharpen and focus that model/
to postulate and make hypotheses until we hit a BLACK SWAN(counter-data)(Schrodinger's Cat(s)
Like the sign WORK WILL SET YOU FREE!over the entrance to a concentration camp
George Orwell in 1984 and ANIMAL FARM caught these nuances-and his model was Stalinism
We live in an age of Counter-Data and False Data/Hackers and Trolls.
Elections are won and lost on false beliefs and sustained prejudices
How can we expect A.I robots to function ethically /when we do not?
Bayesian Networks and Turing Prizes aside,self-driving cars still kill.
Proceed from 'Uncertainty"to "Cause and Effect"and then to "Personal Responsibility"
Evolutionary leaps like this will restore philosophy to the syllabus.
Codification and expression of such verbalizing may restore rhetoric and declamation.
The politics of co-operative"Group Mind"/Hive Mind exercises means more than De Bono-
more than PO thinking or colored hat emotional responses.A.I is a servant,not a master.
It can be programmed.And therein lies all our contemporary ethical dilemmas..
As Plato said"Which is to be Master?"

Yer Gonzo Bookshelf



- Paperback: 352 pages
- Publisher: Virago; Reprint edition (1 Feb. 2013)
- Language: English
- ISBN-10: 1844087948

As I think I have noted in these pages on several occasions, both for me - and the other regular contributors - this magazine functions as almost a sort of cultural diary. In it, the contributors and I chronicle the music we listen to, the bands we go to see, the philosophical and cultural issues which concern us at the moment of writing, and - in the case of this column - the books which we, and clearly I, read.



- Paperback: 224 pages
- Publisher: Profile Books; Main edition (20 April 2017)
- Language: English
- ISBN-10: 1781257884

Regular readers will remember that last week, I wrote about the fourth series of ITV drama *The Durrells*, which concluded on British terrestrial television earlier this month. And, as a lifelong devotee of conservationist Gerald Durrell and his writing, I discussed the philosophical and cultural implications of this new comedy-drama based on his early life, together with his madcap family on the Ionian Island of Corfu, between 1934 and 1939. I have been collecting books by, and about,

the Durrell family for many years, and was surprised - although not particularly shocked - to find, when reading Douglas Botting's biography of Gerald nearly twenty years ago, quite how fictionalised the 'Corfu Trilogy' actually was.

Public interest about the family is high at the moment as a result of the series, and - caught up in the media-fueled stream of enthusiasm - I bought a copy of the first of these books, for my Kindle E-Reader, and sat down to read it with great enthusiasm.

Gerry's description of the four years in Corfu insinuated that elder brother Larry (highly regarded novelist, Lawrence Durrell 1912-1990) had lived with the rest of his family at this time. Actually, nothing could be further from the truth. Although he, and his wife Nancy (who is completely written out of the story lived with the family for two relatively short stints of time, for the rest of the time, they lived by themselves elsewhere on the island, where they alienated and angered a large proportion of the local population by what they saw as their dissolute and drunken behaviour. In pre-war Greece, a bunch of bohemian artists swimming naked and pissing it up the wall, was not seen as respectable or Godly behaviour (or anywhere else for that matter). And some of the time, Larry and Nancy weren't even in Greece. They spent two protracted periods in Paris and London, in the company of such artist luminaries as T.S.Elliot, Henry Miller, and Anais Nin. Whilst the accounts of how Larry and Nancy (Nancy being the mother of the author by her second marriage) in Greece do - indeed - read like a fairly idyllic sojourn, the accounts of the couple's time in Paris, where Larry wanted to take, what he saw as his rightful place with the great and the good of contemporary letters, read like a complete nightmare. Larry comes over as a needy, selfish,

dickhead.

I knew practically nothing about Nancy before reading this book, and her daughter's account of a childhood brought up in the knowledge that her family had slid dramatically down the social ladder from where they should have been, followed by an adolescence at a harsh and unfeeling educational establishment, and student years spent drinking and not getting laid at art school, resonated with my own personal experience far more than I like to admit, and - when one studies the childhoods of both Nancy and Larry, one gleams a far greater understanding of what happens to them during their adult relationships and - indeed - afterwards.

One ends up feeling sorry for both of them, but particularly Nancy. Her upbringing, and younger life, were far less congenial than those of Larry, but his background of a family history of mental illness and alcoholism can explain, if not excuse, the way that he behaves towards his first wife (and one suspects, his other three wives). My family background also includes mental illness and alcoholism, and I was a bit of a prick towards my first wife, but never tried to alienate her and 'ringfence' her from the society of our peers. From the few examples of her work which has survived, it was clear that she was a very talented artist, both as a painter and as a sculptor (her work in clay depicting hers and Larry's daughter Penelope being particularly poignant).

However, those of us who read the book primarily trying to find out more details of the Durrell family's four years in Corfu, will be (or should that read, will have been) a little disappointed, because whilst there are a few vignettes laid forth for our delectation, they are few and far between; the meat and potatoes of this book - despite the title - not really taking place on the island. However, it was the time spent

on the island that defined both of them (and, indeed, Larry's siblings) and he would not have become the writer that he was without them.

The second half of the book tells the story of their exciting escape from Greece in the teeth of the Italian invasion, and their subsequent adventures in Egypt. Whilst not appearing to have behaved quite as badly towards her as he did in Paris, Larry's attitude towards Nancy and their young daughter Penelope still left a lot to be desired, and - with the benefit of third person hindsight - it is easy to see why she decided to leave him.

Her life and adventures in the British controlled Mandate of Palestine are also very interesting, especially if - like me - you have read quite widely about the years before Israel became Israel, and the vast injustices that were laid out upon the region by the Balfour Declaration. The book ends sadly, because Nancy was obviously scarred by her life, and went on to die of cancer; the majority of the information in this book having been gleamed from tape recordings made by her second husband during her final illness. Penelope also dies in the book, after succumbing to Alzheimers.

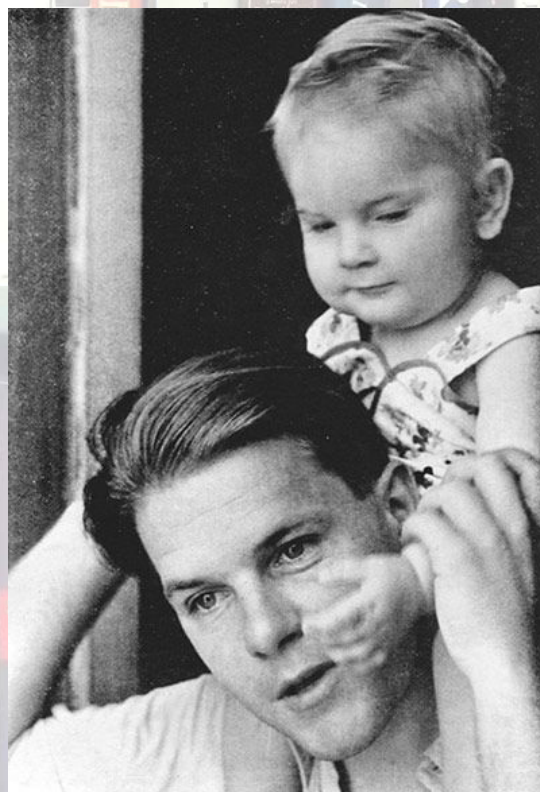
But it left me wanting more, so - having read some of the online reviews of it - I revisited Haag's book after reading a slew of book reviews which poured scorn and derision upon it. I first read this about a year ago (according to Goodreads, a year and a day before I read it this year) and I remember not being particularly impressed with it. However, having read more of the source material in the intervening time, I have to admit that I am even less impressed with it now.

Whilst it gives the bare bones of what happened, and establishes a chronology that was not widely available before, I

found that most of the bits that I hadn't read before had actually been gleamed from Joanna Hodgekin's book, and the writer had no success, if he was trying to get inside the emotional mindset of his subject. However, the claims by people who knew them that they were - far from being the universally loved visitors to the island portrayed in Gerry's books - disliked, despised and reviled by the locals, does - I'm afraid - ring true to a certain extent. However, my experience in life is that there are no blacks and whites in life, just a million shades of colour in between, and that, like Oscar Wilde said, the truth is never pure, and seldom simple (or is it the other way around?).

I am still on my Durrell trip, as we speak, and I shall not be at all surprised if they turn up again in these pages over the next few weeks, until my current enthusiasm for the subject runs dry.

Kalimera!





ROCK and ROLL

a cabinet of curiosities

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

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

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

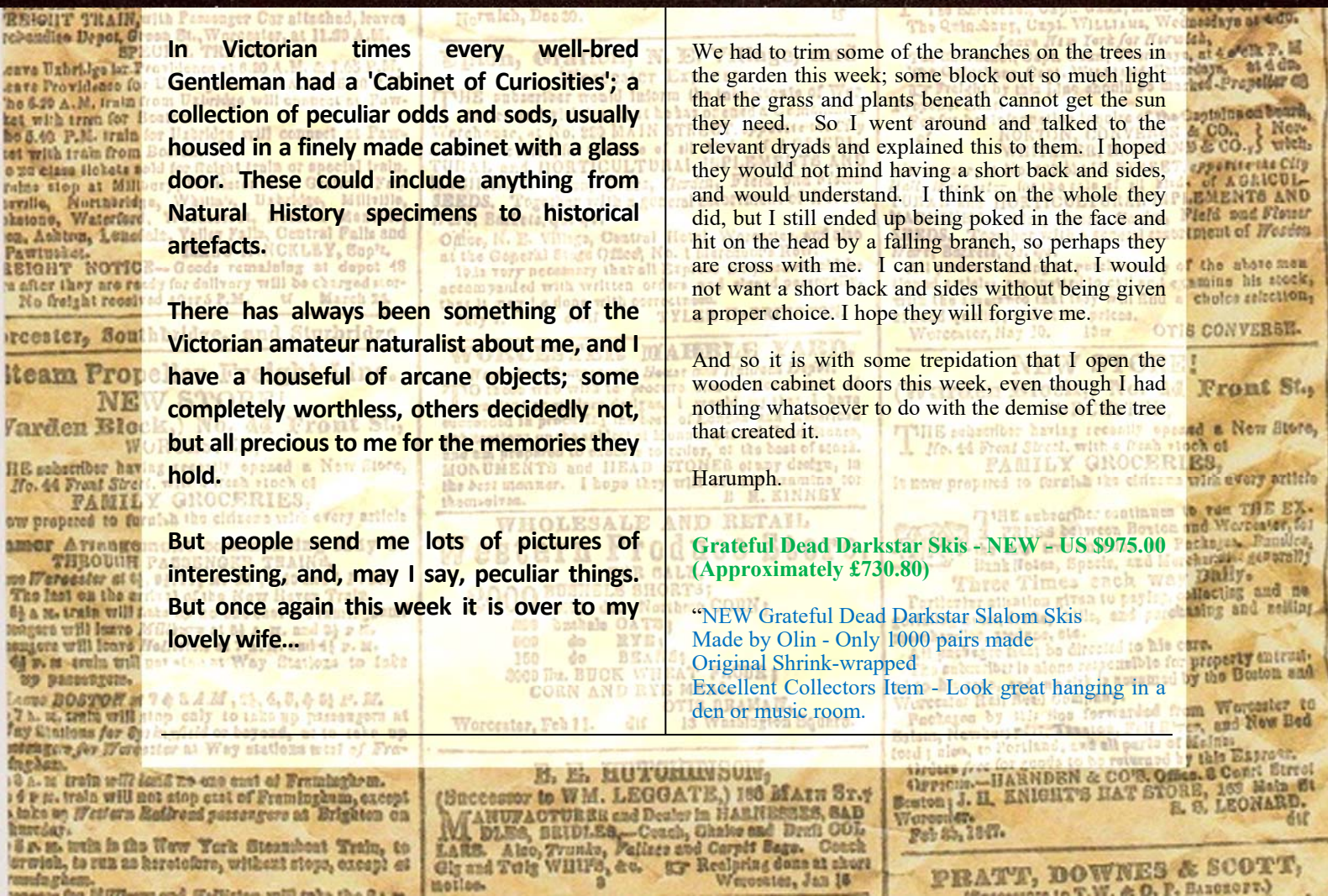
We had to trim some of the branches of the trees in the garden this week; some block out so much light that the grass and plants beneath cannot get the sun they need. So I went around and talked to the relevant dryads and explained this to them. I hoped they would not mind having a short back and sides, and would understand. I think on the whole they did, but I still ended up being poked in the face and hit on the head by a falling branch, so perhaps they are cross with me. I can understand that. I would not want a short back and sides without being given a proper choice. I hope they will forgive me.

And so it is with some trepidation that I open the wooden cabinet doors this week, even though I had nothing whatsoever to do with the demise of the tree that created it.

Harumph.

Grateful Dead Darkstar Skis - NEW - US \$975.00 (Approximately £730.80)

“NEW Grateful Dead Darkstar Slalom Skis
Made by Olin - Only 1000 pairs made
Original Shrink-wrapped
Excellent Collectors Item - Look great hanging in a den or music room.



THE BITCH IS BACK

#523 / 1000 (Size 200cm)"



There is more Grateful Dead merchandise around than one would think it seems, but theirs is one of those more aesthetically pleasing, although this one is more on the peculiar side. Who would have thought of skis? Well someone did, and—I suppose—that is fair enough.

AWESOME SELENA QUINTANILLA BOX/LOT LIMITED EDITION COLLECTORS' CUPS! SOLD OUT! - US \$1,100.00 (Approximately £824.49)



"Comes with box, 15 sets, promotional poster and 15 promotional magazines!!"

I have no idea who this person is, but find it peculiar that someone would want to buy a job lot of 15 cups for nearly a grand.

GOLD BRICK FROM THE ESTATE OF ELVIS PRESLEY BEVERLY HILLS ESTATE - US \$1,000.00 (Approximately £749.54)



"ELVIS PRESLEY GOLD BRICK FROM BEVERLY HILLS ESTATE #293. ELVIS PRESLEY. FROM THE BEVERLY HILLS ESTATE OF. GOLD BRICK."

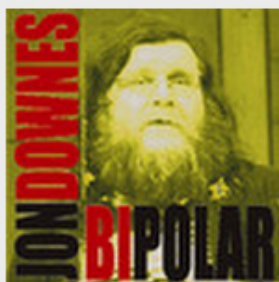
Just another brick and all that.

Opened Rare Skullpop Poptones Ramones - US \$1,000.00 (Approximately £749.54)

"NEW OPENED **VERY RARE** SKULLPOP POPTONES *RAMONES* 3" inch Figurine MARQUEE POPTONE (TOMMY RAMONE) NO

SHAMELESS SELF PROMOTION TIME

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



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

This subscriber, by appointment from the Commission
of Patents, in pursuance of the U. S. Patent Acts for re-
ceiving and forwarding to the said Comptroller, inventors or
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the necessary Papers and Drawings; will make references
into American and foreign works, to the valid patents
therein, and render advice to legal and scientific persons

"You're true John Lennon, Beatles or not
 or and it's a great price!"
 garden gnome granted, but I am
 ant one of these to be honest.
Michael Jackson's impossible
 have described in detail how
 n achieved biomechanically
 moves in his music video Smooth
 e, Michael leans from the ankle at
 , while keeping his body straight
 and colleagues from the
 tute of Medical Education and
 digarh, India, say in the Journal of
 ine: "Most trained dancers with
 ill will reach a maximum of 25 to
 ward bending while performing
 pulled off a gravity-defying 45
 eems unearthly to any witness."
 extra degrees of tilt thanks to some
 a the bottom of each heel of his
 a strong nail or "hitch member"
 und, allowing the dancer to pivot
 forward, for the gravity-defying

send, also, to Portland, and all parts of Maine.
 Orders for goods to be returned by this Express.
 Office—HARNDEN & CO'S Office, 8 Court Street.
 Boston J. H. KNIGHT'S HAT STORE, 165 Main St.
 Worcester. E. S. LEONARD.
 Feb 25, 1877.

PRATT, DOWNE & SCOTT,
 (W. & C. F. BARNES.)

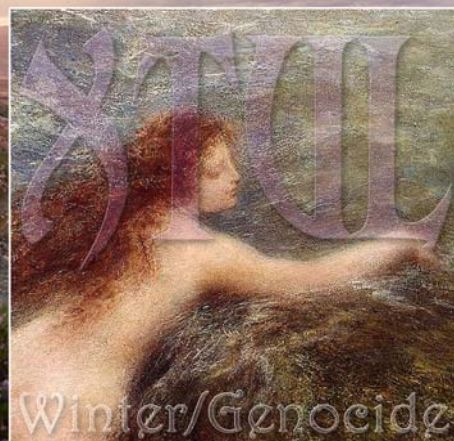


Stray into the woods and forests and you will enter into another world; a world of creatures that live by their own rules, protect their own kind with fierceness, and view all strangers who venture under the protective boughs with deep suspicion. Tread the forest floor with care, for this is also the 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.

WYRD
music

MIKE DAVIS

HOW CAN I TELL YOU?



Available from iTunes, Amazon etc

Prior to the patented footwear invention, Michael had relied on supporting cables and a harness around his waist to create the illusion.

"Several MJ fans, including the authors, have tried to copy this move and failed, often injuring themselves in their endeavours," they caution.

Dr Tripathi said: "The chances of injury to the ankle are significant. You need strong core muscles and good support around the ankle. It's not a simple trick."

Sooooo that's how he did it. Interesting. Read the rest of it [here](#)

EXTREMELY RARE Beatles Artist Mache Masks ? Venezia 07 Paul, George, John, Ringo - US \$895.00 (Approximately £670.84)



"I found these extremely rare Beatles masks of all four members of the Beatles,

- (1) John Lennon
- (2) Paul McCartney
- (3) George Harrison
- (4) Ringo Starr

they appear to be custom artist inspired paper mache masks of some sort, All masks say VENEZIA 07 and have a signature of the artist on every mask, I am afraid some masks have a bit of damage around the edges,"

Want to scare the trick or treaters this coming Hallowe'en? Then these are a must. And that time of year is not that far away, folks, so if you want them, grab them while you can!

See you next time my little cabbages.

Ta-ra



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

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



AULD MAN'S BACCIE

RESONATING WITH THE BLUES

RICK WAKEMAN



*The original
version – Now
expanded
with bonus
material*

COUNTRY AIRS

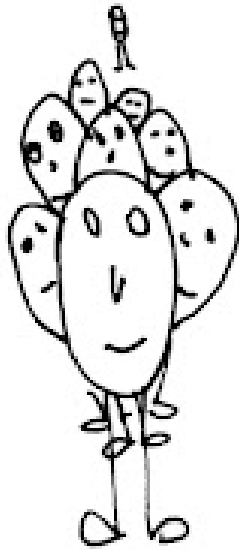
“Music from both the mind and heart...”



www.rwcc.com

THE NINE HENRYS

GONZO
MEDIA
GROUP



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

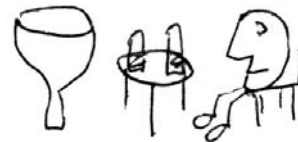
"a five ya aad can draw better than that"
Authors brother.

THE WORLDS FIRST CLONED CARTOON CHARACTER

modada@ninehenrys.com

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

Olga the Yoghurt Carton and Henry in Student Bar at Uni



OLGA: Do you think Moyerbridge exploited the narrative in Pre-Surrealist Cinema, or was he just mucking about with sequential planted cameras?

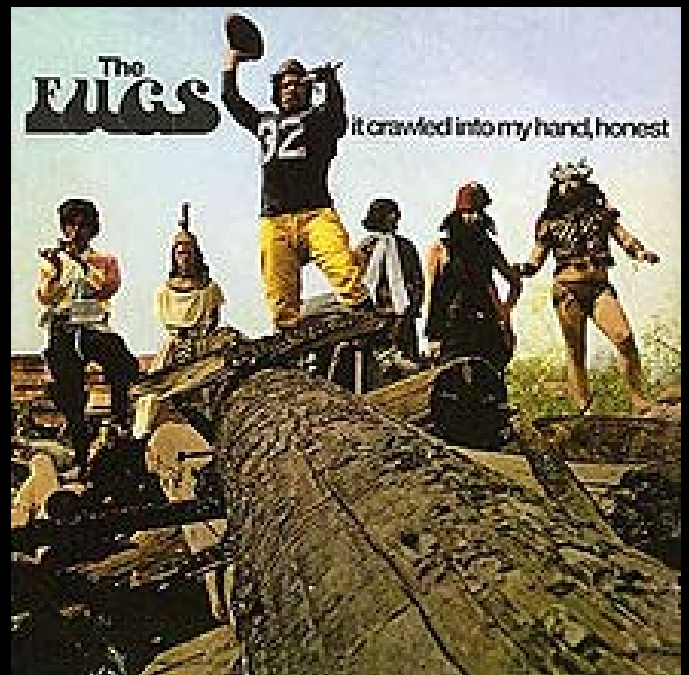
HENRY: Gee I guess, where's the toilets?



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.



The Fugs: It Crawled into my Hand, Honest
Reprise 1968
What? Funny ho-ho and funny strange.

Comedy, protest and the thick scent of marijuana collide to perfection in the best moments of The Fugs' catalogue. Time hasn't been kind to their comedy. Most of their early targets are long dead or highly irrelevant (as in the case of the Vietnam War) to much current thinking. But history has exposed their anarchic and often inspired recordings for the surreal flights of comic fancy they often are. Their second outing, *It Crawled...* is arguably the pick of the bunch. Close enough to their angry/anarchic origins to still have their early energy in abundance, and helmed with enough of a budget from Reprise Records to provide the troupe with the soundscapes to do justice to their ambitious ideas. The Fugs' closest relatives are probably The Firesign Theatre, both acts seeing the long-playing album as the perfect vehicle for comedy and counter-culture to co-exist, and trusting in their audience to put in the effort to unpick the most complex jokes. The Fugs resemble Monty Python in their willingness to present sketch and song length pieces, but offer up more of an insider take when it comes to music, satirizing, self-satirizing and clearly in love with some of the material they maul. All of the above intellectualizing blurs the fact that *It Crawled...* is that rare comedy classic that can amuse and inform in equal measure. The opening "Crystal Liaison" being a case in point; a blissful piece of psychedelia that cops all the – then – current sounds and still manages a massive broadside at the Electric Prunes' "Kyrie Eleison." The second side opens with equal force, the redneck satire "Johnny Pisssoff Meets the Red Angel" being – arguably – the best thing on *It Crawled...* whilst the fragmentary "Marijuana" – basically a hymn to the herb presented in a high church style vocal arrangement – shows the kind of explosive comedy genius the Fugs armoury had at its high-point. Elsewhere little gems like "National Haiku Contest" are buried between towers of wordy comedy, obliging the listener to unpick them with concentration and headphones. Formed by poets Ed Sanders and Tuli Kupferberg in New York in the mid-sixties, The Fugs always had the capacity to be wordy, dense and wilfully obscure. Today, their most indulgent moments are more nostalgic than inspirational but *It Crawled...* offers enough of the biting satire and surreal riffing on a theme to stand up well so long after the event.

Gregg Kofi Brown

ROCK 'N' ROLL AND UFOs

Gregg Kofi Brown has transcended many genres of music...

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

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

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

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

CD and book available soon from Gonzo Multimedia



GONZO
MULTIMEDIA

www.gonzmultimedia.co.uk

THE WORLD OF GONZO ACCORDING TO

Mark Raines



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

PS shows can be downloaded

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

Graham got back yesterday evening, safe and sound. I am glad that he is back, because I have missed him. He told us a brief *résumé* of his adventures which mostly seems to consist of him driving enormous distances (about six times the distance from Land's End to John o'Groats in three weeks). I think that I would prefer something a little more restful, but *chacun à son gout*.



Regular readers will know that in recent months I have waxed lyrical on the subject of Hortus gin, and its Oriental spiced sister drink. Yesterday, therefore, I splashed out £10.99 for a bottle of Hortus rhubarb and ginger flavoured gin liqueur. Sadly, I thought that it was extremely nasty and would not—in all



conscience—recommend it to anyone. However (and I hesitate to use the words *chacun à son gout* twice in one short editorially thing) *chacun à son gout*.

Carl arrived on Wednesday and is currently working like a Trojan (whoops, I think that the folk who live on the Anatolian coast where Troy once stood, are going to be offended at my racial stereotyping) mowing the lawns, cleaning tanks and climbing up the new seven foot stepladder with a chainsaw, and trimming some of the excess growth on my trees and bushes, which - over the last year or so - has cut much of the sunlight off the lawns.

So all is serene, love and peas..
jd



GET NAKED!

...with the
Pink Fairies

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

THEIR FIRST NEW ALBUM IN THREE DECADES!

GONZO MULTIMEDIA HIST455CD/DVD



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



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



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HIST34HCD



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Mandles and
Mescaline...
HIST375CD



**WAYNE KRAMER
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Cocaine Blues
HIST61HCD



ANDY COLQUHOUN
Pick up the Phone
Americal
HIST64HCD



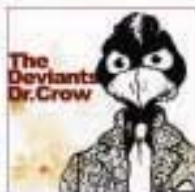
ANDY COLQUHOUN
String Theory
HIST65HCD/DVD



WARSAW PAKT FRY.
ANDY COLQUHOUN
Warsaw Pakt
HIST66CD/DVD



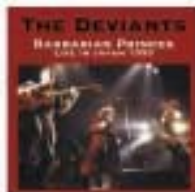
**NICK FARRIN AND
ANDY COLQUHOUN**
Black Vinyl Dress
HIST19HCD



THE DEVIANTS
Dr. Crow
HIST18HCD



THE DEVIANTS
The Deviants Have
Left the Planet
HIST69HCD



THE DEVIANTS
Barbarian Princes
Live in Japan 1999
HIST67HCD

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