

GONZO

This Jah Wonderful issue of Gonzo Weekly features Alan on Misty in Roots, Doug on the Dixie Dregs, Jon on Political biopics, John on Ryley Walker, C J Stone on Chaos Magic, Graham on Hawkwind and Richard on Bob Weir and we have lots more besides...

#289

PLAY MISTY FOR ME

ISSN 2516-1946



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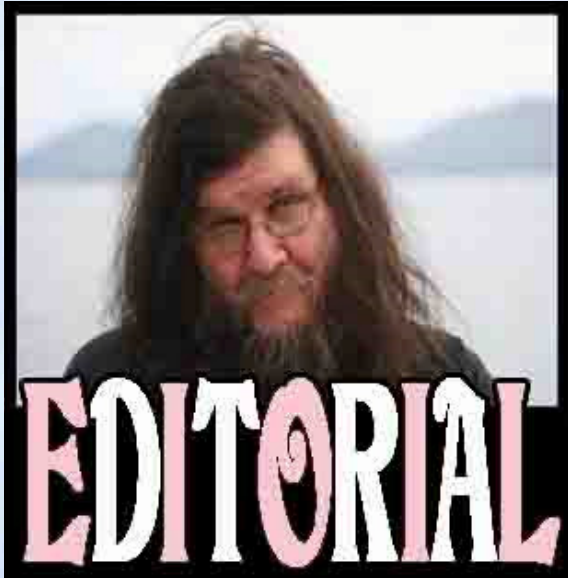
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THE THREE COMMANDMENTS OF GONZO WEEKLY:

1. Art is as important as science and more important than money
2. There is life after (beyond and before) Pop Idol
3. Music can and sometimes does change the world

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



Dear friends,

Welcome to another issue of this increasingly peculiar little magazine. As many of you may know, it started off as a record company newsletter for Gonzo Multimedia; an eccentric company owned and operated by my old friend, Rob Ayling. But - sadly - I find writing record company newsletters about as much fun as

I suspect most people find reading them, and within days of me commencing this onerous task, I had given up, and asked Rob whether he minded me doing it as a magazine instead. To my great pleasure, he said yes, and - for the last five and a bit years - we have been pumping out this magazine each weekend. Although it still mostly covers music, we also talk about television, movies, books, politics and all sorts of other things that interest me and the team. And, I hope, interests you - the reader - as well.

Something which has become increasingly obvious as the years go on, is that the people who make up the contributor team for this publication have a wide, rich, and varied set of interests. And, furthermore, as this magazine often acts as a sort of cultural diary (as in, journal), chronicling the cultural (and sometimes other) activities of the people whose contributions make the magazine up to a hundred pages each week, the editorial mix is often a massively eccentric one.

Last weekend, I sat down with a bottle of



I knew Jeremy Thorpe. He was an acquaintance of my parents, and visited my house a few times

gin, and proceeded to watch the first two episodes of the BBC dramatisation of the scandal surrounding Jeremy Thorpe, which rocked my particular corner of North Devon during the second half of the 1970s. I have never been particularly impressed by Hugh Grant as an actor, thinking that - if I may paraphrase the immortal P.G.Woodhouse - he is the sort of person who would bounce on stage during the second act of a light romantic comedy, exclaiming: "What ho chaps! Anyone for tennis?"

I found his most famous role more than slightly irritating, and once claimed (totally erroneously) that it had been remade as a porno called 'Four Beddings and a Fun Oral'. But, bloody hell, he is magnificent as Jeremy Thorpe, and much of the time, his screen presence in the role is completely uncanny.

Because, I knew Jeremy Thorpe. He was an acquaintance of my parents, and visited my house a few times, and was also - I believe - a governor of my school. So, I met him on quite a few occasions.

Here, it would be great if I could claim that I had some sort of prescience about the man, and even have some sort of premonition about his spectacular fall from grace. But I didn't. Truthfully, I was

completely indifferent to him. My parents, however, were not. To her dying day, my mother wouldn't believe that Thorpe had done anything even slightly shady. And she couldn't believe that such a "handsome, manly man" could be even slightly homosexual. She was 'queer' like that: refusing to watch *Brideshead Revisited*



اللجنة لهم إذا كانوا لا تأخذ نكتة

THORPE TRIAL OPENS AT THE OLD BAILEY



because she "couldn't believe that someone from the upper classes could be such a pervert". My father, however, took completely the opposite view of Thorpe, describing him as a "nasty little shit", and "that Liberal arse-bandit" in such a way that one was not able to discern whether the words "Liberal" or "arse-bandit" were the term of opprobrium.

Truthfully, I have no axe to grind either way. I am not, and never have been, a Liberal voter, but I am always interested to see dramatic reconstructions of historical events through which I lived. And as the Thorpe scandal took place on my veritable doorstep, watching it has a particular poignancy for me.

I think that the very grittiness of this dramatic adaptation is to the BBC's credit. It pulls no punches, yet does not fall into the widely adopted temptation of trying to glamourise things. Their reconstruction of Barnstaple in the mid-1970s is spot on, and - for someone like me, who only a few short years later, hung out in those very same streets promoting punk bands and plotting my own particular brand of revolution - the memories that it provokes are very vivid indeed.

One of the things, however, that does come out of the first two of these episodes at least, is that this particular scandal is something which could not have happened at any time since. Not only were the vast majority of homosexual acts legalised in 1967 - fifty one years ago - but the social situation which could see a rich and powerful man from the upper echelons of society, bedazzle, seduce and take advantage of a stable boy from the opposite end of society and - furthermore - someone with obvious mental health issues, is unlikely to happen today. People are, I think, more or less happier with their sexual identity and their sexual idiolect than they were fifty or sixty years ago, and not only would the implied blackmail probably never take place, but the social and cultural conditions that led to it are almost completely gone with the wind.

I haven't read the book on which the series is based, although I fully intend to. I always used to find it irritating watching World War II films with my father, because he would spend the whole duration of the movie nitpicking on every small technical error that he could find. However, when a film is so about a time

from my own personal timeline, it is hard not to do likewise. However, the only error that I could find, was that in both of the sequences showing the 1974 election results being read out by the Returning Officer on stage at the Queen's Hall (as it was then) in Barnstaple, the unsuccessful Labour Party candidate was shown to be a man, whereas - on at least one of the two occasions - she was undoubtedly a woman called Sandra Golant. But I only remember this because both elections caused big flurries of interest amongst the pupils of Bideford Grammar School, which was my *alma mata*. But, apart from that, everything seems spot on.

All this brings me to wonder what will be filmed next. The recent history of the last half century or so has proved a rich seam to mine with programmes like the Netflix series, *The Crown*, serving up an impressionistic view of what happened, and the events behind the scenes, which - if not always 100% historically accurate - does explain, in quite a lot of detail, how and why the events which have shaped modern Britain took place.

I can think of all sorts of things that would make great historical dramas. The Rhodesian UDI, for example, or the story behind the Thatchergate tape, which was assembled by Pete Wright from Crass. And, I am sure that each and every reader of this magazine will be able to come up with half a dozen more.

So, boys and girls, I urge you all to keep your eyes peeled. And if you hear of something within this genre that you think will press all the right buttons for me, please let me know.

Enjoy this week's issue.
Hare bol,
Jon



Jeremy Thorpe, Dave Bainbridge & Sally Minnear, Brand X, John Lennon, Michael Jackson, Carl Palmer, Gorillaz, Helsingborg Symphony Orchestra, Elton John, Strange Fruit, Friday Night Progressive, Canterbury sans Frontieres, Mack Maloney's Mystery Hour, Stewart Lupton, Andy MacQueen, Tsehaytu Beraki, Phillip Ernest Emmanuel, Jürgen Marcus, Eyio Di Marzo, Josh Martin, Alan LaVern Bean, Eliza Carthy, Kate Rusby, Rick Wakeman, Paice, Ashton & Lord, The Mitchell Trio, Doug Harr, Dixie Dregs, Alan Dearling, Misty in Roots, Richard Foreman, Bob Weir, John Brodie-Good, Ryley Walker, Kev Rowland, Melanie Mau & Martin Schnella, Mike Lepond's Silent Assassins, Necropanther, Rick Springfield, Ring of Gyges, Sainted Sinners, Scumpulse, Chris Stone, Chaos Magic, Hawkwind, The Wild Colonial Boy, Martin Springett, Elvis, Beatles, Britney Spears, Janis Joplin

IT'S A LEGAL MATTER BABY

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dramatis Personae



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

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

NAMING THOSE RESPONSIBLE

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

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

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

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

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

Jonathan Downes,
Editor: *Gonzo Daily* (Music and More)
Editor: *Gonzo Weekly* magazine
The Centre for Fortean Zoology,
Myrtle Cottage,
Woolfardisworthy,
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eMail jon@eclipse.co.uk

so what's it all about, Alfie?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

ROCKIN' THE CITY OF ANGELS

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

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

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

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



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



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THE ^{gonzo} NEWSROOM



DAVE AND SALLY LIVE: Now available to pre-order, the 'Dave Bainbridge & Sally Minnear - Live in the Studio', DVD. A beautifully filmed and recorded document of the duo's live set, honed over numerous concerts throughout the past 4 years. The main programme features around 85 minutes of material and demonstrates the range and diversity of music that Dave & Sally perform at their always well received concerts. Featuring the duo's arrangements of music from Dave's previous band Iona, his solo albums and several traditional Irish folk pieces, filmed, recorded and mixed at Dave's Open Sky Studio. DVD Extras include Dave & Sally 'In Conversation', plus some live footage from their concert at The Lantern Theatre, Sheffield in March 2018.

<http://opensky121.wixsite.com/so/eMEed7Hy?cid=b15dbf78-4c98-45e8-b6e6-b85095f5c000®ion=8c3a3dda-c581-497f-a621-cb5b05f0df96#/main>

GOZZO CURRENTLY IN STOCK AT GONZO (UK)

GOZZO CURRENTLY IN STOCK AT GONZO (USA)

BRAND X MOVIE: There are a great many bands whose lineups have been so fluid that keeping track of who was in the band when is no mean feat. Few bands

"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

have, however, had as complicated a history as Brand X. Even in its latest reincarnation, there's been a lineup shift between the high octane fusion group's January, 2017 performance documented on But wait...There's more!, released independently the same year, and Locked & Loaded, culled largely from a show just five months later and released as the current band hits the road for a relatively short tour of the northeastern United States. But weathering lineup changes is something Brand X has long handled with aplomb, and Locked & Loaded is nothing short of a stellar addition to But wait...There's more! in documenting Brand X 2017, and with its own magic to recommend.

<https://www.allaboutjazz.com/locked-and-loaded-brand-x-self-produced-review-by-john-kelman.php>

CONZO

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

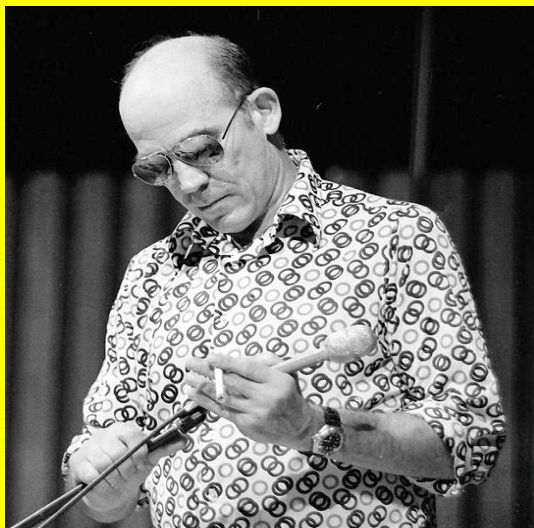
CONZO

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



HERE COMES THE SON: A DENTIST who bought John Lennon's tooth is looking for potential love children of the late-Beatle in a bid to stake a claim to his £400million estate.

Dr Michael Zuk, 45, from Alberta, Canada, purchased the legendary songwriter's decayed molar at auction in 2011 for around £20,000. Lennon, who was shot and killed in New York in 1980, gave the tooth to his beloved housekeeper Dot Jarlett in the 1960s. Speaking with The Sun Online,



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...

"How many more of these stinking, double-downer sideshows will we have to go through before we can get ourselves straight enough to put together some kind of national election that will give me and the at least 20 million people I tend to agree with a chance to vote FOR something, instead of always being faced with that old familiar choice between the lesser of two evils?"

Hunter S. Thompson

the dentist has sensationally revealed that he plans to stake a claim to the music icon's vast estate using DNA from the body part. He said: "I am looking for people who believe they are John Lennon's child and have a claim to his estate and hopefully I can legitimise their claim. "John was a very popular guy who was having sex with lots of women and I doubt birth control was on his mind.

<https://www.thesun.co.uk/news/6403562/dentist-john-lennon-beatles-tooth-love-children-estate/>

GONZO

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

GONZO

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



JACKO WHACKS: Michael Jackson's estate has sued the Walt Disney Co and US TV network ABC over a

The Gospel According to *BART*



This week my old mate and favourite roving reporter sent me a link to Carl Palmer's website along with the cryptic message "I would like to See this".

Having heard nothing but good things about the shows so would I old buddy, so would I.

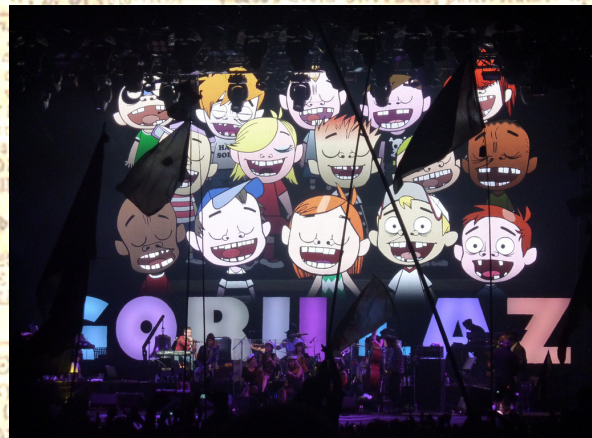
<http://carlpalmer.com/>



documentary about the star. ABC, who broadcasted a documentary about the singer's last days last week (May 24), is owned by Disney.

According to the lawsuit, the two-hour film *The Last Days Of Michael Jackson* used his songs and music videos without permission. "Like Disney, the lifeblood of the estate's business is its intellectual property," the complaint read, according to the BBC. "Yet for some reason, Disney decided it could just use the estate's most valuable intellectual property for free."

<http://www.nme.com/news/tv/michael-jacksons-estate-sue-disney-documentary-2329441#Pi9JUwmG5m0R3PX5.99>



GORILLAZ GOSH: Gorillaz have shared 'Humility' and 'Lake Zurich', the first tracks from their new album, 'The Now Now'.

Damon Albarn's cartoon-based band returned last year with 'Humanz', their first record in six years. In a four-star review, NME wrote: "The lawless, world-altering scenario 'Humanz' presents us with is not a poorly attended inauguration but a massive, cross-genre party, composed largely on an iPad by Albarn and illustrated by his mate Jamie Hewlett."

<http://www.nme.com/news/music/gorillaz-share-first-track-new-album-now-now-2329484#jc1WcMux5cg33E1C.99>

THE ^{gonzo} NEWSROOM

"HOPPING ON THE FAG TRAIN":

After receiving homophobic hate mail over a concert that included music by LGBT composers, a Swedish orchestra has responded by turning the messages into music.

The anonymous letter to the Helsingborg Symphony Orchestra initially praised the great setting and fine wine served during the show, but went on to say the performance had made the sender "want to vomit", and that the orchestra was "hopping aboard the fag train". The writer said they would cancel their membership at the concert hall.

The composer Fredrik Österling wrote earlier in the year that the anonymous nature of the five-paragraph letter made it difficult to respond to the person or people sending it — but then the tenor Rickard Söderberg suggested turning it into music.

<https://www.theguardian.com/world/2018/may/31/swedish-helsingborg-orchestra-turns-homophobic-hate-mail-music>

ELT DOES A DI: Elton John will deliver a lecture on HIV in London next week (08Jun18) to honour Princess Diana. The Diana, Princess of Wales Lecture was launched by the National AIDS Trust in 1999 as a living tribute to the organisation's royal patron, and this year the Rocket Man singer is leading the event. Sir Elton will speak in front of an invited audience of politicians, health workers, journalists, civil society leaders, celebrities and people living with HIV in partnership the Elton John AIDS Foundation.

He follows in the footsteps of former Secretary-General of the United Nations Kofi Annan and America's 42nd President Bill Clinton, who delivered previous NAT lectures in Diana's memory in 1999 and 2001, respectively. According to a press release, Sir Elton will "set out a vision for an AIDS free future" and "call on governments and the private sector to show leadership and accountability in order to reach the United Nations' Sustainable Development Goal to end AIDS by 2030".

<http://www.music-news.com/news/UK/113348/Elton-John-to-deliver-Princess-Diana-lecture-on-HIV>

TRANS FORM THEATRE PRODUCTONS present:

Nico & Lüül

1st June

DARTMOUTH INN, Totnes
(Function Room)
8:00 pm



YES! Lüül
is coming
to Totnes!

NICO - In the Shadow of The Moon Goddess

A multimedia-based ebook reading by Lutz Graf-Ulrich with live music — plus exclusive: very rare and never seen before videos of Nico as her last interview and clips from the legendary Nico, Eno Cafe concert at the Metanusk Festival in Berlin 1974. In English.

Nico would have celebrated her 80th birthday on the 16th of October 2018. The dark, moiré charms of the mysterious chanteuse alias Christa Paffgen has haunted fans and admirers for decades. In this book one of the people who got close to her, really and truly close to her, shares her memories of this intriguing being — up, close and personal. In this fascinating memoir German musician Lutz Ulrich (Lüül) — now Lutz Graf-Ulrich — describes how he met and fell for Nico in the Seventies and how his encounter led to a rocky on-and-off love affair, a long prolific artistic synergy and a lifelong friendship.

Lutz played in German "Krautrock" bands like Agitation Free, Ash Ra Tempel/Ashra. He would accompany Nico on guitar at many of her subsequent concerts through the rest of the decade in Europe, USA and Canada. Lutz wrote the song "Reich der Träume" for her, which she sang on his solo debut LP "Lüül" published in 1981. With Ash Ra Tempel he contributed the score for the Nico movie "Le Berceau de Cristal" by Philippe Garrel. He also organized her last concert for the festival "Fais Morgane - Desert sounds at the Planetarium" in Berlin 1988.

A unique LIVE event!

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www.transformtheatre.com



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manufactures to be patented, & deposited things, which
will be sent free of expense and risk and will dispen-
se, prepare, Certificates, Specifications, Assignments, and all
the necessary Papers and Drawings; will make references
into American and foreign works, to test validity of inven-
tions, and render advice on legal and scientific matters.

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 All persons wishing to purchase any of the above men-
 tioned articles, are invited to call and examine his stock,
 with the assurance that they will find a choice selection,
 of good quality, and at fair prices.
 Worcester, May 10. 1854
 OTIS CONVERSE.

NEW STORE!
(Warden Block,) No. 44 Front St.,
WORCESTER,
THE subscriber having recently opened a New Store,
No. 44 Front Street, with a Good stock of
AND BE **WHOLESALE GROCERIES,**
and will furnish the citizens with every article
THE subscriber continues to run THE EX-
-TRA FARES between Boston and Worcester, for
the safe transmission of Packages, Bundles,
Bank Notes, Sports, and Merchandise generally
Three Times each way Daily.
Particular attention given to paying, collecting and ne-
gotiating notes, drafts, bills, and purchasing and selling
merchandise, produce, etc.
All packages must be directed to his care.
The subscriber is alone responsible for property entrusted
to his care, and no risk is assumed by the Boston and
Worcester Rail Road Company.
Packages by his Nos forwarded from Worcester to
Barnum, Newburyport, Taunton, Fall River, and New Bedford;
also, to Portland, and all parts of Maine.
Freight free for goods to be returned by this Express.
Office—HARDEN & CO'S OFFICE, 3 Court Street
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Worcester. E. S. LEONARD.
Feb 25, 1847.

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?**

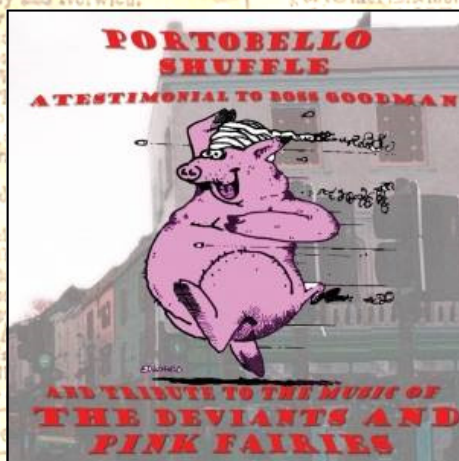
Celebrate wildlife on
World Wildlife Day
don't shoot it.





I'M ON BOARD!

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



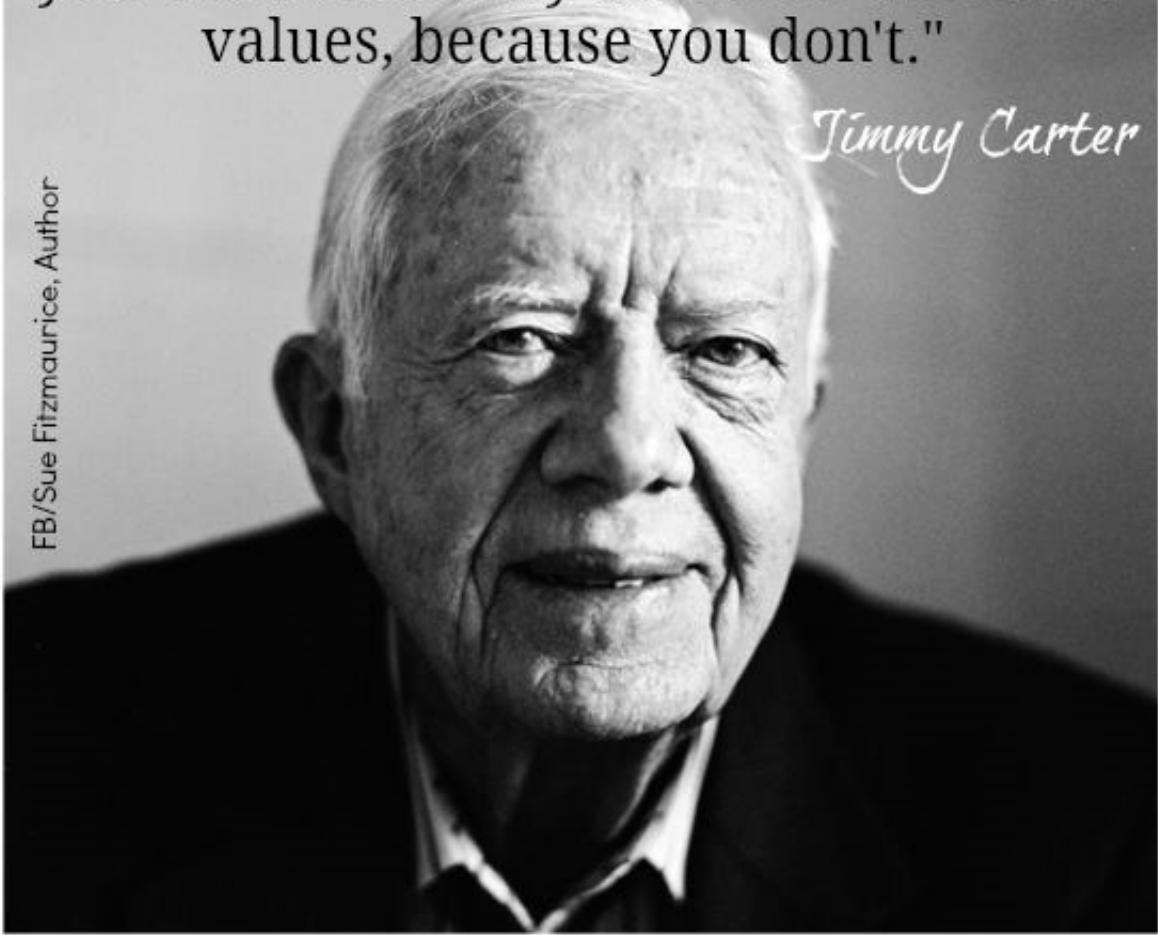
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LITTLE STEVEN'S
UNDERGROUND GARAGE
MAXIMUM ROCK AND ROLL
MORNINGS 8AM - 11AM ET CH21 **SIRIUS** | ((XM))
SATELLITE RADIO
(FILLING IN FOR ANDREW LOOG OLDHAM)

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

Jimmy Carter

FB/Sue Fitzmaurice, Author



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



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Peculiar News of the Week



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

In Japan, a Buddhist Funeral Service for Robot Dogs

<https://www.nationalgeographic.com/travel/destinations/asia/japan/in-japan--a-buddhist-funeral-service-for-robot-dogs/>





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.

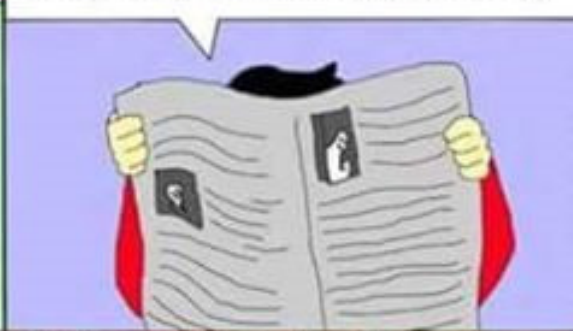
But over the past few years, it has become more than that. We now host regular weekly shows by Neil Nixon, a lecturer in professional writing at North West Kent College who uses his weekly radio show, Strange Fruit, as a learning experience for his students on the Foundation Course. I've known Neil for 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 the mysterious M Destiny on the other side of the pond with Friday Night Progressive. We also have a regular visit to the world of the Canterbury Scene courtesy of our friend Matthew Watkins. There are several other shows in the wings, waiting to join us, so stay glued to your seats boys and girls, your life is never going to be the same again!

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



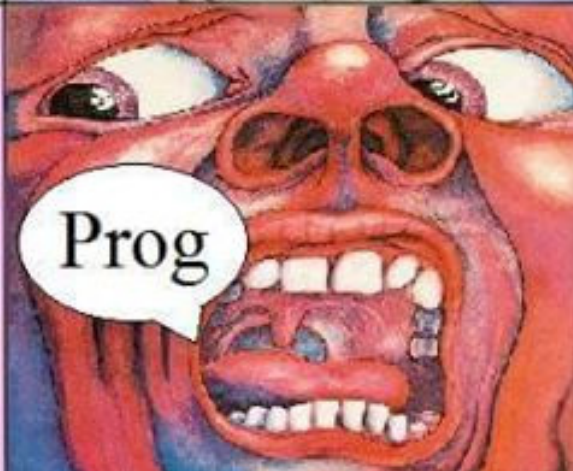
Hmph... You be careful, those
boys only care about one thing.



Sex?



No...



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





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

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

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

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



20-05-18 – SHOW 259 – George Sanders

Dinosaur Jr.: Out There
BD3: You Should Know
Cavern of Antimatter: Motion Flow
George Sanders: Try a Little Tenderness
George Sanders: As Time Goes by
Spiral Tower: Chiquitita
The Brian Jonestown Massacre: Tempo 116.7 (Clean Mix)
Fairport Convention: Come All Ye
Jonathan Wilson: Over the Midnight
Shell Street Orchestra: Groovy Beat
George Sanders: Such is my Love
The Chiffons: He's Sure the Boy I Love
Ballboy: All the Records on the Radio are Shite
Asha Bhosle: Jap Chaye
Voice of the Seven Woods: If Luck Could Kill
Joah Valley: Hey Jude
Park Jiha: Accumulation of Time
Lucy Dacus: Addictions
Ravi Shankar: Raga Multani
Shannon and the Clams: I Know
George Sanders: The Very Thought of You
George Sanders: I'll See you in my Dreams
David Crosby: I'd Swear there was Somebody Here

**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.



Jorge Pescara

<https://www.facebook.com/jorgepescara/>
GEPH

<https://www.facebook.com/GEPHband/>

Graham Young Guitarist

<https://www.facebook.com/Graham-Young-Guitarist-1481074935.../>

Pyronaut

Of Petra

<https://www.facebook.com/ofpetra/>

iNFiNiEN

<https://www.facebook.com/infinien/>

Mother Turtle

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

MotherTurtleBand/

Fibonacci Sequence

<https://www.facebook.com/fibseqband/>

**Listen
Here**

Friday Night Progressive



CANTERBURY SANS FRONTIÈRES: Episode Fifty-Eight

We at Gonzo Web Radio are very proud to bring you Canterbury Sans Frontières - a podcast dedicated to the music of the 'Canterbury Scene' and more. Creator Matthew Watkins writes:

As with Canterbury Soundwaves, a new three-hour episode will be released with each full moon. I decided to wind down Canterbury Soundwaves so that I didn't end up

- (i) repeating myself,
- (ii) scraping the bottom of the Canterbury barrel, or
- (iii) becoming increasingly tangential.

This new podcast broadens the musical remit, so it'll be about one-third 'Canterbury sound', together with progressive/psychedelic/experimental music from the Canterbury of today, the remainder being a mix of music from various times and places which I feel to be in a similar spirit of creative adventurousness. I'll be doing a lot less talking, and the programme will be less expository – so no interviews, barely listenable bootlegs, etc. I also plan to include guest one-hour mixes from various musicians from the current music scene in Canterbury (Episode 2 features a mix from Neil Sullivan from Lapis Lazuli).

And for those of you who wonder what Matthew was referring to when he writes about Canterbury Soundwaves we have brought you all the back catalogue of that as well. Those wacky guys at Gonzo, eh?

THIS EPISODE FEATURES:

Kevin Ayers acoustic in London in 2006. Hugh Hopper (i) collaborating with Portland, Oregon's Caveman Shoestore in '99; (ii) back at Canterbury Art College performing "O Caroline" with the Pig Band (HH, Coxhill, Pyle, Biddulph) in '84; (iii) with Shortwave (HH, Malherbe, Pyle, Miller) at Gong's 25th birthday party in 1994; and (iv) with Soft Heap (HH, Dean, Pyle, Gowen) in '78. Richard Sinclair with (i) Caravan in '83; (ii) Italian band Zenith last winter; and (iii) local pianist David Rees-Williams in Seattle, 2002. Matching Mole's full set at the Bilzen Jazz Festival in August '72, Gong on French TV in '71, plus Canterburyesque sounds from Manna/Mirage, Birds and Buildings, Arkham and Parc X Trio. A recently surfaced Manzanera/Eno/Wyatt jam, a Hillage B-side and some cosmic jazz from Sun Ra and His Arkestra in '59. From the Canterbury of now, new music from Koloto, Nelson Parade and Humble Pious, plus something from a 2014 Arlet EP.

**Listen
Here**



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

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

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

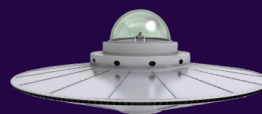


PHOTO BY SMITHMAXFIELD.COM

AND LOOK WHAT MACK HAS FOR YOU THIS WEEK

SPECIAL SHOW: TOP SECRET BASES AROUND THE WORLD

Mack, Juan-Juan and Commander Cobra talk about secret military locations around the world, all with some kind of UFO history. Bases include S4, AUTEK, Pine Gap, Kapustin Yar, Rudloe Manor, the M-Triangle and more. Switchblade Steve and Emily M join the discussion. Also, a special behind-the-scenes look at the gang recording a commercial.



Listen
Here

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



Stewart Lupton (? – 2018)

Lupton was frontman of New York indie rock band Jonathan Fire*Eater. The line-up was Stewart Lupton (vocals), Tom Frank (bass), Paul Maroon (guitar and pedal steel), Matt Barrick (drums), and Walter Martin (organs, keyboards).

After the band's break-up, Maroon, Barrick, and Martin went on to form The Walkmen, and Lupton pursued his music career through his band The Childballads, who put out their debut album in January 2007.

He toured with Cat Power and the Kills. In 2009 he released an EP in a new band, The Beatin's, which he formed with Carole Wagner Greenwood. Titled A Little Give And Take, the limited edition vinyl included Lupton's poetry and the duo's art and writing.

He died on May 28th, aged 43.

Andy MacQueen (? – 2018)

MacQueen was bassist for Australian punk-pop band



Exploding White Mice. The band originally formed in 1983 with Paul Gilchrist on vocals, Andy MacQueen on bass guitar, Gerry Barrett on guitar, Craig Rodda on drums and Giles Barrow on rhythm guitar. In 1984 Barrett was replaced by Jeff Stephens on guitar – later also on lead vocals.

In 1985 Rodda was replaced on drums by David Bunney. The group released four studio albums, *Brute Force and Ignorance* (August 1988), *Exploding White Mice* (1990), *Collateral Damage* (1992) and *We Walk Alone* (1994). The band toured Europe twice before disbanding in April 1999.

The band had recently reformed and was planning to tour.

MacQueen died suddenly on May 27th.

Tsehaytu Beraki (1939 – 2018)

Beraki was an Eritrean musician, poet and political activist, known for her singing and playing of the krar (a five-string harp).

THOSE WE HAVE LOST



She started playing the kra when she was about eight years old, eventually playing at weddings and parties. Her inspirations were Tsehaytu Ghergish, Fana Etel, and Tsehaytu Zennar, whose songs included Annes Ay keremneye Wala Hankas Yekunye (I need a man as soon as possible, even if he's crippled).

Beraki left school at sixteen, and played the krar as her full-time career. She wrote all of her own music and lyrics, and people would come from as far as Addis Ababa in Ethiopia to record her. From 1964 onwards, her lyrics became more political, and "people were surprised that I dared to sing them".

As well as krar, Beraki played kobero and bass-krar.

She died on 24th May, aged 78.



Phillip Ernest Emmanuel (1952 – 2018)

Emmanuel was an Australian guitar player who found fame with The Trailblazers, and as the older

brother of musician Tommy Emmanuel. He played with many people, including INXS, Jimmy Barnes, John Farnham, Ian Moss and the late great Slim Dusty, as well as playing with many international stars from around the world like British guitarist Hank B. Marvin and American performers Chet Atkins, Willie Nelson, Duane Eddy and Dolly Parton.

His debut album *Kakadu Sunrise* reached #33 on the New Zealand album charts, and in 1994 Phil and Tommy Emmanuel released the album *Terra Firma*.

Emmanuel died suddenly of an asthma attack on 24th May, aged 65.



Jürgen Marcus (born Jürgen Beumer) (1948 – 2018)

Marcus was a German schlager singer who was most successful during the 1970s, when he had 14 chart hits in Germany. He is also known for his participation on behalf of Luxembourg in the 1976 Eurovision Song Contest.

Marcus was signed to a recording contract in 1970 and his single releases became popular almost immediately.

By the later 1970s, Marcus' recording success had declined and he parted ways with his record company in 1979. Following a last minor hit in 1981, plans and collaborations came to nothing and Marcus largely dropped from sight. His first album

THOSE WE HAVE LOST

for over 20 years (*Ich glaub an die Welt*) was released in 2004, followed by a Christmas collection in 2006. Another album of new material (*Für Immer*), came out in 2008. His last album *Zeitreif* appeared in 2011.

Marcus died of COPD in the middle of May, a few weeks shy of his 70th birthday.



Evio Di Marzo (1954 - 2018)

Marzo was a Venezuelan musician, composer and performer, and brother of singer-songwriter Yordano. He was the founder of the Adrenalina Caribe group, who played avant-garde music of the 80s in Venezuela.

He started playing drums at 11 years of age, but became an anthropologist by profession (1980) and musician in his spare time.

He died on 28th May, aged 64, after being shot resisting theft of his car.

Josh Martin (1973 – 2018)

Martin was former lead guitarist of heavy metal band A**l C***, and was a longtime on-and-off member of the grindcore group between 1996 and 2011. He appeared on numerous Anal Cunt albums, including 1996's '40 More Reasons to Hate Us' and 1999's 'It Just Gets Worse'. He was also known for playing with other heavy bands such as Adolf Satan, Northern Moonforest and F***.



He died on 28th May, aged 46, from head injuries sustained after falling from an escalator.



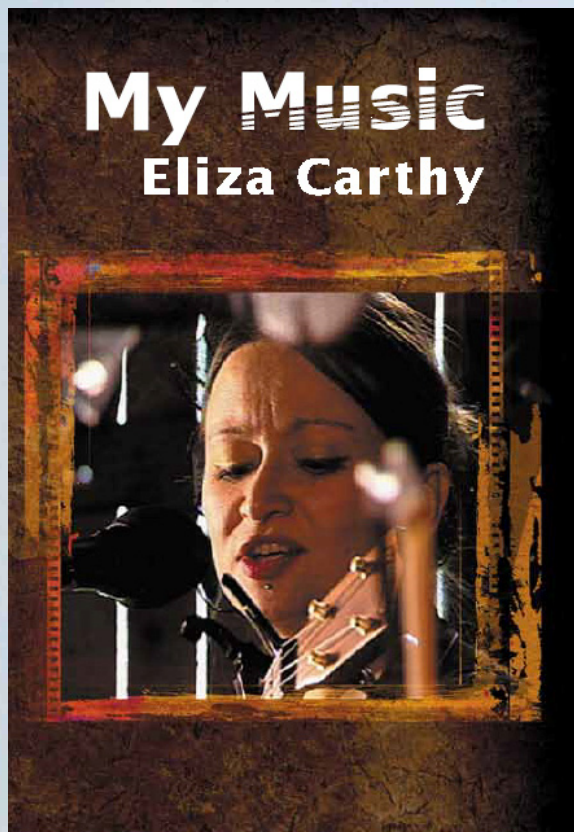
Alan LaVern Bean (1932 –2018)

Bean was an American naval officer and naval aviator, aeronautical engineer, test pilot, and NASA astronaut, and the fourth person to walk on the Moon. He was selected to become an astronaut by NASA in 1963 as part of Astronaut Group 3. He made his first flight into space aboard Apollo 12, the second manned mission to land on the Moon, at age 37 in November 1969. He made his second and final flight into space on the Skylab 3 mission in 1973, the second manned mission to the Skylab space station.

He retired from the United States Navy in 1975 and NASA in 1981. He was the last living crew member of Apollo 12.

He died on May 26th, at the age of 86.

THOSE WE HAVE LOST



Label: Gonzo

Release Date: 1st June 2018

Catalogue Number: HST140DVD

This documentary series explores the musical influences of four of the most successful artists in contemporary English folk music. This film focuses on Eliza Carthy, a singer-songwriter who is

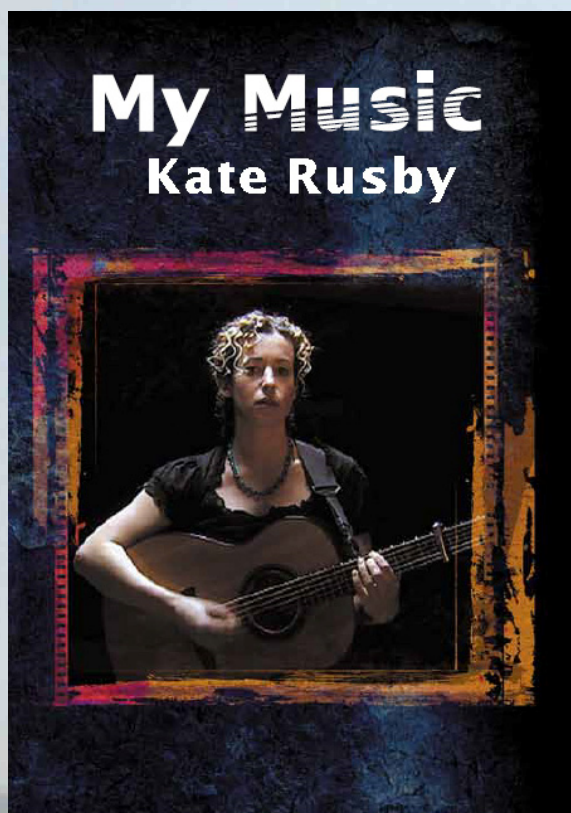
bringing traditional music to a new audience. She is the daughter of legendary folk musicians Martin Carthy and Norma Waterson. Her father was awarded an MBE for services to folk music in 1998, which actually seems quite a niggardly gesture when one considers how important a figure he actually is. He was inspirational to such musicians as Bob Dylan and Paul Simon, and to later musicians such as Fairport Convention, Steeleye Span and the Albion Country Band (the last two bands that included him as a member for a time).

Her mother is also deserving of that much overused expression 'Living Legend.' She was a founder member of The Watersons, one of Britain's premier traditional folk-singing outfits, together with her brother Mike and her sister Lal. She has been singing ever since and whilst I prefer to eschew Americanisms when discussing something so quintessentially British, if there was a "First Lady" of British Folk music, she would undoubtedly be it.

Unsurprisingly Eliza (who was born in 1975) spent her younger years playing music and recording with various members of her über-talented family. As she got older she began instigating more and more projects herself, and over the years has become one of the most important British



artists of modern times. Early on her music began to transcend the rigid confines of British traditional music, and as she grew and developed as an artist, she began to assimilate more and more seemingly incongruent influences into her music, until her art became a multicultural synergy of sources that really defies categorisation. It seems that Eliza has given up trying to categorise herself, and just describes herself simply as a 'Modern British Musician', which says it all really.



Label: Gonzo

Release Date: 1st June 2018

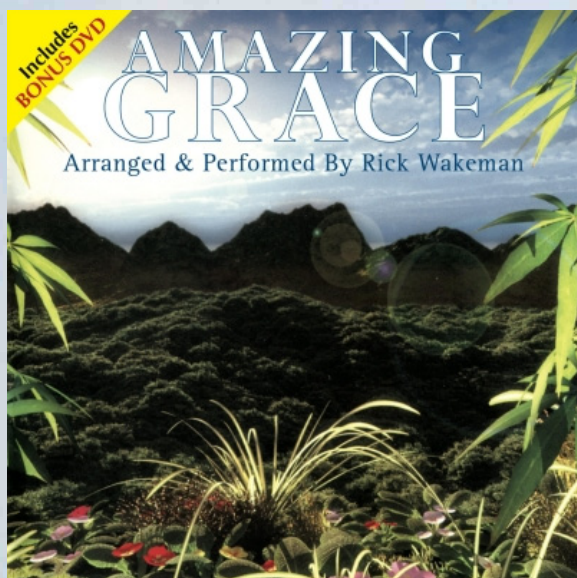
Catalogue Number: HST140DVD

Kate Rusby, sometimes known as the Barnsley Nightingale is one of the most important contemporary British folk singers. Drawing from both contemporary and traditional sources, her material is so charming and guileless that she has become one of the few performers within the folk idiom who has transcended it and become far more than a folk singer.

Born into a musical family in Sheffield in 1973, after becoming proficient on a number of instruments including the guitar, the fiddle and the piano, as well as honing her natural talent as a singer, she played in many local folk festivals as a child and teenager before joining (and becoming the lead vocalist of) the all-female Celtic folk band The Poozies. They recorded one EP and an album together before Kate left to concentrate on her burgeoning solo career.

Together with fellow Barnsley songstrel Kathryn Roberts she released an album called simply Kate Rusby and Kathryn Roberts, which two years later, was followed by her debut solo album Hourglass. Over the next fifteen years Kate became a British folk institution. Perhaps the most telling tribute to her was in 2012 when Island Records reinstated their legendary pink label, home of such musical luminaries as Fairport Convention, Dr Strangely Strange and Nick Drake, for Kate's album 20. It was a telling moment, because Kate has become as important to the current era of this music, which is larger and more important than just folk music, but which despite its commercial and cultural success retains the humility and humanity of 'the people's music', as the aforementioned acts were in previous eras.

Kate remembers listening to the music on the Pink Island label when she was growing up. Somewhere there is a young girl who is humming Kate Rusby songs as she plays with her skipping rope, unaware that in a few short decades, she too, will take the world by storm.



Artist Rick Wakeman
 Title Amazing Grace
 Cat No. HST404CD-DVD
 Label Gonzo

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

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

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

This 2007 release is a stunning set of interpretations of devotional Christian music.



Artist Paice, Ashton & Lord
 Title Live 1977
 Cat No. HST444CD
 Label Gonzo

Paice, Ashton & Lord was a short-lived British rock band featuring Deep Purple band members Ian Paice and Jon Lord with singer Tony Ashton. The band was formed in 1976, released its only album in 1977 and broke up in 1978. The band recorded their debut album Malice in Wonderland at Musicland Studios in Munich in September and October 1976. The record was released in February 1977. The music included elements of rhythm and blues, funk and soul, with several tracks featuring a brass section and backing vocals from Sheila and Jeanette McKinley. Despite some critical appreciation, the album was not a great commercial success. A second album was planned but was not released.

This live recording of a 1977 Paice Ashton Lord concert in London was first released in 2006 as a tribute to the late Tony Ashton. It was recorded live on 10 March 1977 at the Golders Green Hippodrome, London.



Artist The Mitchell Trio
 Title Slightly Irreverent
 Cat No. HST475CD
 Label Gonzo

The Chad Mitchell Trio – later known as The Mitchell Trio – were a North American vocal group who became known during the 1960s. They performed traditional folk songs and some of their own compositions. They were

particularly notable for performing satirical songs that criticized current events during the time of the cold war, the civil rights movement, and the Vietnam War, in a less subtle way than the typical folk music and singer-songwriter musicians of their time.

Ronnie Langford Jr. writes on Allmusic: "The Mitchell Trio knew how to walk the line between political and good-time folk music, a necessary talent late in the '60s folk revival. With three good singers -- Chad Mitchell, Mike Kobluk, and Joe Frazier -- the trio could sing it pretty, but they also added political material that was occasionally controversial.

On Slightly Irreverent the trio offers a rousing ode to European imperialism to the tune of "Wimoweh" called "An African Song," and don't blink an eye when covering Phil Ochs' "The Draft Dodger Rag." There's also good solo vocal work by Frazier on Weill/Brecht's "The Alabama Song" and Kobluk on "When I Was a Young Man."





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



Gonzo #32 The Dutch Festie c...

actions



Gonzo #30 The Mick Abrahams...

actions



Gonzo #27 The Prog shirt

actions



Gonzo #24 The Daavid Allen shirt

actions



Gonzo #23 The Michael Des B...

actions



Yer original Gonzo Weekly shirt

actions



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

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



“Naked Radio”

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

The Pink Fairies official
website:

www.pinkfairies.net



Cop a sneak preview here:

<http://tinyurl.com/z9825mr>

GONZO CURRENTLY IN STOCK
AT GONZO (UK)

GONZO CURRENTLY IN STOCK
AT GONZO (USA)

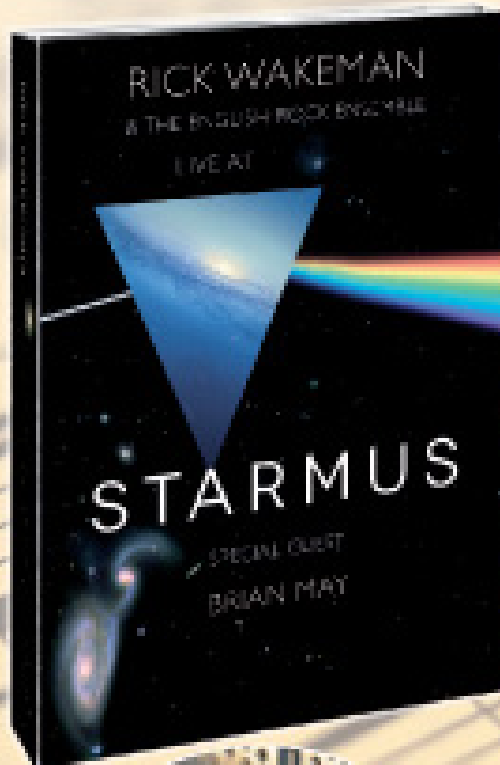
RAW presents

Forthcoming releases from Rick Wakeman & Friends

Rick Wakeman & Brian May

live from

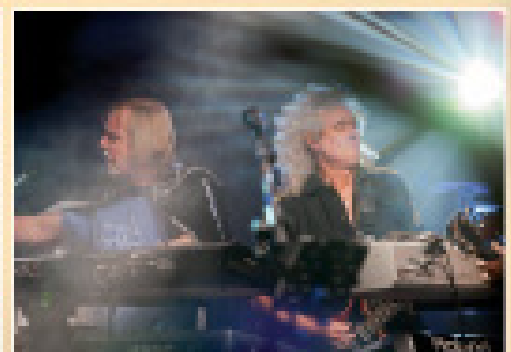
STARMUS 2015



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



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



Available to pre-order from www.rickwakemansmusicemporium.com

Douglas Harr *Ear Candy for the Hungry Audiophile*

Return of the Dixie Dregs

Dixie Dregs is an American band formed in the early 1970s by guitarist Steve Morse and bassist Andy West. Their music is almost exclusively instrumental, fusing rock, country, and a bit of jazz into a potent brew that is designed to showcase each band member's virtuosity. Their core compositions were typically rooted in traditional country & western music, most frequently upbeat and

exciting. Their live shows were absolutely fantastic. One of their signature and most entertaining feats in concert was a game of "musical chairs" where each musician would trade off soloing in round-robin fashion, taking leads for ever decreasing measures until each would play just one or so notes, passing from one to the next at lightning speed in an amazing display of talent. Musicians came and



© Diego Spade Productions, Inc. 2018

<http://diegospadeproductions.com/>





went from the Dixie Dregs, all of them exceptional, and founder Steve Morse has always been at the helm.

After two early albums, the band was signed to Capricorn Records and released their most progressive album *What If* (1978), produced by Ken Scott, featuring Morse and West joined by Rod Morgenstein (drums), Mark Parrish (keyboards), and Allen Sloan (violin). After completing their first tour that year, they combined a few of the live recordings and several new pieces to create their most popular Grammy nominated album, 1979's *Night of the Living Dregs*. The opening track "Punk Sandwich," is a perfect introduction to the band for any fan or casual listener. Rapid-fire guitar and violin leads backed by electric organ bridge the tuneful melody. The second track "Country House Shuffle" leads off with a drum solo that demonstrates Morgenstein's

apt skills. The second half of the record is punctuated by the live track "The Bash" which demonstrates one of the country-western jams that featured their signature round-robin solos. I caught the band live on this tour at some small venue in the San Fernando Valley north of Los Angeles and it was a spectacular show from the first note to the last.

The band signed with Arista at the end of the 70s, and released an excellent follow up album, *Dregs of the Earth* (1980) with the talented T. Lavitz replacing departed Mark Parrish on keys. I was fortunate to see this tour as well at the Roxy Theater in Los Angeles, and recall being surprised that Lavitz was able to meet the challenge set by their former keys wizard. It was another exceptional concert experience.

Widespread success eluded the Dixie Dregs,

<http://diegospadeproductions.com/>



though they managed to build a core following of eager admirers. As the eighties wore on, the group hoped to expand their audience by changing their name to The Dregs, after which they released *Unsung Heroes* (1981) and *Industry Standard* (1982) the latter with guest vocalists. Soon after they disbanded but have continued to stage concerts sporadically to this day. Steve Morse plied his axe during a short solo career, and also took on lead guitar duties in years since



with Kansas and then Deep Purple.

So it was with only mild surprise that I saw an ad for the Dixie Dregs reunion, which we attended in Agoura California, at the Canyon Club last month. The show featured a new keyboard and saxophone player, Steve Davidowski, who joined original members Steve, Andy, Allen and Rod. The show was fantastic in every way. Morse had his hand wrapped in what looked like an injury support brace, but nothing was taken off the top of his incredible range and dexterity. Everyone played at the top of their game. During the run up to these shows, I heard from guys who still live in their mother's basement, you know them, the ones who complain like "why are these old dudes out on the road again with no new material?"

<http://diegospadeproductions.com/>



As if to prove any naysayers wrong, Morse and co. came to the stage on fire, nailing their leads with aplomb, showing one and all that there was and IS an instrumental band so adept at their chosen instruments, that they simply stun, even if their music was never heard before by the listener.

To top off the experience for me, I was able to hand Steve a copy of my book, *Rockin' the City of Angels*, which has a chapter on the Dixie Dregs, released last year. And while I was thanking him, I got a big surprise, one that made me burst into tears. Someone behind me exclaimed "Doug Harr?" as if they knew me. It was my long lost childhood buddy

Marcus Ryle, the one in our neighborhood with the cool dad, the engineer, the cool siblings, and some real keyboards. Marcus' dad introduced us to Moog synth music before Keith Emerson, regaling us with Wendy (then Walter) Carlos's classical synth albums, and in particular the legendary Dick Hyman and his fanciful synth pop. Marcus was the first in our neighborhood to get his own synth and as it turns out, as I learned, went on to design them, and eventually same for guitars, sporting the Line 6 guitars at Yamaha. I will finally see him, now back from Japan, next week. Good times.

Rock on.

<http://diegospadeproductions.com/>



**Misty in Roots
Live at La Belle Angele,
Edinburgh**

In review by

alan dearling



<http://www.mistyinroots.ws/home.html>

“Try to help another man think for himself.” (Misty in Roots)

I’m a lifetime fan of these boys! So, it was doubly great to see them back live on stage in Scotland’s capital city. On first meeting them in the mid to late 1970s when I was a youth worker in Acton, West London, they hung out at our NOCTA Club (Acton mixed up, by the way!). It was based in the front of the old town hall. Dark. Extremely noise-filled. A smoky place, full of the sounds of dominoes crashing, cries of ‘Blood Clot’ and ‘Ras Claat’. You got high just inhaling the intoxicating smells of Ganja - The Herb! These were the times of roots reggae, dub sound system clashes...Notting Hill Carnival...and the police using the SUS (suspicious persons loitering with intent) to harass young people on the streets – especially Black youngsters.

I fell in love with Poko (Walford Tyson) the frontman and his brothers (real and in

kinship) in Misty in Roots (MIR). They were at the very cutting edge of UK reggae. At one time I think even had five singers out front! And much-lauded by John Peel as the best UK live reggae band. And political. I was privileged to help them and others stage gigs under the Rock against Racism and Anti-Nazi League banners. And MIR were there on the frontline, sticking up for **all** young people, along with the likes of the Ruts, Ian Dury and the Satellites. Indeed, Clarence Baker from the Misty collective was badly beaten by the Special Patrol Group (police) during the riots in Southall against the national Front. The Ruts responded at the time with their track, ‘Jah War’. At the heart of this collective was ‘Roots Music’.

Here’s a link to two tracks from a June 1979 John Peel session: ‘Babylon’s Falling’ and ‘Oh Wicked Man’:



https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ji_00X6zxcQ

Poko describes Reggae Roots Music as:

“We are from the African descendents from Jamaica...I grew up with reggae, the music...It is the unique beat of the African people. It appeal to human nature. Humanitarian music, for the progression of the world, so we can all live together. The Wailers, Burning Spear, us, as Africans, Rastas, talkin’ about being down-pressed. We started out in West London, Southall. We came from a lot of struggle. We live with each other without conflict. We dealing with just peace and love.”

To remember exactly how good Misty in Roots have been (and to a great extent still are), here’s a great piece of old video from a John Peel session at the height of MIR’s considerable power: ‘Power and

Needy’, indeed. Justice:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=s-ddWOZ4EDl>

It’s as good a way as any to get into the Jah Jah rhythms of MIR music. And it was on show at Edinburgh city’s La Belle Angele. This is an intimate, vault-like venue. Ultra-friendly and a great place to enjoy good sound and a general, positive ambience. And MIR under Poko’s guidance are the ‘Roots Controllers’. Their songs are lyrical, full of powerful critiques of the social and economic oppressions. Not just in the UK, whether in West London or Scotland, but in the Caribbean, USA, Africa and beyond.

The mighty, solid bass sounds, intricate rhythms, calls to end the days of slavery and to join them on the reggae dance-



hall...it's all part of the immersive MIR Experience. For anyone who has ever questioned the so-called 'Great Society' in which we find ourselves, Misty in Roots remind us that it is a Babylon – a

prison – a place full of mis-carriages of justice. In their song 'Cover Up', which is partly a reminder of the lack of justice for Stephen Lawrence, MIR sing:



*"Feel it!
No!*

*From the goodness of your mind
And it's a cover up*

*Black man feel it
No justice
Racism - it's a cover up
People know it."*



MIR also provide a much richer blend of African rhythms into their musical palette than many other British reggae acts. More jazzy influences too. During the set, it was difficult not to reflect on the fact that quite a few of MIR are now among the last great reggae performers who came out of the UK's golden reggae period of the 1970s. Times have changed, but many of the problems of poverty and inequalities remain. They are 'on the road again', and may now indeed be the 'Wise and the Foolish' of one of their own song titles. But it is so nice to see them live and still performing with a fair bit of their vitality intact.

For me, one of the high points of the set, when it really took off, was a high-energy version of 'Slavery Days'. "Let Jah children go".

Misty in Roots have produced some fine albums, but perhaps never matched or surpassed the imperial majesty of the 1979 live set at the 'Counter Eurovision'

Festival. Here's a link:

<https://www.dailymotion.com/video/xu0x76>

And here's a link to the full (currently out of print, Peel Sessions album):

<https://www.last.fm/music/Misty+In+Roots/The+John+Peel+Sessions>

After I left this really rather special gig, I reflected on some of MIR's lyrics;

*"Dreams are just an illusion
Pavements are not gold
Hatred, hatred and oppression
Down in the ghetto
Down, down, down in the ghetto of the
city."*

Misty in Roots are at their best, live and direct. A number of the collective started their career as the backing band for Nicky Thomas but they quickly moved beyond it and have carved out a significant place in

the history of reggae roots music. And I remembered that Misty in Roots also supported the new Travellers – the old Peace Convoy -and many others on the margins and fringes of society. It was good to see the brothers in arms once again. Seeing them as an eight-piece live on stage in Edinburgh reminded me that these guys have spent their lives fighting against injustice and the inhumanity of man to his and her brothers and sisters. Providing opposition to the trashings of nature and the planet.

A simple philosophy, maybe, but theirs is, ‘consciousness and conscience music’.

Much Respect!

And here’s a five minute video I took of the MIR in action at La Belle Angele

performing ‘Wondering Wanderer’:

<https://www.facebook.com/alan.dearling/videos/10156443622171514/>

And here’s a five minute video I took of the MIR in action at La Belle Angele performing ‘Wondering Wanderer’:

<https://www.facebook.com/alan.dearling/videos/10156443622171514/>

Here’s some video of them on the road on the 2018 tour. Meet the boys (with a bit of music towards the end):

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=-Mky8IN6lf4>



Some of the current MIR band members are getting a bit older, and are a tad less spritely than of yore, but they are lovely guys and I would urge you to catch ‘em while you can.

Mellow Chants

<https://www.facebook.com/mellowchants/>

This was the young support band who got the gig started. Some nice moments, but whilst their individual contributions were sound, they need to work on their collective musical output. A work in progress.

Mellow Chants tell us:

“Behold, Men and women from different continents came together to start a collective.

Three Africans: Zimbabwe, Sudan and Mozambique; an incredible Maltese, a Chilean representing Sur de America and a Greek adding a Mediterranean touch.

The band delivers an expressive fusion of exciting music inspired by different cultures adding to the positive vibration of Rasta. Noble Energetic Reggae Music, Ska, Raggamuffin, Afro-Latin beat led by conscious lyrics and beautiful harmonies.”

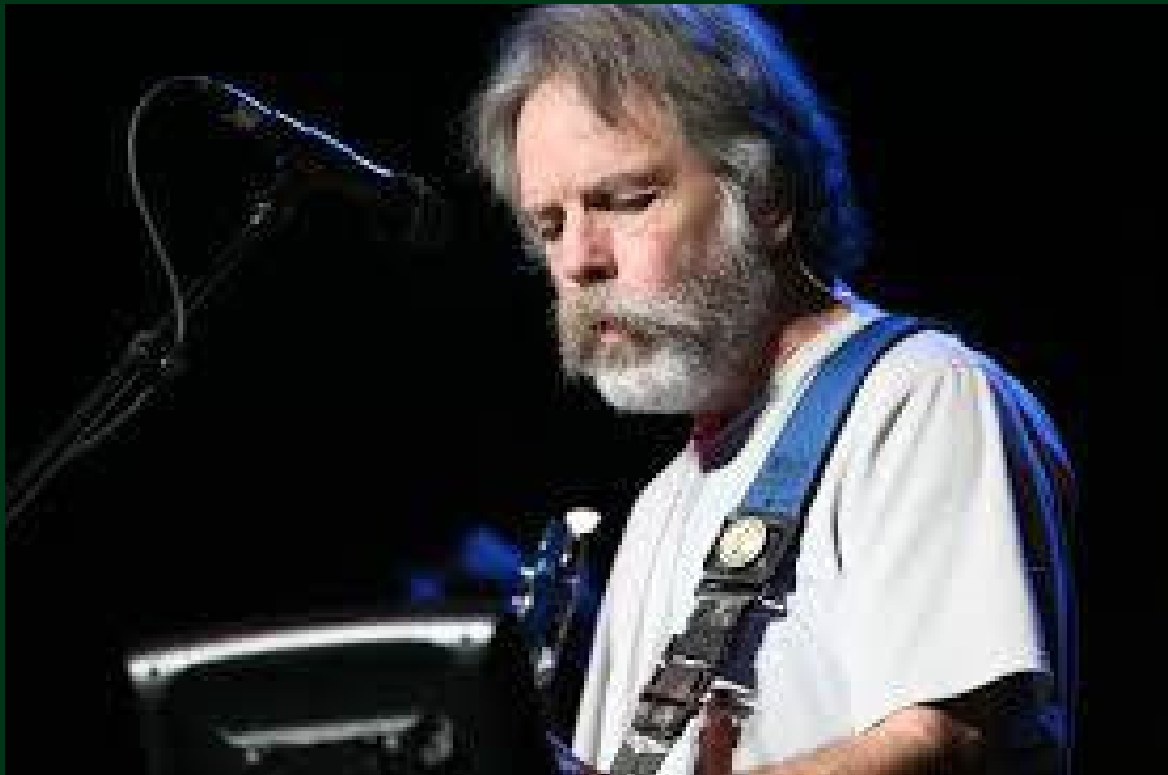
Their cover of Bob Marley’s ‘Guiltiness’:

<https://www.facebook.com/mellowchants/videos/774972549344707/>

Finally, a mention for the two lovely ladies – **the Rasta Fairies (Bev and Terri)**– who ran a great African and Caribbean-themed merchandising stall. Some nice goods at fair prices:

<https://rastafairies.co.uk/>





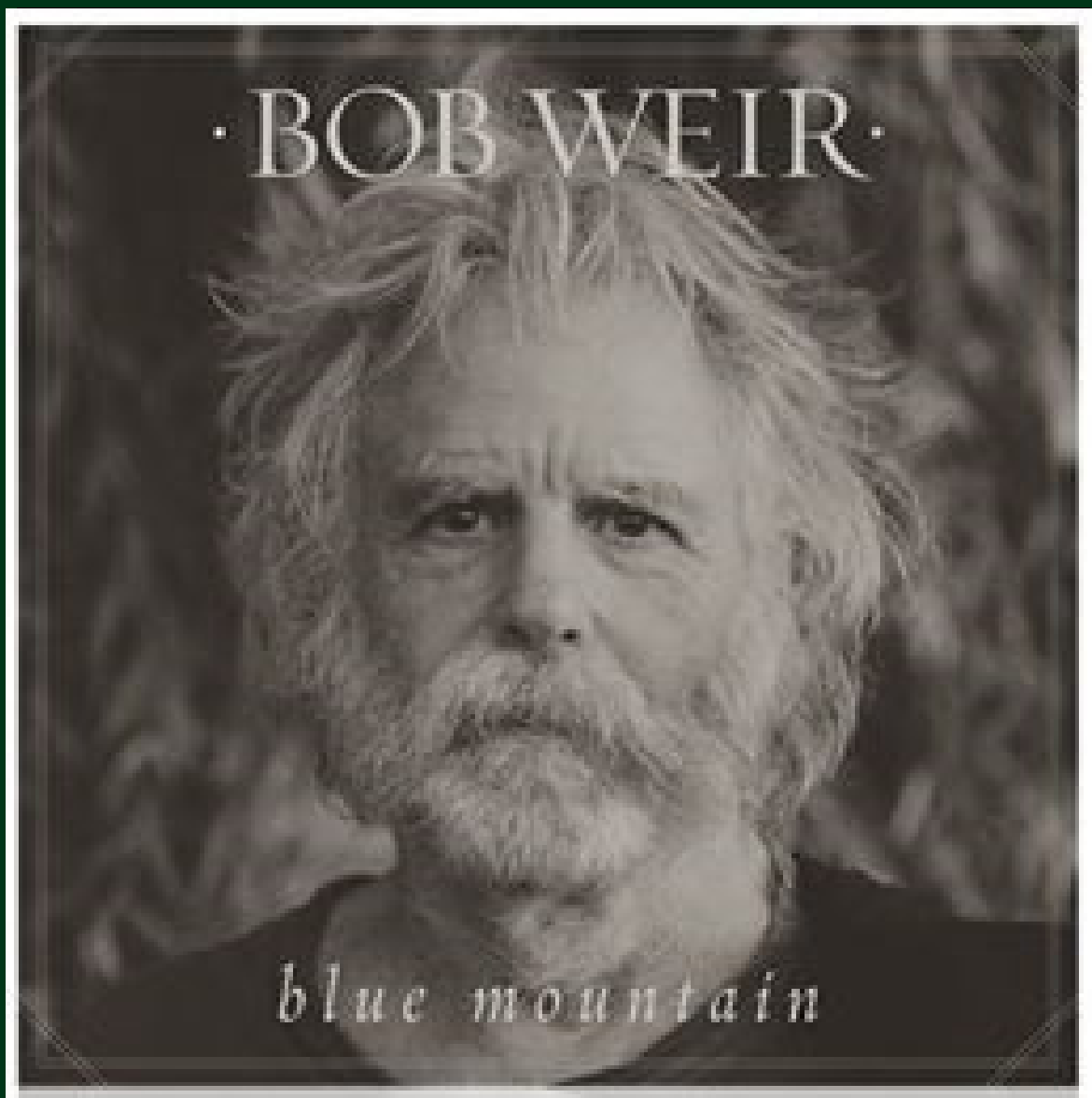
Weir: Still Here

An old friend, now deceased, used to fancy himself as a bit of a psychedelic guitarist. He kind of noodled on the guitar in spare moments when he felt so inclined, and over the years we stopped expecting him to progress all that much. But towards the end of his life, he moved to France and somewhere along the line got friendly with some accomplished musicians who lived in Paris. Their tastes were more eclectic than our old friend's, but they were fond of the Grateful Dead and content to play in that style. They'd travel down to his place, happy to have some space to practice and jam, and they generously took time out to teach him a few licks so he could play along with them. One

bucolic weekend I and another member of our old network joined them for a weekend. We could hear that he'd learned a lot, and played his guitar with greater confidence, but it was also clear that our new found Parisian friends were still some considerable way ahead of him. In a break I was talking to one of them and asked him how he felt about our old friend's contribution to the music. He smiled indulgently and said: "Ah, he is our 'Bob Weir'."

It would be utterly inappropriate to compare the actual musicianship of Bob Weir to that of our friend. Bob's been a serious, practising musician since the early 60s, and has well and truly proved his worth. But in the early days of the Grateful Dead, his musical calibre was sometimes in question – to the point where, for a brief period, he was 'fired' from the band. This wasn't a brilliant decision on the part of the others, they 'fired' Pigpen too. What were they thinking? And since then I think it has been recognised

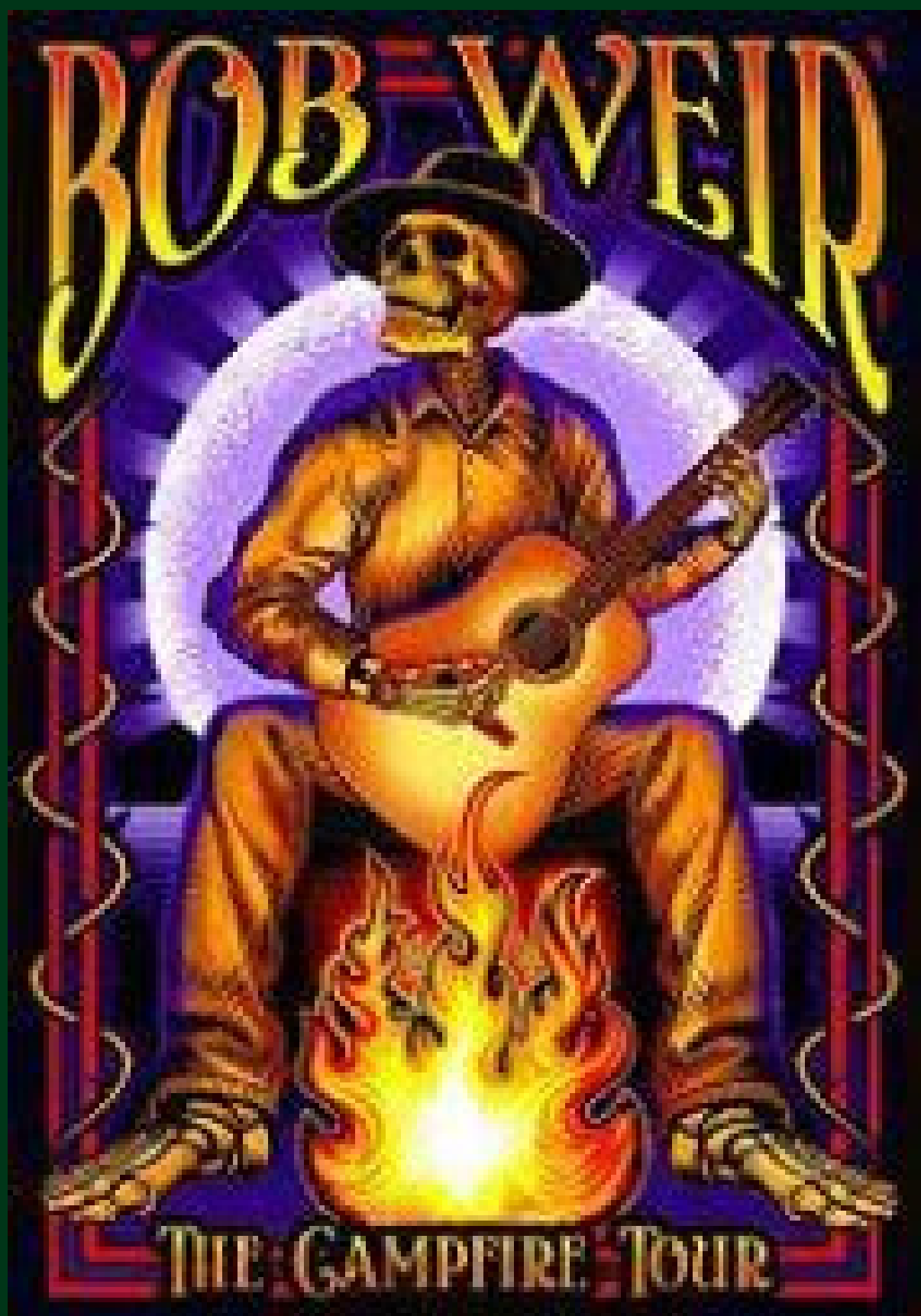
RICHARD FOREMAN



that Bob plays in a unique and entirely individual style. What was shaky, perhaps, at the start became his strength. I'd like to think that this was what the French musician was referring to – the way that, not being schooled in the conventional manner of acquiring a skill, a determined learner can find his or her own way to something special, something from within. Or maybe he just figured that that was the politest way to answer my question.

So, Bob... Once, though not with much competition, the prettiest boy in the Grateful Dead, for the last decade or so his face has been shrouded in a

fierce shock of white and grey whiskers as he's worked his way through his share of post-GD ventures. These have included The Other Ones, The Dead, Furthur and Dead and Company – all of which I've covered in profiles of other ex-members of the band. If you've read those, you might remember that, while I'm ever respectful of skills displayed, the majority of them have failed to impress me very deeply. What interests me has tended to be the ex-members' new and exploratory activities, and that's what I'd like to winkle out here.





Bob Weir had a pretty good track record on this front, even before the post-'95 period I've been looking at in these pieces. Whilst his first solo album, 1972's 'Ace' was virtually a GD album with Bob as leader, he delved into a lighter, more pop oriented style with Matthew Kelly and Dave Torbert in Kingfish in the mid 70s, and explored both jazz and reggae stylings with his '80s band Bobby and the Midnites. Some of this approach found its way into the later Grateful Dead repertoire in songs such as 'Lost Sailor', 'Saint of Circumstance', 'Estimated Prophet' and 'Hell in a Bucket'. His next venture as leader, the band Ratdog, continued to explore

these zones. It grew out of live duet performances with distinguished bassist Rob Wasserman in the late 80s and early 90s. With varying line ups, Ratdog toured fairly regularly (depending on Weir's other commitments) until early 2014. Some of its key members were guitarist Mark Karan, Jeff Chimenti on keyboards and drummer Jay Lane. It's repertoire included a good many Grateful Dead songs, both Weir's own and some of the material formerly sung by Jerry Garcia. It also included material from his solo and former band albums, covers ranging from Bob Dylan to Pink Floyd songs, and



as it developed a fair quantity of original material.

Much of this found its way onto the band's only studio album, 'Evening Moods'. Released in 2000, it featured the then current line up plus a number of other musicians who'd passed through the ranks, including saxophonists Kenny Brooks and Dave Ellis and harmonica player Matthew Kelly (a former Kingfish colleague). As an album it gets off to a cracking start with the song 'Bury Me Standing', which I consider to be as powerful and memorable as any piece of work on which Weir has writing credits. Set to a tight funk rhythm it builds in intensity with some superb, almost Middle Eastern sounding riffs and fine guitar by Mark Karan, joined by Bob (I assume) on slide towards the end. Words and music suit his vocal delivery perfectly. The lyrics, by Weir and one of his then-current writing partners, Gerri Graham, concern the regrets of a character who perceives his life to have been driven by forces beyond his control,

hence: 'Bury me standing, I been too long on my knees.' Not sure if it was ever performed live – shame if it wasn't.

Of course, the problem of getting an album off to such a strong start is maintaining the standard, and there 'Evening Moods' runs into problems. Next track, Weir and Barlow's 'Lucky Enough' passes muster – a quiet, reflective song about states of depression with a nicely worded chorus that concludes: 'But you may find grace / If you're lucky enough.' We then pass via 'Odessa' – one of Weir's never quite convincing rockers – into the jazzy zone, where the songs meander tastefully, introspectively and without much to latch onto in the way of tune. There's a bit of a rally towards the end with late Grateful Dead song 'Corrina', the well-brassy 'October Queen' and thoughtful closer 'Even So'.

A 2CD live album followed, dominated by the band's versions of GD songs, plus a few selections from the studio

set. Live soundboard CDs were available for a while, but I've no idea where these could be tracked down now. File sharing sites? I scooped up a fair 2004 set (with a lovely segue covering 'Matilda Mother' and 'Tomorrow Never Knows') and a couple from 2007 when Steve Kimock depped for an ailing Mark Karan. I'm fond of both guitarists, but Kimock, in my opinion, brought a little more finesse to the jams and the band tended to stretch out more interestingly around him.

Ratdog last toured in 2014 and have only reconvened on a one-off basis on a couple of occasions since then. The last of these was a memorial event in August 2016, following the untimely death of Rob Wasserman. There remains talk of further outings, so perhaps we've not heard the last of them.

Like all his former GD colleagues, Weir has performed as a guest or in short-lived collaborations with a variety of other musicians over the first two decades of this century. Many of these collaborations have taken place at the 'virtual venue' of Weir's Tamalpais Research Institute (TRI) studio, launched in 2011. To quote some blurb: 'TRI is a state-of-the-art multimedia performance studio, designed for broadcasting live high definition (HD) video and audio streams directly over the internet.' It streams shows and posts videos and audio streams on YouTube, Soundcloud etc. Here's just a few of the artists who've done TRI: Jackie Greene, Warren Haynes, Ratdog, Dhani Harrison, WAR, Blackberry Smoke, Lukas Nelson & The Promise of the Real, Father John Misty, Widespread Panic, Primus, Furthur, Slightly Stoopid, The Be Good Tanyas, Jonathan Wilson, Neal Casal, members of The National, and former Black Crowe Chris Robinson. There

are videos of Bob, alone and jamming with a good many of the above. Like Phil Lesh's Terrapin Crossroads it has clearly become something of a creative hub. There's even been a very musical chat show, running under the name 'Weir Here'. All in all, a person could lose several days of his/her life just catching up on seven years of TRI material.

Out of the hub have sprung new creative partnerships, such as that between Steve Kimock and Leslie Mendelson that I covered in Gonzo 261. Weir certainly seems to have brought out the inner Deadheads in young American band The National. These guys went on to co-ordinate the three CD set 'Day of the Dead', on which an astonishing variety of bands and individual musicians – from Kurt Vile to Orchestra Baobab – cover songs from (or create music in the style of) the Grateful Dead catalogue. Bob himself turns up on the final track, a live version of 'I Know You Rider' with the National.

The same link up was a contributory factor in Weir's most recent solo venture – a sortie into what are described as 'cowboy songs' on the 2016 album 'Blue Mountain'. Bob, as any fan will know, has been a purveyor of cowboy songs from the early days of the Dead. His version of John Phillips' 'Me and My Uncle' is close to definitive, and his Marty Robbins covers – 'El Paso' and 'Big Iron' – have been long enduring. Inspired, so the publicity material runs, by his time working as a ranch hand in Wyoming when he was fifteen years old, 'Blue Mountain' blends the cowboy vibe with the perspective of an ageing man looking back on life. The majority of the songs were co-written with singer-songwriter Josh Ritter – though we are not told whether he too put in time as a ranch hand in his youth.





At its best and most resonant, on songs such as 'Gonesville' and 'Lay My Lilly Down' Weir and his supporting musicians (including members of the National and various Ratdog-ers) nail this wistful and timeless atmosphere beautifully. They have that sense of songs that have always existed, just waiting to be plucked out of the ether by the writers. The same goes for Bob's almost entirely solo rendition of 'Ki Yi Bossie', one of those 'Wharf Rat' style songs that take a sympathetic and well-informed look at folk who are down on their uppers. The eerily arranged 'Ghost Towns' too works particularly well, but some of the rest of the material doesn't hit the spot for me. Maybe there's a limit to how many cowboy songs I can take at one sitting. Americana has its charm, but does tend to run to excess a lot these days. 'Blue Mountain' is a respectable contribution to the pantheon, just not a stand-out. Weir has played some of the material live with some of the other contributors, but don't go expecting to hear these songs at Dead and Company shows.

So, along with Hart, Lesh and Kreutzmann, Weir's still here. It may seem that I have a tendency to damn him with faint praise somewhat, and it's true that my affection for him has its limits. But there's no shortage of respect on my part for his restless vitality, his politics (see online for more on that) and his service to the music that I love. Weir's musical history is dotted with gems and I'd like to leave you with one that's accessible on the web, if you'd care to check it out. It's Bob performing solo with acoustic guitar. The song is 'Big Bad Blues' – with a brilliant late Robert Hunter lyric and which was performed too few times in the Furthur era. I can't retrace the original video I came across of Bob singing it, but here's a link to another TRI video that gives some idea of how powerful a performer Weir can be with a first rate song to sing.

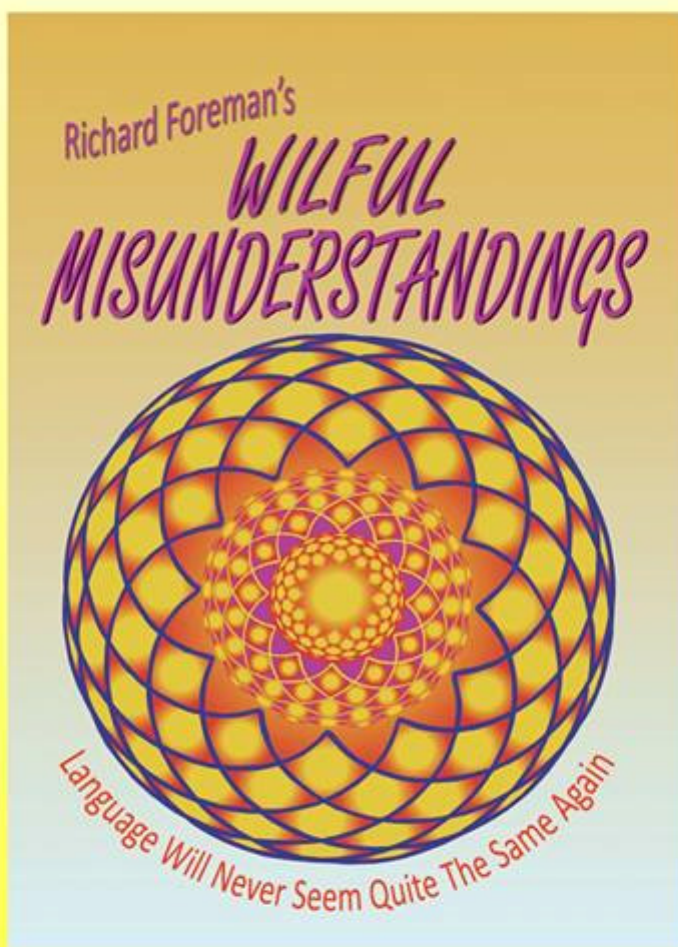
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=6Nry2YBKjO8>

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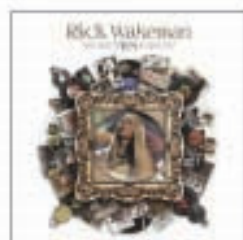
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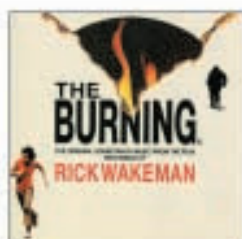
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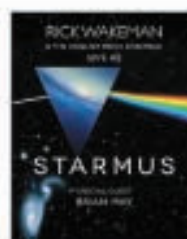
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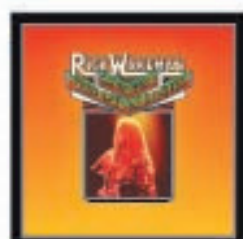
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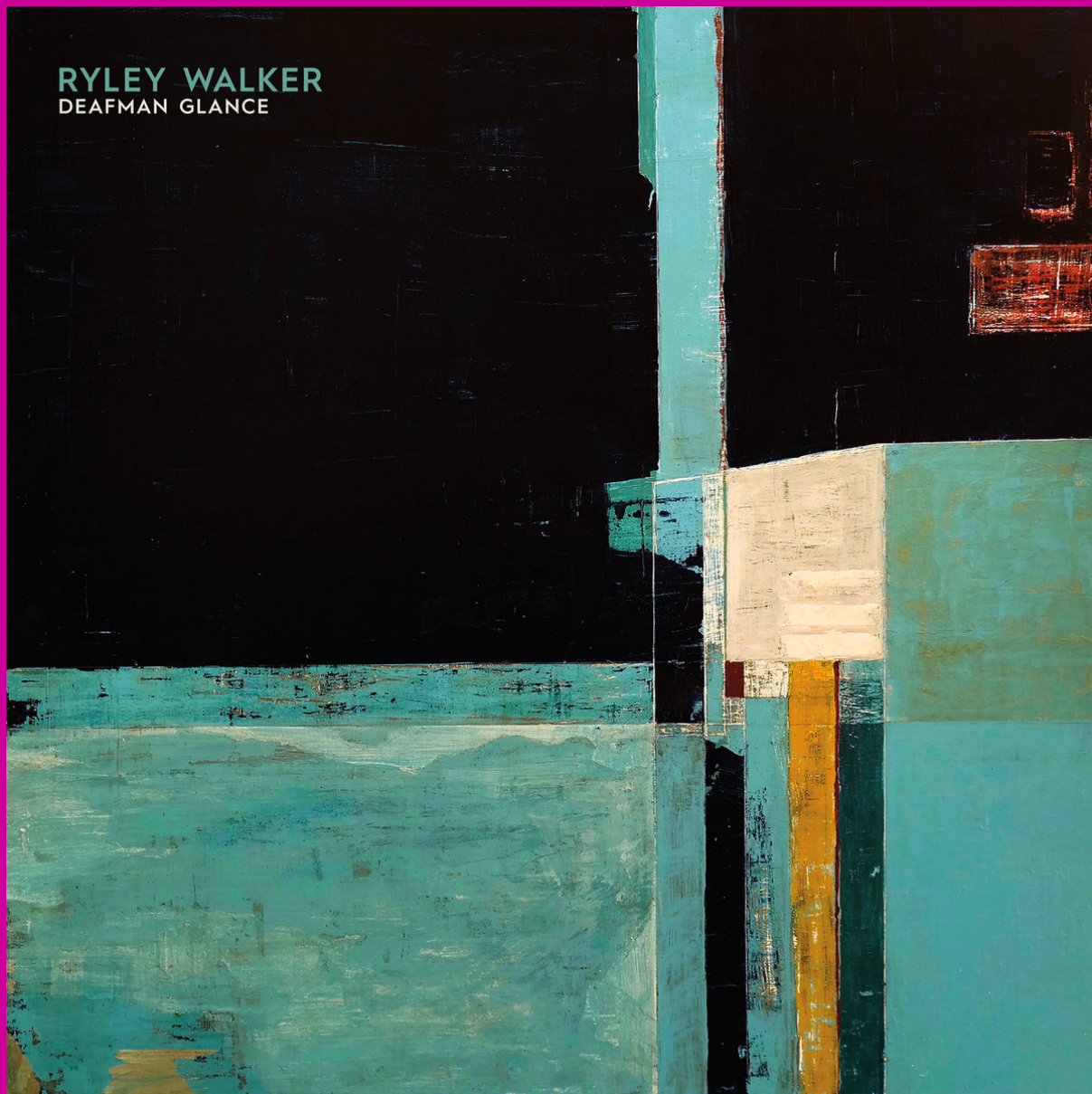
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RYLEY WALKER
DEAFMAN GLANCE



Regular readers will know, 21st century (new) music doesn't come easy to me. Ryley Walker seems to have approached his music using the old school methods, by being out on the road, night after night, month after month. No A/C tour bus or luxury chain hotels for our boy, begged beds, sofas and floors, with the occasional park bench thrown in. Packed into a van on the road with his three-piece band if not travelling solo. But it's the real road, meeting and mixing with real people. Modern travel is such that you can move around the world completely incognito if you wish, with modern tech reducing our personal interactions with other humans even more in the future. No, Ryley

usually invites his audience to the, or a, bar afterwards, and often appealed for accommodation from the stage too. If you could still smoke inside venues, I suspect a lot of lit 'cigarettes' would be passed up from audience to the stage, beers certainly do. You learn your craft the hard way, but once you've learnt it, you can start breaking the rules.....

2015's *Primrose Green* was close in spirit to the English 'folk-rock' scene of the late 60s and early 70s with hints of light jazz. 2016 saw *Golden Sings*.....the jazz/free form direction much more pronounced. It turns out Ryley is not trying to be the next Nick Drake after all, he is, from even a

John Brodie-Good



RYLEY WALKER TELLURIDE SPEED

FROM THE ALBUM
DEAFMAN GLANCE
OUT MAY 18, 2018



brief glance at his FB page, a modern Chicago-based urbanite to a large degree.

Two refreshingly candid pre-album interviews appeared in the UK Music Press, the first being in June's really rather splendid *Mojo* magazine. In addition to the Ryley interview, there is a Grace Slick piece, a musical review of 1968 and a piece on Bill Nelson of former Be-Bop Deluxe fame (120 solo albums so far!!!!). Well worth a fiver. Ryley admits to battles with depression, and states in no uncertain terms that the Primrose Ryley wasn't the real him. He goes on to say *Golden Sings* was to prove he was his own man and this new one, strives to be a contemporary Chicagoey record, "the music sounds like it's falling apart". Interestingly he goes onto say he is still finding his voice, a sentiment that the new album bears out. It's different, it's very good, but there is still much more to come hopefully. He prefers travelling with a band these days; the new album is band music after all. "I can't trust myself any more on tour, I'm always trying to score dope and get fucked up. It's wrecking me". *Mojo* scored a double-scoop with Ryley's personal current top 10 music acts working in and around Chicago, written by Ryley. I've got one of his

suggestions, Nick Mazzarella Quintet – *Ultraviolet*, in my new LPs to play pile next door. Ryley's self-deprecation is noted in the May 2018 issue of *Shindig!* too. Far less personal than the *Mojo* piece, Ryley talks about prog rock influences, says he still loves the psych-folk but can't just play the same stuff all the time. It's another good issue of a magazine, not a million miles from a printed Gonzo really (now that is a compliment!) with articles on Moby Grape, The Damned's Brian James psyc-prog days, an Austrian TV Rock Opera from 1972 and others sorts of cool madness.

So, the important and difficult third album. There's been a few more than that but I'm ignoring the three or so instrumental workouts; we are talking the real uns 'ere.

Available on CD, download and on vinyl, the sound quality is open if somewhat dry. The record is pretty good though, the lacquer cut from a half-speed master by one of the Abbey Road Studios gang, and it's not on 'audiophile heavy vinyl', just a 'normal' record. Yet again, the vocals are back in the mix, a tad frustrating at times. A nice abstract painting forms the cover, with our hero looking pensive on the back, ciggie sparked up in hand as usual.



I don't really understand the music biz. Why did his record company release not one but three tracks in advance, 'free' on You Tube? One would have been enough surely? June 2018's *Mojo* magazine had one of the tracks on a free giveaway CD stuck on the cover too. This evening I see a website called pitchfork.com has put all the rest of the friggin' tracks up too! How is anyone supposed to make a living?

In Castle Dome, a slow Bluesy number kicks off proceedings, his voice suddenly sounding older than his years. Sparse electric guitar, flute and light synths provide the melody. Flute is something that features heavily throughout.

22 Days follows with a light, 1960s West Coast band feel, a nice single, chopping guitar riff underpins his voice, which veers back towards an American Nick Drake. This track includes the first of the 'Prog' bits, suddenly thrown in a la Zappa, with a sudden time and tempo change for a short burst and then back to the song's original structure. Bits of early Gentle Giant and even Genesis spring to

mind. I'm personally not sure, these incursions sound almost too deliberate at times. It makes it interesting for sure, but is it better? I think my jury is still out on this. Like most Ryley, you have to sit and listen, it doesn't work as background music.

Accommodations goes into heavy realms, slightly avante-garde jazz, dark, sparse, with more flute and piano to close.

Cant Ask Why opens with a light synth curtains with distant 'Tibetan' bells, before the acoustic guitar comes slowly up (a bit like Michael Hedges), Ryley's voice also being used more like an instrument. It then breaks suddenly into a proggy thing and then finally fades. Still not sure.....

Side 2 opens with Opposite Middle, and we go up-tempo at last, this one chugs along really nicely, with a 'classic' Ryley vocal hook. The Proggy snippets are short and sweet. Perhaps my issue is that the snippets are just not strong enough, they sound a bit musically weak and thin mostly. Telluride Speed is the first track



that was up on You Tube and has a bit of everything. It has his soft voice, very English folk and pastoral sounding, the flute floating around again, with these sudden electric inserts. It then breaks into a rather nice early Caravan chord progression type-thing. I remember this one from Brum in November 2016, it was far more powerful live. This is the closest that the prog incursions really start to work for me.

The main event is next; the very, very wonderful Expired. This is what I heard on that stage that night two years back. A hauntingly beautiful piece, his voice is slow and left hanging in the air. Sparse electric guitar, an almost early Starship like space glimmer in the background, then he swaps to acoustic guitar, with a changed vocal pace, almost West Coast/Country sounding and then slows back down again. Dennis Wilson's Pacific Ocean Blue springs to mind in respect of this song's 'purity'. The vocals are way back on this one (sadly), it sounds like he's either in a box, or slightly away from the microphone. Much more of this please in the future! Rocks on Rainbow is a very short, American folk guitar 'picking tune. Not sure why it's there really, variety?, to

appease the older fans? whatever....or maybe it's Supper's Ready....

Proceedings close with Spoil with the Rest. A band number which starts with jazzy underpinnings and then segues into an almost U2, electric guitar raining around kind of sound. Ryley's vocals are of his more spoken kind, the whole thing moves along with a nice groove.

Although only two albums back, this is all a long way from *Primrose Green* already, another reason I like Ryley, he will always progress forward, whatever styles of music he plays.

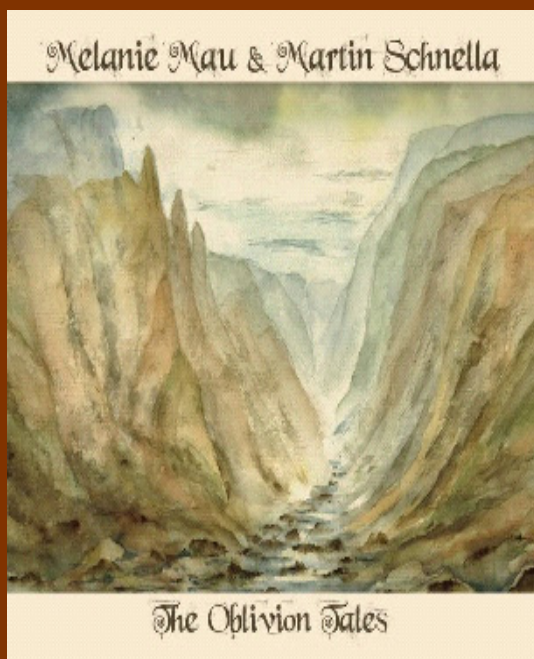
This is an album that will keep revealing more over time, it was recorded over a six month period between gigs, many of the songs being honed on stage during endless months on the road. Just the way an album should be. I'm looking forward to delving further into it. Can't wait for the gigs at the back end of the year too.....

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KEV'S WORLD

**MELANIE MAU & MARTIN
SCHNELLA**
THE OBLIVION TALES
INDEPENDENT



My name is Kevin, and I am a music addict. OK, so nothing new there I guess, but anyone who has been following my scribbles over the last twenty-five years or will realise that I have incredibly diverse tastes. I can be listening to pre-war blues, or avant-garde jazz, or the most

extreme metal that can be imagined, prog rock, AOR (the list goes on for a while) and sometimes will shuffle it all up together. I also prefer to get out to gigs when I can, and am still annoyed that I had to miss the last show by Napalm Death when they were over, although I did catch them the time before (supported by Carcass – awesome!), while most recent gig was Midnight Oil (my next will be Sepultura) but what to me is the purest form of music? In my opinion, it is what has been created with the least amount of audible trickery, which means that it is acoustic with vocals, which generally means acoustic blues, folk, singer-songwriter etc.

To say that this album ticks all the boxes on every level, is something of an understatement. Martin can often be found providing electric guitar in Flaming Row and Seven Steps To The Green Door, but here he and Melanie have created something that is far more reflective, delicate and beautiful. They live in the Harz mountains with its mystical tales from long forgotten times, which inspired them to write some songs, and then they gathered some friends and guests to help them bring it all fruition. A quick glance at the guests and I spotted

KEV ROWLAND

Dave Meros and Jimmy Keegan, so to get guys from the mighty Spock's Beard involved shows just how much others think of this as well.

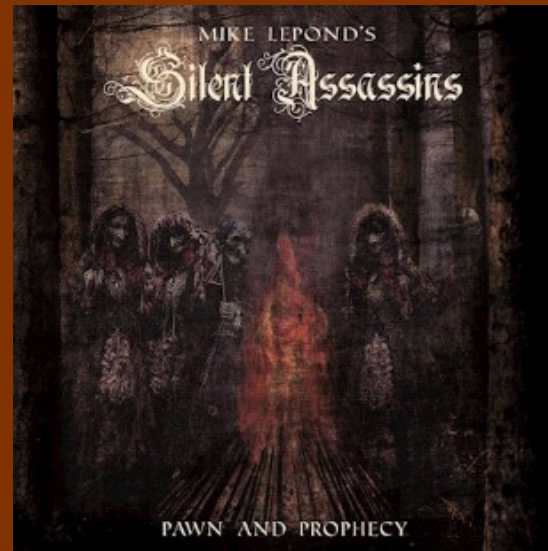
Musically this is folk with some progressive tendencies, and at times sounds quite Celtic as well. Melanie's clear vocals and Martin's guitars/mandolin form the basis, although Martin can also be found providing both lead and harmony vocals as well. There is quite a bit of percussion involved here and there, while woodwind and strings all have their place as well. This is sheer beauty from start to finish, moving through renaissance style pieces to modern folk, but always with superb control and incredible arrangements. Back when we lived in the UK, I used to travel to various folk clubs to experience real music in the raw, and last year I travelled to the other side of the world just to experience the Cropredy Festival once more. That was one of the most amazing musical experiences of my life, but I know that if Melanie and Martin had been there then it would have been even richer.

Released independently, Martin has asked that I pass on his email address to anyone who is interested in purchasing what is for me one of the most glorious albums one could wish to hear. Released as a digipak with a great booklet, lyrics and photos this is pure delight from beginning to end.

Contact Martin on

martinschnella@gmx.de

MIKE LEPOND'S SILENT ASSASSINS PAWN AND PROPHECY FRONTIERS MUSIC



Best known as the bassist for progressive metal giants Symphony X, Mike LePond stepped out on his own to front his own project, Mike LePond's Silent Assassins in 2014., and they have just returned with their second album. The result is a traditional heavy metal album that has been massively influenced by Manowar (in particular), along with Helloween, Raven and Jag Panzer. When I was first playing this I hadn't even looked to see what the band was, but found myself thinking that a lot of what was going on was if Joey DeMaio had taken up root in another band, as there is no doubt that here is a band being led by a bassist. Now, singer Alan Tecchio does a great job, and the guitars are strong and heavy, while the production is very good indeed and there are also some guest appearances from Symphony X bandmates Michael Romeo and Michael Pinella, so in many ways it is a shame that much of this album doesn't go anywhere.

There is a reason why bass solos died out in the Seventies, or with Chris Squire, as technically they may be very clever indeed, but no-one really wants to listen to them. Consequently the lengthy introduction to "I Am The Bull" had me

starting to wonder just how much longer the album had to go. But, the piece de resistance had yet to arrive, in the last song which is a 21 minute epic based on William Shakespeare's "Macbeth". Just imagine if you will a series of songs with little musical relationship to each other put into one long piece with plenty of bass widdly-widdly. Yes, Spinal Tap are alive and well and releasing albums. I've seen some absolute rave reviews of this album, but while there are some strong performances, a great deal of editing needed to take place before this hit the streets. I can't imagine me ever playing this again.

**NECROPANTHER
EYES OF BLUE LIGHT
INDEPENDENT**



This is the second album from Denver-based Necropanther, and was recorded at Green Door Recordings by Felipe Patino (Rise Against, NOFX) and mixed and mastered in Gothenburg, Sweden by melodic death metal mastermind Fredrik Nordström (Dimmu Borgir, At The Gates, Arch Enemy, In Flames etc.) who gushed upon the record's completion, "Necropanther is merciless with their songwriting. They're the New Wave Of Old School Death Metal! This album is cool!". It's interesting to hear a comment like that from such a stalwart of the scene,

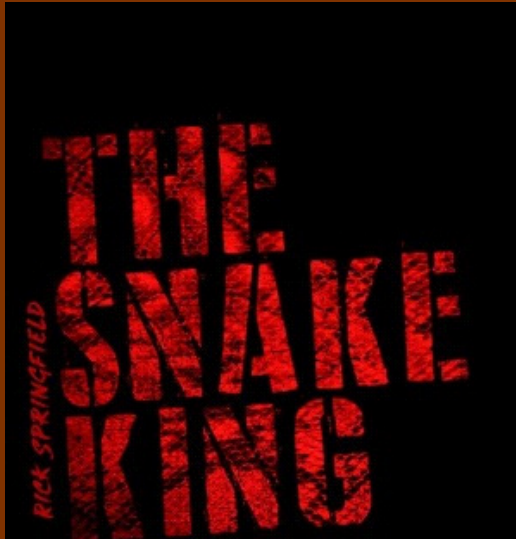
as apart from the vocals I don't think this is death metal at all. It is hard, it is fast, but it is also incredibly melodic, and if there was a different vocal style then no-one would consider calling this death at all. But what do I know?

Whatever you want to call this, melodic death, death NWOBHM, Judas Priest crossed with King Diamond and Darkthrone, it is a damn fine album. Formed in 2014, this is not only their second album, but also their second concept, as here they chronicle the classic 1965 Frank Herbert sci-fi novel 'Dune'. Set in the distant future amidst a feudal interstellar society in which noble houses, in control of individual planets, owe allegiance to the Padishah Emperor, 'Dune' tells the story of young Paul Atreides, whose family accepts the stewardship of the desert planet Arrakis. As this planet is the only source of the oracular spice mélange, the most important and valuable substance in the universe, control of Arrakis is a coveted—and dangerous—undertaking. The story explores the multi-layered interactions of politics, religion, ecology, technology, and human emotion, as the factions of the empire confront each other in a struggle for the control of Arrakis and its spice.

These guys have only been together for four years, but they have all paid their dues in other bands and it really shows. Musically they are incredibly adept, and by continuing to hit the stage they are locked in and as tight as one could imagine. With singer Paul Anop also being their second guitarist they are also content to provide strong instrumental passages, as there isn't a need for vocals to always be present. Myself and others might be confused as to exactly what genre this is, but that's not exactly a bad thing, and is an album any metalhead will get a great deal from.

<http://www.necropanther.com>

**RICK SPRINGFIELD
THE SNAKE KING
FRONTIERS MUSIC**



“Jessie is a friend,
Yeah, I know he's been a good friend of mine
But lately something's changed
It ain't hard to define
Jessie's got himself a girl and I want to make her mine”

Back in 1981 an Australian singer-songwriter already in his thirties, and who has been in the business since the Sixties, released what is undoubtedly one of the true bona fide classics of the decade. I was so blown away by the pop rock hooks that I went out and purchased the 10” picture disc that I still have all these years later. But, to be fair and honest, I never searched out any other music from Rick, not even the album the single came from (‘Working Class Dog’ seeing as how you asked). Over the years the song has embedded itself in my brain, and anyone my age can probably sing a great deal of it when prompted as it was just everywhere back then. Fast forward 37 years and I have been asked to review his latest album, and I really wasn’t sure what to expect. Would it still be a similar style, or would he have changed, I mean, it’s been a lifetime.

Somehow the heartthrob is going to be 69 later this year, so perhaps it’s not

surprising that he is now appealing to quite a different crowd to the one he used to, but I can’t imagine anyone ever expected that he would release an album quite like this. His vocals are still as strong as ever, but they are now broader and with more gravitas, while musically he is bringing together the likes of Steve Earle, Tom Waits and Bruce Springsteen to create something that is roots and blues, solid mahogany as opposed to anything plastic. It is genuine and heartfelt, and when he slides into the blues of “Judas Tree” it is hard to imagine that he ever played anything else. This man may not be able to sing the blues like the great BB, but boy one can see where he has been influenced by, and it all feels so damn real.

His lyrics have also moved a very long way indeed from his love for another’s girlfriend (based on a true story, except his friend was actually called Gary), and with titles such as “Jesus Was An Atheist” and “Santa Is An Anagram” they are more than a little tongue in cheek. This album may not repeat the success of all those years ago, but it should. Brilliant from start to finish

**RING OF GYGES
BEYOND THE NIGHT SKY
INDEPENDENT**



So there I was, minding my own business, perusing a list of releases that I could download to review, and I made the comment that I had so much to write about that I wasn’t going to take anything

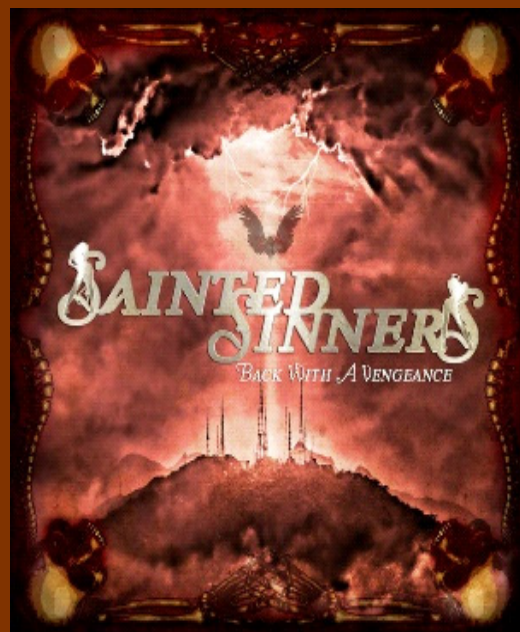
from the list that week. The response I received from my good friend and fellow music addict Olav Bjørnsen was “Hmm, my apologies for being slightly evil now...” and a YouTube link to the album preview of ‘Beyond The Night Sky’. After I had played that I knew that I was going to be reviewing this after all, as music as good as this has to be spread as far as possible.

Based in that hotbed of progressive rock that is Reykjavik, this Icelandic group have released their debut album both on CD and through Bandcamp, and it is going to make a lot of people sit up and take notice. More metallic, yet still true to progressive rock as opposed to prog metal, here is a band that is bringing together influences as diverse as Gentle Giant, Spock’s Beard, Opeth, Anathema and King’s X, throwing them all together into a melting pot and seeing what comes out the other side. The result is that the listener is never really sure what is going to happen next, and the band can hit a groove that makes the body move and swing, then we can get some death style vocals, or it can shift 90 degrees sideways and become really quirky, even just for a few seconds before starting off somewhere else. Intensely melodic, the music always makes sense, and although there is a great deal going on the listener is always being brought along for the journey and never left behind scratching their head wondering what is going on and how to make sense of it all.

I know absolutely nothing about these guys apart from what I have read on their Bandcamp page, and they’re not even listed on ProgArchives yet, but this album is surely going to make them a very well-known name in the prog field indeed. Highly recommended, this needs to be in every proghead’s collection.

<https://ringofgygesband.bandcamp.com>

SAINTED SINNERS BACK WITH A VENGEANCE EL PUERTO RECORDS



The second album from the band fronted by American born vocalist David Reece (ex-Accept) with guitarist Frank Pané (Bonfire), sees them adopt a far more basic and balls to the wall approach than the debut. This time around the keyboards are far less pronounced, and we have a much more heads down and meet you at the end attitude that sounds as if early Eighties Saxon have joined forces with Accept and Quiet Riot, and have hired a shredder who can provide incredibly fluid solos which doesn’t sound like any of those bands, especially when they allow some of the blues flavour to shine through that they had on the debut, although here it isn’t nearly as pronounced.

Having played this quite a bit I can confirm that it is certainly worth hearing, but although it makes me smile, and I enjoy it, it just doesn’t have the bounce and panache of the debut. It is always interesting to see a band move, and in Pané they have a bona fide superstar, but the quality of the songs doesn’t always meet what they can do musically. Sure, this is a fun band, and I bet they’re great live, but this doesn’t always hit the mark like it should.

**SCUMPULSE
ROTTEN
GORE HOUSE PRODUCTIONS**



I must confess that I probably play grindcore nearly every day, as I find it relaxing, probably as it doesn't tax my brain too much trying to think what to say about the next album I'm supposed to be reviewing. You always know what you're going to get with grindcore – gruff vocals that allow you to understand the odd lyric, and the rest of the band pushing 4/4 to the absolute max, with a note density

unrivalled by other genres. So when I saw the name of the band, and the name of the label, I guessed I was probably onto a good thing.

Formed in 2013, Edinburgh-based Scumpulse follows a previously-released EP and single with their debut album, through the Los Angeles-based extreme metal label Gore House Productions. They deliver eight punishing tracks of crusty, blackened metallic grindcore, bridging influences from Darkthrone and Impaled Nazarene through the likes of Carcass (especially) and Exhumed, while Abscess probably got a look in as well. Thirty-eight minutes of aggressive grindcore, hitting virtually all the bases through the album. Only virtually? Well, the production is actually too clean and cynical, and to my poor battered ears it suffers from a lack of bass. I would honestly expect to hear these guys sounds quite different in concert, as the sound just doesn't have the power and balls that I know they are delivering. Overall, it is a very good debut indeed, and I want to hear more, but even heavier.

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



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.

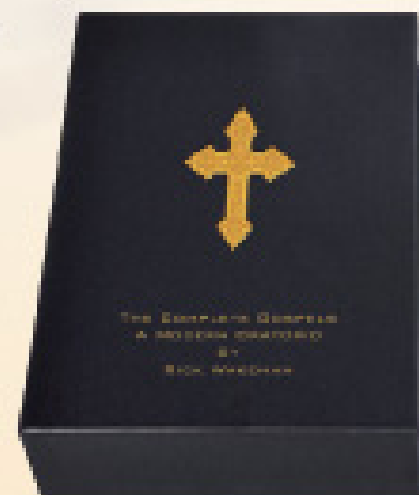
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Available to pre-order from www.rickwakemansmusicemporium.com

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Asante sana (thank you very much),

David Banks
Director, Africa Region
The Nature Conservancy

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



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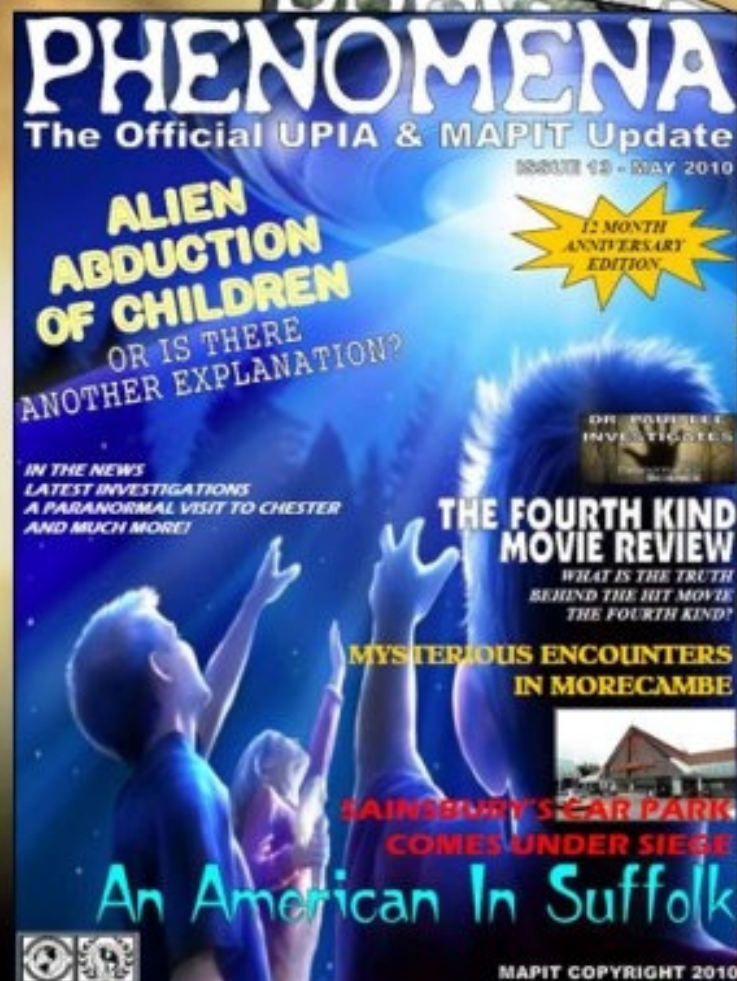
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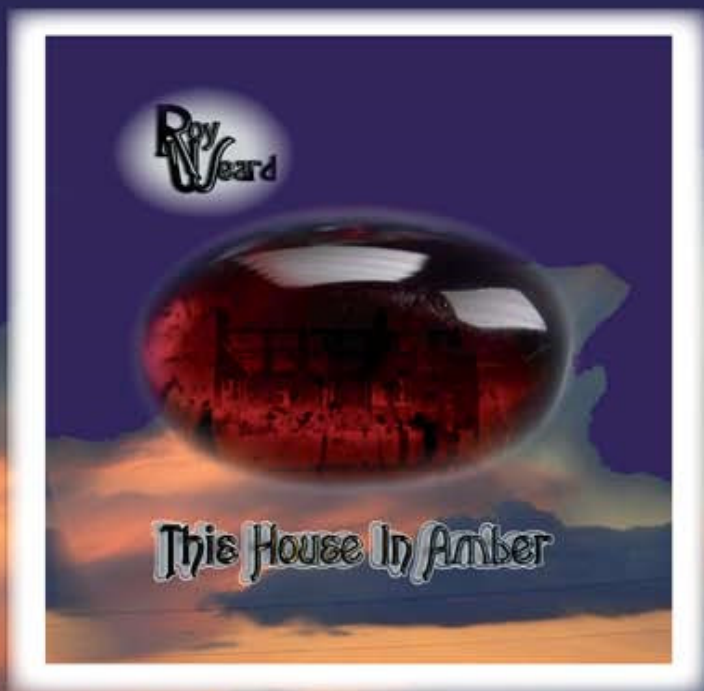
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c.j.stone

CHAOS MAGIC

I first caught sight of him as I turned the corner from the main road. He was about 50 yards ahead, opposite Treadwell's, the famous occult bookshop, talking to a tree. Or that's what it looked like from here. He was up close to the tree – one of those big, old London planes that manage to thrive amidst all the noise and pollution of our overcrowded capital – facing it head on, smoking a cigarette, with a certain animation about his bearing, as if deep in conversation. Perhaps he was checking out the latest gossip. If

anyone has a higher perspective on the news around Fitzrovia, it would be that tree.

This was Julian Vayne, my teacher for the day. It was an all-day workshop in Treadwell's basement: 'Altered States in Magic – with Julian Vayne.' He's a slim man, wirily compact, with an intense air of concentrated energy about him. He's very alert, watchful, as if he's trying to take in everything in his environment, seen and unseen, all at the same time. Also there's a



kind of cool self-assurance about him, a core of crystalline awareness, as if he truly knows who he is, and why he is here: a rare quality in this age.

We greet each other and, just before we cross the road to begin the workshop, he leans down and places his palm tenderly on the lower part of the trunk, just at the point where the roots begin to spread. He had, indeed, been communicating with the tree.

OCCULTISM AND MAGIC

Julian Vayne is a self-confessed Chaos Magician. He's written many books on magic and related subjects. These include: *The Book of Baphomet*, *Deep Magic*, *Now That's What I Call Chaos Magick* and *Chaos Craft*. His latest book is *Getting Higher: The Manual of Psychedelic Ceremony*.

His biography, on the blog he shares with Nikki Wyrd and Steve Dee, *The Blog of Baphomet*, describes him in these terms: 'Julian Vayne is an occultist and the author of a number of books, essays, journals and articles in both the academic and esoteric

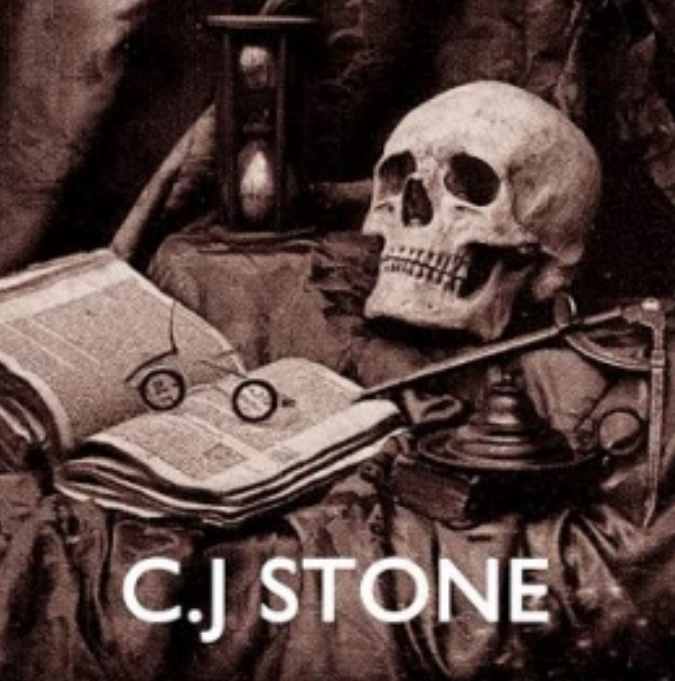
press. He is a freelance consultant, often working in museum and heritage settings, and lives in Devon. His name is most closely associated with the approach to occultism known as chaos magic. Julian is also an initiated Wiccan, member of the Kaula Nath lineage and Master Mason.'

His most public moment came when he served as the installation on the fourth plinth in Trafalgar Square in August 2009, as part of Anthony Gormley's *One & Other* project. He was there for an hour. He performed a ritual, summoning the guardians of the four directions, wearing a costume meant to represent the figure of the horned god, Baphomet, the platform strewn with roses and ivy. He invoked the god, calling him down to attend the rite, bringing the spirit of wildness and creative disorder into the grid-locked heart of this metropolitan desert.

Read on

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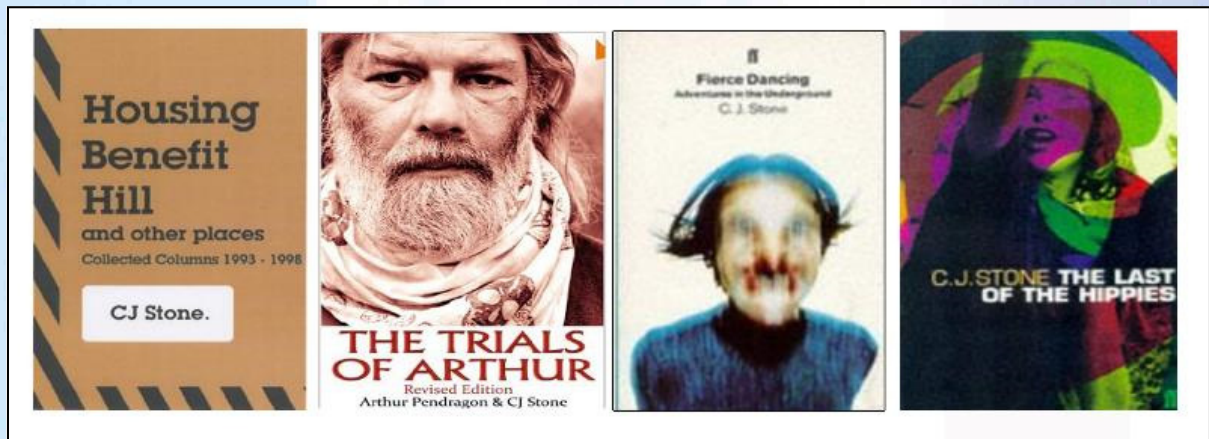
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Independent on Sunday



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

A wide-angle photograph of the Stonehenge monument in a grassy field under a cloudy sky. The stones are arranged in their characteristic circular formation.

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



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

Each week Graham Inglis keeps us up to date with the latest news from the Hawkverse..

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11. Xara's Poem
12. For Those Who Are Searching
13. Rolling Out
14. Angel Full Of Pity
15. Right On The Mark
16. This Time, This Space
17. So Strong Is Desire



Hawkwind have announced another summer festival date, this time in south-east England.

It's on Saturday, 4th August, at the "A New Day Festival" being held near Faversham in Kent. It appears from the flyer that Hawkwind are headlining.

Before that, in mid July, we have the West London date:

Sunday 15th July - Citadel Festival, Gunnersbury Park, London.

Some weeks ago, Hawkwind announced the following: "Ahead of the orchestral shows later in the year, and the new album release early September, Hawkwind are looking forward to playing some fun, summer, seaside shows! The band will be bringing their own special brand of psychedelic, space chaos to Margate and Weymouth in July."

That was a reference to two gigs in late July:

Friday 20th July - Hall By The Sea, Dreamland Margate

Sat 21st July - Weymouth Pavillion.

The orchestral shows are in Oct and Nov 2018. And that brings us up to date with confirmed 2018 shows from Hawkwind, as at 1st June. More might be announced in due course.



HAWKWIND PASSPORT APPLICATION



Greetings space travellers!

This is your Hawkwind Earth Visitors Passport application form.

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

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

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

Volunteer Crew Register

Name

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

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

Full Earth Address:

.....
.....

Post Code

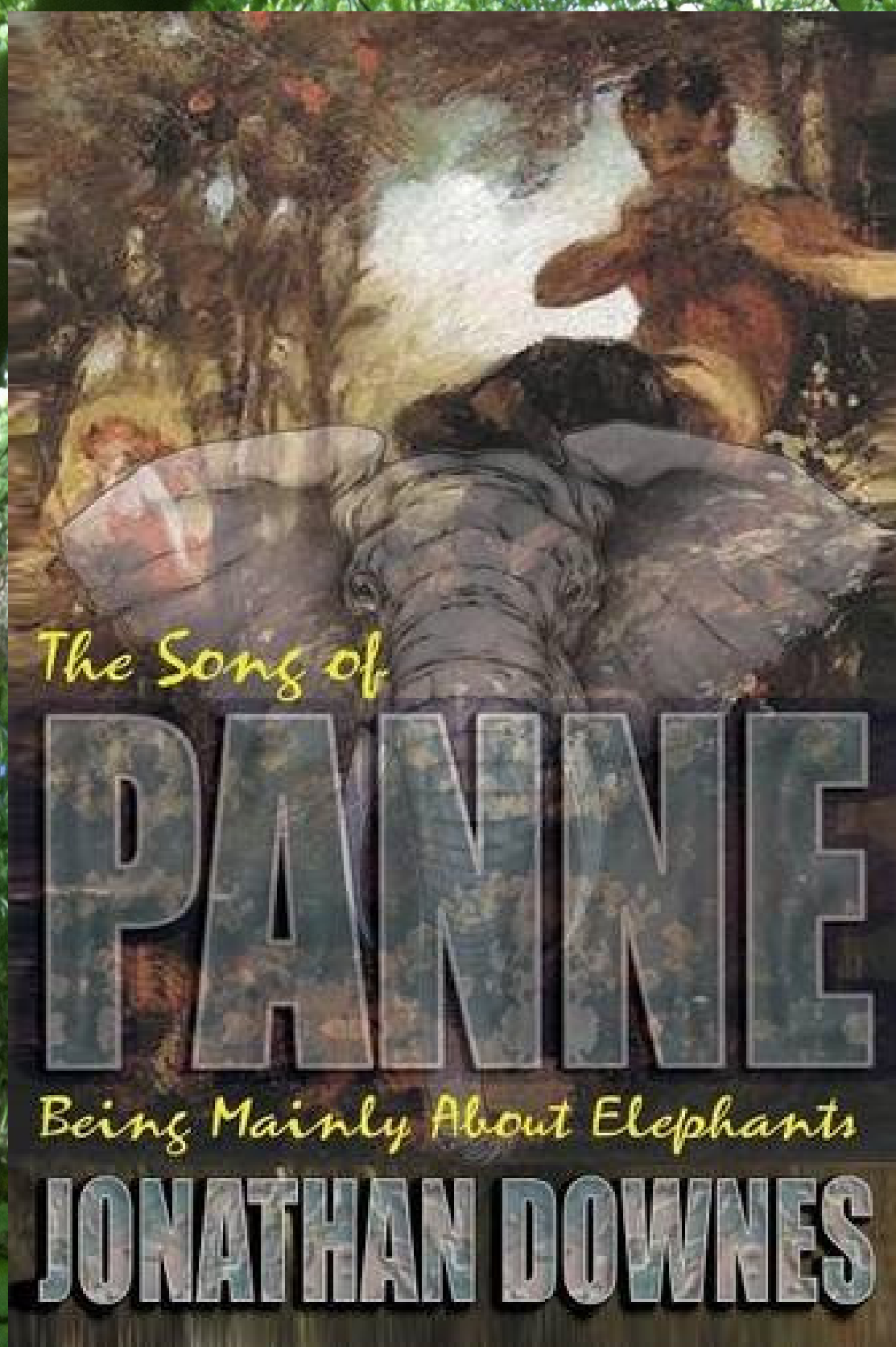
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Telephone Number:

Additional info:

www.hawkwind.com

Any enquiries hawkwindpassports@hawkwind.com



The Song of

PANNE

Being Mainly About Elephants

JONATHAN DOWNES

The Wild Colonial Boy

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

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

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

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

A week or so after William had returned to us, the family went on a day trip to one of the grassland scrub areas above Kowloon Reservoir. What we were doing there, why we went, and who we took with us, I have no idea, but I do know that it was as a result of this trip that my ever growing menagerie got another new inhabitant.

I'm sure that we had someone, or maybe more than one, with us, because - as was so often the case - my parents were engrossed in conversation whilst my little brother played in the dirt and I went off to explore. The picnic place was surrounded by tall strands of elephant grass, which were nearly as high as I was. I always found these tall grasslands to be absolutely fascinating; they provided shelter for a whole range of different animals, and if one walked through them, one could dislodge a wide variety of different wildlife.

On that day, I was particularly interested in the tiny Chinese button-quail, which flew up from only a few feet in front of me as I walked. The males of this species are particularly impressive, with brilliant blue plumage and a fierce challenging call, all the more impressive for the birds being about the size of my eight year old clenched fist.

But all too soon, I reached the end of the stand of elephant grass and found myself in



completely unfamiliar territory. I was in an area of scrub and grass land; the grass being identical to the elephant grass which I had just waded through, but being only a couple of inches tall. This khaki coloured meadow was punctuated with jagged granite rocks and the occasional thorn bush, and as my parents and their friends were way back on the opposite side of the elephant grass, it was delightfully isolated, and I felt very intrepid.

I marched on boldly, my butterfly net clutched in my right hand, and a jam jar on a piece of string dangling from my belt.

Suddenly, a bright scarlet creature launched itself into the air before me. With shimmering wings, it flew strongly, about a foot above the foliage, before coming to rest on another of the little thickets. When I reached the animal's hiding place, it flew up again. I had never seen anything like it. It appeared to have much less rigid wings than a butterfly or dragonfly, and a wingspan of about four inches. But I couldn't get close enough to it to see what it was.

This happened on four or five occasions before - eventually - my quarry ran out of luck, and flew into a relatively bare area of

stone and sun-baked earth. I could see something chunky and brown ahead of me, and - with my butterfly net stretched out in front of me - I did an intrepid and rather painful swan dive upon it. Although ultimately successful from a scientific point of view, it was still one of the sillier things I had done in my young life, because it was far more painful than I had imagined; I was oozing blood from nasty grazes on both knees. However, my bravery, not to stay foolhardiness was not in vain, because there, wriggling around indignantly in the depths of my homemade butterfly net, was the largest grasshopper that I had ever seen.

Like my literary hero, William Brown, I never remembered to carry a pocket handkerchief, so I limped back through the elephant grass to where my family was still engaged in their post-picnic socialising, blissfully unaware of the drama that had been enacted only a few short yards away. I oozed more blood with every step, and by the time I got back to my nearest and dearest, I looked like a bit part actor in one of the less salubrious splatter movies. Being, inherently, a truthful child, I told my parents what had happened, but was not at all



expecting the coals of opprobrium which were - as a result - heaped upon my forehead. Okay, I had torn my shorts and got them and my shirt covered in blood, but I *had* discovered a very interesting animal which was completely new to me. Surely, even my parents should see that this had been a sacrifice worth making. But, no, they didn't. And, I was punished in some way or other; the details of which have disappeared over the horizon on time's ever rolling stream.

However, much to my surprise, and - I have to admit - even to my surprise when looking back at these events with the benefit of half a century's hindsight, no objection was raised when taking my new animal find home with me. I put a twig and some leaves in the jar with it, and noted - with pleasure - that the grasshopper almost immediately started eating, and it appeared that it had an immense appetite.

It's strange how memory is selective. Whilst I remember the above encounter with this spectacularly hungry orthopterid, and I remember studying it under what I fondly thought of as 'laboratory conditions' (which

actually meant putting it in a huge, empty goldfish bowl on my desk and peering at it as he ate large amounts of foliage and defecated copiously), but I cannot remember what - if anything - I called it. And I cannot remember what happened to it in the end. However, I *do* remember taking the large goldfish bowl out into the back yard and releasing the huge insect temporarily in an attempt to see it fly once more; the allure of those great scarlet wings being too much for me.

Whereas, in its natural habitat, the great grasshopper (which I knew now was a locust) flew only a foot or so above the plants that covered its homeland, and I had confidently expected it to do the same within the concrete prison of my back yard. However, it wasn't to be, and the huge insect, once given a taste of freedom, flew almost vertically towards what Oscar Wilde would have called the "little tent of blue" high above us, and soon was out of sight. I was heartbroken; this was too soon after William's temporary escape for me to be phlegmatic about the situation.

But the story about me and the grasshopper wasn't over yet!

That evening, my parents had one of their regular cocktail parties at which the apartment would be filled with an assortment of grownups from the high echelons of the Colonial Government. As usually happened, my brother and I were dressed up in posh shirts and bow ties and given the task of handing out drinks. I have recounted these stories to friends of mine over the years, and some of them have been absolutely appalled at the idea of a five year old and an eight year old dispensing hard liquor to their parents' friends, but I have to say that Richard and I enjoyed these occasions. We not only got to dress up in special clothes, but always ended up with a pocketful of tips, usually totalling anything up to ten dollars, which was a huge amount of largesse for us at the time.

However, on our particular evening, my heart was heavy and my mind was full of my recently accidentally liberated pet locust, and I could think of, and talk about, little else.

This was my first experience of the phenomenon known as 'Chinese Whispers', although ever since I have thought of it as 'Hong Kong Whispers' in memory of that first manifestation of it. Before long, the story had gone round the assembled throng of lightly tippled ex-patriots, that I had released a swarm of locusts into the backyard, and that they had flown to every corner of the Peak Mansions complex, and that nobody's house plants, fruit or vegetables would be safe.

Now, before we go any further, I think I should explain that whilst the apartment block was six storeys high, and there were only four sets of apartments, each with a back yard attached to the lower most one, above each back yard, each of the apartments had a small veranda upon which - British ex-patriots being the sort of people they are - the inhabitants took pride in growing miniature flower gardens and even vegetable patches, and the horticultural community was just as obsessed about their cultivations in Hong Kong as they would have been back in the leafy lanes of the Home Counties, which is where most of them came from. So the idea of my willful release of a swarm of

thousands of veracious insects was a potential disaster. It wasn't long before my father, with vengeance in his eyes, strode across the apartment to speak to me on the subject.

He took me by the ear and led me out into the back yard, and - with the unpleasant mixture of fear and resignation, which was so much a part of my relationship with my father all the way through my childhood - I waited for the inevitable physical retribution to take place. However, for once, my father seemed prepared to listen to me, and - I realise now - that whereas my mother rather enjoyed swilling down gin with the local colonial glitterati, he found these occasions to be complete purgatory, and privately thought that most of his guests were a bunch of tedious non-entities. I was just beginning to explain to him what had actually happened, when my eye was caught by something moving on one of the potted geraniums, that were the only things that my mother could grow with any consistent success. Hoping for the best, I ran over to it, and retrieved my errant locust. The huge goldfish bowl was still where I had left it, and I returned the great insect to its accommodation. My father burst out laughing, as I explained that this was the only locust that I had ever seen, and that far from having deliberately released a swarm of the insect, I had accidentally released one, and my informative lecture on how some species of the insect do indeed travel in huge swarms had been misconstrued by a bunch of half tipsy adults, who couldn't be bothered to listen to what I was saying, believe that nothing that a member of the younger generation could say would be of the slightest possible interest.

So, hand in hand, with my free hand clutching my precious goldfish bowl and locust, my father and I went indoors to tell the assembled throng what actually happened.

The score for the evening was Downses: 1, the rest of the world: nil.

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>



ANNIE IN GLIMMERLAND

WRITTEN & DRAWN BY MARTIN SPRINGETT



WHAT'S FOR DINNER?
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!!!"

ANTHROPOMORPHISM

AESOP,LA FONTAINE,WALT DISNEY CORPORATION

I prefer WOMEN WHO RUN WITH THE WOLVES to WHITE FANG

I wonder why cartoon characters have no genitalia.

Why must robots look like/talk like humans?

And the jungle ain't the jungle anymore(what with talking dinosaurs..

@WALLYWORLD we have talking rats and mice and ducks and snakes

THE JUNGLE BOOK by Rudyard Kipling longs for remake

like Tarzan and his talking chimp,we all need an update

The Amazon in flames,The Wild West robot WESTWORLD

So impute consciousness to inanimate objects

Add IQ to the ANIMAL FARM.Way past 1984.Everything's a metaphor

What's The Harm?



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.

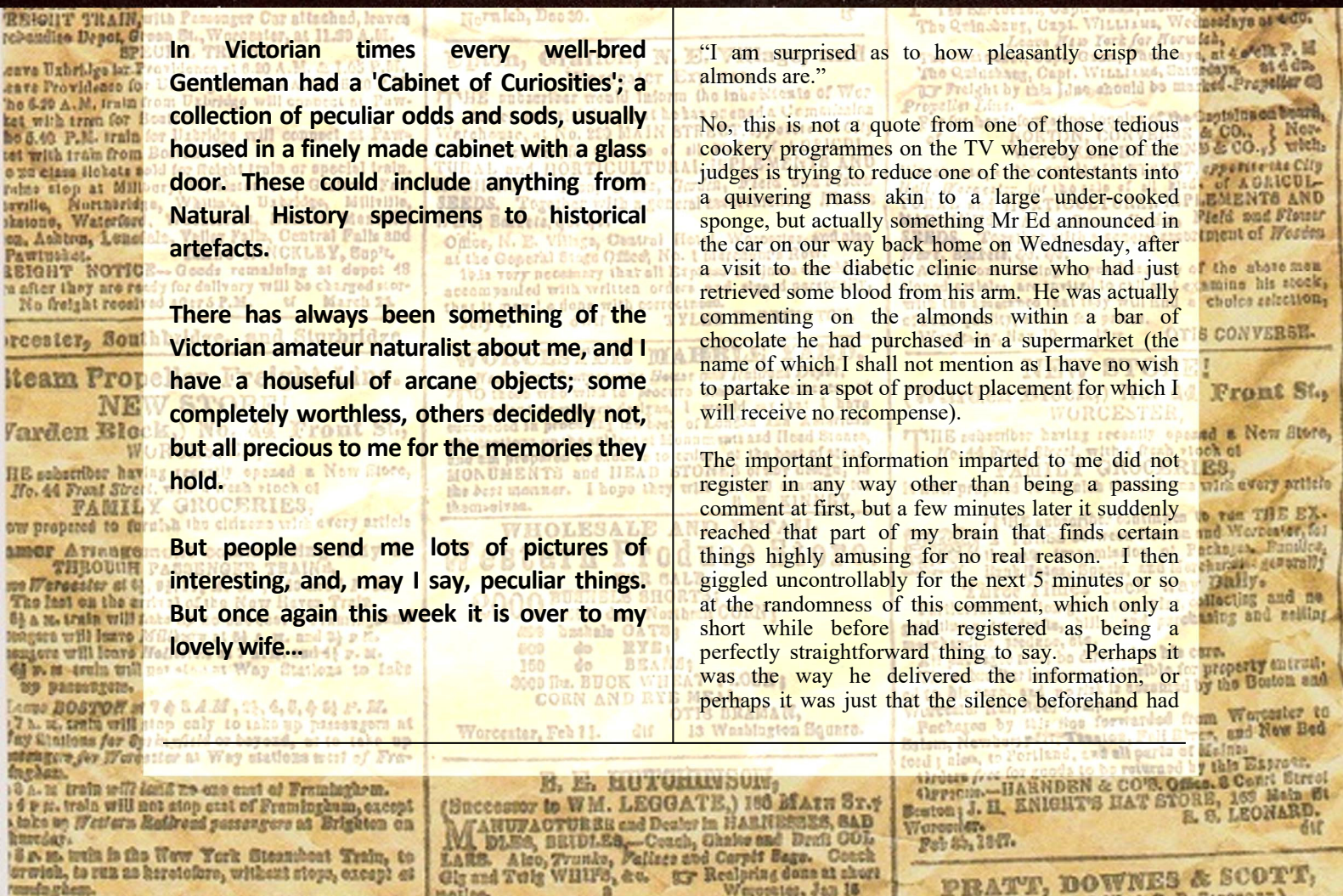
There has always been something of the Victorian amateur naturalist about me, and I have a houseful of arcane objects; some completely worthless, others decidedly not, but all precious to me for the memories they hold.

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...

"I am surprised as to how pleasantly crisp the almonds are."

No, this is not a quote from one of those tedious cookery programmes on the TV whereby one of the judges is trying to reduce one of the contestants into a quivering mass akin to a large under-cooked sponge, but actually something Mr Ed announced in the car on our way back home on Wednesday, after a visit to the diabetic clinic nurse who had just retrieved some blood from his arm. He was actually commenting on the almonds within a bar of chocolate he had purchased in a supermarket (the name of which I shall not mention as I have no wish to partake in a spot of product placement for which I will receive no recompense).

The important information imparted to me did not register in any way other than being a passing comment at first, but a few minutes later it suddenly reached that part of my brain that finds certain things highly amusing for no real reason. I then giggled uncontrollably for the next 5 minutes or so at the randomness of this comment, which only a short while before had registered as being a perfectly straightforward thing to say. Perhaps it was the way he delivered the information, or perhaps it was just that the silence beforehand had



THE BITCH IS BACK

been broken by such a specific and very precise one-liner. Who knows?

At the completely different end of the spectrum, today (Thursday) I felt like I should be taken by barge through Traitors' Gate at the Tower.

Why?

No it is nothing to do with any remorse about laughing uncontrollably about crisp almonds, it is because Peanut, the ginger cat, had to go to the vet to have his teeth cleaned and any extracted that needed so doing, and not only did he not get anything to eat from around 4 pm yesterday because he was out and about and I was informed that he should not have anything to eat from 6 pm (although today the nurse did say midnight would have been okay, and my daughter said 10 pm would have been okay) he was then thrust, hungry and unceremoniously into a cat carrier at 8.30 am, and transported to his appointment.

He is such a good boy though, he didn't scratch, hiss, bite or anything as I poured him into it (which took far longer than I thought it would as he absolutely did NOT want to go in head first, bottom first, sideways or any ways). Poor little boy. I do love that cat.

But he is now back home after his ordeal and hopefully by tomorrow he will have forgiven any indiscretions forced upon him. Although he is not allowed out until then as, although the GA has worn off, he is still wandering around looking like he has partaken in some particularly 'that's good stash, man' catnip, thus dulling his usually well-honed faculties, rendering him somewhat open to accidents of one kind or the other.

Well, aren't I a bit of a waffle-chops today? I had better get on with what I am supposed to be doing... the cabinet of cra....curiosities.

♥☐ULTRA RARE♥☐Hand-made/
painted Dolls-George Michael & Andrew
Ridgeley (Wham!) - £100.00

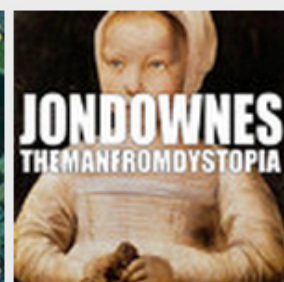
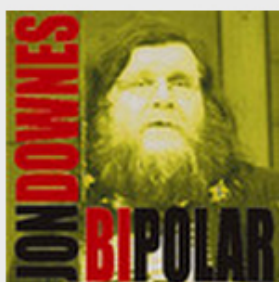


“♥BEAUTIFUL HAND CRAFTED ART DOLLS♥. Hand Crafted Dolls”. The dolls were painted front and back and signed by Aristotle Allen on the base. These cloth dolls were hand-painted using acrylic paints on cotton fabric with polyfill inside.”

I seem to remember, although a long while back, having something similar to this on the pile for the cabinet before. I don't like to be rude about other peoples' crafting as a general rule, so all I will say about these is that they are rather odd.

SHAMELESS SELF PROMOTION TIME

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



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

A black, rectangular, textured object, possibly a small box or container, sitting on a light-colored wooden surface. The object has a slightly curved top and a small, gold-colored label on the front edge.

[illegible]

Up on one case of Framingham
Library at 8 1/2 A. M. and 2 1/2 P. M.
Division at 7 A. M. and 4 P. M.
at West Way Stations to take
at 5 A. M., 7 1/2, 8 1/2, 9 1/2 A. M.
Up only to take up passengers at
at 10 A. M. and 4 P. M.
Worcester, Feb 11.

For Ages Over 3

WARNING:
CHOKING HAZARD - Small parts.
Not for children under 3 years.

PLAY ALONG™
Item #23000

Britney Spears™

...baby one more time

Includes *Britney*
Doll Stand

Britney

Britney™

Let's accidentally drop red cat suit Britney Spears doll out of the bedroom window. Oops I did it again.

A blue denim vest is displayed on a black hanger against a dark, textured background. The vest is densely decorated with numerous patches. At the top, there are patches that say 'ELVIS', 'ROCK', and 'LOVE'. Below these, there are many circular patches featuring portraits of various people, including what appears to be Elvis Presley. There are also rectangular patches with text and other designs. The vest has a black collar and black straps on the shoulders. A small, light-colored tag is visible at the bottom right of the vest.

Of no interest to me, but a nice little set for a collector.


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

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Hale Goods for this
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Freight devoted to
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Leave Worcester
Leave Norwich at
connecting with the A
Western, and Providence
NEW YORK
Leave Worcester for
except Sunday, on the
lection at 5 p. m.
Leave Allyn's Point
except Monday) at abo
FALL
Leave Worcester at 5
Pares 170 tons when
the cargo,
Norwich, July 22.
Providence at
FALL

“rare breadbin in very good condition with cds in it”

abin that has been used specifically a cd holder and why specifically a e no reference to them than it having Beatles




Of no interest to collector.

A Britney Spears doll in a red jumpsuit, packaged in a purple and pink blister pack. The packaging features the text "PLAY ALONG™ Item #23000" and "one more time". The doll is holding a pink hairbrush and a pink bag.



Britney™



“These pins are in great condition for their age. There are some really amazing and super rare ones. These pins are in great condition for their age. There are some really amazing ones.”

me, but a nice little set for a

H. E. HUTCHINSON,
(Successor to W. M. LEGGATE), 186 MAIN ST.
MANUFACTURER and Dealer in HARNESS, SADDLES, BRIDLES, — Coach, Shako and Draft Collars. Also, Trunks, Valises and Carpet Bags. Collars and Ties WHOLE, &c. &c. Repairing done at short notice.
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food, also, to Portland, and all parts of Maine.
 for goods to be returned by this Express.
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 Boston. J. H. KNIGHTS HAT STORE, 159 Main St
 Worcester. E. S. LEONARD.
 Feb 25, 1877. 611

PRATT, DOWNES & SCOTT,



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

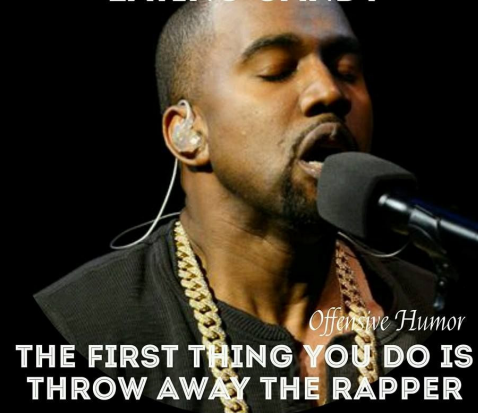
2000 McFarlane Toys JANIS JOPLIN Figurine
9" Tall NEW IN PACKAGING SEALED - US
\$75.00



McFarlane Toys from 2000. New in packaging and never removed. Janis comes with microphone and stand, removable hat, removable glasses and a 1960's styled base complete with flowers and mushrooms. Base with figurine measures approx. 9" tall. Very Good Condition."

Nice to see Janis – you don't often see her in the list of sales, other than the odd photos, considering her popularity.

ENJOYING MUSIC IS LIKE
EATING CANDY



Offensive Humor

THE FIRST THING YOU DO IS
THROW AWAY THE RAPPER

"I have up for sale Janis Joplin Figurine by

Bye bye for now



"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

THE NINE HENRYS



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

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

THE WORLDS FIRST CLONED CARTOON CHARACTER

modada@ninehenrys.com

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

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?

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/>

And so it is Friday, once again. And, once again, things have not gone even slightly according to plan. I had been looking forward to travelling to Totnes this evening, to see Lutz Ulbrich present his 'Shadow of the Moon Goddess' show to celebrate what would have been Nico's 80th birthday. Nico, of course, died thirty odd years ago, but the music that she made with Lutz, with the Velvet Underground and solo lives on as a testament to a remarkable talent.

I had really been looking forward to going to see this show, but Graham isn't well, and we couldn't get anybody to stay here with Mother, so – sadly – family obligations come first.

Sorry, Lutz.

Sorry, Rob.

This has been quite a productive week: Graham has worked hard continuing the stuff that dear Carl started in his absence, and – for the first time in many years – the garden doesn't look like a rank and unpleasant corner of the battlefield of the Somme. The trees are trimmed, the lawn is nice and short, and even the paths look tidy. I no longer feel my father and grandmother snarling down my neck from the afterlife.

A couple of weeks ago, I spent this column moaning about the EU GDPR legislation, the implementation of which took a ridiculous amount of time and effort on my part. Well, the reverberations are not yet over. Various news sites from which we glean stories for the CFZ and Gonzo blogs, and this magazine, are suddenly off limits to us because of some bureaucratic bollocks about data protection. Whilst I agree whole heartedly that something needed to be done about data protection, the EU – like every other unwieldy government think tank – came up with a piece of unwieldy legislation which has caused – in my opinion – more problems than it has solved. And they ask me why I am an anarchist?



Pah!

Oh well, it doesn't matter how much moaning comes from a middle aged cripple in North Devon. The powers of authority and boredom are not going to do anything about it just on my say-so. So, despite the fact that everything has gone mildly tits up as a result of the GDPR legislation and that my plans for the day have also gone tits up because of events completely beyond my control, I should sit back and take pleasure in the fact that my week's work is nearly done, it is still warm outside, although not as blisteringly hot as it has been, and I have a bottle of Hortus gin with my name on it. This evening, I shall open the gin, sit down with mother to watch a movie, and then – because I am rapidly becoming more of an old git than I care to admit – probably fall asleep. I have become my father, only with better dress sense.

See you next week,
Hare bol,
Jon



THE BEST LAID PLANS

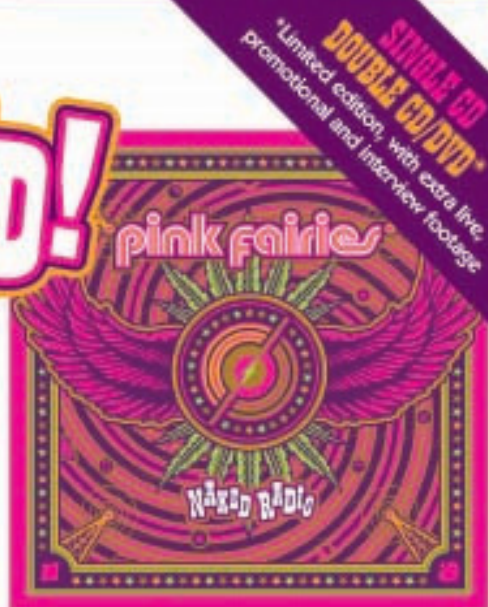
GET NAKED!

...with the
Pink Fairies

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

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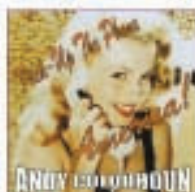
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America!
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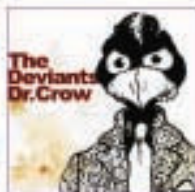
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**NICK FARRER AND
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Black Vinyl Dress
HIST193CD



THE DEVIANTS
Dr. Crow
HIST186CD



THE DEVIANTS
The Deviants Have
Left the Planet
HIST292CD



THE DEVIANTS
Barbarian Princes
Live in Japan 1999
HIST187CD

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