Kev interviews the legendary Robert Berry about 3, his relationship with Keith Emerson and more. Alan goes to Holmesfest, Richard goes to the New Forest Folk Festival, and John goes to The Moon. Doug investigates Depeche Mode, Jon asks why YouTube is so cruel, and wonders whether Joan Aiken was the mother of Steampunk, and questions whether anyone will get his Dornford Yates joke...
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,

This is one of those peculiar weeks when we actually have two editorials.

The eagle-eyed amongst you will, no doubt, have noticed that there was no magazine last week. I was not at all well, and – I think, for the first time in six years – I pulled a sickie, which means that this week’s magazine is going to be a bumper, double-length issue; a bit like we usually do at Christmas and whenever we go away to Norfolk to see our grandchildren.

I don’t usually talk about it, and I am certainly not trying to go for the sympathy vote here, but over twenty years ago, my then GP told me that, because of a concatenation of various illnesses, he strongly recommended that I never work again. I burst out laughing and told him that I couldn’t possibly do that, because I was off to America the following week to do a lecture tour.

And so, I have ignored his advice ever since. And I have every intention of continuing to ignore it, until the Grim Reaper comes and kicks my door down. But there are times when the
This is one of those peculiar weeks when we actually have two editorials.

aforementioned illnesses do take over, and last week was one of those times.

There is, and I suspect that a whole bunch of you already know this, a nasty tummy bug doing the rounds. It hit me an hour or so after Corinna’s birthday tea party, last Tuesday, but what made it worse was that it totally screwed up my blood sugar levels, and ended up playing merry hell with both my diabetes and my bipolar whatsits. The latter half of last week is, I’m afraid, pretty much a blur, and I hate to think what a magazine produced under those circumstances would have read like.

So, there is my explanation. Many thanks to those of you in the Gonzo Weekly Family, who sent my good wishes and healing vibes. I truly appreciate it.

Love and peace and all good things to you and yours.

Jon
Dear friends,

Welcome to another edition of this peculiar little magazine. As I’m fond of telling you all, it was originally promulgated when my old friend, Rob Ayling, asked me to do a newsletter for his record company, Gonzo Multimedia.

Well, I don’t know about you, but I have always found reading record company newsletters unutterably tedious, and I soon found that writing the bloody things was even worse. So, it wasn’t long before I went, cap in hand, to my old friend and suggested that instead of writing a conventional newsletter, I do it as a magazine instead. Something like the Gonzo version of a Sunday colour supplement. And much to my great pleasure (and somewhat to my surprise), he said yes.

Roll on five years, and he is still saying yes, and this magazine, which you are reading now, is the result.

Thank you, Rob, for your faith in me.

Regular readers will probably know that I have a day job. I am the director of an outfit called the Centre for Fortean Zoology, and we carry out research all around the world on mystery animals; creatures that are ‘ethnoknown’, that is known by the people that live in an area, but whose existence is not as yet accepted by mainstream scientists. In the pursuit of
The fact that the same people now are supporting such a revoltingly decadent pursuit as fox hunting would seem to me to be fairly significant.

All sorts of excuses are brought up by apologists for this ‘sport’ but none of them hold water. Fox hunting is not an expedient or efficient way of keeping down fox numbers, if fox numbers actually need to be kept down, which is debatable, and the economic excuses that hunting is good for the rural economy can be dismissed on moral grounds. Especially as most of the people in rural communities are as much against the practice as are people in urban ones.

So, why do rock stars tend to support this nasty way of life?

I have a sneaking suspicion that it is part of the same syndrome that the same rock stars would spout back in the day, when they tried to persuade us all that the music they were making was as important to the then current generation as classical music had been to previous ones. Thus, elevating some long-haired Herbert with a penchant for non-standard time signatures and a taste for lyrics about Lord of the Rings to the status of being a latter day Mozart; something which they most certainly weren’t. And, furthermore, something with – although I believe that rock and roll is very important culturally – I have not claimed since I was old enough to shave. The same long-haired Herberths often had a taste for buying expensive country houses.

my duties, I co-host a monthly webTV show with a charming young lady called Charlotte, and as the bloke who also edits and directs the show, I spend a lot of my time looking at lists of public domain video on YouTube and other platforms, and in recent months I have begun to notice something really rather disturbing.
of the sort that previously would only have been affordable by members of the upper classes, as if this was a way that the aforementioned long-haired Herberts could elevate themselves to the social ranks of the period. Sometimes this worked, but most often didn’t. The fact that the same people now are supporting such a revoltingly decadent pursuit as fox hunting would seem to me to be fairly significant.

But, I have recently discovered (or, if I’m going to be totally honest, I knew already but had recently had it drummed into me) that a taste for watching wild animals dying in violent ways is not just confined to the upper echelons of society.

[Here, I think it should be pointed out, that the few true members of the upper class who are in my social circle are mostly hippy types who openly support the hunt saboteurs and other militant organisations in the animal rights camp. And that the people I know who actually do hunt foxes are very much of the people.]

Whilst pootling about on YouTube, looking for Creative Commons video that I can legally nick to adapt for our monthly show, perforce being a show about animals, I am usually looking for footage of various species of animal, and I have found it increasingly disturbing that the vast majority of videos that I come across appear to be of various animals killing and eating each other, often in nasty ways. An awful lot of these have obviously been staged for the cameras, and so a poor unsuspecting creature has been sacrificed in the claws of bloody entertainment, just as much as it had been two millennia ago when creatures in the Roman Colosseum, were set against each other to tear each other apart in order to placate the masses with ‘bread and circuses’. And from where I’m sitting, we haven’t advanced very far at all.

And, before we go any further, I would like to stress that this is something that I have
noted in videos, both put up by private individuals and by allegedly responsible mainstream TV networks.

And I find this absolutely disgusting!

Whereas once, regular documentary shows would focus on the ecology of a particular creature, or the conservation measures that needed to be put in place in order to be able to save it, today’s documentaries only too often seem to focus on the bloodier and less pleasant aspects of their existence. Do we really want to be a society who gets its collective kicks from watching the violent death of assorted wildlife from around the world? I sure as hell don’t, and I am sure when I speak for everybody concerned with this magazine, and everybody who I call a friend, this is totally abhorrent. We are living in a society which is seriously out of kilter. Which is something we have noted before in these pages, and something that I am sure will be noted again. However, I would like to remind anybody who actually reads this, that as the Roman Empire progressed, the displays in the Colosseum - and in other arenas across the realm - got ever more perverted, violent, and bloody, and within a very short span, the entire empire – decadent as hell – collapsed ignominiously.

“Welcome to the oceans in a labeled can,
Welcome to the dehydrated lands,
Welcome to the south police parade,
Welcome to the neo-golden age,
Welcome to the days you’ve made
You are welcome”
Welcome to the future.

Love and peace,
Jon
THE GONZO WEEKLY
all the gonzo news that’s fit to print
ISSN 2516-1946

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

NAMING THOSE RESPONSIBLE

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

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

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

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

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

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

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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.
IN THIS LAVISHLY ILLUSTRATED celebration of classic and progressive rock bands of the 1970s, author Doug Harr shares his vivid memories of the mind-altering rock spectacles he witnessed in his hometown of Los Angeles—the City of Angels—at the genesis of a new art form. Get a front-row seat at three-dozen spectacular concerts and the albums that spawned them. Revisit these legendary records and concerts along with reviews of the best video documents of the era, each hand-illuminated by a hand-picked collection of brilliant images—most never-before seen—by the era’s best rock photographers. This 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 ConsoMultimedia.com
Preorder begins December 2016; wide release January 2017

Rockin’ the City of Angels features the work of some of the rock era’s greatest photographers, including Richard E. Aaron, Jørgen Angel, Fin Costello, Ian Dickson, Armando Gallo, Stacey Katsis, Terry O’Neill, Neal Preston, Michael Putland, Jim Summara, Lisa Tanner, Brian Weiner, Neil Zlozower and more!
LIVING NEXT DOOR TO ALICE: Following the release of the 2017 studio album “Paranormal”, which was the best chart-performing album by Alice Cooper in decades, the American rock legend took his exciting live show all over the world, accompanied by “the best band he has ever had.”

After an entire year spent on the road, the “Paranormal tour” ended in Paris, on December 7th, 2017 at the world renowned Olympia, a theatre that is iconic in the truest sense of the word. The Olympia, since opening in 1888, has witnessed changes in entertainment and pop culture for 130 years from the can-can through Édith Piaf to Johnny Hallyday and the Beatles and now… Alice Cooper!

This 90 minute rock show is a journey through Alice Cooper’s timeless creations: classics like “Poison”, “School’s Out” and “No More Mr. Nice Guy” are alternated with hand-picked gems for the joy of true Cooper connoisseurs like “Pain”, “Woman of Mass Destruction” and “Paranoiac Personality,” the first single from the album “Paranormal”. The album captures a rock and roll show at its peak and is one of the best live releases by Alice Cooper, featuring his longtime band guitarists Nita Strauss, Tommy Henriksen and Ryan Roxie, bassist Chuck Garric and drummer
"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

Glen Sobel in front of an excited audience.

“A Paranormal Evening At The Olympia Paris” will be released on August 31st, 2018 on earMUSIC as 2CD digipak, 2LP Gatefold (white and red LP) and Digital.


MONEY (THAT’S WHAT I WANT): A die-hard Paul McCartney fan accidentally paid four times the price for tickets when he used resale site Viagogo.

Gordon Abbey-Tibbitts thought he was purchasing three £89 tickets from the official ECHO arena website but was left gobsmacked when he received a confirmation email thanking him for his £1247.66 order.

The 62-year-old said he wasn’t aware he had clicked on the wrong website and is adamant that he would not have confirmed the booking of the tickets had he known how expensive they were.

Gordon told the ECHO: "I went onto Google the morning the tickets went on sale and typed in 'Paul McCartney ECHO arena' and clicked on the first site that came up. "Going through the site, I picked the
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:

“In a world as weird and cruel as this one we have made for ourselves, I figure anybody who can find peace and personal happiness without ripping off somebody else deserves to be left alone.”

Hunter S. Thompson

seats I wanted for the December 12 show and saw that it said £89 so I clicked to buy the tickets.

https://www.liverpoolecho.co.uk/news/liverpool-news/fans-pays-over-1000-paul-14920038

GROOVY GORILLAZ: Gorillaz celebrate the unforgettable summer of 2018 with the release of two new remixes - Humility (DJ Koze Remix) and Humility (Superorganism Remix), available to stream and download on all DSPs now.

The collaboration has resulted in two new remixes of ‘Humility to soundtrack
This week my favourite roving reporter sent us some welcome news of the progress on Fish's long awaited new album:

"Fish has checked in to update fans on how his upcoming studio album Weltschmerz is shaping up.

The former Marillion vocalist, who recently made his entire solo catalogue available on digital platforms for the very first time, reports that he has four songs finished for the follow-up to 2013’s A Feast Of Consequences, which is expected to arrive later this year.

Fish says: “Foss Paterson came in to the studio the last couple of days to help out with writing and joined Steve Vantsis and Robin Boult in the ‘song kitchen’.

“Living just down the road in Bonnyrigg it was easier to get him in to contribute than have my regular keys player John Beck up from Reading. John is up in August to put his mark on the recordings and there will be other musicians joining us in the sessions that begin here on July 23 after I come back from the Bulgarian festival.

“Calum Malcolm will be producing the album and Steve Vantsis has been doing a great job engineering the writing sessions – a lot of which will be used on the final album and which have given us a great head start.”"


the heatwave. Zeitgeist-surfing music collective Superorganism infuse the song with their indie-pop magic alongside a new visual remix of the Jamie Hewlett-directed video featuring Superorganism frontwoman Orono. And joining the party is underground superstar DJ Koze, with his own unique spin on the track.

The original - featuring Jamie Principle and George Benson, “…his beautiful liquid guitar elevating excellent single Humility.” – THE GUARDIAN - was released last month as the first single from Gorillaz’ brand new studio album The Now Now.

The Now Now is the new 11-track studio album from the World’s Most Successful Virtual Act*. Produced by Gorillaz, with James Ford and Remi Kabaka, and recorded entirely at Studio 13, London in February this year, The Now Now was released at the end of June.


SUEDESONG: Suede have today shared Don’t Be Afraid If Nobody Loves You. Taken from the band’s upcoming album The Blue Hour, the track is the second from the record to be made available.

Suede’s new record The Blue Hour is the final part of the triptych of albums recorded by the band since they reformed and released 2013’s Bloodsports. The album is also complemented by some of the subject matter of Brett Anderson’s recent memoir ‘Coal Black Mornings’.
Suede’s previous studio album Night Thoughts was released to great critical acclaim in 2016, going on to chart at number 6 in the UK album charts.


HOMEWARD BOUND: Paul Simon is releasing an album of reworked songs to celebrate his farewell tour.

Earlier this year (18), the former Simon & Garfunkel star announced his new trek would be his last, and he kicked off the Homeward Bound - The Farewell Tour, in Vancouver, Canada in May (18). Simon will be wrapping up his run of shows on 22 September (18) with a grand finale at Flushing Meadows Corona Park in Queens, New York, and now he has announced In the Blue Light will be released on 7 September.

The record will feature "fresh perspectives on 10 of the artist's favorite (though perhaps less-familiar) songs."
"This album consists of songs that I thought were almost right, or were odd enough to be overlooked the first time around," a statement from Simon reads. Re-doing arrangements, harmonic structures, and lyrics that didn't make their meaning clear, gave me time to clarify in my own head what I wanted to say, or realize what I was thinking and make it more easily understood." "It's an unusual occurrence for an artist to have the opportunity to revisit earlier works and re-think them, to modify, even completely change parts of the originals," the album's liner notes add.


WHAT'S NEW PUSSYCAT: Four members of punk rockers Pussy Riot have each been sentenced to 15 days in jail after rushing the pitch at the 2018 World Cup Final in Russia. Protestors Veronika 'Nika' Nikulshina, Olga Kurachyova, Olga Pakhtusova, and Pyotr Verzilov hit headlines on Sunday (15Jul18) after interrupting the big soccer clash between France and Croatia in Moscow's Luzhniki Stadium while dressed as police officials.

One of the protesters managed to reach French star Kylian Mbappe and give him a high five, while another activist was detained by Croatian defender Dejan Lovren.
The anarchists were promptly rounded up and led off the grass by security officials before being arrested by police, as members of the crowd, including Russian President Vladimir Putin, looked on.

Pussy Riot representatives quickly claimed responsibility for the stunt via Twitter, revealing the protest was staged as a message to free political prisoners in their native Russia. The four suspects were subsequently charged with violating the rules for spectators at sporting events and of wearing police uniforms illegally, and on Monday, a Russian judge ordered the activists to each spend 15 days behind bars.


A BIT OF A JAM: Southbank Centre announces today (16 July) that Paul Weller makes his debut solo performance at the Royal Festival Hall with two exclusive live shows on 11 and 12 October where, for the first time, Paul and his band will be joined by an orchestra. Special guests will also appear on both nights.

The British music icon, who turned 60 in May, has been touring the UK earlier this year. These two Royal Festival Hall debuts are the only live performances of 2018 supporting his upcoming new album True Meanings, due for release this September.

The fourteenth Paul Weller solo album and twenty sixth studio album of his entire career, True Meanings is a record characterised by grand yet delicate orchestration, for which the world-class acoustics of the Royal Festival Hall provide the perfect setting. The performances feature tracks from the new album and from across his distinguished and decorated career.

“Performing two nights in a venue as iconic as the Royal Festival Hall is a significant moment for me” says Paul Weller. “It’s going to be a special two shows performing tracks from the new album and adding some older tracks into the set, all backed with a brilliant orchestra.”

https://www.radiox.co.uk/artists/paul-weller/orchestral-shows-southbank-centre-london-2018/
It is both sad and shameful that when night falls and the setts of southern England stir, their gentle folk will be needlessly slaughtered. That in spite of science and public will, the wrath of ignorance will further bloody and bleed our countryside of its riches of life. That brutalist thugs, liars and frauds will destroy our wildlife and dishonour our nation's reputation as conservationists and animal lovers. I feel sick, sad, disempowered, betrayed, angry and crushed by the corruption of all that I know as right.

-Chris Packham
THE LAST WEEK AT GONZO DAILY

Sunday
Monday
Tuesday
Wednesday
Thursday
Friday
Saturday

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

ELDRIDGE CLEAVER

Two types of people visit rhino in the wild

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

What sort of person are you?

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

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

Portobello Shuffle

A TESTIMONIAL TO BOB GOODMAN

STAY TRUE TO THE MUSIC OF THE DEVIANTS AND PINK FAIRIES

MICHAEL DES BARRES ON

LITTLE STEVEN’S UNDERGROUND GARAGE

MAXIMUM ROCK AND ROLL

MORNINGS 8AM - 11AM ET

SIRIUS 21

SATURDAY 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

Trying to pick my favorite politician is like trying to decide which STD is just right for me.
Each week Richard Freeman: world famous cryptozoologist, explorer, author, and one of the most peculiar people I know picks a suitably off story from the world’s press.
Gonzo Web Radio started off as a medium by which interviews and radio programmes about the various acts covered by Gonzo Multimedia could be broadcast to an eagerly attentive world.

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

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

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

Sex?

No...

Prog

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

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

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

The show is broadcast on Miskin Radio every Sunday from 10-00-midnight.
I first came across Friday Night Progressive totally by accident, but I soon found myself beguiled by the style and taste of presenter M Destiny who presents a weekly two-hour show showcasing all sorts of progressive music that you are unlikely to hear anywhere else. This is surely a man after my own heart. I also very much approve of the way that it is the hub of a whole community of artists, musicians, and collaborators. I hope that you enjoy them as much as I do. Welcome aboard, chaps.

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

- **TOOTS AND THE MAYTALS**
- **ALEXANDRA PALACE**
- **THE BEAT** Starring Dave Wakeling
- **SPECIAL GUEST** Rodigan
- **LEE SCRATCH PERRY**
- **PAMA INTERNATIONAL**
- **TROJAN SOUND SYSTEM** ft. Neville Staple (x The Specials)
- **DON LETTS** (6Music)
- **REGGAE ROAST // CHAINSKA BRASSIKA**

**SUNDAY 8TH SEPTEMBER**

SOUNDCRASHMUSIC.COM
AND LOOK WHAT MACK HAS FOR YOU THIS WEEK

SPECIAL SHOW – "The Mystery of the Gold-Filled Submarine"

Mack, Juan-Juan and Commander Cobra look into the bizarre story of a French submarine, filled with gold, that went missing in the Bermuda Triangle. Also, War Is Boring's Rob Beckhusen reports on the U.S. Navy's new controversial warship. Commander Cobra on a reported UFO dogfight above the U.K. Special Guest: Navy carrier pilot turned comedian, Mitch Stinson.

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=UJ00-j0un6E
Stanley Joseph Lewis
(1927 – 2018)

Lewis was an American record label owner and songwriter. He set up Stan's Music Shop in Shreveport in 1948. He distributed rhythm and blues records from independent labels including Atlantic, Chess and Specialty, and advertised his mail order business on John R.'s powerful nightly show on WLAC-AM radio in Nashville. One of Lewis' early customers was the young Elvis Presley. He also began to produce R&B and rock and roll records.

In 1963, Lewis set up Jewel Records, soon followed by the subsidiary Paula and Ronn labels. The labels released R&B records by such musicians as Big Joe Turner, John Lee Hooker, Lowell Fulson, Ike & Tina Turner, and Memphis Slim. Lewis sold Jewel Records in 1999, while retaining its music publishing arm.

He died on 15th July, aged 91.

Theryl DeClouet
(1951 – 2018)

DeClouet, also known as House Man, was an American soul/R&B singer, best known as the one-time lead vocalist of the musical group Galactic.

He appeared on Galactic's first four studio albums as well as a live release and a compilation before health concerns forced his departure from the band and its heavy tour schedule.

His independent solo release, The Truth Iz Out, featured support from longtime friend Ivan Neville and guitarist June Yamagishi of Papa Grows Funk. He also appeared on Charlie Hunter Quintet's 2001 album, Songs from the Analog Playground, Hunter's first to feature vocals. DeClouet sang on versions of Earth, Wind & Fire's "Mighty Mighty" and the Willie Dixon standard "Spoonful."

DeClouet died at the age of 66 on July 15th.

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He died on 15th July, aged 91.

THOSE WE HAVE LOST
Bone was an American accordionist who led his 1980s band, the Squeezetones to international popularity over a twenty-year period.

Bone began studying accordion when he was five years old, and later learned to play trumpet as well. Early in his career Bone was a member of the Joe Ely Band, and by the mid-1980s, he had formed his own band, Ponty Bone & the Squeezetones. The group's early style ranged through Russian gypsy dances, reggae-blues, Tex-Mex polkas, and Cajun boogie.

With his band, Bone has shared the stage with such artists as The Clash, Tom Petty & the Heartbreakers, King Flaco Jiménez, Linda Ronstadt and Ronnie Lane.

Bone's album, Fantasize has been described as drawing from Tex-Mex, rock, blues, R&B, zydeco, and Caribbean music to create a whole new style.

Bone died of progressive supranuclear palsy on 13th July, at the age of 78.

K. Rani
(1943 –2018)

Rani was an Indian playback singer who has recorded over 500 songs in Telugu, Tamil, Kannada, Malayalam, Hindi, Bengali, Sinhala and Uzbek. Rani was the first female singer from India to sing in Sinhala and Uzbek, and sang the national anthem of Sri Lanka.

Rani's first films, in 1951 at age eight, were the Telugu Roopavathi and Tamil Mohana Sundaram and Singari. A year later, she was singing for lead characters in films like Kalyani, Kalyanam Panji Paar, Pelli Chesi Choodu, Dharma Devadhai and Dharma Devadha. Rani's "Antha Bharanti Yenaa" (Telugu) and "Ellaam Maayai Thaanaa" (Tamil), from 1953's Devadasu, were popular.

She first performed in Sri Lankan cinema for Sujatha in 1953 under the direction of composer Ananda Samarakoon, and contributed to Seda Sulang in 1955 and Sirimali in 1959 the early 1960s. She sang Dravida Munnetra Kazhagam (DMK) songs and recorded Tamil Islamic songs with Nagore E. M. Hanifa.

She died on 13th July.
David Clive King
(1924 – 2018)

King was an English author best known for his children’s book *Stig of the Dump* (1963). He served in the Royal Navy Volunteer Reserve in the last years of the Second World War and then worked for the British Council in a wide range of overseas postings, from which he later drew inspiration for his novels.

King started writing as a child, and said that his first story was a script for a Western film, written in 1919. He had articles published in both his school and college magazines before his first book, *Hamid of Aleppo*, was published by Macmillan & Co. of New York in 1958. He wrote *The town that went south* (1959), *Stig of the Dump* (1963) and *The 22 Letters* (1966), before deciding to become a full-time writer in 1973.

King went on to write twenty further novels between 1972 and 2008, but he continues to be best known for *Stig of the Dump*, which has twice been adapted for television and continues to be taught in British schools.

King died on 10th July, at the age of 94.

Carl Stefan Demert
(1939 – 2018)

Demert was a Swedish singer and songwriter, whose debut album was *Visor för smutsiga öron* (“Songs for dirty ears”) in 1970. His best-known songs include “Balladen om den kaxiga myran”, “Till SJ”, and “Anna Anaconda” in which he sang together with his common law wife at the time, actress and singer Jeja Sundström.

He is among other things known for the songs "The Ballad of the Kicky Ants" and "Till SJ".

Demert was a literary flute and read evening classes in drawing at Konstfack before he started doing business as a trubadur.

He died on 9th July, at the age of 78.

Stuart Oliver Knussen CBE
(1952 – 2018)

Knussen was a British composer and conductor, whose father, Stuart Knussen, was principal double bass of the London Symphony Orchestra, and also participated in a number of premieres of Benjamin Britten’s music. Oliver Knussen studied composition with John Lambert between 1963 and 1969, and also

THOSE WE HAVE LOST
Hoffmann died from colon cancer on July 7th, at the age of 51.

Garry Lowe  
(c.1953 – 2018)

Lowe joined Canadian blues, reggae rock band, Big Sugar, in 1994 as bassist, after he had moved to Canada in the mid-1970s from Kingston, Jamaica.

Soon after arriving in Toronto, he became an in-demand bass player for touring reggae recording artists. He often accompanied them at Toronto’s famed Bamboo club on Queen St.W., among other venues. Lowe was a founding member of "Culture Shock", a popular Toronto reggae band.

Lowe died of cancer on July 7th, at the age of 65.

Vlatko Ilievski  

Ilievski was a Macedonian pop rock singer and actor. At age of 12, he started playing guitar and

THOSE WE HAVE LOST
singing in local bands in Skopje. In 2000 he performed at the Macedonian Rock-Fest with the band "Made in Macedonia", and won two prizes. He was the runner-up to be the Macedonian entry for the Eurovision Song Contest 2010 and represented Macedonia in the Eurovision Song Contest 2011. He was previously a member of the rock band "Morali". He was also a student of acting at the faculty of Dramatic Arts, Skopje, where he graduated in 2010 with the drama "Anger" from Stephen King (The Rage).

Vlatko started his solo career in 2007, and his first solo concert was on 5 June 2010, in the Boris Trajkovski Hall, Skopje, Macedonia, one of the largest arenas in the country.

Ilievski died on 6th July, aged 33.

François Budet (1940 –2018)

Budet was a French singer-songwriter, novelist and poet. In 1965 he wrote and composed one of his greatest hits, “Loguivy-de-la-Mer”, which is now a classic Breton song.

He began a singing career in Britain, and in 1968 he recorded his first 45, in which he predicted the fall of the Berlin Wall and a president with black skin to the White House. In 1976, he became a songwriter and performer, and his musical career is marked by eleven albums and numerous appearances in France as well as Europe, United States, and Canada.

He died on 5th July, from a cerebral haemorrhage, at the age of 77.

Vince Martin
(born Vincent Marcellino)
(1937 – 2018)

Marcellino was an American folk singer and songwriter, who first recorded with the Tarriers (Erik Darling, Alan Arkin and Bob Carey) in 1956, on the hit single "Cindy, Oh Cindy". He became more widely known with his duo recordings with Fred Neil in the early 1960s. The album Tear Down The Walls (1964) contained mainly Neil's songs, recorded with musicians including John Sebastian and Felix Pappalardi, and became popular and influential on the burgeoning folk (and later folk rock) scene.

In 1969, Martin recorded the album If the Jasmine Don't Get You ... the Bay Breeze Will in Nashville, with the musicians who had just finished recording Bob Dylan's Nashville Skyline. A second solo album, Vince Martin, followed in 1973.

In later years, Martin performed with Thurston Moore, and issued an album Full Circle in 2003. Martin was featured in Vagabondo! (2010), a documentary about his life.

He died on 6th July, at the age of 81, from pulmonary fibrosis.

Those We Have Lost
He began his broadcasting career at the age of 12 as a guest for a Pittsburgh-area children's amateur hour, and attended the University of Pittsburgh, where he helped found the forerunner of the university's college radio station WPTS. In the late 1970s, Cronauer had an idea for a television sitcom that would be a blend of *M*A*S*H* and *WKRP in Cincinnati*, two popular TV series of that era. It was not until some years later that he was able to elicit interest in the proposal which became the film *Good Morning, Vietnam*. The movie was based on his experiences as a Saigon-based DJ during the Vietnam War, where he served from 1965 to 1966.

He died on 18th July, aged 79.

**Saman Kunan**
(c.1980 – 2018)

Kunan was a security officer at Bangkok's Suvarnabhumi Airport and former Thai Navy SEAL petty officer first class.

He participated as a volunteer participant in the Tham Luang cave rescue, and was placing air tanks along the diving route for future missions when he was unable to breathe whilst trying to pass through a narrow underwater passageway. He lost consciousness during this return trip on 6th July, dying of asphyxiation. He was 38.

**Adrian Cronauer**
(1938 – 2018)

Cronauer was a United States Air Force sergeant and radio personality whose experiences as an innovative disc jockey in Vietnam inspired the 1987 film *Good Morning, Vietnam* (starring Robin Williams as Cronauer).

He died on 18th July, aged 79.

**James Edward Malloy**
(c. 1931 – 2018)

Malloy was an American recording engineer, and worked with such artists as Elvis Presley, Duke Ellington, Johnny Cash, Henry Mancini, and Mahalia Jackson.

Gospel singer Mahalia Jackson was the first artist that Malloy was allowed to mix. From listening to her sing in studio, he knew that engineering was what he wanted to do. Next, he worked with Duane Eddy, who liked Malloy's work so much that he suggested him to producer Chet Atkins who came to Los Angeles seeking an engineer.

He died on 4th July.

**THOSE WE HAVE LOST**

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loosely based on the upstate New York urban legend of Cropsey, a tale that became popular at summer camps in the 1960s and '70s. In the film, a summer camp caretaker named Cropsey who was horribly disfigured from a prank gone wrong is released from the hospital with severe deformities and seeks revenge with garden shears on those he holds responsible, starting with the kids at a nearby summer camp. Lou David stars as the maniacal Cropsey, while Brian Matthews plays Todd, the camp counselor that must stop him.

Stephen Ralteri writes: "The soundtrack from the movie The Burning is on side two of this album, with side one featuring "The Wakeman Variations" on some of the same material. With the exception of the "End Title Theme," the soundtrack is unusual for Wakeman, including some eerie ambient electronics, a horror story narrated by Brian Matthews, and two tracks on which Wakeman doesn't play, one a country-rock tune featuring banjo and pedal steel guitar. The "Variations" are keyboard-led instrumentals more in the Wakeman tradition."
Michael Bruce, the guitarist of the original Alice Cooper group released this 1983 seven song album on the Nevada based Euro Tech Records and Tapes. This is the guy who co-wrote "School's Out" and "No More Mr. Nice Guy," songs that epitomize all that Alice Cooper was and still is about. Having the rhythm section from Bulldog and the Rascals, the always perfect drums of Dino Danelli and bass work of Gene Cornish, along with keyboards by David Foster, make it clear that the music is going to be top notch.

Check it out you rock and rollers.

Natural Gas was a rock band which released one album, Natural Gas, produced by Felix Pappalardi, in 1976. The group performed a few gigs as an opening act for Peter Frampton in 1976. They released a self-titled album and three singles. The band consisted of Joey Molland, a guitarist in Badfinger, the famous Beatles-influenced pop act which collapsed after the suicide of its primary songwriter. Mark Clarke, a sideman bass player best known for playing in Uriah Heep during '71-'72, along with Jerry Shirley, the drummer from Humble Pie and Quiver member Peter Wood. Issued in 1975 on Private Stock, Natural Gas's only album aimed vaguely at being a harder-sounding version of Badfinger.

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

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

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

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

http://tinyurl.com/z9825mr
The working relationship between legendary keyboard player Keith Emerson and singer and multi-instrumentalist Robert Berry started in 1987. The plan was to form a more melodic, song oriented band (compared to ELP), which would allow Emerson, Berry and Palmer to follow in the footsteps of the success that Asia and GTR were enjoying in that period. The result of the collaboration 3, and the album “... To The Power of Three”, which was released in 1988. The first single, “Talkin' 'Bout” reached #9 on the Billboard Magazine charts and the band toured the US to support the album.

Fast forward many years, and Robert began speaking to Keith about finally releasing a follow-up, and there was an exchange of musical ideas and song collaborations. After Keith passed away, Robert was left with Keith Emerson’s final musical ideas, and from old cassette tapes, keyboard parts written over the phone, to long discussions about style, the framework of the album was set and ready to be produced. After several months of grieving and contemplation about what to do with these co-written songs and musical fragments from Emerson, Robert decided to resume work on the material that was created and craft a record that would ultimately be a fitting tribute to Keith Emerson’s musical legacy and at the same time re-energize and update the musical style started with ‘3’ some 30 years ago. The result is the forthcoming release by 3.2, ‘The Rules Have Changed’, due out mid August.

I purchased the original album as soon as it
was released, 30 years ago, and had always enjoyed it. After the demise of the band I came across Robert’s work here and there, and when I heard that there was a new album coming out I jumped at the opportunity of catching up with him for a chat.

Who or what first got you interested in music and what were your inspirations during this period?

My first recollection of being fascinated by music was when I was quite young. My dad had a big band, and my mom was the singer. They played music like Frank Sinatra or Benny Goodman and there was lots of sax and trumpet around the house. Somewhere in an old 1/4 tape there is a recording of my dad saying “get that kid out of here”. He had made the mistake of giving his 4 year old son the drummer’s old snare drum. Just a side note, I still have that drum and have used it on many of my early recordings before 1985. With their band always rehearsing in the living room I got the music bug fairly easy. The song on the new album “Powerful Man” is actually about that kind of influence. I’ll talk about that a little later,

I had eight years of classical piano lessons and two years of jazz piano lessons. I didn’t like to practice my piano so my dad asked the teacher if she would teach me some boogie woogie songs. Well she was
not too happy about that, but my dad owned the piano store where she taught, so she had no choice I suppose. The boogie woogie could go on for hours, but practicing the classical stuff rarely came through unless my mom stayed on me. And she did. Since my parents had the piano store and my teacher was their prize teacher, I had to be her prize student. I was entered into countless music teacher recitals where they show off their best student to all the other music teachers. I don’t believe I was her best student though. The problem was that you couldn’t play the boogie woogie pieces at these things, strictly very difficult music from the classical composers: I knew them all. I look at that music now and can’t believe that I played it at such a young age. I wish these days I could just sit down and whip out a Beethoven or Bach piece. Again, this is for later but with the new album I had to get my piano playing back up to that standard.

When I was 12, two guys that were seniors in high school (17, 18 years old) came into my dad’s music store. They had heard I could play and thought they’d get free music equipment if they had this little kid with the dad that had the well-known music store son in their band. I joined up, they didn’t get free equipment, but I got a head start playing some classic older rock and roll that gave me a great foundation for what was to come.

How did Hush come about?

I had been in a few bands during high school. Some decent bands with some very good players for young guys. But nobody had started as young as me and I seem to be a little ahead of the curve. I was majoring in music in college and playing in a nightclub at night with a fake ID so that I could buy a new BMW: it had been on the top of my list for a few years. The drummer in that band, Mike Dimock, also had a dad that owned a music store. In fact, I taught piano there and sold Fender guitars and amps for him while I was in high school. I knew their family well and Mike and I had really hit it off. After a year or so of playing the night clubs, a local booking agent called me and said he had an idea, he wanted to put myself and Mike with two other guys and put together sort
of a local super group. It sounded like a cool idea, so we met, liked each other, and started to rehearse for the next two weeks before a big showcase for booking that was coming up. We had ten minutes to fill. The idea was to segue six or seven songs together, playing a verse and chorus of each, so that we could showcase more of what we would be playing for the listeners. No band had done this before, and at that showcase we got all the gigs.

The buyers were local high school and college bookers and they loved what we had brought to the show. By the way, I had got my dad to contact a big importer of English musical equipment to the US and find out how I could get a Mellotron. Yes, it was the first time a local audience was exposed to real violins, choirs, and flutes. We were a force to be reckoned with, LOL. The only bad thing was that the newly named Hush had only learned a verse and a chorus of six or seven songs, we didn’t have time to learn the whole song for this showcase. So now we had 20 or 30 gigs starting in about a month and we needed to have two hours of music ready to go. It was a great way to start a new band. Years later my band 3 kind of started in the same way, we had two songs to present to record companies and that was it. We got signed immediately by Geffen and had a short lead time to get them a full album.

How did you first meet Keith Emerson?

I had met Carl Palmer about a year earlier, it had been recommended he listened to my cassette tape by John Kalodner at Geffen Records, Asia’s label. We tried for six months to start a band with a few different people but nothing seemed to click. My manager, Brian Lane, called me one day and said that he wanted me to meet Steve Howe. Steve Hackett had left GTR and they needed a songwriter and guitar/keyboard player. I thought it sounded really interesting so I met Steve at his home. We hit it off really good with the songwriting and as friends. He is quite a talented guy if you didn’t know. LOL Oh, I thought you probably did. I spent the better half of the year writing and rehearsing with GTR, but had difficulty with their singer. I had told Brian that I was willing to give up my solo career and my possible new band where I’d be singing
with Carl Palmer, for GTR if I could at least sing one song on each album. I thought that was the deal but the singer was having nothing to do with that. In fact, even when I sang harmony or background parts of some type he would come out and double me live right there on my mic.

I decided that this wasn’t a good fit for me so I left GTR and had planned on heading home from London. Brian Lane called me the day before I was to leave and said that Keith Emerson would like to have lunch. I was a little shocked, I had just backed out of my first big break and was a little unhappy about my decision. I accepted the invite of course but was quite nervous about meeting him. I had spent time with several big names before but this guy, the king of the keyboards, the Jimi Hendrix of the keyboard players? We met for lunch and right away he made me very comfortable. Such an easy going, fun, warm personality. I thought I was meeting some mad scientist or some computer programmer type that didn’t speak the kind of English us common folk speak. But he was the exact opposite. We hit it right off and spoke of plans to possibly start a new band. At the end of what was about a two hour lunch he said he only had one thing he wanted to ask me. I thought uh oh, what could it be? Maybe he wanted to own all the songs? He wanted to be the singer? LOL funny if you ever heard him sing - but no he simply said “would you mind playing a few ELP songs if we go on tour?” I told him I’d be honoured and said I would never expect him to leave behind such a legacy. I saw another part of his personality right there, he looked at me with those caring eyes of his and said “really?” I didn’t get it then, but years later as we spent time writing, recording, and touring I realized that Greg had made things very difficult when it came to control. I on the other hand am a team player, and want the team to all benefit equally. He was pleased as we parted that day. Then came the first trip out to his house in Sussex with Carl driving. To say I was excited, well I don’t think I have to explain to any of your readers how I felt. It’s hard to put into words anyway.

**ELP broke up in 1979, reforming as Emerson Lake & Powell in 1985 and releasing that album in 1986, but two years later it was 3 who were together and releasing an album. How did that all happen?**

3 actually got together in the middle of 1987, we wrote and recorded a few demos. After sending them to Geffen we went in and did a video to the song “8 Miles High” we had been working on. Brian had hired a video crew for a thousand pounds to spend two hours with us. His only instructions were to make the video look like the movie ‘Close Encounters’. Not sure what he really meant, but the crew took it to mean lots of lights blurring out the camera when they were shooting past us. It was genius to me. That video looked so energetic and actually had the feel of what we would become on stage, a much less formatted band than ELP was. We had our parts that were written in stone, but there was room to jam and expand in a different way every night. That came across in “8 Miles High” before we had ever stepped on a stage together.

There was a lot of damage left behind by Emerson, Lake & Powell financially: they played arenas and rarely sold out so they lost money. As much as I loved the album and loved Cozy’s playing, it just wasn’t the draw without Carl. 3 decided to start as a new band would start, bring this new album to the fans in small venues and we played something like 1000 to 5000 seaters. Sold out, fans seeing Emerson, Palmer, and the new guy ‘Yank’ up close and personal, Never before or never again would that be possible, it was truly a great experience. We also made a profit and didn’t create any loss for anybody involved in our tour and business. Keith owed so much money from the Emerson, Lake & Powell disaster that he thought he didn’t
make any money with 3, but that was so untrue. 3 paid off his debt so he was free of their past. Just to show you how well we actually did, I built a house in a very nice area of Silicon Valley and paid cash. Not that the band was about money. It wasn’t. We were about starting their career in a new way and mine in a first launch.

We had hoped for longevity and of course a hit record. We got the hit record with “Talkin’ Bout”, #9 on the Billboard charts which brought us new fans. By the time it rose to the Top 10 we were seeing younger people coming to the shows: the Ritz in New York actually had quite a few young girls in the audience. They wanted to hear that new band that they had heard on the radio, but then there were the die-hard ELP fans who wanted to hear ELP material. They wanted nothing to do with this new guy that wasn’t Greg Lake. This began to takes its toll on Keith, and he would get quite a few fans telling him that they hated that he was playing on more pop rock songs and they hated the female background singers. In fact, one guy wrote him a letter that it was embarrassing for Keith to be doing that. He left his phone number on the letter and Keith called him, he was sensitive that way. All this criticism led to 3 breaking up after just a year and a half of working together. Right when we knew who, what, and how we should do a follow album up Keith was done with it. I would find that in later years that fan criticism really held a spell over him,

Were you simply asked to step aside so Lake could return?

I explained a little bit about that in the previous answer but let me just say this - Keith and Carl had always told me to be myself. Do not do what you think the fans want or what Greg would have done, just be you. There is nothing more empowering than two of the greatest musicians in our lifetime wanting me to be me. They had also had their fair share of problems with Greg. Don’t get me wrong, I actually only met Greg once and we got along great. I am a fan of his voice, his playing, and that special thing that made him great enough to take John Wetton’s place for one show in Japan: the job he did with that was amazing. But as far as ELP was
concerned, he wanted the power and made most of the money. He wrote the hit songs and the writer gets the publishing dollars and therefore lots of times seems to have a bigger say so. I think Keith especially felt slighted by that. After all, who in the band was the only one of a kind? From 3 on, the ELP reunions were about money. Of course now remember that this is my point of view, but I did remain friends with Keith and Carl and you can read between the lines during certain conversations how they felt.

3 was very high profile, yet from there you appeared to take a step into the shadows as it were. Was that a conscious decision, and if so, why?

This is a very interesting point of view for me. It actually made me think about all the other musicians I love that seem to disappear for a while. What happens with me is a book of its own. I had many songs I had written with Steve Howe. I had many songs I had written with Keith and Carl, and I had songs during that period that I had written for other purposes. One day I was working in my studio with Andy Latimer from the band Camel and he asked me about all this material, and asked what I was going to do with it, to which I said “nothing”. Those bands are gone for me. He told me that he thought I should put it out, fans would love it, and it was just laying around anyway. I thought about it and decided to take his advice. I put out ‘Pilgrimage to a Point’ mail order from my studio and it sold like hotcakes. I couldn’t believe it. Not high profile, but honest and rewarding. Then in the mid 1990’s I got asked to play with Sammy Hagar as he was having problems with Van Halen, and needed a bass player for his solo gigs. This was a great time in my life, Sam is a dynamo to say the least. It was the hardest rock as in Hardrock that I had ever done. I found myself enjoying that edginess so I wrote an album I called ‘Takin’ it Back’. To me it was time to take back my career and I wanted to move forward. I signed with a company in Germany that went bankrupt about three months after my album was out, strike out for me.

In 2004 another opportunity came up, I got asked to join the band Ambrosia. I was thrilled, one of my favorite bands. The perfect blend of progressive and pop. I got
to sing songs like “Life Beyond LA”, progressive, and “Biggest Part of Me”, beautifully crafted blue eyed soul pop. I spent two years trying to get them to do a new album. I had a studio, two of the other guys had studios, and I couldn’t get them to budge. I had written a few songs that I thought were really good for that band, and Joe Puerta the bass player had a few that were really good already but I just couldn’t get them to move on it. I learned something very important during my time with them. Their material was so demanding to sing, that when we toured I would constantly gargle with Listerine so that I wouldn’t get sick. For the first nine months I was doing great. But as time went on my voice got rougher and rougher. By the time I gave them notice that I was going to leave, I was struggling with some of the high notes vocally. What had happened, and what I didn’t realize, was that the alcohol in the Listerine was stripping my vocal cords. Just like the way alcohol dries out a wound when you put it on your skin, it dried out my vocal cords. I didn’t realize this until six months or so later when I was a little under the weather for a gig I was doing, so I drank lots of water. All of a sudden I realized I was singing better than I had in years. The show I would do locally was a sort of greatest hits of my career, so I’d actually play “Talkin’ Bout” and I’d also play “Biggest Part of Me”, both very demanding, and they were flying out of my mouth with ease. I did a little research and found out what I had done to myself by gargling the Listerine. So we move up to around 2008 and I get a call from Greg Kihn, his bass player Steve Wight had a stroke and he needed someone to fill his shoes. From then on I’ve been touring and writing songs with Greg. He’s a very prolific guy and lots of fun to work with. The music is very simple and it was a challenge to wrap my head around at first. But we put out an album last year that got very high marks from all the reviewers and Greg Kihn fans. So to answer your question - LOL, I have been busy trying to stay in front of an audience but sometimes things don’t go as planned. I have a song on the new album that Keith and I wrote called “What You’re Dreaming Now”. It’s about moving forward. That my motto - “today was a good day, now what can I accomplish tomorrow”. You can’t let disappointments or failures stop you.

I have come across your some of your work with different musicians over the years

I have been blessed with the gift of creativity. I am never at a loss for a lyric, a musical section, or for that matter a complete song. One of the great joys I have is working down at my studio Soundtek. Five days a week, when I’m not on the road, I work with mostly unknown singer/songwriters that are at my studio to record their most important work. That song that came out of them, that is unique to their life that will live on forever in their families. They don’t have to be famous, they don’t even have to have a completed thought or arrangement, I am there to do the parts that they don’t have. Be it lyrics, chords, arrangements, or just playing the instruments to complete their vision. I do from 100 to 300 songs a year for clients like that. Sometime I have bands like the Celtic rock band Tempest in the studio and I am mostly producing. I have done twelve albums for them over the years. I love every bit of my musical life. Nobody is too small or too big, it’s all just music to me. Imagine if Keith and Carl would not have given me that same opportunity, you would not be talking to me now.

Why 3.2, and why now?

Why now is a loaded question, as for 28 years Keith had wanted to leave 3 behind. He would always say how much fun we had, but never really talk about the music, the criticism was hard on him. But then a record company wanted to put out the 3 ‘Live in Boston’ performance. It was really just a pay check for Keith at the time.
so he signed the deal. I was very excited that there was enough interest in 3, that 28 years later a new album would come out. Not really thinking about it again, Keith received the CD in the mail. He was home alone one evening, enjoying a glass of wine as he’s been known to do, so he decided to put on the CD. He listened to the whole thing and immediately called me. His voice sounded so excited. He said “Robert, we were really a good band. No really a good band.” I couldn’t believe me ears. I had always thought that but never thought he’d give it another chance, and there it was. The open door to my 28 year dream. After we spoke about how much fun we had had and how the spark on stage with the jamming was just the best time ever I broke the question. I said that a record company had been bugging me for years to do a follow up album but I knew he wasn’t interested. I said “What about now Keith? Any chance you’d consider working with me to do one more really great album?” He gave it a mild “yes” and that was enough for me. I called the record company and asked if they were still interested, they were. I called Keith back, we discussed the ideal parameters for such an album and the record company agreed to every detail. Keith was amazed at their deal, the advance involved, and the interest being so high. He was ready to start so we did.

**How much of the material was originally developed at the time of the first 3 album?**

Only one of the songs came from the original 1986 or 87 cassette tape. There were also some linking section for new songs and some solo chord sections I used from that cassette. The rest was written from new digital files Keith had sent me, and lengthy phone conversations where we both had our digital pianos going and would play back and forth: I would record my version of what he was playing on the other end of the line. A lot of times he would say “no, no, you’re missing a note there” or “that chord needs the 9th with the …” That was fun. He was creating and teaching me his ideas at the same time, as I would consistently miss a little subtlety that was Emerson-esque. I had about 20% of his parts already done and played by him on the album.
Was the original plan for you and Keith to work on the new release together?

This was to be the follow up 3 album, there was only the idea that we were to continue where we left off. We had talked to Carl and he was committed to his own band, so that was not a consideration. Our actual choice for the album was Simon Phillips, but we weren’t going to even talk to him until we had got together at Soundtek and recorded the basic parts of the newer songs.

Keith and I lived fairly close to each other, while Carl was always on the road. To be honest with you, and maybe a little snobby, I had been disappointed in the efforts of ELP since 3. I didn’t hear that fiery playing, those amazing arrangements, or the greatest songs. ‘In the Hot Seat’ wasn’t too bad, but after that I just didn’t feel that they were playing up to their potential. It wasn’t that they weren’t capable, I believe it was just the spark of creativity was not gelling after all these years. I also didn’t care for the Keith Emerson Band stuff. To get the most out of Keith I believe you have to either be a keyboard player and speak his language, or just piss him off so much that he brings all that energy to the playing, LOL. That was referring to the way it sounded to me that he and Greg had worked at times. Again, just my point of view and not based on me being there at the time.

What’s next?

I do have some more pieces on that cassette tape, and I have lots of music in those digital files he sent me. But my heart is with this album. There will never be another phone conversation, a goofy joke, a happy day, a stressful day, an idea that is burning to get out that includes a very brilliant, lovely man with a heart of gold on the other end of the phone. This was my last chance to work with my friend, the bandmate of my greatest success, and to complete a 30 year dream. This is the only time this could ever happen.

Will a band be put together to tour?

From the beginning, Frontiers wanted us to do a few live shows. Keith was not keen on this as his arm had been bothering him and he was trying to wind down the live performance. We had the exclusive right to choose if and what we did live, so my idea was just to let it set until we saw how the album had done. He would consider it if he felt like it, which was good enough for me. Now of course that can’t happen where Keith is involved. But I must say that the response to the album has been so wonderful that I am trying to work on a tour now. I had no idea that so many fans of progressive music would discover this album, and take it to heart for exactly the reason it was done. A follow up that gets what 3 should have been, right. Fans have
embraced it, and that has sparked my interest in taking it on the road. Hopefully there will be an extensive tour early next year. That is what I am dreaming now to coin a phrase!

What will the next piece of work be from Robert Berry?

In all honesty, I am feeling like the 3.2 tour may be something that keeps me on the road a lot, and working more progressive concerts and productions. It’s funny to say, I think it’s time as I’ve been waiting for this for 30 years but — it’s time!

As I said earlier, I am in the studio every day that I’m not on tour with Greg or playing somewhere solo. In November/December of every year, my holiday band December People gets together and we do shows for different charities. December People is Gary Pihl, guitarist from the band Boston, David Lauser, drummer for Sammy Hagar, Dave Meed, keyboardist for The Tubes, Jack Foster from the Jack Foster band, and myself. It is a special brand of holiday songs you have to hear to believe. You can check out the website if you enjoy rock Christmas music but you’ve never heard something like these versions.

Throughout all this I will be enjoying studio clients from 13 years old to 70 doing what they have always wanted to do - record their original songs. I love it and it also keeps me finely tuned for when that song pops into my head or just some idea to spring off of.

I appreciate you helping to spread the word on 3.2. It has been a labour of love and I am very proud of the final product. I finished it exactly the way Keith and I had set the outline. We spent three months preparing for what we hoped would be a rekindling of a fun time, a very creative time, and a very successful time. Yes, I know that critics like to say it wasn’t but I would say a Top 10 hit and a successful tour launched a very successful friendship that lasted almost 30 years. I hope you hear that when you listen to ‘The Rules Have Changed’.
I found this online the other day: a little piece of my personal history, from the spiritual precursor of this magazine...
We were very lucky. In January we went to the Fairport Convention Concert at Collumpton, and did the interview printed in the last issue of ISMO. As we already knew Fairporters Dave Pegg and Martin Allcock were also members of the seminal British Rock Band, JETHRO TULL. What we didn't know was that MARTIN BARRE, Tull's guitarist since 1968, was also there as a special guest and he actually gested with Fairport that night. We are indebted to Ric and to Peggy for the introduction and of course to Martin for this EXCLUSIVE interview.

Mb: I’m updating my studio at the moment, it’s in Exminster, it’s been operating on a commercial basis really for the last 3 or 4 years, but now we’re moving into bigger premises. It will be a very, very good studio.

ISMO: Is that woodworm?

Mb: No, that’s Dave’s, it’s called preshouse. It’s been on a very low level cos mainly it’s there for my use, and I’ve had a few people come in and use it, cos I feel very strongly that local bands have very few outlets, that the facilities in the southwest are very bad for local music so if I hear of bands that need a good studio then I let them come in and use it. The new version of it will be excellent. I’m going to keep it 16 track cos I feel all the quality should be there as for a 24 track but the price would still be on a 16 track basis so that local bands would get a very good deal using the best equipment but at a very reasonable price.

ISMO: The first L P you arrived on was Stand Up wasn’t it?

Mb: Yes.

ISMO: There was a rumour that before you came in they had a guy from Black Sabbath, Tony Iommi.

Mb: Yes, but he never really joined he practised with them for a couple of weeks but he never actually played with them live except for the Stones rock n roll circus, which was never used and he was just missing, it was all missed, I think the Stones did some things live but the quality of the things was very much in question. It never saw the light of day I don’t think.

ISNO: Have you ever seen any of it?

Mb: No I’ve only heard what Ian’s told me about it.

ISNO: You seem to have jumped in at the deep end with Tull, what with the big 4 albums (Stand Up, Benefit, Thick as a Brick, Aqualung).

Mb: I didn’t really, cos Jethro Tull were a blues band in England in 68, and when I joined they ceased to be a blues band and really the whole concept of the way Ian wanted to take the group changed and much of it was using all his own music. I think the influence of folk on the band was becoming too much for them and I don’t think Ian really wanted to play American blues and he obviously felt that there wasn’t much future in that direction, he wanted to use his own songs, so really it was like starting again for them too. We were all stuck during the first weeks rehearsal with everybody learning new songs and
although we used to play a dozen or so of the old Tall songs most of the show from the onset was all this new material, in fact the first gig we played there was hardly any blues in it at all. The audience just didn’t know what to make of it, cos they didn’t know any of the songs, they were all brand new songs and they hadn’t even been recorded.

ISMO: How did the move towards the big concept albums come about? The 1st couple were albums of songs, then Aqualung came out. Aqualung was a concept, wasn’t it?

MB: Well, was it? You could call it one if you want to but really I don’t see it as such, I don’t think Ian does either, I don’t think it’s a concept album, the songs are very diverse, and there’s a sort of leaning towards religious ideas, I think Thick as a Brick was the first album that we actually thought out ahead exactly how it was going to be, and I think it was the influence of everybody who was in the band at the time particularly Jeffery Hammond, who was an artistic sort of person, he had all these ideas to do the cover, with all these kind of weird and wonderful stories.

ISMO: Little Milton.

MB: Yes, and really the whole thing built up, we just rehearsed for months and months in London and Bermondsey, and it just fell into place quite literally, learning the first minute of the album and taking it bit by bit from there and we recorded it. It was actually all in sequence on the album, none of it was spliced together, we’d record bits of the album and then drop in on the next bit, so that was a true concept album, at a time when not many people were doing it, but as soon as everybody started doing it it just got too tedious to come up with other ones. I mean Passion Play was a sort of musical failure, for several reasons, to me it was because we went to France to record that album originally, but the studio we used in Paris was so badly laid out that we had so many problems, technical problems, that in the end we couldn’t use the tapes that we’d done, we probably recorded a double album over there and finished it and it just sounded so bad, the machines were totally out of line, we couldn’t use any of the material we’d done so we had to start from scratch in England and listening to that original album of which some of it appears on this 5 record set we’ve just released its good stuff, I think that is a better album.

ISMO: How did the 5 album boxed set come about? It comes over as a fans collection.

MB: Yes. Its something that the fans wanted, you know, a hole in the record collection.

ISMO: It’s a bootleg really isn’t it?

MB: Well yes, it is, hopefully, it probably won’t be cos there’ll be lots of other bootlegs but it coincided with the 20yrs anniversary. I think it was a good thing to put all these tracks together, there was a lot of tracks that were outtakes from albums and they hadn’t been scrapped because they weren’t good enough, I mean I had literally 20 tracks for an album like Bread and we had to pick out 12 of them and the other 8 just got put in a cupboard somewhere, it was a nice idea to bring them all out.

ISMO: Do you have any particular thoughts/memories about the Too Old to Rock n Roll, Too Young to Die album?

MB: Well I didn’t enjoy making it - I don’t think any of us did, at that time we were living in Monte Carlo, in a hotel, it was really depressing, we recorded the album in a place called Radio Monte Carlo which was a huge barn of a place. We parked our mobile studio outside. It was a very unhappy time for everybody, I don’t think anybody was very subtle, there was a lot of tension in the group, so that to my memory of it. Nevertheless Aqualung was a very tense album to make, we were literally screaming at each other in the studio during that album and it turned out wonderful, well not wonderful but it turned out an important album.

ISMO: That’s the one album that people think of when you say Jethro Tull.

MB: Well it works the other way round. If you take an album like Under Wraps which we had a wonderful time indulging ourselves for a year doing that and we just had a lot of fun doing it but then listening back to that album now it isn’t right at all and
obviously the fans didn't think so either cos they didn't buy it.

ISMO: How did the move towards the more acoustic L.P.'s happen?

MB: I know what you mean but I wouldn't say it was a conscious move towards it, really the acoustic songs were in Aqualung? I mean thats where it started.

ISMO: That's funny because Aqualung comes over as an electric L.P with acoustic songs on it.

MB: Yes, I think it's because there's acoustic parts in the electric songs but I don't think there's any importance in being laid out like that, I think its just that Ian wrote songs all acoustic and he really didn't just want to be a flute player, and he wasn't going to play electric guitar cos I was playing that cos I didn't play acoustic, so he just took that as being his instrument and as a natural tool to write songs with.

ISMO: In 1978 everyone was coming out with minimal punk albums and Jethro Tull came out with two acoustic L.P's.

MB: That's why, particularly in the U.S.A, it's always been the way, that's why we've stayed around for 20 years. People don't really know what to expect of us and they always come to see something a bit different to the 3 or 4 concerts that they have in their own town. Probably 50 or 70% of them are all the same but hopefully they think that when they come and see us play they're going to be presented with something a bit different.

ISMO: What happened to Jeffrey Hammond?

MB: Well nothing happened to him, he just hides himself away in a house and doesn't do anything, I mean literally nothing. He doesn't do anything at all. Well, he paints. Jeffrey just sort of gave it up completely, he never was a musician as such, he was more of an entertainer and I think he always wanted to just paint. That's what he does now. He just paints picture after picture and doesn't sell them. He sits in his house in Gloucestershire and doesn't see anybody. I've seen him very rarely, about once every 2 years. He's just not very outgoing.
have a bigger market, it's just that we don't produce singles that distract from what we do as albums. We don't specifically go for a single for the sake of doing something that's gonna stand a good chance of getting into the Top 20. We just take a strong track from the album and hope that it may get singled out. But Solstice Bells was something that we wrote purposely as a Xmas single. Chrysalis didn't like it because it was in 7/4 and they said that there was no way a song in 7/4 could be a hit so they made us re-record it in 4/4 with Mike Batt producing it which was a disaster. We went through the mechanics of recording it in 4/4 which totally destroyed the song and then they heard it and released it in 7/4, but unfortunately they released it about a week before Xmas so it was too late to be of any significance.

ISMO: What ever happened to the 7/4 version?
KE: I don't know. I hope it got destroyed, by some kind person. I don't know.
ISMO: I'm surprised he didn't want you to dress up as Wombles.
KE: It was very painful experience. I mean he was very naive, a good musician but no idea about rock music.
JULY 1982

12:30: What happens next? For Tull?
12:30: We're in the middle of a new album. It'll come out in July, and we'll tour.
12:30: What is the title of the album, if there is a title?
12:30: I have no idea. All the songs seem to be great, as are the backing tracks and drum tracks.
12:30: What are you recording?
12:30: It'll be a new album, and I'm going to be playing on it. I'm not sure if we may catch up with you again then.
12:30: We're going to do a smaller, more intimate tour in the spring, but I think we're going to do a very extensive tour, and Edinburgh.
12:30: Well, that's all. Goodbye.
Forthcoming releases from Rick Wakeman & Friends

Rick Wakeman & Brian May
live from
STARMUS 2015

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

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

Available to pre-order from www.rickwakemansmusicemporium.com
Early in the 1980’s while I was still in college, the first music videos were played in rotation on a tiny television set in the student union of our small assembly area at California Polytechnic University, San Luis Obispo. One of the featured clips was by an all-electronic group named Depeche Mode (fast fashion). Called “Just Can’t Get Enough” the song was catchy, the clothes were indeed fashionable, and I was easily drawn in by the combination of keys, deep baritone vocals and sexy dance moves. Over the next couple of years I tracked the popular songs by this new band, and was vaguely aware that one of the writers, Vince Clarke, broke off to form Yaz or Yazoo depending on which side of the pond you were on. Martin Gore had taken the helm of Depeche Mode as head writer and while there were new pop hits like “The Meaning of Love” there was also this curiously dark dance song, “Leave in Silence” that I loved …
lot. Somehow the combination of synth and dark tones recalled a bit of what the best progressive rock did for me – the sense of being transported to another, darker place, the exploration of deeper, personal messages no one else understood. This was a band for me to watch.

Then I graduated and moved to the famous Silicon Valley, just south of foggy San Francisco. Instantly I was plugged into the burgeoning dance club scene, the “new wave” nights, the “modern rock”, “goth,” ”ska,” “punk,” – “everything and anything goes” nights. Depeche Mode was suddenly everywhere, particularly with their new, most mature to date work, 1983’s *Construction Time Again*. The hit on this record was “Everything Counts” a cautionary tale for this new graduate, just entering the corporate world of Hewlett Packard, one where there was a fixed management philosophy, the “HP Way” which featured such “guidelines as “Management By Walking around.” As Martin Gore wrote:

> The handshake seals the contract, from the contract
> There’s no turning back
> The turning point of a career, in Korea being insincere
> The holiday was fun packed
> The contract still intact

*Construction Time Again* has always been my favorite Depeche Mode album and one I think could objectively be called the band’s most progressive, experimental work. Gone were the innocent pop bits from the first two albums; instead, these more earnest tracks plowed other political and ecological ground, all of them seemingly full of protest, caution and darkness. Additional instruments beyond electronic synths were deployed - these included xylophone and acoustic guitar. In addition most tracks are punctuated by the percussion of “found” instruments – sampled sounds made from lengths of pipe, sheet metal and other objects were played on the record using the then new synclavier technology. This inventive manner of percussion and approach

http://diegospadeproductions.com/
paralleled what was happening with “industrial music” at the time. The result was that while there was no song like “Photograph of You” or “Meaning of Love” there was industrial drone “Pipeline” and a couple of the band’s best ever tracks -- “Two Minute Warning,” “Shame,” and a popular track called “Everything Counts.” But there were no larger hits and little to dance to unless you were a rabid fan like me. Just a clear line upwards in terms of maturity of Martin’s writing, and a couple by the other guys too, and a bit of acoustic instrumentation thrown in for

http://diegospadeproductions.com/
good measure.

And then everything changed for this massively talented band. They released two huge hit singles in 1984, followed by an album that set them on a new more popular path. “People Are People” kicked it off, exploding in America, the U.K. and Europe. Similar in content to “Everything Counts” but with a bolder beat, and lyrics decrying more generally the inhumanity of man, the track was an impossible to forget earworm, with David’s deeply resonant complaint:

Now you’re punching and you’re kicking
And you’re shouting at me
I’m relying on your common decency
So far it hasn’t surfaced
But I’m sure it exists
It just takes a while to travel
From your head to your fist

And Martin’s gentle refrain
I can’t understand
What makes a man
Hate another man?
Help me understand

This single was followed by “Master and Servant” a song so perfectly crafted in terms of its pop-industrial dance-ability and relatable lyrics as to be tailor-made to launch the band globally. The content of the lyrics should have landed the band in deep waters with some parents and clergy but curiously that did not transpire, at least in the states. Maybe this was due to our elastic sense of values in San Francisco, where seemingly anything was accepted, where anything went; the Home of Castro Street and Harvey Milk, of Armistead Maupin and the nightclub “Bondage A Go-Go.” But as it was, Depeche Mode became instant heroes here, played regularly on KROQ (The “Quake”) and dance clubs like The Cat Club, DNA Lounge, Echo Beach, and others.

http://diegospadeproductions.com/
To top all this off, Martin Gore took a massive leap forward as the group’s leader on the immediate album release that scooped up these singles, *Some Great Reward* (1984). Kicking off side 2 of the LP, his heartrending ballad “Somebody” sent both female and male heart’s a flutter and stands today as one of the most romantic songs ever written, and certainly ever sung and performed (bare chested, and with pearl necklaces to boot!). In one short 4-minute 28-second moment, Martin secured his place as the preeminent sweetheart of the 1980’s, the Yin to David’s Yang, the heart behind the hips.

I want somebody who cares
For me passionately
With every thought and
With every breath
Someone who’ll help me see things
In a different light
All those things I detest
I will almost like

Just to keep it real, Martin is self referential, assuring his weepy listeners that sentiments like this make him sick, that he is still the tough man who wrote “Master And Servant” the next track in the queue.

The band’s use of counterpoint along with surprising twists of interlocking rhythms reached new heights on this record, after the deft experimentation shown on *Construction Time Again*. Songs like “If You Want,” “It Doesn’t Matter,” and “Lie To Me” highlight the maturity of their deceptively complex keyboard programming mixed with exacting live execution.

This was the first time I and my dance hall buddies got to see the band live, at the *Henry J. Kaiser Auditorium* in Oakland California. From the moment David Gahan burst out to take stage front, running at full speed from side to side, pretending to beat his head against the speakers stage left and right, then launching into his dance routines, I knew this was a band like no other. From that night forward, through every tour since, David and the band have never given a less-than-stellar performance. The staging has improved, but it has been of little importance, really. To see Depeche Mode is to see David and his consummate performance as singer, dancer and raconteur. There will be several segments with Martin coming to the fore, and these will melt your heart; he often performs “Somebody” which reduces the audience to tears, and he will frequently sing “Shake the Disease” or his penultimate effort “Home” and I wait for these moments to be sure. The rest of the time, it’s David’s show and that’s how the band sets it up.

Let’s take it one level further. David Gahan is simply the greatest male lead performer of my lifetime. Dear readers, I’ve seen Freddie Mercury, I’ve seen Frank Sinatra. I’ve seen Ian Anderson, Robert Plant, Jim Kerr, Roger Daltrey, and Andy Bell (okay Andy is competition!). But for someone who hits every single one of his notes, who absolutely connects with his audience, who solicits
singing, dancing, love, adulation, and who just absolutely sings and dances his ass off, it’s David fucking Gahan. His baritone is legendarily accurate, and his bump and grind unparalleled. There I’ve said it. Does not matter if you are man or woman, the guy is electric, and he is a huge part of what draws everyone to this band. He’s got to be Martin’s muse – as Martin writes all those songs, and they are so perfectly suited to David’s voice, the topics so fitting to what would seem to be David’s thoughts. I’ve heard David interviewed when he said that if on a particular song Martin has written, the lyrics are just a bit different than what he would say, well then he finds a way to connect, and wow, that is evident. Nuff said. This band is simply the Beatles of the 1980’s, and beyond. And they still record new work and tour as of the time of this writing.

Importantly, The Some Great Reward tour was filmed by director Clive Richardson, and released almost in its entirety as The World We Live In and Live in Hamburg. It is the band’s first concert film, and while there were many to follow, this one is unique. As a document of an early performance, it is nearly perfect, as it captures really every facet of the band that would develop over the coming years through to today.

There are fabulous close up and long shots – nothing is left to the imagination. Colors are vibrant, and lighting sufficient to see the action on stage. The sound is decent for the era, but the picture and sound are not top notch, as the production took place before widescreen, high definition concert films were common.

It’s worth a moment to say, that the perfect Depeche Mode live film will depend on the viewers preferences. While many will appropriately consider Depeche Mode 101 their favorite, and while that film will teach you a lot about the band and thus is indispensable, others will feel that it is the widescreen, hi-definition film Devotional, by Anton Corbijn that captures the most exquisite performance by the band.

Taken from the Songs of Faith and Devotion tour, this is a career-defining performance by Depeche Mode, and the last to include founding member Alan Wilder, who for the first time actually plays drums during part of the set, an instrument that has become standard in later years.

The band focus on the work from the late 1980’s through 1993’s release, which means that grittier, more dangerous, emotionally laden sounds are front and center, highlighted by Corbijn’s amazing staging, which was never equaled on any other tour. There were troubles within the band during the recording of the album and the subsequent exhaustingly long tour, but besides David looking a bit bedraggled, it does not show. It’s a highly recommended slice of concert footage.

Long live Depeche Mode, who continue to record and tour to this day.

http://diegospadeproductions.com/
Holmesfest – Down on a farm…

Music, fun-filled frolics, and a magic spinning wheel!
Alan Dearling seeps up the festival spirit (including the absinthe!)

alan dearling
Back in the early 1970s I used to take youngsters from West London down to Salisbury Plain for pony-trekking weekends based around *Wild Bill Puddy’s White Horse Trekking Centre*. Often in the evenings there were rockin’ barn dances. Vast amounts of alcoholic beverages were supped, mad maniac dancing, momentous hangovers and mass memory loss. Holmesfest is held on ex-art teacher, John Holmes’ farmland and barn in Allerdean in Northumberland, just a few miles distant from Berwick-upon-Tweed and Lindisfarne. It much reminded me of those Barn Parties.

It was a slightly surreal experience. I travelled by buses and walked to the site with my little tent looking forward to some of the bands, especially Bwani Junction and Bryde. I didn’t particularly plan on this occasion to go along as an official photographer/journalist, but decided to cover the event for Gonzo magazine more or less on the hoof. I was a punter, but even as I arrived, Brian Martin, local music impresario, asked me to play my steel-tongued drum as a centre-piece for his band to play around. Suddenly I was musician too. I was immediately struck by the beauty of the wild flowers in the fields as I wandered down the lane to the camping area. And lots of lovely sheep and lambs grazing peacefully in the fields, so far oblivious of the sounds and bustling people about to descend into their lives. A lovely pond near the barn stage and the festival area near the Holmes’ Mill Farm. Real communing with nature. Happy Daze times for a weekend! Bring it on!

**What sort of festi is it?**

After setting up my tent, I took a stroll a mile or more up the road to the completely renovated and refurbished *Plough on the Hill* - a self-proclaimed gastro pub. Weird place, so far up-market as to be almost inconceivable in the more working-class, rural and fishing communities where I usually walk, live and drink. Indeed, it seemed a place frequented by the landed-rich, classy farmers, golfers, retired bankers. But friendly folk running it and the chef was down at the festival as soon as he got the opportunity. I was trying to get a ‘handle’ on the location – a sense of ‘place’.

By the end of the two-day festival I have some very vivid and positive images and memories. Apparently about 500 attended and all seemed to be enjoying their strolls around the farm, and absorbing the sounds, the dancing, burgers and drinks. It was intriguing and baffling in many ways. The relatively big name bands such as ‘Bryde’ and ‘Ariel Posen’ from Canada were largely ignored by the festival crowd,
despite their talent and performances. But each time local performers came on stage, bands such as ‘The Warehouse Announcement’ and ‘Ordinaryson’, the barn filled up and the crowd gave the musicians plenty of noisy encouragement. Then, the local performers left the stage, and often there were only three or four of us watching and appreciating some fine singing, playing and musicianship. OK, you could still hear the music to some extent outside of the barn, and it was drop-dead, gorgeous weekend, but it felt rather an insult to many of the performers.

The area around the bar was perpetually bustling. Raucous and super fun. No draft beverages, just cans, but fair prices. And the centrepiece was the Holmes Bar Spinning Wheel and staff shouting out through a megaphone, proclaiming the destiny of the punters who gave over their two quids for a spin, and the award of a ‘mystery drink’. Shots of absinthe, exotic cocktails, prosecco and more... along with friends, I seemed to keep on winning absinthe, even though it was only one tiny segment of the drinking wheel of destiny. Absinthe is a strange almost psychedelic drink. It numbs the mouth - sour and bitter. And after a couple of shots, the mind and body seem to exist in different time zones. Weird shit! This was largely a friendly, rural, kind-of agricultural and very boozy drinking event. ‘Dripp’ from Middlesbrough are an eccentric noisy bunch of nutters, just beginning their musical journey and even though they only had half a dozen songs, generated some high-octane and frenetic dancing and jumping about. Edgy, lively, vibrant fun. Here’s a bit of video of them closing the Friday night, and their alter-ego, Loco Bee on stage, half-hungover on Saturday afternoon:
Dripp:

https://www.facebook.com/alan.dearling/videos/10156568278816514/

Loco Bee:

https://www.facebook.com/alan.dearling/videos/10156566190031514/

It certainly begs some questions for future Holmesfests:

Bigger names? Or, keep it a bit like the League of Gentlemen – a local festival for local people? Where to site the stage? Perhaps a portable stage that is easy to move? Maybe, get a marquee for a second performance area? If more and more people are camping – what extra facilities are required? Is it geared mainly for
families or festival goers? How do you prevent the younger teenagers, especially the girls, going a bit ape around the farmlands? What other amenities/workshops etc. could be on offer? Does it need more diverse food outlets? Essentially, the physical divide between the performers and the audience needs to be bridged…to be discussed, perhaps?

Here are the magnificent Inspired! music school band, ‘Lifeline’ produced by Iain Petrie and Anna Emmins. They received a tremendous amount of support from families, friends and the rest of the audience. Deservedly so. Their album ‘Lifeline’ is a terrific example of what X Factor and Britain’s Got Talent should be like. Likewise, the young band, ‘Winter Coat and Shorts’. Both worth checking out. Inspired!:

http://inspiredmusic.co.uk/

More about the music…
Even if many of the punters attending Holmesfest 2018 didn’t pay a great deal of attention to the music and the performers, I did my best, and was rewarded with some tasty musical morsels from the stage. You can see the full line-up of performers on the poster, but I’d like to gently guide your attention to a few of the acts that stood out for me.

‘Ariel Posen’ is on tour from Canada with a shit-hot power-blues band. Very impressive:

Ariel Posen live at Holmesfest:

https://vimeo.com/278132099?ref=fb-share&1

‘Chloe Wightman’ and ‘Oliver Payn’ both possess beautiful voices, look great, and have charisma, plus some strong material

Chloe:

https://www.facebook.com/chloewightmanmusic/
Oliver’s ‘Monsters’ is simply inspired:
https://www.facebook.com/oliver.payn

Sarah Howells’ is well-loved by many of us from her performances with ‘Paper Aeroplanes’. But at Holmesfest, we were treated to the edgier, more angst-filled songs by ‘Bryde’, who have just released their album: ‘Like an island’. It moves Sarah more into the territory of PJ Harvey and even towards Patti Smith. It can be bleak at times, but powerfully hypnotic.

Bryde’s Handstands live at Holmesfest:
https://vimeo.com/278122572?ref=fb-share&1

And here is Sarah in 2015 in Paper Aeroplanes singing Same Mistakes:
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=KHLo8XYBzEM&feature=share

‘Dean James and the Black Dogs’ are gigging heavily at the moment. If you like some original blues, played with gutsy energy and feeling, check them out. Sarah Howells’ is well-loved by many of us from her performances with ‘Paper Aeroplanes’. But at Holmesfest, we were treated to the edgier, more angst-filled songs by ‘Bryde’, who have just released their album: ‘Like an island’. It moves Sarah more into the territory of PJ Harvey and even towards Patti Smith. It can be bleak at times, but powerfully hypnotic.

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Dean James and the Black Dogs live at Holmesfest:

https://www.facebook.com/alan.dearling/videos/10156568385161514/

Edinburgh-based ‘Bwani Junction’ have proved something of a phenomena. It was something of a coup to get them down on the farm at Holmesfest. They have been performing Paul Simon’s ‘Graceland’ for most of the last two years. They make the songs their own, re-imagining them. They soared to fame when members of Paul Simon’s original South African backing group played with them at a number of major gigs in 2016 and at Glasgow’s Celtic Connections:

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

It is inspiring music. Music to make you smile and sing. Rory Fairweather, the lead singer, told us at Holmesfest, “This is the first time we’ve ever played this as a two-piece. We’re winging it!” They did so with great style. Lovely guys. Lots to check out on their Facebook site:

https://www.facebook.com/pg/Bwanijunction/videos/?ref=page_internal

Here’s the stripped down, two-piece Bwani Junction live at Holmesfest:

Diamonds on the soles of her shoes:
I know what I know:

Holmesfest site:

SMALL FIELD FESTIVALS

by Thom the World Poet (with additional words from Gonzo Alan)

VILLAGERS HAVE ALWAYS GATHERED
In a field, in a barn, or on a Common.

Whether for a Market Day or a Weekend Festival
Of course - Full Moons and Solstices
The Marking of the Seasons...
Of course, we local people take pride in Village Life
Small and Independent.
Back when...
When music was hand-made/home-made
Music was made by all.
Acoustic as a beanstalk/willow/bamboo
Circles formed as in a whirlpool.
Long before the Land of Laminates, Walls and Parking Mud lots.
Yet we remain Creative Beings
Sensuous, sinuous, sometimes psychedelic
Stronger together than apart.
We are small, We are Giants
We create, make musical magic
Organic and autonomous...
New Forest Folk Festival, Plaitford, Hants, 6-8 July, 2018.

Thanks in large part to the tireless work of the Curtis family, particularly brothers Nick and Keith, this festival appears to be going from strength to strength. It’s by no means a purist folk event, Friday night headliners Ward Thomas, for example, being a mildly Americana flavoured pop act, but it does manage year-in year-out to attract some of the best acts in the folk music field and this time was no exception.

We got there on the Friday, missing a goodly slew of ‘fringe’ acts that kept early arrivers entertained the previous day. NFFF impresses with its low key but efficient and well thought out standard of organisation; scenic tree encircled site; friendly, humorous stewards and its top notch sound system. Whoever’s playing you can hear it loud and clear at least as far as the caravan and camper field, but go down and stand by the stage and it’s not going to leave you with ringing ears. Okay I don’t go to that many other festivals so maybe technology has moved on and this is not untypical of the times. But remembering the distortion drenched sound systems I often endured at outdoor events back in the 70s, I was impressed.

Worth mentioning too is the nice balance of stalls, mixing local craftspeople and some worthwhile causes (the excellent Tools for Self Reliance amongst them) with just enough of the travelling incense and patchwork frock brigade to satisfy browsers without overdoing it. Recommended visits in particular are the Bookworm stall, a unique mix of quality clothing and oodles and oodles of tastefully trawled-for books and CDs, and the extraordinary Tracie Bears, a cornucopia of frequently psychedelic teds. A nice mix on the food front too, particularly enhanced this year with the arrival of Leon’s Vegetarian Food Stall, where we ended up eating daily (and we’re not even vegetarians).
driving first song, then held the interest with a varied set, some fine playing and classy vocal harmonies. There’s a kind of chemistry that happens when performers come up with imaginative, often surprising material then play it, giving their all. Eyes and ears tune in and attention is grabbed.

But there is, alas, a limit to how much music you can absorb in the course of a busy life, and I’ve yet to sample G&R in recorded form. I will be looking out for them again and, when time allows, paying attention to
at least one of their albums. Their intriguingly titled ‘Conflict Tourism’ looks like a contender – particularly since, among the supporting musicians is one time Copperhead member James ‘Hutch’ Hutchinson. There’s pedigree.

No one else quite touched that quality from the Friday line-up but several were very enjoyable. Green Diesel played a strong set of folk rock, reminding me a little of long-ago band Trees, but without the long jams. Edwina Hayes sang a mixture of her own and others’ material in a strong, clear voice that contrasted dramatically with her between-song patter voice. Some of the material was a bit MOR for my taste, but she really shone doing a cover of ‘Mr Tambourine Man’. It’s an obvious and well-used choice from the Dylan song Vault. Hayes, however, brought a real freshness and conviction to her rendition. Before Ward Thomas closed the night we got Burgess, Nicol and Kemp. Old boy folk rock from former members of 10CC and Steeleye, we were told this was only the fourth time they’d played together. This resulted in a sense that they were doing their own material by turns, backing one another, rather than gelling as a band. Nevertheless, we got treated to a good few quality songs - my personal favourite being Rick Kemp’s ‘Special’ (‘Everybody’s good at everything these days’) - and some nice lead guitar breaks from Nichol.

Saturday kicked off with the stage-cramming energy and enthusiasm of Southampton Ukelele Jam, followed by another quality duo act, Winter Wilson. Nice harmonies again and a variety of instruments well played, their main strength for me was their more political material. A bit of leftie government bashing tends to be an easy crowd-pleaser for a folk fest audience, but these two had some well-observed, thoughtful lyrics to sing and came over as both committed and convincing. Hunter Muskett followed. Soft rockers, together since the late 60s, they played a pleasant set, but my highlight that afternoon was the next band, Coco and the Butterfields.

Young, loaded with energy, out to make their mark, C and the Bs brought the front of stage crowd into a state of dance frenzy in next to no time flat, me included. If this was ‘folk’ it was hugely filtered through a pop and hip-hop haze. The material they played was almost entirely their own and hard to judge on the basis of a single performance, but it provided a huge dose of vitality and fun to a by-then sultry and humid
afternoon. Though both lead vocalists were strong and confident, there was a sense of ‘star quality’ in singer (and fiddler) Dulcima Showan. Only song I can name was their one cover, a great rendition of Bob Dylan co-write ‘Rock Me Mama / Wagon Wheel’. Watch out for them.

When the live acts started up again, we were treated to another strong set from Reg Meuross, about whom I’ve enthused in these pages before. Suffice to say he was on good form and above comments regarding political material apply in spades to Reg. He closed with stark song ‘Faraway People’, based directly on research into those ‘who had died directly as a result of cuts to their benefits by Atos or because of the bedroom tax’. A song well worth hearing.

‘These are the voices of faraway people
The man in the street and the hospital bed
The scandal of governments unfit to govern
Look down look down look down
You’ll be unfit to work when you’re dead’

Next up was someone about whom I was
decidedly curious, veteran singer Julie Felix. Now 80, dressed simply in black slacks, white shirt and Mexican patterned waistcoat, she was a small guitar-wielding figure on an empty stage, but soon made a big impression. It was her second number, sung in Spanish (possibly ‘El Elva Leva (Let the River Live)’ from her most recent album?) that was the first to grab me. With its chorus involving lengthily sustained high notes and other catchy Latino vocal trickery, I got a strong sense that here was a voice still to be reckoned with. Perhaps because I’m a sentimental old sod, and Felix was a direct connection to my 1960s childhood/adolescence, I began to feel a strong emotional upsurge as she sang. A sad, poetic song that followed, titled simply ‘I Miss You’ brought tears to my eyes. As did, following some reminiscences about the times she spent in the company of Leonard Cohen, her version of ‘Hey That’s No Way to Say Goodbye’.

As her set continued it became clear that Julie is a firm and vocal devotee of the Goddess. Her faith and her sense of mission blends pagan style beliefs with feminism and a strong identification with the Me Too movement. I have absolute respect for her philosophies and politics, but my initial positive reaction was tempered over the course of her performance by a feeling that stirring songs and slogans do not always do justice to the complexity of the issues involved. Nevertheless, the strength in her voice and in her presence continued to win me over. Towards the end of the set, she set the dial to max on audience participation, on songs such as her own ‘Healing Hands’ and at the finish with Woody Guthrie’s ‘This Land Is Your Land’. Whatever doubts flashed through my mind at times, I sang along heartily with the majority of the audience.

TRADarrr were next, playing pretty much the same material (mostly from their second album) as when I reviewed them in Gonzo 235, but now, to my ears, tightened and polished by further performance. They
were well on form and as lively and enjoyably committed to having fun onstage as bands of half their collective age. Main vocalist Gregg Cave is growing into the material, and vocal turns from the other singers were all a delight – especially Marion and Gemma on ‘Lowlands’. A tough act for even venerable headliners Steeleye Span to follow. Well, perhaps not so venerable in some ways, since Maddy Prior is now the only original member remaining, and newer band members are very much of the current generation of folk/rock musicians. In fact, compared to the last time I saw them, they seemed revitalised, bringing enthusiasm and energy to both new material and selections from the vast back catalogue such as ‘One Night As I Lay in My Bed’, ‘Edward’ and ‘London’. They even brought some zest to the inevitable encore of ‘All Around My Hat’.

Sunday set off with entertainer and friend of the festival Matt Black, followed by Tenderlore – a young band who had made a good impression at earlier NFFF ‘Fringe’ performances and were now on the main stage, with the additional boost of drums and bass to back their three guitar line up. Avowed fans of CSN (their one cover was ‘Helplessly Hoping’), they sang excellently in harmony on a set of California flavoured soft rock, throwing in even some short but tasty electric guitar soloing. Lovely stuff. And the loveliness continued with folk-rock’s charming man, Fairport’s Chris Leslie, playing a beatific set of material that drew largely on his fairly recent ‘Turquoise Tales’ album. Looking a little John Lennon circa 1969 with a fully grown set of whiskers, he gave us a thoughtfully sequenced mix of traditional and original material. He played mostly guitar or fiddle, but broke off at one point for a near-ambient interlude of Native American flute music that I found an absolute transport. As was his Beatles medley which began with a superb fiddle arrangement of the tune from ‘Within You, Without You’ and segued into a sung version of ‘Eleanor Rigby’. I have to admit my eyes were prickling once more during that pairing.

The acts that followed – The Gerry Colvin Band and Dean Friedman – clearly had their supporters, who found their sets as enjoyable, perhaps, as I’d found Chris
Going back to a theme I’ve dabbled with in this review – folk music and politics – I think LJE had a near-unique take on how they handled serious themes. Another fine Turner/Wright composition ‘My Heart’s Where My Home Used To Be’ takes a look at the decline of rural communities, a song that touches on nostalgia and regret but observes rather than wallows in it. So do many of their songs describe the consequences of political decisions and social trends in human terms. Rather than railing with slogans they tell the stories. A band that dealt with subtleties, but at the same time, they rocked. I do regret their passing but was truly grateful for this ‘shadow’ appearance and maybe to hear them live for one last time.

Last on was the previously unseen by me Feast of Fiddles – another take on folk rock with a six-fiddle line-up. This included the return of Chris Leslie, who also took vocals on two or three occasions, and festival regular Tom Leary. I was not familiar with the rest of the musicians, or how many of

Leslie’s. Each to their own, I guess. But Sunday evening came to an end with two acts who hardly anybody there could not have enjoyed. First up was the (temporarily alas) reformed Little Johnny England. It is my shame that I completely missed this band until I saw them at NFFF in 2015, just when they’d decided to knock it on the head. Their headline set, back then, completely blew me away and I was driven, in the ensuing months, to buy every one of their albums – without regret. So there they were again, on the New Forest stage playing what guitarist/vocalist PJ Wright referred to (tongue in cheek as often) as a ‘greatest hits’ selection. They kicked off (I think, too into dancing to take notes) with one of their finest songs: ‘Random Acts of Kindness’, and continued with material taken largely from their final studio album ‘Tournament of Shadows’. Again the energy was all there, plus two things that subsequent project TRADarrr (much as I love ‘em) lack: PJ’s vocals and Gareth Turner’s robust melodeon.

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them were regulars or occasional in this inevitably ever-changing line-up, but they made a very nice noise indeed, starting with a slow and sombre piece, that led into some lively jigs. Highlights for me were a song called ‘The Yew Tree’ by fiddler Brian McNeill and a version of ‘Geronimo’s Cadillac’ with Chris L on vocals. Towards the end, in the midst of medley that veered between folk tunes and, I guess, whatever else they felt like playing, they indulged in an old t.v. western theme that I didn’t quite place. Was it ‘Bonanza’?

Whatever, Feast of Fiddles were pretty much what it says on the tin, albeit with bursts of melodeon (from linchpin Hugh Crabtree), sax and even the occasional electric guitar solo. So in a way they kind of brought together and appropriately rounded off the whole varied and ever enjoyable New Forest Folk Festival experience. We’ve already got our tickets for next year. Get yours.
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‘Within five minutes of picking the book up I was immediately entranced.’ (Jonathan Downes, editor ‘Gonzo Weekly’ magazine)

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Our nearest celestial neighbour is simple proof that we are part of something much bigger than just dear old Planet Earth. It directly influences all of our lives by making our oceans tidal for example. It’s also rather beautiful, and comes in different shapes and colours and can be seen just everywhere around the world. I remember coming home from Papua New Guinea a few years back and arriving at my mother’s house in West London, still before the then winter’s dawn. I sat shivering in her garden having a smoke whilst gazing up at the same moon I had been looking at through primary rainforest just a few days before, halfway around ‘the world’. Not only does The Moon keep scientists busy and happy it has and is still celebrated in just about every human culture including the wacky world of rock and roll. Think of how many songs and
As our glorious summer continues to warm us, I headed off to a local school (Ashton Park, Bristol) on Sunday morning to go and have a gander at the ‘Museum of the Moon’, a touring art installation, which had been set up just over the weekend. Driving in the school gates, the car park marshall looked and talked like he may have been a Furry Freak Brothers reader back in the day (I assumed he was a teacher) and I was soon walking through the complex heading towards the sports hall. There didn’t seem to be many people around but I suppose it was only 0915 on the Sunday after another (smaller) round object had made the headlines…..I showed the two ladies on the school desk set up as reception my phone, as weirdly you could book your ticket and car parking online via Eventim! I had done so only because I had found out about it last minute and thought it would be very busy. The school was raising funds for something, you would like to think Eventim passed them all the money (yeah right). Still a fiver to get in was no problem (the fiver to park was a piss take but it was a good cause).

I pulled open one of the two doors and walked in, Wow! Its really very impressive, the moon, up close and personal. The long, rectangular hall had all it’s windows blocked out with a 7 metre diameter Moon hanging at the farther end. The moon itself is lit like a full moon, the hall dark save for a series of floor-mounted, upward pointing UV spots. A ‘surround sound’ system was playing a soundtrack to go with the ‘art work’, largely electronic music with a section of what sounded like jumbled radio transmissions from Earth to space. It wasn’t Hawkwind’s Brainstorm or similar sadly but it was music! Thankfully there were only about ten other people in there so you had plenty of your own ‘space’ too. You could walk around it to your heart’s content, or sit on a few school benches scattered around the walls and contemplate the whole scene (man). At one point, a guy said to me ‘do you know where the flags are”, I apologised and said I didn’t. If I had been quicker I should have said ‘have you ever seen Capricorn One? It’s a pleasant, cool mini-experience. Can easily imagine it being used at a music festival if it hasn’t already.

What I also realised after I left was there was no merch for sale, which is amazing in this day and age. In fact, unless I missed it, there was no further information either which was a shame. However, the wonders of the web reveal much more. As you exited the hall, you had to walk through an art exhibition, selected works from the pupils at the school. The standard was astonishingly good, drawings, prints, posters, photos and photo montages plus clothes. It was really soul-warming to see; positive hope for the future, they ain’t all on social media all of the time. The Moon is created by a UK originating artist called Luke Jerram, and first appeared in 2016. It has been all over the world since, and in many different locations. The website shows some amazing photos from many of the sites, it looks particularly good inside churches weirdly. The online blurb makes mention of it’s being an evolving artwork, different music has been composed for it, as well as its different location uses and purposes. There are in fact more than one, and at least two have been purchased by museums, Barcelona and Sydney I think.

I also like the way it is presented as an artwork rather then a science display. Although it is technically correct (the mapping on the surface supplied by NASA), it’s used as far more of a spiritual and cultural emblem in this context.

If anyone wants to go to the real Moon, I think my friends in the U.S. are still offering to take two people and slingshot them around it in a Russian spacecraft. A very large lottery win would be required as well as the right stuff, $100M a piece when I last heard……..
and looking down onto Mother Earth, whilst listening to music on headphones, mainly opera I understand. His ‘holiday snaps’ were pretty amazing as you can imagine. Looking down on Earth from space must be the ultimate natural history, if not life experience! I saw some of them at his Beverly Hills mansion some years back, and briefly met Buzz Aldrin, who did seem to have left some of his mind on the lunar surface bless him.

My travel company here in the UK sent a few people on Zero-Gravity Flights in Russia and a handful on ‘Flights to the Edge of Space’, up to 100,000’ above the Earth, to see the curvature with their own eyes. One of my clients made a short and sweet video, set to the Stones, which is now on You Tube, if a tad grainy, enjoy…..

The Moon, recommended if coming your way, otherwise free most nights if it’s clear………..

https://my-moon.org/about/

https://www.lukejerram.com

For travel to the Moon…

http://www.spaceadventures.com

Thomas’s Flight to the Edge of Space (2000)

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=L-BdmdAiP1c
A little while ago I heard from Matthew Swindells who asked if I would be interested in hearing his new project, Mancunian Candidate. I was immediately intrigued, as Matthew used to be drummer with Moth Vellum, and since the demise of that band the only person I had been in regular contact was Johannes Luley, both with his solo work and with Perfect Beings. I don’t know what Matthew has been doing in the last ten plus years, but prior to his involvement with Moth Vellum he had performed and recorded with electronic music pioneers Fila Brazillia, and also collaborated with Matt Bissonette, singing lead vocals on the bassist’s 2004 release ‘Raising Lazarus’, which featured a Swindells original “Money in My Tea/In My Pockets.” Bissonette returns the favour this time, providing bass on three of the songs.

On the album Swindells provides all the drums, keyboards and vocals along with some acoustic guitar, and has used Matthew Charles Heulitt (Moetar, Narada Michael Walden Zigga modeliste) and Johnny Heyes (Mica Paris, Tito Jackson, Errol Brown, Badbone & Co) on guitar, while bass is provided by Bissonette (Elton John, David Lee Roth, Joe Satriani), Neil Fairclough (Queen & Adam Lambert), Jon Evans (Tori Amos, Sarah Mclauchlan), Ollie Collins (Black Rivers, Alan Parsons, Badly Drawn Boy) and long-time Swindells collaborator Andy Shepley. Mandolin is played by Jasper Wilkinson (I Am Your Autopilot). So, a host of stellar collaborators, who all know exactly what they are doing, and this is then all brought together with great songs and vocals.
I hadn’t realised prior to this that Matthew is a pom, I had always assumed he was American, but he is originally from Manchester, and that shines through in the music. It is quite poppy in some ways, and I can imagine The Hollies having had their part to play, combined then with the likes of XTC. It is at the heart a very English album, in terms of style and mannerisms, but with an American polish over the top, crossover prog at its very truest. The pop combines with the progressive complexity to leave the listener feeling refreshed and with a smile on their face. This isn’t music that is complex and dense just of the sake of being so, but instead is carefully constructed and layered, so that it feels light and joyous. Some prog music, okay a lot of prog music, feels as if it has been put together in such a manner that the listener is supposed to be impressed with what is going on even if they don’t enjoy and comprehend the actual music itself. No such problem here, this is all about simple complexity, and loads of fun. Let’s hope that the return to the scene is such that Matthew releases another album in the near future, as this is something I have enjoyed immensely.

http://www.mancuniancandidatemusic.com/about

MAVERICK
COLD STAR DANCER
METALAPOLIS

Formed Northern Ireland in 2012 by the Balfour brothers Ryan (guitar) and David (vocals), the band (completed with Richie Diver, bass, and Jonathan Millar, drums), the guys are now back with their third album and all I keep wondering is what on earth are the other two like? When it comes to melodic hard rock/metal there can be very few that stand up to this as this is a gem from start to finish. They do remind me quite a lot of Bon Jovi, but there are no keyboards here, just plenty of guitars (apparently their second guitarist left during recording, and they are currently looking for another). I wouldn’t necessarily have picked these guys as British, but they do have an edge that is missing from the Swedish and current American bands, while also sounding quite different to the Italians.

It is hard to pick a favourite, as they are just all so strong. A great rhythm section providing the basis for plenty of guitars with stacks of hooks and vocals that aren’t too clean, with a roughness that takes away from the smooth while also hitting all the notes. I am really disappointed to be reviewing this to be honest, as it is an album I have been turning to multiple times just because I have had so much fun playing it. But now I have written some
words I don’t have an excuse to keep going back to it while I have so many others to write about, but it’s so much fun! That is for the just eleven songs, but there is a twelfth. In some strange twist of fate I was sent this album the same time as I also received the new one by Rick Springfield, and the very last song on this is nothing other than “Jessie’s Girl”. The first time I played this my 21-year-old walked into the study and said “Who is that? It’s not the original, but I like it!” (I get brownie points for a) she knew it wasn’t the original and b) she knows and appreciates a song released long before she was born – she and I even had a discussion on the meaning of “Lola” the other day, but I digress). Yes, they have taken a classic and have not tried to exactly replicate the original but instead have made it their own with the vocals in particular not straining to hit all the notes, and I love it. So, this is a third album, but they are a new band to me, but one that I am definitely going to be keeping my eye on, and so should all fans of this style of music.

The use of Marek’s saxophone is probably more prevalent on this than on his other releases, and the album certainly benefits from it. Musically this is crossover prog, with some interesting percussive and world influences, and in many ways it is quite different to what else is out there, although at the same time it contains some passages that are quite simplistic yet always melodic. I don’t know how much impact Guy and Marek had on the writing of the music, but it is clear that they had a large amount to do with the arrangements. I haven’t previously come across Unitopia, but I am certainly intrigued to hear what the band used to sound like, as this is an incredibly immediate and accessible album, and it is just a shame that it has taken me four years to come across it. The use of Jon Anderson on fourth track “The Water” on backing vocals is quite interesting, as before looking up the details I hadn’t been aware who had been involved but he stands out a great deal, and puts a stamp of approval on proceedings. Hopefully his appearance will attract fans of his to try this out, as that song itself is yet another great melodic AOR progressive rock number which makes me smile each time I play it. Overall, fun and commercial with small world influences here which make a big difference when they appear. Ecological, and great fun to boot!

UPF
FALL IN LOVE WITH THE WORLDINSIDE OUT

UPF stands for United Progressive Fraternity, and originally came about after the demise of Australian band Unitopia. Mark Trueck (vocals), Matt Williams (guitar, bass, vocals), Dave Hopgood (drums, vocals) and Tim Irrgang (percussion) then joined forces with Guy Manning (Manning, The Tangent etc.), who brought in Marek Arnold (Toxic Smile, Flaming Row, SSTTGG etc.) and with bassist Daniel Mash the line-up was complete. There as then the short matter of bringing in ten guest musicians, including such unknowns as Jon Anderson and Steve Hackett…
none of the power and emotion that made him such a great singer all those years ago. All the band are on fire and there is no way that anyone would imagine on hearing this that the guys are probably mostly in their fifties as they sound young and hungry. They lock in tight, crank out the riffs, and the melodies flow one after another, with a wonderful organ sound that ties it all together. This isn’t cutting edge state of the art music, but rather is a warm blanket making the listener feel warm and happy. I’d love to see these guys live, as this is superb. Let’s just hope that they don’t take quite so long to release the follow-up!

UNIVERSE INFINITY
ROCK IS ALIVE
PRIDE & JOY MUSIC

Apparently the band Universe were formed back in 1982. After leaving the band Moon, lead guitarist Michael Kling, who founded the band WC in the late 70's with John Norum, was one of the founding members bassist Hasse Hagman, who played in Joey Tempest's first band, along with drummer Anders Wetterström and guitarist Per Nilsson, all came from the band Twilight. The line-up was completed by keyboard player Fredrik Kriström and singer Kjell Wallen, and they gigged whenever and wherever they could, releasing their debut self-titled album in 1985. But, the band split up in 1988, although guitarist Per Nilsson kept checking if the guys wanted to play together again. In 2002 they finally decided that they needed to get back together and record a new album but they were all too busy, and it is only now, with new singer Andreas Eklund (ex-House Of Shakira) that they have made it back.

The name may have changed slightly, but this is solid Eighties melodic hard rock, with just that edge that makes it worthwhile and ensures that there isn’t too much sugar within. I remember hearing Andreas back on the debut HoS album (a quick check has made me realise that was twenty years ago!) ‘Lint’, and I always loved his voice, and he has lost

UNRULY CHILD
LIVE FROM MILAN
FRONTIERS MUSIC

Following Mark Free’s successful career with King Kobra and Signal, Unruly Child were born when he started writing songs with Bruce Gowdy (Stone Fury, World Trade) and Guy Allison (Logic, World Trade, Doobie Brothers). With a line-up completed with Jay Schellen (Hurricane, World Trade, Asia) and Larry Antonino (Pablo Cruise), Unruly Child released their in 1992. After many line-up and style changes, the original members of the quintet finally decided to reunite and in 2017 released ‘Can’t Go Home’. Just two months later they agreed to perform a special set of the debut
Conservatory in Kortrijk, Belgium. In 2016 he travelled to Holland to see Stick Men, and after befriending the Tony Levin (King Crimson, Peter Gabriel, Stick Men plus, literally, countless others), they decided to record together. They were joined in the studio by guitarist Michel Delville (The Wrong Object; doubt; Machine Mass), and drummer Maxime Lenssens, and with Dominique providing the musical sketches, it was then just a case of everyone else settling down and letting the music take them wherever it needed to. The whole album was recorded in just one day in October 2016, and one can’t imagine this being a highly constructed and layered affair as the four musicians are just bouncing ideas off each other and seeing where they will go.

I have known of Michel Delville and his other bands for a number of years now, and here he is at the fractured best that I would expect of him. Tony is melodic, keeping things tight and mellow, while the drums keep playing ahead of the beat to drive things along while Tony holds into the leash. Then there is Dominique also keeping things in a melodic vein with fine organ, but Michel is out to take the music in quite a different direction, and it is the energy between the four as they ride the musical stallion and try to all keep it in the same direction although they all want to go off in different directions, that really makes this work. This is fusion and improvisational jazz working together to create something that is quite special.

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VANTOMME
VEGIR
MOONJUNE RECORDS

Dominique Vantomme is a pianist, keyboardist, composer, band leader, music educator and producer, equally well known for his work with many European pop and rock acts as for being the jazz piano instructor at the Music Conservatory in Kortrijk, Belgium. In 2016 he travelled to Holland to see Stick Men, and after befriending the Tony Levin (King Crimson, Peter Gabriel, Stick Men plus, literally, countless others), they decided to record together. They were joined in the studio by guitarist Michel Delville (The Wrong Object; doubt; Machine Mass), and drummer Maxime Lenssens, and with Dominique providing the musical sketches, it was then just a case of everyone else settling down and letting the music take them wherever it needed to. The whole album was recorded in just one day in October 2016, and one can’t imagine this being a highly constructed and layered affair as the four musicians are just bouncing ideas off each other and seeing where they will go.

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is yet another unknown (at least to me) outfit that demands further close inspection. Psychedelic, progressive, meandering yet with direction, this is an album that fans of bands such as Ozrics or Gong should be seeking out.

http://music.vespero.ru/album/shum-shir

Originality released digitally and on vinyl in 2017, this has now also been released on CD with some additional songs. This is the eighth full-length studio album by Russian band Vespero, and is the second in the ‘Abyssinian Tales’ series, following on from 2016’s ‘Lique Mekwas’. Apparently, “shum-shir” is an ancient Ethiopian ceremony where every ten years the tribal elders and shamans would choose a new Nəgusä (King) for the entire tribe. This took the form of imbibing various drugs and dancing all night, and in the morning they would make the pronouncement. I continue to be impressed with the music coming out of Russia, and these guys are somewhat of a surprise to me as I felt I was fairly well informed, yet they have been around since 2003 and it is the first time I have come across them. They are an instrumental outfit, with more than a hint of Ozric Tentacles about them, but the violin is more important than woodwind, and percussion more important than either. This is space rock, but they have also taken on many influences from world music and fusion, with the result being an album that is incredibly impressive and inviting, while also not conforming necessarily to what people may expect from the Russian music scene. I just continue to be impressed with the quality and variety of the music coming out from that particular part of the world, and this

VESPERO
SHUM-SHIR
BANDCAMP

This New Jersey trio are back with their second album, eight songs at a fraction under 30 minutes, bringing together indie rock, shoegaze and punk, with a post-rock fringe. The music is incredibly angular and pointy, yet even with guitarist/singer Morgan Chen also providing bass as well as bassist Pat Holden (apparently they sometimes both play bass at the same time at gigs, with drummer Joe Dingerdissen keeping it all together) there doesn’t seem to be a great deal of bottom end in this. They have obviously been impacted by the likes of Blur, as well as Hüsker Dü and Weezer, but somehow they have captured the stylings without really getting to grasp with the melodies and riffs of those guys. It is a fun punky poppy indie album while it is being played, but once that is over I found it is quite a lot of effort to want to put it on again. It is an okay album, but in reality it is never anything more than that.

ZERO FOR CONDUCT
CTRL + Z
NEFARIOUS INDUSTRIES
The Complete Gospels

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

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

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

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

Special Limited Edition Boxset containing
Signed by Rick Wakeman and numbered certificate.
DVD containing over 2 hours of footage including an in depth interview with Rick about the project.
Double CD 1, The Original Gospels - with Robert Powell as the Narrator.
Double CD2, The New Gospels
DVD / CD of The Gospels performed live in California – never seen before.
Reproduction A4 x 12 page concert program.

The Rainbow Suite

This is a brand new orchestral piece written and performed by Rick Wakeman and the Orion Orchestra. This is a specially written piece of therapeutic music designed for people with an Autistic Spectrum Disorder to enjoy as well aficionados of good quality instrumental music.
This is Rick and Orchestra at their finest !!!
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 and follow us on Instagram, Facebook or Twitter to get action alerts.
You know the score as well as I do. I’m not even going to try to pretend that this is an original idea of mine; the BBC thought it up decades ago and it was Rob Ayling’s idea to apply it to the Gonzo Weekly. The concept is a simple one: one takes a celebrity and plonks them on an unnamed desert island with a bible and the complete works of Shakespeare. Although any of our celebrities would be welcome to take a copy of the Bible and the complete works of Shakespeare with them, this being Gonzo, we can think of other, more appropriate accoutrements – what was it the good Doctor took with him on his most well known expedition? “We had two bags of grass, seventy-five pellets of mescaline, five sheets of high-powered blotter acid, a salt shaker half full of cocaine, and a whole galaxy of multi-colored uppers, downers, screamers, laughers and also a quart of tequila, a quart of rum, a case of Budweiser, a pint of raw ether and two dozen amyls.”

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

Hayley Stephens is another one of those people that I have known for an awfully long time, but never actually met. She writes:

“I’m a paranormal researcher who doesn’t believe in the paranormal. Instead, I attempt to find rational causes for the weird things people claim to experience. I do this by using scientific scepticism and rational inquiry.”

Check out her blog at:

https://hayleyisaghast.co.uk/
HAYLEY’S TOP TEN

Enter the Wu-Tang - Wu-Tang Clan (1993)

When I was growing up, "muggers" and "hip-hop culture" were seen as indicative of the problems of society. What politicians really meant was that black men were to be treated with caution. In such a racially and politically charged time - and in the year Stephen Lawrence was murdered - came this ass-kicking debut album from the Wu-Tang Clan. It still holds up today. I was at Primary school at the time the album came out, but I can remember that everyone at my secondary school played their music and for some reason it often concerned the teachers who associated political lyrics from black men as something which could turn us kids into thugs.

'If what you say is true, The Shaolin and the Wu-Tang could be dangerous ...'


I was 17 when this album came out and I turned into a Scissor Sisters superfan almost overnight. Their camp, funky, happy tracks were refreshing. It'll always be one of my favourite albums.


I have always loved Green Day and this album has some of my favourite tracks by them. Their music is overbearingly loud and some find that annoying, but I love it. Their lyrics are often quite complex and reflective, too, which can surprise.


I really liked three earlier albums by Muse (Absolution, Origin of Symmetry, and Black Holes) but this one is the stand out of the three because it has some of their more stand out tracks on it. Supermassive Black Hole, for example, divided my friends and I when it came out but I liked it. More importantly, though, this album features track Knights of Cydonia. I have fond memories of my late mum and I rocking out to it in the living room as we watched them perform at Glastonbury 2017.

Your Queen is a Reptile - Sons of Kemet (2018)

Having worked in a concert hall for over half a decade, I always rooted for the lesser-paid, under-appreciated jazz musicians because watching them perform was magical. It really
Ignited in me a love and appreciation for jazz - a genre I'd dismissed previous to that.

This summer (2018) I've been blasting out this record by Sons of Kemet. Their music is insane and unlike anything I've really heard before. It's political and they use these lush African rhythms paired with free jazz just to blow your socks off.

The Glorious Dead - The Heavy (2012)

The Heavy are a local band (they're from Bath) who made it big. Their dirty, infectious Rock-Soul music has hip hop influences throughout paired with just these huge, catchy sounds that make you want to sing along and boogey. If you're not familiar with them, I guarentee you'll have heard their music somewhere and it'll have made you want to dance.


I'm not going to lie - I discovered this band through watching HBO's True Detective for which their track 'Far From Any Road' is used for the dramatic opening sequence. After that, I just had to listen to more, and fell in love with their modern-yet-traditional bluegrass-slash-alt country sound.


This album of Elson is a dark, alt. rock, indie type of thing. Her voice is really quite stunning and I really like the almost-old timey vibe I get when listening to these songs.

1612 Underture - The Ecentronic Research Council (2012)

This is a 12 chapter sound poem based of the mistreatment and memory of the Pendle Witches. This album tells an atmospheric story which resonates with the class struggles of today using spooky synths and the vocals of actress Maxine Peake.

Let England Shake - PJ Harvey (2011)

When this album was released, I couldn't really believe how good it was. Just stunning, really.
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As regular readers of these pages will probably know I have a strange, disparate, and diverse collection of friends, relatives, and associates, many of whom who are extraordinarily creative in one way or another. And as my plan was always to make this magazine the sort of magazine that I would want to read, many of them turn up in these pages with monotonous regularity. Meet Mr Biffo.

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

10 CANCELLED SUPER NES GAMES THAT YOU MAY BE UNAWARE OF, THOUGH I DON’T CARE IF YOU DID KNOW ABOUT THEM ALREADY

The most notorious unreleased SNES game was, for a long time, the completed-but-never-released Star Fox 2. Cancelled due to the impending release of the Nintendo 64 - with Nintendo fearing it would compare unfavourably to the better-looking N64 3D games - it went on to achieve legendary status in the intervening years. And then they put it out as part of the Super NES Mini bundle, and everyone realised it hadn't been worth the wait.

But what other SNES games might still languish in an unreleased state? Imagine there was a listicle which revealed some of them... Now imagine no longer, child: for that listicle shall unfurl itself below.

Oh - and one more thing. Also included in this list are several dogs who appear to be saying "No!". It seemed like a funny idea when I started doing it yesterday, but now that I look again... I'm not entirely sure what I was going for. Enjoy! Very cool.

So that was, in fact, pretty much that for the kind of touring I had been doing up till then. The phone did not ring with offers of tours, and I had pretty much burned my bridges with Harley’s manager. The row about the Kevin Ayers money was still going on when I met Dave Cockburn, an old friend who ran a fleet of tour busses and trucks. He had hired one of these buses out on a Harley tour and it had got damaged. The management would not pay for the repairs so he was a bit pissed off with them (which was the reason that we wound up using the minibus without a jack on the last tour).

We went out for a drink and I told him about not being paid for the Kevin Ayers gig.

‘I am going to buy a can of brake fluid and pour it over the bonnet of his Range Rover,’ I said (that would ruin the paintwork), ‘If he does not pay me he will have to pay to get it resprayed.’

‘Don’t do that!’ Dave exclaimed, ‘Give me a call, I have loads of it in the garage, I’ll come over and help you.’

As it was I did get paid, but after that I was not in the frame for the next outing. I was, however, working with LTT (Litch Und Ton Technic), the sound and light company that was run by Frank Trazkowski, the man I had met when I was out with Sniff 'n' The Tears. They were OK, but really had no idea how it was done by the bigger companies. I explained about making looms and using one plug to connect the desk instead of 40. All the short cuts that pro systems used. They began to get more work, mostly because they worked hard and did a good job, but it was still a bit low key. It was all a bit exhausting too. I would get on a train in Hamburg and then travel down to Cologne, do a gig and get the night train back to Hamburg. We did have a few tours—several with the band America, who were great fun to work with, and some with Lynton Kwesi Johnson, as well as some European acts. The
Roy Weard

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https://royweard.bandcamp.com/album/this-house-in-amber
trouble was that all I was doing was building the system and letting someone else mix. All the fun for me was mixing it. It was OK with America because Bill Crook, their engineer, was spot on every night but sometimes I was working with someone who should not be allowed to mix cement, let alone music. It was all a bit too much like work and not like the fun it was before.

We got a boost when Frank pitched for some gigs with the bands that the German wing of EMI were promoting. We were sitting in a café somewhere and he was on the phone to the tour manager. The guy must have asked him about the crew, and Frank mentioned me.

He then said, ‘Yes, he is sitting right beside me. I will pass the phone to him,’ and gave me the phone.

The tour manager turned out to be Alex Koerver, who had been with me on several Chappo tours, and, as a result, we got booked to do some work with these acts. I wound up working with an odd, Swiss/German band called The Secrets Of Industrialised Noise. They had their own sound man, but he was also trying to control a lot of the onstage effects via a long MIDI lead as well as running the samples from the desk. After a few gigs he realised that this did not work well. The MIDI lead was too long and things kept dropping out so he moved onstage and I took over the mix.

Saskia was, by this time, also pregnant with our first child. I turned down all the shows that were offered to me around the time of the forecast birth date, but the baby was stubbornly late in arriving. One act I had done a bit of work with was Marla Glenn, an androgynous female vocalist with a smoky voice and a great backing band. My old friend Dave, who had done the backline for Steve Harley, was doing backline for her too, but the sound engineer, provided by the French management team, was pretty awful. I spent most of the gigs quietly tweaking the graphic equalisers to get the sound back to ‘reasonable’. When I was asked to go down to Munich with some backline for them and take over the sound duty I jumped at the chance. The gig was a good two weeks after the baby was due so I thought it had to be OK. As it was, on the day I was leaving, the child had still not been born. I drove down to Munich – a good 6 hour drive – stopping every now and then to check in. Still no baby.

I got to Munich and then found that their old sound engineer was still working for them so, for me at least, it was a wasted journey. The following day I delivered the vehicle back to the hire company and took a taxi back to the hotel to pick up my bag and head off to the station and a train back to Hamburg. When I got to the hotel I got the message that Saskia was in labour. There I was 500Km away. A repeat, on a larger scale, of Jemima’s birth back in 1979, and just as impossible for me to get there on time for the birth.

Shortly after Julia’s birth on 4th July 1994 we decided we would move to England. I was reluctant to return to London because, after the open spaces of Hamburg, London seemed so closed and congested. We decided to try to find somewhere in Brighton and travelled there, complete with a one month old child, to look for a house. Having found one we liked we returned to Hamburg and set up the process of buying it. The sale went through in early November and we packed everything up and got ready to leave. What furniture we had was shipping in a removal van and we went across in my BMW.

Our flat in Rutschbahn was over the top of a couple of basement shops, the one directly below us was an all night video rental store, and our bedroom window only looked out onto a chimney-like section which ran down from the roof to the basement. All of the furniture had gone so we were sleeping on a mattress on the floor. On one of the last nights there we went to bed and I was awoken by a sharp noise and a kind of gasp or sigh. I was not sure if I had heard it or dreamed it. The man in the flat above was elderly and I wondered if he had fallen. I lay awake for a while waiting for another noise, but none came and I drifted off back to sleep.

The following morning we were woken by the police. It seems there had been an armed robbery of the video store, and the guy who was running it had been shot dead. A good time to leave, I thought.
My Dad, Eddy Stone, has just passed away. Not Edward: Eddy. That’s what he liked to be called.

Normally I don’t do euphemisms either, but I like that line: “passed away”. Passed: as in gone passed, moved on, shifted perspective in relation to the rest of the world. And away: a conceptual difference, as in “the funeral is weeks away”, or “the destination is miles away.”

“Away” also reminds me of The Way, the Tao of Chinese philosophy: the indefinable, ineffable is-ness of all existence.

In the words of the Tao Te Ching by Lao Tsu, as translated by Stephen Mitchell:

The tao that can be told is not the eternal Tao
The name that can be named is not the eternal Name.

The unnamable is the eternally real.
Naming is the origin of all particular things.

Free from desire, you realize the mystery.
Caught in desire, you see only the manifestations.

Yet mystery and manifestations arise from the same source.
This source is called darkness.

Darkness within darkness.
The gateway to all understanding.

Anyway, Dad’s passing was sudden, but not unexpected. He’d been getting increasingly fragile for the last few months. Every day was like some new revelation about how distant from life he was becoming. He was losing his memory, fast. You’d say something to him and he’d forgotten it within seconds. He’d lost interest in everything. Even the telly, that great stalwart in Dad’s life, had become a mere distraction to him, which he usually slept in front of, rather than watched. Sometimes we’d go round in the afternoon, and he’d still be in bed. He couldn’t be bothered to get up. He couldn’t be bothered to get dressed or undressed, and would fall asleep in whatever he was wearing. He couldn’t be
bothered to eat. We tried to nag him, but it only got on his nerves. He said, on more than one occasion: “I think I’ve lived too long.”

He was also getting smaller: visibly shrinking before our eyes. Even his feet had become smaller: so small, in fact, that his shoes had become like giant paddle boats that he was always liable to slip out of any minute. We’d been planning to get him a new pair. Unfortunately (or fortunately, depending on your perspective) he died before we had the chance.

He died on Sunday the 8th July, possibly sometime around 10 am. I was on my way home from Sheffield. I’d stopped off at a motorway service station, to get a cup of coffee, when I got a phone call from his neighbour, Roy. He said there was an ambulance outside Dad’s house. I rang my sister, Helen, who then went round. The next phone call came when I was driving, so I couldn’t answer it immediately. I had to pull in to the next service station. I rang my sister, not knowing what to expect. There had been several scares and I’d grown used to the idea that, despite my fears, everything usually turned out all right in the end. Only on this occasion it didn’t.

She told me he had died and I said, something like, “it’s for the best.” And then I burst into tears: a great animal cry of pain. Anyone who tells you that animals don’t feel pain is stupid.

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"Stone writes with intelligence, wit and sensitivity."

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Independent on Sunday
Housing Benefit Hill:
http://www.amazon.co.uk/Housing-Benefit-Hill-Other-Places/dp/190259343X

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

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

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

It's been recently announced on Facebook that a new studio album is due soon; and it appears that bassist Haz is taking a break from Hawkwind - a break that may or may not be permanent.

The album announcement said:

For their 31st studio album, Hawkwind have collaborated with songwriter and conductor Mike Batt to recreate a selection of Hawkwind songs with an extra, orchestral ingredient.

Hawkwind invited Mike to help create arrangements for some of their most celebrated songs performed by the current line-up of Dave Brock, Richard Chadwick, Mr Dibs, Haz Wheaton and Magnus Martin.

Tracks such as 'Quark, Strangeness and Charm', 'We Took The Wrong Step Years Ago' and 'Psychic Power' are re-rooted acoustically, then embellished with a strength and majesty only Hawkwind can produce.

'The Watcher' features trademark guitar licks from very special guest Eric Clapton.

Dave Brock says: “Reinventing these familiar songs has been an interesting experience… we hope you like them.”

Road To Utopia's release will be previewed in August by a two-track digital single coupling 'Quark, Strangeness And Charm' and 'The Watcher', which will be promoted to radio and to streaming platforms.

The band will be touring with Mike in October and November, including sold-out dates at the Palladium in London.

Some fans expressed surprise or
indignation at the idea of Clapton talking part, in view of a historic controversy when he was accused of racism during a drunken diatribe onstage. That was 40 years ago, however. One fan said: “Judging by some of the comments on here, you’d think Hawkwind were doing an album with Skrewdriver.”

It’s interesting that the Politically Correct Brigade are eager to condemn such things as racism and right-wing politics, but are happy to give a “free pass” to Marxists, Communists, and the left-wingers in general. It’s difficult to quantify how many lost their lives in the Soviet Union as a result of Communism, but the numbers are probably in the same general league as Hitler’s would be.

Despite attempts by the Marxists and
the Left in general to exert control over what musicians say and do, it's refreshing that the music industry tries to remain a 'broad church'. And in general terms, it's usually more effective to talk, rather than just 'shut down' any unpopular opinions.

However, getting back to the music, the album's release date is 14th September, and Cherry Red Records subsequently said this about the album on their website:

Mike Batt actually met Dave Brock coincidentally at the US embassy in London while both were applying for visas; was originally invited to conduct the orchestra for Hawkwind; and a tour for the autumn was planned.

At this time Hawkwind's writing of a new acoustic album started to take on a life of its own and the band invited Mike to participate on the tracks and create arrangements for some of their most celebrated songs. Mike says: “Dave was delightfully free-spirited and generous to me, using a small ensemble of additional musicians and giving me a pretty free hand with the arrangements.”

The band are accompanied by a string quintet, sax quintet and a brass section and the CD track listing is:

01. Quark, Strangeness And Charm
02. The Watcher
03. We Took The Wrong Step Years Ago
04. Flying Doctor
05. Psychic Power
06. Hymn To The Sun
07. The Age Of The Micro Man
08. Intro The Night
09. Down Through The Night

***

Some clarification this week on Facebook about the Hawkwind lineup included the news that the young bass player Haz Wheaton will not be taking part in the summer shows as he is busy playing with sludge rock band Electric Wizard. This explains the recent posting of Hawkwind photos that included ex-Hawkwing bassist Niall Hone in the band.

Hone did an eight-year stint in the band, commencing in 2008 on lead guitar. For around three years he also did some bass playing during tracks when Mr Dibs was solely doing the vocals; and then, when Wheaton joined, switched to a more keyboards -based role.

Anyhow, back to the photo; and its accuracy was completed by having Magnus Martin depicted in place of Haz Wheaton, yielding a line-up of Dibs, Brock, Hone, Martin, and
Chadwick.

As mentioned in Gonzo Weekly in early June, special guest on keyboards with the band on the July dates (at London Citadel, Margate and Weymouth) is Mike Batt. No doubt those appearances will prompt a few more Womble quips on social media! And at Margate and Weymouth is saxophonist Jez Huggett, an occasional guest performer who first appeared with the band in 2001.

More recent Facebook comments have suggested that Haz won’t be returning to Hawkwind, although no band confirmation of this has yet been seen.
Greetings space travellers!
This is your Hawkwind Earth Visitors Passport application form.

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

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

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

Volunteer Crew Register

Name........................................................................................................................................

Please give details of your occupation/profession for inclusion in crew register and possible duty roster (optional)
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Full Earth Address: ........................................................................................................................................
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Post Code ........................................................................................................................................

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

Telephone Number:............................................................................................................................

Additional info: ......................................................................................................................................

www.hawkwind.com
Any enquiries hawkwindpassports@hawkwind.com
The Song of PANNE
Being Mainly About Elephants
JONATHAN DOWNES
Regular readers of this magazine will have noticed that the ongoing story of high strangeness and weird goings on in the woods on the North Cornwall/North Devon border can come to an end for now. A book of the story (containing extra material) will hopefully be out before the end of the year, and – at the moment – is going to be called ‘Zen and Xenophobia’.

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

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

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

The next morning we were back at sea. We had left Sandakan overnight, or at least after my bedtime, but this time we were not in the open ocean. For the next thirty six hours or so, we hugged the north east coast of Borneo as we made our way southwards to our next port of call. We reached the little port of Tungku late on the second day after leaving Sandakan. And even from my vantage point on deck, it was obvious that this was a far less sophisticated place than Sandakan. There was none of the hustle and bustle that we had seen at our previous berth; along the quayside were a row of dilapidated wooden shacks, and there was nobody to be seen except a couple of drunken Malay men arguing off to the left hand side, whilst a mangy and emaciated stray dog wandered up and down the quayside indolently.

There didn’t even seem to be facilities for us to dock at the quayside, and so we were anchored a quarter of a mile or so offshore. The greasy, grey-green jungle stood over the little town oppressively; it was my first proper view of properly tropical rainforest, and I was disappointed that it wasn’t a riot of colour, with parrots, monkeys, and gibbons clambering about the trees making the sort of noises that I had only ever heard on National Geographic nature documentaries. The trees
were silent, still and implacable, and watched over the tiny port in a vaguely sinister manner.

Here, in the interests of what our transatlantic chums call ‘full disclosure’, I’m not actually 100% sure that the second port we visited was in fact Tungku. I know that it was in Sabah and I know that it was a small down-at-heel harbour, but – as of the time of writing this – half a century has passed, and I was never a very attentive child at the best of times. I was convinced that as the jungles on shore and the waters upon which we bobbed contentedly, were full of enormous amounts of fascinating wildlife, that the following day would see me (the naturalist of the ship; some sort of eight year old Darwin, as I self-identified) coming face to face with it all, and making a myriad of ground-breaking zoological discoveries.

So, I went to sleep that night, my dreams populated by dugongs, crocodiles, and spectral tarsiers.

The next day would have dawned bright and fair if we had been characters in the edenic children’s books that I read so avidly, and which had done so much to formulate my world view. But, being the real world, it didn’t. And I soon discovered why ‘rainforests’ were called ‘rainforests’.

It drizzled all day, and the air was so humid that it was actually hard to see where the humidity stopped, and the drizzle began. The island was shrouded in a grey, diaphanous mist, which made the whole place look grubby and slightly sinister.

Following breakfast, ablutions, and everything else, all the passengers went ashore for our long promised foray into the jungle. Quite a few of the older passengers, who’d obviously been to this insalubrious little port before, had decided to stay on the ship, and so the entire excursion was hacked into two large, open-topped trucks, the beds of which had been modified by the addition of a motley collection of chairs – none of which matched – making them into two makeshift charabancs. I was massively impressed at this new and exciting mode of
island, but we didn’t go into the jungle. This was because there was no jungle. The mighty grey-green trees that we had seen from the ship the previous evening were merely a tiny remnant of what must have been there only a few years previously. Because the whole area had been chopped down, and the jungle replaced by palm nut plantations. Palm nuts originally came from Africa, but because they grow quickly and the oil, which is extracted from the seeds, contains more saturated fats than the oils made from corn, sunflowers, and a host of other plants, this cash crop has become widely cultivated across south east Asia, particularly in Malaysia and Indonesia. These days, the plantations are under transport, but most of the adults complained in that very reserved, British way, usually saved for indignant letters about cricket sent to the relevant editor of the Daily Telegraph. My hopes of seeing a wide cross-section of the local wildlife started off well; there was a large, dead and semi-decomposed black snake by the side of the road as we boarded the ‘tour busses’. Its flesh was turning into a greasy, odoriferous jelly, and about a third of its backbone was already visible. It was, sadly, to be the only item of Bornean wildlife that I would see that day, despite my binoculars and high hopes.

We headed out into the hinterland of the island; but we didn’t go into the jungle. This was because there was no jungle. The mighty grey-green trees that we had seen from the ship the previous evening were merely a tiny remnant of what must have been there only a few years previously. Because the whole area had been chopped down, and the jungle replaced by palm nut plantations. Palm nuts originally came from Africa, but because they grow quickly and the oil, which is extracted from the seeds, contains more saturated fats than the oils made from corn, sunflowers, and a host of other plants, this cash crop has become widely cultivated across south east Asia, particularly in Malaysia and Indonesia. These days, the plantations are under
convinced that the brief, quarter mile journey would see us come face to face with dugongs, dolphins, and sharks. Despite this, I sat near the stern, my hand trailing in the water, oblivious to the fact that if there were any denizens of the deep in the vicinity, the hand of a little English boy might well be seen by them as a tasty snack. That singularly failed to happen, although the kindly rubber planter told me that he’d had a brief sighting of the curved back, and triangular dorsal fin, of a shark or dolphin breaking the surface for a brief instance. Even then, I suspected, that he was just being nice; trying to make up for my disappointment in finding that the rainforest I had so longed to see just wasn’t there anymore.

It is good to note, however, that in recent years, the Indonesian and Malaysian governments have become far more aware of the environmental impact of logging and palm nut cultivation, and that now there are now large nature reserves, the provisions of which are – to a certain extent, at least – respected by the human inhabitants of the region, and the businessmen who own them.

Again, for reasons which remain obscure, we set sail overnight, and by the time the assorted passengers arose to greet another day, we were far out to sea; the coast of Borneo disappearing rapidly on the horizon. It may have been the third largest island in the world, and a dazzling hotspot for biodiversity, but our sojourns on the island had – I’m sad to say – been somewhat of a disappointment. But never mind, I thought, as I resumed my vantage point at the bow of the ship, scanning the horizon before me with my little binoculars and steely gaze. The next stop was Australia, and before we would make landfall, we would be travelling directly above parts of the Great Barrier Reef, which in those days - allegedly - had water so clear that one could look down from the deck of a passing ship and see the riot of colourful animal interactions a few fathoms below.
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
Rob Ayling writes:

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

THE PURGE

Watched this derivative idea as a sequel
Whereby folk on Staten Island were allowed to release anger for a defined period of time as a "purgation" (a tithing of time for violence)
Yet all the victims were poor and black. The attackers mercenaries.
Class warfare has a long history. We have our homeless on every street.
They will not RISE UP against poverty. They are hungry.
Mention REVOLUTION to them (watch them smile)
Civil war in the media. Poor demonized. Rich in gated communities.
SECURITY someone you hire. EQUALITY a lost cause.
Unless and until PEACE & PROSPERITY becomes a verb, and jobs and shelter shared with each and every refugee.
I have written elsewhere about how I first discovered the books of Joan Aiken, and the impact that they have subsequently had on my life. My mother bought me *Black Hearts in Battersea* whilst my family were on a generally unenjoyable caravanning holiday in Scotland whilst the rest of the world was enjoying the Summer of Love! It was my first introduction to the genre of ‘Alternative History’; something which has fascinated – and mildly upset – me ever since.

The book is set in an alternative 18th/19th century, where the Stuart Dynasty never lost the reins of power, the Hanoverians never came to the throne, and we had a long line of Scottish monarchs rather than German ones. I had enjoyed this book regularly ever since, and – a few years ago – I was overjoyed to discover that before her death in 2004 at the age of 79, she had written a number of other books telling the rest of the story.

**JOAN AIKEN, THE MOTHER OF STEAMPUNK?**
intended for children, they are written so cleverly, deftly, and which such erudition, that I truly cannot imagine anyone with either the slightest bit of interest in any of the genres that this book covers, not enjoying them immensely and giving them a figurative thumbs up.

The main character in most of these books is an impoverished urchin Dido Twite, who captured readers hearts in Black Hearts in Battersea, but who was missing and presumed dead at the end of the book, in what – I think – was the first unhappy ending that the eight year old Jonathan (I didn’t even have a beard in those days) had ever read. In the follow up, the slightly disappointing Nightbirds on Nantucket, Dido had been washed out to sea, and was rescued from a certain death by drowning, when a serendipitous whaling ship sailed by. The next four books chronicle her journey back to England, and the struggles that she and her friend, Simon, have against the Hanoverian conspirators when she gets there.

The next two books, whilst entertaining enough, are somewhat lacking in the magic of the series. And the reason for this is easy to ascertain.

Joan Aiken was at her literary best when writing about the squalor and cruelty of her mythical Britain in the beginnings of the industrial age. She is so vehement in her anger against the burgeoning industrial revolution (dare I say ‘rage against the machine’), and especially the way that poor people and children became corrupted, often against their will, into the military/industrial complex. And most of the books in this series do exactly that. I am reminded of a scene in Brideshead Revisited, where protagonist Charles Ryder has a London art exhibition of paintings and drawings that he had made during a recent trip to Latin America.

Bloody hell. I couldn’t wait.

Except, that I did wait, and although I always intended to read the full series of twelve novels, for some reason I never got around to it. That is, dear readers, until now.

Out of my wallet again, came my trusty credit card, and soon the whole series was on my iPad. This wasn’t as expensive as you might have thought, because not only had I already read the first three books, but the others were under three quid each, and so for less than the price of two bottles of gin, I have enough stories to keep me happy, and to fuel my insomnia, for nearly two weeks.

Once again, let’s reiterate my oft quoted lines: When I do book reviews, and I do them at least once a week, I find that the modus operandi is completely different when one is writing about a non-fiction book rather than when one is writing about a fiction one. In many ways, I hate reviewing fiction, because I am totally aware that the reviewer must tread a fine path between telling the readers about the book(s) and totally ruining the aforementioned readers enjoyment of the aforementioned book(s), because, whereas when one buys a non-fiction book, particularly a reference book, is that the reader of any reviews will already know what it’s about. A book called ‘How to Feed Your Goldfish’ will therefore be judged on the validity of its contents. Has the author given sensible advice on the subject of goldfish food, for example? But when one is reviewing a work of fiction, one has to tread much more warily.

Let’s get the reviewing bit out of the way, shall we? The books are great, and I would recommend them to anybody of any age. Although they were initially
telling you the plot. But there’s more. In recent years, one has noted the rise in a fictional genre called ‘steampunk’. For those of you who are not aware, over to those lovely fellows at Wikipedia, who say this:

“Steampunk is a subgenre of science fiction or science fantasy that incorporates technology and aesthetic designs inspired by 19th-century industrial steam-powered machinery. Although its literary origins are sometimes associated with the cyberpunk genre, steampunk works are often set in an alternative history of the 19th century's British Victorian era or American "Wild West", in a future during which steam power has maintained mainstream usage, or in a fantasy world that similarly employs steam power. However, steampunk and Neo-Victorian are different in that the Neo-Victorian movement does not extrapolate on technology and embraces the positive aspects of the Victorian era's culture and philosophy.”

It was only whilst reading these books last week, that I realised something quite remarkable. Unless anybody can tell me otherwise, it appears that Joan Aiken is one of the people responsible for the beginnings of steampunk. Indeed, she

Enter my favourite character, Anthony Blanche, based – apparently – on the real life Harold Acton. Blanche is impressively and flamboyantly gay, and flounces into the room, destroying Ryder’s intentions of being the new Gaugin in one, well chosen sentence.

“...to be frank, dear Charles, I despaired of you. 'I am a degenerate old d-d-dago,' I said, 'and Charles—I speak of your art, my dear—is a dean’s daughter in flowered muslin.'”

And so it is, with the two ‘foreign’ books in this series. But never fear, by the time you get to the The Cuckoo Tree, you are back in England’s green, unpleasant, land, where you cannot shake a shitty stick without coming across a whole mess of Hanoverian conspirators. Lovely stuff.

At the end of The Cuckoo Tree, Simon and Dido are reunited, and a one-way romance is eluded to. This makes perfect sense to me, the reader, because – if I gaze back through half a century of alarums and excursions and not a little substance abuse – I will admit that the eight year old Jonathan was some what in love with Dido as well.

And that is as far as I’m going to go with

Children read to learn - even when they are reading fantasy, nonsense, light verse, comics or the copy on cereal packets, they are expanding their minds all the time, enlarging their vocabulary, making discoveries - it is all new to them.

— Joan Aiken —

AZ QUOTES
manner, and sadly, because she knew that her opportunities for writing these last two books would be finite - to say the least – and as she said, did not want to leave her readers with an unfinished opus in the way that Jane Austen and Charles Dickens (for example) had done, she presented a barely fleshed out storyline; but one that does present an eminently satisfying ending without being overly trite.

One thing that is interesting in the last two books of Joan Aiken’s saga, which began with *The Wolves of Willoughby Chase* very nearly sixty years ago, is the way that they deftly reference several matters of cryptozoological interest. This is particularly important in the last book, where the lake monster of a loch, somewhere in Scotland, turns out to be a tatzelwurm from somewhere in Central Europe that has been brought back to Scotland for perfectly believable reasons in the plot.

As you may or may not know, the tatzelwurm is a putative cryptid from the Alps, usually described as a stubby lizard-like creature, with forelegs like the amphibians known as sirens, but no hind limbs. Aiken’s tatzelwurm is a far more complex creature, and one which is rooted far less in any zoological fact, but for those of us who are interested in charting the appearances of cryptozoological creatures in fiction, this is definitely another one for the record book.

I did the main body of this review last week, before I was laid low and had to go to bed for a couple of days. I took the opportunity of my enforced rest to do what I really should have done before writing this review, which was finish reading the series. It has to be said, that there is very little in the last two books which affects my overall review; the last two books are enjoyable enough, but not up to the high standards of the series at its best. This, particularly in the case of the final book, is quite understandable. Joan Aiken was an old lady by then, and desperate to finish the series in what she considered would be an appropriate manner, and sadly, because she knew that her opportunities for writing these last two books would be finite - to say the least – and as she said, did not want to leave her readers with an unfinished opus in the way that Jane Austen and Charles Dickens (for example) had done, she presented a barely fleshed out storyline; but one that does present an eminently satisfying ending without being overly trite.

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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…

ONE OF A KIND Gift handed to Elvis on stage Omni, Atl 1976 PAPER MACHIER STATUE - US $33,000.00 (Approximately £25,075.99)
"ONE OF A KIND GIFT TO ELVIS DESIGNED BY FAN NANCY CAMPBELL RTE. 1 ROME, GA. 30161 HANDED DIRECTLY TO ELVIS DURING ONE OF HIS LAST CONCERTS IN ATLANTA 1976

I was invited up to Elvis' suite by Red West, and it was during that evening that Elvis said I could pick whatever I wanted from a box which held the many gifts given to Elvis on stage. Among the teddy bears and hound dogs was this somewhat kooky looking statue that Nancy Campbell lovingly made this for Elvis. On both the front and backside of the statue is the famous Eagle likeness which was meant to "depict" Elvis' famous Eagle jumpsuit.

The paper machier figure features a round face, stand-up collar, rings on both hands, microphone, decorative belt with chains on both sides front, detailed eagles front and back, statue in bright blue and white. Then comes the white shoes!

A very unusual artifact that was Elvis owned. Even though whimsical, would add to someone's well rounded memorabilia collection of items Elvis owned. Over 17,000 fans were witness to Nancy Campbell handing this statue to Elvis. Some lucky person might be able to locate her to get her amazing story. As with many original Elvis fans, I have grown to be a (regretfully) bonafied senior who now has several health problems, thus, this precious item is being offered for the VERY FIRST TIME."

This is one of those touchingly sweet items that have been handmade by a fan. Love it or hate it, you have to admire their handiwork.

DUANE ALLMAN / ALLMAN BROTHERS BAND - VINTAGE DUANE OWNED AND PLAYED FENDER ELECTRIC GUITAR - US $19,995.00 (Approximately £15,193.77)

"The item for sale is an original DUANE ALLMAN / ALLMAN BROTHERS BAND - VINTAGE DUANE OWNED AND PLAYED FENDER ELECTRIC GUITAR - SEE"
Photos of letters for details. All orders will be shipped fully insured with a tracking number. I am only able to ship on Mondays, Tuesdays and Thursdays. I will ship anywhere in the world. Thanks for looking and good luck!

Shipping: USA - $59.95. CANADA - $138.95. REST OF THE WORLD - $318.95.

Watch out for that hefty shipping price tag; makes one’s eyes smart!

Jethro Tull Poster A Passion Play Dancer Vintage - US $5,000.00 (Approximately £3,799.39)

“This poster is 23 inches by 35 inches approximately. It is not in mint condition. It has edge dings, creases, folded into sixths and has a small tear along top crease. The poster will ship rolled in a hard cardboard tube. We understand we are asking a lot for this poster. We want this poster ourselves. We will probably never see another as we have only seen this one and basically need to be bribed to sell it.”

It was a very peculiar thing to witness, but quite wonderful at the same time. But these people should really have taken a leaf out of hare’s book, and like his spectacles they should have probably tried harder to locate a spare pair.

45 yrs ago – fuck (oops did I say that out loud?). I was 17 – no wait, it was before my birthday, so I was 16 – shit that makes me cry. I had so much fun back then going up to the big city and seeing all these bands, wearing my seed beads, bangles, bells, cheesecloth, sisha mirrors, patchouli oil, and more than likely, my Biba lipstick. Where the hell did those years between 1972 and around 1978/9, and associated fun, all go?

This one auction has turned out to be very interesting; I found my ticket to see Jethro Tull on this Passion Play tour and looked up the date. That show and the one the following night were both cancelled. I must have been able to use the ticket at the rescheduled event in June, but have no idea whether it was for 22nd or 23rd June. I have absolutely no memory of it being cancelled and rescheduled. But the part of the ticket that I still have tell me it was the West Terrace, Empire Pool, Wembley at the princely sum of 75p – 75p! I am embarrassed to admit that I do not remember the support, Robin Trower. Oh my – he was once in Procol Harum – one of my mum’s favourite songs was Whiter Shade of Pale, and had the single believe it or not. And it would appear that Mr Trower is still out there doing gigs – bless his heart. It also seems that his birthday is the same as my dad’s. I love how this stuff unwraps itself. Spooky but fun. Well, it has dried up my tears anyhow so can’t be all bad.

Of the ticket stubs I have that also state what year it was rather than just the date and month - and indeed those that I still possess - it would appear in 1973. I was fairly busy: The Hawkwind Party in May, Jethro Tull in June, Family in October, Faust and Henry Cow in October, Status Quo (!) in October, Yes in November and Uriah Heep in November and I may well have seen Genesis at the Rainbow in October also - they were there on the 19th and 20th apparently so if I saw Faust on 21st I was up and down the Metropolitan line to wherever (I can’t remember where) before ALL CHANGE to whatever line, twice in a couple of days. And I do have a vague memory of doing so, so could have been then.

But that is all by the by; totally irrelevant to the poster being sold, but that is just how the tangled web unwraps itself once you start to poke at its delicate gossamer threads.
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.
Exceptional MUSE - Matthew Bellamy's Peavey EVH Wolfgang Guitar! RARE and PROOF - £13,900.00

"Used by Matthew Bellamy himself for Showbiz, gigs!

You will not find another Peavey EVH with a Midi System. PEAVEY EVH WOLFGANG. Your chance to buy Matthew Bellamy’s Guitar! A fantastic guitar used by Matthew Bellamy himself during the Showbiz period!

If you want more details of this guitar, go to this link.

It looks like it needs a bit of TLC but I guess if you can afford nearly 14 grand, you can afford to splash out on a bit of TLC also.

Anyway, that’s it for this issue.

So I shall see you next time. Have fun and take care.
"Ev’rywhere I hear the sound of marching charging feet, boy"

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

Auld Man's Baccie

Resonating with the Blues
RICK WAKEMAN

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

The original version – Now expanded with bonus material

www.rwcc.com
There are nine Henrys, purported to be the world’s first cloned cartoon character. They live in a strange lo-fi domestic surrealist world peopled by talking rock buns and elephants on wobbly stilts. They mooch around in their minimalist universe suffering from an existential crisis with some genetically modified humour thrown in. I think Peter McAdam is one of the funniest people around, and I cannot recommend his book The Nine Henrys highly enough. Check it out at Amazon. Each issue we shall be running a series of Henrybits that are not found in his book about the nine cloned cartoon characters who inhabit a surreal world nearly as insane as mine...
This book is an erudite catalogue of some of the most peculiar records ever made. The authors have lined up, described and put into context 500 "albums" in the expectation that those of you who can't help yourselves when it comes to finding and collecting music will benefit from these efforts in two ways.

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

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

Billy Fury:
The Sound of Fury
(Decca, 1960)
What? Decent rock 'n' roll album written and recorded in Britain shocker!!

Billy Fury (1940–1983) achieved some impressive career statistics – clocking up over 330 weeks in British charts from 1959 to 1983 and managing a lengthy series of hit albums and singles. However, in terms of lasting achievement The Sound of Fury may well be the most impressive achievement of all. A ten track 10" album, The Sound of Fury aped the leading American acts, like Elvis, with an echo-laden but essentially simple rock 'n' roll backing and plenty of space in the mix for the singer to tell his stories. Fury offers a selection of vocal tics and range of intonations and a series of love/swagger/lifestyle stories in the songs presenting him as – by turns – tough, aloof and just a shade vulnerable.

Fury’s classic cheekbones, general good looks and wistful but strong expression on the front cover are also winning touches. But the real break-through – placing him ahead of most contemporary American acts – is the song-writing. Fury wrote every cut himself, most of them credited to Wilbur Wilberforce. The secret to the rockin’ set is partly the presence of a solid band. The same musicians play over the whole album and Joe Brown’s lead and rhythm guitar is a particular stand out, belying the speed at which the whole collection was cut and the quality of British studio recording at the time.

The opening “That's Love” – credited to Fury’s writing – was the big hit from the album but the tough but tender sentiments of “Turn my Back on You” and “Since You’ve Been Gone” are also up there with the best songwriting and performances of the era and the way the collection clatters by, sounding like a polished set from a damn good rock 'n' roll band with a confident singer out front, is the real attraction. Subsequent reissues have tended to surround The Sound of Fury with a welter of bonus material.
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
Mark has a podcast: The Holyorthy 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/
Richard Freeman returned from apeman hunting in Tajikistan the other day and telephoned me in (what I believe is called) high dudgeon from Clapham Junction, complaining that he couldn't buy a bacon sandwich and that there was nothing to eat except for artisan coffee and croissants.

Thus speaks the voice of my favourite intrepid Englishman.

I told Charlotte about it and she said that she would personally prefer the coffee and croissants.

These days I would have to agree with her, although I think I would prefer a nice cup of tea (and wait for it all to blow over).

He is coming up here on Sunday and we are all (we includes various Phillipsons and quite possibly Charlotte's friend Amazon) are all looking forward to hearing about his adventures.

It is a good feeling to know that even in the 21st century when we as a species like to think that we know everything, and that there are no mysteries left to solve, that a group of scientists and explorers can go to a country in central Asia, secure in the belief that there really is a population of relict homins awaiting them.

Well it makes me happy, anyway.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank everyone who has worked so hard to put this issue of the magazine together. I am still feeling pretty rubbish, and now it seems that Corinna has got the same (or at least a strikingly similar) condition, but we still managed to put this 144pp bumper issue together purely because the folks in the crew all pulled together as a team. I really do appreciate all of your hard work, guys. Thank you from the bottom of my (slightly decrepit) heart.

See you next week,

Love on ya,

Jon
GET NAKED!

...with the
Pink Fairies

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

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