

# GONZO

In another fun packed and spectacularly Gonzo-esque issue, Alan investigates the **Hungarian healthcare system from within**, John raves about the **Pink Fairies**, Bart goes to see **Yes**, Graham reveals stuff about **Hawkwind**, Jon is both literally and figuratively **Lost in Space**, and finds something else to write about **The Beatles**.

#298

Fear and Loathing in..

# HUNGARY





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# THE THREE COMMANDMENTS OF GONZO WEEKLY:

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

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





Dear friends,

Welcome to another issue of this singular magazine, which I started nearly six years ago, more as a conceptual joke than as any serious attempt at running a weekly periodical.

All the best things that I have achieved in my peculiar life have started out that way,

and I have to say that I'm very proud of what we have all achieved, and what this magazine – which has taken on a life of its own – has become.

Before we continue, I would like to thank all of the readers and contributors who have written to me and Corinna commiserating with her present bout of illness. As the two of us are very much believers in the power of positivity, and the effectiveness of 'good vibes', we both suspect that your kindness and love will have positive results.

Corinna will be back in hospital for more tests probably next week, and until this is all resolved, I make no promises as to a publishing schedule for this magazine, or – indeed – any of the other things that we do on a monthly basis. They will all continue, I promise, but I am making no commitments as to how, or when.

In the words that used to appear on my old black and white television screen every time that the BBC dropped a technical bollock, I can promise you all that 'Normal





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# ‘Normal Service will be Resumed as soon as Possible!’

Service will be Resumed as soon as Possible!’

This week, for all sorts of reasons which I will not go into (that sounds ominous, but it isn’t), Corinna, mother and I have been sitting up in the evenings and watching *Lost in Space* on Netflix. Both Corinna and I had seen the original show, back in the 1960s, and were interested to see how the high-camp nonsense would translate to the far more discerning, and critical, audience demands of the second decade of the 21<sup>st</sup> Century. And the answer is, that it has succeeded very well indeed.

For those of you not aware, the premise for both the original series and this one, is basically a reboot of an idea first put into print by Swiss author, Johann Wyss, in 1812. Whilst on holiday in the Channel Islands, during the early summer of 1966, my paternal grandmother gave me a copy of *The Swiss Family Robinson*, after watching me and my little brother making a makeshift camp in the sand dunes of the beach in Guernsey, where we went every day. I have it still, and – throughout the rest of my childhood – it provided a limitless source of entertainment and ideas for adventure games, as my friends and I scrambled up and down the rhododendron covered hillside opposite our apartment block, high up on Victoria Peak, on Hong

Kong Island.

I was very emotionally protective of the book, and when a friend of mine told me that I should watch something called *A Space Family Robinson*, I was initially excited by the idea, but soon became annoyed with camp nonsense about giant, walking, carrots and likewise tomfoolery. So, I am not really an expert on the original TV show. However, in the wake of watching this reboot, I have done some digging, and am most impressed with the way that the producers of the Netflix version have peppered their programme with deftly executed little homages to the original. But before we look at the Netflix version in depth, we should actually go back to the original book by Johann Wyss. That was, in itself, a literary homage, being part of a literary genre which has become known by the name of ‘Robinsonade’; a term which was coined by the German writer, Johann Schnabel, back in 1731, to refer to a whole genre of survivalist fiction that sprouted forth in reaction to Daniel Defoe’s 1719 novel, *Robinson Crusoe*. Until I started to look into the matter last week, I had no idea what an enormous impact Defoe’s book had upon world literature. I had, of course, read a mildly expurgated ‘children’s version’ of the book as a child, even before I read *The Swiss Family Robinson*. I say, ‘expurgated’,

اللجنة لهم إذا كانوا لا تأخذ نكتة





because although the reasonably gruesome account of cannibalism remains, the whole premise of the story - that the eponymous hero is actually a slave trader - was quietly expunged from history.

The first, and probably the most important, thing that is most notable about the new series is that – although there are little segments of humour – the story is played pretty much straight, and there are no traces of the high-camp nonsense of the original. However, somebody has done an excellent job in providing a whole series of those little touches that sci-fi nerds appreciate so much. I am not actually a member of this sub-grouping of society, but I am close enough to be able to appreciate the effort that has gone into things that have obviously been put in on their behalf. For example, one of the characters in the current show has a pet chicken called ‘Debbie’, which is – not entirely coincidentally – the name of a mutant space chimpanzee that became Penny Robinson’s pet in the original series.

Another nice touch is in the casting of the first episode. In the original show, young Will Robinson is played by actor Bill (known back then as Billy) Mummy, who is perhaps best known for playing the role of

Lennier in *Babylon 5*, but who – as part of singular duo Barnes & Barnes – produced two albums for the legendary outsider artist, Wild Man Fischer. He was particular friends with the original antagonist, Doctor Smith, both on and off screen, and it seems particularly appropriate that in episode one of the new series, Mummy plays the role of the ‘real’ Doctor Smith, who has his identity stolen by the series’ new female antagonist.

Watching it on a big screen television, hooked up to my hifi, is an audio visual treat. I do not know whether the alien landscapes are real, CGI, or a mixture of the two, but they certainly are impressive. The stories have far more depth to them than the originals, and the characterisation is far more complex. The relationship between ex-Navy Seal John Robinson and his mission commander wife Maureen, is a complex and somewhat troubled one. They were on the edge of divorce before leaving Earth, and it is hinted that the erstwhile couple decided to take the drastic action of moving the family *en masse* to Alpha Centauri, in the hopes that it would save their marriage and keep the family together. Such things are almost *de rigueur*, to have a plot subtext like this these days, whereas fifty years ago, when



the original series was aired, nobody would have dreamed of eluding to a broken home in something that was basically aimed at being family entertainment.

One of the Robinson daughters – Judy – is from a previous relationship of Maureen's and - in a twist unthinkable when the show was first made - is black. Both Robinson daughters are far cuter than the originals, and there is more understated sexual tension than would have been dreamed of back in 1965.

The robot in the new series is terrifying, and looks like it is out of the pages of Tom Siddell's *Gunnerkrigg Court* webcomic, which I have been following avidly for over ten years. The contrast between it and the original robot (which basically looked like a model of the Michelin Man, made out of tin cans and hoses) is remarkable.

Another interesting fact that I unearthed, following a deep discussion with Corinna in the carpark of Bideford's Lidl supermarket, was that the original robot was designed by the same bloke who built Robbie the Robot, for *Forbidden Planet*, a decade or so before. Armed with this knowledge, it is easy to see how Corinna got the two shows mixed up.

Is this a ground-breaking cinematographic product, which will stand up alongside such genre-defining shows as the original *Star Trek*? Or Eisenstein's *Mutiny on the Battleship Potemkin*? No, of course it isn't. But it is above averagely entertaining, well crafted, and the perfect way to wile away summer evenings when one needs to be distracted from whatever shit is going down in the real world. Check it out. I doubt whether you will be disappointed.

Hare bol,  
Jon

Lost in Space, George Harrison, Mick Fleetwood, Gorillaz, AC/DC, Peter Gabriel, Strange Fruit, Friday Night Progressive, Mack Maloney's Mystery Hour, Sam Mehran, Tomasz Stanko, Olga Aleksandra Sipowicz, Mark'the Shark' Shelton, Barry David Elliott, Ellen Joyce Loo, Lawrencine May "Lorrie" Collins, Tommy Peoples, Jan Kirsznik, Rick Wakeman, Michael Bruce, Natural Gas, Bart Lancia, Yes, Doug Harr, The Fixx, Alan Dearling, Ozora Festival, John Brodie-Good, Pink Fairies, Kev Rowland, Napalm Death, Thomas Ligotti, Take Offense, Steve Andrews, Hawkwind, Jonathan Downes, The Wild Colonial Boy, The Beatles, Richard DiLello

#### IT'S A LEGAL MATTER BABY

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



# Dramatis Personae



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

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

## NAMING THOSE RESPONSIBLE

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

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

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

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

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

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# *so what's it all about, Alfie?*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



# ROCKIN' THE CITY OF ANGELS

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

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

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

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



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



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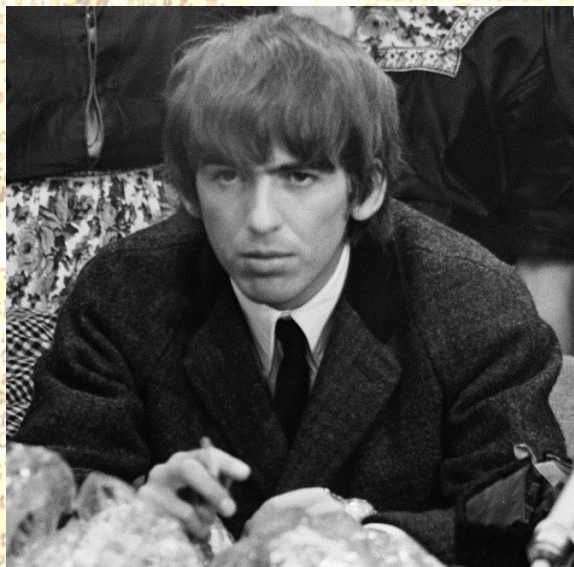
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# THE <sup>gonzo</sup> NEWSROOM



**THE QUIET ONE IN THE CAVE:** A guitar played by George Harrison during his final ever appearance at Liverpool's iconic Cavern Club is reportedly expected to sell for an eyewatering \$500,000 (£386,000).

The Maton Mastersound MS-500 was first played by The Beatles star after he sent his Gretsch Country Gentleman for repairs at Manchester's Barratts, where the owner lent him the guitar as a temporary replacement.

<https://www.nme.com/news/music/george-harrisons-cavern-club-guitar-expected-to-sell-for-500000-2364358#0ZHkrmgj3yVWzbkx.99>

**gonzo**

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

**gonzo**

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



**HE'S RATHER JACK:** Mick Fleetwood has opened up on Lindsay Buckingham's departure from Fleetwood Mac, after the vocalist was fired from the iconic band earlier this year. In April, Buckingham left the group after a career of 40 years. It was later confirmed that he will be replaced on tour by Tom Petty and The Heartbreakers guitarist Mike Campbell and Crowded House's Neil Finn.

"We all wish him well and all the rest of it. In truthful language, we just weren't happy. And I'll leave it at that in terms of the dynamic."

<https://www.nme.com/news/music/just-werent-happy-mick-fleetwood-opens-lindsay-buckingham-departure-fleetwood-mac-2363620#PxJzSq7DA1Ox1S0c.99>



"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



**IN THE MIST?** An interview with Noodle from Gorillaz has revealed that the cartoon guitarist loves Queen but hates listening to Muse. Noodle was in conversation with Clash about 'the records that changed her life', when she opened up about her love of the likes of The Who, Silver Apples, Talking Heads, Biggie Smalls, Dominique Dumont and more. When asked about which record 'fills her with fury' every time she hears it, Noodle replied: "Anything insincere and badly played. Or by Muse."

<https://www.nme.com/news/music/noodle-gorillaz-loves-queen-hates-muse-2363696#TMSQKs8M3H07OC5.99>



**ARE YEW REDDY TO ROKKK AN' ROWL?** AC/DC are rumoured to be working on new music with former frontman Brian Johnson and ex-drummer Phil Rudd, after the pair were spotted together in Vancouver.

Johnson was forced to leave the band in 2016 after suffering hearing loss, before being replaced by Axl Rose. Rudd, meanwhile, departed in 2015 after a string of publicised legal problems.

<https://www.nme.com/news/music/ac-dc-reuniting-brian-johnson-record-new-album-2364364>





## 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...

"Which is not really a hell of a lot to ask, Lord, because the final incredible truth is that I am not guilty. All I did was take your gibberish seriously... and you see where it got me? My primitive Christian instincts have made me a criminal."

Hunter S. Thompson

**POLITICAL PETEY:** Peter Gabriel has blasted the UK's foreign policy after a number of acts scheduled to play Womad were refused entry to the UK. Gabriel co-founded the festival back in 1980, which is described as 'The World's Festival' and is known for its eclectic line-ups. The event's director Chris Smith said at least three international acts were unable to perform at the event last weekend after they were prevented from entering the UK.

Those acts were Sabry Mosbah from Tunisia, Wazimbo from Mozambique and members of Niger's Tal National. Indian sisters Hashmat Sultana were eventually granted access to the UK 24 hours after their scheduled performance. "Whether their perceptions are real or inflamed, the reality is that artists are deciding that the hassle and cost of entering the UK are neither worth the return nor the exposure to rejection that the process might bring," Smith told The Guardian. "For now this is a trickle, but how do we prevent it becoming a flood?"

<https://www.nme.com/news/music/peter-gabriel-uk-foreign-policy-festivals-2362067#KdXxMqYoJeA7KELb.99>





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to his care, and no risk is assumed by the Boston and  
Worcester Rail Road Company.

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Feb 25, 1847. dt

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## THE LAST WEEK AT GONZO DAILY

Sunday  
Monday  
Tuesday  
Wednesday  
Thursday  
Friday  
Saturday

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

ELDRIDGE CLEAVER

## Two types of people visit rhino in the wild

The strong and courageous  
take a camera

The weak and cowardly  
take a gun

**What sort of  
person are you?**

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

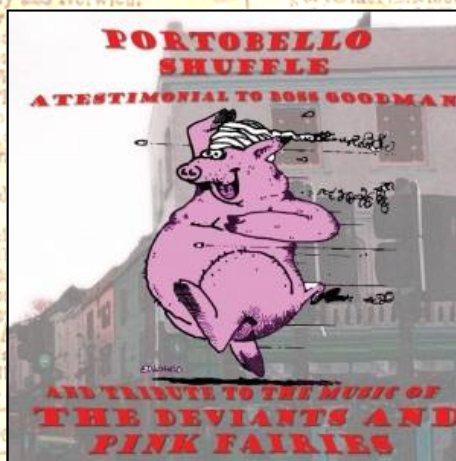






# I'M ON BOARD!

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



Portobello Shuffle CDs still at special  
low price of £5.00 each, 1 x CD inc.  
p&p = UK £6.80; Mainland Europe  
£8.90; USA £9.95; Rest of the World,  
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(FILLING IN FOR ANDREW LOOG OLCHAM)



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

*Jimmy Carter*

FB/Sue Fitzmaurice, Author



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



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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!

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



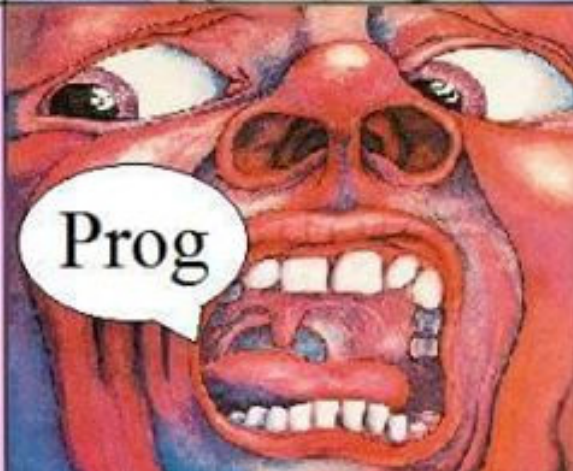
Hmph... You be careful, those  
boys only care about one thing.



Sex?



No...



**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.



29 -07-2018 – SHOW 269 – Africa Screams

Yonathan Gat: Fading Casino

Fox: Teyo

Cuban Boys: Oh my God They Killed Kenny

Moulon Devia: Moulon Devia

The Common Cold: Pretty Julie

Paul Anka: I Can't Help Loving you

Pirana: Thinking of You

Dylan Carlson: Reaching the Gulf

Oly Ralfe: Glider

Stanislas Tohon: Dja Dja Dja

Pooh: Il Tempio dell' Amore

77p Egg: Try Again

Wild Man Fischer: Young at Heart

Beth Orton: Stolen Car

Slade: The Gospel According to Rasputin

Dead Can Dance: The Carnival is Over

Grouper: Breathing

Christ on Parade: Riding in the Flatlands

Eloy: Land of No Body

Obliteration: Macabre Insanity

Sade: Sade

Melanie: Mr. Tambourine Man

Kimberly Freeman: Lullaby

**Listen  
Here**





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

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



Montauk Project  
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<https://www.facebook.com/CrescentMoonOfficial/>  
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# Friday Night Progressive





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

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

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

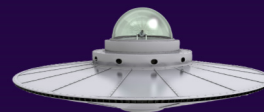


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## AND LOOK WHAT MACK HAS FOR YOU THIS WEEK

### Is There a Link Between UFOs and Exorcisms?

Mack, Juan-Juan and Commander Cobra talk to UFO researcher Paul Eno about evidence that people who have undergone exorcisms also report a high number of UFO sightings. Also, Switchblade Steve on Trevor Constable, a man who thought UFOs might be amoeba-like creatures living in our atmosphere. Show security chief Willy Clubb reads a disturbing fan letter sent to Mack. Plus, Ten More Questions for Juan-Juan. Special guests: Famous DJ Jeff Lawrence, Pistol Pete Falconi and national correspondent, Emily M.



Listen  
Here

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





## Sam Mehran (1986 – 2018)

Mehran, also known as Sam Meringue, was an American-Australian musician, songwriter, and producer who co-founded the punk band Test Icicles and later formed the solo projects Matrix Metals and Outer Limits Recordings (OLR). His solo work differed substantially from Test Icicles and was often produced in a lo-fi manner.

Test Icicles were active between 2004 and 2006 before breaking up, and Mehran began releasing music under the alias Outer Limits Recordings in 2010, which was immediately associated with the era's loose, early hypnagogic pop and chillwave scene. OLR issued numerous cassette tapes and limited edition vinyl discs, and according to

Mehran, the project lasted until "somewhere in the spring of 2011". Its first LP release was the compilation *Singles, Demos and Rarities* (2007-2010), released on April 15, 2013, and was intended to be its only album. A follow-up, *Birds, Bees, Babys, Bacteria*, was issued on cassette later that year. After OLR, Mehran co-produced Katie Rush's *Law of Attraction* (2014). His last work released before his death was his co-production of *Ssion's O* (2018).

On the morning of July 29, 2018, Mehran was found dead in his Hollywood home due to suicide.

# THOSE WE HAVE LOST





**Tomasz Stańko  
(1942 – 2018)**

Stańko was a Polish trumpeter and composer. Stańko is strongly associated with free jazz and the avant-garde.

Coming to prominence in the early 1960s alongside pianist Adam Makowicz in the Jazz Darings, Stańko collaborated with pianist Krzysztof Komeda on Komeda's album *Astigmatic*, recorded in late 1965. In 1968 Stańko formed an acclaimed quintet that included Zbigniew Seifert on violin and alto saxophone, and in 1975 he formed the Tomasz Stańko-Adam Makowicz Unit.

Stańko established a reputation as a leading figure not only in Polish jazz, but on the world stage as well, working with many notable musicians, including Jack DeJohnette, Dave Holland, Reggie Workman, Rufus Reid, Lester Bowie, David Murray, Manu Katché and Chico Freeman. In 1984 he was a member of Cecil Taylor's big band. He died, aged 76, on 29<sup>th</sup> July.



**Olga Aleksandra  
Sipowicz  
(née Ostrowska;  
formerly Jackowska)  
(1951 –2018)**

Sipowicz, also known by the mononym of Kora, was a Polish rock vocalist and songwriter. She was the lead singer of the rock band Maanam from 1976 to 2008, and also provided the voice of Edna Mode in the Polish dubs of both *Incredibles* films. Jackowska was diagnosed with ovarian cancer in 2013, and she died from the disease on 28th July, aged 67.

**THOSE WE HAVE LOST**





**Mark 'the Shark'  
Shelton  
(1957 –2018)**

Shelton founded American heavy metal band, Manilla Road, as lead guitarist and vocalist in 1977. After playing in local bars, the group first gained attention with their song "Herman Hill," inspired by the Herman Hill riot. Their first album *Invasion* was released in 1980 on the band's own label, Roadster Records. Between this time and their next release the band recorded material for an album to be titled *The Dreams Of Eschaton*, however this was not released until 2002 (under the

name Mark of the Beast) as they were not happy with the sound.

Shelton died on July 27th, in hospital after the band played in the Headbangers Open Air festival in Germany the previous night. He was 60.



**Barry David Elliott  
(1944 –2018)**

The Chuckle Brothers were an English children's entertainment comedy double act, comprising Barry David Elliott and Paul Harman Elliott. They were known for their work on their BBC show *ChuckleVision*, which

**THOSE WE HAVE LOST**



celebrated its twenty-first series in 2009 with a stage tour titled *An Audience with the Chuckle Brothers*. The comedy of the Chuckle Brothers usually derived from slapstick and other visual gags, and their catchphrases included "To me, to you" and "Oh dear, oh dear".

Barry died on 5<sup>th</sup> August, aged 73, of bone cancer.



### **Ellen Joyce Loo (1986 - 2018)**

Loo was a Canadian-Hong Kong musician, singer and songwriter. She was a founder of the folk-pop rock group at17.

She learned classical guitar from her father at the age of nine, and when she was 14, she, together with her older brother P. J. Loo, entered the musical competition "Original Music 2000", which was held by Tom Lee Music in Hong Kong. Loo and her brother won third prize in the competition.

When she was 15, Loo formed the group at17 with Eman Lam, and was signed by the music production company People Mountain People Sea. Apart from writing songs for her own group, Loo was also involved in the production and song writing of other artists' albums such as Kay Tse, Miriam Yeung and Sally Yeh.

Loo was diagnosed with bipolar disorder in 2013, and made her first public statement regarding the disorder in April 2015. She died after falling from her apartment building on 5th August, at the age of 32.

### **Lawrencine May "Lorrie" Collins (1942 –2018)**

Collins was an American country, rockabilly and rock and roll singer. Beginning in the mid-1950s, she and her brother, Larry Collins, performed as the Collins Kids.

In the late 1950s, Collins was the girlfriend of television star and teen idol Ricky Nelson on both the Nelson family's top-rated show *The Adventures of Ozzie & Harriet* and in private life. She made her debut on January 22, 1958 in an episode

# THOSE WE HAVE LOST





entitled "The Picture in Rick's Notebook" in which she played the dual role of twin sisters (one being David Nelson's girlfriend and the other Ricky's potential paramour). In this first episode, Nelson and Lorrie performed a duet of "Just Because", which had been one of the Collins Kids' signature songs (Lorrie played her own guitar and covered the name "Collins" on the neck with her left hand).

In 1959, when Collins was 17, she married Stu Carnall, who was Johnny Cash's manager and twice her age. She continued acting and singing with Nelson on television and recording and touring with her brother until 1961 when she gave birth to her first child. The Collins duo continued to perform into the 1960s,

appearing as regulars in the 1963 Canadian music series *Star Route*, and later made appearances on *The Jackie Gleason Show* and *The Hollywood Palace* as late as 1967.

She and her brother performed together again in 1992 and 1993, mostly at music festivals.

Collins died on August 4th, at the age of 76.



## Tommy Peoples (1948 – 2018)

Peoples was an Irish fiddler who played in

# THOSE WE HAVE LOST



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the Donegal fiddle tradition.

He has been a member of well-known traditional Irish music groups, including 1691 and The Bothy Band as well as performing solo since the late 1960s.

Tommy Peoples was the Traditional Musician In Residence at The Balor Arts Centre, Ballybofey, County Donegal.

In July 2015, he launched a self-published book *Ó Am go hAm - From Time to Time*. The book combines a fiddle tutor by Tommy, along with illustrations and a complete notation of 130 original tunes by Tommy. The book also includes many stories and incidents from his life and musical career.

He died on 4th August, aged 70.

## **Jan Kirsznik (1934 –2018)**

Kirsznik was a Polish rock and roll saxophonist and member of the Polish band Rhythm and Blues.

After the end of military service, in the second half of the 1950s, he became a musician of the Polish Navy Band, and in 1958, he and Franciszek Walicki co-founded Rhythm and Blues, the first Polish rock and roll band. The band held its first concert on March 24, 1959, at the "Rudy Kot" club and was dissolved in 1960 after a nationwide concert tour.

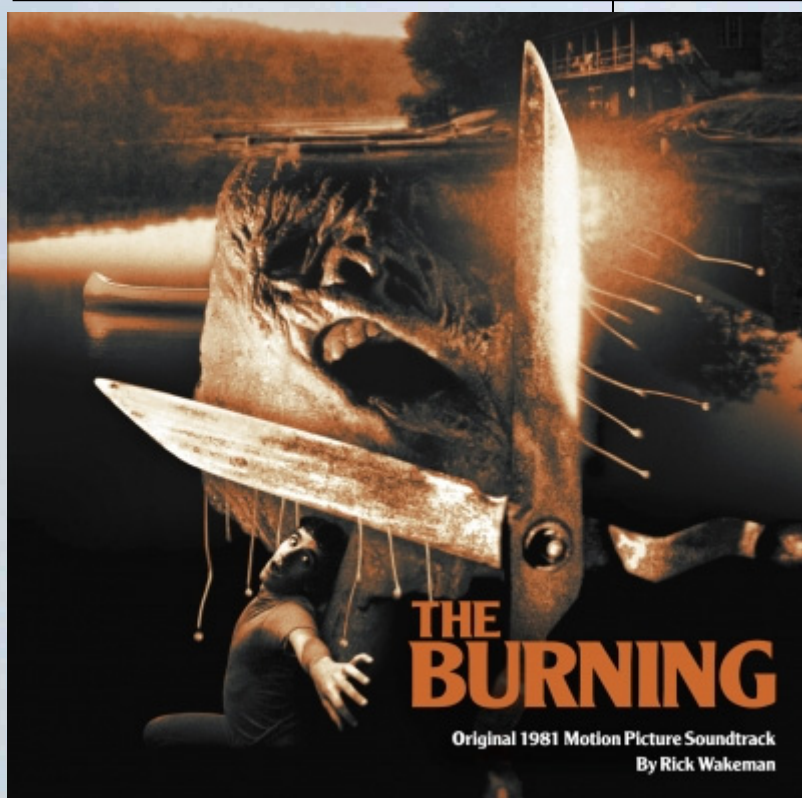
In 1984, Kirsznik became a saxophonist in the Artistic Navy Team - Flotylla, accompanied by Irena Jarocka, as well as appearing at such musical events as the National Festival of Polish Song in Opole or the Sopot International Song Festival.

He died on 1<sup>st</sup> August, aged 84.



# THOSE WE HAVE LOST





**Artist** Rick Wakeman  
**Title** The Burning  
**Cat No.** MFGZ024CD  
**Label** RRAW

The Burning is a 1981 slasher film directed by Tony Maylam and written by Peter Lawrence and Bob Weinstein. It is based on an original story by Maylam, Harvey Weinstein, and Brad Grey, with a musical score by Rick Wakeman. The film is

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 Cropsy 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 Cropsy, 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."



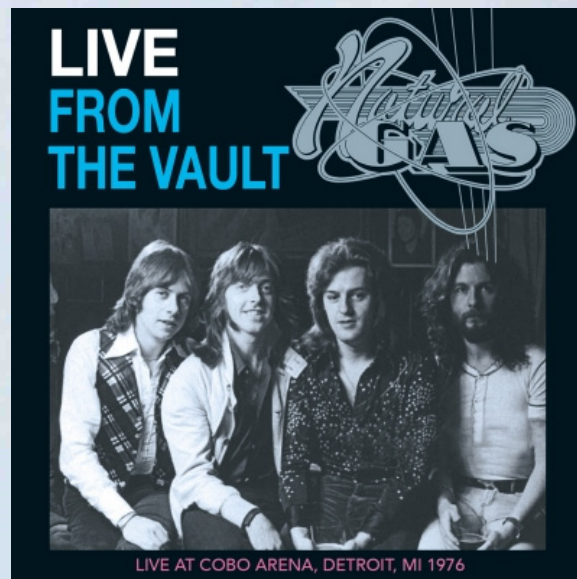




**Artist** Michael Bruce  
**Title** Rock Rolls On  
**Cat No.** HST484CD  
**Label** Gonzo

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.

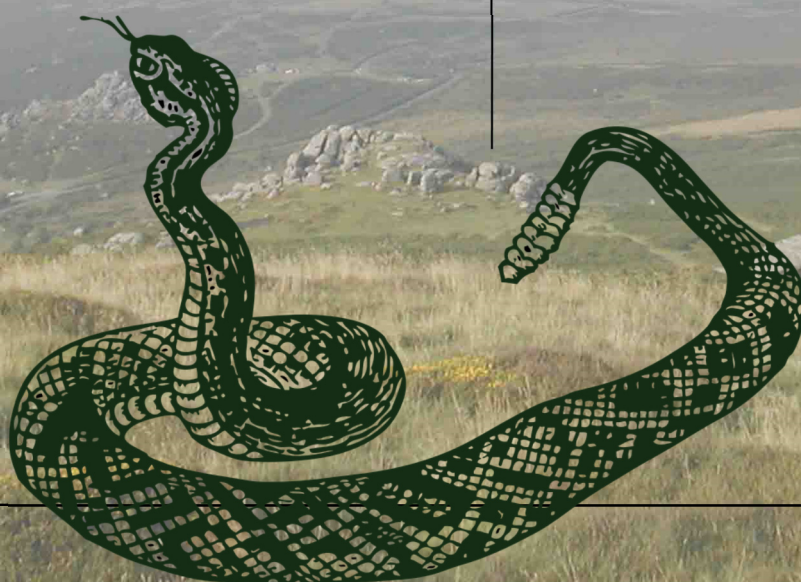
Check it out you rock and rollers.



**Artist** Natural Gas  
**Title** Live From The Vault  
**Cat No.** HST467CD  
**Label** Gonzo

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.







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Gonzo #32 The Dutch Festie c...

actions



Gonzo #30 The Mick Abrahams...

actions



Gonzo #27 The Prog shirt

actions



Gonzo #24 The Daavid Allen shirt

actions



Gonzo #23 The Michael Des B...

actions



Yer original Gonzo Weekly shirt

actions



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

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## YES – Celebrating 50 Years of YES -- - July ,2018 , Wellmont Theatre, Montclair NJ ,USA

My imagination can take me to some wild places. Honestly though, my imagination as a thirteen-year-old kid, listening to an old jukebox in a ski resort in upstate New York and hearing this unique music, could not have envisioned listening to the same music some 46 years later. Listening to that music is one thing, but seeing the band responsible for it live on stage is even more mind-blowing.

It's not that I haven't seen this band before. A conservative estimate puts the number of shows I have witnessed at about thirty. Assuredly, a FIFTY year run for this band tops anything anyone back in

1968 could have imagined, and yet here they are. Certainly, it's not a perfect world, not in music especially.

There are two bands carrying on the legend, and a less than perfect 'vibe' between the two. However, one thing is true and indisputable ..... YES is still here, and turns FIFTY this year!

I have been lucky, living in the New York Metropolitan area for several decades. YES has always managed to come through this area, in whatever current edition they're 'employing'. In the last few years, it's been YES (with Steve Howe) and YES featuring ARW (with Jon Anderson, Rick Wakeman, and Trevor Rabin) both doing shows here.

On July 7th, at a beautiful old restored movie theatre called THE WELLMONT, the YES @ 50 Tour thrilled me and about 2100 other fans. With a lineup of Steve Howe, Geoff Downes, Billy Sherwood, Jon Davison (this band's vocalist since 2012), Alan White (bad back and all), and "alternate" drummer Jay Schellen, the

# BART LANCIA





CELEBRATING  
THEIR GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY  
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show would start with *Close To The Edge*, the classic released in 1972, and would never look back. Mr. Howe, at 71-years young, showed an enthusiasm men half his age sometimes do not. Next would be the 'rare' Nine Voices from 1999's *The Ladder*.

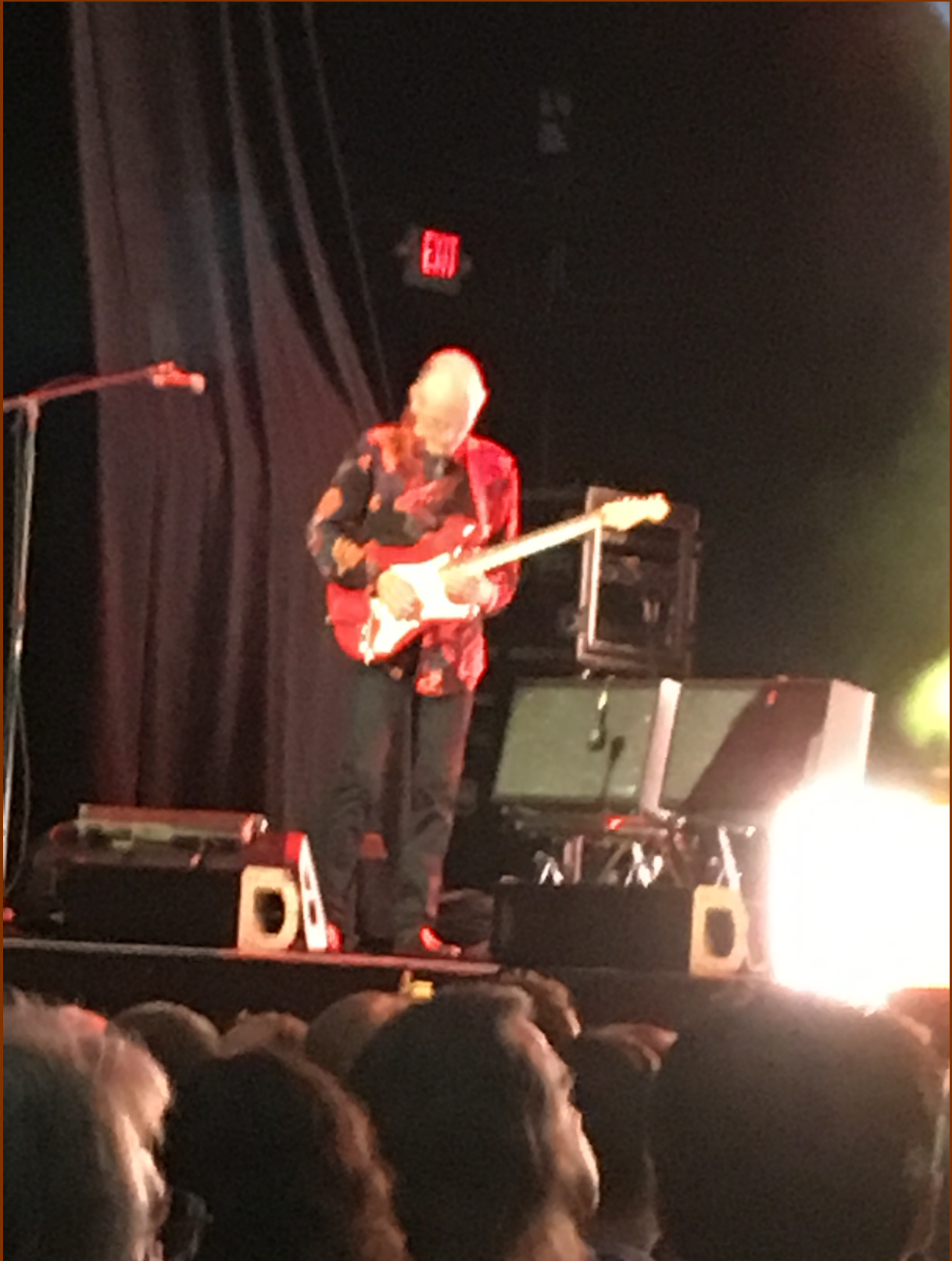
Parallels would be next (a song written by the late Chris Squire for the *Going For The One* album), and Billy Sherwood nailed it on bass. Steve Howe would follow with Mood For A Day, and the 1970 pre-Howe song Sweet Dreams. The band's interpretation of this one would be very well received. Howe would point out in his intro to Sweet Dreams, that "it was before me, but I just really like it." Heart Of The Sunrise would finish up the Opening Set, and a short intermission would follow.

Our boys would return and jump right into Perpetual Change from *The Yes Album*, and then Does It Really Happen from the *Drama* collection. "Soon" was next, with an awesome slide guitar by Howe, Steve then announced Alan White, who

received a standing ovation. White would jump behind the kit previously occupied by Jay Schellen (now performing with various percussion "toys"), and YES began the classic (and my favorite YES song) AWAKEN. This long-form progressive anthem marked the end of the second set, and the deafening calls for "more, more" began.

After making the crowd work a little, YES walked back out to another standing ovation. Steve Howe again announced another musician, and much to the crowd's delight, original keyboardist Tony Kaye joined the band. A small keyboard would be placed out in front (a stark contrast to Geoff's multi-level keyboards).

Yours Is No Disgrace began with the whole audience on its feet, and admittedly I actually cried a bit. Next would be the YES song you'd expect now, Roundabout. Finally, Starship Trooper would finish it up, a 2 hour and 45 minute 'dream' that I did not want to see end. The ovation seemed endless, and at one point thought they might be up for one more. The band













took several bows, and as they left the stage the house lights popped on, to reveal the 2100 happy and slightly exhausted YesFans.

Hopefully, I will see them again, and again, but who knows? I hope to see Jon Anderson's version of the band again as well. I have met Jon several times, and wish the band was whole, but I guess this way I get some more YesMusic.

All My Hopes ....Bart Lancia



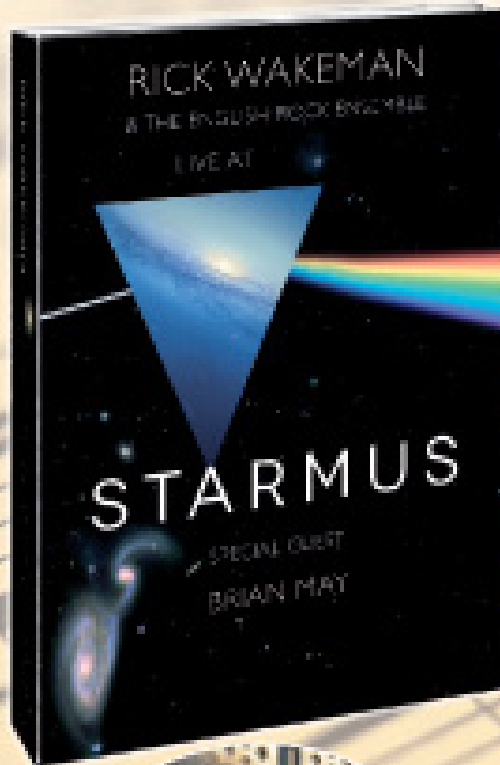
**RAW** presents

Forthcoming releases from Rick Wakeman & Friends

# *Rick Wakeman & Brian May*

*live from*

## **STARMUS 2015**



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



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# Douglas Harr *Ear Candy for the Hungry Audiophile*

## The Fixx is “In”

The Fixx are one of the most unique bands to emerge during the 1980's. They did not seem to fit the typical mold of their time, despite lots of great synth, tasty, treated guitar focused on chords rather than solos, and a talented vocalist with a range less commonly found in traditional “rock” music. Today they would be classified more as “rock” or “alternative” music than “new wave” yet back in the day they ultimately they did fit in with their peers and they absolutely excelled at their craft.

*Reach The Beach*, released in 1983 was this band's second album, and remains their most popular. It sported hits “One Thing Leads To Another” (their highest charting US Single at number 4) and “Saved By Zero,” accompanied by several other standout tracks and deep cuts that demonstrate the quiet determination of the band as stellar songsmiths and

solid musicians. Personnel on this album included Cy Curnin (vocals), Rupert Greenall (keyboards), Jamie West-Oram (guitar), Adam Woods (drums) and a couple of bass players, Alfie Agius and Dan Brown, the latter of whom became the band's official bassist for the tour and subsequent albums. The album was produced by the talented Rupert Hine. This is a very “listenable” album which flows nicely from track to track, stopping at some of their best ideas and greatest musical passages.

The intellectual lyrics of this band, delivered by lead vocalist Cy Curnin are a major part of what makes *Reach The Beach*, and the rest of their music so special and enduring. Cy is a deep thinker who will pose a question and hang on that question, each word counting towards the idea, often suggesting an answer. The lyrics are seldom overtly political yet there are







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messages, they are not preachy, but there are spiritual lessons within. Songs like “Are We Ourselves” and “Less Cities, More Moving People”

always cause me to ponder meaning, messages, and my own reaction to them. Cy delivers all this in concert with occasional asides highlighting his current thinking – all questions that deserve to be



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asked and answered.

I first saw this band in 1983 at one of the last “Day On The Green” festivals in Oakland California. Famed producer and production company *Bill Graham Presents* staged these all-day festivals, and they were impressive lineups featuring multiple bands, who were well chosen to show off both headliners and supporting acts. On this summer day in 1983, headliners The Police was on their final tour, supporting their swan song “Synchronicity.” Behind them was The Fixx, taking that vaulted “2<sup>nd</sup> act” spot on the strength of their then new release *Reach The Beach*. Preceding The Fixx were a varied collection of new wave acts, The Thompson Twins, Oingo Boingo and Madness. The Fixx stood out that day, among these contemporaries, as a group of serious, adult musicians, primed for mainstream success yet seemingly comfortable at that vaulted #2 spot on the bill.

Last week, 35 years after that Day on the

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Green, the band played at The Independent club in San Francisco, on their *Reach The Beach* anniversary tour. They played the whole album, but in reverse order, which worked very nicely given the original record kicked off with four exceptional tracks in a row, making the reverse sequencing close the first half of the show with those highlights. The band continued with a collection of hits and deep cuts, including some newer work, as this enduring act continues to record and tour today, with the same lineup from 1983. It was an exceptional show that demonstrated to one and all the talents of the band. Quite a night, and highly recommended should The Fixx come your way.



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Main Stage - official pic from OZORA



Fear and Loathing in Hungary:

# The OZORA Experience

**"As with Jimi's, it didn't work out quite as expected!"  
Suggests (unwittingly) intrepid Gonzo reporter,  
Alan Dearling**

My nice International friends at the OZORA Festival in Hungary, a couple of hours driving distance from Budapest, invited me to give a presentation at the 2018 event. I was billed to show pics and talk about 'Free Festivals and Spaces and gentrification' within the context of radical activism (whatever that means exactly!). I was then going to be part of a panel discussion with the audience at Chambok House in OZORA's Magic Garden Area not far from the wonderful Dragon's Nest stage.

OZORA festival is a sister event of Boom in Portugal and Burning Man in the USA. At its beating hearts - it probably has three of four - is psy-trance music. But it is much more

---

alan dearling



than a dance-festi. It's a very big, complex gig for perhaps 70,000 plus festi-goers. It's a new world, rather than another festival. It has huge permanent stages and buildings, the Mirador arts exhibition and viewpoint; workshops including the Artibarn; spiritual and healing zones; many lectures, gardens and a labyrinth; a lake for swimming in; showers, bars, shops, a bazaar, and even composting loos, and music that goes well beyond repetitive beats. But most of the Ozorians attend to dance, to get high and ecstatic in the Pumpui tented dance area, and in the main stage area under its drop-dead gorgeous, tented roofs.

The official OZORA blurb kicks off by saying:

*"An experience of a parallel existence created by our diversely colored dreams and visions of the same pure space,*

*paradise on earth, our fairly tale. An alternative reality of openness we can only bring to life together, where we can evolve within and without, towards becoming one, with cosmic energies, nature, consciousness, and each other, through dance, trance, creation, invention, transformation."*

I arrived, pretty tired on Monday evening via buses, trains, two planes and the OZORA mini-bus for artists. I had already been camping for five days and was direct from Devon's Kozfest.

And now for something completely different. A very Gonzo OZORA evolving experience in Hungary.

**From a secret location at the experimental Hungarian Gulag #23**

I've got over the shock bit. Seven blood-













letting experiences; seven visits to medical HQ at the OZORA Festi and two trips to hospital 100km distant for final internment on Tuesday. I'm writing this from my hospital bed.

It all started after a difficult trip from performing at psychedelic Kozfest in Devon, via Bristol, Brussels and Budapest and even some dodgy pilot moments. Who has been in a plane approaching Budapest airport, hearing over the Tannoy?: "Apologies for that, we came in too high and too fast and had to abort." It took two more attempts to land.

I'm in Very Gonzo Mode. Non-sequential. Flipping back and forth in time. Battered and bewildered. Starry-eyed, but not laughing.

Thankfully, my personal gear was delivered to the hospital at midnight, Wednesday, by Fruzsí from the Ozora Festival High Command.

I had initially arrived at OZORA, after an arduous artist check-in on Monday night - it took about one and a half hours, and there was a second one too, to obtain our individual artists' armbands. We were now way into the Dark. I'd landed in a muddy unreality. You'll find out why 'hospital' in a minute. At OZORA I never saw a single band or dj set during my stay of less than 20 hours and one night in Silent Camp - a collection of tents and vehicles half a mile out from the main festival buildings, next to massive rubbish stacks of metal and wood.

In all, I just managed three or four walks around a few sections of the mythical Ozora festival site as it began to fill up with an expected 50-60,000 psy-trance freaks, plus staff and performers. It is a temporary autonomous zone. Alternative, yet more commercial than the likes of Boom in Portugal. And on a giant, alien scale. And edgy. This is Hungary. These are serious security geezers.

Even the medical and ambulance teams. Unsympathetic, even averse, to the dance magic unfolding around them. You

can almost hear them thinking, "fucking hippy shit...put them in a nice deep salt mine."

As with many such events there are also pirate zones on the edges of the legal, official stuff. When Fruzsí took me into the darkened fields in search of the Silent Camp, we passed what appeared to be a Pirate Stockade. Its external wall consisted of a rectangle built from wood and a variety of live-in vehicles. Indeed, in the light of the following day, I saw that the Pirate flag was flying.

"What's this?" I asked. Fruzsí responded, "We don't know who they are or why they are here." On each side of the stockade were signs reading:

NO LOVE  
NO PEACE  
NO CAMPING

Ominous. At a guess I'd say they were a group of Italian anarchists. I've seen similar in the squats in the Freeport of Amsterdam.

A surreal tale of personal disintegration. Being ghosted away into the Hungarian State Machine. No clothes. No music, or toothbrush, no book, no laptop. Almost no identity. Thank the fuck that unlike most folk from the UK, I carry an EU medical card. (Yup, I was one of those twisted folk who voted to stay in the EU and be a World Citizen).

This crappy little tale all started with a simple nose-bleed. Then, 7 big gushes of the stuff in less than 24 hours. Saline drips. Four bottles of the stuff oozing into two catheters. I had disappeared, lost my identity and almost 'self'. Losing lots of my life-blood.

Medical attention at OZORA festi is not recommended. It is 'policed' and rationed by some heavyweight young men and women. They wear ambulance polo tops. They control access to the medics. I watched this in seven separate 'waitings'. Dozens of youngsters with foot ailments, bad trips, or, perhaps diabetics or epileptics. Many were told to go and buy medications from the shop. Many were barred from entry. I was told on a number





of occasions to stick paper tissue up my nose. I was wasting the medics' time.

On visit 5 to the medical centre they did send me in an ambulance, the 100km to the local hospital, together with a young Italian girl with a suspected broken arm. On floor 4 of the hospital, after a strange ride in a lift up from a dirty basement at -2 level, I was quickly, if rather brutally assessed and treated. Having the inside of your nose cauterized by a Hungarian, probable exponent of phrenology, is not recommended. I was proclaimed cured. Another Hungarian State Miracle.

Two hours later back at OZORA festival site. I tell a bit of my tale to the Office Officials. Start a walk around the festi site and the blood starts streaming down the front of my shirt. Kind passers-by give me tissues. An entire toilet roll is soaked in seconds. I stagger yet again to the Medical HQ. The female on door control won't let me in. She hands me a wodge of cotton gauze. "Use this and go away."

An hour passes as I take few photos. I hear the distinctive sounds, amplified, of

jaws' harps. I walk towards it. Go to sit on a tree trunk in front of the three young men playing energetically into their mikes. I start to take out my own two jaws' harps. Blood cascades down. I can't play. "You must find your inner harmony," one young Earth Goddess tells me. I'm handed more bundles of tissues and baby wipes. "Get me an ambulance." I yell.

"No, deep breaths...you must be one with yourself, find meaningfulness". I grab for my stuff. Young Earth Mother tries to restrain me. "Ambulance...fuck off..." I stagger towards a yellow clad security geezer, smoking by the bar. He sees the blood flowing down me and my two handfuls of bloody paper. His mates lag down a passing farm pick-up. I just manage to bundle myself into the flatbed. The tailgate is closed. The driver is a bit panicked. He drives fast down the quarter of mile under the Dragon's Nest in the Magic Garden. Hundreds of party kids resent this fast vehicle creating a dust storm. I'm sadly not going to see Leftfield, Tangerine Dream or Mirror System...

Somehow I'm back in the medical centre...too many bodies and hands. One with extreme roughness using a tool like a





spoon handle shoves gauze deep up my left nostril. I scream. "Triage", someone shouts. Again, the rough young man jabs and shoves more gauze up my nose. **VIOLENTLY.** I scream. **LOUDLY.** **PIERCINGLY.** My left eye and nose scream at me. I lunge to hit him. I'm restrained. He doesn't try a third time.

I'm in the back of the ambulance, this time along with a girl from the security team with an injured leg. I'm hooked up to the saline drip. The ambulance man falls on my catheter once and fails to notice the saline running out. None of us wear seat belts. It's a rough ride.

At the hospital, this time in a wheel chair,





hooked up to a drip. Back up to floor 4, it is near closing time on the ward. Just one nurse and one doctor. She treats me as an old friend. "I have to put tampon up nose. The problem is beyond the top of the nose to the left." The insertion takes about ten minutes. It is excruciatingly painful. I don't scream but my eyes are bucketing. The nurse assisting the surgeon needs all her strength to force my head forwards as the doctor pushes more gauze in. Fucking hell...no this is Hell...I'm home.

Fear and loathing. Feeling other. Hardly any English spoken. No visitors. Lost in a strange place and land. Or, to quote the Doors: 'Strangers are strange, when you're a stranger.'

Now, with reasonable good luck, on Friday I will be released and can escape for 3 nights to Budapest. As I have mentioned, I was scheduled to give a one and a half hour presentation at OZORA on Friday. All about free spaces, festivals and radical action, especially against gentrification, rules and security for festivals and commercialisation. Maybe another year. If I get to Budapest, over the weekend I can make a decision about where and what next. I am expected in Vilnius in Lithuania on Monday and later in the week I am billed at the Yaga festival. Or, should I go, ASAP, back to the UK? A very Gonzo week since leaving Kozfest.

I do not know if bleeding will recur. I am a bit scared as it has been fairly shocking. I feel battered and bruised after losing the first two rounds to Doc and the Medics and their conclusion that I have "Buster Bloodvessel". I feel part of a eugenics experiment. I'm slightly blind in my left eye. Hope it is temporary.

More tales from Gonzo-land as they unfold.

### **Wednesday - feeling in limboland**

I've not been told what is actually being done to me or for how long. But I've had such a pain-filled night that I got one doctor who speaks a little English to get me pain killers. Beginning to kick in.

The tampons rammed up my left nostril are hurting to fuck. These are impregnated with something yellow and gooey. A bandage/bung is tied underneath and round the head. This increases the pressure and the pain. It is frequently replaced as it soaks up blood. The continuing pain is chiefly to my left eye, nose - and a kind of neuralgia has spread across my head. It is excruciating.

I believe the tampons will get taken out on Thursday or Friday. Not sure what else they plan for me, or how long. Tricky times.

I have no clothes, no toothbrush, towel or earphones or book and the room/ward is stifling hot with no air con. Towards 40 degrees. OZORA through Csabo and Fruzszi, have not yet offered to get my gear to me - just said they will take down tent and store it. They still seem to expect me to give a long presentation on Friday. I'm not keen. I've lost a lot of blood and sleep. And am feeling quite low. And some of the problems were caused by very rough and inconsistent treatment by OZORA so-called medics. Plus 7 hours to and from the hospital x 2 yesterday. And 4 bottles of whatever flows through the catheternal-river.

So, I hope that someone English speaking from OZORA hears my cries of help. I need it, in order to organise my next move either back to the UK or over Vilnius.

Very shattered, so will try to doze...Luv Om

P.S. Just before midnight, Fruzszi, disguised as personal Angel, arrived at my room in the hospital with my bag of stuff. I can live

without the dirty washing, but now I can shower, wash, listen to some music and read a book if I want. Believe it (or not) the hospital would not give me a toothbrush or even a towel. I begin to reclaim a few bits of my life.

#### **Thursday: Eleven o' clock evening news in bloody Hungary!**

Not going great. More bleeding in quantity early this evening. The tampons (plural) were removed in two batches by the female surgeon. Morning. Painful, but bearable. Late afternoon - awful. Agony. The last tampons are removed, none too carefully, and, as we all guessed, an immediate cascade of blood. A torrent. The surgeon smiles at me. It looks like a grimace. Can cobras grimace? She says, "I will have to give you more burns to stop the bleed. It happens." I hate this female surgeon from Hell. May she rot... She pats my arm and tells me, "This is normal."

Different surgeon on duty in the evening. He asks to inspect the work done. This guy is from Romania and speaks a little more English and understands more. And talks to me. We have conversations. He likes music. Less sure about his views on current day Hungary. I sense a rebel who dreams of other places and people.

He has performed three more operations using cauterization and cocaine and all sorts of burning liquids plus an endoscope. It was reassuring to be surrounded by so much hi-tec, cutting-edge machinery. A Sanyo endoscope, no less! An amazing invention along with its big, square colour monitor screen - a fabulous techno-tool in the late dog days of the 1960s.

He says that much of the problem was caused by the tampons being forced up my nose by his colleague. He also thinks that the OZORA medic care (sic) team caused new damage. Here's a lovely little additional anecdote. Nice Doc, I'll call him - he has a Mediterranean-style beard

and is very patient. He reminds me of my Greek friend, Aggelos. Nice Doc leans over, with his head torch burning bright, and looking through his magnifying goggles, he says quietly, "I know what is wrong. I know where the problems are. But I have to hurt you some more. More burning. But I explain. Nurse will put on a pad around your leg attached to electric machine. I will have to burn all the spots in the nose that cause the problems. It will hurt, but please be careful not to touch bare flesh on chair. It goes electric and you get even more big shock." The lovely lady surgeon had never explained this. Each time she had cauterized, and I have lost count how many times she cauterized, I had been gripping the arms of the metal chair for dear life. Meantime, she was presumably much enjoying the joke of her Electric Chair. What a lively, lovely tale of blood, mucous, electrocution and in-for-a-bit-of pain, eh?

And Nice Doc has also re-done his female colleague's original work 'round the corner' in my nostril. She had done this, I think, three times. Who is counting when you are having so much full-on masochismo fun? Is there such a word? There is now.

So, once again, we await to see what spews up in the night, and wait for the dawn. Onwards to escape route at 8am and a drive to Budapest. Soon, I hope to be missing the wonderful hospital meals!



#### **Friday morning early doors**

I was in an uncomfortable state for sleep late last night. And after I coughed up a minor amount of blood, the kind surgeon



from Romania, Nice Doc, took me back to the surgery for some 'fine tuning'. He has made a real effort and given perhaps three hours of his time and caring. Meanwhile, I've got through a whole night without any major incident and only a healing cream up my nose. Could this be a new beginning?

**Friday 10.30 a.m. arrived in Budapest at a hostel, but in a single room in Corvin district**

Here's what I wrote to the lovely and capable Fruzsí, at OZORA Magic Garden (slightly edited). She co-ordinated my escape:

"Thank you for all your help. I have escaped. The OZORA lady driver got me safely to the hostel in Budapest and sweet talked them into letting me have a room immediately. The room is incredibly warm, like a sauna, but good space and shower and toilet and a cooker and fridge in the shared bit. Very like a university suite. Perhaps it is in term-time. My driver seems to be having a

hard life with three kids and a partner just out of jail. Very bright but with an obsessive interest in drugs. She also has just got totally flooded out of her tent at OZORA in the thunderstorm. All her gear and sleeping bag are completely soaked. She told me how she cried and ranted, especially because her demented neighbour had been digging away the grass and so the mud slide was total. She is thinking about staying put in Budapest at least for a while.

The surgeon has told me to avoid lifting/carrying my bags etc. That will be a challenge. Now, I need to relax a bit. The treatment at the hospital was bizarre by UK/Netherlands/German standards. And, I think brutal. For one surgeon to tell a patient that his colleague and the hospital have damaged me is very unusual."

**Friday: later in the afternoon, trying to relax at a terrace cafe/bar**

Feeling well or unwell weird. Now in Budapest at a hot humid hostel. Not haemorrhaging blood big-time at the moment. But some blood still in the mouth when swallowing. Have slowly plodded





around parts of the city. Sad that I am not at OZORA, but after four days of electric shocks, blood tests, blood, saline drips and catheters, it would not have been wise.

Somehow I need to stop doing too much stressy stuff for a while.

Budapest has its interesting bits. Bit of a headache and an aftermath of aches and pains







and general tiredness. Sometimes it needs a day or three of reflection. I'm too used to doing....

### Saturday 8 a.m.

I've managed through yesterday to this morning with only occasional lumps of globuled blood in my mouth. None by nose. No cascades or fountains of red! I see it as big progress though I'm obviously not out of the forest or the woods yet. And it is hard to recuperate with the oppressive heat.

I was so incredibly thankful to escape the hospital. Budapest is hot and humid. I believe well into the 40s centigrade. Virtually no air cons around; certainly not in the hostel. I asked them about the laundry facilities advertised online. The receptionist answered: "Each room has clotheslines. You can wash your clothes and hang them. It takes about a day to dry." Local customs for local people!

Budapest has left many of its older 1950s buildings intact, as-they-were, to show the areas of resistance fighting against the Soviets. Lots of bullet holes... Other first images include: lots of cars and traffic, high diesel pollution, tourists, on-

street seating for food and drink with plenty of shade, low-ish prices, hundreds of grey tourists on day trips on the near cruise ship-size boats on the Danube. And poverty, marked by a lot decay and drabness in amongst the tourist kitsch; with splashes of colour like around the rotunda of the elegant Corvin Cinema, and lots of modern, well-executed statues of real-life local people. I like some of these a lot. I am not operating at normal time-speed. About 50 per cent, but I'm back in a place without women and men in white coats!

And I've had a cider!

If my blood loss stays the same and no new big floods from my nose, I think I will use my flights from Budapest on Monday via Frankfurt to Vilnius where I have a hostel room booked for three nights either side of the Yaga festival. I may decide not to appear- probably very wise - or see if anyone is mad enough to take me to and from Vilnius just for my performance day.

And, Fruzi had asked to meet up tomorrow, Sunday night, here in Budapest for a drink or two and a very necessary 'unwind'. But she may not make it back until very late on the OZORA shuttle bus. A shame if I cannot say a heartfelt goodbye















in person. She has really gone the extra kilometre to look after me throughout the OZORA Experience!

Sunday 9 pm: Her visit was a whirlwind one. She has expended so much energy. We hug. She says: "Next year!"

### **A few after-words from Vilnius**

I made it. First leg of the trip was a flight from Budapest to Frankfurt. And the synchronicity of my next-seat passenger was strange. She was an American trainee doctor, three years into her medical training in Budapest. She has yet to work in any Hungarian hospital, only ones in Germany on placement. Sophie, her name, asked to keep in touch - she seemed genuinely keen to read this Gonzo piece! She nodded her assent when I told her that Fruzsí had told me that the Hungarian government prioritise building super new football stadia, rather than investing in hospitals and health care.

No blood from my nose!

Frankfurt to Vilnius. I have some seepage from my nose - I think that mucous had got stuck and is now needing to escape. Much like me. I still am getting blood in my mouth, but it is now darker. So, hopefully, just old blood. Vilnius Arrivals Hall and my Greek friend, Aggelos, has come to pick me up and take me to a wonderfully run-down hostel near the train station in the city of Vilnius. It takes half an hour for diminutive, probably Russian or Ukranian, Irina, to check me in and handwrite three receipts. Aggelos then takes me to one of three music bars on the railway station platform. Why not, indeed? We meet our young friend, Ziggy, who is working at the bar and dj-ing.

I've landed for the next ten days. No more fear and loathing in Hungary!



## IN OUR QUEST FOR FREEDOM

We seek out Enchanted Forests and Magic Gardens  
Free Festivals and Healing Zones. Nature our ally-  
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Temporary Autonomous Zones become dross and dreck.  
Green Dreams become Burning Man deserts. Mud and muck  
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Seeking medical treatment? Rudimentary. Basic.

Take me to Budapest, where Western Medicine heals and restores.  
We all live in a Magic Garden. Sometimes-even GONZO Alternatives  
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Thom Woodruff



# Expect the Unexpected!

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# The Last Great Rock and Roll Album?

## Pink Fairies — Resident Reptiles

In 2016 we enjoyed the musical surprise that was *Naked Radio*, a wholly unexpected 21<sup>st</sup> Century new Pink Fairies album (released on the totally wonderful Gonzo label!) with original players Sandy and Russ teaming up with Andy Colquhoun, Jacqui Windmill and the now sadly departed George Butler complete with a few cracking UK gigs around its release. Us old Fairies fans have long given up on the original guitarist picking up his axe one more time in the 21st century, he was into cycling was the last we all heard.....



# John Brodie-Good



# pink fairies



I don't think there is a God but there still seems to be a musical one at least, lo and behold, Blackie's back, and he's back with a pure slice of raw rock and roll heaven, the 'old' Fairies way. I'm just a punter, I'm not aware of the politics or reasons but I'm sure fucking glad he is. His bandmates for this project are both younger Brits, ex-Hawkwind bassist Alan Davey and ex-Motorhead drummer Lucas Fox.....the end result sounds just like

## PINKMOTORWIND

.....and then some.....

I feel a bit like a kid again, I've got a favourite new album! I play it at every opportunity, in the car, on CD, on record and late at night on headphones from a ripped file.....It's not due to be released until August 24<sup>th</sup>, but just days after pre-ordering from the States, both formats turned up! One very happy old rocking bunny. An essential purchase for all Hawknerds too.

Paul Rudolph's last musical outings as far as I am aware are a pair of rather 'dark' CD albums released by Twink under the PF banner, Treasure Island (1996) and No Picture (1997), with a song from the latter re-hashed on this new album. He was of





course the band's guitarist for both the seminal *Never Never Land* and *'Sweeties'* albums plus the two phenomenal live sets from Glastonbury Fayre and Finland, both recorded in 1971.

Lucas Fox was Lemmy's first drummer in Motorhead (along with Lazza, the 'second' PF guitarist, in 1975) and subsequently Warsaw Pakt (one of Andy C's former outfits, 1977-78) and is of course a fast sticks' man (a la Hunter/King/Chadwick et al) but also has a nice, lighter rolling touch at times. 'Boomer' Davey has served two long periods in the mighty Hawkwind and play's 'lead bass' a bit like Lemmy, but with clearer notes and more fluidity. He powers most of the tracks of this album like a

proverbial steam train. The pairing of these two is sheer brilliance, they can rock as hard as anyone, but are never turgid. There must have been a lot of smiles and grinning in the studio as these guys just lock into one fantastic groove after another.

Little info seems to be available about the background of this platter of delights, I gather the three amigos met up last year in the US of A, went into a studio and had a lot of fun. They must of done because this is just the dog's danglys. And now.....In 2018, who needs Britexit or Trump anyway, Blackie's back!!!! (Davey gives a shout out to the guy who lent him a Rickenbacker on the sleeve notes.)

'Real' Rock and Roll is a three card trick isn't it? An Electric Guitar, An Electric Bass and Drums plus vocals, that's it. It was loud, raw, dirty, fast, hard.....and fun. Our music, the real music of teenage revolution and social change in the late 20<sup>th</sup> century, not our parents, not our peers. The Fairies score particularly high marks in all the correct R n R credits around these parts. As soon as I hit play on the CD player this evening an upstairs door slammed violently shut, don't think the Mrs is a fan then (and it wasn't that loud anyway).....Sometimes, maybe often, it's just great to put on something to clear your brain cells out, have a little personal boogie and end up with a big smile on your face. My first play was actually driving on a fairly empty motorway, in an empty car. Halfway through the third track I glanced at the speedo, whoops, don't wanna loose my license again, speed and volume down.....

'Reptile is available on both CD and 'limited edition' Day-Glo Pink' vinyl mediums. The CD is the better sounding of the two as always with modern releases. All recorded and produced in the digital domain of the modern world, the record sounds compressed and thin, albeit Fox's kick-drum comes pounding underneath on the title track which most CD players will probably miss. There isn't much 'air' around the instruments and a slightly closed in feeling to the sound. The vocals seem further back in the mix too. Bring back analogue! The CD allows you to hear into the thunder more ultimately. Interestingly, Cleo Records themselves class this release as Punk. No way Jose, these guys can play their instruments.....

This critical review was conducted in standard reference conditions, late at night, on a pair of Grado SR325e headphones, gain set at 80%, the levels high.

Snarly distorted chainsaw guitar kicks off proceedings, a monotone thudding bass line, the snare and kick-drum building up into the opening of Resident Reptile (singular), a fast roll from Mr Fox and we are off into the first barnstormer, Lucas sounding like Russ in his early 70s heydays of speed and

clarity, Boomer laying down a rock-solid, fast and sinuous bassline on what clearly sounds like that borrowed Rickenbacker. A true Pink Fairies/Hawkwind bass guitar if ever there was one. Blackie starts the first of many stinging lead riffs in one ear, and then the other. No multi-note soloing on this, just the master of stun guitar plying his trade as only he can, raw and wild, slashing through the air and your brain. It's unreal in 2018, it's as good as it gets.... Rudolph's voice drops to a snarl for the chorus, up until now he sounds remarkably like Larry Wallid, a trace of his soft Canadian accent finally slipping through. In the fact this opener has the feel of Kings of Oblivion but a) faster!! and b) with Rudolph slicing the air in every direction with his aural electric axe.

Speaking of Lazza, Old Enough to Know Better is the second number, penned by Mr Wallis himself, and I'm delighted to report, it doesn't let up from the first, oh no. Your ears are attacked by more distorted strings on one channel, before Davey and Fox start laying down a nice mid-speed beat before the song opens out into the perfect, and I mean perfect, rock riff. You will want to play air guitar, air bass and air drums simultaneously, I've tried but you can't.... Simple, just replay the track twice and play the other instruments. Any rock band would be proud of this riff if it was theirs. A guitar master writing a song for another guitar master, the soloing towards the end of this one even sounds like Lazza. This is just raw power rock, grin factor 11..... Your Cover is Blown see shorts burst of stun lead guitar (he's still got a wah-wah pedal too by the sound), Rudolph's voice in snarl mode again, Alan's bass and Lucas's drum interlocked tighter than an Amoeba's arse throughout. Blackie's guitar goes into acid space and then hangs, crackling in the air at the finish. Mirage starts with a much slower beat, but fear not kids, not for long..... Boomer start's another killer bass line whilst Fox shifts up a few gears pretty quickly too. That distorted lead guitar just melts your mind, burning in..... (A Les Paul and a Telecaster viewable on the album sleeve photos). An anti-nuke punk song? ..... definitely a rock n roll one. It slows down



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with almost Native American drum beats to close, oh and some more distorted guitar, left hanging.....

Lone Wolf is the single off the album and has been available as a purchasable download for some months, and even better is available to listen to for free on You Tube (funnily enough, a link can be found below). It seems to be a reworked version of Love Punks (from No Picture), but with totally different lyrics. It is also minus Twink's pedestrian and rather basic drumming on that album. It may be the track I have heard the most so far but the boys give it their absolute all on this one and it's pure, can't stop jiggling around, magic. It's simply a rock and roll freight train, travelling at full tilt, that's just over three minutes long. Rudolph, Davey and Fox give it their absolute all, turn it up very loud indeed, fuck your hearing.....

The next group composition, Whipping Boy, sounds so like Live at the Roundhouse 1975 it's uncanny, a really low and grungy wall of dirty sound. Davey give's it his best Lemmy runs, Lucas fast, fluid drumming, Rudolph ripping off Dave Brock type chords and spacey solos in the other ear. Space Ritual Hawkwind also springs to mind here, it's that good.

Davey and Lucas start laying down another thunderous backbeat, Monkey Chatter, whilst Paul takes vocals and mind-melt guitar as usual. I still simply cannot believe I'm writing this in 2018! "Enough to drive a man insane", a repeated line I've heard before but just can't place? I'm sure it's from one of the Twink/Rudolph albums too.

The closer finally turns the speed down, although Davey and Lucas still keep your foot tapping, albeit at a much slower pace. A Mellotron (!) joins the basic r n r instruments on this one too. Rudolph has been involved in more 'electronic' music back in his homeland previously, with the Melodic Energy Commission and others. This features heavily reverbed and slightly distant vocals and is almost hymn-like, with

a repetitive chanting of it's title, Apologise, before breaking into a short instrumental finale.

"Your'e old enough to know better, much too young to care.....".

I'll never be 18 again, but for a few minutes, I tasted it again. Rock and Roll album of the 21<sup>st</sup> century? Who else was ever gonna make it?

Welcome back Blackie, we missed you, it was sure worth the wait though.....and did I see the word 'Dingwalls' online too?? Live, these three really would be something very special indeed. Make it happen chaps!

Up The Pinks!

Lone Wolf – Pink Fairies

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

Resident Reptiles – Pink Fairies (CD & Vinyl)

<https://pinkfairies.bandcamp.com/album/resident-reptiles>

<https://cleorecs.com/store/shop/pink-fairies-resident-reptiles-cd/>

Naked Radio – Pink Fairies

[https://www.gonzomultimedia.co.uk/product\\_details/15972/Pink\\_Fairies-Naked\\_Radio.html](https://www.gonzomultimedia.co.uk/product_details/15972/Pink_Fairies-Naked_Radio.html)

# KEV'S WORLD



## **NAPALM DEATH CODED SMEARS AND MORE UNCOMMON SLURS CENTURY MEDIA**

There are certain albums that permanently live on my iPhone, and while 'Scum' will not be a surprise to anyone who knows me (it features in my personal Desert Island Discs Top Ten), there will be many who may not believe that 'Apex Predator' is another, but I

firmly believe that in terms of consistent brilliance their most recent album is one of the best things they have ever done. I was lucky enough to see them in the sweatbox that was The King's Arms (yet another venue now lost to "development") on the AP tour, and am probably the only person over the age of 50 who proudly wears the tour shirt in New Zealand! So, when I heard that Century Media were releasing a double CD compilation of 31 songs with a playing time of over 90 minutes compiling rarities and exclusive earworms spanning 2004-2016 (The "Century Media Years" so far...) I knew it was going to be interesting.

The band went through numerous musicians in the early days, with 'Scum' being infamous for featuring just drummer Mick Harris on both sides, with the first side being recorded as a trio, then when the guys left he put together a new band to record the second side. But, these four (apart from minor time off for good behaviour) have all been there since at least 1991, and are showing no

# KEV ROWLAND



signs at all of slowing down yet. True, the songs have got somewhat longer (but they couldn't all be like "The Kill" or "You Suffer"), but when it comes to grindcore and sheer brutality then there really is no-one to match them. Given the length of time these songs are taken from, I was somewhat surprised to see how well they all work together. "Outconditioned" is a cover from 2008 that doesn't start off in their traditional fashion, but they soon smash it, and that is one of the joys of this collection, the different styles and changes that comes from a band that have been performing together for so very long, yet are putting themselves out for different causes which can mean recording something outside their normal terms of reference for a charity or split single. My only regret with this compilation is that it doesn't include "To Go Off And Things", a Cardiacs cover they recorded to benefit Tim Smith, but that really is only a minor niggle. This collection may not gain them any new fans, but to those of us who are already there, this is superb.



**THOMAS LIGOTTI**  
**THE BUNGALOW HOUSE**  
**CADBRA RECORDS**

The horror and vinyl spoken arts

specialists at Cadbra Records present another new tale of weird fiction, with the release of Thomas Ligotti's 'The Bungalow House' on deluxe LP. The story is read by Jon Padgett, and the album scored by Chris Bozzone. It has been released as a limited first edition of 500 copies pressed on colour 150-gram vinyl, and is housed in a deluxe heavyweight tip-on jacket. The record includes a 12-page booklet with an extensive essay by author Matt Cardin, a new interview with author Thomas Ligotti, and a 18"x 24" promotional poster showcasing the newly commissioned art by Jason Barnett. This is the first time I have come across the writings of Ligotti, although apparently he is well-known within horror fiction, especially for his similarities with the likes of Edgar Allan Poe and Lovecraft, and that certainly comes through here.

The narrator, Jon Padgett, is not only a ventriloquist and writer but is also Co-Editor-In-Chief of 'Vastarien', a source of critical study and creative response to the work of Thomas Ligotti, so perhaps it is not surprising that he is completely aligned to the task in hand. As with all the Cadabra Records releases I have heard, I was soon transported into the world that was being portrayed through my speakers. Cadabra manage to always bring together concise storytelling with strong narrators and background music that assists in portraying the emotion and atmosphere of the subject at hand. This is yet another strong contender, and the story is one of the best I have yet come across, although for once I managed to work out what was going on before the end! I really am looking forward to the next one, as all their releases are consistently high quality. <http://www.cadabrarecords.com>



**TAKE OFFENSE**  
**TENSIONS ON HIGH**  
**FLATSPOT RECORDS**

These guys were established as long ago as 2004, and have built quite a reputation within the hardcore scene (I note that they are playing some dates with Madball in the near future), but I can only imagine that in concert they have more bite than they do with this 5-track EP. Although singer A.H. is full of angst and passion, the rest of the guys just don't match his enthusiasm, and if there was a different vocal style then this would be thought of much more as a melodic hard rock band as opposed to hardcore. Just having a sweaty shouty singer doesn't mean that the band itself is hardcore, and there is a mish-mash of styles here that really comes together in the travesty that is "Unconditional" which doesn't work in any genre, let alone a slowed-down hardcore metallic hard rock context. For their influences they cite the likes of Suicidal Tendencies, Agnostic Front and DRI, but none of that comes through in their performance.





# THE COMPLETE GOSPELS

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

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

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

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

## ***Special Limited Edition Boxset containing***

Signed by Rick Wakeman and numbered certificate.

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

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

Double CD2, The New Gospels

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

Reproduction A4 x 12 page concert program.



## *The Rainbow Suite*

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

This is Rick and Orchestra at their finest !!!



Available to pre-order from [www.rickwakemansmusicemporium.com](http://www.rickwakemansmusicemporium.com)



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Asante sana (thank you very much),

David Banks  
Director, Africa Region  
The Nature Conservancy

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







# Yer GONZO ISLAND DISCS

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.



Steve Andrews (aka "The Bard of Ely"), was born in Canton, Cardiff in 1953 and lived in Ely for 25 years, a suburb on the outskirts of Cardiff in South Wales. He is a singer-songwriter, writer and journalist with a strong interest in botany and conservation. Andrews is known for having a brightly coloured beard and being a Welsh icon. But what music would he take with him to a desert island?



# STEVE'S'S TOP TEN

I can't decide on the order but here are 10:

1. Neil Young: After The Goldrush,
2. Bridget St John: Ask Me no Questions,
3. Leonard Cohen: Songs of Leonard Cohen,
4. Bob Dylan: Street Legal,
5. Joni Mitchell: Blue,
6. Kate Bush: Hounds of Love,
7. Boy George: This Is What I Do,
8. Jefferson Starship: Blows Against The Empire,
9. Incredible String Band: Hangman's Beautiful Daughter,
10. Van Morrison: Into The Music



THE SCIENTIFIC INVESTIGATION OF THE UNEXPLAINED

# PHENOMENA

## MAGAZINE

Now recognised as the leading online magazine of its type  
Phenomena Magazine is a **FREE** magazine from  
Manchester's Association of Paranormal Investigation  
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Recognised as the leading online magazine of its type, now distributed worldwide, 'Phenomena Magazine' is a **FREE** monthly publication. Phenomena looks into the whole realm of the Strange, Profound, Unknown and Unexplained, delving into subjects of the Paranormal, Ufological, Cryptozoological, Parapsychological, Earth Mysteries, Supernatural and Fortean Events. Guest writers along with reviews of books, movies and documentaries add to the content as does recent news from around the world. Phenomena Magazine can be downloaded from our site every month for **FREE** in PDF Format.

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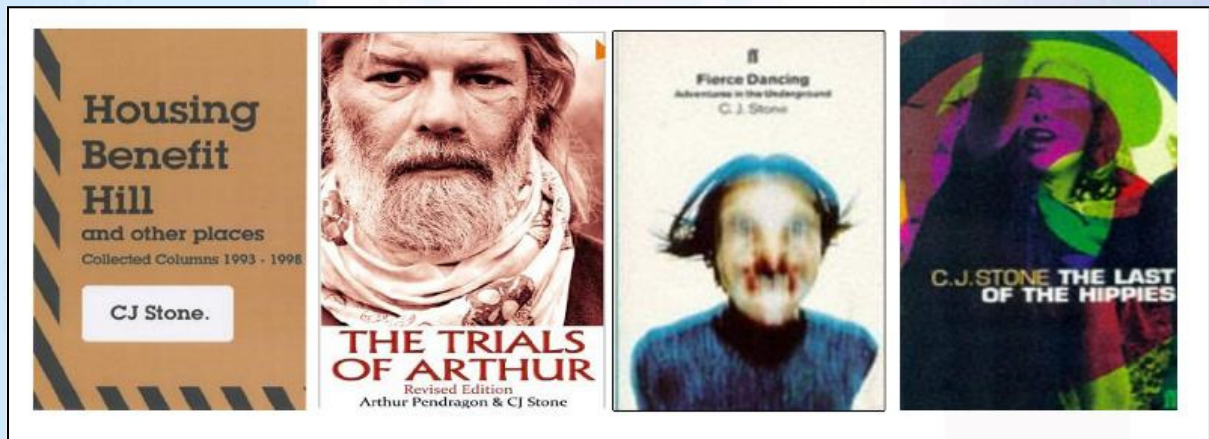
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The Last of the Hippies:  
<http://www.amazon.co.uk/Last-Hippies-C-J-Stone/dp/0571193137/>

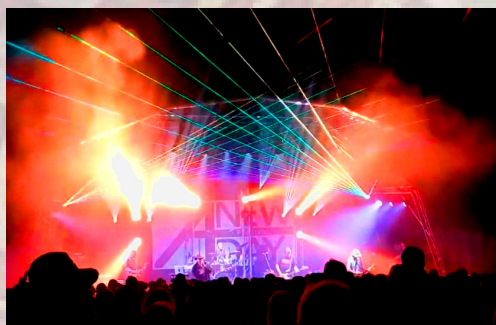


**OTHER BOOKS BY  
C.J.STONE**





The Masters of the Universe do seem to have a steady stream of interesting stories featuring them, their various friends and relations, and alumni. Each week Graham Inglis keeps us up to date with the latest news from the Hawkverse..



Hawkwind's latest appearance was last Saturday (4th August) at the "A New Day Festival" held near Faversham in Kent - Faversham being just across the Thames estuary from Southend. As implied on the flyer, Hawkwind were headlining, and were scheduled to play from 9:40 to 11pm. In the days ahead, the usual skimpy information online gave no indication of whether Hawkwind actually grabbed all of that slot, or were

the victims of overruns and the dreaded curfew.

**A NEW DAY FESTIVAL**  
**Mt Ephraim Gardens**  
**Faversham, Kent**  
**August 3-5, 2018**

\*\*\* SATURDAY 4<sup>th</sup> August \*\*\*

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**Caravan**  
**GONG**  
**Carl Palmer's ELP Legacy**  
**curved air**

**The Crazy World of Arthur Brown**  
**Atomic Rooster \* Bernie Tormé**  
**Peatbog Faeries \* Dr Schwamp**  
**The Far Meadow**

**[www.anewdayfestival.com](http://www.anewdayfestival.com)**

Similarly, information on the setlist was sparse, to say the least, but the nicely-lit show included The Watcher, Utopia, and Shot Down. Hawkwind did say afterwards that Dave Brock played lead guitar on Shot Down while Magnus Martin was playing keyboards on that track. And, as expected, the Hawkwind lineup didn't include bass player Haz Wheaton, as he is busy playing



# SPIRITS BURNING & MICHAEL MOORCOCK

## *An Alien Heat*

An Alien Heat at the End of a Multiverse

re-imagined by Don Falcone, Albert Bouchard, & Michael Moorcock

with Blue Öyster Cult family members Joe Bouchard,  
Richie Castellano, & Donald "Buck Dharma" Roeser

Hawkwind family members Harvey Bainbridge, Adrian Shaw,  
Mick Slattery, & Bridget Wishart

plus Andy Dalby (Arthur Brown's Kingdom Come),  
Monty Oxymoron (The Damned),  
Ken Pustelnik (The Groundhogs),  
Jonathan Segel (Camper Van Beethoven),  
Andy Shernoff (The Dictators),  
Lux Vibratus (Nektar),  
Steve York (Arthur Brown)  
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Box set (and CD pre-orders) available from  
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[gonzomultimedia.co.uk](http://gonzomultimedia.co.uk)  
[spiritsburning.com](http://spiritsburning.com)



with sludge rock band Electric Wizard.  
Nial Hone is currently back with the  
band to fulfill the bass duties.

The lasers surprised some fans, as they  
have been notably absent from most  
Hawkwind gigs for nearly 30 years - but  
the simple explanation seems to be that  
the visuals were the general festival  
display and not specifically Hawkwind's.  
Unlike in 1979 or 1989, the lasers were

never allowed to dip anywhere near the  
audience, which presumably is on account  
of modern health and safety regulations.

And finally, a reminder that the new studio  
album by Hawkwind is due mid-  
September, called 'Road To Utopia', and  
Hawkwind are scheduled to take to the  
road again in October and November.







# HAWKWIND PASSPORT APPLICATION



Greetings space travellers!

This is your Hawkwind Earth Visitors Passport application form.

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

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

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

Volunteer Crew Register

Name .....

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

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

Full Earth Address: .....  
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Post Code .....

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

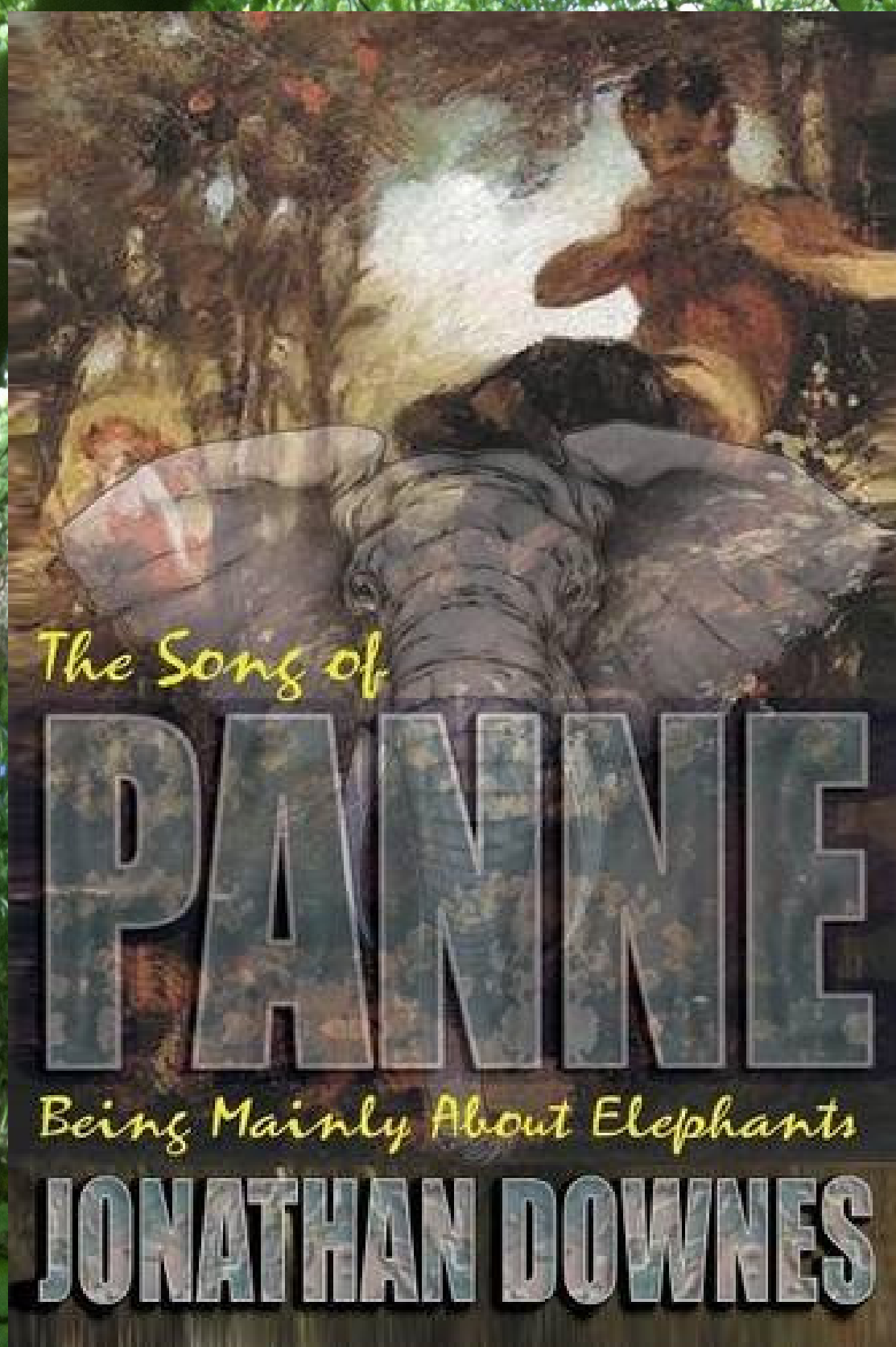
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[www.hawkwind.com](http://www.hawkwind.com)

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*The Song of*

# PANNE

*Being Mainly About Elephants*

JONATHAN DOWNES



# The Wild Colonial Boy

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

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

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

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

A few days later, after a relatively short trip down the eastern coast of Australia, we arrived in Sydney. We saw the Sydney Harbour Bridge, and my father ranted incessantly about the – then nearly completed – Sydney Opera House. “It looks like a fucking artichoke” he grunted, angrily. I have, I will shamefacedly admit, inherited some of my father's less socially acceptable vices, including his infinite capacity to get angry about things. But my parents were angry about the Sydney Opera House, the Canadian flag, and traditional hymns put to modern tunes, for over four decades; something which knocks my pitiful efforts at directing streams of bile at things I cannot possibly change, into a cocked hat.

I remember very little else about Sydney. It was hot, and grubby, but we went on into the suburbs and visited a wildlife sanctuary. It was, by no means, as exciting as had been the Lone Pine Refuge a few days earlier, and my abiding memory is how callous - and yes, downright cruel – some of the staff were, especially the ones who were charged with taking our particular little party around the zoo.

We visited a paddock containing a bunch of bored looking, grey kangaroos, and the





equally bored tour guide explained how kangaroos were marsupials and therefore gave birth to semi-developed youngsters which they nurtured in an external pouch. “Well, duh, any twat knows that” I didn’t say, but I asked an innocuous question about how big the ‘joeys’ are. The bored looking tour guide vaulted over the perimeter fence, wrestled the nearest of the bored looking grey kangaroos to the ground, reached into its pouch and pulled out an indignant and somewhat frightened looking young kangaroo, which he brandished in my general direction.

“Does this answer yer question, cobber?”

I reached into the depths of my antipodean knowledge for a suitable repost.

“Fair dinkum,” I muttered, and the tour guide glared at me, obviously considering me -a bloody Pom, no less - guilty of cultural

misappropriation (if the term had been invented back then).

And he got his revenge a few minutes later, by suggesting – in complete contravention of the gulag-like signage, forbidding all and sundry from feeding the wildlife – that I give some ‘monkey nuts’ to an impressive looking galah cockatoo. I still have the scars today, and the memory of the loathsome tour guide sniggering as my mother applied impromptu first aid to my cut finger.

There was also a display of sheep shearing, which seemed, to my nine year old eyes, to be far more wantonly brutal than was necessary.

But the one thing that I do remember about this less-than-happy visit to an Australian zoological establishment, is my first encounter with the magnificent brolga – a native crane.



These magnificent birds, which were originally known as 'the native companion', were originally thought to be a member of the heron family, but by 1865, the legendary ornithological artist, John Gould, placed it correctly within the order of Gruiformes. On this summer's day in 1968, I was lucky enough to see them indulging in the behaviour for which – perhaps – they are best known; their intricate, ritualised, mating dance. I don't think I have ever seen such oddly beautiful, and apparently choreographed, behaviour in a bird. The performance began with one of the birds picking up some grass, and tossing it into the air before catching it in its bill. The bird then jumped a yard into the air, with its wings outstretched, and continued by stretching out its neck, bowing, strutting haughtily around as if it owned the place, calling and bobbing its head up and down.

There were about half a dozen of these magnificent birds in the slightly shabby paddock, and no sooner had one of the birds started to dance, than several of its companions joined in. I have read, I think in *Two in the Bush* by Gerald Durrell, that – on some occasions – up to a dozen of these ridiculous, but oddly graceful birds, will line up opposite each other and perform a mass dance, like elderly women at a keep fit session, trying out line dancing with more enthusiasm than execution.

Twice during the long coach journey back to Sydney Harbour, where we re-joined our ship, we saw flashes of reddish brown, as something large and long careered across the road, like the proverbial bats out of hell. The bus driver, who was doubling as a tour guide (a far nicer one than the bloke that we had happily left behind at the sanctuary) explained that they were 'goannas'. It was some years later that I discovered that goannas (an inaccurate contraction of the word 'iguana') were actually lace monitors – the second largest lizard known to exist in Australia. They can grow to nearly seven feet in length, including a long, slender tail, which is about one and a half times the length of the

head and body. They are common all across eastern Australia, and were once a favourite traditional food of the Australian aborigines.

The largest Australian lizard is, of course, the perentie, which can grow up to a length of just over eight feet, and is found in a broad swathe across the centre of the continent. But once upon a time, there was something far bigger.

Megalania is a supposedly extinct giant monitor lizard, which evolved to prey on the Australian megafauna. And it was the largest terrestrial lizard ever known to have existed. The largest specimens reaching a length of over twenty three feet, with a maximum weight of approximately 620kg. The most recent fossil remains date to around fifty thousand years ago, and it is quite possible that the first human settlers of Australia might have encountered them, and been a factor in their extinction.

However, there are people within the cryptozoological community who believe that, not only has this enormous lizard survived to the present day, but that it has a far more socio-cultural importance. There is quite a lot of evidence that mariners from China, or at least from countries which lay within the Chinese sphere of influence, reached the continent of Australia centuries before the Europeans did. Extrapolated from this, it has been suggested that some of these mariners may have encountered specimens of megalania, and taken the traveller's tale back home with them, and that this is where the original concept of the Chinese Dragon came from. Artefacts of apparently Chinese origin have been found in several archaeological sites in eastern Australia, and this hypothesis is not without its appeal. There have certainly been a number of well-attested sightings of giant lizards in modern day eastern Australia, particularly in the Watagan Mountains of New South Wales. Some of these sightings have been made by qualified zoologists, and it seems likely that there is some substance behind them. However, it may not be evidence for the continued existence of the monstrous megalania. Lengths of animals in



the wild are notoriously difficult to guess, and if these unknown lizards move as fast as the goannas that I saw that afternoon in 1968, it would be even more difficult to estimate their true length and mass.

I have always thought that it is more than likely that some species of monitor lizard can grow to a greater length than is currently accepted. Colonel John Blashford-Snell told me of his experiences in Papua New Guinea during the 1970s. He equated some of the 'dragon' and 'dinosaur' sightings which had come out of that mysterious island over the years, with encounters that his team had logged with absolutely massive lizards, with heads the size of a horse's, that he identified as absolutely massive specimens of *Varanus salvadorii*. I see no reason not to believe him, indeed I wouldn't dream of doing so. I have long thought that an aquatic monitor lizard, probably extra large specimens of the Nile monitor (*Varanus niloticus*), might be responsible for the sightings of 'aquatic monsters' across parts of West Africa. And, carrying on a logical progression from these hypotheses, it is, I suspect, quite possible for

the giant monitor lizards of eastern Australia to be explained by outside specimens of known species.

But I am feeling in a remarkably pessimistic mood today, as I write this.

We only had one more port of call, before our voyage – the sea faring part of it, at least – was over. And a day or two later, we arrived in Melbourne. My memories of it are of a stately, colonial city, which actually felt more like one of the regional seats of power in the United Kingdom than anywhere on what is arguably the most exciting continent of them all, at least from the zoological point of view. I remember visiting a staid Victorian park – both literally and figuratively – where formal grey footpaths and prim box hedges were the order of the day. I looked with disinterest at a small flotilla of ducks on a small, ornamental pond, and silently willed the lords of time and space to bleeding well get on with it and take us to the next stage of our adventure.







# Thom the World Poet

Rob Ayling writes:

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

## IMMORTALITY

WHEN SUSAN BRIGHT LEFT US

I was lucky enough to give her poetry to poets  
Her wisdom and activism a bright example to all  
When Deb Akers passed from our spinning circles  
I am still distributing her poetry book published by her beloved  
Borderlands, Book Woman, AIPF, Share Your Stories etc etc  
So much shared by one humble active community poet  
Now John Berry joins the ranks of those remembered  
by the distribution of his poetry books at venues  
Today we will remember Barbara Carr-for her life, her words, her heart  
How many lives do poet cats share while alive?  
How many words remembered when their voice dies?



# Yer Gonzo Bookshelf

## The longest cocktail party



**Richard DiLello**  
An insider's diary of the Beatles million pound 'Apple' empire and its wild rise and confusion.

**Paperback:** 240 pages

**Publisher:** Canongate Books (16 Jun. 2005)

**Language:** English

**ISBN-10:** 1841956023

**ISBN-13:** 978-1841956022

**Product Dimensions:** 12.7 x 3 x 20.3 cm

As regular readers of my inky fingers scribbblings will be aware, I have been a fan of the Beatles since only a few years after they broke up, and I have been reading and collecting books by, and about, them for nearly as young. The most interesting of these books are, of course, the ones which are written by 'insiders', rather than those written by journalists, and we are lucky that over the years, many of the people who worked with the 'Fab Four' have sat down and put pen to paper, preserving their reminiscences for posterity.

Like most people, or at least most people

that I know, I am far more interested in the Beatles' music after they stopped being stage performers in the 'Greatest Show on Earth'. From the 1966 album, *Revolver*, until the band fragmented three or four years later, each record was – to a greater or lesser extent – a masterpiece, and furthermore one which affected both popular culture and the music business around the globe to an almost immeasurable extent.

The period of the Beatles' career that interests me most, is their quixotic but ultimately doomed attempt at what they called a type of "Western Communism" with their magnificently conceived but completely chaotic Apple Corps empire. In only a few short years, this sprawling conceptual edifice lost enormous amounts of money and eventually went – very publicly – tits up.

But it was a grand and noble gesture, and brought out the best – and worst – of many of the people involved.

Richard DiLello was a young American, alternative type, who had made friends with the legendary Apple Records press officer, Derek Taylor, and arrived in London in 1968, looking for a job.

His first port of call was – of course – the Apple headquarters in Savile Row, whereupon Taylor gave him a job with a massively loose job description. Client Liaison Officer, telling the British Immigration Officials that they needed to employ an American because of his in-depth knowledge of American youth culture; something that a true Brit would be unlikely to know. Less formally,



DiLello's job was as the "house hippie", which means basically the same thing, but explains how the hapless Richard spent much of his professional career at Apple, smoking joints in a stationery cupboard.

In all the books that I have ever read about the Beatles, this is by far the funniest. And it is easy to see why Liam Gallagher from Oasis has been planning to make a film based upon it for the last decade or so.

Just as an aside, whilst on the subject of this planned cinematographic feature of DiLello's book: back in the day, while I was working on the updated edition of Tony Palmer's classic book about the *Oz* obscenity trial, I was in touch both Richard Neville and Felix Dennis (both sadly now deceased), and I was told that the movie version of Neville's memoir of his life in the late 60s and early 70s, had turned out to be so bad that Felix Dennis had effectively squashed it, and made sure that it was never released. Whether this gives me hope that a movie from the mouthy Gallagher brother on DiLello's remarkable book will be any better, I don't know. But I fear the worst.

The book is full of memorable characters, as well as DiLello and Taylor, there are – of course – many appearances by the four Beatles themselves, but – peculiarly – it is the lesser known characters that grab the imagination of the reader most. There was, for example, a young man known as 'Stocky', who is described by Derek Taylor:

"Stocky McMullen was with us for about half a year, he sat mostly on top of a filing cabinet and drew fantasy pictures of penises eating each other."

There was the ill-fated Scottish band, White Trash. They were quite possibly one

of the best bands, which were signed to Apple, but like most of the others, their career stalled entirely when the efforts of the company, and all that sailed in her, were almost completely focussed on sorting out the interstices of the Beatles' business and artistic affairs.

There's a very poignant piece in the book, basically presented as a memo from DiLello to Taylor, chronicling a visit by White Trash to the Netherlands, a mini tour by the band, and DiLello's disappointment - that he knew perfectly well that the band were going to go nowhere despite their undoubted talent - is palpable.

Still on the subject of White Trash, there is another heartfelt and wryly funny section when, following an article in one of the British newspapers condemning the band's name for being in extremely bad taste, they truncated it to 'Trash'. DiLello, quite





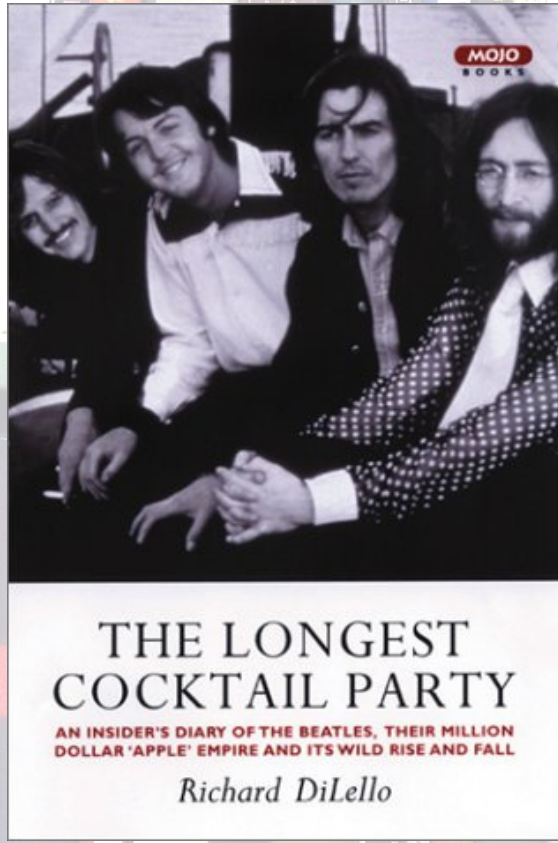


possibly off his tits, wrote another memo, saying that – and I paraphrase – ‘the British band, White Fuck, were now to be known only as Fuck, after complaints from a bunch of journalistic scumfuckers’.

It is always the same when one is reading a story to which one already knows the end. No matter how many times that you read the Bible, you know that Jesus is going to end up getting crucified. No matter how many times one reads of the brave and stupid world of Apple Corps, one always knows that it will end with the Beatles splitting up and American hard man Allen Klein being called in to rationalise the company, which he did by putting the boot in to the nth degree and basically closing it down, throwing out all the creative elements and leaving it as the Beatles’ accounting and licensing department, a role which is fulfils to the present day.

Reading about this process is surprisingly painful. It is like sitting on a cliff, watching a great ship slowly sinking, and claiming the lives of most of her crew. The ironic thing, as far as I’m concerned, is that despite having read DiLello’s book many times, and despite knowing – as a result – what happens when one lets a bunch of random people loose with your finances, I have always held Apple Records in the highest esteem. They may have been a complete bugger’s muddle, but they produced some peerless music, and I’m not just talking about stuff produced either separately or together, by the Fab Four. So, when I inherited a reasonable sum of money from my late father, I set up my own publishing company using the Apple Corps business model. And guess what, kiddies? I got ripped up by all and sundry, and it all went spectacularly tits up.

There is a lesson to be learned here somewhere.







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.



A night scene of a riot. In the foreground, a line of riot police in helmets and shields is silhouetted against a bright, intense fire or explosion in the background. The scene is dark, with the fire providing the main light source.

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

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

A close-up, black and white photograph of a guitar headstock. The focus is on the tuning pegs and the strings. The background is dark and textured.

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# THE NINE HENRYS



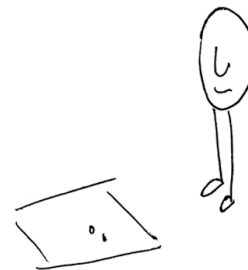
The Nine Henrys are a quirky bunch of cloned cartoon characters. They live in a strange lo-fi domestic surrealist world peopled by talking rock buns and elephants on wobbly stilts. Over the years the Henrys have been published in a variety of local NE magazines and now here for the first time thanks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

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

THE WORLDS FIRST CLONED CARTOON CHARACTER

modada@ninehenrys.com

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



Retinal Judo



# Gregg Kofi Brown

ROCK 'N' ROLL AND UFOs

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

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

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

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

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

**CD and book available soon from Gonzo Multimedia**



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THE WORLD OF GONZO ACCORDING TO

# Mark Raines



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

PS shows can be downloaded

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



It will not, I am sure, come as any surprise to anyone reading this that Corinna's health issues are—by far—the most important things on my horizon at the moment. She is up and about, pain free, and we are waiting for an appointment for her to go into hospital for another test which will—God willing—give us a definitive diagnosis so that we know what to do next.

Many thanks, once again, for everyone who has sent their love and good wishes. To be at the receiving end of such an outpouring of positive energy is truly a wonderful thing.

Do I sound like an old hippy here? Tough.

Richard Freeman sent me some interesting news from *The Daily Telegraph*:

“The Lynx UK Trust has applied to Natural England for permission to release six Eurasian lynx into Kielder Forest and a licensing decision is expected shortly. But the rewilding group said that consent for the project was now a ‘near certainty’ after the owners of 20 adjoining plots in the forest agreed the animals could be let loose on their land.

If the release is successful it could lead to the widespread reintroduction of the cats into the Scottish Highlands and other parts of Britain.”

This is, indeed, excellent news. However if—as many experts including H G Hurrell and Bernard



Heuvelmans believed—there is still a relict population, or populations, of indigenous lynx here in the UK, then that population's genetic makeup will be lost forever as the remnants of the indigenous population mix with the newcomers.

But, one cannot make an omelette without breaking eggs, and that theoretical risk would seem to be a small price to pay, if the rewilding of the United Kingdom is to go ahead.

I am not making any commitments as to when the next issue of the magazine will be. But there *will* be one, and it will be *very soon*.

Love on ya  
Jon



# THE BEST LAID PLANS



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