

GONZO

Doug goes to see **Bow wow wow**
and **ABC** and **Belinda Carlisle**
and more at **Retro Futura**,
Alan loves **Courtney Barnett's**
new album, and looks at the
return of the **Necessary**
Animals, Jon bitches
about **Fake News** and
praises **snarky**
online book
critiquing, Graham
examines a
Hawkwind rarity
that isn't
and there is poetry
from **Thom** and
Josephine Dunn.

with a hell of a lot of

#299/300

R.E.S.P.E.C.T

ISSN 2516-1946



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THE THREE COMMANDMENTS OF GONZO WEEKLY:

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

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



Dear friends,

Welcome to another issue of this singular, and ever more peculiar, magazine. I truly can't believe that with the next issue, we hit the big 300. Because of family illnesses, about which I have written in some detail over recent weeks, I am in the peculiar position whereby I don't know exactly when this

issue is going to come out. As I sit here, dictating to Olivia, on a Tuesday morning, it is business as usual. Corinna has an appointment next week, which means that there is unlikely to be an issue out then, but – at the risk of sounding like a football commentator on TV – there is everything to play for, and so I am not going to make a commitment that the magazine will definitely be out this week either. However, the fact that you are reading it means that – by now – you know full well when it came out, and this paragraph was probably redundant.

We would both like to say a big thank you to everybody who has sent their thoughts, prayers, healing vibes, and good wishes. It is a truly humbling, and extraordinary experience, to be at the receiving end of so much love. Thank you, my dears.

As I have said on a number of occasions over the years, this magazine is far more loosely structured than most of the other publications upon which I have worked, over the years. The title 'Gonzo' comes



One of the big buzz-phrases of recent times is ‘fake news’, and I, for one, am heartily sick of it.

from the writings of the late Dr. Hunter S. Thompson, most familiar to contemporary culture vultures as being the author of *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas*, later filmed, starring Johnny Depp and Benicio del Toro. However, the good doctor was responsible for many other things as well, particularly the popularising of the genre of Gonzo Journalism. This is a style of journalism that is written without any claims of objectivity, often including the reporter as part of the story via a first person narrative. I have taken this concept, and widened it to include the editorial policy of this magazine. Indeed, at the risk of sounding pretentious, I think that this magazine can truthfully be described as ‘Gonzo by name, Gonzo by nature’, as it is an ongoing narrative, describing the journey through life undertaken by the editor, his family, and the regular contributors to the magazine, most of whom have become personal friends.

On a ‘macro’ level, this encompasses things like Alan Dearling’s brave, funny and extremely well written account of his sojourn in the care of the Hungarian health service, which we published last week, and – of course – the accounts of the ongoing existential crisis, which is belabouring the Downes family. And on a micro level, it means that the various

members of the editorial team, on a regular basis, influence what each other are reading, watching, or listening to. The latest example being that, in this issue, Alan enthuses over the new album by Courtney Barnett, and – so – when I was laying the article out yesterday, I gave the record a listen and bloody hell, it is good! Imagine Chrissy Hynde channelling Lou Reed at his most narcotically soporific against a background sounding alternately like Leonard Cohen and Sid Barrett, and you might have a vague idea of what it sounds like. I think it is utterly gorgeous and cannot recommend it highly enough. But I am only a fat editor. What the fuck do I know?

One of the big buzz-phrases of recent times is ‘fake news’, and I, for one, am heartily sick of it.

However, it does seem to be an unavoidable side effect of the unparalleled number of media outputs in these strange, and troubling, times. Particularly those associated with social media (another phrase of which I am heartily sick) that one can no longer trust what one reads as a matter of course. Doing so has turned round and bitten me on the bum on a number of occasions. Most recently, for example, along with a

اللجنة لهم إذا كانوا لا تأخذ نكتة



reasonable number of other people, we reported on a story that a number of penguins had taken up residence on a Suffolk beach. They had allegedly arrived as inadvertent passengers on a container ship from the South Atlantic, and were finding the inclement weather in England at the beginning of this year to be greatly to their liking. The story continued that President Trump had weighed in with a ludicrous Tweet, saying that the presence of these penguins on a British beach was, of course, proof that global warming did not exist.

The British media – and I have to shamefacedly include myself in this – were so pleased at the chance to spotlight a piece of complete idiocy by the POTUS, that we published the story. It was, of course, a hoax. But a harmless, and quite amusing, one, and we laughed as much as anyone when we realised that we had been hoodwinked.

But other items of false news which have impacted upon my personal, and professional, life, have been far less benign.

Before we go on, please let me apologise for the fact that a large proportion of this

editorial is about cryptozoology, rather than the normal subjects of the magazine. However, as most of you will know, as well as being the editor of *Gonzo Weekly*, I am the Director of the Centre for Fortean Zoology, the English-speaking world's largest research group dealing with mystery animals and associated disciplines. For years, I have been saying that – stylistically – there is no real difference between the two subjects, which fill my professional life the most. And this editorial is a case in point.

I have spent the past thirty years trying to promote cryptozoology as a discipline which should be treated seriously by the scientific establishment, and by the media, especially in Britain. And it is because of this that I regretfully have to accept the ongoing social media battles, which are taking place over the subject of the so-called 'British Bigfoot'. Whilst there is no doubt that this phenomenon exists – in the interests of full disclosure, I have encountered it myself – there is also no doubt that it is parapsychological in nature, and – although there is a large body of evidence suggesting that unknown species of higher primate, some of which may even be 'human' *do* exist, and await scientific

discovery in various far flung portions of the globe, the idea of such things living undetected in our tidy and overcrowded island, is nothing less than ludicrous. However, there is a small, but vociferous, minority who believe just that. And at the moment, there is a bitter, and verbally violent, 'flame war' taking place on Facebook (and to a lesser extent, on other platforms) between the people who run the CFZ study group devoted to such things, and various members of the 'British bigfoot community', who are harrying the good guys in the CFZ camp with insults, abuse, and even threats of legal action.

The most disturbing thing about this whole affair is that the more resolutely downmarket end of the British mass media mostly ignore what we do, but report on every absurd utterance from the British bigfoot camp.

This is particularly galling, because it makes nonsense of my, and our, thirty year battle to have the subject taken seriously. This year, for example, we have discovered a whole raft of evidence to suggest that a subspecies of tiger, which is presumed to be extinct, isn't extinct after all, in the mid-Asian country of Tajikistan. However, the British media prefer to publish stories about an imaginary, hairy, ape-man, allegedly living in tunnels underneath a park in Greater Manchester.

I truly do despair at the human race sometimes.

Thank you for your support. As I've said, the production schedule is all to cock at the moment, but the magazine *will* continue, and – therefore – thank you for reading *this* issue, and I will see you again *next* time!

Hare bol,
Jon



John Lennon & Yoko Ono, Alice Cooper, Richard Thompson, Caravan, Curved Air, ULU, Phil Collins, Rolling Stones, Joy Division, Richard Freeman, Strange Fruit, Friday Night Progressive, Mack Maloney's Mystery Hour, Linda Mkhize, Jose Carlos Almenar Otero, Majid Al-Majid, Jett McKee (Scepaz), Navid Izadi, Randall Desmond Archibald, Aretha Louise Franklin, Rick Wakeman, Michael Bruce, Natural Gas, Doug Harr, Alan Dearling, Courtney Barnett, Josephine Dunn, Kev Rowland, Acherontas, Alight, The Amorettes, Andrew Neu, Auri, Axel Rudi Pell, Agnostic Front, Hell to Pay, Necessary Animals, Stephen Clarke 1980, Roy Weard, C J Stone, Hawkwind, Jonathan Downes, The Wild Colonial Boy, Martin Springett, Ana Mardoll, Neil Nixon, Charlotte Gainsbourg

IT'S A LEGAL MATTER BABY

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dramatis Personae



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

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

NAMING THOSE RESPONSIBLE

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

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

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

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

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

Jonathan Downes,
Editor: *Gonzo Daily* (Music and More)
Editor: *Gonzo Weekly* magazine
The Centre for Fortean Zoology,
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so what's it all about, Alfie?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

ROCKIN' THE CITY OF ANGELS

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

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

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

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



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



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THE ^{gonzo} NEWSROOM



IMAGINE THE REMASTERING: Music fans will be celebrating this September, as John Lennon & Yoko Ono's *Imagine* hits the big screen. Including previously unreleased cinema-exclusive bonus material, restored footage, remixed, remastered and immersive Dolby Atmos soundtrack mix, it's a unique opportunity to witness *Imagine* like you've never seen or heard it before!

Imagine is a cinematic collage of colour, sound, dream and reality. Produced and directed by John and Yoko, who, with numerous guest stars including George Harrison, Fred Astaire, Andy Warhol, Dick Cavett, Jack Palance and Jonas Mekas, create a world of imagination as rich and moving as the music that accompanies it.

The ground-breaking music film features a different visual treatment for every song, and follows John and Yoko during the recording sessions for *Imagine* in both the UK and New York, as they co-produced the record with Phil Spector.

<http://www.music-news.com/news/Underground/114985/John-Lennon-Yoko-Ono-s-Imagine-restored-and-remixed-for-cinema>

gonzo

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

gonzo

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

"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

OUT COME THE FREAKS: Alice Cooper unveils the chilling live version of his classic "Ballad Of Dwight Fry"



Taken from his upcoming live release "A Paranormal Evening At The Olympia Paris", the fan favourite captures the grandeur of one of the biggest rock legends – and a rock and roll show at its peak.

<http://www.music-news.com/news/Underground/114672/Alice-Cooper-unveils-live-version-of-Ballad-Of-Dwight-Fry>

GONZO CURRENTLY IN STOCK AT GONZO (UK)

GONZO CURRENTLY IN STOCK AT GONZO (USA)

YOUR CASSETTE PET: You may remember that last year, the humble cassette was experiencing a mini resurgence, driven mostly by acts making limited runs of their albums available on the retro format as a collector's item for fans.

Cassette sales more than doubled last year, although their share of the music market is



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...

"We are going to Court, Andrew. We are champions! We will crush them like cheap roaches! TODAY'S PIG IS TOMORROW'S BACON!"

Hunter S. Thompson



still tiny (less than 1%), with just under 22,000 sold in 2017. The Official Charts Company can today confirm that the number looks set to grow further with cassette sales already up 90% in 2018 compared to the same time last year. Just over 18,500 copies have already been snapped up since the beginning of the year across more than 80 releases. In the same period last year, just 9,753 cassettes had been purchased.

While the numbers pale in comparison to vinyl's resurgence over the last five years, similar factors are at play. The appeal of a cassette is as a rare collectable, and also for followers of less mainstream genres it can be seen as a way of preserving exclusivity. But which releases are powering the current revival?

<http://www.music-news.com/news/Underground/114667/The-curious-revival-of-the-humble-cassette-continues-into-2018-with-growth-of-90>

NEW ALBUM FOR GUITAR STAR: Richard Thompson is set to return with 13 Rivers on September 14 2018, via Proper Records. The 13-song set is the



The Gospel According to *BART*

Look what my favourite roving reporter sent along this week:

"Two of the leading names in British progressive rock will form a powerhouse double bill on a London stage later this year, with news that Caravan's show at ULU on 16 November will have support by Curved Air.

Both bands, who thrived in the heyday of the original prog movement, notably in the early 1970s, are enjoying busy spells and critical and public reappraisal. Caravan are celebrating the 50th anniversary of their formation in 1968, after which they became one of the leading lights of the so-called Canterbury scene of experimental rock."

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

Classic rock, prog and roots music, in a beautiful setting
*** FRIDAY 3rd August ***

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*** SATURDAY 4th August ***

HAWKSWIND **Caravan** **curved air** **GONG**
Carl Palmer's ELP Legacy
Atomic Rooster * The Crazy World of Arthur Brown * Peatbog

<https://www.udiscovermusic.com/news/prog-leading-lights-caravan-curved-air-share-live-bills/>

Grammy nominated artist's first self-produced album in over a decade and was recorded 100% analogue in just ten days. It was engineered by Clay Blair (The War On Drugs) and features Thompson's regular accompanists Michael Jerome (drums, percussion), Taras Prodaniuk (bass), and Bobby Eichorn (guitar).

<http://www.music-news.com/news/Underground/114555/Richard-Thompson-announces-new-album-for-September>

FROM GENESIS TO WHAT? Phil Collins is interested in a Genesis reunion with his teenage son on drums.

The rocker came out of retirement last year (17) and is currently touring with his son Nicholas on his Not Dead Yet! tour, and he's so impressed with the kid's kit skills, he insists he's good enough to hit the road with his old band, which last performed together over a decade ago.

"I wouldn't say there isn't not a possibility," he tells Rolling Stone when asked about a Genesis reunion.

"Me, Mike (Rutherford) and Tony (Banks) are pretty close still. I can't imagine what it



THE ^{gonzo} NEWSROOM

would be like if I didn't play the drums, but anything is possible."

The veteran musician, who had to hang up his drumsticks due to injury, admits his former bandmates are just as impressed with his son's skills after catching a Collins concert last year (17).

<http://www.music-news.com/news/UK/115002/Phil-Collins-keen-to-recruit-teenage-son-for-possible-Genesis-reunion>

I WOKE UP THIS MORNING: As well as being the biggest band in the world, The Rolling Stones are also the biggest champions of the blues, so who better to curate a compilation in collaboration with BMG and Universal, of the music that inspired them throughout their career?

Confessin' The Blues collects together the greatest bluesmen ever and provides a

perfect education to the genre. The tracklisting on the various formats has been chosen by The Rolling Stones, in collaboration with BMG and Universal and will be released on BMG on 9 November.

<http://www.music-news.com/news/Underground/114773/Rolling-Stones-curated-Blues-compilation-album>

EVERYTHING'S GONE GREEN:

Almost forty years to the day of Joy Division's TV debut, "New Order: Decades" which will tx on Saturday 22nd September at 9pm on Sky Arts is a unique and timely feature-length film about one of the UK's most original and truly iconic bands.

Part concert, part documentary, this film follows the band's preparations in the re-staging of their acclaimed collaboration So It Goes.. with the artist Liam Gillick and the 12-piece synthesiser orchestra that spectacularly captured the headlines during Manchester International Festival 2017. The complexities extend beyond the technical and logistical: this is a band that rarely looks backwards, yet for this project they had to reflect on - and de-construct - the band's history, in order to create something very new.

<http://www.music-news.com/news/UK/114956/New-Order-announce-feature-length-film-Decades>



The trains for Troy leave on the arrival the trains at Great Barrington.
The trains for Buffalo leave Albany at 7 A.M. & 7 P.M.
The trains of the Philadelphia and North Adams Railroad connect at Pittsfield.
The trains of the Hudson and Berkshire Railroad connect at Castleton.
The Hingham and Boston Railroad connects at New Bedford.
The trains for New York, Springfield, and Palmer leave from Worcester, Boston, and New Bedford.
Stages run from Cambridge to Brookfield to Ware, Mass., from Palmer to Taunton, Ware and Mendon.
Worcester, Nov. 30.

**It is both safe
the settlers
will be**


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The above vessels are
Commanded by experts
Freight from Norwich
Bale Goods for this
ton over the New York
Freight deducted to
ACCOMMODATION
Leave Worcester
Leave Norwich at
connecting with the
Western, and From
NEW YORK
Leave Worcester for
except Sunday, on
the Boston at 6 p. m.
Leave Albany's Point
(except Monday) at about
FALL
Leave Worcester at 6
Fares are less when
the cargo.
Norwich, July 22.

PROVIDENCE
PAGE 1
The Grafian and Worcester
 leave Worcester at 10
 Books kept at the
 Rice, N. E. Village, C
 the Capital Stage Co
THE
 leave Worcester at 7
 leave Providence at 7
 morning and evening t
 express boats.
 morning and evening t
 Worcester with train
 tickets sold at Froster
 switch and Worcester
REMIT TRAIN
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SPRO
 leave Uxbridge for Pro
 leave Providence for
 the 6.20 A.M. train fro
 ket with train for Bos
 the 6.50 P.M. train
 ket with train from Bos
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 rates stop at Milbor
 leville, Northbridge,
 stonew, Waterford,
 co. Ashton, Lonsdale
 Pawtucket.
EIGHT NOTICE
 a after they are ready
 No freight receipt

Worcester, Southbridge, and Sturbridge
Steam Propeller Freight Line.
NEW STORE!
 (Varden Block,) No. 44 Front St.
 WORCESTER,
 HE subscriber having recently opened No. 44 Front St., with a fresh stock of
FAMILY GROCERIES,
 now prepared to furnish the citizens with every article
 under Arrangement commencing May 1.
THROUGH PASSENGER TRAINS.
 No Worcester at 6, 8, 11, 1, 4, 6, 8, 10 and 4 P. M.
 The last on the arrival of the New Haven Train.
 6 & 8 A. M. train will take up no one east of Framingham
 passengers will leave Worcester at 6 & 8 A. M. and 4 & 6 P. M.
 passengers will leave Boston at 7 A. M. and 4 P. M.
 6 & 8 P. M. train will not stop at Way Stations to take
 up passengers.
 Leave BOSTON at 7 & 8 A. M., 2, 4, 6, 8, & 9 P. M.
 7 A. M. train will stop only to take up passengers at
 Way Stations for Springfield or beyond, or to take up
 passengers for Worcester at Way stations west of Fram-
 ingham.
 8 A. M. train will take no one east of Framingham.
 4 P. M. train will not stop east of Framingham, except
 to take up Western Railroad passengers at Brighton on
 Wednesdays.
 8 P. M. train is the New York Steamboat Train, to
 Norwich, to run as heretofore, without stops, except at
 Framingham.

REGULAR LINE OF PACKETS
Between Norwich and Philadelphia.
Sail on WEDNESDAY of each week.
 The line is composed of the following Packets:
 New Sch. James L. Day, : : : Capt. Nash.
 " " Mary H. Chapin, : : : Capt. Green.
 " " Martha Chandler, : : : Capt. Green.
 " " " " " " : : : Capt. Green.

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



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

-Chris Packham



stop.the.cull



Right On Chris

IT IS TIME TO STAND UP AND BE COUNTED

SEEDS. Together with a general assortment of *Wardens*
Wares, Baskets, &c. &c.

Office, N. E. Village, Central Hotel, Worcester, and also at the General Stage Office, No. 1 Marchant's Row.
It is very necessary that all Express Packages should be accompanied with written orders and signed personally, that it may be done with correctness.

July 7. dwtl TYLER HARRINGTON.

Right On Chris

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COUNTED
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H. E. HUTCHINGS,
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MANUFACTURER and Dealer in HARRISSES, SADDLES, BRIDLES, Coach, Chaise and Draft COLLARS. Also, Trunks, Valises and Carpet Bags. Coach Oils and Tole WHIPS, &c. &c. Repairing done at short notice.
Worcester, Jan 18


HAIR, HERCULES, 10126 13th St. SE, and of AGRICULTURAL and HORTICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS AND MACHINES. Also, Grass, Garden, Field and Flower SEEDS. Together with a general assortment of Western Hardware, Barbette Co. Co.

All persons wishing to purchase any of the above mentioned articles, are invited to call and examine his stock, with the assurance that they will find a choice selection, of good quality, and at fair prices.

Worcester, May 10. 1874. OTIS CONVERSE.

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

THE subscriber having recently opened a New Store,
No. 44 Grand Street, with a fresh stock of
AND BE **EX GROCERIES,**
wishes to supply the citizens with every article

 THE subscriber continues to run THE EXPRESS between Boston and Worcester, for the safe transmission of Packages, Bundles, Bank Notes, Specie, and Merchandise generally, and at the lowest rates.

Further attention given to paying, collecting and negotiating notes, drafts, bills, and purchasing and selling merchandises, produce, etc.

All packages must be directed to his care. The subscriber is alone responsible for property entrusted to his care, and no risk is assumed by the Boston and Worcester Rail Road Company.

Parcages by this Nos forwarded from New York, Boston, and New Bedford; also, to Portland, and all parts of Maine.

Boston: J. H. KNIGHT'S HAT STORE, 169 Main St.
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(Successors to E. W. & O. P. Burchett)

THE LAST WEEK AT GONZO DAILY

Sunday
Monday
Tuesday
Wednesday
Thursday
Friday
Saturday

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

ELDRIDGE CLEAVER

Two types of people visit rhino in the wild

The strong and courageous
take a camera

The weak and cowardly
take a gun

**What sort of
person are you?**

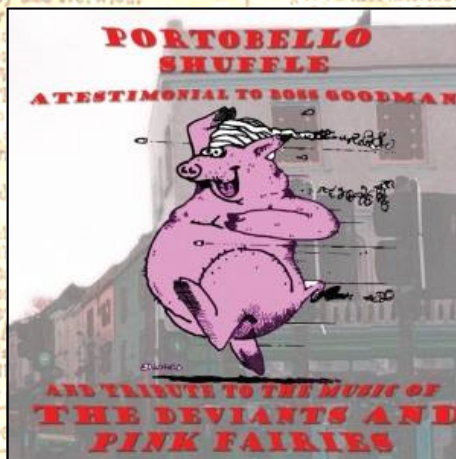
Celebrate wildlife on
World Wildlife Day
don't shoot it.





I'M ON BOARD!

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



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

LITTLE STEVEN'S
UNDERGROUND GARAGE

MAXIMUM ROCK AND ROLL

MORNINGS 8AM - 11AM ET CH21 SIRIUS | ((XM))
SATELLITE RADIO

(FILLING IN FOR ANDREW LOOG OLDHAM)

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

Jimmy Carter

FB/Sue Fitzmaurice, Author



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



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Peculiar News of the Week

Am I the only one seeing Scooby Doo in my 🍺
or am I just high?! 😂😂😂



Please SHARE If You See It

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





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

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

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

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



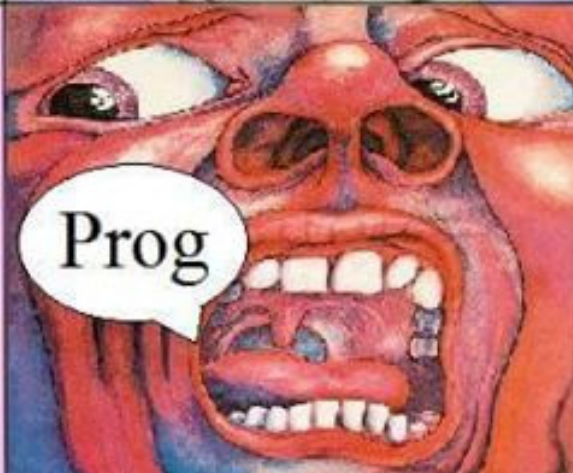
Hmph... You be careful, those
boys only care about one thing.



Sex?



No...



Prog

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





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

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

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

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



05 -08-2018 – SHOW 270 – Roxy

John Carradine:	Invisible Invaders
Ortho:	There is Nothing Like a Dame
Touchstone:	Original Sin
Neil Young:	Intro/Tonight's the Night/Roll out the Barrel/Mellow my Mind
Eric Cheneaux:	Sloppy Ground
Erma Franklin:	Whispers (Getting Louder)
Will Z:	Namo
Ken McIntyre:	Stone Blues
L;D;F;M;	Between Kills
Neil Young:	Albuquerque/Perry Como Rap/New Mama
Barney Bigard Sextet:	Sweet Marijuana Brown
45 Grave:	Wax
The Nightingales with Vic Godard:	Commercial Suicide Man
We are Muffy:	Unsuitable Footwear
Josef K:	Revelation
Medicine Head	Instant Karma Kid
Donald Bradshaw	Leather:Dance of the Goblins
Stella Somer:	Light Winds
Neil Young:	Tonight's the Night/Walk On/Outro
Laura Cannell:	You Have Departed

**Listen
Here**



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

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



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https://www.facebook.com/Sunchild_AKP-168112979886965/

Kalin Tonev MUSIC

<https://www.facebook.com/Kalin-Tonev-MUSIC-212214048816332/>

Caravela Escarlata

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

<https://www.facebook.com/Robeone-148731515240055/>

Roy Craig

<https://milesbeyondmusic.bandcamp.com/>

MetaQuorum

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

Jason Rubenstein

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

ONE MUSIC

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

Karfagen

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Listen
Here

Friday Night Progressive

SOUNDCRASH PRESENTS A PIECE OF MUSICAL HISTORY

TOOTS AND THE MAYTALS

ALEXANDRA PALACE

THE BEAT STARRING
DAVE WAKELING

SPECIAL GUEST **RODIGAN**

LEE SCRATCH PERRY

PAMA INTERNATIONAL

TROJAN SOUND SYSTEM
FT. NEVILLE STAPLE (X THE SPECIALS)

DON LETTS (6MUSIC)

REGGAE ROAST // CHAINSKA BRASSIKA

SATURDAY 8TH SEPTEMBER

SOUNDCRASHMUSIC.COM

((SOUNDCRASH))

continental
drifts



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

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

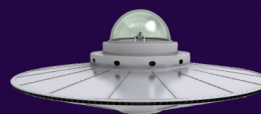
He's a member of SKY CLUB, Gonzo recording artists. He's been a radio host since 2010. He lives with his wife, Doreen, on an island off the coast of Massachusetts."



PHOTO BY SMITHMAXFIELD.COM

AND LOOK WHAT MACK HAS FOR YOU THIS WEEK

Mack, Juan-Juan and Commander Cobra talk to RAF-insider Ross Sharp about the location of the UK's Area 51. Also, did a super-secret Aurora spy plane crash in England in 1994? Plus, Switchblade Steve Ward on a UFO course once given to cadets at the US Air Force Academy and "10 MORE Questions for Juan-Juan" starring national correspondent, Emily M.



Listen
Here

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



**Linda Mkhize
(1981 –2018)**

Mkhize, better known by his stage name ProKid or PRO, was a South African rapper and producer. He was known for rapping in a mixture of South African township vernacular and English on township life or Kasi. He became famous following the release of his self-recorded record Soweto. His song, "Ghetto Science", gained widespread popularity in South Africa.

Mkhize died on 8th August, following a seizure. He was 37.

**José Carlos Almenar Otero
(1926 –2018)**

Otero was a Venezuelan singer and songwriter who recorded more than 20 albums in four different languages: German, Italian, English, and Spanish. During the 50's and 60's he took part in concert tours in more than 15 countries including: Russia, Japan, Germany, Italy, Egypt, England, Spain, Israel, Lebanon, Austria, Switzerland, Holland, Belgium, and Denmark.

In his constant dedication to achieve optimum vocal performance, the artist



researched and expanded the physiological respiratory training method voice of his master Otto Iro, along with Berlin and Vienna together with Professor Paula Schreck. After decades of practice and study, he perfected his technique of breathing Superdinámica, improving voice quality, providing maximum oxygenation, pulmonary achieve dynamic, and optimize the functioning of the brain-cardiovascular system.

Otero died at the age of 92 on 7th August.



**Majid Al-Majid
(1966 – 2018)**

Al-Majid was a Saudi folk singer who

THOSE WE HAVE LOST

started his career in the mid-1980s, producing 14 albums, including "Stronger Hajar", "Remember Me" and "Ya Hajri".

Al-Majid collaborated with many poets and composers.

Majed al-Majid was shot in the head by mistake and died on 5th August.



Jett McKee (Scepaz)
(c1988- 2018)

McKee, better known as Scepaz, was a well-known hip-hop artist from Sydney. He allegedly 'punched man with knuckle dusters' before being killed in an alleged sword attack

He die don 10th August, aged 30.

Navid Izadi
(c1986 – 2018)

San Francisco DJ, producer and vocalist Navid Izadi died in a plane crash on Sunday. He was 32.

Born Navid Hakimi, Izadi was a member of the Wolf + Lamb and Soul Clap musical collectives, DJ, producer and vocalist.



He released the electro-influenced album *Ain't Got the Time* in 2012, followed by 2013's Prince-inspired "Feeling Purple" EP, which included a prominent remix from Soul Clap. His EPs "Once Upon a Time" and "Messin'" followed in 2014 and 2015 respectively.

He died in a plane crash on 12th August, at the age of 32.

Randall Desmond Archibald
(1960 – 2018)

Archibald, better known by stage name Randy Rampage, was a Canadian musician who was a founding member, bass player and vocalist of the Canadian hardcore band D.O.A., and the lead singer of the thrash metal band Annihilator in 1988–1989 and again from 1998 to 2000.

Rampage left D.O.A. in 1981 but returned in the year 2000 and played on their 2002 *Win the Battle* album before leaving the band again. He rejoined D.O.A. in 2007, remained in the lineup through 2008 and was featured on their latest album, *Northern Avenge..* On the eve of the

THOSE WE HAVE LOST



Northern Avenger tour, it was announced that Rampage was leaving D.O.A. once again.

Rampage was occasionally the vocalist for the Canadian speed metal/thrash metal band Annihilator. He first joined the band in 1988, appearing on their debut album *Alice in Hell*, and left after its accompanying tour. Around 1998, Rampage returned to Annihilator and recorded another album with them *Criteria for a Black Widow*, after which he left once again to rejoin D.O.A.

Rampage died on August 14th, aged 58.

Aretha Louise Franklin (1942 – 2018)

Franklin was an American singer and songwriter. Franklin began her career as a child singing gospel at New Bethel Baptist Church in Detroit, where her father, C. L. Franklin, was minister. At the age of 16, Franklin went on tour with Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. and in 1968 sang at his funeral.

Franklin confided to her father that she aspired to follow Sam Cooke to record pop music. Serving as her manager, C. L. agreed to the move and helped to produce a two-song demo that soon was brought to the attention of Columbia Records, who agreed to sign her in 1960. Franklin was signed as a "five-percent artist". During this

THOSE WE HAVE LOST



period, Franklin would be coached by choreographer Cholly Atkins to prepare for her pop performances. Before signing with Columbia, Sam Cooke tried to persuade Franklin's father to have his label, RCA sign Franklin.

Following her signing to Atlantic Records in 1967, Franklin achieved commercial acclaim and success with songs such as "Respect", "(You Make Me Feel Like) A Natural Woman", "Spanish Harlem" and "Think". By the end of the 1960s she had gained the title "The Queen of Soul".

Franklin eventually recorded a total of 112 charted singles on *Billboard* becoming the most charted female artist in the chart's history.

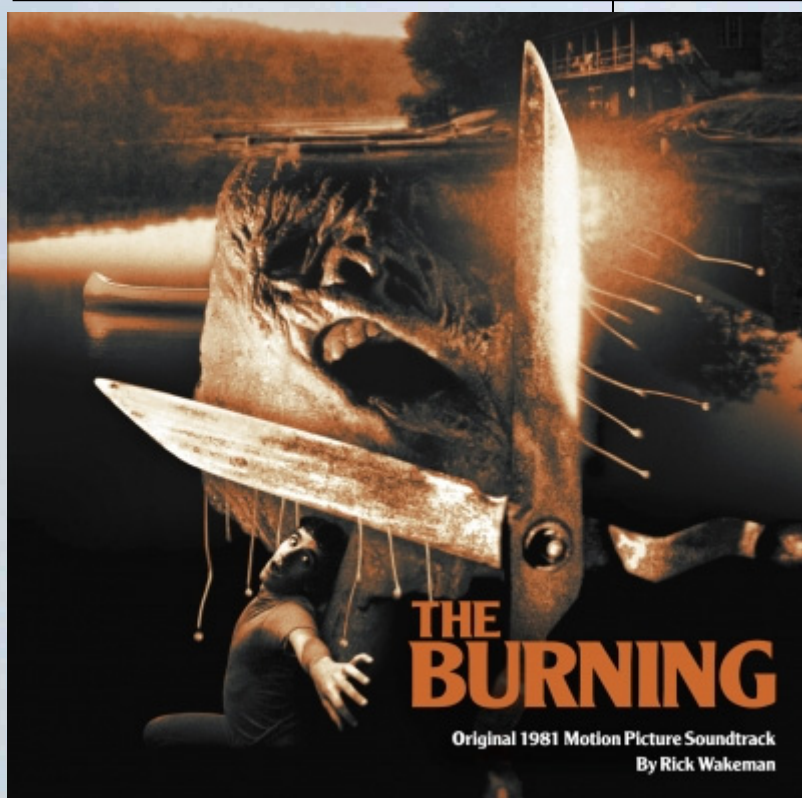
Franklin died on August 16th, aged 76, of advanced pancreatic cancer.

REPLAYING ARETHA FRANKLIN

AWARE AGAIN OF HER THREADS IN OUR LIVES
How her emoting changed our emotions
From 60s black and white to colorfilled 2000s
She was with us demanding R-E-S-P-E-C-T
We were all her CHAIN OF FOOLS
Seeing her in THE BLUES BROTHERS
brought blues, soul and rock combined
Apparently, Stevie Wonder and Bruce Springsteen
visited her (out of respect) just before she left
It was her gift to sing to and for us-it matters less
about all her personal fears
(of weight ,and flying, and health)
She was always capable of delivering her soul in Muse
Unique.Gone from us.
We replay YOUTUBE all night long
Singing along with Aretha Franklin. Sad she is gone/
Glad she came into our songstarved lives..

Thom the World Poet

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."

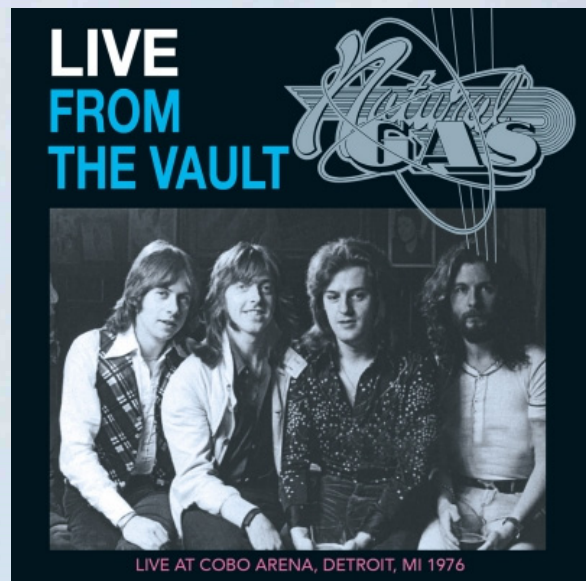




Artist Michael Bruce
Title Rock Rolls On
Cat No. HST484CD
Label Gonzo

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.

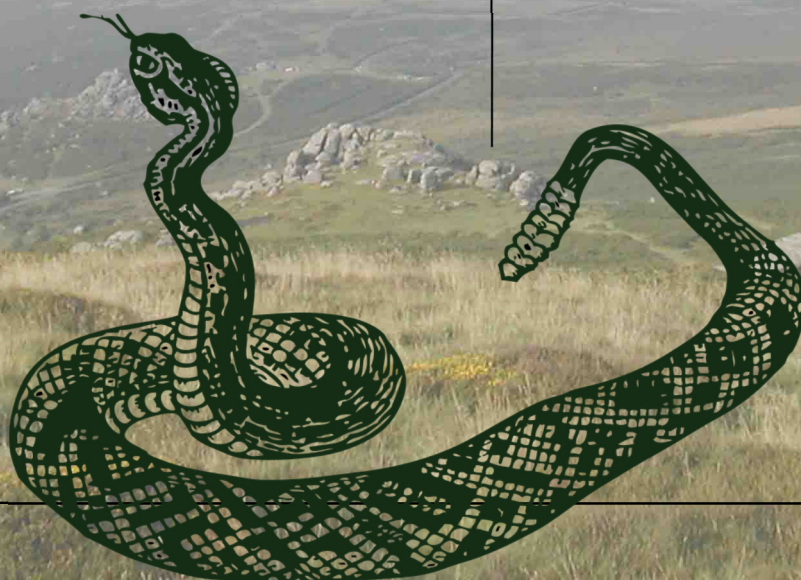
Check it out you rock and rollers.



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.





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



Gonzo #32 The Dutch Festie c...

actions



Gonzo #30 The Mick Abrahams...

actions



Gonzo #27 The Prog shirt

actions



Gonzo #24 The Daavid Allen shirt

actions



Gonzo #23 The Michael Des B...

actions



Yer original Gonzo Weekly shirt

actions



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

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



“Naked Radio”

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

The Pink Fairies official
website:
www.pinkfairies.net



Cop a sneak preview here:

<http://tinyurl.com/z9825mr>

GONZO CURRENTLY IN STOCK
AT GONZO (UK)

GONZO CURRENTLY IN STOCK
AT GONZO (USA)

RAW presents

Forthcoming releases from Rick Wakeman & Friends

Rick Wakeman & Brian May

live from

STARMUS 2015



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



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



Available to pre-order from www.rickwakemansmusicemporium.com

Douglas Harr *Ear Candy for the Hungry Audiophile* **Voices of the 80's**

The rock music world changed drastically with the explosive introduction of punk music in 1977. Punk was a raw form of popular rock; one that, for a short time, abandoned studied virtuosity in favor of pure aggressive energy, four chords, sneers and volume. For classic and progressive rock bands of the 1970's, the punk movement threatened to end their time in the spotlight. More importantly, it was the lightning rod to which a great number of new bands drew close, splintering and absorbing the energy into a multitude of unique genre acts.

Suddenly, it seemed that popular music could take nearly any form, go in any direction. A college degree in music theory was not needed. Alongside the punk upstarts, the Sex Pistols, The Ramones, X, The Clash and The Dead Kennedys, there emerged many acts that were difficult to categorize. In the states, the CBGB club crowd included The Talking Heads and Blondie, joined elsewhere by bands like Devo, Oingo Boingo, and the new southern sound out of Georgia from REM and The B-52's. Australia/New Zealand produced a few bands, most notably Split Enz, who along with their states-side CBGB peers, paved the way for the kind of quirky



<http://diegospadeproductions.com/>



music that came out of this era. In England, a major wave of trendy bands, covering both the lighter and darker side of music emerged at light speed. Suddenly, Ska music, originally from Jamaica, sprang forth from bands like The Specials, Madness, and The English Beat. Adam and the Ants and Bow Wow Wow adapted tribal beats and chants as the basis of their unique sound. Gothic music, driven by Siouxsie and the Banshees, The Cure, Echo and the Bunnymen and a handful of darker, brooding bands emerged from the darkness. Synth pop and new wave music brought new forms of dance music to the fore, most often draped in layers of synthesizer leads, and the then new sound of drum machines. It seemed all barriers were broken.

What was so different for those of us who transitioned from classic rock to these new bands, was that many, whether punk, ska, new wave, or gothic were not so much bands you listened to but bands you danced to. Many of these groups became the “new disco” – the bands whose music filled clubs and concert halls. In general these bands called you to the floor, with relentless beats, metronomic precision, deep bass tones, and

all manner of vocalists who performed the work and connected to fans. Another factual difference that emerged was the increasing popularity of singles – the ability to obtain a few songs from an artist on a 45rpm vinyl single, or for some, a single cassette tape. And in each market, somewhere on the radio dial, there emerged stations willing to play this new music, to make it their preferred content, constantly introducing audiences to new bands, a flood of which appeared from 1977 to 1985.

Since the advent of the pop music form, there has always been “one hit wonders” – singers or bands that had brief success in their own time. The 1980’s had a fair share of these acts, which came and went quickly, whose sound was so unique, fitting into the trend of the year, fading shortly after. While bands like U2, The Pretenders, and Madonna built lifelong careers, many others faded, some of course undeservedly, others predictable.

Recently, I’ve noticed a number of travelling 1980’s “showcase” concerts, shows which are somewhat akin to small festivals, that present a number of what are today lesser known 80’s acts

◀ RETRO FUTURA ▶

America's Premiere 80's Concert Tour

Belinda Carlisle

Singing all of her **GO-GO's**
and solo hits including:
HEAVEN IS A
PLACE ON EARTH
OUR LIPS ARE SEALED
CIRCLE IN THE SAND
MAD ABOUT YOU
WE GOT THE BEAT
I GET WEAK • VACATION

ABC★★★

LOOK OF LOVE
WHEN SMOKEY
SINGS
BE NEAR ME
POISON ARROW
VANITY KILLS
(HOW TO BE A)
MILLIONAIRE

Modern English



I MELT WITH YOU • INK & PAPER
HANDS ACROSS THE SEA



**Haircut 100's
Nick Heyward**

LOVE PLUS ONE
FAVORITE SHIRTS
(BOY MEETS GIRL)
WHISTLE DOWN
THE WIND

**Kaja GooGoo's
LiMAHL**

TOO SHY
NEVER ENDING
STORY

**BOW WOW WOW'S
Annabella**

I WANT CANDY
APHRODISIAC
DO YOU WANNA
HOLD ME
C30-C60-C90

Paradise
ARTISTS

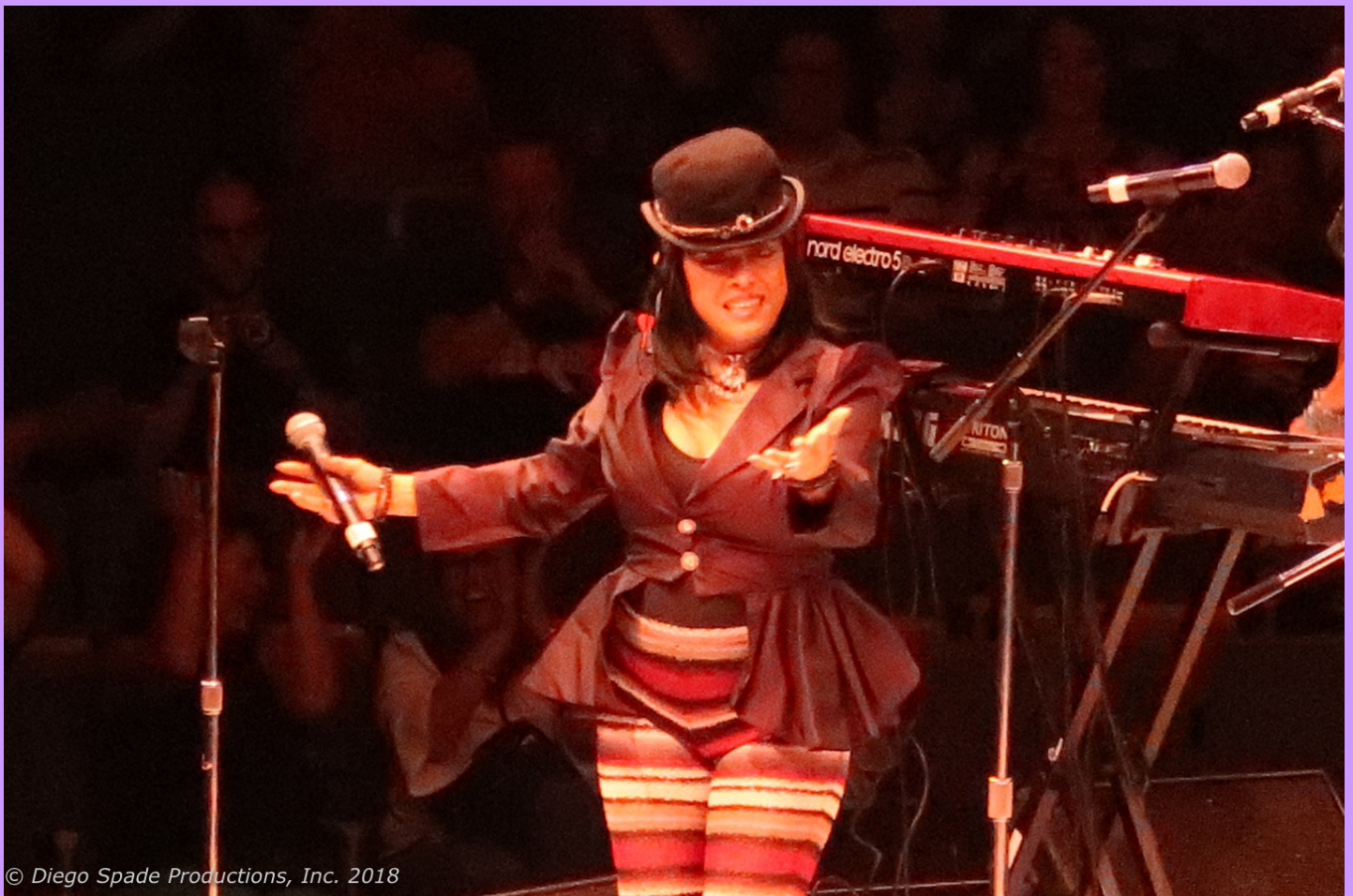
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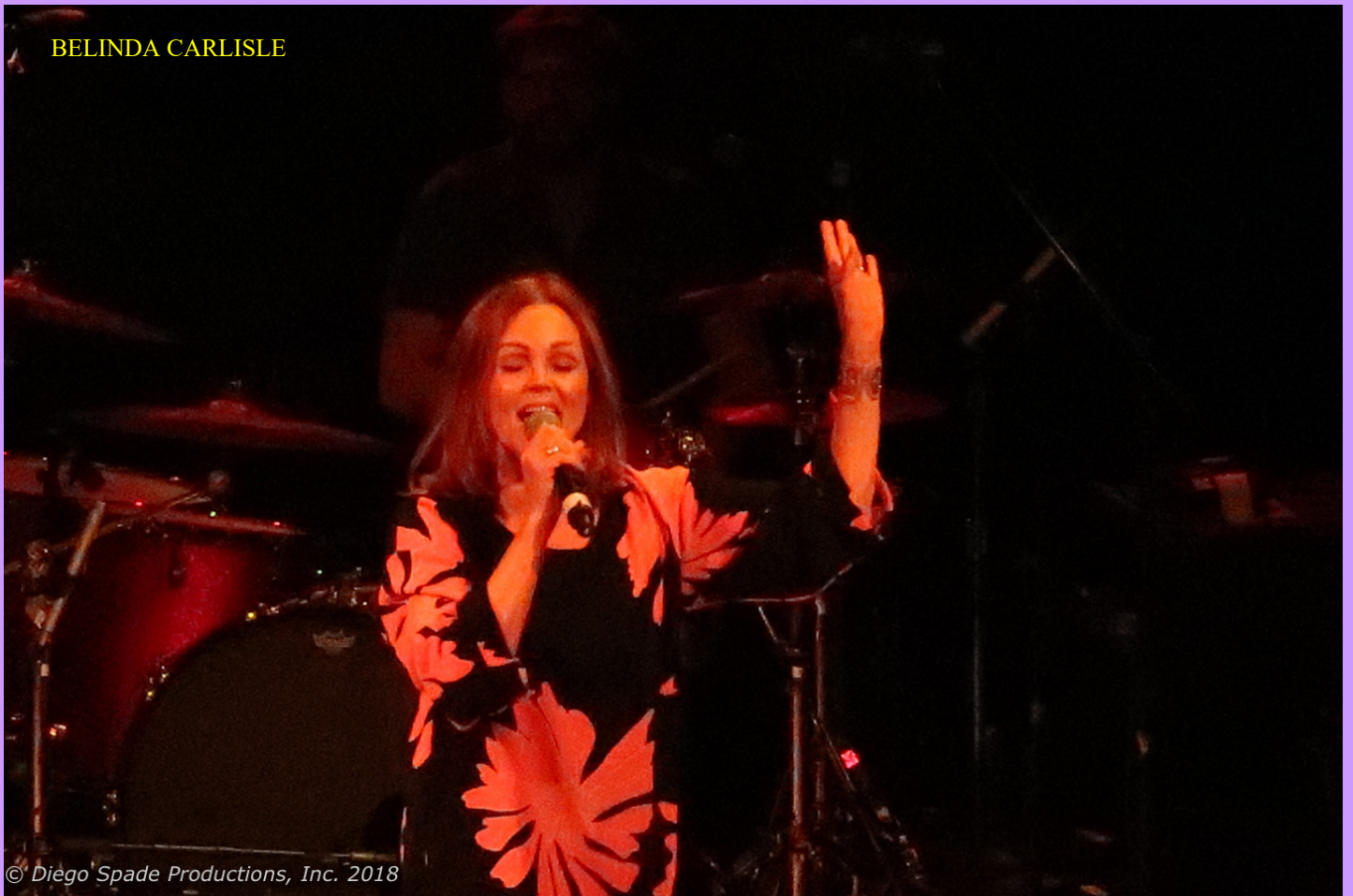
ANNABELLA LWIN



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BELINDA CARLISLE

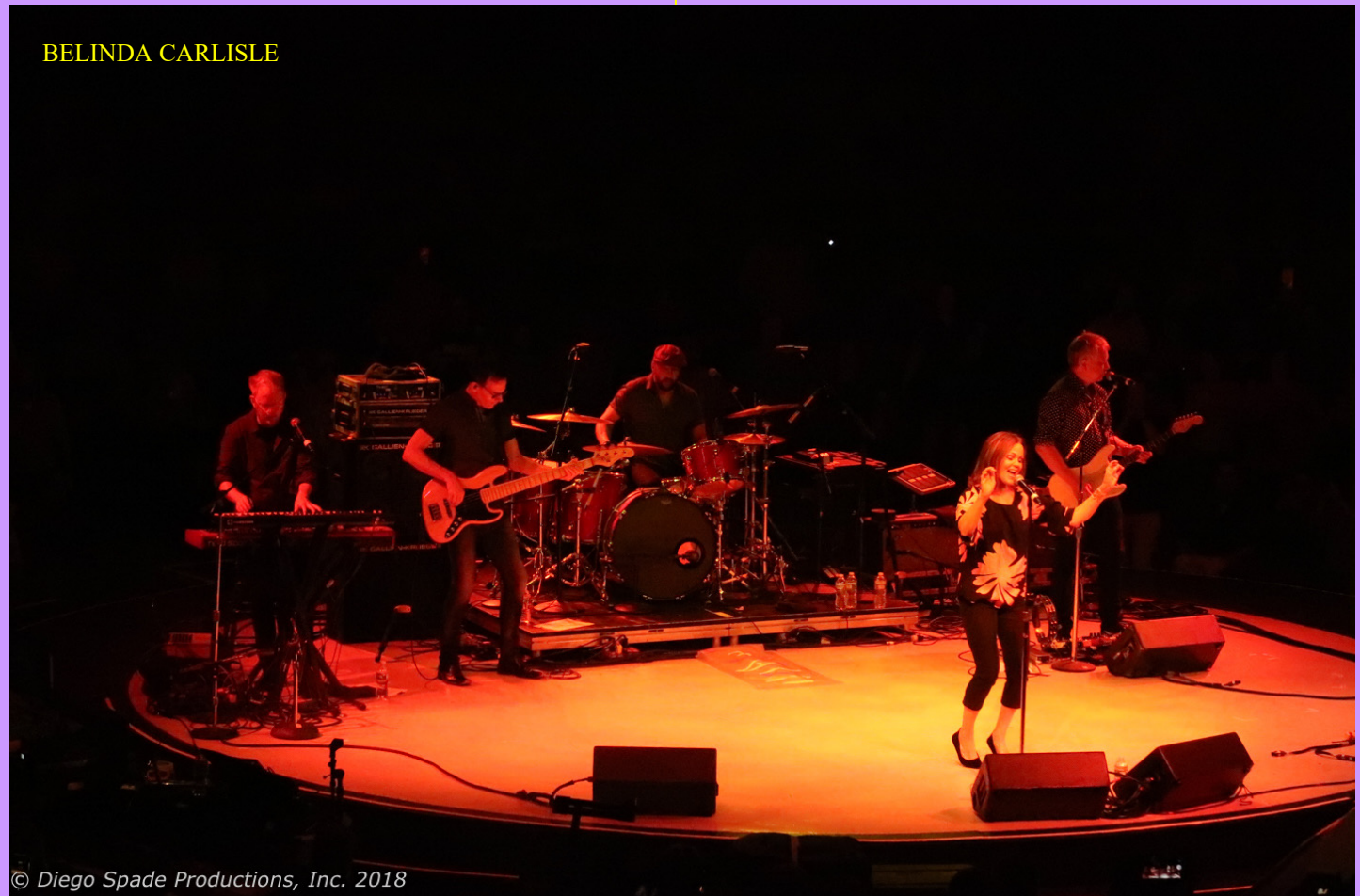


© Diego Spade Productions, Inc. 2018

alongside one or two who held it all together and who are able to continue today to headline shows, even if in smaller theaters and clubs. One of these traveling circuses is *Retro Futura*, and this was this show I was drawn to in New York this last July.

I was there principally to see Annabella Lwin, the lead singer from Bow Wow Wow, a surf-punk-meets-tribal-beats group that lived for a short time in the early 80's. Bow Wow Wow released two albums before the boys in the band fired their lead singer, a disaster of epic proportions for fans

BELINDA CARLISLE



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KAJAGOOGOO



© Diego Spade Productions, Inc. 2018

MODERN ENGLISH



© Diego Spade Productions, Inc. 2018

OUTFIELD



© Diego Spade Productions, Inc. 2018

of the act. Amazingly, considering the level of talent in the original band, Annabella was at the bottom of the roster at this show. She was only allotted time to do three songs, after which she bolted to catch a plane. Still this was the best part of the lineup for me, made greater after I was able to get backstage to meet Ms. Lwin to express my appreciation to this artist, one of my favorite 80's personalities. Bow Wow Wow will be prominently featured in my upcoming book, *Dancing in Fog City (1977-1989)*.

The remaining acts on the roster included Limal (Christopher Hamill) from Kajagoogoo, Tony Lewis, the singer/bassist from The Outfield, fourth-fifths or the original band Modern English, Belinda Carlisle from the Go-Go's and headliners ABC. Kajagoogoo was allotted time for four songs, none of which stirred this patron, including the too-coy "Too Shy Shy." Follow up Outfield singer Tony Lewis strained to hit his notes. Modern English were quite acceptable, and at times a bit fun, as personalities shown through and musicianship was a notch above. This was the one band that featured predominantly original members.

The best part of the show, long after my favorite

Annabella left the stage, was to be sets by Belinda Carlisle and ABC. Belinda was radiant, at 60 years old, still looking fab, and hitting all her marks and high notes with seeming ease. She rolled out a string of her own hits alongside expected highlights from the Go-Go's first few albums, a small collection that has sustained members of this group, particularly Belinda through to today. ABC was the surprising set for me, as their whole presentation was befitting the headlining spot. Adorned in sharp suits and upbeat attitudes, the band began with "Millionaire," the first of a number of hits most fans clearly remembered from the day, played with aplomb by the talented hired-hands led by charismatic singer Martin Fry.

Coming into the lineup, it was hard not to tag this tour as a collection of also-rans from the 80s. Indeed, every act other than Modern English was really the lead singer from their bands, each having had one or two albums back in the day, peppered with a few singles, and little follow up solo success. Yet, it was heartwarming to hear their voices again, stepping back in time to witness this singles crowd, harkening back to dancing days now so long ago.

<http://diegospadeproductions.com/>

RETRO FUTURA

WHEN AGE CREEPS IN

And skin wrinkles in closeups

Or mortality strikes/or band members leave

And all you have is one or two "originals"

Now is the time for REBRANDING

You are one step away from KARAOKE

Another step away from TRIBUTE bands

The one diamond in your pack is one of the original members
who constitute your link to past and future income

People remember selectively.

They see a face that reminds them of their young face

And when they actually BOUGHT records

And had no Smartphones to transmit concerts instantly

And young fish line up to be schooled again

In Marketry and Demographics

Happy as Larry-or whoever was the lead singer
back in the days..of Bon Scott..

Thom the World Poet



Courtney Barnett – *Tell me how you really feel*

Reviewed by Alan Dearling

If you accepted every bit of the hype surrounding both Australian, Courtney Barnett and her new album, you'd be accepting that this is the new female (early) Bob Dylan, Velvet

alan dearling



Underground, Patti Smith and Kurt Cobain all wrapped up in a single package.

So, how much of the hype should we accept - and credit this artist with?

“Take your broken heart, and turn it into art” (from the opening track of the album, ‘Hopelessness’ from, *Tell me how you really feel*).

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=QTqGV8EZx8M>

She’s certainly something of a ramshackle wordsmith. Sometimes whispering. Frequently edgy and

raucous. Words seemingly tumble out of her mouth. It’s only on odd occasions what most would call ‘singing’. And on the new album, she’s gotten at least ten shades darker than on her previous recordings. Sinister sounds accompany her opener. The next song, ‘City looks pretty’ chugs along a bit like an old VU track with shrieking guitar a-howling accompaniment, before changing pace. She’s been around the musical mill a while now since her early eps and tracks like ‘History eraser’ from around 2012 (now a double ep: *A sea of split peas*), and her first album in 2015, *Sometimes I sit and think, sometimes I just sit*. And the recent collaboration with Kurt Vile, *Lotta Sea Lice*, scored a number 11 place in the album charts. The new



arrangements are more varied, but her vocal style is a bit of an acquired taste. Raw. She tends to be a lazy kind of vocalist languidly throwing away her lines like soiled rags. But, at her best it really works – she’s a story-teller and observer, often raw ‘n’ intimate, and sometimes self-incriminating. A bit of a car crash.

‘I’m not your mother, I’m not your bitch’ is a stand out track. Short, shouty and vitally aggressive. Indeed, throughout her work, there’s an insidious darkness, almost nastiness, about her music and words. This track is very much Patti Smith territory. Venomous post-punk

spat out by a vixen on heat with a band of mother-fucker musicians.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=IXW4UiDI0Y>

“Darkness depends on where you’re standing” (from ‘Help yourself’) could almost be a Dylan line. But Courtney often seems more embittered, as she says, she’s “...in a whole lotta nothing”. Likewise, ‘Nameless/Faceless’ is a grunge track with hints of melody. Frequently in her lyrics she questions herself and her motivations. “Walkin’ on eggshells gets tiring and Pulling teeth, white-knuckling And I don’t wanna hurt your feelings



So I say nothing.” (from ‘Walkin’ on egg shells’)

I’ve played the album through three times yet. It’s growing on me, but I found the interplay between Courtney and Kurt Vile more engaging. Still edgy, but a bit more musical. Maybe it is just the way their voices seem to suit each other in a number of their musical conversations. Try out, ‘Over everything’ and more, live, intimate and totally goofy from this Tiny Desk concert. They are cutely both in and out of tune:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=JQs5Xagfhel>

But if you want to get deep inside Courtney’s head for a little while and feel her words, check out her personal website:

<https://courtneybarnett.com.au/>

Now, I really do think Bob Dylan would be rightly proud of that! And here’s her singing a gorgeous version of Gillian Welch’s song, ‘Everything is free now’:

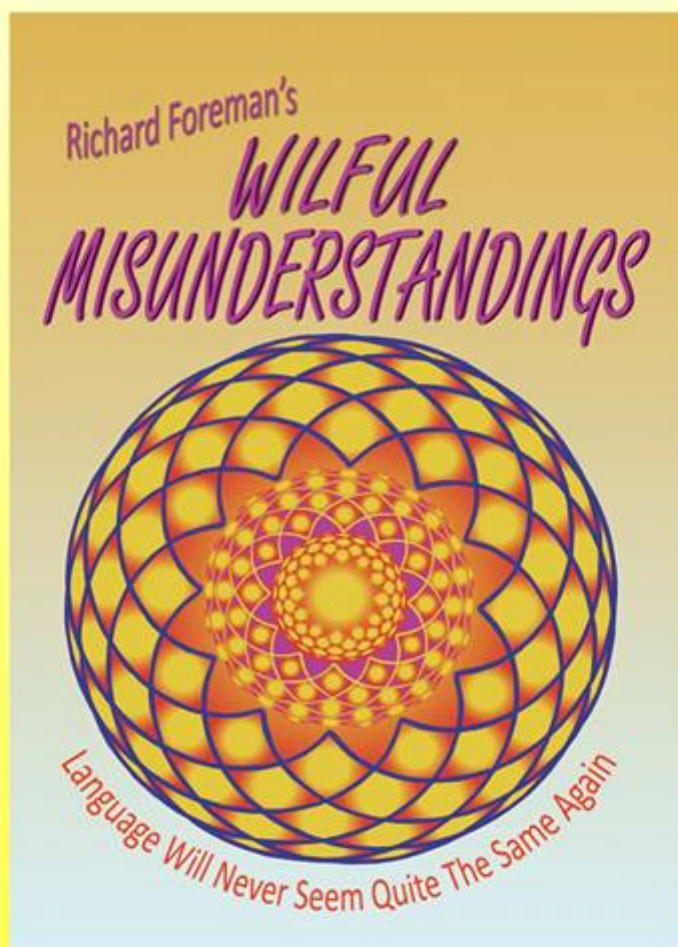
https://youtu.be/a_n3E8vnAfE

Expect the Unexpected!

'An excursion to a strangely familiar place that you have never previously dreamed of.' (Alan Moore, writer Jerusalem, From Hell)

'Utterly beguiling and often unsettling... a tour de force of storytelling.' (David Caddy, editor 'Tears in the Fence')

'Within five minutes of picking the book up I was immediately entranced.' (Jonathan Downes, editor 'Gonzo Weekly' magazine)



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'A book to tickle and amaze, to ruffle and amuse and sometimes to raise the hairs on the back of your neck.'

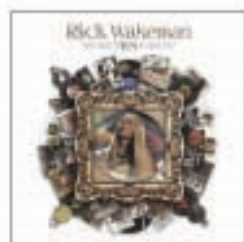
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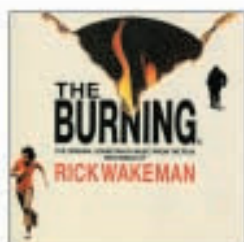
GOLÉ!

Soundtrack album featuring Tony Fernandez and Jackie McAuley
BC241-60



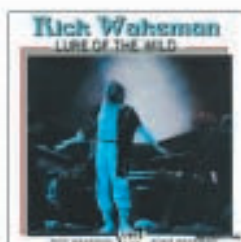
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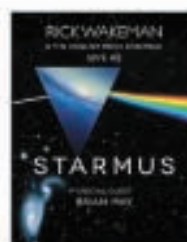
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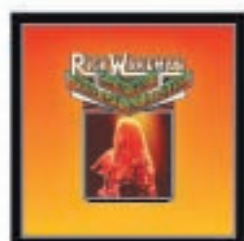
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With Brian May and The English Rock Ensemble. DVD
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LIVE AT THE WINTERLAND THEATRE 1975

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Featuring The English Chamber Choir
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With Jeff Wayne and Kevin Peek
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At Kozfest this year, Alan encountered poet Josephine Dunn. She read her poem We are the Walking Wounded in the Kozfest Sacred Space to remember friends no longer with us. As Alan says "she's really rather great " and so he obtained permission from her to reproduce the poem in this issue of the magazine, where it fits perfectly...

We Are The Walking Wounded

We are the walking wounded
 The post war babes
 We are the survivors
 Not gone to our graves.

Mods and rockers
 Hippies and punks,
 Skinheads and townies,
 None of us monks,
 Druggies and dropouts,
 Sinners and saints,
 All with our habits
 That leave a taint,
 Some of us addicts
 Some of us drunks.

We are the walking wounded
The post war babes
We are the survivors
Not gone to our graves.

We danced at all-nighters
To Northern soul
Wore our black leather
To rock'n'roll
Tie dyed our T-shirts
Put pins in our ears
Tattooed our fists
Wore Ben Sherman gear.
The acid generation
Of the psychedelic years.

We are the walking wounded
The post war babes
We are the survivors
Not gone to our graves.

All of us older
And ravaged by time,
With memorable moments
That bring back smiles.
Double vented suits
And paisley ties,
The invitation of
Come-to-bed eyes,
A beautiful voice
Untouched by years
That soothes away troubles
Brought on by fear.

We are the walking wounded
The post war babes
We are the survivors
Not gone to our graves.

We are fatter and thinner
And balder and grey
All of us broken
In different ways
The glitter and glam
Have gone from our lives
The lights may have dimmed
But we still survive.
We are old and forgetful
Wrinkled and weary
Slower and stiffer but
Let's not get dreary.
Our dancing shoes
May be packed away,

But we dream of wearing
Them again one day.

We are the walking wounded
The post war babes
We are the survivors
Not gone to our graves.

We're planning one more
Epic trip
With the help of a sugar cube
Not an IV drip
No ground floor duplex
Or retirement cruise
We are still groovy
We have nothing to lose
We will drink and we'll party
And still have our say
In how we are treated
Before we call it a day.

We are the walking wounded
The post war babes
We are the survivors
Not gone to our graves.

Josephine Dunn



KEV'S WORLD



ACHERONTAS
FAUSTIAN ETHOS
AGONIA RECORDS

This Greek occult black metal band was formed by singer/guitarist Acherontas V. Priest in 2007 after the dissolution of his previous band, Stutthof. According to their Facebook site, "Acherontas is a Ritual Coven Dedicated to the Ancient Summerian Mysteries of Blood. Many Traditions embrace these Ancient sources as footprints and take form in our Void as Astral Vampirism, Hermeticism,

Kabbalah, Dream Workings and Luciferian Exaltation. True Sorcery is not an Art, Is a science...We are Real to Those with Eyes to see..." I have no idea why there are quite so many capital letters in that passage, but you get the idea.

The more I played this album the more I wondered why I kept being reminded of Dimmu Borgir, but in the end I gave up and decided that if my brain was telling my ears that this was indeed what I was listening to then maybe I ought to pay attention. But, whatever this is, it isn't representative of that band at the height of their powers, but possibly more what they sounded like without ICS Vortex involved. This is riff heavy black metal with symphonic tendencies, but it just feels too one-dimensional for me, without enough in the way of dynamics for it to really stand out. There are times, especially when the band slow it down and the vocals become more spoken, that one can see that there is complexity within this, but overall there wasn't enough for me to get too excited about it.

KEV ROWLAND



ALIGHT
SPIRAL OF SILENCE
EL PUERTO RECORDS

Drummer Mirko Montresor, inspired by female-fronted Gothic metal bands, formed Alight as long ago as 2005 with their debut album being released in 2009, but line-up changes have caused one or two issues and it is only now that the band are stable enough to release the follow-up. He is now joined by Roberto Sieff (guitar, since 2011), Monica Perulli (bass, since 2013) and Catia Borgogno (vocals, since 2016) and together they are bringing together all of the styles that inspired Mirko in the first place, from Tiamat, Moonspell and Therion through Theatre Of Tragedy, The Gathering, Nightwish, Within Temptation and Evanescence. Of all the bands named, it is the last that has had the most noticeable impact on the sound, as the dark gothic mixes with pop sensibilities and great vocals.

It is quite a commercial effort, and one has to wonder at the travails the band must have been through to take nine long years to come back with a second album, and especially one as positive and powerful as this. This certainly doesn't

sound as if it has been a band that has been struggling for thirteen years to make their presence felt, but rather one that is used to success and are able to produce a polished and well-arranged album with little effort. The use of strings is prudent, providing an additional level of gloss and finesse, while Catia has a powerful and emotional voice that is used to great effect. If ever you have enjoyed Evanescence or Within Temptation, then this is an album that you need to seek out.



THE AMORETTES
BORN TO BREAK
SPV/STEAMHAMMER

Okay, I have to confess of being of an age then when I come across an all-female trio my thoughts immediately turn to Rock Goddess, especially when I realised that two of the three are sisters. Musically they are more like traditional Girlschool, something they are going to be compared with a great deal because a) they actually sound like them and there many rock journalists are lazy and will point to them immediately, and b) the press release likens them to a female Motörhead. Given that there was only

ever one Headgirl, that all seems to be a bit mean and setting these Scots up to fail, but somehow I don't think they care.

This is solid old school metal with strong guitars and attitude combined with a swagger. They are good at what they do, they know it, and they appear to not really giving a shit what anyone else thinks. There is nothing pretentious about this, it is old fashioned NWOBHM with balls that is there to make people bang their heads and have a good time. They will never get into the charts, and might not even get to the biggest festivals, but this is music that is honest and from the heart and in a different time and place these girls would be stars. As it is, I can listen to this all day as it is simple, it is fun, and most of all it rocks. I can imagine them walking into the studio, plugging in, recording everything first take live, and then going out and playing a gig in a sweaty boozier in the evening. More Slade than Runaways, this is great.



ANDREW NEU
CATWALK
CGN RECORDS

Andrew Neu is known for his work as a saxophonist, woodwind player, arranger,

composer, educator and recording artist, and has toured with the likes of Bobby Caldwell, Diane Schuur and Smokey Robinson, and shared the stage with Elton John, Patti Labelle, Melissa Manchester, Mel Torme, Joey DeFrancesco, The Philadelphia Orchestra, The Philly Pops, The Four Tops, and The Temptations among others. He has recorded with Sister Sledge, Manhattan Transfer, David Sanborn, and many others. After releasing four contemporary jazz CDs, he has now released his debut big band jazz albums. It features all of Andrew's arrangements, plus soloists Bob Mintzer, Randy Brecker, Gordon Goodwin and Eric Marienthal.

I grew up on jazz like this, as my dad was a fan of big band jazz and I often helped myself to his old vinyl to try and understand what this weird music was all about, and when I was revising for exams I could often be found playing the likes of Duke Ellington, Jack Teagarden or my personal favourite, Gene Krupa. Hearing those bands swing, really swing, with complex arrangements and great solos always made me smile, marvelling at how so many people could combine in something that was complex, simple, yet full of heart and soul and never staid. Playing this album brought all that back in spades, and I swear I smiled from the first song through to the very last, as not only did it bring back great memories of when I used to play big band jazz, but because it is so incredibly immediate and evocative. Superb.



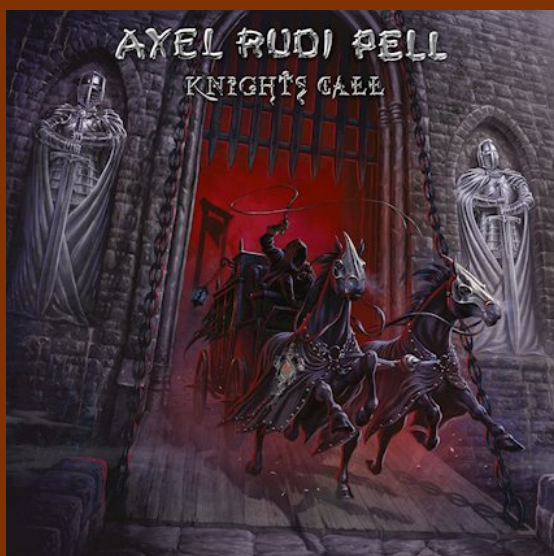
AURI
AURI
NUCLEAR BLAST

As I started listening to this album I was instantly reminded of Iona, and their classic Celtic stylings, but for some reason I also kept thinking of elements of Nightwish, which didn't make any sense to me at all. It was only when I finally read the press release that I realised what was going on, as what we have is in many ways a collaboration between the two. Troy Donockley has long been seen as the "go to" person when pipes are required: I first came across him when he was in Iona, and since then he had made his name featuring with many great bands before becoming a member of Nightwish. Of course, Tuomas Holopainen is the musical mind behind that band, and he and Troy are great friends, seeing each other socially as well as when Nightwish are working. They are also both friends with Johanna Kurkela, and back in 2011 the three of them recorded a demo of Troy's, "Aphrodite Rising" (the finished version of which appears on the album), which led them to believe that they should undertake

some further work together. But, Nightwish were in ascendance and incredibly busy so there was just no time, although in 2017 when the decision was taken to have a break, it meant that they could get back together, write some more material, and Auri was born.

The trio of Johanna Kurkela (vocals, viola), Tuomas Holopainen (keyboards, backing vocals) and Troy Donockley (guitars, bouzouki, uilleann pipes) are joined by various unnamed musicians, and they have created a mostly acoustic album that can truly only be described as "beautiful". Iona, Clannad, Enya and early Nightwish have all had their part to play.

Tuomas plays far more piano than keyboards, while Troy has a deft approach to anything he touches, and Johanna's vocals are simply stunning. No effects, just a little reverb, and she is always front and centre – no need for autotune here. The music at times is incredibly simple, almost naked in its naivety and clarity, yet there are also layers of complexity and the arrangements are perfect in the way they combine melody and dynamics yet never detract from Johanna. I am a huge fan of Nightwish, and have pretty much all their albums, yet would be happy for that band to be on hiatus for just a little longer if that means that we can get another album from Auri as I could listen to this all day.

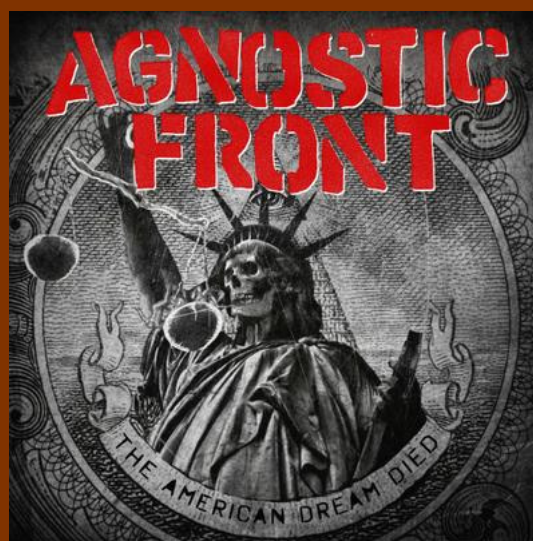


AXEL RUDI PELL
KNIGHT'S CALL
STEAMHAMMER/SPV

Pell released his first album back in 1989, and here he is back with his seventeenth studio album, showing no sign at all of slowing down yet. Centre stage is Johnny Gioeli (Hardline, Crush 40), as he has been for the last twenty years, while at the back is Bobby Rondinelli (loads of bands, but for me he will always be Rainbow) while bassist Volker Krawczak has been there since the very beginning, and keyboard player Ferdy Doernberg has also been there for more than twenty years. So with only the drummer not having been in the band for the last couple of decades, it perhaps isn't surprising that they know what they are doing. The band have built a reputation for power ballads, and released various compilations of these, but what we have here is a rock album first and foremost, based solidly on classic Rainbow.

True, there is a ballad, but for the most part this is five guys out there having fun and kicking some serious ass. Pell has built a career around his style of melodic hard rock, and he isn't going to change now, and when he kicks into the riffs of

songs like "Slaves On The Run" all the listener can do is bounce the noggin and smile. I haven't heard that many albums by the guys, but of the ones I have I can honestly say that this is the best I have come across. It hits the charts in many countries when it was released, including Top Ten in Germany – richly deserved. If you enjoy Rainbow-style hard rock, then this is essential.



AGNOSTIC FRONT
THE AMERICAN DREAM DIED
NUCLEAR BLAST

Agnostic Front have been licking up a hardcore storm for more than thirty years, mixing in thrash and punk when the mood takes them, and this 2015 album finds them mixing through the styles. The album commences with a great deal of sound clips, and immediately the listener knows that Roger Miret and the boys are going to be out there making a point. Sixteen songs at under thirty minutes in length, the old adage is true that if you don't like something hang on a minute as there will be something else along in a minute. But, it does make for quite a disjointed album as when they are good, such as on "Test of Time", they are very good indeed and

there are few who can catch them in their hardcore thrash crossover mode. But, the songs such as the title cut have plenty of aggression from the singer, but not really being carried through by the band, and it just doesn't contain the attack and passion that it should.

More good than bad, does it stand up against classic albums such as 'Cause For Alarm'? Personally I don't think so, but anyone who has been flying the hardcore banner for nearly forty years demands respect.



HELL TO PAY
BLISS
GTR RECORDS

Coming together in 2014, this is the first release from Hell To Pay since a couple of EP's that same year. I'm not sure where they came up with the title for their debut album, but it certainly has nothing to do with the music contained within. This is angry hardcore fused with death metal, punk, grind and crust to create something that is an assault on the senses from start to finish. The nine

songs come in at a total of 29 minutes in length, but that is only because the final song, the title cut, is 9 minutes all on its own. This song shows the band also moving into areas that are almost doom and djent, while also bringing in spoken word passages and speeches – they have no real idea what genre they want to be involved with, but they do know that whatever it is they are angry about it.

This feels almost like a force of nature, a hurricane of sound that is determined to sweep all before it. I don't know what they have been doing in the last four years, but hopefully it has all been about training for the road ahead as with an album as powerful as this they are going to be in strong demand not only in their native Philadelphia but much further afield. If ever music deserved to be played in a windblown desert, then this is it, as it has that feeling of space and bleakness within it. Solid.

<https://helltopay.bandcamp.com/album/bliss-2>



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.

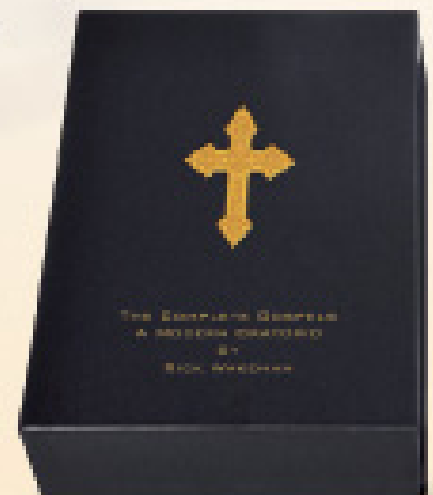
DVD containing over 2 hours of footage including an in depth interview with Rick about the project.

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.



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

This is Rick and Orchestra at their finest !!!



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

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

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

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

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

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

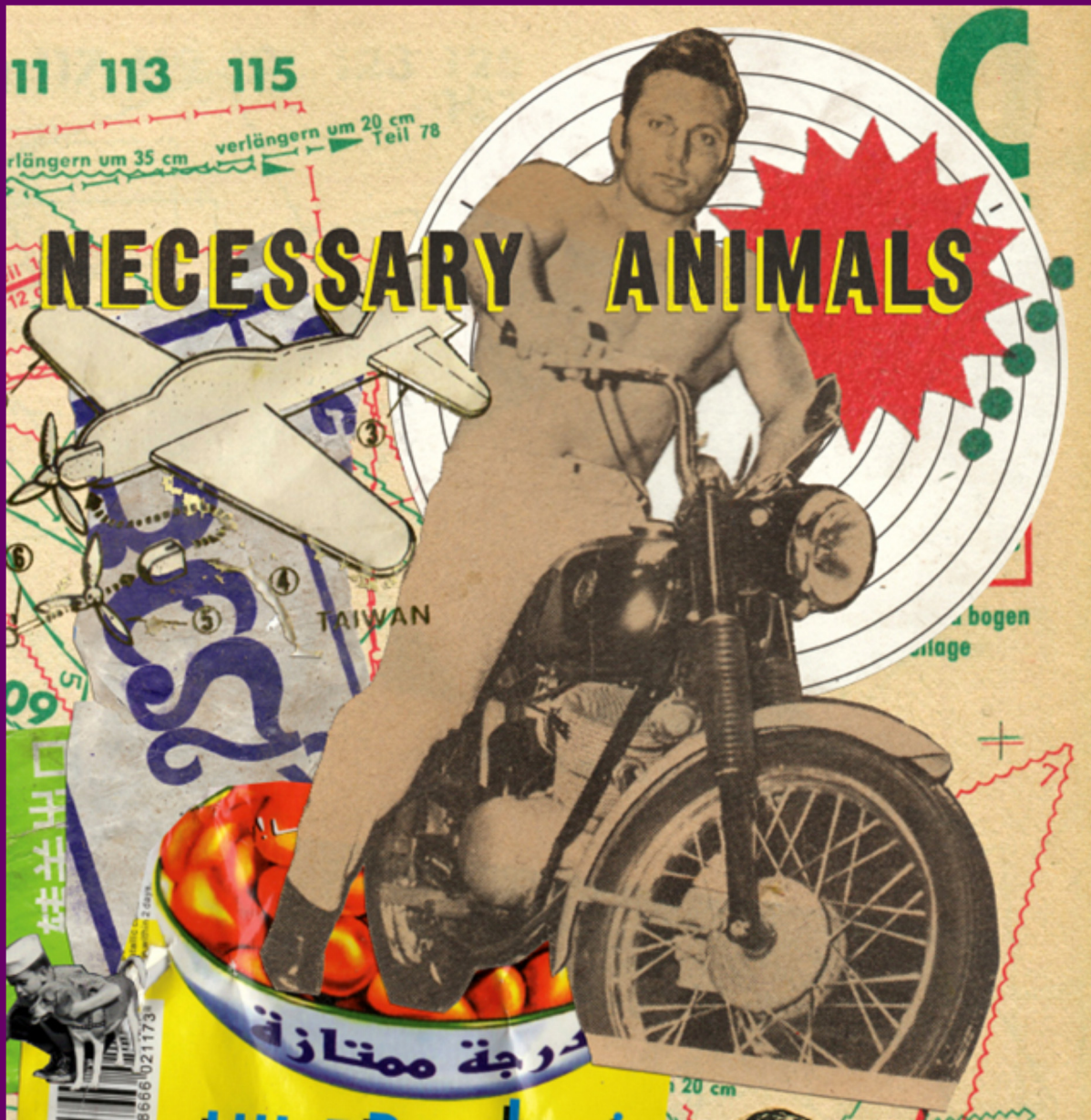
We have to do more. That's why we're thrilled to be working with Martin Guitar -- and with you. Together, we're powerful.

Asante sana (thank you very much),

David Banks
Director, Africa Region
The Nature Conservancy

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





Necessary Animals

*Alan Dearling offers some words about the
Necessary Animals' first album after
something like 45 years!*

Here's the link to the rather basic info about the band on their International Times'
themed website: www.necessaryanimals.com

alan dearling

I came into contact with Keith Rodway, master-mind behind Necessary Animals, when another friend, 1960s' music-photographer, Graham Keen, sent me a link to the documentary film that Keith had put together about Graham's photography of the Rolling Stones, Pink Floyd and many of the luminaries of the literary and arts world, such as William Burroughs. Graham was also art editor of 'International Times' and a good friend of mine over many years (and seemingly life-times!).

Here's that film-link on Youtube:
'Graham Keen 1966 and All That':

<https://youtu.be/abSiv2j7tKI>

I have listened through the Necessary Animals' forthcoming album a couple of times and I contacted Keith about my feelings. I said I found it rather schizophrenic – a bit like the output of two different bands. Tracks 1-3 seem poppy with an almost '60s-'80s sensibility, then things get gradually much darker, Gothick, sinister and a bit

creepy. Also, far more interesting to my ears. The back cover shows the track listing and titles.

Keith replied:

"Re the commercial tracks, mostly the first 4, I'd guess they represent the pop side of my sensibilities and the darker stuff, the last track on side 1 and all of side 2 of the LP (the last 5), are more reflective of my 'darker' side. I wanted the earlier songs to have hooks, and the rest is just how I write, for better or for worse. The LP is a summation of 40 years of working one way or another in music, starting as a punk in Mark Perry's the Good Missionaries, through classical (10 years at Glyndebourne Opera) 15 years doing dance music and folktronica and a life-long interest in roots reggae and experimental. All this is put through the grinder and what comes out, comes out."

There are nine tracks on the album including one instrumental, 'Piano Thing'. It all kicks off with a couple of highly produced 'pop' songs. There's a





lot going on in these first tracks, which touch base with girl doo-wop in 'Talk to me', a hint of mariachi in the sprightly 'Timelord', and the introduction of the concept that, "... reality is not a hole in the ground" in the opener, 'Necessary Animals'. I'm not exactly sure why, but I thought I heard hints of Dorothy Moskowitz and the electronic-psych sounds of the band, United States of America, somewhere buried in the sound-mix. Track 4, 'Amarilla', starts the real 'wyrding'. Backwards guitars, phasing, sounds that would fit easily into the Beatles' White Album.

The more innovative guitar work

carries over into 'Darkness comes over the Hill'. 'Walking to Babylon' intensifies the darkness still further. Shades of the psychedelia of American band, It's a beautiful Day and the Jefferson Airplane, and even the more recent, SexWitch. Excellent Gothick-folk.

Track 7 seems to have been recorded at a higher level. But it's another strong track entitled, 'Riverbed'. Once again, a bit scary. Soaring violin, reminiscent of the effect conjured up by Scarlet Rivera on Dylan's 'Isis' and other tracks from the period of Desire. Visceral. And this spine-tingling continues into the piano instrumental. These are tracks that would be entirely suitable for inclusion in films



or a noir TV series. It all ends with the really rather magnificent, ‘Revelation’ with ‘Jesus at the roadside’ and then, ‘...his train just left the station’.

Keith told me:

“I doubt all of it will appeal across the board, so it probably does seem a bit split-personality. It's all one band at core, and a single producer, Fritz Catlin, formerly of 23 Skidoo, who I met through the drummer, Simon Charterton. They came as a team, I liked what they did, so I rolled with it.”

The animals necessary for this recording were:

Ingvild Deila - vocals

Amanda Thompson - vocals, guitar, piano, mandolin-banjo, cello, glockenspiel, balafon

Fritz Catlin - melodica, percussion

Simon Charterton - drums, percussion

Keith Rodway - bass guitar, organ, piano, synthesiser, Stylophone, kalimba, percussion

B.L. Underwood - electric and acoustic guitars, piano, synthesiser

With

Andrew Cooper - cornet, Riverbed and Timelord

Holly Finch - free-form vocal, Timelord

Steve Finnerty - guitar, Darkness Comes Over the Hills

Luke Payne - cello, Riverbed

Juliet Russell - vocal, Familiar Heat

William Snelling - guitar, Talk to Me

Brian Schmidt - violin, Riverbed and Revelation

Charlotte Tingley - vocal, Talk to Me; voice, Piano Thing

Leo Snook - voice, Piano Thing

Melody Wescott - vocal, Walking to Babylon

The Camo Quartet:

Bill John Harpum

Dominic Ingham

Laurens Price-Nowak

Simon Richards

Thanks to: Dave Arnold, Comet Hotel, Felix Zakar, Garth Twa, Peter Quinnell, Ben Browton, David Erdos, Michael Lawrence, Bladud Flies!, Grow Hockney, Kendal Eaton, Column 258, Hastings Online Times and Hastings Independent Press, Wow and Flutter Hastings, Pebble Records Eastbourne, Deano, Lucy Bell, Chasing Shadows, The Woo Way Allstars, Pete Harpum, Claire Palmer, Nick Victor, International Times for their support and encouragement.

To the memories of Heathcote-Williams and Mike Lesser

All songs written by Keith Rodway, except Riverbed, Amarilla and Timelord by Keith Rodway, Amanda Thompson and B.L. Underwood, and Talk to Me by Keith Rodway and Amanda Thompson
Piano Thing recorded by Alan Bruzon
Voices on Piano Thing written and arranged by Keith Rodway
Digital asset management - Alan Bruzon

Recorded by Keith Rodway and Alan Bruzon

Mixed by Fritz Catlin

The animals understand



YE 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.



Stephen Clarke 1980 is a Northern Irish writer and electronic musician who lives in Edinburgh, Scotland. His first book, Deleted Scenes, was published to critical acclaim in late 2017. He writes:

“It includes Liberation Loophole, an article about the return of The JAMs / KLF. I have been in contact with Bill Drummond since 2002, and contributed to his project The 17. Recently I visited his Curfew Tower in Cushendall, and I've written about that trip in my second book, Keep Dreaming. During the same visit to Northern Ireland I met up with Nina Kraviz in Belfast, before walking through the streets of that city with the Techno producer Phil Kieran, drinking Dom Pérignon out of plastic cups. However, my life has not always been filled with joy, and that was my main motivation to write Keep Dreaming - A Guide To Real Life. It's honest and raw but, I hope, amusing enough to deliver an optimistic and inspirational message.”

STEPHEN'S TOP TEN

Desert Island Risks by Stephen Clarke 1980

This afternoon I was contacted by Jon Downes, the editor of this very publication. He wanted to know if I'd like to be a celebrity for the week and, if so, could I select a small pile of vinyl records as I'd be needing them whenever I got to the remote island he was all set to send me to. Fair enough, I thought. I can choose a few tunes. Hell, I'll even turn it into a mixtape. That way I can explore the island as I listen to my new cassette on a Walkman. I'm that kind of guy you see, always taking ideas that one step further. You've got to have an Edge if you want to be a celebrity - just ask Bono.

If you've read my books it might surprise you that no KLF tracks made it onto this particular mixtape. My recent book, *Keep Dreaming* (Available now on Amazon.) even contains a chapter about a visit I made a couple of months ago to Bill Drummond's Curfew Tower. However, no JAMs related racket made it onto this particular shortlist. Nor did anything by Nina Kraviz. The World's current number 1 DJ, who I had the privilege to meet in Belfast (Read *Keep Dreaming* for further information.).

The songs that did make it onto this limited collection aimed at indefinite isolation participation are as follows;

- 01: Ian O'Brien - Vagalume
- 02: J Dilla - E=MC2 (feat Common)
- 03: Happy Mondays - Tart Tart
- 04: The Pogues - Rain Street
- 05: The B-52s - Juliet Of The Spirits
- 06: The Streets - On The Edge Of A Cliff
- 07: Rickie Lee Jones - On Saturday Afternoons In 1963
- 08: Sun Electric - Sarotti
- 09: Depeche Mode - Enjoy The Silence
- 10: Soft Cell - Say Hello, Wave Goodbye

I could be crafty here and slip in the names of the songs that almost made the cut, thus extending my list. However, I'm an honest writer. If you don't believe me then read my reviews.

The tracks that made the grade all got there because they manage to get an emotional rise out of me every time I hear them. Whether through their lyrical content, or their instrumental make up.

I don't think I've went for anything too obscure here. I would imagine that most of the

names of the bands and artists will be familiar to you, even if the song that I've chosen isn't.

I don't listen to these songs very often. I don't feel that I have to, as I know the emotional reaction they create in me. The Rickie Lee Jones track would be a good example. It was her voice that was sampled by The Orb in their hit Little Fluffy Clouds. If, for whatever reason, I need a sad song, On Saturday Afternoons In 1963 is the one I turn to. I don't know the words and I have no idea what it's about, but it does the job. Furthermore, I feel no need to research it further. I like that it's a mystery to me.

The Streets On The Edge Of A Cliff deals with the harsh subject of depression in a way that always leaves me feeling a bit better, more optimistic. Happy Monday's Tart Tart reminds me of my wilder days, drugs and house parties, and Say Hello, Wave Goodbye is a break up song that I find both colourful and funny.

I could go on, at length, about the genius of the late, great, J Dilla, or how the short, distorted, drum break in Enjoy The Silence makes want to punch the air every time I hear it kick in. However, I'll leave you to make up your own mind about these things.

This is my definitive list today. By tomorrow my list may include none of these tracks. That's the way I like it. I know my music collection in the same way that a doctor understands medicine. Whatever mood I find myself in further down the line I know I'll be able to enhance it or change it by listening to certain songs. That is, of course, providing I can find a way off the island.

Until next time.

Keep dreaming,

Stephen Clarke 1980



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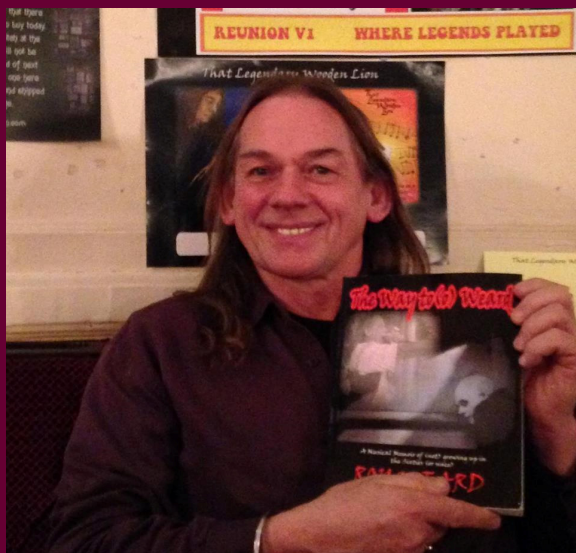


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WORDS FROM THE WEARD



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

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

Straight after this tour we went out again with Steve Harley. I was touring with my favourite crew; Matt Dowling on the lights, Dave Thomas doing the backline and Iain Hargreaves doing the monitors. They were all really good at their jobs and great guys to tour with. Steve had released a new CD that year entitled 'Yes You Can'. It was his first album release for 8 years, and the first gig was to be the *Capitol* in Hannover. I spoke to Steve's manager when I got the itinerary and told him that the PA system in the *Capitol* was pretty bad, and that he should consider putting in a better desk and monitors for the first show on the tour. My thinking was, that if the first show went well, the rest would be easier. When I got there nothing had been done about it. If anything, the system was in a worse state than it was on the previous gig I had done there. There were channels not working on the desk, faders broken off the graphics, and the monitors had horn drivers broken. I complained about the system to Patrick, who was the tour rep from A.S.S., the company who were promoting the German tour. I was trying to explain that it was in their interest to get venues to make an effort. If I go to a gig and the sound is always bad I will not keep going there. People go to hear the music and they want it to sound as good as possible. When people say that audiences are dropping off for live music I always say that part of it is because the people who present that music seem to be just interested in getting the ticket money. Quite often this stuff is not in the band's hands.

Patrick said he did not know what I was complaining about so I took him to the desk. I put on a CD and panned it from side to side with the EQ off. There was a clear difference in the way each side of the system sounded.

'See?' I said.

'See what?' he replied, clearly puzzled.

'It sounds different doesn't it? The left side is much brighter than the right, and low mids on the right side are distorting because some of the



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speakers are broken.’

‘Sounds OK to me,’ was the response.

‘Never invite me to your house to listen to your stereo then,’ was all I could say.

During the show that night he came up to the desk.

‘The sound is fine, I don’t see why you got so upset,’ he hissed into my ear.

‘It only sounds this good because I am a good sound engineer and because I spent a while this afternoon tuning the system. If you put someone with less experience in it will sound completely shit and the gig will be ruined. But you can’t see that can you?’

That argument coloured our relationship for a while after, and although I worked for A.S.S. a few times after I had moved to Hamburg, he was always very short with me. I don’t think he ever understood that sound engineering was never really a ‘job’ for me; it was something I did because I enjoyed it and because I had a passion for music and the way it sounded.

The tour was going pretty well. The band were all on form and there were no tensions within the crew, which made it a nice easy trip. We were travelling in a ‘split’ minibus which had seats in the front and a closed off section at the rear for the backline. This was a pretty chunky, twin wheelbase vehicle, and, although it was not exactly the height of luxury, it was OK for us. It had been hired from Mark Warmsley, who was a man of many hats. He ran a rehearsal studio down by the Elephant and Castle and managed *Cardiacs* – one of my favourite bands.

We travelled through Germany and down to Switzerland. After the second show there, in Bern, I wandered into the dressing room and Billy, the band’s bass player, slid a lump of hash across the table to me and said, ‘Skin up.’

I dutifully rolled a spliff and was lighting it when Steve came into the room and complained at me for doing that in his dressing room. I apologised and left with Billy to smoke it somewhere else. This little incident came back to me at the end of the tour.

We worked our way back up through Germany, playing a small club called *The Musickgallerie* in Uelzen. We had played this place before and the man who ran the place was really very friendly. He wanted to take Steve off to a nightclub in his

expensive sports car and came around with trays of vodka cocktails for the band and crew after the show. We were doing this with house or hired PA systems rather than taking our own with us so I had a very easy time of it in terms of physical work. It did, however, mean that I had a lot of setting up to do at some of the venues where the PA or the people who ran it were less than adequate. On this occasion, however, the crew were great and the system sounded really sweet. When they left they said, ‘You will see us again next week, in Berlin,’ which was a pleasing thing. Berlin was the last gig on the tour and it would be good to go out with a good sound and a nice easy gig – or so I thought.

We went off to Holland to do a couple of gigs there and thence to Hamburg to play the ‘Grosse Freiheit’ (Big Freedom) a gig right in the middle of the Reepherbahn, close to the place where the *Beatles* had played all those years ago.

It was on the way to Hamburg that we noticed a bulge beginning to appear in the nearside rear tyre. The Hamburg gig was on a Saturday, and we did not have the time to visit a tyre place to get it sorted out so we nursed the van to the gig and hoped it would last out until after Berlin, the next day.

It didn’t.

On the way to Berlin the tyre blew. We were on the main Autobahn between Hamburg and Berlin and in the section which, before reunification, had been in East German hands. We pulled over and dragged out the spare tyre only to find that we did not have a jack or a wheel brace. We decided to drive to the next services and see if we could buy a wheelbrace there and we did have another wheel on that side. OK. We got there, but there was nothing there except a cheesy café and a petrol station with no means of fixing the wheel. We enquired about borrowing a wheel brace and jack, but no one wanted to do that. In the end we decided to set off slowly and see if we could get to the gig on five wheels.





c.j.stone

Final thoughts as my dad joins the ancestors

I wish there was something else I could write about, but there's not. My dad, Eddy Stone, passed away just over a month ago.

His death was sudden but not unexpected. His grip on life was becoming more tenuous by the hour. I knew as early as May that he wouldn't last the year. Even so, when I got the news, it came as a complete shock.

It was my sister who told me. She said, something honest and simple, like, "he's dead."

"It's for the best," I said, in my most reasonable voice. But grief is entirely without reason. The next thing I knew there was a great animal wail erupting from my chest and I was in floods of tears.

So that's it. I haven't had time to get involved with anything else. I haven't had time for research. I haven't read any newspapers. I've hardly watched the news. I've been fully engaged with the process of dealing with my father's death, both practically and emotionally.

I wonder if they do this on purpose: make sure there are lots of things to do when a

loved-one dies, in order to keep your mind off the grim reality?

There are some bits that I don't understand. For instance, why does everyone act in a such a solemn manner when you tell them your father has died? It's not their father. Sure, you don't want them skipping down the road and doing bad Morecambe and Wise impressions, but neither do you want them acting as if they've suffered a bereavement themselves. Simple empathy will do.

Also, why do the undertakers wear top hats, and why do they stop the hearse at the bottom of the road and walk up? It all seems a little unnecessarily showy to me, and it doesn't diminish by one iota the extent of your grief.

The whole death industry is based upon a model that is literally centuries out of date, being grounded in the Victorian era rather than the 21st Century.

The registrar – who doubles as the head librarian apparently – was much more appropriate in his response. He was very precise, both in his demeanour, and in the

way he dealt with the issue. There was no false solemnity there. He got on with the business, making it as clear and concise as possible.

The funeral service was arranged by the family with the help of a celebrant, Tara Snedden.

There was one thing we did that we are all proud of. We arranged for Rabbi Cliff Cohen, of the Thanet and District Reform Synagogue, to say a Hebrew prayer.

My dad had a Jewish father, and a Christian mother, which makes him not Jewish, officially; but he went to synagogue on a Saturday for the first nine years of his life, and he was proud of his Jewish heritage.

Having a Rabbi recite the Kaddish as our Dad's body was committed to the flames was the most important symbolic moment in the ritual. It was the still point around

which the events of his whole life turned. It connected Dad to his ancestors through a prayer that goes back to Biblical times.

None of us knows what happens after death. The body is real, and the body dies, but if you've ever seen a corpse you'll know that the body isn't the person. Whatever it was that animated my Dad, it has long since departed.

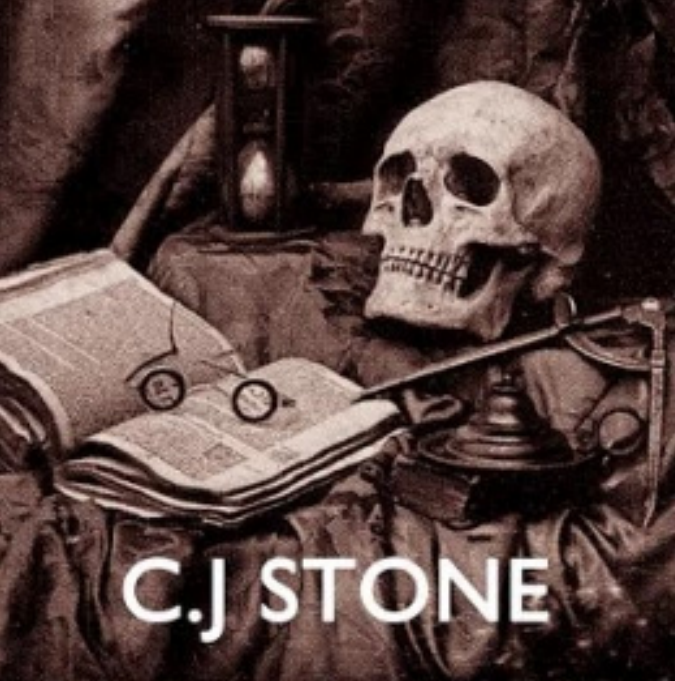
But I like to imagine that he hung around long enough to witness the funeral, and that his final thoughts were:

"They did me proud!"

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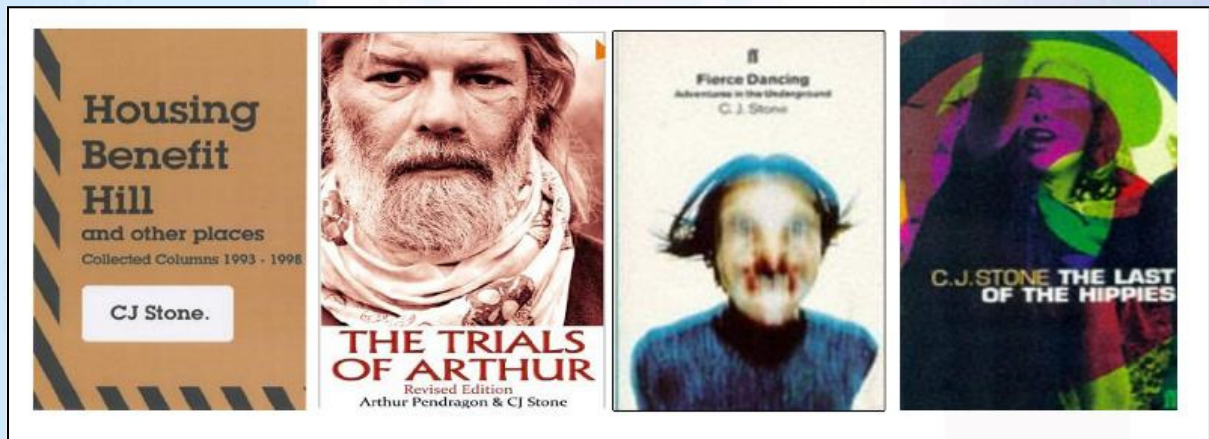
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A wide-angle photograph of the Stonehenge monument in a grassy field under a cloudy sky. The stones are arranged in their characteristic circular formation. A small figure of a person is visible on the right side of the image for scale.

**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..

A Hawkwind item on eBay has recently stirred some interest among fans - a mint condition demo copy of Hawkwind's first-ever single, released back in 1970.

However, the mint condition of this item is somewhat less of a surprise when one reads all the details in the ad, which clearly states that the item is a repress. Or a repress, if you prefer the term unhyphenated. Now, had the original been pressed in (let's say) January 1970, and then a re-press was done by Liberty in March 1970, then this would be a significant item to

invest in. However, if the 're-press' was actually an unauthorised production done a few weeks ago, then the item is of considerably less historical value.

Hawkwind - Hurry On Sundown / Mirror Of Illusion. LIBERTY LBF 15382.

Rare UK 7" repress promo 45 in Liberty company sleeve.



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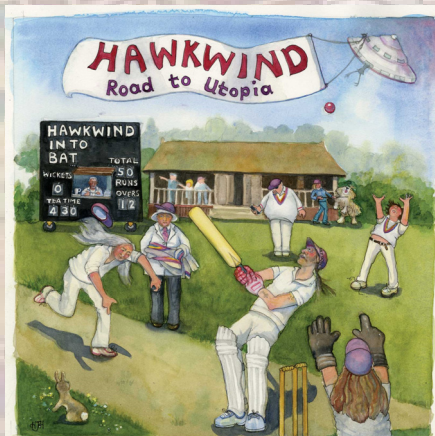
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Condition M / Sleeve NM.

What's of particular interest is that somewhat worn sleeve appears genuine, an actual Liberty sleeve. However, the seller has given fair warning that the item within the sleeve is a re-press, so any buyer has ample opportunity to weigh up the pros and the cons, and to decide whether this is mutton dressed up as lamb, or a rare opportunity to buy a Hawkwind item that few others possess.

And just a reminder that Hawkwind's new studio album of old songs is released in about four weeks' time... and that the October mini-tour of England





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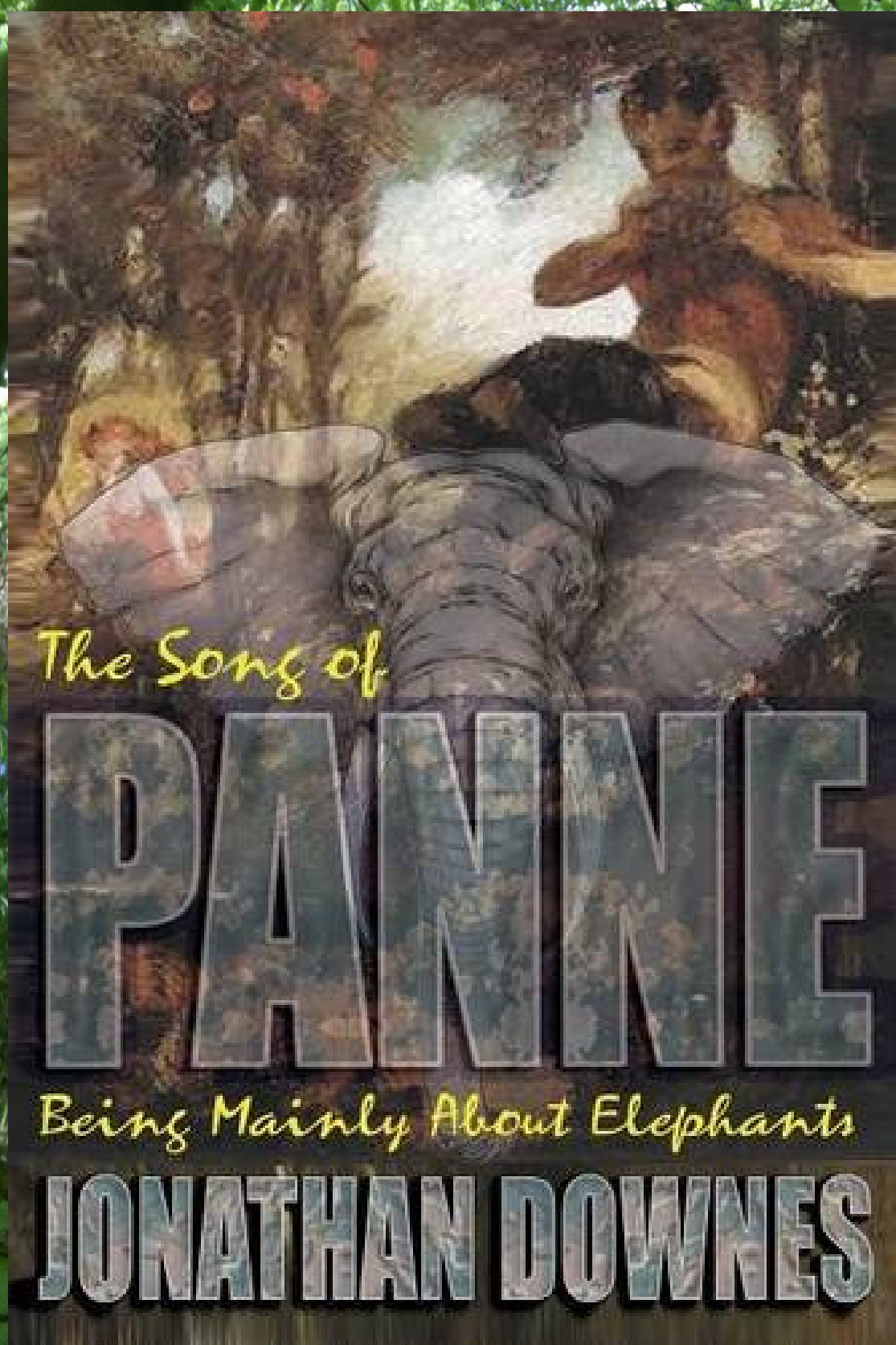
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The Song of

PANNE

Being Mainly About Elephants

JONATHAN DOWNES

The Wild Colonial Boy

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

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

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

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

A day or so later, we travelled to Adelaide, the capital of South Australia. To my mild embarrassment, I don't actually remember the details of the journey, or anything much about the city. What I *do* remember, was going into the Natural History Museum and seeing a stuffed platypus. Whilst the animals I had seen, back at the Lone Pine Reserve at the outskirts of Brisbane, had been tiny (the size of a large European mole), this one was considerably larger; the size of a large, domestic cat. I know now that this discrepancy was almost certainly purely because the animals in the sanctuary had been juveniles, whereas the animal in the museum had – in life – been a large adult. But it intrigued the nine-year-old Jonathan immensely.

Whilst we were in South Australia, I vaguely remember going to another display of farmers shearing Merino sheep. Again, I was disgusted and quite distressed by the thoughtless, and wanton, cruelty of it all; on this occasion, the shearsmen were so rough that they even drew blood from the poor, unfortunate creatures. Why the Australian farming community were so proud of this baffled – and to a certain extent, still baffles – me.



We made our way to the big railway station in Adelaide, and the next stage of our epic voyage was just about to begin. We were just about to embark on one of the great railway journeys of the world. The Nullarbor Plain (which in Latin, quite literally means ‘no trees’) is a flat and semi-arid area of southern Australia, and is the world’s largest single exposure of limestone bedrock, occupying an area of about 77,000 square miles. For the next three days, we travelled across it by train. Construction of the Trans-Australian Railway began in 1917, and is the longest straight section of railway in the world. Sadly, for nine year old children everywhere, the original line was deemed to be suffering from severe problems with track flexing, and the line was entirely rebuilt the year after we used it, and as far as I can ascertain, the journey is now far faster and efficient, which is – from my point of view – a sadder thing indeed. Because the three day journey remains in my mind’s eye one of the highlights of my young life.

The plain was a riot of slightly muted, but gloriously contrasting, wildflowers. And I sat for hours, in the plushly furnished and decorated carriage, which I believe was known as the ‘Observation Car’, looking

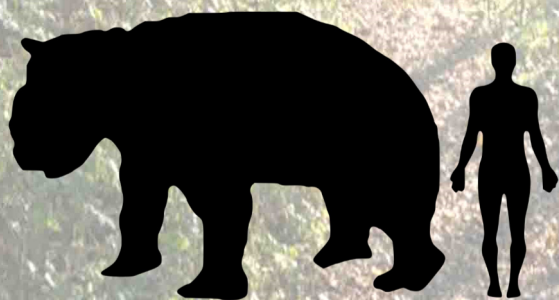
happily out of the window at the ever changing vista. I always hoped that this would be my biggest chance of seeing a wild kangaroo, but – in fact – I can’t remember seeing any wildlife; just the mosaic carpet of wildflowers that stretched on for mile, after mile, after mile.

Being a little boy with the revolting proclivities that little boys have, I was fascinated and indeed, delighted, to find out that when went to the lavatory, one’s bodily waste flushed away directly onto the railway track below; something I’d never seen before and have never seen since. And which, I am sure, would not be allowed by the authorities these days, although I can’t honestly see that the products of a few dozen travellers once or twice a week, would have any serious environmental impact upon this enormous area of wilderness.

Many years later, when I discovered the writings of Bernard Heuvelmans, I read about the explorations of Ludwig Leichhardt (1813 – 1848 approx.) who was a German explorer and naturalist, most famous for this explorations in the wilder parts of central Australia.



In a section of his most famous book, *On The Track of Unknown Animals*, which deals with the mystery fauna of the antipodes, Heuvelmans speculates that various claims of sightings of what appeared to be giant rabbits, actually referred to surviving *Diprotodons*. These were the largest marsupials ever known to have lived, and – along with many other members of a group of species collectively known as ‘the Australian Megafauna’ – they existed from approximately 1.6million years ago until they finally became extinct about 46,000 years ago, probably as a result of human predation, and the



destruction of the ecosystem on which they depended by early Aboriginal land management. The largest specimen was approximately the size of a hippopotamus, and superficially resembled a rhinoceros without a horn. There were at least three species, although some authorities that there were as many as twenty. The closest surviving relatives of *Diprotodon* are the koala and the three species of wombat, but – much as I personally would love the enormous marsupials to have survived – I truly cannot see how and why Heuvelmans said that these animals could look like a giant rabbit. Even as a child, I wrongly suspected that this was an exercise in wishful thinking, rather than systematic taxonomy.

Heuvelmans goes on to claim that Leichhardt became completely obsessed with the possibility that these enormous creatures could have survived. He wrote that Leichhardt:

“...tirelessly carried out several other explorations, and his researches gradually led him to the belief that the *Diprotodon* was not extinct. In 1847, he organised an expedition with the secret hope of bringing one back alive. He set off enthusiastically into the dry heart of the continent and it is known that he reached the River Cogun on the third of April 1848. Nothing more was ever heard of him, or his companions. The trail of unknown animals sometimes leads to Hell.”



It is an emotive piece of writing, but many years later, I was visiting the British Museum (Natural History) in South Kensington, when I met an expert on the life of Leichhardt. She told me that basically, there was no evidence whatsoever that Leichhardt was even slightly interested in *Diprotodons*, and had probably been killed by indigenous Australian natives, as had more than a few other European explorers at the time.

But I didn't know anything of that at the time. I was still intently scanning the patchwork horizon for any signs of kangaroos. One of the waiters in the dining car made friendly overtures to me and I told him of my secret desire to see a kangaroo. He told me that there were stories amongst the farming folk that lived on the edge of the Nullarbor Plain, that as well as the familiar kangaroo species – the red and the grey kangaroos – and the smaller wallaby species, there were occasional sightings of truly enormous kangaroos, by those people foolhardy

enough to venture into the wilder parts of the plain. There was a truly enormous giant kangaroo (over six and a half feet tall, and weighing over 500lbs), which lived in Australia during the age of the Megafauna, although it too appears to have gone extinct, possibly as recently as 18,000 years ago. Whenever I see people on cryptozoological forums discussing possible survival of Australian species Megafauna, I remember the middle-aged and weather-beaten waiter on that long-ago dining car, and wonder idly whether there was any truth in his assertions, or whether he was just trying to amuse a little English boy during a long, and otherwise boring, afternoon.

For some reason, one particular social *faux pas* that I committed on this journey, involved a fairly busty middle-aged Australian woman, who played piano rather well. Every afternoon and evening, she would sit at the grand piano in the Observation Car, and play a mixture of light classical melodies and show tunes. I was very impressed. Surprisingly, as music has been such an important part of my subsequent life, the nine year old Jonathan had not really encountered live music before – outside music lessons at school, that is. There was an acquaintance of my parents, who had lived a few floors away from us in Mount Austin Mansions, who played the piano (mostly songs from *The Sound of Music*, I recall, with a wince) but who did it really rather badly. This woman was – in my eyes, at least – extraordinarily talented, and I told her so. “You play like a professional,” I said.

“She *is* a professional”, hissed my father as he led me away by my ear, leaving my mother to apologise profusely to the woman who was employed by the railway company, to entertain their travelling guests. I was chastised soundly though I didn't really understand why, but – it seemed – that once again, I had broken one of the unwritten rules of social behaviour, which even nine year old boys of my class and background were meant to know instinctively.

NEWS FROM THE POTTING SHED

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

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

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

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

www.martinspringett.com/

<https://spacewreckrecords.bandcamp.com>

DIVING INTO SMALL POOLS



MARTIN SPRINGETT

EDDIE FIELDER

THE GARDENING CLUB
The Riddle





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!!!"

IN OUR QUEST FOR FREEDOM

We seek out Enchanted Forests and Magic Gardens
Free Festivals and Healing Zones. Nature our ally-
Elemental. Alchemical. The mess is ours.

Temporary Autonomous Zones become dross and dreck.
Green Dreams become Burning Man deserts. Mud and muck
from Woodstock to Ozora. CONDITIONS PRIMITIVE!

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We all live in a Magic Garden. Sometimes-even GONZO Alternatives
cede back into the mainstream-healing and hospitality! Happiness!

Yer Gonzo Bookshelf

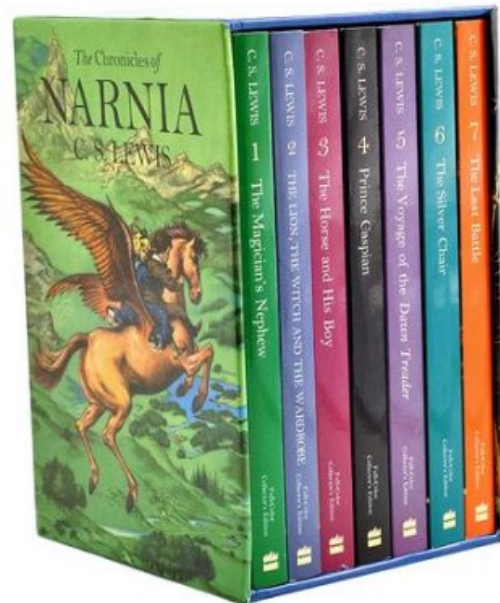
This isn't exactly a book review, but because it is something that discusses a matter of literary importance, I think that it will do just fine in the pages into which I usually place more conventional reviews.

I have always vaguely wanted to join a book club, and – earlier this year – when David Bowie's son, Duncan (originally named 'Zowie' and the subject of the song *Kooks*, from the *Hunky Dory* album, forty seven years ago) started one, my elder stepdaughter, Shoshannah, and I decided we would join. Although – for various reasons far too boring to burden you with – we never actually got around to it. However, in recent years, I have discovered a genre of writing, which could never have existed prior to the internet age, and which I found particularly interesting. I don't even know what to call them, but they are exhaustive, and often viciously funny, critiques – chapter by chapter – of well known books and series.

Some years ago in this magazine, I told you about how I was following a blog written by someone called Ana Mardoll, who was engaged in a long-standing critique of the *Chronicles of Narnia*, by C. S. Lewis. I have been following this blog for about four years now. It seldom does more than two posts a month, and each post covers one, and occasionally less than one, chapter. It is covering the books in publication order, and has just started critiquing #6/7, *The Magician's Nephew*, which gives you some sort of idea of how long the series has been running. I joined it about half way through the third volume – *The Voyage of the Dawn Treader* – which illustrates quite well how long I have

been a crew member of Ms Mardoll's valiant ship. It was through reading Mardoll's critiques of the books in this series, especially the iconic first volume but to a lesser extent, the rest, that I realised quite how many dangerous inconsistencies there are within the seven novels. It is easy to say, as I have said, that the books were written a long time ago – seven decades and counting – and that they were aimed at an audience of young people with morals, social expectations and standards, that largely no longer exist. But the more that I read these remarkable literary deconstructions, which can be found at www.anamardoll.com, the more I recognised some utterly extraordinary literary cock-ups, which I had completely overlooked during the fifty plus years that I have been reading the books.

For example, at the end of the first, and most famous, book, the four children who had been transported from WWII



era Britain via the eponymous wardrobe of the title, leave the magical land of Narnia as suddenly as they had arrived. Whilst as a literary tactic in a children's book, this makes perfect sense - and provides an eminently satisfying denouement to the novel - if one thinks in terms of real world socio-political events, the sudden disappearance of the four people who *run* a country (and the mysterious circumstances) would be nothing less than catastrophic!

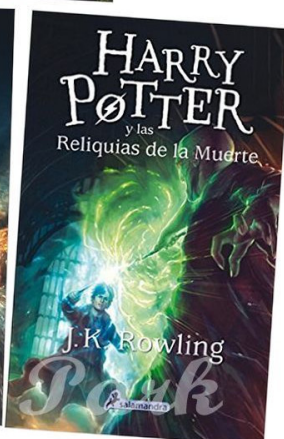
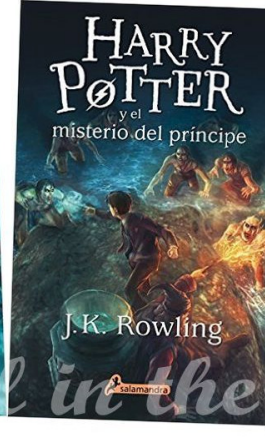
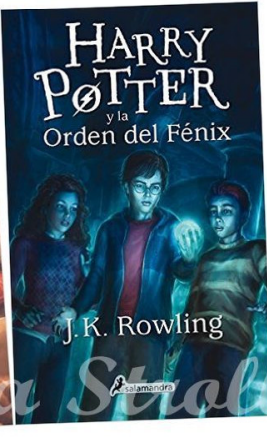
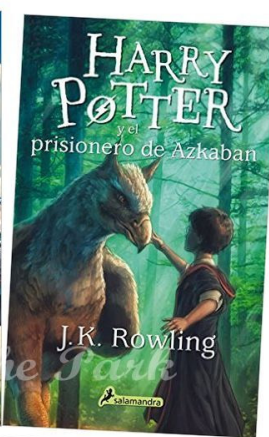
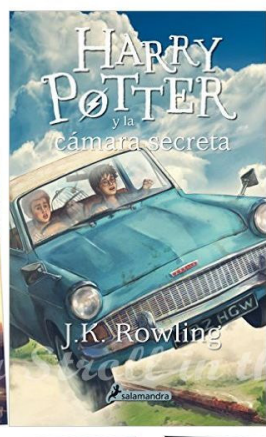
At the very least it would signal the beginning of a period of martial law, that would probably herald an invasion, a civil war, or something of the like. Whatever happened, the little country would see a period of civil unrest, and bloodshed, unparalleled in children's books at the time, and the four absent monarchs would undoubtedly be

accused of desertion and high treason at the very least.

At the beginning of the second book, *Prince Caspian* (which has always been one of my favourites), the four children return to Narnia, and are hailed as legendary heroes, rather than as historical villains who deserted their country and brought about a bloodbath of horrific proportions.

And these are just a few of the issues which have been brought to my attention through Ana Mardoll's excellent critiquing of the series.

Whilst I do not agree with all that she says; she is writing from a radical feminist perspective and, as she self-identifies as having an alternate gender identity, some of her writing enters areas



which I find difficult to understand, and about which I do my best (but do not always succeed) in being broad minded.

However, recently, I have discovered another on-going blog of this type, and I wish to share it with you today. If you go to pointstick.wordpress.com and you will find a gloriously snarky blog mostly concerned with ripping the almighty piss out of the work of J. K. Rowling. Again, I read the books, which chronicle the life of Harry Potter, with fun enjoyment, and I also enjoyed most of the films. But I was not blind to some of the inconsistencies within the plot and writing.

However, it was not until I started reading this series of articles a couple of weeks ago, that I realised quite what a god almighty mess exists within much of Rowling's prose. And here, unlike in the works of C. S. Lewis, one cannot make the excuse that Rowling was writing for a long-vanished, post-WWII Britain, still reeling under the blows of post-war reconstruction and rationing, whilst desperately trying to hang on to her empire. These books were written within the past twenty years, and were constructed under the auspices of contemporary publishing realpolitik.

The blog is written by an English woman with a zoology degree, who uses the *nom de guerre* of 'Loton', and (I think) an American bloke called 'Mitchell'.

Unlike Ana Mardoll's blog, there are no mentions of gender politics here. I'm saying that not because it's a good thing, or a bad thing, it's just a thing; but it is an important thing when contrasting the two blogs. They point out just how many of the episodes in the book are included purely because they provide a spectacle, not because

they are important to the plot. Furthermore, quite a few of these 'spectacles' are counterproductive as far as the plot is concerned, and – when you look at them closely – you see that they really make very little sense. My darling wife has always been scathing about the Harry Potter universe, and I will freely admit that I have thought for years that this was because she was coming from the position of being a Tolkien zealot. But I would now like to take the opportunity to apologise publicly to her. Large chunks of these books are, indeed, nonsense.

Bizarrely, one of the reasons that this latter blog is more devastating than Mardoll's critique of the seven chronicles of Narnia, is that whereas Mardoll admits that she had not read the Narnia books for many years, Loton and Mitchell appear to come from the perspective of being fans of Rowling's work, who are fuelled by righteous and justifiable anger in the light of their discoveries about the minutiae of the plots.

This perspective makes *Point Stick Vent Spleen* a riveting, if sometimes uncomfortable, read. If Robert Heinlein's concept of 'World as Myth' is in fact a reality on a quantum level, then the people responsible for its creation are surely guilty of literary child abuse. The way that many of the subsidiary characters are treated by the eponymous hero would surely – in the 'real' world – lead to legal action and the involvement of the police and educational authorities. But in the Harry Potter universe, it is treated as all jolly good fun.

And I'm only two thirds of the way through the first book. I will let you know what happens next.



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.



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

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RICK WAKEMAN



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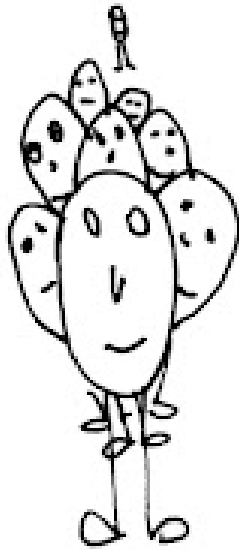
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THE NINE HENRYS



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...



"WAITER! WAITER! There's a Film Noir in my Soup"



This book is an erudite catalogue of some of the most peculiar records ever made. The authors have lined up, described and put into context 500 "albums" in the expectation that those of you who can't help yourselves when it comes to finding and collecting music will benefit from these efforts in two ways.

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

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

Charlotte Gainsbourg: IRM
(Electra, 2010)

What? Post-traumatic master class of processing inner darkness through performance.

Gainsbourg records as she acts, fulfilling roles and appearing at her best when another person is present to direct and guide the work. In the case of IRM that person is Beck (who writes and produces) and their collaboration digs into a darkness



that does credit to both artists. Gainsbourg brings a sense of theatricality that extends the lyrics and ideas into a series of studies of character. She may, on occasion, be acting her way through a song, but the character she plays clearly draws from herself. Beck's songs, soundscapes and incessant generation of new moods give Gainsbourg the quality of material to make her means of performance work perfectly. Gainsbourg had suffered a traumatic head injury, sufficient to threaten her life, in the run up to this recording. That she escaped with her mobility and memories in shape was little short of miraculous and this experience is relived in the title track: "Hold still and press the button, looking through a glass onion, following the x-ray eye, from the cortex to the medulla." The track incorporates the sounds of an MRI scanner (IRM is the same terminology in a French acronym).

The confident move from this to something as gleefully effervescent as "In the End" is a mark of the abilities of both songwriter and performer. "Trick Pony" is another standout, the kind of edgy and resourceful production Beck can pull out in his sleep with Gainsbourg effortlessly cool and swaggering her way through the vocal. The variety and quality of the more demanding material here allows the pair to throw the simplest of riffs into a track like "Trick Pony" and still leave the album sounding like a perfect sequence of varied moods, all contributing to a masterclass in making a collection of real merit.

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/>

And so we are here again at the end of another week. Carl has been with us all week and has done a remarkable amount of work, and finally the hedge on the road, the sitting room fish tank, the trees overlooking the circular lawn and all sorts of other things look like they are supposed to, rather than like an unruly wilderness.

This house and garden need constant attention and, sadly, my Papa neglected both during the last ten years of his life, and we have been playing catch-up ever since.

Anyone who has read my editorial at the beginning of this magazine will know about the problems that I have been having with people on various CFZ Facebook groups. It all came to a head last night, and I expelled two people and posted the following:

I have come to a decision regarding these constant attacks on members of the CFZ. No doubt I shall be accused of elitism, or not listening to criticism or trying to suppress information, but at this moment in time that is not an issue.

I am seriously ill and in constant pain. I am trying to care for my wife who is currently in and out of hospital, and my family which includes a lady of nearly ninety with dementia. I am nearly sixty years old, and extremely weary, and I do not see why I should have to deal with this guttersnipe behaviour on a daily basis.

From now on, anyone who uses aggressive or insulting language on these pages will be banned, permanently and immediately. I prize my own mental and physical health far more than I do any abstract concepts that by not allowing a barrage of insults towards me and my



colleagues, I am infringing the right to free speech of a coterie of ill mannered oafs who aren't even members of my organisation.

Unfair? High handed? Yes, probably, but you know what? I don't care!

And much to my surprise I have received unanimous support for my decision, from a whole bunch of people, some of whom are total strangers.

Corinna goes back to hospital on Tuesday, so there is unlikely to be a magazine next week. But many thanks to you all for your love and support.

Until we meet again,

Love
Jon



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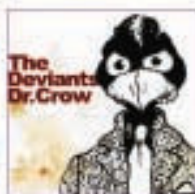
ANDY COLQUHOUN
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