

GONZO

Alan gets the blues from Toby Mottershead

Raz goes to see Yes feat. ARW, Graham muses on Hawkwind and Arthur Brown, and Jon gets all apocalyptic and then releases an album.

Richard meets Ringo Starr and goes into Therapy, Jon examines the autobiography of Cosey from Throbbing Gristle, John goes analogue, Doug goes to see Erasure, and Chris and Graham independently mention Eric Clapton.

PEACE & LOVE

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 a new issue of this singular little publication, which, as I often write in this editorial column, is the conceptual continuation of a magazine that I started thinking about after I read *Jennings and Darbishire* in October of 1970. After nearly half a century, we do seem to be very nearly getting it right.

Elsewhere in this issue, you will read my musings on the extraordinarily brave and forthright autobiography by the notorious Cosey Fanni Tutti of Throbbing Gristle. It is interesting, and emboldening, to read that she has always been an artist who considered her life and her art to be inseparable. And she is not the only artist whom I admire that I have read that about over the years. John Lennon and Yoko Ono, for example, always stressed that this was their aim, and – if it wasn't some unholy hour on a Tuesday morning when I am desperately trying to dictate vaguely cohesive prose over the aether, to my beloved step-amanuensis in Norfolk, from my increasingly uncomfortable favourite armchair in North Devon – I'm sure that I could think of a whole slew of others.

And so it is with this magazine. Regular readers will be aware that, currently, my lovely wife Corinna, who is my partner in life, art, and other adventures, is in the middle of a health scare. She is being magnificently brave, and I am trying to follow in her doughty footsteps, and sometimes succeeding.



We are doing our best to carry on as normal, but this does mean that certain of our more labour intensive activities have been slightly curtailed, hence the fact that the magazine is only coming out once every couple of weeks, rather than as frequently as it should have been. Please accept my humble apologies for this, and my assurance that – as it used to say on our black and white television screens, when the transmitter had gone tits up – “normal service will be resumed as soon as possible”.

organisation, which describes itself as "an organisation of individuals who share a common concern for the future of humanity and strive to make a difference. Our mission is to promote understanding of the global challenges facing humanity and to propose solutions through scientific analysis, communication and advocacy." This programme, apparently, was commissioned to model how well the world could sustain its growth. Instead, it allegedly showed that by the year 2040,

We are doing our best to carry on as normal

You will, no doubt, have read the gloomy prognostications of many pundits over the last few years, that the human race itself is in dire danger of going “tits up”. Indeed, last night, whilst I was waiting for my medication to kick in and to be lulled into the arms of Morpheus, I was pootling about on Twitter. I found a story about a computer programme called World One, which was allegedly commissioned by the Club of Rome, in 1973. The Club of Rome is, apparently, a non-profit-making

there would be a global collapse. According to the Australian broadcaster, ABC, these calculations took into account trends in pollution levels, population growth, the amount of natural resources, and the overall quality of life on earth. And the conclusion that the programme reached was that "at around 2020, the condition of the planet becomes highly critical. If we do nothing about it, the quality of life goes down to zero. Pollution becomes so seriously[sic] it will start to kill people, which in turn will cause the population to

اللجنة لهم إذا كانوا لا تأخذ نكتة

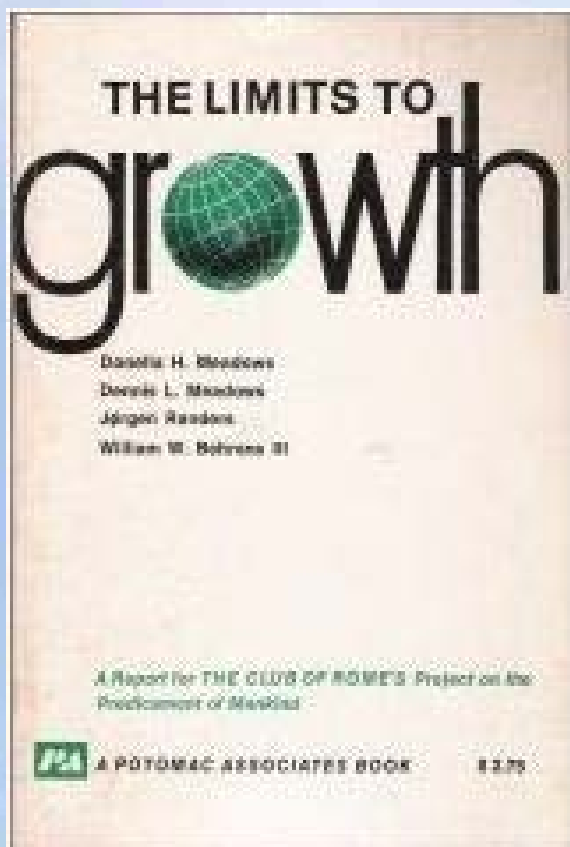


diminish, lower than it was in the 1900. At this stage, around 2040 to 2050, civilised life as we know it on this planet will cease to exist."

The story that I read last night appeared on a website called bigthink.com, and when I looked for corroboration from various online sources, including the Club of Rome itself, I discovered that whereas the story is basically true, the reportage is far from being even-handed. These claims were first published a year earlier than bigthink claimed, in a book called *The Limits to Growth*, which was – according to Wikipedia – the biggest selling environmental book of all time. What bigthink also singularly failed to report upon, is that many leading experts in the field of computer science, as well as leading experts in economics and allied disciplines, were very scathing about this

report. It also has to be said, that I have not been able to find a direct source for the quote above, and that most other sources say that if consumption continued at 1972 levels, then the world would be in serious trouble resource-wise, by 2072, with a "sudden and uncontrollable decline in both population and industrial capacity".

I am no economist, and am merely a working naturalist with a healthy interest in large scale socio-economics. I find the concept of the World One computer programme (which other sources claim was on a computer called World Three) to be fascinatingly close to the concept of Psychohistory, as laid out by the late Dr Isaac Asimov, in a series of books written between 1942 and his death, half a century later. If you haven't read the *Foundation* series, then you really should. It is amongst



the most enthralling, and thought provoking, bodies of work in the entire history of science fiction, and I have often wished that the central tenet of these books; that it is possible to predict the macro-future of the universe, making general predictions about the future behaviour of very large groups of people using computer modelling, would come to pass. Psychohistory depends on the idea that whilst one cannot foresee the actions of a particular individual, the laws of statistics as applied to large groups of people could predict the general flow of future events. Asimov used the analogy of a gas: in that an observer has great difficulty in predicting the motion of a single molecule, but with kinetic theory, can predict the mass action of the gas very accurately indeed.

Last night in bed, I was excited to read of something that – allegedly at least – had produced a ‘real life’ analogue of Asimov’s theoretical discipline. But in the cold, grey light of day, it appears to me to be yet another of the eschatological scare

stories, which have been so prevalent in the world’s press, recently. And with many of the major political figures around the world being proven liars, criminals, apparently insane, or at the very least, buffoons, this proliferation of ‘end game’ stories is – I believe – quite understandable.

It is undeniable that we, as a society and a species, are in deep trouble, and that something is going to have to change. I believe that something is indeed going to be changing very soon, and that before the end of my life, many aspects of Western civilisation will be very different to what they are today.

But I would also like to think that the world which my granddaughter will inherit, although completely different to the one in which we live today, will be a happier and more stable one. Because if it isn’t, we are all royally fucked.

But, would you believe, all this apocalyptic shit is not actually what I wanted to write about today. I merely wanted to use the alleged World One extrapolations to frame one – basically insignificant – portion of human endeavour, which most people seem to think has been damaged irretrievably by the social and cultural changes which have beset our species, in the information age. I am, of course (this is still a music magazine), talking about the music industry.

Now, it all depends, basically, upon who you believe, but it is completely unarguable that the music industry as I have known it all my life, has been changed – apparently irreversibly – by the arrival of the internet. Some people claim that this brave new world of electronic opportunity has levelled the playing field, and now means that one does not need the backing of a major record company (or indeed, any record company at all) to sell your music and have a successful career. Others, however, gloomily state that because of the advent of the new technology, nobody expects to pay books,



music, films, or magazines anymore, and – as a result – any long term careers in the music industry are doomed before they start.

I have seen it claimed that record sales have plummeted as everybody listens to the music on Spotify, or YouTube. So, out of interest, I am trying a little experiment of my own.

Now, before we go on, can I please state once and for all that money doesn't particular interest me. It is a necessary evil, and a commodity which one has to have in these dreary, decadent and depressing days (alliteration, yay!), but it is only a means to an end, and if I do make any monies out of this experiment, they – like the rest of my

income – will only go towards the furthering of another one of my projects.

Many of you readers out in readerland will be aware that amongst my other activities, I have been a musician and recording artist ever since the release of my first album, *The Mistake*, thirty six years ago. I don't make my music in order to make money, which is probably a good thing as – apart from the period when I used to play live with my unwieldy seven piece, *Jon Downes and the Amphibians from Outer Space*, my record sales from any individual album have never exceeded two figures. I have been working on a new record, on and off, for years. And –

as my activities in the near future are completely up in the air – I decided, last weekend, to get my finger out and finally finish it.

It contains eleven songs in which I bitch and rant about various things that matter to me, and on one track, scream about how much I love my wife. There is an underlying theme to the whole record, but I'm not going to tell you what it is, and I certainly would not be so pretentious as to label it a 'concept album'.

As an intellectual exercise, rather than as any actual attempt to make money, I am investigating the way that 'new' artists with only the most rudimentary fan base can sell records, in this brave new world.

As I said above, my musical career, such as it is, has lasted nearly forty years, but I only have a handful of actual fans, and so to all intents and purposes, I am a new artist. I have never even attempted publicising any of my previous records; everything since 1995 is available on Spotify, for nothing, and in the past all I have done is to upload them to the company which put them on Spotify and forget all about them.


So, this is more of a piece of investigative journalism than any attempt at kick-starting a serious musical career. I am too fat, too old, and too crippled to be a popstar, nor would I want to be. But you can listen to, and buy, my new record – *Coldharbour* – on Bandcamp at the following url.

<https://jondownes1.bandcamp.com/releases>

And I will do my damndest to find out whether the electronic opportunities that are claimed to exist for tyro artists, actually do. Watch this space.

See you next issue (whenever that may be),

Hare bol,
Jon



Ken Worthington, John Shuttleworth, Apple Records, Ed Sheeran, Aretha Franklin, Neil Young, Daryl Hannah, Michael Jackson, Michael Raz Rescigno, YES featuring Anderson, Rabin & Wakeman, Bart Lancia, Peter Gabriel, Richard Freeman, Strange Fruit, Friday Night Progressive, Canterbury Sans Frontieres, Mack Maloney's Mystery Hour, Lindsay Keith Kemp, Anthony Toby Hiller, Marvin Neil Simon, Edward Calhoun King, Leslie Carswell Johnson, Spencer Patrick Jones, Turgut Berkes, Khaira Arby, Jack Constanzo, Danny Pearson, Jill Janus, Collins Leysath "DJ Ready Red", Kyle Pavone, Elliot "Ellie" Mannette, Rick Wakeman, Michael Bruce, Natural Gas, Richard Stellar, Ringo Starr, Doug Harr, Erasure, Alan Dearling, Toby Motterhead, The Barrels Ale House, John Brodie Good, sound systems, Analogue, Stephen Fearing, Kev Rowland, Arena, Black Foxxes, Black Moth, Bob Arthurs & Steve Lamattina, The Bonneville, Bulletboys, Crosson, Roo, Mr Biffo, Roy Weard, Chris Stone, Eric Clapton, Hawkwind, Arthur Brown, Jon Downes, The Wild Colonial Boy, Martin Springett, Cosey Fanni Tutti, Paul McCartney, Jimi Hendrix, Jim Morrison, Janis Joplin, Kurt Cobain, Carlos Santana, Elvis, Neil Nixon, Diamanda Galas

IT'S A LEGAL MATTER BABY

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dramatis Personae



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

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

NAMING THOSE RESPONSIBLE

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

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

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

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

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

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

so what's it all about, Alfie?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

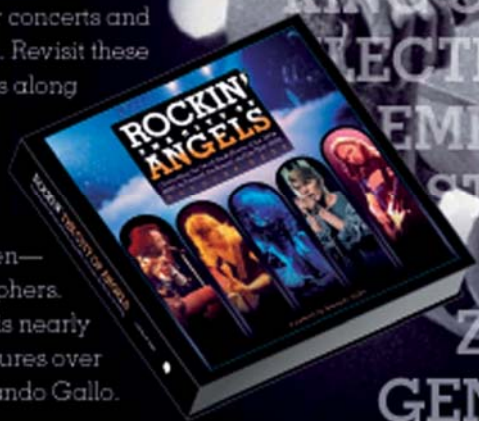
No this is FREE as in Gratis. Not a Sausage. But I digress. So make an old hippy a happy chappy and SUBSCRIBE TODAY

ROCKIN' THE CITY OF ANGELS

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

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

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



AC/DC HEART PINK FLOYD
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MCCARTNEY & WINGS
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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

KEN WORTHINGTON WRITES:

Hello again!

Ken Worthington here, and I can only apologise enough for the long delay since my last email. In fact, so long has it been since my last epistle I've added a 'W' to the title of this bulletin. So welcome to...

'Worthington's' Worthwhile aWaiting Wafflings'!

The most exciting news for John

Shuttleworth fans is that the BBC has asked John to record a half hour Christmas Special of The Shuttleworths to be aired on the snooty station at 7.15 pm on Sunday December 30th.

What fantastic news, I'm sure you'll agree. In readiness, John has already cleaned the tape heads of his cassette recorder, but not with a soapy rag - OR Malibu (though I understand some form of alcohol is required!).

John has also been commissioned to write a book about his life to be published in 2019. I'm not sure when but



"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

hopefully in time for next Christmas. I'll keep you posted on its progress. Its publication may well coincide with a live tour which I hope will please the many fans who feared John would never tour again. Of course he will - as long as his Y Reg has had a new clutch cable fitted, and Mary is satisfied that all non essential DIY jobs have been completed before John hits the road.

Finally, a call to all fans in the Glasgow area - that nice fellow called Graham is performing his show 'Completely Out Of Character' this coming Monday August 27th at 6pm at the Glasgow Stand Comedy Club. It features wonderful songs and stories from Graham's showbiz career plus a very poor impersonation of John and even me apparently! Tickets can be bought here https://www.thestand.co.uk/show/30442/graham_fellows_completely_out_of_character

Graham will also be touring the show in November but this is your last chance to catch it north of the border.

Oo, and punk rock fans - don't forget to book your tickets to see Jilted John (of 'Gordon is a Moron' game) on his 40th Anniversary tour throughout October. John Otway is the special guest and tickets are only £20 or less and can be found here <http://www.jiltedjohn.co.uk/>

Well, that's all for now, folks. Don't forget to tune into the new Xmas Special on December 30th, and remember you can follow John on Facebook <https://www.facebook.com/johnshuttlewrth> and on Twitter @johnshuttlewrth

Tara for now

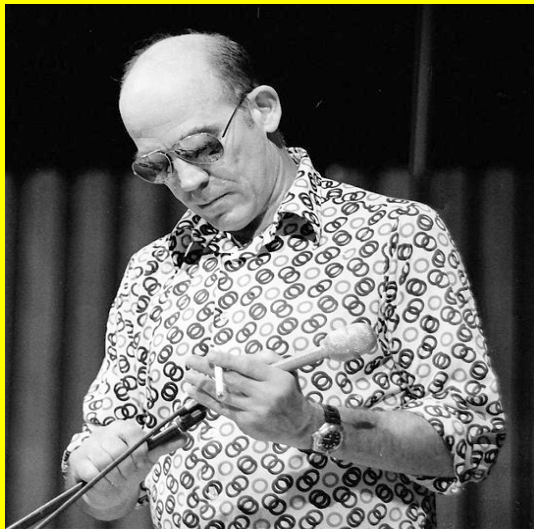
Kenny x

GENZO

CURRENTLY IN STOCK
AT GONZO (UK)

GENZO

CURRENTLY IN STOCK
AT GONZO (USA)



WHO GONZO? WHY GONZO? WHAT GONZO?

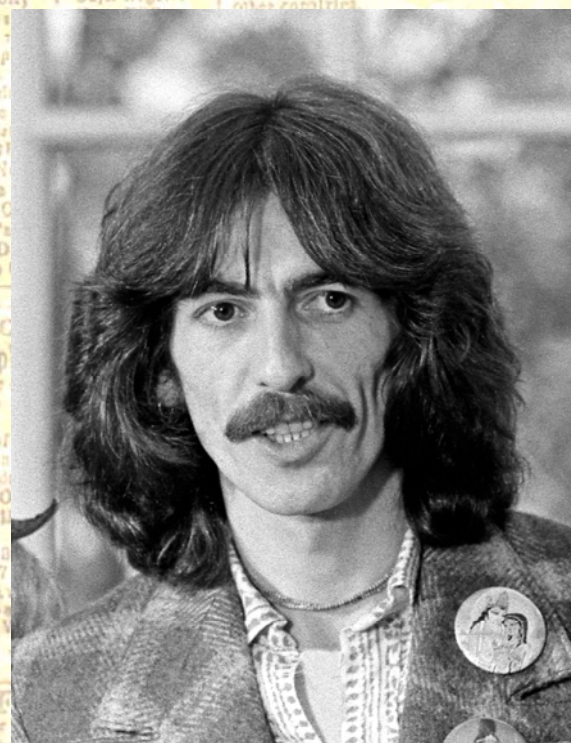
What? You don't know who Hunter Thompson is/was/might have been/will be? Without Hunter Thompson there would be no Gonzo Multimedia. It would have been completely different and that would have been an unforgivable pity. So here is:

- [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...

"I drink much less than most people think, and I think much more than most people would believe."

Hunter S. Thompson



APPLE JAM SPREAD: Music licensing company PPL has produced a Top 20 chart of the most played tracks in the 21st century released by Apple Records to celebrate the 50th anniversary of the record company founded by The Beatles. Apple Records released its first ever single in the UK, The Beatles' 'Hey Jude' on 30 August 1968.

George Harrison's 1970 Official UK Singles Chart Number One, 'My Sweet Lord', takes the top spot, receiving more airplay than any of The Beatles' tracks



The Gospel According to *BART*

My favourite roving reporter sent me something rather disturbing recently:

“Organizers say the political environment surrounding Brexit is having a direct impact on Peter Gabriel’s U.K. music festival.

Gabriel launched Womad in 1982, focusing on “the best music you’ve never heard of” from around the world, and it’s gone on to achieve success in other countries. But the original Wiltshire-based event, which features artists from 128 nations and takes place this weekend at Charlton Park, is experiencing difficulties in securing visas for foreign performers, director Chris Smith said.

“[T]he world has never needed events like Womad more than it does now,” Smith told the *Radio Times*. “It stands for tolerance and understanding and learning and openness, but that culture is being crushed as politicians lurch to the right.”

<http://ultimateclassicrock.com/peter-gabriel-womad-brexit/>



released on Apple Records including the hit singles ‘Hey Jude’ (Number Three), ‘Let It Be’ (Number Four) and ‘Get Back’ (Number Six). ‘My Sweet Lord’ also reached Number One in the Official UK Singles Chart in 2002 following Harrison’s untimely death the year before.

<http://www.music-news.com/news/UK/115280/George-Harrison-s-My-Sweet-Lord-is-Apple-Records-most-played-track-this-century>

GONZO CURRENTLY IN STOCK AT GONZO (UK)

GONZO CURRENTLY IN STOCK AT GONZO (USA)

GIMME THE BEAT BOYS TO SOOTHE MY SOUL: Ed Sheeran will play himself in an as-yet-untitled, Beatles-inspired movie directed by Danny Boyle.

The film has been written by Richard Curtis (Four Weddings And A Funeral, Notting Hill) and will star Himesh Patel, who played Tamwar Masood in Eastenders between 2007 and 2016. Patel’s character is a singer-songwriter who wakes up one day as the only person in the world with any memory of The Beatles.

“And then I discover him and take him on tour,” Sheeran explained, according to the Associated Press. “Then he gets much, much bigger than me through doing stuff.



THE ^{gonzo} NEWSROOM

Yeah, it's very clever." The musician added that the project had given him a chance to "learn how to act". "With the Game Of Thrones thing, that was literally me popping in for a day and making a cameo," he said. "But this was like full days on set, like 12-hour days."

<https://www.nme.com/news/music/ed-sheeran-danny-boyle-beatles-inspired-movie-2372267#OCYqeLKVr5IYWkKf.99>

DEAD SOULS: Aretha Franklin's loved ones are keeping the late Queen of Soul

looking fresh and fashionable for her public celebration of life by giving her a daily wardrobe change.

A two-day open casket viewing began on Tuesday (28Aug18), when fans lined up to pay their last respects to the music icon at the Charles H. Wright African American Museum in her adopted city of Detroit, Michigan.

On the first day of the viewing, Aretha's body had been dressed head to toe in red, wearing a lacy ruby gown with Christian



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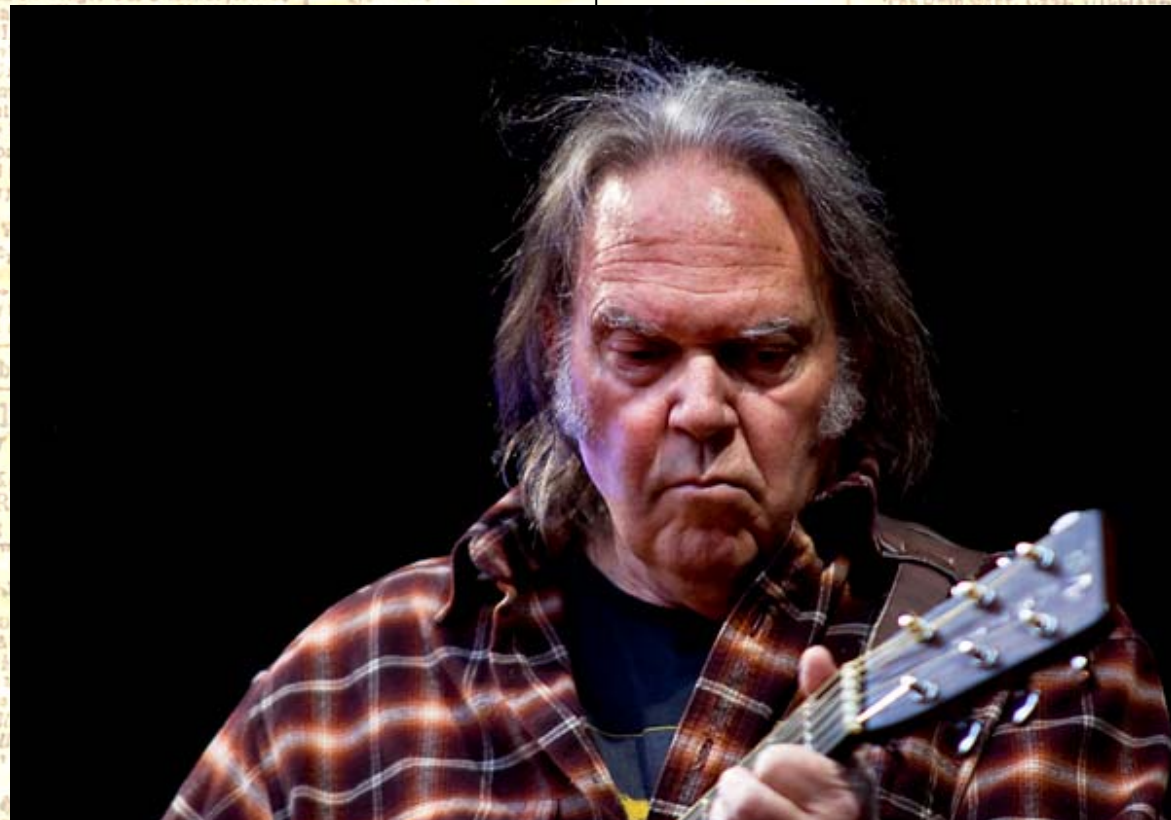
THE ^{gonzo} NEWSROOM

Louboutin heels, complete with matching nails and lipstick.

However, as other mourners filed in on Wednesday, they discovered the singer had been given a makeover, this time donning a pastel blue dress with matching stilettos.

<https://www.star-magazine.co.uk/celebrity-news/1453994/aretha-franklin-undergoes-outfit-change-for>

FOREVER YOUNG: Actress Daryl Hannah and rocker Neil Young have reportedly tied the knot after four years of dating.



H. E. HUTCHINGS,
(Successor to W. M. LEGGATE,) 186 MAIN ST.
MANUFACTURER and Dealer in HARNESSES, SADDLES, BRIDLES, Coach, Harness and Draft OOL. LARS. Also, Trunks, Valises and Carpet Bags. Coach Gigs and Tally WHIPS, &c. &c. Repairing done at short notice.
Worcester, Jan 15

PRATT, DOWNS & SCOTT,
(Successors to T. W. & O. P. BARRETT.)
Bentley, Jan 15.

THE ^{gonzo} NEWSROOM

The couple exchanged vows in a low-key wedding in Atascadero, California on Saturday (25Aug18), surrounded by close friends and loved ones, according to *The Mirror*.

Reports suggest the celebration was Daryl and Neil's second, following an intimate ceremony aboard the 72-year-old groom's yacht off the coast of the San Juan Islands in Washington in late July (18).

The Splash actress, 57, and Neil, 72, have yet to comment on the wedding rumours, but Daryl appeared to hint that the weekend nuptials had taken place in a barn after sharing a snap of a white owl perched near the roof of a metal structure on her Instagram page on Saturday.

<https://www.star-magazine.co.uk/celebrity-news/1452879/daryl-hannah-and-neil-young-wed-report>

FAKE MIKE: Sony Music and the Estate of Michael Jackson have neither confirmed or denied that three songs on the 2010 posthumous album 'Michael' used a Jackson impersonator instead of the King of Pop.

The three tracks in question are



'Breaking News', 'Monster' and 'Keep Your Head Up'. It has been alleged that the vocals are by Michael Jackson impersonator Jason Malachi.

<http://www.music-news.com/news/UK/115204/Michael-Jackson-Michael-album-vocals-authenticity-remains-unconfirmed>



gonzo

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

gonzo

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



EYEWITNESS

YES feat. ARW at the Whisky a Go Go

YES featuring Anderson, Rabin & Wakeman performed at the Whisky A GoGo! Celebrating fifty years of YES, the band decided to play a small venue so they chose this famous Hollywood

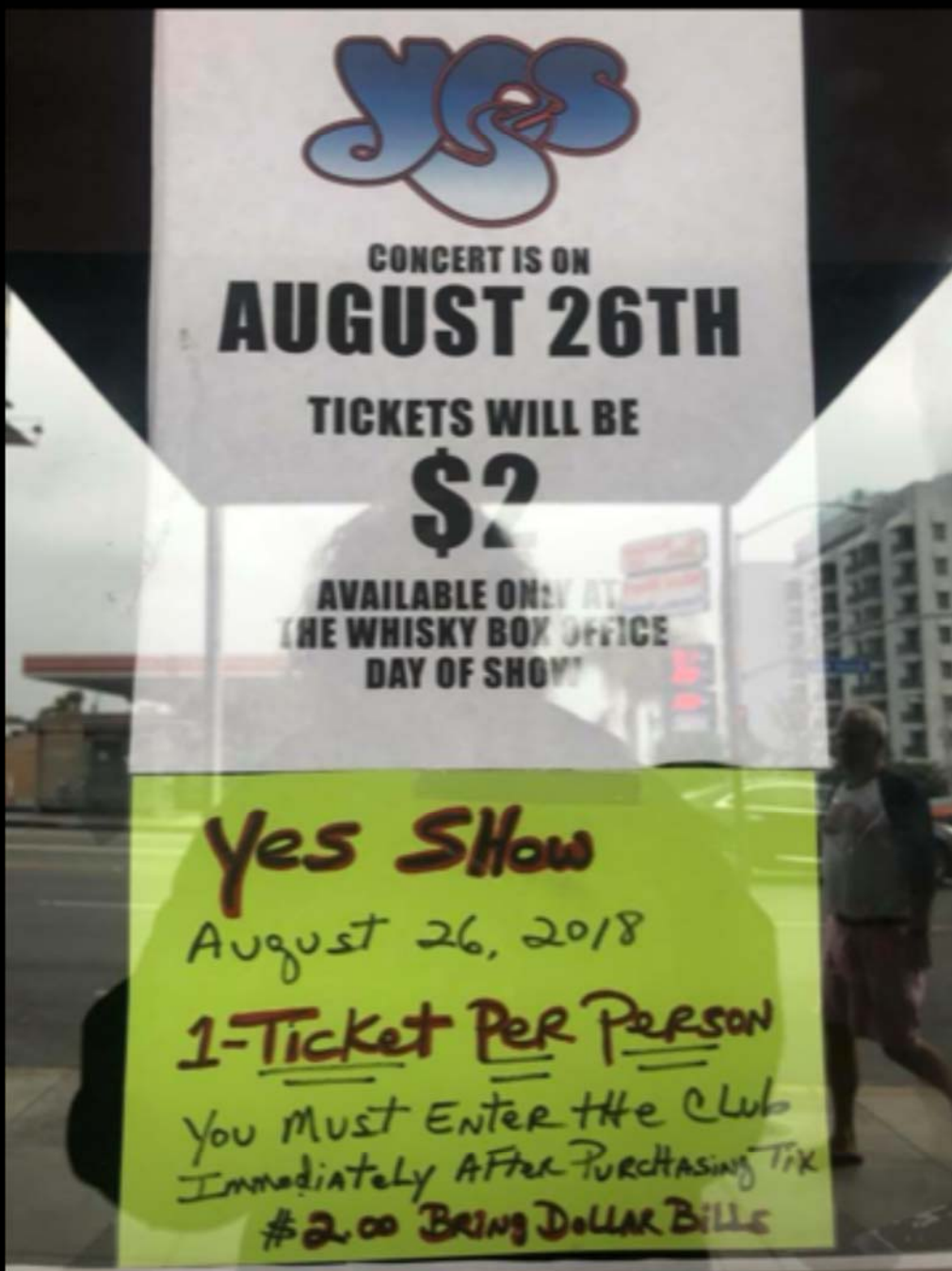
location.

YES first performed at the Whisky in 1971, and in honor of that they only charged \$2 to get in on this occasion, as



Michael Raz Rescigno





Jim Manzo

YESTERDAY AT 11:35 AM





that is what it had cost to gain entry back in '71. Having seen YES many times over the years, it was great to be able to

see YES up close in a small venue again.







Yessssssss yes yes yes See More

   40

32 Comments

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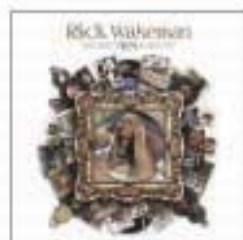
They came onstage alive and excited and performed a 14 song set, including Hold On, All Good People, Awake, Owner of a Lonely Heart, Round About and other favourites. The audience was singing along with almost every song and having a great time.

When Jon Anderson thanked the audience the audience chanted back "Thank you" to the band, very loudly! The band was having a great time as they were smiling all night long.

This was truly a celebration of all things YES. It was truly a great night in Hollywood. YES!



MORE MASTERPIECES from RICK WAKEMAN



TWO SIDES OF YES

Double CD set. The very best of Yes, Wakeman style

HFG2013CD



THE STAGE COLLECTION

Recorded live in August 1993 in Buenos Aires

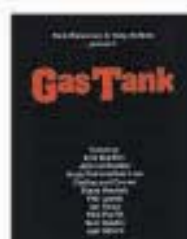
HFG2004CD



TIME MACHINE

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

HFG2012CD



GASTANK

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

HFG2012DVD



GOLÉ!

Soundtrack album featuring Tony Fernandez and Jackie McAuley

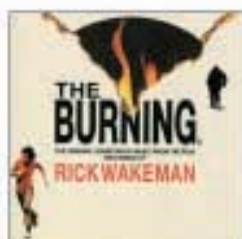
8C241-60



COUNTRY AIRS

The original recording, with two new tracks

HFG2014CD



THE BURNING

The original Soundtrack album, back in print at last!

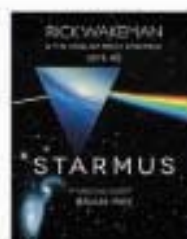
HFG2012CD



LURE OF THE WILD

With Adam Wakeman. Entirely instrumental

HFG2003CD



STARMUS

With Brian May and The English Rock Ensemble. DVD

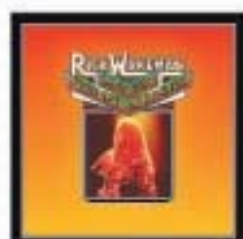
HFG2010VD



MYTHS AND LEGENDS

Double CD set. The expanded 2016 version

HFG2016CD



LIVE AT THE WINTERLAND THEATRE 1975

Live in San Francisco

HFG2018CD



THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA

Double CD + DVD

HFG2005CD



CAN YOU HEAR ME?

Featuring The English Chamber Choir

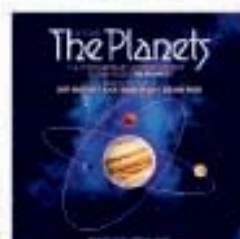
HA-CD005



CRIMES OF PASSION

A wicked and erotic soundtrack!

HFG2018CD



BEYOND THE PLANETS

With Jeff Wayne and Kevin Peek

HFG2018CD



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IT IS TIME TO STAND UP AND BE COUNTED

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THE LAST WEEK AT GONZO DAILY

Sunday
Monday
Tuesday
Wednesday
Thursday
Friday
Saturday

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

ELDRIDGE CLEAVER

Two types of people visit rhino in the wild

The strong and courageous
take a camera

The weak and cowardly
take a gun

**What sort of
person are you?**

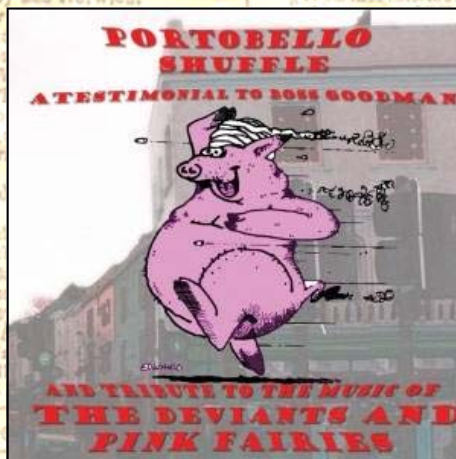
Celebrate wildlife on
World Wildlife Day
don't shoot it.





I'M ON BOARD!

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



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(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



Richard Freeman

15 hrs · 🌐

Corbyn is anti-semitic according to the slithering right wing press. But when Tories dress as Nazis and throw Nazi parties that's just fine.



TELEGRAPH.CO.UK

Tory MP who threw Nazi-themed stag party 'not racist or anti-semitic', inquiry finds

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.

<https://www.telegraph.co.uk/news/10589234/Tory-MP-who-threw-Nazi-themed-stag-party-not-racist-or-anti-semitic-inquiry-finds.html>





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.

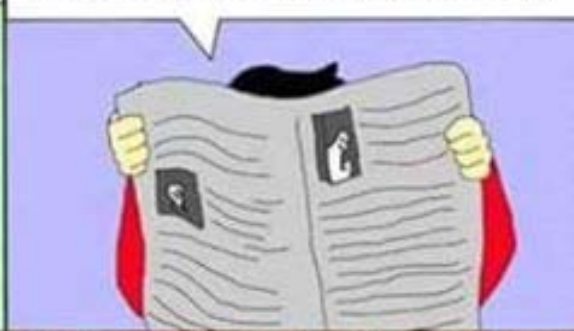
But over the past few years, it has become more than that. We now host regular weekly shows by Neil Nixon, a lecturer in professional writing at North West Kent College who uses his weekly radio show, Strange Fruit, as a learning experience for his students on the Foundation Course. I've known Neil for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

12 -08-2018 – SHOW 271 - GROUPER LUKE

Richard Dawson: Lost
Steel Panther: I Like Drugs
Faye Richmond: I Want a Man to Gimme some Luck
Grouper: Breathing
Luke Haines: At it with the Tree Surgeon's Wife
Mya PB:Paradox (Don't Love me too Much)
The Jesus Abyss: Space is the Place
Amanda Lear: These Boots are Made for Walking
Captain Suun: In your Mind (Mankind)
Luke Haines: Angry Man on a Small Train
Grouper: Birthday Song
Luke Haines: I Often Dream of Glue
Ammar 808: Sidi Kommi
Ty Segall & Freedom Band: Fanny Dog
Freddie Parrot Face Davis:I Want me Seed
John Coltrane: Cousin Mary
Sonae: System Imminent (Value Defect)
Keith Jarrett: Koln: Part 1
Fire Engines: Candyskin
Grouper: Thanksgiving Song
Luke Haines: We Could do it
Elbow: The Night Will Always Win
David Crosby: I'd Swear there was Somebody Here

[Listen
Here](#)



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

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



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**Listen
Here**

Friday Night Progressive



CANTERBURY SANS FRONTIÈRES: Episode Sixty-Two

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

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

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

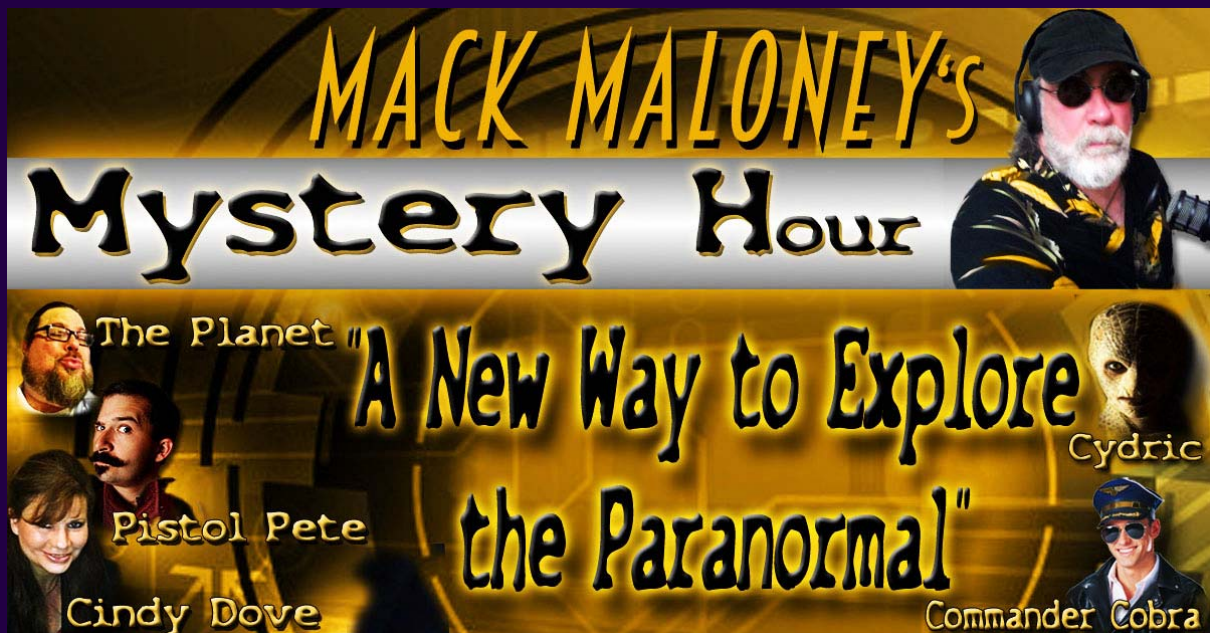
This new podcast broadens the musical remit, so it'll be about one-third 'Canterbury sound', together with progressive/psychedelic/experimental music from the Canterbury of today, the remainder being a mix of music from various times and places which I feel to be in a similar spirit of creative adventurousness.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

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

THIS EPISODE FEATURES:

Soft Machine live in Brussels in 1971, Kevin Ayers and the Whole World playing a highly unusual "We Did It Again" in 1970, the Hatfield and the North "big band" lineup in the spring of 1974, Hugh Hopper soundchecking with Phil Miller, Didier Malherbe and friends in 2007, and live in Amsterdam in 1991 with his Franglo-Dutch Band. Gong sounding rather "musique concrète" on the radio in 1973, Steve Hillage and Miquette Giraudy live in '77, Lindsay Cooper's music being played live in London and Germany this summer, and a home recording of Mike Ratledge playing piano standards in the early 60s. Also, something from the recently released "lost" John Coltrane album, something else from Kavus Torabi's solo EP, Hawkwind sounding fabulous live in 1990 and Tokyo's the De Lorians live in the studio this spring. From the Canterbury of recent times another track from the new Nelson Parade EP, an old favourite from the 2012 Boot Lagoon EP and an hour of Arlet live in the woods near town last summer.

Listen
Here



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

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

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



AND LOOK WHAT MACK HAS FOR YOU THIS WEEK

How to Catch a Ghost Mack, Juan-Juan and Commander Cobra talk to Professor Erick Williams about Electronic Voice Analysis and whether the voices of the dead can be captured on tape. Switchblade Steve on UFO commentator Otto Binder who also wrote stories for DC Comics, including Justice League of America. Emily M on seeing ghosts at Gettysburg. Cobra champions a veterans' motorcycle group, plus "10 More Questions for Juan-Juan."



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

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**Lindsay Keith Kemp
(1938 –2018)**

Kemp was a British dancer, actor, teacher, mime artist, and choreographer. He was probably best known for his 1974 flagship production of *Flowers*, a mime and music

show based on Jean Genet's novel *Our Lady of the Flowers*, in which he played the lead role of 'Divine'. Due to its homosexuality and perceived decadence, reviews were sometimes hostile, but it was widely considered a theatrical and sensory sensation, and it toured globally for many years. He was also a mentor to David Bowie and Kate Bush.

THOSE WE HAVE LOST

According to Kemp, he danced from early childhood: "I'd dance on the kitchen table to entertain the neighbours. I mean, it was a novelty in South Shields to see a little boy in full make-up dancing on pointe. Finally it got a bit too much for my mother, and she decided to send me to boarding school at the age of eight, hoping that it would knock some sense into me." He later attended Bradford Art College before studying dance with Hilde Holger and mime with Marcel Marceau. In the 1950s, he did National Service in the RAF.

Kemp played the Player Queen in the BBC's Shakespeare Quatercentenary production *Hamlet at Elsinore* (recorded at Elsinore castle) in 1963. He formed his own dance company in the early sixties and first attracted attention with an appearance at the Edinburgh Festival in 1968 with *Flowers*.

During the early 1970s, Kemp was a popular and inspirational teacher of dance and mime. David Bowie and Kate Bush were students of Kemp. He staged and performed in Bowie's Ziggy Stardust concerts at London's Rainbow Theatre in August 1972, with Jack Birkett, and appears in the promotional video for Bowie's single "John, I'm Only Dancing", directed by Mick Rock. Bush later wrote the song "Moving", which appeared on her debut album *The Kick Inside*, as a tribute to Kemp. Bush also contributed vocals to Zaine Griff's song "Flowers", which is also a tribute to Kemp.

Kemp's film roles include a supporting role in the Kate Bush short film *The Line, the Cross & the Curve* (1994), a dancer and cabaret performer in Derek Jarman's *Sebastiane* (1976) and *Jubilee* (1977) respectively, a pantomime dame in Todd Haynes' *Velvet Goldmine* (1998) and the pub landlord Alder MacGregor in Anthony Shaffer's *The Wicker*

Man (1973).

Kemp was openly gay. He had an affair with David Bowie, and their friendship was highly important in Bowie's artistic development. He left England in 1979 for Spain and then Italy. Kemp died on 25th August, aged 80.

Pic: Alan Warren



Anthony Toby Hiller
(1927 – 2018)

Hiller was a British songwriter and record producer. He was best known for writing and/or producing hits for Brotherhood of Man, including "United We Stand" (1970)

THOSE WE HAVE LOST

and "Save Your Kisses for Me" (1976),

He began his musical career as a member of the song and dance duo The Hiller Brothers, sharing the stage with his brother Irving. The Hiller Brothers appeared with many artists of the time including Alma Cogan, Tommy Cooper, Val Doonican, and Matt Monro among others. Over 500 other artists have recorded Hiller's songs including Elton John, Olivia Newton-John, Andy Williams, Ray Stevens, The Miracles, and The Hollies among others,

Hiller died on 26th August, aged 91.



**Marvin Neil Simon
(1927 –2018)**

Simon was an American playwright, screen-

writer and author. He wrote more than 30 plays and nearly the same number of movie screenplays, mostly adaptations of his plays.

He received more combined Oscar and Tony nominations than any other writer.

Simon grew up in New York City during the Great Depression, and often took refuge in movie theatres where he enjoyed watching the early comedians like Charlie Chaplin. After a few years in the Army Air Force Reserve, and after graduating from high school, he began writing comedy scripts for radio and some popular early television shows. Among them were Sid Caesar's *Your Show of Shows* from 1950 (where he worked alongside other young writers including Carl Reiner, Mel Brooks and Selma Diamond), and *The Phil Silvers Show*, which ran from 1955 to 1959.

He began writing his own plays beginning with *Come Blow Your Horn* (1961), which took him three years to complete and ran for 678 performances on Broadway. It was followed by two more successful plays, *Barefoot in the Park* (1963) and *The Odd Couple* (1965), for which he won a Tony Award. It made him a national celebrity and "the hottest new playwright on Broadway." During the 1960s to 1980s, he wrote both original screenplays and stage plays, with some films actually based on his plays. His style ranged from romantic comedy to farce to more serious dramatic comedy. Overall, he garnered 17 Tony nominations and won three. During one season, he had four successful plays running on Broadway at the same time, and in 1983 became the only living playwright to have a New York theatre, the Neil Simon Theatre, named in his honour. Neil Simon died on August 26th, aged 91, from complications of pneumonia.

THOSE WE HAVE LOST



Edward Calhoun King (1949 –2018)

King was an American musician. He was one of the founding members of the LA-based Strawberry Alarm Clock, a mid-1960s pop psychedelic rock band. The band's largest success was with the 1967 single "Incense and Peppermints", which reached No. 1 on the Billboard Hot 100. While with the band he played both electric guitar and bass guitar.

King met the members of what was to become Southern rock band Lynyrd Skynyrd when an earlier lineup of some of its members opened for Strawberry Alarm Clock on a few shows in early 1968. It wasn't until 1972 that he joined Skynyrd, replacing Leon Wilkeson on bass, who had left the band briefly. Wilkeson rejoined the band, and King switched to lead guitar, creating with Allen Collins and Gary Rossington the triple-guitar attack that became a signature sound for the band.

His guitar playing and songwriting skills were an essential element on the band's first

three albums. King co-wrote "Sweet Home Alabama", and his voice counted the "one, two, three", before he launched into his famous riff to start the song. Other songs that King wrote or co-wrote include "Poison Whiskey", "Saturday Night Special", "Whiskey Rock-a-Roller" and "Workin' For MCA".

King decided to leave the band in 1975 during the "Torture Tour". He was one of the guitarists in the reunited Lynyrd Skynyrd in 1987, and played a major role, but was forced to leave the band again in 1996 because of congestive heart failure. King died on August 22nd, aged 68.



Leslie Carswell Johnson (1933 –2018)

Johnson, better known as Lazy Lester, was

THOSE WE HAVE LOST

an American blues musician who sang and played the harmonica and guitar, and whose career spanned the 1950s to 2018.

Best known for regional hits recorded with Ernie Young's Nashville-based Excello Records, Lester also contributed to songs recorded by other Excello artists, including Slim Harpo, Lightnin' Slim, and Katie Webster.

Cover versions of his songs have been recorded by (among others) the Kinks, the Flamin' Groovies, Freddy Fender, Dwight Yoakam, Dave Edmunds, Raful Neal, Anson Funderburgh, and the Fabulous Thunderbirds. In the comeback stage of his career (since the late 1980s) he recorded new albums backed by Mike Buck, Sue Foley, Gene Taylor, Kenny Neal, Lucky Peterson, and Jimmie Vaughan.

Lester's career took off when he found a seat next to Lightnin' Slim on a bus transporting Slim to an Excello recording session. At the studio, the scheduled harmonica player did not appear. Slim and Lester spent the afternoon unsuccessfully trying to find him, when Lester volunteered that he could play the harmonica. Lester's work on that first Lightnin' Slim session led the producer, Jay Miller, to record Lester as solo artist and also to use him as a multi-instrumentalist on percussion, guitar, bass, and harmonica in sessions headlined by other artists whose recordings were produced by Miller, including, notably, Slim Harpo. "Percussion" on these sessions went beyond the traditional drum kit and included a rolled-up newspaper striking a cardboard box. Miller dubbed Lester "Lazy Lester" because of his laconic, laid-back style.

He appeared in the 2015 documentary film *I*

Am the Blues.

Lester died of stomach cancer on August 22nd, at the age of 85.



Spencer Patrick Jones (1956 –2018)

Jones was a New Zealand guitar player and singer-songwriter from Te Awamutu. From 1976 he worked in Australia and was a member of various groups including The Johnnys, Beasts of Bourbon, Paul Kelly and The Coloured Girls, Chris Bailey and The General Dog, Maurice Frawley and The Working Class Ringos, and Sacred Cowboys. He also issued ten albums as a solo artist. In May 2012 Australian Guitar magazine rated Jones as one of Australia's Top 40 best guitarists. When his family moved to Auckland, Jones and his siblings studied piano. On his 14th birthday he was given a guitar and became a self-taught musician. From 1976 he has worked in Australia and his

THOSE WE HAVE LOST

early groups were The Emotional Retards, Country Killed, Cuban Heels (1979–81), Beats Working (1981–82) and North 2 Alaskans (1982–83).

In 1983 Jones joined The Johnnys, a pub rock band, on lead guitar and backing vocals. Jones co-wrote their debut single, "I Think You're Cute", with their bass guitarist and lead vocalist, Roddy Rayda, which was issued in October. When Rayda left early in the next year, Jones took over lead vocals. In April 1986 The *Canberra Times* described the group as a "combination of country punk, mayhem and cowboy image". In August that year Mushroom Records issued their debut album, *Highlights of a Dangerous Life*. The group broke up in 1989 and Jones continued with various other bands. In August 1983 while a member of The Johnnys, Jones formed a side-project, Beasts of Bourbon (1983–85, 1988–93, 1996–97, 2003–08, 2013) and in late 1999 formed The Last Gasp. By mid-November the following year Jones issued his second solo album, *The Last Gasp*. He died on 21st August, aged 61, from liver cancer.



**Turgut Berkes
(1953–2018)**

Berkes was a Turkish rock musician, painter, and writer. He was educated at the TED

Ankara College and then at Bournemouth and Poole College of Art. He worked as a radio programmer, librarian, journalist and translator until 1989 when he founded with his partner Fuat Güner (of the famous Turkish pop trio Mazhar-Fuat-Özkan (MFÖ)) FT Recording Studios in Istanbul, which was at the time the most advanced in Turkey. In 2000 he released a solo album titled *Karakutu* ("The black box"), which was met with great critical acclaim. He continued to live and worked in Istanbul, dividing his time between freelance literary & technical translation work, music production, rehearsals and concerts with his band "Karakutu" and a "perennial virtual album" project; whereby new material was uploaded regularly and could be downloaded freely from his official website.

He died on 20th August, aged 65.



**Khaira Arby
(1959–2018)**

Arby, was a Malian singer, also known as The Nightingale of Timbuktu. She was the daughter of a Tuareg father and a Songhai mother, and had been singing since a young age for weddings and traditional festivals; then at age of eleven, in 1972, in a troop of the city of Timbuktu. This is the time of the presidency of Moussa Traoré and the cultural policy of the Malian State wanted to safeguard and develop traditional Malian culture. Taking this activity to heart, Arby left Timbuktu to join the artistic troupe of Gao, a town 400 km to the east, on the Niger River and in the transitional territory of the Sahel, between the Sahara to the north and the savannah to the south.

THOSE WE HAVE LOST

In 1992, Arby started a career under her own name, the first Malian woman to do so. In 2010, she began to gain recognition beyond Mali and her music received a favourable reception in North America. She toured the United States, performed at Pop Montreal in 2010, and at the Montreal International Jazz Festival in 2011.

Arby wrote and sang in the indigenous languages of the region; Songhai, Tamachek, Bambara, Arabian. characterised with her robust and slightly scratched voice. Her direct words often addressed sensitive issues. While Tuareg rebellions succeed one another, in 1990 to 1996, 2006, and in 2007 to 2009, she advocated peace. She also sang about the rights of women to autonomy, training, happiness and fulfillment, but also against female genital mutilation. Musically, she mixed traditional Malian instrumentation, using - for example - n'goni, njarka and drums, with electric instrumentation. She died on 19th August, at the age of 58.



**Jack Costanzo
(1919 –2018)**

Costanzo was an American percussionist. A composer, conductor and drummer, Costanzo is best known for having been a bongo player, and was nicknamed "Mr. Bongo". He visited Havana three times in the 1940s and learned to play Afro-

Cuban rhythms on the bongos and congas. Costanzo started as a dancer, touring as a team with his wife before World War II. After his discharge from the Navy, he worked as a dance instructor at the Beverly Hills Hotel, where Latin band leader Bobby Ramos heard Costanzo playing bongos in a jam session and offered him a job. Throughout the 1940s, Costanzo worked with several Latin bands, including a revived version of the Lecuona Cuban Boys, Desi Arnaz, and Rene Touzet. Costanzo toured with Stan Kenton from 1947–48 and occasionally in the 1950s, and played with Nat King Cole from 1949 to 1953. He also played with the Billy May Orchestra, Xavier Cugat, Frank Sinatra,

Tony Curtis, and Eddie Fisher among others. Costanzo formed his own band in the 1950s which recorded and toured internationally. Many Hollywood stars studied bongos with him, including Marlon Brando, Rita Moreno, Carolyn Jones, Hugh O'Brian, Keenan Wynn, Van Johnson, Tony Curtis, Betty Grable, Vic Damone, and Gary Cooper. Costanzo was in retirement until 1998 when he decided to make a comeback and in 2001 recorded *Back From Havana* under the Ubiquity Records umbrella. In 2002 he released another album with the same cast called *Scorching the skins*.

Costanzo died of complications from an aneurysm on August 18th, aged 98.

THOSE WE HAVE LOST



Danny Pearson (1953 –2018)

Pearson was an American composer and singer-songwriter. His sole release was the 1978 album *Barry White Presents Mr. Danny Pearson*, which was produced by Barry White. The lead single from the album, "What's Your Sign Girl?", peaked at #16 on the U.S. R&B charts and at #106 on the Billboard Bubbling Under Hits. At the time of his death, he was in the process of recording a new album.

He died on August 17th, aged 65.

Jill Janus (1975 –2018)

Janus was the lead singer of American heavy metal bands Huntress, The Starbreakers and Chelsea Girls.

Growing up, she began singing opera before becoming interested in thrash metal as a teen, and for her post-secondary education, Janus attended the American Musical and Dramatic Academy.



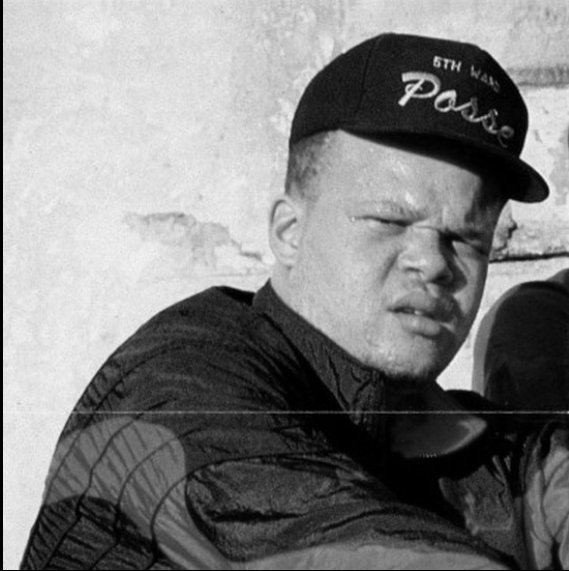
Janus started her music career working as a topless disc jockey under the name Penelope Tuesdae. She also worked in cabaret at the *Windows on the World* before the September 11 attacks in New York. In 2003, Janus began her career in metal as a member of Vexy Strut and remained with the band until 2006, and in 2009, she recruited members of the metal band Professor to join her newly formed band Huntress.

In the fall of 2015, Janus announced to social media that Huntress was breaking up. Apart from her albums with Huntress, Janus filled in for Amon Amarth's lead singer Johan Hegg during a 2015 co-tour with Huntress. Janus's other projects outside of Huntress included membership of cover bands Chelsea Girls and The Starbreakers as their lead singer. She also co-wrote *Victory: The Rock Opera* with guitarist Angus Clark.

In 2015, Janus disclosed to *Revolver* that

THOSE WE HAVE LOST

she was living with bipolar disorder since her early teens, and later in life was experiencing dissociative identity disorder and schizophrenia. Janus committed suicide on August 14th, aged 42.



Collins Leysath “DJ Ready Red”
(? – 2018)

In 1986, Red became the first DJ and producer for the southern rap crew the Geto Boys, then known as the Ghetto Boys. He left the group in 1991 when they were recording the album *We Can't Be Stopped*.

Geto Boys (originally spelled Ghetto Boys) is an American rap group from Fifth Ward, Houston, Texas, consisting of Scarface, Bushwick Bill and Willie D. The Geto Boys have earned notoriety for their lyrics covering controversial topics such as misogyny, gore, psychotic experiences, and necrophilia. The group

enjoyed success in the 1990s with several certified albums and singles.

Red died on 24th August, aged 53, from a heart attack.



Kyle Pavone
(? – 2018)

We Came as Romans (abbreviated as WCAR) is an American metalcore band which was formed in 2005. Pavone joined the band in 2008 as vocalist and keyboardist. Together, the band recorded five albums, most recently 2017's *Cold Like War*. Their 2013 LP *Tracing Back Roots* peaked at Number Eight on the Billboard 200. We Came as Romans were scheduled to begin a tour in support of *Bullet for My Valentine* in September.

THOSE WE HAVE LOST

Pavone died on 24th August, at the age of 28.



Elliot "Ellie" Mannette (1927 – 2018)

Mannette was a Trinidadian musical instrument maker and steel pan musician, also known as "father of the modern steel pan instrument". As a young child, Mannette developed a passion for metal and tools for metalworking, and would become engaged in the evolution of the phenomenon of sounding steel. At the age of 11, he was a member of Alexander's Ragtime Band created by Alexander Ford. From the middle of the

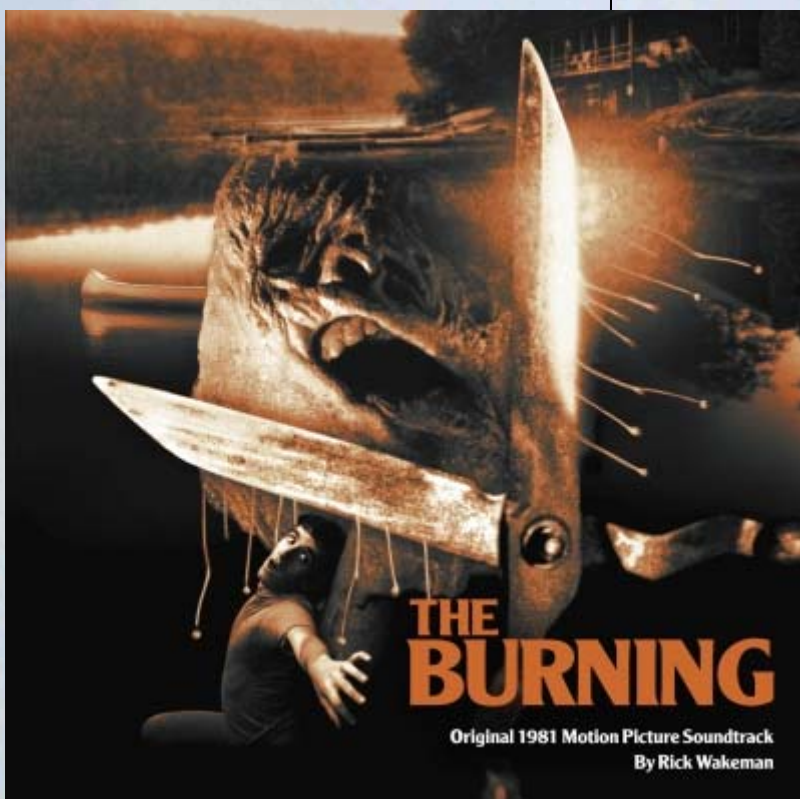
1930s, percussion bands of different quarters of Port-of-Spain were in competition with each other. Legend says that Mannette was the first person to use a discarded oil barrel to build a steel pan: "He sank the lid to create a tensed playing surface and fired the metal to improve the acoustic properties." From about 1939 to 1941, he performed with his own band, the Oval Boys (the name taken from the oval sports pavilion opposite the band's rehearsal space). In 1948, Mannette was formally offered a scholarship to study music in London which he turned down in order to be able to build more steel pans.

In 1951, [TASPO (Steelband)]TASPO (Trinidad All Steel Percussion Orchestra) travelled to Great Britain to present the new musical instrument at the Festival of Britain. Mannette was a member and tuner for this orchestra, which consisted of leader figures of different Trinidadian steel bands. After having visited the United States in the beginning of the 1960s to build up the U.S. Navy Steel Band, he was invited to New York City to build instruments for an inner city youth program. At this time, Mannette tuned his instruments by ear. Eventually he learned about the necessity of concert pitch A440Hz and the use of strobe tuners.

Mannette is credited with several innovations which have proven to be essential for the evolution of steel pan. He was the first to use a 55-gallon oil barrel instead of biscuit tins or soap boxes. Furthermore, Mannette was the person to sink the top of the drum into a concave shape, thus having more space to place notes as well as achieving a better isolation between the different pitches.

He died on 29th August, aged 90.

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 Cropsey who was horribly disfigured from a prank gone wrong is released from the hospital with severe deformities and seeks revenge with garden shears on those he holds responsible, starting with the kids at a nearby summer camp. Lou David stars as the maniacal Cropsey, while Brian Matthews plays Todd, the camp counselor that must stop him.

Stephen Ralteri writes: "The soundtrack from the movie The Burning is on side two of this album, with side one featuring "The Wakeman Variations" on some of the same material. With the exception of the "End Title Theme," the soundtrack is unusual for Wakeman, including some eerie ambient electronics, a horror story narrated by Brian Matthews, and two tracks on which Wakeman doesn't play, one a country-rock tune featuring banjo and pedal steel guitar. The "Variations" are keyboard-led instrumentals more in the Wakeman tradition."

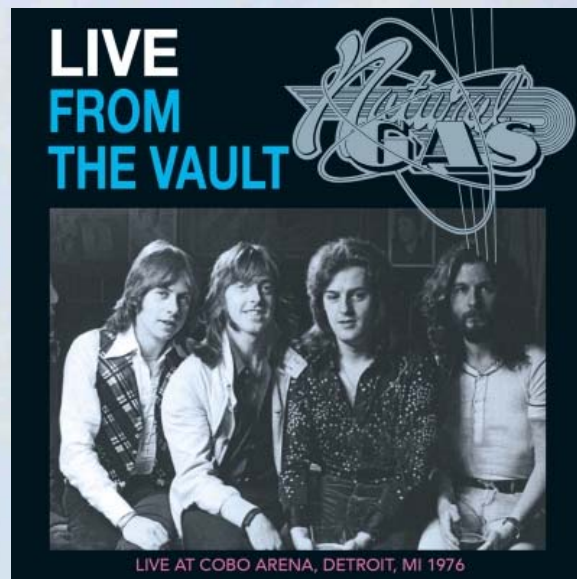




Artist Michael Bruce
Title Rock Rolls On
Cat No. HST484CD
Label Gonzo

Michael Bruce, the guitarist of the original Alice Cooper group released this 1983 seven song album on the Nevada based Euro Tech Records and Tapes. This is the guy who co-wrote "School's Out" and "No More Mr. Nice Guy," songs that epitomize all that Alice Cooper was and still is about. Having the rhythm section from Bulldog and the Rascals, the always perfect drums of Dino Danelli and bass work of Gene Cornish, along with keyboards by David Foster, make it clear that the music is going to be top notch.

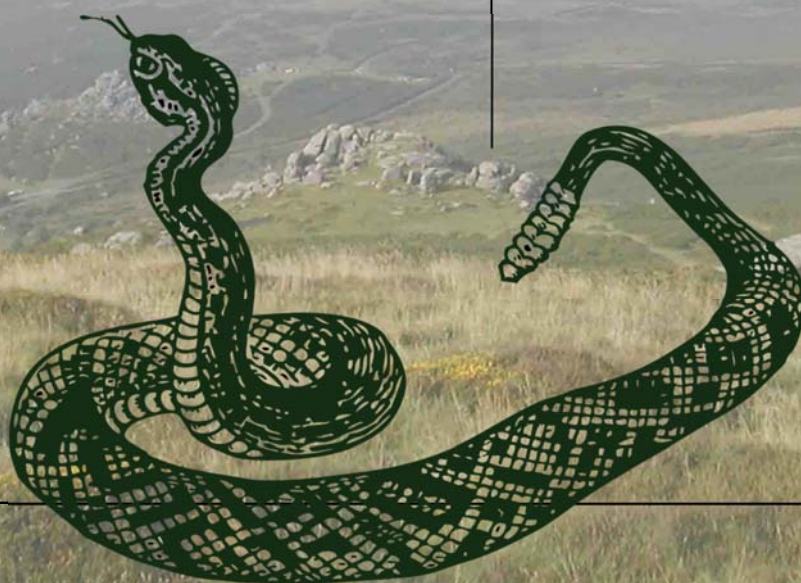
Check it out you rock and rollers.



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

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

Here they are, on stage at their blistering best.





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Gonzo #32 The Dutch Festie c...

actions



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Gonzo #27 The Prog shirt

actions



Gonzo #24 The Daavid Allen shirt

actions



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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...

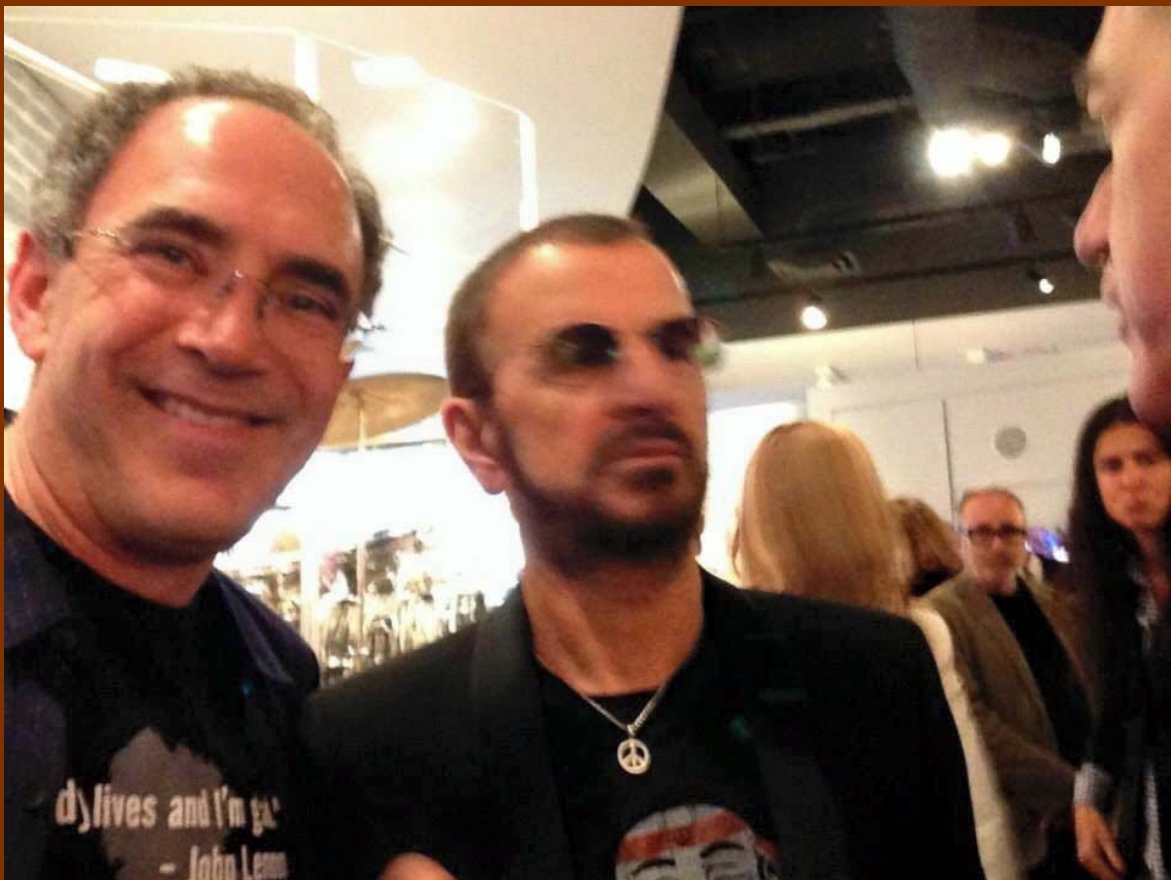
<http://www.zazzle.co.uk/gonzowebly>

The Night Ringo Drove Me To Therapy

My life is littered with the effluence of random memories. The night my father had my mother by the neck because the new oven did not have a self-cleaning feature. The smell of electricity and ozone from a failing tube amp before the head exploded. My first colonoscopy.

And oh yeah... the night Ringo cast me adrift.

There are the good memories however, and one such was that day in 1969 when my mother told me that I was going to 'meet Ringo'. Now, mom should not



Pic: Gregg Nevens (my friend who appears in this photo with Ringo at the Grammy exhibit of his memorabilia).

RICHARD STELLAR



have been so effusive and hopeful. She was that woman who called me from her office at MGM, while working for director Sam Peckinpah to tell me that ‘the nicest Jewish boy is here, and we were talking...’ only to learn that my mom was actually talking to Bob Dylan without knowing who he was. That mom – who was now working for Walter Shenson (the producer on *A Hard Day’s Night*), had given me a press pass and told me that I was going to be in the press gaggle on the Red Carpet, and to just go up and say hello to Ringo.

I mean, how uncool. She didn’t have a

clue. But, I was even more un-cool and would have done anything to meet Ringo. I did grab that press pass, and I remember very clearly that night...standing outside of the Westwood Theatre right outside of UCLA for the premier of *The Magic Christian*.

I was a portly, thick and clumsy 13 year old. Standing inches above 6’ tall, I waited in that crowd of reporters and paparazzi – towering over and side stepping Diana Ross, Peter Sellers, and other celebrities. I cared not who they were for I was on a quest. Clutching my Abbey Road cover in one hand, and a

Presenting
the most irreverent, irrelevant
father and son team
since the Frankensteins.





The author (me) speaking with Barbara Bach, Ringo's wife. Ringo was just off-camera, giving me the stink-eye. Photo by Gregg Nevens.

black Sharpie in the other, I waited, and waited.

"Is he gonna show up?", one paparazzi inquired of nobody in particular. "Sure, just wait" came the reply from a seasoned...THERE HE WAS. He stepped out of a plain car, and moved quickly up the red carpet, stopping occasionally to flash a smile and pose for a photo. The flash bulbs were popping, creating a din not unlike the bombing of Dresden. I moved quickly, blocking his path and holding out my album.

"Ringo, please...can you sign my album?" I managed to get that out. Ringo looked up at me, and in that instance I felt I was in the presence of a higher power. His puppy-dog blue eyes fixed on mine, and he said...to this young, impressionable fan...

"You've got to be fookin' kidding me."

And with that, he sidestepped me and moved on into the theatre. Leaving me there, standing in the rain. What would have been a collector's item that I would

pass to friends for years to come, was getting rained on and would soon be in a garbage can somewhere. I felt my mother's arm reassuringly drape around my shoulders. She saw the whole thing. "How could he have stopped, he would have been mobbed! Did you see that? You were the only person he actually talked to!"

I looked at my mother, and what should have been appreciation for her words of support inspired the following rejoinder.

"Fuck off mom."

I probably could have said anything to her at that point. It would have been accepted. She frowned in that sympathetic mom kinda way, and brushed the rain from my forehead. "Come on, let's go home."

Flash forward to many years later, and I'm sitting in a Palm Springs restaurant having lunch with Chris Squire, the late co-founder of Yes. Chris was a larger than life survivor of the pre-millennial music industry. He had known great

success and then years of obscurity. He was at this time, rehearsing a quasi-version of Yes that featured Benoit David taking over for the irreplaceable Jon Anderson.

Now, if you know Chris Squire, then you know that any occasion that involves food usually involves some intoxicants. As a matter of fact, any occasion that involves anything might have included a little extra mind expansion, and deep conversation. This lunch was no exception, and I told him the story of my expulsion from the Garden at the direction of Ringo Starr.

I finished the story, and leaned back...my eyes darting for the waitress so I could order another martini.

“You know why he did that don’t you?” Chris interrupted my search and I turned my attention to him. “No, why?”

“Because he didn’t play on Abbey Road. McCartney played all the drums.”

I thought Chris was taking the piss, having a laugh – at my expense.

“Get off, seriously? Ringo was not playing that drum solo or anything else?”

“Nope, it was all Paul.”

Chris had another couple of years on the planet at that time. Poor Chris, we lost him to cancer, and even on his death bed, he did not recant that story. Not that I was at his death bed, but I’m sure if he did I would have heard about it.

I would end this story here, but as in every bit of drama, the story needs a resolution, and here it is:

A few years ago, the Grammy Museum in Los Angeles hosted a party for Ringo’s memorabilia tour. I went with a friend who sits on the board of directors. Walking amongst the exhibits that included Ringo’s Sgt. Pepper hot pink satin uniform, and the drum kit that sat on the roof of Apple during that last concert,

was there – and so were the likes of scores of classic rock musicians. I said hi to Jeff Lyne, and asked if Ringo was there. He merely told me to turn around.

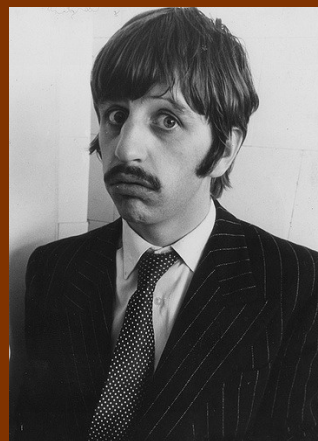
A few feet away from where I stood was Ringo. Yep, in the flesh. He was surrounded by 4 or 5 people, including his wife Barbara Bach. My family had some history with her. My mom worked with her on “The Spy Who Loved Me”.

I stepped up to her, and chatted about my mom, and our connection. She couldn’t have been lovelier to me. Friendly, captivating, and genuinely interested in what my mom had been up to, we talked for a few moments and I caught Ringo mad dogging me, wondering who this tall chap was talking to his wife.

I left without asking for the introduction. I love Ringo. I didn’t want to add an unhappy ending to the story that I’ve told friends and therapists. My mom was right, how could he have stopped that evening 50 years ago? Chris Squire however was wrong. McCartney did not overdub the drums on Abbey Road.

At least, not all of them. And if he had, I couldn’t care less. Ringo is more than a musician. He’s an icon and a representative of a period in our history where we could have dived as deep as we have now – and instead, at the urging of artists, we chose Peace and Love.

Thank you Ringo.



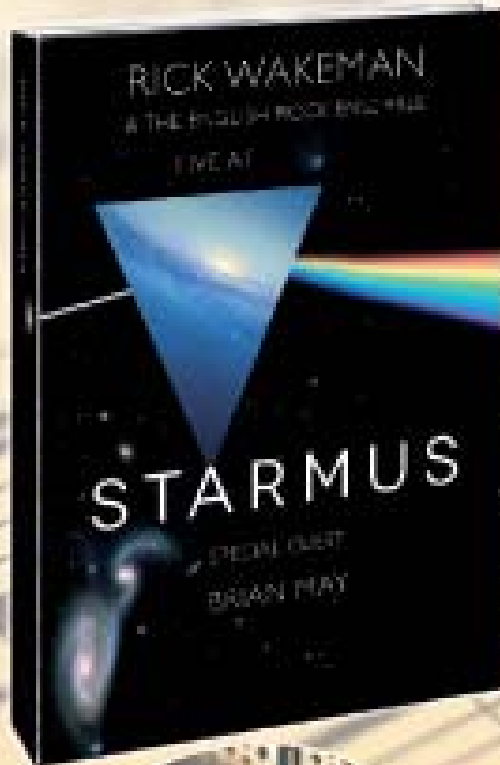
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Douglas Harr *Ear Candy for the Hungry Audiophile* **ERASURE AT THE MASONIC**



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Erasure is the synth-pop duo launched by Vince Clarke (keyboards) and Andy Bell (vocals.) Vince is the founder of three of the most famous all-synth bands of our times – Depeche Mode, Yazoo (Yaz in the states) and Erasure. In the 80's these bands lured me away from the keyboard driven progressive rock artists I loved in the 70's and extended my collection immensely. And, being a big fan of lead singers with personality, I found in Andy a kindred spirit. Andy is one of the greatest multi-octave vocalists in the world, with his tremendous control, charming tones, and energetic stage presence. The duo recently made a tour stop in San Francisco at the Masonic auditorium on August 18, 2018 (at 8:18pm!).

To really appreciate Erasure's music you've got to experience it live in concert. Vince is known for his use of pre-MIDI analogue synthesizers and sequencers, and nothing beats the warm sound of these instruments cranked up to massive volumes. In concert he remains fairly stationary, twiddling knobs from behind his machinery looking very serious. This tour was no different, though he was perched atop a structure that found him towering above the stage. Vince did descend for the encore "A Little Respect" with his acoustic guitar.

The real treat in concert is singer Andy Bell, who flirts with the audience, dresses in exotic risqué costumes, and delivers his soaring vocals with pitch perfect precision.

<http://diegospadeproductions.com/>

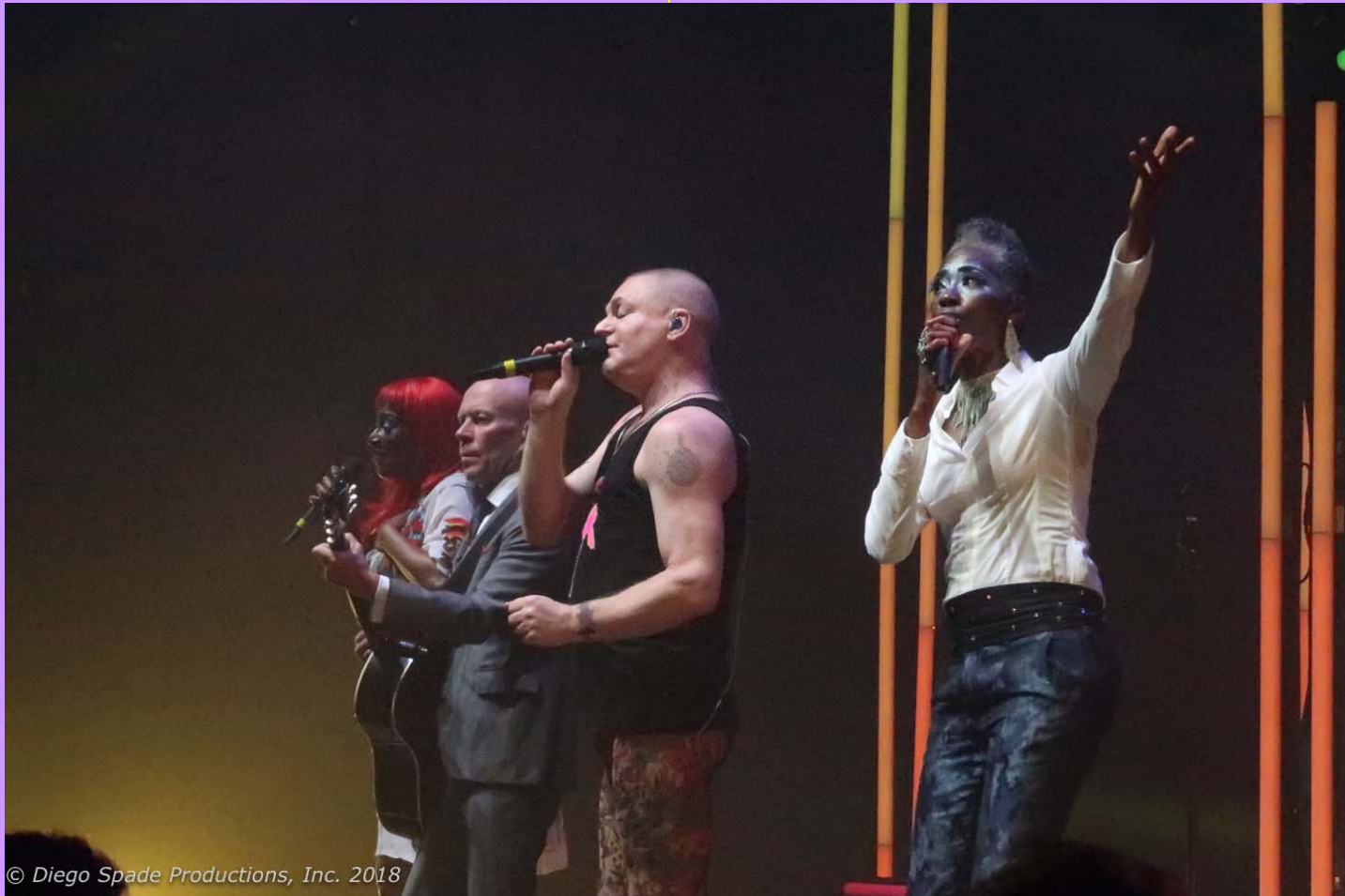


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He has been on top of his game every time I've seen them, and this was no exception as he was in fine form. Though it's been 30 years since they started out, Andy is still a powerful and charismatic stage presence, with

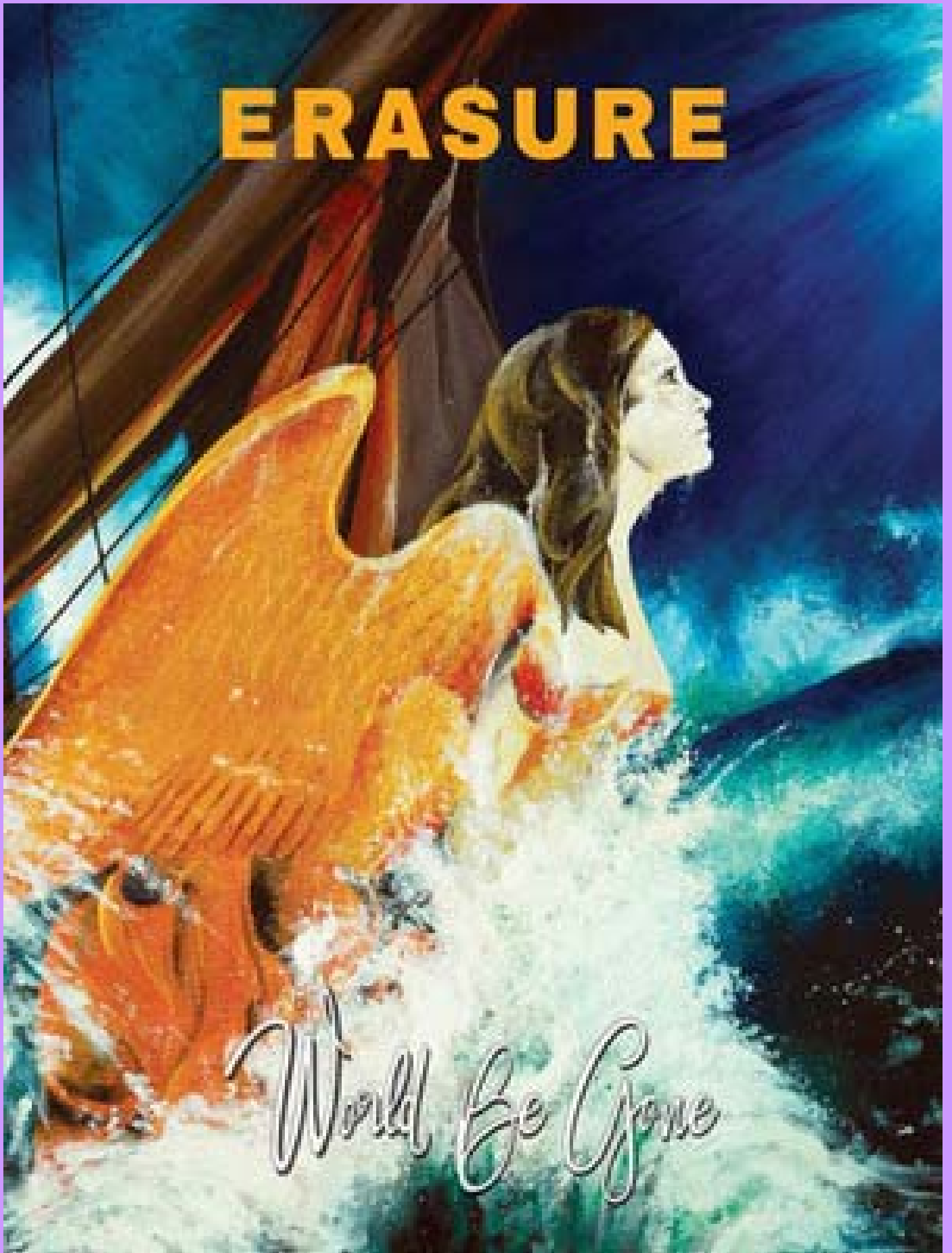
soaring vocal range and sassy dance moves still intact.

With more than sixteen album releases, Erasure has worked within different sound pallets from synth-pop to trace to pure dance music. Arguably, their most



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ERASURE



World Be Gone

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mature works were released in the 1990's. These were *I Say I Say I Say* (1994) with the boisterous up-tempo single "Run to the Sun" and the self-titled *Erasure* (1995) with the densely textured track "Fingers and Thumbs." Vince's choice of sounds and complex multi-layered keyboard sequencing really hit a high water mark during this period. On this night, the set list was fairly straight ahead – focusing more on hits than any deep cuts. "Always" was again the only offering from the aforementioned favorite works.

Nonetheless, there were many standout tracks from the group's catalog including "Drama" and "Blue Savannah" from *Wild!* (1989), and "I Love to Hate You" and "Breath of Life" from *Chorus* (1991). Their releases since the 90's have all been solid, including *The Violet Flame* (2014), which was far better than might be expected. More recently, the album *World Beyond* (2018) explored a lighter side to Erasure, one with basic keys, lots of piano and strings, focusing on a series of ballads.

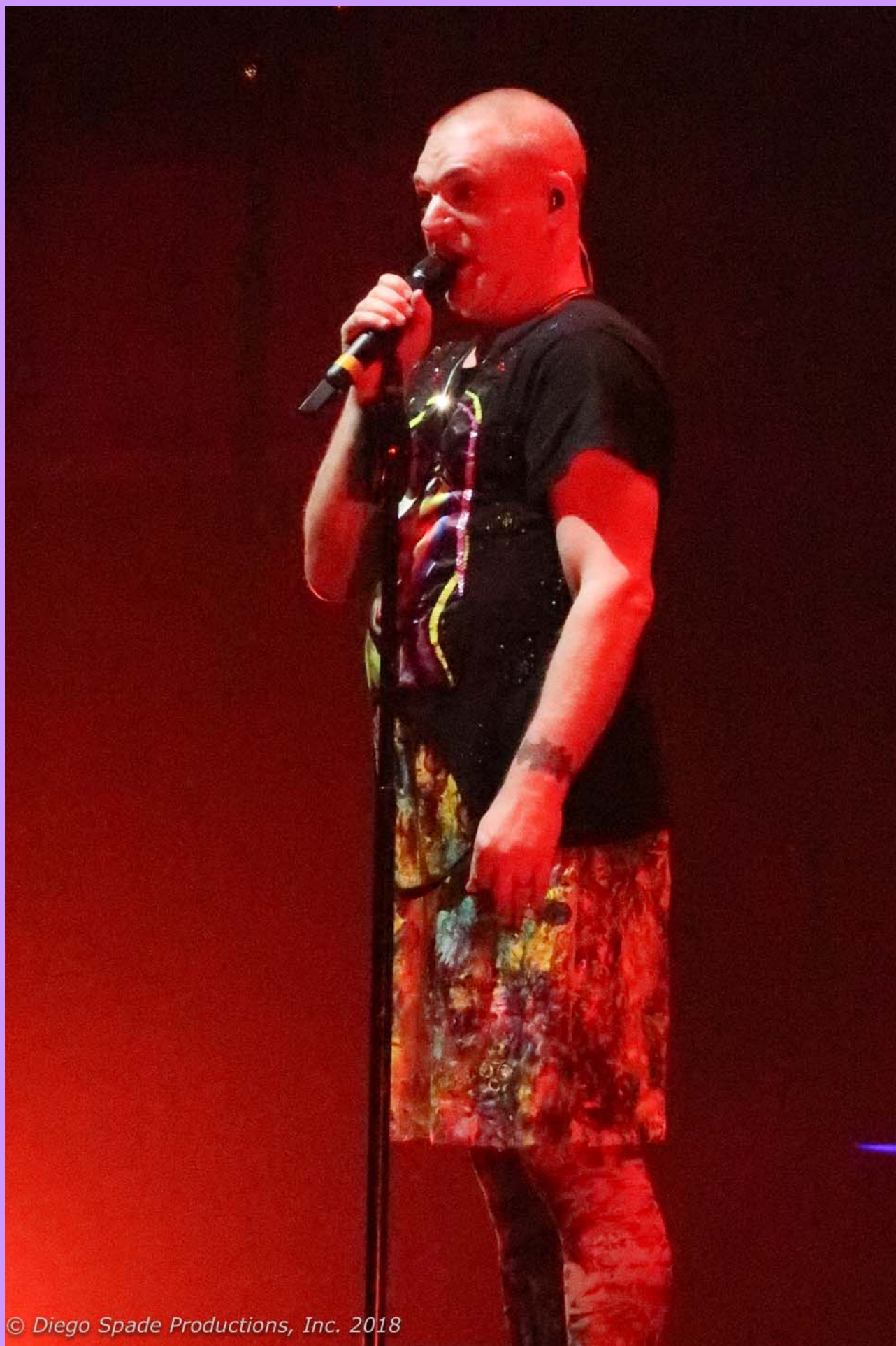


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While not the best tour from this duo, the concert was great. The crowd treats these artists as royalty in San Francisco, particularly Andy, considered an LGBT icon. The atmosphere was charged with excitement from the opening track, "Oh L'Amour" to the encore "A Little Respect". The backup dancers and Andy's own antics kept the mood lively and fun throughout. The lighting installed within the series of rectangular boxes was exciting and bathed the procession in precisely drawn colors.

A very entertaining night from these masters of all things breathy and electronic!

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TOBY TALKS THE BLUES

alan dearling

***Gonzo's Alan Dearling
catches up with
Edinburgh's Toby
Mottershead deep in the
cellar bar at the Barrels
Alehouse in Berwick-
upon-Tweed***

The African Mali bluesmen have their story-tellers. Griots. So too does the American blues music of the 1920s and even before. Music and words that have been passed down, learned through listening to old, scratched 78 records. Toby is now one of the young griots of the American blues. He's a natural raconteur. For example, he told stories to his audience about some of the very earliest female blues players, whose names have almost faded from musical history. He said, "The first blues stars were in fact women, not men". Ladies like Delta artists, Sippie Wallace, Victoria Spivey, Lucille Bogan, Ida Cox and Alberta Hunter.

Though it is really only Mamie Smith, Ma Rainey and Bessie Smith, who are heard of much today.

The Barrels' basement has witnessed many old musical legends and has often been a loud, raucous space, sweat-filled and jumping. It's a pub jam-packed with music and rock memorabilia, especially signed photographs. Something of a time-capsule of musical and film history. Much, I believe, from Chas Chandler's collection. And legends like Tony McPhee and the Mighty Groundhogs have kicked up a few storms of blues-rock.

Before Tony commenced his gig, I explained that I have worked a lot with Allan Jones, another blues musician from Edinburgh, but a good deal more senior. He replied with a wry smile, saying, "I once asked Allan how he got to learn the songs of the old bluesmen and women. He replied, "You got to listen, research and work it out for yourself." And, based on this performance at the Barrels, he is learning his musical history lessons well, and doing his bit to keep the songs and traditions alive.

The Barrels Present

Tony 'TS' Mcphee

The Living Legend from the Ground Hogs

Playing an intimate Acoustic Blues Set

Friday 6th October

Tickets £8 Doors: 8.30pm

The Barrels Ale House 59-61 Bridge Street, Berwick-Upon-Tweed
TD15 2RL

Great to have you with us

George Harrison

Paul McCartney

Paul McCartney

John Lennon



Nowadays, after a long battle over noise with complaining neighbours, and then the local Northumberland Council, the Barrels is again is re-opened for live music, but largely as the purveyor of acoustic acts. Toby used no mike or PA. Hard work at times for him and the audience, as the crowd upstairs were often making more noise than the performance downstairs.

But Toby managed to connect with his audience in the intimate Barrels' basement, and played a set of blues and roots music that was about as authentic as it comes.

Here are a couple of videos, the first one which comes from the Barrels' basement.

Sylvester Weaver's 'Steel Guitar Rag'

at the Barrels Alehouse:

<https://vimeo.com/274320134>
Espresso Sessions:

<https://vimeo.com/120106340>

Toby is also the frontman with the Black Diamond Express roots-rock band who are Edinburgh-based.



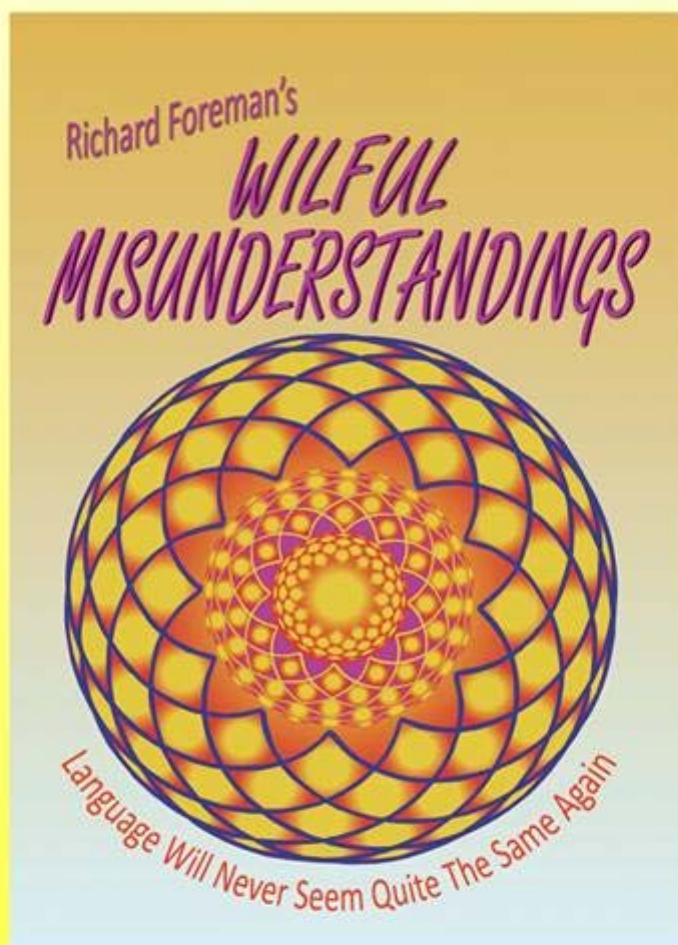


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'An excursion to a strangely familiar place that you have never previously dreamed of.' (Alan Moore, writer Jerusalem, From Hell)

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



Readers' comments:

'Stories like dreams half remembered, tapping into a seam (or seeming) of the unconscious mind.'

'A sanctuary, a haven, a totally immersive other world...'

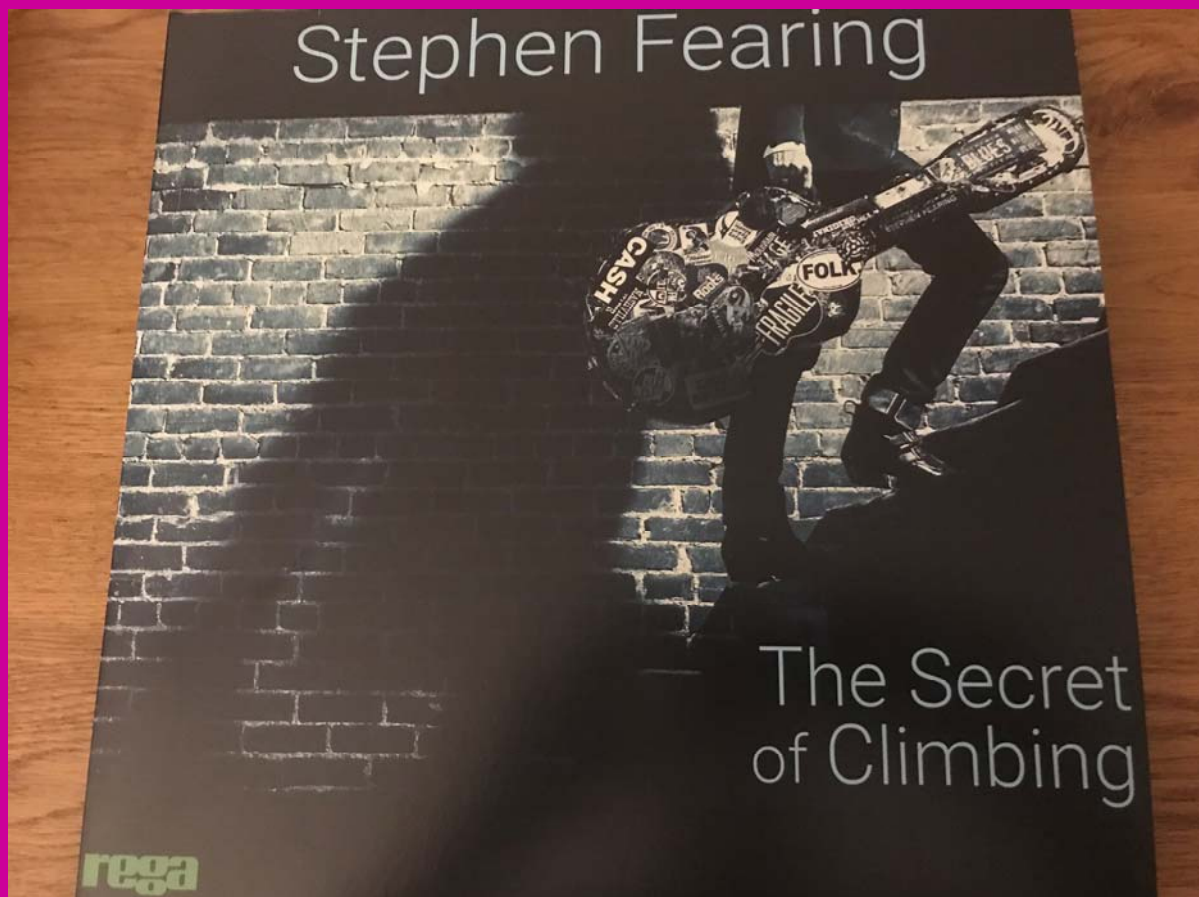
'A book to tickle and amaze, to ruffle and amuse and sometimes to raise the hairs on the back of your neck.'

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An Analogue Record for the 21st Century

Sound quality is worth caring about if you love your music, after all, most musicians are playing instruments often worth thousands of pounds/dollars, and recordings are made on equipment often costing hundred of thousands, if not more in big name cases. Guitarists and others agonise over getting the right tone or feel

to their sound, we are entitled to hear it too. I'm not talking technical detail here, a good recording, played on a good system, should bring out a real emotional response to the music, the 'art' bit. Music can be very powerful to the human soul. Good times and bad. A good system does not need to be expensive, there is excellent kit available at all price levels, and a big s/h market too of course.

Back in the musical golden days of the 1960s and 1970s, recorded music was in the Analogue form, recorded onto magnetic tape using reel to reel recorders, and then either pressed as LPs (vinyl records), or released in domestic tape formats (8-tracks and cassettes). In simple reproduction terms, the tiny precious musical signal was best thought to travel through the shortest wires and simplest circuit boards possible, to retain maximum musical detail, before being reproduced by your loudspeakers.

John Brodie-Good

In 1979, the first digitally recorded albums started to be released, albeit in the same consumer formats. Oddly, the digital process first involves transferring the signal from Analogue to Digital and then later down the line, from Digital back to Analogue! Not long to wait though, 1982 heralded the arrival of 'perfect sound forever', the CD! Over the ensuing years, the record industry managed to resell many people the same music they already had, in this shiny new modern format. They must have made a packet, do you remember the prices?, nearly £20 for a new release, back then! All of a sudden record sales were heading south, pressing quality went with it, quickly, and as car CD players started to appear, cassette sales nose-dived even faster. (Re-issued vinyl albums from that period are usually horrible by the by.). The truth was, for the average home, the SQ didn't get much better due to poor cheap players and poor 'hifi' systems. Most sounded, thin, tizzy and bright. No wonder people took to iTunes from 2001 in droves, and then, even after changing the music industry forever, Apple missed the potential of streaming and are now tail-chasing Spotify today in terms of 'users'.

To mine, and many other older ears, Analogue at it's best, sounds very natural. Voices and instruments just appear in the air, with space around them, the interplay

between players and singers comes through, the rhythm and pace is there, you just cant stop your foot tapping, you are receiving the message as intended. It seems to be able to recreate the emotion of music. Digital, the marketing people and their nerds tell us, has to be better, in theory no limits, everything is noughts and ones, easy to handle. The reality turned out to be much more complicated of course, jitter anyone? To these ears, Digital music usually either possess's an aural 'sheen', usually leaning to brightness and lacking natural musical tones, or it simply sounds in-cased within a finite aural 'cage'. It lacks the air in-between and sounds forced compared to Analogue, it doesn't Boogie. It's made worse by the loudness wars currently prevalent in the music biz. Basically, your standard musical file has the upper treble and bottom bass sliced off, plus, the distance between the peaks and the troughs of the music are reduced too. This all means it sounds better on a cheap digital player/portable device which is how the majority of people 'consume' their music nowadays. It also still sounds OK if you turn the wick up on a standard boom box/portable speaker too. Stick the same file through an even half decent system and it's "where did the music go?" however. Apple and co got away with charging for this shit for years until Spotify et al came along (who seem to be





screwing everyone, labels and musicians) and in the case of premium subscribers, are now creaming it in instead.

So this month saw UK hifi maker Naim Audio launch what will probably be the state of the art in computer audio players for a cool £20K, or £27K with optional second power supply! Rich Naimees report the ND555 sonically beats their outgoing CD Player flagship, the CD555, digital audio seems to be really coming of age. Other streamers are available of course, from around £25 on Amazon. I haven't heard anyone claim it licks their turntable sonically...yet.

This month also saw UK turntable manufacturer Rega released an Analogue vinyl album, *The Secret of Climbing* by Stephen Fearing. A dreaded 180g audiophile release, I was suckered in out of sonic interest. This guy and his guitar, recorded at the home of Rega genius Roy Gandy, in a very simple style indeed.

Recorded in a living room, two mics, no effects, no mixer, recorded onto tape using a Studer recorder. No mastering required at the studio, their tape recorder plugged straight into the cutting lathe. The sonic result with my now active Briks, wow, his voice and wooden guitar (you can hear it's wood – honest) are really in the room, quite amazing. Slight problem, I'm not sure I want him there cos musically, he aint my cup of Rosie Lee.....Slow, folk, country, Americana type stuff. He's good, real deal voice and a fine acoustic picker but not my choice for an autumn evening. An interesting exercise that proves a point, it can still be done.

I have to say, just a guitar and voice is an easy target to sound good however, I noticed Paul Simon in the record pile and popped on the song 'Still Crazy' for a quick listen. PS and his musicians were most definitely in the room, an epic sonic performance. I turned the cover as it put it



back and noticed the date, 1975, Analogue.

US Loudspeaker manufacturer JBL (PA systems, studios monitors and domestic models) released a double album in 1973 entitled Sessions which is fun if you are that way inclined. The set was to redefine the term 'high fidelity' and was basically a marketing tool for them (The L100 was one of the top-selling home speakers in the 1970s in America). Besides boring 'test' tracks etc, side 3 contains the real gem. How a recording is built up in the studio using a basic set of musicians and a singer. It starts with the individual pieces of the drum kit, then the whole drum kit, then the bass etc etc. By the end of the side you have the full song, band and singer. Whilst I have an avid interest in hifi, I have no technical knowledge or wish any, but a side interest (at O-level) in music recording and reproduction in general.

Not all digital is bad however, I do have

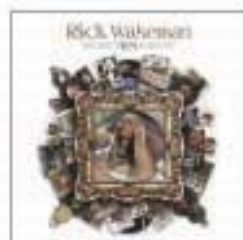
some CDs which are sonically stunning, and pleasingly usually live performances. A few 'digital' LPs make the top grade too, John Martyn's Heaven and Earth is one breath-taking sounding record sonically and musically.

The human brain has many tricks, and whilst I prefer a good system when available, I'll happily listen to anything on anything. If it's lo-fi but enjoyable, there are usually ways to get a higher quality recording anyway.

My favourite sounding recording? The Fairies 'Sweeties album on original UK Polydor vinyl. "Walk Don't Run" at serious volume rocks this house to it's foundations. If only Resident Reptiles was Analogue too.....

Still September lies ahead, time for some real live music again, music you can feel. Off to hear some hopefully shit-kicking Southern Rock, will report back next issue.

MORE MASTERPIECES from RICK WAKEMAN



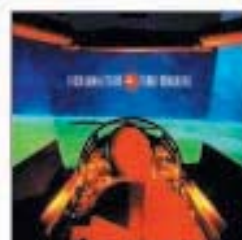
TWO SIDES OF YES

Double CD set. The very best of Yes, Wakeman style
HFG2013CD



THE STAGE COLLECTION

Recorded live in August 1993 in Buenos Aires
HFG2004CD



TIME MACHINE

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



GASTANK

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



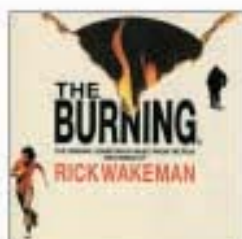
GOLÉ!

Soundtrack album featuring Tony Fernandez and Jackie McAuley
HFG241-CD



COUNTRY AIRS

The original recording, with two new tracks
HFG2014CD



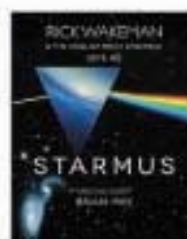
THE BURNING

The original Soundtrack album, back in print at last!
HFG2014CD



LURE OF THE WILD

With Adam Wakeman. Entirely instrumental
HFG2003CD



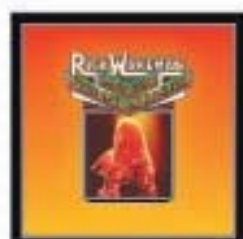
STARMUS

With Brian May and The English Rock Ensemble. DVD
HFG2010VD



MYTHS AND LEGENDS

Double CD set. The expanded 2016 version
HFG2016CD



LIVE AT THE WINTERLAND THEATRE 1975

Live in San Francisco
HFG2019CD



THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA

Double CD + DVD
HFG2005CD



CAN YOU HEAR ME?

Featuring The English Chamber Choir
HFG2005



CRIMES OF PASSION

A wicked and erotic soundtrack!
HFG2018CD



BEYOND THE PLANETS

With Jeff Wayne and Kevin Peek
HFG2019CD



WAKEMAN'S MUSIC EMPORIUM



Available from rickwakemansmusicemporium.com
and all other good music retailers



KEV'S WORLD



ARENA DOUBLE VISION VERGLAS

Arena, a band that in many ways was brought together by a running joke in an underground fanzine, which led directly to Mick Pointer realising that there was quite a vibrant prog scene. In turn he was introduced to Clive Nolan, and the rest as they say, is history. The debut 'Songs From The Lion's Cage' was released in

1995, and the jokes soon started about never being at far left or far right on a band photo as you would be the next to leave, but the guys have been stable now for quite some times, with the same line-up since 2011's 'The Seventh Degree of Separation'. That was the last album I heard, as for some reason I missed 2015's 'The Unquiet Sky', although I have been listening to quite a lot of Clive's other works, as well as releases featuring guitarist John Mitchell (the line-up being completed by singer Paul Manzi and bassist Kylan Amos).

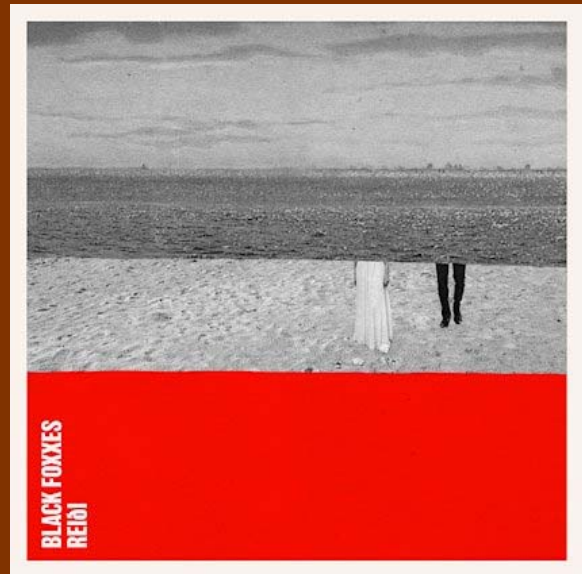
Having played Clive's 'Alchemy' so much that it is almost worn out (according to LastFM it is my second most played album since I joined that site in 2007, behind only Camel's 'The Snow Goose'), plus having known him for more than quarter of a century (I feel old) and having most of his projects, I was really looking forward to this album, and I wasn't disappointed. While Arena are first and foremost a progressive rock band, what I found fascinating with this album is the amount of theatricality

KEV ROWLAND

within it. Paul Manzi surely has one of the most expressive and emotive voices around, and his relationship with Clive is long-standing in this and other projects, and they have an innate understanding of what is needed to take a song to the next level. There are times when I am clearly reminded of his performance on the aforementioned 'Alchemy', such is the power of his storytelling.

But, this is very much a band album, although it obviously has been heavily influenced by Clive who wrote or co-wrote every songs and provided all the lyrics, but Mick is playing better than ever, Kylan has a great sliding style that really suits the music. Then on top of it all there is the incomparable John Mitchell. He may not have been the original guitarist (who was Keith More, ex-Asia, for the first two albums) but he has been there for twenty years now, during which time he has built a considerable reputation as one of the finest guitarists in the scene, and I don't think anyone was really surprised when he joined It Bites. He knows when to riff and drive the music along, when to provide solos, when to use restraint and when to just let the music rock.

Here we are in 2018 and both Galahad and Arena have this year released possibly the finest albums of their careers, only time will fully be able to judge that, showing that although they were in the underground scene in the Nineties, playing all the dives that entailed due to no publicity (or internet!), they are ready and able to reap the rewards of keeping going when others have given up. This is a stunning album, one that all progheads need to discover at once if not sooner. I loved it the very first time I played it, and it has only got better the more I listen to it.

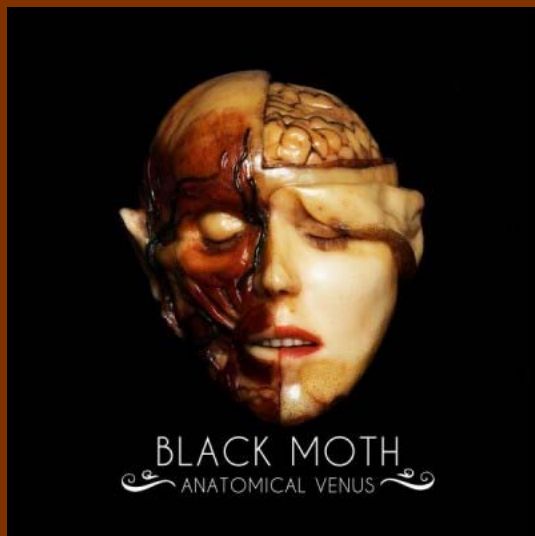


BLACK FOXXES
REIÐI
SPINEFARM

After touring to support their debut album 'I'm Not Well', frontman Mark Holley didn't really want to settle down at home in Exeter, so instead set off for Iceland, where he would go on to write the foundations of 'Reiði' (which apparently is the Icelandic word for rage). The result is an indie rock album that is incredibly angular, with edges so sharp that the listener has to be careful that they don't cut themselves. This isn't a style of music that I really enjoy listening to, but even I can appreciate the maturity and solidity of the songs that are on offer here. I used to live in Exeter, and was born and raised in the West Country, but can't remember any local bands ever sounding quite like this.

This is music with drama, to be played on a stage with an opening and thundering sky. This isn't music for the summer, but rather when it is bleak and cold, and as only then will the full potential and enormity of these songs really hit home. The guitars jangle, and the bass and

drums keep it all well-grounded, and no-one could ever think that there was a band out for singles success, but rather is all about the album. When Holley says that the songwriter he most admires is Neil Young it is obvious, as that influence is through everything he is doing. If I can enjoy this and it's not my normal style of music, what does that say about the quality of the album as whole?



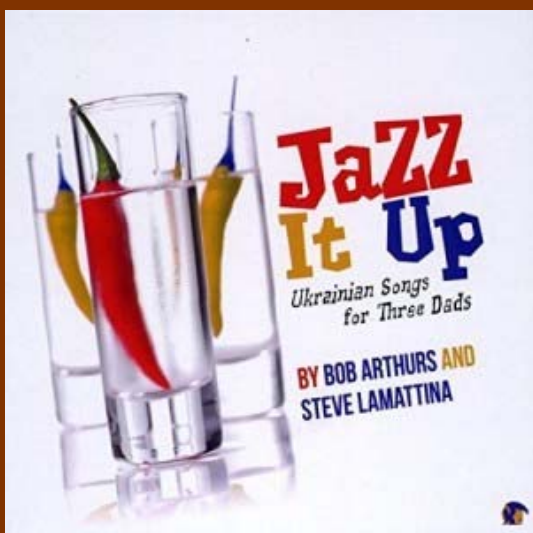
BLACK MOTH
ANATOMICAL VENUS
CANDLELIGHT/SPINEFARM

If ever an album was bringing together early Seventies Sabbath with the aggression of NOWBHM and stacks of theatricality and riffs then it has to be the third album from Leeds-based outfit Black Moth. This is the first album with a new line-up and for a new label, so it has been quite a change for the band in many ways. Recorded by Andy Hawkins at his The Nave Studios in Leeds, and mixed by Russ Russell (Napalm Death, The Wildhearts), its hooks are as vicious as its riffs are monstrous. Central to this are the new creative partnerships formed following the arrival of new guitarist Federica Gialanze, who had previously

been part of an all-female Sabbath tribute band. She has locked in with Jim Swainston to create a guitar partnership whose tightness belies how long they have been playing together, while bassist David Vachon and drummer Dom McCready keep it tight.

Singer Harriet Hyde is powerful both in lower and higher registers, allowing her to totally change the feeling of what is going on beneath her in the way she approached the melody. This means that the listener is never really sure where the music is going to lead them, although the voyage of discovery is always interesting. What is also poignant are the lyrics, where she has made a decision to explore her femininity along with its complications, challenges and contradictions in a manner that renders 'Anatomical Venus' a raw and empowering document of both her experiences and those of her co-lyricist Jessika Green. The album's name and central thematic icon, was arrived at when Hyde was introduced to the 18th century wax models of the title, and it forms a powerful metaphor for the central tenets of objectification, the corporeal form and feminine psychology that inhabit songs like 'Sisters Of The Stone', 'Istra' and 'A Lover's Hate'. Overall this is a powerful album, one that is going to move these guys into the next level.



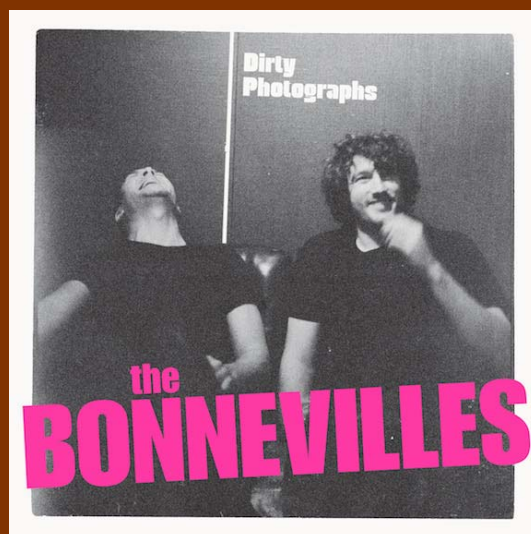


BOB ARTHURS & STEVE LAMATTINA
JAZZ IT UP
BLUE GRIFFIN RECORDING

Bob Arthurs is a jazz trumpet player, vocalist, and recording artist who has been appearing in clubs and at festivals in the New York area and abroad for almost five decades. In 2013 he released 'Jazz For Svetlana' with guitarist Steve Lammattina, following it up in 2017 with 'Jazz For Molly'. Their producer, Irena Portenko (who is herself Ukrainian) asked if they would consider recording an album of popular Ukrainian folk songs, and once they had agreed she provided them with a list to choose from. Although the songs were unfamiliar to both Bob and Steve they found that as they worked through them to see how they could transform them into jazz numbers they became incredibly invested. The album is subtitled 'Ukrainian Songs For Three Dad's, Irena's father, her uncle, and her daughter Anastasia's dad, and her homeland.

I must confess that most of the folk I have heard is Western, so don't actually recognise any of the songs being played, but what I found interesting is how this albums sounds with no percussion or bottom end. Steve provides guitar, Bob

provides trumpet and flugelhorn (along with some vocals), and it almost feels as if we have been allowed to sit in a studio while the guys play, as opposed to playing a CD. This doesn't have the vitality and risk that I normally associate with jazz, but rather is far more considered in its approach. It certainly feels like they are reading scores, which they probably are in fairness, as opposed to going where the music takes them. This is due to them wanting to be true to the originals, and it certainly imbibes the music with a far different feeling from normal. I found myself enjoying the album more from an intellectual standpoint than an emotional one, but it is interesting all the same. I do wonder what this might have sounded like if the guys had brought in some other musicians and loosened up somewhat, but it definitely drags you in.



THE BONNEVILLES
DIRTY PHOTOGRAPHS
ALIVE RECORDS

I know very little about these guys, as their biography (both on their own site and on their label's) is actually non-existent, but I think this is their fourth

studio album (thanks RYM), they hail from Belfast, and are a duo comprising Andrew McGibbon Jr. (guitar, vocals) and Chris McMullan (drums). According to their Bandcamp site, "The Bonneville's are shaking Northern Ireland in a way it hasn't felt since Van Morrison & Them obliterated Club Radio in 1964 and Stiff Little Fingers blew apart The Trident in 1977! The Bonneville's don't so much play punk blues as use it as a spring board to create a completely new genre.". So, get past the blurb and what does it mean?

What we have here is a garage blue band that has been heavily influenced by the slide and swagger of Rory Gallagher, and have taken that as a base to move backwards into jailhouse blues and forward into punk and infused it with sweat to create something that is incredibly honest and vital. This is punk rock blues where we are being given the opportunity to hear what is actually going on with these guys: they are living this music, it isn't something they play but rather something they experience every day. At times there are hints of Jeff Healey, at other White Stripes, but to be honest this is Gallagher being moved in new directions and is a total blast. When I was a teenager the bike I most lusted after was a Triumph Bonneville, as it felt honest and good (and most importantly wasn't Japanese), and this music is as solid as that old 750cc machine used to be.



BULLETBOYS
FROM OUT OF THE SKIES
FRONTIERS MUSIC

I think it will come as a shock to some people who are familiar with the name BulletBoys to discover that they are still in existence. Formed in 1987 they had huge success with their debut album the following year, but since then they have never managed to gain the same commercial acclaim. Part of this is surely down to the huge number of musicians who have been through their ranks over the years, but lead singer Marq Torien (ex-King Cobra, ex-Ratt) has been there since the very beginning, and here they are with the follow-up to 2015's 'Elefanté'. Nick Rozz (guitar) and Chad MacDonald (bass) have both been around for the last few albums, although drummer Anthony "Tiny" Biuso is the latest in a revolving drum stool that puts Spinal tap to shame.

Newly signed to Frontiers Music, I guess that the label are expecting great things from a band that can honestly state that they have sold more than a million albums. But, the only issue is that most of those sales were from an album which

was released thirty years ago, as opposed to a lengthy commercially successful career. This isn't a bad album, but there is also very little here to get excited about. Possibly inspired by recording at the Foo Fighters' Studio 606, the title cut contains huge influences from that band, and is all the better for it. It may not have the bite and depth of that band, but is a step above most of the rest of the album. The song "D-Evil" features guest vocals from Jesse Hughes of Eagles of Death Metal, and is quite different to the rest of the material, which is fairly standard melodic hard rock. Bits and pieces of the album show promise, but I would expect more consistency and solid material from a band that has been around as long as this.



CROSSON
INVINCIBLE
METALAPOLIS

Apparently, Crosson are "Australia based Futuristic Theatrical Rock Warriors" led by singer/guitarist/keyboard player Jason Crosson. Oh, goody. Halfway through the opening "Rock Warriors" I was already checking to see how long the album was

(38 minutes), as this is the style of glam rock that was supposed to have been destroyed by the advent of grunge. That song attempts to be clever by name-checking one metal classic after another in a "spot the band" competition, it's a shame that a similar idea was undertaken by Barclay James Harvest with "Titles" in 1975, but there they understood that there also need to be a tune and melody behind the lyrics, unlike Crosson. In some ways they remind me of Manowar, who also set themselves up to be shot down, but they actually had some good songs, whereas this album always makes me want to just press skip all the way through.

Jason Crosson states "The songwriting and production has leaped in great bounds and the album will have you shamelessly singing along to the catchy choruses while leaving your ears bleeding". I don't know what he is talking about this, but it isn't this.



THE COMPLETE GOSPELS

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

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



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

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

Special Limited Edition Boxset containing

Signed by Rick Wakeman and numbered certificate.

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

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

Double CD2, The New Gospels

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

Reproduction A4 x 12 page concert program.

The Rainbow Suite

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

This is Rick and Orchestra at their finest !!!



Available to pre-order from www.rickwakemansmusicemporium.com

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.





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.



This issue's celebrity is.....

My one time manager Roo, who once told me that if I stuck with his management advice he would make sure that I was as famous as Eddy Shit!

Oh yes and he once managed a knocking shop, and sold second hand cars, and we worked together on the business opportunity of the nineties.

ROO'S TOP TEN

- *Give 'em enough rope* The Clash
- *Walk like an Egyptian* The Bangles
- *Birthday* The Sugarcubes
- *Baby I don't care..* Transvision Vamp
- *Maxinequaye..* Tricky
- *Energy flash..* Joey Beltram
- *Pillar of salt..* The Thermals
- *Little fluffy clouds* The Orbrb
- *Keine lust* Rammstein
- *People funny boy* Lee scratch Perry

Plus (dedicated to Jon D)

Come on baby light my farts by Eddie Shit (of course)

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

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

ART GARFUNKEL'S

GREATEST FORGOTTEN MEGA DRIVE GRAPHICS

"Borag thungg, earthlings! I am Art Garfunkel, the folk singerman from Simon und Garfunkel. Why 'Art'? It's short for Artificial, because when I was born my parents thought I looked like some sort of weird mannequin of 'Garfield's uncle'. I still do! Ha ha.

"I shortened my name to Art because I really like art (paintings and that) and f'arts (smelly bum noise). This is why I've chosen to tell you about ten of the best-looking Sega Mega Drive games you've probably forgotten about, while also telling you about some of the best farts I ever did.

"I'm sure it's going to be a lot of fun, so here's to you, Tommy Robinson - racists love you more than you can know, woh woh woh!!"



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..

So the Manfred tour was over. There is always a sense of loss at the end of a tour, and whether you want to admit it or not, most major tours leave you a bit institutionalised. There is that routine. You get up, have breakfast, set up the gear, soundcheck, eat, show time, pack down, load the trucks, shower and unwind. In the early days of touring, before the advent of the sleeper bus and the on-tour catering, there were a few more elements of danger and adventure. You may go back to a hotel and go out for a drink in a club in a strange town. Stay awake too long, get too drunk and still have to drive long kilometres the next day. Even with these tours there is the '7 o'clock element'. That time when the doors open to the punters and you vacate the hall and then the show time high. Whenever I got home from a longish tour I always found myself at 9 or 9:30 thinking I should be standing at a desk waiting for the 'go' signal. If you liked the band (and I tried as much as I could to only tour with bands whose music I enjoyed) and toured with them a lot you could almost hear those opening bars in your head. *Grope's* old singer, Al Haines, talked to me about Bowlby's 'attachment theory'. The theory that children deprived of the affection of their mother or father would seek other forms of attachment and that may explain the tight social groupings you find in bands and road crews. The odd misfits who somehow all fit together as a coherent whole and function as a single unit. I think there is also a degree of tribalism in there too. We tend to want to be a crowd of people in a loosely hierarchical structure with a common goal. I don't know what it is, but the best crews I have worked with have all had a bond of some sort and, when the bus drops you off at the pre-arranged spot, or the plane lands in a UK airport, there is often a tug of the collective heartstrings that we are all too macho to show – well there was for me.

Back in Greenwich I was at a loose end. The PA had gone down to Sleazies and I had a bit of work from my usual bands, but not much. I went round to the office of *Mike Allen Rental Systems* to renew that acquaintance. The company was based in Lott's Road, Chelsea, at the back of the *Zenith*



Roy
Weard

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Lighting warehouse. They did not have much on, but they gave me some gigs for Capital Radio. We used to do 'The Greatest Disco In Town' at the *Lyceum* in The Strand. This involved slinging a large PA into the venue, connecting a couple of decks and then going off to a back room and doing some drugs. I worked out that it usually cost me more than I got paid for the gig, but it was fun in a masochistic kind of way. We had to run the multicore to the desk across the boxes at the top of the venue. One of these was 'The Royal Box'. The *Lyceum* was long past its prime of life and I doubt that even Fergie would be seen in the building itself, let alone the Royal Box, but it was still kept locked which meant that we had to climb from the adjacent box, round the ornate mouldings, in order to hand down the multicore. This was some twenty feet up in the air and, one night, as I was dropping the cable a huge chunk of moulding came off in my hand. I did that classic James Bond bit of hanging on with one hand and trying to get another grip to stop myself falling and then thought, 'sod this' and swung into the Royal Box, dropped the cable to the waiting crew, and kicked the door open to get out.

I did some shows with Chris Thompson's band round London and a bit of work for Manfred himself. Manfred was very honest about this. He called me to his house one day and said, 'Roy. I don't have enough work to employ a roadie full time but can we agree an hourly rate, and I will call you up from time to time to do things? I want you to charge me for every hour you are busy for me, even charge for this discussion, so I know that if you say you cannot do it that is not because you think you won't get paid.'

He was true to that. I would list the tasks and time taken and when it got to be a reasonable sum take him the list and he would immediately write a cheque.

MARS did have a short UK tour going out and I was offered that. It was a band called *Set The Tone* featuring Kenney Hyslop, the drummer from the Scots boy band *Slik*. They were a kind of electro dance band, very reliant on sequencers. Production rehearsals for the tour were in Glasgow at the Celtic football ground social club. Their manager at the time was George 'upsidown head'. He had been named that by Billy Connolly when he was his tour manager because he had a bald head and a beard. Mick Sturgeon was doing the monitors and I was rigging the front of house for Howard Menzies. Our part of the crew was completed by Baz Ward, an old-school roadie of the first degree. He had been roadie for *The Nice*, Keith Emerson's first big band, and used to have the job of propping up the Hammond organ while

Keith threw knives into the keyboard.

Howard was very funny. He had a lot of attitude back then and had toured with quite a few large bands. The band had a guy of their own too, who was very much of the 'fetch and carry' variety. After the first night in Glasgow we went back to our hotel. I could see this was going to be a cheap tour. They had booked us into a hotel that was due to close the following month and so they were not restocking anything. When the bulb went in the bathroom the porter took one from the hall and gave it to me. Howard and I went out for a drink, but Mick stayed behind to write down all the rigging for the PA – in case 'something happened to him'. When we came back, at 2am, I asked the porter if there was another key for our room. He responded by calling the room and said, 'Open yer door. Yer mate's outside'.

I had been trying not to wake Mick up.

I was not completely convinced by the band. The recorded stuff sounded OK but there was just not enough going on the stage. There was a lot of attitude but not nearly enough music. Sequencers are all very well but when it comes to it, they are just a backing track and it seemed to me the musical ideas were a bit staid and ordinary too. But then I was never a fan of dance music of any kind. We set off for the tour after a couple of days of rehearsal. Howard was amusing from the start. I think he was getting up Mick's nose a bit but I was enjoying his tour managing – even if his driving was a mite erratic. Baz, because he hailed from the old days of rock and roll, was not really used to the kind of keyboards the band were using. A couple of them needed tuning every day and he had no real tuner to do it with. I showed him that the Moog had an A440 oscillator that he could use to tune the other keyboards to. I must say I regretted doing that because that 440 Hz oscillator really began to get on everyone's nerves after a while. Mick was quite into rolling trick spliffs. Long ones, and branched ones, and all sorts. We took to having competitions in the hotel rooms at night to see who could roll the most unlikely looking joint that would still smoke.



CURRENTLY IN STOCK
AT GONZO (UK)



CURRENTLY IN STOCK
AT GONZO (USA)



c.j.stone

Compassion is the cure for the world's ills

I watched the film about Eric Clapton last week: Life In 12 Bars.

I guess it depends on your age, but certainly for me, and for many people of my generation, Clapton was a profound influence. It's like his life is sown into mine on some fundamental level.

I remember him with Cream first of all, although he was with the Yardbirds and John Mayall before that.

I remember Layla and the story of his obsession with Pattie Boyd, George Harrison's wife.

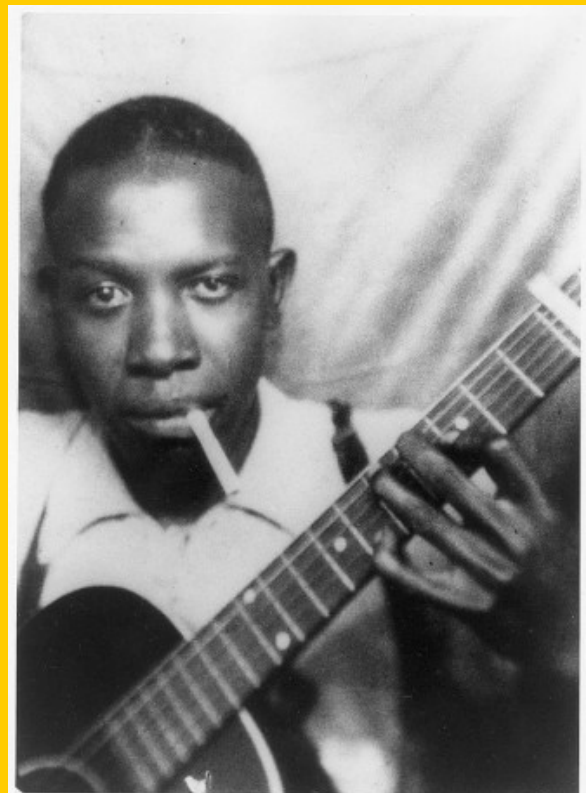
I remember I Shot The Sheriff. For many of us that was our introduction to Bob Marley and the Jamaican Reggae scene.

But there was something in the film which had entirely slipped my memory: his brief but ugly flirtation with fascism.

This was deeply shocking: hypocritical even, given that he'd made his fortune by playing the Blues, a perennially black musical form.

How could he record Robert Johnson songs and claim BB King as an influence, and then come out with these racist comments?

What the film made clear was how unhappy he was at the time. He'd been a



heroin addict but had overcome this with alcohol, in some ways an even worse drug. He'd become a fully immersed, dysfunctional alcoholic who would put away a whole bottle of Courvoisier before lunch.

There's an interview where he says he doesn't like life. Anyone who has ever known an alcoholic will know that they are prone to making extreme statements, as much to get attention as anything else.

In vino veritas? No, in vino ad absurdum.

Anyway, I was musing on all this when something popped into my head. Most fascist supporters are unhappy people, I thought. Fascism is the world's disease. It is born out of hatred for a system that has left so many behind. It is misdirected anger focussed on the wrong target.

There's no point in hating fascists. We

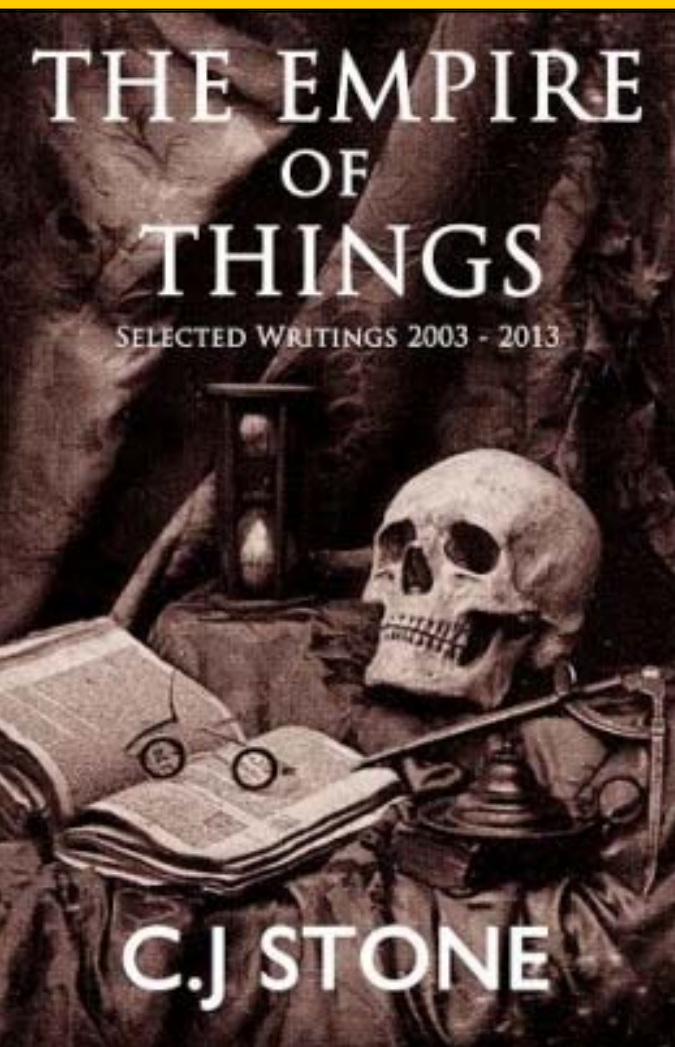
should feel sorry for them, as people who are ill. We do need to quarantine them, however, to make sure the disease doesn't spread.

If fascism is a sickness then we need to find the cure. White supremacy is rife in America right now.

People are openly doing the Nazi salute, carrying the swastika and teaching their children to say Seig Heil!

Given that this was the nation that came to Europe's aid to help us to defeat Nazism, this is profoundly worrying. European flirtation with the ideology shows that any nation is prone to it.

Read on



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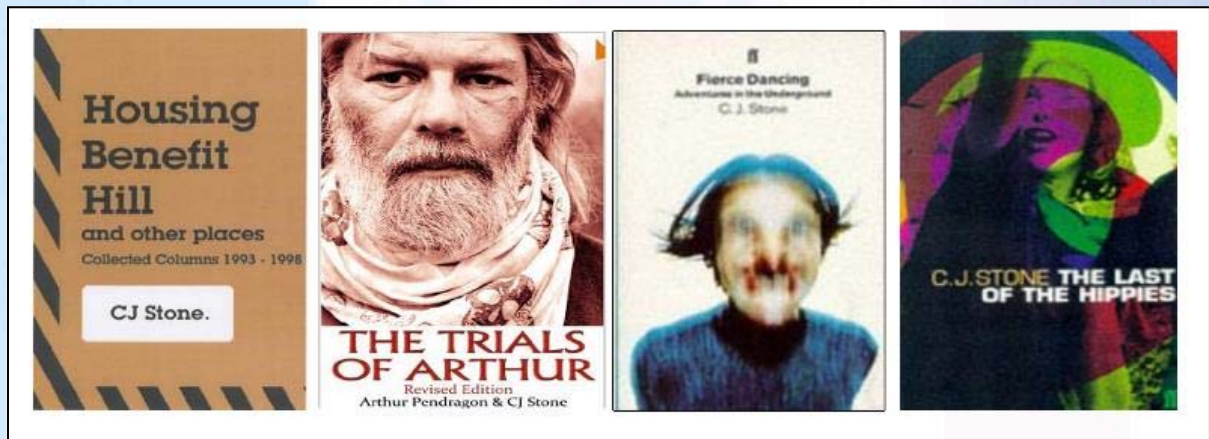
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Independent on Sunday



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

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The Last of the Hippies:

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

OTHER BOOKS BY
C.J.STONE



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

Hawkwind's latest announcement has pleased many and sparked adverse comment from a few:

We are excited to let you know that the god of Hellfire....The one and only Arthur Brown will be joining us for the first five of our In Search of Utopia shows...More surprises to come :-)

"We hover at the speed of time
Our menu accesses infinity." -
Arthur Brown

Hawkwind's new studio album of old songs is released in about two weeks' time... and the aforementioned October "In



"Search of Utopia" mini-tour of England kicks off around the same time - mid October - and there's one date in Wales too. However, Arthur won't be doing the Wales gig, nor the Bath and Brum ones that follow it a week later.

Arthur Brown last guested with Hawkwind for eight shows in



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gonzomultimedia.co.uk
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December 2002 and the next eight shows in May 2003. The only official release with any of this material is the 2002 video from Newcastle, "Out of the Shadows". That's going back a bit, to when Alan Davey was with the band!

Given Mike Batt's involvement as well, some have queried the number of guests Hawkwind get involved with at times. But the core band have often done that, of course. In the last ten years or so we've had John Etheridge, Dumpy, Matthew Wright, John Sevink, Michel Sosna, Jez Huggett, and Steve Hillage all perform with them on stage. And that's quite some mixture of guest selection there. Heck, even Haz Wheaton was initially a guest performer, in the TOSH lineup, and Eric Clapton is on the upcoming album.

Earlier this month, the new Hawkwind single 'Quark Strangeness & Charm' (lifted from the 'Road To Utopia' album) was released, c/w 'The Watcher'; and that track is with the special guest I mentioned just now - Eric Clapton.





HAWKWIND PASSPORT APPLICATION



Greetings space travellers!

This is your Hawkwind Earth Visitors Passport application form.

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

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

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

Volunteer Crew Register

Name

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

.....
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.....

Full Earth Address:
.....
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Post Code

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

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Additional info:

www.hawkwind.com

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The

COLDHARBOUR E.14

Diaries

I have just released a digital album, and—partly as an experiment to see if what people say about the current state of the music industry—and partly to stoke my massive ego, I am actually trying to promote it for a change, but sharing my experiences with you guys in readershipland...

THURSDAY, 30th

I have to say that playing at being a record company mogul is both entertaining and frustrating. I truly have no idea how Gonzo Multimedia *Grande Fromage* Rob Ayling does it. Or even why he would want to. But I can proudly say that I can no longer say that I have not sold any copies of the new album *Coldharbour*.

When I came downstairs this morning I opened my e-mails to find that I have actually sold *one*, and I am unreasonably pleased about the fact.

Hooray!

FRIDAY, 31st

I received a very interesting snippet of knowledge the other day.

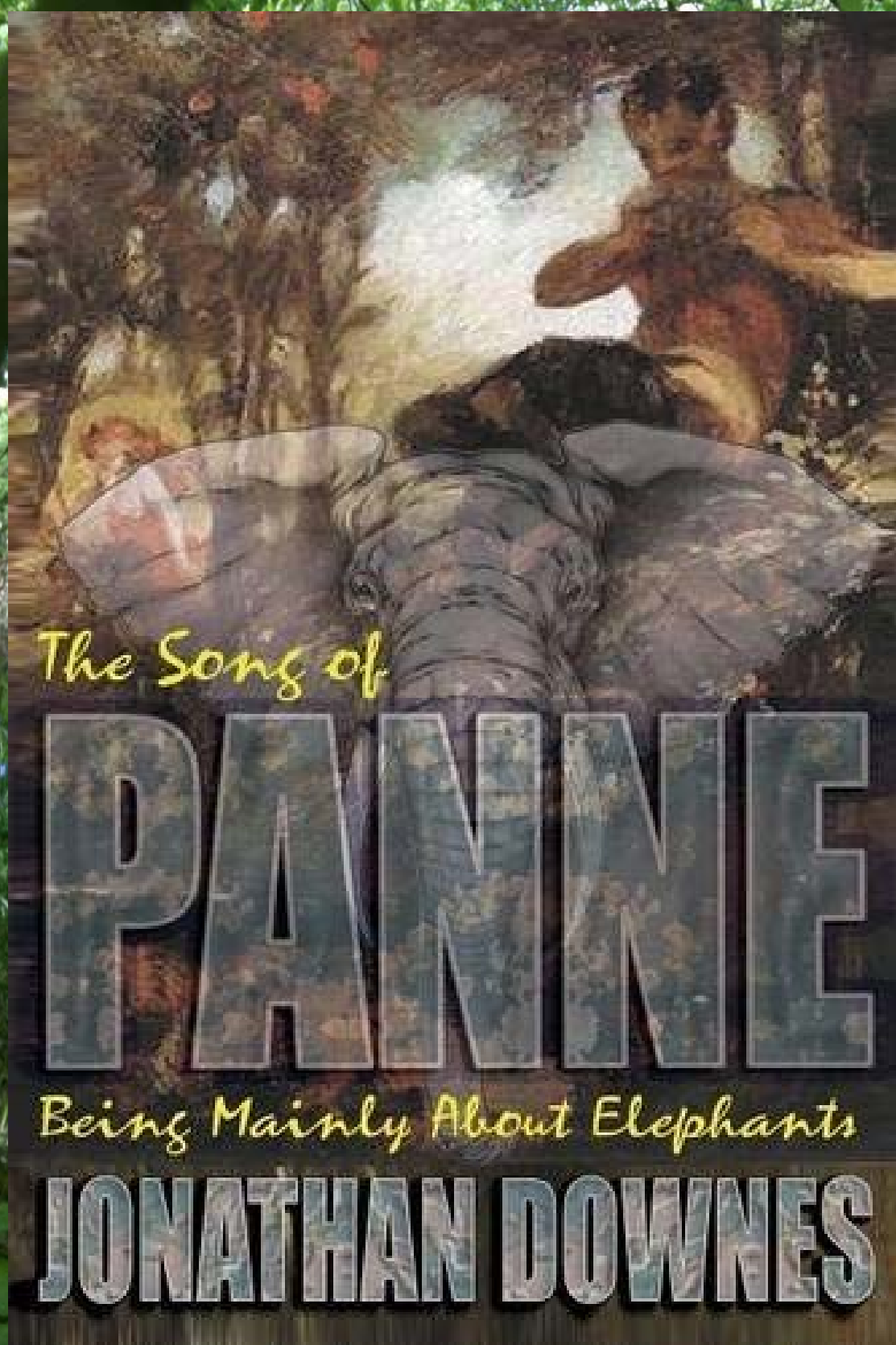
According to one of the books by Joan Aitken, a cold harbour was an unofficial place of safety, maintained by vagrants and vagabonds. I had been reading Aitken's *Cold Shoulder Road* whilst I was mixing the album.

However my old friend Judy Ja'afar one time head honchess of BUFORA (the British UFO Research Organisation, if you didn't know) thought I was being crafty in my titling:

"Project Cobra Mist run out of Orford Ness and East Anglia bases leased to America. Allegedly pulled in 69/70 but continued under the name Cold Harbour. There is much to tell, but not on here."

Art imitating life again..

<https://jondownes1.bandcamp.com/releases>



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!

I don't actually remember our arrival at Perth, the capital of western Australia. But we spent two or three weeks there, which – from the point of view of a nine year old stranger in a strange land – was a glorious eternity. We stayed at a small guest house on the outskirts of the city, and whilst we went into the city itself on many occasions, we spent most of our time exploring the countryside and the huge swathe of golden sandy beach, and its adjacent sand dunes.

I had discovered the wonders of sand dunes two years before in the Channel Islands, but these were far larger and seemed to go on forever. They were their own singular biotope and were home to all sorts of fascinating wildlife. One morning, after it had rained lightly the night before, I was enthralled to see the wide range of tiny footprints that could be found everywhere one looked, on the temporarily rain-hardened sand. Even then, I knew that the vast majority of Australia's mammals were marsupials, and I daydreamed happily about potoroos, antechinus, and other small pouched mammals, as well as the few indigenous rodents, which somehow had bucked the prevailing trend and survived upon the island continent



when all over placental mammals had failed.

But it was the seashells that really fascinated me. Although some of them were similar in shape and form to the ones with which I was familiar from the beaches of Hong Kong – cowries and conus, for example – others were completely unfamiliar to me, and I soon amassed a sizable collection. My father gave me a pocket guidebook to Australian shells, and I have it still, somewhere, in the depths of my library. With the book in my pocket, I spent much of my time marching intently along the foreshore and much of my evenings identifying, classifying, and sorting the specimens that I had found. When we eventually returned to Hong Kong, they took pride of place in my shell collection but, alas, along with the rest of my seashells, they were given to my ex-father-in-law, thirty years ago. And thus, are lost to me for good.

On one day, we visited the Royal West Australia Show. I have never been particularly interested in agricultural animals, but I well remember my father getting all misty eyed and sentimental when he saw a display of bullocks from the breed which originated in his native North Devon, and – to the day he died – he credited this serendipitous encounter with provoking our next family holiday being to Devonshire, and eventually to our family's return back here to live. I wasn't the slightest bit interested in the endless parades of livestock, but some of the 'sideshows' have stuck in my mind ever since. Mostly the ones involving wild animals. The most exciting of these was a fairly unassuming makeshift aquarium tent, which would never have stuck in my mind at all if it hadn't been for the fact that one of the tanks contained a display of living sea snakes of various species. They were animals that I had always wanted to see alive, and which I never had before, and



never have since. There were several different species in a six foot tank, similar to the one that I used to keep my alligator snapping turtle in up until a few years ago, in the CFZ museum. They didn't look particularly happy or healthy, and I wondered then (and continue to wonder now) whether these notorious pugnacious animals had actually bitten each other whilst in captivity, and were – as a result – at death's door. However, the fact that the signage implied that this was a permanent exhibition – permanent, for the week or so that the agricultural show lasted, that is – would imply that it was unlikely that my gruesome hypothesis could have been correct.

According to the zoo chat forums:

“Sea snakes are not particularly hard to keep and various species have been kept long-term. This isn't a recent development, but has been the case since the 1990s at least. However, only sea kraits have been seen with some regularity in aquariums in Europe and North America, probably because these coastal species are easier to

source than the true sea snakes. True sea snakes have only very rarely been kept outside their native Asia and Australia. As long as they are healthy when entering captivity, they are not particularly prone to disease and readily feed on dead fish (there's also videos on youtube: "Sea Snakes feeding at Reef HQ Aquarium" and "Sea snake feeding at Ocean Park Aquarium, Shark Bay WA").

When well-fed they evidently tend to ignore most other fish in their exhibit. For example, a wide range of small to medium sized fish (squirrelfish, wrasse, surgeonfish, angelfish, butterflyfish, moorish idol, damselfish, maskray, etc) co-inhabit the olive sea snake exhibit at Blue Planet Aquarium (Denmark); most of these have been together for a very long time without issues. Reef HQ (Australia) has successfully kept sea snakes with lionfish and stonefish for a long time. Aquarium of the Pacific (USA) and Berlin (Germany) have kept a range of small fish with their sea kraits, but I'm unaware of their "durability", i.e., if fish remain long-term or frequently switch, suggesting predation

by the sea snake. However, mixing should still be done with care. Several few years ago an aquarium in Australia lost a sea snake... when attacked and eaten by a pufferfish. Since many sea snakes feed heavily on eel, especially morays, in the wild, they presumably should never be mixed. I've seen a photo from Aquarium des Lagons (New Caledonia) where a sea krait and sea turtle share a tank, but suspect this is a very risky mix."

The other sideshow that I remember was one curated by the West Australian Police, and – although, like most nine year old boys, I was a bloodthirsty little sod – my mother flatly refusing to let me go into the 'Homicide Gallery' (which considering that even then my psyche was far more fragile than I let on) was probably a good idea.

On another occasion, we visited a travelling exhibition of Australian reptiles, which had been set up in what seemed, to my memory, to be a church hall of some description. I remember that it was advertised as being an exhibition of species that were found locally, but as it included small specimens of both species of crocodile found in Australia, neither of which are found outside Queensland and the northern territory, this could have not have been the case.

With hindsight, it would appear that all of these animals were being exhibited in a highly unsuitable series of displays, but for the nine year old Jonathan, already obsessed with aquatic reptiles in particular, it was paradise. For the first time in my life, I had the chance to see not only crocodiles, but lots of different species of turtle ranging from the parchment shelled soft shells, still all within the family *Trionyx*, to the pleasantly grotesque *Pleurodira*, which even then, I thought the long necks looked just like a penis.

There were also lizards and snakes of all shapes and sizes, including the coastal

Taipan, which, allegedly, is the most venomous terrestrial snake in the world.

In the middle of the city of Perth, there is a park, whose name I have sadly forgotten. In the middle of this park, unremarkable except for its enormous size, there is a hill, which has been maintained as a wilderness nature reserve. I have told people about it over the years, and nobody has believed me, but a year or so ago, my friend and colleague, Lars Thomas, confirmed that he had been there too, and that everything that I have been saying about the place for the last half century, is completely true.

I assume that the nature reserve is far more policed than it would have otherwise seemed, especially to a nine year old who thought that it was a virgin 'bush', and that dangerous animals have – to a certain extent, at least – been removed to places where they are less likely to be a danger to visiting humans. But, the amazing thing about the place, particularly for me, was that one could see and interact with a wide variety of wild animals in their natural habitat. The three that remain most vibrant in my mind's eye are two lizards – the shingleback skink and the blue-tongued skink – and a mammal; the peculiar, egg-laying, short-beaked echidna. I had seen all three of these species in zoos earlier in our trip, but nothing could have prepared me for the intense joy that I felt seeing them wild, in their native habitats, where they were so tame that I could kneel down with my head almost at ground level, and observe them face to face.



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.

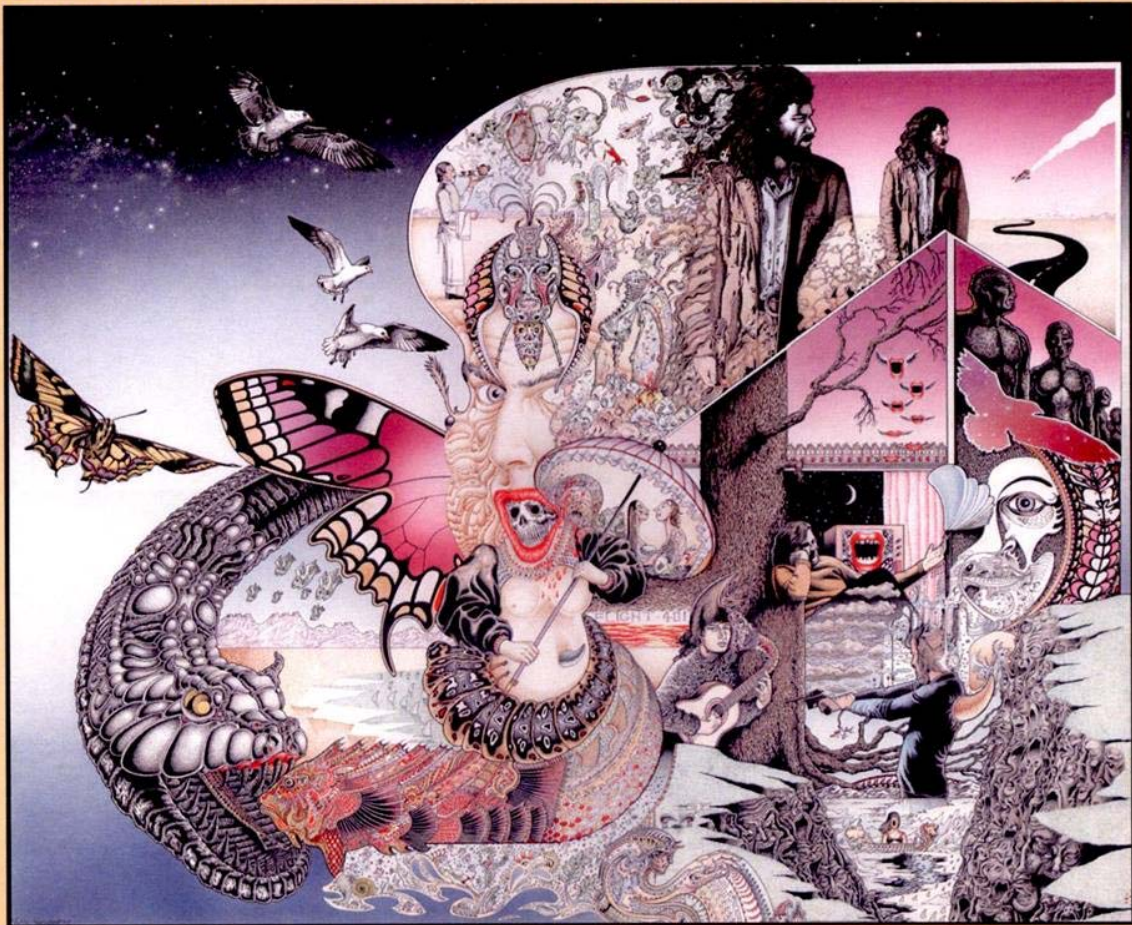
In 1984 Martin was commissioned to illustrate the cover of "The Summer Tree" by Guy Gavriel Kay. This and the subsequent volumes of The Fionavar Tapestry Trilogy were published around the world along with Martin's covers. Martin continued his work in fantasy illustration, illustrating many covers for 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

DIVING INTO SMALL POOLS

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY IN SONGS AND INTERESTING NOISES

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LIFE UNDER WATER / CAVES AND CATHEDRALS
SMALL POOLS / EDDIE'S FINAL DIVE



PRODUCED BY DON GEPPERT AND MARTIN SPRINGETT



Thom the World Poet

Rob Ayling writes:

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

A (NUCLEAR)BRIGHTER TOMORROW!

BECAUSE WE DO NOT KNOW

We project Powerpoint presentations of Tomorrowland

As we enter periods of power and scarcity

When whole nations of shifting refugee populations
make for a policed security state made of gated communities..

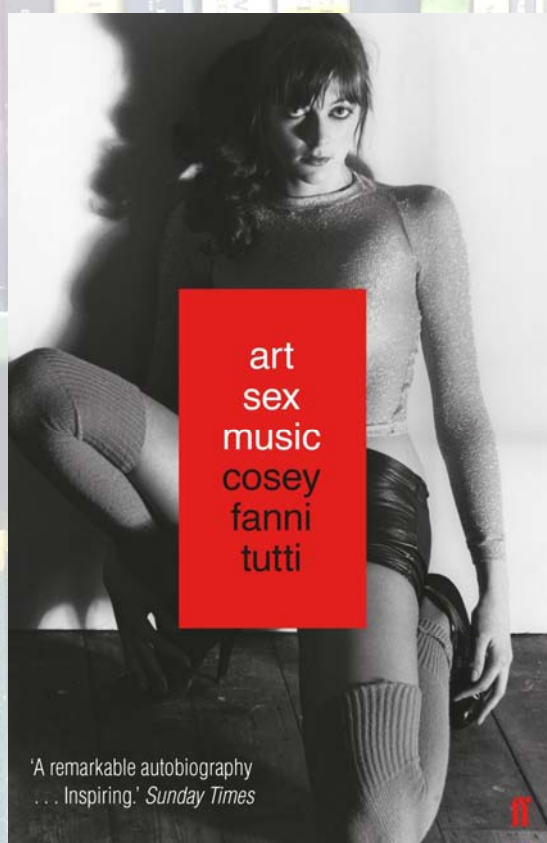
Fashions change, and morality. Politics is paramount,
along with police and army to enforce edicts and decrees.

It is no great stretch to spell cast Dystopia/Disney antidotes
Realism haunts each WIRED statistic. Write down your worries
and watch as they become headlines. Life speeds up.

Tomorrow is already here. Banksy created Dismal Land
to visually illustrate current conundrums. You can write your solutions.
But expecting truth in fantasy is an act of blind trust. Write your own WAY
OUT!

!

Yer Gonzo Bookshelf



- Paperback: 512 pages
- Publisher: Faber & Faber
- Language: English
- ISBN-10: 0571328520#
- ISBN-13: 978-0571328529

My wife is, as I believe I may have mentioned in these pages before, a remarkable woman. And furthermore, probably deserves a medal for the way that she puts up with me and my various vagaries. Last week was my birthday, and I am now only a year shy of sixty. My birthday presents consisted of a bottle of gin, an antique book about North Devon from my old friend, Richard Muirhead, and a whole pile of books, the most esoteric of which came from my wife, Corinna. She remarked

that they certainly were a disparate bunch this year, as they included a scholarly tome on the history of Neopaganism, a biography of a South Devon plumber, who partially managed to fool the world that he was a Tibetan Buddhist Lama (and no, that doesn't mean a giraffe like mammal from South America) and – as already eluded to in the editorial of this very issue – the autobiography of Cosey from Throbbing Gristle.

It was this last book that I went to first, and I devoured it in a couple of sittings. Let's get the reviewing bit out of the way first: yeah, it's great. Surprisingly, all the people in the 'straight' press, who made it one of their books of the year in 2017, were not indulging in hyperbole. Seldom have I read such a gripping account of somebody's musical career, but it is not the literary merits of the book that I want to discuss today, because the narrative itself threw up a number of interesting aspects, which I think deserve being discussed in depth.

The thing which I find most intriguing about the book is the way that it chronicles the career arc of the author and the two bands with which she is most closely associated: Throbbing Gristle, and Chris and Cosey, and the multimedia art group, COUM Transmissions, which she started with the even more notorious Genesis P-Orridge, in Hull, back in the 1970s. In the early days, they were described as being 'wreckers of civilisation' by one angry, Tory MP, and their art activities – which Alexis Petridis in *The Guardian* described as 'performances so transgressive, that other transgressive performance artists tended to walk out in disgust' – involving violence, bodily

fluids and waste, and art exhibitions involving used tampons and blood-smeared dildos, are still vile and shocking today. Coupled with these atrocities, the fact that Cosey worked in the sex trade both live and on celluloid, and made a notorious home movie, in which she appeared to castrate her boyfriend, gave Ms Tutti a reputation both scary and disgusting.

But I have always been interested in extreme artists, and over the years I have listened to Throbbing Gristle basically in a sort of car crash way; as “music I can’t believe that they made”. I remember, for example, one of the ‘Weird Weekends’ cocktail parties, when it seemed that half the village turned up and there was a bunch of very noisy and very drunk members of the Young Farmers Club dancing on my lawn. Wanting to get rid of them all, I instructed my nephew (the DJ) to put on

We Hate You Little Girls, and within a few minutes, all my ‘guests’ had left. The next morning I received a complaint from the police, but that’s another story.

One of the things that interested me most about this book is how it described the journey that Cosey individually, Throbbing Gristle and COUM Transmissions made from being the aforementioned ‘wreckers of civilisation’ to being seen as important artists, worthy of serious retrospectives in mainstream art galleries. I’m still not really sure how it happened, but happen it did. And it is a very interesting transition, which is covered in some depth in Cosey’s book.

The main story arc of this book is the ever changing relationship between the four members of Throbbing Gristle, and – in particular – the relationship between the author and Genesis P-Orridge. The



relationship between the author and her long time partner (both musically and personally), Chris Carter, is far less interesting. It was pretty well love at first sight, and as soon as they were able to get together, they did, and have been – apparently – blissfully happy for the past forty years or so. However, the relationship with P-Orridge is far more complicated. We first meet him in the very early 1980s, when both he and the author were arty young hippies in Hull. They soon got together and worked on COUM Transmissions, and later on other projects together. Almost from the beginning, one could see that P-Orridge was obviously a bit of a prick, and his prickhood (if that is a word) increased tenfold as the two outsider artists got older. It comes as absolutely no surprise that the author kicked P-Orridge into touch in favour of her bandmate Chris Carter, and the only real surprise is that she didn't do it before.

Embarrassingly, some of what Cosey writes is reminiscent of my first wife writing about me, although less extreme, thankfully. I am not trying to claim that I am an artist deserving of a retrospective in the Tate Modern; purely that for some years, at least, I – too – was a bit of a prick, and it does raise an interesting question as to how much prickly behaviour one should tolerate from people, even if they are lauded as major artists.

The weirdest part of the journey – for me – is the description of what happened when the band reconvened in the early part of the current century. Again, the vast majority of this section is about how badly P-Orridge treated his bandmates. From the point of view of the reader, it certainly appeared as though – at the very least – he enjoyed playing mind games with them, and it is impossible to ignore the possibility that

he only orchestrated the whole reunion in order to take out a complicated revenge against his bandmates for some real or imagined slight.

But now comes the really weird thing. As regular readers will know, current crises within the Downes family mean that I am not in the best of places at the moment, and therefore – especially as the fact that as a result I am in the longest period of enforced sobriety that I have ever experienced – both my brain chemistry and emotions are particularly non-standard for now. So, whilst reading the second half of this book, I put on the second of the albums released by the reformed Throbbing Gristle, in April 2007. And guess what? I really found myself liking it a lot; and using it as a beautifully hypnotic way of entering an altered state, without the benefit of substance abuse. So, I tried an experiment, and listened to the first two albums from thirty years before, and found that I liked them as well for the first time. It was as if reading Cosey's description of the *modus operandi* and general conceptualisations behind the recordings gave me a way in that I had previously been able to find. Whether this is a good thing or a bad thing, I have no idea, but it is certainly a thing, and it is certainly interesting.

One would have expected the autobiographical writing of such an uncompromising and extreme artist to be written in a bizarre, sensational, and sub-William Burroughs, but it is nothing of the sort. The writing is elegant, understated, and far more enjoyable to read than I had ever imagined that it would be. This is a remarkable book, and I would like to publicly thank Cosey for her honesty, and for setting the record very straight indeed.



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.



ROCK and ROLL

a cabinet of curiosities

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

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

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

Paul McCartney blazer Morecambe and Wise show BBC 1964 - £67,000.00



Western Prod
2000 BUSHELS SHORT
500 do OATS
500 do RYE
150 do BEAN
3000 do BUCK WHEAT
CORN AND RYE MEAL
OTIS BRAMAN,
Worcester, Feb 11. dit

H. E. HUTCHINGS,
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Worcester, Jan 18

Worcester Rail Road Company.
Freight by this line forwarded from Worcester to
Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and New Bedford
also, to Portland, and all parts of Maine.
Freight free for goods to be returned by this Express.
Office: - HARNDEN & CO'S OFFICE, 8 Court Street
Boston. J. H. KNIGHTS HAT STORE, 155 Main St
Worcester. E. S. LEONARD.
Feb 25, 1877. dit

PRATT, DOWNES & SCOTT,
(Successors to T.W. & O.P. BARRETT)
Worcester, Jan 18

The undersigned, by appointment from the Commission
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PRATT, DOWNES & SCOTT,

Hendrix Management N.Y.C.

A letter of authenticity will be included in sale."

Carlos Santana Signed and Framed Electric Guitar with COA - US \$8,500.00 (Approximately £6,541.48)



"Carlos Santana Signed and Framed Electric Guitar with COA

Signed by Carlos Santana

Frame dimensions approximately 42" x 24" x 4".

Graphical backdrop, 3-D cutout logo/graphics, pictures, archival wood, UV protective and non-reflective plexiglass.

Comes with a Lifetime Certificate of Authenticity with numbered tamper-proof decal."

Weirdly enough, whilst in Morrisons last night, some odd collection of Santana was being piped over the speakers. It was just out of comfortable ear-range, but you could just about make it out.

kurt cobain signed-melted piece of kurts amp from dvd show-paramount - US \$9,600.00

"Maybe the biggest coolest piece in my collection... and probably the coolest piece of Cobain for sale right now... this is the melted piece from Kurts amp in the show "LIVE AT THE PARAMOUNT" halloween show 91... a piece of rock and roll history for sure...and on a live dvd...if you're a huge Cobain fan as I am you know exactly the song I'm talking about but if not here goes... the second song aneurysm this piece starts to melt on Kurts amp and Kurt and Chris go up to start smoking the clouds...lol... if you haven't seen it check it out the show is GREAT... one of their best shows... sounded very clean and Kurt was on top of his game... this piece does have a certificate guaranteed... the person who took this off stage did production for Nirvana shows... all of the names are included in the certificate... the company who sold this actually tried to buy it back off of me about 3 or 4 years ago... it wasn't going to happen then and his offer was only halfway there...lol...i had it in a glass case with cool pics of the piece smoking around it



but took it apart for good pics...this piece is only for a giant Cobain fan who bleeds Kurt as I do... not a fire kicker or someone who won't make the payment... I don't want to report anyone or open any cases so do not bid or offer what you cannot pay... if you have any questions or want to contact me write me a message... good luck on this piece..... thanks for looking and have a great day.....LONG LIVE KURT"

A very odd piece of memorabilia. Melted amps are not that commonplace I would not think. Ah well, one for the Kurt lovers out there.

Elvis Presley Doll 1956 - US \$4,000.00



"Doll is Beautiful condition with no fading off color on skin great color super clean clothes doll has original name tag sticker on it only defect is shoes are torn but can be repaired super rare one of a kind one of the finest samples ever know"

Spooky..... especially with the overcooked fries in the background, or are they goujons? We may never know.



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

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



AULD MAN'S BACCIE

RESONATING WITH THE BLUES

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COUNTRY AIRS

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THE NINE HENRYS



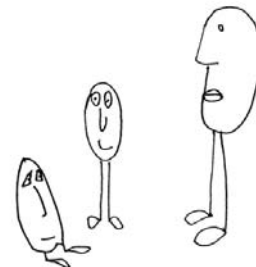
The Nine Henrys are a quirky bunch of cloned cartoon characters. They live in a strange lo-fi domestic surrealist world peopled by talking rock buns and elephants on wobbly stilts. Over the years the Henrys have been published in a variety of local NE magazines and now here for the first time thanks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



WHASSUUP!!!



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.

Diamanda Galas: Plague Mass – (Mute 1991)

What? Gargantuan life/death theme conveyed with virtuoso vocal pyrotechnics.

Galas doesn't do anything by halves, with a track record of being arrested for her beliefs she has regularly taken protests on issues like AIDS to the doorsteps of those opposed to her views. As a rule her music explores big



life/death issues and a great many offshoots, setting agendas to make lesser talents flinch and building complex works around her

incredible vocal range.

Plague Mass is – arguably – the perfect fusion of all of these elements. Culled from a performance in the Cathedral of Saint John the Divine in New York; the sound is cathedral/cavernous, the vibe spine-chilling, and the results generally sufficient to silence any casual conversation in rooms where Plague Mass is played.

The blatant statements about AIDS and criticism of authorities – including those in charge of the venue for this performance – erupt from "Let Us Praise the Masters of Slow Death" but Plague Mass works its complex magic because in-your-face references to "pussy licking" and "genocide" here lie side-by-side with the vocal gymnastics that propel an epic like the 11 minute 44 second "This is the Law of the Plague."

The backing is frequently little more than slapping and stark percussion (never more effective than when building suddenly into a cacophony). Galas achieves ranges of tone and flights of jazzy riffage with her voice, which moves in a split second from intoning and singing to vocalising rapid-fire sequences of notes. Treated with echo and driven forward by a mentality bordering madness on "Sono L'Antichristo," Galas' performance presents her voice as an instrument to rival any other. Crank up the headphones to let the wandering voice inhabit your brain, turn down the lights, and for three minutes you taste madness in the raw.

Over the duration it is that raw-edged tension between the changes and facets of Plague Mass and the fact that so much of it is delivered with one human voice that makes for a challenging, frightening and matchless work.

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

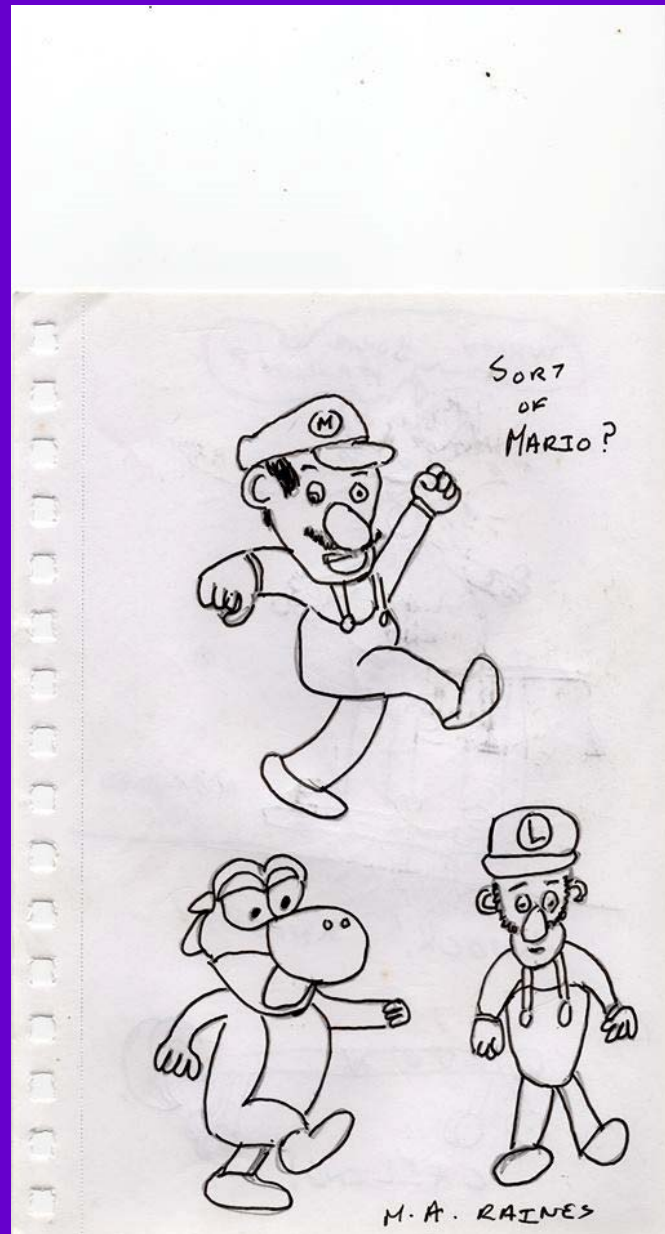


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THE WORLD OF GONZO ACCORDING TO

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/>

Much to my chagrin I discovered yesterday that the syndication programme which I use to make sure that blog posts are proliferated onto the appropriate Facebook pages had gone wrong. It appears that all the hoo hah with GDPR earlier in the year should have resulted in me being sent a notice telling me that I needed to update all the Facebook and Twitter privileges. Needless to say that no such notice was ever received, and thus a large proportion of what should have been posted to social media wasn't.

Oh how we laughed. We didn't actually, I just swore a lot, and ranted about idiotic bureaucracy until Corinna brought in tea, and I completely forgot all about it.

One of the worst things about growing older is that I sadly find myself behaving just like I remember my late father behaving four decades or so ago. I suppose that the basic laws of genetics, as codified by Gregoir Mendel all those years ago would dictate that this was inevitable, and that I am being silly to even comment upon it.

But it is somewhat of a shock.

And the other night I caught a glimpse of myself in a mirror when I was not expecting it, and I saw what looked like my father, but with long hair and a Throbbing Gristle T Shirt...OK, I think I have taken this analogy far enough.



There is no further news about Corinna's health problems. She needs more tests, and so the waiting game continues. Please keep us in your thoughts and prayers. And once again, we would both like to thank all of you for your kindness. To be on the receiving end of so much love and positive vibration is a truly awe-inspiring thing.

Until next issue (probably in two weeks' time)

Love on ya

Jon



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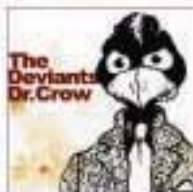
ANDY COLQUHOUN
String Theory
HIST65HCD



WARSAW PAKT FRY.
ANDY COLQUHOUN
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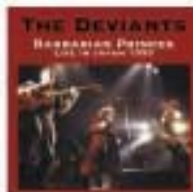
**NICK FARRIN AND
ANDY COLQUHOUN**
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HIST19HCD



THE DEVIANTS
Dr. Crow
HIST18HCD



THE DEVIANTS
The Deviants Have
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