

# GONZO

Alan goes to  
**Kozfest**, John  
goes to see **Devon  
Allman**, Graham  
discusses the  
departure of **Mr  
Dibs** from  
**Hawkwind**, Jon and  
Graham try to **buy  
opioids** with  
comedy results,  
Jon talks about  
**Paul McCartney**,  
the **Raz Band** wow  
LA, and Doug goes  
to see **Yes feat.  
ARW.**

## #303/4

# KOZFEST? KOOL

ISSN 2516-1946





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# THE THREE COMMANDMENTS OF GONZO WEEKLY:

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

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





Dear friends,

Welcome to another double issue of this increasingly peculiar little magazine. As regular readers will know, my dear wife Corinna is currently unwell, and so the publishing schedule is currently one bumper issue every two weeks, rather than one normal sized magazine each week. This is likely to continue for the time

being, and before we continue, I would like to thank everybody who has sent Corinna and me (and the girls) such good wishes and positive vibes. To be at a receiving end at such a barrage of positivity is truly a very special experience.

Now, on with the show.

I often find myself using currently fashionable journalistic watchwords whilst putting this column together. Most notably, in recent issues, I have quite often utilised the currently popular concept of 'Fake News', whilst burbling on about the sort of things that I continually burble on about. And now, it is time for me to bring another contemporary buzz-phrase into the crosshairs of my journalistic gun sights.

The powers that be are very keen to make sure that they stress to everyone that 'Profiling' is complete anathema to them, and – I believe – that it is illegal.

And so it should be.

The idea that – for example – every middle





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# Kaolin and Morphine is, in my experience, the best ever treatment for a dicky tummy.

eastern man carrying a rucksack should be immediately suspected of being a suicide bomber is, quite rightly, a very bad thing indeed.

But, my little *ménage* has fallen afoul of what I believe has to be a particularly egregious case of ‘profiling’ this past week. As some of you may know, I used to be a nurse, and like many nurses, I tend to favour old fashioned remedies for ordinary household complaints. One of these is Kaolin and Morphine, which has always been freely available from chemists and pharmacies across our green and pleasant land. I worked out once that one would have to stockpile something in the region of thirty five bottles of the stuff in order to get enough morphine to get wasted. And if one was stupid enough – or diligent, depending on your point of view – to do so, the effect of all that kaolin on one’s digestive tract would be similar to swallowing a bag of B&Q ready mixed cement, because Kaolin and Morphine is, in my experience, the best ever treatment for a dicky tummy.

Like my mother before me, I always make sure that I have a bottle of this massively useful substance in my household’s medicine drawer. And, although I will freely admit to having abused various substances over the years, I have never

used Kaolin and Morphine for anything other than those occasions when one wakes up the morning after having eaten a dodgy curry, washed down with one too many bottles of Kingfisher.

So, last week, when Graham went into town, one of the things on his to-do list was to go to a certain chemist in the high street (which shall remain nameless, but which devotees of my favourite poet will, I am sure, deduce from a poem which talks about “marchin’ up and down again”).

Now, I am totally shocked at the idea that any of the regular staff writers on this esteemed journal could be said to be less than wholesome in appearance. Indeed, Graham, whom I have known for thirty years, and who writes the regular *Hawkwind* column in this magazine, is – I have always thought – quite a dapper chap, although on occasion I will admit that he has slightly wild, staring, eyes. But guess what? They wouldn’t sell it to him. This was both embarrassing and annoying.

Well, although Arabs with rucksacks are no longer fair game for the arbitraries of truth, justice, and Her Majesty’s way, it seems that sixty-something year old *Hawkwind* fans can no longer buy diarrhoea remedies at Rudyard Kipling’s favourite named chemist.

اللجنة لهم إذا كانوا لا تأخذ نكتة

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And you know what makes this all seem somewhat more sinister? One can buy the self-same medicine online through exactly the same company, if you are prepared to attest to the fact that you have no relevant medical conditions.

But, of course, in order to buy this old-fashioned, and completely harmless, diarrhoea medicine over the internet costs considerably more. I am no economist, but it would seem to me that the company concerned will be getting a significantly higher profit margin from online sales.

This pissed me off a bit. I truly don't know

whether the chemist concerned has a crude financial motivation or whether the profiling lessons at pharmacist school tell the eager young wannabe pharmacists that all men in their late-middle-age with wild, staring eyes and *Space Ritual* t-shirts are potential junkies.

Neither of these scenarios is a particularly promising one.

But let's change the subject altogether. Last week, Sir James Paul McCartney released his eighteenth solo album. It is called *Egypt Station*, and it's really rather good.







The music press have, fairly predictably, compared the record with *Abbey Road*, the final studio album from McCartney's old band, which was released forty nine years ago, this month. This is, we believe, pretty damn unfair; McCartney was only a quarter of The Beatles, and *Egypt Station* has very little - stylistically or historically - in common with *Abbey Road*.

It would be far more historically accurate to say that this is the album which Paul McCartney should have recorded with Wings, back in 1976, instead of wittering on about silly love songs. Because, up to and including the 1975 album, *Venus and Mars*, McCartney was a rock and roll contender.

It would be facile, and incorrect, to say that after *Venus and Mars*, McCartney didn't produce any other work of significance, but from then on, McCartney had much more of what John Lennon called "Granny Music" in his output than he had before.

With a couple of fairly major exceptions, *Egypt Station* is the first record that McCartney has made for decades that fulfils his pretty damn amazing potential.

Okay, there are two clunkers. I have often thought that being in the studio with the bloke who wrote Hey Jude must be an absolutely horrific task. McCartney has always had a pretty shitty internal quality control mechanism. Even in his heyday, he produced songs like Ob-La-Di Ob-La-Da, which - as my delightful amanuensis pointed out, grumpily - is a stupid title, but the song itself is facile, annoying, and borderline racist, when McCartney sings it in a mock West Indian accent. And I have written elsewhere about how the opening lyrics for She's A Woman have made me cringe ever since I first heard them. Okay, the twenty two year old working-class lad from Liverpool was proud that he had secured a girlfriend above his station, but there really is no excuse for:

"My love don't give me presents,  
I know that she's no peasant"

If the other three Beatles couldn't always provide an effective quality control department for McCartney's music, what chance did the rest of the human race have? The two offending items in *Egypt Station* are a song called Fuh You, and a song



called Back in Brazil.

Back in Brazil is another one of McCartney's irritating ethnic set pieces. It is an electro-samba, which sounds – to be honest – like it was put together from one of those packs of 'South American loops and samples', which are always being advertised on the musician's groups on Facebook. And Fuh You was co-written with a bloke called Ryan Tedder, who – apparently – has crafted hit songs for the likes of Ariana Grande and J-Lo. Why the world's most famous song-writer needs to collaborate with someone like this, I have no idea.

Even McCartney admitted that Fuh You is of far less substance than the rest of the songs on the album. It is as if one was sitting at an expensive dinner in an exclusive restaurant, and one of the courses in the middle of the banquet turned out to be Findus crispy pancakes. Convenience food is all very well, in its place, and I'm not knocking it. The same with corporately sponsored contemporary pop music. But compared with the rest of the songs on this record, Fuh You comes over as crass and pointless.

This is such a pity, because with the exception of these two songs, this is the best album that McCartney has produced in decades.

I have given positive reviews to all the albums that McCartney has produced this century, but the sad truth is that I hardly ever listen to any of them. This album is something completely different, and I think that it will go down in history as one of McCartney's classic recordings.

But what do I know? I'm only a scruffy old hippy who can't buy diarrhoea medicine.

Enjoy this issue.

Hare bol,  
Jon



kaolin and morphine, Paul McCartney, John Lennon, Amy Winehouse, Ozzy Osbourne, Bart, Alan Parsons, Elton John, Lenny Kravitz, The RAZ Band, Richard Freeman, Strange Fruit, Friday Night Progressive, Mack Maloney's

Mystery Hour, Anna Karabessini, Malcolm James McCormick "Mac Miller", Wilson Moreira, Liz Fraser, Burton Leon Reynolds Jr., Elisa Serna, Conway Victor Savage, Randy Weston, Michael "Mike" A. Kennedy, Rene Garcia, Donald McGuire, Richard Bateman, Helen Shepherd, Fenella Fielding, OBE, Johnny Strike, Man, Binky Womack, Rick Wakeman, Essra Mohawk, Mick Farren and Andy Colquhoun, Doug Harr, Cruise to the Edge, ARW, Yes, Alan Dearling, Kozfest, The Dials, Thom the World Poet, John Brodie-Good, The Devon Allman Project, Allman Brothers Band, Duane Betts, Kev Rowland, Widow's Peak, Witch Casket, Superstition, Robert Reed, Tom Newman, Les Penning, Diane Marino, Diane Moser, Jan Edwards, Hawkwind, Mr Dibs, Jon Downes, Coldharbour Diaries, The Wild Colonial Boy, Martin Springett, Edward Eager

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



# ROCKIN' THE CITY OF ANGELS

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

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

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

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



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



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# THE <sup>gonzo</sup> NEWSROOM



## "JOHN LENNON SAID ALL SORTS OF SHIT"

Paul McCartney insists his late Beatles bandmate John Lennon never compared

himself to Jesus Christ during the Fab Four's heyday. The rocker claims a controversial quote attributed to his late songwriting partner, suggesting he thought the Beatles were bigger than Jesus, is one of many myths linked to the band - although he admits it was the sort of thing



"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

Lennon might have said.

"I don't remember that (and) I think I would have remembered that," he tells GQ. "He was the kind of guy that could do that, (but) I don't remember him actually ever doing it. I mean, on the Sgt. Pepper cover he wanted Jesus Christ and Hitler on there. That was, 'OK, that's John'. You'd have to talk him down a bit: 'No, probably not Hitler...'

"I could say to him, 'No, we're not doing that'. He was a good enough guy to know when he was being told." McCartney also shoots down Lennon's boast about

trepanning - drilling through the skull to the brain.

"John was a kooky cat," he adds. "We'd all read about it - you know, this is the 60s. The 'ancient art of trepanning', which lent a little bit of validity to it, because ancient must be good. I don't think he was really serious. He did say it, but he said all sorts of s\*\*t.

<http://www.music-news.com/news/UK/115684/Paul-McCartney-John-Lennon-never-compared-himself-to-Jesus>

McCartney also regrets not putting more effort into saving tragic singer Amy Winehouse. The Beatles legend met the Rehab star at the MTV Europe Awards in Liverpool in 2008, three years before the singer died from alcohol poisoning at the age of 27, and he admits he should have said more than a casual 'hello'.

"I knew she had a problem, and I ended up just saying hi, she said hi," McCartney tells GQ, recalling his brief chat with Amy backstage.







## 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 felt a strange tightness coming over me, and I reacted instinctively – for the first time in a long, long while – by slipping my notebook into my belt and reaching down to take off my watch. The first thing to go in a street fight is your watch, and once you've lost a few, you develop a certain instinct that lets you know when it's time to get the thing off your wrist and into a safe pocket."

Hunter S. Thompson



"Afterwards I thought I really should have just run after her (and said), 'Hey, Amy, listen, you're really good, I really hope you...', and say something that broke through the despair. And she'd remember and think, 'Oh yeah, I'm good, I've got a life to lead'."

"But you always have those little regrets."

<http://www.music-news.com/news/UK/115694/Paul-McCartney-regrets-not-doing-more-to-save-Amy-Winehouse>

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

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

**NO FUN:** Ozzy Osbourne has stunned Black Sabbath fans by confessing he really didn't enjoy the band's recent reunion tour. The heavy rocker reteamed



PRATT, DOWNES & SCOTT,  
NEW YORK & C. P. BURGESS



THE *gonzo*  
NEWSROOM



Man,” “Tiny Dancer,” and “Philadelphia Freedom.” Elton’s music has taken him too many places, opened many doors and inspired many passions in his life. The audience experienced a rare glimpse into Elton’s life and the deeply personal meaning behind some of his greatest hits, with mesmerizing, never-before-seen photos and videos shown throughout the show from his incredible 50-year career.

Elton John said, “I feel incredibly privileged and grateful to have had the opportunity to perform around the world for the last 50 years. During that time, I have been able to witness a huge amount of social, political and cultural change. I want the Farewell Yellow Brick Road tour to celebrate that.”

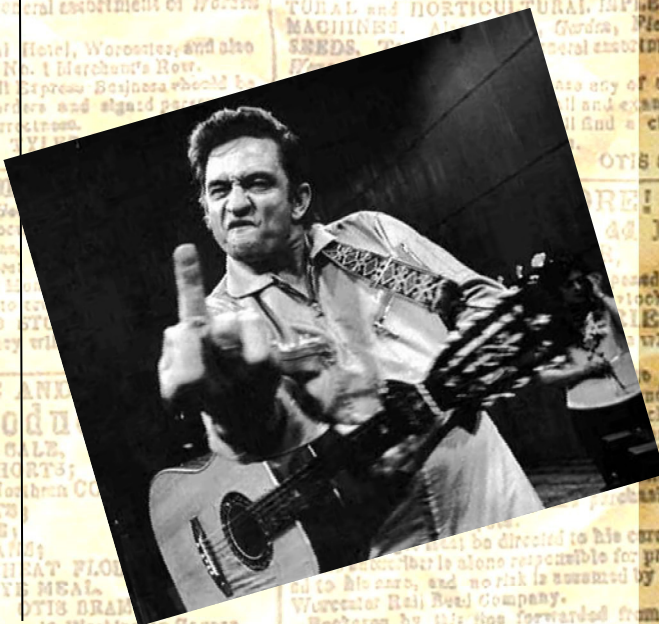
**<http://www.music-news.com/news/UK/115578/Elton-John-begins-his-Farewell-Yellow-Brick-Road-tour>**

**THE MAN IN BLACK:** Lenny Kravitz has dedicated a song to late country icon Johnny Cash after revealing he comforted him after his mother died.

In Johnny Cash, which will appear on his new album *Raise Vibration*, Kravitz recalls how the late legend held him and whispered in his ear as he struggled with the loss of his mum, actress Roxie Roker.

Lenny flew to Los Angeles after learning his mum was losing her battle with breast cancer and arranged to stay at record producer pal Rick Rubin's home only to discover the music mogul was working with Cash on the album *American Recordings II: Unchained*.

**<http://www.music-news.com/news/UK/115483/Johnny-Cash-comforted-Lenny-Kravitz-after-his-mother-died>**



PRATT, DOWNES & SCOTT,  
NEW YORK.





# EYEWITNESS

## THE RAZ BAND IN LA

The RAZ Band closed the 21st edition of the International Pop Overthrow Festival, (IPO #21) in Los Angeles. This year there

were eight days of IPO shows all over town.

When The RAZ Band hit the stage the audience was ready and rowdy.















Introduced by the IPO founder & CEO David Bash as "a fun band, a true rock & roll band with awesome melodies" the

RAZ band hit the stage with a rousing version of their 1984 hit song, "The Boy", then jumped right into "Coming At You" which is a brand new song from their upcoming album, " #9 "



The boys were having a lot of fun on stage and the audience was taken along for the ride, dancing and jumping up and down throughout their performance. This was one of those magical nights of music as the band played their brand of Power Pop Punk Rock n Roll songs from their 34 year long catalogue of songs, including the first single "\$1.50 For Your Love " from their critically acclaimed 2015 award winning album, "Madison Park" , which at the end received a standing ovation. At the end of the show, the audience was chanting, "One more song" over and over, so the RAZ band performed another song from the upcoming " #9 " album, the rocking "Breadline Love". On the album this song is sung by Badfinger's Joey Molland, however Michael Raz took over the vocals as Mr Molland was on stage performing 3000 miles away. A great time was had by all. #TheRAZBandRocks







# WEIRD SHIT IS HAPPENING

## MARIE CELESTE SYNDROME

<https://www.rt.com/news/437365-ghost-ship-appears-myanmar/>

The sudden appearance of a massive 'ghost' ship off the coast of southern Myanmar has shocked local fishermen who were stunned to find the freighter carried no cargo nor traces of crew. After nearly a decade lost at sea the 'Sam Ratulangi PB 1600,' finally ran aground on a sandbar

approximately seven miles (11km) off the coast of Thama Seitta village of this week.

The fishermen boarded and inspected the ship after reporting it to local authorities. Teams from the navy, coast guard and police all subsequently searched the abandoned freighter which reportedly measures an impressive 177.35 meters in length, 27.91 meters in width and weighs 26,510 tons.

"No crew or cargo was found on the ship. It was quite puzzling how such a big ship



Coastguard, navy and police have been watching the ship since it was spotted earlier in the week



turned up in our waters,” Ne Win Yangon, local MP for the nearby Thongwa municipality said, as cited by the Myanmar Times. “The authorities are keeping a watch on it.” The ship is reported to have sailed under the flag of Indonesia and was last spotted off Taiwan in 2009. When the Burmese Navy inspected the ship on August 30, it had split in half having been beached on a sand bar for several days. “In my opinion, the ship was recently abandoned. There must be a reason (why it was abandoned),” Aung Kyaw Linn, general secretary of the Independent Federation of Myanmar Seafarers said.

## HOLY RAGE

<https://www.theguardian.com/world/2018/sep/07/mary-and-jesus-given-garish-ropes-in-botched-spanish-restoration>

Shop owner says 15th-century figures looked a bit dull, in latest case of artworks falling prey to a well-intentioned amateur. After the Ecce Homo Monkey Christ came the Tintin St George. And after the Tintin St George has come an unassuming trinity of late 15th-century statues that sit in a tiny shrine in the north-western Spanish region of Asturias, suddenly resplendent in freshly painted robes and, it seems, more than a

touch of makeup. The latest artworks to fall prey to well-intentioned amateur restoration are wooden statues of the Virgin and Child, the Virgin and Child with St Anne, and St Peter, in the hamlet of Rañadorio. Although the statues were sympathetically – and professionally – restored 15 years ago, one local resident apparently obtained the parish priest’s permission to freshen them up over the summer.

Her efforts swiftly elicited comparisons with Elías García Martínez’s fresco of the scourged Christ, which shot to social media fame after it was disastrously restored six year ago, and a more recent attempt to jolly up St George as he battles his dragon in a chapel in Navarre. Not only have the Rañadorio figures been slathered in bright paint, but those of Mary, her mother and Jesus have been coloured for the first time, much to the horror of the original, professional restorer.

“They’ve used the kind of industrial enamel paint they sell for painting anything and absolutely garish and absurd colours,” Luis Suárez Saro told the *Guardian*. “The result is just staggering. You don’t know whether to laugh or cry.”



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Worcester, Jan 18.



# 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  
HFG2023DVD



## GOLÉ!

Soundtrack album featuring Tony Fernandez and Jackie McAuley  
BC241-60



## COUNTRY AIRS

The original recording, with two new tracks  
HFG2014CD



## THE BURNING

The original Soundtrack album, back in print at last!  
HFG2024CD



## 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  
HFG2015CD



## 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



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the necessary Papers and Drawings; will make references  
into American and foreign works, to test validity of inven-  
tions, and render advice on legal and scientific matters.

TURAL and HORTICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS AND  
 MACHINES. Also, Grass, Garden, Field and Flower  
 SEEDS. Together with a general assortment of *Wooden*  
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 All persons wishing to purchase any of the above men-  
 tioned articles, are invited to call and examine his stock,  
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 of good quality, and at fair prices.  
 Worcester, May 10. 1854  
 OTIS CONVERSE.

**NEW STORE!**  
(Warden Block,) No. 44 Front St.,  
WORCESTER,  
THE subscriber having recently opened a New Store,  
No. 44 Front Street, with a Good stock of  
**AND BE** **WHOLESALE GROCERIES,**  
and will furnish the citizens with every article  
THE subscriber continues to run THE EX-  
-PRESS between Boston and Worcester, for  
the safe transmission of Packages, Bundles,  
Bank Notes, Sports, and Merchandise generally  
Three Times each way Daily.  
Particular attention given to paying, collecting and ne-  
gotiating notes, drafts, bills, and purchasing and selling  
merchandise, produce, etc.  
All packages must be directed to his care.  
The subscriber is alone responsible for property entrusted  
to his care, and no risk is assumed by the Boston and  
Worcester Rail Road Company.  
Packages by this line forwarded from Worcester to  
Barnum, Newburyport, Taunton, Fall River, and New Bedford;  
also, to Portland, and all parts of Maine.  
Freight free for goods to be returned by this Express.  
Office—HARDEN & CO'S Office, 3 Court Street  
Boston; J. H. KNIGHT'S HAT STORE, 163 Main St.  
Worcester. E. S. LEONARD.  
Feb 25, 1847.



---

## THE LAST WEEK AT GONZO DAILY

Sunday  
Monday  
Tuesday  
Wednesday  
Thursday  
Friday  
Saturday

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

ELDRIDGE CLEAVER

## Two types of people visit rhino in the wild

The strong and courageous  
take a camera

The weak and cowardly  
take a gun

**What sort of  
person are you?**

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

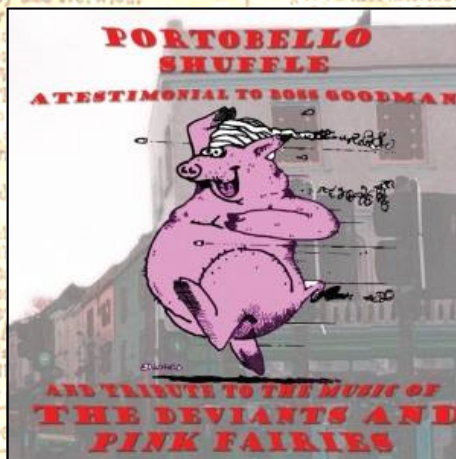






# I'M ON BOARD!

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



Portobello Shuffle CDs still at special  
low price of £5.00 each, 1 x CD inc.  
p&p = UK £6.80; Mainland Europe  
£8.90; USA £9.95; Rest of the World,  
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**MICHAEL DES BARRÉS ON**  
**LITTLE STEVEN'S**  
**UNDERGROUND GARAGE**  
MAXIMUM ROCK AND ROLL  
MORNINGS 8AM - 11AM ET CH21 **SIRIUS** | ((XM))  
SATELLITE RADIO  
(FILLING IN FOR ANDREW LOOG OLDHAM)



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

*Jimmy Carter*

FB/Sue Fitzmaurice, Author



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



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# Peculiar News of the Week



'Belly of the Beast' is a 13-pound burger made with beef, pork belly, tater tots, Cheetos, cheese and more. A Las Vegas burger joint says the burger is designed to be shared between six, although we're not sure how you would begin such a messy task.

Jamie Oliver is well-known for his mission to eradicate unhealthy food in the UK and has recently called for a ban on energy drink sales to kids.

One person tweeted Jamie Oliver and asked him to "do your ting", while someone else suggested that "Jamie Oliver go sort out this mess and leave our drinks alone pls".

Another said: "America will do mad things like this, and no one will disturb them. We just asked for small sugar and Jamie Oliver is declaring war."

<https://www.mirror.co.uk/news/weird-news/burger-weighs-13-pounds-branded-13240123>

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







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

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

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

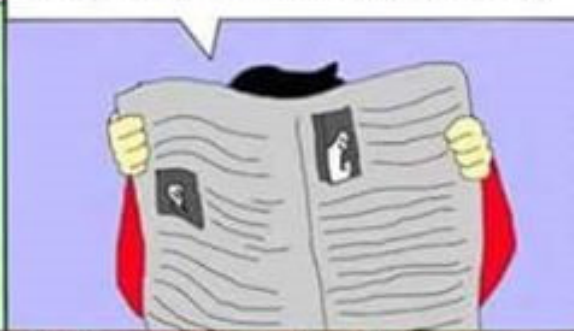
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Bye Daddy! I'm leaving  
for my date tonight!



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

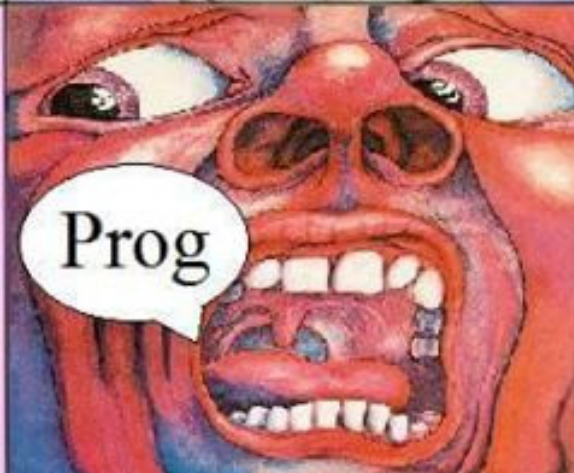


Sex?



No...

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.



19 -08-2018 – SHOW 272 – CONTRACT IN BLOOD

Jack Mudurian:	Goody Goody	
Close Lobsters:	Fire Station Towers	
Waxachatchee:	Breathless	
Vindicator:	Black Mass	
Obliteration:	Macabre Insanity	
Titanic:	Null 24	
Bullet for My Bloody Valentine:	Poison Wish	
Bee Gees:	A Day in the Life	
Tenniscoats:	Come Maddelena	
Hydra Vein:	Crucifier	
Veena Dhanammal	Javal (Kamas)	
Angelo Badalamenti (feat Julee Cruise):	The	
Nightingale		
Eilart Pilharm:	Heartbreak Hotel	
Lords of Acid:	Before the Night is Over	
Garance Louis and the Mitochondrias	Un Nid de	
Lit		
The Fatsumas:	I Like You	
Linda Yamomoto:	Furi Furi 5	
Tangerine Dream:	Song of the Whale pts 1 & 2	
Marry Waterson and David A. Jaycock:	New Love	
Song		
Blood Money:	Metalyzed	
Parricide:	Hateface	
Encre:	Nocturnes	
Sarabeth Tucek:	Good Night	

**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.



Novatia  
<https://www.facebook.com/novatiamusic/>  
 Once and Future Band  
<https://www.facebook.com/OnceAndFutureBand/>  
 Overhaul  
<https://www.facebook.com/overhaulband/>  
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<https://www.facebook.com/trojanhorseuk/>

Listen  
Here

# Friday Night Progressive





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

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

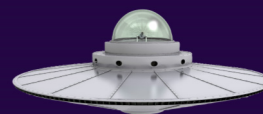
He's a member of SKY CLUB, Gonzo recording artists. He's been a radio host since 2010. He lives with his wife, Doreen, on an island off the coast of Massachusetts."



## AND LOOK WHAT MACK HAS FOR YOU THIS WEEK

### WHO REALLY KILLED OSAMA bin LADEN?

Mack, Juan-Juan and Commander Cobra talk with LAPD investigator Paul Bishop about recent claims that the killing of bin Laden didn't go as the American public was told. Also, Cindy Bailey Dove's Drone Report, Dribbles the Psychic Clown, a discussion of about the dark side of the Moon, Switch's retirement day and also "Ten Questions for Juan-Juan" with Emily M.



Listen  
Here

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





**Anna Karabessini  
(1923 – 2018)**

Anna Karabessini was a Greek singer and songwriter of traditional and folk music. From an early age she had a talent in singing, and together with her sister, she sang traditional songs for many years and they are considered as "having a prominent position and well-known among all those who served the musical tradition of Kos and the Dodecanese."

She died on 7<sup>th</sup> September, aged 95.



**Malcolm James McCormick "Mac  
Miller"  
(1992 – 2018)**

Miller was an American rapper, singer, and

record producer. He was a self-taught musician, played piano, guitar, drums, and bass.

Miller began piano lessons at age 6, and in high school, decided to focus on his hip hop career, later noting, "Once I hit 15, I got real serious about it and it changed my life completely ... I used to be into sports, play all the sports, go to all the high school parties. But once I found out hip-hop is almost like a job, that's all I did."

He first started rapping at the age of fourteen, but wanted to be a singer before that. Prior to changing his name to Mac Miller, he was known as EZ Mac and released the mixtape *But My Mackin' Ain't Easy* in 2007 at the age of fifteen. Miller was also part of rap group The Ill Spoken together with fellow Pittsburgh rapper, Beedie. The Ill Spoken released the mixtape *How High* in 2008. In 2009 Miller released two mixtapes *The Jukebox: Prelude to Class Clown* and *The High Life* before getting signed to Rostrum Records. In 2009 at age 17, he made it to the final four in *Rhyme Calisthenics*, the MC competition at Shadow Lounge.

In early 2010, Miller signed with Rostrum Records. By that point Miller had started attracting interest from different record companies but chose Rostrum due to its location in his hometown and association with Wiz Khalifa. *K.I.D.S.* was released by the label in August 2010. The mixtape was inspired by the movie *Kids*. A significant breakthrough came in late 2010 when Miller embarked on his first tour, the *Incredibly Dope Tour*, selling out every location.

Miller died of an apparent drug overdose on September 7, 2018, at the age of 26.

# THOSE WE HAVE LOST





**Wilson Moreira**  
(1936 – 2018)

Moreira was a Brazilian sambista.

Moreira was born in the neighbourhood in Rio de Janeiro, and as a teenager was associated with the samba school Mocidade, where he won two samba-enredo contests in 1962 and 1963. In 1968, Wilson became affiliated to samba school Portela.

Wilson had a prolific partnership with sambista Nei Lopes. One of their greatest hits was the song "Senhora Liberdade", which became an anthem in the Brazilian Diretas movement for the institution of direct national elections in the 1980s. Some other famous songs from the duo are "Gotas de Veneno", "Sandália Amarela" and the non-samba "Candongueiro", which brings forward their African roots, with other successes as, e.g., "Meu Apelo", being signed by Wilson alone.

Moreira died on September 6, at the age of 81.

**Liz Fraser**  
(nee Elizabeth Joan Winch)  
(1930 –2018)



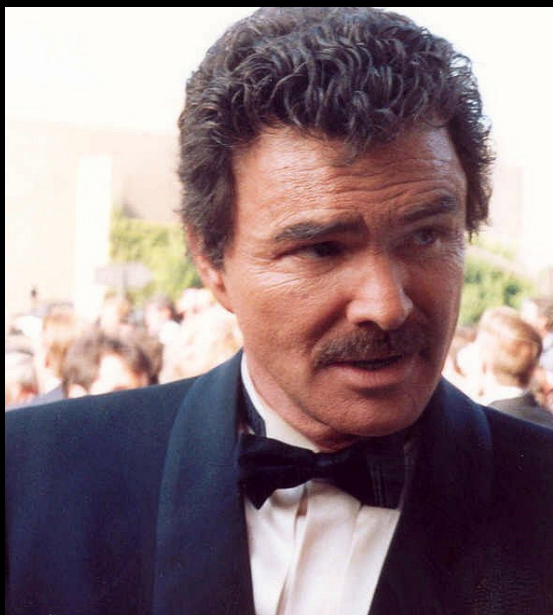
Winch, known professionally as Liz Fraser, was an English actress, best known for her comedy roles as a provocative "dumb blonde" in British films of the 1950s, 1960s and 1970s.

Her first film appearance was in *Touch and Go* (1955), using her birth name, and *The Smallest Show on Earth* (1957) in which she worked with Peter Sellers for the first time. Her breakthrough role was as the daughter of Sellers' character in *I'm All Right Jack* (1959). She was in several of the early Carry On films: *Carry On Regardless* (1961), *Carry On Cruising* (1962), and *Carry On Cabby* (1963), but was sacked by producer Peter Rogers after casually saying the series could be better marketed. She reappeared in the series in *Carry On Behind* (1975). Fraser was also known for her many appearances in British films and television series.

She died on 6th September, as a result of complications following an operation, aged 88.

THOSE WE HAVE LOST





**Burton Leon Reynolds Jr.**  
(1936 - 2018)

Reynolds was an American actor, director and producer. He began acting on television in the late 1950s, guest starring on shows before his first big break in the lead of the TV series *Riverboat* (1959–61), playing Ben Frazer. He made his film debut in the low budget *Angel Baby* (1961), and followed it with a role in a war film, *Armored Command* (1961).

He first rose to prominence starring in television series such as *Gunsmoke* (1962–1965), *Hawk* (1966), and *Dan August* (1970–1971). His breakout film role was as Lewis Medlock in *Deliverance* (1972).

After a few box office failures, Reynolds returned to television, starring in the sitcom *Evening Shade* (1990–1994).

Reynolds made his directorial debut in 1976 with *Gator*, the sequel to *White Lightning*.

Reynolds had the biggest hit of his career to date with a car chase film *Smokey and the Bandit* (1977), and followed it with a comedy about football players, *Semi-Tough* (1977). He then made his second film as director *The End* (1978).

More popular was a car comedy he made with Needham and Field, *Hooper* (1978), where he played a stuntman.

Reynolds had two huge hits with car films directed by Needham, *Smokey and the Bandit II* (1980) and *The Cannonball Run* (1981). He did another romantic comedy, *Paternity* (1981) then directed himself in a tough action film, *Sharky's Machine* (1981).

Reynolds died on September 6th, aged 82.



**Elisa Serna**  
(1943 –2018)

Serna was a Spanish singer-songwriter, member of the avant-garde of protest song in Spain in the 1970s.

She began her artistic career integrating

# THOSE WE HAVE LOST



herself in the group Canción del pueblo, in her native Madrid, along with singer-songwriters like Hilario Camacho. In 1970, through her friendship with "Las madres del cordero", she joined the independent theater group Tábano', during the performances of Castañuela 70 at the Teatro de la Comedia in Madrid. That same year she settled in Paris, receiving influences of folk music from areas as disparate as the Maghreb, Turkey or India. Her first LP, Quejío, was released in 1972, with a production by Paco Ibáñez, who had known her when she heard her sing in the Parisian café La Contrescarpe.

Back in Spain, in 1973, she was arrested for subversion and upon her release from prison she was banned from offering concerts and recitals. Her first album could not be published in the Spanish market until two years later, under the title of Este tiempo ha de acabar (This time has to end) and the songs Esta gente qué querrá (These people will want) and Los reyes de la baraja (The kings of the deck) were censored.

She died on 4th September, at the age of 75.



**Conway Victor Savage  
(1960–2018)**

Savage was an Australian rock musician. He was a member of Nick Cave and The Bad Seeds, providing piano, organ and backing vocals from 1990. From 1993, Savage had a

solo career and released albums, *Nothing Broken* (2000), *Wrong Man's Hands* (2004) and *Rare Songs & Performances* 1989–2004. He also collaborated with other artists for their albums, such as *Soon Will Be Tomorrow* (with Suzie Higgie, 1998) and *Quickie for Ducky* (with Amanda Fox and Robert Tickner, 2007).

Savage began playing piano in his early teens, and from 1980 to 1981, was on piano and backing vocals in Happy Orphans, and was also in Scrap Museum over a similar time period. From 1982 to 1986 he was in a country music band, The Feral Dinosaurs.

Savage joined Nick Cave and The Bad Seeds in 1990 on piano, organ and backing vocals to promote their sixth album, *The Good Son* (April 1990). He has since appeared on some their studio albums. Through the late 1980s and into the 1990s, he also guested on albums and singles for various fellow Australian musicians, including Kim Salmon, Dave Graney, David McComb, Spencer P. Jones, and Robert Forster. Savage started to record his own solo material from late 1992, when he released a self-titled four-track EP. He provided lead vocals, piano and organ; and was assisted by fellow Bad Seeds members: Martyn P. Casey on bass guitar; and Mick Harvey on drums, guitar and backing vocals.

Savage released his debut full-length album *Nothing Broken* on his own label, Beheaded Communications, in 2000. Savage's next solo album *Wrong Man's Hands*, released in 2004, was recorded from late 2003 to early the next year on an 8-track in a room above the Union Club Hotel, with members of Melbourne band The Stream, Amanda Fox and Robert Tickner.

Savage underwent medical treatment for a

# THOSE WE HAVE LOST



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brain tumour in 2017, and died, aged 58, on 2nd September.



### **Randy Weston (1926 –2018)**

Weston was an American jazz pianist and composer, whose creativity was inspired by his ancestral African connection. His piano style owed much to Duke Ellington and Thelonious Monk, whom he cited in a 2018 video as among pianists he counted as influences, as well as Count Basie, Nat King Cole and Earl Hines. Beginning in the 1950s, Weston worked often with trombonist and arranger Melba Liston.

Weston studied classical piano as a child and took dance lessons. He graduated from Boys High School where he had piano lessons from someone known as Professor Atwell who, unlike his former piano teacher Mrs Lucy Chapman, allowed him to play songs outside the classical music repertoire.

In the late 1940s Weston began performing with Bullmoose Jackson, Frank Culley and Eddie "Cleanhead" Vinson. In 1951, retreating from the atmosphere of drug use common on the New York jazz scene,

Weston moved to Lenox, Massachusetts, in the Berkshires, and it was there - at the Music Inn, a venue where jazz historian Marshall Stearns taught - that Weston first learned about the African roots of jazz.

In the 1960s, Weston's music prominently incorporated African elements, as shown on the large-scale suite Uhuru Afrika and Highlife (full title: Music from the New African Nations featuring the Highlife), the latter recorded in 1963, two years after Weston travelled for the first time to Africa.

Weston died on September 1<sup>st</sup>, aged 92.



### **Michael "Mike" A. Kennedy (? – 2018)**

Kennedy was George Strait's long-time drummer. He died in a car crash on 30<sup>th</sup> August, aged 59.

# THOSE WE HAVE LOST





**Rene Garcia**  
(? – 2018)

Garcia was lead guitariest of the OPM band Hotdog. He died on 2<sup>nd</sup> September, from cardiac arrest, aged 65.

a Top 10 hit single. They went on to record a number of additional hits until their break-up. Their 1953 release, "P.S. I Love You," sold over one million copies.

McGuire died on September 7<sup>th</sup>, aged 87.



**Richard Bateman**  
(? – 2018)

Bateman was bassist of Florida thrash metal band, Nasty Savage. The band made three albums and an EP between 1985 and 1989, split up for a while, played some reunion shows in the late 1990s before officially reforming in late 2002.

They were famous for lead vocalist "Nasty" Ronnie Galetti's full-on stage presence (in particular his propensity for smashing TVs over his own head).

Bateman died from a heart attack on 5<sup>th</sup> September, aged 50.



**Donald McGuire**  
(1931 – 2018)

McGuire was the last surviving original member of American popular music singing group The Hilltoppers. In 1952 they recorded a song, "Trying", which became

# THOSE WE HAVE LOST





**Helen Shepherd**  
**(stage name of Helena Cornelia**  
**(Lenie) Schaap**  
**(1939 - 2018)**

Shepherd was a Dutch singer, who made her name as a solo singer and as a member of the trio The Shepherds, together with her brothers Nico (double bass) and Jan (guitarist) Schaap.

Shepherd completed, among other things, five years at the vocal training Coby Riemersma, but she preferred light music.

Shepherd died at the age of 78, on 10<sup>th</sup> September.



**Fenella Fielding, OBE**  
**(1927 –2018)**

Fielding was an English stage, film and television actress, popular in the 1950s and 1960s and known as "England's first lady of the double entendre". She was known for her seductive image and distinctively husky voice. Fielding appeared in two Carry On films, *Carry On Regardless* (1961) and *Carry On Screaming!* (1966).

Fielding began her acting career in 1952, concentrating on stage productions. She was given her first break when she accompanied the then unknown actor Ron Moody to an audition (they had met in an amateur production at the London School of Economics). Her performance in Sandy Wilson's musical version of *Valmouth* made her a star in the late 1950s. By 1959 she was appearing with Kenneth Williams in the comedy revue *Pieces of Eight*, and also guested in the *Hancock's Half Hour* episode "The Poetry Society" broadcast in December 1959.

From 2012, Fielding performed readings of English translations of Greek classics by David Stuttard. Her autobiography was published in both audio and book form in

THOSE WE HAVE LOST

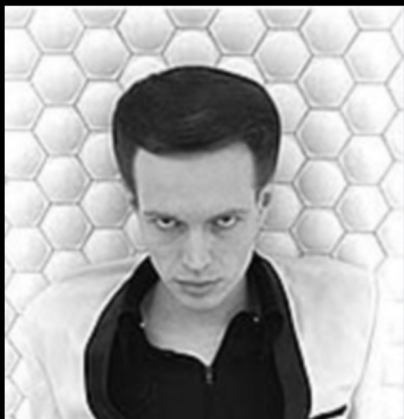


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2017 and led to a number of appearances on stage reading extracts from it.

Fielding voiced 'MOOD', the quirky supercomputer in the video game *Martian Gothic* in a script written by science fiction author Stephen Marley. Since 2000 she has been recorded with Savoy, a book publishing and recording company. She also made an album of cover song, and in 2006, she toured Ireland in *The Vagina Monologues*.

Fielding died of a stroke on 11th September, at the age of 90.



**Johnny Strike**  
(born Gary John Bassett)  
(1948 –2018)

Bassett, known as Johnny Strike, was an American writer, mostly known as songwriter, guitarist and singer of the proto-punk band Crime based in San Francisco.

Strike, formed Crime in 1976 and that year released what's widely considered the country's first independent punk record, "Hot Wire My Heart." A fixture of the city's first-wave punk scene centered around Mabuhay Gardens, Crime became known for wearing

cop uniforms, a look immortalized by photographer James Stark. In 1979, Crime performed inside San Quentin Prison, a show released by Target Video.

(Columnist Herb Caen noted the group when the authorities requested Crime refrain from impersonating the police, as Michael Goldberg recounted in his late-1970s profile for New York Rocker.)

Known for a serrated, thumping sound and gruff vocals, Crime was ambivalent about the label "punk," referring to themselves instead as "San Francisco's First and Only Rock 'n Roll Band."

Between 1976 and 1980, Crime released only three 7" EPs, but demos and live recordings circulated widely via bootlegs in the ensuing years. The full-length compilation San Francisco's Doomed appeared legitimately in 1991, and was reissued and remastered in 2004. Another compilation of unreleased recordings, Murder by Guitar: 1976 to 1980, appeared on Kitten Charmer in 2013, and was re-released the next year by local archival label Superior Viaduct.

Crime reunited and performed widely in the 2000s, releasing an album and an EP of new material. In recent years, Strike also played in Naked Beast with Crime's Hank Rank and Joey D'Kaye. The group released an eponymous album in 2017.

Later in life, Strike was also productive as a novelist and short-story writer. His first novel, Ports of Hell, appeared in 2004 with a blurb by William Burroughs. Strike's more recent books were published by Bold Venture Press and Rudos and Rubes. He died on 10th September, aged 70, from cancer.

# THOSE WE HAVE LOST





**Artist** Man  
**Title** Faith  
**Cat No.** PNTGZ108DVD  
**Label** Point

Man are one of the most iconic British bands of the last half Century. The Man band first came together as the Bystanders in 1964. The band were one of many pop bands in the sixties that were trying to climb the ladder of success and managed to release many singles

during the period between 1964 and 1968. The band became Man when Deke Leonard from another Welsh band The Dream joined and the band signed to Pye records. The music that the Man band performed however was very much removed from the pop sensibilities of The Bystanders and more in keeping with the West Coast sound of American bands such as The Quicksilver Messenger Service. The band would record two albums for Pye (Revelation and 20oz Of Plastic With A Hole In The Middle) before leaving the label to sign with the more progressively minded Liberty records in 1970 and were to remain with the label until 1976 when they signed with MCA.

Following the deal with MCA the band released just one more studio album (The Welsh Connection) before announcing their decision to call it a day following one more tour that would be recorded and finally be released as All's Well That Ends Well. Throughout the seventies the band had undergone a number of changes with members coming and going at an alarming rate with Deke Leonard leaving and joining and Martin Ace leaving and also returning briefly. During the years that followed the split the various members all concentrated on solo projects however in 1983 the band decided to reform and head out on the road and play gigs and record again.

Check out this extraordinary slice of vintage British head music.







**Artist** Binky Womack  
**Title** Next of Kin  
**Cat No.** SR1DWB6103  
**Label** World Domination Music

If there was such a thing as popular music 'royalty', the Womack Dynasty would certainly be there right at the top! Songwriting giant Bobby Womack, who died in 2014 at the age of 70, had a stellar career as a solo artist, and – back in the 60s – as a member of The Valentinos, provided the Rolling Stones with their first great signature song, 'It's All Over Now' in June 1964. Then there was Cecil Womack; a few years younger than Bobby, he not only made some wonderful solo records, but formed a magical duo, 'Womack & Womack' with his wife, Linda, who – being Sam Cooke's daughter – is soul music royalty in her own right. They had made international hits before travelling to Nigeria and embracing their ancestral African heritage. Sadly, he died in Johannesburg in 2013.

They say that the apple doesn't fall far from the tree, and in the case of the Womack family, this is certainly true. Because, there is a new apple on the Womack tree; his name is Binky! A few years back, he released a magical album called 'Womack Style' and now he is back. The album is called, 'Next of Kin', which is entirely appropriate, considering that this

album is 100% true Womack, through and through. The bluesy guitar riffing reminds one of the Valentinos, whereas the gorgeous, sultry, sexy sound of the vocals could not have been produced by a musician from any other family. This record is pure, Womack, bliss!

We're in love with it already!



**Artist** Rick Wakeman  
**Title** Live at Ronnie Scotts  
**Cat No.** HST409CD  
**Label** Gonzo

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

Whatever the facts one thing is certain Rick Wakeman was in heavy demand playing sessions for some of the biggest names in pop music at this time (Late sixties/early seventies) and as such played on many hit singles including records by



Brotherhood Of Man, Cat Stevens, T.Rex and also played on the David Bowie single Space Oddity.

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

This classic recording shows Rick on stage at the legendary Ronnie Scott's jazz club.



**Artist** Essra Mohawk  
**Title** Burnin' Shinin'  
**Cat No.** HST460CD  
**Label** Gonzo

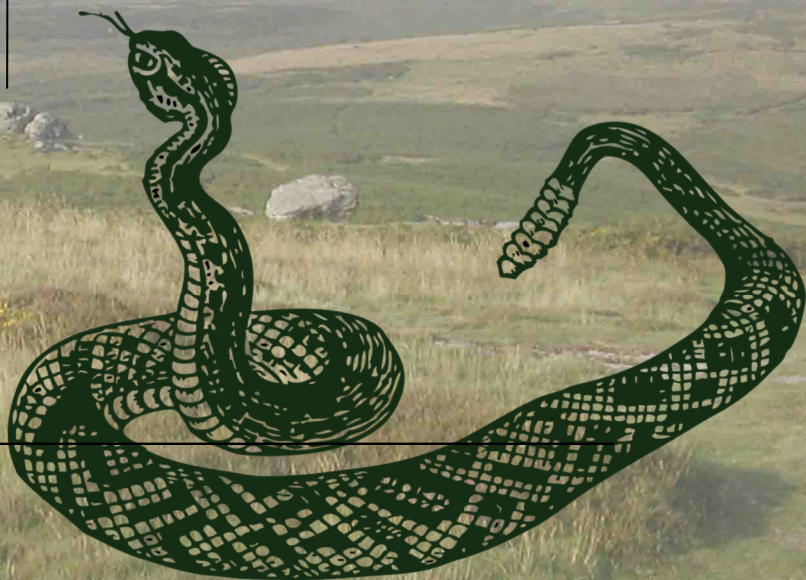
Essra Mohawk (born Sandra Elayne Hurvitz on April 23, 1948) is an American singer-songwriter who has recorded a dozen albums, many receiving critical acclaim. Her best known songs include "Sufferin' Til Suffrage" and "Interjections!" (both from Schoolhouse Rock!), "Change of Heart", recorded by Cyndi Lauper and "Stronger Than the Wind", recorded by Tina Turner.

Hurvitz was born in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Her first record, The Boy With The Way, credited as Jamie Carter, was issued on Liberty Records in 1964. As Sandy Hurvitz, she was then discovered by Shadow Morton, who placed her songs

with both the Shangri-Las ("I'll Never Learn") and the Vanilla Fudge ("The Spell That Comes After"). While living in New York City in 1967 she met Frank Zappa, who persuaded her to perform for a short time with The Mothers of Invention and then signed her to his Bizarre Records production company. Her first album Sandy's Album Is Here At Last was released on Bizarre/Verve in December 1968.

On this album Charles Donovan comments:

"The precise date of Mohawk's extremely rare fifth album remains uncertain; even the artist herself can't be sure, since Burnin' Shinin' was released without her knowledge, with only the smallest of print runs. It's a modest collection of pop, soul and new wave, lacking for the most part any of Mohawk's charming trademark eccentricity. Instead, we're presented with well-crafted, radio-ready pop, something Mohawk displays a surprising aptitude for (a few years later, she was to pen Cyndi Lauper's massive "Change of Heart" single). "It's No Secret" is a perky synth-driven cut that's similar in sound to much of Laura Nyro's mid-'80s Mother's Spiritual album, and establishes the style adhered to throughout. Along the way, the occasional love-ridden ballad, most notably "I Can't Turn the Night Off," makes an appearance too. It's a relief to report that there's also an occasional sighting of Mohawk's left-field leanings; "Take Me Columbia," a stuttering guitar rock-out, is a pleasantly daffy tribute to space travel. "





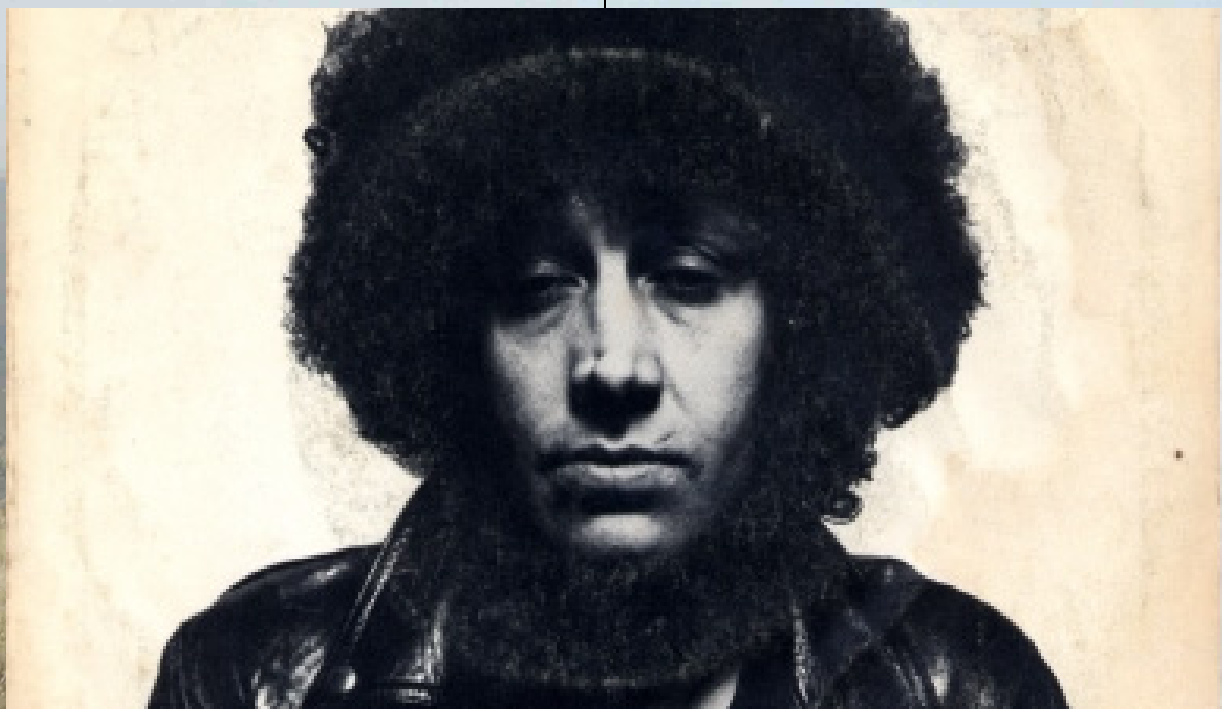


**Artist** Mick Farren and Andy Colquhoun  
**Title** Buried Treasure  
**Cat No.** HST504CD  
**Label** Gonzo

Mick Farren was one of the pillars of the English counterculture as well as the singer with the proto-punk band The Deviants[4] between 1967 and 1969, releasing three albums. During 1970 he released the solo album *Mona – The Carnivorous Circus*

which also featured Steve Peregrin Took, John Gustafson and Paul Buckmaster, before ending his music business to concentrate on writing. During the mid-1970s, he briefly revived his musical career, releasing the single *Play With Fire* featuring Marky (soon-to-be Ramone) Bell, Jon Tiven, and Doug Snyder, the EP *Screwed Up*, album *Vampires Stole My Lunch Money* and single "Broken Statue". The album featured fellow New Musical Express (NME) journalist Chrissie Hynde and Dr. Feelgood guitarist Wilko Johnson. He also contributed song ideas and music for short-lived Ladbroke Grove ensemble Warsaw Pakt's 1977 "Needle Time" LP.

He sporadically did musical work after that, collaborating with Wayne Kramer on *Who Shot You Dutch?* and *Death Tongue*, Jack Lancaster on *The Deathray Tapes* and Andy Colquhoun on *The Deviants* albums *Eating Jello With a Heated Fork* and *Dr. Crow*. His collaborative partnership with Andy Colquhoun lasted for several decades up until Farren's death, which is what makes this collection so poignant.







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



Gonzo #32 The Dutch Festie c...

actions



Gonzo #30 The Mick Abrahams...

actions



Gonzo #27 The Prog shirt

actions



Gonzo #24 The Daavid Allen shirt

actions



Gonzo #23 The Michael Des B...

actions



Yer original Gonzo Weekly shirt

actions



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

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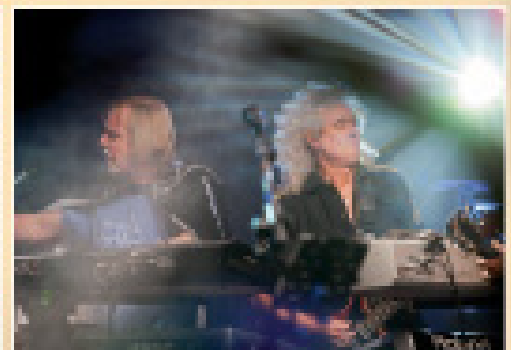
## **STARMUS 2015**



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



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# *Douglas Harr* *Ear Candy for the Hungry Audiophile* **The Spoil of Riches – Yes and, well, Yes Again**



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Like many fans who read this, I've had a lifelong passion for all things Yes, every incarnation of the band, the solo records, the shows... everything. I've even braved cruise liners to see one of the bands twice now on the annual *Cruise to the Edge* voyage, something I thought I would never do. I've found something to appreciate in every era of Yes music, whether early on in the '70s, through the more commercially appealing '80s, and beyond. Every lineup featured musical genius; from guitarists Peter Banks, Steve Howe, and Trevor Rabin, lead vocalists Jon Anderson to Trevor Horn, from Tony

Kaye, to Rick Wakeman, Patrick Moraz, back to Rick Wakeman, you know the drill. Yes's music and message at its best challenges the mind, engages the heart, and sometimes even inspires a bit of boogie. All of that was true August 29<sup>th</sup> at the Greek Theater in Los Angeles when ARW (Yes) took the stage.

ARW is one of two combinations of Yes alum and it is the one more recently formed. ARW (Yes) consists of Jon Anderson, the definitive Yes vocalist, the legendary Rick Wakeman on keyboards, and Trevor Rabin the guitar genius that led the band through the

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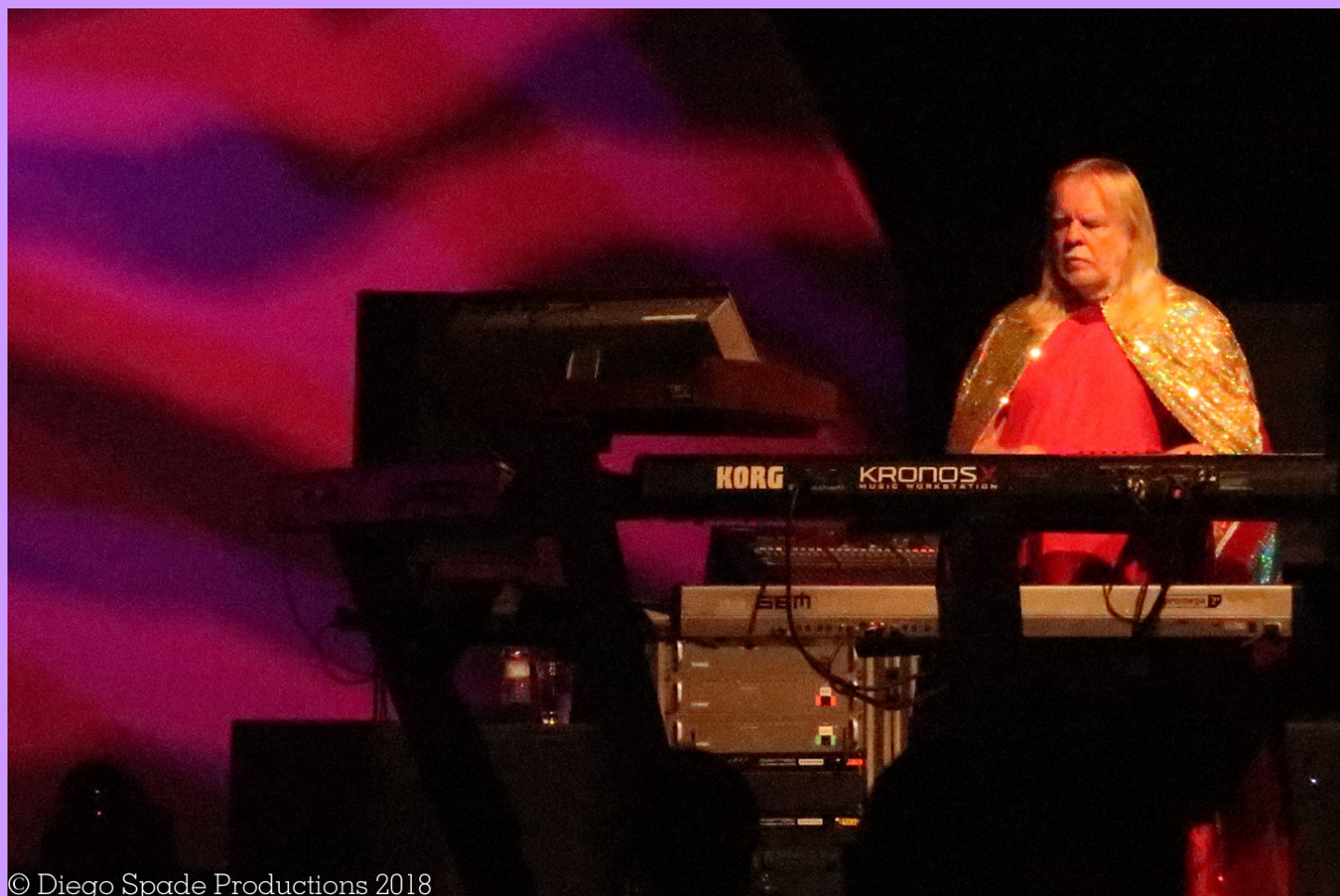


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tumultuous 1980s. Veteran prog bassist Lee Pomeroy and drummer Louis Molino III join the three leads and both are excellent at their roles. These musicians are able to traverse the history of Yes music, performing each song with reverence to the original yet with space for improvisation, particularly from Trevor, who puts his own stamp on the older pre-80s material. It was great to see them

and Wakeman was his usual jovial self.

The only real issue for most of us hardcore fans on this tour was the lack of anything different about the set list. It was almost exactly the same as the prior tour just two years ago. The selections went all the way back to 1971's *The Yes Album* ("Perpetual

“Anderson was in amazing voice, as good as I’ve heard in the last 20 years; his face alight with the joy of performance and the chance to share his meaningful lyrics with open heart once again. “

on stage again after catching their initial reunion shows two years ago.

Once again, the entire band truly seemed to be happy on stage together, to be greeting audiences and once again playing this legendary music. Anderson was in amazing voice, as good as I’ve heard in the last 20 years; his face alight with the joy of performance and the chance to share his meaningful lyrics with open heart once again. Rabin was similarly upbeat

Change,” “I’ve Seen All Good People”), *Fragile* (“Heart of the Sunrise,” and encore “Roundabout”), *Close to the Edge* (“And You and I”), and *Going for the One* (for the stunning set highlight “Awaken”). Rabin-era tracks such as “Cinema,” “Hold On,” “Rhythm of Love,” *Union* track “Life Me Up,” a tight version of crowd pleaser “Changes” and closer “Owner of a Lonely Heart” buoyed the set. “I Am Waiting” from *Talk* was played this time out, but it was the sole difference in what was otherwise a

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repeat performance in most every way. Even the dueling keytar/guitar segment when Wakeman and Rabin entered the crowd was a repeated moment, easily recalled from the last outing, as was the silkscreen backdrops that adorned the stage. I

actually asked Trevor if they thought about playing something different from his era, like the exceptional song “Shoot High, Aim Low” and he said they had considered it, but there was no time. In reality, many of the Rabin era songs could be



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# QUINTESSENTIAL



FEATURING

JON ANDERSON  
TREVOR RABIN  
RICK WAKEMAN

## 50<sup>TH</sup> ANNIVERSARY TOUR

replaced by another list of songs from that same era, that were equally exceptional. This issue of sameness did not affect all goers since there were many people who didn't see the last outing, and there were those who did not care whether the band played the same songs. This fan looks at it as a very large missed opportunity.

In fact most fans with more than a passing knowledge of the band are annually faced with a

decision. As there are two versions of Yes, we must decide to see one, both, or none of them! It's a spoil of riches yet it leads to a lot of gruff talk and people taking sides (Jon vs. Jon or Howe vs. Rabin) on social media. We see the Steve Howe-led Yes to see and hear this amazingly unique guitarist, along with band mate Geoff Downes on keys, and Billy Sherwood on bass. Alan White, recovering from back surgery, plays on a few tracks at the end of the show, but has an excellent backup for the majority of show. Jon Davison covers the vocals splendidly.

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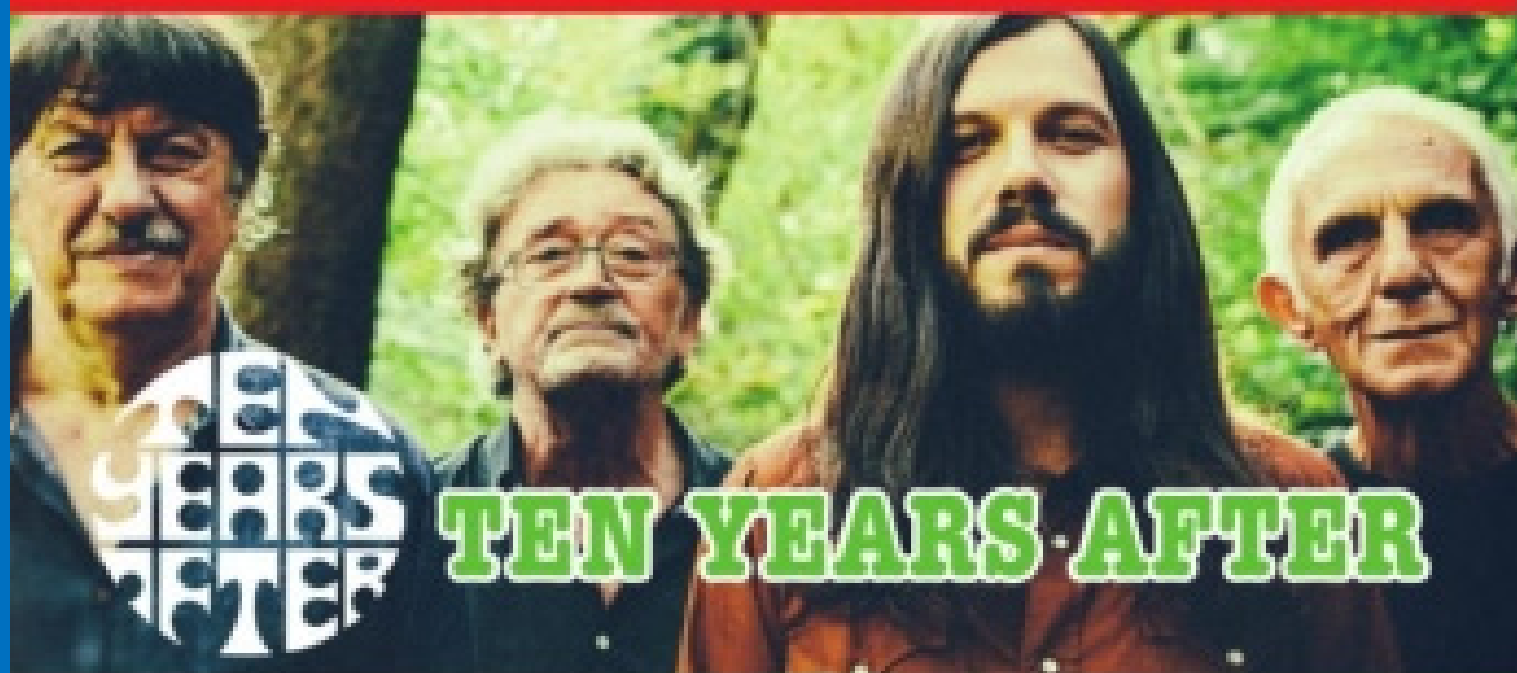
This version of Yes has taken great care to vary their set list, notably over the last decade playing one or two albums in their entirety along with classic tracks, some, like “Roundabout” are repeated every time, rendering them at times feeling a bit compulsory but each outing finds the band featuring variations on prior outings. Let’s hope that tendency leaks over to the ARW team for next time!



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# The Kozfest Family

*Alan Dearling shares some of the love,  
images and psyched-up vibes that  
make Kozfest a very special annual  
event*

Kozfest is a family, tribal gathering. A yearly meeting of the extended-Traveller family. It takes place at Bobbie's Farm near Uffculme in north Devon. And at its heart are the musos and space cadets who have played with, and followed Gong and Hawkwind, Nukli, Zorch, Steve Hillage, bands like Kangaroo Moon, Here and Now, Sendelica and many more festi-bands, over the many decades.

My attendance at Kozfest 2018 was as a performer. In the rather wonderful space that is the Wallys' Tent, curated by Dean Wally, I was booked to give a talk about how festies and free spaces are becoming yuppified, gentrified, hampered and curtailed by requirements for security, and often priced out of existence. Traveller-artist, David Stooke, also came along to show some of his original paintings that he has so lovingly crafted over the years. It was his first festival in many, many years. In fact, he told me, "Treworgey in 1989!"

---

alan dearling





We both signed copies of the 'Travelling Daze' book.

([www.enablerpublications.co.uk](http://www.enablerpublications.co.uk))

But this is far removed from being a 'big name' festival. Two stages: the Daevid Allen Kozmik Stage and the Judge Trev Stage, plus the Sacred Space, with its name plaques – a place to remember lost friends - and the Wallys' Tent with music, film, talks and more. Plus, the usual assortment of caterers, a local real ale and cider tent, Jonny Greene's Gong emporium and a few tat stalls. Virtually everyone is a performer. Even if not in the sense of going on stage. It is the

chance to be a hippy, a psychedelic walking show-person. A Glow-Star shining brightly away from Babylon Society - if only for a few days. And there are some performers like Graham Clark, Cary Grace, Mark Robson, Mike Howlett, Basil Brooks, Mark Huxley and more who keep on popping up, jamming with the many bands who perform at the festival.

Kozfest 2018 braved some very strong winds and a fair few tents and gazebos were flattened. But not the spirits of the Koz-people! Old friends and new, the waft of herb, the clink of tinnies and plastic glasses, hugs, smiles...these are the ingredients for an old-style festi in a field.





Kangaroo Moon morphed into my consciousness in the company of Gong's Daavid Allen at an early Big Green Gathering. They describe themselves as: "... a genre-defying musical collective with ethno-Celtic folk, jazz, psychedelic funk and everything in between. Weaving many aural strands from world, rock, folk and dance with acoustic and electronic influences into an immersive psychedelic, heart-lifting wall of sound. Trancey, richly melodic and dancey, listeners experience a sound which unites the body and soul in deep, joyful psychedelia and elemental dance."

I was especially pleased that they were able to play the closing set on the Judge Trev Stage. With Cary Grace and Mike Howlett joining the core band line-up of Mark Robson, Gem Cormac-Quinn,

David Williams and Elliot Mackrell. Down the years, along with Daavid Allen, many others have performed with the band as they have globe-hopped, especially between Australia, Europe and the UK. These include a host of colourful characters including Mal Webb (trombone and beat-boxing), Jim Cook (saxophone), Thom the World Poet, Tim Wheeler, Fred Hood (of The Pretenders and Moodswings), along with Northumbrian pipes players, belly dancers, drummers (including original drum-meister Matt Ledger) and many members of their audience.

My Kangaroo Moon video:  
<https://vimeo.com/283270782>









At a festival one bimbles around, tent-hopping, listening to fragments. I own up to it. It is one of the Kozfest delights. One minute, the Glissando Guitar Orchestra, the next might be Flutatious, the far heavier sounds of the Cosmic

Dead and Lapis Luzuli, the high-energy and showmanship of this issue's cover star Matthew Fry fronting Lacertilia, or, the Floyd-tribute from the Brainiac 5.

Here's my bit of Brainiac 5 video:  
<https://vimeo.com/284101911>







Paul Woodwright calls Aurora's music: "Dance tinged rock. Formed 10 years ago, AURORA have been through an evolution in musical styles and line-up changes although consistently keeping their unique sound and Vibe." They are currently a two-piece band (plus occasional guests) - namely Loz Aurora

who is a founder member, and her partner and co writer Tex Rockerfella. A sample of Aurora live: <https://vimeo.com/284099860>

From Brighton, The Dials provided an artful psychedelic recreation of many 1960s' musical styles. Ranging from San Francisco to garage, Floyd and beyond.





But, original, and a personal favourite from this year's festi. The Dials live at Kozfest:  
<https://vimeo.com/283278971>







Their latest album, 'That was the Future' is a stunner if you like classic American-

styled music. It was engineered by Ben Thackeray (Nick Cave, My Bloody Valentine, Gruff Rhys). One of its strengths is well-crafted songs coupled with fine playing. They call it: "Post-psychedelic, pre-progressive. That's where The Dials







are right now.”



At a Kozfest, you witness plenty of fine musicians lovingly sharing their music with a fun, fluid and frolicking crowd. It's the sharing nature of the event. Everyone joins in. You also miss plenty. But that's part of the delights too. Not knowing or caring too much where your personal whims and conversations take you. Not knowing where the music transports you too, either! Maybe even to France with a Stone(r) from the Sky!









## Thom the World Poet gives us: WHY I LOVE THE MOON

THIS GOES BACK TO CAFE JAMMIN  
When the Peace Train came down from Nimbin  
and played at our poetry reggae cafe in South  
Melbourne  
Mark Robson was part of that Tribe of Travellers.  
Musicians that elevated every tiny audience  
seeking Peace.  
Welcoming poetry and poets as part of the  
panacea  
Many Moons later, friends with Mark Robson  
touring Wales in his derelict van.  
  
WHO'S GOT THE KEYS? our refrain.  
Cassettes were our way to play back Zen.  
MAGENTA MOON.  
Always starting with jigs and reels, then  
levitating folk into skyward improvisations.  
Violin, keyboards, didgeridoo, guitars, bass part  
of the GONG affiliate adventures.  
There is still a (Gemini) Kangaroo Moon.  
Travelling Nimbin to Glastonbury.  
  
Still above us. Around us. Within us. Meditating  
via Muse. Moon is You!

After reading the Kozfest review by  
Alan, Thom added:

ONE. Co-operation and community.  
We are not headliners but jammers, open to  
experimentation and improvisation.  
Poverty has forced us to adapt.  
Life loved us into continuance.  
So, when we gather now, it is with our Living  
Ancestors.  
We name our Stages and our Tents after our fave  
Visionaries - those Cosmic Cowgirls who roped  
clouds of consciousness  
and corralled us together willingly and voluntarily.  
  
We are Causes and Crusades.  
We remain Invisible as Tibet under China.





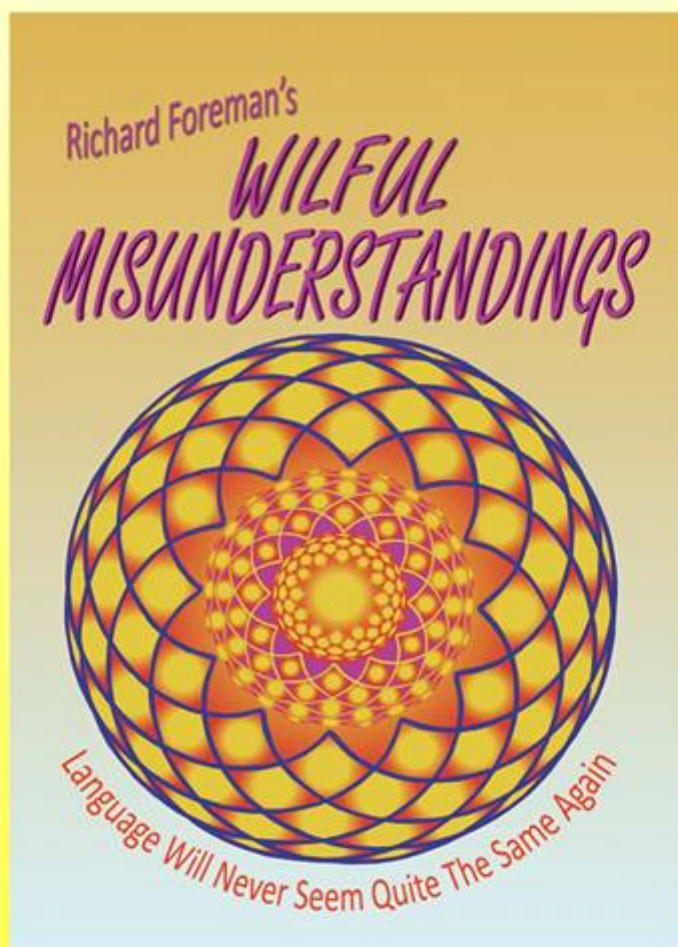


# Expect the Unexpected!

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

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

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



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.'

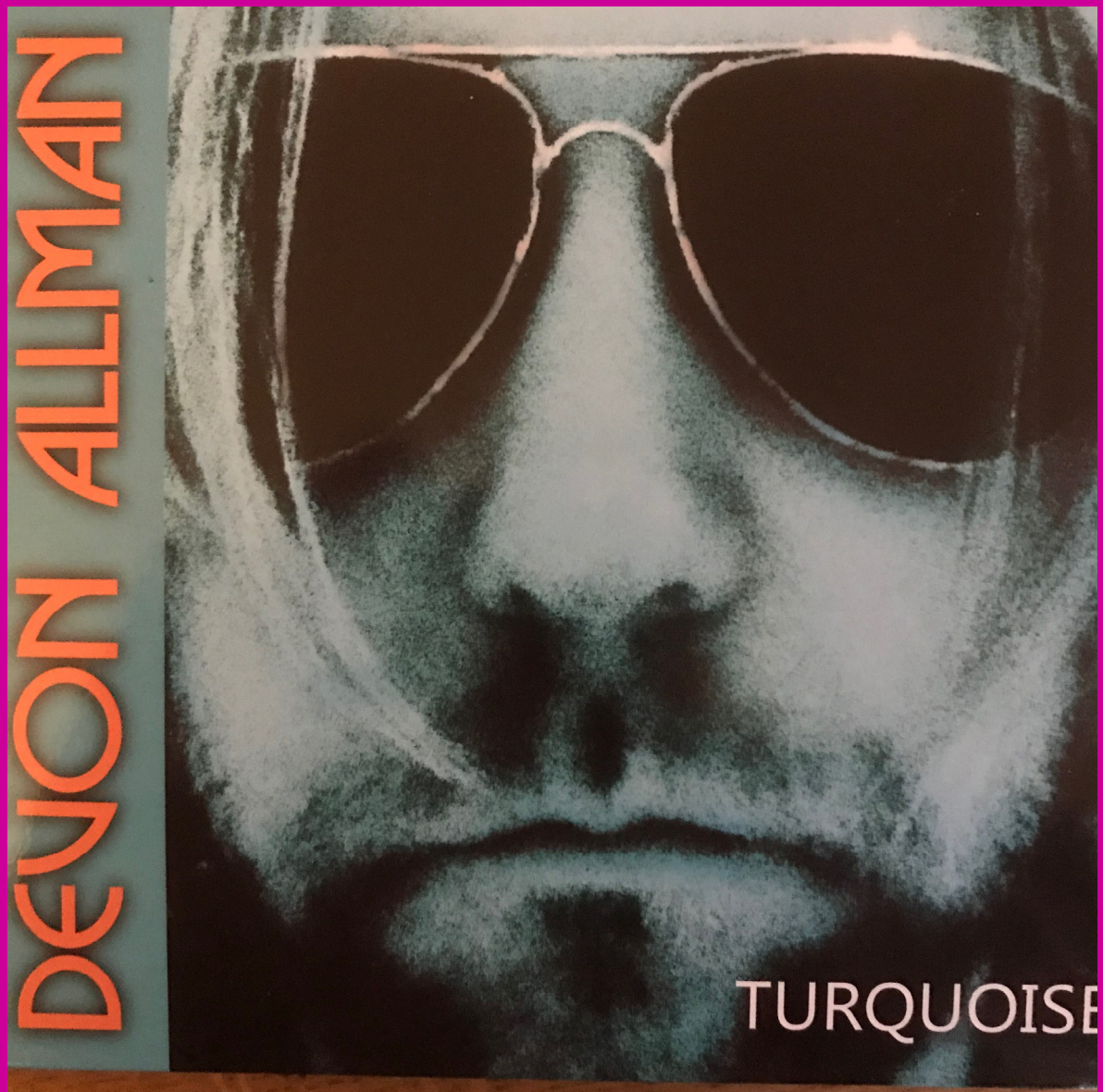
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## The Devon Allman Project

LIVE 2/9/2018 The  
Fleece, Bristol, UK

The Allman Brothers Band were of course a hugely important, influential band who arose from the American South in 1969. Playing a blend of Southern Blues rock, with some country and jazz thrown in. Known more for their live performances,

their Fillmore East '71 double album is still regarded as one of the best live albums of all time by both music lovers and the hi-fi fraternity. 1973's *Brother and Sisters* was my first AB LP, which contains the very wonderful *Rambling Man* "I was born on the back seat of a Greyhound Bus, rolling down Highway 41....." The now annoying instrumental *Jessica* is on the same album, you know it. I also play the double *Eat A Peach*, with the shimmering live *Mountain Jam* on it. Like many that became huge, 70s bands, they descended into chaos with *Charlie and Whisky* (not to mention the various band member deaths that had already occurred along the way), their early years undoubtedly their most rich, musically.

# John Brodie-Good

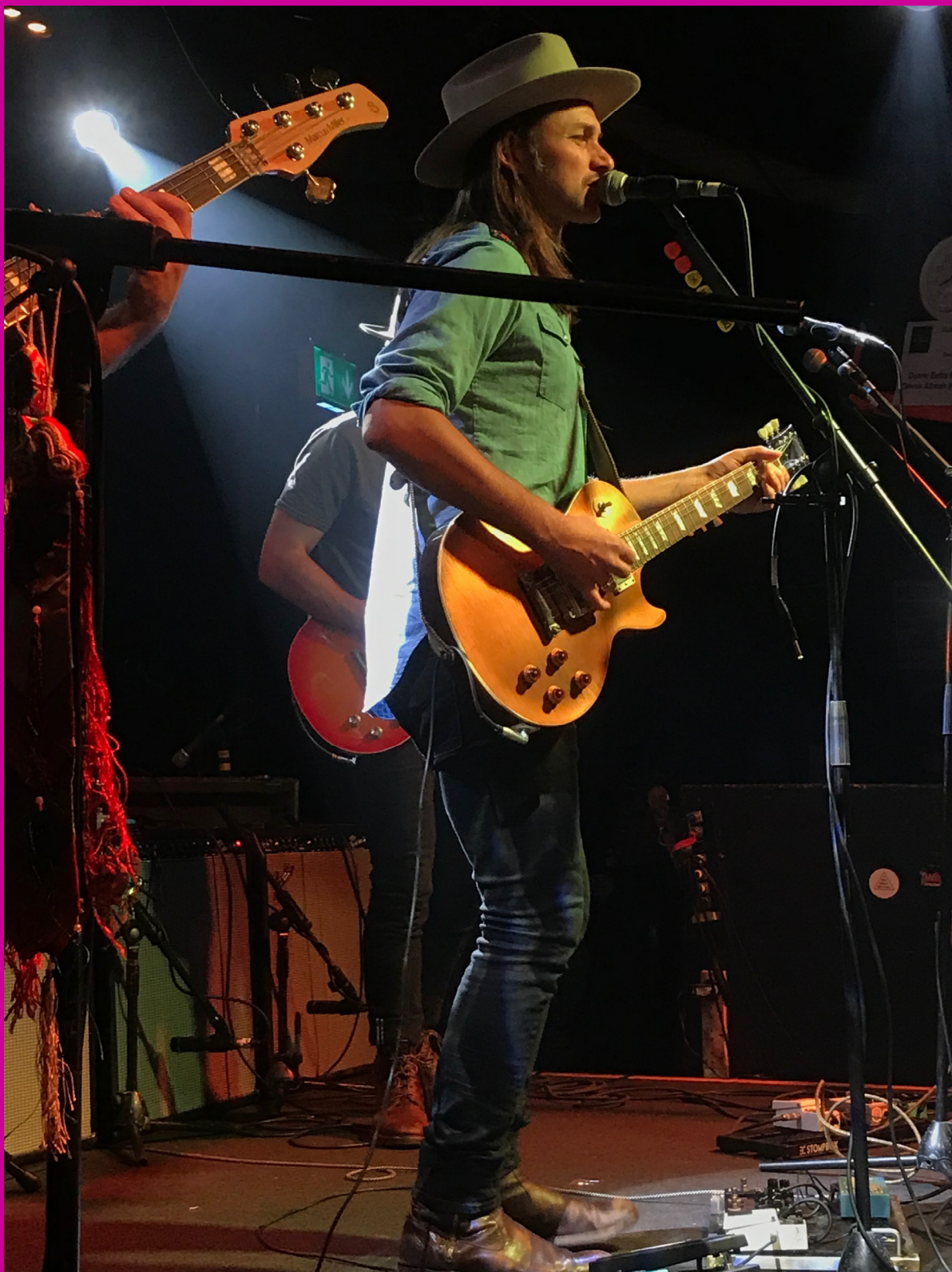




Canned Heat had their gentle, rolling boogie, the Allmans were harder and faster Blues, but with a fluidity that much of the genre lacks to these ears. The Allmans were also much more

accomplished musicians too it has to be said, the early twin lead guitars of Duane Allman and Dicky Betts still highly regarded nowadays, as they should. Greg Allman passed just last year (and released





a fine, last solo album by all accounts), and last week Dicky Betts suffered a thankfully mild stroke but seems to be recovering well and hoping to resume his current US Tour in November. But this isn't about the Allmans.....

Devon Allman is the son of Greg, but was brought up by his mother and only got to know his father in his teens. They made up for lost time by the sound and son played with father in more recent





incarnations of the Allmans. Very much his own man musically, he was a founder member of an outfit called Royal Southern Brotherhood, then Honeytribe and in the last few years has been plying

his trade in his own name. He has put out three solo efforts, one of which I picked up on the night, the CD of *Turquoise*. I'm so blown away by it, the vinyl version arrived today and has just been blasting



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out next door. More on that later. Duane Betts is the son of Dicky, the surviving Allmans lead guitarist, and has also played in his father's band, Great Southern, but also seems to have struck out on his own. His first album, *Sketches of American Music* is winging it's way across the Atlantic on CD. He admitted from the stage that they had already sold out on the second night of the tour but his girlfriend was flying over the ocean that very night with two suitcases full of more for the rest of the tour.

Gigs are becoming very good sources of albums you often do not see or find elsewhere, live recordings usually but not always. A guy was selling Devon's three solo CDs and tour t-shirts.

The Fleece again, seeing American bands in this small Bristol venue is becoming a good habit (The Magic Band last time, Ryley Walker next time.....) and so I had a quick smoke outside before going in, the chill of autumn in the cooling evening. A nice pint of Bath Ales Gem once inside.

It seemed only half full, oldies as usual, a couple of posh student girls from Clifton perhaps, four pissed but very friendly Welshies behind me. The house PA really isn't good so I went for stage left, right on the crowd barrier in front of the subs. Luckily, they were not turned on, which may have contributed to the worse than ever SQ sadly. In spite of the row of monitors stage front, the vocals were pretty much inaudible throughout, except for one quiet, slow song towards the end. A backline of four Fender cabs meant a pretty good guitar sound though (four guitarists in total, at one point three Les Pauls being played together!), the drummer being close was loud and I could hear and feel the bass nicely, the keyboards clear from the player's own speaker. There were a lot of leads across the stage, a few players semi-tripping at

times, whilst Devon was using a wireless pack in his jean's back pocket.

At 815 on the dot, the house lights went down and the first set of players took the stage. Most of us were expecting a support but what we got was two sets by two bands, but with a lot of crossover of players.

A tall, slim, handsome dude plugged in a scratchplate-less Les Paul which had been leaning against the backline, shoulder-length hair coming down from his Stetson hat, a friendly but slightly nervous smile on his face. Young Mr Betts it transpired, I can imagine he's popular with the ladies.....Hats!....a Southern band...all had hats?, check. The second, slide guitarist, also cradling a gorgeous Les Paul, be-Stetsoned, the Mexican-looking drummer wore a baseball cap, reverse of course, whilst the bearded bassist had a scarf wrapped around his noggin. Boots! A quick footwear inspection revealed 50/50 shit-kicker boots v modern lace-up work boots, the drummer might have had trainers on. Jeans....of course, Duane also wearing a soft-denim shirt with embroidered patches. Regional fashion check complete, these guys seem the real deal.

The first 40 minute set flew past, I didn't know a song, but it was a very pleasant set with some tasteful, and clearly evolving guitar work from Master Betts. His partner in crime played some serious good fretwork too. The inner smiling bassist hardly moved, but gently swayed on his spot with a faraway look in his eyes. He seemed to be playing a five string "Marcus Miller" instrument which I originally thought was a little surprising for a 'Blues Band', Miller being a virtuoso modern jazz player. Meanwhile, the drummer was banging away, behind the PA for me, but his snare still seemed very loud in spite of the physical barrier. The set started with an older looking guy



# THE DEVON ALLMAN PROJECT

— WITH SPECIAL GUEST DUANE BETTS —  
SUNDAY 2ND SEPTEMBER / THE FLEECE BRISTOL

7:30PM / ALL AGES (U16S ACCOMPANIED BY AN ADULT) / TICKETS AVAILABLE FROM: SEETICKETS.COM / BRISTOL TICKET SHOP





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playing the small keyboard right next to me. About 30 minutes in I became aware of a larger than life, Dr John-type character take the stage and replace the 'grey man'. The keyboard, was almost literally that, a keyboard but he could switch from Piano, to Organ, and then Electric Piano. Gone are the days of an articulated lorry just for the various keys it seems. The music was largely blues based but included some softer, jazzier ripples at times too. Can't wait for the album to arrive. I wondered if this will be a case of the support blows away the main act? I went outside for a quick splifflet during the short interval.

The closer musos looked pretty bleary-eyed I had noticed, probably flew straight in two nights before and just started playing their stuff. They faced another seven nights on the trot after tonight too. An electrical wire coming out of one of the venue's windows led to their tour bus parked just down the road. For fun, I checked the spec out online last night. T'was a double-decker Nightliner, supplied by an Irish outfit, Rockstar Logistics Ltd.....

It doesn't sound bad inside....

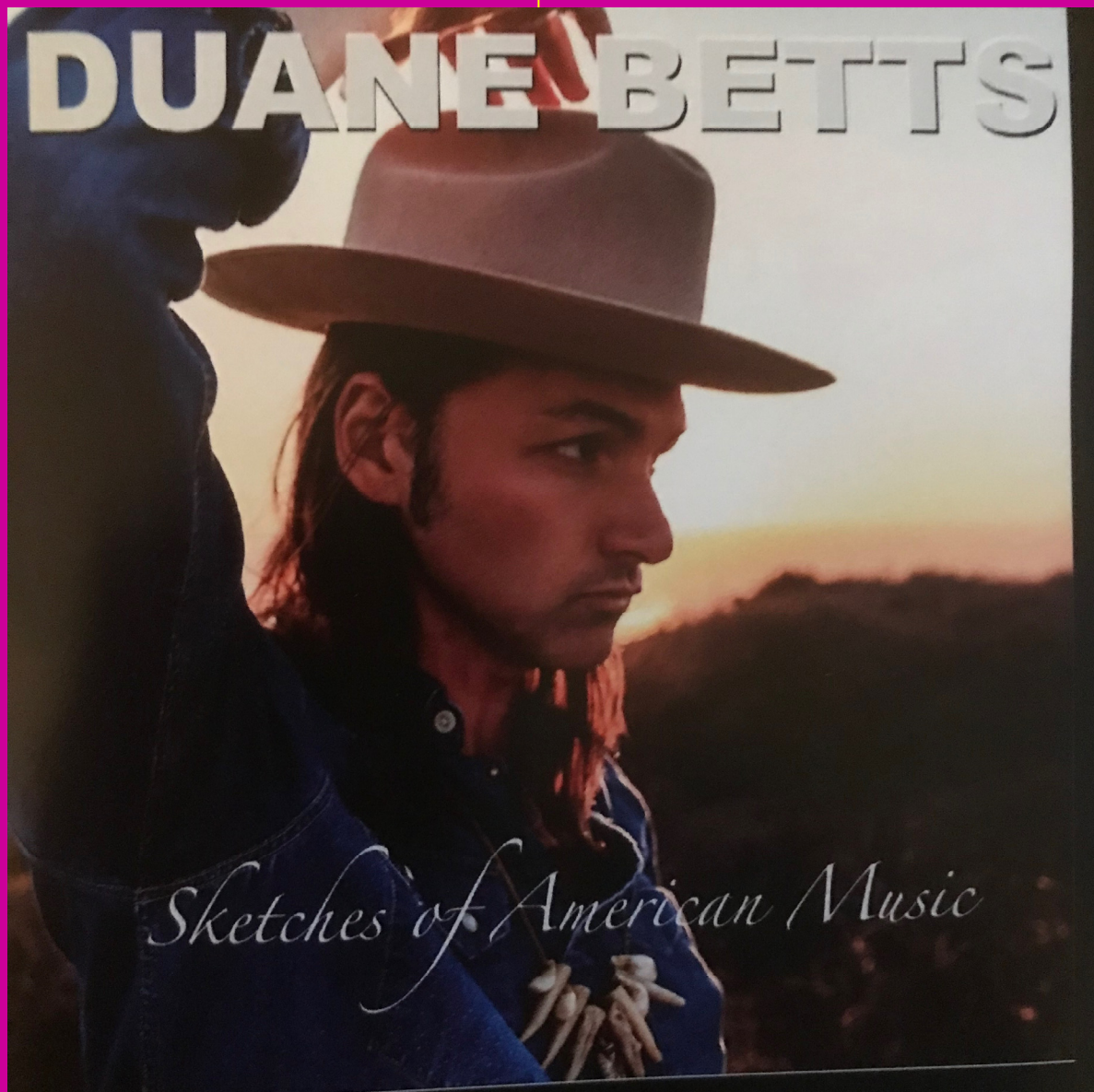
Fully equipped kitchen  
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USB charging ports in all bunks  
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From the images on their website, upstairs are eight sleeping compartments. This bus must have been full, seven players and their roadie. In spite of the apparent comfort it must be pretty cosy in there, fine for a few nights.....After a week or so they must have to leave the bus parked

somewhere with the doors open to fumigate it for a day or so. Better than an old battered Transit for sure but still a tough life it seems.

Back on stage, the musicians came back out, their roadie/guitar-tech having been tuning multiple guitars both on and off the stage. The same drummer, bassist (minus headgear), the grey man had become a percussion player on the far side of the stage, but a new guitarist was plugging in a white Gibson SG on the far side of the stage too. Then Mr Allman came out onto the stage, switched his guitar transmitter on using a foot pedal, stretched one leg over the monitors, resting his foot on the crowd barrier, pulled his battered brown Strat around, stuck a big silly grin on his face, and proceeded to blow the place apart! There was no doubt whose gig this was, he was the headliner and he sounded like it. I believe there is only five years between the two sons but Allman looks about 20 years older, a cross between Neil Young and Catweasel. Man he looks lived in already, tats down his arms, real bar-room blues voice. I don't think I've ever witnessed someone say "I'm here" in such full-frontal style before, awesome stuff. The band now seemed like they were practicing before, not anymore, they were powerful and shit tight, even the bassist was on the move too. The opening number was verging almost on Metal, never mind Southern Blues.....and the rest of the hour and forty five minute included a mixture of other musical styles, with at least four covers, only one was an Allman Bros song. Blues was the main element of this set too, but I heard 'Santana' in there at least twice, Country, Jazz, Soul & RnB. There were two numbers that did descend into somewhat tedious, classic blue rock solos which went on a bit too long for my taste but otherwise a surprisingly fresh variety of material. The covers included Hall and Oates, Marvin Gaye and the encore, Don Henley's Boys of Summer, which seemed





a fitting way to end a fantastic evening with. Allman plays a very mean guitar it has to be said, and whilst undoubted band leader (to all the other players), he allowed plenty of space for the other guitarists to burn too. In fact he disappeared off stage for a while later on. He seemed very happy to share his stage but stamped his mark all over it when he was around. Duane came back on after about an hour and joined the throng again too. They sat down for the Allman's cover, 'Melissa', Betts junior playing the superb lead line behind spot on vocals delivered by Devon. Allman has said in

recent interviews it would be very easy for them to go out as an 'Allman's' act but they both would prefer to plough their own paths at the moment. None of the lead guitars had whammy bars I noticed, and Devon played a Les Paul and a Telecaster as well as the thunderous Strat plus an acoustic at times. Flying plectrums seemed to be one his calling cards too, after just about every number, Allman would skim his plectrum out over the audience. What I thought was a sign on his voice mic stand turned out to be a line of plectrums, none left by the end.



Whilst Betts seemed younger and fresher, Allman has the aura of a man who has been on the road for many a year, and has already honed his craft in the process.

Frustratingly, I cannot find out who the other musicians were, which is really very poor and suggest large egos it has to be said. They were introduced onstage but due to the shite PA, no idea. No names on their websites or elsewhere online. I'd be a bit pissed if I was one of them. People should get the credit for what they do and these guys were all very good indeed.

"I think the number one thing is that it helps people deal with the darkness in the world. I mean, it is pretty crazy out there, and music brings us together and it heals. I just love doing my job. I can tell on people's faces after the show that they feel rejuvenated and renewed, and that's what it is all about. It's about that energy. If we went out on stage every night and there was no audience, I mean, that just doesn't fly. It is the energy exchange that is everything. At the end of the day, I like to make people feel good with music."

### Devon Allman

I came home with the first of Devon's solo albums, *Turquoise*, which I can't stop playing. The vinyl version turned up 48 hours later, and the SQ on both is close to being as good as it gets nowadays, which is a bonus. Like live, it's very confident, accomplished and enjoyable, perhaps nothing entirely 'original' but just done right and very well produced. I'm ordering the other two albums on the basis of this one already. Might even check out

Honeytribe in due course too (Space Age Blues already on it's way!).

Duane Betts's EP (not a full album) containing six tracks turned up today too. If I'm honest, this one seems a tad disappointing compared to live. Not helped by the usual 'pinched', thin digital sound either. Downtown Runaround seems the standout track, which I remembered from Sunday night. I will give it more time though, there are some nice licks in there for sure. The overall sound is more Southern, his voice is probably a bit better than this recording suggests.

What a night, a great 'new' artist for me, and one thing's for sure, his next UK visit I will again be there for....

<https://www.devonallmanproject.com>

<https://www.duanebetts.com>

<http://www.crossland.ie>



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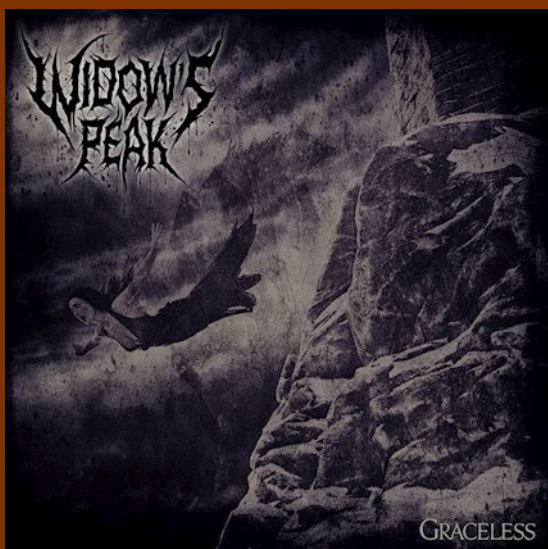


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and all other good music retailers





# KEV'S WORLD



**WIDOW'S PEAK**  
**GRACELESS EP**  
**INDEPENDENT**

Looking on the band's Facebook site, they say they admire Dark Sermon, Cattle Decapitation, Aborted, Fit for an Autopsy, Cannibal Corpse, Lifelover, Lamb of God, Meshuggah, Napalm Death, The Avulsion, Snakepit, Plaguebringer and Crease, and it is safe to say that quite a few of these influences spew forth on this debut

release from this Calgary-based band. What we have here is technical death metal that has also taken huge influences from grind to create something that is brutal, complex, raw and exciting all at the same time. This is in your face music that refuses to take any prisoners and requires you to turn the volume all the way up to the max and let your ears bleed.

They were only formed in 2016, and this is a self-release, but surely it can't be long before these guys gain some fairly serious attention to what they are doing. While the guitars, drums and vocals are all what one would expect from this style of music, there are some really interesting things going on with the bass which sometimes follows the direction and at others seems to be quite contrary to what is going on which gives the band a quite distinct approach. Singer Matt Yeomans is powerful and brutal, as he needs to be with what is going on beneath him. Surely these guys will soon be on a label like Nuclear Blast, they deserve it.

## KEV ROWLAND



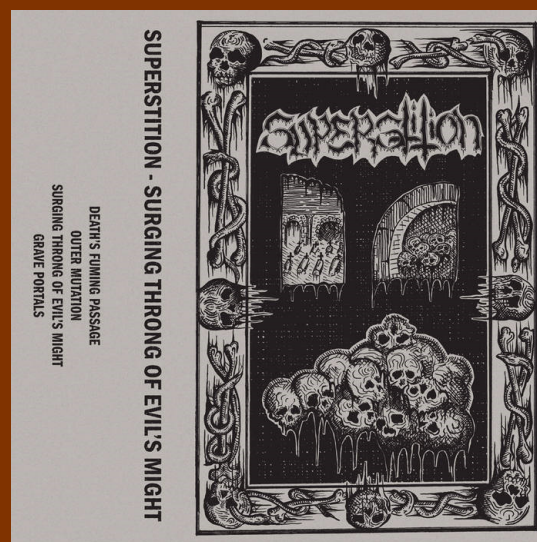


**WITCH CASKET**  
**HATRED INDEX**  
**INDEPENDENT**

Witch Casket was formed by ex-members of symphonic black metal band "Sothis" from Los Angeles, and guitarist Neal Tiemann of DevilDriver. After over a decade of creating that style, these musicians were looking to write more melodic death metal style songs, while still keeping the blackened symphonic aspects from the previous band's style. For live performances the band are a six-piece, but for the recording of their debut EP it was just Colin "Nylock" Cameron (guitar, bass, drums, piano, keyboards and orchestral arrangements), Drogoth (vocals) and additional guitar by Neal Tiemann. This certainly doesn't come across as mostly the work of one guy, but rather a band that is right and committed to the job at hand. The black metal/death metal crossover genre is one that has been gaining more interest in recent years, and these guys certainly know how to hit the mark.

Every aspect of this five-song 24-minute-long EP works, from the production through the tightness of the guitars and

rhythm sections and the vocal attack of Drogoth. Nylock states that he didn't want to concentrate on any particular genre and instead create something that was the metal he wanted to listen to, as opposed to something he felt constrained by, and the result is something that is honest and not contrived. With a current member of DevilDriver in their midst it is quite possible that these guys will be able to garner some publicity and get this out to a far wider audience as it deserves to be heard.



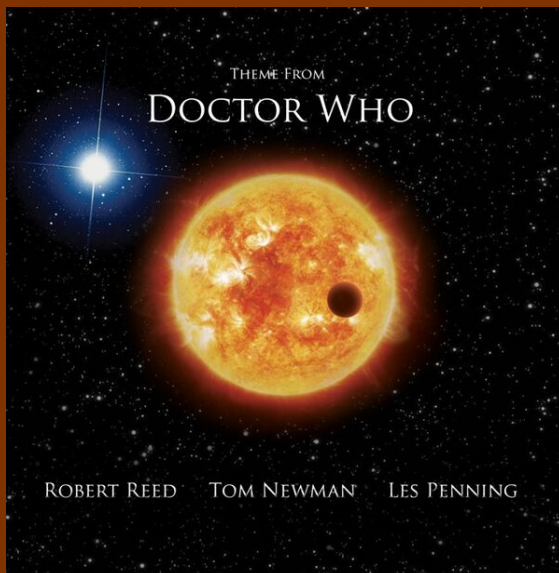
**SUPERSTITION**  
**SURGING THROG OF EVIL'S MIGHT**  
**BUCK SPIN**

This is the debut release from Mexican death metal trio Superstition, and yes, it has been released on cassette as well as other formats. Part of me wonders if it might sound better on that, as this five-song 20-minute-long EP contains some great evil malevolence, but it is somewhat ruined by the production. At times the vocals are so low in the mix as to be almost unintelligible, whereas at others the drums are far too high, and it reminds me somewhat of the releases that were coming out in the early days of



the genre. That they have been heavily influenced by Morbid Angel is never in doubt, and there are moments where there is an interesting release, but at present this is far more about a band showing some potential as opposed to something that is essential to hear. But, it is a short debut, and they are touring in the States and Canada in the next few months, so it could well be interesting to hear what they sound like when they return.

<https://superstitiondeath.bandcamp.com>



**ROBERT REED, TOM NEWMAN, LES  
PENNING  
THEME FROM DOCTOR WHO  
INDIE**

What we have here is an EP featuring two different mixes of a very interesting take on the famous Doctor Who theme, which is both instantly recognisable but also very different indeed. My normal rule of thumb on cover versions is that musically they should stay true to the original without sounding anything like it, and this hits that out of the park. Imagine Mike Oldfield being asked to recreate it in

his own image and then you may get close to hearing what this sounds like. Both Tom Newman and Robert Reed have then provided their own mixes of the take, and it is intriguing to hear what they have both done with it. Then on top of that there are two more songs from each of the three, with one of Tom Newman's unavailable elsewhere (and once you have heard "Happy Chickens" you will understand why, and Robert teasing us with a segment from the yet to be released 'Sanctuary III'. If ever anyone was taking up the baton passed by Mike Oldfield in the Seventies then it is Robert Reed, and I look forward to the album with great interest. This is well worth getting if you have ever loved Doctor Who, Mike Oldfield, or of course anything by the three guys involved – quite superb.

Physical copies of all of Rob's releases are available through his site, but if you are interested just in digital then visit

<https://robertreed.bandcamp.com>





**CRYSTAL TEARS**  
**DECADENCE DELUXE**  
**PRIDE & JOY MUSIC**

Apparently the first line-up of this Greek band came together in 1997, but although they released some demos it wasn't until 2006 that they released their debut album, and now they are back with their fourth. Looking at past members I can see that Ian Parry was involved for a while (they seem to have been through quite a few singers), but Søren Nico Adamsen has been frontman since 2012 and he has a vocal style that is perfectly suited to their particular brand of power metal. If I had to pick just one band as a major influence then it would be Rage, although both Jag Panzer and Accept have also had their part to play. To be honest, I was convinced that these guys just had to be German (yes, I know JP are American) until I undertook some research to discover some more about them.

For the most part this is straightforward power metal, the type that while it is playing one doesn't want to turn it off, but as soon as it is over it is instantly forgotten. But, as well as having a strong singer they also like using acoustic guitars

to provide dynamics within certain songs, and this provides a strong contrast against numbers such as "Chaos Thy Name" where they attempt a Helloween impression. There are two "bonus" songs on the CD which tell a story in themselves, in that they are acoustic numbers performed live, and they are both covers, namely "I'm 18" and "Tie Your Mother Down" which aren't the type of song I would expect from a power metal outfit. But, they work incredibly well, and shows that these guys have an appreciation for classic hard rock melody. Overall, this is fun while it is playing if you enjoy power metal, but whether I would keep returning to it is another matter altogether.



**INFINITEE**  
**THE POSSIBILITIES ARE ENDLESS**  
**INDEPENDENT**

The debut EP by Canadian band Infitee is actually the work of just one man, Tres Thomas (also known for his playing in death metallers Tales of The Tomb). Apparently he has been inspired by My Chemical Romance, Dance Gavin Dance, Plini, Modern Day Babylon, The Contortionist, which seems strange to me



as I would have thought the main influence on this music would have been Meshuggah as djent is strongly in play during this release. Tres is a fine guitarist, of that there is no doubt, and the use of “real” drums really makes this stand out (if he is using a sequencer it is easily the best I have come across). There are times when he moves away from the heavy bottom end djent sound, but it is when he is firmly in that groove that he makes the biggest impression. Instrumental, with loads of dynamics, this is a really interesting EP and one can only hope that the next one will be an album.



**DAN WEISS**  
**STAREBABY**  
**PI RECORDINGS**

‘Starebaby’ is the new release by drummer/composer Dan Weiss, and is an attempt to combined improvised jazz with heavy metal and electronic music. Weiss is well-known as a jazz drummer, performing with musicians as disparate as Rudresh Mahanthappa, Chris Potter, John Zorn, and Jen Shyu, but here he is attempting to combine this background with metallic influences. For this release he has cited influences as diverse as Meshuggah, Burning Witch, High On Fire, Gorguts, early Metallica, Wormed,

Confessor, Stockhausen, Bernard Parmegiani, Luc Ferrari, and every type of jazz ranging from Sidney Bechet to Threadgill. Apparently it is also inspired by Season 3 of the television show Twin Peaks, whose surreal, ominous emotional landscape helped shape the overall feel of this music.

Although there are some electric guitars here and there, this album isn’t nearly as heavy as one would expect from the influences listed, and instead comes across as a improvisational jazz album that is often led by keyboards/piano, with a pervading chill through the proceedings. It is highly cinematic, with a bleak outlook, and extremely experimental, moving happily through boundaries of how music would normally be described into areas that almost fit into the electronic noise spectrum. It is an incredibly compelling piece of work, with the feeling that although there may be chaos, all those involved have a singular vision, just different ways of getting there. Craig Taborn and Matt Mitchell on keyboards, piano, and electronics, Ben Monder on guitar, and Trevor Dunn on bass, all well-known in the jazz improve scene also share a love for heavy metal, which comes through. Weiss played with the doom metal band Bloody Panda a dozen years ago and Dunn was a member of the experimental rock bands Mr. Bungle and Fantômas with Faith No More singer Mike Patton, so it isn’t too surprising that they have a real affinity with what they are attempting to achieve.

This won’t be to everyone’s musical tastes, but for those who enjoy stretching the musical boundaries then there is a great deal here to enjoy.

<https://pirecordings.com>





**DIANE MARINO**  
**SOUL SERENADE**  
**M&M RECORDS**

Subtitled 'The Gloria Lynne Project', Diane's sixth album was inspired by her own performance of "I'm Glad There Is You". Drummer Vince Ector reminded her that it had been one of Gloria's signature songs, and this led her to researching more of Gloria's work and choice of material. She also wanted to bring in additional influences, so instead of writing her own arrangements and orchestrations she brought in Brad Cole to undertake that for her. The result is an incredibly warm and velvety jazz album that in turn makes me want to check out Gloria's versions, as these have been treated with great reverence yet are still vibrant and alive. It is like a warm jazz blanket has been wrapped around me to keep me safe and warm, with wonderful vocals and arrangements with everyone knowing what they are bringing to the party. It is old school, golden age, wonderful and relaxing. Diane's superb vocals, the arrangements and musicians have all combined to create something that harkens back to times gone past, in a very special way indeed.

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

**DIANE MOSER**  
**BIRDSONGS**  
**PLANET ARTS**

I have been writing reviews on a consistent basis for much longer than I care to remember: I started back with an electronic typewriter and when I looked up it had somehow become a Mac and more than 25 years had gone by. This means that I often get to hear music that I



would otherwise never have come across, and while there are definite downsides to some of that, there are times when I hear albums like this and it all becomes worthwhile. Here we have music that is being created by Diane Moser (piano), Anton Denner (flute, piccolo) and Ken Filiano (bass), no drums or percussion. The original improvisers of music were and are birds, and they have been the inspiration for this set of material, most of which are originals. Diane has been touring Birdsongs in various incarnations from solo through to big band and everything in between for more than a decade, but she finally decided to record with just Anton and Ken. "The reason I decided on this group with Anton and Ken, to record all of my birdsongs, was to give the music a little more space and lightness," Moser explains. "I also knew that both Anton and Ken would play sonically in those in-between places that is so much like the songs and calls that birds make, not always an exact pitch, but somewhere in between."

The result is a beautiful album, sometimes sounding as if the birds themselves are playing the music, and at others being inspired by them. Anton impersonates birds at the dawn chorus, Diane has a wonderful touch, while Ken not only plucks his bass in the traditional band style but also uses a bow to create a totally different feeling. The music is spacious, layered and relaxed, and the perfect way to start the day, at one with nature. Inspiring and inspired, this is a wonderful album for all jazz lovers, as well as those who want to hear music which is both beautiful and transcendent. <http://dianemosermusic.com>



# 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***

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

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

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

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

Asante sana (thank you very much),

David Banks  
Director, Africa Region  
The Nature Conservancy

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







# Yer GONZO Island DISCS

You know the score as well as I do. I'm not even going to try to pretend that this is an original idea of mine; the BBC thought it up decades ago and it was Rob Ayling's idea to apply it to the Gonzo Weekly. The concept is a simple one: one takes a celebrity and plonks them on an unnamed desert island with a bible and the complete works of Shakespeare. Although any of our celebrities would be welcome to take a copy of the Bible and the complete works of Shakespeare with them, this being Gonzo, we can think of other, more appropriate accoutrements – what was it the good Doctor took with him on his most well known expedition? “We had two bags of grass, seventy-five pellets of mescaline, five sheets of high-powered blotter acid, a salt shaker half full of cocaine, and a whole galaxy of multi-colored uppers, downers, screamers, laughers and also a quart of tequila, a quart of rum, a case of Budweiser, a pint of raw ether and two dozen amyls.”

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



## FARPLACE Animal Rescue

Helping animals rejected elsewhere

Jan Edwards is an old friend of mine, and is Head of Animal Care at Farplace Animal Rescue, somewhere out in the frozen wastes of County Durham. Over the years, she has sent me all sorts of interesting things, including the corpse of a roadkill polecat, which we believe is the first record of this species from County Durham since the late 19<sup>th</sup> century. But, if we were to take this estimable lady, lock stock and barrel, and dump her in the middle of a totally conceptual desert island, what music would she choose to take with her? We couldn't wait to find out



# JAN'S TOP TEN

My 10 – although I cant possible pick just 10.

In no particular order, as it depends on my mood and the sort of day I have had

1. Pink Floyd – Shine On you Crazy Diamond (preferably the full version) I love good instrumentals and meaningful lyrics, but those 4 notes are eternal.
2. Disturbed – The Sound of Silence. I didn't think anyone could do a cover version of this that would be better than the original. But I think these guys have managed that. Also this song has been chosen as the theme for a friends' stolen dog Sky, a young Rottweiler. For me now, this version is forever for Sky #getskyhome
3. Simple Minds – The Belfast Child. Whenever I drive through Belfast, and see the memorials on corners, and the place names associated with "The troubles" this song makes me cry. I have Irish ancestors
4. 5:06am (Every Strangers Eyes) – Roger Waters - There is something special about this one. I cant put my finger on it.... But it means a lot to me.
5. Chris de Burgh – The Risen Lord – The Last Time I Cried. The instrumentals are first class. The message is amazing
6. Dire Straits - Brothers in Arms. I love the lyrics. I love the music. It takes me to a special place. And these mist covered foothills of the Pennines (not quite mountains) are home now to me. I came from the lowlands. It fits.
7. Queen – Bohemian Rhapsody . Doesn't everyone love this one. I couldn't be on my desert island without this one
8. Boomtown Rats – I don't Like Mondays. Just love the lyrics and the tragedy behind it
9. John Denver and Placido Domingo – Perhaps Love. I really enjoy classical music, and these two together create magic. The lyrics are meaningful as well.
10. Eva Cassidy – Fields of Gold. The lyrics bring back visions of childhood and simplicity. And she can hold a note.

but there are so many more



# THE SCIENTIFIC INVESTIGATION OF THE UNEXPLAINED

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**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..**

*At the start of September, there was an outbreak of heated tribalism among Hawkwind fans, the most heated since... er... the previous outbreak, in 2017. At one point, the wife of deceased guitarist Huw Lloyd-Langton was forced to weigh in with a denouncement of certain lies.*

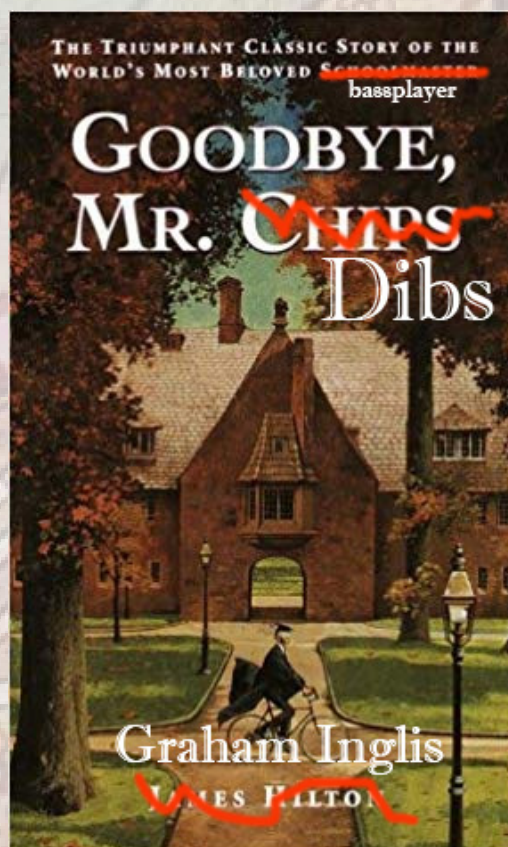
In late August, Hawkwind announced that Arthur Brown would be joining some of the *In Search of Utopia* shows, and then said: More surprises to come :-)

They were right about the surprises. A

day later, on Thursday 30th, a big surprise was the announcement from Mr Dibs that he had left Hawkwind.

My friends,

It is with a heavy heart that I must







confirm that due to irreconcilable differences, I left Hawkwind on Tuesday 28th August 2018. I've had the most wonderful 21 years on board, both as roadie and musician and I'm very proud of everything I've achieved and everything I've become. Not many people get the break I did. Thanks to all the fans for their support and love over the years, and to the great friendships forged. Hawkwind is so much more than the music and band.

Well then. See you all out there!  
Peace and Love

Dibs XX

Initially a roadie, Mr Dibs first took to the stage as a vocalist in 2003. He sang on "Upside Down" in 2006 at Roadburn; and became a regular bass player in 2007 following the departure of Alan Davey. He shifted to a mainly vocals role at the end of 2015, after

the arrival of Haz Wheaton.

Reaction to his departure was swift, with much praise for his time spent as a front man for the band. Some condemnation of Hawkwind HQ also bubbled up, soon to become rather heated and sometimes vitriolic.

There were claims that Hawkwind HQ "owed" us an explanation; and some suggested a boycott of gigs, one person saying "those empty seats will send a strong message to those responsible." A few tickets for forthcoming gigs were torn up and displayed on Facebook.

To me, fans protesting about "irreconcilable differences" in a rock band struck me as a bizarre waste of time, and I commented that if we refused to go to gigs every time there was a line-up change, we'd hardly ever have seen the band!

One person's comment was that "He





[Brock] won't recover from this. His most loyal fans will reject him." When I commented that Brock's fans are hardly likely to reject him solely on the basis of unsubstantiated hints and rumour, I was accused of sticking up for him "through thick and thin" - but the trouble was that the allegations had **all** been thin. Thin to the point of being invisible, actually.

Amid some of the ranting, other fans displayed humour, such as one saying the departure was "a bit like when the Spice Girls split up. Only not." There was also unintended humour, such as Hawkwind being described as "in crisis" over the "split" in the band.

The idea that Hawkwind HQ "owe" us any explanations is interesting, as HW-HQ seldom **post anything** on social media apart from promotional material. They also have a very long-standing policy of not washing

their linen in public. Many companies show remarkable spinelessness when social media "flash mobs" howl, but the Hawkwind craft seems to just sail on anyway.


### "Pack Mentality"

Sam Kirwin, an Admin for the "Hawkwind Fans Worldwide" page, was in an awkward situation as the war of words became basically tribal during Saturday 1st of September.

The potential for conflict of interest was huge. So Sunday was declared a day of posting anything but Hawkwind. That calmed the waters, and gave us a breather. Or possibly it just acted as 'time out' to recharge the batteries, as it all kicked off again on Monday!

If Gonzo Magazine started having dramatic headlines such as "Pink Floyd To Reform" while the text beneath had nothing whatsoever to support the headline, I imagine we'd soon lose readers by the bucketload. But that's





basically what was often happening in the Hawkwind Facebook group. *Blackmail* and *bullying* being two headline words that had not one iota of supporting detail in the subsequent text. There were others.

One would-be exposé gave some anecdotal evidence that did suggest some in the music industry can be insensitive or brusque at times, or even temperamental. Well, now. There's the 'scoop' that Gonzo Magazine has been seeking for so long! However, that "exposé" was prefaced by an introduction that spoke of "reckless acts" and violence and threats, **all** of which were not even remotely covered in the body of that particular post.

A couple of hours later, the heat intensified dramatically when that rather damp squib of a post was apparently suddenly deleted. Cry havoc, and let slip the conspiracy dogs of war!

One fan criticised the poisonous atmosphere on Facebook, saying: "The way some of you have developed a 'pack mentality' in your attempts to recruit 'Dave Brock haters, plus all these vitriolic comments toward his wife has been truly pathetic to witness."

Politicians have encountered similar things on social media, of course.

### **"Absolute Rubbish"**

Marion Lloyd-Langton, wife of the now-deceased guitarist Huw, had to make a public statement refuting some of the things that had been claimed.

### **PUBLIC STATEMENT FROM MARION LLOYD-LANGTON**

Since Huw left the planet Dec 2012, for personal reason I have had little to do with any social media. That is not to say I haven't followed Hawkwind, my favourite band's, career. I was saddened to hear Dibs had left the band after 11 years. I read his departure statement about irreconcilable differences and his lovely tribute to the band and opportunities his time with Hawkwind had given him. DIBS, THE VERY BEST OF LUCK IN YOUR FUTURE CAREER. Whatever the irreconcilable differences between Dibs and the Band is a private matter.

However I was shocked to read on-line that Huw and I had been quoted as hating Dave Brock and this was the reason for Huw leaving the band. THAT IS ABSOLUTE RUBBISH.

Where these lies have come from is anyone's guess. I am therefore going to qualify our love and respect for Dave and Kris Brock. From the day Huw met Dave until the day Huw died that love and respect never ceased. Quite the opposite Dave & Kris are currently and were very close friends of ours for many year's. Whether Huw was in the band or out of it we remained close friends. If you know the band's history you will be aware Huw left the band in the first instance after the Isle of White Concert in 1970. He was handed spiked orange juice containing huge amounts of LSD. He came back a jabbering wreck and almost died. It took 6 months for him to recover and many a time I didn't think he would.





So that puts paid to why he left the band then.

Huw re-joined the band in 1979 and spent another 10 years in the band. Yes of course there were spats. A band is a marriage and it is hard enough with one wife or husband. It takes perseverance. So in a marriage consisting of 5 or 6 members, dear me! Huw left the band in 1989 following money problems that had nothing to do with Dave or Kris. He was barely paid at end of the tour and Dave tried to sort it out with the then band management and Tour Manager. Nothing materialised as the rascal Tour Manager had kept Huw's money and in fact disappeared with the books. From what we gathered later it was a lot more money that had disappeared. Sad to say we also listened to

GOSSIP (which is always a very bad thing to do). We did not learn the truth of it all until later. But when we met up for a restaurant meal with Dave & Kris (as reported in Carol Clerk's Hawkwind book) we made a direct apology to Dave.

And again if you know the history Huw appeared many times at a Hawkwind concert. There was absolutely never any animosity between Dave and Huw. If Huw could do a tour he would. If Huw could do an acoustic set with the band he would. It always depended on timings as Huw had many projects in his career. But HAWKWIND was his favourite band. Huw always called Dave THE CAPTAIN.

People have been asking what Huw would have thought of the present



# SPIRITS BURNING & MICHAEL MOORCOCK

## *An Alien Heat*

An Alien Heat at the End of a Multiverse  
re-imagined by Don Falcone, Albert Bouchard, & Michael Moorcock

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

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

plus Andy Dalby (Arthur Brown's Kingdom Come),  
Monty Oxymoron (The Damned),  
Ken Pustelnik (The Groundhogs),  
Jonathan Segel (Camper Van Beethoven),  
Andy Shernoff (The Dictators),  
Lux Vibratus (Nektar),  
Steve York (Arthur Brown)  
and more...

Box set (and CD pre-orders) available from  
[pledgemusic.com](http://pledgemusic.com) until 23 July, 2018, 10 AM GMT



[gonzomultimedia.co.uk](http://gonzomultimedia.co.uk)  
[spiritsburning.com](http://spiritsburning.com)



situation of the band and Eric Clapton.....He would have been very proud! He loved and admired Eric.

As an anecdote a year before Huw died he was invited to do a solo set for Hawkwind in Plymouth. Huw did his set and wanted to see a couple of Hawkwind numbers before we left. We were each side of the on-stage desk. Dave happened to turn round and spotted Huw, he smiled and at exactly the same moment Dave and Huw doffed their imaginary hats to each other. It was hilarious but one of the most precious moments in our lives. THAT IS CALLED LOVE AND RESPECT!

However, the barrage of negative comment did continue, prompting quite a few to leave the "Hawkwind Fans Worldwide" page

- or at least, to unfollow it.

Meanwhile, some posts, or comments to existing posts, did cover or refer to some sort of wrangle between Hawkwind HQ's Facebook page and the independent Facebook page "Hawkwind Fans Worldwide." Now, it's entirely possible that there was some kind of conflict of interest or some friction somewhere, as Mr Dibs' partner Sam was an Admin for the independent page. However, Sam Kirwan stepped down from the Admin role around a week *after* Mr Dibs' departure from the band, which suggests the two events are not directly connected... but who knows?

### "Collaboration with Nazis"

International politics played their part, too. The overtly left wing agenda loomed into view, like an



EXIT 211 A



WEST

Utopia



iceberg in a foggy sea, when Eric Clapton's support for countryside pursuits such as grouse-shooting was spotlighted and then repeated several times. Clapton plays guitar on one short track of Hawkwind's new album. And Mike Batt has apparently done some work for the Tories [in some ways the UK equivalent of the UK Republicans] before producing that new album. So Hawkwind's collaboration with Tories and Nazis was indignantly condemned by several people. Still, they may have a point... one listen to "The Watcher" and you'll be shouting "Tally-ho!" and chasing foxes over the landscape before you know it.

Ideally, political warring wouldn't be part of the music scene. Few would criticise Hawkwind if a Marxist joined their ranks. Yet Communism / Marxism in its various guises (such as Stalinism) has been responsible for more

millions of deaths than the Nazis, although admittedly over a longer timeframe. The double standards being applied in the music scene generally, and also in Hawkwind fandom, are really quite remarkable.

The Hawkwind Rumour Mill has long been able to generate considerable heat, but it seldom produces much light. The last 12 days, it produced megawatts of heat, but no useful illumination whatsoever.

EDITOR'S NOTE: At this point I would like to chip in and say that Corinna and I, and I sincerely hope all the other members of the editorial team are opponents of blood sports, in any shape or form.

However we are also opposed to the 'class war' concept that seems to be gathering momentum across social media. Because you enjoy killing things does not mean that you are from the upper classes or vote for the Conservative Party. And to bring in class or political orientation into an anti-bloodsports debate is counter productive.

Most of the upper class people that I know are dotty old hippies, and the only people that I have met recently who are involved with bloodsports are relatives of my quondam cleaner.

So, as always (see my editorial) profiling is never a terribly good idea.







# HAWKWIND PASSPORT APPLICATION



Greetings space travellers!

This is your Hawkwind Earth Visitors Passport application form.

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

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

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

Volunteer Crew Register

Name .....

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

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

Full Earth Address: .....

.....  
.....

Post Code .....

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

Telephone Number: .....

Additional info: .....

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

Any enquiries [hawkwindpassports@hawkwind.com](mailto:hawkwindpassports@hawkwind.com)





# The

# Diaries

From a purely conceptual standpoint, I am finding my ongoing investigation of the marketing of the contemporary digital music industry to be an utterly fascinating venture.

And when, on top of that, I find that I am actually making a few quid into the bargain, I am actually enjoying this exercise even more. Interestingly, I found that I sold a couple of records on the back of the promotional video that I made last week. For those of you who have not seen it, it features bi-coloured smoke bombs, a teenage girl wearing a monster mask, and a druid dressed up as a rhinoceros. I kid you not.

I have now sold a grand total of five copies of my album, *Coldharbour*, and if I continue at this rate, I should be receiving a Silver Disc for accumulated sales sometime around the turn of the next millennium.

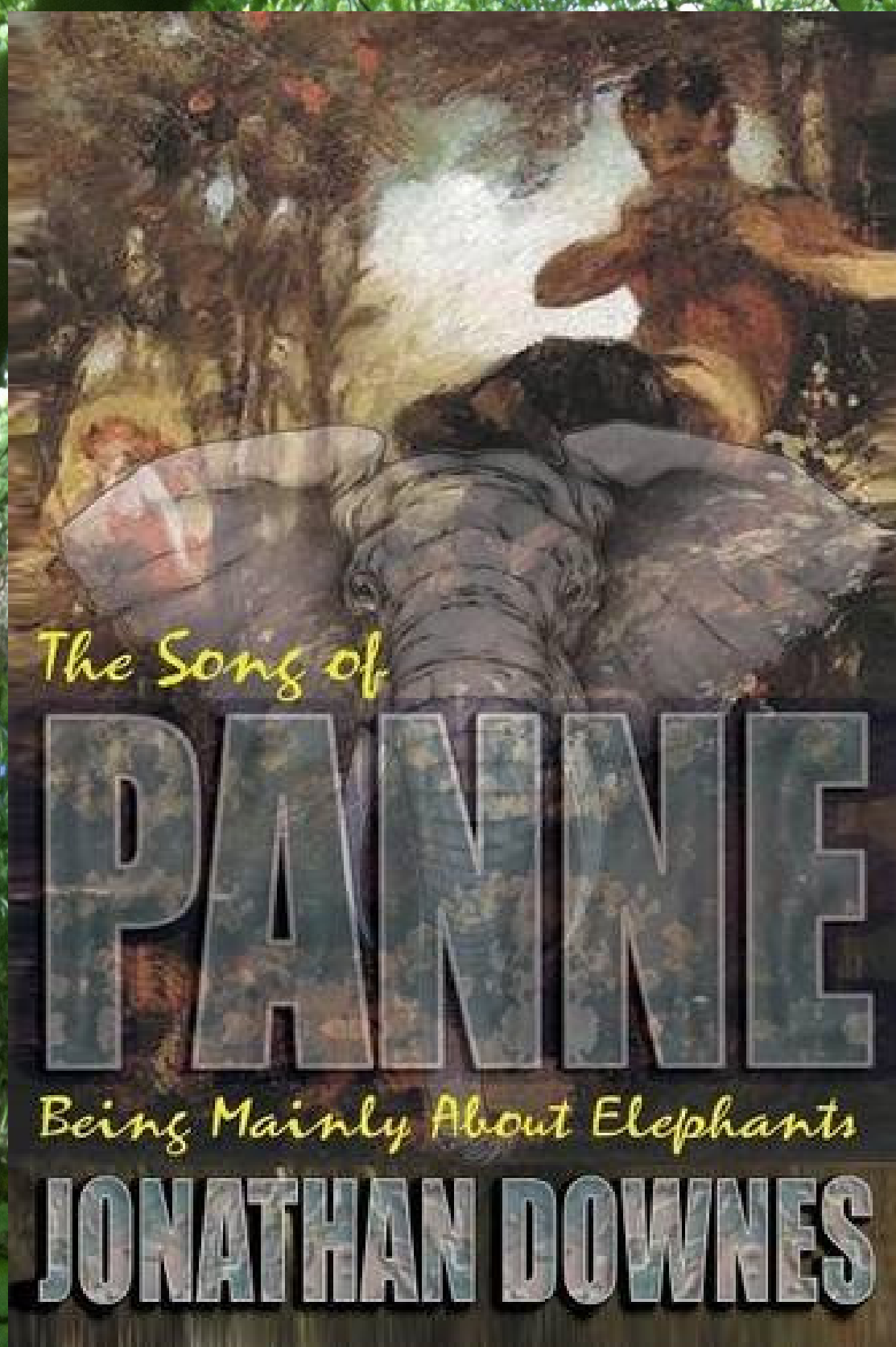
I can't wait.

Toodlepip.

And if you haven't already checked the record out, I sincerely suggest that you do so here:

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





*The Song of*

# PANNE

*Being Mainly About Elephants*

JONATHAN DOWNES



# The Wild Colonial Boy

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

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

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

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

It has been fifty years since I left Australia, and – perforce – my memories of our stay are not only those of a nine year old boy, but have been filtered through the intervening half century. They are as fragmented as the rest of my memories which make up the narrative of this book, but as well as the main events that I have described to you, certain other fragmented memories intermittently come to the surface, such as the cries of the little boys who sat, selling newspapers on street corners throughout Perth. They had big, checked caps on their heads and – every few minutes – would call out an incomprehensible phrase that sounded like ‘ber-bee-berk’, something which, for some reason, amused my little brother and me immensely. And for many years, when I had what Churchill described as ‘the black dog on my shoulders’, something which happened more and more as I approached puberty, Richard could always cheer me up by imitating the cry of a Perth city newspaper boy.

Although it appalled my father, I was always impressed by West Australian breakfasts. Every morning, we would sit in the small dining room of our guest house, and the waiter would stride over to us and



gabble:

“Watcha-yer-want, guys? We got stike an’ eggs, stike an’ sausages...”

And he would rattle off half a dozen more meals, all involving large slabs of ‘stike’. Once, my father asked whether there was anything on the breakfast menu that did *not* include ‘stike’, and the waiter looked at him in horror, as if he had asked for a vial of heroin.

I also remember an occasion where I realised – for the first time in my life – that the concept that I had been fed for as long as I could remember (that Britain was at the hub of a great web of colonies and the dominions, all of whom loved and respected the Motherland), was actually not true.

We were on a coach trip; where to and why, I have no idea, but the tour guide stood up at the front of the coach as we

were driving along on our way to wherever it was that we were going, and said, “is there anyone here from Sydney?” and three or four people cheered. “Is there anyone here from Queensland?” and more people cheered. He continued in this vein, each time eliciting more cheers from the jolly punters, until he asked, “so, who else have we got?” and my father, showing an unusual amount of bonhomie, answered that we were from England. There was a dead silence.

The tour guide muttered something that I didn’t hear at the time, but I have to assume it was derogatory, because nobody spoke to us for the rest of the trip.

During one of our last family days in the sand dunes I wandered off, looking for wildlife. After about ten minutes, I found myself in completely unfamiliar parts of the dunes, and I began to sense that something was following me. Out of the corner of my eye, I would see something





scuttling out of sight into the marram grass. I knew enough about Australian wildlife to know that the only large predators were extinct, but the memories of some of the images from the police exhibition that I had seen a few weeks earlier at the Perth show came unbidden into my mind, and I began to be truly frightened.

I was uncomfortably aware that whatever it was, was positioned between me and the path back to my family, and I didn't know what I was going to do.

Then, I saw what it was.

It was my father, who - partly as a prank, and partly to make sure I was alright - had followed me. I was so shocked and relieved that I burst into tears, and for the last few days which we were to spend on the island continent, I was an emotional mess, and for some reason it seemed that whatever I said was going to irritate one or both of my parents.

And it wasn't just my parents. On our last visit to the park in the centre of the city, I saw something white on the ground. I bent down to pick it up, and found it was a piece of bread. I looked around, and saw that there were other pieces of bread scattered across the grass. Over the brow of the hill came charging a bunch of angry Australian children a few years older than me. They were feeding the pigeons in the park when some 'stupid Pommie bastard' went and "fucking ruined it". My parents extricated me, but I got the impression that their sympathies were with the natives.

Later that day, we were walking past some shops, when we passed a greengrocer. I saw a long, and strange looking, root vegetable, which reminded me irresistibly of one of the pictures in my encyclopaedias at home. "Look, Mummy, it's manioc", I said in a shrill and enthusiastic voice. The shopkeeper overheard me, and snarled that it was nothing more than a parsnip, and my

father cuffed me round the ear for embarrassing them.





# 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/](http://www.martinspringett.com/)

<https://spacewreckrecords.bandcamp.com>



# Dancers



In The Gnarly Gardens

Martin Springett





THE GARDENING CLUB  
OR WHAT'S FOR TEA?

by Martin Springett





# Thom the World Poet

Rob Ayling writes:

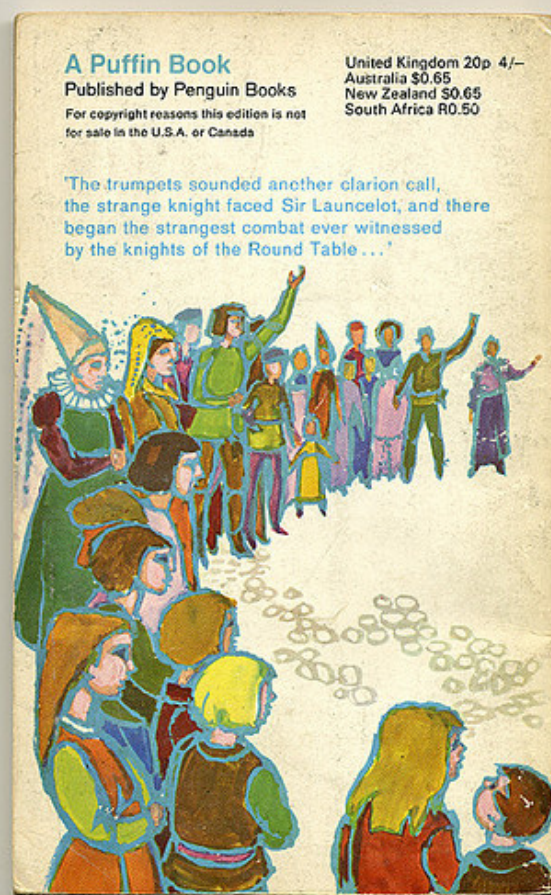
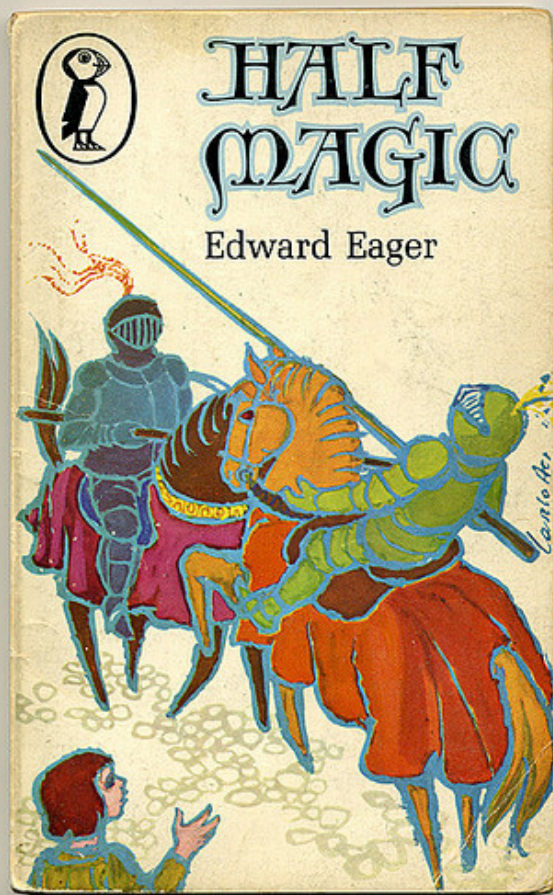
"Thom the World poet is an old mate of mine from way back in my history. Even pre-dating Voiceprint, when I was running "Otter Songs" and Tom's poetry tapes and guest appearances with Daevid Allen, Gilli Smyth *Mother Gong* are well known and highly regarded. It just felt right to include a daily poem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

## !THE VALUE OF YOUR DREAMS

EACH NIGHT ,THEY VISIT  
Leave like lovers @dawn  
Tint Autumn leaves Golden  
Moon and stars Silver  
Sharing in songs and lines  
Like a river,free as air  
A gift to you /and this world ,too  
Perhaps this rain will raise new crops  
It comes into this world  
And changes everything&everyone  
once words clothe WHAT IS  
with WHAT MIGHT BE..  
We call this..poetry..



# Yer Gonzo Bookshelf



## NOT DOING IT BY HALVES

Although this magazine is, and presumably always will be, predominantly a periodical dealing with music, we also cover various things which interest members of the editorial team and which – we believe – will also interest you out in readershipland. And one of these subjects that I find particularly interesting is fantasy writing. Now, I'm not just talking about the books themselves, but I find the whole genre of fantasy fascinating in itself, and – once again – this is what I want to write about

this week.

Although my family spent the 1960s living in Hong Kong, which was then one of the last bastions of the British Empire, we spent the summer of 1969 in a guest house in the middle of Dartmoor. And it was there that I celebrated my tenth birthday. My late godmother, Phyllis Greenfield (known to everyone as 'Aunty Phyl') had been a friend of my mother when they were both student teachers during the early part of the Second World War. It was a friendship that was to endure for the rest of their lives.

Aunty Phyl had continued with her teaching career, whereas my mother chose



the road of being a memsahib of sorts, in the colonies. Being an English teacher, Aunt Phyl had access to far more children's books than anyone else of my acquaintance, and until she died (when I was in my late twenties), she always sent me interesting books for birthday and Christmas presents.

One of the books that I received for my tenth birthday was by a bloke called Edward Eager (and yes, I am aware that this name makes him sound like he was one of Larry Parnes' stable of early British rock and roll puppets, but 'Eager' happens to be his real name).

The book was called *Half Magic*, and it has absolutely nothing to do with the 2018 movie, in which "three women utilise their newly formed sisterhood to battle sexism". This book was published in 1954, and tells the story of four American children in 1920s Ohio, who find a magical coin-like talisman. It turns out that – just like other such things in the stories of Edith Nesbit – the talisman grants wishes. The catch is, however, that it only grants *half* of any wish made by its bearer. A wish to be on a desert island, for example, sends them to a desert, not an island. And when – by chance – their mother had the talisman in her pocket, and – during a very dull dinner party – wished that she could "be at home", she found herself miraculously half way home. All of this with comic results.

It became quite a favourite of mine, and over the years I discovered another couple of books by Edward Eager, who, it turned out, was quite a well known lyricist and dramatist, as well as a writer of children's fiction. He died in the autumn of 1964 at the depressingly young age of fifty three.

I have been vaguely writing a book about children's literature, and in particular the 'real' geographic locations portrayed

within in the pages of this fascinating genre, for many years. And, as – for reasons you will already know – Corinna and I have been going to bed early for the last month or so, I have been reading e-books on my laptop, so as not to disturb her. And being a stingy bugger, I have been pootling around Project Gutenberg, in search of free reading material. It was only then that I discovered that Edward Eager had written a whole series of seven books, which have been lumped together under the title of *Edward Eager's Tales of Magic*. Although I had read three of them, the other four, which remain far more obscure than his better known works, were completely new to me. And three of them were available on the Canadian version of Project Gutenberg.

Now, I truly don't understand the ramifications of international copyright, but I suspect that I have flaunted various pieces of international legislation by accessing the Canadian Project Gutenberg from the UK. But I don't really care. These books are between sixty four and fifty six years old, and the author has been dead for over half a century, which makes them fair game as far as I'm concerned.

What interests me about them is not just that they are jolly good fun to read (which they are) but that they are excellent examples of what is known as 'Low Fantasy'. There is a very rough division within the fantasy genre into low and high fantasy. High fantasy is the sort of writing which takes place in strange, magical lands, populated by elves and trolls, etc., and in which the skies are full of flying dragons and pegasi. Low fantasy, however, takes place on our own planet, and generally within a fairly mundane scenario.

Of course, there is an enormous amount of overlap. The Harry Potter books, for example, take place mostly in Scotland,



but it is the Scotland inhabited by a whole pantheon of strange and magical creatures and beings, ranging from the bestial to the angelic.

But on the whole, it is the genre of 'Low Fantasy' which interests me most. The undoubted queen of the genre was the aforementioned Edith Nesbit, who lived between 1858 and 1924, and was a remarkable human being. As well as writing, or collaborating on, more than sixty books of children's literature, she was also a political activist, who co-founded the Fabian Society, which even now is one of the pillars of the Labour party, and which has the purpose of advancing the principles of democratic socialism via gradualist and reformist activity within democracies, rather than by revolutionary overthrow. This is radical stuff even now, but in 1884, when she and her husband were amongst the founders of the Fabian Society, even the mention of the word 'socialism' was a very brave act.

Nesbit also believed in free love, and lived in a complicated household with her husband and another woman.

But it is her books which are most extraordinary. They provide provocative accounts of lower-middle class Victorian and Edwardian life; a world where the tumultuous storm clouds of the 20th century were already on the horizon.

For the first and third of his 'magic' books, Edward Eager provided equally evocative pen portraits of suburban Toledo, Ohio, where he had spent his childhood. The books were written in the 1950s, but set in the 1920s, and present a beautifully written encapsulation of the time.

The second and fourth books were set contemporaneously, and features the

children of the kids in *Half Magic*. The next two feature a completely different bunch of children, and are – quite possibly – the most interesting of the series. Because, whereas the first four books and – indeed – the final one feature unambiguously magical events, *Magic or Not?* and its sequel are set in the 1950s and portray a whole series of events, which could be explained either magically, or by pure coincidence; something which not only provides for an entertaining, and often thought-provoking story, but which has a whole string of reverberation throughout my 'day job' as a Fortean investigator.

"There's no such thing as a coincidence", roared the most magical person I know to me, on a number of occasions. But, of course, there is. And – while in real life it is an irritating necessity to have to try to delineate between such things, in this series of books it is a delight.

Whilst aimed at children and young teenagers, these books are sophisticated enough to have amused and entertained me, and I suspect they would amuse and entertain many other readers of this magazine. Or possibly, at a year shy of my sixtieth birthday, I have either never properly grown up, or am hurtling towards the advent of my second childhood. Either is possible.







Stray into the woods and forests and you will enter into another world; a world of creatures that live by their own rules, protect their own kind with fierceness, and view all strangers who venture under the protective boughs with deep suspicion. Tread the forest floor with care, for this is also the home of the hairy man - the wildman of the woods. Is he a man? Is he a beast? Is he something in between? Whatever he is, he is spoken about by humans in hushed voices. They are scared of him and they tell tales of him to their children to scare them from entering the hushed darkness of the tree kingdoms. They call him many names; the woodwose, the wudawasa, the wodwos amongst them. The bane of a high-born daughter takes her unintentionally through such a forest on her last journey as a single woman to wed the man of her father's choice. Imposters from another land tramp through such a forest on a mission of their own, killing everything that comes across their path. The lives of some of the creatures that dwell in this place become unavoidably entwined with both these trespassers. The lives of some will change. Some will cease completely.





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

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



AULD MAN'S BACCIE

RESONATING WITH THE BLUES



THE WORLD OF GONZO ACCORDING TO

# Mark Raines



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

PS shows can be downloaded

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



And once again, here we are at the end of another week. I am not going to say that it has been a strange week - you can take that as read, I think.

However it has been a week, in which - despite all the nasty stuff about which regular readers have an inkling - I have witnessed members of my extended family being trampled underfoot by the increasingly implacable and faceless machinery of local government.

It seems that most decisions involving financial matters are now taken by algorithms rather than human beings, and we are beginning to see the results of this in terms of people being brushed aside; the opportunities which once they would have taken for granted, denied to them.

The further a society drifts  
from truth the more it will **hate**  
those **who speak it**.

— George Orwell

AZ QUOTES



Truly the 21st Century gets ever more dystopian



every day.

As far as Corinna is concerned, I am afraid that there is still no more concrete news. Corinna - thank God - continues to be pain free, and although she has intermittent discomfort is doing rather well. We have been told that she needs more tests, and so the waiting game continues.

Please continue keep us in your thoughts and prayers. I am convinced that the barrage of love and blessings you have sent us so far has borne remarkable results.

Love on ya

Jon



# THE BEST LAID PLANS



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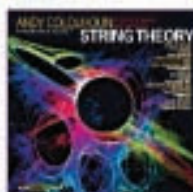
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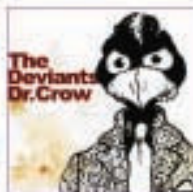
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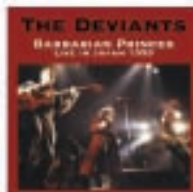
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