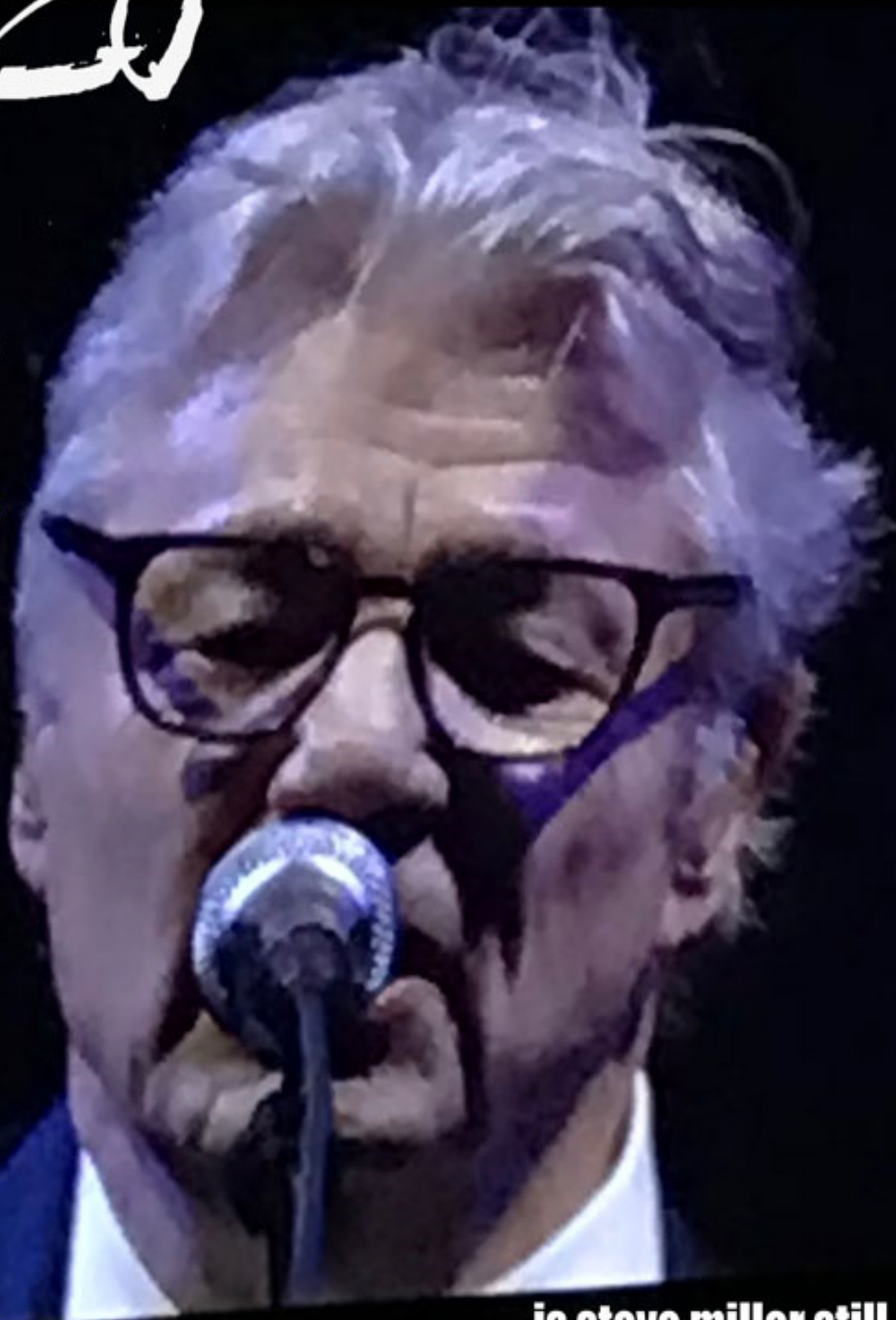


GONZO

And so John
goes to see
John Fogerty

and the **Steve Miller
Band**, Jon muses about
the **JAMMS** and the
**Toxteth Day of the
Dead**, Alan wanders
about the **South Coast
of England** with
Gonzoid intent, Kev
goes to see
Sepultura and **Death
Angel** in New
Zealand, we critique
a book about
Gorillaz, and Carl
and Geordie
remember **Dawn of
the Dead**. And Graham
brings us up to date
with **Hawkwind**. And
there's lots of other
stuff as well.



#315/6

is steve miller still a

MIDNIGHT TOKER?

ONE WOULD LIKE TO THINK SO

ISSN 2516?1946



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THE THREE COMMANDMENTS OF GONZO WEEKLY:

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

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



Dear friends,

Welcome to another issue of this increasingly peculiar little magazine. I say that it is increasingly peculiar, because as the world in which we live gets increasingly peculiar, the subject matter does likewise.

The Friday before last, incidentally the day

of the last issue, was the first Toxteth Day of the Dead; a neo-tradition first announced by the Justified Ancients of Mu Mu during their momentous three day 'Welcome to the Dark Ages' event, in August 2017. I would have written about it in the last issue, but as always seems to be the case with JAMMS' events, the whole thing was shrouded in secrecy, and for a whole string of reasons (some of which will become clear during the dictation of this narrative), I was in no mood to speculate.

I had, in fact, had every intention of going, and – together with Corinna, Graham or Carl pushing my chair – I would have been a willing participant in whatever Lady Eris had to offer. But, it was not to be. We had a hospital appointment on that Friday, and – as I am you are sure all aware by now – my dear wife's wellbeing is paramount in my priorities, which is also, after all, the reason that this magazine is coming out fortnightly at the moment rather than weekly.

Just as I did with the previous two Justified and Ancient events in August (Liverpool) and November (London) last year, I



Messrs Drummond and Cauty may have repeatedly claimed that they still had no “master plan”, but they are fiendishly well

followed what was going on using the peculiarly twenty-first century medium of Twitter, but unlike in the two previous events, although there were plenty of photographs, the narrative of most of what happened remained wilfully obscure; something which I suspect was intentional. Messrs Drummond and Cauty may have repeatedly claimed that they still had no “master plan”, but they are fiendishly well organised in a groovily disorganised manner. The first pictures to come in showed a pyramid constructed from stolen supermarket shopping trolleys, in front of which Bill Drummond was labouring intently, making his – now legendary – Mince Pies of Mu. Various other members of the JAMMS camp, such as Mr and Mrs Callender, were milling about in the pictures, but what they were doing - if they were doing anything apart from being sociable and nosing mince pies – remained obscure.

Then, later in the day, various other pictures began to seep through. They showed one of the Gloriously Surreal street processions, which have been pivotal parts of recent JAMMS events, and it appears that this one featured poets, musicians, people in animal masks, and not a little street theatre. A game of ‘Pin the Tail (Tale) on the Donkey’ also took place, as did some semblance of a game of football.

And eventually, the whole parade arrived back at Toxteth Town Hall, where more mince pies were eaten and more tea was drunk.

For some reason, the images of the most important part of the day’s proceedings didn’t come in until after the photographs of the final mince pie munching.

Those of us who have followed the exploits of Daisy Eris Campbell on Twitter over the past year will have noted, with some confusion, that she has been taking a course (allegedly, at least) in bricklaying. This seemed to be a wilfully obscure occupation



اللجنة لهم إذا كانوا لا تأخذ نكتة



for such a talented dramatist and thespian, but after having followed the Campbell family for a couple of decades now (her father, Ken, was an acquaintance of mine and we had spent one particularly entertaining and peculiar Sunday afternoon at a *Fortean Times* Unconvention extemporising a little bit of street theatre of our own, together with the legendary Tony “Doc” Shiels), I have learned not to question things too deeply. Now, the reason for her bricklaying prowess became clear: she was to lay the first brick – which, poignantly, contained the ashes of Jimmy’s brother, Simon Cauty – in the centre of what would eventually become the 23ft high People’s Pyramid. The Callenders also contributed largely to this surprisingly moving ceremony, and – as I had learned from the aforementioned Tony Shiels, many years ago – just because something is surreal, and often downright silly, it doesn’t mean that it isn’t also immensely moving.

[Here, I just want to ask a single question. In the official notifications from the JAMMS, the ‘400’ were now referred to as the ‘399’, and in one of the ongoing bulletins about the events, inspired by last year’s Welcome to the Dark Ages, I read that one of the ‘400’ had died. I am sure that I remember that he was also the holder

of one of the unfired bricks for the People’s Pyramid, and so I was surprised when there was no mention of his brick being laid. Any ideas, folks?]

Not entirely to anybody’s surprise, it appears that no permanent site for the People’s Pyramid could be found, and so – for the moment – the surprisingly hefty square slab of sandstone upon which has been cemented the solitary brick, remains in the basement of ‘The Florrie’ (originally ‘The Florence Institute for Boys’ and now a community centre) in South Liverpool.

It wasn’t for a few more days that the first written account came through (which, considering I spent last weekend mostly drunk, is probably a good thing from my point of view), and when it did, it was not really surprising that it came from the pen of Vicky Pea, whose chronicling of last year’s events was so important for those of us who followed them from afar.

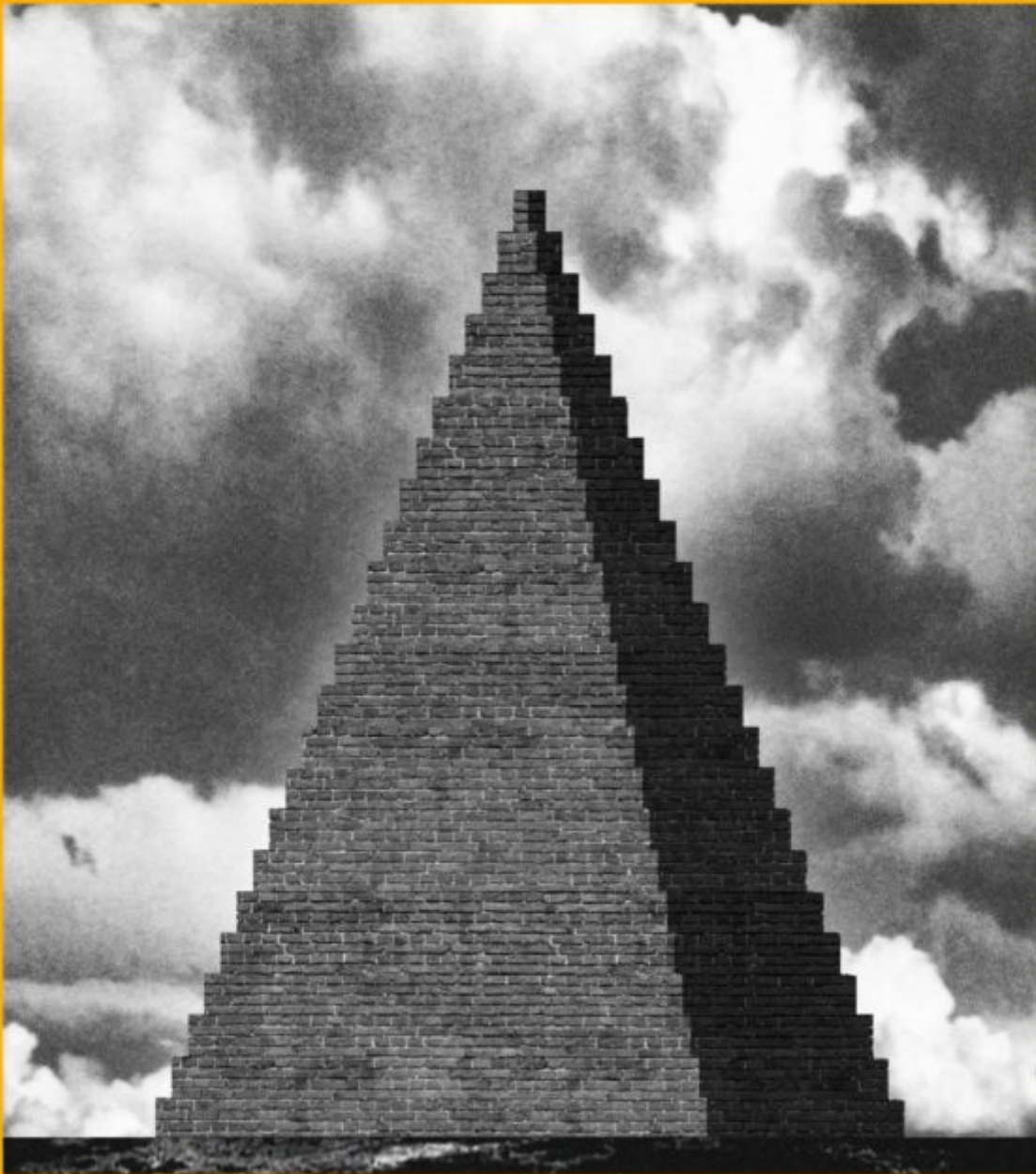
I was intending to include an excerpt from her article here, but, I truly cannot find any one paragraph which stands alone. You must go to the Planet Slop website and read the whole thing for yourselves. It is a sensitive and remarkable piece of writing, which encapsulates some – at least – of

K2

Contrived, Controlled and Delivered by The Architects to The Undertakers to the Underworld

K2

THE PEOPLE'S PYRAMID



THE TOXTETH DAY OF THE DEAD

The Justified Ancients of Mu Mu are building a pyramid. The pyramid will be constructed of 34592 bricks. Each brick in the pyramid will contain the ash of a dead person. This process is called MuMufication.



what appears to have been a remarkable and emotionally inspiring day. After I read it, I was moved to tears, and said as much to the authoress.

Over the next few days, more accounts came in, and it seems clear that what the JAMMS are trying to do is to start a new tradition, in the spirit of all the other Groovily Surrealchemical folk events, which have always proliferated across this scept'ed aisle. And from what I have read, it appears they have got off to a fine start.

Bill Drummond and Jimmy Cauty, whilst being the instigators of this event, seemed very much to have taken a back seat; the

event was mostly organised by the Liverpool Arts Lab, although – from what several people have written – it does appear that these precise instructions were only delivered to the Arts Lab people ten days or so before the event itself. Knowing what I do about ritual magick, I think that this was quite probably intentional. The added emotional pressure, along with the blood, sweat and tears that would have to be generated in this last minute rush, would – if my understanding of the theory of it all is correct – have much more impact on the noosphere than would have done a more measured approach.

Because, make no mistake about it, the Toxteth Day of the Dead is far more than a charmingly eccentric addition to Britain's calendar of folk custom; it is an intricately thought out piece of ritual geomancy, the purpose of which, like much of what the Justified Ancients of Mu Mu have done throughout the past thirty one years, remains wilfully obscure. Twenty years or so ago, when I was living in Exeter with occasional *Gonzo Weekly* contributor, Richard Freeman, each Samhain we would go to the little Devonshire village of Cheriton Bishop from whence, together with several hundred other revellers, a troupe of Morris Dancers, various musicians and an enormous stylised 'hobby-oss', - like the one that they parade around Newquay every May Day - we would march through the deserted country lanes to the hamlet of Black Dog.

The Walking of the Black Dog was another attempt at starting a new tradition in the old style, which had been started a few years before by a local man who, upon discovering that he had a terminal illness, decided to start something that would live on after his death; and for a few years, it did. However, sadly, it didn't survive him by very long, and the event has fallen into abeyance.

But, for some years, it was a rich and vibrant event, and I am certain that the ripples that it produced are still reverberating throughout ideaspac.

So, there you have it. A geomantic ritual writ large upon the psychic oceans, the shores of which are a paddling pool for us all.

See you next issue.
Hare bol,
Jon



Justified Ancients of Mu Mu, Toxteth Day of the Dead, Bill Drummond, Jimmy Cauty, Daisy Eris Campbell, Ken Worthington, John Shuttleworth, Morrissey, Prince, Bono, Kev Rowland, Sepultura, Death Angel, Blindfolded And Led To The Woods (BALTTW), Richard Freeman, Strange Fruit, Friday Night Progressive, Canterbury Sans Frontieres, Mack Maloney's Mystery Hour, Johnny Maddox, Malam Mamane Barka, Eddie C. Campbell, Lewis Frederick William Caddick, Edward Benton "Eddie" Reeves, Scott English, Chris Burroughs, Erik Raymond Lindmark, Harold "Devin" Lima, Trevor McNaughton, Edwin Calvin Newborn, Joseph Leon Williams, Harry Leslie Smith, Pete Shelley, The Fall, Tony Palmer, The Chad Mitchell Trio, Deviants IXVI, Mick Farren, Alan Dearling, The Dials, Necessary Animals, Ana Egge, The Satellites, John Brodie-Good, The Steve Miller Band, John Fogerty, Reformat, Rozmainsky & Mikhaylov Project, Perfect Beings, Rausch, Roch Lockyer, Takaaki, [Carl Marshall, Geordie Jackson, Dawn of the Dead, Jon Downes, Coldharbour Diaries, C J Stone, Hawkwind, The Wild Colonial Boy, Martin Springett, Gorillaz

IT'S A LEGAL MATTER BABY

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dramatis Personae



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

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

NAMING THOSE RESPONSIBLE

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

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

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

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

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

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

Telephone 01237 431413
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eMail jon@eclipse.co.uk

so what's it all about, Alfie?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

ROCKIN' THE CITY OF ANGELS

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

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

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

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



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



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THE ^{gonzo} NEWSROOM



KEN WORTHINGTON'S FESTIVE MISSIVE: Ken Worthington here with a quick bulletin as I have to shoot off shortly to a Christmas Fair in Killamarsh with Mary's friend Doreen Melody. If I don't like the fair I'll simply climb the sturdy ladder (which gives direct access to the roof) and sit on the erm... roof. Or I could just sit inside the camper van and make a brew, couldn't I - while I wait for Doreen? Yes, that's a better idea!

Anyway, why am I writing? Oh yes, my Christmas Shop is now open for business. <http://www.shuttleworths.co.uk/pages/shop.html>

A word of warning - there's not much in the

shop, I'm afraid, as many of John's CDs have sold out or we only have one or 2 of them left, but it doesn't stop you looking and dreaming of what you could have bought if we'd had it in stock, does it??

That said, new supplies of the classic 'It's Nice Up North' t shirt have arrived and are now available in ALL SIZES ! Grab this item while you can as stock is limited. <http://www.shuttleworths.co.uk/pages/shop.html>

All purchases of over £25 (not including p&p) will receive a CD copy of Jilted John's classic album 'True Love Stories', and a Christmas card signed by Mr Shuttleworth himself, PLUS one of my business cards. Wow, what a bargain! AND.. I repeat AND!!

The first 10 to take up this fabulous offer will also get a rare postcard from John that he had made in one of them machines at Trowell Services in 07!!

Finally, a reminder to tune in to The Shuttleworths Christmas Special on BBC Radio 4 on Sunday December 23rd at 7:15 pm. It's set in a hospital and includes a rare appearance by my client (and John's stablemate) Alan the Opera Singer. It also features Joan Chitty singing a ballad all on her own - and lovely it is too!

That's all for now, folks. John has just returned from the fair with Mary and bought nought but a packet of paracetamol from Superdrug! I said "Didn't you buy any vintage cheese or a jar of preserves, or a bag of roast chestnuts even?" John said no but he did enjoy a long chat with a man from the blood donor service who was sat astride a large motorcycle with a strip of tinsel around his helmet. Isn't that nice? I hope I get to chat

"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

with him too..

Tata for now and Seasons Greetings to you all!

Ken x

Worthington's Watertight Waiver: The John Shuttleworth Appreciation Society promises not to sell or give away your email address, even to an Internet Dating Agency for the over 70's. If you do not wish to receive any further correspondence from us, please reply to this email with the word 'unsubscribe' in the subject header. But if you do I will be quite upset, as it takes me ages to type these blinking things. And you'll be upset too, nay, devastated, when you discover from your pals all the exciting news you missed out on - not to mention fab bargains! love Kenny x

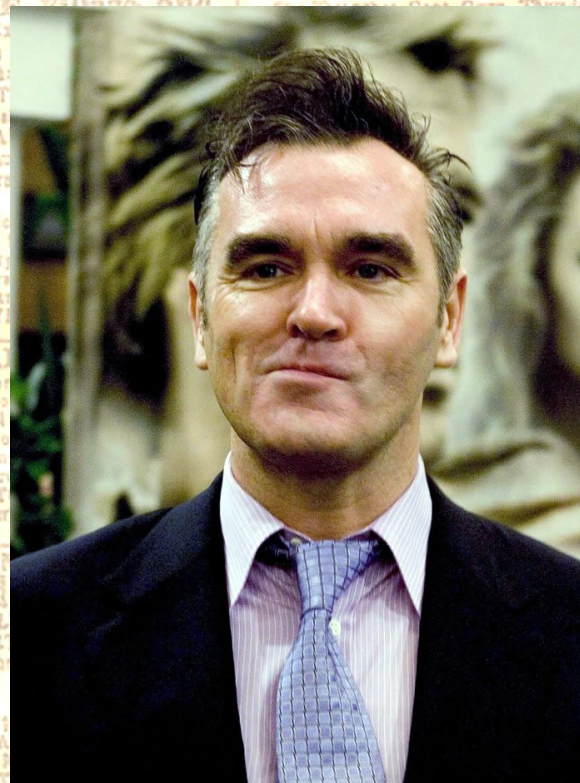
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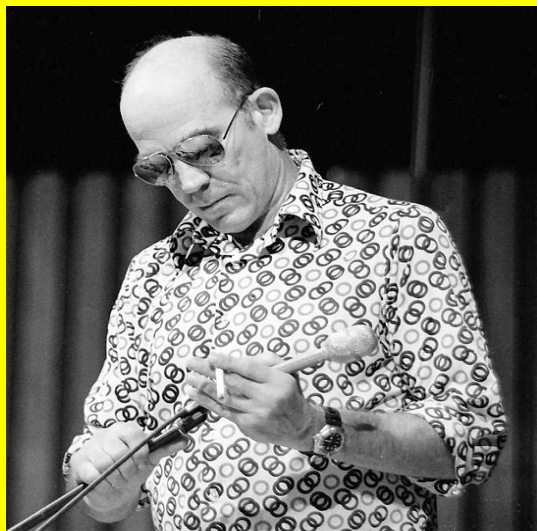
**CURRENTLY IN STOCK
AT GONZO (UK)**

GONZO

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

MOZZA SURPRISE: Morrissey has announced a new covers album, titled 'California Son', revealing that he's recorded versions of songs by the likes of Bob Dylan, Joni Mitchell and Roy Orbison for the new





WHO GONZO? WHY GONZO? WHAT GONZO?

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

- [A potted history of his life and works](#)
- [Rob Ayling explains why he called his company 'Gonzo'](#)

C.J.Stone suggested that as well as explaining Gonzo to those wot don't understand, we should do a weekly quote from the man himself...

"In the meantime, I would drink, rest, and ponder the meaning of this mob."

Hunter S. Thompson



album.

'California Son' has been produced by Joe Chiccarelli and will comprise of 12 tracks. BMG are releasing the album – although an actual release date has yet to be confirmed – and you can see the tracklist below.

01. Morning Starship (Jobriath)
02. Don't Interrupt The Sorrow (Joni Mitchell)
03. Only A Pawn In Their Game (Bob Dylan)
04. Suffer The Little Children (Buffy Sainte Marie)
05. Days Of Decision (Phil Ochs)
06. It's Over (Roy Orbison)
07. Wedding Bell Blues (Laura Nyro)
08. Loneliness Remembers What Happiness Forgets (Dionne Warwick)
09. Lady Willpower (Gary Puckett & the Union Gap)
10. When You Close Your Eyes (Carly Simon)
11. Lenny's Tune (Tim Hardin)
12. Some Say I Got Devil (Melanie)

<https://www.nme.com/news/music/morrissey-new-covers-album-california-son-2417271#BgC5D8RxpD3cId9S.99>

The Gospel According to *BART*

This week my favourite roving reporter sent me news of one of my favourite record producers.

"...a new album Trevor Horn Reimagines the Eighties sees Horn interpret a set of songs, more of which he didn't work on than he did (nine to three).

The album is released February 2019; the debut single "Everybody Wants to Rule the World", is out digitally; and we have this sold out show at the Southbank Centre's Queen Elizabeth Hall (capacity 916).

The set was a mix of the standard Trevor Horn Band (and Producers before that) repertoire and new album material, heavy on the string arrangements, with a bit of the Dire Straits Legacy set at the end (I believe four of the band members were off for a Dire Straits Legacy date in Finland the next day)."

<https://bondegezou.blogspot.com/2018/11/rev-trevor-horn-reimagines-eighties.html?fbclid=IwAR03RVSSJtPrgiEevG88JOns-U6G3ggl8nO4R8fNGc9jhao5vRGeSUIIr00>



PRINCE CHARMING: Prince's music is to feature in a new movie musical in the style of ABBA's Mamma Mia!.

According to Variety magazine, bosses at Universal Pictures have acquired the rights to several of the late musician's classic tracks from his estate and plan to feature the songs in a film with a fictional narrative - much like the Swedish group's hit stage show and films.

Sources tell the U.S. magazine estate officials and Universal chiefs have decided against making a biopic of the 1999 hitmaker, who died in April 2016, as they feel his life was already covered extensively in his 1984 semi-autobiographical film Purple Rain - in which he played a rock star based on himself.

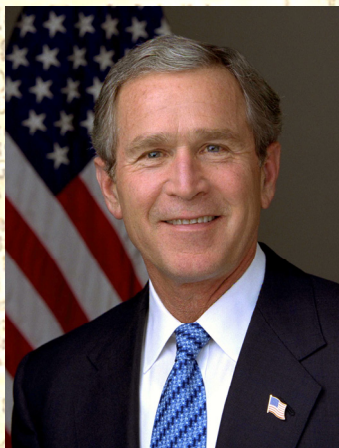
<http://www.music-news.com/news/UK/117752/Prince-movie-musical-in-the-works>

WEIRD BEDFELLOWS: Rocker and activist Bono has come to cherish his unlikely friendship with former U.S. President George W. Bush after working together to fight the HIV/AIDS epidemic in Africa.

THE ^{gonzo} NEWSROOM



The U2 frontman, who is known for his liberal views, famously paid a visit to the White House in 2002 to try and convince the



Republican leader to join the global push for action, leading to the Bush launch the

groundbreaking programme PEPFAR (President's Emergency Plan for AIDS Relief) in 2003.

The initiative has been credited with saving more than 16 million lives to date, and against all odds, Bono and Bush have formed a close bond.

<http://www.music-news.com/news/UK/117676/Bono-very-fond-of-unlikely-friend-George-W-Bush>

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155 Main St. Worcester, Mass.



EYEWITNESS

**Sepultura, Death
Angel, BALTTW**

**The Foundry,
Christchurch, NZ
13/05/18**

When I first heard that Sepultura were going to be making a trip to Christchurch I knew that I was going to be seeing them, we just don't get enough world class heavy bands down here to miss out on the event. Then when I realised that thrash masters Death Angel were also along for the ride then it was a no brainer. However, I wasn't too sure about the venue, which turned out to be Canterbury University Student's bar! But, if that was where they were playing then then was where I was going to be on a rather damp Sunday evening. They say that planning is everything, so of course it made sense that I was having to travel to Melbourne the following morning on the first flight out of NZ, which meant that I





would have to get up at stupid o'clock and therefore miss at least half of Sepultura's set, but c'est la vie.

On getting into the venue, which was basically a large room with a stage at one end and a bar on one side, I was rather surprised to see that the ceiling slopes at a rather large angle. It might be good for the look and feel of the room when it isn't being used as a venue, but having sound waves crashing in at weird angles was going to do nothing for the sound quality! I met up with some friends from work (more about them at the end), who told me that there was also going to be a local band playing. I inwardly groaned at the thought, until I discovered that said band was Blindfolded And Led To The Woods. Their recent album 'Modern Adoxoography' is a stunning slab of death metal, and although they always seem to be playing gigs I had somehow missed them to date, so was looking forward to actually catching these guys live.

I certainly wasn't disappointed. Sepultura were formed in 1984, Death Angel in 1982, while I am sure that none of the Christchurch band were even born back then, but they were determined to make the most of the opportunity. They may not all look like a metal outfit, with plaid shirts rather worryingly making a fashion statement, but when it comes to locking it

down and turning up the metallic noise then they do a very fine job indeed. Mind you, their Facebook banner shows them posing next to a rusted out tractor, a little different to band photos taken on the gritty streets of LA! They are tight, and incredibly impressive. I am sure that it is only a matter of time before they start venturing offshore to play more gigs, but until then I am going to have to ensure that I catch them again.

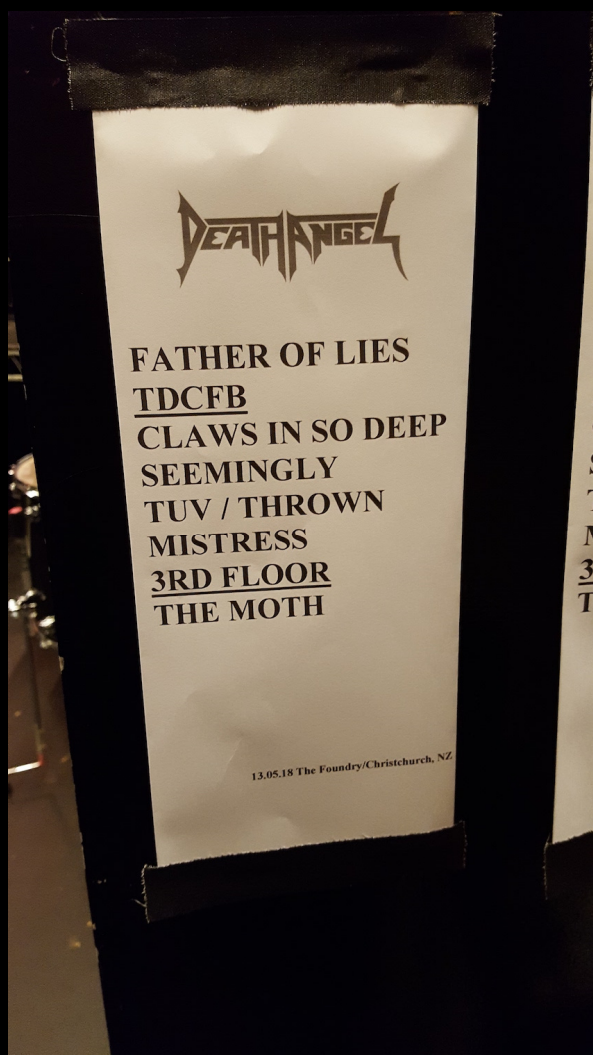
Death Angel have had an interesting history, even breaking up for a number of years, but lead guitarist Rob Cavestany was a founder member, while he and singer Mark Osegueda (who has been in the band since 1984) have appeared on all of their studio albums. Rhythm guitarist Ted Aguilar joined in 2001, while the rhythm section of Will Carroll (drums) and Damien Sisson (bass) both entered the fray in 2009. To say that they were tight, having fun, and absolutely killing the crowd is something of an understatement. It was their first ever appearance in NZ, and we were treated to a band having an absolute blast who were going to take everyone along for the ride. This was the last night of the three-date tour in NZ (before they also went over to Melbourne), and they were determined to make a major impression, which they certainly did.

Songs were taken from throughout their career, from early numbers such as "The



Ultra Violence” and “Mistress of Pain” up to the most recent release, 2016’s ‘The Evil Divide’ as they bookended the set with “Father of Lies” and “The Moth” respectively. They showed that eighties

style thrash still has a place in the modern metal canon, and given the gig they performed it shows that few do it better. I have been a fan of the band for quite some years, and all eight of their studio albums show that they have always been much better than the status accorded to them. I don’t think there were many Death Angel fans in the audience at the beginning, but the venue was full of them by the end.



So, the stage had then been set for the mighty Sepultura. I don’t think I am the only one who feels that their latest album, ‘Machine Messiah’, is the best they have recorded with ‘New’ singer Derrick Green (who has now been frontman for 20 years), and may actually be their most consistent ever. Having been pummelled by death metal, been taken to the cleaners by old school thrash, it was now time for nu-metal to take control. There hasn’t been a founder member in the band since Igor Cavalera departed in 2006, but to virtually all fans bassist Paulo Jr. and guitarist Andreas Kisser are originals, even if they weren’t there at the very beginning. Derek has more than stamped his presence on the band, while drummer Eloy Casagrande has been the permanent replacement since 2011. This venue is way smaller than what they are normally used to be playing, but they showed no sign of reducing the venom or sheer attack. Rather annoyingly for me, both volume and lighting took a massive leap in

(INTRO)

I AM THE ENEMY

PHANTOM SELF

KAIROS

TERRITORY

DESPERATE CRY

SWORN OATH

AGAINST

CHOKE

BOYCOTT

MACHINE MESSIAH

ICEBERG DANCES

REFUSE / RESIST

ARISE

RESISTANT PARASITES

RATAMAHATA

ROOTS

the right direction with the main guys on stage, but at least it now meant that we could feel the riffs in our chest cavities as well as with our ears.

Whereas Mark Osegueda was permanently working the crowd with both actions and words, Derek was way more content to take centre stage and let the music speak for him. They were in a room full of metalheads who couldn't really believe that they were seeing such an important band in such a small venue, and they weren't going to let anything from preventing them from having a good time. This is punishing music, riffs and attack that is felt as much as it is heard, with Derek the complete and consummate frontman – Max who?

Virtually all of their best songs were put to the end of the set and to the encore, which was understandable I guess, but I couldn't stay to the end if I was hoping to be able to function at all the next day. Knowing that the band weren't due to finish until midnight, and that I had to be up at 4 in the morning, I had to leave early and missed out on the really classic numbers. But, to be fair,

I still had one hell of a night. I hope that Death Angel keep the promise they reiterated many times, and do make it back to Aotearoa, and I know that I need to see BALTTW again while I can, while Sepultura proved that they are an incredible force to be reckoned with.

Now, back to my friends that I mentioned at the beginning. Two guys from work, who are also metalheads, have set up their own website that sells punk, rock and metal gear 0-6 year olds (www.teenyrockers.com), cool, right? Anyway, just for the hell of it they contacted Sepultura to say what they did and wondered that as they were in town, would they be up for an interview? What no-one expected, least of all Dena and Gareth, is that the guys would happily agree! To see the video of their interview with Andreas and Derek, just visit <https://youtu.be/VJYMFo9hoOY>. Sepultura were so pleased with the outcome that they have also posted it on their own site, and then put the Teeny Rockers link up to encourage their fans to check it out. Just goes to show what can happen if you put yourselves out there!



WEIRD SHIT IS HAPPENING

OUT DEMONS OUT:

<https://www.theatlantic.com/magazine/archive/2018/12/catholic-exorcisms-on-the-rise/573943>

The conviction that demons exist—and that they exist to harass, derange, and smite human beings—stretches back as far as religion itself. In ancient Mesopotamia, Babylonian priests performed exorcisms by

casting wax figurines of demons into a fire. The Hindu Vedas, thought to have been written between 1500 and 500 b.c., refer to supernatural beings—known as asuras, but largely understood today as demons—that challenge the gods and sabotage human affairs. For the ancient Greeks, too, demonlike creatures lurked on the shadowy fringes of the human world.

But far from being confined to a past of Demiurges and evil eyes, belief in demonic possession is widespread in the United States today. Polls conducted in recent decades by Gallup and the data firm YouGov suggest that roughly half of Americans believe demonic possession is real. The percentage who believe in the devil is even higher, and in fact has been growing: Gallup polls show that the number rose from 55 percent



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Worcester, Mass.
Feb 24, 1877.

in 1990 to 70 percent in 2007.

The official exorcist for Indianapolis has received 1,700 requests so far in 2018.

Perhaps as a result, demand for exorcisms—the Catholic Church's antidote to demonic possession—seems to be growing as well. Though the Church does not keep official statistics, the exorcists I interviewed for this article attest to fielding more pleas for help every year.

AND YOU THOUGHT WE WERE HAVING A BAD TIME...

<https://www.sciencemag.org/news/2018/11/why-536-was-worst-year-be-alive>

Ask medieval historian Michael McCormick what year was the worst to be alive, and he's got an answer: "536." Not 1349, when the Black Death wiped out half of Europe. Not 1918, when the flu killed 50 million to 100 million people, mostly young adults. But 536. In Europe, "It was the beginning of one of the worst periods to be alive, if not the worst year," says McCormick, a historian and archaeologist who chairs the Harvard University Initiative for the Science of the

Human Past.

A mysterious fog plunged Europe, the Middle East, and parts of Asia into darkness, day and night—for 18 months. "For the sun gave forth its light without brightness, like the moon, during the whole year," wrote Byzantine historian Procopius. Temperatures in the summer of 536 fell 1.5°C to 2.5°C, initiating the coldest decade in the past 2300 years. Snow fell that summer in China; crops failed; people starved. The Irish chronicles record "a failure of bread from the years 536–539." Then, in 541, bubonic plague struck the Roman port of Pelusium, in Egypt. What came to be called the Plague of Justinian spread rapidly, wiping out one-third to one-half of the population of the eastern Roman Empire and hastening its collapse, McCormick says.

OH SHIT

<https://www.theguardian.com/science/2018/nov/18/scientists-unravel-secret-of-cube-shaped-wombat-faeces>

Researchers investigate why excrement emerges in awkward-shaped blocks



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Worcester.
Feb 24, 1877.

Of all the many mysteries that surround the common wombat, it is hard to find one as baffling as its ability – broadly acknowledged as unique in the natural world – to produce faeces shaped like cubes.

Why the pudgy marsupials might benefit from six-faced faeces is generally agreed upon: wombats mark their territorial borders with fragrant piles of poo and the larger the piles the better. With die-shaped dung, wombats boost the odds that their droppings, deposited near burrow entrances, prominent rocks, raised ground and logs, will not roll away. That, at least, is the thinking.

But quite how the animals produce the awkward-shaped blocks – and they can pass up to 100 per night, presumably with some trepidation – has proved a harder one to work out. Scientists who find themselves intrigued by the phenomena have made little progress beyond ruling out the nagging suspicion that the animals possessed square anuses.

LOOK AT THAT CAVEMAN GO

<https://www.npr.org/2018/11/14/667818915/maybe-neanderthals-werent-quite-so-nasty>

-and-brutish

Neanderthals might bring to mind images of cartoonish brutes whacking each other with clubs.

But even though a number of Neanderthal skeletons have been unearthed showing grave head and neck injuries, new research suggests their lives weren't as violent as the stereotype implies.

In fact, the levels of cranial injuries for Neanderthals are very similar to those of early modern humans, according to scientists whose work was published today in the journal *Nature*.

"There is no statistical difference between the two, which means that they cannot be differentiated," says study co-author Katerina Harvati, a paleoanthropologist at the University of Tübingen in Germany.

"I definitely think that it's evidence these guys were not beating each other up," at least not any more than early modern humans, says Fred Smith, an Illinois State University professor specializing in Neanderthals who was not involved in the research.



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Hats, Trunks, Valises, and Carpet Bags. Repairing done at short notice.
Worcester, Jan 15

"It did not produce any sound at all. When I analysed the footage I noticed the object ejected a lot of material." Many of UFO Today's followers were convinced the footage was of genuine UFO activity. YouTuber David Leach wrote:

Reddit user Space Pecs said it is “the third time this month” that a kite with sparklers has been launched. Bory Truro replied: “Didn't have much of a clue at first, but now that you mention it, it does look a lot like someone stuck a sparkler on a kite.”



added: "Came through the
lost control?"

ued: "Definitely looks like
object is flying losing its
ing." However, there does
ore logical explanation for the
enon.

ocals who have taken to the
ggregator site Reddit, the
gs are actually caused by
g sparklers to kites. There
been several instances over
h with residents not too
alien invasion.

ace Pecs said it is "the third
" that a kite with sparklers has
Bory Truro replied: "Didn't
clue at first, but now that you
oes look a lot like someone
on a kite."

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TWO SIDES OF YES

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THE STAGE COLLECTION

Recorded live in August 1993 in Buenos Aires
HFG2004CD



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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
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IT IS TIME TO STAND UP AND BE COUNTED

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notice.** Worcester, Jan 15

THE LAST WEEK AT GONZO DAILY

Sunday
Monday
Tuesday
Wednesday
Thursday
Friday
Saturday

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

ELDRIDGE CLEAVER

Two types of people visit rhino in the wild

The strong and courageous
take a camera

The weak and cowardly
take a gun

**What sort of
person are you?**

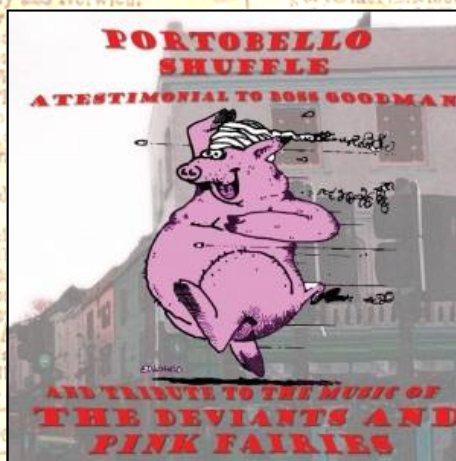
Celebrate wildlife on
World Wildlife Day
don't shoot it.





I'M ON BOARD!

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



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(FILLING IN FOR ANDREW LOOG OLCHAM)

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

Jimmy Carter

FB/Sue Fitzmaurice, Author



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



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Peculiar News of the Week

New BREXIT stamps due out tomorrow.



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





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

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

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

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



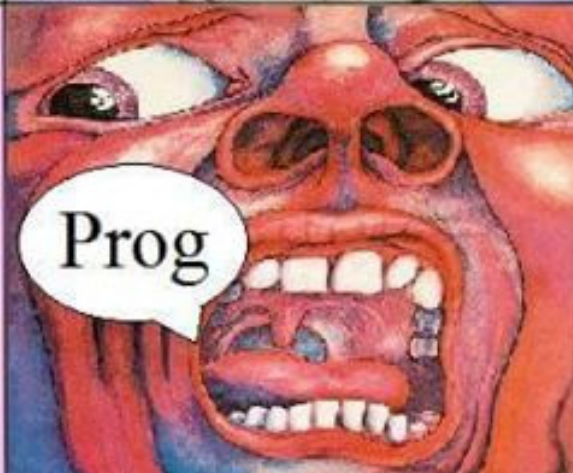
Hmph... You be careful, those
boys only care about one thing.



Sex?



No...



**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.

30 -09-2018 – SHOW 278 – The Road to Utopia

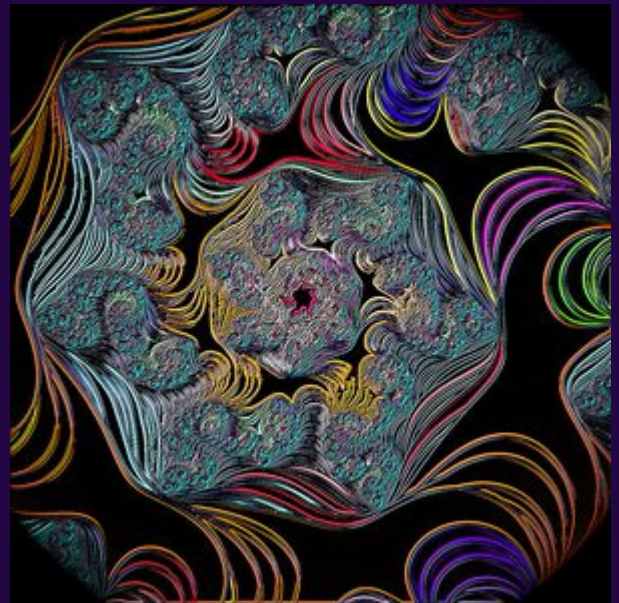
Edwin Hawkins Singers: When you Try
The Ex-Plosive: (Who Planted Thorns in) Miss Alice's Garden?
The Oh Sees: Overthrow
Hawkwind: Quark, Strangeness and Charm
Richard J Birkin: Waveland
Tomberlin: Seventeen
Papa M: Walt's
Less Bells: The Gills
Vegetables: Alligator
David Alexrod: Urizen/The Mental Traveller
Buffalo Springfield: Broken Arrow
Hawkwind: We Took the Wrong Step Years Ago
Uniform: Alone in the Dark
Teenage Fanclub: The Concept
Peggy Lee: Black Coffee
Mya Shihabi: Happy as I am
Refuge: The Man in the Ivory Tower
The Psychedelic Furs: Dumb Waiters
Synth and Bonheur: #9 Part 2
Tim Hecker: Trade Winds, White Heat
Hawkwind: Intro the Night/Down Through the 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.



SONGS AND ARTISTS

"Get in, Get out, Get naked":

Ronnie Marquiss - Bass and Keys

Timm Biery - Drums

Federico Fantacone - keys and lead Keys

"This is how you do it":

Ronnie Marquiss - Drums, Keys and Guitar

Daniel Biro - Hammond and Rhodes

Biondi Noya - Lead Guitar

Dave Newhouse - Horns and Winds

Joe Geiger - Bass

"Fathers of Destruction":

Ronnie Marquiss - Drums and Keys

Dave Newhouse - Horns and Winds

Joe Geiger - Bass

Nicholas Love - Guitar and Guitar FX

"Sorry":

Ronnie Marquiss - Drums and Keys

Dave Newhouse - Horns and Winds

Robert McClung - Strings

Joe Geiger - Bass

**Listen
Here**

Friday Night Progressive



CANTERBURY SANS FRONTIÈRES: Episode Sixty Five

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

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

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

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

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

THIS EPISODE FEATURES:

A couple of recent live recordings from the current "Soft Machine" lineup, its rhythm section Babbington and Marshall also being heard on a side from the monstrous 1971 Centipede double LP (along with countless other Canterbury luminaries), another one from Hopper and Gowen, plus National Health live in Dundee in '76 with Mont Campbell, Bill Bruford and some wonderful Amanda Parsons vocals. Also, some very Canterburyesque sounds from Italy, France and the USA, courtesy of the AltRock Productions label, more Coltrane-inspired beauty from London-based tenor prodigy Nubya Garcia and half of Garrett List's extraordinarily Wyatt-like '72 album "Your Own Self". From the Canterbury of today, something from the new Lapis Lazuli masterpiece album "Brain" and a live synth improvisation from Arlet's Aidan Shepherd.

**Listen
Here**



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

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

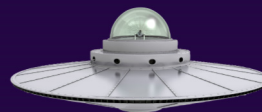
He's a member of SKY CLUB, Gonzo recording artists. He's been a radio host since 2010. He lives with his wife, Doreen, on an island off the coast of Massachusetts."



AND LOOK WHAT MACK HAS FOR YOU THIS WEEK

THE TV SHOW SHOW

In a very special broadcast, Mack, Juan-Juan and Cobra are featured on Martin Willis's "Podcast UFO" YouTube show.



Listen
Here

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

MAN

ANACHRONISTI TANGO

Album Release Tour
~ 2019 ~

25
JAN

LONDON

THE BORDERLINE

26
JAN

BECKINGTON

BECKINGTON MEMORIAL HALL

27
JAN

MINEHEAD

GIANTS OF ROCK - BUTLINS

31
JAN

DERBY

THE FLOWERPOT

01
FEB

KINROSS

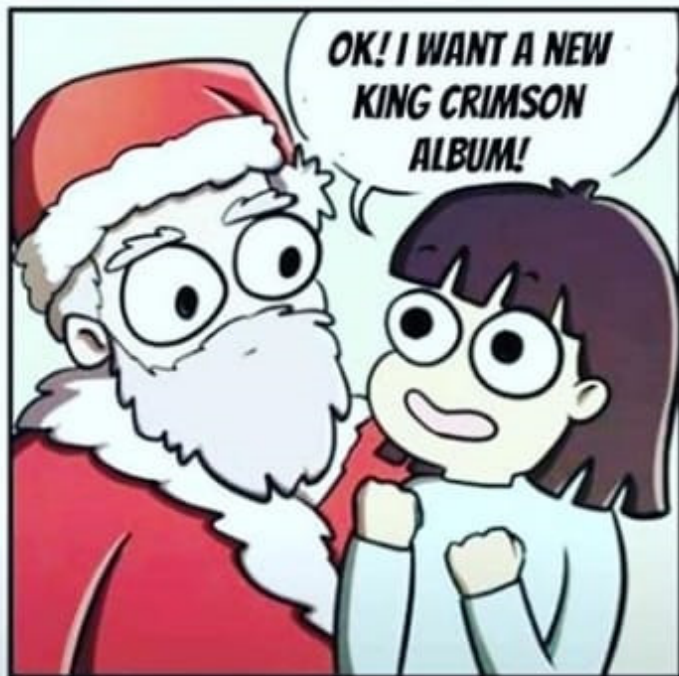
THE GREEN HOTEL

02
FEB

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Johnny Maddox (1927 – 2018)

Maddox was an American ragtime pianist, historian, and collector of music memorabilia. His interest in the ragtime era was fuelled by his great-aunt Zula Cothron, who played with an all-girls' orchestra at the 1904 Louisiana Purchase Exposition in St. Louis and later played in vaudeville.

Maddox studied classical music for nineteen years, and he played his first public concert when he was five and began his professional career in 1939 playing with a local dance band, the Rhythmasters, led by J. O. "Temp" Templeton.

Around 1946, Maddox started working for his friend Randy Wood at Randy's Record Shop in Gallatin, where Wood founded Dot Records. Maddox's first single, "St. Louis Tickle" with "Crazy Bone Rag" on the flip side (recorded May 19, 1950), sold over 22,000 copies in only a few weeks. He became the first successful artist on Dot, and his instant success helped build Dot into one of the most popular labels of the 1950s. He signed with MCA and began touring nightclubs across the country.

Maddox continued to record for Dot Records through 1967, by which time he had earned nine gold singles, and his total sales were over eleven million. One of the highlights of his was performing twice at New York's Stork Club, where he appeared on live television. His longest professional engagement was at the Red Slipper Room in Denver, Colorado's Cherry Creek Inn, where he played for seventeen years.

Maddox began collecting antique sheet music, 78s, cylinders, piano rolls, photographs, and more at a very young age. He sold much of his first collection to Brigham Young University in the 1970s. He owned one of the largest collections of popular sheet music in the world, likely totaling over 200,000 pieces.

He died on November 27th, at the age of 91.



Malam Mamane Barka (1958/1959 – 2018)

Barka was a Nigerian musician, and one of the world's most prominent players of the biram. He came from the nomadic people of Toubou, and as a player of the Ngurumi, a two-string plucked instrument, he gained popularity in his homeland and neighboring Nigeria. In 2002 he decided to devote himself to the study of the biram, a five-stringed instrument used by the Boudouma, a

THOSE WE HAVE LOST

fishing community on Lake Chad, for traditional songs.

He died on 21 November 2018, aged 59.



Eddie C. Campbell
(1939 – 2018)

The late Eddie Campbell was an American blues guitarist and singer in the Chicago blues scene.

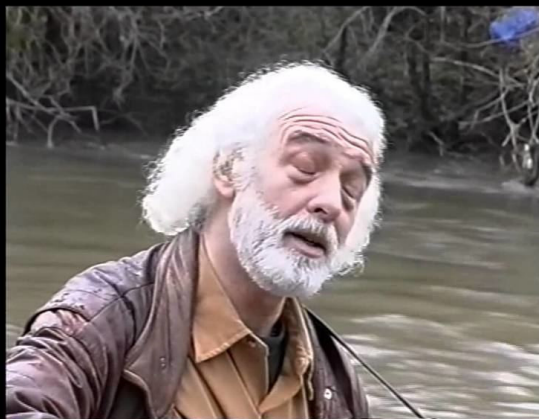
He moved to Chicago at the age of ten, and by age 12 was learning from the blues musicians Muddy Waters, Magic Sam, and Otis Rush.

In his early years as a professional musician, he played as a sideman with Howlin' Wolf, Little Walter, Little Johnny Taylor, and Jimmy Reed. In 1976, Willie Dixon hired him to play in the Chicago Blues All-Stars. Campbell's debut album, *King of the*

Jungle, featuring Carey Bell on harmonica and Lafayette Leake on piano, was released the next year.

In 1984, Campbell left Chicago for Europe, living first in the Netherlands and later in Germany, where he remained for ten years before returning to Chicago.

He died November 20th, aged 79.



Lewis Frederick William Caddick
(1944 – 2018)

Caddick was an English folk singer-songwriter and guitarist, particularly noted for his songwriting and as a member of the innovative and influential group Home Service.

Singing since the 1960s in folk clubs and festivals, in 1973 Caddick joined the street theatre group Magic Lantern, formed by Taffy Thomas. He left the group in 1975 to concentrate on his solo career, becoming well known as a festival artist in Britain and overseas. In 1977 he joined the Albion Band in the National Theatre productions of 'Lark Rise' and 'The Passion', and later collaborated with Tim Laycock and Peter Bond in a stage show and album about circus life, called "A Duck on his Head". He also wrote songs for radio and TV, and performed his own songs in a film about the Tolpuddle Martyrs.

THOSE WE HAVE LOST

From 1980 to 1985 Caddick was a member of the renowned folk-rock band Home Service. He continued to write and perform at clubs and festivals, albeit in a more low-key way than before as well as continuing his involvement with the National Theatre, writing and appearing in several plays.

He died on 19th November, aged 74.



**Edward Benton "Eddie" Reeves
(1939 - 2018)**

Reeves was an American songwriter, recording artist, music publisher, artist manager, record

company executive, and author. He wrote several hit songs including "All I Ever Need Is You" co-written with Jimmy Holiday and recorded by many artists including Ray Charles, Sonny & Cher, Ray Sanders, Andre Hazes, and Tom Jones; "Rings", co-written with Alex Harvey and recorded by Cymarron, Lobo, Reuben Howell, Leo Kottke, Twiggy, Tompall and The Glaser Brothers, and other artists; "Don't Change on Me" co-written with Jimmy Holiday and recorded by Ray Charles, B.B. King, Van; "If You Wouldn't Be My Lady", co-written with Jimmy Holiday and recorded by both Ray Charles and Charlie Rich; and "It's a Hang Up Baby", recorded by both Jerry Lee Lewis and Z.Z. Hill. The song was also performed on November 6, 1969 by Tom Jones with musical backing by the Moody Blues on his national television show, *This Is Tom Jones*.

He started singing, playing guitar and writing songs in high school in 1956 and formed the Nighthawks (original band by this name) in 1957 with high school friends Bob Venable, Mike Hinton and John Thompson.

In 1965, Reeves was hired by United Artists Music where he signed an exclusive recording artist and songwriting contract. In 1968, United Artists sent him to Hollywood to set up a West Coast office. In 1972, he signed an exclusive recording artist and songwriting contract with ABC Dunhill Records, and in 1974 he accepted a job as the West Coast vice-president of Chappell Music, then the world's largest music publishing company.

In 1984, Reeves was hired by Jim Ed Norman as General Manager of Warner Bros. Records where he spent sixteen years - the last ten as Executive Vice President and General Manager, until retiring in 1999 at age 60.

In 2000, Reeves moved to Canada, and started the process of compiling his songwriting catalog of over 100 songs, as well as beginning work on his collection of writings from notes he had been keeping since 1972.

Reeves died on November 18th, aged 79.

THOSE WE HAVE LOST



Scott English
(Sheldon David English)
(1937 – 2018)

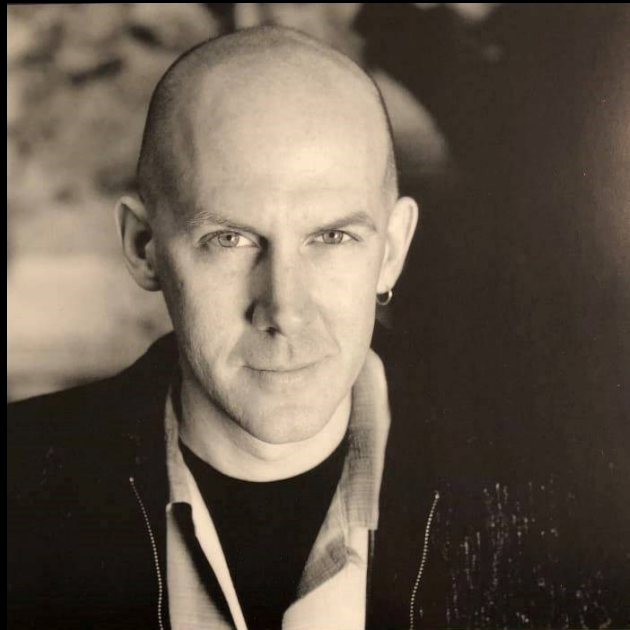
English was an American songwriter and record producer., who is best known as the co-writer of "Brandy" with Richard Kerr. This song became a No. 1 hit for Barry Manilow in 1974, under the revised title of "Mandy". English had also released a single of "Brandy", which reached No. 12 in the UK Singles Chart in November 1971, and entered the US charts in March 1972.

He released his first single, "4,000 Miles Away", in 1960 on Dot Records. In 1964, English had a regional doo-wop hit called "High on a Hill", written by Frank Cariola and A. Mangravito.

With Larry Weiss, he wrote "Bend Me, Shape Me", which became a hit for the Chicago-based band The American Breed, and was also a hit in the UK for Amen Corner. This song had been recorded a year earlier by The Outsiders.

English and Weiss also penned "Help Me Girl" (1966), which was a hit by two groups in late 1966: Eric Burdon and the Animals and The Outsiders, Lynne Randell's "Ciao Baby" (1967) and Jeff Beck's hit "Hi Ho Silver Lining" on which English was also producer. He produced the song "West Virginia" by The Elves in 1969 (a band later known as Elf), and later produced Thin Lizzy's debut album *Thin Lizzy* (1971).

He died on November 16th, at the age of 81.



Chris Burroughs
(?-2018)

Burroughs was an American singer/songwriter who was frontman for Tucson band Chris Burroughs and the Nationals. Over the years Burroughs launched and collaborated on a number of live projects, most notably early 2000s based band Hardpan.

He died on November 26th, aged 60

THOSE WE HAVE LOST



**Erik Raymond Lindmark
(1972 – 2018)**

Lindmark was the founder of Unique Leader Records, as well as the founding guitarist of Deeds of Flesh.

Deeds of Flesh is a technical death metal band from the U.S. They were formed in 1993 by Jacoby Kingston, Erik Lindmark and Joey Heaslet. They founded their own label, Unique Leader Records, which has since become home to a number of other death metal bands from around the world. Deeds of Flesh have released eight studio albums, their most recent being *Portals to Canaan* which was released in 2013.

Lindmark died on 29th November, aged 46.



**Harold "Devin" Lima
(1977 – 2018)**

Lima was part of the duo LFO (Lyte Funkie Ones) which was an American pop and hip hop band that sold more than 4 million records worldwide, is best known for their hit songs "Summer Girls," "Girl on TV" (the music video featured actress Jennifer Love Hewitt), and "Every Other Time." He joined the band in 1999, which was initially a trio, with lead singer Rich Cronin, but disbanded in 2010 after his death. Lima and his band partner, reunited and resumed touring in 2017, recently releasing their first new song in 15 years, "Perfect 10". Lima died on 21st November, aged 41.

THOSE WE HAVE LOST



Trevor McNaughton
(1940 – 2018)

McNaughton was founder of the legendary Rock Steady group The Melodians, and was the last surviving original member of the group until his death. He had the idea of putting a group together and contacted the then 14-year-old Tony Brevett, who had already had success in local talent shows. Brevett recruited his friend Brent Dowe and the group was formed, with Brevett taking on lead vocal duties. Bramwell Brown and Renford Cogle also had short stints in the group in its early days, and Cogle became one of the group's main songwriters.

McNaughton toured as a solo artist in 2014 and subsequently recruited Taurus Alphonso (formerly of the Mellow Tones) and Winston Dias (formerly of The Movers) to form a new Melodians line-up. As of February 2015, the group were recording a new album in Florida with producer Willie Lindo. *The Return of the Melodians* was released in May 2017 and went on to reach no. 19 on the Billboard Reggae Albums chart.

He died on 20th November, aged 77.



Edwin Calvin Newborn
(1933 – 2018)

Newborn was an American jazz guitarist, and brother of Phineas Newborn Jr., with whom he recorded between 1953 and 1958. They also formed an R&B band, with their father Phineas Newborn Sr. on drums and Tuff Green on bass. The group also included Willie Mitchell and Ben Branch. The group was the house band at the Plantation Inn Club in West Memphis, Arkansas, from 1947 until 1951. The group recorded as B. B. King's band on his first recordings in 1949, and also the Sun Records sessions in 1950. Newborn gave guitars lessons to Howlin' Wolf and was friends with Elvis Presley, who frequented his gig at the Plantation Inn Club two nights a week.

The group left West Memphis in 1951 to tour with Jackie Brenston as the "Delta Cats" in support of the record "Rocket 88", which was considered by many to be the first rock and roll record ever recorded.

Newborn died on December 1st, aged 85.

THOSE WE HAVE LOST



Joseph Leon Williams
(1935 – 2018)

Williams, better known as Jody Williams, was an American blues guitarist and singer. His singular guitar playing, marked by flamboyant string-bending, imaginative chord voicings and a distinctive tone, was influential in the Chicago blues scene of the 1950s. His first instrument was the harmonica, which he swapped for the guitar after hearing Bo Diddley play at a talent show where they were both performing. Diddley, seven years his senior, took Williams under his wing and taught him the rudiments of guitar.

In the mid-1950s, Williams was one of the most sought-after session guitarists in Chicago, but he was little known outside the music industry, since his name rarely appeared on discs. His acclaimed comeback in 2000 led to a resurgence of interest in his early work and a reappraisal as one of the great blues guitarists.

By 1951 Williams and Diddley were playing on the street together, with Williams providing backing to Diddley's vocals, accompanied by Roosevelt Jackson on washtub bass. Williams met Howlin' Wolf, and was hired by him as the first guitarist in

his new Chicago-based band.

Williams's solo career began in December 1955 with the upbeat, saxophone-driven "Lookin' for My Baby", released under the name Little Papa Joe by Blue Lake Records. By this time, Williams was highly sought after as a session guitarist. Williams continued to perform around the world until 2014, mainly at large blues festivals, and often sitting in with the blues guitarist Billy Flynn at Chicago club appearances.

Williams died on December 1st, aged 83.



Harry Leslie Smith
(1923 – 2018)

Smith was a British writer and political commentator. After serving in the Royal Air Force in the Second World War, he emigrated to Canada in 1953. After retiring, Smith began writing his memoirs, and about the social history of Great Britain in the 20th century.

Smith wrote five books, about life in the Great Depression, the Second World War, and postwar austerity, and columns for *The Guardian*, *New Statesman*, the *Daily Mirror*, *International Business Times* and the *Morning Star*. He made public appearances at the 2014 Labour Party conference in Manchester, during the 2015 general election and the 2016 EU membership referendum, and in Canada as part of his 2015 "Stand Up for Progress" national tour.

Smith wrote regularly for *The Guardian* commenting on politics and twentieth-century history. He attracted attention in November 2013, writing that he would not wear the remembrance poppy in future years because he felt the symbol was being used to promote support for present-day conflicts. He addressed the September 2014 Labour Party conference, speaking in support of the National Health Service (NHS) and describing how common preventable diseases "snuffed out life like a warm candle flame" prior to the creation of the NHS. He also spoke on *BBC Radio* and at the Bristol Politics Festival.

THOSE WE HAVE LOST

Smith wrote:

"I am one of the last few remaining voices left from a generation of men and women who built a better society for our children and grandchildren out of the horrors of the second world war, as well as the hunger of the Great Depression. Sadly, that world my generation helped build on a foundation of decency and fair play is being swept away by neoliberalism and the greed of the 1%, which has brought discord around the globe. Today, the western world stands at its most dangerous juncture since the 1930s."

He died on 28th November, aged 95.

Pete Shelley (1955 – 2018)

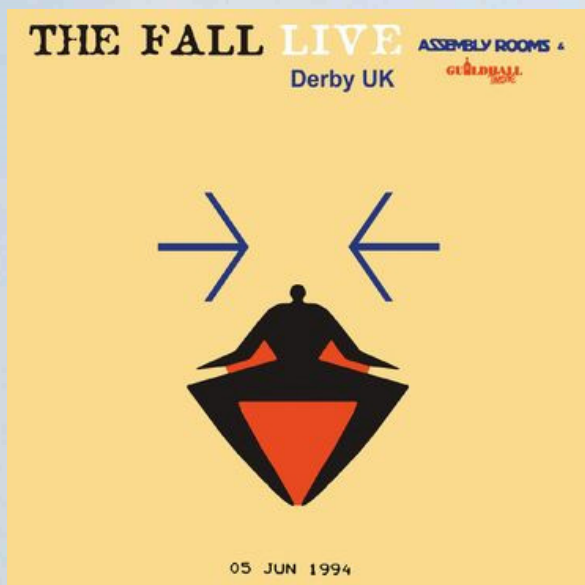
Shelley, born Peter Campbell McNeish, was an English singer, songwriter and guitarist. He formed Buzzcocks with Howard Devoto in 1975, and was the lead singer and guitarist from 1977 when Devoto left, releasing "Ever Fallen in Love (With Someone You Shouldn't've)" in 1978. The band broke up in 1981, reforming in 1989. Shelley also had a solo career; his song "Homosapien" charted in the US in 1981.

Shelley was open about his bisexuality. Diggle suggested that his earlier same sex encounters were "a phase", but Shelley continued to identify as bisexual in later life. He was married in 1991 and divorced in 2002. His son was born in 1993.

Shelley moved to Tallinn, Estonia, in 2012 with his second wife Greta, an Estonian-born Canadian, preferring the less hectic pace there to London. He died there of a suspected heart attack on the morning of 6 December 2018. His brother, Gary McNeish, announced his death on Facebook.



THOSE WE HAVE LOST



Label Cog Sinister
Genre New Wave & Post Punk
Released 16/11/18
Cat no COGGZ103CD

When Mark E Smith died in January 2018, an era ended with him. The Fall were an English post-punk band, formed in 1976 in Prestwich, Greater Manchester. They underwent many line up changes, with vocalist and founder Smith as the only constant member.

First associated with the late 1970s punk movement, the Fall's music underwent numerous stylistic changes, often concurrently with changes in the group's lineup. Nonetheless, their music has generally been characterised by an



abrasive, repetitive guitar-driven sound, tense bass and drum rhythms, and Smith's caustic lyrics, described by critic Simon Reynolds as "a kind of Northern English magic realism that mixed industrial grime with the unearthly and uncanny, voiced through a unique, one-note delivery somewhere between amphetamine-spiked rant and alcohol-addled yarn."

They were always at their best on stage, and this collection captures them in full flow in 1994 in Derby.

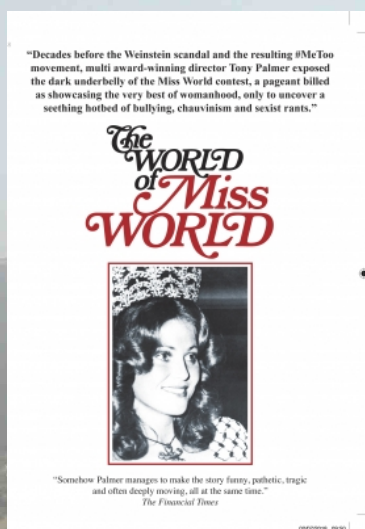
Tracks include: Glam Racket, Life Just Bounces, Hey! Student, Middle Class Revolt etc





Label Cog Sinister
Genre New Wave & Post Punk
Released 16/11/18
Cat no COGGZ104CD

The iconic band again, this time captured in full flow at the Astoria, London in 1995. Tracks include: Big New Prinz, Free Range, Idiot Joy Showland, M5, Birthday, The Tunnel etc.



Artist Tony Palmer
Title The World of Miss World
Cat No. TPDVD148
Label Tony Palmer

Another film rescued from oblivion.....

Although shown to critics when the film was first made in 1974, by the time it was broadcast on ITV it had been hacked to pieces, and less than half the original film appeared on the screen, partly as a result of furious objections - and even the threat of legal action - from the organisers of 'Miss World'. Now it has been restored and remastered back to its original version. Critics at the time noted that it was the very first fly-on-the-wall arts documentary, experimental in every way. And given that it was filmed backstage while the actual ceremony was being broadcast live by the BBC, all the more remarkable. The Financial Times: "Frequently derided by the feminist brigade, the annual Miss World contest would have been an easy subject to mock, especially in the hands of a brilliant editor like Palmer. But somehow he manages to make the story funny, pathetic, tragic and often deeply moving, all at the same time. And, as always with Palmer, the experimental use of sound and music - from Britten to Prokofiev, via Leonard Cohen and Mike Oldfield - as an essential part of the narrative drive of the film which itself has no narration, is breathtaking."

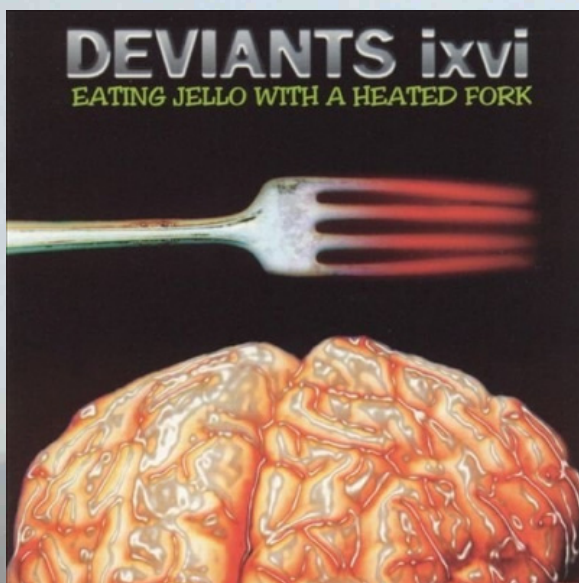


Artist The Chad Mitchell Trio
Title In Action (aka Blowin' in the Wind)
Cat No. HST472CD

Label Gonzo

After two consecutive live albums, the Mitchell Trio returned to the studio for their next collection of folk tunes. The album starts off with a rousing bluegrass rendition of the traditional "Columbus Stockade Blues" (renamed "Leave Me If You Want To"). But after that, the atmosphere is more sedate, with side one dominated by the three-part madrigal-like "Story of Alice," co-written by Broadway's Jerry Bock (of Fiddler on the Roof fame) and Larry Holofcener.

The group's now-obligatory political commentary tune was aimed at Texan Billy Sol Estes in "The Ides of Texas." Each trio member is featured on solo tunes: Mitchell on "Green Grow the Lilacs," Mike Kobluk on "Adios Mi Corazon" and Joe Frazier on "Me Voy Pa Bete." All in all, a satisfying album. ~ Cary Ginell, All Music Guide

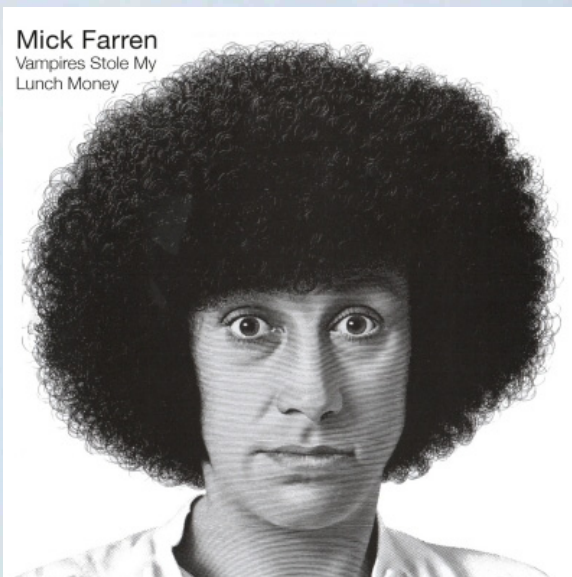


Artist Deviants IXVI
Title Eating Jello with a Heated Fork
Cat No. HST464CD
Label Gonzo

Some might refer to this CD as demented punk. Vocalist Mick Farren has a good line-up on this CD, which is Wayne Kramer (MC5) - guitar, Andy Colquhoun - guitar &

sax, Paul III - bass and Brock Avery - drums.

Artist Mick Farren
Title Vampires Stole My Lunch Money
Cat No. HST493CD
Label Gonzo



Vampires Stole My Lunch Money is a 1978 album by the UK underground artist Mick Farren. Farren had left music performance after his 1970 album Mona – The Carnivorous Circus to concentrate on journalism and writing. However, in 1976 he had the opportunity whilst in New York to record the single "Play with Fire"/"Lost Johnny" reigniting his interest in performing again. The Screwed Up EP followed in 1977, recorded for Stiff Records and featuring Larry Wallis, Paul Rudolph, Alan Powell and Andy Colquhoun.





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



Gonzo #32 The Dutch Festie c...

actions



Gonzo #30 The Mick Abrahams...

actions



Gonzo #27 The Prog shirt

actions



Gonzo #24 The Daavid Allen shirt

actions



Gonzo #23 The Michael Des B...

actions



Yer original Gonzo Weekly shirt

actions



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

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

RAW presents

Forthcoming releases from Rick Wakeman & Friends

Rick Wakeman & Brian May

live from

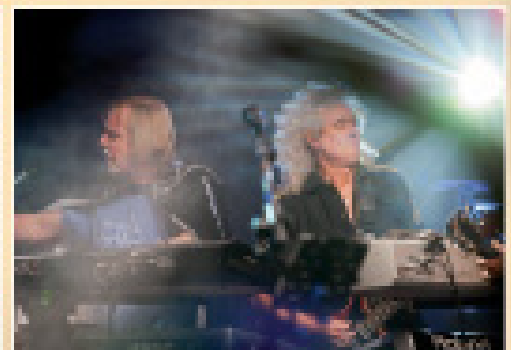
STARMUS 2015



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



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



Available to pre-order from www.rickwakemansmusicemporium.com



Going Gonzo down on the Sussex beaches

*Nostalgia, long walks and general weirdness in the company of
Gonzo's Alan Dearling*

We are all born somewhere. A place, an area we don't choose. My genesis into the world occurred in Southlands Hospital in Shoreham by sea. March 9th 1951. A place beleaguered under the constant cloud of soot that emerged daily from Shoreham's two dark towers. (Note: there's now only one tower, and the power station has been completely rebuilt). The twin stacks of the coal-fired power station on the seaward side of Shoreham harbour, dominated the landscape. And the harbour stretched westwards from the Shoreham port entrance, past Southwick and Portslade, towards the brighter, comparatively prosperous environs of Brighton and Hove. I was told that I popped out of my mother's womb a baby at just 7 pounds one ounce. My baby 'book' informs me that I was, at birth, "...about 12 inches...very tiny". In my first two months, I lost weight, dropping to 6 pounds and one ounce after one week. I only reached 7 pounds again after two months. My mother had had German measles during her pregnancy and they were worried that I might be born with

alan dearling



physical and/or brain defects. My friends and acquaintances in many places around the world probably still wonder!

For seven years, in what was the post-Second World War times, my parents struggled to run a greengrocers and florist business at 112 Old Shoreham

Road in nearby Southwick. This was still the time of ration books and queuing for eggs and cheese. My parents were called Maurice and Stella. Maurice had been an air-gunner and warrant officer in the Lancaster bombers that nightly raided German territories. He'd been shot down, captured and was incarcerated as a prisoner



of war in Stalag Luft VI, the most northerly of the German POW camps. As the Russian army moved towards Germany, the German guards closed the POW camp and marched the Commonwealth airmen in the cold heart of winter without proper provisions down towards Germany. It became known as the Death March. My father was further incarcerated in German prisons before being repatriated to a sanatorium back in England. During my childhood, he was mentally a broken man. He never recovered properly and lapsed in and out of mental health institutions.

Southwick and Shoreham

After my mother's very uncomfortable demented death earlier this year, I made a decision to revisit my 'home' area of Southwick and Shoreham. Especially, the village of Southwick, which I share with Leo Sayer and Attila the Stockbroker, as my original home. I'd never been back in the intervening 60 years. And so, I did this in October 2018, and combined the nostalgia trip with a

variety of music-related meetings and discussions. My place-of-stay was found via Air BnB. The Cedar Studio, built as a small stand-alone dwelling, in the back garden of a nice guy's house. He turned out to be a musician called Roger. His home is located way out of Shoreham town, reached by walking across the new, somewhat futuristic footbridge out to Shoreham beach, and thence out to the promontory near the old fort. It's now gentrified. An area of large, sometimes grotesque, posh houses, the second and third homes for the rich and the ultra-rich. I walked around remembering how it had been in the 1950s with old bungalows, railway-carriages and sheds – a veritable shanty village of cabins and houseboats. Indeed, this had once been a famous film-location for old silent films in the UK/Hollywood's 'Bungalow Town'. Thankfully the nouveau riche feel about the place is slightly offset by the arty, houseboat dwellings, still moored around



"One of the... was that the petition and meeting for a medical report..."

CHILDREN BUILD HARBOUR MODEL



Southwick Primary Infants School, The Green, Southwick, had an open-day on Wednesday when parents and friends inspected the school.

Naturally, they expected to see the usual paintings, sketches and samples of handicrafts, but never did they expect to see a model of Shoreham Harbour which was approximately 30 feet long and

nine feet wide.

This realistic piece of modelling has been a co-operative venture in which all classes had a part, the children working on the model in their freehand work period.

Both locks, power stations, and gas works are shown and the model includes the River Adur as far as Shoreham Airport. They have even included a model of

St. Mary's Church.

Said headmistress Miss B. A. Taylor, "The model extended in scope and interest after the visit of the Duke of Edinburgh. Parents have helped considerably by providing scrap from which the model is made and, of course, teachers have supervised the work of the children. Our only expense has been a two-shilling bottle of aluminium paint."

the mudflats of the River Adur. They add a bit of welcome diversity to the area.

Southwick's proximity to the industrial harbour, makes it a strange mix of the genteel Sussex, with its flint houses, and the large double area of The Green. Yet it is still only a stone's throw from acres of scrap metal yards and the looming power station. I recently found a 1958 newspaper, with me in the pic, helping to build a 30 foot model of the power station! I'm about six along on the left with the weird haircut. My parents are the posh couple at the back. Mum looks proud, dad looks bored. He frequently wore his airforce blazer.

Comparatively, Shoreham as a whole, has become quite arty. A tad trendy, with a thriving theatre/music venue,

The Ropetackle Arts Centre, the Old Star micro pub, specialising in real ciders and ales, whilst the Duke of Wellington (aka the Boot), closer to the harbour, has a nicely edgy feel to it. And it was my meeting place for the Sunday afternoon to talk with members of a couple of South Coast bands, the Dials and the Necessary Animals.

Necessary Animals have a new studio album ready for release and Keith Rodway is busy putting a live version of the band

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together. Here's the link he gave me to my favourite track from the album. A psychedelic sound, overtones of Eastern promise, big on sound and with great lyrics. "Jesus has cancelled his appointment with the United Nations! ... Do not be afraid." Keith told me: "Yes, *Revelation is on Soundcloud* - <https://soundcloud.com/necessaryanimals/revelation> and should also be streaming via Bandcamp."

Sadly, Joe, bass-player with psych-band, The Dials, was unable to join us, but in strange piece of synchronicity, the lady sitting next to us at the same pub table in the Boot turned out to be Ana Egge, a singer-songwriter from the USA, on a short tour of the south coast of England. She joined in our musical discussions, telling us that her fifth album had recently been released, and that it had been produced by her friend, Steve Earle. Here is a pic of Ana with her musical

collaborator in Shoreham's Duke of Wellington She's a beautiful, soulful, country-tinged singer. Lovely to spend a few hours in her company. Intelligent, curious, a lover of real ales, and a bit naughty.

You can listen to her here: Rock me (Divine Mother):

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=iqsbYktgV1s>

And the title track from the new album, White Tiger: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=DVTdoguRQEc>

The Satellites

Punk band, the Satellites' Johnny Pi r Squared, bass player and sometime vocalist now lives in Worthing and he invited me to join him and main vocalist and exotic dancer, Derek, aka Dr Strangelove, to join



him in his local old Victorian boozer near the central station. A time for a reminisce – the punk days in and around Acton and West London in 1976-78. General mayhem and madness ensued as you can see at:

<https://vimeo.com/299231501>

The Satellites reformed a couple of years back and are now pulling in large,

enthusiastic crowds at venues like the 100 Club and the Hope and Anchor: <http://www.thesatellitesacton.co.uk/history/>

It seemed somewhat incongruous to be spending time with them on the south coast, when so much of their history is entwined with West London.

Worthing pier, music and art

On one of the days, I walked along miles of pebble beaches from Shoreham beach to





Worthing pier and beyond. Before reaching the pier, Thomas Freer has a shop-cum-music gallery-studio. You enter through a wooden laser harp which responds to your movements in wave after wave of musical sounds. It was Tom's original prototype of the Laser Freer Harp. I was entranced. Tom is an enthusiastic host, and as I tried his newer prototypes, laser harps embedded into pieces of fashioned wood, I could immediately see the potential for a musical instrument to capture the 'playfulness' of children and adults alike in my own 'musical noise workshops (MSFN)' which I have been curating around Europe for the past three years.

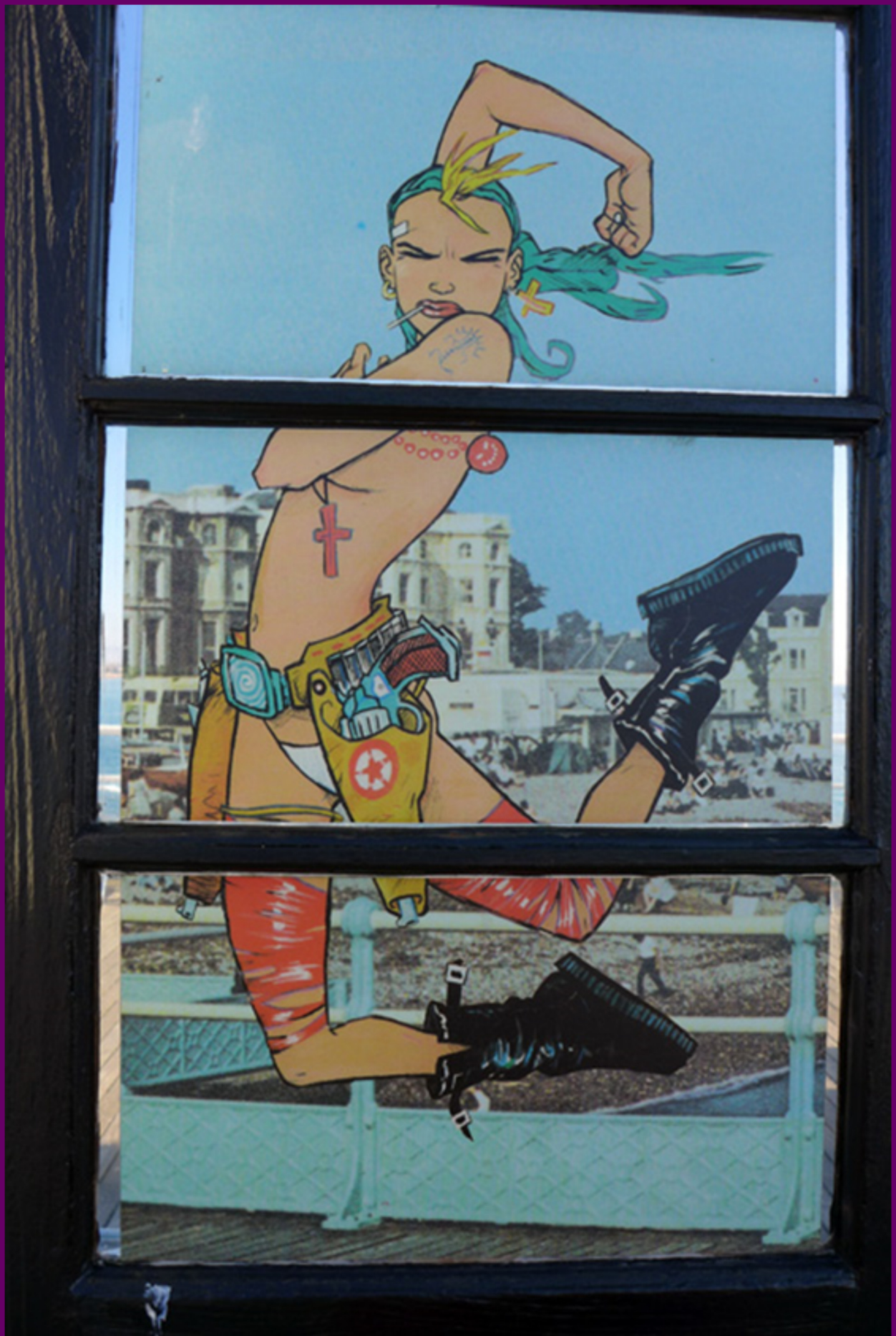
<https://www.facebook.com/thomasfreerlighting/videos/1568859873182841/>

Together we planned prototype 5, which will be about three foot long, lithium battery powered, with a lovely wooden playing surface, and be equipped with up to a hundred different pre-set sounds, to

be stroked and 'played' by even the most un-musical musician!

Worthing pier has obviously had a lot of TLC expended on it. Panes of glass, story boards and stained glass have all been added into the glass paned shelters. Lots of quirky tales including the evolution in Worthing of Tank Girl and other cartoon-stories including 'New Amusements', which grew literally out of the adolescent capers of the young artists growing up in Worthing. My old memories of Worthing are of a slightly jaded gentility.

Worthing in the '50s and early '60s was rather down-at-heel, but I have many positive memories of fishing with my old grandmother, Hilda, from Worthing pier, and slipping in and out of the amusements to try and go home with more pennies than I had arrived with. The film, 'Wish you were here' (1987) was mostly filmed in Worthing. It's a great, raunchy coming of age film, set in the 1950s, starring Emily Lloyd and Tom Bell. But for me it evokes my youth - the Worthing of a bygone era.





https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=KJY1Koru_Fs

For nearby Brighton, Graham Greene's 'Brighton Rock' similarly provides a glimpse of Brighton's earlier underbelly. Released in 1948 into post war Britain, it starred Richard Attenborough as the

notorious gangster, Pinkie Brown. <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=FezBxUfWWXo>

There was also a 2010 version set in Brighton in the mid 1960s:





'Be More Snail' is the Brighton motto for their current art trail celebration...

<https://www.snailspacebrighton.co.uk/>

I was informed that: Following on from the hugely successful Snowdogs by the Sea art trail in 2016, this October and November has seen the charity, Martlets, once again teamed up with Wild in Art to

deliver a mass participation sculpture trail. Splendidly surreal, it has been providing some fun for families, artists, visitors and locals. Along with many others, on a blustery, alternating sleeting and sunny afternoon, I discovered many of the Snail sculptures located throughout Brighton and Hove. Nicely quirky. Due to timing of Gonzo issues, they are likely to have slithered off, by the time you see you these





pics!

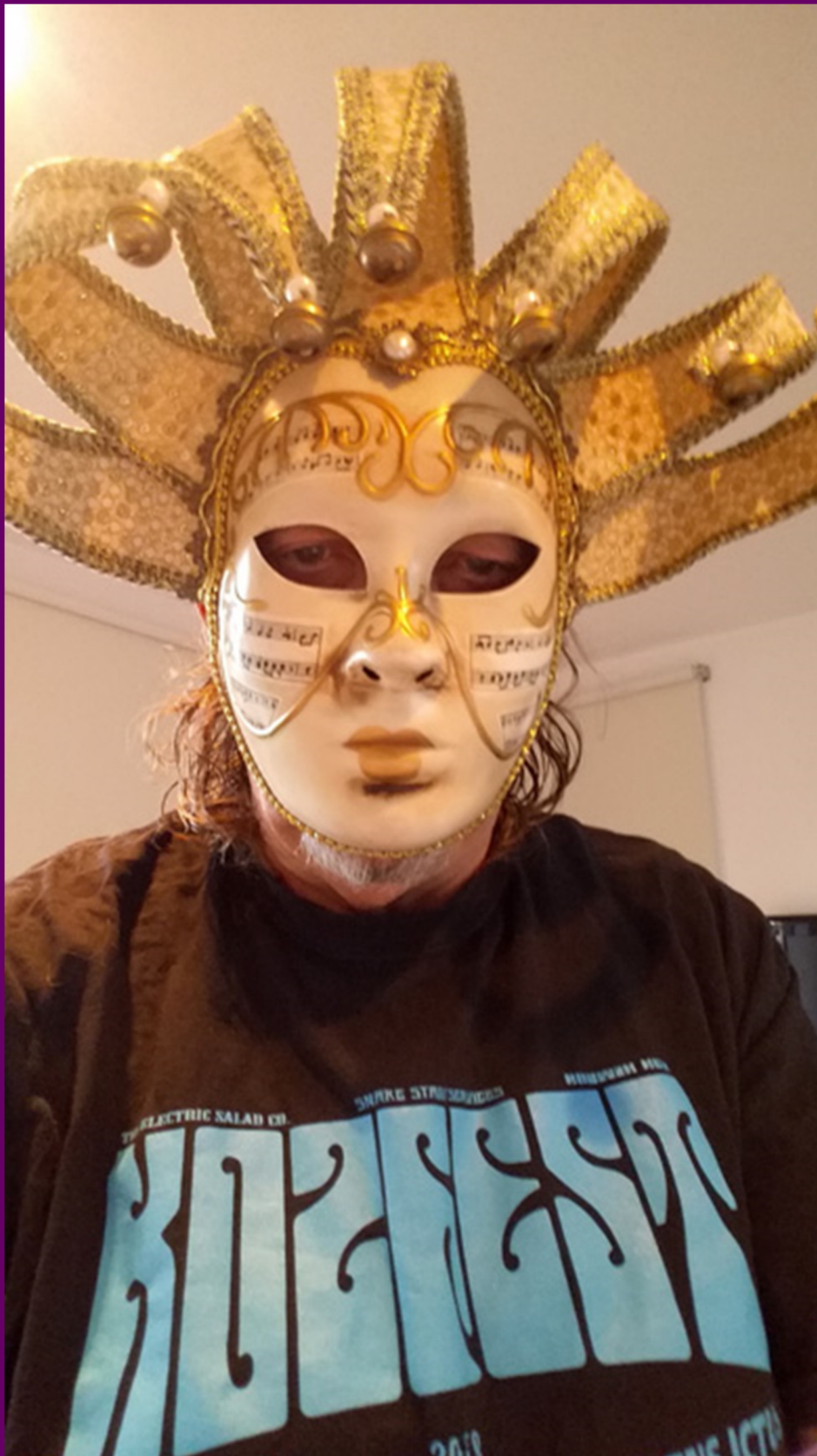
Norman Cook, aka Fatboy Slim celebrated the 26 mile art trail – by walking it!

<https://www.brightonandhoveindependent.co.uk/news/fatboy-slim-to-take-26-mile-stroll-along-the-snail-trail-1-8658960>

But Brighton still has its grand Palace pier, the Victorian Royal Pavilion, plenty of entertaining street musicians and performers, plus the burned out skeleton of West pier, now augmented by the strange British Airways aeronautic tower i360, and below it, the promenade sculpture, which forms a kind of wrought-iron Neolithic Stone Circle.







All in all, it was fun to revisit the area of my birth and early years. But also to taste, savour and experience the new.

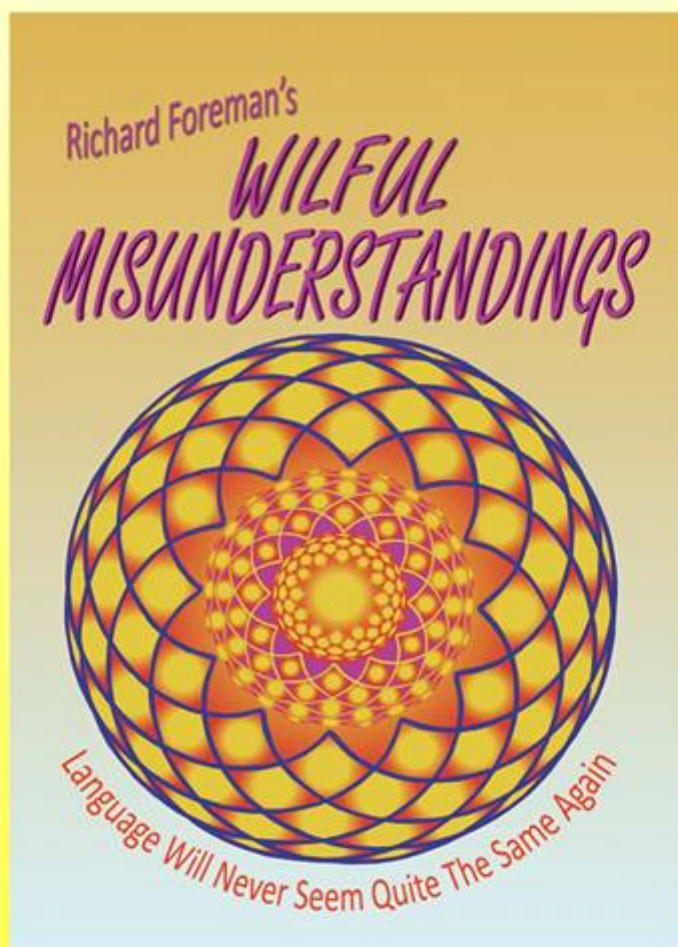
I also enjoyed my Halloween down on the south coast. Be very afeared indeed!

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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Maurice & Elvis – Live

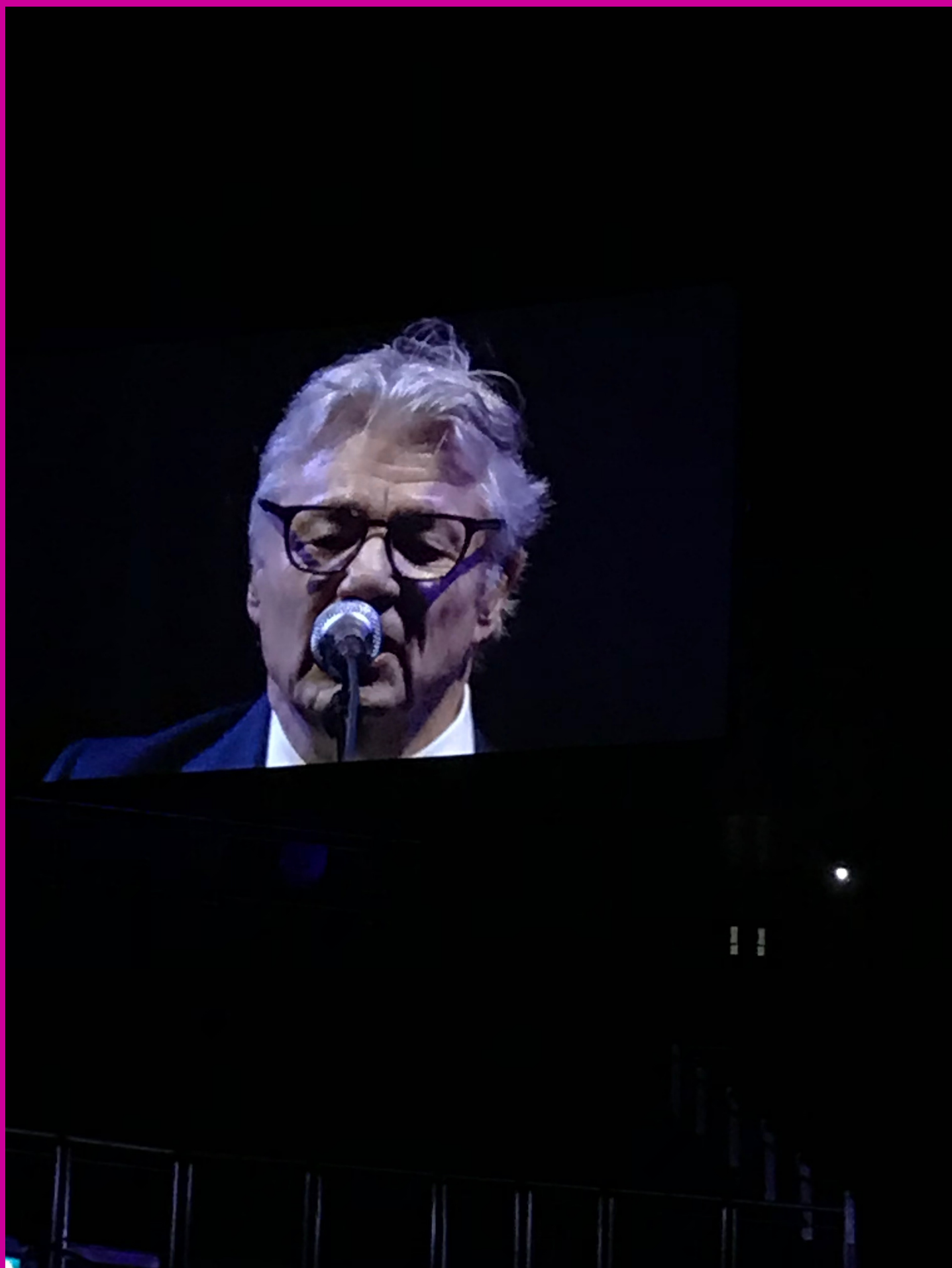
The Steve Miller
Band & John
Fogerty
London O2, 25th Oct 2018

Whilst I do not like arenas at all, sometimes needs must. The summer I left

school and home, 'Fly Like an Eagle' was one of the most played records, a very fine and flowing album indeed, which also happened to be extremely well recorded. An important, very personal musical milestone. We made the pilgrimage across the ocean last summer, and saw Steve Miller in upper New York State, 'supported' by Peter Frampton. As my review of the time suggest, Miller and his cohorts largely trotted thru their greatest hits, at speed mostly, and I had to begrudgingly admit, Frampton stole the night for us. I found very few gigs to attend in the first half of this year so when this year's Bluesfest came up (London & Dublin) a second chance to see the Space Cowboy seemed irresistible, with the bonus of seeing Creedence Clearwater Revival legend, John Fogerty at the same time.

I think this was the first time I had travelled over water to get to a gig so we caught a river boat from Embankment and

John Brodie-Good



were soon installed in our hotel in Greenwich an hour later, having enjoyed a short cruise through London with it's current amazing contrasts between old and new architecture. Greenwich village has two excellent s/h record stores which were also checked out during our two night stay, the local Casbah Records plus a branch of the now called, Music & Video Exchange, (it used to be called the Record & Tape Exchange). A major flashback for me, I must have bought 80% of my albums from their Goldhawk Road and Notting Hill branches back in the day.

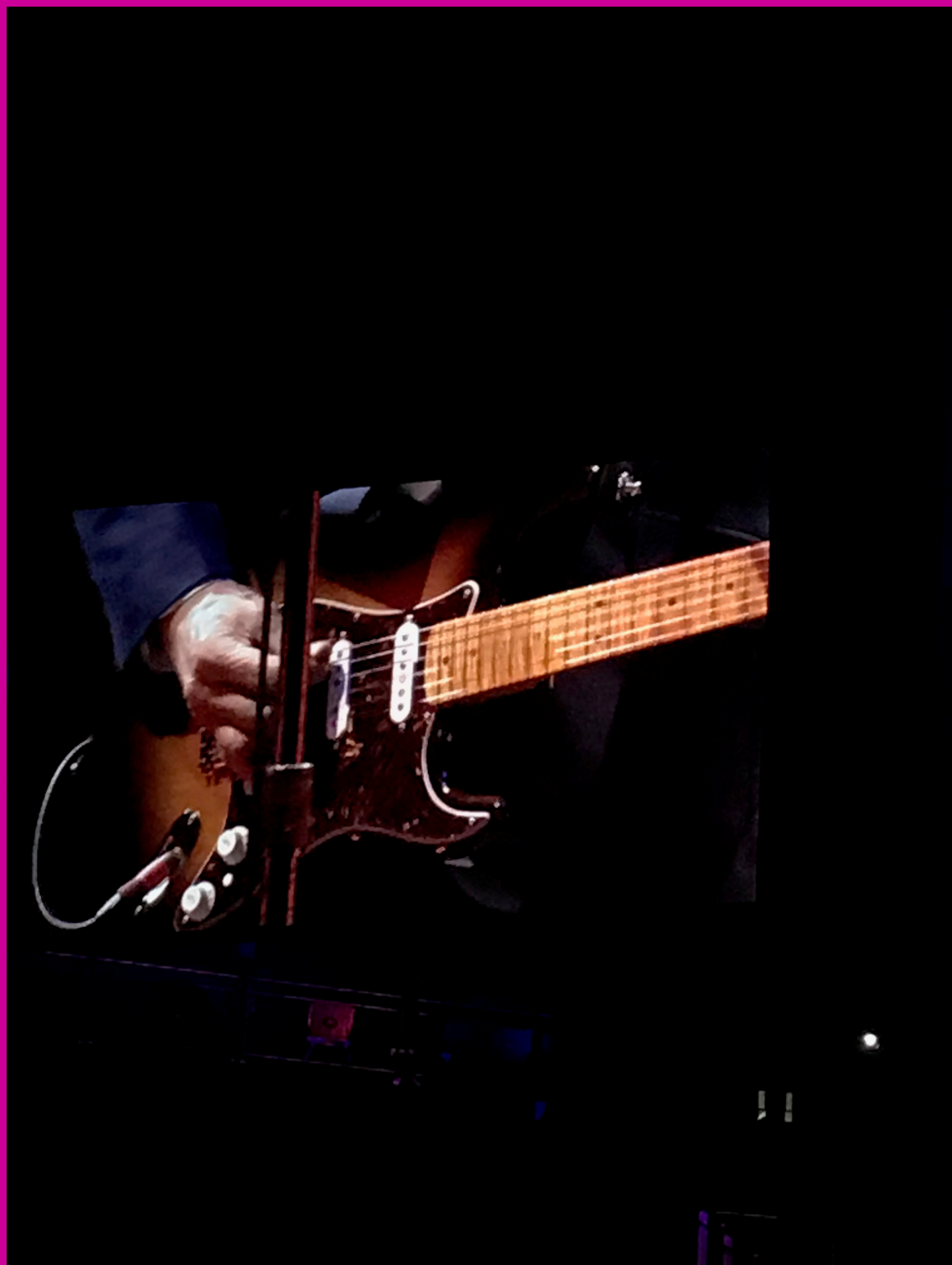
We caught the 188 bus north towards the gig as it was getting dark, it almost would have been quicker to walk as it was now rush hour....The O2 is of course, the infamous Millenium Dome, set by the Thames, facing the high-rise business centre of Canary Wharf, which looks like a mini-Hong Kong, sparkling across the dark waters. The rest of London glowing in the distance behind (the views over the capital from the Greenwich Observatory are worth the journey alone). Greenwich is of course the birthplace of synchronised time, and site of the East West Meridian, time keeps on slipping into the future.....

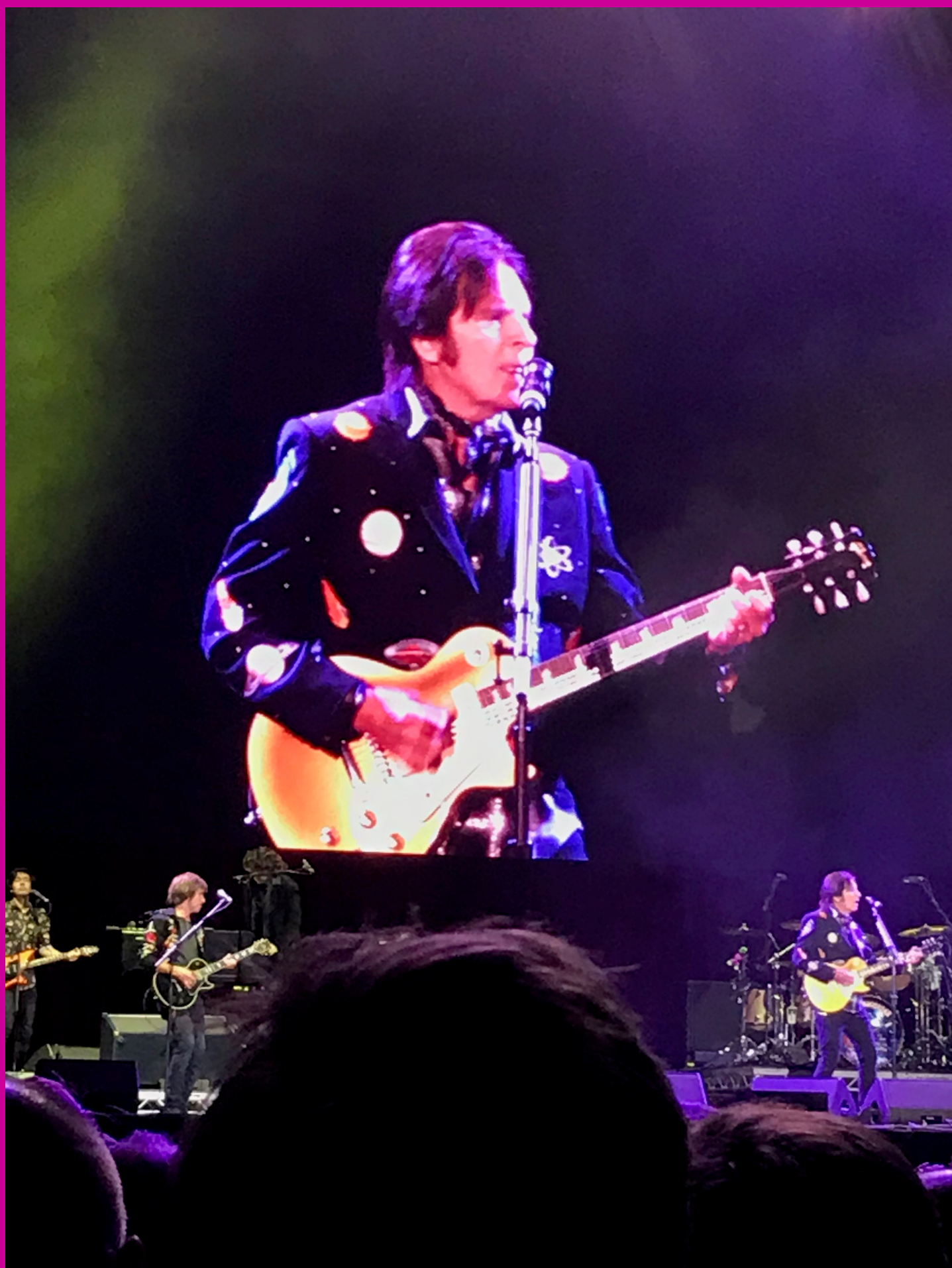
Off the bus and across the 'food plaza' which surrounds the main entrance to this 'spacey-looking' venue, lots of people including commuters heading home and also lots of security staff milling about, one with a small dog. So what's Fido's specialities I wondered? Explosives I hoped. It was suggested it might be multi-talented so two short, but intense numbers got smoked and a little chewing went on before we headed anywhere near the main entrance. I wasn't going to miss this one! We headed in after another 'chain dinner' and were slightly surprised to be sent skywards on an escalator once inside, our seats were on the 'floor'. Weirdly, it seems you have to go up first, and then walk down two flights of steps inside to

get to the ground seats (stalls). Wouldn't like to have to get out in a hurry when full.....a Coke and a small bottle of water, £8.50, T-shirts £25... the usual bargain prices.....Both artists sets were due to be 90 minutes so we headed to our seats, surprised to realise a performance was going on. We sat down in the still largely empty interior. It didn't seem quite as 'huge' as I expected but the cheap seats were very high up indeed, vertigo jobs. We were towards the back of the stalls, but as Sarah remarked later, just within the area which you could describe as intimate (for an arena).

On stage were two ladies, one singing, one playing a piano. Not sure of their names but the singer did a few slow bluesy numbers and showed on at least two occasions she could belt them out very well when called upon. However, you couldn't hear the words clearly, and there was a clear 'venue' echo too. Yikes. The PA was of course a line-array but looked a bit feeble for the size of space it was supposed to rock. They were gone quickly, the roadies did their thing, the lights went back down, it was 1925 on the dot. Figures appeared on the stage as the cheers went up, although only a quarter of the seats were occupied still. As usual, the trickle slowly turned into a flood and by the end of Miller, the whole place was rammed.

Our hero was looking very dapper in what appeared to be a suit jacket, smart white shirt and dark jeans (a businessmen as described by another reviewer) and played a brownish Strat. The sound was seriously muddy, although the echo had gone. Three things came cleanly out of the mix though, thankfully, Miller's voice and guitar plus the kick drum. His hair almost white, he looked like the cool 75 year old that he is (a relevant comment for later...). More importantly I also began to realise, with a swelling warmth inside, this gig was going to be a totally different



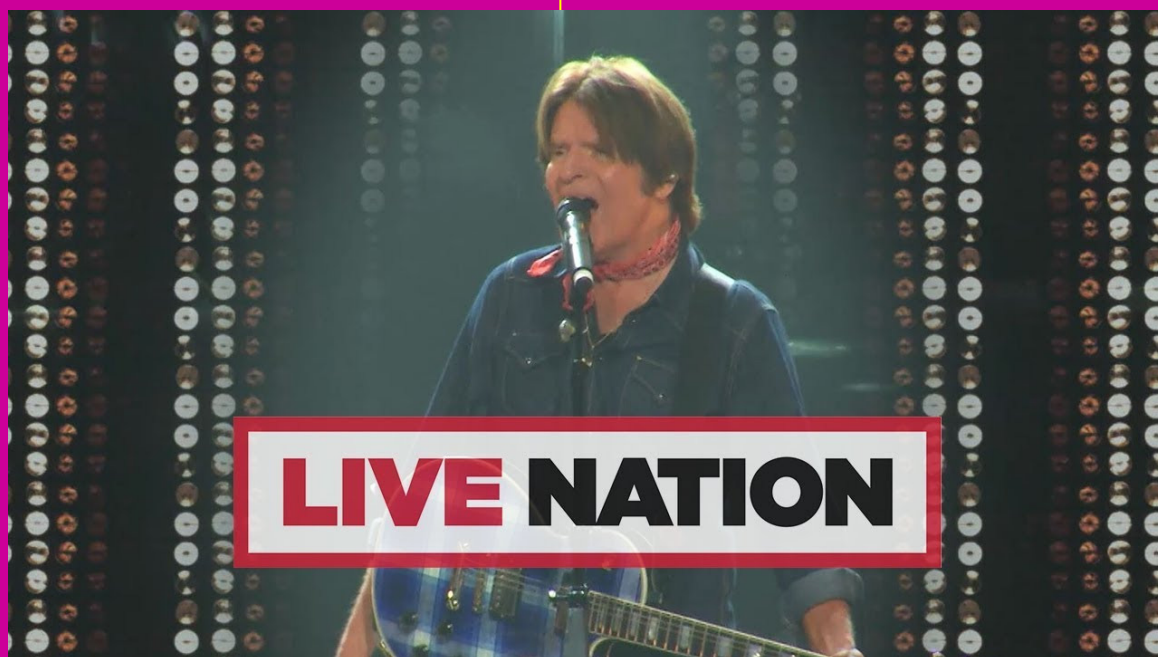




animal to last year. Stevie was in no hurry tonight, of course he was going to play a selection of his 'greatest hits, but he was going to play them for us this time, take his time and get them really right. No just trotting through them, they were taken at album pace, but in a totally good way. After about 30 minutes a considerable improvement seemed to occur with the SQ, the bass drum went back a bit, the hi-hat and snare were now clear, the bass guitar was playing notes and the keys could now be heard too, in a word, clarity, nice one! Now we could really enjoy what was going on. In spite of this vast improvement, the sound still wasn't homogenous, most of the mid range and voices seemed to be above us, with this slightly detached bass coming from the stage itself.

Miller is not a 'flash' guitarist with blistering fast, multi-note solos but tasteful, he can play the blues, he can play

light trippy things and he can drop riffs with the best of them. With the now pretty clear sound, his now multi-year band mates were as tight as shit behind him, capturing his music's light but bouncy grooves as they moved forward from the late 60's, into the 70's and even one from the 80's. The gig was called Bluesfest, a fact not unnoticed by Miller. Early on in the set he played Mercury Blues and All Your Love (a tribute to the recently deceased Otis Rush), whilst giving some potted history of his own early days in Chicago before moving out to the West Coast. The man himself was the star of this set, his head down, concentrating on his playing, and from the images on the two side screens, working his voice hard on the vocals to. Stevie 'Guitar' Miller for real, and we were lovin it! He can't hit the angelic highs of his vocal youth but he certainly headed in that direction on occasion, his band mates adding the harmonies where necessary. Perhaps he



was on fire because they were not the 'headliners', he has been on the road this summer but tonight and Dublin tomorrow were 'one-offs' so perhaps they were fresh too. He said they had just flown in and were out of Ireland again heading back home, the morning after tomorrow. A short but sweet visit, but possibly with a catch.

The band were the same as last year, Gordy Knudtson on drums (sounding spookily like long term drummer Gary Mallabar), Kenny Lee Lewis on bass, Joseph Wooten on keys and Jacob Petersen on rhythm guitars. Joe let rip with a great piano solo in Take the Money and a pretty frantic organ solo in 'Fly. Miller reminded us his first album was recorded in the UK, 'there is a strong connection between San Francisco and London'. He also held up his unique sitar-electric guitar with I think he said, 19 strings. He purchased it way back when from Manny's in New York, a then famous guitar store for \$150. He had just been asked to lend it to the Metropolitan Museum of Art in NY for a special exhibition next year. The upper strings make the sitar type noise when strummed

gently, used in the intro and throughout Wild Mountain Honey.

Space Cowboy and Kow Kow Calculator were the only other two early songs, the balance of the set coming from Fly, The Joker, Book of Dreams and the Abracadabra albums. They all sounded fresh and not played a zillion times before, Rock'n Me, The Joker, Jungle Love and the closer, Jet Airliner. Yes, some of them verge towards corny maybe but played this tight, you couldn't help but just smile and bob around in your seat. There's a lot to be said for venues with standing downstairs and seating upstairs for the rest. Fly Like An Eagle itself brought a tear to my eye, Sarah noticed it and asked why? I wasn't sure really, I felt although only my second time of seeing him live it would probably be my last. The song meant adult freedom to me. I Want to Make the World Turn Around was a new tune to me, and an instant fav, I've just ordered the 1987 album it comes from, Living in the 20th Century.

Right at the end, he wished us Peace, Love and told us to take care of ourselves, 'thanks for the last 50 years', smiled and

was gone. Both Sarah and I took it to mean retirement was in sight.....Having just read David Laflamme (IABD) has now largely hung up his violin at the end of last year too, it makes getting to gigs even more important. Heritage is sadly becoming history it seems.

Chalk and cheese doesn't even begin to describe what happened next. Both acts shared the bill as far as I was concerned but old habits die hard and all of a sudden, this was a John Fogerty gig, even the naff MC told us the headliner was coming next. Having been totally engrossed with Miller I hadn't really noticed this was a JF audience really. I'm certainly aware of Creedence's 'importance' in rock music history but am not a 'fan' as such. Like most people of my age, I love Proud Mary and Bad Moon Rising, both big hits in the UK on the radio back in the day. I had at least played his greatest hits a few times before we headed east and actually realised I knew a few more songs than just those two.

The lights went down again, the players came out, and the 'show' began. I think we were pinned to our seats, mouths agog for the first ten minutes. WTF! Firstly the volume of the PA system had been considerably upped, I suspect to it's max and it wasn't pleasant from our seats. A wall of aggressive sound now besieged us, whilst a 30 foot high John Fogerty charged around the stage singing the opener and cracking off some blistering guitar licks. The central screen behind and above the stage was now being used for HD footage of the players themselves (for Miller's set it had been band logos only, the small side screens used for human detail) and JF was being revealed in all his glory. Make up, plastic surgery, dyed sideburns, let alone hair and gleaming teeth all conspired to make us think Elvis/Liberachi/Las Vegas, all in one. Was this guy for real? We were already into hit

number two, he was seriously trotting them out, the roaring noise continued. His jacket was well cool though, with embroidered planets on it. Son 1 was introduced as playing guitar to his left. A little later in, Son 2 came out to assist with vocals. This is where it got really weird, a screen the size of a house and an HD camera means there's nowhere to hide. He was clearly miming; this really was a show, not a gig. The trouble is, we then started looking at JF himself to see if he was really singing! The whole thing was too wacky, you had also stopped looking at the band and found yourself just looking at the giant screen instead. Things slowed down for a few minutes and they did play 'Have You Ever Seen The Rain' which was rather nice but then the onslaught began again.

I didn't want the Millerglow inside to wane and exchanging glances we decided to quit whilst we were ahead. We went to the loo which were right at the back and both commented as we came back out the sound was much better down that end. No surprise really as the mixing desk was there. It might help sound engineers at big venues to take a walk around during the set, they might realise the sound might be mixed where they are sitting.....

I have to say the audience seemed to be loving JF so I'm sure everyone went home happy, I know we did. Another very special evening, keep flying high Space Cowboy...

Steve Miller Band – I Want To Make The World Turn Around, Live 2012

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=5eePNxdBysU>

<http://www.stevemillerband.com/index.html>

<https://johnfogerty.com>

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KEV'S WORLD



REFORMAT
THE SINGULARITY
BAD ELEPHANT MUSIC

'Reformat' evolved from a collection of songs written by Luke Pajak and produced by his friend and long-suffering collaborator, Russ Russell (Napalm Death, Dimmu Borgir, At the Gates, The Wildhearts, The Exploited, Evile, The Haunted, Lock Up, Defecation, Meathook Seed, The Berzerker, The Rotted, Space Ritual and many, many more). They were then joined by Jay Russell on drums and

electronics and the result is this their debut album. I've been playing this album a great deal, and I am still at a loss as to how to describe it. The keyboard sounds are right out of the early Eighties, with strong guitars (sometimes), weird electronic noises (sometimes), a feeling of electro which is way more melodic than it should be (sometimes), and rock-based jazz drummer. Confused? I am , and I'm listening to it! I know, let's go to their FB site and see how they describe it themselves "The sound has been compared to an obsolete games console recalling chiptunes sung by their factory siblings before they were separated and packaged for sale. Others have described it as the sound of a 56k modem dialling directly into their psyche. The album is also a soundtrack to a cross-media concept that features an interactive adventure inspired by 1980s sci-fi films." Yes, that all makes sense... not!

I really have no idea what is going on, except that it is incredibly infectious, and when I am playing it I am taken to some sort of happy place and I am smiling

KEV ROWLAND

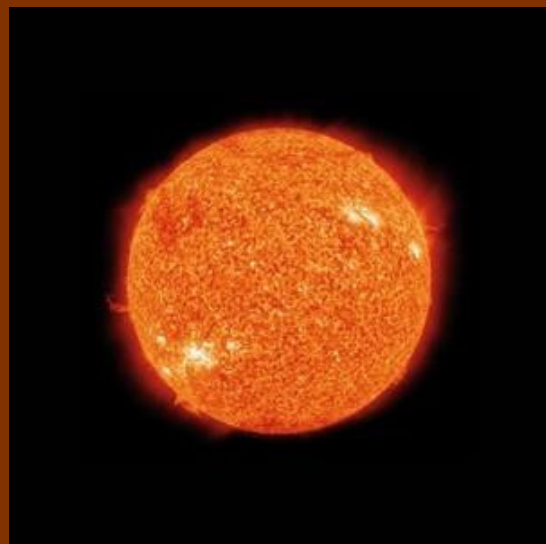
(although not drooling, drooling is bad). It is an intriguing album, from the artwork though the different instrumentals, and while some songs could be termed as neo-prog, crossover prog or even electronic prog, one of the delights of this album is an apparent refusal to sit within any particular genre. What I do know is that it isn't nearly as heavy as Russ Russell's CV would suggest, but he does know how to generate interesting sounds. Definitely worth investigating.



**ROZMAINSKY & MIKHAYLOV PROJECT
OR THE LIGHT
ARTBEAT**

What we have here, in effect, is a Russian supergroup featuring musicians from various prog and prog-related Russian bands including Yojo, Algabas, Enine, Roz Vitalis, KGB etc. Apparently, the fundamental goal of the band and its debut album is to open new musical worlds that cannot be analysed in the rational manner. The applied goal of the band and its debut album is to reveal how to protect peace of mind in the conditions of troubles and stress. So there you go. I have always been a huge fan of Ivan Rozmainsky and Roz Vitalis, so when I was offered the opportunity to

hear this I jumped at the chance, and I wasn't disappointed. Russian bands continue to excite me, as they are producing some of the most interesting music to be coming through the progressive rock scene. Their reference points are quite different to most Western bands, and often it is only King Crimson that could be seen to be an influence, and that is again the case here. There is a mix of progressive rock, with an almost classical approach. There is stacks of space within the music so much so that it is almost like another instrument, pushing apart the layers and making its presence felt. The music is often delicate, but also clearly defined, with an almost staccato approach that makes it feel strong and empowered. The avant garde collides with the melodic, to create an album that is constantly inspiring, constantly evolving, and thoroughly enjoyable. This is well worth hearing for any proghead, <https://rozmainiskymikhaylovproject.bandcamp.com>



**PERFECT BEINGS
PERFECT BEINGS II
MY SONIC TEMPLE**

Between 2014 and 2016 I stopped writing

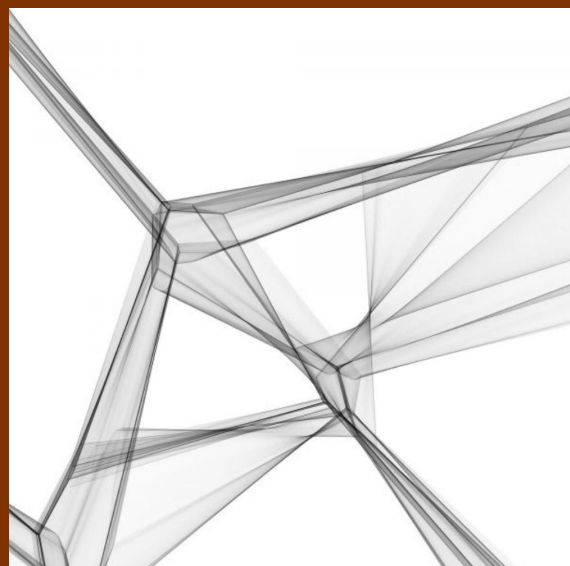
reviews while I concentrated on putting together a book, which took far longer than I anticipated. But, just because I wasn't writing didn't mean that I wasn't being sent material, and since the beginning of 2017 I have been trying ever so hard to catch up, even though events seem to conspire against me. Anyway, this is why I am only now writing a review of the second Perfect beings album, which was released in 2015. I am feeling even more guilty than normal as having just taken the CD off the shelf to have it readily to hand I see that it was signed by every member of the band! Oh well, better late than never I suppose (sorry guys).

I was a massive fan of the debut album, and in many ways this is a continuation, with strong songs, amazing vocals and wonderful musicianship. One thing that one immediately notices about the music is the vast amount of space between the layers, which in themselves can be quite compressed at times and free floating at others. Ryan Hurtgen has a wonderful clear and clean voice, and he is always in total control, whether he is powering through the notes or just letting them linger and drift along the sonic breeze. With him is a quartet of musicians who are all masters of their craft, yet don't feel the need to always force themselves to the fore. This means that there are quite lengthy passages where Johannes Luley (guitar) is almost absent, yet others where he displays his variety of approaches and sounds, Jesse Nason (keyboards) has times when he appears to be having a well-earned rest and others taking the lead or driving the others along, while bassist Chris Tristram can be at the back or taking a far more Chris Squire-type role. Then there is Dicki Fliszar who appears to be influenced by Phil Collins, Nick D'Virgilio and Mike

Portnoy, along with a significant amount of jazz: he keeps it calm when the need arises, but he appears to be much happier providing multiple rhythms and contra rhythms as he blast around the kit.

This is crossover prog at its finest, as while it is innately complex and complicated, it is also incredibly easy to listen to and enjoy. It is only when seriously listening to the album that one realises just how much is going on under the surface to create the picture of the majestic swan swimming along. The use of a few guests allows the band to expand their horizons without losing their own identity, and the result is a bloody fine musical experience indeed.

<http://perfectbeingsband.com>



**PERFECT BEINGS
VIER
INSIDE OUT MUSIC**

Between the second and third albums there were some changes in the Perfect Beings camp, most notably the loss of the rhythm section so that the band were now operating as a trio with additional guest musicians. Ben Levin provides

drums on the album which was released at the beginning of 2018 , but he has since been replaced by Sein Reinart, and while Johannes Luley picked up the bass duties alongside his guitar, he has now happily put aside the four strings for Jason Lobell. This album also sees a much higher use of woodwind and brass, and since the album they have been joined by saxophonist/flautist Brett McDonald. Also, they are no longer releasing their music on their own label but have signed with Inside Out, a major step forward in so many ways.

With so much happening in the personnel front, it probably isn't surprising that the band have also created a sound that is different to what has gone before. It took me a long way to come up with a way of best describing the music, but in the end I felt that the only real description that worked for me was "Yes, distilled and concentrated". Yes have always been an important aspect of the music, but here Perfect Beings have taken it to a whole new level, much more so than the original band. Johannes has revelled in playing fretless bass, bringing it even further to the fore than Chris Tristram had previously, while Ryan Hurtgen is as powerful, clean and melodic as he has always been, and Jesse Nason is happy to keep it all together with a modern sounding approach to keyboards.

A big musical difference between this and the other albums is the use of saxophone (particularly) and other brass and woodwind instruments. Max Kaplan (various saxophones and clarinets) has had a huge role to play on the overall sound of this album, and while the guests don't feature on every song, where they are used they have immediate impact. Japanese koto and erdu musicians are used alongside cello, tabla, flugelhorn,

flute, bass flute, trombone and the Vienna Symphonic Library, all brought into a musical journey, divided into four movements. It is an incredibly deep album, with a breadth of thought that goes on forever, and at times moves into the modern orchestra soundscape area that is normally thought of as being the domain of Karda Estra. Yet, even with all this going on, it is still an incredibly light album in many ways, one that it is easy to get inside the heart of, which allows the listener to be swept along on an amazing musical journey. It is an album that cries out to be heard on headphones, when there is enough time to sit and relax back into it.

This is easily their finest album to date, and I fully expect it to be in my Top Ten albums at the end of the year as I can't expect to come across many more finer than this.

<http://perfectbeingsband.com>



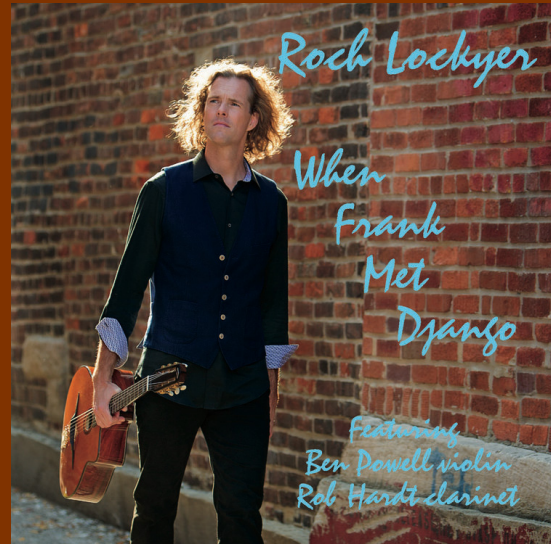
RAUSCH
BOOK II
INDEPENDENT

There are times when I get incredibly frustrated, and this is one of them. I was

sent this album to review, yet attempting to discover anything out about it is nigh on impossible. The artist's website hasn't been properly updated in years, and attempts to contact them directly has met with no response. What I know for certain is the band is led by Doug Rausch (vocals, keyboards), and this is the second release (following on from the debut in 2010). The actual band line-up is completed by Joe Fine (bass), Gary Wehrkamp (guitar) and Chris Ruffini (drums) and I believe that guests include Mark Zonder (Fates Warning), Ryo Okumoto (Spock's Beard) and guitarist Brendt Allman (Shadow Gallery).

The real reason I am so frustrated is that this is a bloody excellent album, one that I have enjoyed playing a great deal, yet I'm not sure if it is ever going to gain the kudos it deserves. Musically it has a lot in common with City Boy, Queen and 3rd Degree with plenty of piano-based soft melodic prog rockers which are real songs, that are stacked full of commercial riffs and great vocals. I've even found myself singing some of the songs from the album around the house, something that happens incredibly rarely. It doesn't seem to matter which track I am listening to, as whatever one that is, is definitely my favourite of the moment. This is a truly superb album which will appeal to lovers of all type of melodic music as they switch from bombastic rock to acoustic guitar into something more rocky then let piano take control and drive it all along. This truly is a wonderful album that makes me smile each and every time I play it, and isn't that sometimes all we need?

<https://rausch.bandcamp.com>



ROCH LOCKYER **WHEN**
FRANK MET DJANGO
INDEPENDENT

Sometimes a thought can lead to some different and unusual places, and this is exactly what has happened here when Lockyer wondered what would have happened if Sinatra and Reinhardt had met and collaborated together. To assist in this journey he invited Ben Powell (violin), Rob Hardt (clarinet) and Ed Bennett along for the ride, and the result shows how much he loves both styles of music. I have never been a massive fan of Sinatra to be honest, it's not really my style of music, but over recent years, have been investigating Reinhardt and especially his recordings with Stéphane Grapelli. With this album I soon discovered that while I appreciated Lockyer's vocals, and what he was attempting to do when marrying the two artists together, what I really wanted to listen to was his amazing guitarwork combined with the lyricism of Ben Powell. An album of just the two of them, with no vocals whatsoever, would be a very special set indeed, but that this doesn't work is far more due to personal taste than to any failig in the presentation.

It may not be exactly what I am looking for in music, but Lochyer's approach to Django-style acoustic guitar is masterful, and the album is well worth investigating.

<http://www.rochlock.com>



TAKAAKI
NEW KID IN TOWN
TROY 1689

Born and raised in Kobe, Japan, Takaaki Otomo started learning classical piano at the age of five, moving onto jazz when he was fifteen, inspired particularly by Oscar Peterson. He has released a number of CDs as a leader and sideman, and then in 2014 moved to New York City. Composer Bernard Hoffer heard him playing at a restaurant in New York, and knew that it would be wonderful to hear him record in a trio setting, and set about making that a reality. Takaaki was joined by Noriko Ueda (bass) and Jared Schonig (drums), and they selected five originals, four jazz standards, plus one Broadway show tune (Takaaki's suggestion) and two novelties from Gustav Holst's *The Planets*. The originals were two tunes by Takaaki, one by Noriko, and two of Hoffer's tunes written specifically for this project.

Although Hoffer doesn't perform, he was heavily involved, arranging eight of the numbers on show.

Takaaki (pronounced Tock-ah-OCKie, rhymes with hockey) is an incredibly lyrical and accomplished pianist, and uses the full range of the grand piano, while in Ueda and Schonig he has discovered some incredibly capable and willing partners. There are times when the trio are in full flight, and it is incredibly majestic. Takaaki did start learning classical music, and this shows in some of the pieces as they move in and out of the jazz form. I must comment on their version of "Mars", as while I have heard it undertaken in both its original form and with rock bands, this is the first time I have come across it as a jazz trio. It starts very true to the original, but at just under two minutes in length Takaaki starts to stretch his musical wings and instead of playing the piece as composed, he starts to use it as an influence and plays in and around the piece. Overall it is an album that can be enjoyed on many levels, always pleasant and interesting without ever really pushing the boundaries a great deal.





"When there's no more room in hell, the dead will walk the earth".

Peter Washington (Ken Foree): *Dawn of the Dead* (1978)

Living in a shopping centre with all the supplies and shopping goods completely free may be any consumerists ultimate dream. However, it might not be quite so appealing if you happen to be living there during the Zombie Apocalypse! As we see in the late George A. Romero's original ghoulish 1978 masterpiece *Dawn of the Dead*. The second entry in Romero's

zombie saga, which began with *Night of the Living Dead* in 1968, *Dawn of the Dead* shows two radio broadcasters, Steven and Francine, join forces with SWAT team members Peter and Roger, who take cover in a Pennsylvania shopping mall in order to try and survive the ever-growing hoards of walking undead. Not only must our heroes take on the decaying zombies, but also a ruthless biker gang lead by none other than the Godfather of Gore - the master of horror makeup FX himself - Mr Tom Savini.

In my opinion the original *Dawn of the Dead* is the best zombie movie ever made! In this article we will be reviewing this movie whilst focusing on certain facts, fans of the movie, and fans of horror cinema in general, hopefully, might not be aware of.

Carl Marshall and Geordie Jackson

DARK MATTERS

When there's
no more room in HELL
the dead will walk the EARTH

First there was
**'NIGHT OF THE
LIVING DEAD'**
Now
**GEORGE A.
ROMERO'S**



Now
GEORGE A.
ROMERO'S

DAWN OF THE DEAD

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RICHARD P. RUBINSTEIN **GEORGE A. ROMERO**

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There is no signal yet in the policy.
However, there are some of indicators which may be considered as leading.
By next week, I will be able to tell you.

So sit back and relax, as we take a look at George A. Romero's 1978 classic *Dawn of the Dead*.

"We got this man, we got this by the ass!"
Roger "Trooper" DeMarco (Scott Reiniger):
Dawn of the Dead (1978)

The Plot

The United States is devastated by a mysterious phenomenon that reanimates recently deceased human beings as gut-munching zombies. Three weeks after it began – despite the best efforts of the US government and local authorities to control the situation – millions of people have been killed and reanimated; social order is collapsing. Some rural communities and the National Guard have been effective in fighting the zombie hoards in open country, but urban centres are helpless and largely overrun.

Confusion reigns at the *WGON* television studio in Philadelphia by the phenomenon's third week, where staff members Steven "Flyboy" Andrews (David Emge) and Francine "Fran" Parker (Gaylen Ross) are planning to steal the station's traffic helicopter to escape the city. Meanwhile, police SWAT officer Roger "Trooper" DiMarco (Scott Reiniger) and his team raid an inner-city housing project where the residents are defying the martial law of delivering their dead to National Guardsmen. Some residents fight back with handguns and rifles, and are killed by both

the overzealous SWAT team and their own reanimated dead. During the raid, Roger meets Peter Washington (Ken Foree), part of another SWAT team, and they partner up together. Roger tells Peter that his friend Steven intends to steal his workplace's helicopter and flee, and suggests that Peter come with them while asking him if "*it's right to run*". They are informed of a group of zombies trapped in the building's basement, which they assist in the unpleasant job of terminating.

That night, Roger and Peter rendezvous with Francine and Steven and leave Philadelphia in the helicopter. Following some close calls while stopping for fuel (look out for the rotary blade zombie decapitation), the group comes across a shopping mall, which they decide to make their sanctuary. The group devise an operation to block the mall entrances with articulated trucks to keep the undead masses outside from building up enough cumulative force to break in. Peter and Steven also craft a wooden barrier to hide the access to the stairwell that leads to their living space. During the blockade operation, Roger suffers from a mental breakdown, becomes reckless and is bitten twice by the zombies.

After clearing the interior of zombies, the four characters are able to enjoy a hedonistic lifestyle with all the goods available to them, furnishing their makeshift apartment with the mall's many commodities. Roger eventually succumbs to his wounds, reanimates and is shot by Peter. After several months, all emergency broadcast transmissions cease, suggesting that the government has collapsed and a large portion of the population has been killed and reanimated. Francine, now visibly showing her pregnancy presses to be prepared to leave the shopping mall. Ammo and other supplies are loaded into the helicopter, and Steven teaches Francine how to operate the helicopter in case of an emergency.

A gang of nomadic motorcyclists, having seen the helicopter during one of Francine's flying lessons,

arrives to conquer the mall, destroying the barriers and allowing hundreds of zombies inside during the incursion. Peter and Steven try locking the gates to prevent looting, but the rioting bikers enrage Steven who foolishly starts a gun battle with them. Peter and Steven flee to the apartment, but as Steven tries to escape through an elevator shaft, he is shot in the arm, then cornered by the undead and bitten several times. As some of the bikers, shot by Peter, are consumed by the zombies, the rest retreat with their stolen goods. Now reanimated, Steven, acting on a basic remnant of his former memories, tears down the false wall covering the stairwell and leads the undead upstairs to Francine and Peter. As Steven enters their hideout, Peter shoots him while Francine escapes to the roof. Peter then locks himself in a room and contemplates suicide.

When zombies burst into the room, he has a change of heart and fights his way up to the roof, where he joins Francine. The two then fly away in the partially fuelled helicopter to an uncertain future.

The Movie Has A Fantasy Comic Book Style

Tom Savini was supposedly disappointed with the appearance of the blood used in this movie as he felt it looked too fake. Romero on the other hand was totally onboard with the copious amounts of gore, as he felt the colour of the fake blood went well with the movie's more light hearted, almost comical approach (look out for the infamous exploding head zombie).

Dawn of the Dead, although it has its serious moments and even character drama and dilemmas, is generally not as dark as *Night of the Living Dead*, never feeling like it takes itself seriously, and is a far more fun experience than any of the other entries in the series. This was done by design to give *Dawn of the Dead* more of a comic book feel, which I'm totally onboard with. The movie has a unique feel that isn't paralleled by any other zombie movie.

Whereas in the eyes of most horror enthusiasts this is undoubtedly the 'iconic zombie movie', I personally feel Romero's *Day of the Dead* 1985 was Tom Savini's masterpiece in terms of visual realism.

The Zombies Are Sympathetic... And Heroes

As odd as it might sound *Dawn of the Dead* actually puts a lot of sympathy on the zombies. They are not shown as being evil or villainous, but creatures that are in fact shells of their former selves with new brutal primitive instincts. At the start of the movie we see the character Peter dispatching a basement full of zombies trapped inside a caged area in complete execution style, during which the character is reduced to tears.

The zombies are mere victims who have lost their humanity. At one point in the film the zombies are described as "*nothing but pure motorised instinct*". In other words existing without the abilities of thought or consciousness. Then we get to the mall; in my opinion the presence of the mall makes the zombies even more tragic, as we see them at times looking as though they are trying to shop. It's explored in the movie this is because of "*basic memories*" resurfacing in the zombie's mind; so out of instinct the undead visit the mall and subconsciously, without thought, try to live how they did when they were alive, as it was described the mall was an important part of their lives and daily routines. I can't help but feel there is a materialism theme going on in this movie, about shoppers



ZOMBIE

DAWN OF THE DEAD

MT
VIDEO

2-DISC COLLECTOR'S EDITION

DVD
VIDEO

becoming conditioned into mindless consumer zombies. However, to me the real villain of the movie is the biker gang who invade the mall. Unlike the zombies, or the four main characters, the biker gang have no respect for their surroundings as they completely compromise the mall along with dehumanising and humiliating the zombies, and even go as far as to steal some of the zombie's jewellery.

We see them getting enjoyment out of causing harm, which in my opinion makes the biker gang far more brutal. In the movie's climax it's actually the zombies who save the day, as after a shootout, the zombies then turn on the gang, where we see the gruesome spectacle of zombies munching away on their flesh. This approach to making the zombies mindless victims gives the movie multiple layers.

There Is An Unofficial Sequel

After the huge popularity of *Dawn of the Dead* in Europe, Italian film director Lucio Fulci (1927 – 1996) decided to cash in on the movie's financial and critical success by creating his own epic zombie masterpiece titled *Zombi 2* (1979), on account that when *Dawn of the Dead* was released in Italy it was simply called *Zombi*.

Even though *Zombi 2*, aka *Zombie Flesh Eaters* (UK title), was advertised as a direct sequel to *Dawn of the Dead*, it actually has no real connection to that movie except of course for the use of graphic violence and zombies. The movie was ruthlessly gory and violent and was even banned in Britain during the 1980's - making its way onto the

notorious *Video Nasties* list. *Zombi 2*, surprisingly, was so successful it even spawned six more subsequent entries.

The Movie Was Released Without A Rating

Romero was told that unless he removed certain scenes from *Dawn of the Dead*, the movie would be given an X rating. Considering that some cuts had already been made to the movie, Romero didn't want to cut up his film any further, and thankfully he didn't. But in addition to that, he also didn't want the film to be given an X rating because of its association with the porn industry. So Romero convinced the movie's distributors *United Film Distribution Company* (UFDC) to release the movie without a rating with the adverts expressing that no one under the age of seventeen should see the film.

What I like about this is that Romero took on the MPAA and basically won. So well done to him for sticking to his guns!

The Movie Had Its Own Board Game

These days it's commonplace for big time horror movies, or any other blockbuster movie for that matter, to have a tie-in video game released alongside it, but back in 1978 video games weren't as common as they are today, so if viewers wanted to relive the movie, thankfully the board game had them covered, and despite the fact that the box the game came in had some exceptional illustrations featuring the characters Roger and Francine looking like they're getting ready to kick arse, the actual board game itself looked very simplistic. In the game players can either play as zombies or one of the heroes from the movie. The zombies' aim is to kill the human players, whereas the humans have to secure the entrances to the mall while avoiding the zombies. So at least the board game was true to the movie creating a unique *Dungeons & Dragons* style experience.

The Reasoning Behind The Zombie's Skin Tone

Tom Savini chose to give the zombies a greyish skin tone in order to try and remain faithful to the original *Night of the Living Dead*, on account that that movie was filmed in black and white, of which naturally the zombies had black and white appearances, but he also wanted them to stand out as well. Savini, however, supposedly regretted this move as he felt the zombies would often look blue.

I personally think sometimes the makeup in *Dawn of the Dead* looks great, as most of the zombies do look like lifeless dead flesh, but there are times when the zombies do look a bit on the blue side!

Savini actually went above and beyond with this movie, as once again due to budgetary constraints, he and assistant Taso Stavrakis performed most of the stunts along with providing the makeup FX

for the movie.

The Payment Of The Extras

Considering that *Dawn of the Dead* was made on a shoe string budget, most of the extras used in the movie were family members and friends of the cast and crew, and their fee for starring in the movie was a mere \$20 along with a *Dawn of the Dead* T-shirt and a *Dawn of the Dead* lunchbox.

[Okay, so you had me at lunchbox!]

However, the extras often misbehaved off screen as much as they did on screen, especially one incident where some of the extras got drunk and stole a golf cart and crashed it.

The Pie Scene Was Based On A Joke

Dawn of the Dead has a somewhat unique scene where all of a sudden things become quite comical as we see zombies literally get cream pies thrown in their faces. No doubt making *Dawn of the Dead* the only zombie movie to feature a cream pie fight scene. Technically the scene shouldn't work as it takes the movie into



slapstick territory, yet somehow it does.

In fact, I oddly always find myself feeling sorry for the zombies and can't help but feel bad for their humiliation. Apparently the seeds for this scene were first sown back in the late 60's when Romero and co-writer John Russo were writing the script for the original *Night of the Living Dead*. When they were contemplating how the zombies would be destroyed, actress and makeup artist Marilyn Eastman joked that they could throw pies in the ghouls' faces. As well as playing Helen Cooper, Eastman also played the female ghoul who eats an insect in *Night of the Living Dead*.

So could it be that what started off as a flippant joke then evolved into one of the strangest zombie movie scenes ever!

The Movie Was Filmed At Monroeville Mall

Yes indeed, most of the movie was shot in real life shopping centre *Monroeville Mall* adding a unique setting for a zombie movie and a complete contrast to *Night of the Living Dead*, which was set in an isolated farm house. Located in Pennsylvania in the US, the *Monroeville Mall* is still around today, but understandably has changed a lot since *Dawn of the Dead* was filmed.

For example, the famous ice rink is now a food court. It was quite difficult filming in the unlikely location as filming would commence at 10 pm when the mall would close for the evening. Filming then would usually wrap-up at six in the morning. However, given the fact that filming took place in winter (1977), the crew had to take a break from filming over the Christmas period on account it would have

cost too much money and time to be constantly having to remove all the mall's Christmas decorations before filming.

Actress Gaylen Ross Never Screams In The Movie

The 70's and 80's were the golden age of the *Scream Queens*, where we would regularly see terrified female victims scream for their lives in horror films, while being chased down by some silent killer.

However, the character Francine was different!

She wasn't just some horny teenager running about the place screaming, but was a professional career driven woman, and in addition to that she was also pregnant, which was quite revolutionary for horror movies of that time and definitely broke the mould so to speak of how females were perceived in horror movies during that era.

Yes, we could see the character was depressed and often scared, but we never once hear her scream, on account that actress Gaylen Ross thought that if her character were to scream it would take her strength away.

"It gets up and kills, the people it kills get up and kill!"
Dr. James Foster (David Crawford): *Dawn of the Dead* (1978)

Geordie Writes...

I will start this review first by providing a little background on myself. There are three films that have literally changed my world, and they all come from the 1970's.

The first was *Jaws* in 1975 – the film that dragged B-movies kicking and screaming into the mainstream; the second was *Star Wars* in 1977, with its ground-breaking visual FX; and last, but certainly not least, this film – *Dawn of the Dead* 1978.

George A. Romero started his original trilogy with *Night*

of the *Living Dead* in 1968, then in 1978 directed the movie we are reviewing here, and finally ending (the original trilogy) with *Day of the Dead* in 1985.

They are all cult classics in their own right, but for me *Dawn of the Dead* is easily the best in the series and is probably the greatest zombie film of all time!

Where do you start with such a fantastic movie? As previously mentioned *Dawn of the Dead* is probably arguably the greatest zombie film of all time. The acting is great,

the characters they portray are all very realistic, relatable and all are fantastic performances.

The storyline is very exciting and fast paced and Tom Savini's makeup FX are exemplary. The music, performed by Italian group *Goblin* is also excellent and perfectly fits the style of the movie. The film has an Italian "spaghetti horror" style about it and it flows at a reasonably fast pace for most of the movie.

This film set the standard for what was expected of future zombie movies and its influence on the sub-genre cannot be overstated!

When I first went to see this film at the *ABC Haymarket* in Newcastle in 1978, the film stayed with me and has

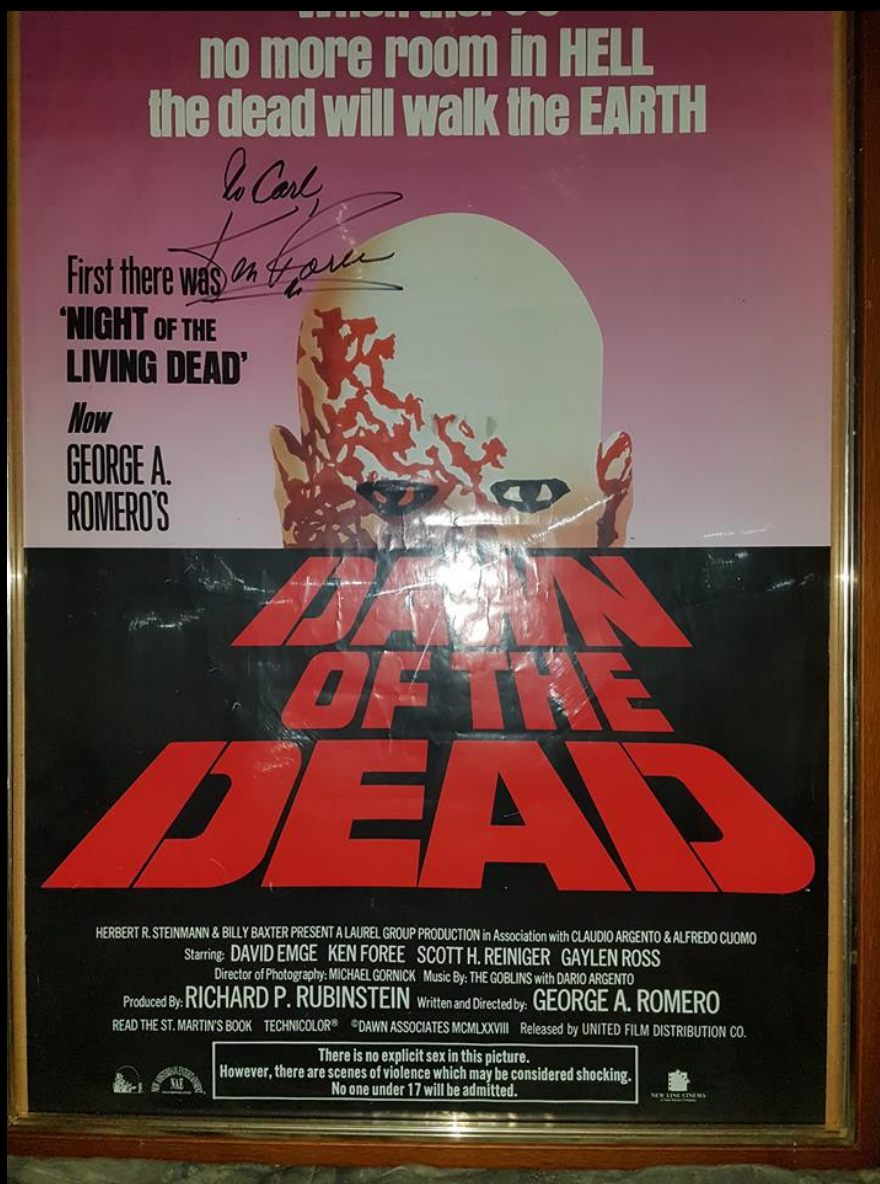
done so to this day. I will never forget the helicopter blade zombie, the claustrophobic feel of the movie's mall, or the feeling of dread created by the relentless zombies outside trying to get in!

When Roger is bitten, dies and reanimates as a flesh eating zombie it's truly chilling, I had never witnessed anything like it before.

I was thirteen years old when I first watched this film at the cinema back in Newcastle – we used to go to the *ABC Haymarket* as we were able to get in underage. Hey, it was the 70's!

I believe we watched the 139 minute version. *Dawn of the Dead* catapulted me into my undying love of horror cinema!

When you consider the budgetary restrictions of *Dawn of the Dead*,



and the critical success and influence it's had on the sub-genre, it seems all the more incredible.

This brilliant film literally tore the zombie sub-genre apart! And it was never to be the same again. There were admittedly some great zombie movies before such as *The Plague of the Zombies* (1966), but for me personally, this is without doubt the greatest zombie movie ever made.

If for some reason the reader hasn't witnessed the brilliance of *Dawn of the Dead*, I highly recommend it. This underrated film is in my top five movies of all time and my verdict on it has to be 10/10.

Final Synopsis...

Directed by George A. Romero in collaboration with Italian filmmaker Dario Argento (Argento provided the financing in exchange for the aforementioned international distribution rights), *Dawn of the Dead* became a great success eventually earning much deserved critical acclaim, and its influence is still felt to this day – especially in series such as AMC's *The Walking Dead*. I think that every genre fan (horror or otherwise) should take the time to check out the original *Dawn of the Dead* if they haven't done so. You won't regret it!

I cannot recommend this movie enough, therefore I'm giving this fantastically gory zombie film 9.5/10.

George A. Romero
"The Godfather of the Dead"
February 4th 1940 – July 16th 2017.



The information featured in this review was gathered through online research via articles, interviews, clips and other informative recourses.

DAWN OF THE DEAD

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.

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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.



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The Ghosts of Things

So I've managed to move at last. Three days of intense activity, driving to and fro between the two addresses, two days of cleaning, a whole day of tidying up, and now, here I am, firmly established in my new home.

I'm sitting in my room, having found a place for everything at last: surrounded by all my ornaments, my books, my pictures, feeling homely and comfortable.

It's odd how inanimate things can carry such a weight of meaning. They are only objects after all. They have no life. And yet, looking at my things, seeing them across the room, it's as if I bring them to life with my awareness, as if, by holding them in view, they draw something from me that makes them alive.

There's a shared history there. They are familiar to me. They remind me of my family.

Take that green and yellow pottery parrot, for instance. It sits on the shelf on the bookcase between two rows of books – between Confucius and Karl Marx, the I-Ching and the Communist Manifesto – perched on a pottery tree stump, hunched forward slightly, as if it's about to take off.

I don't know how old it is. It probably has no financial value. There's a chunk out of the base which someone has tried to glue back in.

It's been in my life for as long as I can remember. Always there, always in the background, always poised in that same position, on the threshold of flight.

I rescued it from my Dad's house, before we got rid of the furniture.

It was in a glass-fronted cabinet in the dining room, where my Mum had obviously placed it for safe keeping. I don't know why she valued it. I don't

know why I do either. I guess because it reminds me of her.

There's an old wooden clock ticking away on the shelf above. I found that in Dad's attic. It used to be in my bedroom when I was a little boy. And on the shelf beneath there are three miniature urns, not much bigger than eggcups, which once contained Creme de Menthe.

I drank the entire contents of all three when I was about eight years old. I popped the foil seals, squeezed down the corks with my thumb, and sipped the sickly, sweet liquid with guilty glee. I don't know if I liked the taste or the effect, but I was sure Mum wouldn't like it if she found out. I've been carrying the guilt ever since.

They came from Malta, where Dad was stationed in the 50s. Dad was in the Navy. Mum and I joined him and, later, my

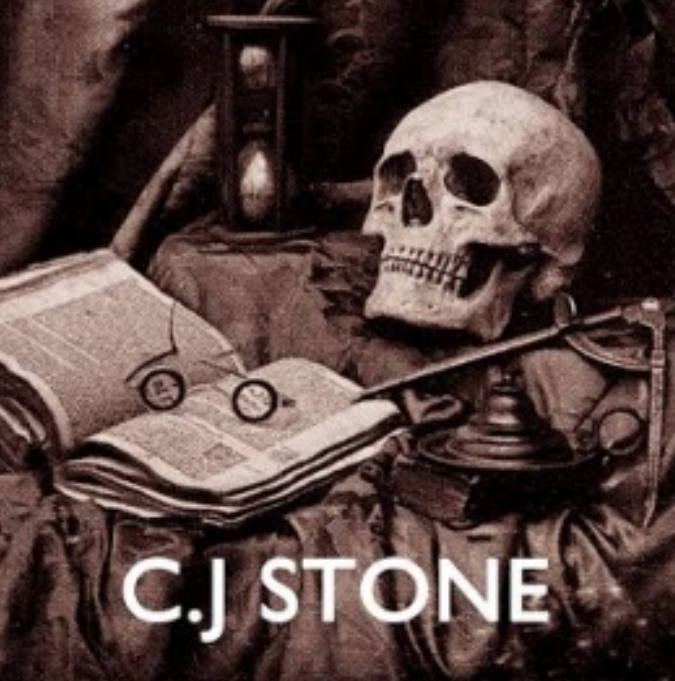
sister Julia was born there. We spent several years on that sun-soaked little island, during which time I lost my Brummie accent and became as sunburnt as a native. Looking at the urns reminds me of the island, the crumbling limestone walls, the harbour full of ships, the wild seas and the dusty streets.

If anyone looked at this stuff they would consider it junk. None of it has any value. And yet there are stories there, stories which only I know. Stories that will be lost once I am gone.

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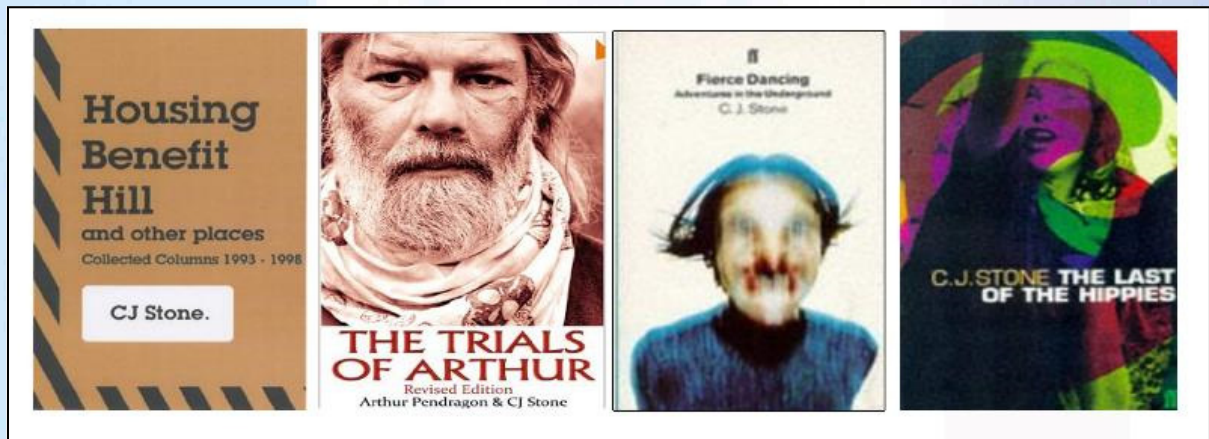
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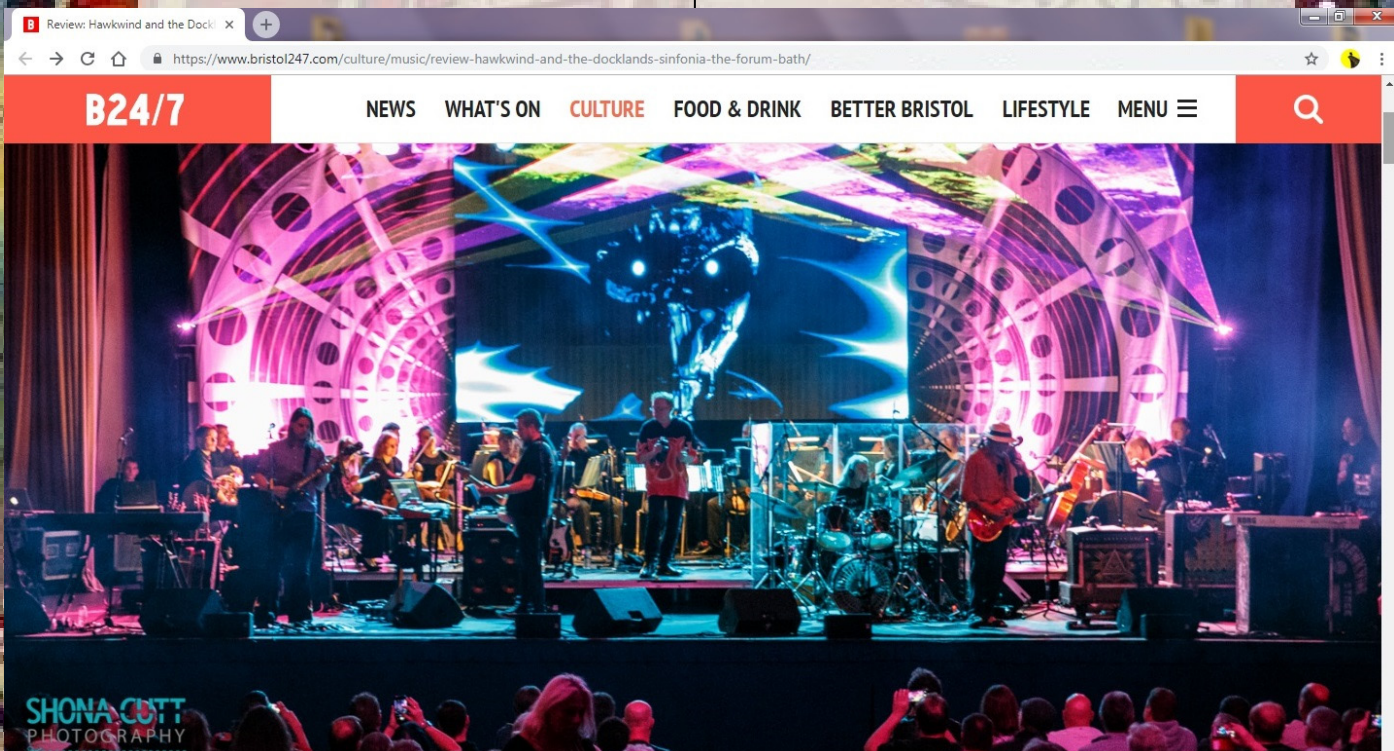


The Masters of the Universe do seem to have a steady stream of interesting stories featuring them, their various friends and relations, and alumni. Each week Graham Inglis keeps us up to date with the latest news from the Hawkverse..

Bristol 24/7 recently carried an authoritative review of the late

November Hawkwind gig in Bath, a city some miles east of Bristol. Bristol24/7 is an independent online newspaper founded in 2009, offering news, comment and features for the Bristol area.

The reviewer, Robin Askew, sets out the musical stall by saying that "with The Road to Utopia, Hawkwind took an abrupt and surprising left turn to rework (mostly) '70s classics from their bulging back catalogue in orchestral form with arrangements





Mike Batt ✓

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Setting up orchestra ready for HAWKWIND gig REHEARSAL for show here tonight at Lowry, Salford. Exciting!



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by Mike Batt.." and remarked that this has proven divisive among fans.

The striking Bristol 24/7 photo shows the band members very well, including Richard Chadwick seeming to be contained in a perspex box, but Askew points out that it's an acoustic shield. On the stage effects, the review notes the absence of pulsating stage lights; "as are the usual heavy clouds of fog in which the

Hawks tend to lurk. Orchestral musicians need to see what they're doing after all. But – hey – the lasers are back to strafe the audience."

The recent lineup changes are summarised, with Niall Hone rejoining, alongside Brock, Chadwick and keyboard player / guitarist / vocalist Magnus Martin. "My well-informed friend Mr. Wikipedia informs me that there are now

41 former members of Hawkwind, seven of them deceased," comments

Sonic Attack, while making Zoroastrianism from The Chronicle of the Black Sword sound even



Askew.

However, the reviewer clearly commands more sources of information than just Wikipedia, as indicated in this paragraph:

"Brock's We Took the Wrong Step from 1972's In Search of Space is another song that works superbly with the Sinfonia, who draw out its mournfulness while the projection screen repositions the lyrics as being specifically about climate change. The orchestra also has great fun getting discordant on our asses with

more lovely. No Quark, Strangeness and Charm, though, which may be significant as this is the arrangement on The Road to Utopia that seems to have attracted the most criticism."

That last sentence indicates Askew has been closely following recent discussions on the Facebook Hawkwind pages.

The Bath gig, and the Brummie one the following night, didn't include Arthur Brown, and Askew noted that "it's multi-instrumentalist Magnus Martin who's stepped up to do much of the musical heavy lifting. 'They're not allowing you to dance tonight,

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gonzomultimedia.co.uk
spiritsburning.com



then,' he remarks, eyeing the security staff who've been ushering groovers back to their seats, as they did at the Saxon show a couple of weeks back. It takes a little longer tonight, but once again law'n'order breaks down at the Forum as the hippy surge becomes an unstoppable torrent."

The review concludes by saying "It'll be fascinating to see where Cap'n Brock steers the mothership next and whether he takes any lessons with him."

The Birmingham show marked the end of Hawkwind's road engagements for this year, with no gigs in the pipeline until May 2019 - or for now, anyway.

Meanwhile, Hawkwind have

marked the anniversary of the demise of their earliest guitarist, Huw Lloyd-Langton, in December 2012. He died of cancer. The band posted: "Six years ago RIP dear friend, forever in our thoughts."





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

Any enquiries hawkwindpassports@hawkwind.com



The

COLDHARBOUR E.14

Diaries

I am not sure when I first came across Jon Downes, or even how it happened, but some years ago I came across this ageing hippy who was running what was ostensibly a weekly newsletter for the wonderful Gonzo Media. However, Jon had obviously decided that being a plain music magazine concentrating on just the output of one label would be quite boring, even for a label as diverse as Gonzo, so instead he decided to produce a magazine that would cover anything he found interesting, especially if it was regarding the sub culture. We soon found that our views aligned and I have a regular feature within it, called Kev's World (<http://www.gonzowebly.com>).

When I popped over to the UK last year I visited him and his wonderful wife Corinna and he was incredibly excited to see me, although I am still not sure if it was my presence or that of the cake that Corinna had baked for the occasion. Although I have come to Jon through his stewardship of a magazine regarding (mostly) music, he is actually best known

for being a cryptozoologist; one of those strange people who spend their lives hunting across the globe for animals otherwise only known from folklore.

He founded the Centre for Fortean Zoology – the English-speaking world's biggest and best cryptozoological organisation – in 1992 and has kept his hand on the tiller ever since. He has written, or edited, several dozen books on such diverse subjects as history, tropical fish, UFOs, cryptozoology, rock and roll and three critically acclaimed novels. One of these, 'The Song of Panne', is quite unlike anything else I have ever read, and I highly recommend it to anyone with a broad mind (also, if you enjoy fantasy, then Corinna has also written some novels, and 'Ethna's Journal' is also well worth discovering). He has worked as a nurse for the mentally handicapped, ran the fan club for Steve Harley and Cockney Rebel and all sorts of other things besides. But none of this really pertains to the subject at hand, as Jon has also been making music all his life, and

has just released his twelfth album, in what has been – from a commercial point of view – a spectacularly unsuccessful music career.

I haven't heard any of the other albums, and to be honest was rather concerned when Jon sent me this, as what would happen if I didn't like it? Could it be the end of a wonderful friendship? I mean, I have taken photos of tuataras just to send to Jon, and my world is far richer for having him in it so could I write a destructive review if I needed to?

Thankfully I didn't feel the need, as I really enjoyed this. Okay, so the drum machine is a little basic, but there is an English eccentricity and style to this which is incredibly appealing. Imagine Robert Wyatt with Roy Harper and Arthur Brown, with more than a smidgen of Daavid Allen thrown in, deliberately lo-fi, and you may just start to get an idea of what this album is like. It is an album that belongs in the late Seventies, in the alternative underground scene, and one can imagine this being picked up by Stiff Records and being celebrated back then. It is shambolic early XTC, with songs that are as catchy as hell. So what if the vocals sometimes are a little sharp or a little flat? I can't imagine this being any other way. This is English independent music which brings a smile to my face, and I find it hard to realise that Jon recorded everything himself in the potato shed! While the main instrument is layers of keyboards, it is the vocals and intelligent vocals that make this album what it is.

Jon is one of the cleverest people I have come across, and he uses his wordsmithing skills to great effect. The lyrics to "I Fucking Love You" are incredibly poignant, dedicated of course to his wonderful wife, while political comment about Thatcher and Reagan is still alive and well with Jon. This isn't polished popular music, it was never meant to be. Instead it is about one man laying his soul bare for all to see, and



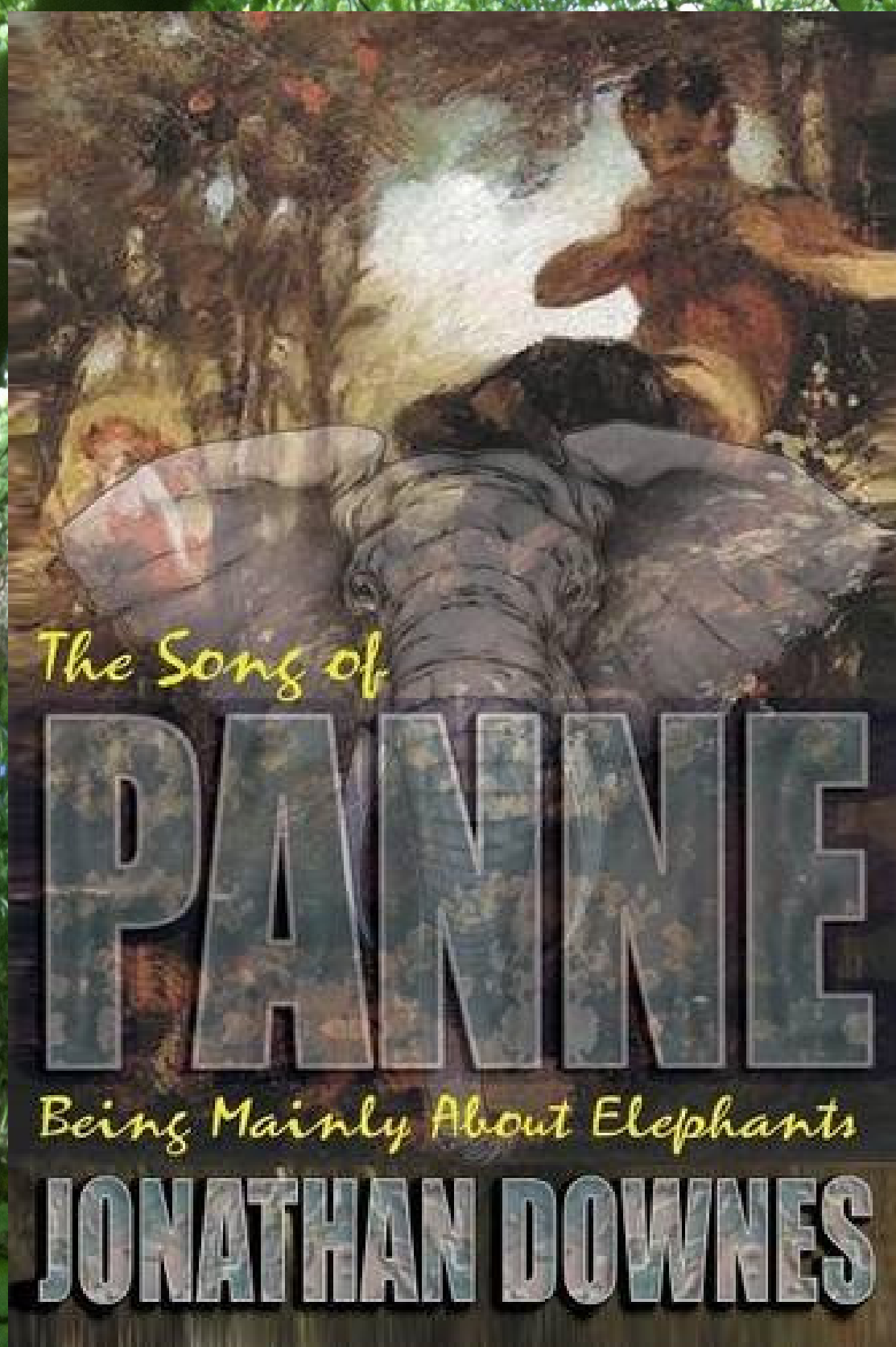
letting us all into his psyche, which is a strange and wonderful place to be sure.

I can guarantee that I won't hear another album quite like this for a long time, and am feeling blessed for having heard this. This is music from the heart, music made because it had to be, without any thoughts for anyone else ever actually hearing it. At the time of writing Jon is feeling like a rock star as he has actually sold eight copies of the album to date. Go on, let's get him into double figures, and then see where it goes from there. Everyone will always think of Jon as a cryptozoologist, and it is there where he can most often be found in the popular press, but this proves that he is so much more than "just" that. I loved it.

Kev Rowland: October 2018

Check it out:

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=RiV_C8VYMKE



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!

There are a number of fine websites and blogs which chronicle the comings and goings in the aquatic life in Hong Kong's coastal waters, and it is sad to see how degraded it is from my memories of those same waters, half a century ago. I know that men of my age have a tendency to look at the past through rose coloured spectacles, but I have done my best to avoid this temptation throughout this narrative, and there are concrete memories that are vibrantly alive in my head, which truly seem incompatible with the depleted and degraded waters that I read about today.

I remember, for example, how, on one notable occasion when our little boat was at anchor off the family's favourite little beach, when I was swimming face down with a snorkel and I saw, to my wonder, how the sandy floor of the bay maybe a fathom and a half below me was covered in a veritable carpet of grey/brown starfish. I had seen a delicate little brittle stars on a number of occasions while exploring rock pools throughout the territory, but I had never seen proper starfish before. A brief trawl through the HKmarinelife.blog suggests they were of the species *Astropecten monacanthus*,



which has been reported from a vast area of the Pacific Ocean, from South East Arabia to Japan. According to the Hong Kong Biodiversity website, which is maintained by the Hong Kong Government itself, there are three species of starfish of this genus known from Hong Kong waters, and so it may not have been this species after all, but it doesn't really matter. Because it is the sheer wonder of seeing so many of these peculiar echinoderms in one place.

Starfish Bay is a small cove in the New Territories, and in 2008, it was the location for one of the few pieces of good news for Hong Kong's marine life in recent years. Once it had been the home for enormous numbers of these attractive little creatures, but, as the *South China Morning Post* reported on Monday 12th May 2008:

“Marine ecologist Paul Hodgson said all the starfish in the bay were killed many years ago partly because the water was polluted by untreated sewage from Tai Po

and Sha Tin. Ms Newbery said that after a year of surveys and water testing, it was found water quality in the bay was once again suitable for starfish. So it was decided to relocate about 3,000 of them to the bay with the aim of re-establishing a viable population.

In September last year, environmentalists transferred about 100 starfish from Long Harbour, which had a population of at least 300,000, to the bay as a pilot project. This month, about 60 children from Renaissance College aged from seven to 11 waded into Long Harbour over two days to collect about 2,000 starfish, which were then ferried to Starfish Bay and introduced into their new home.

'Not only did the children have a lot of fun, but they also learned a valuable lesson - from a very young age, they can make a difference to the environment,' Ms Newbery said. Yesterday's final transfer was carried out by a group of 28 Hebe

Haven Brownies and Cubs aged seven to 11, who harvested about 1,000 starfish from Long Harbour and transferred them by boat to Starfish Bay.

'This is the first time that young children have ever been involved in such a marine ecosystem rehabilitation project,' Ms Newbury said. 'They have succeeded in putting the starfish back into Starfish Bay.'

On another occasion, we sailed down the eastern side of Tai Tam Bay and anchored in the deep water of one of the little coves that pepper the coastline. My explorations in Hong Kong in recent years have been restricted to using the remarkably helpful Google Earth, and it is sad to see that many of these tiny inlets, which were once beautifully virgin and uninhabited, are now dotted with the unmistakable signs of human activity; many of them have now got buildings on them - whether they are houses or commercial buildings, I have no idea - and I would imagine that if they are indeed dwelling places, they are the weekend *pied à terre* of some unimaginably wealthy plutocrat, which is something that the anti-capitalist and anarchist Jon Downes of the 21st century finds indescribably abhorrent. It was an unusual bay for us, because instead of the sun-baked white coral sand, which covered most of the beaches that we visited around the territory, this was a grey, silty, mud flat, with a sizeable stream running through it from a cascade, which fell down the forty five degree angled hillside, which lay invitingly in front of us. It was the first time that I had ever had a chance to investigate the liminal interface between a freshwater environment and its marine counterpart.

The stream was surprisingly deep, and the water flow was fast enough for my mother to keep a firm grip on my little brother's wrist, because - even though he was wearing a life jacket (as we all did, during our nautical forays) - she was convinced that he would fall in, and be sucked

beneath the surface by an unsuspected vortex. She was not as concerned about me. After all, I was coming up to being ten years old, which was the age that young boys in her favourite Regency Romances were liable to be taken into the army as drummer boys, or onto naval vessels as cabin boys. So, I was allowed to explore this rivulet under strict instructions that I wasn't to go in out of my depth, and that I would still wear my life jacket.

This, I rushed off to do, and found out - much to my surprise - that the water was far too cold to make exploration comfortable, so I sat on a large and comfortable rock on the bank of the deep stream, and watched with interest as a procession of large fish, which I believe were probably grey mullet, swam purposefully up and down the water course before me.

Although there are a surprisingly large number of freshwater and brackish water species to be found in Hong Kong, and although I have always been fascinated by aquatic ecosystems, I had not seen very many of the local species. And these were, by far the largest fish that I had ever encountered.

They are an interesting species, because although they are indigenous to South China, they are also widely farmed for commercial purposes. One of the things that makes them particularly interesting, both from a biodiversity, and commercial viewpoint, is that they are one of the few species that are particularly tolerant to poor water quality, and they can even be found in the massively polluted waters of Hong Kong harbour itself. There are, in fact, six species of mullet that have been reported from Hong Kong waters, but by far the most important of these is the flathead grey mullet (*Mugil cephalus*). This species is actually found in coastal, tropical and subtropical waters worldwide. Three similar species are also found in British waters, but whilst they look very similar to the mullet that I watched that day in Hong



Kong, half a century ago, and even have the same common name, I found out whilst researching this narrative, that they are an entirely different species.

However, I can look back over a time which is only half as long ago as my mullet adventures in Hong Kong to another day, when I was sitting on the banks of a small creek near Looe, on the South coast of Cornwall, and watching a shoal of the British mullets behaving in a nearly identical manner to their Hong Kong equivalents. I could have sat on that rock, watching the fish all day, because as I have noticed over the years, most stretches of unpolluted water are full of little denizens who reveal themselves to anyone who is prepared to sit quietly and wait and see what happens.

And so it was here.

As well as the mullet, who were the undoubted kings of this stretch of water, there were some little vividly coloured, blue and green fish, less than an inch long, which skittered about busily. I do not know whether they were a marine species or a fresh water one, but I never saw them before or since, and I have never been able to identify them. There were little, bright yellow shrimp, and industrious looking hermit crabs, who stalked the sandy riverbed earnestly.

But my reverie was crudely shocked out of existence by my mother calling me for a picnic lunch. This was a not unwelcome interruption, because then – as now – Jonathan Downes is largely motivated by the activity of his digestive tract.

NEWS FROM THE POTTING SHED

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

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

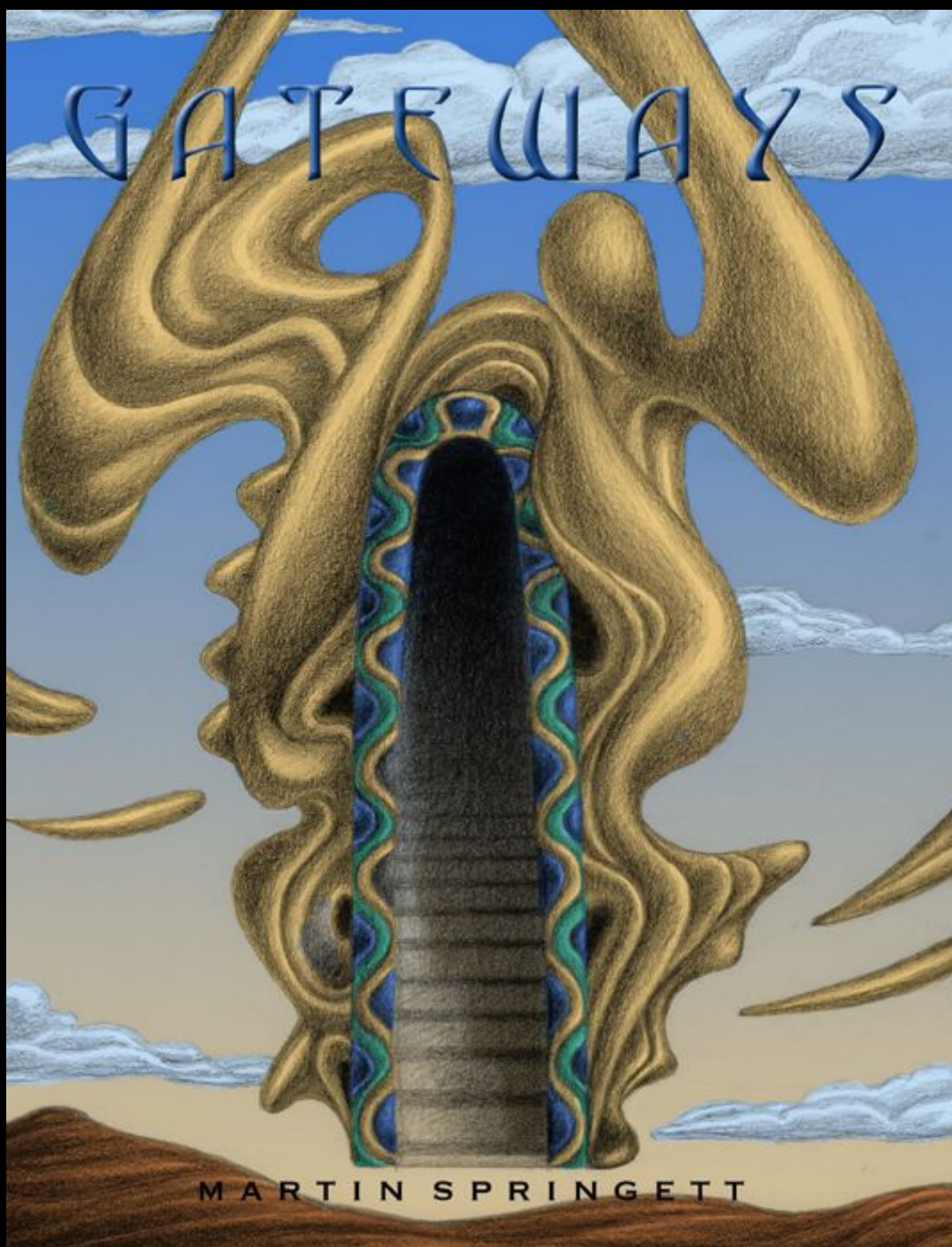
In 1984 Martin was commissioned to illustrate the cover of "The Summer Tree" by Guy Gavriel Kay. This and the subsequent volumes of The Fionavar Tapestry Trilogy were published around the world along with Martin's covers. Martin continued his work in fantasy illustration, illustrating many covers for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

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

www.martinspringett.com/

<https://spacewreckrecords.bandcamp.com>

GATEWAYS



MARTIN SPRINGETT

GATEWAYS

MARTIN SPRINGETT



A VISUAL COMPANION TO THE MUSIC OF
THE GARDENING CLUB



Thom the World Poet

Rob Ayling writes:

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

WANTING TO BELIEVE

IN UNIVERSAL INTELLIGENCE & AKASHIC RECORDS

In the wisdom of elders and ancient knowledge
that trees are conscious and communicate with each other
that a dolphin's brain is huge and hence sex and sport and swim
that solutions and panaceas exist ,and only need active application
that peace lives within us,and is augmented with others
that any gathering of goodwill compounds interest
that you are never alone.All your herstory is in your bones
and all you need to do-is listen.

!

Yer Gonzo Bookshelf



- Hardcover: 306 pages
- Publisher: Michael Joseph (27 Oct. 2006)
- Language: English
- ISBN-10: 9780718150006
- ISBN-13: 978-0718150006

"I tell you what, right, I can guarantee you're going to get some real juicy bits of Gorillaz info. I'll probably slag off loads of people, too. It'll be packed full of great shots from the sets of our videos, gigs, rehearsals, interviews...you name it. It's all in there. So place your order up front kids, this book going to be a scorcher!" - Gorillaz bass-slayer Murdoc Niccals.

This stunning, full-colour hardback will be the most unique rock autobiography ever published. Gorillaz have always been as much about the visuals as they are about the music, and the autobiography will be a feast

for the eyes. Featuring brand new art from and designed by Jamie Hewlett, this is the full story of Murdoc, 2D, Noodle and Russel Hobbs for the first time. Included will be their emailing with their motley crew of collaborators, from Ike Turner to Sean Ryder, and accounts of the gigs, the movie (for the first time), the videos and the website - including the low down on Kong Studios, their legendary HQ. An essential purchase for a legion of fans.

About fifteen years ago, I wrote my autobiography, which was a more than slightly peculiar experience. Because, as a result of my less than continent lifestyle during much of my earlier life, there were some big gaps signifying parts of my life that I just couldn't remember.

One of these gaps took out most of the year of 2001. I had gone through a whole series of personal body blows during 2000, and had taken solace in cheap brandy and the fruit of the poppy, and – as a result – the only bits I remember were isolated events like 9/11 and the draconian measures taken in order to suppress the outbreak of Foot and Mouth Disease. But the rest? Nada.

But I do remember what I was listening to. The previous year, Damon Albarn, from Blur, had teamed up with comic book artist, Jamie Hewlett, to create a "Virtual Band" called Gorillaz. The music was a dazzling mix of hip hop, rock and electronica, and like many other people, I was almost immediately captivated.

Gorillaz have gone from strength to strength and have now released six full length studio albums, a live album, a remix album, and two collections of non-album material such as b-sides and EPs. And the band has only been together for twenty years!



Damon Albarn is, by anybody's standards, a veritable wunderkid with a whole string of projects under different names, with different collaborators, with differing levels of commercial success, but all being – more or less – artistically successful. Gorillaz is certainly his most commercially impressive product, but – to my mind, at least – was makes it so impressive is that it has been never less than very successful artistically as well.

This book was released twelve years ago, and now changes hands for stupid amounts of money. However, whether it is legal or not, I don't know, but if you go to those jolly nice folks at Issuu, download the reading app (which is also free) and search diligently, you will find a version of this peculiar, but oddly charming, little book free to stream.

Just like many of us of a certain age, who have been rock music journalists for the majority of our adult lives, the first music biographies that I read were by a bloke called George Tremlett.

Wikipedia writes: "According to his own

mini-biography, after leaving King Edward VI School, Stratford-upon-Avon Tremlett worked for the Coventry Evening Telegraph from 1957 as a TV columnist and pop music reviewer. In 1961 he became a freelance rock journalist and in the 1970s he wrote a series of superficial paperback pop books, including The David Bowie Story, the first biography about the musician. In the early 1990s, he also published a rather flattering biography of former Libyan dictator Muammar Gaddafi."

To my considerable surprise, because although his books had been masters of 'cut and paste' journalism, being largely a mish mash of press releases and newspaper cuttings, it turns out that he was also a Conservative politician on the Greater London Council, representing the borough of Twickenham. However, he retrospectively redeemed himself, in my eyes, by quitting over a major difference in ideology with Margaret Thatcher. But his greatest achievement, as far as pop culture is concerned, at least, was his invention of this genre of pop music biography.

It is not completely clear who is responsible



for this book, but – at the very least – it is a remarkable pastiche of the George Tremlett style of rock biography; telling the story of the four piece virtual band in a way which cunningly mixes fact, fiction, technology, and comic books seamlessly until – only a few pages in – you have no idea what is fact, what is fiction, or whether it matters or not. It doesn't.

Three hundred and something pages long, what is most notable is the fact that it only covers the first two albums by the band, and the first five or six years in its history; there being at least another twelve years left to tell. And twelve years? That's all we got.

Then, if you dig a little bit deeper, you find peculiar thematic links to various things that we write about regularly in the pages of this magazine. Like the Discordian fascination with the number 23, for example. Like the imminent ecological collapse of our global support systems, for example. And like the often uncredited references to Dr. Hunter S. Thompson, for example.

This is a remarkably funny, as well as presciently shocking, book, and although I

don't think I would recommend that anybody go out and spend ninety quid plus on it, it is well worth checking out.

And guess what? It was only just now, when I was checking the Amazon sales page for this title, when I realised two absolutely momentous pieces of synchronicity concerning the matters which this magazine has tended to write about over the last few months.

Firstly, the Japanese girl, Noodle, who is the animated guitar hero of the Phantasmagorical Phour, looks bizarrely like Greta Thunberg, the fifteen year old climate change heroine who is currently making mincemeat of political leaders across Europe.

And the image on the front cover looks horrifically like Bill Drummond's hypothetical rabbit god, who lurks in the mists of the mindscape of those of us living in the Northern parts of the world.

Creepy, eh?

RICK WAKEMAN



*The original
version – Now
expanded
with bonus
material*

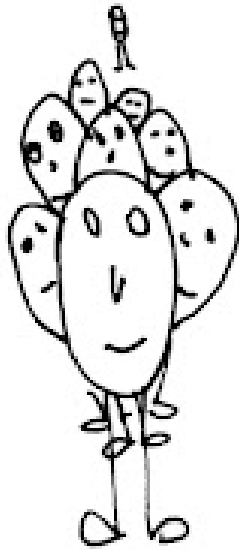
COUNTRY AIRS

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www.rwcc.com

THE NINE HENRYS



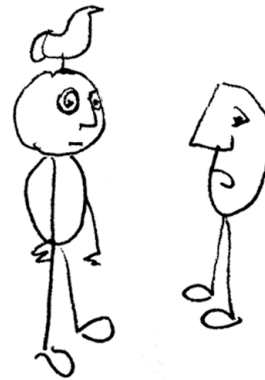
The Nine Henrys are a quirky bunch of cloned cartoon characters. They live in a strange lo-fi domestic surrealist world peopled by talking rock buns and elephants on wobbly stilts. Over the years the Henrys have been published in a variety of local NE magazines and now here for the first time thanks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

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

THE WORLDS FIRST CLONED CARTOON CHARACTER

modada@ninehenrys.com

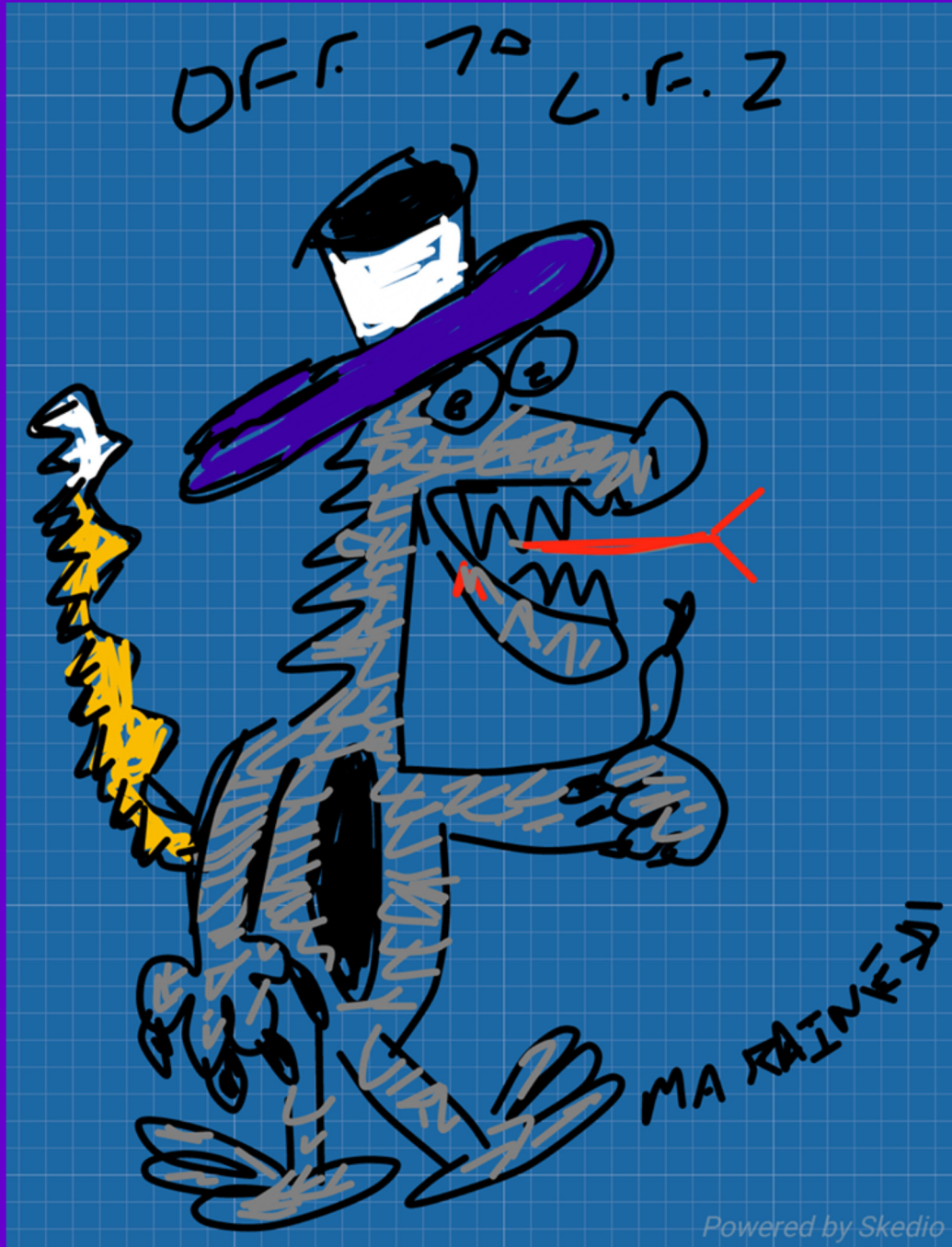
There are nine Henrys, purported to be the world's first cloned cartoon character. They live in a strange lo-fi domestic surrealist world peopled by talking rock buns and elephants on wobbly stilts. They mooch around in their minimalist universe suffering from an existential crisis with some genetically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



"Hey, Marvin. What are you doing with that
guy underneath your feet?"

THE WORLD OF GONZO ACCORDING TO

Mark Raines



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

PS shows can be downloaded

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

It is peeing down with rain and the garden looks like a WW1 battlefield, rather than the well kept grounds around a Gentleman's residence. Carl are in the process of carpeting (and tiling) the stairs and the landing while I put this issue together and listen to my latest obsession

Truly Damon Albarn never seems to put a foot wrong. I have been listening to the new album by 'The Good, The bad and the Queen', which manages to pair the afrobeat drumming of Tony Allen, with Paul Simonon's unmistakable Clash bass playing, a ska brass section and the first recorder playing on a record I have liked since Dr Strangely Strange. Check it out. Seriously. CHECK IT OUT.

As we approach what is euphemistically called 'The Festive Season' I do my best not to just give in to my inner Scrooge, mutter "bah humbug" and drink myself into a stupor.

Well not much, anyway.

It is having a Granddaughter that has changed all that for me, because—these days, to a certain extent at least—I can see the magic of the season through her eyes, rather than through my own.

But it is not a time of year that I enjoy, although I will be the first to admit that I have a lot more to be grateful for than I thought I had five months ago.

Next issue is going to be our Yuletide one, and the last for the year. We are all going to do our best to make it a happy and positive issue with which to end 2018.



We are going to carry on being fortnightly for the time being because Corinna is still on the sick list, and even when she is back to being fighting fit again (which is unlikely to be for some time) it is going to take some time for us to get rid of the backlog of stuff that has built up over the past five months.

Forgive me for repeating myself, but I truly believe that this the good wishes of people all around the world are doing positive things for Corinna's condition. She is still in intermittent discomfort and some pain, but we are doing our best to manage it. Please remember us in your thoughts and prayers.

Thank you all of you.

Hare Bol,

Jon



THE BEST LAID PLANS

GET NAKED!

...with the
Pink Fairies

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

THEIR FIRST NEW ALBUM IN THREE DECADES!

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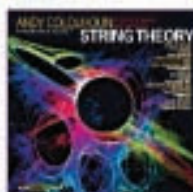
PINK FAIRIES
Mandies and
Mescaline...
HIST379CD



**WAYNE KRAMER
& THE PINK FAIRIES**
Cocaine Blues
HIST216CD



ANDY COLQUHOUN
Pick up the Phone
America!
HIST218CD



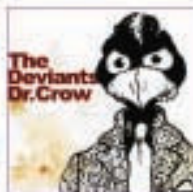
ANDY COLQUHOUN
String Theory
HIST273CD/DVD



**WARSAW PAKT FEAT.
ANDY COLQUHOUN**
Warsaw Pakt
HIST266CD/DVD



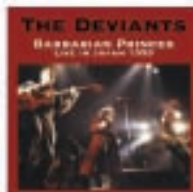
**NICK FARRIN AND
ANDY COLQUHOUN**
Black Vinyl Dress
HIST119CD



THE DEVIANTS
Dr. Crow
HIST186CD



THE DEVIANTS
The Deviants Have
Left the Planet
HIST292CD



THE DEVIANTS
Barbarian Princes
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