

GONZO

**WAR
IS
OVER!**

IF YOU WANT IT

HAPPY CHRISTMAS FROM THE GONZO TEAM

#317/8

“SO THIS IS CHRISTMAS”

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 the last issue of this magazine for 2018, which has been a strange, disturbing and often tumultuous year. And it is because it has been so strange and tumultuous, that the chosen theme for this Yuletide issue does seem so appropriate.

The other day, I was sat in the potato shed

that serves as my office, recording studio, editing suite, and *sanctum sanctorum* from the “wings and sparrows of outrageous fortune”, when my friend and colleague, Alan Dearling, popped up on Facebook Messenger, and we soon entered into a long and animated discussion about what we should put in this issue of the increasingly misnomered *Gonzo Weekly*.

And it was Alan’s idea that we take as our ‘Sacred Text’, John and Yoko’s famous festive dictum that ‘War is Over, If You Want It’. The phrase was first coined in 1969, as part of the couple’s frenetic peace campaign, during which they made their marriage, their honeymoon and the rest of their life that year, and to a certain extent the years that followed, not only a work of art, but a political statement. The ‘war’ to which they were referring was not only the ongoing, and rapidly escalating, conflict in Vietnam, but the inter-racial and inter-generational conflicts, which were taking place all across the world half a century ago, and which threatened to tear the fabric of society (as they knew it) apart.



And it was Alan's idea that we take as our 'Sacred Text', John and Yoko's famous festive dictum that 'War is Over, If You Want It'.

Sociologists, like professor Jon Weiner, who wrote a very interesting analysis of the Lennons' politicising, called *Come Together: John Lennon in His Time*, have actually been very positive about the global synergistic results of these campaigns, and credit them with doing a lot of good in the long term.

Certainly, fifty years later, John Lennon is not seen just as a pop culture personality who meddled with things that were more properly the domain of his 'elders and betters', but now has an airport in his home town, Liverpool, a public garden in New York and a strange conceptual light sculpture in Iceland, to mention just three monuments, named after him. And, the fifty years that have passed have seen his misogyny, drunkenness, violence and other negative aspects to his personality having been sublimated into some sort of a well rounded whole, in which he's perceived as some sort of a secular saint, which is just as ridiculous as anything else about this most remarkable of men.

John Lennon and Yoko Ono, through their consciousness raising public activities, may well have contributed greatly to the tide of public opinion, which did as much as the grenades of the Viet Cong to end the war in Vietnam. And to raise public awareness of the other social campaigns which they

espoused, and a lot has changed. But, DNA analysis proved that Hanratty *wasn't* innocent, the leaders of the 'New Left' in the USA ended up becoming financial wiz kids (Yippies to Yuppies), and in the UK, the 'New Left' became 'New Labour' and made a godawful hash of the world, and there is still as much conflict between the younger and the older generations, as there was back then.

A week or so ago, I watched with some respect as - in the wake of the farcical Vote of No Confidence in British Prime Minister, Theresa May - a man who I have always disliked (Michael Heseltine) gave a speech, which I actually found both moving and pretty much on the nail:

"The parents, the grandparent will have gone. The younger generation, they will be here. They will be here.

They will never forgive us if we now exclude them from the corridors of European power. Offered a seat in an anteroom as others decide behind closed doors. Invited to submit their views in writing so others may decide behind closed doors.

Trying to negotiate trade deals on behalf of the United Kingdom in competition with a European Union six times our size offering

اللجنة لهم إذا كانوا لا تأخذ نكتة



bigger, better deals behind closed doors.”

I have never made any secret of the fact that I was one of the 52% of people who voted to leave the European Union. But ever since that first morning, when the results became known, I have been appalled at the way that the proposition that the UK should leave the EU has torn this country apart, and the appalling levels of racist, dogmatic bullshit that has issued forth as a result. I would like to think that nobody reading this believes that my reasoning was anything but purely political. I have a severe distrust of federalism, and I feel that the ‘one size fits all’ legislation that expects people in one of the Scandinavian countries, for example, to follow laws tailored to people living in Greece is utterly ludicrous. But what is far more disturbing is the way that a decision, whether or not to leave the European Union, has turned into all sorts of wider racial and ethnic issues, and although I remain an anti-federalist, I certainly do not want to be tarred with the same brush as scumbags like Nigel Farage or that terrible Johnson person with the silly hair.

With 70% of younger people wanting to remain, and 70% of older people wanting to leave, the country has been divided

along age lines just as certainly as it was in the 1960s. As well as this, the last year has seen the rise of a whole breed of young activists, especially those leading the campaign for Climate Justice. For the first time in nearly half a century, clenched fist salutes are becoming *de rigueur* amongst young people, and the words ‘revolution’ and ‘rebellion’ are being spoken openly in political debate and on social media.

“Come mothers and fathers throughout the land,
Don’t criticise what you can’t understand,
Your sons and your daughters are beyond your
command,
Your old road is rapidly aging,
Please get out of the new one if you can’t lend a
hand,
For the times, they are a-changin’.”

The times, they still are a-changin’. But then again, when weren’t they? But it has to be said that from the place where I am sitting, this current state of flux in which we are all living, and the threats of which face us as a species, and which my generation, let alone the 60’s generation, will not live to see in the most fearful manifestation, is probably the worst series of existential crises to face us all certainly in my lifetime and probably for far longer. So, I am taking Alan’s adoption of John and Yoko’s words to mean the petty shit, which pulls us apart and which so many of

us use to define ourselves; *that* war is most certainly *over* if we *want* it. And if we have any hope of progressing as a species, and if – as I said in a song I wrote very recently – we have any hope of passing on some sort of habitable planet to my granddaughter and her generation, we need to come together and put that particular war behind us.

However, this is what is euphemistically known as ‘The Festive Season’ and I don’t want to end my editorial on a complete bleak downer. Because the other reason that I so readily agreed with Alan’s suggestion was that - thirty years ago - when I wrote my first book, my ex-wife sent a copy without my knowledge to Yoko Ono in New York. (It was a book about The Beatles, by the way, not about cryptozoology, just in case you were wondering). When she told me what she’d done, I asked, in passing, how much the postage had been, and probably overreacted when she told me that she’d forgotten to put any extra postage on it for the trans-Atlantic journey. I then realised that far from receiving a copy of my book as a present, Yoko Ono was going to have to pay for the privilege, and would probably be somewhat pissed off with me as a result. Some weeks later, I was incredibly surprised and touched to receive a Christmas card. It read:

“Happy Christmas, War is Over!
Love,
Yoko and Sean”

I have it still – it is framed on my sitting room wall in front of me, and is one of my dearest possessions.

So, on all sorts of levels, Alan’s idea proved to be an excellent one. But enough of my waffling. It’s time to get on with the show.

Hare bol,
Jon



John Lennon, Yoko Ono, Paul McCartney, Brian May, New Order, Portugal. The Man, Robbie Williams, Strange Fruit, Mack Maloney's Mystery Hour, Friday Night Progressive, Jerry Donald Chesnut, Arthur Maia, Joe Osborne, Nancy Sue Wilson, Roger, John "Ace" Cannon, Perry Morris Robinson, Lucas Starr, Fred Wieland, The Fall, Tony Palmer, The Chad Mitchell Trio, Deviants IXVI, Mick Farren, Rick Springfield, Jack White, Gorillaz, Suede, Chaos Chaos, Penelope Trapps, Marianne Faithfull, Tay Davies, The Good, The Bad & The Queen, Bobby Beausoleil, Alan Dearling, Richard Foreman, Extinction Rebellion, Kev Rowland, Scientist, Sense of Fear, Shadygrove, Peel, Stepfather Fred, Stone Broken, Subsignal, Tax the Heat, Carl Marshall, Geordie Jackson, The Walking Dead, Digitiser, Mr Biffo, Roy Weard, Chris Stone, Hawkwind, The Coldharbour Diaries, Jonathan Downes, The Wild Colonial Boy, Martin Springett, Charles Bobuck, Hardy Fox, The Residents, Neil Nixon, Diamanda Galas

IT'S A LEGAL MATTER BABY

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dramatis Personae



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

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

NAMING THOSE RESPONSIBLE

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

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

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

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

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

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

Telephone 01237 431413
Fax+44 (0)7006-074-925
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.

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mailing list emails that we
garner to a company trying
to flog Viagra and/or Double
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No this is FREE as in Gratis.
Not a Sausage. But I digress.
So make an old hippy a
happy chappy and
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ROCKIN' THE CITY OF ANGELS

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

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

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

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



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



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THE ^{gonzo} NEWSROOM



DID THEY COME IN THROUGH THE BATHROOM WINDOW? Paul McCartney's London home was raided by thieves days before his recent homecoming gig in Liverpool, England.

Police officers were called to the Beatles rocker's property in leafy St John's Wood last Friday evening (07Dec18) after a report of a break-in, a Metropolitan Police spokesperson tells WENN. It is not clear if Paul or his wife Nancy Shevell were at home at the time of the incident.

"Officers attended and identified signs of forced entry to the premises," the Met

official explains. "No arrest has been made. Enquiries continue."



"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

Detailing the incident, a neighbour told Britain's Daily Mail newspaper: "There were blue flashing lights and police everywhere - four or five cars. All the lights were on in the house. The police were all over it."

<http://www.music-news.com/news/UK/117993/Paul-McCartney-s-London-home-raided-by-thieves>

GONZO CURRENTLY IN STOCK AT GONZO (UK)

GONZO CURRENTLY IN STOCK AT GONZO (USA)

NASA FOR MAY: Queen's Brian May is to release his first new entirely solo work in over two decades with the global digital release January 1 of a brand new track, "New Horizons", written by Brian and Don Black, recorded and completed only this month. The single will have its worldwide premiere from NASA control headquarters Maryland USA on New Year's Day, Tuesday January 1.

It is the legendary guitarist/songwriter's first official solo single since "Why Don't We Try Again" taken from his "Another World" album in 1998.

"New Horizons" is Brian's personal tribute to the on-going NASA New Horizons mission, which on New Years Day 2019 will achieve the most distant spacecraft flyby in history, in an encounter with a remote Kuiper Belt Object (KBO) named





WHO GONZO? WHY GONZO? WHAT GONZO?

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

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

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

We cannot expect people to have respect for law and order until we teach respect to those we have entrusted to enforce those laws.

Hunter S. Thompson

Ultima Thule, far out beyond Pluto on the edges of the solar system.

<http://www.music-news.com/news/Underground/118092/Brian-May-to-launch-new-single-from-NASA-on-New-Year-s-Day>

GONZO CURRENTLY IN STOCK AT GONZO (UK)

GONZO CURRENTLY IN STOCK AT GONZO (USA)



NO MOVEMENT: New Order are proud to announce the boxed set release of their debut album Movement on 5th April 1979. The four 12 inch singles that were released around the same period but did not feature on the album will also be released.

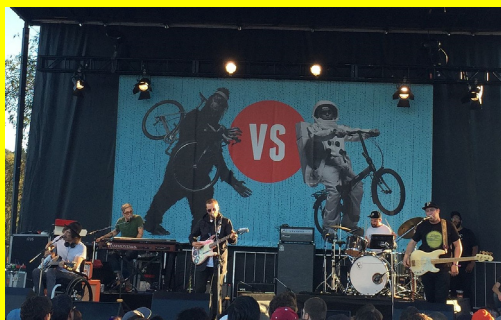
Out of the ashes of Joy Division, the remaining members decided to carry on recording under the name of New Order. The band's debut album Movement recorded between 24th April to the 4th

The Gospel According to *BART*

This week my favourite roving reporter sent in this link:

https://www.google.com/search?q=portugal%2Cthe%20man&ie=UTF-8&oe=UTF-8&hl=en-us&client=safari&fbclid=IwAR0x3WJbMX7u1wuJ6sdTvZ24SxmIAB1C_uVUqGafgk3FmPUdpboswRh_f60l

...and suggested that I might like them. Well, he was right. I like them a lot.



Portugal. The Man is an American rock band from Wasilla, Alaska, currently residing in Portland, Oregon. The group consists of lead singers John Baldwin Gourley, Gourley's partner and background singer Zoe Manville, Zach Carothers, Kyle O'Quin, Jason Sechrist, and Eric Howk. Gourley and Carothers met and began playing music together in 2001 at Wasilla High School in Wasilla. Their first two albums, from 2006 and 2007, were released on Fearless Records.

May 1981 at Strawberry in Stockport and featuring all new material, produced by Martin Hannett was released in 11th November 1981 on Factory Records.

The Movement boxed set will include the vinyl LP with its original iconic sleeve designed by Peter Saville, original album CD in replica mini album sleeve, a bonus CD of previously unreleased tracks, DVD of live shows and TV appearances plus hard backed book all housed in a lift off lid box.

<http://www.music-news.com/news/Underground/118101/New-Order-announce-release-of-Movement-boxed-set>

SWIM WHEN YOU'RE WINNING: Robbie Williams has secured permission to develop an underground swimming pool at his London home, despite a long-running planning feud with neighbour Jimmy Page. The plans for the pop icon's underground gym and swimming pool at his Grade II listed home were given the green light at a Kensington Town Hall meeting last night (18 December).

Legendary Led Zeppelin guitarist Page had previously raised concerns that the construction work could several damage the foundations of his gothic revival mansion, which is located next door. Councillors now say that work will only be allowed to take place once suitable assurances are received on both vibration levels and the movement of the property's foundation.

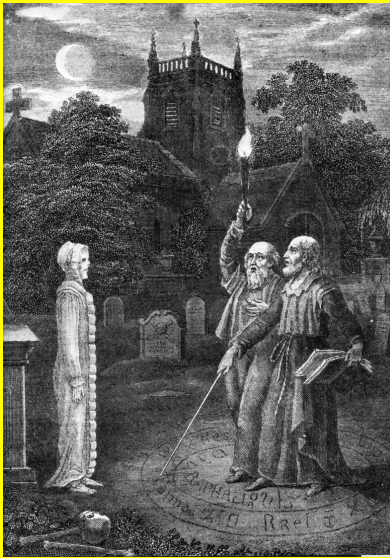
<https://www.nme.com/news/music/robbie-williams-wins-five-year-planning-battle-neighbour-jimmy-page-london-home-2422997#5h187bpMAAddLZABi99>

Zozo

WEIRD SHIT IS HAPPENING

For quite a few years now, I've been writing in these pages that we are living in strange and peculiar – not to say, disturbing – times. I continually get reports of strange stories sent to me, and they seem to weirdly compliment some of the other things that appear as if by magick in these pages.

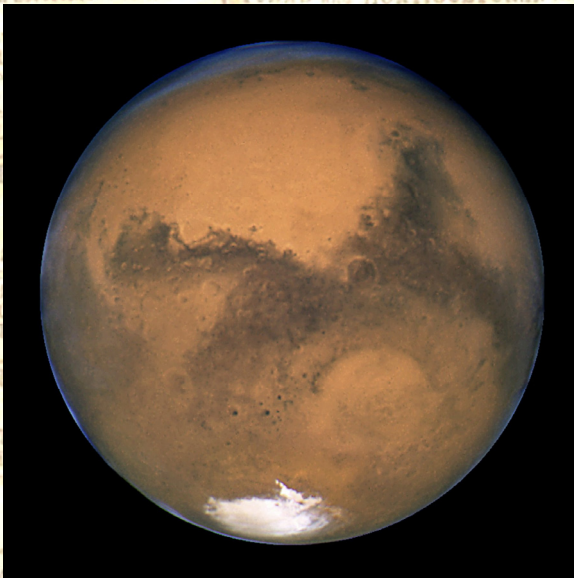
Enjoy.



IS THERE LIFE ON MARS?

<https://www.express.co.uk/news/weird/1057298/alien-robot-nasa-news-curiosity-rover-discovery-mars-insight-lander>

The Curiosity Rover has been sending back images and information of Mars since 2012, but conspiracy theorists suggest it might not be alone. After looking through some of NASA's images of the Red Planet, an eagle-eyed conspiracy theorist believes he has spotted an alien robot on Earth's next door neighbour. If the other 'probe'



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FINDING SKIPPY

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 Worcester, Jan 18

And some are so odd and striking, living for millions of years without replicating, that scientists may need to rewrite the fundamental concept that all cellular life can be divided into three domains of archaea, bacteria, and eukaryote.

SEASON'S GREETINGS



MORE MASTERPIECES from RICK WAKEMAN



TWO SIDES OF YES

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



THE STAGE COLLECTION

Recorded live in August 1993 in Buenos Aires
HFG2004CD



TIME MACHINE

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



GASTANK

Double DVD set. Rick's classic 1982 music and chat show
HFG2023DVD



GOLÉ!

Soundtrack album featuring Tony Fernandez and Jackie McAuley
BC241-60



COUNTRY AIRS

The original recording, with two new tracks
HFG2014CD



THE BURNING

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



LURE OF THE WILD

With Adam Wakeman. Entirely instrumental
HFG2003CD



STARMUS

With Brian May and The English Rock Ensemble. DVD
HFG2010VD



MYTHS AND LEGENDS

Double CD set. The expanded 2016 version
HFG2016CD



LIVE AT THE WINTERLAND THEATRE 1975

Live in San Francisco
HFG2015CD



THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA

Double CD + DVD
HFG2005CD



CAN YOU HEAR ME?

Featuring The English Chamber Choir
HFG2005



CRIMES OF PASSION

A wicked and erotic soundtrack
HFG2018CD



BEYOND THE PLANETS

With Jeff Wayne and Kevin Peek
HFG2019CD



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

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

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

AND BE

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FRUIT AND GROCERIES,
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THE subscriber continues to run THE EX-
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The subscriber is alone responsible for property entrusted
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Worcester Rail Road Company.

Packages by this line forwarded from Worcester to
Boston, Newburyport, Taunton, Fall River, and New Bedford;
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Feb 25, 1847.

PRATT, DOWNES & SCOTT,
No. 40 N. B. Hancock.)

THE LAST WEEK AT GONZO DAILY

Sunday
Monday
Tuesday
Wednesday
Thursday
Friday
Saturday

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

ELDRIDGE CLEAVER

Two types of people visit rhino in the wild

The strong and courageous
take a camera

The weak and cowardly
take a gun

**What sort of
person are you?**

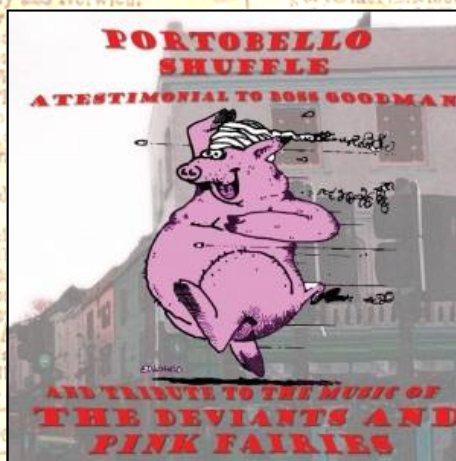
Celebrate wildlife on
World Wildlife Day
don't shoot it.





I'M ON BOARD!

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



Portobello Shuffle CDs still at special
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UNDERGROUND GARAGE

MAXIMUM ROCK AND ROLL

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

(FILLING IN FOR ANDREW LOOG OLDHAM)

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

Jimmy Carter

FB/Sue Fitzmaurice, Author



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



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

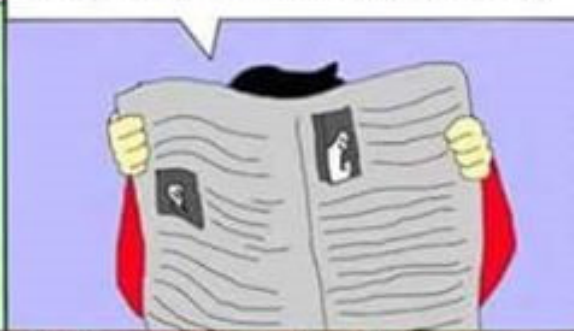
But over the past few years, it has become more than that. We now host regular weekly shows by Neil Nixon, a lecturer in professional writing at North West Kent College who uses his weekly radio show, Strange Fruit, as a learning experience for his students on the Foundation Course. I've known Neil for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

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

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



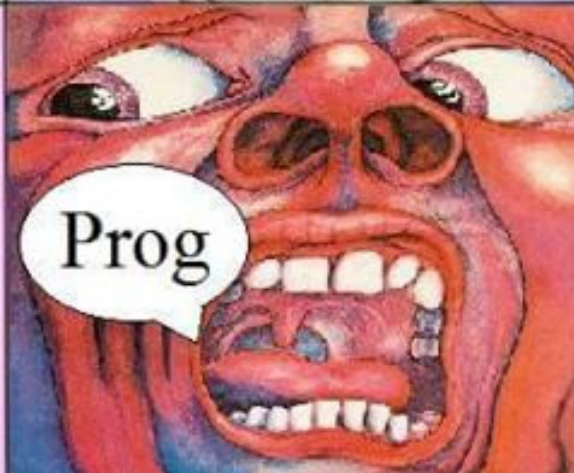
Hmph... You be careful, those
boys only care about one thing.



Sex?



No...



Prog

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





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

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

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

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



14 -10-2018 – SHOW 280 – The Lamb Lies Down

Sister Gertrude Morgan: Let us Make a Record
Press: Alcoholic
Gh0st: X-Tasty
Genesis: The Lamb Lies Down on Broadway/Fly on a Windshield
Gweneffer Raymond: Sack 'em up 1 & 2
The Strangers: Freedom is Insane
Bing Crosby: Gay Love
Regal Worm: Rose, Rubus, Smallax, Vulkan
Forma: Crossings
Genesis: In the Cage
77p Egg: Goldshire Bounce
Frank Sinatra: Everybody's Twistin'
Aziza Brahim: Baraka
Amanda Somerville's Trillium: Fatal Mistake
Paul Kantner and Grace Slick: Holding Together
Sparklehorse: Dreamt for Light Years in the Belly of a Mountain
DJ Earworm: Brazil is Full of Love
Bird Radio: The Englishman
Genesis: The Carpet Crawlers
Wonky Alice: Caterpillars
Ella Fitzgerald: Every Time we Say Goodbye

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).

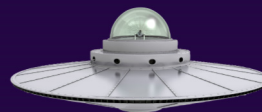
He's a member of SKY CLUB, Gonzo recording artists. He's been a radio host since 2010. He lives with his wife, Doreen, on an island off the coast of Massachusetts."



AND LOOK WHAT MACK HAS FOR YOU THIS WEEK

The Strange Case of a Being Named Julius

Mack, Juan-Juan and Cobra talk to guests Brad & Casey about their contact with a being from another level of existence named Julius. Switchblade Steve with more "Classics from the Fringe." Ten Questions for Mack. More fall-out from the TV Show Show. Plus, Emily M calls in and Cobra explains why it's never wise to wrestle with a pig.



Listen
Here

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



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

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



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 Regal Worm
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 Luiz Zamith
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 Ángel Ontalva & Vespero
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Friday Night Progressive



**Jerry Donald Chesnut
(1931 –2018)**

Chesnut was an American country music songwriter. His hits include "Good Year for the Roses" (recorded by Alan Jackson, George Jones and Elvis Costello) and "T-R-O-U-B-L-E" (recorded by Elvis Presley in 1975, and Travis Tritt in 1992.)

He moved to Nashville in 1958 to pursue his career, and in 1967, Del Reeves recorded Chesnut's "A Dime at a Time" to give the songwriter his first chart hit single.

Chesnut died on December 15th, at the age of 87.



**Arthur Maia
(1962 –2018)**

Maia was a Brazilian composer and musician. Considered one of the best bass players in the world by professional critics, Maia played with many famous artists, such as Djavan, Gilberto Gil, Marisa Monte, Lulu Santos and Ney Matogrosso. His compositions usually present a fusion of jazz, funk, swing music and reggae. Maia started his musical studies playing drums, when he was still a child, and when he was 15 years old, he received a bass as a gift and, influenced by his uncle Luizão Maia, a Brazilian bass player, began to practice it. Then, years later, in 1976, he became a professional bass player, playing with many famous Brazilian artists, such as Ivan Lins, Luiz Melodia and Márcio Montarroyos.

THOSE WE HAVE LOST

In 1985, he joined the band Cama de Gato, a Brazilian jazz group formed by Rique Pantoja (piano), Pascoal Meirelles (drums), Mário Senise (saxophone) and Maia (bass). With it, he recorded five albums. He also joined many other instrumental music bands, such as Pulsar, Banda Black Rio and Egotrip; their songs were much played on Brazilian radio in the 1980s. In 2015 Maia joined the band El General Paz & La Triple Frontera (GP3F), a multicultural fusion band integrated by musicians from various countries.

During his career, Maia developed his own style of playing bass, mastering bass techniques and mixing several rhythms. His style made him famous and many artists invited him to record with them.

In 1990, Maia recorded his first solo album, followed in 1996 with his second. He recorded *Planeta música* in 2002, with the participation of many famous musicians, such as Dennis Chambers and Mike Stern.

Maia died from cardiac arrest on December 15th, aged 56.



**Joe Osborn
(1937–2018)**

Osborn was an American bass guitar player known for his work as a session

musician in Los Angeles and Nashville during the 1960s through the 1980s.

Osborn began his career working in local clubs, then played on a hit record by singer Dale Hawkins. He moved to Las Vegas at age 20, and spent a year playing backup for country singer Bob Luman. With legendary guitar player Roy Buchanan among his bandmates, Osborn switched from guitar to electric bass. In 1960, with Allen "Puddler" Harris, and James Burton, he joined pop star Ricky Nelson's backup band, where he spent four years. His playing on such Nelson hits as "Travellin' Man" began attracting wider notice, and he found opportunities to branch out into studio work with artists such as Johnny Rivers.

When the Nelson band dissolved in 1964, Osborn turned to studio work in Los Angeles full-time. For the next ten years, he was considered a "first-call" bassist among Los Angeles studio musicians (known as The Wrecking Crew), and he worked with well-known producers such as Lou Adler and Bones Howe, frequently in combination with drummer Hal Blaine and keyboardist Larry Knechtel—the combination of Blaine, Osborn and Knechtel have been referred to as the Hollywood Golden Trio. His playing can be heard on records by such well-known groups as The Mamas & the Papas, The Association, The Grass Roots and The 5th Dimension. Osborn can be heard on Simon & Garfunkel's "Bridge over Troubled Water" and the 5th Dimension's version of "Aquarius/Let the Sunshine In". A song featuring prominently mixed bass in melodic counterpoint to acoustic guitars is the 1972 hit single "Ventura Highway" by the group America. He also played on several Johnny Rivers records.

In 1974, Osborn left Los Angeles and moved to Nashville, where he continued an active studio career, playing behind such vocalists as Kenny Rogers, Mel Tillis, and Hank Williams, Jr. Osborn died on December 14th, at the age of 81.

THOSE WE HAVE LOST



Nancy Sue Wilson
(February 20, 1937 –
December 13, 2018)

Wilson was an American singer whose career spanned over five decades, from the mid-1950s until her retirement in the early-2010s. She was notable for her single "(You Don't Know) How Glad I Am" and her version of the standard "Guess Who I Saw Today". Wilson recorded more than 70 albums and won three Grammy Awards for her work. During her performing career Wilson was labeled a singer of blues, jazz, R&B, pop, and soul, a "consummate actress", and "the complete entertainer". The title she preferred, however, was "song stylist".

At the age of 15, Wilson won a talent contest sponsored by the local ABC television station WTVN. The prize was an appearance on a twice-a-week television show, *Skyline*

Melodies, which she later hosted. She also worked clubs on the east side and north side of Columbus, Ohio, from the age of 15 until she graduated from West High School at age 17. She auditioned and won a spot with Rusty Bryant's Carolyn Club Big Band in 1956. She toured with them throughout Canada and the Midwest in 1956 to 1958, and whilst in this group, she made her first recording under Dot Records.

In 1959, she relocated to New York with a goal of obtaining Cannonball's manager John Levy as her manager and Capitol Records as her label. Within four weeks of her arrival in New York she got her first big break, a call to fill in for Irene Reid at "The Blue Morocco". The club booked Wilson on a permanent basis; she was singing four nights a week and working as a secretary for the New York Institute of Technology during the day. John Levy sent demos of "Guess Who I Saw Today", "Sometimes I'm Happy", and two other songs to Capitol. Capitol Records signed her in 1960. After making numerous television guest appearances, Wilson eventually got her own series on NBC, *The Nancy Wilson Show* (1967–1968), and over the years she has appeared on many popular television shows. She was signed by Capitol Records in the late 1970s and in an attempt to broaden her appeal she cut the album *Life, Love and Harmony*, an album of soulful, funky dance cuts that included the track "Sunshine", which was to become one of her most sought-after recordings (albeit among supporters of the rare soul scene with whom she would not usually register).

She died on December 13th, aged 81.

THOSE WE HAVE LOST



Roger (c. 2006–2018)

Roger was an Australian red kangaroo best known for his muscular physique.

Roger was rescued as a joey by Chris Barns after Roger's mother was killed by a car. Barns started the Kangaroo Sanctuary on 188 acres (76 ha) in Alice Springs to house and protect Roger and other roos, including Roger's mates. Roger was the sanctuary's alpha male for many years, and grew to be 6 feet 7 inches (2 m) and over 200 pounds (91 kg), though some sources put his top weight at 196 pounds (89 kg).

Roger first came to fame in 2015 in a video that went viral, showing a bucket he was said to have crushed. In 2016, Barns announced that Roger was suffering from arthritis.

Roger, also known as "Ripped Roger" and the "Jacked Kangaroo", died on 8th December, aged 12.



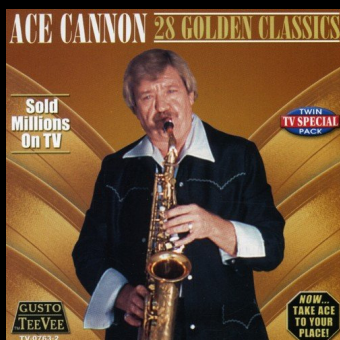
THOSE WE HAVE LOST



**John "Ace" Cannon
(1934 –2018)**

Cannon was an American tenor and alto saxophonist. He played and toured with Hi Records stablemate Bill Black's Combo, and started a solo career with his record "Tuff" in 1961, using the Black combo as his backing group. In April 1965, he released *Ace Cannon Live* (HL 12025).

He died on December 6th, at the age of 84.



**Perry Morris Robinson
(1938 –2018)**

Robinson was an American jazz clarinetist and composer. He was the son of the composer Earl Robinson.

Robinson attended the Lenox School of Jazz in Massachusetts in the summer of 1959, and served in a U.S. military band in the early 1960s. His first record, *Funk Dumpling* (with Kenny Barron, Henry Grimes, and Paul Motian) was recorded by Savoy in 1962.

From 1973, Robinson worked with Jeanne Lee and Gunter Hampel's Galaxie Dream Band. He contributed to Dave Brubeck's *Two Generations of Brubeck* and played with Burton Greene's Dutch klezmer band Klezmokum. He

THOSE WE HAVE LOST

was the featured clarinetist on Archie Shepp's LP *Mama Too Tight* and led his own groups in performances and on record, with albums on the Chiaroscuro, WestWind, and Timescraper labels.

From 1975 until 1977, Robinson was a member of the Clarinet Contrast group, which featured German clarinet players Theo Jörgensmann and Bernd Konrad. He recorded with Lou Grassi as a member of his PoBand since the late Nineties, and with Lou Grassi, Wayne Lopes and Luke Faust in The Jug Jam, an improvisational jug band. He played in a free jazz and world music trio along with tabla player Badal Roy and bassist Ed Schuller, with whom he recorded the CD *Raga Roni*. He played with Darius Brubeck and Muruga Booker in the MBR jazz trio. Robinson also played an integral part in the formation of Cosmic Legends, an improvisational music/performance group led by composer/pianist Sylvie Degiez which included musicians Rashied Ali, Wayne Lopes, Hayes Greenfield, and Michael Hashim. Robinson died on 2nd December, aged 80.



**Lucas Starr
(1984 - 2018)**

Starr was founding bassist of metalcore band, Oh, Sleeper, and appeared on the band's first two albums, 2007's *When I Am God* and 2009's *Son of the Morning*, which were released via Solid State Records. Prior to Oh, Sleeper, Starr was a member of the emo / post-hardcore band

Terminal, who were also once known as Letter Twelve. Starr had also founded the artist

development and music production company with his girlfriend, Lauren Collins.

Starr died on 7th December, aged 34.

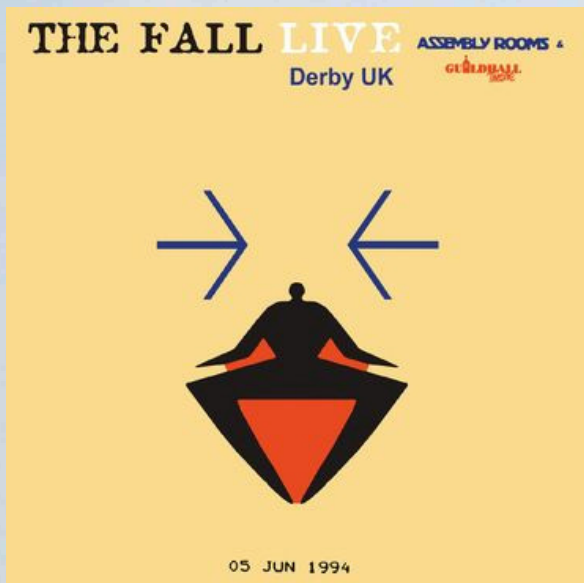


**Fred Wieland
(1943? – 2018)**

Wieland was a one time guitarist with The Mixtures, who had a hit in 1971 with "The Pushbike Song". Prior to The Mixtures, Fred was the guitarist for Australian band, The Strangers, which broke up in 1975.

Wieland died on December 10th, at the age of 75. 2018.

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.

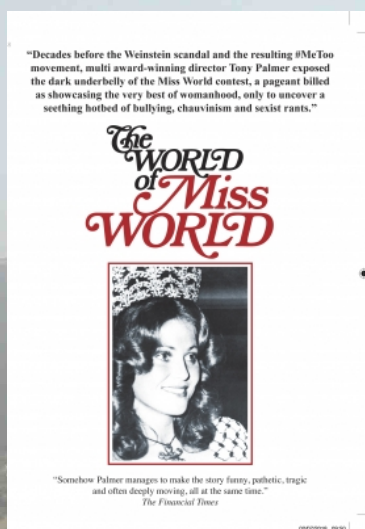
Tracks include: Glam Racket, Life Just Bounces, Hey! Student, Middle Class Revolt etc





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."

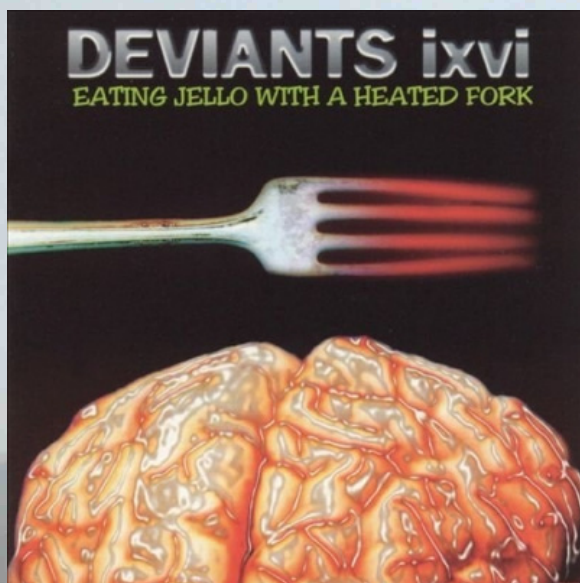


Artist The Chad Mitchell Trio
Title In Action (aka Blowin' in the Wind)
Cat No. HST472CD

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

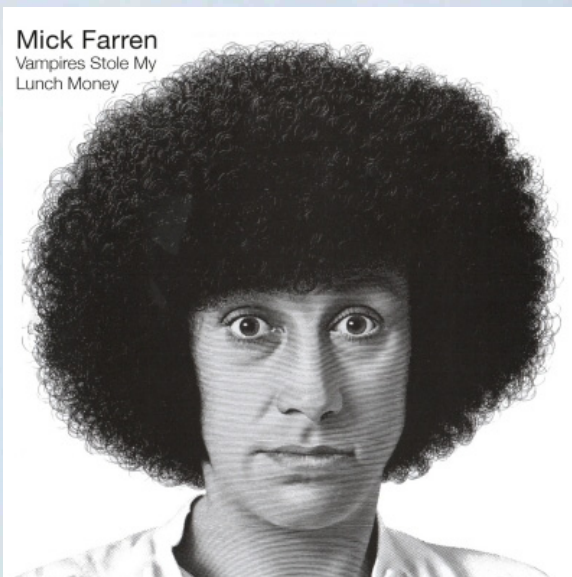


Artist Deviants IXVI
Title Eating Jello with a Heated Fork
Cat No. HST464CD
Label Gonzo

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.





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Gonzo #32 The Dutch Festie c...

actions



Gonzo #30 The Mick Abrahams...

actions



Gonzo #27 The Prog shirt

actions



Gonzo #24 The Daavid Allen shirt

actions



Gonzo #23 The Michael Des B...

actions



Yer original Gonzo Weekly shirt

actions



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

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

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.

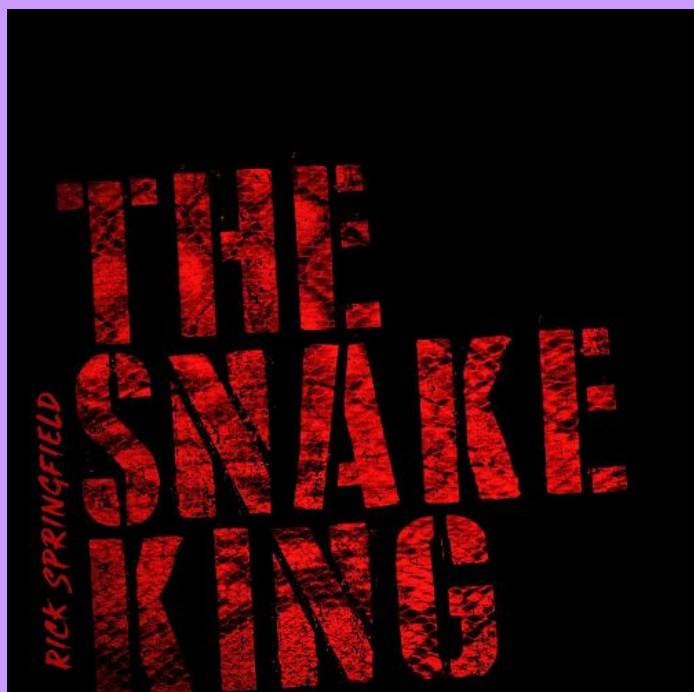


This DVD is a must for all fans of Classic Rock!



Available to pre-order from www.rickwakemansmusicemporium.com

TOP 10 2018



Rick Springfield: *The Snake King*

I have to admit that I have always thought that Rick Springfield was one of those irritating 1980s

pop singers, a bit like Jason Donovan, and I had never really bothered to listen to much of his music. It has been a long year, and this record came out right at the beginning of 2018, and so I am mildly embarrassed to admit that I cannot remember why I listened to it in the beginning. But golly, I am very glad that I did!

It would be slight hyperbole to say that on this record, Mr Springfield was channelling his inner Nick Cave, but there are certainly echoes of this fellow Antipodean rock singer in this remarkable album. With allusions to sex, death and religion, all wrapped up in a joyously nasty parcel of swamp blues, this album is a really impressive experience to listen to, and as a result I checked out some of his other records, which are nowhere near as bad as I had assumed.

This is another one of those 'Don't judge a book by its cover' moments.



Jack White: *Boarding House Reach*

I don't know why, but although I have enjoyed all of Jack White's solo records, none of them, nor indeed his other side projects, have impacted upon me in the way that the best of his work with the White Stripes did. Nor, sadly, excellent though they are, have his solo records like *Lazaretto* found their way onto my unofficial personal playlists in the way that one might have imagined. However, this new record, which is by far the least conventional of his solo outings, and truly seems to owe more to Captain Beefheart than anybody else, might just change that. Experimental in format, the record appears to have been put together using the sort of 'cut-up' technique that people like Frank Zappa used in the late 60s, but whereas most people that have used that technique in the intervening years have come over all intense and William Burroughs-y, this record is a remarkably playful and entertaining document, and – peculiarly – its avant-garde stylings make the overall sound more entertaining and accessible, rather than less so. Time will tell, however, whether it will join records like *Elephant* and *White Blood Cells* on my conceptual and totally imaginary jukebox.

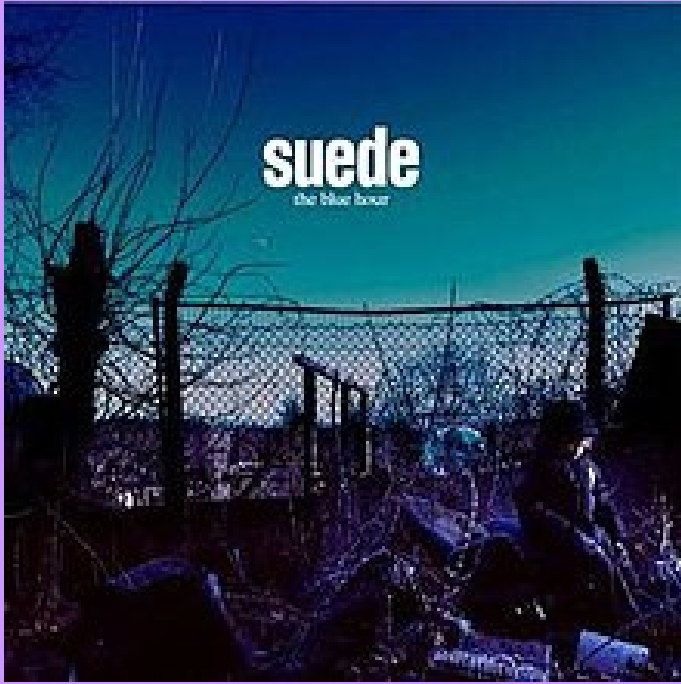


Gorillaz: *The Now Now*

Initially, when the 2017 album, *Humanz*, came out, I was a little disappointed with it as main man, Damon Albarn, said earlier this year (and I am paraphrasing because I can't be bothered to look for the exact quote) that he had spent so much time amassing the various guest stars that he had neglected to put enough of his fictional alter ego, 2D, into the record.

That's as may be, and whilst I agreed with him at first, *Humanz* has grown on me massively and I listen to it as much as I do any of the other records by this smashingly innovative cartoon band. But, in a pleasant surprise for those of us who had to wait seven years for the last album, 2018 saw a new album which redressed any imbalance that there might have been, being very much a 2D record. There are a few guest appearances, most notably by veteran jazz guitarist, George Benson, but this delightfully low key release more than fulfilled any expectations.

It was released in conjunction with an alternative reality game (ARG) in which players did their best to assist bass player, Murdoch Niccals, escape from prison. As I wrote recently, the way that Albarn and his main collaborator, Jamie Hewlett, combine music, animation and other media to produce a delightfully innovative whole raises the bar for everyone, and I think that it is quite significant that Gorillaz have spawned not a single credible competitor as yet.



Suede: *The Blue Hour*

I first heard of this band twenty five years ago. I was sitting with Steve Harley in his dressing room when he gave me a copy of the first album, saying that ‘a lot of the reviews had suggested that what Suede were doing in the early 90s was a conceptual parallel to what Cockney Rebel had done twenty years previously’. I didn’t really see it, but it was kind of him to give it to me, and I soon became a fan of the overwrought but surprisingly human drama of the record. Singer, Brett Anderson, and guitarist, Bernard Butler, were a formidable team, particularly on the second album, but although the subsequent albums, both before and after their seven year sabbatical between 2003 and 2010, were often very good, they never quite reached the peak of *Dog Man Star*. The fact that Butler left the band after that particular album was a bitter disappointment for most of us.

However, with this, their eighth studio album, they really have hit a late career high. The gorgeously gothic string arrangements are perhaps the most innovative – even experimental – that the band have ever been, but – like so many other records this year – it seems that the more risks they take, the better the music becomes. And for the first time since 1994, one does not find oneself bemoaning the absence of Bernard Butler. It would, of course, be nice if he was there but the huge gap he left in the band has finally closed up.



Chaos Chaos: *Chaos Chaos*

This is a peculiar little band. Originally called Smoosh, the two sisters who comprise the band were unfeasibly young at the time. But eighteen years or so on from their formation, and – one suspects – some personal tragedies that they don’t want to talk about, they have reinvented themselves as performers of a sort of skeletal and very minimal electronica. And this record is their first full length outing within the new genre. Hesitant in places, the music sounds simultaneously worldly and vulnerable, but definitely reinforces the original impression that so many of us got that these two girls - even at a frighteningly young age – were and are possessed of a first rate pop music sensibility.

Despite the fact that the sounds on the record are mostly, if not all, synthesised, they are used so sensitively that the overall effect is far more organic than one usually finds within electronic music. This appears to be part of a nascent wave of such music, performed by young women, from across the globe, and I have a sneaking suspicion that this may well grow into a significant artistic movement.





Penelope Trapps: *Penelope Two*

This is another example of the minimal female electronica that I described above. I know next to nothing about Penelope Trapps, only having heard anything by her by complete accident. A brief snippet of one of her songs turned up in a Twitter post by one of my old friends from the world wide Climate Change Protests movement, and – being both half asleep and mildly curious – I played it, and was immediately captivated.

Although this album exists in broadly the same stylistic territory as does the Chaos Chaos album reviewed above, it is a bleaker and more lonely statement, and the album cover, which appears to show a young woman (presumably Penelope Trapps) crouching, naked, in a sort of upright foetal position on what appears to be a beach, only adds to the alienation and makes this whole package really quite disturbing. Somehow, she manages to fuse the melodic electronica of her first album with a disturbing and feral underlay reminiscent of the best of Carter/Tutti. This is an extraordinary album, and one which I heartily recommend.



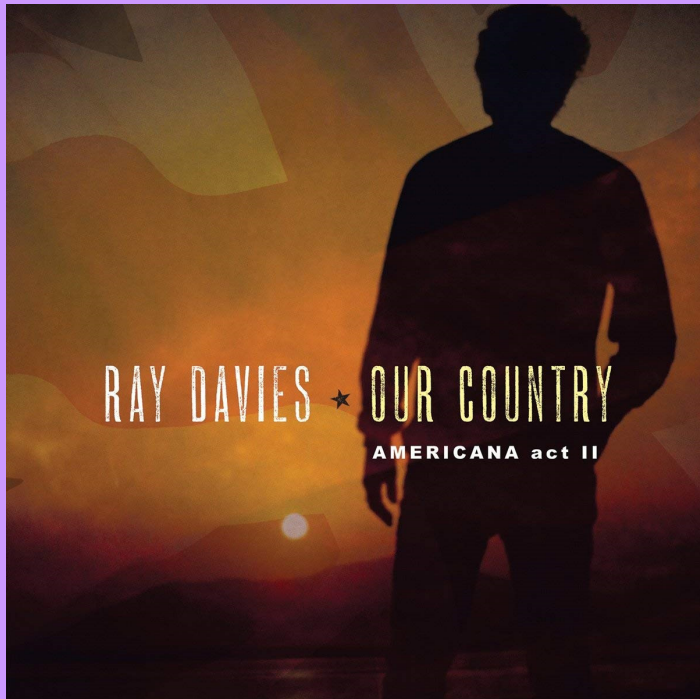
Marianne Faithfull: *Negative Capability*

I have been a fan of Marianne Faithfull for many years, and I am not one of those people who suggest that after the career high of *Broken English*, forty years ago, that Mick Jagger's one-time girlfriend has become increasingly less important.

This is poppycock! Her records have ebbed and flowed through popular culture like a river of Brechtian significance, often revisiting the works of Weimar Republic-era composers, like Brecht and Weill, and the torch songs of people like Cole Porter, but also reinterpreting the best of the output of contemporary composers, such as Nick Cave, Roger Waters and Morrissey. So, this new album is no surprise to those of us who have followed her career for all these years. This new album is more acoustic than usual, and is produced by Robert Ellis, Warren Ellis and Head. She describes it as her most "honest" record, and it includes songwriting credits for Ed Harcourt, Nick Cave and Mark Lanegan.

Peculiarly, it includes re-workings of three old songs; one from *Broken English*, her original debut single and Bob Dylan's *It's All Over Now, Baby Blue*, which I have to admit I never knew she had recorded. *As Tears Go By* is particularly poignant. She was originally a teenager when she sang it, and she also recorded it in middle age. Now, an old lady of seventy one, she is at the age of the fictional protagonist of the song, who sits back watching the

“children play” and musing upon her own life. This whole album is intensely moving, and – in my humble opinion – the most lyrical and expressive record she has made in many years.



Ray Davies: *Our Country* – *Americana Act 2*

I never really got The Kinks, and when people described Ray Davies as a songwriter on a par with Lennon and McCartney or Pete Townshend, I truly couldn't see what all the fuss was about. However, over the years, whenever he has had a new album out, I have listened to it diligently in the hope that I would finally 'get' him. And finally, with his eighth solo album released at the age of seventy four, I finally do.

This is part two of a selection exploring the fascination that Davies has always had with American culture. I was not particularly impressed with the first part, and after discovering how much I liked this new instalment, I went back to its predecessor and found that I was still underwhelmed by it. However, the new album is a quantum leap forward in terms of song craft, and performance. It is far more autobiographical, describing events on his early tours of the United States, for example, but it also has the multi-layered wit and meanings that other people have always found in his music, and for which I have so often searched in vain.



The Good, The Bad & The Queen: *Merrie Land*

Damon Albarn is a veritable wunderkind of contemporary British music. He's already appeared once in this end of year Top Ten, and here he is again with the second album by this singular collaboration between himself, Afrobeat drummer Tony Allen, guitarist Simon Tong from The Verve, and Paul Simonon, best known as the bass player from The Clash. A decade or so after their first album, which saw them explore a disparate collection of influences, including folk rock and ska, this new album, which is loosely themed around the cultural fragmentation that the United Kingdom has suffered in the wake of the Brexit referendum in 2016, is a logical and very pleasing progression. One of the most interesting pieces of instrumentation that can be found on this new record, is a surprisingly funky recorder. Recorders were familiar to generations of school children, for many of whom they were the first musical instrument that they ever encountered. Whereas they were common on folk rock records by the likes of Dr Strangely Strange, back in the day, they have not appeared on records much in the past half century. Whereas the rhythmic ska influences that were so obvious on the first album are still there, the bluebeat brass sections are here augmented by recorders, which provide a pleasing meeting of the waves between olde English, and modern English stylisations.

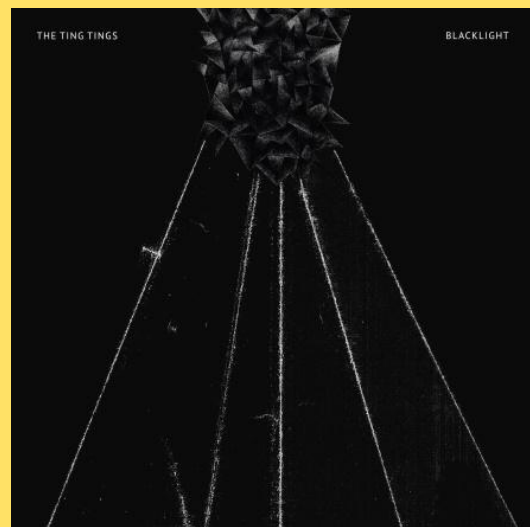


Bobby Beausoleil: *Voodoo Shivaya*

The other night, Carl Marshall and I were sitting up drinking wine and talking about the music about Charlie Manson, when – *En passant* – I asked whether he had ever heard any of the music that Bobby Beausoleil (the first of the Manson killers to be jailed) had made, either solo or with various West Coast luminaries, such as Arthur Lee of ‘Love’. He hadn’t, so I scrolled through Spotify trying to find some for him, and to my surprise, I found this. This album features both vocal and instrumental tracks, that showcase Beausoleil’s journey to spiritual understanding, and was recorded with various people from the American neofolk/post-industrial community. The album sounds like a more pastoral version of one of the more tuneful final albums by Throbbing Gristle, fused with the weird industrial folk music of David Tibet. It is certainly the most well rounded and realised piece of music that I have heard, not only from Beausoleil, but from his spiritual father, Charlie, as well. A gorgeously multi-layered record, this apparently comes together with richly sumptuous packaging, and I must say that I find the idea that such a well-rounded piece of work with such high production values could be produced solely by an inmate serving a life sentence for murder, in a California prison, quite extraordinary.

Putting this year’s Top Ten together was actually a far harder task than normal, because there were quite a few other candidates, which – in the interests of conciseness – didn’t quite make the grade. New albums by people, like Hollie Cook, the daughter of Sex Pistols drummer, Paul, would – if the opposition hadn’t been so strong – have made the grade, as would Cary Grace’s covers album and Jonathan Wilson’s *Rare Birds*.

Chris Carter, from Throbbing Gristle, put out a remarkable new record, and the Ting Tings reversed the trend of their last couple of albums and produced something that, whilst not quite as sparkly and effervescent as their debut, is still the best album they have made in the last decade.



Does this mean that we are entering a brand new renaissance in popular music?

Probably not. But it does mean that miserable buggers of my age, who complain that no good new music has been produced in the past few decades, truly don’t know what they’re talking about!

HAPPYXMAS JOHNLENNON

from The John Lennon Anthology



**Life in the ‘End Times’ ... or
... Happy Xmas - War is
over! One World - Jah
People ... or ... It’s the End
of the World as We Know It!**

*Alan Dearling muses on the strange times we are living in
and “people are strange, when you’re a stranger.”*

alan dearling

“Music is your only friend. Until the End.” Jim Morrison, The Doors

I’m in my 68th year. Lived, loved, laughed, travelled and worked through nearly seven decades. Attempted, and still trying, to get people to experiment with new ways of living, in (relatively) free spaces, being Homo Ludens (Playful Human Beings). In my time on the planet, so far, there’s been no World War, though I’ve seen us just about survive the Cold War, plenty of comparatively smaller ones – among them, Vietnam, the Suez Crisis, Bosnia, Kosovo, Iraq, Syria (ongoing still), Ukraine (worrying), genocide in Rwanda and the ongoing, sickening outflow of refugees – from war, famine, political, social and economic upheaval around the globe. Hey, we are told, we have ‘strong’ leaders: Trump, Erdogan and Putin. Humm. My gut feeling is that these are the strangest times – the potentially most destructive – that I have lived through.

But maybe, just maybe, it will take some breaking of proverbial ‘eggs’ to make the world a better ‘omelette’. Meanwhile, as the world seems to be unravelling, it feels like we are caught up in an unfolding film, a blockbuster on a truly epic scale. Brexit, Trump’s Wall, riots in Paris, Russian aggression in the Ukraine, the potential break-up of the UK, and dire warnings on global warming and waste from David Attenborough. Our ‘Blue World’ is seemingly heading towards a cataclysmic meltdown increasingly engulfed in plastic waste. Then there are the threats of cyber-war and crime, conspiracy theories of Secret International Governing Elites like the Bilderberg Group or even the Illuminatus! [This made me smile: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=3C9wZf88y4Q>]

Perhaps things will have to get worse, lurching further to the right and neo-fascism, before it dawns on countries and

leaders to work out, how to make our and their own lives better. A bit more Liberté, égalité, fraternité. More co-operation, caring, understanding. Listening, even. Perhaps the current strife and turmoil will shake politicians and the people into being proactive. More holistic. More compassion. Less nationalistic. Less driven by commercialisation and commodification. Maybe. I guess the so-called leaders, like us, have to ask if they want, ‘The World Turned Upside Down’. Or, to slightly mis-quote Marlon Brando at the end of the film, ‘The Wild One’, when he is asked, “What are you rebelling against?” He answers, “What have you got?” Seems like a long, long list at this moment in time.

... Other Ways ...

Musicians, poets, artists, writers, filmmakers have also been Our Visionaries. Still are – one hopes. Bob Dylan gave us ‘Blowing in the Wind’ and ‘Masters of War’; ‘Universal Soldier’ came from Buffy Sainte-Marie and Donovan; John and Yoko preached, ‘Happy Xmas – War is Over’; The Beatles ‘All you need is Love’; Bob Marley had us singing along to ‘One Love’ and ‘Redemption Song’. And Neil Young continues to rail against GM crop production, though his real impact was a decade or three, back ‘in the day’, with the likes of ‘Heart of Gold’ and ‘Hey, hey, my, my ... Out of the Blue and into the Black’. Then there were Punk times, ‘God Save the Queen – a fascist regime’ and ‘White Riot – we want a riot, a riot of our own’. Even, the MOR radio hit from REM, ‘It’s the End of the World as We Know It’, might have got a few folk rattling around their grey matter.

As we lurch, almost literally towards 2019/2020, we have the rappers, the EDM collectives and djs, some world music projects and bands. They often take a wider world view. They often offer a weird mix of hedonism and eco-consciousness. In some festival environments such as the Boom Festival in Portugal and Landjuweel in the Netherlands there is a powerful



message of resistance to gentrification and a positive, eco, green agenda. Frequently, they are more radical, less bridled by homophobic, racist, stereotypical viewpoints. Sometimes they are advocating a more violent, confrontational set of solutions too. 'Outsider Music', can also include the likes of relatively mainstream, Anohni: <https://www.theguardian.com/music/musicblog/2016/mar/22/eco-conscious-anohni-the-satisfaction-outsider-music-artists-challenge-ecocide-business>

And, there'll always be New Rebels, with and without a cause - nearly always more in touch with young people, who are undeniably the Last Great Hope for the future.

Just help save us from more 'X Factor' and '(Our country's) Got Talent' type, lowest common denominator shows. Music may be 'our only friend' but find some good ones!

For the oldies, there's still plenty of escapism in psychedelic dreams, blissed out, rock 'n' roll and prog rock. But that ain't going to help Change the World. Maybe, as in the Street Art, we are only 'Relatively Fucked'. Rock On!

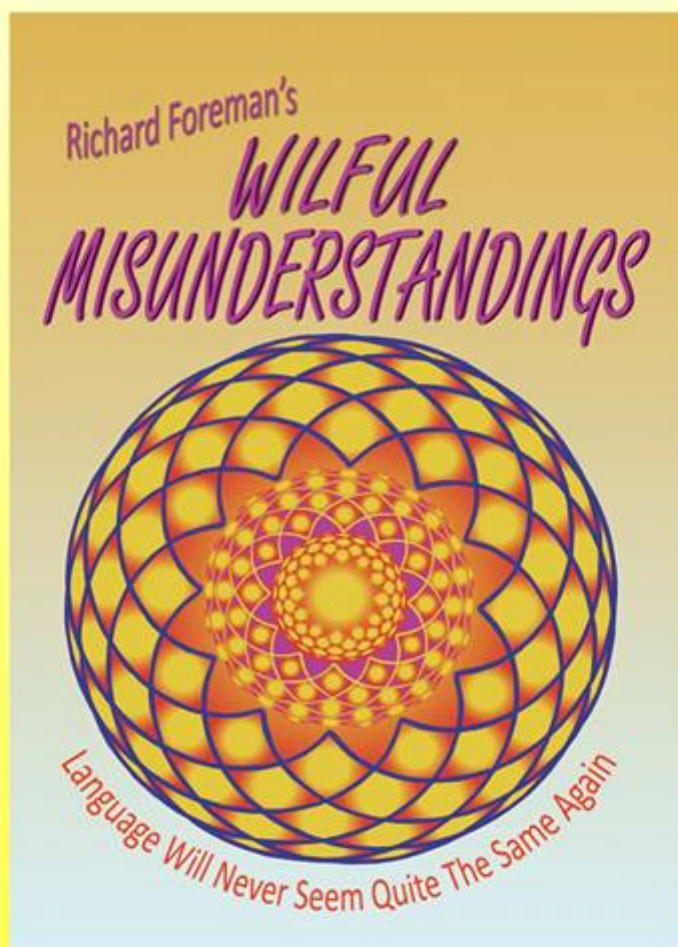


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Extinction Rebellion — Thoughts Following the Buzz of Participation

Having covered the Extinction Rebellion day on 17th November a couple of issues back, I've had too much going on to participate in its subsequent actions. These included several days of 'swarming', stopping traffic in London for short periods, and a second day of action commencing in

parliament square a week later. They've tended to get less overall media coverage than the earlier forays and I imagine this will be considered in the period of reflection the organisation intends to take before instigating further action in April next year.

Members of our local group have participated in some of these actions when they can, both in London and on a smaller scale in various localities. Our group will be meeting again next week to consider the long haul ahead – enabling ourselves to participate more fully in forthcoming national non-violent direct action initiatives and considering what can be done to spread the message here where we are.

RICHARD FOREMAN



All well and good, but considering what we are up against, is it yet anything approaching enough? The message is brutal. Roger Hallam speaks of mass starvation across the world within 25 years. We are in the process of societal collapse all across the planet. While climate change continues to accelerate exponentially (an Arctic without ice by 2023 is one recent estimate), we face massive biodiversity depletion, ocean acidification, air soil and water pollution, water depletion, devastating consequences of soil erosion and deforestation. The shit is hitting the fan everywhere we look. Yet there is a feeling that most people don't want to know. We, myself included, continue to act as if everything is continuing as normal. We watch 'Strictly', speculate about rifts between Kate/Will and Meghan/Harry, follow our teams/fashion icons/celebrities/rock bands and munch our takeaways as if nothing could possibly go wrong. The alternative is just too scary to admit,

This of course suits a lot of people – most notably those who own and control most of the world's wealth.

Look at what's happening at the 2018 Climate Change conference in Katowice. We already have the U.S., Saudi Arabia, Russia and Kuwait objecting to the conference 'welcoming' the recent Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change report, even in the watered down form it inevitably took. Insane as it seems, among the wealthy across the world there is a powerful desire to protect the status quo (and fossil fuel industry) right up to the end. And it is not necessarily because they are genuine denialists or believers that technology will get us out of this. Preparations are being made, bolt-holes and bunkers are being prepared for what, I'm told, they refer to as 'the event'. Meanwhile the media collude with the illusion, maintaining an increasingly dodgy concept of 'balance', afraid to upset anyone unduly and perhaps lose ratings as a result.

It is so easy to feel helpless, to sit around and say 'we're fucked, there's nothing we can do about it'. I've done a lot of that myself. The value of Extinction Rebellion for me personally is not because I think it has a chance of succeeding. It's because I don't want to die thinking I didn't lift a finger, didn't at least try to do



something about what is so plain to see but so hard to accept.

Does it have a chance of succeeding? This is what I've been wondering. The feeling on Lambeth Bridge back on the 17th was powerful and good, but even there I found myself unsure about

some aspects of what I was observing. I can't be one hundred percent certain but I suspect the majority of those who were on that bridge were well educated and middle class. Certainly I saw very few non-white faces indeed. Okay, there was a racial equality march in London on the same day, and that was important. And





there were four other bridges where the racial mix might have been less one-sided. I hope so. But my general feeling is that 'Rising Up/Extinction Rebellion' has been carefully thought out and prepared by a group of people who are academics in the main and that it is being embraced so far by people with the same leanings. Its goal is mass civil action, powerful enough to make governments reconsider their apparent folly, but it has a long, long way to go before it can consider itself a mass movement. To manage that, it has to break through social barriers, to sweep up people who have not yet grasped that anything out of the ordinary is going on. That is one big ask.

And of course it's not the only movement in the world that is seeking to sweep people up. We have, as tends to be the case in times of deep insecurity, a resurgence of the right wing, of fascism and worse, as its leaders and rabble rousers offer simplistic pie-in-the-sky. Over here we have the Brexiteers and the far right, Trump as figurehead for those who run the show in the US, and the likes of

Bolsonaro in Brazil doing much the same. And when it comes to 'mass' action, it seems the 'yellow vest' protestors in Paris are showing XR a thing or two (though perhaps not a purely right wing movement – don't know enough to decide). But I'm finding this paragraph too depressing to continue, so I hope you get the picture. There is strong competition for hearts and minds here.

So the odds are stacked against XR. But then I'm pretty sure that at one time or another in our history the odds seemed stacked against the abolition of slavery, women's emancipation and more. XR's organisers make some play of quoting these events, and drawing in Martin Luther King and the civil disobedience that challenged racism in the US, along with Gandhi in India, as examples of how their strategy might work. I want to believe them. I really do. They have my support, but building any confidence in their hope of success will be hard work indeed.

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~ 2019 ~

25
JAN

LONDON

THE BORDERLINE

26
JAN

BECKINGTON

BECKINGTON MEMORIAL HALL

27
JAN

MINEHEAD

GIANTS OF ROCK - BUTLINS

31
JAN

DERBY

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KEV'S WORLD



SCIENTIST
BARBELITH
INDEPENDENT

This is the third album from Scientist, featuring founding guitarist/vocalist Eric Plonka (Yakuza), guitarist/vocalist Patrick Auclair (ex-Taken By The Sun), drummer Justin Cape (ex-Taken By The Sun), vocalist Barry Kotarba (Boatman's Toll), and bassist Mathew Milligan (Making Ghosts). It is the first time they have had a singer as such, as previously they have

opted for a mix of instrumental tracks and a revolving cast of guest vocalists. Musically this is a deranged mix of sludge, doom, prog, and black metal, so much so that it is impossible to work out where one genre ends and another begins, so interwoven are they all. They move in and out of metalcore, clean vocals giving away to something very nasty indeed, and this lightness just shows the heaviness and darkness for what it is. The seven songs (just under forty minutes in length) have been heavily influenced by the concepts revolving around Grant Morrison's comic book series, 'The Invisibles', and centres itself on, "the search for life's meaning through the use of psychedelics and the occult means, only to discover that you haven't even been born yet." Intense, especially when the black metal influences are to the fore, this is an uncompromising release which those into the more extreme forms of metal would do well to hear, at least.

KEV ROWLAND

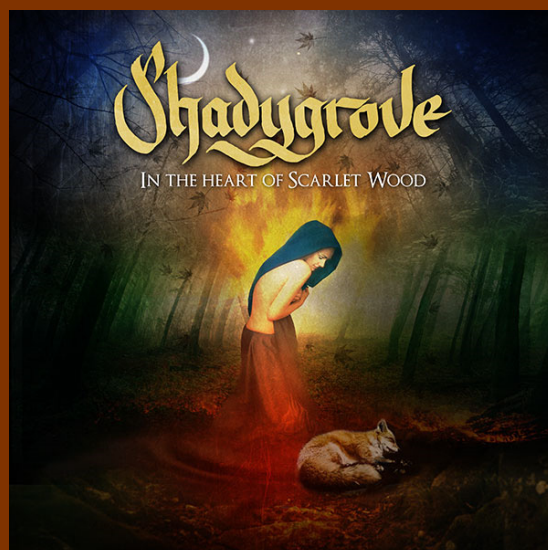


SENSE OF FEAR
AS THE AGES PASSING BY...
ROCKSHOTS RECORDS

Sense of Fear were formed in 1998 in Kozani, Greece, but have only now, some twenty years on, released their debut album through Rockshots Records. Originally called Holy Prophecy, they changed their name in 1999 after writing the song "Sense of Fear", which along with "Slaughter of Innocence" is one of their earliest numbers, finally making its appearance some 19 years down the road. They cite their influences as Iron Maiden, Rotting Christ, Iced Earth, Nevermore, Manowar, Hammerfall, Running Wild, Grave Digger, Slayer, Pantera, and their own sound veers between power metal and thrash.

It is a polished and enjoyable album, without ever really being groundbreaking, but is one that a thrash fan will listen to all the way through without skipping tracks. The production is good, the drums and bass provide a great backing for the guitars, with the only element I'm not sure about being the vocals. Ilias Kytidis does seem to be struggling at times, and although the guitars are powerful, there does seem to

be a lack of ideas about how to take this to the next level. I expect more from a band that has been around this long, and I question if this is going to be enough to inspire their fans to demand another album in the near future. It's okay, but little more than that.



SHADYGROVE
IN THE HEART OF THE SCARLET WOODS
ROCKSHOTS RECORDS

To describe this album I think it is probably best to listen to the words of singer Lisy Stefanoni, who says "We love the different styles of folk music and the various approaches of the main musicians. We also love the Celtic music. In the metal genre, folk metal inspires us the most. We listen to bands like Eluveitie, In Extremo, also symphonic projects like Ayreon and The Gentle Storm. Those who love folk-metal will certainly appreciate our songs because we all come from that musical background. We take our fans on a journey to a place where myths are real and there is evidence of the magic forces of our planet. In this world the listener can meet legendary creatures walking into enchanted landscapes or see ancient

rituals happening.” This is the third album from Italy’s Shadygrove, who feature members from Elvenking, Evenoire, and Sound Storm.

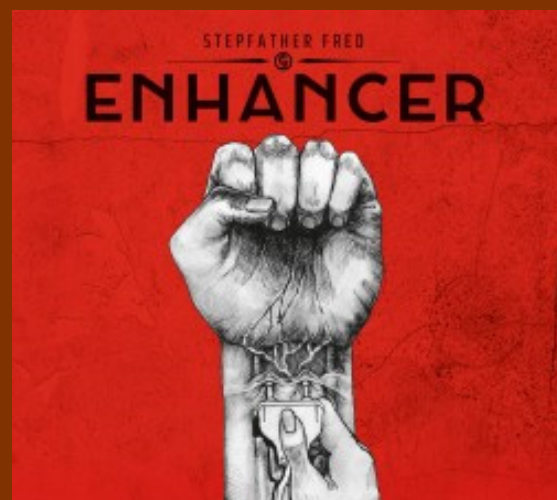
They certainly don’t sound Italian, but sound as if they have been listening to the likes of Iona and have grown up in the Celtic tradition. With violin, piano and flutes/whistles adding to the mix, and strong female vocals, the result is an album that anyone who has ever remotely enjoyed listening to acoustic folk will gain a great deal from. That I am hearing them for the first time, on their third album, is something of a travesty, and I can see that I am going to have to do my best to rectify that in the near future. This music is definitely right up my particular alley, but instead of being dark it is full of light and dancers. The press release states that it will be for fans of Blackmore’s Night and Loreena McKennitt, but in reality this is for anyone who appreciates and enjoys great music coming out of the tradition.



PEEL
NEVER NOT DEAD EP
INDEPENDENT

Five songs, thirteen minutes in length, this punk pop hybrid is an interesting introduction to a band that obviously favour the underground DIY ethos and then bring together hardcore, punk, rockabilly, Cheap Trick, Dead Kennedys Black Flag and anything else that may be of interest (I swear Dylan could also be an influence, but that may be a little left field). It is rough, it is raw, it is distorted and never pretty, but the guys are tight. They’ve only been around a couple of years but have already released two albums, with this EP being their latest missive. If anything belongs in CBGB’s then this is it,

<https://peelrules.bandcamp.com>



STEPFATHER FRED
ENHANCER
EL PUERTO RECORDS / SOULFOOD

When I heard their third album, ‘Dummies, Dolls & Masters’, I said “I can guarantee that you will have the same reaction as I did, namely my jaw was hanging open and I kept asking myself how can a band with such a really poor pub rock name produce music this professional and just so damn enjoyable?”. So, now they are back with their fourth, and yet again I am amazed

at the quality of the music being produced. This is straightforward no-frills no sub-genre heavy metal, W.A.S.P. without the glam, NWOBHM without the New Wave (or the British, they're German, but you get what I mean). If I was to like them to any of their countrymen then it would have to be classic Accept, but without any blistering guitar solos. It seems wrong to say that this could be seen as being simplistic, more that everything had been stripped back and taken down to the common denominator, namely a metal band with everything turned up to the max. But, and it is an important "but", they fully understand and comprehend the need for melody, and in Sebastian Schuster they have a singer fully in the mould of Udo Dirkschneider or Angry Anderson.

They have felt no need at all to move into one of the more fashionable areas of metal, but instead are playing in straight down the middle, which actually makes a refreshing change in just so many ways. I'm looking forward to the next one already. www.stepfather-fred.de



STONE BROKEN
AIN'T ALWAYS EASY
SPINEFARM RECORDS

We all have guilty pleasures when it comes to music, that one band or album that we're not really supposed to like if we are to maintain our credibility. Well, I'm not too sure about maintaining it, as I don't think I've ever had any to begin with, but back in 2001 I was sent an album by Roadrunner to review which I still think contains a great many wonderful songs, yet "friends" have mocked me for still having it in my collection. The album is 'Silver Side Up', and of course the band is Nickelback. With songs such as "Never Again" and "How You Remind Me" it has been a "go to" album for me, but until now I have never heard another band that has taken that formula of strong riffing guitars, pounding drums and one singer often being tracked by another, and hook after hook after hook. Well, I have now.

This is the second album from British quartet Stone Broken, and if they're not taking that particular blueprint and very much making it their own, then I really don't know what to say. The band was formed in 2013 by frontman Rich Moss with guitarist Chris Davis, bassist Kieron

Conroy and long-time musical soulmate Robyn Haycock on drums, since when they have been creating quite a stir on the live circuit. With the release of this, I can only see their name getting bigger, as this really is one pounding radio-friendly metal/rock classic after another. There is a groove here that makes the body move, the head nod, and the mouth smile. I am sure that there will be some naysayers, but the last time I looked Nickelback had sold more than 50 million albums, so for all the guilty pleasures there are plenty of people out there who like them (even if they hide the CDs away from their mates). Punchy, powerful, dramatic, and damn fine, this is simply superb.



SUBSIGNAL
LA MUERTE
GENTLE ART OF MUSIC

Back with their fifth studio album, it has been a while since I last heard this German band that morphed out of Sieges Even, as there have been two other albums between this and 2011's 'Touchstones'. I would have classified their last album as solid neo-prog, but while I do think that classification is still

the best place for this as a whole, there is much more crossover in what they are doing now. This has a lightness and deftness of touch to it, yet at the same time there is a maturity and feeling of a band knowing exactly what they want to get across to the audience. Bringing in RPWL's Yogi Lang and Kalle Wallner to undertake the production was a touch of genius, as that act has also been through a great deal of change as they have moved to adulthood, and together they have all combined here to show that here is a prog band that has very much come of age.

The current line-up, consisting of Markus Steffen (guitar), Arno Menses (vocals), Ralf Schwager (bass), Markus Maichel (keyboards) and Dirk Brand (drums), has remained unchanged for quite some time. Markus and Arno starting working together in Sieges Even before moving away, while Ralf (Dreamscape) and Dirk Brand (Axxis, Geoff Downes & John Wetton) also have strong reputations, but it is as this quintet that they are now becoming best known. The vocals soar, the melodies hit while the harmonies and musicianship are all that one would expect and want from a band like this.

The approach is far more songs-based than before, and although they can hit hard when they want to (witness the keyboard-led melodic hard rock introduction to "Every Able Hand"), they are also content to lighten it up and let Arno take centre stage. This is an incredibly accessible progressive rock album, one that brings the bands of the Nineties right up to date, and also not being afraid to use hints of the Seventies when the need is right, but all wrapped up in commercially acceptable radio-friendly songs that are a delight.



TAX THE HEAT
CHANGE YOUR POSITION
NUCLEAR BLAST

Here we have the follow-up to the Bristol band's debut album, 2016's 'Fed To The Lions'. That album established them as one of the most electrifying new bands around, and with 'Change Your Position' being released on Nuclear Blast Records, that reputation will surely grow. The line-up comprises Alex Veale (vocals, guitars), Antonio Angotti (bass, backing vocals), JP Jacyshyn (guitars, backing vocals) and Jack Taylor (drums, backing vocals), but they actually credit producer Evansson as fifth member of the band as he contributes so much. "In my mind, this is what a modern guitar band would sound like," says Alex. "We're influenced by so many different genres. It's no secret that guitar music is struggling generally. We're on a mission to help keep it alive and well."

The have drawn on influences as diverse as Queens Of The Stone Age and White Denim through to David Bowie and Prince, then bring it all up to date.

Actually, the single thing that distresses me most about this album is the cover photograph. I mean, it's not exactly rock and roll is it? But, in many ways it also sums up the band in their refusal to conform as they can move from music that has an obvious funk groove to something that is far darker and immensely heavy, yet all the time retaining their own identity. Each time I play "All That Medicine" I am reminded of Living Color, as the groove just drips through it all, but then they can lay it down and become a metallic monster. These guys just refuse to conform, andn also can't wait to get back out on tour. "The best part about music is seeing bands play live," says Jack. "It's what The Beatles and the Stones and those other great bands were doing back in the 60s. It's what The Hives and The Bronx and other electrifying live bands which inspired us more recently were doing. We're creating music for people who want to go and experience that." Catch them if you can, both with this album and onstage, just don't spend too long looking at the cover.





AMC's The Walking Dead – How Will It All End?

Based on the highly successful comic book series written by Robert Kirkman, AMC's *The Walking Dead* is a gritty drama series that portrays life in the months and years following a zombie apocalypse. Led by former police officer Rick Grimes, his family and a group of other survivors find

themselves constantly on the move in search of a safe place to call home. The pressure each day to stay alive sends many in the group into the deepest depths of human depravity, and Rick soon discovers that the overwhelming fear of the survivors can be more dangerous than the dead walking amongst them.

Kirkman created *The Walking Dead* as a response to classic zombie movies that typically end with one or two main characters surviving the situation without actually halting the zombie apocalypse. And even though there is no planned ending for the comic or TV series in sight (in fact at least three feature length films are planned), Robert Kirkman sounds like he wants to keep things positive for whatever central characters remain for the show's final moments. We should always bare in mind that it's always possible that the comic and the TV series could divert in two completely different directions where an ending is concerned.

Carl Marshall and Geordie Jackson

DARK MATTERS

In this article Geordie and I will be looking at *The Walking Dead* universe and contemplating how such a unique and successful series such as this might end. Will Rick and the other characters survive? Will humanity itself survive? Who knows!

We will be presenting this review focusing on several fan theories concerning how the show might eventually finish, and then conclude by providing our own personal opinions.

Spoilers Ahead!

First of all when contemplating the longevity of a show like the *Walking Dead* we must first discuss decomposition. Keen eyed viewers of the show will have no doubt noticed that in later seasons the zombies or 'walkers', are not in the best of shape. By this I mean they are literally falling apart! The walkers in seasons one and two are still very much composed and not too far off simply being mindless cannibals (they can still run at a steady pace at this point), but move on to the later

seasons and we see them rotting to the point where they're not far off being just masses of putrid flesh. So, considering the show's nine seasons cover roughly 6-7 years, that means that very soon this apocalyptic force must be reduced to a rancid, almost harmless puddle.

Eventually the walkers will probably be gone. It is a nice resolution to *The Walking Dead*'s philosophy that people have always been the real threat. Without the constant presence of the undead the show could end with the functional redevelopment of society.

It has been suggested that the entire arc of *The Walking Dead* reflects the evolution of western society. The events on Hershel's farm in season two could be seen to represent early agricultural society – a simple existence without knowledge of the outside world by Hershel; and the brutal narcissism of the Governor in season three represents the Roman Empire complete with Gladiatorial battles.

The devastating flu virus that breaks out in the prison in season four represents the Medieval period. Most well known for its widespread disease fatalities thanks to the Bubonic Plague – luckily victims of the black death stayed dead!





Alexandria in season five represents the age of aristocracy with everything from luxury living to the complete obliviousness of what's coming whether it be the French Revolution or gangs of marauding killers. That's where this theory ends unfortunately but if you ask me the entire arc with Negan dubbed 'All Out War' represents just that – World War 1 and World War 2. We can only speculate what that might mean for the show's ending but given the previously dim view of human nature it could mirror some ideological or fundamental conflict such as the heavily personal fight with Negan and what's left of the Saviours.

What if Rick was in a coma all along? Well, is there any lazier story telling than the hero simply waking up and it all having been a dream? It makes us the viewers wonder why we cared about these characters in the first place! If AMC uses this incredibly lazy plot device as an ending it would be

massively disappointing. Luckily for us Robert Kirkman tweeted recently that this will thankfully not happen in *The Walking Dead*.

One of the most common questions asked about *The Walking Dead* is why the survivors don't just try to find sanctuary off the coast of the USA? After all, there is plenty of fish, beautiful views, and walkers don't seem like the swimming type. T – Dog (Irone Singleton) even suggested the very same idea during season two. There is the possibility the show might end with the survivors setting sail for safety rather than to face certain dangers on land. The spin off series *Fear the Walking Dead* explored this very idea in season two with many of its episodes revolving around sea faring. And surprisingly, it doesn't go all that well as the characters encounter not just walkers but also gangs of ruthless pirates. Might be time to re-think that plan!

What about a quarantine?

In *The Walking Dead* we only really see the world through that tiny slither of reality occupied by Rick and the other survivors so we don't actually get to see where



else the dead are ‘walking’! One of the show’s former stars, Sonequa Martin-Green (who played Sasha Williams from 2012 to 2017) thinks she has an idea. Green suggested that the show could conclude with the last survivors reaching the shore only to find rows of battleships containing the infection and the bombshell revelation that the walker apocalypse is not global at all but quarantined within America. However there are a few nagging problems with this theory, first of all Doctor Edwin Jenner (Noah Emmerich) from the CDC (end episodes of season one) tells us that France had the longest lasting disease control unit which is a very strong indication that the virus at least entered Europe. Secondly, *Fear the Walking Dead* season two takes place partly in a zombie ridden Mexico. So the virus has to be at least confined to the North American continent. And lastly, the stand alone comic *The Walking Dead – The Alien* specifically covers the outbreak in Barcelona, Spain.

Is it possible new born babies are immune to *The Walking Dead* condition? While it’s true nobody is safe during the zombie apocalypse some fans conclude that new born babies might just be the exception and ultimately what it takes to stop the apocalypse. Think about it, we have never seen an undead baby in *The Walking Dead* (albeit a ridiculous concept). Kids sure! But never babies! It could very well be that new born infants might have some in-built immunity to the virus who haven’t been conceived by infected parents.

Unlike some of these theories the idea that babies might be immune would be a pretty hopeful way of ending the series since it hints at truly recovering society in a few generations’ time. Not to mention that Judith Grimes (Rick’s daughter, now played by Cailey Fleming) serves as a symbol of hope for the future as is the soon to be introduced Rick Jr.. This would mean that she and all the other children (including Maggy’s) are truly the key to the survivors’ salvation and their best hope for the future.

Of course, it’s completely possible that in true zombie movie fashion everyone might die! The fact of the

FEAR

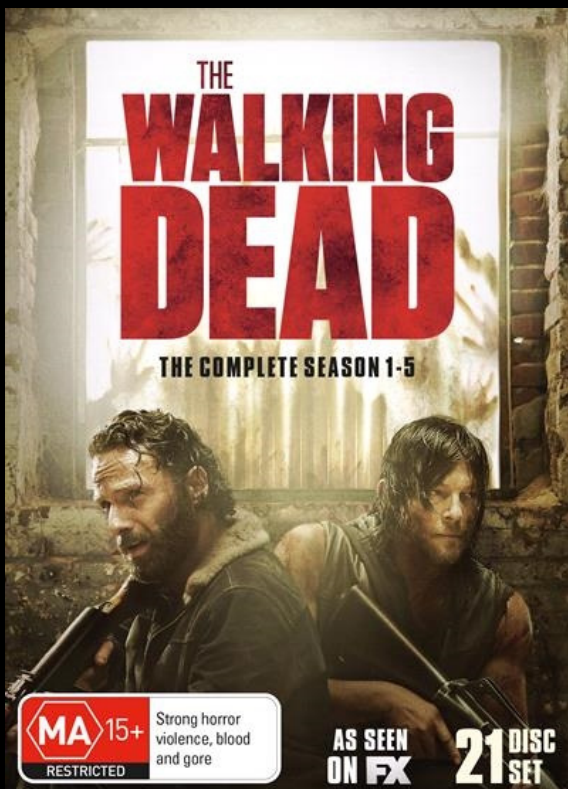
THE
WALKING DEAD





matter is that *The Walking Dead* has absolutely no qualms about brutally decimating its cast whether it's Dale (Jeffrey Demunn), Tyreese (Chad Coleman), or even poor old Glenn (Steven Yeun - that one might still be a little raw!).

Even so, the show could just end up with the main cast, maybe even humans in general, getting wiped off the face of the planet if the virus continues to spread. It's pretty simple maths really – humans die and become walkers. Walkers hunt humans but don't themselves die - therefore it's not hard to imagine how that could end in the eradication of the surviving human population, especially since walkers will eventually invade every safe place. That's not to mention the fact that the survivors decided long ago that the best way to survive the zombie apocalypse is to add yet another deadly threat into the mix by continually warring with other surviving groups.



Geordie Writes...

Robert Kirkman's *The Walking Dead* was from the start a risky endeavour. There were some risks involved in filming such a large budget production and because, at the time (only about a year before), *The Vampire Diaries* had recently aired which was hugely successful eventually paving the way for *The Walking Dead*. *The Walking Dead* has proven to be an even more successful TV show than *The Vampire Diaries* and now one wonders just how the show might eventually end.

I personally believe *The Walking Dead* will end with



the total extinction of the human species with the animal kingdom making a full comeback in our absence. We already saw hints of this a few seasons back when Daryl showed mercy to a heavily decomposed walker that had a worm protruding from its rancid flesh only then to be picked out by a small songbird and taken back to a nearby nest of chicks. I believe this scene represents nature's renewal in our absence.

I believe *The Walking Dead* will end with the total extinction of the human species but the planet and most of its other animals will recover and then thrive without us.

Conclusions.

I feel that at the going rate of walker decomposition humanity just has to wait the

apocalypse out! Once the walkers have all fallen to the natural effects of decomposition, humanity should be able to make a full comeback providing there is enough of our 'humanity' left!

Since the show started back in 2010, it has been playing with the concept of 'retaining humanity', as we have seen various main characters come and go who have ultimately lost their grip of what's right and wrong, becoming animalistic, devoid of empathy and compassion. Characters like Shane (Jon Bernthal), the Governor (David Morrissey) and Negan (Jeffery Dean Morgan), along with marauding groups like the Wolves and now the most barbaric and dangerous group yet, The Whisperers (a nomadic tribe who wear skinned walker flesh as camouflage in order to safely live and travel among the dead), have all lost grip of what makes them human and reverted into a primitive barbarous lifestyle throughout the series. Therefore what makes Rick and the other survivors so interesting and relatable is that no matter what has happened (and a lot of terrible things has happened to them over the years) they have



still managed to retain much of their humanity – In essence they are still good people!

I had the pleasure of meeting Emily Kinney, who played Beth Green from seasons two to five, at a horror convention a few years ago and during our brief conversation she implied that the show will probably end on a positive note.

And the show's creator and writer Robert Kirkman stated back in 2015:

“I do hope that *The Walking Dead* goes on long enough that when it ends, they're like,

'good thing we took care of those zombies.' ... I see the story from beginning to end, over many, many years and so I think it's a very hopeful story about humanity overcoming this insurmountable apocalyptic situation...

It's just going to take them a long time to do it.”

WTF with Marc Maron (2015).

If the characters of *The Walking Dead* can find redemption and learn the value of human life maybe we can too!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Asante sana (thank you very much),

David Banks
Director, Africa Region
The Nature Conservancy

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





Yer GONZO ISLAND DISCS

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

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



As regular readers of this magazine will know, Geordie Jackson is a friend and collaborator of my mate, Carl Marshall. Together, they have gone to various far flung parts of the globe in an attempt to solve cryptozoological mysteries. And together, they write a regular column for this magazine, about horror films and the culture that surrounds them. But, we all know that already! What we don't know is if we were to pick him up, lock, stock and barrel and plonk him on an entirely conceptual desert island, what records would he want to take with him?

GEORDIE'S TOP TEN

1. The Beatles: The White Album
2. Pink Floyd: Dark Side of the Moon
3. The Eels: Beautiful Freak.
4. Manic Street Preachers: The Holy Bible
5. Led Zeppelin: Led Zeppelin IV
6. Radiohead: The Bends
7. The Sundays: Reading, Writing and Arithmetic
8. The Hollies: The Hollies Greatest Hits
9. The Beach Boys: Pet Sounds
10. Metallica: The Black Album

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

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

REVIEW: PLAYSTATION CLASSIC

I still remember the first time I spilled my eyes on a PlayStation, months before its release, hidden from syrupy fingers within a perspex box at a trade

show. It looked - and still looks - gorgeous, losing none of its design classic status in this: its new shrunk-down form.

As is the trend for these miniature "classic" machines, the PlayStation Classic offers an HDMI cable, USB controllers, and... no AC adaptor. The latter doesn't bother me much - I've plenty of spare USB power plugs lolling around - but it needs mentioning if only to point and cackle at everyone who has thrown their toys out of the pram over something so insignificant.

If that's the sort of issue which fuels your boiler then congratulations: you've clearly got nothing else to worry about in your life. Of course, this reproduction minikin offers a wad of old games; 20, in fact. Indeed, in some respects, the PlayStation Classic has more of a reason to exist than the Super NES, NES and Commodore 64 minis, given that PlayStation games are something more of a faff for the average pleb to get working with an emulator.

Because, let's be blunt here, these mini consoles are not for the hardcore retro enthusiast (not that this stops the hardcore complaining). We know you can shove ALL THE GAMES into a Raspberry Pi. We know you like playing on the original hardware. These machines are for those gamers who remember enjoying a PlayStation back in the day, and will appreciate a quick nostalgia fix, before shoving the thing under the telly come December 27th, never to touch it again.



<https://www.digitiser2000.com/main-page/review-playstation-classic>

THE SCIENTIFIC INVESTIGATION OF THE UNEXPLAINED PHENOMENA MAGAZINE

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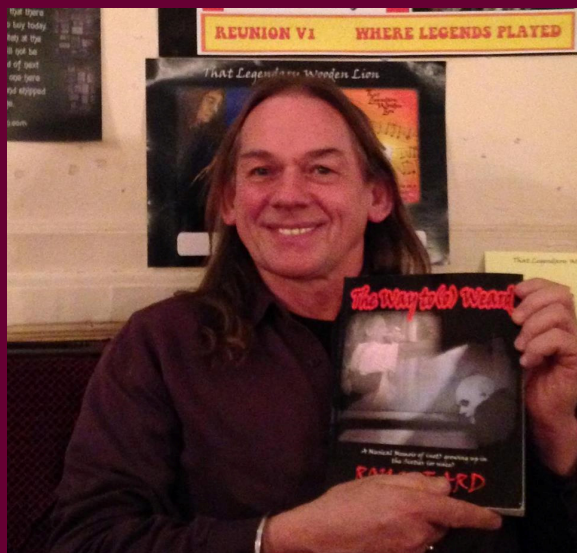


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WORDS FROM THE WEARD



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

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

Only one place stood out. *Rock City* in Nottingham was staffed by bikers. The local crew there were all Hell's Angels. I did exactly the same with them, and the guy put them all back in the case in one go. We were back home for a couple of weeks after the UK tour and *Encore* were, by this time, putting a lot of pressure on me to join the company. Chris had taken over maintenance for the PA system in *Dingwalls* and sacked his original partner after an argument over his commitment to the company. He had an office and small warehouse just over the road from *Dingwalls*, on the ground floor of the new building, in the one-way system.

Mobile phones had just started to be generally available, albeit at a high price, and Chris had done a deal with the local wheeler dealer phone salesman to get one for him. He finally came up with the offer of a phone with all the bills paid, co-directorship of the company and a monthly retainer, and I caved in and went for it. Phones, in those days, were not the tiny pocket devices we have now, neither were they free with a contract. These phones were £800 each with calls costing £1.50 a minute. They were also the size of a house brick with a battery life of four or five hours and a talk time measured in minutes. As a result we all carried handbags with the phone and two or three spare batteries in them. I got mine when I went in to prepare a system to go into *Dingwalls*. It was quite a hot day so I was in T-shirt and shorts and I had come in by train from Greenwich. The train journey from Greenwich to Camden was first overland to London Bridge, and then underground on the Northern Line to Camden. The overground part from London Bridge back to Greenwich in the evening tended to be mostly full of suited 'City Types' and, whenever I made my way back from *Encore* I was often regarded as an



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interloper. On the way home that day I was splattered with black paint from redoing some of the speakers and I had my new mobile phone in a small bag. I settled down in the carriage and it rang for the first time. I answered it and it was Chris, ‘Say “Two hundred thousand dollars”,’ he said.

I repeated it.

‘Now say “New York, Monday morning then back to Paris and on to Tokyo”.’

I repeated that too.

‘Now say, “Make sure it is a suite and there is champagne on ice when I check in”.’

I did that.

‘Are you embarrassed yet?’

‘No, but there are a whole bunch of straight guys in suits with briefcases looking at me wondering why they have not got one of these toys, and how come an oik with paint all over him has got one.’

I did a gig at the *Electric Ballroom* in the gap between the end of the *Stump* UK tour and their European leg. This was for *Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers*. The band arrived to set up and I was accosted by a large Texan in a cowboy hat who was their tour manager. His first words were: ‘Hi, I’m the tour manager. Have you got anything for my nose?’

I told him that I did not have anything on me, but I could make a couple of calls and get some for later. He thought that would be OK so I called my painter and decorator friend and asked him if he wanted to come to the gig, and could he bring a bit of toot. He did. Art Blakey himself did not turn up for the soundcheck so the first sight I had of him was when he walked onto the stage that night. The band were all young black guys and they were followed onto the stand by an old guy looking very frail and walking somewhat unsteadily. As soon as he was seated at the kit, however, he was sharp as a nail. The first few moments of most gigs are a bit frantic, a few tweaks of the sound now that the audience was in and the temperature was up a

bit. I was doing this when the Texan jumped up on the riser.

‘Is your man here yet?’ he demanded.

‘Yes he is down there,’ I replied.

‘Take me to him.’

I protested that I had to mix the gig and he should give me a few minutes to get it all right, but he was clearly impatient so I caught my friend’s eye, and beckoned him over onto the riser. He went off with the Texan and I got on with the show.

The *Electric Ballroom* does not have dressing rooms in the venue itself. They can only be reached by going out into the yard and then back in through another door. Since it was a house rig all I had to do after the show was to pack down the mikes, cables and stands. I was therefore, finished quite quickly and the only place to wash your hands there was in the dressing room block. I went out of the building and there was the pick of the crop of British jazz, all waiting at the dressing room door. The Texan was saying to them, ‘Sorry guys you will have to wait, he is doing an interview.’ He caught sight of me and said, ‘You are OK, you can come in.’ I squeezed through the throng and crept quietly down the stairs to the toilet to wash. The dressing room door was open and there was Art Blakey – with my friend! He was racking out a few lines and Art had all these photos out on the table, ‘This is my great granddaughter. She lives in N’Oleans, and this is my cousin.....’ I was quite amazed. Courtney Pine and all the other jazz stars all waiting upstairs and there he was talking to a house painter, and making them wait! I put out my hand and said, ‘It has been a pleasure mixing the sound for you tonight, great gig.’ He had obviously just bought a bit of my friend’s toot and he had a fiver in his hand. He thrust it at me, and said, ‘Thar’ you go boy, buy yourel’ a cup of coffee.’



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



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



c.j.stone

Turn and Face the Strange...

I've been having a weird time of it lately. First of all my good friend Julian Spurrier died. That was on New Year's Eve, so it kind of set the tone for the coming year. I don't think I quite processed it at the time. It's only recently that the implications have started to filter into my confused little brain.

After that, in June, I retired. That was a good thing, of course, but still very disruptive. So I don't have to get up for work any more, but that also means that my routine has been broken. I keep having anxiety dreams where I'm supposed to be in work. It's obviously taking time for me to process this one too.

After that – and barely two weeks after my retirement – my Dad died. I don't need to go into detail on how devastating that has been. I'm sure readers who have lost a loved one will already know. For those of you who haven't: there really are no words which can describe it.

Again, it takes time to work these things through. I still find myself, over three

months after the event, caught short on a memory, suddenly aware that he is gone, as if I'd somehow forgotten; after which I'll find myself having to turn my back to wipe away a tear.

It was only after Dad's death that the implication of Julian's passing became clear. Julian was my contemporary. For the last forty years or more, for most of my adult life, I've been seeing him on a regular basis.

We lived with each other for a time and, more recently, he was a near neighbour. I would expect to bump into him at least three times a week. And now he is gone, whisked away into the unknown, that great mystery we call death.

And as if all that wasn't disruptive enough, now I find that I am moving.

I say that as if it's surprise to me; and, of course, it's the consequence of a decision I have made, but, just like everything else, it takes time for the mind to process.

So it's only now, as I'm surrounded by

boxes, attempting to pack away the contents of my life, that the implications are becoming clear.

I'm moving in with a couple of friends: in fact into Julian's old house. It's a temporary measure. I have no idea where I will be in a year or two's time.

Meanwhile I'm attempting to sort out and filter down the contents of a whole flat and ten year's worth of accumulation, in order to squeeze it into a single room. Like the retirement, it's a positive change, but highly disruptive. Where is all this stuff supposed to go?

There's a mathematical theory known as Catastrophe Theory. I remember watching a TV programme about it some years back. As I understand it, it suggests that massive and extraordinary moments of change are actually built into any dynamic system. Not only is change

inevitable, but also, every so often, the accumulation of small changes leads to big changes that will literally change the world.

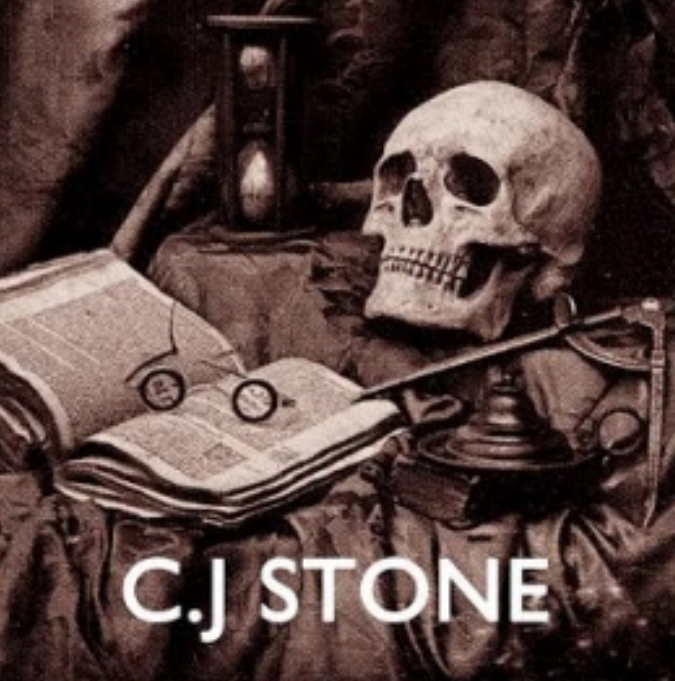
I seem to be going through such a process myself at the moment. The world I thought I knew is gone. The world that is to come is still a mystery. I'm poised in a moment of transformation wondering what will happen next.

I'm not the only one. Everywhere I look, changes are occurring. The accumulation of small changes is building to a critical point. Who knows where any of us will be in a few years time?

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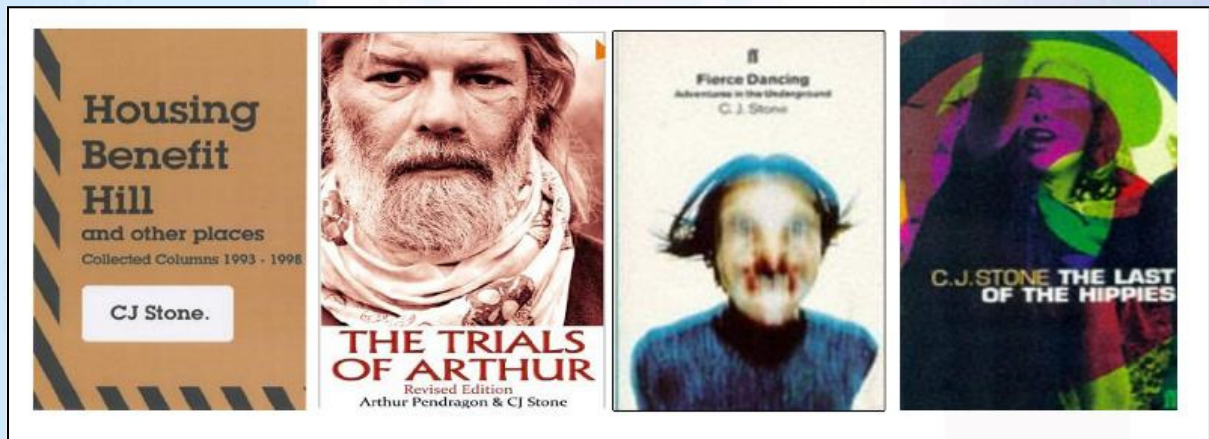
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The Last of the Hippies:
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A wide-angle photograph of the Stonehenge monument in a grassy field under a cloudy sky. The stones are arranged in their characteristic circular formation.

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



A YEAR IN THE LIFE

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..

JANUARY

The year 2018 commenced with the Hawkwind lineup being Dave Brock, Richard Chadwick, Mr Dibs, Haz Wheaton on bass, and Magnus Martin commencing a second year on guitar and other instruments.

The 2017 gig at London Roundhouse had been on sale for several weeks, and Hawkwind had recently guested on Matthew Wright's popular Channel 5 daytime show and performed an acoustic

version of 'Ascent' from the 'Into the Woods' album. For many fans, this was their first clear view of guitarist Magnus Martin.

Attention in January 2018 was partly on the upcoming Hawkeaster in Morecambe, and the emerging list of bands for the event, which included Son of Man, Tarantism, Technicians of Spaceship Hawkwind, Membranes, Screech Rock, Monkey Poet, Crumbling Ghost, and Evil Blizzard. And Matthew Wright, then of daytime tv's "The Wright Stuff" was also on



the list. Later, in June, he announced that he was to leave the TV show, which he had presented since 2000 - but that's getting ahead of ourselves. Let's stick to January for now.

Some fan conversation was also about the forthcoming October surprise gig, the London Palladium being set to host Hawkwind and an orchestra. That announcement had been made back in October 2017, a full year ahead of the event, but nothing was generally known yet about what form it would take.

Cherry Red records announced a March 30 release date for a vinyl version of the 2017 London Roundhouse gig, a three-disk set in

a fold-out sleeve with a price tag of £32 (approx US\$40).

Hawkwind had one gig date to fill in January: the Giants of Rock live music weekend in Minehead, near the end of the month.

FEBRUARY:

Hawkwind announced further UK dates for their concept show 'In Search of Utopia - Infinity and Beyond', at which the band would be joined by a live orchestra. There were three more dates in October and three in November; and it was also announced that the score for the show was to be produced by Mike Batt - the man behind The Wombles. To say that this last item



caused surprise in the general fanbase is a bit of an understatement! The venues were: Salford (Manchester), Leeds, Gateshead, London, Bath and Birmingham. A seventh date, one of two at the London Palladium, sold out soon after it was announced back in 2017.

An attempt to break the world record for continuous live music in a concert environment was announced by Morecambe's Monkey Poet, writer and comedian Matt Panesh, to financially help the

Alhambra Theatre in Morecambe. The event had the aim of beating the current record of 378 hours, which was set in Las Vegas in 2014. Hawkwind were to play the opening and the closing sets. The "Never-Ending Gig" was planned to span 17 days and involve several hundred bands and musicians. However, a shortage of participants caused this interesting idea to fizzle out.

MARCH:

March commenced during the Easter weekend, and thus during the

AN MJR GROUP PRESENTATION

Hawkwind

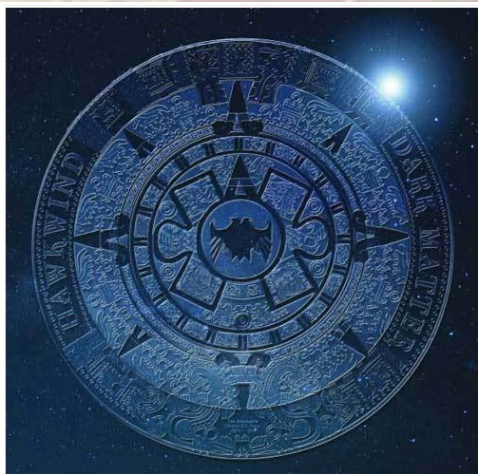
IN SEARCH OF UTOPIA - INFINITY AND BEYOND
ACCOMPANIED BY LIVE ORCHESTRA



THU 18 OCT	LOWRY	SALFORD
FRI 19 OCT	TOWN HALL	LEEDS
SAT 20 OCT	SAGE	GATESHEAD
SOLD OUT SUN 04 NOV	PALLADIUM	LONDON
MON 05 NOV	PALLADIUM	LONDON
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Hawkeaster event in Morecambe.



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Hawkwind's setlist included Assault and Battery / Golden Void, Ejection, Have You Seen Them, First Landing (The Awakening), Born to Go, Lighthouse, The Machine, Paradox, Darklands, and Damnation Alley.

Online, LiveNations claimed HawkEaster was to be "fully streamed" on Youtube, and were inviting people to sign up for this service. The accuracy of this Youtube promotion was queried by several Hawkwind fans on Facebook, and the video stream's 'placeholder' was then blotted out by Youtube, to be replaced by a takedown notice.

A Camden Town street attack on Captain Rizz, former lead singer with Hawkwind, resulted in his front teeth being knocked out. The assault reportedly was missed by street surveillance cameras, despite taking place on a busy Saturday night.

APRIL:

A Banquet Records release for Record Store Day 2018 was a double LP of the unreleased material previously only on the EMI 'Parallel Universe' CD. It has not previously been released on vinyl. The title of the release was "Dark Matter: The Alternative Liberty/UA Years 1970 – 1974."

The support act for the forthcoming orchestral shows was announced as the performing duo The Blackheart Orchestra.

HAWKWIND LINEUP CHANGE:

The first of two personnel changes happened after Hawkeaster and before July, when Haz Wheaton departed and Niall Hone rejoined. Thus their 12th bass player was replaced by a returning 11th bass player. Hone did an eight-year stint in the band, commencing in 2008 on lead guitar. For around three years he also did some bass playing during those tracks where Mr Dibs was solely doing the vocals;

FRIDAY 30TH MARCH - SUNDAY 1ST APRIL 2018

HAWK EASTER HAPPENING

2018

System 7-TOSH
Ginger Wildheart
Tim Blake-Membranes
Son of Man-Evil Blizzard
The Fierce and the Dead
Tarantism-Erin Bennett
Prime Sinister-Monkey Poet
Screech Rock-Crumbling Ghost
Blackheart Orchestra-Paul Zenon
Question Time-Kidz Zone-Soft Play
Eel Pie Island Museum-Stacia's Art
Line up subject to change without notice.

Friday evening Special:
The Stars That Play With Laughing Sam's Dice by Robert Calvert

Hawkwind



and then, when Wheaton joined, switched to a more keyboards-based role, before an amicable departure around the start of 2017.

JUNE:

Hawkwind said that Mike Batt would be joining them on stage as a special guest for their July shows in Margate and Weymouth. Hawkwind fans who just knew him merely as the creator of The Wombles were mystified - but Hawkwind clarified



matters by saying "he is an amazing musician and has just produced Hawkwind's new album. He is also arranging and conducting the Hawkwind orchestral shows later in the year." And they added, "He is an amazing piano player."

JULY:

Hawkwind played the one-day Citadel Festival at Gunnersbury Park in London, mid-month. The roster included the likes of so-called "Chvrches" and La Femme Honne and also Fat White Family, and the headliners were Tame

Impala, an Australian psychedelic rock band. It was unclear from subsequent reports how many Hawkwind fans were attracted by this festival stage parade, or indeed what the audience thought of Hawkwind.

News emerged in July that bass player Haz Wheaton would not be taking part in the summer shows as he was busy playing with sludge rock band Electric Wizard. This seemed to suggest his absence from the lineup was temporary, although it subsequently emerged that it was rather more permanent.

SUNDAY 15TH JULY 2018
CITADEL
GUNNERSBURY PARK, LONDON
THE ULTIMATE SUMMER SUNDAY

TAME IMPALA
UK EXCLUSIVE
CHVRCHES

LEON BRIDGES • FAT WHITE FAMILY
GOAT • THE HORRORS • LA FEMME
HONNE • HAWKWIND • R+R=NOW
DERMOT KENNEDY • SHAME • SAM FENDER • ISAAC GRACIE
THE BARR BROTHERS • GOAT GIRL • GANG OF YOUTHS
THE HOWL & THE HUM • TAMINO • RUKHSANA MERRISE
SEA GIRLS • ANOTHER SKY • INTO THE ARK

- ARTS & IDEAS -
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SMIRNOFF GORDON'S KOPFBERG DIY lost.fm CLASH COMIXION TimeOut



Hawkwind's late July gig at Dreamland Margate received an enthusiastic review from local reporter Kathy Bailes in the Isle of Thanet News:

"The sound was unmistakably Hawkwind with pounding bass and psychedelic feedback loops and effect pedals. The wailing Theremin was awesome to hear with the lead and bass hammered over the top creating a wailing psychedelic wall of noise which, combined with the trippy projected visuals, created a wild experience.

"It was an amazing gig, from a legendary band who have had more line-up changes than Trigger's broom but have kept the core identity of Hawkwind whole. I came out with my ears ringing and my head swirling but a massive grin on my face."

It's not often Hawkwind are compared to a cleaning implement in a UK comedy show, is it?

A new studio album was

announced by Hawkwind, set for release in mid-September:

<<

For their 31st studio album, Hawkwind have collaborated with songwriter and conductor Mike Batt to recreate a selection of Hawkwind songs with an extra, orchestral ingredient.

Hawkwind invited Mike to help create arrangements for some of their most celebrated songs performed by the current line-up of Dave Brock, Richard Chadwick, Mr Dibs, Haz Wheaton and Magnus Martin.

Tracks such as 'Quark, Strangeness and Charm', 'We Took The Wrong Step Years Ago' and 'Psychic Power' are re-rooted acoustically, then embellished with a strength and majesty only Hawkwind can produce.

'The Watcher' features trademark guitar licks from very special guest Eric Clapton.

Dave Brock says: "Reinventing these familiar songs has been an



interesting experience... we hope you like them."

Road To Utopia's release will be previewed in August by a two-track digital single coupling 'Quark, Strangeness And Charm' and 'The Watcher', which will be promoted to radio and to streaming platforms.

The band will be touring with Mike in October and November, including sold-out dates at the Palladium in London

>>

Some fans expressed surprise or indignation at the idea of Clapton talking part, in view of a historic controversy when he was accused of racism during a drunken diatribe onstage. That was 40 years ago, however, and he apologised afterwards. One fan said: "Judging by some of the comments on here [Facebook], you'd think Hawkwind were doing an album with Skrewdriver."

It's interesting that quite a few people are eager to condemn such things as racism and right-wing politics, but are happy to give a 'free



SPIRITS BURNING & MICHAEL MOORCOCK

An Alien Heat

An Alien Heat at the End of a Multiverse

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

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

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

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



gonzomultimedia.co.uk
spiritsburning.com



pass' to Marxists, Communists, and the left-wingers in general. It's difficult to quantify how many lost their lives in the Soviet Union as a result of Communism, but the numbers are probably in the same general league as Hitler's would be.

Anyhow, the "social media indignation squad" were getting pretty fired up in July, but that was a mere dress rehearsal for what was to come in a few more weeks, when Facebook's posting rules



seemed to come under severe strain.

But that's another story...

(to be continued)





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

The Jon Downes Interview

Interviewing Jon was always going to be a long, strange and crazy trip, but hopefully I have managed to capture a small fraction of what makes him an incredible person. We have known each other for some five years now, and with the release of his latest album I wanted to discover just a little bit more about his fascinating life. The idea was to tie the conversation back to the new album, 'Coldharbour' (<https://jondownes1.bandcamp.com/releases>) but somehow that never happened, so just take it as read that it is a fine album indeed. Also, if you are intrigued, then there are multiple links at the end of the interview, and if you don't already get the fine weekly FREE digital magazine Gonzo, why on earth not?

How did you first become involved in Cryptozoology?

It's actually a long, and mildly amusing, story. Back in the 60's I lived in Hong Kong with my family, and every Thursday my mother would go into town

to a venerable institution called the Ladies Recreation Club [LRC], where she would play tennis, have coffee with her friends, and from which she would sally forth and go to the main Hong Kong Central Library, from which she would depart with thrillers for my father, Regency Romances for herself, picture books for my little brother and animal books for me. One day, almost exactly fifty years ago, she brought back a book called *Myth or Monster?*, which was basically a kid's version of Bernard Heuvelmen's seminal *On The Track of Unknown Animals*. (Bizarrely, even though these days I have a relatively huge cryptozoological library, I have never been able to find this book again.) Reading it was one of the great epiphanies of my life. Together with hearing *Led Zeppelin* for the first time, and discovering that girls were different to boys. The idea that there were people who believed in such things as Bigfoot or the Loch Ness Monster, and that perfectly reputable scientists were prepared to stake their reputations on something as bizarre as the putative existence of a bipedal

reptile called the *Tatzelwurm* in various parts of the Alps, totally blew me away. The next day, I went to school and my form teacher, a fearsome woman from Londonderry called Mrs Alexander, did one of the exercises which I guess primary school teachers have been doing since the year dot; she asked the assembled children what they wanted to be when they grew up. Depressingly, most of the girls wanted to be housewives, whilst the boys foresaw at least a partial period in the armed forces, which - as National Service had only ended a few years before - would seem to be a logical answer. I, however, had something else that I wanted to say.

"I'm going to be a Monster Hunter, Mrs Alexander", I said, politely, not really expecting the shitstorm of wrath which was just about to fall upon my nine-year-old head.

I was the stupidest and most irritating boy in the class, I was told. And by making such an absurd statement, I was only confirming this. And, if I wasn't going to learn my nine times table, I was never going to amount to anything.

Well, Mrs Alexander. I still don't know my nine times table. But I have been a professional cryptozoologist now for the best part of thirty years.

How did CFZ come about, and what do you believe is the most important objective achieved by that organisation?

In 1990, I became redundant, which is a polite way of saying that my employers in Exeter Health Authority had finally managed to get rid of me, as I was offered retirement - on the grounds of my mental health - as a slightly more amenable option to getting sacked for 'Gross Professional Misconduct' (meaning that, in their minds, I needed a haircut and shouldn't say the word 'fuck' as often as I did).

So, I became a professional writer; writing, apart from playing the guitar, being the only thing I'm any good at. But what was I to write about? I started to write articles about mystery animals and animal mysteries, but soon realised that as a freelancer with minimal credibility, nobody was going to buy my work.

A few years later, in 1992, I was sitting on the shores of Loch Ness with my first wife and a family friend, called "Dave". I think it was Dave who suggested that, not only did the world need a reputable cryptozoological organization, but if I was to start one, it would give me the credibility that I needed with the British media. So, that's exactly what I did. I never expected it to get as large, as complicated or as important as it actually has done. But, it has, and I just have to learn to live with it.

There are several important achievements. I like to think that we have done quite a lot to bring cryptozoology into the mainstream, although just a brief look at the British tabloid newspapers will reveal that they are still fond of printing the most appalling nonsense about British Bigfoot, and other things that go bump in the night. So, perhaps, we have not done our job as thoroughly there as we would have liked.

Another, and quite possibly the most important, thing we do is to enthuse young people about nature. As a society, we've become increasingly divorced from the natural world over the past few decades, and we believe that cryptozoology is a perfect gateway for young people to find their way into an interest about the wider importance of the natural world.

How do you segment and prioritise your life with so many competing aspects from music to publishing, CFZ, family and others?

I have absolutely no idea. Those people



who think that I have some grand master plan are sadly mistaken. I just play it by ear and make it up as I go along.

What inspires you to create music?

I have music in my head continually throughout my waking hours, and – I suspect – in my dreams. I also have the tendency to think in rhyming couplets, a bit like the captions to the old Rupert Bear comic strips. Putting these two things together is just a simple extrapolation of those two things.

I suffer from peripheral neuralgia, which makes my fine motor skills far harder work than they were earlier on in my life. These aforementioned fine motor skills sadly include playing the piano or playing the guitar, and as I have never got around to learning how to read music properly, this would have seemed to mean that my career as a composer was over. But I have learned to make music on computers, and although I play a little bit of guitar still on my records, the vast majority is composed using an invaluable Digital Workstation

called FL Studio. And so, for the first time in my life, I am getting closer to replicating the music I hear in my head; something I just couldn't do with conventional rock and roll instruments. I am not there yet, but I'm working on it.

How would you describe your albums to people who have yet to hear any of them?

This is the question I have been asked many times in the last forty years, and it is one that I have no idea how to answer. I have always admired bands like *The Beatles*, who released albums with such a wide range of styles included therein that one can imagine a contemporary marketing department pulling their hair out in horror. The same album included a children's song, like *Yellow Submarine*, a quasi-religious song based on the Tibetan Book of the Dead, a song featuring a spring octet about a lonely old spinster, and an account of John Lennon's LSD trip with actor Peter Fonda.

I would not presume to compare myself to

The Beatles, but I have also always tried to have a range of different influences in my music. I am basically a singer/songwriter, who can often be accused of not taking his subjects as seriously as he should, as I have a distressing tendency to try to make people laugh. Musically, I take bits of rock, folk, hip hop and country, together with a fair amount of prog rock and a lot of old fashioned rock and roll. But what genre do I think that my music inhabits? Fuck knows.

If you could be any music performer from any era, who would you be, and why?

This is a very difficult one, but the answer is Jimmy Page around about the time of the second *Led Zeppelin* album; the world was his oyster, but he had the sheer *cojones* not to play it safe. I wish I was able to exhibit such bravado, and had the financial resources to back it up.

In praise of redundant formats - CDs, magazines, print media, volunteerism - your ideas?

I know that I am supposed to say how much I preferred music to be presented on vinyl. It is – after all – supposed to be a far more superior format for listening to music. But I am old, tired, lazy, and actually really enjoy the luxury of being able to stream music on my television by using Spotify. We are very much in the early days of streaming media, and whilst it is being accused by many people as being the final nail in the coffin of the music industry, it is nothing of the sort. It is purely another one of the regular blips, which have taken place every twenty or thirty years, since the music industry first started in the second half of the nineteenth century. Somehow, the streaming services and the artists will reach an accord. Whether this leaves room for the conventional music industry, remains to be seen.

As far as other media, I much prefer being able to read magazines and books on my iPad. ‘Special’ books, which are meant to

be treasured, should indeed be kept as conventional hard copies. But I feel that the vast majority of books, which somebody used to buy in order to read on the train and leave there when they have finished, has now been replaced by eBooks. And, as the paper in each book, which is so blithely thrown away, means the partial death of a tree, then I think it is not necessarily a bad thing.

Your father, the explorer and Colonial Service Officer J. T. Downes wrote several books on a wide range of subjects, such as African history, theology and the Devonshire dialect while your mother Mary Downes was a broadcaster and author who published several collections of Nigerian folklore. In addition, you were raised in Nigeria and Hong Kong, as well as now living in the very deepest part of Devon, so how have these experiences and upbringing shaped your life and future?

I was brought up in a world that no longer exists to fulfil a social role which has vanished for good. If my parents had been able to predict the career arc that I would follow, they would have probably expected that by middle age I would be the Governor of some tiny British Colony, with the power of life and death over my subjects, who would intermittently rise up against me, brandishing spears. But there are no colonies. The world I was groomed to inhabit probably never really existed; my parents had been out of England for so long by the time we returned home in 1971, that they had no idea to approach the complexities of the brave new world in which they found themselves. So, they shut themselves out, something which I have done myself on many occasions. And when their eldest son grew his hair long and started to play and sing rock and roll music, they were not best pleased. My relationship with my parents was not an easy one and resulted in the serious mental health problems that I have to this day. It also gave me a skewed enough outlook on the universe to allow me to be

an artist of sorts.

If you were to describe yourself would it be as a hippie, publisher, author, editor, musician, husband, scientist or something else? And why?

Yes, because I am all of these things. You forgot to add novelist, poet, borderline alcoholic, stepfather, grandfather, and a dozen other things. I am polymorphous but not necessarily perverse.

You have just released an album, your latest book is also just published, and while you continue to work on CFZ, Gonzo and others, what will be your next personal project?

Well, I have just released a standalone single, which is dedicated to my granddaughter, Evelyn. A few weeks ago I heard the terrible news from the United Nations that, if we do not take drastic action within the next twelve years, the planet is basically euhred. I have been following with interest the activities of a whole generation of radical young women across the world, who are spearheading ecological direct action in a last ditch attempt to force the governments of the world to do something before it gets too late. Then I realised that, in twelve years times, my granddaughter will be the same age as these young women are now, and the song basically wrote itself from there. You can stream *Evelyn's Song* on: https://youtu.be/RiV_C8VYMKE

At the moment, I'm working on a lengthy book about my childhood in Hong Kong, and the animals that I lived alongside. After that, I have at least three non-fiction books mapped out, and the next book in the series of novels which began with *The Song of Panne*.

So, I am a busy little sod!

To finish on a music-based question

after all, if you could interview any music star, who would it be and why? And what would you ask them?

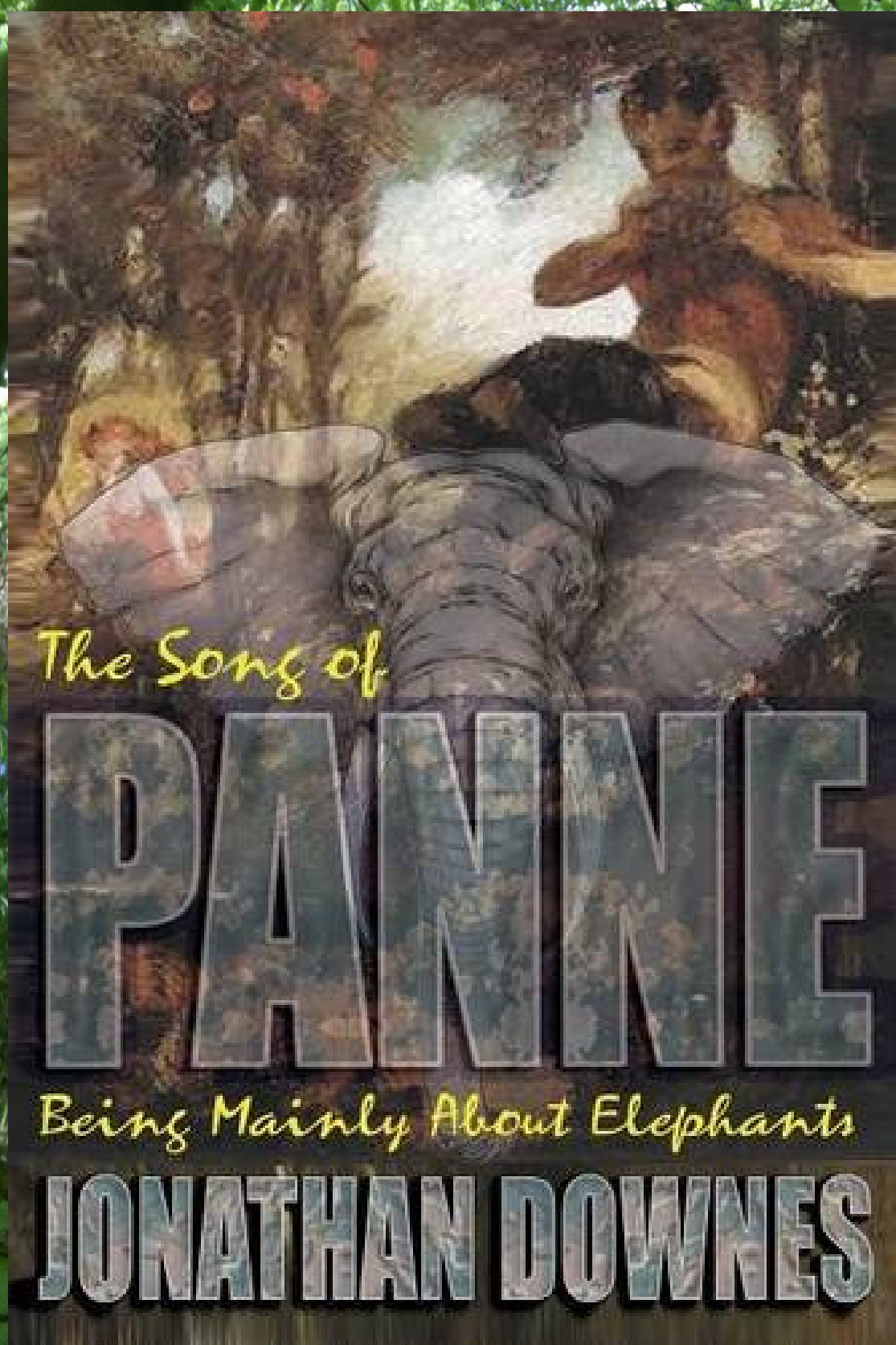
Another almost impossible question to answer. But I am sad that I never got to interview David Bowie or Prince, and that my chances of interviewing my favourite singer – Scott Walker – are about as likely as it is that I will become Weight Watcher of the year.



Kev Rowland: October 2018

Check the new album 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!

My mother always did remarkably good picnic lunches. Big chunks of cheese, cucumber and esoteric Chinese vegetables, together with various little savoury things that I always assume that she made herself. Mealtimes, especially alfresco ones, were amongst the only times that one could always guarantee that my father would be in a good humour and might even start telling jokes. So, picnic mealtimes were things to be savoured, and – even now – I look back upon them with fondness.

This particular mealtime remains in my memory, not because of what we ate, nor because anything unpleasant happened, but because of what happened afterwards.

One of the firm rules that I remember from my childhood, and which I believed in completely until – a few years ago – I learned that it was completely fallacious, was the rule that one was not allowed in the water for an hour after eating. It was something about stomach cramps. So, although I was very much looking forward to going snorkelling and investigating the submarine coastline of the bay, like a



relatively good young fellow, I trotted off to investigate the shoreline whilst keeping my feet dry. Then, as now, my favourite bit of going to the beach is looking in rock pools. But – to my disappointment – on this particular beach, there weren't any. But, what there were, were a couple of peculiar, sandy lagoons about fifteen or twenty feet across. Due to some geological peculiarity, the grey, silty sand of the beach fell away into deep, horseshoe-shaped pools of clear water. The sandy bottom to these pools meant that, although they were – maybe – ten feet deep, one had crystal clear visibility. However, to my disappointment, there was nothing in the way of fauna that was immediately apparent. But, in the second of them, whilst I was gazing into the empty waters with a jaundiced eye, I saw – to my amazement – a large, dark brown shape swimming purposefully in through the narrow isthmus bottleneck, which separated the deep lagoon from the sea.

My first and immediate thought was “shark!”. I was not scared of such things, anymore than I would have been scared of snakes, but my dear mother's innate paranoia - that everything in the tropics was guaranteed to be doing its best to eat her offspring - had rubbed off on me, and I felt sure that this unexpected marine visitor was – in the words of an annoyingly catchy children's song which is unaccountably popular at the time that I am writing this part of the narrative – a ‘baby shark’. But it wasn't.

It was actually something that I had already got a fairly intimate knowledge of, because I was used to eating them once or twice a month.

Once every ten days or so, an elderly Chinese hawker would come to the servants' entrance at the back of Peak Mansions with an odorous flatbed truck packed with dry ice, upon which reclined a large assortment of dead fish of various



species. I was always excited when these visits took place when I was not at school, because it was the only chance that I ever got to see *bona fide* specimens of the local deepwater fish. Ah Tim or – on occasion – my mother would go out and greet the fish hawker. My mother was always more polite to him than Ah Tim was, explaining to me *sotto voce* that one should always be kind to the ‘lower orders’. But there was some sort of Cantonese caste system of which I still remain in blissful ignorance, which meant that the elderly fish salesman was so far below the social level occupied by the house servants of a high ranking Colonial Service Officer that Ah Tim would forever look down upon the poor man with a haughty sneer and a curled lip.

On the days when my mother concluded her business with the ‘fish man’, she would always buy large steaks cut off the unprepossessing corpse of one of the

groupers; a large group of a number of genera in the sub family *Epinephelinae*. They are slow swimming, impressively ugly fish, with stout bodies and large mouths, and many species grow to over a meter in length, and achieve a weight of over 100kg.

They have an interesting reproductive strategy. Throughout much of their life, at least until they mature, they are all female but have the ability to change sex after having achieved sexual maturity. The largest, and oldest, male often controls harems which contain between three and fifteen females. I had read about this fascinating strategy in one of the library books that my mother regularly got me, and had received coals of opprobrium heaped upon my head after – in the middle of a formal lunch party, attended by one of my father’s superiors in the internecine, not to say labyrinthine halls of power within the Colonial Secretariat – I had described the

mechanism at some length, and asked (in my piercing nine year old voice) whether or not it would be possible for members of our own species to change sex. In the days before gender reassignment surgery became commonplace, the discussion of such things was something proscribed from the dinner table, and certainly from the lips of those who society still recommended should be 'seen and not heard'.

So, I knew quite a lot about groupers, but had never seen one. Not alive and in the wild, at any rate. When we drove through the little town of Repulse Bay on our way to Tai Tam and our weekend life on the ocean waves, we passed several large seafood restaurants, each of which had big fish tanks built into the outside wall so that prospective patrons would be able to see who they were going to eat. And some of these – on occasion – had contained groupers of one species or another. But, they were always lacklustre creatures who gave every impression of knowing what their sad fate was going to be. This grouper, however, despite being relatively small (only a couple of feet long), which made one suspect that she was an immature female, was obviously the mistress of all she surveyed (not that was much to survey in this apparently empty sandy lagoon).

Groupers feed by swallowing their prey whole, rather than biting chunks off them like a shark does. And so, I supposed, that it was not impossible that there would be shoals of transparent prawns or some other marine arthropod that, though not apparent to a nine year old boy standing on the shore and gazing enthralled down into the water, were an abundant and delicious food source for this magnificent fish.

During the hour in which I stayed on the shore of the lagoon, waiting for the chance to be able to go into the water with my snorkel and assume an

amphibious existence for myself, I saw her swim in and out of the sandy waterhole on half a dozen occasions. And she was still doing so when my assigned sixty minutes were up, and I ran back to my family's 'base camp', grabbed my snorkel and slipped surprisingly gracefully beneath the water's surface, to see what I could find.

About thirty feet away from the shoreline was a long, low, rocky outcrop, the utmost top of which broke the surface of the water slightly, forming a series of tiny islets, on which – as we had been arriving several hours before – I saw an immature reef egret. In recent years, two species of egret have recolonised the coastal parts of North Devon, where I now live, but – sadly – it is unlikely that the western reef egret (*Egretta gularis*) will join them, being a creature of much warmer climes.

One of the things that is particularly interesting about them is that they have two distinct colour forms. Whilst many of them – like the egrets that are so common now in the Taw and Torridge estuaries – are snowy white in colour, others (my favourites) have a beautiful slatey-grey plumage, which make them almost impossible to confuse with any other member of the heron family. There is, apparently, a rare, dark, morph of the little egret, but I've never seen one. And, it was a bird of this darker colour variant, which had been standing to attention on one of these tiny islands as if he was greeting us formally upon our arrival.

I swam towards this rock, taking great joy in the fact that the closer I got, the more agitated shoals of little fish were there for me to swim through. But when I got to the rocks themselves, I found myself, for the first – and I'm afraid, the only – time in my life, swimming above a tiny coral reef.

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>

THE GARDENING CLUB
The Riddle



The Riddle



THE GARDENING CLUB

THE RIDDLE OVERTURE
WHIRLED AWAY
SEVEN YEAR OLD POET
BLUES FOR RICHARD
LEAVING HOME
PAULINE
NOTES ON THE AFFAIR

SEAN DRABBIT
WAYNE KOZAK
JAMES MACPHERSON
NORM MACPHERSON
MARTIN SPRINGETT

THE ORIGINAL SLEEP
TEARS AT THE MATINEE
WALTZ
THE RIDDLE
ENTRACTE
OVERTURE REPRISE

PRODUCED BY NORM MACPHERSON AND MARTIN SPRINGETT



Thom the World Poet

Rob Ayling writes:

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

NOMAD

BEFORE HER HUSBAND DIED

They moved all they owned into storage
Sold their home, and now she must cut the last cord-
Release all her stored worlds into the wider world

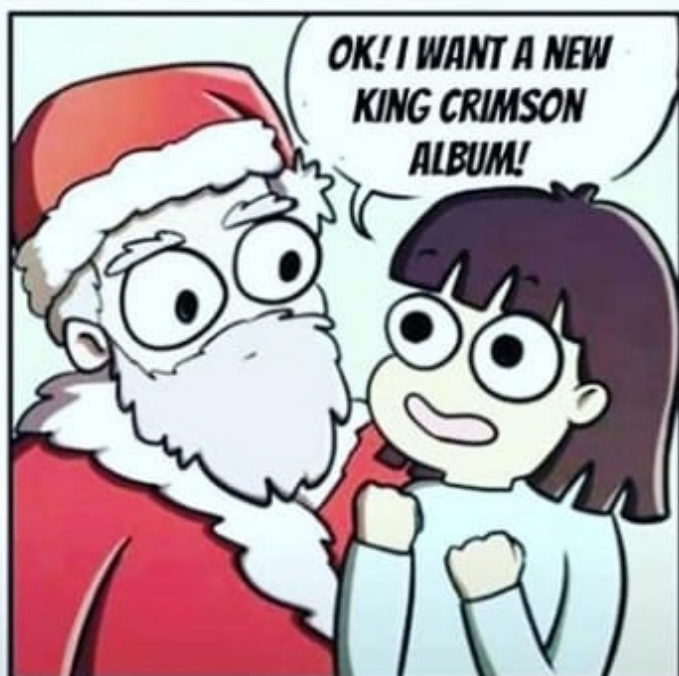
This is why she does not take poetry
This is why she came for Albert Huffstickler

This is why she stayed. Now, she is tall,
so i had to look up to her. I also admire and respect
her bold, brave decisions to live as a nomad,
trading her skills for shelter and comestibles.

This is the way it has always been
(before agriculture/fences)

She is a true nomad. She does not know
where she will be this evening.

!



Yer Gonzo Bookshelf



This is a book, *The Wax and the Wane of Charles Bobuck* by Charles Bobuck.

This isn't a normal book review because this isn't a normal book. It isn't available at Amazon, and I believe that it's not for sale anywhere as a hard copy. You can get it on iTunes, or you can get it, as I did, by going to www.hardyfox.com, from whence you can download it for free.

I don't know whether this happens to everyone, but I have realised on many occasions throughout my life, and especially during my long and addled "career" as a "journalist", that all sorts of peculiar synchronicities continue to happen in my life.

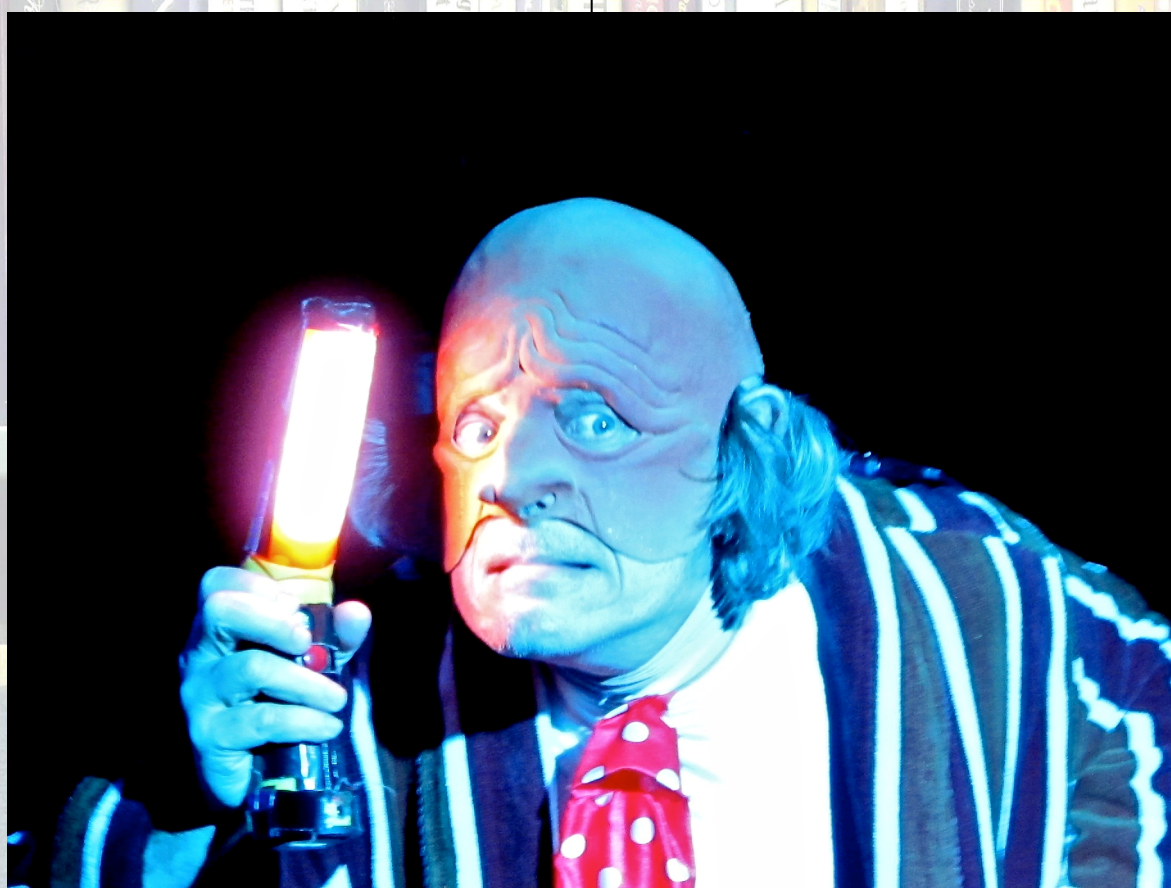
And, I do my best to communicate these peculiar synchronicities through my writings. One of the things that has been much on my mind lately is the

way that pseudonymous artists, like *Gorillaz*, about whom you have seen my write quite a lot over the past year or two, have more freedom to do that thing that artists do than do artists who make art under their real names.

It was one of the things that most intrigued me about the events in Liverpool during the summer of last year, when the Justified Ancients of Mu Mu came out of their self-imposed isolation and curated a three day event, was that the whole *raison d'artre* for this events was to kick-start a whole wave of artistic endeavours by a wide variety of people... including me. However, one of the other interesting paradigms to emerge from these events was the way that different artists could use the same multi-use moniker in the same way that previous generations used the names 'Luther Blissett' or 'Emmett Grogan', although there was also a *real* (whatever that means) Emmett Grogan. In fact, the multi-use name concept can be traced back as far as 1779, when various anti-industrialist revolutionaries took the name Ned Ludd and called themselves 'Luddites' after a (quite possibly apocryphal) weaver of that name, who is supposed to have broken early industrial knitting machines and thus fathered an entire movement.

*They said Ned Ludd was an idiot boy
That all he could do was wreck and
destroy, and
He turned to his workmates and said:
Death to Machines
They tread on our future and they stamp
on our dreams.*

At the end of October this year, an elderly American composer named Hardy Fox, died at the age of seventy



three, and was identified in obituaries as the co-founder and primary composer of the notorious American art collective known as The Residents. Since their first album, *Meet The Residents*, in 1974, the group has released over sixty albums and a large number of compilation records, live records, DVDs and other multimedia projects. But it was only a year before his death, and a year after he left the collective on the grounds of his declining health, that Hardy Fox outed himself as one of the founding members.

The Residents were always a gloriously peculiar avant-garde outfit, responsible for some of the strangest music ever recorded. Indeed, they are on a par with Throbbing Gristle for making wilfully uncommercial music, which, however, went on to sell unfeasibly large

amounts.

The collective, who are not, and were never, a band in the normal sense of the word, started in a small town in North Louisiana, and in about 1965, started making their first amateur tape recordings and art installations, moving – like so many other idealistic young hippies – to San Francisco a year later.

However, they never got there. Their track broke down in a town called San Mateo, about twenty miles south of San Francisco, and they decided to remain there. Over the next five years, they appeared in various of what are known now as ‘open mic nights’ but did so in their peculiarly ur-Anonymous fashion. They joined forces with a British guitarist and multi-instrumentalist known as Snakefinger, in 1969, and in 1972 they finally made it to San

San Francisco, where they started to make records, films, and anything else that took their fancy.

And all the way through their long and peculiar career, they kept their true identities secret, even though the four men usually considered to be the main movers of the band right from the beginning, appeared under their own names as “friends and fans” of the group in a 2014 documentary.

All of this is fairly common knowledge, and this is not meant to be an overview of this most peculiar of artists.

It was following Hardy Fox's death last autumn that I rekindled my interest in the band, and it was actually when I was planning an extended obituary for him that I found this massively idiosyncratic ‘book’. The book is authored (allegedly, at least) by someone calling himself Charles “Chuck” Bobuck, who may or may not be the same person as “Hardy Fox”, but given the fact that I got this book from



Fox's eponymous website, I think it is a fairly likely extrapolation that they are one and the same. However, The Residents being The Residents, one is completely and utterly unable to judge this particular book by its cover or, indeed, by its contents. The story that it tells may or may not be true, and I am not making any judgements as to its veracity. Merely as to its artistic credibility.

It tells the story of an elderly, gay man living in rural Texas with Roman, the much younger Frenchman that he refers to as his wife. The two of them run a chicken farm, and no, this is not a euphemism of any sort. Purely because, like me, they like chickens, they are - at least until two thirds of the way through the book - running a small farm, keeping the domesticated descendants of the Burmese Jungle Fowl.

They also have a pet hen that lives in the barn, and a psychotic local youth with severe learning disabilities, who wanders about the place at night. Their next door neighbour wants to be a rock star, but loathes the music of The Residents, and the local Catholic priest washes Chuck's feet.

Much to my surprise, although I didn't learn much about the history of the group that wasn't available elsewhere, I found this one of the most moving and emotive pieces of writing that I have read in years. It brought me to the edge of tears on a number of occasions, and its sheer humanity and humility provide a benchmark for which all writers should emulate.

Whether it is ‘true’ or not, doesn't really matter, because, at least since the times of Pontius Pilate, no one has ever managed to agree on what ‘truth’



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



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

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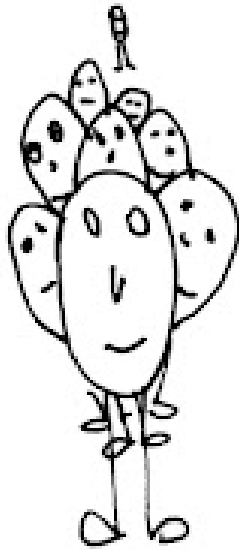
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THE NINE HENRYS

GONZO
MEDIA
GROUP



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...



Club foot



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

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

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



**Diamanda Galas: Plague Mass – (Mute 1991)
What?
Gargantuan life/death theme**

conveyed with virtuoso vocal pyrotechnics.

Galas doesn't do anything by halves, with a track record of being arrested for her beliefs she has regularly taken protests on issues like AIDS to the doorsteps of those opposed to her views. As a rule her music explores big life/death issues and a great many offshoots, setting agendas to make lesser talents flinch and building complex works around her incredible vocal range.

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

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

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

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

Gregg Kofi Brown

ROCK 'N' ROLL AND UFOs

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

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

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

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

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

CD and book available soon from Gonzo Multimedia

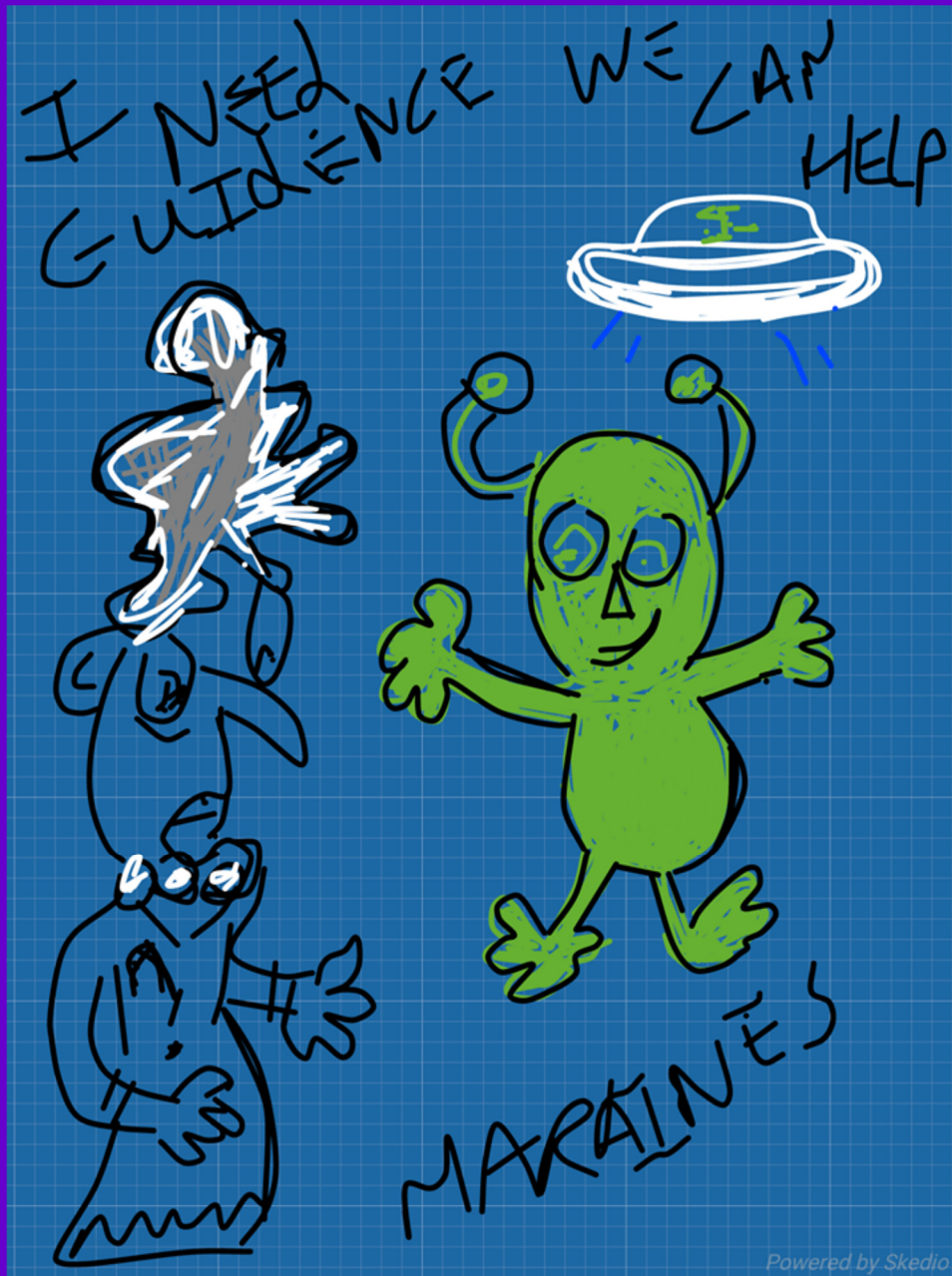


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www.gonzmultimedia.co.uk

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/>

British politics continues to be a massively entertaining spectator sport. But I am a little confused. Frankly I don't care what Mr Corbyn said about Mrs May, but since when has calling someone a "stupid woman" been misogynistic? If he had said she was "stupid because she was a woman" that would have been unacceptable, but calling someone a "stupid woman", like when Corinna calls me a "silly old pudding" (as she does in the Christmas episode of OTT which I am editing as I write this), or I call Archie a "stupid dog", when he clumsily knocks a pile of things on the floor, is not sexist or misogynistic in any shape or form. It is merely someone expressing their opinion by combining a noun with an adjective.

Truly the social customs of the contemporary world are increasingly baffling to an old git like me.

Corinna is still in intermittent discomfort and some pain, but it is mostly under control. Thank you all of you for your kindness and good wishes, and for contributing to my digital noosphere "prayer flags". I am convinced that they have done, and continue to, do a lot of good, and that they are the reason that the aetiology of Corinna's illness is going so much better than it could have.



This is the end of the last issue of this magazine for 2018, and I would like to say a big thank you to all the people who have supported us throughout the year.

Thank you also to all the people in the Gonzo editorial team, but for whom I truly would not be able to do any of this, and the biggest thank you of all goes to my dear, sweet and lovely wife for putting up with me as she has done for very nearly fourteen years

So, before I get too soppy, I will bid you all adieu, and will see you all again in a few weeks time...

Love

Jon.been.

THE BEST LAID PLANS

GET NAKED!

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Pink Fairies

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Jaki Windmill, Russell Hunter and George Butler

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String Theory
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**WARSAW PAKT FEAT.
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**NICK FARRIN AND
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Daily blog: <http://gonzo-multimedia.blogspot.co.uk>

