Malaclypse shows us something about Discordianism. The Grande Fromage is backstage with Rick Wakeman, Alan talks to Audiobooks. Graham looks forward to Hawkwind’s demicentennial. Jon writes about Keith Moon, J. K. Rowling and more, whilst Carl and co. go hell raising...
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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 first totally normal (if anything about this magazine can be called that) issue of 2019. By ‘totally normal’, I mean that the period euphemistically known as the ‘Festive Season’ is well and truly behind us for another eleven months, and we are all getting on with the normal business of trying to keep our heads above water and – as the late, great, Sir John Verney said – striving to “keep both ends of the wolf from meeting at the door”.

And, although I have been saying words to this effect for the last six and a half years, during which I have been editing this remarkable little publication, we are living in massively peculiar, not to say interesting, times, never have they have been quite as interesting and peculiar as they are now. For example, here Olivia and I are, with me dictating screeds of deathless prose across the aether to her, with me in North Devon and her in Norfolk, and later today the United Kingdom will learn the results of a vote which – at the very least – will have massive implications for those who live in this country, and which – at the worst – could change our constitution forever. The weirdest thing about all of this is that by the time you are reading this, we will already know what the result of that vote was, although it is certain that the wider implications will not be known for some time.
Olivia has just told me a ridiculous story about 39,238,413 people (correct at writing but rising at a rate of about three thousand people a minute) have all decided to ‘like’ a picture of an egg on Instagram whereas my nearest and dearest were either bitchy about them all or ignored them entirely. But, over the past few years, I have been following the way that Ms Rowling has been capitalising on the immense popularity of the ‘Wizarding World’ franchise, and see a classic example of what happens when people get greedy and decide to over-reach themselves.

This is the subject of all sorts of parables from world mythology, wherein a person who is originally seen as benign or even positive, flies too close to the sun, gets too close to a dragon, or whatever, and ends up being shafted by the universe for their efforts. And, I am afraid to say, that if Ms Rowling doesn’t buck up her ideas soon, she will find herself with whatever credibility she has ever had flushed down the proverbial can.

Mind you, she will continue to be very rich, which is a condition that I expect will soothe any amount of emotional pain caused by the failure of these endeavours.

The other night, I watched the latest instalment of her ‘Fantastic Beasts’ series. And bloody hell, it was bollocks.

As people are probably aware, my day job is as director of an organisation...
called the Centre for Fortean Zoology [CFZ], which is the largest - and we like to think the best - mystery animal research group in the English-speaking world.

And so, we have a vested interest in anything that brings ‘Fantastic Beasts’ into the vivid spotlight of the mass media. I had actually been hoping that this series of films, featuring an expert in mysterious creatures, might actually utilise some of the zoomythological animals from world folklore, thus providing another gateway from conventional media into the rarefied places that my colleagues and I inhabit. But it really wasn’t to be.

The movie is a series of high-tech set pieces strung together on the flimsiest of plotlines. We see a spritely middle-aged Dumbledore, in complete denial about his sexuality. I wasn’t expecting him to mince about the place like Larry Grayson, but as one of the integral parts of the plot is there had been an emotional, if not a physical, relationship between Dumbledore and the titular Grindelwald, the fact that this is never explained or explored makes a crappy premise even crappier.

I suppose that – in the current vernacular – what I am about to say next counts as ‘spoilers’, but this movie is such a shoddy mess that I would hesitate to recommend it to anyone, and would say that if – after all – you decide to watch, it would probably be best for all concerned if you watch it on one of the dodgy online streaming services, like I did, so I don’t really care on this issue.

The two big plot twists from the movie are that:

- Firstly, the blonde bint who had fallen in love with the podgy baker crossed over to the dark side for reasons which I cannot be bothered to explain.
- Secondly, Credence, who is the host for some sort of weird and highly destructive dark parasite, turns out to be yet another seriously damaged Dumbledore sibling. Do we care? Not really.

Sure, the film looks fantastic; the CGI is used to excellent effect to conjure up a grimy and sinister cityscape from about the time that my mother was born. But, then again, every film looks good these
days, and it is no longer enough for a film to be all style and no substance.

The irritating thing about this all is that for years, Rowling had said that her Harry Potter books were a self-contained slice of a mythical universe. There were going to be seven of them, and no more. And if she had stuck to that, then her artistic stock would have been far greater than it is at the moment.

Okay, my wife would not have been a fan, but the seven book story arc, which tells the original story, worked perfectly well in isolation. Now, with Rowling and her associates apparently doing anything they can to grab another handful of jellybeans, the whole venture is looking increasingly like it’s going to go tits up.

Remember what happened when Elvis came out of the army? If he had never recorded another note, his pre-army music would have shone out like a beacon in the night as an example of glorious rock and roll creativity. But then came a whole string of awful films, and the King of Rock and Roll found himself on the slippery slope, which led, in a few short years, to an ignominious death on the floor of a lavatory in Graceland.

Am I being melodramatic, here? Probably. After all, Ms Rowling and her colleagues owe me nothing at all, and I have no right to expect anything from them. But, forty million people have just liked a picture of an egg, and that makes me unreasonably bad-tempered.

Let’s hope I feel more jolly next issue.

Ta ta,
Jon
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,
(Davey 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:

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

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

It is simple; my name is Jon and I'm the editor of the Gonzo Multimedia daily online bloggything, and wot 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.
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 hand-illuminated by a handpicked 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 ConsoMultimedia.com
Preorder begins December 2016; wide release January 2017

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 Summariá, Lisa Tanner, Brian Weiner, Neil Zlozower and more!
BRUCE McMOUSE REVEALED:
Abramorama announced today a partnership with MPL/Capitol/UMe to premiere Paul McCartney’s The Bruce McMouse Show in select theatres around the world on January 21st. The Bruce McMouse Show is a previously never-before seen film that tells the story of how Paul McCartney and Wings came to meet the inimitable impresario Bruce McMouse. Part concert film, part animated feature, The Bruce McMouse Show features footage from Wings’ 1972 European tour from Red Rose Speedway, interspersed with animated scenes that introduce a family of mice living under the stage.

After opening the film with ‘Big Barn Bed’ – the camera takes us down through the floorboards into this charming animated world. We see Bruce McMouse regale his children with stories from his past, when son Soily rushes into the room in a whirlwind of excitement announcing that “The Wings” are

https://www.maxpixel.net/Esprit-Arena-Sir-Paul-Mccartney-Concert-Duesseldorf-1434322
"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

NEVER NEVERLAND: Michael Jackson’s estate has denounced an upcoming documentary which will feature two men who claim they were sexually abused by the singer when they were children.

Organisers for the Sundance Film Festival
announced on Wednesday (09Jan19) that Dan Reed's documentary Leaving Neverland was a last-minute addition to the line-up of the annual event, which kicks off on 24 January. According to the film's synopsis, the documentary will tell the story of two men in the 30s, who were befriended by the Man in the Mirror star at the age of seven and 10, and how they were "sexually abused by Jackson" and "how they came to terms with it years later."

Following the announcement, the estate for the singer, who passed away in 2009, issued a statement to multiple outlets blasting the project.

"This is yet another lurid production in an outrageous and pathetic attempt to exploit and cash in on Michael Jackson," the statement read. "This so called 'documentary' is just another rehash of dated and discredited allegations. It's baffling why any credible filmmaker would involve himself with this project."

The Sundance team didn't reveal the identity of the two alleged victims in their announcement, but in their statement, the estate named Wade Robson and James Safechuck.

"Wade Robson and James Safechuck have both testified under oath that Michael never did anything inappropriate toward them. Safechuck and Robson, the latter a self-proclaimed 'master of deception', filed lawsuits against Michael's Estate, asking for millions of dollars. Both lawsuits were dismissed."


WHO GONZO? WHY GONZO? WHAT GONZO?

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

- A potted history of his life and works
- Rob Ayling explains why he called his company 'Gonzo'

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

"I've always considered writing the most hateful kind of work. I suspect it's a bit like fucking — which is fun only for amateurs. Old whores don't do much giggling. Nothing is fun when you have to do it — over and over, again and again... "

Hunter S. Thompson
ONE OF 10,000 HOLES IN BLACKBURN, LANCASHIRE: A pothole has become an unlikely sensation online after its questionable resemblance to Paul McCartney was first noticed. The hazardous crack in the road surface was first spotted by the Lancashire Evening Post, who were keen to point out the similarities in appearance to the Beatles icon.

Upon first inspection, the gravel surrounding the hole looks extremely similar to Macca’s famous mop-top hairstyle, and there’s even individual stones that are making up his eyebrows, eyes, nose and mouth.


WHO'S NEXT? The Who are regrouping to record their first new album in 13 years.

Bandleaders Pete Townshend and Roger Daltrey have been focused on solo careers in recent years, but the duo is reuniting to

https://bestclassicbands.com/jon-anderson-1000-hands-lp-tour-coming/?fbclid=IwAR1lcwbv3KPt442m8o042uW7ZChchOjP_wMJ72YDbb9l_sethzTaw_gjakk
Townshend tells Rolling Stone magazine he has recorded 15 demos for the album, and singer Daltrey is expected to add his vocals later this year, with a 2019 release planned.

"(There's some) dark ballads, heavy rock stuff, experimental electronica, sampled stuff and cliched Who-ish tunes that began with a guitar that goes yanga-dang," the guitarist says, admitting his bandmate wasn't a fan at first.

"I had to bully him to respond and then it wasn't the response I wanted," Townshend adds. "He just blathered for a while and in the end I really stamped my foot and said, 'Roger, I don't care if you really like this stuff. You have to sing it. You'll like it in 10 years time'."

Daltrey tells the publication, "They're all great songs, but sometimes I hear them and I think, 'I can't add anything to this to make my job as singer worthy of doing anything better than what Pete has already done'. There's at least five or six I can lay into and I'm sure they'll come out incredible... I'm going to spend time getting into them."


GETTING BACK TO THE GARDEN:
The man behind the Woodstock festival has confirmed reports he's planning a 50th anniversary bash miles away from the site of the 1969 event.

Michael Lang, the co-founder of the Woodstock Music & Art Festival, will be staging a "multi-generational" weekend concert in August (19) in Watkins Glen, New York.

Lang tells Rolling Stone magazine he will be booking more than 40 acts for the event, adding, "It'll be an eclectic bill. It'll be hip-hop and rock and some pop and some of the legacy bands from the original festival."

The full line-up will be revealed next month (Feb19), but don't expect to find The Who on it - Roger Daltrey has already turned up his nose at the anniversary.
insisting it's not for him.

"You can't redo Woodstock because the stars of Woodstock were the audience," he recently told Billboard. "You can celebrate the date, but you can't redo it (the festival). Nobody's approached us about it, anyway, but I really wouldn't be interested in something like that."

The Who were among the stand-out acts who performed at the event back in 1969.

Lang also fears Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young won't reform, as he had hoped, for the 2019 festival.

The supergroup played their second-ever show at Woodstock, but the event boss admits there's still a lot of animosity between the bandmates: "I've talked to them all individually and it's a mess."


SAVING HMV: It seems that HMV could be handed a lifeline, after it was confirmed that several bids for the UK’s largest high street music retailer have been received.

The deadline for bids expired yesterday (January 15) and joint administrator Will Wright has now confirmed that several offers have been tabled – heightening hopes of an eventual rescue for the iconic music chain in the UK after it fell into administration in December 2018.

“Since our appointment as joint administrators, we have received significant support from key stakeholders, including employees, suppliers and creditors, as we have endeavoured to trade
the HMV business,” confirmed Wright. “We’d like to thank everyone for their support during this time, in what remain challenging circumstances.

“We can confirm that a number of offers on various bases have been received, and we now need to evaluate these further over the coming days,” he added. “Given the commercially sensitive nature of this process, we will not be providing further detail at this time. We will continue to endeavour to trade all stores while discussions with all the relevant stakeholders continue.”


BOHEMIAN CRAPSODY: "I’m just Theresa, I need your sympathy."

Andy Serkis has returned as Gollum again to mercilessly mock Theresa May over the never-ending Brexit shambles.

After debuting his terrifying hybrid last month, Serkis’ latest appearance as the Hobbit / Lord of the Rings character sees him mocking May after her Brexit deal faced the biggest commons defeat in history. It’s also given a musical twist –
with Theresa May’s woes playing out to the iconic strains of ‘Bohemian Rhapsody’.

“Was that the right deal or was that just fantasy? Are we stuck in the Union, no article fifty?” Serkis’ combination of Gollum and May sings. “Open your eyes, did you notice the lies or see? I’m just Theresa, I need your sympathy.”


RAMBUSTIOUS RAMMSTEIN:
Rammstein have opened up about their next album – and say they’re bringing an element of fun for the first time in a while. Speaking to Guitar World, guitarists Richard Kruspe and Paul Landers explained how the German metal icons are taking a total different approach on their forthcoming seventh offering.

“It’s not too sterile, not too clean,” Lander said. “It has a lot of life and energy in it, but it’s not all angry. The music is more than that. It’s different for Rammstein. You
might even say it’s fun to listen to.” He added: “Everyone with a computer can make music at home.


AN ULTIMATE SUPERGROUP: A close friend of the late Freddie Mercury has revealed how the Queen icon once considered forming a supergroup with the likes of Rod Stewart and Elton John. Filmmaker Rudi Dolezal enjoyed an enduring friendship with the legendary singer and shot the 1991 video to Queen’s ‘These Are The Days Of Our Lives’, which would prove to be Mercury’s final appearance with the band before his death later that year.

But Dolezal was also a frequent attendee at Mercury’s now-legendary parties at his Kensington home, and says that an unlikely idea for the supergroup was discussed when both John and Stewart were in attendance one night.

“He was the greatest housewife you can imagine,” Dolezal told the New York Post.
“Freddie invited me to his private functions often, and, at one dinner party, the guests included Rod Stewart and Elton John. I remember there was a lot of bitching about other artists, and about themselves. I think Rod came up with the idea of forming a group called Nose, Teeth & Hair, because Rod had a big nose, Elton had problems with his hair and Freddie had his teeth!”


STARMAN: The British public have crowned David Bowie as the greater entertainer of the 20th century.

In a poll conducted by BBC Two for its historical series Icons, members of the public championed the pop star and actor above Marilyn Monroe, Charlie Chaplin, and Billie Holiday in the entertainer category. Bowie, who died in January 2016, will now compete against the likes of Nelson Mandela and Ernest Shackleton in an additional poll for the greatest icon of the 20th century overall.

Actress Kathleen Turner submitted Bowie, Chaplin, Monroe and Holiday as the nominees in the entertainer category. She advocated passionately for all the names, and in her appraisal of Bowie said: “[He] raised the creative bar for all entertainers and that is why he truly deserves to be crowned the ultimate icon of the 20th century by the British public.”


BIFF VERNON WRITES:

Happy New Year to all on the Lincolnshire Time and Tide Bell Mailing list. (If you didn’t want to see this reply with ‘Unsubscribe’ in the subject line.)

2018 has been a somewhat frustrating year but with some good achievements. We still haven’t actually got our bell on the beach, thanks to Kafkaesque bureaucracy of government agencies such as The Crown Estates and East Lindsey District Council. But we will get there. The bell itself, 660 kg of bronze with its stainless steel and oak frame is all ready to go. Pencil in the last weekend of May.

On the achievement side, we’ve put on three big art exhibitions, in Lincoln last
May and at the North Sea Observatory in August and in November. All the pictures and texts are still available on our website.

On the national front, we won serious funding from the Big Lottery Fund so that there will eventually be 15 Time and Tide Bells around Britain’s coastline and an education programme to promote beach schools and art projects that continue our awareness raising conversations about the seas, the climate and the environment generally.

Our next major art exhibition in Lincolnshire will once again be at the North Sea Observatory at the end of August. Called ‘Warming Bells’, it’s on the theme of bells and climate change. You are all invited to join in. Take a look at this webpage to find out more: http://transitiontowntlouth.org.uk/bell10.html And, planning ahead, the exhibition after next involve portraits. More about this at http://transitiontowntlouth.org.uk/bell11.html

Best wishes for 2019

Biff
MERRELL FANKHAUSER WRITES:

Jon

Attached are three photos, front & back cover of the just released "Eklectia" album that features bands that feel their music is influenced by ET's & UFO sightings. I'm, up in the left corner below Neil Young. The third photo is me performing "Calling From A Star" atop Haleakala crater on Maui in 1978, video is at youtube. My song leads off disc #1. Hope you can give it a mention.

Best Wishes,

Merrell

We are all very fond of Merrell Fankhauser here at Gonzo Mansions, and it is a great pleasure to be able to help him with news of this remarkable project.

I look forward to hearing the album and sharing more news about it with you very soon...
Rick Wakeman in Oxford through the lens of the *Grande Fromage*
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.
suspicion about extraterrestrial activity

In the 400 years since Galileo Galilei first held a telescope to the heavens, astronomers have laid bare some of the deepest mysteries of the cosmos. They have seen comets crash into planets, found oceans inside moons, and witnessed the shudder of spacetime as black holes collide. But space remains a realm of the unknown. Writing in the journal Nature on Thursday, scientists in Canada reported the detection of mysterious radio signals from halfway across the universe. It is only the second time that repeating fast radio bursts, or FRBs, have been spotted.

Astronomers have yet to formulate a full theory of what produces these enigmatic, rapid-fire beams of electromagnetic waves. And in the absence of a firm explanation, speculation has fallen, perhaps inevitably, on alien civilisations. Avi Loeb, a Harvard astronomer, has proposed that FRBs might be powerful energy beams used to propel alien spacecraft. It is not the first time that poorly-understood cosmic phenomena have been ascribed to industrious extraterrestrials. When in 2015 astronomers noticed a star, 1,500 light years distant, dimming and brightening, researchers suggested an “alien megastructure” might be revolving around it, and collecting energy for its constructors. Then, in 2017, the massive cigar-shaped ‘Oumuamua barrelled into the solar system, the first interstellar object known to do so, and prompted speculation that it was a tumbling spacecraft.

DOWN IN THE STREETS
DOWN IN THE SEWER
https://www.bbc.co.uk/news/uk-england-tyne-46810687

Cow carcasses, snakes, false teeth and a
dead piranha were among the bizarre items found in sewers, a water company has said. Waste workers in Durham cleared 13,000 blockages last year, costing Northumbrian Water £400,000. A dead horse, thought to have been stuffed down a manhole, was also recovered, the firm said. However, it said most blockages were caused by household items such as wet wipes and grease.

DOORBELL LICKING TIME

SALINAS, Calif. - A man was caught on surveillance video licking a doorbell in the Rossi Rico neighborhood of Salinas. A family called police when, to their shock, they found the footage on their home surveillance. The homeowners were out of town, but their children were inside. They didn't wake up to the noise, but the families surveillance system alerts them when there's movement by the front door. “I thought, boy there’s a lot of traffic. I go, 5:00 in the morning. My son doesn’t get home till 6:00 a.m. well then who the heck is that?” doorbell licker victim Sylvia Dungan said.

Neighbors we spoke with say this is one of the more bizarre thingsthey've ever seen. “I thought I’ve seen it all, but this takes the cake,” neighbor Alfred Santos said. “Never have we seen anything like this,” neighbor Stephanie Rosario said.

ICE TO SEE YOU
https://earther.gizmodo.com/if-youre-missing-a-colossal-disk-of-ice-this-city-in-m-1831759186

This week in the city of Westbrook, Maine, a huge, rotating circle of ice formed on the Presumpscot River. While it seems like it could be an omen of the

___

[Image of a piranha]
impending apocalypse or a particularly low-effort attempt at a crop circle by extraterrestrials, in reality it appears to be another example of a natural yet rare phenomenon resulting from some simple physics.

“It does not appear to be going up or down stream at this time,” Radel told Earther late Monday night. “It continues to spin in a counter clockwise direction. My guess is it could get bigger as more ice forms. We have snow coming in at the end of the week.”

Curiosity about giant, rotating ice disks dates to at least the late 1800s.

Research on prior instances of the phenomenon, published in Physical Review E in 2016, found that as melting ice sinks off disks it “goes downwards and also rotates horizontally, so that a vertical vortex is generated under the ice disk.”

Speaking with the the Press Herald, Bowdoin College in Brunswick associate physics professor Mark Battle suggested the Westbrook ice disk’s rotation could also be the result of thick ice moving with the river current, getting trapped, and grinding against the shoreline.
MORE MASTERPIECES from RICK WAKEMAN

TWO SIDES OF YES
Double CD set. The very best of Yes, Wakeman style
HKCG20CD

THE STAGE COLLECTION
Recorded live in August 1993 in Buenos Aires
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TIME MACHINE
Guest vocalists include John Parr, Tracey Dykema, Ashley Holt, and Roy Wood
MGCZ10CD

CASTANK
Double DVD set. Rick’s classic 1982 music and chat show
MGCZ20CD

CÔLÈ!
Soundtrack album featuring Tony Fernandez and Jackie McAuley
KICZ42

COUNTRY AIRS
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MGCZ10CD

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The original Soundtrack album, back in print at last!
MGCZ10CD

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With Adam Wakeman. Entirely instrumental
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With Brian May and The English Rock Ensemble. DVD
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Double CD set. The expanded 2016 version
MGCZ10CD

LIVE AT THE WINTERLAND THEATRE 1975
Live in San Francisco
MGCZ10CD

THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA
Double CD + DVD
MGCZ10CD

CAN YOU HEAR ME?
Featuring The English Chamber Choir
MGCZ10CD

CRIMES OF PASSION
A wicked and erotic soundtrack!
MGCZ10CD

BEYOND THE PLANETS
With Jeff Wayne and Kevin Peek
MGCZ10CD

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

- Chris Packham
THE LAST WEEK AT GONZO DAILY

Sunday
Monday
Tuesday
Wednesday
Thursday
Friday
Saturday

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

ELDRIDGE CLEAVER

Two types of people visit rhino in the wild

The strong and courageous take a camera
The weak and cowardly take a gun

What sort of person are you?

Celebrate wildlife on World Wildlife Day don't shoot it.
I'M ON BOARD!

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

Portobello Shuffle CDs still at special low price of £5.00 each. 1 x CD inc. p&p = UK £6.80; Mainland Europe £8.90; USA £9.95; Rest of the World, contact Rich Deakin for postage price:
arsydeedee@yahoo.co.uk

MICHAEL DES BARRES on
LITTLE STEVEN'S UNDERGROUND GARAGE
MAXIMUM ROCK AND ROLL
MORNINGS 8AM - 11AM ET
CH21 SIRIUS SAT. 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

Trying to pick my favorite politician is like trying to decide which STD is just right for me.
Boy awakes from coma addicted to cheese and swearing

He was screaming 'F*ck, bastard, sh*t' and eating a whole wheel of cheese

A 15-year-old from Chesterfield has awoken from a nine-day coma swearing prolifically and eating whole wheels of cheese.
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.

DUE TO TECHNICAL PROBLEMS BEYOND OUR CONTROL THERE IS NO STRANGE FRUIT THIS WEEK

KEEP CALM
Normal service Will resume Shortly
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.

Kurushimi
https://www.facebook.com/viakurushimi/
Jonatan Piña Duluc
https://www.facebook.com/jonatanpinadulucmusic/
The John Irvine Band
Lenny Rocillo
Ben Marston & Hugh Barrett
Gaute Storsve Trio
Milton Man Gogh
Daniel Carier, Tobias Wilner
Djibril Toure, Federico Ughi
iINFiNiEN

Listen Here
AND LOOK WHAT MACK HAS FOR YOU THIS WEEK

The Mystery of the Flatwoods Monster

Mack, Juan-Juan and Commander Cobra talk with correspondent Emily M about her investigation into West Virginia’s Flatwoods Monster, possibly the best looking cryptid ever. Also, special guest: Special Agent Chris Ahr of the (real) NCIS. Cindy Baily Dove on sex drones, Switchblade Steve on John Keel, plus Pistol Pete and 10 Questions for Juan-Juan featuring Lois Lane.

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=UJ00-j0un6E
labels, like Abbot, Fabor, and also Radio Recorders.

When Bonnie's rendition of "Dark Moon" hit the country and pop charts in the Spring of 1957, she received recognition in the music business. Not only was she one of the few female Country singers in Country Music at the time, but she was also one of the few Country singers that had a hit on the Country and Pop charts at the same time.

She died on January 13th, at the age of 95.

Willie Murphy
(1943 – 2019)

Murphy was an American pianist, singer, producer, and songwriter. He is best known as a singer and pianist for the blues band Willie and the Bees. He is also known for his work with Bonnie Raitt and John Koerner.

He began piano lessons at the age of 4, and his early musical influences were Little Richard, Fats Domino, Carl Perkins, Jerry

THOSE WE HAVE LOST
Lee Lewis, and Ray Charles. Murphy played on the folk circuit with John Koerner, and the duo recorded *Running, Jumping, Standing Still* in 1969. The duo eventually split up, and Murphy was offered a full-time job with Elektra Records as an in-house producer but declined, choosing to remain in the Minneapolis area. He produced Bonnie Raitt's 1971 debut album for Warner Bros. Records. Throughout the 1970s and 1980s, Murphy led the R&B, blues and rock group Willie and the Bees.

Murphy performed on piano, bass, guitar and other instruments as a session musician for Raitt, Koerner, Greg Brown, Prudence Johnson, Little Milton, and many others. He formed the Atomic Theory Records label in 1985 and released albums by himself, Phil Heywood, Boiled in Lead, Larry Long, and various world music artists.

Murphy died of pneumonia on January 13th, at the age of 75.


Fret was a Puerto Rican singer and the first openly gay Latin trap artist. He was known for his gender-variant looks. He released his breakthrough single, "Soy Asi" ("I'm Like This") on April 7, 2018 and was featured on Mike Duran's song "Diferente" ("Different"), released on July 18, 2018.

On January 10, while Fret was riding his motorcycle in Santurce, San Juan at about 5:30 am, an unidentified gunman shot at him eight times, hitting him in the head and hip, killing him. He was 24.


Jarman was a jazz musician, composer, and Shinshu Buddhist priest. He was one of...
the first members of the Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians and a member of the Art Ensemble of Chicago.

He studied drums at DuSable High School with Walter Dyett, switching to saxophone and clarinet when he joined the United States Army after graduation. During his time there, he was part of the 11th Airborne Division Band for a year.

After he was discharged from the army in 1958, Jarman attended Wilson Junior College, where he met bassist Malachi Favors Maghostut and saxophonists Roscoe Mitchell, Henry Threadgill, and Anthony Braxton. These men would often perform long jam sessions at the suggestion of their professor Richard Wang (now with Illinois University). Mitchell introduced Jarman to pianist Muhal Richard Abrams, and Jarman, Mitchell, and Maghostut joined Abrams' Experimental Band, a private, non-performing ensemble, when that group was founded in 1961. The same group of musicians continued to play together in a variety of configurations and went on to found the Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians (AACM) in 1965, along with Fred Anderson and Phil Cohran. The band he fronted and used during recordings between 1966 and 1968 included Fred Anderson (tenor sax), Billy Brimfield (trumpet), Charles Clark (bass), Christopher Gaddy (piano) and Thurman Barker (drums). However, in 1969 Clark and Gaddy both died and Jarman disbanded his group. Shortly after this Jarman joined Mitchell, Maghostut and Lester Bowie (trumpet) in the Roscoe Mitchell Art Ensemble in 1967; the group would be later rounded out with the addition of Don Moye on drums. This band eventually became known as the Art Ensemble of Chicago (AECO).

Along with the saxophone and clarinet, Jarman also played (and recorded on) nearly every member of the woodwind family, as well as a wide variety of percussion instruments. Aside from his work with relatively traditional jazz lineups, he also composed for larger orchestras and created multimedia pieces for musicians and dancers.

Jarman died on January 9th, aged 81.

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Georges Dimou (1931 – 2019)

Dimou was a Greek singer born

THOSE WE HAVE LOST
Clydie King (1943 – 2019)

King was an American singer, best known for her session work as a backing vocalist. King also recorded solo under her name. In the 1970s, she recorded as Brown Sugar, and her single "Loneliness (Will Bring Us Together Again)" reached No. 44 on the Billboard R&B charts in 1973.

Discovered by songwriter Richard Berry, King began her recording career in 1956 with Little Clydie and the Teens; before she was a member of Ray Charles’ Raelettes for three years and contributed to early 1960s recordings by producer Phil Spector. She recorded solo singles for Specialty Records, Kent Records and others.

King provided backing vocals for Humble Pie, and she went on to become an in-demand session singer, worked with Venetta Fields and Sherlie...
Houari Manar
(ca. 1981 – 2019)

Manar was an Algerian raï singer who was popular in Algeria as well as the
neighbouring Maghreb and Mediterranean countries, and in France. His mother was a
popular meddahate singer; a traditional folk music performer at festivals and weddings.
Two of his brothers, Cheb Massaro and Cheb Larbi, are also raï singers.

In 2003, Manar began a career as a raï singer; a form of Algerian folk music that
dates back to the 1920s. He recorded two successful singles, “Cha dani bent nass”
and “Kima ndirlek ma terdhach”, with the Edition Saint Crépain label. In 2006, he
recorded his first album Aâchkek mon traitement with Cheb Kader. The album
was a blend of upbeat raï and modern pop music.

On 7th January, Manar died of a heart attack, at the age of 38.

Alvin Fielder
(1935 – 2019)

Fielder was an American jazz drummer. He was a founder member of the Association

Those We Have Lost

Matthews and recorded with B.B. King, The Rolling Stones, Steely Dan, Barbra Streisand, Bob Dylan, Linda Ronstadt, Joe Cocker, Dickey Betts, Joe Walsh, and many others.

She was a member of The Blackberries with Fields and Matthews and sang on Joe Cocker's Mad Dogs and Englishmen tour, which became a feature film.

In 1971 she was featured on the Beaver and Krause album Gandarva. She sang the lead vocal on the gospel-inflected "Walkin' By the River." Ray Brown played bass on the cut. Along with Merry Clayton, she sang the background vocals on Lynyrd Skynyrd's seminal hit "Sweet Home Alabama".

King died on January 7th, at the age of 75.
Eric Haydock  
(born Eric John Haddock)  
(1943 – 2019)

Haydock was a British musician, best known as the original bass guitarist of The Hollies from December 1962 until July 1966. He was one of the first British musicians to play a Fender Bass VI, a six-string bass. Although considered a great bass guitarist, he was replaced in 1966 by Bernie Calvert, after disputes related to the conduct of the band's managers.

Haydock died on 5th January, at the age of 75.

for the Advancement of Creative Musicians (AACM), Black Arts Music Society, Improvisational Arts Trio/Quartet/Quintet, and was a founding faculty member of the Louis "Satchmo" Armstrong Summer Jazz Camp. His only sibling is William Butler Fielder, a jazz and classical trumpeter and professor at Rutgers University.

Fielder began playing drums at age twelve, heavily influenced by recordings of Max Roach. While a student at Xavier University in New Orleans, he studied under Ed Blackwell at the recommendation of jazz drummer Earl Palmer. While a student at Texas Southern University in Houston, he worked with the Pluma Davis sextet, which included Don Wilkerson, Richard "Dicky Boy" Lillie, John Browning, and Carl Lott. He was active on the Houston jazz scene with Jimmy Harrison Quintet, John Browning Quintet, and Eddie "Cleanhead" Vinson. He went to graduate school to study pharmacology.

After taking his degree at the University of Illinois, he began playing in Chicago, co-founding the AACM in 1965. Over the next several years, Fielder played with Sun Ra, Muhal Richard Abrams, Eddie Harris, Kalaparusha, Fred Anderson, Lester Lashley, and Roscoe Mitchell. Fielder is among the musicians on Mitchell's Sound, recorded in 1966.

In 1971 he met John Reese and helped Reese develop the Black Arts Music Society (BAMS). Fielder was instrumental in bringing many jazz musicians to Mississippi. In 1975, Clifford Jordan and Fielder began working with Kidd Jordan in the Improvisational Arts band, which has included Jonathan Bloom, Elton Heron, Kent Jordan, Clyde Kerr, Darrell Lavigne, and Alvin Thomas. He died on January 5th, aged 83.

Those we have lost
Paul Steven Ripley  
(1950 – 2019)

Ripley was an American recording artist, record producer, songwriter, studio engineer, guitarist, and inventor. He entered the music industry in 1977. He was also the leader/producer of country rock band The Tractors.

As a producer, recording engineer, and studio musician, he has worked with Bob Dylan, playing guitar (on Shot of Love) and on the "Shot of Love" tour, with J. J. Cale (on Shades, 8 and Roll On), and he produced Clarence "Gatemouth" Brown and Roy Clark (on Makin' Music) and Johnnie Lee Wills (on Reunion). Bob Dylan listed Ripley as one of his favorite guitarists.


In 1994 he formed the country band, The Tractors. He is the co-writer of the country hit "Baby Likes to Rock It". In 2002, he created his own record label (Boy Rocking Records) to produce artists including The Tractors, Leon Russell and The Red Dirt Rangers.

Ripley died on January 3rd, two days after his 69th birthday.

Larry Cunningham  
(1951 - 2019)

Cunningham was a co-founder of Michigan group, the Floaters, who are best known for their 1977 song "Float On". The Floaters started as a quartet in the early 70s.
Shane Bisnett  
(? – 2019)  

Bisnett was bassist/clean vocalist of Ice Nine Kills, an American metalcore band best known for its horror-inspired lyrics, during 2009 to 2011. He played on the band’s second album, Safe Is Just A Shadow, which was released in 2010. He died, aged 31, on 1st January.

Brian Velasco  
(? – 2019)  

Velasco was drummer with Filipino hard rock band Razorback, which formed in 1990. Founding member Miguel Ortigas soon decided to leave the band in March 1996, which promoted the band to take on Brian Velasco, and in 1997, the band released their second album entitled "Beggar's Moon" under Epic Records.

Filming himself on Facebook Live, he committed suicide by jumping from the balcony of a condominium in Malate, Manila on January 16th. He was 41.
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.
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 re-mastered 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.”

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.

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

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

Another film rescued from oblivion......
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.

Artists and Titles:
- **Vampires Stole My Lunch Money**
- **Eating Jello with a Heated Fork**

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

http://www.zazzle.co.uk/gonzoweekly
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 Israeli (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
In true Eris fashion, I've been mulling on some of what might be 'her thoughts'. And how they fit, or, don't, into the current muddled State. Eris is the goddess known to the Greeks as ERIS and the Romans as DISCORDIA. She brings CHAOS. Should
we strive for more chaos?

Or, seek for the Golden Apple, 'Kallisti' - for the prettiest one - which Eris cast into the wedding banquet Zeus had prepared.

In the GONZO world we frequently fight against the ORDER of the ILLUMINATI.

"You will find that the STATE is the kind of ORGANIZATION which, though it does big things badly, does small things badly too."

John Kenneth Galbraith

In the DISCORDIAN Society
As you learn more
You understand less.

We are
A TRIBE
of surrealists, absurdists, philosophers, theologians, magicians, scientists, artists, clowns, and assorted maniacs.
Intrigued and entrapped
By ERIS,
Our GODDESS of CONFUSION.

nothing is true everything is vermittell
Have you considered the laws of coincidences and synchronicities?

Each time I go to the Houses of Parliament (HoP) for meetings, I could also be “going to the Hop.”

Are MPs, the ultimate Masters and Mistresses of Poo?

What is the PM's function? Is it as Principal Myopic? Or, the Prime Medicant? Prinicipal Misogynist?

As Discordians, it is our firm belief that it is a mistake to hold firm beliefs...perhaps, especially about referendum results...

Discord is about DISORGANIZATION.

To choose order over disorder, or disorder over order, is to accept a trip composed of both the creative and destructive. But to choose the creative over the destructive is an all-creative trip composed of both order and disorder.

What about the Law of Fives? (from the Wikiuniversity)

2+3=5

And the secret sign of the Cathars, hippies, peace-nicks and more: Another 5 = V.

"The lesson that the Law of Fives, the 23 enigma, etc. teaches is that "What the thinking mind thinks, the proving mind proves." (to quote Robert Anton Wilson). When you start looking for the number 5 in everything because you think it has some connection or mystical significance, then, with a bit of creativity, you can find "proof" of this connection everywhere. This is not necessarily because there is any actual significance, but because the human brain is built for finding patterns in coincidences, for finding order in chaos.

As an experiment:

• Look for the number 5 in various news articles. Try and find as many 5’s as you can, even if you have to use creative math.
• Look for the number 23 in various news articles. Again, using creative
Do the same for the number 537, 38, 91, 6, etc. If you have a calculator with a random function, find some more numbers.

Now, look at the same news articles looking for a government conspiracy.

LIFE AS THE ART OF PLAYING must be seen as part of the innate love for disorder. NONSENSE AS SALVATION.

Have you ever secretly wondered why the Great Pyramid has five sides including the bottom?

What is the purpose of your life?

Is it Mu? *

* Mu is the Chinese ideogram for NOTHING.

No two elements interlock, but all five interlock in the Mandala of Chao.
Make America Great Again!

Hail ERIS!

Borrowed, misappropriated and unhinged from the 'Principia Discordia'.

As submitted to Gonzo by Malaclypse The Pi r 3.
Kopyleft. All rights reversed.
MAN

Anachronism Tango
Album Release Tour
~ 2019 ~

25 JAN
LONDON
THE BORDERLINE

26 JAN
BECKINGTON
BECKINGTON MEMORIAL HALL

27 JAN
MINEHEAD
GIANTS OF ROCK – BUTLINS

31 JAN
DERBY
THE FLOWERPOT

01 FEB
KINROSS
THE GREEN HOTEL

02 FEB
LLANDUDNO
LLANDUDNO JUNCTION LABOUR CLUB

www.manband-archive.com
Audiobooks take us to Heaven...or maybe Hell!

Gonzo's Alan Dearling writes:

Audiobooks are very new kids on the musical block in London town. But more than a few words have already been written by them, and about them. I saw them as support to the grungy, psych-band, Wooden Shjips at the Heaven nightclub underneath Charing Cross Station in London. Audiobooks are original and downright oddball. Think: Goldfrapp meets Nico in a dark disco palace crypt!

alan dearling
They are:

Evangeline Ling - Vocals and Saxophone
David Wrench - Synthesisers and Guitar

Live, it is a bit like a meeting between Edgar Winter (I bet David has been told that before) and a prettier, litesome and aerobic, Patti Smith on speed.

As their press statement tells us:

"If you’re going to call your band audiobooks, you’d better have some good stories to tell. Stories that should move you and ones to make you move. Stories about real life and surreal life and all that weirdness that you just glimpsed out of the corner of your eye.

Luckily for you, audiobooks really do. The London based duo have developed a unique ability to conjure up magical aural snapshots that wallop you like bong hits. Each of their discombobulating observations comes stretched out over a series of discomfiting oscillations, like messages from the spirit world or pulp fictions found in a box at the end of your road or a crackling pop broadcast from a far away galaxy.

Out there, across the wavelengths or in the musty pages of their books, there’s a girl who’s lost in lust, sat eating mussels on a South Wales beach; there’s an alcohol-fuelled vision of Hell as a family melts down in an airport departure lounge and there’s a carsick dog in the back of your Grandma Jimmy’s car. There’s womanly blood flowing and there’s friends in your bubble bath and there’s some very large pinches of hot salt."

Evangeline spits out her words with the abandon of a feral feline. And the combination of the near albino, David, with her, seems designed to unsettle. It’s all nicely spooky. Beats, flashing lights and long, long story-monologues. Some reminded me of the Velvets performing the hypnotic, ‘The Gift’.

So who’s telling these stories? Who are the people writing these audiobooks?
On the face of it, Evangeline Ling – a 21 year old art student and musician from Wimbledon – and David Wrench – one of the most in demand mixers and producers in modern music, a sometime cohort of Julian Cope and former denizen of North Wales – might seem an unlikely pairing. Yet a chance encounter at a mutual friend’s party just one week after David had moved south to the capital very quickly led to an experimental studio session that’s been going on ever since.

Evangeline: “I’d found myself writing these odd stories as text messages on my phone. They were too short to be proper stories… they were fragments. I’d told David about them when we met and he said, ‘Come into the studio and let’s put them to music.’”

David: “It was so perfect – this incredible text message…”

Evangeline: “The next day, we started making music. We realised pretty much immediately that what we were doing might just connect. I’m not a technically minded person, musically – David is – but we kind of synced in because we bonded as human beings. We just met and connected; I immediately trusted David. We didn’t really chat about who we are…”

David: “Neither of us are any good at small talk so we just got working and it was crazily fast, everything about it. We’ve never spent more than an hour on a track. We go in, we improvise and we either keep it or we don’t. There might be a bit of editing the next day but the creation is done incredibly quickly.”

Evangeline: “We’d work on a track and then we’d just sit and do nothing. He’d work on a mix for someone or play some records, I’d have a nap or paint or draw…”

David: “The second time Evangeline turned up at the studio she arrived in her pyjamas. She’d come all the way from Wimbledon to east London in a pair of Batman pyjamas.”

Evangeline: “I hadn’t slept all night, I’d just had this crazy adrenaline. I knew we were doing something really special and I couldn’t wait to get there. I didn’t have any clean clothes so I just thought, ‘Sod this, I’ve got to go’.”

Stories about audiobooks are as fantastical as the ones they’ve set to music, whether it’s crossing London in bed wear, misheard lyrics accidentally creating perma-tanned Welsh women (Swansea’s “Orange Gina” was once innocently a can of the famous French fizzy pop) or the fact they bonded over a mutual frustration with people who hoard as much as they did shared taste in music.

From their first meeting, Evangeline and David’s friendship has been influenced by the records they flipped through in his newly set up studio in Old Street. Very quickly, the pair found inspiration in music by artists as diverse as Bauhaus, Aphrodite’s Child, Marilyn Manson, Michael Jackson, Flower Traveling Band, the Fall, Faust, Tropicalia and Dory Previn. Evangeline: “Dory frickin Previn, man.”

David: “Her record Mythical Kings and Liguanas is an incredible piece of work; she really was a genius. Lyrically, that’s maybe the closest link to audiobooks.”

If the bracingly honest and often troubled words of Previn helped influence Evangeline’s stories, the music they’re set to comes from an entirely different place. Having developed a kind of psychic musical response to Evangeline’s surrealist texts, David set about soundtracking the weird worlds she was delivering on a daily basis. Much of the resulting music – at times odd, beautiful, unique, hilarious, disquieting, pensive, hypnotic, open, free – is collected together on ‘Now! (in a minute)’ – the mind-bending follow up to
the head-turning four track Gothenburg EP and the duo’s first full length album. Like the band themselves, ‘Now! (in a minute)’ doesn’t do the things that you’d expect. While opener Mother Hen might be a modernist nursery rhyme sat atop skittering proggy electronics, the dual vocals on the tracks Hot Salt and Friends in the Bubble Bath perfectly channel the conflict and contradiction of Don’t You Want Me (The Human League) into something ultra-modern and almost ludicrously addictive. Elsewhere, the primal, gothic drone of Womanly Blood sits like a brooding weather condition until it rips apart thanks to some heavy percussive artillery from Warpaint’s Stella Mozgawa (the only other contributor to the record) and Dance Your Life Away sounds like the soundtrack to the kind of inhibition free moonlight voodoo party that you wish your mates had invited you at Glastonbury last year.

David: “With that track particularly, we wanted to emulate that thing Michael Jackson did where he uses sounds really rhythmically to inject an incredible energy into his music… I love it when vocals become their own thing that can’t really be written down.”

Evangeline: “And we were listening to a lot of Marilyn Manson in the studio. I find the way he sings very rhythmically really inspiring.”

I also thought I could detect the influence of Courtney Barnett in the mix. Currently, I found the 4-track ep, Gothenburg, plus two other tracks available on Spotify. Their first full-length album is due out early this November. It will be fascinating to see what audience that audiobooks appeal to. The Heavenly Recordings press release ends saying that this is,

Time, then, to welcome these strange superheroes – this inhuman league – into your life. You might not know it yet but the story is already written. It says audiobooks are your new favourite band.”

Gothenburg: http://heavenlyrecordings.com/artist/audiobooks/
Hot salt: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=-0SEOMj9TK0
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Available from rickwakemansmusicemporium.com and all other good music retailers
albums and ten EPs and have played nearly nine-hundred shows throughout Europe and North America, including tours supporting acts such as Down, Voivod, Negative Approach, Superjoint, Poison Idea and Unsane.

They show some of their influences in the cover versions included here, which range from the likes of Celtic Frost to Unsane, Bad Brains to Black Flag, Minor Threat to The Misfits and Samhain. The first disc is rarities, the second is covers, and Anselmo provides his unmistakable vocal attack on six of these. Musically this collective are all over the place, veering between noise rock, hardcore punk and heavy metal, plus other guitar-oriented lost souls on the way. The music is lo-fi, bringing the sound of CBGB’s, Richard Hell and Johnny Rotten solidly into the 21st Century. Music such as this will never be played on the radio, but they don’t care, as this is a band that lives and dies onstage. One can feel the sweat and anger just pouring out of the speakers, and while the production isn’t always where it needs to be that just reinforces
I’m glad Marco liked it, as I have long been a fan of his drumming, and he certainly adds a great deal to this. But, it doesn’t take away from the fact that this is a 33-minute long piece of music mostly composed and performed on a bass, or series of basses, and it comes across as rather tedious and boring. There is too much reverb and attack in the sound for it to be truly ambient, and not enough interest for it to be anything else. The only thing that got me through to the end of the album was knowing that once I had written about it then I would never have to listen to it again. I much prefer Vivaldi Metal Project to this, sorry.

http://www.thehousecorerecords.com

Although there have been some substantial gaps in their career, the line-up of At The Gates has been incredibly stable, having been the same since 1993. So, it was quite a blow when guitarist Anders Björler decided that it was time to move on. But, the band knew that they still had a great deal to offer, and called in old friend Jonas Stålhammar who they had known for almost thirty years. One rehearsal later and he had the job. It was
important for the band to bring in someone who knew what they had been going through, had followed a similar musical journey, and also came from the same musical influences. Russ Russell was brought in as producer, and the result is one of the standout metal albums of the year.

By now most people would think that At The Gates would have nothing left to prove, having been at the forefront of the Swedish Death Metal scene for so many years, but while other bands have moved on and often changed their musical path ATG have double down and are bringing forth melodic death metal that is as heavy, violent and so damned enjoyable as anything they have released in the past. The band formed back in 1990, yet here they are in 2018 showing all the young guns how to do it. The groove, they move, they mix incredibly light and delicate aspects into the thunderous sound, yet when the time is right they all lock in and bring it home. Tomas "Tompa" Lindberg still sounds like the angry young man he used to be, but now with more presence and command. He is at the forefront of what truly is a metallic monster casting all before it. Whatever anyone may want from a metal album, I can pretty much guarantee that this one has it. From the first note to the very last all I wanted to do was to keep turning it up time and again. It has been four years since the last album, let’s just hope that it isn’t so long until the next one.
AxMinister are having fun with these five high octane songs, and if you enjoy NWOBHM then so will you.

https://axminister.bandcamp.com

Back in 2013 I was lucky enough to be able to get a ticket for an event I never thought would take place, namely to see Behemoth play a gig in Auckland. The only downside was that I was in America until the day of the concert, and it was being performed at my least favourite venue in the city, The Studio. It’s not that it’s a bad venue per se, but my experience is that any decent band that plays there doesn’t get on until very late due to a million local acts being put on first. So, jetlagged and knackered I walked up to the merch stand to ask what time the band were going on, only to be told that it wouldn’t be until 11:00. Given that I had an hour’s drive after the gig, I gave up and went home to collapse, having not heard a single note. Five years on, and Behemoth are back with a live album showing me just what I missed. It was back in 1991 in the Polish city of Gdańsk that Adam “Nergal” Darski founded the death metal band Baphomet alongside drummer Adam “Baal” Muraszko and guitarist Adam “Desecrator” Malinowski. Little did they know that they would evolve into Behemoth, who have now released ten full length albums and completed numerous international tours later. This release is a celebration of their last studio album, ‘The Satanist’ and is being released Blu-ray/DVD+CD-digibook, double LP gatefold vinyl (black/silver/gold) or earbook. The Blu-ray/DVD includes both the ‘The Satanist’ performed in full as well as some mature and celebrated classics plus ‘The Cinematic Archive’. Needless to say I don’t have the full package, but rather a download of the songs that appear on the CD, but it is more than enough to make me wonder if I made the right choice back in 2013. These guys are tight, incredibly tight, with their melodic black metal crunching and casting a spell. I already have the ‘Live Apostasy’ album, but that was released ten years ago and the band have grown in so many ways since then. The live quartet have been together since 2004, and given their work ethic it is no surprise at all that they are producing music as majestic, black and deep as this.

The CD was recorded in Warsaw in 2016, so pretty much a home crowd, and each side knows how to keep pushing the other. I don’t know who produced the album, but whoever it was they did a great job as the sound is clean and clear without sounding over sanitised. I don’t know if this is how the band sounded that night, or if it has been over-dubbed or “fixed”, but the result coming out of my speakers is simply stunning. Behemoth have long been one of my favourite BM bands, and this album reinforces that in spades.
unusual for an independently released metal album to come across so brutal and complete, as normally bands that are doing that have been grabbed by the big labels, and I am actually incredibly surprised that this hasn’t happened here yet. If it wasn’t for me working with one particular PR guy I would have never heard this album in New Zealand, yet these guys are ready to make a huge breakthrough. This is metal with swagger, attitude, and plenty of balls. The aggression is palpable, and these guys go at it as if their very lives depend on it. Yep, when they need to slow it down and hits those distinctively nu metal chords and styles then they can do that as well, but when they need to get in your face and rip it off, then they are more than ready to do that as well. If you are a fan of Lamb of God, Sepultura, Ektomorf or Slipknot then this is essential.

https://bornbroken.bandcamp.com

This is the first time I have come across BornBroken, who hail from Montreal in Canada. This is the follow-up to their 2013 debut, ‘The Healing Powers of Hate’, which was named Revolver Mag Album of The Week, as well as hitting the Top 20 of the the Canadian Radio Loud Charts. Since that release the band has been through a dramatic line-up change with just founding members and guitarists Mike Decker and Simon Sivard still involved. They have been joined by vocalist Pepe Peloquin (Endast), drummer Samuel Santiago (Gorod, First Fragment) and bassist Red Voizard as the band have slightly changed their music direction, moving to 7 string guitars and tuning to (Drop G). It is no surprise at all that they have opened for Slipknot, as if any band was really channelling that band it is definitely BornBroken.

There are actually times when I miss Sid Wilson, which is somewhat unusual as he isn’t a member of this band! It’s just that he would have added another element, but even as it is this is a some album. It is

Originally, the plan by Kristoffer Gildenlöw (Kayak, Pain of Salvation, Neal Morse) was to record a song to raise
money for Bikers Against Child Abuse, something he’d done before for other charities. However, the project gathered steam, and eventually Breaking The Chains themselves became a registered foundation. Everyone involved with the project donates their time free of charge, and all profits directly go to the Dutch arm of B.A.C.A. BTC charity. More than 40 Dutch singers and musicians took part, and instead of just a single song there is now a full album of original material. To put this all under one musical banner, so to speak, would probably be melodic hard rock, but there are some that could be included as prog metal, melodic metal etc. Considering that it contains so many players it isn’t surprising that it doesn’t really come across as a single entity, but it is joined by the intent and the quality of what is on display.

My favourite song is “Believe In Me”, with classy soaring female vocals with a melodic metallic background that is forceful, powerful and damn fine. It has hooks a plenty, and is one of those numbers where it is easy to just put it on repeat let it go for hours. Below is a list of all those involved, and given that some of those acts are very profile indeed let’s hope that it creates enough to generate serious sales and raise money for an incredibly worthwhile cause. If you enjoy melodic rock/metal then there is plenty of different styles here for you to enjoy, and even if you decided you didn’t like a single song (which I can’t believe) you will have still donated to charity, so what is there to lose?

http://www.breakingthechains.nl

Bart Hennephof (Textures), Peter Strykes (LA The Voices, Vandenberg), Ruud Jolie (Within Temptation, For All We Know), Robby Valentine, Mike Coolen (Within Temptation), Adrian Vandenberg (Vandenberg, Whitesnake, Moonkings), Joe Tal (Textures), Ton Scherpenzeel (Kayak), Timo Somers (Delain), Ed Warby (VUUR, Hail of Bullets, The Gentle Storm), Robert Soeterboek (Wicked Sensation, Highway Chile), Ian Parry (Consortium Project), John JayCee Cuijpers (Praying Mantis), Johan van Stratum (VUUR, Stream of Passion), Wudstik (For All We Know, Ayreon), Frank Schiphorst (MaYaN, My Propane), Marjan Welman (Autumn, Vetrar Draugurinn), Margriet Mol (Asrai), Jan Willem Ketelaers (Ayreon, Classics Rock Show), Eric Hazebroek (Stream of Passion, Vetrar Draugurinn), Rick Bouwman (Martyr), Martin van der Meyde (4Eigner), Jan Bechtum (Picture), Karin Mol (Asrai), Arno te Loo (4Eigner), Sebas & Petra Honing (Equisa), Dirk Bruinenberg (Elegy, Place Vendome), Ivar de Graaf (Kingfisher Sky), Jan Bijlsma (Vengeance, The Last Element), Peter Vink (Knight Area), Manon van der Hidde (Asrai), Ben Mathot (Ayreon), Anne Bakker (Blaze Bayley), Maaike Peterse (Kovacs, Kingfisher Sky), Jeroen Goossens (Ayreon), Marieke Bresseleers (Circle Unbroken), Harry den Hartog (Alanis) & Collin Leijenaar (Kayak, Neal Morse).

Dutch rockers against child abuse.
The series’ storyline focuses on a strange and mysterious puzzle box known as The Lament Configuration that somehow opens a gateway to the Hell-like realm of the Cenobites – an order of formerly human monsters who harvest human souls to torture in Sadomasochistic experiments.

What follows are three separate reviews of the highly successful and critically influential original Hellraiser movie trilogy. We hope you enjoy!
The box then reconfigures back into its original cube shape. Soon characters Larry Cotton (Andrew Robinson) and his wife Julia (Clare Higgins) arrive at the house and Larry is revealed to be the brother of the unfortunate stranger, who is in fact called Frank and the former lover of Julia.

Larry and Julia decide to buy the old building and set up home there. Meanwhile, Frank Cotton (Sean Chapman) escapes from the other dimension (now revealed to be a concept of Hell) and its demonic entities known as the Cenobites. When Larry accidentally slices open his hand while moving house he unwittingly spills his own blood on the exact spot where Frank died opening the puzzle box.

With the help of Larry’s wife Julia, Frank is resurrected and begins regenerating his fleshless body with the blood of victims that Julia supplies him.

During the second act of the movie Larry’s daughter Kirsty (Ashley Laurence) arrives and accidentally unleashes the Cenobites, but makes a last minute deal to deliver Frank to them in exchange for her own life. After reclaiming Frank, the Cenobites go back on their deal with Kirsty and try to take her as well. Solving the puzzle box, Kirsty sends the Cenobites back into the Hellish dimension and escapes.

Hellraiser is a 1987 Anglo-American horror film written and directed by the great Clive Barker and produced by Christopher Figg, based on Barker’s novella The Hellbound Heart (1986).

The film marked Clive Barker’s directorial debut and since its release in 1987 has divided critics but generally received praise; initial reviews ranged from Melody Maker calling it “The greatest horror film made in Britain”, to Roger Ebert negatively calling it “Bankruptcy of Imagination”.

For contemporary reviews in the United Kingdom, Time Out London referred to the film as “Barker’s dazzling debut” that “creates such an atmosphere of dread that astonishing set-pieces simply detonate in a chain reaction of cumulative intensity” and concluded that the film was “a serious, intelligent and disturbing horror film”.

The Daily Telegraph stated that “Barker has achieved a fine degree of menace” while the Daily Mail described the film as “a pinnacle of the genre”.

In the early 2010’s, Time Out concluded a poll with
several authors, directors, actors and critics who have worked within the horror genre to vote for their top horror movies of all time. *Hellraiser* was placed at number 80 on their top 100 list.

For me, when I first saw this movie I was in my early twenties and it certainly wasn’t a run-of-the-mill kind of experience!

Barker went on to create other notable horror movies such as *Nightbreed* (1990), *Candyman* (1992) and *Lord of Illusions* (1995), but for me, he never had the same success as this film which went on to spawn many, albeit mostly forgettable, sequels.

A brilliant and original horror movie! I would personally give *Hellraiser* a respectable rating of 8/10

**Hellbound:** *Hellraiser II* (1988)

By James Archer

“The Doctor is In!”

In 1988, a sequel titled *Hellbound: Hellraiser II* was made which follows Dr Phillip Channard (Kenneth Cranham) as he wittingly resurrects Julia (again played by Clare Higgins), who was trapped in Hell with the Cenobites after the events from *Hellraiser* (1987).

Kirsty is pulled back into the Cenobite realm, where the demons decide to keep her for torture, but, having discovered the human identities of the Cenobites, Kirsty appeals to their latent humanity, specifically the Cenobite leader Pinhead (Doug Bradley). Pinhead decides to release her, but he and his followers are killed by Dr Channard, who has himself become a Cenobite.

With the help of a teenage girl, Tiffany (Imogen Boorman), who unknowingly assisted Channard in opening the box, Kirsty and Tiffany escape the Cenobite world and close the gateway behind them.

*Hellbound* is a fantastic sequel to one of the most original and grisly horror f licks of the 1980’s. The film kicks off right where the original *Hellraiser* ended – there is a brief re-cap of the events of the first film which is concluded by Frank (wearing Kirsty’s father’s skin) having his face torn to pieces by Cenobite hooks and chains.

“Jesus Wept”


I am convinced this scene has been slightly cut and re-edited due to its shocking visual nature. I actually own several different versions of this movie and each one is the same in regard to this scene. Maybe eventually we
the Cenobites forth once again.

Upon arrival, Pinhead remarks to the other Cenobites to leave the patient - “NO!.. it is not hands that summon us... it is desire”. Dr Channard is instead taken back to Hell and the patient is thankfully spared.

Dr Channard, the head of the facility, clearly has an interest in the occult and has somehow acquired not one, but three of these mysterious and extremely dangerous puzzle boxes, and has intentions to summon the Cenobites, with little regard for the horrors they bring.

Julia (Kirsty’s stepmother) is resurrected in a similar way to Frank from the original film - again she requires fresh skin and so begins a series of brutal murders with the aid of Dr Channard.

Channard cruelly uses one of the hospital patients who has a penchant for puzzles, to open one of the puzzle boxes and summons the Cenobites forth once again.

A short while later Kirsty awakes in the asylum; obviously none of the hospital staff believe her bizarre story of a puzzle box able to summon demons from Hell!

Dr Channard appears who is now fully transformed into a new Cenobite and begins a grisly torturous murder spree, slaughtering his former patients at the asylum. Pinhead and the other Cenobites then appear and an odd “Hell coup d’etat” standoff between Dr Channard and the other Cenobites occurs.
Proving too powerful for them, Pinhead and the other Cenobites are killed by Dr Channard and return to their former human selves as they die - this is a nice touch as it gives us a glimpse of the characters before they were transformed into the grotesque creatures we all know (and love).

I always felt that the Cenobites were too easily killed during this scene and it would have been more interesting to see them put up a fight against the newly formed Dr Channard Cenobite. After all, they are interdimensional explorers from Hell!

Kirsty tricks Dr Channard by donning Julia’s “skin”, and Tiffany solves the puzzle box which then destroys Channard and allows Kirsty and Tiffany to escape from the Labyrinth.

The film ends with a pair of removal men taking items from Dr Channard’s house – the bloody mattress Julia was resurrected from can be seen in full view. Suddenly a pair of blooded arms lurch out from the mattress and one of the workers is torn apart.

A grim macabre spinning pillar then raises up from the mattress complete with Pinhead’s face and adorned with various grotesque objects and faces including the locust eating derelict from the first movie.

He stares deep into the camera and questions the viewer “What is your Pleasure Sir?”

I strongly consider this movie as the best entry in the original trilogy - Great special effects, near-perfect back story explaining the origins of Pinhead, and as always the creepy dark and eerie Hellraiser theme is present.

An explanation into how Dr Channard acquired the three puzzle boxes would have been nice as he is obviously fascinated by the Cenobites, as would the boxes’ origins, but we will have to wait for Hellraiser Bloodline (part 4 - 1996) before it is revealed.
begins creating new Cenobite followers in an effort to establish Hell on Earth. Joey manages to reunite Spencer and Pinhead, fusing them back into a single entity, and is able to utilise the puzzle box to banish Pinhead back into his own dimension.

Afterwards, Joey submerges the box into freshly laid cement at a construction site believing the ongoing nightmare to be over.

The pillar is discovered by nightclub owner J. P. Monroe (Kevin Bernhardt), who begins assisting Pinhead in his resurrection after Pinhead’s killing of a female nightclubber.

A television reporter, Joey Summerskill (Terry Farrell) begins to learn about Pinhead and the puzzle box, which leads her to Monroe’s night club.

Pinhead is eventually resurrected, and
On release, reviews of *Hellraiser III* were overall more positive than *Hellbound*. This is likely down to the film’s more commercial aspirations than either of the previous two movies.

*Variety*’s review echoed this, calling the movie “highly commercial”, and Jack Yeovil of *Empire* said it is “a good horror sequel” that succeeds in its simple goal: to appeal to mainstream American teenagers.

Writing for *The Washington Post*, Richard Harrington described the plot and themes as faithful to the previous instalments. Pinhead, he said, is “more ambitious and more dangerous than ever”, and there is “never a dull moment”.

Compared with the first film, which he dubbed “deliciously original”, Marc Savlov of *Rotten Tomatoes* said, “*Hellraiser III* is a tepid and wholly uninspired re-tread of various genre conventions”.

Yeovil praised Atkins’ script for its “surprisingly careful characterisations” and abandoning the waffling metaphysics of the previous two movies. He said Pinhead remains “a sub-Freddy goon” and the film has been purged of some of Clive Barker’s “perversity and ambiguity”.

Commenting on this film’s acting, *Variety*’s review identified Farrell as a “strong heroine”, and Doug Bradley as “a commanding presence”. Harrington said it was “hardly a surprise that Bradley steals the film” and called Farrell’s performance “solid”.

*Hellraiser III: Hell on Earth* was actually the first film in the series that I actually saw back in 1994, which despite its obvious stamp of the early 1990’s, is in my opinion, a worthy entry in the series.

After *Hellraiser Bloodline* (1996) the franchise unfortunately found itself firmly in the ‘Direct to Video’ category during the 2000’s as a literal slew of lesser sequels were produced in an attempt by distributors to hold onto the creative rights to the series.

Admittedly, the new Cenobites look terrible – now seemingly quite amateurish! The design of the new generation of Cenobites bears “the distinct stamp of the early 90’s” according to Rife – this is also quite true!

I would have to agree with much of this, however, I still find “Hell on Earth” to be an entertaining and worthy entry in the series (it’s probably the last complete good movie, as after this, only the first quarter of *Hellraiser Bloodline* (1996) is any good and the resulting franchise unfortunately never recovers!). Therefore I am going to rate *Hellraiser III: Hell on Earth* (1992) a pretty dignified 6.5/10.

Your suffering will be legendary, even in Hell...”

(Pinhead AKA Lead Cenobite to Kirsty – *Hellraiser* 1987).

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.

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

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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 and follow us on Instagram, Facebook or Twitter to get action alerts.
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 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.

CLASSIC DIGITISER: MARCH 17TH 1997

This year marks the 22nd anniversary of March 17th 1997. What was special about that date? It was the day that this mostly unremarkable edition of Digitiser aired! Well, I say unremarkable. It contains our preview of Killer Instinct Gold on the N64 at least, and evidence of our most legendary competition, Brown Trumpet.

Go now: use your eyes, child. Read the Digitiser. And then go and thank that sweaty oaf @ZXGuesser for digging it up.
PHENOMENA
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Since I’ve moved I’ve had to do without broadband.

Initially this was because BT messed up my order. I was supposed to have had my account transferred from my old address on the day of the move but, despite over a month’s notice, and all their clever software, they managed to lose track of me.

One day before the move I got an email telling me that the transfer wouldn’t take place for another week.

By that point it had finally dawned on me just how expensive my broadband was. I won’t go into the details. Let’s just say that, talking to my son, and to friends, I discovered that I was paying over a third more for a significantly smaller service.

How had this happened? Simple. I was a loyal customer, and in this age of instant gratification loyalty is no longer a valued commodity. It is taken for granted.

So I cancelled the order. It was at this point, magically, that BT starting telling me about all the other great deals they had on offer.

After this I started having some really interesting telephone conversations with BT’s so-called “loyalty advisors”. It’s funny how my loyalty wasn’t even considered an issue until I decided to move.

One of them asked me why I didn’t check my tariffs on a monthly basis? Why? Because I was brought up in an age where BT was the only telecommunications company around.

Until fairly recently, in fact, it still had the monopoly on the provision of landlines. You didn’t even get a choice.

Nowadays there are several companies offering the service and it really is a free market. There is a bewildering array of deals on offer. The only real difficulty is in deciding which one suits you best.

So I’ve decided to do without a landline altogether. I’ve got a little
companies have come to rule the world. Amazon just used to sell books. Now it sells everything. We’ve come to depend upon them for our everyday existence.

Meanwhile, the technology is becoming ever more intrusive. They can track your movements in real time, turn on the microphone on your phone and listen to your conversations, watch you undress from the camera on your laptop. You think I’m exaggerating? Check out Oliver Stone’s film about Edward Snowden if you don’t believe me. George Orwell’s predictions are coming true.

Meanwhile I’ve been doing without the internet. I haven’t seen Facebook or YouTube in days, and, once I do get them back, I will have to ration them.

I don’t miss them at all. I’ve started reading books again. I’m going for long walks and visiting friends, meditating on the meaning of existence and my part in it. Contemplating the future.

It’s amazing how quick this technology has taken over. Facebook was only founded in 2004, YouTube in 2005.

In hardly more than a decade these
Housing Benefit Hill:
http://www.amazon.co.uk/Housing-Benefit-Hill-Other-Places/dp/190259343X

The Trials of Arthur:
http://www.amazon.co.uk/Trials-Arthur-Revised-Ronald-Hutton/dp/0956416314/

Fierce Dancing:
http://www.amazon.co.uk/Fierce-Dancing-Underground-C-J-Stone/dp/0571176305/

The Last of the Hippies:
http://www.amazon.co.uk/Last-Hippies-C-J-Stone/dp/0571193137/
As Hawkwind embark on their 50th year of operations, the gig diary currently has only three entries on it, but it's anticipated that more dates will be announced in due course. The "fixture list" currently looks like this:

May 8 - 15: HRH Roadtrip, Ibiza

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..
RIDE TO LIVE  LIVE TO ROCK
08TH-15TH  MAY 2019

IBIZA ROAD TRIP

TO HELL AND BACK

HAWKWIND
50TH ANNIVERSARY WORLD TOUR

ORANGE GOBLIN * BERNIE MARSDEN * JOE LYNN TURNER
PHIL CAMPBELL AND THE BASTARD SONS
RAGING SPEEDHORN * ARTHEMIS * RED RUM
DESERT STORM * OHHMS * PEARL HANDLED REVOLVER
HENRY'S FUNERAL SHOE * FALLING RED * GIN ANNIE
FOOTPRINTS IN THE CUSTARD * EVERYDAY HEROES

www.HRHROADTRIP.COM  TELEPHONE: 0207 193 1164
The Hard Rock Hell Roadtrip website’s lineup page says Hawkwind are playing on Friday 10th, although the page then warns that band running orders are not confirmed and that line-up days could be subject to change. Despite the event’s name, travel to it will probably involve flying rather than roads, since the location is an island in the Mediterranean Sea.

Jun 21-23: Graspop Metal Meeting, Dessel, Belgium

November 26 (Tue): Royal Albert Hall, London. The RAH has a capacity of over 5,000, so this'll be the biggest indoor Hawkwind event for quite a while. Hawkwind announced it thus: "2019 is going to be an exciting year for Hawkwind......As part of our 50 year anniversary celebrations, we are happy to announce this rather special show...".

A point of interest about the May Ibiza event poster is the "50th anniversary world tour" statement under the Hawkwind logo, which might imply that a geographical spread of dates is in the pipeline.

For clues as to what might happen in their 50th year, we could look back at what they did in their 40th year. It'll probably turn out that there'll be approximately zero correlation between the two anniversary years, but there's no harm in trying!

The Hawkwind lineup back in 2009 was Dave Brock, Richard Chadwick, Mr.Dibs, Niall Hone, and Tim Blake. In May they did a 7-venue tour in northern England and also played St Albans. Then the customary few commercial festival appearances were scattered throughout the summer.
In late August 2009 they did two nights in Bayswater, London, at the rather impressive Porchester Hall. It's not often chandeliers adorn the ceiling above a Hawkwind audience.

The set-list was: Warriors; Assault & Battery; Golden Void; Where Are They Now; Lighthouse; Space Is Deep; Angels Of Death; Wraith; Green Machine; Spirit Of The Age; Silver Machine; Sentinel; poem; Lord Of Light; Magnu; Brainbox Pollution; You'd Better Believe It; Right To Decide; Hassan-i-Sahba; and Fahrenheit 451, and it was the same set on both nights.

The "Alt-Hawkwind" band The Elves of Silbury Hill also played, in the early afternoon, and TOSH (Technicians of Spaceship Hawkwind) were joined by Huw Lloyd-Langton.
Anyway, time will tell on how things shape up for Dave Brock’s fifty years at the helm of Spacecraft Hawkwind.

Then a 10-date tour of England followed in December, with John Sevink appearing with the band, playing fiddle.

Although Hawkwind themselves didn’t release anything that year (apart from the Porchester freebie compilation CD), archivist record label Atomhenge released a whole raft of Hawkwind albums, mostly from the late 1970s and early 80s, and most of the releases included previously unheard items.

For the December set-list, Green Machine; Wraith; Prometheus; Tide Of The Century; and Levitation replaced the triple track of Assault/Void/Where.
Greetings space travellers!
This is your Hawkwind Earth Visitors Passport application form.

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

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

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

Volunteer Crew Register

Name.................................................................................................................................

Please give details of your occupation/profession for inclusion in crew register and possible duty
roster (optional)
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Full Earth Address: ............................................................................................................
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Post Code ...........................................................................................................................

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

Telephone Number: .............................................................................................................

Additional info: ....................................................................................................................

www.hawkwind.com
Any enquiries hawkwindpassports@hawkwind.com
Nearly thirty years ago, when I was made redundant from my last “proper” piece of full time employment, my researches into mystery animals reached some sort of an impasse. A fat man with wild, staring eyes, and — in most people’s opinion — badly in need of a haircut, was not the sort of fellow that many people within the wider community could take seriously, if he was to turn up on your doorstep to interview you about some strange animal that you had seen.

So, in what I like to think of as a stroke of genius, I invented an organisation called the Centre for Fortean Zoology, and by representing myself as an officer, and later, the Director, of this singular organisation, I found that many more doors were opened to me than would otherwise have been the case. And so, the Centre of Fortean Zoology trundled on for several years as a useful fiction which supported my own solo endeavours, before it finally became a bona fide organisation.

So, I decided that, as sales of my last album — Coldharbour, which, as I explain each issue, I am trying to publicise using the new media opportunities — had only reached eight copies, I wondered whether it was time for me to pull a similar stunt as I had back in the early 1990s. If I invented a record company, surely it would give more gravitas to my chances of selling my own music. Nobody would need to know that the record company consisted only of me, my wife and stepdaughter, and the fact that I have self-released various records over the past few years, including several projects which I have produced and sometimes played upon but in which I had only had a relatively minor role, the whole thing seemed a spiffing idea.

So, I went back to Bandcamp, and found to my pleasure that one could — indeed — sign up to the utility as a ‘record company’ rather than as an individual artist. This, I decided to do, and I was halfway through the process when I realised that, in order to do this, it would
available for all and sundry on YouTube, on Bandcamp as well. And so, my artist page looks far more impressive. It doesn’t mean that more people have actually bought the bloody thing, but it does give me a degree of gravitas that I previously lacked.

I then wondered whether I should do the same with the five or six records of mine that are presently able to be streamed for free on Spotify. But, my innate laziness won out, and I decided that – at the moment, at least – I truly cannot be arsed.

The next logical step is going to be to open up Bandcamp accounts for Mike Davis and for Xtul, and to somehow link them all together on a website, which I can then publicise massively as being the home of some of the most interesting and genre bending music ever to come out of my little corner of North Devon.

I shall probably get around to it eventually.

Watch this space…

Check the new album out:

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=RiV_C8VYMKE
The Song of PANNE
Being Mainly About Elephants

JONATHAN DOWNES
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!

On the western side of Tai Tam Harbour was a concrete slipway, which we used for all sorts of things, and we had many picnics on the shallow, shingly beach adjoining it. On the other side from the beach was a small patch of mangroves. I am not even going to attempt to identify them as a species, because – according to those jolly nice fellows at Wikipedia - about one hundred and ten species of plant can be considered ‘mangroves’, as the term is used for any shrub or small tree that grows in coastal saline or brackish water.

Whilst my father did whatever it was that he did, and my mother tended to my younger sibling, who had an unfortunate habit of trying to eat everything that he came across, including the slower moving wildlife of this liminal zone, I spent as much time as I could investigating the peculiar world of this tiny mangrove swamp. Mangroves can be found all over the world, and they sometimes cover great areas of land, but these of which I write, only covered a few square yards; an area about half the size of my sitting room. I think that every television show that has ever depicted mangrove swamps shows film of mudskippers and fiddler crabs.
Mudskippers are peculiarly amphibious little fish which have become adapted for a semi-terrestrial lifestyle. Fiddler crabs, equally brightly coloured, are asymmetrical crustacea, the males of which have one enormous claw that they use for fighting, signalling and generally impressing their womenfolk. Animals of both these types are found in Hong Kong, but sadly, they didn’t seem to exist in my little mangrove swamp, and I never saw any. This didn’t stop me looking, and I spent many industrious hours trying to find them.

What I did find, however, were dozens of small mangrove crabs; little crabs just under an inch across, which swarmed all over the arching and labyrinthine root systems and climbed quite high up the trunk and branches of these peculiarly stunted little trees. I had never considered that crabs could climb before, and I never tired of watching these earnest little arthropods as they scuttled up and down the increasingly complicated maze of branches and boughs. There was quite a wide range of colours exhibited by these little crabs, with all shades of green, brown and red being observable if you waited long enough.

On the upper branches of these strangely
stunted little trees, one could usually see
kingfishers of a number of different species
perched and surveying the ground beneath
them with a slightly sinister gleam in their
eyes. I’ve always liked kingfishers, and it
is one of the things that I have always
found slightly disappointing about British
wildlife – that we only have one species.
But it is an undeniably gorgeous one,
which is found in Hong Kong as well. But
my favourite was the black-capped
kingfisher (Halcyon pileata), a more
heavyset and muscular looking creature
than the tiny common kingfisher. Both in
flight and at rest, these birds reminded me
of the interceptor aircraft flown by Earth
pilots in the Gerry and Sylvia Anderson
series, *UFO*. Their bright red, boat-shaped
bills looked too big for their bodies, and
indeed did seem to effect their flight
patterns. They have a black head, white
neck and breast, and glossy blue back and
tail, and once seen were never forgotten.

Another favourite was the much rarer
crested kingfisher (Megaceryle lugubris),
which, despite being black, brown and
white (with small splashes of orange on the
breast of the male in the breeding season),
had these drab colours in such a beautiful
and intricate mosaic that – to this day –
they are one of my favourite birds of all
time. At low tide, a small area of mudflat
was revealed, again maybe half the size of
my sitting room, and whilst I was still
unsuccesful in my ongoing search for
mudskippers or fiddler crabs, I did find that
even a surprisingly cursory amount of
digging would reveal some pleasantly
prehistoric appearing bristly polychaete
worms, and some small, conical
gastropods, which resembled larger
versions of the Malayan trumpet snails that
infest so many home aquaria.

Most winters, my wife and I go down to
see the mudflats at Appledore and
Fremington to happily watch the North
Devon wading birds, which – for some
reason – are far more numerous during the
winter months. We have seen redshanks,
greenshanks, curlews, whimbrels and a
dozen others, and it is mildly disappointing
– with hindsight – that I have no memories
of any wading birds on my favourite
stretch of mudflats in Hong Kong.
There were a few large (and by large, I mean between four and six feet in length) rocks lying embedded in the mud, and — to my delight — I found that, on the leeside of each of them, was a small pool that would have been called a rock pool if it had not been made by a combination of freshwater run-off and mud. Mostly, these pools were disappointingly empty, but sometimes they would be full of tiny fish, including baby pufferfish. I never did find out why the pools could be empty one day and a teeming metropolis of little fishes and crustacea the next, nor did I ever identify the pufferfish as a species. There are, apparently quite a few species of pufferfish in Hong Kong waters, but apart from these miniscule examples in the muddy pool on the leeside of these two half-buried rocks that looked like beached whales, covered in knobbly barnacles and chitins. The only other pufferfish that I encountered were two or three porcupine fish, which I found, fully inflated though dead and desiccated, on a broad, sandy beach on the south side of Beaufort Island, an uninhabited member of the Po Toi group, a few miles south of Hong Kong island. This is, again, where I am frightened that my memory might be
of the hundreds of little coves either on Hong Kong island or the mainland. For some reason, she never asked me how snakes had found their way to Hong Kong island, or to Stonecutters Island, which was known locally as the ‘Snake Island’ because there were so many there. Incidentally, the Japanese, during their occupation of the then-British colony, used the unique isolation and the fauna of the little island to house a snake farm. Venomous snakes were bred there and milked of their venom to provide antidotes to Japanese soldiers bitten while on active duty in the Pacific Theatre.

I don’t know why this little beach on Beaufort Island was such a favourite destination for my family, but it suited me down to the ground. There was not only a beach with both sand and rocks, but an entire island to explore. Despite my mother’s fondly held reassurances, one of the first things I ever found on the island was a large and very dead MacClelland’s Coral Snake, which – had it been alive – would have had no difficulty in subduing playing tricks with me, because through the magic of Google Earth I can “fly” only a few hundred feet above the coast of the island, and – try as I will – I cannot find any sandy beaches there. However, I suppose that the satellite pictures may have been taken at high tide, and if I have sadly misremembered the exact location where I found some dead fish over half a century ago, it isn’t really the end of the world. After a bit more digging, I found an aerial photograph, which I think shows my beach, but as it is on a website highlighting plastic pollution in the South China sea, in many ways I am saddened by my discovery and wish that I hadn’t bothered.

The island was, and as far as I can ascertain, always has been uninhabited, probably because there is no natural freshwater apart from what collects in natural basins in the granite bedrock when it rains. Lying through my teeth, I told my mother that snakes couldn’t swim, and so she was far more lenient about letting me explore this little island than she would have been if we had merely landed on one of the hundreds of little coves either on Hong Kong island or the mainland. For some reason, she never asked me how snakes had found their way to Hong Kong island, or to Stonecutters Island, which was known locally as the ‘Snake Island’ because there were so many there. Incidentally, the Japanese, during their occupation of the then-British colony, used the unique isolation and the fauna of the little island to house a snake farm. Venomous snakes were bred there and milked of their venom to provide antidotes to Japanese soldiers bitten while on active duty in the Pacific Theatre.
in my home museum for many years, until I had to get rid of it when it was time to go back to England for good.

Ironically, I never saw another specimen, on Beaufort Island or anywhere else for that matter. Nor did I see any other reptile on the little island. However, on one of our visits, I discovered something much more disturbing.

(and probably killing) the nine year old me with one bite. This specimen, however, was both dead and desiccated and my avaricious nature was just too much for me to ignore, and I slipped it into a plastic sandwich bag and put it in the bottom of my rucksack, deciding to “find” it somewhere less contentious, on Hong Kong island. I can’t remember the details of how I did this, but it took pride of place in my home museum for many years, until I had to get rid of it when it was time to go back to England for good.
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
a song is a gateway
to another dimension
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 Daedel 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!!"

!MATWAALA!

SOMETHING SEEDS CONNECTION

When we embrace unity in poetry
Sung and spoken worlds combine
To lift the Spirit to Divine/Flames of Inspiration

We are as the Sages have sung-
Years are the folds in our flower song
Petals strewn as we dance along

How can this be?Aha!
MATWAALA!
This new edition includes a newly written afterword that considers Moon's lasting legacy, the death of John Entwistle and The Who's ongoing career in the new millennium. In this astonishing biography, Tony Fletcher questions the myths, avoids the time-honoured anecdotes and talks afresh to those who where closest to Moon including Kim, his wife of eight years, and Linda, his sister and Annette Walter-Lax, his main girlfriend of the final years. Also interviewed are Oliver Reed, Larry Hagman, David Putnam, Alice Cooper, Dave Edmunds, Jeff Beck, John Entwistle and many others who worked and partied with him. In interviewing over 100 people who knew Moon, Fletcher reveals the truth behind the 'famous' stunts that never occurred - and the more outrageous ones that did! He also uncovers astonishing details about Moon's outrageous extravagance which was financed by The Who's American success.

Nearly forty years ago, I was a minor cog in a mildly impressive machine, which spread across North Devon, and consisted of a whole slew of impressively anachronistic punk and post-punk bands and their associated support networks, from across the region. As a result, I ended up going to loads of gigs, and one that I remember in particular was a showcase for a record company called Jamming, which was somehow linked to the fanzine of the same name. One of the North Devon bands had made friends with someone from the label, and as a result (and one suspects with an ulterior motive in mind) they had invited them down to a bloody great hotel somewhere between Ilfracombe and Combe Martin, where – with the local band in prominent support position – the
showcase duly took place. I remember being vaguely underwhelmed by the music, some of which came from a band called Zeitgeist, whom I have heard more recently and rather like, and there was more besides. But it doesn’t really matter. The only thing that’s of any importance is that, schmoozing my way to the top as I have a tendency to do, I met a bloke called Tony Fletcher, who was the head honcho for both the fanzine and the label, and I have a vague feeling that he sang with one of the bands as well, but I may be wrong.”

Over the years that followed, I heard of Tony Fletcher quite regularly as he carved himself out an impressive career as a rock music journalist. Over the years I read a number of his books, but this one is certainly my favourite.

I have been a massive fan of The Who since I was about fifteen, and have read more books than most on the subject of this most contrary of British rock bands. A year or so ago, I even typeset a biographical book on the band for publication by Gonzo Multimedia, but – sadly – the more I read about the band, the less impressed I was by them as individuals.

Tony Klinger’s book, The Who and I, which tells the story of his involvement in the 1979 documentary film, The Kids Are Alright, was a real eye-opener. Pete Townshend came over as incredibly spiky and mercurial. Roger Daltrey came over much better; it seems that he has always been a consummate professional with very little tolerance for the peculiar mind games played by other members of the band and their entourage. John Entwistle comes over as a brutal and nasty thug, and it was only Keith Moon, the dear, sweet and ultimately doomed drummer, who provoked any glimmerings of emotional warmness in the reader.

Whereas most things written about Keith Moon are not only scurrilous to the Nth degree, concentrating on his sexual, chemical and destructive exploits, both Tony Klinger’s and Tony Fletcher’s books portrayed a sweet, kindly, although emotionally stunted, human being. If one, for example, goes to the end of this book and reads about the author’s sole encounter with Moon, and what happened in the aftermath, I pretty much guarantee that the majority will have at least the beginnings of tears pricking in the corners of your eyes. This kind and insanely vulnerable person seems a million miles away from the drug-addled hooligan who carved swathes of destruction across the Midwest of the United States.

One of the things that I find particularly interesting about this book is the way that Fletcher calmly and definitively disproves some of the most famous pieces of folklore that surround Keith Moon. The
way that belief systems work has always fascinated me, and in my own workings as a Fortean Zoologist, I have done a lot of work investigating something that I call the Mythologisation Process.

This is the way that various mechanisms within western society, most notably the mass media, exaggerate actual facts and turn them into myths. For example, let’s take a hypothetical argument put forward by a nameless academic, that “there are small numbers of P. concolor living on Cornish moorland”… would not raise many public hackles. Whereas, a photograph of an eviscerated and bloody sheep on the front cover of the Daily Star underneath the headline, ‘Beast of Bodmin Kills Again!’ will have exactly the opposite effect. A real animal has become a mythical monster.

And so it was with poor, doomed, Keith Moon. It is undeniable that he was an out of control, substance abusing fellow with – quite probably – several personality disorders and quite possibly more serious mental illnesses, but the machinations of the music press, especially when they had been manipulated by The Who’s management team of Chris Stamp and Kit Lambert, meant that this badly behaved drummer suddenly became portrayed in the public eye as a maniac of heroic proportions.

I have often tried to work out my favourite music biographies of all time, and whilst I cannot give you a definitive list, this book, alongside Dave Marsh’s biography of the band, would be pretty much near the top, as – unlike so much of what was written about the band – this book, and to a lesser extent Marsh’s, uncover a vulnerable and all too human heart, providing the pulse beat for some of the greatest music to be recorded in the United Kingdom.
Stray into the woods and forests and you will enter into another world; a world of creatures that live by their own rules, protect their own kind with fierceness, and view all strangers who venture under the protective boughs with deep suspicion. Tread the forest floor with care, for this is also the home of the hairy man - the wildman of the woods. Is he a man? Is he a beast? Is he something in between? Whatever he is, he is spoken about by humans in hushed voices. They are scared of him and they tell tales of him to their children to scare them from entering the hushed darkness of the tree kingdoms. They call him many names; the woodwose, the wudawasa, the wodwos amongst them. The bane of a high-born daughter takes her unintentionally through such a forest on her last journey as a single woman to wed the man of her father's choice. Imposters from another land tramp through such a forest on a mission of their own, killing everything that comes across their path. The lives of some of the creatures that dwell in this place become unavoidably entwined with both these trespassers. The lives of some will change. Some will cease completely.
"Ev’rywhere I hear the sound of marching charging feet, boy"

http://www.zazzle.co.uk/streetfightingshirts

Auld Man’s Baccie

Resonating with the Blues
RICK WAKEMAN

The original version – Now expanded with bonus material

COUNTRY AIRS

“Music from both the mind and heart...”

www.rwcc.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...
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 Albarn’s African Express and collaborate live with Amadou & Mariam featuring Beth Orton.

CD and book available soon from Gonzo Multimedia
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/
Venlafaxine will surely take the mind where minds don't usually go come on the Amazing Journey, and...

Enough of the Tommyisms already. I am not deaf, dumb or blind and I was never interested in Pinball. But a minor change in my meds has triggered a change which would no doubt have prompted Pete Townshend to write an opera about me many decades ago. I wonder whether Ken Russell would have got Oliver Reed to star in the poignant story of a fat man in a wheelchair who has minor problems in focussing his eyes.

Probably not.

THE DIGITAL PRAYER FLAG

Thank you to all of you who continue to ask about Corinna's health. She is now on some pretty heavy duty meds and although she is still in intermittent discomfort, the pain is now being pretty well managed. We go back to the hospital at the end of February and will play it by ear until then. We would both like to thank the people all around the world who have sent us their good wishes, and included her in your prayers.

A prayer flag (Lung ta) is a colourful rectangular cloth, often found strung along mountain ridges and peaks high in the Himalayas. They are used to bless the surrounding countryside and for other purposes. Traditionally, prayer flags are used to promote peace, compassion, strength, and wisdom. The flags do not carry prayers to gods, which is a common misconception; rather, the Tibetans believe the prayers and mantras will be blown by the wind to spread the good will and compassion into all pervading space. Therefore, prayer flags are thought to bring benefit to all. By hanging flags in high places the Lung ta will carry the blessings depicted on the flags to all beings. As wind passes over the surface of the flags, which are sensitive to the slightest movement of the wind, the air is purified and sanctified by the mantras.

I believe something similar happens with positive vibes transmitted electronically. And so, please forgive me when I write about Corinna's health problems every day, but I am convinced that these electronic Lung ta and the resulting torrent of good vibes that has been the major contributory factor to the aetiology of her illness so far.

Blessed be.

Jon
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