



FREE



**THE GONZO GUIDE  
THE CAVEMAN DIET  
GONZO HALL OF FAME**

Volume 1  
Number 1





## VOLUME 1 NUMBER 1

Cover by RJ Shaughnessy

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# GONZO WTF?

One rainy day in East London last month, K-Swiss and us lot met. We got talking about how advertising is largely crap and does any of it actually really work anyway? Isn't it just executives in boardrooms, creating silly slogans and fake images that don't mean anything in the real world? We had to do something else, we decided to GO GONZO.

Ok ok, we get the joke, isn't that just a silly slogan made by execs in a boardroom? Well, no it isn't – GONZO was invented by Hunter S Thompson well before we were born, GONZO stands for living life to the fullest. It's about breaking rules, being optimistic and booting life up the ass. It's about looking out at the rain coming down and seeing Californian sunshine, It's about making sure your glass is constantly so full to the brim that your only problem is how to stop the juices of life pouring down the sides and down through your fingers.

With GONZO in our veins we decided to wake up everyday, find the most fun thing we can do, film it, photograph it, and write about it. We decided to dive in and play the best sport the world has ever created, life and

win, lose or draw, whatever the outcome, do it with passion and broadcast it to the world.

This magazine, GONZOWORLD, is the start of our journey: our guide to living the GONZO life. In the last few weeks we've been going nuts; we went to California to train with a world champion MMA fighter, made a music video with one of our favourite MCs BangOn!, made the best workout video ever with Tempa T, did a ridiculous diet "The Caveman", hung out with some of our heroes, learnt how to pick up girls, eat right, dress right, shave our groins and how to take a punch in the face! Generally we're having the most fun we could ever have... so far in the sport of life we're winning gold medals.

Well this is just the beginning. We need YOU to be part of the movement, we need ideas, collaborators: people who want to become part of our crew, to travel the world being GONZO with us. Go to GONZOWORLD.COM to find out more. Attitude determines outcome, so, get off your arse, and dive into the bearpit. GONZOWORLD is here to change your life. Really, It is. GO GONZO!

# THE GONZO GUIDE TO LIFE

People will often tell you that in life there are no easy answers. People lie. Here they are. The Answers To Life. Served up for you in handy list format. The GONZOWORLD team have spent literally dozens of minutes trawling through their collected wisdom and experience, and writing it down with pens and other recording implements, to arrive at what we think is the best overview ever written of how to satisfy all your major needs, and avoid big pitfalls. No lies. No bull. No ridiculously impractical advice or hand-wringing puritanism. Food? Sex? Money? Clothes? Yup. Yup. Yup. And yup. All here. Staple this to your forehead and change your life today.

## STOP WORRYING ABOUT GETTING GIRLS

Booo hooo. Nobody loves me. Booo hooo. I'm just genetically useless at all this hooking-up

stuff. Wawawawawawa... I'm too ugly, too shy, too fat, too goddamned profoundly normal to ever get laid. Boo sodding hoo. Quit carping. There's a million of you out there, and they are all missing the point. The point is: this is how nearly everyone feels. Look around you. Do you see a load of Ashton Kutchers? Or do you see a lot of pudgy normals? Precisely. Everyone is rubbish at this. In truth, most guys are sexual pygmies. They chase their quarry gracelessly across the jungle floor, banging their heads against low-hanging branches and puffing out blowdarts of mis-timed affection with understandably limited success. Don't be those guys. The simple fact is, most girls will love you if you just give them a chance. Why not? Sexuality is the unifying dance of life, not a quadratic equation. Everyone could, should, and can figure it out. In truth, all you need to massively improve your





odd is a few new, better strategies and a little moxy. One of which we can offer you right now. First-off, it's necessary to figure out what sort of a guy you are, and who you should be.

#### **TRY NOT TO BE A LONER.**

Congratulations. You're a loner. You're... alone. Unfortunately, being a loner only works if you already ooze something that girls might perceive as un-tameable or unbreakable, which most loners don't. Their fantasy is to break you: to melt some perceived icy heart, by sacrificially enfolding you in their loins. A sort of reverse-Snow White manoeuvre. It's a powerful fantasy, but a very specific one, and a man who spends a lot of his time playing Xbox and jacking off is definitionally not this kind of guy. You're already broken. If you really want to work on the whole loner vibe, maybe try doing something more along the lines of

random acts of minor vandalism. Think Cool Hand Luke cutting the heads off of parking meters, not shitting in a letterbox.

#### **DON'T BE A JOCK UNLESS YOU REALLY ARE A JOCK.**

Congratulations. You're a jock. Hey. Stop hitting me with that towel. Apparently, the point of the jock is to tingle some mammalian bit of girls' brains which equates being able to bench 90 with being able to fend lions away from their children. This is a useful strategy - abs go a long way - but less appealing when set against the facts that a) women don't live in caves any more, and b) they all hate Sky Sports.

#### **YOU NEED TO BE THE KING OF FUN.**

The fact is, by far the cheapest, easiest, best way to stand any chance of ejaculating some-

where that doesn't induce feelings of shame and rage is to be made of fun. Fun. Fun. Fun. You're Dr Fun Of Fun Manor, Ph. D, F.U.N. If it isn't fun, it no longer fits in with your personal brand.

#### **YOUR PERSONALITY DOES NOT MAKE YOU 'UNIQUE'.**

Being awesome makes you unique. The modern age is full of people bleating about their precious personalities. We're all condition by vanilla clichés about 'that is your opinion'. But the sad fact of human affairs is that most people's personalities suck, and could definitely be bettered. What matters is not clinging to some pantywaist notion of 'who you are'. Same inputs: same outputs. Garbage in, garbage out. What matters is the lifestyle that your personality affords you. If it isn't working, turf it out and start again. You know what

the depressing thing about being Dr Fun is? How easily you get used to it. Yeah, sure, your friends might be a bit weirded-out now that you're always filling super-soakers with beer. But that'll only last a few weeks. The truth is that most people are too wrapped up in their own petty problems to care that you've had a complete personality transplant.

#### **MAKE SURE YOU DANGLE THE KEYS**

Relationships are about promises. We all spend our lives daydreaming about a brighter tomorrow. There's nothing wrong with that. If it weren't for that sort of thing, then no one would ever get out of bed, ever. But if you had everything you ever needed, you'd just sit on the couch playing Xbox all day, right? So you've got to be prepared to dangle the keys without giving them a test-drive. At its most base, this is what flirting is. It can be played





as a longer-game too. For instance, when hanging out with your intended squeeze, always be about to go somewhere slightly more fun afterwards. But don't let them into the fun circle. Don't offer them more than a peek behind the curtain. You know when you fly, and as they're about to rev the engine, the stewardess whips the curtain into business class back into place, with a snifter of 'Look what you could've had if only you'd worked a bit harder' disdain? Of course, like your 'fun' life, the fact is that unless you're a massive fan of steel cutlery and half an inch more legroom, business class is not that special – the fantasy of future-fun is always going to be bigger than can be delivered, so it is best that you delay the day when these two worlds collide for as long as possible.

#### **FOR GOD'S SALES, DON'T EVER GO ON A GODDAMNED DATE.**

Don't ever talk about dates. Really. Don't even say the word 'date', even if you're referring to a particular day of the month. It will only encourage your intended squeeze into exactly the mode you're trying desperately to avoid. Once a girl realises you want to go on a date, she will be in date mode. She will be thinking in date terms. Nothing you ever do will be right, or enough, because subconsciously she has gotten out her marker pen and is putting big red crosses next to all the impossible categories that you have failed to reach. That's when who you are does matter. You want the opposite. You want this girl to wake up one day and have no idea as to why she's with you.

#### **DON'T ASK LOTS OF QUESTIONS.**

Over-questioning is a practice that has leaked from pop psychology into a twisted form of 'common sense' used by dorks who are needy – the idea that people respond best to us if they're always yakking on about themselves and their petty problems. In fact, talking about yourself is a lot like being interviewed. You're always one step away from 'So what personality traits would you say make you suited for the position?'.

#### **DON'T TALK ABOUT YOURSELF EITHER.**

Talking about yourself early-on is a recipe for self-consciousness. Self-consciousness is a recipe for awkwardness. Awkwardness is sexual death. At all costs, you need to avoid awkwardness and forget that you are both here and it is now. You're just big sacks of cells, right? Do mitochondria under a microscope display self-consciousness? No. And they are fucking like there's no tomorrow.

#### **WHEN IN DOUBT, SAY SOMETHING STUPID.**

So avoid self-consciousness by talking about other people and other people's stuff. Stuff that's immediately apparent in the environment is often best: there's limited chance she can say "Nope. Never heard of it." Be light. Be funny. Be FUN. So maybe something like: "Coasters – do we need them? What's wrong with tables? Why are tables so special that we can't put drinks on them without little spheres of cardboard to chaperone? Makes you think, doesn't it?" And so on. And so forth. Just keep yakking it up and keep all that awkwardness at bay. When faced with a social crossroads, just think: 'What would I say now if I had recently shat my brains out?' and do that. It's not big and it's not clever. And that's exactly the point.

#### **FOCUS ON THE GOOD TIMES.**

No one likes to be around moaners. They cast their whiney shadows across your life and turn everything to blackness. Everybody can at least tolerate upbeat people. They come into your life carrying ice cream and beach-

bats, and even if you didn't want ice cream or beachbats, you can't say no, can you?

In fact, hypnotise your intended squeeze by telling them that you're having a good time all the time. Go: "Aren't we having such a great time?" Whatever she thinks, she'll be forced to go along with it for politeness's sake, and gradually this will mould her whole internal logbook of the times you've shared. Time 1: What a great time. Time 2: What an amazing time. And so on. And so forth. It works even better in the past tense. "Hey, do you remember Wednesday at Buggy's house – when we had 'that REALLY GREAT TIME?'" She probably can't remember much of what happened at Buggy's house, and she probably never bothered to put it into some sort of tick-box category, either. So she doesn't know. You don't know. That's life. But now, every time anyone mentions that time at Buggy's house, she'll automatically think REALLY GREAT TIME WITH YOU. Over time, you can rewrite her entire personal history into a series of REALLY GREAT TIMES you've shared. Sold.

#### **LAUGHTER IS NOT REALLY ABOUT JOKES.**

Laughter is society's glue. When you laugh at a comedian, it's because you're totally agreeing with what he's saying, isn't it? It's because you're seeing the world through his eyes. Right. Well you can use laughter as a sort of social cement, to paper-over any mistakes or gaps in the conversation. What? You didn't know I was joking? If someone laughs, you're societally obliged to laugh back, even a little. So a cheery 'hahaha' at the end of any sentence that reeks of sleaze, or even boredom, will do wonders. Again, you're socially coercing her into agreeing with you that you're both having a REALLY GREAT TIME.

#### **AVOID SOCIAL NETWORKING . BECAUSE IT IS FOR LOSERS.**

Obviously, social networking is for losers. You've got higher prizes to eye, right? It is important that you establish the idea that you're way too busy for that sort of thing, by never posting anything of value. Instead, go online



once a week, and just 'like' everything she's posted in the past seven days. Except one item, which will leave her feeling both flattered by your interest, affirmed in her choices by this cheapest form of praise, and slightly needy because of the omission. 'What was wrong with my post about dogs dressed as global dictators?' she will fret, as she drifts off to sleep, weeping softly. 'Don't I have a kooky yet clever sense of humour? And don't I deserve to be recognised for that? Well screw you, Boy X, I'm gonna make you love me.'

#### **SEDUCTION IS NOT AN 'ART' BECAUSE 'SEDUCTION' DOESN'T REALLY EXIST.**

Seduction is not some sort of hypnosis-by-candlelight. Seduction is a big word for a little thing. Ultimately, all your groundwork will already be in place by the time you get anywhere near the so-called 'seduction-moment'. Mystery Girl X has made up her mind

already. So that moment doesn't exist. Why do you think she agreed to come back there at all? She's not stupid. Now, all you gotta do is keep things going: keep the momentum flowing. It's more a process of heading-off snags rather than actively doing anything. You've got to the runway. Just don't push the stick all the way down and you'll be fine.

#### **IF YOU NEED A REASON TO GET A GIRL BACK TO YOURS, ANY REASON WILL DO.**

Like we said. The game is already won or lost. So having a good 'reason' won't make any difference, because the 'reason' is not the 'reason'. But for form's sake, you still need a reason, unless you're bold/dumb enough to say: "Hey, wanna come back to mine and we can rut like buffaloes on the couch?". Listening to records used to be the killer move, before girls were able to say: "Yeah, but I can just Spotify it on my iPhone?" Albums used

to be secret gardens of mystery. Now, they're the herbaceous borders on every pavement. So you might need to get creative. Tell her you're thinking of starting a record label and you want her to see the logo you've designed. Tell her you're learning the flute and you need someone to fill in the low notes you haven't yet figured out how to play. Tell her you're writing a will and you need someone to witness for it.

#### **TALK YOURSELF INTO A WORD COMA. THEN TALK SOME MORE.**

And all the time you're doing this, keep talking and talking. Fact is, if words fail to fall out of your mouth for more than 8 continuous seconds during this phase, then the spell will shatter, you'll be back to self-consciousness (and what have we TOLD you about that brand of cock-wilting sex-poison) and everything will be ruined. Women's sex glands

only activate if they have been fed upwards of 8000 words. No one knows why this is a completely true medical fact, but it is.

#### **DANCE. YOU IDIOT. DANCE.**

Finally, if you're going in for the kill, we probably don't need to tell you to build up to it by gradually increasing physical contact. Dancing is by far the best for this. It's easily initiated, and unrefuseable. One minute you're vogueing to Grandmaster Flash. The next you've got your tongue down her throat and she's unbuckling your jeans with her soft, tiny little hands. How did this happen? Dancing. Dancing is how it happened.

#### **YOU NEED MONEY TO BE HAPPY.**

Hippies will tell you that you don't need money to be happy, but have you seen what they're eating? That's no fun. And no one likes people who constantly need bailing out.





Don't be that guy grinning gormlessly. Get money. Money is power. Unless your dad's loaded, or your credit card skills are super high grade, the easiest way to get money is to get a job. At the £3.75 an hour end of the spectrum, it's more the sort of power that your electric toothbrush rotates on than the sort that causes women to involuntarily sit on your lap. But the point is more one of comparative advantage than absolute: if you have more money than your peers, you are cooler than them.

#### **A COMPLETE GUIDE TO CVs.**

Get a CV. Lay it up. Print it out on high quality paper. Have a friend look over it for typos. Now throw it in the bin. You're 16 - what have you done in your life that's so unbelievably awesome that any prospective employer would use it for anything other than comic re-

lief? Instead of offering potential employers the chance to put your CV on their 'special wall', care of the undue prominence you've given to "Merit - Junior Singing Eisteddfodd", just don't bother with a CV.

#### **GETTING A JOB IS A NUMBERS GAME.**

The only way you're going to get a job is by either a) knowing someone, or b) cold-canvasing loads of likely businesses. The former is obviously better. What are your friends up to? Can they put in a word? If you need to go door-to-door, make up a one-page CV with your age, contact details, and maybe a friendly reference - preferably someone with a title: 'Dr, Professor, Rev, Emperor', etc. Then pour that thing through every meaningful corporate doorstep, outhouse and Nissen hut you come across. If you went up to five hundred people in the street and asked them to have

sex with you, the chances are one would say yes. Don't do that. But realise that the same basic principle of distributing yourself into as many corners as possible applies here too.

#### **GET A JOB THAT IS WORTH GETTING.**

Also known as The Clerks Option. The best Saturday jobs are where you have to man the counter of a not-terribly-busy shop, and you and your new-found buddy can slope back and wisecrack like you're in Clerks. Unfortunately, people don't tend to move on from these jobs often enough. And with the recession they're now already peopled with last year's university graduates, whom you'll have to fight with sticks to dislodge. And they've had longer to learn how valuable even this sort of mediocre work is, so they will almost inevitably win the fight.

#### **DON'T GET A JOB WHICH ISN'T WORTH IT.**

Saturdays at McDonalds, you say? No way. That's HARD work. Why do you think Britain has an open-door immigration policy, if not to find someone else prepared to do the things that really, truly, suck, for next to nothing? The worst Saturday jobs are the ones where you develop a physical odour from doing them. Delivering pizzas. Pot-washing. Cleaning out porno booths. That sort of thing. When people start asking you why you smell like anchovies and spunk all the time, it's just not worth it. Oh, and remember: 'staff discount' is generally just a con by which you are turned from serf into outright slave via returning your wages at the tills.

#### **ONCE YOU'VE SOURCED A POTENTIAL JOB, THE KEY TO BAGGING IT WILL BE DRESSING UP LIKE RICHIE RICH ON INTERVIEW.**

Employers are aware that you could very well be a ghastly prick. But they can't easily screen for that at your level. So they just want to know that you have, at some level, come from a good home. The sort of place that has its own cutlery, and where dad restricts beatings to one a week, max. The easiest, most univer-

sally verifiable way to test this is to figure out whether you look like an on-trial rapist when wearing chinos and a dress-shirt. If the suit fits, and is ironed, how bad could you possibly be? No one has ever spent the day's till takings on skunk while wearing a pleated blazer, have they? Precisely.

#### **GIVE IT SOME HUSTLE AND MANAGERS WILL LEAVE YOU ALONE.**

Your boss may be a tyrant, but have pity on him. He's 27 and running a modest family restaurant. This is not something to be envied. Empathy is often the best revenge. Most importantly, to stay out of his way, you need to look super-busy. All the time. He's paying you by the hour. By the minute, if you break it down. Bosses look over at their workers and every time they see you, their mind projects an image of pennies endlessly dribbling through their hands. So the easiest way to project the idea that you are doing everything super-quick is to walk everywhere at double-speed. Like a shark, a boss can't see you when you're stationary. So, it doesn't matter that you spend nine minutes making change, as long as you walk with a bit of 'hustle', he'll think you're fantastically industrious.

#### **THE LAW IS YOUR FRIEND.**

Remember: officially, while at school, you're not allowed to work more than eight hours a day on Saturdays, and two hours on Sundays, never after 7pm, and for no more than 35 hours a week during school holidays. Unofficially, anything goes. But occasionally it might be useful to brush up on your labour law as a way of getting your own way.

For instance:

You: Yo boss dogg. I need next Tuesday off.

Boss: What for? You had last Tuesday off?

You: So, are you aware that doing that split-shift on Saturday put me five hours over the legal maximum for schoolgoing workers, punishable by a fine of £1000 or a three month jail term?

Boss: Tuesday, you say? Have fun.



# GETTING PUNCHED IS EASY

**WE WANTED TO FIND A NEAT WAY OF SHOWING YOU GUYS WHAT THE SPORT SECTION, AND NEW SELF DEFENCE SERIES, IS GONNA BE LIKE ON [WWW.GONZOWORLD.COM](http://WWW.GONZOWORLD.COM), SO WE SENT OUR MATES HENRY LANGSTON AND FRED MACPHERSON OFF TO GET PUNCHED IN THE FACE, THEN FILMED IT ON INSANE SUPER-SLO-MO CAMERAS. THIS IS WHAT HENRY HAD TO SAY ABOUT IT.**

"As I rode the bus into town on the morning of the 25th of February, I looked around at my fellow commuters. How many of them, I wondered, were going to earn their pay that day by being repeatedly punched in the face? Well that was my job. My 'to do' list was short but sharp: 1. 'Get punched'. 2. 'Get punched again'. 3. 'Etc.'.

The man tasked with caving my skull in was a 16 stone tower of muscle and gristle called Zola Van Ban. Zola was a professional kickboxer. As you can see from the pictures, I am not. I am much more human. When people punch me in the face, it hurts. With Zola, you kinda felt that maybe pain was just like flicking a switch for him – a little diode in his brain, not actually connected to any core of emotion.

Around eight, I arrived at the world famous Repton Boxing Club in East London. It was apparently like a second home to the Kray twins, East London's nastiest gangsters. I walked through its ancient wooden doors to see the rest of the crew chowing down on the breakfast that had been laid on. They looked up at me with the glaze of pity you might reserve for a condemned man. Or maybe it was just the pity you reserve for someone dumb enough to keep on getting talked into putting his body on the line. I had picked up a rep, after all: I got clobbered with a policeman's truncheon when I was taking photos of a riot just the other week. And more generally, my face is not a total stranger to the indents of others' knuckles. So I thought I





*Henry gets wound up before he gets knocked down.*

had some idea of how I'd feel by the end of the day. I was wrong.

After changing into my boxing gear I was given a short lecture by Rob The Paramedic, detailing the possibilities of the day ending in visit to the Royal London Hospital. "Whatever you do, don't tense up," Rob said as he took my blood pressure. "Stay loose and roll with it. Oh, and don't be a fanny." Rob smiled. What a guy.

I then got to watch my fate as Fred, my Gonzo teammate, took a pummeling, first from a 6 year old called Tugwall, and then later from Zola. For some reason, I was spared the humiliation of being punched by a small child. I went straight into being punched by Zola.

The shoot was broken down into two sections. First off, I had to say my lines, then get lightly punched by Zola. This was then shot on a 5D camera, both in close-up and wide-angle. The second bit was more rewarding. They swapped the 5D for a Photron camera: a beast of a thing that shoots at 1,000 frames

per second of super-slo-mo – so specialised that there are only two of them in the world. You know all that footage of bullets zipping through playing cards they use to demonstrate slo-mo? Well it's got nothing on this.

For this section Zola had to punch me a lot harder, like 6 times in a row. My brain bobbed about inside my skull like a jellyfish that had just won the lottery. My teeth loosened like plugs in a board. Seriously, ow...

Finally, after six takes, the director nodded. We'd got it. The pain was ebbing away, and the awesomeness of seeing the finished product was just around the corner. On reflection, it was definitely worth going through to get to see your own face move in slow mo, watching individual flaps of skin roll across your face like waves under the impact, as though you've been ploughed by a freight train. Good job everyone. Rob loaded me up with paracetamol. I stole some cake and caught a cab home.'

Go to [www.gonzoworld.com](http://www.gonzoworld.com) for more.



*Fred, a few seconds before bursting into tears.*



*Henry leads with the chin. You shoulda seen what he did to Zola's hand...*





# THE CAGE RAGE SAGE

*Urijah Faber is one of the hardest men alive. And Alex Miller is one of the most scenester North Londoners ever to have lived. So what would happen when we sent Alex to Sacramento to meet his polar opposite? Well, this...*



Ahead of his big fight, Urijah practices running away



Even in the anything-goes world of Mixed Martial Arts, using a meat-cleaver to dis-assemble your opponent is still frowned upon, to Urijah's displeasure.

I'm standing in a gym. Remarkable as that is, something even more ridiculous is happening on the other side of the room. Over there, a lithe 6ft slaughterhouse known only as "The Korean Zombie" is getting worked over by a man half his size, who seems to be fighting one-handed.

This is Sacramento and the man schooling The Korean Zombie is called Urijah Faber, California's favourite mixed martial artist. Of all the people mad enough to make their living brawling for 25 minutes at a time inside a cage (and weirdly, there are a few), he's pretty much the toughest. His fans call him The California Kid, but I think The Spartan Thundertank would be just as apt and much much cooler.

I'm here because everyone thought it would be funny to see a guy who blogs about hyper-obscur indie bands for a living (me) meeting one of the planet's most athletic killing machines (Urijah). So, after spending two days posing in front of Sacramento's beauty spots – the Capitol, some train tracks, the place DJ Shadow shot the album cover for *Endtroducing*, a pretty decent ice-cream parlour – I headed to Urijah's own Ultimate Fitness Gym, to meet some strongmen, all while trying not to look too much like what GONZOWORLD want me to: as one-man evidence that evolution is moving backwards. It's here that Urijah spends four hours a day fighting, stretching, zen-ing out, and perhaps, occasionally, looking at the huge paintings of himself which sit above the entrance. After a morning run, his training day begins with forty-five minutes of grappling with a partner while twenty or so other duos work alongside him. After that, they start kicking the life out of one-another, in a friendly way, all day. All these people come here because it's Urijah's gym and they idolise him; it's more like Mecca – only with less walking round a massive black rock, and a boxing ring and 2Pac on the stereo.

Urijah Faber started fighting seven years ago after he was put through college on a

wrestling scholarship. After graduation, as his contemporaries rubbished their dreams by getting crap jobs on decent pay, Urijah did what every freethinking kid brought up in a Christian hippy commune does: he competed in illegal cage fights in Indian casinos. "I've always been a guy who just follows my heart, I'm not a real big planner," Urijah nods. He's talking to me from the white sofa in his sitting room, framed by a Linkin Park tour poster and a Gauguin print. After two hours of sparring, he's driven us to Sacramento's suburbs where he lives, surrounded by his friends and family, who wander in and out of the unlocked front door during our interview. By 5PM, Urijah will be back in the gym. "All my friends were getting real jobs," he continues. "But I just wanted to compete and train. I'd seen one of my buddies fight MMA and I just thought: I'm going to do that; I always thought I was this badass and this was my chance to prove to myself that I wasn't all talk.

"At the time though, it wasn't a socially acceptable thing. No one knew about it, it wasn't on TV and it was illegal in California; for good reason too, it was totally unregulated. It was like the Wild West and the only place you could do it was in an Indian casino, so that's where my first fight was. I was clean-cut, fresh from college and he was a huge guy with tattoos all over him; I knocked him out in a minute twenty. It was awesome; the crowd were right up to the edge of the cage in the middle of a casino and you could feel the energy. But now I've had the same feeling with 15,000 fans in my own town, and that's a whole different ball game."

With an announcer's dream of a name *Uuuurijaaah Faaaaaaaaber!!!*, I guess he was never going to be a janitor, but was the fighting gene always in him? Was he born with blood lust?

"Actually, at school I didn't get into fights. I always believed I was a good fighter, but the one time I ever *actually* fought was when I got my mum's permission. We ran a little



coffee shop and one day these two kids were in there harassing my mum. It was made known to me then that I had the blessing to fight. Soon one of the guys came back in the coffee shop when I was working. I had words and he called my mum a bitch, so I took off my apron, walked outside and beat the hell out of him and his mate."

Urijah's full of stories like that. I guess if you're totally unafraid of violence, your life is more likely to resemble a heroic action movie than a tragic comedy about comment-trolls ruining your blog (that's my life, BTW). His best fighting story takes place in Bali, but it is a long story, so here's the abbreviated version:

A young professional fighter called Urijah is in a club in Bali when a rude gentleman challenges him to a fight. Urijah breaks the man's shoulder before three other men jump on him with knuckle-dusters, broken bottles and rocks. Urijah fights his way out and back into the club, getting pretty mashed up en route. Unfortunately it turns out that all those sadists with weapons work at that club and soon Urijah's getting his face kicked in by twenty odd guys. Somehow (probably because he's ridiculously hard) Urijah breaks for the door, flooring thugs as he goes. He tries to hide in a surf store (Californians huh?) but the guys with the bottle, rock, knuckle-dusters, and now a hammer, find him. Yet again he escapes, jumping in a cab, before the cab is mobbed... and so on. Long story short: he survives, but only because he's tough as brick Viking.

Street fighting anecdotes paint an uneven image of Urijah though, he's calm and friendly in a way that extends beyond the basic reassurance that knowing you could beat the planet up must give you. He describes himself as "philosophical" and he majored in Human Development, which, if I understand my bull American academia terminology, means he spent a lot of time studying why people live as they do. Perhaps this helps him hospitalise his opponents.

In four days time Urijah is in the ring, fighting against Eddie Wineland in the Ultimate Fighting Championship. In four days, one minute and about ten seconds, Eddie Wineland may well be choking on his front teeth. This fight is a stepping-stone for Urijah, a route to set him up with a title shot, one of his first since his hands nearly snapped off against Mike Brown. "I broke my hand in two places, the fourth and the fifth metacarpal in my right hand," recalls Faber, between mouthfuls of Wholefoods take-away. "It was tough, my right hand is my best weapon for my chokes, punches and grappling. Then, in the third round I dislocated my left thumb, so I had no hands. I lost the fight, by a unanimous [judges'] decision, but I fought the whole fight with no hands; 25 minutes of elbows and knees - I made a lot of fans that day."

Can you feel it when something that bad happens?

"Not so much during the fight, but afterwards you want to pass out."

And I guess that's why he wins 99% of the time, because he passes out *after* he leaves the cage while his opponents pass out while still inside.

They shouldn't be ashamed, most normal people would just explode from terror at the thought of a cage-full of Urijah. I know I just did.

For a cage fighter, Urijah's a sweet guy, more an inspiring and devoted athlete than a muscular psychopath. It might blow your mind to find this out, but I'm not really a mixed martial arts expert. However, I know what I like: I like Urijah. And I don't like the idea of being destroyed by Urijah's fists like so many Korean Zombies. So, from now until the planet dies Mr Faber, please just assume that I'm rooting for you; my favourite MMA champion, my Spartan Thundertank.





# BLACK LIPS AT MARDI GRAS

**BLACK LIPS ARE ONE OF THE GREAT PARTY BANDS OF OUR TIME, RENOWNED FOR THEIR FERAL, RAW, RIPPED LIVE SHOW. GUITARIST IAN ST PE IS A NEW ORLEANS NATIVE, SO WE ASKED HIM TO TALK US THROUGH HIS HOME TOWN'S ENTRY FOR THE TITLE OF THE MOST FERAL, RAW, AND RIPPED TWO WEEK PARTY-A-THON ON EARTH.**

"What is the New Orleans Mardi Gras? My friend, it's nothing short of the greatest party on earth. You got yer cherries, lemons, pears, apricots, watermelons... and I'm just talking about the titties...

Mardi Gras is where New Orleans comes to hang loose. What do you have to do at Mardi Gras? Well, nothing in particular. And that's the point - you do whatever you feel. Just fully live life. Have a good time. You don't

need to bring anything, except maybe some junky plastic beads. The tradition of Mardi Gras is that you can buy them at junk shops in the city, then you give them to girls - and, if you're lucky, they'll flash their titties for ya. And I'm not talking bad girls necessarily either. In fact, often these are exactly the girls who, 360 days a year, wouldn't be that kind of girl at all. That's the spirit of the Mardi Gras: everyone gets to take a holiday from themselves, and everyone gets to indulge their



wicked side. SO bring those beads, brother: it's your passport to paradise.

I'm a New Orleans native myself, so I remember all kinds of Mardi Gras back from when I was a kid and my mom used to dress me up as a Red Indian and take me along, to watch, while my uncle passed out in the shade after a few too many drinks. Hurricane Katrina may have ripped some wind out of our sails – there's not so many people anymore, because so many folks have lost their homes – but it's still the same unhinged spirit at heart.

This year, me and the rest of the Black Lips gang got to return in style. The good people of New Orleans recognised that we are an incredible party band, and so we were offered the chance to lead a parade – a massive honour. We got to stroll along the streets of uptown at the front of the Verdius marching band – the second-oldest 'krewe' in the city. Basically, it was us, then a banner, then a bunch of attractive ladies, then the band themselves, and we got to stand at the front like hood ornaments and just wave to the people on the sides of the street. We were displayed like conquering heroes returning from a war – people throwing sweets in your path, girls coming forward to kiss you.

Mardi Gras is full of kooky traditions, the main one being 'dressing like a glittering satanic hobgoblin', baking 'king cakes', which are like the world's biggest big donuts, and singing Mardi Gras songs. If you're drinking, drink some Hurricanes, or some Hand Grenades. They're the local cocktail mixed-drink specialties. I'm not gonna tell you what's in them – that's a local secret – you'll have to go to find

out. But let me assure you, they're the fastest way to get ripped this side of injecting tequila into your eyeballs. They make Long Island Iced Tea seem like kiddie-juice.

If you're eating, make sure you check out some of that famous New Orleans seafood. Gumbo – which is a sorta seafood soup that most people eat with a tonne of fresh Louisiana shrimp. Jembalaya – which is a sorta part-Spanish and part-French paella type-dish. And of course crawfish. They're little critters – like mini-lobsters that you get a load of onto your plate, then suck the head, cos that's where all the flavour condenses when you boil em. Everybody loves them – they're like New Orleans' equivalent of fish n chips.

As with a lot of those sorts of big events, there's a vague undertow of menace somewhere in the Mardi Gras, so stay on the main paths, don't step down too many dark alleyways, or someone will gut you. But I don't mind that, really. Hell, a vague undertow of menace is what I love about America.

Have fun. But don't break the law – remember that if you so much as pee on the ground and a cop sees you, you'll be hauled off to a place called The Orleans Parish Prison: the cops' holding cells where they keep all the drunks and troublemakers. If you get turned in on a Thursday, the earliest you'll be able to make bail is Monday, so you'll be having a very long weekend indeed, my friend. Be cool. Just remember what the Hawkettes said on their classic R&B number 'Mardi Gras Mambo': "Down in New Orleans where the blues was born, it takes a cool cat to blow a horn." "

## ANDY'S IMAGE

# GONZO HALL OF FAME

We wanted to illustrate our whole GONZO concept with some flesh and blood humans, so we went out and shot a bunch of people from all over who's unifying characteristic is that they are going out and grabbing life by the scruff of the neck. They're kicking the doors in to get to where they want to be. Tenacious, gutsy, smart, the spirit of GONZO is already in them like a sexy Californian ghost.

From Tempa T recording massively popular videos in the driveway of his house, to Kenny Powers and his series of ridiculously outlandish demands, to Bang On bending the arc of UK rap history back towards the North, to Charlotte Lade level-pegging it with Wayne Rooney, or Jamal Edwards starting Britain's

largest Youtube music video channel in his bedroom, these are the people who make you proud to be GONZO.

They're walking proof that a little bit of get-up-n-go, a little bit of application and determination, can push things forward in ways you can't even imagine. Like Jamal Edwards told us: "Moments when you feel out of your depth come along all the time. But I don't get clouded by other people. I stay on my game. You're always making it up as you go along to some degree."

They make the rules, re-editing the script as they're walking through their own personal movies. Nothing is cast in stone. Everything is still to play for. That's GONZO style.

## TEMPA T IMAGE



# TEMPA T

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## TEMPA T IMAGE

# COOLY G

**COOLY G IS ONE OF THE MOST TALKED-UP NEW NAMES IN UK FUNKY TODAY. SIGNED TO CULT DUBSTEP LABEL HYPERDUB. SHE'S ALSO A SEMI-PRO LADIES FOOTBALLER. AND SHE CAN PROBABLY DO A RUBIK'S CUBE BLINDFOLDED. SHE'S JUST ONE OF THOSE PEOPLE.**

Hey Cooly. You're signed to Hyperdub. Do you have secret Hyperdub parties with Burial? Or are Dubstep and UK Funky not allowed to mix?

Ha! Hyperdub are so cool - I love being a part of their family, you know? We have secret parties every Wednesday. Kode 9 brings the cake, and Burial brings the bongos.

You make music. But you also play semi-pro football. Can you think of any similarities between the way you do each?

Totally. They're the same intense feeling I get when I score a goal is what I get when I create a really sick drum pattern. That feeling of everything locking into place - being tuned into some sort of greater order.

Apparently you saved someone's life on an aeroplane recently. Care to explain?

Yeah! Very dramatic. I was on my way home from my Australian tour. He had that thrombosis thing, and collapsed next to me on the plane, so I had to call for help and generally nurse him until a doctor arrived. Maybe not quite as heroic as it sounds!

What's the first thing anyone should learn about music production?

The BPM and metronome! Nah, probably working out the various elements of the style of music they actually wanna create - what are the typical drum-patterns, synths, in that genre... once you know that, then you can get rolling.

What's the most GONZO night out you've ever had?

The most recent was probably the Hyperdub party in the Berghain, Berlin. I must've been having a great time: someone kissed me - a little unexpected peck - and I didn't cuss them out. It's like, on my new EP, there's a track on there called 'Oi Dirty', which is about being in a club, and a guy pinches your bum, but instead of the female going mad and causing a fight, she be like: "Oi, dirty!", and carries on bubbling...

Who's your GONZO hero?

My two year old son, Nas. He's totally positive. He influences the music, the style of mixing, my attitude, my whole drive to entertain y'all...







# JAMAL EDWARDS

**WHEN HE WAS 16, JAMAL EDWARDS SET UP SBTV BY GOING OUT AND FILMING GRIME ARTISTS IN THEIR NATURAL ENVIRONMENT WITH A CHEAP HANDICAM. NOW, IT'S A MASSIVE WEB BUSINESS.**

Hey Jamal. What's your biggest challenge as an entrepreneur?

My age. Getting people to take me seriously, because I'm only 20.

You began SBTV when you filmed a couple of your mates rapping Cadburys video in Birmingham. How many views has that video had now?

Let's see... about 7000. I uploaded that on February 20th 2007. Not so many, really, given that we're getting 1.5 million on SBTV every month. Before that, my first-ever upload was when I videoed some foxes screaming at each other in my back garden. That got loads of views, so I thought, 'Why don't I do something else?' and it's all just cascaded onwards from there. I started videoing all my other MC mates, then started finding more known MC, then people from America started coming over and I made contact with them... just growing and growing and growing...

Why do you think grime is the most internet-savvy genre these days?

The demographic is full of people that just want to get up and do it. In the world of

grime, it's always been very DIY, because the mainstream exposure hasn't always been there. It's loads of people who just pick up a camera, start filming, and bang it up.

Have you ever had real crises, as a businessman – moments when you felt you were in over your depth?

All the time. But I don't get clouded by other people. I stay on my game.

There's a Gunna Dee video of yours where you seem to be having an actual snowball fight with the actual police. Is that real?

Totally. We were all filming outside – a big bunch of guys. The police got nervous and asked us to move on. Then the police followed us to the next place. And so we started throwing snowballs at them and filmed that. Then they started throwing snowballs back. It ended up with us opening the door of the police van and chucking snowballs in. It was all pretty light-hearted.

Where to next for SBTV?

Well, this week I'm going to South-By-South-west to hook up with Wiz Khalifa.



# KENNY POWERS

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# CHARLOTTE LADE

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# CAVE RAVE

**IT ALL STARTED TO GO WRONG FOR MY BELLY ABOUT 500 GENERATIONS AGO. THAT WAS WHEN IT FIRST STARTED TO SAG AND DROOP. THOSE LOVE-HANDLES - THEY WERE DEFINITELY CONNECTED TO THE DAWN OF CIVILISATION, I FIGURED.**

500 generations ago, great-great-great-great-(etc) granddaddy Rayner decided to stop hunting so much and gathering all the time. He had a thought that would change the world and re-shape my ass: "What if," he reasoned, "Instead of me-going-to-the-food... what if I let the food come to me?"

See, around 10 000BC, we all began to do less rummaging through the bush for delicious berries among the wild nettles, and realised that, if we just planted some berries, and some other stuff, and sat around and waited, we wouldn't have to spend our whole lives working. We could kick back, draw some naughty rock-art to confuse archaeologists, and go breakdancing with Thag and Oogabooga down by the stone circle. We invented agriculture. And it has stuffed us up ever since.

Your colon, my colon, everyone's colon, had evolved over millions of years to digest one sort of thing. Now, it was being made to digest another sort of thing. It didn't like it. Wheat, once a rarity, was now the basis of almost everyone's diet. Rice, which, if you had shown it to a caveman would've provoked a clueless shrug, was now the main way half the world got its energy.

Skip forward ten thousand years, and our bodies have barely evolved at all, but food has quantum-leapt. Your colon has no ancestral knowledge of a Big Mac. Nor of cheese-straws. In your heart of hearts, you already know this. Your body reacts to this glut of over-refined energy by packing it away wherever it can stuff it, as big pockets of fat.

So as I stood in the mirror, observing the man-tits that would've seemed like sorcery to great-great-great-great-(etc) granddaddy Rayner, it seemed pretty obvious that the best way to get my body back would be to reset my diet to the things that I would have eaten in 8000BC.

I was going Paleolithic. I was embarking on The Caveman Diet. That meant: no wheat, no dairy (as a species, didn't become cow-parasites until fairly recently), and generally nothing refined like processed sugars, oils, butters, or simple carbs. Just plain-veg, plain-meat, with the minimum of fuss. Water, not Coke. Skins on, not peeled.

So I set out with a routemap of eggs for breakfast. Salad for lunch. Meat and veg and more meat for dinner. My method acting wasn't quite complete yet, though. I also needed to







mimic all the goddamned exercise involved in being a hunter-gatherer. So I joined a gym. I welded myself to the treadmill. Slowly, at first. A couple of miles, while browsing a bit of Sky News on the monitors. Then I started to take my MP3 player in. Impatiently, I shuffled and flicked through its folders. Rock was good, yeah. But it didn't hit the spot. Dance didn't either. All that kick-drum just seemed to emphasise the monotony of the mill. I needed something that *rolled*. Hip-hop kept me loose at the shoulders. As time wore by, my tastes narrowed ever-more. Not those East Coast types. Too wordy. Too concerned about dazzling you with their prowess. I needed something a bit more loose. A bit more G-funky. I embraced the West Coast, and the West Coast embraced me back. I was regulating my waistline just like Warren G regulated the streets of South Central. I was dropping the excess weight like it was hot. As Tupac growled through *Me Against The World*, I determined I was not going to be 'heavy in the grave'.

And you know what? It worked. I hunted and gathered my way to dropping 12 kilos off my bottom line in three months. My tits left. My tummy deflated. Thanks, Pac. Thanks, colon.

I was 100% Paleo for the first few months. Now, I've eased off a bit. I'm about 80%. The odd breadroll, the odd bowl of cereal, aren't going to take me back to where I was before. It's beer that's the problem. Wheat city. In the early days, I'd follow the diet, go out for a few drinks, then get stuck in some sort of horrible carbs-induced K-hole - sweating, panicking, raging... I soon learnt to avoid it.

Six months on I've stopped pounding the treadmill. I'm out on the road now, and up to 20 kilometres on my best days. More Paleo-like, y'see. Hunting down the 147 bus like it's a woolly mammoth. My wife loves the Caveman in me too. Must do, as I regularly beat her over the head with my club and drag her home by her hair. Ooga. Booga.

# THE CAVEMAN EATS

Basically speaking the caveman diet is amazing. The simplest meals are great. A piece of chicken with green salad for example. I guess people, especially kids, like burger buns and bread and shit, they like the bulk. But you can get that from meat and

vegetables. And after a while you stop wanting bread and stuff.

The main idea behind caveman food is: get basic ingredients, non-processed, smash them up a bit or cook them a bit, gobble it down. Easy.

## CAVE MAN RECIPES

### BURGER IN A LEAF

This is simply a burger patty in a lettuce leaf, high-protein style.

To make the burger, you need 200g of minced beef.

Then get a tiny onion and chop it up really finely.

Mix the chopped onion with the meat really well then put a small amount of raw egg yolk in there and mix well too. You can get egg yolk in a packet too, which can be handy.

Heat a pan to medium heat before putting the burger on and cooking it to your liking.

Once it's cooked, chuck it in a lettuce leaf with a slice of tomato.

*Best served with: NWA - 'Fuck Tha Police'.*



### BREAKFAST

I like blueberries in almond milk with some seeds of some sort. It's really tasty. Seeds are generally-speaking good snacks. Also things like raw almonds, cashews, pumpkin seeds and so on. It's not essential for everything to be raw - just unprocessed with no salt. I don't reckon cavemen put salt on their food. Pepper is ok though.

You can have small amount of juice with breakfast, or coconut water which tastes amazing. It also hydrates you really well, I'm not sure how, but they use it instead of medical saline in some third world countries.

*Best served with: G'd Up - Tha Eastsidaz*



### SAUSAGES

Sausages aren't strictly Paleo, but if you get the 99% meat ones (it says on the packet) they are ok. The butcher's ones tend to have more crap in them, breadcrumbs and salt and stuff.

Grill them, don't fry them. I like them with roasted carrots and sprouts.

Pour some balsamic vinegar on top of sprouts and carrots and it's delicious.

Also, consider substituting sausages for bone marrow. It's kind of like meat jelly. It doesn't sound like it would be good for you, but it is. It was actually very important to real cave men, and it's delicious. It's fairly high in calories, so gave cave men a lot of the energy they needed to hunt more stuff.

*Best served with: California Love - Tupac ft. Dr. Dre and Roger Troutman*



### SAUSAGE SWEET POTATO HASH

Another good sausage option is sausage sweet potato hash, it's very simple.

Get a mini chopper and put one sausage, a small onion and a sweet potato in it.

Then make it into really small bits. Put that in a pan and gently cook.

Serve with a poached egg (mine fell apart in the photo, but hopefully that won't happen to yours).

You chop the sweet potato up in the chopper / blender thing. They are the best invention ever. You don't want to be chopping no onion for 5 minutes... BOOM-done.

This one is good for any time, lunch, breakfast, dinner.

*Best served with: The Luniz - I Got 5 On It*



### STEAK AND EGGS

How do you make the perfect steak and How do you make the perfect steak and eggs? The key is to just leave the steak out on the side to come up to room temperature, and then fry really fast. You can do the eggs however you like em, but obviously poached is probably the best for you.

I have yet to perfect poaching eggs. But you have to get the water swirling in the pan and add vinegar. Wait for little bubbles, not fully boiling then cook for 3 / 4 mins.

*Best served with: The Game - Let's Ride*

### THAI CURRY

This is kind of like Thai green curry, but I added a bit more coconut milk to make it soupier.

Get some onions, roughly chopped, and fry

them in a wok before adding some other veggies - whatever you like, broccoli, spring onions, peppers, whatever.



Then add Thai curry paste and the coconut water, then put the prawns in last to cook for about 5 mins. That's it. I don't think cave men had curry paste but we can't be 100 % caveman all the time.

*Best served with: Ice Cube - You Know How We Do It*



### SOUP

This might look like a bowl of witch's green stew, but it tastes great.

Basically you just chuck in anything green you can find. This is where the blender comes in handy.

This soup is just onions, celery, veggies, and stock. Just heat up a pan and brown some onion and celery that's chopped up in it. Then put in whatever veg you like,

Frozen or fresh is fine, and then put around a litre of hot stock in. Take hand blender and blend until smooth.

*Best served with: Xzibit - Get Your Walk On*



# FITNESS MADNESS

## WORKOUTS AND DEVICES THAT PLUNGE OFF THE DEEP END

### THE JEDI WORKOUT

Feel the Force! A bunch of Star Wars enthusiasts in New York started choreographing advanced swordfights scenes from the films and putting them on as performance pieces. Only, after a while, they noticed they were losing large amounts weight. Yeah. Not sitting in a Lay-Z-Boy spooning donuts into your nerd mouth can really do that. And so, the world's least cool workout was born. A series of pulls, twists and general boxing/fencing-type fitness tips that will keep you in trim. Features the "Hyperspace Hold" and "Light-saber Pulls".

### THE GEEK-A-CYCLE

Problem: spending long days wedded to a desk writing business reports no one will ever read. Solution: Geek-a-Cycle. Essentially a lying-down-style exercise bike with a computer keyboard built in, so that you can pedal without ever having to leave the grey glaze of your workstation. It's like Victorian workhouse treadmills for the 21st Century.

### ANTI-GRAVITY YOGA

So we've had the craze for sweatbox Hatha Yoga - doing yer Downward Dog in a 40 degree sauna. What other shapes could commerce-plus-fads possibly contort yoga into? Well how about turning the yoga world upside-down? That's right: anti-gravity yoga, practiced in a hammock, to give you the full SpiderMan

The Musical sense of careening out of control while lodged at an impossible angle.

### JUDO WITH VLADIMIR PUTIN

He could crush you in the palm of his hand. And he wants you to know it. The fact that Russia's new czar developed a love of judo during his time in the KGB that is well-documented. And his love of self-promotion - up to and including releasing pictures of him hunting grizzlies and truck racing - is also widely documented. So when his 56th birthday rolled round, Vlad decided to give a little back - releasing an instructional Judo DVD featuring him sparring with the Olympic judo champion.

### THE FOUR MINUTE CROSS-TRAINER

Or, if you really, really, really, really can't be arsed. If you're, say, a neurosurgeon who needs to spend 16 hours a day saving babies' lives, there is a total workout solution for you too. ROM - The Four Minute Cross-Trainer, is exactly the sort of thing that we were promised in endless futuristic movies - simply get inside its advanced system of spokes, wires and pulleys, and it promises to work out 55% of all your body muscles in one go - as opposed to the 25% on, say, a treadmill. Thus you end up burning more calories in four minutes a day than a half hour on said treadmill. Don't ask us how this maths works out: we didn't write their crappy promotional literature.





**GTONZO  
WORLD**



**DESIGNED IN  
CALIFORNIA AND  
HACKNEY**