

# HOUND DAWG MAGAZINE

*"I'M A HOUND DAWG!"*

**NO. 3 JAN 2010**



## HYSTERICAL

**BRETT OF THE HUDSON BROTHERS  
REMEMBERS THE CULT CLASSIC**

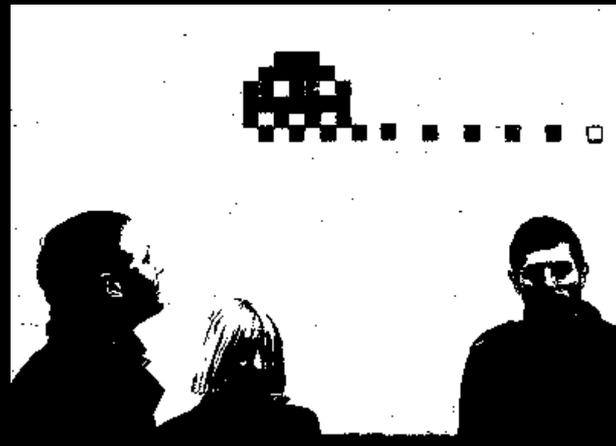
## THE JOY FORMIDABLE

**A CHAT WITH THE WELSH THREE  
PIECE ROCK OUTFIT**



## SQUEEZE

**CHRIS DIFFORD LOOKS BACK ON  
HIS NEW WAVE DAYS**



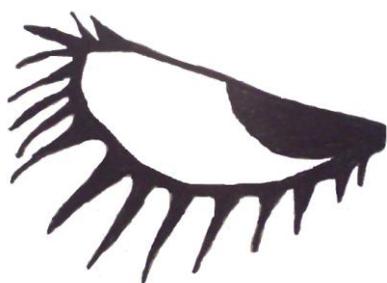
**POETRY - HUMOUR - INTERVIEWS - SHORT FICTION - REVIEWS - AND MORE**

# INSIDE HOUND DAWG NO.3 JANUARY 2010

Welcome back readers. It was so nice to receive so much positive feedback for Issue One of Hound Dawg Magazine, making Issue Three so much more fun to do. Back on the usual tracks after the Strangers special, for this edition I have been flooded with submissions from all over the world; poetry, art, illustrations, reviews, fiction and photography, too much in fact to feature in this issue. Once again, as in Issue One, I had the pleasure of speaking to people I have admired all my life, or at least as far back as I can remember. My dad raised us on various films we knew other kids weren't watching at the time: Beetlejuice, Predator and other fairly adult themed movies, but no porn of course... my dad is a good man. One we frequently enjoyed was Hysterical, a kind of horror spoof from the 1980s starring The Hudson Brothers. I know the film has a kind of cult following and most people will not be aware of it, but it meant a lot to me to chat with Brett Hudson about the film and I am glad to say it graces these digital pages. I also decided to include photography in this issue as there is so much great stuff out there by people you are not likely to see shoved in your face all the time. Finding talent like this is important. Poetry once again features prominently in Hound Dawg Magazine. I hope this follow up receives as much great feedback as its predecessor.

Chris Wade.....

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WISDOM TWINS BOOKS WT 005

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CONTRIBUTORS

Chris Wade, Tanya Lloyd, Stuart X Land, The Joy Formidable,  
T Bishop Mangini, Milica Tepava, Brett Hudson,  
Dave Barlow, Chris Difford, Jake Hart

## Q & A

# THE JOY FORMIDABLE

**RITZY AND RHYDIAN OF THIS UNIQUE WELSH THREE PIECE ANSWER 8 OF CHRIS WADE'S MOST PLEASANT QUESTIONS ABOUT THEIR PROMISING FUTURE**



**When did you three start this band together?**

Rhyds and I started writing together almost 2 years ago; back in North Wales. We're gearing up to celebrate our first anniversary with Matt who joined us on Christmas Eve.

**Sonically you sound so big at times it's impossible to think you are a three piece. How did you achieve the sound you have?**

The firing power inside my crater is enough to annihilate a small army. You can watch it all on TV. It's the last program you're likely to see.

**You used clips from Beautiful Agony for one of your videos which You Tube banned. It is a sexy video (apart from the Adrian Edmondson look alike of course). Has the video been quite controversial?**

That was a fan video for Austere. It's been a talking point but it's hardly pornographic, we were

really impressed with it and decided to put it on our page.

**Greyhounds in the slips, the new free download, is very unique. A bit like Blondie on acid. What is this song about?**

Manipulation, lonely bus journeys and dogs.

**Your March 2010 tour sees your popularity rising I'd say, as a lot of gigs are selling out. Are you surprised by the way things keep getting better?**

I wouldn't say surprised, it's been a natural growth rather than a product of hype and we're flattered that what we do connects with people.

**Can I ask you about your involvement with the JD set? I loved the version of Grip with Hugh Cornwell. What was it like working with him?**

Thank you. It was a pleasure, easy going and he was very open to our interpretation of what is a great song. Which is great because when we do covers we enjoy fucking with the original.

**Who has inspired you in your music?**

There really are too many to mention. But today it's Daniel Pigginfild and Pjork. Graffiti in our Fribourg dressing room got a distinctly pork-flavour.

**What do you see you guys achieving or setting out to do for the rest of 2010?**

Our first album, a full length tour and a Bent Spoon Award.



## **SHORT FICTION:** **AQUAPHOBIA**

by Tanya Lloyd

The sensation was as gradual as a wave lapping gently over pebbles. Each phase of it shorter than the one before. It was odd, even if Miranda admitted herself. It didn't make sense, so when she rang to make an appointment with the doctor, she immediately cancelled it. He would look in disbelief, as she would describe how something liquid, other than blood swayed and slopped inside of her. Her organs floating in a body that felt more like a goldfish bowl.

It started with the storm on Monday night. Miranda was on her way home from work, and like so many others was caught out. The day had started promisingly enough, that bright sunshine peeping behind the wisps of cloud. But by mid afternoon, they were thick and syrupy. She hadn't bought her coat, and that elusive umbrella lived up to its reputation and couldn't be found. So she had no choice but to get wet. By the time Miranda got home, she was soaked through; she shed each layer on the way to the bathroom. Then stood for an hour, under the hot spray of the shower, until her skin glowed coral pink, stepping out once all the hot water had been exhausted, into her fluffiest, softest towel. But it didn't seem to dry her. Even a pullover didn't work; it was her favourite, the wool seaweed green and long past it best. Yet it drabbed over her body feeling slimy and damp, like the scales of a fish.

She woke gasping that night, as if she was drowning in her perspiring skin. When the next morning, she made herself a cup of tea, she couldn't drink it, imagining instead it trickling down into her lungs, joining the ocean of her bowels, which would slosh and swish under the strain.

Miranda dreaded rain. The weather had been dry since that fateful Monday, but she looked constantly up towards the sky, feeling nervous when she spotted cloud. Of course she knew the weather would change. She had become an avert follower of it on the telly, that pretty woman threaten storms every day, pointing with a smug grin at the cut out clouds that floated like jellyfish on her map.

She bought waterproofs, the whole works. The mac, with a hood shaped like a duck's beak at

the end, the wellies a greenish brown like the bed of a river. Even the trousers, slipped on over naked goose pimpled flesh, which made her sweat, both thighs sticky and warm, like two sardines soaking in brine.

She watched the news in trepidation; tonight it was a different presenter. A fresh faced young man, who smiled far too much and grasped his hands, as if he nervously anticipated her reaction to his announcement. Rain. Lots of it, he emphasised the point by slapping on more cut out clouds that were now an ominous black.

Miranda was forced to stay in. She shut the curtains, knowing it was a silly idea, but did it anyway. Then turned the telly up so loud, her ears hissed in pain. She watched nervously as the shadows on the curtains grew darker, though it was only mid afternoon. A crack of thunder sent alarm bells in her head. Miranda wondered if she'd be better off in the bathroom, there was no window in there. But then she recalled the dripping tap. So Miranda waited, curling up in horror at the splashes which hit the window so violently she thought they might break through. The weatherman returned and smiled, not seeming to feel just that little bit guilty.

This couldn't go on. The waiting, the agonising on an illusory moment. Miranda thought it best to get it over and done with, feel the fear and do it anyway, or so that book had told her once upon a therapy session.

So Miranda stripped off her layers, leaving the waterproof trousers till last. She made it to the kitchen, gripped tightly on to the worktop, where she felt her legs wobble and sway like tadpoles in a jam jar. Then took a breath of gigantic proportions and opened the back door.

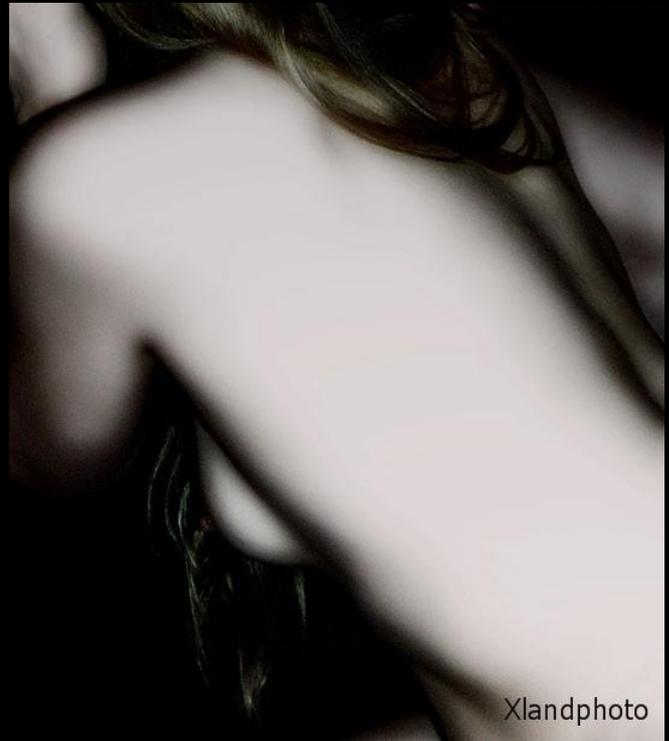
Miranda stood transfixed there for several minutes, but then she steadied herself and took her first step. She felt a heavy drip balance on the end of her nose; she caught it with her finger. She lifted up her hand and found that it had almost disappeared and lay now, in a puddle at her feet. Miranda didn't move but let things slide, the rest of her fingers, her toes, her elbows. Her face followed quickly enough, cascading down her body like a mask, a slimy trail that joined the flow of the rainwater, seeping eventually into the cracks of the crazy paving.

# PHOTOGRAPHY: STUART XLAND

## THE ENGLAND BASED PHOTOGRAPHER IN HIS OWN WORDS

Erotica has grown up in recent years with the advent of the Internet, although it still falls somewhere between pornography and glamour in most people's eyes. Working as a photographer on local newspapers for too many years, recording the local flower shows and the odd celebrity that needed a publicity boost became rather tedious and unfulfilling for a young man more used to the rock and roll lifestyle than the general 9 to 5 blandness that appeared to be on offer. Things had to change! Starting with some brave friends who liked my ideas regarding anon. Erotica, I started producing my own style of Erotic art images, inspired by the likes of Charlie Gatewood, China Hamilton and Robert Babylon and after learning the computer skills I needed, went on to set up the Xland photo Art website. (<http://www.xlandphoto.co.uk/xlandphotoart>).

The idea took off just as the money ran out, so out of necessity and of course a spirit of adventure I ended up taking a job driving Graham Coxon's (the talented one from Blur..lol) guitars around as he toured the UK and European festivals, this gave me the opportunity to travel and arrange shoots all over Europe, and get paid!! (Thank you, Graham!) People started taking notice after being reviewed in various adult magazines and websites as they liked the fact that I use everyday people rather than 'pro glamour models' and they could relate to the images. The concept that getting your clothes off was actually good for you and helps build self confidence was starting to sweep through the 'straight' media with programs like 'how to look good naked' topping the ratings all went towards a new 'openness', in modern British thinking, suddenly my inbox was full of requests and the counters on my web galleries started hitting the thousands. My work is about passion, a desire to show the beauty that is in everybody, so, Erotica, between pornography and glamour? No, I think not. I will continue to place it neatly and artistically between romance and passion and as I wake each day with a smile, will continue to believe that Erotica literally represents everything and everybody. If it feels good then do it! *Stuart Xland*



Xlandphoto



Xlandphoto

# POETRY:

## T. BISHOP MANGINI

### 2 GREAT PIECES FROM THE SAN FRANCISCO BASED POET

#### Hypocrite

You stand among your cohorts  
Eager and willing to  
Fight—  
The good fight  
Among your contemporaries  
In front of Saks 5<sup>th</sup> Avenue  
Blocking my entrance.

Your gripe is the slaughtering  
Of innocent animals to produce  
Unnecessary fur coats  
For the wealthy to indulge their  
Appetite for materialistic waste.

You scream and shout your  
Disdain for greed and gluttony  
On a chill foggy day at Union Square  
In San Francisco.

Your militant group, sign carriers  
Angrily try to deny access to potential  
Shoppers of which I am one, many...  
Caught up in your organized disarray.

I see your point of protest, but  
Not while you wear alligator shoes  
And a belt made of leather.



#### Heroin Hopscotch

To reveal one's self to the world at large in 1960's  
California

Was but a candid exercise in self-obsession. As soldiers  
Bit the dust and lives were lost in Vietnam, young adults,  
Some teenagers were tripping on LSD in between stucco  
Houses and on front porches in the streets of America.  
Love-ins and dropouts were the norm of the day as  
Jefferson Airplane flew out of control in a spectacular  
Death spiral going nowhere fast.

During the "Summer of Love" in 1967, sex and drugs  
Ran rampant through hollow veins without conscience  
Or discretion at the corner of Haight and Ashbury on a  
Foggy summer day in San Francisco. Questions were  
Asked. The answers never came. People shouted in the  
Streets carrying signs beneath neon lights, depicting what  
Was wrong in the secular world, while all along they  
were  
Suffering deep inside. Discretionary victims of broken  
Promises and social injustice, rotting away like discarded  
Apple cores in a brown paper bag.

Denial sucked every last ounce of wisdom from their  
brains  
As depressed hearts pumped dirt and deceit in alley ways.  
Righteous indignation permeated city boulevards among  
The beggar and beauty queen. Who was right and  
Who was wrong was but a question left to blow with  
Dylan's wind, while I took extreme caution to hop,  
Skip and jump over skeletal bodies, one after another  
lying on  
The sidewalk drenched in heroin. Identities unknown  
without  
A dime to their name, some with families long since  
forgotten.

People were being killed in foreign lands, and addicts  
Were dying within city limits, as I walked to work with a  
Briefcase in left hand and morning newspaper rolled  
Up tight under my right arm. Wearing a crisp white shirt,  
Collar starched light with paisley blue tie perfectly woven  
in a  
Windsor knot, I tripped and stumbled  
over elevated bodies.

Men and women wasting away atop copper colored sewer  
covers.  
Oops...excuse me! I didn't see you dying there in the  
polluted  
Gutter with an arm full of needle marks puncturing your  
veins.

What the fuck is wrong with you man?  
Peace, love and understanding, eh!  
So tell me something...  
How's that working for you?

# FEATURE FILM: RED ROSES AND PETROL



**Red Roses and Petrol** - feature film starring **Malcolm McDowell**, with tunes from **Susanna Hoffs** and **Flogging Molly**!

Amid a haze of cigarette smoke and uneaten food, the family of Enda Doyle (**Malcolm McDowell**)

gathers in Dublin for his wake. A university librarian, poet, and complicated man, he has left behind a trail of unresolved issues, a dysfunctional family, and a disturbing mystery. "Red Roses and Petrol", a darkly comic feature film from director Tamar Simon Hoffs, explores the emotional twists and turns of familial relationships.

"Red Roses and Petrol" won first prize at the **Avignon Film Festival**, was runner up at the **Westwood Film Festival**, and received recognition at the **Deauville Film Festival**, **AFI Fest**, the **Boston Irish Film Festival**, the **Newport Beach Film Festival**, the **Toronto Film Festival** circuit, and the **Palm Springs Film Festival**.

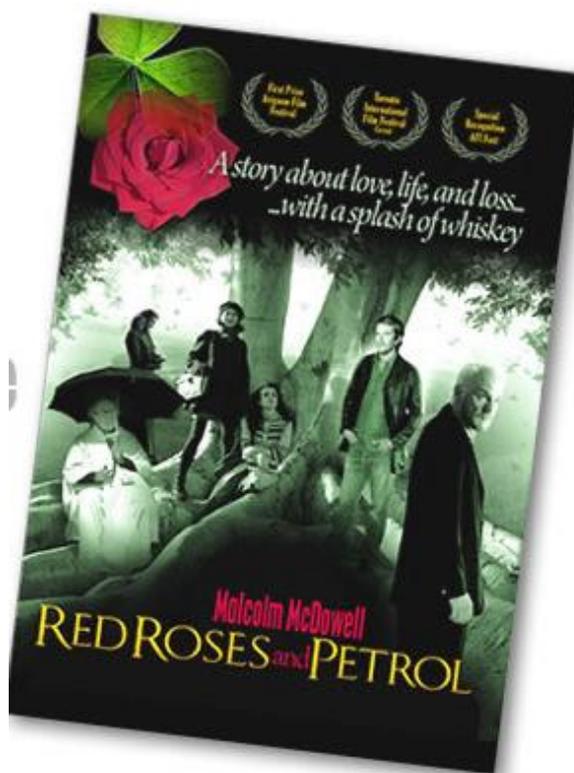
The "Red Roses and Petrol" DVD and soundtrack are on sale now. Buy the film at [www.redrosesandpetrol.com](http://www.redrosesandpetrol.com) and the soundtrack at [www.warriorrecords.com/redrosesandpetrol](http://www.warriorrecords.com/redrosesandpetrol). World Wide Motion Pictures is affiliated with a variety of Irish-American festivals and fairs to promote the DVD throughout the world. The film stars acclaimed actor Malcolm McDowell and former Miss Ireland Olivia Tracey with music by Flogging Molly.



World Wide Motion Pictures Corporation is a leading independent film distribution company located in Huntington Beach, CA.

- *Ashley Luu, Worldwide Motion Pictures Corporation*

**Own it on DVD now!**



# PHOTOGRAPHY: MILICA TEPAVAC

## THE SERBIAN PHOTOGRAPHER TELLS US ABOUT HER LIFE AND HER PICTURES



My name is Milica Tepavac, 28 years old from Serbia. I started photography 2 and a half years ago..I just started.

Since I was a kid I was deeply attracted to fashion magazines and photography in general, I was able to spend hours and hours staring in frames that "telling more than 1000 words".

My nature is quite wild and romantic at the same time, my silly brain is always full of thoughts, and being passionate as I am I always felt like I was going to explode and wanted to blow away at least part of my energy and deep inner things that were boiling inside of me. Art in general is perfect for this, but then I was never able to paint for example, neither play any instrument. When I tried writing poetry I realised it looked more like some political column than lyrics, so I gave up. But I was still boiling and boiling...And then, 2.5 years ago, I bought good compact camera, it was a Fuji S5700 and I started shooting everything. Believe it or not, but after 2 days of having that camera I realised I made an absolutely amazing photo (it's still one of my most famous) from my window. I guess it was a moment when I



realised that it would be such a shame if I didn't get deeper and deeper into it.

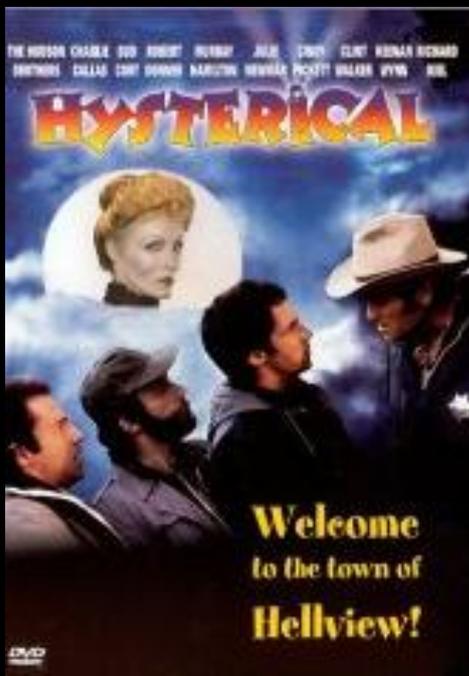
So I sat and learned technical stuff, I was watching works of others to get sense for beauty. I was watching painters as well to get a better feel for composition. I bought a DSLR and after some time I felt very secure while I worked with the model.

Everything after that, every photo and portrait I made was result of emotions and imaginations fit in frames. And in the same time, that something that drives me while I shoot. You know the feeling when you listen to some song or read some amazing book and

enjoy 100% of your being, start making pictures in your head? Well, all those experiences stay inside of us and make us rich: every word we read, people we meet, joy and pain we feel during the life, music that put us in some other dimensions...and I guess that my goal in photography is to transmit part of those emotions and experiences I felt during my life. Very often I use women as models, because women are a huge inspiration for me. They are at least real bomb full of layers and complexity waiting to explode. They are lovely, deep, silly, beauty, they show emotions more easily than men and it's pure joy working with them. And I like to play – a lot! I like to tease but not too show too much, like to evoke pleasant emotions trough female form and praise women and rest..... I leave that to people who watch my work.

I hope you'll enjoy this gallery I want to share with you. Meet my women who are: in love, disappointed, strong, in love, lovers and girlfriends, sinners and angels.





**Firstly, how did the band Hudson Brothers transform from the New Yorkers?**

When I was 12 years old my brothers and I signed a deal with the Chrysler automobile company. On weekends they would fly us to car dealerships and we would perform. The idea was the parents would bring their kids to see us and then hopefully become interested in buying a car. Chrysler's top of the line car at the time was called The New Yorker, so that's what they named us. We actually had some national success under that name with a song on Scepter Records called, Mr. Kirby. We got to tour with The Who and Herman's Hermits, Spencer Davis Group, The Turtles and a number of other hit acts of the day. Then the classic music business story happened. We got up one morning and our manager had stolen all the money and disappeared. We dropped the name and became The Hudson Brothers.

**The Razzle Dazzle show is a real cult hit now. How do you view that show now?**

# CLASSIC MOVIE: **HYSTERICAL**

AS FAR AS OSCURE HIDDEN GEMS GO, THE HUDSON BROTHERS' HYSTERICAL IS ON THE TOP OF THE QUALITY HEAP. I GREW UP WATCHING THIS CULT COMEDY AND I THINK IT'S FANTASTIC. IN CASE YOU DONT KNOW, THE HUDSON BROTHERS WERE A BIG COMEDY/MUSIC ACT IN THE US IN THE 70S. BRETT HUDSON WENT ON TO MARRY GOLDIE HAWN (KATE HUDSON IS HIS DAUGHTER) AND MARK HUDSON WENT ON TO BECOME A HIGHLY ACCLAIMED RECORD PRODUCER. BRETT HUDSON, NOW MAKING MOVIES WITH HIS OWN PRODUCTION COMPANY, SPOKE TO ME ABOUT THE FORMATION OF THE HUDSON BROS. AND THE CLASSIC THAT IS.....  
**HYSTERICAL!**

Razzle Dazzle is a great piece of American 70's television. When I look back now I wonder whose idea it was to put us in those stupid ass clothes.

**On to Hysterical! How did this insane and great film come round to be made? Did you all (Hudson Bros) write it together?**

Hysterical... The three of us were in a meeting pitching a movie idea to the president of a company called Cinema Group. The pitch wasn't going very well. As we were finishing up my brother Mark said, "And if you don't like that idea here's another" and we made it up on the spot and the guy liked it. We went to my house and worked out a story line and that was it.

**Did you aim it to be as the poster marketed it? As a kind of spoof of the big films of the**

**day or as a kind of vehicle for your styles?**

Both. We wanted to spoof all the horror films of the day but try to do it to our style. The movie is different than the original script. In the original script my brother Bill was also part of the professors of the unknown with me and Mark.

**The cast is one of the least likely combos ever; Murray Hamilton, Clint walker, Richard Kiel, Julie Newmar. How did this cast come to be assembled together?**

I honestly don't remember. All I know is we had a blast with Murray, Clint, Bud Cort, Cindy and Julie. Murray was a dear friend and we kept in touch until his death.

**I love the duo you and Mark get going in this film. "Of course we're serious, why do you think we're dressed like this?" which comics inspired this whacky clown duo?**

My brother and I were and still are fans of some of the classic comedians like Martin and Lewis, Abbot and Costello, The Marx Brothers, Ritz Brothers... And some English comedians as well; The Two Ronnies, Peter Cook and Dudley Moore, The Goons, Tommy Cooper. I think the influence is all of the above.

**My favourite lines are "oh dominoes my favourite game" and "Fritz your pants are down!!" Which scenes do you remember most fondly?**

The Library scene. Mark and I had a great time. And working with Richard was wonderful. He



**Brett's brother Bill, father of Kate Hudson, with those "humungous bushy eye brows."**



**Was it a fun film to make?**

Honestly, it was very frustrating. The script was really funny and I think that was lost in its execution.

**Do you get a lot of people quoting Hysterical at you or a lot of fans mentioning the film to you? If so does it surprise you?**

Yes! It is very strange. I've had people walk up to me and say, "What difference does it make" and "Fritz, take my picture". It's bizarre.

**Would you like to tell me what you have been up to lately?**

I'm still doing movies but as a director, writer and producer. I have a documentary film that is coming out called, The Seventh Python. If you go to [www.frozenpictures.com](http://www.frozenpictures.com) that's my company and you can check out all the projects.



*Be sure to check out Brett's film about Neil Innes, the brain behind the Bonzo Dog Doo Dah Band and The Rutles, as well as the man who provided the music for Monty Python and the Holy Grail. Don't forget to track down Hysterical too, cos it's hilarious.*

# POETRY:

## DAVE BARLOW

*Born in Liverpool but lived in Leeds for 26 years. Been writing and performing poetry for a year. Inspired and very much influenced by John Cooper Clarke and Craig Charles. My goal for 2010 is to try and get some slots at a few festivals. On a mission to spread non violent, lawful rebellion with the battle cry. Get off your knees humanity.*

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### **I, Wannabe.**

I wanna be famous,  
I don't care what for.  
I'll crawl round the room, like a cat on all fours.  
I'll marry a footballer, gargle with worms.  
I'll sit in a bath full of swine flu germs.  
I'll dance with a monkey, drink my own pee,  
I'll strangle a kitten on live TV.  
I'd wrestle my mother, fellate a tramp,  
I'll nail the end of my knob to a plank.  
I'll sleep in a camel, juggle with cats,  
I'll live in the house, with a bunch of twats.  
I've got no skills, but it won't stop me trying,  
If I get a disease, you can film me dying.  
I need adoration,  
I'm craving the fame,  
I've no talent, no morals,  
no brains and no shame.

### **High maintenance girl.**

There she goes, high maintenance girl.  
Is it lonely up there, looking down on the world?  
Your dress is Armani, your bag, Jimmy Choo,  
both of them fake, just like you.  
When you enter the bar you're playing to the crowd,  
seeking attention, being that little too loud.  
And you put on that voice that you think is so endearing,  
to get what you want from the guys who are learning,  
And buying you drinks, trying hard to impress.  
In the hope of getting you drunk and undressed,  
they dangle like puppets,

each, to a man drawn like moths to the glow of your fake orange tan.  
And your friends look just like you, and all act the same.  
Like human sized pieces in a Monopoly game,  
You tour round the nightclubs, screening the guys,  
praying that one night, you'll scoop up the prize,  
a premiership footballer, life as a W.A.G.  
Well you'd better hurry up before your tits start to sag.  
When the wrinkles appear, and your looks start to go,  
you'll be chatting up blokes, and they won't want to know.  
Though you'll probably get botox, or your tits made bigger.  
Good luck, you shallow high maintenance gold digger.

### **Get Back Inside, non-Smoker**

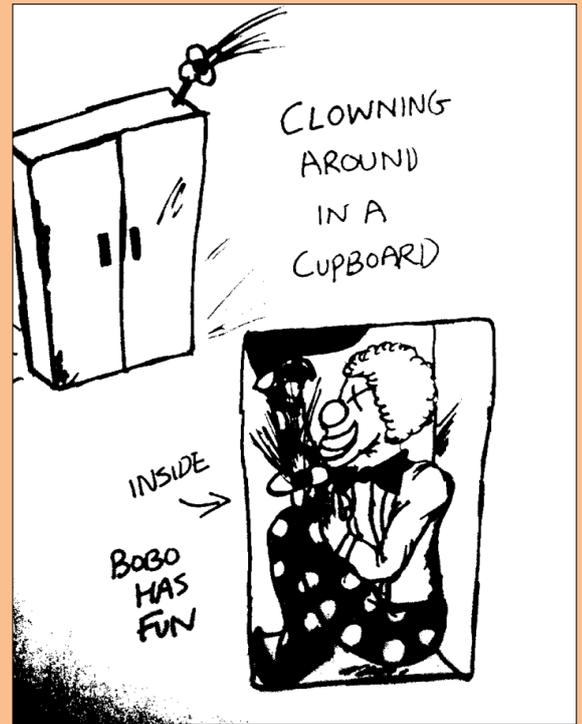
Get back inside, non-Smoker,  
You usurper, you encroacher,  
into our smoggy exile.  
You never came out in the early days,  
when we shivered in huddles, in pissing down rain.  
We'd be freezing, outside with soggy fags.  
You'd be inside, minding the bags.  
When we returned, wet feet and goose pimples,  
you'd look at us pityingly, as though we were simple.  
Then came shelters,  
patio heaters,  
piped music,  
wicker two seaters.  
The length of the time we spent out there grew,  
instead of one fag, we might have two.  
But it didn't take long,  
we could see it brewing,  
your head bobbing out,  
to see what we're doing.  
Then out you come, drinks in hand,  
to stand in the fug, with our merry band.  
You got what you wanted, nice clean air,  
with your "phwar, pooh" and your  
"kher kher kher" (cough)  
So get back inside, non-smoker,  
you healthy interloper,  
into our smokey quarantine.

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Recalling Aunt Fanny

By Theodore Cut out

Although you are as dead as a Diplodocus  
 I will remember you primarily for the darkness  
 you blew  
 The muddy castles you made in my dinner  
 And the way you punished me when I was bad  
 By making me eat the Glasgow ABC cinema  
 Starting at the basement where I ate the  
 archive film  
 The reels of it stuck between my teeth  
 Like celluloid celery in my nosh munch  
 Then I had to eat the ticket man as he cried for  
 his life  
 Then the ticket machine  
 Then the customers one by one  
 Even the grandpa in aisle 3 and then the  
 screens  
 All four of them as they showed Gremlins 2  
 The New Batch  
 The Dambusters,  
 Vice Versa and Beethoven  
 The film with the big dawg  
 Before going home in the car with you,  
 Aunt Fanny  
 All in all it took ages.....  
 14 minutes  
 But I didn't learn my lesson  
 And I'd be a rude lad again  
 Next week was.....  
 Ruislip Golf Club



OBITUARIES

The following citizens of smoochville died this week

- Blocko Freche (sensitive blonde with heat)
- "Shit Hotel" Crubbo Jackson "High channel smirk"
- "Poorly scrabble" Damage Smyth "Wearing Dicey"
- "Black eyes and wet sleeves" Andreus Collection
- "Being ourselves and nanna"
- "Hairy met my momma" The Finger Fun
- Mr Argentina "Sky Colonel"
- Carl Mouse "Staking crumble"
- Billy Beauty "The Angel of Ranges"
- "The nib of the shoe love" Jacob Crib "Moley outdooringsz"
- "Da Sessions" Poddler Stoggy "The Spout of Heals"
- "The Baker"
- "Alarm Knuckle" Cammo Inko Sex
- "Ginger fingers in the toy box"
- "Frozen Dog"
- "Condoms and Fish" Leo Nuff Nuff
- "Sticking it to the different side of the kitchen"
- "Cleaning up after Aunt Margret"
- "Left of your minutes" Graham Scales
- "Boogerman"
- Jesus Grainger "The College Spy"
- "General Crumble" Freddy Bastard "Mojo bloke"
- Biddady Didd
- Blake the Pest
- "The Retail Warlord" Billy Summonz
- "Worry for her" Kevin Sometimes "The Often Cries"
- "I like your girlfriend" Arnie Stickerbook
- "Timer Time" Eerie Window
- The Monk with no fucking mouth
- "Shoddy Buffalo Toes"
- "Porridge Coat" Crunchy McKnight
- "Our Hungry Little Visitor"
- "The Man who wanted to be a drawing"

Intermission

A poem by Archibald Pinsweety

In the middle is the pounding raven  
 Hungry for old laces  
 Sitting on a wire  
 He rests in wait  
 Overlooks the street  
 Musty with blue tack  
 Tested with fire  
 The raven ponders and waits and flies

# COOL CAT

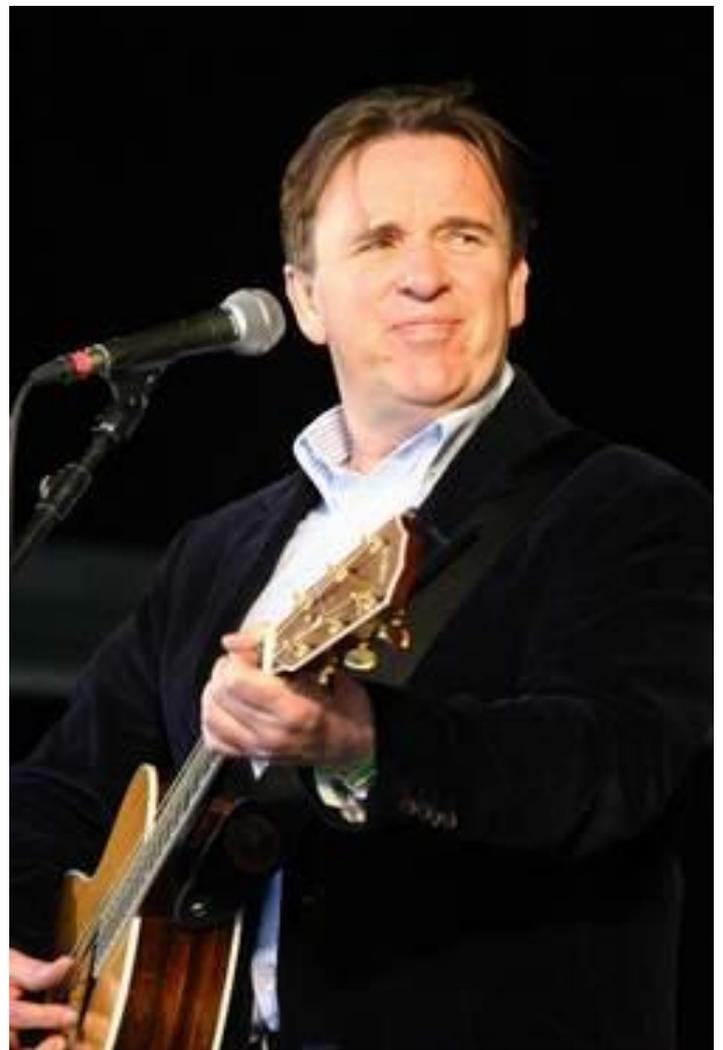
## AN INTERVIEW WITH CHRIS DIFFORD

ONE HALF OF THE LEGENDARY SONGWRITING TEAM OF TILBROOK AND DIFFORD, THE SQUEEZE GUITAIRST IS ON TOP OF THE WORLD AT THE MOMENT, RELISHING IN ARTISTIC FREEDOM. CHRIS WADE CAUGHT UP WITH THE ROCK LEGEND, A MAN WHO SEEMS POSITIVE ABOUT THE FUTURE

**What bands got you interested in music when you were younger?**

The first band I remember liking was the Small Faces. We played tennis rackets along with their songs in my bedroom, and then the Beatles, so it rolled out, one after the other. It was all good, all of the music I heard as child.

**As a songwriter, who in particular influenced your style?**



Ray Davies, Lou Reed and David Bowie without doubt. Strong teenager feelings come up when I hear their music; their words inspire me and help me define the role I play as a writer.

**When you formed Squeeze with Gunn, Tilbrook and Jools Holland, what were you trying to put across in your styles?**

I have no idea, we had no idea, and we just set up and played. We wrote songs in so many different styles. We ate all the sweets in the jar. We were greedy for each other and our band.

**Being named after a Velvet Underground album, then having a former Velvet (John Cale) produce your first album! Amazing! What was it like working under Cale's production?**

It was very odd, he hated the songs we had for our first album and made us re write most of what we had. He was right. His attitude was one of a failed magician meets lion tamer. Our days were never the same and for that reason

we learnt our studio tricks very quickly, Glenn more than me.

**When you broke big time in the charts in 79, how did you deal with fame as a person and as a collective band reacting to the craziness?**

With great ease and a swagger. It came as quickly as it went; top of the pops, limos and flying here and there. It was wonderful and it still is, but on a much smaller scale. It was crazy but being young and crazy is easy to deal with. Old and crazy.....not too sure.

**Why did you come to break Squeeze up in 82?**

We were tired, we needed a nap and our nappies changed.

**You have also written lyrics for other artists haven't you? People like Elton John and Wet Wet Wet. How do you approach writing when you know someone else will be singing the song?**

I like to get to know who I'm working with and try to understand what they like to sing and how their personality will fit in with the words I come up with. I really enjoy writing with other people.

**Now, I love the Ian Dury and the Stranglers Song by song books by Jim Drury, as well as the Squeeze one. What made you decide to re visit the old Squeeze songs for that book you did with Drury?**

It was Jim's idea, and a good one. I think it made us travel back in time and look at our work song by song. It was tough trying to recall everything.

**Being back as Squeeze; where do you see this going? In the past couple of years you've done an amazing amount of stuff.**

I haven't a clue where it will lead. I hope forward and with great passion as that's when

we deliver our best performances. Squeeze is a strange old book. The ending is never predictable, let alone the next chapter.

**The Last Temptation of Chris has been well received. Do you see it as your best solo album?**

No, both my solo albums are my best and the next one is even better. I'm really looking forward to pressing play and record in the new year, new songs and new people to work with.

**If you could name perhaps the three proudest moments of your life, what would they be?**

Being born, meeting Glenn and getting up today

**What's coming up in the next couple of years for you?**

Much of my life is lived in the day so I have no idea. An album, a tour, more Squeeze, more of everything. We all want more and more is what we get. More, and an encore beyond that.



# THE NOUGHTIES

**LOOKING BACK AT THE FIRST DECADE OF THE NEW MILLENIUM AND ONWARDS TOWRDS THE NEXT ONE**

**WORDS: CHRIS WADE**



My first memory of the new millennium involves a 14 year old me, as a passenger in my ex brother in law's car. He was treating me, my two sisters and niece to a day out to Scotland. Yeah, you heard that right, the words treat and Scotland in the same sentence. Anyway, the GENIUS plan was to arrive at Loch Ness, a place I had always wanted to visit, so we could all marvel and gaze at the ancient, seldom seen long necked, prehistoric beast in the water, have our pictures taken with our arms round it and become famous forever. Tragically, we never made it that far, as Britain was having one of its worst ever blizzards. We had to turn the car round and head back to Caterick speedily as to avoid that thing called death. Caterick was where my brother in law, in his army days, was stationed at the time. The lights packed in and the snow was outrageous. We could see nothing ahead but pure blackness. As my sisters drifted to sleep, my brother in law and I listened to old blues and I rolled him cigarettes. I was terrified. Never again have I feared so much for my own life. It was a horrific start to a millennium.

While I have had some amazing experiences in the new millennium, it was hardly a phenomenal time on the scale of the 1960s was

it? I suppose the most horrible start to the Noughties came when a certain George W Bush was elected as the 43<sup>rd</sup> president of the United States. Even more awful was the case of murderer Dr. Harold Shipman, who was arrested and jailed for killing 15 of his patients (he later did us all a favour and did himself in). 2001 saw the horror that was 9/11 and the total destruction of the Twin Towers; cue worldwide hysteria and fear, as airport security tightens and every one becomes a possible terrorist. The same year, we get the horrible Big Brother! In 2004, Facebook was launched, resulting in the meltdown of many a real life relationship, the invention of cyber romance, where people chat online for a year then meet up to light that spark. Fully grown adults were reduced to deformed, hunched over wrecks, gawping at their PCs, while hunting down old school friends they hated, so they can suddenly regain contact and become "cyber friends." The same year, 200,000 people were wiped out by the Tsunami in Asia. Harry Potter was shoved down our throats for the whole decade, at such an incredible rate that I saw the little specky git every time I shut my eyes. Pop Idol, X Factor and the download phenomenon has meant the demise of the music business. To end it all, Michael Jackson, modern day prophet and pop icon (!!), died of a heart attack. OK, that's all the crap stuff. But culturally, what did the Noughties give us that can match the brilliance spawned from subsequent times? Here are a few, with my lovely girlfriend Philippa aside (blurk! I know, I know. So sue me, I'm a mushy git):

## THE MOVIES

For me, the Noughties weren't the best decade for movies. It seemed to me that most movies were the same plot re hashed or re made versions of far superior original films: The Omen, The Wicker Man and The Italian Job to name but three. The best movies were coming from abroad; the



# TRIBUTE: BRITTANY MURPHY

## 1977-2009

The term unexpected death springs to mind. I like many others all over the world I was shocked and saddened to learn of the death of actress Brittany Murphy, who was only 32. While I wouldn't pay a tribute to just any star that died in the pages of Hound Dawg, I feel Brittany really deserves one here. The death cause was said to be natural, apparently collapsing in the bathroom, but as I write this the full details are not yet known. People already are comparing it to the death of Michael Jackson, blaming pills for the early death.

As an actress, the first thing I recall seeing Brittany in was *Clueless* or perhaps the second *Prophecy* film with Christopher Walken, but the first time a performance from her really shook me was when she played the tragic Daisy in *Girl, Interrupted*, although it's not in her grimmest role I wish to remember her by. It was roles in *Just Married* and *8 Mile* that secured her success and she soon became one of Hollywood's quirkiest and most interesting stars. There was something different about her, an unconventional appeal that made her better than the average female film star. From Murphy, there was always so much power, that honest believability and the fact that she really sunk her teeth into her film roles.

One of my very favourite Britanny performances was in the vile drug drama *Spun*, with Mickey Rourke and John Leguizamo. If you haven't seen this film you need to. A truly hilarious, although often quite shocking look at how drugs can ruin a life. It's a totally drugged up mess, littered with foul language and the characters that can be best described as the lowest of the low. Murphy was electric as Nikki,



the frantic fool who has fallen for the seedy life. Her role in *Sin City* was similar too, where she played the beat up moll of Benicio Del Toro, all the while being rescued by Clive Owen. As barmaid Shellie, it is perhaps the one role she will be most associated with.

When a young star dies like this, it really does take your breath. Like when Heath Ledger died last year, I feel the Brittany appreciation factor will now be on for a huge boost. For me it is saddening, not only to see such a young woman die so long before her time, but also to learn that the film world has lost one of its bright lights.

WORDS: CHRIS WADE

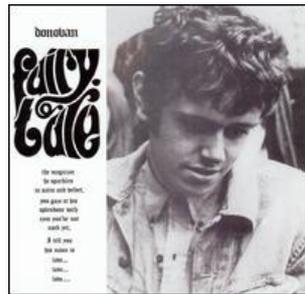
# DONOVAN

## THE TOP FIVE ALBUMS

**NEVER HEARD OF HIM? DOUBTFUL OF HIS BRILLIANCE? THINK HE CAME NOWHERE NEAR DYLAN? NONSENSE. HERE ARE THE FIVE DEFINITIVE ALBUMS OF 60S FLOWER POWER ICON DONOVAN. BY CHRIS WADE**

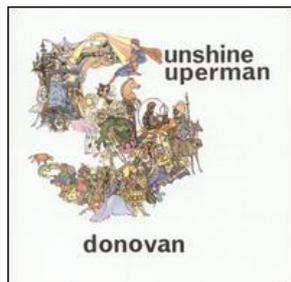
### FAIRYTALE 1965

Donovan's second album is still very sparse and somewhat similar to Dylan's work at the time, and that forced Woody Guthrie drawl is still evident. Brilliant folk classics like Colours aside, it was clear Donovan was already branching out a little in his styles. Sunny Goodge Street for example marks Don's first experimentation with jazz, a dreamy, swirly tale with the immortal line "violent hash smoker shook a chocolate machine." Conjures up great imagery, as does the beautiful Circus of Sour. The definite purchase for folk 65 era Donovan.



### SUNSHINE SUPERMAN 1966

Around about the time Don started hanging with the Beatles, and clearly when his Indian tastes were oozing into his music. As for the iconic, unforgettable title track (now a classic), some songs here are very unusual; the haunting Legend of a Girl child Linda, the jazzy Bert's Blues, the slow soother Guinevere and the closer Celeste being the stand outs. An experimental Donovan was seemingly what the world wanted, as Sunshine Superman, his third album, as the one that really cemented his stardom.



### A GIFT FROM A FLOWER TO A GARDEN 1968

As the glorious double vinyl 2 LP set, this one has to be my favourite of all Don's music. The first set of songs starts off with one of his most beautiful numbers, Wear Your Love



Like Heaven, the ultimate flower power theme tune, before going on to barmy ditties like Skip along Sam and the lovely, Someone's Singing. Record 2, dubbed For Little Ones is less psychedelic and more acoustic based; it's all gentle for Magpie, Tinker and the Crab and the haunting Isle of Islay. Totally inspired by his time spent in India with Maharishi and The Beatles, this golden gem is perfect for a quiet evening in with a cup of hot chocolate. A product of its time for sure, but one of the best.

### OPEN ROAD 1970

Putting the 60s behind him and his partner in music, producer Mickie Most, Open Road is a bare, minimal yet brilliant collection of cool, occasionally very rocking songs, all given a simple delivery by a great three piece band. Great songs like Changes ("Don't let the changes get you down, man!") have a slight air of sadness about them, almost hinting that the brave 60s dream of eternal peace fell flat. Don was very much a part of this idea and to see it gone, left for dead in the 60s, must have filled the Scottish troubadour with strange feelings. Riki Tiki Tavi is an instant classic, but my favourite from this set has to be the Celtic mystery that is Roots of Oak. There may be a melancholy feel to Open Road, but it still ranks as one of the definitive moments in the transitional period of the late 60s and early 70s.



### HMS DONOVAN 1971

Now that Don had finally found the love of his life, Linda Lawrence (a woman he had loved for years when she was married to The Rolling Stone Brian Jones), and a child as on the way, he fancied delving back into children's music. Upon first hearing I found this album alarmingly twee and odd. I soon turned it off and put on one of the easier and more familiar classic albums. Later I gave HMS Donovan a second try and it just made sense. While it starts strangely, with a demented telling of Lewis Carroll's The Walrus and the Carpenter in high pitched and slowed down voices, the album settles into a soothing, calm and beautiful mood, pulled along by such classic Donovan fare as the wonderful Voyage of the Moon and the beautiful Old Fashioned Picture Book. If you haven't heard much Donovan, other than the odd classic single like Mellow Yellow, these five albums will surely get you into the Hurdy Gurdy Man!



# HOUND DAWG MAGAZINE



This is what you will all probably be feeling like when you read this; shagged out by the excitement of Christmas, pissed up and frazzled by the heavy drinking of the new year. Don't worry, you'll feel better soon and be back to work in no time. Yuk!! Come back next month for more Hound Dawg: poetry, interviews and features.

Happy new year.....





