

HOUND DAWG

MAGAZINE

"I'M A HOUND DAWG!"

NO. 13 JUNE 2011

NEIL INNES

THE URBAN
SPACEMAN TELLS
CHRIS WADE ABOUT
HIS LONG AND VARIED
CAREER

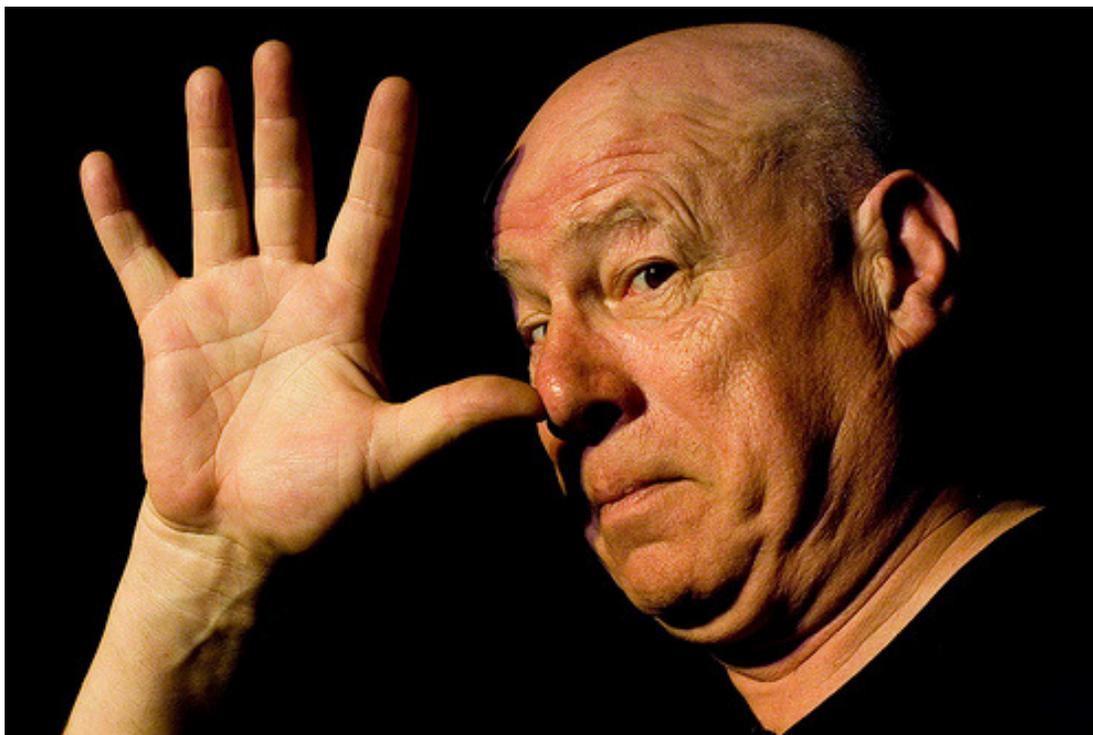
THE PALACE AND THE PUNKS

TONY HILL TELLS US
ABOUT THE GREY
TOPPER

PLUS! DERRICK KEETON

O LUCKY MAN, MANTA





HOUND DAWG ISSUE 13

JUNE 2011

WISDOM TWINS BOOKS

WT027

EDITOR: CHRIS WADE

E mail: chris.wade697@ntlworld.com

OK, so Hound Dawg is back after a six month absence. Why have we been gone so long? Well, for lots of reasons, none of them at all interesting or valid. Well it's a good issue to come back to I'm sure you will agree. We have an interview, albeit a quick and rather grumpy one with Rutle and Bonzo man Neil Innes. There are also some other bits and bats for you to enjoy, like new features including Chris Wade's (THAT'S ME THAT IS!) DVD review section and What Hound Dawg are currently digging.

THE PALACE AND THE PUNKS.....

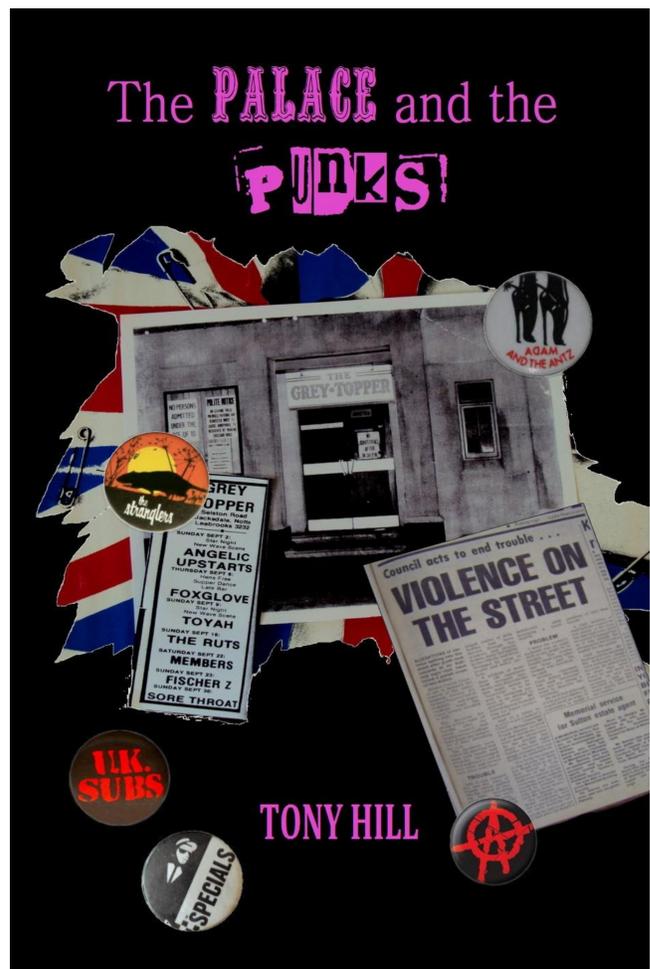
AUTHOR TONY HILL TALKS US THROUGH HIS NEW BOOK, LOOKING AT A LEGENARY VENUE OF THE PUNK ROCK ERA....

Could you tell the readers about the grey topper?

The Grey Topper was a music venue situated – in of all places – an obscure Nottinghamshire pit village called Jacksdale in the 1970's. Some of the biggest names in pop and rock played there in the early part of the decade, i.e. The Sweet (when no.1 in the charts), The Bay City Rollers, Judas Priest, Ben E King, Bill Haley and loads more before it became a notorious punk venue. The UK Subs, The Ruts, The Members and Angelic Upstarts were all Top 40 bands at the time and all performed classic gigs at the Topper. Other bands were little-known at the time but would soon be world famous selling millions of records – Ultravox, Adam and the Ants, The Specials, Simple Minds and the Pretenders. Inevitable, though, it all ended in chaos with punk, a full scale riot, outbreaks of violence and one final battle that resulted in a lad losing an eye and lead to calls for the closure of the club.

What made you come up with the idea about this book?

I didn't really have to come up with idea, growing up and still living in Jacksdale the legend of the Grey Topper has always been there. I was too young to ever get in the club but became friends with the men who were the lads who started the punk movement at the club in the late 70's. I've always been listening to Topper tales in the local pubs, so after the publication of my first book If the Kids are United I almost felt it was my duty to write the Grey Topper's history. Glad I did otherwise a great story would have been lost in time. There are kids in the village now that



have no idea of the legend on their door step, there's a CO-OP on the site of the Grey Topper now! You think of book and films like Kes, Billy Elliot and Brassed Off, all brilliant pit village tales, but fictional, the extraordinary, hilarious and occasionally sad story of the Grey Topper is true! It's like a field of dreams, this guy – Alf Hyslop, great northern name you couldn't make up – made his money from open cast mining in the 60's, dreamt of having a top notch music venue, built it and they came, chart toppers to a pit village. It's bit like Phoenix Nights too if Top of the Pops was filmed there.

So did it take long to finish?

Yep, it did with this one, I first started researching it and tracking down people and pop stars in 2006. I had a first draft in 2007, I did have breaks from it at times for various reasons and to work on other projects but always came back to it, always drawn back to it. And what prompted my last push to get it finished was when I was sat watching Sex Pistol film maker Julien Temple's award

winning film about Dr Feelgood – Oil City Confidential, and the Grey Topper is mentioned! (although they remembered it as ‘the silk top hat club.’) It was their first gig outside of London when still called The Pig Boy Charlie Band! I thought, hold on, they’re listed on the gig history. I got in touch with the Feelgood’s manager Chris Fenwick who remembered the Topper gig well. Writing the book was always a labour of love.

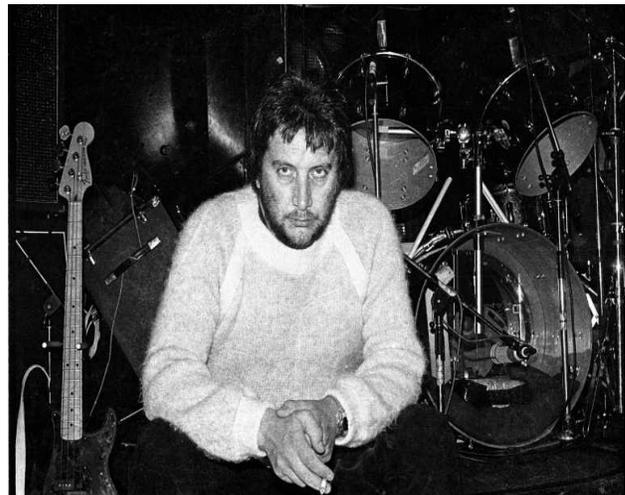
How was it compared to writing your last book?

Totally different. For The Palace and the Punks I had to spend a lot of time on research, collecting stories and piecing the jigsaw together. My first book If the Kids are United was – admittedly – very easy to do as it’s my life story – growing up in a pit village and my 18 year quest to get my hands on a FA Cup Final ticket, terrace days, dole days, lost love days and music, so was already floating around my head and flowed out of me – via handwriting – onto the page and was all down in no more than 2 months. That was my first ever effort at writing, so I’m still amazed it found a publisher so easy and received great reviews. Guess being naïve about writing made me write in my own style and stand out. Like to think it’s my humour and offbeat view of the world too, though.

So you got to interview some interesting punk groups for the book, which is your fave in the book?

Hard choice, I never thought I’d be talking to famous music people. I remember as a kid The Sweet staring down at me from the walls of the bedroom I shared with my older brother, who was mad on them, so talking to the band’s Andy Scott was pretty surreal for me. Sitting back stage (after the Grey Topper Punks Reunited gig I put on) sharing a few beers and talking to the UK Subs Charlie Harper until the early hours was brilliant! The Members have the best memory of the Topper and said they played one of their best ever gigs there. The Specials Roddy Radiation ending up calling me mate and putting me on the guest list for the reformed Special. Then for someone who’s life was so influenced by punk to be listening to Eddie

from The Vibrators talk about being there at St Martin’s College Of Art when the Sex Pistols made their debut was very special. But I think the person who opened up the most and gave me the best insight to their band was The Stranglers Jet Black. They were an unsigned band (using his ice cream van as a tour bus, as featured in the book with a pic!) when they played the Grey Topper in early 1976, so really great to hear about The Stranglers back then.



Personally did writing this book mean a lot to you?

Yeah, think it always should, writing a book, but I’m really glad to get other people’s stories told. Personally, though, it means a lot as I lost my dad to cancer whilst writing it and that became a part of the book as I was giving all the profits for the Grey Topper Punks Reunited gig (I was having to fight to put on) to Cancer Research UK.

What next for you?

I’ve just done a side project called Glastonbury Tour – a photo book about the festival with added notes on my experiences. I’ve also written a collection of gothic fairytales, one – The Curse of the Crooked Spire, about how the 700 year old church in Chesterfield came to have a twisted, bent spire – is soon to be illustrated by a brilliant artist, so pretty excited about that.

Tony’s site: www.manutdbooks.com

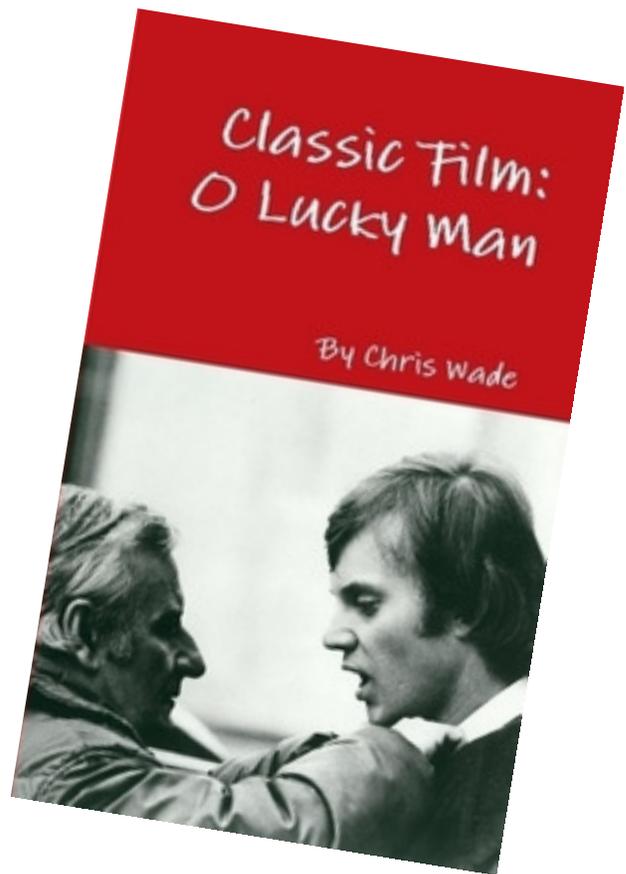


ART: LINZI NAPIER

O LUCKY MAN!

Following on from the controversial success of *If....*, director Lindsay Anderson, writer David Sherwin and actor Malcolm McDowell teamed up again in 1973 for *O Lucky Man*. Epic, savage, sharp, wicked, satirical, and funny, *O Lucky Man* wasn't quite as appreciated in its day as it perhaps should have been. Swiping at everything the nation had to offer, *O Lucky Man* was damned as anarchic and arrogant, and met with a lukewarm reception. At almost 3 hours long and artier than most other films of the time, Warner Bros. didn't know what to do with it. Nearly 40 years on *O Lucky Man* has a cult following and is seen by many as one of the finest British films of its day. In his new book, Chris Wade takes a look at this extraordinary film, through exclusive material from the Lindsay Anderson archive, interviews, cast recollections and press cuttings from the day.

First off, *O Lucky Man* happens to mean a lot to me; otherwise I wouldn't have put my head down to do this study of it in the first place. As a writer of mostly fiction titles, when writing non fiction, I always tend to choose a subject which has either inspired or driven me, a subject which I admire or find fascinating. Having written a book about the career of film legend and *O Lucky Man* star Malcolm McDowell, there was always the desire to study in depth my most favourite of his many movies. *O Lucky Man* is a tremendous film, a perfect marriage of several masters of their own crafts who came together to create a classic; the writing of David Sherwin who penned the screenplay;



*Wade's new book on
O Lucky Man OUT NOW!*

the screen presence of Malcolm McDowell who also came up with the germ idea for the movie in the first place; the unique vision of director Lindsay Anderson and the songs of ex Animals keyboardist Alan Price which drive the narrative. For me it is a film which all comes together perfectly, as if it was all meant to be. It's an allegory of success, a fable of life experience and all in all a Zen like look at how to achieve inner peace with oneself, or more to the point, acceptance. Well at least that's how I see it. But more importantly, it's an entertaining journey that I never tire of watching.

Doing the book was a real treat. Having loved this film since my teens, getting exclusive material from the Lindsay Anderson archive for research was just fantastic.

If you have seen and enjoyed *O Lucky Man*, this book will no doubt be of interest to some of you. It explores the original genesis of the movie, the making of it, the critical and



commercial reception at the time and the legacy of it, some 38 years own the line. I also examine and dissect the film myself, and take a closer look at the views of the critics who so disliked it at the time. Malcolm and Lindsay were, of course, let down by the lukewarm reception, and could not understand why their film hadn't had the same glowing reviews *If...* had in 1968. The book looks into this too. After all, was it really a surprise that such an anti authoritarian, anti establishment, anti everything film would meet with a hostile reaction? There are many contradictions in the story of *O Lucky Man*.

So why should anyone read this book? Well, if you're a fan of the film, or of other Malcolm and Lindsay films, this book will no doubt entertain and inform you. I wanted to highlight a lost classic in the history of film, and create a fun, readable guide to one of my

all time favourites. What I didn't want to do was make one of those dull, unreadable, in depth essay books like the BFI release (sorry guys) that dissect and criticise two seconds of the film for 30 pages, tell us how bad the whole thing is technically and ruin it all for everyone. (Anyone who's read the BFI books on *If...* and *Taxi Driver* and felt like throwing it against the wall after 10 pages will know what I mean.) But I'm not into dissing other writers. I just wanted this one to be a straight forward, no waffle look at a classic film, one that deserves more appreciation.

EXCERPT FROM THE BOOK:

"Before his assured role in the Kubrick classic, Malcolm came up with the idea for the then titled script Coffee Man. He wrote 30 pages of the movie after instructions from Anderson to get going, then took it to the somewhat cynical director for feedback. McDowell recalled Anderson flicking through the pages with his glasses on the tip of that 'Roman nose of his', looking down like a senator, tutting and rolling his eyes through Malcolm's attempts at writing. (Malcolm has since called the writing of the script 'like pulling teeth.')

"Is this supposed to be funny?" asked Anderson.

"Yes it is and it's your next bloody film," assured McDowell.

*Seeing the actor was so serious about it, Anderson told Malcolm to call David Sherwin, the writer of *If...*, to help him develop the idea of *Coffee Man*. Meeting up through the day in pubs and coffee bars, the two men worked on the script relentlessly, then presented their work to Lindsay when they had finished a scene. Apparently, they could never go over to Anderson's house together, as it made Lindsay feel as if the two chaps were ganging up on him. So they would have to go alone and see what the great man thought of their progress, him marking out the bits that needed changing and editing. "*

THE BOOK IS AVAILABLE ON THE WISDOM TWINS SITE AND LULU.....

DVD REVIEW

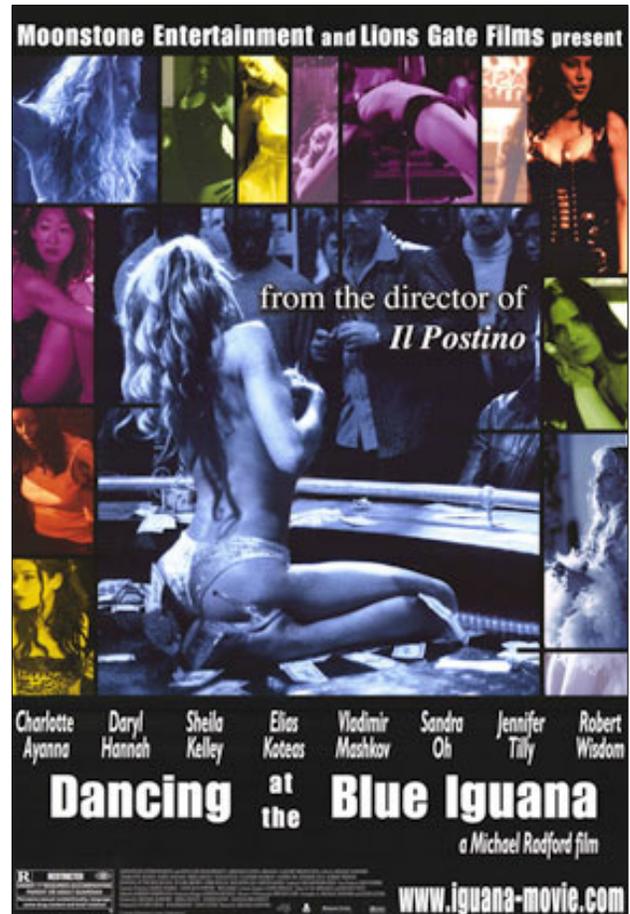
DANCING AT THE BLUE IGUANA (2000)

*Starring: Daryl Hannah and Jennifer Tilly.
Released in the UK on DVD by Network DVD,
June 2011....*

“IT’S THE ONE THAT SAYS BAD MOTHERFUCKER ON IT. DID YOU EVER SEE PULP FICTION? JOHN TRAVOLTA’S CAREER CAME BACK AFTER THAT....”

Although it has often been marketed as an anti Showgirls look at the world of erotic dancing, to even mention this film in the same sentence as Verhoeven’s grotesque turkey is an insult. Dancing at the Blue Iguana is a very adult, multi layered, amusing, shocking and constantly engaging film, carried by top notch performances and some fine dialogue. The plot is loose, following the goings on in a Los Angeles strip club, where we see the stage personas of the girls, as well as the other less ‘glamorous’ aspects of their lives. While they may be mere sexual objects to the vultures who throw their money at them in the club, outside of the Blue Iguana, the girls have a more complex side.

Semi improvised as is well documented, the film has a real gritty, believable edge to it and the dialogue flows superbly. Michael Radford’s direction floats over the flesh on display with ease and there are some wonderfully framed images and scenes in the film. One of my favourite moments is the first dance that Sandra Oh’s character Jasmine gives, and the dance on the highway between Elias Koteas and Sheila Kelley to the tune of Leonard Cohen’s Dance Me to the Edge of Love.



The main strength though is in the acting. Jennifer Tilly, one of my favourite actresses, is at times explosive in her role as Jo, and she gives an all round terrific performance. By night she is the aggressive, wild card stripper, diving out on to the stage with a scream, as if she’s going to eat every man alive. Off stage, Jo is a pregnant troubled soul. Tilly doesn’t shy away from being shocking in her role and her character has a side job as a dominatrix. There is one scene where she is punishing a customer on the floor of her apartment. “He doesn’t even exist,” she says. “He’s a pathetic little worm!” We get the impression that she means every word of it. There is one scene in particular that is pretty intense, where she shouts at a fellow pregnant woman at the hospital,

having been warned by her that smoking will hurt her baby. Tilly explodes with anger. "Shut up bitch! Some of us are here for abortions!" Tilly's role is in your face and utterly fascinating, and her downward spiral is excellently played out.

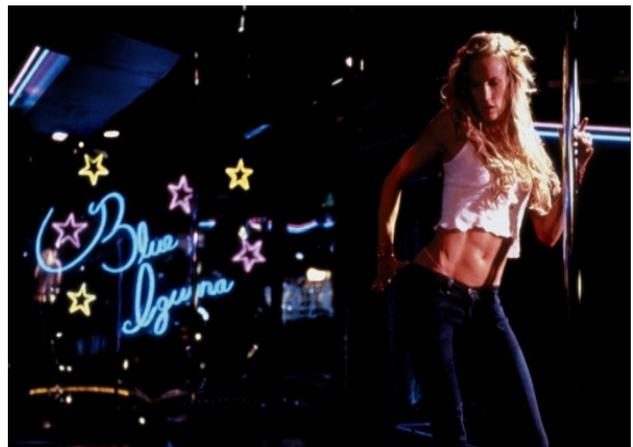


I liked Jasmine's sub plot, where she attends poetry reading groups in a book store and falls for Dennis, the shop keeper and main poet. Sandra Oh is fantastic in her role too, although what she is doing is so much more subtle that you often miss her brilliance. One scene, where she reads her poem to the guest star stripper, played by Kristin Bauer, is done entirely in one take. The acting on display is breath taking.

Some of the best lighter acting though comes from Daryl Hannah, playing the most naïve and sweet woman when she is off the pole and the plot with her attempting to foster a child is very moving. A great moment in the film, although brief, is when Hannah is having her interview at the fostering office. "I don't look down on anyone," she says. "There are three lesbians in the next apartment and they all sleep in the same bed." Much of the film's lighter joy is had in watching the innocence that comes from Hannah, especially the scene where she stands beside her framed picture of Adam West, and claims

to look like him, especially in the jaw area. The scene where she is arrested for possession of drugs is also very funny. Hannah obviously took the improvisational freedom and ran with it to excellent results.

I saw Dancing at the Blue Iguana as a look at the emotional and physical dangers in a world of sleaze and violence, as well as a deep glimpse into a side of the strippers' lives that few men would really care about. The male characters in the film, be they club staff or boyfriends, save Dennis the poet, are heartless, emotionally empty brutes and the girls seemingly have little else in their lives but their work at the club; after all, at one point, when Jasmine attempts to get the weekend off, the owner yells at her, "You have no life! This is your life!" They do, however, at least have each other, as the moving scene where Charlotte Ayana sings a lullaby to Tilly clearly shows us. Dancing at the Blue Iguana rips apart the very idea of a strip club, making it look little more than a zoo where women are degraded and treat like meat by customers and staff alike. Although it's very gritty and at times unpleasant, if you're after an extreme, moral questioning, thought provoking drama, and don't mind seeing LOTS of female nudity, then I recommend it. **CW**



A CAREER IN AUDIOBOOKS

John Mayfield, director and programme controller for Audio Book Radio, talks us through his career in the world of books you hear with your ears. (I didn't want to use audiobook twice on one sentence)

I first became involved with audio books in 1988 when I was working as an in-house freelance sound engineer in a basement studio in Bayswater, London. I was in charge of virtually every session that came through the doors at that place which, in reality meant I could be recording voice-overs in the morning and recording a heavy metal band into the afternoon and evening. Home by midnight, complete with a cold Chinese take-away and so to bed. One blink later it is the next morning and the merry-go-round begins again. Not the healthiest of lifestyles...

So when I was approached by one of our main clients to see if I would be interested in working for him on audio books full-time (and for twice the wages!) the decision was an easy one. I had always got on with the actors and actresses that I had worked with and my new boss recognised the fact. We began looking for our own new premises and eventually found the ideal situation in Queens Park, North-West London. My new role was studio manager, sound engineer, producer, director, in-house musician and tea boy...bring on the actors.

I have always alluded to the fact that working with actors is a bit like running a babies crèche with recording equipment. Clearly the size of the ego that comes through the door varies from individual to individual,

but essentially you (as a sound engineer) are dealing with the responsibility of the recording session in much the same way that an airline pilot deals with the aircraft he is in charge of. In other words, we have to bring this thing in on time as smoothly as possible and one wrong decision could see us all in free fall!

You may be surprised to learn just how many actors have told me that recording audio books is the hardest work they have dealt with in their profession. However, once you examine the facts, that confession is totally understandable. A working day for the actors generally consisted of six hours reading. We would begin at 10.00AM, sprinkle in a few coffee breaks plus lunch and fall out the door around 5.00 – 5.30PM. During that period of time (and depending how dense and complex the story was) we would average around 100 pages and around 100,000 words. Imagine then, how an actor that has signed up to read Doctor Zhivago feels, when he is faced with another six days of toil before he spots the finishing line?

God bless you, Philip Madoc...I hope you have finally recovered!

Throughout the recording, the script has been marked by the director in the control room to enable the editor to pick his way through it, take out all the mistakes and finally come up with a completed master copy ready for the duplicators. In defence of the poor editor (and I was that man on over 1,000 occasions) I should like to point out that if a book takes a week to record, it takes about two weeks to edit into the finished copy the customer purchases.

Working with professional actors every day for ten years gave me a fantastic insight into the human condition. I cannot begin to describe the feeling of trepidation I had when



I started meeting ‘names’ at the studio every day, and I worked with everyone from Spike Milligan (many times) to Sir John Gielgud. Thankfully I got on really well with Spike (both mad Aries you see...) and while directors were jumping ship left, right and centre when Milligan’s name cropped up, I tried to keep at the front of my mind that I was being paid to deal with a very complex man who, whether you like or loathe him, is a complete one-off. He also had, and doubtless still has, an army of fans out there who were going to be listening to the project I was heavily involved in.

To me, that is true job satisfaction and, while it was incredibly daunting and awkward at times, it knocks spots off coal mining by way of an occupation.

At the time of our final recordings with Spike, he was nearing the end of his life, and yet here was a man virtually surviving on two to three hours sleep a night, living on tea and biscuits during the day and still demanding that his dear manager, Norma Farnes, would drive him back to her office after the recording session so he could continue writing into the early evening. A trip to The Ivy for supper was his regular reward for his efforts which, of course, Spike would condemn to

high heaven when he appeared at the studio the next day. (£235 for that rubbish? It’s scandalous...”)

I could go on with the name dropping but Spike seems an appropriate place to leave it. I wouldn’t have missed it for the world, although that’s not what I would be saying to myself as I fought my way through a Milligan edit with a chinagraph pencil and razor blade...

It would be wrong and unprofessional to ‘name names’ about some of the more awkward egos I have had to deal with over the years. Suffice to say ‘You Know Who You Are!!’

On the whole, I tended to find that the ones who could actually read and had done their homework and preparation were the least trouble for themselves and all around them. The ones that turned up and thought it was going to be a piece of cake with ‘just a few kids voices; we’ll be out of here in three hours,’ tended to come unstuck very quickly. The bottom line about reading audio books is this: There is no one else who can dig you out. The people in the control room can help and massage your ego ‘till the cows come home but ultimately, they cannot take over the microphone and read the book for you.

If you still think reading audio books is a doddle, try reading out-loud to yourself for an hour or two and keep a record of every time you make a mistake.

Try it every day for ten years and see how you feel.

Drop me a line...I know a bunch of actors with some cracking psychologists!

Listen to John’s audiobook station all day here: www.audiobookradio.net

STEPHEN SMITH, A FORMER ROMAN CENTURION NOW PULLING PINTS FOR THE MAYOR AND DOING THE ODD BIT OF FREELANCING, RECENTLY TURNED HOUND DAWG ON TO A TRULY LEGENDARY BAND OF MODERN WEATHER SLUTS. I SPEAK, OF COURSE, OF.....

MANTA

WORDS AND ART: STEPHEN SMITH



MANTA began once upon a loaf of drummers who ate at a table consisting of the band BrineFace and Cheesebleeder, feeding upon the need to make sense of all things mighty our tale thus started to elongate. 'Bevan' exclaimed Ted Munce, he felt the warm egg furrowing into his brown coat, 'Do not bouffant any more' replied Bob Pard, his nonsense arm raising toward Ted and pointing to a little silkwombat that was preparing its fortnightly meal of cloth that belonged to Ted, the little insecty wombat grimaced and refused to forgo its meal of Munce garment. 'I'm warning you' Bob shouted, and once again the silky one refused. Ted was now more confused than the Munce of his surname, but the arm of studio practice began to thump the table uncontrollably, all the years of walking and swinging had now rendered him mental. This dislodged the silkwombat off his furry badge overall onto the floor where it scurried off into the

clowns pocket next door but one. 'Bob, thank you, I really don't mean it you overfaced beanlung!' and then for no reason our two heroes began to fight, Munce slapped himself senseless and Pard ate nails (as he accidentally ordered the wrong meal), these two did not understand the words of thanks nor the meaning of conflict. Once bruised internally the waitress carefully placed mackerel onto the faces of Ted and Bob. The fish was a magic fish designed to give the powers of creativity to those starved of metal and swamp-pop, its guts dribbled into the eyes of Bob giving him the extra power of being able to see through anything gaseous, Munce however ate the whole fish, he was now immortal. The morning of yesterday before came around once again, and Ted and Bob played the nights recordings of yom, it was a miracle, somehow they had either made the best listening experience ever or they had merely found it in a whores bin. They decided to keep it as their own and carry on the tradition now known as MANTA. (Cheesebleeder disbanded and formed another band also called Cheesebleeder, BrineFace gave up hope and found god). The occasional guest musician appears to be with Manta at times and this has known to be true in the same way that women lay eggs.

Manta have now found critical acclaim with the release of next years 'Extremity Cake'

VISIT THE SITE: <http://chinbag.co.nr/>

WHAT HOUND DAWG ARE CURRENTLY DIGGING

In a new ongoing feature, Wade tells us what he's been reading, watching and listening to as of late.....WORDS: CW



TRACKS

1, CELTIC ROCK – Donovan

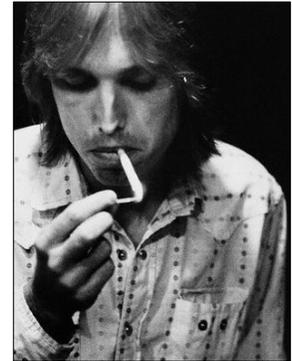
From the album Open Road comes one of the Scottish troubadour's maddest and most wonderful tracks. Little known in the scope of his other material, Celtic Rock sits at track six on the 1970 lost classic. There aren't many songs you can say are total one offs but this is one. A strange opening section sung by what sounds like a cave dwelling maniac leads into a reused melody from Donovan's track Jabberwocky on the HMS Donovan LP. It combines celtic folk, rock, and other genres I cannot even dare to define. Seek this out on I Tunes. In fact get the whole album. It's barmy!

2, DON'T LOOK DOWN – Lindsey Buckingham

This track, the first off the Fleetwood Mac man's solo LP Out of the Cradle, was a regular feature in my childhood, played very often by my dad. I have recently become addicted to it. Any Fleetwood Mac fans will love this and the whole album for that matter, as it contains a classic Buckingham melody and lyric.

3, THE LAST DJ – Tom Petty and the heartbreakers

Of all the Petty gems, which are pretty much all the songs he has ever written really, this catchy title track from Tom Petty and the Heartbreaker's 2002 album tells regrettably of the downfall of the



classic radio DJ; the John Peel types who gave a face to popular music and spoke to the listener on a more personal level. Petty laments the loss of the real passion in music, but the fact that he does it to a classic melody is not only poignant, but also thankful, because frankly who wants to hear a crap song telling us a deep message? I jest of course. This is a real cool Petty classic.

4, LADY ELEANOR – Lindisfarne

A lovely tragic heartfelt track from the Lindisfarne lads. It annoys me with this group because all people seem to remember is their awful duet with Gazza, when they murdered their own track Fog on the Tyne. This is their best track though, along with a few others, so I suggest you get the Lady Eleanor album or the Greatest Hits and give this a whirl. I love it.

5, OLD MAN – Neil Young

As far as Neil Young songs go, this is just perfection. In fact the whole bloody Harvest album is amazing, but Old Man really has

been hitting me lately. That opening, that verse structure, then that chorus! JESUS! It's a classic track. If you don't have Harvest then there's something wrong with you to be honest. So go get it quick!!!

BOOKS



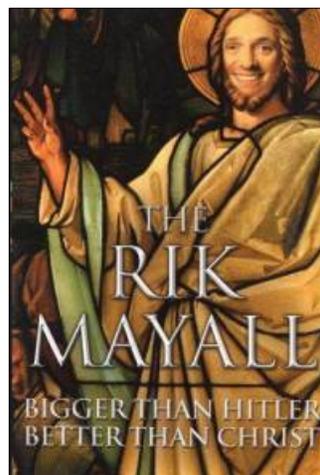
WITH NAILS by Richard E Grant

The excitement Grant has, as he takes us through his experiences in his illustrious film career, is no less than infectious, although I often wish he'd cut down on the capital letters. From his beginnings in *Withnail and I*, through Hollywood in *Hudson Hawk* (a great account of a disastrous film) and *The Player*, Grant name drops something rotten and highlights the craziness and pretentiousness of his business. He comes out as a down to earth bloke, thrilled that he is mixing with stars like Steve Martin, never failing to remind us it's all down to Bruce Robinson casting him in *Withnail* and thanking Daniel Day Lewis for turning the part down in the first place. Recommended reading, although parts of it just seem to be a kind of "I met this bloke, then went to thingy, then met thingymajiggy who told me I was great in *Withnail*." Still, you can't stop reading the gossip!

BIGGER THAN HITLER, BETTER THAN CHRIST by Rik Mayall

Now I don't know how many times I've opened this book and flicked through it, laughing my tits off at the general mayhem inside, but I still never tire of it. I got it when it was first released in about 2006, and just got myself a fresh new hardback copy, as the

paperback is a little worn out. I know people expected Rik to write a standard straight autobiography, but this to me just seems mad. This is Rik Mayall for god's sake. You expect him to do something like everybody else? I GOT this book right away, as it really seems



to be mocking the LOOK AT ME aspects of celebrity biogs and I love it for that. I think everyone should own this book. Whether he's telling us about banging actresses in toilets, being beaten up and called a fat

has been in the street, or taking us through his ideas for condom commercials, this is definitely the one book that has made me laugh the most in my life. Thanks Rik, this gem brings me a lot of joy.

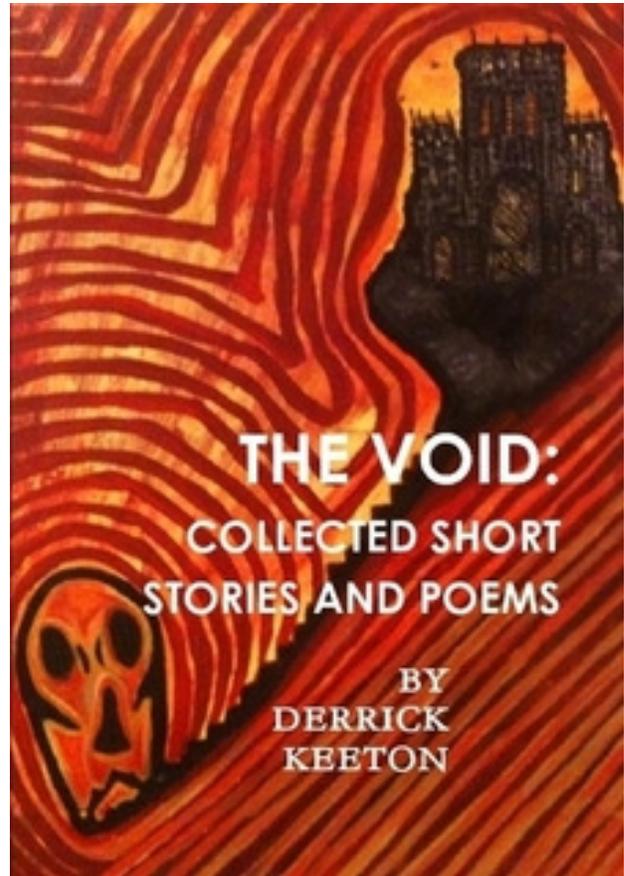
THE VISUALS

Recently I was bought the Tom Petty DVD *Runnin' Down a Dream*, a 3 and half hour documentary on the legend's career. The set contains the doc on 2 DVDs, a DVD containing the 30th anniversary concert and a CD of unreleased tracks. Now I usually watch a documentary on a band and come away thinking "Shit, I'm not listening to them again!" (eg. I watched a Santana documentary last week and was left a bit surprised). But this one was a joy and I wound up liking Petty even more. What a dude! I have also been watching *Four Rooms* on Channel 4, where some hopeful tries to flog their "gems" to one of four expert dealers. It's the only thing I watch on TV to be honest. I highly recommend it.

THE VOID

DERRICK KEETON'S DEBUT BOOK OF PEOTRY AND SHORT STORIES WAS RELEASED THIS MONTH BY WISDOM TWINS BOOKS. IN A REVEALING ARTICLE, DERRICK TELLS US HIS STORY AND HIS PASSION FOR WRITING.

A void can be interpreted in many ways. For some, a void is seen as a gap, or area aspect of an individual's life needing to be filled. However, a void may also be seen as an area often overlooked or misunderstood where ideas originate and flourish; and where concepts and life begins in an obscure, parallel world. Experience within itself is often the biggest gap in communication between individuals. Therefore, it takes a certain trust or understanding, and want to know the level of communication which I expound in "THE VOID." Many of the stories come from deep-seeded longing and were moulded into tales with often terse, irregular endings simply because I felt it necessary to divulge, in some form, the turmoil experienced in my life. Although this underlying element is meshed with, as one will note in "Enchanted Highway," "Hint's Peak," and "Woman in the Morgue," the more touchy, deviant norms Americans have become desensitized towards. Yet we choose to overlook them and hope they'll mutate into something more pleasant. Sorry! Looks like there are still people committing savage acts for material and monetary gain. And yes, when we choose to take a closer look at obsession, unveiled is the reality that haphazard guises such as "entertainment," and "necessity" are in place, like the mirrors on Hint's Peak, to make people believe in something intangible and unreal. I despise all forms of ignorance and wilful self-delusion of the mind, as well as bureaucratic, capitalistic, religious-zealot, corporate striving, tech-promoting, mindless pop culture, bullshit...utter and complete bullshit. The poetry is a result of my skipping most of high school to write verse alone in a small closet space with dim light, while my family went out to make a mark in the world I, at one point, did not believe in. As time wore on I dropped out and enlisted in the North Carolina Army National Guard. None of the poems in "THE VOID" are from this era, as it took time for that gift in my life to mature and begin to truly reflect my deepest reactions personally towards society, interpersonal relationships, political corruption, and the havoc and evil culture seems to evoke via intrigue. Jump ahead six years, I'm in Northeast Tennessee and my military service ends abruptly because I chose to smoke too much



marijuana, constantly listen to Nirvana, was never without a book in my hands, and desired to be alone most (if not all) of the time. Yet I have no regrets. THE VOID, in a very real way, speaks volumes for the last 10 years of my life. Complicated, but in a nutshell the almond tastes something like this: Born in Athens, Tennessee on September 3, 1986. Parents Jim Keeton and Debbie Pritchett. They have my baby sister, Courtney. One gets drunk one night and beats the other, my mom, sister, and I end up at Lawton, Oklahoma where Debbie *mom* falls for Sargeant Buddy Adams, US ARMY, and his charming two daughters, Cassie and Gretchen, and son, Ryan. We move to Vilseck, Germany where life is good, meaningful, until we go back to the states to Fayetteville, North Carolina, where Buddy is stationed at Fort Bragg. Jump ahead 10 years, the Sergeant gets the boot for looking at kiddie porn, family torn asunder. -INSERT DISILLUSIONMENT HERE-. And you can very well understand why I'd rather skin a cat then write an autobiography. However, to end where we began, THE VOID was my refuge and writing will always be that parallel world where I transmute my litany of bitterness and scorn into intrinsic prose, razor-sharp poetry. I am thankful, grateful, and proud that Chris Wade saw the heart and potential in THE VOID. If you've made it this far, I thank you too! -Salutations, Derrick Keeton.

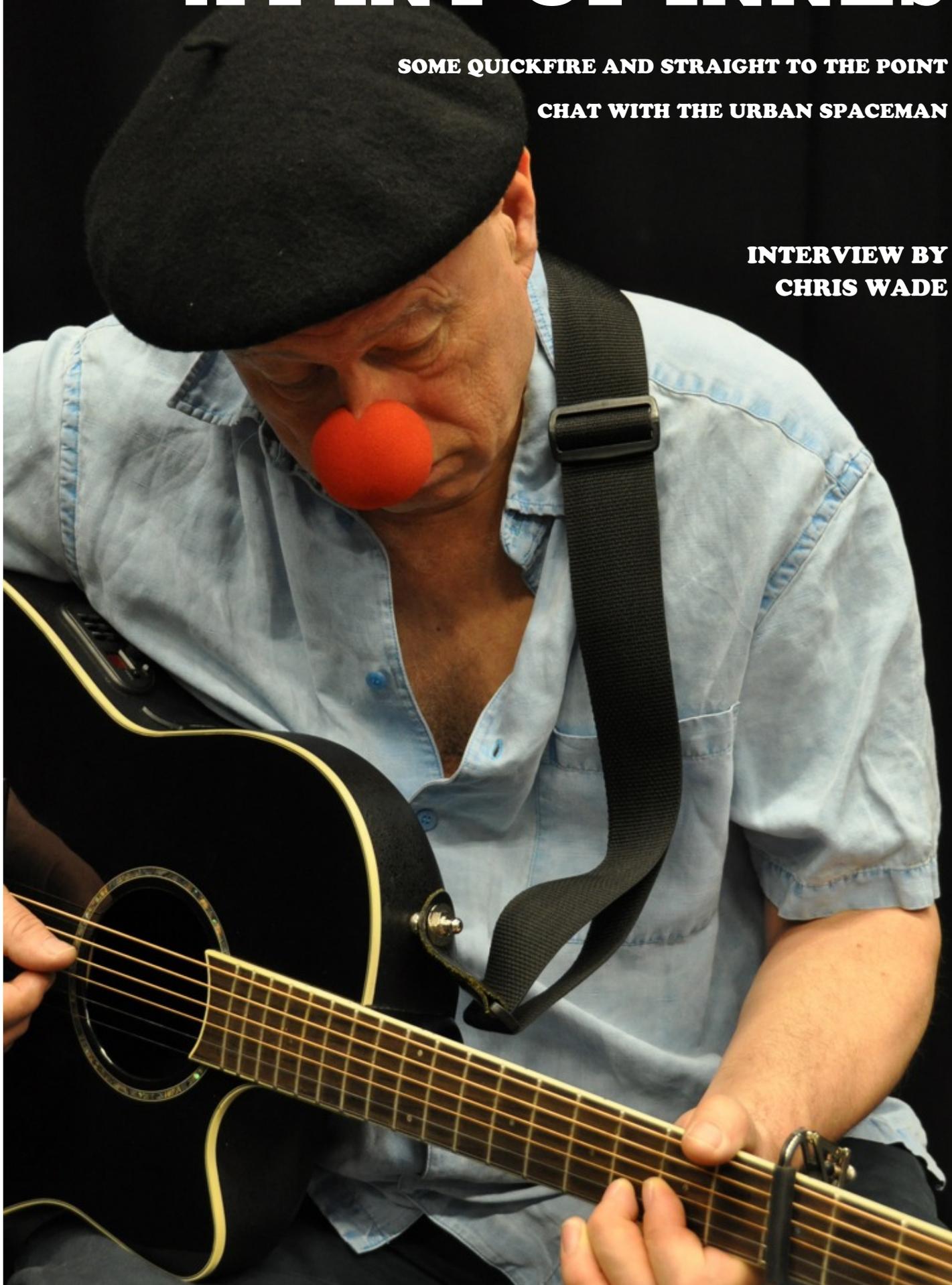
BUY THE BOOK NOW FROM THE WISDOM TWINS BOOKS WEBSITE....

A PINT OF INNES

SOME QUICKFIRE AND STRAIGHT TO THE POINT

CHAT WITH THE URBAN SPACEMAN

INTERVIEW BY
CHRIS WADE





You seem to tour constantly in one way or another. How do you keep your energy up?

Lucozade Alert

When you started playing music, who were your big influences?

Chopin and Mozart

Did you have a clear aim of what you wanted to do in the Bonzo Dog Doo Dah Band or did it all kind of come together accidentally?

Are you serious? Completely and utterly accidental!

Do you remember first meeting Viv? What were your impressions?

Viv was overweight, wearing Billy Bunter check trousers, a black Victorian Frock coat, horrid little violet tinted pins nez glasses. He carried a battered Euphonium under his arm and sported very large pink foam rubber ears. I didn't do impressions at the time but I did think he was an interesting sort of chap.

Looking back at your career, there's so much I've loved as a kid all through my life. Your appearance in Magical Mystery Tour is one. How did the band end up being in that?

Paul McCartney's brother Michael suggested the Bonzos to him

How did you meet Eric Idle and begin the great work you did with him and Python on the 4th series?

I met Eric when the Bonzos were part of "Do Not Adjust Your Set". I wrote with Graham on the 4th series.

Do you ever watch the old classics like Rutland Weekend Television and Innes Book of Records?

Very rarely. It's scary seeing myself so thin and young!

RWT is my favourite. How did this one come about?

Eric asked me if I'd like to make some television with him while Python was playing Drury Lane. I said no at first because I didn't really like TV. He said "why?" and I said the camera never pointed at the right things. He said I could tell the camera where to point so I said "OK".

So The Rutles, when writing those songs, which sound so Beatle like it's scary at times, did you face complications with legal matters?

ATV Music [Northern Songs] threw the book at me and said I was not to be credited with writing them and that all Rutles songs were written by Lennon and McCartney. Since then Sony Music [who own ATV and Northern Songs] have instructed the PRS not to pay me any performance royalties which is completely against the law. I have also never been paid for producing the first Rutle album or received my rightful royalty share for over 30 years. Apart from that, no complications at all.

Did you hear what The Beatles thought of it?

George loved it, John thought was a laugh, Ringo was indifferent, Paul hated it.

Have you seen Can't Buy Me Lunch?

Yes.

I interviewed Brett Hudson a while back about the Seventh Python, the film he made about you; how are people reacting to this film?

You have to talk to Brett. I am distancing myself from the project.



The Idiot Bastard Band is another interesting project. How did you come about working with Ade Edmondson and the others?

Ade and Phil were on the Bonzo reunion tour in 2006 and are now fully fledged ex-Bonzos.

What' up next for you Neil? More tours or interesting projects?

Filming the current live show: "A People's Guide To World Domination", internet radio, a socio-political App game, an audio book, more shows, recordings, all of which I could be getting on with instead of answering these questions...

Looking back at your rich career, which parts are you most proud of?

The private ones.

Is there any one you'd like to work with?

The Head of Accounts at EMI.

If you had to make a choice; a jammy scone or being stared at by a jealous hawk?

A pot of Crab Paste.

One more thing; will you ever write a book?

I am! Will I ever finish it?

Neil Innes is soon to be doing one of the things he wishes to do rather than answering questions, in the Uk in Autumn. Let's hope no other pesky interviewers come along during his tour.....

SUNDAY 31.07.2011

THE SAGE

FRIDAY 09.09.2011

SWINDON ARTS CENTRE

SUNDAY 11.09.2011

THE BROOK

FRIDAY 16.09.2011

THE NEW CUT

FRIDAY 23.09.2011

FIBBERS

SATURDAY 24.09.2011

LIFT CLUB GLOBAL MUSIC CLUB

THURSDAY 06.10.2011

SOUTH STREET

SATURDAY 08.10.2011

WELLINGTON ARTS CENTRE

SATURDAY 22.10.2011

THE ROPEWALK

FRIDAY 28.10.2011

THE GUILDHALL

SUNDAY 30.10.2011

GREENWICH THEATRE



THANKS FOR READING...

HOUND DAWG

MAGAZINE