

HOUND DAWG

MAGAZINE

"I'M A HOUND DAWG!"

NO. 15 FEBRUARY 2012

JETHRO TULL

**THE LEGENDARY IAN
ANDERSON DISCUSSES
CATS AND MUSIC**

A TRIBUTE TO KEN RUSSELL

**A LOOK BACK AT THE
LATE FILM DIRECTOR,
AND HIS KEYS WORKS,
INCLUDING THE MUSICAL
TOMMY**



**PLUS! NIGHTBUS SINGER
HANNAH MELBOURN TALKS ABOUT
'THE SNATCHER' HER NEW
AUDIOBOOK WITH CHRIS WADE**

HOUND DAWG ISSUE 15

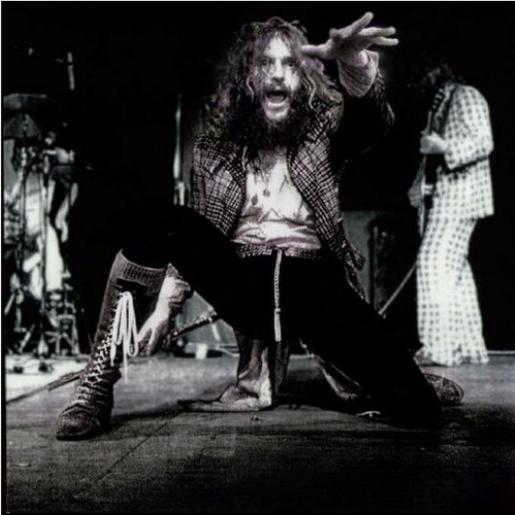
FEBRUARY 2012

WISDOM TWINS BOOKS

WT043

EDITOR: CHRIS WADE

E mail: wisdomtwinsbooks@hotmail.com



HOUND DAWG HAS RETURNED!!! THE ENTIRE WORLD HAS BEEN WAITING FOR THIS EVENT WITH HELD BREATH, WITH THEIR EYES BULGING OUT OF THEIR HEADS AND THEIR HANDS QUIVERING AND SHAKING WITH SUSPENSE. THEY WERE ALL SO DESPERATE THEY'D BEEN FORCED TO READ THE BACK ISSUES OVER AND OVER AGAIN. I RECEIVED HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF EMAILS AND PHONE CALLS, "WHEN IS IT COMING BACK? PLEASE TELL ME CHRIS, WE NEED MORE HOUND DAWG! WITHOUT IT MY LIFE IS AN AIMLESS TRAIN, ON SHITTY BROKEN TRACKS, READY TO GO VEERING OFF AT THE SPEED OF LIGHT ANY MINUTE!" THE TIME HAD COME TO UNLEASH THE DRUG THEY ALL SO DESIRED....

Yeah right. When I told the magazine's four loyal readers (well, the three loyal readers I should say, the other one only looks at the pictures) that the magazine was returning, I was told in unison that they had lost interest and now devoted their eyes to MOJO. "It's much thicker and you get a free CD!" exclaimed Orville, the fisherman with no neck. "Yes," agreed the tiny little pea gum otter. "Hound Dawg is sooooo 2010!!!"

Well here it is..... Enjoy it as much as I enjoyed my tea last night... MMMMM, I like malt loaf.....

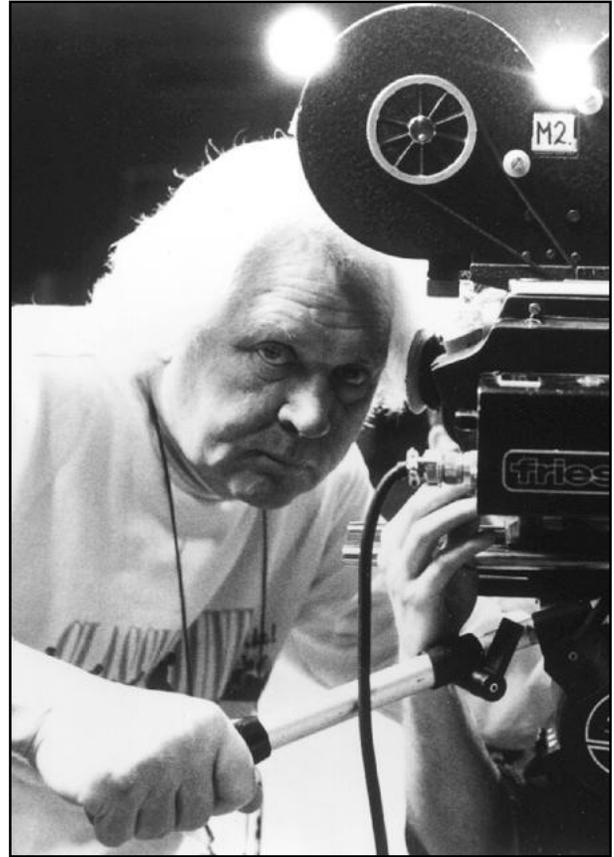
A TRIBUTE TO KEN RUSSELL

“Reality is a dirty word for me. I know it isn’t for most people, but I am not interested. There’s too much of it about.”

It was a sad day when Ken Russell departed this world at the end of last year. Britain and the world lost one of its true eccentrics, one of its true visionaries, its ultimate outsider. The phrase maverick is being thrown about a lot now, but if it really does apply to one film director then it is Ken Russell. Russell did things his way and his way only. As Mark Kermode observed, Russell never made a compromise. He was an artist, an innovator, and if a film maker can be classed as a genius then Mr Russell was also that. Known for his essential early BBC movies, film extravaganzas like *Tommy*, classic adaptations such as *Women in Love*, controversial masterpieces like *The Devils*, bonkers horror films such as *The Lair of the White Worm*, *Gothic* and *The Fall of the Louse Of Usher*, when a Russell film had been on for a mere five seconds you immediately knew who was behind it. Will there ever be a Ken Russell? God, no!

Born in Southampton in 1927, Russell tried his hand at numerous jobs, most notably a freelance photographer, before “deciding” to become a film director. An early job at the BBC for *Monitor* established him as a key force in the British film industry, and after narrow misses like *Billion Dollar Brain* with Michael Caine, Russell found his feet in the realm of cinema with the unforgettable damn near perfect *Women in Love*. Adapted from DH Lawrence’s classic novel, Russell directed a superb cast in a sublime reworking of the well loved story. Well known of course for its nude wrestling scene between Alan Bates and Oliver Reed, Russell injected his trademark lunacy into the proceedings.

Massively acclaimed, the film also earned its leading lady Glenda Jackson an Oscar nomination.



Sadly there was no Oscar for ken.

But it was with films like *The Devils* that Russell really came into a class of his own. Cut to ribbons by the censors and to this day not seen in its entirety, *The Devils* is hailed as a lost classic and one of the most controversial movies in the history of cinema. Thanks to the continuing work of film critic high priest Mark Kermode, a life long fan of Russell and that particular film, *The Devils* is finally seeing its first proper UK commercial release this April, with a decent DVD edition hitting the shelves. Kermode, it often seemed, was the only champion of Russell’s work left. It could be seen in the future as his signature movie.

Russell was known by many as an over the top director, the least subtle man in movies, but the fact is that some of his finest work was understated. The brilliant *Savage Messiah*, a tale of a sculptor, was wonderfully and subtly acted, featuring a very young and very nude Helen Mirren posing for the sculpture, getting carried away and doing karate moves around a manor house. (And I have just tried to argue the fact that Russell’s films

could also be subtle) Of course, his in your face work was just as brilliant; The Who's Tommy was turned into a visual masterpiece by Russell, an irresistible romp full of amazing visuals, breath taking set pieces and a whole cast of familiar faces.

When watching one of Russell's finer works, one wondered why he found it so hard to find funding for his movies in his latter days.

His 80s work, although more cultish and barking mad than any of his other work (which is a bold statement indeed), showed Russell in highly imaginative and blossoming form; with Altered States he freaked out Hollywood with a drugged up sci-fi tale told the way only Ken Russell could tell it.

The fall of Russell symbolises something depressing in British culture. Where are all the new eccentrics? Where are all the new characters? The ones who don't give a shit? Will we ever have someone as individual, daring, provocative and downright brilliant as Ken Russell again? Will we chuff! Read his autobiography for instance, A British Picture, and what you get is a glimpse into a one off mind, a man who even made the usually self indulgent and boring art of the autobiography a treat; his is as mind bogglingly brilliant and vividly beautiful as one of his on screen masterpieces.

The sad part of Russell's tale in a way is that he wasn't fully appreciated when he was alive. Like so many great visionaries and geniuses, his work was swept under the carpet by the media and never given the full credit it deserved. But what does that

even mean and what does it matter? The day he died the internet was full of tributes, many by The Guardian and such supposedly higher brow publications, who remembered "a genius" and a true "one off." Yet when he was alive they barely acknowledged him and if they did it was in passing mention, "mad old ken" and all that bollocks. Where were his champions when he was still here? But isn't this always the case? And is it important? I know Russell didn't care whether he'd be remembered or not. The important thing is though, he IS remembered and his work will be put along side the work of Kubrick, Scorsese and all the truly great film makers.

Writing this just over two months after his death, many of his films, including The Rainbow and Women in Love have replayed on TV, and BBC 4 produced a documentary on the great man, entitled A Bit of A Devil. And guess what? It was one of the best things I'd seen on the box for a long while. RIP Ken. Keep being bonkers up there...



WORDS: CHRIS WADE

KEN RUSSELL'S TOMMY (1975)



A glammed up Ann Margret on her knees being engulfed in a wave of bubbles, before gaily frolicking in endless streams of baked beans and chocolate sauce; Tina Turner's legs and lips quivering after she has just annihilated an unsuspecting Roger Daltrey with syringe after syringe of mind altering drugs; Keith Moon opening his dirty old Mack to reveal a body littered in a seemingly endless selection of bras, suspenders and knickers which come flying off him as if he's some seedy jack in the box; Oliver Reed prancing about as a friendly Green Coat at Bernie's Holiday Camp. These are some of the richest and most unforgettable images in Tommy, and although it may be a musical, bursting at the seams with the finest musical genius that The Who ever had to offer, it is still the pictures that Ken Russell puts before us that we remember when the film is over.

The plot of Tommy follows the life of, well, Tommy, who is turned deaf, dumb and blind by the horror of witnessing his presumed to be dead father being killed by his mother's new lover. As the film progresses the mother (Ann Margret) and lover Uncle Frank (Reed), riddled with guilt, attempt to do anything within their powers to bring the boy back to his senses. After several unsuccessful experiments, turning to faith, drugs and science, Tommy becomes a fluke millionaire when he masters the art of pinball, becoming a "pinball wizard." When his mother becomes frustrated and pissed on money and fame, she throws her son into the mirror he has been staring into throughout the whole movie, and brings him abruptly back to life. Tommy then becomes a Christ like prophet adored by legions of young followers,

who inevitably turn on him, chanting "we're not gonna take it." Once again Russell gives us some wonderful religious imagery and Tommy becomes a figure of worship, soon to be turned on. While his mother and Frank are killed in the up rise, Tommy flees the mayhem and reaches a kind of euphoric self understanding, as a rising sun fills the screen before a divine silhouette of Tommy on a hill top.

When people discuss Ken Russell, they bring up the extravagance, the over the top directorial style and probably most importantly, his love of music and the brilliance he had at capturing the beauty within it. The Who's Pete Townshend obviously knew that no one would make this film, based on the band's 1968 album and stage play, as spectacular as Ken Russell would. When he was sent the proposal, Russell was initially not impressed. Listening to the first side of the album, he dismissed it, never a fan of rock and roll itself and finding this particular album "the most awful rubbish he had ever heard." Thankfully, Russell was convinced to tackle the project, but was adamant that a lot of loose ends in the plot would need to be tied up. Russell also insisted that the role of Tommy's Uncle Frank should go to Oliver Reed, which was an odd decision, given the fact that the film contained no spoken dialogue, was all sung and Reed could not sing a note to save his life. But Russell was soon seduced by the ideas and the sound of Tommy, and The Who in particular. While he had heard every tale going about the wild exploits of drummer Keith Moon, he found him to be not only a great screen performer (in his Uncle Ernie role) but also a charming man, despite reports from Townshend that Russell found Moon unpredictable and wanted him off the film. He also openly spoke of his fondness for the band itself. "This country is in a weird, feeble, grotesque state and it's about time it got out of it," Russell said. "And I think that Pete Townshend, The Who, Roger Daltrey, Entwistle, Moon, could rise this country out of its decadent, ambient state more than Wilson and those crappy people could ever hope to achieve!" Russell, with those words, clearly believed in the power of great art, the positive influence it could have and was bitterly disappointed with what Britain had become in the 1970s. Unfortunately, things only got worse.

Considering he had no real initial interest in the film, or the genre of music that gave birth to it for that matter, Russell really does bring us a truly great cinematic achievement, for me the ultimate musical and as Russell later said "the only real rock opera." I grew up with the images of Tommy lighting up my childhood, so for me, seeing that it is still a breathtaking star studded spectacle is particularly rewarding. Looking back from 2005, Russell was also pleased how the film had stood the test of time and

proudly put it right up there with his best work. And so he should; every scene is a new piece of magic, every song a unique pleasure for the ears and every shot a work of art. Russell had a real piece of potential brilliance to work with and with his exuberant energy and love for the absurd, he ran with it and created a modern masterpiece which has endured some 36 years of existence. Even now, it looks and sounds amazing. While my interest has always slightly flagged towards the final fifteen or so minutes, the large bulk of the film is near to perfection. If a film was ever made for Russell's "blow your mind" visuals, then this is it. Tommy is for sure the one film of Russell's that most people, especially these days, seem to remember. More accessible than some of his more "serious" work, Tommy has become a cult film. But

receive from an adoring public. Although they see their idols as role models, icons even, as they kneel and prey before their alter, they are in fact figures who are far from perfect themselves, especially to a young impressionable mind. Has celebrity over taken religion as the bright light to which we all look for an answer? By 1975 it was fast becoming so. Now, people are driven by the sole desire to be famous. Not for anything in particular, just for the sheer satisfaction and elevation of being famous. Ironically, it was a way of life that Ken Russell himself would come across when he decided to be a guest housemate on 2007's Celebrity Big Brother and found himself reviled by Jade Goody and her equally hostile family, the ultimate icons of fame garnered by no achievement or talent. Yet she was still adored, even



even though it might not seem as heavy as Russell's more controversial films, such as *The Devils*, Russell still provides the viewer (and listener) with some provocative images, certainly raising a few stimulating thoughts in ones mind. For one, it's littered with religious metaphors, references and blindingly obvious imagery, a favourite tactic used by Russell in much of his work to highlight the controlling authority of a state, the lack of free will forced up[on the individual and the sheer power of making people believe in something, and more importantly to make them fear it. Quite early on in the film, when Tommy is taken to the church by his mother in an attempt to cure him, he is confronted not with a Christ figure, but a Marilyn Monroe, with preachers (played by Arthur Brown and Eric Clapton) handing out pills and scotch to the crippled, desperate and needy. What is brought to our attention is surely the danger of pure blinded worship that celebrities, movie stars and rock stars

for her flaws and the papers couldn't get enough of her. Sadly, neither could their readers; the public. Fame has certainly become the new goal, the ultimate ideal. But in *Tommy*, Russell for one recognises that it really, beyond a shallow level, holds no real answer or cure for Tommy himself

Looking beyond all this and concentrating on the straight forward folk legend of *Tommy*, the film has one scene for which it is most fondly remembered, and that is the unforgettable moment that Ann Margret, consumed with greed and shallow wealth, sits before the TV to receive firstly a showering of bubbles, then beans, and finally chocolate, which she spends a minute or so jumping and rolling around in. Exhausted, she rolls over, covered in "dirt" and reaches for a vase of perfectly white flowers, rubbing them down herself as if to cleanse the corruption from her soul. Russell himself

interpreted the flurry of beans coming out of the Rex Beans commercial on the television as “a revenge parody,” referring to his pre film days as a commercial director. I see it as the empty barrage of shallow consumerism engulfing ones very being; everything is a package, sold to us by the television. I could be wrong of course.

The role was to be Ann Margret’s crowning glory, a complete tour de force where she put everything she had into the part of Tommy’s tortured mother. Recording her vocal parts in little over a day, Ann Margret shone like a bright light in the film, vocally and visually pushing the film one stage further into brilliance. Her efforts earned her a second Oscar nomination and a win for best Actress at the Golden Globes. Funnily enough the actress was surprised Ken turned out to be so nice, given the press’s negative picture of him. “A teddy bear,” is how she later described him. Funnily enough this seems to match Tina Turner’s impressions of Ken; the soul queen, playing the drug crazed Acid Queen who tries to inject Tommy back into the “real world”, liked Ken because he reminded her of Santa Claus. “She’s a nice woman who makes biscuits,” Ken later exchanged.

If there is one thing open to criticism in Tommy, although I see no real problem with it myself, then it is the choice of casting certain actors who cannot sing too well. Pete Townshend was unconvinced that Reed could tackle the songs, especially when an audition that he and Russell conducted didn’t go down too well. Townshend was apparently downing Brandy from the bottle as Reed struggled through some notes from one of the film’s songs. Oliver was sent away to learn his songs, which was difficult for the actor. It took two days to nail the recording of one of his songs alone and fifteen takes were needed before Reed to perfected the lip synching in time with his own recorded vocal

But I feel Oliver Reed’s lack of vocal talent for instance only enhances the character’s sleazier elements. Reed makes Frank an even more shambolic, reluctant father figure, a slightly shady man not unlike the actor’s portrayal of Bill Sykes in Oliver, but admittedly nowhere near as evil. Frank, although flawed, seems to care for the boy in some way. Ken Russell himself however claimed that Frank couldn’t care less about the boy and some might presume that the only reason he sticks around is through sheer guilt. I disagree. Although Frank is capable of some evil, he is not a completely bad soul. But Oliver’s lack of singing ability adds another dimension to this wonderful character, especially when he slurs out “I think it’s alright, yes I think it’s alright,” and slimily adds “I wish I knew,” when he hands Jack Nicholson (another surprise cast member) the cheque. Frank has

a slightly pitiful air about him, but this could be more down to reed’s take on the character than the way he is written.

In fact, the character of Uncle Frank was written up by Russell in the script, presumably to use as much of Ollie as he could. “Everything you see Oliver Reed doing in the film Keith (Moon) was supposed to do,” Townshend later remarked. Russell had reversed the Uncle Frank and Uncle Ernie roles, unarguably creating a stronger element to the story itself. Russell also updated the time setting a whole 30 years, from 1921 to 1951 in the song where Frank and Tommy’s mother discuss the prospects of their future together. With his important changes to the focus of the film, Russell did bring the ideas and music to life in a way that no other director could. The symbolic images are strong, at times blatantly obvious, but always engaging. Still, it’s easy to see why fans of more straight forward and dull films could be put off by Ken’s surreal flare, and some audiences at the time found it hard work. In fact, Tommy was so known for its mind boggling scenes of psychedelic trippiness that Eric Idle in his TV show Rutland Weekend television created a spoof sketch of the film. In it, Eric Idle is Roger Dull playing the role of Pommy, staring blankly into the air as Tommy does. Images of smoking nuns, Nazi usherettes in a cinema, and other typically intense Ken Russell-esque moments flash across the screen. The film, which has apparently won an Oscar for loudest film, follows an English immigrant in Australia whose parents are crushed by a white symbolic disc. Seemingly tearing Russell apart, a spectacled Eric Idle tells us the plot also follows Pommy’s attempted escape from the cinema after becoming deaf, dumb and blind after watching a Ken Russell film. Ken’s face even appears at one point, smiling on of the white symbolic discs that Pommy holds up into the air. For the record, the accompanying song Neil Innes provides for the soundtrack could have come straight out of the real film itself. But it seems, judging by the cutting jibes of Mr Idle, that Russell’s extreme style even offended a member of a supposedly revolutionary gang such as Monty Python. Not bad.



KEN RUSSELL'S LAIR OF THE WHITE WORM (1988)



The real treat with Ken Russell was that he was sure to deliver something quite unlike anything you had seen before. Whatever the genre, Russell seemed to take it and turn the whole thing on its head. There are countless horror movies, and some of the more vampiric variety seem to possess a slight, predictable erotic edge, a kind of unimaginative dark sexual fantasy that we're all supposed to have but not admit to others. But with Russell's take on the genre, if one can call *Lair of the White Worm* horror that is, the viewer seems to be dragged deep into areas that are frequently unsettling, occasionally erotic, at times disturbing and almost always ludicrously brilliant. It's a mesmerising, occasionally troubling journey into the mind of a true one off. Not Stoker, but Russell.

Based loosely, and I say loosely, on Bram Stoker's novel, the story centres around the familiar British folk lore of the Lambton Worm, only Russell dares to go further than any other director could have. When Angus (Peter Capaldi) discovers a mysterious skull on the grounds of a Bed and Breakfast, various theories are thrown about the place, not only by Angus, but by the Trent sisters who run the B and B, as well as James (Hugh Grant) who is

a descendant of John d'Ampton who supposedly killed the infamous "worm" (or snake if you prefer) years ago. Putting two together, James begins an expedition to unearth the worm which he still believes to be alive in a cave beneath the house belonging to Lady Sylvia Marsh (Amanda Donohoe). Marsh turns out to be an immortal being with an allegiance to the snake god Dionin, and a view to making a new sacrifice for the worshipped beast.

One must begin by pointing out that the film is crammed full of wonderful, unforgettable imagery. You can see why many people may be disturbed by some sequences, but by overcoming any worries, one can only admire the sheer abandonment of Russell's take on this wonderfully daft story. Thankfully, Stoker's original story is not too well known, in relation to *Dracula* at least, so Russell had the freedom to explore his darkest thoughts and realise them with a fairly decent budget of 2 and a half million. As with many a Russell work, the movie is full of phallic symbols, this time of course the recurring image and theme of the snake, which dominates the film throughout. Almost every scene features a clever little visual or a downright obvious reference to snakes, from the Snakes and Ladders board game Donohoe plays in front of the fire, to the large strap on dildo/serpent she dons at the finale of the film deep in the cave. Yes, you read the last part right.

One scene in particular stands out and is totally Ken Russell from start to finish. Hugh Grant's character is dreaming; he enters the door of an aeroplane, which Donohoe, done up as a stewardess (the kind of stewardess outfit you'd find at Ann Summer that is) closes behind him. He sits, in pilot uniform, doing a crossword with a red marker which is shaped like a snake. Donohoe and a second stewardess end up fighting on the ground, grappling and wrestling, their suspenders visible under their rising short skirts in a clear moment of sexual fantasy from Grant's character, who sits looking on, the red pen raising like an erection between his legs. Donohoe is also seen feeding two catatonic passengers a drink, while both are tied to their seats. The soundtrack, like something out of Tommy, adds extra weirdness to the sequence, as Donohoe hides round a corner and pokes her leg out seductively, stretching it out like a snake, as Grant looks on with enjoyment. It is then his character is awoken by the eccentric butler. Sublime.

But there are still, despite the enjoyment that is to be had, a few moments that briefly take away your breath, it has to be said, and even someone accustomed to Russell's way with images may gasp, or simply titter nervously, at some parts of the film. When Donohoe for instance spits her venom at the statue on the wall of the "false god" she so despises,

Christ that is, the trademark Russell blasphemy is instantly apparent. Clearly, the outright insult to Christ is strictly essential to the plot, but it soon gets a little out of most people's comfort zones. Later, when one of the Trent girls goes to wipe off the substance, unbeknownst to the fact that it is the priestess's poison, she enters into a truly horrific hallucination scene. Christ is on the cross screaming in agony, with the white worm wrapped around him, completely consuming him. Topless nuns are being raped by lecherous, uncontrollable Roman guards, who pin the sisters to the ground by stabbing them through the wrists with daggers which keep them down on the floor ready for raping, their mad tongues relentless on the nun's faces. If this wasn't a Ken Russell film, this scene would surely have come across as more controversial and would have certainly caused much more of an uproar. Seeing as it came a good 17 years after his legendary "Rape of Christ" sequence, cut from *The Devils* for being too shocking, may have perhaps made the scene appear more humorous, more easily ignorable. After all, by then he was plain "mad old Ken Russell". But the images in this scene, with the pagan priestess disgracing their god (with Donohoe standing blue skinned and yellow eyed amidst the mayhem, loving every second of it), are clearly bound to offend some.

Yet, watching the film with all this to one side, I actually see a lot of humour in Russell's version of the story. The dialogue for instance, in a brilliant Russell screenplay, is at times so funny it wouldn't be out of place in an Austin Powers movie. One line in particular, when Donohoe offers a ride to a young lad dressed in a scout's outfit, made me laugh out loud. She asks the boy what he makes of the music that is blurring out of the car speakers. "I don't care for head banging," he says. "Are you into any other type of banging?" Donohoe replies sharply. For all the preconceptions and criticisms of Ken Russell and the claims that his over the top visual style ruined many a picture, the man clearly had a great sense of humour as well as an eye for impact. All it takes is an open mind, OK sometimes a very open mind, to see that Russell often rejoiced in the humorous side of the darkness. Clearly, unless I am totally wrong, *Lair of the White Worm* can be taken as a camp kind of black comedy. For instance, how many times have you seen a man in a kilt playing bagpipes in order to summon up a police man, via a "charming" method, who has now become what can only be described as a snake like being out to poison anyone in sight with his massive fangs? Where else but in a classic Ken Russell film would you see Hugh Grant slice an elderly woman in half with a sword? Overlooking any interpretable symbolism, *Lair of the White Worm* is just too much fun to take *that* seriously.

The film came about when Russell signed a three picture deal with an American company called Vestron. He made a quick succession of similarly lavish and visually dark movies, starting with the clever *Salome's Last Dance*, an adaption of DH Lawrence's *Rainbow and Lair of the White Worm*. Dan Ireland, then working for the company, was a big fan of Ken's work and managed to get the director on his feet and in a stable state of creativity, for some time at least. In his autobiography, Ken wrote that Vestron "...encourages me to write my own scripts and direct the films of my choice. In return I give them value for money. The only snag is the size of the budgets, which are so tight it hurts." Although the budgets were tight, Russell was in a highly imaginative phase, free of any real troubles (such as finding backers) and relishing in the absurdly chaotic. Russell directs this film with his usual perfection; long shots which float in and out of close ups, beautifully framed images and the usual "psychedelic" dream-like sequences that became the man's signature. In fact one might put this forward as a recommended start for a new comer to Russell's work.

The film, although owing much to Russell, is also held together by a wonderfully charismatic turn from the kinky queen serpent herself, Amanda Donohoe. She had recently starred with one time Russell collaborator Oliver Reed in *Castaway*, and Russell had obviously been impressed with her ability in that fine film.

Donohoe, looking back on the making of the film, recalled the image of Russell to one side in the Christ scene shouting, "MORE RAPE! MORE PILLAGE!" Remembering the film as "a lot of fun," Russell himself claimed there were no limits with Donohoe, "no holds barred" and that whatever he asked her to do, she did. Amanda had initially worried that, appearing naked and blue as she sucked on a crucifix dildo in a nun rape scene, might have ruined her career. But the film, as she said "went on to become a huge cult hit!" It has to be said, Donohoe is fantastic in her role; sultry, sexy, slithering around the film in long black leather boots and skin tight outfits that cling to her. Weird, that one day, she would end up in *Emmerdale*. I wonder if fans of that soap knew of her past with Ken Russell.

Lair of the White Worm seems to take an almost comic book romp slant to Britain's traditional Hammer Horror style, with a bit of typically Ken Russell mayhem to boot and while it serves up its fair share of visual thrills, it also playfully sends up its own potential pretensions. As the Americans would say, it's a gas, simple as that.

PHOTOGRAPHY:

Coco Rocco

Bad Mood Manifest

I actually never liked big cities; I hated them since I was a little girl. But that is great about life, it certainly has a sense of wicked humor. So I end up here in London, one of the busiest and most self-centered cities of the world. But it is ok, you are making sacrifices for somebody .. or something you love. And I love taking pictures, more than anything in my life. That is why I was born; it is my journey, my destiny...

Pandemonium is series that was created out of need to do something dark and powerful, something like old baroque paintings of saints dying with an awful death. Painting that is constant remain that there is something bigger, bigger then you that should be feared. Nowadays, it seems that the world lost its true grip of a God or gods, nobody is feared, everybody wants stupid things that mean nothing... There is no punishment for those who lie, who are in the arms of greed or for those who harm others and that it is, it is our own souls and our own bad qualities we should be afraid of... our own demons.. Vanity, Anger, Hazard....

That is the true purpose of Pandemonium.



FICTION

Beauty in the Beast by Alun Evans

On a day like any other, Vanessa Paramour was being driven to the set. Her chauffeur was driving at 28mph, as Vanessa did not like to exceed this speed. She sat in the back stroking her hair. Her hair was long and it was blonde; terribly blonde. Oh yes, and she was a very famous actress, known throughout the world for her shining white smile and her thought-provoking, innovative opinions on world issues: she thought starvation and war were "awful and utterly bonkers", and felt "desperately sorry" for poor people who didn't know what it was like to be rich.

The black Land Rover carrying Vanessa stopped at traffic lights. A tramp wandered up to clean the shining, tinted windows. After he had been shooed a specific distance from the car by the chauffeur, and the lights had turned green, Vanessa Paramour shouted this: "Stop!"

The chauffeur put the car to a slow standstill. Miss Paramour did not enjoy sudden changes of movement; she was very easily brought to sickness. Her heightened sense of nausea, she exclaimed to the world's press, was brought about by her extreme sensitivity as an artist. Vanessa had seen a gang of youths crowded around something on the street corner. She was visibly distressed.

"Norman," she whimpered tearfully, "Go and get that lovely thing away from those hoodlums."

The chauffeur, whose name was Terry, did as he was told. Parking the car, he got out and headed towards the young crowd. As he approached, the tallest and spottiest of the youths looked up. Confused by the formal tuxedo dress Terry had been forced to wear, the gangly teen mistook him for some sort of special policeman.

"Pigs!" shouted Gangles; and the adolescents took flight, tripping over each other in a jumbled mass of acne, fluorescent trainers, baggy hoods and pre-pubescent machismo.

Terry walked cautiously over to where they had been crowded. He knelt down and inspected what appeared to be the remains of a dead pigeon. But no, wait a minute, the corpse was still breathing. Its eyes too, they were wide, alive with terror.

Vanessa had opened her door and was leaning out, looking down the street at where Terry stood.

"What is it Norman?" she shrieked, causing passers-by to look the other way.

"It's a half-dead pigeon," Terry called back. He looked down at the unpleasant mess and back at Vanessa. "Looks like he's on his last legs ma'am."

Vanessa thought for a second, biting her lower lip. Eventually she called over to the waiting, ever-patient Terry. "Bring him here," she said.

Terry looked doubtfully at Vanessa and then at the pigeon. He scoured the street, looking for something he could use to

pick the pigeon up.

"Bring him here, right now." Vanessa's tone was frightful.

Terry sighed. He took off his chauffeur's hat and managed to scoop the mangled pigeon inside it. Walking slowly, so as not to traumatise the bug-eyed bird anymore than necessary, he took it to Vanessa's open door.

"Awww," she said, taking the cap and cradling the bloody mess to her silicone-enhanced bosom. "You're a pretty little thing aren't you," she cooed rhetorically.

Terry got back in the driver's seat, awaiting further instructions.

Vanessa looked up with a strange smile on her face. Dr. Peasant, the special celebrity vet, ordered a set course of antibiotics and preserved foodstuffs to be given to the pigeon at hourly intervals. He did not question Miss Paramour as to whether she was aware of the dangers of keeping such animals in a domestic environment; he did whatever the celebrities asked him to do, without questions and without remorse.

As the weeks went by the pigeon grew stronger and stronger, thanks to the best veterinary services money could buy. After a couple of months, not only had the pigeon's health been fully restored, but he was now beginning to get bigger with each passing day.

Vanessa had become totally infatuated by her latest cause, so much so that she had quit the current blockbuster she was working on to devote herself full-time to her project, who she had named Beauty. Even her long-term relationship with Hollywood hunk Antonio Bravio was beginning to come under strain due to her obsession with Beauty. She hadn't had sex with him in months and it was rumoured that he had turned his salacious attentions to his luscious co-stars for some much needed carnal affection.

Meanwhile, as Beauty continued to grow larger each day, Antonio was getting angrier and angrier. Finally, one day, in a jealous rage, Antonio burst into the gigantic private suite that had been set up for Beauty to fly around in. Antonio stormed over to Beauty, who was by now so used to the human touch that he welcomed the strong hands on his large plump body with no resistance whatsoever. It was only when Antonio began to tighten his grip around the pigeon's neck that Beauty sensed something was amiss. As Antonio's grip grew tighter still, Beauty began to flap his wings madly, letting out gasping squawks.

Antonio, feeling victorious, beamed maniacally; he held Beauty close to his face, looking at him murderously.

That was when Beauty chose the only available option: two quick pecks and Antonio was kneeling on the ornate tiled floor screaming, blood pouring through his hands that desperately held his face.

Beauty flew to the ceiling and perched on a roof beam. He watched Antonio scramble around madly for a good five minutes before Vanessa came from the other side of the house to investigate the screams.

On entering the scene Vanessa didn't say much, she simply assumed correctly that Antonio had attempted to strangle Beauty and had lost his eyes for doing so. She rang an

ambulance. Then she told Antonio in a simple, matter of fact tone that they were no longer an item.

The ambulance men came and took away the screaming Antonio. They thought it odd that the beautiful Miss Paramour simply stood and beamed at the pigeon which had just gouged out her boyfriend's eyes. But those good boys kept quiet and did their job; she was rich and famous after all, who were they to question her motives?

The court case was easily thrown out by Miss Paramour's terrific lawyers. Beauty couldn't be tried; he wasn't even a human being. In any case, it was self-defense: poor blind Mr Bravio didn't have a leg to stand on. On the anniversary of Vanessa's finding, and subsequent saving of Beauty, she decided to take them both out for a special meal. They went to one of the fanciest, most expensive restaurants in London. The staff were warned in advance that one of the guests dining would not be altogether human, and of course they conceded. After all, it wasn't like they were fabulously famous, or even a little rich. No, their job was to simply cater for the ludicrous, inane demands of these people. The waiters, ever so used to the eccentricities of the rich and famous, were as polite as usual to the gigantic pigeon sitting opposite the gorgeous film star. However, other guests soon began to stare and gossip. After the fifth bout of giggling in less than twenty minutes, Vanessa became enraged and ordered the staff to throw out every other guest in the restaurant. The staff did as they were told; such was Miss Paramour's power and influence. Beauty was quieter than usual for the rest of the evening, which Vanessa attributed to his hurt feelings. However, he still ate all his food, and afterwards they took a long moonlit stroll beside the Thames.

They had drunk a considerable amount of good red wine at the restaurant and by the time they reached the house, both were a little giddy and a light-headed. Once inside, Vanessa, unable to restrain herself any longer, pounced on the stunned pigeon.

"I want your babies Beauty!!!" she cried, ripping open her expensive Chanel gown.

Beauty did not resist. They made passionate love at the bottom of the stairs.

Over the coming weeks, the couple copulated as often as possible in an attempt to impregnate Vanessa. Each night, Vanessa would look sadly at her pregnancy test and weep until she fell asleep, wrapped amidst the folds of Beauty's gigantic wingspan.

As time progressed, with still no sign of any offspring developing, Beauty began to exhibit signs of illness. Vanessa noticed that he was becoming less involved in the bedroom, and in fact less concerned with day to day life; he wasn't even eating as much. Plus, his feathers were beginning to fall out; the bed was a mess in the mornings.

Vanessa decided there must be a problem with Beauty. She took him back to see Dr. Peasant. Upon examining the enormous bird, Dr. Peasant didn't know what to make of Beauty's condition. Why, strange as it were, it looked like the pigeon had caught some type of STD. Dr Peasant looked quizzically at Miss Paramour.

"Miss Paramour, I really don't know how to say this, but it looks like..." He coughed before resuming: "Well, it looks like Beauty here has contracted some form of..." Before he could finish, Vanessa, ever the actress, had swooned magnificently. "Tell me Doc, give it to me straight. How long as he got?" she whispered harshly.

Dr. Peasant gulped. She was too crazy and too powerful to be lied to.

"A couple of days I reckon... I'm really sorry Miss Paramour."

Vanessa swooned a little more. Beauty looked on blankly.

"Be strong my love," she told him. "Be strong for mummy."

The funeral was an illustrious affair; the talk of the whole country. Aside from the millions of paparazzi and crowd of amazed well-wishers gathered around the exclusive cemetery gates, the only actual mourners were Vanessa and Terry the chauffeur.

The priest performed as he would do at any funeral, as had the gravediggers (same amount of digging required for a healthy, somewhat portly, adult male).

Vanessa mourned in a lovely way. Her waterproof make-up was beautifully rendered by the best artist in the business. The flashes of cameras were constant throughout the ceremony. When the last shovelful of dirt hit the ground, Vanessa held Terry's arm tightly.

"Come on Norman, I've had enough of these sick vultures," she said, gesturing towards the gathered army of paparazzi and autograph hunters.

Terry lead her to the black Mercedes parked beside Beauty's grave. Before getting into the car, Vanessa turned once more to look at the grave with the modest marble headstone. It portrayed a pigeon in full flight, etched below were the immortal words "Our Love was too strong". It didn't mention anything about STDs.

"Farewell good friend," Vanessa whispered.

Terry drove at the allotted 28mph as they left through the cemetery gates, doggedly followed by the paparazzi. Through narrow country roads they made their way back to the city.

Ten minutes into the journey, as they passed a small pub, Vanessa Paramour shouted this:

"Stop!"

The car slowed to a halt and Terry looked at the excited lady in the rear-view mirror. She had her nose pressed eagerly to the window and was breathing heavily. Terry followed her gaze, past the country pub into a small field that lay adjacent to the beer garden.

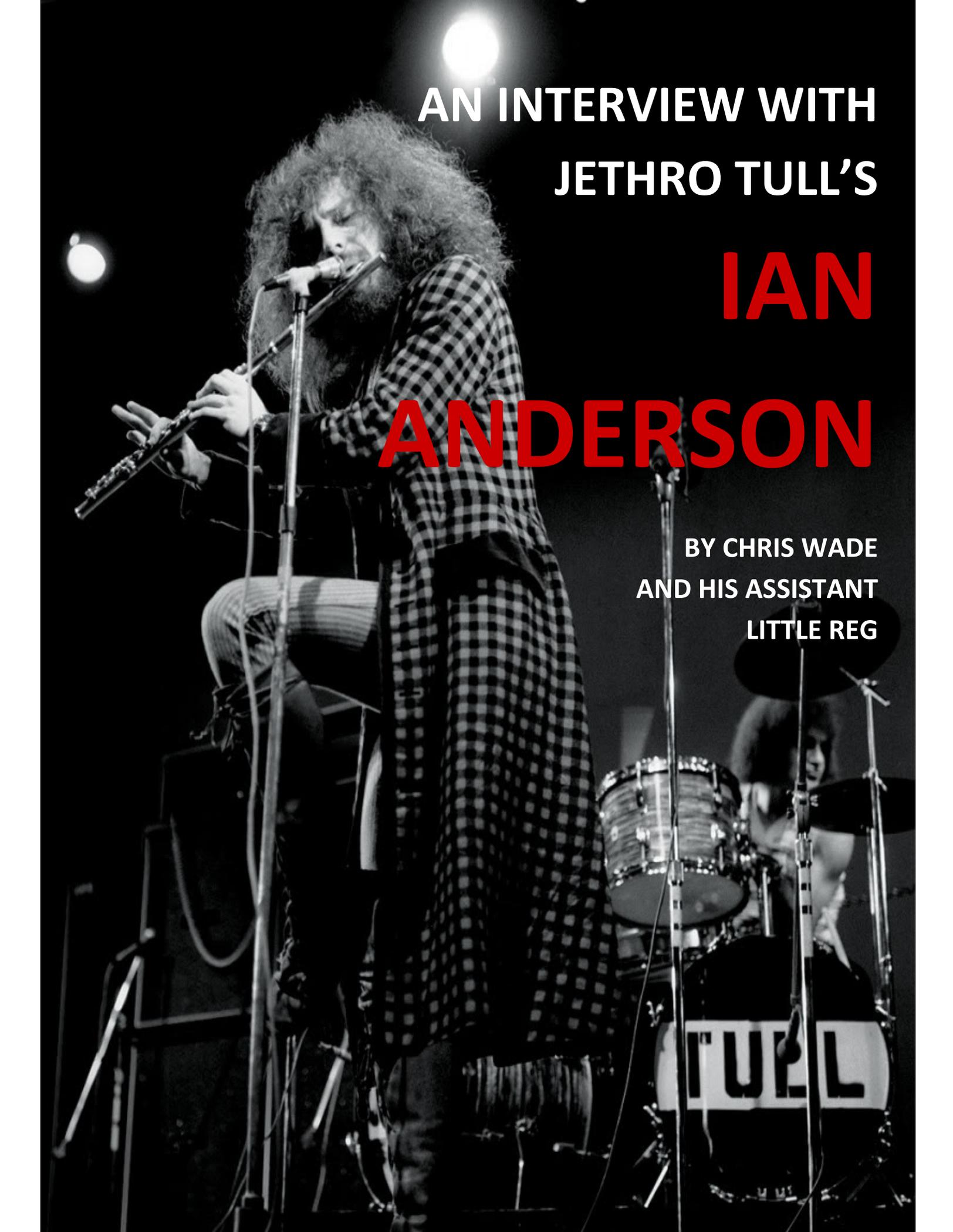
In the field was a large black stallion. It was chained to the ground and standing very still in the afternoon light. Beside the horse stood three burly men, laughing and talking as they drank beer and looked admiringly at the awesome beast.

Terry's gaze came back to the rear-view mirror. Vanessa was looking directly at him. The convoy of paparazzi vehicles were queued patiently behind them for well over a mile.

"Norman," she whimpered, "Go and get that lovely thing away from those hoodlums."

Terry sat in the driver's seat thinking. Really thinking.

THE END

A black and white photograph of Ian Anderson, the lead singer of Jethro Tull, performing on stage. He is wearing his signature long, curly hair and a checkered coat, and is captured in the middle of playing a flute. The background is dark with stage lights visible. The text of the article is overlaid on the right side of the image.

**AN INTERVIEW WITH
JETHRO TULL'S**

**IAN
ANDERSON**

**BY CHRIS WADE
AND HIS ASSISTANT
LITTLE REG**

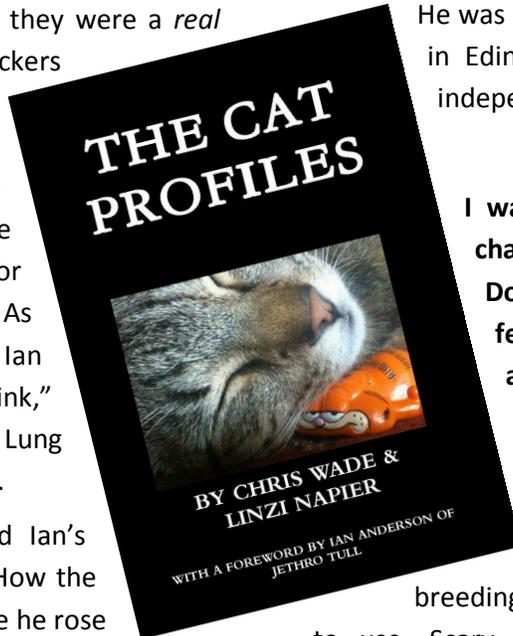
The image of Ian Anderson standing on one leg playing the flute, then hunching before the mike stand to deliver cleverly structured tongue tied lyrics has been in my head since I was a boy. My dad listened to prog giants Jethro Tull and I distinctly remember seeing old footage of Ian on Top of the Pops 2 doing Witches Promise and just thinking that they were a *real* band, a motley crew of hairy rockers who made you think and did things a little, OK very, different to everyone else. I thought they were a cut above the rest, for me a far superior group to their contemporaries. As Rolling Stone once put it; "Now Ian Anderson wants to make us think," when their seminal LP Aqua Lung was released to instant acclaim.

Recently I had enjoyed Ian's appearance on a show called How the Brits conquered America, where he rose above the sex, drugs and rock n' roll cliché and gave a refreshing slant on stateside success. Some people may know that Ian recently wrote the foreword to my cat charity book, The Cat Profiles (half of the sales were going to Yorkshire Cat and Kitten rescue, but now I'm sending along *all* of the royalties- so anyone wanting to adopt a cat in need can email rachael@twismo.co.uk). So it was with great pleasure he answered some questions for me. After sending them along, I went on a break with my girlfriend to Staithes on the east Yorkshire Coast, not far from Whitby. The cottage was on the sea front in the tiny, remote, relaxing village; there was no TV, so I could escape the tripe that passes for entertainment on it for a couple of days at least. They did have a little CD player though and a little shelf of CDs, no more than 20. One of them was Aqua Lung, so I stuck it on while peering out

at the sea. Bloody bliss....

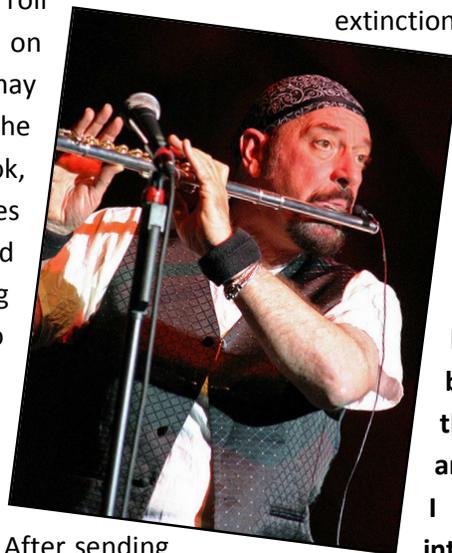
Ian, may I firstly say thanks for contributing to our Cat Profiles book. When did your fondness for felines first begin?

Aged 7 when I met a feral cat we named Smudge. He was an occasional visitor to my home in Edinburgh and I was struck by his independence and arrogant nature.



I want to pass respect for all the charity work you've done for cats. Do you think the situation with feline problems is improving at all?

In the world, things don't look good. Habitat protection is vital and the impact of climate change a worry. Captive breeding and cloning are tools we have to use. Scary stuff but the alternatives are extinction of many species.



I wanted to ask you something in particular and share my thoughts on the subject. Watching the recent How the Brits Rocked America, I was bored by the constant "groupy, booze and drugs" nonsense and then refreshed when you came on and said you never did any of that. I actually find that much more interesting. What were your views

on the excess of other bands and how it automatically was assumed to be a part of the rock and roll job? Did you have strong views on it?

Not a moral position - merely the need for self-preservation. Fortunately, I was never one to succumb to peer group pressure. And it all seemed just too much trouble, anyway. Life is too short to not remember half of it...

Did you perhaps find your self getting your kicks in other areas, like maybe getting vibes from the crowd instead?

No - mostly from reading and watching TV. As well as writing music and learning to play my instruments a bit better. Not sure what "kicks" are.... Maybe satisfaction and reward are better terms.



I stand well and truly corrected Mr Anderson. I always wanted to ask how you chose the flute? Why did this instrument appeal to you?

It was shiny and no one else was playing it in the context of rock music so it seemed like a possibility for being a big fish in a very small pool.

Tull have a distinct unforgettable image, and some of this is undoubtedly to do with your unique stage presence. Was this way of acting on stage natural or did you develop the style when you saw people were enjoying it?

It was pretty natural as we didn't have the benefit of YouTube back then to see ourselves as others see us. When there a lot of people watching you, you tend to evolve something

quickly or just curl up on stage and pretend no one is there.

I HAVE to ask about the Out of this World duet with the Russian astronaut Yuri Gagarin. How did this come about? It looked to be a real event!!

It was real. Just not in the same place at the same time. But NASA were very helpful and the event went smoothly except at the Russian end where the video screen got stuck just before.... Happily, they are better with rocketry than video screens.

You are always doing things differently to other people and the range of projects is very admirable. Do you find it important to face new challenges and new ways of doing things?

Yes. Keeps you involved, engaged and focussed. Maybe, but it is probably an illusion - it keeps you young...

Thick As A Brick is being played in its entirety on your April tour. How do you feel playing old songs, some which you may not have played for a long time and ones you play night after night?

Well - we do that from time to time anyway, unearthing old material and relearning it for the present day. Lots to choose from. The second half of Thick As A Brick is fairly demanding. But we will cope. Just have to spend a few days learning all the parts.

I'd like to end on a cat question if that's OK. Would you tell me about your cats?

Currently four of them. Two black feral farm cats, one black town cat and one feral black and white moggie. Pretty tame but not great with strangers. They like to go for walks in the country and enjoy expensive mixed seafood cocktail... but only from Waitrose.

THE SNATCHER

WRITTEN BY CHRIS WADE
READ BY HANNAH MELBOURN



GREED IS NOT SO GOOD!!!!

**CHRIS WADE'S SURREAL FABLE COMES TO
LIFE IN THE NEW AUDIOBOOK "THE
SNATCHER" NARRATED BY HANNAH
MELBOURN. FROM WISDOM TWINS BOOKS**

DOWNLOAD IT FROM AMAZON MP3

**NIGHTBUS SINGER AND
VOICE OVER ARTIST
HANNAH MELBOURN ON....**

THE SNATCHER

Could you tell me about how Nightbus got together?

Jack and Laura met in LA, introduced by their mutual hairdresser. When they moved back to London, Jack was sleeping on my friend's couch, and she introduced us, and also to Ben, who we met at the last gig he ever played with his old band.

Has music always been your passion? Who inspired you when you were growing up?

Yes absolutely. My dad was a singer in his youth. He used to put headphones on me as a small child and play me things he liked, he had a great passion for music. He told me when I was a little girl that one day I would be able to sing just like Linda Ronstadt! (I thought she was amazing.) And I carried that idea in my head, that I could be good.

Who from contemporary music do you admire?

PJ Harvey, Lady Gaga, Beth Ditto. I think about them, and how brave they are when i feel my nerves rattling, and they help me stave it off.

How would you sum up the sound of Nightbus?

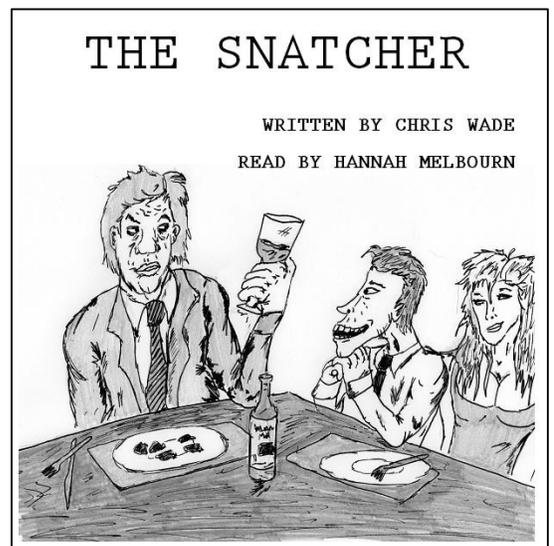
Where do hope the band's future lies? NightBus is pure pop, its sexy, fun, hedonistic music, we do it to make people lighten up and dance. And We want to have a hit record, of course.

When did you decide to break into voice over acting?

Is it a passion you've always had? All my life I've had this dream of voicing cartoon characters. But I never got round to doing anything about it. Then one day as so often happens in life, I'd had some bad news, been very sad for a while, and just thought, fuck it, I'm throwing myself into this now. It works like singing which is what I do, it tells a story with just a voice, so it feels natural to me.

What' are some of the most interesting jobs you've done in the voice over field as of yet?

The Snatcher has been my favourite by far because I got to be creative with it; often you work to very dry briefs. I did some morality tales for teenagers which was pretty



full on. One of my favourites was being an animated sausage though, to be honest. You can't put a price on dicking about.

What attracted you to The Snatcher? It's hilarious! What more do you need?

Do you enjoy the process of bringing wild characters to life? Yeah definitely. Its the best kind of fun.

What projects are comin up for you? I've just been hired as an animated kitten...

Finally, Lionel Blair or the late and great Jeremy Beadle? Can I have Bruce Forsyth?



THANKS FOR READING YOU
BASTARDS!!!!...

HOUND DAWG MAGAZINE