

BURNT FROWNER

THE CHRIS WADE AND DODSON & FOGG MAGAZINE

ISSUE THREE
SEP 2020



INTERVIEW WITH
TOYAH WILLCOX

KEROUAC: ON THE ROAD

POEMS, ARTWORK,
TEXT AND PHOTOS
BY CHRIS WADE

BURNT FROWNER ISSUE THREE SEP 2020

CONTENTS

AN INTERVIEW WITH TOYAH WILLCOX

Yes, Toyah bloody Willcox!

IMAGES

Recent photos and artwork

POETRY

Selected Poems by Chris Wade

KEROUAC, CASSADY AND ON THE ROAD

Q and A with Neal Cassady's
daughter, Jami Cassady

WHAT'S ON THE TURNTABLE?

Madonna and McGough-McGear

RECOMMENDED FILM

Bertrand Blier's Buffet Froid

RAYMOND'S ROOM

The new audiobook

DODSON AND FOGG

Against the Wall

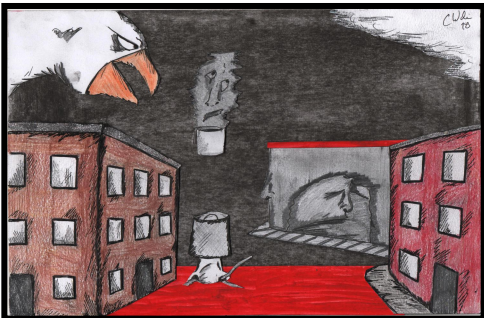
WELCOME

Welcome one and all, all and one, to the third edition of this corona-era publication, BURNT FROWNER. It's an outlet for poetry, thoughts, articles, art, photography and interviews, plus other things on my mind which fall between the cracks of my book, music and film projects. I've got to say, it's been great fun doing this so far, and I will continue to compile these little magazine thingies for as long as they remain enjoyable... which could be until I pass away....

I've been busy lately working on a book, some new Dodson and Fogg tracks and also releasing an audiobook with Nigel Planer called Raymond's Room. It's out now. I have also put this new issue together, which has been very rewarding I must say...or write.

As well as featuring some new poems, some art and photography from recent times and a film recommendation, there is an interview with TOYAH WILLCOX, one of the most legendary music artists the UK has ever produced. There is also a Q and A with the daughter of Neal Cassady, the man who inspired Jack Kerouac's ON THE ROAD.

It's all rather varied as you can see, but that's what makes Burnt Frowner what it is, eclectic and hopefully not rubbish. So sit back, get out the malt loaf and enjoy yourself going through these pages... Go on then!





AN INTERVIEW WITH TOYAH WILLCOX

Toyah is someone I've always admired. She's a proper artist in the truest sense, a wild creative spirit who has always stuck two fingers up to the face of convention. She's a singer, artist, actress, producer, writer, TV personality - but just using those words doesn't really do her justice. Yes she fits these descriptions, but she's unique. She's a pop icon, has been so for almost forty years, and she's still selling tons of albums and playing sold out venues all over the world... well, when they're open that is. Despite years of fame, she still comes across as a creative spirit on the edge, an experimenter, a fearless individual defying expectations. She's been in classic films like

Jubilee and Quadrophenia, acted alongside the likes of Laurence Olivier on TV (in The Ebony Tower), scored hit singles across the world, achieved legendary status in the music business, influenced multiple generations of men and women alike, packed out venues all over the world, has maintained a high profile on TV for decades and been a mentor and role model for countless people. On top of this, she recently released a boxed set called SOLO (which, I can't believe, I am actually on, for some people may remember the track Toyah and Dodson and Fogg did a few years back called Drinking from the Gun). Her schedule is hectic - anyone who follows her on social media can see that - so I thought it might be interesting to see what Toyah has been up to during lockdown. So here is my interview with the legend herself, which I am honoured to include in issue 3 of this curious little magazine...

Are you doing much writing during this weird period we are living in?

Rather weirdly lock down has allowed me so much creative time. I am 5 children's books in, my next solo album is written and I have managed to train in boxing for a project. Because I am not in the car everyday, travelling my usual average of two to four hundred miles a day, my life has had more structure in the past four months than I have had for decades. And also, again rather strangely, the ideas are really flowing.

I enjoyed your webchat with Chris Wong the other week. How fun is it to be in direct contact with so many fans at once?

I have really loved the interaction with fans and grown from the connection in lock down. This is a conversation I have quite a lot with my husband Robert Fripp that the quality of the interaction has

become very thoughtful from the fans. One of the main things that has made my attitude quite different is I am doing something called Celeb Messaging, where fans can request a message from my phone and some of their stories are heartbreaking and this has put the relationship of fan/artist in a completely different light to the usual autograph situation. It's a deeper connection and a privilege to try and lighten their situations.

The Solo set seems to be doing really good. How pleased are you with the reactions to your first boxed set?

TOYAH SOLO has been very important to me. As an artist I have aimed to be free of predictable writing formula and have also gone against expected style and categorization. Writing for me is an exploration, it hasn't always meant commercialism. To have the TOYAH SOLO box set is representative of everything I hoped to achieve in a long career, and the simple fact my work has been put together as a collective has made an example of this aim. Also TOYAH SOLO has given my fans an in-depth look at my life's work plus set me apart from just the history of the 80's. That said, being able to work with that particular era, past and present, the 80's, is precious to me, but an artist is represented by a life time commitment to their work, not just one decade.

The new Humans release is getting people excited too. Is it satisfying to see that work getting such a good treatment and presentation for your fans?

THE HUMANS is precious beyond belief. It comes from my attitude that to be a creative, you should be free to express whatever you feel a need to express. My work with my co-writer Bill Rieflin, is the most

important journey I ever made. Bill was everything I aspired to be as a creative human being and I feel THE HUMANS, though a very strange project, is the most representative work of some one who is willing continually to transition in life. Transition for me is what life is about, being "fixed" doesn't appeal.



Do you have any tips for people about being creative during lockdown and keeping focused in this weird time?

My advice is find silence and personal space, which evidently is a difficult challenge to many due to the nature of lockdown. My biggest challenge in lock down is I am not happy in domesticity (I am a solitary traveller by nature) and I pretty much hate repetition, so after a few months of lunch at the same time, because my husband likes everything to run like clockwork including a daily time table, to be honest I was crawling up the walls. This is the first time Robert has been home for so long in our 34 yr relationship, and the first time he has seen summer in the UK, he is usually on tour. Because of this I have realised I actually love him being away as much as I love him being home. I am used to my own space and silence. So my advice to people wanting to write is YOU have a right to ask for your creative space. My initial ideas come from a very necessary silence, once the idea is mapped then social interaction helps to fill in the spaces.

IMAGES



Back Street, Malaga (2017)

Beyond the Smoke....





Top: "Fag Break"... Bottom: "Siesta"





Cat, Malaga

POEMS by Chris Wade

My Ideal Event

At my ideal event, taking place in a dimly lit cafe
We'd only have to queue outside for five minutes
And there would be no chance of rain
The doors would open and we'd go in
Take a seat with a ready-drink
And then the show would begin
Peter Cook would open proceedings
As El Wisty then Arthur Streeb Greebling
He'd leave us all in stitches
Then Marlene Dietrich would appear
Sing Falling in Love Again as Lola-Lola
And with a gentle bow she'd leave the stage
To make way for Orson Welles
Who'd talk of film and the movie director as a man
Who presides over accidents
Then Allen Ginsberg would read out Howl
Step aside for George Melly
Who'd sing some jazz in a fedora hat
Then pull out the slides and lecture on Magritte
Followed by the intermission
But only a short one
Before it kicked off again
Act 2, so to speak
Beginning with Dudley Moore taking off Beethoven
Stanley Kubrick showing us his latest rushes
A round of applause between

The appearance of Pablo Picasso
Who'd draw a gigantic dove on the ceiling
Then shrug his shoulders and point to the stage
Where there would sit Jack Kerouac
Reading from a famous book
Telling us that God is Pooh Bear
Before disappearing
Replaced by Dennis Hopper
Who'd act out career highlights for five minutes
Bits of Easy Rider, then Blue Velvet
Exiting stage left
Before the arrival of Charles Dickens
Who'd ham it up and act out the murder of Nancy
Then point to the orchestra pit
Where a log fire burns away
Noel Coward and Oscar Wilde sit smoking
Exchanging witticisms and put downs
Their faces glowing by the flames
Then upon the stage
Marlon Brando is doing Streetcar
Pushed aside by Greta Garbo
Who tells us the show is over
Because she wants to be alone
So we file out, one by one
Doing the Charlie Chaplin shuffle
Our mouths silent
The only sound our shoes squeaking on the floor
And as we leave, standing by the door
Is Federico Fellini
Who tells us to come back tomorrow
For another night of thrills

We promise to do so
As the lights dim low
And we step outside into the rain



The Hotel of Thought

I should wrestle with those thoughts
And perhaps I do
But maybe I don't
Perhaps just flirt with inadequacy
They might just brush by me
Those fears and worries
Visit for one night only
Before taking off in the morning
Maybe passing through the wall
To next door or the next but one
To a new confusing room
Or the next cautious, neurotic hotel



ON THE ROAD Q AND A WITH JAMI CASSADY

Jack Kerouac's *ON THE ROAD* is still recognised as one of the greatest novels of the 20th century. Over sixty years since its publication, and nearly seventy since its first draft was penned, it remains as powerful, gripping and influential as ever. As most fans of the book know, the main character of Sal Paradise was a front for Kerouac himself, and the book was largely autobiographical, based on his travels during the late forties and early fifties in search of a truth. The enigmatic character of Dean Moriarty was based on Neal Cassady, Kerouac's friend who was a major figure of the Beat Generation and the later psychedelic era alongside Ken Kesey in the Merry Pranksters.

Here, Neal's daughter Jami recalls her father, her mother Carolyn, her childhood, and memories of Kerouac himself.

You've often said your mum kept everything under control so you had no idea about your dad and him being the inspiration for the book. Was it just a completely normal environment for you at home?

I love that term "completely normal environment at home". I did not know what was normal or not, as a child whatever goes on with the adults, you know no difference. Mom tried very hard to keep dad's true nature hidden from us. I think because her entire family was

against Neal and she was brought up so strictly in the south in the 20's and 30's she really hoped deep down we kids would NOT follow in dad's footprints. (Sorry, ma.)



Do you remember finding out about *On the Road* and this amazing character of Dean Moriarty being your dad, and Camille being based on your mum? That must have been surreal.

I gotta say, I do not remember when I became aware of dad and Jack's book, *On the Road*. It came out in 1957, I was 7 years old. I think I was in my late teens when things started to be known to me.

What are your earliest memories of Jack Kerouac? Do you recall him round the house a lot?

Ah, "Uncle Jack"... so sweet. Yes, he was around quite a bit. Mom said Jack said "Jami is his favorite", which I have cherished to this day.

You have said that your dad really wanted to be that ideal suburban father. Do you think Jack Kerouac wanted that too, but couldn't keep it going? He had his daughter but could never be that kind of man or set himself free from his mother...

Yes, I agree with mom's theory that these two Catholic boys would forever feel guilt about "letting loose". Both men wanted women to be "Madonnas or whores", so when mom came around, they could imagine having the structured life she hoped for and presented.



What are some of your favourite memories of Jack?

Memories of Jack as a child:
Big daddy bear, quiet, calm,
fun loving, laughed a lot.
Walks with ice cream cones
and picked flowers for
bouquets for mom. He slept in
the back yard of our house on
Bancroft in Los Gatos (as mom
and dad forgot to get a new
home with a room for Jack). Us
three kids waking up, racing to

his slumber spot under a tree and jumping on him... "Wake up! Mom's cooking pancakes!" That sort of thing. Playing around with the tape recorder, he letting us kids say whatever... fun.

Later: Late night drunken calls to mom at the Los Gatos home.; he on EST, we on Pacific. Mom would try to be nice and listen to his ravings. I could always hear the conversations... so sad.

Some people say Neal felt as if he was trapped in the Dean Moriarty role, becoming a myth himself. Do you think this romanticises things a little or is there some truth in it?

OMG, so much truth to that. He had always been suicidal, hated himself for his "demons"; sex, drugs... So after he met Ken Kesey and the (Grateful) Dead, who provided him with anything he might need... Mom divorced him in 1963, so everyone housed him, because of his On the Road persona... He told mom he felt like a trained bear, but it got him what he wanted. Those years were his "I need to stop" years, I think. He jumped in with two feet and 5 years later, he accomplished his wish. When we got the call from Mexico that he had passed, the family was relieved.

I always loved the "God is Pooh bear" line, especially the way Jack reads it on the Steve Allen show. Then I found out he was alluding to your Pooh Bear toy that your mother made you, as written in one of the letters to your mum. How does it feel when you think of that? Is Jack's mention of the Pooh Bear evidence that he really loved your mother and the idyllic set up she had with you the children?

Yes, Pooh Bear... Since my mom's mom was an English Lit teacher, Pooh, Wodehouse, Christie and many more were our staple books to read and love. I still have the original editions of the Pooh series that were mom's. Anyway, every Christmas mom would make a teddy bear for my brother John. I sure wish we had kept those! And yes,

Jack loved my mom and us kids and dad. He could come to our home to feel at home.

What are your memories of Jack in his final years? Had the fame gotten to him and his drinking in the end?

Like I said, Jack in later years was not in my life any more. He died when I was 19 living in New York taking classes at the American Ballet Theater when I heard the news on the radio. Neither mom, or us kids attended his funeral... Sad.

The name Kerouac itself is immortal. It's so embedded into culture now. When you think of On the Road, your father and Jack, is it weird to think they are so mythical to people, like sepia toned photographs that stand for another time and way of life?

Yes, I do. My husband, Randy and I have been promoting dad's (and now mom's) legacy for years and years. I'd say 85% of people we talk to see dad as a "God". Phil Lesh told me he was "an Avatar". I bathe in my parent's ideals, accomplishments and love. I feel I chose this family to be a part of, as it is exciting, wondrous, loving and avant garde. Our Sunday school was at home in the living room in Los Gatos, drawing pictures as mom and dad read to us from Edgar Cayce, taught us about reincarnation, etc. I guess I wouldn't call that a normal childhood.

WHAT'S ON THE TURNTABLE

Albums I've been digging lately, baby....



MADONNA -

Something to Remember

Yes it's a compilation, but it's probably - in my view - the best collection of Madonna songs in one place. They are all ballads of course, culled from various albums and soundtracks, but there are also some non album cuts. There are some real

gems, like Live to Tell, the title track, I'll Remember, This Used to be My Playground and old 80s classic Crazy For You. One thing you take away from this album is how good a singer Madonna is and how she doesn't often get credit for this. Secondly, these are genuinely good songs in the truest sense, wonderfully written and produced. I have this on CD and vinyl, but I'm not going to say it sounds better on record or anything just for the sake of it, because it sounds great on both. It may not be her best known album, but I often feel like it's my personal favourite.

McGOUGH - McGEAR

This is a wonderfully eccentric album from former Scaffold members Mike McGear (Paul McCartney's brother) and poet Roger McGough. There's some lovely psych material here, like Basement Flat, Please Don't Run too fast and Ex Art Student (the latter featuring Jimi Hendrix), but my favourite parts are McGough's recital of his masterpiece Summer with Monika. A lovely album, one everyone should discover.

RECOMMENDED FILM BERTRAND BLIER'S BUFFET FROID



The teaming of Bertrand Blier and Gerard Depardieu, in its many varied forms, has always produced films of an extraordinary and unique quality. They first worked together on 1974's *Going Places*, before earning more world wide notice for *Get Your Handkerchiefs Out* in 1977. *Buffet Froid*, released in 1979, is often seen as their finest collaboration and is sometimes ranked as one of the greatest French films of all time (*Time Out* for instance, placed it in their top 50). A jagged, unpredictable and fearlessly surrealistic experience, *Buffet Froid* is a film like no other and one can honestly say that there is nothing to which you can compare it, not even other Blier works. Considering the success he had enjoyed before its release, makes it something of a surprise that Blier's *Buffet Froid* was so misunderstood upon release and enjoyed only a modest amount of success. What is not surprising however, is how it's built up such a healthy cult following in the past couple of decades.

Depardieu is at his most paradoxically appealing and anonymous as Tram, an unemployed no-hoper whose life begins to change beyond all recognition one night when he chances upon a man in the subway. Sitting beside him, with no one else around, he presents the man the knife he conceals on his person and asks him to take it, before he does something silly with it. Irritated, the man reluctantly takes the blade and places it on a seat beside him. When the two men look round however, the knife has vanished into thin air. After the stranger leaves on a train arriving at that pivotal moment, Depardieu's hopeless Tram walks off aimlessly. Later in the night he passes the man in a tunnel, and sticking bloodily out of his belly as he lays against the wall is Tram's own blade. Confused, Tram heads home to the apartment block where only he and his wife live, and upon his return tries to tell her about the murder in the subway while eating his late night dinner. Informed by his wife that a man has moved into the flat above them, Tram pays him a late night visit. Learning he is a chief inspector, Tram becomes animated and tells Insp. Morvandiau (played by Bernard Blier) of the murder, but the cop wants nothing to do with it, telling him to go home and that he is spoiling his relaxing evening. From here on, the film goes from one irrational twist to another, with all logic and reason non-existent as Tram's odyssey becomes wilder and wilder. The other characters include a creepy lady-killer (played by Jean Carmet) who adds Tram's wife to his list of murders, and then, along with the cop and a widow of a man Tram himself ends up slaying (named Genevieve, played by Genevieve Page), becomes an active member of this unlikely gang who find themselves stumbling through an increasingly bizarre chain of events.

Blier's film is an undeniable out and out comedy. Though occasionally shocking, he resists explicit imagery or language this time, avoiding the confrontational outrage of *Going Places* and instead succeeding in bringing a Surrealist masterpiece painting to life before our eyes. As with Blier's best work, a point is being made beneath the stylised

surface; the city is an animal, an unforgiving beast which conjures nightmares and turns all humans into amoral, soulless beings, confused by their lives and unable to make sense of those they come into contact with. The buildings are ugly, angular, threatening, and the neighbourhoods are bleak, unfriendly, the kind of places you would avoid if you had any sense. Indeed, Blier's city is a relentless, unforgiving place, a scrap yard of urban decay and human bewilderment.

Blier blends styles and themes to create a masterwork of his own, no doubt influenced by the great Luis Bunuel (especially in the matter-of-fact presentation of the Surrealism, all played out with straight faces and without cartoonish exaggerations), but also conjuring up a paranoiac mood that could easily and fairly be described as Kafkaesque. Though there is no trial, one thinks of Kafka's masterpiece due to the relentlessness and cold distance between the characters and their harsh environments. As with true Surrealism, as its creator and "pope" Andre Breton insisted upon, the characters do not react to the absurdities of their situation, but treat them as ordinary and expected.

Despite the film's detours into the truly bizarre and quite often the macabre, Buffet Froid remains uproariously good fun. This is thanks not only to Blier's script, but also the wonderful performances. Bernard Blier is unsettlingly good as the Inspector, a man who represents the law but bends it to his liking and reacts in the opposite manner to what one might expect when he chances upon, or is presented with a crime. Carmet is very convincing as the sneaky killer, a man who cannot resist killing if he happens to be alone with a woman. Though clearly demented, he seems to be the only one who knows just how alienating and dangerous a place the city is, and is also the only man who knows how to express his disenchantment with the urban experience.

Depardieu is our eyes and ears through this increasingly contorted but strangely more and more acceptable trip into the unknown. This is another one of his lay about lost souls, in the same line as the small

time thug of Loulou, the curious motorcyclist of Maitresse and the fiendish crook of Going Places. He perfectly nails the mood, a man at first puzzled by the turn of events but increasingly accepting of it, expectant even by each new revelation waiting around the corner. It's worth noting of course that the one event which kick starts this descent into non-logic is not even recalled by the perpetrator, namely the murder of the stranger in the subway by the blade of Tram. Only at the end, when he is forced to face up to what he has done, does he acknowledge the event as his own doing. The performance is a tour de force because Depardieu makes it all look so natural, never reacting to the scenarios he is faced with. A lesser actor could not have pulled it off with such style.

Critics at the time, especially in America, were lost in the madness. The New York Times, clearly puzzled, wrote "Buffet Froid is well titled. It's a meal composed entirely of side-dishes. There's no main course, and when the meal is over, you're still waiting for something serious to eat. The movie is a collection of random sketches in the service of no dominant idea."

Despite such write-ups, Blier's film is now a classic. Time Out, writing of the film in 2012, declared it a "rigorously absurd contemporary film noir," adding that though it introduced every trademark of the genre, it resisted providing the explanations or motivations of them.

Buffet Froid is one of the true highlights of Depardieu's huge filmography, a film which should forever remain readily available for any film buff who may be lucky enough to stumble upon it on their journey through French cinema.

This piece is from my upcoming book,
GERARD DEPARDIEU ON SCREEN

RAYMOND'S ROOM



WRITTEN BY CHRIS WADE
READ BY NIGEL PLANER

OUT NOW: NEW AUDIOBOOK

RAYMOND'S ROOM

READ BY NIGEL PLANER

Raymond is a 35 year old struggling writer, living alone in a dingy flat. Haunted by the memories of the wife that left him, Raymond day-dreams his life away, rearranging his furniture endlessly and staying up all night listening to other couples make love. But one day he discovers he may have an amazing power, with not only the ability to fix his broken life, but the world itself.

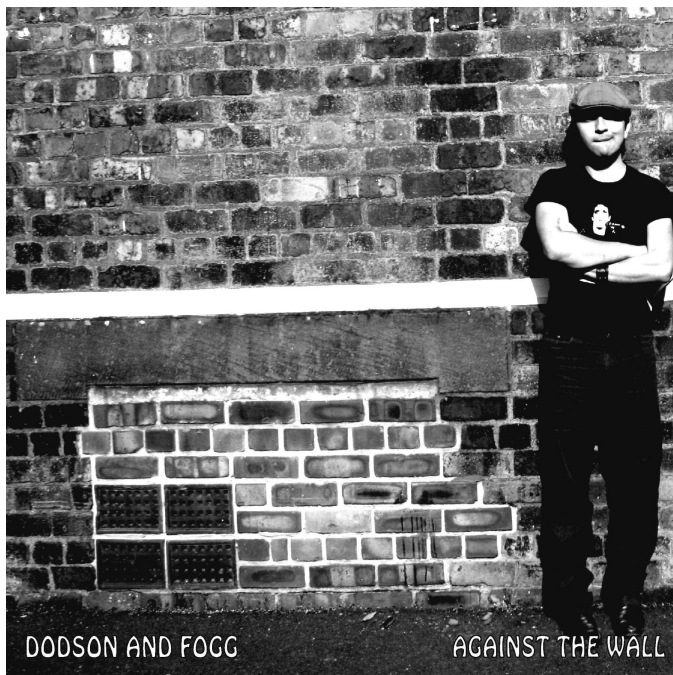
The story was written by Chris Wade and is here narrated
by Nigel Planer.

Download here:

<https://wisdomtwinsbooks.bandcamp.com/album/raymonds-room>

CD here:

<http://wisdomtwinsbooks.weebly.com/audiobooks.html>



NEW DODSON AND FOGG RELEASE: AGAINST THE WALL

Though I won't use the term concept album, my latest set, *Against the Wall*, is very of this time and the way things are at the moment. How could it not be? The virus has limited our lives and for the first time it seems that an Orwellian reality is upon us. Not all the album deals with this of course but bits of it do. It also has a poem on it read by the actor Norman Eshley. If you fancy a listen check it out at the following links...

Bandcamp:

<https://wisdomtwinsbooks.bandcamp.com/album/against-the-wall>

CD here:

<http://wisdomtwinsbooks.weebly.com/dodson-and-fogg-cds.html>