

VERITAS VAMPIRUS

LEFT OF THE "LEFT"

News from the Undead

The *Rude*-imentary Truth

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by Mark S. Tucker

Provocateur, hector, meta-anarchist; "Have brain, will use; have pen, will poison."

GRAHAM CHAPMAN - *Spot the Loony* (2015, Right Recordings)

Lenny Bruce is the immortal comedy God, but bastard Britain, which always seems able to one-up or at least equal us Yanks at just about every goddamned turn, had the brilliant Goons - Spike Milligan, Harry Secombe, Peter Sellers, and Michael Bentine - who were the 50s progenitors of the third most brilliant comedy manifestation in world history: Monty Python's Flying Circus. Interestingly, when you put 1 + 1 together (The Goons + Lenny Bruce), you get not '2' but 'Python' - check your Euclidean geometry, you'll see I'm right - and Graham Chapman was, as we all know, a member of the groundbreaking sextet.

I grab anything and everything Python that crosses my field of vision, including, as it happened, a couple of pretty poorly anthologized recorded whatnots, and thus am more than happy to see this monologue of Graham raconteuring live upon a number of incidents in his life, ranging from joining in with a formal group of crazed adrenalin-fueled gentlemen known as 'The Dangerous Sports Club' to incidents with the equally daft non-sports madman known as Keith Moon, and thence onwards to, as Chapman puts it, "things Pythonic".

Along the way, we learn that ol' Graham was drinking 60 oz. of alcohol a day (!!!), preferably Beefeaters Gin, as *The Holy Grail* was being made, plunging into DTs when he couldn't find a spot of booze anywhere in the Scottish moors. Much later on, he caused half the extras-crowd of 300 to run away screaming while exposing himself nude for that infamous scene in *The Life of Brian*. Turns out he'd violated Muslim law as they filmed there in Tunisia. The women, whose religion forbids the viewing such things, were almost traumatically distressed...*aaaaand* that wasn't exactly fortifying for the great lad's ego, so, yes, it *surely* must've been the religious stricture which caused the event, mustn't it?, not, say, any organic disturbance or whatnot? At least he hoped so, but...yes, yes, it **MUST'VE** been the religion, couldn't have been otherwise...could it? The dear departed Chapman, it goes without saying, was always hilariously self-effacing.

It's pointless to go on about this CD, as the entire push is to have you listen for yourself, and this you must if you're a true dyed-in-the-wool Pythonian. Much of the material is general knowledge, but it's the extra little tidbits that form one of several centers of interest, not to mention hearing it all straight from the mouth of the, er, um, well: *horse*. Is it okay to speak thusly of the dead? I mean, *Python* did it, right?, so I guess the only thing now is to choose whether to burn the famous deceased (*crackle, crackle, crackle*), bury him for the worms (*nibble, nibble, nibble*), or eat him (feeling peckish, are we?, esurient?). Of course! So secure your gourmet bibs, one and all, and follow me, forks to hand and tongues lolling.