



N E I L I N N E S  
"O f f t h e R e c o r d"



SIDE ONE

LIBIDO:

Hello Readers! Caramba! Straight away we are off down South of the Waist-line! For years I thought Libido meant a free open-air swimming pool until a Phd. Sociology told me it meant one's Sex Drive; which in the all together, by and large, is another matter.....

CITY OF THE ANGELS:

I was pool-side at a Hollywood party, rubbing shoulders with the stars. "Do you know what Los Angeles means?" The question came from a beautiful girl. Her smile was dazzling. I swilled my drink casually. "Sure", I drawled, "it means The Angels." She gasped in genuine surprise. "How did you know?" I was a stranger in Tinsel Town. I eyed her suspiciously and lit another Camel. "Basic Spanish honey!" I sucked my teeth and shrugged. She looked hurt. Her eye-brows met politely, as though on a blind date. Then she smiled again. "Oh Yeah!" she nodded. I had impressed her. Life is deep.....

TIME TO KILL:

Not about boredom; anyone who has ever visited a Military Cemetery will know what this track is about. "Their names shall live forever." So says the inscription at the gate. Inside, many, many graves are unidentified.

ROCK OF AGES:

.....or our very own planet, Earth. Will it become the Jewel of the Universe or will it remain the Planet of the Apes? Will it one day pulse with the gentle harmony of wisdom or will it shatter into fragments like a suicidal conker? Find out in tomorrow's sun.....

THEM:

"They came in countless numbers, faceless, on jelly limbs, crawling out of the living sea".....

SIDE TWO:

NOT GETTING ANY YOUNGER:

This could be the lament of someone who is being deprived of a particular kind of draught bitter.....but it isn't.

TAKE-AWAY:

The lament of someone NOT deprived of ANY kind of draught bitter who finds himself still in need of something to refresh those OTHER parts.....without reaching.....

HAPPY ENDING:

Every cloud has a silver lining and to be forewarned is to be fore-armed. To be four-legged is to be a quadroped; especially when you're with the one you love.

ONE THING ON YOUR MIND:

The Battle of the Sexes all over again.....a sticky skirmish at the best of times.....

THE WORM AND THE ANGEL:

A ditty of a somewhat Metaphysical nature and a warning to those of us who put too much faith into warm bed-time drinks or night-caps... not to mention cheese...

STONED ON ROCK:

Heavily influenced by the "DOORS", the "CATFLAPS" eventually made it big in Japan. Here they are 'live', at the Budokhan. Well, not exactly 'live', but at the sound-check earlier in the day. The actual concert tapes were unusable.

KNICKER ELASTIC KING:

"He used to travel in Bath Cubes": A story of the acceptable face of Capitalism, of Free Enterprise, of rags to riches, and back to rags again.

SPAGHETTI WESTERN:

The original sound-track from "A Fist Full of Pasta." The story of a man with true grit, Pork Scratchings and a drink problem. Who was that man?.....

MR. EUROVISION:

Christmas comes but once a year and the Eurovision Song Contest is no exception; likewise, Danny Charm, runner-up in '69 to lobotomy. (Who won with the infectious 'Glub, Glub, Glub, I am a Goldfish'.) No stranger to our charts, Danny has high hopes with this year's entry, penned by Brian Damage and Rex Offal, it should set our toes Tapping! Tip for the Top! ★★★

UNGAWA:

Movie fans will remember 'Tarzan goes to New York' in which our jungle hero took a ride through downtown Manhattan in a Taxi-cab. Fiddling with a knob in front of him, he accidentally turns on the radio. Hot Jazz throbs from the speaker: "Mawanga Tribe!" grunts the startled Tarzan, instantly attacking the set. "No, no," laughs Jane, it's only the Radio, see?" She changes stations — a Soprano in mid-Aria warbles plaintively. "Woman sick.... need help!" exclaims the likeable Ape-man, lunging for the door while the cab is still in motion.....

SIDE FOUR:

MOTHER:

Every home should have one.

BURLESQUE:

To some people, 'Politics' is a drag. To others, 'Drag' is a way of life!

DOWN THAT ROAD:

And so dear Readers, sadly, I must bid you Farewell, as the Sands of Time run out of the Clock on the Wall and the ever-lacrimose Ronnie Garland pulls out most, if not all, of the stops, breaks a leg, and has to be put down: 'Bye everybody, thank you for listening, until the next time.....'

Neil Innes

GODFREY DANIEL:

That no one listens to the lyrics of popular songs anymore, is a widely-held view amongst the Music Industry. Godfrey Daniel, (the gentle expletive so often used by the late W.C. Fields,) goes some way towards explaining why this could possibly be true.

Be a Soothsayer! Soothsaying can make you money! "Beware the Ides of March!" Remember Caesar? Emperor of Rome (EX)? The one that thought Brutus was a splash-on Deodorant? Did he listen? No! Boy, was he cut up! Nowadays, people will skin their Grannies just to know the winner of the 3.30 at Haydock Park! This no nonsense, step by step, easy-to-follow guide is YOURS for only a Palm crossed with Silver. Send a Palm crossed with Silver to:- Box 7, The Waste Ground, Old Gasworks, GLASGOW, G.Y.P.O., 13.

Index of tracks and instruments across the bottom of the album cover, organized by letter (A-Z). Includes track names like 'ABEL DICKS', 'BARRIE KEIL', 'CAMPBELL SHARON', etc., and instrument abbreviations like 'gtr/bio', 'drms', 'perc', etc.

Recording credits and production information. Text includes: 'Recorded at: THE WORKHOUSE RECORDING STUDIOS', 'Engineer: Rik Stewart', 'Mixed at: RIVERSIDE RECORDINGS LTD', 'Producer: Peter Williams', 'Musical Director: Steve James', 'Sleeve Design: Flo Demick', 'Polaroid: Mark Jones', 'All compositions by Neil Innes published by Pendulum Music.', 'SPECIAL THANKS to the BBC, Ian Keill, Andrew Gosling and the entire 'INNES BOOK OF RECORDS' team.', '© MMC 1982', 'MMC001'.

# NEIL INNES "Off the Record"



★ This One!

We held a marketing meeting at my mill last Monday; very relaxed, broad of mind and shoulder, Neil and I, muscular brains straining at the leashed tensions of working from home under the huge April skies of East Anglia. Oh for the freedoms of travelling men, commuting into the foul maw of London in springtime. Goodbye daffodils – hello leaded petrol.

I asked him if he had remembered to bring his street smarts with him. He said they were in the car. Good. The meeting began. No-one spoke. A pencil scratched, a Biro seared cruelly into the empty page: "Target Group". Colon. Space. Pause. Well.....?

At whom were we going to aim this work, this week, this disc, this Plomley? "Right across the board", said Neil deftly, his cells flexed on a knife edge. "We are going after everyone with this one".

The baby in the pram, squire – the stranger at the gate? Those who are young at eighty, Man and those who are old at eight? "Yes. All of them".

After all this man is no minority minnow. He has an audience of three and a half million for the Innes Book of Records. Yes, that's right chief...he's that fellow who never looks the same who sings songs that don't fit and has drum majorettes and the Poet Laureate and the Man with the Xylophone Skull as guests. One critic confessed he was puzzled by it and had no hesitation in blaming Innes for this bewilderment.

Who is this Innes? What does he mean? What are his hobbies? He certainly doesn't go to the right clubs though he has sometimes been in a right mess. No more. He is many people now and very organised: Nobby Normal, Stoop Solo and Bob Nylon of course, who has "suffered for his music; now it's your turn"; is Nick Cabaret, Superman, Batman, Charlie Chaplin but he doesn't wear that toy duck on his head any more. When his son Miles went to the big school, he asked his father if he would mind not doing that any more, please. Promise? Neil promised he wouldn't. "But I shall be dressed as a woman, in the new series." Oh no! Why couldn't he be like the other fathers and just do it in private. What is it that makes nice men from art school behave in this way? Why does he believe he lives in Long Sufferingham? When was he last photographed with Clive Davis? Time for answers?

Yes.

I described him as a "serio-comic" once, just to get his name in a book on "The Making of Raiders of The Lost Ark" (of all things) as being the man who developed the theory that there are two sorts of people in the world: those who divide the world into two sorts of people and those who don't. Asked how much of him was serio and how much was comic he said that Miles had given him a birthday card a long time ago and it had a big heart on it, all red with black bits in the red. Well...Miles said the black bits were "when Daddy was cross". Neil had checked the balance and found there was more red than black. Does that answer my question? I hope so. I would say he is very serious and very comical and really perhaps primarily – very musical. Actually he is a great British original. A hundred years ago he would have been in the Music Hall. A star. He

characterises, and few solo performers are doing that anymore – particularly comedians. Long ago ....well they was all doing it wasn't they....and you couldn't give them enough songs and they played three halls a night. So that is his tradition I think (I could be wrong).

Neil Innes is very pleased with puns, very slim taut jokes that do nevertheless stand entirely on their own. "Parodies Lost" was going to be the title of "The Innes Book of Records" but it wasn't so we got "The Innes Book of Records" which is rather a pun. And then he actually read Paradise Lost again and found he was really very interested in good and evil and basically for the former and against the latter and tries to make sure it shows in his work. I think it does. Then of course he seems to bring out the pun in others so that his newspaper clippings show headlines like "Parodies Regained", and "Innes Own Right". In the Daily Express, Anne Nightingale says he is "our wittiest observer in the pop world" and "the only real rock satirist". Yet he is really too gentle to cause any pain. He isn't a killer. (He isn't even as waspish as his friend, admirer and often collaborator, Eric Idle, the notorious paper panther of St. John's Wood, though both are passionate for good causes and quite without any political cant).

However, he does take a position on the side of humour against cruel and unusual punishments – the Eurovision Song Contest, for instance, but there again, he shares with his friend John Peel an abiding affection for the compelling entertainment content of this and other unrestrained absurdities of our electronic Silicon valley of hidden dangers. He isn't a good hater, not at all but he does notice things. Oh yes.

Neil supports worthy causes, the Women's Movement etc...he would never crack gags like "into every wife a little brain must fall": but he does like Les Dawson. He is a member of CND. So is his wife Yvonne. They met in Goldsmith's College London, he graduated in fine arts, she in drama. Around there too, he met and linked up with other members of the Bonzo Dog Doo Dah Band, and in that creative turmoil and delight, he became lead singer and pianist. All of the band had a special place in the affections of the young and daft of the late sixties, early seventies and this never underrated band (featuring among others the magnificent Legs Larry Smith and, somehow, starring Vivian Stanshall – a *giant* of our times) will tower in memory for as long as any of us can remember.

Well, from the Bonzos, Neil moved into other groupings with much style and grace. Grimms, (with Scaffold, Brian Patten, and others all good and versatile), and then moved on to become an occasional, musical Monty Python with the Six, and though sort of honorary; he was nonetheless very bonafide and an essential part of the many stage shows. Solo work followed and then the leap to Rutland Weekend Television with Eric Idle and the BBC 2 production subversives who have so enriched our consciousness of new popular humour by their willingness to throw open wide their screens to the late 20th century knights of gladness who can make a joke dance through the eye of a needle and bugger the ratings; though the bigger the ratings the better, let's not kid ourselves. Rutland was renewed twice

and within it Neil and Eric flew the kite of The Rutles, the spoof prefab four who took the world by storm, legends in their own lunchtime, Dirk, Stig, Nasty and Barry. Eric was Dirk McQuickly and Neil was Ron Nasty; the first writing the narrative and the second doing the music of the full length special "All you Need is Cash". It was a triumph on TV and record both here in Britain and in the United States and Neil had already been photographed with Clive Davis some time before. However.....

The Innes Book of Records came to our screens in the late seventies and it was at first a small triumph. Produced by Ian Keill with finesse, courage, and imagination and bringing the best of British simplicity and plain wit to a screen livid with laugh-tracked sitcom, Ulster violence and the Winter of Discontent, 1979. This series, too, was renewed twice in the ensuing years of Tory values and a rare pleasure it's been, pretending to be no more than pleasure upon delight, charming novelty on sudden surprise. It was able to take its place as a slow wry wink alongside the wicked and wonderful lashes of Not the Nine O'Clock News, with which it was neither uncontemporary nor incompatible as another feather up the howsyerfather of programme controllers. Neil is not wholly innocent, despite his Stan Laurel grin. While the Not team are singing their appalling "Kinda Lingers", he has his "Hand Up the Skirt of Mother Nature" and it is all very good for us and not to be found anywhere else in the world – not quite like this.

So...."Parodies Regained", "Satyr of Satire", "Prince of Pastiche," picking up his street smarts on the side-walks of Norwich. Stowmarket, London, Derry and Los Angeles, he has fled London for the countryside and eschewing vast wealth shares himself between his family, television, one-nighters and records. I too ran from the cities and now we are neighbours and here I sit, and I seem to be working for him, happily one day at a time and not very hard. There has been no discussion about fee, I dare say it will be OK. I have never known him let anybody down. He is a warm willing tortured soul. Men who oblige their sons by trying not to wear women's clothing in public too often are never going to be millionaires. This much Neil knows. Still, he is very happy at home. He and Yvonne have three sons, Miles is fifteen and Luke is eleven and Barnaby is three. They have a fab house of great age and beautiful brick and beams. Everyone should be so fortunate but it has all had to be worked for.

This is about all from me. Neil is in his thirties, smokes Gold Flake, drives a Range Rover, has more than half his life still to come and should be charming us all for decades. This record is guaranteed available. That is why it is with this excellent little company. So that people who want records for a reason can find them when they want them. I hope, if you're reading this before you buy this album, that you will now go and pay up with a smile. You will never regret it. Promise!

Written by Derek Wyn Taylor.  
In Suffolk.  
27th April, 1982.

POLACOLOR® M18X046P

M  
M  
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NEIL INNES  
OFF THE RECORD

MMCO01A Stereo 33 $\frac{1}{3}$  rpm

SIDE ONE

1. Libido
2. City of The Angels
3. Them
4. Time To Kill
5. Rock of Ages

Composed by Neil Innes  
Published by Pendulum Music  
Produced by Steve James  
Pressed by Nimbus Records Ltd

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M  
M  
C

NEIL INNES  
OFF THE RECORD

MMCO01C Stereo 33 $\frac{1}{3}$  rpm

SIDE THREE

1. Stoned on Rock
2. Knicker Elastic King
3. Spaghetti Western
4. Mr. Eurovision
5. Ungawa

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M  
M  
C

NEIL INNES  
OFF THE RECORD

MMCO01B Stereo 33 $\frac{1}{3}$  rpm

SIDE TWO

1. One Thing On Your Mind
2. The Worm and The Angel
3. Not Getting Any Younger
4. Take-Away
5. Happy Ending

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M  
M  
C

NEIL INNES  
OFF THE RECORD

MMCO01D Stereo 33 $\frac{1}{3}$  rpm

SIDE FOUR

1. Godfrey Daniel
2. Fortune Teller
3. Mother
4. Burlesque
5. Down That Road

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