



IVOR BIGGUN: thinking people should turn the page

# Has anybody seen my nose?

## IVOR BIGGUN 'More Filth! Dirt Cheap' (Dead Badger BOPA 3)\*\*\*\*

THE DIFFERENCE between grin and cringe is often a matter of subtlety. Doubling the odd entendre is always funnier than coming out and saying 'the real thing' and that's why I wasn't all that impressed by Biggun's infamous debut 'The Winker's Song (Misprint)' (even though it was a firm favourite among certain nurses at Greenwich Hospital, including one who claimed to be a mate of D\*\*\*y Baker, whether there's any connection here I'm not certain).

But with lines like "I'm Britain's champion wanker/ Renowned throughout the land/ Everybody knows my name/ But they don't wanna shake my hand" and "My sex life took a helluva knock the day I broke my wrist" you could never accuse the man of being dishonest. Even Judge Dread makes an impromptu appearance half way thru side one to say "I'm not gonna appear on Ivor Biggun's record because he's a wanker" over the rivvum of 'Big Six'.

With such an impressive array of evidence for the prosecution you'd probably expect this, the Biggun's debut elpee, to be as worthless as a punctured Durex. But not so. Sure there's plenty of cringe material in evidence but on the, erh, whole it's out-weighed by light hearted filth of the more endearing kind.

The secret of this sordid success is basically a wedding twixt George Formby's hands and a psycho-analyst's nightmare of a Dirty Old Man's

mind educated in the finer depravities of every seaside postcard and rugby song known to mankind.

And it's from this cornucopia of corn and corruption that come such spunky gems as 'The Cockerel Song' featuring Ivor hunting for his lost cockerel: "Has anybody seen my cock?/ My big Rhode Island Red/ He's mostly pink with a little bit of blue/ And purple on his head/ He stands right up in the morning and he gives my wife a shock/ Has anybody seen, has anybody seen, has anybody seen my cock. . . ?"

What would Winston Groovy say?

Elsewhere Ivor immortalises such heroes as "the man with the biggest plonker in the world", 'The Filthy Farmer' and from side 2 'The Other Educated Monkey', a humorous monologue in time-honoured Stanley Holloway style.

Over all the Big One overcomes the depths of toilet humour that the likes of 'Richard The Third' (pronounced in broad Brooklynees natch) and the farting song 'Southern Breeze' fall into. And he's further aided by the fact that most people in the music press, and especially Tony Mitchell, find this dodgy disc outrageously offensive, not to mention ridiculously childish which is surely recommendation in itself.

But I'd prefer to end with these words writ by no lesser tosser than Johnny Rotten: "Biggun's little charade for making money is so obvious that the 'general public' will probably see it as art nouveau, and who am I to question popular beliefs, baby!"

See what I mean? For winkers everywhere. . .

IVOR ARDON