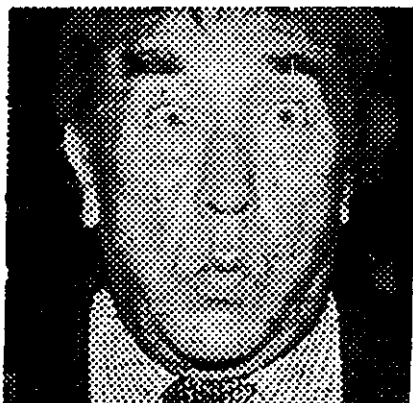


# TWELVE MEN

# IN A BOAT

(GALLIC HISTORY 1980-1986)



£4

Including two 'WHALING' cassettes.

## TALES FROM THE GALLIC FREIGHTER

A port in the Midlands, a hot night, the summer of '80. Three hardened sailors were sitting round a table, drinking rum, insulting the women and missing the spitoon. They had bought a boat and were hungry for lime. The captain was a brute of a man, one legged and with a penchant for cabin boys. The first mate was tall, balding and had a psychotic look in his eyes. The cook was fat and cruel and loved to tell tall stories.

They were an ugly bunch and evil was intended.

Two months later they set sail. Two more crew members had joined. A lithe, young scot had signed on as lookout and a bespectacled lad with a maths A-level had volunteered as cabin boy. For seven months it was a happy crew but one night in May '81 the young cabin boy knocked over the cooks broth. The sweaty cook waddled to the captain's cabin and demanded that the young lad be made to walk the plank. The captain agreed to this. It was not mere sadism - he commented that he considered the young boy an aesthetic disaster.

During that summer a young northener joined the crew from Crewe - he would serve as bosun - he was memorable for his strange voice and even stranger habits.

A few weeks later the captain argued with the cook over some rotten meat. The captain screamed 'This is not the Battleship Potemkin' and had him cast in irons. One month later the cook was released a little flatter. '81 turned into '82. The smell on board the ship became more foul - the captain was now totally dependent on rum, the first mate said he'd rather be a lawyer, the look-out and the bosun were either scheming or fighting and everyone was convinced that the cook was putting salt in the water.

The days turned into weeks and the weeks turned into months. By the summer loyalties had reached breaking point. They broke. The scot and the northener were marooned on a seldom visited island where they fell under the spell of a large breasted witch-doctor who kept going on about them being on a different astral plane as she sat at her loom.

Meanwhile the captain, the cook and the first mate docked in a southern city and started looking for some well hung sailors to come on board.

Within two months the galleon was once again ready to put to sea. The new sailors were both grim-faced and simple. The elder became the new look-out and the younger (a truly evil specimen) became the new cabin boy. The captain grinned and spat out a few of his remaining teeth.

By Xmas '82 the ship was in Arabia and by common consent the new look-out was sold into slavery. He was chained to a brainless dolt named Bob. The proceeds were spent on Ritz cream crackers (better than normal ships biscuits).

While in Arabia the first mate was arrested for an obscene attack on a camel. To the best of our knowledge he is still awaiting trial in a filthy cell (but that's Moslem law for you).

In March '83 the boat was put into dry-dock. It would take a year to refit. The crew took lodgings in the town. The captain sat alone in his room, grunting occasionally, feeding his mice and laughing insanely (towards the end of the year he lost his other leg in a sexual incident which went horribly wrong). The cook took work as a stagecoach man but everyone knew crime was on his mind. Meanwhile the cabin boy aged into a nightmare-ish fiend - the like of which one rarely sees these days. He did work occasionally fixing things but only if he was paid in food and then he would fart and belch grotesquely.

One year later they set sail again, stopping only to pick up the bosun from his moorings. They chose to leave the scot - he'd caught some horrific disease from the monkeys and kept gibbering on about sheep. The northerner was like a modern Ben Gunn - ie. as mad as a hatter! After six months they took him straight back there - his skills as a bosun had been impaired by his desire for cheese.

During the autumn of '84 the ship was sailing around the cape. Being little more than pirates they didn't give a jot for trade sanctions. While docked in Jo'burg (a miracle in itself) an effeminate young man asked if he could join the crew. The captain (secretly delighted) admitted that they could do with some more meat on board.

Promotions were in order. The fat cook became first mate (and a crueller one you never saw) and the ugly cabin boy became cook - a position he enjoyed because he was a total glutton. The young recruit became cabin boy.

Heavy with fruit and gold the ship set sail again, this time searching for the fabled North-West Passage. During the first night at sea it became apparent that the crew had been tricked. The captain, whilst making his usual night rounds of the cabin boy's hammock discovered that he was a she. He was livid, his jollies were done for..... From this point on the cabin girl was known as 'that Girl' - mysogony was rampant among the crew.

The next twelve months were relatively uneventful (if you take for granted the piracy, raping, slave-trading and plunder). There was however one memorable incident. The new cook was getting rid of some muck and threw the slop all over the captain whose arm seized up, went gangrenous and eventually had to be sawn off at the elbow - his sanity was now up for grabs. He would stand on the deck singing 'and I feel like Lear, up in the crow's nest'.

In October '85 the mighty ship ran aground in Nova Scotia, Canada (New Scotland - and you know how bad the old one was). The captain ventured forth among the natives looking for a carpenter who could fix the hull. It appeared that some of the inhabitants spoke french and this ~~was~~ <sup>INCENSED</sup> the captain so much that he waved his musket at them howling 'You die, scum'. Soon a carpenter was found. Even though work was provided for him he moaned about everything: the state of the ship, that girl and even the captain's one remaining limb.

Before too long the ship was sea-worthy again. The canadian stayed on board as look-out and his complaints drove the crows to distraction but the ship was headed for England and there were celebrations among the English members of the crew.

In March '86 they were once again on dry land. The voyage had been swift and pleasant. The crew were put on shore-leave to spend their ill-earned money.

The captain and the first mate were in a pub in

Bristol taunting the landlord with a yard of ale when in walked a tall balding man who claimed to have information as to the whereabouts of buried treasure.

The captain, angry perhaps at the Parkinsons disease that had attacked his remaining arm, saw straight through him. The first mate, always willing to oblige, put out the fellow's eyes with a blunt table knife. 'Fuck off blind Pew' yelled the captain and he and the mate fell about in hysterics.

Forced to leave England due to several such incidents and the resultant charges, the ship headed for the South seas. During the summer they stopped at a small island to get water. The first mate was discovered raping a repulsive dog. The crew members were horrified, not just at the act but at the fact that he was proud of it. Bestiality was not to be tolerated - the severest punishment was in order. The first mate was starved for ten days and then fed raw rat meat. He then received sixty lashes of the cat-o'-nine-tails (the cook particularly enjoyed this). He was then keel-hauled forty nine times. The crew then cut him up into small bits and threw the meat to the sharks (who rejected it!).

At this point in the voyage the cook was promoted to first mate and the canadian became cook. They had wanted to make the cabin girl cook but she was so absent-minded they knew she would forget mealtimes.

We leave the crew as we found them - beyond belief.

The canadian jumped ship in an attempt to get back to his folks. That Girl forgot she was alive and went into a coma. The first mate is intent on going into slavery in a big way and the captain is recovering from the loss of his final arm (it just fell off!).

Will they ever get home or will they end up in Davy Jones Locker? Only God knows and he's a believer.

This extract was drawn from the biography of Asterix 'Wearing a Crown of Thorns Gives Me a Headache' which is yet to be published.

An Aesthetic Disaster?



The Founding Members



Before the Camel Incident.



The Young Scot.

The Northener.





Garfield.



Designer Witchcraft.



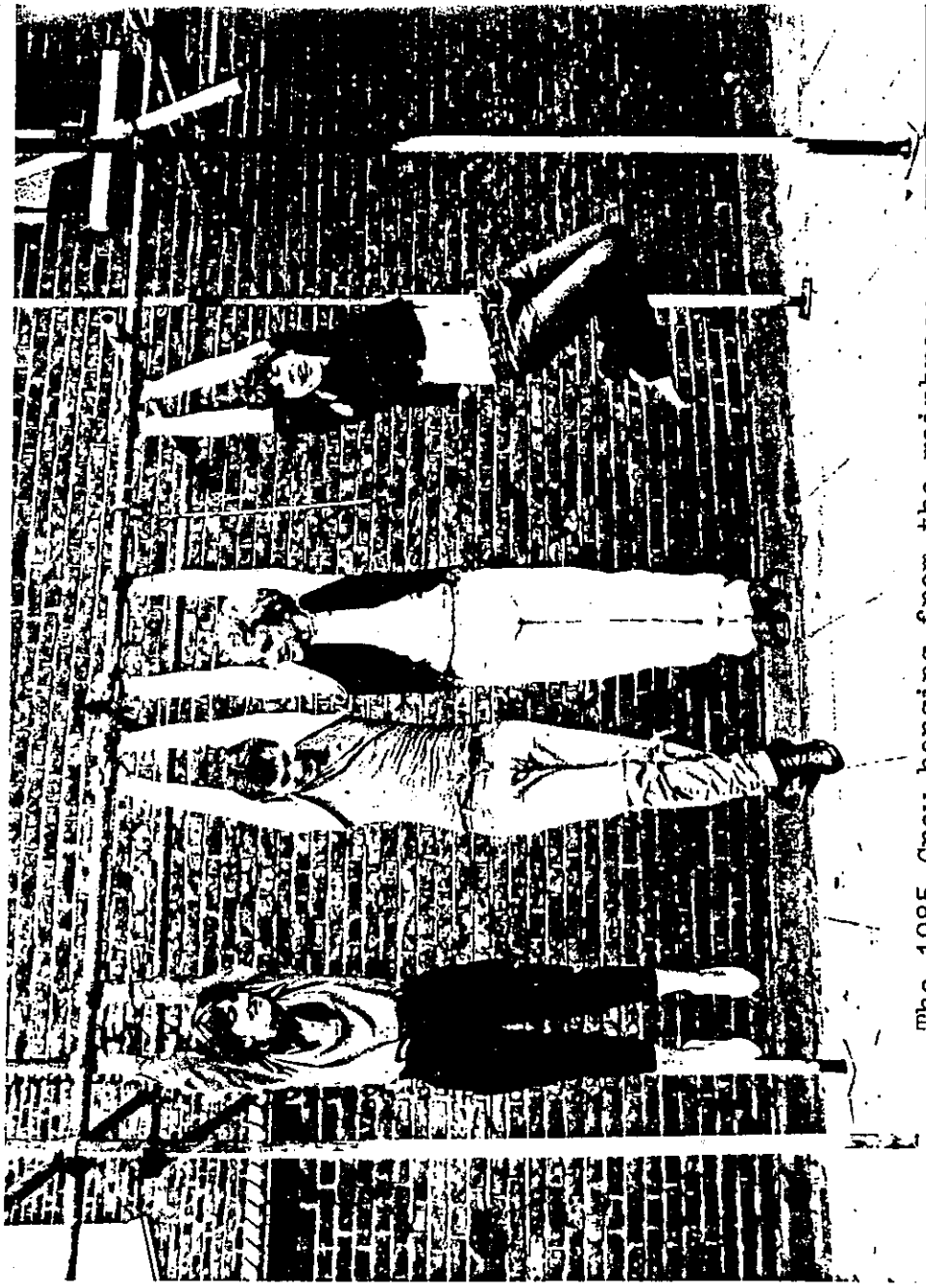
Some Things  
Never Change.



Sold Into Slavery.



A Canadian Carpenter.



The 1985 Crew hanging from the mainbrace.



INFORMATION - (You won't get it).

1. Why - 31.1.81 Astronomy Room, Malvern.  
(Asterix, Bruce, Sammy, Obelix).
2. Going Fishing - 13.6.81 Astronomy Room, Malvern.
3. Going Fishing II - 16.7.81 Phoenix Studios, London.  
(Asterix, Bruce, Martyn, Obelix).
4. Fairy Tales - 2.6.82 Martyn's, Malvern.  
(Asterix, Martyn, Obelix - The Tomfoolery Mob)
5. Themoonisinthesky - 16.7.82 Studio 9-5-1, London.
6. Trees Are Green - 16.7.82 Studio 9-5-1, London.  
(Asterix, Bruce, Martyn, Obelix, Rachel).
7. Someone In Between - 14.12.82 Basement 297, London.
8. Intense Passion (Pt 2) - 20.12.82 Phoenix Studios.  
(Asterix, Steve, Ralph, Obelix - The Gods).
9. Total Destruction - 28.1.83 Basement 297, London.  
(Asterix, Ralph, Obelix - The Achaen Warriors)
10. Witness the Strength - 10.2.83 Davies', Worcester.  
(Asterix, Martyn).
11. Smack My Hand - 16.3.84 313, London.  
(Asterix, Ralph, Obelix).
12. Sister Ray\* - 19.6.84 313, London.
13. On Heat - 14.7.84 313, London.
14. From A to D - 30.7.84 Jazzmine Studios, London.
15. Against the Grain - 30.7.84 Jazzmine Studios.
16. Suspicion - 30.7.84 Jazzmine Studios.  
(Asterix, Martyn, Ralph, Obelix).
17. Suspicion II - Live, Nags Head, Malvern. 21.12.84
18. The New Dark Ages - 9.2.85 Jazzmine Studios.
19. Morpheus in the Underworld - 11.11.85 Ventura Studios, London.  
(Asterix, Ralph, Emma, Obelix).
20. Speed It Up - 31.3.86 313, London (4-track).
21. Rehearsing the Uprising - 31.3.86 313, London.  
(Asterix, Ralph, Emma, Davit, Obelix).

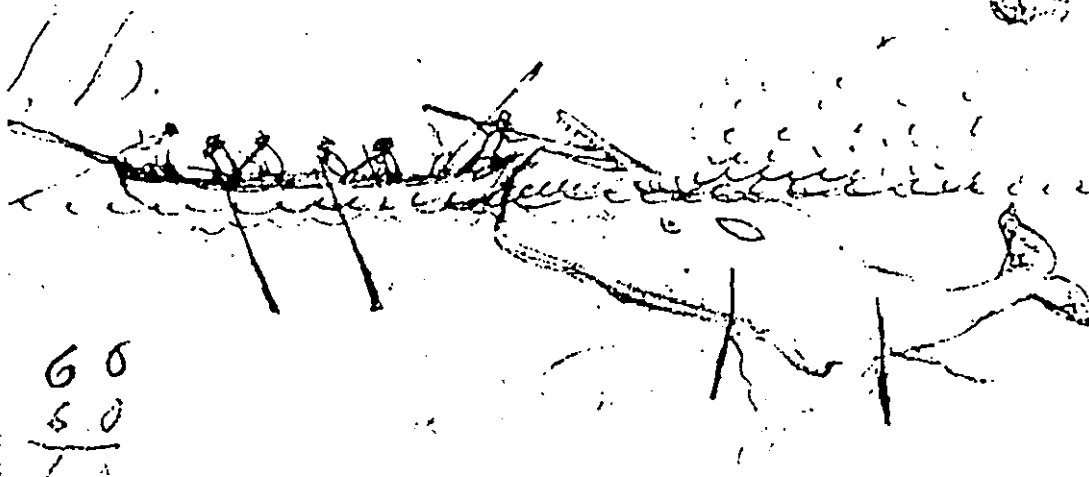
22. Vulnerability - 26.5.86 313, London.  
23. Blindness - 12.6.86 313, London.  
(Asterix, Ralph, Emma, Davit, Obelix).  
24 - 29. Wake Up Motherfuckers - 8,9,10.8.86 (4-track).  
Crouch End, London.  
(Asterix, Ralph, Davit - TTLB).  
30 - 34. Rymer Street Tapes - 13,14,15.10.86 (4-track).  
Rymer Street, London.  
(Asterix, Ralph, Davit, Emma).  
35. Opiatic Blues - 24.11.86 Martyn's, Worcester.  
36. Matho - 24.11.86 Martyn's, Worcester.  
(Asterix, Martyn).

Written, arranged and produced by

## ASTERIX and the GAULS.

Except \*(12) - Written by Reed/Cale/Morrison/Tucker.  
\*(26) - Written by The Open Mind.  
\*(34) - Written by Johnny Cash.

Compiled by Moby Dick.



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60

1

READING.....

King Lear 1605 (Shakespeare). 120 Days of Sodom 1785 (De Sade). Moby Dick 1851 (Melville). Madame Bovary 1857 (Flaubert). Crime and Punishment 1866 (Dostoyevsky). Les Chants de Maldoror 1868 (Lautreamont). The Gay Science 1882 (Nietzsche). Against Nature 1884 (Huysmans). Ubu Roi 1896 (Jarry). The Interpretation of Dreams 1900 (Freud). Futurist, DaDa and Surrealist Manifestoes 1909-24. The Man Without Qualities (in 3 parts) 1930-42 (Musil). Nausea 1938 (Sartre). The Naked Lunch 1959 (Burroughs). Of Grammatology 1968 (Derrida).

WATCHING.....

Intolerance 1916 (Griffith). Greed 1924 (Stroheim). Sunrise 1927 (Murnau). Napoleon 1927 (Gance). Scarface: Shame of a Nation 1932 (Hawks). Boudu Saved From Drowning 1932 (Renoir). L'Atalante 1934 (Vigo). Young Mr Lincoln 1939 (Ford). Mr Smith Goes to Washington 1939 (Capra). Citizen Kane 1941 (Welles). Ivan the Terrible (parts 1 and 2) 1943-48 (Eisenstein). Rear Window 1954 (Hitchcock). Clockwork Orange 1971 (Kubrick). The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie 1972 (Bunuel). Taxi Driver 1976 (Scorsese).

LISTENING.....

White Light White Heat 1967 (Velvet Underground). Trout Mask Replica 1969 (Beefheart and the Magic Band). Tim Buckley's Voice. Can's Rhythm Pieces. Gram Parson's Hat. Syd Barretts Trip. Marc Bolan on TOTP. Television (with Richard Hell). The Modern Dance 1977 (Pere Ubu). Buzzcocks (with Howard Devoto). The Fall (with Martin Bramah). The Pop Group. The Fire Engines. The Lexicon of Love 1982 (ABC). Mr Gareth Sagar.



This was Gallic Productions Number 5c