

# dunking MADelaines

\*Z0--HOMTUSO--MJD  
CUT--GOSMUCH--ONZ\*



Including a Bonus DM'S Cassette.



## TWO POUNDS OF STRAWBERRIES PLEASE

MARTYN LUCAS Songs 1,2, and 3 by 'Underground Sunrise'

(Martyn-voc, guit and Gareth-bass). Malvern 1981.

Songs 4,5 and 6 with 'Asterix and the Gauls'

(Martyn-voc, guit, bass and Bruce-guit (4,5). Jim-voc, perc, guit,  
Chris-drums and Ralph-bass (6)).

Song 4-1981, song 5-1982 song 6-1984. In London.

Song 7 by Marty (solo). Worcester 1984.

(All songs by Martyn Lucas).

THE DROOGS Both songs live (Mark-voc, guit. P B Dave-guit.

James Michel-bass. Andy-drums. Jon-synth. Jon P-voc).

Cheltenham 1987. (Songs by M Sanders).

TROY Rare practice tape. (Ralph-bass. Steve-guit.

Mikel-drums. Dom-voc). Malvern circa 1980.

(Song by R Tittley/D Marshall).

AGRO Songs 1-8. Live (DC-guit, voc. Greg-voc. Jamie-bass.  
Edwin-drums) Canada 1981.

Songs 9-15. 4-Tracks (DC-voc, instruments. Greg-voc, guit  
(9,10,11,14,15). Jamie-bass (12,13,14,15). Drummer-A Spectre  
(14)). Canada 1982.

Song 16. 4-Track (DC-voc, guit. Jamie-bass). London 1983.

(Songs by AGRO except \* by The Troggs).

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## Martyn Lucas - A Testimonial

Martyn's career has been long and varied. For something approaching eight years he has worked with virtually anyone or anybody who needed a guitarist/singer or songwriter. If no-one needed him then he played solo. Such was the drive of the man!

He was born 24 years ago in the small Cumbrian town of Workington. In 1977 his parents re-located to Manchester and it was there that he decided music was the career for him (he had witnessed, and been inspired by one of Marc Bolan's last gigs).

In 1980 his story begins. His band 'Underground Sunrise' (bassist Gareth and a drummer from the school brass band) shocked everyone in the Malvern area with their tuneful and velvete songs. By 1981 he had joined 'Asterix and the Gauls', surviving their 'Noise' period, relishing the role of lead guitarist, often performing one or two of his own songs. Times being hard and the Gauls being insane he took another job as singer/guitarist with Troy (but that period is discussed elsewhere in this pamphlet). He returned to the Gauls during the summer of '82 for their Bitter second demo.

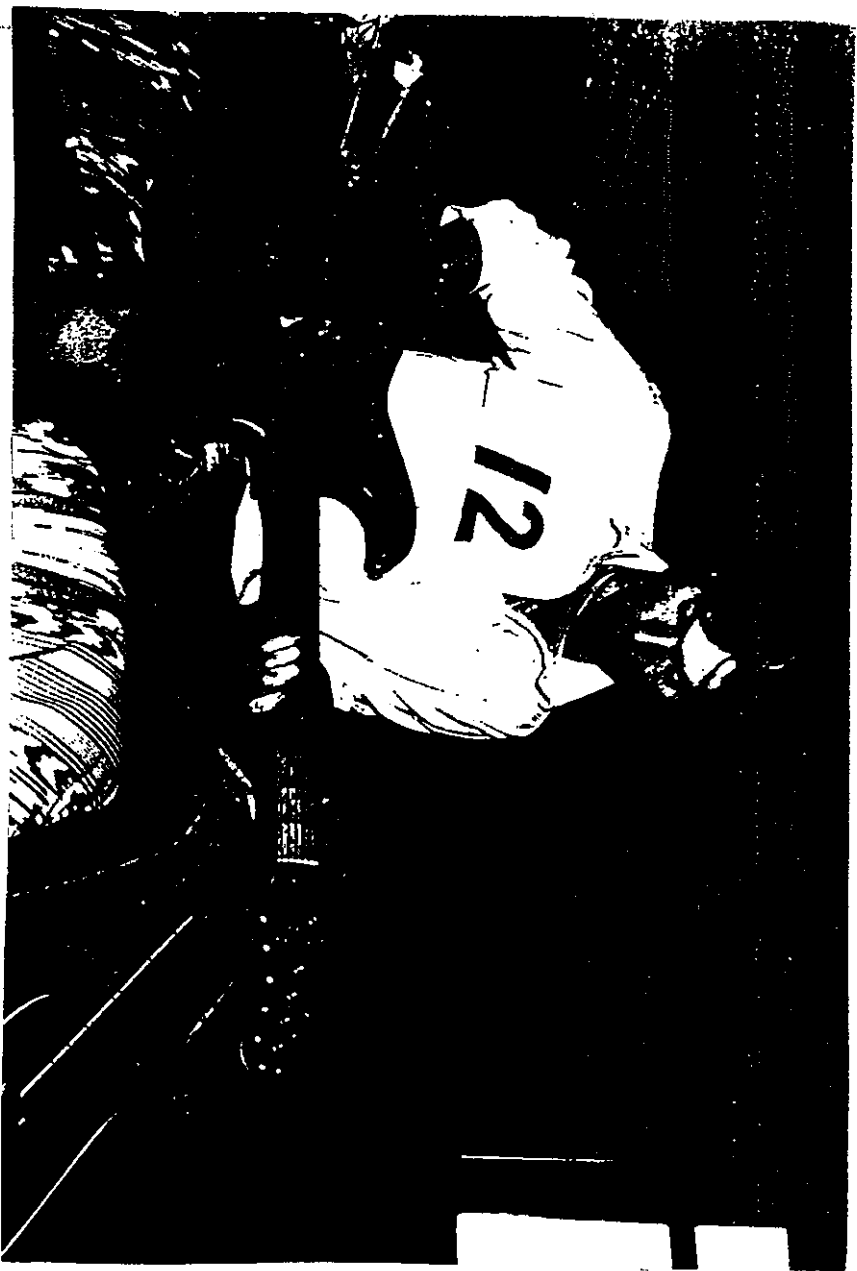
After leaving school he went to live in Worcester and played with an abundance of local bands. Between 1982 and '84 he would also often jam/compose with Jim and Chris from the Gauls climaxing in the semi-legendary 'Babes in the Wood Tape'. This unfortunately came to an end when Jim and Chris came out and left to run a cafe in Brighton.

The next stage in this illustrious career was the disturbing 'Iranian Teaspoons', a Midland combo who raised hell in the local area with their vicious, smacky songs. Martyn as guitarist/songwriter was in many ways the brains behind this. His friend and partner 'Cret' sang these ugly songs in such a forceful way that some of us still wonder why 'The Teaspoons' were not noticed and signed up to a Major contract.

After the demise of the Teaspoons, Martyn attempted to put a band together with Bruce, but this proved impossible. He moved to Spain and learnt Flamenco; returning to England he rehearsed with a Tim Buckley style singer but this also failed to come to fruition.

At present he is working with Timmy Teaspoon on a country and western style theme. He is based in Nottingham, and rumours abound that the mighty Cloughie wants to sign him and the Jazzmanian Fruitbats to a long-term contract!

Martyn Lucas...The Man, The Guitar, Them Mambo Rhythm's.



## AGRO A Quickie History & Quasi Compendium

We were a group of environmentalists eager to save the world. A world full of Dumb-fucks and Muso-bastards (we were angry young venn yay oh die-yum ahhhhhhhhh-ah-ei-oh-umm environmentalists hence the Agro (cultural) moniker. Our only obstacle was the incredible naivety from which all little boys suffer. We were only twelve years old.

No! I'm being a bit harsh. We were young Gods.

Let it be said we had rivals aplenty. Quite a few young bands reared their damned ugly heads as venues became more plentiful. Our first gig set the pace: Caffiene psychosis. We were introduced as a Heavy-metal band by Mr Compere to the predominantly leather clad grease-slugs whot made up the audience. Riot incitement followed by Police protection of Agro after the plug was pulled. Gig two: The hallowed auditorium of our own High-school. 'Mooned' and physically assaulted by the entire football team. One of our members (Jamie) expelled for attacking the Deputy-Principle. Three: The Maritime Provinces Drama festival. Punters initial reaction of shocked surprise followed by shouts of 'Encore!'

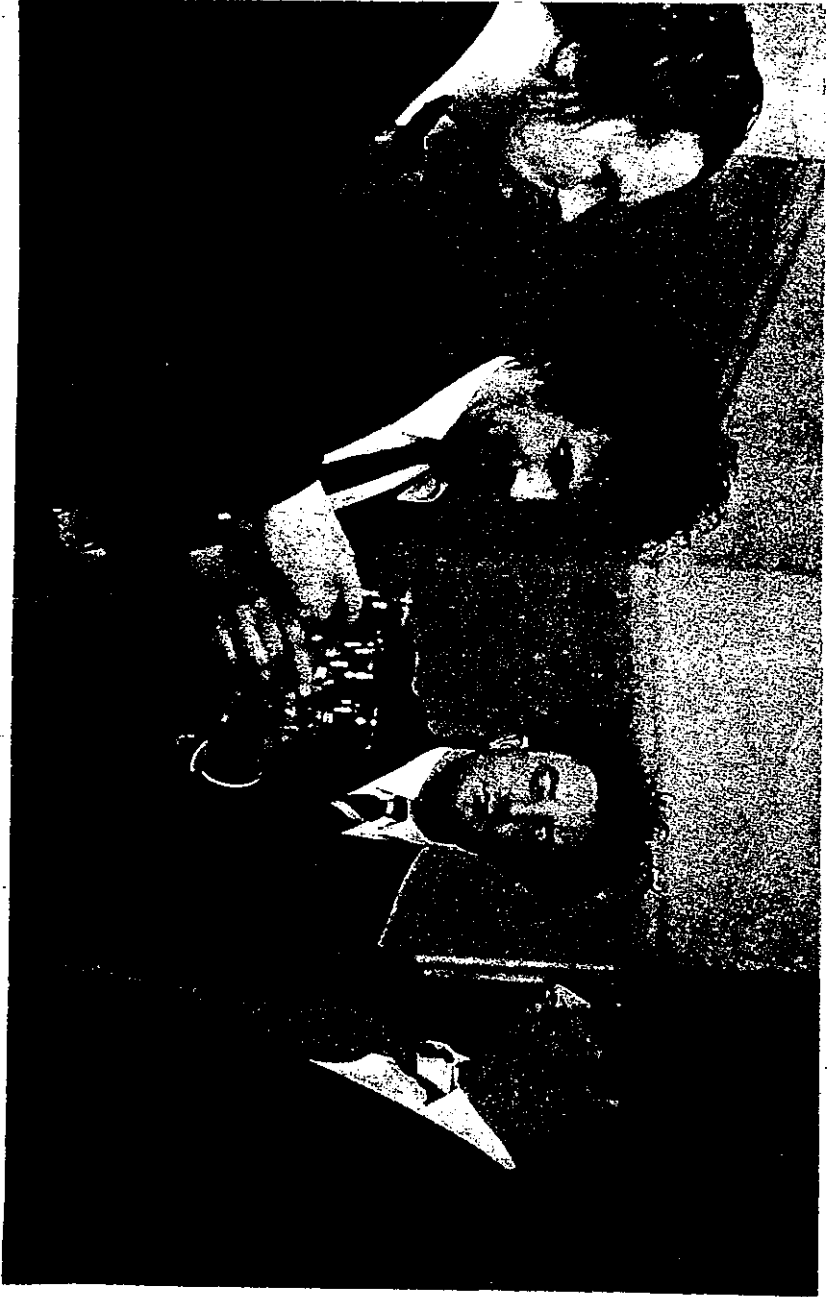
This was the turning point.

We had no desire to be accepted as 'entertainment' by a group of pus-buggery theatre-goers any more than we wanted to sleep with Margaret Trudeau after she'd been with syphalictic Mick, so we concentrated our efforts on less traditional gig spots: multi-level car parks, graveyards, ferry terminals, rooftops, city hall, and best of all - trees.

The climax of our agrocultural toil came as Chuck & Di (as they were affectionately referred to) made an official visit to our City's Natal Day celebrations: Scotland Yard were no match for our distinctive brand of youthful exuberance. We fooled even the bomb experts with our skilfully camouflaged amplifiers placed in treetops near their Royal Highnesses exit point from limos. Power was supplied by a (very) long extension cord leading into a nearby barracks under cover of the freshly painted grass.

The rest is history. International news-casts heralding the arrival of a major rock act. Television appearances leading the way to Carnegie Hall and Madison Square Gardens; An extensive Agro product range of skin-care and toiletries; Agro dolls and realistic orange blossom toilet rolls with lewd pictures on.

AGRO toast Princess Diana's Tour Of Canada!



## The Trojan Wars

In those heady, halcyon days of youth a strange and wondrous thing occurred. Four young and carefree lads got together with evil intent. There was Dom, a punk-rocker who couldn't sing, there was Steve, a Cathedral School drop-out who knew how to do a bar-chord, there was Mikel who couldn't drum and had no body hair and there was myself who couldn't do anything that involved standing up but happened to have a bass guitar. The older two of the four had 'Mohican' style hair-cuts which put us in mind of the plumes worn by ancient Greeks and so the band was named; Troy.

Determined to take on the World we practised a few times and before we knew it we had a gig. And what a gig it was. Dominic was so drunk he could hardly tell the difference between the microphone and his bag of Thixofix and Mikel's taste for Pernod and Black caused no end of fun as he tried to start one number at least six times - 'take it away Mike' and indeed he did.

Strangely, people seemed to like us and our music. Indeed we even had a few devoted fans who would draw our emblem about the place and assure us that it was only a matter of time before we were noticed and swept to stardom by some record company mogul. Fools that we were we believed this and carried on with an insane, self-destructive passion.

The next gig was a classic (as were they all). We had a guy with a projector showing 8mm films (cartoons and cowboys as I remember) projected onto us and the wall behind us. We got paid £5 for that one - now we were real musicians!

But nothing ever lasts and changes were on the way. Dominic was replaced by a girl called Paula - our very own Helen. The rest of us took to wearing face paints to complete the Trojan disguise and our superior fashion distinguished us from the everyday scum-punks with their mohicans. Our wafer thin Trojan plumes stood proud above their pallid imitations.

The weakness of the rhythm section became apparent and Mikel was replaced by a long-legged spider-like creature called Spencer who at least could start a song without too much trouble. Helen of Troy also left and the band entered another stage. For a while we had a guy called Jem who was to be our singer but we didn't have a microphone and then one Martyn Lucas joined up. We even had a manager! Ha Ha!

We played a couple more gigs before the end - the first at the Worcester Labour Club where we caused a storm as the management tried to turn us off before the end of our set.





**TROY during their Post-Ragtime-Neo-  
-Hypnotic-Structuralist phase.**

Our public wouldn't have it so we played on until the police finally turned up and pulled the switch. I can still remember Martyn threatening to smack the landlord over the head with his guitar.

Our final gig was at the Malvern Youth centre where we were supported by that other Malvern College band 'Amato1' who fooled no-one with their antics. After the gig we sacked Easby as he made off with our share of the door - it's about the only thing he ever *managed* to do !

Shortly after this the band dissolved as Steve went off to Sweden and the rest of us went our separate ways. I was at college and living forty miles from Malvern in Hay-on-Wye where one day two young sailors turned up to enlist me in their musical/terrorist outfit known as the Gauls - they had somehow sprung Steve from his Swedish prison and wanted me to drive the bass in their new line-up. But that's another story . . . . .

## The Droogs - An Organic Memoir

The group's philosophy revolved around Dave the Knave and myself (Dave being my manic companion in the booth). I was the operator and organiser whereas Dave, although he hardly ever turned up and was a moronic guitarist was the epitome of the group's ideal; lethargic, apathetic, deady.

Always sullen and occasionally in time Dave was the real character of the band. The rest were not so much Droogs as session musicians - steady drums etc. Only James Michel, the bassist, had any real talent and was a very bizarre individual. Being the most boring fart in the school he was, at the same time, the most interesting. All my mates couldn't understand why I played with him but what they could never grasp was that given a bass, James became the most exciting person in the school. Mentally there was nothing inside his head - his real talent lay in his bass which never ceased to amaze.

The Droogs were the perfect escape from a regime of petty rules and the only thing our narrow Thatcherite head-master could see as the ultimate goal - BUSINESS. This might seem arrogant but unfortunately our music was way above the heads of the majority's underdeveloped intelligence. They mistook the influence of the Velvet Underground for David Bowie (great insult). The sad fact is the only thing they wanted were more boring covers of terrible songs such as 'Lola' or 'Blue Suede Shoes' which our contemporaries supplied them with happily.

Lots of love & kisses  
Bananafishfaceable.





The BananaFishFaceMan and PBD.  
(Publicity Photographs...19863E?).



This was Gallic Productions No.17b.