

dunking MADelaines II

*Z0--10MUS00-1M3



Including a Bonus DM's Cassette.

INTRODUCTION

The Gallic Network is rapidly drawing to it's conclusion and therefore it makes sense to take one final glance at those figurines from history who have both served with the various Gallic bands and struck out for bold new shores on their own. So here we go:

Sanny Nelson (instrumentalist 1980/81): Considering the fact that he was a music scholar he is bound to have performed with bands since those early days but we know nothing!

Bruce Cochrane (guitarist 1980-82): Shacked up and worked with Martyn for a short period in 1985/86 but apart from that has concentrated on solo blues 'ramblings'!

Martyn Lucas (guitarist/singer 1980-82/84): Various bands (see letter later in magazine!)

Rachel Webster (singer 1982): Has concentrated on academic studies and turned her back on music (very wisely!)

Steve Colletti (guitarist 1982): Replaced Ralph with imitation bass-man Bob. Recorded a zillion 4-tracks, reached apex of career last year while touring USSR and appearing on the 'Chart Show'.

David Birkbeck (occasional lyrics 1980-83): Finished his degree in English and got a job in publishing. Now prematurely middle-aged.

Garfield Balding (horns 1986): Pretentious (imagined he was a manager but didn't do anything!) horn-blower who hopefully has returned to Newcastle!

Chris Underwood (drums 1980-86): Supposedly tried out with one band after departing the organisation. Now living at home with mummy and daddy.

Emma Macdonald (instrumentalist 1984-87): We have heard nothing since she 'went blind'. Probably forgot who she was!

Simon Walker (drums 1987): While performing with us, he was constantly on the look out for other sticks-jobs. Apparently returned to Oz in 1988. You can bet he'll still be drumming (probably in his long-cherished Cabaret outfit!)

CJ Mac (drums 1987/88): If there's any morality in the world he packed it all in and carried on with his job at Safeways.

Laurence Sassoon (instrumentalist 1989): Too scared to join MethodRhythm in the proper sense, he merely contributed to the demo. Still propping up the bar at UCL.

Mark Coates-Smith (instrumentalist 1988/89): Sacked for being a racist, rumour has it that he joined a 'big band' at the Royal College of Music.

Atsushi Iizuka (drums 1988-90): Since he only returned to Japan a few weeks we can take it for granted that the Karaoke bars are where he is likely to be found.

OC Lord,

Jim Sanders, Ralph Tittley, Maxine, Mark Sanders, Matt Biffa & Sven Copeland are of course still members of the Gallic music department!

Life goes on even if old members of Asterix & the Gauls usually don't!

RASPBERRIES MAAM

THE ONLY ALTERNATIVE 1: Bill Haley Had A Dream. 2: 50 Years Ago (The Last Thoughts Of Jimmie Rodgers). 3: As Fate Would Have It. 4: The Only Alternative. 5: Mother. *6: Right Behind You Baby.

All tracks culled from the extremely rare 1985 Lp: 'As Fate Would Have It'. (N Thompson - Voc / Dc - Ld Guit / R Fordrey - Guit / G Whitfield - Bass / D Marsh - Drums). All songs by N Thompson except *6 by Charlie Rich.

MARK SANDERS 1: BananaFishFaceman.

Culled from 'Me & Mr Malhead' (1988 London). (Mark - Voc, guit / Dc - Voc, guit / Jim - Sax ... Ralph engineering!). Song by Mark Sanders.

MARTYN LUCAS 1: Just Like An Addict. 2: Funny Love Affair. 3: Alfonso & Jolene. 4: Churk'n'hill Druids. 5: Misery Basement. 6: Some Love Tonight. *7: Waiting For The Man. 8: Unfamiliar Motor. 9: Is My Love A Desert? 10: Don't Get Yourself In Jail. 11: I Could Be Anything. 12: I Was Born To Be A Gambler. 13: I'm Cold, Bought And Sold.

Track 1 (1984) with Asterix & the Gauls (M - Voc, guit / Jim - Guit / Ralph - Bass / Chris - Drums). Track 2 (1985) Martyn (solo). Track 3 & 4 (1985) culled from 'A Weekend In Wales' (M - Voc, guit / Jim - Perc, voc / Chris - Perc). Track 5 (1986) Martyn and Bruce together in Wales? Track 6 & 7 (1986) culled from 'Sad Songs Of The Desert' (M - Voc, guit, bass / Shaun - Acoustic guitar (track 7) / Tracey - Bk Voc). Track 8 (1987) culled from 'Hang Fire - Burnt Offerings' (M - Voc, guit, bass / Shaun - Voc, guit, harp). Track 9 (1987/88?) culled from 'Phil's Studio Tape' (featuring Phil, Tina & Martyn). Tracks 10 & 11 (1988) culled from 'Fruit Batz' (no details!). Tracks 12 & 13 (1988/89?) Martyn (solo). All songs by Martyn Lucas (I think) except *7 by Lou Reed.

For further useless information contact

Gallic Productions 32b

The Fumbling Adolescent

305 Liverpool Road

LONDON N1 1NF

(01) 609 8675

MARTYN LUCAS (WITH A WHY!) 1980-90.

"The angels tell me there's no peace for the wicked," (Am I the only one?)

Right! A good start, I think, "as long as I keep thinking", 1980 was a school year, I had written words, many long, many crap, some short, two good. 'Is My Love A Desert?'; a song in resurrection. It was about adolescent erection, that's what love was in those days, but only by hindsight (odd word for a semi-heterosexual) can this be seen (ie: Now!)

Me, I got a band with a neighbour, miserable little git, became a surveyor. He was the school's brass band drummer, great guy for rolling with, (no drugs at this time), so rolling but no stone. Marc Bolan was my man then, lovely little imp, my Mad Frank Gunner paid homage, in my own small way, 'Is My Love A Desert?' was my attempt at Miss Bush's 'Army Dreamers' - failed - but gained a song - never could do cover versions.

I met a few more musicians - loose word & that goes for anyone/body. Found a groove, sort of loose, but tight rock'n'roll. I'd never heard of the Velvet, but what came out at gigs had an odd 'un-invoked' thang, 'tween VU & a little Boley (ie: 'The Churkin'hill Druids' ... "Doing the bop ...")

Ask Jim, he knows the next bit Somewhere around '82 I left school, signed on, my musical taste was growing. (well Boley had died Sept 16th 1977 - same day as my little brother's birthday, but they called him Tim), I became embedded in Worcester's little but interesting music scene. I would 'always' play in any capacity, 'a sucker for music', I called myself when I was 10 (maybe !!).

Anyway one day (night) Summer '83, I met Mr T, Spoon - an interesting enough little nan - QM's, leather, we were at a party and I with my usual curiosity started talkin' music, he needed a guitarist, we exchanged a kiss, - some drugs, and (eventually) numbers.

Eventually (a lovely word), I joined the Iranian Teaspoons, a historic, maybe legendary band in Worcester. However even tho from '83-'86/7, a great band emerged, so did an amazing (appetite?) destructive period. Me, I was always a sucker for punishment, the body being the Temple, brick by brick I started bringing it down, I wouldn't blame music or the T-Spoons. It was just ME! UNFORTUNATELY.

To be they were a great band, from late '84 to late '86 - every gig was watched by between 200-450 people, I was 'taken aback'. But the big minus was the chemical intake and instability, too much time for too few songs, periods of 'Fuck that - Jack this up your body.' I, personally, and that includes my dear ex-wife, a lovely girl (probably still is), suffered the most out of all the people in and around the band, (except for Chrissie, RIP).

The songs, words mainly by Cret, were torment; terrorizing bodies, families, friends and a beast that may still tear down innocent and decent people, (not society, that undoes it's own flies and pisses on it's feet anyway). I said that! 'Ain't Life A Whore' I thought was an amazing sign of the times, which I gladly or maybe like 'Cold Turkey' musically wrote, I still don't know where they come from.

Mr Lennon's first album held the sort of scream and croon that stole my heart. I played in my favourite band at the time, this was not ego (None of that here), drugs I thought would have made us shit - but no - we played more intensely, wrote harsher,

the problem was practice - no manager & the only company in the area were scared to sign us - Our reputation in 1986 would bring 300 people so the gigs would bring money from other bands (eg: And Also The Trees). But don't sign them - too much hassle - No! Our hassle was not to be harnessed just let loose! In hindsight - a wonderful gift - ah! What hurt I did to myself didn't, but what I did to others did, one day I'll write it for you, my friends, if I am worthy, I will get the song.

People only saw this band of outlaws from afar, maybe they thought we were only kidding, well I wish we had been!

Today, I am very proud of most of the band. Cret (off the smack) is a printing foreman (maybe higher now), with a wife and two great kids, Bingo, got married and doesn't drink to die. Shrub, off the amphetamines and doing a small job, still playing a mean JJ-like bass, T-Spoon - I'll come to later, Mike works as a nurse in Denmark, Laura's got a kid and a band, Tracey's probably doing well in Spain (I don't have the ring but I've still got those rocks in my heart)

Bruce was a crazy kinda love, a nice guy, but we tried and never really got it together - some amazing rhythms, but no band.

In 1987, I started a degree course at Worcester College of Higher Education, but my habit got bad again and by Xmas it was over, I took the money and spent it (then I ran). About June I moved to Spain after (I couldn't believe it) a successful methadone reduction. Before that I learned how to use a 4-track machine and with Shaun did some songs, many more by myself - One was left in Spain (20 songs) and one in Nottingham (20 more). 'Unfamiliar Motor' etc with Shaun was a great period, the optimism of Spain and also a new found love, country music - old Gram, 'Blue Eyes'. Yes sir - that was my blues!

Well Spain was great, to me. Flamenco, oh! man, I met this guy. I did the left hand he did the right hand - that's where it was at - the right hand! Rhythm - drums. Christ, he had a voice from the spring of the Thames to London Bridge, no PA needed, Dylan would have cried, I did. I found a country club and created new associates (sorry), he was an English guy who used to live with Stu Stewart (piano-player with the early Stones) who had died the year before. He showed me his wedding photos (some of the Stones) and he played great drums. Once I started playing (amped up) 'Walk On The Wild Side' with voice and guitar, he joined me with this wild jazz-like rhythm - a bit like the drummer on 'Take No Prisoners' - a lovely moment in my life. I liked the drink, the sun, quiet friendly gatherings and the odd jam. But come on man, there's more than that. I had a wife falling out of love with me, even if she didn't see it, I did and anyway eventually she'll do very nicely thank-you very much, we all know that, God bless her anyway!

I was back in old blighty by the autumn of '87. Moved to Nottingham to join the Jazzmanian Fruitbats (Spuky - double bass, vox, banjo, quit, harp; Tim Spoon - vox, banjo, D bass, harp, quit; Me - quit (mainly acoustic), vox, D bass (occ); Rowina - fiddle (the bast in the land) & Mr Ed - drums.)

This band had done a year with T. Spoon, Spuky and John (guitars) - busking around England and North Europe. Got a manager called 'Happy' - Hap Taplin - an old geezer who knew Gillan, Colchester United's Chairman, one of the Cadburys - had a list of convictions from ass to toe, but a good bloke all the same - played Hamburg in the

UNDERGROUND SUNRISE
Martyn/Chris/Gareth... Bosh/Rupert/Tad
(on & off) January '80 - July '82???

TROY #1
Steve/Ralph/Mike... Dom/Paula (Helen)
September '80 - October '81

ASTERIX
Jim/Chris
Septen

TROY #2
Steve/Ralph/Spencer... Jem/Martyn
October '81 - June '82

ASTERIX
Jim/Chris/Bru
May'

Various bands in Worcester ...
Martyn/Mark Davis/Norton/Johnny Lewis etc
July '82 - October '83

ASTERIX
Jim/Chris/
- July '82

IRANIAN TEASPOONS
Martyn/Cret/Tim Spoon/Singo/Shrub/Shawn
... Laura/Tracey/Mike (from Denmark)
(on & off) October '83 - January '87

TROY #3
Steve/Bob/Rose/Hodge
March - Oct '83

ASTERIX
Jim/
February

Other musical endeavours with ...
Martyn/Bruce/Shawn/Phil/Tina/Jim/Ralph
(on & off) February '83 - May '87

SUNSET OVER JORDAN
Steve/Bob/Hodge... Duncan
Oct '83 - Feb '85

ASTERIX
Jim/Chris
April

WILDEST DREAM
Steve/Bob
Apr '85 - Oct '86(?)

ASTERIX
Jim/Chris
August '86

In Spain ...
Flamenco & Country stuff???
May - September '87

ASTERIX
Jim/Chris/Ralp
November

THE JAZZMANIAN FRUITBATS
Martyn/Tim Spoon/Spzuky... Rovina/Mr Ed
October '87 - December '88

STEVE COLLETT (SOLO)
Steve/Steve/Steve/Steve
Oct '86 - Dec '88(?)

ASTERIX
Jim/Ralph
July '86

BUZZ THE JOINT
Steve/Nick/Bob/Will
Dec '88 - Jan '90

ASTERIX
Jim/Ralph/O
October '8

MARTYN LUCAS (SOLO)
Martyn/Martyn/Martyn/Martyn
January '89

ASTERIX and
Jim/Ralph/MGS/Matt/B
August '88

RAZZ ME DOODLE BACK IN
Steve/Nick
Jan '90

ASTERIX and
Jim/Ralph/MGS/
August '8

and the GAULS #1
Bruce/Sammy... DVB
er'80 - May'81

RASPERAY WOOF & THE FAIRY WOGDOGS
Simon Shenknan/Sanny/D Manders
November'80 - July'82???

AGRO #1
DC/Greg/Edwin/Jamie/Derek
September'80 - May'81

and the GAULS #2
b/Martyn... DVB/Rachel
81 - July'82

AGRO #2
DC/Greg/Edwin/Jamie
May'81 - December'82

and the GAULS #3
Steve/Ralph... DVB
- February'83

AGRO #3
DC/Jamie/Greg... drum machine
December'82 - September'83

and the GAULS #4
Chris/Ralph
'83 - April'84

AGRO #4
DC/Jamie (v. loose in the UK)
September'83 - April'85

and the GAULS #5
s/Ralph/Martyn
- August'84

THE ONLY ALTERNATIVE
DG/Neal/George/Roland/D Marsh
November'84 - November'85

and the GAULS #6
s/Ralph/Emma
- November'85

THE DROOGS #1
MGS/PBD/Hogger/James/John P
September'85 - April'86

and the GAULS #7
/Emma/DC... Garfield
'85 - July'86

THE DROOGS #2
MGS/PBD/James/Simon L/Tom... Toby
April'86 - September'86

and the GAULS #8
/DC/Simon/Emma
- October'87

THE DROOGS #3
MGS/PBD/James/John P/Andrew F... Jon D
September'86 - July'87

and the GAULS #9
C/CJ/MGS/Maxine
7 - August'88

and the GAULS #10
g/Jaz/Laurence... Maxine
- August'89

and the GAULS #11
Matt/Jaz... Maxine
9 - Feb'90

ASTERIX and the GAULS #12
Jim/Ralph/MGS/Matt/Sven
March'90

6/7

'60s - did 6hrs a night for two years, 6 till 6 with another band - he'd paid his dues and wanted a band to 'make it' and maybe get some success himself which - he definitely deserved.

- So I joined a band and we worked our butts off in the street, 3 of us, busking, getting gigs from this and me making a living at what I'd always wanted to do. I was '*On top of the World Ma!*' - yeah but I was still missing that judgement, the knowledge of whether it was good or bad - that levelling out thing! We did great - even got gigs in London and Southend with the Fri/Sat night mob (ie: The Sea Monster), I loved her in a big dressing room, a lovely little/big woman. We did radio bits, even TV bits (thrice). I thought here we come! I managed to persuade Ro (fiddler) to do gigs with us, she'd done some with the UK Subs (she had a mohican).. Christ, she played somewhere between Gram Parsons and '*Country Honk*', I do not lie. When she touched '*Blue Eyes*' she had the audience by the balls. I wept, flickered at my guitar and listened like a lover.

But like love can do, we all fell out of love. Life became very difficult, I was on my way to a divorce that (at the time I didn't want); from a woman and from a bunch of friends. Mr T Spoon moved to London to become a builder (what a move!) At the last gasp Ro introduced me to one of the greatest men of all time, that I've met, anyway. '*Good Mornin q Heartache*' met Mr Ed, Ed was all I ever knew. Ro originally met him, busking in Brighton. He had a jazz tape playing and his own home-made drum kit, but Jesus, close your eyes and it sounded better than £500 worth of kit. This guy was 50-50-65, I guess. At the end of the Vietnam War he'd been a dog handler, he could train any dog in 30 mins - at the most. (By this time, Sept/Oct 1988 Tim was out of the picture unless we played London.) Old Ed wasn't too clever in one ear - I'm fucked if I know which one, I always got it wrong! My love of the acoustic, countryish music hit a real high at the time - a complete acoustic band - everything - just a little amplification on the instruments (mainly fiddle, guitar & vox). I loved it and always will, GP would have been proud of '*Blue Eyes*' - I'm sure. But similar problems to the past returned again - our manager had a lot of monstary problems, we had our PA nicked, T-Spoon wouldn't turn up, Rowina was on the Enterprise Scheme with another band, Spuky was pissed off with things (we being one thing), Ed was a bottle-of-whiskey a day guy and I was back under the thumb of King Heroin in one form or another. The gigs got fewer, the patience grew thinner, I was out of luck and in and out of some kinds of love! I got to the point where Billie Holiday said No, I've got to go, in a New York hospital, with the police at her bedside - But I ran out of guts - instead of spilling them over the bonnet of some sweet kid's new Montigo, I stopped back, '*I couldn't face your threats.*'

The band did a final gig (Dec '88), it was actually one of my favourites, Ed has a tape of the music but he's somewhere in Brighton now. Inb; Ed, in the '50s had a jazz band of his own in New Zealand and one night Louis Armstrong was in the audience with his wife, he got up and played with Ed's band for one hour, Ed has photos. '*A lovely man*' & so is Ed, real lovely!, I did my own little '*Revelations*' - '*Take No Prisoners*' - I owned up to the meanings of some things, 'going on'. 30-ish people saw us play (no big deal) but they had heard of us - Mansfield (a great place for the terminally ill, I suspect.) Anyway the audience weren't from there, they'd actually

travelled from elsewhere, touching and I mean that.

That gig was like Bolan, Reed, Patti Smith, J Sanders and a little Elmore James, or did I mean Lenny Bruce - no I can't have I'm not that articulate - just late. I walked around the room - sang snatches of songs to each table individually - bought drinks in breaks (musical breaks), gave people dope to skin up with, drank my medicine behind the speaker (it was 3ft high, so I was not in hiding.) It was the F-Bats last gig, I didn't know that at the time, I just had this gut reaction that death was on the way. I didn't send Xmas cards to anyone, not even my mum - 'cos I didn't think that was what anyone would be receiving ...

Anybody reading this, if you ever see a an old guy, playing a home-made drum kit (ie: tea chest (bass drum), biscuit tin (snare), tin lid (cymbalish) - ask if he's Ed, I really would like to get hold of his address, telephone nuaber (ps: I owe him £2 from last Xmas, sorry Ed!)

Well I went into hospital - not to clean up - just to get some cleaner gear. They put me back on the old Methadone - Why? Why? Why? Hey! Read about it - it's 3 times as hard to get off as heroin & about 9 times as hard as morphine. If its inctus you can't jack it and don't get a high off it, it just stops you being ill (sick), if you take smack it has no effect. But when you say 'Yes - I want to stop', you have to spend about 8 days with no sleep, sweating, kicking, chicken-skinned and dying (all around, inside-outside). The sort of thing you'd say once you've been thru you'd never go thru again. So here it is. Once I did that and due to my own stupidity I'm back, hooked and I don't want to go thru that again.

But to get away from my anger; today late '89, I have a lovely girlfriend. 'a-real lady', I'm on my feet, I'm hopeful, I'm alive - after last year; a miracle. She's called 'Jules' and that is her. My ability to write has returned after a shitty long time. However I see the possibilities I've missed for so long, I have played in many great bands, with many great musicians - songs have been written and 'fuck! they are good. I intend to use the best of these 'long-lost' songs and re-interpretate them! (Christ, now I'm playing and re-arranging songs I've had for 1, 2, 6 years). I am re-creating 'The Blonde & The Monster', I have at last met their maker, I am the proud possessor of a bag of jewels of the highest quality, which I am sharpening and shining most positively. These are not the final words of a lost cause. At the present time this is the beginning of a chapter that for once (in recent years), you (especially you, James) will be proud of! 'The Madcap Laughs' & will loudly soon, matey!

Give me that oldie; 'Ye are idle, idle ye are' (I know!) But I still love Horror Movies and believe in Fairy Tales. So there!!!

Martyn sent me this letter/confession during Winter 1989, since when he has slashed the main artery on his right arm (he put it through a window in the dark). He was maltreated in hospital (they wouldn't allow him any anaesthetics because he is on a methadone treatment!) At present he is learning to strum the guitar with two fingers. All of us at Gallic Productions hopes that his arm repairs itself soon! (Jim).

Council may pull plug on rock band

COUNCILLORS are being asked to pull the plug on an up-and-coming Malvern rock band.

They will be told that rehearsals staged by rock and row exponents Troy are driving local residents up the wall.

The trouble began when the band started to use a room above a motor-bike shop in Worcester Road to practise their act.

Very soon, their musical medley of the unworldly ears of neighbours in Zealand Road and Bank Street.

A resident said: "It really was quite unbearable — a dreadful noise, tuneless — they don't know the meaning of the word..."

Now members of Malvern's planning committee will debate the problem at their next meeting. They will be recommended to pass an enforcement order banning the rehearsal sessions.



The Malvern Teaspoons (circa 1985).



The Malvern pop group live.

David Lord — Guitar

The Only Alternative in 1985. From Left-Right:
G. Whitfield, R. Fordrey, D. Lord, N. Thompson, D. Marsh.



GR
21



This was Gallic Productions No32b.