

JUNE 89

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GALLIC TIMES 10

GT10 SUMMER EDITORIAL

Numero ten Galastic Thames. A time for celebration? Nay, there is much left to do. This is our Situationist issue and thus is full of the ideas of ye olde French intellectual terrorists..

As the year progressed we have been turned green by the weather, it's hot; at last heaven has decided to reward the Gallic staff with some merry sunshine as we labour tirelessly on toward our eventual implosion: 'Moustaches' is finished, 'Perversion St' almost so. Now is the time for vacationary madness - the return of Tzara. Enjoy lest the sun doth burst!

Au Revoir to Abie Hoffman (Crazed Yippie revolutionary - we remember), Robert Mapplethorpe (Gay NY Photographer), Sergio Leone (Italian director of the classic 'Once Upon A Time In America'), Lucille Ball (Dialoji's favourite), Kenny McBain (director of Tv scorchers: 'Inspector Morse') and Don Revie (1970's Leeds manager and corruption expert!)

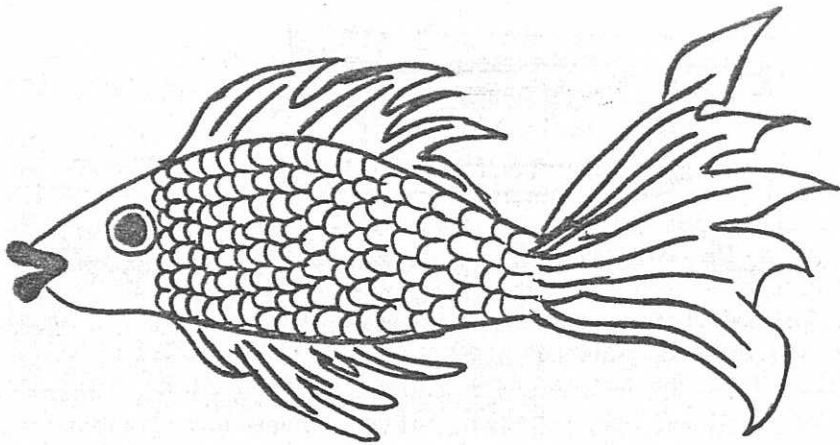
GT Arts recommend: Music Coldcut's 'What's that Noise', 'Interesting Drug' (Morrisey), De La Soul's 'Three Feet High and Rising' (hippy-hop) and Neneh Cherry's first: 'Raw Like Sushi'. Avoid 'Mind Bomb' it's terrible! Movies Paul Schrader's 'Patty Hearst', 'New York Stories' (the Coppola-Scorsese-Woody Allen three parter), the latest Oliver Stone: 'Talk Radio', and the Jerry Lee Lewis bio-pic 'Great Balls of Fire'. Books Victor Bokris' biography of Andy Warhol, Julie Burchill's first novel: 'Ambition' and on import from the States: 'Standing in the shadows of Motown - The Life and Music of legendary bassist, James Jamerson'. Art The Situationist Internartional 1957-72 is at the ICA from June 23rd to August 23rd and is vital! Art in Latin America at the Haywood (until Aug 6) is followed by a major Warhol retrospective (from Sept 7). Magazines Rapid Eye #1 is excellent, check 'L the 80s' for details. Not really a magazine but interesting anyway is Zone#2: 'Fragments for a history of the human body' (3 volumes at 12.95 each), if its anything like the first Zone it'll be worth your money. Live Music Lou Reed is at the London Palladium and Wembley (at that price and in those halls - forget it!). Rumour has it that Sun Ra is touring the USA doing wierd versions of Disney tunes, now if he came here that would be something!

The 2nd 'Leaving the '80s' will be out by August, it contains essays on Jean Renoir in the '30s, the De Niro/Scorsese movies, The Gareth Sagar story, Tim Buckley, Poesies II, Dalí & Warhol, JG Ballard, Hooligans, and Charles Manson.

GT 11, out in Sept will be re-christened Gallic Vogue and will feature more material on Terror, a guide to sexuality and a genuine medical advice slot. Yum, yum.....

The end is nigh. Ciao, London

K.Tiddlewood.



BARRYGOLD OBIT.

BarryGold Nautilus Sanders is dead. He passed away on the 15th May 1989 at 1.30am. A clever fish he worked on many Gallic Productions since he joined our network last July. His advice on the script stage of 'Moustaches', GT# 7,8,9 and Leaving 1 were invaluable. As he said to me once: "Glub, glub, glub". I couldn't put it clearer if I tried. He has now gone to his burial place in the garden at Harrow, where we know he will be very happy. Gallic animals are very important and Barry will go down in the golden book alongside Louis Alfonso Sanders, the mouse who advised us throughout the vicious year of '83. This paper was the last GP that 'naughty' Nautilus worked on. Rock on, Baz.

SOCCER ROUND-UP - 1988/89.

Gallic Productions would like to congratulate Arsenal (our local team) on a splendid season (now will you take that gun away from my head, Am?)

Liverpool deservedly won the FA Cup, just what do they have to do to win the 'double'? Last year they lost it by one goal (in that nightmare FA Cup final against Wimbledon), this year they lost it on the number of goals scored to Arsenal. Perhaps it is impossible for any club to do the 'double' twice.

Brian Clough's ("give us a kiss") Nottingham Forest won the other main trophy, when are the FA going to wake up and give this man the England job?

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NEWS

THE FRENCH NIGHTMARE!

On April 3rd, Colin, Mark and myself set off on a journey, we drove to Paris to see the Situationist exhibition. The ferry was afloat and the French countryside paranoid. As we entered the capital of France I began to feel bad-tempered (not an unusual state when I'm with Mark), we parked the wagon and walked to the Beauborg - the exhibition was closed because the staff were on strike! (We'd forgotten all about strikes, living in England). Sitting down, and nursing a coffee in the '81 cafe I began to feel ill. Then I realised I'd caught Am's dreaded *Venenschunk* virus. The lads found a hotel, put me there and disappeared to drown their beards in ale. After a night of hallucination and terror I awoke to a snow-storm beating on my window. We decided to exit the capital instantly - On the motorway home I hit a lump of steel in the fast line, shredded tire, more snow! Mark took over the driving and I faded into heavier fevosity. Arriving at the ports we found them closed due to the terrible weather conditions. We finally boarded a ferry where I was forced to sit next to Jimmy 'the Chin' Hill until we reached England. Could there ever be a worse 36 hours? No Never! (Jim).

DC AID OR DECAYED?????

The Dc Aid idea was to try and pay for our old chum to come to England for the summer. Unfortunately he has left it so long vagueing and complaining that I am now forced to put the entire GP into doubt. Originally given the Gallic Produce No 46, it was originally intended as a piss-take of wanky rock musicians and their idea of charity. Sadly it may well turn out to be the last word on David Lord, the man who once threatened to turn pessimism and negativity into an art form!

P-KNUCKLE CHAMPIONSHIP POSTPONED.

Due to excess work Jim and Ralph have decided to delay the 5th (and perhaps most bitterly fought) Card-Sharp's annual festival. Ralph said he was "too tired", Jim commented that "Ralph has been practicing". The Tournament will now be played on a 'whenever possible' basis but will be concluded by July 15th 1989. It's alright you can tell me, I'm a Doctor!!!

The Free Casso - Buzzy Bee.... side one: the TTLB summer single.
(i) 'Summer Term Varsity Blues' (ii) 'King Mob' featuring Roy, Jane and Neena. side two: extracts from the 'Moustaches' sound reels. ... It's not our fault, it landed on our doorstep.

The following artifacts are still available from Gallic Productions,

- GP1 - EVERYTHING - an Asterix & the Gauls 60min 12 track cassette, £3.
- GP2 - NOTHING - a Jim & Martyn 60min 16 track cassette, £3.
- GP3 - MORPHEUS #3 - a short 16mm film a/ble on video with soundtrack, £8.
- GP4 - GALLIC TIMES #2 - AIDS issue, £1.
- GP5 - WHALING - 2x90min cass incl 36 tracks with free pamphlet, £4.
- GP6 - PERFORMANCE/EXORCISMS - Nine T-Mob jigs, *
- GP7 - GALLIC TIMES #3 - Election issue, £1.50.
- GP8 - HAPPENINGS - (a)Day in the Country (b)Rymer St party, *
- GP9 - TTLB ON TOUR - The West and The Midlands, 8 appearances, *
- GP10 - STP - a T-Mob 45min 10 track cassette, £3.
- GP11 - HOMO MOVIE - a short 8mm promo a/ble on video, £8.
- GP12 - MARINETTI EATS SPAGHETTI - a TTLB 60min 14 track cassette, £3.
- GP13 - GALLICK TIMES #4 - Magick issue, *
- GP14 - TEOMOOD - Adventures in Popular Capitalism, *
- GP15 - MUTUAL MURDER - a short 16mm film a/ble on video with soundtrack, £8.
- GP16 - ENTERTAINMENT/HYPNOSIS - Six FEKM jogs, *
- GP17 - DUNKING MADELAINES - Cassette + Pamphlet of Rewritten History, £2.
- GP18 - EVENTS - (a)The Ferry (b)The Zoo (c)The Circus (d)The Seaside, *
- GP19 - GALLIC TIMES #5 - Murder issue, £2.
- GP20 - MORE WHALING - 2x90min cass incl 44 tracks with free pamphlet, £4.
- GP21 - TTLB ON TOUR II - The North, 6 appearances, *
- GP22 - BRUITISM - an FEKM 60min 12 track cassette, £3.
- GP23 - GALLIC TIMES #6 - DadA/Futuroid issue, £2.
- GP24 - HETERO MOVIE - a short video/8mm promo a/ble on video, £5.
- GP25 - ARTISMS??? - Work-In-Progress - Tattoo You!
- GP26 - SOUL MOUSE - a TTLB 90min 20 track cassette, £3.
- GP27 - GAULISM; A DOC - Interviews-ruptions-course, [a/ble soon], £5.
- GP28 - SOMETHING - The Everything Video [Work-In-Progress],
- GP29 - NOVELTY - Video + cassette of FEKM's last HOWL, cass £2/vid £5.
- GP30 - GALLIC TIMES #7 - US Election issue, £2
- GP31 - REMAKE/REMODEL - GP1 + 2 Revisited, £3 each.
- GP32 - DUNKING MADELAINES II - Cassette + Pamphlet of Revised History, £2
- GP33 - THE THIRD GAULISH FEAST - [1982, 1985, 1988], *
- GP34 - GALLIC TIMES #8 - Terrorism issue, 30p.
- GP35 - OUTINGS - 8 'Trips' to far-flung places, [details within].
- GP36 - WORDS IN FREEDOM - Lyrics and Screenplays for GP 1 to 25, £1.
- GP37 - MOUSTACHES - a 40min 16mm/Video sound Movie a/ble on video, £5.
- GP38 - DOMINATION/HUMILIATION - The MethodRhythm Shows, [details within].
- GP39 - LEAVING THE 1980's I - Wilder-Orson-Syd-Funk-Pollock-Ducasse etc, 90p
- GP40 - GALLIC TIMES #9 - Silence issue, 30p.
- GP41 - REMAKE/REMODEL II - GP 10 + 12 Revisited, £3 each.
- GP42 - EVEN MORE WHALING - 2x90min cass of 42 tracks with free pamphlet, £4.
- GP43 - LESBIE MOVIE - a new vid/super 8 of tracks, [a/ble soon]
- GP44 - MOUSTACHES PT2 - (a)PAMM, (b)Premiere, (c)Alright on the night, *
- GP45 - PERVERSION ST - a MethodRhythm 60min 14 track cassette, £4.
- GP46 - DC AID or DECAYED ?? - Fundraising or an uncollectable?
- GP47 - *****

Forthcoming Projects Include:

- GP48 - TTLB ON TOUR III - The Seaside, 6 Appearances, [details within].
- GP49 - GLAMOUR - The 3rd & Final TTLB 'Studio' cassette.
- GP50 - THE WACKO MOVIE - A new 8mm/Video to accompany GP45; Perversion St.
- GP51 - LEAVING THE 1980's II - More Arts, [Out in August].

*For more information contact: Gallic Productions, The Embittered Italian
Snail, Flat 2, 305 Livenpool Rd, London, NI.*

Gallic Guide To

SITUATIONISTS

The Situationists were the last 'interesting' art movement, they existed (mainly in Paris) from 1957 to 1972. Virtually unknown in their own time, they inspired the 'radical' students in Paris in May 1968 and provided the more amusing ideas behind Malcolm McLaren's 'Sex Pistols' in 1976. Soon, the first (ever) Situationist exhibition will open at the ICA, we therefore feel it is our bounden duty to provide the Gallic reader with the low-down on the men behind the best ideas since the war.

Situationism grew out of Rumanian poet Isidore Isou's 'Lettrist' movement. Isou had developed a theory that words had been bankrupted by modern life, the only way forward was to return to individual letters. They first made their name in 1946 when they disturbed a performance of Tzara's play 'The Fruit', invading the stage and shouted; *"We know all that, enough of the old stuff! We want something new, let's hear about Lettrisme!"* The second time the public heard of them was in 1950 when they stormed the sacristy of Notre Dame Cathedral on Easter Sunday. They caused havoc by replacing the priest with one of their own number who proceeded to regale the congregation with a sermon on Nietzsche and the death of God.

In 1952 a gang of Lettrists broke up a press conference being held by Charlie Chaplin to promote his new film 'Limelight'. They are quoted as saying: *"We believe that the most urgent expression of freedom is the destruction of idols, especially when they present themselves in the name of freedom."* 'Culture' and 'work' were dirty words for the Lettrists so they invented the art-form 'psychogeography', this involved wandering through the city for long periods of time, dressed in clothes painted with slogans (see all modern clothing), often 'high' on drugs and searching for the 'secret madness/desire' of the urban environment. The most important piece of pre-Situationist writing was Ivan Chtcheglov's "Formula for a New City": *"A mental disease has swept the planet; banalisation, Everyone is hypnotized by production and conveniences - sewage system, elevator, bathroom, washing machine."* The essay (unpublished until International Situationist #1) proposed the building of a 'hacienda', a new experimental city in which everyone would live in their own 'cathedral'. The different districts in the city would correspond to the diverse feelings that one encounters by chance in everyday life. The inhabitants would drift/wander (derive) following only the paths of their desires.

The Lettrists split up in 1957 and Guy Debord formed the Situationists out of their ashes. Boasting the title 'intellectual terrorists' they developed an approach that fused the better elements of daDa & Surrealism, libertarian Marxism (anti-Soviet and anti-Maoist) and very modern sociology!

The political ideas were nicked from the earlier 'Socialisme ou Barbarie' journal, which proposed the brilliant theory that the Chinese and Russians

LIVE WITHOUT RESTRICTIONS OR DEAD TIME.
CULTURE IS THE INVERSION OF LIFE.

NEVER WORK.

THE COMMODITY IS THE OPIUM OF THE PEOPLE.

SCREAM, STEAL, EJACULATE YOUR DESIRES.

THE MORE YOU CONSUME THE LESS YOU LIVE.

THEY ARE BUYING YOUR HAPPINESS, STEAL IT.

IT IS FORBIDDEN TO FORBID.

KNOWLEDGE IS INSEPERABLE FROM THE
USE TO WHICH IT IS PUT.

BE CRUEL.

DOWN WITH THE NAZERENE TOAD

I TAKE MY DESIRES FOR REALITY BECAUSE I BELIEVE IN
THE REALITY OF MY DESIRES.

IMAGINATION TAKES POWER.

EVEN IF GOD EXISTED WE WOULD HAVE TO SUPPRESS HIM.

ART IS DEAD: DO NOT CONSUME ITS CORPSE.

BE REALISTIC DEMAND THE IMPOSSIBLE.

GO AND DIE IN NAPLES WITH THE CLUB MEDITERANEE:

A CHEAP HOLIDAY IN OTHER PEOPLE'S MISERY.

BENEATH THE PAVING STONES - THE BEACH.



5th Conference of the I.S., at Goteborg, in 1961

constructed situation: A moment of life concretely and deliberately constructed by the collective organisation of a unitary ambience and a game of events.

situationist: Having to do with the theory or practical activity of constructing situations. One who engages in the construction of situations. A member of the Situationist International.

situationism: A meaningless term improperly derived from the above. There is no such thing as situationism, which would mean a doctrine of interpretation of existing facts. The notion of situationism is obviously devised by antisituationists.

psychogeography: The study of the specific effects of the geographical environment, consciously organized or not, on the emotions and behaviour of individuals.

psychogeographical: Relating to psychogeography. That which manifests the geographical environment's direct emotional effects.

psychogeographer: One who explores and reports on psychogeographical phenomena.

dérive: A mode of experimental behaviour linked to the conditions of urban society; a technique of transient passage through varied ambiances. Also used to designate a specific period of continuous dériving.

unitary urbanism: The theory of the combined use of arts and techniques for the integral construction of a milieu in dynamic relation with experiments in behaviour.

detournement: Short for: detournement of preexisting aesthetic elements. The integration of present or past artistic production into a superior construction of a milieu. In this sense there can be no situationist painting or music, but only a situationist use of these means. In a more primitive sense, detournement within the old cultural spheres is a method of propaganda, a method which testifies to the wearing out and loss of importance of these spheres.

culture: The reflection and prefiguration of the possibilities of organisation of everyday life in a given historical moment; a complex of aesthetics, feelings and mores through which a collectivity reacts on the life that is objectively determined by its economy. (We are defining this term only in the perspective of the creation of values, not in that of the teaching of them.)

decomposition: The process in which the traditional cultural forms have destroyed themselves as a result of the emergence of superior means of dominating nature which enable and require superior cultural constructions. We can distinguish between an active phase of the decomposition and effective demolition of the old superstructures - which came to an end around 1930 - and a phase of repetition which has prevailed since then. The delay in the transition from decomposition to new constructions is linked to the delay in the revolutionary liquidation of capitalism.

were not Communist at all, but 'State Capitalist', an even higher and more vicious form of Capitalism than the one the West is living under! Guy Debord proceeded to develop his theory of the Spectacle (modern man is 'conditioned' into alienation/separation . . . eventually deviation by the dullness of modern life. The spectacle is created by the rulers to keep us 'entertained' and dozing (see the flogging back of youth culture to us when we invented it!) Communications, television, transport systems and other forms of advanced technology all play their part in the 'drugging' of the masses - Rem. Marx and his opium! Debord believed that the Spectacularists (the capitalist rulers) were running increasing risks of their new society exploding in their faces. It was in this that he found hope) which although fascinating offers little real solace on the political level, it does however, help one to understand such peculiarities of media as the rabid way in which various tragedies are approached, think of the photographers at the Sheffield football game, We are all so alienated/separated from each other (divide and rule) that the only way we can now get our kicks/thrills is through the consumption of real nightmares on the television (or even better actual attendance!) I'm not going to enter into a discussion of the complexities of Situationist political thought because I don't believe that they are either particularly innovative or useful. It is worth noting that they allied themselves alongside the real left of history, the radical left, the left that was as hard as Ducasse, Jarry etc (the Communards of 1870, the peasants in Russia (1917), the peasants in Spain (1936), Durruti, Makhno, Zapata etc).

The artistic? ideas are more exciting, they recognised the 'sign' but did not fall prey to the intellectual dead-end of semiology! Instead they spent much time projecting 'another' life, whether it be experimental towns or Vaneigem's treatise on how to live differently, (the classic 'Revolution of Everydaylife') Detournement (plagiarism) was used to demonstrate that theft and adaption are at the crux of creative art. Paintings were adapted, sentences stolen wholesale; *"The literary and artistic heritage of humanity should be used for partisan propaganda purposes . . . In fact, it is necessary to finish with any notion of personal property in this area. The appearance of new necessities outmodes previous "inspired" works. They become obstacles, dangerous habits. The point is not whether we like them or not. We have to go beyond them."*

dAda and Surrealism were united in the situationist vision of 'supercession'. (If the dAdAists had wanted to destroy the art that creates the visions of perfection/desire and the Surrealists had wanted to invest 'real' life with all the 'magic' of art, the Situationists intended to do both simultaneously!). Inventing/Recognising the idea of the 'situation', that moment when (for a short while) the (locked, Capitalist) door toward 'freedom' is slightly ajar, [see China now]. *"What do we demand in backing the power of everyday life against the hierarchical power? We demand everything. We are taking our stand in the generalised conflict stemming from domestic squabbles to Revolutionary war, and we have gambled on the*

will to live. This means that we must survive as anti-survivors," (I S #3).

I'm not an authority on Situationist art (well, I'm not an authority on anything) but two of the more interesting achievements are Gallizio's 'Industrial Painting', canvases 70-90 metres long (on rollers) to be sold by the metre, in the streets, markets and departments stores. (To be used as clothing, to sit on or for anything!) The main financier of the Situationists was the Dutchman, Asger Jorn, he made a book 'Memoires' that consisted of stolen fragments of writing made unreadable by drips and overlaid prints. The book was bound in rough sandpaper so that if it were ever shelved it would destroy other books.

They offered no five-year plan, the main job of the Situationist was to help create that 'situation' (or alternatively catalyse the repressed desires that already exist inside everyone's heads). They're favourite reading was supposedly 'Alice in Wonderland' and the 'magnificent' Marquis de Sade.

In 1960 the Situationists held their Fourth Congress at a secret address in London's East End. They later spoke at the ICA. There was only one question *"Can you explain what exactly Situationism is all about?"* Guy Debord stood up and said in French; *"We're not here to answer cuntish questions"*. They then walked out.

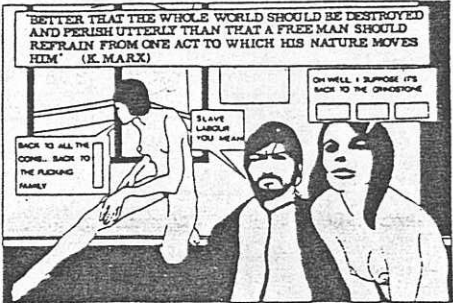
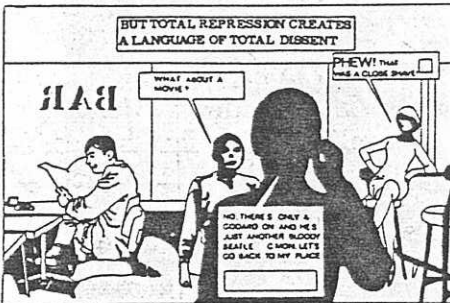
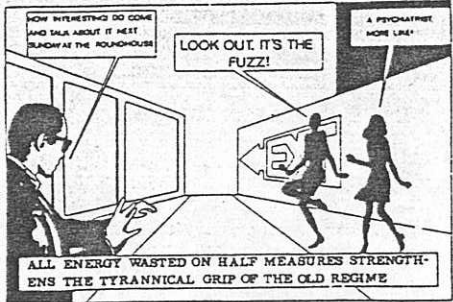
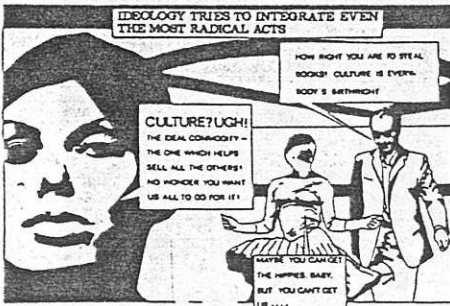
By 1962 the internal tension between those more artistically inclined and the politicoes reached a head. The movement split in two; Debord leading the Situationist International from Paris. The others centring the Situationist Bauhaus in Southern Sweden. The second unit caused scandal by decapitating a statue in Copenhagen harbour and spraying the 'Co-ritus' slogan all over the city. But, they mainly published their magazine 'Situationist Times' and concentrated on applying the ideas to art.

In 1966 a gaggle of Situationist inspired students seized control of the student union of Strasbourg Uni. They sacked the welfare officer, disbanded the union and printed a Situationist pamphlet (10,000 copies of 'On the Poverty Of Student Life'). The city was then plastered with seditious comics. In the ensuing court case the judge accused them of rejecting: *"... all legal and moral restraint and cynically extolling the virtues of theft and the destruction of study, the suppression of work, and advocating total subversion and a global proletarian revolution in the name of perpetual orgasm."*

In 1968 the full impact of Situationism was felt when the students exploded in Paris, although perhaps, only providing some of the inspiration for the May uprising. Situationist ideas were sprayed all over Paris in the form of stunning slogans.

As is so common, after their greatest moment they argued themselves into extinction. In 1972 with only three members of the Situationist International left (one was in a lunatic asylum) Guy Debord called it to an end, he claimed he was disgusted by his own celebrity!

Although crippled by their own pretensions, snobbery and utopianism, Debord was like some kind of Andre Breton sacking people because they



Situationist comic circa 1968

WORDS OF POWER (thanks to THE LAST INTERNATIONAL)

ART?	An increasingly inadequate substitute for sex.
BLOOD BANK?	Is there any other kind?
BOREDOM?	Obligatory for sophisticates.
THE BORN-AGAIN?	Twice too often.
CIVILIZATION?	The biosphere's skin disease.
CLASS WAR?	The war to end all wars.
COUNTER-CULTURE?	Less of more-of-the-same.
COUPLES?	Monogamy is monotony.
THE CRUCIFIXION?	Too little and too late.
CYNICISM?	Long since surpassed by events.
DISCO?	The bleat goes on.
DISEASE?	Very dangerous: a leading cause of doctors.
ELECTIONS?	Dumbocracy in action.
FAITH?	Is fatal -- get thee behind me, God!
THE FAMILY?	No nukes!
FEMINISM?	Equality with men: a paltry ambition.
FREE TIME?	Work the boss doesn't pay you for.
FULL EMPLOYMENT?	A threat, not a promise.
GAYS? JEWS?	Elites impersonating the oppressed.
GOVERNMENT?	Guns don't kill, politicians do.
GURUS?	A good mantra is hard to find.
HIPPIES?	Running on empty.
THE HOSTAGES?	Not worth killing, not worth killing for.
JUDGES?	Doddering despots in clown suits.
LAW?	Crime without punishment.
LAWYERS?	Life-support systems for mouths.
THE LEFT?	Left behind.
LEISURE?	Paying & playing are mutually exclusive.
LIBERALS?	Conservatives with guilty consciences.
LIBERTARIANISM?	All the freedom that money can buy.
LIFE AFTER DEATH?	Why wait?
MARXISM?	The highest stage of capitalism.
MASOCHISM?	Like taking your work home with you.
MYSTICS?	Have incommunicable insights they won't shut up about.
NECROPHILIA?	A social disease.
NIHILISTS?	Going beyond good & evil, they stopped half-way.
PEDAGOGICIDE?	A victimless crime.
PLEASURE?	Interludes that accentuate pain.
POLICE?	Terrorists with the right credentials.
POLITICS?	Like a pond; the scum rises to the top.
PREJUDICE?	Folk sociology.
PROPERTY?	Is theft -- and theft is proper.
PUNKS?	Hippies with amnesia.
PUNK "VENUES"?	Defoliated fern bars.
PUNQUES?	Punks who attend art school.
RADIO EVANGELISTS?	Less aural sects, more oral sex!
REAGAN?	A step in the Reich direction.
RELATIONSHIPS?	Being alone together.
RELIGION?	Deifying your defects.
THE RIGHT?	Wrong.
ROCK MUSIC?	Has a great future behind it.
R.O.T.C.	Charnel knowledge.
SAN FRANCISCO?	Baja Sausalito.
THE "SCENE"?	How to be different like everybody else.
SEX?	An increasingly inadequate substitute for masturbation.
SCHOOL VIOLENCE?	Class struggle as struggle in class.
SOCIALISTS?	Sheep in wolves' clothing.
TEACHERS?	Outclassed.
THERAPY?	Punishment without crime.
TROTSKYISM?	Stalinism out of power.
UTOPIA?	Nostalgia for the future.
VEGETARIANISM?	You are what you eat.
ZIONISM?	Jewish Nazism.

OCCUPY THE BRAIN!

Individual revolution
breeds
revolutionary individuals.

offended his ego! The Situationist genius is without doubt, it lies in the opening up of the negative vein; the methods with which PR/publicity industries use modern art to sell product (see all modern advertising). And more importantly, the fact that the Capitalist world (entire - see USSR and China re-embracing the dollar) is sitting on a knife-edge, but don't think it's going to be easy, our Capitalist masters are very astute and detourning our own ideas, **STORM THE REALITY ASYLUM!!**

QU'Y A-T-IL? NOUS
AVONS ENVISAGÉ
TOUTES LES
BARRIÈRES! SERAIT-
CE UN MUR
INCONNU?



The key Situationist texts are Debord's 'Society of the Spectacle', Vaneigem's 'The Revolution of Everyday Life' and Ken Knabb's translation of the Situationist internal journal: 'The Situationist International Anthology',

Essays on the subject; Fred & Judy Vermorel - Sex Pistols - The Inside Story, Jean Barrot's pamphlet What is Situationism?, three of the chapters in Stuart Home's The Assault on Culture and other material in Vague, Research, Rapid Eye magazines,

In GTII (as part of our second look at Terror) we will investigate two British off-shoots; King Mob & The Angry Brigade,

If this is a bit 'rough' - I'm sorry, I haven't been well recently!

PERFECT food.

We decided to ask the GT staff to write on the subject of 'My Perfect Food'. We did not specify anything!

1. Navreet Gill:

The best food is that which doesn't need chewing - mastication - you know what I mean. I'm talking condensed milk, rice pudding. Anything that's sweet and sticky and comes out of a tin. The kind of stuff you can spread easily. I hate eggs, uncooked chicken, kidneys, brains, tongue and haggis. Plums are nice in the summer-time. Rum and Raisin ice-cream is perfect b4 sex and after sex. As you can see I'm not too fussy - if it doesn't move I'll probably eat it.

2. Tarek Ballout:

The Lebanese way of living is predominantly associated with violence. So as food goes, the intake hardly changes. The following would be ideal:-

A: For breakfast: Crushed monkey's brains marinated in salt (obtainable from the Med.) with pickled goat's eyeball's, topped with diced carrots.

B: For lunch: The same, but apart from carrots, sweet-corn.

C: For Dinner: Two big Macs and large fries and a MacDonald's Cola please?

3. Mark Sanders:

My perfect food would be a mountain of mashed potato, swimming in lashings of butter, with various secret caverns containing surprises such as a sea of baked beans and peas or a giant banana. I would set about sculpting the mountain into a perfect replica of myself - I would live inside my creation and would become extremely obese, so fat in fact that slaves would have to feed me via buckets of slush, and when I yawned it would become Christmas. I could be the Lord God of Fatness and the ever approaching Fat people's revolution would become solid reality.

4. Amrit Gill:

My favourite food is chips and a big Mac and chips and kebabs and chinese take-aways and Wimpys and Kentucky Fried rat and potatoes and gravy and sausages and I never want to eat salads and coleslaw and Ryvita and tuna fish and Balance milk and fruit and I want Double Deckers and KitKats and pop corn and chocolate biscuits and more chips and I hate yoghurt and

cottage cheese and chicken and fish and I wish I could be as fat as a house!

5. Jim Sanders:

When God made the world he said 'Let there be gravy' and from this substance flows the strength that turns us from child to adult. The sheer liquidity of the brown stuff doth change the taste of potato, banana, chocolate and human flesh, every time making it more yummy for the simple farmer's mate. Mint was his second invention and perhaps the second vital entity handed down to us by our grandparents. Chocs mint-flavoured are all the better for it, sprig of mint on your Jersey mids, a nana bathed in mont, some mint up yer victim's bum, it all is a delight to behold. God's third creation was cheese but that was for the mice!

6. Jonathan Tittley:

My perfect food would be one that took no time at all to prepare, was exceedingly delicious and had no calories at all. If such a substance could be found I would quite happily live a life of sleeping and eating - my two great joys. Sex would of course become totally redundant but wouldn't be missed at all. If music be the food of life I'm off to MacDonalDs.

7. Colin Glen:

The most perfect food is obviously baby food. But baby food is revolting, although a cheap lunch at 25p per Cowgate pot. Ideally, in a platonic world, sustenance (taken intravenously) would consist of green avocadoes, red peppers, orange carrots, pink ice lollies and makes a fabulous gift for any members of the aristocracy too dim to grow old.

MRS TWO PER CENT:

For those who think there has been an economic miracle under Thatcher's government, a few facts.

1. In April 1979, the last month of the last Labour Government, the inflation rate was 10 per cent. Today, it is eight per cent.

2. The pound was worth \$2.07. Today, it's around \$1.57.

3. Unemployment was 1,114,000. Today, it is 1,883,000 after 24 fiddles with the figures.

4. In 1978, the last full year of Labour, there was a trade surplus of £964 million. Last year, there was a trade DEFICIT of £14 billion.

5. Bank Rate in April 1979, was 12 per cent. Today it is 14 per cent.

Some miracle - after 10 years a two per cent drop in inflation!

(extracted from Joe Haines' column in the Daily Mirror).

albert AYLER
1936-70



Albert Ayler. 1966

The nihilist. Rozanov's definition of nihilism is the best: "The show is over. The audience get up to leave their seats. Time to collect their coats and go home. They turn around...no more coats and no more home."

Nihilism is born of the collapse of myth. During those periods when the contradiction between mythical explanation - Heaven, Redemption, the Will of Allah - and everyday life becomes patent, all values are sucked into the vortex and destroyed. Deprived of any justification, stripped of the illusions that concealed it, the weakness of men emerges in all its nakedness. On the other hand, once myth no longer justifies the ways of Power to men, the real possibilities of social action and experiment appear. Myth was not just a cloak for this weakness: it was also the cause of it. Thus the explosion of myth frees an energy and creativity too long syphoned away from authentic experience into religious transcendence and abstraction. The interregnum between the collapse of classical philosophy and the erection of the Christian myth saw an unprecedented effervescence of thought and action. A thousand life-styles blossomed. Then came the dead hand of Rome, co-opting whatever it could not destroy utterly. Later, in the sixteenth century, the Christian myth itself disintegrated, and another period of frenetic experimentation burst upon the world. Nothing was true anymore, and everything had become possible. Gilles de Rais tortured a thousand children to death, and the revolutionary peasants of 1535 set about building heaven on earth. but this new period of dissolution differed in one important respect from all previous ones, for after 1789 the reconstruction of a new myth became an absolute impossibility.

Christianity neutered the explosive nihilism of certain gnostic sects, and improvised a protective garment for itself from their remains. But the establishment of the Bourgeois world made any new displacement of nihilistic energy on to the plane of myth impossible; the nihilism generated by the bourgeois revolution was a *concrete* nihilism. the reality of exchange, as we have seen, precludes all dissimulation. until its abolition, the spectacle can never be anything except the spectacle of nihilism. That vanity of the world which the Pascal of the *Pensees* evoked, as he thought, to the greater glory of God, turned out to be a product of historical reality - and this in the *absence* of God, himself a casualty of the explosion of myth. Nihilism swept everything before it, God included.

For the last century and a half, the most lucid contributions to art and life have been the fruit of free experiment in the field of abolished values. De Sade's passionate rationalism, Kierkegaard's sarcasm, Nietzsche's vacillating irony, Maldoror's violence, Mallarme's icy dispassion, Jarry's *Umour*, Dada's negativism - these

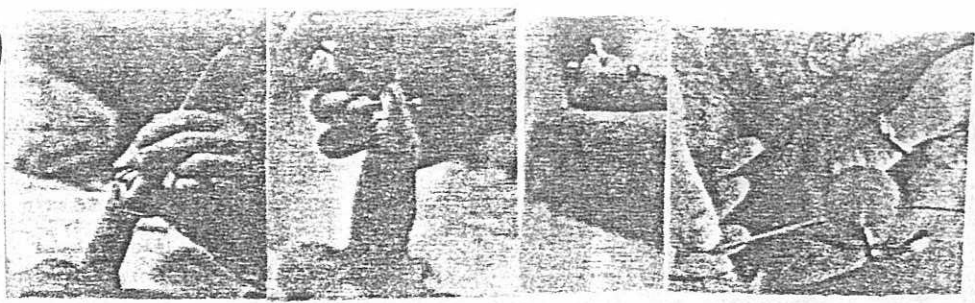
are the forces which have reached out to confront people with some of the dankness and acridity of decaying values. And also, with the desire for a reversal of perspective, the need to discover alternative forms of life - the area which Melville called, "that wild whaling life where individual notabilities make up all totalities".

Paradox: a The great propagators of nihilism lacked an essential weapon: the sense of historic reality, the sense of the reality of decay, erosion, fragmentation. b Those who have *made* history in the period of bourgeois decline have been tragically lacking in any acute awareness of the immense dissolvent power of history in this period. Marx failed to analyse Romanticism and the artistic phenomenon in general. Lenin was wilfully blind to the importance of everyday life and its degeneration, of the Futurists, of Mayakovsky, or of the Dadaists.

Nihilism and historical consciousness have yet to join forces: Marx smashing something better than the street lamps in Kentish Town; Mallarme with fire in his belly. The gap between these two forces is an open door to the hordes of passive liquidators, nihilists of the official world doggedly destroying the already dead values they pretend to believe in. How long must we bear the hegemony of these communist bureaucrats, fascist brutes, opinion-makers, pockmarked politicians, sub-Joycean writers, neo-Dadaist thinkers - all preaching the fragmentary, all working assiduously for the Big Sleep and justifying themselves in the name of one Order or another: the family, morality, culture, the flag, the space race, margarine etc. Perhaps nihilism could not have attained the status of platitude if history had not advanced so far. But advanced it has. Nihilism is a self-destruct mechanism: today a flame, tomorrow ashes. The old values in ruins today feed the intensive production of consumable and 'futurized' values sold under the old label of 'the modern'; but they also thrust us inevitably towards a future yet to be constructed, towards the transcendence of nihilism. In the consciousness of the new generation a slow reconciliation is occurring between history's destructive and constructive tendencies. The alliance of nihilism and transcendence will be total. Here lies the only wealth to be found in the affluent society.

When the man of *ressentiment* becomes aware of the dead loss which is survival, he turns into a nihilist. He embraces the impossibility of living so tightly that even survival becomes impossible. Once you are in that void, everything breaks up. The horrors. Past and future explode; the present is ground zero. And from ground zero there are only two ways out, two kinds of nihilism: *active* and *passive*.

(Written by Raoul Vaneigem. 1967)



-THE CHART SHOW. Steve 'design wizard' Collett has made it big, appearing with his 'unit': Buzz the Joint on LWT's pop show. The song, itself is poor and when Bernie enquired at the Virgin Megastore if he could buy a copy, he was greeted with laughter.

-MAD SCOTTY. Colin's cracked, it's official! With exams coming up Callum has disappeared to a secret love nest (somewhere in Soho); To revise? No, to derive. [The full exam results of Tange, CJ, MG, Tarek, Colin and Ralph in GT 11].

-RADIATION! Bernie has heard that Matt's dad has bought him a flat in Camden. Matt (who is always 'short-of-cash') has decided to call his new home 'Little Chernobyl'. Bernie is interested as to whether the guitar-picker knows that Camden is a nuclear-free zone.

-BRUCE ALIVE. Uncle Ray bumped into BDA Cochrane recently, the old fool was drunk, weeping, making a pot and holding 'Fatty' Knight's hand. He greeted Ray by kicking the pub door off its hinges and swearing that he was going to 'get it together' this time. £300 says he doesn't!

TITBITSTITBITSTITBITSTITBITSTITBITSTITBITSTITBITSTITBITSTITBITS

MORE OZ - Guy '800K of lights' Tittley to emigrate to Australia? (What do you call an Aussie with 800 girlfriends? A Shepherd.)

TAZ/TANGE - It's over! Neens says its because Tarek likened her to 'Fish' Salmon Rushdie! Tarek says his exams come first!

BLUEBEARD? - Is Martyn 'Nohand' Lucas a wife-killer? No-one has seen Tracy since he left her; and every time he comes to visit he has a new woman/girl/child/infant in tow. Rockin' M. Verdoux?

SOBERED - CJ Sanders escapes 'drunk in control of a car' charge, he pleaded insanity, hangover, poverty, headaches, Leeds losing again and the fact he was pissed outta his skull.

TURKEYS - Rachel Webfoot arrested and imprisoned in the land of the hypnotic moon, rumour has it she lost her tickets for the last train out of Istanbul: the 'Midnight Express'.

THAI STYX - C.UndertheWeather spotted in Siam by the Vicar of Wakefield. Under the pretence of vacationing with a boy named Sue, the ringer is smuggling heroin. Check it out!



Tange's Home Northwards,

GALLIC L

Football,

Hog's Grunt,

Everyman,

LFNC (sic),

Big's Home,

Cricklewood

ThatchLand

Show Moi Prag

The Mean Fiddler,

WILLESDEN

Rachel Webfoot (then)

Rachel Webfoot (now),

Show Moi Prag

Harlesden

Cricket,

Compendium,

Where Uncle Ray lives,

Geno's, Cafe Espana and Pornoland,

Where MGS & Jaz Live,

A40(M)

Mad Jen's flat,

ACTON

East Acton

WESTWAY

Shepherds Bush

BAYSWATER

Goethe Institute,

Crow (Ray-edited),

Uncle Dick's a bastard!!

Gunnerybury

CHISWICK

The Clarendon (deceased),

Emma Mac's old Flat,

French Institute,

Tarek's abode,

Emma Mac's old varsity,

David & Caroline Atkinson are rich

Mortlake

Where the rich people and Yuppies live...

Battersea Arts Centre,

Bogey Squat,

East Sheen

Roehampton

Putney

Battersea

Squat,

Where are they now ? No 8

Simon Walker (b.Jan 1965).

A tiny Antipodean dwarf who answered our newspaper ad during the 'dark' Christmas of 1986. Simon was as 'ugly as sin' and my instinct was to spit in his face but his attitude was (sort of) professional and his drumming seemed okay so I gave him a go.

He joined T-Mob in Jan and stayed until the Summer; beating the skins on the GP6 Live Exorcisms and delivering tight pop rhythm's on that years ecstatic 'STP' (GP10). Simon was an odd guy, he loved the Gallic Times, didn't understand 'Morpheus#3' and was devoted to acid. His beard seemed to grow every time we leant him the Hoover! Personally I never liked him, he doth protest too much but then I never trusted anyone who wanted to juggle music: playing in two bands at the same time.

Musically his drumming was at it's best on 'Transinformation' and 'Magic Potion', but he was always a reliable (if limited) sticksman! His girlfriend Debbie was quite sweet but incredibly stupid - could you be 7 months pregnant and not know it?

He left the band in July, after Dc shouted at him on stage but returned when Uncle Dick waved the wads at us. We did our final gig with him in Oct after yet another of his ultimatums. (He returned a few weeks later wanting to join again but we'd given up!) We believe him to be still plying his trade somewhere in London!

Cj MacDonald (b.Oct 1966).

Cj turned up to our post-Simon auditions and in a misguided sense of 'positive discrimination' we recruited him, it wasn't so much because of his drumming (our first choice was Helge), it was more the fact that he seemed a genuinely likeable (and pliable) person!

To the details: Cj was black (his parents were from Jamaica), overtly muscular and a moron. He worked in a Safeways in South London! His musical influence on FEKM is understated, sure he fucked up both 'Canterbury Arms' gigs by speeding up and slowing down, but his drumming did also inspire 'M-Gun' and (to a certain extent) 'Insurrection'. Unfortunately the four short months he was with us (Nov'87-Feb'88) left little else.

We split with him because he was insane - he fell asleep at the wheel of his car and crashed it into a photographic shop and he had no licence! This, however, was not the final straw; that was when we turned up at his Brixton home to do some 4-track recordings and Cj had not got any drum sticks!

We imagine he is probably in prison for failure to pay his driving fine either that or on the run!

DC'S WORLD

Greenwich; impersonally synchronized in the late nineteenth century, an immense amount of detail and the whole notion of a public imperceptible to the normal eye. We have another sense of time, like Proust, who makes the direct recollection of repetition (compulsory) so a whole realm of experience is explored; ways of perceiving that set the logical ground-work to get at the inter-rational as new possibilities for exploration and study. The movement of birds wings.

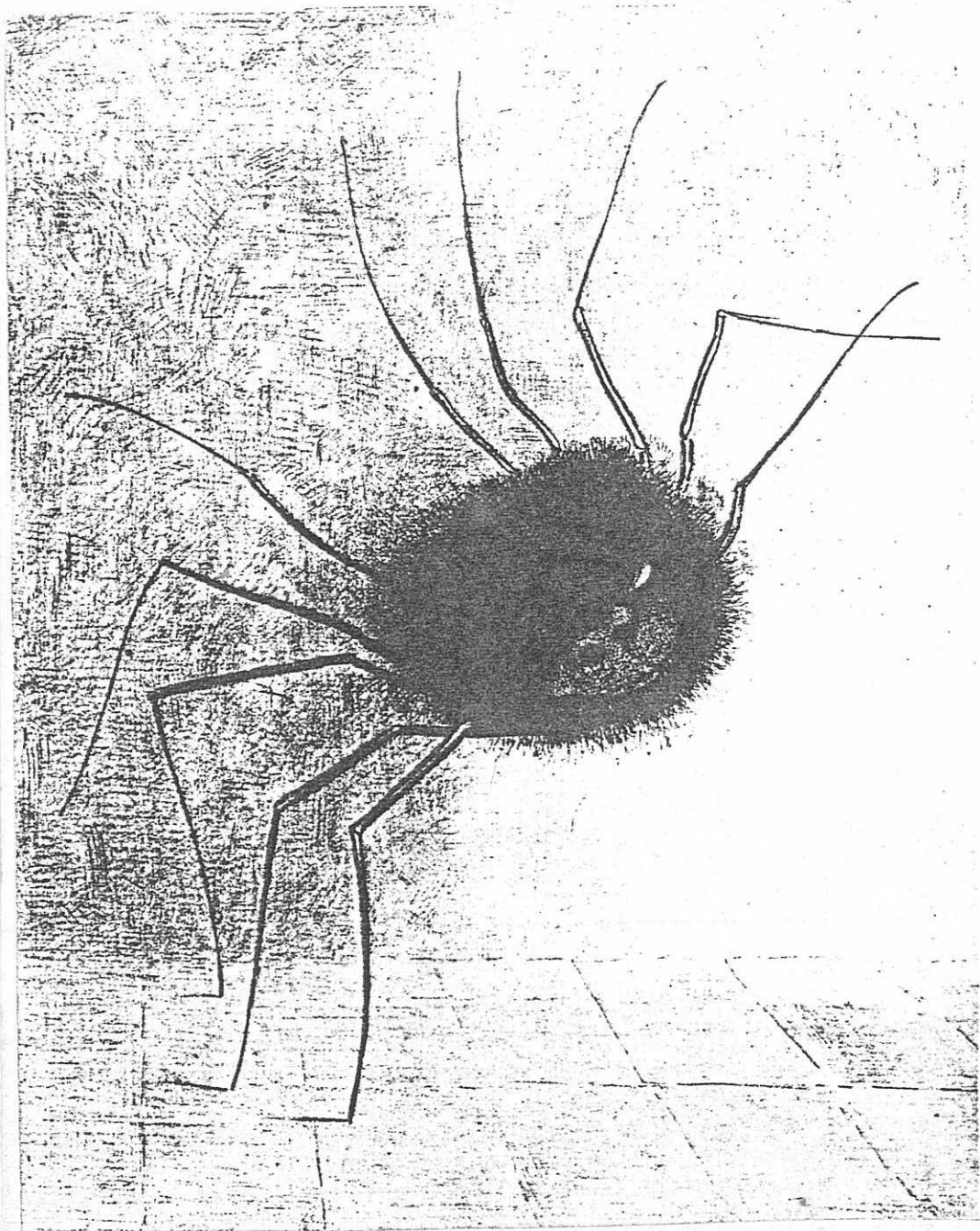
In 1903 they made history when Wilbur and Orville Wright took up flying. Marais' fundamentals of birds flight and the growth of physical education and sport and his insights into human locomotion used by the army. Its most sinister application was used in America so efficiency could be measured by attaching light bulbs to wrists and filmed to turn people into efficient machines. Marais' methods were so absorbed into the culture that a group of Italian painters called the 'Futurists',

"The gesture we wish to produce on the canvas will be dynamic sensation - itself given the way that within the space we fill all of them with a triangular movement"

The galloping horse becomes a springboard for their radical ideas, did art entering the territory of a bad dream. The good clean fun watching a nude roll a hoop; George Washington's false teeth; Caesarian sections pointing their canvas at the grotesque. Meanwhile, with ordinary everyday photographs we have a very curious blending inside the home which (or that) was very central to the thinking of our Victorian grandparents. The first photo studies looking exactly like they did were put on the same pages in the hope of documenting the family, so private life begins to look like a terrific strain after all. The nuclear family accounts for three percent of what we see on television. Everybody is well-groomed and opening marvellous presents and this would be a good project. Snapshots may be changing but so is life. Some magazine photos assume postures of people copying people. When James Dean was slouching he was only remembering his father who slouched that way and others later in life. Politicians and Catholic priests are much prone to posing like Hollywood stars as a form of social communication. We tend to put much more energy into presenting ourselves revelling in scandal, living as if we were on camera or undergoing a screen test. We have people photographing themselves in the act of copulation. These are left out of the family album. To contrast privacy head-on, photography is invading the deepest levels of Balzac, who said,

"Man, everytime someone takes my picture my soul is being lifted, My spectral layers stripped away. Think of the loss of my spectral layers."

Printing did for the written word what photography did for Mozart. There is no other way to get this universal recognition. There's a great theme in one of those Brazilian films where they stop for water. Grandma's standing there with a Sony Walkman and there are no barriers.



A SPIDER

A Fish



The following is a letter from Albert Fish, the elderly cannibal-murderer, to the mother of his latest victim, 10 year-old Grace Budd:

My Dear Mrs Budd

In 1894 a friend of mine shipped as a deck hand on the Steamer Tacoma, Capt. John Davis. They sailed from San Francisco for Hong Kong China. On arriving there he and two others went ashore and got drunk. When they returned the boat was gone. At that time there was a famine in China. Meat of any kind was from \$1-to 3 Dollars a pound. So great was the suffering among the very poor, that all children under 12 were sold to the Butchers to be cut up and sold for food in order to keep others from starving. A boy or girl under 14 was not safe in the street. You could go in any shop and ask for steak—chops—or stew meat. Part of the naked body of a boy or girl would be brought out and just what you wanted cut from it. A boy or girls behind which is the sweetest part of the body and sold as veal cutlet brought the highest price. John staid there so long he acquired a taste for human flesh. On his return to N.Y. he stole two boys one 7 one 11. Took them to his home stripped them naked tied them in a closet. Then burned every thing they had on. Several times every day and night he spanked them—tortured them—to make their meat good and tender. First he killed the 11 yr old boy, because he had the fattest ass and of course the most meat on it. Every part of his body was Cooked and eaten except head—bones and guts. He was Roasted in the oven, (all of his ass,) boiled, broiled, fried, stewed. The little boy was next, went the same way. At that time I was living at 409 E 100 st, rear—right side. He told me so often how good Human flesh was I made up my mind to taste it. On Sunday June the 3—1928 I called on you at 406 W 15th St. Brought you pot cheese—straw berries. We had lunch. Grace sat in my lap and kissed me. I made up my mind to eat her. On the pretense of taking her to a party. You said Yes she could go. I took her to an empty house in Westchester I had already picked out. When we got there, I told her to remain outside. She picked wild flowers. I went upstairs and stripped all my clothes off. I knew if I did not I would get her blood on them. When all was ready I went to the window and Called her. Then I hid in a closet until she was in the room. When she saw me all naked she began to cry and tried to run down stairs. I grabbed her and she said she would tell her mamma. First I stripped her naked. How she did kick—bite and scratch. I choked her to death, then cut her in small pieces so I could take my meat to my rooms, Cook and eat it. How sweet and tender her little ass was roasted in the oven. It took me 9 days to eat her entire body. I did not fuck her tho I could of had I wished. She died a virgin.

Gallic Times Arts Section Reviews

MICE AND CHEESE - THE TRUE STORY.

Since film was developed as a medium for storing moving images it has become the universal device for creating a type of art that is accessible to millions. From the early silent masterpieces to modern blockbusting fantazias, film has enabled people to invent realities, to have walking, talking fiction in a form that anyone, anywhere can understand. Young children can quite happily cope with sudden changes of scene or time lapses without hesitation or confusion yet they can easily distinguish moving pictures from real life.

For us at Gallic Productions the step from making music to making movies was an easy and obvious progression. Like the original pioneers we began with silent pictures which meant that the visuals were given priority over a soundtrack. When working this way each image must be able to stand up on its own giving full visual impact. In this way we taught ourselves how to get the most from our pictures without even having to consider the sound that would eventually accompany them.

When we came to make 'Moustaches' we decided to make it a full sound picture. The processes involved in recording sound with film are quite complicated. The film camera and the audio tape recorder both have their speeds locked to an internal crystal which enables picture and sound to be recorded without the two machine being physically connected. Once shot the film is developed and a rush print or cutting copy is made. The audio that went with the shots is then re-synchronised to the picture. The purpose of the clapperboard is to give a bang on the soundtrack which coincides with a specific frame of film enabling easy synchronisation. You end up with a roll of film and a roll of audio. These are then edited to make up the film.

Once the final cut is done the soundtrack must be tidied up to cover any differences in audio quality that may occur when soundtracks from different days are cut next to each other. Music and any sound effects are also added. This process is called dubbing and can be very time consuming.

When making 'Moustaches' we never got as far as the dub. Due to the incompetence of the so called technicians at the Film Co- Op we were forced to abandon film and re-shoot ruined shots on video. We also transferred all we had already shot on film onto video and then edited the film in a video edit suite.

Now, video was first developed in the late fifties but it was not until the mid-sixties that accurate and quality editing could be achieved. With film you can literally cut and selotape together different shots in an obvious and tactile fashion. The first video editors used a similar process but it is near impossible to cut videotape accurately between two separate picture frames because you cannot see them. A piece of tape is a piece of tape. Eventually electronic editing was developed where sections of source material are recorded sequentially onto another piece of tape,

gradually building up into the finished programme. Because of the electronic nature of this process it is relatively easy to mix between different shots or to fade to black; things that are complicated and expensive with film.

Digitally treating the video signal also opens up a host of possibilities for special effects - you've all seen those irritating 'youth' programmes which go way over the top in this department.

'Moustaches' is an effective example of combining the old film methods with up to date video technology. Whilst video cannot at present get the grainy quality that is the hallmark of film it is nevertheless an excellent medium. You get instant pictures with sound that is always in sync and you can edit a programme in a fraction of the time that it would take to edit on film.

New developments in video are on their way. High definition TV systems are claiming to be as good in quality as 35mm film while digital video means that there is no picture deterioration even after multiple generations - try copying a VHS tape and see what it looks like!

The next Gallic movie will be shot and edited entirely on video. A full colour, all singing and dancing bonanza.

Welcome to the video age.

GP38a+b METHODDRHYTHM LIVE.

The return to the live arena was scarred with madness! On 3rd May the MR (recorded in SR) mob blew into town. New Merlin's Cave hadn't seen anything like it since we were last there (is Paul Solly in lurve with Uncle Ray?) Some notes: these were 'warm-up' gigs, at the first, some of our membership were nervoid, thus (unheard) mistakes, early endings and a feeling of world-victimisation. Still, it was a good earner. 10 new songs aired for the first time, all the various contingents present and correct, Colin recording the sound that the Nagra ate! Even Uncle Guy liked it. The second (again at the Cave) was on June 1st, a train strike, rain storms and examination fever doth kill our audience. But it is good and it feels good and thus it will be 'special' in the autumn. Lob has become our scottoon (spitoon) sound-man and a lunatic has attacked the drums. Jim is Rod Stewart, Mark is Ron Wood, Ralph is Ronnie Lane and Matt is.

GP 41 RE-MAKE/RE-MODEL 2. MESSI.

The early days of tzarangian theory. New bits at the ends. More of DC's 'cleverness' is discovered. The sketches for later classics - 'Alcohol', 'Violence' (see 'Capt Swing') and 'S & M Hand'. The wizardry of recording and decoding. The sailings of young voyagers embittered by the values of Victorian Diaz. nfluences; The Drifters, Ian Paisley, Mo Chevalier, Mrs Mole, Abe Lincoln, the Khalsa Commandos, Dean Martin (pissed), Mavis Riley and Gaffer tape!

GP 35a: Kilroy Behind The Scenes.

Up at 6.30 waiting outside Ramsey Hall with a couple of friends for a chauffeur driven car to pick us up and ferry us to the BBC studios. Matt, unshaven and red eyed had sadly been so excited he had not slept a wink. By 7.30 we were in the reception room: champagne and cakes. People babbling (those with friends), others standing secluded in the corner (obviously without). Bob, that's Robert Kilroy Silk to you, circulated, looking interested with the most boring people I have ever seen. The actual experience was, I suppose an experience. I got to pout to 6 million people at 9.15 in the morning as well as flout my sideburns. Matt meanwhile seemed the only friendless, ignored person in the studio.



Mark. Best wishes,
R. Silk.

MGS on Tv: an analysis by Bernie TorePin.

Firstly, if you get on television, it's advisable to say or do something: Mark sat, crossed his legs, pursed his lips, (looked like a fag) and switched places with the guy next to him, (who actually spoke - a TV appearance by proxy?) MG wore 'rock n roll' clothes and displayed a mocking attitude (laughing when Bob was near him!), all-in-all 'pretty' vacant (gallic) . Matt on the other hand, demonstrated how not to act on Tv, desperately waving his arms around, biting his fingernails, looking insane (disturbed), although he wanted to converse, Matthew also failed! Matt was v.gallic as well (in the Dc Lord negatory version-reading). Why does Mr Silk sign his name, 'Robot'?

GP42 EVEN MORE WHALING.

Well here we - again folks, 'Whaling' is back but there is one essential difference this time, I've actually listened to both tapes so therefore analysis is possible or though not welcome to the vast majority of Gallic fans - we listen and accept, the essence of Gallic music, too much deliberation can dig you into a pit from which you can never get out. Do not turn yourself into a pseudo-intellectual! Having said that, I'm going to. The first tape is interesting as for a germ of ideas, central to 1988, repetition, noise and rhythm - although the beat could be tighter, it's all there - just about. ie. the machine-like qualities of 'Conflicting Interests', walking a tightrope between the abyss of anarchy and heavenly noise. Velvet Underground-style - different instruments reveal themselves to you, fighting for dominance, for a few seconds of limelight. 'Rock & Roll' is imitated and dare I say, a distinct Syd Barrett influence at this stage on Jim's peculiar singing.

The tapes culminate with some live tracks from FEKM - the group I had the privilege to play with - I remember these gigs and they were great - DC, Davit Lord has mastered the essence of noise guitar at this stage, how I miss him - The best song - 'Mind Suicide' live. (Bishop BananaFishFace).

TTLB ON TOUR - THE SEASIDE. (GP48).

The Tour will take place on Tuesday 11th and Wednesday 12th of July over the usual 48 hour period. The Shows are *****FREE***** - Anyone is welcome. Music is *****FREEDOM*****.

Tuesday: Depart London-9.00am. 1.Canterbury-12.00am. 2.Dover-3.00pm. 3.Hastings-6.00pm. Wednesday: 4.Eastbourne-9.00am. 5.Brighton-12.00am. 6.Bognor Regis-2.00pm. Return London-6.00pm.
Tristan Tzara's Likeable Biro are: Podger, Bodger and Nodger + ?

METHODRHYTHM will play two (or three) more GP 38's before they retire for a well-earnt summer holiday. More details after the break.... (I'm not Casey Kasem, I promise I'm not).

GP35: OUTINGS (not really, more like perpetually changing occurrences). (a) Mg on Tv. [reviewed herein].

(b) The British Museum - during the week of the 12th June.

(c) University Expresso Library - as above.

(d) Situationism at ICA - 23rd June.

(e) Kew Gardens - in July.

(f) The Ecstatic Pub-Crawl - End-of-Term.

(g) The Tangerine Memorial Backgammon Knock-out - ?

(h) A Day at the Cricket (either Lords or the Oval).

METHOD RHYTHM fun

ROTTY MEM HEDH! songs Explained/Examined? \$

Secrets - John Barry, Ironside and Fyodor Dostoyevsky.

Hunger-Strike - Love threats pt1 (Phobic Urban Guerrillas).

Get In Touch - Love threats pt2 (a Technical Knock-out).

Cuckold Blues - "I'm Gonna Murder My Baby" and she's Dol Common.

Inside the Meat Factory - a cheap tale of 'Cruising' Vegetarians.

Oh the Hammer and the Anvil.

The Seduction Process - Early '70s Football music. ie. The Faces.

Tastebud - Like Hearst's 'Rosebud' only nicer to eat.

Overexposure - "Deviates are maximalists of desire in a society which puts sex everywhere except in sexuality" (Lotringer).

Another Situation - Hamilton Bohannon in a 'kitchen-sink drama.

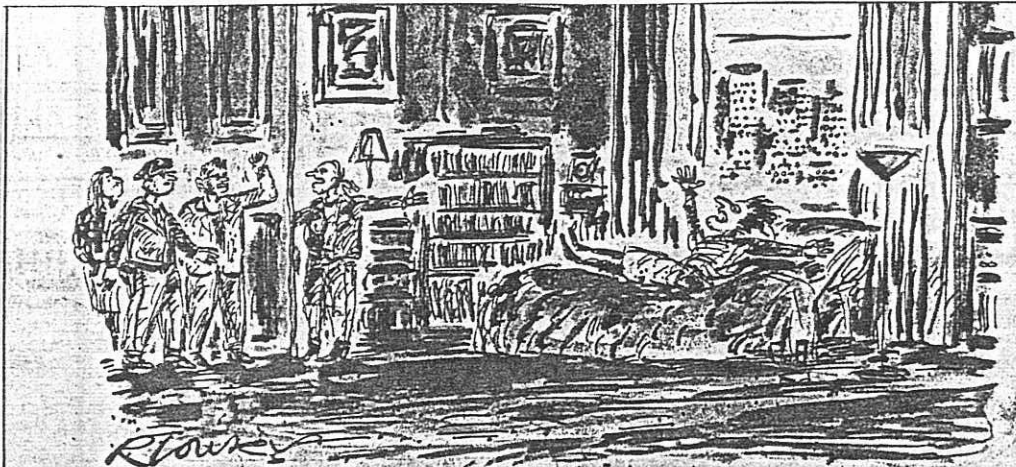
Differences - 'Seperation Perfected' with a dash of Derrida & Barthes for good measure.

Evesham - Eleven years ago I lost the losses!

Hellfire - The final section of the Germanic experiment: Neu.

Dirt - The Plums of Wrath! "I've been Dirt and I don't Care - Do you feel it when you touch me." (James Jewel Osterberg).

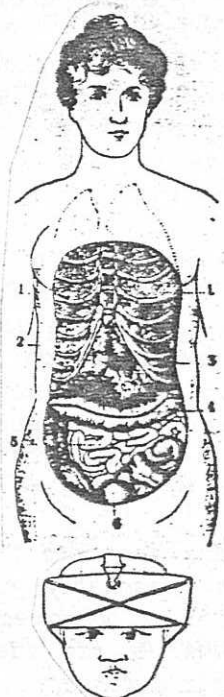
Negation - "Fear is another form of awareness and awareness is only a form of love. Total Fear is total awareness." (C Manson).



"She swallowed some downers to take the edge off the rushes she was getting from the acid she dropped earlier. She swallowed the acid after she'd smoked a little grass following the cocaine she snorted a while back. She snorted the cocaine to enhance the effects of the sulphate she'd swallowed. She swallowed the sulphate after she'd had a couple of drinks before that. She swallowed the drinks to drown the spider. She swallowed the spider to catch the fly - but I don't know why she swallowed the fly!"

INSIDE COLIN'S PLAYPEN.

The grossest thing that I have ever known is the shilly of songs and dogs of gaiety of wilderness hope and lust of memorial wantage - babies gosh oh gosh I dance I prat I poo I jingle all the day at fabrications and incantations along the path of righteous wrong-doings doing dogs up in alleys and crabtree apple blossom of delicious dangers with dainty dewberry willow leans on the way down or up. I know not God knows not him or I or one or her in the shawl in the cold mist and moors and dull drab despondant dog-breaths passing as sheep in the ice - blown dry dog daffy daquiry for the lady and drambui for a mare SO eat up your greens join your pre-catcher I'll beat your pants till they're blue and purple and green or orange like the goose-gogs we gathered in a god-awful bundle of stale a day as any August death One or one hundred deaths of love or unlove or not - you certainly no no god - by god almighty. No well by my lord his prayer and all the clan you know then off course off direction and way away into your bloody oblivion that I don't think anybody really wants to know about quite frankly queer die -



It'll take days orange blossoms of magnus apothecaries huddled warm thing one to another and back to the other to gather the love and to intrinsically fear what needs must be felt I feel, of feeling I say one. Never give any to a day like today or a daughter like your mother.

Sing and you'll know your past off by heart you'll gather fruits of the forest in a basket of wicker and dance the autumnal rites of a memorial mother.

Grant the last or dearth shillings and sixpence.

Colin is (of course) completely insane - Editor.

GALLIC GUIDE TO HEALTHY LIVING 6B

Only the prick of a needle charged from a wizard well!
Is that sufficient to wheedle a soul from heaven to hell?
Was man's spirit weaned from fear of ghosts and gods
To fawn at the feet of a fiend? Is it such terrible odds-
The heir of the ages of wonder, the crown of earth for an hour,
The master of tide and thunder against the juice of a flower?
Ay! in the roar and the rattle of all the armies of sin,
This is the only battle he never was known to win.

(Aleister Crowley - "Ballad of Heroin")

In the history of Literature there have been many famous opiate users: Samuel Taylor Coleridge ("Rime of the Ancient Mariner"), Thomas De Quincey ("Confessions of an English Opium-Eater"), Jean Cocteau (the French playwright, film-maker etc) and the American 'Horror' writer: Edgar Allen Poe.

Antonin Artaud (French writer) wrote a 'rant' in favour of the drug: "General Security: The Liquidation of Opium":

"We have evaluated our lives well, we know what restrictions they impose on others and above all on ourselves. We know what willed deterioration, what renunciation of ourselves, what paralyses of subtle functions our disease inflicts us each day. We are not going to kill ourselves just yet. In the meantime, leave us the hell alone."

"I awoke from The Sickness at the age of 45, calm and sane, and in reasonably good health except for a weakened liver and the look of borrowed flesh common to all who survive The Sickness... Junk is the ideal product...the ultimate merchandise. No sales talk necessary. The client will crawl through a sewer and beg to buy... The junk merchant does not sell his product to the consumer, he sells the consumer to the product. he does not improve and simplify his merchandise. He degrades and simplifies the client. He pays his staff in junk."

(William Burroughs - introduction to "The Naked Lunch")

Opiate abuse in the film world is not so common - well it aint too easy to be out-of-yer-head and direct a movie but actors (especially in the '20s) have been known to indulge. Wally Reid was a Morphine addicted 'star' who died in 1923, Paramount had him on such a tight schedule that he took his first fix to mask his exhaustion. Barbara La Marr ('the girl who is too beautiful') OD'ed in 1926, Alma Rubens died aged 33 of her addiction and Juanita Hansen ('the original Mack Sennett girl') survived but

the ensuing bad press destroyed her career. Peter Lorre was addicted to Morphine throughout the '30s! Apparently the Hollywood main-man was nicknamed 'The Count'.

The best Hollywood movie on Heroin is Otto Preminger's *'The Man with the Golden Arm'* (1955) starring Frank Sinatra as a card-dealing, jazz drumming, Heroin-user. It was adapted from a Nelson Algren novel. Comedians aren't averse to this pastime either - Lenny Bruce died with a needle in his arm and according to Bob Woodward, Belushi was into the Horse at the end as well. (Harold Lloyd had his own opium den in the '20s!!!)

In Music there's a tradition with Heroin that goes back to the beginning of the century. John Coltrane, Miles Davis, Charlie Parker and James Brown were all addicted at one time or another! But it was left for Lou Reed to openly write about it:
"I'm searching for my mainline - I couldn't hit it sideways."
or *"When I put a spike into my vein - And I tell you things aren't quite the same - When I'm rushing on my run - And I feel like Jesus' son."*
(Personally I think he's talking about 'speed' but I'll accept the popular view!)

It might be interesting to note that of the three biggest '60s bands: The Beatles, The Stones and The Who each had a heroin addict: Lennon (*'Cold Turkey'*), Keef and Pete 'Oh so moral' Townshend. Hendrix, Morrison, Buckley and Gram all died from ODs that included the big H or the big M.

In the '70s it was no different, Sid Vicious died of an overdose in 1979 and Richard Hell professed his use of the substance and with Johnny Thunders wrote one of the classic 'smack' songs: *'Chinese Rocks'*:

"The plasters falling off the wall - my girlfriends crying in the shower-stall - this son-of-a-bitch - I should have been rich - but I'm just digging a Chinese ditch!"

And so it goes on; Nick Cave was in court last year for possession of the drug and Chet Baker (the jazz trumpeter) died in Paris after 30 years of abuse.

"You get under my skin - I don't find it irritating - You're always playin' with - I won't need rehabilitatin'."

(The Only Ones - *'Another Girl-Another Planet'*).

In GT 11: 'The End' - the peculiar potions!

Revolutionary Government

No 2



Buenaventura Durruti was born on 14, July, 1896 in Northern Spain. At work in the railway yards of Leon he was politicised by the crushing of the 1917 Spanish general strike. In 1920 he joined the anarchist movement and took part in many assassinations and robberies. In 1923 the de Rivera dictatorship took power and Durruti fled to South America and then Europe where he attempted to kill the King of Spain. In 1931 the Spanish monarchy collapsed and Durruti returned to Spain. During the next 5 years he was involved in the Insurrection in Catalonia, deported and freed due to public agitation. In 1936 the Spanish situation erupted, the Popular Front won the election and Franco's Falangists began their military uprising. Durruti served with the Anarchists in Barcelona where the Fascist forces were crushed. After this he formed an Anti-Fascist Militia which became known as the 'Durruti Column'. During July he led the Column of 10,000 anarchists against the Fascists in nearby Aragon. They succeeded in defeating the pro-Franco forces and immediately set up collectives to till the land - agricultural production went up by 40%. In November Franco and his 4 armies converged on central Spain and waged war against the Communist and International Brigades. With the support of Hitler's bombers Madrid was soon cut off. Durruti decided to move 4,000 members of his Column from Aragon to relieve the city. His arrival had a fantastic effect on the besieged workers and for a short while hope was in sight. But on 20, Nov he was killed by a stray bullet. He was buried in Barcelona at a funeral attended by over 500,000 people.

THE JOY OF KNITTING.

There are many stages one goes through when knitting. Plain (ie knit one, purl one) jumpers are boring to knit. I prefer knitting things that have a great textural feel. Knitting bobble & bit that are knobbly is a lot of fun. I get a wonderful sensation when feeling those sometimes soft, sometimes hard bits run through my fingers whilst watching some boring shit on the TV. It's even nicer when you don't look at what you are knitting.... *"oops what a surprise that was!"*

I think knitting needles are great. Inserting needles into the loops is terrific. Luckily my tension is just right and so allows for easy insertion into the loops no need for lubrication! can you imagine what agony it would be to have to force that needle into that tight innocent stitch

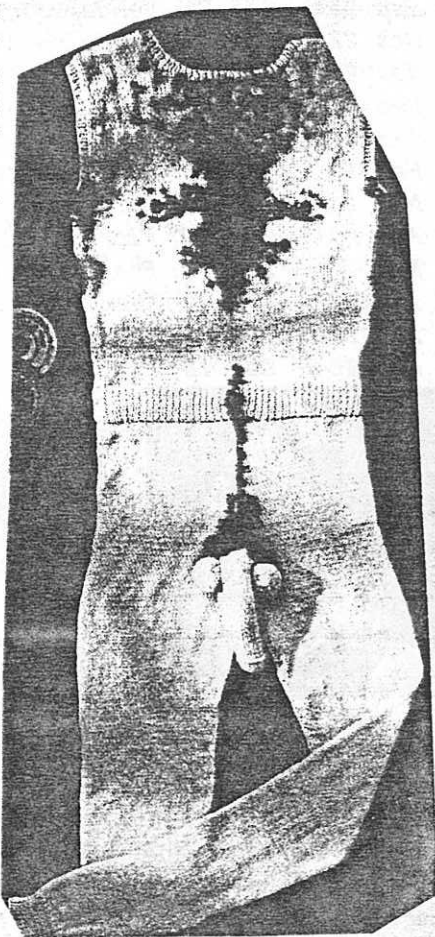
if you're tension were too tight or the whole needle disappearing through the loop if the stitch was too big!! Oh the trials and tribulations of everyday knitting.

The climax is reached in knitting when you have dropped a stitch and get a sensational run (ladder) down the front of your jumper - those taught well-laid-out stitches are no more; you have to go through the process of picking up that same thing to happen again - Ah well there's much more to this game than you think!!!
(Wendy Wools).

DERIVING.

It all depends on how you walk, if you swing from side to side, if you bounce up and down or pace forward constantly. People become objects you can play with mentally and you get absorbed into the entire materiality of everything. Jingoist though, it maybe, gathering references to your own living environment, which includes your own body, rapidly drives you to your mother's own headstone. The essentially vital element that you produce from deriving (as with method living) can only be described

as a pre-pubescent girl, melancholic. It's all part of growing up you feel you ought to be something, you feel you are a vessel draining itself away and you enjoy every minute of it. *(Dolin Den).*



THE CALENDAR OF 1793.

After the French Revolution the Convention voted to replace the old Gregorian calendar with a modern 'naturalistic' version. Year I was decreed to have started on Sept 22 1792 (when the French Republic was proclaimed). There was to be 12 months of 30 days in the year, the remaining 5 (or 6 in leap years) were tagged on to the end of the year and were public holidays. Each month was divided into 3 'weeks' of 10 days, known as *decades*, the last day of the new week was a public holiday. The Revolutionary calendar was used in France for thirteen years until 31 Dec 1806. It was however revived during the Paris Commune of 1870 and in parts of Spain during the Civil War of 1936-39.

Sep 22 - Oct 21: *Vendemiaire* (the month of vintage).

Oct 22 - Nov 20: *Brumaire* (the month of fog).

Nov 21 - Dec 20: *Frimaire* (the month of frost).

Dec 21 - Jan 19: *Nivose* (the month of snow).

Jan 20 - Feb 18: *Pluviose* (the month of rain).

Feb 19 - Mar 20: *Ventose* (the month of wind).

Mar 21 - Apr 19: *Germinal* (the month of germination).

Apr 20 - May 19: *Floreal* (the month of flowering).

May 20 - Jun 18: *Frairial* (the month of meadows).

Jun 19 - Jul 18: *Messidor* (the month of harvest).

Jul 19 - Aug 17: *Thermidor* (the month of heat).

Aug 18 - Sep 16: *Fructidor* (the month of fruit).



BANANAFISHFACE ON SIDEBURNS.

'Sideburns are in for the 1990's'. This is not just a statement but a fact! And I don't mean those trendy half-bum fluff, half-'I haven't got the guts to go the whole way' things. I mean a return to the side burns of the 1880's and '90s, big curly monsters that stick to your face like some enormous wind barrier. The sort of side burn that you could one day be playing with in the year 2001, curling your forefinger round those curls, and discover some lolly stick from the summer of '89. So kids, don't miss out, grow them burns (ps. goatee's and gigantic moustaches are also going to be in, false or real!).

THE ADVENTURES of RAY CRAZY Uncle

The Log Of The Fiery Wagon

It was back in '85 when my tale took place, the non-existent summer of that year was just giving way to the first clutches of the harsh, cruel winter, and thoughts of adventurous voyages were far from my mind. At that time I was lodging with the captain of the Fiery Wagon in his boarding house down in the dockland area of Crouch Hill.

We were both resigned to a winter of inactivity while the Fiery was refitted by Bob - a mechanical wizard - when one dark night the captain received a message from the Admiralty, from Admiral Les no less, the message read as follows:

Captain Chris, Urgent. Please deliver three highly important packages to Newcastle. We can trust no-one except you. Take a small crew and travel like a demon. Please don't lose them.

*Lots of love and kisses, Les xxx
ps. Tomorrow is off the wife suspects.*

The captain showed me the message and I asked if it meant Newcastle on Tyne. He said 'No, we'll take the Fiery Wagon'. We decided on one other crew-member, someone called Jim. He was to be first mate, an arrangement that seemed to suit the captain well. Personally I never really did trust the first mate, he had an oily air about him and he was always going to gymnasiums and Turkish baths with the captain.

The time for our departure arrived. The captain and myself were to travel to the Admiralty and collect the all important packages, picking up the first mate on the way. The following are extracts from the log that I kept on the journey. It was a heavy, oaken log that was useful to sit on but useless for writing on which is why I have transposed the writings onto a more supple medium.

29, October 11.36pm; The captain and myself leave his boarding rooms and head toward Kentish Town where the Admiral is waiting.

30, October 12.30am; We arrived some time ago. The captain has gone searching for the Admiral, we seem to have been held up in some way, becalmed with no wind in our sails but plenty in my buttocks (Am gave me beans for tea). We are at Fareways, the captain and I are anxiously waiting for the merchandise to arrive.

12.35am; Leave Fareways for Jim's house. The merchandise is onboard.

12.46am; Arrive at Upper St garage for 'squirt' air and 'lube'.

12.55am; Arrive at the house of the first mate.

1.00am Hourly Report; Spot of shore-leave at Jim's. We discuss leaving notes and tapes for Mr Canada Davit who will be calling at this port on the morrow. Coffee all round. Am sleeps on...

1.45am; Leave Jim's, Newcastle - Here we come!!! We are heading North towards the Al(M), at full speed ahead, the wake of our passing disturbing

the slumber of many a God-fearing land-lubber safe in their cots, The Epic journey continues.

2.00am Hourly Report; Proceeding well. We are on the AI, three miles from Elstree approaching the roundabout at Apex Corner. Jim and Chris discuss Martin, a compatriot who jumped ship some time ago and who now lives on a remote island with a native girl (well she reminds me of a native). Me being a mere cabin boy I can't hear a bloody thing except James Brown... Sorry it's Sam and Dave!!

2.30am; Fog encountered. The skipper slows the vessal accordingly. I write this entry by the light of a full moon. The first mate is asleep in the co-pilots chair. The fog thickens as does the rather weak plot. I find it difficult writing as there is not enough light in these darkened conditions. This entry must end.

2.56am; The first mate just tried to kiss me. He's wierd that way. The captain says it was the oysters he had for tea. i think he is homosexual.

3.00am Hourly Report; Near Huntindon. Fog has cleared the plot has congealed and is running down the first mate's face. Making good speed. Conditions calm. A bright light in the region of Orion forbodes a bad boding or forbears a bad bearing. Jim recites masochistic poetry.

3.08am; Docked at garage. Capt and first mate take on supplies. I relieve myself as well as the rest of the crew. In my mind I dispute the first mate's sanity. Is he serious or is he joking? Worse, is he a goat? These and other quandries plague me as I lie in my bunk, wondering if I can possibly jump ship at the next port. Would they miss me?

3.55am; Arrive at service station near Grantham, the birthplace of our premier (she was born to a female lorry driver who was headed to Potters Bar from Edinburgh). The fog is extremely thick. So is the first mate. Going is slow due to weather conditions. The captain takes coffee and hopefully the coffee-cup to add to his extensive collection of service station tablewear. My suspicions of the first mate are deepening. I fear he plans a mutiny. Dare I tell the captain? Not yet. I'll bide my time until I'm sure.

4.00am Hourly Report; Still at service station, doubts still plaguing my head.

4.10am; Depart from service station with cups for the captain's table.

4.11am; Take on more fuel. The captain refers to fuel as 'squirt' - an old sea-faring term that is popular among men of his ilk. It is also popular among elks. The voyage continuess.

6.18am Dawn; Have been unable to write any entries since early this morning due to strange happenings on board. My suspicions about the first mate proved to be well-founded. Whilst up to my neck in a barrel I overheard him say that he intended to seize control of the vessal (obviously forgetting his inability to drive anything let alone the Fiery) and then seize my buttocks. I was about to inform the captain when an apple core hit me on the head rendering me senseless, which was a novel experience. When I came to I found to my horror that a group of ruthless,

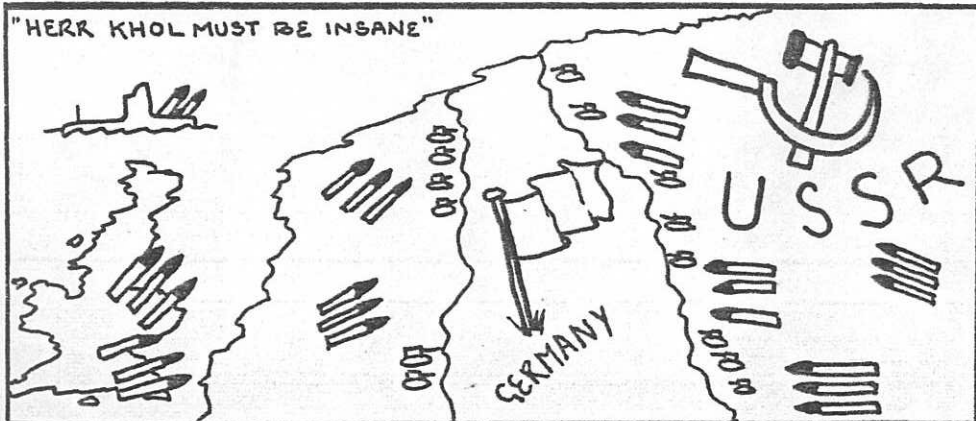
evil pirates had plundered the vessel as well as the crew members. The captain and the first mate had been tied up and were helpless, so singlehandedly I had to fight off the pirates and throw them overboard. The captain was so impressed with my bravado that he rewarded me with a soup dish. The first mate also gave me one. Once every thing was sorted out we continued our voyage. We are at present around sixty miles from our destination. The sun is rising and the fog of the previous night is all but non-existent. Just like the first mate's sex life with women of the opposite sex.

7.00am Hourly Report; Durham. The first mate is irritating the shit out of me merely because I want to go to sleep. Just hit more fog but we are making good speed. We are just about to stop at Washington service station. Only ten miles to go.

7.53am; Leave service station after long break during which we consumed coffees, chocolate digestives and bourbon creams. Paula Yates was in the shop, naked. She didn't say much, just poked her bum at us. I don't understand all that stuff. The captain won't tell me what a hand-job is.

8.00am Hourly Report; We are now in Newcastle searching for the drop points. The plan is to deliver the merchandise and then head for home. If we are too late then we are all at sea. The captain has made a funny smell. At least I think it's him. God help the citizens of Newcastle if it isn't.

**** Crazy Ray's Newcastle Adventure will be concluded in GT#11 ****

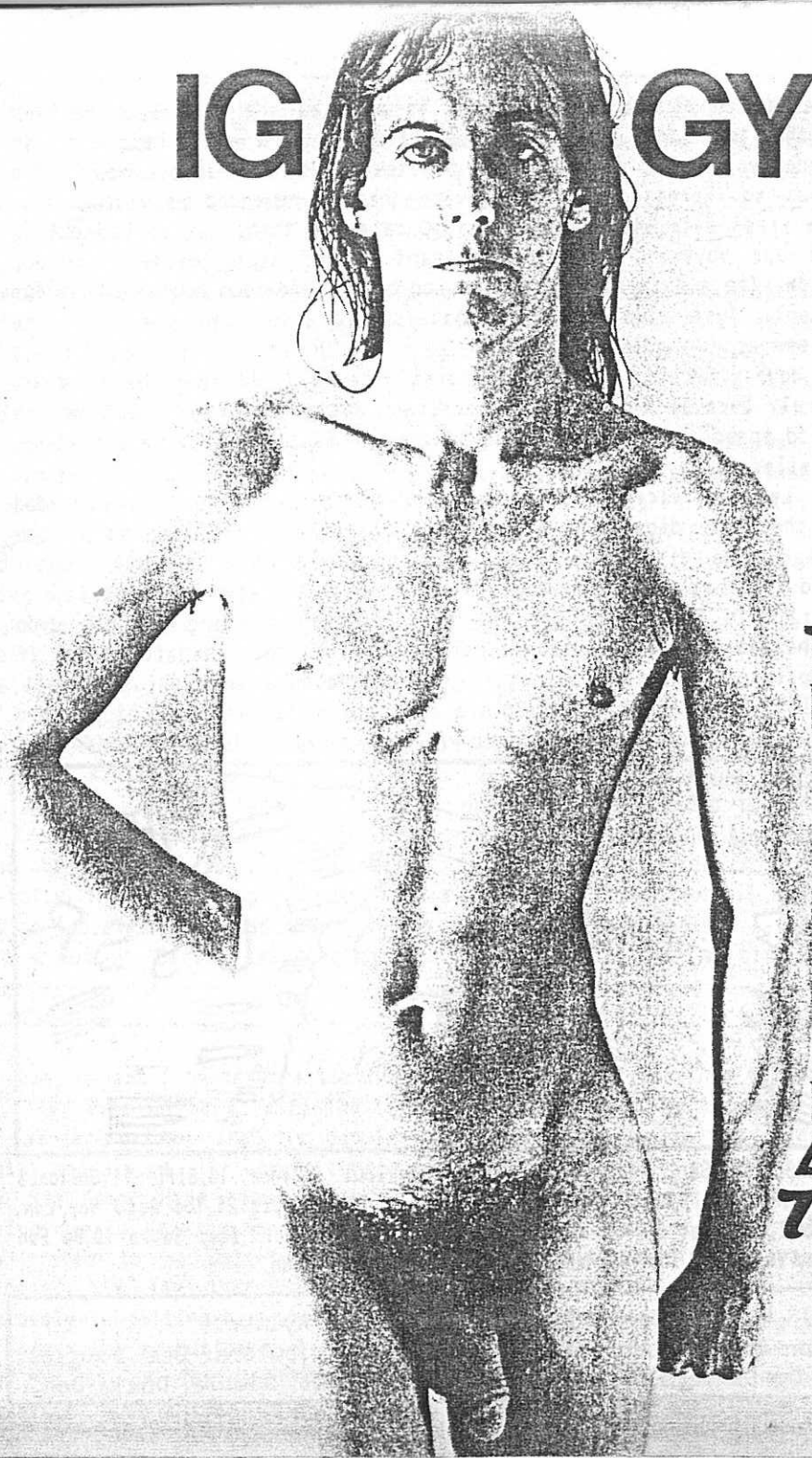


GT#9 ANSWERS: ACROSS: 1,Golf Will Breed 8,Ballout 9,Dance 10,Biff 11,Bollocks 13,Future 14,Faggot 17,Noddy Cap 18,Dyke 21,Kylie 22,Cunt Dig 24,Yoo Acid Boy Ldn. DOWN: 1,Gob 2,Loll Fat 3,Wood 4,Lots of 5,Body Leaf 6,Eonhc 7,Deep Setee 10,Be Fun Okay 12,Pray Ye 15,Gay Idol 16,Rancid 18,Dildo 20,On Do 23,Gun.

The Editor of GT10 was Chris Aylmer.

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IGGY



THIS WAS BR47