

MARCH '90

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GT13 PENULTIMATE EDITORIAL

Hail the conquering hero! The Mighty Gallos has finished (shooting) 'Manacled', recording 'Mumbo Jumbo' and publishing 'L the 80s'. The time has come to celebrate the Summer, tie up loose ends and make plans for sacrificing the Gallic ox on the altar/altar of history! 'Get Down, Get Hip, Get With It!'

This particular edition details the 'reality of Punk', re-prints Necheyev's catechism, annotates the Oscar, examines the duality of King Mob and starts the analysis of alcohol. We would like to thank Bruce Cochrane for standing in at short notice to play Billy Baz in the film (Tony was shaping up bad!) We would like to remind Lob that he still owes us £15 (A Gallic loan-shark never forgets!) And finally we would like to mourn the exit of Jaz; We would have prepared a vicious obituary (due to his infantile method of departure) but as the man says: 'When you gotta go, you gotta go!'. We hope Atsushi's despair dissolves once he returns to his beloved 'Land of the Rising Sun'. The Gallic Doctor prescribes LOVE!

The Spring RIPs include: Samuel Beckett, Michael Powell, Barbara Stanwyck, Del Shannon [see Leaving #4 for obits] and Philippe Soupault (Surrealist).

GT Arts recommends: Books: 'Miles': The Autobiography, Terry Eagleton's 'The Ideology of the Aesthetic', 'Winelands' (Pynchon's first for 17 years!) & Peter Guralnick's extended essay on Robert Johnson. Movies: 'Born on the 4th of July' (Oliver Stone's Oscar winner?), 'Sea of Love' (The first Al Pacino pic since 1935), 'We're No Angels' (De Niro & Penn in Neil Jordan's 5th), Kurosawa's (American financed) 'Drôames' & 'Back Track' (Dennis Hopper directing and acting!) Music: has been very poor of late, all we can look forward to is The Teardrop Explodes' shelved 1983 collection; 'Everybody Wants to Shag the Teardrop Explodes' & Public Enemy's 'Fear of a Black Planet'. Personally I'm waiting for the Phil Spector box-set. Art: Fake? The Art of Deception (at the British Museum) until Sept. Comedy: The Godlike Genius of Frankie Howard at the Lyric Hammersmith (between 2-21 April). Titter ye not! Radio: Following the Government's new broadcasting laws, Jazz FM is now available (I haven't checked it out, I was disturbed by the lack of Ornette Coleman's name on the advertising hoardings!) The more exciting Kiss FM should be on air by August. Magazines: 'Murder Casebook' (£1.50 weekly) is quite entertaining as is The Face's brother: 'Arena'.....Best Wishes.....The Revd Piffle.

SIX teenage pupils have been expelled from two top public schools for smoking cannabis.

The three girls and three boys, aged 15 and 16, were kicked out of £3,000-a-term schools in Malvern, Worcestershire, after admitting smoking the drug in the town.

Headmasters at the schools - Ellerslie School for girls and Malvern College for boys - were tipped off about the pot-smoking and called in the drug squad.

The pupils were cautioned by Malvern police, but no charges are being brought.

None of the parents have appealed against the decision to expel the pupils.

Yesterday both heads slammed calls by controversial Judge James Pickles to legalise pot.

Nigel Mott, deputy headmaster of Ellerslie, said: "We will not be inviting Judge Pickles to lecture here."

"We have made it clear what we think of his ideas by expelling the pupils immediately."

Malvern headmaster Roy Chapman said: "Judge Pickles is entitled to his view, but it is not one we share."

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BRUCE'S BRAIN

What does it feel like to be drunk for ... years? - *I won't be able to tell you until I haven't been drunk!*

What sort of self-realisation can you ever achieve when you're drunk? - *A placating of something. Part of the problem of being drunk is that you can't quite pin it down.*

What is 'The Madness'? - *Perhaps, not knowing what you think, not knowing (in the end) where your true feelings lie. Never having read any Marx.*

Are you scared, of one day, 'The Madness' really coming down on you? - *No, because it has (was), it's controllable, it's there all the time. Never to get worse and never to get better!*

Tell me about 'creativity', as in art or pottery? - *True creativity comes from an absolute negation of all self-will, leaving only a strange desire within you, a strange enjoyment which is in itself self-mutating and produces a transient state whereby you don't even know what you've done, until, if you're lucky enough you can see or hear it later.*

Would you say that you've abandoned the 'creativity' that most people understand? - *I don't believe in creating in any sense, with any preconceived idea, I don't believe in 'I-wish to produce this' and then trying to produce it, that is just 'making' something. Which is where I believe 90% of all modern writing, painting, sculpture and music fails.*

Can you tell us about 'Rhythm'? - *Rhythm is just a relaxation, you have to relax into it. From there on in, it takes over on it's own. It's a living force.*

What's the whole point about random meeting of people? - *Because you don't know what to expect. No preconceived ideas, in the same sense as creation, there's a negation. You have no preconceptions, no expectations, nothing to fulfill.*

Where-do you get your faith in human beings from? - *I don't think I have any faith, that is something that has been put on me, by you.*

Why are you interested in boxing? - *Because of all the sports (especially contact sports) that I've ever been involved in, all have involved the potential for 'cheating'. In boxing the rules are absolute, you can hit them anywhere you like above this area, therefore it's a much purer sport. Boxing is pure.*

What do you think of Britain at the moment? - *Shallow, very shallow.*

Can anything positive come out of this Thatcherite mess? - *If this Sunner is as hot as it could be, something will happen.*

Tell me about 'getting wasted' on various things, what is the point of getting 'out of your face' on booze or drugs? - *Because it cuts off different parts of the brain, I'm not going to pretend it stimulates any other part! It leaves you with something that is working in a less inhibited way in a certain direction. Like someone who has never been to the country, or never been to the city, gets a kick and observes and is awake. You lock someone up in a prison (for x years), they come out and are fascinated by everything that goes on. In the same way if you take any drug up to a*



Foucault: Victim of

decent level, you negate a part of the brain, (You mean self-negation as opposed to external-negation)! Yes.

What about 'Love', what does the state mean? - High adrenalin, I dunno.

Sex is similar to drugs because it negates certain parts of you and awakens other elements, do you think it's all it's cracked up to be? - The point is that any negation actually enlivens passion and everything is about passion. A heightening of passion is where 'The Madness' comes in.

How do feel about survival? - Be fitter, be better and study rats.

What is the joy of mathematics? - Mathematics is pure. It starts from nothing and goes to everything, it encompasses the most beautiful art and pattern. Everything relates to Mathematics because Mathematics is indefinable. The study of unreal numbers, the study of geometry is all about ... beauty, Pure beauty, Unrequited beauty.

What is being on your own all about? - Being on your own is a very slow process, it takes a long time to be alone. And eventually it allows you to be you and think you. It just means that you have to deal with yourself on a level that you can never do when surrounded by other people. What it achieves is, again, indefinable.

Recently you've been working on a building site. What's the 'meaning' of that? - Money, it exists because of money, for money and the only reason anybody goes there is to earn money.

Do you believe that there is an answer to all these problems. An actual end result that one can grab hold of and use to manipulate the future or is everything meaningless, just a passably amusing experience? - No, all that is necessary is to believe, to believe in all the things that you've just questioned me about. You've asked me big questions that can't be answered; to be alone & to accept that. Love, Sex, Drugs, In the end all it's about is believing, Belief in believing!

GPART

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 15mm film a/ble on video with soundtrack, £8.
- GP4 - GALLIC TIMES #2 - AIDS issue [free condom], £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 [free humour cass], £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 - TEOMDOO - 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 [free brown egg], £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 [free banana], £2.
- GP24 - HETERO MOVIE - a short video/8mm promo a/ble on video, £5.
- GP25 - ARTO - (i)The GP Painting (ii)Grafitti/Stickers (iii)Tattoo Design. *
- GP26 - SOUL MOVSE - a TTLB 90min 20 track cassette, £3.
- GP27 - GAULISH: A DOC - Interviews-ruptions-course, 37min video document, £5.
- GP28 - SOMETHING - an invisible secret; the essence of Gallos.
- GP29 - NOVELTY - Video + cassette of FEKM's last HOWL, cass £2/vid £5.
- GP30 - GALLIC TIMES #7 - US Election issue [2nd free humour cass], £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 [free tinsel], 30p.
- GP35 - OUTINGS - (a)MGS on 'Kilroy' (b)Situationist Exhib (c)Uni Library (d)DC Lord Pool (e)5th World P-Knuckle (f)E-Party (g)In Clink. *
- GP36 - WORDS IN FREEDOM - Lyrics and Screenplays for GP 1 to 25, £1.
- GP37 - MOUSTACHES - a 27min 16mm/Video sound Movie a/ble on video, £5.
- GP38 - DOMINATION/HUMILIATION - Nine MethodRhythm Shows, *
- GP39 - LEAVING THE 1980'S I - Wilder-Orson-Syd-Funk-Pollock-Ducasse etc, 90p
- GP40 - GALLIC TIMES #9 - Silence issue [free chocolate], 30p.
- GP41 - REMAKE/REMODEL II - GP 12 + 22 Revisited, £3 each.
- GP42 - EVEN MORE WHALING - 2x90min cass of 42 tracks with free pamphlet, £4.
- GP43 - LESBIE MOVIE - a Video promo of unused T-Mob, FKME songs, £5.
- GP44 - MUZZO - (a)PAMM: Voodoo. (b)Multi-Premiere, *
- GP45 - PERVERSION ST - a MethodRhythm 60min 14 track cassette, £4.
- GP46 - DC AID - Uncle Dave's 1989 Vacation! [Charity begins at home], *
- GP47 - GALLIC TIMES #10 - Situationist issue [3rd free humour cass], 50p.
- GP48 - TTLB ON TOUR III - The London-Paris Run, 3 Appearances *
- GP49 - GLAM GROTESQUERIES - a TTLB 90min 18 track double-cassette, £4.
- GP50 - THE WACKO MOVIE - an 8mm/Video promo to accompany GP45, £5.
- GP51 - LEAVING THE 1980'S II - Sager-Buckley-Renoir-De Niro-Warhol etc, £1.
- GP52 - GALLIC TIMES #11 - Sex issue [free cheese], 30p.
- GP53 - PLAQUES & DIPLOMAS - The Gallic Hall of Fame, [free with GT#13], *
- GP54 - LES CHANTS DE MALDOROR - 8mm/Video Talking Book, [a/ble soon], £5.
- GP55 - REMAKE/REMODEL III - GP 26 + 49 Revisited, £3 each.
- GP56 - MOMENTS - Seven peculiar instances, [see inside for details], *
- GP57 - SCARIFIED - A Gallic Live Collection, 1986-90, £3.
- GP58 - LEAVING THE 1980'S III - Murnau-World-Bolan-Jazz-PerfArt, etc, £1.
- GP59 - GALLIC TIMES #12 - 1980's Retro issue [free cracker], 30p.
- GP60 - MUMBO-JUMBO - a Methodrhythm 60min 12 track cassette, £4.
- GP61 - MANACLED - a 40min Video color sound movie a/ble soon on video, £5.
- GP62 - HOEDOWN/SHOWDOWN - The Final Gallic Concerts! [see Gag Gujbc], *
- GP63 - SNUFF MOVIE - a new 8mm/Video promo to accompany GP60, £5.
- GP64 - LEAVING THE 1980'S IV - Diamonds-Jones-Voice-Fauillade-NawWa etc, £1
- GP65 - l o v e l o v e l o v e l o v e l o v e l o v e l o v e l o v e l o v e l o v e l o v e

Forthcoming Projects include;

- GP66 - ASTRONOMY - The second Gallic Live Music Video.
- GP67 - SUNK & DROWNED - 3 cassettes of Retrospective Introspection.
- GP68 - MANNA - (a) The mysterious CLO (b) Multi-Premiere.
- GP69 - LIMBO THEORY - Jim & Ralph's Final Musical offering.

Unfinished GP's are marked in italics

For more information contact: Gallic Productions,
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PUNK-rock

What was 'Punk Rock'? Why does everybody claim 'that they were into it at the time.' Did it have any effect? What is the connection with the 'scum-punks' that we occasionally see hanging around street-corners. Do you realise that 1976 was fourteen years ago. Fourteen years before that was 1962 and the birth of the Beatles.

For me Punk was the catalyst that caused Gallic music, Gallic movies and Gallic magazines. It showed all of us that anything could be done. Nuff said!

PUNK ROCK HARBINGERS:

- October 1972; Release of "Nuggets" compilation of Sixties punk records by Lenny Kaye.
- July 1972; Iggy and the Stooges concert, Kings Cross Cinema.
- November 1973; New York Dolls appear on *Old Grey Whistle Test*.
- Summer 1974; Malcolm McLaren and Vivienne Westwood open their "Sex" boutique - formerly "Too Fast To Live Too Young To Die" and "Let It Rock".
- September 1974; Publication of *Leaving the 20th Century - The Incomplete Work of the Situationist International* by Eree Fall Publications.
- July 1975; Nick Kent's *The Politics of Flash* article in *NME*.
- October 1975; Release of Patti Smith's "Horses".
- November 1975; *Are You Alive To The Sound Of The Jive Of 1975?* article by Charles Shaar Murray in the *NME* about Patti Smith, Television, Talking Heads, The Ramones.
- November 1975; First Sex Pistols public performance St Martin's School of Art, supporting Bazooka Joe (with Adam Ant).
- April 1976; First Ramones' Lp released in the USA.
- July 1976; First issue of *Sniffin' Glue* fanzine.
- September 1976; First appearance of The Sex Pistols on TV: Granada's *So It Goes*.

I remember reading Julian Cope claiming that Punk was something that occurred in 1975 in Liverpool involving himself, Pete Wyllie and Ian McCulloch. Far-fetched you'll agree, but it hit us all in different ways. For me it was walking to Upton-on-Saven to buy my copy of 'God Save The Queen' (no shops in sedate Malvern would stock it!) It was taunting the senior boys with my copy of *The Clash* Lp (while they were still listening to Genesis and Pink Floyd). It was actually talking to Lora Logic on the telephone the day after Bing Crosby died (and not knowing who she was!) It was watching The Plaque play (and realising in retrospect how appalling they were!) It was believing that music was always going to be exciting from now on (that rock'n'roll was dead). Cope also claimed that Punk was over from the first moment that a mention of it appeared on vinyl (The Clash's 'Complete Control' (autumn '77)).

The historians of popular music would have you believe that Punk appeared in 1976 and died in 1978 and that much is true, the effects, however, hung on until the 'summer of pop': 1982. After the blitz that was 1977, the music industry 'created' a softer form of music: 'New Wave', basically power-pop by another name, the best exponents were Ian Dury, Elvis Costello, The Only Ones etc etc. (In reality musicians



"Rotten was something else - that strange, warped body and the sickly intensity of his face, the way childhood illness and adolescent drug abuse had combined with that Kenneth Williams campy, sardonic voice. He was a one-off, I truly thought he was going to be bigger than Elvis. I couldn't see how he could fail." (Tony Parsons).

who had learnt their craft before the Revolution!) It was only a small leap from there to the various retro-cults that dominated modern music until 1982: mods, rockabillys, new rock, ska and so on. Most of the leaders of these trends had been inspired by Punk. Characters as weird and varied as Green (Scritti Politti), Shane MacGowan (The Pogues) and Kevin Rowland (Dexy's Midnight Runners) all cut their teeth on Punk records in 1977. The end of the process climaxed with 'pop' records by two of the above (Green & Rowland) and The Associates & ABC.

So what exactly was Punk like, Paul Morley described Manchester's Electric Circus thus: "And if you didn't get drunk for the first time or make an utter fool of yourself or dance without inhibitions or make your first acquaintance with illegal substances or spew up at regular intervals during an evening or French kiss with someone of your own sex or fall asleep for hours on end or eat glass or ... then you weren't really part of the Electric Circus Club."

There were many myths at the time, for instance that Punks were morons who knew nothing about 'Rock's Rich Tapestry'. Perhaps this may have been true for many of the Glam kids (like me) who had been re-activated by this new music. (But it inspired us to research the past and discover the gems buried therewithin). It certainly wasn't true for Johnny Rotten who appeared on a 1½ hour Capital Radio special entitled: *A Punk And His Music*. Songs played included numbers by The Chieftains, Captain Beefheart (*It's The Blimp*), Neil Young, Dr Alinantado (*Don't Determine My Right*), Ken Boothe, Aswad, Fred Locks, David Bowie (*Rebel Rebel*), Tim Buckley (*Sweet Surrender*), Creation, Gary Glitter, Augustus Pablo (*King Tubby Meets The Rockers Uptown*), The Gladiators, Culture (*I'm Not Ashamed (version)*), Kevin Coyne, Peter Hammill, Lou Reed (*Men Of Good Fortune*), Can, John Cale & Nico. His comment on David Bowie demonstrated real insight: "Bowie was good for a while but you couldn't really get into it cos you didn't really believe he was doing what he believed in. I dunno what he was up to ... he was like a real bad drag queen." In a 1981 'Portrait of the Artist as a Consumer' for the *NME*, Mark E Smith listed amongst his 'reads': Philip K Dick, Kurt Vonnegut, Colin Wilson, Norman Mailer, HP Lovecraft, Burroughs & Friedrich Nietzsche. Art: Wyndham Lewis, Malcolm Allison & The Worst-Live (Manchester Dec 77). Comedians: Lenny Bruce & Bernard Manning. Films: Polanski's *Macbeth*, Fellini's *Roma*, Visconti's *The Damned* & Billy Wilder's *The Lost Weekend*. Music: Peter Dinklage, Johnny Cash, Lou Reed (*Take No Prisoners*), Alternative TV, Zappa & The Mothers, Country 'truckin' songs and various oddities. No flies on these boys!

THE SEX PISTOLS ON BILL GRUNDY'S TV SHOW, DEC '76

Bill Grundy: I'm told that the group have received £40,000 from a record company. Doesn't that seem ... er ... to be slightly opposed to their [deep breath] anti-materialistic view of life? // Glen Matlock: No, The more the merrier. // BG: Really? // GM: Oh Yeah. // BG: Well, tell me more then. // Steve Jones: We've fuckin' spent it, aint we? // BG: I don't know, have you? // GM: Yeah, it's all gone. // BG: Really? // GM: Down the boozer. // BG: Really? Good Lord! Now, I want to know one thing. // SP: What? // BG: Are you serious or are you just making me, trying to make me laugh. // GM: No, it's gone, gone. // BG: Really? // GM: Yeah. // BG: No, but I mean about what you're doing. // GM: Oh yeah. // BG: You are serious? // GM: Mmm. // BG: Beethoven, Mozart, Bach and Brahms have all died ... // Johnny Rotten: They're all heroes of ours, aint they. // BG: Really? What? What were you saying, sir? // JR: They're wonderful people. // BG: Are they? // JR: Oh yes! They really turn us on. // SJ: Well, they're very ... // BG: Well, suppose they turn other people on? // JR: [mumbled] That's their tough shit. // BG: It's what? // JR: Nothing. A rude word. Next question. // BG: No, no. What was the rude word? // JR: Shit. // BG: Was it really? Good Heavens. You frighten me to death. // JR: Oh, all right, Siegfried ...

// BG: What about you girls behind ...? // SM: He's like your dad, I'n'ne, this geezer, Or your grandad. // BG: are you or are you worried, or are you enjoying yourself? // Fan (Siouxsie): Enjoying myself. // BG: Are you? // Fan (S): Yeah. // BG: Ah, that's what I thought you were doing. // Fan (S): I've always wanted to meet you. // BG: Did you really? // Fan (S): Yeah. // BG: We'll meet afterwards, shall we? // [Laughter] // SJ: You dirty sod, You dirty old man. // BG: Well, keep going chief, keep going. [Pause] Go on, You've got another five seconds. Say something outrageous. // SJ: You dirty bastard. // BG: Go on, again. // SJ: You dirty fucker. // BG: What a clever boy. // SJ: What a fucking rotter. // [More Laughter] // BG: [Turning to face camera] Well, that's it for tonight. The other rocker, Eamonn, I'm saying nothing about him, we'll be back tomorrow, I'll be seeing you soon, I hope I'm not seeing you [to the band] again. From me though, goodnight. [Today theme, Closing credits with Steve Jones & fans dancing like idiots!]

Spawned by boredom - sired by the torpor created by ageing '60s stars growing middle-aged in the 70s - sated by the temporary anaesthetic of Glam (Bolan, Bowie, Roxy Music, The Faces, Mott the Hoople, Sparks) - sensing (but not interpreting) the genuine despair of a nation slipping towards Thatcherism - sharpened by the terraces and the skinhead experience ... it occurred! The roots of Punk rock were disparate, two bands in particular kick-started the thing (1) The Swankers (Paul Cook



- drums; Glen Matlock - bass; Wally - guitar; Steve Jones - vocals), basically a bunch of trash-head 'yobbos' with 'hot' instruments (*"The bitter comes out better on a stolen guitar"*) who were playing 'crap' versions of Small Faces and Monkees songs. They did however have a man called McLaren guiding them, (2) The London SS (various including Mick Jones (later of The Clash and Big Audio Dynamite), Brian James (later of The Damned) & Tony James (later of Chelsea, Generation X & Sigue Sigue Sputnik)), inspired by Glam, the Stooges, the MCS and the New York Dolls, too hard for the pubs but fundamentally popularistic! Malcolm McLaren (owner of a King's Road shop called SEX),

ex-art student (understander of Situationist theory) and manager of the final-era New York Dolls) spotted John Lydon slouching against the juke-box in his shop. Lydon was wearing a Pink Floyd t-shirt with 'I Hate' scrawled above the moniker. It was August 1975, Lydon auditioned for The Swankers (soon to be re-named the Sex Pistols) by miming to Alice Cooper's *Schools Out* on McLaren's jukebox. Lydon's intense hostility bagged him the job. His 'hate' a personification of how a few young people felt at the time: *"I can remember going to those concerts and seeing all those hippies being far out and together, waaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa, despising me because I was about twenty years younger than they were and having short hair"*. The Sex Pistols debuted in November 1975



and before long a movement had begun. Kids formed bands after one viewing of the 'new way' (*"yesterday I thought I was a crud, then I saw the Sex Pistols and I became a king ..."* Joe Strummer). The sound was called 'Punk' because of it's similarities with the American post-British Invasion garage-bands of the '60s.

As this sub-culture spread, there were many off-shoots: Mark Perry's *Sniffin' Blue* fanzine, the fashion-madness; multi-coloured peroxidized hair, (spiked up), clothes

that threatened: S&M (Bondage gear, fishnets, stilettos etc), Fascism, Gender Confusion: torn leather, vinyl, rubber and the utilisation of mundane junk such as safety-pins, chains etc. The early leaders in the 'ligging' scene were Siouxsie Sue, Sue Catwoman, Steve Havoc, Debbie, Sid Vicious & Billy Idol, collectively known as the Bromley contingent. They were the Punk equivalent of Warhol's Superstars (*"In the future, everyone will be famous for fifteen minutes."*) The Pistols were always the unchallenged leaders and, in February 1976 they landed a gig at artist and *bon viveur* Andrew Logan's yearly jet-set party. The jaded, world-weary, wealthy elite were stunned (and excited) by the sheer 'violence' of three Sex Pistols sets. Rock music had always flirted with violence as metaphor, Rotten made it real; constantly abusing the audience, the way he sang, the dumb-fuck dancing, the ennui, pallid flash decorated with fag burns, the obvious over-use of amphetamines. The violence often erupted off-stage too. Due to this 'reputation', The Sex Pistols were soon banned from the Nashville and the Marquee, but by mid-summer they had secured a residency at the 100 Club. During September 1976 a two-day Punk festival was held; The Pistols were the central act, they were now perfect; socially deprived/morally depraved anarchistic yobs. The Damned offering a slapstick burlesque of juvenalia (inspired by both Hammer House & Carry On films). The Clash; urban guerrillas brandishing politico-poetics. Buzzcocks; scratchy Northern sex & despair merchants (Morley: *"washed Can with Iggy and read it as buzz, cock"*). Susie & the Banshees; no more than a primitive echo of their later work, featuring Siouxsie and Severin with Marco Pirroni (later famous as Adam Ant's guitarist) and Sid Vicious on drums, they performed a twenty-minute 'improvised' version of *The Lords Prayer*. There was also The Subway Sect led by Vic Godard, informing his band when to change chords by waving his arms! Other acts included The Vibrators (with Chris Spedding) & The Stinky Toys. The two-days at the 100 Club served as Punk's Coming-Out Ball ('Do'), the entire scene was a perverse mix of Berlin Weimar Decadance and the football terraces. On the second day tragedy occurred, a beer glass thrown at The Damned shattered against a wooden post blinding an eighteen year old girl in one eye.

During October EMI signed the Pistols, the next day they recorded *'Anarchy In the UK'*. Rotten commented: *"The great ignorant public don't know why we're in a band - it's because we're bored with all that old crap. Like every decent human being should be."* During December they appeared on television causing havoc with their logical madness, Tony Parsons: *"What was truly shocking about seeing the Pistols on TV ... was that you realised that this was the way any self-respecting young rebel should be behaving. It made you realise just how tame most of the wild men of rock really were, what a sham the whole outlaw myth around rock'n'roll was. They were the beat's last fling. There will never be another Next Big Thing because nothing could follow that act."* The up-coming 'Anarchy' tour (with support acts The Clash, The Heartbreakers and Buzzcocks [The Damned were kicked out after one gig]) was heavily cancelled. Only five gigs being played. The single charted immediately and EMI were forced to drop them (pay-off £50,000).

In 1977 everything sped up, the major record companies ventured out, cheque-books in hand, and bought the souls of the leading bands. (The original Punk explosion was a perverse mix of genuine anarchy and lovers of early RnR (Nick Lowe, Jake Riviera,

Dave Robinson - that whole Stiff thang! Various interesting figures began to appear amidst the maelstrom of garbage that exploited the 'anybody can do it' chiquel. In March the Pistols sacked Glen Matlock (supposedly for liking The Beatles) and recruited the idiotic Sid Vicious. Five days later they signed to A&M, within ten days they were dumped, accepting a reported £75,000 in the process. That famous quote: "Actually were not into music, we're into chaos" was rapidly reading-like reality. The 'key clubs in Central London were the Roxy and the Vortex. The most influential gigs were on The Clash's 'White Riot' tour (supported by Buzzcocks [without Howie], The Subway Sect and The Slits. The Jam, also played for a while at the beginning!) As the 'Summer of Hate' dawned, the Pistols signed to Virgin and released their second single 'God Save The Queen' (it became their first Number 1 record without even getting any airplay!) Rotten had his face slashed by a razor-wielding patriot, Paul Cook had his head split open with an iron bar. The Jubilee Thames boat-party was broken up by the police and the Pistols began to find it impossible to play unless they did 'secret' shows. The war seemed won when 'Pretty Vacant' was performed on *Top of the Pops*. But the reality was that the industry had run Punk through it's commercial assimilator and churned it out as pop! The Sex Pistols released a disappointing Lp and split up on their first tour of America. Even in failure they had achieved something. Tony Parsons: "They wanted to get rich and famous and laid as much as the next man but - and this is the mark of their greatness, this is why no one else has come close to them - they also wanted more. Their ambition was tempered with a certain churlish idealism, their appetite offset by a belief in the importance of attitude."

What had Punk achieved? (1) The re-introduction of 'youth' to what was rapidly becoming a lazy, laid-back and utterly boring medium. (2) The role of women as instrumentalists, previously characters like Mo Tucker had been anachronisms, in 1976 all-girl bands appeared: The Slits, The Raincoats etc. (3) The importance (and influence) of reggae as the chosen 'black' music. Artists like Junior Murvin (The Clash covered *Police & Thieves*), Lee 'Scratch' Perry's dub methods (he mixed [awfully] The Clash's *Complete Control!*), Delroy Wilson, Burning Spear, Jnr Byles, Dr Alimantado all exerted an almost sub-conscious effect. Within two years Dennis 'Blackbeard' Bovelle would be producing both The Slits and The Pop Group's debut Lps, Don Letts (later with BAD) spinning reggae 'sides' in-between bands at the Roxy club. All making it possible for Adrian Sherwood's mid-late '80s On-U Sound thang. "But I have seen with my own eyes it's only a housing scheme that divides" (Culture). (4) The concept of value-for-money inside the industry: singles not being plucked off Lps, regular

ANARCHY IN THE U.K.



releases, imagination (not commercialisation!) (5) A belief in the independent sector; the idea that the musician can control his own product: sleeve, songs, ideas, posters etc. As the Desperate Bicycles said; 'It was easy!'

SOME FINAL NOTES: (a) Manchester probably had the best Punk scene, later 'Pop Stars' such as Mick Hucknall (of Simply Red), Morrissey & Holly Johnson (actually Liverpool) were all 'faces' in '77, (b) The 'real' excitement of Punk was the National movement: The Pop Group (Bristol), The Crucial 3 (McCulloch, Cope & Wyllie (Liverpool)), The Future [later to produce both Heaven 17 and Clock DVA ambition to mix Abba with Faust!] (Sheffield) and so on ... (c) The (New York) Yanks would claim that McLaren stole all his ideas from Patti Smith, Johnny Thunders, Richard Hell etc. There is some truth in this but that would require a different essay on the subject of 'The New York Line'!

"Apart from the many varieties of No, the keyword of this negation was Boredom - Baudelaire's 'Ennui', the favourite of Sartre, Camus and Valerie Solanas, and a founding Situationist principle; 'We are bored in the town, there is no longer any Temple of the Sun,' wrote Ivan Chitchevlov in October 1953. The Angry Brigade, the English terrorist equivalent of Baader/Meinhof, referred to it in their Communiqué 3: 'Life is so boring there is nothing to do except spend your wages on the latest skirt or shirt. The future is ours.' Boredom became the keyword of Punk in 1976; Malcolm McLaren packaged the Sex Pistols to pose the question: 'What are the politics of boredom?', and the word spread like a rash through songs by the Clash, the Buzzcocks, the Slits, the Adverts etc." (Jon Savage).

BOREDOM by Howard Devoto

Yeah, well, I say what I mean - I say whatever comes to my mind - I never get around to things - I live in a straight, straight line - You know me - I'm acting dumb - You know the scene - Very Mundrum - Boredom, Boredom - I'm living in this movie - But it doesn't move me - I'm the man that's waiting for the phone to ring - Hear it ring-a-ding-a-fucking-ding - You see there's nothing behind me - I'm already a has-been - My future ain't what it was - Well I think I know the words that I mean - B'dum, B'dum - I've taken this extravagant journey - So it seems to me - I just came here from nowhere - And I'm going straight back there - I'm living in this movie - But it doesn't move me - So tell me who are you trying to arouse? Get your hands out of my trousers,

Twenty-Two Crucial British Punk Songs:

'Anarchy In The UK' 1976 & 'God Save The Queen' 1977 (The Sex Pistols), 'I'm So Bored With The USA' & 'Complete Control' 1977 (The Clash), 'Boredom' 1976 & 'Orgasm Addict' 1977 (Buzzcocks), 'New Rose' 1976 (The Damned), 'Don't Dictate' 1977 (Penetration), 'Gary Gilmore's Eyes' 1977 (The Adverts), 'Fascist Dictator' 1977 (The Cortinas), 'Life' 1977 (Alternative TV), 'Oh Bondage Up Yours' 1977 (X-Ray Spex), 'Chain Smoking' 1977 & 'Ambition' 1978 (The Subway Sect), 'Repetition' & 'Stepping Out' 1977 (The Fall), 'Love In A Void' 1977 (Siouxsie & The Banshees), 'Shot By Both Sides' 1978 (Magazine), 'The Bristol Road Leads to Dachau' 1978 (The Prefects), 'Teenage Kicks' 1978 (The Undertones), 'Typical Girls' 1979 (The Slits), 'We Are All Prostitutes' 1979 (The Pop Group),

PERFECT robberies

*We decided to ask the GT staff to write on the subject of 'Perfect Robbery'
We did not specify anything.*

1. Matthew Biffa:

I would like to be able to rob the ozone layer from the Green Party, who think they own it, and hold it ransom for an unprecedented £500,000 million. This would be an act worthy of an environmentalist's son. Of course, actually hiding the fucker in some warehouse might be a little tricky, but when that kind of money is at stake, I think we should at least make the effort. Then in all probability, an Arabian prince would put up the money, I'd hand the ozone layer over, old Sheik Farakwat would hang it on his wall, and Green-Peace would start clubbing seals in hopeless frustration. Never let it be said that the people of Gaul aren't topical.

2. Mark Sanders:

It would be in the sunshine, so I could wear my sun-glasses, that's the rules around here, makes you feel cool. I would walk in with a weird cane-like object with a goats head as a knob and proceed to rap on the counter demanding service from the submarine captain. 'What Ho young Monsieur! Hand over your loins or else I shall sing my favourite chant!' The dumb chapee would groan and turn bright blue and hand over 7 pounds of carrots that I would shove down my pants and hobble off into the sunset, like in the old cowboy movies.

3. Ralph Tittley:

My Perfect Robbery would be if I got together with Tony Curtis, Sly Stallone, Richard Harris & Yul Brynner and meticulously planned to burrow beneath Picadilly Circus so that we could cause the Statue of Eros to fall into our subterranean workshop where we would cut the statue away from its rest, jump on a passing tube and escape to Peru where a fabulously rich American Dr No-type-figure would pay us handsomely for our troubles.

4. James Sanders:

Firstly I would 'case' one of those private banks, (ie: one that possesses a safe filled to bursting with luscious illegal goodies ... Drugs, Drug money, stolen Jewellery etcetera). Then I would gather a gang of hardened psychotic criminals around me (Bruce, Ray, Wendy - you know the type). On the night of the 'Scam', we would set off explosions all around London, blowing up water-lines, power cables, key roads etc. The entire city would be in a state of havoc which would make it easy for the 'Mushroom Gang' to blow the doors off the bank, set up two large machine-guns to keep the street pinned down, steal everything in the private vaults (we wouldn't worry about time-locks, we'd burn our way in with new laser-guns!) And exit

the city on motorbikes. We would split up the money and separate to enjoy our madness in private.

5. Colin Glen:

A combined robbery while travelling in time so that once you had committed your heinous crime, the very action had become an everyday occurrence by the time of its committal. I would rob a bus and travel everywhere in it providing all services all the time to friends, such as uninhibited relaxation.

6. Amrit Gill:

If you're going to do a blag, be smart, act bright, don't go for the local 'run of the mill' GPO or TSB - Think big - Be brave! I'm talking loads-a-money as in the old lady of Threadneedle Street. (1) Make sure your crew has got the balls (people with middle names like 'fingers', 'speed', 'Hard Bastard' etc are always quite a good bet). (2) Ensure your car is MOT'ed. (3) Buy watches you can synchronize (whatever that means!). (4) Get the shooters sorted. (5) Make arrangements for a good fence (preferably called Mickey the ...). (6) Rio - here we come. (7) Make sure Phil Collins writes the theme tune to your film!

7. Bruce Cochrane:

Loads-a-Money & Get Away with it! IDIOT

8. Pussy Galore:

I would employ a good few strapping lads to carry out the robbery for me, in one of the big banks. I obviously would not get involved, but would be the instigator of the whole thing. I would, however, do them a few special (come on, what sort of girl do you think I am!) favours in exchange for a substantial amount of money for myself. They would get a small cut of the loot, and I would get the bulk. I don't think that's a bad deal, do you?

Election results in full

Budapest South:

*National Social and Democratic
Liberal Party gain.*

Miklos Pozvgk (Social National Liberal Democrats) 373,404. Tibor Mint (Extra Strong Communist Democrat) 0. Laszlo Kalori (Democratic Socialist Liberal National Forum) 373,403; Zsa Zsa Tibor (Reformed National Democratic Socialist Alliance) 373,402. Count

Jozsef Pogrom (League for Racial Purity and Stringing Up Non-Ethnic Nationals) 35,704.

Kalgoolie Creek:

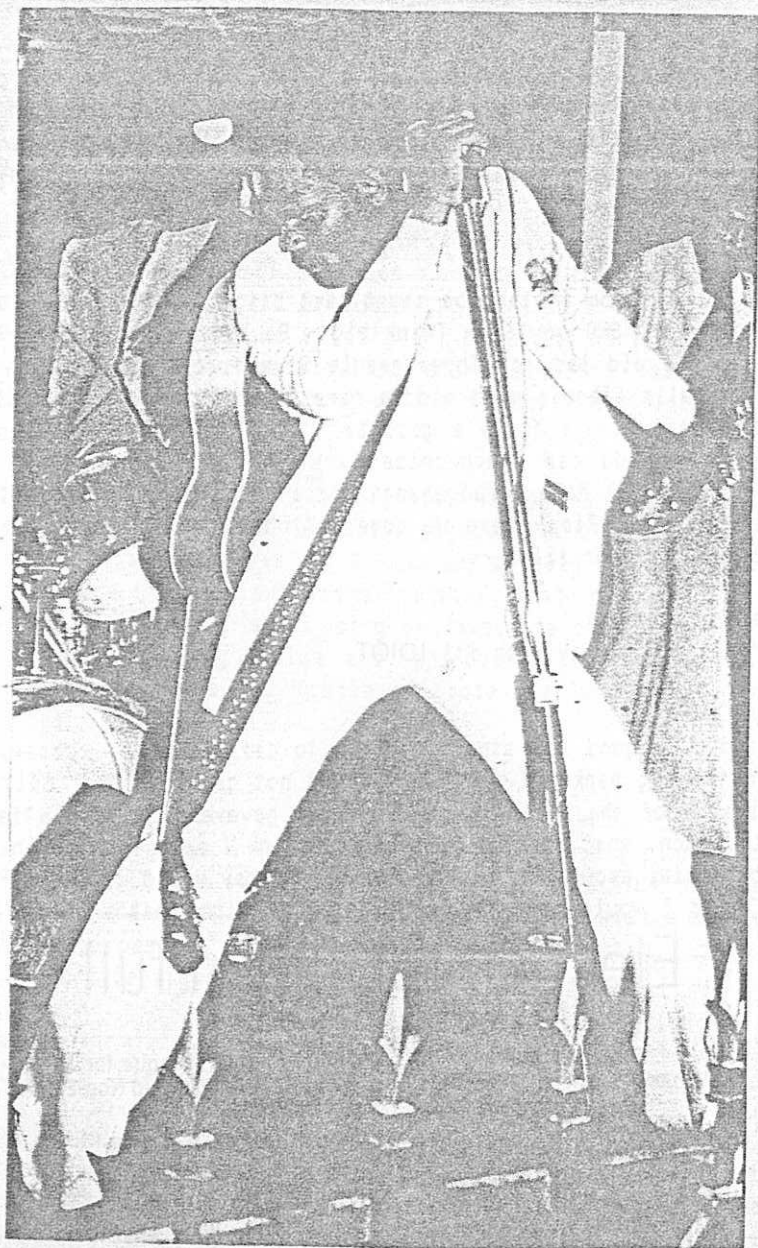
No change.

Sir Bruce Troosersnake (Conservative) 37,207; Rolf Greer (Labour) 37,206. Bruce Castlemaine (Liberal) 4 Xs; Miriam Abbo (Australia for the Australians) 0.

(That's enough elections. Ed.)

JOE

1933-82



TEX

The duties of the Revolutionary toward himself:

1. The revolutionary is a dedicated man. He has no personal inclinations, no business affairs, no emotions, no attachments, no property and no name, everything in him is subordinated to a single exclusive attachment, a single thought and a single passion - the revolution.

2. In the very depths of his being, not only in words but also in deeds, he has torn himself away from the bonds which tie him to the social order and to the cultivated world, with all its laws, moralities and customs and its generally accepted conventions. He is their enemy, and if he continues to live with them it is only in order to destroy them more quickly.

3. The revolutionary despises all dogmas and refuses to accept the mundane science, leaving them for future generations. He knows only one science; the science of destruction. For this reason, and only for this reason, he will study mechanics, physics, chemistry and perhaps medicine. But all day and night he studies the living science of peoples, their characteristics and circumstances and all the phenomena of the present social order. The object is the same; the prompt destruction of this filthy order.

4. The revolutionary despises public opinion. He despises and hates the existing social order in all its manifestations. For him, morality is everything which contributes to the triumph of the revolution, immoral and criminal is everything that stands in the way.

5. The revolutionary is a dedicated man, merciless toward the state and altogether merciless toward the educated classes; and he can expect no mercy from them. Between him and them there exists, declared or concealed, a continual and irreconcilable war "for life or for death," he must accustom himself to enduring torture.

6. Tyrannical toward himself, he must be tyrannical towards others. All the soft and tender affections arising from kinship, friendship and love, all gratitude and even all honour must be obliterated and in their place there must be the cold and single-minded passion for the work of the revolution. For him there exists only one pleasure, one consolation, one reward, one satisfaction - the success of the revolution. Night and day he must have but one thought, one aim - merciless destruction. Aiming cold-bloodedly and indefatigably toward this end, he must be ready to destroy himself and destroy with his own hands everyone who stands in his way.

7. The nature of the true revolutionary excludes all romanticism, all sensitivity, all exaltations and enthusiasms. He must also exclude private vendettas and personal hatred. The revolutionary passion, practiced at every moment of the day until it becomes a habit, is to be employed with cold calculation. At all times and in all places the revolutionary must refuse to allow himself to be guided by his personal impulses, but only by the total submergence of himself in the revolution.

Relationship of the revolutionary toward the revolutionary comrades;

8. The revolutionary can have no friendly feeling for anyone unless, like him, the other is dedicated to revolutionary affairs. His degree of friendship, devotion and obligation towards a comrade must be determined only by the degree of the comrade's usefulness in the practical work of complete and destructive revolution.

9. It is superfluous to speak of solidarity among revolutionaries. The whole strength of the revolutionary work lies in this. Comrades who possess the same revolutionary passion should, as much as possible, deliberate all important matters together and come to unanimous conclusions. But the revolutionary, in accomplishing whatever plan is finally decided upon must rely altogether on himself. The contract of revolutionary destruction demands that no comrades come running up with advice and assistance if this detracts from the success of the plan.

10. Each comrade should have under him several revolutionaries of the second or third rank, i.e. comrades who are not entirely dedicated. These should be regarded as portions of a common fund of the revolutionary capital, to be expended as he thinks fit. He should expend them as economically as possible, always attempting to derive the utmost possible use from them. He should regard himself as capital consecrated to the triumph of the revolution; and he must not be regarded as expendable without the entire agreement of the fully initiated comrades.

11. When a comrade is caught in a dangerous extremity and the question arises whether he should be rescued, the revolutionary must make his decision without recourse to personal feelings, but only in terms of the eventual success of the revolution. Therefore it is necessary to balance carefully the usefulness of the comrade in so far as it is a question of revolutionary strength, and the most careful consideration should be made to decide whether he is worth rescuing.

Relation of the revolutionary toward society;

12. Whether a new member, after giving proof of loyalty by word or deed, should be accepted, is a matter to be decided only by unanimous agreement.

13. The revolutionary enters the world of the state, of the classes and of so-called culture, and he lives in this world only because he has faith in its speedy and total destruction. He is not a revolutionary if he feels any sympathy for this world. He must not hesitate to destroy any position, any place, or any man in this world - all must be equally detested by him. All the worse for him if he has parents, friends and loved ones; he is no longer a revolutionary if they can stay his hand.

14. Aiming at implacable destruction the revolutionary can and sometimes must live within society while pretending to be other than what he is. A revolutionary must penetrate everywhere, among the lowest and the middle classes and in the houses of commerce, in the churches, in the palaces of the aristocracy. He must know the world of bureaucrats and of the military

and of literature, and he must enter into the Third Division and even into the Winter Palace.

15. All the members of this filthy society can be split up into several categories; the first category comprises those to be condemned to death without delay. The comrades should compile a list of those to be condemned weighing the relative gravity of their crimes against their value to the revolution; and the executions should be carried out according to the prepared order.

16. In the preparation of these lists and in placing the condemned according to the prepared order, no private sense of outrage should be considered, nor is it necessary to pay attention to the hatred provoked by these people among the comrades or the people. But hatred and the sense of outrage must to some extent be made use of, because these things help to incite rebellion among the people. It is necessary to be guided only by the relative usefulness of these executions for the sake of the revolution. Above all, those who are especially inimical to the revolutionary organisation must be destroyed; their violent and sudden deaths will produce the utmost panic in the government, it will shake the foundations of government and deprive it of the services of its most intelligent and energetic agents.

17. The second group consists of those to whom we concede life provisionally, in order that their bestial behaviour shall drive the people to inevitable revolt.

18. The third category consists of a multitude of personages or animals distinguished neither for intelligence nor for energy; those who enjoy wealth, connections, influence and power. These must be exploited in every possible way; they must be implicated and confused; as far as possible their dirty secrets should be found out, so that we can make them our slaves. Their power, influence and connections, their riches and energy will form an inexhaustible treasure and a precious help in our various undertakings.

19. The fourth category is composed of ambitious people and liberals of various shades. We shall pretend we are following their ideas and give them cause to think we are blindly conspiring with them, while in fact we take them under our own control. We shall root out all their secrets and compromise them to the uttermost, so that there will be no way out of for them. Any that can, will be used to create disorder in the state.

20. The fifth category consists of doctrinaires, conspirators, revolutionaries; all idle word-spillers who orate before meetings or in front of a piece of paper. They must be constantly driven towards making violent declarations carefully arranged to agree with our purpose. The majority of these will leave nothing behind but vast ruin; from a few of them we shall attain real revolutionary gains.

21. The sixth category is especially important; women, they should be divided into three chief divisions. First; these frivolous, thoughtless and

vapid women, whom we shall use as the third and fourth category of men. Second: women who are ardent, gifted and devoted, but do not belong to us because they have not yet achieved a passionless and austere revolutionary understanding; these must be used like the men of the fifth category. Finally there are the women who are completely on our side, i.e. those who are wholly dedicated and who have accepted our programme in its entirety. We should regard these women as the most valuable of our treasures; without their help, it would be impossible to succeed.

The duties of society toward the people:

22. The aims of our society are none other than the entire emancipation and happiness of the people, i.e. the common labourers. Convinced that their emancipation and achievement of this happiness is brought about only by means of an all-destroying popular revolt, we shall see that society will employ all its power and all its resources towards increasing and intensifying the calamities and evils until patience is exhausted and they will break out in a *levee en masse*.

23. By a popular revolution, the Society does not mean a revolution tailored according to the classic Western model; a pattern which is fundamentally restrained by the existence of property and the traditional social orders of so-called civilisation has cast down one political form only to substitute another, thereby attempting to bring about a so-called revolutionary state. The only salutary form of revolution is one which destroys the entire state to the roots and exterminates all imperial traditions, the whole social order and all the existing classes.

24. With this and in view the society refuses to impose any new organisations from above. Any future organisation will doubtless work its way through the movement and life of the people; but this is a matter for future generations to decide. Our task is terrible, total, universal and merciless destruction.

25. Therefore, in drawing closer to the people, we must above all unite with those elements of popular life which from the very beginning of the imperial power of Muscovy, have never ceased to protest, not only in words but in deeds, against everything directly or indirectly connected with the State; against the nobility, against the bureaucracy, against the priests, against business and against the tight fist of the extortioner. We must unite with the adventurous tribes of brigands, who are the only true revolutionaries of Russia.

26. To knit the people into a single force which is wholly destructive and wholly invincible - such is our organisation, our conspiracy and our task.

written by Sergei Necheyev.

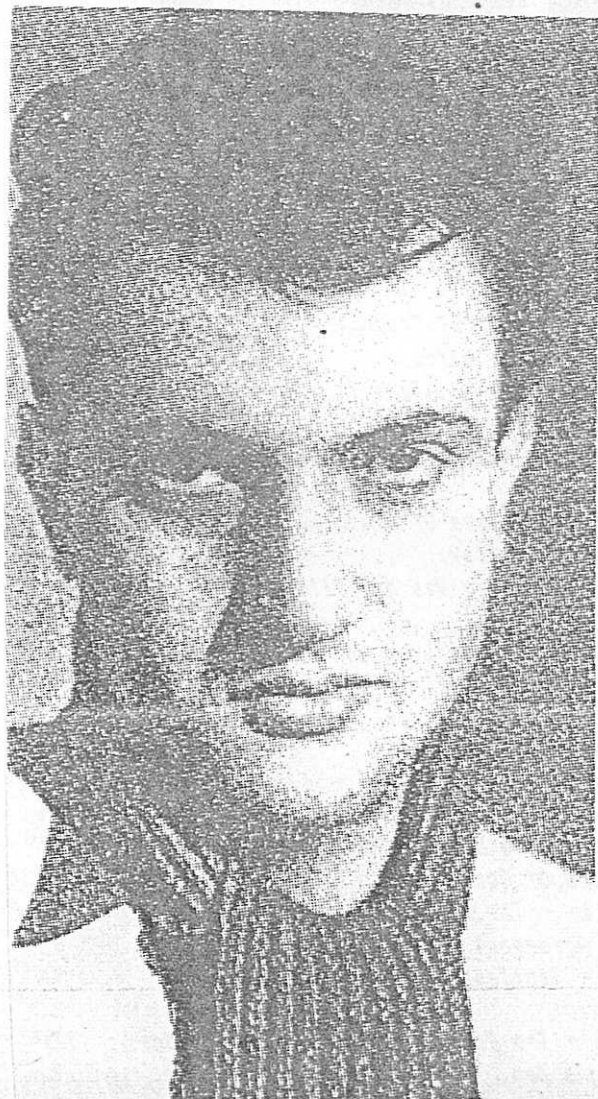
[Necheyev was a Russian anarchist who developed the theory of revolutionary style. He treated his own followers with an autocratic air, while robbing senior anarchists such as Bakunin. He died in prison after disrupting his own trial. Both the Black Panthers and the Minutemen reprinted this classic text in the 1960s.]

ZOGOF



O SCA R

Academy Awards have been given since 1927. The OSCAR is a 13½-inch-high gold-plated statuette. Members of 13 art & craft branches select up to 5 nominees for awards in their particular area of speciality (ie: actors select actors, directors select directors, etcetera...) The entire membership of 3,000 then vote in a secret ballot on the final winners. The Awards Ceremony is an annual affair broadcast into homes all over the world and the Oscar is probably the most coveted of all filmic tributes.



Isidore Isou has never won an Oscar!

In recent years the voting system had fallen into disrepute because many people believe that voting members often fail to see all the films in question, are swayed by public opinion. (Studios buy up cable Tv time in the run-up to the Ceremony) or alternately follow their own Studio line. Despite these problems the distinction of an Academy Award can still add as much as \$10,000,000 to the box-office value of a picture. An individual Oscar can also massively aid film-makers or actors in their freedom to choose new material.

Of course there are major problems in the Oscar system, for instance: 'epic' pictures tend to win, leaving subtler (perhaps cleverer) works to fall by the wayside. It seems deeply strange that Steven Spielberg has never won and poses the question what has he done to so offend Hollywood?

1928:	Best Picture:	<i>Wings.</i>	5
	Best Director:	Frank Borzage - <i>Seventh Heaven.</i>	10
		Lewis Milestone - <i>Two Arabian Knights.</i>	?
1929:	Best Picture:	<i>The Broadway Melody.</i>	3
	Best Director:	Frank Lloyd - <i>The Divine Lady.</i>	?
1930:	Best Picture:	<i>All Quiet on the Western Front.</i>	9
	Best Director:	Lewis Milestone - <i>All Quiet on the Western Front.</i>	*
1931:	Best Picture:	<i>Cimarron.</i>	2
	Best Director:	Norman Taurog - <i>Skippy.</i>	?
1932:	Best Picture:	<i>Grand Hotel.</i>	9A
	Best Director:	Frank Borzage - <i>Bad Girl.</i>	?
1933:	Best Picture:	<i>Cavalcade.</i>	8
	Best Director:	Frank Lloyd - <i>Cavalcade.</i>	*
1934:	Best Picture:	<i>It Happened One Night.</i>	9A
	Best Director:	Frank Capra - <i>It Happened One Night.</i>	*
1935:	Best Picture:	<i>Mutiny On The Bounty.</i>	8
	Best Director:	John Ford - <i>The Informer.</i>	8
1935:	Best Picture:	<i>The Great Ziegfeld.</i>	5
	Best Director:	Frank Capra - <i>Mr Deeds Goes To Town.</i>	8
1937:	Best Picture:	<i>The Life Of Emile Zola.</i>	6
	Best Director:	Leo McCarey - <i>The Awful Truth.</i>	7
1938:	Best Picture:	<i>You Can't Take It With You.</i>	9
	Best Director:	Frank Capra - <i>You Can't Take It With You.</i>	*
1939:	Best Picture:	<i>Gone With The Wind.</i>	8
	Best Director:	Victor Fleming - <i>Gone With The Wind.</i>	*
1940:	Best Picture:	<i>Rebecca.</i>	8
	Best Director:	John Ford - <i>The Grapes Of Wrath.</i>	10
1941:	Best Picture:	<i>How Green Was My Valley.</i>	9
	Best Director:	John Ford - <i>How Green Was My Valley.</i>	*
1942:	Best Picture:	<i>Mrs Miniver.</i>	7
	Best Director:	William Wyler - <i>Mrs Miniver.</i>	7
1943:	Best Picture:	<i>Casablanca.</i>	8
	Best Director:	Michael Curtiz - <i>Casablanca.</i>	*
1944:	Best Picture:	<i>Going My Way.</i>	7
	Best Director:	Leo McCarey - <i>Going My Way.</i>	*
1945:	Best Picture:	<i>The Lost Weekend.</i>	9A
	Best Director:	Billy Wilder - <i>The Lost Weekend.</i>	*
1946:	Best Picture:	<i>The Best Years Of Our Lives.</i>	7
	Best Director:	William Wyler - <i>The Best Years Of Our Lives.</i>	7
1947:	Best Picture:	<i>Gentleman's Agreement.</i>	8
	Best Director:	Elia Kazan - <i>Gentleman's Agreement.</i>	*
1948:	Best Picture:	<i>Hawket.</i>	2
	Best Director:	John Huston - <i>The Treasure Of The Sierra Madre.</i>	7
1949:	Best Picture:	<i>All The King's Men.</i>	9
	Best Director:	Joseph L Mankiewicz - <i>A Letter To Three Wives.</i>	8

THE GALLIC CREW

UNCLE RAY:

Co-Director of the
organisation.

DR K TIDDLEWOOD:

Co-Director of the
organisation.

BRUCE:

Gallic Philosopher.
Actor in 'Manacled'.
Musician (retired).
GT contributor.

BANANAFISHFACE:

Musician in FEKM &
MethodRhythm.
Actor in all four
Gallic movies.
GT & L contributor.

DC LORD:

Musician in Asterix
& the Gauls, T-Mob,
TTLB & FEKM.
Actor in 'Mutual
Murder'.
GT contributor.
(member from afar).

AMBIE:

GT Contributor.
Make-up artist.
Poster designer.

CALLUM:

Actor in 'Moustaches'
& 'Manacled'.
GT & L contributor.
Title & Poster
designer.
MethodRhythm dancer.

MATTY:

Musician in
MethodRhythm.
Actor in 'Manacled'.
GT contributor.

WENDY:

Actress in 'Manacled'.
GT contributor.
MethodRhythm dancer.

MRS SANDERS:

Actress in 'Mutual
Murder', 'Moustaches'
& 'Manacled'.
GT contributor.

FULL NAME: Jonathan Ralph Horatio Tittley

AGE: 25 and three twelfths

DATE OF BIRTH: 1.12.64

PLACE OF BIRTH: Tidworth, Wiltshire

NATIONALITY: Banana

HEIGHT: 6'2"

WEIGHT: 147 lbs (I wish)

ADDRESS: No Fixed Abode

COLOR OF EYES: Blue

OCCUPATION: Musician, Video Editor, Cameraman, Magazine Editor,

FAVE DRINK: Scotch & Ginger Journalist, Author & Bargie

FAVE FOOD: Apple Crumble

DO YOU WEAR A WATCH? Yes

CAN YOU DRIVE? Yes

IDEAL MAN: Yes

IDEAL WOMAN: Madonna/Michelle Pfeiffer

ARE YOU A GOOD SAILOR? Of course

FAVE BOOK: Lots Sci-Fi esp: Do Androids Dream ... (PK Dick)

FAVE FILM: Sunrise (Murnau) / Ran (Kurosawa)

FAVE SONG: Big Eyed Beans From Venus (probably the best song in

WHERE WOULD YOU LIKE TO LIVE? In the Midlands the world)

HOW MUCH MONEY IS ENOUGH? 25p is enough for a Mars bar - £3/4

IS EVERYONE MAD? Yes million is enough for a nice house

DO YOU PREFER PEPSI OR COKE? Coke

WHO DO YOU VOTE FOR? Goat (if standing) otherwise Green

FAVE COLOR: None

FOOTBALL TEAM: Liverpool

DO YOU SMOKE? No

DO YOU TAKE DRUGS? Of course

WHAT IS YOUR AMBITION? Tricky. I don't really have any plans,

FAVE ARTIST: Mark except that I want a Morgan

DO YOU WEAR UNDERWEAR? Yes/No depending on time of day

WHAT COLOR ARE YOUR PUBES? Don't understand the question

HOW MANY TEETH DO YOU HAVE? Don't understand the question

DO YOU HAVE A HAIRY CHEST? Don't understand the question

FAVE FLOWER: Don't understand the question

ARE YOU AN EXTREME PERSON? Of course, fucking well am, you

DO YOU HAVE A TV LICENCE? No bastard

CAN YOU 'PINCH MORE THAN AN INCH'? Of course

ARE YOU GOING TO PAY THE POLL TAX? No - don't have to!

HOW OFTEN DO YOU EXCRETE (DAILY) & DO THEY FLOAT? Once/maybe

DO YOU THINK THERE WILL BE A NUCLEAR WAR? Another one?

ARE YOU RELIGIOUS? No

IS EVERYONE BI-SEXUAL? Don't know

DO YOU HAVE A STEREO? Yes - in the car



FULL NAME: *James Gorgeous Sanders*

AGE 27

DATE OF BIRTH: *1.2.63*

PLACE OF BIRTH: *Kidderminster*

NATIONALITY: *Midlander*

HEIGHT: *5'10½"*

WEIGHT: *172 lbs*

ADDRESS: *Flat 2, 305 Liverpool Rd, Islington NI*

COLOR OF EYES: *Green/Grey*

OCCUPATION: *Sea-faring Musical Terrorist*

FAVE DRINK: *Gravy*

FAVE FOOD: *Roast Potatoes*

DO YOU WEAR A WATCH? *No*

CAN YOU DRIVE? *Yes*

IDEAL MAN: *Warren Beatty (circa 1968)*

IDEAL WOMAN: *It's a secret*

ARE YOU A GOOD SAILOR? *Yes*

FAVE BOOK: *Les Chants de Maldoror (Lautreamont)*

FAVE FILM: *Boudu Saved From Drowning (Renoir)*

FAVE SONG: *We Are All Prostitutes (Pop Group)*

WHERE WOULD YOU LIKE TO LIVE? *Rio*

HOW MUCH MONEY IS ENOUGH? *£1000,000,000*

IS EVERYONE MAD? *Yes (except me!)*

DO YOU PREFER PEPSI OR COKE? *Pepsi, normally*

WHO DO YOU VOTE FOR? *Labour (because they always lose)*

FAVE COLOR: *Red*

FOOTBALL TEAM: *Liverpool (because they always win)*

DO YOU SMOKE? *Maybe*

DO YOU TAKE DRUGS? *No, of course not!*

WHAT IS YOUR AMBITION? *To be a Ship's Surgeon who writes a*

FAVE ARTIST: *Me classic novel while planning a Revolution*

DO YOU WEAR UNDERWEAR? *Sometimes*

WHAT COLOR ARE YOUR PUBES? *Forbidden Colors*

HOW MANY TEETH DO YOU HAVE? *30 teeth*

DO YOU HAVE A HAIRY CHEST? *I am becoming a Man!*

FAVE FLOWER: *Bccculiupio Theserema*

ARE YOU AN EXTREME PERSON? *Yes/No*

DO YOU HAVE A TV LICENCE? *Yes*

CAN YOU 'PINCH MORE THAN AN INCH'? *Depends who I'm pinching*

ARE YOU GOING TO PAY THE POLL TAX? *No*

HOW OFTEN DO YOU EXCRETE (DAILY) & DO THEY FLOAT? *Once & Yes*

DO YOU THINK THERE WILL BE A NUCLEAR WAR? *Yes*

ARE YOU RELIGIOUS? *Yes*

IS EVERYONE BI-SEXUAL? *Yes*

DO YOU HAVE A STEREO? *Yes*



FULL NAME: *Bruce Duncan Anderson Cochrane*

AGE: *25 & three-quarters*

DATE OF BIRTH: *16.5.64*

PLACE OF BIRTH: *Birmingham*

NATIONALITY: *Midlands/Bay City*

HEIGHT: *5'10*

WEIGHT: *154 lbs*

ADDRESS: *?!?!*

COLOR OF EYES: *Blue*

OCCUPATION: *Slave*

FAVE DRINK: *Beer*

FAVE FOOD: *Haggis & Mussels*

DO YOU WEAR A WATCH? *No*

CAN YOU DRIVE? *Yes?*

IDEAL MAN: *Cyril Smith*

IDEAL WOMAN: *Claire Raynor*

ARE YOU A GOOD SAILOR? *Oh Yes*

FAVE BOOK: *A Happy Death (Camus)*

FAVE FILM: *Some Like It Hot (Wilder)*

FAVE SONG: *The Day The World Turned Day-glo (X-Ray Spax)*

WHERE WOULD YOU LIKE TO LIVE? *The Bottom of the Deep Blue Sea*

HOW MUCH MONEY IS ENOUGH? *Lots*

IS EVERYONE MAD? *Yes*

DO YOU PREFER PEPSI OR COKE? *Is there a difference?*

WHO DO YOU VOTE FOR? *Different People*

FAVE COLOR: *Blue*

FOOTBALL TEAM: *West Bromwich Albion*

DO YOU SMOKE? *Yes*

DO YOU TAKE DRUGS? *Never*

WHAT IS YOUR AMBITION? *To run an Oyster, Guinness & Champagne*

FAVE ARTIST: *I haven't got one Bar in a remote part of*

DO YOU WEAR UNDERWEAR? *Mostly the Scottish coast*

WHAT COLOR ARE YOUR PUBES? *Dark*

HOW MANY TEETH DO YOU HAVE? *Most of them*

DO YOU HAVE A HAIRY CHEST? *On most occasions*

FAVE FLOWER: *Daisy*

ARE YOU AN EXTREME PERSON? *Pretty Much*

DO YOU HAVE A TV LICENCE? *No*

CAN YOU 'PINCH MORE THAN AN INCH'? *No*

ARE YOU GOING TO PAY THE POLL TAX? *No*

HOW OFTEN DO YOU EXCRETE (DAILY) & DO THEY FLOAT? *1000025*

ARE YOU RELIGIOUS: *Sometimes Almost Never*

DO YOU THINK THERE WILL BE A NUCLEAR WAR? *.....*

IS EVERYONE BI-SEXUAL? *Don't Know*

DO YOU HAVE A STEREO? *Somewhere*



FULL NAME: *Mark George Sanders*

AGE: *20*

DATE OF BIRTH: *20.4.69*

PLACE OF BIRTH: *Worcester*

NATIONALITY: *British*

HEIGHT: *Around 6'*

WEIGHT: *168 lbs*

ADDRESS: *Top Floor, 125 Mercers Rd, Tufnel Park Rd, Tufnel Park*

COLOR OF EYES: *Greeny blue*

OCCUPATION: *Student*

FAVE DRINK: *Ribena*

FAVE FOOD: *Mashed Potato*

DO YOU WEAR A WATCH? *No*

CAN YOU DRIVE? *Yes*

IDEAL MAN: *Me*

IDEAL WOMAN: *You*



ARE YOU A GOOD SAILOR? *Not really, I was going to row for*

FAVE BOOK: *Hunger (Hamsun) England once*

FAVE FILM: *Ordinary People*

FAVE SONG: *I Am The King (Head)*

WHERE WOULD YOU LIKE TO LIVE? *Venezuela*

HOW MUCH MONEY IS ENOUGH? *It's never enough*

IS EVERYONE MAD? *Yes*

DO YOU PREFER PEPSI OR COKE? *Pepsi*

WHO DO YOU VOTE FOR? *.....*

FAVE COLOR: *Two of them: Red & Green*

FOOTBALL TEAM: *Man Utd*

DO YOU SMOKE? *Yes*

DO YOU TAKE DRUGS? *Yes*

WHAT IS YOUR AMBITION? *To Create*

FAVE ARTIST: *Andre Masson*

DO YOU WEAR UNDERWEAR? *Sometimes*

WHAT COLOR ARE YOUR PUBES? *Black in Winter, Tanned in Summer*

HOW MANY TEETH DO YOU HAVE? *All except 2 wisdom teeth*

DO YOU HAVE A HAIRY CHEST? *Yes*

FAVE FLOWER: *Daffodil*

ARE YOU AN EXTREME PERSON? *Maybe*

DO YOU HAVE A TV LICENCE? *Yes*

CAN YOU 'PINCH MORE THAN AN INCH'? *Yes*

ARE YOU GOING TO PAY THE POLL TAX? *What Pole Tax?*

HOW OFTEN DO YOU EXCRETE (DAILY) & DO THEY FLOAT? *Quite often*

DO YOU THINK THERE WILL BE A NUCLEAR WAR? *No & Yes*

ARE YOU RELIGIOUS: *No - Yes*

IS EVERYONE BI-SEXUAL? *Could be*

DO YOU HAVE A STEREO? *Yes*



FULL NAME: *DC Lord*
 AGE: *26*
 DATE OF BIRTH: *30.3.63*
 PLACE OF BIRTH: *Fort Francis, Ontario*
 NATIONALITY: *Canadian*
 HEIGHT: *5'11"*
 WEIGHT: *170 kg*
 ADDRESS: *280 Newlands Avenue*
 COLOR OF EYES: *Green*
 OCCUPATION: *None, although everyone needs one*
 FAVE DRINK: *Coke*
 FAVE FOOD: *Pizza*
 DO YOU WEAR A WATCH? *Yes*
 CAN YOU DRIVE? *Yes*
 IDEAL MAN: *Yes, Kevin Kline in 'A Fish Called Wanda'*
 IDEAL WOMAN: *Venus in Furs*
 ARE YOU A GOOD SAILOR? *Yes*
 FAVE BOOK: *Accounting: The basis for business decisions*
 FAVE FILM: *Lethal Weapon*
 FAVE SONG: *Oh my God!!*
 WHERE WOULD YOU LIKE TO LIVE? *Here*
 HOW MUCH MONEY IS ENOUGH? *\$120,000.00 per year*
 IS EVERYONE MAD? *Yes*
 DO YOU PREFER PEPSI OR COKE? *Depends (they're coming out with a new Coke (Coke II) that will taste*
 FAVE COLOR: *Living*
 FOOTBALL TEAM: *Tornoto Argonauts* . *sweet like Pepsi, I'll buy that.)*
 DO YOU SMOKE? *Yes*
 DO YOU TAKE DRUGS? *Yes*
 WHO DO YOU VOTE FOR? *Whichever party isn't in power*
 WHAT IS YOUR AMBITION? *To make \$120,000.00 per year*
 FAVE ARTIST: *All the dead ones*
 DO YOU WEAR UNDERWEAR? *Of course*
 WHAT COLOR ARE YOUR PUBES? *Dark green*
 HOW MANY TEETH DO YOU HAVE? *12 + 16 = 28 (Had Wisdom teeth removed 'cause too smart,*
 DO YOU HAVE A HAIRY CHEST? *Yes* *already.)*
 FAVE FLOWER: *Daffydyl*
 ARE YOU AN EXTREME PERSON? *Nice*
 DO YOU HAVE A TV LICENCE? *Don't need one*
 CAN YOU 'PINCH MORE THAN AN INCH'? *No*
 ARE YOU GOING TO PAY THE POLL TAX? *Certainly not*
 HOW OFTEN DO YOU EXCRETE (DAILY) & DO THEY FLOAT? *Once/day;*
 DO YOU THINK THERE WILL BE A NUCLEAR WAR? *No* *often*
 ARE YOU RELIGIOUS? *Yes*
 IS EVERYONE BI-SEXUAL? *No*
 DO YOU HAVE A STEREO? *Yes*

HAVE YOU BEEN NOMINATED 'BEST ACTOR' IN THE (19th ANNUAL) DRAMA FESTIVAL ONE-ACT PLAY DIVISION? *Yes*

FULL NAME: *Ambie*
AGE: *27*
DATE OF BIRTH: *13.12.62*
PLACE OF BIRTH: *Kuala Lumpur*
NATIONALITY: *Malaysian*
HEIGHT: *5'2"*
WEIGHT: *I'm not answering*
ADDRESS: *Flat 2, 305 Liverpool Rd, Islington N1*
COLOR OF EYES: *Brown*
OCCUPATION: *Teacher/Torturer*
FAVE DRINK: *Alcohol*
FAVE FOOD: *Fish*
DO YOU WEAR A WATCH? *I've lost it, but Yes*
CAN YOU DRIVE? *Yes, not officially*
IDEAL MAN: *Jimmy Stewart*
IDEAL WOMAN: *Audrey Hepburn*
ARE YOU A GOOD SAILOR? *Don't know*
FAVE BOOK: *Catcher in the Rye (Salinger)*
FAVE FILM: *It's a Wonderful Life (Capra)*
FAVE SONG: *Move On Up (Curtis Mayfield)*
WHERE WOULD YOU LIKE TO LIVE? *Thornhill Square*
HOW MUCH MONEY IS ENOUGH? *20 million*
IS EVERYONE MAD? *Ask them*
DO YOU PREFER PEPSI OR COKE? *Neither (Don't drink them)*
WHO DO YOU VOTE FOR? *Labour*
FAVE COLOR: *Navy Blue*
FOOTBALL TEAM: *Arsenal 2 - Liverpool 0*
DO YOU SMOKE? *Yes (In my heart)*
DO YOU TAKE DRUGS? *Yes (In my heart)*
WHAT IS YOUR AMBITION? *To be rich, happy, thin, with a very good*
FAVE ARTIST: *Leonardo baby who sleeps all night*
DO YOU WEAR UNDERWEAR? *Yes (with sheep on them)*
WHAT COLOR ARE YOUR PUBES? *Piss off*
HOW MANY TEETH DO YOU HAVE? *All of them*
DO YOU HAVE A HAIRY CHEST? *No*
FAVE FLOWER: *Iris*
ARE YOU AN EXTREME PERSON? *Yes*
DO YOU HAVE A TV LICENCE? *Yes*
CAN YOU 'PINCH MORE THAN AN INCH'? *Yes*
ARE YOU GOING TO PAY THE POLL TAX? *No*
HOW OFTEN DO YOU EXCRETE (DAILY) & DO THEY FLOAT? *Come & Look*
DO YOU THINK THERE WILL BE A NUCLEAR WAR? *Yes*
ARE YOU RELIGIOUS? *No*
IS EVERYONE BI-SEXUAL? *No*
DO YOU HAVE A STEREO? *Yes*



FULL NAME: *Colin Hamish Glen*

AGE: *22*

DATE OF BIRTH: *17.3.68*

PLACE OF BIRTH: *Edinburgh*

NATIONALITY: *British*

HEIGHT: *5'4"*

WEIGHT: *133 lbs*

ADDRESS: *No Fixed Abode*

COLOR OF EYES: *Three quarters Blue, one quarter Brown*

OCCUPATION: *Student (just)*

FAVE DRINK: *Dubonnet*

FAVE FOOD: *Spinach & Yoghurt*

DO YOU WEAR A WATCH? *No*

CAN YOU DRIVE? *Yes*

IDEAL MAN: *Robert The Bruce*

IDEAL WOMAN: *Isis*

ARE YOU A GOOD SAILOR? *Nearly There*

FAVE BOOK: *The Grace Kelly Saga*

FAVE FILM: *Chitty Chitty Bang Bang*

FAVE SONG: *Mob Rules Lp [complete] (Black Sabbath)*

WHERE WOULD YOU LIKE TO LIVE? *Where I am at the moment*

HOW MUCH MONEY IS ENOUGH? *For Yesterday*

IS EVERYONE MAD? *(With)in Power*

DO YOU PREFER PEPSI OR COKE? *Coke (Sugar not saccharine)*

WHO DO YOU VOTE FOR? *The Nice Guys*

FAVE COLOR: *White Light (all colours)*

FOOTBALL TEAM: *West Bromwich Albion*

DO YOU SMOKE? *Yes*

DO YOU TAKE DRUGS? *Yes*

WHAT IS YOUR AMBITION? *To Grow Old*

FAVE ARTIST: *Fragonard*

DO YOU WEAR UNDERWEAR? *Mostly Mens*

WHAT COLOR ARE YOUR PUBES? *Mostly Mouse*

HOW MANY TEETH DO YOU HAVE? *2 Many at the front, not enough at*

DO YOU HAVE A HAIRY CHEST? *About 20* *the back*

FAVE FLOWER: *Iris*

ARE YOU AN EXTREME PERSON? *No*

DO YOU HAVE A TV LICENCE? *No*

CAN YOU 'PINCH MORE THAN AN INCH'? *No*

ARE YOU GOING TO PAY THE POLL TAX? *No(t) in Britain*

HOW OFTEN DO YOU EXCRETE (DAILY) & DO THEY FLOAT? *Bi-daily, No*

DO YOU THINK THERE WILL BE A NUCLEAR WAR? *Internally*

ARE YOU RELIGIOUS? *Oh God 2 much choice like supermarket*

IS EVERYONE BI-SEXUAL? *Either uni or multi* *yoghurt*

DO YOU HAVE A STEREO? *Almost a deck*



FULL NAME: *Richard Matthew Biffa*
AGE 20
DATE OF BIRTH: *15th Oct 1969*
PLACE OF BIRTH: *Amersham*
NATIONALITY: *British*
HEIGHT: *5'11"*
WEIGHT: *140 lbs*
ADDRESS: *87, Burghley Rd, NW5*
COLOR OF EYES: *Blue*
OCCUPATION: *Pseudo-Student*
FAVE DRINK: *Beer*
FAVE FOOD: *Pizza*
DO YOU WEAR A WATCH? *Yes*
CAN YOU DRIVE? *Yes*
IDEAL MAN: *Michael Stipe*
IDEAL WOMAN: *Andie Macdowell*
ARE YOU A GOOD SAILOR? *No Ducky*
FAVE BOOK: *One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest*
FAVE FILM: *Pinocchio*
FAVE SONG: *I Wanna Take You Higher (Sly Stone)*
WHERE WOULD YOU LIKE TO LIVE? *Gloucestershire*
HOW MUCH MONEY IS ENOUGH? *Oh £30 million should suffice, Daddy*
IS EVERYONE MAD? *Flibbleplops*
DO YOU PREFER PEPSI OR COKE? *Coke*
WHO DO YOU VOTE FOR? *Beer & Fags*
FAVE COLOR: *Grey*
FOOTBALL TEAM: *Hate them all, may they die painfully*
DO YOU SMOKE? *Yes*
DO YOU TAKE DRUGS? *Yes*
WHAT IS YOUR AMBITION? *To kill Halo James & be hailed as a*
FAVE ARTIST: *Van Gogh (Sorry, Mark) national hero*
DO YOU WEAR UNDERWEAR? *No*
WHAT COLOR ARE YOUR PUBES? *Black*
HOW MANY TEETH DO YOU HAVE? *Same as everyone else*
DO YOU HAVE A HAIRY CHEST? *No*
FAVE FLOWER: *Rose*
ARE YOU AN EXTREME PERSON? *Is this a trick question?*
DO YOU HAVE A TV LICENCE? *Yes*
CAN YOU 'PINCH MORE THAN AN INCH'? *No*
ARE YOU GOING TO PAY THE POLL TAX? *Depends*
HOW OFTEN DO YOU EXCRETE (DAILY) & DO THEY FLOAT? *Twice, the*
ARE YOU RELIGIOUS? *No first floats in little granules*
DO YOU HAVE A STEREO? *No the other sinks*
IS EVERYONE BI-SEXUAL? *Not that I've noticed*
DO YOU THINK THERE WILL BE A NUCLEAR WAR? *No*



FULL NAME: *Pussy Galore*
AGE: *23 yrs, 54 weeks on the 15.3.90*
DATE OF BIRTH: *3.4.66*
PLACE OF BIRTH: *Lewisham*
NATIONALITY: *British*
HEIGHT: *5'7"*
WEIGHT: *Don't know*
ADDRESS: *Flat 1, 305 Liverpool Rd, Islington N1*
COLOR OF EYES: *Brown*
OCCUPATION: *F/T Student - Soon to be Vice President of Social Affairs*
FAVE DRINK: *Anything, except Bitter, period*
FAVE FOOD: *Anything, except Meat*
DO YOU WEAR A WATCH? *No*
CAN YOU DRIVE? *Yes*
IDEAL MAN: *Dolph Lungren (wrong spelling)*
IDEAL WOMAN: *Sam Fox*
ARE YOU A GOOD SAILOR? *No way*
FAVE BOOK: *Valley of the Dolls*
FAVE FILM: *Blue Velvet*
FAVE SONG: *Sexual Healing (Marvin Gaye)*
WHERE WOULD YOU LIKE TO LIVE? *Tottenham*
HOW MUCH MONEY IS ENOUGH? *No amount of money is enough*
IS EVERYONE MAD? *Yes*
DO YOU PREFER PEPSI OR COKE? *Neither*
WHO DO YOU VOTE FOR? *I'm not registered*
FAVE COLOR: *Black*
FOOTBALL TEAM: *Brazil*
DO YOU SMOKE? *Yes*
DO YOU TAKE DRUGS? *Yes*
WHAT IS YOUR AMBITION? *To have a fuckin' good time & loads of money*
FAVE ARTIST: *Gauguin*
DO YOU WEAR UNDERWEAR? *Wouldn't you like to know!*
WHAT COLOR ARE YOUR PUBES? *Black & Wirey*
HOW MANY TEETH DO YOU HAVE? *40*
DO YOU HAVE A HAIRY CHEST? *Not really*
FAVE FLOWER: *Plastic Tulips*
ARE YOU AN EXTREME PERSON? *I'd like to think so*
DO YOU HAVE A TV LICENCE? *No, but don't tell anyone*
CAN YOU 'PINCH MORE THAN AN INCH'? *None of your business*
ARE YOU GOING TO PAY THE POLL TAX? *No way*
HOW OFTEN DO YOU EXCRETE (DAILY) & DO THEY FLOAT? *2 a day &*
ARE YOU RELIGIOUS? *No* *they jump out of the bowl*
DO YOU THINK THERE WILL BE A NUCLEAR WAR? *Not if I can help it*
IS EVERYONE BI-SEXUAL? *Maybe*
DO YOU HAVE A STEREO? *You know that I don't*



FULL NAME: *Diana May Sanders*
 AGE: *As old as my tongue and a little bit older than my teeth*
 DATE OF BIRTH: *7.7.35*
 PLACE OF BIRTH: *Evesham*
 NATIONALITY: *English*
 HEIGHT: *3'9"*
 WEIGHT: *168lbs (Porky!)*
 ADDRESS: *The Old Manor House, Estonia*
 COLOR OF EYES: *Red*
 OCCUPATION: *Professional Creative Home Environmentalist*
 FAVE DRINK: *Champagne*
 FAVE FOOD: *Smoked Salmon*
 DO YOU WEAR A WATCH? *I've never looked*
 CAN YOU DRIVE? *Like a Ding Bat*
 IDEAL MAN: *LJ Sanders*
 IDEAL WOMAN: *DM Sanders*
 ARE YOU A GOOD SAILOR? *Born & Bred*
 FAVE BOOK: *Leaving The '80s*
 FAVE FILM: *The Jungle Book*
 FAVE SONG: *Run Rabbit, Run Rabbit, Run, Run, Run*
 WHERE WOULD YOU LIKE TO LIVE? *Toad Hall*
 HOW MUCH MONEY IS ENOUGH? *You can never be too rich or too thin*
 IS EVERYONE MAD? *Undoubtedly*
 DO YOU PREFER PEPSI OR COKE? *I prefer CokiPepsi*
 WHO DO YOU VOTE FOR? *Nelson Mandela*
 FAVE COLOR: *Black*
 FOOTBALL TEAM: *Bishampton Harriers*
 DO YOU SMOKE? *I've never looked*
 DO YOU TAKE DRUGS? *All the time*
 WHAT IS YOUR AMBITION? *To live to a grand old age in order to*
 FAVE ARTIST: *Sir Marcus Sanders* *be a trouble to my*
 HOW MANY TEETH DO YOU HAVE? *52* *children*
 DO YOU WEAR UNDERWEAR? *Never - sometimes a G-string*
 WHAT COLOR ARE YOUR PUBES? *Mind your own business - they are*
 FAVE FLOWER: *Dandelion* *few and far between these*
 ARE YOU AN EXTREME PERSON? *Extremely* *days!! Age surprises*
 DO YOU HAVE A HAIRY CHEST? *10 hairs only I'm afraid* *you*
 DO YOU HAVE A TV LICENCE? *I have ten*
 CAN YOU 'PINCH MORE THAN AN INCH'? *What do you think*
 ARE YOU GOING TO PAY THE POLL TAX? *No*
 HOW OFTEN DO YOU EXCRETE (DAILY) & DO THEY FLOAT? *This is an*
 ARE YOU RELIGIOUS? *Yes* *invasion of privacy*
 IS EVERYONE BI-SEXUAL? *Only Camels* *I refuse to answer*
 DO YOU THINK THERE WILL BE A NUCLEAR WAR? *Not in the next 3*
 DO YOU HAVE A STEREO? *Yes, in the downstairs loo* *weeks*



THE OTHERS INVOLVED:

- David Birkbeck; Founding Member, Expelled 1983.
- Chris Underwood; Founding Member, Musician in Asterix & the Gauls (1980-86), Expelled 1986.
- Enna Macdonald; Musician in Asterix & the Gauls & T-Mob (1984-87), Actress in 'Morpheus #3', GT contributor, Expelled 1987.
- Glenn K; Engineer on recordings (1986-89).
- Martyn Lucas; Musician featured on 'Nothing' & 'Perversion St'.
- Neena Gill; Actress in 'Morpheus #3', 'Mutual Murder' & 'Moustaches', GT contributor, Expelled 1989.
- Fiona Connell; Actress in 'Morpheus #3', GT contributor, Expelled 1987.
- Simon Walker; Musician in T-Mob, Expelled 1987.
- Julie McGill; Attended many of the Gallic gigs and 'happenings', Gallic typist.
- Maxine; Sex-Rhythm in much of Gallic Music.
- Rachel Webster; GT contributor.
- Bronwynne; Actress in 'Mutual Murder', Gallic typist.
- CJ Mac; Musician in FEKM, Expelled 1988.
- Tarek Billout; Actor in 'Moustaches', GT & L contributor, On stage (FEKM) character, Guest on 1989 TLS Tour, Expelled 1989.
- Olivia Elliott; Engineer on recordings (1988-90).
- Dave Murray; Cameraman, Sound Recordist, GT contributor, Expelled 1989.
- Vicky Nicholson; Actress in 'Moustaches', Expelled 1989.
- Mark Coates-Smith; Musician in MethodRhythm, Actor in 'Manacled', Expelled 1989.
- LJ Sanders; Actor in 'Moustaches' & 'Manacled'.
- Melissa Knowles; Actress in 'Moustaches'.
- CJ Sanders; Actor in 'Moustaches' & 'Manacled'.
- Guy Tittley; Cameraman, Sound Recordist.
- Atsushi Iizuka; Musician in MethodRhythm, Actor in 'Manacled', GT contributor.
- Laurance; Studio Musician in MethodRhythm.
- Mark Edwards; Engineer on recordings (1989).
- Mick Hill; L contributor.
- Guy Gadney; L contributor.
- Kate; Involved in the Gallic Painting.
- Andy; Cameraman.
- Lob/Rob; Roadie, Expelled 1989.
- Mike Lewis; Actor in 'Manacled'.
- Monty Bru; Sex-Rhythm on 'Marinetti Eats Spaghetti'.
- Jack; Member of the crew on 'Moustaches'.
- Iian Glen; Member of the crew on 'Moustaches'.
- Jenny Beavon; Member of the crew on 'Moustaches'.
- Piers; Actor in 'Moustaches'.

1950;	Best Picture: <i>All About Eve.</i>	3
	Best Director: Joseph L Mankiewicz - <i>All About Eve.</i>	*
1951;	Best Picture: <i>An American In Paris.</i>	8
	Best Director: George Stevens - <i>A Place In The Sun.</i>	9
1952;	Best Picture: <i>The Greatest Show On Earth.</i>	5
	Best Director: John Ford - <i>The Quiet Man.</i>	9A
1953;	Best Picture: <i>From Here To Eternity.</i>	9A
	Best Director: Fred Zinnemann - <i>From Here To Eternity.</i>	*
1954;	Best Picture: <i>On The Waterfront.</i>	10
	Best Director: Elia Kazan - <i>On The Waterfront.</i>	*
1955;	Best Picture: <i>Marty.</i>	8
	Best Director: Delbert Mann - <i>Marty.</i>	*
1955;	Best Picture: <i>Around The World In 80 Days.</i>	7
	Best Director: George Stevens - <i>Giant.</i>	6
1957;	Best Picture: <i>The Bridge On The River Kwai.</i>	4
	Best Director: David Lean - <i>The Bridge On The River Kwai.</i>	*
1958;	Best Picture: <i>Gigi.</i>	3
	Best Director: Vincente Minnelli - <i>Gigi.</i>	*
1959;	Best Picture: <i>Ben-Hur.</i>	5
	Best Director: William Wyler - <i>Ben-Hur.</i>	*
1960;	Best Picture: <i>The Apartment.</i>	10
	Best Director: Billy Wilder - <i>The Apartment.</i>	*
1961;	Best Picture: <i>West Side Story.</i>	6
	Best Director: Jerome Robbins & Robert Wise - <i>West Side Story.</i>	*
1962;	Best Picture: <i>Lawrence Of Arabia.</i>	6
	Best Director: David Lean - <i>Lawrence Of Arabia.</i>	*
1963;	Best Picture: <i>Ton Jones.</i>	9
	Best Director: Tony Richardson - <i>Ton Jones.</i>	*
1964;	Best Picture: <i>My Fair Lady.</i>	6
	Best Director: George Cukor - <i>My Fair Lady.</i>	*
1965;	Best Picture: <i>The Sound Of Music.</i>	3
	Best Director: Robert Wise - <i>The Sound Of Music.</i>	*
1966;	Best Picture: <i>A Man For All Seasons.</i>	5
	Best Director: Fred Zinnemann - <i>A Man For All Seasons.</i>	*
1967;	Best Picture: <i>In The Heat Of The Night.</i>	9
	Best Director: Mike Nichols - <i>The Graduate.</i>	9
1968;	Best Picture: <i>Oliver!</i>	4
	Best Director: Sir Carol Reed - <i>Oliver!</i>	*
1969;	Best Picture: <i>Midnight Cowboy.</i>	9A
	Best Director: John Schlesinger - <i>Midnight Cowboy.</i>	*
1970;	Best Picture: <i>Patton.</i>	7
	Best Director: Franklin J Schaffner - <i>Patton.</i>	*
1971;	Best Picture: <i>The French Connection.</i>	9
	Best Director: William Friedkin - <i>The French Connection.</i>	*
1972;	Best Picture: <i>The Godfather.</i>	10

	Best Director; Bob Fosse - <i>Cabaret</i> ,	10
1973;	Best Picture; <i>The Sting</i> ,	7
	Best Director; George Roy Hill - <i>The Sting</i> ,	*
1974;	Best Picture; <i>The Godfather II</i> ,	10
	Best Director; Francis Ford Coppola - <i>The Godfather II</i> ;	*
1975;	Best Picture; <i>One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest</i> ,	10
	Best Director; Milos Forman - <i>One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest</i> ,	*
1976;	Best Picture; <i>Rocky</i> ,	4
	Best Director; John G Avildsen - <i>Rocky</i> ,	*
1977;	Best Picture; <i>Annie Hall</i> ,	3½
	Best Director; Woody Allen - <i>Annie Hall</i> ,	*
1978;	Best Picture; <i>The Deer Hunter</i> ,	3½
	Best Director; Michael Cimino - <i>The Deer Hunter</i> ,	*
1979;	Best Picture; <i>Kramer Vs Kramer</i> ,	6
	Best Director; Robert Benton - <i>Kramer Vs Kramer</i> ,	*
1980;	Best Picture; <i>Ordinary People</i> ,	6
	Best Director; Robert Redford - <i>Ordinary People</i> ,	*
1981;	Best Picture; <i>Chariots of Fire</i> ,	7
	Best Director; Warren Beatty - <i>Reds</i> ,	7
1982;	Best Picture; <i>Gandhi</i> ,	2
	Best Director; Richard Attenborough - <i>Gandhi</i> ,	*
1983;	Best Picture; <i>Terms of Endearment</i> ,	8
	Best Director; James L Brooks - <i>Terms of Endearment</i> ,	*
1984;	Best Picture; <i>Mozart</i> ,	7
	Best Director; Milos Forman - <i>Mozart</i> ,	*
1985;	Best Picture; <i>Out of Africa</i> ,	7
	Best Director; Sidney Pollack - <i>Out of Africa</i> ,	*
1986;	Best Picture; <i>Platoon</i> ,	6
	Best Director; Oliver Stone - <i>Platoon</i> ,	*
1987;	Best Picture; <i>The Last Emperor</i> ,	9
	Best Director; Bernardo Bertolucci - <i>The Last Emperor</i> ,	*
1988;	Best Picture; <i>Rain Man</i> ,	?
	Best Director; Barry Levinson - <i>Rain Man</i> ,	*
1989;	Best Picture; <i>Driving Miss Daisy</i> ,	?
	Best Director; Oliver Stone - <i>Born On The Fourth Of July</i> ,	?

DETAILS:

John Ford - 4 [1935-40-41-52] / Frank Capra - 3 [1934-36-38] / William Wyler - 3 [1942-46-59] / Frank Borzage - 2 [1928-32] / Lewis Milestone - 2 [1928-30] / Frank Lloyd - 2 [1929-33] / Leo McCarey - 2 [1937-44] / Billy Wilder - 2 [1945-50] / Elia Kazan - 2 [1947-54] / Joseph L Mankiewicz - 2 [1949-50] / George Stevens - 2 [1951-56] / Fred Zinnemann - 2 [1953-66] / David Lean - 2 [1957-62] / Robert Wise - 2 [1961-65] / Milos Forman - 2 [1975-84] / Oliver Stone - 2 [1986-89].

** Gallic Oscars have been awarded to Enna Mac, Dc Lord & Tarek Ballout **

DOGS

WORLD



Other People's Houses

In the recent past I have had many opportunities to visit other people's houses. These opportunities were taken with the vigorous approach usually reserved for Royal Weddings and Funerals but without the wild abandon found amongst my older relatives in their dealings with foreign culinary delights.

A complete list of the dwellings mentioned earlier would be nearly impossible to compile because my note-taking was incomplete with records going only as far back as the middle of last week.

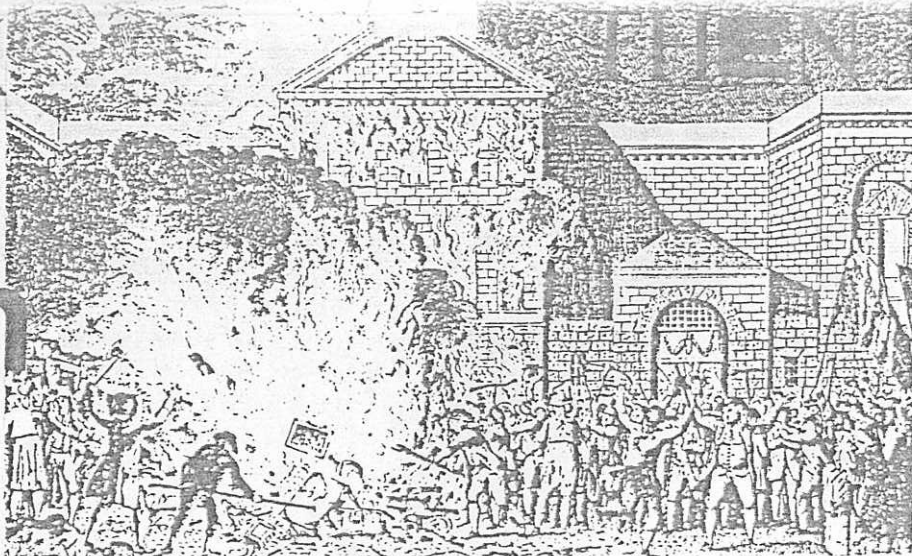
Let me begin with the least favourable:

- (1) Large Lori's House (a two story affair in which I wasn't allowed to smoke. Is there any need to say that I left in haste?)
- (2) Laurel's Parent's House (another two story affair with a very nice finished basement in which I wasn't allowed to smoke. Ibid).
- (3) Harry's flat (he lives on the sixteenth floor, the lift was broken and I was wearing my extremely functional, non-stair climbing Canada boots for snow and ice. No smoking).
- (4) The Haddad's House (No smoking).
- (5) Gordie & Ken's Flat (word was out that Ken was gay, Gordie didn't like living with a queerboy so Ken went out and immediately found himself a nice young girl to have sex with. He was very abusive in the relationship and when she became pregnant he ordered her to have an abortion which she paid for. No smoking).
- (6) Todd's Flat (what joy. Finally a place to smoke. Unfortunately, Todd owns two cats of which I'm highly allergic).

In conclusion: I might as well never go to other people's houses.

Thank-you for all the wonderful cards and flowers.

K - a n n m o b



The last 30 years of the 18th Century harboured an intense era of social re-arrangement. The American revolution in 1774 started the ball rolling, the French revolution (of 1789) climaxed the process. But in 1780, England (actually London) offered it's own variation. Now long forgotten, The Gordon Riots were probably the closest this country has been to full-scale insurrection in the last 250 years! One could find a precedent in the thinking of the period; Newtonism (science & religion .. studies in alchemy, numerology & eschatology), the radical Protestant sects of Wesley and the Methodists (despair that the hopes of the Puritan era had been smothered!), the ideas of the Swedish visionary; Swedenborg and the mysticism of William Blake.

By 1779 the problems with regard to the American War of Independence were reaching their peak, the British Government came up with the idea of recruiting Catholics to fight the Protestant Americans. (Catholics had been banned from the army since the British Civil War unless they took an oath of loyalty to the Protestant crown.) Recruitment started in Canada, but when the government turned their attention to the Scottish, trouble began to brew! During 1779 there were riots in Glasgow and Edinburgh (the destruction of Papist symbols.) The leader of the rebels in Scotland was Lord George Gordon (he'd served ten years in the Navy, was shocked by the slave trade and had an innate sympathy with the rebellious colonists!) Gordon's life had already been affected by the corruption of the era; no promotion at sea and the loss of his first parliamentary seat. He was not for sale, in fact he warned the authorities: *'There would probably spring up some Wat Tyler or Massonello who would not have patience with the Government and might very possibly chuse from motives of ambition to embroil the country in a civil war.'* He also informed the Catholics that if: *'Any one Papist should use half the honest pains to restore the ancient and hereditary family of Stewart to the throne that I take to promote the glory of the God of Israel and the property of the people.'* With his red hair and lack of wig, George Gordon struck a powerful note with the poor!

Being an aristocrat he managed to achieve an audience with King George III, warning the monarch that the policy of recruitment of Catholics could eventually lead to revolution, but nothing was achieved, the King was involved up to the hilt. A petition was gathered

by the Protestant Association, 50,000 signatures were procured and on 2 June a massive crowd gathered at St George's Field (Southwark) in order to present the petition to Parliament. [The choice of the venue was of interest, twelve years earlier it had been the site of the monstrous massacre of demonstrators led by John Wilkes.] There was 4 divisions of demonstrators representing the areas of Southwark, London, Westminster and Scotland. Hymns were sung, banners displayed and the traditional Protestant symbol; the Blue Cockade was worn by many of the participants. The shout was 'Gordon & Liberty', the idea; that moral force could sway the government. After a long walk across London Bridge and through the City the crowd arrived at Parliament. The judgement was announced; 192 out of 198 against the bill. The Mob was angered but no-one was harmed, certain anti-populace Lords were manhandled and the army had their hats knocked off. Rumours began to spread with regard to the role of the army (remember the extreme Protestants of Cromwell's New Model force!)

On Saturday night the rioting started, two Roman Catholic (upper class) chapels were burnt and looted - classic Puritan zeal. 13 men were arrested, all were found to be gainfully employed. On the Monday there was trouble in Moorfields (the abode of Irish labourers), chapels were destroyed, homes ransacked, possessions burnt, people attacked. The Protestant Lord Mayor of London turned a blind eye. 'England in Blood' ran the heading on a widely distributed handbill. On Tuesday afternoon in Parliament, Lord George condemned the violence but it was too late. Outside the House: 'A giant of a man had been seen riding a cart-horse and waving an immense black and red flag, like the standard bearer of an opposing army. He shouted abuse at the soldiers and encouraged those who had fallen. His name was James Jackson and he had a voice that boomed like the crack of doom'. Holding his flag high above his head on a long pole he rallied his supporters behind him and shouted out in his deep, resounding voice: 'To Hyde's house a-hoy!' In due course the house of Justice Hyde was indeed destroyed! Newgate prison was assaulted, the mob being led by a young (mad?) Quaker dressed in a white coat, they burnt their way in, freeing the 13 who had been arrested on Saturday night.

'Black Wednesday' lasted throughout the 24 hours, at 2.30am the battle of Bloomsbury Square occurred (outside the house of the Lord Chief Justice). The Riot Act was read and the platoon of soldiers fired on the rioters killing five (one woman), the crowd dispersed. Henry John Maskall ('a rich and dissolute young man') was seen giving orders to the crowd. All the records at the Sessions House (Old Bailey) were destroyed. The Bank of England ('creator of poverty') was assaulted, this time the crowd was led by an unidentified brewery drayman; 'He rode up and down Poultry and Threadneedle Street shouting hoarsely and waving handcuffs and fetters above his head, unconcerned for his danger and glorying in its conspicuousness.' Lord George offered his services to the bank but to no avail! Before dark on the Wednesday nearly all the prisons north and south of the river had been attacked and the prisoners liberated. What must have been deeply concerning to the authorities was the involvement of large numbers of upper class gentlemen, who, upon the incident of death were disposed of 'in the most sacred way'. Blackfriars bridge (at the time a toll bridge) was attacked and many of the mob were killed by soldiers.

By Wednesday night 15,000 armed soldiers were billeted in London, to the general populace it was as if the country was under Martial Law! To be continued;

KING MOB now

In London in the mid-60s a group of situationist-influenced radicals got together and called themselves KING MOB (after the Gordon Rioters!). They practiced active nihilism but never actually took up the armed struggle. '*Revolutionaries, one more effort in order to be nihilists*' (a perversion of a Vanageim quote). Their areas of interest involved Jack the Ripper, John Christie and Mary Bell and other manifestations of the '*hatred of the confines of this society*'. Hooligan or delinquent activity was considered better than falling into '*the Big Sleep; the hunkering down under; the steady job*'. They announced that football hooligans were the avant-garde of the British working-class and expended much effort glorifying the Hells Angels, Picadilly Circus junkies and skinheads in '*The King Mob Echo*' (supposedly a paper/comic). Perhaps their greatest achievement was the Selfridges

Christmas spree of 1968; with one member dressed as Santa Claus they proceeded to give out free gifts to the children. The store phoned the police, who arrested Santa Claus and made the kids give the presents back. Other 'actions/signs' were the smashing up of Wimpy Bars and an organised battle between the ('*working class avant garde*') skinheads and bikers. They condemned out-of-hand '*the golden afternoon of hippy ideology*' - '*Better to be horrible than a pleasant, altruistic hippy!*'

In 1967 the English Section of the Situationist International had been expelled from the organisation for refusing to side against the New York Black Mask group, who later went on to form

ART SCHOOLS ARE DEAD
IN IT'S ADVANCE THE FERS SHALL SEIZE AND JUDGE EVERYTHING

A spectre is haunting art, it is the spectre of annihilation. All the powers of the old order have entered into a holy alliance to exorcise this spectre: Police and principals, sculptors and painters, poets and philosophers, designers and architects, art historians and sociologists.

The 'art' offered to us in the galleries, art schools, Lush mags. etc. cannot possibly last much longer.

The sit-ins at various Colleges of Art last year were the first sign of imminent collapse.

However, the proposals put forward by the students failed to grasp the fact that Art Schools are part of an empty, meaningless, culture of death which must be subverted and destroyed on every level.

The atmosphere in the art schools has been getting steadily worse over the last few years. The American dream, media blow out, de-luxe gadgetry, pop art, car styling, acrylic minimalism only served as a front for one-up, put-down gangsterism. Gear and style was (and still is) everything: making out, THE BIG TIME (where you may get a fuck, but you'll always get fucked). Those who manage to keep in the running have to suffer the grind of arse-licking, sherry-drinking, contacts, empty talk. And if you do get a job in an art school then you had better learn to cultivate deceit, ignorance, and keeping your trap shut.

Those who aren't in the running either drop out, end up as bums or become resigned to a dismal job at a grammar school or sec. mod. in the back end of nowhere.

And for what? It's particularly unbearable knowing that the petty rules of official hierarchies conceal an aching void left by the collapse of the old shit. The fable of the Emperor's clothes could be applied to the whole of the art school set-up. For the fine arts, the game's up - no possibility of a last minute transfusion

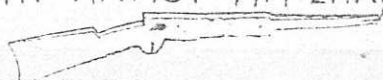
ART'S FINAL MASTERPIECE WILL BE IT'S OWN DESTRUCTION (Soffici)

The Dadaists savage programme of total subversion and the relentless deranged coherence of Surrealism's early revolutionary days.

MUSICIANS - SMASH YOUR INSTRUMENTS

THE NEW ARTIST DOES NOT WRITE OR PAINT BUT CREATES DIRECTLY, THE NEW ARTIST PROTESTS (Tzara)

THE DEATH OF ART SPELLS THE MURDER OF ARTISTS. THE REAL ANTI-ARTIST APPEARS



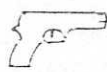
ON JUNE THE 4TH IN NEW YORK, VALERIE SOLOMAS SHOT ANDY WARHOL IN THE GENITALS, WHILE KING COOL SCREAMED, "DON'T DO IT...NO.....NO" THE FORTUITOUS PRESENCE OF MARIO AMAYA, EDITOR OF LONDON BASED "ART AND ARTISTS" WAS A CHANCE TOO GOOD TO BE MISSED AND SO SHE PLUGGED HIM TOO. SEVERAL HOURS LATER SHE WENT TO TIMES SQUARE, TAPPED A TRAFFIC COP ON THE SHOULDERS AND SAID, "I BELIEVE YOU ARE LOOKING FOR ME" AND HANDED OVER TWO 38'S.....VALERIE, OF COURSE, IS A WELL KNOWN MILITANT OF S.C.U.M. (SOCIETY FOR CUTTING UP MEN)

A RECENT COMMUNIQUE FROM U.A.W.-M.F. (UP AGAINST THE WALL MOTHER FUCKER) AND S.C.U.M. IN EXILE SAID,

"NON-MAN SHOT BY THE REALITY OF HIS DREAM - THE CULTURAL ASSASSIN EMERGES - A TOUGH CHICK WITH BOP CAP AND A 38 - THE TRUE VENGEANCE OF DADA - TOUGH LITTLE CHICK - THE HATER OF MEN AND THE LOVER OF MAN - THE STATUE OF LIBERTY RAPED BY A CHICK WITH BALLS - THE CAMP MASTER SLAIN BY A SLAVE - AND AMERICA'S WHITE PLASTIC CATHEDRAL IS READY TO BURN."

SO DON'T THINK TWICE IT'S ALRIGHT.

ANDY WARHOL	MARIO AMAYA
YOKO ONO	DAVID HOCKNEY
MICK JAGGER	MARY QUANT
BOB DYLAN	TWIGGY SHRIMPSON
MIKE KUSTOW	MILES
RICHARD HAMILTON	MARIANNE FAITHFUL



WE APOLOGISE FOR THE INFERIOR QUALITY OF THE ENGLISH COP OUTS, PARASITES AND MERCENARIES NAMED ABOVE.

.....SISTERS FIGHT FOR FREEDOM.....

KING MOB THE BLACK HAND GANG

the Motherfuckers (in reality closer to KING MOB than Debord's Parisian thang!) Chris Gray (who had been a member of the 31) joined together with Dave & Chris Wise (two Northern art college lecturers) and created KING MOB. In a moment of idle boasting he informed Guy Debord that he could call on 30 trained and combat-hardened street-fighters in his own Ladbroke Grove area. Debord rushed over from France to 'inspect the troops' and was directed by an embarrassed Gray to the flat of the brothers Wise. Debord burst in to discover them watching 'Match of the Day' while drinking McEwan's Special Export. Realising that this was the total of Gray's combat unit he became extremely angry, throwing Dave's ideologically suspect library around the room!

KING MOB survived for another couple of years, they provided the muscle and two sledge-hammers to despatch the infamous LSE 'gates' (erected by the college to restrict access!) They publicly

King Mob, circa 1968

celebrated Valerie Solomas's shooting of Andy Warhol and posited various 'ideas', perhaps the best being to create 'a totally unpleasant anti-music group'. You can still see 'CHRIS GRAY BAND' graffiti on the way to Victoria Coach station. At it's peak KING MOB involved 60 people including Fred Vermorel, Jamie Reid and Malcolm McLaren, three key minds behind the only serious assault on popular culture in recent years: Punk & The Sex Pistols!

According to Fred Vermorel, Chris Gray was a quietly spoken, aristocratically

mannered intellectual who lived in Cambridge Gardens, W10. (Grey later went on to publish the first English translation of the key Situationist texts: *Leaving the Twentieth Century* (1974), it's a bit of a hodge-podge with excellent graphics by Jania Reid (who later designed the Sex Pistols sleeves!)) Dave Wise was also an intellectual who could argue/discourse on a wide variety of subjects. (Wise later published an essay taking in a variety of these points: *The End of Music*.)

THIS IS YOUR
BUILDING
GO WHERE YOU
WANT.
TELL YOUR
SECURITY GUARD
TO
FUCK OFF!

One of the milder posters put up during King Mob's 1969 occupation of the London School of Economics.

GENUINE
REVOLUTIONARY
NO 5

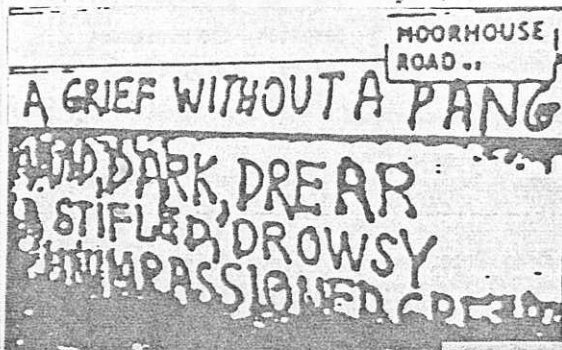


** For Further Information: **

Fred Vernal - 'Sex Pistols: The Inside Story' / Dave Wise - 'The End Of Music' (pamphlet) / Vague 16/17 (magazine) / 'An endless adventure ... an endless passion ... an endless banquet - A Situationist Scrapbook' (ICA exhibition catalogue).

"The body of Rosa Luxemburg, dragged from a canal in March 1919"

—King Mob Echo, April 1968



Poetic Graffiti.

GALLIC TIMES ARTS SECTION: REVIEWS

GP28: SOMETHING

Something is Nothing is Everything is Anything, But most of all it is a Secret Thing (and so it shall remain!)

GP381: METHODRHYTHM IN PARIS

Just another gig really except for the fact that we had to travel a little further than New Merlin's Cave, A van full of gear, musos, groupies & roadies and a car full of executives and Lob (Who invited him anyway?) We began with the usual mad dash for the midnight ferry which, due to inclement weather conditions, was a touch late. The crossing was 'fun'. The ferry rolled like a hog in a mud bath and one by one the cast and crew of 'The French Job' fell foul to the sickness. Dee was the only one to actually heave with Matt and Rachel almost joining in, Mark played video games and I went to sleep in the middle of the cafe. Lob (*'I served my apprenticeship on the fishing boats from the Firth of Forth'*) turned quite green as soon as we'd left the safety of Ramsgate Harbour. Strangely only Jim and Al suffered not from maritime nausea - they just ate chocolates and laughed at the unfortunates.

The drive from Dunkerque to Paris was uneventful except for the mad French lorry driver who took it into his head that it was down to him to avenge the French race for Agincourt. We escaped unscathed apart from a few automotive dents caused by the infraction of hard granite on sheet steel. The next day was spent in various ways by various people - I slept mostly, others visited Montmartre and the sights. Lob developed sciatica.

The gig that night was perhaps the best we've ever done - great playing and a receptive (non-London) audience combined with the best so unding PA I've ever used to produce a formidable performance.

The post-gig revelries were just as exciting - free beer from the management and a motley collection of groupies and liggers that made us all feel that we were the Stones at the Isle of Wight, 1969 or at least the Gauls in Paris, 1989. That night some of us stayed in Paris Hotels while a bunch of us travelled to a friend's (fiend's) house just south of the city where we consumed more alcohol until the sleep I needed finally enveloped us. Next day was croissants, coffee and another mad dash from Paris to Dunkerque, this time we hit trouble at Customs because Jazz wasn't caucasian. The fascist pig bastards decided it would be 'good' to deport our old Japanese man (who was under the delusion that WW2 was still going on).

Still we got around that one in our own Gaulish indomitable style as we always do & always shall - at least until September. *Merry Easter, Love Father xxxxx*

GP39-51-58-64 THE COMPLETE 'LEAVING THE 80's'

The serious information magazine by the Gallic organisation was intended to be a group effort by all in the gang but ended as a work made up mainly by Jim with articles contributed by others, namely myself, Ralph, Colin and Tarek (who only lasted the first issue, it was then that he realised that one has to read books to review them). The magazine concentrated on Music, Film & Art together with

information which was felt to be of interest to others. Usually a hundred pages of text for 90p, one would have thought that each issue would have been snapped up as a bargain but attempts to sell it in the summer of 1989 did not go well. The sad fact is that not many people (and this is at University) read any more. One guy actually complained to me that it was too many pages without enough pictures - what did he expect? a comic! Therefore by the last issue we began giving copies away to those we felt would bother to read it. Articles from past issues of the NME and other magazines were included, as we stated in the first issue: *'We are not ashamed to publish articles from elsewhere. In fact we dare the writers to sue us, the only way to achieve freedom is through freedom of information.'*

The pieces that went down the best were *'Kill City'* which certainly turned me onto Charlie Manson and two articles by Jim, namely; *The Sager Saga* and *Latin American Cinema* (Guy Gadney reprinted it down in Exeter). Although the magazine did not circulate as we wanted, it did serve to bring ideas together from a wide source into one text. I myself have gleaned knowledge of various writers; JG Ballard, Charles Bukowski, Gogol and various bands; Rip Rig & Panic, Parliament, Temptations etc. This magazine is the closest we have ever come to publishing a manifesto and although not well read it has had it's influence on our immediate circle. For instance had Al ever heard of Manson, Parliament or Hunter Thompson before the summer of 1989 - No!

(Bobby Ewing).

GP56 MOMENTS (a/b).

(a) Celtic Art: The start of the outing was predominately pessimistic and depressing; World War, Nuclear Doom & the Islamic threat, this made the beautiful day lose it's shine and the beer taste rusty. On entering the exhibition things brightened up and we were faced with some of the most intricate metal work I have ever had the pleasure to see. Bruce's artistic nature took over as he ran around like a headless chicken (doubtless noting ideas for future pots). The severity of our fellow spectators had the effect of transporting us back to the childlike feeling one gets in church, expected to act in one way therefore act in another, amusement from embarrassment. Once outside again amongst the Ionic pillars it was decided that if one looked to suicide as a possibility (or the fact that the world is transient) the present takes on a much more prevalent position (ie: The Victorian buildings in front of the British Museum bathed in brilliant sunshine). The day finished with our discovery of a Psychic convention (including astrologers and Tarot readers) that meets every Saturday & Sunday. No doubt Jim will write up his experiences with the mad mystics, *(Dr Harold Faggot)*, IIII (b) The Mad Mystics: This was the first Gallic outing thing that I had attended 'alone'; the reasoning behind this was that if other members of the crew came along 'for the ride', the mystical element might well be thrown out with the bath water. The choice was between palmistry, Tarot cards and Indian astrology, I decided on the Tarot for one reason; the reader was fat, bearded and reminded me of what Ralph will look like in ten years time. I pretended to have no understanding of his 'decipherings' and was (to say the least) amused by his constant references to 'creativity'. On his Crowley-designed cards he predicted that Ambie will have a daughter and that I will receive a large amount of money in Feb 1991 (for the publishing of a book?). Phew! *(Tony Maloney)*.

The final major Gallic cassette has it all: Industrial Noise, maudlin Country & Western, free-form Jazz, Stones & Faces R&B, cabaret, Latin grooves, Canesque repetition, Stooges madness and Princey funk.

The opener (*Sophistication*) demonstrates what a House montage could be, exhilaratingly macho extracts from movies, politics and William Burroughs balanced against punch-drunk Uncle Ray/Maxine rhythms, free form piano and synthetic buzz. 'Now Stop It'; No why should we! *Simple Souls* shows that Matt can pastiche Gram Parsons as effectively as DC Lord, a 'collapsing' lead guitar surrounds a lyric that ponders the ancient question; are natural serfs happier when on their own soil. And what would the Brethren of the Free Spirit have made of it all? nb: The use of backing vocals throughout this collection is both 'softening' and a massive progression from the stark 1986 days of *Everything's* sole 'voice'. Third up is *Lipstick Groove*, a 'modern' love-song and the Gallic response to the more skeletal exercises of the purple wizard. Jnr Yobbo doubles his voice (high/low) to create the residual chant, Jim's usual 'wandering' vibrato is pushed through electronics in order to engender that 1980's sound with which we are all so familiar. I particularly like the break-down (in what time?) section which perpetually begs the question; just what is going on here? [Matt's drumming is of course excellent!] From Yasujiro Ozu's tragi-comedy of 1953 to a Gallic instrumental (*Islington Swinging*) [Atsushi wanted it and so he got it!] The conversation between Ray's 'up-right' bass and Jaz's 'rhetorical' drums provides a bed of debate wherein Matt & (blindfolded) Yobbo's guitars can experiment, Jim's

(Ayer inspired) horns on the other hand traverse the spectrum from sexual despair to drug-intoxicated ecstasy. When Bruce first heard *Designer Failure* he commented; 'Now that's what I call Music.' The lead guitar echoes Keef's 'Beggars Banquet' style, the high-pitched backing vocals, the best elements of 'Exile on Main St'. The count-off during the chorus merges Punjabi and Japanese numerical codes and the sensibility of the rhythm reminds the listener of a bygone age (more notorious for high quality). The lyric examines the in-built 'destruction' of Gallic Productions (all real modern art?) and comes to the (obvious) conclusion that only through genuine failure can anything mean what it is meant to. Love the Billy Wilder rip-off line; 'Every Cinderella has to have her midnight ...' *LollyPop* details the dichotomy of 'popular' music; sex/meaning, - trash/art - 'oral/aural' - visual/exhibitionistic. Manipulating the forgotten (1940's R&B) genre of the semi-pornographic trash number while disguising the insidious 'reading' Lolly = Money; Pop = Music. The riff (composed by all and sundry) carries the song into the glorious-1970's Glam realm; Gibson guitars, false breaks, stunted solos, visual lust! Beatnick lingo is incorporated; 'Now she's cookin' (or is it a reference to that long-forgotten 'Hardcastle & McCormack' TV series?) [nb; if *Designer Failure* is predated by The Stones, *LollyPop* glances back to the boyz, beer and brutality of The Faces].

The z (pronounced zee) side opens with *Snack My Hand* (originally Jim & Chris's exit-tune from the 1980/81 Gauls; merge the Buzzcocks with Beefheart, add a primal rhythm element, stew it up with a chant that examines(?) bondage and narcotics and boil ...) Ralph de-signifies Maxine (backwards, upwards, inside out, upside

down) to create a genuine industrial African groove. Taped extracts from 'The Man With The Golden Arm' (Hollywood's only serious look at 'Horse') bubble and blister beneath the surface of a text that is 'enchanted' by serious 'starway' guitar, samples of 'SMH' and Roland Kirk doubled horns. The coldness indeed! Cover versions are tricky and dangerous ground, the re-creator must transcend and decipher the original (in the olden days - the early '60s this was common practice, nowadays it is more about substituting old (good) song-writing for the modern performers weaknesses). V Can Make Me Dance is faster, less sexist and more 'sad' than the original (but I don't think it's better!) The multiple-vocal effect (reminiscent of the Band) is both reassuring and dis-turbing, the strings crucial to emphasise the pain and the introduced words a nod to the cabaret 'feel' of the song and an admission of genuine reality into a world borne on falsehoods! Malefica (originally titled 'Delicious & Wicked') is both a continuation from FEKM's Entertainment and a indictment of the new repression. The howls of madness, the splendid Jazoid drums and Ralph's rendition of 'Je suis Mal' (in a voice that would please any old B-Movie actor) all add up to create a piece of pleasure buried in the South American past tense. Decadancing is an attempt at something 'to please the punters': a Gallic rap, wah-wah guitars, all harnessed by the G-Funk attitude. The lyric provides a manifesto, listing (towards the end) 7 key Gallic heroes. To employ Crowleyesque quotes, the name of Isidore and that whole 'It's so decadant!' (how someone described 1982 Oxford Uni - ha! ha!) is something indeed. Nice (ie: weird) guitar solo from The Fisherman. The penultimate (loony) - toon (Torch Her)

bursts the ear-drum with a backward snare, and we are hurled headlong into a world of choral voices. The guitar-rhythm appears to be a continuation of Matt's solo efforts on 'Perversion-St' (Meat Factory & Negation). Jim sings with some passion a song that disguises an analysis of desire in a shroud of semiotic codes. A pop version of Barthes' Lover's Discourse, anybody? The groove incorporates the lessons learnt from the Germans. Ray's doubled-up bass a joy to the listener who really understands sensuality. Surely the greatest torture is unrequited love? The set is closed with the gruesome (In one of his customary hallucinations Ray described it as 'Fuckin' Satanic!') King Noize. Howling guitars (4 in all) diverge above a Woodstock repetition thang (feed-back is the name of the game), Jim screams his last and (most insane) rant to the power of anger, incorporating lines from that other great misunderstood; Robert Johnson. The whistles bathe the break-down (for that is what it is!) Sampled boasts with regard to drugs and sex colour that all-important final line: 'Because I'm MAD!' Jake La Motta's (Da Niro) hideous screams and demands to know 'why?' give the entire collection a horrible feeling of physicality.

In Summary: For my money the best of all the Gallic tapes: eclectic, imaginative, beautiful and ugly - Real pain is gathered within! It will surely be a tragedy if Jim & Ralph are to retire from the musical arena because they are without doubt both 'so hip it hurts' and the 'meanest motherfuckers in the valley!' Congratulations & Farewell.

(Max Beard).

Copies of 'Mumbo Jumbo' are available from all good Gallic stockists priced £4.

GP62 HOEDOWN/SHOWDOWN (a/b).

(a) The Opera on the Green (Jan): Alone (dancer-less), the intrepid MethodRhythm trod the boards in a hideous West London 'rock-club'. It was a success, our audience came(!), Ray broke the news of his paternity and Jim started behaving 'odder'. The performance was extreme, 'No-one needs to get that worked up before going on stage' (quoth the manager).

(b) The Opera on the Green (Feb): More disastrous, the barest handful of our fans (sounds familiar - eh?) We ained a-couple of new songs, Mark mounted Jim, we fucked up an intro and Jaz decidad to return to Japan. No-one knew it was the end at the time! Because it wasn't. See below! (Ted Moul).

RHYTHM FUN

METHODRHYTHM's 'MUMBO JUMBO' songs dissected & devoured?????

Sophistication - A free-form macho speed-rush.

Simple Souls - P(1)asant dreams of home and a better and more decent society. Cuntry matters (Shakey).

Lipstick Groove - "There is a lady sweet and kind - was never face so pleased my mind - I did but see her passing by - And yet I love her till I die." (Anon).

Islington Swinging - "It don't mean a thing if it aint got that swing." re: Billy Eckstine's collar.

Designer Failure - The Pornography of Despair ... Masturbation for the melancholy.

LollyPop - Either a dirty '40s R&B number or a semiotic analysis of popular music itself. Aint that the same thing?

Smack My Hand - The industrial soundtrack of a heroin-addicted B-movie fan, living in Lagos. Don't be a narc!

U Can Make Me Dance - 3-part harmonies, cabaret and a council house love song. Prince is a Lettrist.

Malefico - Secret mid-'90s Rio fantasies.

Decadancing - G-Funk for the G-spots. E-Crowleyesque manifesto for E-Wah heads.

Torch Her - "If you think you're unloved then we know about that." (Syd).

King Noize - The Rebel + Noize = Fear "Cum on Feel the Noize - Girls grab the Boyz - Go Wild!" (Slade).

GOG GUJBC

HOEDOWNS/SHOWDOWNS (GP64): As soon as MethodRhythm have recruited a new sticksman they will return to the 'road'. Gigs can be expected between May & June in Paris, The Midlands & all the usual London 'pleasure palaces'.

MOMENTS (GP56): (D) Frankie Howard (Uncontrolled Tittering) at The Lyric, Hammersmith, (E) The London Dungeons (acidically examined), (F) Kew Gardens: A Green Festival, (G) Serious 'E' Dancing with Miss Douglas.

BOOZED OUT 7

'Don't you think it's a crime when time after time after time - living in a bottle'.

(Gil Scott-Heron - *The Bottle*).

The reasons for drinking are many and magnificent. In my own case I like to consider my occasional alcoholic sprees as a method for 'nullifying pain'. Others imbibe to make friends, keep friends, celebrate or commiserate. Needless to say it all costs money and ends up in severe hangovers! The majority of my survey was conducted between Dec '89 and Mar '90, I tested a wide variety of spirits (not ghosts!) and came to various perverse and disturbing conclusions:

1. Whiskey: Having spent many years of my prolonged adolescence 'rat-faced' on cheap Scotch, I chose to taste and discuss the more expensive American brands. *Jack Daniels* came in an exotic cuboid bottle and gave me the hic-ups (as did the majority of the others - I have not discovered a reason for this; guilt?) I did *not* feel that I had spent a hard day on the plantation. *Jiv Beas* is my favoured selection being both 'smooth' and a superb complement to long Winter nights discussing the problems of existence with Uncle Bruce. On one particular evening we drank a bottle of Irish Malt, it slid down well but Wendy took too large a gulp and paid the hideous price! I came to the decision that Whiskey is a drink for hard men on the edge of survival (ie: Me on Fridays and Saturdays!)

2. Gin: I had always considered Gin to be the ideal 'suburban' drink or alternatively the perfect complement to an afternoon in a British Rail bar. One doesn't really notice the consumption and the alcoholic content tends to creep up on you. Better not drunk neat, Tonic Water provides a marriage made in heaven. I can only say that I found it an ideal companion whilst writing, talking or 'doing'.

3. Vodka: Not the commercial brands, the genuine Russian article. Many years ago (1982 to be precise), I spent a monstrous evening with David Birkbeck and a weird fiend of a woman. She insisted that once the bottle was opened it had to be finished, they passed out, I span around the room and elevated, somewhere near the cow-shed. Voddia is almost a cousin to Gin in it's ability to insidiously invade the brain of the drinker!

4. Brandy: When one is making 'associations', Brandy seems to link up with fat aristos out on the grouse moor. Having only once been drunk on said substance (1979, Germany in a trench), I am not really qualified to analyse the intoxicoid qualities. Suffice it to say that it's harsher than whiskey but not the chosen quaff of 'hard young men'.

5. Rum: The traditional 'tot' of sailors. Winston Churchill summed up life in the navy as '*Rum, Sodomy and the Lash*', DC Lord swore by the seminal elements gathered within. For me Rum & Coke is a drink somewhere akin to the pulsation of a good speed rush. '*Yo Ho Ho and a bottle of Rum - Come here Baby and give me some!*' (Gareth S.)

6. Tequilla: Does the worm contain hallucinatory qualities? Mescal, salt (give me more salt!) and lime. A marriage made in Hell. Things are said, things occur, things diffuse. Nights in Malvern spent wandering from the Wine Bar to John and Ann's. Teenage 'madness' is so passe! '*I've given up the whiskey taken up the tequilla!*'

7. Pernod: Dunked in the cider? The green rays infect my mind. I remember the night before I founded the Gallic thang, my room in Malvern was spinning with an infestation of 'Pure Green'. AnniSeed cures flatulence and Pernod fucks the instincts when they're

already running on overdrive!

I know this isn't really a guide but so what? Over the last five years I have spent many months 'utterly' teetotal and recognizing, embracing and understanding the joy of intoxication has been one of the things that has kept me sane during this 'disturbing' period.

'It is time to be drunk! If you are not to be the martyred slaves of Time, be perpetually drunk! With wine, with poetry, or with virtue, as you please.'

(Charles Baudelaire - Get Drunk).

"To provoke, or sustain, a reverie in a bar, you have to drink English gin, especially in the form of the dry martini ... Like all cocktails, the martini, composed essentially of gin and a few drops of Noilly Prat, seems to have been an American invention. Connoisseurs who like their martinis very dry suggest simply allowing a ray of sunlight to shine through the bottle of Noilly Prat before it hits the bottle of gin. At a certain period in America it was said that the making of a dry martini should resemble the Immaculate Conception, for, as Saint Thomas Aquinas once noted, the generative power of the Holy Ghost pierced the Virgin's hymen "like a ray of sunlight through a window - leaving it unbroken." Another crucial recommendation is that the ice be so cold and hard that it won't melt, since nothing's worse than a watery martini. My personal recipe: The day before your guests arrive, put all the ingredients - glasses, gin, shaker - in the refrigerator. Use a thermometer to make sure the ice is about twenty degrees below zero (centigrade). Don't take anything out until your friends arrive; then pour a few drops of Noilly Prat and half a dewitasse spoon of Angostura bitters over the ice. Shake it, then pour it out, keeping only the ice, which retains a faint taste of both. Then pour straight gin over the ice, shake it again, and serve."

(Luis Bunuel - My Last Breath).

STOP REG

1. The Players No 6 cigarette abolished. Details in GT#14.
2. OBIT Johnny Ray is dead! "Sounded sad upon the radio, moved a million hearts in wano." (Rowland). Sean Oliver (apparently) has died from Sickle Cell Disease - Full obit in GT#14!
3. More Gt Arts Recommendations: Movies-'Motion & Emotion: The Films of Wim Wenders' is a new documentary. There is a season of Wenders film at the ICA from 2-14 April. Oh yeah! Thank God they re-opened the Electric Cinema (Portobello Rd). London has a massive shortage of good art-cinemas! Books A new Jackson Pollock biography is available, it's titled: 'An American Saga'. Let us hope that Russian Orwell, Alexander Kabakov's 'The Man Who Wouldn't Return' is soon published! Video 'Lethal Weapon II' is good fun & the baddies are South Africans! Art Yoko Ono's Fluxus works at Riverside Studios (until April 22nd). Comics Alan Moore & Bill Sienkiewicz's 'Big Numbers' (another 12-part biggie!) TV 'Jazz 625' (every Friday), bits of Jazz from BBC2's archive. C4 season in May of Wenders' movies. The complete short films of new Polish director Kieslowski (on BBC2). South Bank Show on key American Director of the '70s; Robert Altman (April 22nd) followed by 'Vincent & Theo' (4-hour Tv film) on Central during the late summer.

KEN LIVINGSTONE ON THE COLIN WALLACE AFFAIR

Behind the mass of confusing claims and denials about the Colin Wallace affair is a time bomb which could end Mrs Thatcher's premiership. The one thing the Tory leadership will go to any lengths to prevent coming to light is the involvement of Airey Neave — the Tory MP who was blown up by an Irish Republican group 11 years ago.

It is this link which I have spent much of the last two and a half years investigating via over 350 parliamentary questions and several speeches. All these interventions have been met with abuse and stonewalling by the Tories and a deafening silence from most of my Labour colleagues. The Tory press has either denounced me as a 'traitor' or dismissed my 'obsession'.

Airey Neave was the Tory spokesperson on Ireland, Mrs Thatcher's advisor on the intelligence services and head of her private office. In reality, he was the second most important person in the Tory party.

But there was another side to Airey Neave that neither the public nor his parliamentary colleagues knew about. He kept in close touch with a group of M15 dissidents, who were plotting against the Labour government.

After Colin Wallace left his job as information officer at Army HQ in Northern Ireland, he was approached by Neave, who knew of his role in 'Clockwork Orange', spreading disinformation and propaganda against both the IRA and the Labour government.

Neave's proposal to Wallace was simple. Continue the same work, but do it directly for Neave. Wallace agreed, and over the following months prepared background papers and speeches for Neave, which dealt with the growing strength of the British left and its 'links' with the IRA and the USSR. These themes were taken up by Neave in a series of speeches which were widely reported. Wallace retained the correspondence, which is in Neave's own handwriting.

When questioned about this on the floor of the House of Commons, John Wakeham, then Leader of the House, was unable to explain how Neave would have known that Wallace was working for M15 or have been so well informed about the nature of Wallace's work. Mrs Thatcher simply refused to answer the questions.

Confirmation that Neave was more than just an observer on the fringes of the plotters' group comes from former M16 officer, Lee Tracey, who was phoned by Neave in March 1979 and asked to come to the Cumberland Hotel. Neave told Tracey that although he expected the Tories to win the impending general election, he was worried that if Labour got back, Jim Callaghan would soon retire and the way would be clear for Tony Benn to become Prime Minister. Both men believed there was a real danger of Britain becoming taken over by communism.

Neave said that he was setting up a team of intelligence and security men, an undercover 'army of resistance', who would 'make sure that Benn was stopped'. Tracey insists that Neave was prepared to use violence to achieve this end. They agreed to meet again but one week later Neave was assassinated by the Irish National Republican Army.

Mrs Thatcher knows better than anyone else that a full independent inquiry into the Colin Wallace affair would inevitably lead to questions about Airey Neave's role. He was her closest friend and adviser; as head of her private office he decided who saw her and as her unofficial security advisor, he introduced her to the world of M15 and M16. Are we seriously to believe that in all this time he never once indicated to her, even in the barest outline, the treason that he was involved in? And if the answer is 'No', then did she ever suspect that some very unparliamentary activity was being organised by the man who ran her private office?

This is the real reason that the Prime Minister has blocked every attempt to inquire into what happened in those years. There is no reason why the government should try and cover up scandals which took place during a Labour government's time unless it is to protect the reputations of old and faithful supporters.

If these issues were pursued by a less patronage-ridden Parliament and an independent media, as happened with Nixon and Watergate, it would change the course of British politics. But, if past scandals like the Belgrano and Westland are anything to go by, Mrs Thatcher will brazen it out once again and escape. □

Ken Livingstone



Ken Livingstone



Airey Neave



Colin Wallace

INSIDE

PEZ

Tuesday and Wednesday Musillo
was a musician - Friday and Saturday

an organist, all a quarter mouse

how catastrophically could

chews seven holes a year

Gerome make daisy loop -

lets in drilly foregone conclusions, Only to say- pick up

a poodle, Stroke it by the fail,

snell its underarmpits and hang it by a nail,
frogs do sing at suppertime sadly so I hear

How can one possibly hope to rectify

such a situation I wonder, sheds a salty tear

If only Graham's grizzly granny could

play neat ball, Oh better not get too sleepy

just yet in case, inadvertently someone

YALP

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dints the veneer or scratches the

paint work new in the hall pen,

AM'S TV PROGNOSIS

Since 'Leaving the 80s' has now disappeared down the plug-hole of time, we have decided to once again remember classic TV of the past. Forget it!

1. The Persuaders - Classic '60s TV, an American millionaire and a Brit aristocrat bathe in the far-fetched and ridiculous, Nice opening montage.
2. Brass - Serious surrealism, In the Hardacre mines the workers experience exploitation, The Old Cottage Work-House - Ah just the memory!
3. I Claudius (BBC Documentary) - Excellent '60s examination (hosted by Dirk Bogarde) of 'The Epic that Never Was'; Sternberg-Laughton-Korda!
4. Pennies From Heaven - The reason that Dennis Potter is so highly-regarded, almost DaDaist in it's juxtaposition of song and story.
5. Cheers - Fine US comedy, Best in the early days with Diane's pretensions and Sam's libido angst, Still funny occasionally, Norm is always 'strange'.
6. The Other Side Of Midnight - Granada's splendid late-night arts thang (hosted by Tony Wilson). Always stimulating (better than 'The Late Show').
7. The Monocled Mutineer - Alan Bleasdale's startling tale of the realities of WWI, Paul McGann as an anarcho-elitist who is 'born to lose'!
8. Orson Welles (Arena Special) - Alan Yentob's greatest gift to TV. A two-hour interview (including the 1934 short: *Hearts of Ages*). Utterly brillio.
9. Please Sir - Crazed '70s comprehensive school comedy. John Anderton is John Alderton (Eh?) Ralph is Duffy!
10. Dangermouse - Of course, Penfold, of course

***** Keep Viewing *****

POETRY CORNER

Lines on the arsehole: a sonnet.

By Paul Verlaine (Octet) & Arthur Rimbaud (Sextet).

*Crumpled like a carnation, mauve and dim
It breathes, cowering humbly in the moss
Still wet with love which trickles down across
The soft slope of white buttocks to its rim.*

*Threads like long tears of milk blown radiantly
Out by the cruel gust that turns them back
Weep home again along the cambered track
Through reddish clinkers and wild dilberry.*

*My mouth mates often with this breathing-hole
While matter goes and comes, my jealous soul
Makes tawny tears there in its nest of sighs:*

*This olive in a swoon, this flute whose stop
Teases the tube where heaven's soft-centres drop,
This female Promised Land where warm springs rise,*

WHO'S WHO IN 'EASTENDERS'?

Arthur Fowler - Ralph Tittley // Ricky - MG Sanders // Cindy Beale - Matt Biffa // Frank Butcher - Jim Sanders // Dot Cotten - DC Lord // Pauline Fowler - Colin Glen // Wicksy - Bruce Cochrane // Fat Pat - Ambie // Pete Beale - Guy Tittley // Sharon Watts - Wendy Douglas // Mo Butcher - D Sanders // Rod - LJ Sanders // Michale Fowler - Al // Janine - Henry // Nick Cotten - Guy Tresize // Cathy - Julie McGill // Ethel Skinner - Kate.

[In #114 we decipher the characters in 'Coronation Street'].

THE CHINESE NEW YEAR THANG.

- Rat (1960-72-84): Charming, anger-hiding, ambitious, thrifty, stingy, fussy about petty things, gossipers, good livers, love tends to bring out their generosity.
- Ox (1961-73-85): Placid, easy-going, good with their hands, inspire others, quiet, eloquent speakers, misunderstood in family relationships, quick to anger, petty.
- Tiger (1962-74-86): Deep thinkers, powerful, courageous, sympathy in love, stubborn & selfish (mean), bad at decision-making, trust-less, well-respected, dislike authority, Tigers are unusually free of fire, thieves and ghosts (Oriental myth!).
- Rabbit (1963-75-87): Gifted, ambitious, smooth talkers, respected and trusted, noted for good taste, clever in business, 'A promise is a promise', affectionate (but detached), melancholic, uncontrollable weepers, not seekers of knowledge, good gamblers - natural luck, but too careful with money.
- Dragon (1964-76-88): Healthy, energetic, courageous and sensitive, sincere, honest, Dragons like Tigers have potential for leadership, eccentric, blessed with virtue, riches, harmony and longevity, susceptible to flattery, hard workers (for good or evil!), quick-tempered, excitable and stubborn, Sometimes lonely in old age!
- Snake (1965-77-89): Very wise, profound thinkers, rely on their own intellect rather than trust others, determined, hate to fail at anything, usually rich (so no money worries), can be stingy, hate to lend, often beautiful (and vain), tend to overdo things (including helping others), very prone to affairs therefore unhappy marriages.
- Horse (1966-78-90): Popular, cheerful, love to complement others, act quickly, short tempers, seem strong (inspire confidence) but inside are weak (especially with the opposite sex!), passionate in love (to the point of blindness). Enjoy crowds and entertainment, don't take advice, good money managers.
- Sheep (1967-79-91): True artists, happy when being creative, pessimistic (puzzled with life) and lack direction, followers (not leaders), basically insecure thus need guidance, eat well, wear nice clothes and live in comfort, elegant, passionate, gentle, wise in love and in belief, anonymous philanthropists, help the underdog!
- Monkey (1968-80-92): Skillful in any field, good with money deals, lots of common sense, decisions are easy, read widely, good memories, well-informed, often become

For further information: Reading: The New Musical Express 1976-78 (especially Tony Parsons, Julie Burchill, Paul Morley, Ian Pannan etc.) / Grell Marcus - Lipstick Traces / Fred & Judy Vernorel - Sex Pistols: The Inside Story / Parsons & Burchill - The Boy Looked at Johnny / Sniffin' Glue magazine / Dick Hebdige - Subculture / Tom Savage - Various essays, Novels: 'The Original Punk Movie' (Don Letts '90) / 'The Great Rock'n'Roll Swindle' (Temple) / 'Rude Boy' (Kazam) / 'Jubilee' (Jarman).

GI Guide to Punk Rock Bibliography:

famous, talk too much, contemptuous of lesser people, would rather appease than fight.
Chicken (1969-81-93): Deep-thinkers, busy-bodies, devoted to work, sometimes attempt too much, eccentric, positive they are always right, lacking in trust they prefer to work alone, adventurous (on the outside), dwell on foolish plans, reckless, erratic, too selfish, confident (reputation of being interesting), need more foresight.

Dog (1970-92-94): Loyal, profound sense of duty, wonderful workers (always try to do their best!), good secret-keepers, held in high regard, selfish, eccentric, obstinate, too cold and aloof for social affairs, hate small talk, faultfinders and sarcastic, they cannot stand injustice.

Pig (1971-93-95): Brave and chivalrous, great inner strength, appear well-informed but can be shallow, treat those they love with great kindness, shy, lone wolves who solve their own problems.

***** Thank-you to the Ocean City Restaurant for this information! *****

SAINTS: No3: TERESA OF AVILA 1515-82.

A naturally gifted girl of good character who entered a Carmelite convent at the age of 20. She threw herself into becoming a nun but suffered (missing her family) from various illnesses. She persevered with contemplation and made rapid progress: she was frequently rapt in ecstasy, the most remarkable example being the piercing of her heart by a spear of divine love. She wrote extensively about the experience, displaying no concern for the dangers involved. During middle-age she founded a convent under the original (and strict) Carmelite rules, this occurred in 1562 and her followers were known as discalced 'barefooted' Carmelites. During the next 20 years seventeen other convents were opened amidst intense protest from the calced 'shod' Carmelites. (Links were made with St John of the Cross, see-8F#12). St Teresa was a fascinating woman, boasting a commanding and highly attractive personality, frank, affectionate, witty and gay. She had the ability to merge a life of deep religious contemplation with an immense efficiency in 'practical' affairs. She died at the age of 67. Her chief texts include: *Autobiography* & *The Interior Castle*.

COOKERY CORNER.

MARS BAR CAKES: Shortbread base, 8oz Flour (GR), 4ozs Butter, 2ozs Castor Sugar. Filling: 4ozs Butter, 4ozs Soft Brown Sugar, 2 level tbs. Golden Syrup, 1 small tin condensed milk, ½ teaspoon Vanilla Essence. Top, ½lb plain cooking chocolate. Method: put flour into bowl, rub in butter. When mixture is like breadcrumbs consistently knead into ball and press into tin, cook at 325 degrees for 25 mins. Remove allow to cool. Filling: Put all ingredients except vanilla essence into saucepan, heat gently until sugar dissolves, bring to boil, boil gently for 7 mins, stirring all the time, add vanilla and beat well, pour over shortbread base and leave to cool. Melt chocolate over hot water, beat to smooth then spread evenly over filling.

THE COP CAR-CHASE ELECTRONIC GAME.

Imagine yourself transposed into a car travelling at a colossal speed, chasing baddies, siren blowing, radio blaring, wheels skidding. I know it's difficult but try. It was on a ferry trip to France (in order to score a gig) that four intrepid

travellers; myself, Jim, Ralph & I found the magic and expense of just such a thrill. We dominated the machines, fighting off young French youths, who got in our way. We were hooked, cooked and mean and no-one was going to stop us. We had become cops extraordinaire. A final battle will commence in the future and I'm confident that I shall be victorious!

(Soria Bittie).

ON THE BUSES.

Ok, I do like buses (ie; LRT buses), the colour, the shape (particularly of the older ones, not as keen on the O.M.O new type) etc ... I would swap any other form of public transport for a ride on the top of an LRT bus. I don't know whether this interest in buses was aroused by the fact that my father has worked on the big red bastards for a good many years, but I can tell you that I am familiar with most of the bus routes in London and the engine sound. There is no greater joy for me (when travelling on public transport) than, after waiting for about half-an-hour at a freezing bus stop, the big red bastard appears (with plenty of room on top) and I can get on (obviously at the front of the queue) and find myself a window seat. Then have a comfortable ride to whatever destination. I tell you it's even better when there is some traffic!!! You now know where you can get all your information on riding on London buses!!!

(Big Fuss).

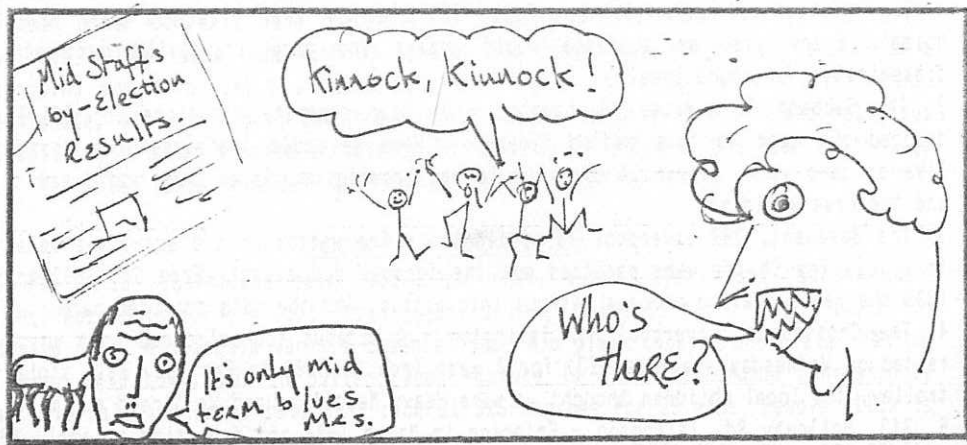
GALLIC PRAG ROOMS (1980-90).

1. The Astronomy Room, Malvern College - Above the swimming-pool, near the train-line. Oh childhood days! Between Sept 1980 and Nov 1981 this was our 'Haven of Hoize'. Every week an audience would appear and gaze in bewilderment at our dissemination of sound itself.
2. The Sabbath Farm House, Bishampton - On four separate occasions in 1981/82 we dragged our gear to this padded 'lean-to'. Here we could 'rehearse' our thang for live or demo work. Meanwhile Sammy would be throwing up, Ravey Dave would act queer and the cows would moo.
3. The Basement, 297 Liverpool Rd, Islington - The mattresses and egg-boxes were put in place. The Childs were pacified and the 'groove did swing'. From Oct 1982 to Feb 1983 the re-education process was put into action. And the rats provided harmonies!
4. The Crossroads, Liverpool Rd, Islington - A hideous council-owned room which we rented on Wednesday evenings (£3) for 1 year from Mar '83 to Feb '84. Bill stole the trolley, the local children thought we were Heavy Metallars and we 'freed our minds'!
5. 313, Holloway Rd, Islington - Entering in March 1984 and departing in early 1989, Room 3, 313 became the nest of Gallic (musical) thought where many of our ideas were hatched. 117 practices, 490 games of Pool and an 'attitude' that we carved into the sub-consciousness of any professional that happened to be wandering nearby!
6. Backstreet, Upper St, Islington - After an argument with 313 we took our 'business' to Backstreet for a few weeks in mid-85. However, we soon grew weary of the bad acoustics and decided to split up the band (do you remember Ray!)
7. Show Me, Kentish Town, Camden - Since March 1989 we have been 'laying our eggs' in a horrific hippy/punk flea-pit. The walls are painted weird colours, the toilets smell, Perry is a dildo and we provide the soundtrack.

STEVE'S BREAKDOWN!

Why does a person's life collapse into an insane shamble of 'ifs' and 'buts'? Why should any self-respecting young 'creato' start to 'freak out'? Why does the madness of day to day life sometimes appear joyful, funny, surreal and at other times boring, irritating, hopeless. Why? Why? Why?

The answer is simple: that's when you've had too large a cup of realitea. Anything can send the 'simple soul' over the edge. But sometimes it's really serious. In my case it was the realisation that not everything was as it seemed, I began to see life through clear eyes, I could understand my madness and I didn't like it. My despair grew to hideous proportions, My desire became a weapon that continuously stabbed into my back. I even thought about 'going down three times & coming up twice' but the Swimming Baths weren't open. The worst aspect of my breakdown was the wolves that kept baying outside my window. I knew they weren't there but I could hear them (we're in Gilbert Penfold territory here), Chris Aylmer (Off-Licence manager) asked if I wanted to go to a gay club with him, I declined of course! Doreen (in the Newsagents) charged me £134- for one weeks papers, when I argued she told me that I had to pay or Ernie would take his glove off. Last week the Zaco closed for no reason at all! The man in the second-hand bookshop punched me for pointing my bum at him! Islington set a Poll Tax of £10- a week! Perhaps worst of all, the woman in the S&S said 'Thank God' after I paid her for some toilet-paper. If you'd overheard Jimmy and Kevin talking about Jacques Lacan's influence on be-bop you'd have had a fuckin' nervous breakdown!



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 Contributors: Cocky, Gilly, Glenny, Dougie, Marky,
 Biffy, Lordy & Groovy Mrs Grovey.

GT14 (The Final Paper) will be available in June and will contain a GT guide to Revolutionary Millenarians & Mystical Anarchists of the Middle Ages, Booze pt2, the FECKS manifestos, Malcolm X & various useful information,

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Pussy Galore 'captured' by The Boy Raymond.

S.162 Calling all naughty boys. If you have never experienced hell, make an appointment with the she-devil. Phone number appreciated. All answered.
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