

GT 14

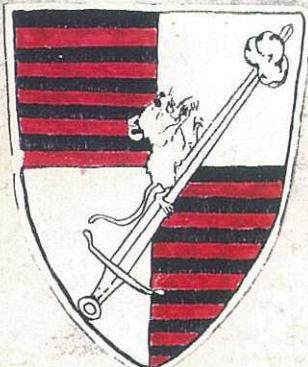


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JUNE '90

A DIFFERENT CURRENT IN THE CONTINUOUS Dialectic OF POP

RIP



GAUL

1980-90



Trapped IN THE DELIRIUM BETWEEN Negation & NIHILISM

GT14 THE FINAL EDITORIAL

The Summer has arrived and the water has run out. Gallic Productions is a mere two months away from it's 'Day of Wrath': September 9th (Sunday) 12 noon! The Works have been completed, all that remains to be done is to re-inforce the subliminal 'attitude'. To fail in the 1980's will probably (in retrospect)-look like success. Time has a disturbing habit of proving us correct!

Herein you will find an in-depth look at the weird mystical sects of the Middle Ages, a re-print of the FECK's manifestos (the same documents that we plagiarised for FEKM), a 20-page 'discussion' on 'The Death of Music', a 50-question 'life-style' quiz and the conclusion of various other Gallic ephanera. Sven Copeland has leapt onto the drum-stool and the Gallic offices at Flat II, 305 Liverpool Road have been closed. The Doctor of Attitude prescribes MADNESS!

We say farewell to: Greta Garbo (apparently a drunk lesbian who died watching 'Benny Hill'), Sarah Vaughn (singer), Erte (designer), Dexter Gordon (jazzman), David Rappaport (restricted-growth actor), Paulette Goddard (actress), Sammy Davis Jr (entertainer), Max Wall (seriously-mad Music Hall comedian), Rex Harrison (animal linguist), Dido Renoir (wife/confidante of the mighty Jean) & Joe Loss (ancient big-band leader).

GT Arts recommends: Music: Lou Reed & John Cale's tribute to Warhol; 'Songs For Drella', Public Enemy Big-Mouth Professor Griff's 'Pawns in the Game', Buzzcocks' 1976 demos 'Times Up', Julian Cope's 'Skellington' (a return to 'Fried'-style insanity?), classic 'deep house' act Blaze's '25 Years Later' (80 minute cassette on Motown) & the forthcoming Prince double Lp (hopefully a return to form!) Movies: 'Good Fellas' (Scorsese & De Niro's 5th), 'No One Gets Out Of Here Alive' (Oliver Stone's Jim Morrison bio-pic), 'Godfather III' (Coppola, Pacino et al), 'Wild at Heart' (David Lynch's Cannes winner!), Wim Wenders' fashion short(!) 'Notebook on Cities and Clothes' and his major opus; 'To the End of The World', Warren Beatty & Madonna's 1990 answer to 'Batman'; 'Dick Tracey' and of course Bertolucci's interpretation of 'The Sheltering Sky' & Cronenberg's reading of 'The Naked Lunch'. Nb: a new print of Godard's '60s gem 'Pierrrot Le Fou' will be resident at The Everyman thru July/August. Books: Howard Devoto's 'Lyrics' (1976-90); 'It Only Looks As If It Hurts', Steve Redhead's 'The End of the Century Party' (more pop cultural sociology), Pauline Kael's latest collection of film reviews; 'Hooked', Arena editor Dylan Jones' foray into the world of barberly; 'Haircuts', 'Cool Memories' (Jean Baudrillard's latest semiological ramble) & Jon Savage's long-awaited analysis of Punk Rock: 'England's Dreaming'. Live Music: Madonna's 'Blonde Ambition' tour reaches Wembley Stadium on July 20/21/22 & George Clinton's funk madness returns during July (hopefully a full band this time!) Theatre: 'Gasping' (Ben Elton) appears at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket whilst Julie Burchill has an anti-Green polemic staged at the Royal Court during July. Magazines/Comics: 'Version 90' is a new bi-annual publication from the USA (available at Compendium) & Frank Miller (Batman as 'Dark Knight' writer) and Dave Gibbons ('Watchman' artist) get together on the bi-monthly 'Give Me Liberty'. Tv: Lynch (and others)' 'Twin Peaks' hits out screens in November - Dc says its good!

Remember - The only thing you have to fear is fear itself!.....The Revd Piffle.



Introducing SVEN

It's been more than a year since the slumbering vampire, MethodRhythm has required fresh flesh. But since Jaz departed, the drum-stool ached for a new buttock (or two). Here for the record is the 'inner details' on the fifth and final Gallic drummie:

Sven Robin Copeland was born in Essex on the 25th March 1969. (This means that Matt is still the youngest member of the band and thus liable for any horrible jobs!) Sven has no illnesses, has never been 'convicted' of any sex crimes and prefers 'Jolt' over Pepsi or Coke. His ambition and nightmare are the same; to be the Great Architect of the Universe (something nasonic here

methinks!) He is the proud holder of a Californian driving licence and claims it is fun to have a famous num (calm down, Guy!) He worships at the Church of Kinetic Ritual, says drugs are fine if you can get them and would go to war if conscripted! His legs are in working order and he has only been playing the drums for nine weeks. Favourite song is something from 'The Wombles' and he loves anything on television featuring open heart surgery. If in poison he would work on an escape probably with his right hand but he's practicing with his left. His passport is a black one about 'this' big and he likes the-carefully sculptured shades of Ralph's hair. When asked as to whether he is animal, vegetable or mineral, he answered: 'Neither!'

FLAT 2, 305 LIVERPOOL ROAD, RIP.

I moved into 'the cupboard', as we jokingly titled the Gallic offices, on 1st August 1982. 'All of My Heart' was No 1 in the charts and I was about to journey abroad with 'Ravey' Dave as part of the 2nd official Gallic Holiday. Times sure have changed!

The night before I vacated said premises, I sat in a boxed-up room chain-smoking, drinking rum and talking to the ghosts that haunted the apartment. It was as if DW8 was with me, spinning his yarns and Chris was over in the corner rolling another joint. I thought of Martyn and the hep cup (not forgetting the hep toilet but that's another story!) I free-associated about the time I owed Bulls (the landlord) £500- in back rent and how my dole money arrived and I paid him in crisp £50- notes. I reminisced about how there was a time when the 'toffee' was a gay hot-house. I laughed aloud as I remembered the occasion I got so stoned at 297 that I had to (literally) crawl home. I gasped as I recalled that moment when the roof burst while Ralph and I were interviewing a drummer. I twitched as I re-experienced the second burst, while I was lying in bed with a temperature of 103. I made a note that at some point in the future I must wreak the vengeance of Gaul upon Simon Bull (a plump little beneficiary of nepotism who was obviously bullied at boarding school and intends to spend the rest of his tedious life trying to make-up for it!)

So farewell Flat 2, farewell sad host to a thousand 'crazy dreams and high ideals', farewell sick vessel of yet another crazed acidic voyage, adieu from Jim & Ambie.

* The new Gallic offices are situated in Izzy's Bedroom, Ground Floor, 103 Tollington Way, Islington, London N7 *

SEAN OLIVER

Sean Oliver, musician, producer and Ladbroke Grove bohemian, died in the early hours of March 30, aged 28. Born of Antiguan parents, Oliver found his spiritual and musical home in West London's ragged musical community. Briefly with post-punk iconoclasts The Pop Group, he helped form Rip Rig And Panic, the quintessential early Eighties boho beat group. Rip Rig created a heady hybrid out of the bare bones of jazz improvisation, dub-funk rhythms and punk attitude. While singer Neneh Cherry moved on to crossover fame, her fellow conspirators took a back seat. Sean, his sister Andrea and Bruce Smith briefly hosted The Hot Sty, a London club that offered up an eclectic and inspiring mix. Then Float Up CP emerged out of the debris of Rip Rig, but the moment had passed. Until his death Sean



Oliver pursued his own music with the self belief and discipline of his jazz mentors, foregoing compromise. He co-wrote Terence Trent D'Arby's hit "Wishing Well", produced clubland duo Oldland Montana, and was working on new solo material when he died. For years, he had been prone to recurring attacks of Sickle Cell Anaemia, a rare and debilitating blood disorder that eventually triggered a premature heart attack. Around Ladbroke Grove, Soho, and everywhere that was touched by his singular energy, the streets seem somehow emptier of life. A free spirit has been and gone. Sean O'Hagan

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FREE (DU)CASSETTE:

Suzzy Bee ... Side one:

- (1) The final TTLE single (i) 'Kinky Yobbo Sex' (ii) 'Quaking All Over' featuring Jane, Rachel, Maggie & Mary, // (2) Wink Martindale's classic 1964-hit: 'Deck of Cards', // (3) 'Election Rap' performed by Jim, Ralph, Dc & Simon Walker - 10, 6, 87,

Side two:

- (4) 'Michael Redgrave Said' performed by Jim, Chris & Ralph - 31, 3, 85,

WORLD CUP CRAZY

Here we go again ... England let everyone down, Bobby Robson blames it on the hotel breakfasts, The Gallic Times predicts that West Germany will win!

Some history: (1) The 1st World Cup was played in Uruguay in 1930 (Uruguay beat Argentina 4-2), In Buenos Aires a mob stoned the Uruguayan Embassy, (2) Italy won the 2nd World Cup (in Italy), Benito Mussolini described the result as: 'a victory for fascism', (3) England first played in the World Cup in 1950, we got knocked out by the USA (unbelievable!) (4) The 6th World Cup (Sweden 1958) was the only time that a South American team (Brazil) have won in Europe, Nb: A European team has never won in South America! (5) After England failed to qualify for the 1974 World Cup, *The Sun* described the horror as: 'The End of the World', (6) In 1978 Argentina needed 4 goals against Peru to qualify for the Final, they got 6, Buenos Aires papers accused the Brazilians of trying to bribe Peru to play well, (7) The 1986 final (Argentina 3 - West Germany 2) was watched by 580 million people (one human being in eight!)

Police man's son hits the beat

FAME ?

The Editors



Name: *Ralph Tittley.*
Position: *One of three editors at Crow Film & TV Services.*
Past work: *Wide range of broadcast and corporate programmes.*
Favourite equipment: *Sony 9000 Controller / Grass Valley 200 Vision Mixer.*
Ambition: *To continue editing top quality programmes.*



By ANDREW NEISH

STEWART Copeland's son Sven followed the rhythm tradition and played in public for the very first time — supporting local legend Les Payne.

Sven's band Jah-Bul-On were obviously a touch nervous when they took the stage at the Pegasus in Marlow Bottom last weekend, but the punters were gentle with them — used to Les' desire to give new acts a support slot at the always-packed Sunday night gig.

The young trio, with Sven's old school chums Matt Biffa on vocals and guitar and Sam Godden on bass, were being videoed since Copeland Jr is a budding video producer.

And the celluloid should show, not only ex-member of The Police's wife Sonja Kristina in the audience, but a warm reception for the three young lads who looked tired after having played the set twice already that day at private parties.

Their lack of experience clearly showed but there were also promising embryonic signs of flair and a feel for the music which ranged from funk to a heavy wall of sound. How-

ever, Matt's voice needs some heavy work on it if they are to make a serious go of things — an ambitious high-pitched version of Prince's Kiss startled a few.

Wisely, the lads are now concentrating on writing songs and rehearsing for a serious live onslaught in the future. Sven said: "We really need time to pull it together but people said they really liked what we did."

As the three loaded all their gear into just one VW Golf, Les Payne and his amazing merry men ambled onto the stage they have played every week for two years.

Ray, Matt & Sven hit the big time? Vic, however, does not!

PLAYER'S No 6. RIP.

The sky-blue and turquoise pack, the virtually formalist lettering design, gold-embossed box and strip-lines of neo-fascistic purity/brutality. Inensely popular in the 1960's this classic 'pull' has fallen into disrepute of late, thus after years of falling sales Players have decided to 'stop production' of the king of all smokes. The 'stubby' was invented for the working man (who hadn't got ten minutes to spend inhaling), the King Size for the aristo in town. They actually passed away on the day of the budget but if you're lucky you can occasionally find a stash in a lonesome tobacconists. I've tried all the others and nothing matches—the perfection of the taste, the aesthetics of the design and the neurosis/nostalgia of the purchase. From the first to the last No 6 we salute you! (** This brand of course gained full marks in the 6T guide to Cigarettes! **)



& THE GALLIC INDEX

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The following artyfacts will be available
from Gallic Productions until 9th September.

- GP1 - EVERYTHING - Asterix & the Gauls 60min 12 track cass. £3.
- GP2 - NOTHING - Jim & Martyn 60min 16 track cass. £3.
- GP3 - MORPHEUS #3 - 13½min 16mm film (video) + soundtrack. £5.
- GP4 - GALLIC TIMES #2 - (28 pages) AIDS issue [condom]. 30p.
- GP5 - WHALING - 2x90min cass 36 tracks with 12 page pamph. £4.
- GP6 - PERFORMANCE/EXORCISMS - Nine T-Mob jigs (1987). *
- GP7 - GALLIC TIMES #3 - (28 pages) Election issue [humour cass]. 50p.
- GP8 - HAPPENINGS - (a)Day in the Country (b)Rymer St party. *
- GP9 - TTLB ON TOUR - The West and The Midlands. 8 shows. *
- GP10 - STP - T-Mob 45min 10 track cass. £3.
- GP11 - HOMO MOVIE - 6chapter 8mm promo for GP10. £5.
- GP12 - MARINETTI EATS SPAGHETTI - TTLB 60min 14 track cass. £3.
- GP13 - GALLIC TIMES #4 - (36 pages) Magick issue. 30p.
- GP14 - TEOMDOD - Adventures in Popular Capitalism. *
- GP15 - MUTUAL MURDER - 26min 16mm film (video) + soundtrack. £5.
- GP16 - ENTERTAINMENT/HYPNOSIS - Six FEKM jogs (1987/88). *
- GP17 - DUNKING MADELAINES - Rewritten History 60min 26 track cass with 12 page pamph. £2.
- GP18 - EVENTS - (a)The Feery (b)The Zoo (c)The Circus (d)The Seaside. *
- GP19 - GALLIC TIMES #5 - (40 pages) Murder issue [b egg]. 30p.
- GP20 - MORE WHALING - 2x90min cass 44 tracks with 20 page pamph. £4.
- GP21 - TTLB ON TOUR II - The North. 6 shows. *
- GP22 - BRUITISM - FEKM 60min 12 track cass. £3.
- GP23 - GALLIC TIMES #6 - (44 pages) DadA/Euturqid issue - [bananal. 30p.
- GP24 - HETERO MOVIE - 8chapter video/8mm promo for GP22. £5.
- GP25 - ARTO - (i)The AP Painting (ii)Graffiti/Stickers (iii)Tattoo Design. *
- GP26 - SOUL MOUSE - TTLB 90min 20 track cass. £3.
- GP27 - GAULISM: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 - (40 pages) US Election issue [humour cass #2]. 50p.
- GP31 - REMAKE/REMODEL - GP1 + 2 Revisited. £3 each.
- GP32 - DUNKING MADELAINES II - Revised History 60min 20 track cass with 12 page pamph. £2.
- GP33 - THE THIRD GAULISH FEAST - [1982,1985,1988] with pamph. *
- GP34 - GALLIC TIMES #8 - (40 pages) Terrorism issue [xmas tinsell. 30p.
- GP35 - OUTINGS - (a)MGS on 'Kilroy' (b)Situationist Exhib (c)Uni Library (d)OC Lord Pool (e)5th World P-Knuckle (f)E-Party (g)In Clink. *
- GP36 - WORDS IN FREEDOM - Lyrics & Screenplays: GP 1 - 26. £1.
- GP37 - MOUSTACHES - 27min 16mm/Video sound Movie (video). £5.
- GP38 - DOMINATION/HUMILIATION - Nine MethodRhythm Exhibits (1989). *
- GP39 - LEAVING THE 1980'S I - (100 pages) Wilder-Orson-Syd-Funk-Pollock -Ducasse etc. 90p
- GP40 - GALLIC TIMES #9 - (44 pages) Silence issue [chocol. 30p.

- GP41 - REMAKE/REMODEL II - GP 12 + 22 Revisited. £3 each.
- GP42 - EVEN MORE WHALING - 2x90min cass 42 tracks with 24 page pamph. £4.
- GP43 - LESBIE MOVIE - 4chapter Video promo for unused songs. £5.
- GP44 - MUZZO - (a)PAMM: Voodoo. (b)Multi-Premiere. *
- GP45 - PERVERSION ST - MethodRhythm 60min 14 track cassette. £4.
- GP46 - DC AID - Uncle Dave's 1989 Vacation! [Charity eh?]. *
- GP47 - GALLIC TIMES #10 - (40 pages) Situationist issue [humour cass #3]. 50p.
- GP48 - TTLB ON TOUR III - The London-Paris Run. 3 shows. *
- GP49 - GLAM GROTESQUERIES - TTLB 90min 18 track cass. £4.
- GP50 - THE WACKO MOVIE - 6chapter 8mm/Video promo for GP45. £5.
- GP51 - LEAVING THE 1980'S II - (110 pages) Sager-Buckley-Renoir-De Niro -Warhol-Ducasse etc, £1. [bonus Sager cass!]
- GP52 - GALLIC TIMES #11 - (48 pages) Sex issue [cheesel. 30p.
- GP53 - PLAQUES & DIPLOMAS - The Gallic Hall of Fame 12 page pamph [free with GT#13]. *
- GP54 - LES CHANTS DE MALDOROR - 8mm Film. [Abandoned].
- GP55 - REMAKE/REMODEL III - GP 26 + 49 Revisited. £3 each.
- GP56 - MOMENTS - (a)British Museum (b)Mysticism (c)Frankia Howard (d)C19th Surgery (e)5th World P-Knuckle (f)E-Dancing (g)Acid Dungeons. *
- GP57 - SCARIFIED - Live Gaul 1986-90 90min 19 track cass. £3..
- GP58 - LEAVING THE 1980'S III - (126 pages) Murnau-WorldCine-Bolan-Jazz -PerfArt-Vaneigen-BenstoneFile etc, £1.
- GP59 - GALLIC TIMES #12 - (48 pages) 1980's Retro issue [cracker]. 30p.
- GP60 - MUMBO-JUMBO - Methodrhythm 60min 12 track cassette. £4.
- GP61 - MANACLED - 36min Video color sound Movie (on video). £5.
- GP62 - HOEDOWN/SHOWDOWN - Four(?) MethodRhythm Stomps (1990). *
- GP63 - SNUFF MOVIE - 2chapter 8mm/Video promo for GP60. £5.
- GP64 - LEAVING THE 1980'S IV - (144 pages) Diamonds-Jones-Voice Feuillade-New Wave-Art Visionaries-Scum-Howl-Work Abolition-Vaneigen etc, £1. [2 bonus Aural Sex cass!]
- GP65 - GALLIC TIMES #13 - (48 pages) Punk issue [inc GP53]. 50p.
- GP66 - ASTRONOMY - The last Gallic concert ever (on cass).
- GP67 - SUNK & DROWNEED - 2x90min/1x100min cass 37 tracks with 24 page pamph. £6.
- GP68 - MANNA - (a)The CLO. (b)Multi-Premiere. *
- GP69 - LIMBO THEORY - Jim & Matt 45min 12 track cass £4.
- GP70 - GALLIC TIMES #14 - (72 pages) Millenarian issue [humour cass #4]. 50p.
- GP71 - MONSTROUS - Morpheus #3, Mutual Murder, Moustaches & Manacled: The complete picture. £8.
- GP72 - THE FOURTH GAULISH HOLIDAY - [1981,1982,1984,1990] The USA with pamph. *
- GP73 - TTLB ON TOUR IV - The United States. 3 appearances. *
- GP74 - LEST THE SKY SHOULD FALL ON OUR HEADS - Compilation. £5.
- GP75 - SOLID GONE - Compilation #2. £5.
- GP76 - AMERIKA: THE SOUND - Live TTLB in the 'Big Apple'. £3
- GP77 - AMERIKA: THE VISION - Filmed Gaul in the 'Big Apple'. £5.
- GP78 - WORDS IN FREEDOM 2 - Lyrics & Screenplays: GP 27 - 80. £1
- GP79 - WEARING A CROWN OF THORNS - The Memoirs of Asterix. £1.
- GP80 - THE WAKE - September 9th 1990 at 12noon (24hr Party) *

For more information contact: Gallic Productions,
The Invisible Art-Movement, 103 Tollington Way, London. N1.

GT guide to... Millenarian Anarchism

'Millenarianism': The belief in the doctrine of 'the last days' or 'the final state of the world'. Book of Revelation (XX, 4-6): *"And I saw thrones, and they sat upon them, and judgement was given unto them; and I saw the souls of them that were beheaded for the witness of Jesus, and for the word of God, and which had not worshipped the beast, neither his image, neither had received his mark upon their foreheads, or in their hands; and they lived and reigned with Christ a thousand years. But the rest of the dead lived not again until the thousand years were finished. This is the first resurrection. Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection; on such the second death hath no power, but they shall be priests of God and of Christ, and shall reign with him a thousand years."* The Millenarianists believed that this 'salvation' would be collective, terrestrial, imminent, total and miraculous.

On it's own this element of eschatology would be of little interest (the Fundamentalists in America believe much the same) but when tied to a strain of hard-core revolutionary anarchism that runs clean through Mediaeval Catholicism and persists in various forms up to the present day it demands attention.

It is a little known fact that Jesus was not the only Messiah, during the Dark Ages countless 'False Messiahs' appeared all over Europe, inspiring people with their 'miracles' and unexplained 'powers'. There was the crazed shepherds who led the final revolutionary Crusades and the flagellants (with their hatred of the Jews) who marched across Europe beating (and punishing) themselves in imitation of Jesus Christ. (It is interesting that flagellation is now considered a sexual perversion when 700 years ago it was merely a method to reach the height of religious ecstasy!) The first important group of Millenarian Anarchists were The Brethren of the Free Spirit who appeared during the 13th Century. Their sources stem from three distinct roots (a) Sufiism (Moslem radicals in 12th Century Spain). They were 'Holy Beggars', the novices were schooled in humiliation/self-abnegation, they dressed in rags, ate horrible food, walked with their eyes to the ground and practiced blind obedience to their masters. Post-novicate they adopted 'total freedom'. Having achieved direct knowledge of God, they no longer had any need for book-learning etc. They could lie, steal and commit adultery without conscience. The Sufiis were easily recognisable due to their parti-coloured/patched robes. (b) The Amaurians (1220?) were a group of 14 French intellectuals centred on Paris who adapted and developed the mystical pantheism that had laid dormant throughout the Dark Ages. They claimed: *"all things are One, because whatever is, is God."* In other words they had decided that since God is everything then God is not just in but also is each human being! Norman Cohn explains their philosophy: *"From the beginning of the world until the birth of Christ the Father had acted alone; and he had been incarnated in Abraham, perhaps in the other Patriarchs of the Old Testament as well. The age since Nativity had been the Age of the Son. But now was beginning the Age of the Holy Spirit, which would last*

until the end of the world. That age was to be marked by the last and greatest incarnation. It was the turn of the Spirit to take on flesh and the Amaurians were the first men in whom it had done so - the first 'Spirituals', as they called themselves." They were rounded up by the Bishop of Paris and 'tried', three recounted and were sentenced to life imprisonment, the others were burnt at the stake, still showing no signs of repentance, (c) The Beghards (heretical beggars). Throughout Northern Europe there had developed a major rebellion against the greed and riches of the church. Many peasants adopted a literal reading of the Bible and assumed that the church must be evil because of it's extreme wealth (the story of Dives & Lazarus). The Beghards travelled the land (mainly France, Belgium and Germany), appealing especially to unmarried women and widows in the upper strata of society. These women (known as Beguines) supplied money, food and shelter to the Beghards while still living within the realm of orthodox society. Sometimes the Beguines gathered together in one particular house. The rise of the Franciscan and Dominican Orders inside the Catholic church was mainly to combat this glorification of poverty!

1259-1310 - Massive persecution of Beghards and Beguines by the Church in Rome.

1317 - The Bishop of Strasbourg forbade beghards to wear peculiar clothes (a la the Suffis), beg alms, gather in houses, write literature and shout 'Bread for God's Sake!', on pain of excommunication.

1320 - The Brethren of The Free Spirit (as they became known) went 'underground'.

1322 - A community of Beguines discovered in Silesia.

1327 - 50 Brethren & leader Walter ('an apostate priest') burnt/drowned in Cologne.

1330 - The sect had crossed Bavaria and reached the frontiers of the Kingdom of Bavaria and the Duchy of Austria.

1335 - A community was found to have been living in Cologne for 30 years or more. Scribe burnt at Erfurt.

1339 - 3 Brethren caught at Constance.

1350 - The Brethren of The Free Spirit linked with the Flagellant sect of Konrad Schmid.

1356 - An adept was burnt in the Rhine Valley.

1358 - Trial at Erfurt of Brethren, 7 executed including Konrad Schmid. By this point the Brethren were widespread in the Low Countries.

1372 - In Paris 'the Society of the Poor' (Turlupin) was exposed and the leader Jeanne Dabenton was burnt along with her male assistant, writings and costumes.

1390's - Nicholas of Basle (& followers) captured and burnt at Heidelberg & Cologne.

1411 - An enquiry in Brussels revealed a secret community entitled '*homines intelligentiae*' led by a monk named William of Hildernissen, obsessed with mystical ecstasy.

The merging of gnosticism, mystical anarchism and revolutionary social doctrine in the Brethren of the Free Spirit provided the 'cult' with a glut of ideas which persist through Bakunin, Neitzsche to the bohemians of the 1960s & 70s. There is very little literature from which to dissect their detailed thoughts, only three key texts have escaped the flames of the Catholic fires. The oldest '*The Mirror of Simple Souls*' was written by Marguerite Porate who was burned as a heretic in 1310. We also

have a list of 'articles of faith' (in Latin/ Old German) found in a hermit's cell and finally the 'Sister Catherine' tract composed in Germany in the 14th Century. From these we can learn a certain amount, (a) the Church in Rome was considered an outdated institution, (b) humans (built in the mould of God) were perfect and thus could not sin, (c) that 'free love' was a form of spiritual emancipation.

The Brethren of The Free Spirit believed that the eternal essence of everything was God; "Every created thing is divine." All elements of life that were separate/transitory had lost God. At the end of time everything would be reabsorbed in God;

Universal Salvation, Heaven and Hell were on earth, Heaven was the state attained by the man who understands his own divinity, the God inside him. Hell was to be ignorant of one's own divinity. "The Soul is so vast that all the saints and angels would not fill it, so beautiful that the beauty of the saints and angels cannot approach it, it fills all things." Mankind were split between the 'crude in spirit'; the vast majority and the 'subtle in spirit' (the Brethren of the Free Spirit). They believed that even Jesus and the Virgin Mary had not reached this state, the Hermit of the Rhine perfectly illustrates the extremes of the position held by the Brethren; "The divine essence is my essence and my essence is the divine essence ... From eternity man was God in God ... From eternity the soul of man was in God and is God ... Man was not begotten, but was from eternity wholly unbecgettable; and as he could not be begotten, so he is wholly unbecgettable. The perfect man is God ... Because such a man is God, the Holy Spirit takes its essential being from him as though from God ... The perfect man is more than a created being ... He has attained that most intimate union which Christ had with the Father ... He is God and man."

Stage one in the process was (as with the Sufiis), self-abnegation, self-torture and a development of a state of absolute indifference. After reaching a certain point a transformation occurred and the adept was thrust beyond God. At this point sin was impossible and thus there was no more need for conscience. They would dress as nobles, sleep on the softest beds, abandon 'normal' sexual relationships (sex could no longer be sinful), eat the finest meats, drink the most expensive wines and

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 ON KENNEN WIT DEN BENTEN. P
 SIKHT HERNVSTITEN SICH VADT TOIT
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 ALVREYCK HAT GLEICHET AN
 DA GOT VADT MEUREN NICH LICH KAN

1545
 MARTIN LUTHER D



The Pope as Antichrist: Melchior Lorcher.

experiment with promiscuous/mystical eroticism. Their beliefs are an almost perfect forbear to Nietzsche:

"He who attributes to himself anything that he does, and does not attribute it all to God, is in ignorance, which is hell ... Nothing in a man's work is his own."

"He who recognises that God does all things in him, he shall not sin. For he must not attribute to himself, but to God, all that he does."

"A man who has a conscience is himself Devil and hell and purgatory, tormenting himself. He who is free in spirit escapes from all these things."

"Nothing is sin except what is thought of as sin."

"One can be so united with God that whatever one may do one cannot sin."

"I belong to the Liberty of Nature, and all that my nature desires I satisfy ... I am a natural man."

"The free man is quite right to do whatever gives him pleasure."

"It would be better that the whole world should be destroyed and perish utterly than that a 'free man' should refrain from one act to which his nature moves him."

Sex was considered to be 'the delight of paradise', 'the activity' (the ascent to mystical ecstasy) and 'Christie' (a sacrament). Nakedness re-created the 'state of innocence' (à la Adam & Eve). The Brethren of the Free Spirit often wore nothing when they preached. Adultery was the ultimate affirmation of emancipation. In the words of the Ranter Clarkson: *"till acted that so-called sin, thou art not delivered from the power of sin."*

The members of the Brethren who had reached 'transformation', The adepts were as God on Earth. Normal people (pious souls) could achieve 'heaven on earth' by making an oath of blind obedience to the adept, this annulled all previous vows including marriage. In return they received the assurance that they could do no wrong. Theft and Usury were equally not crimes when practiced by the Free in Spirit, one of their favourite sayings was: *"Whatever the eye sees and covets, let the hand grasp it."* They also adopted a semi-Marxist approach towards possessions, the Ranter Coppe: *"Give, give, give, give up your houses, horses, goods, lands, give up, account nothing your own, have all things common ..."*

In 'The Mirror of Simple Souls', Marguerite Porrete details the Free Spirit path to 'transformation' or adeption. Steps 1, 2 & 3 were the practice of ascetic self-denial and obedience. During stage 4 the soul attained a condition of exultation blinded by the radiant light of love. Stage 5 involved the recognition of sinfulness and the immense gulf between man and (the good of) God. At this point God takes over and the adept's soul becomes at one with the divine will. During the penultimate stage (6) the soul would be annihilated into the Deity. Nothing exists save God, God + The Soul = One. (7) The soul rejoices (on Earth) in the glory and blessedness (normally reserved for heaven).

Jesus says in the Bible: *"I love him who has a free spirit."* The practitioners of the Brethren took their 'heresy' to enormous lengths. One collective *"claimed that their souls had by their own efforts attained a perfection greater than they had possessed when they first emanated from God, and greater than God had ever intended them to possess."* The Holy Trinity was no more than a horse to be ridden to the point of spiritual freedom! The influence of the Free Spirit was going to be far-reaching ...

The English Peasants' Revolt (1381) demonstrated enormous similarities with the other great peasant struggles of that century, the rising in Maritime Flanders (1323-28) & the *Jacquerie* of France (1358). Certain elements of the anarchism of the Free Spirit did, however, appear in the sermons of John Ball: *"And if we are all descended from one father and one mother, Adam and Eve, how can the lords say or prove that they are more lords than we are - save that they make us dig and till the ground so that they can squander what we produce? They are clad in velvet and satin, set off with squirrel fur, while we are dressed in poor cloth. They have wines and spices and fine bread, and we have only rye and spoilt flour and straw, and only water to drink. They have beautiful residences and manors, while we have the trouble and the work, always in the fields under rain and snow. But it is from us and our labour that everything comes with which they maintain their pomp."*

The Bohemian Taborites (1420-36) were equally interesting because they formed revolutionary communist communities and proceeded to wage war with the establishment (Church & Land-owners). They practiced common ownership but failed to produce anything. They thus started to rob all non-Taborites and levy heavy taxes on the peasantry. In the town of Tabor there were 200 Bohemian Adamites (Brethren of the Free Spirit), they preached naked, encouraged free sex and were involved in the transference of Free Spirit ideas (extreme heresy). Eventually the Taborites turned on them, in April 1421, 75 Adamites (Brethren) were burnt at the stake (some actually strode laughing into the flames, so convinced were they of their own divinity! The remaining Adamites hid out on an island and made attacking sorties against nearby villages. Eventually all were executed, the Taborite revolution fell apart of its own accord. The influence of these Brethren continued to spread far and wide . . .

The Drummer of Niklashausen (1474-76), in reality a shepherd named Hans Bohm, experienced a visitation by the Virgin Mary who informed him that men must make the pilgrimage to the church at Niklashausen and pray at her statue, otherwise hideous punishment would descend on the earth! From the preaching of repentance and moderation he rapidly started to claim miraculous powers. He proceeded to condemn the clergy accusing them of *Avaritia* & *Luxuria*. He ordered the people to refuse to pay taxes/tithes and to kill the priests. His predictions for a future world and apportioning of blame are of interest: *"Princes, ecclesiastical and secular alike, and counts and knights should only possess as much as common folk, then everyone would have enough. The time will have to come when princes and lords will work for their daily bread . . . The Emperor is a scoundrel and the Pope is useless. It is the Emperor who gives the princes and counts and knights the right to levy taxes on the common people. Alas, poor devils that you are!"*

Pilgrims travelled from all over Germany to pray at the statue of the Virgin Mary and honour Bohm. They greeted each other with cries of 'brother/sister' and believed that heaven had come to earth at Niklashausen (a la Jerusalem). The pilgrims crowded around Bohm as if he was a 'pop star', tearing (and treasuring) his clothes and almost crushing him in the process. The legend of his miraculous powers was now growing daily. By June 1476 the religious authorities were becoming very wary of this 'drummer', following a particularly revolutionary sermon a band of the Bishop's horsemen rode into Niklashausen and 'snatched' Bohm. The peasants rose against the

Bishop and 40 were killed. The Drummer of Niklashausen was burnt at the stake and two of his disciples, beheaded. He reputedly sang hymns as he was burnt and later his ashes were thrown in the river (standard practice with heretics). In 1477 the church was demolished in an attempt to halt the unflowing stream of pilgrims. Bohn was said to have been influenced by (a) the local parish priest (who wanted the attention for his town and thus church); (b) a hermit (Hussite/Beghard/Bohemian) who turned what was merely a pilgrimage into a virtual revolution. Rumour has it that Bohn was found preaching naked (Free Spirit?) when he was arrested.

The Bundschuh Uprising (1502) was yet another attempt by the peasants at total anarchist revolution. 'Bandschuh' translates as 'peasant's clog (exactly the same significance as 'sans-culotte' in the French Revolution!) It is worth noting that the rebels marched under a flag that featured Christ crucified & a peasant praying on one side and the peasant's clog on the other. The slogan was *"Nothing but God's Justice."*

Thomas Muntzer & The German Peasant's War (1520-25). Muntzer was born 1489/89 in Thuringia, he was an extremely well-educated man, having progressed through university to the priesthood. He was one of the intellectuals 'activated' by Martin Luther. In 1517 Luther had nailed his theses against the sale of indulgences to his church-door at Wittenberg, two years later he questioned (in public disputation) the supremacy of the Pope and finally in 1520 was excommunicated for publishing the 3 treatises which launched the German Reformation. Meanwhile Muntzer had taken up a



The Drummer of Niklashausen. The Drummer, prompted by the hermit or Beghard, propounds his teachings

ministry in the town of Zwickau and fallen under the influence of a weaver named Niklas-Storch. The ideas of The Brethren of The Free Spirit were as succour to Muntzer and he came to believe that he was Christ's Messenger (a post-Taborite apocalyptic prophet!): *"Let my sufferings be a model for you, Let the tares all puff themselves up as*

such as ever they like, they will still have to go under the flail along with the pure wheat. The living God is sharpening his scythe in me, so that later I can cut down the red poppies and the blue cornflowers." Muntzer argued that there should be no Kings or Lords and that all things should be held in common, like the English Peasants' Revolt or the Hussite Revolutionaries he saw the poor as God's elect, the chosen people. He published constant revolutionary tracts and was harassed and expelled from towns, his arguments with Luther became legendary. In 1525 the German peasants rose against their masters, the uprising was sparked from a desire for more local self-government, in the South and West the peasants were disciplined and orderly. In Thuringia it was more anarchic, small unorganised bands looting and burning monasteries and convents. In the words of Muntzer: *"At them, at them, while*

the fire is hot! Don't let your sword get cold! Don't let it go lame! Hammer, clang, clang on Midrod's anvil! Throw their tower to the ground! So long as they are alive you will never shake off the fear of men. One can't speak to you about God so long as they are reigning over you. At them, at them, while you have daylight! God goes ahead of you, so follow, follow!"

Encouraged by Martin Luther the Lords and Landowners rose against the peasants, the Peasant Army (of 8000) had gathered at Frankhausen, they appealed to Muntzer to join them and he did at the head of 300 of his most devoted followers. A letter was composed and sent to Count Ernest of Mansfield (Muntzer's particular enemy): "Say, you wretched, shabby bag of voras, who made you a prince over the people whom God has purchased with his precious blood? By God's mighty power you are delivered up to destruction, If you do not humble yourself before the lowly, you will be saddled with everlasting infamy in the eyes of all Christendom and will become the Devil's Martyr." Philip of Hesse gathered his army and artillery on the hill overlooking the peasant camp and sued for terms, the peasants refused, encouraged by Muntzer's crazed belief and the appearance of a rainbow (which just happened to be the standard on Muntzer's banner!) Hesse's army captured Frankhausen, killing 5000 of the peasants. Muntzer was found hiding in a cellar, he was tortured, confessed and later beheaded, Storch and Pfeiffer (leader of the peasant army) were also executed. Many commentators believe Muntzer to be the first Communist revolutionary!

Anabaptism was a more extreme form of Protestantism that appeared originally in Switzerland and spread through Germany in the years following the Peasant's War. The religion was not centrally organised but split into 40 independent sects (each with a divinely inspired prophet or apostle as leader). They abandoned orthodox theology and church-going in favour of "a

meticulous, literal observance of the precepts which they thought they found in the New Testament." Uneasy with the problem of private property, they favoured common ownership and felt secure in the solidarity of their own community while rejecting society at large. Anabaptists were normally law-abiding but refused (a) to hold positions of power in the state (b) to invoke the authority of the state against a fellow anabaptist (c) to take up arms on behalf of the state. They considered themselves as the Elect (God's chosen people). Catholics and Lutherans were the pawns of the Anti-Christ.

After a period of persecution by the state, elements of Anabaptism



began to demonstrate familiar signs of 'messianic woes', in particular with regard to the Millenium. Hans Hut (an itinerant book-binder), former follower and disciple of Muntzer became the first propagandist of this new Anabaptism; *"Christ will give the sword and revenge to them, the Anabaptists, to punish all sins, stamp out all governments; communize all property and slay those who do not permit themselves to be rebaptised."* Hut was captured and killed in 1527 but the power of militancy was beginning to grow inside the Anabaptist movement. In Munster the situation was perfect for Millenarian anarchism. During the years after the 1525 'War', the town had been subjected to plague, crop failure, high prices of food-stuffs and extreme taxation. Between 1532/33 Munster became a Lutheran city (inspired by the preaching of Bernt Rothmann [son of a blacksmith]), during 1532 (expelled) Anabaptist preachers began arriving from nearby provinces. The most influential of these were the Dutch followers of Melchior Hoffman (a celebrated visionary who had long been predicting the Millenium & 2nd Coming of Christ). Rothmann was rebaptised and began to hold up the supposed communism of the primitive church as an ideal. This had positive effects amongst some of the rich and landed but also proved to attract many of the worst types of beings to the city, for instance the unemployed/unorganised of Holland. The Lutheran/Catholic powers of Munster attempted to expel Rothmann but were unsuccessful. In 1534 Hoffman was arrested in Strasbourg (he died imprisoned in a cage!), his prophetic mantle was passed to a Dutchman; Jan Matthys (of Haarlem), whereas Hoffman had been a pacifist, the new leader believed in the armed struggle. Matthys sent out apostles to 're-baptise' the population, in Munster 1400 people were put through this process in a week. One of the baptisers was Jan Bockelson (John of Leyden) aged 25. The messianic leader had arrived!

Munster as the New Jerusalem. During Feb 1534 Bockelson developed a powerful relationship with Knipperdollinck (leader of the guilds and cloth-merchant), together they ran through the streets summoning the people to repent of their sins. The attitude in Munster was one of extreme apocalyptic expectation, the Anabaptists took advantage of this to seize control of the Town Hall and market place; the ruling powers could do nothing. Many non-Anabaptists left whilst immigrants from Holland and Northern Germany were encouraged to come to the city that was now claiming it's place as the New Jerusalem. On 23 Feb an overwhelmingly Anabaptist body was elected to the town council. Jan Matthys arrived and took control of this flag-ship of Anabaptist power, expelling the remaining Catholics and Lutherans from the town, in the name of the Father. All possessions of expellees were confiscated and it was made a capital offence not to be re-baptised. Matthys and the others knew that the town would soon be under seige (from the Bishop of the province), by the end of the month earthworks were thrown up around the town. The organisation inside the town was splendid, the defences were rapidly prepared. Other social changes were interesting, the possessions of the expelled were shared out among the people. One blacksmith spoke out against the Dutch controllers and was killed in front of a large crowd. Private ownership of money was forbidden and although there was some protest, within two months this policy had been successfully exercised. The sharing of housing/shelter was seen as the second stage of this 'communism'. Rothmann spoke of abolishing *'Mine & Thine'*. Bockelson claimed: *"All things were to be in common, there was to be no private property and nobody was to do any more work, but simply trust in God."* Propaganda was spread throughout the area and this had it's required effect, a scholar in Amsterdam

PERFECT MADNESS

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

1. Bruce Cochrane:

Perfect Madness is to be so locked into your own world (private, perhaps) that no-one or nothing can alter it's course. That's it, I mean that is perfect.

2. Ralph Tittley:

Perfect Madness: Working all the time to get money to buy food to survive to go to work to get more money for more food so that you're fit to work to earn money to buy food. Ps: Sanity = Life of comfort being looked after by men in white coats. (M. Hatter).

3. Jim Sanders:

To realise the 'futility of everything', to attempt to decipher the 'language of love', to believe in the 'purity of dreams', to try to get out of a car (going downhill) 'without breaks', to 'spiritually undress' in front of a stranger, to 'tell the truth' to a friend, to 'chase ambulances', to trust in 'theoretical logic', to expect 'mind revolution' to become hip in the future, to 'self-destruct' as an exercise in self-analysis, to stop before you start (masochism is the only serious adventure for genuine men), to 'burn it down', to live only for the current 'split-second', to trust that other people can even imagine the extremes of your emotions. All these things are perfectly insane. And I love them! Ps: Watching 'Neighbours' twice a day (and enjoying it) is also perfectly mad!

4. Matthew Biffa:

The most perfect madness I could imagine would be centred around hallucinatory delusion, whereby no matter where I was, I would always be on a stage in front of several thousand large tables with 'Staggerlee' written on them. Every guitar I play would become warm, moist and droopy, emanating squishy, sonic protruberances that could be seen floating away into the future. This would happen even if I was having a bath with Captain Beefheart, who like Kerry in 'Neighbours' would accuse my pubic hair of being morally and ethically unacceptable.

5. Mark Sanders:

My perfect madness would be to come back after three months in Venezuela (Caracás) with a deep tan Mexican moustache, long curly black locks and three foot cowboy boots with 'Cow' & 'Dee' painted on the pointy bits. I would proceed to speak perfect Spanish to all my ex-mates and insist on being called Gomez. I would eat nothing but Tortilla crisps and drink only

Tequilla with the nagget. I would have an imaginary friend called Tony who would be my right hand while Keith would be my left. At 12.00 Midnight I would howl till 1.30am and promptly fall on my side and recite train numbers until sleep would prepare me for the next day's ordeal.

6. Amrit Gill:

My perfect madness would be more-eccentricity than out and out "crazy, loco" madness. I see myself as Margaret Rutherford with a big handbag and an umbrella, muttering to myself, making everyone's life around me a misery, wearing strange hats and taking tea with strange nephews while wearing bed jackets in bed. In an insane world I would appear totally normal, but underneath it all - perfect, subtle, gentle madness.

7. Colin Glen:

Perfect Madness has it's place as an actuary for a chainstore. Morning coffee is weighed up and balanced against morning tea, human contact reduced to the level of pure information. Only violent death, perverse death, S&M or untamed passion count in numerical terms, as they register on the scale. Life would entail a series of pleasures revolving around a whoopee office chair. Acrid smoke gets in your ice cream.

8. Wendy Douglas:

Perfect Madness is Chaos; thinking you're sane, thinking others are insane; thinking others are sane and you are insane.
is not knowing whether you're coming or going, this way or that, that way or this.
is exciting; engaging in extraordinary behaviour; (well so the sane ones think) deviating from the norm.
is living in a world of your own, in your own plastic bubble, without others interfering with your trains of thought.
is being mad, wild, silly, whatever you want it to be.
is who knows?

STOP REG

1. More GT Arts Recommendations; Theatre The Julie Burchill play is titled; 'How Now Green Cow'. Music Tim Buckley live!! 'Drean Letter' is a double collection of his debut London performance - Buy it! Tv 'Sex Talk' (a 15-part C4 thang on 'nooky') - probably v. boring!
2. JG Ballard on the Baader-Meinhof Gang; *"If you were brought up in one of those suburbs around a German city where nothing is ever allowed out of place, where, because they were so terrified by the experiences of World War II and the Nazi epoch, that they'd go to any lengths to make certain that everybody is happy, that everyone in school or kindergarten is dutifully equipped so there would be no deviance and no problems later ... if you have a world like that, without any real freedom of the spirit, the only freedom to be found is in madness, I mean, in a completely sane world, madness is the only freedom!"*

Salvation in the Trousers...

ECCENTRISM

Patented

5 December 5

1921

in the 'Free Comedy' Theatre, Petrograd.

From the manifesto of the Eccentric theatre:

For the first time! 5 DECEMBER 5 Eccentrism!

Four blasts on the whistle:

- 1 for the actor - from emotion to the machine, from anguish to the trick. The technique - circus. The psychology - head over heels.
- 2 For the director - a maximum of devices, a record number of inventions, a turbine of rhythms.
- 3 for the dramatist - the coupler of tricks.
- 4 for the artist - decoration in jumps.

For the fifth whistle blast - from the public - we are ready.

And remember: the American MARK TWAIN said:

'Better to be a young pup than an old bird of paradise'.

...of the Eccentric

FEKS, 1922

GRIGORI KOZINTSEV

AB: Parade of the Eccentric

ROSTA without pungency, Max Linder without his top hat,
Brockhaus without Efron - what could be more absurd?

1921 December 5 (a historic date)

Kozintsev, Kryzhitsky, Trauberg found:

The 20th Century without....

A QUESTIONNAIRE

.....'The Eccentric's trousers, deep as a chasm, from which the great gaiety of Futurism emerges with a thousand burdens.' Marinetti.

.....'For the theatre as such this is a defeat, for its territory has been captured by the Eccentrism of the music-hall.' Lunacharsky.

.....'Oh, oh, oh!' The clown Serge.

without -

Eccentrism (a visiting card).

Music-Hall Cinematographovich Pinkertonov 1 year from birth???

See below for information.

1. THE KEY TO THE EVENTS

1) YESTERDAY - comfortable offices. Bald foreheads. People pondered, made decisions, thought things over.

TODAY - a signal. To the machines: Driving bolts, chains, wheels, hands, legs, electricity. The rhythm of production.

YESTERDAY - museums, temples, libraries.

TODAY - factories, works, dockyards.

2) YESTERDAY - the culture of Europe.

TODAY - the technology of America.

Industry, production under the Stars and Stripes. Either Americanisation or the undertaker.

3) YESTERDAY - sitting rooms. Bows. Barons.

TODAY - the shouts of newspaper-sellers, scandals, policemen's truncheons, noise, shouting, stamping, running.

The pace today:

The rhythm of the machine, concentrated by America, realised on the street.

2. ART WITHOUT A CAPITAL LETTER, A PEDESTAL OR A FIG-LEAF

Life requires art that is

hyperbolically crude, dumbfounding, nerve-wracking, openly utilitarian, mechanically exact, momentary, rapid.

otherwise no-one will hear, see or stop. Everything adds up to this: the art of the 20th century, the art of 1922, the art of this very moment is

Eccentrism

3. OUR PARENTS

Parade allez:

In literature - the cabaret singer, the cry of the auctioneer, street language.

In painting - the circus poster, the jacket of a cheap novel.

-in music - the jazzband (the commotion of a Negro orchestra), circus marches.

in ballet - American song and dance routines.

in theatre - the music-hall, cinema, circus, cabaret, boxing.

4. WE ARE ECCENTRISM IN ACTION

1) Presentation - rhythmic wracking of the nerves

2) The high-point - the trick

3) The author - an inventor-discoverer

4) The actor - mechanised movement, not buskins but roller-skates, not a mark but a nose on fire. Acting - not movement but a wriggle, not mimicry but a grimace, not speech but shouts.

We prefer Charlie's arse to Eleanora Duse's¹ hands:

5) The play - an accumulation of tricks. The speed of 1000 horse power. Chase, persecution, flight. Form - a divertissement.

1. Eleanora Duse (1858-1924), the celebrated actress who toured Europe and America 1889-1909. She appeared in only one film: CENERE (1916).

6) Humped backs, distended stomachs, wigs of stiff red hair - the beginning of a new style of stage costume. The foundation - continuous transformation.

7) Horns, shots, typewriters, whistles, sirens - Eccentric music. The tap-dance - start of a new rhythm.

We prefer the twin soles of an American dancer to the five hundred instruments of the Marynsky Theatre.

8) The synthesis of movements: acrobatic, gymnastic, balletic, constructive-mechanical.

9) A can-can on the tightrope of logic and commonsense. Through the 'unthinkable' and the 'impossible' to the Eccentric.

10) From fantasy to sleight of hand. From Hoffmann to Fregoli. The infernal American Secrets of New York, Who's Behind the Smiling Mask?

11) Hands everywhere. Sport is in the theatre. Films of the champion and the boxer's gloves. Parade allez! - more theatrical than the grimaces of Harlequin.

12) Use of the principles of American advertising.

13) The cult of the amusement park, the big wheel and the switchback, teaching the younger generation the BASIC TEMPO of the epoch.

The rhythm of the tap-dance. The crackle of the cinema. Pinkerton. The roar of the switchback. The noisy tomfoolery of the clown. The poetry - 'time is money'!

Our rails rush past:

Paris, Berlin, London,
romanticism,
stylisation,
exoticism,
archaism,
reconstruction,
restoration,
the pulpit,
the temple,
the museum!

Only our methods are indivisible and inevitable:

THE AMERICANISATION OF THE THEATRE

in Russian means

-ECCENTRICISM

STRANGERS

David Sharrock and Tom Sharratt profile the last Strangeways prisoners to end their roof protest

Defiant seven who taunted system

fuck the system
take control



PAUL TAYLOR, aged 28, from Birkenhead, is the man who claims to have started the riot during morning service in the prison chapel on Sunday, April 1.

Mr Taylor, serving 3½ years for burglary and assault, was regarded from the beginning as one of the ringleaders and frequently appeared on the roof, hurling missiles and abuse at prison officers below.

Through a makeshift megaphone fashioned from a traffic cone, he angrily denied reports that he was a rapist. But he exulted in media attention and spent many hours posing for the television cameras. "A natural leader, who always wanted to lead others," was how his father, William Taylor, described him.

Paul Taylor was taken into care at the age of seven, following a long custody battle after the Taylors' marriage broke up.

At the age of 15, he wanted more than anything to run his own business after gaining six O levels.

But in 1984, he was given a five-year sentence for rape, and has consistently protested his innocence, backed by his family. He was out of prison for six months before he was in again, serving his present sentence.

Mr Taylor last saw his son six weeks ago. "I was always very close to him, but now I don't seem to recognise him," he said.

"There was this anger and bitterness and aggravation coming through, not only about his own case, but about the whole system of prisons and the way they lock three men up in one little room all the time."

"He was gentle until someone riled him, though he always sticks up for his rights. He was the sort of person who would give you the earth if he could."

"He now has all this anger inside him, and he says there's nobody to listen."



ALAN LORD, aged 29, from Manchester, was also prominent among the prisoners who appeared on the roof — most notably when he stepped out naked into the spray of a fire-hose, relishing the impromptu shower as one of the mod cons of their regime.

He was also regarded as one of the ringleaders, but his starring role in the revolt ended on Monday when he was waylaid and overpowered by a squad of prison officers.

He was seen by prison staff sawing through raters and breaking down a wall; and since the inmates' activities have been carefully logged throughout, he is likely to face extra charges for the damage he caused.

Mr Lord, a keen bodybuilder, is serving life for murder.



GLYN WILLIAMS, from Manchester, is rumoured to have earned the nickname "Moonman" from fellow prisoners through his habitual vagueness of manner.

Serving a sentence for robbery, he is credited with performing a breath-taking balancing act on the prison roof on April 17.

It was Mr Williams who on Tuesday taunted prison staff by half-climbing on to a hydraulic platform as if to descend from the roof and surrender.

Grimacing, he stepped quickly back before the platform could move down.

Moments later he flourished a noose at the negotiators below.

Mr Williams was apparently due to have been released on parole last week.



MARTIN BRIAN, aged 30, from Blackburn, Lancashire, became the clown of the siege, playing straight-faced comedy like a Laurel who had lost his Hardy. He sat on the roof with Mark Williams as the prison burned.

He often appeared sporting a prison officer's cap and at one point played Worzel Gummidge, stuffing straw up his sleeves in imitation of the scarecrow character.

On another occasion he popped up through a hole in the roof early one morning crying "Good morning, Manchester" and sipping a mug of apparently hot tea or coffee. Then, pulling a cigar, he performed an elaborate pantomime of a toff at leisure.

He is serving three years for assault.



MARK WILLIAMS, aged 22, from Garston, Liverpool, is not related to Glyn Williams.

Unlike his companions, Mark Williams did not court publicity or step out on to the roofs with any regularity. But he was there on Tuesday, sunning himself with apparent unconcern as firemen battled to extinguish a fire in the wing below.

He is serving a nine-year sentence for armed robbery.



JOHN MURRAY, another Liverpoolian, was on remand when the riot began.

At first he wore a kind of balaclava, but later appeared bare-headed.

He is believed to have been the prisoner who on several occasions — notably during the C wing fire on Monday — taunted fire crews by beckoning them to turn jets of water towards him so that he could wash his hair.



DARREN JONES, aged 17, may have found himself caught up in something he was unable to control.

There was constant speculation that he remained among the seven only because he was under the influence of Paul Taylor.

Mr Jones, too, was a remand prisoner, accused of taking a car in an alleged joy-riding incident.



MALCOLM X

I have to say this, then I'll sit down. Back during slavery, when people like me talked to the slaves, they didn't kill them, they sent some old house Negro along behind him to undo what he had said. You have to read the history of slavery to understand this.

There were two kinds of Negroes. There was that old house Negro and the field Negro. And the house Negro always looked out for his master. When the field Negroes got too much out of line, he held them back in check. He put them back on the plantation.

The house Negro could afford to do that because he lived better than the field Negro. He ate better, he dressed better, and he lived in a better house. He lived right up next to his master - in the attic or the basement. He ate the same food as his master and wore his same clothes. And he could talk just like his master - good diction. And he loved his master more than his master loved himself. That's why he didn't want his master to get hurt.

If the master got hurt, he'd say: "What's the matter, boss, we sick?" When the master's house caught afire, he'd try and put out the fire. He didn't want his master's house burnt. He never wanted his master's property threatened. And he was more defensive of it than his master was. That was the house Negro.

But then you had some field Negroes, who lived in huts, had nothing to lose. They wore the worst kind of clothes. They ate the worst food. And they caught hell. They felt the sting of the lash. They hated this land.

You know what they did? If the master got sick, they'd pray that the master'd die. If the master's house caught afire, they'd pray for a strong wind to come along. This was the difference between the two.

And today you still have house Negroes and field Negroes.

I'm a field Negro. If I can't live in the house as a human being, I'm praying for a wind to come along. If the master won't treat me right and he's sick, I'll call the doctor to go in the other direction. But if all of us are going to live as human beings, then I'm for a society of human beings that can practice brotherhood.



BERNIE'S BABYLON THE FIRES TRASH



-ARRESTED - Two of the Gallic crew were recently 'nicked' while driving through Kensington, they had been partaking of the 'herb' and the Bill soon laid their hands on the illegal substance. The story gets funny when you realise that they had been to a fancy-dress party and the driver was dressed as one of the Sweeney (flares, 'loud' shirt, kipper tie etc) and the 'roller' was wearing a Coco the Clown costume. Suffice it to say that enormous hilarity was

expounded at the police station when arrestees walked past a cell containing the unfortunate Coco. Who were the two Gallic men? Well, one never admits he's wrong and the other (ie: he who has a mug-shot as Coco) sometimes wears a kilt! No charges were pressed!

-TRANSTUDENT - Uncle Bruce (for it is he) has won a place at Hull (Fish City) University to study Marine-Biology. Congratulations, but he didn't tell them about the action man he found in his attic dressed in Cindy Doh! clothes. Perversion has a habit of showing it's ugly face at an early age!

-UNEMPLOYABLE - (c)Indy Biffa has been forced to turn his back on the collegiate life - horrific examination results and the fact that he hasn't been in the place might have something to do with it. He is currently working as a 'runner' (not that sort) and trying to convert Soho prostitutes with readings from Roland Barthes' 'Lover's Discourse'.

-FIRE - Ralph 'Ahab' Tittley awoke in the middle of the night to see an enormous Viking funeral barge (in full flame) bearing down upon his mighty craft. Grabbing his cheque-book he yelled: 'Video Editors first' and leapt to the shore leaving Julie (and Jonty II) to repel the invader on their own. He demands that I point out that his new car in no way reflects the size of his penis! (Alright, you can take that gun away from my head now!)

YOU'RE THE ONE THAT I WANT - Dc Lord is appearing in a version of 'Grease' in Movie Scotie, the role of Rizzo would suit him down to the ground! We also hear that he's done a Jerry Lee Lewis and is 'going' with a 14 yr-old.

-MESSIN' WITH COLOR - Can it be true that the BananaFishFace woke up one morning with a girl next to him and both of them were covered in paint. We know he's into Pollock but this is ridiculous, coming in colours or what?

-ANIMAL FARM - WanDee is heading south for the Summer to a small farm in Spain ... She says she is looking forward to getting to know the cows, sheep, pigs, chickens and dogs(!) Bernie says 'Woof Woof'.

HOW GALLIC R U ?

The questions in this 'quiz' are perverse but only by answering each and every one will you find out whether you are a true Gaul. Tick the questions and add up your total at the end.

- [1] *Do you think Bob Geldof did a 'good job'?* ... (a) Yes (b) No (c) Don't understand (d) None of these.
- [2] *Do you agree with discrimination against ugly people?* ... (a) Yes (b) No (c) Leonardo da Vinci.
- [3] *Is it 'trendy' to have long hair?* ... (a) Yes (b) No (c) I'm bald (d) Eraserhead.
- [4] *Do all the nice girls love a sailor?* ... (a) Yes (b) No (c) Don't Understand (d) Naughty but Nice.
- [5] *Would you consider naming your child 'Christopher'?* ... (a) Yes (b) No (c) I think I'm going to vomit (d) Tarrant.
- [6] *If you had mice in your belfry would you?* ... (a) Put down poison (b) Set traps (c) Invite them in for tea (d) Give them an Xmas card and cake.
- [7] *Who in your opinion is the most important person alive?* ... (a) You (b) Frankie Howard (c) Nelson Mandella (d) Elvis Presley.
- [8] *If you experienced bad-service in a restaurant would you?* ... (a) Complain (b) Ignore it (c) Feel Guilty (d) Kill the Manager (e) Become the Manager.
- [9] *Should 'pop' Music sound?* ... (a) Pleasant (b) Peasant (c) Disturbing (d) Like Bros.
- [10] *Is Ben Elton funny?* ... (a) Yes (b) No (c) None of the above (d) "My name's Ben Elton, Goodnight!"
- [11] *At a Pink Floyd concert would you?* ... (a) Admire the light show (b) Position a bomb under the stage (c) Think they're early stuff was Ok (d) Be Syd Barrett (e) All of the above.
- [12] *Does Ralph's new car mean?* ... (a) He's a Yuppie (b) He likes fast Italian cars (c) He has a tiny penis (d) He's earning lots of money (e) Paul Kingsley's been suckered (f) We have a photo-copier.
- [13] *If you were taken hostage by terrorists would you?* ... (a) Start blubbing (b) Fill your pants (c) Ask them to kill you (d) Join them a la Patti Hearst.
- [14] *At a top-class restaurant would you order?* ... (a) A fly in your soup (b) Pheasant (c) Peasant (d) Roasties (e) Everything on the menu (f) Aloo Mutar.
- [15] *On an Adventure Holiday which activity would you choose?* ... (a) Mountaineering (b) Horse-back riding (c) Dicky-back riding (d) Blubbing. (e) Chess.
- [16] *If your home burnt down, would you?* ... (a) Laugh (b) Wish you'd taken out insurance (c) Dance in the ashes (d) Refuse to accept it had happened (e) All of the above.
- [17] *If you were offered Stock Exchange shares, would you?* ... (a) Accept them (b) Donate them to charity (c) Not understand the concept (d) Robert Maxwell.
- [18] *Your father is elected Prime Minister?* ... (a) Don't be so ridic (b) There goes the Exchange Rate (c) LJ Sanders (d) Moustaches for all.

- [19] *If you owned a washing machine, would you? ...* (a) Be afraid to use it (b) Get Ralph around (c) Go to the launderette (d) Wish you'd never bought it (e) Apply Science.
- [20] *You hear that Dr Hunter Thompson is attending a book signing at Dillans, Do You? ...* (a) Take him a package (b) Forget about it (c) Marvel at the fact he is on trial in America (d) Experience Fear and Loathing in Gower Street.
- [21] *Are you shaving?* (a) Everyday now (b) Yes, in a building society (c) So you want to marry my daughter (d) This is sexist.
- [22] *If you were asked to fill in a multi-choice questionnaire would you? ...* (a) Do it (b) Do it giving the wrong answers (c) Tear it up (d) Curl up in a ball and wait till Spring.
- [23] *You see a rare original edition of 'Les Chants de Maldoror' in an Islington bookshop do you? ...* (a) Run away and hide (b) Call the police (c) Rush in and buy it at any cost (d) Set fire to the place because you got a copy in Penguin.
- [24] *An elderly woman walks past you in the street and comments that you remind her of King Lear, Do you? ...* (a) Scream at the sky (b) Make love with her (c) Go mad (d) Open a pub.
- [25] *You are called up to the stage at a Paul Daniels Show and cut in half, Do You?* (a) Call Equity and demand a Union card (b) Die because he's crap (c) Not a lot (d) It's a wig, you know.
- [26] *By some bizarre chance Mark gets an exhibition of his paintings at a major gallery, Do you? ...* (a) Slash the canvasses (b) Buy the catalogue (c) Sell the drawings he did for the Gallic Times (d) Take up painting.
- [27] *Lou Reed and Don van Vliet get together with Julian Lennon to record a charity record for obese earthquake victims, Do you? ...* (a) I don't know (b) Joy thru Despair (c) I met Beefheart once, you know (d) Pack in playing music.
- [28] *There is a General Election, Do you vote? ...* (a) Conservative (b) Labour (c) Goat (d) Green (e) Don't Know (f) Wish you'd registered your vote.
- [29] *Two lads from Manchester beat you up in a pub toilet, Do you? ...* (a) Kiss and make-up (b) Celebrate London life (c) Rent a flat in Newcastle (d) Spend some time in hospital (e) Get fit (f) Become teetotal (g) None of the above.
- [30] *You hold a dinner party with Baked Beans as the main course, Do you? ...* (a) Eat some aniseed (b) Refuse Ralph entry (c) Let rip with gusto (d) Embrace the new age.
- [31] *You are walking down the street, when a bus crashes into you, the driver is Wendy's dad, Do you? ...* (a) Sue for all you can get (b) A boy named Sue (c) Watch video re-runs of 'On the Buses' (d) Take the tube (e) Invite him in for tea (he might be suffering from shock!)
- [32] *War breaks out, conscription is instated, Do you? ...* (a) Become a Quaker (b) Prescription (c) Toilet-trade (d) Hide out in Wales (e) Go and die heroically.
- [33] *What is your idea of a 'good time'?* (a) Sex (b) Food (c) Sex and Food (d) Drugs (e) 'E' (f) All of the above (g) Other (h) Being at college.
- [34] *You are at a party and a man you are talking to reveals that he is a police-man, Should you? ...* (a) Give him the cold shoulder (b) Turn the other cheek (c) Give him a cold drink (d) Roll a joint / Snort some speed (e) Vomit.

(*)

The DEATH OF MUSIC

So what went wrong? We all knew 'Pop' music was a 'toothless old hag' but what pushed the old hag into her grave? As a small child 'pop' was my second obsession (after football) and it was only when I was 15 and 'realised' that my chances of scoring the winner in an FA Cup Final were not very likely that I genuinely began (in the words of those senile old school-teachers) to 'apply myself' to the problem. Like many kids born in the early '60s I was aware of the Beatles (especially the hair, hippy, drug, rebel element!) I even remember being shocked when they split up. But what really grabbed me was the whole 'Glam' thing: Bowie, Roxy, most of all Marc Bolan. The glitter, the 'terror of poise', the meaningless lyrics tied to trash-rock riffs, the boy/girl ambiguous sexuality, the 'fuck off' to the entire world that seemed to echo through his *Top of the Pops* appearances. Now this man was a 'star'; he was someone to revere, he was like me but he was also a 'god' and that's the key. If as Nietzsche so correctly noted, 'God is dead', then to be Marc Bolan was to both resurrect the aforesaid master and to be him.

During the mid-70s Pop descended into one of it's occasional troughs and my attention returned to soccer. Upon my arrival at public school (September 1978), I was horrified to discover the senior boys listening to Genesis, Pink Floyd, Supertramp, Led Zep (they weren't cool then and they aint cool now!) and other such hideous hippy gibberish. I clutched my Bowie Lps and thought they were sick! Then I started to read the music papers and through the information contained within I discovered 'Punk'. 1977 was brilliant, suddenly a clique (of maybe 20 people) appeared at school, we knew our music (whether it be the Suzzcocks, Pistols, Clash, Costello or whatever) was infinitely more superior than the 'codswallop' wanked over by the house prefects. Bands were formed, 'attitudes' were developed, gigs (at the Winter Gardens) were attended, friends were expelled.

To be honest I did very little until the autumn of 1978, I was far too busy running my 'off-licence' service, harbouring sporting dreams and buying killer single after killer single. My first serious 'descent' into 'popular culture' was through some inane lyrics I wrote for the Flaks and my contributions to *The Mauler* (a perverse anti-fanzine thang that attacked the College institution). I formed the first Asterix & the Gauls in the autumn of 1980, at the time it seemed as if the Charts were assaultable by anybody. We had immense fun making 'Noize' and offending people (some of them actually liked it); For us 'attitude' was the most crucial aspect, we had abandoned 'being hip' years before as a pathetic game played by the unhip. We wore our 'madness' on our sleeves as our proudest banner. To quote Dc Lord: "In a mad world only the mad are sane!"

When I arrived in London during 1981, music was still exhilarating, the funk thing was in full swing and the 'white' independent sector was still banging out good

material, Rip, Rig & Panic were our favourites, Gager had dropped the polemical problems of the Pop Group for musical anarchy of the highest order. Their shows were packed by an audience able to handle a maelstrom of madness; large improvised pieces, constant changing of instruments, perverse and extreme 'style'. Our response was to write 'Smack My Hand' and declare immediate war on the 'mundane'! During 1983 it became apparent that something had gone hideously wrong, I expect you've all forgotten the new pop of that period; Kajagoogoo, Howard Jones, Paul Young etcetera. These characters didn't believe in anything except making a 'fast buck', for fuck's sake their ugliness gave them away!

The two essays that follow this introduction were both written in 1984, the first by Paul Morley ('Who bridges the gap between the Record Executive and the Genius? He') was published in the *NME* on the 18th February. The commentary deals with the fact that his band (Frankie Goes to Hollywood) on his label (ZTT) had just exploded into the charts with 'Relax'. But a close reading of his article shows that even he believes that there is no hope, that the record companies have learnt the lesson of Punk and won't let it happen again. The second diatribe ('Declaring War on the Pop State: Into Battle') is by Ian Penman and was printed in the same paper (during September 1984), the questions he raises are more diverse but equally have not been answered in the last six years. Both articles deserve serious analysis. (It might be interesting to note that neither writer is currently covering music!)

So am I being unfair on modern music? Am I attacking it's vacuousness without good reasons? Is it because I am 27 and 'out-of-touch' with modern trash culture? No, the reality is that all music since 1984 has been lacking in something. Let's glance at the accepted (and some unaccepted) 'Kings of our Era'. Take Prince, sure he's knocked out some nifty numbers but most of them are skilful pastiches of musics from an earlier period. 'Raspberry Beret' (Dolan), 'Kiss' (Stone) and the constant Clintonisms. One of the reasons he is so adored (is he?) is because of his genuine talent and the fact that he constantly raises the spectre of sexuality in the midst of the new (AIDS-related) repression. But he's no revolutionary, his impact is like that of the court jester! What about rap music? There was a short period when Public Enemy were exciting (I defy anyone to say that 'Rebel without a Pause' is not a classic single) but all that 'we're so fuckin' hard, we come from a New York ghetto' stuff gets a bit tedious, especially when you see them live and realise it's all an infantile act. De La Soul were encouraging but only because their parents had a better record collection! The House scene is interesting but fundamentally flawed, it's almost like the revenge of the Germans (there are similarities with Hendrix spawning the Heavy Metal genre). Repetitive rhythms provide the basis for anything, therefore I ask where is the improvisation? Where is the imagination? Where is the *difference*? Nowhere, sadly! The 'theft is revolution' idea (ie sampling) was fun for a bit, but it grew tedious when the entire industry realised that all you had to do to bag a hit was steal the best bits off old songs / cover old hits / re-sell old ideas. Some music has been entertaining in the last few years, Head and Win flogging trash-70s-intellectual-machismo/femininity made for good listening (but it always missed that 'something'), On-U-Sound (Tackhead etc) demonstrated what you could do with a modern studio: Aural Overload. Even Asterix & the Gauls sunk after

'Everything' into the joy of pastiche, and potion brewing. Perhaps that's what music in the 1990's will become, a petty boast: 'Look, how clever we are, we can merge Belgian New Beat with Ska!' Somewhere inside I long for the immediacy of 'white' rock'n'roll' (whatever that is, from Elvis on Sun to The Stones (in '72) or The Faces!) Ripping off black music agreed, but re-building, adapting, changing, evolving from the source! (* I know that is what the Happy Mondays et al are supposed to be doing, but the results just aint timeless!)

During the '80s everyone became obsessed with 'getting rich' (this is a sociological observation), these Thatcherite values ate away at the heart of 'Pop'. That's why it cost £20 to attend an Acid Rave, why the chosen drug of '88; 'E' cost £15 a tab, why a pair of training shoes (hip foot-wear) costs £50. In 1990 there are only about 15 playable clubs left in London for an independent 'gigging' band and they charge you (on average) £30 to play. And let's be honest hardly anyone goes to see live bands anymore. I haven't seen an unknown band that shocked me in years, this is very different to the late '70s when the support act was often the one that most impressed! Nowadays people walk into recording studios with one aim, to 'make it big', no expression, no exploration, no revolution. Sure, all those aims led many bands in the '60s and '70s into total garbage but it also took others into the realms of perfection; Beethoven, Buckley, Sun Ra, Sly Stone, the list goes on.

Another area where modern music has sunk without trace is 'rock journalism', back in the late '70s, early '80s (when characters like Morley and Penman ruled the roost) it was an alternative education in itself. For God's sake I didn't go to college to learn about Barthes, Derrida, etcetera, I was 'turned on' to those guys because I wanted to be able to understand the 'signs' of Pop. People like Green (of Scritti Politti) pointed me in the right direction, I bought the books and my mind (hunger) did the rest. There is a language of popular culture stretching back to the 19th Century novel through the music halls on one side and silent film on the other, to Elvis, television, advertising and on. What drove me was the belief that the 'langue' could be 'broken', examined, manipulated and demonstrated to have more effect than any number of elitist poets, artists or intellectuals. To 'use' those sources in the name of revolution is of course justified. 'By any means necessary' (as the code implies!) The point is that when 'Pop' gells it is 'a revolution of the mind', it's like being in love; you begin to realise facets of yourself that you didn't know existed. Anything is possible!

Music criticism nowadays is a meaningless attempt to make something out of nothing. These people have a job to do (a mortgage to pay) they're not going to tell you the truth, that it's all a crock of shit. But they imply it, that's why we are constantly being bombarded with retrospectives, re-releases, re-evaluations, 'greatest Lps of all time' and perhaps worst of all 'the come-back' album that is believe it or not, good! They've even started to try and romanticise the Acid House craze; The 2nd Summer of Love, no less. Make the punter feel left out and he/she'll beg to be included. 1967 was bad enough, I don't want to be sold it again! As the Slits so clearly pointed out years ago, 'It's just another marketing ploy!' The crash in record sales is the public's way of showing that they don't 'believe' that pop deserves their hard-earned cash. The controlled introduction of Compact Disks/DAT

amidst the thousandth remix is so cynically obvious as yet another method to get you to pay more for less than a dead banana could see through it.

After the failure of Morley's Zang Tumb Tumb (the name was filched from a Marinetti novel) pop entered a void of idiocy. On the chart side Stock, Aitkin and Waterman dominate with a zillion songs by Australian soap opera stars, the rhythm is always the same. Sure, they understand the language of pop, but they only manipulate the moronic angle, never the magical! The independent sector is awash with pasty-faced small-town Velvet Underground, Byrds rip-off merchants, The joy of Lou Reed was (a) His 'knowingness' (b) His genuine intelligence (c) His love of improvised Noize (d) The sex that seeps right through the vinyl on his early records. The Smiths were 'amusing' because Morrissey implicitly understood the quintessential melancholy of the real England (ie: everything north of London). Marr's melodies were just pastiches of better moments from the past, that is all! When one compares the 'hype' of The Jesus and Mary Chain, pathetic Scottish scum-punks with Morley's attempts: The reading list on 'Welcome to the Pleasure Dome' or the t-shirt with 'War; Hide Yourself' emblazoned on it (plagiarised from Isidore Ducasse's *Poesies*) the difference of attitude is plain for all to see.

The House culture had one interesting side-effect, it liberated dancing (in much the same way as Punk liberated the idea of the musician). But, and I repeat, the groove does not develop, it fails to move on. The Record Industry loves the invisibility of the performers, the regularity of 'one hit wonders', the lack of stars. Because by keeping the Housers on their knees they can rake in the revenue and refuse to cede to any demands from the punters/performers. Even the 'video' has lost its motivation, throughout the 1980's video was a form that didn't know whether it was art or advertising. Perhaps you remember the 'trumpet-blasts' that accompanied 'Thriller' or 'Two Tribes'. Now everyone makes videos, unknown artists release video compilations with their Lps, the new psychedelia encourages the use of tacky 'colour' effects and the musicians hand over control for the visuals to stoopid film-school graduates or record-company A&R men.

The destruction of unity/uniform is not a bad thing, multiplicity can be exciting. We must demand imagination from the performers. We must reject the asshole opportunists who understand the methods of exploiting the market but have no comprehension of the 'magick of pop'! I've met managers who openly say 'I'm in it for the money', they have no 'taste', they don't realise the importance of the medium that they are fucking with. They are the guilty men, all they want is a big car and a better-looking girlfriend. When I was at school there was a pathetic shadow of a band (called Anatol), their singer Mike is now an A&R man at Virgin records. In 1980 he was singing cover-versions of Black Sabbath and Cure songs, now he is choosing the music that you are going to listen to. Make of that what you will!

So what can you do? Stand up to their stupidity. Devour their ignorance with your 'purity'. Offer them the unsaleable. Embrace extremism. Continue believing. Spit on doubt. Actually do what you want to do. 'To do is to be'. Attack the industry head on, sign to a major, independence is like wanking in a public toilet. Be more beautiful, be more 'in control', be more intelligent, be more perfect. And when you have them at your feet stove their heads in. ELEVATE.

WHO BRIDGES THE GAP BETWEEN THE RECORD EXECUTIVE & THE GENIUS?

"It is the principal function of popular culture - though hardly its avowed purpose - to keep men from understanding what is happening to them ... People who have seen the same game, heard the same comedians, danced to the same din, read the same detectives, can form a community of enthusiasts whose exchange of feelings helps persuade people that their experiences were real, reinforces judgements of their values and confirms the addictions",...

The products of popular culture, by and large, have no more aesthetic quality than a brick in the street. Their authors are anonymous and tend to dwell in groups and create in committees. They lack finish, complexity, stasis, individuality, coherence, depth and endurance ... From time to time one senses an effort to Hitlerise the culture of the folk. This in order to put out those high and isolated fires, those lonely works of genius, which still manage, somehow, amazingly, now and then, to appear. There is no folk, of course. Popular culture is the product of an industrial machine which makes baubles to amuse the savages while missionaries steal their souls and merchants steal their money."

William H Glass.

This February piece, written amidst anything but peace, is the observation of a boy clearly showing signs of stress. But bear with me.

What I have to say at this point will not be clear and brilliant; that would be conveniently impossible. At the end of it all, though, and even somewhere in the middle, there will be a chance for you to see the wood and the trees, and maybe a bit of the sky.

I will be talking about the record industry, making it somehow a melodrama of innocence seduced. Simply, I will imply how this thing 'the record industry', a symbol of modern passivity, can curb and tame an appetite such as mine.

Although some will say that the record industry is the tiniest flake of poison amidst this nasty uncertain world, to me it contributes to the alienation of people as merciless as anything, cuts into fresh young people as they are about to make up their minds about their position, environment, potential, and is a stray symptom of a much larger problem - the need for some forces to reduce everyone's experience to a total 'saneness'. A brief appreciation of the British record industry can tell us much about the lack of threat, elegance, power, ideological and theoretical distinctions, curiosity and ardour at various levels of present-day living.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT.

The way it works, it rubs out from the world all manner of wonderful alliances and implications, and - of course - acknowledging that such a network must exist for the distribution of the product, this no doubt inescapable product, there isn't an excuse in the known world for it to be so static and confining.

It also completely misunderstands the grandeur of disposability, and I hate it for that. It has no idea at all about the complication and pleasure of transience, let alone the sophistication of intrigue. It has long gone past the state of

condescending to teenage entertainers - and slightly older, of course, manias, infections and desperate pursuits, and now concentrates on accumulating a mass of charms and amiabilities. Its repertoire is packed solid with the predictable and the comfortable.

Meanwhile, I admit that I am not talking about High Art, or The Necessary, Something, though, that should never be fatal to the imagination. Can you imagine?

"The singles we release will not teach you anything that you can apply to any obvious problems of life. They will not help in the business office or in the army camp or in the kitchen or in the schoolyard. In fact, the knowledge and energy we share with you is pure luxury. It will not help you to understand the social economy of France or the secrets of a young woman's heart or a young man's heart. But it may help you to feel the pure satisfaction which an inspired and precise pop single gives; and this sense of satisfaction in its turn goes to build up a sense of more genuine mental comfort, the kind of comfort one feels when one realises that for all its blunders and boners the inner texture of life is also a matter of inspiration and precision." - Excerpt from first Zing Tumb Tumb press sheet. (Classically ignored)

There I was, in this room, trying to explain something that I felt was important to the crowded, crowing record industry, up to their thick necks in dry, whining statistics and common sense. The record industry cannot bear mockery, and it cannot tolerate ingenuity, probably because it is a crummy crumbling mixture of ex-hypocrites and neutral capitalists, or ex-capitalists and nouveau tyrants.

As the industry spreads out before me I make the quaint provocative assertion that "the world is saturated with mediocrity and, quite simply, I refuse to contribute to that mediocrity."

The record industry is not touched by my dreams and neurosis. It prepares to drive the craziness out of my head. It honours the spirit of Colonel Tom Parker, never the phenomenon of inspiration.

"The world is full of mediocre people and if mediocrity is what they want then that's what they are going to get."

Forgetting for the moment whether this meant that God is not dead but merely mediocre, I cried a tear in the face of what appeared to be the barbaric invincibility of this argument. Really, though, I was not brought to tears by terrorising record industry aggression, just bored to tears by their unsavoury lack of vision. They barely have the vision these days to realise that it is innovation, or at least initiative, that will eventually make them suitcases of money.

Today, the record industry is not really prepared to have to harness anything uncouth and distraught, it hasn't got the patience to channel anything angry and brilliant. Those days seem gone - no the record company doesn't have to perform the complicated task of adjusting the wild ideas and ambitions of its acts. Today, the groups come pre-packaged, to record company specifications, as it is The Contract that is all. And the record industry will make sure that beyond the surface of the photograph and the pseudo-life in the life lines, there is no difference between Sade

and Fiction Factory and Howard Jones, They will make sure of this because the first thing on their minds is safety; safety first because, well, to be kind, maybe because they haven't got time to think.

There I was, in this room, ranting and raving at the record industry for turning commonsense into a kind of crime, business sense into a sorry farce. But in the record industry, the emotional and the erratic are not allowed, and my demonstrations were sailed upon, pitifully.

The rulers here are the pragmatists and the dourly efficient, their truth is dull and simple. They obscure the artificiality of what they are involved in by clearing it away of all irony and invention, cleaning it out of all incompatibilities and inconsistencies. Their voice is the voice of the status quo. They dump product into the world without considering what the product breaks or blocks or *means*.

In an era of alarming wastage, the record industry are champions of waste product. It has a problem stopping releasing records. It has to have hits, at all cost. The industry has become so big, it cannot stop - along the way it all but defeats "the independent" and barely encourages the endeavours of any new adventurers. The Chart becomes everything, and the industry concentrates on the hype and the formula that will make access easier.

The chances of anything spontaneous interfering with this are minimal; it is easier for the industry to smother its audience with weaker versions of what has gone before. Through the chart and thanks to a media whose existence revolves around this statistical paradise the industry increasingly dominates the attention of the record buying public, who are slowly taught to demand less and less, to expect very little awe and mystery, to be patient and polite. The margins of experiment become narrower and narrower, the chances of listeners making discoveries for themselves, of hearing anything outside the formula, of resisting the hype, become smaller and smaller.

The Record Industry, instead of accepting that The Chart is a value, ensures that it becomes *The Value*. This is becoming its major achievement of the '80s. And so we lose, perhaps forever, the likes of Richard Thompson, John Martyn, Roy Harper. The Impact of Billy Bragg shows how much we might really miss this type of thing, and we gain The Thompson Twins, Tears For Fears, Big Country. We gain the formula, and the formula keeps the circulation of this industry moving. And the formula limits our demands, and that is something that must never be allowed to happen.

There I was, in this room, standing in front of the record industry, telling them they were doing it all wrong, which isn't the best thing to do. I talk of the power of imagination, and the allowances that they must take for choice, but they just look at me sternly.

"Give us hits," they chant, indicating the tight pressure they put on their poor signings.

I'm apprehensive of their matter of factness - just a little lonely pop writer, cut off from their real world for far too long; I'm appalled by their gloomy joy breaking insignificance and I'm dismayed by their simplistic obnoxious manipulative motivation. Most of all, I cannot understand their lack of feeling. They jam open the mouth of the record buying public with a wooden stick and stuff records down its throat.

And then I join in.

Why do I do this? Why am I in this room? Am I so naive that I believe I can convince the faceless mass of the beauties of individualism - of the rights, the genius and the unique realities of the isolated person? Am I so cunning that I believe I can change the system through a few neat slogans and the odd surprising noise? Am I just the average idealist still believing that imagination can somehow filter through this stuffed soulless system and inspire the imagination of others? Or is it just a case of wanting to be rich, and wanting to work with children?

I stand in the room and I hope I don't drown.

In the room, I thought ... here was a chance to communicate to thousands and thousands of people my transcendent belief in the beauty of the pop single, to demonstrate heroically and garishly the possibilities of being intelligent, epic and excitable through show business. Someone has to, I thought, looking around.

I thought, let's bring back into this popped little corner of The World some of the shapeless enthusiasm and desire that made rock'n'roll - that's a shift in time, not a shifty guitar player - so inordinate and impractical in the damned first and goddamned second place. So I'm told.

Before the dulled, charming soldiers of mediocrity - Alex Sadkin, *Smash Hits*, Mike Smith, all those healthy specimens of the new distant efficiency - flatten everything down completely, I thought, let's throw into the face of regularity even for just one last time something of the irregular. Was it possible, still, if never before, to be supernatural and surreal in the root sense of those degraded words through pop? Was it my business to even bother? The challenge was - if there's all that space being filled too weakly, if there are all those places to fill with insults and érotica, let's see how far I can go before I'm made sensible.

A friend, Trevor Horn, said to me, "let's have an adventure." I thought, try and stop me.

We went into battle. Me as the boy who bridged the large gap between the record executive and the genius, Trevor as the man who would move mountains. "All power to the imagination!" we screamed.

Would the walls of the room cave in?

This week, as I write, and hopefully for a while after I stop, the record released on the Incidental Series of the label I helped Trevor Horn and his manager form, Zang Tumb Tumb, is at number one in the American Billboard Dance charts. 'Into Battle With The Art Of Noise' was our opening statement of intent, the first sign of how we were going to ignore the set limits of industry organisation and imagination drawn up by the titanic terrifying record industry.

The first record released on the ZTT Action Series reached number one in the British singles charts. 'Relax' by Frankie Goes To Hollywood, a straightforwardly crass and marvellous attempt to urinate over the oppressively competent *Smash Hits* controlled new pop; our unpunctual unsubtle attempt to compete with the spoilt spiritless Wham, Spandau, Duran, has sold 750,000 copies and has begun its tour of the world by tumbling into the German charts at number four.

So, do we deserve applause? Am I enjoying it? How much of my soul have I sold? Do I understand the record industry's point of view much more now than I did when I was a

cowardly critic? Has ZTT in a competitive way - and I always wanted to be at the heart of The Chart not in the village independence, because to be at the heart is really to have a serious conversation about authority and will - introduced to the attention of the public anything different or disordered? Is it possible to dislocate the attitude of the record business and effect the expectancies of the consumer, or does it all become just another way of looking and displaying?

Not that ZTT has in its way proved that over exposure can make things plausible, that the label has become part of the pop language, and we are embedded into the established rock of the record industry, my initial idealistic decision to come into this place and leave a mark, change the balance even just a little, through juxtaposition, exaggeration, humour and incongruity has been horribly bruised.

Being quite clever - if the wind's blowing in the right direction and there's a whiskey close to hand - I make most of the people working in the record industry seem, intellectually, like four year olds. This is not so much a boast as a soft sigh.

Original ideas, or even shrewd second-hand ones, have very little place in this room. Ideas are not what become important, but simple modifications. The ideas I used to try and make 'Relax' a more enticing, exciting pop single in this adult-orientated age hampered its chart progress early on, suggesting that the record industry conspiracy is protected from all sides, radio to press, but made the single a tad harder when it finally screwed its way into the Top Ten."

Bernard Rose's video of the song - completely uninhibited because that's what I told him to do, whilst the record industry frowned at me - was meant to show up the nauseating censorship that exists within television. Record companies these days are quite happy to produce video promos for their little acts that are produced with the director of an early morning Saturday show for teenagers in mind, for, say, for an unkempt 15 year old who wants to demolish everything around him.

So videos have quickly become another aspect of the record industry's vile, incoherent wastage, the symbol of their emptying out and distancing, of their hysterical need to impress their audience with the glib, the flashy, the pseudo-new. That record industries can condone the nonsense that is the majority of pop videos explains part of their complete inability to explore new areas with intelligence, to encourage constructive developments.

The video sees the record industry saturating the mass with mess, too happy to accept the censorships and suppressions that should anger them.

This follows through to the banning of 'Relax' by the BBC. The record industry is quite happy to accept and play along with the feeble censorship that took it off Radio One - based not in morality but simply hypocrisy - and also happy to exploit its banning and stir up a so called controversy. Finally, nothing actually changes. The same barriers exist, probably a little firmer. It's been a bit of fun for a few people, an irritation for others. The group becomes just another group in the charts, in the magazines, and the industry finds a way to squeeze all the juice and delight that we tried to press into the record.

By the time the record has gone through all the processes to reach Number One, not even its reputation and the fact it could be the biggest selling single of the year

means such outside the industry.

The industry absorbs all the shrapnel. It's almost admirable. Despite the fuss there is nothing left but a residue of sensation. Is this all that can be expected?

If The Verve or The Redskins reached Number One, they would become just another group. Any irrationality or bite would have been wiped away. The industry has arranged itself well since punk. It will not allow Frankie to be anything other than a minor embarrassment.

So perhaps it's to confront this state and design some kind of 'politics for of the charts'. Of course, I intend to do this, rather than give in, return to Manchester and become some minor independent king. After suggesting quite openly that the industry is crawling with the stupid and the unimaginative, it would be quite unthinkable to shrink away and let them get on with it.

As a businessman, as someone who can appreciate the rules and regulations established by the record industry, I have yet to be born. I will not let this get in my way; I will try to use it as an advantage. The record industry, in its attempt to protect itself, composes the conspiracy in a spectacular betrayal of the spirit and sensationalism that originally smacked rock'n'roll into life. It has set up the most crippling array of limitations and restrictions. It has set the charts at the heart of a system that is not merely - obviously - crudely commercial, but that lacks humour, enchantment, flexibility. (I mean, you expect it to lack sex, violence, disorder, passion and stuff like that, but it's a system that's even puritanical when it comes to any kind of honest diversion or gentle deviation. Eventually, it knocks the stuffing out of you - see Siouxsie and the Banshees.)

I never anticipated making great openings in the closed world, perhaps I just wanted to sustain the values of choice and possibility, to show up Kemp for the pink lump he is when he talks as "spokesman for youth". But I did imagine that the business would allow minor innovations and respond to fresh input, even if only to extend its life expectancy. I know that commerce is the controlling factor, but I suppose I hoped that any sense of creativity would be able to lubricate the massive movement

Battling away, conventionally even unconventionally successful, I find that the record industry, behind a stiff smile and authority of efficiency, is petrified of anything that might be of a jugged or unsettling interest. It has organised itself so that it has reached a point where it sells records for the sake of it. I think at ZTT we wanted to sell millions of records but feel that there was a reason why we wanted such a thing, even if we couldn't quite articulate that reason, even if it was just some kind of old fashioned belief that the quality of the product counts.

The record industry - and I generalise with pride because this is where we strike total accuracy - composes its gross parody of pop happiness and rock resistance, gobbling up young energy and gobbling out contrite hypnotising entertainment.

As soon as a pop group signs to a record company, whatever they promise you through their interviews, whatever they hope with all their hearts, their act, their art, the energy is diluted four, five, 83 times. Their only hope is to play the game of limitations, indicate an irony, a detachment, and never believe that they can do anything more than delight an audience with their own particular fantasy. Once you're playing the game of limitations, once you're locked into its channel, fastened down,

it doesn't matter whether you're Duran Duran or Psychic TV, there is no such thing as a powerful disturbance.

All that this allows is the chance to send a coded message that there is so much more available, even through the small light-of-life 'entertainment', than is ever shown.

Perhaps what maintains my interest is the constant factor that there will always be a chance to burn through the limitations, simply by being too mysterious and awe-inspiring for the industry to control, so great, great delights of the record - doubt, longing, possibility - cut right into the lives of the listener regardless of how the industry attempts to duck pop music of any reason to exist other than to make money.

I want to make money. This means I can move about the world whilst acting out my life. But I'm also interested in revelation, in interest itself in a way, and find repetition and imitation in their plainest sense, hopelessly dreary. I'm fascinated by sensation, perversion, the insult, scandal, gags and irrelevancy. I consider all this quite conventional. But inside the record industry it makes me some kind of nutter, I don't care, I've decided.

Shit, I even put shit - licking shit at that - on the cover of the 'Relax' 12". This to me is far more pleasing than the record industry trying hard to get some gaga group to Number One instead of Frankie by giving away albums, model yachts or fake Andropov coffins. And still failing.

My 'politics of the charts' will simply mean more intelligent pressure, more incitement, more naughtiness. Others can join in, I consider that the charts, a very public place, should be an imaginative compilation of alternative - thinkkinely of that word for a moment - visions of the world.

And that, to stop this dreaded slowing down, there should be those of us who try constantly to play at new aides, new combinations, the irregular. The original '50s, the idealistic '60s, the kitsch '70s, and now the battling '80s. When I decided to be scarily radical, I just wanted to do things ... well ... WELL! Fight hype with hope, or something equally contrite but passionate. Fight the cautiously strategic with the desperately slippy, sell records for a reason, not just for the sake of it. To present records that introduce people to something they maybe wouldn't have considered before, energies and enthusiasm they haven't received. That simple! Will we be allowed? The record industry is happy to soak the world with warming witless records, happier when it appears that the record buying public, battered by blindness into this terrifying sameness, making less and less demands for the unusual, the unsettling. The idea of choice means very little to it. It's what ZTT will be: choice. I hope others will have to follow us.

All this may mean nothing. It may mean everything. The further I get into the heart of the chart the more alarmed I get by the conspiracy that is generally concealed from us, and the resultant complacency. So, I think, it's important to assault this conspiracy with a certain needle and anxiety.

I stand in this room and right now I decide I don't have to be drowned.

(by Paul Morley - 1984).

DECLARING WAR ON THE POP STATE: INTO BATTLE

PREFACE AND HOSTILITIES

In a period of 'crisis' as we say, a period of decadence and renewal, when the institution - in this case, Pop - is on the blink, and the brink, provocation to think about our subject brings together in the *same* instant the glow of memory and exposure to the future.

What do we want to hear of Pop?

What do we fear is going wrong?

Why War?

If we have any future - any belief in any number of futures- then it can only be anticipated in the form of an absolute danger.

Why has our faith in Pop music lessened?

How has the Media contributed to the decline?

How did it all get so DUMB?

WAR! What is it good for? *Renewal*, Absolutely.

ADDRESS UNKNOWN

The expanded Pop, and its Media - I picture an army without generals. Anonymous spectres, only, of profit, surface noise, morose contentment, inane sincerity, *ability*.

It's impossible to single or root out some body for blame - a source, an evil sorcerer, a strategist. No *one* is conjuring with our perceptions. Media - the inbetween, the telecommunicative vapour, the dividing line,-- is like the mythical 'balance' between East and West, the US and the USSR; it is nowhere to be found, for it is all. The purest war.

Pop and information-on-Pop seem to have become indistinguishable.

What, at the very least, do we demand of publicised creation? Of media and criticism? That they should *challenge* or *engage* us, even at the demand of *distraction*.

Even by blunder or veiled seduction, a piece of Pop must surely challenge us to duel, to do battle with its deceptive outlook, its impertinence, its guile, its twisting and torsion of what we take to be so. It shakes our body, solicits our attention. (It can shake our beliefs, but the body's a good enough place to set off). We love, we fear, we face, we hear its challenge.

Something irregular engages our attention; we *must* get caught in that motion!

The primal scene ... you're listening, radio, jukebox, club, maybe idly, inattentively, then ... a breakage of Pop ...-an unconscionable swerve, heretical detail, some shiver of incomprehension ... you are ambushed, imprisoned, released and evacuated.

When, by some token or vantage the sound becomes popular, this seems - to your listening body - almost insignificant.

WAR ON POP - A PERSONIFICATION

The melody remains the same; no matter what the modulation, the technique producing or modifying it.

Let us briefly consider Malcolm McLaren's current *technique*, as a representative, in order that we may shed some light of the Pop State's lack of Soul, of power.

Be it Opera or Tennessee, the melody or texture - which doesn't fall from the heavens, and it isn't already inscribed in all human culture, but which springs from and belongs to the day-to-day fabric of somebody's life (some tribe, some class) - has to be *drawn away*.

In this case we might say that 'steal' and 'abstract' have the same meaning. The music is appropriated, taken, considered and applied apart from its application to the joys and sorrows of the 'original' owners. It is dissociated from any reference or reason - outside of *pure broadcast*.

Now, what is this? Does the thief no longer have time - or soul - enough, to learn to unlock tongues of his own to talk in?

And what of the media that merely *hands on* the thief's mosaic, takes his word for it? Do we do much more than applaud our own applause?

What survives, what lives on, is the original modality, the melancholy (or whatever) in the singer's voice. We realise, irritated perhaps by the other components, this person is less a thief than some sort of sub-cultural old maid - a *gardening buff*. A thief would be more discreet, or more extravagant - this person just potters about, potting, plotting, and re-potting.

The purloined melody or rhythm is subjected not to some political operation, but to a crude calculation masquerading as aesthetic whim.

If we listen (and don't just respond to, or superimpose upon) musics such as Reggae and High Life, we realise eventually that the tempo, tonality, texture, all remain part of the day-to-day life of individual and community. It is folk music not just in the sense of a commentary, but in its very musical being; ethics, economy, biology, climate, ethnocentrism.

If we displace or imitate this, take away its 'base' and substitute a drum machine, what are we left with?

Television is the model, here. What we are left with is residue, flicker, the *idea* of a certain thing, without the danger, joy or difficulty, of getting involved. It has little time for decision, evaluation, reflection, for pain ... and for imperfection.

I am not, of course, arguing against theft and appropriation; that would be ridiculous. No one music has any 'source' outside of its amalgamation of different accents, tributaries, blemishes. What worries me is the manner in which certain technological advances (I use the word advisedly) may alter or block these meetings, may rule out the slower and more clandestine affairs.

What's sad is that since The Sex Pistols McLaren has always been in a position to do something great again - to bridge that gap between "the record company executive and the genius". And he has simply failed to take up the option, in favour of the prevailing media *zeitgeist*, in favour of timid strokes and gimmicks, 'concepts' - scratching, home-taping, teen sex - whose only revolutionary aspect was the tenor in which he announced them.

He's become the Andre Breton of Pop - a manifesto mongerer, a snob, an effete bourgeois, a mere trickster - someone who'd kick Artaud out because he hadn't brushed his teeth that morning, or made too much of a racket after a few brandies. Like Breton, he deals with his subject in a diagrammatic way, turning away from its genuine eruptions of madness. Like Breton, his career now looks less like a clever course in manipulation than a basking in the talents, faults, wonders and weaknesses of others.

McLaren says: "I'm not so sure about all this in-between ootsy tootsy English ephemeral boy-next-door wimp rock, or the astute producers who create and package it. I'd rather listen to John Lee Hooker." Well, so would I. But doesn't the preceding lambast sound like a perfect description of McLaren (that wimpy voice on record!) - whose only success since The Sex Pistols was played for him by tribes around the world and made commercially viable for him by Trevor Horn?

I don't see his "scams" as radical, I see them tailored - he is literally, a *flannel merchant*; never mind the quality, spiel the width - to appeal to a press growing ever more sluggish and poor in instinct, ever more reasonable, neutral and 'look' orientated. Everyone is *still* patting him on the back for the clever way in which he takes record companies for mugs - and their millions - with his "scams". Excuse me - but what about the people who *buy* the records? The mug punters?

NO NAMES - NO BODIES - NO NERVES

There are people in the Pop State who are trying to carry out the function McLaren should have taken up.

Like the disappointing career of some other old favourites - like Ze, Factory, Rough Trade in the label department; Heaven 17, ABC, Scritti Politti, Public Image in the 'We Are Corporate Man' department. ZTT, for one, are trying to prove that it's possible to work at the limit - or even *as* the limit - of the media, and make that work literate and accountable, dangerously playful.

What irks about - latest release (fill in the asinine artiste of your choice, kill a pet hate today) - is that it reflects no burning need to have ever been produced; save, perhaps, for its formal calculations (a studio jigsaw, a market decision, a hymn to budget). It's historically and aesthetically dimensionless - it has no 'feel' to it.

What worries me is the disappearance of alchemy, violence, dirt, unknowingness *within* the Pop Song. (Others may argue that these things can be found elsewhere, outside, I shall not pursue this point, for now.)

I am frightened of the forces of assimilation, the resistance of stupidity, of greed, of banality, of illiteracy; that we may replace the divine immediacy of Pop with the merely immediate. Immediacy *takes* a lot longer.

So what gives?

What so aggrieves me about the cooled new practitioners of Pop's mesmerism is that if they don't rely on some tried and trusty adhesive or agent, then they take themselves off, seriously, into the realm of pure *gesture*; an imitation of a certain life - without reading, without rending, at best with a diffuse, pasterurised 'irony'.

(Clip from the *Swash Hits* singles column, 29/8/84; "A cool, jazzy nostalgia-inspired

number straight from the glitzy cocktail bars of Manhattan." Straight from a publicist's release, or from a 'music paper' of the '50s, more like.)

If the Pop State is run on the principle of success at all costs, then its polit bureau, its lackies in the Media, work not with the chains of repression and censorship, but with the stranglehold of proliferation. I refrain from lending the word an initial accent, to be sure.

The poor mouth of the media blithely and bountifully churns out what is required for the smooth revolutions of its Pop. The pictures and programmes will stop at nothing, to lay a finger on everything.

For sure, *NME* is not entirely innocent in these matters - out of a certain commercial orientation, the tame pup of Pop is allowed entrance. But the same - the opposite - cannot be said of Pop's current strongholds; nothing that diverges in the least from the party line, the language, the worldview is ever included.

Pop in the media, Pop as the Media - *STimes* to *SHits*, *Newsnight* to *Earsay* - prevails like the phantasm of some failed hack's bout of delirium tremens; a monster comprised of a million heads, a million tongues; and no body, no nervous system, no sense of direction.

The coverage mirrors the case; a nightmare of copy-cat journalism. The "more respectable" - Robin Deneslow/Steve Taylor - cultural commentator presents 'analysis' of the situation which is neither theoretically stimulating or surprising, nor plain honest trash. They speak in a language which is not that of a hypothetical 13-year old record buyer, but one with a parental tone codified liberalism; records are "OK", "fair enough", "better than -", "rather than -" and so forth. (Again, I would say that *NME* is not entirely innocent here.)

The hack careerism of (especially) London's media animal is definitely to blame for much of the suffocating banality of Pop.

These people involved in the perpetration of staid Pop have been in their position - in some cases - for years. This is not the beginning of sour grapes, or mere inter-publication gossip (no names). What strikes me as fearful is something more than the discrepancy of age between media and readers.

It is the complicity - scarcely readable, scarcely noticeable - between these pockets of currency and a general political situation in which not simply the standard, but the very function and-standing of education - of literacy - is being slowly and deliberately eroded.

Smash Hits (et alia) took off when they realised the potential of doing nothing more than *presenting* - without context, without any rough stuff - information. They herald the fall of ingenuity.

In 1984 it is in some dark Government eye we should look for the tyrannies of thought processing, joy through information, regulated pleasures ... it is, finally, to the state of Pop.

THE POWER OF BABBLE

It's amusing to consider that perhaps the deliriously earnest rock press of the early '70s are indirectly responsible for today's panoramic approach (eg the over-approchement of Roxy Music, Springsteen, etc).

There is nothing necessarily wrong with the name-drop 'poll' - 'info' - 'lifestyle' - approach exhibited across the colour supplement board; played up every now and then, tactically, humourously, it's OK. But it has now extended across the entire surface of discussion.

Such a profiling approach says, for perfect example - after all, all Pop is slumping to some extent, darling - that a Simon Le Bon is a part of us all; look, he says nothing very different from most of us, certainly no worse ...

Here is someone with neither *something* nor *nothing* to say, but ... anything. It'll get printed, wholesale. The medium or the magazine in question is supposed to lend the contextual vibrance, it alone makes the event, *"and does this whatever the contents, whether conformist or subversive."*

Such profiles, by their gloss and Warhol-ian glibness, conspire to make us believe that their subject - wally or wonderperson, regardless - was always destined to be there; Pop culture is the given, the bed of roses, the invisible background. It is the ultimate lie of telecommunication.

These media show and tell us everything; this is equally true of global politics as of localised pop. It cannot now stop itself, cannot refrain, cannot disengage itself from its Babel, from ceaselessly airing information, from the break of day to the noon of night.

And we think; could it be that this pact of *telling everything* is itself a concealment? (The first thing it blocks or disguises is its own functioning, the route of its making present, ordering, securing, screening ...)

A LITTLE CENSORSHIP NEVER HURT ANYBODY

Even Censorship does not prohibit communication. On the contrary. As a matter of course it serves (almost literally) the turnover of communication and the communications industry. Endlessly and with no end in sight, it reserves the grid and goals of "communication" in all guises, everywhere.

I can't resist glancing back to 'Relax' - somehow it seems centuries away - that inadvertant and marvellous convulsion of the State, of the game.

We could argue endlessly about the differences in and of threat - between Frankie's sex epistle and the obvious case that history throws up, The Sex Pistols. One can wonder whether announcing in public the eruption of orgasm is more or less of a threat (to whose State, and state of mind?) than advocating something named Anarchy. Neither can be said to be less modern, or more archaic than the other. But, more interestingly, the ways in which they can be said.

In both cases, censorship is impossible; or rather, the censor is wide-eyed and feckless, their subject impossible - neither orgasm nor anarchy can be said to be there, to be heard, or banished.

But in the case of Frankie, the will to relax, it is more difficult to oppose; no one is going to lapse into a state of orgasm. Censorship is impassable - the law cannot pass its gaze - its prohibition - over the offending protusion.

The body (a homosexual body at that!) cannot be tampered with partially trimmed, as is the case in film censorship; it must be blocked out altogether, which is - given the State of Pop, impossible. The secret can only be made public; the rude boys can

be seen but not heard.

Repression adds friction and fictions to the thrill. The ball turns into a masque, a gag, a hall of mirrors ... When Frankie comes clean, it is the multiple orgasm of all those bedroom pinups the Pop comic trades in. Revelation time.

Thus, more enlightened debate over what 'Relax' meant - meant to bait the mass with - really functions as a much more deadening type of censorship, or monitoring. It takes the undecidable and unaccountable out of Frankie's peaked speech. The lure of the hidden, submerged or repressed is the very groundswell - the basement - of our modern sexuality, perhaps the charted retumescence of 'Relax' lies in this fact - that it was pushed from behind, by centuries of censorship. Straight from the censor's hip, in fact.

THE NEWS GODS

We are living in a universe, are we not, where "there is more and more information and less and less meaning ...?" Jean Baudrillard, who continues; *"Information is given as creative of communication, even if wastage is enormous ..."*

The sometimes terrifying idea of *all those* videos, records, versions of records, interviews, gossip columns, the whole build-up, stockpiling, recycling - and their necessarily unstated rationale is one wired in an utterly conservative 'common sense' worldview; better to have it all there, it's what everyone wants, it sells, it succeeds where deliberation and reserve don't ... etc, etc. To paraphrase Baudrillard, a general consensus would have it that there is *in the total*, a useful or harmless enough surplus - simply a question of enthusiasm, disposability, turnover. *"Just as a consensus would have it that material production, despite its dysfunctions and irrationalities - nevertheless leads to an excess of wealth and social finality,"* Baudrillard's analyses seem credible. Is too much better than nothing at all? - Society rests on such hasty fall-back mythologies.

"Yet the fact is that ... our social organisation is collapsing, and for this very reason. Just where we think that information is producing meaning, it is doing the opposite."

TIMBRE!

I have been laying waste to the media, and rightly so, but at some point we must not only decry current maladies of Pop, but search back along its tracks, and trace this loss, the specifics of this falling (off) of timbre.

We can look back over the over familiar, the transitive phases - '50s, '60s, and '70s - and find that even the worst and corniest Pop (it *has* always been there, if not with such rapid turnover, in such numbers) had something *rough*, somewhere, about its person.

This is why - as a hypothesis - I find Wham! more 'offensive' than Jerry Lee Lewis, a suspected minor mass murderer. I'm not sure that Wham! really are doing anything that terrible to millions of young girls (is it worse than early Beatles? Elaborate, please!) ... but they fit in with the rest of Pop's State, a song without tone, without a hint of tragedy, without a tear in its eye, collaborating in 1984 as our Year of The Fake Tan.

The striving for and star spangled presentation of some mythical 'normality' seems to be the main goal. No message, no mess - The message. Even boy meets boy is now encompassed, and Boy George's Pied Piper/Baby Jesus persona claims an underlying straightness, boy-next-door-ness that no amount of clown makeup can undermine.

It's possibly the cruellest paradox of all. We lose the *real* of sex (the real tension of Pop's rhythms and blues) in a comforting simulation of a 'real' norm that everyone, but especially Pop's teenagers (in their day to day tumult) knows isn't there.

The sexiest thing on record - dizzying, disturbing, unaccountable - is quite possibly the singer who doesn't need or know how to play around with roles. (What good is the circular closure of role *reversal* after all?) Prince and Michael Jackson celebrate (even if unwittingly) the polymorphous beauty of the sung. And the never-quite-engaged never-quite-released trigger mechanism of Jackson's dancing is similarly non-specific, gender wise. Can the same sexually unnerving all-round textuality be claimed for Marilyn and Boy George? If you want a common in law denominator, I'd say it had nothing to do with culture's colour, and everything to do with nationality. Just look at the Brit Pop in our Charts - have you ever heard anything less sexy?

What irks about the chart's standard vocal anaesthetic is that its sound is neither other-worldly nor worldly, it subsists on neither impractical joy nor palpable oppression.

Now, an astute historian might feasibly interject, here. Something like - why is the current complexion of neutrality of a different order than, say, the girl groups of the early '60s? Where does that different tone - the jubilation - emanate from? Is it textual or contextual? Why can the Shangri Las still cohere straight across the ideological spectrum?

Or, put it another way: why must we *now choose* between The Angry Samoans and The Thompson Twins? (*Must* we?)

Then who do I love?

At one end of the scale, those whose impossibly frail, perhaps fault-lined aspirations lead them into Pop as adventure ... where they fling and sing themselves into what is supposed to be the settled account of rock history, Pop legislation.

They show us a way; listeners, writers, musicians, entrepreneurs, all must reassert the sovereign power of dreams and obsessions. Our troupes must not retreat into false clauses of 'maturity' (the excuse of lapsed tyrants from clubland and the cerebral promise alike), and we - we cannot do battle so long as Pop is treated, clutched, like a hobbyhorse.

I cannot argue a coherent list, cannot draw up a list of regulations for Pop's song, for the very reason that I have always been its ally, its pawn, its plaything, and its lover -- *not knowing what to expect next*.

This can be equally true at one end of the scale. Enterprises such as ZTT and Was (Not Was) suggest to me that intelligence need not be sabotaged by acts of irresponsibility. On the contrary, they enter into a pact.

For now, I'm prepared to love anything with an ounce of self-respect, anything more than a slackly grinning embodiment of opportunity and opportunism, anything with a

tone to call its own, anything that does not add to the busyness of the Pop State, anything driven by dreams, or into neurosis ... or both, into the bargain.

THE BEAUTIFUL ONES

If you have arrived here none the wiser, thinking perhaps that I have overstated the guilt and guilelessness of Pop and its Media without offering up any substantial proof - it's true, It's true, I have tried not to inform you, I have tried to give nothing away. Not entirely successfully; for information will always have to be given, in some shape or form ... but to begin with, not as a *given*.

We need only word our statements a little more carefully, relax our reading, and even our slogans can no longer be presumed known.

For instance, I set down, I scan, I declare 'War on Pop'; it is not in terms of opposition, (I do not forsake Pop in this movement - I do not think the fripperies, the forces of melody, rhythm, flirtation, glamour and so forth contribute to a dulled existence, I do not feel their essence as a consequential evasion of the Real, as is claimed by the young luddites on our Left, today.)

To speak of War on Pop - as one would war on land, war on potentially dangerous territory, war on an empty stomach.

Or of War on Want; war on a lack, on something missing and desirable, to speak of a poison or virus that is also our remedy, an enemy that is also our goal, a formidable opponent, a lost ideal.

Then this War is a saving. How to wage it?

Not by staying outside of Pop. There are techniques - and these include technology, most certainly - of evaluation and evisceration, that may enable us to stay within Pop, infiltrate and re-invent it.

Too easy to dramatise the predicament, to long for time gone by, or advocate retreat into a scholarly detachment, or well reasoned business-as-usual commentary (qua Frith, Denselow, etc), retreat behind "protective selecting filters", lose touch with our own madness as Pop has done, get tucked into one's own little code or terrain, this is a time when even our more intelligent practitioners abdicate every day. They assure us the limitation of Pop's rigmarole playing is all in the (spirit of a) game, but can we ignore any longer that *"never explained numbness that each extension brings"*? Each step moves out of and away from the originary tension of Pop.

For where there is no tension, no striving, what is there *to begin with*? We can only put up with being given all there is to know only by forgetting that the best, most prized, priceless, enduring, *oneiric* music - the eternal, the returns, the inimitable, the unschooled - consists most vibrantly in its un-truth, fallibility, restlessness, wandering. We are given the impression in it of a singer who may at any minute expire or give up, but doesn't, goes on, goes higher, goes lower. I do not speak exclusively of intoxicated tragedians when I say that our greatest singers *die into music*.

*"The Beautiful Ones, they hurt you every time
The Beautiful Ones always smash the picture, always, every time."*

THAT'S THE LIMIT

Let me recall from the front, the ranks, that simple question I raised at the outset: how can we speak, today, of Pop, without protecting the interests of the State?

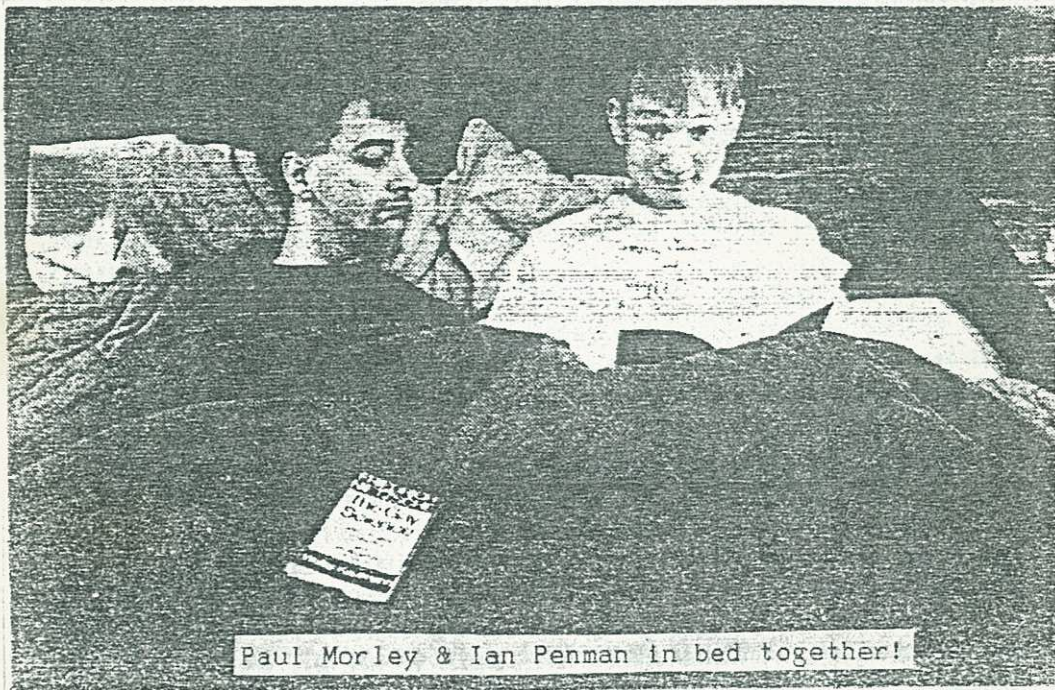
However to speak about Pop, without turning it in, to information?

Have I managed it? The bit between my teeth, and no piece to speak of? I have tried to do no more than indicate how one might go about speaking to Pop, informally, beginning, again, to *pleasure* it, to be its pleasure, to speak and write its pleasure, in another form, (Perhaps, inaccessibly.)

Did I do no more than stray within the State? Am I just (in) the bit of a State - a morsel caught up in the mesh, the malocclusion? More than I could hope to chew?

"Only others can answer, Beginning with you."

(by Ian Penman - 1984).



If these three essays have interested you, then keep an eye open for my major text on the career of Gareth Sager (a man criminally abused by the record industry). This in-depth account of his work with Post-Punk iconoclasts: The Pop Group, beatnick boho Jazz-fiends: Rip Rig & Panic, disco-funk 'feminine' commentators: Float Up CP & New-Rock 'macho' revivalists: Head, will concentrate on the revolutionary content of the aforesaid works and compare and contrast Gareth's ideas with those prevalent in the 'decade of deterioration': The 1980's. (Jim).

- [35] *Should you have a Tv in every room? ...* (a) Yes (b) No (c) Don't know (d) SDP / other (e) BSS - audience of three.
- [36] *If you had a child would you consider calling it 'David'? ...* (a) Yes (b) No (c) DC Lord (d) with a 't'.
- [37] *What is your favourite Tv programme? ...* (a) 'Eastenders' (b) 'Brookside' (c) 'Corro' (d) 'Neighbours' (e) 'Star Trek' (f) 'Mushroom Magic' (g) 'Tom & Jerry'.
- [38] *You appear on Brian Hayes' LBC Radio show and he insults you. Do you? ...* (a) Blubb (b) Carry on talking regardless (c) Insult him back (d) Wen'D'y Douglas.
- [39] *On hearing of the death of a close relative with loads of dosh. Do you? ...* (a) Blubb (b) Not give a damn (c) Book a holiday in Miami (d) Attempt to bribe the executor of the Will.
- [40] *Mrs Thatcher resigns. Do you? ...* (a) Blubb (b) Make love with a total stranger on the tube (c) Leave the country (d) Kill Neil Kinnock (e) All of the above.
- [41] *How many lbs of potatoes can you eat? ...* (a) 0-1 (b) 2-3 (c) 4-6 (d) 7-10 (e) 11+ (f) Stan Ogden.
- [42] *Does Ben Elton make you laugh? ...* (a) Yes (b) No, but some of his jokes are quite funny, really (c) Tommy Cooper (d) I liked him in 'A Bouquet of Barbed Wire' (e) Who?
- [43] *You see Howard Devoto stuck in traffic close to your car. Do you? ...* (a) Ignore him (b) Clutch your hair and shout 'Howieeee!' (c) Salute (d) Who? (e) Join his Motorcade.
- [44] *You encounter Cary Grant at a Party - He states that you are to be his 1001st lover. Do you? ...* (a) Bring up Baby (b) Become a Male War Bride (c) Tell him the Philadelphia Story (d) Become his Girl Friday (e) Ask him to stop being Notorious (f) Succumb to his whim.
- [45] *On hearing that this is to be the last 'Gallic Times', Do you? ...* (a) Laugh (b) Blubb (c) Commit suicide (d) Make sure you own all the back copies, just in case (e) Read other people's articles (if you are called Mark) (f) Wonder why they bothered in the first place (g) Go on holiday.
- [46] *Negation = Elation - Comment? ...* (a) Er-er-er ... (b) Could you pass me the dictionary, please (c) This is the Malefic Polemic (d) Guy Debord (e) So What!
- [47] *Is swimming a useful pastime? ...* (a) I'm going to the Launderette (b) Have you seen the size of that one (c) I've forgotten my UB40 (d) No smoking-petting bombing etc.
- [48] *You see an extraordinarily beautiful girl/boy walking down the road. Do you? ...* (a) Wolf Whistle (b) Shout 'Get yer knickers off' (c) Yell 'Fuck off, Ugly' (d) Look the other way (e) Nicholas Parsons.
- [49] *You are an extraordinarily beautiful girl/boy walking down the road. Do you? ...* (a) Fall over (b) Elevate (c) Shout 'Fuck off, Mrs' at passing builders (d) Become 'wet' in that private area (e) Return to your analyst.
- [50] *What was Gallic Productions? ...* (a) A TV repair company (b) Modern Art (c) High-impact painting & decorating (d) An innovative way to play football (e) Mouse (f) Mrs Sandhu's apple-pie (g) Jim & Ralph being childish (h) Post industrial psychotic reflecto-trash (i) Who? (j) Plum (k) A rather unfunny joke (l) Worthwhile.

You scored

[1] a-0 b-1 c-1 d-2 [2] a-2 b-0 c-1 [3] a-0
b-0 c-0 d-2 [4] a-1 b-1 c-0 d-2 [5] a-0 b-2
c-2 d-1 [6] a-minus2 b-minus2 c-1 d-2 [7] a-0
b-2 c-0 d-2 [8] a-1 b-2 c-2 d-0 e-2 [9] a-0
b-0 c-0 d-2 [10] a-0 b-2 c-2 d-1 [11] a-0 b-
2 c-0 d-1 e-2 [12] a-0 b-1 c-2 d-1 e-2 f-0
[13] a-1 b-1 c-0 d-2 [14] a-1 b-0 c-0 d-2 e-
2 as long as you eat it all f-2 [15] a-1 b-0
c-0 d-0 e-2 [16] a-2 b-0 c-1 d-0 e-1 [17] a-
0 b-0 c-2 d-1 [18] a-1 b-2 c-0 d-2 [19] a-2
b-2 c-2 d-2 e-0 [20] a-1 b-0 c-1 d-2 [21] a-
1 b-0 c-2 d-1 [22] a-0 b-1 c-0 d-2 [23] a-0
b-0 c-2 d-2 [24] a-1 b-0 c-2 d-2 [25] a-1 b-
2 c-0 d-1 [26] a-0 b-0 c-2 d-2 [27] a-2 b-1
c-2 d-0 [28] a-0 b-0 c-2 d-1 e-0 f-1 [29] a-
0 b-0 c-2 d-0 e-0 f-0 g-1 [30] a-1 b-0 c-0
d-2 [31] a-1 b-0 c-2 d-2 e-0 [32] a-2 b-0 c-
0 d-0 e-1 [33] a-0 b-1 c-2 d-2 e-2 f-2 g-2 h-0 [34] a-0 b-1
c-1 d-2 e-2 [35] a-2 b-0 c-0 d-0 e-1 [36] a-0 b-1 c-2 d-2 [37]
a-0 b-1 c-1 d-0 e-0 f-1 g-2 [38] a-0 b-0 c-1 d-2 [39] a-0 b-1
c-1 d-2 [40] a-0 b-2 c-0 d-1 e-2 [41] a-0 b-0 c-0 d-1 e-2 f-2
[42] a-0 b-1 c-0 d-2 e-2 [43] a-0 b-1 c-2 d-minus2 e-2 [44] a-
1 b-1 c-2 d-1 e-2 d-2 [45] a-2 b-2 c-1 d-2 e-2 f-2 g-0 [46]
a-0 b-0 c-1 d-2 e-2 [47] a-0 b-1 c-0 d-2 [48] a-0 b-0 c-2 d-1
e-0 [49] a-1 b-2 c-2 d-2 e-0 [50] a-1 b-0 c-2 d-1 e-2 f-1 g-2
h-0 i-minus2 j-2 k-0 l-0.



If you scored 0-20 It means you are not remotely Gallic. You probably vote Tory, beat up women/aen, listen to Dire Straits records, hate foreigners, drink lager and hang around public toilets.

If you scored 21-40 You are 'normal'. This means you own your own home, have stopped having sex with your wife/husband/partner, drink a bit (but not to excess), drive a company car, like the idea of 'thinking' but don't often actually do it and will probably vote Labour next time around.

If you scored 41-60 It means that you are a 'bit' Gallic. You probably vote Green, experience 'Lost Weekends', have a wide taste in music, experiment with drugs, get depressed and are 'imaginative' in 'the sack'.

If you scored 61-80 You are 'strange'. This means you don't 'work' in the orthodox sense, believe that sex and drugs are the only interesting pastimes available in our culture, crash cars, read Barthes, Vaneigem and Foucault, embrace people who don't support the English cricket team and will probably create something 'wonderful' at a later date.

If you scored 81-99 It means that that you are 'so hip it hurts'. You are also mad!

If you scored 100 you are Jim or Ralph.

Where Are They Now - 9

Mark Coates-Smith (b. 1969).

A giant of a man rooted in the ungainly, unlikely form of a fellow who had never taken a day's exercise in his life. 'Big' as we nick-named him, was the sort of character I would wander away from at a party but he specialised in viola (and could handle a saxophone), attended the Royal College of Music and had been to school with Mark, so we thought 'What the Fuck' and gave him the benefit of the doubt.

He joined MethodRhythma at the birth (October 1988) and was, perhaps, one of the reasons that the first incarnation never really seemed like a band, more a school for infantile morons. One of his most outstanding achievements in the ten months he served with the organisation was his portrayal of the invisible letter-delivery man in 'Moustaches', considering this performance was worked out at only a few days notice I couldn't complain. He 'blew off' at the first three (GP38) MethodRhythma shows, often looking quite stooipid and dowdy beside the glamour costumery of the other members of the crew, Ralph commented after the Rock Garden show that the sax sounded like a 'fuckin kazoo', and he was correct, this bloke did not remotely understand the effort that goes into being a real musician.

His work on 'Perversion St' (large elements of which did not survive onto the final mix) will serve as his testament. You must make your own mind up! The end came when he made one to many racist comments, we stood by our principles, we'd given him a chance and he muffed it. He was sacked (August 1989) by letter (which was quite poetic considering his role in the film) and supposedly did not 'understand', he kept on phoning up. We recommend that he 'gets a life'. Ps: He probably failed his degree!

Atsushi Iizuka (b. 1965).

Atsushi bagged the drum job with MethodRhythma because he kept on knocking on Mark's (UCL) door. He was lucky, he had no drums and barely spoke any English, you would have thought we'd have learnt our lesson after the immigration nightmares with Dc, but our positive discrimination policy was in practice and he, therefore grabbed the sticks. To be truthful Jaz was the best drummer we ever had, skilful, lithe, sexual, determined and imaginative. Playing with him was a joy!

After some nerves at the first show, he mastered live work completely (playing all the GP38 gigs - including Paris and the first two GP62 ones), in the studio he was the consummate professional, sticks up, click-tracks etc. His rhythms helped make 'Perversion St' and (especially) 'Munbo Jumbo' the tapes that they were. For sixteen months (between Nov 1988 and Feb 1990) he generated the power in the Gallic rhythm section, Ralph was often smiling! In the early days we were amused by his 'strange' use of English, towards the end we were equally disturbed by his obsession with success (not a bad thing, taken in moderation!)

The 'Horror' took control after a skirmish with immigration at Ramsgate in Dec 1989, Jaz was refused entry! We got him back of course but his nerves were shattered, two months later he fled the organisation (a mere shadow of his former self). We were rightly disgusted, we'd housed him, helped him and stuck by him - all to no avail. He wanted out and he got it. I prefer to remember his work on 'Manacled' (acting and sound-recording), his contribution to the Gallic Times and his sense of humour. I don't think we ever understood him. He is now back in Japan working as a PE teacher.

DC's WORLD

One thing about Oriental wholes, at least male wholes, because I don't know about broads, when you buy them their body is yours to do whatever you want. This one I had was old enough to know the score and had probably been in the bar before. So we go in and have a beer at the bar, I slip this gum another five and he's all smiles. There were four white gums around my age, I found out later that two were Marines and two were sailors. Well, I wasn't going to stand around looking like a freak so I started undressing and told Safi to strip too. So we got all set up and I order beers for me and my whole. This one Marine walks up to the bar and hands the bartender a quarter and gets a pack of fuel grease. Then he walks over to this Jab gum who had a young gum standing next to him. They talk awhile, then this Jab said something to the young gum and he follows this Marine over to a table where the other Marine and two sailors were sitting. The Marine got the young Jab to start sucking his coats and when he got good and hard he bent the gum over the table, greased his dice up, slapped some up the gum's ass, and started fuming him. Off to one side a Jab study was getting picked on by another Jab, a real old Jab was getting his dice sucked by one of the young wholes. About that time a Jab around 50 with a pot bell walked over to me and in perfect English, and very politely, he asks; 'May I have the honour of picking on your friend?' I knew just what to tell him because the gum who had told me about this place had said it was considered good manners to let the other guests use your whole. So I give him a polite nod and told him to be my guest. He said something to Safi in Jabbed and Safi gets down on all fours and rests his head in his arms. This gum starts picking on his back and ass. When he got done he thanked me and wandered off. Well, by now I didn't need Safi to even touch my coat to get it hard. It was standing straight up, I got my drink and took Safi over to a small table by the wall and had him start sucking. I wasn't more than five feet from this Marine who was fuming this gum. There was a middle-aged Jab making a young gum drink his pies and the gum didn't seem to mind. About this time this Marine busted his nuts and one of the sailors got up on the table and told the kid to start to suck his coat. Boy, I couldn't take no more; I started busting my nuts and Safi sucked cup from my coat till I was weak. They had this rice wine and I started drinking it. Boy, I got drunker than a coot. These two Marines walked up to me and asked if I wanted them to pick on me. Shift, I'd never done anything like that except with a bud but boy, did I start letting it all hang out. 'Sure' I told them and I picked on them too. I must have sucked around six or seven disks that night and one of the sailors fumed me. I ain't seen nothing like it since.



STOP REG 2

3. World Cup - Okay, so we got it wrong, the Boys done (quite) good so far and from here who knows? By the way if England win the damn thing, Mark and I are having 'Bobby Robson' tattooed on our buttocks and I have sworn to have a framed photo of the bastard on my wall for the rest of my 'natural' life!

4. The final track on the FREE-STING cassette is an extract from 'Baroness Monique Von Cleef, arguably the world's most interesting dominatrix, disciplines a client in Tokyo, called Takasaki - The Real Stuff' - Spiral Series Tapes #10.

GT ARTS SECTION

OBIT: Mr and Mrs MethodRhythm would like it to be known that they have 'retired' from popular music, so that they can spend more time on tending their garden!

BIRTH: Semtex Pussy, the New Gallic band gigs [GP62 c&d] at Show Me, Kentish Town (Sun July 14th) & The New Moon Club, Pigalle, Paris (Tue July 24th) claim they are 'good for at least two bangs!'

GP32: DUNKING MADELAINES II.

Well folks, here we are again at one of the most interesting aspects of Gallic life - the solo careers. The 3 bands/members in the chair this evening are The Only Alternative (featuring DC Lord), myself, BananaFishFace with an old Droogs number radically changed with the Gallic crew and finally various tit-bits by the old hermit-wizard-thing Martyn Lucas. On waking this morning I played the tape with an enthusiastic verve but unfortunately I felt like I had been transported back in time to a hideous age when song titles such as The Only Alternative's 'Bill Haley Had A Dream' could be taken seriously. The singer sounds like he always wanted to be in a garage band (the best place for him!) while the music employs some really terrible grooves - who did write the lyrics? I'm sorry, DC, but since we all know that you personally are bursting with talent I can only assume that between 1984-85 you were either deaf or suffering from a period of insanity (*or just wanted to play some guitar - Ed!*) My own effort, created on a sunny Sunday afternoon at DC's squat in Islington, speaks for itself. I had only just joined the Gallic organisation and this was my first taste of the 'madness'. Love the horn! On to Martyn and for me, great talent. His is a selection of songs old and new which feel as if Marc Bolan, The Rolling Stones ('Just Like an Addict'), Gram Parsons and Charlie Manson got together on Saturday and played all weekend. My favourites are 'Don't Get Yourself in Jail' & 'I Could Be Anything' - a train driver. The rendition of 'Waiting For The Man' is masterful although I could have done without the lead intro. Read the accompanying letter in the Dunking Madelaines pamphlet.

'I was always a sucker for punishment, the body being the Temple, brick by brick I started to bring it down.' I hope someday you build it up again because as temple's go it's beautiful.

(8-Fish).

GP54 - LES CHANTS DE MALDOROR (abandoned).

"Cannot genius be cruelty's ally in the secret resolutions of Providence? Or, if cruel, can't one possess genius? God is the supreme drunkard."

For many years (since I was 21) I had harboured a desire to turn Isidore Ducasse (aka - Lautreamont)'s 'ultimate' novel into a motion picture. I knew that Kenneth Anger had attempted an avant-garde interpretation in the early 1950's but that it had never been completed, I also knew that a radical Japanese director had shot a version in the 'Land of the Rising Sun', but that remains unseen by myself! So it was into virgin territory that we ventured, the 'we' being myself, Mark and (occasionally) Colin

"The end of the 19th (20th) century shall see its poet - I alone against humanity."

During October/November last year we read the book aloud, attempting to both decipher hidden meanings and create the roughest of screenplays. The idea was for Mark to play Uncle Mal as set in his flat, Mirrors, cliff-tops, cemetrys, the City, blood and bandages, visions of God, hatred, child-molestation (destruction), lice eating thru a pig's head, matho books, churches, lamps floating in rivers (still burning), Magritte's paintings, nude males & females, sharks, sinking ships, the cleansing process of bathing; all would have played their part.

"The end justifies the means. The first thing in becoming famous is to have money. Now since you have none, you-must murder to get it. But as you are not strong enough to wield a dagger, be a thief, while waiting for your limbs to develop ... The love of fame excuses everything."

We made the amazing discovery that (1) Mark (Garana) was appalling at reading aloud & (2) that Isidore Ducasse was a homosexual.

"It is time to curb my inspiration and to pause a while along the way, as when one looks at a woman's vagina."



There would have also been the need to include: the fingering of pen-knives, dragons & eagles in flight, sexual intercourse with whores and loss of hair, the sniffing of arapits, attendance at the National Gallery, gay iconic photography, singling at book-shops, Bosch's paintings, staying awake for (at least) 36 hours, ranting at God, processions at a funeral, spiders on a human neck, gay mystical/magickal pick-ups, crabs, letters, sexual fantasies, police-murder victims, the clubbing of a 'boy' in a bag, lumps of meat tied to ropes & blood-red paint.

"Oh! If instead of being a hell this universe had been but an immense celestial anus - behold the gesture I make, hard by my lower abdomen; yes, I would have plunged my prick through it's blood-stained sphincter, smashing the very walls of its pelvis with my impetuous movements!"

The sadness of 'not making'. Sorry (Dr Bazza).

GP56: MOMENTS (c/d).

(c) Frankie Howard at the Lyric Hammersmith:

*We went to see Frankie
Oh yes we did
He was a lot lot funnier
Than Billy the Kid,*

*Now many sad people
Say Frankie is gay
But the man, he just titters
And says: 'Up Poupei'.*

*He said 'Yes', 'No', 'Don't'
And 'Titter Ye Not'
It was a mild April night
He was incredibly hot,*

*So get yer titters out
And sing a happy song
Frankie is God
May he live good and long,*

(Lots of Love, Ralph XXX),

(d) The 6th World P-Knuckle Championship (1990):

It was grooving, it was kicking, it was June 26th and time for the hardest fight in the World - Annual P-Knuckle, Zee Zee Ralph the Champion versus Bubba Jim the Challenger! Game 1 was hard-fought (15 hands), Jim was never behind, only dropping 15pts to Ralph's 233 in the first six hands, Eventually Ralph dropped out: 518 to Jim's 271, Game 2 was more straight-forward: Ralph was wiped out in eight swift hands, Amazingly he led after two, He was finally nailed by the 'big chicken': a 240 pick-up, sit on that one! (Jim laughed on 119!) Ralph was determined to continue and so they did, Game 3 was both bitter and twisted; 19 hands (count 'em) and nothing was given away, R led between hands 2-4 and then he started to drift, Jim's concentration was consistent with his new attitude and eventually the Champ conceded to the Challenger (going out 671 to 360!) The Tournament was the best-of-five 501 games and Jim won 3-0, He now leads 4-2 in Championships and is surely the greatest P-Knuckler in the World, Will Ralph have the bottle to enter the 1991 Championships, We shall see next year!

(Bobby Brown),

GP57: SCARIFIED.

From the legendary words: 'Good Evening we're called Asterix & the Gauls' thru the madness of the GP years, that is what is 'hiding' inside my Walkman ... (a) the neuroses of the teen-angst Brechtian Kabuki Theatre thang that 'hustled' it's way into the Mean Fiddler during 1986 ... (b) the show-biz attitude of the 'high-impact painting & decorating', minium R&B combo that almost hooked O'Dell in 1987 ... (c) the perversions of the electro/acoustic 'new age' Futurist rambling-terror of FEKM ... (d) the moistened cheeky God-squad Rock&Roll, merged with a complex analysis of stardom that called itself MethodRhythm, You get to hear, Emma's (never recorded) contributions to T-Mob, the creation of 'Magick Potion' on stage, Rap Humour during 1987, country songs about AIDS, Ralph's intros, what really happened in Paris and genuinely sad (unrequited) love songs, The best of Gallic gigs 12-38, What more could anybody ask for? £2000 in silver - 'Chukka-Chukka-Boom-Boom', 'As Isidore Ducasse said If you're scared Go Now', He didn't say that I did!

(Claire Raynor GBA),

The final chapter in the 'Monstrous' Morpheus Saga. For those of you who have forgotten, in the first part our hero was a young unemployed woman who exorcised her demons through the (uncontrolled) medium of dreams. Her 'failures' continued into the leading character of the second film: 'Mutual Murder', in this story we exchange the girl for a junky drug-dealer. He attempts to kick his habit with some success until his life is once again disrupted by 'failure', the junk. Film 3 moved off on a tragicomic tangent, the central character was utterly flawed; broke, pregnant wife, no prospects, he gets dragged into a hideous sex-adventure where the 'monstrous' Beard family try to 'capture' his moustache, for the first time in the saga our hero not only escapes, but also receives a large inheritance. A happy ending, perhaps.

In 'Manacled' the central character switches from Billy Baz (failure until he gets his act together and dead afterwards) to Delores (total failure at trying to escape) to the Sheriff (the final victor). The familiar 'monstrous' images are recurrent throughout the picture, Emma's hat is worn by Billy, the classical bench reappears in the final frames, Jim once again plays the 'taunting' psychotic role, the Beards have evolved into the Tiddlewoods, there is once again a Bible on the bed and finally Bruce goes cross-eyed (a la Trek and the drugged meal) when he swigs his scotch in the pub. Wait until late summer when the complete 'Monstrous' will be released to spot further obsessions (connections)!

The story is a psychological Western, Matt's balladeer helping the aged feel of the film. Bruce is excellent as Billy Baz, his own drink problem and fragmented state of mind perfectly reflecting Billy's own tragic position. (Bruce took the role at only a few weeks notice and for this deserves many thanks!) Mark's portrayal of Maggot demonstrates that not only is he a thoroughly nasty piece of work but should also have gone to Hollywood to work with Peckinpah (if he'd been old enough.) Wendy does Delores like a dream, literally 'coming to life' on the screen, the viewer develops from feeling nothing for this 'victim' to being with her when Billy is gunned down. Christian is a 1930's gangster (nuff said). Colin embraces his second 'freak' role with relish turning what was only a cartoon role into a politico-socio examination. (Love the way he reads 'Watchmen' and 'Quasimodo Mouse'!) Ma Tiddlewood is played with melodramatic magnificence by Ma Sanders, is this woman actually insane? No room to mention the smaller parts but all were good, especially LJ's 'leap', Jaz's broken English and Mike's stand-in/voice-over.

To attempt to 'shoot' a Western in Mal(town)vern was an extremely ambitious (foolhardy?) endeavour. The methods used to negate the obvious weaknesses are entertaining: the sheriff in a video-editing suite, various later incidents appearing behind him on the screen, the concept of uncontrolled dream as reality. The suspension of believability is encouraged from the start. Ralph's camera-work is interesting, swinging from limited, one-view hotel bedroom stuff to random surrealism in the Tiddlewood's splendid hide-out, (cheers, Bruce). The shoot-out is delicious, blood (ketchup?) everywhere. From 'The Covered Wagon' through a Fordian bar-scene to the Anthony Mann anti-hero, the Peckinpah shoot-out and the constant 'Lonesome Cowboy' gay elements, Jim has dragged in every segment of Western movie history. Pamela Bordes is old news and this surely is 'Bob's Full House'! (Lo! Huysmouse).

GP67 - SUNK & DROWNED.

Since the last edition of 'Whaling', much has occurred. The Japanese doctor has gone home to Tokyo and we have acquired by dubious means a new cabin boy. I, the cook have taken it upon myself to write a few lines on this momentous subject. Well, it is a little like listening to an evolution of various ideas through Magazine to Can, from the bearded wonder Captain Beefheart's eventual mind rhythms to the Faces and back again - yo ho. Some of the early numbers show how instrumentation and innovation can eventually blend into works of gigantic proportions such as 'Dirt' & 'Negation'. Although they are also interesting in their own right, ditties like 'Soldier' etc lack solid rhythm and therefore become a little monotonous (a little like peeling 3,000,000 potatoes - yo ho!) Once Dr Lord joined the ensemble things improved enormously, overnight life simply got more FUNKY. The beginning songs on side 3 were my first initiation in the art of cooking the Gallic broth and were an immensely entertaining experience. MethodRhythm in it's wonderfully bizarre second phase let Matt loose with his lead guitar thang and before we knew it he was demanding to be called 'Ron of the Wood' rather than the proverbial Cindy. Question; What ever did happen to Seduction No94 in our cabaret? In the final stages of MethodRhythm, now transmuted into Sentex Pussy, we have decided to lead the cabin boy into the depths of Noize, he would seem to be much happier there. Oh well, back to the oven. I still haven't checked the hors d'oeuvres yet. Yours,
The Cook (aka BananaFishFace).



GP68 (a) - MANNA.

The Cheese Liberation Organisation was intended to be an active assault on the 'dreardom' of day-to-day life. Sadly, time, madness and the pressures of 'living in a bottle' have meant that it had to be abandoned. What we can offer you is the manifesto ...

(1) Mice eat Cheese (2) Mice eat Speed (3) Mice are God (4) Cheese is inmaterial (enantalle) (5) Ah! Wrong manifesto (6) Cheese is the staple diet of mice / Greedy humans eat cheese / This is

intolerable / The Cheese Barons must be tried before the Mouse Courts (7) Cheese manifestoes are not edible (8) All foreign Cheeses should be exterminated (9) A single Cheese is the God of our century - Matt (10) Acid Cheese parties should be started (11) Cheese-Bombs will be placed in any shop that sells Cheese (12) I am not a number - I'm a free Cheese (13) Milko & Butter are not Cheese (14) Cheeses 'maturing' in caverns and caves must be freed (15) Cheese is nice and so are Mice (16) Un ... I've lost the thread a bit here. (17) FREEDOM FOR MICE AND THEIR FOOD!

GP69 - LIMBO THEORY (DEEPER INTO LOVE).

'The Fear of Being Seduced': If seduction is a passion or destiny, it is usually the opposite passion that prevails - that of not being seduced. We struggle to confirm ourselves in our truth; we fight against that which seeks to seduce us. In this struggle all means are acceptable, ranging from relentlessly seducing the other in order not to be seduced oneself, to pretending to be seduced in order to cut all seduction short.

The hysteric combines the passion of the seduction with that of simulation. She protects herself from seduction by offering booby-trapped signs which, even as they put themselves forward in exaggerated fashion, cannot be believed. The scruples, the excessive remorse, the pathetic advances and endless entreaties, her way of spinning events so that they dissolve and she herself becomes elusive, the giddiness she imposes on others, and the deception - it is all seductive deterrence, whose obscure objective is less to seduce than to never let oneself seduce. The hysteric has no intimacy, emotions or secrets. She is entirely given over to external blackmail, to the ephemeral but total credibility of her 'symptoms', the absolute need to be believed (like the mythomaniac with his stories) but at the same time, to disappoint all belief - and this without appealing to some shared delusion. An uncompromising demand, but completely insensitive as to its response. A demand that is put into question by its choreography, and by the effect of its signs. Seduction too marks the truth of signs, but makes it into a reversible appearance, while the hysteric plays with the signs but without sharing them. It is as if she appropriated the entire process of seduction for herself, as if she was bidding with herself, while leaving the other only the ultimatum of her hysterical *conversion*, without any possible *reversion*. The hysteric succeeds in making her own body a barrier to seduction: a seductress paralyzed by her own body and fascinated by her own symptoms. And who speaks to patriarchy others in turn, by an elusiveness that seeks to allay suspicions, but remains only a pathetic psychodrama. If seduction is a challenge, hysteria is blackmail. (Jean Baudrillard - 'Seduction' 1979).

GP4-70 - THE GALLIC TIMES #2-14.

The original Gallic Times was started in 1981 and abandoned in 1982, the intentions were to spread lies/gossip, inform and demonstrate 'attitude'. Sadly the documents have been lost! We resurrected the paper in 1987 closely aligned with the 'active' period of Gallic History: Gallic Productions. The early editions (2,3,4) were the 'baby' of Jim and Ralph, the remaining numbers have been more closely dominated by Jim. Areas of specialisation (or Gallic Guides to ...) have involved such varied subjects as AIDS, UK and USA Elections, Sex, Magick (especially with regard to Crowley), Drugs (inc Drink & Smokes), Murder, Music (Beefheart, The Velvet Underground, Punk Rock & Nol singles), Art Movements (Futurism, dada, Surrealism, Lettrists & The Situationists), Terrorism, Movies (Silents, Oscar Winners), Revolutionaries, The 1980s & Mystical Anarchists of the Middle Ages. We hope you found it interesting. We certainly did!

There have been countless subjects that we have not had time to cover, including: The Nazi's & the Occult, Wilhelm Reich, 1968, the History of Pre-War Gang culture, the French 'Poets maudit', Mythology, Existentialism & the Beatniks, the History of Porno, Rock'n'Roll Babylon (like Anger's Hollywood only more disturbing!), Reggae, The Comedians (from Lenny Bruce on ...) & South America. Sorry! (Fred Flintstone).

King Mob

57

Thus the army held the bridges and military rule ensued; *"Occasional shots could be heard in different parts of the town where gangs of desperadoes had made strongholds among the ruins or on roof-tops from which they opened fire whenever the red-coat of a soldier appeared."* There were many tragedies, in Gin Lane, as the distillery burnt, the fireman connected their hoses to cellars of pure gin (they thought they were going to get water) and created a blazing nightmare. The army rapidly got out-of-control, many rioters were court-martialed and hung from lamp-posts. A mob on one of the bridges was charged and bayoneted (20 dead, 32 wounded). The people of Britain were disgusted with the extremes of the military and the government was forced to disassociate itself from the actions on the streets. The reprisals were extreme and virulent, hundreds of demonstrators were rounded up, Lord George Gordon, himself was arrested and taken to the Tower. So who was involved in this most extraordinary of British uprisings? From the records we learn that this was one occasion when the young (radical) rich, the craftsmen and the poorest gathered in unison. *"The trials of those caught offered amongst the condemned: two gypsies, a West Indian slave, a demented cross-eyed beggar, three abscesses-covered climbing boys and a negro prostitute (sex unspecified)."* Legend has it that William Blake (age 23) was caught up in the crowd that destroyed Newgate! The government claimed that *"not less than 850"* died, the rioters had killed no-one.

The trials took place between 29 June & 11 July, 68 were sentenced to death, of which 18 were hung and 50 transported (actually kept in hideous conditions on the moored prison ships!) Lord George Gordon (after postponements) was tried during February 1781, he was found 'Not Guilty'. He continued in politics, speaking to crowds and challenging the Shop Tax Bill (1782). The connection between 'Gordon & Liberty' was not forgotten by the people of Britain, in 1786 he was excommunicated by the Archbishop of Canterbury, in the same year he protested against the reintroduction of deportation (by the time of the abolition of said practice, 150,000 prisoners had been shipped abroad!) During the same year he published a pamphlet criticising the French administration (remember the French Revolution was now only three years away!) He was arrested for this crime(?) and on the eve of his trial in 1787, he fled to Holland and 'disappeared'. (The likelihood was that he would be executed for his 'insults' of the French administration). Some months later he returned to England, but by now was a changed man, he had converted to Judaism (circumcision et al) and hid out in the Froggery area of Birmingham, where by all accounts he was treated with a *"respect that verged on veneration."* In 1788 he was apprehended again and sentenced to five years in prison and a fine of £15,000 (his family would not pay it for him!) In Newgate Prison he was a model detainee, often conversing with foreigners, playing his violin and singing revolutionary songs. As was the custom in British prisons, he was treated as an aristocrat. After 1789 he held out immense hopes of being saved (freed) by the new French revolutionary government but nothing happened. He died in 1793 (still locked up!)

It bears repeating that at no time since 1780 has Britain experienced any sort of uprising on the scale of The Gordon Riots. The recent 'trouble' in Trafalgar Square was the merest blip in comparison to the 1790 attacks on The Arsenal (Woolwich), Lambeth Palace and Buck House!

Bibliography: C Hibbert - 'King Mob' // J Nicholson - 'The Great Liberty Riot of 1780'.



boozed out

- 'A woman drove me to drink and I never even had the courtesy to thank her' (WC Fields).
- History; 9,000BC - Beer and wine were being consumed for pleasure / 3,500BC - Alcohol production (shown on Egyptian papyrus) / 1,000AD - Beginning of spirit distillation / 1720-50 - The Gin Epidemic (eventually curbed by high taxation) / Industrial 19th Century - The birth of modern (widespread) alcohol production - at the same time the temperance movement swings into action!
- "Man being reasonable, must get drunk - the best of life is but intoxication." (Lord Byron).
- The normal 'booze' consumed by us all is *ethyl* alcohol (a mixture of carbon, hydrogen and oxygen). Freaks get into: *methyl* alcohol (solvent

in paint-stripper and anti-freeze), *so-propyl* alcohol (aftershave, toilet waters) & *methylated spirits* (a combination of methyl and ethyl alcohols!) Bruce informs me that to drink 'meths' safely one should mix one part meths with five parts milk!

- Sobering up takes one hour for every one standard drink (pint/short). Cirrhosis of the liver takes fifteen years of heavy drinking. It normally takes between five and fifteen years to become an alcoholic.

- The DT's start with the shakes and then ... *"The symptoms are florid. There is great restlessness and agitation. In the hospital ward the patient, weak as he is, may have to be restrained by two or more people before he can be got into bed. He is never still, tossing and turning restlessly, constantly engaged in conversation, switching from person to person, from subject to subject at the smallest stimulus and frequently shouting salutations and warnings to distant passers-by. His hands, grossly tremulous, clutch at bedclothes; continuously he tries to pluck from them imaginary objects, shining silver coins, burning cigarettes, playing cards or bedbugs. He is prey to ever changing visual hallucinations and may shield his face from menacing or attacking objects, animal or man. He is completely disorientated. He may not know where he is, the time of day, the date or the month. No words can do justice to the picture of fully developed delirium tremens during the hours or days before the patient falls exhausted into a deep sleep. He generally emerges from this little worse and with his memory for the recent events mercifully blunted."*

- There are seven major Brewers in the United Kingdom: Bass (21% - 13 Breweries, 7500 Pubs); Allied Breweries (16% - 6 Breweries, 7250 Pubs); Watney, Mann & Truman (14% - 9 Breweries, 6800 Pubs); Whitbread (12% - 8 Breweries, 6000 Pubs); Scottish & Newcastle (10% - 4 Breweries, 1400 Pubs); Courage (9% - 3 Breweries, 5000 Pubs); Guinness is No 7 but they don't own any Pubs!

- *"Sobriety diminishes, discriminates and says No. Drunkenness expands, unites and says Yes. It is in fact the great exciter of the Yes function in man ... The drunken consciousness is one bit of the mystic consciousness and our total opinion of it must find its place in our opinion of the larger whole."* (Aldous Huxley).

H U L O U

DR HUNTER S. THOMPSON

Hunter Thompson is 52 years old. He began his literary career as a sportswriter before taking up residence at the National Affairs desk of *Rolling Stone* magazine. His first book; *Hells Angels* (1966) was the first serious analysis of gang culture, his second: *Fear & Loathing in Las Vegas* (1971) tears the shit outta the American Dream in a melange of drugs, cars and paranoia, *Fear & Loathing on the Campaign Trail '72* (1973) is a nigh-on perfect work of political observation. There are also two volumes of essays: *The Great Shark Hunt* (1979) & *Generation of Swine* (1988). His style of journalism is like something akin to a speed-rush, he calls it 'Gonzo'.



Classic tales with regard to Thompson include the time he ordered a couple of blasts of smack while talking to Edward Kennedy. How he was nearly arrested by the FBI (due to the arsenal of weapons in the boot of his car) and how he spent the night drinking and comparing guns with them. How he tried to paint "Fuck the Pope" on the side of an American Cup boat in the middle of the night. But nothing compares to his most recent adventure he was charged with possession of drugs, explosives and sexual assault (the assault charge was obviously set up!) Luckily the charges were dropped. Hunter's comment: "They should have hit me when I was guilty. They came after me at the wrong time." Time for a(nother) celebratory orgy!

THE FACES June 1969 - December 1975.

Rod Stewart had sung with Jimmy Powell & the Dimensions, Long John Baldry, The Soul Agents, Steampacket and Shotgun Express. Ronnie Wood had 'plucked his axe' with The Birds (London version) and Creation. Ian McLagen, Ronnie Lane and Kenny Jones had achieved success (*Here Comes the Nice*, *Itchycoo Park* & *Lazy Sunday Afternoon*) with The Small Faces. Wood & Stewart were with Jaff Beck, Steve Marriott had left the Small Faces. Thus was the heritage! The band started slowly, poor Lps but stunning

live 'beer & football' gigs. Stewart said: "We're very close to each other, we're going to be together for life!" Lps: 'First Step' (Mar 70), 'Long Player' (Mar 71), 'A Mod's as Good as a Wink' (Nov 71) & 'Doh La La' (Apr 73). Lane left in May 73, a Japanese, Tetsu Yamauchi took his place. One final Lp followed: 'Coast to Coast' (Jan 74). Four singles made the charts: 'Stay With Me' (6), 'Cindy Incidentally' (2), 'Poolhall Richard' (8) & 'You Can Make Me Dance' (12). After they split, Rod went on to immense world-wide fame (and fortune), Wood joined the Rolling Stones, Kenny Jones joined The Who, Ronnie Lane developed Multiple Sclerosis and the others disappeared. Never did any band so perfectly represent the madness of 'being a lad' and never was the 'shag' (or 'pineapple') haircut boasted by better deserving heads.



Rod & Ron

IF YOU'VE GOT A PAIN IN YOUR SPORRAN

WRITE TO..... UNCLE Warren



Dear Uncle Warren, I am a professional football fan with two broken legs. Laid up, as I am, I have placed bets on the World Cup Final. Who do you think will win?

Love Bozzer,

Vin? What? World Cup? Nobody told me, I've been watching American football on Channel 4, I'm a turd.

Dear Uncle Beatty, Is it true about you and Madonna? If it is I'm gonna getcha - You shouldn't treat people that way - You're so vain, I'm gonna earn my colors on you and that aint no Shanghai Surprise,

Love Sean,

Clouds in your coffee, indeed! I'm off on my Lear jet with my chums: Goneril, Regan and the Fool, Prithee Nuncle!

Dear Wozzer, My gran just exploded (into a thousand tiny fragments) while watching the popular video: 'Animal Farm', I told her you shouldn't do that with large beasts. I think 'Mad Cow Disease' is an invisible banana,

Yours Emelyn,

Moooo, Call me Napoleon, Mooooo, I've passed my BCE's, Mooooo.

Dear Brian, Since you've moved I'm not sure if I've got the right address. Anyway, following on from our phone conversation I am not a 'batty old cow' and I will say 'twaddle' like that if I so please on or off your show, So stick that in your pipe and snark it,

Joyce in Wimbledon,

How old are you, Joyce? What are you doing for dinner, tonight? - Warren Beatty.

Dear Ray, How are you? It's been a long time, There are many strange elements involved in growing up these days, But I've tried, I truly have, Do you have any ideas of what I should do next?

Yours Jim,

I haven't a clue, How about a career in politics/football/big business - the world is your cloister, - Padre Ray.

Dear U.N.C.L.E, Have got the microfilm, captured the double-agent and eliminated President Zawolski, What next?

Napoleon Solo,

Go home, shave, drink a bottle of Rum, grind the cocaine and elevate, see ya. - Ilya Kulriakin.

THE PEN (LE PEN)
 A PEN (OPEN) (HAPPEN)
 PLAY(ING) PEN.

Cuthbert's Monday choice had lain between plastic laminate drain-pipe shining and the devilish pursuit of free word association. He had no eye for the future. 'Free' excited him, to the point of bed-wetting, and 'association' had that little lower case intriguing catch. 'I used to be good at that when I was at the local ecole' Cuthby jangled. But 'uh-oh' that faculty seems to be draining away (associations: sand through the fingers, catching a butterfly, in a puff of smoke) PEN - PEN(IS). He hurled his imagination around his brain, beating it into production, all he got was PENIS. He took the letters separately, he pronounced them in the most aboriginal of accents but still no freedom occurred in his associations. Furiously gnawing his lower lip he ran out into the street and bought a Snickers bar.

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PLAYPEN



WHO'S WHO IN 'CORRO'?

Percy Sugden - Oc Lord // Curly Watts - MG Sanders // Jack Duckworth - Bruce Cochrane // Rita Fairclough - Wendy Douglas // Alec Gilroy - Jia Sanders // Derek Wilton - Ralph Tittley // Mavis Wilton - Matt Biffa // Emily Bishop - Colin Glen // Alf Roberts - Guy Tittley // Gail Tilsey - Julie McGill // Kevin Webster - Henry // Sally Webster - Al // Ken Barlow - Guy Tresize // Vera Duckworth - Ambie // Mike Baldwin - LJ Sanders // Bet Lynch - Kate // Dierdre Barlow - D Sanders.

WHAT WAS THE NAZGUL?

A group that I started at school which entailed not playing sport, getting lost and wearing bat ties. There were ten of us, so one had to be Sauraman. We had a tree in the middle of town where we used to meet and discuss future plans such as grafitti or model-making. Unfortunately, as always, we had the problem that very few of the group were totally serious or maybe it's perverse that Dave and I were. Yes, P80 was a real Nazgul, a man so lazy, untalented and morose that he even went down a year at school and made new friends just to make the point. He is the only one left who continues the Nazgul philosophy and dropped yet another year at Glasgow University because he owed £700- for a new carpet in his Halls of Residence. The rest have occasionally cropped up at gigs and in Gallic films, they were all good fun once upon a time but a deep-rooted conventionality caught up with them in the end. On a final note, I always preferred the Art-Set-Anarchists, but that's another story

The Nazgul were: Mark Sanders (later a central member of the Gallic organisation), Dave Gardiner (shy and eccentric), Morgan Rees (the Swiss hermit), Tarek Ballout (actor in 'Moustaches', expelled from Gallic Productions, November 1989), Piers Boothman (assistant/actor in 'Moustaches'), Angus Duncanson (who saw a T-Mob gig), Harry Fantum (who witnessed the final MethodRhythm show at the Opera on The Green), Neville Shapter (?/?), James Brumwell (Mg shared a flat with him and Jim has a pair of his underpants) & Jack Stewart (assistant on 'Moustaches').

(BananaFishFace).

SKINHEADS WITH DR MARTIN BOOTS.

So what are the aesthetics of violence? 'I don't really know' (Mavis). Last year Ralph shaved all my hair off, I enjoyed it both as an ascetic experience and for the sexual element (more of that later). To have no hair is to be naked to the world. People take one look at you and get out of your way, the proud possessor of the barren scalp has something to stroke and most important of all you don't have to wash it! Dylan Jones in his book *'Hair Cults'* claims that now the 'total crop' is only boasted by *'art students, neurotic boy outsiders, graphic designers and painters the world over.'* Who cares, it makes yer head feel like yer dick and that's enough for me! The boots on the other hand are crucial, I don't have room to go into the complexities of lace-colour, number of holes etc, suffice to say an entire language can be disseminated from the various 'signs'. DM's feel good on the feet, no-one is going to mess with you and they're great for working in. Pop. *(Tony Wedge).*

DANCING WITH THUNDER PUSSY.

Dancing is my way of releasing anxiety, pressure, sadness, happiness, energy and to keep fit. I love dancing. I go out all the time to dance (and get drunk and smoke loads of cigarettes, a bit of a contradiction in terms, don't you think?) When I



dance it makes me feel happy, even if I'm extremely depressed, I love the feeling of moving my body in all sorts of ways to music. To me, dancing is very sexual (well the way I do it, you may think otherwise), using up lots of energy and reaching a climax, what happens after depends on how much I've had to drink. Most of the people I go out dancing with don't like dancing as much as I do, but I usually enjoy meeting other dancers at the clubs who are into dancing as much as I am (usually men), and 'beating' the shit out of them. A lot of the dancefloors in London Clubs are dominated by very good male dancers, who think they're the 'business', but when they encounter 'Thunder Pussy' they don't know what hit them. If you want to experience this then come out with me one night and I'll show you the way!!!
(Batty Patty).

GREEN ISSUES.

What is 'Green' and what is not? Well for a start most of my old underwear is green but that's a personal problem. Now then, enough, let's go - ah, yes - You know all these washing-up powders that claim to be 'bio-degradable' so that the conscientious consumer can feel safe in purchasing them - most of them are bio-degradable indeed but over a period of several years - sometimes as many as ten - yes - ten! That's ten years of harmful phosphates and nitrates clogging up rivers and ponds with algi, killing fish and other marine wildlife by the bucketful. Now a truly 'green' washing powder will be degradable into harmless substances in three - yes - three days! The whole point of being green is in attempting not to screw up the natural order of things - in nature everything is dependent on something else - a system that supports itself - from the smallest to the largest - man is the only animal that damages the system - by introducing foreign chemicals, by depleting the ozone, by throwing away unrenueable resources etc, etc - in the end there will be nothing left except a grey and drab world. And it's your fault. So there!!
(Roger Melly).

"Shut up! I want to be promoted as a madman whose influences come from trees, wind, earth, birds, fire and water, stamping my muddy boots all over EMI's well-tended carpets. I'm the last dustbinman. Every record I've made is complete garbage. Especially the new one."

Lee 'Scratch' Perry, 3.10.87

SWEETS.

Yum Yum Gimme Some! I love sweets, I love going down to the shops and buying chocolate, gum, candy, whatever ... I don't know why I eat sweets, maybe it's some

perverse form of 'immediate gratification'? I never settle on any particular brand-name, I flit and switch like a perpetual dilettante. Today Fry's Mint choc, tomorrow 'Tootie Fruities'. From Chocolate cigarettes to Opal Fruits, from 'Ripples' to 'Smarties' - always change. If a new form of chocolate is invented I immediately run my own perverse form of testing; ie: eat until yer sick! Ever since I was a little boy I've 'stuffed my gullet' with all types of sweet products and to this very day I consider it one of the few fascinating and disturbing pastimes left to man. My history of severe dental care is the price I've paid for this indulgence but it's been worth it for 'the taste of paradise'. 'Here's £2 get me a pack of fags and get yourself some candy with the change!'

(Rotten Toothy).

ON CONSUMPTION.

I love going out shopping. The greatest pleasure for me is finding lots of bargains. I am a bargain-hunting queen. I believe in value for money, but if I get an item which is cheap and I know it is worth a lot more then I am ecstatic. I think the reason for this is because I don't have lots of money and am damned if I am going to pay the RRP when I can get it cheaper. I have a wide knowledge about consumer goods, from washing machines to carpets and I can tell you where you can purchase them at a good price. Consuming is something we all do every day of our lives, but there is an art to it and I think I've mastered it. Obviously I've got a lot more to learn, but I can say that I have never been 'ripped off' and if I ever am that person's life wouldn't be worth living. So if you fancy a relaxing day hunting out all those bargains, You know who to ask!

(Dee Lirious).

COOKERY CORNER.

MUSHROOM SOUP; 8oz of Mushrooms (large black ones), 1 clove garlic (optional), 2 sprigs of parsley, 2oz of butter, 2pts/chicken/veg stock, nutmeg, salt & pepper & 2 thick slices of brown bread. Wipe mushrooms, chop garlic, -break parsley off stalk, melt butter in large spoon over low heat. Tear mushrooms into it, increase the temperature, stir till juices flow, add stock, garlic, parsley, nutmeg, seasoning & bread. Boil for 10 mins - watching & stirring. Liquidize mixture without making it completely smooth. Check seasoning & serve. Garnish - a swirl of cream & chopped parsley.

(Ma TiddleBeardWood).

THE POLL TAX (AND WHY YOU SHOULDN'T PAY!)

Perhaps the best reason for not paying the hideous P-Tax is because it's greedy, unfair, selfish, silly, moronic, unworkable and absolutely typical of this (fascist) Tory government's idea of justice. None of the Gallic Times contributors have paid

BRIAN WALKS OUT

RADIO host Brian Hayes walked out yesterday in a row over his phone-in show. Bosses at London's LBC wanted to move him from his morning slot. Hayes - the "rudest man on radio" - said he had been "sacrificed". But programme planner Charlie Cox said talks were still going on.



RUDE: Hayes

and rightly so. Anybody who does pay should be soundly spanked by their parents! If you are 'caught' then send the Council a cheque for £1 (it'll take 'em months to realise), alternately pay weekly in 1p pieces. There will be no refunds when the tax is abolished. We're not Poles, anyway!

POETRY CORNER

Bad Times
(Berty Brecht)

The tree tells why it bore no fruit,
The poet tells why his lines went wrong,
The general tells why the war was lost,

Pictures, painted on brittle canvas,
Records of exploration, handed down to the forgetful
Great behaviour, observed by no one,

Should the cracked vase be used as a pisspot?
Should the ridiculous tragedy be turned into a farce?
Should the disfigured sweetheart be put in the kitchen?

All praise to those who leave crumbling houses,
All praise to those who bar the door against a demoralised friend,
All praise to those who forget about the unworkable plan,

The house is built of the stones that were available,
The rebellion was raised using the rebels
that were available,
The picture was painted using the colours
that were available,

Meals were made of whatever food could be had,
Gifts were given to the needy,
Words were spoken to those who were present,
Work was done with the existing resources,
wisdom and courage,

Carelessness should be forgiven,
More would have been possible,
Regret is expressed,
(What good could it do?)

What Are the Politics of Boredom



During November 1918
Johannes Baader (Berlin
DADAist & lunatic) rode
into Berlin Cathedral on
a horse and declared
'Christ is a Sausage!'



NOTHING
IS
TR-UE

EVERYTHING
IS
PERMITTED

London: gauls-EYE

NORF LONDON: For nine long and bitter years I have laboured and lumbered in the district of this city that they call: Islington, the place has also boasted the only self-confessed gay MP, the birth of CND, the entire cast of 'Eastenders' and virtually everything else besides. I (quite) like North London because what I want is close at hand: Compendium in Camden, Karlo Marx in Highgate, the Everyman in Hampstead, Mole Jazz in Kings X and so on ... I particularly enjoy the fact that whereas South London specialises in mugging, this part of town sees itself as the home of the 'shooter': 'there's no such thing as human rights when you walk the Essex Road'. The IRA element is slightly tedious but at least the number of bombings in hard-core Irish areas are low (and that makes me safe!) I refuse to discuss the outer aspects of Norf Landen because all the outer areas of this city are either bourgeois suburbs or working-class ghettos. As Green (of Scritti Politti) wrote: "You stuck in North London - You're days will drag and they will form a lifetime - You know too much, Baby!" (Jim Sandyfoot).

EAST LONDON: I don't know it, I only visited the place. They aren't all fascists, I disclaim this. I know some of the people because I worked with them (they were all fascists!) East London is lively, family-orientated. I never went to a disco there but Ronford disco is apparently so good for 'totty' that people travel miles to be humiliated by the bouncers. It's a market-town and quite like Ladbury because of it. I quite like East London, it's a lot better than Central London. (Bruce Cockney).

WEST LONDON: The view from Gaul, West London is built around that great avenue of rural escape - the A40. From Marble Arch to Uxbridge there are many interesting boroughs: Notting Hill, home of the Record & Tape Exchange and a so-so cinema, also the boring and twee Portobello Rd, Ladbroke Grove and the West's answer to the Railton Rd - All Saints - high crime rates and stone throwing youths. Nb Michael Moorcock and Hawkwind had links with Ladbroke Grove - it went downhill from then on. [The Gallic floating retreat is at present moored at the top of Ladbroke Grove]. Shepherd's Bush - BBC-studios, Wogan, a roundabout and a good donut shop, also Opera on the Green. Chiswick - a couple of Hi-Fi shops, traffic jams and Crow; the Gallic Workshop, North Kensington; Kilravock St; a Gallic Hotel, Harlesdon - The Mean Fiddler and that's it. Greenford - not much except a canal. Southall - a haven of beautiful foods and snacks. Staines - Airport City. Hillingdon - a good place to hitch-hike. Uxbridge - Gateway (Stairway - Ed?) to Heaven. (Ray Totty).

SARF LONDON: Well wots there to say 'bout sarf London, I am the genuine article, unfortunately. Born in Lewisham, SE13, went to nursery and primary school, up to the age of ten, Forest Hill, SE23, then went to secondary school at Catford, SE6. Wow, what a wonderful life in these SE regions. There's not much to say 'bout it. There's Greenwich Market, not far away, where you can also take in the Cutty Sark and stand on the meridian line. There's Lewisham Shopping Centre, not really a tourist attraction however. There's a few pubs around, but I can't recommend them because I didn't go to many. Deptford Market, not bad and full of bargains. Albany Empire, Deptford not a bad venue. Lewisham Town Hall, where I once saw Gladys Knight and those Pips. Lewisham Hospital with Lewisham Library next to it. Lewisham BR Station which is one of my favourite places because it's LRT's alternative to getting the hell out of there, (Lewisham that is). It's not really that bad, if you want to know then just ask me, I can definitely cover Sarf London more extensively than this. There's Camberwell, Peckham, Rotherhithe, Kidbrooke, Beckenham, Bromley (sorry that's Kfut), New Cross, Elephant & Castle, Ladywell (Wendy Dougood).

wrote to Erasmus of Rotterdam: "We in these parts are living in wretched anxiety because of the way the revolt of the Anabaptists has flared up. For it really did spring up like fire. There is, I think, scarcely a village or town where the torch is not glowing in secret. They preach community of goods, with the result that all those who have nothing come flocking." The authorities recognised the threat and made being Anabaptist a capital offence in all the neighbouring principalities. Many practitioners were executed.

Inside Munster books were banned, there was mass book-burnings and only the Bible was considered worthy literature. (This served to halt any challenge to Anabaptist theology.) During Easter 1534, Matthys died, he had led a sortie against the besieging army and was literally cut to pieces. Jan Bockelson took command in Munster; he was the bastard son of a Dutch village Mayor, a man of moderate education who had served an apprenticeship as a tailor and worked in theatre (writing, producing, acting). As a leader he was supreme, both mystical and intelligent, (he needed to be, to control a town of 10,000 inhabitants!). In early May he ran naked through the streets in a frenzy and then fell into a silent ecstasy. When he recovered he re-designed the town authority structure, with himself at the top and 12 elders as administrators (the same design as Ancient Israel). Murder, theft, lying, slander, avarice and quarrelling were made capital offences. Sexual conduct was orthodox until Bockelson decided to introduce polygamy (there were three times as many women as men in the town!). This latest revolutionary development met with severe resistance, a coup - brutally put down with 50 dead. Bockelson married Matthys's widow and soon had a harem of 15 wives. Before too long 'free love' was in full practice. Meanwhile defence of the town was proving a success, pamphlets were fired into the enemy camp, offering money to the mercenaries. By August 1534 the Bishop's assaults were futile.

The Messiah of the Last Days: John of Leyden as King. Following a perverse incident when a local goldsmith declared Bockelson - 'King of the World', the Dutch revolutionary took up that self-same title! "I shall still reign ... over the whole world, for the Father will have it so; and my kingdom which begins now shall endure and know no downfall!" Bockelson dressed in ornate robes, wore a crown, carried a sceptre, sat on a golden throne, and travelled with a massive entourage. New phrases graced the language: "The Word has become Flesh and dwells in us" and "One King over all, One God, one Faith, one Baptism." Meanwhile he restricted any forms of ostentation amongst the people of the town, the people were kept quiet with constant millennial prediction and Free Spirit fantasy. Bockelson consolidated his power by (a) operating a most hideous 'terror' on the people (b) surrounding himself with a bodyguard of foreign mercenaries. By December Munster was once again surrounded by the Bishop's army, Bockelson used his power to stir up Anabaptist uprisings all over Northern Europe, but all movements were crushed! A serious blockade of the town began in Jan 1535, by April the people of Munster were starving. Bockelson organised more and more weird 'entertainments' including plays and sports. The city reduced to an insane asylum, the Bishop's troops successfully invaded on 24 June 1535, all the Anabaptists were slaughtered, Rothmann died fighting, Bockelson and Knipperdollinck tortured to death in public with irons six months later!

These ideas have not died they re-appear throughout history with startling regularity, ...

** Further Reading - Norman Cohn - 'The Pursuit of the Millennium' // Greil Marcus - 'Lipstick Traces' // Abiezer Coppe - 'Selected 'Ranting' Writings. **

CHILD-BIRTH by Ambie.

Before I go into any detail about the finer points of child-birth, I would like to clarify the interpretation of the word: 'labour'. A simplistic reading of 'labour' implies hard work, sweating profusely and generalised exertion. This is a total misconception, 'labour' should be re-titled '*hell on earth for eternity as administered by the Spanish Inquisition*' (no-one expects the Spanish Inquisition!) You may feel that I have started in a negative vein but my labour ('hell on earth ...') was by all accounts a short, easy and straight-forward process. God help those who experience worse. The technical term for my delivery was 'SVD' (spontaneous vaginal delivery), is it possible for babies to arrive from other orifices? Once you start there is absolutely no going back, so you have to stick it out to the bitter end ... The excitement and euphoria of broken waters; a journey into the unknown soon vanishes midst the clinical precision of the delivery room.



At this stage things are relatively easy and its difficult to understand the fuss people have made about child-birth, you still have a sense of humour and are able to hold a logical and coherent conversation. It is advisable to go to the toilet and expel any secrets your body might possess, otherwise it can get messy in the later stages. At this juncture you feel both arrogant and in control, this evaporates with the onset of major contractions (another misleading term - a better title would be '*pelvis-tearing, knee-trembling, abdomen-ripping, steam-rolling earthquakes*').

When the contractions begin all coherence, logic, arrogance, courage and dignity disappear. Forget the breathing they taught you and break open the drug cabinet. No matter how nice anyone has been they always seem to be 'utter bastards', especially when you are refused an epidural. The one positive sensation you are likely to experience (if you chose it) is *PETHEDINE*. Although you still feel as though you're in purgatory, you also feel like you're on planet Pluto after having drunk 8 gin & tonics. Believe me it helps the time pass - mainly because you can't work out the time on the giant clock which stares you in the face saying 'only 10 minutes have gone by, 18 hours to go'.

If you're lucky, you dilate quickly (aiming for 10"). Then everything changes ... you have an overwhelming desire to push (just like you're about to 'dump a melon' - yes it makes your eyes cross doesn't it!) You have to push using every muscle in your body and make as much noise as possible, if you don't there is an extra treat in store for you - a wonderful cut (you know where), without an anaesthetic - yes - on top of contractions, crapping a melon, flying on path etc you are subjected to an episiotomy - a pain that stays with you for ever! Soon after this the baby is born (I can't remember much about it) - but the pain stops immediately until a large injection is stuck in your backside and the after-birth arrives. The best is yet to come - *STITCHES*. You are left in the stirrups waiting for the Doc! This process gives a new meaning to the phrase: 'a pin cushion'. 4 injections (on average) and a lot of stitches, 6 weeks later you can still feel them, but if you have a baby that is half as adorable as Izzy - consider yourself very fortunate.

I N F O R M A T I O N

Mail-Order: *Awok*, PO Box 861867, Terminal Annex, Los Angeles, California 90086-1867 (v. weird books); *Eddie Wolfram*, 478 Fulham Road, London SW6 1BY (bootleg tapes); *Tim Rundall*, 29 Exeter Street, Brighton, E. Sussex, BN1 5PG (bootleg tapes); *Countier Productions*, PO Box 556, London SE5 0RL (anarchist books); *A Distribution*, 84b Whitechapel High St, London E1 (anarchist books); *A & R Booksearch*, High Close, Winnick Cross, Lanreath, Looe, Cornwall, PL13 2PF (music books); *David Henry*, 36 Meon Rd, London W3 8AN (film books); *Decorum*, 24 Cloudesley Square, London N1 (film books); *Redlick Records*, PO Box 3, Porthmadog, Gwynedd, Wales (the blues and related musics); *Touch*, 13 Osward Road, London SW17 7SS (music-ideas cassettes); *Roin*, 611 Broadway, Suite 411, New York, NY 10012 (weird music cassettes); *Backnumbers*, 51 Cecil Rd, SW19 (old issues of magazines).

Magazines: *'Sight & Sound; International Film Quarterly'* (on Movies); *'Strange Things are Happening'* (on '60's-ish things); *'Straight No Chaser'* (on Jazz); *'Re-Search'* (US weird annual thang); *'Vague'* (UK weird annual thang); *'The Face'* & *'Arena'* are probably the best of the 'mass-release' magazines!!

Cinemas: *The National Film Theatre* (South Bank); *The Everyman* (Hampstead); *The Scala* (Kings Cross); *London FilmMakers Co-op* (Camden); *Electric* (Ladbroke Grove); *French Institute* (Kensington); *Goethe Institute* (Kensington); *The ICA* (The Mall); *Rio* (Hackney); *Ritz* (Brixton).

Work: *Bapty*, 703 Harrow Rd, London, NW10 (film props & costumes); *Crow Film & TV Services*, 12 Wandell Rd, Shepherds Bush, London, W12 (vid, film, ralph etc); *Filomatic Laboratories Ltd*, 16 Colville Rd, London, W11 2BS (film-processing); *Sally Line* (Raasgate-Dunkerque) (ferrys); *Sensible Music*, Unit 4, Acon Production Centre, Blundell Rd, London (hiring instruments, four-track machines); *Show Me*, Block C, Imperial Works, Perren St, Ryland Rd, Kentish Town (rehearsal rooms); *Ventura*, [Glen], 176 Acre Lane, SW2 (24-track recording); *Studio 9*, [Olivial], Brixton [071(?)]-737-3008 (16-track recording); *Agfa*, 27 Great West Road, Brentford, Middlesex (film stock); *Harris/3M*, Molly Mollars Lane, Wokingham, Berks (Powder for Photo-Copier); *Hi Fi Hospital*, Perivale [08(?)]-998-8708 (Fixers); *Printatprint(?)*, Denmark St (high-class photo-copying); *DarkRoom Eight*, Impree House, Vale Grove, Acton, (photographic studios); *The Film Stock Centre*, 68/70 Wardour St (film stock); *-Studio Film & Video Labs*, 8-14 Meard St (tele-cine); *Print Station*, Essex Rd (cheap paper); *Wendy Douglas*, PNL, Holloway Rd (magazine binding); *Dick O'Dell*, 10 Southland Avenue W9 [081(?)]-348-6280.

Shops: *Compendium*, Camden (books); *Revolver Records*, 1 Berkeley Crescent, The-Triangle, Bristol 8 (Roger's); *Hi-Fi Surplus Store*, 62 Weymouth St, London W1 (stereos etc); *Musical Exchanges*, Brum [021-236-7544] (instruments); *Stanleys*, 147 Wardour St (tapes, videos etc); *Mole Jazz*, Kings X (jazz); *Ray's Jazz Shop*, nr Covent Garden (jazz); *3K Photographic*, Regent Street(?) (cheap 8mm Film); *Len Fowler*, Neal Street (engraving); *Denmark St* [Rando] (musical instruments); *Schram & Schreddle* (mad thangs); *Charles H Fox*, Covent Garden (theatrical make-up); *Playback*, Percy St (cheap tapes etc); *Vinyl Solution*, Notting Hill Gate (Rogerish records); *Record & Tape Exchange*, Notting Hill Gate (cheap things to fix!); *Rock On*, Kentish Town Rd (records); *Rocks Off*, Hanway St (records).

FROM WHERE TO WHERE?

1. Bruce: I'm gonna be a doctor, I'm gonna say things that'll continue to annoy people, I'm gonna make some more pots, I'm gonna continue eating and drinking, I have no more plans.
2. Ralph: A Future (one of myriad possibilities), Immediate plans: Having a son, finishing the boat & making a documentary about canal life, Long term plans: Get a job back home, buy a run-down house next to the canal to renovate, produce/direct well paid jobs from a distance!
3. Jim: Writing: on Tv, on 'real' Music & Pure Madness / Learning about the new / Emigrating to Paris (& later New York) / Painting 'portraits' of the people I-love / Becoming a Dr (legally or financially) / Spending all my money / Continue 'testing' the physical and mental limits of my body and brain!
4. Matt: Music, my children, music, This is the only thing, apart from sex, that is constantly in my head. It isn't pretty. My plan is to write several hundred weird songs that somehow retain melodies that you hum in your sleep, release 6 or 7 masterpieces, and spend most of my life exiled and isolated by fans. At least I'd be artistically happy, if nothing else. The Horror, the Horror!
5. Mark: Well I'm not quite certain where 'here' is but I guess it's now, 'where' could be tomorrow or the next day or fifty years hence. I might be dead, alive, deaf or both, I might wear a suit or a frock; remember or create. All I can say is we'll have to wait and see.
6. Abbie: From here to eternity, I'm going to be a millionaire (I married him for his money), mother-of-three, deputy-head, House in London, flat in Paris, Peter O'Toole, Richard Harris, A chef, a nanny, a chauffeur too and a little ole lady to clean the loo, Caddy, Beamer and Rolls Royce - Lots of money, lots of choice.
7. Colin: The future will hold promises to be fulfilled this time and not welched on any more, that's what it holds in it's cupped palm. More rain, More, more umbrellas and more macs, I'll be doodling.
8. Wendy: Goodness knows, I'll tell you in a few years time, if I know then.



It had to come to this. Some things have to finish. The Gallic Times was a useful way to convey 'information' (a perpetual obsession) and an entertaining tool for cheap, hedonistic gossip. We hope that we have demonstrated that 'anything' is permitted, idiocy is a state of mind that 'they' force upon us, we can 'think', we can 'create', rivers of madness are flowing through our streets and nobody even bothers to build a solid dam. It can be done. We proved it! Try not to despair, everything comes to those who wait. In our various publications we have constantly preached against the false economy of modern artistic thought; money is not God, it is merely a poor idol ordained by sick fiends. So what are the key points? What is the essence of Gallic realism? Why is 'attitude' so crucial? Why is my very 'poise' a statement?

YOUTH IS STRENGTH - AS YOU AGE 'THEY' EAT YOUR IMAGINATION, YOUR BODY AND YOUR DREAMS
 ORGANISE YOUR MADNESS - INVADE 'THEIR' PORTALS OF POWER - DESTROY FROM THE INSIDE
 UNDRESS - SHOCK - IMPRESS - HURT - DISSECT - SURVIVE - ABOVE ALL YOU MUST BE YOURSELF

In the 'olden days' we were uneducated, 'they' controlled everything. Now we have the chance to fight back, to punish them for the crimes of all time; the racism, the apocalypse, the fear, the madness, the sadism, the superstition, the styles, the neutrality, the drugs, the greed, the hate, the work, the waste, the sheer fuckin' ordinaryness of 'all of this'. You know who 'they' are; the fakers, opportunists, nice people (dumb bastards) who are only concerned that they 'get on', are secure, live a long time, feel 'safe'. The problem is that most (intelligent) human beings yearn only for a 'good time' without realising that 'fun' is just a marketing ploy gift-wrapped by us all. There is no happiness, there is no sadness, there is only the invisible joy the same state that magical adepts, alchemists, performers (of all various types; from footballers to silent film 'stars', lunatics, killers, eroticists, wanderers, recluses, losers and spiritual aristocrats) attain. One day your heart gets broken and you realise that there is no point to anything, forever in orbit you will remain unless you say 'No' and refuse to let 'them' win. Time is an unruly bad-fellow and he's out to get you so don't be lazy! More Notes:

EXAMINE YOURSELF - DISCOVER AND DIAGNOSE - 'PHYSICIAN HEAL THYSELF' - WE ARE ALL GP'S
 VIOLENCE IS A JANUS-FACED SWORD - YOUR SADISM WILL LEAD YOU INTO MASOCHISM - PRAYERS
 ERASE THE CRUELTY SO START AGAIN - THE MOMENT WHEN 'PURPOSE' PENETRATES 'AESTHETICS'
 REALITY IS A MESS (CHAOS) - THE WORLD IS SCARED OF 'REAL' EMOTIONS; LOVE - HATE - ETC
 YABBA-DABBA-DOO - FRED FLINTSTONE IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN MY UNDERWEAR - STOP
 THEORISE AND ACT UPON YOUR IDEAS - CONTROL YOUR INDULGENCE - BE PREPARED TO SACRIFICE
 HEAVEN IS HERE AND NOW - HELL IS DESPAIR - WORK IN SECRET UNTIL YOU ARE READY TO POP
 INSPIRE OTHERS BY ASSAULTING THEIR SENSES - NEVER BE ASHAMED OF THE TRUTH - SURRENDER
 NEGATE UNTIL YOU ELATE - ELEVATE UNTIL YOU DISINTEGRATE - ATTEMPT COLLECTIVE CREATION
 GALLIC PRODUCTIONS WILL NEVER DISAPPEAR - ONE DAY WE WILL RETURN (LIKE KING ARTHUR!)

Farewell and Good Luck!

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**A
TO
Y**

**UNCLE
DICK**
GP
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GR
25