

**the
gallic times
2**

£1

INTRODUCTION

It's happened! After five years the second Gallic Times rolls hot off the presses (nb. Cheap-cheap-cheap -we've sacked all our printworkers and bought a computer called Gerald). The first Gallic Times was abandoned due to the Falklands war - we had been warned that the publication of the Times would cause a serious breach of security. There have been some changes over the years. The editorial team of Sanders, Birkbeck and Underwood was crippled by the death of D W B in 1983 and the insanity of C M U in 1986.

I advertised in Exchange and Mart and a John Tightley bought my car. He was appointed joint editor at the same time. The theme of the paper has to be the horrific diseases AIDS and MOZS. We wel come as contributors the Rev. Davit Lord, Sister Emma MacDonald, Matron Navreet Gill and HRH the Crown-Prince of Ding Dong Land, M G Sanders. So read on.....John. And wear that condom.....Tom.

GAULISM '87

1. Everything is trash.
2. Betrayal results in exile to Gloucester.
3. A return to performance, a return to music hall.
4. Improvisation and control are the same thing
(don't ride a bicycle unless you have brakes).
5. Celebrate before it's too late.
6. Perversion is normality and the old woman in the newsagents is your mother.
7. Work your fingers to the bone.
8. Trust the television - it doesn't really want to hurt you.
9. No interfering with our virgin songs.
10. Spoil your ballot paper - buy it some sweets.

WAKE UP MOTHERFUCKERS!

MOZS

For many years we had thought there was a possible link between rock drumming and the medical state 'Moronicus Zeppelinus' or MOZS as the tabloids prefer to call it. Our own percussive genius however was unperturbed by the risks and often laughed at victims.

It is therefore both sad and disturbing to have to report that Mr C. Underwood is the latest victim of this musical plague.

In order to explain fully how it is that the sickness gets it's grip we must retell his tragic story. At the Christmas feast of 1985 Mr Underwood was both physically fit and in good shape. The disease however was at hand. Like Edgar Allen Poe's Red Death it came in disguise. In fact it came as Hugh's girlfriend. The sickness prefers to infect North Americans and therefore targeted our resident Canadian Mr D C Lord, spending most of the evening trying to invade his ear. Mr Lord somehow survived the attack unscathed. Some weeks later it returned for a second attempt. It mistook Mr Underwood for another American due to his 'West Coast' hairstyle.

None of us know what happened during that 'lost weekend' although we are pretty sure that Ray Milland was involved.

The symptoms of the disease are i) video-LIGGING. ii) telling fibs. iii) Going to Amsterdam and then not going. iv) Psychological muddle - a belief that the disease is attractive. v) A total loss of time/rhythm resulting in brain damage, a desire to conform and 'pop star' hair-dos.

The disease is incurable and once infected the victim has only six months before turning into a

vegetable. The Asterix and the Gauls ensemble, as loyal as ever, stuck with Mr Underwood until the bitter end. In July '86 he left us with the haunting words "I'm just going out. I'll be some time."

His suicide shall remain with us for the rest of our lives - he was found frozen in a deep-freeze at his old place of employ in the Holloway Road. He was 23 years old. We send our commiserations to the fleet in Portsmouth.

As a footnote we would like to add the following. Going along with new government regulations our new drummer shall wear a condom at all times and will never speak to girls who answer to the name of Victoria.

BUY

The following artyfacts are available from Gallic Productions.

- GP1 - EVERYTHING - a 60min 12 track cassette. £3.00
- GP2 - NOTHING - a 60min 16 track cassette. £3.00
- GP3 - MORPHEUS 3 - a short 16mm film now available on video. £8.00
- GP4 - You've got it in your hand mate. £1.00

Forthcoming projects include:

- GP5 - Three C90 cassettes documenting Gallic music from 1980 to 1986 including an explanatory pamphlet entitled 'Twelve Men in a Boat'. £2.00 per cassette plus 50p per pamphlet or £6.00 for the set.
- GP6 - Live 'Performances'.
- GP7 - Special Election Edition of the Gallic Times.

For more information contact: Gallic Productions, The Alehouse, Flat 2, 305 Liverpool Road, N1.

CROSSROADS: across 1, Renolt 4, Totalella 9, Vile Grape
 10+26, Everthing 12, Mont Vole 13, Cocaine 15, Top
 Tip 17, Howary 19, Hippo pa 22, Ovals Roar 24, Taint
 27, Acid Upper 28, F W Botha 29, Ovalix
 Down 1, Nov 2, NALDO 4, The Capt 5, Trees 7, Sly and
 the Family Stone 8, Dashed 11, Sic 14, Coc 16, Top
 Thumb 19, Heroin 20, Asterix 21, I got up 23, Slight
 25, Impel 27, AHA.

Simply... a guide to safer sex

There are many different ways in which the AIDS virus is passed from one person to another. This is because the virus can be transmitted through sexual intercourse, sharing needles, transfusions, and other means. The most common way of transmission is through sexual intercourse. It is important to remember that the virus can be passed through both heterosexual and homosexual intercourse. There is no safe sex, and the only way to avoid the virus is to abstain from sexual activity. The guidelines are simple and the same for both heterosexuals and homosexuals. If you follow these guidelines your chances of contracting the virus are very slim indeed.

**A
I
D
S**



1/87

INTERCOURSE

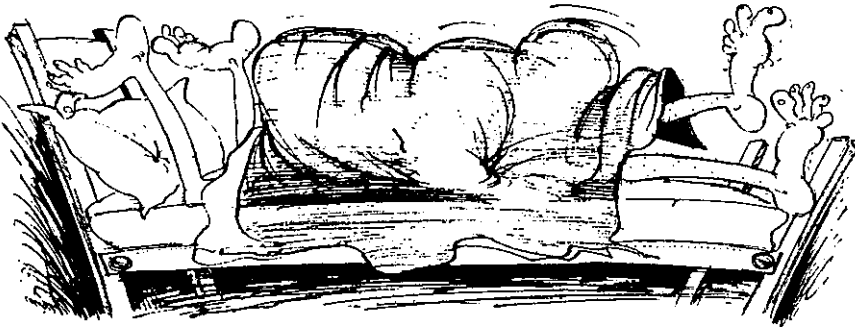
Penetrative intercourse, whether anal or vaginal, has been described by one feminist as no more imaginative than 'squirting jam into a doughnut'. It is also the most efficient method of transmitting AIDS since it involves a copious exchange of body fluids. Therefore, unless you are *absolutely certain* that both you and your partner are not infected with the AIDS virus, you should make a joint decision from the outset to avoid intercourse and to experiment instead with other forms of sexual play that require more thought and consideration, that carry no risk of transmit-

ting AIDS and that offer the opportunity for both partners to realise themselves more fully as creative, caring *and sexual* human beings. If, however, you do feel compelled to have intercourse, first check that your partner shares this compulsion. If he/she does, then by all means go ahead but always use a condom. Condoms markedly reduce the likelihood of transmission of the AIDS virus. It is important to remember, however, that condoms designed for vaginal intercourse are likely to break if used for anal intercourse - special reinforced varieties are available for this purpose.

ORAL SEX

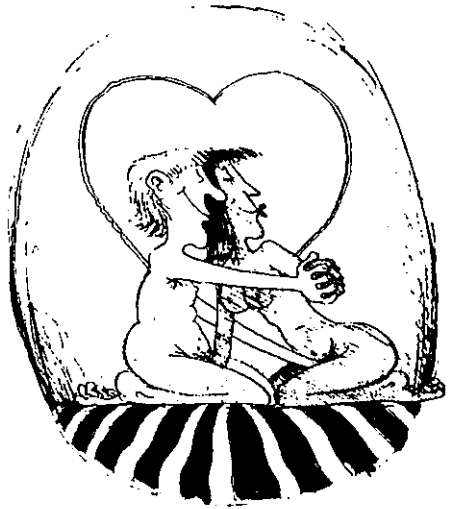
Kissing is the most common form of oral sex. The AIDS virus has been found in saliva - however in such minuscule quantities as to present very little risk. If in any doubt about yourself or your partner, however, avoid deep kissing where the tongues intertwine and saliva is passed between mouths. Sucking of nipples is a completely safe form of oral sex and can be very fulfilling and stimulating to both partners. However, oral contact with your partner's penis or vagina is much more

risky. A man whose penis is sucked by his partner is at little or no risk from her but she is at great risk from him if he is carrying the AIDS virus - particularly if she allows him to come in her mouth. The same rules apply to oral sex between men. Likewise, a woman whose vagina is licked or sucked by her partner is at very little risk, but if she is carrying AIDS her vaginal secretions could pass on the virus to her partner if they enter his - or her - mouth. If in any doubt, don't be a sucker.



MUTUAL MASTURBATION

Although you may have been brought up to regard mutual masturbation as infantile, it can be exciting and, again, it is safe: AIDS has never been transmitted by a hand-job. The most sensitive part of the penis is the 'frenulum', at the point where the glands joins the shaft. Get your partner to rub you there, and use oil or other lubricants if you find these add to the sensation. The most sensitive part of the female genitalia is the clitoris, a small knob of erectile tissue positioned forward of the vagina. Get your partner to caress your clitoris with his/her fingers and use lubricants if you find these help.



TOUCHING CARESSING MASSAGE

Up to now, intercourse has been given a lot more importance by people than it deserves. Many women rarely reach orgasm through intercourse alone and often find the act impersonal and lacking in fulfillment. Given the chance, some women say, they would prefer to spend more time on non-penetrative forms of sexual play; unfortunately, their partners are usually in a great hurry to squirt jam into the doughnut and, after they have done so, tend to lose interest in the whole business for quite some time. In addition, perhaps *because* they feel compelled to achieve penetration as quickly as possible, men often suffer from 'performance anxiety' which causes premature ejaculation and other sexual problems. A commitment to safer sex helps to solve these problems for both men and women. Get to know your partner's body through gentle caresses, get to know what turns you on and what turns your lover on. Try

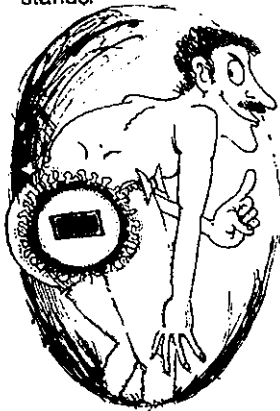


massaging each other - anywhere, everywhere. It can be enormously stimulating, and carries *no risk whatsoever* of transmitting AIDS. Try rubbing your lover's body with your own (baby oil and talcum powder can add to the pleasure). Take baths and showers together. Experiment. It's fun AND its safe.

SOME GENERAL GUIDELINES:

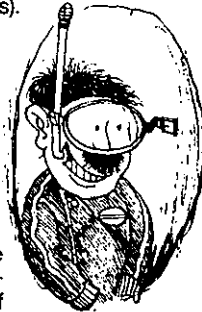
DO'S

- 1.** DO try out some of the safer sex suggestions on these pages, and DO invent some others of your own. As long as you avoid exchanging body fluids – particularly sperm and vaginal secretions – then you can be confident that what you are doing is safe.
- 2.** DO try to get to know your partner and to work out what his or her sexual needs are. DO try to meet these needs – as far as possible within the safer sex guidelines – and DO try to communicate to your partner what your own needs are. This kind of mutually caring approach to sexuality is more likely to be possible in a stable relationship that gives itself time to grow and develop than in a series of one-night stands.



DONT'S

- 1.** Avoid any sex that can tear or break the skin – even the most minute abrasions provide ready points of access to the bloodstream for the virus. This means NO biting, NO sex toys (dildos, vibrators, etc.) which might damage sensitive membranes and NO rough or violent sexual practices such as 'fisting' (the insertion of the hand into the anus).
- 2.** Genital or mouth sores increase the likelihood of transmission of the AIDS virus. If you have sores, avoid sex until they have cleared up.
- 3.** As far as possible avoid penetrative intercourse of any kind. Anal intercourse is a particularly effective way of transmitting the AIDS virus (probably because the anus is not 'designed' for intercourse and is lined with muscular tissue that is much thinner than the lining of the vagina and much more easily damaged). This makes anal intercourse very unsafe sex indeed.



3. DO use a condom if both you and your partner find that you wish to have intercourse. Use of water-soluble (NOT oil-based) lubricants make it less likely that the condom will break.

4. If in any doubt, DO get your blood tested for AIDS – and encourage your partner to do so as well – before going on to have unprotected intercourse (ie. without a condom). Remember, however, that the test is not always accurate. False positive and false negative results are surprisingly common and it is also probable that existing tests do not 'recognise' all strains of the virus. The psychological impact of a positive result can be very damaging so the decision to have the test should only be taken as a last resort. Since no cure is available, a commitment to safer sex removes much of the point of having the test at all.

4. Never come in your partner's mouth or allow him to come in yours.

5. Avoid 'water sports' – peeing on your partner or having your partner pee on you – and avoid contact with faeces. The urine and shit of an infected person both contain large amounts of the AIDS virus. 'Rimming' – oral contact with the anus – is very likely to transmit the AIDS virus.

6. Avoid having sex with prostitutes either male or female. Prostitutes, with their large number of sexual contacts are very likely to be infected with AIDS – in some African cities as many as 80 per cent of all prostitutes are now carriers of AIDS. In New York and Hamburg the rates of infection amongst female prostitutes are approaching 50 per cent and are far higher among male prostitutes.

GALLIC TIMES ARTS SECTION - MUSIC REVIEWS

EVERYTHING - Asterix and the Gauls.

This is a tape that I often listen to as I travel on the tube (I play it on a Sony Walkman!). It is very difficult to sit still when 'Speed It Up' and 'Love and Fear' are on and of course you want to sing along with the former because that's just what you want London Transport to do. I always turn it up during 'Messin' With Colour' as it is one of the tracks that I'm not very familiar with and loudness breeds familiarity! 'Pandoras Box' and 'Napoleon Bonaparte' are wild - out to lunch as Fon would say. At this stage I find I am pulling funny faces (especially when Jam says 'strong' in Napoleon). I am no longer on the tube train. 'Nature' passes art (passes here means surpasses). Art improves nature.

'The Ups and Downs of Love' - a complicated little gem that should go on forever except I know how much I look forward to 'Rehearsing the Uprising'. I love this one. I remember it from practices at 313.

'The New Dark Ages' - the intro is fab and the rest no less. It is a movers track. 'On Heat' is for gettin' down (git down y'all). 'Blindness' is so mean and cruel and I don't understand it but it make me give strange looks! By the time 'Vulnerability' comes on the carriage is empty. This is perhaps my favouritest track. The bass is best along with all that heavy breathing and the cheeky bit at the end. Everything's so groovy. Git down!

Neena Gill.

NOTHING - Asterix and the Gauls.

As King Lear said 'Nothing will come of nothing' but as we all know something did come of it! Strewn on my bed, one o'clock in the morning, recovering from alc chol poisoning one can really appreciate this tape especially the first songs on side two from which the lead guitar on 'Revenge' and the synth on 'Love/Hate' stick in my mind as artistic ejaculations of light. The lyrics of 'Ambition' are not ideal but real whereas the associations with 'Reflections on Narcissus' are metallic. To conclude - the mixing of one song is 'alternative' but the cover of 'Children of the Revolution' would have made Marc proud.

MGS.

GALLIC TIMES ARTS SECTION.

Our film expert takes afternoon tea with Max Von Sandpit, known to his friends as D W, the director of the stunning new feature film 'Morpheus 3'.

A cool, rainy afternoon in February. A small Islington flat and a chance to talk to someone who has been hailed as the Film-World's brightest new talent.

We sat and drank tea and discussed his new film 'Morpheus 3' a short neo-surrealistic cum rabidly dramatic piece that uses new artists in all areas from camera work to make up.

I asked D W Sandpit why he ventured into film, a medium he is both unsure and distrustful of. Why he bothered to make a film.

"Um...er.....ah...yes, no, misses. It seemed like a logical progression from what I was doing. I was military advisor to the Queen during the 70s and I watched some classic movies. Epic films like 'Where Eagles Dare' or 'The Godfather' -you know, that sort of thing."

And, having been a military advisor he advised himself to make films - "And here I am in Hollywood". I presume the last to be a metaphoric allusion as we were still comfortably in his flat. I ask him whether, once this film is completed, he shall make any others or whether he will return to music as a form of expression.

"Music," he says "I've never done any music in my life - I'm tone deaf. I certainly wont return to music as I've never been there but I think yes, I shall make more films. I enjoy the pomp and ceremony."

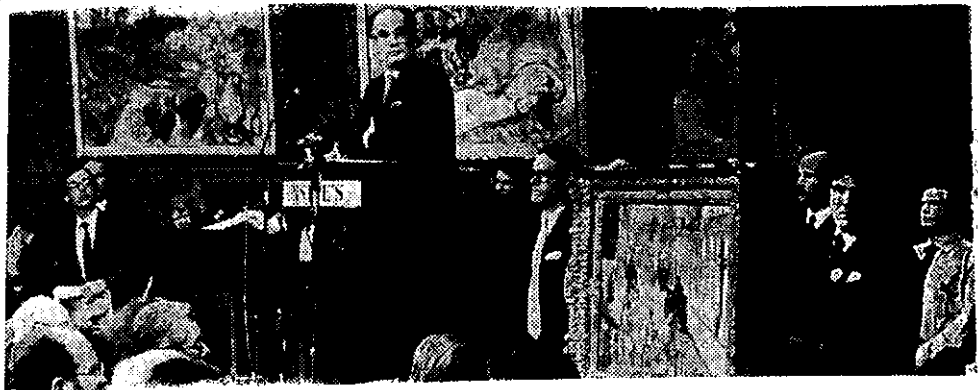
This pomp and ceremony apparently comes from a scene of the film shot in Westminster Abbey where the heroine is raped. To clean up this and other points I ask D W to briefly explain the plot of Morpheus 3



DW SANDPIT.

D W pauses, lights yet another cigarette, inhales deeply up his nose in the french fashion and begins.

"It's a big story. It's about the English upper classes and how they use force to put down an uprising using the army and their weapons. No quarter given!" He shouts the last and I recoil a little, fending him



THE CONTROVERSIAL RAPE SCENE.

off with a little query. What is he, as director, trying to say?

"Come and watch my film" he states simply, parrying my question effortlessly. I respond with an inquiry as to whether using untrained actors and technicians caused any problems.

"I believe that film, like Rugby Union, should remain amateur. I dislike the idea of film becoming a professional occupation for people", he sips his Coca Cola, "You may find that amusing. I don't".

What is it like working with Emma Mac. What is the young starlet like?

"She is very stupid and she forgets everything. She has a brain like a sieve. I never liked the Scots much but with her I make an exception."

Parallels have been drawn between D W's relationship with Emma Mac and the mentor-student relation that Sternberg shared with Dietrich. I put this to Sandpit. He replies by asking me who Sternberg is!

"You must appreciate that I've not been in this business long. I suppose you mean Marlene when you say Dietrich. There are some similarities yes. Sternberg was, I presume, the leading male."

I tell him that actually Sternberg was a director who worked with Dietrich in some classic movies.

"I can't really answer that question. Not having the slightest idea who this Sternberg is." Amazed at this incredulous lack of knowledge from a supposedly 'great' director I ask another question. What of the other members of the cast?

"Well I like to involve my family. They were all unemployed before we started work on the film. My sister in law plays a terrorist leader."

Sandpit uses not only his sister in law but also his younger brother in the film. I venture that this smacks of nepotism. His reply astounds me.

"No it has nothing to do with 20,000 leagues under the sea." Realising that he may have misheard me I tell him that I said nepotism not NEMOTism. Once more his riposte is unbelievable:

"It has nothing to do with Neptune either. But yes, I will concede that of the five members of the cast I do know four of them personally." He neglects to add that he is, himself, the fifth member of the cast!

I ask him if taking a leading role himself caused any problems. "Not really," he says "As Sir Edmond Hillary said - It was there - Mountains are there to be climbed and I felt that with this I had to climb it." At this point D W's young wife interrupts with a query about shopping. I stop my tape recorder as D W explodes in anger and argues for several minutes with his spouse, threatening divorce, I sit there very embarrassed until it is over and Sandpit has regained his calm.

Finally I ask about the title. Why 'Morpheus 3'? Apparently it was Frankie Howerd who, at a variety show was speaking to Mr Sandpit backstage. Their conversation went like this:

FH: No... Yes missus.... Morpheus...

DW: Are you free?

FH: I see, thats a good name for a film. And so Morpheus 3 was born, the bastard son of Frankie Howerd and Tony Hart with his little plastecene man whom D W assures me is called Morpheus 3 also.

From what I have seen of the film it appears to be a blending of two distinct cinematic styles. Firstly there is montage as used by the Russian pioneers but



mainly the film uses long, lingering shots that are more reminiscent of Renoir.

"Russians" explodes D W "Don't mention Russians to me. We in the west have been defending ourselves against them for forty years. There hasn't been any Russian film directors."

He challenges me to name one and I mention Sergei Eisenstein, the inventor of montage.

"Jewish!" bawls Sandpit, "Yes, he invented montage - as a method of torture ."

Well, what about Renoir?

"Personally I don't see the connection between a french painter and film." I tell him that it is the painter's son, Jean, to whom I refer.

"Well he obviously couldn't paint like his father so he made films instead. Have you seen any of these films? What are they like?"

I regretfully inform him that I have not seen any Renoir films due to the fact that I am the cookery correspondent not a film critic.

"Get out of here", he screams "Do you think I'll do an interview with someone who doesn't know what they are talking about? Goodbye."

I find myself being physically ejected from the flat and thrust out into the rain. If this is the sort of thing that Barry Norman has to put up with I'm going to be a dentist.

POETRY CORNER

Some lines on the departure of D C Lord.

We went to the airport to see him off
Ralph the bassist, Jim the toff
The plane was coloured blue and white
Us, though white were feeling blue.

by Jonathan 'Slim' Tightley (1902-1909)
December 1896.

DR. BERNARD'S GOSSIP COLUMN....

The people - the facts - the juicy bits.



RALPH has come out of the closet and set up home with two Gaye Bykers - he says it's for the acid but we know it's because he wants to feel 1000ccs between his legs - next he'll grow a muzzy and start wearing checked shirts.....

EMMA has left college - her parents are heart-broken at her dream of becoming the new Margaret Rutherford. When asked why she said "Darlings, first I'd like to thank my director and the other film technicians".....

FASCINATING news about Chris. We hear that he goes home to Birmingham every weekend. At least his mummy still loves him.....!

THE mystery over Ralph's penis is reaching mammoth proportions. Did DC sell it to get his plane ticket? Do Canadians eat yellow snow? Is Ethna human? Does anyone care.....?

CLIVE was a fascist. Now that he is on the run in Canada his connections with the NF have come to light. Yes, top burglar Clive has admitted to possession of Nifty Fingers.....

THE COMPETITION between Neens and Emma continues. Emma has set up with a one-legged, psychotic, south American homosexual. In reply Neens is saying 'Hello' to a blind, alcoholic, opium-addicted, half Turkish, half Welsh card-carrying Tory. Who's the freak.....?

INTERNATIONAL sex - Fiona claims it's best with Australians. Simon grins (and grows a beard!)

SHOCK news: Steve Collett is recording a 4-track tape with Guinless Bob - Gasps of disbelief!

TITBITS.....

Kent retires from Wank - Bank blind and tired.

Bangham marries so can avoid being our roady.

AT admits to a Bruce Lee fixation.

Chris Underwood doesn't understand why we're not friends anymore.

SEX, THEFT & LOVE TANGLE

A heart-broken teenager stole to pay for her lovers return to England after he had to leave because of a Home Office blunder. Attractive 19 year old, Norma Stits vows to wed her Canadian lover Davit Lord once they are both out of jail.

Norma and Davit met and fell in love when Davit, 23 came to England in 1983 and the couple lived together for three years until the Home Office informed Mr Lord, 17, that his 6 month visa had expired. After several courtroom battles Davit, 30, returned to Canada.



Davit.

DESPERATE

Left all alone in their shared Brixton apartment shapely Norma devised a plan to retrieve her lover. Regulations state that a

foreigner may only stay here if he has enough money to enable him to support himself while he is here but both Norma & Davit, 62, were broke & neither of them could raise the cash for Mr Lords return. It was then that Norma took the law into her own hands in a desperate bid to get her lover back.



Norma Stits

GAY

Norma enlisted the help of a notorious group a villains the self-styled 'Asterix Mob' led by known homosexual Boy Jim Sandcastle. His gang included 'Mad Dog' MacDonald and Doc Mammerstein who are both wanted by the Police in connection with the odd disappearance of former partner in crime Titus Undergarment, the infamous 'drum-stick' sex offender.

MOUSE

Norma, together with the Asterix Mob, carried off a daring theft. Dressed as an eight-legged pantomime mouse they stole £ $\frac{1}{2}$ million in bullion from a Brinks Matt armoured van. Police described the raid as 'one of the most daring and heartless crimes since the great eccles cake robbery of the 60s'. The Asterix Mob fled to America with their share of the takings leaving Norma behind with just £800 worth of gold. This she sent to her lover Mr Lord, 26, in Nova Scotia.

MISTAKE

Police described this as Miss Stits big mistake for Mr Lord flew to England brandishing the gold as his means of entry into the country. He was arrested at Heathrow, charged with receiving stolen goods Miss Stits was arrested a few days later. Mr Justice Itoldyou told reporters 'I have sentenced these two to the maximum term for this offence- death by hanging.... er I mean ten years in prison. Sorry. I thought they were black for a moment.'

WAIT

As she was being taken to gaol Miss Stits told the press 'Nothing can stop me from loving Davit. We'll

wait for each other.' Mr Lord was dragged screaming to Wormwood Scrubs shouting 'Please. You don't know what they're like in there. My bottom, God help my bottom.' Chief Inspector Antropod, when asked if Mr Lord had told him anything that could lead to the arrest of the Asterix Mob said 'The Lord spoke to me earlier but was not specific about the gang.'

BLUNDER

The Home Office has since revealed that they had made a mistake in the case of Mr Lord. A spokesman said 'It would appear that we made a blunder. We unfortunately confused Davit Lord with a certain Winston Lord also of Brixton. Mr Davit Lord is of course white and so there wasn't any reason for him to leave the country in the first place.'

ENQUIRY

A Police Internal Enquiry has been set up to investigate the disappearance of two gold bars which went missing from Police custody during the trial. Ex Chief Inspector Antropod said on the phone from Spain that he knew nothing about the gold and was merely on holiday having taken the advice of a superior.

An 'In-depth' Expose Regarding
My 'Disquieting' Relationship
With a Girl Called EMMA MAC

or

Why Emma's Guts Could
Spill Out Onto The Floor
And I Wouldn't Give A Damn.

Actually, I quite like Emma. She's petite
She's sweet
She's as white
as a sheet.
She's not a
piece of shit.

DC.

Why I Dislike DC.

DC Lord is never bored
He has great fun in the rain and sun.
I'm sorry but he's not a true Gaul
Always whining in that awful drawl.
He's always acting, the marvellous joke
I'm sure he's as bent as a ten-bob note.
He claims that he is a man of the world
But, deep down, I'm sure he's a girl.
He doesn't converse with his near and dear
But to Victoria Plum he's always got an ear.
He turns up for work in a painters shirt
For the demo he's not right (he's been shagging all
He's got Dark glasses but they're not cool, night).
He doesn't seem to realise - he's a downright fool.
Up until now I thought Canada was hot
But Jim's just informed me that it is not.
I think old Dave would look his best
Playing his guitar in a white string vest.
He's not a sweetie-pie - he's not a sexy guy
So right at the mo he can go to the snow.

Emma MacDonald.

The Editors refuse to comment.

WRITE TO UNCLE RAY if YOU'RE a PROBLEM. EH?

Dear Ray, A close friend of mine has uncontrollable flatulence, often leading to accidents. I find it embarrassing at job interviews. What do you suggest?
Yours Tony Platula.

You are fooling no-one but yourself Dennis. Go back to your wife and children while you still can and seek psychiatric help.

Dear Roy, Weren't you my history teacher at school? I still love you and I'll never tell anyone about the grapes. Best Wishes Raymond.

My dear Ray Mond, I'm afraid not. You are thinking of Roy MacTaffish who in his wrath at your above disclosure has killed himself. Yours Ray 'Winebottom'.

Dear Ray, I was christened Harold, my workmates call me Ted but my real name is Bert. What should I do?
Yours Colin.

Dear Kevin, there is only one answer to this problem Richard, unfortunately I don't know what it is. My advice to you Joe would be to take up a hobby. Try trainspotting. Yours Ray Milland.

Dear Rae, I am only fourteen but I have a hideous secret. When I was younger my uncle Berys used to touch my bottom while dressed as a doctor. Does this mean I am no longer a virgin and will I still be able to have children? Yours M Lewes (Mrs). Bournemouth.

Dear M, Your virginity is still intact. But no-one has babies trough their bottoms anyway so stop being a killjoy. Incidentally do you know Fritz Lang?

Dear Ray, I have been having sexual intercourse with my boyfriend who is 17 for two years now. I am thirty-seven. I do not enjoy sex and never have. I only did it to please him, but now he has gone off with an older woman and I don't know what to do. I have tried suicide. Please help me. Rose. Blackpool.

Dear Rose, To remind you again, two spoons of sugar, a clove of garlic and a side of beef ought to satisfy an average family at the dinner table.

Dear Ray, Being a 95 year old grandmother I often have to prepare dinner for my thirty two children and grandchildren. I find that kidneys are cheap and filling and none of my family have missed theirs. Yours Mrs R S Crippen (Dr). Brighton.

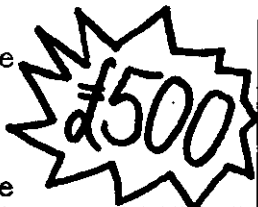
Dear R S, What you have been doing with young people is distasteful if not illegal. For mature citizens I recommend the birch.

COMPETITION



£500 MUST BE WON!

All you have to do is to give correct answers to the five questions below. The first entrant who delivers to the staff of the Gallic Times the



***** answers on a postcard shall win *****

£500*

1. Which pop group was a Pop Group?
2. Of whom did J L Godard say 'all of us always will owe him everything'?
3. Which author remembered by dipping biscuits in tea?
4. Who's catchphrase is 'Yes...No...Mrs.....'?
5. What was Louis XVI's peculiar medical problem?

-20-

PRE - ELECTION FEVER

a political satire.

Setting: Conservative Party Central Office.....

NORM: It's getting worse. First they try to kill me then the conspiracies and always the headaches.

ARCHER: I can pay one thousand pounds and that's all.
(He sprints out of the room.)

NORM: What was that? All the time I hear voices.

MAGGIE: What you as well? I first heard them in my fathers shop. (She looks to the heavens) Margaret, they said, Margaret. You have a great task ahead of you. Do not falter, do not waver, do not....

ALF ROBERTS (C.Rds) Interrupting: I'M going down t' Rovers for a pint.

FWOLVER: Maam, business, business. There are thirty beds left at Guy's to sell before tea time.

MAGGIE: Who let him in here? It's the norm nowadays. Treachery, decei t, backstabbing. And the last thing I expect is to find Arthur Fowler minister for health.

There is a knock at the door. A Kin Knock.

CECIL from behind the door: Please let me in Maggie. I've been a good boy, I'll do anything you say but please let me back in.

MAGGIE: No Mr. Parkinson. I won't appear on your show

A gunshot is heard followed by a heavy thud.

ARCHER rushing back in: Sounds like a good plot for a novel. (A ball bounces into the room.)

IAN RUSH: 'Scuse me Mrs. Can I have me ball back?

MAGGIE: I've had enough of this. Douglas. Nuke Liverpool immediately. And kindly take this danish pastry out of my ear.

NORM: Why amIbeing surrounded. I just want to be alone. (He puts on his best Garbo eyes.)

HURD: What are we going to do about Kin Knock. (A sheep scuttles from beneath his chair.) Rosie, Rosie. (He follows the sheep out of the room. Two gunshots are heard.)

SIR KENNETH NEWMAN entering: A welsh man seen fond-ling a sheep was shot on sight. I'm sad to report that the sheep turned out to be Glenys Kinnock. Have I done good Maam?

THE BOY LINEKER: No but I sure have. (He explodes).

BOBBY ROBSON: What is it with me? All my star players fall to pieces. (He falls, weeping to the floor clutching a pretzel.)

LEON: Don't waste good food my boy. (He grabs the pretzel and stuffs it into his mouth.)

ADAM CHANCE: Bomber Lancaster. Un- (He stops, drinks a pint of lager in one gulp.) believable.

NORM: What do you call a man with a secretary on his head? Answer - Cecil. (he giggles hysterically.)

CECIL crawling through the door, bathed in blood: Why didn't they ask.....Evans? (He dies.)

KINNOCK staggering in the room, wounded: The name's Kinnock. (He dies.)

MAGGIE: My plan. It worked. The Labour Party is no more.

END OF PART ONE

Interlude.

PART TWO

At Labour Party Headquarters.

KAUFMAN: Right brothers, meeting convened. We are here to discuss the nominations for the new leader of our party. (He breaks into a German accent) I nominate grupenfuhrer Thatcher. I mean..I mean..... (He sits down with a worried look on his face) Scheiss, mein cover ist kaput.

BENN: I intend to sue the right wing of the Party and fly on the left wing. (Breaks into song) I'd like to teach the world to sing, in perfect..... (Begins to cry). Ron Todd is my mother.

BILL: Flobbalobbalobbalobba.

RON TODD: We've heard a lot about animals hear today. Now me, I'm an animal lover - have you met the wife - she's in the flying squad.

REGAN: Back off. We've got shooters - ay ay - Gloucester - police business - out with 'em - now sniff yer way to a nomination. I nominate Carter.

KAUFMAN: But ve can't have Americans. You know zee rules - one vote, stop at go, pick up £200.

(The nominees are put to the vote. Result - 6 million for Red Ken, 47 for J R Ewing.)

RED KEN: Thank you, thank you. I have a salamander called Amanda.

DENNIS HEALEY'S EYEBROWS singing: The Peoples Flag is deepest pink and not as red as people think. Hic.

KEN: Control Yourself Den. It's one thing to leave Angie but quite another to get your hands on two pubs But, more importantly, what are we going to do about Thatcher?

MRS MACLUSKY: Thats easy Ken. We drop Ro-Land on her from a great height. Take two detentions and see me after school.

CHARLIE NICHOLAS: The land I love is north of the border so I play draughts with Alexander Korda.

QUADAFFI bursting into the room: News, news. Thatch is no more but I am.

HEATHCLIFFE: Everywhere I look, everyday I shout, Cathy, Cathy, Cathy Quadaffi.

BERNIE GRANT: I'm not barmy I'm Bernie. I'm no relation to Bobby and it's a lie to claim I am. If any of you are down my way pop into one of my restaurants.

ALF ROBERTS drunk, back from pub: Mmmm, I like a well done steak. (He eats Bernie Grant.)

KEN: What's happened to Thatcher? No, no Amanda, no. Not my foot. (The salamander begins to eat his foot).

MICHAEL FOOT: Unclean, unclean. (He rings a little bell.) I have a disease. My mouth, my mouth. My foot.

PAM EWING: Bobby, Bobby (mistaking Bernie for Bobby) They've eaten him! Come back - the Id - Freudian slip - the ladder, the ladder. (She wakes up screaming. The ghost of Thatcher enters.)

THATCHER'S GHOST: So you thought you could kill me. Too late. I've been dead since 1979. (She laughs horribly.)

MICHAEL FOOT: Soap. The ghost is covered in soap. I hate it. Give me my old coat back.

THE END



VINCENT HANNA



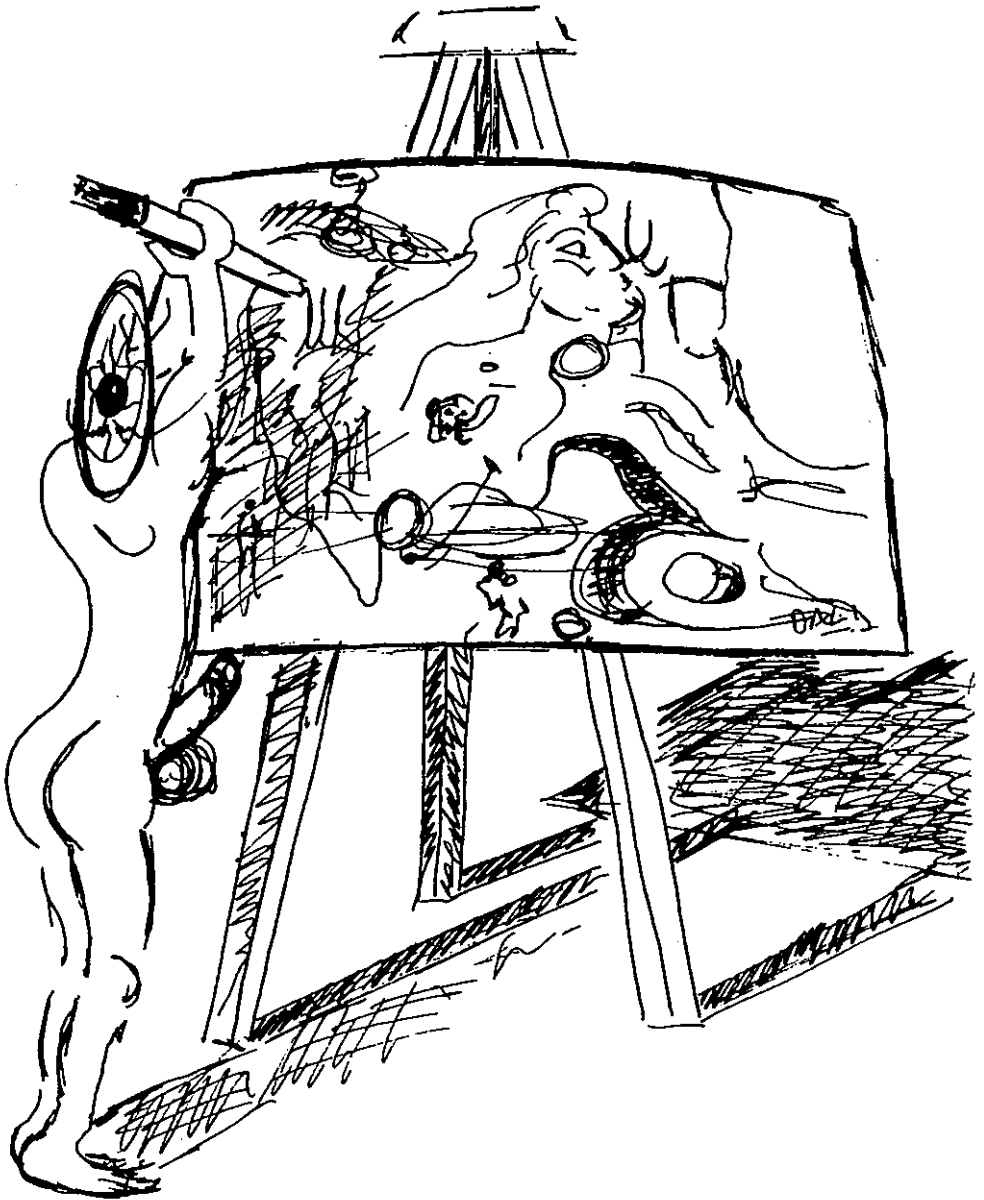
The Author.



Playing the part of M Foot.



King Fahd of Saudi Arabia



'Dali Painting The Great Masturbator'
by Marco Sandinetti - the Italian with a hole.

Style Gallic Style file Style

Gallie Fashion Tips for '87 Nice Hat

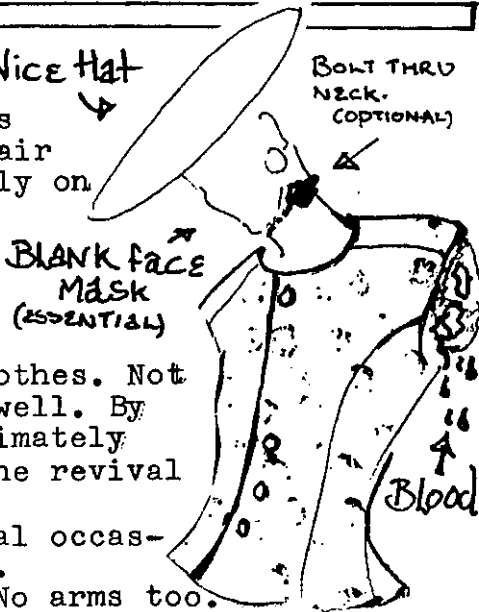
Hair-Long or shaved (baldness is an abomination). Facial hair is to be encouraged especially on women.

Shoes-Must have holes in them (for ventilation). Perhaps a return to high heels.

Clothes-Clothes should be clothes. Not just clothes but clothes as well. By clothes we mean clothes. Ultimately clothes. We still pray for the revival of Oxford bags.

Hats-Only to be worn on formal occasions such as Gallic Weddings.

Sleeves-None (see diagram). No arms too.



SUMMARY- A return to Canadian Vacation Values (see back page). Cheap, ridiculous and a valuable safeguard against AIDS.

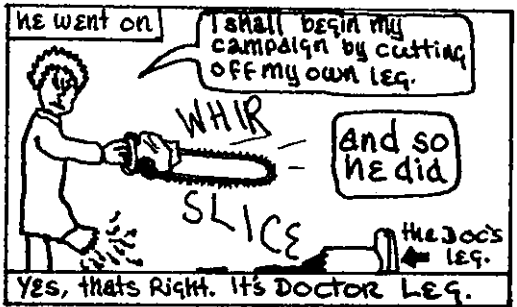
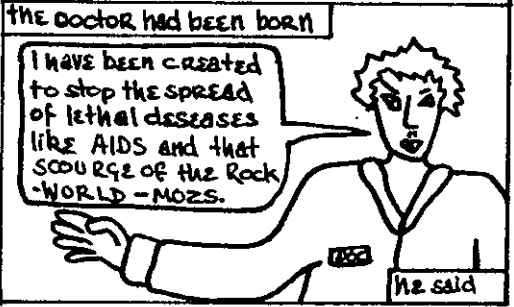
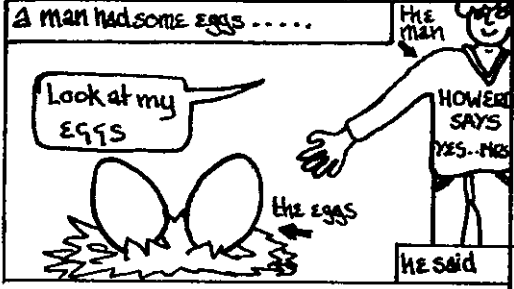
- IN- Condom pouches.
- OUT- Camping it up.
- IN- Sleeping alone.
- OUT- Sleeping naked.
- IN- Turn ups on jeans.
- OUT- Shoe laces.
- IN- Body stockings.
- OUT- Contact lenses.
- IN- NHS Glasses.
- OUT- Muzzies.
- IN- Full beards.
- OUT- With the nodger
- IN- Your hand
- OUT- Shake it all about
- IN- The Urinal.

STOP PRESS....

CLOTHES are O.U.T. and that spells... um.. oh yeah. That spells OUT. Health and (in)efficiency are in. So strip and be proud. Or strip and be ashamed. See photo of Ralph being ashamed and understandably so eh kids?



The Doctor



GALLIC TIMES CLASSIFIED ADS. 10p Per Word.

WANTED: A judge or judges for the third world P. Knuckle championships. The players are J Sanders (present title holder) and J R Tittley (former champion). The venue for the championship is 15 Rymer Street and the first round starts at 12.00 Noon on 9th May 1987. The competition shall end when one of the entrants reaches 50 games won. A half hour interval shall be held every ten games with a two hour break after twenty five. Judges must be under 25, honest, charming, unbiased, clean-shaven, able to deal cards, able to sort out arguments and should have a maths O Level or equivalent qualification. Apply to Box 1, Gallic Times, Flat 2, 305 Liverpool Rd, N1.

To advertise in the Gallic Times send some money to R Mammerstein at the above address.

1	R	E	N	O	I	R										
6	E	A														
9	V	I	L	E	C	R	E	P	E							
			G				S									
13	T	O	N	E												
							A									
12	O	E	A	I	N	E										
			O													
		B	O	V	A	R	Y									
21																
22		O		W	E	S	B	O	A	R						
23																
24																
25																
26																
27																
28																
29																
30																
31																
32																

7. Ted + 11 a. Foxy Funster with his Rocky siblings. (3,3,3,6,5)
 8. The Big Fella in Pain? (6).
 11. As it is written in Latin. (5).
 14. Pigeons go stark. (3)
 16. What you might do if you stuck a pin in an inflated, prehensile digit. (3,1,5).
 19. Anus-dropping drug. (6).
 20. The little fella in gaul, calve + well - running a pub in Battersea. (7)
 21. What I did once I woke this morning. (1,3,2).

CROSSROADS

Across the Road

1. To do with night - at the movies perhaps. (6).
 4. Gaulish deity (split wrongly or conse?) (5).
 9. Horrible french pancake. (4, 5).
 10 + 2 & 8. The tape that means so much (6).
 11. See 7 down.
 12. Don't vote. (7).
 13. Nose-bleeding drug. (5).
 15. In perfect condition (in reverse?). (3,3).
 17. Gored, Bourgeois Emma? (6)
 19. Rachel's father perhaps? (5,2)
 22. What any good gaulish chef does. (5,4)
 24. Marc Bolan's 2nd wife's type of love. (5)
 26. See 10a.
 27. It's no downer this psyched.-alic. (4,5).
 28 the Big Fella in Pectora. (1,1,5).
 29 the Big Fella in Gaul (decease). (6).

Down the Road

1. Duasish vice. (3).
 2. Whopping Union. (5).
 4. This officer wears a veteran's day Poppy. (3,4)
 5. They're green. (5).
 6. See 7a.
 23. Gloucester lost his. (5).
 25. Sounds like Michael Aspell. (NO if doesn't!). (5).
 27. Laughing Boy Morton's lot. Surprised? (2).

ANSWERS SOMEWHERE IN THIS ISSUE.

Contributors to Gallie Times II, 1987.
Front row (left to right):Tristan Tzara, Neena Gill, Jim Sanders,
André Breton. Second row:John Fittley Jnr, Mark Sanders, Georges
Ribemont-Dessaignes. Third row:D Claude, Théodore Fraenkel, Emma
MacDonald, Clément Pansaers (?), Emmanuel Fay.





This was Gallic Productions Number 4

INTERNATIONAL