

The Gallick Times Four



free Xmas edition

Dec '87

Introduction

"Well a diddly-dee and a here we be - sit on my knee you little flea."

I'm sure most of you havn't recovered from the Tories winning the lecky bill. Ralph accepted his punnishment bravely - he couldn't sit down for a week.

The summer months were amu-sing enough with the T-MOB bouncing around acting like the Monkees on acid. It looked a possibility for a while but D.O.D was snowed under. Astonishing climate eh?

Simon Australia got pregnant and was replaced on the white hot drumstool by C J Mac - see opposite.

Gallick Times IV celebrates three phenomena:

1. The birth of FEKM in a stable in Bethliston.
2. Aleister Crowley - the man, the myth, the mouse.
3. The complex link between carol singing, LSD and Mathew Hopkins.....

All your favourite articles are inside and we wish you a malefic New Year.

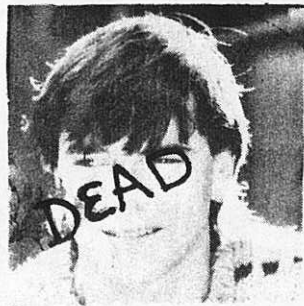
"Be-bop-a-lula she's a female goatherd."

FEKM

What does it mean?

1. Fuck Everything Kill Me.
2. Funky Enraptured Kissing Machine.
3. Franky, Eddie, Kenny, Micky.
4. Friendly Elephants, Kinky Mice.
5. Ford, Eisenstein, Kurosawa, Mizoguchi.
6. Factory of the EccentricK Musician (eh?).
7. Fame, Entertainment, Kinetics, Morphine.
8. Forever Eat Kerry Moo!
9. Fumble Echo Kick Mumble.
10. Fellow of the Edwardian Karate Membership.
11. Frederik Ernie Kevin Minelli.
12. Fine Enough Kind Man.
13. Fly Eagerly Keen Moth.
14. Find Elysium Kaddish Mourner.
15. For Every Kabbalists Magick.

Best entry wins a prize.



introducing....

CJ MAC — The Big C

Well Simon evaporated as soon as the chance of real fame came along so now its time to say hello to the 14th member of Asterix and the Gauls.

C J Mac is 21 years old, born 20th Oct 1966 in a South London Cortina. He drives a bright yellow hospital (reg no. BGN 981S). He eats fried chicken, drinks coke & alcohol in moderation. He don't smoke and don't take drugs (purity raises it's ugly head!!).

His folks are called Leebert and Auntie Millie and hail from Jamaica. He has three sisters and four bro's.

He likes football, votes Labour, watches blue movies, kung-fu movies and is a self confessed part-time pimp. The rest of the time he is an assistant manager at Gateways in Penge.

He has never killed a man but does have an urge to drive on the wrong side of the road. He wants to meet Sam Fox and give those orbs a squeeze!!

Strangely, C J Mac has never been in a Turkish gymnasium.

He sees his destiny in music and his greatest nightmare is on Elm Street.



CONTENTS.

1-6 Introductions, Buy Page, Pin-up and Headlines.

7-12 The Magickal Pages.

13-17,20 Arts: Music reviews etc.

18 Dr Bernard's Gossip..

19 Where are they now?

21-25 Arts: Film, interviews and a picture.

26,27 Write to Uncle Tom.

28,29 On Drugs.

30 Am's tv page.

31 'Spycatcher'— the shameful truth.

32-36 The usual closing bits—cartoons, Gig Guide, Crossroads.

EYELESS IN ELTHAM

The Gallic Times staff are sad to report the tra-gedy that has befallen Miss Emma MacDonald.
(Muffled laughter echoes around the eye hospital).

During the two years and ten months that Miss Emma attended 'The Galastic College for the Furtherance of Mice in the 1980s' she performed as a musician and as an actress. Her lascitude is what we remember her by, her fainting was headline grabbing, her South African blood was her downfall.

(Two hundred ANC members march through the chamber).

Miss Emma went loopy because of three factors:

1. She wasterrified of an arranged marriage with DC Lord (who wouldn't be?).

2. She couldn't understand country fiddle playing.

3. She was secretly involved in a Menage-a-trois with Chris Undergarment and Victoria Death.

(A Columbian killer rushes in with a contract to 'wipe out' Tricky Vicky).

Miss Emma took to her bed. We visited her with the normal grapes of wrath which we then proceeded to eat.

She was lying(!) in a dimly lit chamber, adopting the pose of the Virgin Mary. She complained she was going blind. We tried to reason with her but she was late in replying so we rubbed quick lime into her eyes (to soothe her!).

(The moral is if you're blind you don't need video tapes of your only (ever) filmic performance).

We drove home leaving her like Samson.

MOZS Continued

Simon Walker (profiled in GT3) has had his greatest fear come true - musical failure! He has run away to Oxford with Dave Marsh to study spelling.

Helge Muller has returned to Germany with tears in his eyes after likening one of our practices to the blanket bombing of Dresden. England-3 Germany-0.

ACROSS: 1 Goat, 2 Small Bad, 8 ILLA, 9 Crowleys
11 End O The Don, 14 Devils, 15 Snooka, 17 On A
Mount HAI 20 Club Sade, 21 Urdu, 22 Dantshly, 23 Is It.
DOWN: 1 Griselda, 2 Auto Dave, 4 Murder, 5 Low Down
Bum, 6 Beer, 7 Doss, 10 Statlists, 12 Tortures,
13 Catapult, 16 A Model, 18 Acid Burn.

devour

The following artyfacts are still available from Gallic Productions.

- GP1 - EVERYTHING - a 60min 12 track cassette. £3
- GP2 - NOTHING - a 60min 16 track cassette. £3
- GP3 - MORPHEUS 3 - a short 16mm film now available on video. Now with soundtrack. £8
- GP4 - GALLIC TIMES II - AIDS issue. £1
- GP5 - WHALING - two 90min cassettes with 36 tracks charting Gallic History from 1980 to 1986 with explanatory pamphlet titled 'Twelve Men in a Boat' £4
- GP6 - PERFORMANCE / EXORCISMS - nine T-MOB jigs. *
- GP7 - GALLIC TIMES III - election issue. £1.50
- GP8 - HAPPENINGS - (a) day in the country, (b) the party at Rymer St. *
- GP9 - TTLB ON TOUR - eight parked jigs. *
- GP10 - STP - a 45min 10 track cassette. £3
- GP11 - HOMO MOVIE - a short 8mm promo including Plum Growing Documentary available on video. £8
- GP12 - MARINETTI EATS SPAGHETTI - a 60min 14 track cassette. £3
- GP13 - Unlucky for some!

Forthcoming projects include:

- GP14 - TEOM DOD ???
- GP15 - MUTUAL MURDER - a 16mm film. In your local cinema by March '88.
- GP16 - Live 'HYPNOSIS' - see gig guide
- GP17 - DUNKING MADELAINE - retroids of Agro, Troy and M Lucas.

For more information contact: Gallic Productions, The Kabbalist's Arms, 305 Liverpool Rd N1 2NF

As from January 1st 1988 Gallic Productions 1 to 9 will be deleted so buy now and beat the Xmas rush !

GPs marked * have disinte-grated due to their nitrate base.....!

PAGE 6 FELLA

XXX



How would you like this hunk in your Christmas Stocking girls? Rampant Ray, 23, of Southend on Sea loves wearing stockings so why not yours!!!! Ridiculously Randy Red-bloodied Ray who is a bus conductor also likes camping and watersports.

So girls, why not send him an invite to your Xmas dinner? He's really very clean, polite and always carries a condom.

GIRLS*GIRLS*GIRLS*GIRLS How would you like your fella on page six? Just send in a photo of the hunk in your life and we'll have a good chuckle and maybe even print it in everyone's favourite magazine....the Sizzling Gallic Times.

**Gallick
Guide
To**

MAGICK



AL CROWLEY - Who was he?

He was born in Leamington, Warwickshire on 12.10.1875. His father had made his fortune from Crowley's Ales and devoted his life to preaching the extreme puritan doctrines of the Plymouth Brethren. In his autohagiography Al mentions two items of interest about his childhood:

- 1) "It is a strange coincidence that one small county should have given England her two greatest poets - for one must not forget Shakespeare."

- 2) It was his own mother who first said she thought he was the Beast from the book of Revelations whose number is 666.

His father died when he was eleven (Al not pops!) and he was sent to various private boarding schools finally ending up in Malvern College (he was in house No 4). While at Cambridge his main interests were chess (he won his blue and captained the university), mountaineering (more of that later) and magic. He also wrote poetry which was virtually unreadable.

After leaving Cambridge without his degree, he joined the Order of the Golden Dawn in London. It was at this time that he met up with Mathers - the man who had translated Abra Melin the Mage's writings into English. In his intense desire to raise himself to a higher grade, something the Order did not allow, he very quickly caused the dissolution of the Golden Dawn. He then moved to Scotland where he concentrated on Magick. He caused demons to appear and the lodge keeper went mad and tried to kill his wife and children!

Crowley went to Mexico next where, through concentrated will power, he almost succeeded in making his image disappear in the mirror. He was persistently on the move; he studied Buddhism in Ceylon; he was on the mountaineering expedition that almost climbed K2 in 1902; he fell out with Mathers, got married and went to Cairo with his wife. For a while he claimed his name

was Chioa Khan. While in Egypt the Egyptian god Horus got in touch (?) with him and through his guardian angel, Aiwass, the 'Book of the Law' was dictated to him! The essence of the book is 'Do What Thou Wilt'. He now believed himself to be a new Jesus with a new religion. He returned to England and declared Magickal war on Mathers - demons rushed between them for some time.

In 1905 Crowley was mountaineering again. He had been chosen as the leader of an expedition to climb Mt Kanchenjunga. At a height of 20,000 feet the climbers rebelled because of Al's sadistically cruel treatment of the porters. The expedition was called off and everyone began to descend except Crowley. There was an avalanche but Al ignored the cries for help as they dug for survivors. He had heard the screams but as he later commented to a newspaper: "I was not over anxious in the circumstances to render help. A mountain accident of this kind is one of the things for which I have no sympathy whatever."

The next day he climbed down the mountain without any problem at all (he was by all accounts, a very unorthodox climber). The mountain remained unattempted for twenty five years.

Crowley continued with his travels, experimenting with drugs: opium, cocaine, heroin and mescaline. He believed that addiction could be conquered by self-will. ie. you could take it when you wanted it. His wife went insane and their marriage collapsed.

In 1910 Mathers took him to court for releasing magickal secrets in his books. Crowley eventually won - the key secret was that sex could be used magic-ally!

From now on he practiced his magick while indulging in extremes of sexual sadism on his disciples. He opened a satanic temple in the Fulham Road and filed his canine teeth to a sharp point. He developed a habit of shitting on the carpet and claimed that his excrement was sacred.

During the 1914-18 war he pretended that he was an anti-British Irishman (even though he'd never been to Ireland). In the US he wrote pro-German propoganda. After the war he claimed that this had aided Britain because it was so absurd!

At around this time Al went off for forty days and nights in the wilderness. He spent all his money on red paint and ropes and painted in huge letters on the cliffs south of Kingston the inscriptions 'Every man and woman is a star' and 'Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the law!'

Before he left America he met a young woman who he named The Ape of Thoth. In 1919 he returned to England but he disliked the cold so much that he moved with the Ape and a nursemaid to a farmhouse in Sicily. He called this place the Abbey of Thelema and settled down to some sex-magick. Various disciples came to visit him there but his life was not perfect by any means. The women, by now he was lover to both of them, hated each other and his smack habit was becoming a problem. In 1922 he needed some money and so he wrote 'Diary of a Drug Fiend' The book was condemned by the English Press but Al didn't care too much - it paid the rent for a while!

After a peculiar incident where a disciple died Mussolini decided to get this 'freak' out of his country. Al moved to Tunis with the ape and his five year old son, Dionysius, who smoked cigarettes all day long and claimed that he would become the Beast when his father died. When things got too dodgy financially Crowley abandoned his family and disappeared. He lived off credit and any women he could find. He was now 50 years old.

He moved to Germany where he had magical friends. He had a new woman who he maltreated mercilessly. Gerald Hamilton (Isherwood's Mr Norris) stayed with them in Berlin and testified to Crowley's cruelty. The remainder of the thirties were rather boring - a series of legal battles.

By 1945 he was living in a boarding house near Hastings. He was doing 11 grains of heroin a day (the usual dose is 1/8th of a grain!). He was also an alcoholic.

He died on 5.12.1947 at the age of 72. At his funeral his own obscene 'Hymn to Pan' was read aloud. Brighton Council were shocked and stated that such an incident should never be allowed to happen again.

E.A. Crowley (4.91-92) who has been described by some as 'the wickedest man in the world' is to be the subject of a film.



The Temptation of St. Anthony, by Martin Lucas

"On the lives of St. Anthony and his compeers [was] founded . . . the whole science of demonology, with the peculiar literature, its peculiar system of criminal jurisprudence."—Charles Kingsley (1868).

Witchcraft

EXODUS xxii 18 - "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live"

- A definition of a witch is one who indulges in:
 - (a) a pact with Satan (normally involving sex).
 - (b) Transvection (ie. flying on a broomstick).
 - (c) Metamorphosis (changing into an animal or changing other people into things).
 - (d) Sabbat (a bit like a Gallic Feast - a sort of all night party with the Devil as host).
 - (e) Maleficia (general mischief making).
- The Black Mass was a reversal of the Christian service. If I remember correctly the papers reported in early 1986 a break in at a church in London where certain religious symbols required for a black mass were stolen!
- The Witchcraft Holocaust occurred between 1450-1750 mainly in Northern Europe. At a conservative estimate 200,000 (supposed) witches were burned. Without doubt, those most guilty were the clergy who had instigated these persecutions. In the main it was the Catholics (the Inquisition) but the Protestants are not blameless. NB. The Quakers consistently argued against this insanity!
- The Germans executed at least 100000 people. England - not more than 1000 USA - not more than 40. Torture was forbidden by law in England. But in Germany the law ordered torture! Peculiarly, in Southern Europe the obsession did not exist as strongly.
- In Britain the first hanging of a witch was in 1566. The most eager of the British Witch-Finders, indeed the Witch-Finder General was Matthew Hopkins. He claimed to be able to sniff out witches. In 1645/46 he accused so many people that eventually people lost faith in him. The last British execution was in 1684.



Matthew Hopkins (died 1646), the Witch Finder General.

-Executions in Europe and Scotland meant being burned to death. If the witch was uncooperative the green wood was used. Only occasionally were the witches strangled first.

-In France the most famous people accused of witchery were Joan of Arc and Gilles de Rais. Joan of Arc claimed to hear voices from God, and then proceeded to defeat the English in battle after battle. As far as they were concerned she was a witch and once captured she was executed for the crime.

Gilles de Rais is a personal fave and will be dealt with in GT5.

-In America the most interesting example of mass hysteria was in Salem, 1692 where 32 people were condemned as witches.

-Vampirism and Lycanthropy (werewolfery) are linked to witchcraft through the metamorphosis clause. Vampires were reputed to exist in Eastern Europe and areas of France. Werewolves appeared anywhere. The Sun Newspaper(?) claimed to have found one recently!

-The Devils Penis - here is a quote from a witness "This was generally sinuous, pointed and snake-like, made sometimes of half-iron and half-flesh, at other times wholly of horn, & commonly forked like a serpent's tongue. He customarily performed both coitus and pederasty at once, while sometimes a third prong reached to his lover's mouth."



A young witch shamelessly acquiescing to relations with the Devil's emissary.

-Squassation - the final form of torture. The victim was tied and raised by rope and pulley to the roof, weights were placed around the feet to stretch him & then he was dropped but not allowed to reach the floor - the terrible jerking effect would nearly always make the accused confess.

-The Types of Witches as defined in 1646.

1. The diviner, gypsy or fortune-telling witch.

2. The astrologian, star-gazing, planetary, prognosticating witch.

Gallic Times Arts Section●Reviews

GP6b The Camden Head. June.

Nine people, thanked individually, a pissed off landlord. Astounding set considering. Beardman's van full of lager. Better out than in!

GP6c The Clarendon. June.

No one, someone changeable aint it. Rock n Roll is here to pay £1.50 or go away. Night before demo. On Magic Potion.

GP6d New Merlins Cave. July.

I'm going home tomorrow foreskin pre Christmas nuptials. Let me describe my home town to you: I cannot - I have not.

GP6e The Canterbury Arms. July.

Duke, the mad compere, loved us and without a doubt the T-MOB shone that night. Simon later joined the support band.

GP6f Bull and Gate. July.

Fat bastard robbed us - hippies - extermination. Jewellers. Revelation. Stan Bowles on guitar, Charlie George on bass, Tommy Smith on drums (hard man trio)!

GP6g The Clarendon. Aug.

The most important gig of all time.
The most important gig of all.
The most important gig.
The most important.

GP6h The Mean Fiddler. Aug.

Strings pulled, plums picked, hols curtailed. Our finest hour? Dance Of Death missed out. Candid shots of GS & Co in the shower.....

GP6i The Clarendon. Oct.

The end - Ken Dodd had no tickling stick. Cartoons are yiddish art theatre - High opera - low down deals - still its all showbiz.

OBITUARY. We are sad to announce the departure of the much loved comic T Mob who passed away painlessly on 15 October while redecorating his house.

GP8a A Day In The Country.

Five people drove off in a Marina to sample some Southern Hospitality. In a direct replica of the Maupassant short story they settled by a river and the adventures began....a poem was composed...then it was decomposed.

We came, we sat, we played, we ate
 We arrived early and left very late.
 I hope it wont rain, so much left to eat
 I'm so fat I want to eat my seat.
 Sitting in a country field
 All I want to do is use a toilet.
 I came with Ralph & Julie, I came with Jim n Am
 Two couples coupled in a field
 So I did it with a ram (I thought it was a ewe).
 Jim, Dave and Ralph we now know are crazy
 While Ambie and I have opted to be lazy
 And ignore the prats.

GP8b The Party.

What can I say? Just a few memories - Georges
 Bataille, eggs, Bruce, a door, Olivia, a bed, Will -
 cursed to infinity and a man from the council sent
 off with a flea in his ear.....a photo was taken....



TTLB - the tour (GP9).

It was way, way back in the summer of '87. The guys and I got this tour lined up, eight dates 'round the country, starting and finishing in London or as we called it in those days, the 'Smoke'. All the gigs were to be open air too, you know the sort of thing.

So the first date came along - a rainy morning in Finsbury Park. We turned up on time but the support band never did show so we played our long set to a small but appreciative audience. We finished off with a rousing 'Summertime Blues' and dedicated the gig to Jean Renoir.

The second gig was in Hyde Park. We showed up in the van and carried our gear, setting up under a tree to keep out of the rain. We sat on deck-chairs and had a good view of the Serpentine. We played two numbers before the rain got into one of the amps and fried one of the backing singers during Be-Bop-A-Lula.

The electric shock caused me to fly up into a tree. Of course everyone said it was my fault (they always do) and they threw sticks and stones at me until I fell out and broke my leg. We finished the gig in the ambulance while trying DC for murder in our own kangaroo court. Howard Hawks was the judge.

After a few days in hospital we started on the Midland leg of the tour. First to Bristol where young girls went mad as DC played his horn and where the police found it hard. We ended with Frank Capra's version of 'On Heat' - pure corn.

There followed a mad dash up the M5 to make the next gig at the famous Malvern Winter Gardens where we were filmed by John Ford for our movie (see devour page - ed). We did the gig in one of those old band stands - you know like Sergeant Pepper, yeah, sure was intense. That night I spent in a cold hotel room with some local broad while DC and Jim went off to some relative's place and got faceless on rye.

The next day we played in a plum orchard in Evesham where we did an interview for Radio 3 during the show.

We did some gospel numbers and finished with that great old song 'Dixie' for Alfred Hitchcock.

The next gig was in Burford, Oxfordshire. No one came so we stayed in the van and sung popular Madonna

numbers. The audience (had there been one) would have loved it. Apparently there was some confusion with the dates. We blamed our booking agent Sergei Eisenstein.

A few days later we were in a park in Islington with a guest guitarist - Jim's bro Marcus. The gig was good, somewhat interrupted by the cricket match going on nearby. Fritz Lang was umpire. We premiered our new song 'Build My Gallows High' that day.


That afternoon we played Brockwell Park. We'd done only three songs before a member of the audience, some old guy called Arthur, the son of Ernst Lubitsch, got up and joined in with some old music hall numbers. Then Ambie, our road manager, turned up bearing news: Some big shot in the music biz had phoned and wanted us to do some major gig. We abandoned the park, the gig and Arthur (I bought him a beer to get rid of him) and drove off to stardom. The rest is history.

Yep, them sure were the days.

Extract from the memoirs of Roger 'Feeler' Titt, musician and general prick.

Music Review. 'STP' - the T-Mob.

Despair Pt 1. The arguments I had convincing his largeness that this song shouldn't start gigs. Well I don't know, do you? Gargling with gravel paid off. The voice is low and music is pleasant. I didn't much care for swear words though.

Consumption. I certainly approve of this one. The music is sharp and . "Get paranoid at another character trait" seems to be the most appropriate line, especially when we live in fear of cancer/ pneumonia in this shoe box.

Graft. V. Energetic & lively although I don't agree with the sentiment. If anyone shouted 'work!' at me I'd turn around and poke a finger in the old eye. We're back to Mrs T's victorian values here - No 1 in her hit parade.

Pandamonium. Certainly, without a doubt, 90% sure, one of the best tracks on this new demonstration tape. Special mention of DC's geetar - took me a long time to get used to it but thats because I liked the old version & I'm a stubborn old mule. Now it gets a ✓

and a gold star. Go to the top of the class. Ecstasy. "And she's bleeding" - the Mary Whitehouses among us get hold of the wrong end ??! as usual and comments like 'it's disgusting', 'shouldn't be allowed' are often heard when we hear its gentle strains floating by. But the question is 'What is a Stigmata? You may well ask - a. an eye disorder. b. part of a flowers sex organ. c. a severe complex bestowed on one by others. Send in your opinions - win a stigmata kit. On the whole one of the gentlest M-BOT songs. Good elevator music.

Sweetness. Love it, love it, love it but why don't you gig it? Nice guitar, nice drums, nice bass (?), nice singing and nice to sing along to. Think about it boys - gig + catchy song + people dancing = No 1 smash hit = fame & fortune = retirement by seaside. Transinformation. Sounds like the sound track from Star Trek. It's a creepy song because you don't like it for ages then it creeps up on you when you're not looking; it creeps all over you and suddenly one morning you wake up covered in creep and you like it. Immolation Blues. Sounds like a boring song because theres only the guitar (the bass and drums went down to the job centre). But then they remember they are in the middle of a song and come rushing back and start playing. A mystery piano in there somewhere - who was playing it? Could it be baby Jesus, Arthur Scargill, who? I like it & so does Dodell - we discussed it; then he decided to phone home and I had to act surprised - still it was an Oscar winning performance.

Despair Pt 2. I don't like this one, I never did & I never will so you can't change my mind.

Magic Potion. Cover versions usually aren't the done thing, but when this one is done it is the thing - like the 'real thing'. Being a rocker (and proud of it), it grabs me in everyway, like a dirty old man.

It is also a very polite song because they keep asking 'How do you feel?', 'I feel fine' - one for your granny with nice manners Xmas stocking. Do I detect a small hankering for the days of the Gauls where 'Magic Potions' were rife. One last, disturbing point towards the end of the song: does Ralph go to the toilet & has DC broken all his strings?

cont p20.



that's show bizzz.....

DR BERNARD'S

the Pope — **Gossip Column** — *the juicy gits.....*
— *the fats* —

-Martyn is back from Spain. He was so depressed at the lack of Eccles cakes that he tried to commit suicide by jumping into an empty swimming pool. Tracey, however, really got into it and has joined the Basque Separatist Movement. Well she always was a bit of an old basket.....

-Two of our ex-roadies Bangham and Kent have also been in the action.... 'B' has left his Yankee Mrs for a Mexican Mr..... 'K' has become big in the security world.....

-Ethna Mouse Outrage... She left for Paris where she did a lot of washing up. Her guilt eventually caught up with her.... The MSS (Mouse Slaughter Squad) put poison in her food. She passed away slowly and painfully (we hope). That taught her to think only she could play Dr Crippen!!

-Big Don - the truth..... Michael Ryan admitted before the Hungerford Disaster that his hero was one 'Big Don Lord' Canadian cop and killer of 36 - he didn't like their hair styles....Touchy fella....

-Meanwhile Neens is in a Jungian crisis. In LA a man with machine gun holes in his car is looking for her. F6n gone to clean the situation up.

TITBITSTITBITSTITBITSTITBITSTITBITSTITBITSTITBITSTIT

- Young Nick the bairn of Simon and Debbie born with beard, horns and tail. Ring any bells?

- MGS refutes rumours that that his new girl Melissa is a 'looker'. He claims she is a hideous, warty old beastie.

- Chris Undervictoria working in Islington for cowboy estate agents - 'James, Hickok and Wayne'

- One final point: You never lose a MacDonald - you just gain another.....!

NEGATION = ELATION.

Where are they now ?

No2

Bruce D A Cochrane (b.15.5.64).

A medium sized artistico modernist who served with Asterix and the Gauls from Nov 1980 to July 1982. A notoriously rhythmic guitarist who would often pound out a single chord for an entire song. During the first seven months he dominated the ensemble with his 'Power-Pop' song arrangements. During the remainder of the period he had terrible problems with his memory.....who said that?

Exceptionally handsome in his youth he appears to have grown 'peculiar' with age (or so they say). After leaving the band he did the India thing, returning to spend a year at art school in the Midlands. He then went abroad again - this time a year in Australia, "sheep rearing".

Back in '84 he began to go potty in Swansea. No, to be serious, he was studying pottery. He left before taking his degree (al-though it was obvious he'd taken a lot of something in the mean-time).

For a year and a half he has been living in a room on a farm near Malvern - creating something monstrous (we think). He jams with Mr Lucas regularly but as it takes him three months to learn a song this is a slow process.

We last saw him back in August at GP8b - the Brixy Party where he turned up unexpectedly and kicked the door off its hinges.....He informed us he'd got it together and was ready to be our guitarist again. We thanked him, got out the strait jacket and waved to him as they drove him away.



The first permitted photograph of Bruce during the long trial of his 'family'

continued from p17.

Because only the drums and a very silly bee seem to be making noises. Then they all come back again, as if no one would notice !!! As if we wouldn't.

STP reviewed by the Inner London Education Authority.

'Marinetti Eats Spaghetti' - TTLB.

Dear Aunty Gertie,

TTLB is back with a vengeance with the latest 'Marinetti Eats Spaghetti' - the futurist with some pasta in his earhole. Inspired Clarinet from Ralph and you, automatic guitar from Ernest and rhythmic mania from DC. Although seeming 'jolly good' there are sinister underwoodtones of violence and hatred. Sarcasm is Raif in John Brown's Body while Drum Mac Montague gives added vivacity throughout. At last a drummer who thinks! A selection of familiar guitar licks makes me a carrot while plummet makes me a plumber.

A deep philosophy of life appears within 'Scoot' - a philosophy Andre would have been proud of. A French air hostess also appears, a strong fragrance of onions surrounds her as well as a formidable odour of camembert.

The rap that took the Mean Fiddler by storm is a unique part of the overall dimensions of the piece - it caters for warped minds such as Mr Prongle, my local landlord.

Da-da-da-da-da-da-da-dad was dead-dead-dead-dead-deadly and dy-dy-dy-dy-dynamic.

In all rigid automatism has hit Londinium. To conclude TTLB is the one for your granny (but she's dead and she's an old fish).

Yours faithfully,
Wilfred.



ANITA DOBSON
We'll meet...



LESLIE GRANTHAM
...again.



'The Devil in the Hall'

by Georgina Sandovitch the
Russian cross-dresser.

Gallic Times Arts(?) Section • FLIM

Meeting RAY TOLAND - Cinematographising and getting down to it. By Derek Tiddlewood (son in law of Derek Malcolm Vics Sinex).

I went to meet Mr Toland at 313 editing studios where he was working on some songs for some forthcoming musical project. Ray Toland has an excellent pedigree in film. His grandfather, Greg (Lake) Toland was cameraman on such classics as 'Kane and Abel' and 'The Little Mices'. His father, John Toland, was the financial wizard behind 'Heavens Gate', 'Revolution' and 'Ishtar'. With this sort of background he ought to know what he is talking about.....He began the interview with some humour.

GT: Shall we talk about your new film? RT: Indeed.

GT: Whats it about? RT: Its about 25 minutes.

GT: Thats a very old joke. RT: Its a very old film.

At this early point in the interview I realised I was dealing with a clown. I asked for some information about himself. He secretively replied "This is the second film I've worked on. The first was a minor classic that was highlighted by this very organ two issues ago (he pointed at my genitals). The plot of the new film is about insurrection in South America, the hero is a man called Che Ver"

Mockingly I questioned "Is he a barber?". "No," he joked "he's a hairdresser".

(At this point in the interview the conversation broke down into insults, recriminations, conspiracy plots & deviations from the subject that we had met to discuss)

I moved on to fashion - a subject he knew nothing about. "Why is your hair that colour now? I used to like it blonde" He replied by telling me I was muddling him with his brother Tommy Tanker.

I asked him if he listened to LBC and whether he'd heard the programme on body language. He admitted to both and promised he wouldn't do it again. I pointed out that according to the laws of body language he was bored (he was fiddling with a piece of paper) and he was a liar (he was scratching his nose). He countered by claiming that I wanted to sleep with him (my legs were crossed and pointing at him). I admitted

that I was of that persuasion. He appeared to be pleased. Then he accused me of being uninterested in him and not letting him get a word in hedgeways. I told him that I was going to make it all up anyway. He began asking me questions:

"How is your mother?" I grimaced and asked him how she got to be in his film. "She wanted the part to help her at RADA" he said. I stated that we were going off on a tangent. He agreed "Yes. Tange is in it as well" He was proving to be a hard interviewee.



Above: Ray and friends enjoy a jock

I enquired as to who he modelled his cinematography on. He replied Jerry Anderson (the model maestro messiah of Thunder Birds). I misheard and the word association developed as follows.

GT: Jerry Hall?

RT: Terry Hall.

GT: Gerry Adams?

RT: Bob Hope.

I moved onto a different subject. In an attempt to

be topical I asked if he had anything to do with the Kings Cross Fire disaster, tragedy, outrage.

Astonishingly he answered "I was in the station only minutes before it started. I was on the escalator smoking a cigarette when a station guard asked me to put it out. I just dropped it." (NB This was the day after the inferno - four days later London Transport announced that the cause of the fire was a cigarette).

At the time it seemed unimportant so we moved onto another subject - the GLO (Gallic Liberation Organisation) and how they had accepted responsibility for the Glenys Kinnock Outrage in Northern Ireland !!

The cinematographer spoke about the film: "It's basically black and white stock. One side has the emulsion on it and it has double perforations."

I asked Mr Toland if he was enjoying the interview. He told me 'Its Mutual Murder' (surprisingly that is the title of his new film). He then plugged his first film 'Morpheus 3' - now available on video at a very cheap price.

I demanded of him a reply to the question "Do you like girls?" He answered: "Some. The butch kind." He licked his lips and thought of his secret lover Noski DeVille (daughter of Cruella).

GT: Can you tell me what happened to the actress from Morpheus 3?. I gather there was some sort of tragedy

RT: Oh yes! That actress. (Unbelievably, at the mention of Emma MacDonald the tape recorder let out an unaccountable 'fart'. I thought you may be interested in that.) Horrible, truly horrible - a few days after the film was finished that girl was travelling on the tube when she was accosted by a sheep which turned out to be Jan Leeming in disguise. The sheep threw amonias in her face leaving her blinded.

GT: Are the rumours true that the entire Gallic Productions network is mysoginist?

RT: Oh yes. Some of us even know what it means.

I asked who was directing the picture. Mr Toland laughed and said "I havn't a clue! No, it's directed by the great Welsh visionary Baron Von Klinkerhoffen" "Are you ashamed of the film?" I queried "No" he replied scratching his nose with his legs crossed erotically, pointing at me! "The film takes searing social issues and deals with them mercilessly. The drugs problem (ie you can't get hold of any) is dealt with very well by showing a one-legged man walking around the streets of London with a balloon over his head. This symbolises the lack of....waffling in England today."

GT: I gather the film is written by a certain Dorothy Parker who is actually a man.

RT: Well you can't fool everyone all the time as Edith Setteewell said.

Slightly unnerved by his meek answer I switched the subject. "Is the film influenced by any particular painters? I seem to remember that Morpheus had a stark impressionist feel" He replied "This film is influenced by a Brixton painter and decorator who plays the lead role - Big Don MacCormack" ...cont GT5

Film Review - 'The Homo Movie'

This is a must for all Asterix, T-MOB, FEKM followers. An essential addition to the collection. Gallic Productions have delighted us with yet another gem (This is not Morpheus 4). Five short features captured in technicolour reflecting a Gallically vibrant megacentric mass of manic musicians.

Mr Titley (sic) proves yet again that he is a genius behind the camera (thanks for mentioning us Neens-Ed), devising new techniques, homing in on male genitalia, an assortment of bums and girlfriends and wives in various settings across the country -Brixton Malvern, Evesham to name a few.

Outstanding editing by the Doc's dab hand (plus his aides we think) keeps the film moving in sync. DC has been discovered and who knows where he'll go from here - a trooly Canadian performance enhanced by an assortment of hairstyles. This is a Film Event Kane Matches (Citizen).

Continued from page 12

3. The chanting, canting or calculating witch who works by signs and numbers.

4. The veneficial or poisoning witch.

5. The exorcist or conjuring witch.

6. The gastronomic witch.

7. The magical, speculative, sciential or/arted witch.

8. The necromancer.

-Oddities. A witch often had an extra nipple or breast. Witch suspects were shaved of body hair. The witch-finders handbook was "Malleus Maleficarum" or Hammer of Witches or Hexenhammer

first printed in 1486. Exorcism was no more than an early form of psychiatry. The word fascinate comes from the Latin Fascinum - bewitching or charming. The word glamour comes from the same source. Polter-geist comes from the German and means a spirit who makes a noise. [More info in GT5.]



Write to.....

UNCLE TOM

HE KNOWS WHERE YOU'RE COMING FROM

Dear Uncle T, I've got a problem. My girlfriend's getting fatter. I've tried starving her - I've tried feeding her my beard but nothing seems to stop her expanding. Do you have any old aborigine cures you could recommend? Yours Smion (rhythman).

Christmas is coming - your girl is getting fat
Punch her in the belly or hit her with a bat
If you havn't got a bat then a crowbar will do
If you havn't got a crowbar then it's 'Daddy daddy'
for you!

Dear Mr T, A close friend of mine recently had to go to hospital to have a catheta poked up his thing. I'm scared as after sleeping with him last week I've had pains in my abdomen and scabs have appeared round my anus. What should I do? Yours Oliver Nine.

Olly Polly I am not. How big is big D?
I am a backdoor man (or rather he is).
You look like will. Best wishes (I'm a pinball wizard)
Tommy.

'Ere Tommy, What about that Chernobby eh? Me wife's grown another 'ead, me daughter's grown another tit and I've grown another nodger. Are two 'eads better than one? Eh Tommy eh? I should coco.
Cockney Colin, Mile End Road.

I couldn't care less - I'm from the Midlands. You had it coming you thieving bastard. Brummy Tommy.

Dear Professor Tomi, I am from Canada - I am very clever (I think). I have no qualifications. How do I get into Oxford. I have no money so how do I win a scholarship? Yours Dave Marsh (intellectual).

If you are so clever why are you a painter and decorator and why is your drumkit in my back garden? Don't waste my time. Yours Tom with something better to do.

Dear Mr Cooper, My name is Ken. I used to own a small, small shop but now I am retired. I sold my shop to an alcoholic who keeps falling (what) down the stairs. Ought I to phone the AA. Yours Ken Sinclair. ps. Do you have any tips for avoiding the Xmas mail strike?

I knew a man who ran a shop called Derek Tipping but he is now one of Santa's reindeer. Now he just poos on chimney sweeps. How could a motoring organisation help any way? Yours Tom the drunkard.

Dear Tyne, How is the tv series going? You and that other woman are very good policewomen. Is your partner really an alcoholic? Should I contact the RAC. Yours a misguided tv viewer.

This letter is incorrectly addressed. I am Tom Daley not Tyne (and Wear) Daley. I am on a quart a day so I'm hardly the write person to write right to.
Tammi Wynette.

Dear Tech, I applied recently to study Gudjrati at your establishment. Can you send me the information. Yours Derek Winglefoot (Social Worker).

Shurely shome mistook, hic! I'm not too bad at Sherbo Croat but what good is that? I've pissed on your letter to the School of Modern Languages who just giggled and sent it back. Merry Xmas,
Tom Kline, hic!

Gallick Times Competition News

As nobody ever enters the damn things we shall not be holding a competition ever again. So there. Piss off.

DRUGS.

Number One- Hallucinogens.

During my exciting and prolonged adolescence I had the opportunity to experiment with many drugs. Indeed I dabbled with dope, sojourned with speed, carressed cocaine, sampled smack, gloried on glue etc etc etc....

But no drug has impressed me more than LSD and it's relations psilocybin, beocythin and mescaline.

These are the hallucinogens, the drugs which gave rise to the 1960's drug culture which reached it's climax in the 'Summer of Love' - but thats enough about stupid hippies.

LSD 25 (d-lysergic acid diethylamide) is a very powerful drug. Doses as small as 20 micrograms can cause detectable effects. It was first used by psychotherapists to treat psychopaths. It treated a lot more. In Canada doctors gave massive doses to hopeless alcoholics in the hope that a 'profound' Experience would shock them on to the wagon. It failed of course. LSD is useless except for one thing: it gets you fucked out of your brain.

So what happens? I could bore you by recounting some of my experiences on the drug but I'm no long-hair who sits, smoking hashish, in the corner of the party calling everyone 'maan'. Suffice it to say that anything can happen. Depending on how much you take you could experience a slight 'euphoria' (it's just like sleeping gas, it's so ethereal) or see, hear, smell, feel anything from your hand changing colour to your skin falling off your bones while ridiculous monsters rummage around in the orange quarter of your inner brain (a squid eating dough in a polyethylene bag is fast and bulbous).

All I can say is try it for yourself - it is a worthless but very fun thing to do. Forget all that shit about 'finding yourself' or 'expanding your mind' and just drop acid!

I once dropped some acid at a party. I was on my hands and knees all evening, looking under girls dresses and on the soles of peoples feet. I never

did find it.

So where do you get it?

LSD is obtainable on the illicit drug market but since Operation Julie 'good' acid is hard to come by and can be very unreliable.

A safer bet would be to either make your own (only recommended to A-Level chemists) or try one of the other hallucinogens.

Mescaline is freely available from certain cacti which grow in Mexico but that could prove an expensive method of obtaining it. Psilocybin and beocythin are the active ingredients found in a little mushroom that grows from September to December all over the place.

About 30-40 of these Magick Mushrooms should get you out your face. I advise you to grind them up into a fine powder (after drying them) and mix them with melted chocolate (Galaxy is best) as they taste vile on their own.

All these hallucinogens alter the serotonin levels in your brain. Serotonin is a chemical which controls the passage of signals across your synapses and if there is too much then things gets confused. Its rather like pouring water into the back of your tv - BABOOM ! - short circuits everywhere.

This is why you can sense a noise as a picture or hear a flash of light or smell the scrobiculate surface of an odourless item.

So - try it - it's fun - you wont die and it's not addictive (though I might argue with that).

'Had we but world enough and time we'd all take acid'

Aaasagh.....the author just tripped down the stairs.

DRUGS No 2 shall expose the psychosis sufferers of the GT staff who indulged in the 'Poppers' craze of the early sixties and who now write as a therapy. Read it in GT5 - 'Speed - the narcoleptic's dream'

Poetry Corner by a fool/anon.

I know a man who wears a saucepan on his head

"Why do you wear it sir" I asked "I don't know why"
he said

"It really makes my ears so sore - I am a foolish man
I should have changed it years ago and bought a
frying pan".

Here at GT Mansions we have been waiting since Feb for DC Lord to turn in his piece on Architecture. Last Saturday he brought it to us, eagerly we tore open the envelope. What we saw astounded us -

WHAT DC LORD THINKS ABOUT ARCHITECTURE

Ask Prince Charles.

GP 18 shall contain DC Lord's second article on furniture and he wins the 'Pullitoff' prize for lascitude torpor-sleep on.

AM'S TV PAGE

1. Do you watch Casualty? Gruesome isn't it, boring isn't it, brilliant isn't it-you can tell I'm in two minds on this one.
2. What about that Bulls Eye? Jim Bowen learnt all his patter from the Jimmy Tarbuck D.I.Y. book of humour.
3. Damon is dead-Barry is God-Sheila is an old fish wife (but didn't she do well).
4. Did you see that programme about plants on Ch.4, no neither did we (Ralph had nothing to do with it)
5. Night Network needs to be nuked.
6. If you missed 'The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie' you are a bottle of tippex.

RECOMMENDED VIEWING FOR CHRISTMAS HOLS -

- * 'North and South'-20th/21st/22nd-Great Fordion American drama.
- * 'The Finding'-23rd-ITV-With Am's kids in the adventure playground scene.
- * 'Carry On Camping'-29th-ITV-The best.

SPY'S LIES.....

1 "I stand by my reports in July that security men bugged 10 Downing Street and Sir Harold's private room at the House of Commons." — Chapman Pincher, Britain's leading spy journalist, Daily Express, August 24, 1977.

2 "Certain officers inside M15, assisted by others who had retired from the service, were actually trying to bring down the Labour Government." — Chapman Pincher, Inside Story, published in 1978.

3 "Of all the allegations in Peter Wright's book, the one that caught the attention of the media and anti-Tory politicians was that a 'rogue' group of M15 officers had tried to bring down Harold Wilson's government. This story, which started as unfounded Fleet Street rumour, just is not true." — Chapman Pincher, Sunday Express, November 15, 1987.

4 "You can go through my files of the Express and my books and you won't find anything wrong with the information. I don't ever remember getting a bum steer." — Chapman Pincher, interview with the London Home Magazine, Summer 1987.



CHAPMAN PINCHER
No bum

Spycatcher - the shameful truth

For once Mrs Thatcher has got it right. No book as boring as Peter Wright's revealing tome should be allowed to get within the public's grasp. Had anyone who obtained a copy of 'Spycatcher' bothered to get beyond chapter one they would probably be suffering from brain shrinkage due to lack of interesting stimuli.

Of course the act of banning the book was as ridiculous as it was ineffective. Anyone who really wanted a copy could easily get hold of one. I've had more problems getting hold of the Gurudian on Monday afternoon in Islington.

Had the ban not been imposed no more than ten copies of the book would have sold and those would have been aquired by either the Russian Embassy or members of the cabinet. Peter Wright would have evaporated into outback obscurity and his publisher would have been declared bankrupt.

As it is Mr Wright is now a millionaire, the popular press has something to rant on about for years to come and countless innocent civilians have gone and bought copies of a book that reveals facts that were common knowledge years before.

The Gallic Times has done some research and has unearthed some interesting facts:

- i) A list of the shareholders of Viking Press - the publishers - would include the following; D Thatcher, M Thatcher, M Thatcher Jnr, C Thatcher, N Kinnock, G Kinnock, C Pincher, T Dalyell, Sir H Wilson and (interesting one this one) Terry Waite (Missing).
- ii) There was indeed a plot to bring down the Labour Government of 74-79, a plot conceived and executed by approximately 30 million British voters.
- iii) Peter Wright is a boring old sheep farmer.
- iv) Cowleigh should have been in charge.
- v) The Australian legal system wouldn't know a decent book if it ate one of their babies.

The fearless Gallic Times however heeds no censor. So, here in full is the extract from 'Spycatcher' which caused all the furore:

"Shortly after the end of the war....."

cont 42.

the Xmas Doctor



ASLEEP ONE NIGHT - THE DOCTOR DREAMT

OF THINGS BIZARRE AND STRANGE

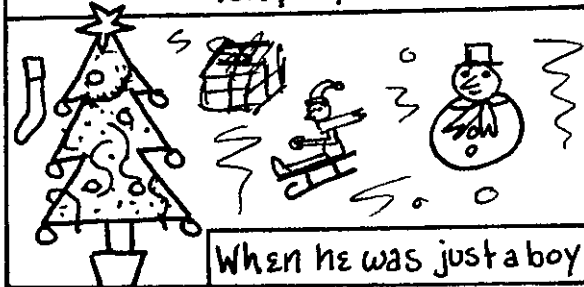


like CRIPPLED MEN

and a GREAT BIG MEN

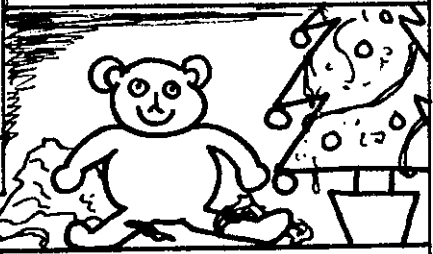
laying eggs so huge + FREE RANGE

HE DREAMED OF A CHRISTMAS, LONG AGO



When he was just a boy

BEFORE HE WENT TO MEDICAL SCHOOL



The teddy bear went mad one night

and of his teddy bear called Roy



And bit off the Doctor's hand

THE DOCTOR WOKE UP SCREAMING and saw the devil in his WARDROBE.



Yes, It's Doctor Faustus.

THE END

HOROSCOPE

As a prelude to our regular Gallic Horoscope we give you an interesting (?) explanation of this strange form of witchery from the only witch we know.

"Man is asked to make of himself what he is supposed to become, to fulfill his destiny." (Paul Tillich)

All life moves in cycles and all cycles interlock. Astrology is the study of the cyclic solar system by which one can recognize, interpret and even predict cycles in human affairs, to see the interconnection between celestial and terrestrial cycles. The circle, symbolic of totality and wholeness, is divided into twelve zodiacal 'houses.' The inner wheel remains fixed encompassing the energy of the house sign (eg first house Aries, second house Taurus, third Gemini etc) while the outer wheel rotates. When one is born the outer wheel stops and different signs fall on the outer wheel and the planets are placed within the inner wheel. The sun, moon, mercury, venus, mars, (personal planets) jupiter, saturn (intermedary planets) and uranus, neptune and pluto (outer planet) represent certain psychological/archetypal drives and impulses. The placements of the planets reveal the most natural and appropriate way to unfold who and what we are. Aspects between planets allow insight into blocks or harmonious flows operating within the individual allowing one to become more aware and conscious of oneself. Therefore astrology communicates to the psyche rather than the 'persona'(mask) encouraging the inner self to unfold and appear rather than hide behind an image other than what we are. "He who looks outside dreams, he who looks inside wakes." (Jung)

Astrology is akin to the alchemists aim of transforming a base substance into the purest state of gold. It relates also to the hindu 'dharma' the intrinsic identity and latent life pattern inherant in all of us. It can enable us to become 'whole' what Jung considered all individuals to be striving towards. The birthchart symbolically portrays our own unique reality and innate pattern. Kierkegaard observed that the deepest despair occurs when we act as something other than who we are. Astrology is a guide back to ourselves. Examining a birthchart brings one into contact with the psyche, the inner self rather than the image with which we face the world. It brings insight to the underlying archetypes operating within us. The unity of macrocosm and microcosm becomes obvious, outer and inner are reflected back constantly so that sycronicity replaces what we term 'accident' or 'coincidence.'

Awareness brings change and each of us has the potential for greater awareness and freedom. "Our being is not only given to us, but demanded of us and it is up to us to make ourselves what we are meant to become." - Jung.

GGG GUJBC *

The FEKM GP16 gigs for the new year have not been organised yet although we hope to be playing better places for more money. The 'Kiss my Ass' tour is still a possibility and if there is any morality in the world Uncle Dick will sort things out!

1987» Looking Backwards

Disaster, tragedy, outrage: these have been the key words of the year. Zedburger, Hammersmith, Inascallop. Where is Terry Waite? (I'm on the same side as the Iraq-is!) HIV positive blues, the hurricane, my new wardrobe.

On a political level - well that's boring. Mrs Thatcher I loveyou - that was interesting wasn't it? The tv has been dreadful but at least I've got a video now so I can watch more of it. How now brown cow?

On the GP front it's been a glorious year - two films, three bunches of tapes (grapes) and three magazines. We met Simon at the beginning of the year and he is still buying mushrooms from us. Rymer St didn't fall down (although it probably will do soon) and flat 2 became more and more like a shoebox.

Sexually it's been exhilarating - I've had nineteen affairs, I'm now going steady with a gir affe. My brother (middle) crashed a lot of cars and my brother (younger) came out of the closet and admitted he was a kangaroo.

Ralph got a job, got a car, got a hair-do and got a gottle of geer. DC just got more neurotic as I got more psychotic!

The best film of the year was Godard's 'King Lear' closely followed by Lynch's 'Blue Velvet'.

Public Enemy blew everyone away musically.

Peace ! - there hasn't been any. I'm not a war-monger but I am an ironmonger - I'd like to say that although I was sad about Huston snuffing it the real tragedy was Douglas Sirk's death. There was a man of genuine melodramatic genius. RIP.

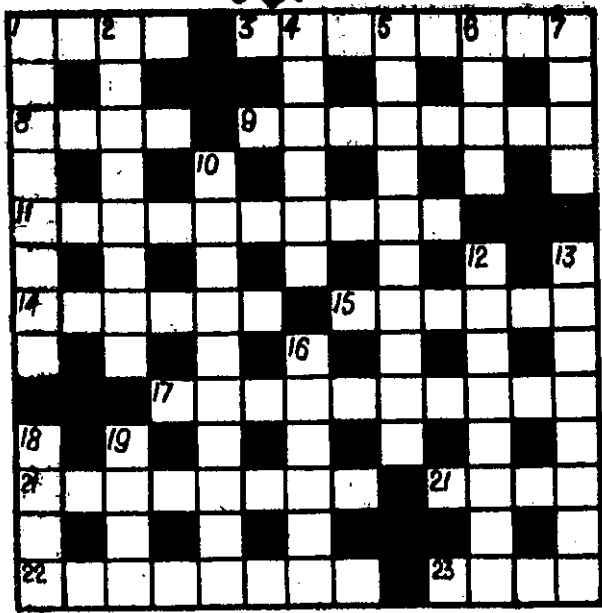
The NME continued to get more tacky but who cares? Certainly not me. The best tv programme was 'The Charmer' - ridiculous of course but quite amusing. Bring back 'Chance in a Million'.

Next year I will become a religious leader, play the Grand Ole Opry, (maybe) give up smoking, direct a Hollywood movie and grow a beard (or will I?). 1987 Pros - 'Les Vampires', 'Of Grammatology', George Jones (always), Reading film books, taking people for a ride (in my car) and kissing DC & Ralph.

Fiddle-dee-dee. Jim XXXX

CROSS

ROADS



ACROSS

DOWN

- 1. The beast's animal (4)
- 3. What my sock does (5,3)
- 8. Ambie's union (1,1,1,1)
- 9. Belonging to the beast himself (8)
- 11. DC's finnish (or his fathers) (3,1,3,3)
- 14. Who's are the best tunes? (6)
- 15. Jimmy White's sport phonetically (6)
- 17. Up a hill - defiantly? (2,1,5,2)
- 20. Exclusive place for pain? (4,4)
- 21. Language (4)
- 22. In a manner like bacon (8)
- 23. Isn't it? (2,2)
- 1. DWB's girlfriend (8)
- 2. Robotised guitarist (4,4)
- 4. Scream this blue (6)
- 5. A dwarf has one (3,4,3)
- 6. Drink this - mmmm (4)
- 7. Rhymes with boss (4)
- 10. Aggressive commies (10)
- 12. Methods of inflicting pain (8)
- 13. Stone thrower (8)
- 16. Jerry Hall is one. She's doing well! (1,5)
- 18,19. Lasting effect of LSD or vinegar (4,4)

The Editors of GT4 were Harold Wilsanders, Ted Heath. Contributors: Winston Churchgill, Sir Neena Douglas Home, MG Thatcher, Anthony Eden-Lord, Sir Harold MacMillster.

Gallic Times 5 will be available in March and will be a Murder Issue. The Dusseldorf Monster will be our guest editor. Keep on trucking - Yo!

Pier Paolo Pasolini (1922-75)

(This is a candid photo of one of his chums).



This was Gallic Productions Number 13

made in holland - patent pending in principal countries of the world