

MARCH '88

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INTRO

Gallic Times 5 Editorial

Here we are again. It's Marxch 1988. All change. C J Mac is dead and Gallic Productions have embraced the machine age. Luddites us ? No Joe. The Times has a new press and our new drummer has a distinctly mechanistic air. Love you Maxine!

The price is £2 but we promise not to increase our charges again this year. Poverty is an ugly cheese to bare. Finally Sanders and Tittley have been relegated to the contributor zone and I, me, him have taken over. My name is Tiddlewood, Kevin to my mother. Since the 1982 tube train fiasco I have been in hiding but Jim and Ralph pleaded and I needed and long term DC'S hair receded.

To the magazine itself - the rapid abandoning of our original format has left us sick, tired and bubbly-dee. This is the murder issue. It links up with the new motion picture, the second in the 'Morph' trilogy and predates our next cassette and it's investigations into the darker recesses of the human psyche. "They've got murder in Peru and guess what I'm gonna murder you".

Also included is Lester Bang's opus on Don Van Vliet - read it even if you aren't addicted to the great man's work.

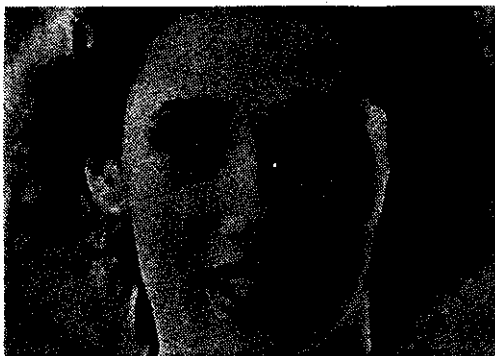
Now on to the goodbyes; Emeric Pressburger (writer of such classics as 'The Life and Death of Col. Blimp' and 'The Red Shoes'), Divine (Harris Glenn Milstead) and 'Crossroads' (how will we be able to live without it?).

Gallic Productions recommends the following for the spring quarter: Morrissey's solo LP 'Viva Hate' and Public Enemy's second LP. Pere Ubu and Ornette Coleman live (29th March and 3rd June respectively). Spielberg, Stone, Wenders and Herzog's new films. Simon Callow in 'Faust' (pts 1 & 2) at the Lyric, Hammersmith, March 30th - May 21st (the first time this has been staged in Britain this century). Peter Brook's memoirs 'The Shifting Point - 40 years of theatrical exploration 1946 - 87'. Alan Moore's new comic 'Killing Joke' (Batman and The Joker!). Mark (our art critic -pah!) mentions the Lucien Freud exhibition and urges attendance at 'Late Picasso' at the Tate (June 23rd). Finally, check out Tim Westwood's 'Future Rap' show on Capital, Friday evening 12 - 1.

GRIND YOUR MIND !

K Tiddlewood.

MAXINE: RHYTHM NYMPHET



With CJ Mac dead it's time for our regular 'Lets introduce the new drummer' article. This time we've got a cracker . . . !

Our new drummer is *never* late for a practice, never goes out of time, will always arrive promptly at gigs and doesn't need drumsticks. Our new drummer may lack the ability to improvise but this is offset by her precision and tightness. Our new drummer doesn't sweat and is so hygienic that even DC can get close without fear of contamination. Our new drummer is small and neat, petite and sweet and she is called **Maxine**.

Maxine's the name and maxima is the game. Without a doubt she is more intelligent than all our previous drummers put together. Her wit is legendary, her perception unique and her looks . . . Unhesitantly I pronounce her the prettiest drummer I've ever seen and I look forward to working closely with her.

So what is she like, this supergirl of the rhythm world? She is young but has been drumming ever since birth, her favourite colour is red and she votes Labour (or would if she could). Her favourite film is 'Forbidden Planet' and she reads only sci-fi (for technical reasons) and Sartre (for pleasure). She loves to say 'To do is to be' and thus justify her existence and to be sure she certainly does and therefore she is.

The Gauls salute the *Deus Machina* and cross effortlessly into the future. From now on FEKM are truly eccentric - wait until we fry eggs on stage! *Maxine we love you!*

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NEWS

CJ Mac Sacked

CJ MAC, the notorious wheelsman, is dead - from the neck up. Doctors first noticed this unprecedented medical condition after Mr Mac crashed his car into two shops while asleep at the wheel. Upon being questioned by police it transpired that Mac was not in possession of a valid, full driving licence he was in fact still a learner. The police surgeon examined Mac and discovered that his brain had died several years earlier and was now the size of a pea, rattling around his cavernous skull. The camera shop and the off-licence damaged by Mac's driving (and I use the term loosely) have filed insurance claims against him. It looks as though he is bugged! At first fooled by Mac's apparent possession of at least a glimmer of intelligence we at Gallic HQ realised too late his condition. When we turned up at his house to take him to a recording session. Mac was asleep (even though we were an hour late) and after waiting for him to get ready DC casually asked if he had his drumsticks.

Astoundingly he had neither drumsticks nor any idea of how to get hold of any. We left him there with his drums and a blank look on his face, pondering (if that is possible) what it all meant.

Good-bye Sex Hotel

This story must be told: Once upon a time there were two Canadians, X & Y. Actually, it was me and Clive MacNuttski, notorious molester of young girls (I'M being totally serious here, folks). Clive liked the Virgin flesh. Whole chapters of the New Testament would need re-writing if Clive's tool had been less active. Gosh, I remember our High-school Grad dance. Clive picked a real pumpkin that time. Her name was Tracy. Racy Tracy in years to come. Unsoiled. Fresh and new. Didn't even wear makeup. Too young. I remember her well...Wait a minute...It's all coming back now. I'M the gatecrasher of young girls. Clive is INNOCENT!

Back to the story: Absolved of guilt, Clive decided on squatting as an alternative to paying rent, of which we were always in arrears (Clive as the passive partner). Having contacted the local Anarchy Association for any possible leads, we were led to a vacant lot on 12th Street and Vine, scene of many a great melodramatica. Clive was the first to die. My death followed quickly...and of course painfully. I remember it well. And then because we were dead there didn't seem to be much point in finding a squat.

No. 15 was a myth. The End (No. 15 Rymer St. 1984-88 R.I.P.).

greed

GP1 - Everything/GP2 - Nothing/GP 3 - Morpheus 3/GP4 - Gallic Times 2/GP5 - Whaling/GP6 - Performance/Exorcisms/GP7 - Gallic Times 3/GP8 - Happenings/GP9 - TTLB on Tour are all deleted.

The following artyfacts are still available from
Gallic Productions.

- GP10 - STP - a 45 min 10 track cassette, £3
- GP11 - HOMO MOVIE - a short 8mm promo including Plum Growing documentary. Available on video. £8
- GP12 - MARINETTI EATS SPAGHETTI - a 60 min 14 track cassette. £3
- GP13 - GALLICK TIMES 4 - Magick issue. £2
- GP14 - TEOM DOD ??? - (Work-in-progress).
- GP15 - MUTUAL MURDER - a short 16mm film soon to be available on video. £8
- GP16 - ENTERTAINMENT/HYPNOSIS - FEKM Live. (Watch out for details).
- GP17 - DUNKING MADELAINES - retroids of Agro, Troy and M. Lucas (work in progress).
- GP18 - EVENTS - (a) Bonjour Monsieur. (b) A Day at the Zoo.
- GP19 - Aaaaaaagh!

Forthcoming Projects Include:

- GP20 - MORE WHALING - two 90 min cassettes continuing the rewriting of Gallic History with explanatory pamphlet - 'And the Ship Sailed On'
- GP21 - TTLB ON TOUR II - The Northern Jaunt.
- GP22 - MALEFICIA - a 60 min 12 track cassette introducing everyone's true love Maxine.

For more information contact: Gallic Productions, The Brown
Stool, Flat 2, 305, Liverpool Rd. N1 INF.

The Brown Egg you received with this paper is partly an attempt to return to the Victorian idea of Easter celebration and partly a cheap, obscene and tacky joke. Not worth it was it?

XXX

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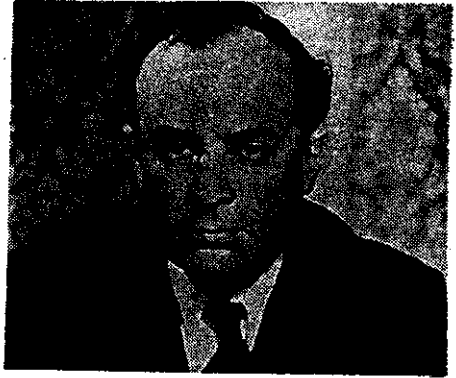
What about this hunky devil girls? Meet Delicious Dave a painter and decorator from Dulwich. Desperately . . . um . . . Dandy, Dinner lady Dave loves having tea with chocolate fingers !!! So come on girls, let him have it !!!

And remember ladies, keep on sending those pictures of the man in your life in so that we can put him on Page 6 of the Super Hot Sexy Gallic Times !

Gallic Guide To

MURDER

Murder is a pastime that we all know something about. Some of us read of it in the 'News of the World', some of us get so angry we want to commit it and some of us do it in secret and don't tell anyone. This essay chronicles the careers of eight of the most extreme mass-murderers. Do not read on if you are the possessor of a nervous disposition. Serial killers eat cornflakes!



1. SAWNEY BEAN. 1360-1420 (SCOTLAND).

Born and raised in East Lothian. In his youth he abandoned work and with an accommodating female moved to a hidden cave on the seashore in Galloway. Surviving through highway robbery he lived there with his family for 25 years. The family was extensive and utterly incestuous - numbering 46 (8 sons, 6 daughters and 32 grandchildren). For food they ate the victims of their robbery. At the time of the capture, their cave was full of pickled limbs and human meat hung on hooks. Their execution was particularly brutal: the men had their hands and legs chopped off and bled to death. The women, witnesses to this were burnt alive. In the words of an observer "They all in general died without the least sign of repentance, but continued cursing to the very last gasp of life."

2. GILLES DE RAIS 1404-40 (FRANCE).

One of the richest men in Europe, he distinguished himself in war with Joan of Arc. After her death he retired to his castle where he spent money at an extraordinary rate. This desire for more cash drove him to alchemy and from thence to devil-worship. Since his ceremonies required the blood of young children he sent his henchmen to snatch these infants from the nearby villages. It is claimed that whole neighbourhoods were left childless. Due to an argument with the church (over a completely different matter) he was tried as a heretic. Under torture his servants said that he had rubbed his penis against the bodies of the young children and at the point of orgasm had

had their heads cut off. He particularly enjoyed their death throes. It was claimed that child skeletons were found in his castle. Torture had no effect on him but the threat of excommunication brought on a total confession. He was strangled and his body burnt. The church seized his land and property (make of that what you will!)

3. BELA KISS 1872-? (HUNGARY).

In 1912 Kiss (aged 40) and his young wife (aged 25) moved to the village of Czinkota. The young wife took a lover and before long they both disappeared. Bela Kiss informed the villagers that the couple had run away together. Over the next two years a large number of women visited him - he'd placed a newspaper ad in the name of Hoffman - 'a lonely widower seeking female companionship.' At the same time he started collecting enormous metal drums, he explained to the local constable that he intended to fill them with petrol because it might prove prudent if a European war broke out. He had predicted accurately and in 1914 he was conscripted and sent to the front. In 1916 it was reported that he died in action (it later transpired that he had switched identities with a casualty on the battlefield.) Some time later troops arrived in the village looking for petrol, the Constable remembered the metal drums. In the house he found 7 drums each containing a garrotted woman preserved in alcohol. Another 17 were found buried in different places in the area - two contained Kiss's wife and her lover. This killer of 24 was never captured although he was seen three times. It is believed he emigrated to the U.S.A. in 1926.

4. FRITZ HAARMAN. 1879-1925 (GERMANY).

Haarman had a long history of crime. He had served time in prison (and asylums) for theft and indecency with young boys. In 1919 he was in the meat smuggling business (this was post W.W.I Germany - meat was rationed). Together with another homosexual, Hans Grans, he lured young men back to his rooms and murdered them. The kill-method was peculiar - Haarman would bite through the victim's throat. The body was then dismembered and sold as meat. He had a narrow escape when the meat was taken by a buyer to the police - the police analyst said that it was not human flesh and pronounced it pork! Eventually the police closed in, by this time Haarman had killed at least 50. When his rooms had been searched and clothing owned by victims discovered he decided to confess. During the 14 day trial he appeared extremely unbothered at one point even smoking a cigar in court. He was sentenced to death by

decapitation. Before his execution he wrote a confession that was full of sexual perversion and detailed the obvious pleasure he had taken in the murders he'd committed.

5. PETER KURTEN. 1883-1931 (GERMANY).

Kurten grew up in a veritable vacuum of depravity. He often watched his drunken father 'rape' his mother. There were also incidents of incest in the family. At the age of eight his sadism was awakened by a vicious dog-catcher who introduced the boy to torturing animals. At the age of nine he killed for the first time, pushing two boys off a raft on the river and drowning them. By the age of thirteen he was indulging in bestiality with sheep, pigs and goats, discovering that he achieved greater orgasms by stabbing the animals during intercourse. The sexuality of blood was now clear to him. At the age of fourteen he began the first of many prison sentences (out of 48 years he spent 27 in prison). Incarcerated, his revenge obsession began. He decided to punish society for what it had done to him. While out of prison in 1913 he sexually

assaulted and murdered a 13 year old girl but he was not caught. Kurten married in 1921 (his marriage was apparently 'normal') and went to live in Dusseldorf. Throughout his mature years he had been attacking people, trying to strangle them and also committing arson. In 1929 the 'Reign of Terror' began. Between February and November he murdered at least seven times; a 45 year old man, two servant girls, a 14 year old girl, an eight year old and two five year olds. Countless attacks also



Peter Kurten, the mass murderer of Dusseldorf

occurred including hitting people with a hatchet and then running away. Panic was widespread. Then the murders stopped but the attacks continued. By 1931 900,000 people had been denounced and investigated. He decided to confess and told his wife so that she could claim the reward money. At his trial he said "There comes a time in the life of every criminal when he can go no further." He also admitted that he had dug up one of ~~the~~ bodies and indulged in necrophilia and that when he hadn't been able to find a victim he had cut off a swans head and drank its blood. He had also fantasised about blowing up the whole of Dusseldorf with dynamite. He was sentenced to death and guillotined. Cheerful to the end, his one hope was that he would hear the sound of his own blood running into the basket.

6. ALBERT FISH. 1870-1935 (USA).

The king of sexual perverts. He was convicted and executed for the murder of 10 year old Grace Budd. He had seen an advert placed by Grace's brother, looking for work, so he offered him a job and while at the house, volunteered to take Grace to a party given by his 'sister' for 'some children'. The parents reluctantly agreed "He looked like a meek and innocuous little man. If you wanted someone to entrust your children to, he would be the one you would choose." He took her to an empty house out of town - where he strangled her, cut off her head and cut the body in two, he took parts of the body home and ate them (it later transpired that he got sexual excitement from cannibalism). Six years later he wrote to the Budd's confessing that he had murdered Grace and eaten parts of her. The letter was traceable and he was arrested. (n.b. In his dealings with the Budds, he used the pseudonym Frank Howard!). At the time of the trial Dr. Wertham investigated his mental condition. He was a painter and decorator who had been married four times but never divorced. He had been arrested many times for various petty crimes (sending obscene letters among others) and had also spent time in mental hospitals. But it was through his perversions that so much was learnt, he was the ultimate sado-masochist. At the age of five he discovered the joys of spanking, he experimented with excreta in every imaginable way. The most extreme being taking bits of cotton saturating them in alcohol, putting them in his rectum and setting them alight. He also developed a habit of sticking needles into his scrotum (an X-ray showed twenty-seven still inside him). He suffered from 'religious insanity' - visions of God and believing himself to be a holy man. As he himself said, "I had to offer a child for sacrifice, to purge myself of iniquities." He admitted that he had murdered at least one hundred children (often castrating

the boys). The cannibalism was merely the climax of his perversion.

7 JOACHIM KROLL. 1920-? (GERMANY).

Germany has always had a large number of sex killers but Kroll is one of the most disturbing. One day in 1976 a four year old girl was playing with friends in a playground. A balding little man persuaded her to go off with him. Some time later the mother unable to find her child reported the abduction to the police. The police immediately began making door to door inquires. They found a lavatory in an apartment building that was blocked with the internal organs of a child. When they entered Kroll's flat they found more parcels of flesh stored in his deep freeze and on the stove a boiling saucepan containing a child's hand among the carrots and potatoes. Kroll was



Joachim Kroll at his court hearing in Duisberg

obviously mentally subnormal and sincerely believed that he would be allowed home when he'd had an 'operation' to make him harmless to women. Through further questioning the police found that he had committed far more than one murder. He committed his first rape-murder in 1955 (a nineteen year old girl). In total he admitted to fourteen murders but genuinely could not remember. He had also been the killer of four in the Ruhr area some ten years before (a sixteen year old, two aged thirteen and a five year old). All these girls had had slices of meat carved from their buttocks and thighs. He told police that this cannibalism had not been sexually orientated, he merely felt that he may as well save money on meat. The reason it took so long to catch him is because he did not always cannibalise his victims and because he killed over an enormous area. He was sentenced to life imprisonment.

8. DENNIS NILSEN. 1945- (ENGLAND).

Britain's biggest mass murderer was Scottish. He was born on 23.11.45. His parents divorced when he was four. At the age of seven he was traumatised by the death of his grandfather (a man he was extremely attached to), the young boy was made to look at the corpse! He later said "all my troubles started there". He was a quiet child and the Scots puritanism of his family obviously jarred with his dormant homosexuality. At the age of sixteen, he joined up and some years later became a forces cook. In 1972 he left the army and went to London, being a lover of uniforms he joined the police, this however did not work out. After bumming from job to job he secured a position in The Job Centre on Denmark St. At this time he became aware of the large number of 'down and outs' who slept rough in central London. Temptation had arrived. In the mid-70's he was living in Willesden with a man-friend, the relationship was not homosexual merely domestic. In 1977 the young friend (David Gallichan) left for a job in the country. Nilsen felt totally rejected - his loneliness increased and the killings began...

In December 1978 he picked up a young Irish labourer in a Cricklewood pub, took him home and strangled him with a tie. He then followed a strict ritual of undressing the body and washing it. The next murder was in December 1979, he met a twenty-three year old Canadian and took him back to his flat, they ate a meal, drank and watched television. By midnight the Canadian was watching tv with headphones on, listening to music. Nilson who liked to talk, felt rejected. "I thought, bloody good guest this". The tourist was strangled with a flex. He followed his usual ritual and put the body under the floorboards. In May 1980 he picked up and murdered a sixteen year old butcher. Two or three months later he notched up four by killing a twenty-six year old Scot. The fifth was a Mexican or Filipino, "I Can't remember the details. It's academic. I must have put the body under the floorboards." The next victim was another Irish building worker. "My impression was that I strangled him." Number seven was a 'down and out'. Throughout all this he was burning the bodies in his garden. He couldn't remember anything about the eighth victim "This was a period of intense activity." Number nine was an eighteen year old scot who he picked up in Dean Street. The tenth followed shortly. Victim eleven was a London skinhead who boasted that he was 'hard'. Nilsen throttled him. Amusingly enough the skinhead was tattooed with an inscription and dots around his neck 'Cut here'; exactly what occurred during dismembering. Number twelve was the last to be murdered at Melrose Avenue. Nilson had one

large bonfire to cover his tracks and accepted an incentive payment to leave the flat (he was a sitting tenant). In October 1981 he moved to the upstairs flat in Cranley Gardens, Muswell Hill. During November he attempted to strangle a homosexual student but revived him claiming later that he suddenly realised what he was doing. The next victim (No 13), put up one hell of a fight. Eventually he was drowned in the bath. The body was then hacked up and chunks were boiled in a large pot. During May 1982 Nilsen picked up another homosexual but as with the student stopped himself in the process of strangling this potential victim. The fourteenth was a drunk who he found in Shaftsbury Avenue - he strangled him, dissected him, boiled parts, hid other bits around the house and flushed pieces down the toilet. The final victim, the fifteenth was a drug addict. After strangulation his body lay in the bedroom with a blanket covering it. Nilsen then boiled the head in a pot. The next day the tenants were complaining that the drains were blocked. Nilsen made a feeble attempt to clear the drain, but remains of human flesh were found and the police were contacted. When arrested he was asked whether the remains were from one body or two. He calmly replied "There have been fifteen or sixteen altogether." In court he claimed he was a 'creative psychopath' who became a destructive psychopath under the influence of alcohol. At the root of his crimes, he said was "A sense of total social isolation and a desperate search for sexual identity." He was sentenced to life imprisonment. As a footnote an amusing incident occurred during his early days in prison. The chaplain suggested he might come to chapel and pray for forgiveness for his sins. Nilsen retorted "I'm a mass murderer not a bloody hypocrite."

Other interesting murder cases worth checking out are: Jack the Ripper (unsolved - a real conspiracy here), Nelson Earle (American sex-moron - killer of twenty-six), Dr. Marcel Petoit (French poisoner of sixty-three during WW II), David Berkowitz (American psycho, Son of Sam), Ian Brady and Myra Hindley (The Moors Murderers), Ted Bundy (American sex killer of over twenty), Albert De Salvo (The Boston Strangler), John Wayne Gacy (homosexual killer of thirty-three), Charles Manson (and his family), Peter Sutcliffe (The Yorkshire Ripper), Zodiac (mass murderer - still loose) and my Favourite - Lorraine Clark - See GP 33 - The Feature Film!

For Further Information Colin Wilson's - 'Encyclopaedia's Of Murder' / J.K. Huysman's - 'La-Bas' / Truman Capote- 'In Cold Blood' / Zola - 'La Bete Humaine' / Dostoyevsky - 'The Brothers Karamazov' / True Detective Magazine / The Films Of Hitchcock and Lang / 'Double Indemnity' (Wilder) / 'Los Olivadados' (Bunuel) / 'Les Diaboliques' (Clouzot) / 'Ai No Corrida' (Oshima).

P.S. One of our ex-drummers used to know Dennis Nilsen - he served him alcohol regularly from a Tufnel Park off licence.



BERNIE'S Showbiz

the Lovella Parsons of the QT team

- **JIM GETS A JOB!** The world's laziest, fattest and most bone idle man has found gainful employment in Spitalfield's fruit and veg markets. Old lazy-bones says he feels right at home in that racist, sexist and ignorant world. He now wants to be known as Jim 'Van' Sanders. (Keep on truckin').

- **JACKANORY SHOCKER.** Fon Baby Boom Bloomer - Truth will out - Dreams are not reality - Get thee to an asylum - Fiona Connell is Billy Liar - did Morpheus 3 have an influence on all this? Goodbye. Bernie regrets the fact that Fie-Fi-Fo-Fum is a nutter!

- **THE SQUAT SCANDAL IS OVER.** Rymer St. gone - the boys moved to Bogey St, Stockwell. Physically ejected by the Rozzers, they hit the streets, Ralph and Julie went to stay with Rachel Webfoot (Ralph as Yuppie Hippie??) D.C. hung out at Flat 2, 305 with Jim and Am - the flat being notoriously cold this became known as a 'menage-a-froid'.

- **WILL AND LIZ** - (Scum-people) have some bad news coming their way. After they fled to Holland, quacks from the hospital turned up urgently requesting to speak to the Scummies. Bernie believes that the baby Liz is carrying is a hideous monster. Serves 'em right (touché).

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- **MARSH (MOZS II)** Unable to get into the country. He could not find any persons of importance to vouch for his character....

- **MARTYN LUCAS** - paedophile?? Bernie thinks so after meeting his new child-bride. (Jerry Lee Lewis or what??)

- **KENT** in Christmas Day punch-up with his bro and Dad. Dinner table knocked over and Mother in nervous breakdown situation....

- **OLD PAL NETTY** gets in touch with the GP People - she can't live without her Gallic Times fix.....!

- **CONGRATULATIONS** to Kirandeep on her forthcoming nuptials....

BANGS ON BEEF

GROWING UP TOGETHER



Beefheart and I go back a long way. Way back to 1969, when I first managed to crack into print via the *Rolling Stone* record review section, and was still awestruck that somebody would actually be willing to pay me the lordly sum of \$12.50 just for putting down 500 words or so about a new album. Beefheart's "Trout Mask Replica" was about the fourth or fifth album I got to review in public, and I guess I seized the time.

For years I had been listening to rock 'n' roll and jazz of all sorts, particularly avant-garde "free" jazz, and while eagerly following the rock experimentalism of the '60s had been just *waiting* for somebody to combine the two in a truly effective way. I don't mean that Insect Trust type of stuff where the jazz and the rock were just sorta stapled together, Blood, Sweat & Tears lounge music, or this bumblebee muzak they call "jazz-rock" today, which is total garbage that compromises both its sources and remains in a dead heat for ultimate offensiveness with disco.

I mean a kind of crazed, rangy, smokestack lightning to Aldebaran explosion of zagbop noise that churned and rumbled with rock'n'roll gristomp while it found the swooping freedom of the new jazz and took that liberty not to be fettered by things like tone and key but shook off musical skyrockets in all directions at once, gripping and holding you precisely by the alchemical way it worked this tension between earth and heavenly fire.

It seemed to me that if just one person could figure out how to link these seeming polar opposites in some natural, organic way, then we would surely have a quantum leap in our collective musical language, or at least that part of it about which I cared most passionately. I didn't know a damn thing about music technically then, as I still don't now, but early on I could hear the atonality and primaeval shrieks of John Coltrane and Ornette Coleman in the feedback exploding from all those electric guitars, especially when everybody wandered down the garden path to outer space with acid rock, freakout jams, all that stuff.

I dallied in the eclecticism of The Beatles and Mothers, but as we all learn sooner or later eclecticism just basically sucks and is usually the cloak of "geniuses" who basically fail to have any real ideas of their own. That's why Frank Zappa has remained a professionally contemptuous shithead whose only really good song ever was "Trouble Comin' Every Day". I was much more interested in The Velvet Underground, who took rock distortion influenced by free jazz concepts just about as far as anybody would have thought it could go in things like "Sister Ray," and maybe it was exactly because they were basically a garage band and just didn't know any better that they were able to push the music to that kind of unprecedented extreme.

I had bought Beefheart's first two albums, liked 'em okay and even heard a little bit of that stuff I kept hoping for in there, but the first, "Safe As Milk", was basically a pretty conventional record, and "Strictly Personal," while seeming to lean out of a delta blues gully into some interesting directions, was so wretchedly produced (or, actually, re-produced via phasing etc. by Blue Thumb Records president Bob Krasnow to make it more "palatable" to the "acid rock market") as to be offensive and nigh-unlistenable.

Then, in about March 1969, came "Trout Mask Replica." It hit like a bomb; in fact, the shellshock stayed with me long enough to seem as natural as breathing. I went to the record store one day, and there it was: this weird looking double album with a man with a fish's face and a most peculiar hat on the cover.

On the back this same guy, minus fish was holding a table lamp out like a lethal weapon, encircled by his cohorts, who had somehow managed to be even more bizarre looking than he was. One wore a dress. I could have sworn the guy next to him had lipstick on, one looked like a mad scientist who had let his hair grow for a year and then stuck his tongue in an electric socket, and lurking under the bridge they stood on was some Insect Man from a Japanese monster

movie.

Still, not being overly smitten with the last two albums and bearing in mind that this guy was somehow associated with Zappa which meant that the whole thing might well be some kind of L.A. goof, I remained unconvinced, and probably walked home with something like "Illinois Speed Press" that day.

But those were the times when record buyers were as experimental as the musicians, and you found yourself walking home with totally unknown quantities half the time, so it wasn't long before I found myself cruising down to a local department store, where it would be easier to switch pricetags; I figured that even if it turned out to be a bunch of bullshit I'd still be getting two records for the price of one. When I got it out of the car and slit open the shrinkwrap my perplexity was compounded; the four sides listed 28 songs of varying lengths, and almost all of them had titles like "Pachuco Cadaver," "Bill's Corpse," "Neon Meate Dream Of A Octafish."

When I got home the bomb dropped, "Trout Mask Replica" shattered my skull, realigned my synapses, made me nervous, made me laugh, made me jump and jig with joy. It wasn't just the fusion I'd been waiting for; it was a whole new universe, a completely realized and previously unimaginable landscape of guitars splintering and sproinging and slanging and even actually *swinging* off in every direction, as far as the mind could see, like a herd of mad Pecos Bills hooting at the moon and hanstanding on jimson weed, while this beast voice straight out of one of Michael McClure's *Ghost Tantras* growled out a catarrh spew of images at once careeningly abstract and as basic and bawdy as the last 200 years of American folklore.

The whole thing thrashed in a bramby dissonant tangle which nevertheless maintained a unique internal structure and logic of its own, the guitars occasionally rounding a particulary precipitous bend to find themselves eyeball to eyeball with a madly squawling Albert Ayler sax which hooted and jeered right back at them. Cacophony or kingdom come, I stayed under the headphones and played "Trout Mask" straight through five times in a row that night.

The next step of course was to turn the rest of the world on to this amazing thing I'd found, which perhaps came closer to being a living, pulsating, slithering *organism* than any other record I'd ever heard. Next day I carted it around just as I'd done with the Velvets and feverishly inflicted it upon all my friends, most of whom were even less impressed with this than my last find, whom they'd considered a bunch of New York fags who couldn't play their instruments.

They couldn't come up with much of anything to say about this one, except that it was a bunch of crazy shit and get it the hell out of here. I played it for my girlfriend, a Barbra Streisand fan who'd come across for the Stones and found the Velvets titillatingly "perverted" - she pronounced this "disconcerting". Christ, here I was carrying around a box which only contained an entire new language in it, and receiving a general concensus that jabberwocky might be too kind a word.

Finally I sat down and wrote all the reasons why I thought this was the most amazing record I had ever heard, mailed it off to *Rolling Stone* and damn if they didn't print it. My editor told me later that some people there liked the LP, but nobody really knew what to do with it, much less what there might be to say about it. As near as I can recall, my own review consisted mostly of hyperkenetic babblings, but it was as unqualified a rave as was ever written, so Straight Records picked it up and reprinted every word in a full page ad in all the music papers, which made me very proud of course but didn't help the record sell any more copies.

One day the phone rang. It was Beefheart, calling to thank me for the review. I was somewhat agog, but not so much that I failed to notice immediate differences between communicating with this man and just about any other human being I'd known.

He'd be talking along about the record and I'd be enthusiastically nodding over the phone, when suddenly just like one of those hairpin curves in his music, he'd say something like (only one I can remember from that first conversation) "All roads lead to Coca-Cola." And then he'd say, "Do you know what I mean?"

Sure, I'd say. I've always been an enthusiastic liar.

A mutual friend who knows Beefheart far more intimately than I told me the thing to do with all those "Do you know what I means?" was to respond, "No. What the fuck are you talking about anyway?" Then, he said, Beefheart would laugh, as if caught in his joke, open up and be straight with you.

Because it must be understood here that this man has never been some demi-Mansonoid Svengali preying on psychic jellyfish. He always wanted opposition to his flights; it was merely that so few of us had the wit or nerve to back hand it through that straw aura into his court.

When a person is so possessed by an idea that all around him forfeit their own capacities for reasonable argument in the glare of the idea's charisma, it only makes sense that they will not only treat him as that idea instead of a person, but he will in fact become that idea. At which point, unless he is very lucky, he begins to die. Meanwhile, of course, the drones may go on living of his cancerous host.

Thus it was Beefheart and The Magic Band, whom he taught to play their instruments almost literally from square one, and who, according to insiders closer to the centre than I, were the type of people who in many ways lacked the mature sense of self, and who would ultimately forsake the giant who had musically and in a large part physically sired them. It was nobody's fault, really, and everybody's. As I said to the Captain the last time I saw him, "man, back in those days sometimes I thought you were so pretentious..."

"I probably was. Christ, why didn't you tell me so?" I really had no answer.

My second encounter with Beefheart came late in 1972 - he played Detroit, opening for the Kinks. It was an odd bill in the first place, and things weren't helped any when Ray Davies spiced up his campy patter by dedicating a song "To Captain Beefheart - one of the best platers in the business."

"What the hell does that mean?" growled Beefheart when I told him backstage.

"It's British slang," I explained. "It means you give blowjobs."

For the rest of the night I had to listen to him intermittently ranting about when he was going to murder Davies. It had been a warm reunion when I first entered the dressing room, although the concert itself was peculiar even by the Captain's standards, not so much for the content of his act as for the atmosphere in the room at the time. The crowd, probably 80 or 90% Kinks' fans and/or aspiring glitterites, simply did not know what to make of this strange Wolfman Jack type character shrouded in a cape which I thought really corny.

"Yeah, I wore it to hide the fact that I'd gotten fat," he admitted to me recently), snarling and growling into the microphone while a bunch of guys dressed and made up like utter geeks played this incomprehensible, backwards, Chinese music.

It was a pure and simple standoff: the crowd too perplexed to boo or laugh, the band so alienated from their environment that they did what one would consider the unthinkable for them; they played a *competent* set! Few jagged highs or lows, everything in its disconcerting disorderly place, yet somehow lacking the real edge of the records.

After the show Beefheart asked me up to the hotel, so we hopped a cab to a Holiday Inn in the centre of Detroit. I sat and had a drink with a couple of the Magic Band in the bar while Beefheart disappeared somewhere; it was the first time I'd ever really talked to any of them and I found them totally down to earth, not all zonkos the record jackets suggested, just hard working musicians on the road talking about the usual road stuff like what went right or

wrong at the gig tonight and where they were gonna to be tomorrow and the legs on that waitress.

We had been sitting there about 15 minutes when suddenly we became aware of a commotion in the lobby. I walked out to find Beefheart remonstrating with his long-suffering road manager. "Look at that," he said grimly, his eyes burning as he pointed up at a plastic plant-set in the wall. "I can't be expected to stay in a place where they actually have things like that."

He was totally serious. We had to leave. The road manager went through all the checkout hassles, and soon we were in a cab headed for another hotel closer the centre of town; the Sheraton-Cadillac, which until quite recently was generally thought of as one on the swankier lodgings in the city, site of countless conventions and civic gatherings. Our whole party shlepped up into the lobby, Beefheart swooping along imperiously, doodling nonstop on a little pad, oblivious of everything else, still wearing that stupid cape. The road manager spoke to the desk, and the bell captain showed us up several flights to a room. I swear Beefheart *did not look up* from his sketchpad till we walked into the suite, and then he just took one curt glance, snapped his head no, and dived back into his doodles as he swooped out.

By this time I was getting both embarrassed and irritated. The bell captain kept asking what had been the matter with the room, and the poor road manager of course had no answer. Beefheart remained oblivious, imperious - a real King of the Duchy Grand Fenwick act. I had to admit the room *did* look kinda halfway hideous, but so what? It was only one night, staying in hotels is a drag in the first place, and if we were really gonna have this big intense discussion Beefheart had kept talking about then who had time to notice or give a shit about how ugly the wallpaper was?

I told him I was getting tired and thought I'd go home. I thought he was gonna stongarm me. "No! We've *got* to talk! *God damn* it, there must be a decent hotel in this fucking town *somewhere!*"

I should actually correct myself. When I said strongarm, I didn't mean to indicate any kind of actual physical force. It wasn't necessary.

So there we were again, back in another cab, riding around the closed streets of Detroit in the middle of the night. We finally found a hotel to Beefheart's satisfaction 20 or 30 miles out of town, all the way out by the Metropolitan Airport, which is in the middle of farmlands. It just looked like a regular old hotel to me. But at least we were out of the cab.

Once he and Jan (mostly Jan, that is) had settled all their things in their room, the Captain and I sat down to talk. I sat down, that is, while he talked and drank almost the entire contents of a fifth of Chartreuse. For once I got to play the babysitter for another drunk. He kept insisting that the Chartreuse was for his voice, as he had said previously at the Record Plant, although it was hard to see why he'd need to keep oiling his vocal chords after the gig.

He talked for about five hours. For the first hour I thought it was the most brilliant discourse I had ever heard. During the second hour it seemed to get a little less brilliant, or maybe I was just beginning to get tired. He also seemed to be getting more and more testy, constantly jumping back to Ray Davies and other pet rages, which he mauled and nasticated with identical venom, if not identical words, each time. By the third hour he was getting genuinely worked up, you might even go so far as to call it ranting and raving. The fourth hour was chaos with overtones of tantrum. The fifth hour he could have been any other drunk on a barstool.

Periodically I'd say that I had to go, and again he'd get all worked up over the absolute necessity of my staying. I was getting as docile as Jan seemed - through all of this, she just sat off to one side, smiling, occasionally interjecting a word or two. Maybe she was reading a book. I don't know. All that counted was that it was a one-man show. Finally, at some point after dawn when I was almost stuporous with exhaustion and he'd finally wound down his

harangue, he let me go. I said a warm goodbye to Jan, and he followed me all the way out to the cab, which he paid (about \$20) to ship me back to my car at the original Holiday Inn.

It was as if he did not want to let me go, as if I was something I could not begin to comprehend except that it had to do with him or his plans or both. I had to wonder what he could want out of me, when it was he who had done all the talking. But at least the "Do you know what I means?" seemed to have de-escalated.

I am probably making this incident look worse, and more important, than it really was. God knows I've been a boring raving drunk enough times in my life, and there had been real warmth between us - both he and Jan had inquired about my general health and state of mind, how I was doing with my girl friend, etc., and seemed genuinely concerned when I confessed to romantic unhappiness. I mean we were like old friends, but I still remained weirded out by things like his reaction to the plastic plant and the whole scene in the Sheraton-Cadillac. I just don't dig this imperious genius stuff.

A guy like Beefheart intimidates or awes almost everyone so much that almost nobody is ever gonna figuratively kick his ass, which is too bad - it's exactly how so many brilliant man who might have started out bordering on the *idiot savant* can end up as big babies whose brilliance is finally just not worth the trouble.

I've seen the same thing with people like Lou Reed, and I'm sure a Todd Rundgren fills the bill too. Lou likes to humiliate waiters and throw food around in restaurants on occasion, while a friend who stayed at Rundgren's house told me that Bebe Buell looked after him in every possible way though he almost never spoke to her at all. Most of these guys end up turning thoroughly decent, or even remarkably, women into mommies, which is just as ancient a part of the Artist's Mistress syndrome as the tacit assumption that the Creations and maintenance of an environment conducive to them must come before everything else in the entire world, including anything creative the woman might want to do on her own.

I suppose when they see this Don and Jan may end up hating me, thinking some friend he turned out to be, but it's true all the same. And what's at least as sad as the rest of it is that constant catering by all concerned to the whims of these professional geniuses only ends up shielding them from that very reality which art is supposed to reflect and illuminate.

Eventually, I do believe, in almost every case this type of artist tends to disintegrate, creatively, personally, mentally, physically. Childish petulance, tantrums, strident demands for constant instantaneous gratification, frustration since that's impossible for any human being, self indulgence/pacification which leads to self abuse and dissolution from alcohol and/or drugs - the cycle is so well known as to be a cliché. But it's especially rampant in the music business, which, as a friend commented to me the other day, is one of the few industries where absolutely anyone no matter how much of an imbecile or asshole can and automatically will be referred to as an "artist."

Meanwhile, Beefheart kept releasing records, and people kept not buying them. "The Spotlight Kid" was a good deal less radical than "Trout Mask" or the even more extreme "Lick My Decals Off Baby," which strained even my capacities for sonic hurricane although I considered it brilliant. There were parts of "Spotlight" which sounded almost conventional, approaching genre heavy metal.

Alongside this development, Beefheart's apocalyptic dada image-swarms and aphorisms, which had always carried a strong moral undercurrent, began to take on a sort of self consciously Oracular quality. The social comments in things like "Dachau Blues" and "Veteran's Day Poppy" on "Trout Mask" were never pompous, and his ecological concerns seemed to emerge naturally from his total mammalian identification with the physical, natural world in all states having

nothing to do with human attempts at synthetic manipulation. There was always something *primaeval* about Beefheart's sensibility, so that on one level he almost belonged in a museum of natural history, which is a comment not in any failing in him but rather the utter degradation of the world as we have made it in this century. Like Michael McClure's poetry, Beefheart's work has always been obsessed with his sense of man as pure meat animal, and of his place in what Kerouac called the Wheel Of The Quivering Meat Conception, all those cycles of birth and death and food chains and endlessly evolving biological strata.

This, of course, accounts for the almost overwhelming juiciness, the peristaltic *aliveness* and (in rock 'n' roll especially) remarkable healthiness of his songs about sex, which are so teemingly ripe, overloaded and bursting with outrageously lubricious imagery that they'd probably come off obscene or deranged from anybody else. Beefheart sings about fucking with pure joy, groin imperatives manifest on the most primal level imaginable, a lust that's obsessive, delirious, yet always totally wholesome, delighting in its delirium as perhaps only animals or humans without two thousand years of Christian crap shoved down their sensibilities can be.

1972's "Clear Spot" was a step away from both this moralizing tendency and the seeming musical concessions, however relatively slight, of "Spotlight Kid." Except for a bit of Otis Redding soul, the songs both musically and lyrically were as complex (if not quite so abrasive) as ever, and what even many of the Captain's most fervent fans have overlooked about that one is that it is a *dance* record. Still sounds like a berserk barnyard, but all the beasts are doing the bop. It seemed like the perfect mixture of all the things that made Beefheart radical with all the things that us Believers always thought should have made him more accessible to a mass audience. It seemed like it should have sold some copies. It didn't.

I guess that rejection was the last straw for him. Apparently it was for Warner / Reprise, traditional supposed haven of uncommercial and eccentric talents like Van Dyke Parks and Randy Newman before he started to sell records. I don't know whether Beefheart was dropped from their roster or left of his own accord. But "Clear Spot" has been deleted long enough to be a fairly valuable album today.

You really can't blame anybody who'd done something as magnificent with as little compromise and minimal acceptance for as long as Beefheart did for getting fed up, even maybe for deciding at last to sell out. Some people think that excuses Lou Reed's solo career. In any case, he disappeared for a while, turning up early in 1974 on Mercury with "Unconditionally Guaranteed", an album in which he not only conked his music just short of total death, but made a point of declaring sellout upfront by posting on the cover leering with fistfuls of dollar bills.

It may or may not be unfortunate that that ploy didn't work either, but the worst was yet to come; a follow-up called "Blue Jeans And Moonbeams", the Captain's last available recorded work, in which he apparently not only deodorized and generally blanded-out his music but actually seemed to have stooped to collaborating on most of the material with some idiot who had about as much to do with what he was really about as Bobby Vinton.

It was also at about this time that I finally realized how many rave reviews I'd been writing on the basis of "Trout Mask," so I forgot about him almost totally shortly thereafter. My musical tastes seemed to be changing, anyway - I hardly ever played free jazz anymore, or much roughhewn music of any kind except the Stooges. I was deep into things like Roxy Music, almost nothing else seemed to be happening, and almost all of the great avant-garde experiments of the sixties, like so much else promised by that decade, seemed not even grand failures but to have merely petered out of their own accord. The revolution I'd celebrated when the Tony Williams Lifetime released their first album had done an abrupt turnabout as everybody got Goditis and in a single year I went from

thinking John McLaughlin was the greatest guitar player on the face of the earth to not being able to stand being in the same room with his music, Miles Davis was making albums I couldn't even listen to, Miles, who had never faltered over two decades, had seemingly lost his way, but at least his failures had the integrity of their relentless depressiveness - everybody else was tripping over their own ankles trying to sell out in one way or another, to God or funk or hideous admixtures. It was the dawn of the age of jazz-rock, which may yet be the death of both forms. My Pharoah Sanders records which once I had listened to like you'd take certain drugs, now sounded like pointless meandering endless unresolved tuneups. The only music which seemed to have any vitality at all was so steeped in artifice that recalling today how obsessively and constantly I played those records is like looking back on a chocolate bon-bon orgy. The mere fact that it took us all so long to recognise what Bryan Ferry was *really* about is enough to make you vomit all over yourself.

The Captain did semisurface once during this period - and in what, at least from the outside, looked like the most pathetic possible way. Zappa picked him up and put him in his roadshow, and they made one album together.

I didn't see them, but you got the impression he was being used as a sort of mascot or village idiot, King Frank's leashed Fool. All the stories had him drooling drunk, the perfect stooge. I didn't bother listening to the album "Bongo Fury." I figured he was finished. We are not very kind to our gods; sometimes it seems we just consume them like any other piece of crap on the market, take and take voraciously as long as they stay at the pinnacle, then toss them away with vicious unconcern the minute they begin to slide.

It's been almost two years now since the Zappa thing, and I'd just about forgotten the Captain ever existed in the first place, when one day a friend happened to mention "Captain Beefhearts coming to town".

He had an extra ticket, so I went along, more or less for the ride though I was mildly curious to see what the old guy might be up to. In my mind what had begun when "Trout Mask Replica" first exploded on my turntable that night back in '69 just seemed like an experiment that had ultimately failed. It seemed perhaps even more natural to have given up on Beefheart than Lou Reed, Dylan and the rest of them, down to almost every last musical idol I held in the sixties and the early seventies.

He walked on stage calmly with the sober, knowing probably more than a little resigned air of a man who has been there and back, seen the whole cycle and ended up just about where he had started out, with the added knowledge that whatever dream might have once seemed close enough to breathe on his fingertips was now forever, irrevocably out of reach.

His band set up, plugged in - all new young kids, not an original Magic Bandman in the lot. They're dressed kinda funny, as in the old days, though not so freakish. One wears a sort of priest's robe.

But then they began to play.

It started with one guitar player, whanging out a jangling, angular solo.

A kind of wave seemed to roll across the room then - everyone at my table felt it, at any rate - a tidal blast of recognition, of memory circuits lighting up, of old dank centres in the mind and heart long since shut down because they hadn't been reached in years stirring as of some love supreme rekindled, then the whole band began to play, railing at and ricocheting off each other in that familiar beloved paradox of how such caterwauling cacophony can be so tight, so right, so packed with swing and rock solid as oak and broad enough to span decades on end, reaching back into the Delta mud for a water moccasin bottleneck slithering up to recoil off the banshee blares and hottentot honks of the Captain's soprano sax from which he hurls the most monstrous growly reptiles warring till they shake the earth.

And then he sings, just when you think it can't get any more intense he begins to bellow like a bull in heat, caw like a crow, laugh like a wolf one half second from tearing his prey to shreds, growl like a bear then grunt and snort like a hog, and as we whooped and cheered and beat our beerbottles on the table when we weren't agape in astonishment, we might have wondered just how long it had been in these poisonously sterile times since we had seen a stage full of humans who played like beasts, who threw themselves with such animal gusto into what they were doing that they fell out of themselves entirely and into a collective riptide with a momentum of its own, truly American music coming to ravenous life again like a great blast of hot dusky wind off the plains, up out of the folksod guts of this country. Here take this, New York, and all you cats that sit around practising at raising one weary unflappable eyebrow because you think nothing can ever knock you off your cool highchair again. Well guess again, because this was it, the real rawfaced unalloyed hoodoo devil jivedrive from ancient bogs to forever jetstream... which felt even better because for some stupid reason we had not been expecting it all, yet here it was, naked and looking for nothing but trouble.

The totality of the feeling is what stays in the mind, what that music made happen in that room, the atmosphere so dense with heat and energy you thought this must be somewhere akin to what it felt like to be in at those great legendary jams of the 52nd St. '40s, although there wasn't really time to think such things till later. We rocked. All of us, maddened with the love of it, and it felt so strangely thrilling that we were almost embarrassed, as if reminded that it seemed like years, through all the goddam stupid boring tepid contemptuous uninspired superstar competent professional drugged-out concerts we'd sat still and even sometimes made excuses for.

I don't even know exactly which songs they did, although I know there were a lot of whoops of delight when they launched into "Abba Zabba" from his very first album. I know it spanned all his eras except the Mercury bilge, and that I kept screaming for "Pachuco Cadaver" which he finally did play second set, there was a whole lot of new stuff too, strong as the old, from the finished album "Bat Chain Puller" which has yet to find a record company. Which is almost laughable when you consider how alive this music is and simultaneously how it runs against the entire grain of the music industry ca. 1977, how much stronger then is its self belief and more important its fuck you to the dispensaries of tissue music for total regressives.

After it was over a few of us went backstage to congratulate him.

There was something ineffably calm, settled, resolved and resolute about him; you sensed no rage, no jangling neuroses, no obsessive clutching need for that all-consuming "talk". No getting around it; the beast had mellowed, had seemingly come to terms with at least some of his demons in spite of all commercial rejections and artistic frustrations.

He joked, he laughed, he could give and take, he was fun as well as The Captain, a responsibility he seemed to take a good deal less seriously than ever in the past. If this is what failure does to the creative temperament, then let me never be a success.

The next day two fellow writers and I went up to his hotel to interview him.

So, in the transcription which follows, I've left out the Old Home Week stuff, but I hope you will forgive me if information and free-association may seem to flow out of this subject in the manner of oil and water.

One of my friends mentioned Beefheart's New York appearance on his ill-fated Mercury Records era tour with the hurriedly assembled post-Magic Band pickup group. Beefheart said: "I put on a pair of size 32 underwear, and I like to wear a 40. And that group played as good as they could play, but they didn't have my stuff down. I think those guys had more guts than the Magic Band ever had. *That* group kept me in fuckin' slavery under my cape; if I'd leave for one minute they'd fall apart."

When you did "Unconditionally Guaranteed", I wondered, was it just that you'd gotten fed up and decided fuck it, I'll give 'em what they want?

"No, I did that for the group. Because of lending me their fingers - that sounds real corny but it's the best I can say it - for "Trout Mask" and "Lick My Decals Off, Baby". I just wanted to make some money for those guys, and for myself, because I had to survive, and I can't take welfare. But to just stand there all the time and play for money, I can't do that either. I'd rather be a salesman. I'd make a great one, too. Never have been able to sell myself, but...

"That album 'Bluejeans and Moonbeams' was out-takes. Those assholes figured they'd put 'em out because that would be stupider" - hence more commercial - "and they got \$280,000 for that. I called Mercury and they wouldn't even talk to me. I said, 'I don't want that out!' My cousin, Victor Hayden The Mascara Snake, did that painting on the cover, and it ain't that bad a painting. He went down there and - GOD damn! That's too loud, I can't take it!" He has abruptly leaped out of the chair across from me and stalked across the room.

"What's that?" I enquire.

"Some kind of a way-out clock", he growls, picking a weirdly futuristic sort of little digital clock off the mantelpiece and shoving it in a drawer which he slams shut. "I'm of a mind to flush it down the toilet, only I don't wanna bother the alligators."

Now he is up and pacing around the room, free-associating full-tilt but with a perhaps slightly self mocking good humour, from country music - "I like Hank Williams - *Senior* - and Slim Pickens is my cousin by marriage, but screen doors don't make it" - to Andy Warhol; "He did soup things up, I like Warhol, but what about Elizabeth Taylor telling him that she'd let him have the poodle in her trailer on location, but not to let him 'pee-pee'?... She also said that success is the best deodorant... a psychiatrist is somebody that wants to die in your other life... Did you see Liz in *Virginia Woolf*? She was great in that. But you can't be bad on a tin roof; a cat, a mouse, a human being, the percussion alone is enough."

What were you doing after the two Mercury albums, I wondered.

"After I got over my poor lonely child hurt because of the Magic Band pulling out... I dug those guys. I slept on the floor with my wife, six years, but those guys had houses with full accommodation. All the money I made went right into that group, and to have those guys go" - he makes a fist-up fuckyou sign - "that's juvenile delinquency. I kinda had a sneaking suspicion, because they lied so cleverly. Every day I would ask them, 'Are you doing what you *really* wanna do?' I mean, don't let me scuff your head, I mean every day before we'd play, and they successfully put me on all that time. I'm an only child and I'm not coppin' out, but goddammit, man, I never had a brother and they really flipped me . . . whuh!

"Yeah, I was stupid. God knows the world didn't need the kinda shit that was on those last two albums, but I got bagged by 'I' consciousness - 'I see that, I do this'. It's easy for a painter, and in order to paint you have to do that, put on that ego cloak."

So when did you put this new band together?

As I finish the question the traffic noises from Central Park West umpteen stories below reaches a crescendo of blating taxi horns and Beefheart seems caught between what's drifting up through the window and our questions.

"Between the horns . . . I wonder if that's where they got 'Between the Buttons' . . . It's easy to write classical music or at least what they call avante-garde, but I put that thing together right after the tour with Frank.

"After I got back I bought a Corvette and headed for Yreka (California). After about three months Jeff, the new guitar player you saw last night, with the long coat, he came up there and I went, 'Uh-ah-oh, they found me!' He was up there studying Marine Biology and Art at Humboldt State, and says 'I'm up

here looking for a house'. I said, 'I know who you are, I saw you at the Bitter End West in '72. Look', I said, 'Why don't we do a group someday, I'll get you a fucking house.'

"I had a house that was incredible, seals barking out there, deer, a doe came and brought her baby right into our yard, and that really flattered me. And then I went . . ."

We hear a siren outside, nothing unusual in New York City, but it sends Beefheart clickclack to a whole other track. Several of them in fact: "Who is that guy? Oh, did you ever see that painting 'Broadway Boogie Woogie' by Mondrian? Boy, he got this thing right here, forever. Elizabeth Taylor's got 'em all now . . . Remember 'The Man From Utopia'? *'There is a man who lives in Utopia/He's a funny little fella with feet jus' like I showdja . . .*

"You know that? Oh, I gotta - I'll find it and tape it and send it to ya. . . Thank God there's still Men! You're one," pointing to me, thanks Pops, "you're one," Morthland, "you're one"; fellow rock-crit Billy Altman, "I'm one - we look queer. I'll tell ya about the dictionary meaning of queer, not what that orange juice chick squeezes that acid on those poor cats. That's different, that's NAZISM!" He slams his fist on the dresser. "There aren't very many men and there aren't very many women, and I tell ya, I hate to see that - it's the fish food."

This seemed as good a time as any to ask him if he liked reggae.

"No. 'Cause I'm tired of seein' those people's smiles wiped off their faces by American people. I've talked to some of 'em, and they're not in any bubble either, man; I mean, who is to say we're not in the bubble, with turrets? I mean those steel drums, man, the minute that little Capricorn that went down there, what's his name, Van Dyke Parks, the minute I met that cat I said 'Yeah, you're a Capricorn; you've got too much corn in your cap'."

Somehow this took a commodious vicus of geographic recirculation to Detroit. "Detroit audiences don't intimidate me. Shit, how could they - all they could do is ride over me with a whale."

They're pinheads in Detroit, I said.

"I heard everything you said up to the word 'pinheads' and then I started thinking about that picture Tod Browning did - I tell ya, those pinheads in there excited me. They were good looking women, man. That picture moved me in a way I haven't been moved before, other than a sea cucumber or something; the dresses were nice, damn that was nice."

And so on into the night. Later we went across the street for a drink, and while waiting for the light to change Beefheart said "Hi!" to a total stranger woman standing next to us. Except the way he said it, it came out like a speeded up Martian voice - or pinhead.

When we had finally packed up our tape recorders and caught the F train home, I remarked to Morthland on how easily maturity seemed to rest upon Beefheart's brow.

"That's funny", he said. "I was just thinking of how amazing it is that he's managed to remain so childlike."

And the unity of that contradiction just about sums it up.



This essay was written by Lester Bangs who sadly died in 1982. It was originally published in the *New Musical Express* during 1978. An anthology of Bangs' work "Psychotic Reactions and Carburetor Dung" is available on import from the States. Buy it. Don Van Vliet is alive and well and painting bizarre pictures somewhere in the Mojave desert.

Gallic Productions Recommends

- *The Legendary A & M Sessions.* '65 (12 inch).
- *Safe As Milk.* '67 (LP).
- *Trout Mask Replica.* '69 (Double LP).
- *Lick My Decals Off Baby.* '70 (LP).
- *The Spotlight Kid.* '71 (LP).
- *Clear Spot.* '72 (LP).
- *Shiny Beast.* '78 (LP).
- *Doc at the Radar Station.* '80 (LP).
- *Original Bat Chain.* '76 (Bootleg).

Next issue we take a look at the Velvet Underground.

Where are they now ?

No 3

MARTYN LUCAS. (b. 15.2.64)

A lithe, deceptive singer/songwriter in the Bolan mould who served with Asterix & The Gauls from May 1981 to July 1982. We met him at the first Phoenix gig (April 1981) and within a few weeks he had joined us...we liked his Velvet Underground rip offs - he liked our tune 'Why?'. As our lead guitarist he witnessed the decline of Bruce as a songwriter and presided over the White Noise period (June/July 1981) that climaxed at the second Phoenix gig.



He left school in 1982 (with a 'B' grade in Geography). Astonishingly he was loath to move to London. He met a young woman called Tracey and within a couple of years they were married. Our connection with him continued and we 'jammed' together regularly. In April 1984 he rejoined the Gauls for six months but although the songs were good and the ideas orgasmic, we broke apart again because of his refusal to move to London and his disturbing heroin addiction. Throughout this period he was playing in other bands, the most notable being 'The Iranian Teaspoons'. See GP 17 for details.

In 1985 he survived a heroin overdose. In 1986 he recorded with Jim, 'Nothing' (GP 2), a collection of their best from the previous four years. In 1987 he emigrated to Spain only to return after three months. He had left his wife and decided to re-embrace music.

We last saw him a few days ago playing a gig at Central Polytechnic with his new band, 'The Jazzmanian Fruitbats'...we wish them the luck they deserve.

DC'S WORLD



HELLO

This is the page I do
For this issue I've decided to do nothing
See you next issue

I've just been told this joke is wearing a bit thin
I've been asked (nicely) to fill an entire page with
absolutely anything I want. Well, here goes:

Absolutely anything I want. Absolutely anything I want.

" " " " " " " " " "

Absolutely anything " " AbsOLUTELY " " " "

Absolutely anyTHING " WANT. ABSOLUTELY ANYthing i WANT.

A B S O L U T E L Y A N Y T H I N G I W A N T

absolutelyanythingiwantabsolutelyanythingiwantabsolutely

anythingiwantabsolutelyanythingiwantabsolutelyanythingiw

antabsolutelyanythingiwantabsolutelyanythingiwantabsolut

ELYANYTHINGIWANTABSOLUTELYANYTHINGIWANTABSOLUTELYANYTHIN

GaBsOlUtElYaNyThInGiWaNtAnSoLuTeLyAnYtHInGiWAnTabSoLuTlE

LY AYHNNTIG I WNAT ABULYSOTE ANHIYTING I WTAN ASLTLBOUEY

(I'M GETTING A BIT BORED NOW, SO ON TO SOMETHING ELSE)

Anything I want absolutely. I want anything absolutely.

Want I anything absolutely? I want anything absolutely!

I absolutely want anything! (BUT MORE THAN ANYTHING ELSE,

I WANT NEVER AGAIN TO BE ASKED (NICELY) TO FILL AN ENTIRE

PAGE WITH ABSO-BLOODY-LUTELY ANYTHING I WANT!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

"What would you like?" "absolutely anything. I want, please."

"what do you do?" "Absolutely anything I want. And you?"

"How do you feel?" "Absolutely anything I want." (nb. In this
case a simple, "I feel fine." will suffice)

Let me finish by saying that as long as you do absolutely
anything I want, everything will be fine. Alternatively,
do absolutely anything you want to me. Just don't get
caught.

1894



'Numb-Skull' by Lord Matthew Escallop, the Aristocrat with gout

An O.M. who prefers to remain anonymous, 22 years ago was given a school library book by a prefect in return for some fagging duty well done. He has returned the book - 'Going Fishing' - to the Grundy with a handsome conscience money cheque for £50.

f e k m

FEKM GIGS AT THE CANTERBURY ARMS

The first gig (GP16a) was kind of exciting seeing as we hadn't yet encountered C.J. who came in from work and left for work again promptly after!! M.G.- photographic genius, made us feel comfortable - while FEKM put on their show which was entertaining save C.J.'s speedy, untimely rhythm's. One Australian heckler (from LAM?) was obviously amused, much to Am's disgust! All in all a good evening.

The second gig was not quite so shit hot. Obviously C.J.'s time was up but the band played on . . . Duke had dissappeared and it seemed like his time was up too!

Hang on to your hats boys and keep it coming.

Navvy.

FEKM STATEMENT 1.

1. The 'Fuck Everything Kill Me' (psychotic music hall) stage of FEKM is over. The songs are composed - it is now time for the birth of FEKM 2 - 'Factory of Eccentrik Musician',
2. We have decided to embrace technology - Drum machines, Computers, Samplers. This is not selling out - instead of living on our feet we insist on dieing on our knees. We challenge Stock, Aitken and Waterman to a pizza eating contest.
3. If death was the key component of FEKM 1 - food will be it's sister in FEKM 2" (humour hovers sickly between the two).
4. We shall return to live work (incl. the screening of our ?????? movies) as soon as we have figured out a way to be entertaining, hypnotic and irremoveable.

TIME'S UP

THE RAY TOLAND INTERVIEW (continued from GT4).

"Why do they call him big Don?" R.T. "Two reasons, one because his father is a Don at Oxford, two, because he's very well tooled indeed."

I then asked "Is it true that the film was based on the relationship between Mr. Chris Underwater (the Ringer) and Mr. Laughing Mucas (the Ringed)?" Ray Tolly answered "No, they're just puppets in a master plan."

G.T. "Now tell me who provided the title 'Mutual Murder'?"

R.T. "That was Dickens, it was taken from one of his books."

G.T. "And can you explain the connection between the expression mutual masturbation and Mutual Murder?"

R.T. "Obviously, the connection between murder and masturbation is blatant, they both begin with the letter 'm' and of course one always leads to another."

We then discussed the relationship between Klinkerhoffen and MacCormack. I pondered "Was it the same relationship of Hitchcock / Stewart or Hitchcock/ Grant, i.e. does Klinkerhoffen want to be MacCormack or does he see MacCormack as what he is?" Toland's reply was extraordinary, "Well, I think MacCormack is above all generally....Klinkerhoffen is of course, if I may move into a different area (at this point we walked across the room) is of German ancestry (if I may return to where I was) so therefore he feels that....I think that having seen MacCormack before, during and after the making of the film, and MacCormack being involved in the process deeply, I think, yes, they're homosexuals together." EXACTLY WHAT THE GALLIC TIMES HAD EXPECTED!!! I then inquired "I gather your director received quite a grilling from the Gallic Times in the Spring. Do you feel this interview is going smoothly-nicely or nicely-smoothly, funny-peculiar or funny-haha?"

R.T. "I'm still waiting for my grill, I must say. Eggs and bacon please." Then I told him he had a couple of minutes to say anything he thought was important about the film (while I had a quick sleep).

RT. "The film was, is, shall be; it has a few shots in it worthy of entry in a classic such as "Winds of War Part 2."

G.T. "Now Bob Mitchum appears to be a hero of Gallic Productions."

R.T. "Yes, he is indeed."

G.T. "Can you explain this to me is that because he caught John Huston wanking a monkey, or is it because he's always smoking, or is it because he was arrested for smoking dope and it didn't affect his career?"

R.T. "I think it's his stiff upper lip - it's so stiff he can hold a cigarette in it and recite all the states of the U.S.A.."

I then asked who was doing the music for the new movie, "That's an underground band on the London circuit called the Road-Diggers." I then questioned him, "What are you doing tonight?" he replied "Finding enlightenment." I asked if he meant with me. He winked, twitched and leapt in the air. I took this to mean yes.

He then said "The film is very boring, I wouldn't advise anyone to go and see it." I must admit that I haven't even seen it yet, I only did the interviews because I wanted to sleep with him. He did however recommend the new Steve Martin film 'Cyrano de Lucas'. He seemed uninterested in the readership of the Gallic Times - believing that they wouldn't read this interview. Finally, I asked, "Have you two or three words to finish on?" he replied "Two or three words." Informing him that I thought the joke was smug, he said "Watch the film - you'll be sorry." And I'm sure you will. I thanked him for the interview and he took up my offer to go back to my place.

After a night of torrid impotence on his part I put a post-script on the interview tape; "I'd like to state he was dreadful in bed!" Unbelievably when I came to type up the interview I discovered he'd left a message after my post-script. "I'd like to state as a post-post-script, it wasn't my fault I've been having these problems. I've seen a doctor, but it doesn't seem to have done much good." Sort of sums it all up doesn't it!

Poetry Corner

When the tide runs low in the smuggler's cove
And the headless horseman is seen above
As he rides along with a wild hello
That's the time when the smugglers go out in their little boats
to the schooner and bring back the kegs of brandy and rum and
put them in the devil's cave below.

'Some Old Looney in the 1930's'

P.Knuckle Championship No 4

Will be held on the 21st May at 81 Canonbury Court, Sebbon St, Islington N1. The match will start at 12 noon. There will be no judge or audience! Jim (the holder) will be attempting to win the coveted trophy for the third, consecutive time. Ralph (the challenger) will (be attempting to) stop him.

Write to

Uncle Jean

He's a real son of a gun

Dear Jean, I recently had a car-crash which has severely altered my personality. I now get photographed on my good side and hang around breakers yards on my days off. Do you think I need treatment?
Yours, Ralph Nader.

Dear Ralph, oh my god it's like talking to yourself. Yes you are in trouble. Take up a hobby - try hang gliding. Jean.

Dear Jean, Loved the film. You can Sing in the Rain anytime as far as I'm concerned. Love Kevin.

P.S. How 's your brother, Henry?

I don't know any Henry - Motherfucker. You want a kicking?
- Alex

Dear Jean, I've got a problem. My head just exploded. Will this have any long term effect on my personality.
Yours, C.J.'Scatterbrain' Mac.

No, egghead - you have no personality. Chew on this.
- Jean Gabin.

Dear Jean, You are a poof. In your poxy mac. You are fuckin' late and have you washed the van? Terry is livid - don't you raise your voice at me - I'm watching someat educational on the vid.
Yours, Bob, Ned and the boys.

Good gracious. You call that grammer. I may be a poof but at least I'm not fruity. Who's Ned? Kelly.

Dear Gene, Aren't you a landscape painter or was that my Father, John - but no. I seem to recall that someone had a beard once. Say, aren't you that famous beard-scape painter Constable.
Yours, Sloppy of the Yard.

The name is Jean (Genie) and you can't nick me even if I am hot for crime!

Dear Jerry (?), I feel as if I am everyone's Mother. I wander around the streets trying to look matronly but no-one pays any attention. Sorry if I'm wasting your time but...
Yours, Penny.

A penny here or there makes all the difference and many a mickle macs a muckle. Goodbye mother, see you in Holland.

Psychotics beware ! Speed is a drug that gives you *whizzzzz* - at a cost. It also puts your sanity at risk but if you take it wisely (paradoxical though it seems) it can be an exhilarating experience.

The first time I took speed I was fifteen years old and up until then my drug experiences were limited to the occasional joint and a vast amount of Thixofix. A friend and I had the good fortune to spend the weekend with two girls and a large bag of amphetamine sulphate. During that weekend I ate nothing, slept for no more than ten minutes and went just a little bit mad. On the Monday I left with someone else's boots and a mouth that felt like a bomb had exploded in it.

'Speed' is the collective name for several substances including benzedrine (bennies), dexedrine (dexies), durophet (bombers) and the drugs which combine amphetamine with barbiturates of which Drinamyl (purple hearts or blues) is the most readily available.

Seventy two million tablets of benzedrine were issued to British troops during the Second World War to be used 'tactically' when they would otherwise have been too tired to fight. A similar amount was no doubt used by the Germans. The nick-name 'bombers' comes from the fact that airmen were regularly issued with speed during night raids.

The drug stimulates the central nervous system, producing euphoria, self-confidence, alertness and endurance making it possible to stay awake for hours while still being able to carry out normal everyday tasks. Of course if you stay awake too long your brain thinks that it is time to sleep and you end up dreaming while still awake which can be fun or alarming depending on your disposition!

The maximum military dose during WW2 was 10mg in twelve hours or 30mg a week. That's just about how much your average teenager will get through in a weekend but still about a quarter of the maximum clinical dose.

Tests show that while on speed your intelligence will increase by an average of eight points. You're not actually any cleverer you're just able to use your mind to something approaching its fullest potential.

The illicit use of amphetamines began on a large scale during the early Sixties. The mods and rockers era when handfuls of pills were swallowed by hep cats and faces and just wild people who had no respect at all for their elders and betters who hadn't fought in two World Wars for the likes of them to sit around idling their time away going to all night parties and driving

around on scooters with girlfriends who looked like boys - why don't they grow their hair like girls should and as for those long haired layabouts on those noisy, oily motorcycles they make me sick what's the country coming to anyway?

A large dose of amphetamine (about 50mg or 10 bennies) is very likely to precipitate a week long psychosis in any ordinary individual. The drug is thought to act in the body by competing for amine-oxidase and so triggering the production of adrenaline.

Prolonged, large doses of amphetamines induce paranoid psychosis in the subject. The initial 'speeding' soon wears off and is replaced by a deep depression which can last for days. More and more of the drug is needed to produce the same effect. The come-down lasts longer and the depression is deeper each time until you end up a paranoid schizophrenic suffering from delusions, persecution complexes and both auditory and visual hallucinations. But you have to work at it if you want to end up like that. Occasional small doses never hurt anyone. The only real danger comes from thinking yourself indestructible. Your self confidence is boosted and your inhibitions lifted.

Once after taking around fifteen blues I found myself in a gay night club with a friend who tried to sell our remaining pills to a group of rather tough looking NF devotees. Forgetting momentarily the sexual preferences of most of the clubs patrons and looking slightly camp in my string vest and bleached blond hair, I wandered over to my friend and the potential purchasers of the blues. Before I could say 'Harry Belafonte' I was reeling backwards from the impact of a skinhead's forehead. While steadying myself against the bar his gruesome looking friend gave my left temple a similar playful tap. It was at this point that the bouncers threw us out for causing trouble. Whilst shouting obscenities from the safety of the pavement I warned a passing club-goer to avoid the place at all costs. He thanked me for this advice with a headbutt which left me giggling hysterically on the ground.

I awoke the next morning with three bruises across my head wondering why I hadn't felt anything the night before.

So what can I say? I would recommend speed to anyone if only so that they could experience the clarity of thought it produces, the ability it lends to express oneself more eloquently and just for the fun you can have speeding out of your head for a few days.

In GT6 we shall talk at length with a notorious dope fiend who spends his time smoking reefers made from the *Devil Weed* - read 'Cannabis - the return of the tea-head' in the next issue.

AM'S TV PAGE

There has been nothing on the television this Spring containing any semblance of artistic merit. By 'artistic merit' I mean beauty, culture, sensitivity, humiliation, retribution, pretty dresses and nice scenery. Like a whale I await the birth of a new series of North and South (whales have a long pregnancy?) But I like gardening programmes too. The therapeutic values of these proggies far exceed those of acupuncture, hypnosis, amputation, lobotomy and BANANAS. But neigh, I ramble. On to more important matters, Crossroads, alas is to be with us no more. How I pray are we to fill this chasm, this void in our lives, our very being. Who are we going to model our lives on, who are we going to use as role models to provide us with moral codes and tips for interior decoration. These are serious questions! Were there time enough to address them (Crossy - R.I.P.). Come back Hardcastle and McCormack - all is forgiven!!! Jill, Adam, Bomber, Meg, Sandy, David, Mrs Tardybigg we salute you.

BARBERY

Whether it be Sweeny Todd, Vidal Sassoon or the Barber of Seville hair-dressing has always been an important reflection of the way we live, 'short back and sides' or 'D/A' - who cares? I do.

As a practising barber I have often invented hair-cuts for way out young men - 1983 R.Tittley (the Original Slapper), 1983 C. Underwood (the Disraeli), 1987 D.C. Lord (the Cancer Cut) and therefore feel entitled to speak at length on this subject. I myself believe that hair should be cut once a year at the time of the Winter Solstice and left to age with the seasons. Snip-snip-snip-snip. Samson, Goldilocks and Jesus all had hair. The Barbery coast was home to the pirates many of whom boasted some of the wierdest hair-styles in history and Finnish mountaineers are reputed to be fascinatingly decorated head-wise. So get on with it - shear it, perm it, shave it, eat it. A Gallic haircut will cost you 50p - but I choose the style.

Laz Willowfoot.

STOP PRESS STOP PRESS STOP PRESS STOP PRESS STOP PRESS STOP PRESS STOP PRESS STOP PRESS STOP PRESS STOP PRESS
Play School to close (more of Ken Baker's butchery!!) Jewima, the Teds and Humpty made homeless! How can we survive without being able to choose the window? The BBC should be punished for this heartless act!

ON GAMBLING

Hello there, it's your most trustworthy Gallic Times writer Musing a few lines minutes before departing for France. I've had Jim on my back, but he loves it really - as he said to me once, life with me is one big adventure, though unfortunately not usually for the best. Right - Gambling, what can I say? It's part of my star sign according to Mum. Horses, fruit machines, even Games of Risk I'm worth a Tittle. The bad point is I'm awful at it - I always lose or get conned, (I remember when I bought my record player two years ago with Ralph and Jim. I was undercharged £80. What happened to the money? Jim demanded £20 for him and Ralph or he would inform the shop. He proceeded to con Dave and I into betting £20 on a cert in some unheard of race. Needless to say our nag vanished at the first fence.)

The Gold Cup wasn't too bad this year. I had three winners but Morgan was up to form losing £50. Last year we betted on 9 out of 12 horses in The Gold Cup, only to lose it all - £80 collectively. Oh well, I suppose it's the excitement - A Game of Risk doesn't feel the same with a ten pound stake on it. Any way, don't get sucked into the vortex, it's only fun until you look at your bank balance and then your grin and the coin drops.

Mavalitch Von Steinberg. The gasman with a squint.

GALLIC HORRORSCOPE

Aries: Things are gonna be tricky or not soon. Ooh I'd hate to be in your shoes I think.

Taurus: No one is a Taurus so it's not worth writing anything.

Gemini: Love and romance in the air and in your underwear.

Cancer: There is no cure as yet but keep on trying.

Leo: Don't let anything get in the way of making it a good day. If you do it will be a bad day and then you'll be sorry.

Virgo: Virgins you are not and thats for sure. Romance is out as you've probably caught the clap.

Libra: Librans are everybody's friends. But some people don't like you so look out for unfriendly folk.

Scorpio: The moon in your anus (I know its an old joke) means you've probably got constipation.

Sagittarius: Work, work, work. Thats all the future holds in store. Sorry. By the way you are the nicest people you Sagittarians. [Come to the point . . . ED]

Capricorn: Where is Capricorn. One may well ask. What shall we do with the drunken goat.

Aquarius: Being a water sign Aquarius people tend to drink but only in excess. Look out as this may cause problems especially if your zipper is stiff.

Pisces: Ware, ware the Ides of March. The aspect between Pluto and Mickey is silly. Bring back Bambi.

Gallic Horrorscope by Mystic Roger.

THE Doctor...

The Doctor was thinking.....

What is my purpose? Why am I here? What is my head doing in two bits?

HE saw something.

Whats that?

BUT THEN...

YES IT L

HELL!

No, No. It can't be. No, No. Please no. I can't take it. Not this. Please not this. NOT.....

THE RETURN OF IAN'S HAND

Oh No!! It's a disembodied hand heading towards my ear!!

RUN FOR YOUR LIVES ITS IAN'S HAND

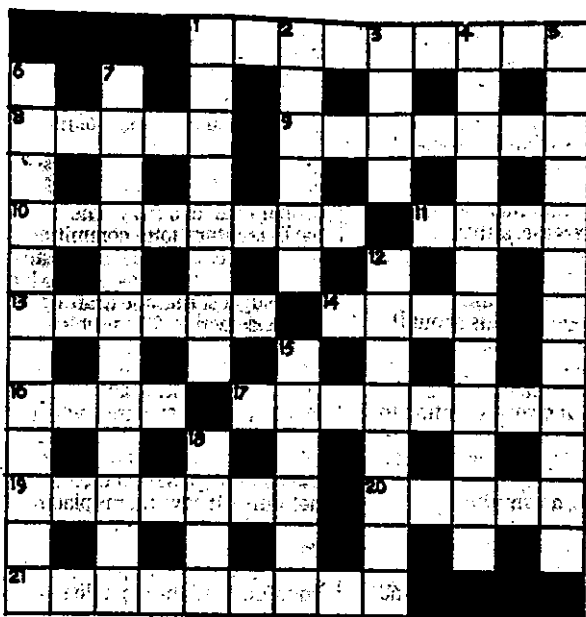


Yes. I'm back! With a VEN-GEANCE!!

IN MY NEW GUISE AS A BT REPAIR MAN

YOU'VE GOT TO HAND IT TO HIM.....

CROSS



ROADS

ACROSS

1. The FEKM debate (2,7)
8. A dead soul singer (4,1)
9. Two nice girls - one African, one Italian (3,4)
10. Oscar Wilde - according to Lord Queensberry (8)
11. Breakfast, dinner, tea (4)
13. Jim - according to his mother (6)
14. A beast in French (4)
16. Oh! Narcissus you're so... (4)
17. A fruit laughing backwards (4,2,2)
19. What yer Granny would be if she slept around (3,4)
20. The Lone Ranger's mate (5)
21. Linda Lovelace studied this at university (9).

DOWN

1. Hungry but full (3,2,3)
2. Simon's comment after he'd seen us gorge ourselves (3,3)
3. Mark Perry's Love Lies... (4)
4. A large creature scared of mice but fond of cheese (4,8)
5. A dead film actor (4,8)
6. GP answer to Marx Bros' 'Horse Feathers' (5,7)
7. A very bad name for a band - naughty pets with a naughty attitude (3,4,5)
12. An area of maths (8)
15. A Greek philosopher into 'Deep Throat' (5,1)
18. A saxophone - what Ralph can't sing (4)

The Editor of GT5 was Kevin Tiddlewood.

Staff: Ralph, Jimmy. Contributors: DC, MG, Neenie, Ambie.
(With thanks to Stan O'Grapher)

Gallic Times 6 will be published in June and will be a Dada/Surrealist/Futuroid issue. Tzara himself will be guest Ed.
See Ya!



Eric Presburger 1902-88 RIP

THIS WAS GP19