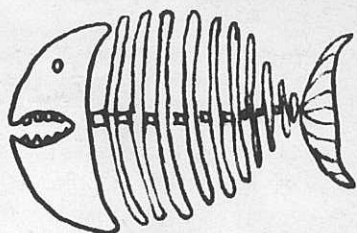


JUNE '88  
**GT6**

.....£2



## GT6 EDITORIAL

Greetings comrades. It's half-time '88 and everyone is going on holiday (except the 'silly season' GT staff). Perpetual change; We have employed a young fella (get off him, DC) to play the acoustic guitar for us - we find it soothing. This is the 'Tzara' edition of the mighty paper in preparation for the intimidating return of TTLB. Also within you will find an extensive essay/interview on the *Velvet Underground* (extremely influential to three young men in 1981) but intensely boring for anyone else.

You probably noticed the free banana with this issue - don't do anything naughty - plant it!

The farewells; Kenneth Williams (one of the funniest men in England), I.A.L. Diamond (joint script writer with Billy Wilder on such masterpieces as *'Kiss Me Stupid'*), Chet Baker and Gil Evans (jazzmen) and Raj Kapoor (Indian film genius).

Gallic Productions recommend the following for the Summer quarter: On U Sound's *'Tackhead Tape Time'* and Eric B. and Rakim's new collection. Avoid the *'HEAD'* lp - it's poor. Live it has to be Prince (last week in July) and UK Fresh '88 (Rap etc all day 6th August). Filmwise - Lindsay Anderson's *'The Whales of August'* and Dennis Hopper's first directorial effort since 1981 *'Colors'* (with Sean Penn!). There are some splendid new prints of old films kicking around especially *'La Dolce Vita'*, *'Breathless'* and *'The American Friend'*. The book of the moment is without doubt *'Apocalypse Culture'* (a collection of disturbing non-fiction essays) - you can get it from Compendium, Camden High St. Mark says *'Early Cezanne'* (at the Royal Academy until Aug 21st) is fish and I'm going to see Burroughs' shotgun paintings (at the October Gallery, Old Glouc. St until July 2nd). Finally on telly; *'Mork and Mindy'* is back (Wednesdays 5.30) Nanoo-Nanoo.

Plum Fever!

K. Tiddlewood.

## Tackling bath-time beefcakes

I AM a student at university and my boyfriend is in the rugby team.

After one of their matches I went into the changing room to congratulate him and found myself surrounded by a load of dirty rugby players.

My boyfriend lifted me up and carried me into one of the baths in the middle of all those hunks! I was soon being pawed by everyone and getting quite excited.

I stripped off and lay across them feeling their manhoods. Then I took them all from both ends, and I really enjoyed having so much attention.

While one was plugging from behind, another was fondling my breasts as the rest rubbed soapy water into every available orifice, except my mouth which was being used for other things.

This was fine, but now the rowing club has got to hear of it and my boyfriend wants a repeat performance.

M.M. Gwynedd

**FIONA:** I'm not sure what the question is because I can't really see any problem - apart from the risk of catching something. There's no doubt your reputation will be damaged if you carry on like this. You'll never be able to get a boyfriend who is interested in your mind.

Extract from Sunday Sport - a national, weekly paper. This is the sort of garbage that we would never publish! Disgusting, cheap drivel.

# ART EXPERT Hot sticky fingers....



Now that we have Maxine, the honest, reliable, tireless drum machine we find ourselves in a bit of a pickle. The Gallic Times just wouldn't be the same without our 'Introducing . . .' page but with no new potential ~~rhythm~~ ~~rhythm~~ wrythem wizard scratching at the door of Flat 2 what can we do ?

Simple. We'll introduce our nestling guitarist who has joined the ensemble for the acoustic sessions. Of course our entire (dwindling) readership will already know Mark George and his distasteful habits but here goes:

His surname is Sanders (has a familiar tinge to it) and he is a mere stripling at 19 years (born 20/4/69). He clears his bowels every morning at 11.00am whether he has arisen from his slumber or not. The offending articles are always floaters but MGS has no desire to consume them. He drives a Vauxhall brown gold go faster stripe Chevette and has neither a girlfriend nor yet a boy friend he does however masturbate frequently and vigorously especially when one of his paintings is nearing completion. The only 'sex aids' he confesses to using are his own pinkies.

His fantasy is to one day have an oval shaped room with no windows that is painted all over the ceiling, walls and floor which he would like to be buried inside (we could arrange it - GP107b perhaps!)

His favourite painters are Patrick Heron and Howard Hodgkins. We've never even heard of them! In ten years time he expects to be married with three bananas - one of each.

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# NEWS

## Movin' House

Last month I moved into a new house with my brother Guy and Julie. It is a very nice house and it has a garden and two bedrooms upstairs with a big kitchen and a cosy sitting room without a sofa. My daddy came to stay and he says it is very nice. The men came to put in the central heating but they have taken ages and Julie is very cross. My house has got three windows and a door on the front. Our next door neybars are funny. On one side there is an old woman and her husband called the professor. The old woman shouts at a dog that no one else can see. I think he is like my friend Clyde. The people on the other side are a woman and her husband and a little boy called Damien. His tyres keep going down and he gets Guy to fix them. He has got scary eyes and three numbers on his head. I know because he showed me. The street is called Kilravock street and we live at number 108 it is in London. If you want to visit me you can if you bring me a present. I like chocolate and cream cakes. Everbody calls me Tubby. There are some roses in the back garden.

Early Friday afternoon 17th June and it looks doubtful if our intrepid traveller will make it to his destination. Before allowing me a visa proof is necessary of my financial position - I put it down to bad-management - my mother puts it down to long hair. Doubt crosses our hero's mind - does he really want to go to a strange land inhabited by such wierd freaks of nature as the duck-billed platypus, the wallaby and Simon Walker! He recalls an intriguing tale once told him by an ancient mystic called Mick - his Art(s) teacher, of an old beer-swalling Aussie by the name of Rich who volunteered to give a secret recipe to kill one's wife without ever being sussed - (Rich was a widower). What indeed does Australia have to offer - sheep - plenty of those in good old Angletterre. An enormous bridge - snap! So has London - a house 200 years old - the similarities go on. I'll tell you it has furry creatures with warm breasts and big feet, who would make a man out of anyone. It's always been my obsession to dress as a Kangaroo and ponce about down the King's Road with a pint of Fosters. I'll be back in the Autumn after meeting Rich with the secret recipe in order to take over Asterix and the kangaroos - no Gauls!



# Gallic Guide To

# DaDa & Futurism

In the beginning there was Art and there was Literature and although they influenced each other NEVER did the two join together in one unifying all-powerful force. Or to summarise Marinetti was mad, Tzara was GOD and Breton was a dictatorial meglamaniac!

## FUTURISM 1909-15.

-Filippo Tommaso Marinetti  
b.1876 - extremely cultured,  
very rich.

-20.2.09 'The Founding and  
Manifesto of Futurism' was  
published on the front page of  
'Le Figaro'.



"... except in struggle, there is no more beauty. No work without an aggressive character can be a masterpiece. Poetry must be conceived as a violent attack on unknown forces."

An exhilarating document - a veritable ode to mechanical power - the introduction is an account of a CAR-CRASH - Flight is a divine concept - War is "the world's only hygiene" - Futurism as a new beginning heralding the DEATH of the old Bourgeois Art history mentality:

"Come on! Set fire to the library shelves! Turn aside the canals to flood the museums! ...Oh, the joy of seeing the glorious old canvases bobbing adrift on those waters, discoloured and shredded!...Take up your pickaxes, your axes and hammers and wreck, wreck the venerable cities, pitilessly!"

-This call to arms attracted many like-minded souls and the first major Futurist exhibition was held in Paris in 1912.

-The key tenets of this perverse Italian 'Revolution' were  
(1) The poetry of intuition (instinct over pre-meditation)  
(2) Dynamism - machine force, especially important with regard to painting. (3) Simultaneity (simply things happening at the same time)

-Futurism rapidly made its influence felt as a visual force. Umberto Boccioni revolutionised Sculpture with his 'Unique forms

of continuity in space'(1913). Although heavily influenced by the Cubists the Futurist painters (Balla, Severini, Carra and Boccioni) introduced a multitude of new ideas.

-A Film was made in 1916 which although now lost is memorable for predating the surreal filmic shorts of the 20's - beams of light flashed on girls dressed in tin-foil and more amusingly a gang of Futurists attacking an old man because he was drinking soup in an old fashioned way. The use of multiple-exposures was also innovative.

-On the Music front break-throughs were rife. Luigi Russolo built his own instruments and upset many audiences with his BRUITISM (Noise-music). He was also the writer of the fascinating 'Art of Noises' manifesto (1913).

-With regard to the Theatre they wanted to see (a) several actions at once (b) no climax in the 5th act (c) no logical argument (d) the action to overflow into the theatre itself.

-Marinetti was himself the originator of Futurist literature. His 'FREE-WORD' novel 'Zang Tumb Tumb' (intended to sound like cannons) was published in 1912. His Declamations (public readings/soirees) were a source of inspiration to the Dada movement.

-By 1914 the movement was beginning to run out of steam - The First World War broke out - Being passionate patriots they all joined up (including Marinetti who was forty!) Both Boccioni and Sant 'Elia (architect) were killed. In a peculiar way the radicalism of Futurism died with them.

-After the War Marinetti and the others drifted towards Mussolini's Fascism (attracted by a desire for progress/new 'modern' renaissance). They eventually split with Fascism because they could not tolerate it's links with the Catholic church.

### Dada (1916-22)

-"Central European Nihilistic Defeatism" (Cyril Connolly)

-The name is central to any understanding of dADA - it can mean anything!

-1.2.16 Cabaret Voltaire is born (N.B nearby Lenin is plotting and studying). The meeting places were vital to dADA and it was here that the insanity exploded.

-Key figures - Hugo Ball (German, Founder, poet), Richard Huelsenback (German, poet obsessed with 'negro' rhythm!), Tristan Tzara (Rumanian, poet, writer of manifestos), Marcel Janco (Rumanian, painter, sculpter), Hans Arp (German, poet, painter) and Hans Richter (German, painter...later film-maker)

-The difference between DADA and Futurism was crucial - The Futurists believed in machines and progress, The dadaists believed that logic, progress and reason had led to WW1 the



U. Boccioni, Futurist Soiree in Milan, 1911



only path now was political anarchy, natural emotions, the intuitive and the irrational.

-In Zurich (1916-19) the movement was mainly literary except Arp's collages, Richter's photography and the typographic designs.

"Order = disorder; ego = non-ego; affirmation = negation: the supreme radiations of an absolute art. Absolute in the purity of its cosmic and regulated chaos, eternal in that globule that is a second which has no duration, no breath, no light and no control".



Hans Arp, Tristan Tzara, Hans Richter, Zurich  
1917-18

-Tzara wrote with regard to literature: "Every page should explode, either because of its profound gravity, or its vortex, vertigo, newness, eternity, or because of its staggering absurdity, the enthusiasm of its principles, or its typography".

-The First dADA Evening (14.7.16)  
-Music, dances, theories, manifestos, poems, paintings, costumes, masks. The event became chaotic and a semi-riot broke out. The Police were called and in the midst of it all Tzara was demanding "the right to piss in different colours". The spirit of Jarry's 1896 Performance of 'Ubu Roi' had returned to haunt the bourgeoisie.

-In 1918 Francis Picabia (Spanish painter, writer) arrived to join the group and through him links were made with New York Dada. He defined the future of creativity in a manifesto as: "Art must be unaesthetic in the extreme, useless and impossible to justify."

-The end arrived quickly for Zurich. When the 1st World War ended many of the founders returned to their countries of origin. Tzara who had "considered himself very likeable" went to Paris where in yet another manifesto he urged the reader to "punch yourself in the face and drop dead".

-New York DADA which had operated during the same period was mainly a visual force - Marcel Duchamp (an exiled Frenchman) had invented 'mobiles' and 'ready-mades' and gained notoriety due to his paintings especially 'The Bride stripped bare by her bachelors even'. His young American friend Man Ray was to make extremely influential Surrealist films.

-German dada (Berlin) - led by Richard Huelsenbeck fought a long-running battle with Expressionism. Although aided by such able painters as Grosz, Hausmann and Heartfield this wing of the movement quickly disintegrated. The first Berlin manifesto ended with the words:"To be against this manifesto is to be a DaDaist"

-In Hannover Kurt Schwitters (poet, painter) worked alone relatively unaffected by the ups and downs of the international movement.

-Hans Arp returned to Cologne where he met and worked with that glorious painter Max Ernst.

-Paris 1920-23. Tzara arrived in Jan.'20 and was greeted by Andre Breton, Louis Aragon and Paul Eluard. Breton immediately set about organising a season of soirees, lectures and salons. But the influence of writer/poet Jacques Vache hung over Breton like an umbrella. Vache's judgement about 'the theatrical and joyless uselessness of everything', his total independence of thought and his suicide at the age of 23 introduced another strain to the Paris hotch-potch.

-Although the Excursions and Performances kept daDa alive an internal war was beginning to break out: Breton was fascinated by the idea of 'automatism' (automatic art from the sub-conscious i.e without thought) and Freudianism (the influence of dreams). Tzara considered Freudianism a "dangerous illness".

-The last important DADA performance was 'The Bearded Heart' 1923. From this point on the whip-hand moved towards Breton.



Dada excursion to Saint Julien le Pauvre, 1921. (left to right): Jean Crotti, a journalist, André Breton, Jacques Rigaut, Paul Eluard, Georges Ribemont-Dessaignes, Benjamin Peret, Théodore Fraenkel, Louis Aragon, Tristan Tzara, Philippe Soupault

-In 1924 Breton published The Surrealist Manifesto and began a new movement. In truth dADA had run its course but in this change-over many great ideas were lost: the disgust with politics, the destruction of 'art' and the freedom of dAda (in which every member had been President). In the Surrealist group only Breton was in charge.

*In GT7 we will provide a mindlessly short account of the history of Surrealism and Russian Futurism.*

*For further information: The catalogue for the 1986 Italian exhibition of Futurism is excellent but very expensive (if you can still get hold of it!) / all of Marinetti's manifestos / Zang Tumb Tumb (a phonetic novel) / 'DADA for Now' lp. is wonderful / all of Tzara's manifestos / Hans Richter's history of Dada: Art and anti-art / The films of Richter and Man Ray / Le Ballet Mecanique (Leger) / Entracte (Clair) / Diagonal Symphony (Eggeling) / The music of Eric Satie and Edgar Varesse / and all those wonderfully sick paintings, collages, ready-mades etc, etc.*

#### TO MAKE A DADAIST POEM

Take a newspaper.

Take some scissors.

Choose from this paper an article of the length you want to make your poem.

Cut out the article.

Next carefully cut out each of the words that makes up this article and put them all in a bag.

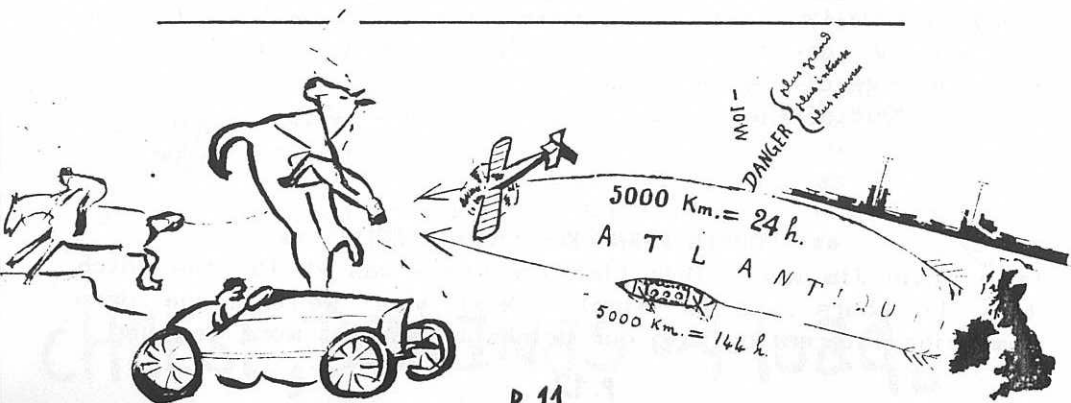
Shake gently.

Next take out each cutting one after the other.

Copy conscientiously in the order in which they left the bag.

The poem will resemble you.

And there you are — an infinitely original author of charming sensibility, even though unappreciated by the vulgar herd. \*



# Gallic Times Arts Section●Reviews

## GP 15 MOVIE REVIEW

Three new faces to be seen in this second phallic feature, along with three familiar faces from the last epic. DC cast in the starring role of degenerate junkie (was he supposed to be Canadian? We could tell!).

A truly wonderful performance—performance from one who doesn't indulge. Diana Sanders gives this sober film a magic light touch. Bron, Neena & BMW made out as lush yuppie junkies. Mark George looking suitably wrecked in his dream coat. Jim neatly ties up the story when he finally appears in the last scene - yet again taking on the role of a bad man.

This is a sad story. Aint life just a bitch - or it could be. Be warned. If you're not convinced get hold of Mutual Murder on vid.

*NB. That was the review that wasn't. A few more words though; this film is a sign o' the times and the times they aint a changing. If it's not one thing then it's another. Make of it what you will. Without doubt a legend in its own lunchtime, Mutual Murder raps with you - it held me.*

NAVY

## GP 17a CASSETTE REVIEW

Dunking Madelaines is of absolutely no interest to anyone except a few lunatics and the CID. A tape of songs by past and present members of The Gallic Chamber Music Society. Rare recordings by M Lucas, The Droogs. Agro and Troy - the bands that time forgot. Dinosauric gems of creativity, hilarity and lunacy. Some remembered with pride, others best forgotten.

Delight in the early, harmonious Lucas as he rants about 'Mad Frank Gunner', immerse yourself in the strange 'live' mix of the Droogs' 'Dali's Curse'. Sing-a-long-a-Agro with DC's manic vocalising on 'Fuck Crew', feign interest in the Trojan meanderings of 'Teenage Boredom'.

"Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings .

*Tolly*

### \*\*\* FOURTH P-KNUCKLE CHAMPIONSHIP \*\*\*

Once again Jim won. This time the score was 25-15 (the match took 11 hours and 19 mins). Next year we're gonna drop something interesting into our drinks to make it more amusing!

## GP 18a EVENT REVIEW

Les Gaulois retourne a leur pays de foyer - ou ils essayer. Sur la premier tentative nous sommes arrive en Ramsgate a voir la ferry disparaître dessus l'horizon. Sur la dernier tentative nous acheiver un petit meilleur. Francais est promenaderons sur la cote du route mal temps essayerdrais a interpret les signes de rue. Nous avons des cafe au lait d'expensive et puis nous cherche l'hypermarche. Nous sommes arrive avec un demi-heure de temps de acheterais desespere essayerons a achete les cadeaux de nous familles pour Noel. Puis nous race a l'harbour pour la bataille. Sur la journee retourne nous chantez pour les voyageurs en la 'Hello Mister' style de TTLB chants. Les vacances de Noel est commencer !

Tolly

## GP 18b EVENT REVIEW

'A Day in the Zoo!' is about animals: Leaping Lizards and Smelly Skunks. Protected Tree Toads with yellow poo and leathery penis pouches. Impressive Orangutans, Empress Snakes and Ipress Files. Express Trains and large-boned Bull Elephants with ballocks bigger than a bread-box.

A man called Doolittle once told me that 'A Day in the Zoo!' can be fun. He said, "Better to be a Baboon than to never have gone to the zoo."

So get out there with your Care Bear balloons kiddies, pay your admission charge (better still - get your parents to loan you the price of a ticket) and see those animals shuck and jive.

DC

## GP 20 CASSETTES REVIEW

'Whaling' is about Whales: Enormous Blue Whales full of blubber; Spunky Sperm Whales and Killer Whales with great big teeth. A man called Ahab once told me that 'Whaling' can be fun. He said, "Better to be a Whale than never to have listened to 'Whaling'." The man had a point.

?To Whale or not to Whale? I've truncheoned a good many baby seals in my day but the little buggers hardly put up a fight. No sport in it at all! That's why I turned to 'Whaling' - Hunting the beasts with Polaris Missiles is a treat but a good ballistics man takes most of the sport out of this as well.

BACK TO THE HAND-HELD HARPOON! 'Pet food for all!' will be our battle cry.

DC.

CHEESE, BANANAS and Toad. P.13.

# GOG GVJBQ ?

**FEKM** Entertainment/Hypnosis GP 16

July 5 - New Pegasus 109 Green Lanes N16

July 19 - The Rock Garden

July 29 - London Film Makers Co-Op - A performance with the movies "Morpheus #3" and "Mutual Murder"

**SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL LUNATIC ASYLUM**

And remember

GP 18c - At the sea-side. Sat 2nd July (maybe).

GP 18d - The Circus. Last week in July.

Anyone welcome - contact us for details.

**TTLB ON TOUR - THE NORTHERN JAUNT.**

The Tour will take place on 15/16/17 July over a 48 hour period

Shows are \*FREE\* - Anyone is welcome. Depart London - 5.00pm

1. Nottingham - 10.00pm

2. Leeds - 8.00am

3. Manchester - 1.00am

4. Liverpool - 2.00pm

5. Brumigum - 6.00pm - A multi-story car park.

6. Malvern - 9.00am - Near the old wall. Return London - 1.00pm.

Tristan Tzara's Likeable Biro are: Big Nose, Big Head, Big Arse and any old freaks who care to join in.

## FEKM-FUN!

To AID your ears some notes to HELP you understand the songs:

Machine Gun - John McEnroe's backhand

Assassinate - Lemmy having tea with the Ayatollah

Suspicion - "*From this moment despair ends and tactics begin. Despair is the infantile disorder of the revolutionaries of daily life*" (Van Eigem) (EK?)

Insurrection - A popular tune at South African 'Rubber-Tyre' parties.

Entertainment - Suetonius in Eldorado

Murder - Don't do it Fred!

Mind Suicide - A complaint about 'The Guardian'

Alcohol - Just Spittin' (Piff).

In the Market place - A Brechtian tale of

Birmingham / Spitalfield Markets

HIV Positive Blues - "*When it rained down sorrow it rained all over me*" (Rodgers)

Pain Train - Wanda purges, Dolmance laughs

Taggin' Along - Tribulation (I'm pre, me)



HANK WILLIAMS  
1923-53



# BERNIE'S Showbiz

X3S  
SANDAL  
TANDBS

**-FASCISM AND BUDDHISM?** Bernie has heard that Ralph's 'macho' brother (ex-Heavy Metal Bassman) Guy has fallen in a big way for the old Eastern religions. 'Big' Guy who made a name for himself in the Communist witch-hunts (he thought Ma arthy was too liberal!) now spends his weekends meditating/masturbating on/in his nostril.

**-DC. AC/DC.** Dave Lord (Rock guitarist par excellence) was recently found playing cards with three naked Arab boys. He says he was teaching them Poker, we reminded him of what happened to King Edward II. As The GT network is a trusting Beast we took his word for it, but watch out DC 'cos we've got our detectives on the case.

**-THE CROW ROBBERIES.** Video equipment has been flooding out of Crow studios and onto the Black-Market at an astonishing rate. Nobody appears to have noticed that Raymond Tolly drives to work in a Rolls Royce Silver Ghost!

**-BANANA VISA FISH-FACE.** Young Mark George wants to go to the Antipodes but every time he attempts to pick up a (penguin) visa they tell him to go away. Why? It could be they don't like his paintings, it could be his laid-back approach, it could be the way he informed them that they were lucky he was going there at all or it could be the fact that whenever he goes to the Australian embassy it's closed.

**TITBITSTITBITSTITBITSTITBITSTITBITSTITBITSTITBITSTITBITSTITBITST**

**-JIM PACKS IN JOB.** He now says he's looking for a job as a secretary. He wishes to be known as Jim 'Filing Cabinet' Sanders.

**-CHRIS (EX-OB)** living with Steve (ex-Troy)...imagine the band...out of time drumming with mindless 'wanky' guitar. How the mighty fall.

**-CJ MAC TO HANG** - Well he would if I was Home-Secretary...wanted to be a professional drummer indeed!

**-SIMON (PRIMITIVE) WALKER** on the run. 'Large' Debbie tried to eat him.

**-MAD MORGAN** has recently been through a 'Hermit' phase but he's getting over it now!



# THE LOST HISTORY OF THE VELVET UNDERGROUND



The Velvet Underground were the first avant-garde rock band, and the greatest. They were avant-garde in the true sense of exploring uncharted territory. Their songs not only sounded different but they expressed certain feelings, attitudes and kinds of experience that had never been heard in rock music before.

They took music as far out as it is possible to go without losing consciousness and made new connections - combining poetry with trash, primitiveness with sophistication, delicacy with violence - they virtually laid the foundations for a new age in rock.

They would influence later generations, but not their own. During the Velvet's own lifetime, from 1965 to 1971, they were simply notorious as the group who sang about heroin and transvestites and sado-masochism.

Never stars, rarely interviewed, they were completely out of step with a rock culture dominated by West Coast psychedelia. They were cynics where that culture thought naivete was a virtue, individualists where that generation wanted to melt blissfully into one, realists where the hippies thought reality was a curtain and if you all sat on the floor and held hands you could make the earth move.

The Velvet Underground became an inspiration because they were the only major '60s group who had kept a clear, hard, critical consciousness in all their work, who had never belonged to any movement or promised a better society, and who didn't date with the '60s. Their music had a coolness and tension that was the reverse of psychedelia's fluorescent excess, and a sense of mystery that had nothing to do with 'mind-expanding' drugs, although it had quite a lot to do with speed and heroin.

Their music was not evil, but it explored evil, and even at it's most lyrical it had a sense of sin and human failure.

It was also very funny. Lou Reed's lyrics had the particular style of wit and cynicism that comes from surviving daily life in New York City; even their darkest songs are offset by an ironic shrug that says "So what else is new?". . .

In the end The Velvet Underground, who were first to bring art into rock and roll, had the traditional artist's revenge; posthumous success. But because they never sought or achieved stardom and gave few interviews, their history went largely unrecorded. Since then information has appeared in a fragmented way in interviews with Lou Reed and John Cale, but they naturally preferred to talk about their solo work. As for the other two people who knew the story - drummer Maureen Tucker and guitarist Sterling Morrison - they disappeared from sight.

Maureen Tucker married a systems analyst, and for the past few years has been living with her husband and children in Tucson, Arizona.

Morrison ended up in the most unlikely place of all; as an assistant professor at the University of Texas in Austin. He lives there quietly with his wife Martha and five-year-old daughter Mary-Anne, teaching English and finishing a PhD thesis on Anglo-Saxon poetry.

When I visited Austin recently it proved easy to track Sterling Morrison down. I telephoned the English Department at the University of Texas and left a message asking for an interview. Morrison called back the next day and said he could talk to me as soon as he'd finished practising with his university basketball team. (I knew then that I was dealing with the most rational member of The Velvet Underground.) We arranged to meet in the hideous lounge bar of the Austin Ramada Inn.

Morrison arrived looking thinner but not much older than in the photographs on the Velvet's albums. We talked for four hours, circling back into the past against a background of C&W style muzak and businessmen's laughter. These were relaxed, friendly conversations in which a story would begin, shift into another and be picked up again a few hours later. But it was also a very intense re-creation of the past - the nearest I'll ever get to being there - and I was amazed at how sharp and clear Morrison's memory was of events that happened ten, 15 years ago. One reason is because he completely divorced himself from the music world when he left the Velvets, and his memories have never been dulled or distorted by constant repetition in

interviews. And apart from friendship he had no reason to fear upsetting anyone; his career was not at stake.

Some of the information here has been published before, some hasn't, but Morrison's story is likely to be the most detailed and truthful account we have of the history of The Velvet Underground.

Sterling Morrison first met Lou Reed in the early '60s when they were both studying English at the University of Syracuse in upstate New York. Both came from Long Island - they had grown up only a few miles from each other and had actually attended the same R&B clubs - and had similar suburban, middle-class backgrounds.

At Syracuse they were living in the same dormitory and Morrison recalls that "the first sound I ever heard from Lou was when the ROTC (Reserve Officers Training Corps) were marching in the field behind the dorm in their uniforms. First I heard ear-splitting bagpipe music from his hi-fi, and then he cranked up his electric guitar and gave a few blasts on that. So I knew there was a guitar player living upstairs."

At that time Reed had his own show on the campus radio station, where he would play old blues and R&B records, but he was kicked off the air for making fun of a commercial on behalf of muscular dystrophy.

"Lou and I actually met in the Creative Writing class which Delmore Schwartz was teaching."

Both Reed and Morrison are great admirers of Schwartz, a poet who had a tremendous early success followed by unhappiness and failure; he became an alcoholic and died alone in a hotel room a few years ago. When Lou Reed married last year, in a ceremony he wrote himself, he quoted two of Schwartz's poems.

Says Morrison "Delmore was a brilliant poet, but he had a clinical case of paranoia. He thought he was being persecuted by Nelson Rockefeller, and eventually he decided that Lou and I were Rockefeller's spies."

There is a note on the cover of the Velvets' first album that says the song 'European Son' is dedicated to Delmore Schwartz.

"No one knows why that is. Everyone thinks it's because the song is thematically appropriate: '*You killed your European son/You may on those under 21*'. Incidentally that may be true, because Delmore was the son of Jewish emigres and a great poet who was never accepted. But the real reason is that it has only two stanzas of lyrics and a long instrumental break. Delmore thought rock and roll lyrics were the worst things he'd ever heard in his life; he despised songs with words. As this was our big instrumental outing on the album we dedicated it to him"

Then when Reed finished his degree he went to work churning out bubblegum songs for Pickwick Records, where he had a minor hit with 'The Ostrich'. It was then that Reed met John Cale, who had been kicked out of London's Royal College of Music and was in America on a Leonard Bernstein scholarship.

The mutual fascination and tension between Lou Reed and John Cale goes a long way to explaining the early Velvet Underground. For Reed, Cale represented the European avant-garde. He knew about Stockhausen, had performed with John Cage, and as a student had given a performance where he smashed up a piano with an axe. Now in New York Cale was playing electric viola in LaMonte Young's Theatre of Eternal Music - whose extreme minimalism, involving single, sustained tones played at almost unbearable volume, would influence the Velvets. Reed brought Cale in to play viola on one of his Pickwick sessions, and at some point Cale, Reed and artist Walter De Maria appeared as a band called The Primitives.

To Cale (actually the least pretentious, least consciously 'artistic' of avant-gardists), Reed was the professional pop musician with the real garage-band rock training he himself lacked. And no doubt Reed represented other things too; the lure of America, New York bohemia. Cale once said in an interview that at first he was wary of Reed because he played acoustic guitar - he thought he was a folk singer until Reed played him 'Heroin' and 'Waiting For The Man'. But soon their friendship persuaded him to leave LaMonte Young and join forces with Reed to create the first band to join the avant-garde with rock and roll.

Sterling Morrison entered the story again when he left Syracuse and came to join Reed and Cale at Pickwick.

"But then the whole thing with Pickwick fell apart, so we sat around and said 'Well, we're retired. There's no way we can put a band together that can work in this city'. Because all that was going on in Manhattan in the early '60s were these slick mid-town club acts like Joey Dee and the Starlighters who wore matching suits. So we decided to forget about competing and just play songs we liked."

By the Spring of 1965 the three friends were rehearsing in John Cale's unheated apartment on Ludlow Street, where they discovered the joys of feedback. Their next door neighbour was a legendary figure named Angus Maclise who, according to rumour, recently died of starvation in Nepal. At that time Maclise had just returned from eight years in Greece and India, where he had become involved with Eastern music, and he became the group's first drummer.

It was Angus Maclise who introduced them to the world of 'underground' film-makers who showed their work at the Cinemateque. In the summer of 1965 Maclise and film-maker Piero Heliczer arranged a 'ritual happening' called *The Launching Of The Dream Weapon* at the Cinemateque. It was one of the very first mixed-media shows, a forerunner of Warhol's Exploding Plastic Inevitable that combined film, lights, dancers, poetry, religion and music. The music was provided by Reed, Cale, Morrison and Maclise.

That summer the four played at various screenings of underground films, including Kenneth Anger's. However, the group had no name until Angus Maclise spotted a trashy paperback called *The Velvet Underground* in the bookrack in the Times Square subway station.

"There were whips and stuff on the cover, but it was basically about wife-swapping in suburbia"; they adopted the name not because of any S&M connotations but because it suggested their involvement in the underground film and art scene.

Shortly after this, journalist Al Aranowitz asked them to play at a concert at a high school in Summit, New Jersey for a fee of \$75. Angus Maclise, who took the belief in art for art's sake to an extreme, dropped out because he didn't want to play for money. He was replaced by Maureen Tucker, whose brother had been a childhood friend of Morrison's and attended Syracuse; 'Mo' Tucker had just finished a stint with an all-girl band.

Aranowitz then found the group an extended engagement at the Cafe Bizarre in Greenwich Village, in late 1965. "One night we played 'The Black Angel's Death Song' and the owner came up and said 'If you play that song one more time you're fired'. So we started the next set with it - the all-time version - and got fired."

But by that time *The Velvet Underground* had already been spotted by Gerard Malanga and Andy Warhol, who Morrison says was the most important influence on his life.

"It sounds crazy, but on reflection I've decided that he was never wrong. He gave us the confidence to keep doing what we were doing."

It was inevitable that they should meet, as they had a mutual friend in film-maker Barbara Rubin, and as Warhol had already begun to show his films at the Cinemateque; in fact the Velvets' first project with Warhol was to play a week long benefit for the Cinemateque.

Early in 1966 the Velvets began to use Warhol's studio, the Factory, as a rehearsal space. This era was Manhattan's equivalent to Swinging London, with a little more frenzy and strangeness thrown in. At the Factory the new cafe society (from the worlds of pop music, high society, art and fashion) met with the Times Square hustlers, drag queens and eccentrics who had become superstars in the Warhol movies and who suddenly found themselves to be, at least temporarily, not outcasts but chic.

Morrison says: "I didn't appreciate what we were doing. I never considered what it meant to be doing something with Andy Warhol and seeing all those wierd people marching by and hanging around the loft. I just worried about little songs and how well they were played."

It was life at the Factory that prompted the song 'All Tomorrow's Parties'.

"We used to practise at the Factory and hang out there every day for a couple of years, from '66 to '68. We would arrive some time in the afternoon and every day would begin with the same question: 'What parties shall we go to tonight?'"

"A thousand, thousand parties . . . reflected on from a distance, they were almost unimaginable. Real high rolling affairs, with a lot of energetic depravity going on. We even went to one with Nelson Rockefeller. I thought if Delmore could see me now!"

The Velvet Underground, Morrison tells me, were all at the Warhol party featured in the film *Midnight Cowboy*.

The Velvets had little involvement in the films being made at the Factory, although Morrison used to do the sound occasionally. But one of the Warhol superstars was Nico, the beautiful blonde German model who had drifted in from Europe and who had appeared in Fellini's *La Dolce Vita*.

"Andy suggested we use Nico as a vocalist. So we said fine, she looks great, and just gradually tried to work her in.

"There were problems from the very beginning because there were only so many songs that were appropriate for Nico and she wanted to sing them *all* - 'Waiting For The Man', 'Heroin', all of them. And she would try and do little sexual politic things in the band. Whoever seemed to be having undue influence on the course of events, you'd find Nico close by. So she went from Lou to Cale, but neither of these affairs lasted very long."

Warhol decided to put together a mixed-media show, and Andy Warhol's Exploding Plastic Inevitable opened at the Dom Theatre on St Mark's Place in the Spring of 1966, complete with the Velvets, Nico, Warhol's films, a lightshow and Gerard Malanga's whip dance. Morrison says it was at this time that the Velvets started wearing dark glasses; not through affectation but because the lightshow was blinding.

"Anyone in the audience could come up and work the lights. We never had things like 'When I play this ten-second break, then hit me with the blue spot'. That's what I hate about modern rock shows: they're so regimented. We just played and everything raged around us without any control on our part."

The Exploding Plastic Inevitable then toured the West Coast, with The Velvet Underground and most of Warhol's entourage packed into big touring buses. It is hard to imagine now the shock effect they must have had.

"We had a horrible reputation. Everyone figured we were gay. They figured we must be - running around with Warhol and all those whips and stuff."

In San Francisco, when Gerard Malanga walked into an all-night restaurant dressed in black leather and carrying his whip he was arrested and charged with possession of a dangerous weapon.

The show attracted enormous media attention because of Warhol's name, but little of this was concentrated on the Velvets. The Exploding Plastic Inevitable was regarded as an art event like the other '60s 'happenings', which just happened to have some bizarre background music. As for the Velvets, "We never did anything to ingratiate ourselves with the media - through lack of interest more than arrogance. I was convinced that if it was going to happen it would happen anyway. We were all really contemptuous of hype."

Their attitude was far closer to that of the underground film-makers than it was to pop music; that what they were doing was important in itself, even if it only attracted a small audience of the faithful.

"Crusading was the word I always used. It took absolute conviction that we were doing the right thing - that was the only thing that could sustain us. You see, when we started we never thought we could have an audience. We never thought we could play in a club. We never thought we could make records. We never thought we could make money, although we did get enough of it when we wanted to."

In fact The Velvet Underground made \$18,000 in the first week at the Dom Theatre - "We kept the money in paper bags, we never got near a bank" - and used it to help finance their first album, the one with Warhol's painting of a banana on the cover.

"The album says 'produced by Andy Warhol'. Well it was produced in the sense that a movie is produced. He put up some money. We made the album ourselves and then took it around, because we knew that no one was going to sign us off the streets. And we didn't want any A&R department telling us what songs we should record."

There were conflicts with Nico in the recording studio. "You see, Nico had two voices. One was a full-register, Germanic, gotterdammerung voice that I never cared for, and the other was her wispy voice which I liked."

In the studio Nico kept singing 'I'll Be Your Mirror' in her strident voice; dissatisfied, the Velvets kept making her do the song over and over again until she broke down and burst into tears. "At this point we said 'Oh, try it just one more time and then fuck it - if it doesn't work this time then we're not going to do the song'. "Nico sat down and did it exactly right."

As for the haunting quality in her voice, "It's not because she's singing to Bob Dylan or Lou Reed or anybody else - Nico was just really depressed."

The Velvets' reputation could stand on this debut album alone. It was their most revolutionary album, in the extremes of 'The Black Angels Death Song', 'European Son', 'Venus in Furs', and it contained their purest, tenderest love song in 'I'll Be Your Mirror'. But the album also showed Reed and Morrison's R&B roots, and what they could do with primitive rock by charging it up and setting it to a perfect four-minute short story in 'I'm Waiting For The Man'.

Morrison: "I love the 'Banana album' so much. It's so innocent. Everybody was saying this is the vision of all-time evil and I always said well, we're not going to lie. It's *pretty*. 'Venus in Furs' is a beautiful song. It was the closest we ever came in my mind to being exactly what I thought we could be. Always on the other songs I'm hearing what I'm hearing but I'm also hearing what I wish I were hearing."

'Heroin' is a beautiful song too, possibly Reed's greatest and a truthful one. It's easy to rationalise about a song you like, but it should be pointed out that when Reed sings "Because it makes me feel like I'm a man/when I stick a spike into my veins" and "I have made a great decision /I'm going to nullify my life", he's only glamourising heroin for people who want to die. The real damage, particularly in New York, has been done through the cult of the personality. Rock fans have taken heroin because Lou took heroin, forgetting that the character in the song wasn't necessarily Lou Reed who, according to Morrison, was never addicted.

Not surprisingly, the Velvets encountered problems when they began taking their completed tape around the recording companies.

"Ahmet Ertegun liked it, but said 'No, no, no, none of this - no 'Waiting For The Man', no 'Venus in furs'."

"Then we took it over to Electra, who said some of the content was unacceptable and the whole sound was unacceptable; 'This viola can't Cale play anything else?'"

"So then we talked to Tom Wilson, who was still at Columbia. He told us to wait and come and sign with him when he moved to Verve (a subsidiary of MGM) because he swore that at Verve we could do anything we wanted. And he was right. We gave something up of course, because there was no effective marketing on Verve; we were stuck there with The Mothers of Invention and Richie Havens.

"The album was ready by April 1966, but I don't think it even made a '66 release, or at least not until the end of the year. We were going crazy wondering what was going on while things got lost and misplaced and delayed. I know what the problem was: It was Frank Zappa and his manager Herb Cohen. They sabotaged us in a number of ways, because they wanted to be the first with a freak release. And we were totally naive. We didn't have a manager who would go to the record company every day and just drag the whole thing through production."

When the album was released it received airplay on the West Coast, but was banned by nearly every radio station in New York, their home base.

"They wouldn't even accept advertising for the album, because it was about drugs and sex and perversion."

Morrison admits that "A rational response would have been to rent a hall in New York and play there every night. Instead we said fuck 'em - if they're not going to play us on the radio, we're not going to play here. "

And so for three years, from 1967 to 1970, Velvet Underground refused to play New York. "It was a good way to generate mystique, but that wasn't our intention. We wanted to punish New York."

However, although they did not play publicly, they did perform occasionally at private functions, ranging bizarrely from a psychiatrist's convention to the wedding reception of Stavros Niarchos and Charlotte Ford.

In those years the Velvets played frequently in Boston and occasionally in Philadelphia, and toured the West Coast and Texas - those tours being the source of the live recordings released later as the marvellous 'Velvet Underground 1969' album.

But in general, Morrison says, "We never cared that much about touring. We did it once in a while by invitation, but we never solicited one. Why play Toledo, Ohio, where no-one knows you and people are not likely to be the least bit receptive? Deep down you do want to be accepted by the audience; I don't care how much you steel yourself with drugs or whatever."

Their record companies - Verve and then Atlantic - were bewildered by the Velvets' attitude. "They were dealing with something they'd never seen before - if you weren't interested in making money there was no way they could even talk to you."

They were arrogant, independent and demanding. In 1970 Atlantic's Ahmet Ertegun asked them to tour. "We said 'Fine - you start the promotion and then we'll start the tour'. He said 'No - you start the tour and then we'll start the promotion'. So we went skiing instead."

Didn't this reluctance to tour prevent them from building up a following in America? Morrison isn't sure it would have made much difference. The one big mistake they made, he feels, was in not playing in Europe, where they might have found a more receptive audience. But The Velvet Underground nearly did tour Europe in 1967; if it wasn't for the death of Brian Epstein their career might have been very different.

"We had a lot of dealings with Brian Epstein. He loved the first album, it was his favourite record for a long time. We had a lot of talks with him, riding in his car around Manhattan. First he wanted to sign us and have us be his only American group."

But the Velvets were wary. "He managed a lot of people, but he never let anyone threaten The Beatles. If he'd had The Who he would have just sat on them [sic. Ed]. You can't expect a person to crowd out their first love."

The Velvets refused the offer.

"So then the second round of talks was about Three Prong Music, our publishing company. He wanted it to merge with Nemperor, The Beatles' publishing company. We fretted and fretted over this and decided that if Epstein thought the stuff was so great, maybe we should hang on to it. We couldn't see any advantage to being part of Nemperor - who was ever going to record our stuff? So that was the end of that. But then the third offer Epstein made was to put together a big European tour. And we said that was fine. And then, on the eve of the final signing, Epstein died."

It seems a tremendous loss that The Velvet Underground played to so few audiences - because "The unanimous opinion was that we were ten times better live than on records". Morrison adds that; "We never played a song the same way twice - never wanted to, maybe never could. And Lou changed lyrics all the time. One of his great talents is that he can spontaneously generate lyrics on stage - just like the old blues singers, Lou can go on forever rhyming."

As for their rehearsals, "We never changed our method from back in Ludlow St. We would practice the beginning and end of a song; as we never played it the same way twice it didn't matter if we practiced the middle. If there was anything weird about it then we went over that. But the songs we practiced most - the truly polished pieces - we never recorded. We knew we could do them, so there was no more interest; we wanted to see if we could make something else work. Our best stuff, about 80 per cent of it, was either radically reworked in the studio or written there."

The Velvet's second album 'White Light / White Heat' has been called the most nihilistic record ever made; but it's too speed crazed to be depressing, while the great 'Sister Ray' (about drag queens, speed, a bar, sailors, a murder) is more like black comedy than anything else. Morrison's major regrets are that he thinks 'I Heard Her Call My Name', one of their best songs, was destroyed in the studio, and that the album is a technical failure:

"We didn't want to lay down separate tracks, we wanted to do it studio live with a simultaneous voice, but the problem was that the current state of studio art wouldn't let us do it. There was fantastic leakage because everyone was playing so loud and we had so much electronic junk with us in the studio - all these fuzzers and compressors. Gary Kellgran the engineer, who is ultra-competent, told us repeatedly: 'You can't do it - all the needles are on red'. And we reacted as we always reacted: 'Look, we don't know what goes on in there and we don't want to hear about it. Just do the best you can'. And so the album is all fuzzy, there's all that white noise, . . ."

Tom Wilson is listed as producer but Morrison says: "No producer could over-ride our taste. We'd do a whole lot of takes, and then there would be a big brawl over which one to use. Of course everyone would opt for the take where they sounded best. It was a tremendous hassle, so on 'Sister Ray', which we knew was going to be a major effort, we stared at each other and said, 'This is going to be *one* take. So whatever you want to do, you better do it now'.

"And that explains what is going on in the mix. There is a musical struggle - everyone's trying to do what he wants to do every second, and nobody's backing off. I think it's great the way the organ solo comes in. Cale starts to try and play a solo. He's totally buried and there's a sort of surge and then he's pulling out all the stops until he just rises out of the pack. He was able to get louder than Lou and I were. The drums are almost totally drowned out."

Everyone in the Velvet Underground was strong-willed, but Morrison says that Maureen Tucker took a fairly quiet role in their conflicts.

"She always said that there was no reasoning with any one of us, and that we were all crazy, and there was no sense in arguing. I think basically the band had three uncontrollable personalities, and if you throw drugs into the confusion then you really have problems."

As for Lou Reed, Morrison says: "I love Lou, but he has what must be a fragmented personality, so you're never too sure under any conditions what you're going to have to deal with. Will he be boyishly charming, naive - Lou is very charming when he wants to be. Or will he be vicious - and if he is, then you have to figure out what's stoking the fire.

"What drug is he on, or what mad diet? He had all sorts of strange dietary theories. He'd eat *nothing*, live on wheat husks, I don't know. He was always trying to move mentally and spiritually to some place where no one had ever gotten before."

John Cale can be as erratic as Reed and several times they actually come to blows. The tension was not helped by the fact that Cale cut a more flamboyant figure on stage, and drew attention away from Reed.

One day in late summer 1968 Lou Reed called up Sterling Morrison and asked him to meet him at the Riviera Cafe in the West Village. When Morrison arrived he was surprised to find Maureen Tucker there too. It turned out that Reed had called a meeting to announce that Cale was "out of the band".

"I said, 'You mean out for today, or for this week?' And Lou said 'No he's *out*'. I said that we were the band, that was it, graven on the tablets. So then a long and bitter argument ensued, with much banging on tables, and finally Lou said, 'You don't go for it? Alright, the band is dissolved'. Now I could say that it was more important to keep the band together than to worry about Cale, but that wasn't really what decided me. I just wanted to keep on doing it. So finally I weighed my self-interest against Cale's interests and sold him out. I told Lou I'd swallow it,



but I didn't really like it."

A dozen years later, this is still a painful memory.

"John was playing great at the time. He was always exciting to work with. If you listen to his bass part on 'Waiting For The Man' it's illogical - inverted, almost. He had really good ideas on bass. Or take a song like 'What Goes On'; if you'd heard us play that in the summer of '68 with Cale on organ you would have known what it was all about."

So why did Reed want to get rid of Cale?

"Jealousy, I'd have to say. One friend said Lou always told him he wanted to be a solo star. Lou never confided that to us, but John and I always knew that he really wanted some kind of recognition apart from the band."

Morrison says that Reed always wanted full credit for song writing.

"There are a lot of songs that I should have had co-authorship on, and the same holds true for John Cale" - he points out that their publishing company was called 'Three Prong Music' because there were three of them involved. "I'm the last person to deny Lou's immense contribution and he's the best songwriter of the three of us. But he wanted *all* the credit; he wanted it more than we did and he got it, to keep the peace."

(Later I asked John Cale about this and he confirmed that there were a number of songs for which he should have had co-authorship. Not only that, but he claims he has never received a penny in royalties for any of the Velvet Underground songs for which he did have a credit. When I asked how this had happened he said: "Ask the man who made all the money" - presumably referring to Reed.)

The band was never the same for me after John left. "Says Morrison. "He was not easy to replace. Doug Yule was a good bass player, but we moved towards unanimity of opinion, and I don't think that's a good thing. I always thought that what made us real good were tensions and oppositions."

There was a conflict of musical attitudes in the original Velvet Underground: "John and I were very happy with 'Sister Ray' type music. Although I'm teaching English now, I don't really care about lyrics in music. I like energy and emotion, yelling and grunting. Snarls and hisses like in 'The Angel's Death Song' - that's Cale's hissing. Lou placed heavy emphasis on lyrics, while Cale and I were more interested in blasting the house down."

Morrison, who says he'd take 'Louie, Louie' over 'Berlin', says that Cale's departure allowed Lou Reed's "sensitive, meaningful" side to hold sway. I asked Morrison what he meant by sensitive - a song like 'Pale Blue Eyes'?

"Why do you think that happened on the third album, with Cale out of there? That's a song about Lou's old girlfriend in Syracuse, by the way. I said, 'Lou, if I wrote a song like that I wouldn't make *you* play it. My position on that album was one of acquiescence. Lou may have learnt something from that because on 'Loaded' (the fourth album) he was more receptive. We did the third album deliberately as anti-production. It sounds like it was done in a closet - it's flat, and that's the way we wanted it. The songs are all very quiet and it's kind of insane. I like the album."

This third album, called simply 'The Velvet Underground', is the reversal of 'White Light/White Heat'. This is a religious album, in it's fashion; openly so in 'Jesus', a plea for salvation or forgiveness or just to join the human race. There is true compassion in 'Candy Says' (about the Warhol superstar Candy Darling, who was undergoing a sex-change) and an ambiguous but genuine tenderness in 'Pale Blue Eyes'. It's also very strange. The one open, heartfelt, ecstatic song of redemption 'I'm Set Free' also has the most psychotic lyrics.

Lou Reed is probably the only person who ever made rock music function as literature. Most rock poets sling together metaphors, most of them lousy; his songs work in the same way as a short story or a poem. He is a dramatic writer, adopting personas; perhaps Morrison's definition of Reed as a fragmented personality explains why he could take on so many different characters and why cruelty, gentleness, sympathy, cynicism and contempt all run into one another.

There have been equally strange contradictions in his private life. At one point I asked Morrison about Reed's first wife and he replied, "I didn't know her, she was some cocktail waitress. You see Lou - some part of him at least - really does like stability and the old cozy kitchen and homey living rooms.

"But if you'd seen some of his digs - they were depressing beyond imagination. Now he's in New Jersey, so he's back in suburbia. But then he had a place over in the East 60's. He was paying an outrageous amount of money for it so I thought I'd go over and see what this palace looked like. Well, you know what these high rise apartments are - they're real barren. And his was totally unfurnished, nothing there except some kind of palette that he had pushed up against one corner, And a tape recorder, and some old tapes and I guess a notebook, and an acoustic guitar. There was nothing in the fridge except a half-empty container of papaya juice; I meant *nothing*, not even vitamins.

"It was just the picture of isolation and despair."

Between making their third album and 'Loaded', Morrison says the Velvets recorded another album that was never released, mainly because they were in the middle of changing record companies.

"I have some dubs of it - it was done some time in early '69. That's the stuff Lou drew on when he went solo. Nearly everything on that first album was just a reworking of stuff he'd already done."

In the summer of 1970 the Velvets were playing five nights a week at Max's Kansas City and recording 'Loaded' at the same time; "That's why Lou's voice is so gravelly". This was their real rock and roll album, coming full circle black close to where they had begun; perhaps their most conventional, but almost their most fun recording. Meanwhile the relationship between Reed and Morrison had deteriorated;

"I had hardly spoken to Lou in months. Maybe I never forgave him for wanting Cale out of the band. I was so mad at him, for real or imaginary offences, and I just didn't want to talk. You know that poem, 'The Poison Tree' by Blake? *"I was angry with my friend/I told it not, . . ."* Like that. So in his last days with the group I was *zero* psychological assistance to Lou.

Morrison did notice that Reed was acting strangely. One thing he didn't realise was that their then manager, Steven Seznick, had been pressuring Reed to act more like a rock star on stage - which went against his natural shyness as a performer. "We were always anti-performers, and now Lou was leaping around and making all those gestures he does now."

Meanwhile, Morrison had cut himself off from his old way of life. He stopped smoking, stopped taking drugs and applied to graduate schools around the country; that summer he was finishing his BA (he had left Syracuse without graduating) with a course on the Victorian novel.

"I was running around being a good boy, so at Max's I was never hanging around with the band downstairs; I was always in the dressing room reading my Victorian novels.

"One night I'm sitting in a booth upstairs at Max's, eating a cheeseburger, and Lou comes up and says, 'Sterling, I'd like you to meet my parents'."

Morrison was astonished. Reed had always had an extremely troubled relationship with his parents, who regularly threatened to have him committed to a mental institution.

"They hated the fact that Lou was playing music and hanging around with undesirables. I was always afraid of Lou's parents - the only dealings I've had with them was that there was this constant threat of them seizing Lou and having him thrown into the nuthouse. That was always over our heads. Every time Lou got hepatitis his parents were waiting to seize him and lock him up.

"So I was thinking, 'What in the world can this portend?' and then I went back to the dressing room and kept going on, 'Vanity Fair'. Then a day or two later our manager came and told me that Lou had quit the band and gone back to Long Island with his parents."

There is a story that Reed had a nervous breakdown after leaving the Velvets, but Sterling Morrison knew nothing about this. But there is evidently a part of Lou Reed that longs for reconciliation with his parents, the respectable suburban life, the family accounting firm. When Lou Reed married recently the bride wore white, and only the family were invited.

Morrison remembers that shortly after quitting the group Reed dropped by his apartment to try and work something out. He said he hadn't been able to stand the group as it was and suggested that he and Morrison put together a new band. At that point Maureen Tucker had just had a baby and Billy Yule was filling in on drums.

"Lou didn't want Doug or Billy involved. It was just going to be me and Lou and new people. And I said, 'Well, we haven't been talking really, and it'll take us two years to get back to where we are today, to repackage ourselves, and why do it?' Lou really made me a strong pitch, and in retrospect maybe I should have done it. Martha, my wife, said, 'Why are you doing this to him? What does he have to do to get you to keep playing?' I said, 'I guess nothing. Maybe I don't want to do it anymore'."

But Morrison did carry on with the Velvets without Lou Reed, using Doug Yule as a vocalist and bringing in Walter Powers on bass. I asked why he had then given up music - were the last days with the Velvets so bad that he didn't want to have anything more to do with it?

"No, that time was very pleasant. We were working on new songs, and we sounded very good. But when I looked at myself I was seeing a professional musician, which I never really set out to be. There wasn't the old excitement the feeling of crusading"

Morrison had already applied to various universities; in late August 1971 when The Velvet Underground arrived in Houston to give a performance Morrison rang the University of Texas to see what was happening to his application. "They said they had been trying to get hold of me, and I should start teaching on Monday."

He hesitated, because this was on the eve of a European tour for the Velvets. He also didn't know what to do with all his possessions back in New York. The next day he had a call from New York saying his house had just burned down, with everything in it. Taking that as a sign from heaven, he accepted the job in Texas.

"Austin was a nice, out of the way location, and the music scene was zero as far as I was concerned. I thought - this is great, nobody'll be knocking at my door. For the first two years I didn't even have a phone. I didn't want any late night offers from lunatics rocking my boat.

"I still love music intensely. I miss the close association, creation with people I really love and depend on - there's nothing quite like it."

In the last couple of years he has started playing again, for fun, performing with a local dance band around Austin.

"But I was delighted not to be involved in music in the early '70's. It was the most reactionary period in music. All the record companies were so fed up with all the money they'd wasted on '60's loonies, they tried to get control over everything, A&R departments got real strong, there was a general purging. It was really a dreadful era."

Morrison does feel that his contribution to the Velvets has been overlooked by the rock historians, simply because he disappeared from the public view. He and Reed certainly had the perfect guitar partnership, but Morrison, in a quieter way, probably gave as much to Lou Reed as did his more volatile relationship with John Cale. It's something to do with balance, the assurance that comes with working in a climate of mutual respect.

Certainly, when Lou Reed left he never recovered that perfect instinct he showed in all that work with the Velvets; a delicacy and truthfulness that allowed him to approach the most sordid subjects and leave him with some kind of dignity and respect. Since then his sensibility has gone wildly out of kilter. He produced one masterpiece, 'Berlin', and some great songs that were matched by bewildering, garish lapses in taste and performances that took a wilful pleasure in destroying his own best work.

John Cale, who was as brilliant as Reed, has been more consistent, but throughout his solo career he has not simply avoided success but tried to throttle it with both hands.

The two least ambitious members of the original Velvet Underground, Morrison and Mo Tucker, have certainly had the most contented lives. Her contribution shouldn't be forgotten either; Maureen Tucker was the perfect primitive drummer and thanks to her they never lost their garage-band base. Like all the best rock bands, The Velvet Underground were a union in which the whole was greater than the sum of its parts.

Morrison says: "I didn't really think about my years with the Velvets much until recently when the climate seemed the same again. With new wave, music went back to people who were kind of screwing around on records, who knew they couldn't possibly achieve mass appeal, and didn't care. I was looking at all these little punk bands and thinking, 'Well, there goes us again'. Absolutely the same thing over and over and over.

"All you needed, really, was people who didn't care about the ordinary concerns."



*This essay was written by Mary Harron and originally published in America in 1981. All the members of the Velvets are still alive (and recording crap music). Andy Warhol, however, passed away last year.*

#### ***Gallic Productions Recommends***

*Everything the Velvets did between 1965-70 amounting to some 10 lps including live, re-discovered tapes and bootlegs. As far as Lou Reed is concerned stick to 'Transformer' '72, 'Berlin' '73 and 'Metal Machine Music' '75.*

# Where are they now ?

No 4

C M UNDERWOOD. (b.12.1.63)

Percussive Wizard or ever-slowng Idiot? Culinary Genius or Treacherous Poisoner? Wheelsman Extraordinaire or Bourgeois Bastard? History is a complicated little Bugger eh? Lets turn the clock back . . . .

I first met Chris in 1976, I was talking to 'Fats' Burrows at the time, Chris seemed an ineffectual dwarf and I thought no more of him.

The years passed and by 1979 I was bumping into him more and more often . . . . and then the unthinkable occurred. 'Big' Russ left school. (The rumours were true: he had grown too large to get through the school gates). During 1980 I founded 'The Gauls', 'Slim' Burrows had been my first choice so I decided to give his under-study a go.

The years with Chris were long and merry. We took drugs together, educated ourselves and insulted everyone in sight. He survived each stage of the band, performing at every gig and displaying his talents on every demo until the Big Split in 1986.

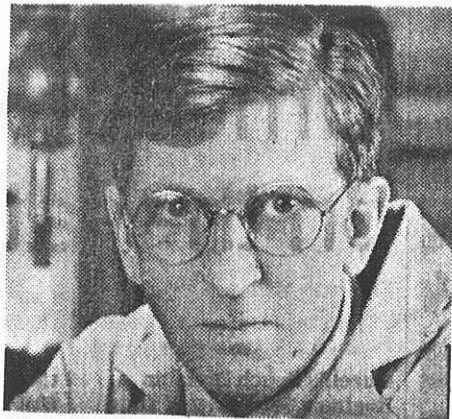
Christopher was a strange young man, he showed very little interest in girls (or boys), he made up ridiculous 'tall tales' and he was deeply ashamed of his reactionary parents. Nonetheless he was a fascinating fellow! To drive with him was to know him - the FIERY WAGON was a mobile polemic; his cheferfy? - those dinner parties; and oh those rhythms - We can never forget 'Napoleon Bonaparte', 'Blindness', 'Vulnerability'. The twists, the turns, inflection and reception . . . . . Polyrhythms and Polystyrene. 'Everything' (GP1) was in many ways his lowest point and equally his highest.

It's hard to look at Gallic history without thinking of SOSS; he was one of the original triumverate who 'invented and adapted' this perverse phi-los-o-phy. C.M.U. lived with me at Flat 2 from 1983-85 and it was during this period that the rituals and rigmaroles of GAULISM were born. It is sad to consider that Mr. Underwood served during the childhood and adolescence of the Gallic Beast only to depart before the Stark and Bitter maturity (that we know as Gallic Productions).

Now that he is an Estate Agent I wonder how often he thinks of the turkeys, the barbs and the dream of a real free-form music for the 1980's.

Hey Soss - - - "HOW DO YOU SLEEP?"

# DC'S WORLD



This edition of 'The Gallic Times' saw me in a bit of a fix: How to keep up an unbelievably high standard of riting in a quality news-paper whilst maintaining grass-roots appeal. Well, this time round I've decided to concentrate on a topic that has affected every one of us on our respective journies through life etc...

## SMOKING

They lie when they say smoking damages the health. Over the years, sucking on fags has filled me with a joy unequalled by simple nipple-fixation satisfaction-action. 'Suck to live - Live to suck, Suck and die-Die satisfied'.

Give me liberty or give me fags? Give me fags. Give me all your fags. Give me all your money so I can go out and buy more fags. Give me enough money for enough fags with a little left over for return fare to Kings Cross and I'll come back a happy man: slightly shagged out - rectum ragged and smoking like a poop-chute chimney; unswept and asking formore.

## MEAT

I'd murder for a piece of meat right now: "Please sir, can I have some more meat?" (Yeah. That sausage shaped morsel next to the bulls nuts. Better yet, tack 'em together and sell 'em to me as a set)

## SEXUALITY of 'THE FLESH'

More hints on how to turn on your man in our next issue of the Gallic Times' where we concentrate on 'The Pleasures of...'PORK PIES

That's all it ever is. Well, I'm off to the rub-a-dub for a pint of piss (with the required organ attached no doubt) and then over to the local hospital for my weekly (mis)treatment in the Male Ward.



# fags 9

SMOKING - Pleasure or Pain ? Danger or Delight ?

Here begins an epic voyage into the mysteries of Nicotine addiction. The survey was begun in March, it opened our eyes. We had imagined that there were 100 or so different brands on the market. The total figure is not yet known. The results are printed in 'note' form so the opinion is occasionally influenced by abstract feelings. We hope you enjoy entering the 'masochistic' world of the cigarette smoker. (Marks out of 5)

1. John Player Superkings. Low to middle tar - Gordon Allen's brand + Ned's. Cheapo, virtually tasteless (2).
2. Lambert + Butler. King size. Low to middle tar - a rather dry taste (1).
3. Benson + Hedges XL. King size. Low to middle tar - a repulsive looking packet a very peculiar taste (1).
4. Dorchester. King size. Middle tar - a rough feeling packet. Am says they never sell, I can see why (0).
5. Peter Stuyvesant. Luxury length. Low to middle tar - I started on these in 1976 - surprisingly okay (3).
6. John Player Blue. Low to middle tar - popular in the Midlands - CJ's brand, a bit rough on the throat or maybe that's in my mind?!? (3).
7. Berkeley Superkings. Low to middle tar - bearable, neither offensive nor particularly pleasing (2).
8. John Player Special. Middle tar - The Racing Driver's Smoke - rough on the throat (2½)
9. Players No 6. King size. Low to middle tar - the ultimate working class cigarette (esp. in the Midlands). I love these (5).
10. Benson + Hedges. Gold. Middle tar - very popular - anytime. Pull it and see. (3).
11. Major. Extra size. Middle tar - Irish - rather enjoyable. They blow up in your face (4).
12. Consulate. Low tar. Menthol - Dot smokes these. I however hate them - too nothingy (0).
13. Camel. Middle tar - DC's Turkish sort of brand. Nice but not perfect. Delightful packet but not a relaxing smoke (4½).
14. Dunhill. King size. low to middle tar - my fag from 1983-88. Like the packet like the cheese I eat bananas om my knees (4½).
15. Kent. King size. Low tar - sometimes smoked by Alison Young. I don't like them (1).
16. Chesterfield. King size. Low to middle tar - I liked these but they had a wierd after-taste. American fags do have nice packets though (3½).



17. Rothmans. King size. Middle tar - Big Don smokes a variation. Bit rough, they make you go out and shoot people (2½).
18. More. 120's. Low to middle tar - The Secretary's Pose Smoke. Repulsive. I want less (0).
19. Marlboro. Low to middle tar - My smoke from 1977-82. KKK or fibre glass - who knows, it sure put me off. Can I explode? (2½).
20. Winston. King size. Low to middle tar - Davit's reserve brand. Not bad at all but I agree with him that they aint as good as Camels (3½).
21. Picadilly. Low to middle tar - stubbies. Quite nice (that's a word I shouldn't use!) (3).
22. Rothman's Royals. 120's. Low to middle tar - I didn't even know they existed. Long, tight and peculiar. Moderate (2½).
23. St. Moritz. Luxury length. Low to middle tar. Menthol - everyone smokes these when they are young. Bron still does. I've gone impotent - better than Consulate (2).
24. Silk Cut. King size. Low tar - Ambie used to smoke these but stopped - many middle-aged women continue however. They taste bearable but then I cover the little holes (2½).
25. Carlton. Long size. Low to middle tar - surprisingly enjoyable. I am the Virginian (3).
26. Benson and Hedges. 100's. Longer length. Low to middle tar - glorified gold. I've got a cold (2½).
27. Capstan Navy Cut. Filterless. High tar - orgasmically powerful. My very being was shook to the core. Full strength indeed. Suck it and see . . . bit too strong (4).
28. Raffles. 100's. Low to middle tar - another tacky one for cheapskates. Bearable (2).
29. Embassy Number 1. King size. Low to middle tar - another classic working-class smoke. Not bad but not good - don't be lewd (2½).
30. Marlboro Lights. Low tar - Ambie now smokes these. Not bad at all, Paul. Get that black off the lawn (3).
31. More. Menthol. 120's. Low to middle tar - long and thin and fits in your mouth easily Mr Led. Better (3).
32. Piccadilly Number One. (25) filterless. Middle tar - better than Capstan, ie. you can smoke them first thing in the morning without dying. Love the packet (4½).
33. King George. (Supreme Virginias). Low to middle tar - another cheapo. I find them in Sainsburys. DC said they are alright (in an alright way) (2).
34. Players. Filter. Middle tar - sheer joy. Neat, greet and reet petite. Cancerous feet (4½).

35. Players. Weights. Middle tar. Filterless - tiny little soldiers (c/o Luis.B) Very popular at the turn of the century. Charming in their silliness (4).
36. Gitanes. Bout Filtre. Low to middle tar - Frenchy smoke, they smell like a wolverine on heat and taste like Algerian camel dung. I hate them - DC + Am rate them (1½).
37. Embassy. Filter. Low to middle tar - another 'popular' fag or 'stubby' to the uninitiated, in the words of Ned "I haven't smoked one of these since 1905" - quite tasty (3).
38. Sobranie. Black Russian. 100's. Middle tar - posh cocktail Rusky fags with bits of gold on 'em. None of us were that impressed growers. Did Pudovkin smoke 'em - I don't think so. Nice packet though (3).
39. Craven 'A'. King size. Middle tar - another cheap un. Survivable (2).
40. Regal. King size. Low to middle tar - the one with the blue band (and I don't mean margarine!). Embassy are a weird firm. Horrible packets. Not bad smokes (2½).
41. Players Navy Cut. Filterless. Middle tar - Delicious. God how I love this company. Another joyous smoke - see yer I'm off to Nottingham (and I aint talking about Martyn or the local house scene!). Perfection (5).
42. Players No 6. Middle tar - the stubbs, "one drag and they're gone" - big in the sixties according to my Norfolk associate. Extremely enjoyable but too dwarvish (4).
43. Sobranie. Cocktail. 100's Middle tar - multi-coloured poof fags, in my opinion better than the Black Russians. More taste acid packet. The porter liked them too! (3½).
44. Dunhill Menthol. International size. Middle tar - moderate, tasteless - that's bugged up my evening. PS. I have never seen anyone smoke these (1½).
45. John Player Cigarella. Tipped. (Made from mild cigar tobacco). I personally don't like these, poxy aesthetics, a hermaphrodite in the fag world. DC says they are original and that they spoil him (J-1 / DC-4)
46. Peter Stuyvesant. Extra mild. Luxury length. Low tar - bearable in an effeminate way. Yes I am Ernest Hemingway. Pathos ridden (2).
47. Fribourg and Treyer Number One. International. Middle tar - right posh fags. Yeah, yeah, yeah. Not a bad drag but nothing extraordinary (2½).
48. MS. King size. Middle tar - Italian smokes. Yes okay I surrender. Much better than I would have thought possible. Recommended (sort of) (3½).
49. Rothmans. 100's. Low to middle tar - less stringent / less ramboid than the king size (2½).

50. Sobranie. Rivera Lights. 100's. Low to middle tar - didn't even know these existed not as good as the cocktails....grey day (2½).
51. Kensitas. King size. middle tar - Ned says these are his alternative brand. I'd never smoked them before and I quite enjoyed them! (3).
52. Senior Service. King size. High tar. Filterless - v. strong killer smoke for senior citizens. Enjoyable even if slightly throat burning and headache inducing (or am I sick at the mo!)(3).
53. John Player Vanguard. King size. Low tar - moderate but meaningless. Ding-dong (2).
54. Sovereign. King size. Low to middle tar - I discovered these . . . . popular in the early 1980's. A minor B+H brand - easily forgotten (1½).
55. Red Band. Low to middle tar - boring packet, boring taste - makes me wanna drown in paste. Hey ho (1½).
56. Gauloises Legeres. Low tar - soft pack frog thang. Smells of Algerian blood to me (but then I'm not that keen on French fags!) I feel ill (1).
57. Dunhill. International. Middle tar - just a bigger version . . . . okay! Bity poxy (3).
58. Embassy Number 1. Extra Mild. King size. low tar - Not being a mild mannered fella I was suprised at how enjoyable these cigarettes were (2½).
59. Woodbine. Filterless. middle tar - strong and subtle. Not as flat cap and pigeons as you would imagine. Rough on the grrrizzzm thow (2½).
60. John Player. Red. Extra mild. Low tar - not as good as the blue but good enough for me and you. Doobie-Doobie-Do (2½).
61. Gauloises Disque Bleu. Low tar to middle - Bonjour Mamain, je suis une vache eroticque. Lundi, Mardi, Mecredi....give it up, yuk (1).
62. Gold Leaf. Middle tar - (another Players brand). Stubbies that just somehow make sense to the palate. Splendid (but too short) (4).
63. Kensitas. Filterless. High tar - "Quite a Big One" - DC. Bearably strong, drag it (4½).
64. John Player. Superkings. Low tar - obviously a newie. Really nothing to say at all. I don't know why they bothered. I hate all this 'mild' thang (1½).

cont in gt 7 (cough)

# WRITE TO UNCLE BURT (Where's me shirt?)

Burt, I've got an Auntie Gurt, but that begins with G. It's an old prob - mixing up B's and G's. What can I do?  
Yours Maurice, Barry and Robin Bibbs.

*I have an Auntie Gertie too - but she's been quite a bore since she moved to Massivechewsets. B.*

Beatrice, Liked the stories - liked them a lot - I've got a carbunkle on my bot. I find it a pain, indeed quite a lotta. Oh, by the way - my names Potter. Irksome aren't I?

*Beatty, sweetie, You mustn't moan, when the H/P firm offer a loan, you must shake you're hips and doff your cap or the Banana Police will get in a flap. Luchino Visconti.*

Kirk, I would like to have a chin wag with you about a friend af mine who's come out of the closet, is he gay or was he choosing a shirt?

Yours 'Bendy' Wendy.

*I haven't got a big chin I tell you and I don't give a damn about your wardrobe - wear what you like and dig the wig. Yours Brucey.*

Deary Me Uncle B, I have no friends. No-one will talk with me. Is it because I pout my cheeks and purse my lips so?  
Yours Poofy Boy Dave.

*FBD rhymes with tea, PBS rhymes with Tess. You're really called Bess of the Urban Villages. What do you expect if you molest minors (or miners)? Gort*

Bert, Why have you taken to spelling your name in such a ridiculous way. You know we Christened you after Prince Albert (the Queens consort). You can go to Hollywood and become a big star but you can't get away with insulting your parents. Queen Charlotte of the Netherlands.

*Charlotte has the nose of a horse, she also has a voice thats coarse. You can alter your looks with a bash from a tree but not from plastic surgery. Doctor Kildare.*

*This will be the last 'Write To'. We must confess we made up every letter and none of them were funny - Jim + Ralph.*

# THE RETURN OF IAN'S HAND

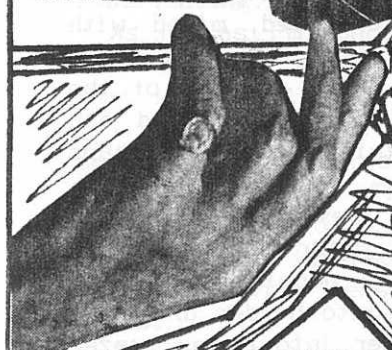
in colour



IAN'S HAND WANTS YOU

GET THIS THING OFF ME

NOT SO FAST IAN'S HAND



THIS IS WHERE YOU GET YOURS



WHAT AM I DOING HERE?  
-LOOKING FOR MY CHEESEBURGER



I THINK THIS IS PERHAPS THE TACKIEST, CHEAPEST AND LEAST AMUSING PRODUCTION IVE EVER BEEN IN



P.37

The Old Man of the Mountains gave his potential assassins hashish and then took them into a beautiful garden full of fruit and flowers with delightful dusky maidens to carry out their wishes. On awakening in the real world the young men were told they had been in paradise and would return there once they had carried out their mission of death. Apparently the assassins were fooled by this simple subterfuge and joyously went on killing sprees, readily accepting their deaths.

So what is it all about? Devil Weed, cannabis, marihuana, hash, pot, dope, tea, grass, ganga - there are as many names for this drug as there are tales about its use. The plant itself is a relation of European hemp and grows to about six feet tall, has five long, finger like leaves and grows flowers or buds. The plant grows in virtually any hot climate.

The leaves of the plant are dried and can be smoked as 'grass' or the resin from the plant can be collected and compressed into slabs of hash which is crumbled, mixed with tobacco and rolled into joints. It is also possible to eat lumps of the resin or to mix it into hot drinks. The flowers of the female plant are considered to be the best part. Dried and rolled into joints or smoked with tobacco this 'sensi' is perhaps the most potent form of the drug.

For many people dope is the first drug they come across. I remember the greasy bikers who used to offer us 'tokes' on their joints when I were a young lad. The popular conception about the drug is that it inevitably leads onto harder drugs, it is incredibly addictive and turns the smoker into a sex crazed criminal. This view of devil weed has been around since the drug became 'a problem' in the West. Three titles from a bibliography indicate the tabloid viewpoint in the '30s: *Marihuana as a Developer of Criminals, Sex Crazying Drug Menace, Exposing the Marihuana Drug Evil in Swing Bands.*

The facts show that cannabis is not the demon it is supposed to be. Tests and surveys have shown that i) Cannabis users are no more likely to progress onto heroin, cocaine et al than your auntie's goat, ii) the drug is not addictive and iii) Devil Weed is less harmful than the two legalised drugs in Britain; alcohol and nicotine.

So now that we have exploded the myths lets get down to the meat. What happens when you smoke cannabis?

In many cases absolutely nothing happens. Thats one of the problems these days - it is nigh impossible to get hold of half way decent drugs! However, smoking cannabis induces the usual symptoms ie euphoria, dulling of attention, emotional reactions are likely to become misplaced or misdirected, time and perception are likely to become distorted and, depending on the dose, some lassitude and/or lethargy can manifest itself as well as an overwhelming desire for food!

Cannabis is more like hallucinogens than any other drugs except that it is 'feeble, without great range, but easy to handle, convenient, repeatable without immediate danger'.

You do need rather large doses to experience hallucinations and the effect is very dependent on the mood of the taker. According to William Burroughs: 'depression turns to despair, anxiety to panic, it makes a bad situation worse.' in this way it intensifies moods, amplifying whatever emotion the smoker is experiencing.

As far as I'm concerned dope is pretty boring. It has none of the energy of speed and little of the excitement of LSD. I find that it is best used in conjunction with one of these!

I bought some quite recently - the first I've had in years. I made a few joints, smoked them, got thoroughly bored and sold what I had left. The best time I had on the drug was when some friends and I smoked some 'sensi' and spent the rest of the evening impersonating various creatures from deer to amoeba! Quite senseless of course but it kept us off the street.

So in summing up all I can say is try it for yourself. It wont kill you (unless you get bored to death). Dope fiends are really uninteresting people - they tend to have long hair and say 'Maan' a lot (or these days have short hair and still say 'Maan' a lot)! and they sit around boring people with their experiences - 'Hey, I smoked so much hash that night I felt like I was flying for a week' and such like.

If you ever have problems getting to sleep then perhaps there is a case for using dope but for real excitement steer well clear of it and go for an interesting substance (see Gallic Guide to Healthy Living Nos 1 and 2).

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In GT7 we take a gander at Barbs. The doll, the boyfriend the sleeping pill . . . . !

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# AM'S TV PAGE

Since there is nothing on television that we consider fit to be reviewed we shall 'nod a wink' at a few classics of yesteryear . . . .

1. **Bilko** - humour on a magnificent scale. Originally screened in the 1950's over 140 episodes were made and each and every one demands your attention.
2. **The Prisoner** - Kafka, Acid and Paranoia/Persecution. Made in 1967 it sure freaked out the IBA! "I am not a number, I am a free goat".
3. **'Corro'** (BEFORE LEN GOT HIS THUMB STUCK!) - Annie Walker, Stan Ogden, Eddie Yeats, Albert Tatlock, all gone. I never would have believed it. Thus is life.
4. **Chance in a Million** - The ultimate sit-com; coincidences galore. Write to Channel 4 and *demand* a third series.
5. **Bewitched** - Surreal, magickal and Samantha. "I like Bewitched because Samantha and Tabitha are real horny" (Quoth Ralph).
6. **Hardcastle and MacOrmack** - They came, we came and then Thames took 'em off. (Judge Hardcase is the Gallic candidate in the U.S. Presidential elections - now we're cooking!).
7. **Robin of Sherwood** - WEIRD! Very hippy but oh how sexy Michael Praed was. Herne the Hunter or Herne the Hill?
8. **Auf Wiedersehen Pet** - The second best sit-com of the 1980's. "I just like it because I think it's funny, that's all". (Quoth Ambie).
9. **Up Pompei** - Francis at his best. British comedy when it was still funny!
10. **The Avengers** - In the sixties this was it! Steed as *olde worlde* gentleman, Honor Blackman as LEATHER FIEND, Diana Rigg as Emma Peel (or M-MALE APPEAL), Linda Thorson as Tara King. Splendid indeed.

\*\*\*\*\* More of this when the telly is crap again \*\*\*\*\*

## POETRY CORNER

Julius Ceasar the Roman geezer  
Put his bushwams in a lemon squeezer  
One went 'pop', one went 'bang'  
And that's the end of the Roman gang.

Julius Ceasar did a peeeeza on the coach to France  
His brother tried to do the same but did it in his paaaaants.

Surreal pre Prep School rhymes.



## HOLIDAY '88

So what am I supposed to know about holidays? They could have asked Am or Neens to write this. One of my sisters was born in Hong Kong (not a bad place for a soujourn as I understand), another was born in Aden (not a popular resort) but I was born a little too late; in Wiltshire (near Stone Henge - very popular at midsummer) I moved to Wales at an early age (Wales usually fills up with Brummy day-trippers during the summer months but is not a pleasant place in the winter). It was not until I was 19 years of age that I finally left the shores of the land of my birth. A trip to Paris for five days (very nice in the Spring or so I hear) introduced me to the delights of places foreign. Since then I have been to Ireland (very nice if you're not in a hurry) and crossed the Channel once more to Dunkirk (see GP18 review).

So what of the future? I hear that Bermuda is nice this time of year as are the Everglades. Tunisia has always been high on my list along with Morrocco (we all know why . . .). The 'India Thing' has never really been my cup of tea though I'd love to see those places from 'The Jewel in the Crown'. Australia, Brazil, the USA as well as Europe and the USSR all deserve a visit for a few weeks. In fact a holiday of any kind, anywhere wouldn't go amiss right now but first there's the demo, the gigs, GT7, the third feature film, Yet More Whaling . . . .

### GALLIC HORRORSCOPE

**Aries:** All you rams should be careful of wolves in goat's clothing. Or is that sheep? Ummm. Never mind.

**Taurus:** Good time to go to Espania.

**Gemini:** Pins and tins and bins and sins all rhyme with twins. Guilt by association is as valid as this crap.

**Cancer:** Still no cure though I think they're closer to isolating the cause of this terrible illness.

**Leo:** Stay in the cupboard - life's too short to take chances.

**Virgo:** The venereal disease has worsened and if you're not careful your face will end up all eaten away. I saw the photo.

**Librarians:** Look, it was not me who took out that book. I certainly do not intend to pay any fine. Bigger off.

**Scorpio:** Whatever you are doing, stop it at once - it's disgusting.

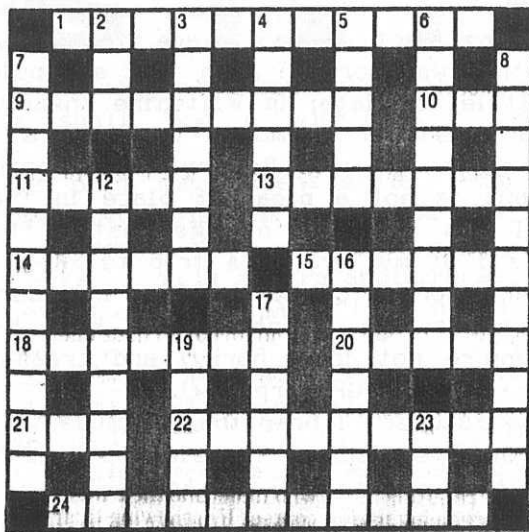
**Sagittarius:** All your friends should give you some money for being so tolerant and pleasant and a word of advice: get your hair cut.

**Capricorn:** If you have shares shoot your grandmother.

**Aquarius:** Spending your life in a drunken haze will get you nowhere so sober up or ship out and steer clear of puddles.

**Pisces:** A fishy tale this one. Eat yourself to fitness - shed those pounds with Mystic Roger's ten day diet.

# CROSS



# ROADS

## ACROSS

1. Windy air expulsions (6,5)
9. Kirk would if losing the match (4,2,3)
10. Initially the office of despair (1,1,1)
11. This man wrote without qualities (5)
13. Voltaire being open ? (7)
14. Section 28's main aim (2,4)
15. Inherited leanings (6)
18. The scourge of Docklands ? (7)
20. Printing machine for action (5)
21. Affirmative (3)
22. Nothing plus Noise Music (1,8)
24. Oui et non (1,3,3,1,3)

## DOWN

2. What you'd give to pretty girl (3)
3. Resistance within a taxi firm (7)
4. Italian guitarist (6)
5. Not rural (5)
6. Monosyllabic statement of fruitly appreciation (4,1,4)
7. Not very pleasant - missed the rim (1,3,2,2,3)
8. One magically gains entrance (1,4,6)
12. Pat after too much milk pudding (4,5)
16. The Capt's fishy copy (7)
17. Enquire of Ronald for short (3,3)
19. Symbols one fools (5)
23. Sinn Fein's military wing (1,1,1)

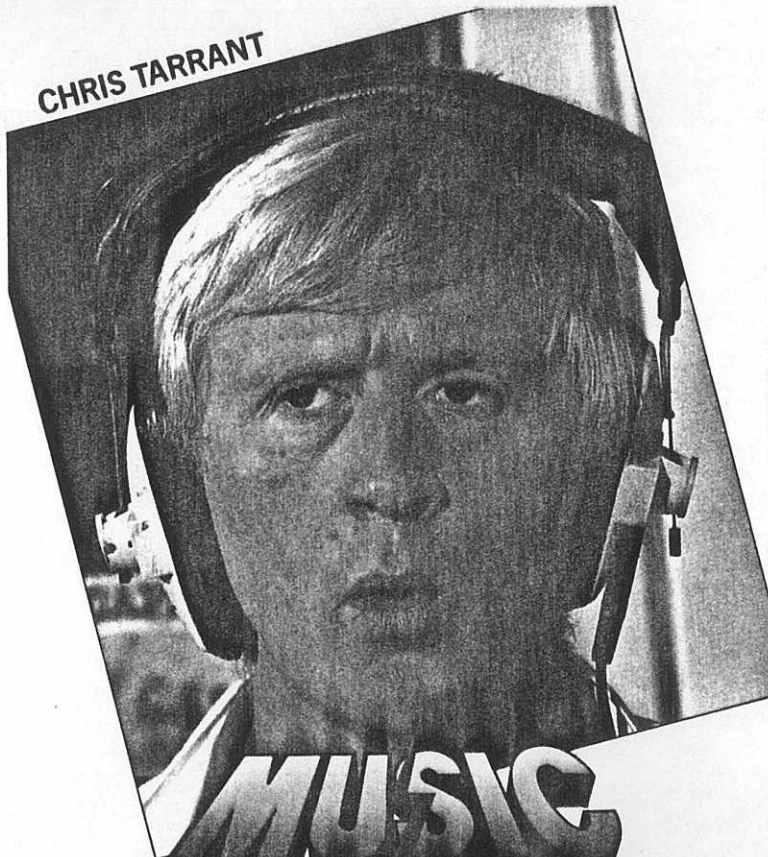
# URGESS

The Editor of GT6 was Dave Gaylord  
 Staff: The Sheriff of Nottingham, Friar Tuck  
 Contributors: Robin, Little John, Maid Marion, Guy of Gisbourne

Gallic Times 7 (The Hammer of Despair) will be published  
 in September and will be an America Election Special  
 "Oh how we love it when a plan comes together"

Toodlepip ! P.42.

CHRIS TARRANT



# MUSIC POWER

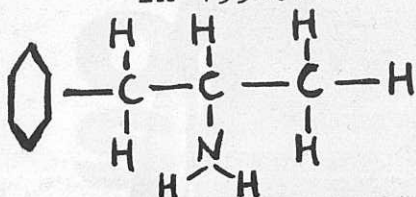
## CAPITAL RADIO

95.8 FM / 1548 AM

You can get up with Tarrant and the gang  
Monday-Friday..6.30 until 9.00.

ACROSS: 1 GO POLEMIC, 8 OTIS R, 9 MEM MONA, 10 SODOMITE, 11 MEAL, 13 BUGGER, 14 BETE,  
16 NICE, 17 PLUM AH AH, 19 NAN SLUT, 20 TONTO, 21 SUCCROLOGY,  
DOWN: 1 GRR IM FED, 2 POMATE, 3 LIMP, 4 MOON ELEPHANT, 5 CHAS LAUGHTON, 6 HOUSE  
BANANAS, 7 SIN DOGS CNVIC, 12 GEOMETRY, 15 PLATO O, 18 ALTO,

Monty Clift (Pre-Accident)  
and  
Liz Taylor (Pre-Gluttony)  
in 1950.....



THIS WAS GP 25