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sat 3rd Dec
THE **3**RD
AND FINAL
Gallic feast!



THE FIRST GALLIC FEAST 21.12.82

This was held at 297 Liverpool Rd in the basement - The host was Dave 'Where's my Valium?' Birkbeck. The guests were Jim 'Whoops a Daisy' Sanders, Chris 'Flexible' Underwood, Amrit 'I'm only ere for the Beer' Gill, Ralph 'Suck it and see' Tittley, Steve 'Soon to be elbowed' Collett, Rachel 'Roasties', Pete 'Mad Lunatic', Christian-John 'Drink up and be somebody', Emma 'NewmanNoggs' and Iqbal 'Shake it all about please Ralph'. Eleven people to represent the eleven stages of a Gallic Feast (1)Sane (2)Sociable (3)Hungry (4)Sated (5)Thirsty (6)Drunk (7)Festive (8)Drugged (9)Horny (10)Flaccid (11)Insane (12)DEAD.

The Hell-hole which was home to this gathering was infested with rats but we didn't mind as long as they weren't bothered by us. The evening started in the ancient tradition with much guzzling of alcoholic beverages then 'Ravey' Dave fell off his chair. The Turkey was consumed in rapid time (We were unable to get hold of any Boar!) Many of the feasters had bottles of whiskey in front of them. The speeches were short and sweet and the games followed.....it is at this point that my memory has collapsed. Only severe flashbacks remain - Ralph diving naked on to the dining table, Ralph forcing Iqyy to take nude photographs of him, the death of Western Democracy.

THE SECOND GALLIC FEAST 22.12.85

This time home was Carlye Villas, Crouch End - The host was Chris 'I just wanna girlfriend' Underwood. The guests from the first indulgence were Jim, Ralph, Amrit and Steve. Eleven new peeps joined us: Emma 'Scotch mist' Mac, Dave 'Cocaine' Lord, Navy and Kirrie Gill, Annette 'slightly overweight', Melissa 'let me go home', Tara 'Who??', Hughie (The Ringer), Victoria Diaz/Death, Big Russ and A T.

The food was delicious and copious amounts of pharmaceutical substances were consumed. Ralph made an extremely boring speech which started a fire burning in some of the listeners. DC discovered that it wasn't that dreadful going to the dentist. Emma impressed us all with her Drinking Feet. The truth is I can remember very little of what happened next - the mixture of gravy and cigars had turned me into a gibbering idiot.

I later learnt that V(D) had got frisky with DC (and been spurned) with Big Russel (and been spurned) finally settling on the incredibly chaste Mr Underfoot - the rest is history. Flashback - Ralph collapsing into a coma in the middle of a conversation.

*****NB. Within a year of the '82 feast we had stopped speaking to 5 of the guests. Soon after the '85 bash 8 more had gone! Who is up for the chopping block this time?????????????

What the PAPERS Say...

"We were somewhere around Barstow on the edge of the desert when the drugs began to take hold. I remember saying something like 'I feel a bit lightheaded; maybe you should drive...' And suddenly there was a terrible roar all around us and the sky was full of what looked like huge bats, all swooping and screeching and diving around the car, which was going about a hundred miles an hour with the top down to Las Vegas. And a voice was screaming: 'Holy Jesus! What are these goddamn animals?'"

Then it was quiet again. My attorney had taken his shirt off and was pouring beer on his chest, to facilitate the tanning process. 'What the hell are you yelling about?' he muttered, staring up at the sun with his eyes closed and covered with wrap-around Spanish sunglasses. 'Never mind' I said. 'It's your turn to drive.' I hit the brakes and aimed the Great Red Shark toward the shoulder of the highway. No point mentioning those bats, I thought. The poor bastard will see them soon enough."

(Hunter S Thompson - 'Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas'.)

"Such is the happy position you see me in, my friends: I have a furious fondness for crime, I would not dream of pretending otherwise; crime, and nothing else, irritates my senses, I shall go on professing its maxims down to my dying hour. Exempt from all religious dreads, able, by discreet procedures and my wealth, to avoid difficulties with the law, what is the power, human or divine, that could impose a check upon my desires? The past encourages me, the present electrifies me, and I have little fear for the future; and my hope is that the rest of my life shall by far surpass the extravagances of my youth. Nature created human beings to no other end than that they amuse themselves on earth, and make it their playground, its inhabitants their toys; pleasure is the universal motor and law, it shall always be mine. Too bad for the victims, victims there must be; all the world would fly to pieces were it not for the sublime economy that assures equilibrium; only thereby does Nature recover ground lost to the incursions of virtue. Thus, we are obeying her when we deliver ourselves unto evil; our resistance thereto is the sole crime she can never pardon in us. Oh, my friends! let us take these principles well to heart: in their exercise lie all the sources of human happiness."

(The Marquis de Sade - 'Juliette'.)

ORDER OF CEREMONIES

Arrive at 7.00pm for 7.30pm

All guests must be garbed in an appropriate manner. Those not in extraordinary clothing will be stripped to their underwear.

Drinks and ~~small talk~~

1st Pre-Gastric Game - Pass the Parcel

More Drinks and Big talk

2nd Pre-Gastric Game - Who's That star ?

Even More Drinks and *Drum* Talk

Dinner - See Menu

SPEECHES

1. The Old & The New - Jim
2. The Importance of Being Gallic - Oscar wilde
3. Why George Jones Isn't Here - Ambie
4. Sex Problems in Thatcherite Britain - Neens
5. Why Am I Here ? - Colin
6. The Redditch By-Pass - Dave M for Murder

More Drinks and *Slurred* Talk

Prize for Best Fancy Dress

Auld Lang Syne etc

Then someone will be murdered - since we know the killer is in the room no one will be allowed to leave and an enquiry will be started. Everyone will have a motive including the victim who has often talked of suicide

More Drinks, Drugs and Debauchery

Minced Pies and Bananas

Gary Cooper

M E N U

Primary drinks - Champagne

Main Course

Roast Turkey
Roast Potatoes
Boiled Garden Peas
Lashings of Gravy

Secondary Drinks
Red or White Wine

Pudding

Flaming Christmas Pudding
with
Double Cream
or
Brandy Butter

Tertiary Drinks
Port/Brandy

A Cigar, A Mint, A Coffee

Quadraticary Drinks
Various Spirits

Cocaine, Amphetamines,
And Anything Else
We Can Lay Our Hands On

Gallic Etiquette

Much has been written on the correct conduct befitting those who indulge in Gallic Feasting, however, few people realise just how important it is to behave 'In a Gallic Fashion' at these events.

To define that particular quality which has become known as 'Gallicness' is not an easy matter. Roughly it can be sub-divided into behaviour suitable for Female and male Gauls. In olden times the female was expected to both support her male counterpart's excesses and indulge in debauchery of a level equivalent with that of the classic Gangsters Moll. History gives us many examples of such women; Mrs Gengis Khan, Mae West & Bonny Parker to name a few.

But even Gaul must bow down before modern trends and like a slumbering beast the Gallic Organisation acknowledges the dangers of sexism. The modern female Gaul indulges in every conceivable vice with a gusto leaving her man to fend for himself as best he can.

History too has its fair share of Gallic men folk to boast about; Rasputin, Fatty Arbuckle, W G Grace and Al Capone. Men who took indulgence to new heights.

When it comes to feasting all concerned should follow these simple guidelines: i) eat until you burst ii) drink until you lose control of urine expulsion iii) take as many drugs as your body can bear and then some more for good measure iv) vomit v) repeat rules i) to iv).

Hints on general behaviour: Treat your fellow feasters with the contempt they deserve. Arrive fashionably late with an over generous supply of food/drink/drugs which you should give to the host (who will consume them on the spot). Those who do not are often tarred and feathered.

True Gauls never know when to stop. Indulgence, exhibitionism and debauchery are the key words. Leave no stone unturned, no potato uneaten, no line unsniffed, no youngster uninitiated. Eat, drink, indulge, indulge. Consume everything within reach and then scream heartily for more. Tomorrow may never come and the Sky may fall on all our heads so partake now of the Gallic way for it may be the last chance you get. The major rule of Gallic Conduct is that anything goes so long as it is tasteless, immature, puerile and involves food. The object of Gallic Feast is to commit all seven deadly sins and to break as many of the Ten Commandments as possible.

▲Merry Eating!

THOSE INVITED TO THE LAST SUPPER.

DR. KEVIN TIDDLEWOOD - The Gallic General Practitioner has once again agreed to attend the feast - He is as always at hand if an emergency should occur - He would also like it to be known that for a small fee he can perform simple surgical operations such as circumcisions, in-growing toe-nails and brain tumours.

PROF. RAY TOTT - Recently released from prison Ray will be happy to demonstrate to anyone why he was sent there in the first place. Prof Tott is 81 so it would be appreciated if no-one asks him about his war record - He didn't want to serve with the Japanese it was just that he was impressed with their low-angle camera set-ups.

BARONESS ARTHUR GILL - Dancer at the first feast, Burn-victim at the second - will once again be entertaining us with her astounding tales of exorcisms in the Congo and dinner parties with the Duvaliers (Papa Doc, Mama Doc and Baby Doc).

MISS NAUGHTY NEENA - High-priestess of all that is taboo will be administering punishment (and crime) from an address in Paddington - if she can tear herself away from her business she will amaze us all with her notorious whip-dance.

THE BANANAFISHFACE THING - Is a perfect replica of an early 20th century dictator - his views on all matters political will either get him imprisoned or into the Tory cabinet.

MR EL PIEMASH - A Middle-Eastern gentleman will be with us by mistake - having mistook the Gallic Feast for an OPEC oil gathering. His moustache is his own!

CALLUM CUTHBERT - Is a bit of a wild-card, a maveric, a trouble shooter, a black sheep, a wanderer, a loner, an agitator, an anarchist, a Bolshie and a lunatic.

MRS D MINTO - Represents the house-wife community; Dave is from the West Midlands and we all know what that means... Hopefully he will perform his legendary Guy Tittley impersonation. Sadly David is mute.

MATTY SIMPSON - As an English teacher and a winner of a double first at Oxford Matt's views on Brechtian theatre was very important to me and therefore it is a genuine privilege to invite him to our festoon.

JULIE ANDREWS - Will be leading the singing. It's 'nice' to have Hollywood folk at our festive do

VICTORIA - No not that one - another different person - people can share the same name you know. Vicky will be trying to sell you insurance throughout the evening so take care.

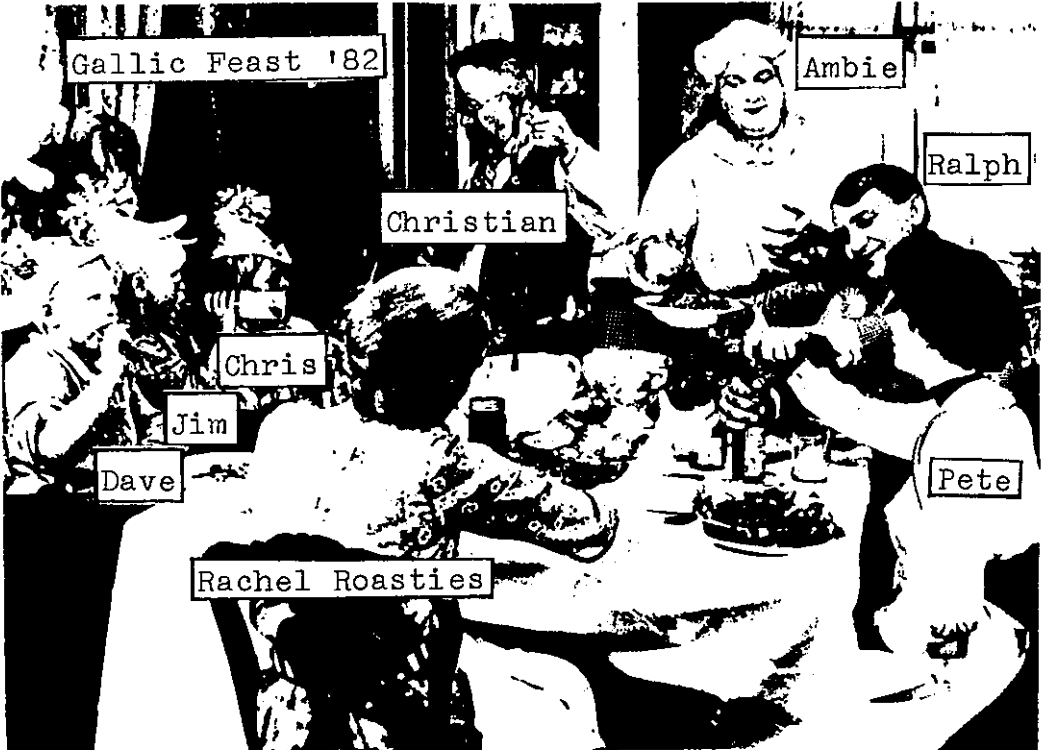
STEVE - Is the resident sensible human being - He will be the key crown witness in the forthcoming Govt inquiry.

Gallic Feast '85



Chris Introduces Victoria to the Gang

Gallic Feast '82



Ambie

Ralph

Christian

Chris

Jim

Dave

Rachel Roasties

Pete