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**THE 4<sup>th</sup>  
AND FINAL**

**GALLIC HOLIDAY!**



### THE FIRST GALLIC HOLIDAY JULY/AUGUST 1981

Twas in the neon dark ages of Gallic histoire whence two young buds set off from Victoria station; destination: Paris, city of stretching boulevards, femininity personified (in comparison London is a dirty old man!) Chris Underhisparents couldn't come, mummy wouldn't let him! In brief: we 'went crazy' - mescaline up on Montmartre, disturbed Bretonian terrorist concierges, the brother of Jeanette Lee ripping us off on a smack deal. Women pissing out of hotel windows, very Chaucer this! So we drank, caroused, drank, caroused, oh God I can barely remember, it was nine years ago! [Attendants: J Sanders & DW Birkbeck].

### THE SECOND GALLIC HOLIDAY JULY/AUGUST 1982

Again the cross-channel ferry was graced by (the same) two Gallic adventurers, destination Switzerland. Why? Because there we could stay without fees, an ancient aim. It was a period of disillusion, Ravey was deteriorating, I was inebriated. I would not swim in Lake Geneva, there might have been sharks! We met a man (and small child) on the run from mother/wife and I undressed our host's mother, it seems ridiculously unaesthetic now, but it happened. So we drank, caroused, drank, caroused, oh God I can barely remember, it was eight years ago!

### THE THIRD GALLIC HOLIDAY NOVEMBER 1984

This was the merest snippet of a holiday, (lack of funds), the central crew of Gallic thought (Jim, Chris & Ralph) departed London in the repo 2CV. We drove through the night to get to Paris, torturing the youngest member all the way! After one night with Jean-Claude, Chris and I split (the reasons were our own!) We settled into a Pigalle hotel and immediately settled down to the heavy drinking, strip-joints (appendix scars et al), while reading a rare volume of '120 Days of Sodom'. In brief: we were robbed, I lost my porta-office, went mad, terrified hitch-hikers, put a map over Ralph's face while he was driving and returned home alive (amazingly!) Again it was all drinking, carousing, drinking, carousing, oh God I can barely remember, it was six years ago!

Here begins the adventures that shall go down in history as the 1990 Fourth official Gallic Holiday! .....

# WHAT THE PAPERS SAY...

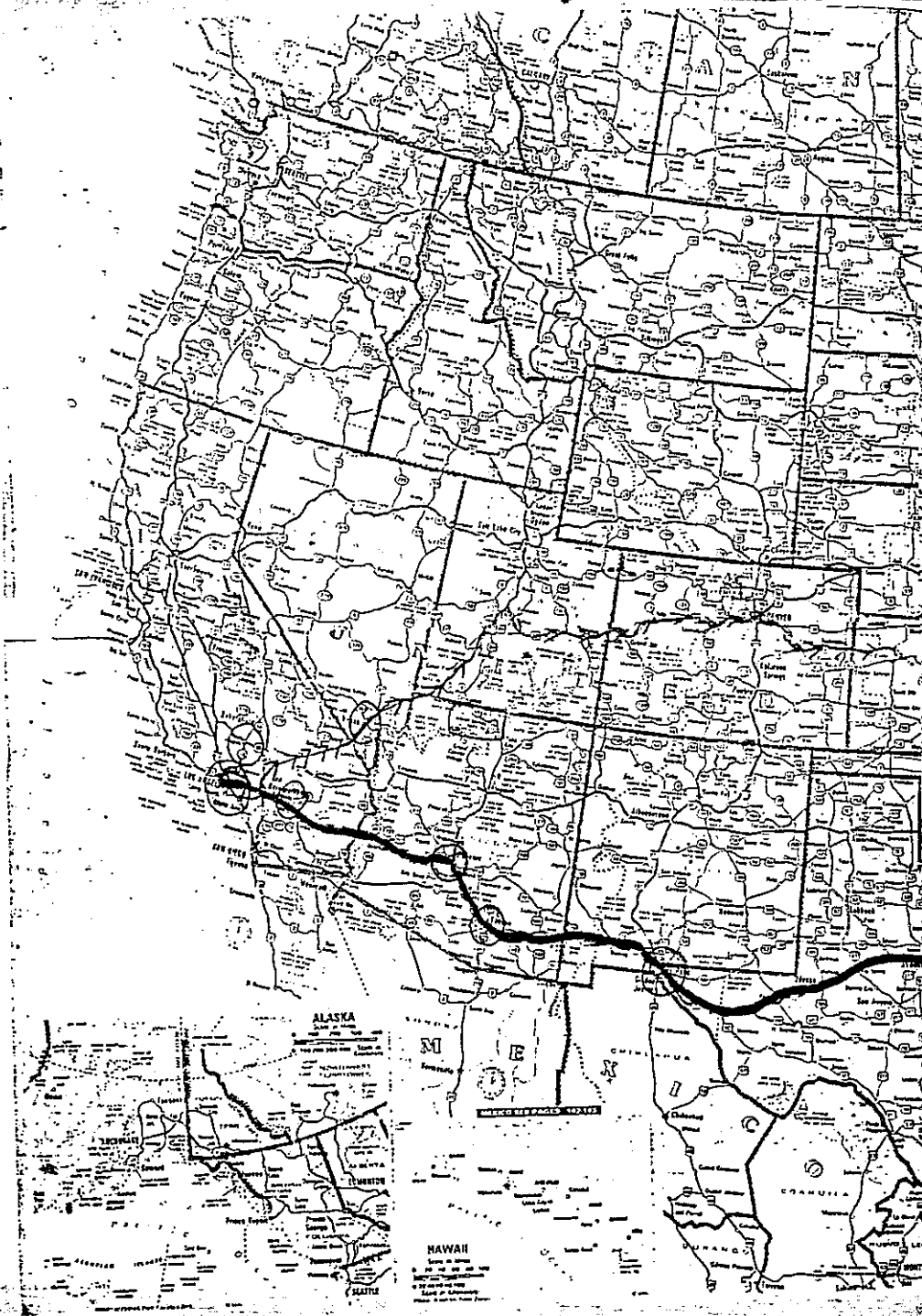
"Karl's room was on the sixth floor of a house whose five other floors, along with three more in the basement, were taken up by his uncle's business. It was so light, what with its two windows and a door opening on a balcony, that Karl was filled with fresh astonishment every morning on coming into it out of his tiny bedroom. Where might he not have had to stay, if he had landed in this country as a destitute little emigrant? Indeed, as his uncle, with his knowledge of the emigration laws, thought highly probable, Karl might not have been admitted into the United States at all and might have been sent home again without regard to the fact that he no longer had a home. In this country sympathy was something you could not hope for; in that respect America resembled what Karl had read about it; except that those who were fortunate seemed really to enjoy their good fortune here, sunning themselves among their carefree friends."

(Franz Kafka - 'America')

"Crime, I said to myself, had a long wait before producing such perfect successes as Pilorge and Angel Sun. In order to finish them off (the term is a cruel one!) it was necessary that a host of coincidences concur: to the handsomeness of their faces, to the strength and elegance of their bodies, there had to be added a taste for crime, the circumstances which make the criminal, the moral vigour capable of accepting such a destiny, and, finally, punishment, its cruelty, the intrinsic quality which enables a criminal to glory in it, and, over all of this areas of darkness. If the hero join combat with night and conquer it, many shreds of it remain upon him! The same hesitation, the same crystallisation of lucky circumstances governs the success of a pure sleuth, I cherish them both. But if I love their crime, it is for the punishment it involves, 'The penalty' (for I cannot suppose that they have not anticipated it). One of them, the former boxer Ledoux, answered smilingly: ('My crimes? It's before committing them that I might have regretted them') in which I want to accompany them so that, come what may, my love may be filled to overflowing. I do not want to conceal in this journal the other reasons which made me a thief, the simplest being the need to eat, though revolt, bitterness, anger or any similar sentiment never entered into my choice. With fanatical care, 'jealous care,' I prepared for my adventure as one arranges a couch or a room for love; I was hot for crime."

(Jean Genet - 'The Thief's Journal')

The original route for



the TTLB 'Eat Lead' Tour (abandoned)



UNITED STATES

Standard Public Information Map  
Scale: 1:500,000  
Copyright © 1968 by Rand McNally & Co.  
Printed in U.S.A.

GALLIC ETIQUETTE

Total  
Fuckin'  
Hedonism!

## THOSE INVITED ON THE FINAL VACATION.

DR KEFIN TEDDLEWORD - Survivor of Holidays One, Two & Three. Ready and willing to provide immediate medical attention to any member of the crew injured, damaged or just darn crazee. He's been around for years but swears that there are still many facets of Gallic behaviour still *in cognito sum pensee*. (whatever that means!) Promises to be sober at least once during 'the trip'.



THE CANADIAN ACTORF - 'Involved' with the Gallic thang since 1985, has often promised to 'show' us all what Norf Amerika really is about. We are prepared to be illuminated, we await the light-bulb. Although a 'member from afar' for the last two years the Canadian is still the prime exponent of Gallic post-modern despair in the Western World.

Knows more about survival than anyone we know thus vital-on a trip of this sort.

UNCLE B FISH FACE THANG - A youngster of impeccable wit and wis(h)dom. Specialises in art, acid & aesthetics. Horribly untidy, we hope his tender flesh and angelic face find us a place to stay rent-free! B-Fish has served in the organisation since 1988 and 'knows' The Canadian, some people claim that he is related to Dr Teddleword, but that's impossible because they have different names. Let us hope he's remembered to pack the 'rubbers'.



Holiday (-di or da), n. Day of cessation from work or of recreation; (usu. pl) period of this, vacation; BANK -; BLIND man's -, make -, take a -, cease from work; - (gay) clothes; - task (to be dome by schoolboy during -s); = HOLY day. (OE haligdaeg, see HOLY & DAY)



Discovered, AD 1703

NORTH AMERICA

Straits of Annian

C Blanco

S<sup>t</sup> Sebastian

NEW ALBION

C Mendocino



P<sup>o</sup> S<sup>t</sup> Francis Drake

Mount S<sup>t</sup> Martin

P Monterey



GR

