



I guess you all read about the trouble the Sex Pistols had in England over their song "God Save the Queen (It's a Fascist Regime)". Johnny Rotten got hit with an iron bar wielded by HER Loyal Subjects. It's almost treason in England to say anything against what they call "OUR Queen". I don't think of Carter as OUR President, do you? He's just the one we happen to be stuck with at the moment. So in memory of the years I spent in England - and in this connexion I am reminded of a silly old Dwight Fisk song:

"Thank you a lot, Mrs Lousbery Goodberry for an infinite weekend with you... (five years that weekend lasted)... For your cocktails that were hot and your baths that were not..."

So in fond memory of those five years I have composed this lyric which I hope someone will sing in England. It's entitled: "Bugger the Queen". My husband and I

(The Queen always starts her spiel that way)

The old school tie
Hyphenated names

Tired old games
It belongs in the bog
("bog" is punk for the WC)

With the rest of the sog
Pull the chain on
Buckingham
The drain calls you,
Ma'am

(Have to call the Queen "Ma'am" you know)

BUGGER THE QUEEN!

The audience takes up the refrain as they surge into the streets screaming "BUGGER THE QUEEN!"

Suddenly a retired major sticks his head out a window, showing his great yellow horse-teeth as he clips out: "Buggah the queen!"

A vast dam has broken.

It's like in Ireland where they have a form of life known as Gomben Man. Now a Gomben Man is a blackmailer, police informer, receiver, money-lender. In

small villages he often runs a shop and loans on the scale when he comes to the punch line...

"Well now Lord Bramblelie I always say that what a gentleman does in his own house is a gentleman's business, but there are those as thinks otherwise..." (Lean... lean... lean...)

"Oh with you deliver that please?" "Certainly sir. A pleasure sir." Arrives at the house... "Well Daisy me had been out back of the spring house playing like a boy will haven't you now?" (Lean... lean... lean...)

And here's a woman having an affair with a tinker while her husband is doing a hitch in the army and due back on leave... a word in his ear... and "Well Mrs O'Malley and top of the morning to you - Sure and your pots must need a sight of mending... and did you ever stop to ask yourself what the term 'a tinker's dance' signifies Mrs O'Malley?" (Lean... lean... lean...)



Here is the Gomben Man at a house call. Arrives all huffing and puffing and sits down without being asked.

"Ay and here's your steak Lord Bramblelie... as fine a piece of meat as you've ever handled if you'll pardon the expression sir... Always glad to be of service to a gentleman and there's one way you can tell a real gentleman, a real gentleman isn't messy, and he doesn't give himself airs like... I could do with a spot of something to keep out the cold. And you don't mind if I slip my shoes off do you, it's a long punishing walk out here from town and me feet is killing me. You wouldn't have a pad for me bunsen would you me Lord?"

That's a Gomben Man in action. Sure and he'll make Lord Bramblelie put the pad to his core with his very own lily whites and that's worth more to the Gomben Man than a hundred pounds. A real Gomben Man is in it more for the game than the money. He gets more satisfaction out of selling someone stew beef for top sirloin or shorting a sharp housewife a quarter pound than he would from a fat check handed him by a politician or some letters of photo negatives. He wants contact...

"Oh it's not money I'm after Lord Bramblelie. Just dropped in for a chat like..."

A word of advice to young people:

Always beware of a whore who says she doesn't want money, and a blackmailer who doesn't want money is the worst kind. He wants your blood and like the whore who doesn't want money he'll get more money out of you in the end. Soon Lord Bramblelie will pay him anything just to stay away.

A real Gomben Man blackmails his victims by his very presence. His slinky evil insinuating presence. They don't watch him when he weighs a purchase because they don't want to be in contact with him.

Now English children are taught "never to do anything you would be ashamed to do in front of the Queen" and that makes the Queen's picture blackmail right there. You see what we owe to George and the Mizette Men for getting us out under that blood-sucking picture. Imagine anyone telling his kids "Don't do anything you'd be ashamed to do in front of President Carter." I guess you've all noticed - by the way - he is turning into a reincarnation of Eleanor Roosevelt. But for an Englishman, making it in front of the Queen's picture is like trying to have it off with a Gomben Man at the foot of your bed... "Don't mind me - like a spot of tea myself you know."

And of course there are those as has a kinky thing with the Queen's picture. Either way, the Queen gets her title of flesh.

Now to come right out and say someone is a Gomben Man is admitting you have something to hide, some reason you can be blackmailed, and so a good Gomben Man may string it out for years before the moment of truth when everybody looks into his neighbor's eyes and says -

"Did he lean on you?"

So then they all rise up and drive out the Gomben Man.

Just as Darwin's dogs snarled at the bell, that happy breed grovelled in front of the QUEEN, indulging in that debased, degraded and downright disgusting English custom of "knowing one's place", a custom enforced by an army of shopkeepers, waiters, hotel clerks and doormen.

Here's a young American with longish hair and some sort of musical instrument in a case, arriving in front of Brown's Hotel with his baggage and getting the old English treatment from the doorman. Doorman, looking at the man's hair and the instrument case: "Sorry sir, we're completely full sir."

"But I called from the airport and made a reservation."

"A mistake sir. Shall I call a cab sir? I'd suggest one of the larger places sir. More money you know."

If he's got good sense he'll take that cab right back to the airport.

The Queen is the fountainhead and mother-love of a nobility that poisons the dank air of England with the smell of brussels sprouts cooking in a soggy green paste. And what Englishman secretly the name has not dreamed of being invited to Buckingham and having tea with the Queen, oh quite at ease you know. The Queen is leaning on every man, woman and child in England. She's sought but a Gomben Woman.

A vast crowd marches on Buckingham Palace screaming

"BUGGER THE QUEEN!"

"Bloody well sick of having my picture took like a bloody cunt" the Palace Guard screams with one throat - "BUGGER THE QUEEN!"

Prince Charles is doing a skit on the Palace balcony, "My 'stard and I" is a horrible Cockney singing...

Prince Philip comes out to say that after years of being the Royal Consort like a bloody stud horse, all he has to say is "BUGGER THE QUEEN!"

It's a re-make of the Magna Carta. Owing to a power shortage the Queen signs her abdication to flickering torchlight... and good riddance to the Gomben Woman.

GOMBEN WOMAN SINGING



A KIND OF ACHIEVEMENT

"A Government rifle is an instrument of repression with a worker at both ends."

He always seemed to attract attention. Started on a small scale.

Two inches of local newspaper column depth edged in black rules, age (15) parenthesised after his name, under heading 'VANDALS FINED'.

Didn't stop there though. Not much later he was a face in the sullen crowd on a local T.V. slot, standing slightly bewildered behind the spokesman urging Government subsidy for industrially depressed areas.

Three years after that he died in Belfast, half-tone blood on half-tone uniform made the front page of the nationals, and lead story in one of them. Made his mother almost proud.

Andrew Darlington.