

# THE LEAGUE OF GENTLEMEN

the Life as told to JIM REID

THE LEAGUE were making a report on the British Way Of Life. Slumped in front of a TV set, they were fed an endless diet of computer games, reruns of 'George And Mildred' and an ample supply of styrofoam cups and plates bearing cheap continental lager and beefburgers. In one corner of the room lay an unfortunate YOP, who according to latest Government policy was employed as a door mat for the regal sum of £13.57½. On top of the television lay, according to Government policy, three pistols and a short photocopied note explaining the privatisation of the Police force in the Weybridge area. In fact as the League sat amongst the detritus of Thatcherite Britain — cue song somewhere in the lower reaches of the Indie Top 100 — they had an unaccountable urge to be somewhere else. And so, being men of strict economy, they took the cheapest journey to fool's paradise and began to dissect the current imbecilities of people better known for their haircuts than their voices. . .

"Did someone mention King? over there?" asked Sir Public House biting into a styrofoam cup. "No, well I think I will myself. 'T appears that when the band were slogging round the

provinces it was strictly a battered old van, but when they got to the Hammersmith Odeon, it was time to roll out the limo and make a spectacular exit. Of course, the fact that the band were being filmed at Hammersmith could have nothing to do with them up grading the motor. . .

"Present at aforementioned show two of the smallest players in the first division, Coventry striker **Terry Gibson** and his ex-Spurs mate, **Gary Brooke**. Present at the following day's King reception, **Gefferey Hughes**, he who played **Eddie Yates** in Coronation Street.

"Other fellows having parties in London last week. **Malcolm McLaren**, it was his birthday, and the Brit contribution to MTV — 'London Calling' — at which **Nick Heyward**, **Kirsty McColl** and **Steve Lillywhite** said hello to some free drink. . .

"Two girls with nothing to celebrate last week: **Cher** and **Annie Lennox**. The Sonnyless one is in the pitiful position of not being able to find anyone to buy her pad, as they still say in the Ray-Bans. Mind you, Cher has been asking £6 million for her little property, but as there are no takers she had reduced the price to £4.2 million. **M Pilgrim** is not yet interested.

"Poor Annie has more pressing problems. She is to divorce her Hari-Krishna husband of one year **Rhoda Raman**. . .

"Still things aren't so bad for ever-hopeful **Benatar/Joan Jett** crossover, **Kim Wilde**. Kim has added three of her schoolgirl friends to her tour entourage so she can escape the incessant



● PETE: guarding the body

birds 'n' beer chatter of her all-male road crew.

"**Holly Johnson** has gone and got himself a new haircut. It's light, it's bright and it's a crew cut. . .

"Meanwhile Holly's old scouse chum **Pete Burns** has been getting himself a new bodyguard. Peter — an incredibly famous person these days — was in Italy with his band **Dead Or Alive** to play a three day festival called Azero. Everything was going swimmingly well until some of PB's Italian fans got a bit over eager and the eye-patched one found himself surrounded by 50 of the devils. Then to the rescue came one **Aratzio Giancomo** who just so happens to be an ex heavy weight boxer, hence his immediate recruitment as Pete's bodyguard. . .

"And even more fisticuffs concerning the friend of **Mark Hateley**. This time it was **Ian Astbury** of the **Cult's** turn to

be attacked by an Italian. An Italian skinhead no less. . .

"After all this rumpus in foreign parts, sad to report that one Brit hasn't been doing his country any service while abroad. According to Stateside reports **Julian Lennon** and tour party were more than a bit riotous after a recent show in Chicago, giving their hotel carpets a beer shampoo and generally behaving like back bench Members of Parliament. . .

"And more hotel frolics, this time in Liverpool where at a birthday celebration for the **Icicle Works**, **Chris Layne** got a 'bit out of hand'. Chris and band were drinking at the Adelphi Hotel when **Ian McNab** decided to remove his trousers and jump up and down in his underpants. This was not appreciated by hotel staff, who never having seen **Pete Murphy's** famous dancing in the sandpit fit on Riverside, didn't know this was standard stuff. . .

"And if it's not a damnable enough cheek that a chap can't express himself after a few drinks, jogging (that most senseless way to pass one's time) has become a blood sport. Latest victim of this sinister development, **David Cassidy** who ran into a bit of trouble in Hyde Park when a jealous boyfriend took a swipe at him for signing an autograph for his girlfriend while in mid-jog. . .

"Even more offensive, Pepsi Cola's plans to feature the **Rolling Stones** in US adverts. . .

"While more happy news from the land of the free concerns the recovery of **Daryl Hall's** Mandar. No it's not an accessory to big game hunting, but a cross between a mandolin and a guitar that Mr Hall invented in 1976 but hadn't seen since. DH sent the damn thing off to be repaired but it never returned. Well last week in Florida it did when the head of the **Elvis Presley** Museum in Memphis — an intimate of the head of the Federal Express Lost And Found dept — turned up with the darn thing. Aren't Americans strange? . . .

Normally this would have been an open invitation to talk about the League of Gentlemen's fishing trip with **Prince**, but opening time was drawing nigh and the League had had enough with pop and the British Way Of Life. Sometimes the League Of Gentlemen just wanted to be left alone.

## KEVIN KITCHEN

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