

Our! Paf! Wah Wah! Ole! Honny Hon! Canobert! Aujourd'hui Monsieur Liz is going not to the office on the bus but to the sell-eq-brate-eeee-ONS! Au reptile with his terrace leeeeezard-UH! enfants, for today DAVID 'DANTON'S DEF' QUANTICK and STEVEN 'SOUNDS CULLOTES' WELLS raise the bloody tricycle and laugh at the heads fall-eeng from the bloodied teeth of Madame Gila-Teen as une fois encore we RIDE THE

This week: The French Rev!

Clippety-kerrrlack went the iron rimmed wheels of the Le Carriage Royale as eeet sped secretly through the night. Suddenly Bang! Barf! Twin sex-pistoles barked like crazy French dog Snowy from Tin Tin and le driver fell from his postillion punctured through both lungs and copiously spurting gallons of green "What eez going orn?" hissed Louise

XXXIJ (le King) as burly revolutionaries without trousers, (the notoriously bare bottomed Sans Cullotes) stuck their hairy peasant sphinks through the coach window and made with the rudies. "HA HA HA!" they roared as they dragged le squitting monarch from le coach and made him eat cack.

"Suck moi cack, peeeeeeg!" they chortled rebelliously as they dragged the bequiffed monarch to the scaffold. A trillion French men and women roared as one "HA HA HA HA!" It was revolution!

LE TWAT - C'EST MOI!

That night all Paris was aglow as The Bastille burned to the ground and Danton and Robespierre danced a merry jig on the lungs of artistos and laughed democratically as Marie Antoinette was dragged giggling to the blood-stained platform erected in the Place Des Pompiers. THWOCK! went her noggin into the basket provided. WIZARD! roared the sturdy peasants.

But then! L'woof! Arf! Quick hide! It's le counter-revolutionary running dogs otherwise known as THE HOUNDS OF THE BASTILLEVILLES! But wait! Roof! Cha! It's the pro-revolutionary Magpie presenter chiens ie THE HOUNDS OF THE TONY BASTABLES! Cripes.

It was a great day for liberty. The rough peasants donned their showercaps and roared off on their tricycles to the night's celebratory ROCK AGAINST THE RICH gig.

That night, as a million horny sons of the wormy turf reeled to the jigs of Handel and Beethoven, there was a terrible explosion. It was the evil TIME MACHINE of DR NAPOLEON 'geetar' SOLO, the Corsican DEVIL EMPEROR and Vid Jock of Euro TV who would one day have his hairy Froggy sphink ruptured by the firmly placed green wellies of Ole Beaky and his chums Ratty, Moley and Toad at Waterloo as



grabs him by the Champs Elysee. told to later generations by ABBA - BUT

Europe mourned the loss of the grooving peasos but legend maintained that one day they would return to save civilisation from some unnamed horror.

200 YEARS LATER - ROCK CITY LE UK!

"Let them eat coke!" chortled bewigged pop aristo Simone 'de Boooovwah' Le Bon (nee Langford). "ARF ARF ARF!" chuckled George Michael, thrusting his cane into the dirty head of an unemployed poor person what dared get in his way.

"Oh, isn't being a rich pop star such a terrif hoot!" said Lord Billy Bragg. "It's like we're sorta the new aristocracy and the punters are mere peasants, sorta

"Oh Billiam, thoust such a hoot," squealed Le Countess Wendy 'Sid' James. "But wouldn't it be rilly rilly tewwible if there was a revolution and we all got guillotined and 200 years from now they managed to clone all the

deados from the Carry On films and they did a remake of Carry On Don't Loose Your Head with me played by that awful Sid James.

Come with me to safety, lazy fat aristos,

ARISTOS: Yes! And they smell! Ha ha

the people are revolting!

le ha!

FEATURING! Sid James as Wendy James! Charles Hauwtrey as Michael speak. Hutchence! KENNETH: Whatever do you mean? Joan Sims as Tracy Chapman! Hattie Jacques as Matt Johnson! Jim Dale as Bono! Terry Scott as Morrissey! Kenneth Williams as Lemmy! stiffs in the back of havricks! and a special guest appearance by Roy Er . . . something big is up and we're all Castle as Jim Kerr! on the receiving end! The nobs are SCENE: LE CHATEAU ROYALE, 1788. Various bepompadoured and chopperl periwigged aristos lounge about, idly SID: ARF ARF ARF ARF! riffing synths and pouting. Suddenly the windows are rent asunder as a pair of **10 IMPORTANT FRENCH REV** silken Docs thud onto the axminster. **FACTS** THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL: Hist!

1. The revolutionaries renamed all the OF THEM! Typical.

2. They banned the sale of coronation

"ARF!" Danton's Death in the huge knitting machine of laughing **Madame Guillotine!**

SID 'WENDY' JAMES: I'm not 'coming' with you anywhere! ARF ARF ARF! Oh no! My clothes have fallen off! HATTIE 'MATTIE' JACQUES: Ooh! Do you think they'll make us lie under their huge chopper! They'll have it off! JOAN SIMS: Which is more than you can say for some!

CHARLES HAWTREY: It's their French tricolours which worry me! They should really give themselves a good shaking! SID: Yes, they trickle everywhere! ARF ARFARFI

JIM: The Bastille! TERRY: Mind your French! JIM: No! I mean have you got the scrolls! SID: ARF ARF ARF!

JIM: Tub! No, grab the documents I mean. If we go to my Chat-oh - I've got a little one - we can escape up my back passage!

KENNETH: Ohhh! We'll have to get over the frontier!

SID: You're not getting over my frontier! Or my front anywhere! ARF ARF ARF ARF

KENNETH: What about Louis? SID: You should have gone before you came! ARF ARF ARF! ENTER ROBESPIERRE (played by Frankie Howerd) clutching a huge chopper!

JOAN: Blimey! Look at his huge chopper! Yes, chopper! ROBESPIERRE: Wait! Let me just reach into my trousers! Settle down missus, it's big and it's got writing on it! It ees an order for your executions! Yes the scaffold is being err-ect-ed as we

ROSEY: The people of Paris have got it

JOAN: I told you they were revolting. ROBERS: No! Missus, no! There are

coming out and it's time to meet the big

months-AND THERE WERE ONLY 10

mugs, royal teatowels and Princess Di

3. They unleashed Le Rita Miskous on a frightened Europe!

4. They entered a fake Bonga Banga band called 'Oof Gualule Paf!' onto the Euro Vish stage. As the final "Paf! Dof! Bang!" chorus had the audience of powdered aristo parisiti on their feet clapping, the 200 band members whipped off their skirts a la Bucks Fizz to reveal heat-seaking ground to aristohead Exocets. Le Boom! Le Splat! Terry Wogan gave them five.

5. They invented reggae.

6. Their top TV show Reportage was used as the inspiration for Dickens' A Tale Of One Barmy Frog Who Talks

7. Old crones sat in deck chairs clacking their wooden teeth insanely and then knitting big woolly jumpers out of aristo-hair. After they killed all the aristocracy, they killed their 'chats' or 'aristocats'

8. Then all her clothes fell off.

9. "Encore".

10. Thus inspiring the song 'Revolution Baby Yeah 2000AD Judge Dredd Alan Moore Knows The Score Hi-tech T Rex Sonic Boom Baby Boy Skateboard Fridge Freezer Omnivore Face Front Cover Toothbrush Ray Ban Bandanna Kodak Camera Holy Bible Knicker Knickers Vid Kid Steadicam Magenta Devine Rolex Rollon Bimbo, er, Intellectual Baby.

MEANWHILE, BACK UNDER THE HUGE CHOPPER!

SID: Here, hev you 'erd that bird Madame Twoswords has done a waxwork?

KENNETH: Everybody's heard about that hird!

JIM DALE: Poppa oo mow mow! poppa oo mow mow mow!

MR. HAUWTREY:

รนนนนนนนนนนนนนนนนนนนนนนนนนนน rrfing buuurd-uh!

CLINT POPPIE: Who wants to look at my penis?

EVERYBODY: Piss off, you foulmouthed sexist Brummy bastard! Why don't you go find some woman half your size to go and intimidate with your 'brave' friends like you normally do in NME articles?

JIM DALE: Actually, PWEI's ironic humour is often misunderstood by the media



"OX ARMES, CITOYENS!" quips Marie Antoinette. Beefy Matt Johnson formez his bataillons.