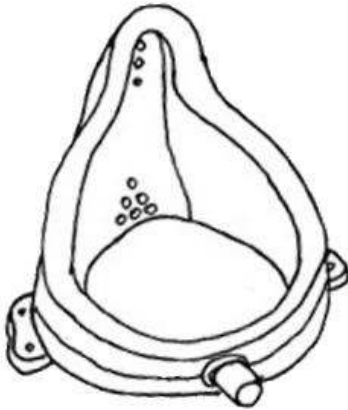
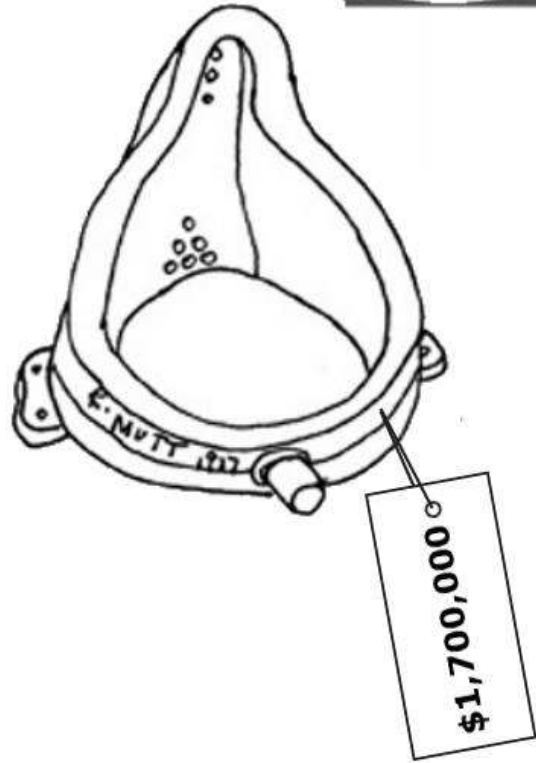


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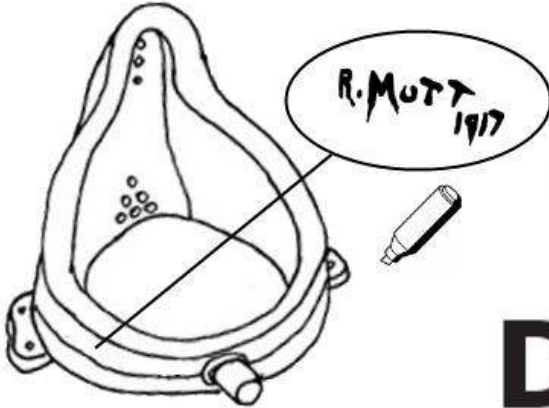


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DADA®



2



DUCHAMP

Dramatis Personae

Chris McCabe and Tom Jenks

Argotist Ebooks

Cover image by Chris McCabe and Tom Jenks

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Argotist Ebooks

This is a selection from the five collaborations written by Chris McCabe and Tom Jenks for the Camarade project between 2011 and 2013. Thanks to SJ Fowler, the curator of the project, for initiating and supporting the collaborations. Thanks also to Mark Cobby whose Red Ceilings Press published the first collaboration as *Gnomes* in 2011, and to Sophie Herxheimer for costumery and other visual input into the performances of this piece.

Dramatis Personae

The following is a selection from collaboration 1, written in August 2011

Available at <http://cmtjmaintenant.wordpress.com>

This sequence was published by Red Ceilings Press with the title *Gnomes*.

THE LONDON FINGER

Why did you put your finger in your mouth in London?

I didn't put my finger in my mouth in London.

Whose finger did you put in your mouth in London?

I didn't put anyone's finger in my mouth in London.

Whose finger was it then?

(Chris McCabe)

RADIO PLAY

Hop-scotching dog shits on the pavement.

Knots of bronze.

You know about the white ones?

The white ones?

White dog shits.

What?

Butcher's bones – turns to calcium in the intestines.

How do strays get the butcher's bones – is it a Beano chase?

It's not the strays, they eat out the back of the baker's.

People own these dogs?

They let them out to shit just to keep their alleys clean.

The strays live better without the love.

Did I tell you my granddad invented the poopscoop?

No.

He ripped the sponge from his wringable mop and put a plastic bag there.

Patented?

No, he kept it the colour it was.

(Chris McCabe)

this	machine	
	grills	
		haloumi

(Tom Jenks)

The following is a selection from collaboration 2, written in December 2012
Available at <http://cmtjcamarade.wordpress.com>

GOLD, A PLAY FOR TWO VOICES

- SHAKESPEARE:** Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments.
- HADLEY:** Love is like a high prison wall.
- SHAKESPEARE:** Love is not love
- HADLEY:** There's something I could have learned,
You're indestructible
- SHAKESPEARE:** Which alters when it alteration finds,
- HADLEY:** Slowly being eaten away
- SHAKESPEARE:** Or bends with the remover to remove:
- HADLEY:** Just another play for today
- SHAKESPEARE:** O, no! it is an ever-fixed mark,
- HADLEY:** Gold!
- SHAKESPEARE:** That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
- HADLEY:** Always believe in your soul
- SHAKESPEARE:** That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
- HADLEY:** You've got the power to know
- SHAKESPEARE:** It is the star to every wandering bark,
- HADLEY:** You're indestructible
- SHAKESPEARE:** Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
- HADLEY:** Thank you for coming home
I'm sorry that the chairs are all worn
- SHAKESPEARE:** That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
- HADLEY:** Gold!
- SHAKESPEARE:** Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
- HADLEY:** Gold!
- SHAKESPEARE:** Within his bending sickle's compass come;

HADLEY: Always believe in your soul

SHAKESPEARE: Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,

HADLEY: After the rush has gone

SHAKESPEARE: But bears it out even to the edge of doom.

HADLEY: You're indestructible

SHAKESPEARE: If this be error and upon me proved,

HADLEY: I'm sorry that the chairs are all worn

SHAKESPEARE: I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

(Chris McCabe)

LIVE COVERAGE

- MILTON:** Welcome everyone on this fine bright balmy day indoors to what promises to be an evening of top tungsten-chucking of the highest class. This is the final we all wanted to see: Francis Bacon against the one known as The Recurrent Sausage. And as they settle in with their warm-up darts it must be said Chris that Bacon is odds-on favourite for this match having caused some major upsets in these championships, proving himself to be something of a Robin Hood of the flue-stems.
- CHRIS REA:** He's played out of his pie-crust all week proving what we've said all along that in terms of stamina & upper-body strength darts players are as fit as boxers or even athletes. There hasn't been so much excitement since the Romans fed the Christians to the lions & he's been planting those arrows with the accuracy of a couple of inter-continental ballistic missiles. I don't know whether he'll win or not. I think he will. I know he's ready for the job & if not, well, that's just the way it goes.
- MILTON:** Well said Chris, & he's proving us right with a good start here. He's thinking ahead. He's an intelligent man. He's known to get the semantics & serifs of his dart tips into the smallest & most unlikely of places – like throwing three pickled onions into a thimble. This guy is the complete all-rounder: he has muscles in places I don't even have places. If it's there to be found he'll find it & for risk of sounding a little racist, he takes no monkey business whatsoever. He's scoring heavy here. Just look at the concentration in those eyes: bulging like the bellies of a couple of starving wrens.
- CHRIS REA:** And birds are interesting aren't they John, they say in darts you need a bird on your shoulder but this guy has a whole aviary. The opposition's emotions must be on a bungee string. **MILTON:** I think we should just remind the viewers at home that we are not being partial here we just want the match to go on for as long as possible. People ascribe this & that to this but it's really about freedom of action & that's what it's about. Just take a look at the side-profile of that throw: the dart begins to spin even before it leaves his hand. The hallmark of a great player.

(Chris McCabe)

WAITING FOR GODOT: ACT I

A country road. A tree. Evening.

Estragon, sitting on a low mound, is trying to take off his boot. He pulls at it with both hands, panting.

ESTRAGON: *(Giving up again.)* Name an orange vegetable.

VLADIMIR: *(Advancing with short, stiff strides, legs wide apart.)* An...*(He broods, musing on the struggle. Turning to Estragon.)* An aubergine.

ESTRAGON: Name something you would play with in the bath.

VLADIMIR: A bazooka.

ESTRAGON: Name a dangerous race.

VLADIMIR: The...*(He reflects.)* the Arabs.

ESTRAGON: *(Irritably.)* Name something a blind man would use.

VLADIMIR: *(Hurt, coldly.)* A sword.

ESTRAGON: Name something you open other than a door.

VLADIMIR: *(Admiringly.)* Your bowels.

ESTRAGON: *(Without gesture.)* Name a domestic animal.

VLADIMIR: A leopard.

ESTRAGON: Name a bird with a long neck.

VLADIMIR: Naomi Campbell.

ESTRAGON: Name something read.

VLADIMIR: My...*(Decisively.)* My cardigan.

ESTRAGON: Name a type of bean.

VLADIMIR: *(Gloomily.)* It is too much for one man. *(Pause. Cheerfully.)* Lesbian.

(Tom Jenks)

LEECHES

BUNTING: I showed you boys the way on pertry

PICKARD: It's pronounced poetry

MACSWEENEY: *Pertry!*

PICKARD: Enunciate thus : po-e-try

BUNTING: Boys!

PICKARD [Aside] Cant!

MACSWEENEY: I heard that. It's pronounced *cunt*.
[Enter J.H. Prynne]

BUNTING: Here's Sykes, easy boys!

PRYNNE: [Stares broodily]

BUNTING: Poet appointed do not decline to walk among the bogus

PRYNNE: [Drops trousers] Got any leeches for this?

(Chris McCabe)

MODERNITY ON THE BUSES: A PLAY IN ONE ACT

Setting: Luxton & District Traction Company bus depot. Dramatis personae: Stan Butler, a bus driver; Basil Cheesman Bunting, a significant British modernist poet; Inspector Jeremy Halvard Prynne, a British poet closely associated with the British Poetry Revival.

BUNTING: The mystic purchases a moment of exhilaration with a lifetime of confusion; and the confusion is infectious and destructive. It is confusing and destructive to try and explain anything in terms of anything else, poetry in terms of psychology.

BUTLER: Cor blimey!

BUNTING: Whether you listen to a piece of music, or a poem, or look at a picture or a jug, or a piece of sculpture, what matters about it is not what it has in common with others of its kind, but what is singularly its own.

BUTLER: I was only asking you to do the foxtrot, not bleedin' 'Last Tango in Paris'!

BUNTING: To appreciate present conditions, collate them with those of antiquity.

BUTLER: I didn't know you collected antiques!

BUNTING: Always carry a corkscrew and the wine shall provide itself.

BUTLER: Don't talk wet.

BUNTING: Can a moment of madness make up for an age of consent?

BUTLER: Have you gone raving mad? Hold up. Here comes Prynne. (*Enter Prynne, limping.*)

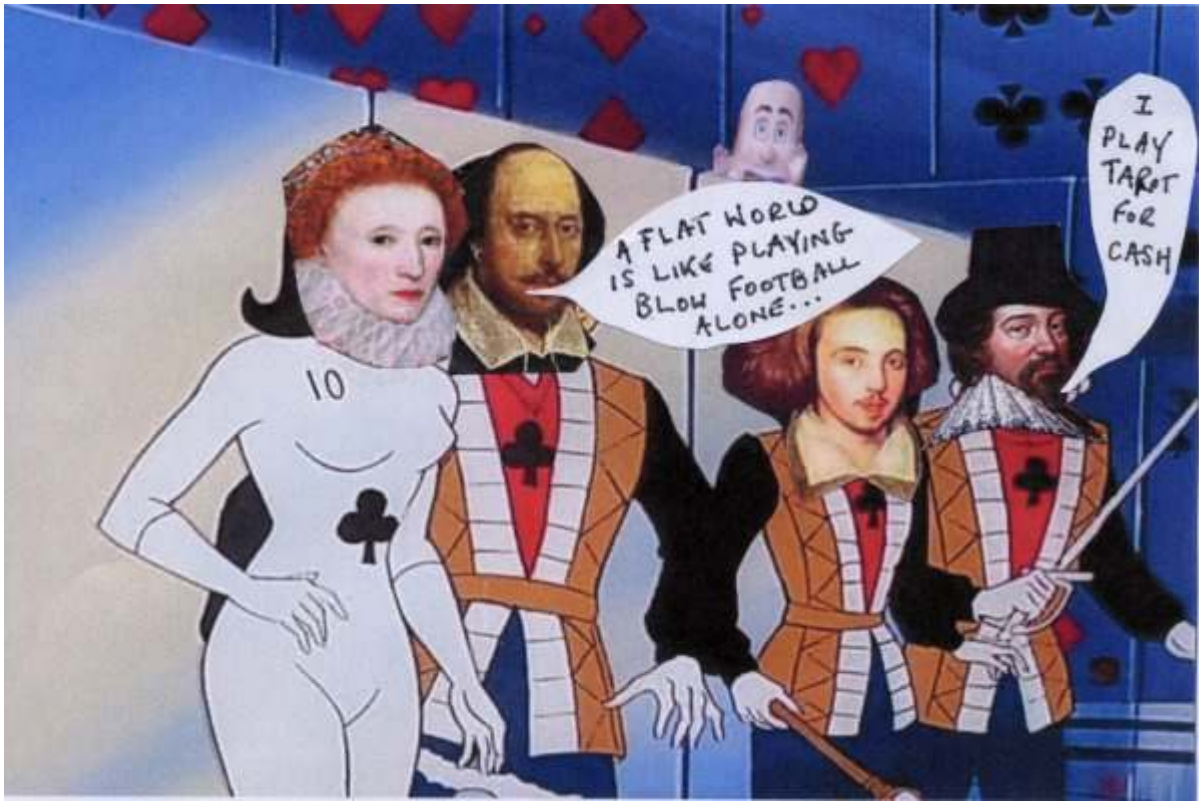
BUNTING: I'm sorry you broke your foot.

PRYNNE: (*surprised*) Thanks.

BUNTING: It should have been your neck.

PRYNNE: I'll get you Bunting!

(Tom Jenks)



(Chris McCabe)

The following is a selection from *Seaside Special*, a set of literary postcards produced in May and June 2012

Available at <http://cmtjthethird.wordpress.com>



(Chris McCabe)

Kenneth Williams is William Carlos Williams in...



(Tom Jenks)

Act I of *Ubu Roi, I Boris*, a re-write of Alfred Jarry's *Ubu Roi*, paying particular homage to the 1951 edition published by Gaberbocchus Press. This was written in late 2012

Available at <http://ububoris.wordpress.com>

UBU ROI, I BORIS (ACT I)

SCENE 1

PERE UBU: Shitter!

MERE UBU: Fuck, you talk with your tongue in your hoop. You really are a fat cunt Boris.

PERE UBU: Why don't I pluck your pheasant, Margaret?

MERE UBU: I've taken the edge of your heft, I need a few more inches.

PERE UBU: This oxtail soup soup has no ox in it.

MERE UBU: Well tell me Boris without a zippo did you ever start a flame with that little red clipper?

PERE UBU: By my pink oboe, Madame, I tell you I am content. I could be content with less; I'm a Conservative MP, I'm personal friends with Eric Bristow, I've got an up to date fire safety certificate and I'm friends with Louis Walsh on Facebook; what more do you want?

MERE UBU: When you're Mayor of London the Evening Standard will show Ken and the redmen with their loose hands like vulvas eating themselves. You'd be PM by now if it wasn't for that ridiculous haircut

PERE UBU: Mmm, Maragaret? It sounds like you're gargling with Bovril.

MERE UBU: You're thicker than Prescott.

PERE UBU: By my Egg McMuffin, Ken is still very much alive; and even supposing he dies, hasn't he got hundreds of newts?

MERE UBU: Who's stopping you meeting some Arabs and kicking up some shit, you could step in as a father figure?

PERE UBU: Oh Margaret you insult me, and you'll find yourself wrapped around this Thighmaster in a minute.

MERE UBU: You gastric stickleback, you're a frog with its spawn inside. Who'd wipe your arse if it wasn't me?

PERE UBU: Well, what of it? Clegg gave me a back, sac and crack. I'm as smooth as a jar of pickled eggs.

MERE UBU: If I were you I'd keep my arse clean for Newsnight, if Paxman ever gets his nose near it we'll both be happy. We could both get oversized sausage suits and become national treasures!

PERE UBU: If I were mayor, I'd get a giant Charles II wig made like that bastard Vorderman stole off me in Morecambe when she was pissed on Snowballs.

MERE UBU: You could get one of those wax-green jackets the unemployed wear, the kind you can stuff a dead hare in the back of! You could have a ski-hat with flap-down ears!

PERE UBU: Ah, she deals in anagrams, the cnut. If ever I meet her at the Pride of Britain awards she'll go through a bad 30 seconds.

MERE UBU: That's better Boris, I felt a fudge of wet for a second.

PERE UBU: Oh no, though! I, a champion masseuse, misalign the queen of detox's chakra or dampen the mayor's spleen? I'd rather go without Shea butter!

MERE UBU: *(Aside.)* Fuck, shitter! *(Aloud.)* Then are you going to be no better than a chav with an ISA Boris?

PERE UBU: Gadzooks, by my gargantuan pecker, I prefer to be as poor as Ainsley than as rich as Oliver.

MERE UBU: And that wax-green jacket? The ski-hat?

PERE UBU: And the leapordskin thong? What of them, Margaret? *(He goes off banging the door.)*

MERE UBU: Trouser-sigh, shitter, that albino slug is slower than the DLR; trouser-sigh, shitter, I'm getting into his ridiculous bonce now, he'll come round. I'll email the wives of a few whips, this time next week I'll be the wife of the Mayor of London.



(Chris McCabe)

SCENE 2: *The scene represents a room in Pere Ubu's house, where a magnificent meal is prepared.*

MERE UBU: Huh! Joe Pasquale's car must have broken down again.

PERE UBU: He's as unstable as a strap-on. I've got the horn today woman, the horn supreme, is it because we've got visitors?

MERE UBU: *(shrugging her shoulders)* More like a coat hook than a hat stand.

PERE UBU: *(seizing the Thighmaster)* Look I've got the horn woman, this machine is almost as good to me as the real thing

MERE UBU: What are you doing you ass? Don't you know why Cliff Richard never married?

PERE UBU: Don't worry, I won't be giving Walliams the come-on again. Go to the window while I put some new batteries in this thing

MERE UBU: *(going over)* Aled Jones has pissed on the gnomes again. I'm going to have to get Wogan to have a word. *(In the meantime Pere Ubu is using the Thighmaster)*

MERE UBU: Ah here come Ant and Dec. What are you doing Pere Ubu, get off that thing!

PERE UBU: I'm going for the burn. I'm not having Philip Schofield say I've got cellulite again.

MERE UBU: Oh you'll send your spoor all over the toad-in-the hole. How can you eat a chicken drumstick while you're doing that?

PERE UBU: By my throbbing Bontempi, I'll sign you up for Takeshi's Castle if you carry on! *(The door opens).*

SCENE 3: *Pere Ubu, Mere Ubu, Ant & Dec.*

MERE UBU: Ah boys, hello, we thought you'd been eaten by crocodiles! Come in, take a seat

ANT: Alreet pet? Sorry we're late. Sting called over last night with a tantric sex DVD. Where's that fat bastard got to?

PERE UBU: Over here, I've got my Gentleman of the House trapped in the Thighmaster. And don't laugh, I know you're thinking 'how will anyone will take his cycle scheme seriously with an arse like the end of a Routemaster. *(They all sit down.)*

ANT: Calm down, Boris. Come and sit on this beanbag. I've got some bushtucker trial leftovers for you.

PERE UBU: Hope they're not Bristow's.

ANT: Where are the Scotch eggs?

MERE UBU: You're all in luck. I'm trying out a few things from the new Jamie.

ANT: Turkey twizzlers?

MERE UBU: Sauvignon blanc chicken stuffed with fizz bombs, potato rostis, ox ears in a red wine jus, mini praline tartlets in the shape of Holly Willoughby's nipples...

PERE UBU: Huh! Waitrose now, is it? Who do you think we are entertaining? The staff of the Poetry Library?

MERE UBU: *(continuing)* ...fennel seed kulfı, pumpkin borscht, a carafe of sweet potato chips, risotto a la shitter.

PERE UBU: What's so bad about Aldi? You can get fleeces there now, you know. And power tools.

MERE UBU: Ignore him he's thick as polenta.

PERE UBU: Ah! I'll crack your pine nuts for pesto.

MERE UBU: Fill the only hole you can satisfy Pere Ubu, here's a todge of sushi.

PERE UBU: I wondered what had happened to the goldfish.

ANT: This reminds me of that Greasy Spoon on the Tyne.

MERE UBU: Wankers. What do you expect? Ferrero Rocher arranged in a pyramid?

PERE UBU: *(striking his forehead)* I've just been struck with another Boris brain-strobe! I'll be back in a second.

MERE UBU: Gentlemen, please help yourselves to a Pepperami Firestick. They're a bit of an animal, although I'm not sure which animal. Or which part. *(to herself)* Actually, I do know which part.

DEC: Spotty dog. I'm done man.

MERE UBU: Now for the 50 piece Indian Chicken Platter from Iceland. Pity the oven is broken, but you'll just have to chew a bit harder.

ANT: Top drawer! Thanks Margaret.

ALL: Long live Queen Kerry Katona!

PERE UBU: *(coming back)* Won't be long 'til my first four year stretch in City Hall (he has a toilet brush in his hand and throws it onto the festive board).

MERE UBU: Blockhead! Now there's mechanically recovered fish all over the bristles! We'll never get clean right under the rim!

PERE UBU: Wrap your tongues around that. *(Some of the guests taste it and are poisoned.)*

PERE UBU: Margaret, pass me another chicken Kiev. I dropped the last one down my trousers and heaven knows if I'll see that again.

MERE UBU: Get yourself outside of these.

PERE UBU: Everybody piss off out. I want to show Ant my new wig. I got it off Ebay. It used to belong to Andy Warhol. It's signed by him, although it turns out the idiot couldn't even spell his own name.

OTHERS: Pass us the Foreman grill, we're Hank Marvin.

PERE UBU: You can't grill a sausage on a ukulele. Now bugger off. This Byker Grove VHS won't sign itself. *(No-one budges.)*

PERE UBU: You're all still here and my razorclam's not had so much as a squeeze of lemon, here, have a wasabi. *(He begins to throw them.)*

ALL: Aaargh! Defend yourselves! It's like the Third Reich themed pyjama party all over again!

PERE UBU: Shitter, Shitter, Shitter! Outside, you lot aren't even worthy of a Nando's loyalty card.

ALL: Every man from himself! Bastard Boris! We haven't even had our baked chocolate flavoured cheesecake on a chocolate flavoured digestive biscuit base, topped with morello cherries in a brandy and cherry flavoured sauce, decorated with brandy cream mousse swirls and dark chocolate flakes.

PERE UBU: Thank fuck they've gone I can take a breather. Could still do with a wrangle though, come on Ant and Dec. *(They go out with Mere Ubu.)*

SCENE 4: *Pere Ubu, Mere Ubu, Ant & Dec.*

PERE UBU: Well, chaps, did you enjoy the Double Pepperoni Rising Dough Pizza with twice the pepperoni for twice the flavour? With lots of gooey mozzarella cheese and tangy tomato sauce to make a simple but effective taste sensation?

ANT: Top nosh apart from the shitter

PERE UBU: Huh! It was fine with a spot of HP.

MERE UBU: His pallette's gone rank from the bushtucker

PERE UBU: Ant, I've decided to make you and Dec the presenters of Newsnight. You don't have the gravitas at the moment, but Noel Edmonds owes me a favour.

DEC: Get out man, I earn more from a Gameboy ad than you get in a year

PERE UBU: Perhaps, but in a few days I will be Mayor of this city and my M & S chargecard will once again be active after that misunderstanding about the Percy Pigs.

ANT: Are you going to spin a saga for the Standard on Red Ken?

PERE UBU: This cheeky chappy is no fool. He must have read my column in The Sport.

DEC: I'm well up for writing Ken off, I still owe a congestion charge from that night out with Jimmy Nail and Kevin Keegan; anyway he's like a ferrett with fourteen strap-ons and there'll be more manoeuvre at parties for me and Ant if he's off the scene.

PERE UBU: *(throwing himself on him and kissing him)* Oh, I've always liked you, Ant! I even watched Red or Black.

DEC: Jesus Boris, you smell like you've just swam up the old Fleet River, like Carol Thatcher in that Bushtucker Trial; a blast of Lynx Africa wouldn't go amiss.

PERE UBU: What's wrong with Hai Karate?

MERE UBU: He once shared a Puerto Rican with Peter Mandelson.

PERE UBU: I'll roast your parsnips.

MERE UBU: Colossal shitter!

PERE UBU: Well, Ant, I believe that concludes our business but I swear on my royal Thighmaster that I will make you presenter of Newsnight. That turd Paxman will find himself glued to his toilet seat one of these days,

MERE UBU: Gargantuan shitter!

PERE UBU: Hush, my little deep fried milk ball. *(They go out.)*

SCENE 5: *Pere Ubu, Mere Ubu, William Hague disguised in a sausage suit.*

PERE UBU: I thought you were Ant down there for a second, not you, what do you want?

HAGUE: Ken has just sent you a direct message on Twitter.

PERE UBU: Oh big shitter, wonky bollocks! By my Tuesday dildo I'm rumbled, I'm losing the plot!

MERE UBU: What a feeble man. He gets pissed on liqueur chocolates. And there isn't much time.

PERE UBU: I've got an idea: I'll blame it on Ant and Dec.

MERE UBU: Oh, you fat bastard. They're national treasures!

PERE UBU: Mmm, I prefer Dermot O' Leary. *(He goes out.)*

MERE UBU: *(running after him)* Hey, Boris! Boris! I'll give you some king prawn ring with a seafood sauce for dipping! *(She goes out)* Shitter, you're like a maggot in a Wizard video.

SCENE 6: *Ken Livingstone surrounded by officials; Ant and Dec; Boleslas (Dale Winton), Ladislas (Pat Sharpe, without the twins), Bougrellas (Peter Mandelson), Pere Ubu.*

PERE UBU: *(entering)* Oh, you know it wasn't me. It was Cannon and Ball.

KEN: What's your beef Boris?

ANT: He's had too much White Lightning.

KEN: Looks like he's been in the Betsy Trotwood with that Tim Wells lot til 5am this morning.

PERE UBU: Yes, I'm bombed. I should had some coffee in that Irish coffee.

KEN: Boris, what you've done for the image of the Tories is inestimable, you're now taken seriously, even by UKIP.

PERE UBU: Oh, Ken. I haven't felt so honoured since Willie Whitelaw picked up my car keys at Norman Lamont's vicars and tarts party.

KEN: I've heard you'll be at Number 10 tomorrow for Cameron's breakfast debrief, don't let your sugar puffs go soggy *(aside)* My God he looks like a mutant sugar puff.

PERE UBU: I'll be there, but I have a gift for you. Please accept these. They were worn by Alan Clarke. *(He reaches into his pocket and hands Ken a pair of y-fronts with the words "BANG TIDY" emblazoned in gold on the waistband.)*

KEN: What do you want me to do with these? I'll give them to Mandy, might help him grow a pair.

MANDY: I'll never fit my portfolio in there.

PERE UBU: I've had enough of this, he's the political equivalent to what Ringo was to the Beatles... *(As he turns round he falls down.)* Shit! I've split my kecks and squashed my 100% boneless white meat! *(He takes a flattened KFC from his trouser pocket and regards it mournfully.)*

KEN: *(Picking him up)* Are you fucked for life by any chance Boris?

PERE UBU: I am. *(sobbing)* Who will pay off my tab at Harry Ramsden's? Margaret will never raise £8000!

KEN: She can work for me and sometimes even do some work for me.

PERE UBU: Top bollocks, Ken. *(He goes out.)* But you'll still end up as limp as Lionel Blair's sandwich.

SCENE 7: *Ubu's House. Pere Ubu, Mere Ubu, Conspirators, soldiers, Ant & Dec.*

PERE UBU: Well, my friends. It's time to discuss our plans to send Ken to the graveyard shift on Talk Sport. Let's hear what you've got in mind. But first, let me tell you what I've cooked up.

ANT: Fire away Boris.

PERE UBU: Well then, my friends. I suggest we put Viagra in Ken's cheese and pickle. I've got some here (he rummages in his Spice Girls bumbag). Oh, that's Night Nurse.

ALL: What a morally vacuous manifestation of Jim Henson's mind you are.

PERE UBU: Twats. Well then, let Ant say what's in that little Geordie brain of his. Maybe he could give Mark Knopfler a text.

ANT: I reckon we give him a Geordie Smile, it's like a Glaswegian Smile only you use a butter knife.

ALL: Yes, let's drown the bastard in Flora Pro-Activ.

PERE UBU: And what if he gets in again and makes you pickle his herrings so he can feed them to you under the table at the next Commissioner's Review? If I had any sense I'd get on the blower to Max Clifford and tell him you've all been putting expense claims in for your subscriptions to Dancingbear.com

MERE UBU: Oh, the snake. He's as gutless as Cable.

ALL: Let's cut off his golden locks...

PERE UBU: Hey, boys, keep quiet if you don't want to end up on an over-80s cruise with Paul Potts. Anyway, I agree to expose myself to you. (He fumbles with his flies) So you, Ant, take responsibility for fixing it so that Ken get the shits so bad he'll think his arse is a doughnut. With jam.

ANT: Wouldn't it be better if we hired a tank from the army and got Sam Fox to get topless and wave a Vote Boris flag, at least then we'd get The Sun on our side.

PERE UBU: OK, here's the master plan. He's on Question Time next week. I'll force my way in and get out my member of the Bullingdon Club. In the mayhem, Ant will get Ken with this (*He reaches inside his open flies and pulls out a two foot long chorizo.*) Dec, if Dimblebey starts, kick him in the nuts.

MERE UBU: If Starkey's on the panel again we can put a hijab on Ken and let the crazy historian finish him off.

ANT: If Ken gets away, Dec and me will hunt him down on our mobility scooters. Ken Barlow gave us a great price. He normally only sells to Druids.

PERE UBU: Take Mandy with you, in a crash helmet he looks like an orange on a toothpick.

PERE UBU: (*Running after them and making them come back.*) We have forgotten the most important thing. Swear an oath on this (he produces a copy of Take A Break). It's got a Loose Women pull out.

DEC: No can do, we've just signed a contract for our cheeky mugs to go on the cover of the Christmas TV Times.

PERE UBU: That will do. Here: place your hands over this picture of Eamon Holmes.

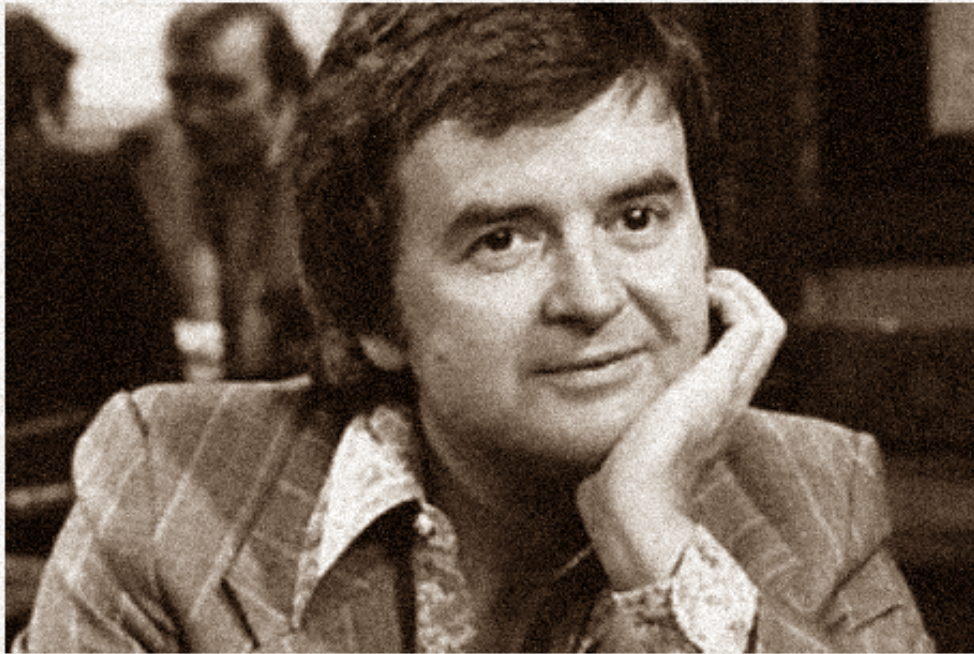
ALL: Eamon Holmes, a slim and lucid man beside you Boris!

PERE UBU: So you swear on the florid brow of the stand in presenter of ITV's popular and long running This Morning to fuck Ken over?

ALL: We swear Boris, we'll make you more presentable than Eamon!

A selection from *The British Onion Marketing Board*, produced in September and October 2013 and available at <http://britishonionmarketingboard.wordpress.com>

"I had the most delicious baloney sandwich today with red onions and field greens on very fresh bread. I was shocked how good it was."



Main crop British onions are available fresh from the fields in August and September. I need to be sure I'm not buying Mexican spring onions in the British summertime. I just bought two onions because I felt guilty buying only one. A restaurant I pass daily serves 'British tapas'. I've no idea what that means.



**THE BRITISH ONION
MARKETING BOARD**

Andy Bavel

(Tom Jenks)

STRICTLY ONIONS

Rumours regarding a new Saturday night show were discussed at the board meeting on the 13th September. The BBC's director of television, Danny Cohen, hinted to press that he will work as a "runner" for the cause of the onion. Following the recent declining figures for *Strictly Come Dancing*, it has been hinted that he is looking to bring back the earthiness and sense of community back to Saturday evening television. "We have been extremely busy at the coal face", he hinted, "roasting the core of our Autumn fayre". This plan echoes the recent BBC Series, *Out of Me Swede* in which Chris Tarrant spent a year with a turnip, revealing to the root vegetable the past demeanours that he refused to share with journalists. Mr Jobs, of the Board, said this could be a turning point for the onion. The board then discussed the possibility that Bruce Forsyth might lend himself to a pressure group for this series. Mr Forsyth had led the 1975 campaign 'A Nation of Onions' and had recently been spotted in a deli-bar in Hampstead ordering the emmental and red onion on toasted rye.

(Chris McCabe)

ROBERT ROBINSON'S ONIONS

Mr Fowler alerted the board to the existence of a splinter group, The Onion Council of Britain, which has been formed by a group of disgruntled ex-BOMB employees, including Mr Horne, who was dismissed after inappropriate behaviour during last year's away day, for which reparations are still being made to the West Rutland Wetlands Centre for damage to a birding hide, a display of local produce and several grebes. Covert operations by Mr Fowler revealed that Mr Horne had made an approach to the comedian Roy Chubby Brown in the Halifax branch of Holiday Inn to be the face of the breakaway organisation. Mr Brown is said to have rebuffed the offer in robust terms, but Mr Fowler has reason to believe that approaches are even now being made to other celebrities such as Bradley Walsh, Neil and Christine Hamilton, and popular game show host Richard Whiteley. Mr Smyth pointed out to Mr Fowler that Richard Whiteley died on 26th June 2005. Mr Fowler said that Mr Horne and his associates would stop at nothing. The board agreed that premature action would do more harm than good, and charged Mr. Fowler with a watching brief, asking him to compile a dossier for inspection at the next meeting. In the meantime, approaches should be made to other celebrities to boost the board's profile. Mr Allen suggested John Prescott, who is playing Widow Twankey in a local production of Aladdin this Christmas. Mr Fowler suggested popular game show host Robert Robinson. Mr Smyth pointed out to Mr Fowler that Robert Robinson died on 12th August 2011. Mr Fowler said that where there was a will, there was a way.

(Tom Jenks)

THE RELEASE OF CAMERON'S ONIONS

Mr Wilkes of the board showed members a document that revealed hundreds of onions had been sent between David Cameron's opponents as the Prime Minister made plans to take complete control of the governmental alliance. The document revealed the extent of the manoeuvrings by Nick Clegg's acolytes which had become clear to Mr Cameron's advisers. Mr Wilkes revealed that Mr Cameron had become so concerned about attempts to topple him that he had an onion painted black which he carried in his pocket through corridors of Whitehall. Whenever suspicions were raised he would pull the onion from his pocket whilst saying the word 'Cheddar' three times. The onions were released by Benjamin Wegg-Prosser who was Director of Strategic Chutneys and Condiments up until September last year. This frenzied air at Number 10 was revealed in an email sent by Wegg-Prosser to Mr Cameron: "We need to get people to understand what glimpsing the onion actually means. We can't allow a small number of MPs to threaten the symbolic power of the nation's most popular vegetable." Mr Cameron had since had a falling out with Wegg-Prosser and, the Board was told, would only now refer to him as 'Prickface'. To help alleviate the tension Mr Cameron had gifted the onions to Jamie Oliver as part of his rekindled Healthy School Dinners campaign. Mr Oliver had commented: "Wicked! I'm going to whizz these tangy badboys into a tart the kids of Dalston will never forget". Mr Wilkes then referred the Board to the next agenda item, an unpublished manuscript of poems by ex-board member Mr Prynne entitled *The Balls of Friction*.

(Chris McCabe)

SCENT OF AN ONION

Mr. Slease presented an idea for onion scented shower gel, to be sold in a ketchup style bottle and named *Scent of an Onion*, in tribute to the 1992 film starring Al Pacino, *Scent of a Woman*. Popular television chef Hugh Fearnley-Whittingstall has been commissioned to design the label, featuring a line drawing of Mr. Pacino. Mr Newman said that the drawing looked more like popular 1980s singer Shakin' Stevens. Mr. Addison intervened to say that he loved onions more than anyone, but he did not think this a marketable product. Mr O'Loughlin raised a point of order to the effect that he, in fact, loved onions more than Mr. Addison, as shown by the fact that he was appointed to the board in May 1996, whereas Mr. Addison was not appointed to the board until June 1996. Mr Fowler stated that they were both incorrect and that it was obvious that he (Mr Fowler) loved onions more than anyone, as attested to by his well-known activities promoting British onions in Norway, Bratislava and many of the Baltic states, not to mention the many events he had organised to bring onion growers together to exchange ideas and good practice, or the innumerable books he had written about onions, as mentioned in media outlets such as The Sale and Altrincham Advertiser, the QVC shopping channel, and BBC Radio 3's The Verb. A heated argument broke out, but was calmed by Mr Berridge, who requested it be formally minuted that all board members loved onions equally. This was accepted as workable compromise by all parties. Note to treasurer: damage to an antique porcelain figurine to be deducted from Mr. Fowler's next wage packet.

(Tom Jenks)

PICKLES ON PICKLES

The board heard from Ms Herxheimer that after long exertion of pressure The Rt. Hon. David Cameron had finally succumbed to a reshuffle of his cabinet and placed Eric Pickles in the role of Secretary of State for Homegrown Onions. This shake-up has meant that The Rt. Hon Vince Cable will now be moved to Secretary of State for the Documentation of Rhubarb and the Rt. Hon William Hague will occupy a new position as Secretary of State for King Edwards and other British Varietals. In this position Hague will be asked to remove the black cavities, often known as ‘eyes’, from the potatoes. Hague said: “This is an important new position which I’m not taking lightly. I’ve already been abseiling the drainpipes of my niece’s wendy house and reading deeply into The Borrowers. It is right and fitting that we should deal with this situation first before heading into Syria”. Mr Cameron was alleged to be delighted with the shakeup and tweeted: “I am glad to have rectified this anomaly in my cabinet. At last we’ve got Pickles on pickles!”. The board attempted to reach Mr Pickles himself but he was dining at Spicy Buffalo Wings, Croydon, and unavailable for comment. Ms Herxheimer referred the members to the next agenda item which was the yet-to-be-addressed overspend from the Christmas dinner at Nando’s in December 2012. Mr Riviere remained perplexed as to how the board could have spent £3,312 pound over one lunch when Nando’s was a non-licensed establishment. It was agreed by members to adjourn this item until the next meeting, as the invited colleagues from the Bushtucker Ministry had just arrived from Australia, and due to the potential exports of the British Onion into the outback the members felt that this required full consideration for the duration of the meeting. The board was surprised to find that Steve Irwin was one of the visiting members who confessed that his death due to a stingray off the Great Barrier Reef was actually a stunt to allow full momentum to be added to the forthcoming Onions for the Outback campaign.

(Chris McCabe)

MAGIC ONIONS

Mr. Halsey warned the board of the dangers of a new strain of onion entering Britain from the Netherlands which looks like a normal onion, but has mind bending hallucinogenic properties. Mr Halsey has set up a small sub-committee, comprising himself, Mr Emmerson and Mr Stephenson, to investigate the effects of the vegetable, known on the street as the Marco van Basten. The sub-committee have conducted a number of experiments under controlled conditions in a secret location on the Wirral. Mr Halsey reported that eating the onion had made him feel as if he was an Aztec priest, officiating at an ancient ritual to honour the god Xiuhtecuhtli. Mr Emmerson said he felt as if he was a soldier in the English civil war. Mr Stephenson said he had felt, variously, as if he were Katie Price, a driving instructor from the Isle of Man, and an ancient monument. Mr. Fowler said that swift action must be taken and suggested the launch of a punitive crackdown which he dubbed Operation Salad Bar. Mr. Emerson asked what was so wrong with loosening up now and then. Mr. Fowler asked if he wanted to end up like Syd Barrett, or Rastamouse. Mr Stephenson said that someone was climbing up him and asked the board to call the National Trust urgently as he had heritage status. Mr. Halsey excused himself from the meeting to pop to the all night garage for some Pringles.

(Tom Jenks)

WEIGHT WATCHERS

Due to recent confusions it was agreed by the Board that this would be a ‘double-meeting’ to catch up on some pressing matters that were in need of urgent resolution. Ms Simons opened the meeting by asking for a show of hands for those in favour of the Board moving away from paper documentation towards a digital storage solution. Just then a group of twenty or so women entered the meeting, wearing pink lycra suits and carrying ankle weights. It transpired that the council had double-booked the meeting room for a new Weight Watchers class taking place each Wednesday. Mr MacDonald made a conciliatory gesture of offering the women a cookie from the tea tray and lay concussed after the tray was flung back at him. As Mr MacDonald received treatment from paramedics it was suggested by Ms Kelly that the meeting should continue down the pub and the woman could have a free run of the boardroom. The women said that was all well and good but given that their tutor hadn’t arrived due to the mix-up who would lead the class? Mr Fowler stepped forward and asked if they’d prefer a straightforward Bums n’ Tums or a more advanced Kickfit session? The rest of the Board adjourned to the pub leaving Mr Fowler in charge of the class. Mr Thurston was last to leave the building claiming that Mr Fowler’s voice could be heard rising above a Ministry of Sound compilation saying: “Ezra Pound didn’t write the Cantos without feeling the burn!”

(Chris McCabe)

About the Authors

Chris McCabe's poetry collections are *The Hutton Inquiry*, *Zeppelins* and *THE RESTRUCTURE*. He has recorded a CD with the Poetry Archive and has had work included in numerous anthologies. His plays *Shad Thames*, *Broken Wharf* and *Mudflats* have been performed in London and Liverpool. His collaborative work includes *Pharmapoetica: a dispensary of poetry* with Maria Vlotides, which was shortlisted for the 2013 Ted Hughes Award. His first prose book – *In the Catacombs: a Summer Among the Dead Poets of West Norwood Cemetery* – will be published by Penned in the Margins in June 2014. He works as the Poetry Librarian at The Saison Poetry Library and teaches for The Poetry School.

Tom Jenks has published four poetry collections, the most recent being *Streak Artefacts* (Department Press) and *Items*, a 1000 fragment verbicovisual sequence (if p then q). *On Liberty, Repressed*, a database treatment of John Stuart Mill is forthcoming on Knives Forks and Spoons Press and his oulipian Microsoft Excel translation of the *Book of Genesis* is forthcoming on Stranger Press. Other projects include *An Anatomy of Melancholy*, a Twitter re-write of Robert Burton's *The Anatomy of Melancholy*. He co-organises The Other Room reading series and website and administers the avant-objects imprint zimZalla.