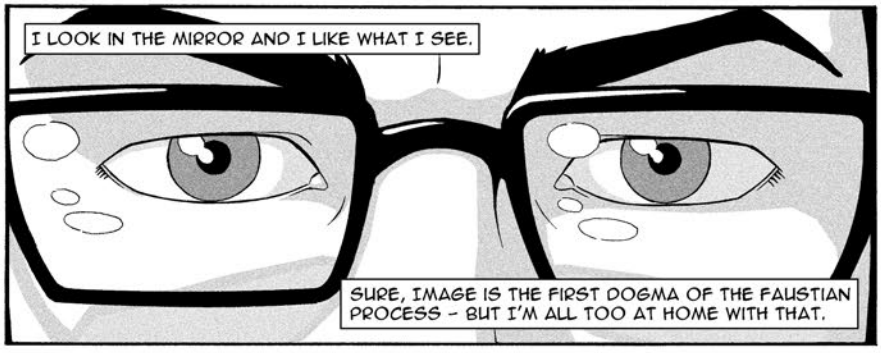
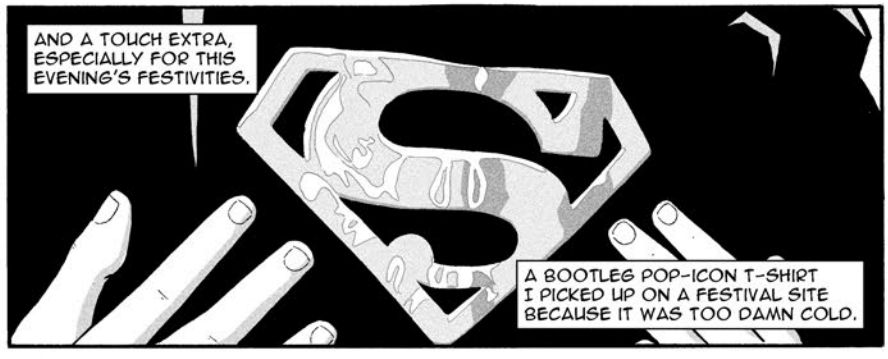
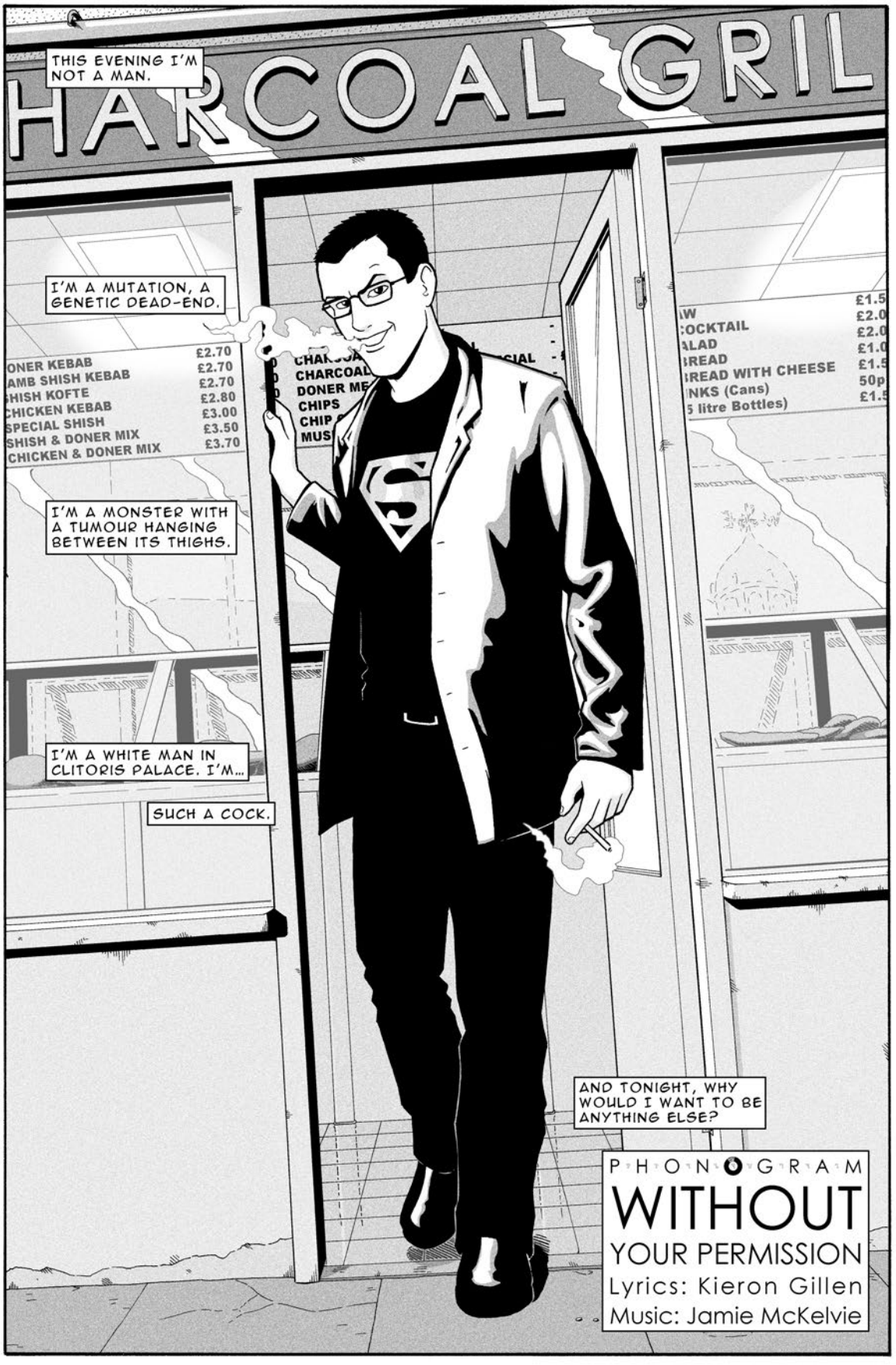

I LOOK IN THE MIRROR AND I LIKE WHAT I SEE.
SURE, IMAGE IS THE FIRST DOGMA OF THE FAUSTIAN PROCESS – BUT I'M ALL TOO AT HOME WITH THAT.

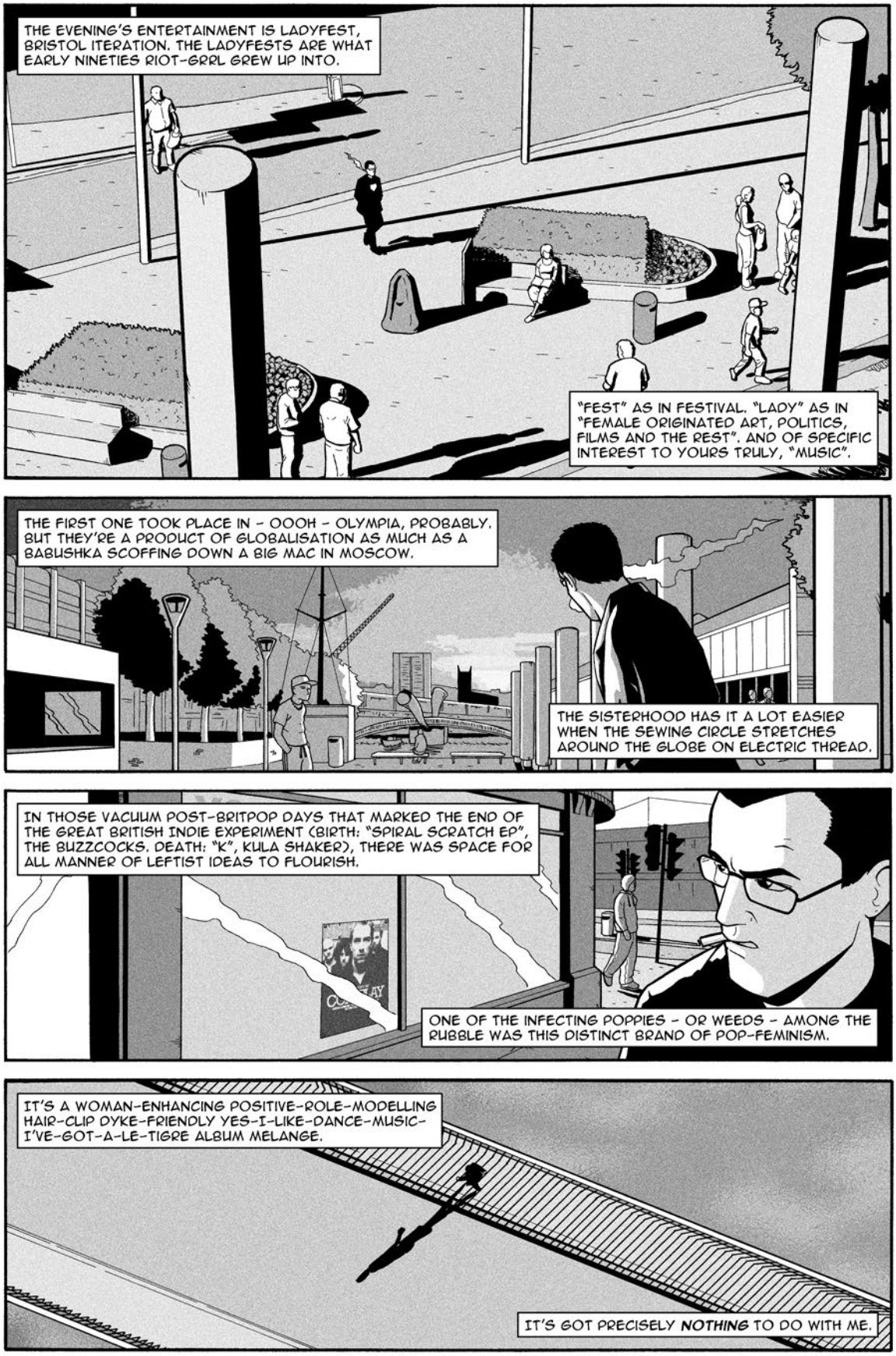
BUZZCUT LIKE A SQUADDIE ON THE TOWN.
GLASSES LIKE AN EXISTENTIALIST POET.

BLACK. BLACK. MORE BLACK.
STILL THIN ENOUGH, JUST.


AND A TOUCH EXTRA, ESPECIALLY FOR THIS EVENING'S FESTIVITIES.
A BOOTLEG POP-ICON T-SHIRT I PICKED UP ON A FESTIVAL SITE BECAUSE IT WAS TOO DAMN COLD.

PLASTIC COAT PACKED WITH SILVER FLUID. ARTIFICIAL ENOUGH TO MAKE YOU THINK IT'S FILLED WITH CHERNOBYL WASTE.
TOXIC AND MALE. UTTERLY NOXIOUS. TOTALLY PERFECT.


THIS EVENING I'M NOT A MAN.
I'M A MUTATION, A GENETIC DEAD-END.
I'M A MONSTER WITH A TUMOUR HANGING BETWEEN ITS THIGHS.
I'M A WHITE MAN IN CLITORIS PALACE. I'M...
SUCH A COCK.
AND TONIGHT, WHY WOULD I WANT TO BE ANYTHING ELSE?
PHONOGRAM
WITHOUT
YOUR PERMISSION
Lyrics: Kieron Gillen
Music: Jamie McKelvie


THE EVENING'S ENTERTAINMENT IS LADYFEST, BRISTOL ITERATION. THE LADYFESTS ARE WHAT EARLY NINETIES RIOT-GRRL GREW UP INTO.
"FEST" AS IN FESTIVAL. "LADY" AS IN "FEMALE ORIGINATED ART, POLITICS, FILMS AND THE REST". AND OF SPECIFIC INTEREST TO YOURS TRULY, "MUSIC".
THE FIRST ONE TOOK PLACE IN - OOOH - OLYMPIA, PROBABLY. BUT THEY'RE A PRODUCT OF GLOBALISATION AS MUCH AS A BABUSHKA SCOFFING DOWN A BIG MAC IN MOSCOW.
THE SISTERHOOD HAS IT A LOT EASIER WHEN THE SEWING CIRCLE STRETCHES AROUND THE GLOBE ON ELECTRIC THREAD.
IN THOSE VACUUM POST-BRITPOP DAYS THAT MARKED THE END OF THE GREAT BRITISH INDIE EXPERIMENT (BIRTH: "SPIRAL SCRATCH EP", THE BUZZCOCKS. DEATH: "K", KULA SHAKER), THERE WAS SPACE FOR ALL MANNER OF LEFTIST IDEAS TO FLOURISH.
ONE OF THE INFECTING POPPIES - OR WEEDS - AMONG THE RUBBLE WAS THIS DISTINCT BRAND OF POP-FEMINISM.
IT'S A WOMAN-ENHANCING POSITIVE-ROLE-MODELLING HAIR-CLIP DYKE-FRIENDLY YES-I-LIKE-DANCE-MUSIC-I'VE-GOT-A-LE-TIGRE ALBUM MELANGE.
IT'S GOT PRECISELY ***NOTHING*** TO DO WITH ME.

SO WHAT BRINGS THIS SELF-CONFESSED PHALLOCRAT TO WALK AMONG THE LADIES, GRRLS AND COLLABORATING GENDER-TRAITORS?
THE FLEECE
LADY FEST
PRIMARILY, IT'S ABOUT WHAT I DO: MAGIC. AND... EXCUSE ME ONE MOMENT.
DAVID KOHL. I'M ON THE GUEST LIST.
GO ON IN.
THERE YOU GO: MAGIC BY ANY DEFINITION OF THE WORD.
WHERE WAS I?

THREE REASONS, IN REVERSE ORDER OF IMPORTANCE.
ONE: EVEN IF I DON'T, EVERYONE ELSE HERE BELIEVES. THIS MEANS ENERGIES TO TAP.
TWO: I HEAR LADY VOX, A PHONOMANCER FRIEND OF MINE, IS HERE. WE'VE NEVER MET IN THE FLESH. IT'S TIME WE SHOULD.
THREE: TO GET LAID.
EXIT
LADYFEST: I HAVE COME FOR YOUR WOMEN.
THIS IS GOING TO BE FUN.