

GARY LE STRANGE
"The Sex Dummy EP"

Intro: Dandy on the Roof

A disused wasteground in 1979. I look around the desolation and all I can see are the fractured remnants of a dead society, collapsed under the weight of its own decay. The only thing that remains intact is a huge grey tower block, standing proud in the rubble like a great big concrete penis. Cautiously, I look through my telescope to see atop the tower, where a lone dandy dances in fine chiffon and silver thigh-length PVC boots. I squint and strain, but can only just make out the words he is mouthing - "Hello Gary. Why not come up to the roof and dance with me? Come on, mate. I'll give you a bag of chips." Like a rat following the Pied Piper, I walk towards the broken steel door, to begin my slow ascent. Will I ever be the same again?

Ballerina

Ballerina, Ballerina
See him dance across the stage
Dressed in silk as white as milk
A hero from a bygone age

Ballerina, Ballerina
See him prancing in his tights
Pirouetting in the mist
Just like some old heraldic knight

Look at him go, he's a special treat
Dancing around on his blessed feet
He's really cool, make no mistake
And he's really amazing in Swan Lake
Lake

Ballerina, Ballerina
Look at you with all your mates
All the girls think you're a hunk
And everybody thinks you're great

Ballerina, Ballerina
I wonder what you eat for tea
I bet it's something posh like duck and chips
Or chilli con carne

Look at him dance on the battlefield
Mincing about with a sword and shield
Look at him whirl, look at him spin
With his bouffant hair and his silver chin

You're really funny
You've got lots of money
You move like a train on a river of chrome
And you go "Whoa Whoa Whoa"

Ballerina, Ballerina
Now you have to catch the plane
Fly off back to Russia
Or wherever you come from again

Ballerina, Ballerina
Blasting off into the sky
What a shame, I'm so upset
I shake my angry fists and cry

Part 2: The Elevator

Once inside the tower, I begin to climb the stairs, but realise the next 300 floors will totally bush me out, so I stop to use the elevator. Cautiously, I step inside, attempting to ignore the age-old stink of ancient urine, and press the up button. But the lift goes down. "Shit," I think. "Does nothing work in this fragmented post-nuclear apocalypse?" As the lift continues its hellish descent, I begin to read the graffiti. "Caz loves Billy." "Billy loves Caz." "Call this number if you want to suck my enormous 4-inch cock." And then I see the equations. X over Y equals Z . π over θ equals Ω to the power of Ulysees squared. And my mind drifted, back to a time before the beginnings of the universe, when all that existed were numbers and shapes and the abstract relations between them. If only I could go there, what marvels would I see?

Geometry

I was sitting in my bedroom
Thinking about triangles
So I got out my ruler
And I drew one on some cardboard - it really looked amazing

I showed it to my mother
And she stared at me blankly

She didn't understand it
And with a wave of her hand, she made me feel like a dog turd

Architects and flowers
Use the same mathematic powers
There's elegance and poetry
In the beauty of geometry

I wrote a letter to Lego
Expressing my disappointment
That they don't do dodecahedrons
But nobody wrote back to me and I was really very angry

I went down to their office
Stood outside it with a placard
Saying "Make dodecahedrons"
Then a big bloke in a suit came out and pushed me down a banking

Oh why don't you like me?
Is it because I paint my face grey?
Or because I talk through a Speak and Spell machine?
Or is it my unhealthy obsession with geometry?

(spoken)

*So now I'm alone in my bedroom.
Just me and a raggedy old teddy called Crispin,
And a silver marker pen I bought from WH Smiths.
It's an expensive one, you know - it costs 29 and a half p. Most kids can't afford that.
I use it to write the catalogue numbers on my videos.
I've got a Betamax, cos they're more professional so they're bound to last longer.
For a moment, I stare into the middle distance, and then I start drawing triangles all over
the walls. Slowly at first, then I build into a frenzy and start drawing pictures of robots
and circuit diagrams and designs for sado-masochistic fashion shows.
Then My Mum comes in and plays merry hell. I tell her it was all Crispin's fault, but she
doesn't believe me and says I'm grounded for a month.
She doesn't understand anything about me.*

Or the wonderful, exciting, sexy world of geometry!

Part 3: The Subway

Finally, the elevator stops, and I find myself in a murky subway, lit only by
fluorescent green globs of slime on the walls. The floor is wet with sludgy brown

water, the air thick with the stench of sewage and radioactive chemicals. I am about to retreat back into the relative safety of the lift, when out of the murk steps a gang of humanoid shapes, their beige skin glistening like vinyl, their blank eyes dead and unmoving. As they reach their inflexible arms towards me, I realise they are not men. They are shop window dummies, and they want me to play with them. It only takes me seconds to realise that I am madly and passionately in love.

Sex Dummy

I saw you in a shop front yesterday
And I had to take you home
With your plastic legs and your shiny face
Hey man, you're looking cool

I dressed you up in silk and lace
And a pirate's hat and cape
Then we went down town
And danced the night away

People say you're just a fantasy
But they don't know how much you mean to me
People are cruel
And they call me a fool
But they don't understand
Sex dummy

I took you down to a disco bar
And they all thought I was weird
When we sat in the café drinking wine
They said I was a spacker

It's getting hard and I can't go on
Why won't they accept us?
I've got a good mind to blow them all away

People say you're a monstrosity
And everyone I meet is scared of me
They say I'm mad
But they're wrong and they're mad
They are all just jealous
Sex dummy

(spoken)

I took you round the back of the supermarket, over by the disused factories and the high-rise tower blocks, beneath the concrete underpass. You looked beautiful in the moonlight, your plastic skin shining under your bright leather studded cowboy pants. I told you I loved you, and we made love in the car park, one last time up against the wall. Then I threw you on the skip like a load of old rubbish. I won't forget you, sex dummy.

Then I sprayed myself in plastic
Now I really look fantastic
You may be gone
But I'll still carry on
Now I'm just like you
Sex dummy

Part 4: Into the Light

After my adventure with the dummies, I emerge back into the open air, to find myself in a lush green wonderland filled with flowers and birds and effervescent sunshine. The air is scented with sweet perfume, the sounds of children and laughter rippling in the sky like a multicoloured blanket of fun. I don't like it.

Grey

Waiting for a 1930's train
On a suitcase in the rain
I fade to the distance and fade back again

Leaning in a darkened underpass
With a robot made of glass
In a pinstripe suit, a Pierrot hat and a David Niven tash

Purple and green, they're too seventies for me
Yellow and red - well, I just wouldn't be seen dead
The only colour that's any cop is grey

Sitting in a Rolls Royce by the wharf
With my chauffeur, he's a dwarf
He looked at me with his cold, grey eyes and said,
"Gary - get those multi-coloured clothes awf."

Black and white - well, they're just not right
The former too dark and the latter too light
The only colour that's any cop is grey

The only things I like are grey
Androids, answer phones and Polaroids of clay
Old ladies in a French café
Whose hair is grey

The only things I like are grey
Volcanic corpses in the ruins of Pompeii
Great concrete slabs in Haringey
All painted grey

I only like grey
Well, I suppose silver's OK
But that's still grey
In a shiny sort of way

Grey
Grey
Grey
Grey

All is lost. All is lost. Well, for a bit anyway.