



*"By the people, for the people"*

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# GUARDIAN ANGEL RELAUNCH

## By the editor

A little over a month ago it was suggested that what Lovely needed was another newspaper. I have to agree. Having spent some time looking through the archives of the GA I've come to realise exactly what a paper does for our country. It's not just the reporting of news that makes it so important. Although that can be very useful, our slow publication means most news is no longer news when it hits your screens. The most important role of a paper for our nation is the recording of events for later nostalgia, for an analysis of 'how it ever came to this' or maybe even for posterity.

So the GA is back. Newly reunited, newly enthusiastic, we even have a new website. If you would like to join in, we would love to have your help and support. Most importantly, we need you to read our work. Come and see us.

GA office <http://z7.invisionfree.com/citizensrequired/index.php?showtopic=227>

Or email us at [mailroom@thega.org](mailto:mailroom@thega.org)

I would like to welcome everybody back. It makes me very happy to see you all again, and I'm very proud of the hard work that has gone into our first issue.

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## The DVD released! (again)

## By CoolMin

'A Slice of Magic', 'Brilliant', 'Just Plain Mental'. But enough about me. What about the long awaited DVD release of How To Start Your Own Country? Ok. I admit that these quotes are about the DVD, they are printed on the lovely

yellow cover - but are they true? Is it worth the money? What's on it and what is the 'Secret Hidden Surprise'? I will leave the surprise to the end in order that you read this all the way through, and no sneaking off to read it just now!

The DVD was at last released 'properly' on the 18th June 2007 after a previous launch in 2005 which was subject to an immediate recall. A few copies did manage to escape into the wild at that time, but for many of us that didn't catch one then our breaths have been collectively bated. And so it was with excitement that I found it for sale in the shops last month, HMV asking £20, W.H.Smith were a little better at about £17 for the two disc set with all the smashing bonus bits. Amazon now are charging under £13 but I didn't have the patience, and so £17 lighter I raced home to watch it. It was good. It was very good. But it could have been better. When the series was shown on TV I loved it and so, I suspect, did you. Well most of you did anyway. The DVD has the entire six episodes along with all the episodes of Citizen TV. For that alone it's worth watching again, after all that's what started our country. The DVD also has extras such as The Making of the National Anthem, and Danny's shot at Eurovision 'and loads more'. There is also a game which only we can play, it's called spot the citizen. There's ID! There's Veersoon! There's ID! There's Saz! There's ID etc. My only complaint is that I would have loved to see more about the website on it as an extra, possibly some kind of update by Danny about how the country grew online, how it has led to so many regular meetings, traditions, a large web presence, how it has affected people's lives even. I was very disappointed that the Citizen's TV episodes which Danny made to be shown online on the CR website weren't included, the Christmas party one etc.

If you don't want to know what the Secret Hidden Surprise is turn away now. There is a nice bit of footage showing some of the series being filmed, it's hidden under a flag, but I won't tell you which one, after all I don't want to take away all your fun.

Bottom line? Buy it! Or wait a bit longer and bag it at an even better bargain soon.

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NEWS

# Wallace Watch

**By Amber Prophet**

Danny Wallace: The Leader to some, some bespectacled bloke to many, and to us? The King! What has the King been up to then? Starting any more countries? No. Cults? Nope. Going on weird journeys and writing books about them? Well, now that you mention it...

Most recently Danny has been starting work on a new book. He voyages round the world looking for old school friends and is writing his adventures down in a tome to be published July 2008. He travels from Berlin to Tokyo, from Sydney

to LA. He even goes to Loughborough. He meets Fijian chiefs, German rappers, some ninjas, and a carvery manager who's managed to solve time travel. Sounds worth a read!

Many people would leap at the chance to go to New Zealand for three months for "work" and Danny was no different. However the "work" involved watching a group of castaways mostly shouting at one another and calling each other names as they attempted to survive in the terrible wilds of a New Zealand beach. And so it came to pass that we, the citizens of Lovely got a regular dose of regal ramblings on BBC 3.

After returning from the Antipodes, he threw himself into the filming of another series of School's Out, this time testing the academic credentials of Rory Bremner, Sandi Toksvig and Ricky Groves amongst others. In this series of the show, along with the established quick fire subject rounds and the French oral examinations, we were soothed by the dulcet tones of that staple of British primary schools: the recorder.

So what next for Mr Wallace? How to predict the direction of a man who has already voyaged to the centre of the universe, sparred with Anne Robinson and been spurned in favour of a chimpanzee? Rumour has it that a chat show is on the cards...

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# Lovely Roadmap

**By ID07**

The first place to visit when searching for the various Lovely forums is <http://www.lovelycountry.org/> which gives links and descriptions for 26 Lovely sites, about half of which are forums.

Of these, the following are currently active:

Beaugium, formerly a Principality within Lovely, recently declared Independence.

<http://excoboard.com/exco/index.php?boardid=19034>

Refugee Camp - originally became our temporary home back in March 2006, currently home to a small number of Citizens:

<HTTP://WWW2.PHPBB-HOST.COM/PHPBB/INDEX.PHP?MFORUM=RAZERBUG>

PARALLEL LOVELY - NO POSTS SINCE LAST MONTH

<HTTP://WWW.PHPBBPLANET.COM/PARALLELLOVELY/INDEX.PHP?MFORUM=PARALLELLOVELY>

NOT INCLUDED IN THE LINKS GIVEN AT THE LOVELYCOUNTRY SITE:

LOVELY HOME, ACTIVE IN THE FIRST HALF OF 2007, CURRENTLY NO POSTS THIS MONTH:

[HTTP://LOVELYCOUNTRY.PROBOARDS75.COM/INDEX.CGI](http://lovelycountry.proboards75.com/index.cgi)

LOVELY TOURISM, BRIEFLY ACTIVE MAY-JULY 2007, NOW CLOSED:

[HTTP://WWW.HOSTINGPHPBB.COM/FORUM/INDEX.PHP?MFORUM=LOVELYTOURISM](http://www.hostingphpbb.com/forum/index.php?mforum=lovelytourism)

MANY MORE LINKS ARE GIVEN IN THE LINKS SECTION OF THE LONGRUNNING CITIZENSREQUIRED YAHOO GROUP:

<http://groups.yahoo.com/group/citizensrequired/>

(includes almost 140 links in total)

Finally, aspects of Lovely are sometimes discussed on Danny Wallace's own forum:

<http://www.dannywallace.com/index.php?name=PNphpBB2>

This is by far the best place for getting a message to/reply from King Danny

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# Lovely, Lovely, Lovely!

## By Neo

Some time ago I announced the "Whatever Party" to lead Lovely against the forces of over-seriousness and all that rubbish. Well, with the upcoming election, I will like to announce my candidacy for the position of Prime Minister!

Party or not, it does not matter, my core beliefs are:

- To follow the [constitution](#) (<http://lovelycountry.proboards75.com/index.cgi?board=government&action=display&thread=1176750604&page=1>) laid out by Monty some time ago, and establish all of the inherent bits and bobs in there.
- Withdraw from the micronational world entirely, and make us totally neutral in the process. We will deny that any other micros even exist.
- Boost our population and promote Lovely online and, if possible, out there in the real world! A new ministry of tourism will be set up charged with just this task – really just a glorified think-tank.
- Form a government of power and dignity – all the big hitters in Lovely society rolled into one. Impressive is not the word – I have my plans for a cabinet already and you'll all benefit.
- Finally, an extension of Lovely society into other realms. All kinds of sites will become embassies of sorts – remember, until we're independent, Lovely is one big embassy!

A vote for Neo will be a vote for our future. My plan is to begin a six-month plan of action that will basically create a new Lovely from the bottom-up, with you and your interests and your wants and opinions central. Government will be slimmed after this plan and a simple "rules of government" thingy made so that it's no longer any kind of worry. Another aim of mine, you see, is to push

politics out of Lovely as much as possible, so it's no longer the elephant in the room. That being said, the government will be given power and privacy more than ever.

The dark horse, the hidden gem – Prime Minister Neo.

Vote for me!

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# Green Issues

**By PAsTA**

No, not a copy of the GA with a coloured background. I'm talking about recycling, climate change, ecological stuff.

In the wake of Live Earth, which seems to have received a mixed reception in many places, I thought I'd do a bit about the environment. There were allegations of hypocrisy levelled at many of the participants in Live Earth, with many of the bands having a rather hefty "carbon footprint" with all their private jets, masses of equipment and expensive lifestyles, not to mention all the power used for the lights and amplifiers at the event itself. Cynics pointed at ulterior motives, not just of the artists, who may see it as a fashionable bandwagon to jump on, but of the man who was central to it happening, former US Vice-President Al Gore: maybe it was all a publicity stunt to raise his profile with a view to running for President again in a few years' time? I'm not so sure about that myself, I think he is genuinely interested in trying to do something, but there may be an element of self-aggrandizement. This is, after all, the man who, it is said, claimed to have "invented the Internet", although he may have been taken out of context – American politics as a minefield of allegations and counter-allegations.

Back to the subject then, Climate Change: despite a recent Channel 4 documentary put together by a very small minority of scientists who actually refute that this is a man-made effect, the vast majority of the scientific community appears to be in agreement that it *is* happening, they only dispute amongst themselves the degree and rate at which it is happening.

We all know a few things we can do to help, but to what extent is the message actually sinking in? Do you leave all your electrical devices on "standby" rather than switching them off? Have you replaced your light bulbs with energy-efficient ones? These are the usual ways of helping that are suggested, but they only skim the surface of the problem. Electronics companies should be developing more efficient, lower-powered devices. Combined devices like "smart" mobiles would be a good idea, since we would all need fewer devices if they could be combined into one, but the problem that remains is that of fashion and our "throwaway" society, so that people like to have the latest gadget, and end up with several phones along with multiples of other gadgets. Likewise with cars: the latest "hybrid" electric/petrol cars may be better for the environment than more traditionally-powered counterparts, but if "old" cars

are scrapped to make way for them, there is a hidden cost. It isn't always straightforward, and whilst some claim that it is more environmentally-friendly to keep an old car running for as long as possible, who knows when the balance tips the other way, and it becomes a liability with its emissions and oil leaks?

Air travel is another difficult one: we all know that aircraft make a significant impact on the environment, pumping out all sorts of nasty stuff directly into the upper atmosphere, where it is more fragile, but equally we all want cheap travel all over the world. It's easy to see it as somebody else's problem, and why can't we go where we want? It's environmental responsibility against personal freedom, and human nature dictates that the latter is more likely to win out for most of us.

The picture isn't all bleak. New ideas are coming along all the time, together with efficiency improvements, and the political will to actually act seems to be gathering pace, as Live Earth demonstrates, for all its faults. But at the end of the day, unless we can all be persuaded to change the way we live in some fairly radical ways, the more we delay any changes, the more extreme those changes will have to be.

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# Muddy West Country Music Fueled Field Fun

**By Schafe**

So there I found myself braving the elements, music playing loudly crowded around a tent in a field in Somerset. Wind, rain nothing was going to stop fun being had, not even the pitiful turn up with only four people making it to the picnic could dampen the good spirits.

It began much as it was to continue an unorganized whimsical journey in which the only aim was to picnic in Bristol an aim we did indeed meet. With people pulling out prior to the event those who to be organizing it being myself and the delectable Meow couldn't be arsed to organize much beyond meeting at a time and a place. This led to a disorganized but fun day as first on the agenda was picking up a tent to shield us from the elements. This was purchased on the cheap and thus we had all we needed almost. Two tents would've been great and catered for us all but I was over ruled in favour of the single tent which was kept by the women folk who let the men folk (myself and The Lark) contract all sorts of diseases from the hideous conditions which had caused the downs to be deserted by all bar us and the occasional dog walker. The Lark had suspected trench foot though it later turned out his feet always smell like that.

The Tent did act somewhat as a windbreak though and we sheltered behind it as we picnicked and enjoyed ourselves. Food was eaten, music played, dancing occurred, photos taken, a wig donned. We all experienced what it felt like to be Status by wearing a cap that had "Status" written on it.

After the picnic we hit the pubs, drank and were merry. Well Meow was, no one else was hitting the booze so she deemed it fit to drink for all of us, even though I am much bigger than her. Then came the parting of ways and I and The Lark found ourselves waiting an hour and five minutes for a heavily delayed train home.

In the end it was good, more people would've made it merrier but it wasn't to be. Another one is hoped to be arranged once the summer starts again and before it finishes so possibly sometime in August, just have to try and get it organized, which judging by this last attempt is allot to ask for.

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# Glastonbury 2007

**By PAsTA**

Way back in about April, I think it was, I made a special effort to get up early one Saturday morning to spend a couple of hours at my PC, refreshing the link to the Glastonbury Festival Ticket site and redialling the number on my phone. Just as I was about to give up, it finally appeared on my screen: the order form for tickets! Unfortunately, all the "regular" tickets had gone, but the chance was still there for the "coach package" at an additional forty-odd quid, making two tickets in excess of £300 all in. It sounded expensive to me, but then again, tickets to see just one band these days are often over £100, and after all, this was Glastonbury, a truly "iconic" event (as the current buzzword goes). I really wanted to go, and DOTA was equally enthusiastic, so having got that far, I had to go ahead. I shut my eyes and clicked "ok" to order the tickets. No going back now!

A couple of months on, and we took a taxi to Colchester at 5.30am to make sure we got there in plenty of time for the coach, due at 7.30am. Of course, it was nearly an hour late, but we were finally on our way.

After many, many hours caught in traffic jams on the M25 and M5 and, of course, for the final 30 miles or so as huge numbers decided to turn up early this year, we struggled with our heavy bags to the camp site and selected a suitable location. After struggling to put up the tent in the windy, but thankfully dry conditions, we set off for a tour of the site. There were all sorts of weird & wonderful displays and stalls, from sculptures fashioned from scrap car and aircraft parts (some of them robotic) to charities encouraging the use of bicycles, meditation tents, stalls selling everything from clothes to food to supposedly legal (and sometimes apparently not-so-legal) substances aimed at improving one's feeling of well-being – well, this was Glastonbury, so what did we expect? I hasten to add that as a responsible parent (!) and lifelong abstainer from smoking and (mostly) alcohol, the only substances that

permeated our bloodstreams were obtained through passive absorption from the local atmosphere, which was at times quite pungent...However, a certain well-known Citizen of Lovely was later heard to say that she might purchase a small quantity of "herbal speed" from one of the establishments on site, although I understand that she was persuaded not to. Not that it would have made any difference to her general demeanour anyway...

No, we weren't the only Lovely Citizens present at Glastonbury – Lady Londoner and her other 'arf Komrade Kris were there too from Friday, which made the event doubly brilliant for us. The irrepressible LL and somewhat more restrained KK were great company. LL has attended Glastonbury many times before, and intends to be back again next time...you have been warned!

Wednesday night was noisy: people were continuously arriving and pitching tents. I think I had had about 30 minutes sleep when this enormous cheer went up. I thought it must be mid-morning, it was so bright, but a look at my watch confirmed that in fact I had just been awoken at about 3.30am by the revellers on the other side of the valley seeing the sun rise for the Summer Solstice...

We spent much of Thursday touring the site, I bought DOTA some hippy clothes from various stalls and we looked at the ecological stuff in the Green Fields.

So, onto the music. On Friday morning, DOTA & I positioned ourselves right at the front of the Pyramid Stage for the opening act – Adjágas, a Norwegian outfit we knew nothing about. Neither, it seemed, did much of the rest of the crowd. The lead singer started off singing alone, with no backing, a repetitive phrase, gradually increasing in intensity until he had worked himself into a complete wailing frenzy. I'm sure it was meant to be very intense and deeply meaningful, but I must admit that we, along with most of the crowd that we could see, found it slightly preposterous in its pretentiousness, and there were more than a few giggles among the audience, and cheering when he finally left off. To their credit, they did play a quite interesting set of songs after that, in a sort of Scandinavian-folky-indie style. Apparently, the word "adjágas" translates as "the mental state experienced during the transition from being asleep to being awake", so maybe that was what he was trying to portray...

Next up were Scottish indie band The View, an up-and-coming band that were quite lively and went down rather well. Later, we met up with KK and LL at the top of the field and watched Amy Winehouse, who was pretty good, followed by the Magic Numbers – excellent, they seem to have a slightly amateurish charm that translates as rather a pleasant experience, no barriers are put up by any pompousness or clichéd posturing, just warmth and good songs. Later that evening we elbowed our way into the mosh pit to experience an excellent performance by Kasabian, which was one of the highlights of the Festival. It got a bit lary in the pit for a short while, lots of pushing & shoving, at which point I dragged DOTA to a quieter area to one side before anyone got hurt. We settled there for the evening, and saw most of the Arctic Monkeys'

set. To be honest, I'm not really a fan, and I wasn't persuaded by their performance either, it seemed a little "distant", but the crowd loved them (as did DOTA). I was highly impressed by the speed and proficiency of the bass player though – how can anyone play bass that fast?

As I recall, Saturday morning was particularly wet, and just when we thought it was safe, the heavens opened and we dived for cover into the nearby John Peel tent. This was actually quite fortunate, since I'd intended to catch Grim Northern Social anyway, and there they were – hopefully they will be on a major stage next time, they were energetic, original and well worth a listen. Then it was over to the Cabaret Tent (dodging the downpours), where we were entertained by several pretty good Radio 4-style comedy acts, followed by the worthy-and-undoubtedly-talented-but-ultimately-slightly-dull Attila The Stockbroker (political folk singer/multi-instrumentalist). But then our spirits were raised by the incomparable John Otway, still largely doing the same act I have seen him do twice, and the last time was 20 years ago, but still hilariously funny. And quite apart from "Really Free" and what was apparently voted recently the Best Lyric Ever ("Beware Of The Flowers Cos I'm Sure They're Gonna Get You – Yeah!"), "Josephine" is actually a very good song.

We managed to struggle back through the crowds and mud to see Lily Allen on the Pyramid Stage, she was pretty good and the crowd loved her. I made a conscious effort to avoid Babyshambles (I used to like The Libertines, but PD is a self-destructive media-targeted over-hyped caricature and shouldn't be encouraged, in my view). We caught a glimpse of Paul Weller on our way to The Other Stage, where Maximo Park excelled themselves and really struck a chord with the audience. I'm not that familiar with their stuff, but really enjoyed their performance.

After a particularly difficult and frenzied quest to locate the Acoustic Stage, we arrived in time to squeeze to the front to hear Nick Lowe doing a very personal set, just him and his acoustic guitar. Even DOTA was impressed by the melodic simplicity and story-telling qualities of his songs, and I was struck most by the purity and strength of his voice and the depth of feeling he expressed. It may have been a low-key performance, but I thought it was one of the most powerful and memorable, and it was a highlight for me.

Then for a complete contrast – one of DOTA's mates had recommended Ozric Tentacles as a must-see, and I'm glad we took notice: they were on very late at The Glade, in amongst the trees. With their early Pink Floyd-inspired light show and hypnotic combination of dance rhythms with rock guitars and wailing synthesizers, plus a particularly thick cloud of, err, "atmosphere" pervading the tent, it was a somewhat cosmic experience...There was a slightly unnerving moment at one point when the band stopped playing, and one of the members shouted "There's somebody in trouble down here at the front, get a First Aider!" They waited until assistance arrived, everything was apparently ok, so they gave the thumbs-up and started the song again.

The next day, we skirted round the front of the Pyramid Stage just as the

National Youth Orchestra were introduced as historically being the first full orchestra to play an outdoor festival. They played a mean version of "Fanfare For The Common Man" to a rather small audience, which was a shame, but despite wanting to stay for a little more, we were heading for Left Field to hear Tony Benn speak. Except this was 11.00am, and he wasn't due to speak until 3.00pm, much to my disappointment, and to DOTA's annoyance at having made such efforts for something she wasn't really interested in anyway. But we did see Carnival Collective play a few songs, which was quite entertaining and brightened up the morning a little.

We met up with LL and KK in our usual spot at the top of the Pyramid Stage field and saw Dame Shirley Bassey warbling away in a way that only Shirley Bassey can. The audience seemed curious but strangely unmoved.

DOTA and I made a strategic move down the field as soon as Shirl had finished, manoeuvring our way into a good spot for the Manic Street Preachers. Another highlight, they lived up to expectations and delivered the required mixture of anthemic, emotionally-charged Welsh Rock. Self-deprecating humour and excellent songs played well with the crowd, and prepared us all well for the quirky, funny and generally brilliant Kaiser Chiefs, ideal Festival material with their carefully-crafted singalong songs designed to get the crowd whipped into a frenzy. Finally, what we'd all been waiting for arrived: The Who, legends, old farts, whatever, they can certainly still play, and Roger Daltrey's voice hasn't faded yet. Pete Townsend still delivers blistering guitar solos, the improvisational spark is still there too. I still don't understand why Pino Palladino, supposedly one of the best bass players in the world, managed such a lacklustre solo for My Generation, which ought to be the focal point of the song, but instead he stumbled over it and didn't seem to know what to do with it. A reasonable approximation of the late John Entwistle's original is all we need, after all. That aside, the band were great, Zak Starkey fits in really well – he may not be Keith Moon, but he has his own style and is one of the most distinctive drummers around these days. Having since watched a DVD of the BBC footage, they must have had problems positioning their microphones due to the hi-tech, highly-directional PA system at The Pyramid, since it was crystal clear when we were there but the BBC stuff sounds muffled and badly balanced.

After their encores, we rather unwisely tried to make our way to the Dance/Fire Stage to see Bill Bailey. The rain started to come down even heavier than before, we were struggling to find our way there in the dark, and when we finally made it, the sound was turned down so low and the crowd was so vast that there was no way we were going to hear anything. We saw him bound enthusiastically on stage, looking his usual manic self, but all calls from the crowd to "TURN IT UP!" were ignored, and the rain got worse and worse. We headed back to our tent, and in the process, our raincoats finally gave up being waterproof – we were completely soaked through, and the next day we had to get up early, pack away and go home. Little did we know what lay in store for us...

(To be continued...)



Lady Londoner and PAsTA



DOTA with The Mark of Glastonbury



DOTA, LL and Komrade Kris



Sheltering from the rain again...



The Green Police (and real ones!) No further explanation required.



some

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THE TRUTH



Your Letters... Your Opinions...  
Your Voice

*The Truth is delighted to have been asked to go back to it's voice of the people roots and publish all your letters and opinion pieces and as always if you wish to remain anonymous, The Truth will publish you under our name.*

# Letter to the Editor

Hey nath

The question remains can we make the GA good again now that so much has happened.

Despite certain members of lovely being committed to the message boards and lovely in general we find ourselves unable to live with each other. Here's my prediction, within the next year prolly before Christmas there will be an almighty row over what constitutes a citizen being a welcome member of our society or an absolute outcast due to the fact some citizens are blatantly stuck up their own arses and fail to recognise that a country is full of different folks with different strokes. The 'so called' troublemakers have long outlasted those who whine and moan at every opportunity because they, don't like swearing, think someone's bullying when they're not, dislike someone's sense of humour cause it doesn't match there's. The place is full of hypocrites and this will be proved.

I hope the GA is a massive success again and i will write for you if you want. Trouble is I Predict a Riot.

Love , Peace and jammy dodgers,

giddsey

*A Riot... we hope not - the riot squad disbanded almost a year ago to say nothing of the Lovely Constabulary. The Truth is confused that the "so called trouble makers" as they are referred have supposedly out lasted other citizens what ever their views. We here are sure that the innovators of old are still around and still paid up members of Lovely the county: Loyal citizens of King Danny, they perhaps, are simply not choosing to do so with the afore named, so called, "trouble makers"*

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## ***THE JOKERS WHO WOULD BE KINGS***

*In the begging it was a simple idea, a king was the guy who felt they should be king. Usually this person felt that this right came from almighty God (although latter it came from his mum or dad... or in the event of much family tragedy, from his great great grand ma twice removed on his fathers left side) and usually involved the use of big swords, or other peoples big swords, to enforce his rule.*

*In the Kingdom of Lovely (the clue there is in the KING part) the king was, as is tradition, the guy who felt they should be king, and to be fair, although... as*

*far as we know... no swords were used in the making of this nation... this guy worked rather hard to be king.*

*First, he pitched the idea to the BBC, a penny pinching organisation who revel in stealing our money to watch any TV shows even ones they don't make...*

*"Hello beeb I want to make a show about starting my own country, and I want you to pay for me to fly around the world to do it, and host a live after show and then an internet forum for many months AFTER the shows over and you're not getting any more money"...*

*well we assume he pitched it better than that.*

*a' voilla it snowballed and tens of thousands of people joined (although 9's of thousands of these immediately lost the use of their fingers and failed to ever post on the forums...)*

*And for a time, it was good, lots of people posting lots of different things, and the status quo reigned (much as the king did, infrequently yet always there...)*

*We spawned universities and radio stations, we built towers and football pitches, our national team played micronational teams. We printed newspapers, had a post office and a staffed police force, an army, navy and air force, we had transport links and a lively government and political system.*

*Then it all went a little pair shaped. Many shouted loudly (many in fact to this day specialise in just such a pursuit) that we were a free country! we should let anyone say what they wanted! (and pretty much they wanted to swear at those they deemed to stupid to agree with their obviously superior logic). We didn't need a king and that those loyal to him did moan and complain unduly and spoilt all the fun...*

*No one is sure what happened next although we know it is we who scorched the sky... no wait... that was a different story.*

*Next the "proper citizens" stayed and made many new homes, driving out those who didn't agree (well they didn't agree.. they couldn't have been any use anyway, could they?), they ruled them as they saw fit, they allowed swearing and cleansed with flame and pie fight of those heathens who dared question them! They set about creating a new flag... but then, all the real Lovely items such as where created in the beginning bore the 'Purple Square' so this would be recognised as the real flag no matter... bummer... and they didn't agree on a new one anyway.*

*Well in that case there would be a new name! This... however was flawed, for they wanted Lovely, they wanted the history, they wanted the universities and the radios and the newspapers, they just wanted free rein to run the place!*

*So then... a new king was needed, one who would denounce the old "elite", one who would operated within the school yard politics that now existed.*

*Let us VOTE for a new king one valiant man cried.*

*ah... you see we should have told you there would be a quiz at the end. What is a king? a ruler appointed by God who can stab/convince everyone he is the king... he is not someone voted in...this would make him a prime minister or president...*

*Still Beaugium is a Principality with a King instead of a prince ruling it so what's a bit of semantics between friends?*

*and thus no really decision for a new DemocrataKing was made...*

*And their in lay the problem. No movement was made at all. Those who would innovate, those who would have drive and would go above and beyond had been driven off their passion by those who remained, who labelling them as spoil sports and whiners.*

*Closed signs now hung on the doors of post office, police station, radio station, newspaper office and government house.*

*The country was better... surely? Some people could swear and express negative opinions in a childish way about people! This was freedom! Wasn't it?*

*Ahh, except it seems those driven out where the very people who made this nation, and didn't simply populate it. Drat, Oversight...*

*But fear not! the GA returns! is this a harkening back to the glory days? But wait... it's a few old, wrong, obviously stupid, loyal to Danny folks who are producing this... Drat. No, I'm sure they can't be right.*

*A harkening perhaps, but as the old innovators returning with a vague hope they are already being driven off by those who remain, the jokers who would shuffle the deck and be king may find that the Kingdom of Lovely still exists under it's king with it's loyal subjects... The ones who made the nation great... and that the jacks, aces and jokers playing school yard rules are Kings of nothing more than a free message board.*

*I know, in the words of Monty Python's Inquisition... "hang on, I'll come in again!"*

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# Letter to the Editor

**By Babs.**

Well, now may not be a time to say I told you so, but.... Anyway, welcome back GA!!!! (Note extra punctuation for emphasis readers! Be emphasised!)

With a brand new GA, comes the same old babs. Most of you I have not spoken to in months, others like Pasta and ID, I spoke to just yesterday. It has been a weird few months. Emptiness, no Lovely, none of those people who I grew to know so well. It seems a very dark place, but now it is returning. I think maybe now would be a good time to fill everyone in on what's happening with me at the moment.

Basically, since I decided that Lovely had turned its back on what it once meant, both to itself and to me, I focused more on Beaugium, but more particularly on my ever drawing hobby of micronationalism. I was still involved with Lovely, just you guys didn't know it. Lovely's micronational territories may be insignificant to you guys, but to the rest of the micronational world, they are very important. Lovely regularly came under attack for various reasons, both verbally, and in the course of various micronational wars Lovely has participated in. I tried my personal best in all those wars, and in the verbal onslaughts, to protect Lovely's honour, and together with ISIT, Lord Montague and Strangelove, successfully did so.

The hobby of micronationalism took over my life quite rapidly and I spent most of my time hanging around the MCS, the première organisation for mapping micronations. Whilst there I built up a new set of friends and helped guide those just beginning on to a prosperous future. However, my internet usage had gone right down.

Of course, I have still not gotten over the shock that Nikki didn't win Big Brother last year, but this year I am backing fabulous Laura (and Albert the houseplant) for victory. Hopefully, like I did with Nadia and Anthony in previous series, I have tipped a winner. Hopefully my position as the GA's resident Big Brother anorak is still available!

I have missed everyone in Lovely a lot, and hope that as soon as I get internet back, I can get into contact with everyone once more, and rejoin the wonder that is the GA.

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## Letter to the Editor

Dear Sirs,

On a recent stroll through the Sports Grounds and Recreation Parks of Lovely it occurred to me that the youth of Lovely are missing from our national sporting activities. I've seen the middle-aged and the elderly enjoying a stirring game of Bowls, and even some of the more vigorous members partaking in a spot of Cricket or Golf. Nowhere can I find the adolescent engine-room of our Great Nation enjoying the fresh air and exercising their ample muscles in the pursuit of vigorous exercise.

Where will we end up if we do not encourage those youngsters among us to take up bat and ball and express themselves through the wonderful spectacle

of team sports and activities? Are we willing to sit by and let ourselves become a nation of sloths and idletons?! Do you not agree that without pushing our young-folk in to a spot of strenuous physical exercise we will create a Nation known across the globe for its victories in the obesity statistics!!

Something MUST be done to encourage the taking up of a good dose of old-fashioned P.E. We must enrol those Citizens who are fit and able in as many sporting programs as we can, and as soon as possible. Hopefully we can reverse this growing trend towards couch-potatoism, and perhaps build a squad of fine athletes who can compete with the best at the forthcoming Olympics in foreign climes.

I hereby suggest the formation of a Body of Fitness to oversee the moulding of our future through the regime of sport, and I for one look forward to seeing many a finely toned firm young thing exercising on my lawn of a morning. There is no better way to start the day than breathing in some fresh air and admiring youthful exuberance!

Yours Sportingly,

Colonel (Retd.) Oswald T Disgusted of Onebridge Tells

PS - The shorter the shorts, the better, WHAT!

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# Opinion

**By CoolMin**

Ok, I had came up with a rather good idea of something to write for the new Guardian Angel, I knew it was a good idea because Nathalie said it was and that's good enough for me. When I first formulated the Good Idea it had the potential to be interesting, to be humorous, to be readable, indeed even to be a work of some note, one worthy of being read all the way to the end. I saw Pulitzers, I saw Bastiats, I saw... well actually what I saw was a blank page looking back at me when I sat down to write and I hadn't a clue how to fill it. My Good Idea wasn't working properly, somehow it had got broken in my head. Careless, I know. Sorry.

I re-read the e-mail from Nathalie which we writers get (I like to say 'we writers', it makes me feel special), primarily to check the deadline, which as I write this is 32 minutes away, and I looked down the list detailing what everyone was going to write, hoping maybe that my name had been left off, that Nathalie hadn't heard me or something, and therefore having broken my Good Idea wouldn't matter. But No, I was there. Rob, it said... opinion.

Opinion. When had someone last asked me for an opinion ? When had my name and the word 'opinion' both been last used in the same sentence in fact, without the words 'wouldn't' and 'ask' somewhere in between. I actually felt

pretty good for a second or two, even if it was for the wrong reasons. So I thought, hey, I'm just going to give my opinions since I appear to be being asked to. I have opinions on many things, some of them pretty major but with 21 minutes and closing I know I would have to leave my big opinions to one side and instead freely give some of my littler ones. Everyone should eat healthily, you'll thank yourself in later life. People should decide what makes them really happy, and do it more often, unless obviously they are some kind of deranged axe-wielding madman (or madwoman) who likes nothing better than a good decapitation in which case this opinion doesn't apply to you. Don't park in disabled spaces, unless you are disabled (being lazy is not the same thing). If you work for company which gives you security badges please don't wear them when you are not at work, I don't know why but there is something vaguely annoying about that. Local government workers seem to be particularly bad for that. Walk more. Be nicer to people. Listen more.

So time's almost out (7 minutes left, I type slowly) What was my Big Idea I hear you ask ? It was basically something to do with the new Citizen's Reunited board and how I have high hopes for it bringing people together again, taking us back to what we were in the early days of Citizens Required, but with the comfort of friendship and familiarity thrown in. There was to be a really interesting bit about how, since Leafstorm hit the pause button on the old site we all went separate ways, joined or started new sites, but always remained Citizens, about how you can leave Lovely but Lovely doesn't leave you. How, at some level our little country becomes a bit like the place you think of as home. A pretty major bit of the Good Idea was how Lovely has born so many friendships, how they are strong, good, real and can survive and thrive no matter what.

That's my opinion anyway.

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# The Inexhaustible Quest For The Lost Tribes Of Lovely

**By ID07**

...we came in?

So there we were, in the middle of a GA staff meeting, the first since last August (discounting the previous week's, which was technical stuff about the website rather than contents of the next issue) and what did I do? I forgot to keep posting and following the action, that's what. But I had a reason, I was talking to Nat about stuff, like the fact that we won't get answers to any questions we might ask King Danny, because he already gave those answers to Neo for his book. And Neo won't say what they are, obviously, because he hopes to get his book out some day and his answers from Danny will be one of its strengths. \*coins a new word "DANNEO" to refer to that whole thing\*

Which leaves us basically Dannyless. Somewhere. Where? We've been all over the blimmin' place for a long time (it's eight months since the LS board closed) and in that time we've made homes for ourselves left right and centre Byluph (now very quiet), Sanctuary (closed), LAREV (closed), the short lived Rebirth board (Closed) Rev's underground hideaway place (sorry I forget the name of it - Closed) Um... that other short lived forum (ditto), er... and some others probably. Then there was Schaf's "Lovely Home" Spexico City (never caught on, but still sitting there like a ghost town) Saz's Lovely Tourism forum (closed)

What remains of the pre-existing forums? Parallel Lovely is almost dead (the other day when I looked it was locked, but has since been unlocked again - no posts this month though. Prof Strangelove put up a notice in the otherwise quiet Royal Lovely Constabulary Ministry Of Information and Lovely Army forums and maybe elsewhere (I dunno all of them, who does?) Here's the one in the RLC:

"The Royal Lovely Constabulary regrets to inform you that Civil Inaction has lead to widespread apathy, which is currently affecting most of the infrastructure. If you do require assistance, you may have to deal with it yourself, or shout very, very loudly, and hope that something will come running. We apologise for the inconvenience. Normal service may be resumed, or it may possibly cease altogether. Only time will tell."

And he seems to have since pootled off somewhere.

Which leaves only those old stalwarts Beaugium. What does all this mean? It means all them flippin' forums, with the sole exception of Beaugium which has declared Independence anywah, are either closed or very very quiet. Everyone (pretty much) is on the new Lovely Reunited, or has vanished elsewhere. Elsewhere? Yeah, y'know - myspace, facebook, blah-blah-hearditallbeforewhydontchachangethebleednrecordmate-blah... Where are the Lost Tribes Of Lovely? Here we sit, you and me, us lot, the usual shrinking gang, not wondering cos we don't give a flying one - except perhaps we should, cos it's us.

Yeah , you read that right - WE are the Lost Tribe Of Lovely. Evidence: There was this bloke, see, and he started his own country in his flat, got a flag made, an anthem, currency, et cetera. Made a TV series, which loads of people watched. Some of those people posted messages to each other on a forum, which eventually got closed so the remaining people posted on another forum, which ditto so the remaining people of the remaining people posted on the various forums listed above. They (we) ended up at Lovely Reunited, a long way from the starting point - lost somewhere, as far as The Nation Of Lovely knows. How far away from Lovely are we? Put it this way - after over 19 months of waiting for the DVD to be released, only one of us, as far as I know, has bought it now that it's out.

Isn't this where...

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FUN AND GAMES

# Horoscopes

**By TomHenry**

## **Aries**

Arians, the cruel and misguided amongst peoples of the zodiac, are in for a rocky ride this month. All your evil machinations, plots and general wickedness will not gain you the world domination that you so desperately seek. Your relationships, often with unsuspecting members of the sweeter, more affable signs, will suffer as people suddenly work out what a dishevelled wreck of a human being they've been living with all these years. Also, The Inland Revenue will discover that additional account.

## **Taurus**

Your cautious side will be to the fore this month, as you decide not to enter a Richard and Judy phone competition.

## **Gemini**

Tomorrow morning, you will be locked out of your car, as you will have posted your keys to Milford Haven during tonight's drinking spree. Your bizarre foot injury means that you can not walk, nor use one of your many antique bicycles to get to work. The bus is late, and when it eventually does get there you realise you don't have any change. The driver, formally trained by the Czechoslovakian army, punches you in your hung-over face, and you wearily go home. After walking the quarter of a mile back to your house, you realise that you can not get in as you have no keys and your wife is out with her "driving instructor". Your mobile is locked inside your car, so you can not contact one of your three friends to give you a lift, so you resign yourself to walking to work. Calling in at half-past 12, you are sacked for a mixture of reasons; your bloodshot eyes, your lateness, the fact you rang your boss calling him "a big pile of hamster piss". Dejected, you gather together your change and head to the nearest off-licence. You spend the rest of the afternoon drinking Frosty Jacks outside Blockbuster Video. When your wife gets back at half past eight, you discover she is leaving you for a man twice your age, and is taking the house, the car and the cat. You go to bed, penniless, drunk and single and realise your radio is stuck on Talk Radio...

## **Cancer**

Your experiment with the nipple grease goes drastically astray.

## **Leo**

Whilst listening to a collection of rock and roll greats, a thought crosses your mind. A few minutes later you forget about it. It's a shame, because that thought could have made you a million.

## **Libra**

You walk out your house, get in the car, go to work, eat your lunch, do a bit more work, and then go home. And repeat for the rest of the month. One

Thursday, you'll be mildly disappointed when the cricket over-runs, and they cancel a repeat of Ronnie Barker's Porridge that you were hoping to catch.

### Scorpio

All that work you've been doing for untrustworthy Arians is coming to end this month. You celebrate by gate-crashing a bar mitzvah, and get drunk on too much smuggled-in Rice Wine. You will regret the nudity in the morning.

### Virgo

It's a shame you're a virgin, because you're nice and flexible.

### Sagittarius

Sagittarians don't read horoscopes. If you are reading this, you're probably an Arian and you're reading this to get some information about your next door neighbour. I can only show disdain at your behaviour. You scum.

### Capricorn

After winning £20 on the dogs, things take an odd turn, when you realise that it is 3 degrees lower for you than it is for the rest of the human race. Asking your mother-in-law about it, she blames the fact you don't eat enough vegetables and fresh fruit. You will come to appreciate the wisdom of her words because as the month progresses your temperature improves dramatically, no doubt down to your increased greens intake. By the end of the month, you are barely a half-a-degree lower than your husband, an untrustworthy Arian.

### Aquarius

One word of advice. Don't trust Arians. Especially if you are out on a cold night in Soho, do not let an Arian walk too closely behind you, because he will crush your monkey-nuts that you have been cradling in your arms.

### Pisces

Your drug-fuelled orgy will come to a sticky end.

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This may turn in to a fixture if it's successful. Send in any picture you feel ought to be included, be it your own or one you found. Only one per issue, so make sure it's a good one.

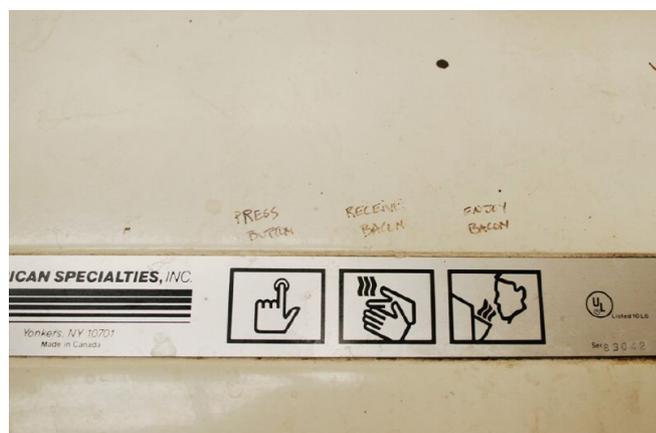
# Bacon Dispenser

## Found by Peachy

Press Button

Receive Bacon

Enjoy Bacon



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# Guest Weather



Brought to you courtesy of Telford's Bicycle Shop, Main Street, Kota Kinabalu, Borneo  
"Bikes To Please."

Here all week it will be sunny – thank you.  
Wednesday is a good day for a bike ride – thank you.  
Please buy my bikes – thank you.

Elsewhere the weather will be different, except where it's not.

Thank you.

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# Four film quiz game

**By Amber Prophet**

**Find name film from clue.**

1, Luke, Papa here!

2, Girl write year book. Want love. Also want lose wait. (Huge arse slid down pole)

3, Yank/Rome land clan kill folk. Boss, huge chap. Puts pony head into beds.

4, Cute fish girl sing. Want legs.

5, Chap with claw hand kill many teen. "Don't rest eyes!"

6, Poor chap love rich girl. Boat sink. Weep.

7, Fish lost. Papa seek.

8, Cap'n Jack want boat back.

9, Tiny chap find ring. Evil folk want ring. Must toss ring into fire. (trio part)

10, Many legs life form bite teen. Make teen able walk upon wall.

World renowned explorer and adventurer Trevor Faeces has agreed to give the ~~Other Times~~ Guardian Angel exclusive rights to publish extracts from his autobiography "Trevor Faeces: Man of Adventure". Trevor was famously the first white man to discover the lost polyester mines of King Solomon. In this extract Trevor talks about a strange encounter in darkest airing cupboard

## CHAPTER 9:

# The Lion, The Witch and the Airing Cupboard

**By Revolutionary1**

I climbed into the airing cupboard, past the boiler and into the darkest shadows. I could feel cold air brushing past my face. Suddenly I found myself in a snow filled forest. I'd seen better forests, but not inside an airing cupboard before. As I ventured deeper into the forest, I stumbled upon a strange fellow. He had the hindquarters of a deer, yet the torso and head of a man.

"Hello," I said, "what the fuck are you?"

"My name is Mr Turdus," the freak replied, "and I am a human/deer hybrid."

The human/deer hybrid revealed I had stumbled into the magical land of Narnia. I asked him if there were any other magical lands of Narnia, which could potentially threaten legal action against any future autobiographies I might write featuring this encounter. He replied that he didn't know. Mr Turdus then agreed to give me a guided tour of Narnia. As we walked he filled me in on his family background.

"My father was a groundskeeper for Queen Victoria. My mother was a deer on one of her Majesty's estates. It was fate, I suppose," said Mr Turdus, musing on his parent's brief but passionate love affair. "My father left soon after I was born to fight in the colonies. He never returned."

I then questioned Mr Turdus on the magical land of Narnia. He proceeded to tell me of Narnia's current troubles. Apparently there were two rival factions, led by a lion and a witch respectively. Mr Turdus seemed to be supporting the lion's faction.

"Brian the Lion is the rightful king," said Mr Turdus. "He only has the one law – Be Good. Plus his name rhymes."

"His name doesn't rhyme," I replied, "you're just pronouncing it wrong in a pathetic attempt to make it rhyme."

Mr Turdus lapsed into silence, sulking at my refusal to acknowledge the rhyming compatibility of the words Brian and Lion. I grew both hungry and irritated by the human/deer hybrid's behaviour. I drew my service revolver.

"This is the end of the line, I'm afraid, Mr Turdus. I need to eat you," I said in a kindly tone. He didn't take it too well.

"What are you, some kind of cannibal?" he snorted in contempt.

"Absolutely not. I'm just going to eat your deer bits," I replied, and shot him in the face. I then made camp for the night.

The following morning I ate a Mr Turdus sandwich and considered my situation. I decided to explore Narnia further. After a few hours of hiking through the enchanted forest I was interrupted by a booming voice.

"Ho there, Son of Adam. Welcome to Narnia." There was a great lion in front of me, sunlight shining on his magnificent mane. He was speaking through his mouth.

"Bryan the Lion, I presume?" I asked, and the lion looked displeased.

"No, not Bryan the Lion. You're not pronouncing it right, I'm *Bryan the Lion*. It rhymes, see?" I didn't see but kept this to myself as he looked quite dangerous. Bryan started speaking again. "Son of Adam, you are here in accordance with prophecy. You must help me defeat the evil witch and restore peace to Narnia."

"Can we drop the whole Son of Adam business?" I replied. "It sounds a bit racist to me. My name is Trevor Faeces."

Just then the witch showed up accompanied by a rather vicious looking dwarf. "What the hell's going on here then?" the witch asked, upon seeing the lion and I together. Bryan the Lion roared in anger and then had a piss against

a nearby tree, perhaps to mark the territory as his own. "Your time is over, witch!" he roared (again), "this Son of Adam is going to help me defeat your evil once and for all!"

"Hold on a second there Bryan," I said, "I haven't agreed to help anybody out."

"You must help me, Son of Adam. Look at her, she's a red!"

"A red?" I asked.

"A communist. She's been spreading her commie propaganda all over Narnia. She wants to build railway lines and tractor factories everywhere."

"You stand in the way of progress, you fascist right wing bastard!" shrieked the witch. "I stand for a united Narnia, where everybody is equal."

"Everybody is equal? The mouse, the beaver and the rabbit standing together with the humans?" Bryan asked.

"Well, not the animals obviously, that would just be stupid. But the humans would be equal, maybe some of the monsters that look a bit human from a distance. I always found Minotaurs to be committed to the Socialist cause. In any case, it's better than what you offer, Bryan. You should be in charge just because of some dodgy prophecy? You want to establish Narnia as a fascist fundamentalist state."

"It is the way of things. I represent goodness and nature. Be Good is the only law." Bryan said, gravely.

"More pseudo- religious bollocks!" The witch screamed. " Be Good is a totally impractical law, and there's nothing natural about talking bloody animals, mate!"

By this stage I'd heard enough. Bryan the Lion and the communist witch were screaming at each other, and the political arguments were going over my head. I'd made my decision anyway, I was going to shoot Bryan. I loaded my elephant gun and shot the talking lion to death.

"Thank you, comrade," the witch thanked me. "I take it you are also a communist?"

"No," I replied, "I just fancied turning Bryan into a rug for my library."

"Fair enough, I'll help you skin him then."

And thus my adventures in the magical land of Narnia were over.

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# Lovelydoku

By Peachy

9	4	2			1	8		
	6		4			3	9	1
3		1			6			4
	3	9	2	6		5		7
4	1			9	7	2		
5	2					6		
2			1					6
		3					7	
		4				9	3	

Puzzle 0011