

THE

21 ST.,

(-6)

EDITION:

OF

STRAW



SPLODE - Editorial

A small SPLODE only deserves a small editorial. When I first took this job as editor of SPLODE I was warned it would be only temporary. It looks like coming to an end pretty soon, if this week's contributions are anything to go by. Last week, a bumper; this week, **THESE** (to be pronounced falsetto).

Still, I suppose we did produce an extra early in the week, lest we be left with a memorable happening which had become a dead story. That must be some comfort, although I have considered the possibility of publishing it again.

Ah, 'twas not thus of yore! Know that this miserable scrivener was le Sieur de Fichetoi, he known as Boitouz, name of dread! At Tenchebrai I fought till I had only one inch of sword blade left to fight with! At Cambrai I had fifteen horses shot under me! At Acre I struck down the gates of the city with a blow of my fist! Yet let me not boast. (or if you prefer the term, bullshit).

And who has not heard of Jean l'Ivre, hero of Genève and Labière? Or of Andre Lecommandant, known from Gascony to Francoonia as the terrible Groeventre? Though they deeds may be forgotten, the world can read their words!

And do I not remember Henri, Duc de Navarre and King of France, from The Sleeve to the Medi!

"You Majesty," I said to him....

"Yes, sir, " he repliid..... God, I'm getting old.

1. The editor can take no responsibility for the vagaries of the design staff. This week I can't afford to reject anything.

2. The Greek for SPLODE is *σπλόδος* . The Greek for ftang is *φράγγ* .

A very personable but rather impecunious young man entered a well known furriers in Bond Street late one Friday afternoon. He was accompanied by a very beautiful, but ~~very expensive looking~~ young lady.

"Good afternoon, Sir," the manager of the shop greeted him, "Can I be of any assistance?"

"Yes," was the reply, "I'd like to purchase a coat for my friend here. "

The manager showed them a large variety of furs and eventually the lady chose a very nice sable, costing somewhere in the region of just over a thousand pounds.

"Fine," said the young man. "Actually, we're just off to the country for the weekend, so if you'll take a cheque, we'll collect the coat next week, and that will give you a chance to clear the cheque with my bank." So saying, he and his companion left.

The manager did indeed attempt to clear the cheque, but the young man's account nowhere near covered the cost of the coat. When he called back the following Tuesday, the manager, rather embarrassed by the situation set about explaining that he wouldn't be able to take the coat away with him.

"Of course not," the young man laughed, "I didn't expect to. As a matter of fact I just called in to thank you for a fantastic weekend."

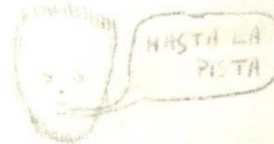
We are the bar room brawlers
And merry men are we
We drink all night
Before the fight
Until too pissed are we



A bushy wop is Fonjlik
(This is a pseudonym)
With falling stools
and gin in pools
What shall we do with him?



There in the Halley bar room
His face rests on his chin
Stretched out, supine,
Just too much wine
And beer and rum and gin

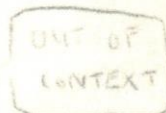


(THE NOSE)

Jonesey boy's a reg'lar
Drinks ethanol you know
With ethanol
or espagnol
He'll make the evening go



The quotes book, oh the quotes book
With many a pearl of wit
Flicko's got the most in
Cause he talks a load of *hit



Wel now I'll end this poem
I've nothing else to say
Except that I'm
Sure opening time can't be that far away.

