

SPLUDE Editorial

As you all know, the editorial policy of Splode is normally one of either light bad-inage or good honest vituperation. This week, what you get is culture. You get something to think, yes THINK about, under the heading:

PLUS ÇA CHANGE? PLUS C'EST LA MÊME CHOSE

Lord Tennyson, although a favourite of Queen Victoria and her beloved Al., is widely considered today to have been a berk of the first water. One of the inanities he uttered was as follows:

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new."

Now this is a load of balls. In many ways the old order doesn't changeth at all, and so that you can get a glimpse of the Old Country's Glorious Past, I would like this week to have a look at what we were like nearly 400 years ago. The Fid who might have sailed with Sir Francis doesn't look all that different from the one who actually does sail with Tom PM.

James Howell, writing in 1642 ("Instructions for Forreine Travell"), said:

Travellers there be that have ever a custom to be relating strange things and wonders, and they usually present them to the hearers through multilying glasses and thereby cause the thing to appear far greater than it is in itself.

True? How about John Earle ("Micro-cosmographie" - 1628):

The kitchen is his Hell, and he the devil in it, where he and his meat fry together. Cholerick he is, and it is a shrewd temptation that the chopping knife is so near.....

Are you a physiology subject? If so I would call your attention to the works of one Nicholas Breton, writing in 1616:

He persuades abstinence (sorry about the language) and patience for the benefit of health, while the chief courses of his counsel are bleeding and purging..... He is much haunted with urinals.....

Have you been lately enjoying the delights of dog travel? They had a word for you too:

They cause first the beasts to fight, and then put in the fist to part them.

1632 Donald Lupton "London and the Countrey Carbonadoed"

About one of higher placed citizens, William Shakespear had this to say:

Don Pedro: Hath any man seen him at the barber's?

Claudio: No, but the barber's man hath becom seen with him, and the old ornament of his cheeks hath already stuffed tennis balls.

Don Pedro: Indeed, he looks younger than he did, by the loss of a beard.

"Much Ado about Nothing" Folio edition 1623

Thômas Nashe, in his "A Wonderful Astrological Prognostication" of 1591, could spot them even closer than that:

Others shall have noses like swine, that there shall not be a feast within a mile, but they shall smell it out.



And lastly, another word from the Master: (Romeo and Juliet)

1st Servant: Where's Potpan, that he helps not to take away? He shift a ~~XX~~ trencher? He scrape a trencher?..... Potpan! ..... You are looked for and called for, asked for and sought for in the great chamber!

3rd Servant: We cannot be here and there too.

Apparently even three-man gash didn't work in these days.

Now, for those that can't stomach the culture bit, I noticed a medical story in last week's Splode. Well, if that's the way you want it, did you hear the one about the Harley Street surgeon who had three sons? No? Well, it appears that when all his sons had qualified (as doctors, you dirty minded fucker) he offered a prize of £5000 to the one that should make the greatest contribution to the advancement of medicine. Off they went to do their bit.

Now it had been arranged that all the sons should come back to the old homestead after a period of five years to report, and so we now shift the scene to five years later, when we see the white-haired father surrounded by his sons in the old family study. Son 1 (Alf) begins to make his bid for the ackers.

"Father", he says, "as you know, my big interest has always been in the field of limb transplants, so I joined the RAMC; since soldiers tend to have little arguments with land mines and the like, and I thought I might get a bit of practice in. I have now discovered an infallible method of replacing any limb (including heads), and my failure rate is less than .001%."

"Bloody great" says the old 'un. "What about you, Marmaduke?"

"Well," says Son 2, "I had much the same sort of idea as Alf. I have always taken a keen interest in plastic surgery, so I joined the RAF, since aircrafts tend to fall out of the sky, and when that happens, blokes get burnt to buggery. I can now remodel the entirety of a man's face from the inside of his foreskin."

"I like it" says the old codger (Don't we all?), then he turns to the last son. "What about you, Cedric? I don't suppose you'll come to much, 'cos you was always the black sheep of the family, but let's have it, and remember that there's 5000 nicker at stake."

"I" says Cedric, drawing himself up to his full height (5'2"), "am in the Merchant Navy. I can't put legs back on, and I can't make faces out of foreskins, but I do know how to weld a pair of tits onto the bosun's back, and you can stuff you'r £5000!"

Well, gentlemen, if I can fill two pages with editorial, some of you sluggards can get a grip and write at least something. Plagiarism seems to be the answer.

BIRTHDAY HONOURS

HAPPY BIRFTDAY NORM. THE RT. HON. ANDY SMIFT WILL  
AWARD YOU WITH A KNIGHTHOOD TO BE WORN DURING  
ARORAL OBS.

ONLY ONE WEEK TO EASTER AND CHIPPY STILL HAS'NT BUILT  
HIS CROSS YET. THIS WILL BE CONSTRUCTED USING EX 7"x 3"  
CANADIAN REDWOOD. AS IS TRADITION AT HALLEY BAY THE  
B.L. WILL BE AVAILABLE TOMORROW TO LISTEN TO ANY COMPLAINTS  
THAT MIGHT BE MADE OVER THE TIGHTNESS OF HIS LASHING OUT  
WITH THE SHERRY WHILE CHIPPY IS AROUND. AFTERWARDS HE  
IS TAKEN OUTSIDE AND BEATEN INTO UNCONSCIONSNESS WITH  
LONG LENGTHS OF DUNAGE. (HENCE THE EXPRESSION PALM SUNDAY).  
HO HO HO HO HO HO CHUCKLE CHUCKLE.

ANYWAY THE FESTIVE ACCASION IS BROUGHT TO A HEADY CLIMAXE  
NEXT SUNDAY WITH A PROCESSION LEAD BY THAT TRUSTY CANINE  
ARKID PULLING A BEAUTIFUL GOLDEN SHAFT TOP ACROSS THE  
BONDU TO CONNOCKS MOUNTAIN WHERE HE WILL BE HUMAINLY  
PUT DOWN. THE REJOICING WILL CONTINUE IN THE EX B.L.s  
OFFICE FOR FOUR DAYS AND FOUR NIGHTS WHERE CHIPPY WILL  
SEE IF HE CAN DRINK ALL THE BASE SHERRY.

(LISTEN FELLA'S YOU KNOW THAT THIS IS A LOAD OF CRAP  
AND I KNOW THAT THIS IS A LOAD OF CRAP, BUT DON'T TELL  
THE FIRST YEARS THEY MIGHT BELIEVE IT)

I WONDER WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO MISS CHRISTINE KEELER?

IF LACK OF SEX LIFE GETS YOU DOWN,  
THERE'S A GIRL IN OLD LONDON TOWN,  
HER NAME'S CHRISTINE KEELER,  
BUT IF YOU WANT TOFEEL HER,  
YOU'D HAVE TO BE LUCKY, BROWN.



### THUNDERBALLS.

The story of Guns Bury 007½ - licensed to kill (I.E. cook )

There are classier bars than the "Gold Room" of the Las Vegas Ritz, but you won't find them this side of the crab nebula alpha-siphiloris. Sitting around in the restaurant on that fateful June evening were a collection of the richest men in the world. Suddenly the diamond studded swing doors crashed open and in walked a young man, dressed with such sartorial elegance that he commanded the attention of every woman in the room.

On his feet were a pair of casual brothel-creeper, so casual that, as he shuffled his way across the room, he left a trail of rotten shoe leather on the mink carpeted floor. The knife edged creases in his B.D. trousers were magnificently offset by the gaping fly buttons. His Hardy Amis blazer, cleverly disguised to look like an old pyjama jacket, sported the exclusive badge of the Penguin Fuckers Club. Underneath the blazer he wore a dress vest, which had been washed less than a month earlier. On his head was perched a ventile trilby of unusual design. The ~~seraßer~~ young lady in the black rubber jump suit, who accompanied him had the look of a professional.

"Waiter," he said to Aristotle Onassis who was just passing on his way to the bar, "Take me to the best table. Spare no expense, the young ladie's paying."

"ΦΝΚ ΝΦΦ," said Onassis. \*\*

"Wee, wee, mong amy," replied the Bury in fluent French. "It's the only way to treat these Frogs," he muttered in an aside to his lady friend.

"Yer, Eee," she replied wittily.

Suddenly Guns froze, his eyes thinned to narrow slits, and both hands moved inside his trousers. Hidden in there was a Long John ground to ground intercontinental ballistic missile, with an armed 15 megaton nuclear warhead.

Following the direction of his eye, not the one that pointed up at the ceiling, but the other one, one saw, lying on the floor, drinking his lobster consomme from a soup plate, Shovelman.

How did Shovelman escape from tertiary syphilis ?  
What was Paul Shaggem doing in the Ladies bogs ?  
Did Guns let loose the horror inside his trousers ?

For the answers to these questions see Mark 22 verse 18.

\*\*

Fuck off.

Ode on first opening a can of Newkie Brown Ale.

Down in the Antartic,  
Were the bullshit flies thick,  
I was drinking some gin,  
In the bar with John Flick,  
When who should arrive,  
But the man who grins first,  
It was randy old Andy,  
The one with the thirst.  
He's tubby, he's chubby,  
He'll booze with delight,  
He drinks all the day,  
And he drinks all the night.  
The last time I saw him,  
Brown Ale's what he chose,  
To drink by the gallon,  
With that piss-head, The Nose,  
Now some men can drink you,  
The bar underneath,  
And one of the best,  
Is that boozier called Keith.  
He's thinking, he's drinking,  
Exchange is no theft,  
So he'll go to bed,  
When there's no beer left.  
There's another base guzzler,  
And his name it is Jack,  
It's really amazing,  
The booze he knocks back.  
He drinks in the morning,  
And he drinks after noon,  
When one case is finished,  
The next one comes soon.  
And there on the bar,  
In a sweater so spruce,  
Communing with God,  
Is an unconscious Bruce.  
He's scheming, he's dreaming,  
And then we will watch,  
As Bruce comes to life,  
To finish off the Scotch.  
And there in the corner,  
With a gin that's not small,  
Topped up with some tonic,  
Is a Jones, name of Paul.  
He's boozing, he's losing,  
All sense of the time,  
When the tonic's all finished,  
He'll make do with lime.  
On another tall bar stool,  
A young man's making merry,  
And no-One complains,  
When Paul B.'s on the Sherry.  
He's brewing, he's spewing,  
For you may recall,  
Not the strongest of stomach's,  
Has our chippy Paul.  
And though there's lots more,  
Of boozers on base,  
I'll have to stop now,  
'Cos I've run out of space.

Snowbridge.

EPIGRAM on first reading "Ode on first opening a can of Newkie Brown Ale."

Was he hurried, was he rushed?  
Did he fall or was he pushed?  
From the wall the heater's rived away  
Whatever happened to Tony J?

Anon

EPIGRAM on second reading "Ode on first opening a can of N.B.A"

Men of Harlech in the hollow  
Can you ever face tomorrow?  
"Cymru am byth!" the hero cried,  
At the hand of Demon Rum he died.

Anon



The night will slowly fall across this desolate place. The long dark and bitterly cold polar night. In my nightmares I still sometimes hear that excruciating sound peculiar to those frozen icy regions - the agonizing whistle of the incredible unbelievable amazing and utterly fantastastic Fletcher creature whose bloodcurdling cry thought by some to be a corruption of some lesser known sea shanty, was wont to echo and rescho around the buried shanty town by the Brunt coast known to the rugged and fearless explorers who inhabited it as Halley Bay. Words - my my words any way - cannot express. There we were just having a nice quiet little drink up there at the old bar there when in stumbled a weird and wild Celt clutching to his breast a vessel containing fluid of a dark and revolting aspect. "Togointherum" quoth he and so naturally we sort of kind of assumed this to be some kind of Welsh oath..... to be continued (possibly)

I THINK THIS WEEK'S BEST STORY IS THE ONE ON PAGE THREE, ESPECIALLY THE BIT WHERE ARKID GETS PUT DOWN.

ED



A MAN WENT INTO A PET-SHOP, AND ASKED FOR A PET BIRD, UNFORTUNATELY, HE SUFFERED

FROM RATHER A BAD STAMMER.

"Hhhh--hh-haaavvvvvvvv---eee yyye-uuu gggggo-tt aaaa-aaaaa-buuud-ggggerrr-igggg-garr ?

NOW IT WAS PERHAPS DOUBLY UNFORTUNATE THAT THE SHOP ASSISTANT ALSO HAD A SPEECH DEFECT.

"OH deer, dir, i denst THINK ~~DEERE~~ de've got dese diras.

2 Wwwwweee--LL-LLL HHHH?-hhaav---vvvvee yyyye-uuu gggg--eet aannnnn-y  
--ccannnn--aaariiiiesss?" Iden't think de've got dese diras dir.

"WWWww-hhatttt-t hhhh-aavvvv-e yyyeou gggg--ett, tttthhe-nnnn?"

"Dell, up dere", said the shepkeeper in seme uncertain terms,  
pointing to the highest perch in the shop, "Dere is a parrett der dale."

"OOOoehhh-h," said the customer, "Wwwwwh-aaattt e-ccccelll--uuuu--rrrr-r  
iss iittt-t?

"I dink its a dert of dark d-green.?"

"DDDDDDd-eeessss ittt-tt ttttta lllkkk-k?"

TO which the parrett replied, "A BLOODY SIGHT BETTER THAN EITHER OF YOU TWO CAN!".

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JOE." fancy that b-b-b blende ever th-th there?\*

FRED. where-?

JOE. "T-t-t-t-tee late, shes\* g-g-gene. Wew\* Hew  
about that b-b-b-brunette everth-th-there.?"

FRED. where?

JOE. "T?T?T-tee late, shes g-g-gene. look at  
that th-th-there."

FRED" where?

JOE. "T?T-t-tee late, you've st-st-st-stepped in it!"

DEAR EDITOR DID YOU KNOWTHAT

EVERY TIME YOU LIGHT A CIGARETTE,  
60 PEOPLE STARVE TO DEATH.

EVERY TIME YOU DRINK A CUP OF TEA,  
SOMEONE IS KILLED IN VIETNAM.

EVERY TIME YOU VISIT THE TOILET,  
1000,000 mere babiesARE BORN  
IN CHINA.

SO DONT PICK YOUR NOSE--YOU'LL  
CAUSE SUFFERING SOMEWHERE!

YOURS MARG PROOPS XXX

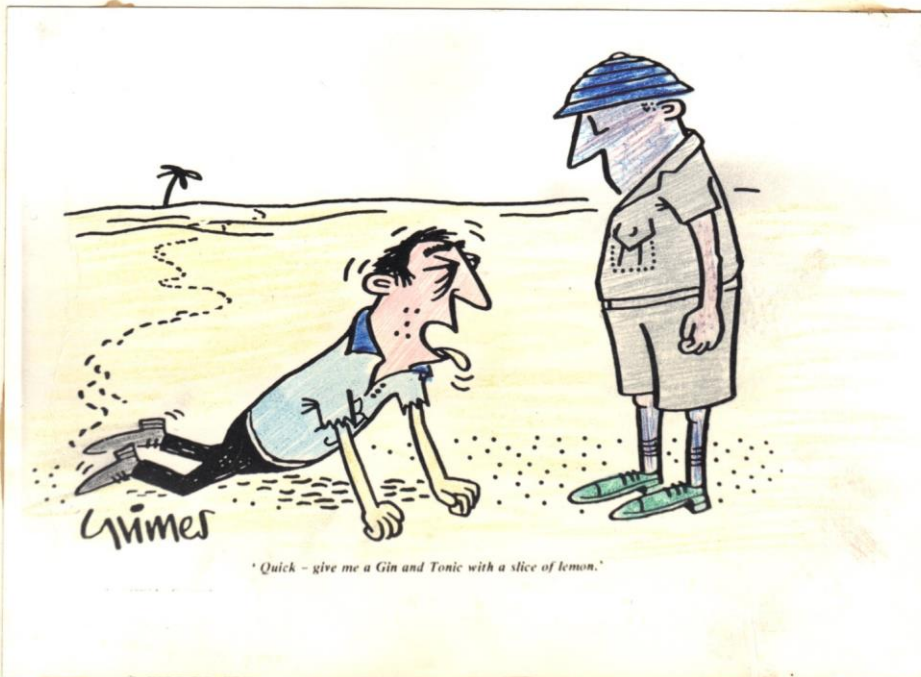
DILLON

I may be just a silly old pussy cat but I'm not daft. I can see a marshmallow thieving detector a mile off in a 60 knot blow with softers. Nobody would catch me palming a crispy biscuit, chocolate coated, marshmallow centered rotten old thing. No not me I'm far too smart. In fact I have this silver paper fetish. The feel of smooth cellophane or silver paper against my fur sends waves of extasy and desire sweeping through me. When my nuboy old friend J.F., the man with the most comfortable lap I have ever gonked on, got caught I laughed like a drain. That'll teach you you old hairy spornan.

The domestic front is very quiet these days. I was going to team up with Arkid so that we could do a double column, but that young lads spelling... Tut,tut. He needs training. He's raw but there's a lot of talent hidden under all that fur. Oh sure, he's a womans man, likes a sniff, but he has the makings. We need a good man covering the doggy spans area. We want to expose the muggings and vice rings and unnamed horrors. I expect that there is other talent just waiting to show itself. We could have a fashion page. Michelle showing the latest in see-through dog collars from Paris, April modelling hot harnesses, Pat doing a Family Planning column with Frosty in charge of the Problem Page. The over population problem has me really worried. All over the world cats and dogs are being born into squalor, members of large families never receiving a square meal. We need Planning centres on dog spans up and down the Antarctic.

All this may be a dream. Only when cats and doggies live together in total harmony, united in a real Utopia, will there be Universal peace and harmony. I hope the day is not too far off when we can walk side by side through the garden of peaceful coexistence. The second coming of Lassie is at hand.

COLOUR SUPPLEMENT



ANY RESEMBLANCE TO BASE MEMBERS OR TEMPORARY MAGAZINE EDITORS,  
EITHER LIVING OR DEAD, IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL.....



re Z/104/72 H Stoneham would like his application for a third year taken seriously. He considers the amused tone of your last tel to be in bad taste.

re Z/104/72 Since the base members referred to are not to be allowed a transfer they would like their contract with B.A.S. cancelled at the end of the year.

re Z/106/72 No, we have taken appropriate action and do not expect any trouble. All weapons have been ~~many~~ inspected and prepared as requested.

re Z/109/72 H ave restored power to Dorn 1 after last weeks rioting. Expect to reopen the dining room very shortly, probably after the burial services next week. The fire damage is not as bad as we first thought but we are all sincerely sorry about the bullet holes in the photograph of Princess Anne. We have apologised to the Palace. Another two dozen copies over and above those ordered on the supplementary indent should be sent at next relief.

re Z/113/72 Have started force-feeding the six on hungar strike. Their condition is as well as can be expected considering the week they spent behind the dorn 1 barricades. The three base members mentioned in the last but one tel. were brought back to base after their unsuccessful escape bid and are now under guard. Stoneham is doing a fine job there. He still refuses to reconsider his decision however.

re Z/115/72 Yes all the dogsbar one have applied for transfer. Arkid reckons that as the only dog left on base he is bound to be used for breeding purposes. We have pointed out the flaw in his argument but he does not appear to have grasped the point yet.

re last tel Arkid now wishes to apply for transfer. Is there room for a partially house trained out on any base? Claims he is willing to go anywhere.

re Z/119/72 Conditions a little better at the moment though there still appears to be unrest amongst the dogs. Glad to report that Stonehams bites have healed nicely. He is now reconsidering his application.

re 'Dear John' forwarded to Stoneham. Think this was a big mistake. Situation growing worse. Stoneham now staying on no matter what happens. Do not think we can hold out much longer without help.

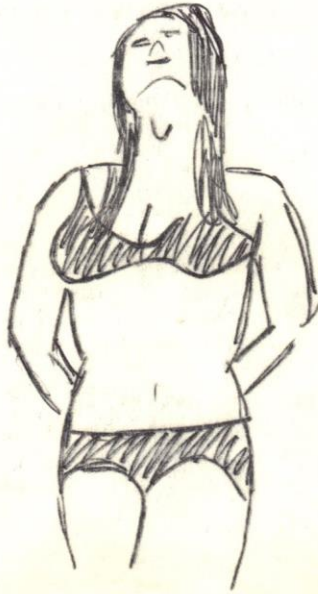
re Z/120/72 One Battalion should be enough. Their Northern Ireland experience should stand them in good stead. Please Hurry. Situation desperate.

The temperature had taken a plunge downwards as early one morning six people could be seen harnessing up 3 dog teams. Eventually after a few unseemly scuffles the teams were ready and a frozen novice ran off to show Seletar the way. He led the team for 10 miles before the G.A. decided the dogs were tired and they would camp for the night. The next day Seletar was allowed to lead.

Three mornings and many miles later Brain the travelling genius burst into the tent uttering incoherent statements. However after being treated for shock with a quantity of rum he was able to tell how he was being chased by a Leopard seal. A G.A. decided to investigate ignoring the fact that Brain was looking through his P bag for goodies in case he should never return. The minutes ticked by and the silence was only relieved by arguments about who was to have his camera. He might have left a better one. Eventually the G.A. returned followed by a penguin.

Late that night the outside man was disturbed by dogs barking and the pattering of feet. Was Frodo at it again? What energy that dog had. He reluctantly stumbled out of the tent. Outside a solitary Pyjama clad figure stood gazing at the sky mumbling to himself. Had the full shock of being chased by a penguin finally affected brain No it was just an aurora.

SUPPORT FULL FRONTAL NUDEITY.....NOW



'But she's not in the nude'

'I know, she needs the support'

hsibbur fo dael a tahnw