



Wednesday, 25 December, 2002

Sex, violence, cheap laughs and bad language – it's all in your cheezy, cheeky Chapel, the world's favourite 'nudes'paper

SADDAM EATS BABIES

PIX AND RECIPE: PAGE SEVENTEEN

Iraq's nutty leader **Saddam Hussein** has been doing bad things again, according to an *Old Chapel* Middle East correspondent reporting from somewhere near the Middle East.

DIPPY DESPOT

The dippy despot has already wasted shitloads of valuable fossil fuel by setting fire to his own oil wells and gassing his own people. *Could it get any worse?* You bet! The Foreign Office is expected to announce any day now that Saddam Hussein actually eats babies.

KAISER BILL

The word on the street in Baghdad is that Saddo may have got the idea about eating babies from pointy-hatted WW1 leader Kaiser Bill, or maybe from quirky Oirish writer Johnny Swift. In 'A Modest

Proposal Johnny said mums and dads should keep the supermarket bills down by eating their own kids. A spokesperson from the Blair Tory government said "To be honest we're not sure whether Saddam Hussein eats babies or not. It's all about presentation, and priorities. The thing is, if we decide to go to war with every country in the world that commits **hideous atrocities** we'll be rushed off our feet – even if we miss out the ones that don't have massive oil deposits."

• Swift penned 'A Modest Proposal' in 1729 while he was taking a break from writing 'Swiss Family Robinson' and 'Gallagher's Travels' – his bio-pic about the Oasis European tour of the previous year, not yet released. *Why? Because the violent content might cause offence.* ☺ RH



US ANTI-TERROR JAB

The mighty US government is about to step up its war against terrorism – using vaccines from Europe. The Swiss-based multinational **Nazico** has developed a **new wonder drug called Goneryll** whose side-effects – usually fatal – only hit people who have **violent tendencies**.

Nazico CEO Theo Madbastard said "This is a great day for both the drugs and the weapons industries. My dream is that eventually everyone on the planet will have the Goneryll jab. But the best part is that people who have a legitimate reason for using violence will be given an antidote. This is another highly expensive vaccine – Anti-Goneryll – that also happens to be one of our products".

Several nations across the globe are planning **massive stock-piles** of Goneryll and Anti-Goneryll. The idea is particularly

popular with countries that hold WJMDs – Weapons of Justifiable Mass Destruction, including the US, the UK, and Israel.

GOOD GUYS, BAD GUYS

A Blair Tory Government official said "It's OK for us to have WJMDs – we're the Good Guys. The problem only comes when you've got Bad Guys having these weapons. This is when they are re-named WMDs – Weapons of Mass Destruction – because they are only justifiable when the right sort of people have them. Naturally, because we're the Good Guys only we can say which countries are the Bad Guys, and we expect that Goneryll will help a lot. But sometimes we do make mistakes. It's very hard to tell good from bad when there are export orders, jobs and very large amounts of money involved." ☺ RH

★ ★ ★ WARNING ★ ★ ★

This silly girl has bought a swim suit that obviously is **several sizes too small for her**. Readers, be warned – *always buy your clothes from somewhere like Marks & Spencer*, then you can take them back to the shop and change them **if you find your tits are hanging out**.

US CEDES SUPERPOWER MANTLE TO FRANCE

A special report from Old Chapel US correspondent GARRY RESINSKI

In a surprise Christmas announcement, President Bush has placed the *entire domestic, international and military resources of the United States of America* at the disposal of France. "Upon examination of the facts as they exist today, along with the

standing is **second to none in getting the job done**. Time and again, they have shown strong moral leadership in all areas of the globe and have given the world a tutorial in both *common sense and inspired vision*."

In a later interview, **Secretary of Defense Donald Rumsfeld** echoed administration sentiments. "The French military has, in fact, demonstrated that it is capable and can deliver **tremendous feats of arms**, both in current day scenarios and throughout history. Aside from the short-lived mutiny during World



Rumsfeld

War I and the **regrettable work stoppage** by the army in June of 1940, *no one can beat the unblemished record and crystal clear vision the French military has achieved*."

French Reaction

The French Minister, Jacques D'Ansleboxe, accepted the administration's statements with humble aplomb. "*We are, of course, surprised at the length of time it took the Americans to see the obvious. However, we will attempt to mitigate our feelings* with the realization that all are not immediately privy to the blinding light of the obvious".

U.S. Intelligence Agencies make suggestion

Deep background interviews with CIA analysts who wish to remain anonymous said **first suggestions of French supremacy** rose to the surface when it was learned that, for the past



de Gaulle

20 years, France had been governed by a *Shadow Ministry populated with individuals that were a product of cutting edge French science in the discipline of cloning*. In 1975 human clones were developed by combining DNA from a toupée worn by **Charles De Gaulle** and a series of sponges. *The clones matured at an astonishing*



series of sponges

rate and, beginning in the early 1980s, possessed both the **intelligence and maturity** to govern France. Their first act on the stage of international politics was to deny the United States air space privileges when Libya was

subjected to a **vicious air assault** in response to their claim that *Libyan territorial waters extended to the Arctic Circle, from both the northern and southern Libyan borders*.

Astonishing Logic

"*It was an astonishing bit of logic, the brilliance of which took over 20 years to recognize*", said the analyst. "Once you got over the initial hurdle, all of their subsequent decisions can only make one retire to the corner and **weep at their clarity of vision**. There is nothing left to do but be at their beck and call." Talks will open early in the new year to discuss implementation of the French doctrine *right after Jerry Lewis is elevated to a cabinet level position for entertainment*. ♠ GR



Resinski

"Oh, come on, it's Christmas" said the publisher . . .

After last year, the publisher of the Olde Chapel asked me to say something nice about the French. After laboring all year, it was the best I could do.

Merry Christmas to all and a fervent wish for peace throughout the world (not that we're bloody likely to get it) – but a wish none the less. ♠ GR



Bush

unparalleled string of **both political and military triumphs of the past 400 years**, especially those of the 20th century, we can best serve the international community by recognizing those that can best lead us forward" he said.

Secretary of State Colin Powell seconded the decision in Sunday morning interviews by stating, "France's international diplomatic



Powell

THE OLD CHAPEL LEADER

FIREFIGHTERS – STOP WHINGEING

What is the problem with our firefighters? *If Andy Gilchrist and his chums have a problem with their pay packets they should jolly well change their jobs*.

The Old Chapel says **why not swap jobs with an MP?** Twice the pay, months of holiday each year, easy hours and, best of all, *you can have one or several other jobs as well*.

What's more, instead of driving cabs or being an undertaker like

some firefighters do, as an MP your other jobs can be as simple as **sitting on your arse being a captain of industry** and collecting a fat fee for dozing through the odd board meeting. But wait, we hear you cry – *who would help us when our house catches fire?* Simple! This is where our job-swapped MPs come in. With their experience of pissing on everyone from a great height there should be **no problem**. ♠ RH

BUS SYSTEM – HOW FAT ARE THE CATS?

Britain's bus system is the envy of the world. So much so that British car drivers don't even bother to try to catch a bus because the buses are always full of old people, ill people, children, and **other low-life types** who can't be bothered to get a driving licence. *What's the secret of this success?* Simple! Bus fares in Britain are the highest in Europe!

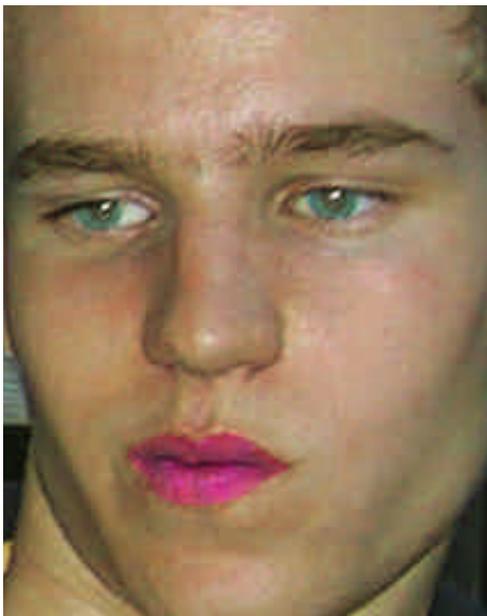
But, we hear you ask, **are our cats the fattest in Europe as well?** Is all that dosh getting

through to the right people – those deserving people who really matter in the bus industry?

That's right – the people who truly deserve to rake it in are the guys who own the system, and the guys who own the shares. After all, we don't want to waste all those high fares and public subsidies on low-life types, do we? *The Old Chapel says that it's high time these cats were weighed to see exactly how fat they are.* ♠ RH

CELEBRITY SHAME

If it's got a pulse, SUZI NEWZY has her finger on it



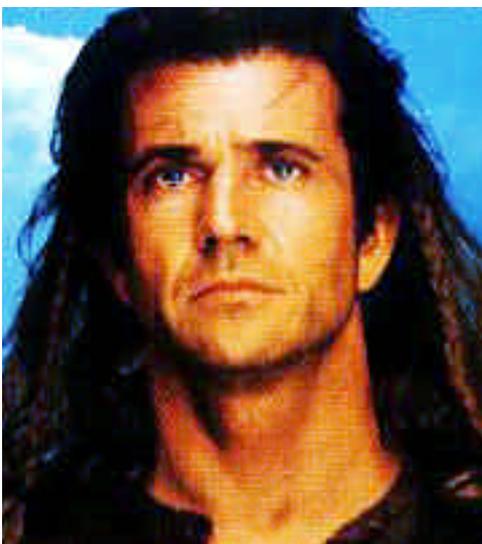
Suzi sniffs out the truth

It's sure been one hell of a year for our fave celebs, as true stories of crime, drug-abuse and rape have turned the once-pretty face of showbiz into a leering, grizzled mask. No field of entertainment has proved impenetrable to the depraved antics of those in the limelight who have shagged, snorted and slaughtered their way into the record-books. So who's been up to no good? Who is responsible for the demise of television, music and, indeed, society? The US government blames Ozzy Bin Laden (star of the hilarious real-life sitcom charting the ups and downs of an outrageous pigeon-eating rock-star and his outrageous pigeon-eating terrorist buddy), but flavoursome Papparazzi Princess Suzy Newzy thinks the blame really lies elsewhere...



Ozzy bin Laden en famille

Firstly, we must blame **Barry More**. Not content with degrading the face of television with shows such as *'Strike it Lucky'* (in which boring people won stuff), *'My Kind of Music'* (in which boring people who couldn't sing were backed by boring musicians who could only be bothered to mime) and *'Celebrity Big Barry More'* (in which a giant blow-up effigy of Barry was left to float around a bit in a luxurious house fitted with thousands of hidden cameras), Barry More has turned to cocaine, drink and death to quench his sadistic thirst. We can only thank God that at least his loving, beautiful and honest wife **Cheryl** has remained incorruptible – a fact which Cheryl herself bears testament to in her new multi-billion pound autobiography.

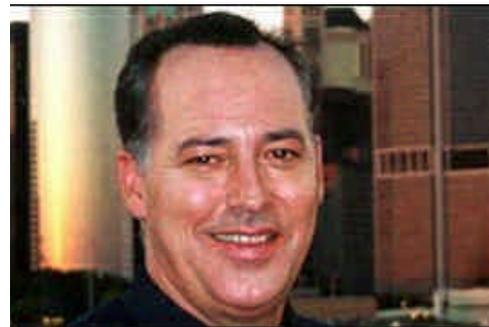


Gibson - Scottish my arse

And things have been even worse in the horrific, twisted underworld of daytime TV. It has only been because of the Herculean efforts of Swedish ex-Gladiator **Ulrika Jonsson** that such animals as Scottish barbarian **John Leslie** have been exposed for what they really are. Indeed, **Ulrika's** own multi-billion pound autobiography (in which thousands of dangerous celebrities are named and shamed, their crimes exposed) is perhaps one of the last weapons of truth we can wield against the rising flood of showbiz lies. And don't be fooled into thinking that the crimes of Z-List celebrities have no far-reaching consequences – it was only because of



Just two of the many faces of Michael Jackson



Barry More - still smiling

Mel Gibson (recently voted 'Greatest Scotsman' in a BBC nationwide poll for his role in *'Braveheart'*) that Leslie was prevented from irrecoverably shaming the entire Scottish nation.

And finally to music and the literally grizzled face of **Michael Jackson**. **Wacko Jacko** has always represented the dark antithesis to the sugary personas of those such as pop-idols **Gareth Gate** and **Will Schumacher**, and his latest (but by no means first) child-endangering stunts have only strengthened this image. It is one thing for **Princess Anne** to order her dogs to maul children at play; it is quite another for **Jacko** to hurl his baby off a tenth floor balcony in the vain hope of boosting flagging album sales. Luckily for the terrified tot (and unbeknown to **Wacko**) there was a swimming pool 60ft below into which the shrieking infant splashed. Unluckily, the swimming pool belonged to **Barry More**.

☞ JS

Coming soon - Suzy's hot tips for '03:

- PETS FIGHT OR SHAG (Fly-on-the-wall Docusoap Pet Sex Drama Game Show Pop Group Contest) *LCDTV Satellite Channel*
- PAUL BURRELL – THE MUSICAL (with Elton John) *Queen's Theatre*
- DALE WINTON'S NUDE PETS SHAG OR FIGHT *Channel 5*
- CELEBRITY PET RECIPE *ITVI*
- DALE WINTON – FAG OR SHITE? *LCDTV Satellite Channel*



AHOY THERE!

The real story behind this year's release of
SHIP WITHOUT RUDDER
by our music correspondent
Amanda Tweep

TURBULENT

In the summer of 2002 the near-ecstatic waves of apathy which greeted the release of the ground-breaking audio CD **SHIP WITHOUT RUDDER*** by Hillier & Cockburn were as of nothing compared to the turbulent gestation of 'This astounding work of sonic wizardry.'**

The project was conceived when debonair lyricist Earl 'Fatha' Cockburn got lost in Buenos Aires, while directing a corporate video for Fray Bentos Meat Packers. Speaking of **SHIP WITHOUT RUDDER***, the self-styled 'Dotty Earl' commented, "I knew immediately that I should take the project back to Ivinghoe*** to develop with my **stunted vegan pal** Roger Hilliermere. For years Roger has been contriving chord sequences played on adjacent white notes, and I intuitively knew that these so-called 'tunes' would be perfect for my epic poem about a Lighthouse-keeper who is **permanently addled on Irish whiskey.**"

PERMANENTLY ADDLED

Hillier (68) soon warmed to the concept, once a downpayment of £96.23p had been deposited in his account at the newly-opened *Ivingwhore Post Office*. Says Rogeremire, "I had a huge back catalogue of unfinished melodies which sounded like **Stravinsky with a migraine**. I intuitively knew that these so-called 'tunes' would be perfect for an epic poem about a Captain who is **permanently addled on Oporto wine**. Once I had Cockburn's cash deposit tucked away, it was a simple matter to dredge up a few programmes from my Atari sequencer and hit 'play'. Fortunately, my co-producer is



almost as deaf as I am." Cockburn (35) takes up the story: "Typically Roger would spend all week fiddling around with the stanza written the previous week, then I'd turn up (usually with my gorgeous dotting assistant, Fifi) and decide that the whole project was doomed, then we'd **go to the pub.**"

SEX, DRUGS, VOMIT

It is perhaps not surprising that the production of **SHIP WITHOUT RUDDER*** took **nearly three years**, not all of which was 'plain sailing'. Sex, drugs and vomit were notable – mainly by their absence – although during one session Cockburn did pronounce himself, "**A little bit queasy,**" after gorging on one of the Himmler's re-constituted cardboardburgers. This sort of **loose-living rock'n'roll ethos** informed much of the recording process over the ten years it took to complete **SHIP WITHOUT RUDDER***.

FUNKY HORNS

For instance, the celebrated Stevens family was booked to provide a **funky horn section** for several tracks. However the idea had to be shelved when it was discovered that none of the Stevens family actually plays or owns a saxophone. Nevertheless, Anna contributed invisible viola, while Colin made **sublime wheezing sounds** – reminiscent of early Van Halen to some ears – with something he blithely called an 'accordion'. Meanwhile musical dullard Jean Stevens was allowed to shake a jar of lentils on one track as

a sort of consolation prize for having bothered to turn up.

SILLY PLUCKERS

The contributions of the Stevens family, and many other pluckers, bangers, blowers and shouters, typifies the way the two principal co-workers (or cow-orkers as they prefer to be known) actually, er, co-work. Refusing to be phased by apparent setbacks – such as the Stevens family not being able to blast out **James Brown riffs** – Hitler & Cohen adopted the old maxim, "**Honour your mistakes as hidden intentions.**"

RICE CAKES

As a result of this rigorously applied belief system, at one point the Hillier's weekly shopping list was pressed into service after the manuscript of the epic poem **SHIP WITHOUT RUDDER*** was temporarily lost. It was only after several months of attempting to set the couplet:-

*2 pkts rice cakes
those dried peas that Olly likes*
... that the cow-orkers decided to start their masterpiece again, **this time with a sea-based theme**. As Hildegard explains, "It suddenly seemed to make sense that with a title like **SHIP WITHOUT RUDDER***, perhaps we should really be tackling themes of maritime history and voyaging, rather than the paeon to Drag Racing which the piece had originally been."

SAMMY DAVIS

With this radical new course set, it

was only a matter of time (thirteen years in fact), before the CD was on worldwide release, and the story of **SHIP WITHOUT RUDDER*** has subsequently **passed into history**. It's been a tale of glittering awards and an almost constant presence in the Top 10, while songs from the album have been covered by artistes as diverse as **Dean Martin and Frank Sinatra**.

BUY THE ALBUM OR WE'LL TORTURE PUPPIES

Was the seventeen years of the production process worth it? Roger Hillier has the last word, "Yes, it was worth it. I managed to offload a ton of old tunes that weren't doing anything else, and Harlan bought me the occasional beer." Harlan Cockburn has the other last word, "True it took nineteen years out of my life, but the recording of **Myles Hillier** playing a D-maj chord on his acoustic guitar is something that will live with me forever. Plus, I managed to offload a ton of old words that weren't doing anything else." ♠ HC

***SHIP WITHOUT RUDDER** is a 45-minute soundscape of poetry with music, released on DJC Records (catalogue # DJC 020). It is available from DJC Records, Norwich, or direct from Lord Rogeremere, price £10.

**Quote attributed to Lady Caroline Hillier, although she may have been referring to a new vacuum cleaner, we're not entirely sure.

***Ivinghoe is a sort of place, but can be mistaken for the State of Dementia.



Cockburn: "Almost insensible from wind" (Hillier's)



Hillier: Genius, misunderstood (by Cockburn)

AUTOMATIC WRITING

JOHN MOLLOY used a new software application called AUTOGENERATE to write his column. This is what happened (or – did it?)

This message has not been scanned for viruses

Automated Login: jmolloy
password: *****

Welcome back John! What would you like to do today?
> Mail
you have 2 new messages

>read new mail
From: secsi pants
<spants@hotforyoubaby.com>
Date: Mon Nov 11, 2002 7:12:32 AM
Europe/London
To: JohnMolloy <j.molloy@cwcom.net>,
Hi There Secsi!

How would you like to see me on my webcam! I'm live for you now!

<http://www.theoldchapelivinghoe.com/webcam>

>delete porn, read new mail
From: Roger Hillier
<roger@theoldchapelivinghoe.com>
Date: Mon Nov 11, 2002 6:15:40 PM
Europe/London
To: JohnMolloy <j.molloy@cwcom.net>,

Dear Old Chapel Hacks & Fifth Columnists

It's that time again! Please let me have your purple prose for the 2002 Old Chapel no later than 30 November 2002.

Once again the challenge is to create 'news' 'stories' even more ludicrous than reality, with the lurid headlines and appalling photographs that have made our great international organ what it is – ludicrous, lurid, appalling etc.

Yours (for the price of a pint)
Rogermere – frowns, looks at watch, drums fingers, consults calendar, clicks tongue . . .
30 NOVEMBER 2002!!

>Date
Mon Nov 3 19:11:26 GMT 2002

>AUTOGENERATE CHAPEL, OLD THE 1000 words BEFORE deadline

working...
program failed error 276365

>define error 276365
error 276365 – not enough input

>Are there really 276000 other error messages?
Working...
YES – this is alpha software.

>What sort of input is required?
AUTOGENERATE requires TOPIC, Length of article, subject items, subjects and deadline

>DEFINE deadline
deadline if defined as DATE and an offset. Offset is usually defined as early / on time / late. Slippage is defined by the random variable procrastinate value. Procrastinate can be set to NOW / TOMORROW / WHENEVER

>AUTOGENERATE TOPIC: christmas article
LENGTH:1000 words SUBJECT ITEMS:
christmas hillier chapel old
DEADLINE: now Procrastinate: now
Working...
Let me think about this...
Processing...
Done
OK

>MORE Christmas article

Christmas Chapel

It's that time of year again and with deadlines looming Mr Roger Hillier, musician sound engineer and artiste is once again hassling for a finished article. Strange things are afoot in Ivinghoe – apparently you can't get a drink without running into television people...
[program stopped machine restarted]

Automated Login: jmolloy
password: *****

Welcome back John! What would you like to do today?
> Mail
you have 1 new message

>read new mail
From: Roger Hillier

<roger@theoldchapelivinghoe.com>
Date: Mon Dec 2, 2002 9:18:23 PM
Europe/London
To: "JohnMolloy" JohnMolloy
<j.molloy@cwcom.net>
Subject: to violent mood-swings, hiccups etc

Dear Esteemed Correspondent of the Old Chapel

How's the copy for the rag coming along?
Remember – anything will do, so long as it's funny and in poor taste.

Rogermere

>DATE
Tue Dec 3 15:11:26 GMT 2002

>MORE Christmas article
>MORE Christmas article

Christmas Chapel

It's that time of year again and with deadlines looming Mr Roger Hillier, musician sound engineer and artiste is once again hassling for a finished article. Strange things are afoot in Ivinghoe – apparently you can't get a drink without running into television people – all desperate for a drink apparently – no change there then! The pub is up for sale and no doubt the esteemed Lord Rogermere is elsewhere looking for a charity donation – no, scrub that – Lord Rogermere is MAKING a charity donation to help purchase said licensed premises [actually he just spends all his spare money there – Ed] Christmas, Santa, Santa Christmas HO HO HO REINDEER presents Tony Blair drugs money laundering Chapel OLD

[Program STOPPED]
>Anagram Lord Rogermere

Older Gem Error. Merge old error.
Grr! elder Romeo. Mere gold error.
Older or merger. Grr! mere, red loo . . . etc etc

>logout

👤 JM



The Peter Williams Christmas Poem



The Turkeys' Dinner

Turkeys sit for Christmas dinner
Looking forward to the feast
On the table is a human
Stuffed and roasted, lovely beast

Would you like a piece of breast, dear,
Or a slice of juicy thigh?
Carve me out some luscious buttock
That's the best, I don't know why

So they carve and slice and gobble
Juices running down their chins
What's left over can be curried
And the rest goes in the bins

But what about our roasted human?
Did he have a life at all?
Nothing that you'd give a thought to
Walking dinner that is all

Seems the human was a vicar
Well, that's just the way it goes
Carve another slice of buttock
No-one wants the parson's nose

Peter Williams's new book of haiku *Evening Breeze*, published by Hub Editions, and *Steps into the Sky*, a CD of his musical works, are both available while stocks last. Contact Peter at peterwilliams3@cwctv.net

Happy Christmas



**with
the
hilliers**



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