

Thursday, 25 December, 2003

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

# TURKEYS VOTE FOR XMAS

## SHOCK RESULT FROM FOCUS GROUP

**IT'S OFFICIAL!** *Nine out of ten turkeys say "yes" to Christmas!* – or they would do if anyone bothered to ask them! **That's the shock result from a year-long focus group study sponsored by the Bliar Tory government.** "It's a very interesting outcome" said a spokesperson. "Naturally we didn't actually ask any turkeys for an opinion, because turkeys aren't known for their English language skills. **This is where the focus group came in.** The focus group was adamant that, if anyone asked them, **turkeys would definitely vote for Christmas.**"

### NOT SURPRISED

Downing Street added this statement about the turkey poll: "The government is fully committed to listening to the nation when developing policy. **We're not**

**surprised that turkeys are in favour of Christmas** – just as Labour party supporters are all for GM foods, private railways, private motorways, private utilities, university top-up fees, massive student loans, league-tables for schools, two-tier secondary education, foundation hospitals, nuclear power, nuclear weapons, clamping down on refugees, a wider gap between the rich and the poor **and full support of the US whenever they feel like invading a foreign country**". ☺ RH



# FOUND – WMDs!

### EXCLUSIVE REPORT JUSTIFIES INVASION

At last The Old Chapel can reveal that **Saddam Hussein DID have WMDs.** When Saddo was captured by US troops on 13 December, *fearless Old Chapel correspondent Min Eastbourne*

was there. Here is Min's report: "It was pretty scary stuff I can tell you. Fortunately I had my **flack jacket and helmet on**, and I was able to take cover behind a very **substantial sofa** (honestly, you wouldn't believe how real the pictures from Al Jazeera were on my wide-screen satellite TV). When they pulled Saddam out of his hole an envelope with a drawing on it fell out of his pocket. Would you believe it – I instantly recognised the drawing as a **sketch** of the prototype of the idea for a very nasty weapon indeed (VNWI)".

**Quizzed about the sketch** the MOD said "Even if this weapon wasn't ready it shows a clear intent. We couldn't stand – or sit – idly by while that despot was planning to develop a weapon that could easily take someone's eye out". ☺ RH



Saddam's sketch of a VNWI



Shapely **Sadie** is a keen music-lover and spends a lot of time at **London's swankiest music venue, The Royal Albert Hall.** She was getting a bit fed up with waiting for taxis after each concert but now she thinks she's found the answer. "It's my super new hat!" says Sadie. "Since I started dressing like this I never have to wait more than fifteen seconds for a taxi!"

Sadie's fave is zany Italian composer **Luciano Berio.** Like her hero, Sadie is interested in the means and archetypes of musical communication, but best of all she loves **travel and shopping for clothes.** ☺ RH

# DOING BUSINESS & LOOKING GOOD IN 2004

A beginners guide to International Business, Outsourcing and getting the job done, by GARRY RESINSKI



GARRY RESINSKI – actual likeness from earlier this year.

As pressures mount over the course of the year and pleas accompanied by thinly-veiled threats of injury being done to 2nd and 3rd tier employees, one can only respond to the demands of modern day life as is done by the big boys in the world of business – outsource. Business journals have been ballyhooing the advantages and pitfalls of shipping excess demands on your talent and time overseas where, for a pittance, your requirements will be met in a timely and economical fashion. So, when the electronic junk mail containing, not catalogs, but a plea for a few mean words to fill the Olde Chapel's Christmas edition arrived, I assured the supplicant that I could spare a few evenings out of my busy schedule to tap out a few words on the computer. But then circumstances overtook me.

## OUTSOURCED TO THE MARINES

Our son, who we had outsourced to the United States Marines, was being re-outsourced back to us with a gammy leg. And in their splendid little heart of hearts, they decided to ship him back by bus some 600 miles over some 20 hours – with the gammy leg. So, orchestrating some sort of air rescue took priority over the Olde Chapel and by the time the article's deadline had arrived, nary a word had been committed to disk. So my response to the Editor's desk begging for more time was met with surly sarcasm, equating my personal problems with an analogy to the "dog eating my homework" line used by all of us, both with and without dogs.

## GONE IN 93 SECONDS

What to do – then it struck me as I read a piece on outsourcing the coding of computer programs to India – if they can do it, so can I! So

I hopped on the Internet and with 93 seconds of solid research under my belt, I contacted my first choice just outside Jabalpur. I sent them a RFP for "Just under 1,000 words by the evening of Sunday, November 23rd, no later than 9pm Eastern time USA. It should be light in tone, scholarly in manner, flowing like really good Shakespeare after you have been listening to it for 15 minutes where you can finally understand all the lingo and alliteration, topical in works of literature, world politics and the like." Regrettably, I did not understand the first thing about international dealings in the world of business and failed to note that it had to be in English, or even American. After my credit card had been depleted by what I thought a reasonable amount, the following came in over the transom late in the evening of the 24th. To wit:

## ISE SHAILII MEN LAAITA

Yaha traansaleta nahii ho paayaa, dobaaraa phrema kariye - shaabdika artha - kisa karanaa chaahiye hama kara taba yaha prabhaavita mujhe jaise main padhaa huua eka tukadaa para aautsaursinga {} likhaavata kamyuutara programaa taka bhaarata yadi ve dibbaa kara yaha itanaa dibbaa mai! > . itanaa main intaraneta para eka taanga para kuudaa aura thosa ke 93 saikanda se anusandhaana nichalaa meraa belta , mainne jabalapura ke meraa pahalaa uttama sirpha baaharii samparka kiyaa . < yaha traansaleta nahii ho paayaa, dobaaraa phrema kariye - shaabdika artha - main preshita unhen eka sirpha aara.eph.pii. nichalaa 1, 000 shabda dvaaraa {} sandhyaa kaa/kii/ke ravivaara navambara 23 koi nahiin baada kaa se 9:00 apraahna puurvii samaya sanyukta rajya amerika > . ise shailii men laaita , dhanga men scholaarlilii vaastava men acche shaakespiire kii taraha bahataa huua honaa chaahiye.

## LITERAL TRANSLATION

I didn't quite get this so I hit the 'Literal Translation' button provided in the e-mail and was presented with:

यह ट्रान्सलेट नहीं हो पाया, दोबारा फ़्रेम करिये द्वा शब्दिक अर्थ है किस करना चाहिये हम कर तब यह प्रभावित मुझे जैसे मैं पढ़ा हुआ एक टुकड़ा पर आउत्साउर्सिंग {} लिखावट कम्प्यूटर प्रोग्राम तक भारत यदि वे डिब्बा कर यह इतना डिब्बा हैद > . इतना मैं इंटरनेट पर एक टांग पर कूदा और टोस के 93 सैकंड से अनुसंधान निचला मेरा बेल्ट , मैंने जबलपुर के मेरा पहला उत्तम सिर्फ बाहरी सम्पर्क किया । < यह ट्रान्सलेट नहीं हो पाया, दोबारा फ़्रेम करिये द्वा शब्दिक अर्थ है मैं प्रेषित उन्हें एक सिर्फ आर.एफ.पी. निचला

1, 000 शब्द द्वारा {} संघ्या का/की/के रविवार नवम्बर 23 कोई नहीं वाद का से 9:00 अप्राह्न पूर्वो समय संयुक्त राज्य अमेरिका > । इसे शैली में लाइट , टंग में खोलाली वास्तव में अच्छे शाकेस्पिरे की तरह बहता हुआ होना चाहिये

## NO BLOODY GOOD

Well, that's no bloody good, I thought. I contacted my vendor immediately and demanded the article in a dialect I could read. "Ah ha", came the reply, "that will cost you extra. And don't forget that good punctuation always cost a little more, if you want it done right." Well, as cosmopolitan and sophisticated as the readership of the Olde Chapel is, I couldn't send this in and have it printed as is and have the subscription base wondering, for all I know, why I had sent in "The quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dog" repeated 28 times in a slightly hard-to-read but entertaining script. What to do!??!

## ZLOTNEYS

Well, being Polish by birth, perhaps I could find a website that would address my problem. Unfortunately, the only sites that supported real-time translation demanded immediate payment, which was not too bad, but it had to be in Zlotneys redeemed from a Polish Express Credit Card with a valid expiration date expressed in the Gregorian Calendar based on a seed date from the 1st Century and not altered as many credit cards were (???) by the Great Calendar Synchronization resulting from the 1st Treaty of Ghent in 1472. Whoa! This was a little thick, even for me. So I asked about a 'friend of the family' discount as both sides of my family hailed from Poland. "Where in Poland and when?" came the reply. Hastening to our old family records, I found that my Grandfather on my mother's side was born in Parczew, near the Russian border in 1888. "Not so good" came the reply. "It was under Russian rule at the time." "OK, OK" I replied. "My father's father came from Prudnik, near Austria. He was born in 1885." "Too bad again for you" was the response. "The Austrians were running that part of the world. Your best bet is to get it in Russian or Austrian. Didn't Arnold Schwarzenegger or something just become the governor of California? Ask him to help you – signing off."

## ABRUZZI

Aaaarg! My wife is Italian so I checked out some translation websites located in the Abruzzi region where her family comes



GARRY RESINSKI – outsourced likeness (Mr. Grant & I share the same birth date in all aspects except year).

from. They responded to my request with the following:

## CHIARO NEL TONO

Che cosa? allora lo ha colpito mentre ho letto una parte sul outsourcing i programmi destinati all'elaboratore di scrittura in India? se possono farli, così può la I! Così hopped sul Internet e con 93 secondi di ricerca solida sotto la mia cinghia, mi sono messo in contatto con la mia parte esterna giusta di prima scelta di Jubbulpore. Ho trasmesso loro un RFP per sotto 1.000 parola entro la sera di domenica, il 23 novembre, no più successivamente tempo orientale di di 9pm Gli S.U.A.. Dovrebbe essere chiaro nel tono, da studioso nel modo, fluente come Shakespeare realmente buon dopo che stiate ascoltando esso 15 minuti dove potete infine capire di la tutti i masserella ed alliteration, d'attualità negli impianti di letteratura, politica del mondo e simili!

## PROBLEM SOLVED!

Well, they got the Shakespeare part right but that's about it, as far as I could tell. Perhaps this outsourcing thing isn't all it's cracked up to be. And then I remembered – I scrounged through the Christmas cards we received from Italy last year and with my three years of near-failing French under my belt from 34 years ago, I was able to craft the following:

*Buon Natale e nuovo anno felice a tutti i lettori, autori, famiglie ed amici del chapel di Olde e di un 2004 pacifico e prosperoso!*

Gee, just like they do it in big business!!

GR

# NEW! IMPROVED! COLUMN

John Molloy, ageing grouch and ex-technology correspondent

**M**erry Christmas and let me be the first to wish you a Happy New Year. Actually ignore the Happy – just let me wish you a New and Improved year. On second thoughts perhaps I shouldn't – make 2004 a traditional year instead.

Which brings me on to the subject of this year's column. Your recently demoted technology correspondent is now taking up the mantle of ageing grouch and is going to get something off his chest. Actually that should probably be 'stomach' but enough of the self-deprecation already.

Back to the subject: New, Improved. Those two words should strike terror into the hearts and minds of all right-thinking people. Or perhaps it's just me. Perhaps I'm getting old. But when one sees these words on a visit to a supermarket it immediately makes me think "Oh F\*\*\*! – the marketers have been messing around AGAIN!"

In the old days food used to be food. Sunday dinner used to take time. Peas needed shelling. Spuds needed peeling. Yorkshire pudding used to need... well Yorkshire pudding I suppose. But these days it's all instant, frozen, microwaveable and, for heaven's sake, ovenable – what does that mean? Since when was oven a verb? Or is it that marketing departments are full of people who don't know how to think spell or use the English language?



Angry? Who, me?

I don't know who they think they are but they're just messing about. Really. I mean, if something ain't broke why fix it? Who needs new, improved? Is it that everyone needs to be reminded about products? You know "Buy me, buy me". Surely you could change the package? But no, they have to go and mess with the taste too.

Or worse, slippage – you know, a product comes out and the supermarket sells shed loads of them and then someone at head office says "we can do that" and then you see *their* version of the product appear on the shelves and the original version just kind of disappears off the shelf.

Actually the other thing that guarantees a product's death is if I like it. If I got a quid each time I've gone to buy something and it has just ceased to exist I would be a very rich man (actually if I hadn't bought the stuff in the first place I suspect I would be a lot richer than I am now).

Computers and software are the same. If you can take a deep breath and actually buy, second-hand, something which was state of the art three years ago – you can actually get something that will do the job as well as anything could two years ago at a fraction of the cost. However if you stick with state of the art and pay those wonderful upgrade prices you could be out of pocket like the rest of us! 🐾 JM

## Lord Harlan of Cockburn

Our favourite Dotty Earl with his annual fulmination

### ARMAMENTS UP

**J**ust don't get me started! I'm warning you, the merest mention of unsolicited telephone calls could get my blood boiling. There, now look what you've done! I mean, here one is, quietly totting up one's earnings on the stock exchange (made a killing on armaments earlier this year as it happens), when the chirrup of the telephone on one's solid mahogany desk threatens yet another unwanted call.

### BOMBS AWAY

An hour later, with the wheedling, bleating tone of the caller still reverberating in my ears, it seemed I had once again been the victim of an unsolicited telephone call, and had been press-ganged into scribbling something down for Rogermerer's festering festive format (even though he makes it all up himself – even this very article, dear reader).

### EVEREST, THE LAST FRONTIER

Such telephonic interference with the pleasures of daily life are now so frequent as to be commonplace, and only this morning the pleasure of my Arbroath Smokie was interrupted by my taking a call from

some fellow who began his diatribe with the question, "Have you ever thought of double-glazing sir?" Well, of course it would be untrue to say that I have never thought of double-glazing, but then I was forced to enquire in what context I may have thought about double-glazing, and for what reason. My interlocutor at this point seemed stumped for an answer and began a stuttering apologia for the benefits of his particular product. "I might" I pressed on, extemporising, "have thought of double-glazing when suffering from extended insomnia in the Hindu Kush while on a secret mission for Her Majesty's government several decades ago, although whether my sleeplessness was helped by this mental exercise now eludes me."

### 100 GREATEST LISTS

Helpfully I scanned my memory for other scenarios in which thinking of double-glazing could conceivably be useful. "It also occurs to me that if a chap suffered from premature ejaculation – not that I do of course – then, thinking of double-glazing might assist delaying the inevitable for a few vital moments." I decided then and there to compile a list of 100 occasions when thinking of

double-glazing could be useful or entertaining (or both), and it was upon reaching number 49 that I became aware of the line going dead. Odd that the fellow should make such a specific enquiry only to then quit as soon as he'd contacted someone who was prepared to put a bit of backbone into the question.

[See ad, page 5]

### WHIPPED CURS

Then there's those long-haired buffoons who hang around the centres of towns with clipboards. That is, the buffoons have the clipboards, not the towns – I hope that's clear. They're attempting to get people to sign up to adopt whipped curs or save Wales (clearly an impossible prospect, have you ever been to Newport?). I mean, don't get me started about buffoons with clipboards, just don't!

### MR BLUR

I imagine by now you've already waded through several yards of copy cooked up by the Hillier family in the guise of others, copiously bashing our American ally Mr Shrub, and roundly berating the upright PM of this great country, Mr, er... er... You know the one. So I thought it only suitable that I redress the imbalance with a little seasonal ranting about the real values of Britain today, and the blight of unsolicited telephone calls from call centres in Bombay, and buffoons with clipboards who



Don't get me started – or the iron gets it!

threaten our way of life far more than any extremists plotting in the caves of Bora Bora. Look to the enemy within I say, especially the sort of lefty artsy fartsy people who publish their own mini-tabloids once a year, spreading their pernicious opinions far and wide. Not to mention hither and thither.

### DON'T GET ME STARTED

But enough of this, I'm off to do a spot of point-to-point, chasing down old Reynard around the bounds of my country estate – surely the native right of any Englishman. And as to The Old Chapel Bumper Christmas Issue, just don't get me started. Tally Ho! 🐾 HC

# TELEVISION IS HISTORY

After the axing of powdered pop hack **SUZY NEWZY**, eminent philosopher and historian **JEAN-LUC-PIERRE GRATIN** offers a more provocative insight into the world of history on television than that to which this filthy rag would ordinarily be accustomed.

Here I am. Or am I? Ensnared in the library, pages of manuscripts flapping gently over, the flapping of the wings of pigeons flapping gently outside; pigeons like calm, peaceful, grey-feathered manuscripts – flapping around outside. Flap, flap, flap. There they go. Gawd. Well look at that. Those pigeons are flying backwards; their beaks turned against the storm of progress which irresistibly propels them into the future. Just as the ancient dogfish of Yosemite Park<sup>1</sup> still linger as the oceanic, not yet delimited, egos of times past in the minds of today's domestic dogs, so the pigeons circling outside flap a note in tune with those of pigeons of yore – a vast symphony of pasts, presents and future; but a symphony in which the pigeons are not deprived of agency – for there is no nature, only the effects of nature: denaturalization or naturalization. Oh, the pigeons remind me of all the squirrels in the world. And what a world! Yes, facing, as we are, the past, the future for historians looks bright indeed. Our televisual screens are alight with vast panoramas. Henry VIII, Charles II, Elizabeth I and Adolf Hitler all flit across them gracefully – documentary after documentary pours forth in a vast

symphony of pasts, presents and future. Oh, the documentaries remind me of all the squirrels in the world. History is so reassuring – there's Henry VIII, shouting and shouting and shouting. Shout, shout, shout. Shout, shout, shout, shout, shout. Oh, it reminds me of all the shouting in the world. Roaring and roaring. Ah, and with the termination of each voluminous, open, manly roar appears the face of a minister – Cromwell, Wolsey,

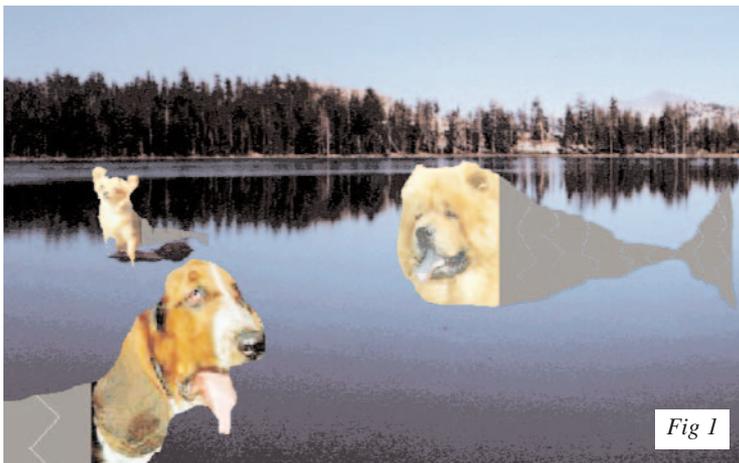


Fig 1

Cranmer – from behind a curtain, faction is afoot – yes – faction is afoot. For what is a curtain without a furtive face to peer out from behind it? For what is a king if he does not shout and make a show of his majesty? Kings are there to shout and ministers are there to peer round curtains just before the scene ends. And what of the other Kings and Queens? Well, Charles II confronts the plague in a BBC broadgram, as Chopin trips

mellifluously on in the background. Why, it reminds me of all the mellifluous trippings in the world. And then in floats channel five, was Hitler gay?, of course he probably was, no historian is 'completely objective' (if that verbal juxtaposition reeks not too suspiciously of pleonasm); in the face of all the evidence one can still conjecture with profit that that man who metamorphosed from hubris to nemesis (as we historians so elegantly put it) must have been like he was for a reason. For every effect there is a cause – and if there is a



Suzy – powdered, axed

For one cannot circumnavigate a plum with aplomb with a plum. A compass would be vastly superior for that purpose. And people bemoan that academics are useless, that they offer no *practical* advice whatsoever! Thence, the myth is exploded. You see, we historians are engaged with reality: the Angel of History may have his face turned towards the past, but the storm blowing from paradise irresistibly propels him into the future to which his back is turned. May history continue to set our screens ablaze! May Henry continue to roar! May ministers continue to peer furtively from behind curtains! May the cries of that class of men, of that virtuous rank to whom lesser mortals fly for advice and assistance in all their numerous difficulties, continue to resonate freely across the page! For all and everything is but language, and the champion wordsmith is he who fashions magnificent, luminous statues from the yoghurt of history!

⌘ JSJ

Notes:  
<sup>1</sup> Fig.1 <sup>2</sup> ibid

# IT'S THE DRUGS, STUPID!

In her Old Chapel debut, from her fortified eyrie in Omaha Nebraska USA, **JUDITH BRODNICKI** brings news of the latest military developments

The latest battlefield innovation is not in the weaponry. It's a drug called **modafinil**<sup>®</sup>, which can keep soldiers awake up to 40 hours without apparent side

effects (not counting all of the dead bodies in their wake).

Research shows that sleep deprivation and loss of the rapid eye movement (REM) stage of sleep leads to hallucinations and paranoia. The U.S. military collectively ignored these findings and tacitly approved rations of Dexedrine (a diet pill, approximately the equivalent of cheap and legal speed) during the Gulf War in the early 1990s.



Brodnicki – no known acronym

"REM - schmem! You win wars because you have guys awake to pull the trigger!" a high-placed official in the Pentagon is rumored to have said.

U.S. military troops

have opted for **modafinil**<sup>®</sup>, a drug originally approved by the Food and Drug Administration (FDA) to treat narcolepsy {the disease of having sex with members of the Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA), also called 'narc's'}, attention deficit disorder (ADD) and depression, for which there are no known acronyms (NKA).

The US maker of **modafinil**<sup>®</sup>, Cephalon Inc., admits that they have no idea how the drug works. "Hey, man, if Esquire magazine can write about it alongside all those pictures of nearly nude women, what do we care?" an unknown researcher is reported to have murmured.

Enter the Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency (DARPA), tasked by the Pentagon to keep soldiers awake for a week or more. They started by studying

various species that avoid fatigue: migratory songbirds (excluding Barbra Streisand), the female dolphin, fruit flies, and Charles Manson. The conclusion – humans and fruit flies have 60% of their genes in common.

"This is breakthrough sh#t," said the research team. "If fruit flies had 40% more DNA, they'd be f#ckin' huge!"

Efforts to enlist fruit flies into the U.S. military battalions have been limited. "The little sh#ts won't wear the uniforms," one officer lamented.

Complaints from human rights groups about the use of **modafinil**<sup>®</sup> have been met with the standard Pentagon response: "Why don't you left-wing, liberal, commie, fag, bleeding-hearts mind your own business and let us get back to killing people so that the world can be a safer place!" ⌘ JB

# CHRISTMAS CRUISE OPPORTUNITIES

From our leisure correspondent **CARIBINA ONARSEUS**

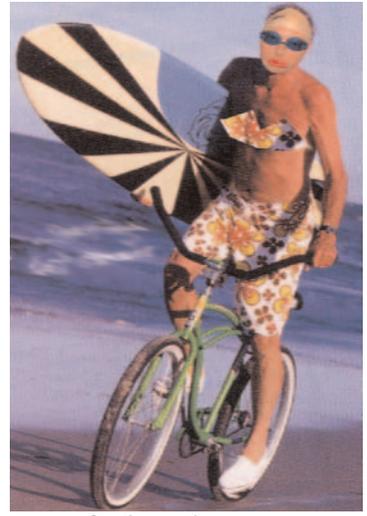
It has just been announced that the largest of our cruise ship companies has won a bid to buy two ex-Naval forces ships currently in Hartlepool docks awaiting their fate. **B&O** have been in dispute with **Brittney Rustbuckets**, both of whom were keen to purchase the ships with a view to refurbishing them and creating a new leisure fleet. This would provide an alternative option for luxury travel to exotic destinations – especially as the demise of Concorde has left a huge hole in the

business class holiday market. A spokesperson for B&O said today “...we are thrilled at our new venture, we hope to get the two ships up and running in time for inauguration cruises next Christmas. We are aiming at First Class passengers and will be providing a service second to none on a number of different routes. The ships themselves are in quite good condition and will be wiped over with a damp rag by a highly regarded British Company, **Jarvisoff** in readiness for the

launch in December of '04”.

## TICKETS

B&O will be asking a celebrity from Big Brother to break the champagne over the bows of the two ships which are to be named MV Asbestos and MV Peeceebie. Clients interested in applying for the limited number of tickets for the maiden voyages should contact Razor Blade Vessels Associates, c/o Loids of London, with a copy of their hepatitis A vaccination certificate handy. *JSm*



Caribena Onarseus

# DOUBLE BARRELLED INCENTIVE

or, Christmas (like a cut in interest rates) comes but once a year.  
A report from the Press Office, North Pole by **VAL YOUFORMUNI**

IT WAS CHRISTMAS DAY IN THE WORKHOUSE of commons, Father Christmas had completed his term of office for 2003 and was resting his tired feet on an elf in front of the heat in the kitchen. He felt truly exhausted having visited every conservative household to deliver tax cuts, gift-wrapped policies and sparkly increases in petrol prices.

As he sat and relaxed he pondered his previous job with a sense of dull dissatisfaction. After all, he had worked quietly and had given all of his energies to doing it as well as he possibly could. But this was clearly not sufficient sacrifice for those he represented – perhaps it was because he had ‘something of the day’ about him.

After threatening a tribunal he had been quietly written off with the offer of redeployment at the North Pole. A handsome allowance towards the upkeep of the reindeer and his small entourage of elf helpers, the use of a company sledge



Val Youformuni

and an expense account for Mrs Christmas had finally persuaded him to throw in the towel.

In some respects the new post

was quite satisfying, the lovely comfy uniform (with it’s enveloping hood which kept his bald head warm) was a relief after years of wearing a grey suit – and the brisk walk to Gift Headquarters in the morning set him up for the day, gave him time to think about his next novel.

All in all perhaps it was not so bad, after all it kept him in touch with young consumers, who were, after all, the most important sector of the population. Now (through the medium of the chimney) he could have real influence on the youth of Britain – encourage them to develop their knowledge of mobile phones and handguns - stir in them the deep desire to own and worship gas-guzzling 4x4 Itchypussies and designer trainers – maybe start courses in Gang Management... yes, he had a vision. He would start putting his proposals together after a glass of mulled wine which tasted all the better for having been paid for by the tax payer. *JSm*

# COURTSHORTS

**FOR SALE** Unused Special Edition makeup kit – contains black eyeshadow, white skin foundation, set of yellow canine fangs (with special non-toxic adhesive), red powder tint for under eyes for that especially manic look and fluorescent green contact lenses. Deluxe version only previously sold through Turnbull and Asser, all in a top quality fox fur case with the initials MH engraved on a gold identity tag. Please phone between 1am and 3am – 020 0200200.

**WANTED** Second-hand school uniform for Kentish Town Public School for Girls – any size – also any surplus school sports kit (lacrosse particularly), green wellingtons, wax jackets or other symbols of wealth and good breeding – must have high profile brand labels or original carrier bags. Contact Mrs Abbott on 02845 670000231 (Gloucestershire)

**GAY CORGI** looking for sincere partner for friendship, fun and a discrete relationship. Must be honest and trustworthy – preferably with own income and butler. Box No. 1212 Westminster.

**SPECIAL OFFER** Highgroove Organic Marijuana seeds – home grown and thoroughly tested – posted direct to your home in vacuum sealed non-sniffable packs. Guaranteed to blur your vision and make your partner appear really gorgeous. It works!! Perfect Christmas present. Two guineas per quarter ounce – gift wrapped. By post only – absolutely no callers, email your order to everstonedcharlie@blueblood.com

**UNDERWEAR FOR CHRISTMAS** We stock a huge selection of sexy underwear in those special sizes – bras, thongs, suspender belts and basques in French lace and satin, all colours. High-heeled stiletto shoes are also a speciality, new and hardly worn. By appointment to the House of Lords. Email us for our catalogue – orders posted in brown paper wrapping for confidentiality. widdecumwear@bottomflor.gov *JSm*

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**ARE BEARS CATHOLIC? – See page 23**

# NEWS IN BRIEF

## Telegraph bid fails

The Old Chapel confirmed today that the larger-than-life media mogul Lord Rogermer's communications empire made an unsuccessful bid for the Daily Telegraph title in November this year. "As I told Conrad, it was all a bloody silly misunderstanding" explained Lord R in an exclusive interview at his 'office', the Rose and Crown, Ivinghoe. "The offer of 15p was a generous one. I told my newsagent I only wanted the title but the silly sod refused to tear the top off page one for me. Bugged if I was going to read the rest of it – far too left-wing. Paula! where's that pint of Adnams, what is this – the bleeding Gobi Desert?"

## Predict and Provide

The Government has been warned that within the next three years there will be a 20-fold increase in the requirement for illustrated books in the UK. The Old Chapel Graphic Design partnership reported this week. At least £18 billion of public money and private investment will have to be pumped into the industry.

Well, it works for road building, housing development and airport runway construction, so why not books? **The Old Chapel** awaits your orders!! ☺ RH

**PETER WILLIAMS**, who died early this year, has left an unfillable space in the lives of his family and friends. He will be missed for innumerable reasons but perhaps mostly for his wide-ranging creativity and his dry humour. Both these qualities were used to brilliant effect in his regular contributions to this spoof publication. Always one of the first to send in his copy, Peter took the joke seriously – it was always a pleasure to visit his flat every year when he would patiently pose for whatever absurd photograph we decided would be appropriate.



Peter has left a wonderful legacy of artistic works in several media, including painting, drawing, sculpture, writing, photography, video, music and the spoken word.

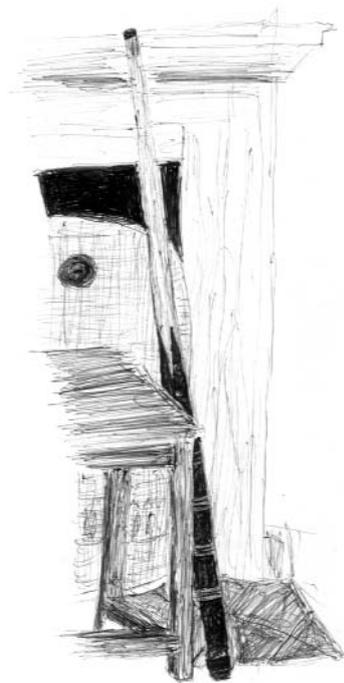
Peter won two awards from the British Haiku journal *The Heron's Nest*. The following isn't one of his prize-winning haiku, but it has a special resonance for anyone who knew Peter well. ☺ RH

new stereo  
how good  
the old one sounds

An exhibition of Peter Williams's work is planned for March 2004, at **Gallery 47** in Bloomsbury, London. The exhibition will run from Monday 29 March to Friday 2 April, 9am to 5pm each day, with the **Private View** from 6pm to 9pm on Monday 29 March.

Address of the gallery: 47 Great Russell Street, London WC1B 3PB. Contributions towards the cost of the exhibition are invited. Please make a cheque payable to **The Peter Williams Art Fund**, and send it to PWAf, c/o Ben Sugden, The Cottage, 167 Abbots Road, Abbots Langley, Hertfordshire WB5 0BN. Enquiries 01923 264386.

## Drawing for Christmas



Pool cue, fireplace and small table  
Ballpoint pen on paper  
Myles Hillier 2003



**DIY SURGERY AT THE OLD CHAPEL**  
Rogermer: "I need trapanning like I need a hole in the head"  
with apology to Heironymus Bosch

