

"Splish splash I was having a BARF!" sang Roy North as he thought about where he would ride his slippery-hided friend Flipper on his summer hols. "Two for sunny Majorca pleeese, Mr Trav Agency but first of all I must read my travel versh of the all new RIDE THE DOLPHIN."

## This week: Ho Ho Holidayze!

"I donna wanna holeeeedayah innader sunnah! I just wanna cob off wif a Page Free stunna!" sneered Sid, thus summing up the dreams and aspirations of an entire generation of disgusting and working class type Brit kids who just wanna have fun by puking giant arcs of golden yellow lagerbarf on Johnny Foreigner's piss-poor excuse for a national flag plus a megaruck with the gendarmerie followed by a light supper of dog heads and clag eaten out of newspapers and some sex.

**SCENE:** Heefrow Airport, sunny old Org-UST! Two billion tourists sit on their crappy cheap cardboard suitcases, white and flabby in their useless dayglo no-sex shorts and Union Jack T-shirts. The tannoy booms. **TANITA TANNOYRAMA:** The next flight leaving for Bermuda is Air Richbastard Flight 679.

(Ten amazingly tanned millionaires push casually to the front of the queue whilst wacking peasos on the head with their gold canes. Concorde awaits, gleaming in the noonday sun, and off they WHIZZ for massive rumpo and coke fun on a dazzling sexbeach.)

**TWO BILL TOURISTS:** Bollocks to this! Arise ye starvelings! Aux armes cityones! Where art thou, oh minstrel of the hopes inspired by the boom of the '50s, Cliff! You promised us that we could all go on our "summer holidays" and run around the desert with Ziggy Stubbs and The Monkees! Where for art thou?

**GROUP CAPTAIN 'Duggy' CLIFF:** Where fort here, cockers! Jump aboard my engines and let's zoom. Arm the exo's. **BRILLIANT COMPUTER VOICE:** Target locked on, commander, bleep.

**CLIFF:** FIRE!  
**EXOS:**  
SCREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!  
**AIR RICHBASTARD FLIGHT 679:** Look out! Pleb exo at 12 o' the 'clock!  
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAARGH

### WHY NOT TAKE A BOATING HOLIDAY ON THE NORFOLK BROADS?

Why not? Yeah, why not spend a week on a stupid cabin cruiser with a stinking chemical clag bucket for a bog in some stagnant tract of the River Ouse with nothing to do but sneak off to crap pubs full of yacht captains fresh from their rugger tour of South Africa?

Any chance of Napalm Death punting through in their annoying blazers and straw boaters? No! Check out the DOLPHO HOLDS GUIDE TO THE WORLD OF HOLIDAYING!

### HOW ABOUT A WEEK IN CLINT POPPIE'S SOCK DRAWER?

"Eat me, bitch!" said the sign on the mushroom. Curiouser and curiouser said Alice and bit deep. Suddenly the sock drawer imploded into a massive frobbing warehouse full of gyrating E-hippies acting daft on packing cases.

Alice felt herself getting bigger, so big that she found herself almost as big as the entire universe. So big, in fact, that she found her self crushed up against Matt Johnson's ego. "Eat me," said one of Clint's disgusting spermcrusty socks which lay atop a stack of his amusing collection of men's magazines, ie

**WANKER!** So she did and suddenly found herself at the front row of a 10,000 Maniacs gig surrounded by dozens of meat-beating music press journalists.

"But lads," she screamed, "THIS BAND IS TOTAL CRAP." But they were blind and could not see. The journos sweated and swooned and then stuck Clannad on their CD Walko's and smiled as they sang along. It was the best of times. It was the worst of times.

### OH, OK THEN: HOW ABOUT A VACATION IN THE NEW, IMPROVED EASTERN BLOC, IE THE LIBERALISED HUNGARY OR SOMEWHERE?

Josef 'Special' K hunched his shoulders against the driving fog like Midge or Simon in a video about Berlin or Vienna by Ultravox or Spandau or somebody. The grey city lights seemed to mock him. HA, HA, HA. That morning he had resigned from his clerkship at The State Sock Shop. He went into a cafe and ordered chocolate.

"What do ye mean 'chocolate'?" said the landlord through his frothy beard. "I mean, you canna have 'a' chocolate. You can have 'some' chocolate. But what the merry flip is 'chocolate'?" He snickered. "How about . . ." he leered, "A Mars Bar? HA HA HA!" The landlord summoned a waitress as Josef furrowed his brow.

The chick with the coffees and the apron smeared with all the crushed hopes of 200 years of Slavic tedium bared her teeth. Her grin seemed to mock his very being. Suddenly a cheery man carrying a dolphin walked in. Everybody greeted him warmly by throwing their chairs.

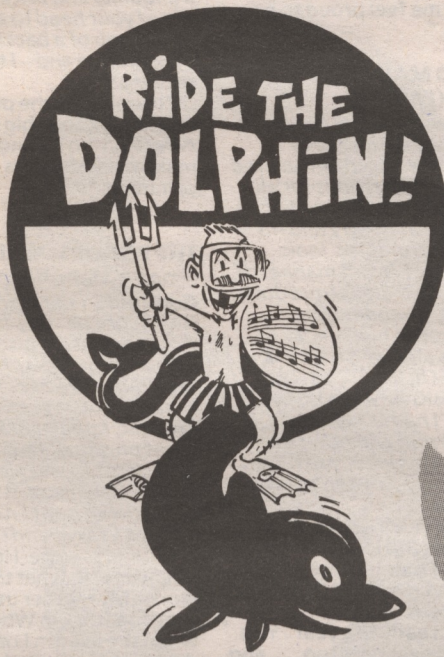
"That's the gentleman from England," nodded an old man, "With his Levis and his CDs." Everybody laughed! HA, HA, HA! And his dolphin. IK IK IK! How totally unflash now that perystoikered E Europe had gone onto chings and DAT. And Killer Whales. So they blasted him. And his Dolphin! Ik Ik Ik EEEEEEEK SplaT! (Stop! NO! AAAAARGH! That's disgusting!—an anarchist reader). Oh don't be silly! Dolphins enjoy being clubbed to death! Look! He's smiling!

Josef sighed, shoved his Homburg onto his head and walked out into the night. Perhaps The Shads were playing a 'gig' in town that night.

**SCENE:** The Old Boar's Inn, Prague. The foaming landlord fills a stein with Trophy Bitter as Hank Marvin tunes his Stradivariuscaster. The manager looks worriedly at his watch.

**MANAGER:** Where the raving heck is Cliff? It's 'showtime' in ten minutes! (Suddenly his moaning is interrupted as the door swings open and Josef K enters, clutching the severed and still grinning head of Cliff Richard.) **JOSEF K:** Put this on the guest list, Brian so-called 'Beatlemanager' Eisenstein! HA HA HA HA!

**SPLURTO!** Cliff awoke rigid with icy shockswat. That dream again! But only a dream! Suddenly, just like that good bit from American Werewolf, the hospitial curtain ripped back to reveal a snarling pigwoldolphin in a Nazi uniform wielding a machine gun. Yes! Thought Cliff! So that's what I meant when I sang that "Werewolf all going on our summer holidays!" Then he woke up.



The Brits! Always perfect gentlemen. Their old school ties and gentlemen's relish drive the Frog and Itie chicks wild with fizzing orrie mania. Here we see unemployed Manchester welder Jim Crazy hanging out with his three birds on the post-modernist concrete beach at Monte Carlo.

### THE TRUTH ABOUT DOLPHINS

The most intelligent animals in the world? Come right off it! Can Mr Dolphin drive a car? Or can he just grin and go "ik ik"? So! Do you see dolphins in top jobs in industry or in the universities of the world? No, you bloody well don't my son! And WHERE do you see dolphins?

- 1) In swimming pools, leaping through hoops and flapping their crap arms for fish. Very bright.
- 2) Swimming towards Russian subs with radio-controlled missiles strapped to their noses. Immensely clever indeed.
- 3) Saving the lives of little American boys. Not worth the paper they're printed on.
- 4) Hanging around in shopping centres with cans of Special Brew making sexist remarks and dropping fag ash in the flowerbeds. Not in the least bit intelligent, clever or grown up.
- 5) Roaring around after closing time on motorbikes with the silencers removed, waking decent folk up and endangering passers-by. Useless.
- 6) Staggering drunkenly across dancefloors, giving the DJ earache and spilling beer down their T-shirts. (Look! I've sat through feeble pastiches of books, I've said nothing about Cliff Richard and his alleged "dreams". But this dolphin crap is too much. STOP IT NOW—Ed)

So basically, don't go on holiday anywhere where you normally find dolphins but if you do you'd better be prepared with some cyanide laced mackerel (aka CYLAMACK! (TM)) or similar

because, believe us, give 'em an inch and they'll take your leg off.

### TEN RUBBISH DOLPHIN HOLIDAY LOCATIONS

(Start again—Ed)

### TEN RUBBISH HOLIDAY LOCATIONS THANKS TO THE DOLPHINS

(Oh sod it—Ed)  
1) Russia: Packed out with

Western pop groups and journos. The hotels are all full and there are so many bands that the real Russians have been moved out to Iraq. You pop into the corner shop for 20 Silk Cut and a Pravda and there's half of UB40 having a beered-up fist fight with The Men They Couldn't Hang. You escape into Red Square and there's PWEI having their arses photographed for kids' TV. Finally seeking refuge in the Kremlin, you see Magenta Devine and Andy Kershaw engaged in mudwrestling bouts with The Proclaimers. AVOID.

2) Asia: Fer! Get! It! Totally ruined in the late '60s by thousands of disgusting middle class hippies who went there to discover the don't think! flared ledderhosen asking me if the new Goodbye Mr Mackenzie album is as good as the first one. I mean who are Goodbye Mr Mackenzie? I don't know! But if you really want the rundown of what's top-of-the-craps in the UK then just hop across the channel. Otherwise give it a miss.

4) Africa: Thanks to Andy Kershaw, Africa now crawls with thousands of spotty muso types who think it's amusing to talk with a Lancashire accent. Once herds of wildebeest and lions roamed the plains. Now there are meat pie and cows' heel stalls from the Sudan to Zimbabwe and the local groups are so disillusioned with their music that they make Deacon Blue type records.

5) America: Would be rather nice were it not for the fact that all the bands are New Country acts. Rednecks! Who flipping needs them? Also The Lucy Show is on all the time. In some states it's on so often that episodes overlap and crazy Lucille Ball spacewarps occur and Desi Arnaz Jr takes on the appearance of a crazed dolphin man.

6) Antarctica: On the up side (says expert Yazz)—relatively dolphin-free but watch out for grumpy polar bears in suspiciously zipped fur and carrying water tanks on their backs. On the down side (says Lenny Cohen) it is bloody "parky" (amusing Mancslang for "cold").

7) Australia: Come off it. Shite. Too hot. Too crude. Too full of incredibly showy-off animals with external wombs and amusing beaks. All Aussie bands are crap with the exception of Rolf Harris and he lives in Manchester where he follows Mark E Smith around throwing 'tree' shapes and generally making Smiffie's life a misery.

8) Space: Space is Dolphin City. To be avoided at all costs. Just why did the last Trek movie involve saved whales? Think on. And look at this SUPPRESSED transcript of this tape of Neil Armstrong. "That's one small step for man but a giant step for dolphins, er, can we do that one again, Houston, ik ik ik." Also why are the dolphins suppressing the fact that Apollo 13 discovered that the moon is actually made of cheese? So the dolphins can have it all to themselves. The proof? Go to the zoo with a nice bit of cheddar. Offer it to Mr Snooty Dolphin and he'll refuse it. Why? Because he's totally stuffed with cheese from his last slap-up dinner on the Moon. BELCH! IK!

David Quantick  
Steven Wells



The Germans! Can't hold their beer and nick all the deckchairs. Generally all round bastards who refuse to act like a defeated nation.