

BREAKING NEWS!

Banksy Splash In-appropriate!

by Toff



Some time on the night of Sunday 5 April or the early hours of Monday 6 April, in this year of our Lord 2009, one of the City's most beloved landmarks was defaced by something called Appropriate Media. This morning passers by were shocked by what they saw as they took a moment to glance up at the image of a giant teddy bear about to hurl a bottle of perfume (or

something) at some riot police, in order to brighten what they knew would otherwise be a dismal day. "I thought it was a shame," said Minky Crush, a decent working type. "I used to like that picture, and my little boy liked it too because it had a teddy in it." Minky wasn't the only one bereft by the sight. "What f****g wanker would go and do a thing like that?" said Reg, a local person. "I'd like to

throw red paint all over them and see how they like it." In fact everyone The Toff interviewed seemed shocked and upset. Now that we know who did it however, we are still unclear as to why exactly.

Appropriate Media have this to say about their motives on their website:

“Graffiti artists are the copywriters for the capitalist created phenomenon of 'urban' art

"Come buy, come buy? call their tiresome tags and pointless polemics, ?You like that? I can knock you up the same thing to hang on your living room wall. What with being on the cutting edge of painting, us graffiti artists like to continually push the boundaries of what the medium is by spraying pictures of plump lipped, doe eyed girls onto canvas? they cry whilst whipping out their stencils and voila, street art to match your curtains. Well edgy. Well urban.

Graffiti artists are the performing spray-can monkeys for gentrification

In collusion with property developers, they paint deprived areas bright colours to indicate the latest funky inner city area ripe for regeneration. Pushing out low income families in their wake, to be replaced by middle class metrosexuals with their urban art collections.

We call for the appropriate and legitimate use of public and private property

Get off our streets, go back to your leafy suburbs and get yourself a proper job."

Well that's it, and seeing as how they are currently unprepared to step out of the shadows so that we can enquire further, it is difficult to work out exactly what they want because their policy is rife with contradictions.

They are against any gentrification of the Stokes Croft area, yet they call for the "legitimate use of public and private property", which suggests that they want only lawful use of outdoor spaces. They are also denouncing capitalism but they have chosen work created by artists for no payment to target as degenerate. Now, the Toff can't stand this type of skulking, so we have written to the cowardly custard, asking him (for I am certain it is a boy and that there is only one of him involved, as I imagine him an unhappy type whom others are at pains to avoid) to step up like a man and be interviewed. We have as yet received no response.

Chris Chalkly (People's Republic of Stokes Croft Chairman in Chief) was quick to respond to the act of counter vandalism. "He was up a ladder with a bucket of water, scrubbing away before you could say PAINT," said a local vagrant who couldn't remember her name. When asked what he thought of the defacing of the Banksy work, Chalkly had this to say: "I don't know." And who can blame him? I then asked him to comment on what The Evening Post had quoted him as having said about it, to which he replied: "I don't know, what did they say?" So I said that they had said that he had said this:

"Mr. Chalkley said it was the second time the art had been targeted inside



Cleaning the paint off. Good man!

two weeks and believes vandals are distracting from the good work being done to improve the neglected area. He said: "We've done a lot to change the vibe of the area with street art and this is an important piece."

To which Chalkly responded: "Oh no, I didn't say that! They make me sound like Mr. Angry from Angry Land." And so, let us set the record straight: Mr. Chalkly does not know what to make of this currently, although he is, of course, not for the action. Chalkly is a mild man from the Mild Mild West, I, however am from a different mold, and if I get my hands on the blighter who did this ...

Comments to:
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Free Exhibition Cures Homelessness by Toff

This week the P.R.S.C (People's Republic of Stokes Croft) organized free entrance to the Crimes of Passion exhibition currently taking the Royal West of England Academy by storm.

With entrance to the show normally costing four pounds and twenty pence, it was not an offer to be sniffed at. Chris Chalkley (P.R.S.C. C.E.O) deployed one of his slaves to paper the area with posters advertising the event, which invited all interested Stokes Crofters to: "see the graff up the posh end" last Wednesday at 10.30 a.m. .

"The exhibition is like a microcosm of what the P.R.S.C is trying to achieve in Stokes Croft itself," said Chalkley through a mouthful of toast, which he had brought from home and had turned cold and hard since, but, not being one to waste, he ate it anyway. (Good man!) "If we succeed in transforming this area into a giant outdoor art gallery," he mumbled, "then you could say the show is a sort of maquette for that vision."

With the cost being prohibitive to those less fortunate than myself, Chalkley was keen to have as many homeless people as possible join the walk. "They had shown a lot of interest in the idea," said Chalkly, still eating toast, "but when the day came not one of them turned up. There were shop owners and residents and students, but the people who could have really benefited were nowhere to be seen." In fact it was the first time since 1974 that the streets of Stokes Croft were entirely without the homeless flotsam one has become accustomed to stepping over if one wishes to move more than a few feet in any direction along the Croft. As a result of this unprecedented coup, The Toff is currently petitioning the council to offer more free events to these scoundrels in the hope of getting them to clear off forever!

Mad Hannah Victorian Explorer in the Twenty-first Century by Mad Hannah



Mad Hannah in Egypt

Hannah: "I told that oaf Livingston, I said to him: If you can't find a Mummy in Egypt you must be blind."

Tim: "But aren't the tombs all off bounds these days? I mean aren't the artifacts protected?"

Hannah: "Don't be stupid man. We're English. Nothing is off bounds to us. Really, you sound like that fool at the ferry who asked us for a visa. We can take what we want because we know how to look after things. They French polish the Pharaohs at the British Museum you know. Look, there's one! Five millennia if she's a day."

Tim: "But that's just an old woman. Look, she's drinking tea."

Hannah: "Are you mad?! The sun's cooked your brains. I'll strike a deal with the men sitting beside her while you bundle her into the sack and hail a donkey."

Hannah: My good men! How much for this mummy? I have five British pounds about my person and am prepared to make you a gift of the entire sum AND clear the dead from you midst.

Hannah stuffs a fiver into the hand of one of the men. Tim bundles the woman into the sack. They hail a donkey and leave the scene.

Hannah: Ciao!

The men laugh and wave after them. Woman wriggles like mad in the sack.

Hannah: Stop jiggling her about Tim! The donkey doesn't like it!

Ends

*Next week:
Mad Hanna and the Mexican Hat*

Comment by Son:

Re: Free Exhibition Cures Homelessness by Toff

"Chill dad."

Crowd Dive at Fundraising Gig - a Flop.

by
Son

If you were passing The Croft pub and venue on Monday night, you might have thought it was closed. However, inside, behind the soundproofing, raged the kind of thrash metal insanity that could wake the dead.

The gig, organized by David Glop, a student at Bristol University's music school, included some of the best thrashers around, namely *Go Fuck Yourself!*, *Fuck You All*, and *Oh Fuck*. Unfortunately the gig was not as well attended as it deserved to be. Glop attributed this to it being a Monday night: "There's a stigma attached to Monday for the more traditional Thrash crowd," Glop explained. "They have certain rules about where and when they should and should not be seen. Monday night is on the not list and so is Tesco's." I asked Glop where they were allowed to shop for food and he said that Somerfield's in Clifton Village was okay.

Despite the numbers, the crowd went mental when *Go Fuck Yourself* did a kick-ass version of their best known song, *Air Guitar*. So much so that one fan got up on stage and then dived headlong into the audience. Unfortunately there were not enough people there to catch him and he crashed to the floor, hurting the index finger on his left hand quite badly. Speaking after the gig the jumper, Jason Snoop from Brislington, had this to say: "I just went mad when they did that song. It's my fucking favorite. It just clicks something inside me whenever I hear it. My mum has stopped me playing it at home because I've broken so many things diving off couches and beds. But I don't care. I'll fucking do it again. Nothing can stop me." Snoop's mother, Sally, fetched him from the gig early when a friend of his called her and told her what had happened. "I'm very worried about him," she said. "I know *Go Fuck Yourself* is a wonderful band, but Jason needs to get his love of *Air Guitar* into some sort of perspective."

The gig was great anyhow and did its bit to try and break down traditional barriers within the Thrash movement.

Banksy Fudge a Sell Out.

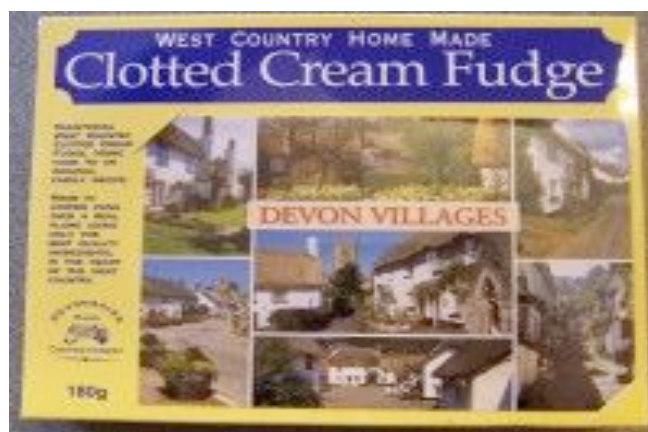
by
Son

If you missed buying a Banksy poster for a hundred quid eight years ago and are kicking yourself now for being such a tight wad, then here's your chance to join the ranks of expedient bastards who think of art as sheer commodity, and it will only cost you two quid! It is a little known fact that the maestro of mystery Mr. Banksy (A.K.A Banksy) had another creative passion long before he got hooked on graffiti. He made fudge. In a secret phone call made to the art star on a secret telephone somewhere secret in Bristol, the man himself told me this: "I loved fudge so much it was using up all my pocket money, so I bought the ingredients and started making it myself. I made so much - about 100 000 kilos in all - my friends told me I should box it up and sell it." And that's just what he did. But because he didn't think anybody would buy fudge in box with: BANKSY WUZ YER sprayed all over it,

he stole some boxes from a traditional Devon fudge factory. "I'm not proud of it," said Banksy, "but that's what happened and I'm coming clean."

The fudge is currently being sold at the P.R.S.C Head Quarters in Jamaica Street at the knock down price of only two pounds a box. P.R.S.C First Princess, Danielle Core had this to say about it: "The fudge is cheap because it is almost fifteen years past its sell by date, but it is still delicious, which is a tribute to the skill of Banksy as a cook. Alternatively it is something you could buy as a gift for somebody you don't like very much."

The fudge has been selling well and will probably be sold out soon so hurry along and get your greedy mits on some TODAY!



Comment

Re: Banksy Fudge a Sell Out

"My wife and I tried this fudge with some trepidation when my son bought us a box for our Golden wedding anniversary. We both thought it damn good and were amazed when we discovered it had been made by a criminal."

Toff.

No Clowning About at Cabot Circus – Please!

by Toff.

A clown was left with little to laugh about this week, when she tried to busk at Cabot Circus.

Maudlin Levin 48, has been clowning about for the last six years without any complaints – or so she claims. However, our smart new precinct has different ideas about random entertainment, and it is their policy that only acts organized by the company itself will be allowed to perform on their property.

As I was having a coffee there at the time, I witnessed the incident first hand and so am able to report to you most emphatically.

The clown stood in the middle of the walkway, miming and honking, tripping over buckets of water, and generally making a nuisance of herself the way clowns will. Shoppers were hurrying past with their heads down, no doubt shocked and embarrassed by Levin's antics.

Eventually a child appeared. She was walking with her mother when the clown crept up on her with a squeaky balloon, which she was in the process of turning into a grotesque parody of that noble breed and man's undoubted best friend: the poodle. At this, of course, the infant began to scream.

I could sit back no longer. Watching my fellow shoppers being molested in this way went against everything I believe in, so I stood up and shouted, "You! Clown! Cease!"

(I was using a technique I learned when training gun dogs at Sandringham, and one that readers might find useful. If you want to be obeyed, keep the commands short and clear and you will be surprised at the results - even from persons dressed as clowns.)

My actions triggered a further clampdown in the form of six armed security people, sensibly attired in bulletproof vests and balaclavas. These brave ones stalked the clown until she surrendered her wig, nose, bucket, balloons and large latex shoes. At that point the shoppers clapped and we all ordered more cappuccino.

I strode over and, keen as I am to discover what exactly it is that makes the criminal mind tick, I interviewed the clown. "I started clowning when I was made redundant six years ago," said Levin, sobbing periodically, "and I've never had any complaints until this." I asked whether she would agree to give up her nonsense forthwith and she said she thought she might.

Right: Maudlin Levin in happier times.

Advertisement

Your country needs
YOU
to drink
WHITE ACE

The drink that erodes your
brain while we erode your
rights.

Levin was released with a warning and told never to return to that part of shopper's paradise again. There were no charges.

As I was leaving I heard another child saying she liked the clown and that she didn't think it was fair that it be shooed away. To this her mother responded sensibly. "Of course you like clowns my darling," she said, "and I will get you your very own live clown for home. But clowns can't just go around wherever they like making people laugh for free, because if they did, it would attract a lot of poor children and we don't want to see them do we?" Her daughter agreed and my heart leapt as I watched them disappear into Harvey Nichols, all smiles.



Toff Fashion Tips.

by Toff

This week wear something nice and lovely. If you are a woman, then be a woman and be lovely and wear nice clothes. This is a very nice look for the week, and remember, diamonds are lovely.



You're a Poet and You Don't Know It.

The Cold

Your feet are bright blue
Get some heat from a teddy
Go jump in the lake
Water freezes at zero
Dunk the sofa
Warm it up
Steal a dog
Climb inside

Watch a poster
Of Bermuda
Pull a face if you can
Hobble into a teashop
Throw yourself on the fire

by Harry Brown

Contact The Toff at: stokescrofttoff@gmail.com

Dudokuy.

				9				

How to play:

Count from 1 to 9 about a million times. Try and get the grid to be full of the numbers 1 to 9 in a way that makes your Dudokuy correct. Then, when you can't do it, screw it up and eat it, then go out and kill someone. Good luck!

The Last Word.

by W. Burroughs

"We have a new type of rule now ... The iron willed dictator is a thing of the past. ...The rulers of this most insecure of all worlds are rulers by accident, inept, frightened pilots at the controls of a vast machine they cannot understand, calling in experts to tell them which buttons to press."



S P O R T

Grand National. Grotty Teeth.

by Son

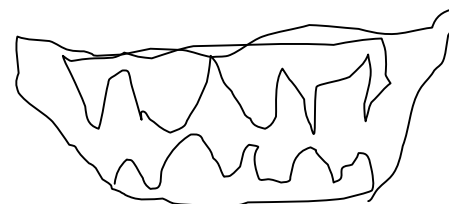


Liam Treadwell winning the Grand National on Mon Monerly on Saturday. Just look at him gritting those teeth!

On Saturday Liam Treadwell – a little known jockey from a little known family – won a huge race: The Grand National, and he won it by a really long way. He’s a funny looking bloke with terrible teeth, but that was no excuse for that terrible presenter from the BBC to make fun of him. Clare what’s-her-name was really mean. The bloke had just won the greatest horse race on earth and she said something like, “Give us a smile Liam and show us those horrible teeth of yours. Look everyone, aren’t they disgusting. Like little pointy pegs. They make me feel a bit ill actually.” Then she said, “Well, now you’ve won the National you can do us all a favour and get them fixed.”

The Toff was there of course, so I went right over to her and said, “Oi, Clare. What size are your underpants? They must cost a fortune what with the amount of fabric it takes to make a pair.” Everyone who heard me clapped, which was great because we were in the winners enclosure and it felt like I had won The National. Anyway I bought Liam a drink and told him he was a nice looking bloke, and he said, “thanks a lot.” It was a shame really, because when I said that he smiled at me and I got a really close look at those gnashers, which was a bit hectic I must say. In the pub I caught the eye of Princess Anne. She’d had a few and so when I asked her for her opinion of Clare what’s-her-name

she said: “Oh that cow! She’s frightful and I think people with laughable teeth the world over have had just about enough of her comments.” I also asked her whether she had had a bet on the big race and she said she’d backed the winner and was now five-hundred-million pounds richer. When asked what she would do with the money she said she would spend it all on herself.



Close-up of Treadwell smiling after winning the Grand National.

READERS' LETTERS

As this is our first issue, we do not have any letters to publish. Please send us all your thoughts, good and bad, and we will print them here. Even if you hate us, we don't mind hearing from you. Or, if you want to send us money, then that would be fine too.

To fill up space we are publishing a letter that was posted to us by mistake the other day.

My Darling Graham

Why do you not write? It has been almost two days and still no word from you. My darling, I am going crazy, imagining all sorts of terrible reasons why this might be. Have you met someone new? Just tell me. I know I'll probably kill myself if its true but don't let that deter you from being truthful. Truth is all we have my darling. Yes, truth is all we have.

Yours forever

Emmanellatudeteanais

COMPETITION

IF YOU WANT TO WRITE FOR A QUALITY NEWSPAPER BUT ARE TOO NERVOUS TO TRY, THEN PLEASE DON'T HESITATE TO

GIVE IT A BASH

The Stokes Croft Toff (& Son) IS KEEN TO RECEIVE YOUR ARTICLES. AS LONG AS THEY ARE INTERESTING AND THOROUGHLY INACCURATE, WE WILL PROBABLY PUBLISH ANY OLD RUBBISH YOU CAN THINK UP. AND DON'T WORRY ABOUT SPELLING OR GRAMMAR EITHER, WE ARE DOWN WITH THE KIDS AND BELIEVE IN TELLING IT LIKE IT IS. SO PLEASE SEND US ALL YOUR STUFF AND YOU NEVER KNOW, YOU COULD BECOME A STAR!

TO GET THE BALL ROLLING, THE TOFF IS GIVING AWAY THE WHOLE OF STOKES CROFT TO THE PERSON WHO TELLS US IN 100 000 WORDS OR LESS WHY THEY SHOULD GET THE JOB OF STAR TOFF REPORTER! WE ALSO ACCEPT LIMERICKS AND MIME.

SUBMISSIONS TO:
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