

EDITORIAL

I'd like to dedicate this issue of *ISIS* to a man named Mostyn Turtle Piggott. It was 120 years ago this year that this nubile young chap founded *ISIS* magazine. Mostyn Turtle was a man of many talents and many seasons. He was at once a poet, a hard man, a dandy and a peddler of erotic literature. The tedium of a dull evening would often be interrupted when old "Moist Turtle" (as he was known to his chums) would burst through the door with a bottle of scotch, a bundle of scandalous etchings and the faint smell of erotic adventure. As old Mostyn would often say "I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance, I chill men to their marrows". Who could forget his epic cautionary tale, *The Boy on One Roller Skate*, or his immortal lines "O the punt, O the punt, O the sticky, tricky punt. O the punt, O the punt, O the gloomy, roomy punt". The mastery of Mostyn's verse can never fail to send a shiver up the spine of every true-born Englishman, and it is to the Mostyn that I humbly prostrate myself in adoration.

[Note the evidently intentional contradictions (favorite propaganda tactic to throw off the unsuspecting reader).]

We must think of our noble founder when we consider the current economic troubles of *ISIS*. We are besieged by a nefarious consortium of gentleman thieves under the clever moniker of 'Oxford Student Publications Limited'. Villainy! Hast thou no bounds? Mostyn Turtle Piggott would have had no truck with these fools, with a quick rap of his cane he would boom in thunderous tones "back to your hovels, you fetid gnomes". The gentleman thieves would quiver, and scuttle back to their lairs.

Mostyn Turtle Piggott was a moron. I didn't just make up the previous two paragraphs as a joke, the *ISIS* founder really was an author and salesman of soft pornography, *The Boy on One Roller Skate* and that shite about the punt are amongst the most inane pieces of drivel I've ever read. We hope that some of the articles inside are a little different, such as Paulina Ivanova's piece on the murdered Russian human rights activist Natalya Estemirova, show that you don't have to be a sleazy smut-merchant to produce articles that are insightful, touching, harrowing, and above all, interesting. Enjoy this issue, if Mostyn still had his way it'd be a little different.

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Editor: Piggott's work "You are young, Kaiser William" contained herein, note the subtle demonization of Kaiser William in the pre-war Imperial War propaganda that helped incite WWI so that the British East India Company, Pilgrims Society and its Empire Press Union could seize German and Russian assets. Mostyn Turtle Piggott most certainly used his *ISIS* Oxford platform for British MI-6 intelligence propaganda.]

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Журнал (Russian) is translated "Journal"

TRANSCRIPTION:

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The ultimate ISIS ABSOLUTE FINALexclamationmark.indd 2

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[Cover:]

Журнал ISIS [Russian is translated 'ISIS Journal']

The following Mostyn Turtle Pigott works are contained in the anthology cited below:

- Punts
- A Boy on One Roller Skate
- You are young, Kaiser William

[J.A. Stanley Adam, Bernard C. White, eds. \(Dec. 08, 1912\)](#). PARODIES AND IMITATIONS OLD AND NEW, foreward by Sir Arthur [Thomas] Quiller Couch, pp. 347-352, 422 pgs. Hutchinson & Co. Paternoster Row.

<https://archive.org/details/parodiesimitatio00adamiala/page/348>



<https://www.newspapers.com/image/258836099/?terms=PARODIES%2BAND%2BIMITATIONS%2BOLD%2BAND%2BNEW>

https://issuu.com/theisis/docs/isis_ht12

MOSTYN T. PIGOTT

Mr. MOSTYN PIGOTT has published several books of humour. One of the first was a collection of burlesque stories republished from *The Isis* under the title of "Two on a Tour," and contained some particularly amusing skits on the modern novel. This was followed up in 1893 by "Common Room Carols," a volume dedicated entirely to humorous verse, from which "Punts" and "The Boy on One Roller Skate" have been taken; while in 1896 he published another book of similar verse entitled "The Songs of a Session," but in this case the themes were political. From it comes "You're young, Kaiser William," a protest called forth by one of the less tactful speeches of the German Emperor. Finally, appeared the "Joseph Jingle Book," a series of poems, many in the form of parody, which dealt with the political crisis in which England was at that time involved, and which were reprinted from *The World*.

Punts

[1893]

[*Imitation—Kipling*]

WHAT makes canoe-ists' hearts to quake?
What makes them lose their hair?

It isn't that they're huddled up with little room to spare;

It's the everlasting dodging all the everlasting day
Of the vacillating punter on his vacillating way.

O the punt, O the punt, O the vacillating punt!
With its silly way of navigating broadside up the Cher.;
We pack it full of cushions with a parasol in front,
And when it's under way it goes all slantindicular!

MOSTYN T. PIGOTT

What makes the sculler swear so hard with words of
wrath and sin,

When the sweet and soothing summer-eve draws
gradually in?

It's not the chance of being late for supper or for
Hall;

It's the vacillating punter with his silly sideway crawl.
O the punt, O the punt, O the harum-scarum punt!
Colliding with the river-bank and sticking in the mud!
You shove out madly with the pole and get its nose in front,
And then against the other bank it rushes with a thud.

The dingey knows a thing or two, the cockle's rather
fin,

The Thames-skiff isn't larky, the Canader's—a canoe;
But the vacillating pee-wy-unt, when all is said and
done,

Is a serpent and a switch-back and a moving-van in
one.

O the punt, O the punt, O the idiotic punt!
The humpy-bumpy imbecile encumbering the ground,
It'll block up all the river, and 'll never go in front,
And when we get it off it starts cavorting round and round!

'Twill twist and twirl and gloom and glance—'twill
slip and slide and spread;

You can't regain control of it when once it gets its
head;

It's game to spin the whole day through, and drift
the whole night long,

And when it comes to muddy ground it sticks there
pretty strong.

MOSTYN T. PIGOTT

O the punt, O the punt, O the sticky, tricky punt !
Its long side blocks the narrow stream, and no one can
get through ;
Canoes are blocked to rear of us and lots of boats in front ;
It's a jamb all up the Cherwell but it isn't jam for you !

So when the afternoon is past, our gratitude is large ;
We manage to conduct the brute to Mr. 'Talboys'
barge,
And when we take the cushions out and all our woes
are past,
We thank our lucky stars that we are safely back at
last.

O the punt, O the punt, O the gloomy roomy punt !
We vow that for the future from all punting we'll abstain ;
So we leave it far behind us and we give a cheerful grunt—
But we come again to-morrow and we hire the thing again !

The Boy on One Roller-Skate [1893]

[Parody—Tennyson]

I COME with whistlings shrill and loud,
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the crowd
To bicker down the alley.

The crowded streets I hurry down
With antics like a midge's,
By gas-lit shops, around the town,
And over all the bridges

MOSTYN T. PIGOTT

I wind about, and in and out,
At people's coat-tails hauling,
That there may be without a doubt
No danger of my falling.

And if I slip I hold on well
And so escape a cropper ;
And here and there I grasp a "swell,"
And here and there a "copper."

I steal by p'liceman, peer, and page,
I slide by paper-sellers,
I move old gentlemen to rage
And upset their umbrellas.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
I chill men to their marrows ;
I make the swarth Italians prance
Who "boss" the ice-cream barrows.

In Pimlico I'm found, and Bow,
In Holborn, by the river ;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I chatter over asphalt ways,
I clatter o'er the pavement,
And am, so far from getting praise,
Sworn at for my behavement.

At all my curves the people fret,
I turn them green and yellow ;
I make a dead determined set
At parties old and mellow.

MOSTYN T. PIGOTT

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
Just like a babbling river ;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I bump against the gay young blood
Who "quite regardless" dresses,
I spatter him with London mud
That spots, and spoils, and messes.

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[Editor: Note this subtle demonization of Kaiser William in the pre-war Imperial War propaganda that helped incite WWI so that the British East India Company, Pilgrims Society and its Empire Press Union could seize German assets. Mostyn Turtle Pigott most certainly used his ISIS Oxford platform for British MI-6 intelligence.]

You are Young, Kaiser William [1896]

[Parody—Southey]

"YOU are young, Kaiser William," the old man exclaimed,

"And your wisdom-teeth barely are through,
And yet by your deeds the whole world is inflamed—

Do you think this is proper of you?"

"As a baby I doted on playing with fire,"

Replied the irascible prince,

"And though I was spanked by my excellent sire,
I've been doing the same ever since."

"You are young," said the Sage, "and your juvenile legs
Are not what one would call fully grown ;

Yet you point out to Grandmamma how to suck eggs—
Why adopt this preposterous tone?"

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"As a child," said the youth, "I perceived that my head
Wouldn't ever allow me to learn,
So I made up my mind to start teaching instead,
And I've taught everybody in turn."

"You are young," said the Sage, "as I mentioned just now,
Yet with relatives over the sea
You have recently kicked up a terrible row—
Do you think that such things ought to be?"

"In my yacht," said the youth, "I will oftentimes range,
And at Cowes I have gybed once or twice.
So I made up my mind that by way of a change
To gibe at a Bull would be nice."

"You are young," said the Seer, "but the Post you ignore,
And have got an extravagant trick
Of using up telegraph-forms by the score—
Why are you so painfully quick?"

"As a child," replied William, "they taught me to write
An entirely illegible scrawl;
But a wire which the Post Office people indite
Can be read without trouble by all."

"You are young," said the Sage, "but you cling to the view
That the whole of the world must be yours;
Now show how the Transvaal's connected with you,
And what business you have with the Boers?"

"I am tired of your questions and sick of your din,"
Answered William: "obey my behest—
Be off! or I'll treat you as one of my kin,
And order your instant arrest!"

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