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Professor Thrupiece

The Ibiza Years

Imin Clubbe-Lande



THE
THREAD
BONE

PRESS

EDITOR IN CHIEF: Amanda J Threadbone



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They further acknowledge financial assistance from the Ministry of Music (Ibiza) in purchasing a Sony Walkman III (Pink Dolby B edition).

Editor's Note:

It surely goes without saying that the appearance of a volume on a subject as interesting as the present one requires the help and co-operation of a significant number of people, many of whom have racked what remains of their drug-addled brains to reconstruct hitherto lost elements of this extraordinary tale. The success of the "club scene" in Ibiza in the late 1970s and early 1980s - for which we now know Professor Thrupiece to have been largely responsible - has claimed more than its fair share of victims. From unexpected ecstasy to unwanted acid reflux, and from hippy hedonism to serious mid-life constipation, no lifestyle, however innocent, is entirely without unintended consequence. As ex-Spanish boycott Enrique so poignantly puts it in his recent tell-all autobiography: "*Si hubiera sabido entonces lo que sé ahora me habría cubierto el culo con más cuidado*" (Roughly: "*If I had then known then what now I know, I would surely have covered my arse more carefully*"). Amen to that!

As I was moved to write in several previous volumes in this growing series of Thrupiece reminiscences: "*Readers will again be struck by Professor Thrupiece's uncanny ability to find himself in the right place at the right time and some will perhaps conclude that more than coincidence is involved.*" I repeat that now and for good reason: it takes up two and a half lines of text that I would otherwise have to have written anew. More than that, however, it reinforces my conviction that with every new revelation - with every new monograph in this wonderfully inspiring series - the influence which Professor Thrupiece had on his life and times becomes more apparent, whilst the unique contribution he made to them comes into ever sharper focus. This will surely give rise to even greater admiration for a man widely acknowledged to be father to the modern world yet still strangely under-recognised by those who have never heard of him.

A shorter version of this article appeared in the Spring 2017 edition of *The Magdalene College Trumpet and Echo* and is here re-printed (in full) with the kind co-operation of the publishers, Unwanted Freebies Ltd.

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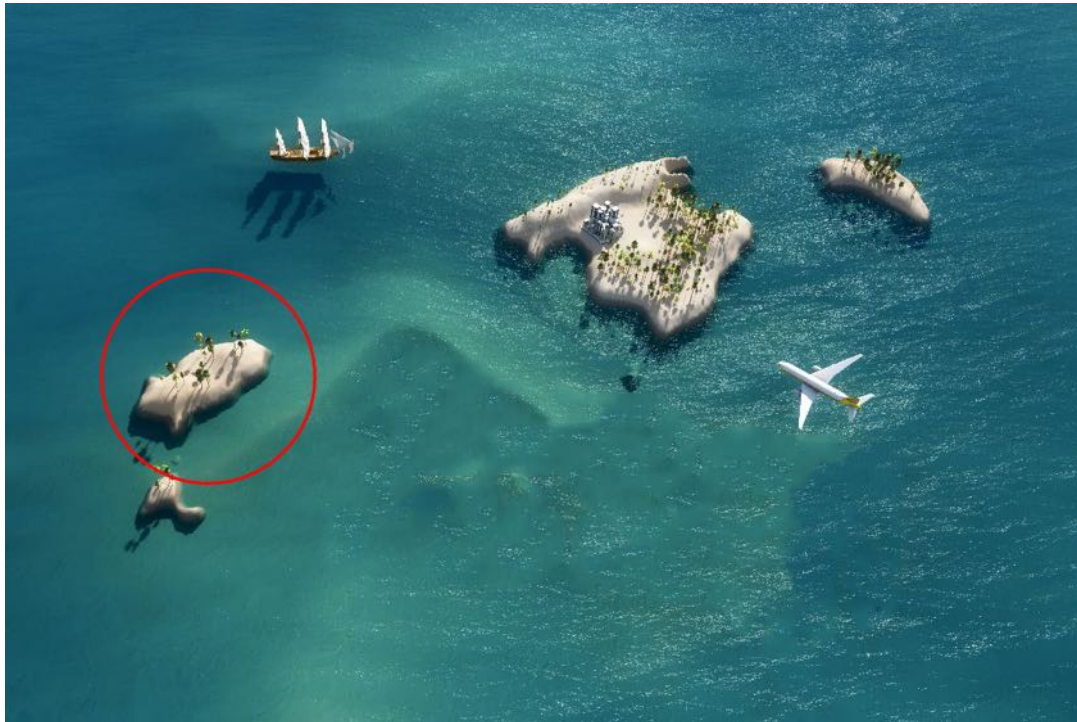


Readers of earlier papers in this prize-winning series will need no reminding of Professor Thrupiece's pioneering visits to the Soviet Union, Cuba, the USA, East Germany, Switzerland and Bradford Abbas. Few will know, however, of his many "escapes" to the magical Balearic island of Ibiza or of his work in establishing that small bejewelled place in the hearts of fun-loving peace-seekers and wasted entertainment junkies worldwide. Finding a sleepy Eden unchanged since Christopher Columbus's days on the island, the Professor brought his consummate conservationist credentials and strong ethical instincts to bear on its development and left it a playground for the helpless, the hopeless, the hapless and the seriously deranged. As the Island's 228th President Seriamente Dañado por Drogas has observed *"Antes de que el Profesor Thrupiece lo jodiera todo estaba bien. No teníamos dinero ni trabajo, pero teníamos nuestra dignidad. Ahora me paso el día vendiendo boletos para botes de fondo de vidrio, supervisando yoga en la playa y mezclando cócteles de mierda. Soy un millonario y mi esposa es una supermodelo: solo piense en el sacrificio requerido para llevarme a este punto."* ("Before the teacher Thrupiece fuck it, all was fine. We did not have monies or labourers, but we had our face. Now I spend the day selling tickets for glass-arsed boats, mentoring woman yoga on the playa and mixing Harvey's banged-her cocktails. I am millionaire and my wife is supermodel: imagine the sacrificing I make to force me to this manner.")

All of this requires perspective, of course, as any visitor to Ibiza will know. It now seems clear that without Professor Thrupiece's timely injection of interest and masterful intellectual grasp of the economic and social possibilities tourism might afford, Ibiza was going nowhere. *[The publishers have been asked to insert an IMPORTANT GEOLOGICAL CORRECTION: being in the Mediterranean subduction zone Ibiza was and is being pushed by the African plate towards Europe and is thus actually travelling in a north and slightly easterly direction albeit at less than observable speed.]* Now, happily it need go nowhere since the world comes to it and in its multitudes - except in October when it is full of pensioners and really very nice indeed. As recent visitors - carer Nolita Gisbon and her ageing charge Dixon Burstock - have recently observed: *"It's quite nice here and the transport hardly smells of old people at all."* (Postcard, October 2017)

A NOTE ON THE PHOTOGRAPHS: The photographs published here in English for the first time (the conversion from *Polaroid Instant Colorfilm* to *Threadmonochrome™* was undertaken at The Threadbone Laboratories's Digital Correction Facility in Great Heaving) were assembled by Ms Clubbe-Lande over a significant period of time. Many were briefly in the possession of her feckless mother Chagerin Clubbe-Lande (onetime intimé of DJ Squashy) and abandoned - like her - shortly after first exposure to the world. Several came to light in police raids on properties throughout the Island of Ibiza and that of Professor Thrupiece in "observation mode" with several near naked women once hung above the bar in the Hotel Paraiso Beach, Es Canar. Ms Clubbe-Lande would like to thank those in England who helped in the publication of this volume but cannot: for she speaks only Spanish. Typical! The translations are by Espa Ranto.

An Historian writes ...



The Balearic Island Group with Ibiza circled. This NASA photograph taken in 1974 emphasises just how underdeveloped the island was before Professor Thrupiece's interventions. It contains only 5 trees. The Professor's aeroplane can be seen circling overhead: testament to the thoroughness with which he always went about his researches.

The full implications of Professor Thrupiece's involvement in the affairs of the small Balearic island of Ibiza are yet to be fully explored. A volume with the modest ambitions of the present one cannot be expected properly to analyse and set out for the amateur reader either the complex chronology of his visits or the still more Byzantine implications of the Professor's many interventions in the island's society, economy and culture.

Suffice it to say that Ms Clubbe-Lande has done the general reader (and to a limited extent the Thrupiece scholar) an important service by sketching in the general parameters of his involvement and providing a comprehensive series of snapshots of the distinguished culinary bioethicist and his circle of colleagues and friends "*at work*" on the island.

It is clear from her account that Professor Thrupiece first encountered the island of Ibiza in the late 1970s, chancing upon it almost by accident as a result of an enforced period of recuperation for which the climate of his native Dorset was manifestly unsuitable. He arrived knowing little of the culture and history of the Balearic island group but, such was his intellectual curiosity and famed appetite for the acquisition of substantive facts, that only weeks after settling first in Es Canar, a sleepy village with no discernible morphology,

he had become thoroughly *au fait* with local customs and quickly cognisant of the economic opportunities underdevelopment handed to him *en un plato*¹.

The Professor invested heavily - first in the pilchard and then the heavy finger buffet and cocktail canapés arenas - and later still in the infrastructure necessary efficiently to distribute the many tons of deteriorating product he had acquired. In this way, he established a small but growing chain of restaurants and cafe-bars and - later still - hotels. The first - and always his preferred place of residence - was the Hotel Paraiso Beach in Es Canar (above the bar of which a haunting portrait of the Professor once hung (see Page 19)) but by 1986, more than 150 establishments owed their existence directly to him. All of this activity was within the strict geographical limits of south eastern Ibiza but knowing of the many bays, coves and beaches to be found throughout the island and wishing to colonise them with all possible speed, he acquired a large number of capacious (ex Spanish army) tents and began a secretive operation to deploy them: This cove-yerts operation was significant not only in and of itself, but also in establishing in the vernacular the shortened form “covert” - a term still widely applied to any secretive operation (particularly in the travel, accommodation and leisurewear industries).

1981 was a marquee year; for it was then that the Professor - sensing a serious appetite for nudity and free love amongst the continental louche - introduced the concept of the “hippy” to Ibiza. Readers will know that the Professor has been profoundly affected by the Woodstock Festival of 1969 which he had attended as a guest lecturer (Bio-ethical Best Practice Forum) delivering, in an extraordinary *tour de force* still unmatched to this day, the single most influential pronouncement on the bio-ethics of squid paté in high humidity environments yet explicated. Clearly the sights sounds, smells and experiences garnered at Yasgur’s Farm that eventful summer remained with him throughout his life and, sensing the striking congruence between California and Ibiza - both have trees and (some) electricity - he determined to import into the island something of the spirit of freedom peace and anarchy which he had found so stimulating during his US sojourn.

Scholars and critics as well as intelligently-minded people have wrestled with the apparent ambiguities of the Professor’s declared positions on any number of subjects finding contradictions and inconsistencies at almost every turn. Some have even gone so far as to describe his philosophical frame as “*deliberately contrarian*” and even “*improperly understood*”. In no instance is this more true than in the apparent paradox of his pharisaically uncompromising insistence on ethical purity alongside his apparently loose and even anti-establishment stance on free love, bare breasts, group sex, hallucinogenic drugs, daisy-chaining and open marriage. (It should be asserted here in the strongest terms that though there is ample evidence that the Professor was at ease with and even encouraged activities of this kind there is little or no evidence that he ever practiced or took part in them. (For a contrary view see Sizemore, S-L, “*Overstretched: My Life with Brian*”, Threadbone Press 2013)). Whilst it is also certain that he himself occasionally struggled to find a *modus operandi* - even a *modus vivendi* - outside the strict confines of a rigorous culinary bio-ethical science, it is clear from numerous diary

¹ In Ibizan culture the idea of handing someone something “*en un plato*” is not dissimilar to the English concept of handing someone something “*on a plate*” ie presenting them not literally with food (for example a sandwich or cake or even a biscuit) but rather providing them with an easy advantage for which they need not struggle or strive. The conjugation runs thus: I hand on a plate, You hand on a plate, He/she/It hands on a plate etc etc.

entries that the attention he lavished on the critical importance of ethics *per se* and his comparative neglect of morals (in the true Kantian sense) speaks of a personalised equilibrium perhaps hard won but, once established, easily assimilated and consistently maintained.

Whatever the truth of the matter - and we shall perhaps never know - abstract consideration of such issues faded from prominence in the mid 1980s as the Professor was forced to confront the pressing consequences of the uneven geographical development of which he himself was the unwitting author. Had he, in his rush to bring “civilisation” to the island, “*quitó su ojo de la pelota*” (roughly, “*taken his eye off the ball*”)².

“*Whether I am Crusoe or Man Friday I could not say*”, he half-despairingly recorded in a diary entry for June 1979, “*especially as it’s Sunday and I haven’t got a watch. Nothing in the fridge. S out and about and not a shop open until tomorrow. Bugger!*”³. This east:west divide together with the inter-modal lacunae which inevitably characterised it was but one of several pressing socio-economic realities of the day: for it was becoming clear that the heyday of the hippy on Ibiza was over. Gratuitous on-camera love-ins were now outré (“*Seen one seen ‘em all*” (Ibizan aphorism c 1990)), and though soft drugs sales were turning over nicely it was more on a *gemeinschaft* than a *gesellschaft* basis. In truth, the opportunities for industrialising leisure were few and far between. New paths were required and the Professor was not slow to tread them.⁴

It was at about this time that Professor Thrupiece realised that the market for poor quality, mindless, ear-splitting and mind-altering “*music*” was almost limitless. (He was, after all, very well-aware of the contours of the Dorset music scene and counted Ziggy and the Belle Ends (later Ziggy and the Boners) amongst his closest early acquaintances).⁵

Happily, improved distribution of stable electrical supplies and the perfection of the MAXI ThruDriver™ (a loudspeaker of truly colossal power) coincided with the invention of easily transportable high energy drinks (*Threadbull* being the obvious pioneer) and together, these enabled him to transform the sleepy bar-drinks and pistachios model developed on the Eastern coast into the hyper-dynamic “club culture” which he now implanted in the west: particularly in the area around St Antoni. Reinventing himself for the sole purpose of embedding these changes more permanently in the island’s DNA, he briefly adopted the persona of DJ Thru-pac and, as such, devised whole programmes of endless brain-

² This phrase should not be interpreted too literally. In the Ibizan dialect, to “*take one’s eye off the ball*” does not imply that one’s ocular orb has been first placed upon and then subsequently removed from a spherical object, rather that one’s attention has wandered from a subject upon which it should have been better focused.

³ Thrupiece, B: *The Thrupiece Diaries Vol 8: The Ibiza Years* (critical edition edited and annotated by E Whisky-McNightly, The Threadbone Press (2011))

⁴ In this respect Ibiza was not immune to worldwide trends: sales of love beads, sitars and shorty-raincoats declined throughout Europe. Even so, on Ibiza itself, small hippy colonies and their colourful markets remain still - testament to the Professors ability to plant his seed deep into the populous of a region.

⁵ Both Ziggy Osmington and Professor Thrupiece were alumni of Batcombe School and there is anecdotal evidence that Ziggy may have been the Professor’s junior partner in the dormitory, the Professor having described him on more than one occasion as “*an old fag*”.

numbing “entertainment” for the 16-28 year old market. Neither he nor Ibiza would ever be quite the same.

In time, this new holiday experience - alcohol-fuelled hard partying to the accompaniment of cell-destroying acoustic beats - would take on the full characteristics of what came to be known as a “raves” (a shortened form of the phrase “*They must be raving lunatics or else complete morons*”) and these major events would come to define the very essence of Ibiza in the popular imagination. Hard as it is to believe from the perspective of today, not a single night club, music bar, festival stage or vomit-filled public latrine existed in Ibiza prior to the emergence of DJ Thru-pac and his legion of imitators and admirers. It can be truly said, then, that Professor Thrupiece put the “biz” into Ibiza; or as Mayor Juan-Diego Sanches Vicario d’Estrella Escorial more pithy puts it: “*Lo convirtió todo en mierda*”.

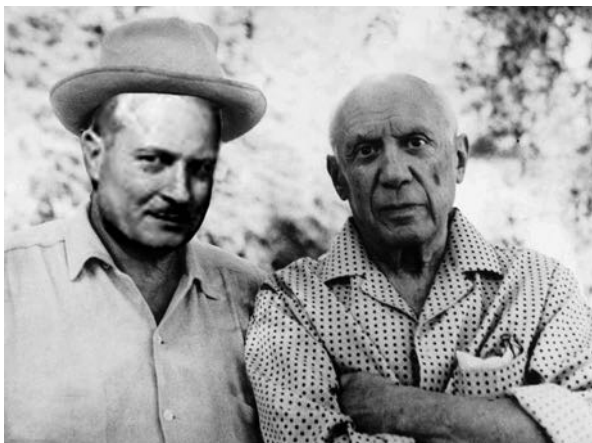


DJ Thru-pac: the persona adopted by Professor Thrupiece whenever he felt the need to “scratch”. The Ministry of Music was but one of his inspired ideas for lowering the musical standards of island-wide entertainment in order to render it both popular and inane. The achievement of this ideal became a longstanding aim of the Ministry which also made CDs, Vinyl and 8 track cartridge for use in cars, lifts and other “captive audience” environments.

Though the truly protean impact of the Professor on the culture, geography, society and public sanitation of Ibiza is even now little understood and though it might be argued that the Professor’s contribution has been seriously under-sung as a result, it should also be said that he was not entirely unrecognised or unhonoured in his time. He received frequent telegrams from Selena Scott and - perhaps not coincidentally - King Juan Carlos I bestowed on him the highest honour a non-national can hold - *Compañero en Infamy, Destructor de Baleares*. Equally, the Professor took great personal satisfaction from his many meetings with prominent Spaniards with whom he discussed his plans and who privately expressed their admiration for both him and for everything he was doing to destroy the old balearic traditions. Picasso, Dali, Bunuël, Miro, Casals, El Cordobes and

Julio Inglesias are just a few of those with whom “*se frotó los hombros*” (loosely: “*he rubbed shoulders*”) on an equal footing⁶.

We cannot conclude this brief and therefore inadequate note on Professor Thrupiece’s Balearic experiment without noting perhaps his single least acknowledged achievement. Aware that those who had visited the island would need something to remember it by (their natural ability to recall anything of their time there having been wholly compromised by their indulgences whilst “*in resort*”), he commissioned a number of local artists to craft mementos of which the most enduring is perhaps the *burro de paja*, a delightful keepsake in the form of a local Ibiza donkey fashioned from naturally re-growing local straw. “*It is the perfect choice for the discerning and culinary-bio-ethically responsible tourist*”, he noted, “*sustainable yet decorative, expensive yet cheap, of the culture and yet completely without cultural worth*. “*Further*”, he added, “*it is appropriately practical and symbolic. Those who come here make a significant personal contribution to the destruction of everything this island once was. How fitting that they take some of it home and conserve it. Soon all that will be left of the culture of Ibiza will be scattered in the attics of a million homes worldwide.*” Does any statement better encapsulate the two most characteristic aspects of what would later be the thrupieceorganisation’s mission statement: visionary wisdom trumped only by base commercial greed?



Professor Thrupiece with three giants of Spanish culture: ANTI-CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: with Pablo Casals in Eivissa; with Salvador Dali off Formentera and with Julio Inglesias in The Jacaranda Club, Es Canar. As the photograph shows, he had *sacó su cuello* (literally “*stuck his neck out*”) to meet him.

The Professor admired all three but noted tellingly, “*each had their merits, but only Julio could sing “Crazy” on an empty stomach*”.



⁶ The custom of exposing the upper arm and touching the corresponding region of a companion or friend is widespread in Spain but particularly characteristic of the Balearics where it exists in hieratic form. Shirts and blouses tailored to this specific purpose were once highly customised and greatly valued. Now they are available in most tourist shops as souvenirs. Few are aware of their origin describing them merely as “beach” or “holiday” or, more prosaically “short-sleeved” shirts.



Professor Thrupiece (middle dark coat) departs with Audrey Badminton-Court from Corfe Mullen International on Flight TA724 for Ibiza in 1974. Recuperating from a strained abdominal lower mid section sustained whilst helping Ms Badminton-Court move a Steinway upright into her new Gussage All Saints condominium, the Professor was in need of a little tlc. He had chanced on Ibiza when completing an *Evershot Weekly Advertiser* cryptic crossword puzzle correctly guessing the answer to 3 down "Balearic island confused Zibia (5)". He was to make the same trip many times in over a dozen years.



Lockheed Tristar on the apron of Corfe Mullen International Airport. It was on this aircraft or similar that the Professor conceived the idea of the all-inclusive holiday package whereby those with little money could eat and drink themselves into oblivion without worrying about the cost or the wellbeing and whereabouts of their odious children. He was later to receive the NSCPCC Gold Award for his contribution to absentee parenting.



Ibiza Airport as first photographed by Professor Thrupiece with his trusty Leica Variflex. Friends witnessing him thrusting his hands frenetically down his trousers were always relieved to see them emerge gripping this compact device. In the late 70s the runway was so short that aeroplanes frequently ploughed into the terminal using its collapsible structure as a braking device. The technique did much for after flight bar sales.



ABOVE: Inside the cabin of the Lockheed Tristar. Passengers were often struck by its spaciousness and comfort compared to the accommodation they encountered in their hotels on the island. Facilities in Ibiza in the early days were so under-developed that toilets in the aeroplane carried the cautionary notice: “*Last pee before return to the UK*”. The Professor (extreme left behind Millicent Martin (standing)) was punctilious about such matters and preferred to keep his outpourings “*bottled up*”. BELOW: Patrick McNee and Avengers fans Sandrine and Tamsin strike a pose whilst colleague Tamara (middle) throttles a difficult passenger in Seat 23C. Samantha (extreme left) is preparing the chloroform.





ABOVE: Three early panoramas of Ibiza beaches captured by Professor Thrupiece using an experimental Japanese *Panon Camera Shoko Widelux F7* series 35 mm. They illustrate the deserted, underdeveloped and wholly unappealing nature of the island before his timely rejuvenation of its fortunes. BELOW: The contrast could hardly be more vivid: thousands enjoying the “*holiday of a lifetime*” in 1986 thanks to Thrupiece Travel, the pioneer package holiday company set up by the Professor to promote “*Equality of opportunity in the overseas recreation market*”. The Professor had much in common with his friend and commercial aviation pioneer Sir Freddie Laker; most notably enterprise, the popular touch and, above all, bankruptcy.





Es Canar, Ibiza, where Professor Thrupiece was based on his first trip to the Island. ABOVE the sweeping bay home to “Moby’s Dick” the famous glass-bottomed boat named after the renowned DJ, musician, author and photographer Moby whose outstanding attributes were first spotted by the Professor and which blossomed notably under his watchful eye and careful handling. BELOW: the Hotel Paraiso Beach in 1979. The Professor invested heavily in canapés in an attempt to popularise ethical heavy finger buffet starter options and subsequently found it necessary to purchase an outlet for them. The idea of starting a hotel was probably inspired by his fondness for hotel life first nurtured on his trips to Geneva in Switzerland. He took a great interest in the technicalities of hotel building paying particular attention to power supply, voltage stability and small electrical appliance compatibility. This was to prove ironic.



Two rare snapshots of Professor Thrupiece (Left) and Shelley-Lulette Sizemore (Right) in Eivissa (Ibiza Town) in October 1983. The Professor is in relaxed mood though Ms Sizemore seems tense: the result perhaps of over-enthusiasm on the Professor's part the evening before. His diary entry for 19th reads: *"Caught S in the shower and turned off the hot tap. Screams, shouts and some profanity. Hilarious! Later tried to make amends but she refused to see the funny side of my impression of a hairy mammoth. I thought the trunk impressive in its own way. Off to Eivissa tomorrow. I hope she bucks up."* Evidently, she did not.



Eivissa or Ibiza Town: the major city on the island it is steeped still in the medievalism of its early days. The Professor was drawn as much to its associations as its culture: *"I am very fond of E. It is steeped in the culture of its mediaeval past and S and I had a good go there. A tad sore."*



The Jacaranda Lounge, Es Canar where the Ibiza Club Scene as we know it was born. It was here that Professor Thrupiece in the persona of DJ Thru-Pac established the parameters of Disco Ibiza which would last a generation. His urge to “scratch” was insatiable, having “caught the bug big time”. (The bug was possibly not a bug but rather a mosquito if evidence of his constant need to scratch is any indication.)



Given the Island’s reputation for aggressive clubbing on an industrial scale it is hard to believe that it was once a quiet place with a small “hippy” population of peace loving dope heads. Responsibility for the transformation lies in major part with the *Ministry of Music* initiative which Professor Thrupiece started in the early 1980s. *“All these people got to hear before the Ministry was terrible music but they evidently liked it so I found a way of producing terrible music on a much more commercial scale. By 1985 we were turning out 148 hours of awful club anthems every 24 hours which is some record: well they were CDs actually, records having gone out of fashion. Though what the CD people said was true - they were hard to scratch*





Hippy Ibiza: Long before its life as Clubland Central, Ibiza was famous for its hippy lifestyle - a reflection of the profound influence which his appearance as guest lecturer at the Woodstock Festival (Yasgur's Farm) Bio-ethics Adjunct Conference in August 1969 had had on Professor Thrupeace. So taken was he that he often referred to himself punningly between 1969 and 1975 as Professor Thrupeace, causing widespread consternation throughout Thrupeace bibliographic circles even to this day.



[CLOCKWISE from TOP] Friends of Audrey Badminton Court de-lousing in 1971; Colonel Tom and Marjorie Marjorie-Marjorie take a break from life as London actuaries to enjoy a spot of fun in the sun: the new balls are Tom's; Alberto Whisky-McNightly holds the buttocks of his lady friend of the time (Juanita Valsquez de Palma) in a fashion recommended by the *Thrupeace Guide to Yacht Safety On and Offboard*. The hold (known locally as the *Thrupeace Clench*) minimised impact whilst maximising opportunity; The Hippy Market Es Canar, a happy reminder of whackier times; DJ Thru-pac's first Ibiza rave. 1,200 people paid 200,000 pesetas each (approx €1.5) to attend the event. They consumed 150,000 gallons of mixed fruit cocktails and 200lbs of dope, weed and LSD. Police later described it as "*comparatively quiet night*". The lady with the large horn in her mouth is believed to be Shelley-Lulette Sizemore.





The famous Ibiza Gecko - unofficial symbol of the island. It too is of the Professor's devising. Always observant of wildlife (*"I don't want the little bxxxxxxs sneaking up and biting me in the arse"*), he was also acutely sensitive to local custom and iconography. Mistaking the creature he saw for a salamander he took the first letter of its name and fashioned it into a pendant as a gift for "S" (almost certainly Ms Sizemore) who liked it so much she had it tattooed on her arm. Here a young Ms Sizemore holds Brian Junior - a boy strikingly like the Professor in appearance but (sources insist) the son of someone other than the Professor who had no known children. She appears heavily pregnant though she had in fact just swallowed *"an unusually large fishy thing over lunch at The Jacaranda"*. BELOW: The little chap is now ubiquitous.





Ethics v Morals: Biographers of the Professor have often posited a dichotomy between his strict and unyielding stance on ethical exactitude and his apparently relaxed attitude to a number of moral issues perhaps best exemplified in his near total embrace of the hedonistic tendencies inherent in his Ibiza enterprises. This he explained was to confuse ethics with morals: as he famously wrote: “*ethics guide our actions, morals are a bloody nuisance*”



TOP: The Professor embraces Ibiza life; MIDDLE: the Professor bids a hearty good morning to near neighbour Anneka Rice-Balls during beach yoga; BOTTOM: a keen observer of the young, Professor Thrupiece takes a kindly interest in Celia Notso-Pointy’s nieces Bunty Notso-Pointy [Right] and Poppy Fairley-Pointy [LEFT].





The *Annual Thrupiece Beach Babes Olympiad* continues to attract entrants from all over the world. Fewer each year may know the significance of the Professor's name and pioneering work, but his spirit lingers on in the competition categories: [TOP] Sharon, Sinead, Sheryll, Chantal and Chardonay from Luton compete in the "*Bio-ethical Dancing Boobs*" Event; BOTTOM: Edna from Billericay and Desiree from Texas go head to head in the *Hats On and Knickers Off All You Can Sustainably Eat Knock-Out Competition*. A young Jason Sizemore (seated middle left) looks on as he prepares for the *Mickey Dolenz Lookalike Ionised Water Fight*.



A Prophet in Another Country: King Juan Carlos I of Spain bestows the country's highest honour on "Su Magnificencia Profesor Brian Thrupiece Compañero en Infamy, Destructor de Baleares" Professor Thrupiece wears the ceremonial robes of a private in the Spanish Local Traffic Militia, though without the plastic sills and facia boards. Queen Sofia's uncharacteristic jocularly results from having just understood the punchline to the joke in Professor Thrupiece's acceptance speech about the Actress, the Bishop and the rubber ring. BELOW: Crowds outside the Palacio Real de Madrid celebrate the honouring of Professor Thrupiece Ibiza style: more than 20,000 condoms were released in a 30 second burst. Local barbers were unable to supply "something for the weekend" throughout the months of June, July and August. Queen Sofia pronounced herself relieved.





ABOVE: Members of the DHRA (under 40s) on their annual Ibiza Jamboree. Instituted in 2008, it reminds the youth of Dorset of the seeds planted there by their most distinguished county-man more than 35 years ago. For many it is an opportunity to meet half-brothers and half-sisters otherwise unknown to them. BELOW: Eivissa as seen by Professor Thrupiece on what would prove to be his last visit. Within a few months of his departure, he would set off for Switzerland never to return.

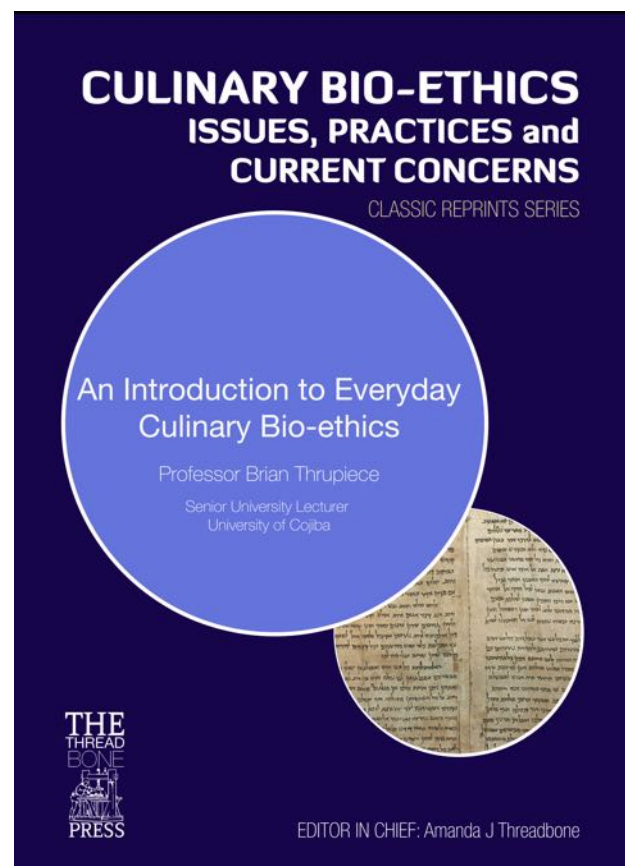
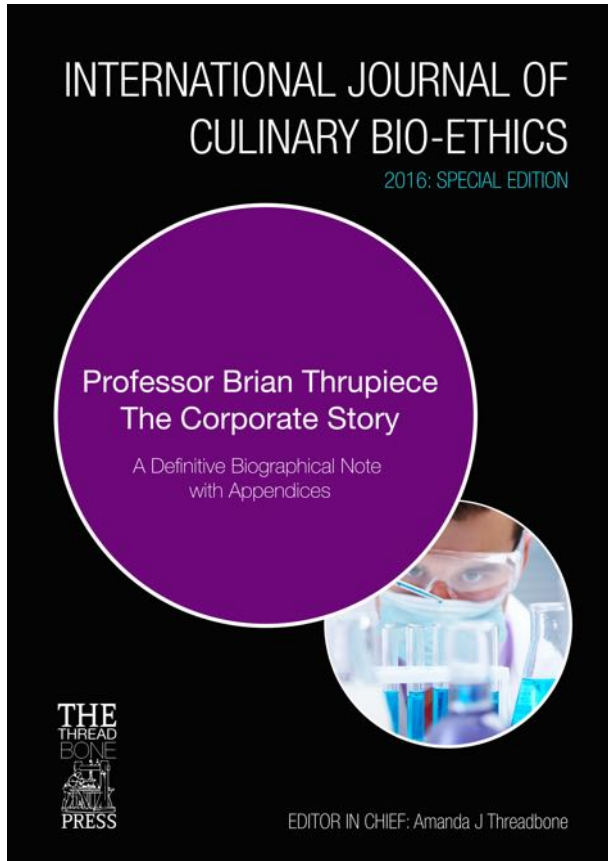




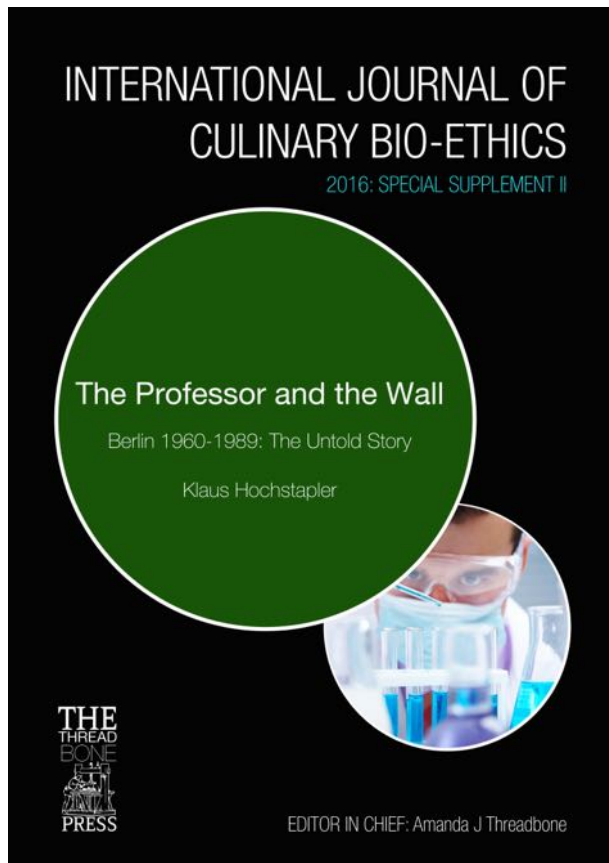
Two enduring manifestations of *El efecto Thrupiece en Ibiza* (the Thrupiece Effect on Ibiza) . TOP The famous straw donkey with (optional) Thrupiece rider. The donkey was made of local straw and was thus bio-ethically sound; it was also completely without artistic merit: a perhaps unintended semiotic signal. BELOW. The Ministry of Music's *Ibiza Chilled House* with DJ Thru-pac. Armed with this 2 CD set, visitors could take the sound - as well as the indelible smell - of the island back home with them. Alongside un-planned pregnancy it was voted the "most unwanted gift of 1989". Pristine copies can be found in almost all High Street Charity Shops.



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