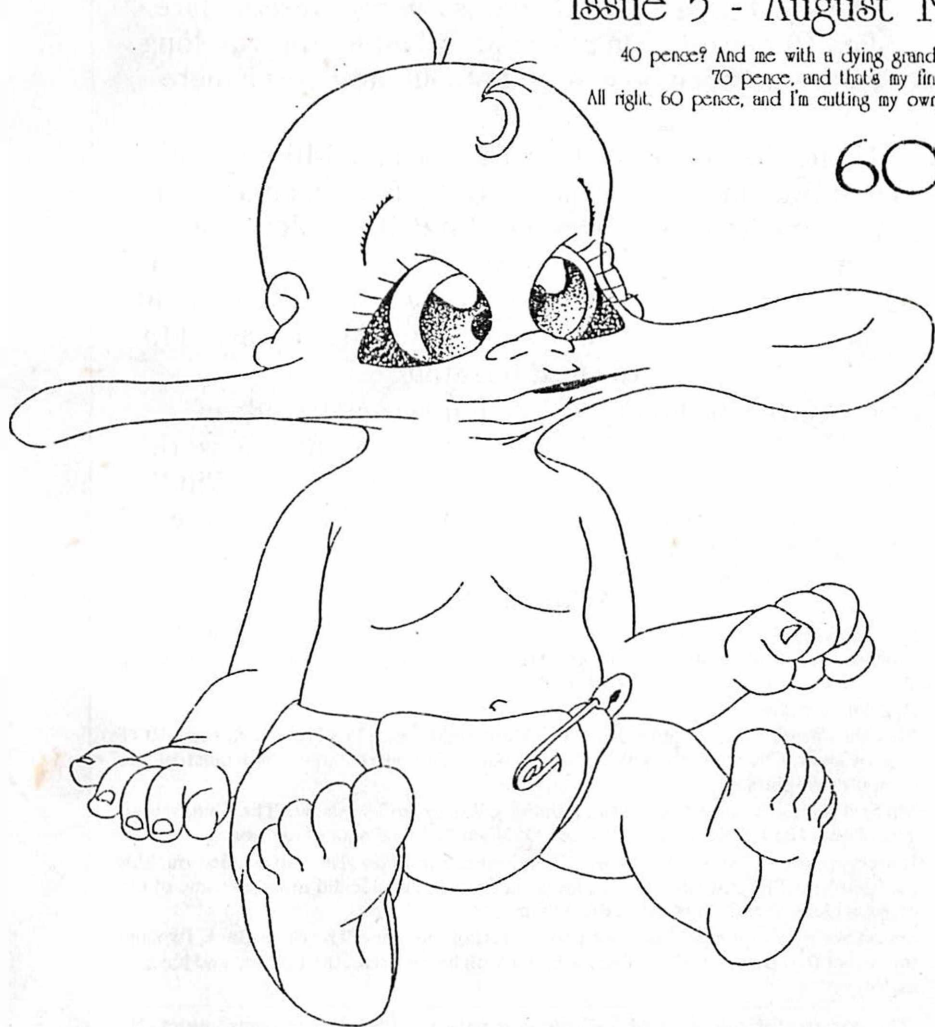


PFL

Issue 5 - August 1992

40 pence? And me with a dying grandmother?
70 pence, and that's my final offer.
All right, 60 pence, and I'm cutting my own throat.

60p



Disadvantages of The Privileged:
Part One - The Beginning

PFJ Issue Five - August 1992

EDITORIAL

Welcome to our jubilee issue. Yes, though it doesn't seem like it to any of us, PFJ has reached its tenth issue, its golden anniversary, its coming of age. Through the years we have launched the careers of many well-known comic writers, like Simon Webster, for instance.

When PFJ began, the world was a very different place. Mary Robinson hadn't been president for quite as long as she has been now. A pint of Guinness cost a mere £1.52.

Names like Boris Yeltsin, Terry Waite, Mike Tyson, and Brendan Ryder could scarcely have been used in the same sentence together. But PFJ has blown away such archaic notions. If someone had come up to me in the street back then and said "PFJ will still be around to celebrate its tenth anniversary" I would have walked to the next bus stop.

As we type boldly on into our second decade of publication, we can only speculate as to what the world will be like by the twentieth issue. Perhaps there will be men on the moon. Perhaps women will get the vote. Nah.

Who do what

Special Guest Contributors this issue are Robert D'Arcy (cover and Richard the Third), Frances Halpin (illustrations for Where Are They Now?) and Ken Webster (An Evening With Smallpox and the picture of the bull).

Regular contributors:

Michael Carroll : The Gobbies Plan, The Commit.Mems., Hula Hoofs ad., the GROT page, Classic Charts, Estherantzo, Noticeboard, Computer Jargon and most of the computer graphics.

Michael Cullen : Pooh is Found Out, Relativity, Where are They Now?, The Thing About The Shoes, The Dandelion ad, A Good Old Night Out, and a lot of cartoons.

Robert Elliott : Writers' Workshop, The Persecution Show. He also padded out this paragraph so it looked like he had a lot more in this issue. He did think up some of the cartoon ideas, even if he couldn't draw them.

Simon Webster : Chinese Takeaway and the rest of that page, The Bible Book Two and the rest of that page, Shagline, The Problems with being Oscar, the Fold-in, and loads of cartoons.

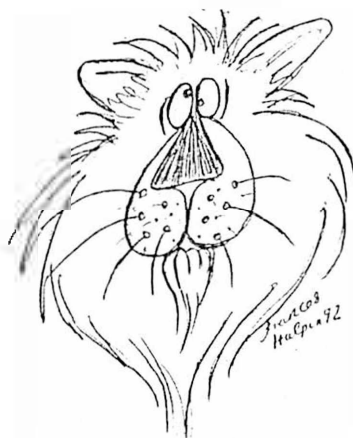
The contents of this issue of PFJ are copyright (c) 1992 by the contributors. No unauthorised duplication is allowed under the PFJ act 1876, section 14, clause 37, paragraph 2, Birmingham 6. And now the weather. No bunging the thing into your photocopier to distribute among your friends. Hey, that's a point. How come we have more fans than the number of copies we sell? Who's not paying their fair share?

WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

Daktari was one of the most popular TV shows of the 1970s. It introduced millions of children to the wonderful world of the African plains and safari parks, and to the varied wildlife of exotic places.

One of the most popular characters on the show was Clarence, the cross-eyed lion. He had some doleful expression to add to almost every situation that cropped up, and his docile nature and unfortunate visual impairment made him one of the most beloved animals of his time. Children everywhere named their pets after him, and tried to apply his philosophy of existence in some way to their own lives.

After the show ended in 1978 the cast dispersed, and Clarence was left in



something of a quandary. He had become so identified with his character that he found it hard to get any other work. He auditioned for the part of Mister Ed in a pilot for a new series of the sixties hit, and for the

role of Mogwi in *Gremlins*, but was unsuccessful both times.

It is reported that one casting director said in his report on Clarence: "Can't act. Can't sing. Can roar a little."

But, as if to confound his critics, Clarence is about to take a step which will once again make him a household word, and ensure that this time, his work has a solid base. Clarence's new role has texture, variety, and a great deal of substance. It combines the range of Olivier with the natural appeal of Julia Roberts.

And it ensures that for as long as there are people who care for animals, Clarence's memory will survive.

**Appearing now at your
local corner shop**

Special offer: £1 off purchase of Pedigree Clarence if you bring this voucher. Offer closes August 5, 1992. Not redeemable for cash.



Cut along dotted line

Pooh took
another
step
up.

"Oh, Piglet," said Pooh, "I can see Owl's house from here....No I can't. Is it time for tea yet?"

"I should *think*," said Piglet, "that we might do some Work before resting."

Pooh agreed. It was a fine day in the forest for doing climbing- things, and looking down at Piglet-things. He took another step up, and was then two steps off the ground.

"Tra-la-la," said Pooh, because it sounded like a suitable phrase for a bear two steps up a ladder.



There was the Floody Place where they had convinced Kanga not to have his picnic. And there was the trap for Heffalumps. And still no sign of a Heffalump inside. Pooh wished he had done Strengthening Exercises that morning, as it was quite a strain to go up this height.

"Can you see the roof yet?" said Piglet.

"Yes. Hallo, roof!"

It was a very nice roof indeed, and Pooh couldn't see why Piglet wanted it fixed.

"Do you have all the tools?" asked Piglet, trying to be helpful. "Do you have a pencil?" he asked, and "Do you have another pencil in case the first breaks?"

Pooh took out his First Pencil.

At that moment Christopher Robin came bouncing along, bright as a lark, trip-trip-tripping down the stony path to Piglet's house.

"Good morning, Winnie-the-Pooh," said Christopher Robin. "I'm afraid I have some bad news."

Pooh sighed, and came down the ladder, and paused at each step to allow his fur to settle before moving on.

"Is it Rabbit?" Pooh asked, brushing himself off.

"No," said Christopher Robin. "It's a Serious Matter of the Pooh-Type." He showed Pooh a badge. "Involving Social Welfare Fraud."

"What's Shoe-size Weather Frog?" asked Pooh, resting his elbows on a small honeypot.



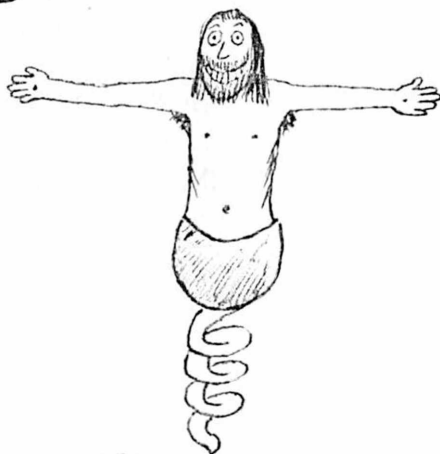
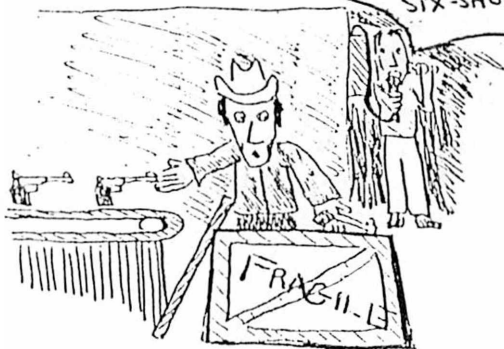
"Never mind that," said Christopher Robin. "I'm afraid I'll have to turn you in."

"But Eeyore is making a bundle on the Docks," said a Melancholy Pooh to Piglet. "And he's claiming for four kids." He hit his paw against the stone. "I am a bear of Very Little Income," he sighed. "And long means test forms confuse me."

Piglet smiled his saddest smile and said nothing.



HURRY SHERIFF!
BILLY THE KID'S IN
TOWN - AND HE'S
PACKIN' SIX-SHOOTERS!



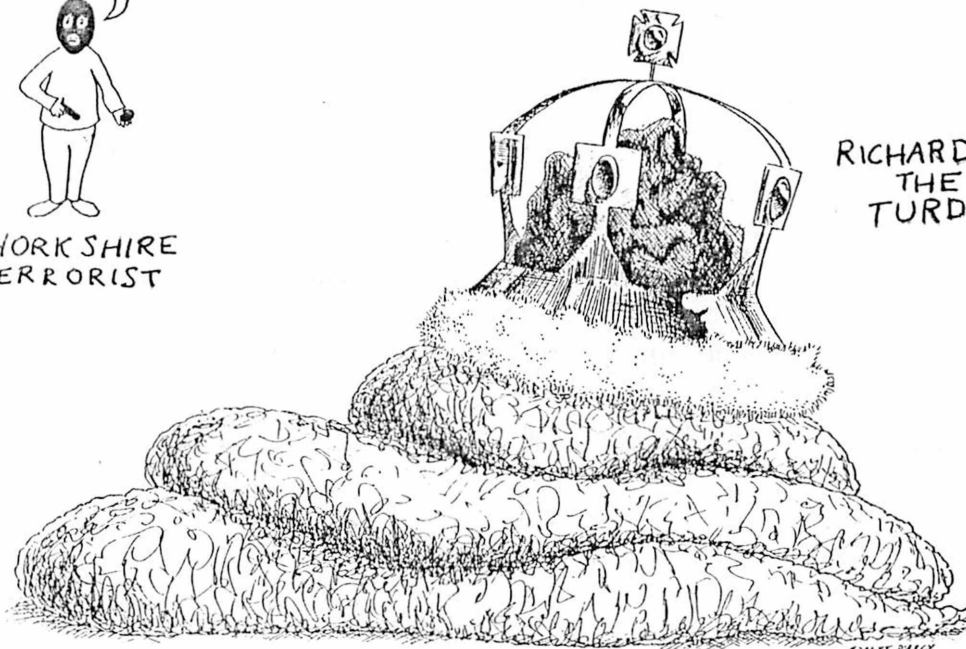
The Jesus Corkscrew: for all your
Water in to Wine bottles

EH-UP, GET YE UP
AGIN THOU WALL, AN THAT



A YORKSHIRE
TERRORIST

RICHARD
THE
TURD



ROBERT DALY

At The Local Chinese Take-away...

- Customer: Mixed vegetable with rice, please, and a coke.
Shopkeeper: Fried rice?
Customer: Lice?! Don't be ridiculous!
Shopkeeper [sighs]: Very good. Would you like ice with your coke?
Customer: Rike rice? I want it fried, man!
Shopkeeper: Fried.
Customer: Not unless it's got wings, no! Honestly, you come over here on you bicycles. The least you could do is learn to speak the language.
Shopkeeper: I've never been to China. I'm from Wicklow.
Customer: God Almighty! I'm talking about Wicklow!

Cocktails

'A Slow Screw In The Back Of My Limo With A Torchlight And A Jar Of Germoline'

Contents:

Booze

Ice

Paper Umbrella

'The Marilyn Monroe'

Contents:

Vodka

Gin

Sleeping Pills

Presidential Aides

Mafia Assistance

(Serving Suggestion : Some Like It Hot)

King Arthur and the Round Tablet

- Doctor: Come in, Arthur, take a throne. What's the matter?
Arthur: Burn-boils, I'm afraid, doctor. [Drops chainmail underwear]
Doctor: No need to be afraid, but I will have to lancelet.
Arthur: Will that help my limp?
Doctor: I doubt it. Try this chastity belt catalogue. Hey, you've only got one foot!
Arthur: I know. I lost the other one.
Doctor: That was careless.
Arthur: No, poker. Keep an eye out for me.
Doctor: Don't gamble with your eyes! You'll go blind!
Arthur: I have to try my hand.
Doctor: Wow! Whoever keeps beating you at poker is a man and a half.
Arthur: Aren't you going to give me something?
Doctor: Here you are. When I was in Germany, I won it in a game of Schnapps, you might be interested...
Arthur: What is it?
Doctor: It's the Legend of King Arthur.

The Dublin Illiterary Society

The DIS meets at the Whores and Pram, Donn Quay, Dublin 2, on the third Wednesday every month provided there is no football on that night. Guests in the past have included Sinead O'Conner, Shergar, Eamonn Dunphy and Judge from Wanderly Wagon.

Recent meetings have been a debate on the new European Meter of Ale standard, a discussion on whether or not Twink is a ride, and the correct spelling of "Bollocks".

The July meeting will be a pub quiz where participants will be expected to answer such questions as "Where in Dublin can we get the cheapest pint?" and "Why do all World Cup referees hate the Irish?". Entry fee is £2 each, or £10 for a table of four. First prize: A weekend for two in Bray. Second prize: Two weekends for two in Bray.

Official Yule Two Fan Club

Meetings are held every Saturday afternoon upstairs in HMV, Grafton Street, beside the T-shirts. Membership costs £75 per year, for which members receive somewhere in the region of four issues of a quarterly magazine, a badge, and a photocopied fax from Mono's brother to the bookie's.

For only £25 members can purchase a genuine authorised bootleg recording of Yule Two's impromptu appearance on the roof of the public toilets in Ranelagh, where the band performed not only their own songs, but those of their own favourite artists. Who can forget Mono's classic introductions, such as "This song is not a rebel song. This song is There's a Guy Works Down the Chip Shop Swears He's Elvis"?

The latest issue of the magazine contains full lyrics to Van Halen's Land, Withers Without You and Sheep Move in Mysterious Hays.

The Personal Friends of Judas

An ecologically aware group, the Personal Friends of Judas meet every Thursday for supper to discuss the damage to the environment wrought by the use of real trees for crucifixion, the ethical issues of transmuting water into alcohol, and the belief in aiding officers of the law even if they are going to nick your best mate.

The Personal Friends of Judas publish a monthly newsletter containing all the latest news and gossip from the afterworld, complete with a pin-up of your favourite collaborator. The latest issue contains an exclusive interview with Judas Iscariot, where he reveals for the first time that "I just saw my good mate Jesus praying in the garden and went over to see did he want anything in the shops. I swear to God I didn't know that all those soldiers were following me."

Full membership (including annual subscription to the newsletter) costs £17.50 or thirty pieces of silver.

Notice Board

Writer's Workshop

Want to earn a living by being a writer?

Have you written stuff but are 'nt sure if its good enough?

Join the Writer's Workshop!!!

In a matter of weeks we'll have you writing good, so that you'll be able to confidently compete with the professionals.

Other benefit's of the course includes..

Advice on to who to send you're work.. (and how much they pay

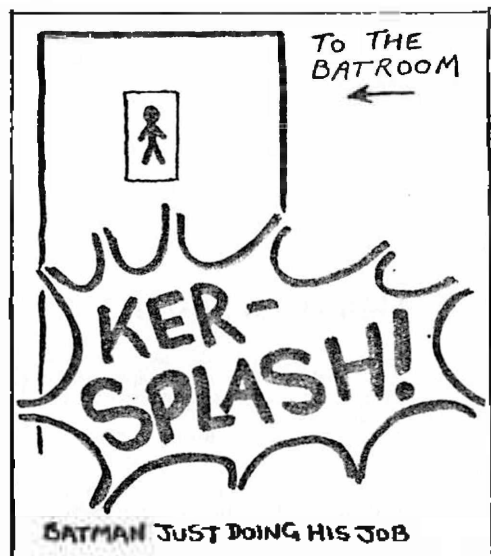
Addresses of all the publications you can solicit.

We'll teach you to competently lay out you're storys.

As writers, our writings are written so that they can be read by readers accross the world. Learn, from our experience, and you, too, can write professionally!!!

THE course is thought by three professional writers and take place in Jurys Hotel at 10 oclock every saturday morning giving the opportunity to become a master writer in your spare time leaving your weeks free for you're day job

For detail's, ring 234 2342 anytime.



Bringing a Pair of Shoes Back to Dunnes Stores

by Six Leading Science Fiction Authors

William S Burroughs

The grey-eyed cowhand strode towards the door. He groaned, his saddlebags cutting into the fine strand of silver stretched across the rim of the barrel, which caused it to resonate and burst into colours on the slightest turn of the yellow trout. The sound was of blackbirds, and callouses and welts forming and bleeding and excreting in a giant pool that stank up the building and made the crack widen in the staircase. He entered, sniffing. Suddenly he was set upon by sailors who mutilated his body, he took out his service revolver and Bang, shot them one by one through the forehead, until the fire wheezed with a shout of reapplying the pile ointment and the man in the trenchcoat and great geysers of blood grew like minarets in the hot, hot, dusky twilight. Finally, his limbs shattered, up to the counter which had turned in disgust when he opened the nook in the oak.

"I'd like to exchange these for a size nine," he said.

Ray Bradbury

So it was then that in the dull October mist he found himself back in the small town, where once, a long time ago, he had purchased a pair of sturdy, patent leather galoshes. He passed the bright fruit markets and the sudden aromas of amber and apples and yellow peppers and mandarins, and his heart sank a thousand million miles towards the ghost of his father, who had taken him, hand in hand, through these very streets, past the crowd that pulsed like a merry-go-round.

He tried desperately to speak to the assistant, but his voice had left him and was running through the far-flung meadows, stripped of its suspenders and heavy wool britches. Indeed, the shoe-horn that the old man wielded shone like a lightning rod.

"But..." he stammered, trying to shake the image of the tattered covers and crumbling pages and arthritic spines. "...I can't find the receipt..."

The old man reared up suddenly. "You must have the receipt!" he declaimed. "You must! You simply must! Why, if I had a dime for every pair of shoes in here I'd be rich! Rich! Stinking rich!"

He hid his face. What was the man? An insect, yes, a dung-beetle, or a silverfish. Or a bat.

Alan Dean Foster

Leather.

Funny thing about leather. It stretched. But not enough, apparently, to cover his feet... He ran down the long hall towards the group of shoppers that stood in a semicircle around the man with the microphone.

"Miss Doyle to register four," the man said, and shrugged wearily.

"I want to..." he said.

The man turned suddenly.

"You want to what?" he interrupted. The man's nose was sharp and pale. Murrow felt like tweaking it, but instead he merely said "I want to change these."

He brought the shoes out and slammed them on the counter. The man studied the shoes, then brought his face close to Murrow's. He could smell mint on the man's breath. Mouthwash. The sign of a person with bad breath.

"I'll be with you in a second," the man said.
Morrow settled down.
It was going to be a long wait. A very long wait.

Isaac Asimov

Marc Konolee ran his fingers along the shoebox. He felt an urge to throw it at the manager, but this would obviously make him yet more unreasonable.
"You say you bought this item from us three days ago," the manager said.
Marc nodded. "And I have a receipt to prove it."
The manager brought his hand up and started to count on the fingers. "Yet if I count back, I find that three days ago was a Sunday. And we, my dear man, are not open on a Sunday. There were moves to bring us into line with such places as the Square several months back, but they came to nothing."
Konolee had no answer. How was he to explain to the man that by his own watch it had been three days, while the world outside his faster-than-light car had moved on weeks?
He said "I'm afraid you'll have to take my word for it."
"But I've never seen you before."
"All right. Have you ever heard of temporal shift?"
"I'm afraid I haven't."
"I didn't think so," Konolee said.
He took a deep breath. Where did one begin to disclose the process of time travel to the manager of a department store?
"It all started with a computer called Neovac..." he began.

Douglas Adams

"What I can't understand," said Arthur, "is why I can't simply get a pair that will fit my feet."

At that very moment, in a part of the Milky Way galaxy which some astronomers referred to as "the bit we don't know anything about", a strangely cylindrical object was hurtling towards the surface of a green-blue planet called Dun. The intelligent life forms on Dun detected the object and sent up a shuttlecraft to intercept it. The Dunians were a cripplingly paranoid race, who felt that if there was other intelligent life in the galaxy, it was certain to not like them.

When they came aboard the cylinder, they found that it was manned by creatures that bore a startling resemblance to electric gut tars. This worried the Dunians greatly.

"I've never been able," said Marvin, "to get a pair that fit my feet. But then I don't have feet. Not anymore. Which makes this whole comment totally redundant. I wish I hadn't said it, really."

Stephen King

"Christ!" Abe Dozier shouted, and his hand clasped the nearest rail so tightly that the knuckles went bone-white.

Milly hadn't seen her husband get this rattled since the spring of '73. Their son's chainsaw accident had left him demoralised and he'd been prescribed a barrel-load of multicoloured pills by the good-looking young medic at the company clinic, that made his thinking muddier. Then his wallet was stolen at the carnival, and he had to go through the maze of getting his id's redone, and by the time he got his Visa revalidated he was ready to sign himself into St Brendan's Home for People Who'd Forgotten How to Tie Their Shoelaces.

"Maybe we should go for coffee first," Milly suggested.

"No," Abe said. He took another step, and winced. "I gotta do it now."

He felt an urge to just take the shoes off where he was and throw them at the assistant, who was at the back of the store writing in a ledger. Serve the bastard right for selling him these foot-clamps! He could almost see the heel strike the man's face, severing the optic nerve, with a noise like a '56 Chevy going out of control on a turnpike and smashing into a truck, causing it in turn to swerve into the middle of a school bus carrying 112

carol-singing eight-year-olds. (That would make him rethink his attitude...if his brains were spattered all over the carpet.)

They passed the sports department, and Abe paused at a poster of Gary Lincker, who was advertising a tracksuit.

That could have been me, he thought to himself. If the scouts had come on the Friday instead, they would have seen him play, and today he'd be signing footballs and posing with page three girls. But that was life, wasn't it? One big tooth-slapping wheel of fortune.

He thought again about throwing the shoes, but he resisted, because it wouldn't get him anywhere and because Milly would never let it rest. What he did do was take another step, and try not to squeal from the crushing pain.

Neither of them heard the fine metallic click of the safety catch coming up as the sniper in the air vent took aim on the back of Abe's head.



THE YOUNG BERTRAND RUSSELL WAS NOT THE BEST
PERSON TO KNOW IN TIMES OF DISTRESS

"We met through Shagline
and have had it off four
times!"



You too can get a bit
with

SHAGLINE



"Shagline said
that my perfect
partner was
myself. So far
I've put my
tongue in my
mouth, but I
don't want to
rush it."



Complete this **FREE** in-depth compatibility test to find your dream shag, and be in with a chance to visit EuroDisney...

1. I am over 18 and won't sue if I end up with a clap-ridden git, and / or a relative.

Name and Address : _____

Age : Bronze ☐ A Funny ☐

Status : Single ☐ Widowed ☐ Divorced ☐ Married ☐

Sex : Oral ☐ Anal ☐ Usual ☐

Other (Please Specify) _____

Occupation : ☐

Habits : Unhygienic ☐ Unacceptable ☐

2. Are you...

Extroverted ☐

A real Jack the lad / lass ☐

Likely to be an embarrassment in a restaurant ☐

Likely to want to shag after the first date ☐

Likely to want to shag before the first date ☐

Likely to want to shag during the first course ☐

Ronan Collins ☐

3. Activities You Enjoy

Ticking ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

National Front Rallies ☐

The Sun ☐

Carrying out experiments in your jet propulsion laboratory ☐

Complaining about periods* ☐

Misquoting Monty Python ☐

Saying "Oh I know this one," whenever playing Trivial Pursuit and wasting
30 minutes of everybody's time coming up with the wrong answer ☐

I look forward to my dream shag being delivered, and I enclose £637 p + p

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SHAGLINE, Near the milk crates, Slasher's Lane, Howth.

*From Ming to Colby Dynasties

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PIZZA
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The Great Pop Hitlist Competition!

All you have to do is tune in to Gob Ballico's prime-time radio show on Classic Charts 97 FM at 5pm every evening. When you hear one of the songs listed below, listen out for the code number that appears on your video tape from Xtra-Virgin, then check the number of stars on your Pizza Shed take-home pizza box. If you have a match, simply scratch off three of the panels from your lottery card. If you reveal three chickens and you have chicken on your pizza OR your video has a chicken in it, simply wait by the phone and if Classic Charts phones YOU, answer with the name of the Sinn Fein TD whose birthday is closest to today. If you're right, you'll be asked to give today's cash-call total, the running time of your video and the price of your pizza in pence. If the sum of the three numbers is equal to the serial number on your lottery card, you may be in with a chance to take part in the quiz to win a genuine Classic Charts special identity card, which you should bring along to the Classic Charts road show next April to receive your FREE car sticker!

Today's Special Listen-And-Win Top Chart Songs!

I'm Just A Jello Sky - Brian Fairy

All I Need Is A Bicycle - Mike & The Mechanics

Nobody Told Me There's Bidets Like These - John Lenin

Today's Special Code Phrase is :Gonococcal Urethritis

CLASSIC CHARTS
97.3 FM

We don't talk all over your favourite songs, because we only play Phil Collins.

CLASSIC CHARTS
97.3 FM

The More Music Guarantee - We play more music, or give your money back.

CLASSIC CHARTS
97.3 FM

We promise we're not a bunch of idiots.

TIME FLIES



NAT KING KONG



The Problems with being Oscar

by Simon Webster

1. At the Barber's

Hairdresser: Hello, Oscar. What's it to be? A quick trim?

Oscar: It would be extending your services if you could quickly make me trim.

Hairdresser: Yeah, of course... It's just a short back and sides, is it?

Oscar: Not if a short back means I'm to be spineless.

Hairdresser: Look - do you want a bleedin' haircut or not?

Oscar: Regardless of superficial wounds, wouldn't a hairknot be inconvenient for daily combing?

(Hairdresser hits Oscar over the head with shaving mirror.)

2. In the Pub

Bartender: Hello, Oscar. What's your poison?

Oscar: If beer is poison, surely vomit is its antidote.

Bartender: One beer coming up.

Oscar: Not that frothy, if you please.

Bartender: There you go, sir.

Oscar: No, I am still here.

Bartender: Well, drink up.

Oscar: Shirley it is better to drink up well, than to suffer a slip of the tongue.

Bartender: What's that got to do with anything?!

Oscar (pauses): Fancy a shag?

Bartender: No thank you, sir. I don't smoke.

3. In the Courthouse

Lawyer: You are Oscar Fingal O'Flahertie Wills Wilde?

Oscar: I have never known myself as such, so you must have the wrong man.

Lawyer: Just answer the question.

Oscar: I'd rather answer the question justly.

Lawyer: Did you or did you not commit the above-mentioned homosexual offences?

Oscar: I have been known to love my fellow man.

Lawyer: To what extent?

Oscar: I am led to believe a full five inches on one occasion.

Lawyer: So you're guilty, then?

Oscar: I am only guilty of having a smile on my face. That smile might have belonged to a wide-eyed young man who preferred the fuller frame, but a smile none the less.

Judge: I'm going to sentence you to be banged up.

Oscar: Like the pheasant in season: I'm game. Though I wouldn't like to do bird.

Judge: You could always be hanged...

Oscar: A hangbang? (I wonder if the French are like this...)

DANDELION

in association with

improo-viewer-math

and

SLIM-KWIK

presents

BOOKS



This was me, Horace Hyphenate, only 2 days ago. I weighed 29 stone, and nobody loved me. But then I went into **Dandelion Books** on Aungier Street, and suddenly I was slim, trim,

and ecstatically happy! I lost 17 stone and am now 21.6 stone. **Dandelion** also does wonders for my maths. I used not to be able to add very well, but now I can.

But that's not all! **Dandelion** applied to the paintwork on a car will keep it smudge-free for years! And you need never again cut your fingernails on a cheese-grater, because for a limited period, **Dandelion** is giving away a free **Cheeses-Whipped™**

automatic fully-licensed piece of advice on how best to grate your difficult curd.

But that's not all! You will also be able to row better than you ever thought possible, learn the beauty secrets of the **Star Trek Next Gen** cast, test your knowledge of the Sudan, see a shark's privates, and, well, the list is ending.

How is all this possible? Because of the secret ingredient that **Dandelion** use, which they are now ready to share with the rest of the world:

BOOKS!!

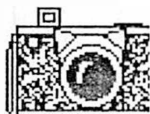
Yes indeed. And comics as well. And occasionally the odd magazine like, eh, **PFJ**, perhaps. So get down to your local **Dandelion** today. You won't regret it. No sir. Not unless you get run over by a bus on the way home.

For further gossip phone: **Dandelion Books** at 784759, or drop in.

**Kids! You can
make up to \$15
per week selling**

GROT

GROT is the national weekly newspaper that's fun to read and even more fun to sell! Just look at some of these great prizes!



A heat camera - sell
only 15000 issues!



A car race track -
sell only 20000 issues!



A walkie-talkie set -
sell only 90000 issues!



A sleeping bag - sell
only 350000 issues!

All you have to do is sell a particular number of copies of GROT each week to your friends, neighbors and relatives, and you keep three cents out of every dollar that you make! Here's what some of our happy salespeople have to say!

"I sold GROT and now I have my own bicycle" - J.M, Pennsylvania

"GROT is fun and you make so many friends!" - S.O'B, New York.

"I earned enough from selling GROT to pay for a Charles Atlas course" - B.W (Ms), Utah

"I bullied so many people into buying GROT that the local Mafia offered me a job" J.M, Ill

Obituary

HEAD, The Alchemist's. Passed away peacefully on 8th of July 1992. Deeply missed by relatives Gloria, Pete, Val, Liam, Stan, the other Pete, and by friends and supporters Mike, Rob, Mike and Simon. Memorial service to be held whenever any of the above meet. "Saint Isaac, patronsaint of Science Fiction and Fantasy, pray for the soul of The Alchemist's Head. Oh Lord, we beseech thee, Amen."

Motors For Sale

CONVERTIBLE turns into driveways, cul de sacs, bus shelters, shop fronts and ninja warriors with laser swords and everything. Perfect transformer.

Houses For Sale

RANELAGH, 3 bed, sg/hn, gfch, s/c b/room, s/det., rem. t/y, 1d a.r. Rep. som. 8 ps, 13 har., ch. off. - tel. mid, ca. inc, also kennel. Fully fdr., l.k.e, with mus & hyd. bor. Bargain at £75,000 o.n.o., fc, fs! Rol. (8 only). Reason for sale: Owner retiring from position as professor of English.

Pets

KITTENS sought for good home. Will love and cherish. Contact Johnson's Real Meat Pie Factory, Rialto.

Lost and Found

FOUND, sense of humour. Discovered sitting alone in the corner of the PFJ office. Will owner please contact us as

soon as possible as we don't know what to do with it.

LOST, apostrophe. Answers to the name of Reginald. Last seen in the region of advert for Writers' Workshop. Reward for return / comprehension.

LOST, in Space. Last seen three weeks ago on Thursday. Information to Sky Channel Program Scheduling Dept., London SOD, OFF.

Son of Obituary

CHAIRMAN OF ISFA, The. Passed on, 31st of June 1992, leaving behind distraught committee members Theresa, Richard and Paul. Mourned by friends at PFJ, deeply loved and missed by surviving children; ISFA News (daughter) and PTL (son)(prodigal).

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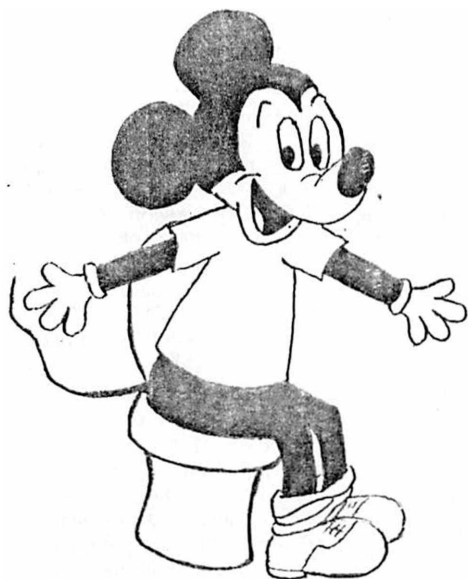
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DAVID'S MOTHER WORRIES ABOUT
HIS MEETING WITH GOLIATH



SEE MICKEY AT
EURO-DYSENTRY



Ivor the Injun



CONTROVERSY IN DUBLIN AS
STATUE OF "BOMMER" NORRIS
UNVEILED

The Gobbies Plan

by Michael Carroll

Episode Four: Wayne At Last

The Story So What...

Yaggi and Tess are on a secret mission to go back in time and burn down the forest outside Calvary before Christ can be crucified. Actually, that's a lie. But it's not a bad idea is it? They're really on a mission to rescue some captured humans from secret prison planet built by the evil Gobbies. Aiding them are Shan (a mercenary), Pawrik (a Gobbie collaborator) and the Princess (a princess). In the last episode the Princess was rescued from imprisonment on the Debt Star, where she had spent the past fifty years wondering where those bloody robots had gotten to. Shan, Yaggi and Tess filled the princess in on the fifty years of human history that she'd missed, which took a long time and explains why there hasn't been an episode since issue two.

Now read on...

The Princess sat in the most comfortable chair on Shan's ship. "It's a pity old Harvey wasn't around to see me rescued."

"Harvey? Who's that?" Pawrik asked.

"Oh, he was the last guard on the Debt Star. He was a good friend, he used to sit outside my cell and talk to me every day. Of course, he wasn't allowed to let me out."

Pawrik looked accusingly at Yaggi. "I think we may have met him on the way in. What happened to the rest of the guards?"

"Most of them were shipped out, or were killed. In the end they retired the rest. When it looked like I wasn't going to be rescued, they decided that it wasn't worth keeping the place fully manned. Harvey insisted on staying, he was sure someone was going to rescue me one day. And he was right! He'll be so pleased!"

Yaggi and Shan listened to all this with great curiosity. They were waiting for the Princess to get around to talking about her money, but neither could think of a polite way in which to bring about the subject.

"Tell me," Shan said. "Exactly why were you captured? Was it because you were very rich, like you said you were in your hologram? Or was there some other reason?"

"Well, young man. You're a bright boy. Yes, you're right. It was because of my money. My family was very rich indeed."

Yaggi jumped at the word "was". He decided to abandon subtlety as a bad idea and be direct about the subject.

"Let's get this straight," Yaggi said. "We rescued you. Where's our money?"

The Princess looked at Yaggi with more than a little disappointment. "I suppose I shouldn't have expected anything else. Well, I'm sorry to say that there is no money, not any more. Last I heard my home planet went public, all the wealth was given to the people."

Yaggi and Shan were bitterly disappointed at the way in which their dreams had been shattered - they sulked the whole way to the prison planet, but they brightened up when the ship finally came into orbit around the Gobbie prison planet known as Ringsend. It turned out that Ringsend wasn't a planet.

They had all thought that the Debt Star was big, but it faded into nothing compared with Ringsend. It was a huge artificial ring completely encircling its sun. The ring was three hundred million kilometres in diameter, slowly spinning to provide gravity for the inhabitants who lived around the inside, permanently facing the sun.

In the centre of the ring, also orbiting the sun, was another artificial ring, also rotating, but more slowly. It consisted of thirty segments which were set far apart, allowing the light of the sun to penetrate only to parts of the outer ring, keeping the rest in shadow, thereby creating a day and night for the inhabitants.

"What is it?" Tess asked.

Pawrik readily volunteered the information. "It's a ringworld, built for us by captured humans. It's almost finished, and it will be the biggest and best prison ever built. There were originally fifteen planets in this system, they were broken down and moulded into a single huge ring, which gives a great deal of surface area - enough to accommodate the entire human race. Which is of course its function. You must admit, it's a pretty good tour de force of engineering, and an even better example of how Humanity and Gobbie-doms can work together."

In spite of himself, Yaggi was impressed. "So, tell us your part in this. Why are you helping us?"

"Later," Pawrik said. "We must formulate a plan to rescue your Sergeant and his recruits."

"We'll never find them down there! It'll take us forever!"

"No, it won't. As I said earlier, the ringworld isn't yet finished. All the captured humans are still together, putting the last pieces in, painting the dotted lines in the centre of the roads, that sort of thing. In a few months they'll be spread out along the ring in small groups, to reduce the chance of them ever becoming a danger to us Gobbies. You see, we have concluded that humans are far too aggressive to ever want peace,

so what we're going to do is keep you all together where you can do no harm. It's a logical solution to the problem."

"And why are you helping us? Pawrik, it's about time you levelled with us."

"There's no time for stories. But don't worry, I'm on your side. You can trust me."

The Neophyte cruised towards the ringworld, waiting to be contacted by the Gobbie traffic control. Yaggi, Jess, Shan and the Princess had been handcuffed and chained together, their weapons removed and their uniforms crumpled as though they'd been in a fight.

"Incoming message!" Pawrik said. "Remember guys, you're my prisoners, okay?"

"Yeah, yeah. We understand. It's not as though it's an original plan." Yaggi said.

"Trust me. I know what I'm doing." Pawrik instructed the computer to open a communications channel. There followed a brief discussion between himself and a prison security officer, in the Gobbie language which none of the others could understand.

Yaggi suspected that Pawrik had been lying. After all, when someone repeatedly tells you to trust them you tend to get suspicious. But why would Pawrik break them out of a ship bringing them to a prison planet only to escort them to the prison himself? There was only one answer to that: Pawrik had had enough of his boring life as a Gobbie and wanted the glory of capturing some of the most dangerous humans in the galaxy.

Looking around at the others, Yaggi revised his hypothesis to some degree: Pawrik had had enough of his boring life as a Gobbie and wanted the glory of capturing three idiots and one of the most dangerous humans in the galaxy. He hoped he was the dangerous one.

Of course, there was another possibility - Pawrik was genuinely on their side. This seemed a bit more likely, though it wasn't as entertaining a thought as the former, so he stuck with that.

Yaggi's train of thought was derailed by Pawrik finishing the conversation with the prison officer. He signed off and turned to the humans.

"They've fallen for it! They're guiding us down to the arrivals area, from where you'll each be given a work detail and taken away. I ran a quick scan on their prisoners, and I've located Sergeant Wayne. He's head chef in one of the camps, so I suggested to them that two of you be assigned to kitchen duty. Also, I told them about my research on humans, and they granted me permission to continue my studies here, so don't worry, guys, I'll be around. Here goes!"

They landed at the arrivals terminal and were escorted by armed guards to the initiation area. As they walked they were amazed at the ringworld itself. Looking north or south wasn't too bad, except that the ground didn't drop over the

horizon in the way with which they were familiar. Looking east or west was terrifying. The land just faded away, slowly rising until the distance was just too great for them to comprehend and their eyes gave up and looked at their feet instead.



In the prisoner initiation area they were stripped, washed and re-clothed by a machine resembling an oversized car wash. At the end they staggered out wearing grey one-piece uniforms with their numbers stitched across their chests. Next, they were lead into a room with about fifty other new arrivals, to receive a brief lecture on prison life from Commander Deermud, the Gobbie officer who controlled the prison complex.

With his arms casually clasped behind his back, Deermud strolled back and forth in front of the three lines of prisoners. He always greeted new arrivals like this. He knew that by being so close to the Gobbie in power the prisoners would know exactly what the situation was. He wanted them to think that he was a mean, dangerous, no-kurk Gobbie who ran a tight ship, and all that.

"Welcome," said Deermud, "to what will be your home for the rest of your lives. This ringworld represents the pinnacle of Gobbie achievement, a master-work of design and engineering, created to eventually become a prison for all the humans in the galaxy."

Deermud paused, and gave the prisoners a fierce scowl, which was missed by the prisoners in the second and third rows, as Deermud - though exceptionally tall for a Gobbie - wasn't even up to their waist.

Deermud continued his speech. "I am Commander Deermud, controller of this prison complex. Though you all may hate me now, in time each one of you will come to look upon me as your father. And your father I will be, for I am the one who provides all that you need to live, I am the one who decides what you will and will not do, and -" He slapped his cane dramatically against his right boot. "I am the one who apportions any necessary punishment. Do I make myself clear?"

Several of the prisoners mumbled or grunted a bit, and Deermud took this as affirmative. He was pleased with the reaction to his little show, the prisoners clearly weren't about to argue with him. This was not, as Deermud thought, due to their fear of him, they simply didn't care. Yaggi, for one, had faced far tougher drill sergeants during his first days as a recruit - Deermud just wasn't in their league. Besides, most of the prisoners were unmoved by Deermud's dramatics because all they perceived was a squeaky

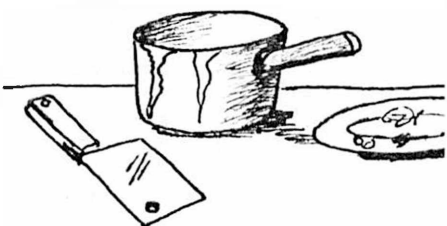
Gobbie voice that came from somewhere near the ground in front of them.

There was a brief commotion Yaggi's left. The Princess had fallen asleep on Shan's shoulder and was snoring heavily and smacking her lips. Shan desperately tried to wake her without attracting too much attention.

Deermud marched forward, and demanded to know what had happened.

"Er... She fainted," Shan improvised. "You really scared her, you know. She's not used to being threatened in this manner."

Deermud was chuffed with himself. No-one's ever fainted before, he thought. I must be getting better at this.



Deermud dismissed the prisoners, and they were led away to their various duties. Yaggi and Tess were assigned work in the kitchens. There were over three hundred thousand human prisoners already on the ringworld, and they needed to be fed. Yaggi was pretty annoyed about having to work in the kitchen, since he wouldn't have been in this mess - or in this mess hall - if he had chosen to work in the army kitchens rather than take on the mission to find Sergeant Wayne. At least the prisoners weren't allowed to shoot the cooks here, and for that he was thankful.

As Pawrik had said, another of the prisoners on kitchen duty was Sergeant Clint Wayne. He looked a different man out of uniform, wearing a grubby chef's hat and smock, holding a large cleaver and threatening the cabbage.

"I know what you're thinking!" Wayne roared at the head of cabbage that was sitting alone on the work top. "You know that I have to fry half a dozen cabbages for lunch, and you think there's already six in there! Well, maybe there is, maybe there isn't. It's up to you. Did I fry six or did I only fry five?"

He waited for the cabbage to make its move. It seemed to Wayne that the cabbage was trying to psyche him out, and he feared that it might be winning. But before the cabbage could decide whether to run or fight Wayne divided it into three large chunks and threw it into the frying pan. The cabbage bubbled for mercy, but none was forthcoming.

Yaggi and Tess watched the pathetic form of Sergeant Wayne as he giggled furiously at the frying pan. He appeared to have gone totally mad. While Tess went to look after the Sergeant, Yaggi turned to a member of the kitchen staff

who'd been washing dishes and asked him what had happened to turn the perfect fighting man into a blithering idiot.

"Just being locked up has done this to him. He's been trained all his life for combat, they never prepared him for what would happen if he was actually captured. It just goes so much against his programming. He can't fight the Gobbies, because he's been conditioned to think that they'd kill him without a moment's thought, so he takes his anger out on the food he's preparing."

"Why doesn't he escape?" Yaggi asked.

"Oh, he's tried to. And failed every time. The ringworld is a perfect prison - since it's an artificial world, there are countless surveillance devices built into the actual ring itself. All departures and arrivals are constantly monitored, prisoners who are considered to be dangerous are tracked at all times, including Sergeant Wayne. Any time he's tried to escape they've seen it coming and pre-empted it."

"That's a pity," said Yaggi. "Because we're here to rescue him. Sergeant Wayne is one of the army's best men - they can't just let him stay a prisoner."

"Well, if there's anything I can do to help you," said the dishwasher. "Just let me know. My name's Milo, I was with the Sergeant when he was captured, and I'd like to see him free as much as anyone. But you - Haven't I seen you before? Aren't you the one men call Yaggi?"

Yaggi smiled smugly. "Yes, and women also call me Yaggi."

"Just before we got captured we were investigating reports of shooting in an old factory, but when we got there you walked out and were bad-mouthed by the Sergeant. Then you headed off in the direction of the base camp with a stuffed toy donkey in your back-pack."

"Well, yes. That was me." Yaggi looked around, and when he saw that Tess was out of earshot he continued. "Special Agent Yaggi Hamstring. I'm with the Secret Corps."

"The Secret Corps?" Said Milo. "Never heard of them."

"Of course not. They're secret. I'm on a reconnaissance mission to discover more about this prison planet and rescue several key soldiers, if not everybody. I was specially picked from hundreds of volunteers for this mission. 'Agent Yaggi,' they told me, 'You're the only man who can complete this mission. You're the best man we have, and you're a really good shot, and you're very popular with the women, and you're really intelligent as well, so get out there and rescue your buddies.' So here I am."

As Yaggi had hoped, Milo appeared to have believed this rubbish.

"Ah, of course. I understand." Milo touched the side of his nose and gave Yaggi a conspiratorial wink. As Yaggi walked over to where Tess was trying to talk to Wayne, Milo muttered "Another

kurking idiot" under his breath. He turned back to the pile of dishes he'd been washing. There was a never-ending supply of them - the sink was always full and more and more dishes were dumped next to him all the time, which suited him perfectly as it prevented anyone from noticing that he was actually washing very few dishes.

What Milo was really doing was sharpening a bunch of seriously large kitchen knives that he was holding under the water.

Meanwhile, Pawrik the Gobbie was discussing his adventures with Commander Deermud.

"Tell me, Pawrik, how did you capture those humans you brought in?" Deermud asked.

This was the fourth time that Deermud had asked that question, and Pawrik feared that Deermud was becoming suspicious. Nevertheless, he related his story one more time.

"As I said before, sir, I was on a surveying mission, watching one of the human tribes, when I failed to notice that one of them was also watching me. I didn't want to harm them, so I decided to surrender to them. Then, as they were celebrating my capture, I escaped and took them as my prisoner. Then I just brought them here."

"Oh, yes. That was it. I'm afraid my memory isn't what it used to be, Pawrik. I'm getting to old for all of this." Deermud leaned closer, and dropped his voice to a whisper before continuing. "To be honest, I've been looking for someone to replace me as Commander of this base, and frankly most of the others here aren't fit for command. But you, well, you know more about humans than any other Gobbie in the galaxy, and you seem to have the ability to lead. I'll be keeping an eye on you, if you know what I mean." Deermud saluted Pawrik as an equal and left.

Oh bugger, thought Pawrik. If he's watching me closely to see if I'm fit to take his place, then he'll notice anything I do to help Yaggi and the others. Now we're in trouble.



Yaggi, Tess and Wayne sat around a table in the prisoner's mess hall.

"Tell us all about it, Sergeant." Said Tess. "Tell us what happened to you."

"They captured me, isn't that obvious?" Wayne said. He looked about furtively, checking for Gobbie guards who may be listening. "But I have a plan! I can't say what it is yet, but I'll tell you this -" Yaggi and Tess leaned closer. "I'm

going to escape!" Wayne concluded, and sat back looking very smug.

"Well, we sort of guessed that's what it might be," Yaggi said. "I mean, I shouldn't think there are many other plans that would be of any use to anyone in here."

"You think so? Oh, well I just hope that the Gobbies don't guess that I might try to escape. They won't guess, will they?"

"Yes, they will. Look, Wayne. You tried to escape several times before, and you were stopped. They're watching you. They know you'll try it again."

"It's clear you don't think I can manage it. I'll show you what I've prepared for my escape."

Wayne led them to a large room off the kitchen. It was packed with barrels and packages of food, countless kitchen utensils and large buckets of scraps, ready to be recycled into proteins and nutrients to feed the ringworld's livestock.

"Over here," said Wayne, showing them to a huge food barrel that looked the same as all the others. "This is where I keep the stuff."

He prised the lid off the barrel and removed a bottle containing a clear liquid.

"This is a highly concentrated form of the washing up liquid we use, I've added a number of secret ingredients which changed the chemical mix of the liquid to a startling degree." He very gently placed the bottle on the floor, and Yaggi and Tess stepped back to a respectful distance. Wayne reached into the barrel and removed a bag containing a fine white powder, and placed it beside the bottle.

"That bag contains a powerful defoliant, used to help control the accelerated growth of the forests on this ringworld." He removed another bag, this one containing a coarse grey powder, and also placed it on the ground. "This is rat-poison. It was used just after the first animal life was shipped here. All stocks of it - except this one, of course - have been removed, since it's totally poisonous even to Gobbies. It can kill anything." Wayne grinned evilly, and wiggled his eyebrows to indicate that he was coming to his finale.

"And now, my plan." Wayne picked up the lid, climbed into the barrel and pulled the lid over his head. "Now," Wayne's muffled voice continued, "When the Gobbies come looking they won't be able to find me. Brilliant, wouldn't you say?"

Yaggi and Tess looked at each other, shook their heads and returned to the kitchen. The time had finally come, they realised, to finishing washing the dishes.

In the next spine-curdling episode of **The Gobbies Plan**, Yaggi meets the leader of the official prisoner's escape committee, Tess and Milo begin to plot their own escape and we discover what has happened to the Princess and Shan. Exciting isn't it?

The PFJ guide to Science and Nature

Part Seven

RELATIVITY

his theory accepted by the scientific establishment. Einstein, as we all know, won hands down.

It was in 1905 that Albert Einstein, then a poorly-educated patents clerk, put forward the theory that would revolutionise physics, and change the direction of western thought. Up to then the world of physics was Newtonian, and it was felt that there was little left to explain. But Einstein proved that in many ways Newton was wrong.

The theory he proposed was Special Relativity. Imagine you are standing on a train platform, and a train passes you at close to the speed of light. As it is passing the driver shines a torch at you, and shouts out "Answer the door, stupid!" At this moment you look at your watch, and the hands seem to be going backward, but in effect time is like a cucumber to the person holding your shoes for you. Or as Bob Dylan might have put it "the answer, my friend, is not to wear the wig in the first place."

Anyway, the scientists of the time were skeptical about Einstein's results. Some declared that if he was right, then most of science had to be rewritten. Niels Bohr challenged him to a limerick competition, the winner of which would have

At the same time, in 1927 to be exact, a man called Schrödinger came up with what is called the "cat paradox". Schrödinger said that if we imprison a cat inside a box with a tube that slowly releases a poisonous gas, and then go away, when we come back all we will find is the tail.

Schrödinger received the high

black hole, also called a singularity. It was Roger Penrose, the black trombone player, and the man who finally devised a new offside rule for the English first division, who discovered black holes by accident while wallpapering his flat.

If you stand on the edge of a black hole, your legs will seem to stretch to infinity, and you will have four sets of knees. Nothing escapes from a black hole except on really warm days when you can nip out for an ice-cream. Apparently there is a black hole at the centre of this galaxy. Uh-oh!

The question most often asked about relativity is "How can the speed of light never change?" The scientist Heisenberg addressed this problem with what he called his "Uncertainty Principle". Although he was never really sure about it.

Stephen Hawking discovered in the 1970s that the universe is pear-shaped, and much younger than we had imagined. In fact it's entirely possible that the universe began in about 1842, which means that Edgar Allan Poe was the "Adam" of Biblical

fame, and Benjamin Disraeli the "Eve". And the Garden of Eden was in what is now Bewley's Cafe, either the one on Grafton Street or the one on Westmoreland Street. But definitely not the new one in Mary Street.

best honour which can be awarded in physics, the pat on the back. He went on to open a chain of hardware stores and become a household word to many of his friends. Zsa Zsa Gabor never forgave him, however.

What really put relativity back on course was the discovery in the 1950s of the

Relativity: The moving lighthouse model



THE LIGHT FROM THE BEACON REACHES ME AS HIS BIG HAND PASSES THREE. AT THE SAME MOMENT STANLEY MATTHEWS, ON THE PLANET NEPTUNE, SAYS "A YIP".

The logician Kurt Gödel showed in 1949 that one could extrapolate using Ein-

stein's equations that time travel is possible. This would mean, however, that a person could journey back in time, meet his own grandfather, make toast for his grandmother's sister, be best man at his sister-in-law's wedding, go to his own son's school play, wear his boss's underpants, and this would make him his own best friend. Which is none of our business really, but there you go.

coined the term "fractal" to describe a shape which is consistent no matter how much you zoom in on it. The word is an acronym derived from French

"Scientists are already predicting that with the present rate of increase, by the year 2012 there may be as many as 47 songs in the American Top Twenty..."

An integral part of the new physics is quantum theory. We are all familiar with parts of the atom such as the proton and the electron. But what of the tintin? Or the spittoon? The most recent discovery is the negative pi copon, which has a mass of twelve grams, orbits the nucleus every 34 years, and is home to a relatively friendly species of penguin, who are none too happy about having to squeeze into an area one hundred million times smaller than a pinhead.

Which brings us neatly on to the burning question of recent times among physicists and public alike: If a person travels to a distant world at sub-light speed, then comes back to Earth where perhaps years have passed but to the space-traveller it only seems like months, is she entitled to collect dole for the terrestrial time? Deputy Tony Gregory is expected to introduce a bill in the Autumn which will clear up this legal minefield.

Something which has caused almost as great a stir among relativity circles as the previous question is the theory of Chaos. This was developed among others by the weightlifter Benoit Mandelbrot, who in 1975

Rabbit Autocue Cabbage Tyrannosaurus Arabian Lemmings. Other names in the story of Chaos, which have been given to these kind of shapes, are Lorenz, Julia (the Julia set), Helge von Koch (the Koch curve), Herbert von Karajan (the Karajan triangle), Delia Smith (the Delia Smith Cookery Course), and Daniel O'Connell (Catholic Emancipation, 1843).

The basic thrust of Chaos is that given some very simple equations you can produce very complicated results. For in-

"But Gregory,' she said, attempting to close the door on his obstinate foot. 'Don't you realise that if Aunt Hilary dies my brother will inherit the entire conglomerate?'"

stance, the entire fifth chapter of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* by D H Lawrence was generated mathematically by programmers at CalTech using the formula $a/b^*c = \text{sqrt}(b + 1)$. The Lord's Prayer (Protestant version) was generated using $a = a/b^*\text{sqrt}(c) + c$. And the entire works of Roddy Doyle were derived from $a = b + 1$.

The most familiar treatment of Relativity is probably in the cinema, and on television. Who could forget the *Twilight Zone* episode where William Shatner, as a circus clown who has lost his job for putting red noses on the lions, is sucked into a black hole and comes out the other side as Adolf Hitler?

Then there is the film *The Black Hole*, starring Anthony Hopkins as a man who embalms his mother and keeps her in the black hole of the title, occasionally taking her out to exhibit in fairs. The problem, of course, is that when he stands on the edge of the singularity he has really long legs, and this peculiar physical trait leads to his eventual capture by police.

Fractals have been used in the making of several feature films, most notably *Star Trek IV - The Search for Whales*, in which the "Genesis project" was done by a nuclear physicist with the aid of mirrors and a spoon. Iain Johnstone in *The Sunday Times* called the film "the only new release this week".

But the film which most recreates the vision of contemporary physics is *The Lawnmower Man*. Here a man experimenting with teleportation enters his telepod for the first time, unaware of the fact that a lawnmower is wheeled in just as the door closes. He emerges a genetic timebomb, spliced at the molecular level with the gardening tool.

Next month: Natural Selection - If Darwin was right, then I'm a monkey's uncle.

THE BIBLE BOOK TWO

Judgement Day

Starring **Kevin Costner** as The Son of God

Michelle Pfeiffer as the Virgin Mary

and **Forrest Tucker**, the well-known spoonerism, as Joe

With **Macauley Vulcan** as Young Jesus

He's Lost, He's Alone, He's Three Million Light Years From Home

From the book by Alan Dean Fosterchild

Second Coming to a Cinagogue Near You

AFTER THE MATCH PISS-UP NOT SO FRIENDLY

REP OF IRELAND vs ITALY

Report by George Hamilton IV

You join us in some pub re-opening after half-time. The score is nil-nil with neither team managing to get rat-arsed.

Aldridge playing the field a little, and I think we can expect some hot stuff from him a bit later on. McCarthy's knocking them back now, and yes, it's a throw-up for Ireland. Cheezy Wotzits and Lager are dripping down the walls and the fans here at O'Brien's lounge bar are spraying it.

But no! O'Leary's been fouled by one of the Italians and the Bartender didn't see it! But, it's okay, O'Leary's taken out a gun and is going for a penalty shoot-out.

Bonner, there, trying to set fire to the Italian mid-fielder - But Aldridge has seen his own target - moves past Staunton, McGrath - pushing his opposition to the ground all the way. She's tall and she's blonde.

"What d'ya reckon?"

Yes! He's scored!

The Bartender's called time, it's all over, and with the Italian mid-fielder blazing away - Bonner has got to be the man of the match.

You are cordially invited to
the 5th Attempted Conception of
Tom and Nora's Child

Kick off: 10.15pm

Full-time: 10.16pm

Camcorders Optional

The PFJ Guide to COMPUTER JARGON

In the computer-oriented world of today you needn't feel left behind. Study and memorise this handy guide and soon you'll have no problem joining in when your computer-literate friends are conducting a discourse about their work or hobby. PFJ - The magazine that knows what it feels like to be passed over.

Asterisk - That's the chance you've got to take.

Boot Sector - That part of town with a lot of shoe shops.

Caps Lock - A hatpin.

Caps Shift - Dental term, generally caused by a punch in the mouth.

CD Rom - A squalid bedsit.

CPU - A toilet with a glass door.

Database - Twenty-four hours from Headquarters.

Desk Wre - Big place in Tallaght where people wear tracksuits.

Devlee Driver - The cop in charge of the car during a drug bust.

Directory Entry - The door into a vicar's house.

Dongle - A place in Kerry.

Enter Key - Where the Turks live.

File Allocation Table - A secretary's desk.

Gigabyte - A sandwich bar at a rock concert.

Grey Plus - Devoid of vine fruit.

Keyboard - Wooden thing hanging in the hall with hooks and a picture of the Isle of Man.

Keypad - To collect an interesting advertisement from the paper.

Local Area Network - Fishing within the fifty-mile limit.

Motherboard - Operating table in a maternity hospital.

Multisync Monitor - A kitchen supervisor in a big restaurant.

Nanosecond - Grandad's new wife.

Native Code - Usually performed with drumbeats.

OBJA - Irish slang term generally uttered in surprise or shock.

OS/2 - 100% interest on something borrowed.

PC Bias - Code of honour practiced by juries in L.A.

Peripherals - Two wild things.

Program - A unit of weight that makes a living.

Qwerty - A strange evening meal.

Root Directory - A herbalist's manual.

Serial Interface - What you get when you fall asleep at the breakfast table.

Spreadsheet - To start a false rumour discrediting another.

Terminal Emulation - Pretending to be a bus station.

Twin Floppies - A babe.

Twin Floppies and a Mouse Port - A popular babe.

Twin High-Density Floppies - Brigitte Nielson.

Unix - A common computer joke that won't be made here.

User Friendly - An observation on the social attitudes of others.

Write Protection - A pseudonym.

The Persecution Show

By Robert D. Elliott

Scene : The Host stands with a microphone in front of a lowered curtain. The audience applauds as he walks out. He waits for them to stop.

Host : Welcome, welcome! I'm Thomas O'Torquemada, welcoming you all once again to The Persecution Show!

The audience applauds, and O'Torquemada waits.

O'Torquemada : Thank you, thank you. Tonight, we're persecuting that bunch of people we all know, but don't understand. And being human, what do we do with people we don't understand?

Audience : We persecute them!

O'Torquemada : Ha ha. Yes, we persecute them. And tonight, we're persecuting a right bunch of weirdies. It's a familiar story, about twenty-five years ago, a few kooks got together and tried to make some money. Today, they're revered as gods, while millions spend fortunes on their sick merchandise. It's got to stop!

He smiles, and pauses.

O'Torquemada : Unfortunately, they're too rich and famous for us to pick on the individuals themselves, so we decided to have a go at their followers. Ladies and gentlemen, I give you... The Monty Python Fans!

The curtain rises, and the audience applauds. As the curtain goes up, we see four men tied to chairs. All are blindfolded, and wearing earmuffs. One is dressed as Cardinal Ximenez, one as a Gumby, one as a peppercorn and one as a lumberjack. O'Torquemada walks to the side, and over to the cardinal.

O'Torquemada : Of course, we don't know that they're Python fans. After all they could be ordinary people we picked off the street.

He looks puzzled.

O'Torquemada : How do we find out?

Audience : Torture them!

O'Torquemada : But what if they're innocent?

The audience laughs, and then applauds.

O'Torquemada : Seriously folks, we don't want any lawsuits. After all, the government might send someone from that ministry, what is it? The one where he sticks his legs out all over the place?

O'Torquemada appears to think.

Member of audience : Silly walks

O'Torquemada : Sorry?

Member : The Ministry of Silly Walks.

O'Torquemada : Oh. Of course. Thank you. Python fan, are you?

Member : Yes. No!

O'Torquemada : I'm sorry, I must accept your first answer. Take him away, boys.

Two men come in with truncheons, and drag him off, occasionally hitting him. The occasional audience member joins in the fun as he passes them.

O'Torquemada : That's the great thing about Python fans. They can't resist quoting sketches. They can quote nearly every sketch, song and film verbatim, but are rather simple apart from that. I mean, imagine falling for that!

The audience giggles.

O'Torquemada : But enough idle banter. Let's persecute some Pythons!

As the audience applauds, O'Torquemada walks up to the cardinal. Two scantily clad ladies nothing come on and remove the earmuffs and blindfold, then walk off.

O'Torquemada : Now, my friend, you know why you're here. You're not a Python fan, are you?

Ximenez : Oh no, I hate snakes.

O'Torquemada : Good one, good one. Pretend not to know what I'm talking about. But we're fair, here; we may persecute, but... *[He pauses, and winks at the audience]* ... I don't expect the Spanish Inquisition.

Ximenez : Nobody expects the Spanish Inquisition. Our chief weapon is surprise - surprise and fear, fear and surprise, our two weapons are fear, surprise and ruthless - oops.

O'Torquemada : Oops indeed. That's as difficult as it gets, ladies and gentlemen. Like I said, they are rather simple.

O'Torquemada walks over to a control box just wheeled on by one of the ladies. He pauses, as if deciding which button to press, and selects one. A sixteen ton weight falls on Ximenez. The audience cheers. O'Torquemada waves his hands for silence and moves to the pepperpot.

O'Torquemada : I'm sure you'll agree, ladies and gentlemen, an excellent death. And now onto our next possible Python.

The women remove the pepperpot's blindfold and earmuffs. The pepperpot stares at the weight with a look on his face that says he knows what happened.

O'Torquemada : Well, sir, or should I say 'madam' *[pauses while the audience titters]* you seem to be in a bit of a jam. Never mind *[grins at audience and sings]* Always Look on the Bright Side of Life *The pepperpot whistles a phrase, realises what he's done and continues whistling 'Three Coins in a Fountain'.*

Pepperpot : Pardon, did you say something?

O'Torquemada : Oh, well done, sir. Brilliant recovery. Pity it didn't fool anybody, though. However, since it was such a good reply, I'll ask you instead, have you got anything without spam **Pepperpot** : We'll, there's spam, egg, sausage and spam; that's not much spam in it.

A man dressed in a suit of armour comes on and hits the pepperpot on the back of the head with a large fish. The audience look bemused, then start cheering when he pulls an iron bar from inside the fish. O'Torquemada moves to Gumby, and waits for the women to divest him of accoutrements.

O'Torquemada : Let me warn you now, it's the Persecution Show 2, Pythons 0.

Gumby : Right on. They've had it coming for a long time.

O'Torquemada : You never wanted to be a Python?

Gumby : I always wanted to be - *[he cops on]* - an accountant. It's so interesting.

O'Torquemada : Very unpythonesque indeed. *[Looks at audience]*. He looks interested innocent. Would you have me - welease him?

Gumby : Welease Wodewick! *[he blows up]*

The women prepare the lumberjack, and O'Torquemada walks over.

Lumberjack : I confess! I'm a Python fan. I've all the episodes on video, and I own all the CDs. I confess!

O'Torquemada : You can't confess, I'm afraid; it's bad for the ratings *[He takes a fork out of his pocket]*. This fork is dirty.

Lumberjack : So?

O'Torquemada : That's the spirit. Try to fool us. You might even say... Jehovah.

Lumberjack : It shouldn't be a crime just to say Jehovah. I just said to my wife that steak was good enou-

O'Torquemada : Stop. That piece of what?

Lumberjack : Steak. Fish! I said fish.

O'Torquemada : *[looking suspicious]* What sort of fish?

Lumberjack : Cod?

O'Torquemada cuts him loose, and turns to the audience.

O'Torquemada : Ladies and gentlemen, for the first time we appear to have an innocent man!

Lumberjack : I'm not! I'm guilty! I know all the songs!

O'Torquemada : *[Producing a dead parrot (sorry, a Dead Parrot)]*. This is alive. It's just pining for

the fjords.

Lumberjack : No it isn't. I just stunned it.

O'Torquemada : That's it. Boys, throw him out.

Lumberjack : No! I'm stuck in Canada all year, and all I get is 'Wish you were a girlie, do you?', 'What bar do you hang around in?'. I never wanted to be a lumberjack. I always wanted to be - a Python Fan; laughing from sketch to sketch as they appear on my video. The Parrot Sketch, the Hungarian Phrase Books, the mighty Oscar Wilde! With my books of scripts by my side, I'd quote, quote, quote...
[Singing] I'm a Python Fan and-

O'Torquemada : I'm sorry, we're out of time.

Lumberjack : You're no fun any more.

A man comes out and kills him with a banana.

THE END.

Review

10:00 Sunday Mass, Fr Brian Cleary PP, Church of St Cyril. Admission free, 51 minutes.

I'm more of a cinema-goer myself, so when I was offered the chance go to a live performance I was a bit dubious. However, I'm always open to new experiences, so I gave it a go.

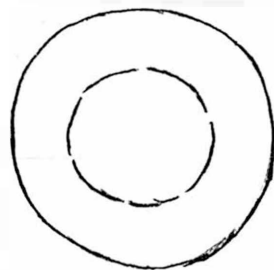
If you've never been to a Mass before, I'm not sure how I'd describe it. It's essentially a one person show (pardon me, a one *man* show - union rules forbid women), with the help of two young apprentices, all of whom wear strange outfits, the apprentices' being black and white.

Upon entering the theatre, I passed a table with a stack of pamphlets, and my heart sank as I realised that this was an audience participation production; the responses to all the actor's lines were written down. Don't get me wrong; I'll yell "Asshole" at Brad with the best of them, but to have the responses written down? No thanks.

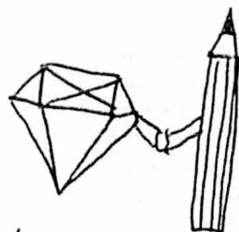
As it got underway, the show revealed itself to be a tedious affair. The audience recited their lines by rote, most of them not even needing the hint sheet. Even the actor's ad-lib in the middle, a desperate attempt to bring social comment into the show by giving us his views on contraception, was long and boring.

Overall, there was a lot about this show that I didn't like, and it's very hard to mention any good bits. It also smacked in some areas a little too highly of religion. I can't honestly recommend this show, despite the price.

Robert D Elliott



A MEXICAN'S VIEW
OF A BIRD'S EYE



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INTRODUCTION

Estherantz is a popular artificial language loosely based on English. It has become very popular in Dublin in recent years, but - though it is the more popular of the two - has yet to replace the teaching of Irish in schools. This guide will help you to understand the basics of this fascinating language, and enable you to buy fruit from a street vendor in Dublin without embarrassment.

Lesson 1: The Rules of Estherantz

1. Conversion of names

People are represented almost exclusively by their surname, though in the case of relatives the first name may be used. The names are often abbreviated and always have a suffix, generally "er" or "o". For example, the name John MacAdam becomes "Macker", unless John is a close relative, in which case the name becomes "Johnner".

Further examples: Shatner becomes "Shatzer", Schwarzenegger becomes "Schwarzo", Doyle becomes "Doyler",

2. Pronunciation

The letter "T" is often kept silent (or sometimes pronounced as an "H"), especially when it is the last letter of a word as in "Ballyfermot" (Ballyfermih, or Ballyer), "Shight" (Shi), or "Tallaght" (Tallih).

Examples of fixed pronunciation: "th" is always pronounced "t", "oo" is always pronounced as two syllables (eg "spoon" becomes "spoo-in").

Older speakers of Estherantz often append the letter "r" with a soft "d", thus changing "iron" to "irdon", "oranges" to "ordinges", and "girl" to "girdle" (the word "girl" is often changed to "burd" or "Moh"),

3. Grammar

The grammar of Estherantz is flexible and may be adapted to suit any situation. Thus, the meaning of a sentence is entirely dependant on the speaker's inflection, the general tone of the conversation and basically whatever the listener wishes to make of it.

4. Standard prefixes

Almost without exception, every noun or adjective is prefixed with the syllable "Kin". This is abbreviated from the word "Fucking", which is often used in its full form when in the middle of a sentence, as in "Wadder you fucking lookinat?"

Lesson 2: Conversation

Below are some examples of normal everyday conversation in both English and Estherantz. Analysis of these reveals the above rules in action.

1. English - Estherantz

Sinead is in the house - Kin Shinner's arr o im
Mother is not home at present - Kin maz noreer
I cannot seem to find the television set - Kint elly snikt

2. Estherantz - English

Kinnak urd - (I am) suffering from exhaustion
Kin rye id - (that woman / girl) is very attractive
Kinlode aboh lix - I respectfully disagree

Lesson 3: Further Studies

More information on the uses of Estherantz may be obtained from any Dublin bookshop under the Roddy Doyle section.

Alternatively, take the number 65 bus to Tallaght and listen in on conversations between groups of people wearing shiny tracksuits - the 'badge of honour' worn by native speakers of Estherantz.

This lesson on Estherantz was brought to you by PFJ - the magazine that thinks intellectual snobbery is something to do with Einstein's hedges.

An Evening With Smallpox

By Ken Webster

[American Chat Show Music - Loud Big Band]

Voice over: And now, Americans everywhere, prepare for contamination 'cause here's your host, Mr. Itch Smallpox!

[Applause]

Itch: Tonight's subject is necrophilia, and here to talk about her latest book "Have Fun With Your Friends (Deceased)" is Sister Emmanuel Buxom.

[More applause]

Itch: But first, my special guest tonight, all the way from England, London, is Mr Martin Cheesley!

[Applause]

Itch: Good to see ya, boy! Rest your ass down there.

[Martin stares blankly]

Itch: S-I-T D-O-W-N

Martin: Oh right, park me bum.

Itch: You brought a bum with you?

Martin: If I hadn't I couldn't sit down, could I? Ha! Ha!

[Silence]

Itch: Oh, you're talking about your ass.

Martin: Yeah, me arse.

Itch [to camera]: I must explain, everybody, Martin is British.

Studio Audience understanding: Ahhhhh

Itch: So, Marty, tell us about your book. What's it called, '101 Things To Do With Rubbers'?

Martin: Yes, that's right.

Itch: Wow, you just come right out and say it, don't you boy? Anyway, where do you normally perform your skills?

Martin: Well, I incorporate my rubber work with my other hobby - train spotting.

Itch: Geez, you do this rubber thing on a moving train?

Martin [quite shocked]: No! I do my rubber work by a large open window overlooking the tracks at the main London to Ipswich intersection.

Itch: No kidding - And of course there wouldn't be if you use the rubbers!

[Cheers, Applause]

Itch: So anyhow, I thought I'd bring a few rubbers with me tonight and let you show everyone at home just how sick you Brits really are.

Martin: Well, I'll need some glue.

Itch: God, it gets better!

Martin: And a sharp knife.

Itch: You sicko.

[Itch pulls out a fist full of condoms]

Itch: There you go then.

Martin: That's a condom.

Sr Emmanuel [giggling]: Do you need a hand?

Martin: I came here to talk about my book and you give me johnnies!

Itch: No, they're mine.

Martin [Jumping to his feet]: I can't take any more!

Sr Emmanuel: Bring your fanny over here, baby. I can take it.

Martin: How dare you, madam! I am a man!

[Audience boos and cheers. Shouts of "Go on, do it" and "Let's see the size of your rubber"]

Itch [panics]: We'll take a break right now, and don't forget this show is brought to you by "Vagi Cream", For All Your Feminine Irritations..

Sr Emmanuel: I've got an itchy gee.

Itch: I hate Japanese cars.



ALTHOUGH FIERCE
IN HIS OWN
RIGHT, "MEDIUM
FOOT" WAS ALWAYS
OVERSHADOWED
BY HIS OLDER
BROTHER.



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AMIS, THE
MURDERER
IS...

HERCULE
BIRO

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to a hole about 2.5cm X 2.5cm.



Force Kin

The Commit. Mem.s

"They had nothing to lose, but they didn't realise because it wasn't in the minutes"

Scene one :

A typical Dublin pub. Brenda, Herman, Naomi, Norbert, Terry, Owen and Doreen sit around a small table. The table is covered with personal organisers and bits of torn beer mats.

Brenda :

First of all, I'd like to ask for your comments on the upcoming gala night award presentation special.

Naomi :

The *what*?

Norbert :

No-one told *me* about this!

Owen :

I never heard of it.

Herman :

Well, I knew all about it.

Terry :

No-one ever tells us anything.

Brenda :

Now, let's not get sidetracked here.

Doreen :

How will the upcoming gala night award presentation special conflict with the art drama auction talent launch?

Naomi / Terry / Owen :

Which art drama auction talent launch is this?

Norbert :

Didn't anyone tell you?

Karen arrives.

Karen :

Sorry I'm late, but I thought we were supposed to start at seven.

Owen :

Yeah, that's all very well for *you*, but *I've* been waiting since half-four.

Brenda :

Before we go on, does anybody know where Ronald is?

Doreen :

He thought we were supposed to meet yesterday.

Herman :

And what about Kevin? You mean he got it wrong as well?

Norbert :

Kevin? I thought he resigned.

Karen :

I never even knew he was on the committee.

Owen / Naomi :

Kevin *who*?

Ronald arrives.

Ronald :

Oh. Everyone's here early.

Herman :

Did you bring the minutes from last week's meeting?

Ronald :

Was I supposed to?

Everybody else:

What meeting?

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Starring
**Alan Stanford
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Dr Sigmund Johanson,
Nobel prizewinner and
practising chemist, will
perform his famous
Chicken Routine in The
Harcourt Trough on
Monday evening at 6pm.
Fun for all the family, i.e. no
sexual stuff.

THE HASBEENS - Ireland's
hottest band will play some
raunchy rock'n'roll at the
GLASNEVIN INN
(formerly the Ballymun Inn)
this Saturday night, where
they get £20 each into their
hands and a free Guinness.
Don't give up the day job
lads!!

Billy Cowhead appearing at the Old
Flat Cap, Rathmines, with the Gold
Lamé Variety Troupe, to raise
funds for Brazilian Indians.

**The Silver
Bullet**

Thursday: THE SIXTIES

Friday: LASER
KARAOKE AND
VOMITING CONTEST

Saturday: LECTURE
ON BOTANY

Sunday: MORE PISS-UP
Underage drinkers admitted
on presentation of fake id.

How are
MAD fold-ins
like Irish
Politicians?

PFJ's Fold & Behold Page

Fold back so 'A' meets 'B'
and invites her back to his
place for some coffee.

A ▶

◀ B

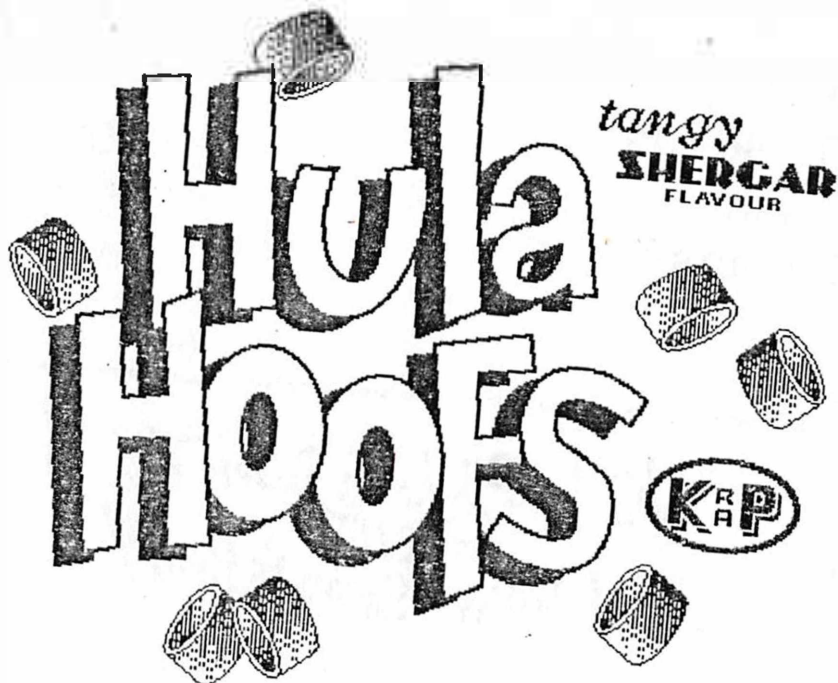
NO! BULLS DON'T
HAVE
FUN WITH SPAIN'S PONY
MATADORS



THE FLAW WITH SO-CALLED FUNNY
FOLD-INS, I'M AFRAID,
DOES BUT ONE CAP - AND THAT
IS: VERY POOR
WRITING THE EDITORS THINK IS OK

A ▶

◀ B



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THE PROBLEMS FACING SHAKESPEARE
WHEN WRITING 'HAMLET' IN A HAPPY MOOD