

# Cuppa!

Price: 85p. Missus,  
and how's young Sean?  
Still a steady away from

The Magazine For The  
Discerning Housewife

Inside:  
Cooking  
Darning Socks  
Washing-up  
Fellatio  
Ironing  
Cleaning

How does YOUR man rate  
as a tea drinker?

Knitting Patterns  
Are they worth it?  
Special Report inside

**WOMEN'S LIB:**  
More important than shopping?

GIANT PRIZE  
CROSSWORD!  
SLIMMING AIDS!  
BEAUTY TIPS ON A  
HOUSEWIFE'S BUDGET  
LOTS OF PHOTOS OF  
SKINNY SUPERMODELS!  
CELEBRITY GOSSIP FOR  
THE HARD-OF-THINKING!

Super Extra-Special 16-page  
pull-out-and-keep report on  
Princess Caroline's wardrobe!

**Eastenders' Sharon Speaks!**  
First Interview Since Her Birthday!

# As Time Goes By...

A Look Back at PFJs Past, by Michael Carroll

When my secretary passed on Michael Cullen's request that I do a reminiscence of the early days of PFJ, I sat down in my comfy chair and began to think ... Certainly, they were good times, fun times; we've all passed a lot of water under the bridge since then, but I don't think that any of us regret the late nights and frayed tempers that went into each issue of PFJ.

The simple truth is I couldn't have done it without them. Robert Elliott, who nearly always turned up on time; Simon Webster, who was always cheerful; and Michael Cullen, an absolute master at sticking small pieces of paper to larger pieces of paper. Combining their not inconsiderable talents with my own humble attempts at humour gave us - and you, the readers - the modern miracle that is PFJ.

But my most powerful memories are of the times when the other guys decided that they'd like to write their own humorous articles. I thought that it might be a good exercise for them, get them to spread their wings a bit. After all, one day Mike or Simon or Rob might even decide to become a writer as well, and I firmly believe that the only way they'll be able to do so is to practice.

At this point I'd like to defend their efforts. When you look back at old PFJs and read the articles written by the lads, you have to remember that they were very young and inexperienced. They didn't have my vast wealth of knowledge to draw on, nor did they have my maturity and well-developed (some may even say cynical!) view of the world.

But they learned quickly ... It was only five or six issues later that I read one of Simon's jokes and laughed out loud! It was a shock to me, but it really shouldn't have been. That's one of my shortcomings: I never give myself enough credit as a teacher! Why, I'd been working with the guys for months, it was only natural that some of my own humour and wit would rub off on them.

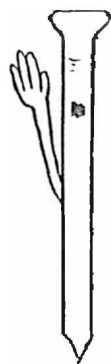


And now, here we are again with another issue of PFJ! This time, I've given the guys a bit of slack, let them work on whatever they like. I know I'm taking a risk, allowing such raw, untrained and inexperienced writers to have such power in what is, after all, a major publication, but I think that the time is right, and believe me, I know about these things.

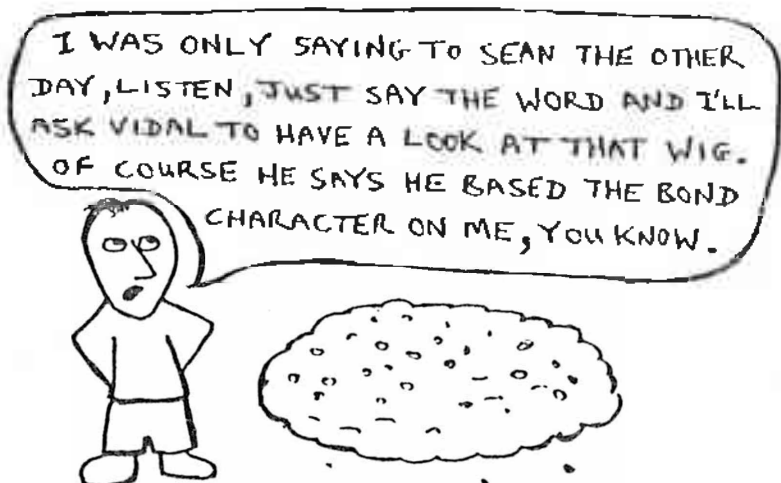
If you enjoy their articles and "jokes", then perhaps you could write and let us know, and we might allow Simon and Rob and Mike another page each next issue! Send your opinions to "Michael Carroll's PFJ", at the editorial address.



DICTATORS FROM HISTORY  
AS MASONARY NAILS  
No. 12.



ADOLF HILTI



PUTTIN' ON THE RITZ

# HYMN FOR THE WEEK

## HERE US SING, OH LORD, THE KING

(Seamus D. O'Pope, 1811-1865)

Verses 1-3 may be omitted, but not verse 4 because I've just split up with my girlfriend and I'm feeling a bit insecure.

1 Here us sing, Oh Lord, the King.  
"Ming, ning, ping, ling, ting, ring, bing."  
Hosannah sing on an angel's wing,  
Your words are full of meaninging.

2 Oh Hosannah, don't you cry for me,  
She'll be coming round Mount Zion  
With a dose of leprosy.

3 We spread the word of tolerance  
Taught to us by you.  
It is indeed the Christian way -  
Hey, hang on, you're a Jew.

4 Oh Lordy Lord, I do recall  
Your words in Galilee.  
Oh, it's a lovely super-duper Saviour that you  
be.

Amen.

The Lord's Prayer as re-written by Rev Willy Graham.

**THE LORD'S SKINT (So Please Give Generously)**

Our Father, who art impoverished,  
Hollowed be Thine Pockets.  
Thine summons' come,  
Thy will be done  
In court  
As it is illegal.  
Pick up this day Your weekly bread  
And apply for Your bus passes,  
As we figure You're omnipresent and You should get more than one.  
  
Amen.

---

I For not paying any of His bills.

Now Available as a Three in One

STAR of Bethlehem WARS  
THE ROMAN EMPIRE STRIKES BACK  
THE RETURN OF THE JESI

Starring Carry Loaves'n'fisher as Princess Leianonahans  
Harrison Lord as Hand Holo  
and Mark Camel as Lukewarm Waterwalker.

*May the cross be with you.*

IN RECENT TIMES I'VE HAD TO MOVE INTO A BIGGER FLAT JUST TO KEEP ALL MY STUFF. I HAVE A FIRST EDITION OF THE 1992-93 TELEPHONE DIRECTORY, SIGNED BY MY POSTMAN. THIS IS A GENUINE BIC DISPOSABLE RAZOR, OF WHICH ONLY TWO BILLION WERE MADE. I AM ALSO TWO PAWNS SHORT OF HAVING A COMPLETE CHESS SET.



A RUBBISH COLLECTOR

# MALEBOCKS

Dear Mrs PFJ,

Hello! I am the boy for a pen pal looking, yes? My name is called Stetis, and I am living from Herogrovania, where is my home. I am of seventeen years age, and am swim, golf, music. Also, not bicycle-riding for the Sunday. Too, I am for enjoyable mountain-climbing (but never fall!) and, of course,

I am need a pen pal, for to be disgusting with. We will be disgusting spurts. I am very not bad at spurts, including foot-ball. Also, we will likely to be disgusting music. My best fave band is Haakenzeign Und Die Grossen Aumslizich. Are you familiar of them? Cool baby.

Woforge please me my bad grab of your language! I at wreading and riting am very not good. It for me is very difficult, because school is not from where we learn Language of Americans. Television is from where we do. Yer mother.

Please you rite and tell me, I am forward looking.

Soon see you!

Dear Sir,

I wish to complain in the strongest possible terms about the use of the phrase "Bottom Fondling" in this letter. I think it is a disgrace that such a thing should appear in a national publication.

Yours,

Ivor Hardy, Chairman,  
National Committee for  
Reading Aids for the Stupid

Dear Buntz,

My sister buys your comic every week, but never lets me read it until she's cut out the dress-up doll and coloured in her favourite stories. Please print my letter so that she'll know how mean she is being.

Love,

Samantha Daley, aged 7.

Dear Mr PFJ,

Unfortunately, our meter reader was unable to call on you today. If you would be so good as to fill out the attached card with the relevant details and post it to us, it would save our meter reader the bother of getting off his arse and doing some work.

Regards,

Seamus Licemuncher,

Electricity and Gas suppliers

Sir,

With regard to Mr. Gerry Adams' statement of Sept 20th - Perhaps he should "luel," before he leaps!

Yours, etc

Captain William Blake-Evans,

The Croilhouse, Dun Laoghaire

*Editors' Note: Apparently Captain Blake-Evans confused envelopes when writing one of his many smug letters to the Irish Times, and entering our "Silliest Scratum Photo" competition last issue.*

*Send your letters to:*

**PFJ Malebocks, 42 Willow Drive,  
Green Park, Clondalkin, Dublin 22.**

**We will pay £100 for the best letter  
we receive. Judging will take place on  
2 September 2004, at 3pm sharp, in  
12, The Maples, Earth Station One,  
Deep Space.**

## PFJs Past:

PFJ Issue -594, October 1894

[Editorial] Welcome to another thrilling issue of PFJ! In this fun packed issue you'll find an interesting interview with HG Wells, who talks about his forthcoming comedy, which has a working title of *Two Worlds at War*. Herbie tells us that it's all about the Martian invasion of Earth. Found? Like a lot of fun, HG!

In answer to last month's competition question "There is one what borne every minute?"  
The waiting is over ... The answer is "One Fur-

THE MYSTIC ART OF CHINESE  
ORIGAMI  
No. 5 THE SEAGULL



- ① START WITH  
A SQUARE OF  
PAPER.



- ② FOLD IT  
IN HALF,  
MAKING A SHARP  
CREASE.



- ③ OPEN IT  
OUT AGAIN.

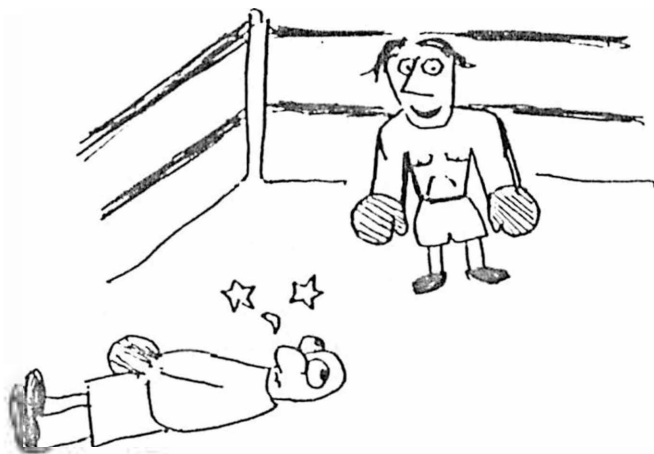


- ④ HOLD FIRMLY ALONG  
FOLDED EDGE AND...



- ⑤ JERK HAND UP AND DOWN.  
-THE FINISHED SEAGULL

NEXT  
ISSUE:  
THE  
BALL



A SCENE FROM ANDREW LLOYD WEBER'S  
NEW MUSICAL 'JOSEPH AND THE AMAZING  
TECHNICAL KNOCKOUT'



# The Origins of PFJ

By Simon Webster

In 1976, dreamily gazing through my bedroom window at dogs chasing their own tails in the street below, I had a thought. At the dinner table, eating two helpings of Butterscotch Angel Delight, I explained that I was going to start a little magazine called PFJ. My mother thought I was mad and gave out to me for licking my bowls. But fifteen odd years of market research and a little gnome called Jeremy that I keep on my shoulder told me that I wasn't mad. It was now 1991, and the time was right to grab the bulls by both horns. Closely observing the activities of low life frequenting the festering cesspits of strip joints, cock fights, Leeson Street nightclubs and computer business offices, I managed to determine the needs of my future readership, as well as recruiting a PFJ sub-staff of three. Little did I realise then that by the time the drollly-titled Issue 0 went into production I would discover that my staff had quashed my vision of a Pink Floyd Journal. I needed nothing else to encourage me to throw the Pritt Stick to the floor and storm from the premises, vowing never to return.

The months trundled by, time enough for me to regret my hasty actions that had meant me

buying a new house. Not for the first time, I was regretting my wobbly. By now, Mike, Rob and the other Mike were busy working on Issue 1. Thumbing through a copy I found hidden inside a copy of First Contact, I could tell that they were taking PFJ in the wrong direction. It should be a humorous magazine. It needs funny things I told my gnome and he was quick to agree, skipping down my arm and onto the carpet, enthusiastically singing about haddock.

Immediately, I renewed my acquaintance with Mike X 2 and Rob, and retook my position at the helm of the PFJ team, writing jokes to my little cotton sock's content.



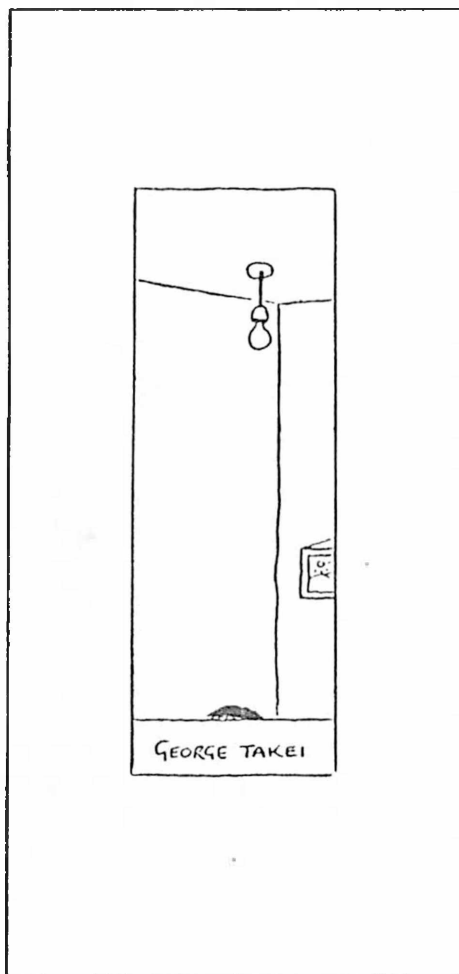
My gnashing satire on the state of fantasy game books in the early part of this decade was well-received, but nothing could prepare me for the flowers, the kisses and ultimately the rashes that I would get for my hilarious Benneton advert. "A classic," was what one reader called it, and it would be big-headed of me to disagree.

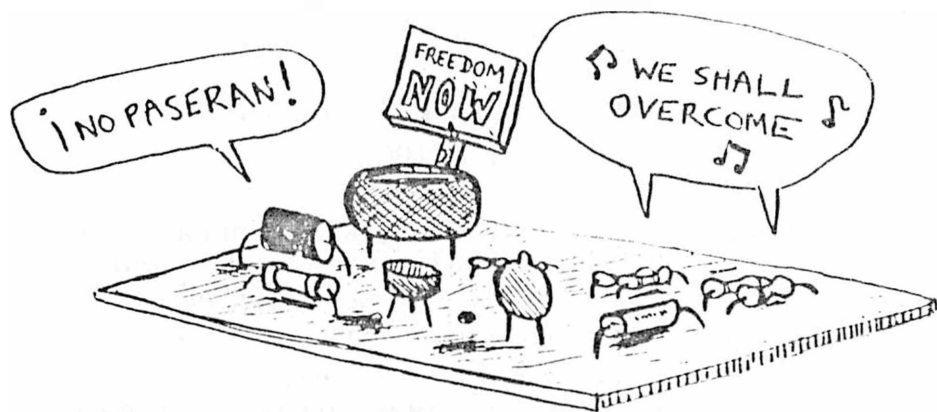
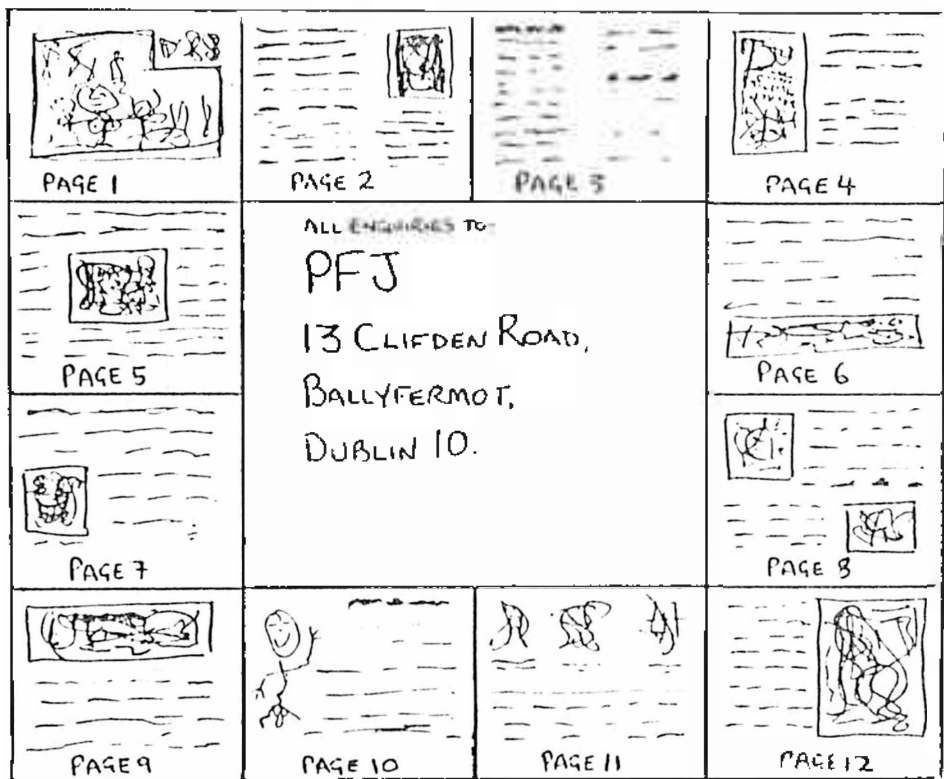
No doubt many know by heart what I've written for PFJ over the years, but what most don't realise is that I also wrote lots of PFJ's uncredited pieces. The covers to Issues 5, 6, and 9 were all drawn by me, and I'll never forget the power-cut we had the night I thought it would be a good idea to put a 3D picture on the back of Issue

10. I had to create the image by hand with a 5B pencil. So, you can imagine my despair at Octocon 93 when SF fanbs complained that I had cut off the bottom of the picture, and Star Trek fans just complained.

There were certainly a lot of Star Trek fans at Timewarp 93 where I think my polished parts in the PFJ performance, coupled with seeing that famous short Trek guy, made it my finest half-hour. Things began to go downhill for PFJ after that. By Issue 8, Mike, Rob and Mike decided to do things completely unrelated to the magazine, like writing books, changing jobs, getting married, and shit. So it was left to me to write every PFJ since then by myself, using their names as pseudonyms.

I suppose PFJ, for me, is like beans, you know like a big plate of beans and one of the beans looks funny with little black bits on it? Well, for me, to be like that bean is the ambition of every PFJ page. All these years later I find myself gazing through my bedroom window thinking back to PFJ's birth and watching dogs in the street. Funny how dogs chasing their own tails can come full circle.





PASSIVE RESISTANCE

ADVERTISEMENTAL

# SAVE ££££!

Yes! You can save literally *pounds* every year if you purchase our DIY Newspaper Kit! You can choose from over twenty different international newspapers! All you do is mix'n'match the supplied headlines and features, giving you literally lots of different combinations!

For example, here are some of the headlines available with the *Daily Star* Kit: PRIEST, BOMB, NUDE, SEX, TORY, IRA, MAJOR, COCK-UP.

Or, for the more internationally inclined reader, we have the *Weekly World News* Kit: SPACE ALIEN, CANCER, GOD, PREDICTION, ANGELS, LOTTERY, SEX-CHANGE, ELVIS, TWO-HEADED.

And you'll never run out of ideas! Once you get started, you can send away for one of our Advanced Photo Kits. Currently, we have seven such kits on offer: Nudes, Cute Children, Animals, Burnt-out Cars, Sports, Politicians, Naomi Campbell.

Call our toll-free number 555-NEWS for more information!

## DICTATORS FROM HISTORY AS POPULAR CHILDREN'S TELEVISION PRESENTERS



N. 141 NAPOLEON TONAHART

# Meat Loaf

## BAT OUT OF HELL III

EFF IN HELL

Featuring 14 Great New Tracks by Jim Steinman including:

*I'D DO ANYTHING FOR LOVE (IF I DON'T GET CAUGHT)*

*TWO OUT OF THREE AIN'T BAD, BUT HOW ABOUT BEST THREE OUT OF FIVE?*

*FLUFFY PAIR O' DICE BY THE DASHBOARD LIGHT*

and the new bestselling single:

*THERE'S A COLD NORTHEAST WIND COMING DOWN OVER THE ROCKIES BUT  
IT'S ALL RIGHT BECAUSE I'M IN MY CHEVY WITH THE WOMAN I LOVE*

# Coca-Cola

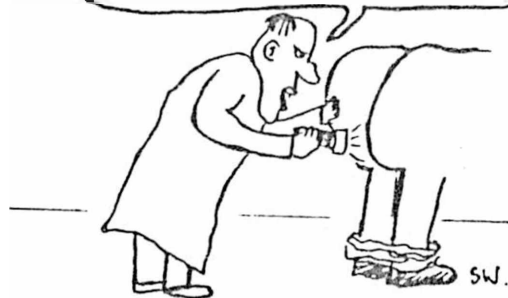
*You Can't Feel The Beating!*

(C) 1994 SODAMASOCHISTG LTD



KING GEORGE VI  
(THE QUEEN MOTHERFUCKER)

OKAY, MR. MURRY THAT'S ALL  
THE FELT IN PLACE. YOU'RE  
WELL-INSULATED NOW.



LAGGING BEHIND.

# The Sun Literary Supplement

In this week's Sun Literary Supplement, we are delighted to present an exclusive extract from *J.R.R. Tolkien's Punishment Exercises*, the latest in a series of works lovingly reconstructed by Christopher Tolkien from extensive notes left by his father before his death a few years ago. The book will be published on October 23 by HarperCollins *Any old shit with Tolkien's name* in hardback, and will cost £15.99. The book is beautifully illustrated by Alan Lee, and is a worthy addition to the collection of any admirer of the life and work of J.R.R. Tolkien.

Elves did not steal my homework as I never did it.  
Elves did not steal my homework as I never did it.  
Elves did not steal my homework as I never did it.  
Elves did not steal my homework as I never did it.  
Elves did not steal my homework as I never did it.  
Elves did not steal my homework as I never did it.  
Elves did not steal my homework as I never did it.  
Elves did not steal my homework as I never did it.  
Elves did not steal my homework as I never did it.

This extract copyright (c) 1994 the estate of J.R.R. Tolkien

---

---

## Rhyming Slang Competition

Congratulations to all those who figured out what the rhymes represented, with especial congrats to Mr. E. Theatre, who wins a week's supply of sports footwear, courtesy of Nike. The answers to the competition were...

1. Electrician
2. Wankel Rotary Engine
3. Orange
4. Antidisestablishmentarianism
5. Two hens and a particularly large duck
6. Bollocks.

## A Note from the Publishers

We wish to apologise to all our reader for the error in production that caused the condom given free in the last issue of PFI to be filled with herbicide and not spermicide as was intended. We at PFI deeply regret any inconvenience caused to any reader who wished to use the condom as a container for growing grass in, and wish to assure anyone who suffered in any way due to this mishap that our lawyers have told us that we aren't liable.



## The New New Testament

Translated By J and F Abril

**"A whole new perspective on the gospel stories."**

**- J B Walton**

**"This is the clearest insight we have ever had into the early Christian world."**

**- Prof K Wojtyla**

**"Combines the poetry of the King James version with the clarity of the latest translations."**

**- Bertrand Rustle**

This edition of the New Testament was translated by two brothers from Lisbon, Joao and Felipe Abril. Their monumental task took five years, and was compounded by the fact that they didn't understand Greek or English. One brother translated the text using a Greek-Italian dictionary, and the other completed the work with an Italian-English dictionary. Most scholars agree that they have produced a definitive version of the New Testament for the twenty-first century.

Here are some extracts from the newly-published work:

### **The Annunciation**

Angel is arrive at place, enough to see next is Mary with idea. Joseph asleep all through, but in concert has talk, and approximate month all are to be knowing.

### **The Sermon on the Mount**

He say "Those who are without material are big fortune, not with hunger but that now. Those who laughter at today are almost devil. Those who take noise on face, change sit-pants."

### **The Trial of Jesus**

Also Pilate make think of Praetorium, and is demand Jesus "You wear boots?" Also Jesus have struggle with egg, also say "What is boots?" With him Pilate travel next outdoor, only say large outdoor "Him very colour. Not to the habit. Is to the habit perhaps him?" Also large outdoor say "Is to the habit Barabbas!"

Reserve your copy of The New New Testament by completing the form below.

Yes, I am interested in this exciting offer, and I agree to forgive those who trespass against me.

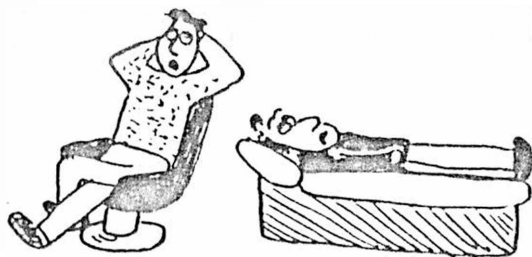
Name.....

Address.....

.....

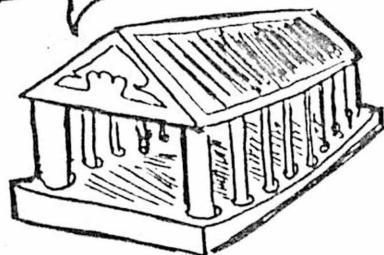
Send to: PFJ Bible Offer, 13 Clifden Road, Ballyfermot, Dublin 10.





I DON'T LIKE TO USE THE TERM 'CRAZY', MISTER BURNETT.  
I PREFER 'NUTTY AS A FRUITCAKE'.

I WILL ALWAYS  
LOVE YOU ♪



DOLLY PARTHENON

LOOK, JUST GO OVER  
AND SAY HELLO.



SW.

TRYING TO MAKE ENDS MEET

## Who | Wrote What

Well, Enid Blyton wrote Five Go to Smuggler's Top, Alexander Solzhenitsyn wrote One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovitch and Charles Dickens wrote A Tale of Two Cities. Naomi Campbell is about as much an author as William Shatner.

## Designated Charity

Get real.

This magazine is also available on disk, except for the cartoons and most of the text. All of it, however, is copyright (c) 1994 the respective creators, and we don't want anyone ripping us off. We will sue, you know. Any mistakes, errors or omissions are just that, and should be taken as proof that we live in an imperfect universe. Any words that are spelled correctly should be celebrated as a triumph of the human spirit over technocentric society.



THE RETURN OF

# WHO GIVES A TOSS?



Pas ce soir,  
Josephine

Napoleon fled the French  
revolution disguised as a  
water closet!

#  
59

HEY SMOKING  
GUTTER, CATCH THIS!

Mary Harney chose her  
name by sticking a pin in  
a telephone directory!



The golden retriever gets  
its distinctive colour from  
a regular diet of Corn  
Flakes!



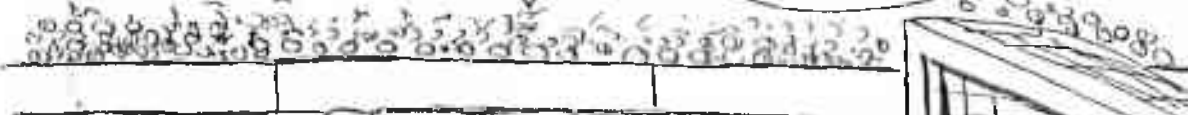
The most popular  
Christmas gift in America  
last year was a ten-gallon  
jug!

jug!

انجلترا!

COME ON  
THE GREYS

The French word for 'jockey'  
literally means 'small  
pastry'!



YOU'RE  
FOR  
IT  
MATE

up to 1912, football  
players in the English  
league had to put up their  
hand if they wanted to  
speak to each other!



The people of the Blasket  
Islands have an annual  
pageant in memory of  
Liberace!



OÙ EST  
MON  
CHEVAL?



In the 1945 film *Best Years  
of Our Lives*, a character  
named Bill Clinton is  
mayor of a town called  
Health Care Reform!



DIAMOND  
GEEZER  
THAT  
GERRY  
ADAMS,  
TO BE  
SURE

# THE HANDY PFJ

## KUT-OUT-'N'-KEEP GUIDE TO MEASUREMENT CONVERSION

Stuck for that all-important colloquialism? Don't know what someone means when they say "A Good Few"? Feeling left out of the conversation in your local pub? Well, fear no more! This useful chart is all you need to bluff your way around the streets of Dublin!

### Units of Size:

Tinchy = less than 1cm<sup>3</sup>  
Teeny-Weeny = 1 - 100cm<sup>3</sup>  
Smallish = 101cm<sup>3</sup> - 1m<sup>3</sup>  
On The Large Side = 1 - 10m<sup>3</sup>  
Massive = 11 - 100m<sup>3</sup>  
Bleedin' Massive = 101 - 1000m<sup>3</sup>  
Ginormous = 1001m<sup>3</sup>+

### Units of Quantity:

Hardly Any = 0 - 3  
A Good Few = 4 - 13  
Loads = 14 - 100  
Heaps = 101 - 1000  
Piles = 1001 - 10,000  
Oodles = 10,001+

### Units of Weight:

A Doddle = less than 100g  
No Prob = 101g - 1kg  
I Can Manage It = 1 - 10 kg  
More Awkward Than Heavy = 11-100kg  
Murder = 101kg+

### Units of Distance:

Right Here = Less than 100m  
Over There = 101m - 200m  
Down The Road 200m - 1km  
Miles Away = 1km - 5km  
You Can't Get There From Here = 5km+

### Units of Time:

Just Now = 1 second - 1 day  
The Other Day = 1 day - 2 weeks  
Ages = 2 weeks - 1.27 years  
Yonks = 1.27 - 15.9 years  
Donkey's Years = 15.9+ years

### A Note on Usage:

These standard conversion units are flexible, and exact values can vary depending on the situation in which they are used. Also, it is acceptable to mix units ("It was a massive, ginormous house"), and to double-up on units for emphasis ("It was yonks and yonks ago").

Note: PFJ accepts no responsibility for damage or loss through use or misuse of this conversion table. And anyway, it's only a bit of a laugh, isn't it? I mean, you've got to have a sense of humour, these days, right?

# Remembrance of Things Past

A look back over the first days of PFJ through the diary of its founder,

**Robert D. Elliott**

*When Michael Cullen first asked me to write this memoir on the origin of PFJ, I immediately thought of the diaries I'd been keeping at the time. The following are extracts from those diaries, which chart the progress of what has become a national institution.*

17th August

I finally convinced the others that we should do a magazine. It took long enough; at this stage I've enough material for at least the first fifteen issues; more if the others do some of the writing. We're having a meeting tomorrow where we'll all bring along some of our stuff.

18th August

The test results came in; it seems it was only a two-pence piece I swallowed that came up on the x-ray at a funny angle. That was the good news; the bad news is that the 'humour' the guys wrote sucks donkeys, with the exceptions of Maurice's and mine. Simon's 'pulling the rabbi out of the hat' cartoon was well-drawn but painful, and that was the best of the lot. I finally agreed to give them all some of my ideas that they could draw for themselves (I'll be the first to admit that my writing is much better than my drawing) and that we'd concentrate on short stories for the first couple of issues. They insisted I use some of the weaker ones so as not to show them up; I think it's a bad strategy as we should make the first few issues the best they can be. Still,

it's a democracy so I concurred.

25th August

It looks as if we might have a magazine ready for Octocon, after all. Simon won't be in it, though; he's still insisting on that damn rabbi cartoon, and says that if we won't use it, he won't write anything. It pains me to have to leave his stuff out — some of it is quite original and not totally devoid of humour — but we cannot sacrifice the integrity of the magazine. Michael Carroll is still trying to pass off old Phoenix cartoons as his own work, but as he bought the Hob Nobs this week, no-one said anything. It looks as if Maurice and I will have nearly half a magazine each, with Michael Cullen contributing a page just so it doesn't look like the work of two of us.

A question occurred to me (and me alone, it seems): what do we call this magazine? I'll phone the guys tomorrow. I like *PFJ* as the title; it's obscure and enigmatic, sure, but what the heck.

26th August

As I type this I can scarcely believe what the others suggested as titles

for the magazine. Simon, in another fit of rampant egotism, suggested Webster's Pictionary, a title surpassed in stupidity only by Michael Cullen's Yellow Press. I swear I'll never know where they think them up. Michael Carroll's suggestion of Humorous Photocopied Periodical has its good points as did Maurice's Liber Ecclesiasticus, but I'm still sticking by PFJ. None of them, by the way, figured out what it means. No-one is well versed in the classics any more; I fear for the future.

28th August

Our nameless magazine, it seemed this evening, was doomed. I was in the National Library doing research on eleventh century Ireland when I came across the works of a monk named Battrachius, who wrote a series of manuscripts containing all of Maurice's jokes! Every one! Maurice must have found out I knew, because his mum says he's left the country and taken the proceeds of last week's activities with him. At least it explains why he referred to the Taoiseach as Brian Bonu.

1st September

We took a vote on the name of the magazine, and PFJ won with three abstentions. They just can't admit they're wrong, a fact that could cause problems in future. I know if I'm ever wrong, I'll cheerfully admit to it and look upon it as a learning experience. We gathered all the material together, and we've enough for a great twelve-page magazine. A quick vote later and we'd enough for an average thirty-two

page magazine. Now we've gone from being creative to the sordid side of publishing; petty details like price, page count, etc. A really nasty slide to Michael Carroll is emerging; he's volunteered to keep accounts, and showed us a spreadsheet with projected sales and revenue. Michael Cullen is nearly as bad; he said he wanted to look for adverts so we could 'maximize potential' and Simon just said 'fuck that, when do we get the money?' Am I the only one interested in Ars Gratia Artis?

8th September

Disaster! Michael Carroll insisted on dedicating the first issue to Alphaville 'for inspiration' or he won't print it. I told him I could print it myself and he grumbled a bit, but I think he wants a printing credit so badly he'll go ahead. He also wanted to every issue to be number one, but I suggested that starting with an issue zero is a simpler way to lampoon the idea of sequential identification of periodicals. That's complete bollocks, of course, but I think he swallowed it and the others just went along. I'd say they're all stricken with ennui but I'm not sure they know what it means.

15th September

Octocon comes ever closer, but let it come! We have our magazine! Lovingly photocopied, it's by no means brilliant, but a worthy start. Now that it's lying there waiting to be stapled, the cajoling seems to have been all worthwhile. May this be the start of a long, fruitful and entertaining magazine.

## FEMALE HORMONE ISOLATED

Four leading male scientists have said in a press conference held in Ohio this morning that they believe that, after twenty-seven years of intensive research, they have isolated the female hormone that makes girls' handwriting much neater than boys'.

Answering a sceptical reporter, Dr Andrew Brophy said: "Don't call me a bastard, you git. Yes, I do happen to think it was worth the effort. The discovery of this hormone will mean that, at last, neat handwriting can actually belong to men. This is a tremendous breaththrough. Please don't call my mother that."

But is there not a danger that this 'neat' handwriting will only be afforded by the rich, and thus create a two-tier system. Dr Patrick O'Dwyer is firm.

"Our critics are clearly forgetting that we are already living in a two-tier system as far as handwriting goes. Do you realise what our discovery will mean for men in the medical profession? Can't be bad." An emergency press conference was called one hour later when the

scientists regretfully announced that their work had been abandoned. "We can't read our notes," they said.

---

### SPITU "Calls It A Day"

Spokesperson for SPITU, Daniel Forkin, has announced a complete cessation of violence. "In light of public opinion," said Mr Forkin yesterday, "we've decided to call it a day and announce a ceasefire. I've had a chat with the lads at TEAM and we're all happy that this seems to be the only way to get all our demands met. Part from anything else, I wouldn't mind a few free trips to America to meet Bill Clinton, and that." The announcement was immediately applauded by the Goodman's Peace Processing Plant.

---

### INSIDE

PINT OF MILK IN BUTTER AND SUGAR MIX-UP see page 4; ANIMAL RIGHTS ACTIVISTS FREE FIFTEEN THOUSAND CLAY PIGEONS see page 2; BIC'S SECRET INVENTION PREMATURELY REVEALED IN SURPRISE BIRO LEAK see page 5; EXCLUSIVE! O.J. SIMPSON'S ALIBI I WAS IN CRAIG CHARLES' HOUSE THAT NIGHT; Also: Terrapin Kids Club - Page 25

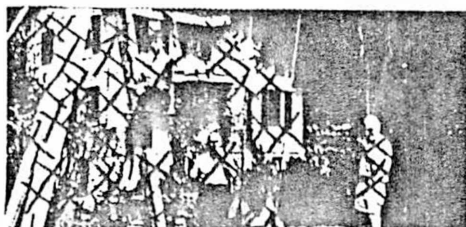
## SPOT THE GOD COMPETITION



Here is a picture of an everyday activity. Somewhere in the picture, God is lurking. What we want you to do is put an X where you think God is. You are allowed up to four guesses. The nearest correct guess will win a spanking new £10 note.

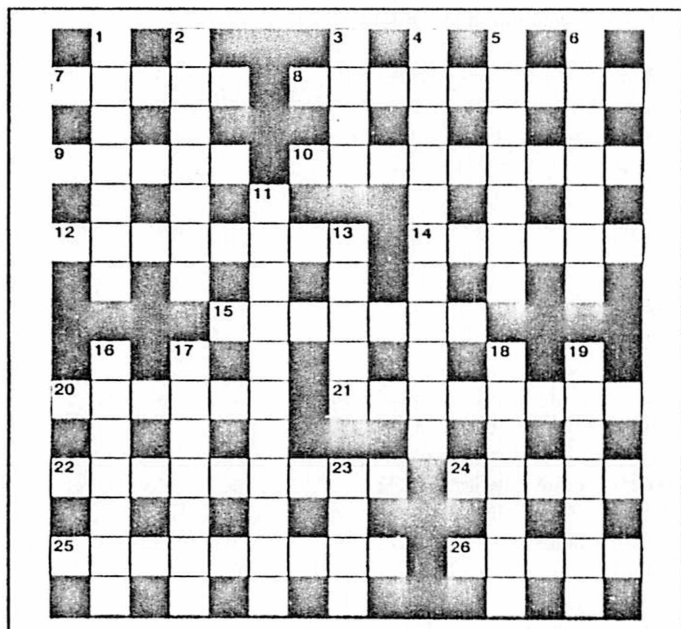
Send your entry to **PEJ Spot the God Competition, 13 Clifden Road, Ballyfermot, Dublin 10.**

Here is the answer to last issue's **Spot the God** competition. In fact, God is everywhere. The full list of winners is available if you send us a large, stamped-addressed envelope.



# Prize Crossword

Here's a chance for you to win a spanking new £10, in the PFJ crossword.



Crossword no 12

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

## How to Enter

Send completed crossword and the form to PFJ, 13 Clifden Road, Ballyfermot, Dublin 10. Entries must be received by December 31, 1994. The editors of PFJ and their families may not enter.



## Across

- 7 Injuries caused by wind? (5)
- 8 Playing together (2,7)
- 9 Have a banana? (5)
- 10 Several foes came before God - and sneezed (9)
- 12 Is this what Bo Diddley meant? (2,4,2)
- 14 Mixed ale and gin, and fell down (6)
- 15 Eyebrows are often a sign of virility (7)
- 20 Blast those carpet salesmen! (6)
- 21 Spearchuiker? (5,3)
- 22 Saw Alien 3 again - still rubbish (9)
- 24 Conjugates a verb (5)
- 25 Puzzle involving clues, etc (9)
- 26 If you're going to spend a penny, you and the King may need this (5)

## Down

- 1 Sick weather (3,4)
- 2 Please hold my lance - I've got a helmet in my jalopy (7)
- 3 Now ankles have this, or wrists (4)
- 4 I am Alfred Hitchcock's love puppy (5,6)
- 5 Repeat leaving - suckers (4,3)
- 6 Sherlock often leamed the other way, we hear (3,4)
- 11 Scholar fancied a bit of cheese, unfortunately he was dead (5,6)
- 13 Jimi Hendrix is thought to have had a big one (5)
- 16 Suite talk? - Give me a break (4,3)
- 17 Female part excited by Jacques Cousteau (3,4)
- 18 I'm super - not a clue, actually (1,6)
- 19 Bishop of Montgolfier has a flying buttress - and he doesn't care who knows it (7)
- 23 In my opinion, the chief art is a breeze (4)

## Solutions to Crossword no 11:

**ACROSS:** 1 Knob, 8 Cheese, 9 Bubbles, 10 Get stuffed, 12 Hello nurse, 14 Up yours, 15 Buy PJ, 17 Charity, 18 Dole, 19 Fair distribution of wealth, 21 Large entertainment bill, 22 Please.

**DOWN:** 2 Help, 3 Monster, 4 Eating my ears, 5 Inform, 6 Authorities, 7 At once, 11 Penicillin, 13 Donor card, 16 Premature burial, 17 Help, 18 Very dark, 20 Have to pee.

**WINNER OF CROSSWORD No 10:** Mrs K Flynn, Belfast.

# TERRAPIN CORNER

Hi Kids! Terrapins at the ready, it's Friday's Terrapin Corner!

## JOKES\*JOKES\*JOKES\*JOKES\*JOKES\*JOKES

Q. What's green and has a shell?

A. A terrapin

Patient: Doctor. Doctor! What's that on the table?

Doctor: It's a terrapin.

Knock. Knock

Who's there?

Ter

Ter Who?

Terrapin.

## FACTS\*FACTS\*FACTS\*FACTS\*FACTS\*FACTS

A Terrapin lives in a plastic bowl.

It is not purple.

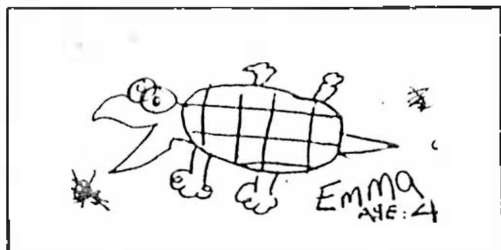
## TERRAPINTIPS\*TERRAPINTIPS\*TERRAPINTIPS

If you're bored with your terrapin, why not buy a guitar and use him as a plectrum?

## ART GALLERY\*ART GALLERY\*ART GALLERY\*ART GALLERY

Dear Terrapin Corner,

Here is my drawing of a happy terrapin. He has just eaten a hearty meal.



Thank you, Emma, for the above drawing that you say resembles a terrapin. But did you know that a terrapin very rarely eats hearts?

## COMPETITION\*COMPETITION\*COMPETITION\*COMPETITION

WIN A GAME OF "TERRAPIN PURSUITS" AND A GAME OF "TIDDLY TERRAPIN"

Just answer this simple question:

When was the first death of a child due to a terrapin-related disease in this country, and how much did Terrapin Imports Trade and Sales pay for the parents to keep quiet?

A 1985, £10,000

B 1991, £35,000 or

C There was no such occasion, for legal reasons.

Send us your answer with the following tie-breaker:

I chose a terrapin instead of a puppy because.....(in not more than two words)

All entries to the Terrapin Kids Club address below.

## PUZZLES\*PUZZLES\*PUZZLES\*PUZZLES

### Word Search

Can you find a word associated with terrapins hidden in the grid below?

### ZTERRAPIN

How many words can you make out of the word "Terrapin"?

(Answer: Terrapin, Pirate, Angela Ripin)

## HOW YOU CAN DO TOO

### "The Camping Terrapin"

Gently lift your terrapin from the little plastic island in its bowl. Ask an adult to cut a neat circle from its shell with a sharp knife, and insert a compass (NOT a mathematical compass, *cruelty is not the terrapin owner's way*) Make a small hole in one of his little legs and attach him to a key ring. There he'll be a happy little chap, and useful too!

Why not send your favourite Terrapin Facts to:

**The Terrapin Kids Club, 13 Clifden Road, Ballyfermot, Dublin 10?**



# How It All Began A Reminiscence

By Michael Cullen

After attending the ISFA workshop for several months in 1991, Michael Carroll, Robert Elliott and myself decided that it would be a good idea to have our own weekly workshop, on Wednesday evenings, in Michael's flat. We swapped stories, ate Jaffa Cakes and Viscount biscuits, and also did a lot of talking.

As the stories grew fewer, the talking increased. We found that we shared the same comic reference points: Python, Blackadder, Bloom County. At some point one of us said "Why don't we bring out our own comic magazine?"

The first issue of PFJ, Issue Zero, appeared at Octocon in October 1991. It was more of a short story magazine, but it had two comic items, the Letters Page, and Auntie Fractal's problem page.

We quickly realised that nobody was reading the stories, and by Issue Two we had reverted almost entirely to short pieces. Issue One, in December 1991, saw the debut of contributors Edward Hickey and Frances Halpin,

and also that of soon-to-be co-editor Simon Webster.

The next four issues were probably the best ones. Issue Three contained Teenage Mutant Lazy Bastards, The Supporter's Song, Impersonal Computer World, and Start Speaking French. Four was a limited edition printed for a British convention named Inconsequential.

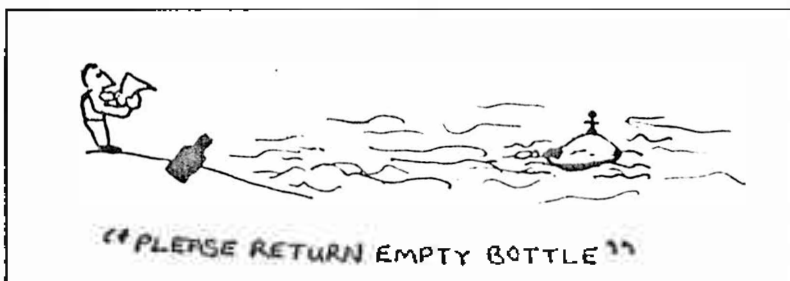


Issue Five had Pooh is Found Out, the Pop Hitlist Competition, and Estherantzo. Six had Horror Psychos, Dubious Wrongdoing, and You Know Where You Can Stick Your Peanuts, Trouser Brown.

After that, things began to go downhill. Michael Carroll began his long battle with amphetamines. Robert Elliott was indoctrinated into a religious cult based on the writings of Enid Blyton. Simon Webster moved to Ireland's Eye and became a hermit, contactable only through the Internet [mark.hairshirt.webster](mailto:mark.hairshirt.webster).

It was left to me to continue the work of assembling the ever more incoherent contributions, drawing the lines, and carrying the big box from the photocopyers.

For three issues I kept up the pretence that PFJ was a joint effort. But as conditions grew ever more bizarre, the pressure increased to end



that lie. Michael Carroll began to believe that PFJ was a person, and refused to discuss the magazine unless we all referred to it as "he". Robert Elliott tried to sneak his beliefs into the magazine - some of his rejected contributions include "The Gospel According to Noddy" and "The Paw Shall Inherit the Earth, and other sayings of Timmy the Dog". Simon Webster insisted on sending his contributions to the mainland by pigeon, even though the pigeon could only remember three words at a time.

So the truth is finally out. Since 1993 PFJ has been pretty much a one-man band. And yet I feel no bitterness towards the others. Fame affects us all in different ways. Hopefully they will come through their difficulties, and things can go back to how they were. If you would like to help, please send what you can to:

**The Help Michael, Robert and Simon Get Better Campaign**  
**PFJ, 13 Clifden Road, Ballyfermot, Dublin 10.**

# Dear PFJ

Dear PFJ,

Although, I notice, your writers continue to mock, you can't say the Bible isn't relevant to today's society. For one thing, the Virgin Mary had a very tough start in life. She grew up in the grotto.

*Greg, Navan*

Dear PFJ,

My granny is really sick. We went to the doctor but he said there is nothing he could do for her. This summer our parish priest told us to give all our worries to God and take her to Lourdes. We did as he suggested, but it only made her worse. She hates cricket.

*Brian, Clonskea*

Dear PFJ,

I think it's an outrage that some computer games are in the shops. Mortal Kombat II is so violent that it can make influential children go around the place wanting to press buttons.

*James, Galway*

Dear PFJ,

Oh, I'm much more disturbed than that. I don't think influential children should be allowed to play any computer games. They should be tucked up in bed with a glass of Lemsip until their temperature comes down.

*Mary, Clonmel*

Dear PFJ,

I'm livid with Dublin Bus! The bus I was on yesterday stayed at the terminus for at least thirty minutes before the driver pulled out. Then we all had to wait for his girlfriend to put her jeans back on. Corrrrr!!

*Dick, Sligo*

## Winner of Last Month's "Fond Memories" Competition

Dear PFJ,

When I was very young, I heard my parents talking in the kitchen. "He's been asking about the facts of life," my mam was telling my dad, "I think you should say something. Tell him the one about the cabbage patch at the end of the garden." My dad trundled into my bedroom and sat on the end of my bed. "I hear you've been asking how babies are born," he said. I nodded dumbly. "Well," he continued, "you know the cabbage patch at the end of the garden? That's where me and mammy fuck."

*Brendan, Cork*

Dear PFJ,

You know that, "You want ice? You got ice" advert with the blonde babe doing a hand-stand? Well, I reckon that guy with the huge bag of ice must be Harvey, coz he's certainly getting the cream out of her bristols. Waa-hey!

*Dick, Sligo*

Dear PFJ,

Isn't it odd that you never see Richard Stilgoe and Satan in the same room at the same time?

*Doug, Meoth.*

Dear PFJ,

I'm angry at Channel Four for showing disgusting foreign films on Sunday nights. I have an impressionable young son and I am worried that it is only a matter of time before he sees one of these films and asks awkward questions. It can also be a bit embarrassing in front of the wife. So come on Channel Four! Show them on Thursdays when I have the house to myself.

*Ben, Down.*

Dear PFJ,

Here's a funny thing. My husband drove me and our five year old

daughter out to see our new house being built. My daughter took one look at the inside of it and complained: "There isn't any wallpaper." "My dear," I tried to explain, "the men have to put the plaster on the wall first." To which my daughter said "How did the wall cut itself?" We laughed so much we threw her in the cement mixer. Children can say the funniest things, or am I mad? What do other readers think?

*Anne, Dundalk.*

Dear PFJ,

I am appalled at the sort of people who are allowed to use our prisons these days. Nothing more than criminals, the lot of them. And as for those on Death Row in England! Hanging's too good for them! I don't see the Tories rushing to hang the aristocracy, judges or other decent folk instead. They pay their taxes too Mr Major!

*Sally, Louth.*

## TIME for the letter OF THE MONTH

Dear PFJ,

I am disgusted that some people in this country are still referred to as "proddy bastards". They are Protestants. So surely they should be called "protty bastards".

*Phil, Cork.*



## Dail Report

Minister Byrne asked "Would the Taoiseach agree that this motion would be a step backward for the cause of fair and equal taxation?"

The Taoiseach replied "I'm not talking to you 'cause you're a spa." Deputy Murtagh then put his hand to his mouth and sniggered. He attempted to pass a piece of paper to Deputy Flynn, but was caught by the Ceann Comhairle and told to stay back after the session.

Question time resumed with Deputy O'Mara asking "Would the Taoiseach agree that the unemployment figures are still too high?" The Taoiseach tutted, and said "Look I'm sick of this. That's not a proper question, it's just a statement with the words

"Would the Taoiseach agree..." in front of it. This led to the following exchange:

O'Mara: Is not.

Taoiseach: Is too.

O'Mara: Is not.

Taoiseach: Is too.

Later the Taoiseach was challenged by Deputy Crow to explain how he

had paid for his new swimming pool:

Taoiseach: Come over here and say that.

Crowe: Ah, who farted? O'Mara: It was you, you gickbag.

Crowe: See it wasn't, so there.

Ceann Comhairle: Shut up the lot of yous.

Murtagh: Can I go to the toilet?

Ceann Comhairle: Do you want to put down a motion?

Murtagh: No, it's only number ones.

Ceann Comhairle: Well you'll have to wait.

# Coming Soon...

# THE TACHYON

THE SCIENCE FICTION, FANTASY AND HORROR REVIEW MAGAZINE

The Definitive Review Magazine For  
Science Fiction, Fantasy and Horror  
Books, Comics, Television and Movies

A PFD PUBLICATION

## PFJ PERSONAL ADS

**Hard Man** seeks Wild Woman for rampant thrusting, throat abuse and organ clenching. No Weirdos. Box 86.

**Travelling salesman**, married, often in Dublin, seeks good-looking married woman for fun sexual liaisons. Box 605.

**Convinced** your wife is cheating on you? Private Detective will masquerade as sex-starved travelling salesman to catch her out. Box 605.

**Think** you may have contracted a sexually-transmitted disease? Don't panic! We can help! Write to us in complete confidence and we can solve this embarrassing problem together. Replies to Pox 736.

**Notice** is hereby served that on this date 1 October 1994 it is understood to have been deemed to be accepted that planning permission has been applied for by Mister John Buggery of Rathmines, Dublin 6, to build, construct or otherwise fabricate a place of temporary residence for migrating avians, such as would allow said avians to feed upon peanuts and breadcrumbs and other assorted foodstuffs in complete safety from predatory felines.

**Professional C.V. Typing Service.** We will expertly type and binde you're C.V.'s for only 5£ each! Or, to copys for olny 8£! Replys plaese to Box 89S.

**Female Cleaner** wanted. Must be aged between 22 and 45, and experienced at cleaning females. Box 842.

**Mature woman** required to mind own children in own home. Box 296.

**Young man** wanted to share flat in Ringsend area, but he has recently changed his mind.

**Barfsoft Computer College** is the ideal place for all your training needs. Dos, Mac, PC, Unix, Windows, OS/2, Word, Ami-pro, Borland, Lotus and Novell are just some of the words we'll tell you about. Box 255.

**Cork Area:** Bi-guy seeks Berl-girl. Box 23

**Remember** - A dog is for life, not just for Christmas. A turkey is for Christmas.

**The Church of Eternal Forgiveness and Tolerance** will hold its annual meeting on Friday next at 8pm sharp. Latecomers not admitted.

**TV** seeks TV repairman. Box 288.

**Good home** wanted for puppies. Alternatively, willing to swap for powerful foreign car. Box 019.

**Digital Watch** found on Grafton Street, Saturday 3rd Sept., at approx. 14.43.20.6. Box 307.

**Second-hand Bookshop** opening today!, Dawson Street. 1000s of new books. Also, special presentation to shop's original owner on his retirement.

**Collect Stamps!** A fun and fascinating hobby for all the family! Send for FREE booklet on how to begin! No obligations! Plus! As a special surprise for your friends, send us their names and addresses, and we'll send them a FREE booklet too! Contact Reader's Digest Mailing List Service at Box 182.

**Wanted:** Back issues of H&E magazine, for research purposes. Please send to Sunnyside Home for Elderly Gentlemen, Naas, Co. Kildare.

**For Sexy Hot Babe Phone Action** call 0850-203142. Ask for Fred.

**For Sale:** Last two tickets for Wheel of Fortune, St. Brigid's Junior School Sale of Work. Box 722.

**Job Opportunity:** From Nov. 1, a part-time position as car parker on Dawson Street will become available. This is a prime location, offering excellent parking prospects, conveniently situated for public transport. Interested parties should be aged between 18 and 70, and should have own hat and anorak. Rolled-up newspapers/Daily Stars will be provided. Box 896.

**For Sale:** PFJ back issues. Have a chuckle at some good-natured, inoffensive humour. Contact PFJ at editorial address.

375g

**FREE!**  
**RUBBER APRON**  
IDEAL FOR USE IN  
THE GARDEN OR  
AROUND THE HOUSE

**NOV**  
**WITH**  
**ADDED**  
**VITAMIN**

**FORTIFIED**  
**WITH**  
**VITAMINS**  
**AND IRONS**

The best to  
you each  
morning!

**PORN**  
**FLICKS**

*Wolkygo's*

99p