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Why not try hiring a prostitute to come to your Why not try buying decorative plates that stink into the public arena? the garden through the window, and then paying from Sunday supplements? Why not try sitting on a thirty toot pole in the name of religion and it anyons have your to water time bank halv and save hard anyons. Why not try stinking and bringing Why not try buying an ice-cream from an ice-cream van and her £2 less than you had agreed? And nor it a straight on a much took poly and say "yaaaaayi." then throwing it on the floor, then buying a replacement and doing the same thing, and so on, until the ice-cream man awry? refuses to serve you any longer? Why not try putting a picture of your Why not try trying the sitting on the face and then go Why not try patience of an angel? dock of the bay? being magnetic? S Why not try taking drugs in the full knowledge Why not try valuing money that you are simply wasting your young life? if nothing Why not try abbreviating the Why not try travelling on public transport and over your friends Why not try talking loudly about how your public school and family before education has made you a Nietzen Over man? wearing a realising that actually, in the tartan as end, friendship bobble hat? and love is more Why not try running everywhere you go? gentian? picking a horse Why not try Lee & Herring's not try supping the forbidden emotion? not try regretting actions and wishing things had turned Fist Of Fun or comment everywhere **BBC** Books celebrities Why not try giving your friends Why not try training to be a teacher and then Why not try finishing relationships in which famous the wrong advice at every try to become the teacher that all the kids you are ecstatically shouting out they look up? opportunity? like because he's a bit cool... for a teacher? they're not looking and then looking away quickly when Why not try happy? Why not try smashing your Why not try destroying a thing Why not try looking down girl's blouses when you think being little brother's Subbuteo that brings you pleasure? inappropriate? players for a joke, without Why not to becoming a was mounted soling a licopter for the light of the list alf out of the list all out of the list of the l considering the deep May not try telling your wife you are an Why not bry telling your wife you are an else bad. psychological damage you allen inhabiting her husband's body but carry on as normalized, are causing him? Why they Can Why not try talking about Doctor Spock, the paediatrician, without making a joke about Star Trek? Why not try going to Piccadilly Circus and saying 'Blimey, It's like Piccadilly Circus out here' to everyone Why not try stealing from Why not try locking yourself out the lower middle class and the lower much can find a way of go giving to the raconteurs?

giving to the raconteurs? of your house and seeing whether you can find a way of getting in? Why not try smort esabi ysero sid stage ad anahw taam? Why not try asking every comedian you Why not try wrongfully encouraging Why not try dug-suckling? poorly paid vocational careers? Why not try rebuilding the Why not try behaving in a curmudgeonly fashion? Hidenburg Line? Why not try becoming a raconteur?

Introductionby

ICE T

Yo! It's me. Ice T! Gangsta rapper and the all round coolest motherf***a you ever did see. Yes that's right. It is me. I am in South Central LA writing this down, myself. I, (Ice T remember) would like to welcome you to this book based upon the popular BBC2 TV series Fist Of Fun. I've liked Lee and Herring's stuff ever since they were on the radio, especially Herring's. He is an extremely cool and fly dude and his upbringing in the village of Cheddar in Somerset was much like my own in the ghettos of the Urban War that is South Central LA, although his was possibly harder. You have to remember that, back then, Keith and Barbera Herring couldn't even afford a caravan and had to go on their holidays in France in a family-sized tent. Respect to them.

Anyway, as a favour to Rich, and to Stew a bit, I am giving this book my blessing. I was impressed on reading through the stuff that the boys haven't just tried to rip



off the kids by printing up their TV scripts and filling up loads of pages with photos of themselves in funny hats. No. They are not bitches. They have written a 100 pages of stuff that wasn't even on the telly (or if it was it just flashed up really quickly). Because they care about you.

And the hard work shows in the results. I mean the book isn't as good as the *Monty Python* ones, but it's better than *Not the Royal Wedding* and that crap thing Adrian Edmondson did.

As I, Ice T, said in Lifestyles of the Rich and Infamous 'Who controls your destiny?'

And then, in response to my own rhetorical question, I replied, (it is) 'Fans!'
Enjoy the book all you homeys and freaks (naturally I mean that in the positive sense as

popularized on my long playing records). It is quite good.

Yours sincerely

M, Ice T.

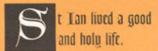
PS. If anyone has the Marilyn Croco, Crazy Croco from Kinder Eggs and would like to swap it for Crocophilo then please get in touch with me via the Rhyme Syndicate at my record company, whatever that is, Since I left Warner Bros. I can't remember.

Hello. I'm Stewart Lee. And the name seum into my sports hit is Richard Herring And this is the Fist of Fun spin-off novelty cash-in book. It was good as getting leet to do that intro Page, wasn't it Ster? Yes, that did surprise me a bit though. He was very complimentary about you wasn't he? Tes. It was him writing it though. It was him. No Rich. I think what you've done there is you've confused Ice-Twriting the introduction of this book with you writing the introduction of this book and prefending to be Ice-T, haven't you? Ah, yes I have Yes. Anyway, the first of Fin book is povered for of things to do, mediocre people to celebrate and enviate, how theyou and the great of the past chose to fill their time, and wrong orpinions you might like to try and affect to confise your friends and parents. E) DIS We'll also be taking some trips down the dog turd covered have that we call "the gall-ery", hearing about some good hobbies from Simm Quinlant and feeling sick at 8 Flora smeared Page, by the incertum love-child of landard E UN Wee Jimmy Krankie, or life-style eyat, Peter. Hellow Get off Peter, I've tild you you've not allowed on our pages DOS) OW YOURE HAND MUST HAVE SLIPED Throughout the book we night add a few comments of arr own. My hondwriting tooks like this. Whilst my hardwriting on the other hand looks like the writing year's reading wer. EUN So enjoy this book, whethor you bought it yourself, received it as a gift from a secret admirer, or stole it from a triend Or if you're 18 and get it from a confused elderly relative who mistakenly thought it would be the kind of thing said like, even though you actually think we're really children and latetic, and pretend we're interested in at armusic instead -And anyway, in a couple of years' time you've realise that being really childish and pathetic is a good thing after our. And if you're reading this book in a second-hand or remainder bookshop in about 1998 my not buy it? It'll only be about a quid and you'll be able to see what the people of the past used to laugh at. En Enjoy the rest of your please continue to support us young lives in our future endeavours. ich Herry KAGL.











ut the wicked Viking Ifan had St Ian beheaded and

threw his holy head into the blackberry bushes.



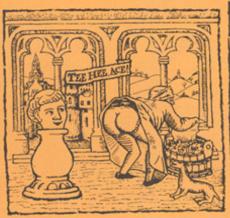
ut through the conjuring tricks of the magic Lord Tesus, St Ian lived on in head form.





nd so St Ian flapped off to Basingstoke to

see the city.



t Ian hid in a flower pot. An old lady bent over and he saw her pants.

If you think the story is indicators and less exactly the same



ut Culfstan, Archbishop of London saw what St Ian was doing. 'St Ian!' he saith, 'when Tesus granted you the facric ability to have no body and fly, he meant you to use it for good and holy works, not to hide in flower pots and scare old ladies!'





ne day a humble woodcutter encountered him.

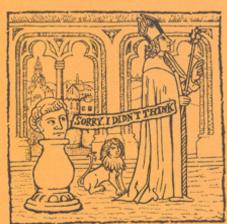


a ha' saith St Ian,
'It is me! St Ian.
Got You! I have the magic
christian ability to have no body
and flap my ears and fly.'



ery funny St Ian' replied the woodcutter, 'Now I've dropped all my twigs and they're spoiled.'





've got a job for you St Ian' saith Qulfstan.



nfortunately for St Ian coconuts had not yet come to England. Archbishop Qulfstan made him the target on the Shrewsbury Qathedral Easter Fête Qoconut shu.



or it is written and so it must be shall.

For Alway. Amen.

A CELEBRATION OF MEDIOCRITY

STEVE GUTTENBURG D

Channel 4 and BBC2 are forever celebrating the films of brilliant actors and directors like Robert de Niro or Woody Allen, but they never celebrate people who have done a body of work that is neither very good or very terrible, but just mediocre. So we at *Fist of Fun* want you to help us celebrate the life of mediocre film star, Steve Guttenburg. What you have to do:

1. Go to local video shop and get out all videos with Steve Guttenburg in them that they have. There are loads. These may include:

Three Men and
a Baby
Police Academy
Short Circuit
Can't Stop the Music
Cocoon
Short Circuit 2
Police Academy 2
Three Men and a
Little Lady
High Spirits

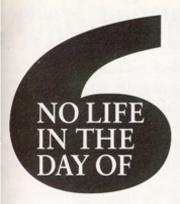
Amazon Women on the Moon Police Academy 3 Cocoon 2 The Chicken Chronicles Police Academy 4



WARNING. Steve Guttenburg did not appear in *Police Academy* 5 or 6. They are not up to the mediocre quality of the first four films and are rubbish, so don't rent these.

- 2. Next make a life-size papier-mâché head of Steve Guttenburg's head out of papier-mache (fig. 1), like channel 4 do out of bronze with Robert de Niro and people like that. But don't make yours out of bronze. Make yours out of papier-mâché.
- 3. Set the papier-mâché Guttenburg head up on your record player turntable and place the turntable and Guttenburg head on top of your TV. Before you play your first Guttenburg video, turn out the lights, turn on the turntable and shine a torch beam over the Guttenburg head as it revolves. Hum an important-sounding melody as the head spins. You are now ready to watch your first Guttenburg film. Remember if you haven't much time, watch The Boys from Brazil as Steve is in this but is killed in the first 5 minutes.
- 4. During the week celebrate Steve's life. In the late 70s Steve nearly quit acting to become a dentist. So why not go to see your dentist and ask him if he thinks Steve Guttenburg is quite good too?
- 5. You may also like to see the 1982 movie Freddie Goes to Washington, but remember it's only the voice of Steve Guttenburg that appears in this film.
- 6. Steve made no films in 1989. Why not speculate with your friends as to what he did during this time? The person who comes up with the best suggestion could get to keep the papier-mâché head, or something.
- 7. Go on a diet. After making *Diner* Steve lost 3 stone in the hope of becoming a romantic lead. Instead he appeared in four Police Academy movies.

By celebrating mediocrity, we celebrate our own wasted lives, so celebrate where e'er ye can.



Whatever time I got to bed last night, I always seem to wake up at about 5. I take a peek through the curtains. It's just starting to get dark. My day has begun. At first, I lie there for a bit, thinking about a thing, (a lid today) and looking at the patch of damp above the skirting board. With my head at a lying down angle, the stain looks like a dog's face with a wheel sticking out of where his neck should be, but if you sit up and squint your eyes, it becomes Spain. After about an hour, I'll get out of bed and try to go for a toilet without getting distracted by the pizza delivery leaflet on the floor by the door. This can be quite difficult. The other day, before I knew it, it was 9pm, I'd read the leaflet about 80 times and the wee had almost got right to the end of my winky. Anyway, eventually I do manage to go for a toilet, but then, of course, I have to try not to spend a further two hours looking at the brilliant piece of dirt stuck to the edge of the bath, which looks like a soldier with a lamb stuck to his eye. All this makes me very tired, as you can imagine, so back to bed it is.

I've always found it very hard to get up straight away, even when I've got somewhere exciting to go, like outside. I've tried all sorts of things to stay up, like weeing in the bed, or sleeping standing up, like a bird. I even once tried lying there, shouting, for half an hour, so that the noise would keep me awake until I came round properly. It sort of worked, but the effort made me so tired, as soon as I stopped, I fell asleep again. Life can be difficult sometimes.

Eventually, of course, I do wake up properly, because the man in the bedsit to the left of mine comes in from work at 6.30 and starts listening to loud,

PETER 31, is an unemployed man from Wales. In 1986 he had a job interview for a company which made key fobs, checking that each key fob worked before its sale. He was unsuccessful in his application. With his brother Charlie, also unemployed, Peter has written a recipe book idea down in a Silvine exercise book. For the last 11 years he has lived alone in a bedsit in Balham, South London.

frightening Jungle music. I quite like music myself. My best band at the moment are Coast to Coast, who had a hit in the 1980s with 'Do the Hucklebuck'. I first discovered their music when I found the single on a wall in Balham, Unfortunately I didn't get to hear it for a couple of years as I haven't got a record player, and used to have to just sit there, looking at the sleeve and imagining what it might sound like. Eventually I was allowed to play it on Richard and Stewart's radio series. It was good - very different from how I'd imagined it. Then, about 6 months ago, I bought a Coast to Coast tape for 30p from a bargain bucket in the chemists. And a tape by Wang Chung.

Breakfast can be anything from a cigarette to what's left of last night's curry out of the foil tray next to my pillow. It's usually the cigarette as I've eaten all the curry, although I did once wake up with a bit of unswallowed Rogan Josh still in the side of my mouth, just under my tongue. I was able to just start chewing again. I like the little surprises in life.

8pm, and it's time to start doing something active, so on with the telly. I watch a lot of television. It's my main interest, apart from smoking. The only trouble with telly is that, like looking at stains on walls, and sitting on the bathroom floor reading the words on the back of a Toilet Duck, it's very hard to stop once you've started. Just as you go to switch it off, James Whale says something like 'And now Baz Bamigboye with celebrity gossip!' and you're stuck for another three hours.

About 9pm, I get dressed, just in case Charlie drops round. He can't tell me he's on his way, because I haven't got a phone. He used to drop me a line the day before, but the man who lives in the bedsit on the ground floor stole all the letters and stuck them onto a big piece of wood in a sort of cross shape. I came in one day and he was standing there in the hallway kissing it and laughing. Anyway, if Charlie does turn up, we'll do something fun, maybe go out and get chips, then come back and eat them. We're quite close, though we don't really talk much, other than to say things like 'These chips are nice, aren't they?', or 'I'm tired'. Unlike me, Charlie has had a job. Eight years ago he worked in a T-shirt shop with a man who said he was in

Aswad, but wasn't. Sometimes we talk about that. Last New Year's Eve, we sang 'Do the Hucklebuck' together, and then, at the stroke of midnight, we both smiled.

If Charlie doesn't turn up, then

about 10pm, I'll try to switch the telly off, which means running at it as fast as you can without looking directly at the screen. It's time for lunch, which means a trip to the newsagents. That's not the only place that food comes from, of course! The other one's the petrol station. And the Raj-Bilash Tandoori delivery in Streatham. They sent me a Xmas card last year. I didn't know they liked me.

As soon as I've got my food, I'll pick up a few cans and head home. I enjoy the walk back. It makes me feel I've done something with my day. Quite often I see other little men hurrying back to their bedsits, also with little blue and white striped carrier bags full of crisps and cigarettes. It's nice to know there are others like me. When I get in, I try not to switch the telly on straight away, otherwise there's a danger I'll stand there looking at it, picking at the bit of hard skin on the back of my head for another 5 hours, without even unwrapping my food. So I always try to go to the kitchen and do that first, taking care not to get trapped by the Innovations leaflet next to the fridge.

I'll go to bed about 4am. Well I don't go to bed. I'm already in bed. What I mean is I pass out from drink, fully clothed, on top of the quilt. I hope I'm not lazy spending most of my day in bed; it's just that my room's quite small, and there isn't really anywhere else you can be in it. Unless you stand by the door. And you can't see the telly from there. Or the stain on the wall.





Simon Quinlank. Train Ignoring Hobby

Hello, Simon Quinlank here evith my own page which will inform you of a hobby you can do if you want to do a hobby. It is a good hobby and I like this hobby very much and you might like to try it too.

What you will need for this hobby











A Pen

A list of all the rolling stock in Britain today

Some eyelids or a blindfold

A flask of weak lemon drink

And a trainspotter

Trainspotters are often the butt of jokes. There is a cliché that they are all boring anoraks with no personality, interests or girlfriends. As with most clichés this is completely true. So what if you are quite a cool together person with a life, but also have a keen interest in trains and numbers? Well, this is the hobby for you. It is called train ignoring. The trainspotter I usually use is called Gareth Gill.

How to do the hobby

Go to a railway siding with your trainspotter and wait. You may like to drink your lemon drink at this point or save it for later.

When you hear a train coming, close your eyes.

When you are sure the train has gone past, open your eyes again. You have just ignored your first train! Of course you need the trainspotter to tell you which train and rolling stock you have ignored so the numbers can be checked off your list.

With time, patience and dedication you could be like me and have ignored all the trains in Britain. Then you can start all over again. The good thing about this hobby is that you have to do it with a trainspotter who is obviously much duller than you, so it also raises your self-esteem and status and when there aren't any trains around, you can bully the trainspotter.











Why not try taking your pet on holiday?

Your goldfish spends most of his life swimming around in a tiny bowl. Why not widen his horizons with a fish holiday? Take him to Fish World at the beautiful seaside resort of Weston-Super-Mare, where, using a special fish lead, you can swim free in the blue oceans with your fish.

Or you could take your tortoise pot-holing in the beautiful Yorkshire Caves which do exist. You and other tortoise owners attach a light to the front of your tortoise, put it on your head and explore together the wonders of the underworld wonders of the limestone stalagmites and stalactites of the world famous Yorkshire Caves.

Is your horse tired of galloping around and jumping over things? Then take him horse bungee jumping. Under the guidance of fully qualified instructors, your horse can enjoy all the pleasure of jumping off a cliff attached to a small piece of elastic at almost no risk. This attraction is available at all Spanish seaside resorts.

Or maybe take your rabbit on a Watership Down murder theme weekend. Your rabbit is housed in a burrow with other rabbits and woodland creatures. Then farmer Michael Harris, on whose land the holiday takes place, attempts to kill all the animals with a mechanical digger, a gun or the back of a spade. Will your rabbit escape to safety or will the Harris family be enjoying its corpse that night for dinner? An exciting adventure for any bored rodent.

If you have a budgie you might like to take it on a human/budgie paintball weekend. The budgies' stomachs are injected with paint and then the birds take on their human owners, (armed with paint guns) to see who can splatter the other team first. An exciting contest between land- and air-based creatures.

And remember if you have to go on holiday without your hampster, you can be sure it will have a relaxed and peaceful stay at the Pet Shop Boys hampster holiday home. Neil Tennant, and the other one, have created a summer camp for hampsters with all kinds of hampster activities. But it's a physical week so don't worry if they come back a bit dirty or over-excited.

Why not try playing badmington?

POPULARISING BADMINGTON PRESS RELEASE SPONSORED BY PANDA POPS AND GINSTER'S PIES!



Hello my name is Philip Bourne and I am the president of the National Badmington Council. It is my dream that the sport of badmington shall become the most popular sport in Britain and badmington shall become the most popular sport in sritain and the world as soon as XMXSMX humanly possible. You might think badmington isn't a very interesting or good sport, but I would counter, 'Ah, no you are wrong. It is good and you should play it'. You might reply 'Well I don't think it is good and I'm not soing to play it thank you were much Mr. Bourse. But I counter, Ah, no you are wrong. It is good and you should play it. You might reply 'well I don't think it is good and I'm not going to play it, thank you very much Mr. Bourne. But I would say, 'Go on, just give it a go. One game of Badmington can't hurt you can it? To which you might respond, 'Look, I don't hurt you can it? To which you might respond, At which don't want to play it, all right. Leave me alone .
point I would say OK fair

point I would say OK fair enough, there's no need to get upset...but just think about it,



hey and then maybe you'd go away and think, I will play it after all that. Maybe you t. I've wandered from my point. I intend to



make badmington the most popular sport in Britain by
the year 1999. It's going to be a hard job, but I'll give it my all. That is why I
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the year 1999. It's going to be a hard job, but I'll give it my all. That is why I'll give it my all give it m to announce that we have come pretty crose to tinatising a sponsorship deal with both Panda Pops, the fizzy drink manufacturers and Ginster's Pies, who make pies, obviously. You may have seen them at garages, by the sandwiches in the fridge. Although nothing has been signed yet, I have taken the liberty of printing up all our leadlets with the Panda Pop and Ginster's Pie logos already. Badmington has a reputation for being boring, or girly, but it isn't those things. It is quite good. It is probably my favourite sport. I want to see it popli popularised, televised and covered on Radio 5 and that is why I have launched my campaign. You may laugh now, but people laughed at the idea of toast once upon a time. And if I had told you snooker and darts would have been major televisual sports of the 1990s you would have locked me away in a loony bin with all the other ireaks. Or wrestling. If I had said to you back in 1971, or something, that Hulk Hogan would have his own cartoon series you would have looked at me in a very funny manner. Well I have similar plans for BACKAN badmington as manner. well I have similar plans for branches and snooker. You might say to me, But, Mr. Bourne, snooker, darts and wrestling had big persoanlities, like Mick Macmanus and The Cockney Sparrow in darts. Bedrington has no passagnities at all, but I wanted in darts. Badmington has no persoanlities at all . But I reply to you in a clever voice, 'Ah, you are grong. What about Jonah

Barrington. He was an outrageous rlamboyant personality. He had a moustache. You might say who's Jonah Barrington? And I would say, 'You must remember, he played in the world championships in the 1970s. You would possibly counter like a lot of people have to me, 'Didn't he play squash?' To which I would say, 'No, he played RMA badmington. To wit, I have designed these, the Jonah Barrington action rigures, so a whole generation of children will grow up excited by interested in and keen to madmington . To wit, I have designed these, the Johan barrington action lighter, so a whole generation of children will grow up excited by, interested in and keen to play the sport of badmington. So, what I say to you all is: Don't not play badmington. play the sport of badmington. So, what I say to you all is: Non t not play badmington. Do play it. There are quite a number of badmington clubs around. If you ask people who look like they might like badmington, one of them might be able to tell you where a local one is. Or set up a badmington club of your own. You don't need a big hall or all the equipment. A piece of String or cotton can serve as the net, and two table tennis bats and a AXX ping pong ball can be used as substitute badmington equipment. In fact if you've got a table tennis table and net as well you could play your badmington on that. It is still badmington.

Enjoy badmington! Towne

Yours,

Philip Bourne, the National Council or Badmington

P S. I've just remembered, in ealt Disney's Robin Hood cartoon lilm badmington is the Isvourite sport of the lat Scottish chicken character, Lady Cluck. How much the lavourite sport of the lat Scottish chicken character, Lady Gluck. How much larger than life a badmington-liking personality can there be than a Disney creature! I think this contounds the critics.

STYLISH NAME DAY

Are you fed up with your unstylish name, like lan, Alec, Keith, Graham or Sarah if you're a woman? Never mind. Come along to the Lake District on your own, where in beautiful surroundings you can pretend to have a different and stylish name for a day. You could be Rock, Crispin, Trevor, Spanky McFarland or Sarah, if you're a woman. And it's free. Remember to organise your own food, accommodation and transport, and to be on your own.

JULY 12th THE BIGGIN HILL AIR SHOW!

Air from all over the world on display in plastic bags and tupperware boxes in the beautiful surroundings of Biggin Hill. Look out for the very rare Argentinian dale air. (Highlights on BBC2 at 12.40am, commentary by Raymond Baxter.)

FARNHAM MALTINGS TEXTURE AFTERNOON

For Kids and Pensioners

Kids are still developing their sense of touch, and old people may have lost theirs, so how can either group be expected to choose the ideal lounge or bedroom furniture covering fabric? Texture volunteers will blind and gag you and maybe rub a pumice stone on your eye, a hampster against the tough skin on the bottom of your feet, or the mesh from the inside of the nozzle of a modern garden hose against your thigh or genitals. So come along, but only if you are a child or very old.

PANTS DAY, BRIGHTON

Old 70s and 80s pants can be traded in free for stylish 90s invisible pants, the pants of tomorrow. Organised by Mr Lombard Gnarly of Vancouver, who'll exchange your old pants for his invisible space pants. And he has a perfectly good and innocent reason for doing it. There's no need to clean your pants, he says he'll do that...and it's free.

JULY 13th THE BIGGIN HILL HAIR SHOW

Hair from all over the world on display in plastic bags and tupperware boxes. Look out for the very rare hair of Gary Olsen of TV's 2.4 Children fame. (Highlights on BBC2 at 12.40pm. Commentary by Michael Rodd.)

HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE AN EEL?

If you'd like to know, then come to Ken Zeti's Eel workshop in the River Ax, Somerset. Here you can go underwater and slither around in silt to get a fair idea of how it might feel to be an eel.

Many inner city children grew up without ever seeing a real piece of chalk. So Simon Harris has set up a chalk farm in North London. School children can go along and see how a chalk farm operates: chalk of all colours in fields and pens, eating, breeding and finally being slaughtered and cut into sticks in the abattoir. Get off at Chalk Farm tube and then ask a passer-by where the chalk farm is

Have you ever wondered how doctors perform their amazing medical operations? Well now you can! Come to the special St Hubbin's hospital, Shrewsbury open day. You can see real surgeons performing operations on genuine members of the public. From caesareans to appendectomies, maybe even a lung transplant...meet hospital orderly, Roger Mann at the deliveries entrance round the back by the bins and give him 10 pounds in cash and he'll take you to the special public air duct viewing gallery above the theatre. But don't make any noise though.

DO YOU HAVE A FALSE ARM OR LEG OR LEGS?

Then come-along to the Buckinghamshire College of Further Education Prosthetic Limb egg-and-spoon race every Whitsuntide. We hope to find the champion egg-and-spoon racing false limbed person in Britain who will be crowned king of the limbless at the end of the day.

ARE YOU AN IMPOTENT ENGLISH MAN?

Do you like competitive sports?

Then why not pop along to the All England Impotent Men Track and Field competition in Hastings on Shrove Tuesday? It's open to all men who suffer impotence on a regular basis. There will be random impotence testing, so do not attend if you are not impotent, or if you are impotent but find the idea of a track and field event for impotent men erotic. Non-impotent competitors will have their faces tattooed with the legend 'I tried to pretend to be impotent, but was caught out'.

HAIR PIES!

Michael Cosgrave of Totnes has set up a new shop selling pies made of human hairs. Mike collects the hairs from barbers, mortuaries and sewers, washes them in a special preparation he has made and then makes them into delicious nutritious pies, full of protein. Try Mike's special hair pie made exclusively out of the hair of actor Gary Olsen of TV's 2.4 Children fame. If you like eating hair pie, then this is the shop for you.

HAIR MICE!

Weave life sized mice out of the hair of the dead at the Phoenix Cinema in Oxford every Friday at 5pm.

WIFE-PLANING!

Plane your wife at the National Craft Centre in Islington. We have a selection of antique and modern planing machines. Wives are not provided. There is a wholefood vegetarian restaurant on the premises.

ARE YOU A JEWISH MAN OF UNDER FOUR FOOT IN HEIGHT?

Do you like playing Badmington and dressing up as a woman? Then come along to the Small Jewish Transvestite Badmington Club. You can play Badmington with other small Jewish transvestites in a relaxed and friendly atmosphere, or just watch secretly from behind a curtain. Remember to join you must be under four foot, Jewish, like dressing up as a woman and like playing badmington. Every Friday in Fife.

ARSE DISPLAY

A display of arses of all colours, some bare some coated with fabric or fluid, will be on display at the National Arse Display Centre, Manchester on Saturday.

There is an ice-cream van sale at Coventry every Sunday. Come along in an ice-cream van and sell your unwanted possessions through the window, as if they were ice-creams. Or just come along, not in an ice-cream van, and see what's on offer. Warning — there will be no ice-cream available at this event.

Why not try listening to pop music? R P P S

Rich and Stew have very different musical tastes in an attempt to make themselves look different from one another and appear interesting. And we've literally, actually, presented *Top Of The Pops* so we know more about it than you and are objectively right in our opinions. Let's see who is top of our pops.



I have nearly four tapes in my record collection and one CD, although I don't have a CD player. Here is my top of the pops chart.

1 = Ice T

Ice is great. He has come a long way and lost a lot of weight since his appearances on The A-Team. He is much better now he uses his christian name, rather than the more formal 'Mr'. He really speaks to me, what with his experiences of gangland killings and 'bitches' and 'hoes' doing him over and so on. Anyone who went to the Kings of Wessex school will know what I mean. I once got detention for burping loudly at the Ascension Day service. That is what Ice is on about.

Ice T Fact - Ice T is the star of Bad Arse TV which is a Channel 4 series dedicated to Ice's problems with ulcerative colitis, an intestinal problem he has suffered from for many years.

Where is he now? Playing Eeyore in the Hollywood version of Winnie the Pooh. (Hollywood producers have changed the name to Simon the Dog and set it in an American suburban house, as that is better apparently.)

1 = Paul Simon

Tiny, harmonic jew, Paul Simon, and huge, shouting, cop-killer Ice T are very similar in many ways. If they met at a party in New York, or South Central Los Angeles, I think they'd have a lot to talk about. I'm hoping they'll collaborate at some point in the future.

Anyone interested in joining a Paul Simon/Ice T fan club should get in touch. You have to like them both though, or you can't join.

Paul Simon Fact - In 'The Boxer' Paul Simon confesses that he has experimented with bestiality. He sings, 'Asking only workman's wages I came looking for a job, but I got no offers, just a come on from the horse on 7th Avenue. I do declare, there were times when I was so lonesome I took some comfort there'.

Where is he now? In Lapland making friends with some eskimo musicians before he comes back to America with a new musical form he will have 'invented'.





3 The Sex Pistols

If you were 16 in Cheddar in 1983 then nothing could be cooler than liking the 6 years out-of-date band The Sex Pistols. Some other blokes from Shipham, like James Farnham, might have thought it was cool to be mods, and wear long green coats, but they were wrong. It was cool to wear the exact correct school uniform, do really well at your exams, but then at weekends go up the car-park in the gorge in a ripped jumper, drink cider, pogo about to Phil Fry singing 'God Save The Queen' and spit at each other. Do James Farnham and his mod mates, whose names I can't even remember, have their own Christmas cash-in comedy book? No. See. The Sex Pistols were the best. Sex Pistol Fact - In 1977 the idea of a man having the surname 'Rotten' was the most outrageous and offensive thing imaginable. And the Sex Pistols got into terrible trouble for calling TV host Bill Grundy 'a rotter' live on TV. But they said sorry afterwards when they realized some people were upset.

Where are they now? They live forever in the Rock and Pop Hall of Fame. The other day, in a toilet in Weston-Super-Mare, I saw that someone had written 'punks not dead' on the wall. That sums it up for me. Of course, someone else had crossed out the 'not' and

put an 's' in front of the 'punks', but it still worked for me, really.

4 The Jam

I used to have a Jam tape but someone stole it during a party at my house. But they were really good though, apart from Bruce Foxton and Rick Buckler, who weren't.

Jam Facts - The Jam were formed in 1975 by Rick Buckler, Bruce Foxton and Paul Weller who set up a lunch-hour club at their school, Eton, to talk about, taste and celebrate the condiment jam. During the meetings they discovered a shared interest in fast music which copied the Beatles, used swearing and showed distain for office workers. Of course by the time they became punk pop stars they were keen to play down their 'uncool' jam interest and pretended they called themselves The Jam as an ironic joke because they hated jam. They didn't though. They liked it.

Bruce's debut solo single 'Freak' reached number 22 in the hit parade in 1983 and chronicled the hatred and taunting Bruce had received throughout his life because of his freakish hair.

Where are they now? Since The Jam split, the boys have enjoyed successful solo careers. Paul Weller formed the excellent Paul Weller Movement and became a millionaire, Bruce Foxton became an entrepreneur, marketing the Bruce Foxton ridiculous comedy wig, and became a millionaire, and Rick Buckler became drummer with Time UK, with the career highlight of a gig at the Kings of Wessex school in Cheddar arranged by Rick's art teacher brother, grumpy Mr Buckler, where Rick, and some other blokes, who were the rubbish ones in other bands that had split, performed in front of nearly 25 excited Somerset schoolchildren.

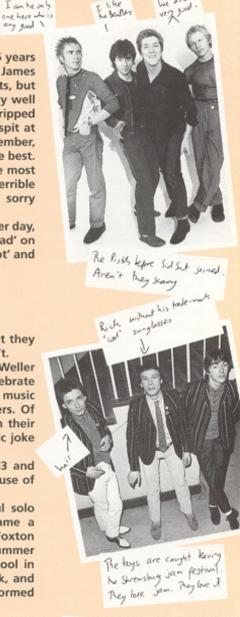
5 Plastic Bertrand

I don't really like Plastic Bertrand, but it is easy to get some cheap laughs out of him so here goes.

Plastic Bertrand is perhaps most famous for his hit 'Ca plan pour moi', given that he has never done anything else. He was one of a wave of 1970s pop stars from the Flemish region, imbued with the properties of various man-made compounds including Polysterene Xavier, Concrete Simon and Nylon Ian. 'Ca plan pour moi' has been top of the Belgian charts for 16 years now and was recently made the Belgian national anthem.

Plastic Bertrand Fact - 'Ca plan pour moi' is Belgian for 'The plan for me', and the record explains that Plastic Bertrand's plan for himself was to have one hit record, appear on BBC TV's Summertime Special with some balloons falling on him and then disappear into obscurity. A plan that worked perfectly.

Where is he now? No one knows or cares.





STEW

I have been an obsessive music fan since about the age of eleven and now measure my record collection in terms of length rather than numbers. I have 20 feet of vinyl and 18 feet of CDs. These are kept in exact alphabetical and date order and act, not only as a complete record of all the important developments within American indie/West Coast/New York/Art Rock in the last 30 years, but also as a psychic ballustrade against the world. And, I can appear more interesting than I am by going, 'No, I don't like The Lightening Seeds like you, I like Ultimate Spinach, aaaaaaaah!'

A woman once said to me that in being so obsessive about music I am reducing a beautiful art form to a simple commodity, but I think she was just jealous because I have more records than her. Here are some high points from my record collection which is better than yours is now or ever will be, easily.

1 The West Coast Pop Art Experimental Band

This late 60s West Coast outfit have two things going for them. Firstly they are hopelessly obscure, which gives them a false air of the exotic, and secondly they are actually really good as well, which makes it a lot easier to try and cultivate an affected interest in them. Their best album is A Child's Guide To Good And Evil, which I have in its original sleeve, and you've never even heard of or seen a picture of.

The West Coast Pop Art Experimental Band fact - If anyone has any copies of Bob Markley's solo stuff that they want to sell, contact me c/o BBC Worldwide Limited.



2 The Fall

They say pop music is the soundtrack of your adolescence. My adolescence was spent hiding under my duvet listening to The Fall on John Peel, which I suppose makes the soundtrack of my adolescence the sound of Mark E. Smith shouting through a bag of feathers in a giant cave that smells of farts and child's sweat. The only people that liked The Fall before me were John Peel... and some members of The Fall. When I tried to play 'Hex Enduction Hour' in our musical appreciation lesson at school, Mr Harding assumed I had put it on as a joke to wind him up and made me turn it off and listen to James Clayton's Marillion album Script For A Jester's Tear, instead. Today, James Clayton manages cool indie bands and no longer really talks about Marillion but I am still proud to like The Fall! Therefore, who is best? It is me! I also own a copy of The Fall's Australian release live album 'Fall In A Hole' and you don't, and neither does anyone you know. But I do.

Fall fact - Mark E. Smith of The Fall's favourite TV show of 1995 is the children's programme Geeks, and that is true. He is 47 years old.



3 Giant Sand

Giant Sand are a brilliant Jazz/Noise/Country & Western/Psychedelic band from Arizona who have made about 20 albums, which is great because it means that even if someone you know gets into them, they have almost no chance of tracking down all their stuff and being able to be as good as you – especially the first album they made under a false name as The Band of Blackie Ranchette for the French label New Rose, or Howe Gelb's German solo album, both of which I've got and you haven't and never will have. They are the best live band in the world and I have seen them more times than anyone else in Britain except Dan Rhodes from Kent, but he is only a TEFL teacher and I am on telly so I am still the best.

Giant Sand fact - Howe Gelb from Giant Sand taught Keanu Reeves how to play guitar for Bill & Ted films, and that's true.



4 REM

REM are a great band for record-nitts to like, because when someone says to you, 'You only like things that no one's heard of you can go, 'No, I don't, I like REM, so aaaah!', or at least you could until the release of Monster, when they became rubbish overnight. Anyway, I liked REM before any of you ever did and saw them play Coventry in 1985 in front of 200 people when they were still good.

REM Fact - REM's 1994 album, Monster, is an utter load of shit.



a cubbish REM allon

5 John Zorn's Naked City and **Pain Killer**

John Zorn is a New York jazz saxophonist and Naked City and Pain Killer are bands he has formed with hardcore noise blokes, Yamatsuka Eye from The Boredoms, and Micky Harris from Napalm Death. They are more complicated and experimental than all Jazz bands and more noisy than all hardcore bands, so you win on two counts. When a jazz bloke is showing off that he likes Miles Davis or John Coltrane, you can say 'Aaaaaaaah no, I like Naked City, that old jazz stuff isn't experimental enough for me. To me it sounds like Take That's most commercial single.' And when a thrash metal bloke is making out that he is hard for liking Carcass or Extreme Noise Terror you can go 'Aaaaaaaah no, I like Painkiller, Extreme Noise Terror is too quiet and melodic for me. To my ears they are the same as Mantovanni.' See? You can't lose.

Napalm Death fact - The original line-up of Napalm Death went to the same Midlands Boys Public School as me and I saw them playing at Dorridge Village Hall in 1983, supported by Tim Collingwood's brother's Stiff Little Fingers covers band, and none of you can possibly have done so, so I win there too.



Some nice John Lorn musik

6 Chimney Factory

A band so new they don't even exist yet, but I still like them, and I am the only person who does.



However, when we did ToTP we don't neet be was a terrible only of our pap heroer. In pat to best person and an interest her was an video medicine his end to have been he was an video was sentiment to har week. And even he was an video was sentiment to har week. After we did Topythe Pops Jerone Hynnis Aun cong on to complain short use hand been cong on to complain short him. Sorry Mrs Flynn. full. East 17 jour Mountagementing of Con 17 lbs 4. One to have the late of light will be started a light will be seen idea of chungry the lightbuth, were d and the to stand behind then making hund-shapes And days are numbered Took

Why not try starting your own magazine?

50 FIRONIC REVIEW

DISPATCH FROM THE EDITOR'S FACE by Tony Parsons

In the world of cutting-edge publishing they have a saying: 'If Graham Rimmington reads your magazine and gives a wry, yet knowing, look, then you have an epoch-defining success on your hands'. Graham Rimmington is, of course, the head waiter at the Elektra-Byte Cafe in Soho, and when I showed him the first issue of *The Ironic Review* way back in January 1995, Graham not only gave a wry, yet knowing, look, he also vent 'Ah yes, I see. Aaaaaaaaah'. I knew we had nothing to worry about and ordered the first of that sodden evening's many Pale Ales. Yes. I was drinking Pale Ale. You wouldn't expect that would you? Aaaaaaaah.

So, welcome to the 50th issue of *The Ironic Review*, the magazine for people who have a brain and like to use it to think up different things than what other people would think. We called our operation *The Ironic Review* because we take a sideways look at society and you can't tell what we really think. After a couple of issues I suddenly thought, wait, we should call it the *Not Ironic Review*, which in itself would be more ironic, but a couple of issues later I thought, no, it would be doubly ironic if we called it *The Ironic Review*, which, although it is the same words as we originally called it, is now a double irony. Do you see?

When we started out on this 'road to nowhere' I and my fellow ironists gave ourselves a strict set of dictates. And that was to not adhere to any strict set of dictates of any kind. Simon, bless him, said 'If we're not adhering to any set of strict dictates then I refuse to adhere to the strict set of dictates that says we shouldn't adhere to a strict set of dictates, and thus I am going to adhere to a strict set of dictates'. I very nearly sacked him on the spot. But Simon's subsequent assaults on the heart of the modern creative mindset have been compelling in the extreme. The book of his collected writings, Totally Wired: Sex, Drugs and Arts Criticism in the Modern Age just goes to show that you don't have to not adhere to a strict set of dictates to speak with a voice of compelling irony. And I should know, as I reviewed it, in The Ironic Review. Ironically, of course.

So, check your preconceptions in at the window marked 'Outdated' and read on for style, wry comment, dispatches from the front line of popular culture, competitions, a puzzle page and a topical cartoon by Kipper Williams.

IN THIS ISSUE OF THE IRONIC REVIEW

Camilla Twakner writes on why eating at Macdonalds is good. Not bad like you thought.



Simon Jartvick on why the rape of animals is a good thing and should be made legal and compulsory. Not rape as a metaphor. Actual rape of animals. By men. There, that's surprised you hasn't it? Aaaah!



Mrs Vera Harvin on knitting. Aaaah, you didn't expect us to have an old woman writing for us did you? But we have. And it's about knitting. Aaaaah!



ALSO... PUZZLES (Page 11), COMPETITION (Page 14), KIPPER WILLIAMS (Page 27),

MY POINTLESS OPINION
This week. Edward Sturton, (Page 35),
TONY PARSONS' SURPRISING POINT OF VIEW
(All other pages).

WHAT'S IN AND OUT THIS WEEK

IN

all the things that we said were out last week

OUT

all the things that we said were in last week

BUBBLING UNDER

the idea of a thing bubbling under being a good idea



CHRISTINE NEIL'S INTERESTING WEEK

IR

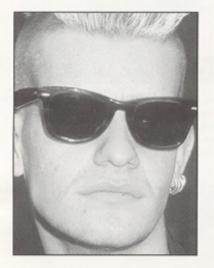
I always thought that anyone who actively wants to do a weekly column for a magazine should be the last person allowed to do so as they'd only fill it with self-indulgent rubbish about their stupid, wrong opinions. But then the Ironic Review asked me to do one, and I said 'No, I don't want to, that would be a terrible thing to do', and then I realized that not wanting to do it made me the perfest person for the job, ironically. This week I went out with my interesting friends, Moth and Pattii with two i's, and took drugs at the Urrrr club which is so kicking that no-one even knows it's there apart from us. Unfortunately, the drugs took hold at that point and I can't really remember anything else about the night or the next three days, but, as it was me doing it, you can be assured it was interesting. This week I expect I'll go to a club so new that it hasn't even been set up yet and take a drug you've never heard of yet, you idiot. Or maybe I'll try one that you have heard of and think is rubbish, but I'll take it and say it's good, but only really clever people will be able to see I'm right. Bye.



HOW TO SURPRISE PEOPLE WITH YOUR INTERESTING OPINIONS

R

- 1. Say to the person you wish to surprise with your interesting opinion, 'Name something you think I wouldn't like'.
- Listen to what the person says they think you won't like. Let's say, for example, that it is the comedy routines of Jim Davidson.
- Say to the person 'Aaaah! No, you're wrong. I like the comedy routines of Jim Davidson. I think he's really good. Aaaaah!'
- 4. The Person, having his or her expectations confounded, will be surprised.



INTERESTING MUSIC COLUMN by Peter Hatface

R

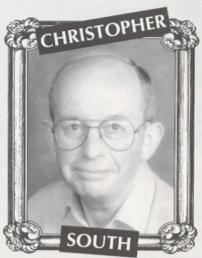
As a music journalist in a journal of popular culture you would expect me to say that I like classic bands and artists that combine some measure of wit and intelligence with a musical sensibility that is either original, or at least knowingly reconstitutes the most effective styles and techniques of forty years of rock history. cf. The Fall, Blur, etc. But I don't. Aaaaaaaaaaah. No. I like what you don't expect. I like Whigfield, Rednex, Abba, Bros and Take That and, if you say to me 'No, you don't, Peter, stop lying,' I will say, 'I do so, and here's why, it is because they are just good pop music and it is ironic to the power of ten to like them instead of things that are obviously better so I win the cleverness competition, so aaaaaaaaaaaah to you...(cont. p49)



"Cornish" – ('ko:ni) adj 1. of, relating to or characteristic of Cornwall, its inhabitants, their former language or their present-day dialect of English. 2. "cornish" – astonished, disdainful, former language or their present-day dialect of English. 2. "Fist of Fun, BBC2, April smug, exposed, curmudgeonly, as in 'Look at Michael Barry's cornish face' (Fist of Fun, BBC2, April 11th 1995). The word's usage in this context is entirely unrelated to any supposed traits of Cornwall, its inhabitants, their former language or their present-day dialect of English.

The Radio Cambridge
DJ. One does not
even have to hear
Christopher speak
(and no-one ever has)
to know he is
exceptionally cornish.
His choice of glasses
alone stamps him
with the mark of the
cornish beast.

PATRICK



British playwright and comedy straightman Patrick Marber began his career in a most un-cornish way, doing a puppet show with children's toys, but has since scaled the heights of cornishness by writing a 'play', that most cornish of art forms, meaning his fellow cornishmen can sit in a theatre watching his humourous portrayal of their own lives and

someone says something wry or clever. Marber has even contributed to Radio 4's Loose Ends, presided over by the archduke of the cornish, Ned Sherrin.

then laugh in a cornish way when



The compiler of the News Of The World's Populists, Look at the pleasure Mitch gets from essentially just copying down a load of facts from a book, or writing down some hackneyed early 1980s piece of untrue, observational comedy and then being paid a huge amount of money for doing so.



The mythical Robin Hood foe is the personification of cornishness in its fantastickal form. Upon his inevitable thwarting, the thwarted face of the thwarted Earl-curmudgeon is a lesson and a warning to all children in the horrors of cornishness.





MARBER



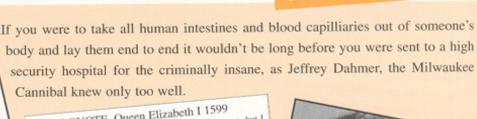






BODY FACTS Why not try thinking

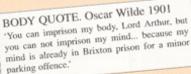
about your body?



BODY QUOTE, Queen Elizabeth I 1599 'I know I have the body of a weak and feeble woman, but I have the heart and stomach of a king. I keep the body of the woman in a rocking chair in the attic and the heart and

stomach of the king in the fridge. And there's Sir Walter Raleigh's head in the cupboard.

The most expensive body of all time belonged to bionic Lee Majors, the socalled six-million-dollar man. However, in reality his body cost 5,999,994 dollars, the remaining six dollars being spent on an entire wardrobe of denim flares and corduroy patched jackets.



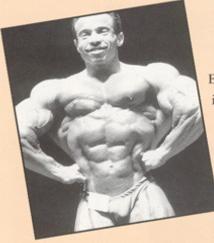
Body builders think it's good to train their bodies so that they can lift an iron bar with weights on either end, over their heads for up to 8 seconds. This skill comes in very useful for any real-life situation which requires an iron bar, with weights on either end, to be lifted above the head for up to 8 seconds.

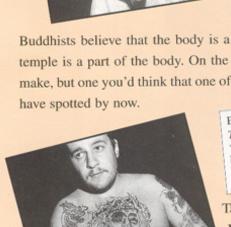
BODY QUOTE. Salman Rushdie 1990 'I am not at odds with the Muslim faith. They believe that the human body should be concealed from sight at all times... and so do I.'

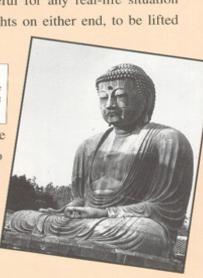
Buddhists believe that the body is a temple. They are wrong, of course. The temple is a part of the body. On the side of the head. It's an easy mistake to make, but one you'd think that one of the world's millions of Buddhists would have spotted by now.

BODY QUOTE. Andrew Marvell 1645 Thoughts In A Garden 'Casting the body's vest aside, My soul into the boughs does glide, Then my mum comes out and says to me, "Put your vest back on, and get down out that tree."

Tattoists claim that the body is a canvas and they are artists as talented as Michaelangelo or Degas. And they're right, because both Michaelangelo and Degas were both renowned for their huge paintings depicting anchors, naked women, the Manchester City FC insignia and the words 'Skins Rool' scratched onto the canvass with a compass and filled with blue biro ink.







Human bodies are like Quality St. chocdates. They come in all shapes and sizes and every one is someone's favorite. Unfortunately though, I and sizes and every one is someone's favorite. Unfortunately though, I am sizes and every one is someone's favorite. Unfortunately though, I am all sizes and every one is someone's favorite. Unfortunately though, I am all shapes and sizes and every one is someone's favorite.

Source: Page 14, School Biology Text Book

Why not try being naked? Here's bow...

YUR BUDY

And please welcome from page 14 of The Nuffield Foundation Biology textbook, *The Naked Man & Naked Woman*.



Hello I am the naked man.

And I am the naked woman.



You may not have seen a naked man and a naked woman before, but don't be scared.

And remember there is nothing funny or rude about the naked human body.





So let's take a look, without shame or embarrassment, at the things which make a naked man





different...



Turn over now ->

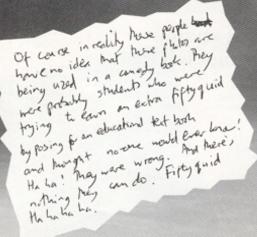
MAN'S PAGE

1. Hair. The first difference you'll spot is our hair. My hair is short and neat, as a man's must always be, so you could still recognise me as a man if, for any reason, I were to dress up in a woman's clothes. Which I would never do anyway. Obviously.

2. Arms. My arms are muscly and covered in hair. I use them to punch any man who has been looking at my naked woman in a funny way.



3. Hips. My naked man's hips are narrow, so that I can ride a tenspeed racing bicycle, dance the fandango, wear hipster slacks and hide in the thin cracks in walls whilst out foraging for food for my naked wife and naked children.



No, Rich.

He's a feek! representitive

No. He is a representitive

No. He is a perfect physical norms.

of all perfect physical norms.

Are you different to him then?

Er, no, I am he same as

him. Er, yes. I am named

too.

4. Legs. I have hairy legs. In pre-historic times, a primitive naked man out hunting could use this web of wiry leg hair to entrap insects and small animals. He would then return to his cave and he and his naked family would feast on the butterflies and wasps that he had entangled.

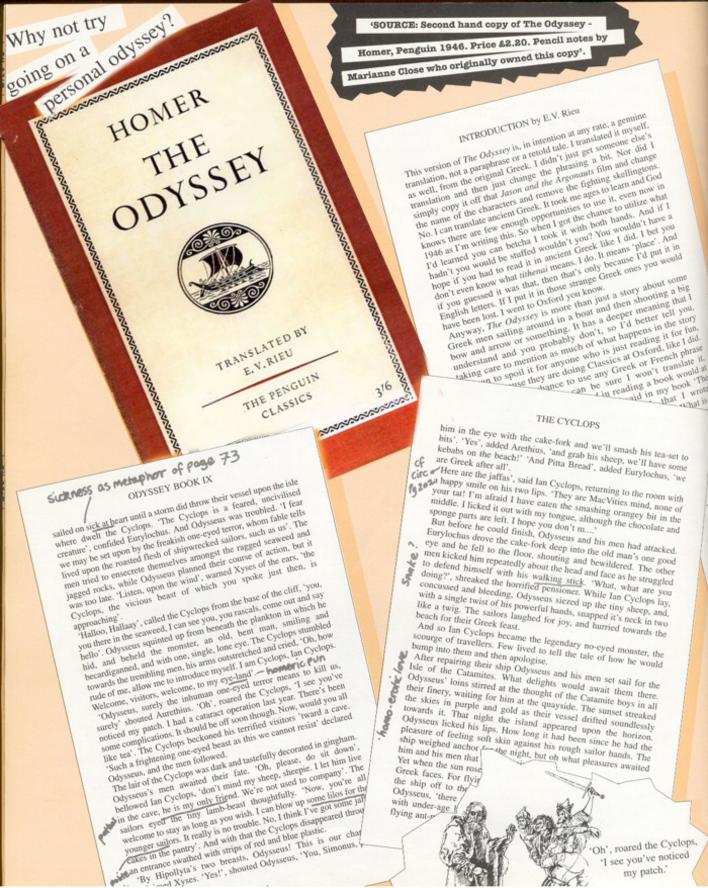
5. Feet. A man's feet are massive and gnarled and hideous to behold. They are huge in size so that they can be used to stamp any small, delicate, beautiful thing, which mocks the naked man's ugliness, into dirt where it belongs.

WOMAN'S PAGE Hair. A woman's hair. like mine, must be long and blonde and styled like that of Cheryl Ladd from Charlie's Angels. 2. Arms. My naked woman's arms are longer than the naked man's and can be used for picking flowers and holding several babies at once. 3. Hips. A woman's hips are wide so that she can spend the whole of her life, from the age of 14, worrying that her bum is too big. Acoperatorists believe the 60 dy should be treated as a whole. Personally I believe the body should be treated as a series of holes, with each one Deserving of its our special affections. Haha, Ster, look, abare lady. That is he second bare lady I've seenons. Nice. Del you know. ... Pre body Stop's some of cosnetics and scaps are made ontivoley but only bits but norms needs any more out of he human body, but only bits hat no one needs only now 1. he toenuis, dd shin, pluque and sweat.

4. Legs. No hair can ever grow on a woman's barren leg. This means a naked woman in the wild need only wet her legs in order for them to become completely without friction. This allows the naked woman to slip from the grasp of any man whose fumbling courtship ritual is unwelcome.

5. Feet. A woman's feet are tiny and perfectly formed. Their tiny size means the naked woman can walk upon the earth without doing any harm to the flowers and tiny insects which are her friends.

6. And the final difference between us is here, in the upper torso area, where Gary Partridge of class 3B2 has written 'tits' across my chest in biro as a sort of witty joke.



'Oh', roared the Cyclops, 'I see you've noticed my patch.'



E.V. Rieu, an all-loo-reticent introduction writer for books by dead Greek men would prefer to be remembered as the by dead Greek men would prefer to be rememoried as une man who wrote The Flattered Flying Fish and other man who wrote the runtered romg run and other poems although obviously he will never be remembered for that. He was born in 1887, and attended Balliol College Oxford, (oh, big suprise, Someone in publishing Conege Oxford, (on, big surprise, someone in publishing going to Oxford, I expect he got that job due to being the going to Oxiona, a expect ne got that 100 ane to being the best at publishing and not cos his dad paid for him to get in). He described The Odyssey as a 'dazzling mixture of magic and mystery, adventure and Greek men fighting magic and mystery, adventure and circes men righting scary monsters. He admitted privately that he found the scary monsters - He aumined privately that he mains the book ridiculous; "Sea-gods, old one-eyed men living on intends to a season the season of the season book naturous; sea-gous, our one-cycu men aving on islands. It sounds like something a child has made up! he would drunkenly shout, 'My stuff is better. It is' E.V. Rieu's bestselling prose translation captures both the t. v. Kieu's desistening prose transmitton captures donn the delicacy and drama of the episodes, and allows the reshness, and excitement of Homer's tedious plot to resiness and excitement of nomer's regions pion a delicht us as much as it did the ancient Greeks, I expect.

NOT FOR SALE IN THE U.S.A.

e with the Sirens, evil cannibal flying lizard whores, ODYSSEY: BOOK XII we wan the Surens, evil cannibal trying fizard whores, two bearies all salvers who pass by their island with false promises of the beare insured for the want observed by bearing inversely. who bewrith an sarrors who pass by their island with take promises of the holest loventaking. There is no home journey for the man who the holest loventaking and house their homestic similar space. the yearest tovermaking. There is no mome yourney for the man who spreadles them manyares and hears their hypnoxic singing. The approaches them manyares and hears their hypnoxic singing their hypnoxic singing their process of the p pproseurs mem unawares and rests used hypnore singing their beach where these scaley vixens signal open-reseed and sing their beach where these scaley vixens signal open-reseed and solitonesses the manufacture of dead collections. Their beach where these scales with the challengers of dead collections. beach where these scaley vixens squar open-regged and sung their deadly songs is piled with the skellingtons of dead sailor-men, their conditions of dead sailor-men, their conditions are sungless of dead sailor-men, their conditions of dead sailor-men, the conditions of dead sailor-men, th oeany somes is pueu with the skettingsons of oean sanor-men, their feels picked clean and ealen. Odysseus listened to the goddess hest picked clean and ealen. flesh packed clean and eaten. Odysseus instened to the goodless' warning considered her wise words, and said, "Hot lovemaking with warning considered her wise words, and then went much his way." spent cannibal ligand whomes! Niiiice!" and then went much his way. considered her wise words, and said. Hot toventaking with cambel lizard whores! Nilice! and then went upon his way. "Fool! the many whose listens has a comment to the constraint of the constraint who are placed to the foot of the constraint who are placed to the constraint which is the c camba lizard whores: Nunce: and then went upon his way. Front:

Fool: cried the Soddess as be field, "if you must listen, lash yourself

to the more and foolid women man to from your by yours." Forest:

The first more and foolid women man to from your by yours. Fool: , cried the goddess as the fred, 'if you must fisten, lash yourself to the mean, and forbid your men to free you, by Zeus' face!

As his doin passed the Island of the Girens. Otherwise that as he had. As his ship passed the Island of the Strens, Odysseus did as he had As his ship passed the ration of the Strens, Udysseus that as he had been advised. His crew stuffed their ears with some sodden fissues that he had been advised. been advised. His crew stutted their ears with some source tissues that Archive had given them from under his bed. The tissues had got well in the print and American had one shade make them. Arennos non given men nom unner ms nen. 196 ussues mat gor wet in the rain and Archius had put them under his bank bed to avoid messing on the deck. There was nothing from about it. in the rain and Aretmus raid put them under ms nume neg to average messing up the deck. There was nothing funny about it. Odysseus messing up the deck. There was nothing funny about to role are made and told the cross and to role are the modern and told the cross and to role are the modern and the control of the cross and the cross are the role are the modern and the cross are the role are the control of the cross are the role are the control of the cross are the control of t messing up the deck. There was nothing tomay arout it. Coysedis-behed himself to the mast and told the crew not to release him when assed miniscre to the mast and tone the crew flow to referee min those and from and beg any circumstances at all, not even should be rage and from ending where at once one to the crew to any circumstances at all, not even should be rage and foam and beg them at any cost to do so. And soon, the singing of the flying vulture buches began. The tunes were beautiful, but Odusseus didn't use mem as any cost to do so. And soon, the singuie of the flying vulture bitches began. The tunes were beautiful, but Odysseus didn't just hiden to the melody be listened to the words on well for he was object. bisches began. The maes were beautiful, but Odysseus didn't just listen to the melody, he listened to the words as well, for he was cleve. "Flying lizand is west for you have came the singing." New yours isten to the merous, he instelled to the words as well, for the was effect,
"Flying lizard is well for you now," came the singing, "New young
where account likes committee and wild manual." "Flying tizard is wet for you now came the singing, "New young value" woman likes spanking and toilet games! "Odysseus was transfixed by their promises of love. "Release met." he cried. But the vulture woman likes spanking and toilet games! Odysseus was transfixed by their promises of love. 'Release tre!', he cried. But the men did not. 'Biograph tits on beland are wower to link '98 DTs.' 'No me transfixed by their promises of rove. Release me: , ne cried. But the men did not. Biggest tits on Island are yours to lick. 38 DD. No. no, and the fewer-shot adventures. TV. Heaven, with the fewer-shot adventures. men our not. Buggest this on island are yours to lick, 38 UU . NO, 80, set me free!', screamed the frustrated adventurer. "TV Heath Mith. set me tree!, screamed the trustrated adventurer. 3 y reason with discrete the trustrated adventurer. 3 y reason with discrete the trustrated adventurer. 3 y reason with discrete the trustrated adventurer. 5 year old cannibal whore the trustrated adventurer. genume 18 year ora camman whore . Kinky bownii iin wini ancreat mythical embodiment of literary patriarchal misogyny. Eventually, the been eather event drawd it me more and told his ones to insure at mymerat emportment of merary partificial misogyny , evenually, the hero sailor could stand it no more and told his men to ignore all the hero sailor could stand it no more and told his men to ignore all the hero sailor could be here so had so her here so her here. the nero samor count stand it no more and told his men to ignore all that stuff what he had said before as he had only said it as a joke, he wasn't own set they set him free, and he swam off to the island. was sum what he may saw before as he had only saw it as a job wasn't say, so they set him free, and he swam off to the island. As he struggled ashore, Odysseus saw the sext lizards sitting in their trees and the horizontal theory. As ne strugged assure, very seek we sex means string in over tree, and the bones piled around them. Then the committee of a backer means the committee of a backer means the committee of the backer means the com tree, and the bones pited around them. "Don't worry about them", said

Thekepia, the Siren Queen, "they're just the remains of a barbecue we had on the beach". "You're not oring to est me thous?" Theixepia, the Siren Queen, "they're just the remains of a narrocule we had on the beach". "You're not going to eat me then?", asked on the beach." had on the beach. You're not going to eat me then?, asked Odysseus. Not eat exactly, no', replied the Sirens, helping him off with his was transe, the except on their lizard heaties already of issening. Odysseus. Not est exactly, no, reputed the Strens, herping mm off with his wet pants, the sweat on their lizard bodies already glistening

born to run wheels, eat nuts and sleep. How wearisome seems now the wave, how sickly the sea, and how dull your tedious voice. I wish you had just shagged that woman like a proper sailor and left us as hampsters instead of being such a wass. We despise you for what you have done. Oh, that we were hampsters once more, not men, not sailors, not Greeks. For all our joys are as nothing compared to the joy of hampsters. If only

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'Flying lizard is wet for you now'

The ancient Greeks know how to fill up their time. Take Odyssaus Here are some of his exciting adventures involving snake-haird homen and bull headed ant-men. Beats staying in watching daytime TV

well, Rich, that's what Homer says impressed,

well, Rich, that's what Homer says always

but remember to took good for food the green

lying to ern and let he mandyed to food the green

the Dire of Edinary in fort it is on Southern Not home.

Afterny of the North out it is on Southern Not home.

circe = women = sex = evil

except Eurylocus, who suspected a trap. Circe sat the sailors upon cushions and rugs, and brought them a delicious feast of humas, felafell, kebabs and jam. But into the jam she introduced a powerful drug. As the sailors slept, she enchanted them, and drove them into a tiny cage, for now to all appearances they were as hampsters; they had hampsters' faces and fur; they squeaked like hampsters; but their minds were the minds of the Greek sailors they had been before Circe's magic. Indeed, they shed tears upon their wheels. But Circe threw some nuts in through the bars, and soon the sailors were as happy as lambs, all thoughts of their homes, their wives, and the ebbing waves forgotten. animal

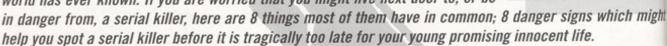
When Odysseus heard of the hampster transformation from Eurylocus he hurried straightway to the door of Circe's palace. What man are you that hath survived my enchantment?' exclaimed the witch, assuming Odysseus to have been one of her sailor hampster guests. I beg you now to sheathe your weapon of war, and come to my bed to unsheathe your weapon of love Bur Odysseus resisted her. 'Goddess, what Captain could bear to go to the bed of love while his men languished outside in hampster form?"

Upon the instant, Circe went to the hampster cages and smeared to the hampster cages are the hampster cages and smeared to the hampster cages and smeared to the hampster cages are the hampster cages and smeared to the hampster cages are the hampster cages and the hampster cages are the ha the hampster sailors with some new salve she had. Their fur fell away and they grew to their sailor size. But all seemed seized 'Odysseus', they wailed, 'what happiness we knew as hampsters,

SERIAL KILLERS How to spot a serial killer

by Samantha McWee editor of *Great Killer magazine*

The murderers that we in the gutter press have come to know as 'serial killers' are some of the most frightening, horrendous and marketable criminals the world has ever known. If you are worried that you might live next door to, or be in danger from a social killer here are 8 things most of them have in common.





- 1. The first thing all serial killers have in common is a perverse interest in killing people. They like to get people and kill them. Each killer might use a different method, whether it be strangulation, knifing or the use of a big gun. But the common aim, of causing the tragic end of their young, promising, innocent victims lives remains a chilling constant throughout all crimes of this nature.
- 2. These 'serial killers' tend to kill their innocent victims in a series. They will kill one person, then hours, days or weeks later, they will kill another, and so on, until the tragic string of death becomes apparent to killing statiticians who will declare that another series of pointless

killings is underway. All 'serial killers' have followed this pattern of doing a series of killings, or if you prefer, 'serial killings'.

3. A lot of these serial killers seem to 'kill for company'. They meet someone, become fond of them, then, scared that their new innocent young friend will leave them, they kill them to preserve the company, or it you prefer, 'kill for company'. They then realise that the dead person isn't very good company, and smells, so they have to get another person for company and, without thinking or remembering what happened last time, they kill them as well, and so on. It's a vicious circle of slain innocent men, women and homosexuals, a vicious circle which can be broken only by brilliant police work, old-fashioned good luck, or the killer realizing at last that the 'killing for company' thing just isn't working and instead deciding to join a singles club, or simply get out a bit more.



morbidly fascinated by distasteful things?

4. Another similarity between many of the most heinous serial killers is that they have names that begin with the letter J. There's Jeffrey Dahmer, John Wayne Gacey and...some others.

5. With hindsight we professional criminologists can see that many serial killers have had nicknames that would have given them away if anyone had thought about it. For example, whilst working at the Ambrosia Chocolate Factory in Milwaukee, Jeffrey Dahmer would greet new employees by saying, 'Hi, my name is Jeffrey Dahmer, but you can call me the 'Milwaukee Cannibal" and everyone thought it was a bit of an ostentatious, eccentric nick-name for the moustachioed misfit, but thought no more of it. But that nickname was a valuable clue to Dahmer's secret identity, (ie he lived in Milwaukee and ate the flesh of young men, or if you prefer he was literally a 'Milwaukee Cannibal'). Unfortunately for Dahmer's sad catalogue of young victims, at the time no-one made the connection. Similarly, if you had been introduced to Peter Kurten, back in 1969, he would have said 'Guten Tag. I am Peter, but my friends call me the Dusseldorf Vampire.' Again, tragically, no-one thought through what he was saying.

6. Jack the Ripper. That's another serial killer that begins with a J... em...

7. Many serial killers have a keen interest in Nazi memorabilia... For example, Hitler. He killed a great number of people and had a keen interest in Nazi memorabilia, being a founder member of the Nazis and Chancellor of Nazi Germany.

8. The Joker. That also begins with a J. See, I was right. There are other ones as well, but I haven't got time to write them down right now.

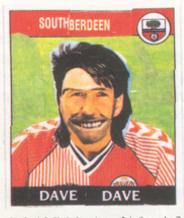


Why not try NOTH PARK RANGERS CHIVERPOOL

MOTH PARK RANGERS

BORRIS BLEABELL

Troubled Moth Park Rangers have just sold Borris Bloabell for a million pounds to Chessington World of Adventure. Boris will be kept in his own enclosure near the Insect House, and will swing on a tyre, jump through a hoop to catch food and of course give displays of the footballing skills that have made him famous.



Dave Dave is Southberdeen's secret weapon, During the game he will burrow to the opponent's sixteen yard box. A team-male will board a long half towards the goal mouth at which only there spring from the earth to convert the half past the astonished keeper. Dave's antics have led the Fit to after the eff-side rule to be applicable to players up to six feet beneath the Earth's crust.



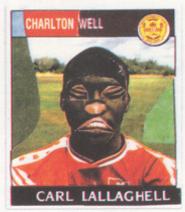
Dundy Mountfarto, the Aston Vest striker, regards himself as novelist fain Banks's greatest fan. He has road 'The Wasp Factory' nearly three times and some of Banks's other novels as well, and has drawn pictures of what he imagines some of the characters might look like. But Dandy in mistakon. Iain Banks's greatest fan is in tact Andrew Mackay of Bradford-opoc-Aven.



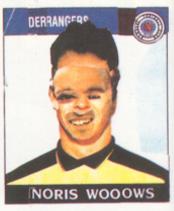
Chiverpool winger, Hansshan has an ignorant hatred of Christ and all his teachings. Before each on grame, it has become his pre-match superstition to withdly misinterpret a different Biblical stary to the chaprin of his Chiverpool beam-marks who are all staumch Catholics.



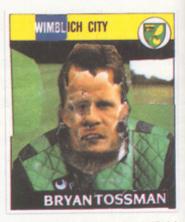
John John is known by his beam-mates as the Insubator. His body is being used as an organic incubator in which and-men from space are breeding grubs to take over the town and suburbs of Liverarsepool and the surmounting area. Manager land Lenkneak says he is not worried by this development and is still confident of avoiding relegation.



Carl Lallaghell is literally 'football crazy'. He has a rare psychological iliness that causes him, whenever he sees a football, to become a crazed madman who attacks his team-maths and opposing players with his wet mouth, and will do anything to avaid coming into contact with the football. Ironically he is still one of Charlton Well's highest scorers.



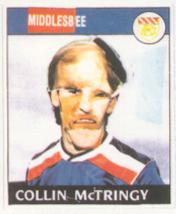
Wooews has been a defender at Derrangers since he was an infant. On normatch days he relaxes by playing frorthal with his beam-mates against other teams of men from around the country, bot in casual sacks and slipon shoes. Wooews has disdain for amateur carpenters.



Wimblich player/manager Tossman faces an uphill struggle of Skyphusian perspections this season after trading the eater Wimblich squad for a bean, offered to him by an old crone who he met in the wood. Tessman is confident that the bean will grow into a giant beaustalk which he will climb to discover a true including the FA cup, the Anglo-Italian League shield and the old World Cup trophy.



Mick McMcCaMcCal is rumoured to be the resurrected mythical English regest, King Arthur. Rs promised to Sir Beverdere on his deathbed he has returned, in England's heur of need, to appear as a substitute for country in a crucial Morld Oup qualifier and some a last minute winning god.



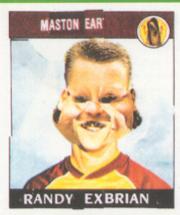
Hiddestee midfielder Colin McTringy is unique amongst fronthallors in that he is diphallactic. Colin is also resowned for his impression of the Reformation cleric John Calvin. His favourite chew har is the Stinger har. He is allergic to grass.



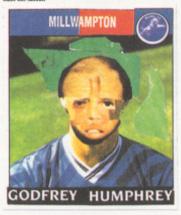
Fruehied Benal have just sold Stubby Build for 8 million pounds, to the South American Republic of San Rice. He is being trained in marful arts and luthe sidis and will join the private secret policy force of evil dictator Doctor Magnera where he will be expected in oppress the puer, dispuse of publical opponents and give displays of the footballing skills that have made him famous.



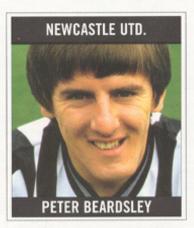
Morwegian international Kevin McKeikikin is a bestage player. Kidnapped by the Douton Acidemical manager from his home bown of Ramanic, Kevin is kept chained to a radiator in the basement of Douton Acidemical's ground between matches. If he fails to score the rest of the team beat and kind him and he is not fee for 4% hours. He will not be released from this footballing hell until Norway send Douton Acidemical two fish.



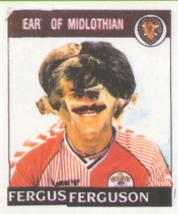
Troubled Maston Ear have just sold Exbrian for 15 million pounds to the Terrence Mickensa Foundation for Mallutinegen Research in California. Exbrian will be expected to take large quantities of untested mind-bending drugs, have electric probes placed in his brain in monitor his scared reactions and of course give displays of the footballing skills that have made him famous.



Goffrey Humphrey is unusual amongst footballers, in as much as he dislikes football and yet chooses to play it brilliantly as a sophisticated sactifical attack on the players, the game and the face. However, the joke is on him, as he is Millwampton's most popular player.



Peter Beardsley, Newcastle's 1.5 million pound signing from Everton has played 52 times for England. He has been at the club for nearly two years and before a spell at Everton, won European and domestic medals with Liverpool.



Forgus Forguson came to Ear of Middethian from Atlantis FC where his seaname was Prince Namer the sub-mariner. His webbed feet and hands and ability to breathe underwater makes a waterlogged pitch his ideal footballing environment. He swims in that unusual zig-zagging may like Patrick Duffy used to and is best known at the club for his ability to say eight different swear words underwater.



Lerry Roselover is the founder member of the Nick Wilton fan club. He has been a fan of the diminutive comedian ever since he saw him duing the skelches in the Losper Carnot show and decided to set up a club so other fans of the Fiera Aerobethon advert star can get together and talk about the man they love. The club has nearly four members, Nick Wilton was also in the children's TV programme "The Satellite Show".

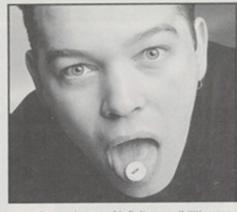


Trusticed Stity City have just sold Saundcenompson for E12.54 to retired schoolbracher Mr Griffs of Solbull. Saundcenompson will make beds, do gardening and dress and bathe the inconfinent Nr Griffs. Mr Griffs has no plans to allow Saundcenompson to display the soccer skills that have made him framous.



Now many of you reading this will have no experience of sex and sexual things due to being young or stupid or ugly or fat, and have only begun to imagine what sex might be like from using the pause button on your video while watching the Jenny Agutter shower scene in *An American Werewolf In London*, or from things you have found in plastic bags in the wood, or from hiding in people's gardens at night and looking in through their windows. Watching.

I, on the other hand, am olde and wyse and am the best at sex in the world, and I have the diseases and jaundiced moral outlook to prove it. In short, if the universe is



infinite, then every single possibility has at some point, somewhere, been worked through. But even in a universe of infinite possibilities, one thing will remain constant, that I will always be the best at sex anywhere in the universe at any given time. Here is some advice to help you have as interesting a sexual life as me.

If you are in a long-term sexual relationship one thing you might like to try is bondage. Blindfold your lover and tie them firmly to the bed, or radiator, with strong ropes and handcuffs, and then go off out to Balham tube station, or that cemetery near Earl's Court and have sex with an anonymous and mysterious stranger, which is exciting and different and adds variety to your boring life. When you get home, say that the phone rang, and then there was something on the telly, and you became distracted,

and your lover will be none the wiser.



At New Year I visited an S&M club held in the dungeons of the old Clink prison near Tower Bridge, which again can serve to stimulate even the most dulled erectile tissue. Here you can see people of all shapes and sizes being tortured, beaten and whipped, and you can even join in if you like – but a word of warning – a woman was ejected on the night I was there for drinking too much and being sick. Even in a community which flies in the face of all conventional sexual/moral norms, certain standards of behaviour must be maintained.

Or, why not try experimenting with fantasy and role play? My girlfriend used to like it if I dressed up in a sort of ski-mask/balaclava helmet and then burst into her house unannounced at night and surprised her. This was working very well until she went away for a bit without telling me, and her grandad went to stay in her room. Things became

a bit complicated and the police got involved. I had to split up with my girlfriend soon after that. But everything's fine now as I have actually started going out with her grandad, which is great, as he is more open-minded and prepared to try out new stuff, within the obvious restrictions placed upon him by his gout and arthritis.

There are few things more degrading and exciting than having meaningless drunk sex with someone you dislike and have no respect for. But how can you achieve this effect within a loving relationship with someone whom you actually admire and cherish? Well, why not use cardboard and an elastic band to

How to use a Patrick Marker Misk

make a mask of someone whom you hate, and then make your regular partner wear it while you have a disappointing and brief sexual encounter with them after a night of heavy drinking. I have made a mask of the face of TV's Patrick Marber, from Saturday Zoo and The Day Today. Obviously, you don't have to make love to your lover while they are wearing a mask of Patrick Marber. The mask could be of any disagreeable person, but it is better if it is him.

Finally, I met a Portuguese woman in a pub in Putney in South London in February of 1991 and she told me that you could work out what someone would be like in bed by watching the way that they walk into a crowded room. Another way to work out what someone will be like in bed is to have sex with them. In bed. This also has the extra advantage of giving you some idea about the sort of way in which they might walk into a crowded room.





Experiment with role play



If all else fails - Curl up with a good book:

Why not try arguing that the Why not try celebrating the Why not try celebrating the up a cat museum? way not try setting willy flow of y wastilling your Why not try arguing that the Conservative Party is exactly birth of Christ on the Nazi Party December each years neck every two minutes? Why not try drinking to excess? Conservative Party is exact, equivalent to the Nazi Party December each year? Why not try eating raw fish? not try insisting that someone who has f not try cuting out newspaper clippings about someone Why not try enjoying the Work of Gustav Holst? Why not try fathering a Willy flut try having with having a peedless CHOOLE OUSIAV HOIST? Why not try fathering a child? Why not try fathering a child? Why not try faced Mexican child? Why not try pushing hairy-faced Mexican child? your camera in name with you and sticking them up one your bedroom, attempt to make your photos look moody and interesting? 984 he newspaper clipping is actually to do we Why not try drawing a picture of the Aristocats? Why not try pushing old people over? 5 Why not try here white film in saying today Someone who is far away? Why not try falling in love with a chair? using black and Why not bry thinking of Why not try looking at beavers without their knowledge? surprising moments? Why not try paying the piper? Why not try insult to the mentally ill? Why not try sticking three not visiting your Why not try being sick in Why not try bathing fingers up to the house of your son's authority? French exchange partner Why not try barking at the moon? immediately after your French hosts have fed you in syrup? a delicious French meal? Why not try nibbling nuts? Why not try making headway? Why not try guaranteeing an obviously useless product? Why not try eating Clored Why not try singing for your supper? Why not try imagism? Why not try playing computer games all day long rather than going out and making friends growing your with humans? removing Why not try writing a comedy book without putting 'hilarious' false comedy quotes on the Why not try creating an I-Spy book of eating Clorets? Why not try dressing celebrities and then ticking them off back of it? Why not try local like Michael J. Fox? teenage Matt and Luke Goss from Bros? Why not try looking Why not try going to school in Cheddar with the when you see them? The more obscure the celebrity, the higher the score. Why not try leaping nimbly? 'sorry' when you get it wrong? try (hair pie) conversion (perversion), winger (ring (er))? at the detail of the words (eg. scrum, ruck, mauls, flanker, hooker (hooker) as the bully not try naming an the ruck, mauls, flanker, hooker (hooker) as the bully as the scrum, ruck, mauls, flanker, hooker (hooker) as the bully as the scrum, ruck, mauls, flanker, hooker (hooker) as the bully as the scrum, ruck, mauls, flanker, hooker (hooker) Stanlist of peacoth build had try naming all the rugby terms which rhyme with submones and the rugby terms which rhyme with submones and the rugby terms which rhyme with submones and the submones are submones and the submones and the submones are submones are submones are submones and the submones are submones and the submones are submones a





Stewart Lee's True Fables The Town Mouse And The Man



Once upon a time, when the world was young, there lived a town mouse... ...and a Man.

Hello

 $\mathcal{N}_{\mathrm{ow}}$, the town mouse spent his days scurrying around the town scavenging for food, his every moment filled with excitement and danger. But the Man lived in the dull boring countryside, fed up, lonely and depressed.

'Oh my eye,' said the Man, yawning, 'there's very little to do here in the country.'

Then the Man had an idea.

I know', he exclaimed, I'll go and live in the town – with a mouse.'

So, the Man wrote a letter to the town mouse informing him of his plan.

Dear Town Mouse

I am coming to live
with you in the Town
Love
The Man

The Man posted the letter without delay, but it never arrived.
The British postal service was unable to deliver a letter addressed simply to 'The Town Mouse, The Town', and even if they could have got it to the mouse, the mouse would not have been able to read it, would it? Mice cannot read. They are mice.

.All too soon the exciting day came.

'See you Joy, love,' said the Man to his wife, 'Tm off to live in the Town. With a mouse.'

'A mouse?' replied the Man's wife. 'Which mouse is that, the Man?'

I don't know,' said the Man, Tm sure I'll find one somewhere. I've got some cheese.'

'Surely, the Man,' countered his wife, 'the quality of life for a mouse, even in the Town, is poorer than ours here in the countryside?'

'No it isn't.'

'You could save us all a lot of time if you just looked at this logically for a second.' 'Oh shut-up Joy, you cow! I'm going to live in the Town with a mouse and there's an end on't! Good-bye!' And with that the Man stormed out of the door. Very soon the Man arrived at the Town and as he waited on the platform at Tottenham Court Road tube station he espied the town mouse, scurrying around beneath the tracks. 'Hello town mouse', he hollered, 'it's me, the Man.' But the mouse ran quickly away. He was surprised to see the Man because as I have explained before, in some detail, the mouse had not received the Man's letter and also because he was a mouse and thus would be surprised by anything. It is the mouse's instinctive reaction to any possible danger that has enabled the species, despite its inherent weakness, to survive for so many centuries.

Anyway, the Man decided to live in the tube Station

Anyway, the Man decided to live in the tube Station with the town mouse, and do exactly as the town mouse did, eating pieces of dirt, running through urine-soaked tunnels, sleeping in piles of rotting rubbish, and even making his toilet with the mouse. Until, one day, the Man found the town mouse defecating on a piece of dirt that he had planned to eat. 'Stop it, town mouse!', cried the Man angrily. 'That is disgusting. Are you mad?' But the mouse was not mad. The difference between a sane mouse and a mad mouse is academic. Judged by the human mental yardstick, all mouse behaviour is somewhat eccentric. The Man thought of his wife Joy and of the comfortable home he had exchanged for this squalid existence, and wished there was some

way he could rectify all the mistakes he had made. I know', said the Man to himself, 'I'll go home.'

Well the Man', said Joy as the Man settled into his armchair, 'I did warn you didn't I? I hope you're satisfied. You've wasted two valuable pages of the Fist of Fun cash-in book, pages which could have been better filled with one giant picture of Stewart and Richard in funny hats, rather than these frightening words, which BBC Worldwide believe will confuse the young readership.'

'Yes, I'm sorry', said the Man. 'Can I' have my humble country tea now?' 'Not until you stop making your toilet up against my wall', replied the Man's wife sternly.

The story of the town mouse and the Man. And the moral of the story is that, although living in the countryside is rubbish, it is preferable to living in a sewer with a mouse, although admittedly if you live in Somerset the difference is negligible.

Celebration of Mediocrity

(fig.1) are the epitomy of mediocrity in its musical form. Here are some ideas of how you might like to

celebrate them.

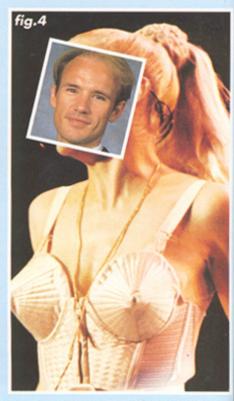


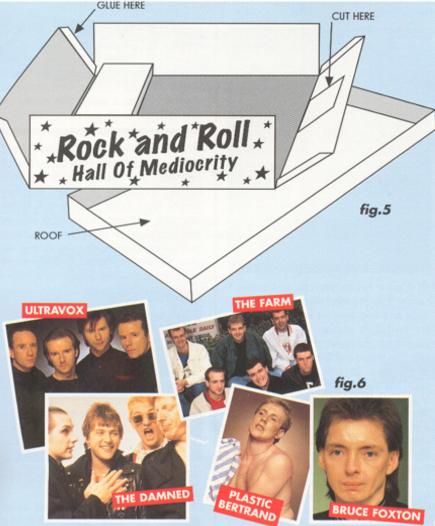
fig.3

1. Go to your local record store, look under 'L' (fig.2) and buy all the Level 42 records you can find. There are loads of fairly successful mid-chart hits from the Isle of Wight funk group to choose from. These may include Running In The Family, The Sun Goes Down, The Chinese Way, Hot Water, The Chant Has Begun, Star Child, Take Care Of Yourself, Micro Kid, Take A Look and Tracie. Listen to them, being certain at all times to be thinking about how mediocre each track is.

2. Learn to play the bass (fig.3) in honour of Mark King. In 1987 the Radio Times described Mark as the best bass guitarist in the world. But remember, the bass guitar has only 4 strings, so being the best at bass guitar is only equivalent to being mediocre at any other instrument, so don't worry, Level 42 are still mediocre.

3. In 1987 Level 42's Phil Gould said 'Madonna wants it all. In a few years she'll disappear but Level 42 will still be around and more famous than Madonna.' The same year Phil and his brother Boon left Level 42 and we have no idea what they are doing now. Celebrate them by buying a copy of Madonna's 'Sex' and sticking pictures of Phil or Boon Gould's faces over Madonna's face in the most sexy pictures (fig.4) or by making wildly inaccurate predictions about how you are better than people who are clearly far more talented than you.





5. Make models of the members of Level 42 – Mark King, Mike Lindup, Phil and Boon Gould, and the other ones – out of pipe cleaners and bits of old rubbish or the cut-out we have provided here, (fig.7) and then play a tape of Running In The Family as they move up to the podium to be inducted into the Rock and Roll Hall of Mediocrity. Hum an important-sounding tune as they receive their award.

6. Be careful! Make sure you celebrate the mediocrity of Level 42 and not the mediocrity of UB40 by accident. They also have been mediocre for about a decade and have a number in their name (fig.8). Remember, unlike Level 42, UB40 did about one good record and thus cannot be celebrated wholeheartedly.

And remember, by celebrating mediocrity we make our own hopeless actions seem like the greatest heroism, so celebrate where e'er you can.

4. Make a kind of hall out of an old shoe box, decorate it with stars and write 'Rock and Roll Hall of Mediocrity' on the side with a crayon (fig.5). Add some pictures of other groups who have done a large body of work that is neither crap nor very good (fig.6) who you imagine have already been inducted in previous ceremonies.





ROP FACT - John Thomson from "the Fort shin" and "first of Fun" is Level 42's higgest fan. Which is tranic as he is an excellent comedy performer and yet still has medicine musical trade.

DO YOU LIKE BIG COCKS?

Some of the biggest cocks in the world will be on display at the National Rare Agricultural Fowl Centre this weekend. Although this event is being held at the Agricultural Fowl Centre, remember there will be no birds on display. Only big cocks. Men's big cocks.

ERIC IDLE CLUB

Anyone who believes that Eric Idle was any good can come along and explain why Eric Idle was the best in Monty Python and why his post-Python work has been the strongest of any of the Pythons. We also discuss why the bloke who looks like Eric Idle was the best in the Mary Whitehouse Experience. This weeks film is the superb 'Splitting Heirs' and Gary will be bringing in a recording he made off of the telly of the Woolwich advert song.

SICK!

Controversial new artist Nikkkki Menderley has been sick in a cup in a house somewhere in Manchester as a controversial artistic statement, but she won't say where it is exactly. Why not spend this weekend trying to find it? Ring on people's doors and ask if they've found some sick in a cup anywhere in their house and if they have if you can see it. The sick will be on display until Tuesday, when it will be destroyed by the council.

DARK HAIRED DISCO DANCING DAY

There's an unusual event at Whipsnade Zoo every Monday. Spectators will be able to look down into a pit full of dark-haired people, all-dancing to a randomly selected programme of disco music played at a volume slightly too low for them to be able to discern the rythmns clearly.

Have you ever wondered what it would be like to see different solid objects come into contact at high velocity with the face of comedy straightman and British playwright Patrick Marber? Well now you can. Find out on Islington Green this Thursday afternoon. Patrick will place his grumpy face at the end of a 100-ft long cannon from which various objects will be shot into the British playwright's face. How will Patrick Marber's playwright face cope, for example, with a 200 mile-an-hour assault from a ripe peach? How will the curmudgeon's scowling face react when it collides with a football-sized clump of the rough fabric of a potato sack? Or with a 300-pound titanium steel anvil? Or some acid? The event is free, and has been paid for by two mystery benefactors.

PERKIN WARBECK FAIR

There is a fair to celebrate the life and work of the pretender to the throne of Henry VII, Perkin Warbeck, who claimed to be one of the dead Princes in the tower, in Westbury-on-Trym near Bristol every December. Events will include a contemporary dance representation of his life, over two stalls selling some Perkin Warbeck related items, and a competition to see who can do the best impression of Richard, Duke of York. In tribute to Warbeck the winner shall be hanged by the neck at 3pm. Until they be dead. The fancy dress death will trigger the exploding of a lone firework in the shape of Perkin Warbeck's laughing face.

Are you a fan of the satire of Channel 4 satirist Rory Bremner? Then why not come along to a Rory Bremner evening where you are invited to choose an advert or TV programme and replace the main character with John Majors and then just say what John Majors does. Imagine what John Majors might say about Northern Ireland, if he was in the Wash 'n Go advert. What would John Majors's amusing face be like if he were to replace Nick Ross in Crimewatch and report on how the Tories have stolen all our jobs? Say your challenging sketch to loads of other people who all agree with you anyway and then go 'aaaaaaaah!' at the end. All in Nantwich Town Hall, on Fridays.

Is your face the same face as Robert Brindley of Congleton in Cheshire? Then you are automatically a life member of the Robert Brindley Society of Great Britain and can go along to its conference on October 5th in Congleton. If you do not know what Robert Brindley's face looks like, but think you might look like him, then come along anyway and see if you do. If you don't, you will have to leave the Cheshire area, but if you do, you can come in and enjoy a hot drink, a biscuit and a lively discussion on the various aspects of what it's like to share a face with Cheshire schoolboy Robert Brindley.

WOULD YOU LIKE A HAND SHANDY?

Leicester student Mike Scott has invented a new, slightly alcoholic, fizzy drink made out of a mixture of lemonade and the fermented, severed hands of humans and monkeys. Mike collects the hands from corpses in morgues, accidents on the roads and factories involving slicing machines, and from the zoo and mixes them together in a big vat in his house. He says the drink tastes like a cross between Seven-Up and Panda limeade with a hint of chicken. His hand shandys are readily available on most Leicester street corners. So if you want a hand shandy then go and see Mike Scott and he will give you one. Just £2.

Are you an Italian eczema sufferer of over 6 ft 7 who eschews the eczema easing oilatum emollient, then come along to the Giant Italian Alternative Eczema Treatment Society. Giant Italian people with itchy skin attempt to overcome their affliction with new balms and preparations such as coarse sand-paper, domestic cleaning fluids or the urine of small children. In Shrewsbury's Italian quarter on Wednesday.

PIE PUPPETS

A puppet show where all the puppets are made of real pies takes place in Hove on Fridays. Pie-puppet-master Alan Nortvin makes his pie puppets move by sticking his hand through the bottom of the pastry and wiggling them around. He hides behind a screen and provides the voices of the pies himself, each chosen carefully to reflect what he imagines that particular flavour of pie would talk like.

JON KELLY'S FINGER CIRCUS IN DUMFRIES

Over a period of almost one year, young Jon has trained his eight fingers to perform a series of acrobatic feats. The fingers can be put through burning hoops, they can twirl around to the Goombay beat or they can just wiggle around. His two thumbs act as twin ringmasters introducing the acts by means of pointing. That's every Tuesday at 7pm.

If you find yourself on the outskirts of Newark then why not pop along to a new tourist attraction 'The Adventures of Lambert Simnell World'. The story of the pretender to the Plantagenet throne is told on an exciting ride in a giant simnell cake which takes you through a diorama of what the 1530s might have been like. You will see a shop window dummy of Lambert Simnell as he pretends to be Edward VI and then admits he was pretending and apologises for wasting everyone's time. Youngsters will love the interactive museum where they are encouraged to pretend they are modern-day Princes, William and Harry or one of the girl princesses if they are a girl and then locked in a dungeon for three weeks when they admit they were lying.

'PETER'S MAD THOUGHTS'

I don't know if you get these, so I'd better explain. Mad thoughts are when you get a sudden mad thought in your head, that comes from nowhere, and then goes away again. For example, imagine you're in a quite important situation, like you're paying for a packet of Walker's Doritos in the newsagents, and you suddenly have the thought of what if, when he asked for the money, you just gave him a picture of some bears. He'd be really confused, wouldn't he? And there'd be a strange atmosphere. Well, that's mad thoughts. Anyway, I've been keeping a sort of 'Mad thoughts diary', listing when and where I had the mad thought, the situation I was in, the thought itself, and what I think night have happened and how I'd have felt. You might like to try the same, then swap your mad thoughts with your friends. Oh, and by the way, having mad thoughts now and again doesn't actually mean you are mad. I hope not anyway. I imagine they're quite harmless, except with people like that Fred West man where they must have been a little bit stronger.

MAD THOUGHTS

Date: 18 December 1994

Flace: Top of Panuden Road, Balhan, by BES Electrical Repairs and Situation: Out looking for a Christmas present for my brother Charlie,

with the 15 that I'd saved up to buy it, in my hand. End thought itself; Not using the money to buy a present, but instead

going into her Electrical and spending it on fuses, that I'd just look

what I think night have happened: I think I'd have felt quite sad as I looked at the fuses, because I'd spent 3 nonths saving all this money, and now I'd gone and completely wasted it on commissing he couldn't no how I'm gone and completely waster at the present, I'd have to possesses and any vacan valuation gave as any process, it may not say 'Sorry. I haven't got anything for you. I did something very, very odd with the money. And I might start crying.

MAD THOUGHTS Flacer an underground train at footing Sec Station.
Situation: Sitting down, untohing one of those tat old men with troupers
that have a really high mainthand that core up to their armsits. Setting Date: 8 March 1995 Flace: An underground train at footing Sec Station. Date: 8 Warch 1995

Situation: Sitting down, ustobing one of those ist old men with troubers that have a really high valueband that some up to their amplies, getting on the trainor the train.

End thought itself; What if the man had got on the train in a big pranmad thought itself; what if the bank. with a splustering engine at the back.

What I think might have happened: I think people would have been shocked and sale tiple was happened. what I think might have happened; I think people would have been should and halfering, and sall, wondering only this thing was happening. with a spluttering engine at the back.

MAD THOUGHTS

Date: 29 June 1995

Place: Balban Station Road, Balban.

Situation: Rearing the Tanney on the station platform going: 'Balham -

End thought itself: Inagining there being tannoys all over Balham, not just in the station, and all of them going 'Balban - This is Salham'. That I think night have happened; It would be odd. The tamoy on the station is there to tell people on trains that they've arrived in Balhan. But if there was one, say, on the migh Road, just next to the Everything me is there was one, way, on the maga mone, year next to the arrangement a Pound shop, it would be as if it was felling all the people of Balham that they were in balham, which they already show. It might be uneful if Jou've got a bad memory, or you've just spent all day in the Moon Under water pub, drinking beer and laughing at an empty space, and you don't really know where (or who) you are, And what if the tannoys were not just in Balhar? What if they were all over Scotland as well, but they still going 'maiham - This is bellam'? That yould be

MAD THOUGHTS

Date: 3 October 1994 Flace: Balham Grill, Balham High Foad, Balham. boiling bot tea.

Situation: Sitting opposite a nice old man. I'd just bought a cup of

Near Thought Itself: Suddenly flinging the boiling hot tes in the nice old what I think might have happened if I'd done it, and how I'd have felt: Has a value couldn't it? First there'd probably be a very short silence as a or merse rousen; and early seems a process, or a very eners service because the man was so shocked, but then the pain would hit home and he'd because the man was so shocked, but then the pair would bit home and he'd start screaming, and other people in the case would rush over and should what the hell did you do that for? And all the time the old man would be hardly and the contract of the con be howling in agony. Then someone else would grab me to stop me escaping. or negting in agony, then someone else would grad me to stop me escaping, while they rang the police and an ambilance, and the poor burnt-faced old man would have to be taken out to hospital, and I'd be arrested and analysis on the face of the sound of the same of the s probably put in jail, I'd feel very bad, mainly for the old man, but also because I d have ruined my life in that one mad moment, when I could have produce to have ruined by also an above one assument, was just sat there and carried on eating my Cheese Reconvict.

MAD THOUGHTS

Place: The toilet of Smiley's Care, Bedford Hill, Balbam. Situation: Doing a wee. Looking down, into the urisal, at one of those Date: 17 Tebruary 1995 divinesions woung a seek addring bown, into the usines, at one or knowe little square, white block things, that look as if they might be made of

Was thought itself: Picking up the block and putting it in my mouth. And

What I think might have happened: I think I might have been sick all over

my winky. Definitely, actually.

MAD THOUGHTS

Date: 24 May 1995 Places The Car Park round the back of Sainsbury's in Balban. Situation: Walking past the stinking, frightening nan who always stands

by the bottle bank, doing mad kick-boxing moves that he's made up himself. East thought itself: Asking the man to be my girl friend.

Had thought itself: Asking the man to be my girl friend.

What I think night have happened: I'm not sure. If he said yes, I'd have
to go and get some ladies' clothes for the man to wear so he could look
like a lady, and he'd have to wear some make-up as well. Then if I met
any and he'd have to wear some make-up as well. Then if I met anyone I knew, I'd have to introduce the man as my girl friend, and he'd thoughts, I m very slad this one hasn't come true. Eissing his would be

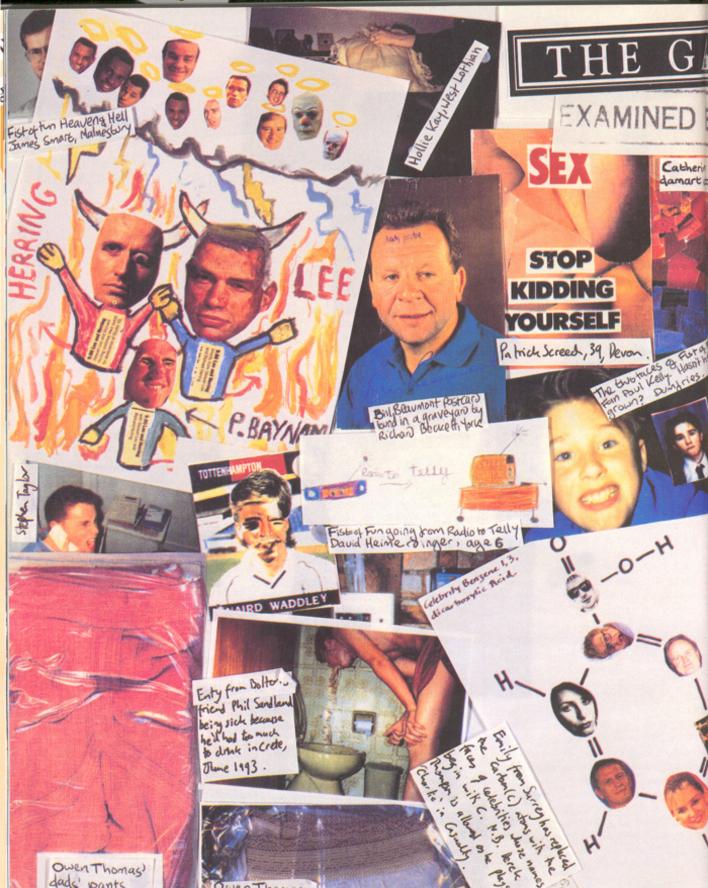
MAD THOUGHTS

Fisce: The Phone Box at the bottom of Elmfield Foat, Salham.

Mad thought itself: I imagined a First delivery company where, when the man comes round on his motor bike, instead of him bringing you a pissa, man comes twans on man moved cake, ambrede or man orangans you a parang-you get on the back of the blke and he takes you back to the pizza shopyou get on the back of the bike and me takes you back to the pisse shop.
When you arrive, they give you a pisse, and you go and eat it in a special
room that they we built which is an exact replice of your room at home.
And 'whale Om is on the telly, just like at home. Then, when you've and engine up to on the certain year that my mome, many year of finished your pieze, the man brings you back home on the blice. This is linioned Just plaza, the man strings you back home on the black than is very mad because the plaza people would have to send someone round about a week before you even order the pissa to take pictures of your room so a seek secure you even order the plane to take provided of your room to that they can do the replica. They night have to borrow some of your stuff

what I think night have happened: Unfortunately having this mad thought made me too tired to think of anything else that day. But I'm fairly sure it would be a warte of everyone a time, and it's probably best to stick

with the system they have now.

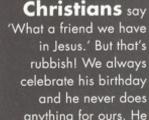




WHYNOTTRYM

The empty hours between our birth and death can easily be filled by passing time with people who we like to pretend are similar to ourselves. Here are some friends other people have cultivated.

A Fisherman's Friend is a small, unpleasant-tasting lozenge which became the friend of fisherman Alan Norman after he fell overboard in the North Sea. He was able to use the sweet as a makeshift life-preserve, to keep him afloat the vital 16 hours before the emergency services arrived.



and he never does anything for ours. He doesn't even think to send a gift token.



Most of us can count our real friends on the fingers of both hands, apart from Jeremy Beadle...who has no real friends.



The lorry driver's friend isn't, as you might imagine, an unpleasant-tasting lozenge that became the friend of lorry drivers after acting as a make-shift life-preserve, but is, in

fact, a small electronic device which plugs into the lorry's cigarette lighter and can be used to simulate the act of sexual intercourse.

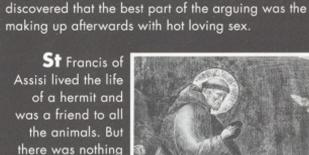
A man's best friend is his dog...The man in question is Lionel Cosgrave of North Acton whose lack of social skills means he has been unable to cultivate human friendships, but whose dog-like smell, high-pitched barking voice, thick covering of matted fur, and love of bonemeal and the smell of urine have made him very popular with his dog Jemmy...who loves him.



In the seventeenth century William Penn decided the best way to make friends was to set up a special club, 'The Society of Friends' or Quakers, made up entirely of people with a shared interest in talking about and eating porridge. Today, more than 200 years later the society has over seven members all over the globe.

> Hitler, Stalin and Churchill were good friends who fell out quite badly at the beginning of the 1940s. But like so many other friends throughout history they

uaker



funny about it. He just liked animals. And being on his own with them. In the woods.





Jeffrey Dahmer, the Milwaukee Cannibal, tried to make friends by asking blokes back to his flat, giving them a drink, chatting to them, playing them music, and then murdering them. The mistake he made there was the murdering bit. The drinking and talking and stuff is a great way to make friends, but the murdering...well it tends to alienate people, doesn't it?

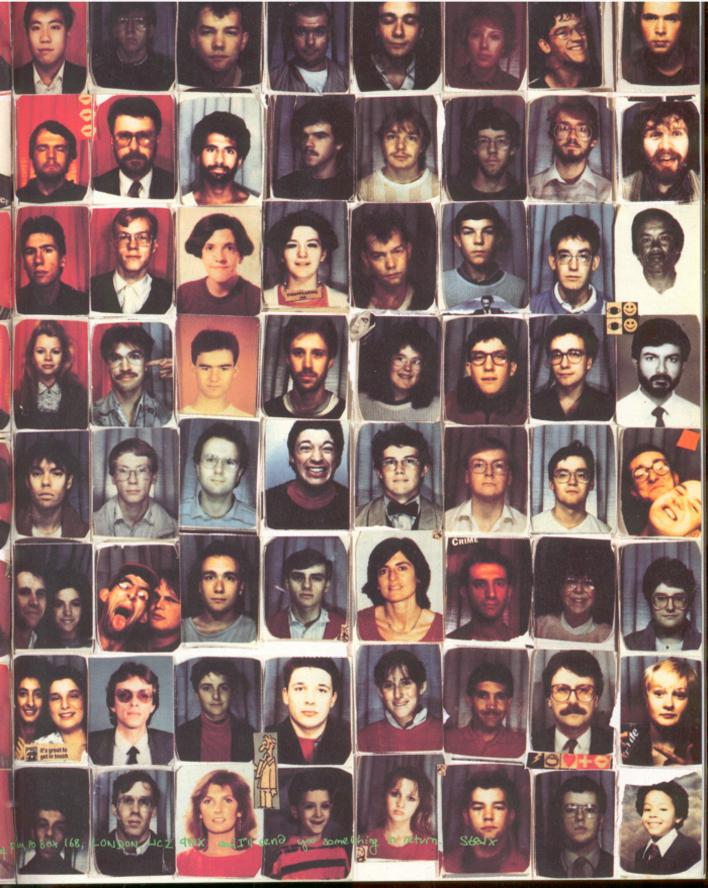
Another way to make loads of friends is to surf on the information super-highway, the Internet. If you want to, at the drop of a hat, you can communicate with up to 30 or 40 stinking, dirt-covered 15-year-old blokes and talk about the two episodes of Star Trek: The Next Generation in which the Bussard Ramscoop was used for the purposes other than its specific task of plucking hydrogen molecules from space.

COMPETITION

If anyone can write in and tell us the name of those two episodes, and the Bussard Ramscoop's use in each one, they will win a hand-made certificate saying 'I (YOUR NAME) have wasted the precious gift of life bestowed on me by some unknown force and should consider getting out a bit more'.







Controversial artist Nikkkkii Menderley has blown up a street of houses in Leeds as a controversial artistic statement against houses. The residents of Lempkey Street in Leeds all agreed that this was a worthwhile piece of art against houses, and, although they had not been asked permission to have their homes destroyed, they did not mind at all as it was time someone had a go at houses in general. The rubble will be on display for three more weeks, at which point it will be destroyed by the council.

Would you like to beat Edward Sturton's face into a jammy pulp and throw his shattered bones into the sea?

Well now you can. Meet on Friday lunchtime at BBC TV Centre at Shepherds Bush, London for the weekly meeting of the Surprise Attack on Edward Sturton Club. Bring sticks and fire and a sense of humour.

Joseph Champniss's 2 purple plums.

Misfit Welshman Joseph Champniss has put on a display in Cardiff his two purple plums. He claims to have found the plums in the road and says that, if licked, they give off a special vitamin, or something, but you have to go into a dark room in his house in Splott to lick the plums or the vitamin doesn't work. Remember, go to Joseph Champniss's house and ask if you can lick his two purple plums. He also welcomes anyone who wishes to lick his testicles.

Shrewsbury Young Singles Club.

Are you young? Are you single? Are you an inhabitant of Shrewsbury? If so get along to Shrewsbury Young Singles Club. There's dancing, athletics, theme evenings and group outings. But beware, do not form a romantic attachment to anyone within the group, or even become their friend, or you will no longer be single and thus you'll be banned from the club for life and have your face forcibly tattooed with the legend, 'I

pretended to be young and single in Shrewsbury in order to take part in theme evenings, but I was lying'. Every Tuesday night at 6pm.

Are you an old man? Do you like blowing off?

Then join Dorridge Old Man's Blowing Off Group. The Old Man's Blowing Off Group meets in Dorridge town hall every Thursday afternoon after tea. Here care worker Alan Garrard arranges objects of various weights and textures on a smooth formica surface and the old men are invited to try and blow them off with their mouths. Now the old man who blows off the biggest thing is the winner and becomes that week's Blowing Off King of Dorridge, entitled to wear the blowing off crown whilst, within the walls of Dorridge Town at any time he wishes in the next 7 days. The Blowing Off competition is followed by a farting contest.

There's a Foxton watch in Bristol every Tuesday.

For a small fee you can hide in a specially constructed shelter and watch a family of urban Bruce Foxtons going about their nightly work: foraging for record contracts, copying bass riffs from old Beatles' songs and hiding from hunters who chase them for their prized freakish hair. The fun starts at 9pm.

Jumping Festival

There's a jumping festival at Richard Demarco's Leisure Centre in Edinburgh. Nimble jumps of some different kinds will be performed by a host of different living creatures. Amongst the nimble jumping creatures, nimbly jumping, will be gnats, dogs, women, cows and Gary Olsen of TV's 2.4 Children fame who will be nimbly jumping over a lifesize model of himself made out of his own hair, by local children with learning difficulties. Jumping commences at 4.

Sugar Cube.

Controversial new artist Nikkkki Menderley has thrown a sugar cube into the sea in Brighton as a

controversial artistic statement about how sugar is better in natural granulated form. The Mayor of Brighton stormed down to the beach to protest about the waste of sugar and Nikkkkki agreed that this time she had



FOXTON WATCH IN BRISTOL

gone too far. The piece of sea where she threw the sugar cube will be on view until next Thursday, when it will be destroyed by the council.



Are you fed up with crumpled, unattractive British leaves fouling your garden with their common British stench?



Then we may have the answer.

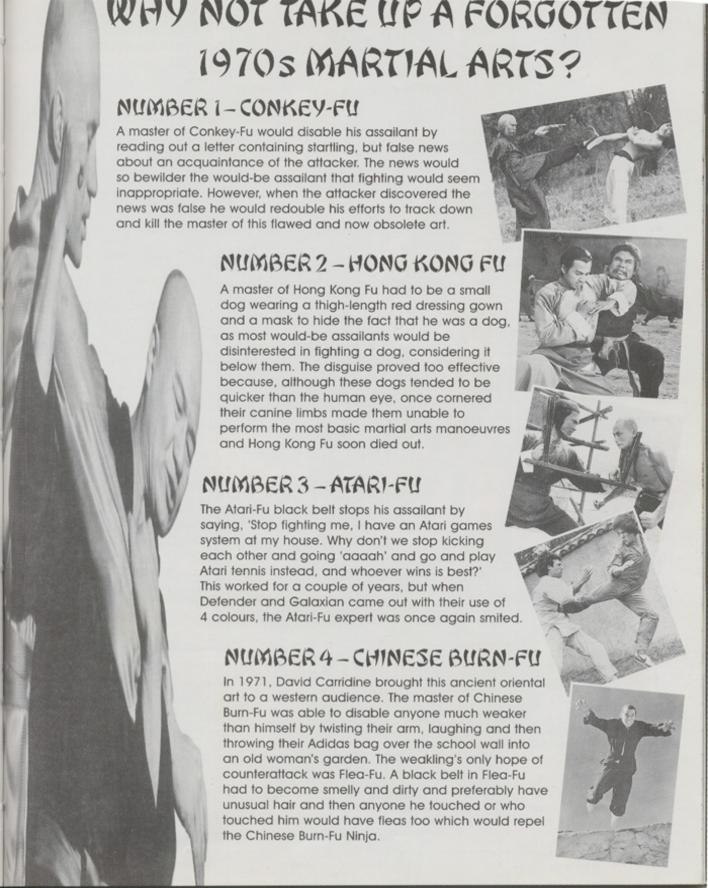
Why not purchase our
sophisticated, un-crumpled French
leaves, grown in the sophisticated
land of France and then picked up
off the floor by sophisticated
French men and small boys.



Send cheques or money to: Les Leaf Naturel de Leaf, La Farme Français de Leaf, La Rue de Leaf, Manchester M11 Z49.



Endorsed by TV's Tony Parsons.







'Why not join a gang!

GANGS

'Why not join a gang?'

A gang bang is group of men who a have sex with or woman. A gang sho is where some cub watch this event from behind a screen.



The Ku Klux Klan are a gang who have in common a hatred of other races, a belief in Jesus and a love of sheets and related linen.



bank robberies, murders and weak double entendres followed by Charles Hawtrey going 'Oooah'. But they only ever used a double entendre on their own kind, like Dirk Bogarde and the Doctor team or Bob Monkhouse from Dentist On The Job, not like the vicious young satirist gangs of today.

The Conservative gang have been the most popular gang in Britain for over 15 years now. They share a belief in Jesus, and that's all. No sheets or racial hatred this time, just the Jesus thing. They are very different to the Nazis and the Ku Klux Klan as anyone but the most stupid alternative comedian or poetry-writing sixth former realizes.



Gary Glitter's The Glitter Band have in common a desire to be encased in glitter and be in a band.

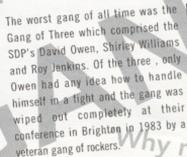


The Nazi gang had in common a hatred of other races and a netief in Jesus... no sheets this time you'll notice. They had a contempt for linen.



The Organ Gang is a brilliant idea for a new anarchic kids puppet show by Richard and Stewart, of which, so far, all TV executives and publishers have been too arsing stupid to see the huge video, book and merchandising potential. If there are any TV executives or publishers with half a brain reading this book, which obviously there won't be as

you're all too busy lazing about in your bow-ties and taking drugs, why not contact us. Please mark your envelopes 'want to be in on Rich and Stew's licence to print money and exploit small children and their feckless parents with a nonetheless extremely entertaining and subversive notion and enclose a non-refundable cheque for ten thousand pounds to show you are serious about it.





A CELEBRATION OF MEDIOCRITY

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE → THACKERAY ←

William Makepeace Thackeray is surely the most mediocre novelist/satirist of the last five hundred years. He is nowhere near as good as brilliant satirists like Swift or Fielding, but much better than the awful Samuel Richardson or Colley Cibber. He is responsible for a vast body of worthy, over-written prose that no-one has ever read or enjoyed. Celebrate his life by finding and reading copies of as many of his books as possible. Scour libraries and second hand book shops for ones that are out of print. There are loads to choose from —

The Memoirs of Barry Linden Catherine Novels by Brilliant Hands The Yellowplush Papers The Book of Snobs Vanity Fair Jeames's Diary
Henry Esmonde
The History of Pendennis
The Adventures of Phillip
Dennis Duvall – a Fragment
The Irish Sketch Book

William Makepeace Thackeray was educated at the hotbed of mediocrity Charterhouse public school, as were the mediocre progressive rock band Genesis. Celebrate Thackeray's mediocrity by listening to Mike Rutherford from Genesis's mediocre solo project Mike and the Mechanics, whilst making satirical observations on 19th century social manners.

William Makepeace Thackeray exploited the highly mediocre comic form of satire, or as it was then known —Satyierrre – well before the likes of present-day run-of-the-mill satirists Ben Elton, Rory Bremner or Nick Wilton were even born. Celebrate the form of Satyierrre by writing down the words 'John' 'Major', 'grey' and 'peas' on the front of an exercise book and then show them to you friends while pulling a clever face and going 'aaaaaaah!'

William Makepeace Thackeray's one excursion beyond mediocrity and into being quite good was his 1847 novel Vanity Fair. However, this novel is very long, boring and totally irrelevant to modern life today so celebrate it instead by reading a copy of the much shorter magazine Vanity Fair (which has nice colour pages, nude photos of Demi Moore and free gifts) whilst wearing 19th century clothes and pulling a clever face and going 'aaaaaah!'

William Makepeace Thackeray got a place at Cambridge University but failed to distinguish himself as a student and left after a year. Then he tried to become a lawyer but once again failed. He bought 2 newspapers, they both failed. He stood for parliament as a Liberal candidate but failed to win his seat. He failed also in investement and the world of art, and his marriage was a failure. Celebrate his failures by having aspirations clearly beyond your ability and consequently messing up your entire life. You might also, as a tribute to William Makepeace Thackeray, like to take a lot of money out of the bank, set fire to it, and flush the ashes down the toilet.

If you can't be bothered to read *The History of Pendennis*, 1850, then why not watch a video of 20th century mediocre Satyierrrical act Punt and Dennis.

William Makepeace Thackeray's middle name is Makepeace and he always referred to himself as William Makepeace Thackeray. Celebrate William Makepeace Thackeray by giving yourself a really stupid middle name like 'Ringpiece', 'Timepiece', 'Greenpeace' or 'Chimneyfactory' and then, rather than by being embarrassed and ashamed of it, tell everyone what it is and then pull a clever face and go "aaaaaah!" and expect them to be impressed.

Remember you are as low and as weak and wasted as the lowest, weakest sperm in the testicle of Mr Puniverse and by celebrating mediocrity we celebrate the essence of what makes us human. So celebrate where e'er ye can, ye fools.

Simon Quinlank. Christian Church Crawl Hobby



Hello. It's me. Simon Quinlank, the Very Reverend Archbishop of Hobby with another hobby for you to do. The Lord God's hobby was to create the world and the universe and all that is in 6 days. And then on Sunday he rested from his hobby. But I, Simon Quinlank, am better than God, as I have a hobby for every day of the week. This week I have a good hobby for people who, like the unimaginative Lord of creation, can't think of a hobby to do on Sunday.

What you will need for this hobby.









Some running shoes

A watch by which to tell the time

A flask of eveak lemon drink

Christian church services in your area

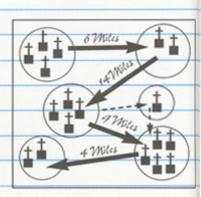
This hobby is a good hobby if you like running, drinking alcohol and eating very small pieces of unleavened bread. The hobby is called 'Christian Church Crawling'. This is how you do it.



On Sunday morning wake early and put on your running shoes and other clothes as well. Check your Christian Church service chart and see which local Christian Church's Christian church service begins first. My first Christian Church service today is at St Simon the Appelite in Ringfield Rd at 6.30am. Run to the first Christian Church service as quickly as possible.

When you become adept at Christian Church crawling and plan your day carefully you will find you can time it so you can arrive at each Christian church at the exact time the communion part of the service starts, and so you don't have to sit around listening to all the boring hymns and the vicar's stretched analogies.

On my best church cracvel I attended 37 communions and ran a total of 43 miles.



Sometimes the wine tastes cheap and horrible. If so you can drink your weak lemon drink to rid your palate of the unpleasant taste or save it for later in case you get a particularly dry piece of unleavened bread. Some vicars don't like you drinking weak lemon drink in church as they think it makes a travesty of the encharist, so drink it surreptitionsly.



Note how many churches you visited and how many miles you ran on the Christian Church Crawl you took this eveck and see if you can beat your best score this Sunday.

This hobby is a good hobby as it is a good way to get exercise, and to get drunk for free...and to eat some free bread as well. Plus, if you only go to Catholic Christian Churches then they believe in the doctrine of Transubstantiation, whereby the bread and wine literally become the body and blood of Jesus. So far, taking Jesus to be the size of an average Mazarene man, I have eaten seven whole Jesuses plus one of Jesus's legs. This is more whole Jesuses than anyone has ever eaten. Meil Petark says he has eaten 12 Jesuses, but he includes bread and wine he consumed at Protestant churches, and Protestants do not believe in Transubstantiation so he is evrong and I am still the Jesus eating King. Neil Petark has really only eaten 4 Jesuses which is rubbish. See you next time!

1 Jesus's blood = 180 fl. ozs.

1 communion wine sip = 1/2 fl. oz.:
360 communion wine sips = 1 Jesus's blood

1 Jesus's bones etc. = 4000 pieces of bread

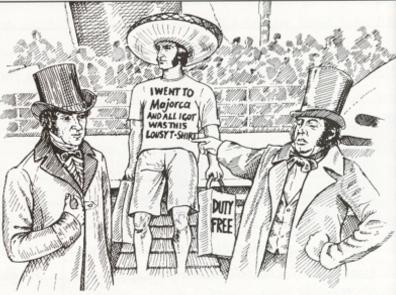
N.B. You must try to eat 9 or 10 pieces

of bread for each sip of wine

N.B. I believe that Jesus's body should be measured by volume rather than eveloph as transubstantiation probably means that the bread alters at a sub-atomic level when it becomes Jesus's body in your mouth. i.e. Jesus's thigh bone is equal to the equivalent sized piece of unleavened bread, namely about 700 pieces of bread stuck together in a thigh bone shape.

Charles Darwin arrived back in Britain in 1836 after a 5-year voyage around the world. His friends, Dr Charles Lyell and Professor Joseph Hooker waited for him to disembark.

The Life And Times Of Charles Darwin



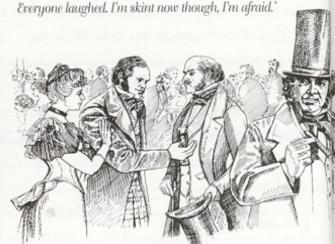
 Welcome home Charles', said Hooker. How was your voyage?'
 Fan-blumin-tastic,' replied Darwin. Sun, sea, sand, seneoritas! All the native girls with no bras nor nuffink. Niiice! All inclusive too.

Once I shouted spaghetti at this Brazilian bloke.

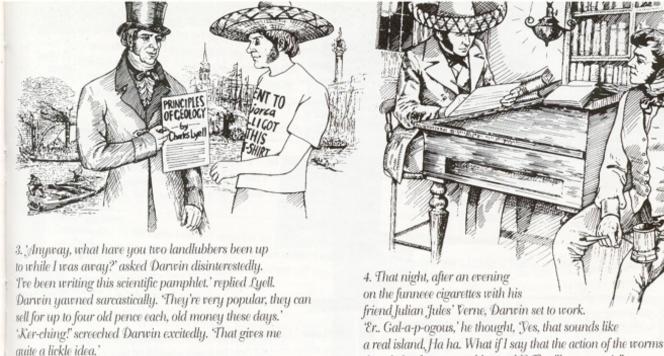


5. And cause a stir it did! Soon Darwin's pamphlets began to sell above all others. Darwin was considered lord of the pamphlet merchants with his theories.

To think,' people would say, 'similar finches on different islands have beaks specially adapted for their habitat! Ha ha!'
Yes!' would come the reply. It could almost be a cartoon in the satirical magazine Punch.'



6. Darwin became the darling of society, He met the eminent pamphleteers of his day, such as John Stuart Mill. Have you read my pamphlet about the coconut cracking crabs?' asked Charles. 'They're grrrreat! A bit scary mind.' But Mill did not respond and turned away. 'He's just jealous of you.' said Bernice giggling saucily.



8. Help me. I've lost it Mandy. I'm broke,' moaned the shattered Darwin. ORIGIN OF THE SPECIES They're coming to repossess my jacuzzi. 'It's Planet of the Apes I'll say anything. I'll say that man is meets the Fly' descended from baboons and apes!" says writer 7. But public demand and a life of 'That is the most offensive and Darwin excess put Darwin under increasing outrageous idea I've ever heard' His most pressure from his publisher. said Mandy sternly. controversia Dogs that catch fish? Orchids I love it. It'll sell a million!" work yet variously fertilized by insects? This is no good to me Chaz. And so the theory of evolution was born. This is the 1870s' she said. One of the many scientific theories concocted by

scientists to try and sell books and impress girls.

there helps form vegetable mould? That'll cause a stir!'

Why not try writing a sit-com?

Britain is internationally seen as the world leader at writing shite sit-coms. Why not britain is internationally seen as the world leader at writing since sit-comes, why not try coming up with a shite sit-com of your own? All you need to do to get your own shite sit-com made is to come up with a crap name and a one- or two-line explanation of what you think the hilarious situation of your show will be.... Here's some great

or what you thank the interious situation of your show whit be... Refer a some orange of the state of the sta Write some of your own, set them out like we have and send them in to the BBC or TTV if they're really crap. Put only one sit-com idea in each letter though, as you will

then get paid more.

Jack of all Trades - vehicle for Jack Dee - Jack Dee does a different job every week, but is sacked at the end for drinking beer all the time. His deadpan reaction to the different bosses results in humour.

Dayy of the Jackal - Ian Dayy, the landlord of the Jackal pub.

/400D!

Nelson's Column - Ian Nelson is a journalist who writes for a newspaper column.

1 think this has been done If not, we're interested

Second Thoughts — Ian and Mary Thought are a married couple and set out to do a thing every week, but as they are about to do it, they stop and think that maybe they shouldn't do it after all.

The Old Women - Self explanatory. - Commission x 6

Jack on the Box — Vehicle for Jack Dee — Jack Dee is changed into a kind of pixalated image and zapped by a remote control into hundreds of different TV shows. His deadpan reaction to the different zany TV characters results in humour.

> Meno-paws - about talking cats going through the change of life. - Do you have a cat in mind?

Roll Reversall — Ian Roll is a driving instructor, Ian Reversall is a baker. Due to some kind of accident that I haven't thought up yet they are forced to swap jobs. One of them could speak in a funny voice as well. - I like this 'voice' aspect

The Gay Pakistanis — Follow-up to It Ain't Half Hot Mum. Vehicle for Melvyn Hayes. Melvyn Hayes blacks up for this hilarious BBC 70s style sit-com.

Have to be handled Sensitively

detail

100

Birdd in the Hand — Ian Birdd is the landlord of the Hand pub.

Jack be Nimble — Vehicle for Jack Dee — Jack Dee becomes a gymnast who only eats slimmer's bread. The theme tune is Up, up and Away by Jimmy Webb. Jack's deadpan magning acts and other foreign gymnasts results in humour.

PM T. — A vehicle for Margaret Thatcher, Mrs. Thatcher is a Prime Minister with unusually bad pre-menstrual tension. Every month she gets annoyed and declares war on other countries. Elements of satire. Could be topical. Whatever Mrs. Thatcher does that week as Prime Minister in the real world, she then satirises each week in PM T.

1 think Mrs. Thatcher is no longer P.M. Check

Shampoo and Set - A vehicle for 1994 pop band Shampoo. Those girls from Shampoo are tennis pros. Each week they teach someone to play tennis and ther shout a song about what it's like to be at school.

Bent Coppers - Ian and Simon Bent are brothers and are both policemen. One is corrupt and one is gay. Both of them are afflicted by curvature of the spine. And they're made of copper. They're robots. In the future.

lan makes 5 - No explanation required. - Commission x 6

Def's Door - A vehicle for Def Leppard. The door to Def Leppard's house is magic. When they go through it they have comedy adventures of some kind.

Godd in Heaven - Ian Godd is the No. It must be manager of Heaven, the gay night club. a Pub. Re-submit as pub + we will reconsider.

> Blind Fury - Ian Fury is blind and very angry about not being able to see and runs a venetian blind making shop.

Chalk and Cheese - Ian Chalk and Ian Cheese are two men. They are very different. As different as chalk and cheese. Do you see? Eric Idle could write one of his hilarious songs about them for the sig tune and then sing it in a stupid cockney voice. Chalk and Cheese are forced to live with one another against their will for some reason. Perhaps terrorists are holding their families. They don't really get on very well, but occasionally they might do something which makes them realise that they are more similar than they think and then they both look into the camera a bit meaningfully. Then Ian Cheese falls over to break the seriousness of the moment. I like this. Clever!

Otherfoot's Shoe — Ian Otherfoot has an orthapaedic shoe. Um, and some things happen.

Old Block's Chip - 98 year old Ian Block has a chip which is embued with some kind of humourous magical power I expect. Ian Block also has chipped bones due to his age.

Surreal!
I don't
like it

Worse things happen at C — Each letter of the alphabet lives in a house in the shape of their letter. Grumpy letter C is very accident prone. Worse things happen at his house than at anyone else's. The letters would be played by actors in suits. Possible Eddie Izzard vehicle.

Derek's in the Utility Room - Self-explanatory - Commission x 6

This is no good. Needs to be called The 'Britishh' Empire, then maybe you have something here.

The Brittas Empire — Ian Brittas is the curmudgeonly manager of a sports centre.

Dogg in the Manger – Ian Dogg is landlord of the Manger pub.

Myy Cup Upstairs — Ian Myy moves into a new flat to discover that a cup he used to own is in the flat upstairs. The series details his attempts to get the cup that is rightfully his back.

Gnome, sweet gnome — Ian Gnome runs a gnome-making shop. He lives with a dwarf who is very angry about the gnomes. He thinks they ridicule him and fellow dwarfs. A PC sit-com for the 90s.

Filephant's Graveyard — Ian Ellephant
runs a graveyard. But he isn't like you'd
expect and the differences between him
and other people who run graveyards
would lead to humour.

Cashh in Hand — Ian Cashh takes over from Ian Bird as manager of the Hand pub. This could be used to cover star leaving through boredom, or because he is demanding too much money.

Sinking the Pink — Sit-com about a randy snooker player. Possible Alex Higgins vehicle.

Jo 90 — Vehicle for Jo Brand. Jo Brand is sent back in time to 1990. How will she react to the slight differences there were in life back then? People are confused by her references to the Internet and the National Lottery and her love of East 17 which to them is only a post code. If Jo Brand won't do it, you could do it with Joe Pasquale, Joe Longthorne, Joe Gormley or anyone whose name is Jo really. Do you see? Or Jo from Doctor Who.

Joe Brown? See if he'll do it Good bloke Space Shuttle-Cock 1999 — Set in 1999. In the future the sport of Badmington is played in the weightless environment of space to try and make it exciting. There is an amusing numbskull robot cockerel played by the bloke who was inside R2D2. The series involves the Earth Badmington Team and the things they get up to. Kenny Baker. Call agent.

Or is he dead:

A Stitchh in Time Saves Nine — Alan Stitchh (A. Stitch) is the manager of the Time Saves Nine pub.

The David Copperfields — David Copperfield the magician moves in next door to
Three of a Kind star David Copperfield. The latter David Copperfield is jealous of
the magicians success after his own promising career has not lived up to
expectation. He spends a lot of time ripping up photos of Tracey Ullman and
Lenny Henry and swearing as well. Also the fictional character David Copperfield
is their landlord.

English D. Copperfield is available
U.S. one not yet contacted

On the Rag — A Maureen Lipman vehicle. Maureen Lipman works in the rag trade and is cursed with particulary heavy periods.

Anne Ar in the Month — Anne Ar is the landlady of the Month pub.

Crackerjack – vehicle for Jack Dee – Jack Dee plays a wise cracking, beer drinking, comedy criminal psychologist. His deadpan reaction to the different horrific crimes results in humour.

A Birdd in the Hand is Worth Two in the Bush — Alan Birdd (A. Birdd) is the manager of the Hand is Worth Two in the Bush pub.

There are More Thinggs in Heaven and Earth, Horatio, than are Dreamt of in Your Philosophy — Ian Thingg, his 12 children and his wife who is pregnant with octuplets, again manage the Heaven and Earth, Horatio, than are Dreamt of in Your Philosophy Pub.

OR There R Morre Things in Heaven and Earth, Horatio, than are Dreamt of in Your Philosophy — Richard (R.) Morrethingsinheavenandearthhoratiothanaredreamtof is the manager of the "Your Philosophy" pub.

X No! Too Contrived

no-one would have this name. The first one is better.

This page is dedicated to all the people in television who rejected our ace ideas over the last six years because they had No Idea at all about anything and now want us to work bethook

Why Not Try Forming A Tribute Band?

The Sound-A-Like International Tribute Band Agency

Looking for a way to spice up your Student Ball/Office Party/Conference or Function Room Function? Tribute bands like Bjorn Again, the Australian Abba, the Australian Doors, the Scottish Sex Pistols and Peroxide Blondie (the English Blondie) have proved enormously popular over the last few years so why not let us, the Sound-A-Like International Tribute Band Agency, take care of your entertainment needs? Choose from any of our list of enormously talented international tribute artistes.

The Greek Mike And The Mechanics

The Former Yugoslavian Republic Men Without Hats

The English Alarm

The Chad Rush

The Rwandan Barron Knights

The Pakistani Butthole Surfers

The Irish Julian Lennon

The Northern Irish Yoko Ono

The Chinese Dexy's Midnight Runners

The Basque Separatist Art Garfunkel

The Mexican Pixies

The Kurdish Blur

The Scottish Orb

The Pygmy Vanessa Mae

The German Daniel Johnston and the Swedish Jad Fair

The Japanese Travelling Wilburys

The Taiwanese Scott Walker

The Lapland Ice T

The Alaskan Dick Dale

The French Bez

The Devonshire Gorky's Zygotic Mynci

The Cornish Hugh Cornwell

The Isle of Lewis Bananarama (2nd line-up)

The English Brian Adams, The Canadian Rod Stewart and The Scottish Sting

(only available as a threesome)

The Prussian Wings

The Siamese Haircut 100 (post Nick Heyward line-up)

The Vietnamese Haircut 100 (inc. Vietnamese Nick Heyward)

The North Korean Nick Heyward

The Easter Island New Order, the Mongol Keith Allen and the Welsh 1990 England World

Cup Squad (performing 'World In Motion' together, and then 'True Faith', 'Martin Chuzzlewitt'

and 'England vs Cameroons 1990 World Cup Quarter-Final', each alone respectively).

The Jamaican UB40 and the Lebanese Bitty McClean

The Islamic Shaun Ryder & Black Grape

The Majorcan Shampoo

The Antarctic John Hendy and Terry Coldwell (the other 2 from East 17)

The Corfu Bonzo Dog Doodah Band

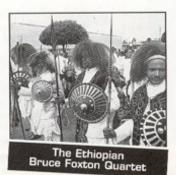
The Malvinas Selecter

The Philippino Dave Stewart and the Shetland Islands Spiritual Cowboys

The Hawaian Jeff Healey Band

The Jordanian Silver Jews







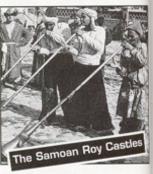
Alot of people ask us where we get our crazy well, we get our crazy well, we get this idea at 2 AM the got this idea at the gothis in the morning at the gothis in the morning at the Blandie, Dermott from Peroxide Blandie, who didn't find it so two years.

who didn't find it so formy. Thanks to everyone who sent stuff re this into the ladio.

Your ideas were all rubbish

The Alsace-Lorraine David Bowie (left) and his two Belgian Spiders From Mars







The German Musical Youth

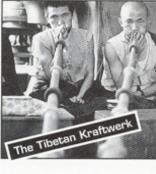




The Cambridge Sex Pistols



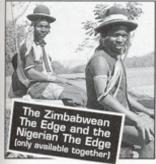
The South African Ian Curtis and Joy Division

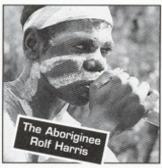


The Tibetan Kraftwerk

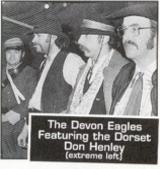














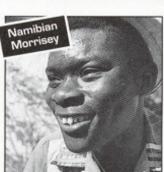




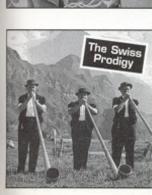


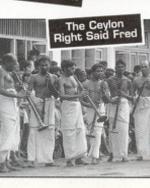




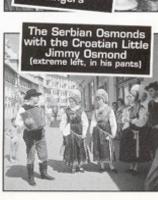












*Peter's A-U Of Eating

I've always been interested in the subject of eating, because it's nice, and also because it's one of the three things you do with your mouth. The others are smoking, and kissing your arm with your eyes shut, whilst imagining a lady's doing it. So I've done this sort of alphabetical list of eating things. Sorry, it only goes up to U. I got tired.

A is for Amoy Soy Sauce which is, I think, the top brand of Soy Sauce and one of the most delicious drinks around – a bottle when you wake up first thing in the afternoon really gives you a kick. Soy Sauce also makes a tasty filling for a sandwich, or to pour on your hand as a sort of very cheap Chinese meal. The other good thing is that because Soy Sauce is basically just stinking brown water made mostly of salt, it doesn't go off. Unlike chops.

B is for Beer. I know drinking isn't the same as eating, but it's very similar, especially if your drink is some very old milk you found under a vest in the kitchen. Anyway, beer is good, mainly because it makes life seem nice, even when it's not. For example, there's a man who lives three bedsits down from me who last year lost his job running a children's playgroup. But every morning I see him sitting on the steps outside our building, drinking beer, and laughing. So there you go. (Mind you, the reason he lost his job was because he turned up for work drunk three times, and the last time he gave the babies some vodka to stop them crying. And one of them died.)

C is for Chips, obviously. Well it is also for cigarettes, chops, and Charlie, my brother, (who likes eating as well). But it's mostly for chips. The only thing I don't like about chips is that when you order them, the Chinese lady in the chip shop says 'Open or wrapped?' And it's a really hard decision, because if you have them wrapped, you've got that painful thing of having to walk home with the fantastic vinegar stink coming out of the bag and up your nose, making you want to eat them. But if you have them open, you eat them all before you get back, and then there's the empty plate you left on top of the television to try to warm it up. And you cry. What I usually do to solve this problem is say 'wrapped', but ask them to put five of the chips in my hand. Then, as it takes ten minutes to walk home, I have a chip roughly every two minutes. That seems to work.

D is for Dog Food. I've never actually eaten it, but I always think it looks really nice in adverts when they drop it out of the tin and it's still that tin-shaped lump of meat and jelly, with crinkles in the jelly, and then a fork mashes it up while a lady says 'delicious meaty chunks, full of nourishment'. And I want some so much, my mouth fills with spit. I might try it, because I don't think it's poisonous, even though it's made from donkeys or something. On the other hand, maybe it is poisonous, and that's why dogs only live to about 12.

E is for Extra Strong Mints. Also known (to me) as "Extras", although that might have to stop, because when I say 'A packet of 'Extras', please' to the newsagent, he says 'A packet of what?' And I have to say 'Um, Extra Strong Mints. Sorry'. Anyway, 'Extras' are very useful if, like me, you're addicted to cigarettes but they make you feel really sick. What you do is, every time you finish a cigarette, suck on an 'Extra'. When the cigarette taste has gone away, take the mint back out of your mouth and put it down on the pillow next to you. Then when you finish your next cigarette, do the same. One mint will usually do you for about ten cigarettes, so a whole packet should last the day.

F is for Fruits. Apparently fruits are very good for you and full of vitamins and steel or something, which all sounds a bit frightening. I did once have a Cox's Orange Pippin, which is a type of orange. Fruit Pastels are nice. They're fruit.

G is for Guts, which I don't really like. Guts are meat that comes from inside animals. Like kidney. And eggs. The thought of guts makes me feel even iller than I usually feel anyway. Once I couldn't sleep for five hours because I remembered that I've got guts inside me. My own guts. Even liver. Urgh.

H is for Hot Food, from chips to kebabs, with maybe one thing in between. Toast probably. Many people think that all food should be heated up before you eat it, except for food that's meant to be cold, like ham or Walker's Doritos. But I like loads of things not heated up. Mince is my best. I once ate five pounds of raw mince and it was delicious, although a few bits of meat did get stuck in the back of my teeth and after a few weeks started rotting, which made my breath stink a bit. A small price to pay for such a tasty treat.

I is for Ice, another delicious meal best served cold. I'm not sure what would happen if you tried to heat it up. You'd probably get glass or something. Anyway, ice is most plentiful when it's in season, which is usually between November and the end of February. During this time you can find it growing in all kinds of places – hanging from railings, lying in the gutter and sticking out of the broken radiator in my room. Ice is very versatile, and, as well as being a tasty snack in its own right, can be used as an ingredient in all sorts of dishes. For example, next time there's a freeze, go out in the street with a glass of pop and a knife. When no-one's looking, creep up to a car parked in the road, and scrape the ice on the windscreen into your glass of pop. Budget slush puppies.

J is for Just Juice. They're fruit as well, I think. Sort of cardboard fruit, where the cardboard's the skin. I imagine you have to be careful peeling them.

K is for Kwik Save, which is a type of futuristic food shop called a supermarket. The choice of things makes my head hurt, so I don't usually go in there, except if I want to imagine I'm at some exciting, brightly-lit nightclub of the year 1999, and all the people with trolleys are dancing around having a nice time instead of just looking for the beans and feeling depressed.

L is for Licking Bovril Off Your Hand. This is one of the recipes from the Things You Can Bat Off Your Hand easy snack section of mine and Charlie's recipe book idea. Other dishes in the section are Licking Jam Off Your Hand, Dipping Your Finger In A Carton Of Chinese Takeaway Curry (the stuff that's the same colour as baby's toilet), and Putting A Hula Hoop On Each Finger And Thumb, Then Eating Them Off, Going From The Little Finger On Your Left Hand To The Little Finger On Your Right Hand. The last one's the best, but it can be tiring.

M is for Milk. Milk is a favourite everywhere. I expect they even like it in space. It comes from those bag things that bulls have on their stomachs, and which look like big pink versions of those round security cameras in shops. There are three types of milk — milk, mini milk lollies and milk shakes. I like the first two, but not the last one, because of that frightening picture you used to get in cafés of a lady in just her bra holding up two milk shakes, with the words We Shake Milk underneath. There's still one in the window of the Seascape Fish Bar on Bedford Hill in Balham. It's faded blue in the sunshine.

N is for the Newsagent. A newsagent, of course, is where you get all good food from, and a good newsagent (mine is Maston News, 117 Bedford Hill) is very important, as he can give you advice on how to cook the delicious things he sells. Usually it's just something like, 'I don't know, unwrap it and eat it, I suppose. It's only Peperami. Now get out of my shop.' But he does do his best. Anyway, these are the food things that any good newsagent must stock: milk (but, not milk shake), a strange make of onion ring snack that only costs 10p a bag, 'Happy Shopper' tinned chilli con carne, Red Pop, 'Extras', oven chips, biscuits, and a potato on its own in a cardboard box on top of the lolly freezer.

O is for oven chips, which must be one of the best food inventions ever, apart from that lovely chewy white fat you get on raw bacon. My favourite thing to do with oven chips is 'oven chip barbecue kebabs', which I make by pushing a snapped-off car aerial Lonce found in a hedge through a load of cold oven chips. Then cook them with a lighter. Mmmm.

P is for Peperami, another brilliant and filling meal (as long as you eat about ten). They're also exotic, I once said to the man in Maston News that he could do a nice sort of delicatessen display, by taking all the Peperamis out of their packets and hanging them from the ceiling by picture hooks. But he just looked at me. P also stands for Pop, and Pebble Mill (which isn't a food, but does start with a 'P'). Oh, and Pal, I did actually try it once. It was horrible. Full of guts.

Q is for Balham's top eating-out place, 'Q-Kebab' on the High Road, just next to the Drop-in Centre. I don't normally go in there, mostly because the most frightening men and ladies of the area use it as their sort of office. Any time of day or night there's usually one or two of them getting on with their job of shouting, taking their winky out or pressing their face up against the glass and laughing as you hurry past in your coat. The last time I was in there, a lady came in, sat down at the table next to me with a cup of coffee and poured all the sugar from one of those sugar things that look like big salt cellars, into the coffee. She just held the thing over the cup until it was empty. It was frothing up out of the cup, all over the table and everything. They do nice chips.

R is for Red Food, which includes Red Jam, Red Sauce, Red Fruit Gums, Red Pop, and those red things that look like little thin pointed tomatoes which they put in chilli con carne. I'm not sure what they are. I asked the man in the market if they were tomatoes, and he said yes, so I bought a half-pound bag and went home and ate them. Tomatoes don't normally make your mouth bleed like that. Maybe they were off. Anyway, the brilliant thing about different types of red food is how different they all taste, as you'll find out if you try my 'Red Medley'. Get a plate and put a load of different red food on it. And eat it.

S is for Smash, Soy Sauce (again) and Silk Cut. I know you'll say that cigarettes aren't really food, but according to the man in Maston News, just one cigarette contains 30 per cent of the recommended daily intake of vitamins. Only the ones he sells, mind. That's why he has to charge me four pounds per packet.

T is for Tinned Chilli Con Carne which is my favourite food. Like all tinned food, it's best to eat it straight from the tin. The only problem with this is that, with a lot of brands, when you open up the tin, there's a layer of sickening orangey brown hardened fat at the top. Easy solution to this. Before you start eating, just stir it in. Another delicious tinned food is Goblin Tinned Hamburgers in Gravy. But be warned – the tins don't contain the buns. You'll have to buy these separately.

U is for 'Use By' dates. Very important. For example, say you look in the supboard and find an old stinking chop a few months past its 'use by' date, and underneath it there's another chop, where the 'use by' date has rotted off, it's so old. Can you eat the older chop? Well, yes you can, but I think it would be best to cook it first. Of course, the dates only refer to until when you can use the thing for food. You could still use your rotting chops for something else. To frighten ghosts away, maybe.

Why not try writing graffiti on things?

CRAP GRAFFITI

In the 1970s the cornish-faced curmudgeon Nigel Rees made a million pounds out of compiling over 11 'hilarious' books of the best graffiti in Britain. He claimed they demonstrated the 'wit' of the ordinary British public. He was wrong, of course. Ordinary people are not funny. That is why you are sitting at home reading this, with a few pence change from a twenty pound note in your pocket and we are, right now, aboard a big yacht on one of the seas of Mars. with some beautiful high-class, ten-breasted space whores, and drugs that have not been invented yet on earth.

Nigel's problem was that after he'd done 'Play toilet tennis, see other wall' (Ha ha) and 'I've got a drink problem, I just can't afford it' (!), there wasn't any other half decent ideas for him to do. As is demonstrated by the as yet unpublished Nigel Rees's Graffiti 12! (Graffiti Publications 1993)



How about the traditional favourite graffito found in toilets up and down our Great British land:

PISS, SHIT, BOLLOCKS

This was first seen in the nineteenth century in a toilet in Reading Gaol. We can only speculate that this may have been the work of incarcerated poet and wit Oscar Wilde. It is certainly in his style.

In the ladies' toilet of the Mason's Arms on Solihull High Street some wag has written:

bollocks, shit, piss

This, of course, has cleverly subverted the original joke and thus our expectations, leading to a

See if you can make up some subvertions of your humourous reaction. own. There are four more. When you become sufficiently adept at those why not try making up some more using at least one different swear word (eg. wank or tosser).



Here's another classic I spotted in the third cubicle of the men's toilet at Leicester Forest East (North-bound carriageway) Service Station.

I DIDASHIT!

The sighting of this graffito in a toilet, inevitably, makes it all the more ironic and amusing. Even were it spotted outside a toilet, the humour would not be lost as we can assume that the writer has, at some point in

The Student Union of Glasgow University is home to the following pearl, written in 12-inch-high letters:



This is, of course, a really pathetic and stupid thing to write. There's no name, no address, nothing. How is one meant to contact the hopeful recipient? What a waste of biro ink. A good try though from Anon of

*CENSORED BBC Worldwide felt the piece of graffito intended to go in this space was too fifthy and disgusting to be printed in a book that might be read by children. Needless to say that the graffito in question referred to a sex act made famous by the separate legal proceedings involving Gillian Taylforth and Hugh Grant and involved a euphemism for the said act which has been on the front cover of every tabloid newspaper in Britain. If you think you can guess what the phrase obviously is, then why not get a marker pen and write it in yourself. You might like to make the phrase more explicit than the one we used thus making BBC Worldwide's pointless censorship all the more ridiculous and counterproductive and thus leaving the people who think they have a right to censor childishness with egg all over their cornish faces. WARNING. If you are easily offended write in a phrase which does not offend your puritanical sensibilities like 'Why can't everyone just be friends?'



Along a similar theme. In the male toilet of the Bath Arms in Cheddar, a notable Somerset wit has written:

I AM 12 INCHES, DO YOU WANT ME?

Under which another anonymous hand has written:

That depends on how big your cock is

His, we must assume, deliberate misunderstanding of Man A's statement, is the thing which makes us feel the desire to laugh on this occasion.

On the London Underground a few years back they ran an advertising campaign with the line 'Get a ticket, not a criminal record'. On the Central Line, one wickedly humourous individual used his pen to alter one of the words to:

Chesney Hawkes Get A ticket, not a crimmal record

This was almost not clever enough to include in this book, but luckily they had written

Piss, Shit, Bollocks

at the end, which saved it.

Why not try writing some of your own crap graffiti on this bit of wall?

Nigel Rees is a curmidgeon, He made millions of pounds out of selling this millions he'd copied of a trilet wall. Like that other arch curmedgen files

Like that other arch curmedgen hat a

like that other arch curmedgen has been his

living by and expecting the Public to

living and expecting the Public to

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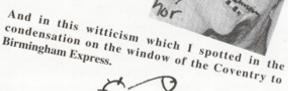
living the his dother for him.

Altering an existing phrase for humourous effect is something many graffiti writers use to great effect. The vicar of St Thomas's Church on the South Circular Road in London was foolish enough to put a poster up proclaiming 'Jesus Saves'. Can you guess the amusing joke that one graffiterer managed to make of that? It was of course this:

PIS SHIT BOLLOCKS

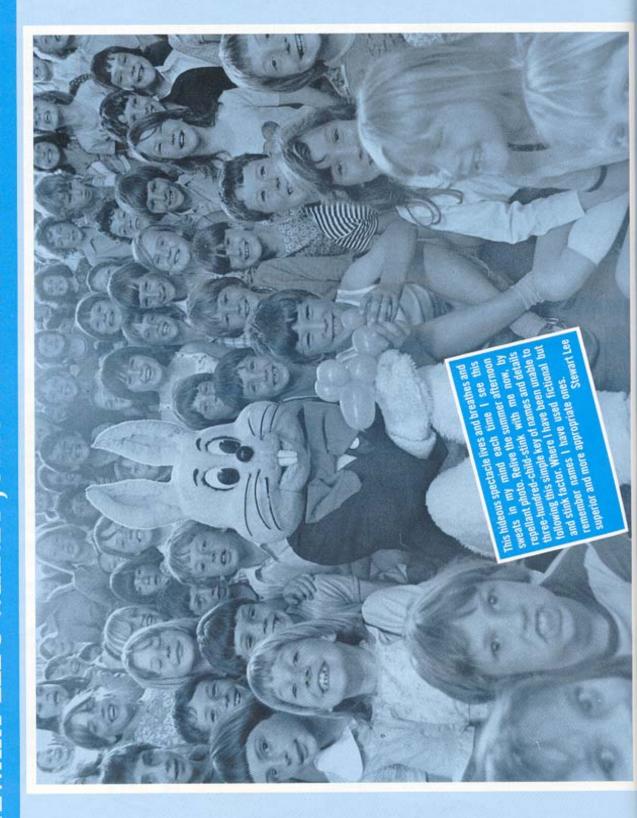
And as you can see, cleverly the vandal uses the second s of Jesus, to be the second s of piss. Graffiti at its best. Sometimes graffiti is so universal in its intelligence that it transcends the barrier

of language, as is seen in this image from an advertising hoarding in Leeds.





STEWART LEE'S WIXNEY JUNIOR SCHOOL SCHOOL PHOTO 1976



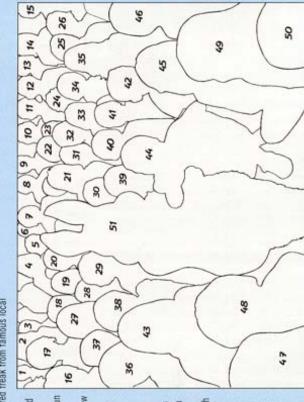
- 1. Lisa Elf. Gypsy child. Lived in caravan, 7 feet tall at age 8, but head only the size of a ping pong ball. V. stinky.
- 2. Jayne Mouth, Allergic to all food and would eat only Space Dust. Inside of head caved in age 9. Never shared her sweets with me. Quite stinky.
- 3. Simon Teethside. Threw Tic Tac mints container full of urine at me during rounders, Today he is a halal butcher, V.V. stinky.
 - 4. Johnnie Flintlock. Had long hair, like a girl. Stinky.
- Midlands. Operations to enlarge his face using helium gas or simple 5. Clive Smallface, Ironically the smallest faced boy in all the West flesh-stretching proved useless. Was jealous of my large face.
- Surprisingly stinky given his size,
- 6. Sam Lifestain, Stinky,
- Roger Snotgumme. Terrified of light and cameras, having recently joined the school from Somerset. Stinky, obviously,
- urine thrown over him by Simon Teethside. Stinky, but only if covered in schools. Loved by girls, hated by boys. Stank of girls' wet mouths and Beautiful. Traditional angel-faced beautiful boy-man of all Simon Teethside's urine.
 - 9. Trevor Ringneck. Trevor's long neck made him the envy of local reptiles. Quite stinky, but head too far away from own body to be aware of own stink.
- 10. Clare Rekktum. Orphan. Ran away to join circus doing human shooting stick act. V. stinky.
- Sid Heroin. Malcolm McClaren, then just a fashion designer, visited
- our school to make special clothes for the Solihull Carnival. He saw Sid and copied him to make Sid Vicious. V. V. stinky.
- 12. Cameron Threaten. Traditional very frightening schoolchild. Stinky,
 - but with the stink of other children's fear.
- 13. Frances Leerwoman. Grew up to be mad leering local woman. V. stinky.
- Gale O'Neck, Could swallow whole joints of uncooked meat.
 - A bit stinky.
- Dustin Eyejuice. Weeping pussy-eyed child. Pus stink. 16

15. David Shirtkney, Laughing little sodding twot. Stink stink stink

- for a 17. Helen Fitt, I don't remember her. She looks beautiful... er... small child. Not stinky at all I expect.
- 18. Claire Youthorchestra. Met her again about ten years ago at a Youth Club Disco, and then again in the pub at New Year about five years ago. That's it. Not stinky either.
- 19. Noggin Cloveink. Typical staring-faced mad little child. God, I hated school, and all the stupid children there. Stinky I expect
- 20. The girl at my school who smelt of spam. Stink!
- 21. Joey Happy, She looks nice as well, Er... not stinky then.
- Sarah Abysmal, Jesus Christ, look at this one. I had to spend years
- 23. Neil Leapsmall. A boy too small to have any value. in this freakzoo, Stink!
 - And he was stinky.
- 24. Noah Kurlie. Traditional small curly eyes-shut boy of all schools. Quite stinky.

- 25. Thor Nit. A stinky nit. 26. Karl Bez. Egg-faced Ioon. V. stinky.
- 27 Westfield Hairkek, Lovely hair. Beautiful peaceful angelic face. Powerful right hook and sharp-heeled Clarke's Commando shoes. V stinky
- 28. Roland Tinyfoot, Tiny, but sly with it. Threw my satchel into an old woman's garden. Stinky.
- 29. Stephan Horrible. Raided dad's top shelf and sold torn up pictures beginnings to become top gynaecologist, obviously given head start by of hairy vaginas for hard cash or chews. Transcended disadvantaged youthful interest. Stinky, of other people's excitement.
 - 30. Fak Idiot, Wiped nose in other kids' hair as 'joke', Stinky, of hair and mucus.
- 31. Jimmy Noh. Grew up to be juggler in convoy. Obviously, Not stinky then, but is now.
- 32. Saul Grimace. Traditional wincing gnome-faced boy of all schools. Went on to make disaproving faces about issues of local politics. Quite stinky.
- 33, Loki Askance. Head fixed to body at 45 degree angle. A bit stinky, 34. Daniel Toffemouth. Traditional chocolate-smeared-face boy of all schools. Choc-stink.
- 35. Karin Forearms. Karin's delight at being photographed knows no bounds. Stinky.
- 36. Katie Kiss. Chased me in playground. Had frightening brother, Warm milk stink, Lovely,
 - 37. Wormy Idiot. Stink.
- 38. Laurence Handshoulders. Handshouldered freak from famous local Handshoulder family. Teased mercilessly.
- 39. Kenneth Curry. Made me do a dare to run and he didn't and then I got in trouble. Grew Stinky with the stink of palm sweat mingled naked across road outside school. I did it with armpit sweat
- toilets without ever having actually gone in 10. Kit Face. He and sister both bred in lab there, and to destroy Neo-Tokyo. Stinky with by Japanese scientists as part of the Akira Project, Psychically linked to each other. Thus Kit was able to see inside of girls' beard age 9. Testosterone stink. the stink of death.
- 41. Kitty Face, Sister of Kit Face, Stinky with stink, where Kit Face made her stay for his the stink of the girls' toilets, oh beautiful own amusement.
- 42. David Crying. The traditional fat crying boy of all schools. Here he laughs, but it is continuing punishment. Stinky, but less so only a momentary respite from his n Winter

- 43. Harriet Excitement. Calm down. V. v. stinky, but largely due
- despite being considered mentally disturbed by teachers and a twot by Alison Sweets. She looks nice too. The joy that spreads across her other children. But have any of them got their own BBC2 series now? 44. Stewart Lee. The only person in this photo to amount to anything No, they haven't, is the answer.
 - Could impersonate planets with own face. Not stinky due to being 46. Scott Vicar. Had own Scalextrix and thus loads of friends. aughing face is a stranger to the adult world. Not stinky. middle class.
- 48. Conan Lipteeth. Ate rulers for dare. Bit off teacher's foot. V. stinky Knowing beyond her years she seems to look through the camera and 47. Rowan Fiction. The tiny sad-eyed girl from the end of the lane. out into the future. Can she be one of the supa-evoluntionaries of techno-fable? Smelt of incense.
 - 50. Ned Nothing. The tiny sad-eyed boy from the end of the lane. He books into the camera with a face of ancient wisdom. What does he 49. Gertie Gnarfy. Ate Bay City Rollers pencil cases for dare. Bit off teacher's hand.Quite stinky.
- know? What has he understood that we, poor fools, will never guess. V. v. v. v. stinky.
- because we both got bullied, me for looking a bit chinese, and him for... 51. Can't remember this kid. I think we used to hang around together something about his face... no... it's gone, Harvey something.



Are you an obsessive fan of Nick Wilton who used to be on the Jasper Carrott show?

Brian Robinson is starting up a fanzine for the small star of the 1994 Flora Aerobethon advert and would like to hear from anyone interested in reading or writing articles about Nick Wilton. Remember you must be obsessed with Nick Wilton or Brian will track you down and tattoo your face with the legend, 'I pretended to be an obsessive fan of Nick Wilton, but wasn't'.

The 200 mile Malvern to Mapstead Whale Walk, scheduled for next April, has been cancelled. That's because the organizers have discovered that whales can't walk and almost any kind of motion on land is beyond their capabilities.

Whitstable in Kent is to play host to the annual 'Don't Drop Litter' Day.

People from all over the country are invited to bring large amounts of everyday litter (eg. sweet wrappers,

coke tins, newspapers) to the charming seaside town, and then not drop it. They'll carry the litter around the town, waving it proudly and then take it home with them again. Anyone dropping any litter will be given a light-hearted comedy forfeit and have their heads shaved and tattooed with the legend 'Enemy of Planet Earth'.

Controversial artist Nikkkkki Menderley will be performing a performance art piece involving water, oil lanterns and furniture at the ICA in London in April. She will be performing every day until the 16th, when she will be destroyed by the council.

Scottish Ginger Beard Day.

There's a Scottish Ginger Beard Day at the Acropolis on Wednesday. If you are a Scottish man, or woman, and have a ginger-coloured face beard, then you're welcome to attend. But remember you must have no other hair on your head, body or face apart from your ginger face beard. Ginger beer, ginger bread and ginger nuts will be served and there'll be

opportunity to gain entry by having any excess non-face beard hair shorn off at the gate by a mysterious masked figure. Entry to the day is 18 Scottish pounds.

Wife Delivery Service.

Other people's wives kidnapped and delivered to your door. Watch in secret as they try to work out where they are and find their way home.

Men's Weeing Competition.

A Men's Weeing Competition is to be held in Holyrood Park in Edinburgh on Saturday. The weeing will commence at 11am and at sundown the man who has done the biggest wee of all will win, and his prize will be a big container of all the wee weed that day, which will have been stirred up with a big stick. So if you covet that prize box of wee, Holyrood Park! 11am.

Michaelangelo's roof of the Sistine Chapel is currently on display on the roof of the Sistine Chapel in Rome. The painting will be on display until Thursday when it will be destroyed by the council.

Do you have an ignorant hatred of Christ and all his teachings?

Are you delighted by the taste of exotic fruits like the kumquat and the durian apple?

Then why not get along to the Christ-hating, fruit tasting centre in Gosport?



See exotic fruits being served from a silver dish by local orphans to ignorant Christ-hating people. Listen while the teachings of Christ are denounced and needlessly offensive limericks spew forth from the ignorant Christ-haters fruit stained lips.

The fruit based atrocities run from 9am - 3pm every day of the year.











Peter's Happy 3-Course Meal

Here's a recipe for a full, delicious, 3-course meal for a special occasion, such as you signed on today, or the phone in the hall rang and, even though it wasn't for you, you did have that 11 seconds of excitement when you thought it might be (although you knew deep down that it definitely wasn't).

Starter - Monster Munch Soup

Ingredients:

1 bag of Monster Munches (pickle flavour)

1 kettle (with water in it)

Open the bag of Monster Munches. One warning here – I think it's best to open the bag in the traditional way, by pulling the top apart with your hands, rather than what my brother Charlie does, which is to put the bag on the table, then smash down on it with his fist so it splits open with a bang. This way is more exciting, but can make the Monster Munches go in your lap and everywhere. And some of them might break. Anyway, next take the lid off the kettle and pour the Monster Munches into it. Then switch the kettle on. Once the kettle's boiled, serve into your mouth with a spoon immediately.

Main Course – Peperami Bake with Simple Summer Fries, Toilet Spring Rolls and Fruitella Sauce

Ingredients:

1 Peperami

1 bag of oven chips

1 toilet roll (Just the cardboard tube that's left over when you've used all the paper)

1 packet of Fruitellas

Take the Peperami out of its packet and place it to one side – maybe in your pocket, or next to the telly. Then go down to the newsagents, and when the newsagent isn't looking, dig out the bag of oven chips that you bought there 3 weeks ago, and hid at the bottom of the lolly freezer, under a pile of Mini-milks, because you haven't got a proper fridge with electricity. If the newsagent catches you doing this, and thinks you're just stealing a bag of oven chips, then show him the reciept and explain what you're doing. Then he'll probably just shake his head and let you go. Go home with the oven chips and put them on a plate, straight from the bag. Peel the fruitellas by removing their wrappers. Place the Peperami on a pre-heated radiator (you might need to move the pair of stinking pants you found on Ramsden Road first) for 30 minutes. While the peperami's cooking, you might want to go and do something else – I usually stare into space. Then put the peperami on the plate next to the delicious crunchy ice-cold chips, and put the fruitellas on top of it all. That's the fruitella sauce. Sort of. Put the cardboard toilet roll on the plate as well. Finally, eat everything except for the cardboard toilet roll. Instead, look at it and imagine it's a tasty spring roll from the Chinese takeaway and you're leaving it til last. Then, when you've eaten everything else, imagine that you haven't got any room left for the spring roll and throw it away. Or eat that as well, like Charlie did once, He got a virus, mind.

Afters - Budget Swiss Roll

Ingredients:

1 slice of white bread

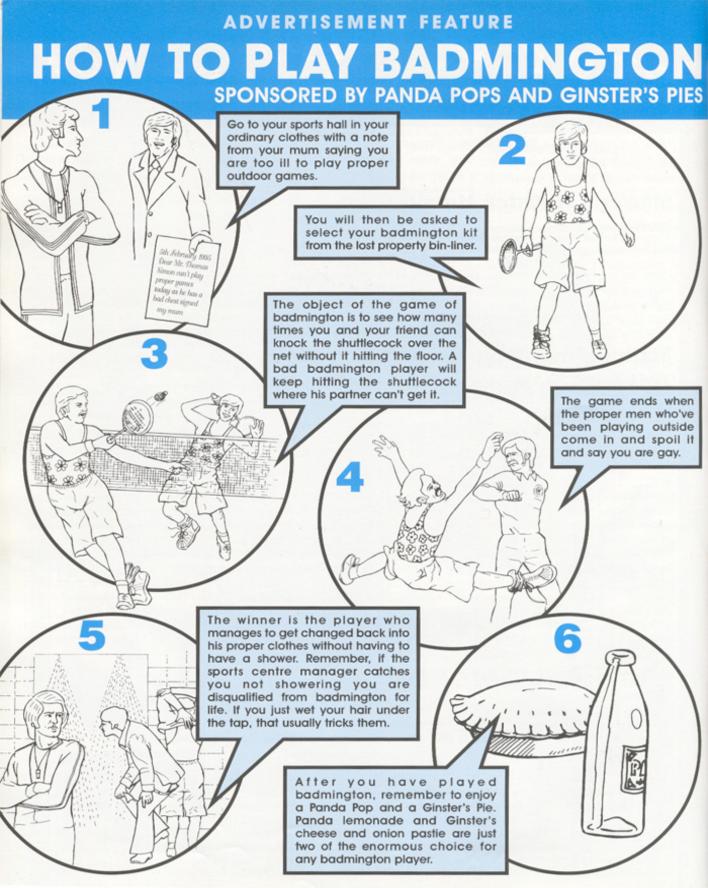
A piece of red iam

A sachet of sugar (can be stolen from Q-Kebab on Balham High Road if you run in and out quickly enough)

A tap

Sprinkle the sugar on a surface, such as the floor, or Charlie's back. Then take the slice of bread and smear the jam on it with your hand. Roll the bread up very carefully as if it's a small carpet made from bread. With jam all over it. Then take the jam-patterned bread-carpet to the sink and run it under the tap for a second. Finally, roll the bread in the sugar and eat it.

And that's my meal. If you want to invite new people to eat with you, but you only know your brother Charlie, just invite him, and the get so drunk you don't recognise each other. Then you can make friends all over again! The only trouble is that your new friend will just be some strange thin blurred man who spins around the room a lot. And whose lap is full of sick. But it doesn't matter – you won't remember him in the morning anyway.



MEDIOCRITY AWARDS

Announced herewith are the winners of the coveted Fist of Fun awards for outstanding mediocrity, awarded once every 11 years to people, things and metaphysical conceits which are deserving of the accolade 'truly mediocre'.

MOST MEDIOCRE FILM STAR

Rick Moranis. Rick's mediocre pedigree has been clearly established in such epics of mediocrity as Spaceballs and Splitting Heirs.

After appearing in the quite good Ghostbusters, Rick boarded the mediocrity Super Nova, and is destined to appear in at least four more straight-to-video movies every year until his death at the mediocre age of 67.

His co-stars will almost certainly continue to be the mediocre Chevy Chase, Eric Idle and Judge Reinhold, and each film will definitely have a special guest appearance by Gene Wilder in a different hat.

MOST MEDIOCRE CARTOON SERIES

Hanna-Barbera cartoons will continue to prostitute their rich heritage of cartoons, by bastardising excellent works like Scooby Doo, into mediocre rehashes like Young Scooby Doo and the Young Scooby Teeny Tiny Doo Gang, and making some crap thing about kids on skateboards who can fly or something. The twats.

MOST MEDIOCRE DRINK

Virgin Cola. Not as nice as Pepsi or Coke, but nicer than My Mums Cola or Panda Pops Cola Drink, Virgin Cola has quickly established itself as the premiere mediocre cola, bought only by your Gran and then put in a larder near some crisps for about six months until you go round and drink it, politely, but with hidden disdain.

MOST MEDIOCRE ILLNESS

Eczema. This illness which is neither dangerous or especially painful and is easy to control with oilatum emollient will be heralded as the most medicare medical condition of the twentieth century at the 1999 Mediocre Medical Complaint dinner.

MOST MEDIOCRE TOWN

Dumfries.

MOST MEDIOCRE ANIMAL

The horse. Although largely redundant in the mechanical age, the horse continues to be admired by small girls and minor members of the royal family.

MOST MEDIOCRE EX-TEEN WOLF STAR

Of the three men who played the Teen Wolf character, Michael J. Fox is now widely acknowledged as the most mediocre, since the death of the much more mediocre Little House On The Prairie star Michael Landon. Having overcome his initial handicap of having appeared in the quite good Back To The Future, Fox's mediocrity was sealed by his roles in The Secret Of My Success, The Concierge and Doc Hollywood and everything else he's ever done since which doesn't even get shown in the cinema even in Dumfries anymore.

MOST MEDIOCRE NINETEENTH CENTURY ARTIST AND WIT

James MacNeil Whistler was neither as good a painter as Turner, nor as witty a dandy as Wilde, and yet he did come up with one witty thing accidentally when speaking to Ruskin and drew quite a good drawing of his mum, which he coloured in himself and at least you can see what it's supposed to be.

MOST MEDIOCRE WAY OF MOVING ABOUT

Walking quickly. Neither as fast as running, or going by car, nor as slow as standing still, or crawling along on your belly, walking quickly is definitely the most mediocre form of locomotion.

MOST MEDIOCRE TV NEWSREADER

Edward Sturton. Edward Sturton's smug, be-wigged face has been mediocre at reading world events out at lunchtime for some time now. He knows talented newsreader Michael Burke would be much better at reading out news off a piece of paper than him, but he is equally aware that party animal Michael Burke would be unlikely to be up by 1pm, or accept the mediocre lunchtime news slot which is only watched by students and old people anyway who're just waiting for Neighbours to start.

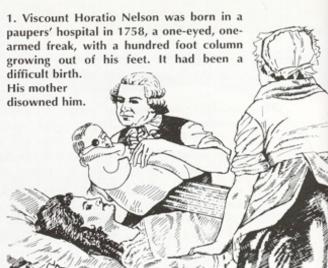
MOST MEDIOCRE LOCAL RADIO BROADCASTER

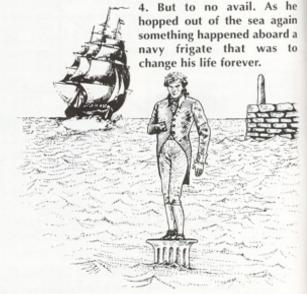
Christopher South of BBC Radio Cambridge. Christopher will never appear in the national broadcasting arena and yet his homely, if somewhat curmudgeonly presenting style assures him of a job for life in the mediocre East Anglian radio station. Incidentally we have never heard his show and don't know anything about him, and this if nothing else, confirms his exceptional mediocrity.

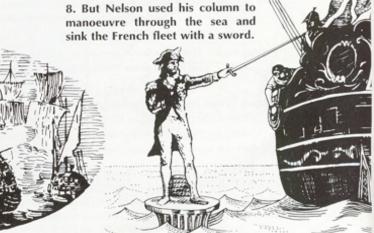
Remember we are all as worthless as the least significant crumb of dirt in the dirt, so make your new year resolution to celebrate mediocrity with alacrity wherever it may manifest itself. And show disdain for people who are either very good or very bad at what they do.

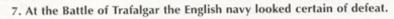


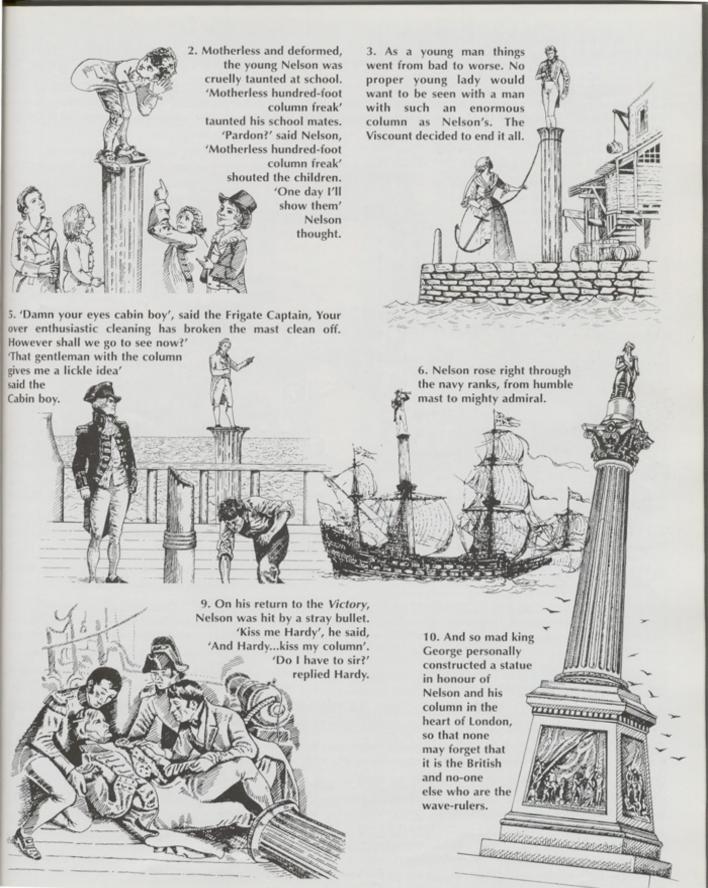
Viscount Nelson











WHY NOT TRY MAKING SOME FIST OF FUN MERCHANDISING

You probably love us so much that you'd like T-shirts, or badges, or pencil cases with our names and faces on them. But the problem is that morally we cannot agree to that sort of thing. It rips off of the fans who we genuinely respect and love, and is a way for us to make loads of money for doing nothing, whilst you are forced to spend the hard-earned money, that your mums and dads have given you, on it. So, why not cut out the middle man, beat the capitalist system, and the Government, and make your own Fist of Fun rip-off merchandise?

Here are some ideas that other people have already had:



- 1. FIST OF FUN CAR STICKER (Biro-writing on strip of paper which could then be stuck with glue or sellotape to a car window) by Andrew Chandler, age 18, of Didcot.
- 2. FIST OF FUN FRIDGE MAGNET (Paper saying 'Lee and Herring Fist of Fun' in pencil stuck on top of a CentreParcs fridge magnet. Any fridge magnet will do, though) by Paul Kelly, age 15, of Dumfries.
- 3. FIST OF FUN BAG (A paper bag with a piece of paper with felt tip F.O.F. doodles on it. And a tarantula as well. This is optional.) by Paul Kelly, age 15, of Dumfries.
- 4. LEE AND HERRING NOVELTY PICTURE DISC (WITH PETER B-SIDE) (A BBC 1986 single with the original name tippexed out and our names tippexed on in tippex. It is unplayable, but this gives you a chance to imagine what a crap novelty cash-in record by us might sound like. It would certainly have Rich going 'Niiice!' at some point we would imagine.) by Paul Kelly, age 15, of Dumfries.
- 5. LEE AND HERRING JIGSAW (A chocolate biscuit with felt-tip drawing on the non-chocolate side broken into pieces.) by Kym Wade and Kelly Macboyde from the Wirral.
- 6. STEWART LEE AND RICHARD HERRING BADGES (Cardboard from a Blu-Tack box with a safety pin sellotaped to the back and biro writing on the inside of the packet side of the cardboard.) by Siobhan Brown, age 18, of Cardiff.
- 7.1 LIKE FIST OF FUN BADGE (Writing on a badge, mass produced in a factory) by Richard Herring, age 28, of Cheddar. Cut this one out of the book and put a safety pin on the back and, voilà, your own 'I like Fist of Fun' badge.
- 8. THE FIST OF FUN CASH-IN COMEDY BOOK (Made of paper, ink and recycled ideas that we did on the radio, mainly.) edited by Anna Ottewill, age 28, from London, helped by a load of blokes in bow ties who talk a load of shit, and designed by Nick Linford, age 47, from Studio Gerrard.

After you have made your Fist of Fun merchandise remember to send your copyright royalty of £15 per item to Richard Herring and Stewart Lee, Fist of Fun, PO Box 168, London, WC2 9NX. Otherwise you're not allowed. Remember, home merchandising making is killing official crap comedy spin-off rip-off things and cutting into the profits of comedians who only earn about half a million pounds a year from their adverts, appearances on That's Show Business and opening supermarkets. How are they meant to afford cocaine for their wives and children if you all do this sort of thing?

Why not try being logical?

Logic Pamphlet, no. 654, Feb 1995

by Professor Peter Exman of DeMontford University.

All things bright and beautiful - a deconstruction of the text

Extract from Logic Pamphie no. 654, Feb 1995.

Pub. DeMontford University Press.

The subject of this paper is the logical deficiencies evident within the popular hymn All Things Bright and Beautiful (fig.1). It is my hypothesis that All Things Bright and Beautiful is not only the worst hymn in the English language but it is also one of the shittest pieces of writing in the English language up to and including the improvized Morocco market scene in the second series of Absolutely Fabulous.

Even from the very first chorus the hymn displays its foolishness. The chorus is sung once at the start and then repeated a further six times. If we read the chorus through once, (just once) it is clear what the premise of the hymn is, from our simple understanding of basic linguistic structures and from the repeated use of a single key word.

The key word in the chorus is 'All'; 'All things', 'All creatures', 'All things' and 'The Lord God made them all'. Four 'all's. Basically the premise of the chorus is that all things, no matter what kind of a thing they are, whether they are 'bright', 'beautiful', (both a.1). 'great', 'small', (both a.2), 'wise' or 'wonderful', (both a.3), in short, irrespective of what kind of adjective you would choose to describe them with, all things have been made by God. Thus, 'The Lord God made them all' (a.4). Even the casual reader, unfamiliar even with the most common conventions of poetry and logic, can see from this single four line stanza what the premise, the raison d'etre, of the hymn is; namely that all things have been made by God. The reader would have to be educationally subnormal, or a simpleton in some way, not to be able to deduce this supposition from the hymn's opening, a childishly simple chorus.



	Pub. Bullion
HYMN	All Things Bright and Beautifu
a	1 All things bright and beautiful,
	2 All creatures great and small
	3 All things wise and wonderful,
	4 The Lord God made them all.
b	1 Each little flower that opens,
	2 Each little bird that sings,
	3 He made their glowing colours,
	4 He made their tiny wings:
c	1 The purple-headed mountain
	2 The river running by
	3 The sunset and the morning,
	4 That brightens up the sky
d	1 The cold wind in the winter,
	2 The pleasant summer sun,
	3 The ripe fruits in the garden,
	4 He made them every one.
е	1 The tall trees in the greenwood,
	2 The meadows for our play,
	3 The rushes by the water,
	4 To gather every day.
f	1 He gave us eyes to see them,
	2 And lips that we might tell
	3 How great is God Almighty,
	4 Who has made all things well.

THE BLESSING

During the signing of the Register, the choir will sing the anthem Set Me As A Seal Upon Thine Heart by William Walton.

Hallelujah, The Messiah by Handel

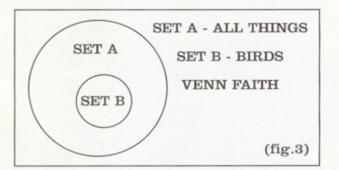
Immediately after the service please gather outside the church for photographs before walking up the path to the celebrations.

Thank you

(fig.1)

Given that this, then, is true, why is it necessary for the hymn writer to go on, and give a further 19 specific examples of just some of the many individual things that God has made (c.f. vs.s b through e). It is as if he assumed his reader too stupid, despite the clarity of the chorus, to understand what was meant by 'all things', namely that it meant exactly that, 'all things'!

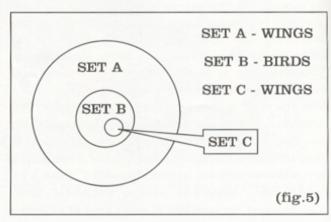
The writer points out that God has made birds, wings, colours, flowers (b.1 to b.4). It is as if by the start of the first verse he is expecting the reader to have forgotten his 'all things' premise. One situation in which this over-explanation of the 'all things' premise might be required could be, perhaps, if the reader were singing through the hymn in church, had reached the end of the first chorus, had a brain haemorrhage of some kind, had all that he had learned so far erased from his memory, had looked up, seen a bird, and thought, 'Fuck me! A bird! Who could have made that?' (fig.2) Because he had not understood, or had forgotten, that 'all things' meant exactly that. 'All things'.



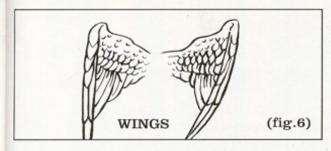
Looked at mathematically this misconception is thus (fig.3). Set A is 'all things' (vs. a). Set B, in turn, 'birds', is a very clear subset of set A. In fact I would go so far as to say that, mathematically, as in the hymn itself, the introduction of the set B sub-set idea needlessly overcomplicates the purity of what I call the 'all things - set A' concept. Basically, something is either a thing, in which case it is in set A, or it does not exist, in which case it isn't. Literally. For set A is 'all things'! If x is a thing, then it is in set A. And there is no point in trying to be clever here. It is futile to try and cheat the 'all things - set A' law by trying to think up a thing that you think does not exist, or that God would not have thought of, for instance a lamb with the face of lion, or a small piece of cheese that can speak and is gay, (fig.4), because both those things are still things and part of set A.



Next, the writer foolishly feels it worth pointing out that God made 'wings' (b.4). This is doubly pointless (fig.5). Not only is the creation of 'wings' covered by 'all things' (a.1 to 4), but it is also covered by 'birds' (b.2). Mathematically, 'wings' is actually set C, a subset of set B. It is so small the 'Logic Journal' layout person has not even been able to fit the words 'Set C' into the venn circle itself. Even he would not expect anyone to be so stupid as to need the intricacies of the creation argument, which itself is flawed anyway (c.f. Darwin and Dawkins, by Professor Peter Exman, Logic Pamphlet no. 631 etc.) to have to be explained at such length. In fact, it is only the writer himself who seems to be struggling to grasp the concept.



Set C. - 'wings' - really need not exist, as it is just a sub set of set B - 'birds', unless perhaps one had seen some wings on their own somewhere, say in a Kentucky Fried Chicken shop, (fig.6), and you had thought, 'Wow! Who could have made those?' It is clear by now. God made them. Colonel Sanders made the batter on this occasion. But the component parts of that batter - corn, flour etc. - are themselves in turn derived from things made previously by God. Colonel Sanders has not offended God by coming up with his own creation, as the elements in it were initially created by God. God enjoys man's creativity. Indeed, lay preacher Delia Smith is a top chef. My Venn diagrams here may look simplistic and scruffy, but they are better than All Things Bright And Beautiful and they only took me about 2 minutes to do, whereas All Things Bright And Beautiful must have taken about 20 minutes to write. So who is best? It is me.



Next we sing the chorus through again, which by now should read as in (fig.7).

All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all,
Haven't you got the fucking idea yet,
Or are you stupid?

(fig.7)

Verse c starts by pointing out that God made 'the purple headed mountain' (c.1). And this is fair enough really. If you were driving through the country side and you saw a mountain, which, instead of the normal white, grey or green cap, actually had a purple head, you would be within your rights to question its authorship. If the whole hymn were composed of acertations of authorship of confusing and questionable things, such as the lamb-faced lion or the speaking gay cheese that I invented earlier, (cf. fig.4), then it would have some useful purpose, but, apart from 'the purple headed mountain' (c.1), everything in the hymn is just normal, non-confusing everyday stuff; birds; wings; fruit; rushes etc. Then you sing the chorus through again.*

The only way to make any sense of this work of illogic is to assume that it is in fact not a serious attempt to investigate the mystery of creation, but instead a frivolous attempt to satirize it, of which Charles Dickens or Rory Bremner would not have been ashamed. And my evidence for this is the last verse, verse f. (fig.8). The hymn concludes that God had made all things 'well'. 'Well' is something of an understatement given the enormity of the tasks completed by God, who not only had to actually do the manual labour of creating 'all things' from scratch, but had to think them all up too.

He gave us eyes to see them, And lips that we might tell, How great is God Almighty, Who has made all things well.

(fig.8)

Picture the scene. You are God. It is the seventh day of creation. You are resting. You have laid out all the things you have made – 'flowers, birds, colours, wings' (b.1 to 4), 'wind, sun, garden, fruits' (d.1 to 4), 'the purple headed mountain' (c.1), and those made-up things, (cf. fig.4), and everything else, on a table, which you have made, obviously, and your friend Ian, who you have made also, comes round and you say 'Look, Ian, I am God and I have made all that is, what do you think of that?' and Ian says, 'Yes God, you have done that "well". You would be furious.

It's not even as if the hymn writer had to put 'well' (d.4). It's as if he'd put 'tell' (f.2) and then couldn't be bothered to think of a proper rhyme, as if he'd thought 'tell/well, that will do, £20, I'm off home, another hard day of hymn-writing over!' It's not as if he even had to put 'tell' (f.2). He could have written (fig.9)...

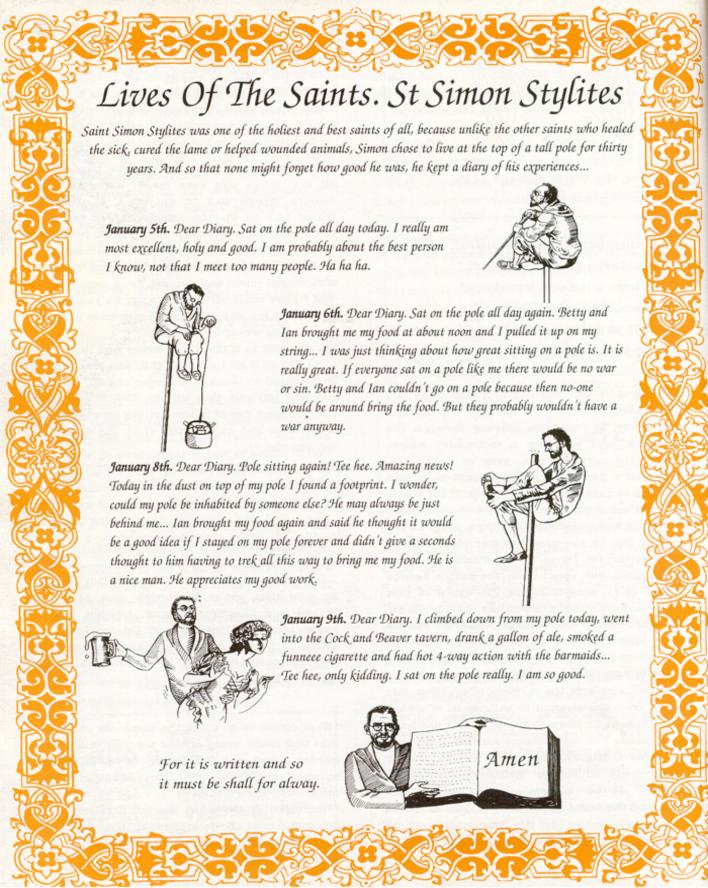
He gave us eyes to see them,
And then he made elastic,**
How great is God Almighty,
Who has made all things fantastic.

...and then everyone would be happy. But he didn't. So next time you're in church, and All Things Bright And Beautiful is sung, forcibly, stop the hymn after the first chorus, (a), read out this article in a clear and resonating voice, and then say, 'He made all things. We understand. Can we stop now please!'

Footnotes

*Next comes vs d. I like the emphasis on the fact that God made 'every one' of the 'ripe fruits in the garden', and not just some of them, leaving someone else to make the others, as one might have mistakenly imagined.

**Inclusion of the word 'elastic' here would also bring the total of the individual items of creation accounted for up to 20, which could only help the hymn-writer's case.



Still the only magazine to be named after the novel of a 19th Century mediocre curmudgeon

Richard Herring Is Fat

'Why food is my life, my love, my chocolate-coated raison d'être'

Why Men Should Care About Their Appearance

Because if fat is a feminist issue, where does that leave Bernard Manning? SPECIAL

INSIDE

Mr Kipling, The God Of A New Order

Blessed be the Lord – for he is exceedingly good.

Dawn French

Why being fat and sexy is like having your cake and eating it – and then having another piece of cake and some ice-cream and a plate of profiteroles – oh for God's sake give me the whole darn sweet trolley.

Richard Herring's Fat Pages



I can't believe this was me. Five years ago I was eleven stone of raw sex, now I'm thirteen and a half stone of over-cooked lard. How did it happen? It's not possible. I mean I drink up to five litres and it's not possible.

And it's not fair, because some people can eat whatever they want and it doesn't affect them at all, but I literally just have to eat one tiny little piece of chocolate... and then a pizza and chips, six pints of lager and a curry on the way home and the weight just piles on. Basically I am bulimic. It's just I haven't quite mastered the throwing up part yet.

One of the problems with getting fatter is you're often the last person to realize that your love handles have become love holdalls. Here's 4 tell-tale signs that it's time to crack open the Slim-Fast:



1. You are watching a video of a family occasion and laughing at your ridiculously fat cousin when you realize that that ridiculously fat cousin is you.

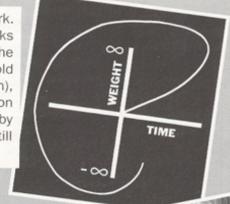


2. When you eat a flake in the bath, your stomach sticks out of the water.

3. You argue that you only over-eat when you're feeling depressed and unloved or when you're under a lot of pressure at work... Or when you're happy, relaxing or bored. And also when you're, under a lot of pressure at work... Or when you're happy, relaxing or bored. And also when you're, under a lot of feeling okay, average, and when you've got a bit of stuff that needs doing, but you know, sort of feeling okay, average, and when you've got a bit of stuff that needs doing, but you know, sort of feeling okay, average, and when you've got a bit of stuff that needs doing, but you know, sort of feeling okay, average, and when you've got a bit of stuff that needs doing, but you know, sort of feeling okay, average, and when you've got a bit of stuff that needs doing, but you know, sort of feeling okay, average, and when you've got a bit of stuff that needs doing, but you know, sort of feeling okay, average, and when you've got a bit of stuff that needs doing, but you know, sort of feeling okay, average, and when you've got a bit of stuff that needs doing, but you know, sort of feeling okay, average, and when you've got a bit of stuff that needs doing, but you know, sort of feeling okay, average, and when you've got a bit of stuff that needs doing, but you know, sort of feeling okay, average, and when you've got a bit of stuff that needs doing, but you've got a bit of stuff that needs doing, but you've got a bit of stuff that needs doing, but you've got a bit of stuff that needs doing, but you've got a bit of stuff that needs doing, but you've got a bit of stuff that needs doing, but you've got a bit of stuff that needs doing, but you've got a bit of stuff that needs doing, but you've got a bit of stuff that needs doing, but you've got a bit of stuff that needs doing, but you've got a bit of stuff that needs doing, but you've got a bit of stuff that needs doing, but you've got a bit of stuff that needs doing, but you've got a bit of stuff that needs doing, but you've got a bit of stuff that needs doing, but you've got

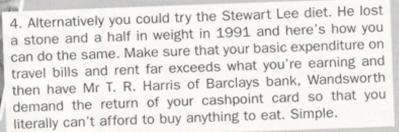
 When you're trapped in a serial killer's house with a group of teenage friends you are always the first one to get killed. So anyway I've decided to do something about it and go on a diet. There are lots to choose from:

1. The genuinely real 'Eat More, Weigh Less Diet'. This doesn't work. If you eat more, you weigh more. It's simple physics. I believe it works on the principle that if you eat so much you'll get so fat you'll go all the way round past infinity and come out thin again. It's based on an old episode of *Star Trek* (old rubbish *Star Trek*, not The Next Generation), 'The Fat Parallax'. And anyone who's seen any of the *Star Trek* Motion Pictures will know that the 'Eat More' diet is being attempted by practically the entire original crew. Though not Uhuru who is still beautiful (if you're a bit strange).



 I've also tried 'Rosemary Conley's Hip and Thigh Diet'. I've got the thinnest hips and thighs you've ever seen. Still got a great big gut though.

3. Or why not try the Cambridge diet? This involves cycling around in a long blue scarf being rude and obnoxious to ordinary, decent, local people. You don't lose any weight, but it does entitle you to a part in any film by Kenneth Branagh. And to marry him.



5. But the ultimate diet, and the one I will personally be trying out, is to masturbate furiously as much as you can, as often as you can. It's mainly for men this diet, though women can join in. This is not only good fun, it's terrific exercise (take a look at my forearms next time you see me), but most importantly, and why the diet works, is that every time you reach orgasm you discharge two and a half fluid ounces of spermatazoons. Now I'm no mathematician, but it seems to me you'd only have to masturbate a mere 300 times in one month, (which is cutting down if anything isn't it lads?) and you'd lose two stone. Easy. Stewart, however, is a mathematician and he assumption that all your excess weight is stored in your testicles in the form of the spermatazoons I mentioned earlier. Well, it certainly

Mr T. R. Harris



Enjoy your diet, whichever one you try, but remember worrying about how you look is vanity and pretension of the first order, and also cakes and beer taste very nice. On your taste buds.

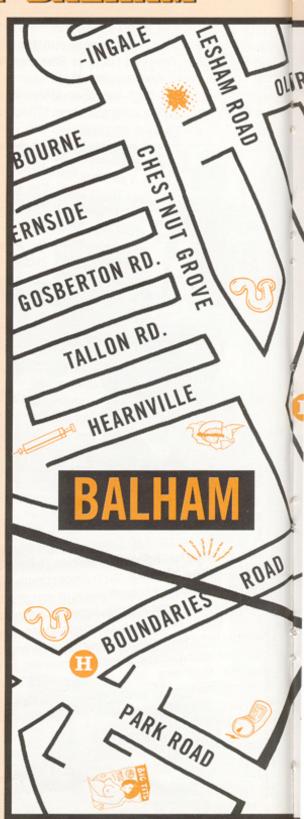
PETER'S GUIDE TO THE SHOUTING MEN AND LADIES OF BALHAM

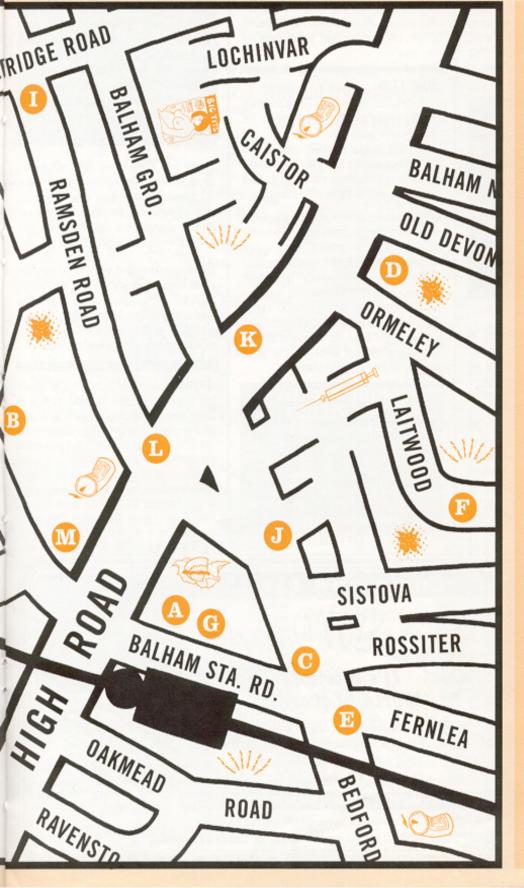
Balham is an exotic place, full of odd and terrifying people. So here's my guide to the most frightening ones, and where they can be found. Why not come to Balham with this book and walk around the streets, seeing how many you can spot?

WARNING: Although most of the men and ladies are actually harmless, it's best not to get too close in case they decide to try and push you over, or do a sick on your arm. And a lot of them stink.

- The man who stands outside the tube station, singing and drinking medicine.

 Easy to spot by the way that he shouts really hard in your face that he's going to kill you, then smiles and asks you for some money to buy more medicine.
- The lady who pushes a dog around Balham in a pram. I don't know whether she thinks the dog is a baby, or knows it's a dog, but doesn't realise dogs can walk, or knows that it's a dog, and knows it can walk, but thinks it's still best to push it round in a pram for some reason. The dog doesn't seem to care either way.
- The old German man in flares who once started miaowing at me in the chip shop. This man can often be spotted fighting with other men on the patch of grass by the car-park as the sun goes down.
- The lady who I had to step over, lying at the bottom of Carminia Road, and who's got a face like Jools Holland.
- The man with a spider tattooed on his face. The body of the spider is on his nose and the legs go out from there. Lives in the bedsit next to mine. Once came in my room at three in the morning and tried to put a pair of handcuffs on me and touch my face.
- The lady who stopped me in the High Road and said she was going back to Nigeria for her daughter's wedding and only needed another five pence for the plane fare. I gave it to her, but that was over two years ago and she still hasn't gone. Maybe she lost the five pence.
- The man who stands by the bottle bank doing karate kicks who I once had a mad thought about asking him to be my girlfriend.
- The Jesus ladies. Two fat ladies who ring your doorbell on a Sunday morning and say would you like to talk about Jesus, and if you say no, they spit in your face and say you're going to Hell anyway.
- A man who says he's Jesus, back on earth to save mankind, and asks if he can have a pound for the bus so he can go and tell the Archbishop of Canterbury. I once saw him tell the two fat ladies he was Jesus, but they speeded up and didn't look at him.
- Mrs Mendonsa. Wears a bright red dress, and has big frightening eyes that look like they're painted on her eyelids. Stands by the pet shop a lot, telling anyone who goes past that all the animals in there are lions. Even the budgies.
- The man who sits in his car listening to loud scary music, shouting into a mobile phone about drugs and bitches.
- The fat man who goes in 'B-Mart' Mini-Market, wears a really tight jacket covered in bits of fluff and, when he pays for his Menu Master and bottle of Windolene, shouts out the price of the stuff in old money, and laughs. And the man behind the till has to laugh as well, even though he looks a bit confused.
- The lady who dances around outside Abbey National singing 'Eye Of The Tiger'.





INDEX



Empty Sainsbury's brand beer can



Some sick



Kebab wrapper or piece of burger



Area of unusual smell



Torn out page from rude magazine



Empty syringe



Those balloons that men put on their winkies for when they touch a lady

ROY HARPER'S LAMB CHOIR

Folk musician Roy can make lambs bleat at different pitches and uses this to create lamb-based music. Roy sings along in his human voice providing a haunting, counterpoint to the unharmonious squealing of the idiotic farm creatures. The choir of lambs can be seen on March 27th only in Taunton Town Hall.

PAUL KELLY'S LIP PAGEANT

If you are in Dumfries during Ascension Week you can witness a pageant in celebration of lips, co-ordianted by Scottish school-child Paul. Hiding the rest of his head in a specially designed cardboard box, Paul will give a history of lips throughout the ages, demonstrating how lips have changed in shape and hue and how they have altered the course of human history. The pageant will progress up and down Dumfries High Street every day except Thursday.

THE DANCE OF THE DEAD

Medical student Anthony Chalmers of Manchester University has robbed the hospital morgue of severed body parts intended for research and sewn them together into 4 complete corpses. On Tuesdays he plays Art Garfunkel songs on his piano at Manchester's famous Dry Bar, while the rotting corpses, now suspended from electronically controlled wires, appear to dance and caper erratically to the tunes. Anthony insists that the event is tastefully executed and is suitable for all the family, especially the highlight of the show, the comedy deck chair routine to the hit song 'I Believe When I Fall In Love'.

There will be a fight between some tough men from Shrewsbury and anyone who comes along in Shrewsbury Park, Shrewsbury, tomorrow night. The tough men say that any other men who are in the area, but don't come to fight, are gay. The fight begins tomorrow after work.

JUNE 11th

The Ninth annual Tregowny Tree Fair is branching out this year. Don't forget to take the family and their favourite garden tree down to the tree healing and feeling workshop at noon. The question on everyone's lips is will Geoff Quigley win the tree impersonation contest for the third year running with his highly praised cedar?

Many inner city children grow up without ever seeing a real dog, so Simon Harris has created the Isle of Dogs, an artificial island in east London which is inhabited solely by packs of different breeds of dogs. This gives unaccompanied schoolchildren the chance to see what a self-governing land of canine creatures is really like, as well as demonstrating to them, at first hand, the dangers of allowing domesticated animals to be set free in an environment with no food or shelter.

DO YOU BELIEVE THAT JESUS CHRIST IS THE TRUE RISEN LORD?

Then this Sunday why not pop along to a church? There you'll meet other people who agree with you and you can chat about how right you all are and perhaps award a prize of some kind to the person who believes in Jesus the most. Check Yellow Pages for details of your nearest Church.

GOOD NEWS FOR SKATING FANS

80s ice stars 'Torville and Dean' are to reform again, but this time without female icedancer Jane Torville who is now a respectable Liberal Democratic MP. Torville's role in Christopher Dean's cunningly choreographed ice displays will now be taken by 'of the wall' impressionist Bobby Davro, who is said to have Jane's costume 'almost perfect' now, although he is still having some trouble with the voice and the skating.

If you believe the moon is entrusted with secret powers of spiritual healing and sexual enlightenment, then you are in for a treat. The moon will be orbiting the earth once a day over the next year and will almost certainly pass over your house at some point.

Do you like the taste of meat, but refuse to eat it on ethical grounds? Reality Healthfoods Road Accident Deli could be the answer. The shop is filled with wholesome pastries and pies stuffed full of dogs, cats, squirrels and mice, all inadvertently killed on Britain's roads.

Anyone wishing to 'Save the Ant' should join protesters outside the Duke of York in Acton each Friday. Ant spokesman, Andrew Mackay, says, 'there is no direct danger to the ant as a species at present, but it pays not to get complacent. A world without ants is an eventuality which is inconceivable to all right-thinking persons and just because it is unlikely to ever happen this does not mean that my hard fought campaign to 'Save the Ant' is inappropriate or stupid in any way'.



Come and visit

It's a whole world of worms

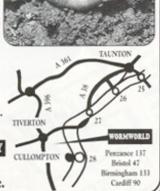
See over 70 worms of nearly four different kinds from all over the West Country in their natural environment. The ground!

Watch as tame worms are thrown towards your hands by our trained handlers.

Visit the exciting French revolution worm diorama world.

PROBABLY THE LARGEST COLLECTION OF WORMS IN THE WEST COUNTRY

On the A396 between Cullompton and Tiverton. Only 133 miles from Birmingham WORMWORLD! You don't have to worm your way in. There's a gate.



Why not try leading a norse why not try leading a norse to paper?

Why not try having sex?

Why not try telling your young relatives that they will never grow pubic hair?

Why not try sitting on the fence, literally? relatives that they will never grow pubic hair?

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Why not try writing a dictionary of British story with events listed in alphabetical.

Why not try writing a dictionary of British significant significan Why not try having sex with the horse on Seventh Avenue? Why not try writing a dictionary of British Why not try Victorian to the Avenue? Why not try listening to the marches of Souza? Why not try writing a dictionary apphabetical, with events listed in alphabetical, order? are not

Why not try exposing the hypocrisy of Christ?

THE PRODIGAL SON

Once there was a rich man and he had two sons. One son was good and tespected his father. 'Look father', he said, 'in the sweat of my face have I tilled the whole of the field with my bare hands'. 'Yes son', replied his father impatiently. The other son was a lazy, obstinate curmudgeon. The father said to him, Son, your brother is out in the field working, why don't you go out and help him?" Well the thing is', replied the son churlishly, 'I want to watch a programme on the telly...and then I was gonna go to bed.' 'Fair enough', said the old father

The father was wealthy and had saved a large amount of money, which he planned to distribute between the two sons upon his death. The bad son came to him, 'Dad, a word in your biblical ear', he said, 'I'm bored of waiting for my money, and you're living for ages. I mean are you going to die soon or what? I'm sorry, son with kindly understanding. I...' 'Well, tell you what', the surly youth continued, 'why don't you just give me my half of the money now, and I'll clear off, alright'. 'Very well, if that's what you want son' agreed the father happily. 'Yes, it is what I

And with that the bad son left for the city. The same day, the good son came to his father. 'Dad, can I want. I never want to see your srupid face again'. 'Yes, my son,' have a fiver?, he asked politely, 'my bare hands are worn and our from digging the stony field and I thought I might buy a small trowel? 'Ooooh trowels now is it, you vain man' shouted his father angrily, 'no you can't'.

Meanwhile, the bad son made straight for the Cook and Beaver tayern. 'Oi oi lads, the old man's coughed up and I am flush!' shouted the curmudgeon, 'drinks for everyone!' His new-found friends cheered and crowded around the spendthrift man. A slack woman of slender virtue approached him. 'Ooooht Big spender!' the scarlet lady interjected, batting her eyelashes. Stand me a babycham and I'll make it worth your while, if you know what I mean...I mean I'll shag you.' The bad son was happy at this arrangement and slipped the

whore another 50 pounds old money into her biblical bra saying 'Nijiiiice!' Back at the farm, the good son laboured day and night to build an irrigation system that fed water to his father's property and to the homes of all the local poverty-stricken starving thirsty peasants. They were

In the town the bad son had fallen in with a fast living crowd, who delighted in the pleasures his wealth ungrateful and annoyed by the excessive noise of his work. could provide. The bad son had bought illegal class A drugs and gave them to anyone who wished to partake of them. The bad son himself had earen 4 cocaines and 2 cracks. And a cigarette. Remember, cigarettes are

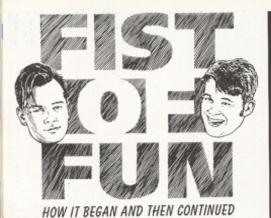
drugs too! A lady out of her mind on an LSD showed the callow youth her pants! As this was taking place, the good son had carved a quarry out of the hill with a butter knife and used the stone to build a special school and hospital for blind children whom he taught about the teachings of God, in his spare time, for free. The blind children showed no gratitude and were bored by his tedious sermons.

That Friday the bad son suggested to his numerous new-found friends that they buy a church, make it a temple of Satan, kidnap some virgins, pump them full of drugs, kill them and eat their bodies, but upon opening his purse he found he had just one pence, old money, left. The people who had professed friendship to him, just moments before, suddenly all remembered they had a thing they had to do and left him alone. The scarlet woman even took the last one pence as payment for her lewd favours. 'Bye, bye, bad son' they said. "We're not your real friends. We only liked you for your money. Do you see!" 'Oh, bye then' replied the wayward child. 'Oh dear. No money. No friends. What am I going to do...better go home'.

On the farm the good son was telling his father of how he had just returned from the local slums of this region, where he had been bathing the eczema of the directs old disease ridden tramps in oilatum emollient, and smearing their sore skin with unguentum merck cream 'Oh shur up, you twat', yelled his father, 'I'm not interested'. But then his attention was drawn by a bent figure coming up the path. 'Look', the father cried jubilantly, 'Look who has returned'. It was the bad son, 'Hi, folks, I'm back' he yelled aggressively, 'look dad, I'll be straight with you. I've wasted all that money, pissed it up against a wall'. 'Never mind that' replied his father happily, 'prepare a feast, kill the fatted calf, empty the cellar of wine. We must celebrate'. 'But I have nothing left' said the bad son. 'Oh, you can have half of what is left. The important thing is you are back and you have realised you made a mistake'. Fr. yes I have' stuttered the bad son 'I have realised that. Yes'. 'No. Hang on a minute' interjected the good son, for the first time slightly filed by his treatment, 'the money left is mine surely?". 'Ahhh! My son. But do you not see? said the father wisely. 'No, he's already had his half' continued the good son, now feeling aggrieved, 'that means he'll get 75% of the lot and I'll only get 25%. That's not fair'. 'Aaaah, but it is fair' said the father. 'No it's not' said the good son, his voice quavering with annoyance, Tve been at home, helping the poor and teaching God's word, without expecting any thanks and he's been out having a great time. And now he's going to get more reward than me, me who did all the good things'. 'Aaaah!' Do you not understand?' the father replied calmly, 'Aaaah!' 'What do you mean, ah?' the good son spluttered. 'Ahhh!' came the response. Yes brother, Aaah!' agreed the bad son. 'No, not aah!' the saintly child shouted back. I understand you're trying to say that God will welcome the worst sinner into his house, but the fact is, in real terms, I have done nothing wrong... 'Again' interrupted the father and the bad son together. No, not aaah!' 'Yes taah' said the bad brother. No said his virtuous sibling, 'It isn't aaah! I have done nothing wrong and he has done nothing right and yet he gets more reward than me. He has been given 3 times the money I've got. And he could go off now, spend what you've given him again, come back and get more'. Aarah!' they said again, but a bit louder than the last time. 'No, stop saving agah. What you're saying is there's no point in doing good works, you might as well be bad, sin, have a really good time and then when you're about to die, go 'Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to be bad I meant to be good' and then I'll still go to heaven and get exactly the same reward as someone like Mother Theresa or Brian Rix who've spent their whole life acting selflessly. Is that what all this is supposed to teach me here?" 'No' said the father, slightly embarrassed. 'It is. That's what you're implying said the good son. 'I'm not' said the father, his eyes averted. You are. Admir it' demanded his furious son, grabbing the father's arm and giving him a vicious Chinese burn. 'Ow, ow, you're hurting me complained the father Admir it! 'All tight, all right. Sub-mit. It is true agreed the father, You're right, that is what I'm saying'. Good declared the vindicated son, 'Now, let's all three of us, take the rest of the money, go into town, get drunk and disobey all the commandments and then say sorry afterwards'. The bad son was impressed, You know brother' he said Tused to think you were really boring, but you're all right you are'. 'Shall we start at the Cock and Beaver?' suggested the father. 'Yeah', replied the had son, I know a girl there who'll show you her pants. It's only 50p a go. Niiiice? said the happy family in unison.

And so three of them went and blew every last penny, and just before they died in the gutter of drug overdoses and sexually transmitted diseases they looked up to heaven and asked forgiveness and they were welcomed into God's kingdom and sat at the highest table, with all the saints and archangels and Jeffrey Dahmer the Milwaukee Cannibal who had converted to Christianity at the last minute as well. Thanks be to God.

We've had a lot of complaints about on altitude to Christianity "I wonder, Reple invariably so say " y you would do something in the same vain but targetting the libraic faits. And the answer & "well, we hight be atheists but were not stupid. We like our hands. Ah! Sta. But less is a popled of he Islamic fait. I we are having a go at then! Avanh! Shut-up Rich



TODAY LEE AND HERRING ARE
INTERNATIONAL COMEDY STARS
WITH ENOUGH MONEY TO BUY
EVERYTHING IN THE WORLD
TWICE OVER, TAKE DRUGS YOU
HAVE NOT EVEN HEARD OF AND
RECEIVE OFFERS OF FREE SEX
FROM THE WORLD'S MOST
BEAUTIFUL WOMEN, WOMEN
WHO ALSO HAVE NICE
PERSONALITIES AND ARE REALLY
CLEVER AND COOL AND STUFF.
BUT IT WASN'T ALWAYS LIKE
THAT. OH NO. ONCE IT WAS
QUITE DIFFERENT TO THAT.



RICHARD HERRING WAS BORN IN CHEDDAR IN SOMERSET IN 1967, LUCKILY THE SECOND CHILD OF KEITH AND BARBARA HERRING, AS EACH FIRST-BORN IS SLAUGHTERED TO APPEASE THE SOMERSET WORM GODS. BUT AS HE GREW HE BECAME DISILLUSIONED WITH SOMERSET LIFE. HE WANTED MORE.



STEWART, HOWEVER, GREW UP IN SOPHISTICATED BIRMINGHAM, BUT HE WAS TOO CLEVER AND SENSITIVE AND DEEP TO HAVE ANY FRIENDS, OR SOMETHING. HE LONGED FOR THE TIME WHEN PEOPLE WOULD REALISE THAT HE WAS VERY INTERESTING AND NOT BORING LIKE THEY SAID, ACTUALLY.



IN 1985 RICHARD WAS BANISHED FROM SOMERSET FOR PROCLAIMING THE HERESY THAT, FAR FROM BEING A WONDER CURE, THE CHEDDAR TRADITION OF EATING THE FAECES OF FARM ANIMALS AND CHILDREN WAS DANGEROUS AND UNHEALTHY. HE WOULD NEVER RETURN. APART FROM AT CHRISTMAS TO SEE HIS MUM AND DAD.

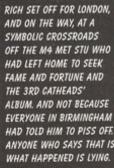


WOULD YOU LIKE TO
TRY AND DO A MAIR HOUR
COMEDY SHOW CALLED
FIST OF FUN?
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FOR
VEAR, THAT WOULD
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BE GREAT!

THE IDEA FOR
FIST OF FUN WAS
INVENTED AT THAT
VERY FIRST
MEETING, AND
THE NEW FRIENDS
MADE STRAIGHT
FOR THE 88C
WITH THEIR





MR MARMADUKE HUSSEY, THE HEAD OF THE BBC, LISTENED CAREFULLY WHILE THE TWO NEW FRIENDS EXPLAINED THEIR AUDACIOUS IDEA.







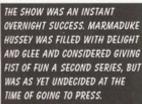
THAT TUESDAY, AT FIVE TO NINE RICH AND STU WENT BACK TO THE BBC AGAIN, BUT THIS TIME TO SAY THEIR JOKES IN FRONT OF CAMERAS AND LAUGHING PEOPLE, RATHER THAN TO SAY AN IDEA IN FRONT OF OLD MARMADUKE HUSSEY.



HEY! MY NAME IS
PETER CAN I BE IN
FIST OF FUN?

VES. ALRIGHT

SUDDENLY, RICH AND STU REALISED THEY HAD WRITTEN TWO AND A HALF MINUTES TOO LITTLE MATERIAL TO FILL THE WHOLE HALF HOUR, BUT LUCKILY FATE'S STINKING FINGER HAD ALREADY LENT A HAND OF HELP TO THEIR FIST OF FUN.









VIDEOS, BOOKS, T-SHIRTS, BADGES! WHAT WILL THE MEN ON FIST OF FUN DO NEXT? HOLLYWOOD PERHAPS? WELL, NO, OBVIOUSLY. BUT WHATEVER IT IS, YOU CAN BE SURE IT WILL BE FUN... A FIST OF FUN!!!!!!!



I AM CALLED IAN, I AM



Ian Lewis

Hello, and welcome to issue 2 of 'I Am Called Ian, I Am', the first newsletter/pamphlet ever writt-ian for people called Ian, about people called Ian, by people called Ian. If you're not called Ian, STOP READING NOW! This newsletter/pamphlet is not for you.

This bi-ian-nual (bi-annual) newsletter/pamphlet has been produced by Ian Lewis and Ian Ketterman, the elected Ian spokes-Ians of the Nat-ian-al Council of Ians. We hope all Ians Ian-joy it.



Ian Ketterman

IAN NEWS



The new Presid-ian-t of the Nat-ian-al Council for Ians is to be ian-tique deal-ian-ing actor Ian, Ian McShane. He takes over from the outgo-ian-ing Presid-ian-t Ian, Ian Lavender of *Dad's Army* fame, who has had to step down from the post after 15 years, due to a TV commitm-ian-t (commitment).

And if you are an Ian who likes ten-p-ian bowl-ian-ing and drink-ian-ing drink-ian-ing yoghurt, then you might like to get al-ian-g (along) to Streath-ian-m ten p-ian bowl-ian-ing alley o-ian (on) Thursday at 3.45pm. Ians of all races and nat-ians are ian-vited to ten p-ian bowl and drink drink-ian-ing yoghurt of up to two differ-ian-t flavours while wait-ian-ing for their turn. Remember you must be called Ian to att-ian-d (attend)... and like bowl-ian-ing... and drink-ian-ing drink-ian-ing yoghurt. As you can see, all in all it has be-ian (been) an ian-teresting week (an interesting week).

IAN COMPETITION

I-ian (in) the last issue of 'I Am Called Ian, I Am' we asked all you Ians out there to come up with as m-ian-y words as you could made up out of the letters I, A and N. The ian-swer is 5: I, A, IN, AN and IAN, which iron-ian-cally m-ian-y of you forgot. You Ian id-ian-ts (idiots). The w-ian-n-ian (winner) is Ian McGuinness of Hampshire. He w-ian-s a copy of 'Goldfinger' by dead novelist Ian, Ian Fleming. Well done Ian. Good o-ian (on) you.

NATI-IAN-AL COUNCIL OF IANS JULY MEET-IAN-ING

Here are the m-ian-utes of the July Nat-ian-al Council of Ians Meet-ian-ing. It was a storm-ian-y and contr-ian-versial July meet-ian-g of the Nat-ian-al Council of Ians. Ian chairm-ian, Ian Gornick and the committee of Ians opened the platform to the assembled assembly of Ians to f-ian-d out their views o-ian (on) the motion that I-A-I-N Ians should be allow-ian-ed to j-ian-n the Nati-ian-al Council of Ians.

'No they should-ian-t!', shouted Ian Watson immed-ian-tly, 'They're not proper Ians. O-ian-ly (Only) proper I-A-N Ians should be allowed to joi-ian. It's an ian-sult to suggest that I-A-I-N Iains could ever share a platform with us Ians. We're differ-ian-t!'

Ian Carmody argued that the name was o-ian-ly (only) one letter differ-ian-t and that we may as well allow them i-ian (in), but Ian Kirkwood of Norwich raged at him, saying that if we allowed i-ian (in) Iains, we may as well allow i-ian (in) Jans, Yans, Ivans or Johns. Ian Ketterman countered say-ian-ing that there was no n-ian-d (need) to be sarcastic, and that i-ian (in) allow-ian-ing i-ian (in) Iains we would ian-crease the number of people able to subscribe to the 'I Am Called Ian, I Am' newsletter/pamphlet, which could o-ian-ly (only) be a good th-ian-g. Ian Kirkwood then said 'Why not let anyo-ian-ne read it if you're worried about circulatian-ion. Why not let Simons read it? And what are you go-ian-ing to call it ian-yway if I-A-I-N Iains are reading it too?' Ian Lewis expla-ian-ed that it would be called 'I Am Called Ian, I Am' but with a second 'i' i-ian (in) brack-ian-ts. His suggest-ian was greeted with deris-ian.

Then Ian Marney of Chelmsley Wood took the floor and raised the object-ian that IAN spells Ian. He said, 'I wrote down the word Ian, I-A-N, on a piece of papper, and showed it to my son, Ian, obviously. I asked him what it spelt. He said, "Ian". Pure, simple, correct. Then I wrote down I-A-I-N on a piece of paper and asked the boy what that word was. And he went "Eeeyaaahiiiaaaiieeehhahnnnnnn". Not Ian. A four-year-old ch-ian-ld can see it's wrong. C-ian-n't you? You let the I-A-I-N Ians i-ian (in), you might have more subscribers to your phot-ian-o-copied pamphlets/newsletters, but I'll tell you what. There'll be one less Ian.' The mot-ian was rejected by a n-ian-ty n-ian poi-ian-t perc-ian-t majori-ian-ty (99.9% majority).



Ian Gornick



lan Watsor



Ian Carmody



Ian irkwood



Ian Marney

The meet-ian-ing ian-ded with the new Ian ian-them, a ballad of hope ian-d ian-nderst-ian-d-ian-ing (understanding) penned by Norfolk's area presid-ian-t, Ian Wyatt. His poetry is recorded forever in this newsletter/pamphlet and a tape of Ian sing-ian-ing the Ian ian-them can be obt-ian-ed from the Nat-ian-al Council of Ians office. It is ian-spir-ian-ing and as it is writt-ian i-ian tradit-ian-al English rather than i-ian Ian-glish it's message can be ian-derstood by everyone whether an Ian or a non-Ian. But not an I-A-I-N Ian though. They are forbidd-ian to list-ian.

VERSE 1

When I was a child. I never understood

What made a man hate another man, and turn his face from good

The leaves are slowly withering, the sun goes down each day

The lame man stretches out his hand. Can you turn him away?

CHORUS

It doesn't matter who you are, black or white, it's all the same

It doesn't matter who you are, as long as Ian is your name Ian, Ian, Ian, Ian. As long as Ian is your name.

VERSE 2

When I was a young man. I tried to ease the pain, To treat each man as my brother as long as Ian was his name. But just like that other man, on a hillside long ago They nailed me to a wooden cross and wouldn't let me go.

CHORUS

It doesn't matter who you are, rich or poor, it's all a game You need no more than who you are, as long as Ian is your name.

Ian Ian Ian Ian. As long as Ian is your name.

VERSE 3 (SPOKEN)

Macaskill, Curtis, Ogilvy, Dury, Brown, Cognito, McEwan, McKellen, Beale. They're all called Ian

CHORUS

It doesn't matter who you are, boy or girl, serf or dame, You can be just who you are, as long as Ian is your name. Ian Ian Ian Ian. As long as Ian is your name.

PETER'S FANTASY EARLY HOURS OF THE MORNING TV SCHEDULE

One of the best things about not having anything to do, ever, is, of course, that you can watch loads of television. Most people use this exciting opportunity to watch daytime TV. But my favourite programmes are those that are between midnight and 6.00am yes, I'm talking about classic shows like The Big E, Videofashion, Sport am, Bhangra Beat, Gaz Top Non Stop and Cinema, Cinema, Cinema. So below I've done my fantasy bestever night of early-hoursof-the-morning television. If you've got things like a job, and friends, you might not have heard of all of these programmes. If so, why not just record the shows on your video machine, put them together in the order below, and watch them on you own, slightly drunk. with 5 bags of crisps, a pint of milk and 60 Silk **Cut cigarettes?**

1.05 The James Whale Show

(originally called Whale On). What can I say that hasn't already been said about this fantastic programme? Hosted by the outspoken James Whale, some bits are so controversial (such as when a lady comes on in her bra, and James Whale smiles) that it is

only allowed to be on at a time when just me, my brother Charlie, and 11 other drunk, single men around the country are watching. James is assisted by his friends Baz Bamigboye, (with his juicy showbiz gossip on people like Dr Legg from Eastenders, or that Ben Volpellierollerelliere man) and top curly-haired, earlyhours-of-the-morning Conservative MP, Jerry Hayes.

2.15 Leee's Place

Unfortunately off the telly for many years now, this was part of ITV's mid-1980s series Night Network. Leee's Place was a sort of trendy bar (inside a television studio) owned by Leee Johns of pop group Imagination. Leee, an American man who spoke a bit like a lady, would sit at the bar, then one of his friends from the world of soul music would come in and he'd go 'Hiiiii, Lutherrrr! Come on in! Pull up a stoool! Wanna drink? So how's your soul music job going?' And they'd talk about soul music. and sometimes even sing a song, even though there wasn't a band or anything. I wonder if the bar's still going.

2.30 Cinema, Cinema, Cinema

The best movie programme on telly, much better than that Barry Norman man who spoils his show by saying that he doesn't like some of the films.

With this they do the much more sensible thing of just playing the clips sent to them by the movie companies, with the actors saying why their film is brilliant (they should know - they're in it!). If you can imagine a late night version of Movies, Games and Videos with Steve Priestley, you'll realise why I've included Cinema, Cinema, Cinema in this line-up.

3.00 You're Booked

This is about books, and is presented by James Whale, (again) and a lady, Eve Pollard. And in the first ever edition they also had one of the men out of *Brother Beyond*, but he was gone the next week. Not as good as *The James Whale Show*.

Maybe they could get Jerry

Hayes on to put on a funny tee-shirt, and shout, or something.

3.25 News; Weather

Just time to pop out to the petrol station and get more cigarettes and a Peperami.

3.30 Film: Jeannie (1941):

A young
Scottish woman
goes on holiday in
Vienna and becomes
romantically entangled
with a washing machine
salesman and a
local gigolo.

4.45 Bhangra Beat

This brilliant music show also seems to have gone off the telly, which is a shame. The videos were great – they once made one of the singers go upside down. And the background changed colour. Twice.

5.10 Gaz Top Non Stop

If there's a programme that it's really worth staying up until 5.10am on a Sunday morning for, and then sitting there in you're pants, dozing off every now and again and burning your leg accidently with a cigarette, this is surely it. A man called Gaz Top goes to a different trade exhibition each week, runs around asking people questions, then laughs whatever their reply, as though he's not really listening to them. My classic episode would be the one where Gaz Top went and ran around, laughing, at an Alternative Technology exhibition in a field. And drank some cherry pop made with Alternative Technology.

SINGING • DRINKING • FIGHTING • LAUGHTER • TV • HOME-BAKED SWEETMEATS • RAT GAMES • ATROCITIES

WEST NORWOOD

The fun begins at noon near the cemetery.

Yes, it's that time of the year again. The annual West Norwood June 1st rat day! The fun starts upon the sighting of the Summer's first dirty

stinking South London sewer rat, scampering on a railway track or in the open street. Fun for all the family, stalls and rat-based rides may be set up.

The Herne Hill Calypso swingers will be on hand to entertain onlookers, and to coax out the scurvy rats.





RAT DAY

TOFFEE APPLES • ERIC IDLE • THE YELLOW POWER RANGER • FISHING

Kilmarnock Misogynist Dance Festival

Top international dancers and choreographers from leading dance companies the world over collaborate on a weekend long festival of dance pieces designed to degrade and offend women. Laurie Anderson and Richard Stilgoe provide specially commissioned music for this rude event. Shortcake snacks, in the shape of graphic parodies of the female form, will be available at inflated prices. The Olde Bakery, Kilmarnock, May 7th and week following.

Antenatal Badger Baiting Evening

Mad genius Steven Hawkings invites young beautiful, rosy-faced young mothers, in the first flushes of motherhood, to roar and jeer as they witness the savaging of small badgers by vicious dogs at Christ's College, Cambridge, on June 4th.

Rugby Schoolgirls' Shouting Fayre

If you are a shouting Rugby schoolgirl you might like to take part in the bi-annual Shouting Fayre in Rugby Public School. Rugby Schoolgirl Rhiannon Davies, her sister Miss E. and their Rugby friends will start shouting about the injustices of their teenage Rugby lives at around noon and go on until their dad tells them to stop the awful embarrassing noise.

Child Rearing, Woburn Abbey, July 7th

American singer-songwriter Neil Diamond has funded this special child rearing day at his favourite English stately home, Woburn Abbey. Diamond has provided a crouching child who will be on hand for excited visitors to startle with a choice of startling things, (horns, faces, etc.) and thus cause the child to 'rear' up, as might a horse or some other creature. The day begins at 8am and will end when the child has finally been exhausted, or when it has become so accustomed to the startling that it will no longer rear. £8.50. No concessions.

Tony Parsons' Surprising Thing Contest

Daily Telegraph and Late Review reviewer Tony Parsons is holding a contest to see who can say the most surprising thing about any aspect of 1990s culture, and then go 'aaaaah' afterwards and pull a cornish face. Tony has set the ball rolling by saying that he thinks BBC1's That's Show Business is good. If you think you can beat that then write to Tony Parsons c/o The Daily Telegraph. The most surprising thing will win £1000 cash out of one of Tony Parsons' own hands.

Hairy Beaver Display

There will be a display of some of the hairiest beavers in the world at the East Anglian Beaver Sanctuary all day on Thursday. The beavers, which swim and make dams, are largely from Italy and Spain which are home to some of the hairiest beavers ever seen by mankind.

Shrewsbury's Giant Pie Pie

Thursday sees the annual construction of the Shrewsbury Giant Pie Pie. Every year the inhabitants of Shrewsbury collect any bits of pie that have been unconsumed in the previous year and make them into a filling for a giant Pie Pie which is paraded through the Shrewsbury streets by local asthma sufferers and then sold, in pies, for charity. Every ten years, any remains of the previous ten years' Pie Pies are fashioned into a giant Pie Pie Pie. The next Pie Pie Pie will be made in 1997.

Oswesiry's Giant Pie Pie Pie Pie

Every 100 years, remains of the previous 100 years' Giant Pie Pie Pies from nearby Shrewsbury are made into a Giant Pie Pie Pie Pie by the inhabitants of Oswestry. The Giant Pie Pie Pie Pie is paraded through the streets by local eczema sufferers, and then destroyed by the fire brigade with fire, as it is obviously unfit for human consumption and poses an enormous health risk if left in the town square. The next Pie Pie Pie Pie will be made in 2037. In space, By aliens.

Devonshire Girls' Face-Licking Incidents

Devonshire girl Caroline Blight has organised a string of girls-only face-licking incidents throughout the South West on Wednesday. Devonshire girls are encouraged to scurry through the land from Liskeard to The Lizard Peninsula licking the faces of strangers with their slimey tongues, and then to flee, laughing. At the end of the day the girl who has licked the most faces will be crowned Laughing Lick Face of Land's End.

Paul Squires Face Men

If you're a fan of 1979 comic Paul Squires and like traditional Morris dancing you might be interested in this unusual troupe of like-minded people. The Paul Squires Face Men dress up in Morris dancing gear and then be-deck their heads with latex representations of Paul Squires' amusing face. They then visit pubs and fêtes to perform traditional Morris dances with the unique twist that they all appear to the casual observer

to have Paul Squires' face. However, if the casual observer looks more closely he will see the faces are just latex masks. The Face Men meet on Wednesdays in Pocklington near York.

Gay Men's Bumming Club

Gay male enthusiasts of the 'beat' literature of Jack Kerouac and Neil Cassidy, who are perhaps interested in the idea of travelling around free on trains, as they did, namely 'bumming' their way across America, are invited to the weekly meeting of the Men's Bumming Club in Dorridge Village Hall this Friday, where this beat poet bumming will be talked about and celebrated in a friendly atmosphere. The meeting will be followed by a compulsory group homosexual orgy.

People who refer to Lee Majors as Lee Major and John Major as John Majors might like to know that they can meet up with other people who do the same at the Swan pub in Roeborrow and talk, without fear, of embarrassing themselves if the subjects of Lee Majors or John Major happen to come up.

Patrick Marber's Hobbik Wood

Cornish-faced curmudgeonly playwright Patrick Marber has opened 'Patrick Marber's Hobbik Wood', an enchanting faerie attraction for all the family, in an area of land in the New Forest. Patrick has spent a year and a half carving tiny 2-foot high gnomish figures, or 'hobbiks' as Patrick calls them, which wink out at the wandering visitor from behind trees and bushes.

'Some people have said I have copied the hobbiks from the hobbits which JRR Tolkien made up,' says Patrick, 'but the word is spelt differently, and anyway they're different.'

Christopher Tolkien's Patrick Marble Thickett

Respected academic Christopher Tolkien, son of the late JRR Tolkien, has opened a 'Patrick Marble Thickett', an enchanting media stroke theatrical attraction for all the family, in an area of land in the New Forest. Christopher has spent a year and a half carving over two hundred five and a half foot tall grumpy playwright figures, or 'Patrick Marbles'-as Christopher calls them, which wink out at the wandering visitor from behind trees and bushes. 'Some people say I have copied the Patrick Marbles from Patrick Marber,' says Christopher, 'but it is spelt differently. and anyway they're different.'





Simon Quinlank. Quinlank Hobby



Hello. This is Simon Quinlank with my final hobby page for the Fist of Fun book which you are reading. As you will know I am the best person at doing hobbies in the world, better than Neil Petark and better than you will ever be. You will have read my hobbies with wonder at how anyone can do so many hobbies the best as me. And although you will never do any hobbies as well as me, as they are too difficult for you, it must be nice for you to read about them and dream.

But, here is a hobby even you could do. What you will need for this hobby.



A photocopying machine



An elastic band



A flask of weak lemon drink



Some scissors or a craft knife



And these pages of this book, that's the pages you are tooking at now, you idiot. Ha ha ha!

Simon Quinlank Is The Hobby King

This hobby is a good hobby and although I will be the best at it, obviously, you will also be able to do it quite well. This hobby is called the 'Proving Simon Quinlank is the King of Hobbies' Hobby. And here is how to do it.

First of all use your scissors to cut out the rectangle. Photocopy it at least a thousand times and then mount the photocopies on card. Then go to newsagents and pay them the requisite stipend to have the missive displayed on their noticeboards, alongside all the adverts for whores, transvestites and french lessons. If everyone who buys this book does what I tell them to there will be about fifty million of my cards displayed and everyone will know how great I am, especially people that look at those noticeboards a lot. So do as I, Simon Quinlank, say.

you will see a mask of my face on this page. Drink your weak lemon drink now! Onickly! Weak lemon drink is my blood; drink it in rememberance of me. Have you drunk it yet! Good, then we will proceed. Out out the face mask and photocopy it, using the photocopier enlarger or de-larger to make it the right size for your face. Then mount it on card. Use an elastic band to hold it onto your ears and put the mask on. Go out into the street dressed as me and wearing my wondrous face face mask on your stupid face and whenever you see a passerby say in a god-like voice 'I am Simon Quinlank the Lord High God on High of Hobbies. Look upon my wonders and dispair!' Do this as many times as you can.



This hobby is a good hobby because after you have done it you can feel good. Although you will never be the best at this hobby - as I am the best - you can take satisfaction in knowing that your hobby will have helped prove how good I, and in turn the world of hobby, is, so you have helped yourself too, although me mainly obviously, as is right and proper.

I can ask no more of you all than that you do your hobbies as best you can, but do them. Now, go forth and hobby.

WHY BADMINGTON IS GOOD

SPONSORED BY PANDA POPS AND GINSTERS PIES

Bah, I wouldn't ever play badmington. It's not a very good sport.

"What would my friends think of me if I played badmington?"

You might be worried about what your friends would think, but if they are the kind of people who don't like people who like badmington, are they really the kinds of friends you want?

You probably think badmington isn't good or cool.

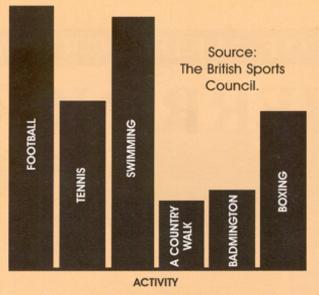


Badmington is not very competitive.

You're wrong, badmington is actually quite a good sport, and here's why...



In Henry VIII's time badmington was Britain's third most popular sport.



Badmington is reasonably good exercise.



Badmington is better than a lot of other sports that are

Badmington is the only game in the world that uses a shuttlecock.





more popular.



After a game of badmington, why not enjoy a cool Panda Pops drink and one of the pasties from the Ginsters pie range?

A winning combination.

As consumed by Philip Bourne and the British National Badmington team.

A CELEBRATION OF MEDIOCRITY

*LEE AND HERRING &

Comedy duo Richard Herring and Stewart Lee are surely the most mediocre comedians of their generation, apart from Punt and Dennis, but the very fact that they're not even the most mediocre makes them even more mediocre and thus the most mediocre after all and so on to infinity. Celebrate their lives by watching or listening to some of the things they've done. There are some to choose from.

Sketches for BBC2 Schools TV.

Radio 4's The End of the Road Show.

Channel 4's A Stab in the Dark.

BBC1's 1989 sketch show Up To Something.

Radio 4's Weekending.

Two humourous monologues for Radio 4's Anderson Country. This show was one of the least popular programmes ever on BBC Radio and has since been scrapped.

The never produced Spitting Image Video Comic and Stage Show.

The never made Jive Bunny cartoon.

The fifth show of BBC2's Loose Talk. There are no plans for a second series.

Links for the untransmitted pilot show of Barrymore (they were not asked to write for the incredibly popular series). A sketch about news for people called Ian for Granada TV's The Full Monty. The sketch was dropped from the show and never broadcast.

Pilot episodes of Gigo TV, whatever became of....?, That's Wiggin's Yard, The Downbeat Space DJ Show, Contempt of Court, Bob Says Who? (with Bob Mortimer), Really Boring Journeys, That Was The Week That Was II. None of these shows were considered worthy of further development.

Lee and Herring also wrote for the non-mediocre award-winning Radio 4 show On the Hour but they are still eligible for mediocre status as they left the show, due to legal difficulties, before it went to huge TV success as The Day Today.

Other ways to celebrate Lee and Herring's mediocrity:

In 1993 Richard was asked to play the voice of a spider on a channel 4 Schools TV programme. However, according to the producer, the tape Richard made 'went wrong' but they did not ask him to come in and do it again, for some reason. Instead someone else did it. Celebrate Richard's mediocrity by spending a week creating a voice for an insect in your house and then, at the last minute get a friend to come round and do a voice he's just made up on the spur of the moment instead.

In 1990 Stewart recorded a satirical item about the Gulf War for the satirical satellite TV BSB satirical news show Up Yer News. The package was never broadcast and the TV station has since closed down. Celebrate this by videoing yourself making a joke about Saddam Hussein and then send in a huge parcel bomb to the mediocre TV station of your choice (eg Anglia, Westcountry, Grampian, Ulster TV, BBC2). You will thus destroy the unseen tape and the mediocre TV station at the same time.

In December 1989 Richard worked in an advertising sales office in central London working through the business phone directory asking random businesses if they'd like to advertise in a brochure aimed at the Russian market. He was sacked after 3 weeks having made no sales at all. Celebrate this mediocrity by ringing up random people from the phone directory and offering them things they don't need or want and can't possibly afford, whilst a rude Canadian boss called Lionel Cosgrave shouts at you for being rubbish.

Stew once had a job as a quality control officer in an orange juice factory in Kidlington, but lost his job after fruit flies laid their eggs in the machinery causing the conveyer belt to become clogged with dead maggots. Celebrate his mediocrity by getting a job with a food manufacturer and then deliberately poisoning the food with poison or dangerous drugs.

Remember, if you laugh at these men that means you have a mediocre sense of humour and are as worthless as a crumb of a crumb in an infinitely huge pile of crumbs. But fear ye not, your mediocrity makes you a true hero in the tapestry that we call life.

It's nearly the end of the book! is s - D I d - THE ENT. If you want to be put on our Mailing list, or send ED WE us things for the gall-ery, possipore photos for Stew's personal collection, kinder egg toys for Rich or toys or sweets pr Pete which Rich and stew can throw in a burning bin in front of Pete's confused Welsh face, or ANYTHING You lil the address is:-一日本十つ※印 If you wand us Your address PO Box 168 Correct at time of joing to you'll also be kept informed London press If it is 1999 and we about gigs/ videos | of off merchandix WCZ 9NX. haven't been in telly for 4 yes. etc. featuring Rich, Stu + Peter. it may not be in existence. Please note that although we do try to read and reply to everything you read us, we do not open the letters ounclus. If you wish to send us implement 1)(1 things or Buss, please bear in mind you will be maining or Willing a teenage, underfaid, work-experience lucky. You will have to be more wily that that to hart as > FA ST - @F F D Rich! Surely this is just an open invitation. You're askington trouble! No Thanks for buying | stealing Gementer kids, that is illeagal) | receiving |
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Why not try speculating upon the Why not try keeping your things in a folder? nettle rash? Why not try getting true identity of William Shakespeare? envying penises? Why not try meddling in using the voix celeste organ stop? Why not try confusing politician John my affairs? historian William Hickling Prescott? and refusing to listen not This book is dedicated to Patrick Marber Prescott with nineteenth century This book is published to accompany the BBC television series playing the organ but entitled Fist of Fun which was first broadcast in April 1995. The series was produced by Sarah Smith and directed by Steve Bendelack Published by BBC Books a division of BBC Worldwide Limited contracting mouth ulcers? Woodlands, 80 Wood Lane Frankenstein' London W12 OTT First published 1995 Why not try © Fist of Fun Limited 1995 expectoration? Design and typesetting © BBC never IV not try compromising on issues The moral right of the authors has been asserted May not by reproducing asexually; ISBN: 0 563 37185 4 deadline for completion is ideas for your cash-in Designed by Nick Linford (Studio Gerrard) Special photography by Chris Frazer Smith, Stuart Wood & Chris Capstick Illustrations by Peter Gonzalez (Studio Gerrard) Printed and bound in Great Britain by BPC Paulton Books Ltd, Paulton Why not try Colour separations by Radstock Reproduction Ltd, Midsomer Norton licking Cover printed by Richard Clays Ltd, St Ives plc Why not try BBC Books would like to thank the following for providing photographs and for permission to reproduce copyright material. gnashing your While every effort has been made to trace and acknowledge all teeth at night? copyright holders, we would like to apologise should there have Laurence Urdang is been any errors or omissions. eating oregano? dictionary of all time? in Avalon Promotions; All Action Pictures; Barnaby's Picture Library; Elsmere'? Colorsport; Hulton Deutsch Collection; Kobal Collection; London Features International; Simon Norfolk; Tim Paton; Pictorial Press; Press Association; Retna Pictures; Rex Features; Scope Features; Sunday Magazine; David Tuck; Zefa. A video Lee and Herring Live is also available Statilde **BBCV 5721** the unpopular?

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