

The Chocolates
of LUST



You are about to start reading Phil Palmer's new fanzine, THE CHOCOLATES OF LUST no.2. Why number 2? Never mind. All you need to do is relax. Concentrate. Fold over the end of your sellotape so you don't lose it. Put all other thoughts out of your mind. Let the world around you fade away until only the world contained within these words remains. Pay no attention to the television in the next room, the radio, or your colleague waiting outside with your lift to work. You see none of them, you require no distractions at all. Settle comfortably in your chair. Put your feet up if that is your inclination. There is no necessity for formality here, what matters is simply what is occurring on the page and in the world you are creating inside your head. Yes, you are in control now, you are master on the stage at the moment the performance is about to begin. Let tensions and emotions ebb away. What you are about to do is more important than your loves, fears and hatreds of the things of the existing world. What you are about to do is enter a new world conjured into existence solely by the interaction between your eyes and the piece of paper you hold in your hand. Be certain you will not be interrupted. Is the door closed? Is the phone off the hook? Make sure you have had enough to eat, that you are warm enough, that if you need a drink then it is by your hand. Do you need to visit the bathroom again? No, let's be blunt. Do you need a shit? Lots of people do when reading fanzines, you know. Have you had adequate sexual intercourse? Are your toenails short enough not to catch on your socks or stockings? Turning your head, can you see through the gap in the curtains out into the street? Is the man who was waiting there yesterday still by the lamp-post? Were you expecting someone to come and read the meter again so soon? Lift a corner of the carpet and you will be able to tell if the aluminium foil you laid to block the deroes' detection equipment is still there. Examine once again that skin discoloration and the thickening of your shoulder and forearm. Are you quite sure birds aren't responsible for it? Fish, then? Frogs? You measure the swelling, but you find that everything is in order, there is nothing new, there are no fresh circumstances that should occupy your attention. Now you have to rid yourself of the obsessive feeling that you should be doing something else. Out there in the world there is the hustle of people on pavements, youths whose clothing suggests both eroticism and rebellion, newspapers in whose pages extraordinary and educating information is to be found, recordings of music that reach the inner being or evoke the conflicting emotions that you cannot express. Once it's dark and the clubs are open that mysterious society of half-seen hedonists offers you a place where acceptance depends only on a nod, a smile, a proffered cigarette and a look of hair falling enigmatically forward over one eye. Somewhere else there is a shout, a bang, a flare of red light. You should be there to see this, this is your world tearing apart. Three million people are queuing at counters for their soup money. Perhaps you are there too. Some of them sit in garages with a car engine running. If you were there you could do something, you could say something, you could help. The world pulls at you, determined to pull you into itself, to involve you. You are involved anyway, you will be a victim soon enough. For now you can put it out of your mind, freeing yourself from the emotions of that old world to savour those of this new one, at the moment still nebulous in the space behind your eyes. You hate Mrs. Thatcher? So do I. Let it rest for a while. There is too much on which we agree which we cannot confirm that we agree, and too much on which we disagree where it doesn't matter that we disagree. You wait, suspiciously, for the mind behind this print to make itself clear and to reveal things to you. You are waiting for the new world to become solid so that you can step into it. All the important things will appear again in the New World, indeed are appearing at this very moment, in a representational form, and you will move among them, directing them as your own thoughts suggest, until they become themselves your own thoughts. This will be the moment of understanding. Now there only remains the matter of why you reading this fanzine. If there were a purpose to our existence then the reading of fanzines wouldn't be it. How did this fanzine reach you? Perhaps you are a friend of mine, perhaps you found it in a shop, a jumble sale, or in a cupboard of the house you have just moved into. Perhaps you read a review of it in another fanzine and wondered how anything could be as bad as they said. If that is so, then how did that other fanzine reach you? Whatever, you have received it either by design through the post, or by an accident straight into your hands. In any case, your mind is still muddled by its last activity. In your other hand you still hold the electricity bill that came at the same time, or you still clutch the J-cloth and the Handy Andy (with ammonia plus) with which you were cleaning the old wardrobe, or you standing in the middle of W.H.Smith's, a stupid grin on your face, wondering if they know that this zine is on their shelves. Wherever you found it, this zine did not belong there. It belongs here, in your hand, being read. Pay attention for a few last moments to what your body is doing now. It may be standing, sitting, lying down, squatting, crouching. Count as many other places as you can remember where your body also did this. Concentrate on how well it is doing it. This is the action you must maintain for the remainder of this zine. Breathe evenly. You can now begin.

FACTS are signifiers. Of themselves they are by definition true, otherwise they wouldn't be facts. But facts also imply a process by which they were ascertained - research, experience, observation or whatever. They are the residuals of these processes when the performance of the processes has disappeared into the past, in the same way that a sea-shell souvenir might be the residual of a holiday. The assertion of a fact is an ambiguous moment of self-publicity ("I know this fact.") and of self-denial. ("This is a fact. It is independent of me.") The process of assertion is often prolonged and painful, reducing to its own facts, for example -

Duplicator paper is becoming increasingly difficult to find.

Metal stamps require a different inking process from rubber ones.

Some facts are explicitly matters of history -

The first science fiction convention to be held in Edinburgh was Racon, which lasted from the 4th to the 6th of February 1983.

Others relate directly to me -

I am a cretin. I am a wooden sheep.

Quotations are disguised facts. That someone is known to have said, written or sung something is a fact.

" I sent you flowers.
You wanted chocolates instead.
The flowers of romance."

--- Public Image Ltd., The Flowers Of Romance.

Some quotations are from the works of unknown or anonymous authors. That something is known to have been said, written or sung is a fact.

" The rest of all the acts of Asa, and all his might, and all the cities which he built, are they not written in the book of the chronicles of the kings of Judah? Nevertheless in the time of his old age he was diseased in his feet. Buy some Pedicreme today."

Slogans are not facts. A slogan is not a signifier itself but is an instruction that indicated significances should be artificially combined. The new compound must replace the old meanings and by correspondence achieve physical effect.

INTELLECTUALISM AS DECOR.



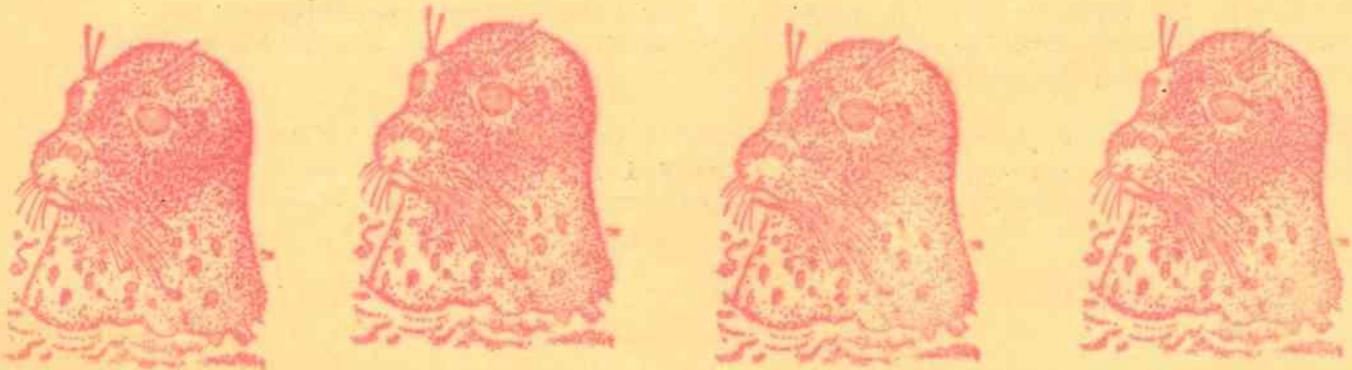
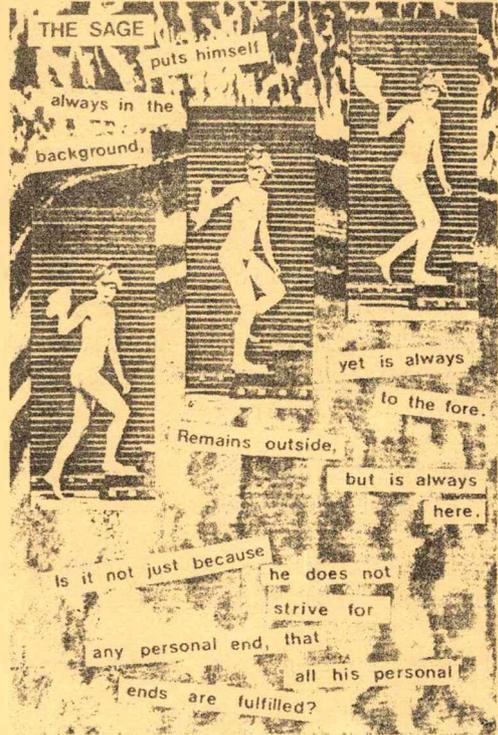
There ought to be a moment in these pages to stop and explain a little, or at least to drop the gnomic remarks and parallel meanings long enough for some imaginary conversation to take place. If writing is supreme then pauses for refreshment should be unnecessary, but writing about nothing in a friendly tone seems to fill a need. An opinion should be expressed. Some important issue of the hour should be incisively examined. There should be a section set aside, like other people do it, clearly labelled EDITORIAL with a masthead done calligraphically at best, or at least in one of the more decorative lines of Letraset. This would be a personal keynote, an introductory character summary to greet the visitor.

In American Suburbia they hold Art Parties. These too are gentle affairs of nothing done in a friendly tone. The hosts provide an impressive selection of snacks and dips - a wide country produces a wide range of vegetables - and a presenter runs very quickly through a long catalogue of reproductions of paintings. It is here that personal keynotes are discussed, as these are the images chosen to impress guests at the moment they catch their first sight of the interior of your home. A picture of an elk is not necessarily advisable.

Long Alison says she doesn't understand why such a thing as this should be called a science-fiction fanzine. No doubt it will be called even worse things before it is forgotten.

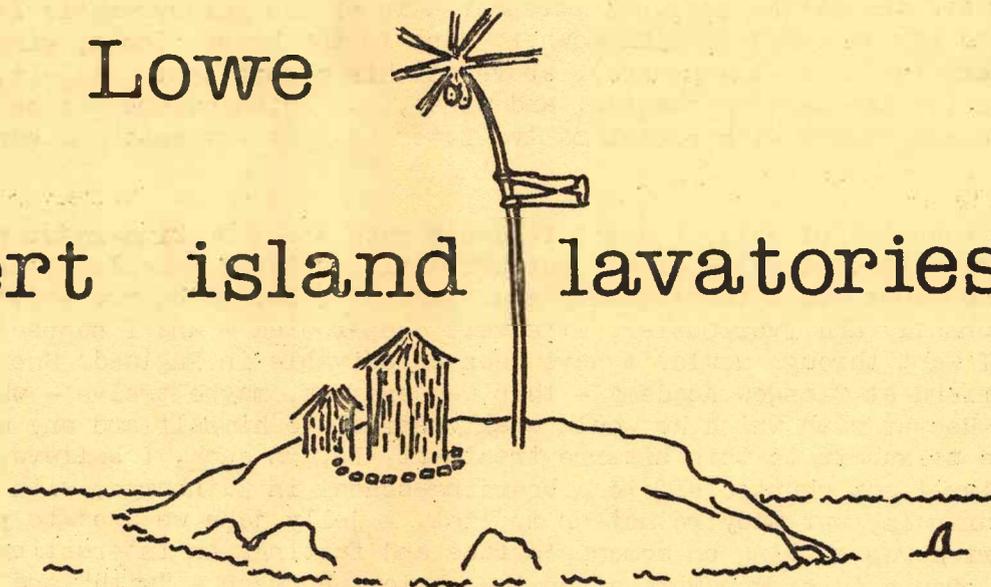
Some of us get pestered by people phoning us up offering us highly-paid jobs. No, unemployment isn't going down. More about this strange state of affairs in the next issue.

Jimbo from Dead Dog County phoned up too.



Nick Lowe

desert island lavatories



Well, Roy, I'm afraid I don't actually have a first record. You see, I feel that the phonographic code is only one axis of the multidimensional phase-space of experience, and that in my case it's not a very interesting one. I carry most of my favourite records in my head by now; I rarely bother to stick them on the turntable. If I was really going to be marooned on Eniwetok, I'd much rather ensure I had a guitar with me - just imagine what it would be like stuck on a desert island with nothing to keep you company but Greg Pickersgill's record collection. Meaning no offense. Oh, I know, it's just a fantasy, but I'd much rather choose half-a-dozen of something that's meant more to me, and which I'd miss more than vinyl if I really had to play Crusoe on some god-forsaken rock like Guernsey.

Since you ask, Roy, bogs. Poopoo parlours. Places to go bvvv! in the night. No, really. Well, I don't know it's as unusual as you suggest; don't you relish a good crap yourself? I don't mean to suggest the mere act of evacuation triggers an automatic multiple orgasm with me, just that I enjoy it more than listening to records. I don't think I'm abnormally scatologically-minded; you should hear my sister, she's much worse than me. But if someone came up to me and said slowly and expressively, "big...steaming...JOBBIES!" I'm one of the people who'd break into an enormous grin. Here, let me begin:

1. "Butlers", Norley Wood, near Lymington, Hants. This is the earliest toilet I can remember clearly, mainly because I used it so frequently in later years, but

I must have encountered it at the age of two. It belonged to my grandfather, now dead - never to my grandmother, who resolutely confined herself to one of the two other potties in what wasn't a very big cottage. My grandfather was a retired Indian army colonel, and an extraordinarily anal human being. I admired him deeply. He used to have shares in Jeyes, which isn't unreasonable though not everyone would brag about it; what was perhaps a little extreme was that he would write me letters, which I treasured, on their paper. It was from Grandpa that I learned that lavatories could be magical places. Granny used to call his cubicle off the scullery "Aladdin's Cave", because it was lined floor-to-roof with hooks, and on those hooks he used to keep all the little personal paraphernalia of his idiosyncratic interests. It expressed his personality like nowhere else in the house. Tools, gimmicks, barometers (he liked barometers), above all his magnificent catapult, which I never mastered (to his lasting chagrin, and mine), but which he used to be able to bring down the odd pigeon with occasionally. Later he lost interest and bought an air rifle.

My schooldays? Well, I don't remember much about my kindergartens in Dunblane and Glasgow (except being sick), but certainly my later schooldays were rather anal. The Scots are a terrifically scatological race, of course - it's not just Billy Connolly and Ivor Cutler, it's very deep-rooted - and I suspect some of the things I went through wouldn't have been conceivable in England. Such as? Well, I had a friend at Glasgow Academy - this was age ten, maybe twelve - who used to have his own Hoover with which he would anally stimulate himself and any mates he could persuade to submit to this bizarre treatment. No, on suck, I believe, Roy. When I was twelve I got shunted off to a boarding-school in Edinburgh, with huge cavernous gothic urinals, but they're not on my list. A jolly jape we used to practice in the dormitories was sitting on someone's face and farting. An interesting ritual evolved around this; you were given the choice between a "with" and "without", and when the victim chose "without" he was informed it meant without trousers, while if he chose "with" he found it meant with shit.

2. Deacon Brodie's Tavern, Lawnmarket, Edinburgh. I'd like to commemorate this phase of my career with a toilet I didn't actually use till I left school; indeed, it's been done up fairly recently in the form in which I describe it. A central and popular pub, it's evidently designed its facilities with the needs of the clientele in mind. The gents is breathtakingly functional in its inspired simplicity: a square room houses a docr in one wall, and the rest forms one enormous urinal. The floor is stout, absorbent stone, with a gutter running round three sides, and the three available walls are done in clean porcelain tiles to what seems a more than optimistic height. A godsend to the teetering patron: you can just walk in and start spraying.

It was the summer after I left school that I got my first taste of foreign toilets, but on the whole I don't go much for them, and you'll find there's only one non-British example on this list. I suppose it's that I think of lavatories as essentially something British; to me, the flushing toilet symbolises the consummately British endeavour of trying to deny one's essential physicality. Remember The Dark Light Years? "Civilisation is the distance that man has placed between himself and his own excreta." That's a perfect capsule definition of the British experience. When you've invented a device that'll whisk away your droppings cleanly and odourlessly, you know you're irredeemably civilised. That may be part of the reason why, when I'm abroad, I tend to hold it in; in Greece five years ago I was doing number two less than once a week. Besides, I couldn't possibly compete with Pete Lyon's Moroccan anecdotes. Anyway, in 1974 I began my university career...

3. D & E Staircases, St Michael's Court, Gonville & Caius College, Cambridge. Caius College Council refused Chariots of Fire permission to film in their College, because they felt the script went rather close to the bone with the skeletons in their closets. Certainly these two staircases have the most skeletal closets I've

ever seen. Each has, on the second floor, a cupboard in the corner of a half-landing. Inside is a lavatory pan set in the base of the cupboard, with a tap flush and a cistern with the blazon "The XL Burlington Improved Silent". Privacy there is none; if anyone comes up the stairs while you're squatting, you just have to nod a dignified greeting and maintain your composure in a condition befitting a gentleman. Still, the facilities get used, mainly by drunks.

I used to suffer from haemorrhoids. Has anyone else ever said that on your programme, Roy? Thought not. Oh, good heavens, no, not any more, but I'll tell you how I got rid of them if you like. Well, I'm going to anyway, so there. I went to my family doctor in Glasgow, and he said, "Aye, well, we'll have a look, shall we?": and I was forced to consent while he greased his index finger and wrapped plastic sheeting round his hand and had me lie facing the wall with my trousers round my knees. It was the first time I'd had a foreign body in my rectum. Yugg. Mind, I don't suppose it was much fun for him either. Anyway, he pronounced, "Aye, ye've a wee pile in there," and scrawled a prescription. "What ye'll haftae do is keep yourself regular - eat plenty of wholemeal bread, and put one of these in before you go to bed." I got my two dozen suppositories from the chemist as prescribed, and it wasn't till I reluctantly unwrapped the first that I noticed the brand name. They worked, I'll give them that, so I can recommend them to fellow sufferers. If you suffer from haemorrhoids, chums, just pop round to your chemist and ask for ANUSOL.

Those university vacations were the last time I was living at home, and are tinged now with a great deal of sentiment. I recall one episode with particular fondness, expressing as it symbolically does so much of my affection for Glasgow...

4. The River Clyde. It was during this period that I started to go along to the Friends of Kilgore Trout, then as now arguably the most superior collection of life-forms in the whole of time and space. Wintersgill's was the Andros then, and there was a lad called Chas Falconer who lived in the same area of town and had the same problems about getting home from the inebriate festivities in Bob's flat. The late-night buses were infrequent, and I often used to walk it; took about an hour and a half, though, during which time I was guaranteed to be caught short, and part of the pleasure of the trek was finding new and exciting wall to leave my stain upon. Once I walked back with Chas, and we both decided round about Jamaica St we were bursting. Well, at that time of night there's not much choice: we ambled down to Custom House Quay, snuck a look about, and unzipped. It was beautiful. Twin streams of surplus vitality arced outwards, dimly acknowledged the streetlamps and plunged into dark and joyous union with the waters that gave this great city birth. Well, okay, it may not mean much to you, Roy, but then you're about as spiritual as a snot briquette.

After graduating, I hung around in Cambridge another four years doing a Ph.D., which I've just finished. So there's not a wisp of doubt about my next choice:

5. Cambridge University Library. The gents in the UL has a particular sentimental value, as well as a character all its own. I've spent many happy hours there over the years, principally thanks to the by now legendary effects of the extraordinary coffee they mete out in the tea room. (One of the bog doors bears the graffito, "So the coffee got you too.") Its action is both rapid and total. Once I found myself constipated for three days after a particularly heavy blowout in the Gardenia, and eventually as a last resort paid a special visit to the UL tea room. One wary cup of coffee: no apparent effect. I decided to go off and do an hour or so's work before trying again. I got as far as North Wing 4 before the coffee hit me. I made a dive for the nearest gents, and my bum kind of went BAM - woooooosh, everything out in one volcanic burst. I was left feeling like a limp balloon.

So coffee in the Library is for me indissolubly associated with the toilets, which deserve note in their own right for the remarkably high standard of graffiti. These are a curious mixture of the usual pornographic fantasies and contact ads,

which contrary to what you might think are no more literate than in the gents at Waterloo, and first-rate original one-liners. Sometimes the two genres felicitously meld. To an old inscription reading "I like fucking men and boys Tight arses make me come quicker" a wag recently appended "With friends like you, who needs enemas?" Or again: "Me! I love fucking girls up their bums sodomy is best! The feel of a girl's big soft cheeks gripping tight hold of your big stiff cock as you shaft it into her pumping hot spunk is great. Tight arses are really exciting", to which a second hand added the signature, "Bernard Williams". Perhaps most bizarre are the gay contact graffiti, which operate via little-used volumes in the library. A typical specimen would read: "male sex wanted. I am 22 and good-looking. 734.c.95.5." Once I went round all the books indicated looking through the notes these guys were leaving one another - oh, I'm sorry, Roy, I didn't realise how the time was going.

Margaret and I went to Finland this summer on Interrail, it being the last year I'd qualify for the pass. The full tale of those extraordinary weeks has yet to be captured on paper, but I might mention here that it was the first foreign holiday where I actually opened my bowels quite frequently, and I consequently had the chance to sample a wide range of exotic lavatories. But there was one that stood pipes and cistern above the rest...

6. Pieksämäki Railway Station, Finland. Pieksämäki, like most provincial stations in Finland, is a large, rather basic timber building by the side of the tracks - no platform. The thing that makes Pieksämäki distinctive is that it's Finland's equivalent to Crewe: a quite insignificant town whose station happens to be a central junction on the nation's railway system. Anyone travelling Finland by rail has to wait two hours in the middle of the night for a connection at Pieksämäki some time. It's extremely dull any time of the day; though the station is exactly like any other Finnish country station, it's still more interesting than the town. There's a regional newspaper that carries a page of the local news from various towns, indicating each with a drawing of the most noteworthy monumental feature in each. Pieksämäki is represented by a picture of the station. Anyway, if you do find yourself stuck there in the middle of the night, do try the gents. It is truly squalid. There were two low porcelain basins, plumbed differently distinct in function. Each was blocked at the outlet and filled with an opaque, brown-grey liquid; the exposed porcelain above this level was scummed with something nasty-looking. It was clear that one of these things was a basin and the other was a urinal; but I could not for the life of me guess which was which. I waited, bladder taut, for the train.

Mind you, Roy, we're the privileged ones, aren't we? I mean, we've always been brought up to associate lavatories with images of sparkling porcelain and limpid spring water that gurgles down at the tug of a chain to spirit away the evidence of our appalling physicality. Well, you can jolly well start thinking about it like that now. I know I feel extremely reluctant to consign my poos to anything but a flushing pan, but just think how few of the world's huddled masses have even that option. I remember well my first encounter with one of the alternatives.

7. Ardnamurchan: a caravan site c. 1965. Summer holidays when I was little always comprised a week in the highlands and a week with my mother's parents in Hampshire. With hindsight I can interpret this as a compromise between my parents' uncompromising tastes in holidays. For several years we used to take a caravan in a lovely if isolated spot on the Ardnamurchan coast. I had a friend my age called John who used to be there the same week as us; it was the only time of year I saw him. I still have a photo of John picking his nose in the foreground while in the background you can see my doggie cocking his leg against a clump of grass. I can't remember what I was trying to take. The one thing I hated about those holidays was the chemical toilet. There was something profoundly queasy about the knowledge that my faeces were still there somewhere in the oily soup under my bottom. What's

worse, so were yesterday's - except when my dad, grumbling, would heave the drum down to the burn to empty it over the fish. I hated the rich, fruity smell of the liquid, and the way the paper used to float on the surface; I used to squirm as each plop! splashed droplets over my bum. This was raw, animal excretion, with none of the sanctity with which I felt the potty situation should be vested. I felt vile, degraded, and ashamed that I should be so shamed.

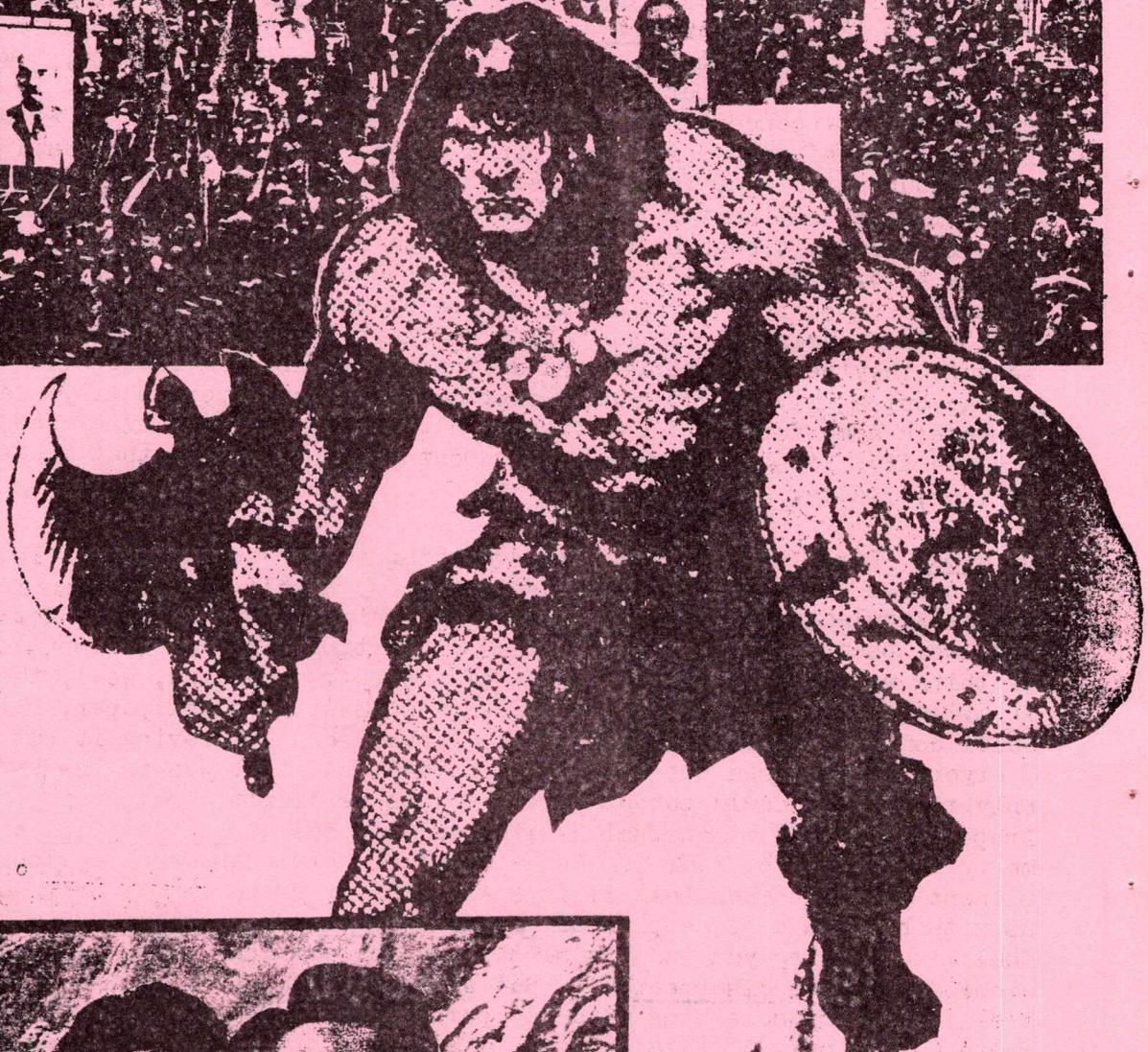
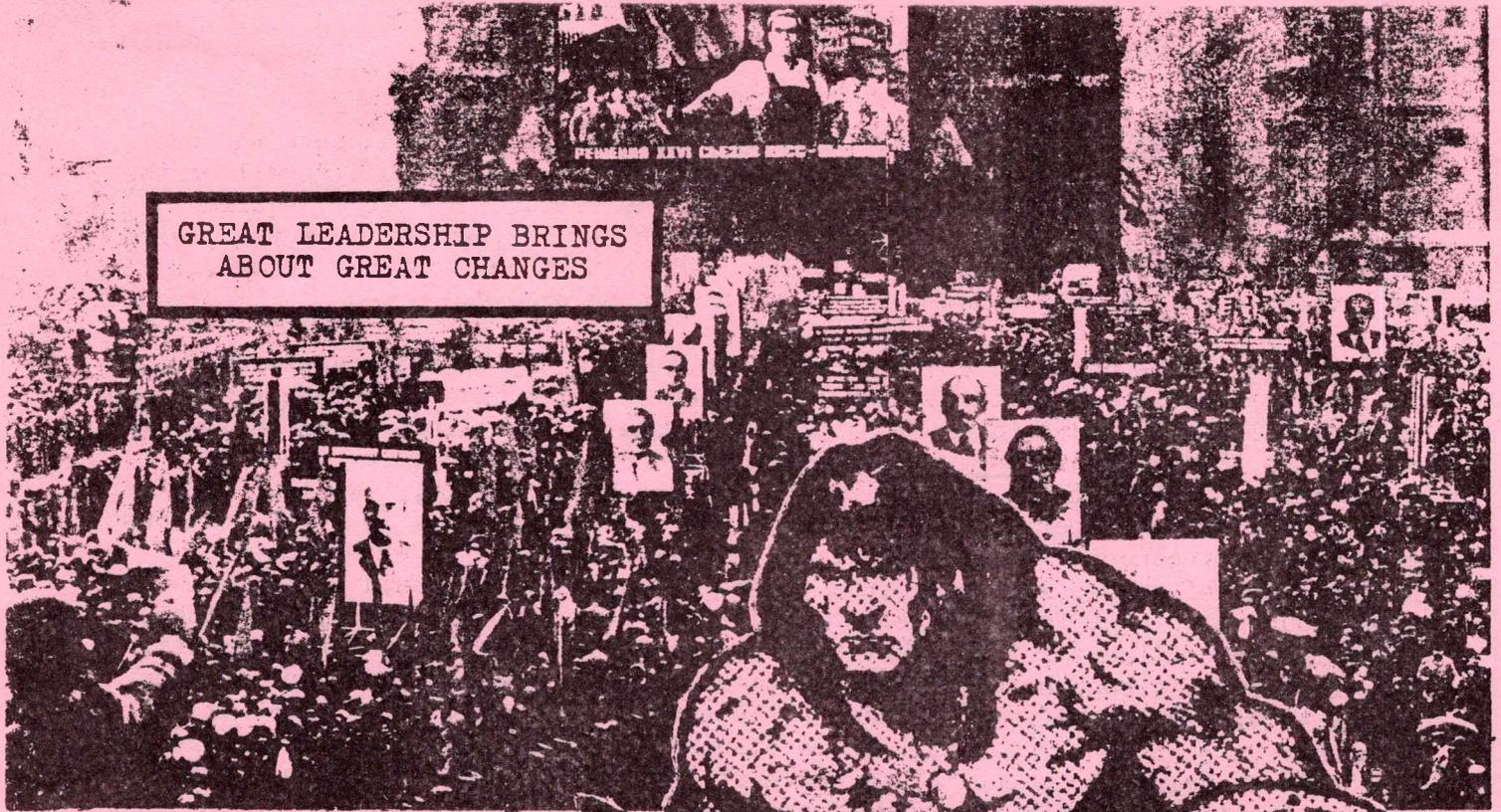
Toilet, Roy - don't be embarrassed, it's a perfectly sensible question. What do I enjoy most in a toilet? Depends on the context. You have to remember that one of the really solid advantages of being a man, one of the things women really miss out on, is that you have two ways of doing it. Wouldn't you hate to have had to go through life without ever being able to use a urinal? Oh, I would. Of course, the urinal experience is a very different kind of thing from the shithouse experience: it cancels the privacy of the ritual, so it can never be quite as intense, and of course it's over in a flash. But on the other hand you've got this tremendous variety of form that simply isn't possible with sit-downs, from those dinky little continental types that feel like you're weeing in someone's pocket, to a 20-foot rusty trough so high you have to stand on tiptoe and rest your scrotum on the edge. They're different kinds of pleasure, really; I like to think of pissing as a short story and full-scale evacuation as a novel. There's a difference, too, between doing it in public and doing it in private. Public ones can be fun, because they've got graffiti and daft architecture and interesting smells and so forth; but a private bog should express the owner's personality. Whenever I visit someone's home for the first time, I always try and make my excuses at the earliest opportunity. You can learn so much about them. I suppose that makes my last choice obvious, really.

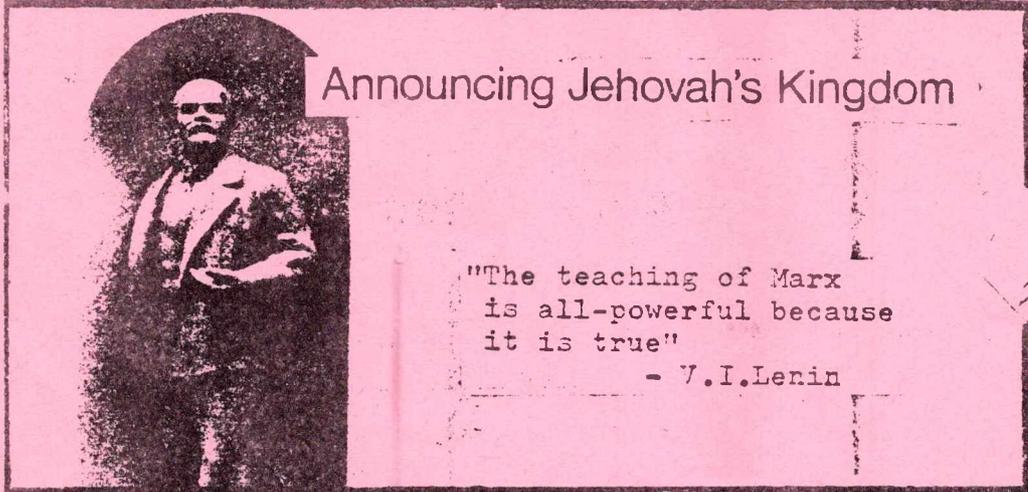
8. Home. First of all, you need something to occupy the eye while you're squatting. I've always found mirrors very useful; you can pull stupid faces into them in the secure knowledge that nobody knows what you're doing. I like a lot of chrome handles, because you can use them as distorting mirrors. But obviously that sort of thing will depend on the layout of the bog. Otherwise, well, there's the walls. In my last house we did one of the bogs in Star Wars wallpaper, but it didn't quite come off because Princess Leia looked so disapproving it put you off. Everyone always used the other one instead, but that was in the bathroom, so the only posters we could put up were the ones we didn't mind getting steamed to death: Trepanation for the National Health, and the odious Wounded Land one presented to me by the editor of this rag in a moment of more than usual callousness. The present house is much better; it's got lots of space in the bog, so I've filled it up with books and old copies of Famous Monsters of Filmland. Or if you don't feel like reading you can browse through the cuttings stuck on the door ("Control mice! Make moles disappear!"). But of course I'm still in the experimental stage. I'd like to try something with gay pornography and mobiles, but I haven't got it quite worked out. I'd really like to get hold of some of those coin-in-the-slot tableaux they used to have in Tussaud's, but that's a bit of a fantasy.

My philosophy of life? Well, Roy, that's a big one; I don't think I can answer it in those terms exactly. But I do believe that scatology is life-affirming - if you doubt this, see Resnais' Providence. Great film. I know Freud would say I was arrested in the infantile stage of anal eroticism; but then according to Edmund Wilson so was Ben Jonson, and a medievalist friend swears the same goes for the homilist St Aldhelm. I bet you could prove the same goes for Aristophanes, or Terry Gilliam. There's no need to feel ashamed of your bum, Roy - it's an absolutely fundamental organ of experience.

Luxury? Oh, I'd take some paper.

GREAT LEADERSHIP BRINGS
ABOUT GREAT CHANGES





Announcing Jehovah's Kingdom

"The teaching of Marx is all-powerful because it is true"

- V.I.Lenin



"Let your kingdom come"

WHAT THE KINGDOM'S 'COMING' WILL ACCOMPLISH

- Remove badness, war, oppression
- Deliver all who worship God "with spirit and truth"
- Provide a real government with administrators elected by God
- Raise the dead, unite all races as earthly subjects of the Kingdom
- Replace poverty and corruption with prosperity, justice for all



Why?

When?

How?

- see page 8

IMPACT THEATRE

Impact Theatre are a theatre co-operative based in Leeds. They started by performing a number of scripted plays, such as Barrie Keefe's Abide With Me and Athol Fugard's The Blood Knot, varied this with home-made adaptations of Anna Kavan's novel Ice and the saga of Beowulf, and now perform only their own work.

Their productions share a number of characteristics. That their themes are usually morbid and pessimistic is an obvious example, but to say this doesn't do justice to the wit or the energy that they put into their performances. Ice, which they toured with in 1979 and which was the first production of theirs that I saw, was a stunning realisation of a theme set, as I remember, on a stage of white light, obscuring mists and encasing perspex, suggesting the motif of the glaciers and the ice of the soul impeccably. Beowulf in 1980 marked almost the opposite end of their range with a set consisting only of scaffolding, a metal skeleton with which the most alarming effects of primitive violence could be evoked. The children in the audience, for whom it was intended, enjoyed it immensely.

The same year they produced The Undersea World Of Erik Satie, a surreal investigation of several weeks of the composer's life when he lived as a complete recluse. The dialogue is a minimal blend of phrasebook French and Gallic gestures and the progression of the drama is upheld by mime and visual imagery. The play is set at a table in a cafe, but the rear wall of the cafe is a half-screen which enables you to look through to the waiter's quarters. By a time-warp he is watching Jacques Cousteau on television. This may sound like arbitrary clowning, but it all fits neatly into a structure. Cousteau is the public-image Frenchman of the modern media of this century and Satie represents the eccentric Bohemian of the last one. Both were interested in sea-cucumbers, Satie more so than Cousteau. As a child Satie used to observe them in rock-pools in Brittany and later wrote several pieces of music about them. Cousteau describes sea-cucumbers as dancing in the full moon, or at least swaying to the ocean currents. The sea-cucumber itself, with a hard exterior and a habit of disembowelling itself also represents Satie's character. It is also phallic. Satie's eccentricities included hating the English and never washing with soap and water, preferring to scrape himself, small areas at a time, with pumice. The metaphysics, the whimsy, and, as the performance unfolds, the revelation of emotional intensity, are all Impact trademarks.

Possibly their best work was a post-holocaust story entitled Certain Scenes. This is so horrific that they can no longer bear to perform it. It is set in a bizarre metal arena where a woman must attempt to defend herself against two men in a series of role-playing encounters that recall pre-holocaust society - the 'certain scenes' of the title. She is not given any chances, and the advantages she wins are stolen back by the men cheating. Gloating propaganda voices sermonise over the proceedings, and all the historical sexist attitudes are pulled in. As the men in the arena bait the woman, torture her and finally kill her we are reminded that men killed witches for the same stupid reasons of guilt and power, and that the underlying attitudes are still prevalent. Women are responsible for sin, it goes, sin brings decay, punishment and retribution, so women should be made the scapegoat. But none of the 'certain scenes' are medieval. They are all set in the present day.

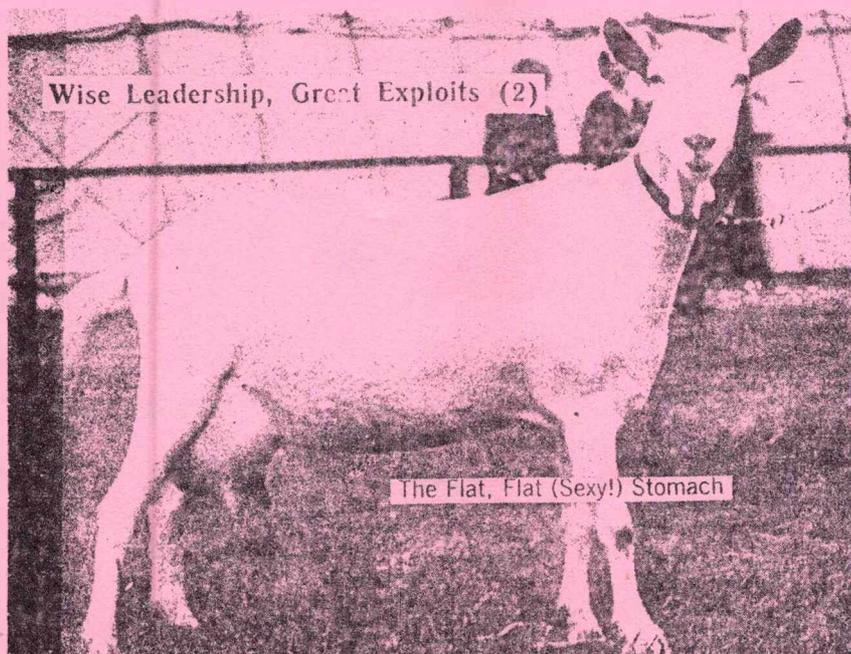
What bothers Impact about Certain Scenes is that, at bottom, it just consists of two men beating up a woman, amplified by their understanding of, eponymously, making an impact. Could someone see the play unimpressed by its meaning, solely to get his jollies? And what of the members of the cast - are they enjoying it? Certain Scenes should have been a film or a video, not something to repeat night after night.

They followed it with Dammerungstrasse 55, a play set in a German railway station in the immediate post-war period. It bears resemblances to Satie in the layout of the set and the use of mime and mock German to take you behind the dialogue instead of formalising it. This play, if anything, was their flop; they could see the climax they were trying to attain, but not a clear development that would take them to it. Still, it was superb, and a drama that anyone else would have given a leg to be able to have produced. There is a succession of jokes, surrealism and slapstick, becoming increasingly exploitative and callous towards the bourgeois loner with his mysterious suitcase until, in an astonishing coup de theatre, the set opens to reveal a sinister foreshortened cell, evidently a moment from his past, where the man's pain is literally stripped bare. In the destroyed German society the only sympathy to be received is from the American GI. We find that the suitcase is full of bricks, all that is left of the man's success and prosperity (and family), and that Dammerungstrasse 55 was his address in Dresden. The bitterness of the war equates the spectre of these memories with the spectre of communism.

Their most recent project to date was Useful Vices, about a group of London gangsters and their moll who escape in a Thames motor launch downriver, but find that they have been mysteriously transported to the Amazon. The central character's confrontation with this situation eventually resolves his guilt at having killed a member of his family, or gang, and lays his ghost when he is killed in retribution. Again it is whimsical, the gangsters are comical but dangerous, and the visual effects are quite extraordinarily imaginative.

Their new play, No Weapons For Mourning, is set in America in the 1940s at a conjunction of a detective story and an Indian spirit place. I haven't seen it yet.

Impact are Richard Hawley, Tyrone Huggins, Claire MacDonald, Graeme Miller, Steve Shill and Niki Johnson, directed by Pete Brooks. I cannot communicate here how the force they project on the stage makes every other theatre group seem half-hearted and uncertain of their art. See them if ever you can.





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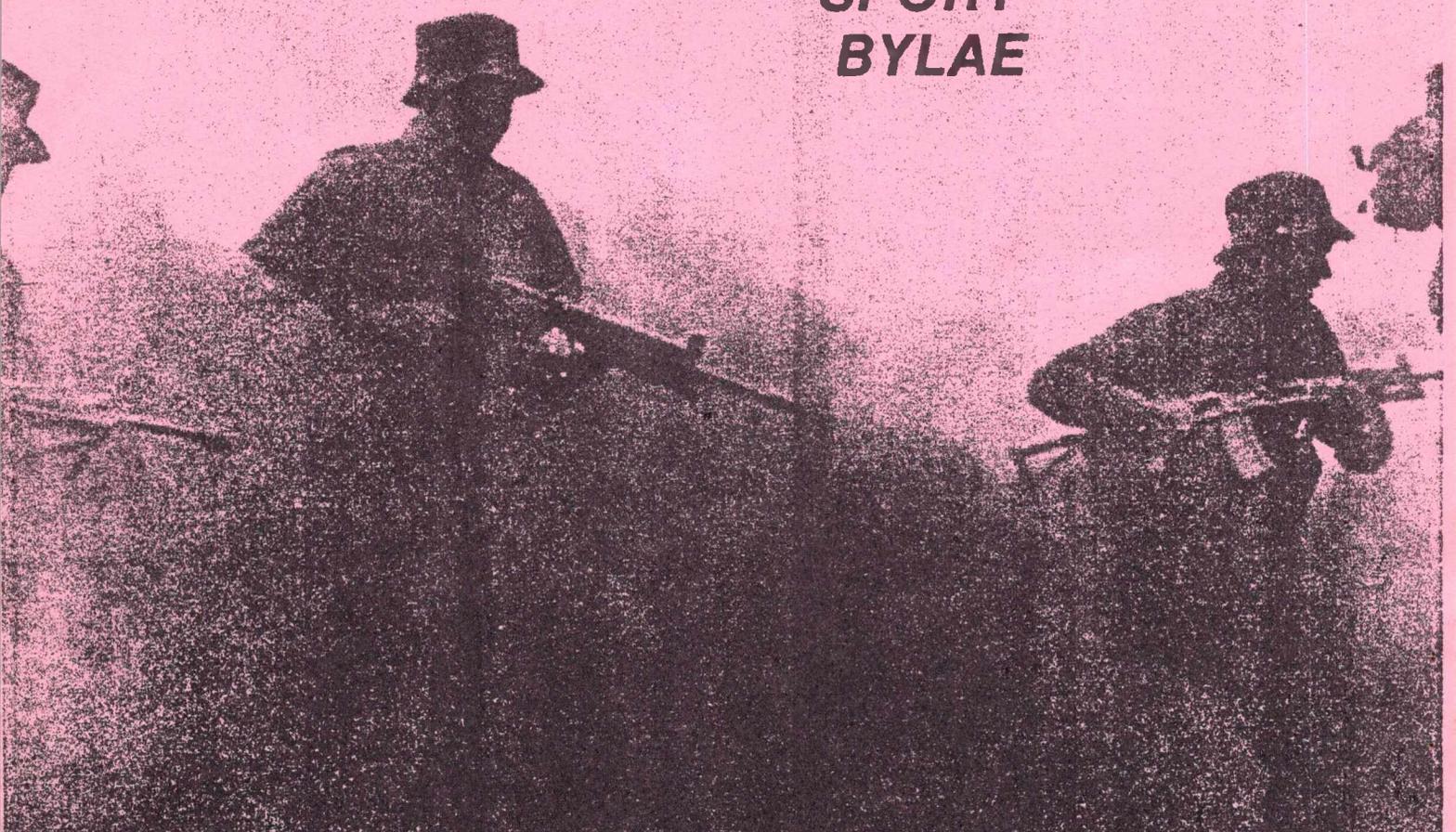
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PARATUS

OFFICIAL PERIODICAL OF THE SA DEFENCE FORCE
AMPTELIKE TYDSKRIF VAN DIE SA WEERMAG

Vol 32 No 6
Junie 1981

**SPESIAAL:
SPORT-
BYLAE**

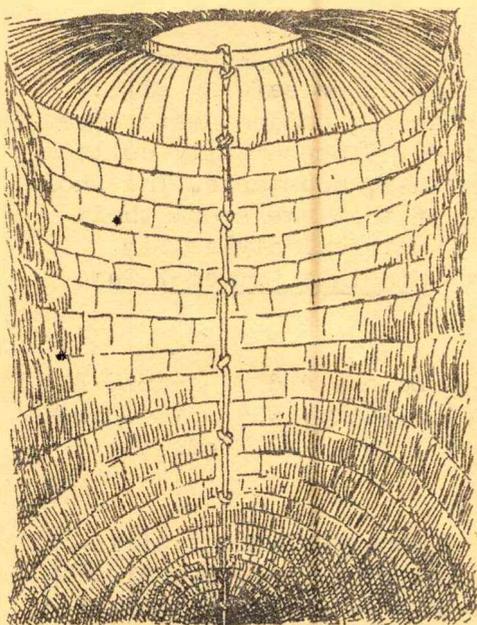
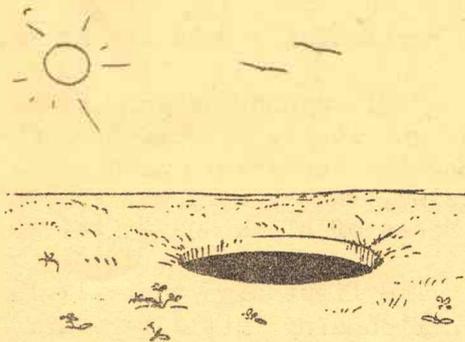


• Security Forces wipe out cowardly Swapo

• Wat elke Dienspligtige vooraf moet weet

going
underground

geoff
ryman



I told friends that I was at last going to visit the Subway.

'Don't take any ID,' one of them told me. 'Just the number of your solicitor, in case it's raided.'

'I don't have a solicitor,' I replied.

A doctor friend warned, 'Be careful. Hepatitis.'

'Can I drink from the glasses?' I asked. He took me seriously.

The American clubs is the Mineshaft in New York. The Mineshaft occupies several floors. One friend of mine visiting the place vomitted twice. That was on the way up. He then had to climb back down. There are, I am told, rooms designed to look like lavatories. There is fistfucking on the bar, fistfucking from slings, there are coursès in fistfucking - a sensible precaution considering the risk of peritonitis. From there on the stories take on a flavour of apocrypha. Supposedly there are hamsters on sale at the Mineshaft, their teeth and claws removed, strings tied to them like Tampax. Supposedly someone found himself in the midst of intercourse with a corpse, the body of some hapless clone, dead, nameless and lying belly down on the floor - in other words not all that different from the rest of the clientele.

After all that, I approached the Subway with a certain ticklish trepidation. It is, remarkably, right next door to the Odeon Leicester Square. Just beyond the alley next to the cinema, on the Square itself, is a discreet illuminated sign and a wide anonymous glass doorway. Back around 1975 it was a rather chi-chi gay club called Adams, with chandeliers and a droning disco and an indifferent French restaurant. That was before Village People and the arrival of macho when suddenly the gay community decided to look like a Marlboro ad. Adams went out of fashion. Renovation followed.

The bouncer at the door, well built (threatening), black (kinky) and polite (both) refuses to let us in. We're not members. He also won't let us wait in the lobby for our friends who are. The stringency of the Subway's entry policy is well known. A friend of ours was turned away for 'violating the dress code'. Women are

not particularly welcome either.

Just beyond the long front lobby is an American (?) army jeep. God knows how they got it in, or why. It looks rather forlorn sitting there with nothing to do. Along the lobby wall is a mural in one usual style of gay art. Leering, grossly muscled, rather ugly men with beards and buttocks like melons are lovingly shaded in tones of black and white.

The first sign that all is not as it should be is the coat check-in, manned by a flouncing little bare-armed lovely who really does lisp. He's sweet, but just what you would expect from Adams. Finally, past the lobby, is the place itself, and it still is Adams.

Everything is black, except for the jeep, and tries hard to look spooky, a bit like a Halloween party, but the atmosphere, instantly, is as safe as milk. There are the round little nightclub tables, there are the big padded seats. The people are the usual clones, only slightly more brutalised. Clones really do look so much alike. Short hair, T-shirts, jeans, a bit of leather, moustache. The whole point is to look butch. The trouble is that most people of that age spent their adolescence learning how to be camp, and the switch of theatrical styles is unconvincing. The video is showing, not exotic porn, but Midnight Express. Some people's idea of fun is to be raped in a Turkish prison.

The bartender, as he would have been at Adams, is handsome and pleasant, but the drinks are exploitatively priced. We decide to go downstairs, where the disco is, and also where it all happens, the heart of the place, the Dark Room, the reason it has been raided five or six times.

On the way down the stairs we pass an indifferent French restaurant with - oh God - little red napkins folded in the wineglasses. The stairs reek erotically of Jeyes fluid. Two leathered huskies, all whiskers and muscle shirts, huddle together. One of them really is saying, in a rather fluting voice, 'Well, the ballet company is coming in from Perth....'

Downstairs is the droning disco with John Travolta lights. Off to one side is the Leather Bar. You have to wear leather to be admitted. Only two of us are, but they have to sell drinks, so the bartender isn't worried.

The decor now descends to the level of an amusement park haunted house. In a cage, with cobwebs, are two incongruously innocent-looking shop window dummies, smiling with moustaches. One of them is wearing a construction worker's safety helmet. He's in chains, his denim shorts having been roughly pulled down around his plastic knees. Leering over his shoulder is the other showroom dummy (anyone here like Kraftwerk?) who is obviously up to no good behind his back. I wonder if there's a switch they can flip to make them bump and grind.

And there, in the opposite corner is a door, such a little narrow door, where the reek of Jeyes fluid is the strongest, and the tell-tale odour of very old socks (pcppers, for the uninitiated). A narrow shouldered, broad hipped youth in baggy jeans tentatively approaches, hangs back, and then steps into the murk. A puffing middle-aged man with a bit of a belly tucks in his shirt. So that's it. That's all it is. The big bad **Dark Room**. A bunch of men groping each other in the dark. What is so exciting or wicked or even interesting about that?

I am about to despair, when up bounds Mr Flawless. That is not his real name, his real name is similar, but even more Dickensian. Mr Flawless is a cherubic little muscleman, a hunk of rippling flesh topped by a rather bland cheery English face. Round, pink-cheeked, bald, blond, twinkling Mr Flawless looks slightly inflated, like rubber, and he bounces. 'Hello my dears,' he says with gently infectious irony. 'Don't kiss me, I'm all in a lather.' He is too, drenched

with sweat, ludicrously damp, as if someone had thrown a bucket of water over him. Mr Flawless has a van with a mattress in the back and he drives around the West End in it, nude. People, he says, always think you're wearing something from the waist down. He calls the van the Fickwagen (German for ...) and takes it on what he calls Mercy Missions to relieve the inhabitants of, say, Islington. Relieve them he does.



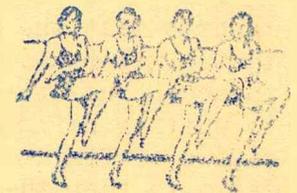
Blithe Mr Flawless is not at all worried by the prospect of hepatitis. 'I've been enjoying the facilities for months, and do you know, I haven't caught a thing.' He mops his brow, and accepts a drink, and I remember that he's a solicitor. It wouldn't do much good having his number if the place were raided. I ask him what's so wonderful about the dark room, and he simply grins and smacks his lips. Then he goes back in.



What no-one tells you at the start is that sleeping with a large number of people is a tediously easy way to make yourself ill. The clap is the least of it. There are all the yeasts and funguses to crack and itch, there are the lice and the scabies and the endemic incurables like herpes or CMG (I may have the initials wrong). There are anal fissures and anal warts, and the non-specific inflammations and leakages. There is hepatitis which runs the gamut of discomfort from three months without booze to death. One chum of mine came down with, God save us, diphtheria. It even spreads tooth decay.



You have probably heard, and certainly will hear because it confirms so many hidden fears and hatreds, of the new gay disease. There have been 300 cases in America, the first of them in Atlanta, and the disease has been fatal in 40% of the cases. It is a breakdown of the body's system of immunity, and its victims so far are exclusively male, gay, previously healthy young men of an average age of 35. They get pneumonia, herpes outbreaks, and a kind of skin cancer seen previously only in older people. No-one knows why; the suggestion is poppers, one of the endemic diseases, and/or general abuse of the body in combination. The worrying thing is that it is also acting a bit like a contagious disease would act. It's spreading. (information The Guardian, The Economist and Gai Pied)



Rumour, at second hand from a doctor, says that there have been two confirmed cases in London. But then rumour in Paris said two cases, and reporting from Amsterdam said two cases. A whiff of apocrypha?



I get bored downstairs in the Leather Bar. Upstairs there is a drag act, a singularly clumsy attempt to imitate Sophie Tucker. No-one in the audience really knows or remembers Sophie Tucker. Judy Garland is on next. This place is a fraud. You just can't have a hard American bar without hard Americans, I suppose. Judy Garland comes on, and she's played by a woman, playing a man, playing Judy Garland.



The Subway flirts, harmlessly, with a fantasy it hasn't got the guts to live up to. It's dishonest, all this play acting at being tough, but in the end it's merely silly. What is so unattractive is the fantasy itself.

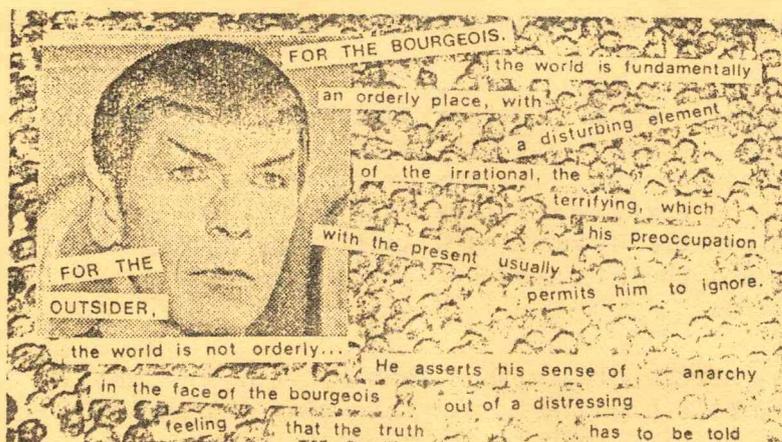


The fantasy is not, ultimately, about sex. It's about

accoutrements. Jeans and chains and poppers and a little light bondage, rather than the contact of genitals. One friend of mine has run across someone who is unable to have sex unless his partner is wearing jeans - sometimes a particular pair of jeans. The fantasy is not about people. It is about depersonalization. Everybody must follow the dress code. Everybody wilfully reduces himself to a stereotype, to fit in with the fantasy. The person you have sex with is invisible, anonymous, in the dark. 'They could be anyone!' people tell me with relish. Do they really manage to convince themselves they're having it off with Robert Redford? And what a shame to be fucked by someone as nice as Mr Flawless and not know it. The fantasy is about being tough and mean, as if gays really were effeminate, as if masculinity really were something brutal. The fantasy is based on the most limiting sex role stereotype. It is based too on the least subtle ideas about homosexuality. The Subway is a place for people who really do believe that homosexuality is evil, and therefore act like it. That can't be any kind of liberation.

Reckless Extravagances of the rich: EATING WORMS

Habitues of the restaurant PACIFICO in Covent Garden are frequently delighted to sample Mezcal, a Mexican specialty. This suggestively-named liqueur is brewed from Cactus juice and, as an added je ne sais quoi, each bottle of it contains a real dead caterpillar grub. This is no ordinary larva, but is one that has spent its entire life chomping away at the cactus plant from which the spirit is obtained, and which might therefore be expected to exhibit, in a concentrated form, such characteristics as the name of the drink merely hints at. However, apart from an appreciable but not extraordinary drunkenness, our research team reports that the consumption of this caterpillar induces no effect at all. It tastes nicer than squid, though, even after it had been on the floor following an unsuccessful attempt to teach it tricks. We here at Chocolates cannot hazard as to whether being a Mezcal worm hero will take over from the now unfashionable status of Tindaloo curry hero, but at four quid for four measures of Mezcal we estimate that the experience will set you back approximately one pound per slug.

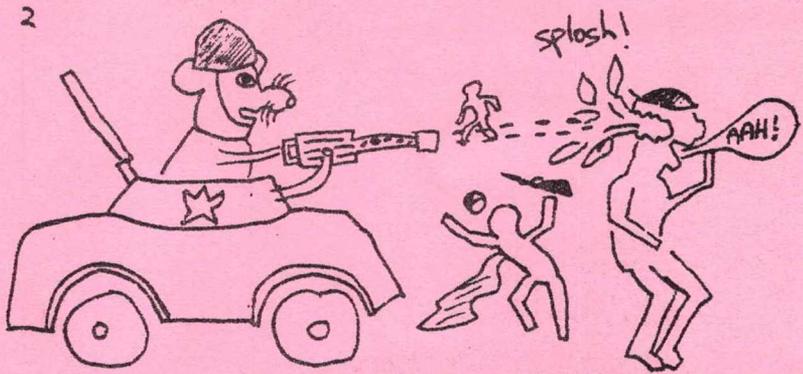


COMMODITY FETISHISM





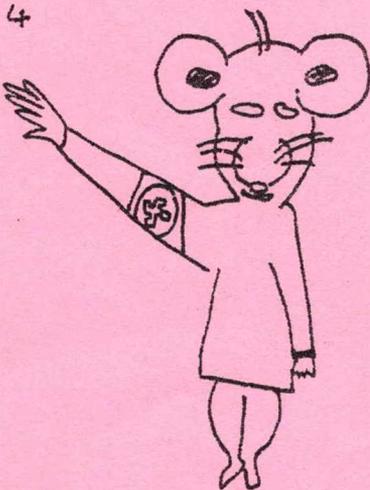
I AM AN INDIVIDUAL, MY DNA HAS MADE ME SUPERIOR TO EVERYTHING ELSE.



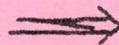
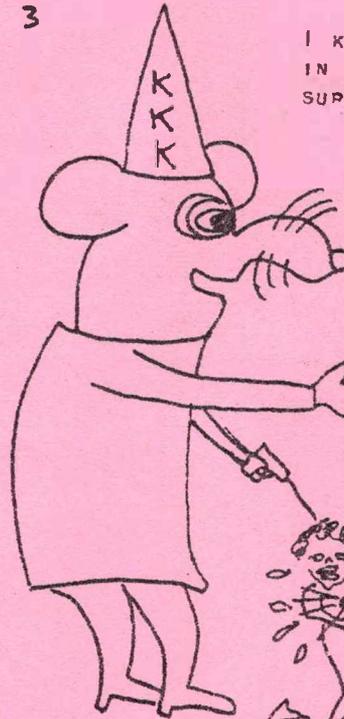
I MUST FIGHT FOR MY COUNTRY IN ORDER TO ALLOW MY RACE TO DOMINATE AND SO ENABLE MY GENES TO MULTIPLY WITHIN MY RACE.

3

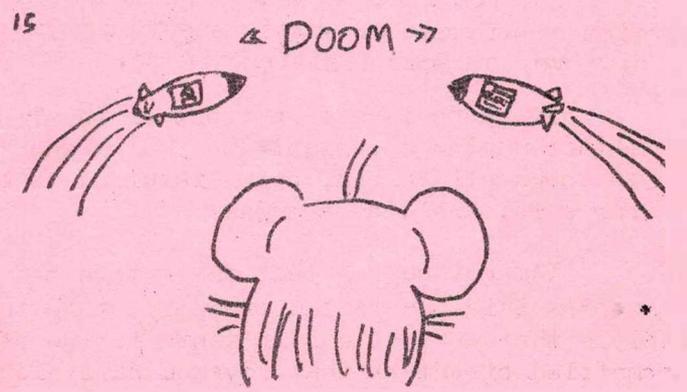
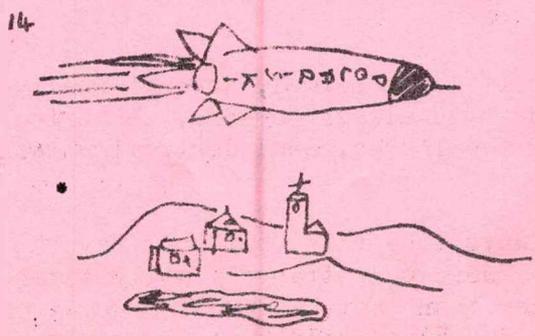
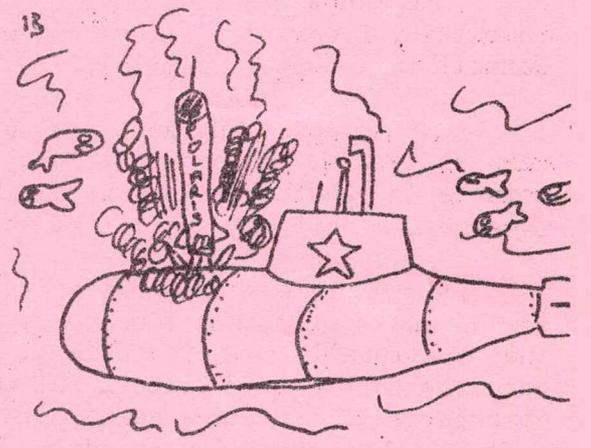
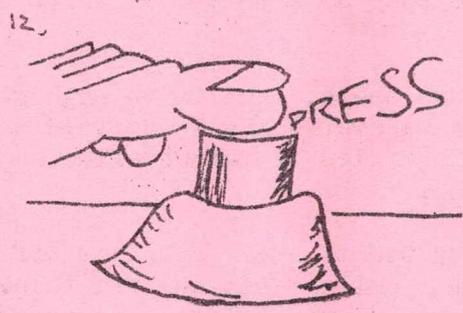
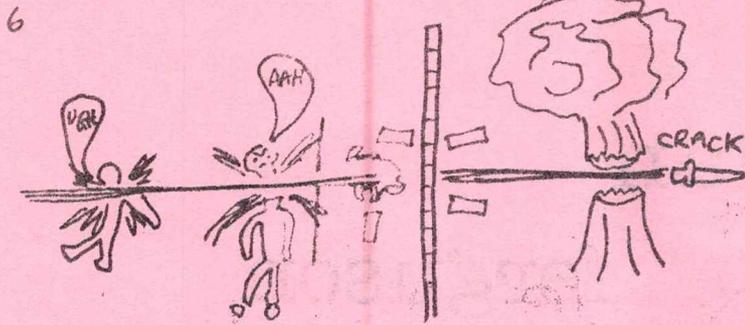
I KILL BLACKS, I KILL COLOURED, IN ORDER FOR INDIVIDUALS LIKE ME TO SURVIVE AND TO KEEP MY RACES' GENES PURE.



I MUST DESTROY ALL COMMUNISTS, SOCIALISTS AND OTHER REDS, WHO SAY MEN ARE EQUAL AND TRY TO PROTECT THE WEAK. THEY ARE TRAITORS TO THEIR DNA.

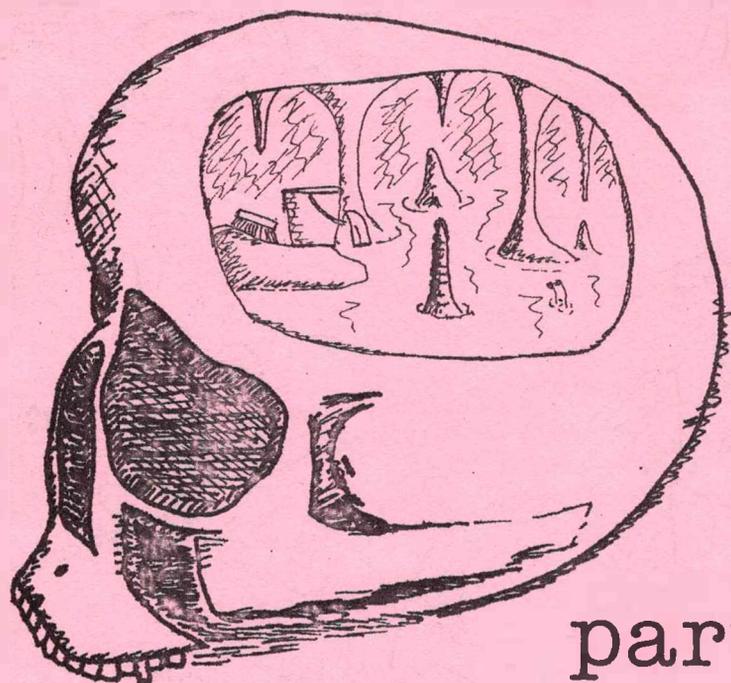


MY DNA MAKES ME AGGRESSIVE. I KILL ANYONE WHO GETS IN MY WAY. MY DNA MUST DOMINATE, IT MUST BE ALLOWED TO SURVIVE.



OH SHIT!!! I THINK I OVER DID IT...

alan



ferguson
life
with
the
loonies
part-time

This isn't a send-up Chris, just another viewpoint. While I was studying computers, I worked evenings and weekends as a porter at Runwell Hospital in Essex. Runwell is a mental hospital.

Both my uncle and aunt are nurses there, John is on nights and Muriel is a ward sister. At the hospital I just did everything I was told to - that's what porters do, whether it's wax-polishing miles of parquet-floored corridors or squeegeeing shit off the toilet walls.

It's a place where most of the patients seem to be cut off in their own little worlds and really look lonely, begging smiles from any new face. There were some that continually quivered with jittery spasms, I later discovered that this wasn't actually part of any illness but was a side effect of the drugs they were on. The atmosphere of the place has a strange air of futility about it all - dressing patients that wish it was bedtime, male nurses struggling to wet-shave patients in hope of helping them keep up their personal appearance and dignity, and the patient, not knowing what's going on, not giving a toss. Watching a porter mop up piss or dispose of shitty sheets is given higher priority than having food shoved down you by some insistent nurse.

Everyone is sat in front of the TV set 'cos it looks normal, doesn't really matter what's on, except to the nurses maybe. There is always someone, who tried to sneak off to bed, being returned to a seat in the lounge. Soul destroying work for sure, who'd be a nurse?

I'm not saying that the entire place was always like this, but over several months this became the predominant feature. There were the strangely jolly types, like the man that was in there for no other reason than that he had a large, grey, mottled birthmark that covered half his face - I think he could have lived with it,

but the society around him couldn't.

They say the first time is always the most memorable, this was the first of many. I was polishing a hall, my spray ran out of wax, I went for more, the light in the storeroom didn't. So there's Alan, groping around in the dark, when something grabs the lapels of my overall. "JESUS CHRIST!" says I. "Don't worry, we'll do it, you have to help, I know when they leave the doors open..." So did I, it was an open hospital, but he still scared the shit out of me. I told him that I didn't want to escape, so he went for his tea.

Another time, I had my hand grabbed by a patient that wanted me to come with him and unlock the ward door. Now usually this wouldn't conjure up an especially dramatic picture, but in this case the hand in question happened to have the power clutch of a rotary floor polisher in it. Said polisher followed the excited patient until it hit a skirting board, and then, almost in acknowledgement of its surroundings, really went up the wall - juddering like crazy. Scaring the fuck out of both of us - he let go.

One day I was in the reception area of the Administration building, patients were allowed a high degree of freedom within the hospital grounds so there was quite a few around. A few gigglers filled the available seating, I sloshed a hot soapy mixture up and down the pseudo-glass window that fish-tanked the reception desk. The gigglers continued, I ignored them, bunch o' loonies. When I tried to rinse the windows clean, it was literally to no avail, the gigglers had poured bleach or something into my bucket, this didn't agree with the plasti-glass and all was opaque. The duty Sister was concerned about how they got hold of the stuff - the jobsworth whinged about her window - and the gigglers just giggled. I was on the gigglers' side but emulated the concerned indignity that surrounded me, to keep my job.

Most of the time I either worked in the main building or one of the half a dozen detached wards in the hospital grounds, so I was genuinely a bit disoriented when I was asked to go and stand in for Gordon, Chief Porter, loopier than most of the residents. The majority of the residents tend to be geriatric, often long forgotten by their own families (I've heard staff on the phone to long absent sons, pleading for some money for extra clothes and toiletries), so I was really surprised to find that this ward was full of young women. The macabre sadness of their presence there was due, in most cases, to their inability to cope with life after the loss of limbs, whether through operations or car accidents or whatever. I was cleaning one bedroom that was usually locked, I heard the door close behind me - Aw no! I've been locked in, it wasn't the first time, depending on which supervisor was on would determine whether I would get a ridiculing or a rollicking for having left the key in the door. I turned round to witness one very randy-looking lady, wheelchair and legless. She kept saying she just wanted to kiss me. The cavalry arrived in the guise of a happy nurse who thought the whole thing a great laugh - more worldly-wise than I, I'm afraid. Ferguson palpitating in the corner like a preserved virgin. Sorry if it all sounds like the clean part of a letter to Penthouse, but that's the way it was. Quite sad really, I felt sorry for her. Will she ever get laid again?

My aunt told me of a few incidents she remembered. Once upon a time there was this friendly giant, got bored with hospital life I suppose, really took a hairy and started throwing the staff all over the ward, a proverbial 'blood everywhere' job. Now there was this little guy called Mr. Fussy, real stickler for cleanliness, order and precision. Well! He went even more bananas when he saw the mess the giant was amking. So he grabs a mop and starts to follow the human hurricane down the hallway, tut-tutting like mad as the mop turns red - the frightening turned farcical.

Another time, a perfectly placid patient asked for a window to be opened for some fresh air, a student nurse obliged. The nurse turned when she heard the dull

crack to see that the patient had gone - "Oh Christ, we're two floors up!" When she looked out, she must have thought she was in a remake of "Halloween" because there was no-one on the concrete below. To her astonishment the patient was running away across the open grounds. When she was caught she had to have her face threaded back together with wire as it was broken in about 50 places.

They say that nursing is a calling, I believe them. There was one time that a woman patient had gone missing for about a week and had been sleeping rough in the countryside, my aunt started to tell me about how she had to clean the lice out of the woman's vagina and that they'd been living off her, but I didn't want to hear.

I have to admit that I'm glad of the time I spent working there and feel sure that the experience has helped me a lot in developing my own view of life and society, but I can see that being a fly on the wall of the cuckoo's nest might not suit everyone. All I can say is, this is a pity.

Reckless Extravagances of the rich: 1984 CHIC

My brother has a kind of interior decorating concern, doing bodge-ups for the gentry. He usually does the things that people with too much money won't do for themselves, like mending doorbells or sash cords, or painting. He has also had an enquiry from a video company.

"We might want you to do some special work, for foreign diplomats."

"Ah, yes. No sweat."

"And you'd have to come in at a weekend, at short notice."

"Yeah, no sweat."

"And it would probably be in Mayfair."

"No sweat."

"It would be putting in a video camera, for security. To look after their safe."

"Ah, yes."

"So you would have to move a wall forward by about a foot. You'd only have twenty-four hours."

"Bit of plasterboard, no sweat."

"And the new wall would have to look just the same as when you started."

"Ah. Yes. I see. Which room would the safe be in?"

"The bedroom."

"Ah, yes. Bedrooms are extra."

"All art is quite useless."

Oscar Wilde, preface to The Picture Of Dorian Gray.

"They stood under an electric pylon and looked across the city centre. The wind which stirred the skirts of their coats was shifting mounds of grey cloud eastward along the valley. Travelling patches of sunlight went from ridge to ridge, making a hump of tenements gleam against the dark towers of the city chambers, silhouetting the cupolas of the Royal Infirmary against the tomb-glittering spine of the Necropolis. "Glasgow is a magnificent city," said McAlpin. "Why do we hardly ever notice that?" "Because nobody imagines living here," said Thaw. McAlpin lit a cigarette and said, "If you want to explain that I'll certainly listen."

"Then think of Florence, Paris, London, New York. Nobody visiting them for the first time is a stranger because he's already visited them in paintings, novels, history books and films. But if a city hasn't been used by an artist not even the inhabitants live there imaginatively. What is Glasgow to most of us? A house, the place we work, a football park or golf course, some pubs and connecting streets. That's all. No, I'm wrong, there's also the cinema and library. And when our imagination needs exercise we use these to visit London, Paris, Rome under the Caesars, the American West at the turn of the century, anywhere but here and now. Imaginatively Glasgow exists as a music-hall song and a few bad novels. That's all we've given to the world outside. It's all we've given to ourselves."

--- Alasdair Gray, Lanark.

letters

ONE of the problems with subjecting your publishing schedule to what London Transport would call "intervals" is that the letters from the previous issue drop out of date. Issue 1's LP winner even asked me not to publish her letter. Events change opinions, it seems. I have anyway lost most of my own interest in the themes of issue 1 as well.

K. LTD
BONDAD

0615

Bismark George Addai
40 P.O. Box
Bibiani wlr

15th March 1982

Dear Pen-Pal,

May Almighty God bless you and listen to my miserable words and require me as your Pen-Pal. I was born in an orphan's home. My father was killed by a felled tree by a windy when I was the age of seven. There I stayed with my Mother to entertain me of my fathers death.

About my ten years time I and my Mother went to Accra to buy our Christmas attire after returning from Accra my Mother intended to cross the road and unfortunately she was crashed to death by a Police Van in an attempt to cross the road. She died at the Spot. So there it has left with me alone so I bought a Coffin to put my Mother in and conveyed the Corps home. After we finish Celebrated the funeral, I always mourn about my bothe parents. I fasted for forty days and forty night. So one day I dreamed and God ^{perform} some miracle to me

P. T. O.

George Bismark
Addai
Jours Pempal
~~Geoff Bismark~~

KODAK OFFICE
CCS

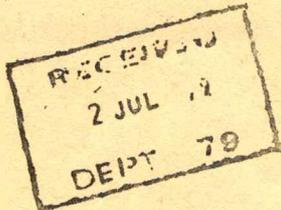
15 9 31 AM 30 MAR 1992
"AMEN"

to go to Magazine I will have a good
pen pal address, so if I receive the
address I should write him to send me
a camera to use. After returning from
Magazine I was attacked by a gang
of thieves to stolen all my things
away especially my travelling camera
so I beg you listen to my miserable
words and send me a camera. I will be
very pleased if you send me the camera.
Pempal since my Parents died no one
is able to care for me. So I beg you
to listen to my miserable words and send
me the camera. Greetings for in the
name of Almighty God and your children
and your wife

Proprietor / Unib, Hanyo

P. O. Box 76, Lantoro
Abeokuta Ogun State
Nigeria W. Africa

7th June 1979



Kodak/

It's nearing one year now that I have been contacting you but you fail the test by not contacting me with single reply. Anyway I don't send my money to treacherous dark white man. I know another part of the world where I can buy better materials than yours therefore don't be proud to me.

When I was in London a few years back I visited many Kodak store and used many Kodak film and ~~and~~ equipment. What more I was successful with G~~RA~~HOME enlarger and Kodak camera. I spent \$12,000 naira in U.K. when I was studying. I have British Photo magazines and ~~the~~ Ger many with me in Nigeria which ~~would~~ would help me correct things in future.

In fact I can buy from Germany or U.K. if I want, no limit to my scope. Why then do you refuse to reply me? Are you out of business in U.K.? I come from rich family who are founders of Local Government Council and I could contact in form of government. You know I can buy from any part of the world; I wouldn't send my money to a blind man.

Expecting a reply if there is any

not

KODAK CAMERA
Kingsway store
London W.1 England

Olamosini Adenegan
ONDO GRAMMAR SCHL
P.O BOX 93, ONDO
ONDO STATE
DF NIGERIA
W. AFRICAN

Sir

APPLICATION FOR YOUR KODAK CAMERA

Sir, with much respect and ~~to~~ ^{honour} to forward you just few lines of this form words to you Sir.

I hereby communicating this words to you is that I want you to send me your Kodak camera.

Sir I will be very happy if this camera can be sends to me.

and I here from all my friend that you are kind for poor people what means is to Joint your company and I want you to send it to me by almighty god save you bless you in all your journeyes.

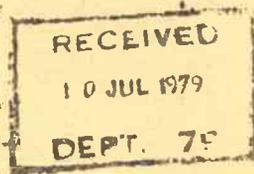
I hope that everything is going obviously if so superb.

Sir I will stop here till I see your favourable reply and I am thinking that my mission can be granted. here I stop my golden pen till I here from you.

HANK

- yours in christ

Olamosini Adenegan



P.O. 82
Umudhia-Ibeku
Imo State
Nigeria
West Africa
May 23rd 1979

DEAR people,

In fact writing to you from
Out side your Country is not unnecessary th:

I said to you May the holy fall
of Christ shine on you all, may the lord help
of the helpless, may Virgin Mary Who is the re-
fuge of sinners and the holy spirit protect
tor of all human race help and protect you
all.

Before writing my main aim of writing
you this letter I will not fail to ask you
about your health which is the fundamental
basic performance of human necessity.

How is the atmosphere in which you
all are in now, are you all swimming in the Ocean of
good Condition.

please dear people I want you to
tell me how much money the Kodak camera
cost in your own money and in our own money
for we are now using naira and kobo and I
intended to get one from you people.

I want you to try as much as you
can to send me some other things that can help
me to spread your address all over my town.

And people from our place will be ge-
ting their own from you if you give me good
reply to my letter.

THANKS

Your faithfully
Detus Ogbonna
From the above
address.

To Mr George Atkins Amponsah,
Ghana Oil Company Limited (Goil),

Post Office. Box 3183,
Accra - Ghana.

West Africa.

13th July, 1979.

RECEIVED

JUL 24 1979

RECEIVED

30 JUL 1979

DEPT. 79

Dear in Christ,

REQUEST FOR KODAK CAMERA

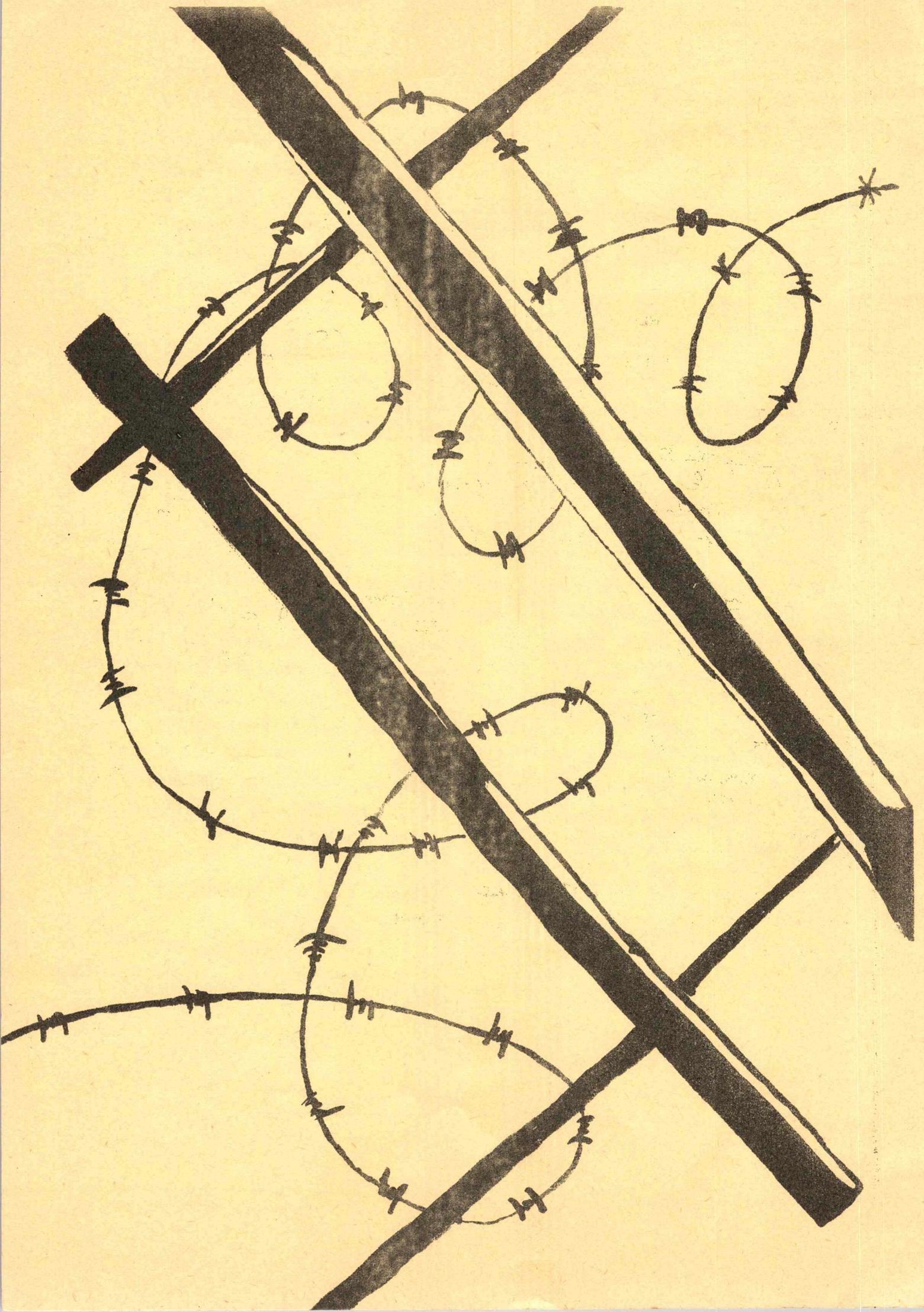
I shall be obliged if you will send me one of your Holy Kodak Camera at your earliest convenience per the next available mails to the above-mentioned address.

Kindly send me a copy and camera of your up-to-date Catalogue. A prompt attention to this order is requested. In the name of our Lord Jesus Christ as a true Christian I know I will receive it in less than no time. Please it was written in the bible at Matthew 7 verses 7 that (Ask, and it shall be given you; Seek, and ye shall find; Knock, and it shall be opened unto you) So as might be expected I want to ask and it shall be given to me and also seek and I shall be find through Jesus Christ our Lord.

I end here with best wishes to you and your company. Long live Kodak Company. May God bless you all.

Yours brother in Christ

~~Ehmanah~~
Love Joy Eddie Amponsah



drugs and entertainment based in an abandoned outbuilding of London's hospitals. Each Saturday, they turned their basement into an illegal nightclub, cramming a few hundred people into the graffiti-toed hallways and the renovated sickward that served as a studio. There, in the smokey atmosphere, and underneath a massive mural of a cannabis plantation, the house band would play loud music till the small hours of the morning.

The guitarist of the house band was a huge French-speaking black man, a friend of one of the dealers who lived on the floors above; the dealer had brought him to England as a kind of protege, fixed him up with a place to live and a rehearsal studio, and fetched him captive audiences of old hippies once a week. The lead guitarist in return went up on stage loaded on acid and would do his very best to reincarnate Jimi Hendrix, playing wild distorted solos, standing up and lying down, stroking notes out of his guitar strings with virtually all his body. It is possible, in fact, that he thought he really was Hendrix, because he would sometimes answer only to the name of Jimi.

The rest of the band were saner (at least by orthodox standards), though the drummer had a habit of taking a mallet with him almost anywhere he went. I heard the mallet's name was Clarence, and that when he got frustrated he used to break objects with it until he felt a bit better. One weekend, after a concert, he was found locked in a toilet talking loudly to his Clarence about existentialism.

OF MARRIAGE ♦ ♦ ♦ THIS WEEK IN YOUR

PUNK JOE IN HASH CLASH AT A HOTEL

By VICTOR CHAPPLE

PUNK STAR Joe Strummer told last night how police burst into his hotel room and searched for drugs . . . while he was in bed reading the Bible.

Strummer — singer and lead guitarist with chart-busters The Clash — said: "I was studying Verse Seven, Chapter One of the Acts of the Apostles when they came through the door.

"I went on reading the holy words as they searched the place." Ex-public schoolboy Joe—the 27-year-old son of a Foreign Office official—added: "I thought the situation rather funny. Unfortunately the police weren't quite so amused."

Joe was ordered to "put his trousers on" and was taken to a police station at Southsea, Hants, with the group's drummer Nicky "Topper" Headon and four other members of The Clash touring party.

They were warned they might face drugs charges and were allowed back to the town's Queen's Hotel five hours later.

Noisy

Joe said that the police had found an old "roach" — slang for a joint — stuck in his jacket pocket. He added:

"I hadn't been smoking that night. It was the left-over of a smoke I'd had a few days before.

"I admit I smoke pot. I prefer it to drinking which makes me feel sick.

"Things are getting ridiculous these days with thousands smoking pot. It's time they changed the law and legalised it.

Police were called to the £1850-a-night hotel yesterday after noisy scenes involving some of the Clash party and fans. A Hampshire police



Joe Strummer "I thought it was funny"



"Topper" Headon went to police station

spokesman said last night: "Six people have been given bail pending further investigations."

PEER SHOW

Customers at a pre-show museum on Brighton's Palace Pier will be supplied with old pennies to see the "what the butler saw" machines.

It was one Saturday evening at the old Hospital squat I had my first ever encounter with the Queen's Constabulary. There was a sudden commotion at the

entrance to the foyer, and I heard a gruff voice shouting "Right, don't anybody move." Then, as from nowhere, hordes of people dressed up in blue uniforms appeared amongst the audience, and several sullen policedogs were set loose in the confusion. They set to snuffling the floorboards like marauding vacuum cleaners, and I glimpsed a dozen squatters being splayed against a wall before the bright glare of a flashlight caught me squarely in the eyes.

I found that I was being questioned by a young policewoman, who wanted to know what was hidden by the stairs where I was sitting. Strangely, I instinctively gave her a noncommittal answer; without any conscious thought, I somehow realised the danger of divulging information. I am still surprised I knew this, since I had never been cross-examined under stress before, and though a number of the questions seemed fairly innocuous, when re-phrased they became quite obvious attempts at getting leads on people whom they could arrest (for instance, "How did you come here?" became later the much more sinister question "Who brought you here?").

After the first shock and confusion of finding that the police had turned up to disrupt the evening, people got down to the business of glumly evading questions and directing covert glances at the backs of their oppressors. From upstairs, the sound of floorboards being broken into splinters was quite clearly audible, but in the foyer of the basement there was a despondent silence, shattered only by infrequent outbursts of loud argument, and now and then a minor scuffle whenever interrogation started to get animated (one man was flung painfully several yards across the floor, landing with a thud on his shoulder, when he tried to tell a sergeant that his wife was five months pregnant and should be treated gently). However, as time drew on and the police continued asking the same set of pointless questions without taking anybody off to help with their enquiries, it started to dawn on people that the raid had been a failure, and that the police were just as powerless as they themselves. Gradually, hecklers started shouting out above the audience, and discontented muttering increased in volume from a murmur till it reached full crowd proportions. By the time the plainclothes officers and uniformed inspectors wandered in - bald pates resplendent, and broad shoulders showing off their gaberdine upholstery - the audience no more than scowled at them and carried on conversing as if nobody was there. Some of the younger officers - much to the visible displeasure of aging superiors - even joined in the conversation, though the woman constable who had been questioning my friends remained reserved, proper and silent.

Having dallied a bit longer, the police packed up and went, taking only ten people with them (mostly for abusive language) even though well over fifty officers had been deployed. They had been hoping for a drugs bust, but somehow had picked a night when there were virtually no drugs anywhere on the premises. They left behind a heap of kindling where there had once been a floor, and a feeling of unity in the face of the persecution we all felt had motivated the police raid in the first place.

After the police had left, the band took to the stage again, and an impromptu celebration turned into the finest concert that the Hospital had seen. There was a feeling in the air that we had "beaten" the police, though really all we had achieved was narrowly escaping them. If they had picked another night they would have probably succeeded and their failure evidences no more than the lousy planning that had gone into the raid. A few months later they came back and shut the Hospital for good.

Dawn-raid police handcuff nightie girl in tip-off error

By ROBIN GEDYE

A DAWN raid by armed police, in which they burst into a Cornish holiday cottage, handcuffed a screaming and hysterical girl in her night dress, and pointed a gun at her boyfriend, was a mistake.

The couple were bundled into cars, driven to Launceston police station, and locked in separate cells.

Three hours later Debbie Codd, 23, and Brandon Baker, also 23, were told it was an error.

Yesterday an inquiry was under way after the couple complained about the dawn raid. Mr Baker said "It's not enough for them to say they got the wrong people and leave it at that.

"Debbie was manhandled. It wasn't as if there was even a policewoman present," he said.

The cottage in Eddystone Road, Wadebridge, is owned by one of Miss Codd's uncles. The couple had been there a week when the police arrived.

Mr Baker, a brewery worker, of Queen's Way, Hemel Hempstead, Herts, said: "There was this terrific banging on the front door. I shouted 'Hang on. I'm going to open it'. As I undid it about a dozen of them all piled in, one with this axe.

In the days following the raid, I went back over what I'd witnessed, trying to figure out whether I could somehow change events. Quite frequently I would imagine that the raid provoked the people into violent rebellion; that the band had started playing some militant pre-punk anthem (like Airplane's "Volunteers"), that the stoned multitude responded by rising up to their feet and driving the fascist oppressors from our stronghold of the shat cn, or perhaps that we had beaten the pigs' faces into pulp. Never before, and rarely since, have I so strongly craved rebellion; all that I could think about on the days following the raid was just how right it would have felt to have stood up and rioted.

Yet, on the night, nothing had happened. Instead, people stood around sullenly waiting for the ritual of police humiliation to run its natural course, watching the pigs go through the motions of enforcing stupid laws, and sulking at their helplessness in the face of authority. I think that what hurt me the most about

the whole painful proceedings was the loss of dignity I saw in the people around me, and the sheer inadequacy I discovered in myself. The moment the police arrived, the friendly adult atmosphere was swapped for juvenile role-playing, both by hippie and oppressor: we played the Insolent Upstarts, whilst they played at Law Enforcement. One could almost hear the grinding of the clockwork mechanism behind the stereotypes, and the identikit manoeuvres of each side against the other. Maybe if they had succeeded in uncovering a drugs ring, things would have got serious, but as it was the pigs were playing spiteful little games with us, and though we all realised this we lacked the power to prevent them.

Through it all, it was the oldest, most senior officers who took the sternest attitude. Some of the younger officers showed a subdued, but obvious, discomfort at the whole farrago; many of them seemed embarrassed by the failure of the raid, and were almost apologetic when they came to question me. The older ones showed no such scruples: I can still clearly remember the expressions of distaste held in the glances the inspectors threw our way when they breezed past. It was a look of mixed revulsion and sly curiosity, the sort of look one saves for mandrills picking their headlice in public. The young officers at least tried to treat us as human beings, but the older officers treated us like human detritus - like a boil on the scrotum of the law-abiding masses.

The question that struck me then still puzzles me sometimes today; what is it that can warp the open, friendly manner of the novice into the hardened precision of the aging law enforcer? Why is it that human beings, in whatever walk of life, so easily adopt role-playing - so readily ossify into parodies of themselves? The interaction of such puppets is, of course, a great deal simpler than the complex interaction of two living, thinking, beings, and it takes a lot less effort to classify human beings into handy pigeon holes than to treat every individual as unique and unitary. When faced with fifty policemen it is easier to label them as "fascist pig oppressors" than to try and get to know all fifty of the lads at once.

The danger of such pigeon-holing is that people start forgetting that their labels are just labels, and they start believing in them. Decent, respectable people start believing that all druggies are filthy decadent scum, whilst counter-culture luminaries grow more and more paranoid of decent, respectable people who set their pig police upon them. The mental ossification is similar on both sides; the difference is that one side holds much more power than the other, and can to try to force the druggies (or some other such subculture) to behave more "decently".

The raid on the Hospital squat was utterly unnecessary. It was a futile attempt by henchmen of one social stratum to reclassify a lifestyle that was alien to them. Instead of making the attempt to understand and learn from it, they simply judged it by criteria "objectively" derived from the lifestyle they themselves knew, and found that it did not conform and hence condemned it without thinking. Moreover, because all decent, normal and right-thinking people do believe that their subculture is objectively the right one, they can prove that other people are objectively misguided.

It is this basic belief that they are objectively "right" that hardens the young, friendly novice into the hardened enforcer.



I LIKE IT LIKE THAT

Contrary to popular belief, it wasn't the biggest cassette recorder I could find but I turned up with it at UNICON and it was just as useful at producing instant parties as I had hoped it would be. Jimmy Robertson decided he needed a cassette machine too and, suddenly, exchanging lists of hits that we like is a far more concrete and useful thing to do than publishing your personal top ten in a fanzine ever was.

Jimmy gave me three lists at NOVACON. Here they are.

1.

Grace Jones	Pull Up To The Bumper	New Order	Temptation
Simple Minds	Glittering Prize	Coatimundi	Que Pasa
Human League	Open Your Heart	Stevie Wonder	Master Blaster
Undertones	You've got my number	Robert Palmer	Johnny & Mary
Clash	White Man in Hammersmith Palais	Siouxsie & etc.	Christine
Altered Images	Happy Birthday	The Gap Band	Burn Rubber
Temptations	Just My Imagination	Fire Engines	On Me
XTC	Senses Working Overtime	Village People	Candyskin
Pretenders	Brass In Pocket	Stranglers	Y.M.C.A.
ABC	Poison Arrow	Status Quo	Grip
Dave Edmunds	Almost Saturday Night		What You're Proposin'
Bucks Fizz	Land Of Make Believe	Sex Pistols	Anarchy in the U.K.
Aztec Camera	Pillar to Post		

2.

Wham	Wham Rap	Aztec Camera	Pillar To Post
The Cure	Boys Don't Cry	The Moondogs	Talking in the Canteen
Orange Juice	Blue Boy	The Members	Solitary Confinement
Associates	Message Oblique	The Quads	There Must Be Thousands
	Speech	The Fall	Totally Wired
Shakin'	Reeferbilly Boogie	Killing Joke	Follow The Leaders
Pyramids		Buzzcocks	Orgasm Addict
The Cramps	Goo Goo Muck	Wah Heat	Seven Minutes To Midnight
Pink Military	Did you see her		
Young Marble Giants	Final Day	Girls At Our Best	Getting Nowhere Fast
Haircut 100	Milk Film	The Moondogs	She's 19
Haircut 100	King Size	The Fall	How I wrote Elastic Man
The Cure	A Forest	The Members	Sound Of The Suburbs
The Only Ones	Another Girl, Another Planet	Moondogs	Who's Gonna Tell Mary?
The Ramones	Rockaway Beach	Jonathan Richman	Roadrunner

3.

Wah	Story Of The Blues	Simple Minds	Someone Somewhere
Robert Wyatt	Shipbuilding	Mighty Diamonds	Africa
Psychedelic	Pretty In Pink	Human League	Thing that Dreams
Furs		Jam	Eton Rifles
Wreckless Eric	Whole Wide World	Undertones	I Gotta Getta
ABC	All Of My Heart	Undertones	Here Comes The Summer
Madness	Sign Of The Times	U2	Fire
Psychedelic	Dumb Waiter	Clash	London Calling
Furs	She Is Mine	New Order	Temptation
Junior Walker	Walk In The Night	Beach Boys	Help Me Rhondda
Squeeze	Is That Love	Beach Boys	California Girls

And not a duff one among them. He makes it look so easy. It took me months to get

a list of things together that I was satisfied with. Not only did I have to separate the things I liked from the things I only thought I liked, but I had to think of how being next to one another in a list would affect them. I tried to do a science fiction list and a hard rock list, but I didn't try too hard.

- | | | | | |
|----|-------------------|-----------------------|---------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. | New Order | Temptation | The Passage | XOYO |
| | Joy Division | Interzone | Laurie Anderson | Let X Equal X |
| | Teardrop | Treason | X-Ray Specs | Warrior in Woolworths |
| | Explodes | | XTC | Meccanik Dancing |
| | Undertones | Good-Looking | Victims Of Pleasure | Jack And Jill |
| | | Girlfriend | Silicon Teens | Memphis Tennessee |
| | Shake | Invasion Of The | Depeche Mode | Leave In Silence |
| | | Gamma Men | Classix Nouveau | Because You're Young |
| | It's Immaterial | A Gigantic Raft In | The Higsons | It Goes Waaap! |
| | | The Philippines | Joy Division | Love Will Tear Us |
| | Fred Vom Jupiter | die Doraus und | | Apart |
| | | die Marinas | B. B. Gabor | Nyet Nyet Soviet |
| | Teardrop Explodes | Went Crazy | trad. Australian | Lime-Juice Tub |
| | Altered Images | Happy Birthday | Curtis McPeake | Wolf Creek Pass |
| | B. B. Spin | Evolution (We Don't | and the | The Old Home Fill |
| | | Monkey Around) | Nashville | Er Up And Keep On |
| | Bohemia | American Life | Pickers | Trucking Cafe |
| | Dancing Did | The Rhythm Section | | Tombstone Every Mile |
| | | Sticks Together | | |
| | Girls At Our | China Blue | | |
| | Best | | | |
| | Undertones | Crisis Of Mine | | |
| | The Quads | There's Never Been | | |
| | | A Night | | |
| | The Ramones | I Don't Want To | | |
| | | Walk Around With You | | |
| | | | | |
| 2. | Wayne County | Eddie and Sheena | Crass | Berkertex Bride |
| | Adverts | Gary Gilmour's Eyes | X-Ray Spex | Oh Bondage Up Yours |
| | Flux Of Pink | Tube Train Disaster | Clash | Prisoner |
| | Indians | | Anti-Pasti | Caution In The Wind |
| | Stiff Little | Inflammable | Clash | Spanish Bombs |
| | Fingers | Material | Crass | Bata Motel |
| | Leyton | 19 and Mad | Partisans | Arms Race |
| | Buzzards | | Not Sensibles | Garry Bushell's |
| | Anti-Pasti | Night Of The War Cry | | Band Of The Week |
| | Undertones | Get Over You | Partisans | No U Turns |
| | Damned | Love Song | Spizz | Virginia Plain |
| | Penetration | Don't Dictate | | Where's Captain Kirk? |
| | Rezillos | My Baby Makes | | Mega-City Three |
| | | Good Sculptures | Raincoats | Lola |
| | Ramones | Commando | Dead Kennedys | Holiday In Cambodia |
| | Damned | Neat Neat Neat | Generation X | Wild Youth |
| | X-Ray Spex | The Day The World | | |
| | | Turned Day-Gl, | | |
| | Sex Pistols | No Feelings | | |
| | Clash | Safe European Home | | |
| | Dead Kennedys | California Uber Alles | | |

It may not be immediately obvious why Jimmy and I insist on telling each other about The Undertones, or New Order or The Ramones. Jimmy gave me another list just recently, and you may wonder why he has repeated himself a lot on it. If so, then you are missing the point, not just about the lists, but about popular music and culture generally. None of the numbers here are good in any real sense. God is

dead and the Universe is absurd, meaningless and devoid of any inspiring excellence. When the Bomb drops or a reactor leaks or a virus escapes and we are all killed these lists may achieve a spurious immortality stacked behind a counter in a deserted speedboat rental office, waiting for no-one, but they will mean nothing but droning noises. Alternatively, a global disaster may not happen but what these lists will mean to the future will equally be very little. It is how we enjoy them now that matters, and that depends on context.

Jimmy's fourth list.

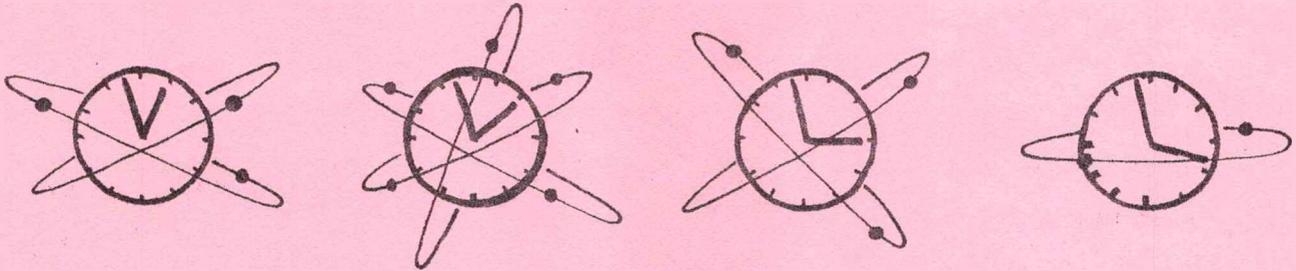
- | | | | |
|---------------------|---------------------|-------------------|-----------------------|
| 4. Psychedelic Furs | Pretty In Pink | Elvis Costello | Hoover Factory |
| Haircut 100 | Milk Film | Cramps | Goo Goo Muck |
| | King Size | Odyssey | If You're Looking |
| Orange Juice | I Can't Help Myself | | For A Way Out |
| Four Tops | I Can't Help Myself | Lyn Cornell | I Sold My Heart To |
| Grandmaster Flash | The Message | | The Junkman |
| Squeeze | Woman's World | Distractions | Time Goes By So Slow |
| Earth Wind & Fire | Star | Josef K. | It's Kinda Funny |
| The Cure | Boys Don't Cry | ABC | Poison Arrow |
| The Clash | Radio Clash | Hall and Oates | Maneater |
| Black Sabbath | Paranoid | In Deep | Last Night A DJ Saved |
| The Gap Band | Burn Rubber On Me | | My Life |
| | | Slim Gailard | Flatfoot Floogie |
| | | Dobby Dobson | Lovin' Pauper |
| | | Grace Jones | Nipple to the Bottle |
| | | The Fall | Container Drivers |
| | | Earth Wind & Fire | Boogie Wonderland |

I've done a third list for Jimmy, which I'll be sending him almost as soon as I've finished typing this.

- | | | | |
|------------------|--------------------|----------------------|----------------------|
| 3. Eek-A-Mouse | Ganja Smuggling | Michael Nyman Band | Theme from 'The |
| Junior Murvin | Police And Thieves | | Falls' |
| Misty | Ghetto of the City | Rezillos | Thunderbirds Are Go! |
| Tymon Dogg | Lose This Skin | Undertones | Under The Boardwalk |
| (with the Clash) | | New Order | Truth |
| Yazoo | Midnight | Joy Division | New Dawn Fades |
| Yazoo | Bad Connection | Joy Division | Shadowplay |
| Laurie Anderson | Big Science | Public Image Ltd. | Socialist |
| Wreckless Eric | Reconnex Cherie | Prince Buster | Wreck A Pum Pum |
| Undertones | Julie Ocean | (and the Sexy Girls) | Wreck A Buddy |
| Joy Division | Atmosphere | Rezillos | Cold Wars |
| | | Yazoo | Tuesday |
| | | Flys | Love And A Molotov |
| | | | Cocktail |
| | | Joy Division | She's Lost Control |
| | | Yazoo | Don't Go |

Despite the fact that I am not going to make any individual comments about any of this music I still think this is a better way of publishing my likes and dislikes than a Top Twenty or a Desert Island Disc selection would be. These list-structures are a real part of our lives, and their organisation belongs to us, separating them from the list-structures you would hear on the radio or at a disco. I already have a sentimental association for Jimmy's third list. I'm sure you can't enjoy music by yourself.

➡➡➡ whizz for atomms



➡➡➡➡➡➡➡ phil palmer

Wayne Morgan complained to me that the relativistic restriction that prevents anything from exceeding the speed of light is not fair. "How can anyone just say that nothing can travel faster than light?" The restriction does, after all, seem to limit human endeavour by making convenient interstellar transport impossible. It is ironic, because relativity turns out to be founded on the 'fairest' possible principles.

Everyone knows the salient features of the theory of relativity. If you've read physics at university then all of this will be boringly familiar. It is common knowledge that nothing travels faster than light and that energy and mass are interconvertible. These results are from the special theory of relativity, which is to do with the behavioural equivalence between things moving at constant velocities, free of the influences of outside forces. (Because nothing is ever entirely free of outside influences, the theory is 'special' - i.e. it relates to a special case). There is also a general theory of relativity which deals with the behavioural equivalence of things being accelerated and things in a gravitational field, which predicts the existence of black holes and which calculates a set of figures for the orbit of Mercury that are closer to the observed ones than those calculated from Newton's theory were.

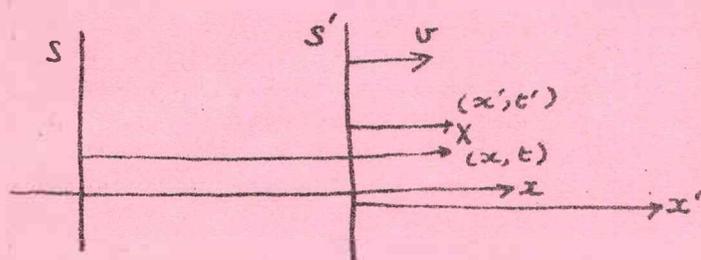
What relativity is about is things being relative, hence its name. Does the earth go round the sun or the sun go round the earth? That is a question of relativity and the simple answer is neither, they both go round their mutual centre of gravity. The complex, and correct, answer is that you can take them as going round whatever you like, and work out all your physics accordingly, but of course the simple answer gives the simpler mathematics, while the computation of the movements of the planets, should they be thought of as revolving round the Prince Of Wales Hotel, Treorchy, is very difficult. Nevertheless, that is exactly what the ancients used to believe and the fact that they used to refer to Treorchy by means of the codeword 'Alexandria' doesn't mislead me at all.

In this system, the Ptolemaic one, the planets appear to travel in unusual paths across the sky, and sometimes seem to travel backwards. Copernicus' justification for putting the sun at the centre of things was that the planets' trajectories then

RELATIVITY AND FRAMES OF REFERENCE

Imagine that there are two observers, moving relative to one another, and that there is a third body moving relative to each of them. It could be that one observer is on a ship, escaping, and that the other observer is on the shore firing a cannonball at him. In the "frame of reference" of the observer on shore, the shore is stationary and the boat is moving away; to the observer on the boat, the boat is effectively stationary and the shoreline is receding. Both of these observers will calculate the momentum with which the cannonball hits the ship, and both will get the same result. They must, because they are both describing the same event. They will explain things differently, though, as the observer with the cannon will evaluate the effective momentum of the cannonball from the velocity he has launched it with, reduced by the escaping velocity of the ship. The observer on the ship will measure the velocity of the cannonball as it approached him and calculate its momentum directly from that. Each observer will also have his own measurements for the distance of the ship from the shore, and the time, at the moment of impact. It is from these distances and times, after all, that the velocity of the cannonball is calculated. A "relativistic transformation" is a set of equations that converts one observer's measurements to another's.

Call S the frame of reference of the shore and S' that of the ship. The shore measures distance, x , as being distance from the cannon. The ship measures distance x' as being distance from the wheelhouse (or the crow's nest, or wherever). They each measure time, t or t' , from the moment the wheelhouse passed the cannon. (Perhaps the cannon is on a bridge at the entrance to the harbour).



X is the time and place of an event they are each measuring.

x and t must be linearly related to x' and t' , because if one observer sees an object moving with a uniform velocity then so must the other, because if either of them sees the object accelerate, he will interpret that as being the action of a force.

So the transformation equations are: $x = ax' + bt'$, $t = cx' + dt'$.

What a, b, c and d turn out to be decides the system of relativity you are using.

became simple almost-circles, an aesthetically elegant result that 'feels' like it ought to be the right one. It is important to remember that Copernicus could have been wrong and that, in some sense, the planets could 'really' lurch and stagger round the Prince of Wales in the same way that everyone else does. I have not been to a planet, so I don't know. These two different ways of looking at things are known as frames of reference.

If you were in a silly mood, you might like to check whether the sun goes round the earth or not. If the sun is stationary, then night and day must be caused by the earth twirling around on a North-South axis. If you therefore had a machine for measuring the speed of light and you operated it on light from the sun at dawn and at dusk, then you could reasonably expect to get very slightly different values. At dawn the bit of the earth you were standing on would be turning forward into the sunlight, so you would be moving into the light as it moved towards you, while in the evening you would be moving away from it and it would have to catch you up. This is more or less the terribly famous Michelson experiment, and it is famous because there is no difference between the two speeds of light at all. This proves, of course, that the sun does in fact go round the earth in an irregular seasonal orbit, but sadly the Victorians were so fascinated by the different way the water goes down the plughole in Australia that they couldn't accept this and started to look for other explanations.

Einstein's explanation was to take as a starting point that the speed of light in a vacuum is the same however you measure it. Not 'the maximum', just 'the same'. This may seem surprising, unusual and arbitrary but the awfully clever Scottish physicist Maxwell had already proved that the speed of light was given by the formula $c = \frac{1}{\sqrt{\epsilon_0 \mu_0}}$ or the formula I haven't got keys on my typewriter for - see the attached sheet. It may be one thing to say you are moving towards a beam of light and therefore expect it to have a faster apparent speed, but it is another to expect undirected constants of electricness and magneticness to vary. Maxwell had also shown that light has momentum and that the amount of momentum is given by E/c (E being the energy of the light and c being the velocity) from which you can work out that E equals mc^2 very easily. However, without relativity this relationship only follows for the special case of light, while relativistically it is a general property of mass and energy. It is important to stress this because it shows that relativity does not, itself, introduce strange and arbitrary new ideas into science, but instead shows that some of the difficulties with other theories disappear, as they fit neatly into this newer and wider understanding.

The idea of relativity was not new, either. The first system of relativity was proposed by Galileo and formed the foundation of Newtonian physics. Galileo observed that if you dropped an object from the top of the mast of a moving ship it fell to the foot of the mast, apparently straight downwards if you were on the ship but in a forwards trajectory if you were standing on the shore. Relativity is the relationship between these two motions and the demonstration that they can belong to the same object. So just because an object dropped from the top of the tower of Pisa (or wherever) lands at its foot, that doesn't mean that the earth is not moving through space round the sun.

Whenever tv programmes and the like try to popularise relativity, it is round about here that they come up with fanciful illustrations, usually involving people on trains with stop watches and bombs going off a certain distance apart, of how relativity makes lengths get shorter and clocks run slower. I think that these illustrations are ultimately misleading, as they appear to suggest that it is the experimenter that produces the effects by measuring them in the way that he does.

There is a similar problem (that of the role of the experimenter) in understanding the relationship of the 'laws of nature' with events in the natural world. Wayne asked how it is possible for Einstein just to say that nothing shall travel faster than light. Barrington Bayley asked the Fencon Scientists v. Philosophers panel how colliding billiard balls 'know' that they should recoil so

GALILEO'S RELATIVITY

In Galileo's system, time was universal and absolute, so $c=0$ and $d=1$ to give you

$$x = ax' + bt'$$

$$t = t'$$

Now look at the position of the origin of S' at time t (or t'). Measured in frame S' it won't have moved, and so will have co-ordinates $(0, t)$. Measured in S it will have moved a distance vt (velocity times time gives the distance) so its co-ordinates are (vt, t) .

$$\text{then, } (vt) = a(0) + b(t') = bt$$

$$\text{so } b = v$$

$$\text{this gives } x = ax' + vt', \quad t = t'.$$

To find a , remember that there is nothing special about either of these frames of reference, and so the transformation must work in the opposite direction. This time $b = -v$, because the direction of v is reversed.

$$\text{So } x' = ax - vt$$

$$\text{but this can be moved around to get } ax = x' + vt = x' + vt'$$

$$\text{Compare this with the first equation: } ax = x' + vt'$$

$$\text{and } x = ax' + vt'$$

$$\text{subtract each side and you get } (a-1)x = (1-a)x'$$

but x is not equal to $-x'$, so $a-1$ must equal zero.

$$\text{This gives } x = x' + vt' \quad \text{for the transformation equations.}$$

$$\text{and } t = t'$$

This is only equivalent to saying that the distance measured by one observer equals the distance measured by the other plus the distance between the two of them.

EINSTEIN'S RELATIVITY

In Einstein's system, no assumptions are made about time.

$$x' = ax + bt \quad (t' = px + qt)$$

The position of the origin of S' will be $(0, t')$ in S' and (vt, t) in S at any moment.

Then $0 = avt + bt$, giving $v = -b/a$, so $x' = a(x - vt)$
and $x = a(x' + vt')$

To find 'a', a second measurement is needed. This will be that the speed of light will be the same in both frames.

The position reached by a ray of light leaving $0,0$ will be (ct, t) in S and (ct', t') in S' . (c is the velocity of light).

$$x' = a(x - vt), \quad \text{so } ct' = a(ct - vt) = a(c - v)t$$
$$x = a(x' + vt'), \quad \text{so } ct = a(ct' + vt') = a(c + v)t', \quad t = \frac{a}{c}(c + v)t'$$

which gives $ct' = a(c - v) \frac{a}{c}(c + v)t' = \frac{a^2}{c}(c^2 - v^2)t'$

$$\text{or } a^2 = \frac{c^2}{c^2 - v^2}, \quad \text{or } a = \frac{1}{\sqrt{1 - v^2/c^2}}$$

$$x' = a(x - vt) \quad \text{and} \quad x = a(x' + vt')$$

$$\text{so } x' = a(a(x' + vt') - vt) = a^2x' + a^2vt' - avt$$

re-arrange this and get: $avt = x'(a^2 - 1) + a^2vt'$

$$(a^2 - 1) = \frac{1}{1 - v^2/c^2} - 1 = \frac{1 - 1 + v^2/c^2}{1 - v^2/c^2} = \frac{v^2/c^2}{1 - v^2/c^2} = \frac{a^2v^2/c^2}{1 - v^2/c^2}$$

$$\text{So } avt = \frac{a^2v^2}{c^2} x' + a^2vt',$$

$$t = a(t' + vx'/c^2)$$

So the transformations are given by

$$x = a(x' + vt')$$

$$x' = a(x - vt)$$

$$t = a(t' + vx'/c^2)$$

$$t' = a(t - vx/c^2)$$

$$a = \frac{1}{\sqrt{1 - v^2/c^2}}$$

as to conserve momentum. How do the balls 'know' what speed they are travelling at, and how do they calculate their new velocities?

The answer given at Fencon by the professional scientist was to query what actually does happen when you try to bounce one billiard ball off another and measure the results. The first thing you find out is that measuring the speeds of billiard balls is not easy. However, within a margin of error which you assume is due to your measuring and not to some other cosmic factor of which the world is ignorant, you find that the velocities of the balls can be described by the conservation of momentum relationship. And, as this continues to be the case for a large number of experiments, you do, indeed, decide to describe them this way. This is an experimental 'law' or, to put it another way, a summary of what you have noticed. ~~Ans~~ what you notice in the laboratory only differs from what you notice while playing pool in that in the first case you are being careful to concentrate on one particular effect, whereas in the other you are relaxing, and maybe endeavouring to cram in as many extraneous effects as will put the People's Printer off his shot.

What you have found out in the laboratory with the experiments with the billiard balls also describes the way the balls move around on the pool table. But calculations of momentum are not much use when playing pool, and players rely instead on a 'feel' for where the balls will go. This 'feel' comes from experience and observation and so it is really the same thing as a law of motion, only it is one with a psychological base rather than a mathematical one. The initial urge to conduct physics experiments on billiard balls no doubt comes from an interest in what this 'feel' is, and the law of momentum is perhaps an attempt at a code whereby a 'feel' for playing pool and similar games can be communicated. Whatever it is, the balls continue to collide in the same way whether we understand them or not.

The usual descriptions of relativistic scenarios also come from a need to communicate a 'feel', this time for the results of relativistic theory. However, they don't do very much to explain where the theory itself comes from. They illustrate it in particular cases but don't illustrate its generality. And while the laboratory experiments with billiard balls are not really carried out very often they can nevertheless be considered as 'real' experiments. On the other hand, a typical scenario for illustrating relativity generally involves some fanciful element such as a train that travels at half the speed of light through stations with synchronised clocks. This is confusing, because in both cases we are talking about experiments, but the relativistic one are imaginary ones to illustrate a theory, rather than practical ones from which to abstract a law.

To point out the confusion further, the principle of the conservation of momentum may be an experimentally-obtained law, but we can also get to it another way. Newton's second law describes the relationship of force, mass and acceleration and from this you can deduce, mathematically, (by integration), both the conservations of momentum and energy. But if the law is the result of a deduction, rather than being simply a description, how do the billiard balls know about it?

There is an important distinction between the world as we measure it, and the model of the world that we think about. The model of the world, the theory, starts by asserting basic principles and deducing results from them. These results can then be tested against the real world by measuring things in experiments to see if they and the theory conform. So which experiments you undertake depends on what theory you already hold. What you believe distorts your behaviour.

Relativity is, of course, a theory not a law. Because it is a theory, Einstein can just say that light travels at the same velocity with respect to each observer, and then deduce the consequences of this. The theory has weight because experiments can be set up to test the real world for evidence of these consequences. We believe that starships cannot travel faster than light because we have observed that electrons

do not do so, even when enthusiastic attempts are made to accelerate them. The link between electrons and spaceships derives from what Einstein said, but it is the electrons that are convincing, rather than Einstein. It is a pity that the history of popular science gives so much emphasis to the brilliance of great figures of the past, such as Einstein and Newton, and less to the elegance of their theories or to the meaning of theory itself.

Is relativity fair? Its premises are fairer than those of classical physics. It is somehow very democratic that all observers (except those who are accelerating or are subject to a gravitational force) should be able to get the same value for the speed of light and should observe the same physical behaviour. In the classical view the frame of reference in which the aether was stationary was supreme, and values measured in it would have to be acknowledged as the 'true' ones.

The consequences of relativity are what lead to the assertion that it is not fair. Intuitively it seems remarkable that two people moving relative to each other should both measure the same beam of light as travelling at the same speed. They don't measure it as having the same wavelength, but that is a different matter. That they do measure it as having the same speed, when one of them is moving into the light and the other is moving away from it means that their measurements of length and time must differ. Indeed, it is a result of relativity that a moving object will be shortened and that time will run slower for it. But is the object really shortened, or is this an illusion due to velocity, like blurring?

Ultimately, it is impossible to tell what happens to an object's state of being, because all that the physical theory is, is a description of the object's behaviour.

What, then, does it mean to say that something has been shortened? You might devise a test for it like this. Supposing you have a twenty-foot ladder that you want to fit into a sixteen-foot garage. If you fling it in very fast, say at four-fifths of the speed of light, then it will be relativistically shrunk (if it is shrunk) to three-fifths of its length, or twelve feet. If you arrange to slam the back door of the garage as the tail of the ladder passes it, then your ladder should be well contained inside the garage, providing that the shrinkage has actually happened.

But if one observer sees the other's lengths as being shrunk, then the opposite viewpoint must equally be valid, and the ladder must see the garage as being shorter. As the garage was too short already, the ladder now cannot fit.

The apparent paradox is resolved when you realise that the back end of the ladder will only stop moving (or only start moving, if you are looking at it from the viewpoint of someone on the ladder) when the impulse from the front of the ladder reaches it. That impulse can only travel at the speed of light, which gives extra time for the ladder to squeeze itself into the garage.

You can, however, persist with this example in order to ask questions about what the ladder is. Suppose you arrange the ladder to be shut in the garage by synchronising the shutting of the doors with the moment of impact of the front of the ladder with the rear wall of the garage. Now you are not taking the time for the impulse to travel up the ladder into account and it is indeed true that if you arrange the synchronisation while in the frame of reference of the garage then the ladder will be contained, but if you arrange it while sitting on the ladder, then the end of the ladder will be snipped off outside. This difference of effect occurs because in each case it is not the same ladder. Both observers agree about one end of the ladder, because it is the front end of the ladder at the moment that it hits the wall and its position and time are therefore defined. But their notion of the other end of the ladder is of a point some distance away at the same time, and as time does not run the same for them they see different points. It is as though the extra length that was lost when the ladder was

RELATIVITY AND THE SPEED OF LIGHT.

From Maxwell's equations it can be proved that the speed of light, c , is given by

$$c = \frac{1}{\sqrt{\mu_0 \epsilon_0}} \quad \text{where } \mu_0 \text{ is the coefficient of (magnetic) permeability,}$$

and ϵ_0 is the coefficient of (electrostatic) permittivity.

These coefficients are constant in all directions, so it should not be a great surprise that the velocity of light is constant, too.

The constancy of the speed of light gives the transformation equations

$$\begin{aligned} x &= a(x' + vt') & x' &= a(x - vt) & a &= \frac{1}{\sqrt{1 - v^2/c^2}} \\ t &= a(t' + vx'/c^2) & t' &= a(t - vx/c^2) \end{aligned}$$

For ordinary speeds v/c^2 and v^2/c^2 can be taken to be zero. This gives $a=1$ and the equations are the same as the Galilean ones.

Suppose you are measuring something in two different frames of reference. Take the object as being at rest in S and moving in S' . To measure the length in S' , take the positions of the ends of the object at a particular time t' . Then the length in S' (called L') is given by $x_2' - x_1'$.

Now transform these points to the S -frame to find the length of the object there. (These points will be at different times in S , but in S the object is always in the same place, so no matter.)

$$x_1 = a(x_1' + vt')$$

$$x_2 = a(x_2' + vt'). \quad \text{So } x_2 - x_1 = a(x_2' - x_1' + vt' - vt') = a(x_2' - x_1') = aL'$$

$$\text{so } L = aL', \quad \text{or } L' = L/a = L\sqrt{1 - v^2/c^2}$$

When v gets close to c , L' gets close to zero, so the object behaves as though shrunk to nothing. It can also be shown to get more massive, and for its measure of time to slow down. These results are what lead people to believe that the speed of light is a maximum. Remember it was only originally stated to be constant.

shortened has been moved away into the time direction, by a rotation. Again, what has actually happened to the ladder we don't know, we only know the way the moving ladder behaves. I don't know whether it is fair of relativity for the two observers to see different ladders, but the unusual insight into what the ladder might be must be a bonus.

It seems to be unfair of relativity not to allow objects to travel faster than light, when the nearest star with useful planets could be something like a hundred light years away. But to travellers on a starship, the journey would take less than the time elapsed on earth, maybe much less, because of the time dilation factor. If relativity is being fair, then it has made the speed of light a constant for everyone, has found that this awkwardly makes it a maximum as well, but has reduced the impact of this by means of the time dilation factor. In fact, all three of these considerations are inherent in each other, and to talk about compensating advantages and disadvantages is a human miscomprehension. Whether the universe were good or bad we would still have to live in it, and, as it happens, it is neither. There are similar arguments that are often put to show that various universal constants are just right in the values they have to have for life to emerge. These arguments have the obvious implication that there is some purpose to the universe after all, and maybe even a Creator, or else why would the 'lucky' values have been chosen? In reality it is more likely, and the evidence slowly but surely emerges to support it, that the universal constants are not a set of distinct universe-building parameters, but are related to one another as parts of the universal structure.

There is one other area in which relativity can be considered to be fair or unfair, and that is in its influence on the zeitgeist. Modern physics began with the electromagnetic theory, but only became noticed as such when relativity and quantum theory were invented. One could also argue that modern art began with impressionism, but was only noticed as such with the emergence of cubism and expressionism (and futurism, vorticism, dadaism, etc.). It is remarkable that these changes should have happened so much at the same time, because the changes in physics were triggered by various experimental discoveries, while those in art were a result of changing patterns of society. Possibly it was simply the improved technologies of the industrial revolution that gave rise to both.

In each field there arose a dichotomy between the new modern systems and the classical ones. In both art and science the modern traditions gave more emphasis to the average man, while the classical tradition was patriarchal by contrast. In the classical universe the aether frame and the pre-quantum determinacy and order of things set nature up as a vast machine to which the human being is subordinated. Solid electrons whirl round solid atomic nuclei like planets round a sun, and like cogs in a clock, ticking off existence from cause to effect. In modern physics we are reminded that this tyranny of order is just a theory that we keep in our heads and write down on paper, and that it describes rather than dictates the behaviour of the world we live in. Art moved away from aggrandising the aristocracy and legitimating the bourgeoisie, and although it has since failed by producing so few works of any aesthetic beauty, it has still tried to respond to the challenge of the intellectual developments of the twentieth century.

Relativity seems suspiciously unfair because it is so hard and yet so desirable for us to reach those lights in the sky, the stars. There is a psychological attraction of the human spirit to the wide open spaces or the heavenly heights that goes beyond simple explanations like population pressure or the opportunities for economic exploitation. Attempts in art to recreate these feelings have in general been a disaster. Examples might be the removal of decoration and the emphasis on space of the Bauhaus, or the depersonalising tower blocks and housing estates that were intended to be grand and ennobling.

Relativity, with its tenet that one viewpoint is no better than any other, is the embodiment of pluralist democracy, and so it is again a remarkable coincidence

THE LADDER IN THE GARAGE PARADOX (1)

Does a moving object really contract or doesn't it?

You have seen that a moving object is measured as having length

$$L' = L/a = L\sqrt{1 - v^2/c^2}$$

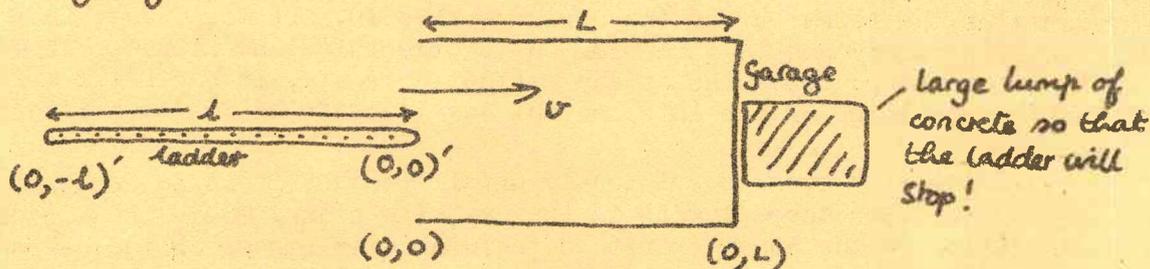
Suppose you decide to use this result to fit a 20 foot ladder into a 16 foot garage. (This is one of the great middle-class paradoxes of modern physics).

If you propel the ladder into the garage at $4/5$ the speed of light then you would measure its length as $20 \times \sqrt{1 - 16/25} = 20\sqrt{9/25} = 12$ feet.

If you were measuring the experiment from the frame of reference of the ladder, on the other hand, then you would measure the ladder as being at rest and 20 feet long, and the garage as moving and contracted to $16 \times 3/5 = 9.6$ feet long.

This seems to imply that if the garage doors were slammed shut at just the right moment, then from one observer's viewpoint the ladder will be contained inside the garage, while from the other's the end of the ladder will be snipped off outside.

Call S the reference frame of the garage and S' that of the ladder. The length of the garage when not moving will be L (16 feet) and the length of the ladder when not moving is l (20 feet). The starting point for measurements in each frame of reference will be the moment, and the place where, the front of the ladder enters the garage doors.



There are 3 events to consider

- ① The front of the ladder enters the garage
- ② The front of the ladder hits the back wall and stops.
- ③ The rear of the ladder passes the garage doors.

There is really also a fourth event - at what time are the garage doors closed?

THE LADDER IN THE GARAGE PARADOX (2)

Events :-	Garage frame S	Ladder frame S'
1.	0, 0	0, 0
2.	L, L/v	0, t' ₂
3.	0, t ₃	-L, L/v

t'₂ and t₃ can be calculated from the relativistic transformation equations $t' = a(t - vx/c^2)$ and $t = a(t' + vx'/c^2)$. Then, using the numbers, we'll be able to see what is happening.

$$t'_2 = a(t_2 - vx_2/c^2) = a(L/v - vL/c^2) = \frac{aL}{v} (1 - v^2/c^2) = \frac{aL}{v} \cdot \frac{1}{a^2} = \frac{L}{av}$$

$$t_3 = a(t'_3 + vx'_3/c^2) = a(L/v - vL/c^2) = \frac{aL}{v} (1 - v^2/c^2) = L/av$$

$$L = 16. \quad L = 20. \quad v = 4/5c. \quad a = 5/3$$

so the times and positions of the events are -

Events	Garage frame S	Ladder frame S'
1.	0, 0	0, 0
2.	16, 20/c	0, 12/c
3.	0, 15/c	-20, 25/c

So in the garage frame the front of the ladder hits the back wall at time 20/c, which comes after the time (15/c) that the back of the ladder enters the garage.

In the ladder frame the front of the ladder hits the back wall at time 12/c which is before the rear of the ladder has got inside the garage doors.

But the rear of the ladder will only stop travelling when the shockwave from the front of the ladder reaches it. This can only travel at velocity c, or else it would be travelling backwards in time. In the ladder frame the ladder has length 20, so there will be an extra period of time 20/c before the ladder stops (or, rather, starts getting carried backwards by the garage). The ladder will have stopped moving with respect to the garage at time 32/c, which is after the rear of the ladder has cleared the garage doors. So the ladder will always get enclosed in the garage.

However, one observer will have recorded that the ladder was inside the garage when the end hit the wall, and the other that it was partly outside. These are different three-dimensional views of the same four-dimensional ladder, which seems to question whether we know what the ladder is, but we have just seen that it makes no difference to the ladder's behaviour. It still gets shut in the garage.

that it emerged at the same time that, in this country at least, classical paternalist liberalism was giving way to modern socialism. In order to understand relativity you must accept, temporarily, the premises on which it is based, and you must be sure that you applying them with ferocity to the problem in hand. Relativity must determine the way that you think, and so it serves to make some desirable ideas more widely known and accepted. It is little wonder that when the Nazis came to power in Germany, they suppressed not only modern art and literature, but also much of modern science, although they remained pragmatic on the matter of atom bombs. In all areas, however, their preferred model was the classical one, with its characteristics of severity, purity and discipline. A machine universe would give permanence to the concept of a machine state.

Relativity is triff.

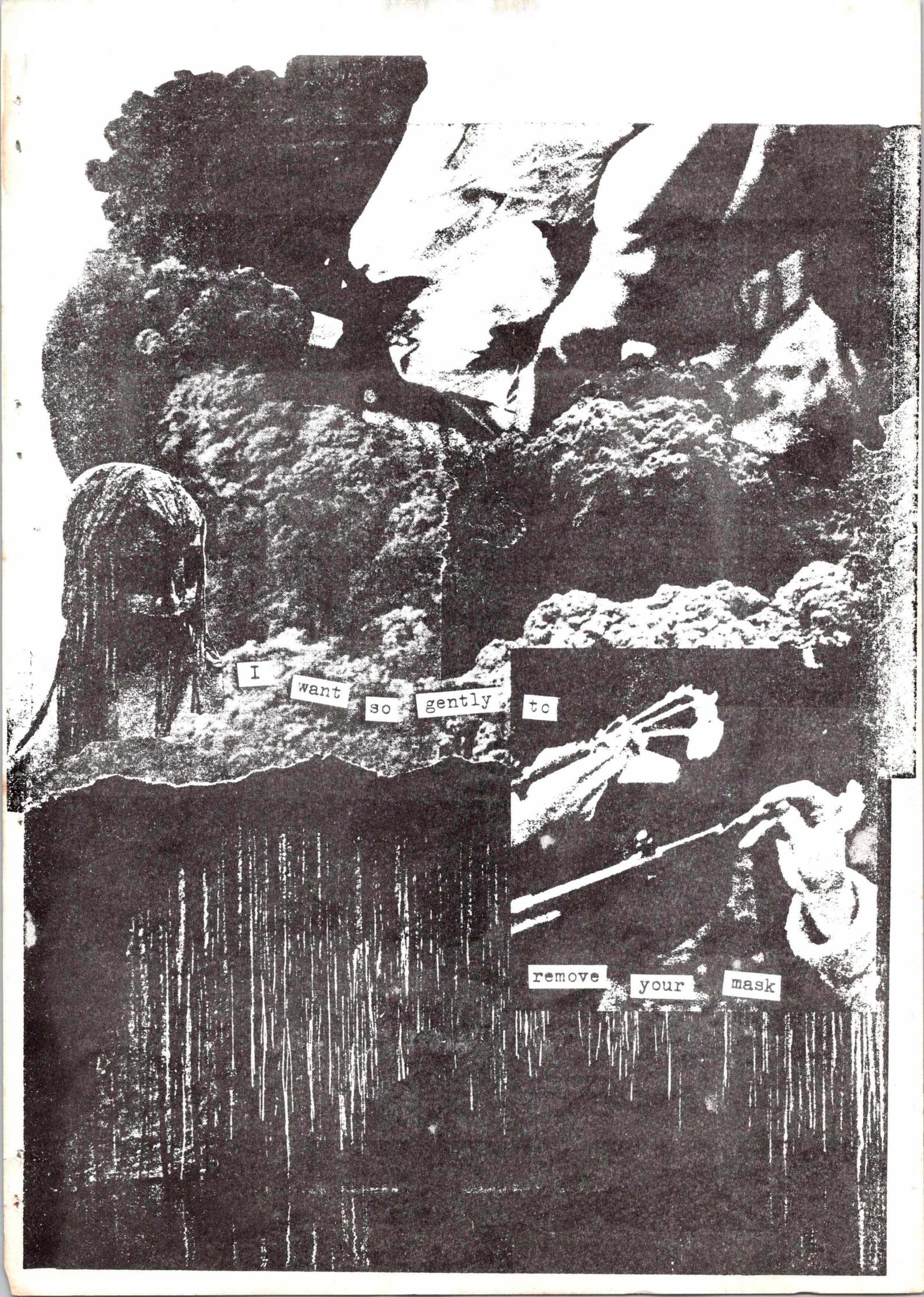
This has been THE CHOCOLATES OF LUST number 2, from Phil Palmer and friends. It is about time I said thank you, so thanks to Ian Maule for duplicating Choccies number 1, thanks to Rob Hansen, the People's Printer, for duplicating Flay, Swelter and Groan, thanks to John Harvey for doing the electrostencils for Flay, Swelter and Groan, thanks to Rob Hansen, the People's Printer, for duplicating this issue, thanks to John Harvey for doing the electrostencils this issue, the lithoing for this issue and some of the paper delivery for this issue. Apologies to the contributors for sitting on their work for so long and to all the people whose letters I didn't publish and I haven't even acknowledged. And if anyone has read through this lot consoling themselves with the thought that it's never too late and maybe AMANITA 4 or AMANITA 5 will be out soon and a lot better than this heap of old Hansard then I'm afraid not. They were the good bits in this.

Margaret Wellbank did the cover and the Going Underground motif, John Warmington did the Rat cartoon, Cyril Simsa did all the collages but not the First Encounter motif, and Paratus is for real. If you don't know what I mean then either you have some pages missing or else I've had last-minute production problems.

I live at 62, Beaufort Mansions, Beaufort Street, Chelsea, London SW3 5AF

Many thanks to everyone who has tried to make me into a star and to Jimmy Robertson for two more cassettes. The fanzine code: TRINCE!





I want so gently to

remove your mask