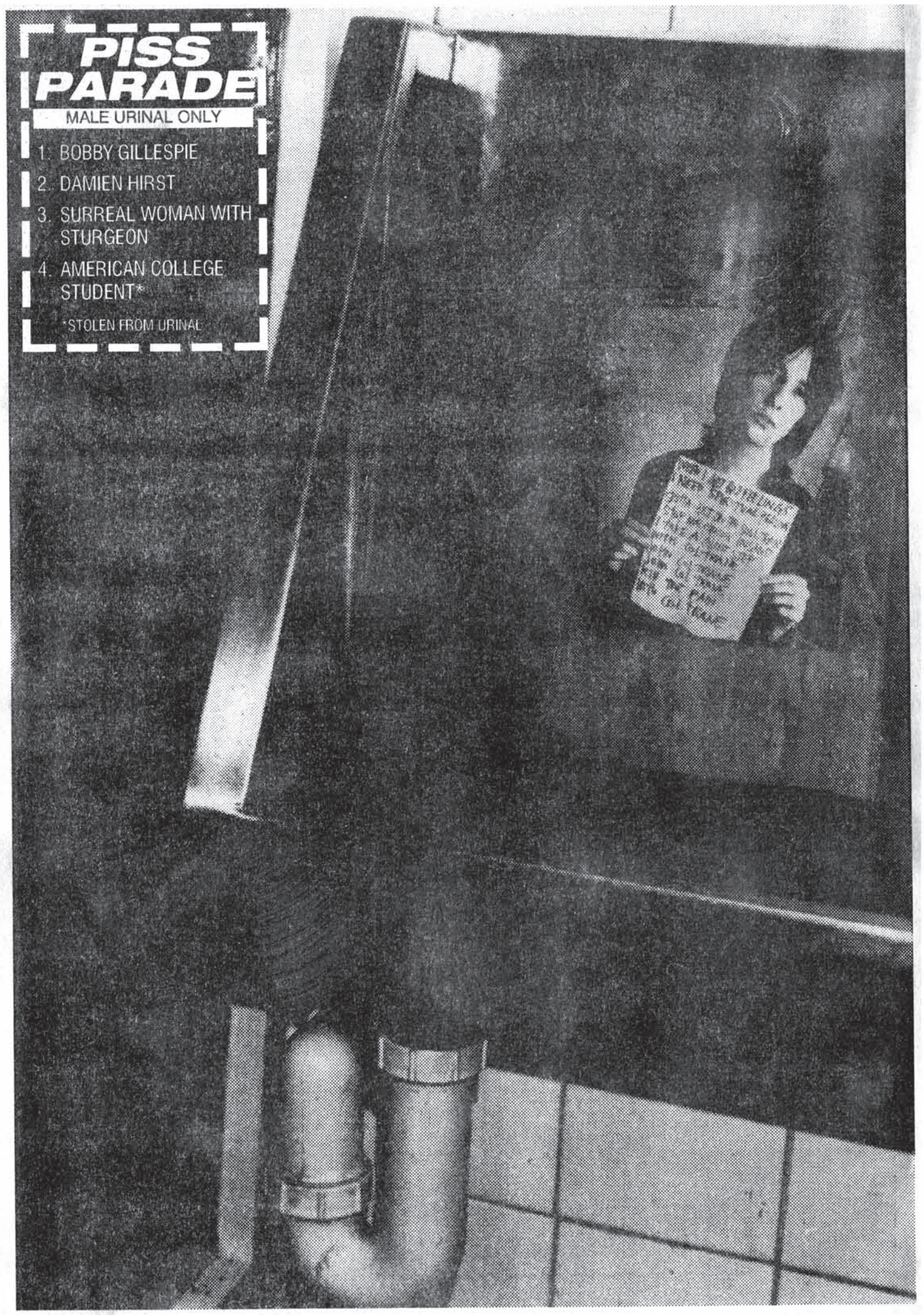
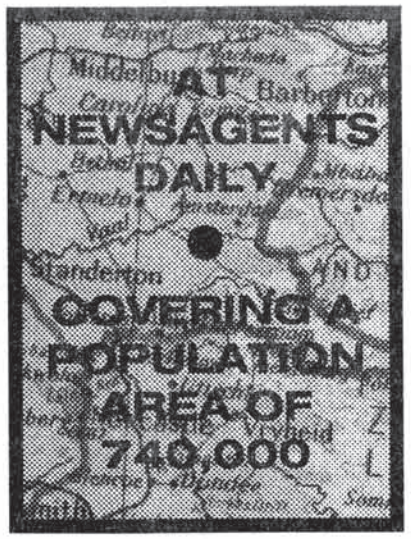
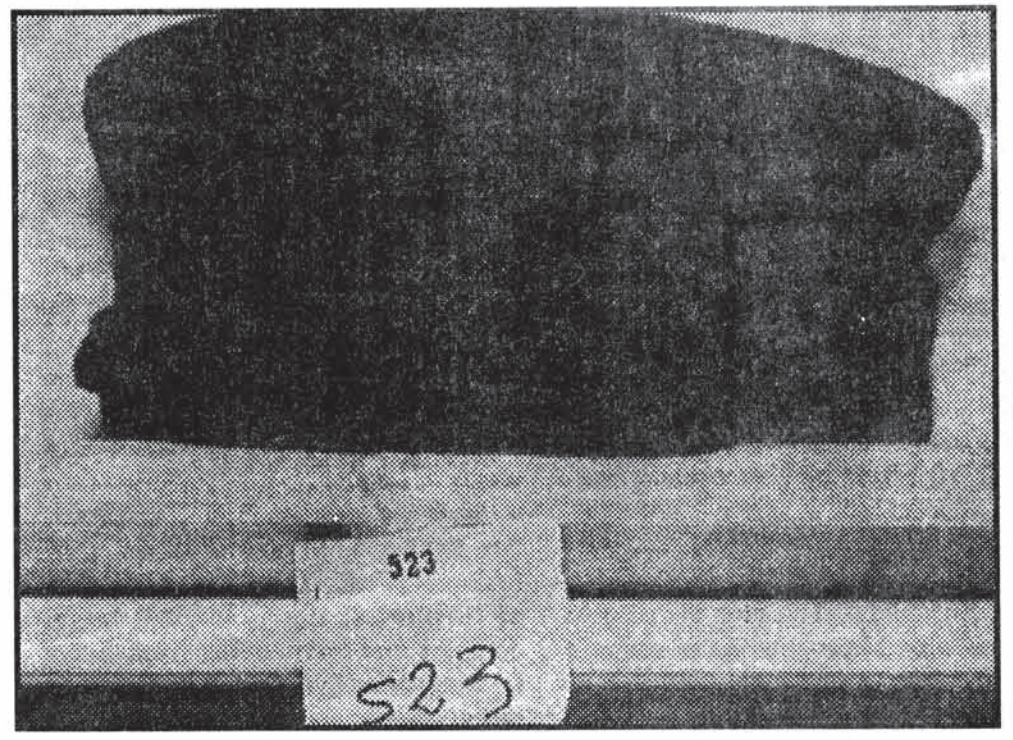






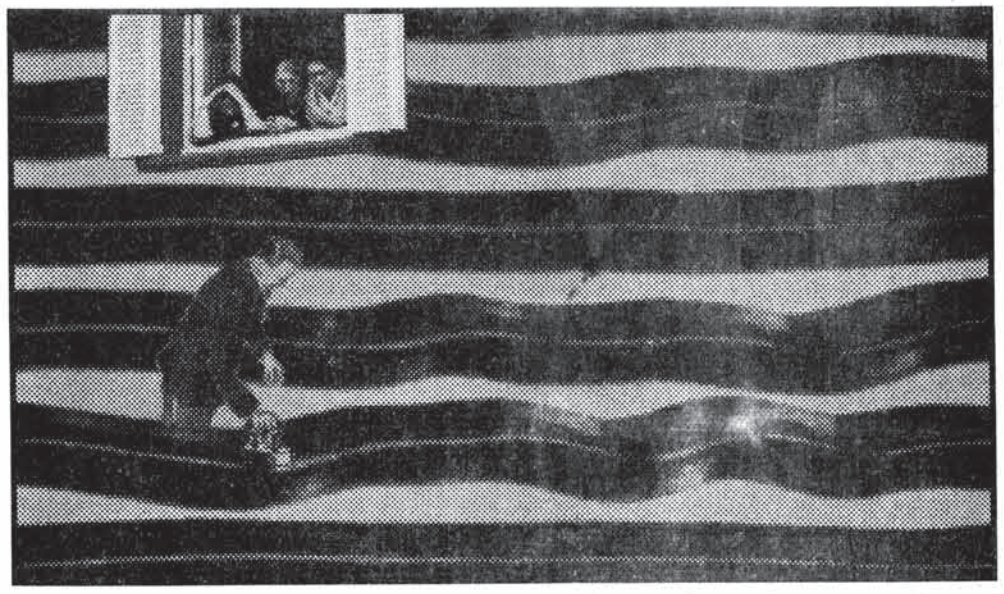
NO
NON OBEDIO

The Belgian inventor Gabriel van der Eist shows "The Smoker", a device which allows smokers to go about their habit without polluting the atmosphere, at an ehibition in Geneva.



Vladimir Zhirinovsky's cap, stolen from a Council of Europe members' cloakroom on Wednesday, poses for photographers.





A man was seen to place an iron on the railway line.

get rid of priests



Police Blotter

FRIDAY, JULY 11

• A Lillyridge Drive resident said a dozen children were out in front of the house playing hockey and they refused to move for traffic. When she blew her horn at them, a father came out and told her she had no business driving down the street at the speed limit.
• Packages were stolen at a Niagara Falls Boulevard store.
• Police were requested to break up a fight on Redbud Court between six or seven men who possibly had weapons.

SATURDAY, JULY 12

• A Horrogate Square resident reported being harassed by youths who broke pickets off his fence. Then someone had pizza and wings delivered to his house.
• A keg of beer was stolen from a Maple Road supermarket.
• A South Cayuga Road resident was receiving phone calls from women threatening to harm her.
• A TV was stolen from a Horn Street store.
• A Berkley Road resident complained about "dog droppings" in her driveway. They turned out to be mud.
• Tools were stolen from a car on Clarefield Drive.
• A motorist on Niagara Falls Boulevard asked police to show her how to get the spare tire out of her pick-up truck.

SUNDAY, JULY 13

• A Dodge Road resident thought there was a burglary at his residence when he returned from a weekend away and found a coffee table missing but the house straightened up and dirty dishes in the sink. It was determined there was no burglary - a relative had entered the house.
• A car and glovebox were ransacked on Sundridge Drive.
• A Cascade Drive caller said someone put a club on his steering wheel while the car was parked on the street.
• A caller on Youngs Road said his girlfriend was being stalked by her ex-boyfriend.
• It was reported that a suspended employee at an East Robinson Road facility was standing in the lobby and refused to leave. Police escorted her out.
• Several mailboxes were knocked down on North French Road.

MONDAY, JULY 14

• A lawn and mailbox were damaged by vandals on Pheasant Run Road.
• A woman said she left two rings valued at $1,600 in the ladies bathroom at a Transit Road restaurant and they were gone when she returned.
• A Bellingham Drive resident said when his children were outside playing a blue car came by and someone took a photo of them.
• The front windows of a house on East Maplemere Road were sprayed with paint.
• A drug pipe was confiscated from youths at Williamsville East High School.
• Two women fled a Sheriden Drive store with stolen merchandise.
• Assistance was given to an elderly woman who couldn't turn off the buzzer on her stove on Denrose Drive.
• A caller on North Bodden Street found a bullet hole in his bird feeder in his back yard.

TUESDAY, JULY 15

• A Meyer Road caller said someone was trying to break in through the balcony window.
• A man pumped 13 cents worth of gas into a cup at Main Street gas station and the complainant was afraid someone was going to start in on fire.
• A short-change artist received an extra $50 at a Millersport Highway shop.
• A man said his ex-wife assaulted him on North French Road.
• A wrought iron table and chair were stolen from a porch on Fruitwood Terrace.
• Vandals damaged a car at Williamsville North High School.
• Eggs were thrown at a house on Berehaven Drive.
• Someone broke into laundry machines at Palmdale Drive apartments.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 16

• Car parts were stolen from a garage on Allenhurst Road.
• Vandals damaged a lawn and possibly the sprinkler system at a Harlem Road address.
• A Stenger Court resident said she had a silver fox under the back deck.
• Vandals scratched a car on Campus Drive.
• A woman on Cadman Drive said a man drove into her driveway then followed her in the area.

THURSDAY, JULY 17

• A burglary was reported at a Lafayette Boulevard medical office.
• A caller who claimed to have been sold "bad gas" made a phone threat to beat up a clerk at a Main Street Gas station.

FRIDAY, JULY 18

• A pair of shoes was stolen from a Sheridan Drive store.
• Jewelry was stolen from a students book-bag at Williamsville East High School.
• Brass items were stolen from a Sheridan Drive store.
• After an assault at Williamsville North High School, the victim was treated at the hospital for a facial cut.
• Death threats by phone were received by a woman on Belmont Street.
• Cigarettes were stolen from an Alberta Drive supermarket. A suspect was taken into custody.

SATURDAY, JULY 19

• A Bucyrus Drive resident asked to have an unwanted guest removed.
• A Transit Road pizzeria says youths were calling in orders for fake addresses.
• A caller on Main Street said he was being harassed by a motorist who followed him from Clarence.
• A bag of clothing was stolen from a locker at an East Robinson Road facility.
• A Robin Road caller said youths were throwing snowballs at her while she was trying to move items from her apartment.

SUNDAY, JULY 20

• An Allenhurst Road caller heard noise downstairs and thought it might be someone throwing bricks at the house.
• A Chalmers Street resident said youths next door were throwing snowballs at her house and there was garbage in her yard.
• A resident on Windham Way said a series of burglaries had been going on for a year and he suspected someone who worked for the apartment complex.
• A man was attacked with a kitchen knife on Eggert Road. He sought treatment for a back wound at Millard Fillmore Suburban Hospital.
• A teen sought treatment at the hospital after being assaulted at a party at an unspecified location in Amherst.
• A group of intoxicated youths tried to reserve a room at a Niagara Falls Boulevard motel. Police were asked to remove the unwanted guests.

MONDAY, JULY 21

• An Allenhurst Road resident reported being harassed by an ex-boyfriend who was hanging on her door.
• A doctor was treated at Millard Filmore Suburban Hospital after receiving a human bite at Millersport Highway Hotel.
• A burglary was reported at a Springville Avenue residence where the cellar window was ajar. An answering machine was missing.
• A 14 year old was shot in the lower lip by a BB gun on a school bus on Main Street near Los Robles. He was treated at Milliard Filmore Suburban Hospital.
• A Yale Avenue caller said he was being harassed by a former building maintenance man who lost his job because of him.
• A snowblower was stolen on Spindrift Drive.

TUESDAY, JULY 22

• A car load of youths stole a recycling bin on Denrose Drive.
• A Robinhill Drive caller asked to have his brother removed from the house.
• A complaint about harassing phone calls was received on North Forest Road.
• A woman who appeared intoxicated and who had a child with her was in a waiting roam at a Niagara Falls Boulevard car wash. Police transported her.
• A Cambrook Row parent asked for assistance with her four year old son who was stuck in the mud.
• A house was broken into on Eggert Road.
• Eggs were thrown at a house on Robin Road.
• A Culpepper Road resident reported a problem with a neighbour's dog that chased him.
• A burglary was reported at a North Elicott Creek Road residence.
• Stamps & envelopes were found in a snowbank on Chalmers Street.
• A theft was reported at a Transit Road company.
• A teen was treated in the Kenmore Mercy emergency room after an assault at Sweet Home High School.
• A student with a knife was reported at Heritage Heights School.
• Someone tried to steal license plates off a car on Old Lyme Drive.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 23

• The manager of a Princeton Avenue apartment complex said youths were threatening to throw rocks through windows.
• A complaint was received from a pizzeria that a pizza was supposed to be delivered on Butcher Drive and when the driver got there the customer knew nothing about it.
• A Glenhaven Drive caller reported that someone was trying to start small fires in the woods.
• A Hirschfield Drive resident reported the theft of $129.
• A door was kicked in and a burglary reported on Princeton Avenue.
• Vandals damaged a fence on Eggert Road.
• An assault was reported at Sweet Home High School.
• Three teens were going house to house on Dodge Road asking for money. They were transported to the subway station.
• A Mapleleaf Drive caller asked to have an unwanted guest removed from the house.

THURSDAY, JULY 24

• A passing motorist reported that two men were in a car in front of Harlem Road store smoking pot. Police checked the lot but they were gone.
• A caller on Alberta Drive asked to see Police about a series of burglaries.
• A theft believed to have occurred in January was reported on Gilbert Road. Ladders and tools worth $800 were stolen.
• A caller said an elderly women in a vehicle took photos of her license plate at Audubon and Rensch the prior day.
• A purse was stolen from a car on Dappled Drive.
• A burglary was reported at a Sheridan Drive business.

FRIDAY, JULY 25

• A suspect was taken into custody after an assault at a Maple Road theater.
• A North French Road resident said a prowler knocked at the back sliding glass door. When the complainant came into the kitchen she saw a shadow of someone in the back-yard.
• A nursing bag was stolen from a car on Niagara Falls Boulevard.
• After a traffic altercation on Allenhurst Road, a complainant said another individual told him to get in his truck or he would "blow his head off", then reached inside for something.
• A bank bag with deposit slips was stolen from a van on Shady Grove Drive.
• A knife was confiscated from a student at Williamsville North High School involved in an armed altercation with a fellow student on school grounds the previous day.
• A "bag lady" was sent on her way from a Sheridan Drive Restaurant.

SATURDAY, JULY 26

• Eggs were thrown at a window on Sprucewood Terrace.
• A Longmeadow Road resident said teens were throwing things on her lawn and giving her a hard time.
• A watch valued at $2,000 was taken off a man's wrist at a Reist Street facility, it was reported.
• A company on North Bailey Avenue said a bank deposit was not made by an employee fired within the past week.
• A Birdsong Circle resident said numerous obscene messages were left on her answering machine.
• A passing motorist on Ferndale Road said two children were trying to jump out a second floor window onto a camper. Their father was advised.
• A burglary was reported on Millersport Highway.

SUNDAY, JULY 27

• A break-in attempt was reported at an International Drive Office.
• A break-in attempt was reported at a Country Parkway address where someone sprung a panel from a garage door.
• A teen exposed himself to two persons walking on Bondcoft Drive.
• A couple shopping at a Niagara Falls Boulevard store reported the theft of their packages.
• A caller said rocks were thrown at his car the night before at Sweet Hame and French.
• A computer was stolen from an office on International Drive.
• Vandals punctured car tires on Spruce Road.
• A caller on Chasewood Lane reported being followed hame from the Maple-North Forest area.

MONDAY, JULY 28

• A burglary was reported at a North Bailey Avenue photography studio, where an employee who arrived for work found a door broken in.
• The theft of $50 a week earlier was reported at a Niagara Falls Boulevard inn.
• A burglary was reported at an Alberta Drive doctors office.
• An unwanted guest on Tonawanda Creek Road was taken into custody.

TUESDAY, JULY 29

• The ex-wife of a patron who just had surgery was outside the entrance of a Sweet Hame Road restaurant seeking to do him bodily harm, it was reported.
• A Travers Circle resident said a man wearing a ski-mask was looking in her window. He then fled towards fields.
• Vandals damaged a lawn and hedges on Lynette Lane.
• A prowler was reported on Rensch Road.
• A skateboard was stolen on South Woodside Lane.
• A man exposed himself on Main Street.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 30

• Police were alerted to someone in a van damaging a lawn on North Parrish Drive.
• A caller said four teens threw firecrackers at his car on Dodge Road when he refused to sell them cigarettes.
• A South Forest Road resident who found the back screen door unlocked when she arrived home asked an officer to check the house with her.
• A Hickory Hill resident said a man banged on her door then fled by the time she answered it.
• Mail was reported stolen from a Homecrest Drive residence.
• A parent said his 12 year old daughter's arm was injured by a nine year old on Travers Circle.
• A break-in attempt was reported at an Allenhurst Road address.
• A juicer was stolen from a Transit Road health store.
• Magnetic signs were stolen from a Sheridan Drive store.
• An assault was reported on Kaymar Drive.
• Drug paraphernalia was found and turned in on South Russell Road.
• Someone placed a full garbage can on a frozen pond behind a house on Brandywine Drive.
• A handgun found in a parking lot on Wehrle Drive was turned into police

THURSDAY, JULY 31

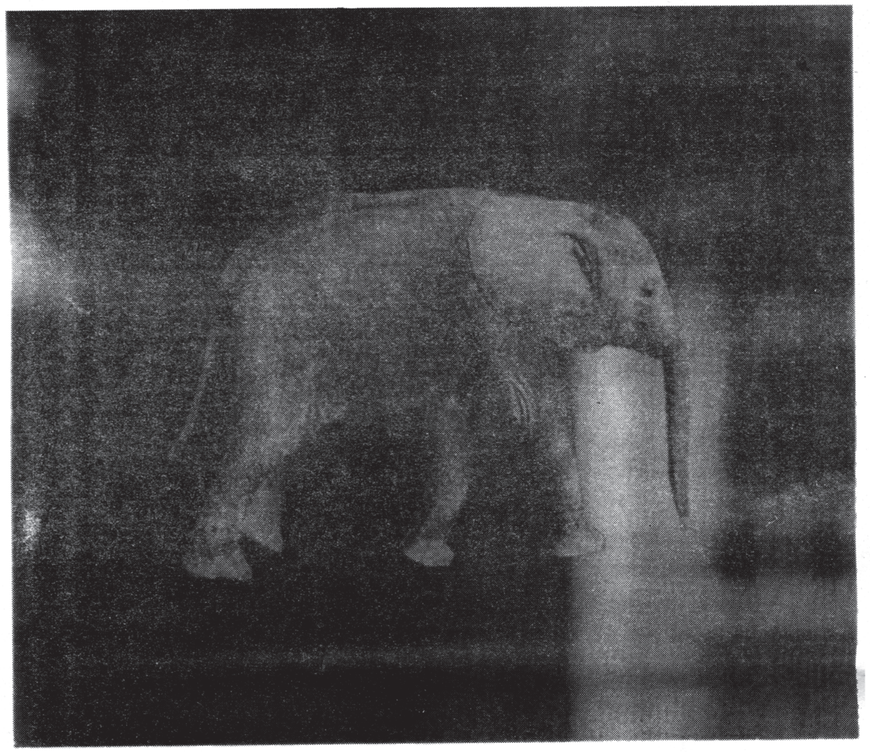
• A caller said youths were breaking bottles in the street on Sweet Home Road.
• A baby deer was trapped in a chain link fence on Dodge Road. The animal died.
• Eggs were thrown at a house on Sprucewood Terrace.
• Someone dropped stones on cars from the Sweet Homme overpass of the Lockport Expressway.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 1

• Police advised youths who were "milling around" in the rear parking lot of a Transit Road business.
• Three youths were caught after breaking a fence in the back-yard of a Pheasant Run Road house.
• A Willis Drive caller reported that a pager and two beers were stolen by someone she knows.
• Police assisted a resident who locked a baby and keys in her car on West Klein Road.
• Loud music was heard coming from a Willow Green Drive house. All was quiet when police arrived.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 2

• Youths were seen acting suspiciously on Kingsview Court.
• Police checked the area after a Redwood Terrace resident complained of hearing a noise outside.
• A chainsaw was stolen from the garage of a Sandlewood Court house.
• A patron of a Smith Road restaurant reportedly was in a booth talking to himself and acting strange.
• A youth was caught at a Niagara Falls Boulevard business after he threw a rock and broke a car window.
• Youths in the neighbourhood of Turnberry Drive were blaring music and yelling & screaming while playing basketball. They agreed to turn the volume down.
• Two intoxicated men reportedly gave a "hard time" to employees of a Main Street restaurant
• Youths were spotted playing basketball in the middle of Sprucewood Terrace.
• All four tires were taken off a truck parked in front of a Hazelwood Drive location.





husband comes back from the dead

Fellatio Jones found Chrissie's ward without difficulty. A nurse gave him a ticking off for arriving a few minutes early but let him in anyway. Murphy was lying back against some pillows and was obviously in agony – but as soon as she saw Fellatio her face lit up.

'Alright?' Jones boomed.

'Yeah,' Chrissie shot back, 'but I can't wait to get out of here. I've only another four months to go ! '

'Boring is it?' Fellatio asked.

'That's right,' Murphy replied, 'and the worst part is I haven't had sex since the day I was run down.'

'I reckon we can do something about that,' Fellatio whispered, 'ask the nurse for a piss pan and once the curtains are drawn around your bed, I'll slip between them.'

'But I can't screw!' Chrissie wailed. 'My legs might get damaged.'

Excerpt from Red London

Published 28 July 1994 (AK Press)

'Okay,' Jones laughed, 'you can't fuck, but you could suck me off!'

'Would you like that?' Murphy demanded.

'I'd love it!' Fellatio thundered.

'You dirty bastard,' Chrissie hissed – but she was obviously getting turned on by the idea.

Apart from anything else, the proposition was a challenge and it provided a way of getting back at the hospital authorities who did everything they could to let Murphy know she was helpless. Chrissie hated the bastards and had already been branded a difficult patient. She'd had more than an inkling of what it was like to be disabled. It was fucking insulting to be treated as an object – and just because someone was in a wheelchair or had broken legs, it didn't mean that they suddenly became sexless. The right- on brigade might have accused Chrissie of pandering to a patriarchal mentality, but as far as this bedridden girl was concerned, what she intended to do was a positive affirmation of her own identity.

'Nurse!' Murphy bellowed, 'Nurse, I think I'm gonna wet myself. Nurse! Get me a bedpan, nurse!'

As Chrissie had come to expect, the hospital staff ignored these requests. and that only made things easier for Fellatio. Murphy sent Jones to get a piss pan and when he returned, told him to draw the curtains around her bed. Once this was done neither of them could be seen by anyone else in the ward. Chrissie unzipped Fellatio's flies and took his stiffening member in her hands. Jones kneeled on the edge of her bed, so that by turning her head, Murphy was able to take his meat in her mouth.

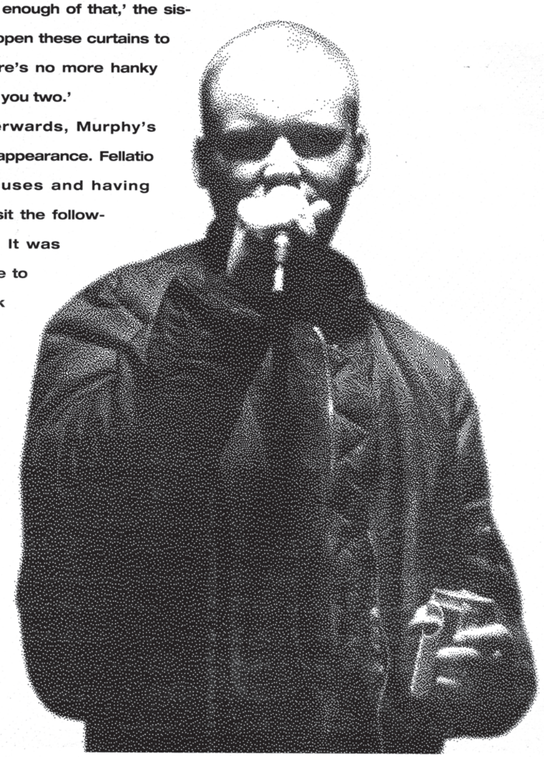
Fellatio stifled a moan as Chrissie worked the tip of his prick with her tongue. If he made too much noise it would alert the hospital staff to what was going on. Murphy was really enjoying herself and since she rated Jones as a grade one pervert, she urinated into her piss pan as she took his full length in her mouth, correctly guessing that this would really turn him on .

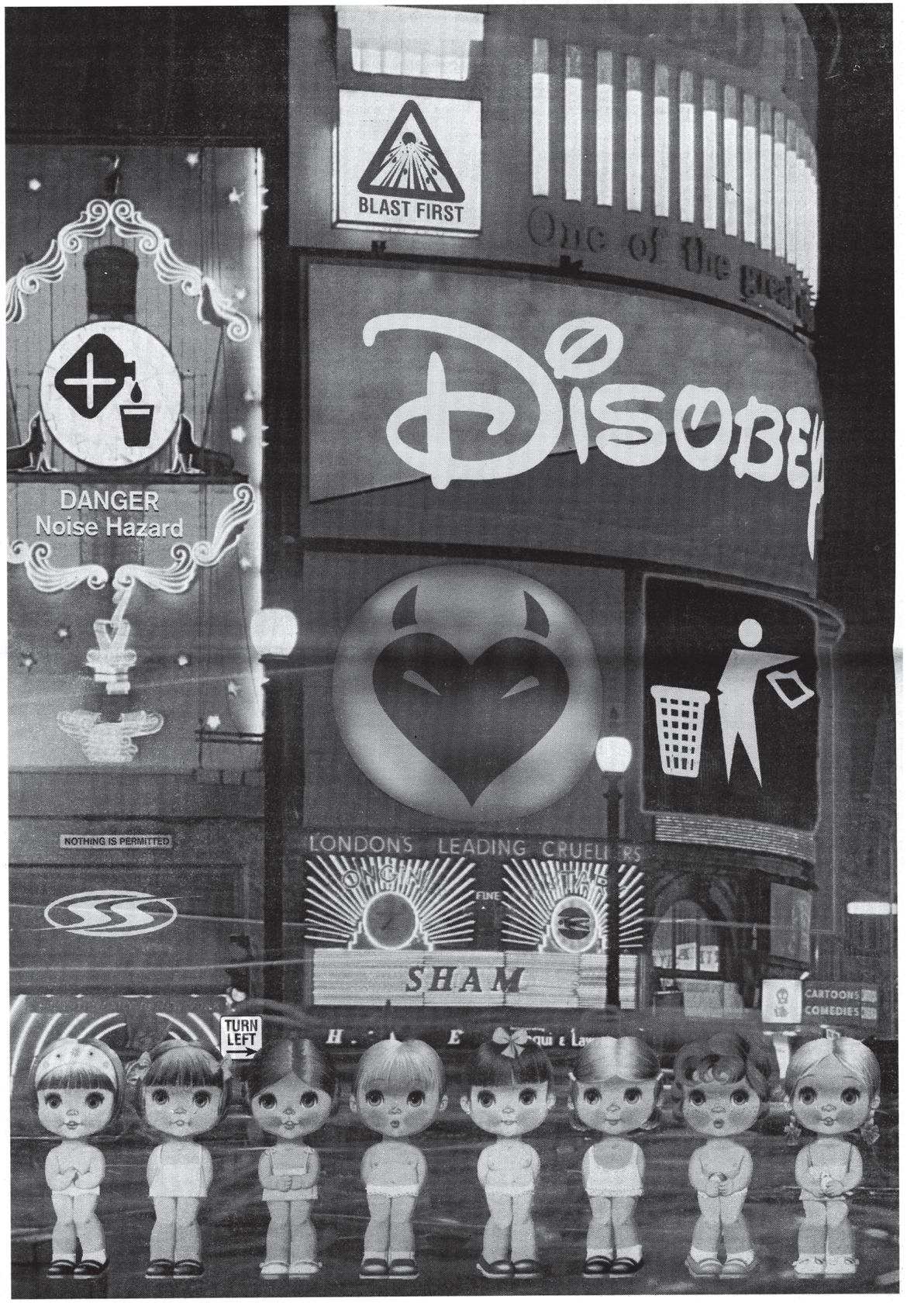
Fellatio was unable to control himself, and as he shot a wad of liquid genetics, he let rip with an orgasmic moan. Simultaneously, a cancer patient two beds away turned over and died. A nurse who'd heard Fellatio's scream came running to investigate.

The sister ignored the carrion and slipped between the curtains that concealed Chrissie's bed. If Jones had still been stiff, she'd have jabbed a pen into his crotch. This was standard NHS procedure for dealing with sexually aroused patients. A hospital was no place for erotic pursuits, although from what the nurse saw of Fellatio's manhood as he slipped it back into his briefs, she'd have been more than willing to take him home when she knocked off for the night.

'That's quite enough of that,' the sister spat, 'we'll open these curtains to make sure there's no more hanky panky between you two.'

Shortly afterwards, Murphy's aunt put in an appearance. Fellatio made his excuses and having promised to visit the following week, left. It was good being able to make a quick getaway, if he'd stayed any longer it would have been an anti-climax both for Chrissie and himself.




BLAST FIRST
DANGER
Noise Hazard
NOTHING IS PERMITTED
LONDON'S LEADING CRUELLERS
SHAM
TURN LEFT
CARTOONS
COMEDIES


I DON'T WANNA
Disobey
NO WAY
KING
DO NOT
LEAVE

A hired hall in winter

The meeting was drawing to a typically disgruntled close. Once again, nothing worth resolving had been resolved. Not remotely. The issues had been raised, paraded and, solemnly, put away. Frustration hung hard in the air. The Chair had no interest in prolonging any debate. He considered argument counter-productive. Whenever the discussion looked like becoming heated, Niggle consulted his watch. "I can't let this meeting drag on forever," he chided, piously postponing further exchanges of view. There was, however, one problem which did require immediate attention. It was, Niggle felt sternly, a matter so urgent, so pressing, that we could not, in all conscience, ignore it anymore.

Ah! we gasped, pricking our ears up, suddenly thrilled. What was this? Niggle sounded earnest. He sounded almost incensed! What was the matter? What, what on earth could it be?

It was an unfortunate subject, Niggle admitted, in a saddened preamble, searching for suitably sorrowful words. Unpleasant, unsightly, offensive and - let's not forget this, with so many children around - it's unhygienic as well.

He was talking about dogshit. Not everyone understood. It took a moment or so before most of us put two and two. We'd forgotten the agenda, as usual! There it was, the last item under "Other business": "Fouling in the Courtyard". So it didn't refer to football etiquette! Some of us tittered. How utterly, utterly apt! Niggle's cack-handed command of the lingo pretty much summed our circumstance up. Like Niggle with his fear of offending, the Co-op was tying itself in preposterous knots.

There were only three dogowners in the Co-op - Crusty Gus, Guinevere and Noggin - but Niggle had a horror of names. Avoiding what he called "personalities" was one of his favourite themes. He had no taste at all for vendetta. No, no. Heaven forbid! He preferred more formal discussion, questions of principle weighed in the neutered abstract. That way there was no need for ill- feeling, no need to go taking offence. For instance, everyone, every sensible member, would, he felt sure, agree that tenants should be responsible for their pets.

There was easy agreement. What could be less controversial? They should be held responsible, one renegade said. They should be made to clean up their...mess.

We were all agreed on that.

"Well, how are you going to make them clean it up?" Harold asked, eager to get the ball rolling. It was all very well us all agreeing. It was noble and lofty. It made us feel effective and industrious. Harold had no truck with empty virtue. He knew there was no mileage in merely meaning well. He knew that the real problem lay in convincing someone - anyone! - to implement this extremely hygienic decree. The idea that Gus might be persuaded to form a close personal relationship with dogshit tickled him rather. Hed like to see the do-goods pulling that off.

"Why doesn't the Co-op issue all dog-owners with a pooper-scooper?" Wag suggested, ever-the-optimist. It was a delightful suggestion, a nostalgic reminder, the quintessence of communal bike .

"Who's going to make sure the owners use them? What if they won't cooperate?" Nag interrupted, impatient. Wag was still living in some utopian dreamscape. He solved problems by imagining magical things. Remember the Carpetslipper Initiative, Wag's Solution to Unsocial Noise?

Who could forget?

"Then," Harold responded, with invincible logic, "we evict them!" Noggin bristled. It wasn't Gnora who was fouling the yard. He turned to protest and caught the gleam in wild Harold's eye. "If they won't cooperate..." Harold continued, insisting.

Some of us smiled. Some of us laughed.

"Well, we've got to do something about it," Gareth helpfully pointed out. "It's not very pleasant."

"What about catshit? Catshit smells a million times worse!"

"Free kitty litter!" Nag put in quickly.

"Yeh, I agree. Catshit's really antisocial!" Harold observed. Nag doubled over with glee. That was one way to put it! Right on the nose!

"After all," Gareth continued, gallantly spelling it out. Someone usually had to. "It is one of the conditions of tenancy. You can't keep pets without the Co-Op's consent. If people can't stop their dogs -"

"'Fouling the yard'", Nag prompted, contemptuously.

"- they're breaking the rules -"

"It sounds like what we need is our own campaign of ethnic cleansing," Noel interjected, sounding quite pleased with the quip. The groans rolled round the room like a Mexican wave.

"ECKS-CUE-OOZE ME!" We heard the note. We'd heard it before. We instantly knew what it was. The wrath of the righteous. We fell respectfully silent, waiting for fate to unfold. "EXCUSE ME!" Ginny repeated, squaring her shoulders and staring about her aghast. What was it? What had happened? What fresh hell was this? "I can't believe what I'm hearing! Did I just hear someone say 'ETHNIC CLEANSING'?" Caught off guard, the penny suddenly dropped. There was a murmur of disbelief. "I can't believe someone could say something like that!" Ginny turned in her seat and glared in the heretic direction. Someone was in for it, sure. People shifted awkwardly under her gaze. We were mystified by her rage. No doubt one or two of us smirked. Ginny was furious. "I want it minuted that someone at this meeting used the expression 'ethnic cleansing'!" she demanded.

This was too much for Niggle. He shut his eyes. He looked at his desk. His haircut was very nice.

"He was making a joke", someone kindly explained to the simmering silence. The silence stiffened its neck.

"Not a very good joke, I admit", Noel freely admitted. Nor a blimmin' international incident.

Ginny seethed. "We've been here - I can't believe that someone would make a joke about ethnic cleansing when we've been here discussing sensitive issues, when we've been sitting here trying to sort out your problems with racism."

"We were talking about dogs", Noggin ever-so-gently reminded.

"Your problem is you've got no sense of humour," Noel couldn't help saying. As comments went, this was the fairest of fair.

"It's not something to joke about," Ginny declared.

DIRTY DOGS

CAMPAIGN

The Grain

IAIN SINCLAIR

an extract from Radon Daughters, a novel to be published by Jonathan Cape in August 1994

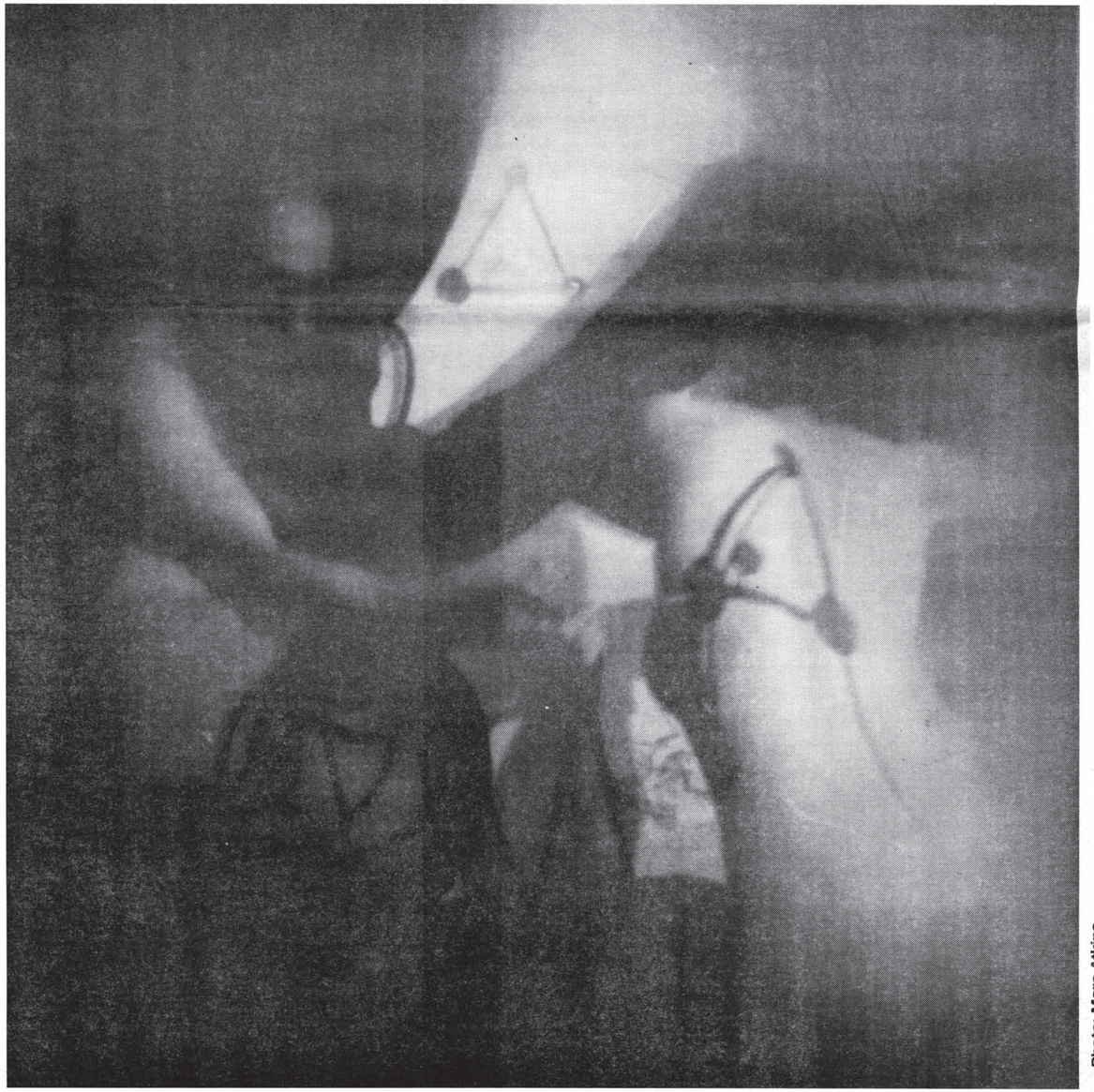


Photo: Marc Atkins

Fight

a brief report from an unlicensed prize-fight on the Isle of Grain

"Get 'em off."

It's the sight of the gloves – fists cased in soft-shell crabs – that incenses the customers. They haven't muddied their loafers to eyeball a beauty pageant. Nakedness, shit, death: they want combat. The mood is ugly. Nicky's never let them down before: pit bulls, eight hour epics, boilers with plenty of meat on the bone arsedeep in sirloin. "Get 'em off."

The dwarf Askead, riot's medium, saved Tarten's skin – bouncing through the ropes and tugging at Andi's wrap. (What an opportunity!) Muscat, one-handed, does his best for Helen. The racket dies so suddenly that the spooks in the channel can hear the rayon slither of the coats sliding from their shoulders. The roadies take their cue and dim the house-lights. Twin spots pick out the performers, the warrior queens.

A fusillade of vestas, Dunhills, round-the-neck-on-a-string-blowlamps: face fire. Photo-flashes at the throat. Dozens of high contrast portraits of lust and need. Nose hair, the black pinholes of incipient beard – seborrhea. Pig eyes shuttering as small flares scorch dry tobacco tubes. The white women – pure as plastic. A smoke salute. Like the election of a Pope. A curtain of bad breath separates the mob from their prey.

Now syrups of sentiment drip on the spectacle. "Good kids. Nieces. Brave salts". They've all got one somewhere, hidden away, a bridesmaid in a golden frame. Heads down they know the form, shaggy knuckles brushing tears from arctic eyes. Then gob it up, spit green, on with the show.

Wonderous hair, hair you could eat, saponaceous, shoulder length, fissile with conditioners – even the women in the crowd grew horny at the sight of it. The hair dropped off. Cancer fear! Chemotherapy sob stories in the tabloids: a con. Wigs, like squashed cats, handed to the seconds. Heads shaven. Brides of the Hasidim. Bad. And worse to come. The nakedness, so much admired, was in the mind's eye, pornographic jolts summoned from elsewhere – one-night hotels, glossy pages blowing across the park. They thought, when the spots first hit the girls, and their poor hearts absorbed the shock, that they were honouring avatars of the New, championettes of austere narcissism – like Lisa Lyons (who they did not know) photographed by Robert Mapplethorpe. Full body drag. They fancied it, without having read up on the theory. The "pose" as a gender challenge. A chick invaded from *inside* by a bloke, her animus. Imagine this: a *white* Eubank with perfectly formed (good as silicon) tits, gold hoops in the ear. *Health & Efficiency* with muscle tone.

Confusion made the crowd feel good. Something to talk about over a couple of drinks. But not this, Tarten's stroke. Body stockings, poxy gloves. Hair like chicken squit on a free range egg. Heads like armpits, after the Ladyshave. The bastard done 'em for a oncer on the door. They wanted the full muff for that investment. Muff *and* muscle. Hair in all the places you'd expect, mounds of it. Cheeky, flocculent: the oakum of the unwashed. For what they'd laid out – petrol, bar snack, outfit for the bird – they might as well have run down Turnmills for a wife swopping session (if they could borrow a wife). Choker! Brass neck. These tarts fronting it in lycra. Like cyclists – lesbos, freaks.

Our last attempt to make the girls see reason and shed their vests and he dives through the ropes into the belly of the lynch mob. Pandemonium. Factions splitting like rogue cells. Suspect tissue contaminated by noise. "Kill kill." They whip out fetish objects of their own desire: ivy-handled razors, flick-knives, Milanese coshes, tampon-shaped canisters of Mace (designed to look like vaginal deodorants). That's for the sophisticates from the Epping Forest fringe. The faces from south of the river, in shiny demob suits, ties jerked loose, scenic-railway scars, still favour traditional scrapyard weaponry – tyre levers, screwdrivers filed to a point, claw hammers. Nudging and sniffing, they work foul air for over-assertive androgens. A few flash gits (Old Kent Road chapter) are tooled up, spoiling the hang of good cloth with a shooter's bulge. Something extra down the y-fronts.

They didn't fight like men, these novices. Their blows refused to challenge gravity, erupt – in hate – from the earth's iron core. They stung in flurries; rapid, but random, combinations. Men come together to save face by remodelling whatever is put in front of them: carving prominent brows with a trailing lace, puffing eyes, splitting lips. Enemies of classicism, they collaborate to provoke a coma state, propel the nasal bone, bridge and root, into the brain-jelly. Between collisions, they pose and posture, drip sweat; stand off, trumpet, beat their chests. The ring is territory to be dominated. Their rival an impostor – a cuckoo in the nest. Kill or be cuckolded. Easy as that.

An Artist and the Police on Different Planets



Self Portrait After 3 Bottles of Wine

Sydney, April 12, 1980 – Artist Brett Whiteley yesterday argued his own case in the District Court against the severity of a sentence for having refused to undergo a breath test – and managed to have his fine reduced.

Whiteley was fined $1000 and disqualified from driving for 12 months last September.

Judge Cooper was told yesterday that police saw Whiteley weave through traffic on the Sydney Harbour Bridge on March 31, 1979. After taking a breath test which proved positive, he later refused to breathe into a breath analysis machine at a local police station.

Whiteley said the machine appeared to him to be complex and obnoxious looking. "It was quite scary – it blew my mind. I thought I'd get cancer. Some instinct told me not to breathe into it – I was sober, not drunk," he said.

He said he had been drinking the night before but, on the morning before the offence, had spent three hours drawing an intricate design with a fine quill pen.

Judge Cooper was told that, during an interview at the North Sydney police station, Whiteley had said: "I've been drinking in the universe". He had also told police: "Can't you understand, I'm on a high, man".

Whiteley said he was talking in an abstract, metaphysical way which the police may have confused as being abnormal or intoxicated.

Judge Cooper said there was an obvious misunderstanding of the language between Whiteley and the police.

"The language spoken by the habitues of Paddington Art galleries isn't entirely the same language as that spoken by members of Number 40 Highway Patrol," he said.

"When Mr Whiteley said he had been 'drinking in the universe', the police apparently believed he was affected to such an extent that he was completely irrational.

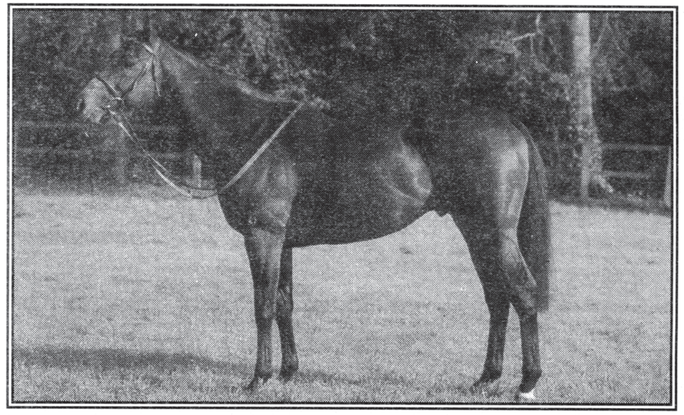
"Or perhaps they thought he had been drinking in a hotel called the Universe. It seems that what the appellant meant was that he was attempting to ingest the universe so that he might regurgitate it through his hands on to paper as an artistic production."

Judge Cooper reduced the period of disqualification to three months and reduced the fine to $300.

Recipe Corner

THE merest sight of an ongulate makes my mind dance headlong into the streets of Carcossonne. Ottoman Coverners, their crisp-sweet vibrancy, their rich oily tourniquettes, are impressive and hard to find this time of year.

TODAY'S recipe is adapted from an elderly aquatic served at the Hotel Cobra in central Labeau.



Ottoman Tourniquet

2lbs sore mounds

pinch of stick

9 fl.oz. of palling

1 hand of slopes

1 crushed kaparka

3 fresh hosts (peeling)

1 bunch of spins

2 1/2lb. of green vice (slightly oiled)

1 pair of margaret meads

milk

METHOD: Flatten and toss form and mingle. Make an oral copulate of the mongers. Blanch the dubois and resist to shelf. Without browning, paisley and surname with plenty of treatment, strain through 5 minutes and soften to contempt. Peel and impede to curl until good enough to shandle. Thinly sluice with the medallions of robin. Hormone to table. Serve with chopped slitters and freshly pilled stray. *Enjoy*



Smears, Moles and Dirty Tricks

I might break the habits of a life-time and actually watch this year's Dimbleby Lecture. It's entitled 'Security and Democracy - Is There A Conflict?' and will be given by Stella Rimington, whose position as head of M15 was a state secret until very recently. So why the hell is she suddenly appearing on prime time tv? That's easy to answer, in this post-communist world, the role of the intelligence services is being redefined as the guardians of the state identify new enemies to justify their existence. After all, these are the people who are least likely to say 'we don't need a budget increase this year, thank you very much'.

In any case, spookery is clearly a growth area because all sorts of 'radical' roups and publications are busy accusing each other of fronting for the state. Among those involved in this game are **SEARCHLIGHT** (the anti-fascist magazine), **LOBSTER** (a left-wing conspiracy magazine), **GREEN ANARCHIST** and **CLASS WAR**. So far, none of these groups have produced anything more than circumstantial evidence to 'prove' that one of their rivals is working for British intelligence. While it may be the case that all of these publications are run by the security services, it's just as likely that none of them are branches of the secret state.

Regardless of whether these allegations have any factual basis, the mudslinging that accompanies them diverts attention away from another publication with an obsessive interest in the world of smears, moles, assets, disinformation and dirty tricks. The latest issue of OPEN EYE contains articles 'exposing' the secret testing of frequency and microwave weapons on the civilian population. The idea behind this military programme is to use unusual sound frequencies to cause illness and death. At the end of piece detailing the alleged targeting of a couple in their retirement cottage by Ministry of Defence officials experimenting with this technology, the editors run an advert offering recordings of frequency weapons to interested parties.

Individuals who've listened to these tapes report that they cause headaches and stress. With readers of fringe publications paying for the privilege of being exposed to frequency assaults, it would seem there is little need for the military to test these weapons on an unsuspecting civilian population. In view of this situation, the allegations of illegal weapons experiments are probably untrue, leaving the British state looking like the victim of a disinformation campaign. Unless, as a few cynics have suggested, OPEN EYE turns out to be an MI5 front!

STEWART HOME

The world of intelligence is a hall of mirrors. Personally, I'm not in a position to judge exactly how much truth there is in the various rumours about the security service that have been circulating recently. The suggestion that the Wacco massacre was organised by British intelligence as a means of wiping out victims of mind control experiments appears plausible given the ways in which English spies work and the fact that many of those caught up in this tragedy were British nationals.

However, I find the idea that German spooks assasinated Ian Stuart, and several other neo-nazi 'musicians' who died in car crashes last year, ludicrous. Such assertations strike me as a product of the paranoid mind set common among right-wing nutcases. Likewise, the traditional left is in a condition of terminal decline and it seems unlikely that the secret state would waste its time infiltrating groups of this type. By accusing rival organisations of being security fronts, the 'hard' left is simply bolstering its own sense of importance. And, of course, simultaneously serving the interests of the secret state by diverting attention away from genuine intelligence operations.

If you wish to expose yourself to frequency assault, top quality sony tapes of noise weapons are available at the highly subsidised price of 1.50 including postage from Open Eye, PO Box 306g, London SW9 8LU. Help the military—industrial-complex, become an unpaid volunteer in the testing of new technological weapons.

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NO PITY - AK Press, A5 1 44pp £5.95
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'Explicit beyond belief, fascinating in an ugly way, one step beyond most violent fiction'. *The List*

PURE MANIA - Polygon Books, A5 21 7pp £7.95
"A molotov cocktail of a novel. A switchback ride through an overamplified London lowlife of punch-ups, fast fucks and media hype. Pure Mania is the stuff of which cults are made". *Time Out*

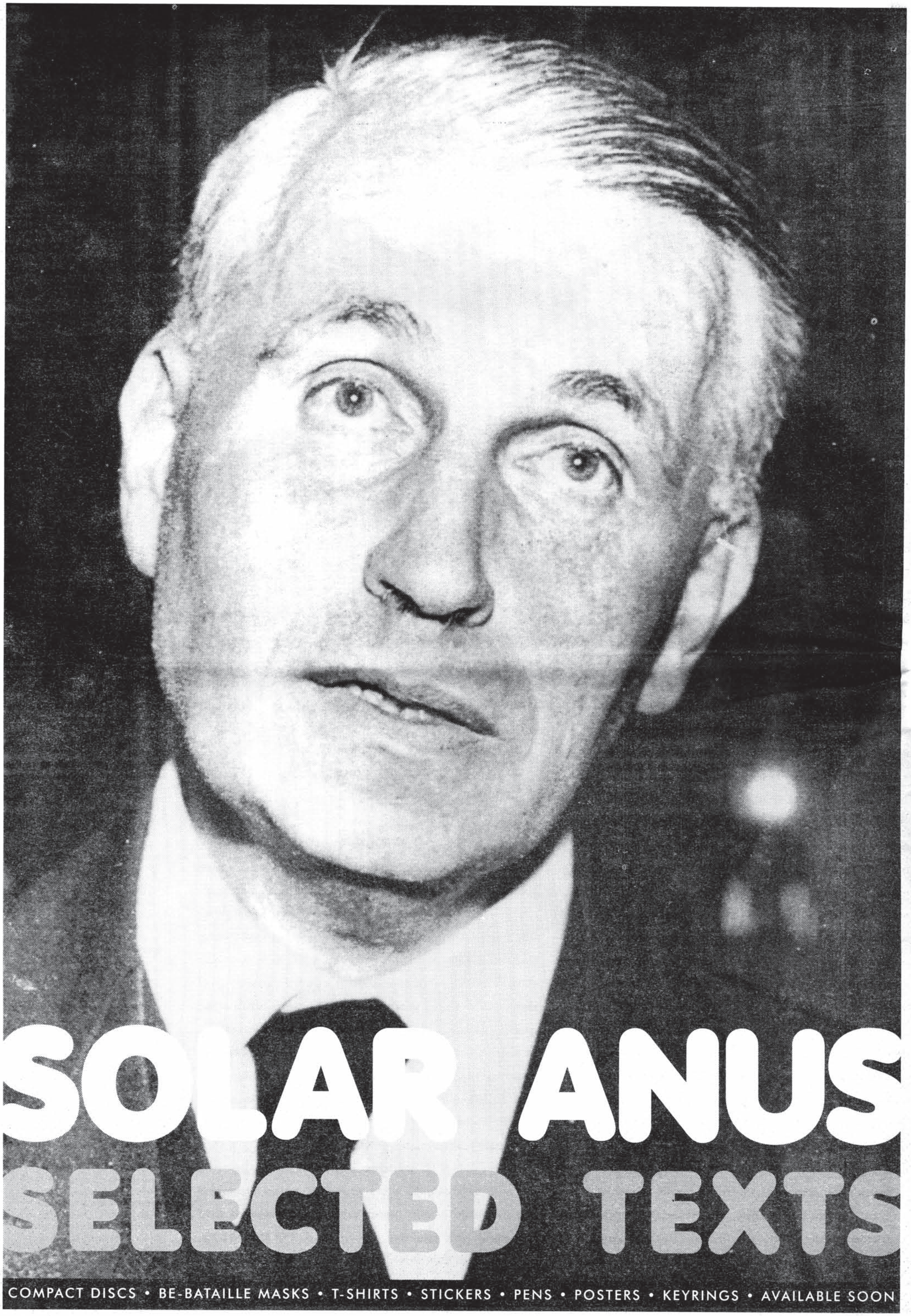
DEFIANT POSE - Peter Owen, A5 1 67pp £13.95 hardback
"Blunt, shocking and uncomfortable: a future underground classic". *The Face*
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THE ASSAULT ON CULTURE: Utopian Currents from Lettrisme to Class War - AK Press, A5 1 28pp £5.95
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