

The only normal people are the ones you don't know very well



CONVENTION HABIT <OR> CUSTOM

Friday 26th April - Friday 10th May 2013



Our everyday conventions, habits and customs may feel normal to us, while we may perceive another's as unfamiliar or alien because they are different and vice versa.

Psychotherapist Alfred Adler observed that the only normal people you know are the ones you don't know very well. Suggesting that our notion of 'normal' is a concept projected upon another.

To explore the complexities of our everyday conventions, habits and customs Lloyd and Wilson will

construct a hospitable environment loosely based upon the Public House

"The pub, simply a room with a bar serving alcoholic drinks, can be observed as the focal point of many communities. Unlike other social institutions where we might be considered watchers of political, religious, dramatic, cinematic, instructional or athletic spectacles, in the pub once a man has bought, or been bought, his glass of beer he has entered an environment in which he is participator rather than spectator"

Mass Observation

The Pub and The People

which will host a programme of

scheduled and un-scheduled events from a diverse spectrum of individuals groups and collectives. Far from simply presenting this existing and successful social institution (the pub) in an existing 'art' space, to an existing 'art' audience, the foundation of this research comes from a desire to foster a dialogue with a diverse range of perspectives and create an intercultural exchange that is not exclusive to art organisations or art audiences.

All events are free & welcome to all. See back page for opening times and timetable of events.

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INCLUDING TEXT & OTHER CONTRIBUTIONS FROM:

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Chris Witter
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Newcastle Philosophy Society
Leah Millar
Damien Hallsworth
Sandra Greenacre
David Foggo
Harry Palmer
Francis Arnold
Peter Tooth
Adam Hogarth
Kypros Kyprianou & Simon Hollington
Allenheads Contemporary Arts
Bill Drummond
Pete Hindle
Johnathan Kelham

EVENTS

CONVENTION HABIT <OR> CUSTOM

Monday - Friday

Tea +

Toast

7-9am

Every weekday morning we will be open from 7-9am. Why not start your day with a simple offering of Tea + Toast in jovial company?

There is no pricelist for Tea nor Toast but donations will be gratefully accepted and spent wisely on extra condiments.

Please take note that we will not be open on Monday 6th May (Bank holiday).

Friday 3rd May

Breakfast with

Noize Choir

7-9am

So, when is a choir not a choir? We call ourselves a choir but we don't sing songs and we don't read music. Noize choir has been running for just over two years. We have a committed core of members, with whom we explore the rich palate of sound that the human body is capable of making. From the extreme edges of the voice to quiet breaths and whistles we construct these vocal sounds into graphic scores.

The choir was initially an experiment to create a sound track for a video but has since developed into a discrete entity. Join us for Tea & Toast.

Tuesday 7th May

The Social Presence of a Woman - discussion.

7pm

The starting points for the conversation will be Stephanie Oswald's *Sex without benefits* article (from this publication) and *Chapter 3* from John Berger's *Ways of Seeing*.

This is a *Sustainable Cities* discussion group organised through the Holy Biscuit who usually meet at *Teasy Does It* on Heaton Road once a month. They have relocated their normal activity to Convention, Habit or Custom for this event.

Toby Wilson

Andrew Lloyd



www.thenewbridgeproject.com
www.lloyd-wilson.co.uk



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ENGLAND**

Saturday 27th April

Habits of Situation

5pm

A dialogic analysis of contemporary material culture. Iris Priest will examine the objects which we collect and surround ourselves with as a point of cultural incision, restaging these as archaeological artefacts for analysis and reflection.

The daily lives of people in the overseas territory of Gibraltar. Peter Jackson's presentation will explore the customs and habits of Gibraltar - *"These strange people have a rich history of imitation - absorbing the culture of their colonial heritage, and can be seen to act out political and social conventions with a mimicry befitting a Duchampian appropriation."*

Friday 3rd May

What's so difficult about difficult music?

5pm

What's so difficult about 'difficult music'? Who finds it difficult? Who creates it? Does it have a value? This presentation from Marie Thompson will introduce some of the key themes and debates relating to the idea of 'difficult music', presenting arguments from both its advocates and detractors.

7pm

An evening of 'difficult' live performance: including Hapsburg Braganza, Noize Choir, Joseph Curwen, b-cátt, Posset and Artificial Sun Project.

Wednesday 8th May

Hog's Bingo

7pm

During Hog's event 3 rounds of Bingo will be played. Keeping with the traditional format of Bingo the first game of each round will be played for any one line across, the second for any two lines and the third for a 'full house'. Amazing prizes to be won, including some super duper, limited edition Bingo Screenprints.

Be sure to dress snazzy for this free event celebrating the language and culture of Bingo.

Monday 29th April

Justice and the Individual

7pm

We often tend to think of individuals as being responsible for their own actions; from this tendency society holds individuals to account for their actions. But who is responsible, the individual or their society? We often assume that criminals could have done otherwise, and seek to engender in them an appreciation of why they ought to have done otherwise; but this assumes that it was possible for the individual to have done otherwise and that they can choose to do differently next time around. On what is this assumption based?

This discussion will be hosted by Newcastle Philosophy Society.

Saturday 4th May

Critical analysis of CH<OR>C?

2pm

This will be a group discussion where participants from a variety of backgrounds and disciplines will examine the project programme and their responses to it. The momentum for this event comes from an imperative need for critical reflection; to occupy a *shadow self* which constantly interrogates the choices we make, our motivations and offers up possible alternatives. The event will both invite pertinent questions relating to the project whilst also stimulating alternative readings both within and outside the arts.

If you would like to attend the event please email admin@lloyd-wilson.co.uk

Thursday 9th May

Art & Truth

7pm

Art can be considered to describe truths in a manner distinct from science, religion, mathematics or philosophy. What kinds of *truth* does art seek to portray? The idea of there being different kinds of truth can itself be a difficult notion to accept in a society which places a premium on verifiable, empirical evidence before accepting anything as being true. What can our emotional responses to situations tell us about ourselves?

This discussion will be hosted by Newcastle Philosophy Society.

Wednesday 1st May

The Radical Ethics of DIY

in Self-organised Art and Cultural Activity

7pm

Artist and musician, Andy Abbott (Black Dogs, That Fucking Tank), will present his research on the political potency of the social relations and ethics that arise and are developed in self-organised collective (artistic) production. Abbott's presentation will be illustrated with anecdotal experiences of being part of the artist collective Black Dogs, and will be positioned within the theoretical context of political philosophers Foucault, Hardt and Negri and Badiou.

The presentation will be followed by group discussions.

Sunday 5th May

Dancing Donkey Pub Quiz

7pm

Fulcrum Arts and Research present The Dancing Donkey's Social Dilemma Pub Quiz with Psychologist and Quiz Master extraordinaire Dr. John Lazarus. Free entry, loads of prizes, rewards for best team name and most interesting conversations.

Are you a *Dancing Donkey* or a *Mutual Mule*? Join us and find out.

Friday 10th May

Drink 'us' Dry

7pm

Convention, Habit or Custom closing event. All remaining alcohol must go.

Join us.

What Makes a Good Pub?

Toby Phips Lloyd



*Landlord Alfred Cooper and locals
The Free Press
Cambridge, 1904*

I have spent a lot of time in public houses. Pubs are places where I feel most at home. My parents were publicans and I grew up in a pub. The Free Press in Cambridge was the place that I had my first birthday party, first job, lost my virginity, bought my first legal pint, and experienced many other important landmarks in my life. I have strong feelings about what does and what does not make a good pub. My views have not only been formed through living in a pub but by my experiences of working behind the bar and being on the other side as a customer.

In his essay, *The Moon Under Water*, George Orwell describes the ten qualities that make the perfect pub. These include regulars who “go there for conversation as much as the beer”; “barmaids who know most of their customers by name and take a personal interest in everyone”; serving beer in pewter mugs; a good open fire and traditional Victorian furniture and fittings. After listing all the aspects of this perfect establishment he confesses that it is in fact a fictional place. He states that he knows of pubs that have up to eight of his criteria but not one that could fulfil all ten.

I would say that it is a good thing that his perfect pub is not real. If he was to discover a place which boasted all ten of his requested qualities I'm sure he'd find more than one thing about the place that he did not find to his liking. An establishment's imperfections can be the special ingredients that make the difference between a standard boozier, which does what it says on the tin, and a great pub that you will tell your friends about and enjoy drinking and socialising in. One of the dictionary definitions

of 'perfect' is, “exactly fitting the need in a certain situation or for a certain purpose.” There are lots of pubs that will be perfect for: celebrating birthdays, watching football, listening to live music, eating Sunday dinner with your parents, reading a book, playing pool, catching up with old friends or meeting new people. The reasons that a pub is the perfect venue for one of the above activities will be the very same reason that it is completely inappropriate for another activity.

My problem with a lot of pubs is that they try to please everyone and in the end fail to make a lasting impression on anyone. The J.D.Wetherspoon chain that creates bland carbon copies of itself is a classic example of this. Often these places, with their mock traditional fixtures and fittings, cheap beer, bland menu, long opening hours and lack of real atmosphere, make them the 'perfect' pub to go to if you're in an unfamiliar town and need somewhere to go to the toilet, have a rest and eat an average meal. Even though I have a lot of problems with Wetherspoon's as an organisation, I do not deny that they serve a functional purpose, like supermarkets do, but I challenge you to take me to one that is a great or exceptional pub. What I appreciated about my Dad's pub was that he did not try to please everyone. He made aesthetic choices on the pub's appearance and decisions on what to serve behind the bar based on what would please him. For example, the pub had no music, no television, no pool table, no fruit machines, no big brand lager, no smoking, no mobile phones and no chips or fried food. This may seem like a very negative list of NOs, but the best way to define yourself is by what you are not.

In 1992 my parents decided to make the pub a non-smoking establishment. This was well before the smoking ban in 2007. The brewery that owned the pub instructed them not to go through with it and when my parents did, the brewery patiently waited for them to go out of business. Their trade did fall dramatically for the first 6 months, but their regulars continued to use the pub, and, once word got round, the pub became the busiest it had ever been. To the vast majority of the public my parent's pub would only score a 2 or 3 on their perfect pub scale, and even lower to many more punters. But this also meant that to another group of people their pub was in the 7-9 bracket. If a customer wanted something that the pub could not provide, my father would direct them to the nearest pub that could.

A landlord should make the pub their own. It is not just where they work, it is where they live, and for it to be successful their presence needs to be felt by the people who drink there. The choices they make about how to run the establishment will form the clientele they attract. No pub should be perfect, but it should do what it does well. People will go to a pub that serves inferior beer because they enjoy the atmosphere there. They will walk 15-30 minutes, past several other pubs, to go to what they call their 'local.' You should know who the landlord of the pub is, and if you visit the pub regularly, the landlord should at least recognise you, or better still, know your name and occasionally buy you a pint.

For those landlords who manage to run a good pub, I raise my glass to you. I know I couldn't do what you do.

What makes a bad pub?

- Loud Music – music is fine but if you have to shout in someone's ear to have a conversation then it is too loud.

- Dance Floor – these are appropriate in nightclubs not pubs.

- Television screens – The pub is a great place to watch a sporting event, and I have no problem with pubs screening them, but when there is no match on the TVs should be turned off. Televisions in pubs should never show programmes like *Eastenders* or *Celebrity Poker Show-down*, especially muted with subtitles on. If you want to watch TV, go home.

- Sofas - I have never understood the appeal of sitting on the sofa in a pub, especially if you are in a group of 3 or more, meaning that half your group have to sit on stools and look down on you while you keep having to lean forward to pick up your drink from the table. If you want to lounge on the sofa, go home.

- No real ale - I personally prefer real ale to lager. I have no problem with pubs that serve Fosters, Carlsberg and Stella, but these should not be the only drinks on offer. And no, John Smiths is not a good alternative.

- Gourmet food - A lot of pubs attempt to dress up their menu and charge a premium for smaller portions by describing the food as 'bistro style,' 'bespoke' or 'vintage.' If you are going to serve chips, give me a decent portion, not a potato cut into four strips and stacked like Jenga blocks.

- Fake traditional features – A pub should not pretend to be something it is not. Many establishments attempt to create the atmosphere of a classic Victorian pub by replicating the traditional features and furniture of one. Even worse is when they have fake books on a bookcase or buy books by the yard to fill the empty shelves in an attempt to implant a bit of history into the pub.

- No bar stools – It seems to be increasingly common for pubs not to have bar stools and actually discourage customers from drinking at the bar. The bar is the best place to meet people and engage with the staff. Obviously there needs to be room for others to be served, but once you have bought a drink you should not be shoed away to consume your drink in solitude as if you were in MacDonaldis or KFC.

- Quick drinking up time – Once time has been called at the bar you legally have 20 minutes to finish your drinks. As an experienced barman I am fully aware how keen the staff are for everyone to vacate the pub so you can close the pub and go home, but, it is not fair to rush someone to finish off their drink a minute after they have just bought it.

The Pub

Mass Observation
1943

The Pub reduced to its lowest terms, is a house where during certain hours everyone is free to buy and drink a glass of beer. It is the only kind of public building used by large numbers of ordinary people where their thoughts are not being in some way arranged for them.

A History of the English Public House

H.A. Monckton
1969

The mention of the history of beer always brings a laugh or at the very least a snicker. The history of beer for most people is not a serious topic. It seems to them frivolous and hardly worth more than a few diverting minutes of anyone's time.

Beer, after all, is a drink for leisure, for young people, generally men and associated with sports and student life. That perception of beer is a case of historical myopia, of an inability of many people at the beginning of the twenty-first century to conceive of a world different from their own. The prevailing presentism makes it difficult for many to comprehend a world where beer was a necessity, a part of everyday life, a drink for everyone of any age or status, and a beverage for all times of the day from breakfast to dinner and into the evening.

Queuing for Beginners

Joe Moran
2007

A recent study by economists at Stirling University found that workers who drink have higher salaries than their tee total work mates. Moderate drinkers earn on average 17 per cent more than abstainers, and even heavy drinkers earn 5 per cent more. The most plausible explanation, however, is that the after work drink is an important if unstated part of work itself. The emphasis on team work and networking in office jobs tends to blur the boundaries between work and non-work. Even if you are feeling tired and grumpy, it might be politic to pop along for that swift half before you catch the train, just to show your face. Tribal societies used music, dancing or some other ceremony to achieve this kind of transitional release from work-life rhythms. In Britain it was the pub, a sort of half-way house between work and home. Since before the First World War new amusements like cinema, the radio and the football pools, seemed to be dealing it (the pub) a death blow. By 1962, there were 30, 000 fewer pubs than in 1939.

The Rules of English Pub Talk

Kate Fox
2004

The Sociability Rule

For a start, the first rule of the English pub-talk tells us why pubs are such a vital part of our culture. This is the sociability rule: the bar counter of the pub is one of the very few places in England where it is socially acceptable to strike up a conversation with a complete stranger. At the bar counter, normal rules of privacy and reserve are suspended, we are granted temporary 'remission' from our conventional social inhibitions, and friendly conversation with strangers is considered entirely appropriate and normal behaviour.

In English pubs, the suspension of normal privacy rules is limited to the bar counter, and in some cases, to a lesser degree, to tables situated very near the counter – those furthest from the bar being universally understood to be the most 'private'. I found a few other exceptions: the sociability rule also applies to a more limited extent (and subject to quite strict rules of introduction) around the dart board and pool table, but only to those standing near the players: the tables in the vicinity of these players remain 'private'.

The Free-association Rule

In the pub, even sticking to the same subject for more than a few minutes may sometimes be taken as a sign of excessive seriousness. The free-association rule states that pub conversations do not have to progress in any kind of logical or orderly manner; they need not stick to the point, nor must they reach a conclusion. When pubgoers are in free association mode, which is much of the time, attempts to get them to focus on a particular subject for more than a few minutes are fruitless, and only serve to make one unpopular.

The free-association rule is not just a matter of avoidance of seriousness. It is a licence to deviate from conventional social norms, to let one's guard down a bit. Among the English, this kind of loose, easy, disordered, haphazard conversation, in which people feel relaxed and comfortable enough to say more or less whatever occurs to them, is only normally found among close friends or family. In the pub, however, I found that free-association talk seems to occur naturally even among people who do not know each other.

The Rules of the Pub Argument

Pub Arguments, which are not like 'real' arguments in the 'real world', are an extension of this kind of banter. Arguing is probably the most popular form of conversation in pubs, particularly among males, and pub arguments may often appear quite heated. The majority, however, are conducted in accordance with a strict code of etiquette, based on what must be regarded as the First Commandment of Pub Law: 'Thou shalt not take things too seriously.'

Conversation with Myself

Alan Watts
1971

I have been living out here for some months to try and find out what is the essential difference between the world of nature and the world of man? Because there is an obvious difference, like the difference of artistic styles, no one for example would confuse a painting by Leonardo with a painting by Picasso, or music by Bach with music by Shostakovich, and in the same way there seems to be a complete difference in styles between the things that human beings do and the things that nature does, even though human beings are themselves part of nature.

On the one hand nature is wiggly, everything wiggles, the outlines of the hills, the shapes of trees, the way the wind brushes the grass, the clouds, the tracks of streams, it all wiggles and for some reason or other we find wiggly things very difficult to keep track of and you know we say to people keep still so that I can see you, keep still for the camera. And we say now let's get things straightened out, let's get it ironed out, let's get it all squared away and then somehow we think we understand things when we have translated them into terms of straight lines and squares. Maybe that's why they call rather rigid people squares, but it doesn't fit nature. You know wherever human beings have been around and done their thing you will find rectangles, we live in boxes, our streets especially across states like Kansas and Nebraska are laid out in a grid pattern. Why they even dropped a grid pattern on top of San Francisco, with all those hills, so that cars run away. Because it seems that the human being really has a very simple kind of mind and all this wiggleness is too complicated.

I don't think it really is complicated, because after all it is very simple to move, say to raise something or to open and close your hand, it's perfectly easy because we don't have to think about it. Things become complicated only when we think about them and that's because we are trying to translate them into a form of life which is very much simpler and cruder than the forms of life we are talking about.

A triangle is very much simpler and cruder than a mountain, even though you may represent a mountain with a triangle. Human beings are just as wiggly as nature, and our brains are an incredible mess of wiggles and that's the part we understand of ourselves least of all. I'm afraid the problem is partly due to Mr. Euclid who invented Geometry because he didn't really measure the Earth, he measured and gave us ideas about the very simple forms within his own mind and perhaps we should come to the conclusion that he really had a rather weak intellect because sometimes when I'm in the middle of all this I feel as if I were in e

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the middle of an amazing brain. In other words the brain is a network of inter-connected neurons and each one of those neurons is a fairly simple affair because it either fires or it doesn't fire it gives you the message on or off, yes or no.

But what we call things, the plants, birds, trees are far more complicated than a neuron and there are billions of them and they are all living together in a network. Just as there is an interdependence of flowers and bees. Where there are no flowers there are no bees and where there are no bees there are no flowers. They are really one organism, and so in the same way everything in nature depends on everything else, so it's interconnected and so the many, many patterns of interconnections lock it all together into a unity which is however much too complicated for us to think about except in very, very simple crude ways.

But I'm part of all this, I am, as it were, one of these cells in this tremendous brain I cannot understand, because the part cannot comprehend the whole, and yet at the same time I don't feel, like so many people seem to feel like I am a foreigner or a stranger in this world. Its aesthetic forms somehow appeal to me more than most of the aesthetic forms which men produce. I feel in it as if in the same way when you see a flower in a field, it is really the whole field which is flowering because the flowers couldn't exist in that particular place without the special surroundings of the field that it had. You only find flowers in surroundings that will support them. So in the same way you only find human beings on a planet of this kind, with a temperature of this kind supplied by a convenient neighbouring star. And so just as a flower is a flowering of the field I feel myself as a *personing*, a *maning*, a *peopling* of the whole universe. In other words I seem to be like everything else, a centre, a sort of vortex at which the whole energy of the universe realises itself, comes alive, a sort of aperture through which the universe is conscious of itself.

You know the astrologers, in theory at least, may not have been so far wrong, when in trying to draw a picture of a human mind or soul they drew a very crude map of the whole universe centred on the time and place of the birth of that particular person.

That's not a bad idea, but I don't think the astrologers know how to read their maps because the maps are too crude. But the essential point is obviously that each one of us, not only human beings but every leaf, every weed, exists in the way it does only because everything else around it does. In other words there is a relationship between the centre and the circumference, which is rather like the relationship between the poles of a magnet, without the centre no circumference, without the



The Emancipated Spectator

Jacques Ranicere

2004

The numerous debates and polemics that had called the theatre into question all along our history can be traced back to a very simple contradiction. Let us call it the paradox of the spectator, a paradox which may prove more crucial than the well-known paradox of the actor. This paradox can be summed up in very simple terms. There is no theatre without spectators (were it only a single and hidden one, as in Diderot's fictional representation of *Le Fils naturel*). But spectatorship is a bad thing. Being a spectator means looking at a spectacle. And looking is a bad thing, for two reasons. Firstly looking is put as the opposite of knowing. It means being in front of an appearance without knowing the conditions of production of that appearance or the reality which is behind it. Secondly, looking is put as the opposite of acting. He or she who looks at the spectacle remains motionless on his or her seat, without any power of intervention. Being a spectator means being passive. The spectator is separated from the capacity of knowing in the same way as he is separated from the possibility of acting.

From that diagnosis it is possible to draw two opposing conclusions. The first one is that theatre in general is a bad thing, that it is the stage of illusion and passivity which has to be dismissed in favour of what it forbids: knowledge and action: the action of knowing and the action led by knowledge. This conclusion has been drawn long ago by Plato: the theatre is the place where ignorant people are invited to see suffering people. What takes place on the stage is a pathos, the manifestation of a disease, the disease of desire and pain, which is nothing but the self-division of the subject caused by the lack of knowledge. The "action" of theatre is nothing but the transmission of that disease through another disease, the disease of the empirical vision which looks at shadows. Theatre is the transmission of the ignorance which makes people ill through the medium of ignorance which is optical illusion. Therefore a good community is a community which does not allow the mediation of the theatre, a community whose collective virtues are directly incorporated in the living attitudes of his participants.

circumference no centre and although we say of poles that they are the poles apart, that is to say extremely different, there is something between them just as the north and south poles of the magnet are united by the magnet. So the individual and the universe are inseparable.

But the curious thing is while that's rather easy to see in theory very few people are aware of it in an important strong way like one is aware of blue in blue sky or heat in a fire, it is more of an idea than it is a realisation. And so it strikes me more and more that our failure to feel at home in this astonishing brain in which we live is the result of a basic initial mistake in our thinking about the world and is in turn the cause of what is beginning to look like the failure of our technology, of the fact that everything we're doing to try and improve the world was a success in the short run, made amazing initial improvements, but in the long run we seem to be destroying the planet by our very efforts to control it and improve it and it strikes me that that is because we are really too simple minded to understand what we're doing when we interfere with the natural world, strongly and on a vast scale.

We don't really interfere with it because that would suggest we were something different from it, something outside, but I think what we are doing is understanding it in terms of languages, numbers, in terms of a logic which is too simple for the job. Too crude for the job.

Voices of the First Day

Robert Lawler

1991

The materialistic industrial societies are increasingly caught in a round the clock whirl in which people are trapped, day after day, in a breathless grind of racing the clock between several jobs, trying to raise children and rushing through the household chores at the same time. Agriculture and individualism, in reality, have created a glut of material goods and a great poverty of time.

Most people have a way of life devoid of everything except maintaining and servicing their material existence for 12-14 hrs a day. In contrast the Australian Aborigines spent 12-14hrs every day in cultural pursuit.

EDUCATION OF THE UN-ARTIST, PART 1

Allan Kaprow
1971

Art. There is the catch. At this stage of consciousness, the sociology of culture emerges as an in-group “dumb-show”. Its sole audience is a roster of the creative and performing professions watching itself, as if in a mirror, enacting a struggle between self-appointed priests and a cadre of self-appointed commandos, jokers, guttersnipes, and triple agents who seem to be attempting to destroy the priests’ church. But everybody knows how it all ends: in church, of course, with the whole club bowing their heads and muttering prayers. They pray for themselves and their religion.



The palpitating facts of life

Andrew Wilson

2012

I walk in, close the door, locking
it behind me. I pull down my
Trousers and I sit. Nature takes its
Course as I'm reminded of an
Encounter from just two days ago.

Hijacked into a conversation
by two lads sat bare chested by the
river supping at tins of lager. We speak
with ease and opportunity. We discuss
idleness, career, alcohol, home, success
and the chase for six penny pieces.
The Palpitating facts of life.
It was a hot day. The river tempting.
The eldest, like I, had just turned 30.
The other was younger perhaps 19-21.
They speak openly and with sincere
interest about art, about nomadism,
about this village. We disrupt the sound
of the river, of the birds, of the passing
dogs and their walkers with raucous
laughter. I am diagnosed with lunacy
when I speak of river swimming and am
informed of its contents;
metal piping, urine, a colour TV.
They articulate a desire to take risk,
to travel, to search, to live
nomadically. They speak of USA, of
Australia, of Jamaica. Enthusiastically
they express a desire for change.
When I ask 'why not' they speak of work.
When I ask 'why work' they speak of
money. When I observe the cluttered pile
of empty beer tins I sympathise with the
perpetual work/beer/work/beer cycle.
I am charmed with their curiosity in our
village. I sense this is fuelled by our lack
of Stereotype. We are neither the 'gypsies'
nor 'hippies' they may have expected.
No daisy chains, no folk music,
no bare knuckle fighting.

As my creation slips with ease
down the drop hole my attention
is brought back to the moment. I
lift my trousers, sprinkle soap across
my hands and head back out to
our temporary settlement.

1. *Mass Observation, The Pub, The Pub and the People: A WorkTown Study, 1943*
2. *H.A. Monckton, A History of the English Public House, 1969*
3. *Joe Moran, Queuing for Beginners, 2007*
4. *Kate Fox, The Rules of English Pub Talk, Watching the English, 2004*
5. *Alan Watts, Conversation with Myself (from the TV show of the same name), 1971*
6. *Robert Waterson, Calvin & Hobbes,*
7. *Jacques Ranicere, The Emancipated Spectator, Jacques Ranicere, 2004*
8. *Robert Lawler, Voices of the First Day, Robert Lawler, 1991*
9. *Allan Kaprow, Education of the un-artist, Essays on the blurring art and life, 1971*
10. *TV dinner*
11. *Andrew Wilson, The palpitating facts of life, First Published in Daily Temporary Thursday 31st May 2012*



*Image Courtesy of
Corn on the Job*

The Paradox of Recreating the Social

<OR> why networking events are rubbish

I met one of my best friends at a networking type of event almost a decade ago.

There were no plates left at the buffet and he suggested using multiple tea-saucers instead. I knew from then on he was my kind of guy. Unfortunately we spent the entire rest of the networking event in a vacuum from each other and it was only due to good fortune that our paths crossed (socially) some weeks later.

We can't credit the networking event with anything other than the introduction. The people I "networked" with are completely blank faces in my memory. I certainly never worked with any of them ever again. The organisers of the event can take credit for one sole contribution to a new relationship through their inability to provide sufficient plates at the buffet. A piece of serendipity or literally, a happy accident.

The best social occasions take place in this context of spontaneous, ephemeral circumstances. Some of the best social situations I've found myself in have been the result of parties. Not actual parties but the aftermath. The morning after, when the dregs of the guest list are waking up stiff and hungover on couches and floors. People you wouldn't necessarily choose to hang out with but have just enough in common with to end up in the same place at the same time.

Inspired by these occasions I've had the idea now for a number of years of something I think of as "Hangover Club". A shared space where people congregate the morning after to do the post-mortem of the night before; sharing glories and stories of regret alike.

Serving tea, coffee, water and maybe orange juice (no pulp obviously). It might also do bacon butties, dry toast and fried meals served with beans.

There would be quiet space to lie down for those suffering particularly badly, maybe some sort of garden for fresh air and/or smoking. And a TV showing the sort of weird stuff you only ever watch while procrastinating or being ill (the classic hangover of course largely consists of both). Some choice cuts from my past include the Top 20 Hits of the Black Eyed Peas, Home and Away: The Movie and Spy Kids 3D - Game Over.

What is seemingly moving wallpaper serves a vital role in this situation, functioning as stimulus for the most important aspect of Hangover Club. The sharing of stories and anecdotes, memories which spark collective groans or laughter; what some would call banter, or talking shite which in other surroundings might be described as "rep-arte". TV is so often the distraction that's needed for keeping people hanging around long enough to engage in this interaction. A gallows humour emerges. The problem is of course that none of this works. Nobody from "Hangover Club's" target market would ever come to such a place. They'd be in bed. Or on their couches watching Saturday Kitchen. Or in a hotel room groaning. In short they'd be wherever the night before had taken them and deposited them ready for the morning after. They certainly wouldn't get out of bed to go anywhere unnecessary like a hangover club. They'd be too busy being hungover.

They would probably also be too ill to drink tea or eat grease. They'd not take an interest in the specially programmed crap TV. Because the beauty of crap TV is its seemingly spontaneous and unpredictable nature. It's an ephemeral form of stimulation for people brought together by differing circumstances. Once this is artificially constructed or repeated it loses its provenance and therefore its bizarre integrity.

But then this is the overall failing of the project. I'm trying to artificially replicate an organic phenomenon in order to reap ephemeral benefits that I haven't earned (i.e. humour and kinship).

It's like the time I unsuccessfully merged some uni friends with some old work colleagues. It all went swimmingly until the morning after when one uni-pal nipped out to the corner shop for bacon and eggs, expecting to return to his fallen comrades a hero. He started frying up a storm only to realise as the resident pals from work emerged from their rooms, that this was an all vegan household. From the hero to the goat all in one well-meaning assumption.

Wherever the "social" is forcefully recreated the results are impure at best and artificial at worst. I speak as someone who has run a number of networking events, round table discussions and "happenings" and attended countless more. Unless you get the balance right.

These events are paradoxical by nature; they attempt to artificially recreate the organic. And they're all founded on assumptions of one kind or another. They don't account for the paths that bring you

to the shared location. I'm no more likely to want to spend time with someone on the basis they're also an arts professional than I am to want to spend my Saturday morning with a stranger on the basis that that we both got wasted last night.

Networking events and icebreakers are artificial attempts to forge relationships of convenience. You might broker an introduction but whether it goes any further is going to be down to a catalogue of unspoken criteria: the character of the individuals, longevity of exposure, rate of repeated exposure. Humour, shared interests and needs (outside of someone to talk to at a frankly painful networking event) and of course, alcohol.

As an event organiser the people who turn up to the bloody thing are your biggest asset. Yet a lot of the time you don't really have all that much control over them. You certainly don't have much control over whether they're decent people or not. Whether they are going to play along or sabotage your attempts to make them bond in even the slightest way. It doesn't account for what social sciences refer to as "agency" – the ability of individuals to act within their own lives. And yet it relies upon that agency, people's ability to be spontaneous, interesting, attractive and funny. As I say, they're paradoxical in their nature.

Of course what tends to happen is things find their own way.

Social Spaces: Open for Business?

“As I went walking I saw a sign there,
And on the sign it said ‘No Trespassing’,
But on the other side it didn’t say nothing,
That side was made for you and me.”¹

Julia Heslop

For me the pub is the ultimate social space - the living, breathing space of the everyday - no hierarchy, no taboos. Give me a really down-at-the-heel pub, dingy and drab, with a long-ago cigarette tarred ceiling and a surly barmaid who refuses to acknowledge my hand purposefully placed on the bar clutching a fiver. Although public by nature they exist as private property, yet strangely what prevails is a sense of *ownership* that cannot be constructed or ‘etched on’. Sadly, as with many others, the lights went off in my local pub recently, and as the damned silence fell, metal sheets were fixed over the windows and doors and a ubiquitous ‘To Let’ sign was hastily nailed up.

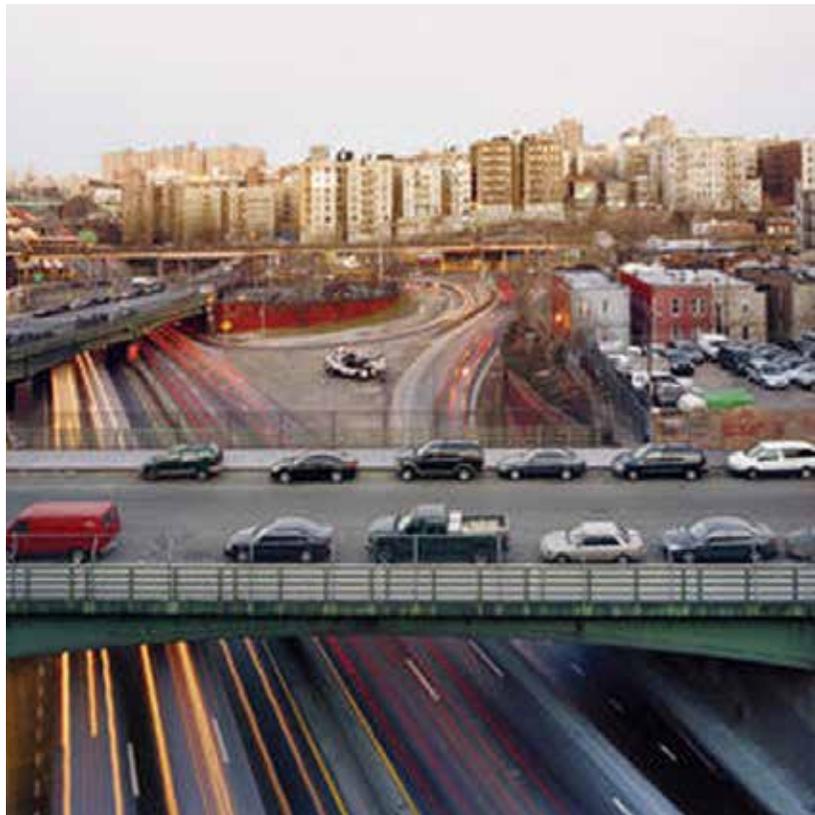
Maybe this pub will be taken over, sold off at a bargain bin price to a private developer, or maybe it will lie abandoned, the weeds creeping through its brickwork in a backwater of forgotten land. Perhaps it acts as a sign of the times; the swift switch from ‘public’ space to ‘private’ space.

Private developments are now favoured to public developments and spaces that we as citizens *own* are being quietly, slyly sold off to developers, so councils, withering from central government cuts, can make a fast buck. There are examples on our own doorstep and many more to come, from leisure centres to libraries, and with very little

consultation councils choose to sell sell sell: a very physical symbol of the de-democratisation of public space within the UK. Vast privatisation of land has created pseudo-public spaces, as first witnessed on a large scale in the Docklands nearly thirty years ago. Public-private partnerships have since become the most common method of redevelopment. Councils attempt to sweeten the pill by using the usual rhetorical language: ‘urban renaissance’, ‘regeneration’, ‘renewal’, whilst greedy developers stand in the wings ready and eager to replace social spaces with commercial spaces – think ‘Tesco Town’ in Gateshead or the Liverpool One development - a nightmare



Konstantin Melnikov
Rusakov Club
1927-28



Robert Moses,
Cross-Bronx Expressway
(Image credit: Andrew Moore)

of consumption - a commercial enclave in the heart of the city, now owned, managed and controlled by a private company complete with its own security force, where spontaneous street performance and protest are off the cards. The standard jargon that developers spiel of creating 'world class tourist destinations' with a 'live, work, play' attitude is a very cutting example of the commodification and 'branding' of social space. The current proposals for Glasgow's George Square highlight the extent to which the marketing of place and the easy disposal of public property are now customary. Proposed restrictions on mass gatherings and protest in this most central and symbolic square are, in a sense, "collateral to urban revalorisation and the on-going rebranding of Glasgow as a 'creative city'".² The plans proposed aim to reconfigure the square, converting it into a 'flexible corporate space'; 'a blank canvas' for spectacle-making, place-changing, consumer-led attractions.

The division of space along economic lines threatens social cohesion. Cities have often been designed to divide, to protect the wealthy from the 'inordinate other', creating hostility that feeds on suspicion and fear. The growth of gated communities in the UK is arguably the first step in a regression back to the streets of

the Victorian era where whole swathes of city streets were inaccessible, barricaded off from the ordinary citizen. The enclosures ended over 150 years ago, but land is still being taken from the masses and given to the few. Haussmann's repeated bouts of urban redevelopment; his creative destruction of central Paris, physically tore through the Parisian slums, bulldozing homes in the name of 'civic improvement'. His design deliberately engineered the removal of the working classes, the 'disobedient' revolutionaries and their 'threat to civic order'. The boulevards of Paris were designed to hinder revolution, lying wide and straight in the landscape to deter barricades, allowing easy access for police firing squads to control the noncompliant masses. In the 1950s the 'master architect' of mid twentieth century New York, Robert Moses, in his own words, "took a meat axe to the Bronx", slicing the neighbourhood in two, viciously attacking an impoverished community by driving a huge motorway straight through its heart. Moses, by favouring highways over public transport networks, made his leisure facilities inaccessible to the poor. He built ostentatious leisure amenities without access for public transport and built bridges that were impassable for buses. His motorway systems were emulated all over the world, allowing people to navigate the

city as a whole without encountering the lives of the inner-city residents. As a true Ballardian vision, his overpasses sweep above decrepit areas, offering the motorway user a mere glimpse in the distance below at the underclass lying physically and symbolically beneath.

These forms of 'regeneration' are now ubiquitous: every city that has ever courted 'urban progress' has allowed the rot of the capitalist planning system to take hold and multiply. In David Harvey's words this is "accumulation by dispossession";³ capitalist property speculation is so severely bonded to displacement that this cancerous process has been permitted to mutate, growing ever stronger like a fledgling disease, seeping into every nook and cranny of city space. Today, the privatisation and regulation of public space occurs through more high tech means, almost emulating those techno-dystopias that are so familiar to us through "Hollywood's pop apocalypses"⁴ and new wave sci-fi films: cyberpunk visions of twisted, but often subsequently realised, future worlds. These are, in Mike Davis's words, 'Dreamworlds of Neoliberalism' where the enclosure of wealth, CCTV surveillance and private security ensure 'safety' from the dangerous masses.⁵ Architecture is used as silent warfare, where high security gated compounds,

such as the Los Angeles neighbourhoods that Davis references in his celebrated book *City of Quartz*, act as "the architectural policing of social boundaries".⁶ Whilst in everyday life we are under the relentless gaze of the Orwellian eye; CCTV cameras placed precariously on every roof, glowering down over doorways and drainpipes.

The selling and transforming of social spaces reduces democracy to an optional 'add-on'; where 'public consultation' is a phoney, tick-box procedure. Anna Minton writes that "The places we create reflect the social and economic realities of the time and provide a litmus test for the health of society and democracy".⁷ Therefore, is the fact that we are "setting out to create undemocratic places simply a reflection of the times we live in"?⁸ Governments are currently unwilling to invest in city space without the involvement of private collaborators and it may be a long time until planning policy changes. Yet in the past architects have often forged change and created true social spaces with the *assistance* of governments.

The visionary landscape architect Frederick Law Olmsted was commissioned to design Central Park, conceiving of this space as a public landscape, one that would bring

classes and ethnic groups together in a shared experience of place. He believed common space should be accessible to all and envisaged Central Park as an egalitarian space where inner city residents could breathe clean air. With our urgent need to preserve and create new social spaces, Olmsted's vision linking social reform to urban renewal is particularly poignant.

Furthermore, Communist planning, although centralised and state controlled, was often visionary in its attempt to embody the Marxist ideals of egalitarianism and communalism. Standardised city plans were designed to develop the 'psyche of the masses' through the creation of mass social spaces, bordered by museums, galleries and the ubiquitous people's palaces. Grand boulevards led the eye to vast squares and acted as a passage for pageantry and parades, for the eulogising of the party during national celebrations. From these sites of ideological intervention emerged new collective social relations and values, where everyday place was fused with propaganda, and architecture was to be as much symbolic as functional. Skanderbeg Square in the centre of Tirana, Albania was designed not as a space of consumption, like our present-day city centres, but one of production and education. On the periphery of the square sit the National Historical Museum and the gigantic Cultural Palace with its opera house and library. The creation of this huge social space was to transform how people engaged

with one another in a communal sense. Capitalist spaces of commerce were replaced by cultural spaces, compelling people to actively engage with the arts in an everyday manner, where services were free for all. In 1991 Albania was the last and most rigid domino of European Communism to fall, yet since then the square and its main boulevard have continued to act as the main social and political axis of the city, albeit with more resistance, and minus the endless Communist rhetoric. From Spring to Autumn this space provides a path for the everyday practice known as 'korza', where a large proportion of the city population promenades up and down the main streets at dusk between cafes or with no particular destination. The objective is to see and be seen, chat with friends and take in fresh air – a very vibrant and of course social tradition.

Worker's clubs also acted as primary sites for collective learning and socialising, giving low paid workers their first access to culture and education in an everyday manner. Clubs were placed next to factories and workplaces for ease of access and acted as places of cultural stimulation, not places for passively consuming culture. Konstantin Melnikov, the maverick architect of the Russian Constructivist movement, designed unique worker's clubs fusing flexible, practical design with radical architectural forms. Most famous of all is his Rusakov Club, a colossus of architecture; a building designed from the inside out. The auditorium's cantilevered seating

sections protrude as great hulks out of the building's shell, whilst inside, moving walls create flexible spaces. This is no 'iconic' super-starchitecture, there is no motivation to break records or court that very Capitalist strain of International Modernism here, just resourceful, inexpensive design, coupled with a most ingenious social concept.

In today's political climate, devoid of ideology and idealism, will councils ever construct spaces which are not diminished knowingly by commerce and profiteering private companies? Or are guerrilla strategies of informality the only tactic for retaining and making anew our social spaces? If this is the case, can we exploit the gaps in formal regulation and control, making use of the margins of the 'official' city: those edgelands and wastelands that lie vacant on the peripheries of towns? Through squatting and physically 'occupying' space can we retain and create egalitarian social spaces?

Subverting capitalist city space is possible with a little doggedness and tenacity. Park Fiction in Hamburg offers an efficacious realisation of guerrilla urban planning. This is an area that has suffered prolonged neglect by city authorities, but when the council tried to sell off the harbour area of the neighbourhood to a private developer, local activism developed into a demand for a public amenity rather than a private development. One of the most successful strategies the neighbourhood

adopted was to not only protest for a public space but to act as if one already existed, by occupying the site and developing it themselves. To this end, the group organised a series of public events on the site, including talks, exhibitions, open-air screenings and gigs. They also developed special tools and techniques to make the planning process more accessible for local people: by creating a planning container that moved around the neighbourhood they could collect residents' wishes for the area. This continual and unceasing use of the park has made it a social reality; through ownership of the site the group now have control.

Park Fiction exemplifies that spaces adapt and become 'social' only *through* use; only when space is used does it become place. Regrettably, we are now witnessing the de-democratisation and privatisation of public amenities, whilst the gloss and promise of the 'urban renaissance' has dulled, faltered and morphed into gentrification. Yet the current conflict of capitalism may give us a chance to turn the tide. Commerce has consumed itself through bonuses and borrowing so, with a little resistance and resolve, perhaps our empty high streets, marginal edgelands and vacant pubs can offer opportunities to remake social spaces, creating new forms of urban intervention and activism in the process. If this is possible, I would certainly raise a glass to that.

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1. Woody Guthrie, *This Land Is Your Land*

2. Eoin Anderson, Neil Gray, Emily Roff, 'Stripped for Business', *Scottish Left Review*, 2013, 74

3. David Harvey, 'The Right to the City', *New Left Review*, 2008, 53

4. Mike Davis, *City of Quartz: Excavating the Future in Los Angeles* (London: Verso, 1990), p. 224

5. Mike Davis and Daniel Bertrand Monk (eds.), *Evil Paradises: Dreamworlds of Neoliberalism* (New York: New Press, 2007)

6. *Ibid.*, p. 223

7. Anna Minton, 'We are returning to an undemocratic model of land ownership', *The Guardian*, 11/06/12

8. *ibid*



Park Fiction, Hamburg



'Show Me a Married Man and I'll Show You a Liar Who Sees a Hot Girl in the Street and Dreams of Eating Pussy'

NOTES

Routine

There is great pleasure to be had in the small arts of routine. On the other hand, nothing is so fearful as the living hell fuck of routine.

Shitting

A little gem of wisdom from a kitchen conversation with a housemate over tea and frozen feet:

I think people overrate the importance of sex. Personally I get a lot of pleasure from taking a good shit. Nobody talks about this. Actually, I think taking a shit is sometimes more pleasurable than sex.

My response is perhaps more predictable:

I guess that depends on the sex, no?

HurrHurr.

It may be, however, that the development of modern art is on his side. The classical themes of sex and death persist. But, a key innovation came with the equation in Joyce's 'chamber music' of the creative act with excretion:

Quietly he read, restraining himself, the first column and, yielding but resisting, began the second. Midway, his last resistance yielding, he allowed his bowels to ease themselves quietly...

Arte ab labore. And now the galleries are full of shit.

Working

Is art work or the negation of work?
Perhaps that's a stupid question.

A Story About Work
On the bus, she tried not to fall asleep. Everyone was sneezing and everything was greasy to touch.

Hi. Hi. Hi. Hello.

Please can you clean my cup.

Murder.

1. 1. 0. 0. 1. 1. 1. 0. 0. 1. 1. 1. 0. 1. 0. 0. 0. 0.
1. 1. 0. 0. 0. 1. 0. 0. 1. 0. 1. 0. 1. 0. 1. 0. 0. 1. 0.
1. 0. 1. 0. 1.

1pm. Queues everywhere. Hide a cigarette from the wind. Knawing stomach. Best get back.

1. 0. 1. 1. 1. 1. 1. 1. 0. 0. 0. 0. 0. 0. 0.

He's actually

1. 1.

Thanks for that.

0. 0. 0.

On the bus she tried not to fall asleep.

Everyone was coughing and everything was greasy to touch.

What to for

0. 0.

I dreamt of

5. 4. 3. 2...

Smoking

I enjoy my smokes. But, if I step outside with the unbidden words "I need a cigarette" and start straight-off sucking away, I sicken myself. The pleasure of smoking is not its necessity; it is its excess. Whether it constitutes a moment of quiet on a winter evening, or a languorous pleasure in the sun with a lover; whether a moment of morning waking or burning up the motorway in a fast moving car, smoking must never become a pacifier. There's nothing sadder than the old crazies stinking of ash tray whose smoke is a cipher for purposelessness in the face of oppression. Smoking is and must be an act of rebellion.

This observation is not new; ask the kids on the street, they all know it. I began to smoke following a teenage dream. I lay on my back on a moving train, looking at the passing clouds, mountains, stars – smoking. Awaking I was left with a clear sense in my mind of the symbolic equivalence of smoking with freedom. And indeed, it is no coincidence that counting amongst friends and acquaintances, I see there is a vastly higher proportion of smokers in the radical leftist crowd (I mean it's stark: compare the aspiring PhDs - 1/10 smokers – with the radicals: 9/10). For smoking is a deliberate assault upon the petite-bourgeois cults of health, utility, the 'aesthetic' and work. Smoking in fact constitutes a deliberate transgression of common sense, and in this lies its force. For, lacking all purpose (except pleasure) the choice to smoke (despite better judgment) represents a will to power over one's own life and body (as well as one's death). Smoking thus represents a dangerous assertion of autonomy – that is, a desire to control and determine the forces shaping everyday life. It is for this reason that the state, with surprising adeptness, targets smoking through the trope of 'addiction'; for 'addiction' - i.e. compulsion, heteronomy – is anathema to the true ethos of smoking.

Sartre was right when he said that smoking is 'the symbolic equivalent of destructively appropriating the entire world.' He was only mistaken in viewing this as a criticism.

Breakfasting

Not knowing in my living room – Why not, I said Istanbul after all, why not?

There in the tea garden unknown to me, such kind people these friends of friend - a cat called Minouche, Bosphorus smell, tea garden.

Do I interrupt some heart to heart my sticky fingers, they talk on quietly. Yes, you are welcome.

Poor İstanbulullus with parents in villages, packages of olives and preserves, honey and walnuts, the inside of an apricot stone.

I've never seen the sun with the seagulls catching their stale diet
simmet, canim

Teşekkürler.

Culture

Honestly, I sit with 8 years of Arts HE behind me at some conference lunch or friends' party and hear yadah yadah about this and that wonderful new poetry, film, contemporary novelist and my greatest desire is to shout something obscene and punch someone in the mouth. In my hometown you wouldn't sit on a city centre bench and open a book. Here there's someone telling me this and that just to test the water and prove some point they can't see for the trees. Right now cultural distinction isn't just tangible, it's the concrete soup we're swimming in, and Bourdieu's telling us nothing we haven't lived since primary school. Violence seems the only answer.

A story called "The division of labour determines my cultural preferences"

Some unblind Apple-Mac-loving fuck comes up to me, and I have no choice. I must go to bed with them. The next morning, as they sneak in from Tesco Metro with still-warm almond croissants, they find me awake trying simultaneously to piss on and set fire to their complete unread boxset of Jean-Paul Sartre's novels. With a sigh, they spoon fresh coffee into the cafetière, and patiently explain to me that they always thought Beauvoir the better novelist. Feeling nauseous, I lean against the wall, to smoke a cigarette. It steadies me not at all.

That afternoon we stand on an abandoned tower block, throwing all their small smart black gadgets over the edge one by one. It brings us closer together. Having secured the movie rights, we commission Alt-J to write a soundtrack.

Another story

I once had this great little thing with a poet. I read aloud from her Ted Hughes book on the bus. She liked that. But, her vocabulary was much bigger than mine. We became quite distant. Now she works for a big name publishing house in London and goes to Italy for weekend breaks. We don't speak often.

Love

Was anything ever so militantly propagandised as the ideology of romantic love? I'm not sure whether to blame Jane Austin or Henry Ford. In the same way that many struggle to imagine anything beyond life under capitalism (excepting a lottery win, a bank accounting mistake, celebrity fame), many struggle to imagine anything beyond monogamy (excepting daytime fantasies, casual encounters, erotic dreams, &c.). How long will the old formulas hold out?

A story about love

Once upon a time it worked for four years. Then it didn't. We were young. After that, she became religious and I became a communist.

Now, sometimes, I think we broke up because 2009 was a bad year for jobs; she thinks we broke up because she was running from God.

A story about love

Once upon a time it worked for a couple of years. Then it didn't. We were young. We had three children. Then we were old. When he died I sighed a little sigh and in that moment I realised I'd always hated the tyrannical bastard.

A story about love

We used to go to the beach. Men would say dirty things to us, then I would shout back at them and they would go 'Oh! Sorry!' and be ashamed. They think I am blondie so I must be from somewhere else. Their mentality is: These are our women, who must be treated with respect. Those other women are not ours, we can say what we like to them. One day she had to go back to Germany. I was sad for a week. On her last day we sat at this cafe to eat kaymak one last time. A boy tried to steal her bag but I ran after him and got it back. Then she went home and I cried for two weeks. I realised I loved her. I called her up and said to her I love you. She didn't know what to say. She was straight woman. One day she rang me up and told me she was in relationship with another woman. This was the first woman I had romantic love for.

Dancing

My brother and I dance a good bear dance. It has to be seen.

In the rom-com *No Strings Attached*, the first time that Natalie Portman and Ashton Kutcher have sex, they are in a rush, and she says to him “You have 2 minutes to get your shit together” – meaning that he has 2 minutes to give her an orgasm. They start having sex (missionary position), and about 4 seconds later Natalie Portman has an orgasm.

Now, this, according to studies that have been published since the 1970s, is actually extremely unlikely and totally unrealistic. In 1976, Shere Hite published a book called “The Hite Report”, for which she interviewed hundreds of women about their sex lives. Her study found that only a minority of women had an orgasm through penetration. “It was found that approximately 30 percent of the women in this study could orgasm regularly from intercourse (the penis thrusting the vagina) – that is, without more direct manual clitoral stimulation.”

In the old copy of the book of the Shere Hite report, that I have in my hands, there is a handwritten note from a girl in the cover page, addressed to the person to whom this book was given, and it says: “I think this book is awesome. Just flick through and see what you find (...) and look at p.184 – we are not alone!” What appears on page 184 is the explanation above – that shows that a minority of women have an orgasm through intercourse. Basically, the woman who bought this book (for her friend) was expressing a sense of relief that they were not alone in not having an orgasm through penetration. She had previously felt guilty, abnormal or alone for not having one. The note is dated from 2006.

This is just one person, but still, it begs the question: how many women still feel this way today? How many women still feel like they “are supposed to” have an orgasm through penetration? And who is to blame?

History and Media

Historically, many figures got it wrong about what female sexuality was like – even highly insightful figures like Freud, who declared that women who didn’t have vaginal orgasms had a problem and needed therapy. However, something else that might contribute to the myth that women are supposed to orgasm during penetration may well be the media, especially film – which keep showing women having orgasms during intercourse.

In terms of sexuality, what we like, how we have an orgasm, whether we care, what works for us and what doesn’t – all of this

is a bit of a taboo area which many do not discuss very often (if at all – and to who anyway? Parents? School? Friends?), especially when we’re young. If we’re lucky, we learn about these things through practice. However, for many young people, films and the media play a big part in their sexual education, and in the majority of these films the main representation of sex leading to an orgasm is through penetration. This is not helpful because it’s not actually realistic of what a woman’s experience is like, and it creates the idea that this is what sex “should be like”, what “is supposed to happen”. It creates “standards” that we feel we have to adhere to (both men or women) – or else we might not be “normal”. The reason why this might be particularly problematic for women however, is that these representations of sex are very male centred, flattering men’s egos in the power of the penis, and concentrating on orgasm as the ultimate aim of sex.

So how do women view their sex lives, and what do they have to say about it that could be represented in the media?

Some statistics

I’ll give a couple of examples. A French study published by Elisa Brune and Yves Ferroul shows that 40% of women have sometimes simulated an orgasm during intercourse, and as much as 20% have simulated with a majority of partners. For many of them, the main reason is “just so that it stops”. Ouch. A few replies from women explaining why they simulated:

“After a while, I’m tired of penetration and especially, if he thinks that he’s going to give me an orgasm, while I know that he’ll never manage....I stimulate and he’s happy...it makes him come and then, I am a good partner!

I simulate so that he doesn’t feel like shit

I was married for 10 years, and for this whole time, I simulated, to make things finish quicker. I thought that was the way things were supposed to happen.

So that they think they are good in bed”

These answers are quite revealing, and show how much some women mainly worry about making sure the man’s ego is not hurt, which could also be linked to a sense of guilt for not having an orgasm via penetration – as that is what is supposed to happen”.

So why do we not see more of that in films?

SEX

WITHOUT BENEFITS

Stephanie Oswald



Natalie Portman and Ashton Kutcher
No Strings Attached



Natalie Portman
Black Swan



Another example – masturbation. According to the same French study from Elisa Brune and Yves Ferroul, 95% of women masturbate (clitoral stimulation is actually how most women orgasm). Now, how often do we see scenes of women masturbating in films? The allusions to male masturbation are countless (the magazines under the bed, coming of age stories, *American Pie*, *American Beauty*, etc, generally talked about with humour), but the number of films showing female masturbation is very small, and these films are often linked to representations of lesbianism or mental health (*Black Swan*).

A Cultural Revolution

In her book published in 1976, Shere Hite explained that: “women are tired of the old mechanical pattern of “foreplay”, penetration, intercourse, and ejaculation”, and “many also found that always having to have intercourse, knowing you will have intercourse as a forgone conclusion, is mechanical and boring.” She further advocated: “Women must claim the right not to have intercourse, unless they want it, even when having physical relations with a man. (...) In addition, the kind of change we are talking about in this book is much deeper than just the idea that “a woman needs an orgasm too”. It is not a question of the woman having an orgasm, and then the man having his, or vice versa. (...) Male sexuality too must be expanded to include many more options, without the almost hysterical emotional fixation on intercourse and orgasm currently prevalent.” (p. 424).

The book from Elisa Brune and Yves Ferroul also encourages another way of practicing sex: “You don’t become a very good sportsman by practicing from time to time. What is the place for physical love in our lives? On average, 20 minutes before going to sleep, twice a week. Which musician or sportsman would benefit from this rhythm? Of course, work, children, chores and hobbies often prevent us from giving it more time. That’s precisely the reflection of our priorities: sexual investment is at the bottom of the list. Is a film on TV a better idea than some time in bed? (...) Making love, it’s not about the way to find the best orgasm possible, for oneself and for the other person. It is to transform this search into an adventure for two people, an adventure that gives heartbeats and vertigo. It’s one of the only areas where you are completely free, if you want to.”

“Feminism” is seen as a negative word by many, but how can someone

seriously say that feminism doesn’t need not be anymore when looking at these questions? The mainstream media, without looking at the fact that it might anyway be generally sexist, clearly plays a part in perpetuating myths about what sexuality should be like. Unfortunately all these images are very male-centred, and might stop women from exploring their own sexuality, and from speaking up (even sometimes to their own partners) about what works for them and about how they actually experience sex. Sex is linked to a lot of complicated feelings of desire and love, but also to guilt, shame and unspoken rules, which might hinder dialogue and eventually hinder the development of an enjoyable sexuality. A bit of feminism instilled into these films, to shake up these conventional images and to tell the woman’s side of the story is needed – and that could impact on women’s sexuality, men’s sexuality, and help for the well-being of a lot of people on the planet.

- *The Hite Report on Female Sexuality*, 1976, 1981, republished in 2004, by Shere Hite

- *Le secret des femmes, Voyage au coeur du plaisir et de la jouissance* [*The Secret of Women, Travel to the Heart of Pleasure and Enjoyment*], Paris, Odile Jacob, 2010, by Yves Ferroul and Elisa Brune

My Hyperreal Religious Experience

Alastair John Gordon

Every afternoon at 3 o'clock, Jesus Christ is crucified and rises from the dead in the suburbs of Orlando, Florida. Souvenirs are available from the gift shop and coffee is served with 'sweet Jesus' biscuits. Tickets for the Holy Land Experience theme park cost \$35 per day and include access to all biblical rides, entrance to the Scriptorium bible museum, Smile of a Child kids' area and biblical karaoke (Thursday nights only).

The website advertises, 'Experience Peace, Experience Joy, Experience Jesus. Four adults for the price of three.' Looming above my head like a cast-off from Monty Python's *Life of Brian*, the entrance to The Holy Land Experience is a fibreglass replica of the city gates to Jerusalem at the height of the Roman Empire. Life-sized plastic Roman soldiers guard styrofoam animals and the baby Jesus sleeps peacefully in his manger in the middle of the car park. A marble monolith bears the legend, 'The eyes of the Lord are on every place, keeping watch upon the evil and the good.' Directly opposite is a plaque, 'This entire Holy Land park is under 24 hour surveillance TV recording cameras.' I can't help but wonder if the later is a lack of faith in the first.

I have arranged to meet Jesus for an interview.¹ Arriving tired from a red-eye flight I am greeted by a jovial man in his mid thirties with a beard who is wearing a headdress, canvas tunic, socks and sandals. He is not Jesus but will introduce me to him later.

'Shalom!' he says.

'Shalom,' I say right back at him.

I am quickly informed that Jesus will not be available for interview after all, which comes as a blow as this is the main reason for my visit. It's a busy day and he doesn't have time for me. I try not to appear disappointed (but it's not everyday you are told Jesus doesn't have time for you) and am invited instead to tour the theme park with Jane who is head of public relations. She tells me the history of the Holy Land Experience and how it was established ten years ago as an evangelist outreach to the Jewish community of Florida. I ask her how many converts they have seen but there have been none.

We walk through a recreation of a first century Jerusalem market and Jane shows me the religious murals they had painted

on the walls, inspired by the Hudson River painters and also the art of Thomas Kinkade. They serve as backdrops to the animatronic disciples and Noah's Ark children's ride. We walk past a fibre glass replica of a Galilean boat lying beside the 'water of life' fountain. A plaque reads, 'Is this the boat Jesus used?' I suspect not and wonder if this is evidence towards a theory I had been reading about on the flight: that faith is inspired more by the imagination than by any reasonable thought.

In the Scriptorium, authentic biblical artefacts are exhibited alongside plastic replicas and offered as proof of biblical events. I am reminded of the book, *Travels in Hyperreality* by Umberto Eco who finds the hyperreal in a consumer's obsession over the 'real thing' but finds the replica is more satisfying than the original. He calls it an 'authentic fake' – when a replica takes on an originality of its own, such as Michael Crichton's *Westworld*, and becomes even better than the real thing.² This is a paradoxical relationship between authentic and fake.

At the Holy Land Experience, visitors may worship at the tabernacle and pray in the garden tomb but without the incon-

venience of travelling to the Middle East. A fake resurrection becomes an authentic experience in its own right, as I was soon to find out. At the coffee shop a fellow visitor asks me if I have seen the crucifixion yet. I had scheduled it for the afternoon. She describes it as 'wonderful' and 'as good as you read it in the bible.' Her words remind me of the Pope's blessing on Mel Gibson's film, *The Passion*, 'it is as it was.' Later that afternoon I join the crowds at Golgotha auditorium. Contemporary worship music accompanies the performance that is something between a medieval mystery play and the Pirates of the Caribbean Ride at Disneyworld. The spectacle is perversely entertaining. After the break Jesus arrives on the back of a white and chrome Harley Davidson and much to the delight of the audience who cheer and wave banners. Over the PA we hear the Star Spangled Banner and from the front of the auditorium I hear a woman scream, 'God, I love America!' For the first of many times throughout the day I am rendered speechless.

1. I write 'Jesus' as I have been in email correspondence for several weeks with the actor who plays Christ but he has never used his real name, impressively staying in character at every email.

2. The concept of hyperreality was developed by postmodern thinkers in the 1980s such as Jean Baudrillard and Umberto Eco to describe certain questions about the nature of reality (the real versus the imaginary) and authenticity (the original versus the fake). Eco's description of hyperreality as an 'authentic fake' should not be confused with that of Baudrillard who found the hyperreal in systems of virtual reality.



*Shaking hands with Jesus
(A.J. Gordan)*

The Holy Land Experience is a confusing contradiction of sincere belief and hyperreal experience. A thinly veiled Zionist agenda clashes with an unashamed patriotic zeal. The management see no contradiction in charging an admission fee for an experience of God's love. Were the irony to be knowing it would be dangerous but the trouble is that no one takes them seriously enough for that. Jane tells me they are planning further theme parks in Texas and North Korea which seems highly unlikely (do they really have permission to build a Christian theme park in a closed communist country?) and leads me to question the credibility of the management.

In his film, *Religulous*, comedian Bill Mayher interviews Jesus from the Holy Land Experience, asking 'Why do you think people come here, because Disneyland's too smutty? I mean you guys are just in business, right? You're in the Jesus business,'³ but Jesus fails to understand the question.

The Holy Land Experience embodies many of the dichotomous relationships I have been thinking about in my painting and writing. As I head for the exit

I consider the tensions between replicated artefacts that have taken on an authenticity of their own. I consider the imaginative rationale for religious belief that seem to triumph over reasonable debate. I think about the irony of an experience of faith that I have paid for but has left me feeling empty.

I meander to customer services in the vain hope of meeting Jesus at the end of his shift but eventually settle for a photograph with his cardboard cut-out. I ask the receptionist to take it for me but she is not allowed to leave her desk. I try to tell her no-one is around but she doesn't want to risk it. 'I know, I know,' she says, 'but CCTV is always watching.'⁴

Reproduced as an extract from Star Spangled Jesus and the End of the World, with permission by the artist, Alastair John Gordon.

3. *Religulous*, Lions Gate Entertainment (USA), released 2003.

4. A complete report of my visit to the Holy Land Experience can be read at www.alastairjohnngordonresearch.com



The overseas territory of Gibraltar

Peter-Ashley Jackson

“These strange people have a rich history of imitation - absorbing the culture of their colonial heritage, and can be seen to act out political and social conventions with a mimicry befitting a Duchampian appropriation”

On Saturday 27th April Peter-Ashley Jackson will deliver a short slide show introducing the daily lives of people in the overseas territory of Gibraltar.



Justice and the Individual

Monday 29th May

7pm

We often tend to think of individuals as being responsible for their own actions; from this tendency society holds individuals to account for their actions. But who is responsible, the individual or their society? We often assume that criminals could have done otherwise, and seek to engender in them an appreciation of why they ought to have done otherwise; but this assumes that it was possible for the individual to have done otherwise and that they can choose to do differently next time around. On what is this assumption based?



Art & Truth

Thursday 9th May

7pm

Art can be considered to describe truths in a manner distinct from science, religion, mathematics or philosophy. What kinds of truth does art seek to portray? The idea of there being different kinds of truth can itself be a difficult notion to accept in a society which places a premium on verifiable, empirical evidence before accepting anything as being true.

What can our emotional responses to situations tell us about ourselves?

NEWCASTLE PHILOSOPHY SOCIETY

Philosophy is the search for understanding. By examining our most cherished beliefs we allow ourselves to recognise the assumptions, preconceptions and prejudices upon which they are based, with a view to achieving a clearer understanding of ourselves and of others.

For 10 years members of the Newcastle Philosophy Society have been holding meetings in cafes, pubs, libraries and pizza parlours in order to discuss topics such as truth, beauty, morality, language, knowledge and justice. The NPS meets in public spaces in recognition of the relevance of philosophy to public life.

The NPS will be meeting twice during *Convention, Habit or Custom*. These discussions are open for anyone to participate in or to observe. No prior philosophical knowledge is necessary, simply a willingness to scrutinise one's beliefs.

JANTELOVEN

for the Greater Good

1. *You're not to think you are anything special.*
2. *You're not to think you are as good as us.*
3. *You're not to think you are smarter than us.*
4. *You're not to convince yourself that you are better than us.*
5. *You're not to think you know more than us.*
6. *You're not to think you are more important than us.*
7. *You're not to think you are good at anything.*
8. *You're not to laugh at us.*
9. *You're not to think anyone cares about you.*
10. *You're not to think you can teach us anything.*
11. *You're not to think that there aren't a few things we know about you.*

This code underpins the belief that strong community solidarity is necessary for the survival of The Collective.

Transgressors of these principles, those who disregard the needs of The Collective for those of the individual, do so at the risk of our mutual endeavors to preserve uniformity and stability.



“Noise, and the music that comes from an engagement with it, tests commonplace notions of hearing and listening, and tries to destabilise not just our expectations of content or artistic form, but how we relate to those, to the point where the most interesting point of encounter might be a loss of controlled listening, a failure of adequate hearing, even if this is only temporary.... Noise is negative: it is unwanted, other, not something ordered. It is negatively defined – i.e. by what it is not (not acceptable sound, not music, not valid, not a message or a meaning), but it is also a negativity. It does not exist independently, as it exists only in relation to what it is not. Noise is something like a process, and whether it creates a result (positive in the form of avant-garde transformation, negative in the form of social restrictions) or remains process is one of the major issues in how music and noise relate”
– Paul Hegarty

AYE that's

SOUND that like

If a tree falls in a forest and no one is around to hear it; does it make a sound?

Noise is seen as the remaining extraneous volume in any ambient environment. Once a noise has been identified by the listener, it becomes a sound.

If sound is said to be identifiable noises, and music is said to be the arrangement of sounds, what is the threshold at which noise becomes music, and hence becomes musically viable?

Abstract music, i.e. music with minimal arrangement of constituent sounds, gains its artistic justification by being given a name and a context, a reference point that the listener uses as their initial judgement on whether the music is noisy.

Does this imply that abstract music is always noisy?

When the constructors and manipulators of these sounds give them context, do they become less noisy again?

Ambient noise, inherent in any genre of music, can be manipulated into new sounds, but do they only become self-evident pieces of music, i.e. Inherently musical, once they've been accepted by listeners as new pieces of music?

Noise, or what uninitiated listeners perceive to be noise, is used to push listeners to accept what is musically viable, and so the boundary between sound and noise is in constant flux. Are sounds collected together into musical pieces automatically musical?

Ambient music is concerned with the inherent musicality of non-musical sounds, i.e. sounds previously considered not to be musical. It is the space occupied by sounds deemed too noisy to be music, and too identifiable (i.e. musically arranged) to be noise.

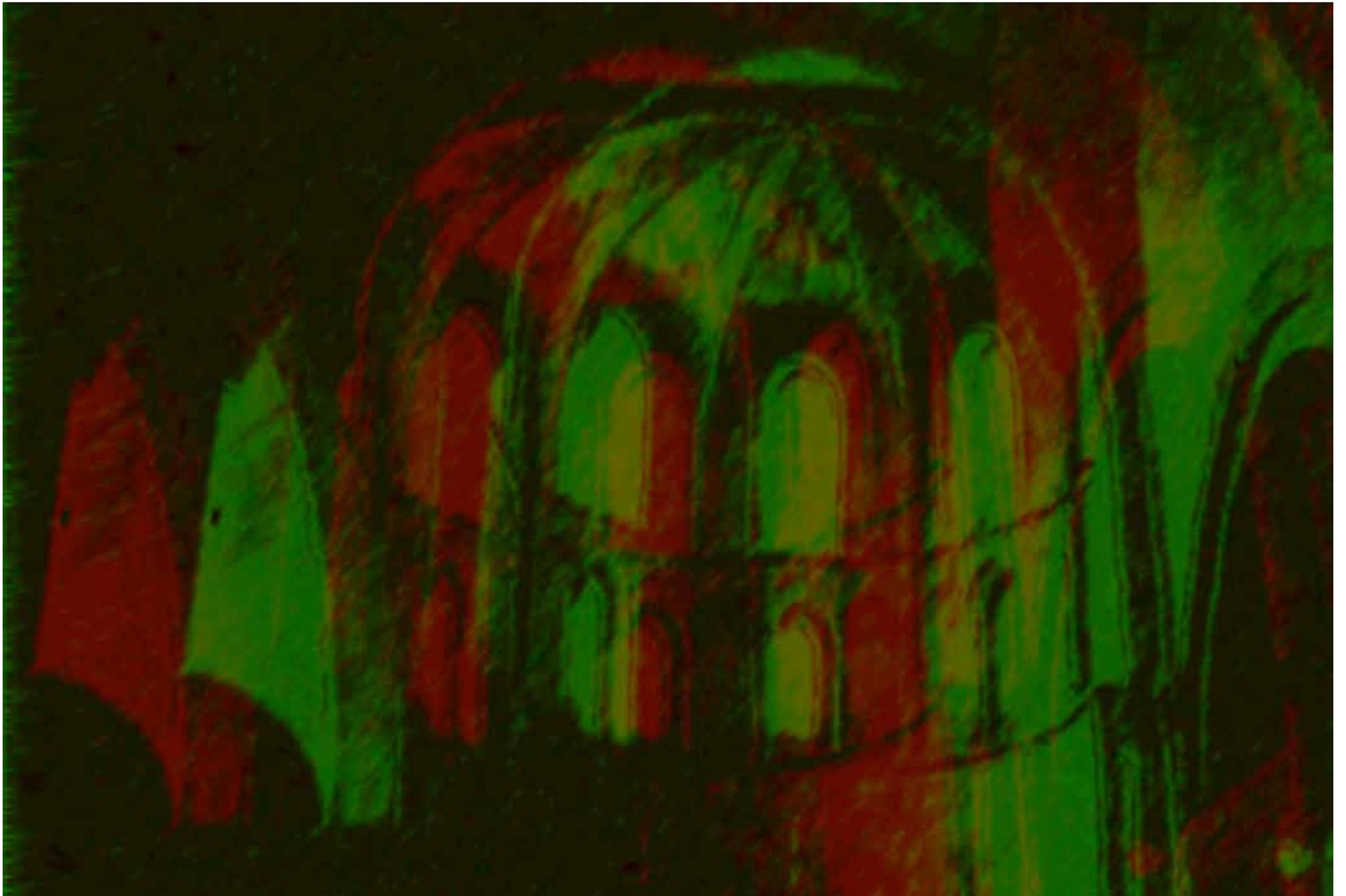
If a tree falls in a forest and no one is around to hear it; it makes noise.

I am Joseph Curwen. I am based in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, England. I make HP Lovecraft inspired ambient evil drone, based on that weird bit between life and death the day after a big party. Horror movie soundtracks made by someone influenced by bass-heavy music of various genres. To someone with no exposure to drone music, I would describe it as “long drawn out weird noises”. With abstract music comes the necessity of giving the music some form of context to give it validity, so I would prefer listeners to take what they personally feel from the pieces, whether they are fans of Lovecraft or not. HP Lovecraft was an American author who was active from around 1915 to 1935. He's considered by many the father of modern horror stories. His tales are weird in the true sense of the word, and evoke a very odd feeling when read in the dead of night. His tales are often about shy or fretful people in truly horrible or alien scenarios, which inspires me to make music

of an eery or oppressive nature. I've been a horror film fan since I was a child. The suspense created using dissonance (especially flattened 5th + flattened 9th chords) always captivated my attention. The one constant in any musical environment is that a rich, deep bass tone is a highly effective tool at affecting the audience, be that getting them to dance or pinning them to the floor with volume. There is a pathway that follows the river Wear from near the Sixth Form centre in Durham all the way to Finchale Abbey. I used to walk this way a lot in my chemically assisted wilderness years, and can testify to how eery it gets at night, especially close to the Abbey itself. I guess areas like that, which are relatively untouched by modernity and artificial light, often are. There's a feeling of the truly ancient there that my music would be the perfect soundtrack to. Some things are genuinely lost to the mists of time, and hence are inevitably

Joseph Curwen - Nocturnal Rites





Joseph Curwen - Abandoned Lair of Cosmic Evil

"If something is boring after two minutes, try it for four. If still boring, then eight. Then sixteen. Then thirty-two. Eventually one discovers that it is not boring at all."
-John Cage

unknowable, which is a recurring theme in Lovecraft's work that strikes a chord with me. It is not just the stories but the sensation they evoke that I am trying to capture with my music. Drone music pieces are usually long and drawn out soundscapes, which like one of Lovecraft's stories, need to be engaged with from start to finish. It is through the duration of music that the listener is able to full appreciate the experience. Like a hypnotic trance, you cannot snap out of it and expect to just snap back into it again without any build up.

A visual accompaniment can give music sense of context and immediacy that just listening to the music may not provide. Having watched experimental performers in the past, the use of visuals is a great tool for evoking a particular mood and engages the audience. This is especially true if what the performer is doing is quite dull to watch, either they are static or doing something the audience

is unable to view and connect with the sound they are hearing. I use a similar approach in my videos as in my music; I take small scraps of found material, and digitally saturate and manipulate them until they become something else. For someone who is unfamiliar with music genres like Drone, experimental electronica, or any other umbrella term for this field, seeing one of my videos might make more sense than listening to the music alone. They will be stimulated both visually and aurally, and might be able to grasp what the music is about more quickly and/or thoroughly. For example, my Mam can hack watching the videos I make for a lot longer than the music alone.

The genesis of Joseph Curwen came from wanting to see what modern music composition software is capable of. My set up includes Audacity, Cubase, and Ableton on my computer, and RD3 and SPC by Mikrosonik on my Android phone. Using this "digital studio", I run my sounds

through a 1980s Technics Stereo, Amplifier and KEF Q-Series Floor Standing Speakers. These were top of the line in their heyday, and still sound richer than most studio monitors I've been exposed to. This set up in itself inspires me to make music.

Joseph Curwen will be showing one of his videos on Friday 3rd May as part of the *What's so difficult about difficult music?* event at Convention, Habit <or> Custom.

Suspicious MINDS:

The Psychology of Conspiracy Theories

Thank you for taking the time to complete this survey about your social and political attitudes. Our conclusions rely on your accuracy, so please complete the questionnaire as honestly as possible. All your answers will be kept entirely confidential and anonymous, and will only be used by those working on the research project.

PART 1:

There has been much debate about various historical events, suggesting that the 'official version' of the truth of those events is something of a cover-up. Below is a list of events for which the official version has been disputed. For each event, we would like you to indicate to what extent you believe the cover-up version of events is true or false by circling the appropriate numerical value.

| | Completely True | | | Completely False | | | |
|--|-----------------|---|---|------------------|---|---|---|
| 1. A powerful and secretive group, known as the New World Order, are planning to eventually rule the world through an autonomous world government, which would replace sovereign government. | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 |
| 2. SARS (Severe Acute Respiratory Syndrome) was produced under laboratory conditions as a biological weapon. | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 |
| 3. The US government had foreknowledge about the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbour, but allowed the attack to take place so as to be able to enter the Second World War. | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 |
| 4. US agencies intentionally created the AIDS epidemic and administered it to Black and gay men in the 1970s. | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 |
| 5. The assassination of Martin Luther King, Jr., was the result of an organised conspiracy by US government agencies such as the CIA and FBI. | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 |
| 6. The Apollo moon landings never happened and were staged in a Hollywood film studio. | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 |
| 7. Area 51 in Nevada, US, is a secretive military base that contains hidden alien spacecraft and/or alien bodies. | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 |
| 8. The US government allowed the 9/11 attacks to take place so that it would have an excuse to achieve foreign (e.g., wars in Afghanistan and Iraq) and domestic (e.g., attacks on civil liberties) goals that had been determined prior to the attacks. | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 |
| 9. The assassination of John F. Kennedy was not committed by the lone gunman, Lee Harvey Oswald, but was rather a detailed, organised conspiracy to kill the President. | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 |
| 10. Special interest groups are suppressing, or have suppressed in the past, technologies that could provide energy at reduced cost or reduced pollution output. | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 |

PART 2.

Below are a series of statements about various thinking styles. Please indicate to what extent each statement is true about you using the response scale below.

| | Strongly disagree | | | Strongly agree | |
|---|-------------------|---|---|----------------|---|
| 1. I enjoy problems that require hard thinking. | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 |
| 2. I am not very good in solving problems that require careful logical analysis. | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 |
| 3. I enjoy intellectual challenges. | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 |
| 4. I don't like to have to do a lot of thinking. | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 |
| 5. Reasoning things out carefully is not one of my strong points. | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 |
| 6. I try to avoid situations that require thinking in-depth about something. | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 |
| 7. Using logic usually works well for me in figuring out problems in my life. | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 |
| 8. Knowing the answer without understanding the reasoning behind it is good enough for me. | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 |
| 9. I enjoy imagining things. | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 |
| 10. I identify strongly with characters in movies or books I read. | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 |
| 11. I tend to describe things by using images or metaphors, or creative comparisons. | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 |
| 12. Art is really important to me. | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 |
| 13. Sometimes I like to just sit back and watch things happens. | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 |
| 14. I have favourite poems and paintings that mean a lot to me. | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 |
| 13. When I travel or drive anywhere, I always watch the landscape and scenery. | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 |
| 14. I almost never think in visual images. | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 |
| 15. Emotions don't really mean much: they come and go. | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 |
| 16. When I'm sad, it's often a very strong feeling. | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 |
| 17. Things that make me feel emotional don't seem to affect other people as much. | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 |
| 18. I'd rather be upset sometimes and happy sometimes, than always feel calm. | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 |
| 19. I don't react emotionally to scary movies or books as much as most people do. | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 |
| 20. My anger is often very intense. | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 |
| 21. When I'm happy, the feeling is usually more like contentment than like exhilaration or excitement. | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 |
| 22. I often go by my instincts when deciding on a course of action. | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 |
| 23. I don't think it is a good idea to rely on one's intuition for important decisions. | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 |
| 24. I tend to use my heart as a guide for my actions. | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 |
| 25. I enjoy learning by doing something, instead of figuring it out first. | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 |
| 26. I can often tell how people feel without them having to say anything. | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 |
| 27. I generally don't depend on my feelings to help me make decisions. | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 |
| 28. For me, descriptions of actual people's experiences are more convincing than discussions about 'facts'. | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 |
| 29. I'm not a very spontaneous person. | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 |

PART 3.

Each item of this part is a statement that a person may either agree with or disagree with. For each item, indicate how much you agree or disagree with what the item says.

| | Very True for me | | | Very False for me | |
|---|------------------|---|---|-------------------|---|
| 1. A person's family is the most important thing in life. | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 |
| 2. Even if something bad is about to happen to me, I rarely experience fear or nervousness. | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 |
| 3. I go out of my way to get things I want. | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 |
| 4. When I'm doing well at something I love to keep at it. | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 |
| 5. I'm always willing to try something new if I think it will be fun. | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 |
| 6. How I dress is important to me. | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 |
| 7. When I get something I want, I feel excited and energised. | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 |
| 8. Criticism or scolding hurts me quite a bit. | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 |
| 9. When I want something I usually go all-out to get it. | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 |
| 10. It's hard for me to find the time to do things, such as get a haircut. | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 |
| 11. If I see a chance to get something I want, I move on it right away. | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 |
| 12. I feel pretty worried or upset when I think or know somebody is angry at me. | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 |
| 13. I often act on the spur of the moment. | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 |
| 14. If I think something unpleasant is going to happen, I usually get pretty 'worked up'. | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 |
| 15. I often wonder why people act the way they do. | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 |
| 16. When good things happen to me, it affects me strongly. | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 |
| 17. I feel worried when I think I have done poorly at something important. | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 |
| 18. I crave excitement and new sensations. | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 |
| 19. When I go after something, I use a 'no-holds-barred' approach. | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 |
| 20. I have very few fears compared to my friends. | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 |
| 21. It would excite me to win a contest. | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 |
| 22. I worry about making mistakes. | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 |

PART 4.

Please indicate to what extent you agree or disagree with each of the following statements.

| | Strongly agree | | | Strongly disagree | | |
|--|----------------|---|---|-------------------|---|---|
| 1. Even though freedom of speech for all groups is a worthwhile goal, it is unfortunately necessary to restrict the freedom of certain political groups. | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 |
| 2. What beliefs you hold have more to do with your own personal character than the experiences that may have given rise to them. | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 |
| 3. I tend to classify people as either for or against me. | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 |
| 4. A person should always consider new possibilities. | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 |
| 5. There are two kinds of people in this world: those who are for the truth and those who are against the truth. | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 |
| 6. Changing your mind is a sign of weakness. | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 |
| 7. I believe we should look to our religious authorities for decisions on moral issues. | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 |
| 8. I think there are many wrong ways, but only one right one, to almost anything. | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 |
| 9. It makes me happy and proud when someone famous holds the same beliefs as I do. | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 |
| 10. Difficulties can usually be overcome by thinking about the problem, rather than through waiting for good fortune. | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 |
| 11. There are a number of people I have come to hate because of the things they stand for. | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 |
| 12. Abandoning a previous belief is a sign of strong character. | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 |
| 13. No one can talk me out of something I know is right. | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 |
| 14. Basically, I know everything I need to know about the important things in life. | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 |
| 15. It is important to persevere in your beliefs even when evidence is brought to bear against them. | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 |
| 16. Considering too many different opinions often leads to bad decisions. | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 |
| 17. There are basically two kinds of people in this world, good and bad. | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 |
| 18. I consider myself broad-minded and tolerant of other people's lifestyles. | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 |
| 19. Certain beliefs are just too important to abandon no matter how good a case can be made against them. | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 |
| 20. Most people just don't know what's good for them. | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 |

This is a shortened version of a survey written by Damien Hallsworth, a post-graduate psychologist at The University of Westminster.

The full survey is online and can be found here:

<http://lloyd-wilson.co.uk/suspiciousmindsquestionnaire>

how to do DIY

If you have a minute, type in <http://vimeo.com/18089714> and watch Jasper Joffe tell the students at the Royal College of Art how to do DIY. He's got seven key points, so you'll soon get the hang of doing it yourself.

Moreover, Joffe will tell you what does, and does not, count as 'good' in DIY arts practice. It goes a bit like this: empowering yourself and doing anything you like is good. Lots of publicity is good. Artworks as publicity stunts are bad. Fabricating DIY's rough-and-ready aesthetic is bad.

While the idea of someone telling you how to do it yourself might seem faintly absurd, I think there are more serious problems here. To raise them, I need to consider what it means to call arts activities 'DIY' in the first place.

Let's think of 'DIY' as a label, a series of claims even. There are action-based claims, often used to highlight the physical labour involved in setting up 'DIY' art spaces and projects; for example the (re) building, endless wall painting and fundraising – a literal 'we did this ourselves'. Then there are approach-based claims, highlighting a proactive ethos to artistic production and display i.e. Jasper urges his audience to 'do anything [they] like' without waiting to 'be asked'. This second claim is a way of being, and a powerful one, as artists take on the roles and responsibilities traditionally associated with the museum or gallery curator, the dealer, the technician and the invigilator. To do it yourself is to empower yourself.

In both claims (and I'm sure there are others), DIY arts activity draws upon the core values of a broader 'DIY culture' (Perdue et al 1997), namely collective organization, rebellion, amateurism and anti-commercialism (the labor involved is almost always voluntary). To put it another way, there are certain methods, values and approaches that are legitimately 'DIY', and adopting these legitimate methods allows so-called 'DIY' art spaces and practices to be recognized as such; they become familiar.

This is a drawing of boundaries. 'DIY' (like all structures of meaning) is a specific way of doing and being, in which certain attitudes, value positions, and moral and political standpoints (Strachan 2007: 247-250) are encouraged, even enforced, while others are closed off. To repeat, 'DIY' is not inherently 'bad' – but it is not inherently 'good' either. All systems have strengths and weaknesses, results and implications, and need to be interrogated.

So let us interrogate 'DIY' arts activities for a moment. What does it mean to be involved in 'DIY' arts activities? What actions and behaviours are perceived as 'good'? What forms of rule breaking are surprising, or unacceptable? This might seem like a strange place to start, but if 'DIY' is a way of being, then it is in our everyday actions, routines and customs that we produce, and practice, what we have come to think of as 'normal'.

Now let's take that a bit further: might these taken-for-granted understandings form barriers to inclusion for some? Do some artists feel compelled to behave and act in certain ways to gain admittance? What attitudes do artists involved in 'DIY' have towards money, reputation, careers – and what might these attitudes result in? Worse, might these (inherited) ways of doing and being mask corrupt friendships, cosy cliques and unpaid labours?

In short: what value judgments are we making, and consolidating, through our everyday practices – and are they the 'right' ones?

Here's what I think: 'DIY' arts practice isn't new. To call an art activity or space 'DIY' does not automatically make it a valuable gesture of resistance and camaraderie. They are not all 'good'. Rather than think of 'DIY' arts activities as an unknown path, let's think of it as a well-trodden one. Can artists re-examine this path, and find fresh routes to as yet unknown destinations? I hope so. But first, you need to find a way to do, and think, for yourself.

Let me know what you think.

Emma Coffield

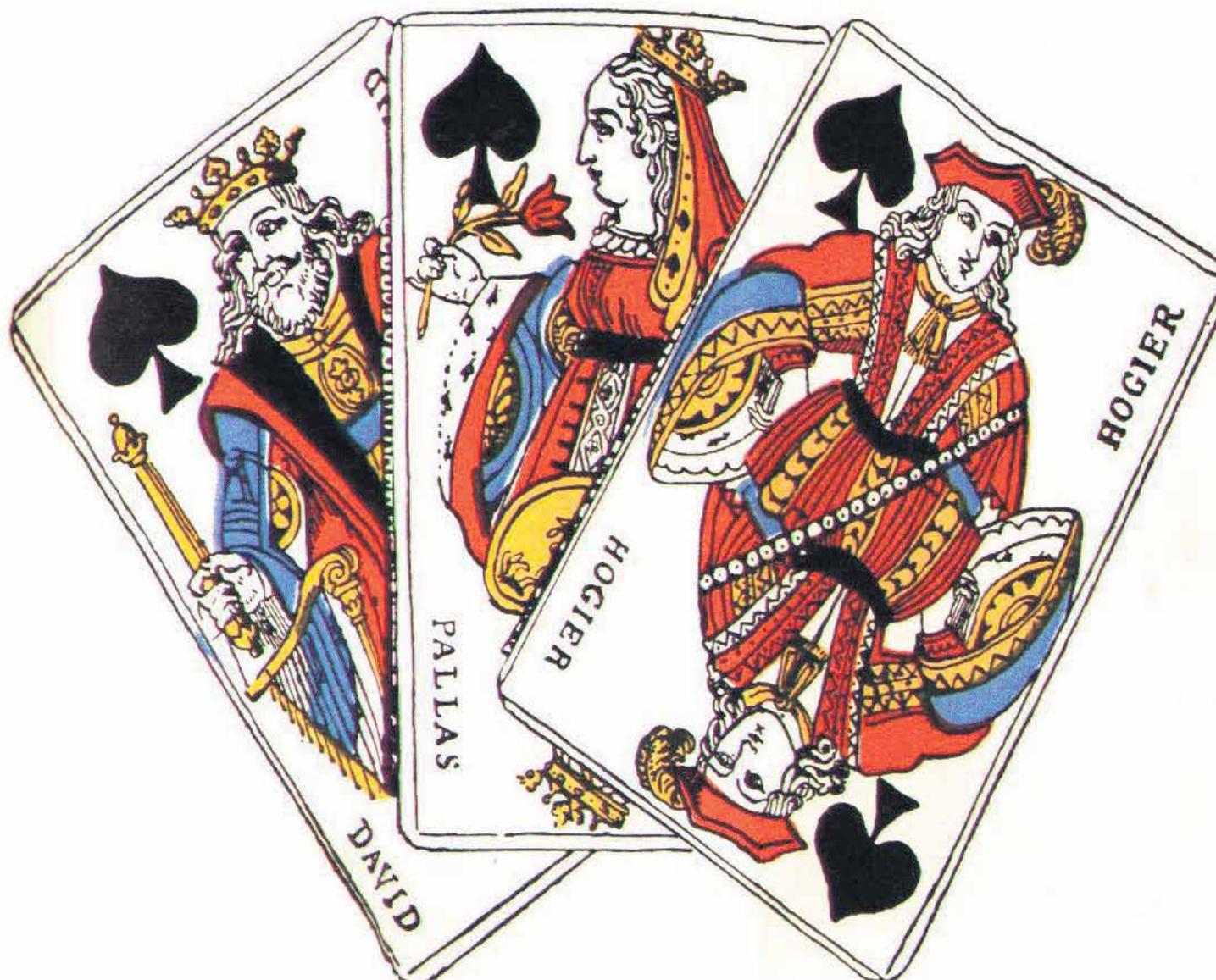


Girl rides Crocodile

Joffe, J. (2010) 'DIY as Artistic Practice, Not Aesthetic'. [Lecture] At The Royal College of Art. Online. [Accessed 15/06/2012] Available at <http://vimeo.com/18089714>

Perdue, D., Dürrschmidt, J., Jowers, P. and O'Doherty, R. (1997) 'DIY Culture and Extended Millieux: LETS, Veggie Boxes and Festivals'. In *Sociological Review* [45: 4] p645-667

Strachan, R. (2007) 'Micro-Independent Record Labels in the UK: Discourse, DIY Cultural Production and the Music Industry'. In *European Journal of Cultural Studies* [10] p246-265



Looking back I realise that ever since I was a small child I always had a fascination with magic, and it was to my delight when I received my first box of magic tricks for Christmas, and in no time at all I was performing magic tricks with cards to the rest of the children in my backyard. But like lots of children my interest in magic tricks vanished 'just like that' as Tommy Cooper would say.

It wasn't until years later when, on the spur of the moment I decided to have my fortune read by cards at a local fair and in the middle of the reading I remember thinking that I had never been told so much rubbish and that I could do a better job. But the one thing that did strike me was that ordinary playing cards were being used and not tarot, which I found unusual but it somehow resonated with me.

About a week later I decided to pop into a book shop and was drawn inexplicitly to a blue book sat on a shelf amongst many other books, it wasn't until I took it down I realised it was a book about fortune telling, covering every means of fortune telling from using dice to I Ching and Palmistry, to name but a few. But it was the section about using playing cards as a means of divination that really captivated my imagination and within weeks I was giving readings for family and friends. Consequently my popularity soared and in the years that followed I saw myself much in demand for card readings.

However as I have seen, fate sometimes has other ideas for us.

This one hit me like a bolt out of the blue. It was while I was pregnant with my daughter that I developed a craving to paint, unlike other mums to be who would crave for ice cream or chocolate. This 'craving' never went away and card reading went on the back burner. To have the opportunity to read playing cards again fills me with immense excitement and I always think of them like road signs they can point out the many paths ahead of you but the choice is ultimately yours!

Sandra Greenacre

*Sandra will be offering Card Readings on various sessions throughout Convention, Habit or Custom
Pop in and ask for details.*



Shadow & Substance

Anna M. R. Freeman & Alastair John Gordon

3 – 16 May
Tues – Sat. 11.00 – 16.00
Preview: 2nd May 18.00–20.00



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theholybiscuit.org

Left: Alastair John Gordon, Eshu, Oil, gold and aluminium leaf on board 38x30cm, 2012. Right: Anna M. R. Freeman, Face to face, Oil on board 40 x 52.5cm, 2011. The Holy Biscuit, the Newcastle Central and East Circuit of the Methodist Church of Great Britain is a registered charity, registered in England and Wales No. 1134265E

Tea drinking is a huge part of British history and culture, and making a cup of tea is something that most people do every day. It's the first thing you make in the morning and the last thing you want before bed, and is seen by many to be the habit of a life time.

But what makes tea so intrinsic to each of us and why does the ritual of making tea differ so much between individuals?

Everyone has their own idea of the 'perfect cup of tea', so come along and make yours!

"When tea becomes ritual, it takes its place at the heart of our ability to see greatness in small things."

Muriel Barbery, *The Elegance of the Hedgehog*



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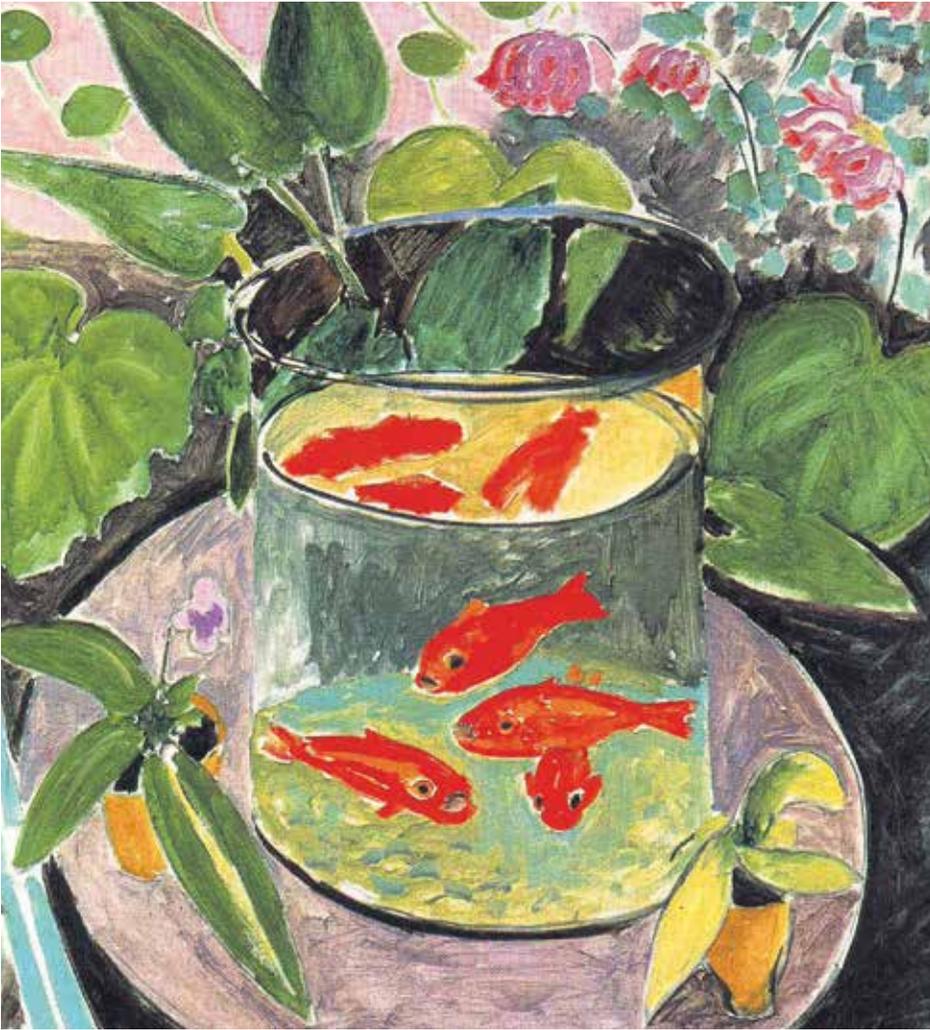
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| | | | | | |
|-------------------------------------|---------------------------|---------------------------------|---------------------------------|---|-------------------------------------|
| <p>B.</p> <p>...A SILVER LINING</p> | <p>...A SILVER LINING</p> | <p>C.</p> <p>FOR EVERY RANT</p> | <p>A.</p> <p>FOR EVERY RANT</p> | <p>THE BIG BOOK
OF HAPPINESS
AND
THE LITTLE BOOK
OF RANTS</p> | <p>D.</p> <p>...A SILVER LINING</p> |
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Kantian Goldfish

(Synthetic Analysis)

Dedicated to Jeff Pitt

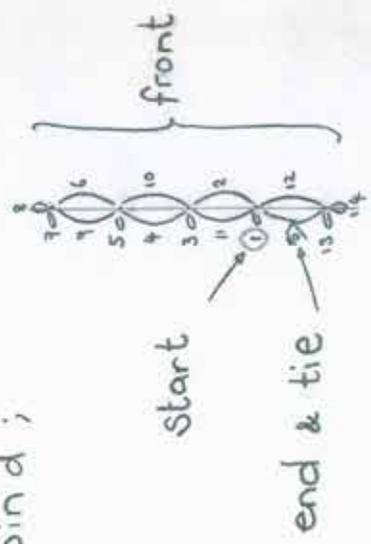
*When all spins round and round and round,
Then: what looks up and what casts down?
And: what is out and what is in?*

*When all flows round and round and round,
Then: what has been; what still to be?
And: what is face and what is fin?*

*When all swims round and round and round,
Then: what transcends and what perceives?*

And: what is "You" and what is "Me"?

Peter Tooth
24th November, 2012

| | | |
|---|--|--|
| <p>A SILVER LINING...</p> | <p>C</p> | |
| <p>1. cut along lines
2. fold along, then pierce, dots
3. order A:A, B:B etc.
4. bind;</p>  | <p>B</p> <p>FOR EVERY RANT</p> | <p>D</p> <p>FOR EVERY RANT</p> |

Dabbers at the ready boys and girls for:

HOG's

BINGO!



HOG's Bingo takes place at NewBridge Project Space on 8th May 2013. During the event 3 games of Bingo will be played, each consisting of 3 rounds. Keeping with the traditional format of the game of Bingo the 1st round of each game will be for any 1 line across, second will be for any 2 lines across and the final game will be for any completed 'House'. Amazing prizes to be won including some super duper, limited edition Bingo Screenprints signed by Adam Hogarth. Be sure to dress snazzy for this free event celebrating the language and culture of BINGO! For more information e-mail: adam_hogarth@hotmail.co.uk



Did you know?

BINGO has been played for thousands of years and has been appreciated by some notable historical characters. During the Napoleonic Wars, pint sized megalomaniac, Napoleon, would often call into his local BINGO Hall for a cheeky game before heading off to conquer Europe and Africa. Other fans of this leisurely pursuit include Mother Teresa, Noel Edmonds, Joan of Arc, The Grumbleweeds, Adolf Hitler, and Deidre Barlow off Coronation Street, who likes to go so she can get out of hubby, Ken's hair for a couple of hours.



Adams & Smith's 2034 auction: late-Capitalist period artefacts

On the eve of the Federal Council of Autonomous Zones abolition of all cash transactions, Adams & Smith proudly present a final auction of late-Capitalist era artefacts.

Adams & Smith's much anticipated sale of late-Capitalist artefacts from the estate of the artists Hollington & Kyprianou promises to be the most exclusive sale of 2034.

Each highly collectable lot reveals a curious aspect of the bygone age of Capitalism, shedding light on the odd and contradictory practices of the era, bringing Capitalism back to life.

13 LOTS INCLUDING...

DOUBLE BUGGY PERAMBULATOR



This used, but well conserved double buggy perambulator is a wonderful reminder of the folly of unrestricted growth of the human population before the Last Depression. Since the introduction of the urban one child and rural birth spacing policy this 'pram' has become a highly collectable item.

In the year of its production, the then 'United Kingdom' (UK) stood at 61 million people. An increase in 2008 of 408,000 births was the steepest rise for 50 years. At a time when the world population stood at 6.78 billion, the increase in so-called 'developed' countries, such as the UK, caused specific problems: UK citizens (or 'subjects' as they were then) used huge amounts of resources, creating far greater environmental damage per head than the vast majority of the world. For example, in 2009 it was claimed that the average carbon footprint of an individual in the UK was 150 times that of an individual in the Ethiopia, the area now covered by autonomous zones 6-7.

At the time, nearly a sixth of the world's population were believed to be followers of the Catholic Church, a long-lived, but now thoroughly discredited, pseudo-religious cult.

Its doctrine in essence was to breed more members, proclaiming it immoral to use any form of birth control.

MOBILE PHONE

Of all the hysterical adoption of new technologies that typified the late capitalist period, none was more ubiquitous than the portable, or as it was known, 'mobile' phone. Despite the wars caused by the supply of the mineral tantalum needed in their production, they became the de rigueur technology of late capitalism. At one point in the former UK it was claimed that for every person there were 1.6 mobile phones.

The cracks in their dominance began to appear in 2017, when the religious cultist company 'Mac' released their fourth generation 'A.I. FingerPhone'. Realising that the main role of mobile phones had become affirmation and not communication, the AI phone was the first 'handset' to self-generate content, allowing the user to converse with the phone itself.

The phone monitored the user, and started rudimentary conversations about everyday matters at any time and in any place – the medium had finally become the message.

The widespread breakdown in public mental health is well documented, and almost all AI handsets were destroyed in the Second Reformation. Adams & Smith are delighted to offer this compact early Samsung handset, a reminder of more simple and less aggressive times.

*comes complete with pre-emptive thinking facility



GENUINE CAPITALIST ERA 'BANKING' PEN & HOLDER



2008, 2013, 2019, 2021. Dates that every school child knows. The first three, huge tremors within the capitalist financial industry, the latter its final glorious collapse.

The system was definitely terminally ill before its eventual enforced demise, but it was by direct action that it was put out of its own, and our, misery. And what a misery.

Adams & Smith are delighted to offer this well-preserved 21st century bank pen and holder, a slightly comical device that was nonetheless widely used for many years. It would be found on the 'public' counter within high street banks, enabling the 'customers' to fill out forms and provide a signature as a form of security. What is most telling is that the base was fixed to the counter and the pen (joined by a chain) was fixed to the base, meaning that no customer could 'steal' the pen.

In its own way this lets us in on the very thought processes of this 'banking' industry. The customers actually trusted the banks to look after their money, - sometimes all the money they had.

And the bank? The bank didn't even trust the customer with a cheap plastic pen.

PENALTY CHARGE NOTICE

'What will I do for public transport? I will improve the economy so you can find good enough work to be able to afford a car'.
- George W Bush, US President, campaign speech Another great myth offered by late capitalism that grew steadily through the 20th and early 21st century was that of the personal ownership of a motor car.

Popularised by early car maker, Henry Ford, the cult of 'freedom to travel', or in his own words "the blessings of hours of pleasure in God's great open spaces", flourished until 2008. The last statistics produced by the 'Department of Transport' in the then 'United Kingdom' stated that 75% of households owned at least one motor car. This reflected an absurd doctrine promoted by the industrial/political elite that saw ownership not only as (a) right, but even worse a necessity.

One leading light, the former British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher, was even reported as saying - 'Any man who rides a bus to work after the age of 30 can count himself a failure in life'.

The irrational pre-occupation with the 'right to private transport' in cities continued into the second decade of the 21st century. Its eventual wholesale collapse occurred just six months after the last major road building project was abandoned.

This highly collectable 'Penalty Charge Notice' was issued by Lambeth council on the 12th October 2009. In keeping with the spirit of traffic engineers (see lot 2), it records the issuing of a £60 fine, even though I was only fleetingly parked adjacent to a dropped footway whilst loading a 'double buggy' (see lot 1).



'TRUMP' GOLF BALL



Golf was a game once considered a sport, where one would hit a ball, walk after it and hit it again and again until the 'athlete' had completed a set of obstacles and targets on the 'course'. This is not to be confused with the popular and skilful crazygolf still played today.

Golf was often seen as an elitist bourgeois pastime, whose extensive courses lay ruin to vast swathes of land. A somewhat male-dominated pursuit, it often attracted businessmen, presidents of the then United States and 'light entertainers' who wore ridiculous clothes and hairpieces.

The late 19th century anti-imperialist Langhorne Clemens – better known as Mark Twain – wrote that 'golf is a good walk spoilt'. The now defunct United Nations once estimated that the upkeep of the world's golf courses consumed 2.5 billion gallons of water a day.

This particular golf ball is rumoured to have been used in the last game of golf ever played, the round being cut short as the player was clubbed to death with a five iron by his valet in the lead up to the 2012 Easter Uprising.



EVERYTHING MUST GO

View all the lots at: www.electronicssunset.org

Allenheads Contemporary Arts

the GLORIOUS 13th

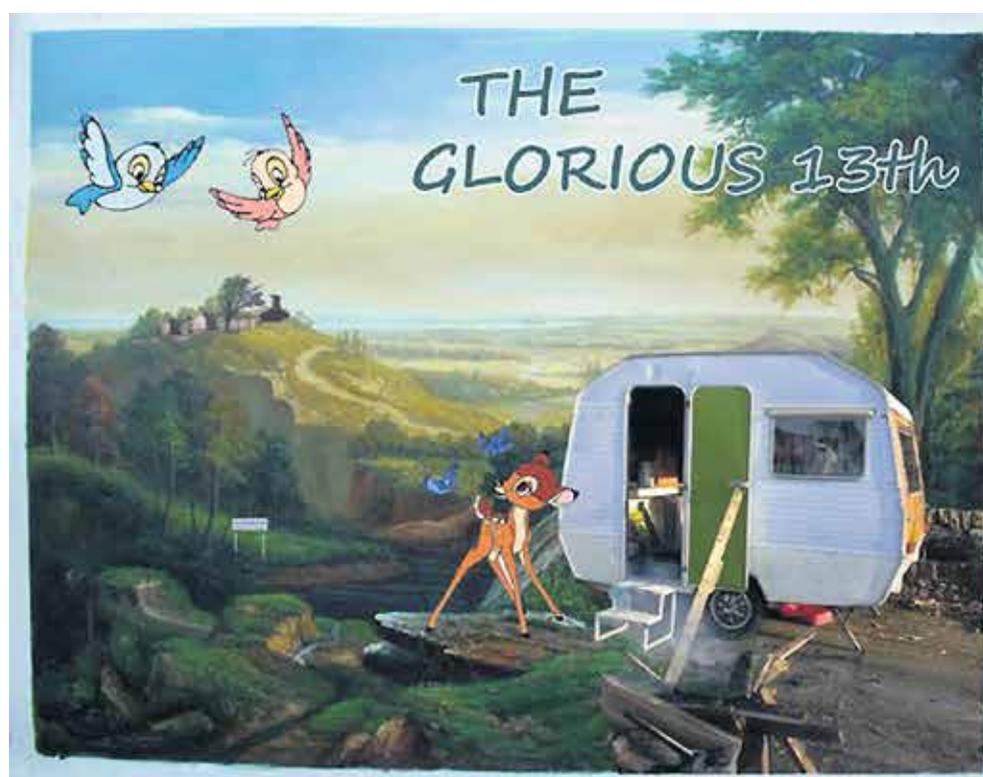
Coming soon

- July:** Matt Stalker & Fables will return to Allenheads to perform their new album, *Knots*. (other musicians to be announced).
- July/August:** 'Dis-place' An International residential workshop in partnership with Migrating Art Academies (MigAA) <http://www.migaa.eu>
ACA is thrilled to offer places for artists to get involved in a collaborative laboratory event with international peers (France, Spain and Baltic states) from a wide professional and cultural network.
- August:** Photographic Installation by Linda Rodenheber: A synesthetic installation of photographic and sound work made from time spent amongst the Allenheads environment and community.

Continued Artists Residency Programme

ACA will be offering a number of residencies later in the year. Further updates will be released on our website soon. www.acart.org.uk/

The new studios and accommodation at ACA are now available to hire; for groups or individuals to pursue their own creative practice.



In the 13th year of the twenty first century, a long, long way from the urban world, in an old, old schoolhouse, Allenheads Contemporary Arts, otherwise known as ACA, is still to be found high on a hill in the deep wilds of Northumberland.

It is a magical place, where interdisciplinary research leads to greater creativity and imagination; delighting and stirring those who have settled there, as well as inspiring the folk who travel from far and wide.

During recent times of cuts and hardship, the brave people of ACA have striven to find new ways of operating and after a period of toil and re-invention are now ready to take on the challenges set by a barbarous union of policymakers.

2013 offers exciting opportunities for artists to venture to Allenheads to take part in ACA's program or embark on their personal projects.



Contact:

If you would like to get involved in our future events, hire our venue or sign up to our mailing list, please contact:

Helen Ratcliffe: helenshead@acart.org.uk
Alan Smith: alanshead@acart.org.uk

www.acart.org.uk

NOTICE

GET YOUR HAIRCUT ONCE A MONTH FOR ONE YEAR, VISITING A DIFFERENT BARBER SHOP EACH TIME.

ENJOY EACH AND EVERY ONE. THERE ARE ONLY A FINITE NUMBER OF HAIRCUTS LEFT IN YOUR LIFE.

WHILE SITTING IN THE CHAIR AND THE BARBER IS BUSY WITH HIS IMPLEMENTS, STARE INTO THE MIRROR AT YOUR AGING FACE STARING BACK AT YOU. BRIEFLY CONSIDER YOUR OWN MORTALITY.

EVOLVE A STRATEGY TO DO ONE SMALL THING WITH THE REST OF YOUR LIFE THAT WILL CHANGE MANKIND.



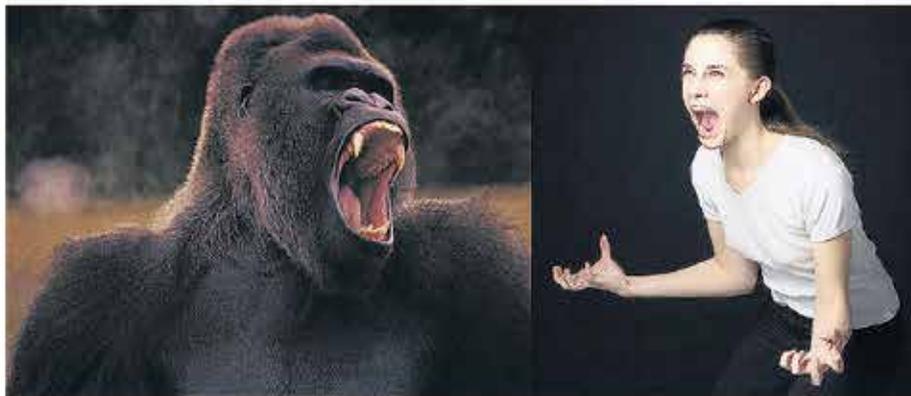
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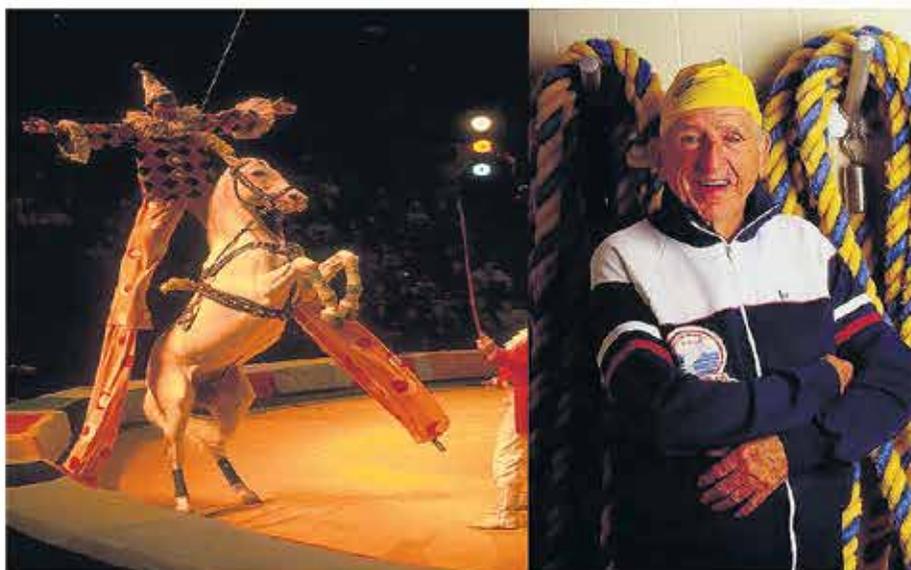


A clown met a banker

'It was fun to meet a clown' - a banker

A gorilla met a drama student

'Grunt...Grunt!' - Gorilla / student



A stiltwalker met a Swimming Instructor

'I swam with my stilts on!' - Stiltwalker

WHO WOULD YOU LIKE TO MEET?

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Philip Larkin the Lone Ranger
32 The American Old West
Kingston-upon-Hull
Humberside Texas
HUS 2
England

Dear Alfred,

This is almost certainly the last letter I shall write as a under-40, so treasure it - put it in a glass case like a British Railways ham sandwich.
Your letter found me last night when I came in off the piss after running them out of town: in point of fact I had spewed out of a train window & farted in the presence of ladies & generally misbehaved. I enjoyed it very much this morning: it had a high proportion of strong rich humour & seemed quite different. I think I had forgotten to read all the pages last night, whilst breathing very hard...I ate a tomato & a bit of cheese while reading.

I should have written to you but - you know - the atmosphere of home clogs you bow-els & you feel incapable of anything but going to the cinema. I go everyday, I've seen 'Major Barbara' (third time), 'Love on the Dole', 'Marx Bros. Go West', 'The Hurricane' (2nd time or 3rd time) & lots more shit I can't remember like 'Pimpernel Smith'. What you might call a sedimentary life.

I should like to concur briefly with you about the Americans. I had a strong attack of anti-transatlanticism after reading 'Look' or 'Life' or 'Cook' or something: it was written in an incredibly irritating way. Nor did I like a photographic series entitled 'Stamp Tease'... No: England may be full of dishonesty & unpleasantness & sordidity etc. but I (naturally, I suppose) have a prejudice in favour of it. Incidentally read 'News of England' last week & thought it jolly ripping. (I have a spare one in my saddle bag. I'll leave it with you) Just suits my level of political intelligence. Incidentally, I don't like to mention it, but things don't look too good, do they, old boy? No, they don't, old boy whoa boy. Robert & I stood to attention when the midnight bulletin was read out & sang 'God Rape the King'.

Did I say I had a TV set now? Where's all this porn they talk about? Have seen nay pares of Titties since slapping my money down; no bu/fes Christ bushes I mean. And George, going on about porn in the shops: let him come up to Hull & find some. All been stamped out by police with nothing better to do, they're very clever at hiding their tracks. I would like to be appointed HM Customs and Excise Controller of Pornography. It's like this permissive society they talk about: never permitted me anything as far as I recall. I mean like WATCHING SCHOOLGIRLS SUCK EACH OTHER OFF WHILE YOU WIP THEM, or...

You know the trouble with old Phil is that he's never really grown up. Bit of a bore really.

Did you know Huge was a dead man? I forgot if I told you on the phone. Found literally dead drunk, it seems - empty Cointreau bottle 1/2 & empty Benedictine bottle. Fascinating mixture, what. Been warned, of course. Got off it then went back onto it. I don't mind telling you I felt a bit queasy when I heard the news. 'The last to set out was the first to arrive', and all that top.

My mother, not content with being motionless, deaf and speechless, is now going blind. That's what you get for not dying, you see. 'Well, all I can say is, I hope when my time comes I don't linger on, a pest to myself and everyone else' - oh no my dear fellow, that's just who I do hope lingers on. Well, in a way. Well anyway. Even now I can't believe it's going to happen, not too far off now too. Or do I mean either. Only you, Alfred, know I'm alive. To the world, I'm buried here beside my father & soon my Mother. Oh God

Another dull non-day today following a pissy evening attending the annual dinner of the Hull Magic Circle nay, stare not so. Two chairs and one table, two men and a pack of cards, strange things can be done with a pack of cards. And had a fearful weekend 'judging the Avon Poetry Competition with Betjeman. To think that someone is going to get FIVE THOUSAND POUNDS for some utter bollocks makes me want to do damage. Yet I have vowed never to shoot to kill & the silver bullets serve as a symbol of justice by law. Next term I think will be as unpleasant - I shall spend a good deal of money & probably be ill, I feel. On returning, drove Silver into a flood under a bridge & was becalmed there. Water got in which now smells indescribable: a kind of fungus is growing in the back.

I read the last script you send. I liked the determined hopelessness of the script & all of the two incidentals, but rather gloomy on the whole: made me feel fearfully 'depressed'. That's it. Fear that's based on nothing. A powerful force unless you can overcome it. I don't think I've seen enough of women to feel fed up with them to that extent: anyway, I work with about sixty of them & I just treat them like men, well, more or less. Keep up the cracks. Get in a bit about shoplifting next time.

Oh Larkin, I've been looking into Your bum,

Philip

I'm going to the dentist this afternoon, fuck it. I don't trust my teeth an inch.

LETTERS TO THE LONE EDITOR



Neville Chamberlain Captain Haddock
Commander of the Karaboudian
President of the Society of Sober Sailors (S.S.S.)
37 Eaton Square
Knightsbridge
London SW1
England

SECRET.

Dear PHIL, ALFRED & JOE!

Developments seem very slow, keep calm, please. I am afraid that we may have to wait another week before we can speak with confidence about the issue. All the same I have a 'hunch' that we shall get through this time without the use of force. It is utterly fatuous to contend that moral judgments about national honour had much to do with the real options. Even if things looked more threatening than they do at the moment I should not despair for I don't think we have fired the last cannon in our locker.

(I have been considering the possibility of a sudden and dramatic step, which might change this whole miserable molecule of mildew situation. The plan is that I should inform the son of a sea-gherkin that I propose at once to go over to Germany to see the tin-hatted tyrant. I hope to persuade him that he had an unequalled opportunity of raising his own pig-headed prestige and fulfilling what he has so often declared to be his aim a settlement of the Czecho-Slovakian question.

If the fat-headed fire-raisers decline, Britain, France & it's Allies shall throw them in irons, the filthy pirates, black marketers, band of scallywags.)

I must confess to the most profound distrust of Russia. I have no belief whatever in her ability to maintain an effective offensive, even if she wanted to. And I distrust her rapscallion motives, which seem to me to have little connection with our ideas of liberty, and to be concerned only with setting everyone else by the Nincompoop ears.

The continued state of tension in Europe which has caused such grave concern throughout the world has in no way been relieved, and in some ways been aggravated, by the blistering barnacles speech delivered at Nuremberg last night.

On the one hand, reports are daily received in great numbers, not only from official sources but from all manner of two-timing tartar twister individuals, who claim to have special and unchallengeable sources. Declaring positively that he has made up his mind to attack Czecho-Slovakia and then to proceed further East. The flat-footed grizzly bear of the SS. is convinced that the operation can be effected so rapidly that it will be all over before France or Great Britain could move. He is ready to march, the meddlesome cabin-boy!

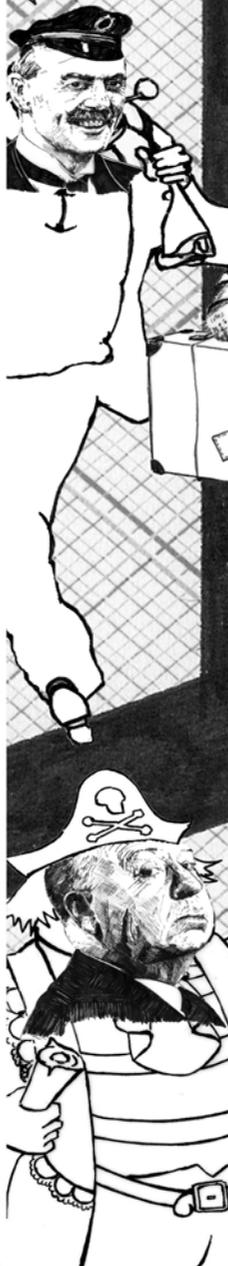
Having said this, although I've had some dreadful anxieties especially during one sleepless night, the tension has actually decreased and I have occasionally had times, perhaps one or even more, when there has been nothing for me to do...

I realise I've had enough of being a guinea pig, I long to go home and you can instead go on acting the old goat here for as long as you like.

Yours truly,

Neville Chamberlain Captain Haddock

Neville Chamberlain Captain Haddock
Commander of the Karaboudian



GREAT MOON'S OF SPOT PROMOTIONS

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Present

LETTERS TO THE LONE EDITOR

Ian Curtis Officer Bibble,
77 Barkan Street,
NYPD Morans Alley,
Maulepsfield,
SK 116.
Cheshire East
England.

Bibb's

Flod's a silly fucker

Raddington

Phil

Indeed, it's all a bit pointless really, but I've had some gorgeous birds. Ho-hum...I dug doing it.

Met a gentleman I hadn't seen before, yesterday, staggering around on the common. I naturally enquired on his well-being. He replied 'Young man...that's utter clap-trap, ...horse-droppings...if I was 20 years younger I'd bop you on the nose!' Instead he tried to clip me around the ears, lucky I blocked it with a rolled up copy of Kane, I had to paw.

Bagpuss recon's it was the new Leader Of Men, ...The Brain...

Ha-Ho-Hum.

Alfred Hitchcock Captain Pugnash
The Black Pig
Surrey High Seas
England

Dear Philip

I do not hate them exactly, my purpose is, as I have indicated, purely sinister. I certainly don't think they are as good actors as men. English film actresses always desire to appear a lady and, in doing so, they become cold and lifeless. Nothing pleases me more than to knock the lady likeness out of cinema girls! I don't know what femininity is...

Furthermore, I envy your position, in many ways it's a nuisance having a wife who knows all this, but you'd talk. It is, in fact, essentially unappealing upon him the egotistic need to write about himself. I'm sure I prefer it that way. And why not, boy?

I went up to Macleod and tried to get permission to take pictures. I couldn't get it. I pulled strings - but they broke. I know my weight about - but 19 stone was not enough. So I had to take my pictures without permission. The old nigger thought had caught me, but I was too clever for him! Ha! It takes more than a silly scallywag like Bibble to catch me. And a little address not only photographs better but is more pleasing to the audience who like to see the heroine curvy head nesting against the hero's manly breast.

This morning a neighbour interrupted a rosebush-pruning reverie of mine to exclaim with gusto: "Well, I see you've got another juicy murder case on your hands over there!" I glanced hastily around to see if I had overlooked a body somewhere in my perambulations.

But it quickly developed that by "you" my friend meant not me personally, but my native England, the "juicy murder" being what I dare say some English newspaper called "The unfortunate Occurrences at Eastbourne." (This involved, you may recall Philip, what is alleged to be a phenomenal succession of deaths of elderly, managed patients of a single doctor. Smart work, eh?)

"What do you mean 'another' boy?" I asked defensively. He conceded "You know - they aren't like anyone else's, yours." I vacated against the personal problem. But I sensed what he was driving at: crime in England often does seem to have an especially fascinating aura.

As one to whom crime, in a fictitious pictorial parlance, is by way of being a livelihood, I have often been asked about why this difference exists. Why should infraction of the law - particularly of the Sixth Commandment - be more intriguing in Bedfordshire than in Boise, Idaho?

If one commits a murder at sea, for instance, he has, within a few hours, soaked a huge exposure of water in which to dispose of the remains - with nobody to fight and no one on guard. In England, a murderer is faced with such stringent alternatives as the cellar or a suitcase. If he chooses the latter, he then checks it at a railway station. Right away you have "The Waterloo Station Suitcase Murder," pregnant with drama. Good gracious me!

England's small expense means that many people live close together: born the countries this has brought about an inordinate regard for personal privacy. If Mr Jones' wife suddenly disappears it may be months before someone says "Er, don't mean to pry at all, old boy, but it seems a deuced long time since we've had the pleasure of Mrs. Jones' presence on deck."

This same sort of understatement is an occupational tradition of English police. With the most atrocious criminals they never say "Faster, boy! Faster!" ... O.K. - we get that! ... They say "I beg your pardon, but it seems that someone has been boiled in oil. We wondered if you'd mind answering a few questions about what sort of ship you own..."

England's population is quite homogeneously composed of people renowned for their reserve. Enthusiasm and urge to which other people give rein vent are by tradition and habit bottled up. When they emerge, the manifestation is likely to be, accordingly, more bizarre.

(Furthermore Philip, there is a group of intellectuals in London called "Our Society" which meets periodically in a private room at a restaurant to "post mortem" interesting criminal trials. Counselors for both sides "lower the drapery" and let their hair down, off the record.)

Nevertheless, that millions of people everyday pay huge sums of money and go to great hardship merely to enjoy fear seems paradoxical to me. Fear, you see, is a feeling that people like to feel when they are certain of being in safety.

And now if you excuse me, I shall get back to my rose bushes - with the lingering thought that there may be a body somewhere on the deck. It is enough to make me want to give up sailing and take up market gardening instead... HELP!

Margaret Thatcher is noted for her head-girls' buns,

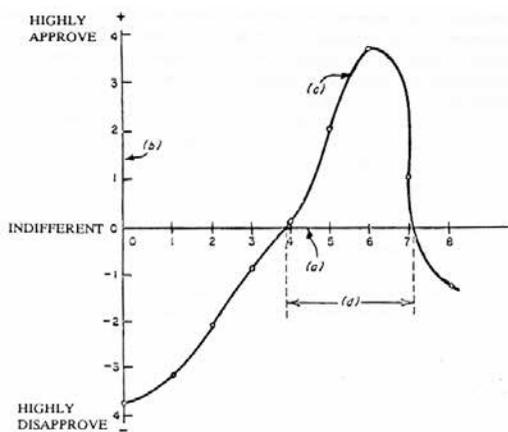
Alfred

Philip Larkin the Lone Ranger
32 The American Old West
Kingston upon Hull
Humberside, Texas
HUS 2
England.

ATTENTION

It has come to the attention of the collective that the unwritten moral code by which we are self governed, as described by Sandemose's Janteloven (p.20) is now becoming obsolete.

A Discussion regarding these conventions and a chance to redefine them will be facilitated during Convention, Habit or Custom.



Did a woman land on the Moon?

Female Astronaut, Jeanne J Crane (known as JJ), born in Philadelphia 1963 and was part of the Woman in Space Program. She disappeared from NASA records in 2001. Since then, information snippets, rumours, and unverified sources have claimed a female astronaut was sent on a mission to the Moon in August 2001. This classified mission was brought about by a bonus payment into the NASA budget from newly elected President George W Bush Jr, with the aim of making his mark in space history. There was the additional agenda to claim mineral rights to the Moon, before other, fast developing international space agencies could get there. The US government set up a committee for symbolic activities for the first female astronaut to set foot on the Moon. Part of their remit, was to design a new flag for the Moon, which Jeanne Crane would plant as a symbol of a new era of lunar exploration.

The story goes that the Space Shuttle, on 5 missions, from February to August 2001, ferried secret components for a lunar module to the International Space Station where the capsule was constructed by resident engineers and scientists. Due to budget constraints, the module was very small and designed to carry one petite member of the astronaut community. Jeanne J Crane was only 4ft 11in and very slight in stature, and this physical fact along with her exceptional career both in the American air-force and space program made her the prime candidate for the next human to set foot on the Moon. It was regarded that selecting a woman would also make the media coverage more sensational and dramatic, adding to historical merit.

The secrecy surrounding the mission, appropriately named Leda 1, was deemed vital due to the experimental design of the lunar lander, named the Swan, because of its unusual design, (no diagrams or images exist, so we can only imagine what its appearance was like). Rumour has it that Jeanne Crane did make it to the Moon on August 15, 2001, but never left due to the failure of the lunar lander boosters on take-off, and her remains lie there to this day. Her body and the wreckage of this catastrophic mission were covered up by the hard landing, on the site, of a redundant lunar observation satellite. There is no explanation as to how or why it may have failed, but probably due to the experimental nature of the spaceship and the limited budget.

It is understood, that space scientists thought this mission should not be hidden or stricken from the records, but the events of September 11th, 2001, made a cover up inevitable, as the secret mission was considered to be too controversial in a time of national emergency.

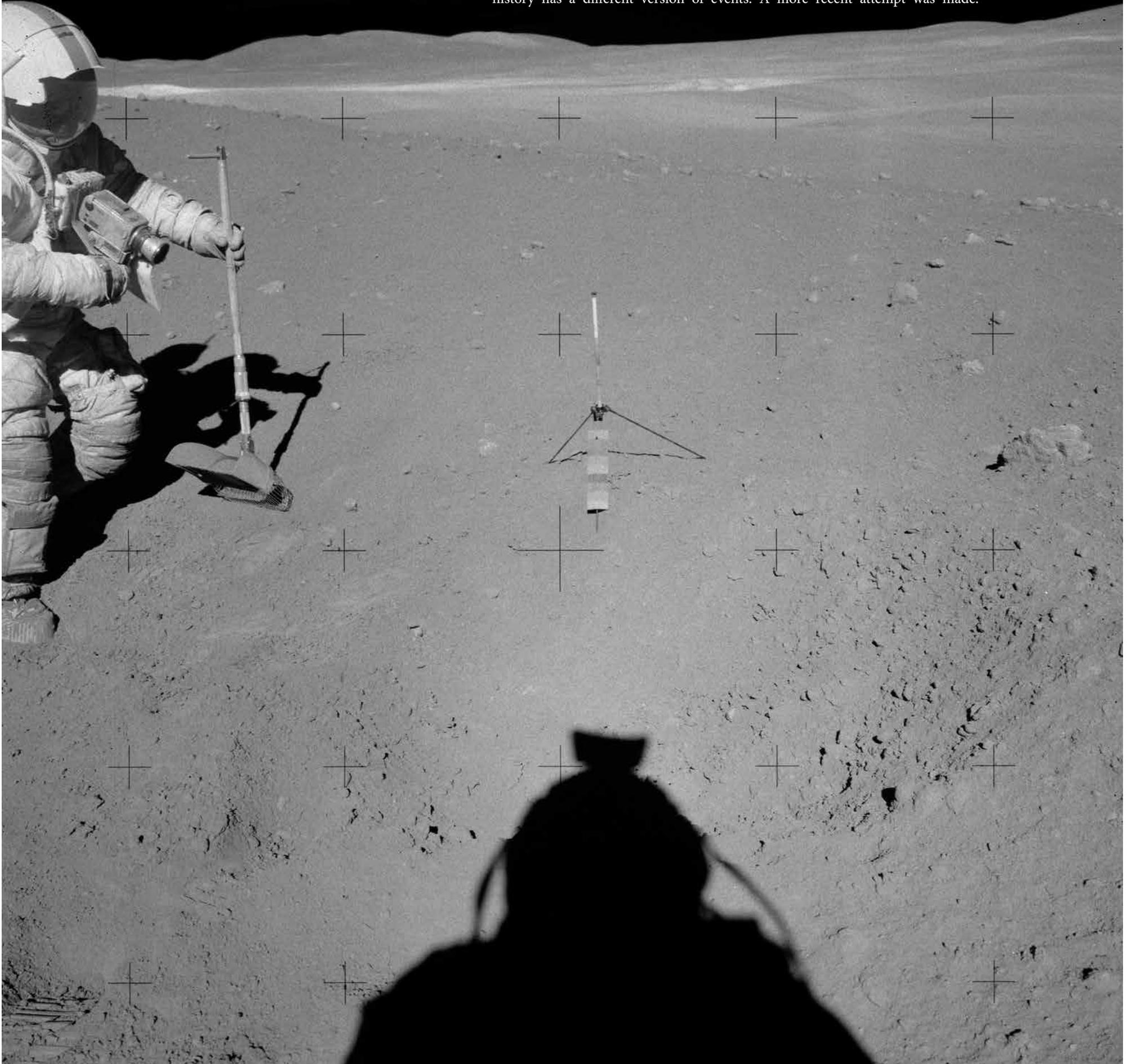
This disastrous mission would never have come to light, if a Norwegian PhD. astrophysics student hadn't accidentally come across references in old documents on outdated websites. He, and his university colleagues, tried to get this investigated, to see if it was based on fact, but all information immediately disappeared from the internet and no printed records had been kept. No current proof exists except for anecdotal evidence, and officials claim it is a work of pure science fiction. Should this be based on a real episode in lunar exploration, she would be the only woman to have set foot on the Moon, and the only person who has died in space, so she should have a place recorded in history and a rightful memorial erected.

Philadelphia News Journal Report, September 12, 2001: Obituary – NASA Astronaut, Jeanne. J Crane, aged 38, died in a fatal car accident on August 17th, 2001.

Over the Moon - The Great Moon Hoax: Gibber Jabber
Helen Schell

Did men ever land on the Moon?

Humans have been fascinated by the Moon for 1000's of years, but it still holds many mysteries to us. On July 20th 1969, an historic event took place, the Apollo 11 mission took 3 men to the Moon. Neil Armstrong and Buzz Aldrin were the first men to set foot there, and only 12 American men have been there.....or as many believe, was it the greatest hoax ever played on humanity? Why have we not been back? In 2001, some new information came to light that suggests history has a different version of events. A more recent attempt was made.



SCHEDULE

Friday 26th April - Friday 10th May 2013

| | | | | Friday
26/04 | Saturday
27/04 | Sunday
28/04 |
|---|--|---|--|---|---|---|
| | | | | | | CLOSED
All Day
<i>Gone</i>
gardening |
| | | | | CONVENTION
HABIT
<OR>
CUSTOM
<i>Launch Event</i>
6 – 10pm | Habits of
Situation
<i>A dialogic analysis
of contemporary
material culture</i>

☺
<i>Introduction into the
overseas territory of
Gibraltar</i>
5 - 8pm | |
| Monday
29/04 | Tuesday
30/04 | Wednesday
01/05 | Thursday
02/05 | Friday
03/05 | Saturday
04/05 | Sunday
05/05 |
| Tea + Toast
7-9am | Tea + Toast
7-9am | Tea + Toast
7-9am | Tea + Toast
7-9am | <i>Wake Up with
Noize Choir</i>
7-9am | | |
| Daytime
12 -4pm | Daytime
12 -4pm | Daytime
12 -4pm | Daytime
12 -4pm | Daytime
12-4pm | A Critical
Analysis of
Convention,
Habit or
Custom
<i>Introduced by
Iris Priest</i>
2-5pm | |
| Justice & the
Individual
<i>Discussion hosted
by the Newcastle
Philosophy
Society</i>
7-10pm | | The radical
ethics of DIY
in self
organised
Activity
<i>Andy Abbott</i>
7-10pm | | What's so
difficult about
difficult music?
<i>Discussion</i>
5-7pm
<i>Gig</i>
7-11pm | | Dancing
Donkey Pub
Quiz
<i>with Psychologist
Dr. John Lazarus</i>
7-10pm |
| Monday
06/05 | Tuesday
07/05 | Wednesday
08/05 | Thursday
09/05 | Friday
10/05 | | |
| CLOSED
All Day
<i>Bankers' Holiday</i> | Tea + Toast
7-9am | Tea + Toast
7-9am | Tea + Toast
7-9am | Tea + Toast
7-9am | | |
| | Daytime
12 -4pm | Daytime
12 -4pm | Daytime
12 -4pm | Daytime
12-4pm | | |
| | The social
presence of a
Woman
<i>Sustainable Cities
discussion group</i>
7-9pm | Hog's
BINGO
<i>Eyes down:
7.30pm prompt.</i>
7-10pm | Art & Truth
<i>Discussion hosted by
the Newcastle
Philosophy
Society</i>
7-10pm | DRINK
'us' DRY
<i>All remaining
alcohol must go.
Join us.</i>
7-11pm | | |