



WASTEPAPER

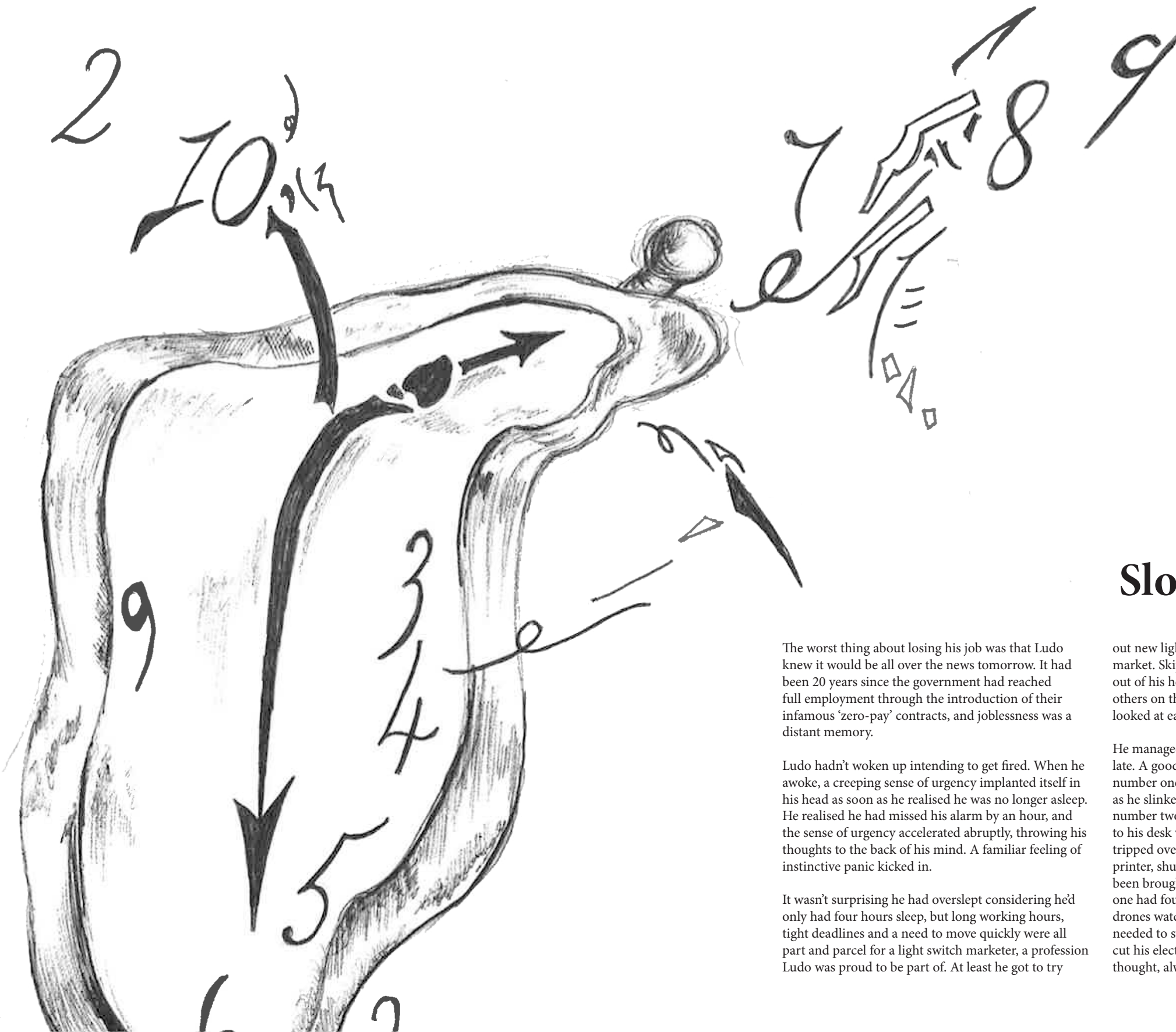


Ekholz, Almquist & Cöster - Swedish National Heritage Board

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The theme is 'Slow'.

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Slow News Day

The worst thing about losing his job was that Ludo knew it would be all over the news tomorrow. It had been 20 years since the government had reached full employment through the introduction of their infamous 'zero-pay' contracts, and joblessness was a distant memory.

Ludo hadn't woken up intending to get fired. When he awoke, a creeping sense of urgency implanted itself in his head as soon as he realised he was no longer asleep. He realised he had missed his alarm by an hour, and the sense of urgency accelerated abruptly, throwing his thoughts to the back of his mind. A familiar feeling of instinctive panic kicked in.

It wasn't surprising he had overslept considering he'd only had four hours sleep, but long working hours, tight deadlines and a need to move quickly were all part and parcel for a light switch marketer, a profession Ludo was proud to be part of. At least he got to try

out new light switches two weeks before they hit the market. Skipping breakfast, the sun rose as he dashed out of his house and onto the crowded hoverbus, full of others on their way to equally glamorous jobs. No one looked at each other, but inside they were singing.

He managed to make it into the office only half an hour late. A good effort Ludo thought, but it was offence number one, and his boss bristled with righteous anger as he slinked past the open door of her office. Offence number two came just before lunch - as he rushed back to his desk with his fourth coffee of the morning, he tripped over a lead, spilling the entire cup over the 3D printer, shutting it down instantly. The guilty lead had been brought up at several previous meetings, but no one had found the time to tape it down. The forgetful drones watched on as Ludo's boss told him that he needed to switch on, or get used to darkness when they cut his electricity. That's why she was the best, Ludo thought, always on brand.

The final straw came after lunch, as he was rushing to meet the payment deadline for a spot on primetime TV that night. In his haste, Ludo placed an extra zero on the transfer, effectively wiping out his department's budget for the rest of the year. The bank were no help, insisting there was nothing they could do if he had made the payment to the right account, while the corrupt fuckers at the TV station were no more likely to repay the money than they were to cancel X Factor after its 53rd year of record breaking innovation. As his employment chip was reset, the full weight of what had happened hit him, and he held back tears as he left the office and headed directly for the pub.

When he awoke the next day, Ludo felt a slight pang as he realised he had missed the sunrise for the first time since he started work. He threw on some comfy clothes and wandered to the shop. Had that tree outside next door's front garden always been there? Sure enough, his departure was splashed all over the news screens. "First unemployed person in 20 years sends UK Ltd's stock plummeting," blared one. "Panic on the streets as 8,000 illegal immigrants stream in to compete for single job," bleated another. Ludo hastily looked away to see a

third, to read "PM abolishes tax for those earning over £100,000: 'We need to stop this entitlement culture for those who refuse to work. Cutting tax for those who actually contribute to the economy will give the idlers an incentive, something to aim for.'"

He left the newsagent and ambled towards Jobs4Slobs. As he walked, he realised for the first time that he was in no hurry, there was no rush. He couldn't remember the last time he had felt that way. The automatic doors slid open to reveal a room with no one in it, even behind the counters. He walked up to desk and rang the bell. Nothing. 15 minutes passed, half an hour. Nothing. It wasn't that he minded, seeing as he had nothing to do, it was just a bit odd. He kept on having to fight off the urge to worry, forgetting that there was nowhere that he needed to be. Alarms went off in his head for appointments and meetings he didn't have, his pulse fluctuated wildly in response to nothing. Relaxing wasn't something that came instinctively to Ludo, and it was an effort to slow down. About an hour and a half later, just as he was starting to wonder if he had entered some sort of limbo, a woman walked through the door and took off her coat.

"Morning," said the woman. "You haven't been waiting long have you?"

"No, don't worry about it, I've only gone grey since I walked in. I was beginning to think no one worked here."

The woman rolled her eyes, "Barely anyone does you know, which is why you're stuck with me. When the tender from the government went out, the company that runs this place put in the lowest bid possible. So low that they removed employees from the equation."

They chatted some more, and as they talked, Ludo's sense of time began to dissolve. He left Jobs4Slobs, and walked to the park as slowly as possible, intentionally absorbing the world around him. He sniffed, then spotted a fuel stain on the road. He looked at how the different colours melted together and the way the light reflected off different depths of liquid. How could something so damaging be so beautiful? Why did he watch videos of tower blocks being demolished while he ate his microwave meals? He grinned, and knew that his afternoon had just become fully booked.

He walked to the top of the park and looked out across the city. Right now all he had were questions, rather than any coherent conclusions about why life was the way it was. An old man walked past on the path, and Ludo wondered who he was. Where had he been that day, who did he live with? What had he worked as, what goals had he achieved, and what had he failed to do? Was he happy? As he gazed into the distance, he simultaneously felt the interconnectedness of all life but also his own isolation. The creeping sense of urgency and panic returned, but Ludo squashed it down before it could take over. He couldn't stand all this slowness. He needed to do something. He pulled out his tablet. He was bored.

By Adam Chester





Life in the Slow Lane

They say that country life is slow paced. For those of us from the countryside, this observation has often been hard to judge ourselves. It is only having spent time away from our fields that we realise that our conceptions of normality may be out of kilter with those from 'up London way' (by which I mean, anyone who lives remotely near a motorway). We realise that maybe, things are a bit slow in the countryside. No matter how many boutiques, cream teas, or organic food stores are crammed into the urban sprawl, the slowness of country life remains an elusive phenomenon; unable to be bottled up and exported, despite the valiant efforts of the good people at Dolmio sauces. So, what exactly do we mean by a slow pace of life?

The most obvious place to start is by exploring the pace of movement. With its many cars, trains and tubes, urban life seems to move along at a canter. Contrast this to the country, where movement itself rarely breaks into a trot. Tractors and combine harvesters dictate the pace, which is rarely challenged by the brigades of retirees behind the wheels of their Nissan Micras. Even short bike rides can be interrupted by forty minute chats with passing dog-walkers. From time to time, some middle-aged residents may try to up the ante, but when 'cows on the road' is the most frequent inscription in the school's late book, they are fighting a losing battle. A lifetime of contending with farm traffic, dog walkers, and horsey people on their horses is enough to slow the pulse of even the most dare-devilish of country dwellers.

Slowness of movement and slowness of events are also intertwined. One tale from a farm in Suffolk goes a long way to underlining the countryside's distinct lack of hurry. A farmer and his wife sought to help a troubled man upon his release from a rehab centre. They said he could stay with them for a couple of weeks, while he found his feet and slotted back into society. The man's welcome was never outstayed, and he didn't pack up his things until a full twenty years later. After all, what was the hurry?

This slowness of life produces a different mind-set in the country folk, a more relaxed disposition. There is, perhaps, another contributing factor to this. In the countryside, everyone knows everyone, and this also means that everyone knows everyone else's secrets. In this anarchic set-up there is nothing to hide behind, and the outcome of this is that people generally resort to

just being themselves. Meanwhile in the city, anonymity breeds pretence. The 'be who you want to be' mantra has some odd consequences, as men swan around as if they have never wet the bed, claiming they have always been into techno, and intently discussing their next "it's gonna be pretty cool" project, in a vain bid to masquerade their mundane suburban past.

Keeping up appearances is tiresome work. Therefore living without this pretence makes for a more relaxed existence. When you go into a shop in the countryside, the shopkeeper knows you have got nothing better to do than to hear about the new range of chutneys, to see this morning's funny-shaped courgette, or to talk about where you got your sun tan from. City folk may scoff at these low-brow and trivial conversations, but there is joy to be found in the simplicity. The same simplicity in which the word 'safe' is still a synonym of secure, and deep house is considered a home with a cellar.

In the countryside, stories are told of the coffee breaks of city workers, designed to pump enough caffeine into the bloodstream to survive until 5 o'clock. This backwards, primitive system is frowned upon by those who work the land. On the farm, the consumption of cups of tea and homemade bread and cake is occasionally inconvenienced by work breaks. These involve picking some beetroot, driving the tractor, or shepherding the sheep. The logic here seems obvious. A flustered, irritable nature is simply not compatible with a way of life that entails waiting for crops to grow and seasons to change. Even if you don't live on a farm, having to wait until you leave your own village for your phone to receive texts has a similar effect, it forces you to chill the f**k out. Nothing is that urgent. The slow drivers of country life are in stark contrast to the city world of boardrooms and escalators, share values and deadlines. It was for this brisk, hurried world that we invented supermarkets, ready meals, and chewing gum.

Despite its obvious delights, country life is not always completely harmonious. Even in the sleepest of villages it is feasible that the village peacock may be shot off a roof into a pig trough, after squawking one too many times for the farmer's liking. This goes to show that stress is, at times, inescapable. Having said that, stress and tension will be a lot harder to attain, for as long as those in the country continue to text using their index fingers.

By Pete Buchanan

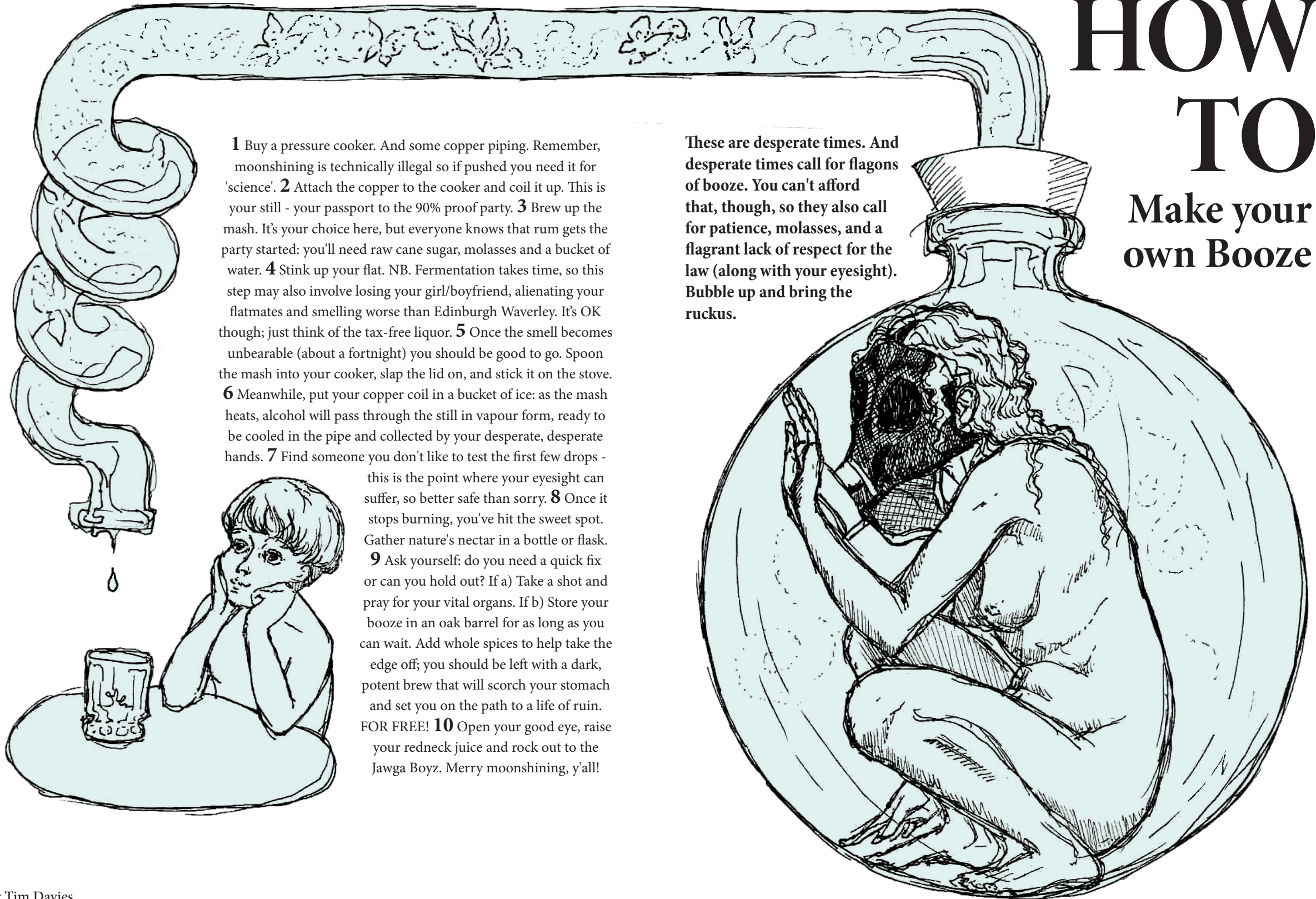


HOW TO Make your own Booze

1 Buy a pressure cooker. And some copper piping. Remember, moonshining is technically illegal so if pushed you need it for 'science'. **2** Attach the copper to the cooker and coil it up. This is your still - your passport to the 90% proof party. **3** Brew up the mash. It's your choice here, but everyone knows that rum gets the party started: you'll need raw cane sugar, molasses and a bucket of water. **4** Stink up your flat. NB. Fermentation takes time, so this step may also involve losing your girl/boyfriend, alienating your flatmates and smelling worse than Edinburgh Waverley. It's OK though; just think of the tax-free liquor. **5** Once the smell becomes unbearable (about a fortnight) you should be good to go. Spoon the mash into your cooker, slap the lid on, and stick it on the stove. **6** Meanwhile, put your copper coil in a bucket of ice: as the mash heats, alcohol will pass through the still in vapour form, ready to be cooled in the pipe and collected by your desperate, desperate hands. **7** Find someone you don't like to test the first few drops -


this is the point where your eyesight can suffer, so better safe than sorry. **8** Once it stops burning, you've hit the sweet spot. Gather nature's nectar in a bottle or flask. **9** Ask yourself: do you need a quick fix or can you hold out? If a) Take a shot and pray for your vital organs. If b) Store your booze in an oak barrel for as long as you can wait. Add whole spices to help take the edge off; you should be left with a dark, potent brew that will scorch your stomach and set you on the path to a life of ruin. **FOR FREE! 10** Open your good eye, raise your redneck juice and rock out to the Jawga Boyz. Merry moonshining, y'all!

These are desperate times. And desperate times call for flagons of booze. You can't afford that, though, so they also call for patience, molasses, and a flagrant lack of respect for the law (along with your eyesight). Bubble up and bring the ruckus.



A collection of ten circular and oval-shaped watercolor illustrations in red and green, featuring white line drawings of insects and plants. The designs include various patterns like stripes, dots, and floral motifs, suggesting a theme of nature or insects.

This was my London commuting experience during the two-week heatwave of summer 2014. It is in this fairly intimate position, within the oppressive stupor of human humidity, that I began to ponder and realise the bizarre complexity and frantic nature of London living. As a tourist commuter I feel overwhelmed and confused by such a hectic, exhausting metropolis. I was also surprised to discover that somehow, it is actually quite exhausting sitting in front of a computer, getting lost among the monotonous rectangle spreadsheets between nine and five. While I travel in my cattle truck, I begin to realise the absurdity of commuting and of the wider, pervasive nine-to-five organisation of our exhausting, intensely structured, business culture; the inhumanity of it all. I seek only to make an observation. It is important that we are able to laugh at and recognise the bizarreness of some of our rapidly evolving social norms, which come at the cost of face-to-face communication and general interaction. Ever increasing tablets and gadgets and gizmos again remove us from engaging with our current surroundings. Dialogue and interaction with our environment stagnates. I say it is about time to slow things down a wee bit, in order to recognise and realise the hectic obscenity of the business world. We shouldn't ignore it by distracting ourselves with phone games and the Evening Standard, for we need to engage with our circumstances if ever this fanatic frantiness is to relent.



I would like to contrast our hyperactive life-cycle to that of a creature that will not be rushed. They know how to take their time about things - and it goes to show. They are the fabulous and flamboyant flâneurs of the pond-side metropolis, and have predated human existence, surviving since the dinosaur era. I speak of course, of the dragonfly. They undergo multiple metamorphoses, often up to fourteen times, and their gradual and slow-paced life-cycle epitomises their nonchalant approach to life - and how a bit of patience pays off.

The Egg Stage: Dragonfly eggs are gracefully dropped into the water in a cooperative partnership. The male guards the female while she discreetly dips her abdomen into the water releasing the eggs. The eggs take generally between 2-6 weeks to develop (depending on the species).

The Larva Stage: What emerges is a wee tadpole-esque nymph, although it

has six legs. It is this stage where they enjoy the freedom without responsibility and take their time to fully enjoy their aquatic adolescence. It is by far the longest stage of their development. Dragonflies can metamorphose up to 15 times during this stage, continually moulting their former skin. When the time is right and when it gets a bit tight, they crawl out from their former skin fully formed. They rule the aquatic roost, with the help of their labium (a skilfully hinged jaw... I did have to look this up) which can shoot out and catch live prey unawares. They are able to punch above their weight and munch on live insects and aquatic creatures often substantially superior in size to themselves. Their prey includes tadpoles, small fish, leeches, worms and slugs. Generally, dragonflies indulge their youth and vitality, and remain a nymph for well over a year. In the case of the Golden-ringed Dragonfly, they remain in this nymphatic state for more than five years. This is where fun is had.

Emergence: Dragonflies are apparently fairly unique in the insect world. Unlike similar winged insects they do not have a chrysalis stage of development (the pupal stage). Final stage larvae sit on the brink of water and air for a few days, to prepare themselves for the 'final moult' and the transition from aquatic living into a world of respiration. The leap of faith. The transition takes more than three hours, and eventually the upper body bursts through the nymph skin. They have to bask in the sun for their new beautiful body to harden, and it takes a few days for the electric colours to be defined. For those who have also read and cherished *The Enormous Caterpillar*, fortunately for dragonflies, the colour of their body is not determined by their diet as a nymph.

Flight: Newly emerged dragonflies are known as teneral. And they are a pale green vaguely translucent colour. This is where the stress begins. After the peaceful aquatic harmony and years of

gradual development, adult dragonflies in fact only live for around 1-2 weeks. A very few species, if they are lucky, may make a month. In this time, they have huge social pressures to settle down and find a mate so the life-cycle can continue. To make matters worse, in addition to the pressures of settling down, they are only physically capable of flying in warm conditions, as they need warmth to stimulate their thorax (wing) muscles.

So now I conclude. The life-cycle is complete. These marvellous creatures evidently take their time to develop, and with good reason. I hope that next time you see a dragonfly, you will have a newfound respect for the magical creatures. And always make sure, if you happen to see a fly of the opposite sex, do inform the dragonfly, for they are all in quite a desperate rush to find themselves a mate.

By Sophia Gore



The Glen Coe Paradox

In spite of what most people think, it's difficult to fall off a mountain. Some mountains have eroded into pudding shapes and some mountains have eroded into peaks, but all of them include the next place you were going to step onto, so if you do slip you will land on the place you were going. With one reservation: going up - it is impossible to fall upwards and so 50% of your mountaineering activity is insulated from tragedy. Falling could be defined as visiting somewhere you hadn't really intended to go to quite so soon.

How was it then that I fell off the Aonach Eagach? It wasn't so much a fall as a rub down with scenty soap and it wasn't a landing so much as an immersion in sudsy water, but nevertheless, on the scramble down to the Clachaig Inn afterwards I noticed that a gash in my thigh had stuck the open flesh to my breeches as the blood congealed. Nice dark blood it was, and I was cold and trembling from head to toe when the policeman stopped me, because he said there had been some sort of robbery on a campsite further down the glen. A witness had said that they had seen a man with a limp. I did not experience any grandiose emotions, premonitions of death, visions of past life, hear celestial music, meet old friends or foes in a mist, I just felt acute embarrassment concerning my slip.

How did I do the impossible and fall off a mountain? Other members of The Stupid Club will recognise the sequence of events which led to my individual disaster and I record it here as one of the more memorable events of my climbing career, not as a warning but as something you might not want to talk about too much.

I had bought an ice axe in London several months before and had rehearsed my expedition to Glen Coe in my bedroom, stepping up on to the mantelpiece to gain the summit of the wardrobe, referring from time to time to my public library copy of *Mountain Craft* by Geoffrey Winthrop Young, famous then but not now. I'd obtained a lift from London to Crianlarich because, like the Aonach Eagach, it was available. An unbelievable stroke of luck. Then with my ice axe sticking out of my rucksack I completed the trip by hitch-hiking. I was 18 years old and it was late March.

I arrived and settled in my accommodation, and the following day made an ascent of Bidean nam Bian, when I first became aware that snow was not in abundance. In fact I had to look hard for it, and eventually found a very nice curving path which led to just below the summit, steep enough to thrill and enjoy, but too short. I suppose I ought to have realised that snow falls intermittently on the West Coast.



So I set out for the Aonach Eagach, getting to the east end and up onto the ridge. Oh that ridge! What a wonder it was! I was looking for an airy scramble, something to test me beyond my Crib Gogh experience, with some hard snow maybe. If you have ever thought that life is passing too quickly, if it seems to be racing at a torrent past you, then I can suggest that falling off a mountain will slow it down, I can recommend it. This is because of the uncertain result at the end of your fall. You will need to be pretty determined to make a success of it, but you will need to be of such a disposition that you can be terrified out of your wits. I am choosing my words very carefully because terror is an essential ingredient of slowing life down. Not for the hardy, not for the bold, but this experience, the expectation of your own death through falling - for no particular good reason, is sampled at its most authentic by the cautious.

But to get on with the story. I forgot to say that a few coarse woolly-hatted individuals on the road below had made a striding mockery of my bright steel axe. I didn't know then that it was out of date and fashion and had been replaced by the Mac Innes Pterodactyl, a scything machine for much harder ice climbs than I could attempt. I didn't know that you ought to carry it upside down across your back instead of using it as a walking stick on the tarmac, that of course without snow it was an encumbrance rather than an aid and that you had in any case, to remove the rubber stub from the spike.

As I rose higher and higher through the bracken and the moss, over the peat and onto the boulders, I scrambled over the scree and blundered in the gullies and eventually pulled myself gasping onto the ridge. Sron Garbh, Am Bodach, The Chancellor and Sgurr nam Fiannaidh lay stretched out before me like the twisted tines of a fork. Not a patch of snow. I had pulled up onto a ridge that was as hard and as bare as an eastender's head.

The Glen Coe Paradox says that *the faster a body falls the slower becomes the perception of the event* and the proof of this theorem became apparent during the following occurrence. The ridge held no terrors for me, in fact it was a very enjoyable and easy scramble, too easy perhaps and I should have been more wary. It rises and falls in a series of enjoyable scrambles, airy perches revealing the snow dappled rocks of the surrounding hills. Then I saw it!

Down below to the north and west of the ridge was the most beautiful slope of pristine snow you can imagine. It stretched from the corrie floor to the bealach in one long gracious sweep, like the train of a fairy tale princess at her wedding. I wanted it, I wanted to get down onto it and climb back up and I could picture myself from the ridge, cutting steps with economy and precision. 'Who is that daring mountaineer down there' they would cry.

So I began to make my way down, gingerly at first but then with more assurance, until the sods of earth that packed this side of the ridge were truly sodden with rain and slowly tearing away from the rock. I shifted my weight from one foot to the next but the new stance was less secure than the first. Large lumps of earth came away in my hands and I felt myself dropping slowly, as if in a very quiet and smooth lift.

Now that I knew that I was falling, it meant that in a few seconds time I would know whether I was going to be lucky and live, or not know anything very much at all. I stayed upright until I hit some sort of a ramp which turned me over and now I began to fly through the air head first. You might think that things happened very quickly, but not a bit of it. You fall at an accelerating rate until you reach an optimum speed of about 120 mph after 15 seconds. I was in the air for about 3 or 4 seconds, and travelled I suppose about 150 ft, including the bit at the end when I hit the snow slope.

But the point is that I had plenty of time on the way down to philosophise and make observations. This is because when you are terrified time passes much more slowly than when you are waiting for someone at a bus stop, for example. I had time to note the wild flowers stuck to the side of the ravine, but not time to punctuate my thoughts of them with coherent grammar, as you might imagine: *africandaisyannularroyolupineannual baby'sbreathbabyblueeyesabysnapdragontoadflax* - and

so on, as if the gate was stuck in some ageing projector. As I write I can reconstruct them in my mind's eye, such was the impact of these plants, potentially the last things I might see, upon my senses.

Toadflax for example is a yellow flowering plant much like the snapdragon, with several blossoms at the head of a leafy sage green stem, a bulging tongue sticking out. There were a group of them wintering in a basalt crevice, sheltered in the crack from the windy buffets. There were corpses of insects too, damselfliesmidgesclegs and so on.

WHUUUUUMPH! was the only sound as I hit the snow slope. I dug the spike of my axe into the snow and spun around, then came to a halt.

The only way to safety was to climb up onto the ridge again, which I did very gingerly. Someone up above began to throw boulders down but they can be forgiven for not imagining that anyone would be climbing up from the depths below. Why would they? Then the rest of the ridge followed and led to the scree run down to the valley floor. And so back down the road with a bit of a limp and my meeting with the constabulary.

By Iain Wilson



TOP TEN SLOW STUFF

10 - The Pitch Drop Experiment

At number ten, we have the Guinness World Record holder for the longest running lab experiment. It attempts to demonstrate the viscosity of pitch, often known as bitumen, and more generally the blurred line between liquids and solids. It involves placing some pitch in a funnel and waiting an excessively long time for a drip of the stuff (liquid) to fall into a beaker beneath. Pitch drips at a rate of roughly once a decade, so watching the experiment isn't much of a spectator sport, and the momentous occasion was first captured on film in 2011, eighty four years after it was designed.

9 - The Can Opener

Following the theme of invention and discovery my next item is the rotary can opener. This incredibly useful item was invented by William Lyman in 1870. However, he was somewhat late on the scene as tin cans had been in use by the Dutch navy almost a century prior to his invention, and had been a patented item since 1810. Quite why it took so long to invent a better solution to attaining one's preserved food than using a chisel and hammer (as was suggested on early tin cans) is baffling.

8 - Slow

Fronted by Thomas Anselmi, Canadian Punk-Rock/Protogrunge band Slow released their only record *Against The Glass* in 1986. In the same year, as a form of protest against a series of recent evictions in downtown Vancouver, they outraged officials and fans alike at a Festival of Independent Recording Artists when they threw planks of wood into the audience, presumably as a ramp, stripped naked and had the whole festival cancelled following their detainment by Vancouver Police. The band embarked on a tour shortly afterwards but broke up due to bad publicity. Slow it goes.

7 - If Nobody Speaks of Remarkable Things

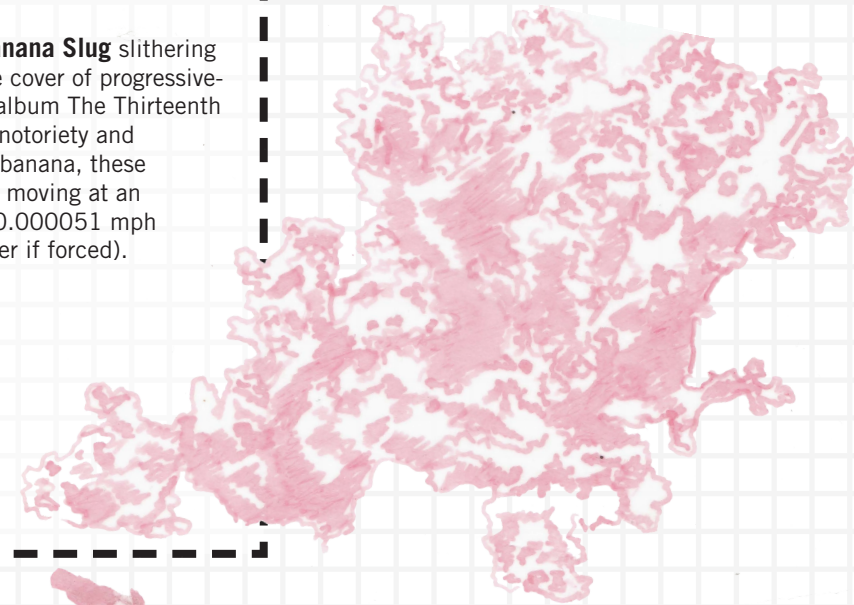
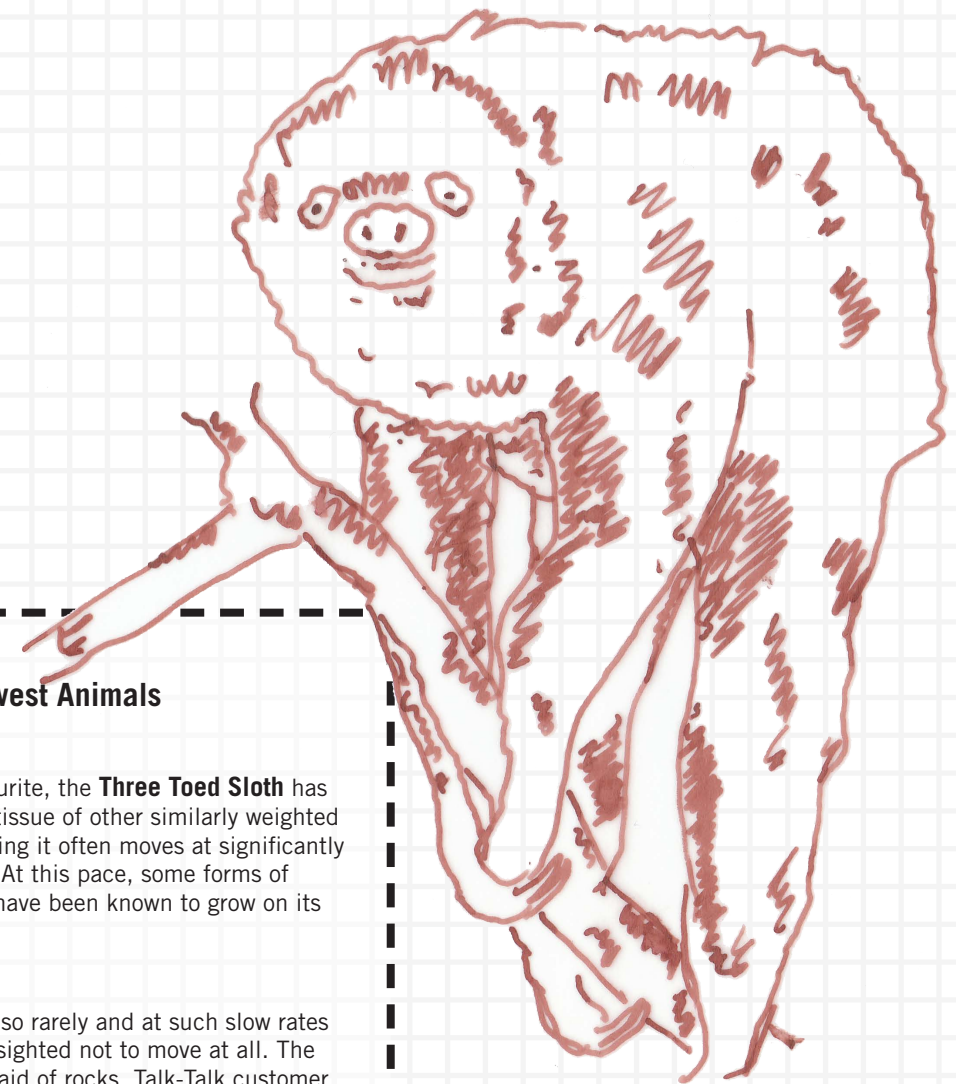
If Nobody Speaks of Remarkable Things by Jon McGregor is one of those books written like no other. The achievement here is in the detail: McGregor does not spend hours worrying over thought processes or coded metaphors, but instead writes about an ordinary city street on one extraordinary day as if in slow motion. It sounds a little, well... slow, I know. But there is something poignant and uniquely engaging in McGregor's endlessly detailed descriptions. For any writers out there, this book is an excellent lesson in pace.

6-4: The Slowest Animals

6 - A crowd favourite, the **Three Toed Sloth** has half the muscle tissue of other similarly weighted mammals, meaning it often moves at significantly less than 1mph. At this pace, some forms of sedentary algae have been known to grow on its fur.

4 - **Coral** moves so rarely and at such slow rates that it has been sighted not to move at all. The same has been said of rocks, Talk-Talk customer services and Keanu Reeves' face.

5 - I first came across the **Banana Slug** slithering across a woman's face on the cover of progressive-rock band A Perfect Circle's album *The Thirteenth Step*. Despite their cover art notoriety and uncanny resemblance to the banana, these molluscs live rather sedately, moving at an approximate average rate of 0.000051 mph (although they will move faster if forced).

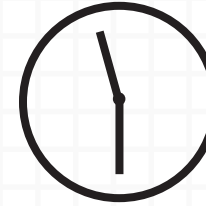


3 - The Speed of Sound in Air

Basically, (and this is a simple explanation) most of the sound we encounter is travelling pretty slowly. That is, compared to sound travelling through, say, a metal door or water. This is because sound is a vibration, a transfer of energy that travels from molecule to molecule via the bonds in between: the more rigid these bonds are, the less energy is lost. Hence, because a liquid like water has more rigid bonds than the gasses that comprise air, sound is transferred more efficiently through that medium. Solids have even stronger bonds. This is part of the reason your voice sounds so different on a recording or to other people: your skull is actually better at conducting sound from your vocal chords than the air around your head. Sadly, it flatters you and you've never sounded quite so rich and rounded to anybody else.

2 - S.L.O.W

Introducing, the 23 foot "Super Luxurious Omnidirectional Whatchamajigger" from the fairly disappointing Cat in the Hat movie, starring Mike Myers. This is a real car, Google it. It travels at up to 47 mph, was designed by the guy responsible for the vehicles in Minority Report and can be yours for just \$300,000! Visit the Volo Auto Museum website for details.

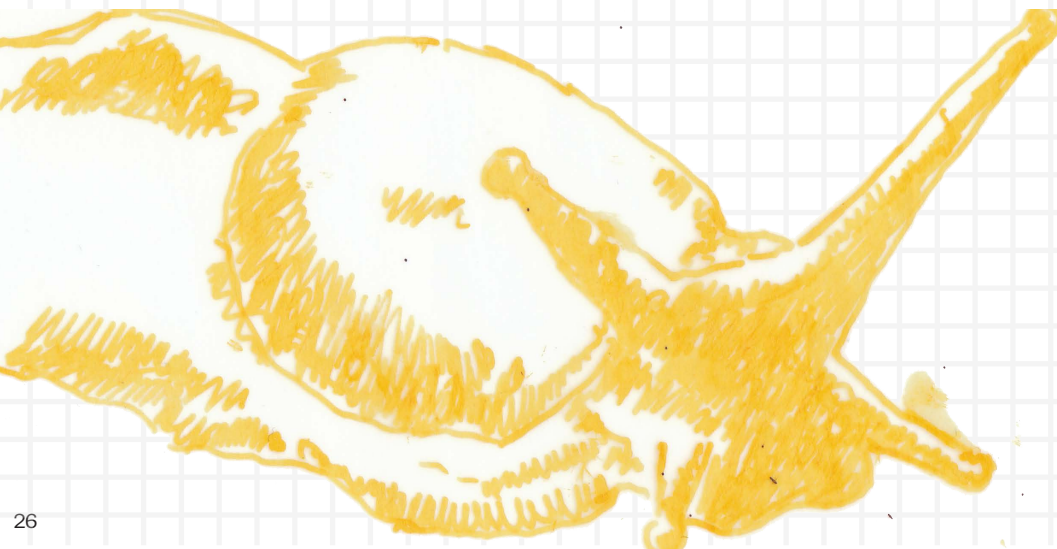


Time, When You Were a Child

Do you remember those summer afternoons by the beach or just playing in the garden when time seemed to stretch on indefinitely? Or the long hours during Maths watching the rain or sleet fall outside the window and waiting for a bell that never seemed to ring? Or back when a week's holiday was time enough to do everything there was to do and still have a few hours for restlessly picking one's nose, imagining oneself as a pirate or grudgingly finishing homework? What happened?

As we grow older, hours, days, weeks seem shorter compared with our exponentially lengthening total experience of time. When we are a day old, our entire consciousness is encapsulated within twenty four hours so that 'next week' is beyond comprehension. When we are ten, a year is one tenth of everything we've ever known. And so on, until eventually, aged eighty years old, tomorrow is but one 29,280th of life so far and breezes past in the blink of an eye. So, pounce upon the hours of today with everything you can muster because, relatively speaking, we are all accelerating towards death. Live for the moment, as those long energetic hours of youth will only grow more distant, shrinking away like a paradise lost, edging beyond the horizon.

By Angus Yellowlees



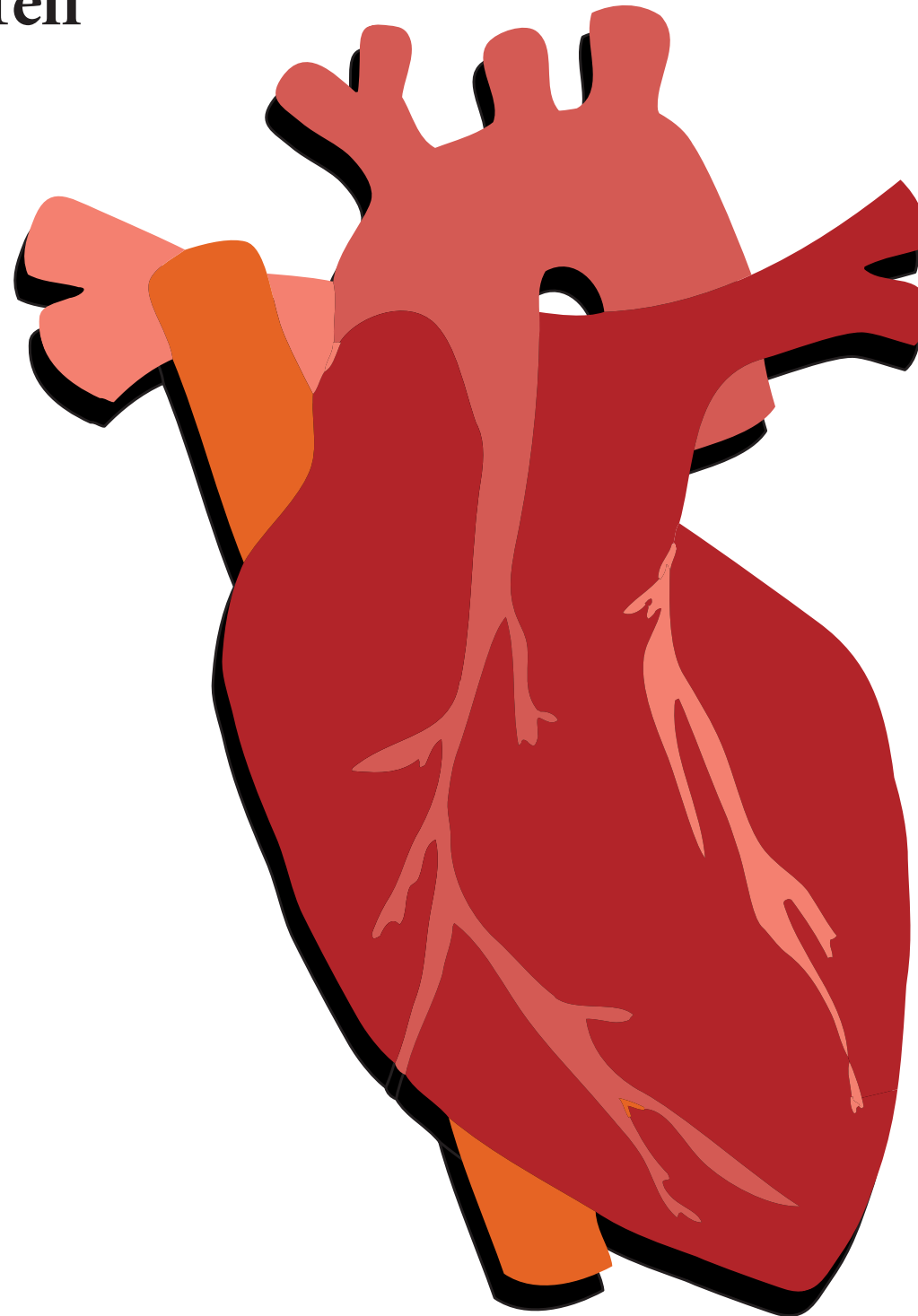


ON THE ROAD



"Slow and Tell"

By Lesley Ruda



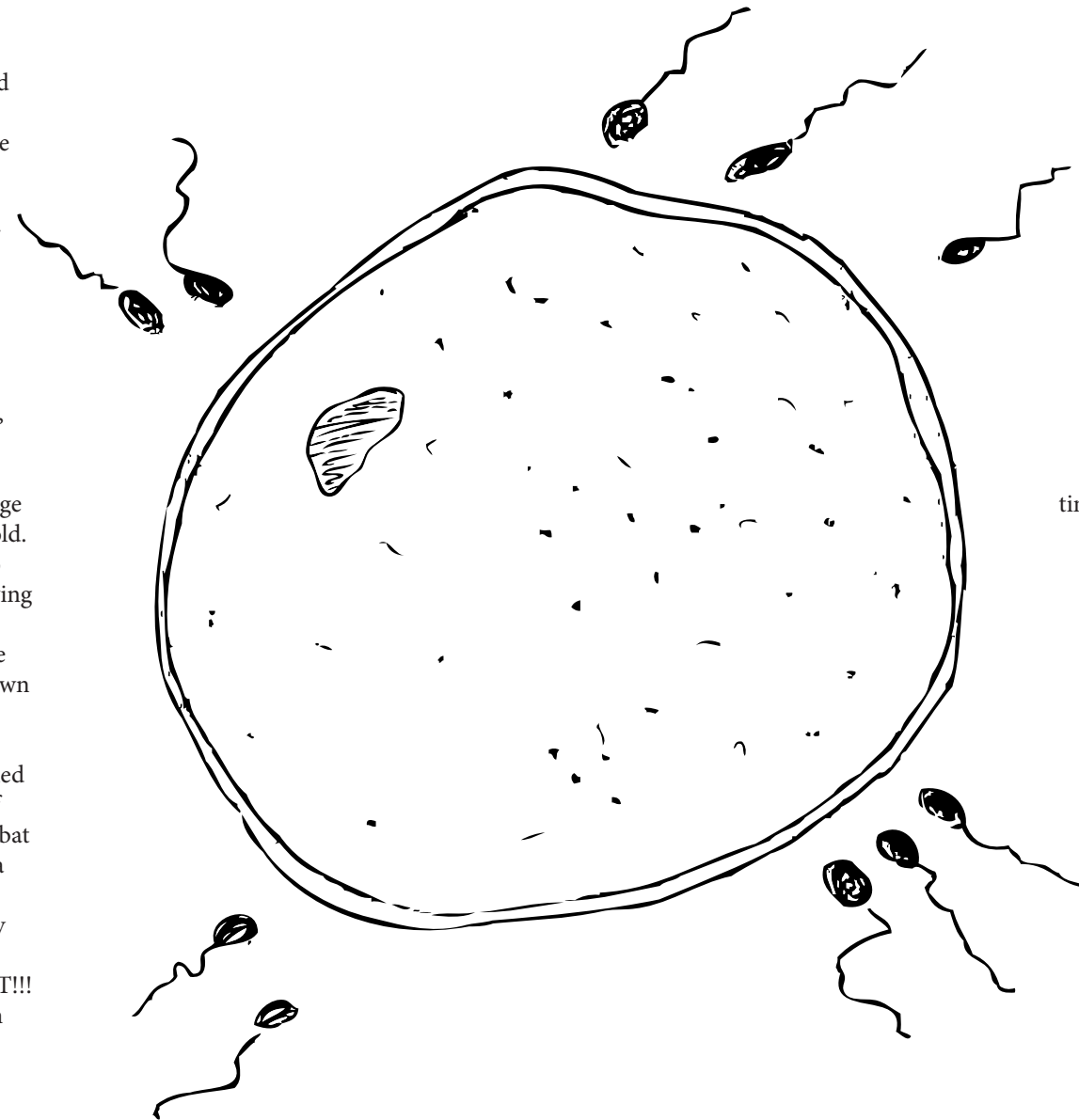
SLOW, SLOW

My first job after finishing a B.A. in Fine Arts at St Martin's in London in 1976 was for a company that made animation films for medical students. Its name was Medi Ciné, somewhere off Tottenham Court Road I think. I heard that the head animator had worked on the Yellow Submarine movie. I caught a glimpse of him in another room doing what I thought were important things. I wish I could recall his name so I could Google it now and see what important things he did (was it Bill? Or Ted?). I would be given these 'cels' – a pile of transparent acetate pages – with black line inked drawings of the anatomical heart on them, in cross section of course so you could see chambers, valves and vessels. My job was to flood the areas between the black lines with this difficult to manage gouache paint that had to stay wet while I did each section or I'd make an ugly coagulation in the middle. The speed to shoot the film required 32 frames per second. That would be 32 slowly changing pumping heart drawings to make one second of film. I'd imagine the Yellow Submarine bobbing along in the rough seas of the heart in front of me. Once I became less anxious about not spilling over the lines or using the wrong colours – errors meant washing the cel off, a real pain – it became rather like serving time while you waited for tea, lunch, home, and a paycheck.

*We all live in a pound of margarine...
and our friends are all aboard.*

QUICK, QUICK

My two and a half months at Medi Ciné soon qualified me to work on a film for a friend's boyfriend for free. He was a know-it-all guy who was at the Royal College of Art, and fancied himself as a radical working class filmmaker (a working class hero is something to be). He was going to make a film as campaign activism for abortion rights, which was a boiling hot topic then. Bills were being brought to parliament that wanted to restrict the reasons a woman could get an abortion, and dictate which doctors could perform them. The filmmaker asked if, in 5 film seconds, I could animate an egg being released from an ovary during ovulation, then travel down a fallopian tube to meet its destiny with a horde of sperm. When I told him it would take thirty-two frames per second, he said we would manage with sixteen. Being no expert I duly did what I was told. Frankly, eighty frames did not seem any quicker to do than one hundred and sixty, and took longer than having my period. I was still yearning for tea breaks – the only difference was now I was doing the work at home without pay. Still, it was all excitement to finally sit down to watch the rushes. This was long before video, so we had to wait for the film stock to be processed, set up a projector or an editing machine, and view in a darkened room. It was like being in the presence of the speed of light, absolutely otherworldly! The egg shot out like a bat from hell or a bullet from a gun, and the sperm were a minor split second background blur. All was over and done in 2 seconds flat. It makes me think now of Patsy in Absolutely Fabulous: When I heard that Eds was pregnant I told her to abort! ABORT, ABORT. ABORT!!! Which is what we had to do with my clever animation sequence.

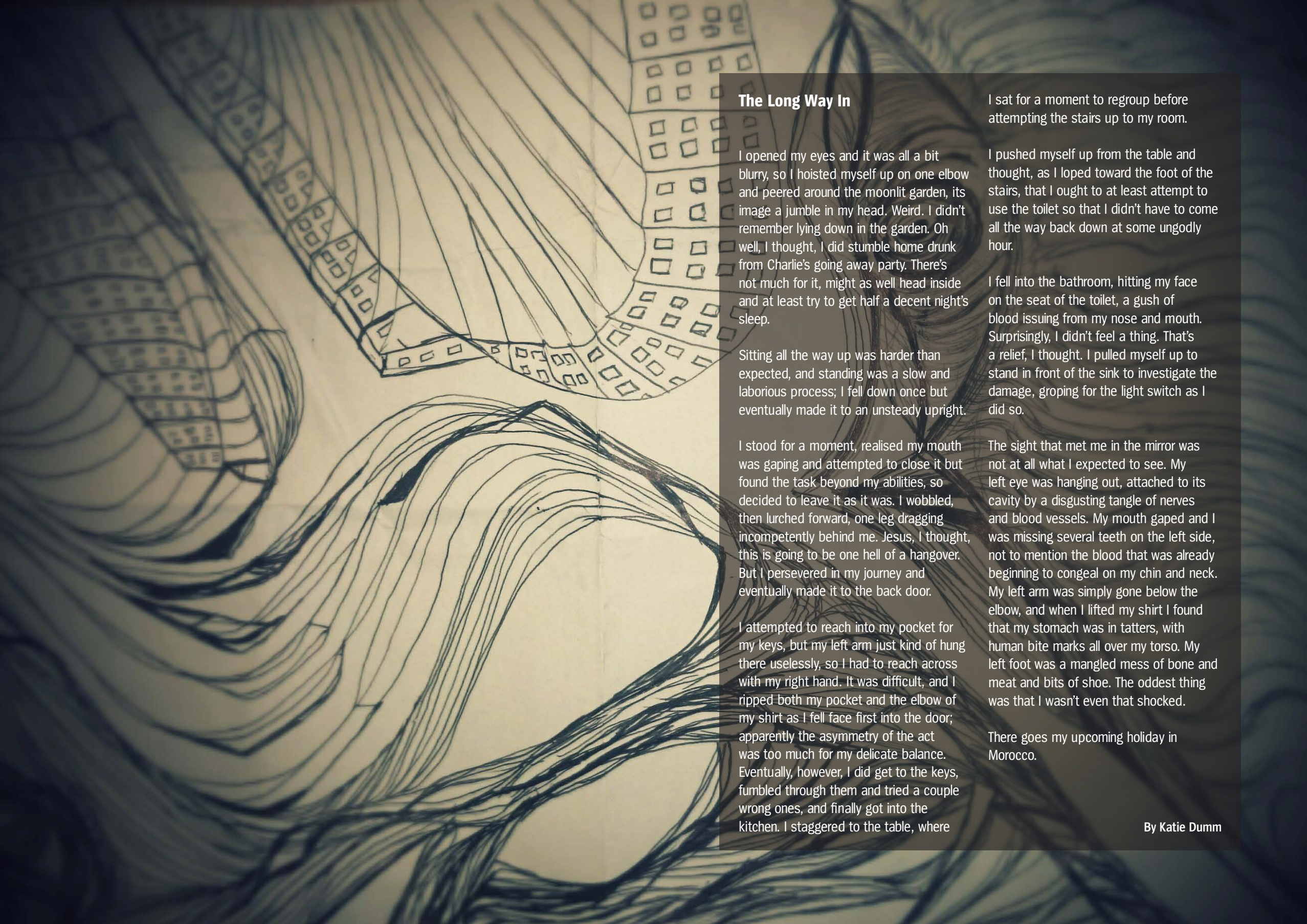


SLOW

A female born person is born with millions of eggs. Once she hits puberty, it starts; one egg per ovulation (waste not, want not). The egg has about 12-24 hours to be fertilized or disintegrate and be reabsorbed in to the wall of the uterus. A more-or-less monthly pinball machine: Bump, tilt, pull back the pin and release the egg. Some eggs fall into the drain. Points are scored for hits and misses. Soundless. This goes on for bloody years! Well, you know the Beatles song: When I'm 64? I'm exactly that now. Of course my eggs, which I never truthfully kept in one basket, are all past their best-by date, thank god! The song was released in 1967, but McCartney wrote it when he was 16. Like him, I knew no different at that age either. I was going to take my time to get to 64, slowly, with a lot of bump and tilt along the way. My personal pinball machine is of course now vintage, a little too quickly for my liking. I'd sell it on EBay if I could.

*I could be handy, mending a fuse,
when your lights are gone.
You can knit a sweater by the fireside,
Sunday mornings go for a ride
Doing the garden, digging the weeds.
Who could ask for more?
Will you still need me, will you still feed me, when I'm
sixty-four?*

Check. I could blow a fuse, and I do. I'm thinking of learning to knit because I came across my 90 year-old mother's knitting needles and I fancy the scarf that the actress Sarah Lancashire kept wearing in Happy Valley (how old is she?). I do go for a ride, on a bicycle, every Sunday morning. I hate weeding, better things to do. I could ask for more, and I often do. And, if you don't need me, and you won't feed me, I'll do it myself...as slowly as I need to, thank you very much.



The Long Way In

I opened my eyes and it was all a bit blurry, so I hoisted myself up on one elbow and peered around the moonlit garden, its image a jumble in my head. Weird. I didn't remember lying down in the garden. Oh well, I thought, I did stumble home drunk from Charlie's going away party. There's not much for it, might as well head inside and at least try to get half a decent night's sleep.

Sitting all the way up was harder than expected, and standing was a slow and laborious process; I fell down once but eventually made it to an unsteady upright.

I stood for a moment, realised my mouth was gaping and attempted to close it but found the task beyond my abilities, so decided to leave it as it was. I wobbled, then lurched forward, one leg dragging incompetently behind me. Jesus, I thought, this is going to be one hell of a hangover. But I persevered in my journey and eventually made it to the back door.

I attempted to reach into my pocket for my keys, but my left arm just kind of hung there uselessly, so I had to reach across with my right hand. It was difficult, and I ripped both my pocket and the elbow of my shirt as I fell face first into the door; apparently the asymmetry of the act was too much for my delicate balance. Eventually, however, I did get to the keys, fumbled through them and tried a couple wrong ones, and finally got into the kitchen. I staggered to the table, where

I sat for a moment to regroup before attempting the stairs up to my room.

I pushed myself up from the table and thought, as I loped toward the foot of the stairs, that I ought to at least attempt to use the toilet so that I didn't have to come all the way back down at some ungodly hour.

I fell into the bathroom, hitting my face on the seat of the toilet, a gush of blood issuing from my nose and mouth. Surprisingly, I didn't feel a thing. That's a relief, I thought. I pulled myself up to stand in front of the sink to investigate the damage, groping for the light switch as I did so.

The sight that met me in the mirror was not at all what I expected to see. My left eye was hanging out, attached to its cavity by a disgusting tangle of nerves and blood vessels. My mouth gaped and I was missing several teeth on the left side, not to mention the blood that was already beginning to congeal on my chin and neck. My left arm was simply gone below the elbow, and when I lifted my shirt I found that my stomach was in tatters, with human bite marks all over my torso. My left foot was a mangled mess of bone and meat and bits of shoe. The oddest thing was that I wasn't even that shocked.

There goes my upcoming holiday in Morocco.

By Katie Dumm



A N S W E R S

1B - 2C - 3F - 4E - 5D - 6H - 7J - 8I - 9G - 10A

Tuesday, April 11, 2014, 5:12 PM

Everything is turning blue.

Chris doesn't notice because he's busy washing the dishes and it's happening slowly enough that you'd really have to be concentrating to pick up on it. He's holding a plate in his right hand and scrubbing it with the sponge in his left. The sponge is already blue and its colour isn't really changing, but the water and the soap and bubbles are starting to get this blue tint to them, and Chris just keeps scrubbing the plate, none the wiser.

Stacey, meanwhile, is in the living room watching TV and all the colors on the screen are turning at the same time. It's not like everything's turning to the same color; it's like everything's behind a large piece of glass that's slowly turning blue. Stacey doesn't notice either because she's texting and half her attention is on her phone and the other half is on the TV - which is showing a re-run of some crappy show she's seen a million times already - and she's tired from work and, anyway, why would she notice something as unlikely to happen as everything turning blue.

Wednesday, April 12, 11:08 AM

Eleanor is painting. She's sitting on a park bench watching the joggers on the path in front of her, and at this big oak tree on the other side of the path. Eleanor is not a particularly good painter, but she enjoys sitting on the bench, watching the joggers; she finds it relaxing. As she looks down at the palette in front of her she hesitates, unsure about the right amount of white paint she needs to mix with the blue paint to capture the color of the sky. She gets distracted when two joggers bump into each other on the path in front of her. One of them is very apologetic. The other doesn't seem to care, but looks like he would prefer it if the first one didn't care so much. When Eleanor looks back at the sky it seems darker, but she looks down at the paint and it still matches the sky. Everything's turning blue at the same speed, which means relatively speaking nothing's really changed. Eleanor puts brush to paper and starts painting the sky.

Thursday, April 13, 3:04 PM

Don is sitting in his basement, staring at the wall. Mike is next to him, staring at the ceiling. The whole room is painted white. It's dark down there, but the white is vivid enough that if you were paying attention to it you might pick up on the fact it's turning blue. Don and Mike are high, so they're paying more attention to the wall and the ceiling, respectively, than most people would take the time to, and they start to notice



the change. Don says, “Hey, I think the wall’s changing colour.”
“What?” says Mike.
“Look. It’s getting darker or something.” Mike turns his head away from the ceiling towards the wall.
“You know, I was about to say the same thing about the ceiling,” says Mike, so Don looks up at the ceiling.
“Looks like the same colour to me,” says Don.
“Yeah, it’s probably the light.”
“Yeah.” So Don and Mike just go back to staring at the wall and the ceiling, respectively, without enough energy to put two and two together. And seeing as how it’s happening so slowly and they’d rather just lie there and not worry about it anyway, it seems unlikely they’ll get four any time soon.

Friday, April 14, 1:47 PM

Karen Sanderson is a professor of philosophy. She’s lecturing about colour theory, and currently talking about colour realism, which is the idea that colours are actual physical properties. There’s about fifty students in the lecture hall paying varying degrees of attention. None of them seem to be aware of the fact that everything’s turning blue. There’s this one student near the front aggressively waving his hand in the air. He points out that some people’s eyes change as they get older which can cause them to see colours differently and asks whether that disproves colour realism. Professor Sanderson gives a thoughtful, measured, convincing response and the student goes back to taking notes. Still, no one notices that everything’s turning blue, which is unfortunate because if someone were to pick up on it, it could be a really relevant addition to the current discussion. But no one notices and Professor Sanderson just keeps talking, completely unaware of the fact that all of her arguments are being disproved, as she makes them, literally in front of her eyes.

Saturday, April 15, 10:37 AM

Melissa is at the optician getting her eye’s checked. The optician pulls out one of those books of numbers to check for colour blindness, the ones where the numbers are made up of little dots of a certain colour and surrounded by dots of another colour. It’s pretty obvious here that everything’s turning blue, because the eye responds to the contrasts between different colours in different ways, but there’s the possibility that Melissa is actually colour blind and that’s why she’s getting confused by the colours. So Melissa’s getting a little nervous and hesitant about the fact that these numbers

seem to be changing colour in front of her, and the idea gets into her head that maybe she is colour blind. The optician knows the book more or less by heart, so she’s not really paying much attention to the numbers or the colours and is focusing more on Melissa instead, who, at this point, is visibly nervous about the fact that she seems to have developed colour blindness some time during the year since she last came to the optician. After a few minutes, the optician puts the book of numbers away and tells Melissa she might be colour blind, and that they’ll have to do a few more tests.

Sunday, April 16, 2:00 AM

Brian Thorn has just woken up from a coma. He is surrounded by busy nurses and happy, crying family members and he is wondering why the room seems so dark. Brian asks a nurse who is fiddling with one of the many tubes entering his body if she can turn on the light, and she gives him the sort of look you’d expect a nurse to have been trained not to give to a guy who has just woken up from a lengthy coma. She tells him the light is already on. The blue is dark now, almost navy, but still no one seems to have noticed.

Brian calls his wife over and asks her why it’s so dark in the room, and she asks him what he’s talking about. “I don’t know,” he says, “It seems dark in here.” The nurse who was fiddling with his tubes overhears this and explains to Brian’s wife, who looks confused in a way that suggests she’s still trying to get to grips with an emotion that isn’t relief, that often people who wake up from lengthy comas experience strange side effects as a result of the brain trauma.

So news gets round that Brian might be suffering from some of this brain trauma and his doctor comes into the room to investigate. The doctor shines a small flashlight into each one of Brian’s eyes, which just makes the room seem darker when he takes it away, and when Brian communicates this to the doctor, the nurses start wheeling him, on his bed, out of the room. Brian’s wife watches him roll all the way out the door, and he looks back at her just in time to see the moment at which her relief is finally, fully, replaced by confusion.

Everything is blue now, and no one seems to have noticed.

By Jake Walerius

Slow

A short play about waiting to
drown, sink and choke.

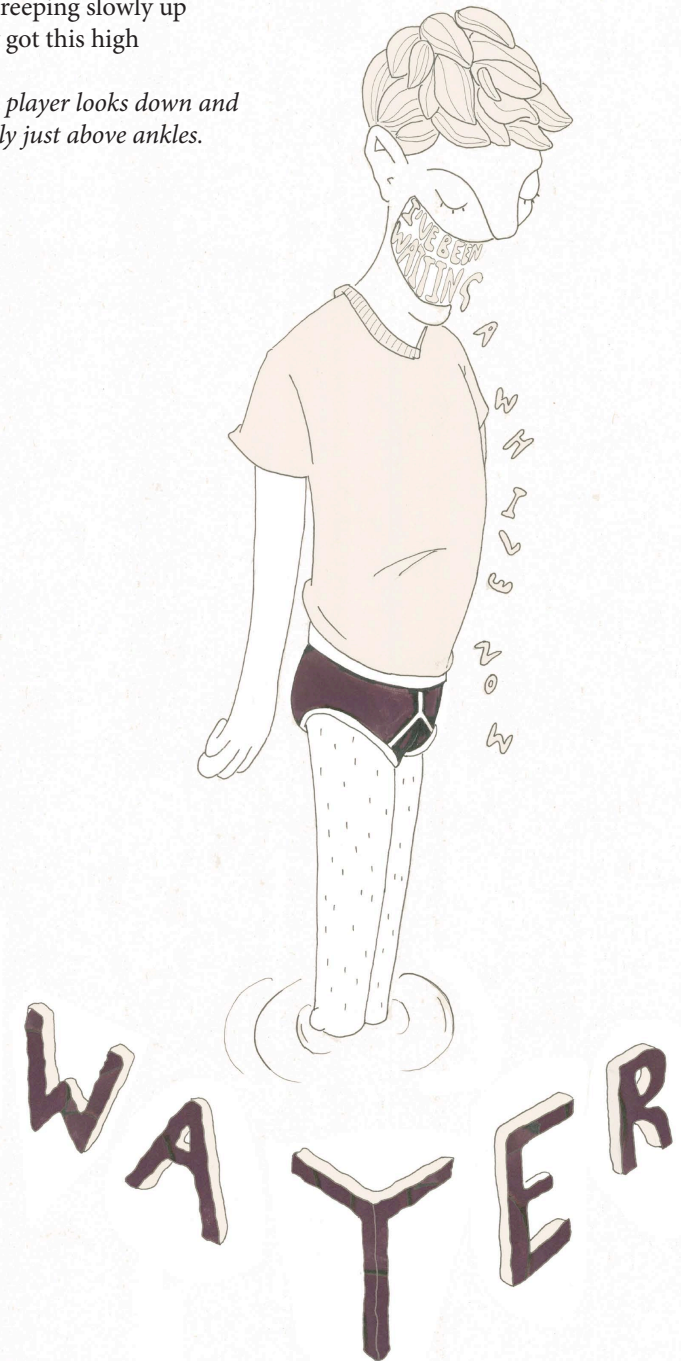
By Isabel Tennant

*There are three shallow troughs 3m x 3m in a line
across the stage. One filled with water, one filled
with mud and one filled with feathers. There is
one player standing in the centre of each trough.*

Water

I've been waiting a while now
Waiting for water to rise
[water to rise]
[waiting a while now]
It has been creeping creeping - upward - slowly -
Creeping creeping slowly up
So far only got this high

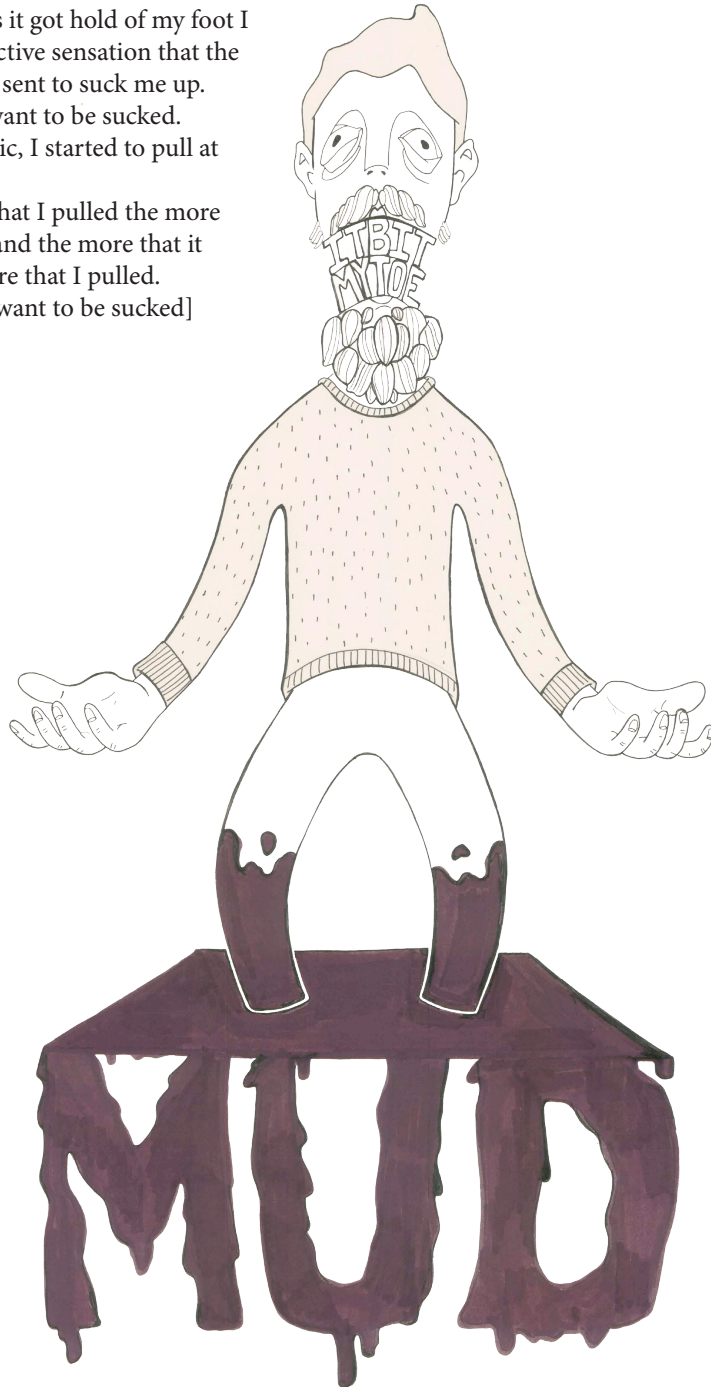
*Beat where player looks down and
water is only just above ankles.*



Mud

It bit my toe
Bit my toe and wouldn't let go
[It bit my toe]

And as soon as it got hold of my foot I
had this distinctive sensation that the
mud had been sent to suck me up.
But I did not want to be sucked.
And so, in panic, I started to pull at
my foot.
But the more that I pulled the more
that it sucked and the more that it
sucked the more that I pulled.
[But I did not want to be sucked]



Feathers

They choke if you open your mouth too wide
Feathers fly. The feathers they fly.
[They choke if you open your mouth too wide]
But no one told me that.
So I opened.
Yes, I opened.
Open [open] [open]
[open] [open] [open]
[open] wide.





SLOW AND STEADY WINS THE RACE

How to keep going at what you're doing when you hate it so much that you desperately wish you were allowed to stop.

One of the most enviable skills is the ability to carry on doing something the harder and the more painful that it gets. The most amazing pieces of work require a lot of persistence and continuous effort to develop the skills which make them so remarkable in the first place. However, once they are gained they look totally effortless, and fool us into thinking that skills and success come from totally mysterious and talented individuals, rather than slow and normal people like the rest of us.

Amongst other things, the ready access to high quality entertainment and information via film, television and the internet, divides individuals from the people writing, performing, producing and organising these feats of discipline, effort and commitment. When we are unable to see the work that goes into the work, it is very easy to categorize people into those who can-do and those who can't-do. In fact, it is more often about the

simple act of carrying on, which makes these people stand out.

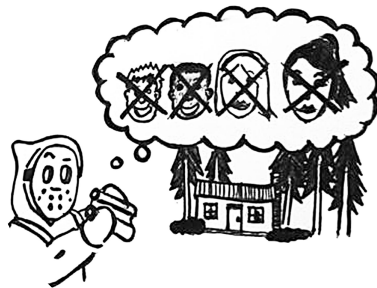
As always, the answer is readily available in a childhood fable – The Tortoise and The Hare. The slow and steady Tortoise wins the race because he is persistent, but not because he is the favourite to win!

Well-polished pieces of work come from the most persistent, focused and logical people, who can carry on working even when they are painfully bored and uninspired.

These people can carry on even when they couldn't care less, hate life and feel physically sick at the thought of carrying on with their so-called 'passion'. They push through their ego and get going. Working through these types of barriers is worth it, because immersing yourself in something no matter what, is what gives you that unmistakable expertise and skill which sticks, and is so worth having.

The well-known mantra 'no pain, no gain' is often repeated, but everybody needs a way to get through the pain. This article is a guide to breaking the tasks down so that you can get through the hard times... and come out winning even if you were a slow starter.

When starting new things you need to have a long term goal. If you go into a long term project it can be easy to forget the big picture and lose motivation. Starting something is always exciting, but it is easy to get stuck in the first part of what you're doing, without thinking about what you want to do with it long term. Making a plan with some long term goals means that you can feel a sense of reward when you have achieved a task and give yourself a break. It will also help you to push the limits of your own abilities, because you can contextualise your achievements.



It's also essential to create your ideal working environment. Peace, space and comfort are important. I want space away from distracting conversations and music playing. I really like to have a pleasant atmosphere and comfortable chair where I can sit up straight, have light and look around. I also like to have space to pace around when I'm thinking. If you can create a space that suits what you are trying to do, it will be easier to zone in straight away.

Breaking the task down into lovely bite size pieces is another good way of getting stuff done. You need to balance reasonable predictions of your concentration and motivation against what you are doing. If you address the fact that you probably cannot fit a lifetime's concentration into one hour, you can see the logic in doing a small piece of it now and saving the next piece for tomorrow.

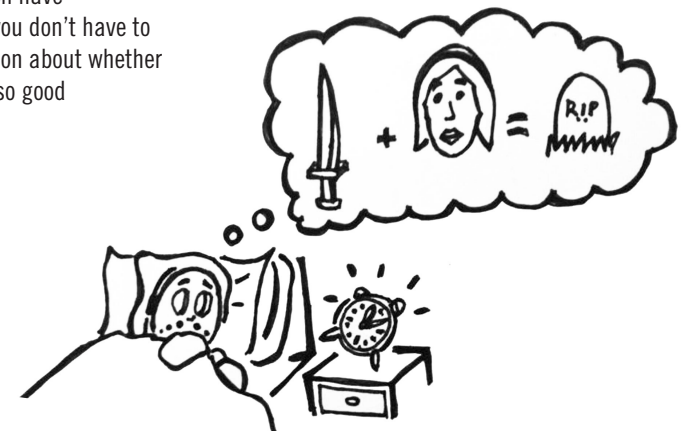
Set a time, create a routine and don't change it – choose a time of the day and a length of time and stick to it. The routine soon becomes a ritual with practise. After a while it will feel weird not to get up at 8 and start writing at 9, or go running in the afternoon and then have dinner. This is good, because then you don't have to put any energy into making a decision about whether you are going to do it or not. It is also good because you can plan your meals around your routine, and not be distractedly starving whilst you're trying to concentrate.

Take only as much as you need. It is a common myth that working until your body and mind are utterly drained is sustainable. In reality you will burn out quickly and fall behind. Bingeing on work is still bingeing, and it is unhealthy. Don't see exhaustion as a hallmark of great work – set a realistic time limit for work hours that you can be efficient within, and if you are on a roll, write down

what you were going to do and do it next time. This good feeling of carrying on something that is going well will bring you back to work the next day. If you have drained your resources the day before, it is going to be difficult to get back to work and the precious routine will be broken. This also works if you feel like you hate it today. You can carry on until the time that you've decided and don't have to force yourself to work more because you are reassured that you've done enough.

On a bad day, it is good to just do 5 minutes. If you stop during a horrible headache, bad break-up or tough time, it can be hard to start again. Say to yourself that you will sit down to work for a short while. Once you've started something, you quite often find yourself drawn in and wanting to finish what you've started. This discipline stops you from losing your thread entirely and giving up.

So, if you want to end up finishing the race – rather than burning out midway through, or giving up – I hope that some of these tips will help you to tortoise your way up to the finish line!



By Issy Dickens



we are much the same, except
he hates me
he loathes the weakness
that is my sensitivity
the submission
through which i accommodate
the courage
with which i care
he hates my voice
so he takes it away
distorts my face
so he can hate that too
(puts a grimace
where a smile used to be
two wells of gloom
where eyes used to lay
deflecting the light
i used to reflect)
he is a homophobe
though he likes my boyfriends
- so much so,
he thinks i don't deserve them

shutting out my friends,
he has me all for himself
he subsumes me
consumes me
exorcizes me at last
spitting out the remains only
an owl pellet - brown hairs and human
waste
he and i are much the same
but while he resents and regrets me
he is feared but forgiven

he is murderous,
i merciful

he comes uninvited
(imposing himself the way he says i do)
but next time he visits
i will greet him
call him by his name;
knowing that, sharing gloomy genes,
we are much the same
but not quite

By Dan Omnes

THINK FAST WRITE SLOW

The difference between writing by hand and typing on a computer is a difference in thinking. The possibility of quick and easy deletion when using a computer means that you don't need to commit as fully to the words you type: writing is a malleable, moveable substance in a space of constant revision. In contrast, writing by hand, even with the intent to revise it later, requires forethought of a different kind, and commitment to its immediate substance and shape. It's a bit like playing chess – you need to think five moves ahead.

In an age of electronic communication this is difficult. Children can type almost before they can speak. The art and skill of writing by hand is dying out, represented solely as a fetishised craft. We think faster and so write faster, or rather our thinking, so as to fit with our method of writing, has become more impulsive, immediate. We think as we write, shedding our thoughts like dead skin, sprinkling them onto the screen only to brush them off again without a trace.

Writing by hand is a concrete and material practice: inflections of the writer's identity, their tone, their inclinations and their idiosyncrasies are infused in its very graphic reality. When a mistake or revision is made, the narrative leading up to these decisions is made apparent. It is for this reason writers' original drafts, palimpsests and letters are so coveted by academics. Eliot's edited *Wasteland* is as famous the completed version and Emily Dickinson's poetry is known to us predominantly through her private correspondence. In both cases poetic decisions, otherwise meant to be hidden from the public's eye, are exposed, creating the sense that the reader is better able to understand the poets' work because they can track his/her poetic journey. Reading be-

comes a process of discovery: as the reader studies the poetic map left behind by the poet, they are intimately connected to the writer through scribbles on a page.

These psychological, intellectual and emotional subtleties are lost in the uniform clarity of Word processor. The emergence of modern typography, from moveable print, through the many stages to computer printing, both bridges and reinforces the gap between the hand-written word and the Word-Processed one. It indicates a move away from the artisan practice of hand-painted lettering and move toward the graphically orientated commodification of letters and words.

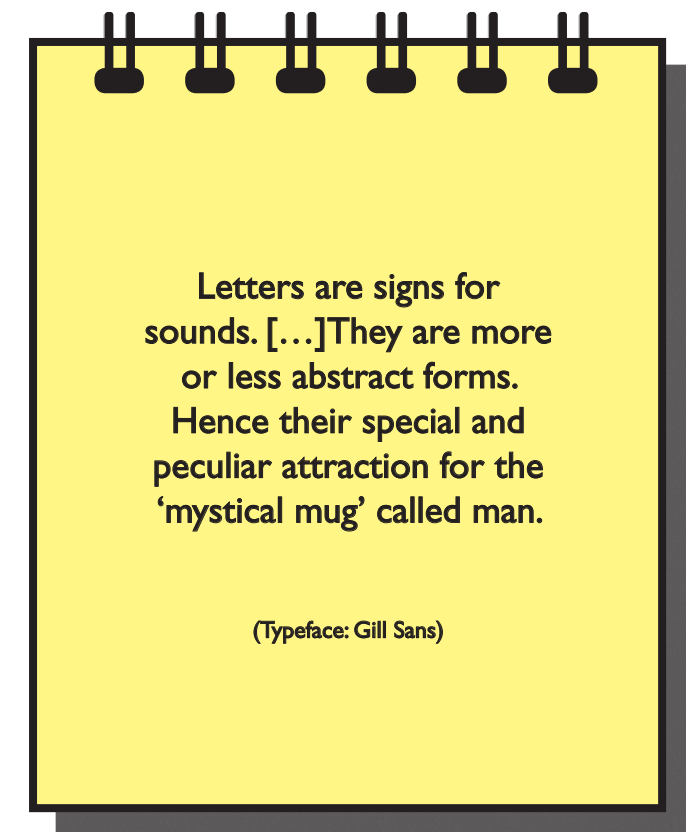
Moveable type made the process of constructing written work faster. Words were simultaneously more and less fixed to the page – literally stamped into it while stemming from a network of easily reproducible typefaces. Through this, letters have become conceptually transient and ephemeral: a bank of signs that may be re-arranged continually. It is such a stripping of personal identity from letters that informs Eric Gill's comment:

"Letters are signs for sounds. [...] They are more or less abstract forms. Hence their special and peculiar attraction for the 'mystical mug' called man."

Gill highlights a particular disengagement and re-engagement with 'letters' in the modern(ist) era: they have changed from being manifestations of personal expression to transparent vehicles for meaning, becoming impersonal objects of fascination. Gill was a modernist and socialist whose sans-serif typeface 'Gill Sans' aimed to restore certain 'humanist' values to letters while retaining their functionality. The sans-serif style appeals to the graphic tendencies of the pen, rather than, as serif does, the chisel. In this way, it offered a clarity that, at the time,

countered the illegibility and eliminated the memory of inscription embodied by old-fashioned serif-fonts. Gill wanted to reconcile a human element with the practicality of letters, stripping them of embellishment and regarding them as cultured, rational forms.

cal choices pertain to wider socio-political ideologies. The difference between writing by hand and typing on a computer is a difference in thinking, because the graphic choices we make when writing are linked to deeply personal, emotional and social beliefs. Separate to the immediate semantics



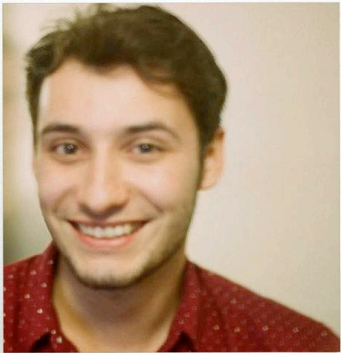
If we think of the distinction between Gill's idea of 'letters' and the notion of 'letters' as written correspondence, we see how far the rift between writing by hand and printed matter has grown. Distance between what we say, and how it is presented has both increased and been encouraged.

Rather than reflecting the immediate idiosyncrasies of the writer, our typographi-

of the written word, within a superficial, visual layer, is a complex system of meaning and feeling.

So next time you choose 'Helvetica', ask yourself: why?

By Madeleine Dunnigan



'Bus queue, 2 hours, torrential rain, and boat shoes.'



'2010 Wimbledon final.'



'We were driving a 2hr route down a mountain in snow. It took 13.'



'A crashed ski lift with a complete stranger until it started to move again'



'I don't queue. I'm an Aussie.'



'3 long days for a response on a semester abroad extension.'



'A jet ski instructor promised me a free ride in Croatia. Still waiting.'



'The all-clear for cancer - not mine. It never came.'



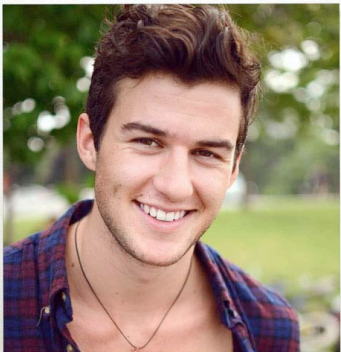
'7.30am-7.30pm ordeals. GaGa and Beyonce. That is all.'



'Empire State building, around 3hrs for the lift.'



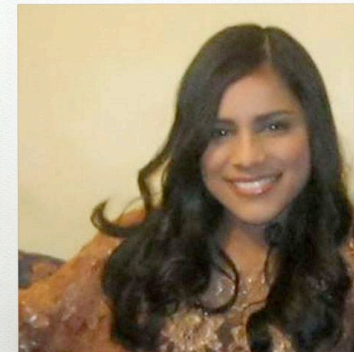
'Legoland, last summer, 2hrs a ride. (Yes, I was 20 years old.)'



'Two hours queuing for rental skis, only to be given two left feet.'



'UCAS results.'



'I queued for an hour to see Winnie the Pooh at Disneyland Paris.'

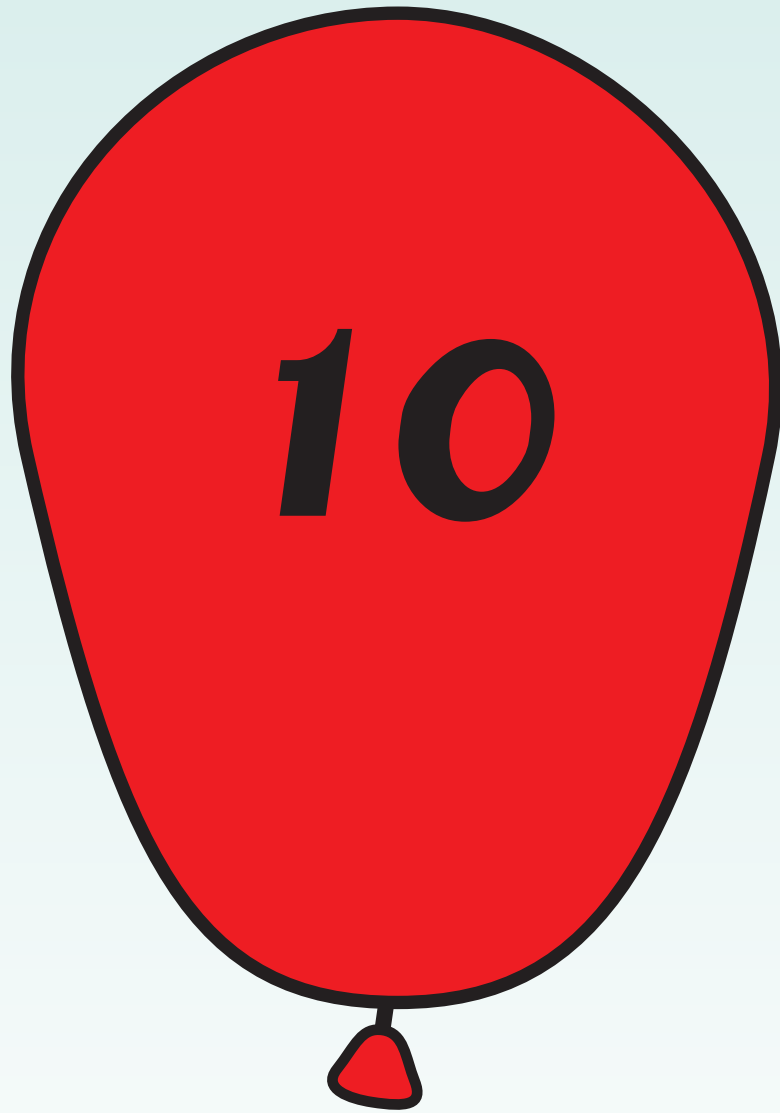


'To grow tits.'



'Wireless 2012.'

YOUR
LON-
GEST
WAIT
?



IF YOU'RE THE KIND OF PERSON THAT LIKES TO PRINT OUT THINGS (ARTICLES, DOCUMENTS, LISTS, NOTES, LISTS OF NOTES, RECIPES, PLANS, LISTS OF PLANS, MAPS ETC.) THEN YOU ARE PROBABLY ALREADY WELL ACQUAINTED WITH THE ENSUING HASSLE OF PAPER. THERE ARE MANY WAYS TO KEEP THIS SITUATION IN ORDER. PAPER CLIPS, FOR EXAMPLE. HOWEVER AS YOU MAY WELL KNOW, PAPER CLIPS ARE NOT VERY RELIABLE LOVERS, APPROPRIATE FOR A SHORT TERM ORGANISATIONAL AFFAIR ONLY. THIS IS WHEN THE TRUSTY **STAPLE** IS YOUR ALLY. ALWAYS INTERESTED IN STICKING AROUND, YOU CAN BE SURE THEY'LL CLING ONTO YOUR PAPERS WITH A STEEL-LIKE GRIP. UNFORTUNATELY, THERE IS ONE CRUCIAL CAVEAT. THOUGH STAPLES ARE EVER DEPENDABLE, THEIR MECHANICAL COUNTERPART THE STAPL-ER IS AS FLAKY AS IT GETS. FINDING ONE IN WORKING CONDITION IS NOT A TASK FOR THE FAINT HEARTED, AND EVEN IF SUCCESSFUL YOU ARE LIKELY TO DISCOVER THAT IT HAS BROKEN BY THE NEXT TIME ITS SERVICES ARE NEEDED.

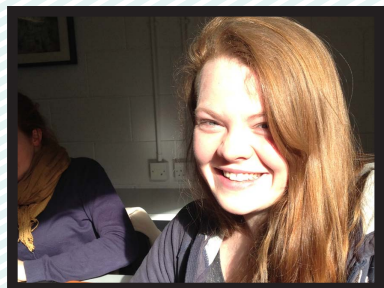
THIS IS WHY THE FOLLOWING ADVICE MAY PROVE INVALUABLE: MOST LARGE MODERN PHOTOCOPIERS ARE CAPABLE OF PRINTING YOUR DOCUMENT AND STAPLING IT AT THE SAME TIME, THUS COMPLETELY REMOVING THE NEED TO STAPLE SEPARATELY. I URGE YOU TO CONSIDER EXPLORING THE ADVANCED PRINTING OPTIONS NEXT TIME YOU APPROACH A COMPUTER.



CHRISTMAS IN L.A. BY VULFPECK

I CAN'T EMPHASISE ENOUGH HOW AWESOME THIS BAND IS, THEY ARE JUST SO AWESOME. WHAT MORE DO I WRITE? PLEASE JUST LISTEN. CHRISTMAS IN L.A. IS A GOOD STARTING POINT BUT GO AHEAD AND LISTEN TO EVERYTHING THEY HAVE EVER RECORDED. DO IT NOW, YOUR DAY WILL BE BETTER. LISTEN TO THE BASS, JUST LISTEN TO THAT. LISTEN TO THOSE FUNKY DRUMS, DANCE AROUND A BIT. LISTEN TO THOSE SWEET SWEET KEYS. WATCH THEIR VIDEOS ON YOUTUBE AND SMILE ALONG WITH THEM. WHAT A GREAT BAND! 10/10

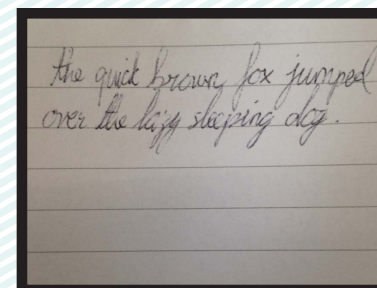
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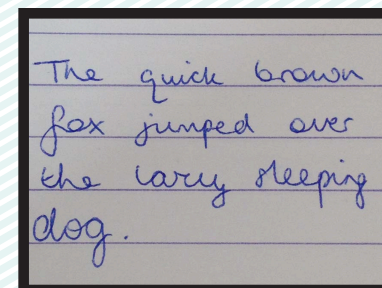
MATCH THE FACES...

TO THE
**HAND-
WRITING**

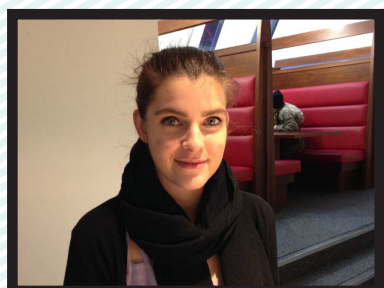
A



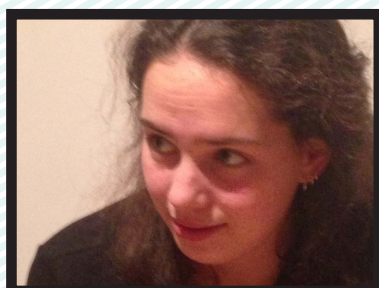
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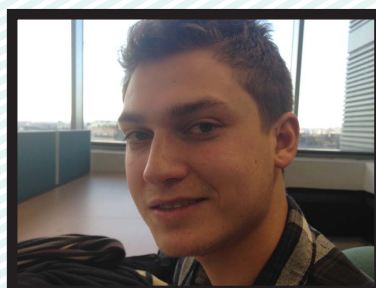
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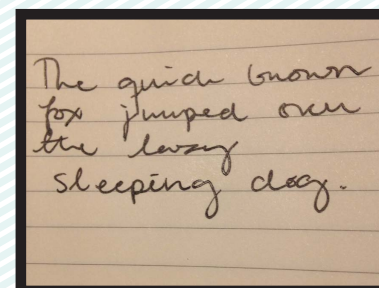
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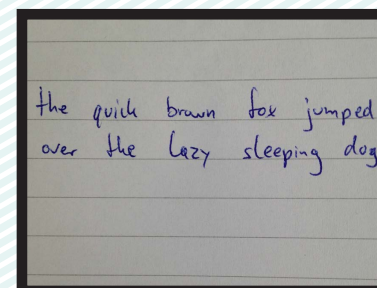
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C



D



ANSWERS
ON
PAGE
36

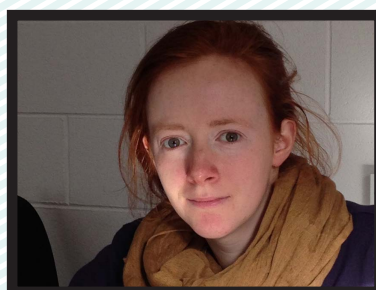
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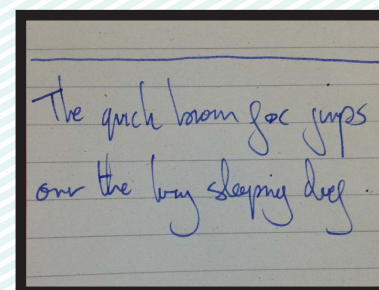
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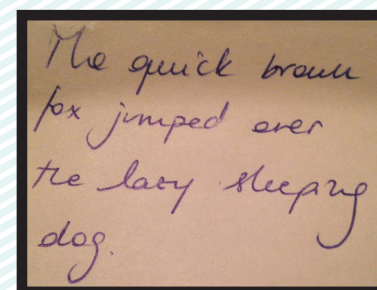
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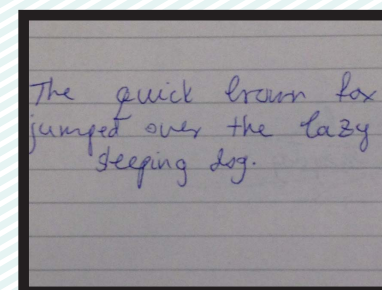
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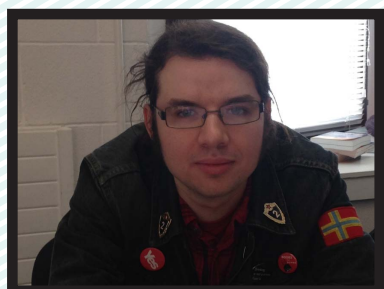
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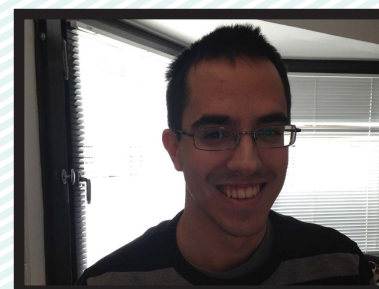
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8



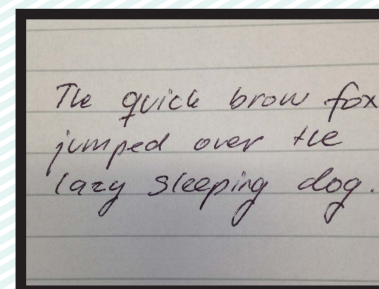
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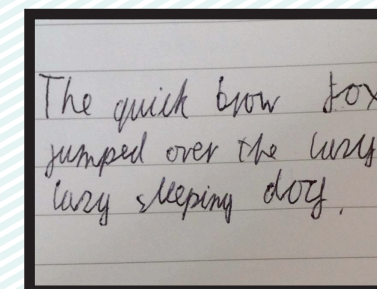
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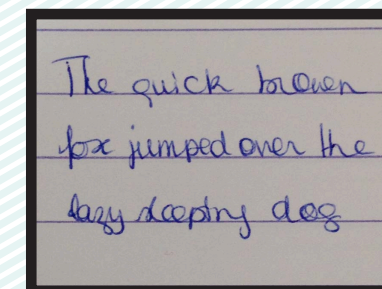
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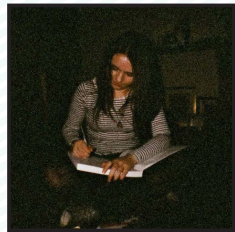
I



J



CON TRIBU TORS



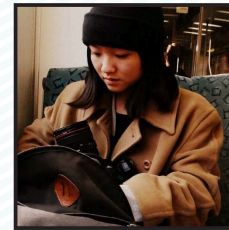
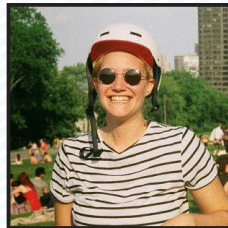
Mhairi
Front Cover
Back Cover

Alice
Slow News Day
Illustration



Pete
Life in the Slow Lane
Words

Catherine
Life in the Slow Lane
Collage



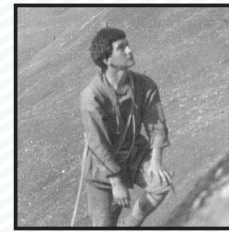
Yvonne
Road Rules According
to Kanye West



Klara
How To Make Your
Own Booze
Illustration



Peony
Lessons From a
Dragonfly
Illustration

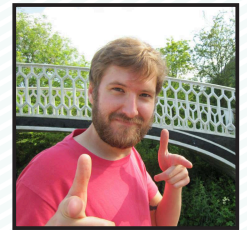


Iain
The Glen Coe
Paradox
Words



Angus
Top Ten Slow Stuff
Words

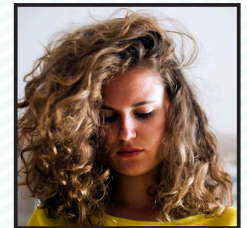
Tim
How To Make Your
Own Booze
Words



Sophia
Lessons From a
Dragonfly
Words



Laura
Park Bench
On the Road
Photography



Gary
The Glen Coe
Paradox
Illustration



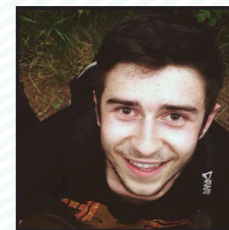
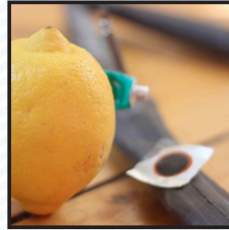
Sophie
Top Ten Slow Stuff
Illustration





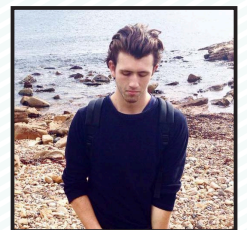
Lesley
Slow and Tell
Words

Katie Lemon
Slow and Tell
Illustration



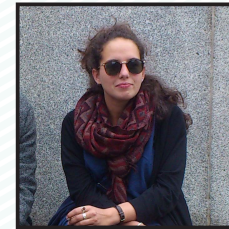
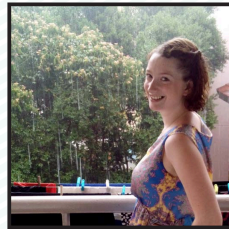
Simon
Slow and Steady
Wins the Race
Illustration

Dan
We are Much the Same
Words



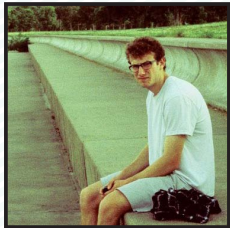
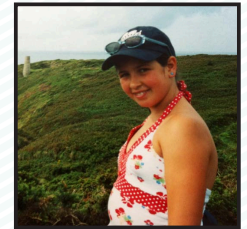
Katie
The Long Way In
Words

Lucy
The Long Way In
Illustration



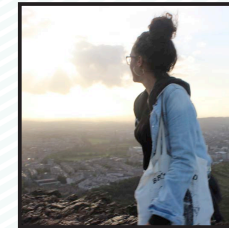
Ito
We are Much the Same
Illustration

Madeleine
Think Fast Write Slow
Words



Jake
Everything is Turning
Blue
Words

Bryony
Everything is Turning
Blue
Illustration



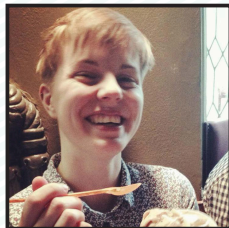
Hannah
Polaroids
Your longest wait?

Tom Orange
Reviews



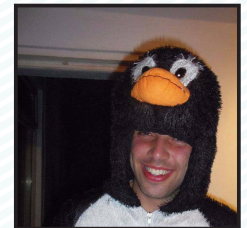
Isabel
A Short Play About
Waiting
Words

Emily
A Short Play About
Waiting
Illustration



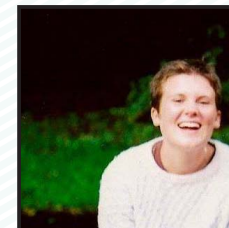
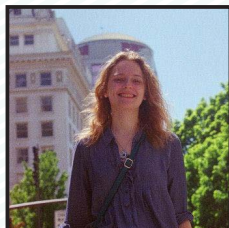
Rowan
Match the faces to
the Handwriting

Adam
Copy Editor
Slow News Day
Words



Simon
Double Page
Artwork

Issy
Slow and Steady
Wins the Race
Words



Jessie
Editor

Josh
Editor



