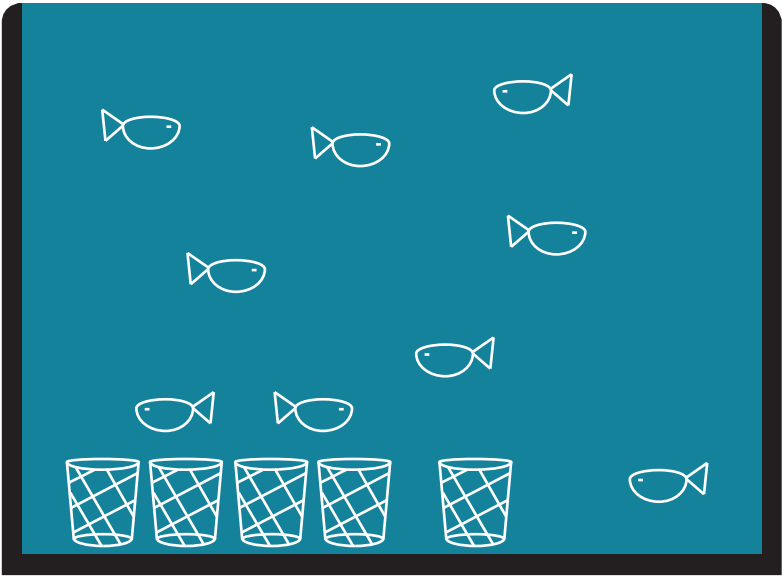


WASTEPAPER

Contents



This is the fifth issue and the theme is 'Transit'.
These fish are going nowhere.

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ART IN TRANSIT

This wee world is a transitory one, we all know that. We are but ephemerally, fleetingly just-passing-through: the poetic ruins of old Ozymandias are forever reminding us of that particular chestnut. Art, though, as Shelley and the masons who carved Ozzie's likeness in the first place prove, let us put our stamp on the face of the earth, literally and metaphorically, to last just a little bit longer here than we do.

That's surely why Royal Mail makes us stamp all of our letters, isn't it? 'Art is transient! And so are we!' may as well be shouted daily through the letterbox by our postmen and women, plimsolled barterers who trade in the tokens which most readily remind us of

these facts. Letters (well, envelopes) are Art, in Transit. Correspondence, should you take Voltaire's word for it, is the consolation of life. 'By its means those who are absent...', he's still telling us, a good three centuries later, '... become present'. So he has a point, I reckon. One would be quite right to hope that Royal Mail (short of publication, as the primary earthly purveyor of our best chances at easy immortality) takes this weighty responsibility seriously.

Those in the West of Scotland, at least, can sleep easy on that front - thanks to the empirical proof provided by Harriet Russell. An art student living in Woodlands (Flat 1/1, 7 Montague St. G4 9HU, to be precise) in the early noughties, Russell brought Mail Art to Glasgow. Her contribution to the genre, championed most famously by American Ray

Johnson and his 'New York Correspondence' School of the 1960s, challenged the Glasgow sorting office to match its capacity for art appreciation with canny problem-solving. Russell sent 130 self-addressed envelopes to herself, shunning the conventional format by enveloping her address within elaborate artworks: pointillism, word-searches, anagrams, homonyms, pictographs, dot-to-dots, crosswords, the works. 120 of these beauties arrived safe and sound, their codes cracked and their artistry appreciated, 'solved by Glasgow mail centre' biro-ed in red across their backs. Russell shared her project with an ever wider audience in a charming book, a copy of which was passed on to me a few Christmases ago by my philatelic father.

A wild postal enthusiast who regularly tallies human civilisation's odds of survival

in equation to the efficiency of its postal system, you can imagine Dad's delight at my decision, three years ago, to move to England for university. I came home to Paisley at the end of last term in possession of a veritable anthology of postal art. My own transit in undergraduandcy is charted there in my letter-rack, week by week, and sometimes day by day. My favourite envelopes, naturally, are those with hand-coloured bagpipe-playing ginger cats on the back. My ole paw's is of course his own triumph in proving for himself the tireless efficacy of our nation's postal guardians in rising to cryptic challenges. His letter addressed to Andrew McCormack at 'the only College to share its name with Jane Austen's Park' arrived at Mansfield, and ended its own artistic transit, nae bother.

By Andrew McCormack





Life on the Road

Ever heard of Gunther Holtorf? Very few people have. He is a well-kept secret. However, you are about to find out about him, and his wife Christine and their car Otto, for they are some of the world's greatest ever travellers.

In 1989, Gunther and Christine Holtorf left their home in Bavaria to embark on a once-in-a-lifetime eighteen month road trip around Africa. How we'd all love to do that. Their mode of transport was a Mercedes Benz G-Wagen (don't worry; I didn't know what that was either. It's essentially a very small jeep.), which they hoped would get them home in one piece.

In fact, they never did return to Bavaria, not because they were struck down by any tropical disease, but because they caught a severe bout of the traveller's bug.

We know little about what Gunther and Christine did in Africa, but it must have been memorable, for they decided to carry on for miles and miles. 500,000 miles to be exact. That is the equivalent of driving around the equator, again, and again, and again, and then another seventeen times. They travelled continuously for twenty one years, until Christine sadly passed away in 2010.



Gunther continued on, and is still driving the same Mercedes Benz G-Wagen to infinity and beyond, now aged 74. As we know from the opening credits of *The Lion King*, there is more to be seen, than can ever be seen. Well, this guy has got pretty close. He's been to 200 countries since he reversed out of his drive in 1989. There are currently 204 countries on the planet.

"It was never my intention to do this", claims Gunther. His and Christine's eighteen months in Africa turned out to be five whole years. They then set sail, with the car on board, to Gunther's former home in Argentina. They considered going

home, but decided to carry on around South America, which became Central America, which became North America. "You grow into it", is Gunther's understated explanation.

Their adventure has taken them to all four corners of the Earth: from Siberia to Southampton; Hollywood to Hanoi; Mount Everest to Madagascar; North Korea to north Kazakhstan. Christine and Gunther also travelled to Cuba, after a personal invitation from Fidel Castro. They travelled through Iran during its bloody war with Iraq. They survived, as did their car, by now christened 'Otto'.

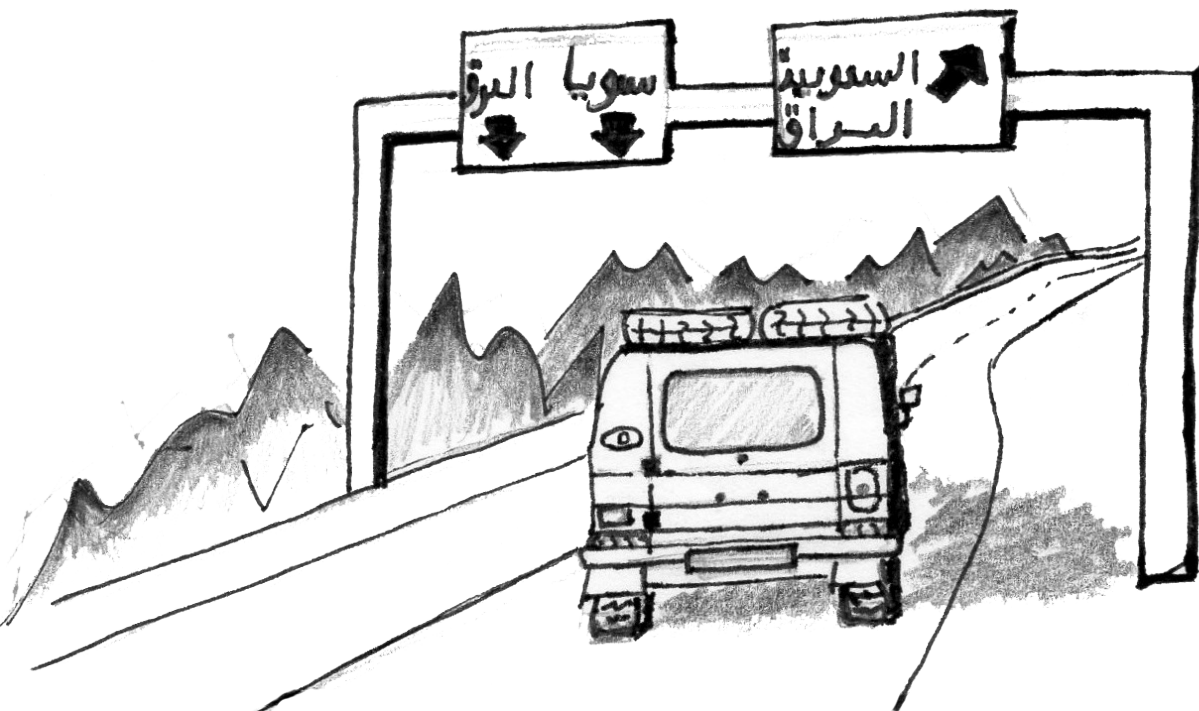
What is almost as remarkable as the journey itself is how low key it has been. The mainstream media have never tracked them down; Gunther has rejected any sponsorship deals to help with funding. 'How can they have afforded it?' a lot of you must be asking. Well, Gunther's former job as an airline executive answers that one, but he insists that he has spent less money in the last twenty three years of his life than he would have done living in Europe. The simplicity of their travels must also be admired. Twenty three years with just a paper map, and two old fashioned Leica film cameras.

As a result of the inconspicuous nature of their travels, we know precious little about Gunther and Christine's exploits. Perhaps that adds to the allure? We do know one story, one of many "hairy and scary" incidents in Africa, as Gunther himself describes it. Unfortunately, this article has run out of words to do the story any sort of justice. YouTube can elaborate, but it involves a bar of soap which somehow saved a sleeping Gunther from being eaten by a hungry hyena in the African savannah.

So there you have it, a story of a life in transit from which we can draw inspiration. It is up to you what you take from Gunther and Christine's story. Some of you may point out, and correctly so, that their ceaseless travelling is financially unsustainable for 99% of us. However, I believe that their phenomenal and unwavering spirit for human adventure can set an example.

I leave you with one final quote from the great Gunther Holtorf - "The more you have travelled, the more you realise how little you have seen".


By Pete Buchanan





ON THE ROAD





10

Heist

A one-off operation that glamourizes crime and could set you up for life, though whether it's in riches or behind bars entirely comes down to the plan. A successful mastermind must be three things if they are going to pull off the seemingly impossible: Genius, bold and insane. The following lists those who got away with it, or at least temporarily.

By George Fuller

The Great Train Robbery

We'll kick off on home turf with one of the most famed heists in history and one of the biggest at the time. It's 1963 in Buckinghamshire, England and fifteen men dressed in ski masks and helmets use a fake signal to board and subdue the first two carriages of a mail train. Within 15 minutes they make off with £2.6 million (£40 million today). Surely that's mission accomplished? Wrong. After a 120 mile drive to their hideout the gang play a game of monopoly with their loot but make a botched job of burning down the place. Five days later the police catch up to twelve of the fifteen, including one Ronnie Biggs. Of course criminals don't like prison and within two years he and gang member Charlie Wilson had escaped. Four years later Charlie Wilson was found and re-arrested in Canada after none other than his WIFE made the mistake of phoning home. Meanwhile, Biggs initiated a 36 year manhunt that led him through Paris, Melbourne and Rio. He gave himself up in 2001, but his story is crazy and I highly recommend you look into it.

The Mona Lisa Robbery

After this summer it's great to see so many Union Jacks around, but I don't think we can compete with the patriotism of Vincenzo Perugia. In 1911, the Mona Lisa, then worth £1 million was stolen from the Louvre in Paris. Perugia, an Italian immigrant working as a custodian in the museum, hid in a closet and waited for everyone to leave. Once the coast was clear he ripped it from the frame, stuffed it in his trousers and walked out. It took two years to recover the painting when Perugia was caught trying to sell it to a dealer in Italy. He claims he did it for Italia, after the painting was stolen by Napoleon, and that the piece should remain in the homeland of the artist. Amazingly, Perugia only served a few months in jail and was hailed as a patriot in Italy. Remember that next time you're arrested – you did it for England!

Central Bank of Iraq Heist

Former Iraqi dictator Saddam Hussein used the country in any way he wanted so it was no surprise that he used the Central Bank like his own personal account. In 2003, a few days before the US bombing of Iraq, he forcibly withdrew the sizeable sum of \$1 billion. Let's just take a second to think about that - \$1 billion in cash! The operation took five hours as a team led by his son used tractor-trailers to transport the cash back to the Hussein palace. After his capture \$650 million of it was found in the walls, but the whereabouts of the other \$350 million remains a mystery.

Knightsbridge Security Deposit Raid

Career criminal Valerio Veccei was wanted for over 50 crimes in his native Italy, so it only seemed right to continue his trade when he moved to the UK in 1986. Picture this - he and an accomplice waltz into a Knightsbridge security deposit centre and ask to rent a safe deposit box. After being led into the vault they somehow overpower the manager and the guards. Veccei proceeds to hang a 'CLOSED' sign outside the vault, before inviting in accomplices to clean out the depot. They leave with £60 million (£110 million today)! Veccei fled the country and looked to have eluded the fuzz, but no...he was arrested when he returned to England to get his Ferrari. With the best part of his £110 mil to play with, surely he could've bought another Ferrari. Or ten?!

The Gardner Museum Art Heist

The year was 1990 when the biggest art heist in history took place at the Gardner Museum in Boston, USA. The two robbers kept it simple and dressed up as police officers, telling the two guards they were responding to a disturbance. Before the guards knew it they were handcuffed and locked in the basement. In the next 90 minutes the robbers turned art connoisseurs calmly selected 12 pieces of art which today have a combined value of over US \$500 million! The two then took the surveillance tapes and were never heard from again. The case has never been solved.

Stephane Breitweiser

The more I read about this guy, the more I want to turn to a life of crime. For starters – Breitweiser is responsible for stealing 239 pieces of art from 172 museums and acquired £960 million worth of loot. That's enough to count as a war crime! For the main – After realising anything becomes invisible under your coat, he and his girlfriend toured Europe with the same routine. She would distract the crowd and make a nuisance of herself whilst he cut the picture from the frame. This worked for six years! And for dessert – he only served 26 months of his 3 year sentence and is now a CELEBRATED ART THIEF. He even has a book out - Confessions d'un Voleur d'Art. I've just ordered mine. Who needs a job?! The lesson here – crime pays!

The Harry Winton Heist

One of the most downright brazen robberies in recent memory happened in Paris in 2008. A group of four men dressed in drag stormed into one of Paris's most exclusive jewellery stores and made off with \$108 million in diamonds. Armed with Magnums and hand grenades, they quickly herded the employees and customers into a corner as they carried out the robbery. After filling a suitcase with precious stones, they made their escape. The police have nicknamed the group "The Pink Panthers", but are yet to arrest anyone. They are thought to be a part of a larger criminal organization that may have been responsible for a number of other high profile jewellery heists. In the meantime, a \$1 million dollar reward is still up for grabs for any information leading to the arrest of the robbers, since all the French can do is admire them.

El Robo del Banco Central

The Banco Central robbery in Brazil, 2005, is considered to be one of the biggest bank heists of all time. It is the result of precise panning from a small group of robbers who tunnelled 80 meters at four meters below street level to steal £40 million. The robbers used a landscaping business as a front for their operation, a cover that allowed them to move massive amounts of dirt and rock out of the tunnel without looking suspicious. After three months of digging, the thieves finally broke through 1.1 meters of steel-reinforced concrete to enter the bank vault. Since then, police have made a number of arrests in connection with the burglary, and recovered a fraction of the haul, but the majority of the suspects are still at large.

The Antwerp Diamond Heist

Antwerp, Belgium. One of the diamond capitals of the world and home to the largest diamond heist in history. With 80% of the world's uncut diamonds passing through Antwerp the city sees its fair share of robberies, but this one gets an A* for the haul, ingenuity and the fact that they had a stylish crew name. In 2003, a team of master criminals, known as 'The School of Turin', put their years of planning into action. Office space had been rented three years earlier and gang leader Leandro Notarbartolo had posed as a diamond merchant to gain trust and credibility.

The gang used copied keys and faked security camera footage to cover their movements. The vault was protected by 10 layers of security, including infrared heat detectors, doppler radar, a magnetic field, a seismic sensor, and a lock with

100 million possible combinations. They walked out with \$100 million worth of uncut diamonds and it was called the heist of the century...except for one thing. Yet again, the mastermind succumbs to a silly mistake. This time – an uneaten sandwich. The DNA was somehow tracked back to Leandro and he was sent down for ten years. But the diamonds and gems were never recovered.



D.B. Cooper

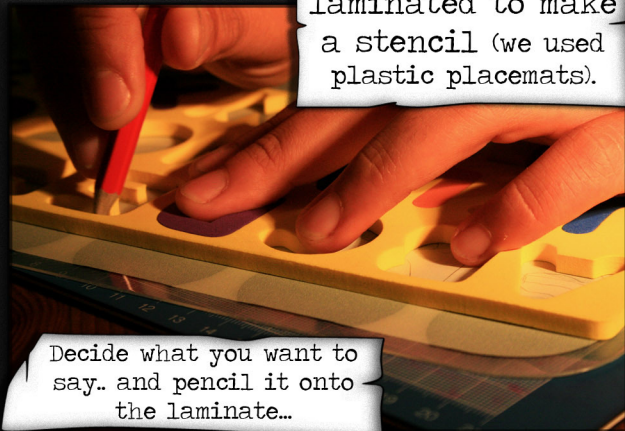
Considered the most daring heist of all time, the man known only as D.B. Cooper pulled off a flawless hijack and escape the day before Thanksgiving 1971.

Let's paint the picture: with a ticket booked under the name Dan Cooper, the man boards a Northwest flight from Portland. He is wearing a suit and orders bourbon. Upon the stewardess' return he gives her a note: "I have a bomb in my briefcase, you are being hijacked". Cooper demands \$200,000 in unmarked bills, two parachutes and a fuel truck. They complied, of course, upon landing at Seattle International Airport. After receiving the money and the parachutes, Cooper releases the passengers, orders the crew to fly to Mexico, and then jumps out of the plane somewhere over southwest Washington and is never seen again. The closest the world came to an explanation was in 2011 when a woman came forward saying that her uncle Lynn Doyle Cooper, a logger from Oregon, was the hijacker, but died in 1999. Whether he perished in the fall, died of unrelated causes or continues to live among us, Cooper's bold in-flight heist is now legendary!

Create reversed graffiti

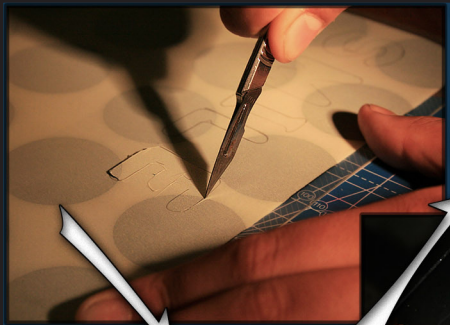
By Jimmy Hertzman
with Ama Budge

Find something laminated to make a stencil (we used plastic placemats).



Decide what you want to say.. and pencil it onto the laminate...

Go out with a:
*toothbrush
*container of water
*duck tape

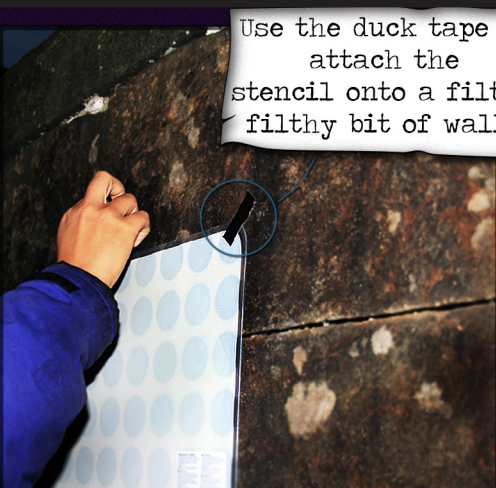


Cut out your stencil using a sharp knife or (if your daring) scissors.



*organic/eco cleaning spray
*..and of course the stencil

Use the duck tape to attach the stencil onto a filthy filthy bit of wall...



Spray the holes in the stencil with your cleaning spray.



SMILE

Dip the toothbrush in water every now and then and scrub that wall!



SMILE

Poor water over it.

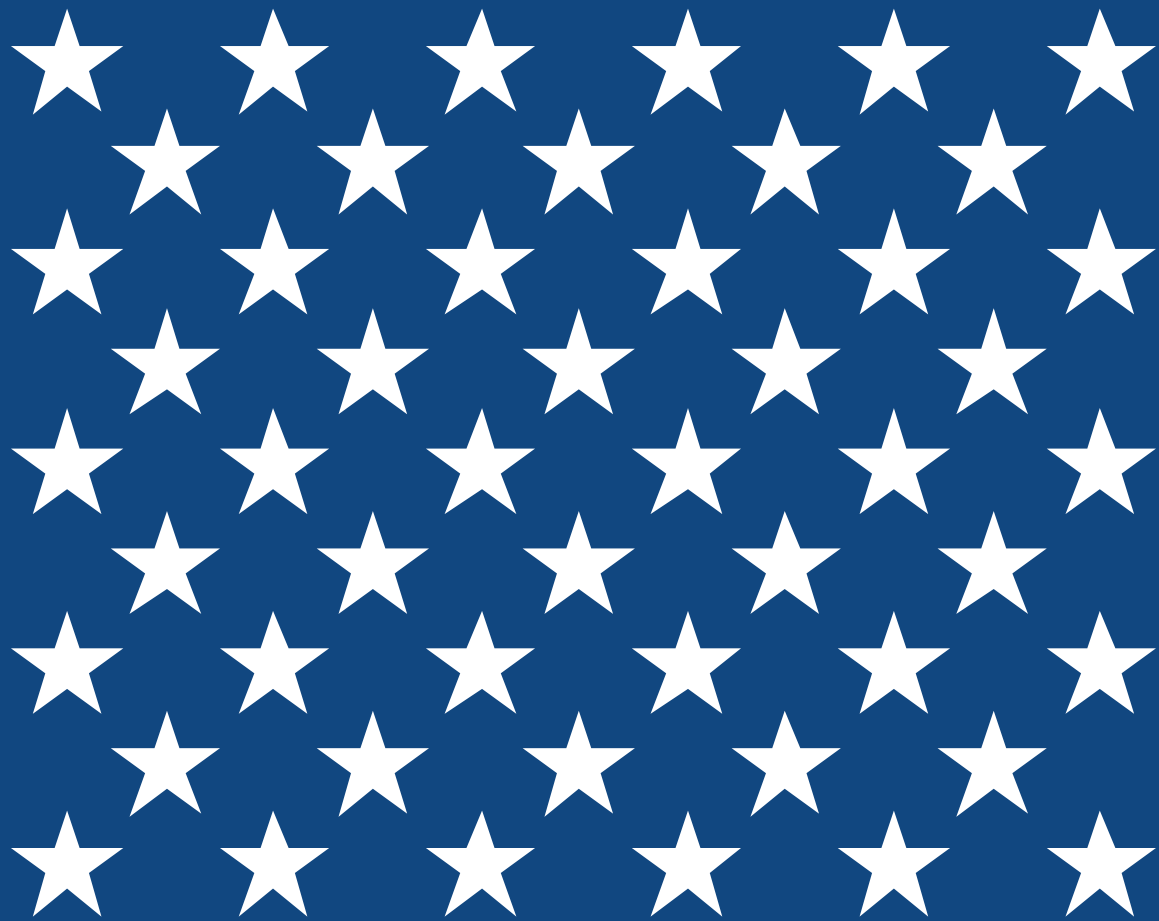
Take away the stencil and smile!











A LIFE IN TRANSIT

I moved to America exactly one year, two months, and fourteen days ago.

And what have I learned?

There are the boring things, everyday details, like knowing what train to get to go downtown and the price of cheese and the types of adverts on TV. There are also the things that you think you don't have to live here to know, but that you can't really appreciate until you've lived here, like that it's big and most things are very far away, and that driving through Indiana to get to those things is never fun. Then there are the things that you really need to experience to understand, like Thanksgiving, and the National Anthem, and, as I experienced last weekend outside an Ikea in the Chicago suburbs, the very unique cold of a midwestern autumn evening. But I wonder, now, whether I couldn't have learned any of these things during a two week vacation, or a vacation of any length for that matter. In other words, have I learned anything about America that I could only have learned by living here? The answer, I think, is probably no.

I could have learned any of the things I just mentioned without having lived in the States and I could probably explain them just as well having experienced them once as I could if I had experienced them a thousand times. So what? Am I doing something wrong? Why haven't I learned anything new? I have a few, unimaginative explanations. First, going to University, especially one as bubbly as the University of Chicago, places me in quite a bubble. That is, I don't really live in America, I live at the University of Chicago and cannot, therefore, have learned anything about the country in which I do not live. I think this theory is bad for two reasons. For one, it's not really true. The University of Chicago may be a bubble, but it's one I

leave often enough. Two, almost everyone I know here is American, born and raised, and contain, I'm sure, all of those things about which I'm not certain I've learned. Whatever it is about America that hasn't fully sunken into me has certainly sunk into them, at least as deeply as such things can sink in over twenty (give or take) years. My second unimaginative theory is that, due to technology and the internet and globalization and other such things, the America I live in - or my life in the America I live in - has been contaminated to such an extent by foreign influence that it cannot be said to be truly, authentically American. And it's hard to learn anything about America when my America is so watered down. This I know not to be true from experience.

I lived in London for seventeen years (and was subject, during that time, to a long list of foreign influences, not least my parents) before moving to the States and in that time I think I learned something about England. I definitely learned something about London. The type of things only a Londoner or an Englishmen could know. So, what did I learn? They were things of the order that I described before. Some were obvious, everyday things and others were bigger, experiential things, of the order of thanksgiving. The difference, I think, between these types of facts when applied to England and when applied to America is only their familiarity, the regularity with which I have known them. Because, ultimately, getting to know a country (or any place) is not a quantitative exercise, it is an exercise in familiarity, intimacy.

This point should be clear enough to any of you who have recently started university. You are suddenly placed (and this is rare) in an environment where almost everyone around you is as unfamiliar with their new

environment as you are. In this environment, two main types of people emerge. There are those who pretend they know what they're doing and there are those that don't. The first group is the one I'm interested in: the fakers. The faker is the guy who walks around campus on his very first day like he's seen it all before. He is the guy, for example, who moans and groans about his first ever university essay that he's put off writing until the night before and who then whines (brags in his case) about the all nighter he had to pull to finish it. None of these things are wrong in themselves - in fact, they are quite normal - but the faker is the guy who does these things in a way, with an attitude, that he has not earned the right to do them with. He mimics the indifference, the tiredness, and the frustration of someone who has seen it all before. What he doesn't realise is that these emotions are not his - he who has never had to experience them before - to own. All of his whining and grumbling is an act - he whines and grumbles because he thinks that is what other people more familiar with his situation do - and it is accompanied by a sort of swagger. The swagger is the result of the high he gets from doing things in the way he thinks they should be done, the way others who know what they are doing do them. The difference is they don't get the high, they just do the things.

This is how it is with countries too. We can pretend all we want that we are a native, but we are not the judges of our own authenticity. There is just no way to replicate Englishness or Americanness or jaded-third-year-uni-student-ness. You develop these things through experience, over a long period of time. I only learned this when I left England. When, for the first time, I took the train to downtown Chicago, or went to the supermarket to buy cheese, or watched TV all day. Only then did I realise that those things were not the same as they had

been in England. And not only because the train looked different and Chicago was not London or that I went to Hyde Park Produce instead of Budgens. There was a difference in familiarity. The trip to Budgens was so familiar to me it was almost involuntary. I could let my mind wonder anywhere and my feet would still take me to the right place. But in America, it was different. I had to pay attention to what I was doing and where I was going. I had to (still have to) earn the right to involuntary action. What knowledge I gained of England is not in the form of a broad, sweeping statement. It is made up, instead, of the minute details of life, the things I've done a thousand times, my absolute familiarity with the England I know and the knowledge that gives me of the England I don't. It is this level of intimacy that gives me the confidence to make generalisations about the country as a whole, a country I consider mine. It is this intimacy with America that I currently lack.

What, then, have I learned about America? Not much, really, but I learn a little bit more each day. So the next time I'm outside Ikea and am struck by the remarkable midwesternness of the weather I'll have that much better of an understanding of why I can't describe it to anyone else. But I'll know, if they want to know, all they have to do is live it. And that, I think, is as good a place to start as any.

By Jake Walerius



Woodstock



Ancient Greece



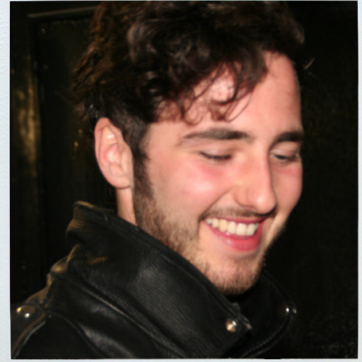
To meet Jesus



JFK's assassination



To Meryl Streep's birth



Enlightenment Paris to
smoke opium and create
shit in a salon



London in the 50s



When I was 12 and went
to Disneyland



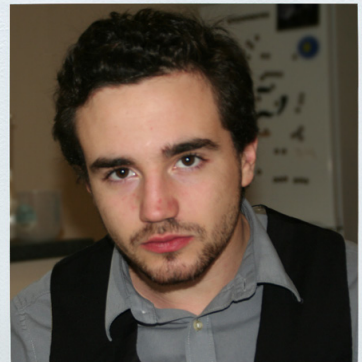
The library of Alexander



To see if a Tyrannosaurus
Rex could scratch its belly



Everywhere



The American Gold Rush just
before it happened and I'd take
all the gold back with me



When my dad was born



Flower power, when
everyone was free



Mesopotamia



To the dinosaurs



1950s America. To the
jazz and the beats



Munster 1534

In Transit from Yesterday to Tomorrow

Today I am In Transit,
Discombobulated and in disarray.

I woke up at 9.30 lying on a dictionary,
Still swaddled in last night's jeans and black, other miscellaneous debris

Detailing last night:
Corner House - Holy Motors (a movie In Transit, disorienting); Sainsbury's vodka, no mixer, yes mistake

Memory of a vegetarian samosa followed by chips which I ate
Alone on autopilot honing home diverging rammed Red Rum.

This morning cereal and commiseration in the kitchen,
RIP another night and my student loan.

Shrouded in a cloud; ethanol's slumber.
What do you do with a BA in English?

Friday, Wednesday, four days of rest;
Enough time to complete a Mechanics of Language test,

Here is my mark. An essay on Notes Towards A Supreme Fiction:
'The poem is ambiguous.'

Who will shake me, Wake me?
Relieve me from this confusing reverie and take me to Tomorrow?

Stasis and movement as I sit and I sit
And I'm lost.

Safari is broken, and the signal has gone
Today I am In Transit.

It is lucky
That I got dressed yesterday.

THERE ARE FEW THINGS WHICH CRUSH THE SOUL QUITE LIKE A COLD DAY WITH LITTLE-TO-NO PROSPECTS OF ANY WARMING THINGS COMING YOUR WAY TILL THE DISTANT FUTURE. ADMITTEDLY IT IS UNLIKELY THAT YOU WILL FIND YOURSELF IN SUCH DIRE CIRCUMSTANCES, ESPECIALLY CONSIDERING THAT IF YOU ARE READING THIS MAGAZINE YOU A) HAVE A COMPUTER AND ARE PROBABLY INSIDE, AND, B) ARE NOT SOME KIND OF ARCTIC EXPLORER (ANYONE BADASS ENOUGH TO EXPLORE THE ARCTIC HAS DEFINITELY GOT BETTER THINGS TO DO THAN SIT AROUND READING SHIT LIKE THIS). THEREFORE, ALTHOUGH I DO COMMEND THE **THERMOS FLASK** FOR IT'S INGENUITY AND CUNNING IN THE FIELD OF KEEPING HOT THINGS HOT (OR COLD THINGS COLD IF YOU SWING THAT WAY), ANYONE WHO GENUINELY FEELS THE NEED TO SPEND THEIR TIME BREWING HOT DRINKS, BUT NOT DRINKING THEM AND SAVING THEM TILL LATER, SHOULD DEFINITELY HARDEN UP AND, IN THE EVENT OF A 'LITTLE BIT OF A CHILL', DO SOME STARJUMPS. YOU'LL WARM UP AND YOU NEED THE EXERCISE.



LIDL BY SCHWARZ GRUPPE

HEADQUARTERS: NECKARSULM, BADEN-WÜRTTEMBERG, GERMANY

SHOPPING AT LIDL IS, WITHOUT A DOUBT, ONE OF LIFE'S MOST MOST EXCITING POSSIBLE EXPERIENCES. ALTHOUGH SOME HAVE COMPARED THE EXPERIENCE TO A CHEAP PROSTITUTE (WHERE THE ONLY JOY IN THE ACT IS THAT WHEN YOU HAVE FINISHED AT LEAST IT WON'T HAVE COST MUCH), I MUCH PREFER THE PARALLEL WITH THE EXPERIENCES OF INDIANA JONES - ENTERING THE UNKNOWN IN THE SEARCH OF INCREDIBLE TREASURES. EXAMPLES OF THE KIND OF UNEXPECTEDLY BARGAINOUS ITEMS YOU MAY UNCOVER INCLUDE: SUSPICIOUSLY CHEAP MEAT, MISLABELLED ITEMS OF ANY KIND, AND ALCOHOLIC BEVERAGES WHICH LOOK STRANGELY SIMILAR TO YOUR HOUSEHOLD FAVOURITES, BUT WITH SUBTLY DIFFERENT NAMES. THOROUGHLY RECOMMENDED FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY, EVERY VISIT AN ADVENTURE, AND THE RECEIPT WILL LEAVE YOU WITH A WARM GLOW INSIDE. 10/10



MATCH THE FACES...

to the Football Teams

1



2



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4



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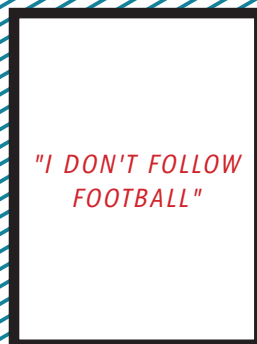
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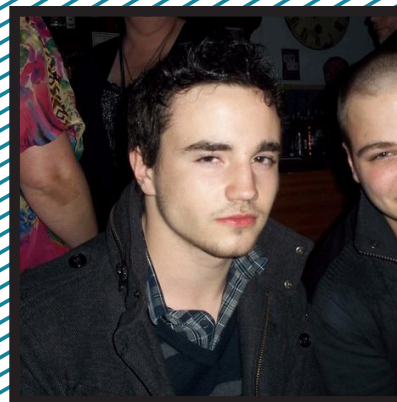
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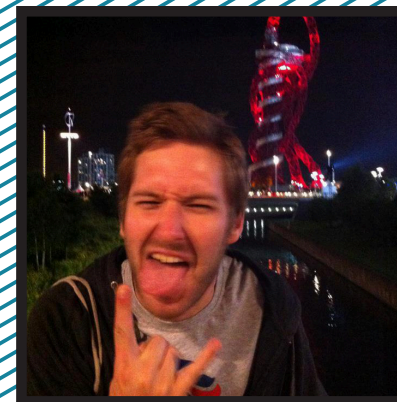
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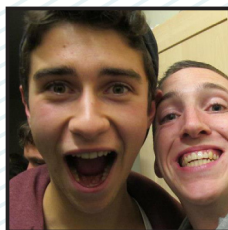


ANSWERS
ON
PAGE
26

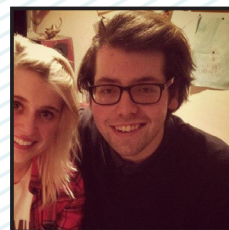
"I DON'T FOLLOW
FOOTBALL"

C O N T R I B U T O R S

All Content ©Wastepaper Magazine 2012



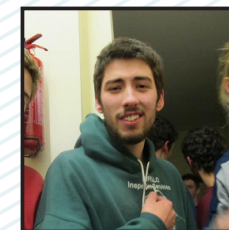
Simon
Front Cover



Andrew
Art in Transit
Words



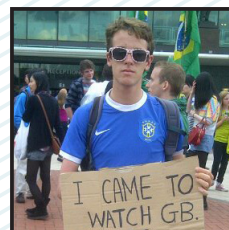
Jake
A Life in Transit



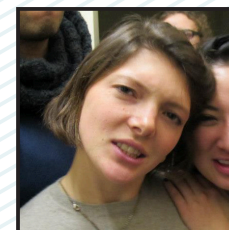
Seb
Time Travel



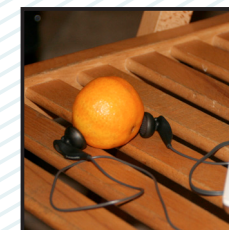
Simon
Art in Transit
Illustration



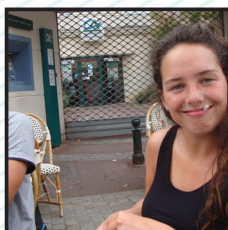
Pete
Life on the Road
Words



Jessie
In Transit from
Yesterday to Tomorrow



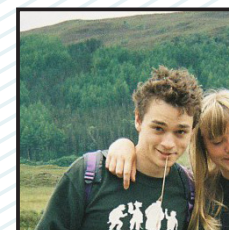
Tom Orange
Reviews



Ito
Life on the Road
Illustrations



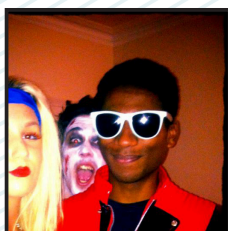
Isaac
On the Road
Photos



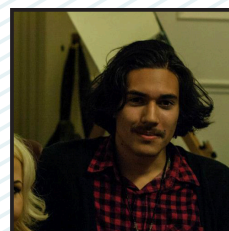
Angus
Transit Van Facts



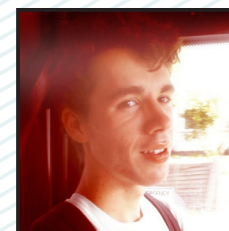
Marlowe
Copy Editor



George
Heists



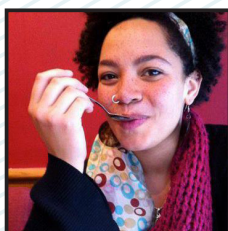
Jimmy
Reverse Graffiti
howtaedae.com



Josh
Editor



Jessie
Editor
Football Teams



Ama
Reverse Graffiti



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Transit Van Facts

1965 will forever remain a great year in the history of civilisation: it saw the ban of cigarette advertisements on British television, Australia join the Vietnam War, the maple leaf become Canada's national emblem and the introduction of the Transit Van UK. So now, to celebrate the 47th anniversary of the world's leading commercial vehicle, I present to you humble readers a collection of facts you may well be unaware of...

Piled one on top of the other, it would take almost exactly 461 Transit Vans to create a tower equal in height to the Burj Khalifa, the tallest structure ever yet built.

When mixed with the appropriate quantity of milk, it would take around 16,286 packets of Angel delight (of any flavour) to fill the back of the mighty Transit.

It takes, on average, about 13 seconds for a Transit to go from 0–60 mph, giving it just twice the acceleration of Usain Bolt on a good day.

At the last 'Transitmania Owners Club Event,' nearly one hundred vans turned out in support. The weekend was generally thought of as a great success.

It would take a whopping 1,307,017,544 Transit Vans to transport Loch Ness, though it would take only one to legally tow the Loch Ness Monster at its estimated weight of 2,500 pounds. (see 'paranormal phenomena', About.com)

Finally, the Transit XXL 'stretch' model (2007) was the same in length as the tallest man in history squared. His name was Robert Pershing Wadlow, and his shoes were a UK 36 ½.

All facts are based on a SWB mark 5 Transit van