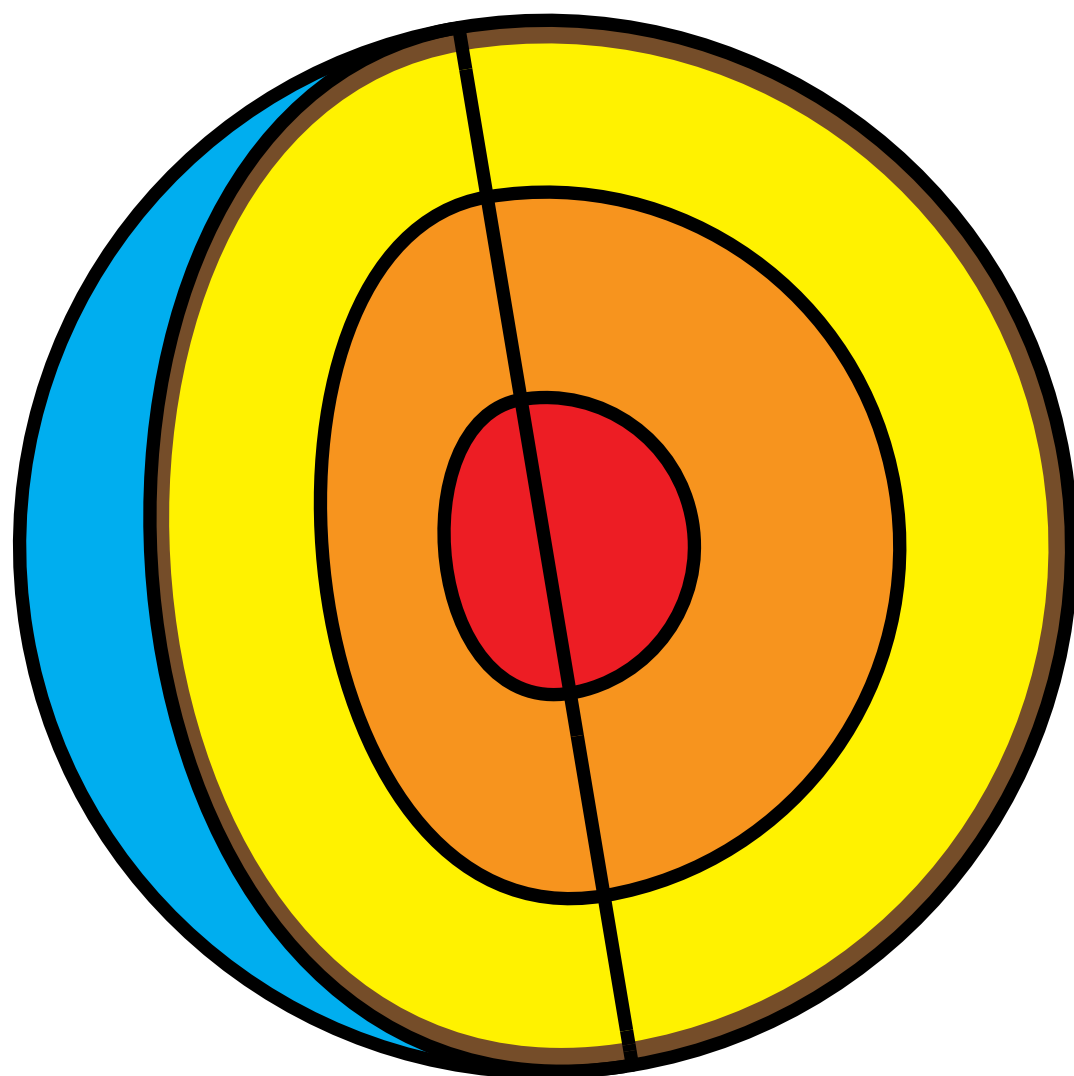




WASTEPAPER



7th Issue! It's been
slow but worth the wait.
The theme is layers.

Contents

Episode 7 Onion Boy.....	4
100 Different Teeth.....	6
How to Make Lasagne.....	8
On the Road	14
Stanley Kubrick's Haunted Rubik's Cube	16
The Missing Layers	18
Interview Jeffrey Lewis.....	22
Top 10 Pick'n'Mix Costumes.....	26
Inferno	32
Smooth Talkers Worst gifts.....	34
Reviews Estrella Damm Pint Glasses, Rolf's Roll.....	36
Match the Faces to the Favourite Writing Implement.....	38
Contributors ✂	40

ONION BOY

It was summer, and Mikey wore a t-shirt. But summer was short that year and when August came around it was already cold enough for a jumper. By the time school started in September, Mikey was wearing a jumper and a raincoat. "But it's not raining," pointed out Mikey's friend Jack. "It's for the wind," explained Mikey.

There is a moment, just before leaving the house each morning, when you have to decide how many layers to wear. This was the longest moment of Mikey's day. It was not that he was indecisive, particularly, he had just developed a distorted understanding of the weight of the decision. This, undoubtedly, was because of his mother. Sometimes it felt to Mikey like he had spent whole years of his life waiting for his mother to get ready. I work in fashion, she would always say, clothes are important. Mikey was determined to show his mother that he understood this.

In October, Mikey wore four layers. One t-shirt, one sweater, one jumper, one coat. He was always the last one out at playtime. As the other kids ran outside, talking and laughing, Mikey fiddled with zippers. When he did eventually make it to the playground, he was picked last for football. He wasn't the worst player. He was just late. But this was little consolation to Mikey, who was well aware of the special sort of shame reserved for the last pick. After playing for a few minutes, he would get too hot and have to take his coat off. This always made his teammates angry. "Where were you Mikey, why didn't you tackle him?" "I was taking my coat off." "What about that time?" "I was taking my jumper off."



Two weeks before the Christmas holidays, Mikey added a fifth layer, another jumper, another zipper. Thankfully, the weather was too bad to play football in. There was too much rain to even go outside on some days. And Mikey's zippers, much to his relief, remained unzipped. This didn't, however, stop the other kids noticing. "Why do you wear so many layers?" asked Fred. "He thinks he's an onion," said Julia, who, thought Mikey, had far too many shades of pink in her wardrobe to pass judgment on his own fashion choices. As if hypocrisy was ever a reason not to do anything.

In a few days, Mikey had become 'Onion Boy', but he was nobody's sidekick. There was no Garlic Man, no Parsnip Man, to fight by his side. Only Onion Boy, alone. Jack, who had been so loyal for so long, didn't even talk to Mikey anymore. Five layers, it seemed, was one too many.

Christmas came as a relief to Mikey. It gave him some time to relax, to think, and he spent most of his time inside. For Christmas, Mikey got a new jacket. It was blue, Mikey's favorite color. It was very nice. Nicer than anything else he had. It would have been rude not to wear it.

January was cold. Mikey wore six layers to school, his new jacket, to his great pride, outermost. It was getting harder and harder to move. Mikey needed to turn his whole upper body to check for cars when he was crossing the street to get to school. "Why did the onion cross the road?" asked Fred.

February 1st was the coldest day of the year. It was the coldest day in forty years, according to the weather man. Mikey put on eight layers just to be safe. They're going to make fun of me either way, he thought, I may as well be warm. In the playground, whenever Mikey went near the other kids, they pretended to cry. "Stop it," said Mikey. "It's not our fault. You're the onion." Then Mikey started to cry. He ran across the playground and sat underneath a tree, resting his head on his knees. Playtime ended, but Mikey didn't move.

After the playground had emptied, Ms. Miles came running outside. "Michael. Michael, come inside. Playtime ended fifteen minutes ago. Come here." Mikey didn't respond. She tapped him on the shoulder. There was no reply. She grabbed his arm, trying to pull him to his feet, but still he didn't move. She grabbed the sleeve of Mikey's new, blue jacket, squeezing tighter and tighter, until she held all eight of his layers in a fist. She could feel all eight layers, but no arm.

Ms. Miles was very quiet now and reached a hand towards Mikey's head, pulling at Mikey's hoods from where they rested on his knees. She pulled off the first hood, and the second and third and began unzipping his jacket. She unzipped them all, all eight layers, peeled them away one by one and threw them in a pile by the side of the tree. There they lay, on the frozen ground, eight whole layers. And no sign of the boy.

By Jake Walerius



How To: Make Lasagne



Ragu:

300g beef mince
300g pork mince
3 onions
3 carrots
3 sticks celery
4 cloves garlic (more if they're puny; if
they're giant 3 will do)
1 tube tomato puree
2 tins chopped or plum tomatoes
red wine
oregano
thyme
rosemary
bay leaves

Béchamel:

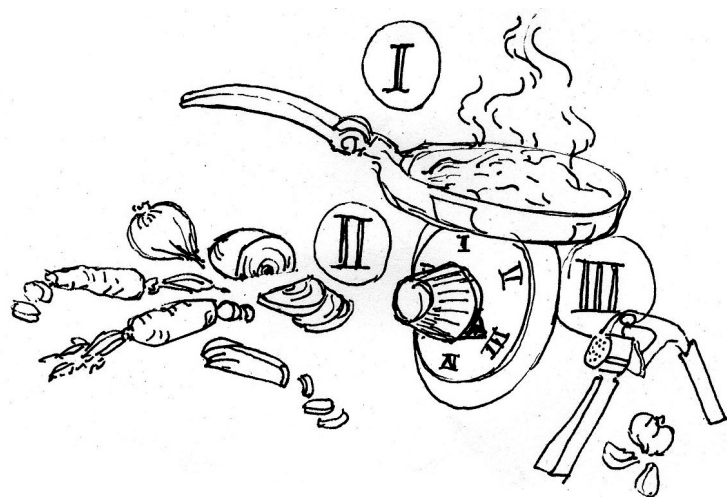
large knob of butter
plain flour
milk
nutmeg (preferably whole, although
ground will also work)
1 egg yolk
cheese (cheddar/parmesan)

Also lasagne sheets, 2 deep pans and a
large baking dish

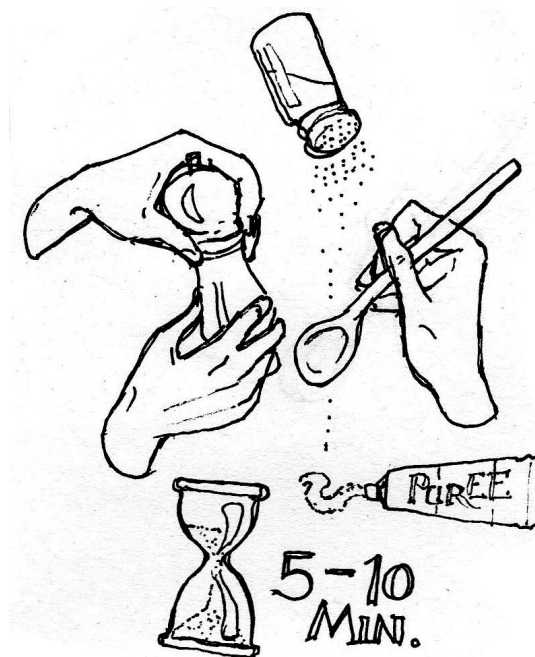
If something's worth doing, it's worth doing well.
This recipe is unashamedly time-consuming, so
save it for people you really like.

Serves 8, hopefully with leftovers.

By Therese Keating



Put a large, deep pan on a medium heat and put the mince on to brown. A combination of beef and pork works really well, as the pork provides a smoother texture and a necessary amount of fat to go with the more robust beef and add more flavour. A friend of mine adds chicken livers, which makes for a wonderfully rich result, but is very much optional – it will still be plenty tasty without them. If you fancy it, go for 250g each of the beef and pork and 100g chicken livers. He simmers it overnight but that may be taking things too far. While that browns dice your onions, carrots and celery and crush the garlic.



When there are no pink bits left in the meat add the onions, garlic, some salt and black pepper, and stir through. Leave to soften for a couple of minutes then add about half a tube of tomato puree. Stir, and leave for 5-10 minutes to cook out.



Add the celery and carrots with 3 bay leaves and a generous amount of each of thyme, oregano, and rosemary. Dried will work fine, and saves you picking out all the stalks at the end. Give your vegetables 5 minutes to soften, then add your tinned tomatoes and a glass and a half of red wine, ideally a full-bodied one. Pour another glass for yourself (cook's privileges). Bring to a simmer and leave for as long as you possibly can – I aim for 2-3 hours.

Meanwhile, in a separate pan melt the butter (about a quarter of a pack) and add 6tbsp of plain flour. Stir through over a low to medium heat until the flour is properly cooked – 5 minutes should do it. You should end up with a thick, golden paste that smells a bit like shortbread (the technical term is a roux), which will thicken your béchamel



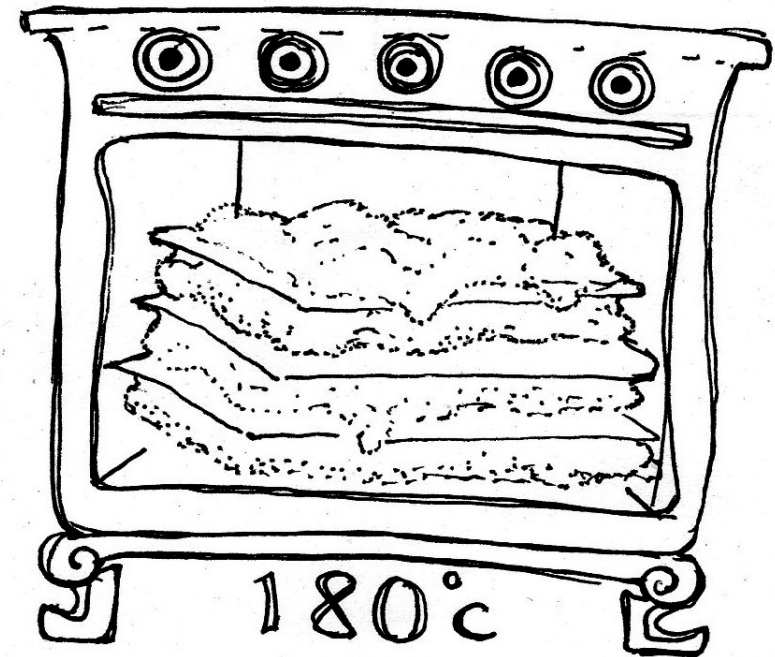
Add enough milk to cover the pan about 1cm deep, turn the heat up a little and start to whisk. Continue until there are no lumps and the mixture is shiny and too thick to whisk any more. Add more milk and repeat the process until you have enough to generously cover your baking dish. The texture should be like thick custard. If you need to thicken it some more, take it off the heat before slowly adding an egg yolk, whisking as you do so so that it mixes in before it cooks.



Put back on the heat and season with salt, pepper, and a generous grating of nutmeg, tasting as you do so – you want the nutmeg to come through. Add a generous amount of grated cheese (cheddar works well) and taste again, adjusting the seasoning if you have to.



Once you've cooked your ragu for as long as you can manage, skim the excess fat off the top with a large spoon and check your seasoning one last time. If it looks very sloppy, take the lid off and bring it up to the boil for 5-10 minutes to reduce it a little. Preheat your oven to 160 degrees Celsius. Start to assemble your lasagne, alternating layers of ragu and pasta sheets, then finish with a generous layer of béchamel over the top layer of pasta (some lasagnes have béchamel between every layer of ragu and pasta – I prefer just the one but it's up to you).



Cover in foil and bake for 45 minutes, by which time the pasta should be cooked – check by sticking a knife in; you should encounter no resistance. Remove the foil and turn your oven up to 180 degrees. Grate over more cheese (parmesan or even mozzarella works well, but more cheddar is fine) and return to the oven until the top is brown. Enjoy in generous portions.





ON THE ROAD





STANLEY KUBRICK'S HAUNTED RUBIK'S CUBE

Legend has it that Stephen King was somewhat pissed off. Pissed off and probably a little scared. It was 1980. The famed author had just watched the first film adaptation of his acclaimed novel *The Shining* and wasn't sure what he had seen. All of the foundational elements were there - the bare bones of plot, the characters, the setting. Some things were missing though. Not missing, but replaced, abused, and dislocated. The end result, some 146 minutes of Stanley Kubrick mastery, was a disturbing rearrangement of King's story, one that seemed to disregard the moral message.

King demanded a remake. Kubrick didn't care. Supporting actress Shelley Duvall was at the end of her tether and leading man Jack Nicholson was about to be launched into superstardom. *The Shining* had exhausted everyone involved in the production and was about to leave a 30 year legacy of ambiguous horror.

The Shining is rare amidst the horror genre in that it is a film that I would happily recommend to anyone. Yet to explain why it is essential viewing is no easy task. It is one of the most layered films of all time and as such is quite inaccessible to the casual film-goer. Plot and chronology - the conventional means of understanding a story in film - are misleading and unaccounted for. Instead, meaning is produced by patterns of imagery and strange coincidences of dialogue. De-ja-vu is the key to a very intricate lock that sees Jack Torrance, an out-of-work teacher taking his wife and son to the isolated Overlook Hotel to work as winter caretakers during the cold, lonely months while the hotel is snowed in and all the guests have gone home.

The couple's son, Danny, played spell-bindingly by the young Danny Lloyd, possesses a rare gift: "Shining" that allows him to see things that ordinary people would miss. In the same way that the smell of "burnt toast" hangs around in the air after the negligent act of breakfasting took place, Danny's "Shining" allows him to pick up on things which have left their mark on the Overlook Hotel. Although assured by the hotel's Chef, who can also "Shine", that the images of the past that the hotel shows Danny are not real, it is not long before tangible threats descend upon the stranded family, trapped in that evil, evil place.

So, you might conclude, *The Shining* is a haunted house movie. Yes, I'd answer, but it does not seem to be a very good one. The elements are in place but are mismatched. There are your prototype ghosts - two scary little girls in dresses with terrifying English accents, a Mephistophlean

bartender called Lloyd and a man in bear costume inexplicably giving a dandy a blowjob (I'm purposefully missing out the scariest "ghost" in case you haven't seen it). There is a creepy back-story about Mr Grady, a former caretaker who murdered his family with an axe. There is a location - a creepy hotel built in the jazz age on top of a Native American Indian burial ground.

It is almost a "build-your-own" ghost story, so here are a few common approaches to unravelling just what is going on:

Native American Revenge - the hotel was built on an Indian burial ground and evil spirits have been taking revenge ever since. Traces of Native American music are present in haunting chanting on the soundtrack and subconsciously through set dressings in the hotel. *Reincarnation* - Jack Torrance is the reincarnation of Mr Grady, the murderous ex-caretaker.

Cabin Fever - The events of the film are hallucinations brought about by Cabin Fever. This interpretation is hinted at several times, overtly at the film's opening with the tale of the cannibalistic Dinner Party. An allegorical rendering of the Illuminati - yes, there is even a huge conspiracy theory surrounding the film positing that Kubrick faked the moon landings and used King's text to expose the truth cryptically.

Without wanting to spoil the film anymore, you'll find that, regardless of approach, every avenue offered by the film's imagery, soundtrack or dialogue turns out to be a dead end. The pursuit for one concrete reading of the film is simply frustration. Kubrick's film is like a haunted Rubik's Cube, when one layer has clicked succinctly into place you see another flash of colour that disjoints the harmony and denies completion. It is from this emptiness, the unending lack of conclusion that the film accesses the most refined level of horror. In short, *The Shining* is essential cinema in that it asks its viewer to pay attention to every constituent element of film-making and is essential horror in that each one fails to give up the ghost.

17 years later, Stephen King finally produced a made-for-TV-movie that was more true to the events of the book. Jack Torrance is given the full back-story, follows the prescribed character arc and the ghosts of the hotel are put in context. Yet this film produces a diluted, disappointing feeling and never reaches the essence of Kubrick's.

The Missing Layers

A few words on new media forms and information.

In a society in which every aspect of our world is embedded in a complex network of relations, it is the job of the journalist to navigate through these layers, and convey stories about a constantly changing environment. However, turning real life events into an article, a TV-item, or radio feature is challenging and inevitably some dimensions will be lost in the process. To what extent is it possible to reproduce these layers in media? Conveying news always involves choices. Choices of what to emphasize, what to leave out, where to start and where to end. Over the last decade, new media forms have made this process even harder.

New digital devices and media forms enable us to access free information anytime and anywhere. This development has led to harder times for traditional print journalism. Newspapers are struggling with the digital age and a large number have gone out of business because of the decrease in subscribers and ad revenue. Even large, established newspapers, like The New York Times, are selling fewer papers than previously and need to be creative in order to keep their economy healthy. This is a lose-lose situation for everyone involved, as it results in the degradation of journalistic work, with rushed, poorly written articles which prioritise speed and quantity over quality. Traditional news-gathering based on thorough research costs more than copying an already published article from another online news platform. More often than ever, the ladder option become the solution.

To cut a long story short, print journalism is undergoing a transformation; desperately trying to convert itself from print to digital in order to survive.

Professional journalism is in a crisis as well. Normal people no longer just passively consume information; we contribute too. Blogs and other online social media platforms encourage us to take part in producing information, making everybody a potential journalist. Today the professional journalist's work conditions are harder than ever, competing with every single blog writer and user of Facebook and Twitter.

In its early days, Twitter was only used as a micro-blogging platform, enabling people to make quick tweets about their daily life. Today, most news companies have adopted Twitter and convey news in this extremely small format. Since news has to fit into this 'short and sweet' format, headlines and sensation become top priorities; again at the expense of pricey and time-consuming investigative journalism. Another characteristic

of Twitter is its pace. Never has the distance between events and coverage been shorter. Five minutes after Hamas fires a rocket, the world knows.

It is simple. It is convenient. But is it right?

The short format of news and information influence our behavior and the way we perceive the world around us. Rarely do we take the time to sit down with a cup of coffee and really delve into an article longer than a few hundred words (I'm actually amazed you're still reading). Instead we restlessly scroll through headlines from around the world; '44 people killed in explosion in Syria', 'Argentinian Pope elected', 'One Direction member hit in balls by shoe'. This overload of superficial micro-information, which we cannot really grasp anyway, has become an integrated part of our daily lives. We may not even notice it anymore.

Newspapers might sell out when they open Facebook and Twitter accounts to reach an audience in a desperate attempt to avoid bankruptcy. New media platforms like Twitter probably underestimate human intelligence when not letting us engage with the world around us in a proper way, but instead bombards us with 'stories' in 140 characters. But when it all comes down to it, the responsibility lies with the consumer. We need to be aware of this development and critically ask ourselves what kind of information we want. Demanding more from the media around us and to a larger extent being willing to pay for information, might be in the near future.

Now, let's all stop following BBC on Twitter and instead strike a blow for old school reporting - reporting that does not prefer pace over quality.

By Sofie Ejdrup Larsen





A N S W E R S

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



JEFFREY LEWIS

Prolific songwriter and comic book artist Jeffrey Lewis has been on the New York scene since the late 90s, and over the years has released 6 albums with Rough Trade Records amongst numerous self-released cassette tapes.

Often using clever rhymes and wordplay, his music is known for being reflective, anxious, uncertain, existential, surreal and moral, but most of all sincere. He covers the likes of personal relationships, life as an artist, time and space travel, monsters and ghouls, the Lower East Side of New York and famously his experiences with psychedelic drugs. Applying the punk ethic of self-reliance, against all odds he has managed to build a devoted international following for his music and comic book art, which he frequently combines during his live shows.

Who were your early musical influences before you started doing it professionally?

Early Pink Floyd, I had lots of bootlegs of their 1968-1971 period. Daniel Johnston, Yo La Tengo, the Rolling Stones, Bob Dylan, Pearls Before Swine, Donovan, Woody Guthrie, Skip Spence, those were all big influences on me. Also my rapping uncle Professor Louie, a great political rapper, always a big influence on me.

Who influences you now?

A lot of the same stuff, really, but I've gotten into other music that has also been an influence. Right now at this very moment I suppose I'm influenced by people that I personally know more than I am by new albums that I hear.

How would you describe 'antifolk' and how do you feel about being associated with this movement?

Anybody who was playing music at the Sidewalk Cafe in New York City in the 1990s or 2000s was automatically labeled "antifolk" no matter what kind of music you played, so the term doesn't really mean anything other than that. But it also makes sense for me, more than for some other people, because it describes a certain attitude towards writing and recording and performing that the term "singer-songwriter" would not describe. I

was more into music as a raw expression in words and sound, NOT so much the delicate craft of piecing words and melodies together, so I'm glad there's a term that already existed that seems to be some sort of description of that, a description of songwriting that falls outside of the normal image. So that's what "antifolk" means to me, if it means anything. I don't mind it, because no matter what you play there will be people who come up with a genre tag for it, you can't escape that, so at least antifolk is a more unique and mysterious tag than "indie rock" or "alt country" or "post punk" or whatever.

From song to song, the content of your music can address everyday realism to the otherworldly and fantastic, and even blur the two. Are the writing processes for these different styles very different? Does one come easier?

I just write out of desperation and I'll take whatever kind of song I can get!

You've done a lot of collaborations with very different artists. What do you look for in the people that you collaborate with, how do the opportunities come about?

Collaboration can be tough because people have to be okay with letting go of their own idea of how something should go... but if you're working with people whose work you love then it's easier, and often you're on the same page anyway. It's nice to work with people that have an understanding of words, rather than perhaps certain people that have more of an understanding of chords or harmony, I don't have much to contribute to a conversation about harmony.

You just did a gig with Daniel Johnston in London, who you've said is a big inspiration for you. What's it like playing with someone that you're such a big fan of?

I've been lucky enough to meet a lot of people who have been big inspirations to me, but the thing to keep in mind when meeting such folks is that they haven't spent the time with me that I've spent with them. If I see Lou Reed on the street, I feel like I'm bumping into an old friend, somebody who I've



spent a lot of time hanging out with over the years, I've got every album he's ever made. It's impossible to really reconcile the fact that he has not spent any of that time with me, that he's an old friend of mine but I'm a stranger to him. Daniel's another case altogether because you could play a hundred gigs with him and he still would walk past you the next day like he's never met you before, because he's all doped up on weird mental stabilizing drugs and is not attuned to people around him very much. The Daniel Johnston whose songs and voice I fell in love with is a Daniel Johnston who really hasn't existed since about 1994. I've been doing gigs with the sedate, overweight, medicated Daniel on and off since 1999, but I don't ever expect him to remember me. His brother Dick is his manager, Dick is always kind and friendly and will indeed come over and say hi and catch up and all that. Dick's got a very tough job, and some people find him off-putting because he has to take his job seriously, but I think he's doing a tough chore quite well and still manages to be personable and friendly to all the people he meets and works with. My respect and love for Daniel is basically infinite

though regardless of all that other stuff. Music without Daniel Johnston is impossible for me to calculate. If Daniel hadn't given what he gave to the world, I just can't imagine what music and art would be worth nowadays. 99% of the bands and artists that you see are essentially dispensable - they might be great in various ways but they could evaporate off the face of the earth and there wouldn't be much difference, there would be other bands to pop up and take their place; Daniel's contribution is way more integral. So just being in his presence is like being in the same room as Picasso or something. Whether that's worth something or not one can make up one's own mind about.

You're renowned for combining your comics with your music. How did that come about?

I was always trying out different things in my early performances, in my first few years of performing, like 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001. I still experiment with my shows but to a lesser extent. You can't really do as much when 95% of your gigs are on tour - there's just no time to prepare a whole new sort of thing to do each night. But in those first four years, before I had ever done any tour stuff, I wasn't playing more than perhaps one or two gigs a month maximum, so there was plenty of time to make each show a completely unique event, with all new songs and new ideas. I'm very lucky that I had so many years to experiment before very many people were paying attention; by the time I was putting albums out on Rough Trade and having more people and press paying any attention to me I already had years of experience under my belt, I had already had a lot of time to make mistakes and find out what I was good at and what I wasn't very good at. I've probably played more bad shows than anybody. I still give myself a lot of permission to play bad shows. But that's how you end up finding ideas like the illustrated songs.

As you've become more and more successful have you experienced any pressure to refine or change your approach to music, stylistically or in terms of production value?

I do feel pressure concerning the cost of music in shops, which I feel is a total ripoff. I very rarely

buy new albums anymore, on CD or on vinyl, because they are so expensive... 14, 15, 19 dollars for a new album. As an artist I can't control what prices the record label and the shops put my albums at, all I can control is the amount of money and time that I put into the product. When I started out I was very proud of being able to make an album with no time and no money - because that meant I could sell it at my concert for 3 or 4 or 5 dollars and make a good profit and give people a good deal for their money. Now if I make an album very cheaply I feel like I'm ripping people off because they are going to have to spend 15 dollars in a shop for it even if the whole recording cost me less than 15 dollars to make. For a few years that meant that I was trying to spend more time and money on making my own albums. Now I've been trying to do it both ways - I make my own home-made albums very cheaply and sell them very cheaply at my shows and on my website, and then I also make fancier albums that go through the record label and the shops for normal prices. I wish there was a way to have the price in shops be controlled by the artist a bit more.

You have been signed to Rough Trade, a British label, for over a decade and have found a devoted fan base in the UK. Do you find a difference in the response of audiences from UK to the audiences of the US?

The UK has a more rabid music listenership because NME is a weekly magazine - there are no weekly music magazines in the USA, so that means that the UK devours four times as much music info than the US does. Every single week there has to be SOME band on the cover of NME, and they have to fill the pages about SOMEbody. Rolling Stone or Spin magazines back in the USA only have to put one artist on the cover each month, only have to fill the pages once a month. If you multiply that difference in pace year after year, decade after decade, you have this insane difference in the speed of public digestion of and awareness of music. Also in the UK you can get in to clubs to see music before you are 21, and in the USA you have a lot of problems as a teenager trying to see bands play, unless you are seeing totally DIY basement shows or major arena shows. That almost completely severs touring rock bands from a teenage audience.

Which is rather insane if you think about it. Really, I think I have roughly the same number of fans in the US as in the UK... I get about the same amount of orders off my website from the USA and the UK, and I have about the same number of people on my USA email list as on my UK email list. The fans are just spread thinner on the ground in the USA because of the land mass. I once did a mathematical calculation by some means or other and I think I figured out I have one fan per 8 square miles in the UK and one fan per 29 square miles in the USA or something like that. I forget the actual figures.

What are your future plans?

I can't really decide, to be or not to be, the usual.

Jeffrey Lewis' European tour starts July 16
www.thejeffreylewisite.com



TOP 10

PIC'N'MIX COSTUMES

I blame my mum's obsession with Robbie Williams for remembering the video to 'Rock DJ'. You know the one where Robbie rips away his clothes, skin, muscle and tissue until all that's left is a poppin' skeleton in the middle of the dance floor. Fundamentally we're all built the same, yet this video somehow got me thinking about the harsh limitations we face when Halloween or any kind of compulsory costume party arises. It's that first and top layer - our skin/race/gender - that has to suit another. Well, who cares about that?! If you're going to be someone else for the night, be whoever.

10 AUSTIN POWERS

I love all three Austin Powers films, I don't think I stopped laughing throughout. Yet, as a black guy, dressing up in a blue crushed velvet suit and frilly lace cravat is going to look more out of place than Stephen Hawking in the NBA. But it's worth it, that suit is wicked! Even if people mistake me for Django and his first outfit in Unchained or say Prince wore purple, I'd still reply with "Nope. I'm Austin Powers, baby".

9 BRUCE LEE

Who doesn't want to be Bruce Lee?! I'm a kung-fu master just from watching his films. The yellow and black jumpsuit from Game of Death is iconic and has popped up in loads of films, games and music videos. Girls, you're gonna be super-hot wearing it, just look at Uma Thurman in Kill Bill. And guys...come on its Bruce Lee!

8 MARILYN MONROE

One for the ladies, well she is a gay icon too. It can only be Monroe's infamous white dress from the Seven Year Itch. Just add some glitz and glamour to the outfit and you'll get heads turning from the moment you step in the room. If you want to go all out give a friend a hairdryer to play the part of the subway breeze.

TUPAC 7

Blacking-up. OK, you don't have to do this (I won't be 'whiting up' for Austin Powers). It's a bit risqué and some will even think racist, but unless you're a dick and doing it as a malicious insult, it's just pure jokes. My friend did this at Bestival a few years ago, I was on the floor when he emerged from his tent with a blacked up face, nose stud, gold chains and front knotted bandana. Awesome costume and highly recommended for any white rap fans who are tired of dressing up as Eminem.

HAN SOLO 6

This costume is great because you can double up as Lando Calrissian (Family Guy Blue Harvest... you know what I'm talking about). Navy cargo trousers, white long sleeve v-neck top, black military vest and simple black boots. They also come in handy for Jedi costumes, what an investment!

HARRY POTTER 5

It's almost 10 years since I tasted the bitter disappointment of not receiving my Hogwarts letter, sadly this has to be the next best thing. If glasses and a draw-on lightning bolt scar are beyond you then be your own wizard/witch! Charcoal grey jumper, trousers/skirt and the house tie of your choice. Slytherin all the way, Snape is my hero.

4 PHANTOM OF THE OPERA

Just feel honoured that I am sharing perhaps one of my guiltiest pleasures with you. Now, open up your mind and let your fantasies unwind. This works for anyone: Elegant black and white tailcoat tux and that iconic white mask. That's all you need, and that's all I dare share.

3 LARA CROFT

Girls, I see enough denim short shorts out there. That's fine but green or brown is better, effort is always appreciated. Simple ponytail, none of this 2 hours work on your hair rubbish. And you'll be so thankful for the turquoise tank top and calf high boots when you're sweating and being trodden on at the Halloween rave. Awesome, yet simple, costume.

2 MADONNA

Of course it's Jean Paul Gautier's cone bra thing. The sexy department has you covered with an accompanying corset, just don't poke anyone's eye out with the cones. Alternatively, the classic 'Boy Toy' look is just as cool. Throw in another corset, short frilly skirt over leggings, lacy fingerless gloves, hair ribbon, loads of beads, bracelets and crucifixes, then you are good to go!

1

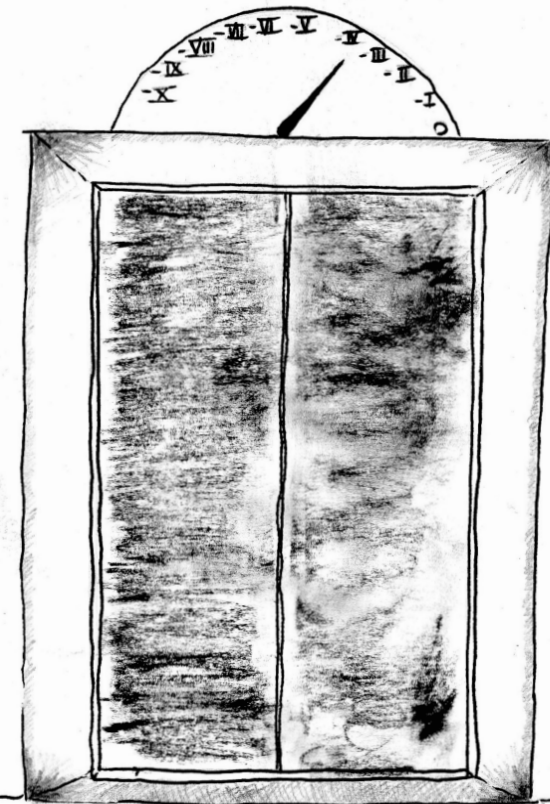
MICHAEL JACKSON

The King of Pop helped the world on so many levels and none more so than with fancy dress. It doesn't matter if you're black or white, MJ was both. There are outfits for all! Thriller, Billie Jean, Beat It, Bad, Smooth Criminal and countless sequined military jackets. Absolutely no one can go wrong with MJ.

By George Fuller

INFERNO

You wait in the foyer and watch as a seemingly endless stream of people come, go, and nervously inspect the heavy black elevator doors. Some are checking their watches, some hop from foot to foot as if in line for the toilet. Others merely chew their nails and discuss the inconstant weather outside. It is only as you enter the lift and are confronted by a short, stocky, thin-lipped old man, that you are informed that the foyer is in fact the uppermost layer of Hell, the building through which you are about to descend. It is God's eternal repository for those deemed too indecisive, too apathetic and too hesitant to dwell happily in Paradise. And so, they wait here, in a beige foyer, drawn to the mysterious black lift, but always torn away by their own wavering apprehension. These souls are damned to an after-life of painful indecision and the accompanying sensation that they are perpetually missing out.



The lift descends and as the forlorn worried faces disappear from view, you enquire as to the nature of both God and the floors below. To the former, the old thin-lipped man sighs and says that God is great, powerful, omniscient and mostly kind. To the latter, he points to a large window in the lift wall and mutters, "you'll see." Unsure of what to say, you ask what he means by "mostly." Again he sighs and says "you'll see."

The next layer, contrary to Dante's speculation, is home to the Smug and the Gossips. The old man informs you; those wearing the smuggest of expressions are actually the Gossips, condemned by God to withhold a secret of great significance and to never tell a soul. In turn, the Smug must exist in the miserable knowledge that there is some secret to be known, and yet they may never be privy to whatever it might be. They slouch and they sulk as the Gossips pass by, their lips sealed and their gloating faces painfully contorted with the futile effort of trying to speak.

The third layer of Hell, for unlike conventional buildings the anti-celestial floors are numbered downward, is pitch black. As the elevator descends you hear a scuffling and the muted sighs of an unmistakeable frustration. Here then, incarcerated for crimes against procreation and the future assurance of God's favourite race, are the Needlessly Celibate. It turns out, as the old, thin lipped man explains, that God really approves of sex and sees anybody avoiding this

marvellous opportunity as a sinner and unfit for his kingdom. And so he leaves them here, shuffling eternally in the hot darkness, naked, bored and breathing an atmosphere clogged with pheromones. They are destined to play out their afterlife horribly frustrated, in close proximity to hundreds of unseen bodies, but always unable to find release. If they stop to fumble someone in the dark, or even to chat, they are forced to move on at the exact moment when climax seems guaranteed. As the lift descends further, their desperate moans are lost in the dark.

Next, a land of crisscrossing A-roads, with an abundance of London buses driving hastily to and fro. Milling between the roads there are two kinds of people. The first are the Inconsiderate, their horrified faces fixed by God so that they may only see, some way over their left shoulders, an opportunity passed-by and lost forever. The second type of people are the shopping-laden pensioners about to cross. Over and over these old men and women are violently run down and smashed by the hastily driven busses, while over and over, the Inconsiderate must watch, now steeped in the guilt of a responsibility, which once neglected, can never be redeemed.

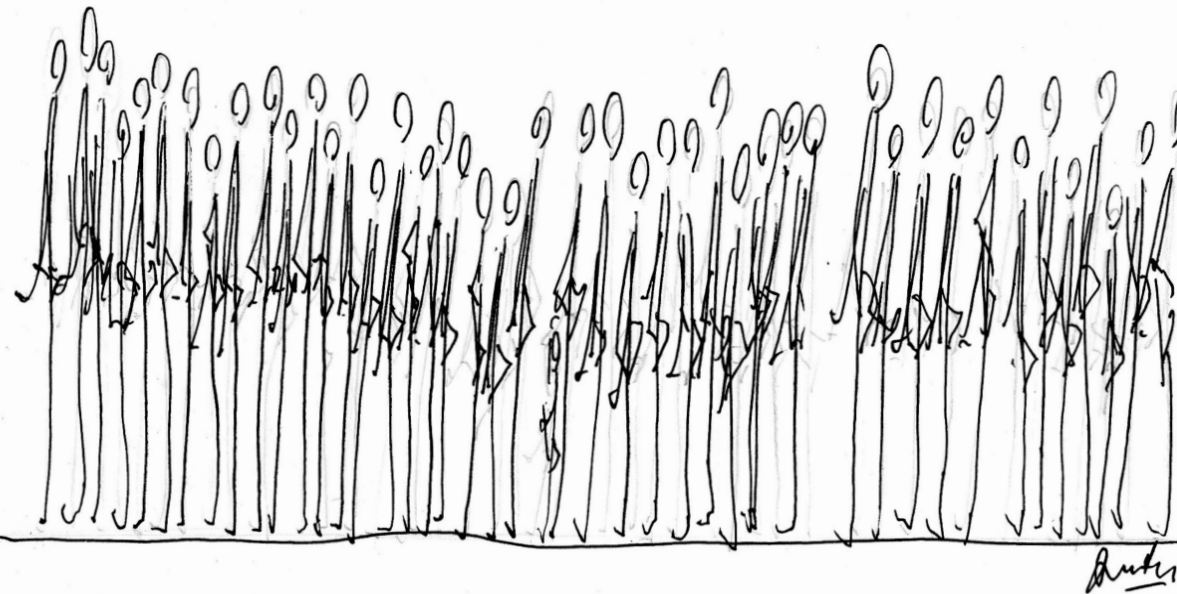
Again the lift descends and the penultimate layer of Hell comes into view. This floor appears to be filled with people, some happy, some sad, most dancing, and all shouting over the cacophonous music being played. You recognise many of the

faces in the crowd and gaily wave to your friends as they pass the lift window. Damned here, the old man says, are the Religiously Devoted and the Bleary Eyed Office Workers who could not find time in their day for the appreciation of God's beautiful earth, and spent the vast majority of it inside, in gloom, devoted to something else entirely. Now, they must socialise, loudly, with everyone they have ever known, and in all the bleakness of eternal damnation can never again find the solace they once sought on earth.

As this layer rises from view, you wonder what exactly the ground floor houses and why you are being taken there.

The elevator doors open and the thin-lipped old man turns to you and speaks. "You asked me before what I meant by 'mostly.' Well, the people God really hates, the people that really grind God's gears, are not the Shrewd or the Proud. They're not the Satanists or the Kiddy-Fiddlers or the Suicides or the Bankers. No not even the Downright Malevolent. The people He hates are people like you. The Readers. The Literate. He never learned to read or write and you people, with your free will and your articulation, always made Him bitter. Literacy was a total fuck-up in the plan."

And with that he shoves you in the back with his stick and you exit. You find yourself in a large corridor at the end of which is a door. You walk towards it and begin to make out a word written in white paint just above the green exit light at the top. You walk further, you walk faster, you begin to run, but the corridor stretches on and on. The door is getting closer but the distance between it and you seems infinite. At the precise moment you realise that you will never make it to the door, that the corridor leads only to more of the same and that you are destined to spend eternity alone and running, the white paint becomes legible and you understand your fate. You swallow the tears and look back but the lift, the old man, and any hope of redemption has vanished: you are truly alone with the unreachable door. "PARADISE," it says.





A teenage self help book



A little notebook too small to write in



Domino's pizza, white knee high socks and fish nets (boyfriend)



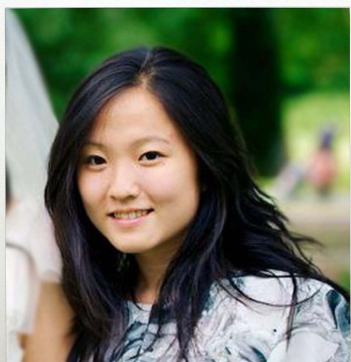
The Handjob Handbook (from my sister)



A baby pink corduroy gilet with hot pink faux feathery furry trim



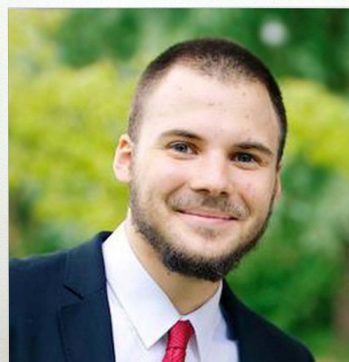
A plastic wastepaper basket



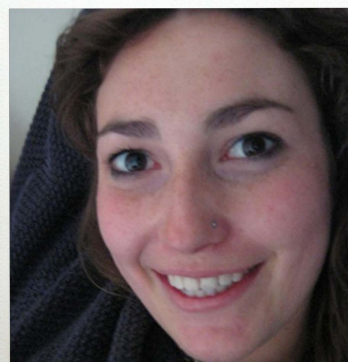
A post it note stuck on some money



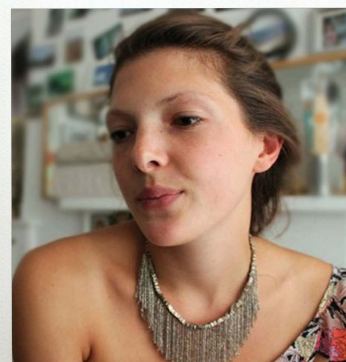
Reusable sanitary towels



A kitchen towel, some soap and shower gel (when I was 8)



A toothbrush



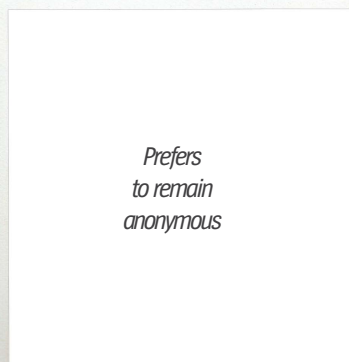
A grow your own boyfriend, twice (from my Grandma)



A telly tubby soap dish (when I was 12)

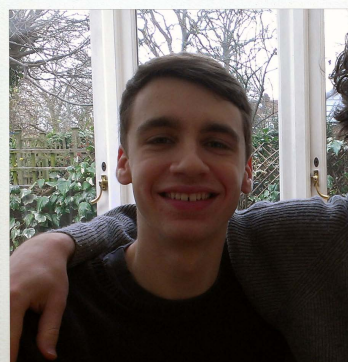


A stick. We were very poor...

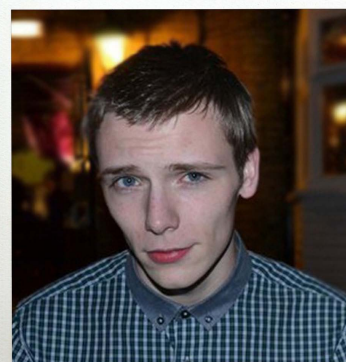


Prefers to remain anonymous

Shoelaces (every year)

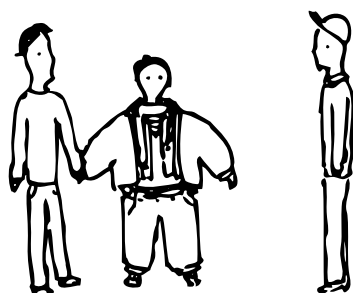
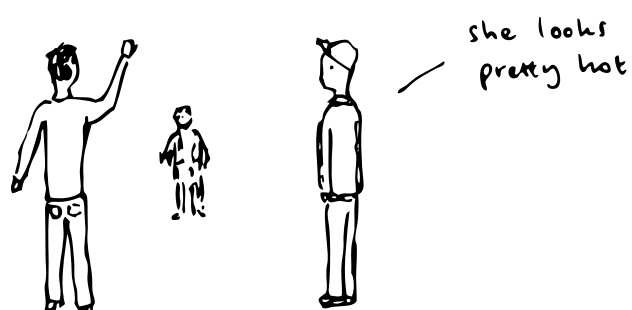
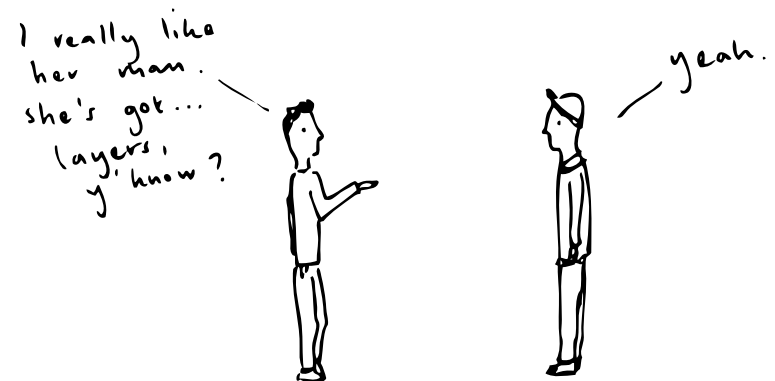


A Shell



A Barbie

WHAT'S THE WORST GIFT YOU'VE EVER BEEN GIVEN?



WHETHER IT IS CHILLED BEER, A THIRST QUENCHING DRINK OF WATER OR EVEN SOME SQUASH, A PINT GLASS IS WELL ACCEPTED AS THE OPTIMALLY SIZED DRINKING UTENSIL. IT'S NOT TOO MUCH LIQUID, BUT IT'S SUBSTANTIALLY MORE THAN A NORMAL GLASS SO THAT YOU KNOW THAT IT WILL IT NEVER FALL SHORT.

ESTRELLA DAMM PINT GLASSES ARE, OF COURSE, PINT SIZED. MORE IMPORTANTLY THOUGH, THEY ARE A NORMAL SHAPE; THEY FIT PROPERLY AND WITH EASE INTO YOUR HAND, AND DON'T TRY TO BE SOMETHING THEY'RE NOT. FURTHERMORE, THEY'RE STURDY. THERE'S NO ATTEMPT AT DELICACY HERE; ESTRELLA DAMM'S GLASS IS THICK ENOUGH THAT IT WON'T BREAK THE FIRST TIME YOU WASH THEM (I'M LOOKING AT YOU, PERONI). YES, THE PATTERN ON THE GLASSES COULD BE SLIGHTLY IMPROVED, BUT THEY'RE ALSO FROM BARCELONA, SO MAKE YOU LOOK EXOTIC. THIS IS A KIND OF GLASS THAT DOES WHAT IT'S SUPPOSED TO, AND TRIES NOTHING MORE.



ROLF'S ROLL ANIMAL HOSPITAL THEME

IT IS EASY TO FIND ROLF HARRIS (AO, CBE) AT THE BUTT OF A JOKE: THE RECENT OPERATION YEWTREE ALLEGATIONS (NOW DROPPED), THE WOBBLE BOARD, THE CATCHPHRASES, THE BEARD ETC. BUT DESPITE THIS, THERE ARE SOME THINGS WHICH WE WILL ONLY EVER LOOK BACK ON FONDLY AND THIS IS EXEMPLIFIED BY HIS 19 SERIES AT THE HELM OF ANIMAL HOSPITAL. ROLF'S ROLL IS A GLORIOUS 15 SECOND LOOP OF ANIMAL HOSPITAL THEME MUSIC WHICH WILL STIR EVEN THE COLDEST OF HEARTS. THE RIPPING EMOTION OF THE SAXOPHONE STRIKES A HIGH BLOW AT THE BEGINNING, COOLING DOWN TOWARDS THE END BUT ONLY LEAVING YOU CRAVING FOR MORE. AN INTOXICATING COMBINATION OF LOVE AND ADDICTION ENSUES WHICH YOU SHOULD BE ONLY TOO HAPPY TO ENJOY FOR THE FULL 10 MINUTES. BLISS. 10/10

MATCH THE FACES...

to the Favourite Writing Implement

1



2



ANSWERS
ON
PAGE
21

3



4



5



6




7




8




A




B




C




D




E




F



G



H

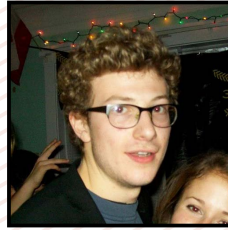


C O N T R I B U T O R S

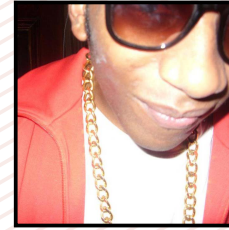
All Content ©Wastepaper Magazine 2013



Alice
Front Cover



Jake
Onion Boy
Words



George
Top 10



Angus
Inferno
Words



Edie
Onion Boy
Illustration



Therese
How To
Words



Ito
Inferno
Illustration



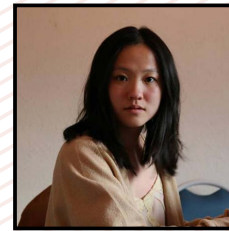
Seb
Smooth Talkers



Klara
How To
Illustration



Rob
Stanley Kubrick's
Haunted Rubik's Cube
Words



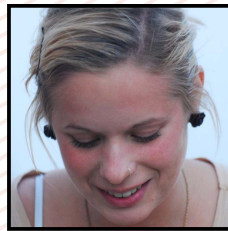
Yvonne
Cartoon



Katie Lemon
Reviews



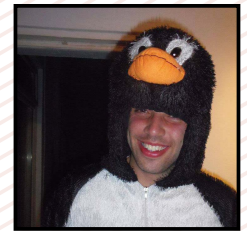
Simon
The Shining
Graphic



Sofie
The Missing Layers



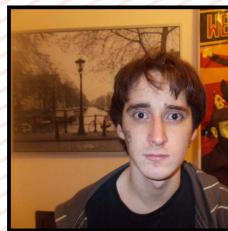
Squish
Back Cover



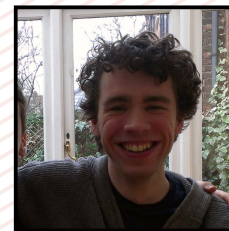
Adam
Copy Editor



Will
Answers
Illustration



Daniel
Jeffrey Lewis Interview



Josh
Editor



Jessie
Editor
Jeffrey Lewis Interview

contribute@wastepapermagazine.co.uk

