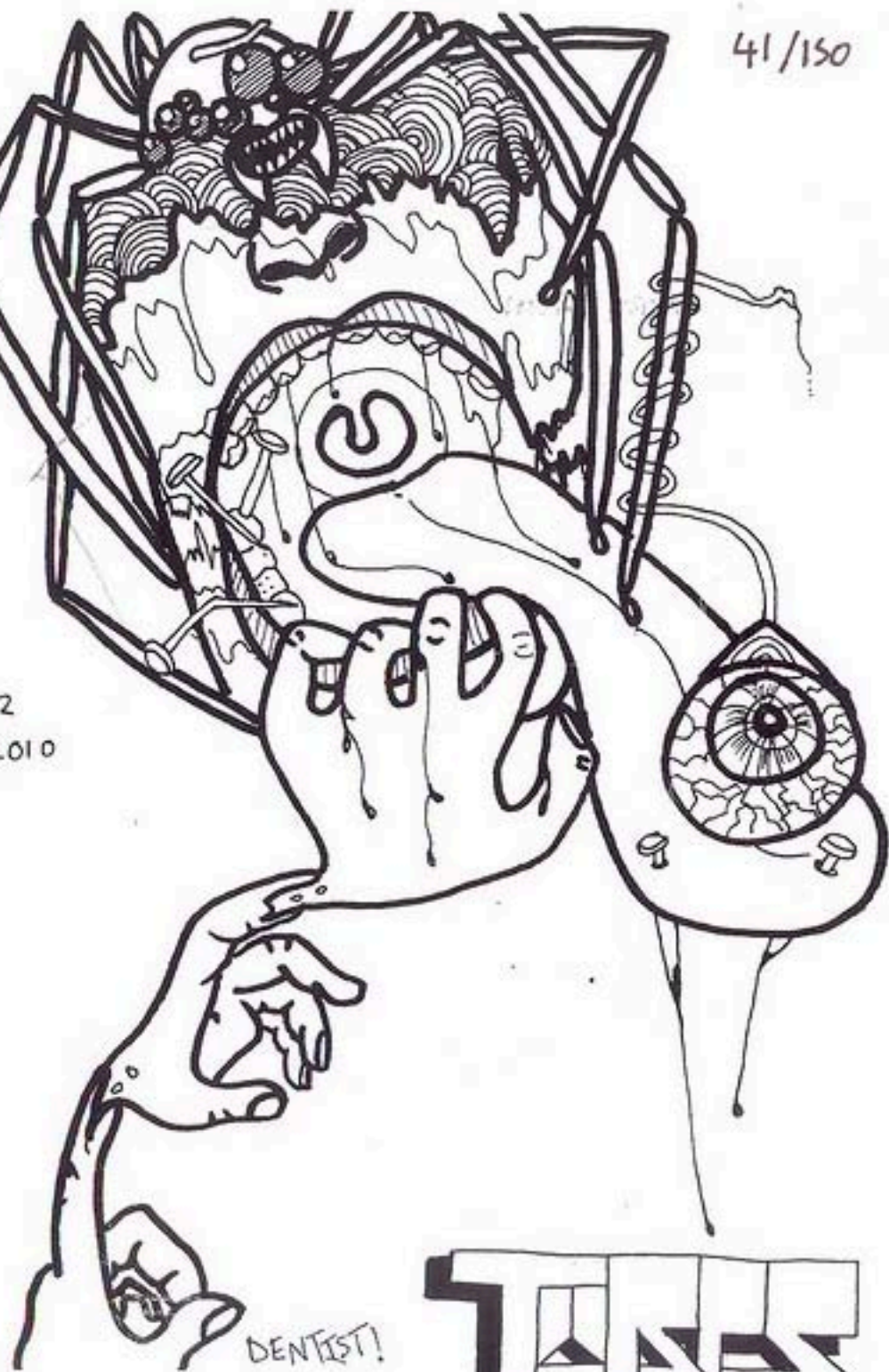


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ISSUE 2
FEB 2010



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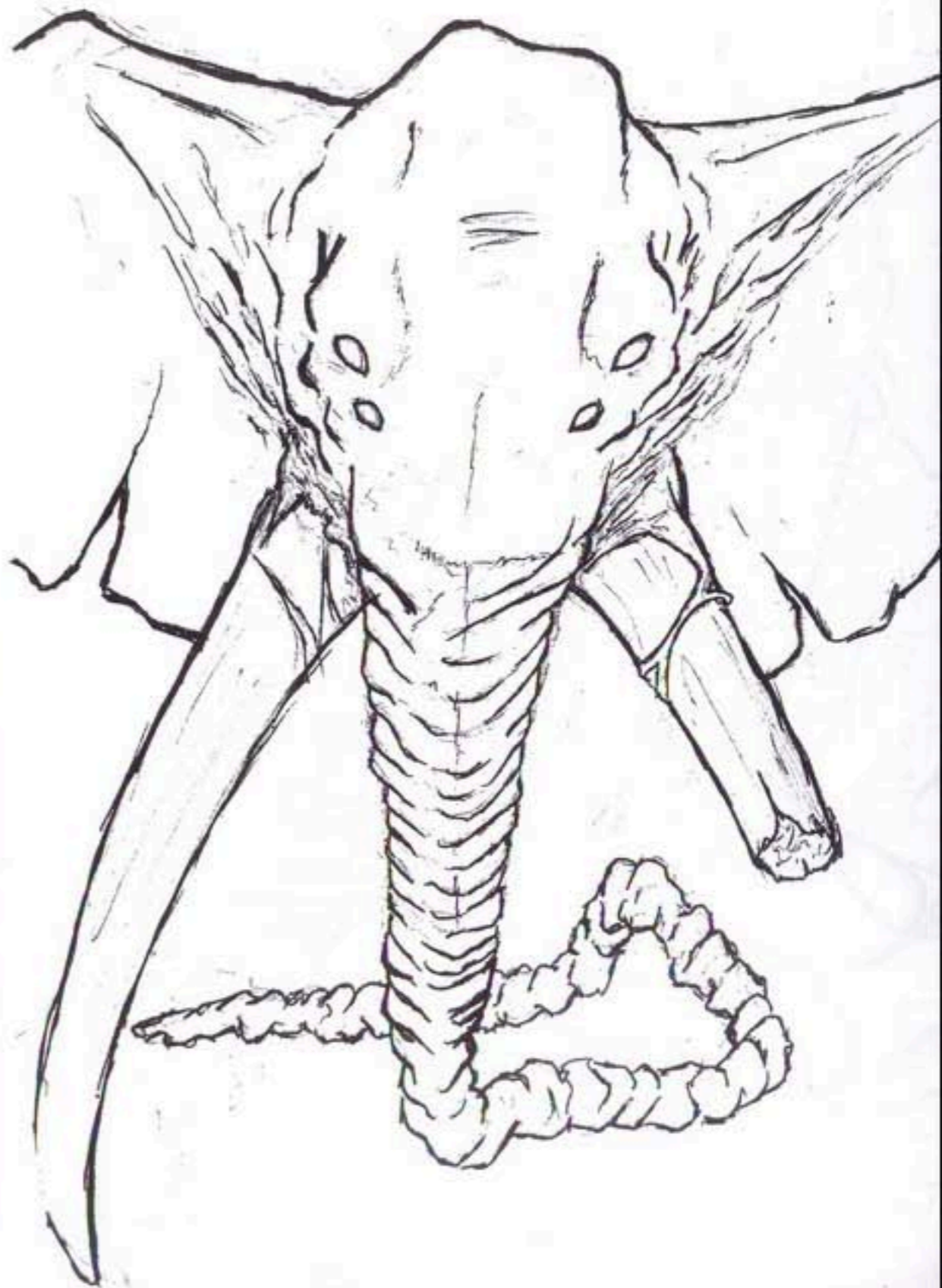
TURPS MAGAZINE

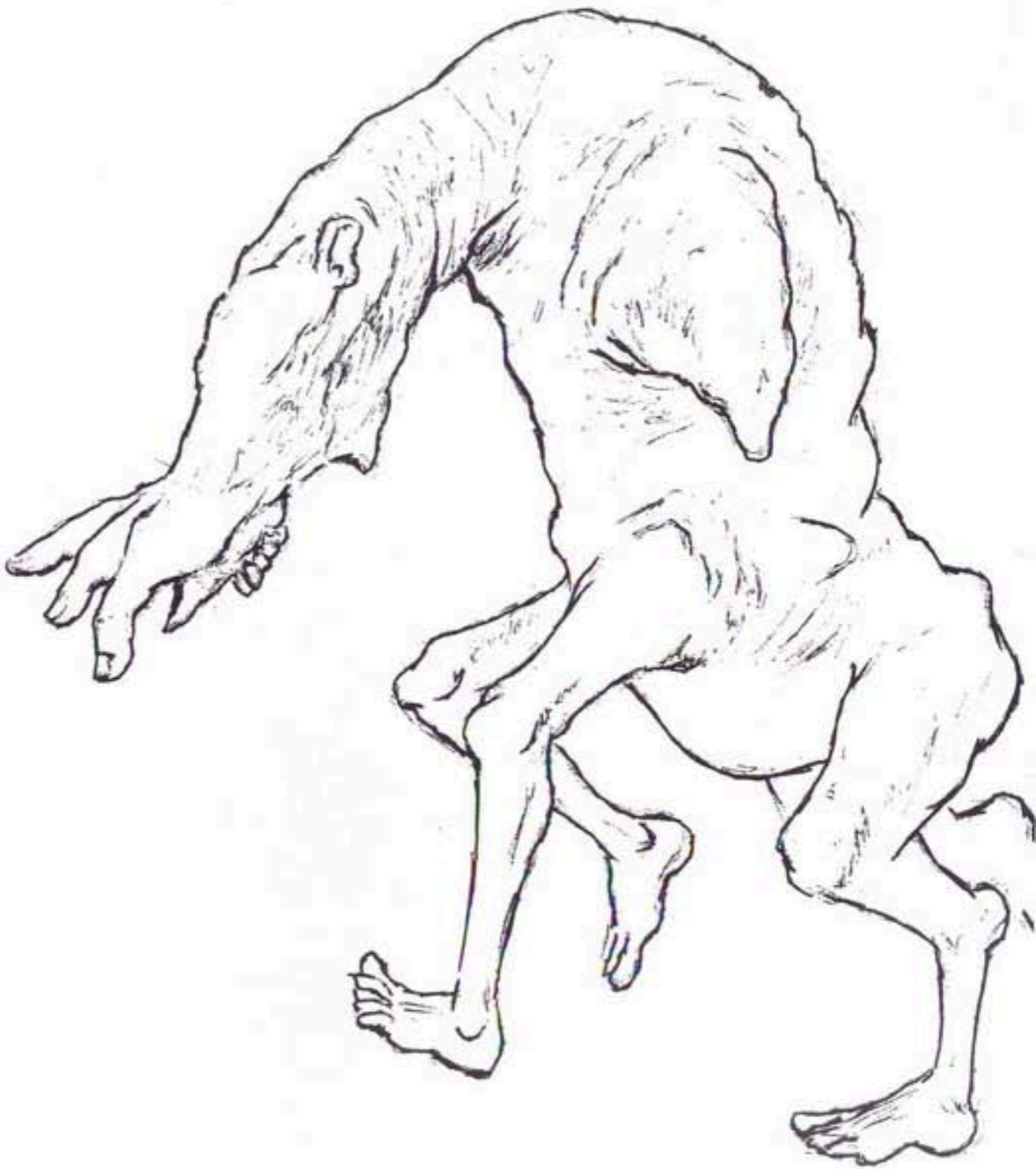
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TOUCH VIA EMAIL.





Soloqan - jumale p sas ukery thady

Some say he's downright evil.

He's got what it takes to be a

He's got a mean look

Legend

LEGEND

downright evil

EVIL

So low on ground and
 He's got what it takes to be
 A legend in the eyes of
 the people.

Legend

Legend

Legend

Legend

Legend

Legend

Legend

Legend

Legend

Legend



EVERY-
THINK

SEES

LEGEND

BDD

Some say he's downright evil.

He's got what it takes to be a

Legend

MARKER
PEN
PENCIL

Some say he's downright evil.

LEGEND



Ben's Bend

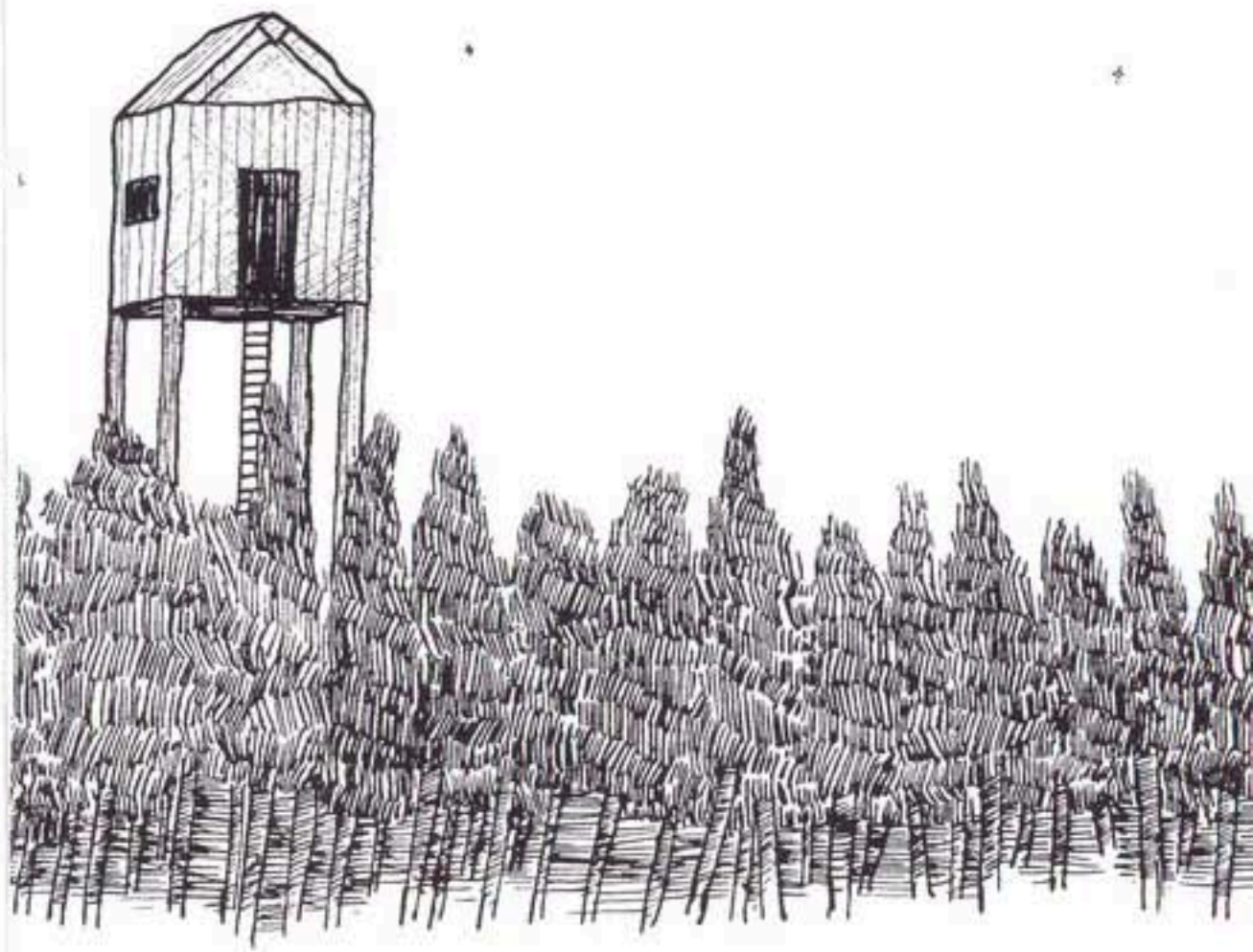
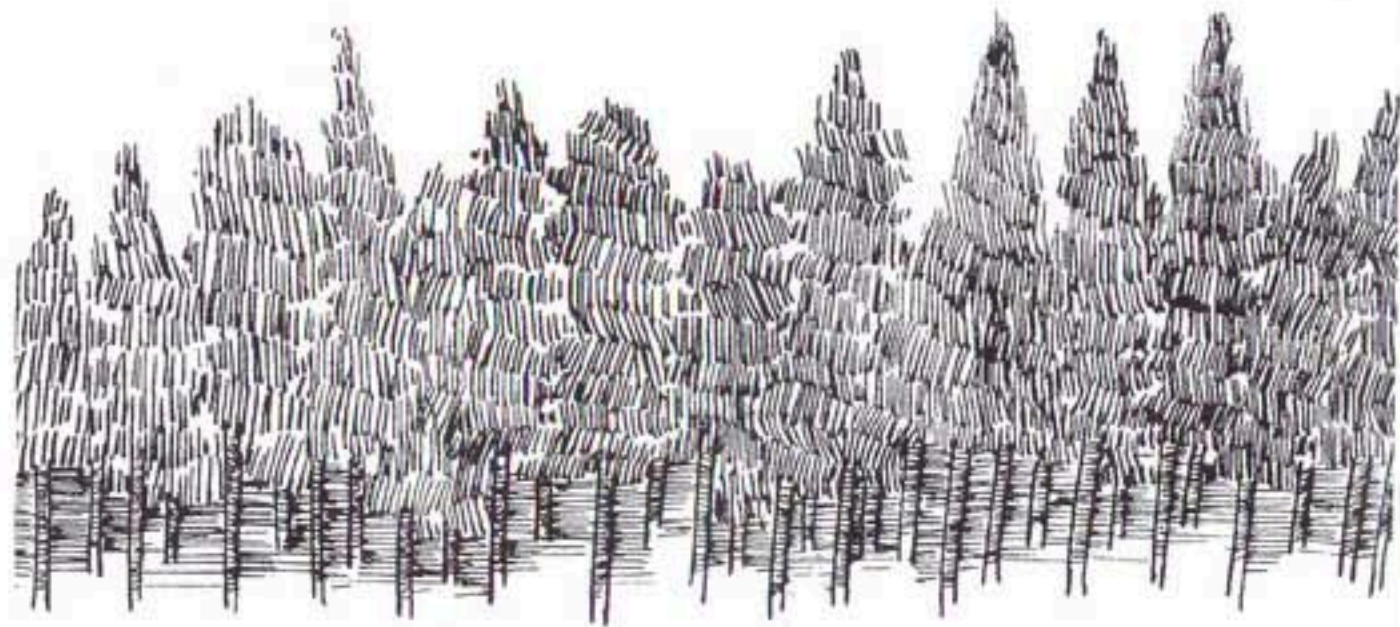
My generation, more so my kids generation if I had any, but alas, are subject to a culture of great complacency and impatience. Oven? Microwave! Doctorate? Call centre! Walk? Taxi! Romance? Wank! Why pay for more when less is already on your plate, and it's free? We live in a fast paced world where we don't have time for trivial commodities such as exercise. Why do something when you can do nothing and if that isn't causing each of us to inheritably implode at the implausibility of the impartial desire in each of us to fill our minds with something imminently indifferent to the infinite ways of not participating (that task itself is a trick our minds have learnt through evolution as to think of a way of entertaining itself which in practice "entertains itself", it's a common but underrated means of passing time) we often fall foul of time to shit, shower or shave.

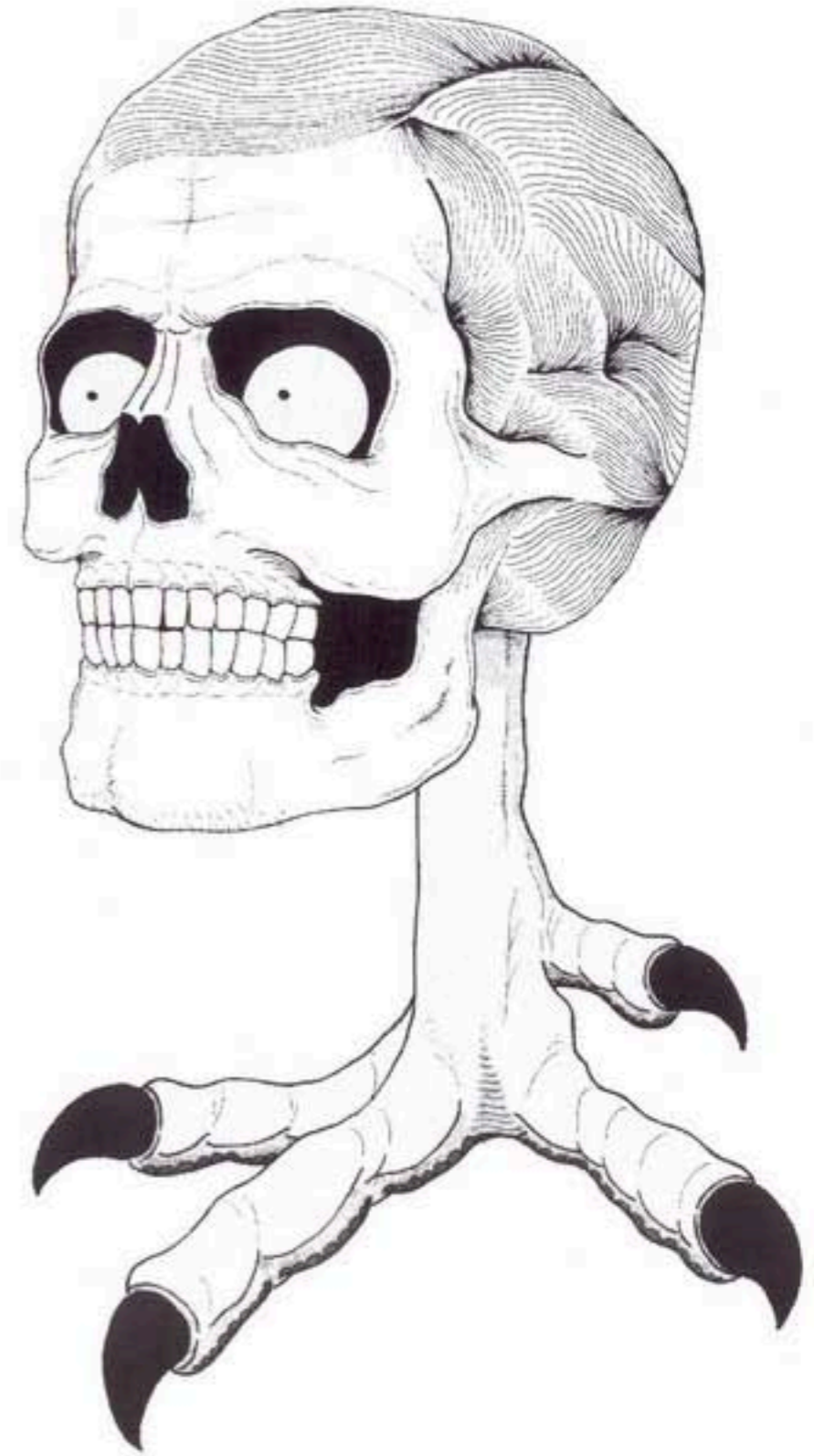
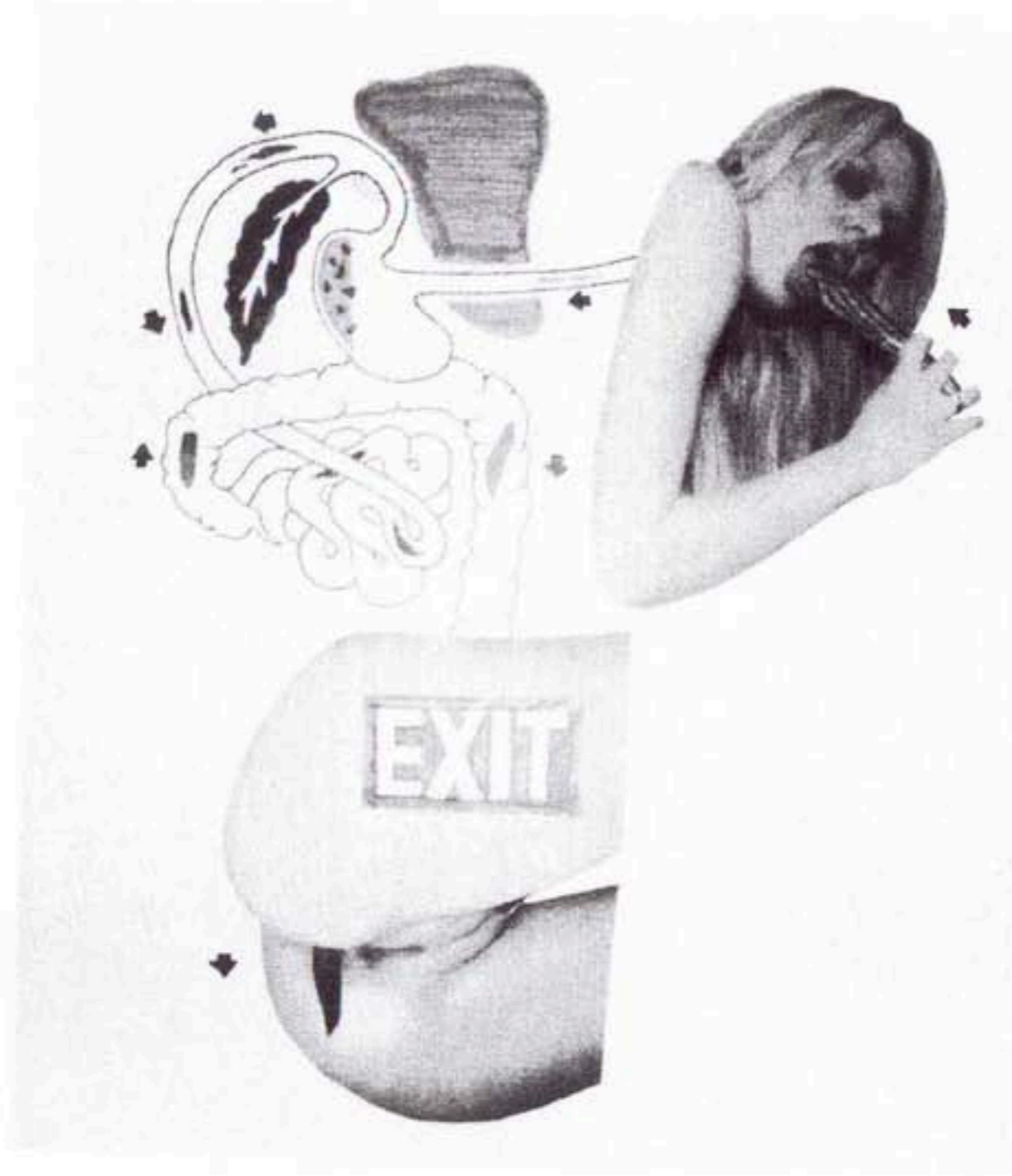
With means of cutting time there are now means of filling that new spare time with a sense that there was never any time gained at all. "Instead of washing the dishes in the sink when I am microwaving my beans this afternoon I think I'll order some crackers from Morrisons on the net, should be here by the time I've converted the house

into a Victorian concert hall and had my robot feed all of the cats". What I cannot let fall foul in any bereavement is that I no longer need to feel ashamed during sex, with everything coming quicker it seems only natural that I should too.

Lately I've taken to watching trailers, reading blurbs, smelling fine wine and briefly ogling a young lady and qualifying myself as "experienced them to modern standards". My mother, the dear that she is, will spend 2 hours to make the dinner, 5 hours preparing for a birthday, 30 hours knitting a garment and anywhere up to 25 years raising a child, obviously there is something amiss with the lessons two different cultures teach us. Perhaps we have intellectually moved on where time can't afford trivial matters, or maybe we've forgotten?

I work, yes, that's a true statement! I used to get by on minimum wage, then I got by on little more than minimum wage, now I get by on near double minimum wage, do I feel more comfortable? No! I consume more, I eat pricier food, I drink better rum, I smoke velvet lined cigarettes, I was just as well off when I was on minimum wage, you consume what you are given, my house mate makes what I make in a month in a week, he is none the richer. Are we happy like this? Are we content with always having needs, is it our needs that drive us motivationally. Maybe this is the reason we cannot find comfort in settling for the achievements we strive, for without setting another. Our ancestors would kill for a cushy environment like ours and they would swear that it would be paradise, only paradise is a constant far off dream, it is the carrot to the donkey, it the dragon of life, and we're all chasing it.





←ratface

TOUCHING*** THE*** CLOTH***

"Lets have a look, then shall we?"



I pity the fool that puts on my jewels. But anyway. These groups are ear-cuisine for your high-fi delight. Music can make or break any situation so STOP. LOOK. LISTEN. The old met the new and they got along fine. A quasi top ten for audio-geeks.

First up! Its stuff to have your birthday cake to. Bristol based 'RatFace' have been out there for a mission now, peddling bedroom punk-hop. Toured NYC so they must be cool. But seriously check out www.myspace.com/ratfacemuzak— no he don't have the face of a rat. Then it's straight over to finland for the real stuff. 'Deep Turtle' kick tits. go on you tube and type in 'Deep Turtle' the magic beholds. Frisky fidget punk funk with a chorus of black-thrash. (Make up genres) Next is an obvious one, but I reckon 'Sonic Youth's' new album *The Eternal* is a total megatron of riffage. Sounding a lot like they did on *Nurse* it's verging on mathcore in places. Any way blah blah blah. Ipso factum huh? Thurston!

Now, without a doubt it's worth mentioning that 'Pere Ubu' are playing in London in a months time. The thing is they'll be playing all the songs (in order) from their seminal post-punk beast *The Modern Dance*. Just google. David Thomas is getting quite porky these days and might not shuffle off stage in time resulting in lack of food and water. Whatever.



Rock music is mostly about moving big black boxes from one side of town to the other in the back of your car.!



The Deadstock's demo sped through 4 tracks in about 6 minutes. This is great, frenetic, falling-over-itself post-punk splurge, with every second feeling utterly vital and no time wastage. Awesome stuff! They're from tokyo .

That's right. tokyo.

#This page wouldn't be complete (and neither

would I) if 'Mission Of Burma' didn't get a mention. Apart from every album being an uber-fuck, the new one (the sound the speed the light) is pants shittingly 1978. I mean roger miller still uses that vari fuzz vibra tone thing.

Wooooonngggg. Wooooonngggg. Wooooonng.

Yep. Look at their faces; they're smug. And they've every reason to be... www.missionofburma.com



Frightened Rabbit! Aaagh. Bedroom post-indie. Another wee beastie. It SOUNDS like a one man show (his bedroom may smell odd.) check out a tune call "the greys" - its what the new vinyls have been wanting to do for a

long time, but didn't quite get it. Heres a picture of them/him/it.

Some Young Pedro are a band from Glasgow with a big fuzzi pedal and drumsticks and a shout to match. Check out the epic *Steve Jones* it's a beast. Psychedelic post-punk woop. ONTHEOTHERHAND...



Death.Pool and their awesome declaration of pussy warfare are very sharp indeedy. It's like Joe's impression of jazz when we go to first ave and practice which is hi-

larious if you ask me. It must get Youtubed at somepoint (not gunpoint as Joe won't like this) Now imagine Dinosaur JR got in a fight the other day. Johnny Marr was their. He felt marred. They were fighting a backwards lo-fi screamo-indie-shmindy outfit call boringly enough. ALPHABET. No but seriously a total beast of a feast for your treat. Happy go lucky verses met by a pure barrage of hate-noise-bitch-rid. On myspace! And finally there no 10th place. In fact the 10th place is the first one of the next TURPS!!!



We won't sleep on floors, we won't tour endlessly and we're embarrassed by self-promotion!

R Siddall pygmu@hotmail.co.uk



Felt-tip Faces

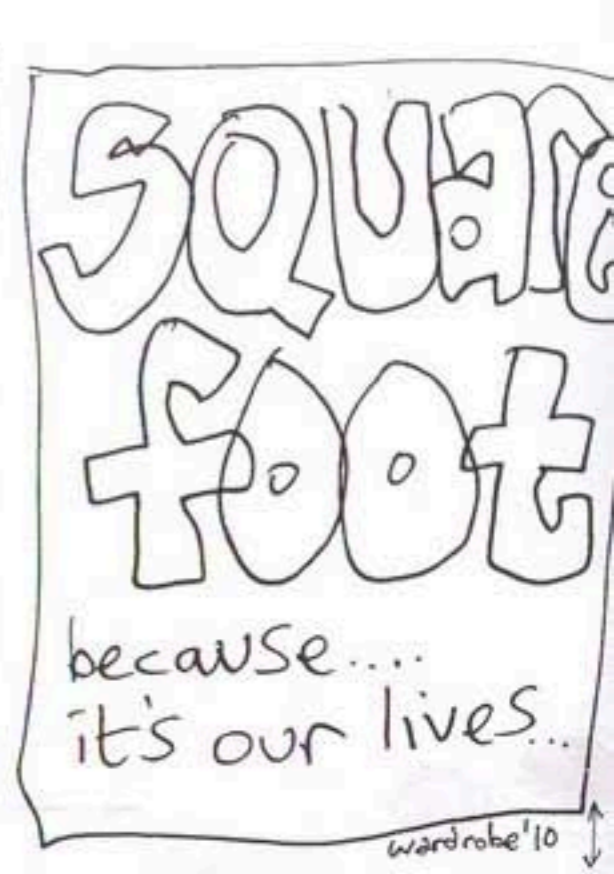
I used to know a girl called Maureen who carried about a Safeways carrier bag. It was always either empty or containing fruit which was usually bruised.

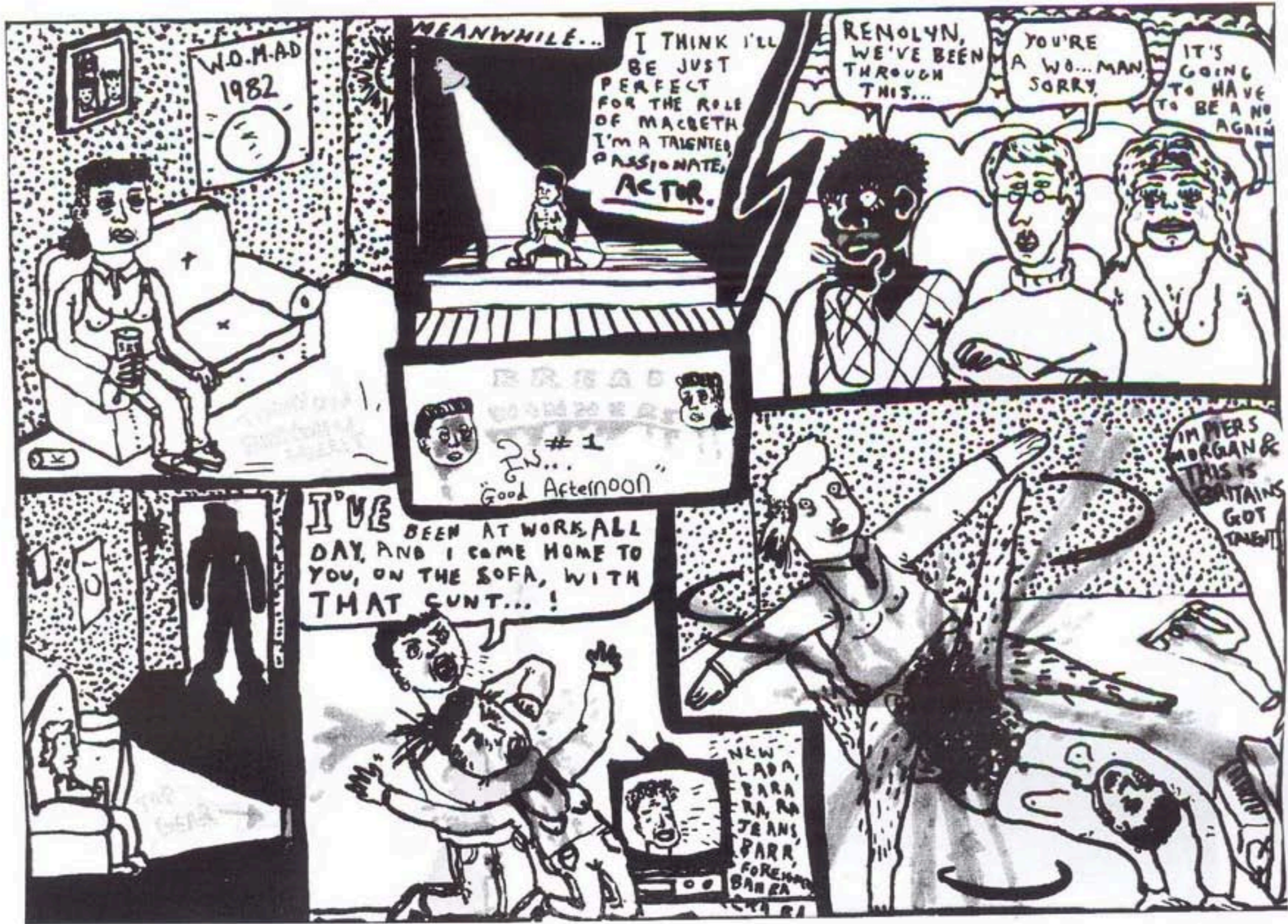
I imagined her fumbling with sticky fingertips each morning in her Mums kitchen drawer, the bags clinging together so as not to be seen with her. It wasn't until after two years of watching her that I realised it was the same bag she had been guarding with a nauseating loyalty and a Nanas sense of preservation.

She would follow me to school everyday and smile. She told me she would forage on the beach for animal skulls but she only ever found shells, which she would present to me on Mondays in an outstretched clammy palm. An offering. Sometimes she drew on faces in felt tip pen. Animal faces.

One morning on hearing the incessant pitter patter of Hi-Techs, I turned just in time to watch a mass of mouse hair slip, silently down a wire-shaft. I did not tell anyone as no-one ever asked. She made no noise and neither did I. I just watched mutedly as a rowaged Safeways bag fluttered up, up, up like a little chinese bird; and smiled.







W.O.M.A.D
1982

MEANWHILE...

I THINK I'LL
BE JUST
PERFECT
FOR THE ROLE
OF MACBETH
I'M A TALENTED,
PASSIONATE,
ACTOR.

RENOLYN,
WE'VE BEEN
THROUGH
THIS...

YOU'RE
A WO...MAN,
SORRY.

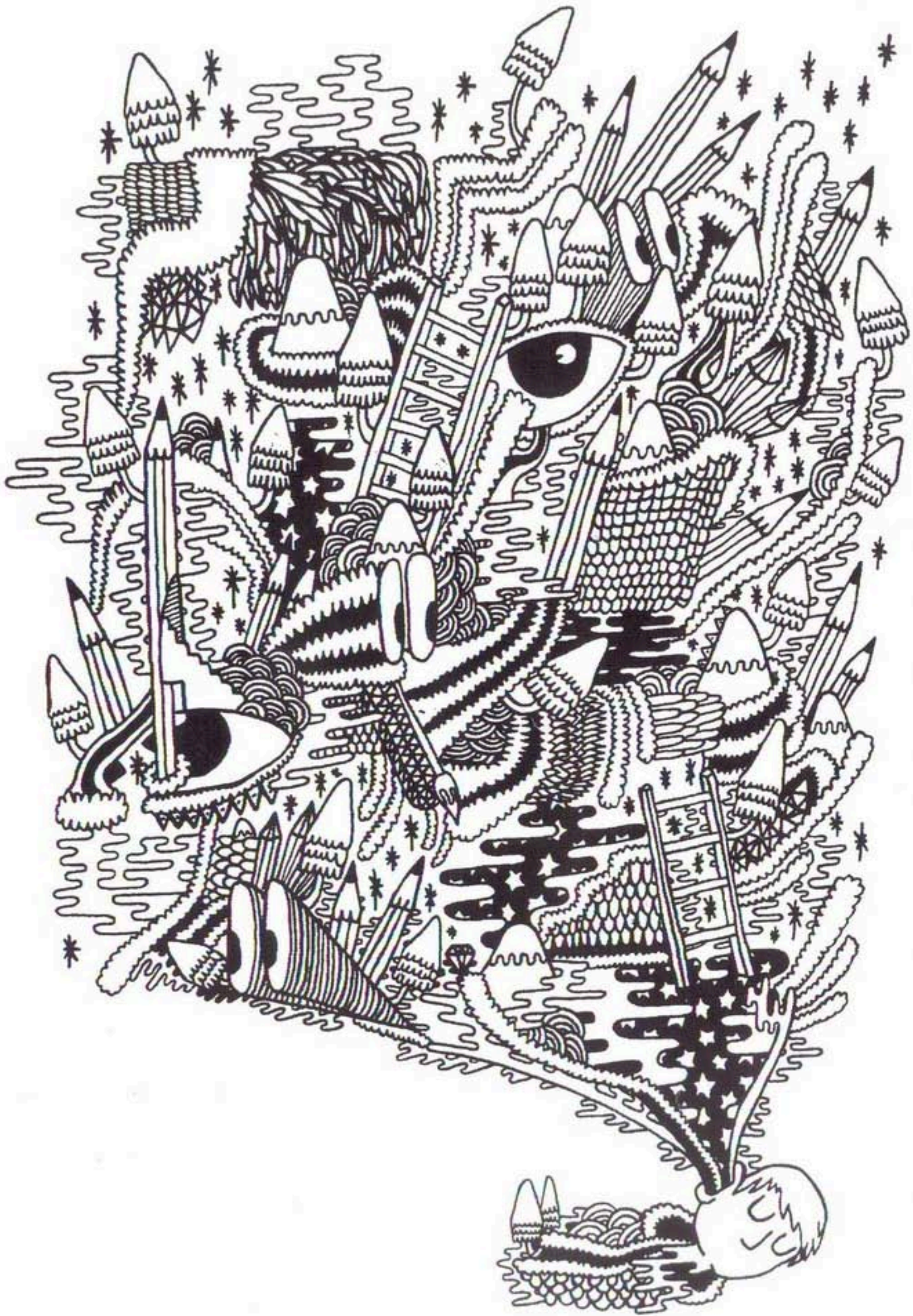
IT'S
GOING
TO HAVE
TO BE A NO
AGAIN

READ
WOMEN'S
#1
"Good Afternoon"

I'VE
BEEN AT WORK ALL
DAY, AND I CAME HOME TO
YOU, ON THE SOFA, WITH
THAT CUNT...!

IMPIERS
MORGAN &
THIS IS
BRITAINS
GOT
TALENT

NEW
LADA
BARA
RA, RA
JEANS
BARR
FOREMAN
BARA



The room now empty again seemed smaller, somehow I had missed how the others had left. Then I started to think of the pain in my neck, it felt tight, suddenly a voice said to me,

"Do you know what it feels like to be searching for something that you know you can never find?"

I looked to my left and was shocked to see a short overweight man with large jowls that looked as if he'd been stained red, I wondered how long he'd been there without me knowing, it was a daunting thought, where had my mind been wandering not to have noticed this large man slug past me.

"Well?" he slurped, He almost looked like he was melting, his whole face drooped into one flabby lump. His breathing was very heavy so it was hard to make out a lot of what he was saying.

"Well what?" I asked

"Do you know how it feels!?"

He seemed unsure, he fidgeted around uncomfortably, he was slightly too big for the chair he was sat in and the arms pushed parts of his body out.

I looked at him vacantly,

"I know I never will. I don't even know what it is! Do you know how that feels fella?"

He paused for a second, and wiped his face with a scrunched up handkerchief he took from his sleeve. Then he turned to me for an answer, his small eyes glared into me, I swallowed hard, but before I could say anything the bird like man calmly walked into the room and started the kettle. The overweight man straightened his posture and seemed to transform his face from the a one of doom to something else and he

smiled exposing tiny stained teeth, this made his eyes disappear into folds of skin, the bird like man smiled awkwardly back, he looked nervous and so did the overweight man, there was an uncomfortable feeling in the room as we waited for his kettle to boil, they seemed fearful of breaking the silence. Suddenly the door burst open and in rushed a young woman who quickly sat down at the other side of the room before the door had shut, she didn't make eye contact with anyone. The man with the jowls turned his huge body slowly and stretched open one of his eyes to look at her, exhaled loudly then turned back towards the bird like man who was finished making his tea and he slipped out of the room.

I looked back to the man with the jowls who had dropped his smile and his pendulous face was back and he looked the same as before, He leaned towards me, and slowly said,

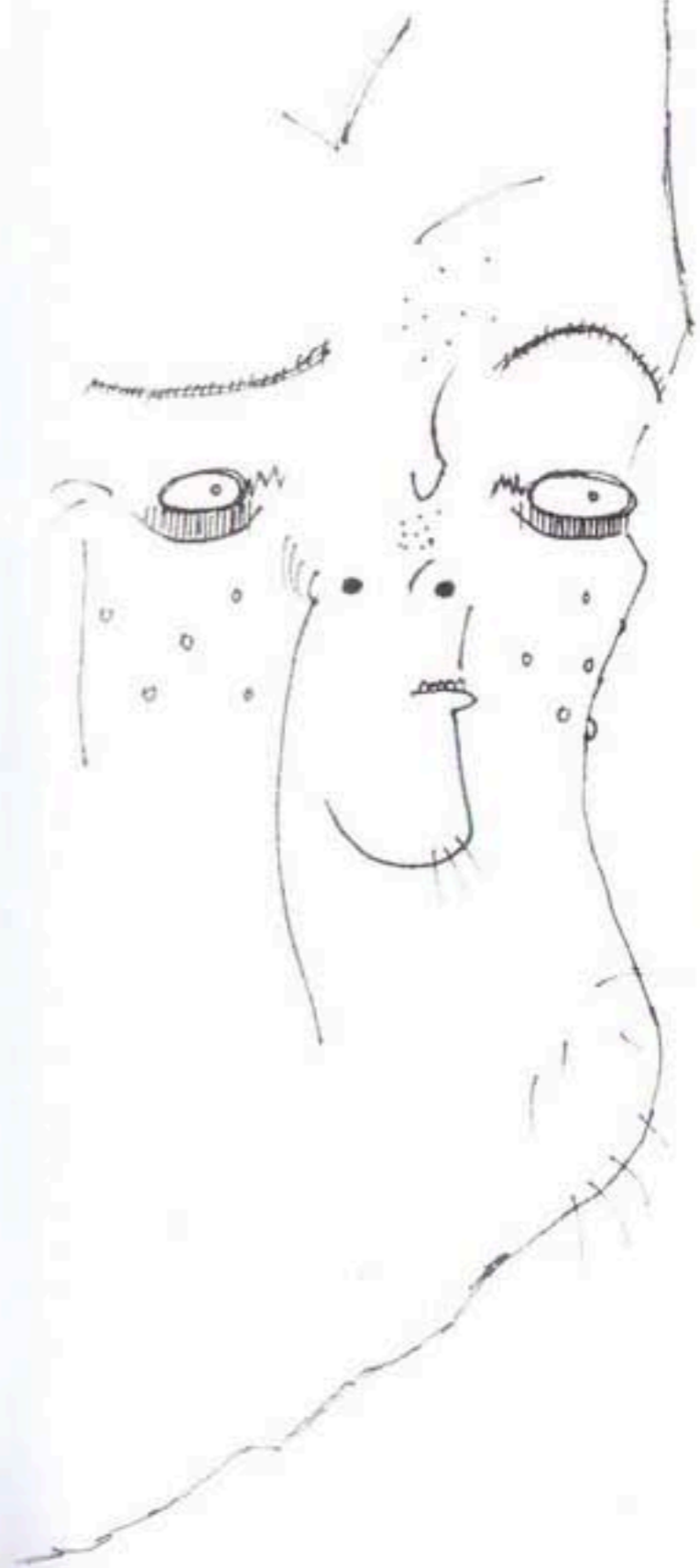
"Are you going to give me an answer? Do you know how it feels?"

He seemed so determined for me to give him an answer to this question I didn't really understand, I wondered if he did himself.

"I'm not sure I understand what you're asking me"

His face drew back into itself and his eyebrows lowered, he looked more intense than before,

"It's a pretty simple question" he burped



WELL I'D
PREFER
YOU
DIDN'T
ASK

Sunlight sidled through the growing void between the eroded curtains. Something on the bed moved. It threw itself a couple of centimetres away. The light returned onto the person's face. He moved, but couldn't evade the streak of nauseating brightness. An eye unsealed itself, followed automatically by the other. He was awake and awkward. Maybe ashamed. He regretted propelling himself upward so hastily. When sat upright, he felt as if his stomach was being punched upwards through his throat. His brain ricochet around the gaping boundaries of his skull. Pins and needles in his eyes, dirt in his fingernails. Light headedness coerced him into the mattress again. He landed too hard. One of the coils from inside burst out in front of his eyes.

He sprung gracelessly out of bed, catapulting himself onto the nearest wall. Every step was punctuated with a wounded sigh. He bulldozed his way through the corridor, stepping on painful but undistinguishable objects. He clutched at the bathroom door handle, moving into the room as the door dictated. He tripped, but managed to harness the edge of the sink with one hand. The body was limp, but still the sink couldn't help edging away from the wall slightly. He saw himself. The mirror didn't provide anything life affirming. His complexion was comatose. Hair was entwined with twigs, leaves and tiny fragments of vomit. His eyes were grey. His teeth were blackened. His lips were stained. The horrible assortment of features on his face needed to be sorted. He brushed his teeth. The blackness remained. *Fucking red wine. Never a-fucking-gain.* The lips really bothered him. Wine stains weren't very healthy looking. More than anything they were a testament to why he currently felt so shit. He attacked the stains. Picking at some loose skin on his lip, he grabbed and ripped downwards. Too much. Blood seeped from the opening. He swung for the cotton buds.

The kettle boiled. It rattled about on its base, like Graham's brain rattled around in its head. Everything in this kitchen was contaminated. A thick layer of syrupy filth consumed the worktops. The cooker was an ocean of mould. Tin and glass carpeted the floor. Graham stared at the steam ascending from the kettle. He peered in closer. Steam crashed into his eyes. Blind. For a couple of seconds. He couldn't wait for this cup of tea to be made. Being inside this place was just inciting everything. His mind tried to piece together what he had done last night. This was a taxing endeavour. His memory was like a jigsaw, that had the shit kicked out of it. He remembered the start at the pub. Everything else was blank. This was an unaccustomed state of being for Graham. Nothing gave him a hangover, except red wine. He drank the cup of tea frenetically, enveloped some plain bread through his mouth; and stumbled out the door, attempting to adopt a facade of normality as he did.

The coastal air was piercing. He didn't feel refreshed, more assaulted. Wind blew and caused eruptions of pneumonia across his body. His street was littered with entrails of degeneracy. Empty cans of economy lager. Swirls of dried blood, seasoned with sick. A trodden on tooth. He walked over the battlefield, met only by closed curtains. He turned onto the desolate high street, and walked along until he reached his favourite bench. He sat down and reclined tensely. He watched the lack of cars for a good ten minutes. He really needed a smoke. Something to appease the man who doesn't have anything. He checked his pockets. Torn up cardboard, pennies, wallet. No tobacco. He lifted himself up and headed to the shop.

The fluorescent lights melted Graham's retinas. Prickly heat raised to his

head. He wanted to be sick. He waited but only a grotesque burp emerged. He shifted over to the empty counter, and waited for someone to occupy it. He couldn't stand still. He would fall at any second. Graham let out a contrived cough. A world weary employee moodily meandered over.

"What can I get you?" the woman dully asked. Graham hadn't said a word all day. He had forgotten how to talk. He stood there and tried to wrestle some words out his mouth.

"Erm, hi! There. Ehh, what do I want?" The woman was bored with his indecision and targeted him with a condescending face. *So much tobacco.* They didn't have his usual brand. He didn't want to ask if there was any in the stock room. This episode couldn't be prolonged. The woman's condescending face was replaced with one of irritation. It was too much of an easy victory for her. She just wanted to get back to her *Heat* magazine. *Get this over with please.*

"I'll take that one!" Graham emphatically pointed to a pouch. The woman slowly removed it from the display and scanned it through the till.

"That'll be £2.93." the woman sneered at him. Graham went for his wallet, and liberated it from his pocket.

"What the fuck?" Graham's wallet was filled with beer bottle caps. He searched inside, but only found 32p.

"I'm sorry, I can't afford this. I'm really sorry" Graham said as if he had just run over her dog. He stormed out the shop.

"Till 3, can I have a VOID!" the woman screeched through the speaker set. Graham stood outside Sandra's house. He pelted the door with polite, then hostile knocks. *Jesus, its freezing out here.* Noise spilled down the hallway. The door opened.

"Hey, you alright?" Sandra asked in a subdued manner.

"Aye, I'm pretty sweet. A bit worse for wear though." Sandra silently concurred and ushered him in. They went to the living room. Graham sat down immediately, while Sandra hovered.

"I feel like absolute shit. Last night was pretty heavy wasn't it?"

"Aye I can't remember barley anything" Graham replied.

"Yeah you were pretty off it last night."

"Was I? I didn't say anything bad did I?" Sandra paused for a moment, and looked up at the ceiling.

"Nah, don't think so" Graham was relieved. He remembered why he came.

"Hey, I've just been to the shops but I didn't have enough money for any tabs. Do you reckon I could nick one off you?"

"Yeah two secs, they're in my bedroom."

Sandra left the room, while Graham tried to get comfortable. He did feel better. This was defiantly a nicer environment, than his house or the harsh outdoors. The cushions swallowed his limbs. Sandra glided through. Graham perched on the edge of the sofa.

"Here you go" said Sandra brandishing a cigarette. Graham placed it between his lips then stared into the distance.

"Lighter?" Sandra asked.

"Oh yeah, cheers." Graham lit the tube and felt dissatisfaction dissolve. This was the best thing that had happened to him all day.

"Cheers Sandra, I really needed this."

"It's alright. You want a cuppa?"

"Yeah that'd be great" Graham replied. He was looking forward to a more relaxed cup of tea. The smoky cylinder had made everything better.

"So how you feeling today?" Graham emitted a deflating sound.

"Not so great, I've got the worst bloody hangover, my place is a tip, and

I can't remember anything from last night. That's always really worrying. I'm always haunted for days by who I might have offended."

"It's cush, I don't remember you offending anyone" Sandra shouted from the kitchen. She came through with two cups of tea.

"And if you did, they would have been too drunk to remember. Probably." Sandra sat next to Graham.

"Do you remember how you got home?" Sandra looked quite concerned.

"No I don't remember anything at all." Sandra recoiled and looked thoughtful.

"Oh it's just that..."

"What did I do?" Graham asked knowingly.

"Well do you not remember storming out the pub. I tried to go after you but you had run off by the time I'd got up, and you weren't answering your phone." Graham had an uneasy feeling in his stomach.

"Shit. Do you remember why I did that?"

"Well, there were six of us to start with, then me and you started talking. We'd been talking for ages, so long we didn't notice that everyone else had left. I don't even know if we said goodbye to them." Sandra forced out a laugh, then waited to continue.

"Then we started talking about a certain someone. Then after a while you started crying, and that's when you ran off. I was worried about you." *Why does this keep happening?*

"I. I. I just can't believe I'm still like this. I mean it's been a couple of months. I'm never going to get better am I?"

"No things will get better, it's just it takes a while."

"I guess so. Tell you what, I know I say this a lot but I'm never drinking red wine again. I get far too emotional on it." Sandra looked confused.

"We didn't drink red wine last night."

"No we must have done, I've got this terrible hangover" Graham pleaded.

"What so you don't get hangovers off anything else?"

"Yeah I do, but they only last an hour at the most. Only a red wine hangover stays with me this long. Anyway what about these stain on my teeth and lips?"

"Dunno, must have been off something else." Sandra replied vaguely.



My favourite person would be someone that never gets mad, even when I'm really frustrated and acting really pissy they would be really cool and good at almost everything but they would be modest and would make me think I could do some things that I couldn't do better than him, better than him, he would also let me help out when I'm actually causing more of a hindrance than helping out but makes me feel like I'm helping. My favourite person would be able to teach me what I needed to know, anything I needed they would be able to teach me but it wouldn't be what they loved doing all of the time so it could be my "thing", they would also love it when I taught them things even if they already knew what I was teaching them, they would pretend that they didn't. They would say things that made me feel confident about myself and my decisions, when I felt low they would tell me why I should be lifted back up and I would be. When I am sick they would look after me and immediately I would forget the pain and even if it was really nice outside or everybody is going on a trip to the park they wouldn't leave me. They would share everything with me and give me my favourite stuff, we would have jokes that only we understood and sometimes we would be able to look at each other and we would start to laugh and we would continue to laugh until we needed to stop otherwise we might probably die. My favourite person would always be there and would never die, never get ill, never lie, never be wrong, never let me down. My favourite person isn't real. I've settled with less.

