



HATE, FEAR  
AND LOATHING

ARROWS of  
DESIRE

Contemporary note: As with *AoD #1* and *#3*, the text of the originals was here too faint to scan well, so has been retyped. The font has been changed, but the layout is still the same. The bottom edges of cover and backcover are missing due to paper size alteration. (Nic Farey, December 2008)

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Did you ever get that, you know, walking along the street or something, and you feel like a tap on your shoulder maybe, so you turn around as fast as ever you can, but there's nobody there. Nobody.

So you stop looking, don't you. After the fourth or fifth time of seeing empty street in all directions, you just stop looking. One time I got tapped twice in two minutes, you know, and then on the third tap a voice said "Hey", real soft, you know, and I looked and it was a nightstick doing the tapping with an ugly bastard cop behind it. Damn near crapped myself right there in the street. Papers, social security chit and all that, okay? Of course, I started looking again after that, but not for long, you know. Not for long.

Then they start talking to you for real, you know, so you look again a few times, but you realise it's just the same, so you start to listen. Bad mistake, you know. Ba-ad mistake. So let me tell you about it.

The first few times it was just "Hey", you know, just like the bastard cop. Wish it had been, 'cause I was ready for that after the first time. Then that turned into a quiet laugh, you know, like a private joke. More of a chuckle, really. Then it really started to talk, I mean really talk, but quiet, real quiet.

It sounded just like "You afraid?". It was. Then it was "You real afraid?". I was.

You start to wonder then, about all the stupid things you did as a kid, as a young man, as a middle-aged man, Jesus, there were enough of them. You think maybe you should go talk to a priest or something, you know, even though the closest you ever came to the Catholic Church was reading those ads they used to put in the papers. You sometimes wonder about all those people you hurt, I mean really hurt, especially the strangers. You know, like whose cute little dog was that you splattered all over that street? It might not have been so bad if you hadn't stopped, but you did, didn't you, and picked up this thing like a scrap of doormat, thick with blood, and flung it into that pile of trashcans. What was it, you were real scared, right, but mostly it was disgust, yeah, right, self-disgust you know.

So then you really think, yeah, that's what it is, you know, there's a God of scraggy puppy-dogs somewhere that sent this whatever-it-is down to scare the living shit out of you, oh yeah. Then I thought it said "It's not the dog", and laughed again. So that started me right off again. It wasn't the dog. And while you're still thinking, it steps up a gear and says "It wasn't Julie in school either" and really starts to laugh.

Well by this time, anyone who tries to tell me I wasn't scared is a 24-carat bastard liar. Am I scared? I am scared. Shitless.

So now we get faster, you know, like really on speed or smack or something so I start to walk faster, you know, and as I get faster the whole thing starts to feel like it's breathing down my neck, you know, and laughing all the time that laugh, and it knows, it knows, so I start to walk faster yet and I'm almost getting there but my lungs, you know, my heart is kicking,

kicking right so I catch,

stop  
for  
breath.

Breath. Br - br - bre - ath. Br - e - ath.  
Breath.

Then I stand up. And listen. Where are you, you bastard.  
WHERE THE FUCK ARE YOU!!

Then it talks to me one last time. The very last time. It says "Run". It says "Run, you asshole, you motherfuckin sonofabitch. Run." It laughs "Run". Laughs.

So I ran.  
Right off the edge of the fuckin world.

Sleeping Monkeys meet the inquisition of ? -  
(These are the Prescriptions of the Finite.)

The Mummy/Daddy-fiction of Lord and Lady Eatshit.  
Truth and Reactions: the band, play on/off.

Thought is tension is thought.  
Neuro-sensate-muscular.  
And the Word became Flesh...

“I heartily recommend Endorphin, the Purgative for the Interpretive!!!”

A Zombie Birdbrain Production.  
Directed by Reilly Fucht.

\*Q. What do these three words have in common?  
(Clue - Who is mapping whose territory?)

What’s attempting to be communicated here? Well, there may be an answer in the question. What is the commonest fear? Nuke-out? Embarrassment? Poverty? Imprisonment? Insanity? Violence? Death..? (“Hell no, I ain’t afraid of death!”)

“What do you know about death?”

No matter how rationally you approach the big D it remains UNKNOWN. Possibly unknown No 1; others being fairly tangible, open to “reasonable” theorising in comparison. So where are we, here and now head on with the Unknown?

Fear is imprinted on the beholder in various ways at various times to various effect. So it all comes down to THREAT. Fear is a result of Resisting the Threatening Factor; a- and you can, in time, become what you resist.

“What do you do for a living?”

You may have noticed the predominance of questions and statements without “evidence”. We-ell as the philosopher Rainschild said before going superluminal, “It ain’t what ya Figure Out, it(=X, by the way)’s what ya Configure In”.

“Are you, X?”

Everybody surviving this?

Do you detect and Hate or Loathing?

Yes No Other

(Please tick if you have one)

For more InFo: Master Therion, Wilhelm Reich, Bugs, Daffy, David Byrne, You, pope Gregory XIII, A:A:., Nos 2, 3 and 8, Suzuki, that person you always seem to notice but don’t know why, Nic Roeg movies, Brian Eno and Ribofunk.

Iidog Suckin’ Precisely

I guess it began and ended on the road to Damascus. Both of us just two more victims of the war. At least that's how it looks to outsiders. Only we know the real tragedy; that we are victims of our own bad dreams and fears. And now as I stand on the road alone, the war wound gapes and bleeds, and everything - no, everyone - I touch tastes the blood. Or maybe what I see is not really there, just a reflection of my own nightmare, my own aloneness. I've stood rooted to this spot for so long. Occasionally I force myself on but the steps echo and the aloneness twists the knife a little harder in the old wound to wring a few more drops of blood. I never guessed how much blood.

I never intended to make this journey alone. Only a fool chooses to make this particular journey alone. I searched long and hard for my travelling companion, turned down several potential fellow travellers because you've got to be certain. A girl can get hurt real bad out here on the road if she lets the wrong man watch her back.

Oh, I get it, you're all saying. Old story, right? You trusted the wrong man to watch your back and first chance he got he stuck you in the back and abandoned you to die or not as you chose. Wrong. Nothing that easy. I had the right man watching my back and we were on the right road. So how come I'm here?

I made one mistake. When we started out, both of us sensing Damascus somewhere out there, it was with love and certainty, with eyes too fixed on each other to take in properly how narrow the road was, how many hands and claws reached out to unwary travellers, pushing, pulling, caressing, stroking. Enticing whispers to leave the road. I guess I was vaguely aware. I stood at the road's beginning and I hesitated. I mentioned ground rules. Mentioned! I should have done it then. Spoken up, forced him to listen, forced him to talk back. But he was on the road already, hands outstretched to me, eyes pleading "Walk with me, beloved, walk with me". And Damascus glistened in the sun, hazy, distant, promising. What the hell. It was fine weather. So I stilled the inner voice and stepped onto the road, took his hand, allowed him to gag me. God, how my stupidity haunts me. To take all that time and trouble to find the right companion and then set out without any way to communicate but with hands and eyes.

We'd barely started out when the storms broke. AND you know, given how unprepared we were we were exceptional. It's no comfort. It makes the wound gape a little wider. If we'd been prepared, what couldn't we have achieved? But the journey got harder. We could no longer see Damascus. I sensed it out there but the rains veiled it from view. We took our eyes from each other. The road was so rocky our eyes were fixed on each hard painful step we took. And now, when our eyes met, infrequently and with difficulty, the messages were garbled. I tried to get the words out but my mouth, so long silenced, refused. What is the message I couldn't read was one I didn't want to hear?

And then the whispers got more insistent. It was a while before I could make out the words. It's the wrong road. That's not Damascus up ahead. I knew it was, could still feel it out there. Ah, the voice whispered, but if that were true the road wouldn't be so hard, would it? I felt the panic rising. I had to speak, to silence the whisperer. Too late, too late. When I turned he'd left the road, listening to that seductive whisper that led him away from me. He didn't mean to cut me. It was suicide he intended, not murder. I was just in the wrong place.

Now I stand on the road alone. I can't see him clearly anymore but I sense him, standing on another road somewhere over to my left. He has another travelling companion beside him but I cannot read the messages they send each other with their eyes. The cut deepens. I have no choice but to go on. I look across frequently to his road, but there is such a wide gulf between our two paths and as I look ahead I see that it grows ever wider. The cut deepens. I look back and I can see where our two roads forked and my heart weeps because this is a one-way road. The cut deepens. Does his new road lead to Damascus? I cannot see. What do his eyes see in the distance now? I cannot tell, but as he steps forward I see his arms are wrapped around himself for warmth, and behind him I see the same trail of blood that marks my passing.

I know that I am no longer on the right road for Damascus. Whatever it is out there that I can sense behind the veils, it is not what it once was. But I have no choice but to continue on the road I chose. I think I know what it is. I can feel its coldness, its aloneness. Don't let anyone tell you Hell is a place of fire.

In 1983 a child, Sean, was born to Kathleen Carey. It was not an easy birth in many ways. It was not easy, physically, for the mother. There were complications and a great deal of blood. Also, it was not easy emotionally because at the time she and the father of the child were apart - at that time, it seemed for good.

Strange, because by and large it had been a good relationship with much talking. At the time the talking stopped the relationship ceased to be, but shortly after this it was discovered that a new life had been created amidst these clouds. Even in this short time, however, the walls had built sufficiently to preclude any meaningful dialogue between them. From one extreme to the other.

By the time the child was one year old, although his father's name appeared on his birth certificate, his father and mother had exchanged just a few short words during his lifetime.

Things changed, as things do. The child's mother was obliged to instruct solicitors to ensure the future care and well-being of the child. Subsequent to the birth (at which the father was almost present) the next time they met was at Holloway Magistrates' Court to fix an acceptable payment for the upkeep of the child. This was agreed at ten pounds per week. The father continued with his own life, until at one point he fell in love (again) with a flame-haired woman who possessed a powerful personality. Meanwhile, the mother was bringing up the child alone.

Close to the time at which the father was to marry his new lover, the mother of the child came to him to seek additional funds to assist her in the upbringing of the infant, who at this time had attained the age of two years. The father discovered at this time that he still (of course) loved the mother, and an agreement was reached between them. The subsequent appearance before the Magistrates (again at Holloway) was therefore much less of a traumatic experience. The two parents spoke together afterwards and agreed that despite everything that had happened to them (much of which they would have preferred not to remember) they still loved each other - although the interests of the child were now paramount.

The father feared his new lover (by now his wife) and agreed that this should be kept secret from her as he felt she would not understand his discovered attachment to his child by his former lover, especially since she wished for a child of her own. The father and mother of the child agreed that it would be unwise for him to attempt to visit in secret, since there would always be a danger of disappointment. This they agreed would not be best for the child.

And so the father kept silent for several years, also keeping secret the photographs of the child he treasured.

After four years it came to pass that the father left his wife. After some months, and a great deal of heartsearching, the man and his wife agreed that after all the time they had spent together they should at least try to remain friends. And so they began to talk, for almost the first time. At first, the wife said that if they had talked in this way much earlier, the separation may never have happened. The man agreed.

Then she said: "I found the photographs of your child." The man had to admit that he had received these in secret from the mother regularly over the six years of the child's life.

Then she said: "I often wondered why you never wanted to see him."

The man was stunned. Ravaged. He controlled himself (briefly) and said: "But I never mentioned the subject because I thought you would be upset. Of course I wanted to see him. I always regretted that..."

He realised the enormity of what had happened even as she allowed the tears to fill her wine glass. He realised, even in that moment before she explained it to him, that yes, she would have been upset, but because she loved him, she would not have dreamed of preventing him from being a father to his child.

She explained this to him.

He thought of the father without his child, the child without the father, the wife, the mother, all those lives. Six years of one small life which could have been, should have been shared.

"You bloody fool", the wife said.

The man thought: "Yes, I killed him. That life is lost."

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## LOATHING AND LITIGATION

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### **1934 - Donald A Wollheim and others vs Hugo Gernsback**

Gernsback published Wollheim's first story in "Wonder Stories", but apparently neglected to pay him. Through diligent research, Wollheim found other contributors in the same position, and got together with some of them to take legal action. Gernsback settled out of court for a reported \$75, of which \$10 went in legal fees.

### **1945 - Donald A Wollheim vs James Blish, Chester Cohen, Virginia Kidd, Damon Knight, Robert A W Lowndes, Judith Merrill and Larry Shaw**

All of these were members of that most noted of sf groups, the Futurians. Wollheim's friend John Michel had been romantically involved with Judy Merrill but broke it off (he claimed) at Wollheim's insistence. The seven defendants published a zine denouncing Wollheim, who responded with this libel suit. It was eventually dropped, but cost the defendants some \$600 in legal fees and caused a lasting bitterness. It's said that Blish and Wollheim did not speak to each other for thirty years after the incident.

### **Judith Merrill vs Harlan Ellison and MGM**

Merrill sued over an episode of "The Man From UNCLE", scripted by Ellison, and containing a character which Merrill claimed to have been slanderously based on herself (why am I unsurprised?). The case was settled out of court for a reported \$5,000.

### **Harlan Ellison and Ben Bova vs ABC-TV and Paramount Pictures**

Why do these same names keep cropping up? Ellison and Bova claimed that the 1973 TV series "Future Cop" plagiarised their story "Brillo". They won the case in 1980 and got \$337,000, but settled for \$285,000 to avoid appeals and further legal costs. A far cry from Wollheim's 75 bucks in 1934.

Source: The Complete Book of Science Fiction and Fantasy Lists

I was murdered by my mummy and daddy.

The bars of the cot stretched up on either side of me and conjoined along the top like my own bones grown into a prison, shuddering in the candleflame... a roofless prison, since the warders knew I could not fly or float.

I dream of a loose clutter of farm buildings where nobody seemed to work or live - or if they did, kept their curtains closed so that outsiders would pass through ignoring their presence. The trees and chimneystacks were picked out against a sky of mottled grey... the air's sound peppered with birdsong and cockcrow. An orange volkswagen squats on splayed tyres in a pub car park. A red sign indicating Wem Ales are sold here - or were once sold when there existed real customers to buy and staff to cock the pumps.

If I were to live beyond childhood, I would one day visit such a place... and maybe understand the machinery of buildings and open space.

"He's asleep".

I heard mummy's voice, ever on the brink of hysteria.

"He sleeps too long. He never wakes us with squalls of hunger and pain. How can we obtain the fulfilment of parental duty and be disturbed from our beauty sleep to tend his cares... He is basically selfish."

Daddy's monotones were poised on an undercurrent of learned responses; he was hug-toeing a tightrope I had prepared for him by means of my listening mind.

Reincarnation reversed, I slept in the conscious coma of an intensive care ward. My future life flickered through me like the past, memories with no scaffolding of experience.

A ginger cat had scooted into the gravelly car park. It took one glance at me and disappeared with the flick of a tail. I merely saw it by the corner of my eye, but I thought it was probably the only real thing in the whole dream.

Dozing, undozing, I fleeted between the dream and the shimmering nursery. Two large faces rose above me, each with tears filling their cheeks as if twin moons were oozing blood. I reached out with my tiny hand towards them in the guise of touching them back to health. But my fingernails, by their own volition, sharpened and jutted from their fleshy beds, a beast unsheathing its claws... wanting to leave its mark on reality.

Towards the end of the deserted car park, a swing jabbed with the freshening fitful wind, as if a ghost were mugging up on the art of childhood.

Mummy and daddy stirred me from the stupor of near birth, tickling my chest as they cooed in the nonsensical jargon of second childishness. I vowed to turn their tears to real blood, for not putting me to a final sleep.

And I wake cruelly into full middle age in the foreign land of the future... where somewhere, my own children await my return from a business trip, from a business I shall never in my own heart be able to master. My car, in which I sit, is parked alongside the Volkswagen and I prepare to drive towards a meeting which, according to my green diary in the glove compartment, I'd arranged. I wonder how I learned to drive... I badly needed a refresher course. I riffle rapidly through the preprinted part of the diary... and finally reach the page of personal details where I find someone has written out my name, address and blood group.

On glimpsing up, two ribboned faces reflect in the windscreen and rearview mirror and curse me Orphan!

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## HATE AND FEAR AT THE MOVIES

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**I HATE ACTORS (1986).** Slight satire on Hollywood. Based on a novel by Ben Hecht and filmed mainly in black-and-white. French dialogue, and a very small appearance by Gerard Depardieu.

**I HATE BLONDES (1981).** Italian comedy about a ghostwriter whose work inspires a series of real-life robberies. Lots of sight gags.

**I HATE YOUR GUTS! aka THE INTRUDER aka SHAME (1961).** Corman film in which William Shatner (yes, the William Shatner) plays a racist who drifts around Southern towns inciting people to riot against school integration. A box-office bomb, but paradoxically a fine performance by Shatner in the days when he could still act a bit.

**FEAR (1946).** Shabby remake of "Crime and Punishment".

**FEAR CITY (1984).** Sleazy exploitation lowlife movie, but with a surprisingly good cast including Tom Berenger and Rae Dawn Chong.

**FEAR IN THE NIGHT (1947).** A man commits murder while under hypnosis. Features that other Star Trek stalwart DeForest Kelley.

**FEAR IN THE NIGHT (1972).** Not a remake of the above, but an unoriginal plodder about a faculty wife being terrorised.

**FEAR IS THE KEY (1972).** Fairly appalling Alistair McLean thriller, notable only for Ben Kingsley's film debut and only appearance before "Gandhi".

**THE FEARMAKERS (1958).** Not bad Communist witch-hunt tale with Dana Andrews (once described by David Hamilton in a TV announcement as "the lovely Dana Andrews").

**FEAR NO EVIL (1969).** Fortunately no relation to the Heinlein novel of almost the same name. This TV movie with a good cast including Louis Jordan, Bradford Dillman and Carroll O'Connor takes an inventive look at magic.

**FEAR NO EVIL (1981).** Bog standard good vs evil gore movie.

“What is it you're afraid of?” he asks.

“Everything”, I whisper, cowering in the darkness under the duvet.

“Everything?” he says. “How can you be afraid of everything? Are you afraid of me?”

I shake my head, and the duvet slips away. He's leaning over me, his face scared, and I know he's afraid for me. Afraid for me, not of me. I'm not afraid of him, but I'm afraid of everything else.

“Are you afraid of the cats, this room, the house..?” The list rolls on. He wants to know what it is which has scared me so badly that I refuse to answer the phone, refuse to open my post, refuse to leave the house unless I really have to, even to leave my bed. I cling to the safety of my quilt, and to the familiar warmth of his body, snuggled up close to mine, holding me, comforting me. Left alone, I play endless games of patience, secure in the familiar routine of laying out the cards, piling them on one another in the correct order. I cannot write, I cannot read, the radio and television hold no interest. I stare out of the window for hours, watching, watching, but seeing nothing.

“But how can you be afraid?” he persists, and patiently lists all the things he sees as good in my life. I just am! I want to scream with the frustration of it all. I am afraid of you, and you, and you. I am afraid of the things you ask of me, even though I know that you wouldn't ask if you didn't think I could do them. I am afraid of failure, afraid of my own limitations. I'm so afraid that I can't begin to start the tasks I set myself. I am always ready to begin but never able to complete.

And yet, my fear ebbs and flows. There are moments when I ride the crest of a huge emotional wave, confident and happy. My balance is perfect, the ride is exhilarating. On days like that, I can do everything and anything. I work effectively; I achieve. And yet, even in these supreme moments of success, myriad small events, each unimportant in itself, are accumulating, like water rising behind a dam. All that is needed is a chance comment, a problematic letter on the wrong morning, a phone call when I least expect it, and the whole, carefully constructed edifice of equanimity comes crashing down. One moment I may be surfing, the next I'm lying smashed on the shingle, my board wrecked and my body shattered. Doors shut one by one, the retreat begins, the post piles up and the answerphone blinks a record of messages waiting for an unfulfilled promise of reply.

The fear is all-encompassing. It affects every part of my life, and springs up in the most unexpected places. It's debilitating in a way no physical illness can ever be. It deprives me of my pleasure in the things I otherwise love best, drains me of creativity, halts intellectual activity. Things I once looked forward to become soured. It is an effort to even think about travelling to see friends, to visit the theatre. I turn away from chances to make a success of my life. I cower in my room, unable to set pen to paper, unable to express a single coherent thought. I pick up and discard book after book. I look at the words but they mean nothing. I read and reread the same sentence, time after time, without ever understanding it. I start a letter a hundred times and reject each version one by one. I work hard but nothing emerges. I feel alone, isolated, deserted.

What is this fear without a name? How can I allow it to swamp my life in such a way? I don't know and I don't know. Perhaps it is a fear of existing, but that makes no sense. Many people would envy me the life I lead, and when everything is in balance, I couldn't be happier. It's just that the balance is inevitably momentary. Perhaps the price one is obliged to pay for the moment of utter happiness is the lifetime of black despair. Maybe there can be no explanation beyond it being my lot to live in fear. In which case, can there ever be a solution?

I honestly have no idea if there is a single permanently effective solution, but in my deepest, darkest moments, I am grateful for the people who make me angry, because they, at least, provide the temporary means to cut through the barriers. If fear is like a huge wave, sweeping in over the sea walls, then these people are like life-rafts. I ride the waves of emotion on their stupidity to arrive safely on the beach, exhilarated by my success and able to cling to the shore for a while longer before I am swept back. One day, I will arrive far enough inland to avoid being swept away ever again, at the point where the positive outweighs the negative, and I will no longer be afraid of anything.

Why?

...is it that when a man says he hates women - both men and women hasten to assure him he is misguided.

...when a woman says she hates men - both men and women hasten to tell her why she is correct in doing so.

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## PASS THE SICK-BAG, ALICE

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Q: What do you give a paedophile after dinner?  
A: Under eights.

Q: What's small, hot and bangs on windows?  
A: A baby in a microwave.

Q: What small, red and frayed at the edges?  
A: Nic Farey's nose at Christmas.

Q: What's small, grey and frayed at the edges?  
A: Kev McVeigh's brain.

Q: What's large, grey and frayed at the edges?  
A: Gamma's liver.

Q: What's small, yellow and frayed at the edges?  
A: Bogus.

Q: What's large, red and frayed at the edges?  
A: Iain Banks' bank statement.

Q: What do you call a pile of naked women?  
A: A block of flaps.

Q: What sings and flies into mountains?  
A: Steve Glover (if only...)

Q: What do yuppies call pubic hair?  
A: Organic dental floss.

Q: What's black and blue with a zine shoved up its arse?  
A: **(ouch!)**

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- 1 -

Surface to surface. Dark heat rising like a hurricane barometer, and miniature storms dancing across the microworld uncontrolled. The stuttering sweat-slide of stubble scratching and soft skin stroking sent stray signals skidding through spines as senses spun and sprayed. Her cunt contracted, and her tongue tip-touched his lobe. Now. Now. Sharp nails dug deep inside, deeper even than his delving as he gasped and screamed. Now. Now. Now. They died together, and only she awoke to drink afresh the new day.

- 2 -

When Julia left him, Michael spent precisely 1% of the time since she's come back from leaving last in bed, alternately crying and masturbating. Late on the morning of the fourth day he changed: he threw the unringing telephone through the TV screen. It was a live broadcast from Parliament, but Michael had no means by which to determine whether he had hit the Prime Minister on the nose or in the eye - it mattered - but he suspected that the trailing handset would have caught her perfect white teeth.

In the supermarket he saw Julia's face amongst the South African oranges. She smiled. He bought Spanish. He also bought Tequila. He had another TV, but he bought calculator batteries to work out his new life.

There was a message on the Ansaphone; she would collect her clothes on Tuesday. It was Saturday. He washed and pressed them, and packed two beige cases neatly.

He gave her the cases, offered optimistic coffee, noted a forwarding address. Fine. Take care. Yes. I can manage. 'Bye. Goodbye.

He saw her name as the credits rolled, but he laughed. It was a comedy film, shown late for the usual reasons. She was an accountant.

The bedroom was untidy with the legacy of bodily fluids. Wednesday morning, 3am, the percentile tissues began to increase. With the aid of his calculator he realised that they had only ever had a 50% relationship. He wondered how long it would take to count backwards to zero.

Julia kissed Simon and prepared to face her third orgasm. Michael had never cleaned up like that before, and even ironing her dresses? Then the wave took her. Away from him. To him. Within her, without him. It was biblical, she thought, and asked herself if she knew what she meant by that. Of course.

In another bedroom, a plastic cable lopped down from a shattered screen, caressing shards and powder in the breeze. Remembering this at the wrong time, Julia realised both her mistakes at once.

- 3 -

They met at his divorce. He stood from his stool, downed his G&T, and left the bar.

Time to die, he said, or to kill my wife. This, to no-one in particular, but she heard. Vodka-enhanced intrigue led her away, coat flapping in the breeze as she crossed the road. She watched from the gallery. Afterwards, she approached him, in the foyer.

Congratulations, with a kiss. Thank you, and a drink, in reply.

Patricia could never explain it. Andrew was older than her, smart but not expensive, not her type at all. She had not seen him before, nor spoken with him. Just a single drink and an off-key remark into the air. A single moment she would not let fade. Whatever it really was she never called it anything but freak.

Andrew refused to rationalise anything so obsessive, but he never forgot the surprise. The instant of intensity on a stairway. The stranger's kiss. He remembered dark hair flashing first, moist lips warming and drawing, and finally words.

- 4 -

You are alone in the bar; your colleague has left for his train, and you have an hour to wait. Your book is interesting but you are tired, and cannot maintain attention, conversation would be easier. Perhaps some movement will refresh you, so you stand and walk towards the bar. Your glass is empty now, and so is hers...

That morning Petheridge had approached me in the club. This, in itself was an action I had cause to despise, inasmuch as I despised the man himself, but what he then began to relate merely served to increase the level of my hatred for this miserable individual.

“James”, he said, with an easy familiarity which he did not deserve to use. “James, I’m afraid I have a small confession to make.”

Dreading the worst, I confronted him with an icy politeness. “And what might that be, Petheridge?”

“I trust you recall our wager of last week on the outcome of the billiard tournament?” I did indeed, and instantly regretted the foolishness brought on by overindulgence in Major Tebbit’s old crusty port which had weakened my resolve sufficiently to converse with this despicable creature in the first instance. My acid response was a simple “Yes?”

“Well, old boy, much as I would like to discharge this obligation with all possible speed, I’m afraid that present circumstances do not permit. Most awfully sorry, of course. Perhaps I’ll see what I can do next month.”

I gave what I imagined might have been a civilised dismissal of no consequence and turned away, even then plotting the demise of this welscher and charlatan.

Petheridge, I imagine, could not have known that there is nothing in God’s earth I dislike more than those who do not pay debts or keep promises. This had been drummed into me from an early age by my father, who had almost come to ruin as a result of such people. Only through his own industry and complete integrity had he survived, and eventually prospered, as we know.

I spent a whole day and night in my chamber, without sleep, devising the stratagem which would once and for all rid both myself and the world of this obnoxious person. The first stage in the plan was a whispering campaign among my peers, many of whom were quite ready to listen to my views over those of the dreadful Petheridge. A simple device, merely casting aspersions upon the man’s sexual prowess, very little of which could be distinguished from the usual male badinage which prevailed at that time. This, I knew, would be quickly communicated back to the sisters of my illustrious colleagues and friends. In no time at all, Petheridge would find himself without a suitable escort for even the most elementary of social engagements. This simple rumour took little time to take hold amongst those who were desperate for even the slightest whiff of scandal.

The next rumour to be disseminated was simplicity itself. Since by this time the victim was clearly to all unable to secure the accompaniment of even the plainest of the available ladies of our generation, it was a simple matter to float the speculation that he had begun regularly to avail himself of the services of prostitutes.

The downward spiral was set irrevocably in motion. The class of woman that Petheridge was alleged to be patronising became lower and lower, until the popular imagination had it that even the basest woman of Bethnal would not entertain him, except for some exorbitant fee.

The stories by now became self-sustaining. To be sure, it was not I who first offered the suggestion that Petheridge had contracted some disease so unmentionable that even his servants had to be whipped to persuade them to wait upon him. It was but a short while after this that any member of the club worth his reputation would refuse to shake the man by the hand. Petheridge's countenance and demeanour, in the meanwhile, could not fail to be affected by this. He began to resemble what popular word said he was.

The crowning glory of my achievement was that it was to me Petheridge came to solicit advice upon his predicament.

"I just cannot understand it!", he cried, his eyes wild and hair awry. "If I do not have my place in society, I may as well cease to exist as far as the world is concerned!"

It was unfortunate that, at this lowest point in the man's life, I was forced to agree with him. As one last charitable act (or so I allowed him to believe), I lent him my own pistol, advising him at the very least to repair to the alleyway behind the club to avoid unnecessary embarrassment to the other members.

Of course, I disinfected the weapon afterwards. You can't be too careful.

The fine line between the maniac with the gun and the harassed shopper: merriment for suburban 1990s.

Angels of invocation for the element of **HATE**

Push-chair terrorists in crowded shopping arcades.  
Everyone in queues ahead of you.  
The impenetrable mass of humanity between you and the train station.

Angels of invocation for the element of **LOATHING**

People whose religious and/or political beliefs (usually both) conflict excruciatingly with your own.  
Authority in all its manifestations.  
Proscribed time.

Angels of invocation for the element of **FEAR**

A beast of many forms, who lurks...

OK, so that's a list, quickly thought up, a resume of gut feelings.  
Hatred: crowds, crowds, crowds. How many times have you imagined yourself armed with a flame-thrower, simply to cut a path through a milling throng. Maybe never. Perhaps you're more patient than I am. That leads to one of the loathings: proscribed time. Having to be here; having to be there; accelerating clock, tick, tick, tick. Fear of being late. Are we meant to be governed by such things as seconds, hours? We make time and then enslave ourselves to it. Scurrying to a job every day, seething with resentment. Those who enjoy their work are priveleged. I'm astounded by the number of pointless things we do to earn money. Does anybody really like white-collar bureaucracy? I worked in local government once. Spent most of my time visualising crucifixions of supervisory weasels on the office wall. I was soaked in pure hatred from 9-5. Now tell me, is that good for a person?

Fear, hate and loathing; products of life, emanations of body/psychic waste. Our attempts at sticking pins in the wax doll of Organisation. We are chaotic beings, who are inflicted from day 1 to day n with the notion that we should be ordered. Is it any wonder our systems crash occasionally?

**1) DAVID LANGFORD**

This is, of course, largely based on jealousy from a number of people who are not fit to scrub his semicolons. Also the butt of some cheap deaf jokes (see AODs 1 & 2 for examples).

**2) GREG PICKERSGILL**

Back in AOD after no mention in the last issue. Actually, it's probably better not to say too much about this one or... <oof!> <thud!> <crash!>

**3) MICHAEL ASHLEY**

Largely his own fault, wouldn't you say?

**4) ROGER ROBINSON**

Well, nobody likes a smartarse.

**5) HARRY BOND**

How could anyone possibly hate such an active and knowledgeable fan with such cherubic features? That's it exactly, isn't it?

**6) STEVE GLOVER**

Have you heard him sing?

**7) ABI FROST**

I suspect this to be based on the fact that although most typical male badinage would dismiss Abi as rather less than a "10", when pressed most chaps will admit to being sexually attracted to her. The most hateful thing about Abi is her false modesty in this respect.

**8) KEV P McVEIGH**

Cf Ashley.

**9) PAUL KINCAID**

Ask anyone.

**10) S V O'JAY**

If not before...

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## HFL PLAYLIST

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FAST CARS (Buzzcocks)  
STYLE KILLS (Robert Palmer)  
HATE AND WAR (The Clash)  
MONEY FOR NOTHING (Dire Straits)  
THESE BOOTS WERE MADE FOR WALKIN' (Nancy Sinatra)  
TWO TRIBES (Frankie Goes To Hollywood)  
WHO'S AFRAID OF THE BIG BAD WOLF? (Pinky & Perky)  
MAGGIE'S FARM (The Specials)  
JOLENE (Dolly Parton)  
APPROACHING MENACE (Theme to "Mastermind")  
WARAKURNA (Midnight Oil)  
REVOLUTION (The Beatles)  
THE ROAD TO HELL (Chris Rea)  
ASYLUM (Supertramp)  
RIDERS ON THE STORM (The Doors)  
SYMPATHY FOR THE DEVIL (The Rolling Stones)  
TAINTED LOVE (Soft Cell)  
A MILLION MANIAS (Marc Almond)  
WRONG 'EM BOYO (The Clash)  
NORWEGIAN WOOD (The Beatles)  
ANGRY YOUNG MAN (Steve Earle)  
BLUE MONDAY (Joy Division/New Order)  
DEVIL'S SIDEWALK (Graham Parker)  
GRAPEVINE (Marvin Gaye)  
BAND OF GOLD (Freda Payne)  
PARANOID (Black Sabbath)  
MY GENERATION (The Who)  
A-BOMB IN WARDOUR STREET (The Jam)  
CAREFUL WITH THAT AXE, EUGENE (Pink Floyd)  
HOWLING WIND (Graham Parker)  
TOKYO SUNRISE (Sadistic Mika Band)  
NO FUN (Sex Pistols)  
GLAD TO BE GAY (Tom Robinson)  
QUIT THIS TOWN (Eddie and the Hot Rods)  
TERMINAL STREET (Be Bop Deluxe)  
DIAMOND DOGS (David Bowie)  
ONLY WOMEN BLEED (Julie Covington)  
WOMAN IS THE NIGGER OF THE WORLD (John Lennon)  
SIGN 'O' THE TIMES (Prince)  
BANKROBBER (The Clash)  
SWITCH (Siouxsie and the Banshees)  
PRINCE CHARMING (Adam and the Ants)  
THE CULTURE BUNKER (The Teardrop Explodes)  
LIARS A TO E (Dexy's Midnight Runners)  
BETTE DAVIS EYES (Kim Carnes)

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## LOCO CITATO

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**[S V O'Jay is squarely parenthesised]**

From KEN CHESLIN, 10 Coney Green, Stourbridge, West Midlands DY8 1LA

Dear S V O'Jay, Tara might have known what that meant without being told, but I don't. As this is No.3 it doesn't seem to me as though you are using bits of lines as titles eg... bring me my bow... of burning gold... bring me my... arrows of desire... (hmm.. or what thin partitions... how allied... (doth) sense from thought divide...)

**[Get on with it Ken, for gawd's sake!]**

and the cover, which I can but admire, reminded me of "The Birds", which seems somehow logical though perhaps not what you intended.

I'm afraid that I found Love, Lust and Like only mildly interesting. It was readable enough but there was nothing which made me want to comment. I rather think that people take no notice of dictionary definitions of these three words, or any others, but have their own idea what they mean, used with various modifying phrases in various contexts, and in fact as often as not maybe choosing other words and phrases which they (if they feel the need to do so) think will explain more nearly what they mean, even such simple ploys as qualifying by means of things like (!) I like it a lot, a bit, enormously, or love her like a sister, a father, better than having my back scratched...

**[For something you felt was only "mildly interesting" that's a good assessment of part of what Cat was trying to say in his article. God help us all if you had fely constrained to comment.]**

A bit off the track perhaps, But I am reminded ("Like Being in the War") of "If he's rich he's eccentric, if he's poor he's mad..." or daft or summat. I feel that I was considered eccentric, probably still am, but when I discovered fandom I found to my delight, other folk who were as eccentric as I, though that is probably not what you were thinking about. Whatever the main drift of the item it left me feeling uncertain what it was all about.

Sex, Dylan & Paranoia I have read twice, but it does nothing for me. Sorry. Nor the Ribofunk thing.

Maybe I should let my son Matthew read this, he might understand it, being in some sort of a group (damned if I know what sort of music it is). Anyway, they call themselves "Ned's Atomic Dustbin", have supported some group called "The Wonder Stuff", and have got write-ups in Sounds and Melody Maker. He's just whipped off to do a gig at JB's in Dudley. I'm afraid I'm a bit of a square (and that slang probably says I'm way behind the times), my interest was in folk... ran a club or two of very minor importance and was part of another very minor group at a club we called "The Stuffed Whippet". I can tell you the legend of the Stuffed Whippet if you like.

**[Oh, very well then, since it appears unavoidable.]**

We had this club up at the Pear Tree where the landlord had this stuffed whippet up on the wall in a glass case. The landlord was scared to go in that room on his own, he said he felt the whippet's eyes following him. Anyway Rose, that was the whippet's name, was a local champion and won much acclaim and many bets in the district (this was Gornal, iron and coal). On the fatal day or night a load of miners came down from Doncaster to try their champ against Rose, and in doing so lost their shirts. Well, poor Rose turned up dead shortly after the race, and it was generally believed that the rotten sods from Doncaster had poisoned her. But the owner had her stuffed, mounted in a glass case and put up on this pub wall, where she remained for umpteen years and gave rise to tales of ghosts and hauntings (although we never noticed anything). The club, folk and poetry, had one excellent night when some poet bloke called Adrian Henri was guest. It was packed, in fact, but somehow it sort of faded away, partly 'cos one of the blokes wanted to get more into poetry and another wanted to strike out on his home. I still see the poet bloke's name mentioned locally.

Well, I hope that small offering at least entertained you for a minute, as a sort of thank you for AOD.

**[The following letter is reproduced word for word as received. If you don't remember the two articles discussed too well, I suggest re-reading them first. (Or you could just skip this letter.)]**

From KIKI, 135 Greensted Road, Loughton, Essex

Definitions/Like Being in The War: A Different Perspective

Like and lust I'll let pass. It's the definition of love that interests me. Like and want? Didn't anyone ever teach you the difference between necessary and sufficient conditions SV? To really love someone it is certainly necessary to like them. I would agree too that in a romantic relationship it is also necessary to want someone (though many would disagree and I'd not press the point on them - but it's necessary for me!). But you can like and want someone without in the least degree loving them. That's the mistake that leads people into thinking they love several partners at once. Love is something very different, of a totally different order. Unfortunately language can be no more than shorthand. We use the word "love" and trust that those who hear our words supply their own meaning, but they can only do so because they share our concept. Can you define "pain" to those who have never experienced it? Can you define "red" to those who have always been blind? You can try, but without the shared experience of the concept, it's impossible. When I say "I love you" you only know what it means because you know what it is to love. No definition of the word can come within a million miles of explaining it if you don't already know what love is. Everything you say may be valid, SV, but it's valid only for what you have defined, and that isn't love. You haven't therefore really dealt with your problem at all.

What S V O'Jay offers in "Definitions" as his belief is a distorted picture. What is missing is the information that he not only believed totally in commitment and fidelity, but believed he was incapable of infidelity. He it was that decided on a monogamous relationship; he it was that decided it had to be a publicly sworn oath of allegiance; he it was that believed he could never be capable of such an enormous betrayal (his term).

This, moreover, is a man whose favourite alien race espouses honour and duty above all other things. This is not quite the same picture as the S V O'Jay writing here. SO what great philosophical moral probing took place that caused this revolution? None - he was just unfaithful. He did that which he believed he was incapable of.

This is the cry of a man who's scored an own goal and is trying to avoid the consequences by moving the goalposts. Nice try, SV! Unfortunately for you, your conscience knows only too well that when you have betrayed your own principles you can't get rid of the guilt by changing the principles. Self-delusion is the most damaging and futile form of lying. All it does is feed the squalid beasts. "I don't think I ever did anything really bad. I'm a nice person, honestly." Who are you trying to kid, SV? That's not a statement; it's a scream from the soul for reassurance. "So why did I get this dreadful war wound?" Don't you get it? It's self-inflicted. You believed in fidelity and betrayed your principles, but you are afraid to face up to the responsibility of your actions. So instead of trying to understand what you did and why, instead of trying to make reparation, instead of seeking forgiveness, from the other party and most importantly from yourself, instead of learning the lesson and trying to live with the guilt, you've tried to escape the pain and difficulty of it all by just changing the principle. But your conscience won't let you. Because deep down you don't really believe that what you did was acceptable behaviour. And the more you struggle against having to come to terms with it, the more terrible the squalid beast gets - fed on hypocrisy, doubt and self-hatred.

I hope you don't have too many enemies SV. You don't need anyone to stab you in the back - you're doing a great job of that by yourself.

Adultery involves not just a physical betrayal but an emotional one too. That's why an affair is so much worse than a one-night stand. Because when you commit yourself to one person you share a part of yourself with them that no-one else sees. If you then try to commit yourself to another person as well you have to share parts of yourself that involve someone else - and that someone else trusted your integrity totally. You can't make that sort of commitment to more than one person. One of the important aspects of a committed relationship is knowing that you can count absolutely on the support of your partner. If your partner has attempted to make that sort of commitment elsewhere too, all he's done is make two half-hearted promises, neither of which he can keep. Adultery is a sin. Not because it is against the law of some God, or against the laws of man, but because adultery has an enormous potential for causing damage and pain - to the "guilty" party as much as to the "innocent" (doesn't it SV?). It creates division and hatred in the place of unity and love. The shock can create wounds that never heal, create bitterness, and leave scars that run deep and last for years. It leaves people shocked, hurt and bewildered to the extent that they can never love or trust a human being again. It ruins lives. It ends lives. Anything that destructive, done freely and willingly against a human being one has sworn an oath to love and protect, is a sin.

You've cheated your readers, SV. The story tells of a "quantum leap" from a loving relationship into something "better and cleaner", something that blinded you for a while. But the story takes on a whole new twist when the reader realises what you have carefully omitted. That at the start of the first loving relationship it too was a "quantum leap" into something "better and cleaner".

This is not a man who loves. This is a man who's in love with the idea of being in love. This is a man who believes that the prince meets the princess, and the magic spell they generate is so potent that the dragon (the squalid beast) slinks away, without having to be faced, never to return, and they live happily ever after. Wht, SV, you're a romantic! Of course those of us who live in the real world know that what actually happens is that the ordinary man (who would like to think he's a prince but secretly believes he's a goblin) meets the ordinary woman (who would like to think she's a princess but secretly believes she's a hag) and for a time they are so blinded by each other that they both forget all about the dragon. But he hasn't been magically banished. He's still sitting there, patiently, at your shoulder. And after a while the great light dims, worn down by endless nights at the pub, and her nagging, and his dirty socks, and her weariness, until they both begin to wonder where it all went to. Then it is that he stops sleeping "well and short" and suddenly he notices that the squalid beast has returned. Well actually it never went anywhere, but unless he is very self-aware he doesn't know this. The man who does not know himself thinks that the magic spell has worn off and takes off to find another princess who can weave a stronger spell. For a while that works. But then when that begins to dim he finds he needs a stronger spell yet. And all the while he is refusing to face the beast it is getting stronger and more terrible and harder for him to face. That's the wrong road. What the situation needs is for the man to be braver than he thought he could be and run to his woman-princess-hag (for in truth she is all three, just as he is man-prince-goblin) and say "I have the most dreadful, awful secret to confide. See that terrible squalid beast? Well I'm afraid he belongs to me and I need you to help me fight him off." If he has chosen wisely, her response will be that it's not so terrible, and she can and will help him, but after that they had better deal with the even more terrible squalid beast that waits behind his, for that one belongs to her. And after the beasts are forced back a little (though never defeated - this is life, not a fairy tale), they know that the magic never really went anywhere. It's no longer blinding, but it's there when it's needed. That's what gives them comfort and strength to go on, and if they are strong and lucky then after a while they come to realise that somewhere unnoticed along the way there came a real quantum leap, not an imaginary one. Somewhere along the way they stopped fearing the squalid beasts - because someone else helped bring them into the light. Then they live sort of, roughly, approximately, happily ever after.

"If it feels good, do it". Is that your philosophy, SV? Well, no actually it's not is it, otherwise you wouldn't be one of the walking wounded. Let there be love, you say. No, what you are saying is let there be lots of liking and fucking, but let's forget about love, because that involves a commitment that you are afraid to make because you can't bear that you've failed at it. To try, then fail again for a second time, would be more than your fragile self-image could bear. There is nothing wrong with the moral concept that you can like and want several people at once and that in that situation fucking them all is acceptable. But that is only moral when there is no love and commitment to one person. What is wrong is that you have misdefined love to begin with, then argued a morality for your definition, and then concluded that this means you have argued a morality for love. Only true if your definition is the definition of love. It isn't. Love can only be experienced, not defined. And while you restrict yourself to your definition you will never make the true quantum leap. Of course, liking and fucking is a pleasant enough way to spend a few weeks, or months, maybe at a pinch even years. But what then? Tell me, S V O'Jay, do you think the mermaids will ever sing for you?

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## LOCO CITATO

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**[You have grasped the point of “Define Terms” without correctly interpreting the intention.**

**I find it interesting that in “Good Intentions” you use Damascus as a utopian motif, an ultimate desirable goal, whereas in “Like Being in The War”, it’s use was as a biblical allusion - the Road to Damascus as a place of revelation. Damascus per se does not really matter as a destination in this interpretation, although I can see it working less well if one tried to place St. Paul on the road to Cleethorpes, for example.**

**The whole thrust of this letter does not seem to say “here is the other point of view” (which it ostensibly claims to do) but rather says “I’m right and you’re wrong, and what’s more you’re a shit and a bastard.” (This last I am unlikely to deny.)**

**For those readers who have not realised (few of you, I would imagine, given the general quality of AOD readership), Kiki is “Mrs O’Jay”.]**

From PATRICK McKAY, no fixed abode

I could start by taking issue with your statement that “sex is always good on occasions where you both wanted it”. In my experience, see my fanzines, it doesn’t always work. I’ve had nights where, for one reason or another, my initial lust has gone (or at least mutated) and I’ve been bored. I know it’s usually the woman who is “supposed” to count the cracks in the wall, but I’ve done it regularly.

Does Ceara (what?) really mean to say that she will be living in Kelso Road but has been evicted? Time travel in Leeds, again?

As for “Placebo”, well what can I say? I liked it, even the gratuitous dropping of Paul Di Filippo’s name; the style worked well so the self-referential bits were not obtrusive.

I’m glad you managed to get most of my favourite redheads into your list [**Arrowbirds ’89**] but where was Lilian Edwards? And what about... never mind, I could go on forever. [**Yes, I know.**]

It’s late at night now, and I’m still recovering from playing football/Novacon/talking to Lilian on the phone (delete as necessary) so I’ll just say that you got some great one-liners in there.

Caption Competition: F O A D! S V O’Jay! [**What?**]

And did you know that the other Iain Banks, Iain M Banks, the “M” stands for McEwans Export? Read his books and see...

**[Ceara is a real person (Tara’s sister, in fact). Her living arrangements in Leeds are the subject of some mystery.**

**In the interests of accuracy over humour, I feel bound to point out that the “M” actually stands for “Menzies”.]**

**[The blank spaces in this newsletter are purely to annoy Ian Creasey.]**

**THEY HATE:**

**BARBARA**

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**STORM CONSTANTINE**

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**BERNIE EVANS\***

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**ROD SUMMERS**

53 Stoneleigh Road, Knowle, BRISTOL

\* Mrs Evans did not contribute to this issue, but just **loves** seeing her name in print.

**ARROWS OF DESIRE** materialises twice yearly and is produced and edited by:  
**S V O'JAY**, PO Box 29, HITCHIN, Herts SG4 9TG

Copies available for the usual.

**AOD5** will be available at **NOVACON 20**. Theme: **DEATH**.  
Contribs/locs to the editorial address by 1st October 1990.

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**AND FINALLY...**

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Q: What do you call fans with an IQ of 200?

A: Leeds

