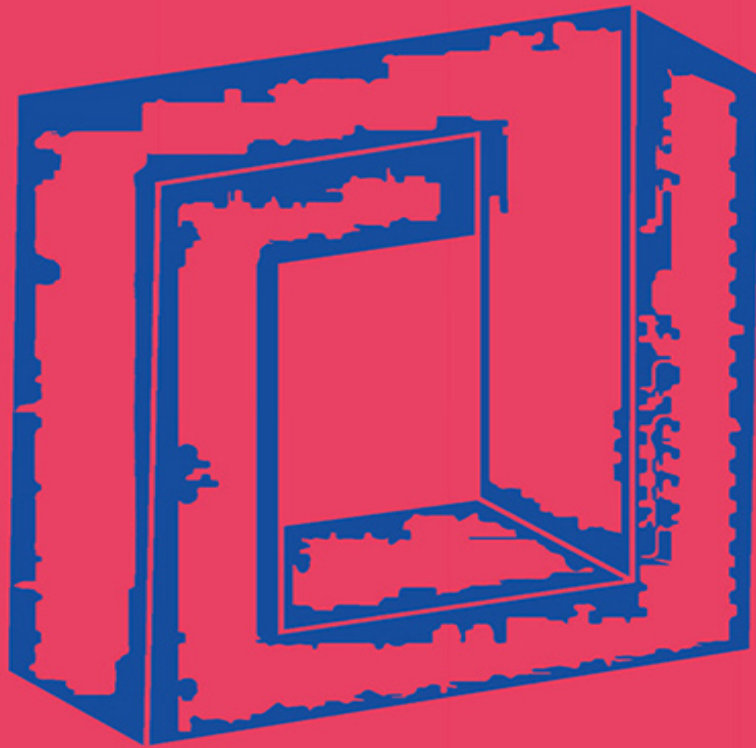


ANTONY SZMIEREK



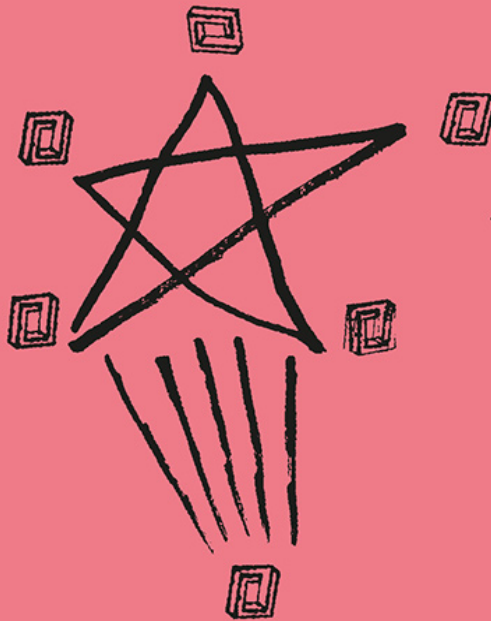
ROADMAP

Name

ASLX

Address

ANDROMEDA SOUTH BOND



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RICK, THE GUARDIAN OF THE TOWER

I've been accused of being 'obsessed' with two build relation to my song about the Stockport Pyramid by t my band over the tower at Forton Services.

We'd driven by the tower a number of times over the and stopped only a handful. Forton isn't far from Mar were going the other way. It was an exciting period I'l forever – my songs were being played on the radio, p out to see us at festivals, and the band and I were all levels of nicotine addiction. Me, chaining a Triple Mar Tom working through a selection of vapes, the occas the very occasional secret third option. But away from I had fallen down a UFO research rabbit hole. The US reclassified UFOs as UAPs (Unidentified Arial Phenon credible videos of UAP sightings/phenomena/Day briefings all but confirming the X-Files of it all. My rat this information firmly at arm's length, but the creative the side obsessively writing an album – was getting c were forced to listen to me only semi-ironically hyper summers straight.

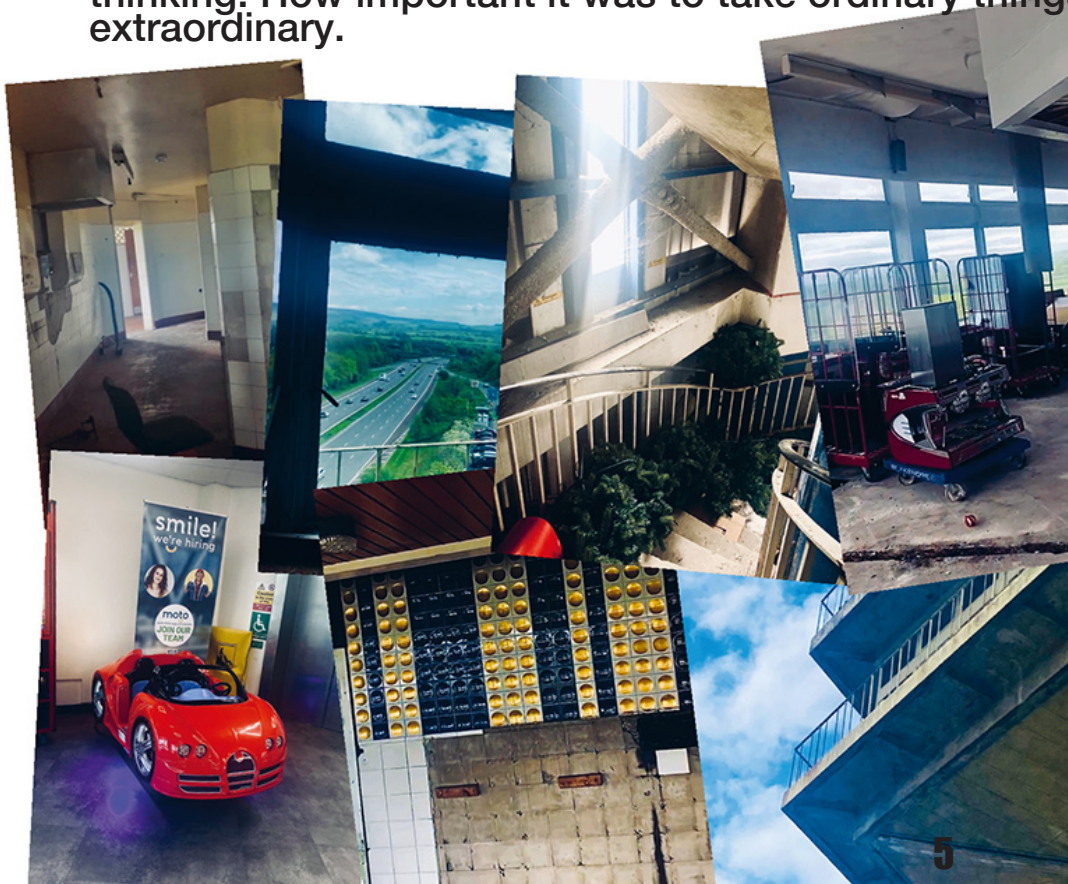
Long story short, I named *Service Station at the End of the Universe* another nod to Douglas Adams and a continu started before we were constantly on the road. And it out in my head, I knew it would have to feel like a rea a tower, and it would be just like the one at Forton. I s stop at Forton Services every time we passed (it has Moto!) but the boys in the van knew full well I was aft around the base of the tower rather than a second Be The UFO, and to my absolute delight once discussed the hidden spaceship at the end of *Me 1997* ~~the~~ backbus of the times I'd persuaded the band to stop, I met Ric

Rick emerged from a service door at the bottom of th his eye. He had two gold hoop earrings in the same e pulled firmly over his brow. I asked him who owned th question he didn't know the answer to. Next, I asked up there. He admitted he had but not for a long time, a lot of steps. After gentle encouragement, Rick agre

I was thrilled. He said he wasn't doing anything else, quite a lot of steps. There was also quite a lot of asbestos failed to mention but I didn't hold that against him.

Anyway, Rick made my dreams come true. As I climb concrete steps, I felt I'd fallen into the world I'd been rearranging in my head for over a year. Rick was baffled but took to his role of custodian – guardian, even – well seen in him at the bottom of the spiral staircase. I took the photos I have included here, and which are admittedly terrible. At least you too can see the view and the family of sleeping Christmas trees at the bottom of the stairs. There were also original tiles from the restaurant up there, which I said were Daleks. Rick said he didn't know what a Dalek was.

The tower did end up on the cover of the album, inside a bubble-universe that my asbestos-addled brain conjured up. A lot of people were really happy to see it on a CD cover. The Pennine Tower was a symbol to some that they were home after a long journey, in the same way the Stockport Police welcomed me. They had embroidered it into cushions and sung songs about it even. How important it was to tell stories and think. How important it was to take ordinary things and make them extraordinary.





under a motorway bridge somewhere in North London, July 2024 / cred



CAST

THE PATRON SAINT OF WITHINGTON

fuckin... alright then
go on son, don't be shy
screaming at the telly, searching for a why
wide eyed
deep fried
fuckin go on my mate!
go on lad you fuckin tell him

there's a mural on the wall of the flat that i dwell in
one day that'll be me
hands covered in plaster, two fingers to the sky
the sacred glowing heart of the town they gentrified

POUNDSHOP

GERI HORNER

just because i like to get dressed up doesn't make me
supposedly not if you don't like me then shut up this
more than a pound but you can't see past the sequins
everyone is too scared to wear in case they offend or
country is in at the deep end and nobody wants to jump
that for profound we used to be great we used to be
to girl power is it got ruined by the male gaze and the
hasn't bothered showing his face in the pub since the
forever viva salford viva living the-vida-fucking-loca i
missing if you can't handle me at my worst then you
princess new nails laughing loving living bitches love
to live xoxoxoxoxo

