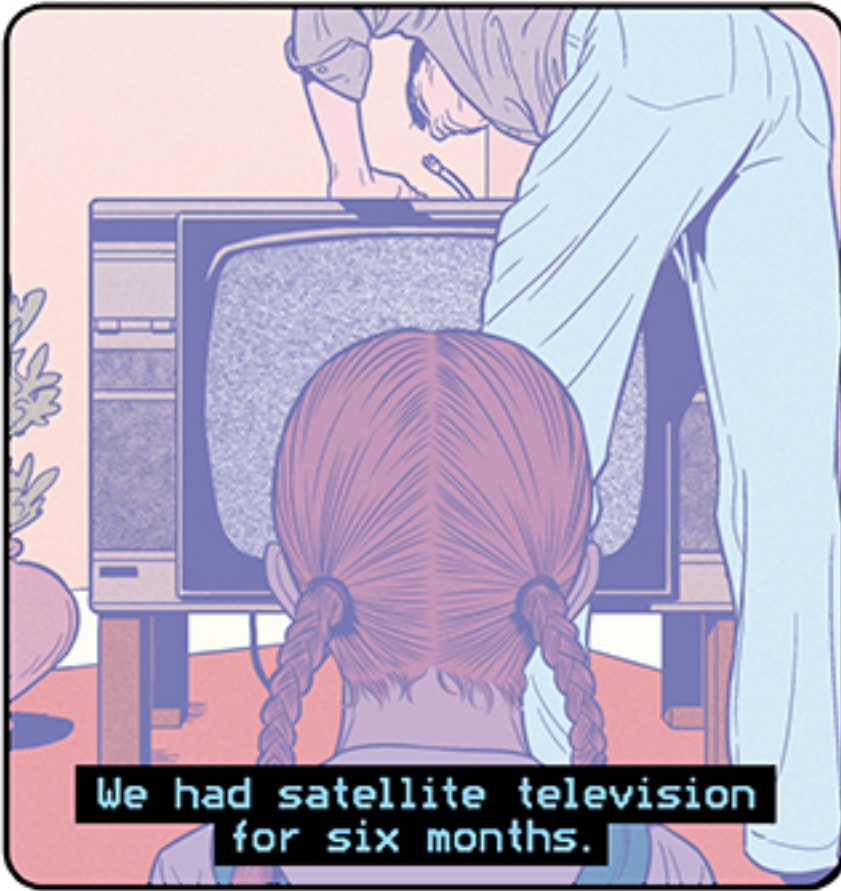






1980-SOMETHING.
SOUTH LONDON-ISH




We had satellite television
for six months.



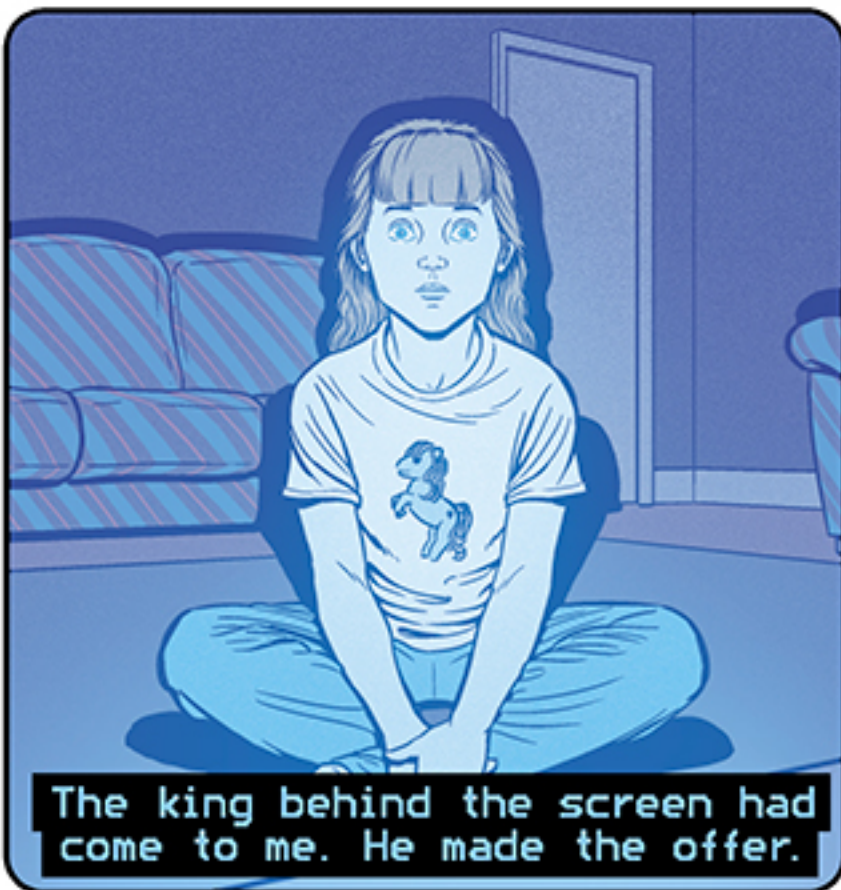
So while for my peers, music
videos could remain exotic
and elusive for another decade,
I gorged on the future.



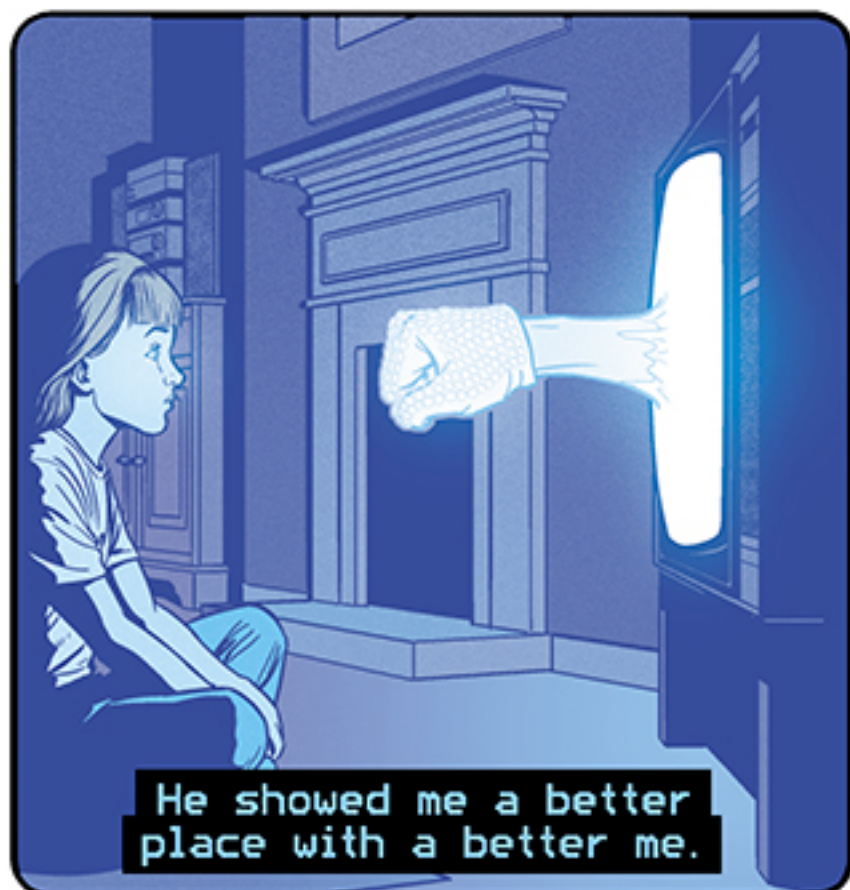
Soon enough, the Eighties
took away my father's job,
and all it had bought. It was
probably for the best.



But it was also too late.



The king behind the screen had
come to me. He made the offer.



He showed me a better place with a better me.



He told me that if I sacrificed certain things, I could live there.



I simply had to become two-dimensional.



Many years later, I looked down at my arms and then up at the girl in the mirror and decided there was much of me I could afford to lose.



I remembered the deal.



And, damn me, I took it.

NOVEMBER 2001.
BRIGHTON.

