

WORDS-IN



FREEDOM II

MOUSTACHES. 1989. GP37.
 EVEN MORE WHALING. 1989. GP42.
 PERVERSION STREET. 1989. GP45.
 GLAM GROTESQUERIES. 1989. GP49.
 MUMBO JUMBO. 1990. GP60.
 MANACLED. 1990. GP61.
 SUNK & DROWNED. 1990. GP67.
 LIMBO THEORY. (DEEPER INTO LOVE). 1990. GP69.

Some information - The songs were written:

- 1981 - Anarchy*.
- 1982 - The Beard; Hatred; Yet (alternative cut-up).
- 1983 - Honesty.
- 1984 - Oh Image Fair; Crying Wouldn't Help Me Now; Love & Fear (primitive).
- 1985 - Loyalty; Rehearsing the Uprising (primitive).
- 1986 - Vagueries; Quest For Innocence; Consumption (primitive).
- 1987 - You've Been Foolin' With Me; Crackers (Xmas Blues); Evesham Town.
- 1988 - Blind Nigger Blues; Hunger Strike; Get in Touch; Cuckold Blues; Inside the Meat Factory; Another Situation; Semolina Tina.
- 1989 - The Seduction Process; Tastebud; Overexposed; Difference; Evesham; Hellfire; Dirt; Negation; The Peaky Blinders; Tarred & Feathered; Wolf Man; Blue Blue Kalls; Saturday at 3.00; Shopping; Popular Yiddish Folk-Tales; Black Mass Blues; Ode to Pans; Simple Souls; Designer Failure; LollyPop; Malefico; Getting the Fear.
- 1990 - Lipstick Groove; Decadancing; Torch Her; King Noize; Psycho-Sister; Balck & White Tv; Angel Fever; Head Grenade; Almost Means Maybe; Forever; Stripped Naked; Barthesian Touch; Everything; All Vagued Up; Coming To The End; Continous Dialectic.

The motion-picture MOUSTACHES was written between Sept and Nov 1988 by Jim Sanders. MANACLED was written between August and October 1989 also by Jim Sanders.

* - was written by Sanders/Birkbeck.

• - were written by Sanders/Tittley/Sanders.

• - was extracted from Francois Villon's poem: 'The Testament'.

d - was adapted from Roland Barthes 'Lover's Discourse'.

The remaining songs were written by J Sanders except 'U Can Make Me Dance' (Rod Stewart).

MOUSTACHES

ACT ONE: DEPARTURE.

Scene 1: Bus Stop, Harrow Weald (Early Evening).

A bus pulls up at a bus stop. It's a cold and bitter evening as Trek gets off (he has had another boring day at work; He thinks about getting home and the ritual handing-over of his measly wages to his young wife. Trek is wearing an ill-fitting suit, his shoes are scuffed and he is sporting an exotic moustache). He runs his fingers through his hair and begins the short journey home. He walks with a depressed but positive step (the park appears dark and gloomy behind him; the noise from the cars, the perpetual threat of racial attack, the inherent sickness of the city have numbed his once optimistic outlook). As he approaches his front-door a feeling of warmth comes over him (something good is in the air), he puts the key into the lock and opens the door. Going inside, he closes the door behind him.

Scene 2: The House, Harrow Weald (Early Evening).

As the door opens his wife (of 3 months) who is sitting at the table, turns and rushes to greet him. They hug and he asks: "Everything alright?" Navette nods but something seems to be bothering her. Trek hands his jacket (and pay packet) to her and sits down at the table, lighting a 'No 6' cigarette he comments: "I'll have to pack these things in if I don't get hold of some money soon." The rented house is pleasant but glaringly short of possessions. Navette enters the kitchen, reaches into the oven pulls out a plate and puts it on a tray with a beer which she carries over to where Trek is sitting (it is an obviously foreign meal). Drawing a piece of paper from her pocket she hands it to him saying: "This came this morning." It's a bank statement, not bothering to read it, Trek's eyes are drawn to the all important final figure; They are overdrawn by £2500 !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! Trek pulls hard on his cigarette: "That's it then, we're screwed." Navette: "I told you we shouldn't rent this house - it's too big for us." Trek: "Yeah, but it's not just us is it? I mean we've got to think of the baby, I've tried to find a better job but what can I do? You know I haven't got any qualifications." Navette moves around the table and sits next to him, she puts her arm around him: "Come on, don't let it get you down. We've got to have some good luck soon!" Trek reaches for and opens a can of beer which he brings towards his mouth. Feeling completely crushed he mutters: "No, not this time." He drinks.

Scene 3: The House, Harrow Weald (Early Morning).

The alarm clock rings (9.00am). Waking up Trek realises that it's Saturday and there's no work. He switches off the alarm, sits on the side of the bed then stumbles to the bathroom (he is naked and in a peculiar way this echoes the vulnerable state in which he finds himself), Navette sleeps on.

Scene 4: The House, Harrow Weald (as for scene 3).

Dressed, he descends the stairs, goes to the front-door and checks the mail. Exactly at that moment there is a knock. Trek opens the door and enquires "Yes?" The Stranger (dressed in jeans, an overcoat and boasting a 'Mexican-style' moustache) speaks: "Are you Trek Elpie?" Trek: "I am." The Stranger: "I believe that you are looking for work." Trek: "Who did you hear that from?" The Stranger: "A friend of your wife - are you?" Trek: "Yeah I am." The Stranger: "I can offer you a thousand pound for 36 hours work." Trek: "Doing what?" The Stranger: "I want you to go to the Midlands, to a small orchard just outside of Evesham where you will meet a man called Dave Perry, he will give you a package, you will return to London, you will phone me, I will come round to your house, pick up the package and pay you the £1000. Are you interested?" Trek (who is desperate for money) replies: "I am, two questions, one: Is it legal?" The Stranger: "Yes." Trek: "...and can I have some money now for expenses." The Stranger: "In this envelope you will find exact instructions of where to go and £100 for your travel costs. It is imperative that I have the package by Sunday evening." Trek: "How did you know I'd do it?" The Stranger: "I didn't but I guarantee you won't regret it!" The Stranger puts the envelope into Trek's hand and walks away. Trek closes the front door and sits down at the table, he opens the package; it contains a rough map of Evesham with a cross marking the spot where he is to meet Mr Perry, a telephone No and £100 in five £20 notes. Glancing at his watch Trek sees that it is 10.30, eager to get going he opens up a mapbook and while pinpointing Norton on the map lights a cigarette.

Scene 5: The House, Harrow Weald (Mid-morning).

Trek (dressed in jeans, DM boots and an old overcoat) walks into the bathroom. He wakes his wife with a tender kiss, sitting down on the bed he speaks: "I'm going to be away tonight, someone has offered me some work in the Midlands, if it all works out some of our money problems will be sorted." Navette (who is three-parts asleep) replies: "Whatever you want." He kisses her and goes back to sleep. Trek leaves the room and sets off on his long journey.

Scene 5: The A40 (Lunchtime).

Trek has decided to hitch a lift (thereby saving a large chunk of the £100 which he would have spent on a train-ticket). He is beginning to regret his decision, car after car pass him by. Should he have written 'EVESHAM' slightly larger on the piece of card that he is holding? Finally a car does stop, an unshaven skinhead leans over and opens the passenger seat door: "My name is Kev, jump in - I don't like to talk so just listen to the music - alright?" Trek nods and gets into his car (he is secretly pleased, nothing is worse than a tedious conversation with a boring bigot as the price required for a lift. He takes a long look at Kev who is wearing sunglasses, a t-shirt and flared trousers - it's mid-winter!) Trek checks the time it's 12.30. The journey flashes by as they listen to Ornette Coleman's 'Free Jazz' Lp at full blast. In fact the mixture of the music, the flashing green of the countryside and the wierdness of Kev all contribute to make Trek feel slightly car-sick. This is only made worse by the hideously out-of-time drumming which the skinhead consistently beats out on the driving wheel. Kev's other habit of letting out an insane variation of the rebel-yell whenever he overtakes other cars is particularly intimidating! The clock in the car reads 2.30 as they enter Evesham. Suddenly the skinhead switches off the music and enquires: "So who do you support then?" Trek, stunned for a second replies: "Arsenal I suppose." Kev: "Do you now - well there's a strange thing, so do I. The Spurs are doing shit this season as usual! It makes me fuckin' laugh. - I mean they spend all that money every year and they always end up nowhere!" Trek: "I know what you mean, Man Utd do the same thing." Kev: "And Liverpool are a bunch of cripples - I reckon we're gonna walk it." Trek: "What do you think of the England team at the moment?" Kev: "Total garbage - I blame that Bobby Robson - pathetic jerk - I think he should be beaten to death for what happened in the European Championships!" Trek: "Yeah but he's been doing okay recently - what with all the pressure the papers have been putting on him." Trek notices that they are entering Norton. Trek: "This is where I want to be dropped." Kev (who is furious at being contradicted about Bobby Robson) replies: "I'll drop you where I feel like it you little scum-bag, you're lucky I don't kick your ugly head in. Doing okay recently Fuckin' moron." Kev carries on ranting to himself; Trek begins to panic and turns around in the car. screeching to a halt a mile or so from the village the skinhead pushes Trek from the car: "Get out, you bastard! What would a bloody

foreigner know anyway." Slamming his foot on the accelerator he races off screaming at the top of his voice.

ACT TWO: FEAR.

Scene 1: On the Road, Norton (Early Afternoon).

Shocked and angered by the extreme way in which he has been treated, Trek begins the long walk back to Norton. (The open spaces and the fresh air however have an ancient healing capability and before long the peculiar termination of his journey is forgotten.)

Scene 2: Norton Village & the Orchard. (as for scene 2).

As he ambulates(?) through the village, Trek searches for that particular track to his £1000 (a veritable route to the loot.) Deciding on the path that most seems to resemble the one on his map he is astonished at the barren state of fruit-trees in winter. After passing one shed he sees in the distance another, as he gets closer he can make out the faded word 'GROVE' on the door - this is the Place! Trek knocks on the door but there is no reply, noticing that the shed isn't locked he decides to take a look inside. Opening the big wooden door is not easy - it appears to stick in the ground somewhat. Once opened it reveals an extremely Victorian scene - dust and dirt everywhere - an ancient tractor, baskets and ladders which appear to be in hibernation! Eager to leave such a foreboding place Trek goes outside and yells out: "Mr Perry, Mr Perry?" There is no answer. He checks his watch - it is 3.15; tired from his long journey Trek decides to take a brief nap while he waits for the mysterious Mr Perry. Spotting an old wooden plum box he picks it up, places it by the shed wall, sits down, pulls his old jacket up around his throat and dozes off to sleep.

Scene 3: The Orchard (Early Evening).

Trek sleeps for about two hours (the time on his watch reads 5.30). Waking up suddenly he is met by the barrel of a shot-gun thrust into his face. In front of him is a large man (Tom - once again moustachioed) who is asking: "Who are you and what are you doing on my land?" Trek (still half-asleep) says: "Are you Mr Perry?" Tom: "My name is Tom Beard and you are trespassing - we've had a lot of thievings recently - I reckon you fell asleep on the job." Trek: "No, no, I've come to see Dave Perry." Tom: "Never heard of him - I'm taking you to the Cops." And with this Big Tom picks the trembling Trek up, twists his arm behind his back and proceeds to march him at gunpoint towards the village. Suddenly Trek remembers the map, pulling it out of his pocket he gives it to Tom. Trek: "Look this proves I'm telling the truth." Tom stares at it, holds it upside down

and waves it in the air before announcing: "I don't know how to read." He pauses: "I think I'll take you to my mum - she'll find out if you're telling the truth about this Mr Berry." And so he sets off with Trek towards his home.

ACT THREE: HOME.

Scene 1: Old B&W House, Bishampton (Early Evening).

From the outside the house appears extremely pleasing, it's aged quality provides an air of security/safety. As Trek walks into the kitchen (with Tom) he feels sure that he will find the answer to his 'Mr Perry' problem from someone in this building. (The kitchen is tidy but quite full - a large wooden table dominating the room). Tom yells out: "Mum, mum I found this bloke hanging around the orchard." Tom's mother bustles into the room (she is wearing old clothes, a hideous apron and her hair is covered by an old head-scarf): "What's that you're saying love?" Tom: "I said I found this here foreigner down at the land - he says he's looking for a Dick Terry!" Mrs Beard: "That's alright Tommy - you go outside and get me some wood - I'll find out what he was doing down there." Tom goes outside and starts chopping up wood (the sound persists throughout the rest of the scene). Mrs Beard: "Sit down love, do you want something to eat?" Trek nods and sits down. Mrs Beard stands at the oven preparing bacon & eggs. Mrs Beard: "So what were you doing down there?" Trek: "I, er, a man came to my house and offered me some money to come up here and collect a parcel from a Mr Perry - only when I get here there's no Mr Perry!" Mrs Beard: "It strikes me that you've been tricked - there aint no Mr Kerry around here. Such a cruel trick to play on you." She walks across the kitchen and puts the food in front of him. Mrs Beard: "That's a splendid moustache you've got there - eat up now!" Trek: "Why would anyone want to do this to me." As he eats Trek studies his surroundings, trying to put all this madness together in his head. Mrs Beard pours him a coffee and stands watching over him. Mrs Beard: "Now I think you should stay the night here and get off to your home in the morning" (she strokes her upper lip as she utters these words). Trek (who has finished his meal) says: "Is there a pub nearby - I dearly need a drink." Mrs Beard: "Yes, there's a pub down at the end of the road but you go and get yourself a wash first. You'll be sleeping in the room at the top of the stairs - You can find it for yourself." Trek: "You've been very kind - I don't know what I would have done without you." He gets up from the table.

Scene 2: Old B&W House, Bishampton. (as for scene 1).

Trek climbs the stairs - there is something peculiarly spooky about the staircase (it is beginning to occur to him that there might be more to all this than meets the eye!) He opens the door at the top of the stairs - an empty room - strangely the room appears to be ready for a guest (bed turned down, fresh flowers on the window-sill and astoundingly a Bible by the side of the bed.) Forgetting the reason he has come upstairs (a wash) Trek (who is still standing in the doorway) turns and sees a room on the other side of the corridor. He can hear a strange noise, a groaning sound as if someone is in deep pain. Summoning up the courage Trek eases the door open. He is astounded at the sight that greets him: An old man lying in bed, his white moustache standing out like a beacon on his face. It is impossible to be sure exactly what the old man is saying but the words sound like: "Shave it off! Shave it off!" Trek is uncertain as to whether the old-timer is drugged or merely senile. Just at the moment that he is about to leave the room Trek notices that the old man's left hand is tied to the side of the bed. Entering the room, he lifts the sheets at the bottom of the bed and sees that the man's feet are also tied. Deciding that something extremely weird is going on, Trek leaves the room, closes the door and descends the stairs. As he enters the kitchen he is met with an equally disturbing sight: the old woman is sitting with her back to him - staring into a large mirror - she is drawing lines onto her face with an eyeliner, she appears to be getting sexually excited as she inks in her Mexican moustache. Trek coughs and speaks: "I'm just going down to the pub then" Mrs Beard spins around in her chair, covering her face with her right hand. Mrs Beard: "Yes, lovey, I'll send Tom for you when Tea is ready." Trek nods and leaves.

Scene 3: The Dolphin Pub, Bishampton (Mid-Evening).

Trek is drinking a pint of lager. He lights a cigarette and shuts his eyes for a few seconds. A strange couple enter the pub (the man is dressed in old jeans, a dirty coat and his face appears to have a filthy beard sprouting on it; the girl is quite attractive but blandly clothed). Without buying drinks they walk straight over to Trek. The man (Pete) speaks: "Mind if we join you?" Trek shrugs his shoulders. Pete: "The name is Pete, I aint never seen you in here before!" Trek: "I'm up here visiting someone - Do you know if there's a telephone nearby?" Pete: "No, no phones here - We're not civilised yet (He laughs)" Girl: "You're not English are you?" Trek: "I was born in London - if that's in England." His attempt at sarcasm is not understood. Pete: "Where are you staying?" Trek: "With some people called

'The Beards' - they're a bit odd." Pete leans over virtually into Trek's face: "You're bloody telling me, they're a bit odd - that Tom is a violent nutter - I had an argument with him the other day - I thought he was going to kill me - and that Mrs Beard, you know what they say about her?" Trek (more concerned): "What do they say?" Pete: "Only, that she kidnaps young men like ... you and ... has her evil way with them." Trek: "What do you mean - evil way?" Girl: "It's the moustaches aint it - she's got a thing about moustaches - mind you she's onto a winner with yours - it's a beauty." Trek suddenly remembers the old man saying "Shave it off!" Pete: "Look mate don't drink anything there - she uses old herbal potions that can put folk to sleep - No doctor can tell if they're alive - can't hear the heartbeat see - thats when she does it" At that moment Tom walks into the Alehouse: "My Ma sent me to say it's time for you to eat." Trek decides that he has no option but to return with the brute. However he bears in mind the advice he has been given and repeats to himself: 'Don't drink anything.'

Scene 4: B&W House, Bishampton (Late Evening).

As they enter the kitchen (the table is laid in preperence for a meal) Mrs Beard laughs and says: "So there you are I thought you'd been spirited away." Trek sits down and the old woman serves the food. She places a plate of meat & potatoes in front of him, fills a glass of water and sits down at the table next to him. Trek (who is extremely hungry) begins to eat. Glancing out of the corner of his eye he can see that she is drawing a moustache onto a face on the front of the newspaper: By the time he has consumed two or three mouthfuls the silence is shattered by the arrival of Pete and the girl from the pub. Pete (laughing): "Enjoying it are you? It's in the gravy - the drug is in the food. You idiot!" Trek attempts to stand up but he finds this impossible - Tom is standing behind him, holding him down. Pete sits down next to Mrs Beard, puts his arm around her and they sing: "Where be that moustache - I be after he - He be sitting on your face - Curly as can be - He sees I - I sees He - He calls me a bugger and a liar - But now I caught that moustache - I'm gonna set it's roots on fire." Trek passes out before the song ends (the last thing he hears is the hideous laughter of 'Big' Tom.)

Scene 5: B&W House, Bishampton (Early Morning).

On the floor in front of the fire Trek awakes (he is still wearing his overcoat); He can feel a heavy weight on his chest and someone stroking his moustache. Opening his eye he realises that the old woman is sitting on top of him. She appears to have gone mad (she is obviously not in control of herself -

moaning and groaning, almost singing to him. She has a false moustache stuck on her face.) Finding superhuman strength he throws her off and runs from the room. Mrs Beard (screams): "Tom, Pete, Tom, Pete."

ACT FOUR: FLEE.

Scene 1: Open Road to the Stream (Early Morning).

As Trek runs he can hear the shouts of The Beard family not far behind him. (He is desperately trying to find the orchard; from there to the main road is easy.) As he runs along the road Trek sees a tiny bridge, thinking quickly, he leaps over a nearby gate and hides beneath it. Mrs Beard and her sons run along the road above where their victim is hiding! Pete: "I see you got your gun, Tom." Tom: "Yeah, I'll nail the bastard." Meanwhile Trek is staring at the tranquil stream (the comparison between the calm of the brook and the terror of his situation is extreme!) Realising that they have gone he comes out from beneath the bridge, hops over the gate and runs back the way he had come. Before long he sees the tin-shed up in the distance.

Scene 2: The Orchard (Early Morning).

Drawing closer Trek realises that they have got there before him - he can hear their voices inside the shed. Mrs Beard: "But we can't let him go - I need it for my collection." Pete: "We'll catch the sod." Tom: "Your potion could knock him out at anytime couldn't it, mum?" Mrs Beard: "That's right." Attempting to stay calm Trek decides to cut through the trees to the main road; tip-toeing he tries to pass by the back of the shed. Just as he thinks he's got away with it; Tom: "There's someone out there!" The race is on! As Trek runs he can feel his heart beating; diving behind some Redcurrent bushes, he lies still. Tom is clutching his gun, Pete is holding a stake, both are laughing. Mrs Beard is running from tree to tree yelling instructions. Mrs Beard: "He's hiding somewhere, keep your eyes peeled lads, I want him." They are only a few feet from Trek and finally he loses his nerve. Bolting like a frightened rabbit, trying to avoid the trees, trying to head in the right direction - he sprints as if his life depends on it. Tom is right on his tail (Mrs Beard and Pete left way behind.) Tom (slightly lumbered down by his shotgun) dives at him and misses. Trek is free!!!

ACT FIVE: REPATRIATION.

Scene 1: On the Road, Norton (Mid-Morning).

Trek runs out into the road and flags down a car. The driver opens the passenger-door and laughs - it is Kev! (He is clean-shaven, wearing a beret and smoking a pipe) Kev: "Had a good

time? Jump in but no chatter - listen to the music." Trek climbs into the car and they depart. (Kev does not disturb him after the nightmare he has been through!) Once again the journey seems to flash by; the scratchy sound of the Buzzcocks first demos providing what half appears to be release (the escape from the lunatics in the country) and half appears to be horror (the realisation that he has travelled so far and bourne so much and yet earned no money to clear those massive debts!) during the return journey Kev's irritating habits have changed somewhat; instead of drumming out of time he sings along to the tape but even Trek who doesn't know the band can tell that it is the wrong words. Kev has also bought himself a cheap whistle and has taken to blowing it violently whenever his car is overtaken! As they approach the end of the M40 Kev switches the music off and asks: "Do you like Cricket?" Trek: "Yes, I tend to follow Middlesex." Kev: "I'm a Worcester man myself - ever since that Ian Botham joined them anyway." Trek: "When he's on form he's incredible isn't he?" Kev: Incredible - he's out of this world. What I really like is his off the field exploits - you know that broken bed in Barbados, the dope smoking and just the fact that he's an all round trouble maker." Trek does not respond. Kev: "What do you think of the England selectors then?" Trek: "Well, I know they got slagged off a lot back in the summer but I think they did quite a good job under the circumstances - it's never easy against the West Indies is it?" This seems to drive Kev insane, he bangs his head on the wheel, slams on the brakes and pushes Trek from his car: Kev: "You're lucky I didn't kill you for that - Fuck off to where you came from."

Scene 2: A Park Bench, Watford (Early Evening).

Exhausted, dirty and broke - Trek is trying to borrow money off passerbys - two ignore him before one kind soul stops. (The Samaritan (in the Biblical sense) is wearing jeans, a checked shirt and has a bushy moustache - He is an obvious homosexual!) Trek: "Have you got a cigarette?" The man gives him one. Trek (very emotional): "He gave me the money - I mean I went up there - But I mean Mr Perry wasn't there - And those wierdos! What's so special about my moustache?" Dave: "Well it's a very attractive moustache, the name is Dave by the way." Trek: "No, no it's not about the moustache. Who planned all of it - I mean they drugged me - What if-I-pass out? - Please can you lend me a couple of quid - Just so I can get home (He breaks down sobbing)" Dave (putting his arm around Trek's shoulder): "I'll help you - Do you want to come back to my place." Trek: "But I'm married." (He passes out - as if dead - and slumps to the

floor). Dave begins to panic. (What he had thought was a simple homosexual pick-up is in fact a desperate plea for help.)

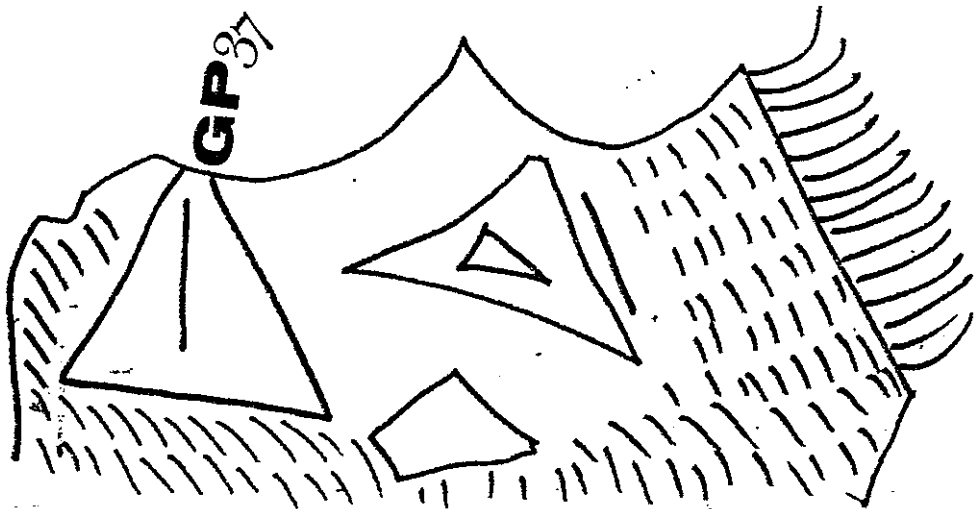
Scene 3: The House, Harrow Weald (Mid-Day).

Trek is lying in bed, he is asleep. Navette and Dave are sitting at the end of the bed. Navette is crying and Dave is trying to console her. Navette: "But what if he doesn't come out of this coma - The doctor didn't understand how it happened to him."

Dave: "When he was with me in the park, he was alright until he fainted. It was lucky I found that letter in his pocket - Thank God I found you." Navette (sobbing): "But I want him to get better - If only he'd known about the inheritance." Unbelievably Trek sits straight up in bed and says: "What inheritance?"

Scene 4: 2 Weeks later ... The House, Harrow Weald (Mid Day).

Trek is sitting at the kitchen table talking to a friend: "And you see the drug they had given me was extremely potent - I had been out for two days when I came round - The doctors couldn't believe it, they said it reminded them more than anything of the sort of potions administered by the Voodoo people of Haiti." The friend is visibly shocked by this horrific tale. Trek: "And you know the strangest thing is that the police have not been able to trace the Beard family or their accomplice who paid me to go there in the first place." Navette enters the kitchen and kisses her husband. She looks on top of the world. Navette: "Well its all forgotten now - and our money problems are solved the money we were left in my grandmothers will has seen to that. I suppose sometimes things do work out for the best!"



EVEN MORE WHALIN G

The Beard: Here and there then and now The playwrights right he stole the bow The clock was set the room was red Time up and down let's go to bed. Outside and out of time: Desire. The fire had been lit the funeral pyre. Electric razors cutting deep the inner chaos that they reap the dirty grave but not at all in the courtyard in the hall I love you so I say it more straight to the heart between the door. This is disgrace it doesn't talk now it's time let's walk. Hatred: Are you some kinda psychiatrist No You've only got one eye Ha Ha Ha I'm very wet and juvenile. But I don't want need or like you. I may always be drunk but people hate you. Wanker Wanker. Why am I What do I say What do I do Things you say Things you do You're worth nothing. Did you really go to New York I think you're just a queer Are you really very clever Wanker Wanker. Oh Image Fair: Oh image fair inside my head the ultimate form of lust is mine you will lie naked on my bed plucked from creativity's vine. Your life is mine to take away your heart only beats inside my brain guilt from my soul holds me at bay incestuous temptation showering like rain. I caused you to exist to me alone built from an imaginary sin now you've heard my joyous

moan ah now you know we must begin. But now it is ended and I must kill you until I create another fair image fair image. Crying Wouldn't Help Me Now: A nightmare of nothingness a heart full of light I despair of 'Dreardom' but still I fight. An ecstasy of indulgence an instinct and a dream I pray I beg for forgiveness but I'm still not what I seem. And torment's terrible tortures and remembering real rays I'm possessed by primal passions seven-seven-seven-nine days. Screaming out with emotion tempted by devotion considering every notion consuming any potion. Crying wouldn't help me now crime wouldn't help me now crying wouldn't help me now Wow! Loyalty: Loyalty leadership loyalty I've got a chip on my shoulder. Been betrayed countless times been betrayed countless times been betrayed countless times by people I trusted. Where is hope/Where is truth? Trust-trust-trust-trust-trust-trust-truss me up. Vagueries: Loyalty/Betrayal a selfish character trait high-powered hypnotic dreams just refuse to wait. Muddled guilt well I was always a star (the years spent scheming in the back of your car). Right on the edge you want to reverse this lack of understanding with which we've been cursed. You're so un-understood you want to vague me away but you're

scared to comprehend that today is today is my day.
You've Been Foolin' With Me:
Every hour every day something tells me there's gotta be a better way You're foolin' with me. In the morning I catch the bus all I can think is how you're foolin' with us you know you're breaking my heart Tearing me apart. A cup of coffee or a cup of tea I know you're doing something dreadful to me You're foolin' foolin' with my breakfast Brunch. In the evening I catch the bus all I can think is what you're doing to us. You're foolin' with me Je t'aime t'adore mamon saxon.
Crackers (Xmas Blues): I went to bed feeling quite sad I awoke the next morning festively clad. Christmas is coming and the goose is getting loose and I await Santa with the hangman's noose we're always short of dripping but I don't know I'll make do with an oily rag hey nonny-nonny-no. Dear dear old Geoffrey Chaucer drinks his tea out the saucer, Lovely lovely John Milton pours his coffee on his chiltern. Under the misteltoe high up a tree the reindeer are coming hunting for me but I am drunk and therefore thee must dance naked in the snow ever so modernistically. There aint no sanity clause there is no yuletide pause I'm the one with the cracker in my eye and it's beginning to sting!

Blind Nigger Blues: I got me the blind nigger blues cos he don't work too hard I got me the blind nigger blues cos he don't work my farm so I put out his eyes and told him to crawl back home Walk on boy. I got me the deaf nigger blues cos he don't hear too good I got me the deaf nigger blues cos he don't do what he should so I cut off his earlobes and sent him down to the store Walk on. I got me the dumb nigger blues cos he don't talk too nice I got me the dumb nigger blues cos he done talk dirty to my wife so I cut off his tongue and covered it in salt and ice Walk on. I got me the neutered nigger blues cos he done wank too much I got me the castrated nigger blues cos he done wank too much so I cut off his nuts and (you got it) I had 'em for lunch Walk on.



PERVERSION

*"Out of him came forth the corner, out of him the nail, out of him the battle bow, out of him every oppressor together"
(Zechariah 10, iv).*

HUNGER STRIKE

Perception - Reality - Betrayal - Trust
Fifty Percent Desire - Fifty Percent Lust
I'm like a madman driven to the point of no return
I wanna petrol-bomb my memory just to see it burn.

A plague of locusts invade my soul
Condemning/Contesting what I stole
To cleanse yourself - You must suffocate
Abandon Love - Embrace Hate.

The Heavenly angels assault my eyes
Constructing/Destructing all my lies
The Flesh is weak but the Blood is strong
The 'Politics of Vengeance' drives me on.

I'm on a Hunger-Strike for you
Negation fills me to the core
I'm on a Hunger-Strike for you
Don't know what I was living for
I'm on a Hunger-Strike for you
Withdrawn my purpose (my will to live)
I'm on a Hunger-Strike for you
It's the final present that I can give.

*"But ye have profaned it, in that ye say, The table of the Lord
is polluted; and the fruit thereof, even his meat, is
contemptible" (Malachi 1, xii).*

GET IN TOUCH

I'm Dreamin' of you Darlin'
I don't know where you've been.
Nightmare visions of doubt and death
Are tearing through my spleen.

S
T
R
I
K
E

I'm Dreamin' of you Darlin'
Just give me a little more time
To repair, control, replace, admit
Breakdown and make you mine.

I'm Dreamin' of you Darlin'
I've got to try again
I swear I'll tame my vicious words
And curb my evil brain.

I'm Dreamin' of you Darlin'
If I promised to be true
And stopped my drinking, smoking, cheating
Anything for you.

I'm Dreamin' of you Darlin'
If I got down on my knees
I'd beg and plead, reduce myself
If you would only please.

I'm Dreamin' of you Darlin'
If you would just come home
Then you can have anything you want
And everything I own.

Get in Touch - Get in Touch
Come on Honey - I need you so much
Be tactile - Reach out and Feel
Make me human - Make me real.

"Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation: the spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak" (St Matthew 27, xli).

CUCKOLD BLUES

Since my Baby left me - Since my Baby left me
I've taken to 'unnatural' practices
She was my Baby, she was my Baby, she was my Baby
She done cuckolded me good.

Since my Baby left me - She's gone away
Since my Baby left me - I aint got nowhere to stay
Since my Baby left me - I mope around all day
Since my Baby left me - There don't seem to be no other way.

Since my Baby left me - Since my Baby left me
I aint quite like I used to be
She was my Baby, she was my Baby, she was my Baby
She done gone finished with her scolding me.

Since my Baby left me - I've got a hard-on in my hand.
Since my Baby left me - I don't know if I can stand (it)
Since my Baby left me - I don't know what I'm gonna do
Since my Baby left me - I've gone 'unnatural' over you.

Since my Baby left me - Since my Baby left me
I've got the jaded muthafuckin' cocksuckin' Cuckold Blues
She was my Baby, she was my Baby, she was my Baby
She gone destroyed me through and through.

*"And they reasoned amongst themselves, saying, It is because we
have no bread" (St Mark 8, xvi).*

INSIDE THE MEAT FACTORY

Inside the Meat Factory - The sweat hangs in the air
And I'm feeling stained just by going in there.

Inside the Meat Factory - Your soul is on display
I feel a certain sadness. - Guess it's coming my way.

Inside the Meat Factory - Anything's for sale
And I'm feeling anger and I'm growing stale.

Inside the Meat Factory - The Blood does flow
And I'm feeling guilty - Still have to go
Inside the Meat Factory - The Blood does flow
And I'm feeling pleasure - Don't you know.

Inside of me, inside of me, inside of me
Inside of Meat Factory
Inside of me, inside of me, inside of me
Inside of Meat Factory.

*"And all wept, and bewailed her: but he said, Weep not; she is
not dead, but sleepeth" (St Luke 9, iii).*

THE SEDUCTION PROCESS

Stage 1: Aesthetics - What does it mean?

To be pure, untainted, virgin and clean
In the mind - it's a moment (the ink bursts the pen)
To conceive would be heaven - To be fifteen again.

Stage 2: Desire - Related to greed

The oil does glisten - it's just what I need
The smell and the taste are as nothing before
The instant is total. But still there is more

Stage 3: Disgust - It just can't be true

That I've taken and used what I wanted from you
The papers were signed - The contract was sealed
And I'm left wanting - Affected/Unhealed.

It's like a/I've got this surging coming over me
It's like the waves in the deep blue sea
And there aint no place/where that I'd rather be
Then seduced and trapped or seduced and free.

"If ye shall ask any thing in my name, I will do it"
(St John, 14, xiv.)

TASTEBUD

Friday evening - Walking home from work
Perversion Street is a bulging quirk
Sure, I need love but I need something more
I want it hard-core, explicit, obscene and raw.

Stretched to the limit - It's a private mess
Unlimited funds equals 'the sweet smell of success'
I submerge my conscious in a liquid lust
I'm drowning and drinking and spitting on trust.

To suck, lick, drink, eat. Suck, lick, drink, eat
It's human, Dionysian, animalistically complete
The surrender of body is both good/bad and right
- This is the journey to the end of the night.

Oh Cindy - I'm hot for crime
I'll damn myself to the end of time
Oh Cindy - Just give me a taste
Don't let your lovely, lovely magick go to waste.

"Take them and purify thyself with them, and be at charges with them, that they may shave their heads; and all may know that those things, whereof they were informed concerning thee, are nothing; but that thou thyself also walkst orderly, and keepest the law" (The Acts 21, xxiv).

OVEREXPOSED

And you know I'm getting Overexposed
And you know I'm getting Overexposed
And you know I'm getting Overexposed
Cos I don't wear no clothes ... and ...

And you can dress me up - And you can dress me down
And you can dress me up - And I won't wear no frown ... and

And I can dance and sing - Hey, I'll do anything
And I can dance and sing - Hey, I'll do anything

And now I want my fame - Now I want my fame
Now I want my fame - Huh, Method Rhythm is my name ... and

I'll do just what you want me to
I'll do just what you want me to
I'll do just what you want me to
I'll be Al Jolson for you.

And now I'm Overexposed - Now I'm Overexposed
Now I'm Overexposed - Bah Bah Bah Bah Bah Bah

*"For if ye live after the flesh, ye shall die: but if ye through the Spirit do mortify the deeds of the body, ye shall live"
(Romans 8, xiii).*

ANOTHER SITUATION

It's another situation - Blood pumping through my brain
It's another situation - Got me open-heart surgery again
It's another situation - Soil falling on my grave
It's another situation - I'll be Damned if you'll be Saved!

It's another situation - Rain pouring on my face ...
It's another situation - I've got to have my own space
It's another situation - Streets screaming as I walk
It's another situation - I'll be Silent, you can Talk.
Pick it up, pick it up, pick it up

It's another situation - I'm out driving in my car
It's another situation - Why must you push me so far?
It's another situation - Hey - God knows why I try
It's another situation - You'll miss me when I die.

It's another situation - I'm tearing pages from the book
It's another situation - All the shit that we could cook
It's another situation - Mind boils from final thought
It's another situation - Come and show me what you've bought.
Pick it up, pick it up, pick it up

Don't make a 'spectacle' out of yourself
Don't make a 'spectacle' out of yourself
Don't make a 'spectacle' out of yourself
Don't make a 'spectacle' out of yourself
No No No No No No No No No No No No No
Because this is the Revolution of EveryDayLife.

*"I write not these things to shame you, but as my beloved sons
I warn you" (1 Corinthians 4, xiv).*

DIFFERENCE

How much Longer can I bear - All the evol everywhere
How much Longer can I survive - All the Madness in my life.
Hey bopshabopbedoobobadom

I got me Isolation - I got me Separation
I got me Isolation - I got me Separation.
Hey bopshabopbedoobobadom

I got me Deviation - I got me Alienation
I got me Deviation - I got me Alienation.
I got me Penetration - I got me De-Hydration
I got me Penetration - I got me De-Hydration.

I got me Resurrection - I got me - Salvation
I got me Resurrection - I got me - Salvation.

And I'm Different and I'm Different
And I'm Different and I'm Different!
And I'm Different and I'm Difference
And I'm Different and I'm Difference
Don't think I can take it no more

"Greet one another with an holy kiss" (2 Corinthians 13, xii).

EVESHAM

I was only fifteen years - She was only fourteen years
I was only fifteen years - She was only fourteen years
And Evesham in Evesham.

The Grass was soiled - And the trees did bleed
The Grass was soiled - And the trees did bleed
And Evesham in Evesham - (Oh! Look at what you have done).

The Lorries came - And the Lorries left
The Lorries came - And the Lorries left
And Evesham in Evesham

I'm taking all you've got and I'm giving all I have
I'm taking all you've got and I'm giving all I have
And Evesham in Evesham - Evesham in Evesham

There was a five-bar gate, It was looking down on me
It was laughing at my-fate

And when you've been up for five days straight.

When you have been up for five days straight

When you've been up for five days straight

When you've been up for five days straight

Do you know how it feels, do you know how it feels?

Do you know how it feels, do you know how it feels?

Do you know how it feels, do you know how it feels?

Do you know how it feels?

To plough the fields and scatter the good seed on the land

Plough the fields and scatter the good seed on the land

And the wise man built his house on rock

And the stoopid man built his house on sand

In Evesham in Evesham - Evesham in Evesham

Evesham - Evesham.

*"For if a man think himself to be something, when he is nothing,
he deceiveth himself" (Galatians 6, iii).*

HELLFIRE

When Judgement day arrives - Who will plead my case?

Can I get a Witness - In this hateful place?

When I'm on Trial - Who will even care?

Will there be Redemption - From the Evil everywhere.

When I beg for mercy - Will Jesus stoop to hear?
Will the son of God acknowledge - I'm punished enough by fear.
As my crimes are detailed - Will Jesus demonstrate love?
And pluck me from this Hellfire - And take me up above.

Or are my sins too mighty - For forgiveness to repair?
Must I pay the ultimate price - And burn for ever down there?
I am intrinsically guilty - I damned myself at birth
I swear I'll sin no longer - If you'll just recognise my worth!

*"Be ye angry and sin not: let not the sun go down upon your
wrath" (Ephesians 4, xxvi).*

DIRT

I aint got much - I can call my own
I got some Dirt - that I call 'Home'.

Soul is in the Earth - Heart is in the Mud
Mind is in the Gutter - Hey! Don't you call me 'Bud'.

And I was Cured - And I was Cured
I wanna testify - And praise the Lord.

Cos I've been Dirt and I don't care
I've been Dirt and I don't care.

*"Beware of dogs, beware of evil workers, beware of the
concision" (Philippians 3, ii).*

NEGATION

I am possessed by Boredom
That is the reason why
The futility of living
Makes me shrivel up and die

The pointlessness of endeavour
Is the beginning of the end
This melancholic meaning
Is my only friend

Pessimism is warning
Paranoia a sign
The Conspiracy-Hawker a prophet
Of deception on the line.

This thing that they call 'Progress'
Is destruction by degree
This 20th Century madness
Negated everything out of me.

I'm the Man without Qualities
I aint got nothing to say
I aint got nothing to live for
Guess England made me this way

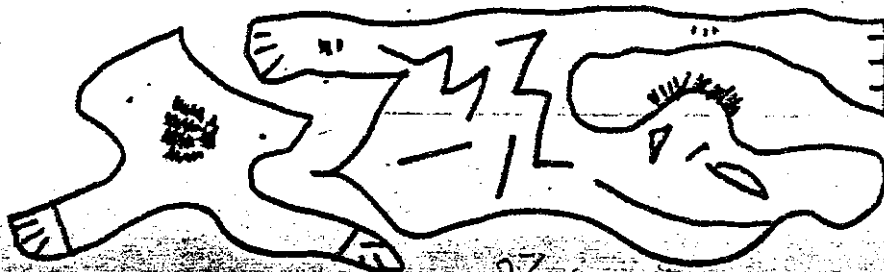
I'm the Man without Qualities
I aint got nothing to be
I aint got nothing to offer
Guess England done this to me

I'm the Man without Qualities
I aint got nothing to sell
I aint got no solutions
Just can't break this spell.

Negation = Elation - Negation = Elation
Negation = Elation - Negation = Elation.

So just say No - Just say No - Just say No
Just say No-No-No-No.

I'm getting 'Out-of-Control'
I'm getting 'Out-of-Control'
I'm getting 'Out-of-Control'
'Out-of-Control' - 'Out-of-Control'
'Out-of-Control' - 'Out-of-Control'



GP45

GLAM GROTESQUERIES

GP 49

The Peeky Blinders. London Bridge is falling down / My Fair Lady Build it up with Iron & Steel / My Fair Lady / Hey, Hey, we're the Peeky Blinders / And we got our razors / And they're sharpened for you / You, you, you, you and you (Me, me, me, me and me) / At the Bull Ring Shopping Centre / And their long red lances / I am moving to the Nazis / And the peach he ran over me like a flood / I'm just going down the 'nick' for a sherbert dab / England 243-1 - Australia 42 all-out / Hey, hey, we're the Peeky Blinders / Hey, hey were the pokey blinders / Yo-Ho-Ho we're the pokey boo barbos / Hey, hey we're the Monkees!

Tarred & Feathered. I was out for lunch / I was out for tea / I was looking at those sausages / They were looking at me / I said hell I said hellzapoppin' / I said hey there on the table / Where the were going? / To the cupboard / Tarred & Feathered / Tarred & Feathered / Ihwrtgvaijooikuyjlh iJOKUYWDJ IUJGYkmjnh / There ain't nothing I can do for you boys / Cos they got em sewn up good / The twist inside them / As the (t)roof came in / As the walls subsided / As the fish fried / As the eggs implied it / Yabba-Dabba-Doo-Dah-Bop-See-Doo.

Wolf Man. Gotta go / Gotta goat / Gotta go / Gotta goat / Howl / Howl / Howl / The Wolf Man cometh / He cometh, cometh / Wolverine / In my jeans / Wolverine / In my jeans / Howl / Howl / Howl / Gotta go / Gotta goat / It's the Wolverine / Hello / The time by Greenwich meantime is 3.31 and 40 seconds / Wolverine / Wolverine / Ah Ah Ah Ah / 'some Welsh' / How do you feel when the Wolverine bit off half your scrotum? / How do you feel when the Wolverine ate the inside of your lungs? / 'more Welsh' / How do you feel when the Wolverine decides that you are the one he wants next? / Wolverine / Gotta go / Gotta go / Gotta go / Get the Taffy out - Kick him in the head / He's gotta gun / He's gotta gun / The Wolf has got a gun! / Howl / Howl / Barry John.

Blue Blue Kali. Conversation: (R) Take those off! (J) No I want to listen to it as well (R) No, no that'll spoil the whole idea of it. (MG) No do-do (J) Ah shit, I've gotta listen because it got something growing inside me (R) What? (MG) Look, Oh God, look (J) Leave that! That's mine, leave it alone (R) What are you after, Mark? (MG) Water (J) Water (R) from the tap (R) What about, Mark, we're meant to be having a conversation. Will you come back in here (J) About Kali (MG) Are we doing it now? (R) Yes (MG) Oh I see (R) So he potters off to the kitchen (J) You know that guitar you play? (R) Yes (J)

It's meant to be really good, well it felt quite good but it's actually really crap when you listen to it back - it's so slow (MG) James the problem with you is that you're fuckin listening to the music trying to think of something cool and hip to say (J) No I'm serious - I never heard anything so terrible (R) It's awful I don't like it very much (MG) Why? (J) Why What? (MG) Why are we shouting? (R) I just thought I was Jimi Hendrix for a while or Bini Jendrix (J) I've thought about that (R) Mark trying to get himself undressed (MG) I'm not, I'm not actually, I was getting rather depressed about it, I thought the bass-line sounded like 'White Light / White Heat' with the woofe (R) What? (MG) You know the story (J) How can you laugh and say the same thing at the same time (R) Now there's a question My ears have gone mad you know they keep on going mmmmmuh throbbing like you know (J) I warned you (MG) We're really having a conversation like this (R) Yeah, sitting in the corner with the headphones on (J) Kali (MG) Can you hear us talking? (R) Carly Simon (J) Kali Simon Blue blue Kali Simon - Chant Chant (R) The original concept was that we were going to have a conversation (J) What yeah but I want to do something musical Chant (MG) Oh is that what you've been saying to us - Chant what? (J) Chant (MG) Kylie Kylie Kylie Kylie (J) Not Kylie (MG) What? (R) Kali (MG) Kali - excuse me what are we talking about - What is it Karare - Karake (J) Karaoke - Crikey (R) Where's Karacas (J) It's a place (MG) Venuzuela (R) Oh yeah, that's right it's a place!

Saturday at 3.00. *The Old Woman Regrets the Days of Her Youth: I Heard the Lovely Armouress, as she was once so widely known, complain in longing more or less like this for youth again: 'You crone, cat-thief and proud of it, you've thrown me down and beaten me. But why? Who cares if I split this bag of bones and with the blow lie down and die? You've knocked me off the high horse my beauty rode over merchants, clerks and priests. In those days, of course, a passing shadow of the darks that I could light and the bright sparks would give their one and all, and leave remorse till later after the larks. Nothing a beggar now would thieve. Yet I refused with most the men (which wasn't very bright of me) because I loved a fly boy then and give him all I had for free, though sometimes going on the spree. But, oh my Christ, I loved him well; yet fast and loose he played with me and only loved what I could sell. He could have dragged me through Shit Street trodden me underfoot, and still I would have loved him. He could beat me up and break my back at will, I'd soon forgive him all the ill if once he asked me for a kiss. The filthy bastard took his fill: shame and despair have come from this. But now he's dead these thirty years while I survive grey-haired and old. Oh, when I see what filth*

appears when I am naked, I grow cold: poor, dry, shrivelled, fold on fold. What once I was, what now in age: meagre and rank, nothing to hold - I almost lose my mind in rage.

Shopping. And I was shopping for clothes / Oxford Street gets very busy in the Summer-Time / The people they do not communicate / They gather round their ankles / Rory was my lover / I was shopping for clothes / I wear divine intoxiclothes / And the mirror was talking and gazing at me / Somewhere beyond the shadows of the Third Force in the Universe an Italian waiter is planning a revolution / We're not going to let him succeed are we boyz? / We're not going to let him succeed are we boyz? / I was shopping for coats - I was intoxicated / Shopping for clothes / I was shopping for clothes / Shopping for clothes

Popular Yiddish Folk-Tales. Doo-Doo-Doo-Day-Day-Day (*ad hoc*) / The salt was gathering in his eye / He continued walking until the vultures pecked out his eyes / His father Samuel went out into the Desert to look for him / And he said 'David my son - Where have you gone?' / Up a tree / Doo-Doo-Doo-Day-Day-Day.

Black Mass Blues. I got me the Black Mass Blues / In my patent goat-skin shoes / Oh the Devil he was coming down on me / And he said 'Hey Boy, if you want some money - I could give you a good time' / You look like a pharisee but I know you're a good Country boy / And they lit the candles / And they put them on the cake / And they let the cake out / And they put it on my face / And it don't mean nothing - Don't mean nothing - Don't mean nothing at all / It don't mean nothing - Don't mean nothing - Don't mean nothing at all / I walk up the stairs to bed / And I've got substances in my head / And I've got a car that goes double-fast / But it don't make no difference cos it won't last / Got me the Black Mass Blues / It aint no use to me / No no no no no no / I've got me the Lucifer Blues / In my goat-skin shoes / I've got me horns and a tail / I've got me horns and a cloven hoof / But I don't have nowhere to live / And I don't have no kind of room / Mumbo Jumbo it's Umbo Jumbo / Mumbo Jumbo it's Umbo Jumbo / Mumbo Jumbo / Not all Mumbo Jumbo to me / (*Black Mass chanting....*)

Ode To Pan. -Do the Watusi - Do the Watusi - Do the Watusi - Do the Watusi / Ode to Pan / Oh little one with the pipes come to me / Pan's a Man / Pan's a man with little hooves on his boots / Oh Panny come and slappy my thigh / Pancramix / Panoramix / Oh Panny Oh Panny Oh Panny Oh Panny / Spend a Panny / Riding my bicycle made for two / Pan Pan Pan Pan Pan Pan / Mr Tumnus / Is this an Ode to

Pan or an Ode to ... / He's a fawn, he's a fawn, he's a fawn / ... the
Pan / Don't get philosophical about it / How much do we actually owe
Pan? / I owe Pan £3 / Do the Watusi - Do the Watusi / It goes like
this ... / A broken biro / Do the Watusi / I saw this real good joke:
there was a bloke at a crossing and there's this chicken going
across it and the caption says 'Don't ask!' / Well I thought it was
very funny / Ode to Pan - Do the Watusi / Owed to me \$40 / Panny
Panny Panny Panny / Little Panny come to me / Frolic in the Woods -
Frolic in the Woods / And they tell me that you are the original Old
Took / Peregrine, you mean / The Old Took himself but where did
he take himself? / Ode to Pan - Ode to Pan / Tonight on Panorama -
My name's Robin Day / Get off my face / Was he on your face /
There's nothing like road tax / My name is Michael Tumnus / Oh no
Mr Tumnus / Don't be silly Mr Tumnus / Right you are Mr Tumnus /
Nice Beaver / I had it stuffed this morning / Ode to Pan - Do the
Watusi / This is enough to drive any man insane / Just me and my
little hnduijilkjgfb / Why do we do this? / I dunno modern
technology I guess - They couldn't have done this fifty years ago
could they? They couldn't have done this ten years ago. / May I? /
The Horse and his Boy / My name is Bond, James Bond / Do the Watusi
- Ode to Pan / What shall we do with a drunken sailor early in the
morning? / Stick a cucumber up his bum early in morning / Over
there over there / This synth is enough to drive any man insane / I
drive a Mercedes-Benz / If my mother could hear me now / Somewhere
out there / I love this bit it's really good / It sounds like some
operatic bender / Vangelis eat your heart out / Ray could have been
in 'Yes' / No it sounded really nice / Hark the Herald Angels Sing
'glory to the Newborn King' / The SS are coming to cut off your
gonads / Don't worry mate - first time for everything / Mein Fuhrer
do the Watusi / I am sixteen going on seventeen - happy to be a
cheese / You are seventeen going on eighteen looking you need
something to eat / I am nineteen going on twenty I don't know what
went on in my jeans / I am twenty-six going on ninety / I am
ninety-two going on seventy / The Medic / Gilded delivered / Hey
hey Mr Zaco man / I've got to be a part of it - the shop that never
closed / It's up to you - Zaco Zaco / I just popped in from the
windy city - the windy city is kindy pretty / I'm as horny as Kansas
in autumn - As high as a flag on the fourth of July - As you will
note there's a lump in my throat when I speak of this wonderful guy
/ What is it. Mary Ellen? / John-Boy what are you doing in your
bedroom all alone / You're too-young-to-understand / It's a glorious
day / You sure are girl - stay down with your grandma / What's that
clockin noise / Shut up Old Beth / What are you writing in that
diary / Jason put Jim-Bob down / You prat Jim-Bob / Fly bobbly boat
like a bird on the wing - Over the sea to Skye - Are you the lad
who is born to be king?

MUMB° JUMB°

*"Wives, submit yourselves unto your own husbands, as it is fit
in the Lord" (Colossians 3, xviii).*

SIMPLE SOULS

My Momma said - My Poppa said
And my Brothers said "Don't go to the City!"

But I went all the same - Had me a Time
Saw things there drove me out of my Mind.

There's a Sickness breeding in this Sad Old Town
It never came out of the Ground.

So I went to the Station - Suitcase in hand
I'm going back to the Country - Going back to the Land
(Going back to the Promised Land! - Oh Yeah, Alright!)

You see I gazed in the 'Mirror of the Simple Souls' -
And my Heart rushed as my Blood ran cold
Wondered how there could ever be
So much Greed and Misery.

Cos I'm a Simple Soul - A Simple Soul
I'm a Simple Soul - A Simple Soul
There's too much Greed and Misery.

"For ye are our glory and joy" (1 Thessalonians 2, xx).

LIPSTICK GROOVE

First thing in the Morning - Last thing at Night
The Tempo's increasing and I feel Alright
My Dreams are distorted - I'm into the 'Real'
I want to Surrender (...To this Total Love I feel.)

Possession is Trickery - Property is Theft
I was getting Useless, Tired and Bereft
No Hopes for the Future - No Loves from the Past
This Instant Attraction (... Total Love at last.)

Accidental Exposure - The Truth of the Look
More intoxicating, that any Drug you took
Insidious, Invisible, Perverse and Insane
I Need You/I Want You (.... Total Love on the brain.)

This Lipstick Groove is like a Medical Cure
I don't know what I was working for
This Lipstick Groove slamming me in the Face
I never cared about no Sex, Class, Race
This Lipstick Groove is like a Hollywood Song
It's keeping me living - It's turning me on
This Lipstick Groove is completely Divine
You're far too good, too good to be Mine.

Lipstick - I'm stuck on you
Lipstick - I don't know what I'm gonna do
Lipstick - I'm stuck-stuck-stuck-stuck on you,
There aint nothing you couldn't make me do.

Lipstick - I'm stuck on you
Lipstick - I don't know what I'm gonna do
Lipstick - I'm stuck-stuck-stuck-stuck on you.
Lipstick - There aint Nothing
Nothing in the World I wouldn't do.

Meanwhile I'm still Thinking!

*"And that we may be delivered from unreasonable and wicked men:
for all men have not faith" (2 Thessalonians 3, 11).*

DESIGNER FAILURE

As the chapter closes - Time runs out
Bet you don't know just what I'm talking about
I've racked my body - Ploughed my Brain
But this time there aint no refrain.

Luckless, Empty - Near washed-out
No-one listens when you shout
I'd say "I'm sorry it was all a mistake"
But all I needed was one more break.

Pulse-rate quickens - Mind caves in
How do you stop what you didn't begin
Slam on the anchors - Halt this car
But you can't go back when you've come so far.

Please forget that I was ever there
Cos the truth is that I do not care
I've kicked the habit - That's the key
I'm out on parole and I mean to stay free.

Every Cinderella has to have her Midnight
Every Country Fool must have his say
Every Idealist his illusions
Cos You Just Can't Win, No Way.

"For the scripture saith, Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn. And, The labourer is worthy of his reward". (1 Timothy 5, xviii).

LOLLYPOP

Teenage Dreams and Teenage Lust
They come together as they must
The Victim/Clown is here to mock
There's no damned re-wind on this clock.

Cash from Chaos - Bread from Stone
The Immaculate is out on it's own
Full-grown angst don't have no balls
The child rises - Then he falls.

The Perfect Music (if ever heard)
Would be the Screaming Sound of a Crazy Bird
The rotting corpse behind the old Plum tree
Does smell to heaven and looks like me.

Cos I'm the LollyPop Man with the darned Ice-cream
And You can taste my Product but don't be mean
You gotta make an effort - Open up your Mind
Cos there's so much beauty for you to find.

So come on, Honey, Suck my LollyPop
And suck it good, don't you ever stop
Don't be dirty, Baby, Lick it clean
And pay me money for my Ice-cream.

Lolly-Pop-Pop-Popping - Lolly-Pop-Pop-Popping (Come on...)
Lolly-Pop-Pop-Popping - Lolly-Pop-Pop-Popping (Alright...)
Lolly-Pop-Pop-Popping - Lolly-Pop-Pop-Popping (Me Now...)
Lolly-Pop-Pop-Popping - Lolly-Pop-Pop-Pop!

I gotta LollyPop for you
(You'll not-guess what my baby can do....)
I gotta LollyPop for you
(Do you know who you're talking to....)
I gotta LollyPop for you
(This time I wanna see it right through....)
I gotta LollyPop for you
(Now she's 'Cookin' // And you end you and you and you....)

"Ever learning, and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth" (2 Timothy 3, vii):

U CAN MAKE ME DANCE

Hey baby, I wanna say something to you
(Now listen) Sometimes when I get out of my head
And I say all the wrong things
Sometimes I know I stay out late at night
And I get back fighting
Somehow all my plans keep slipping through my hands
And I end up crying (but, listen)
I could be a Millionaire, Honey when you're standing there
You're so exciting.

Cos U can make me Dance - U can make me Sing
U can make me do just any old thing (And I love it!)

Sometimes I wanna get out of work
And get away from here, girl.
Summer's gone, don't be forlorn North Winds blow
It brings the snow I'll keep us warm girl
My schemes it seems are merely dreams
Fading with each morning
But this Old Heart of Mine is far too proud
Not to keep on trying.

U can make me Dance - U can make me Sing
U can make me do just any old thing (Hey, Baby).

So little bird don't fly away
Want you here, every day, don't ever leave me
I'd rather lose both my eyes than never see
Your smiling face again, girl.

Cos U can make me Dance - U can make me Sing
U can make me do just any old thing.
U can make me Dance - U can make me Sing
U can make me do just any old thing
(Oh come on, Baby, You know you feel the same way to....)

Keep on Loving me Baby, keep on loving me Babe,
Just keep on loving me Babe, just keep on loving me Baby,
Just keep on loving - ooh Babe (Ha!)

Keep on loving me Darlin', just keep on loving me Darlin',
- Just keep on loving me Darlin', just keep on loving me
Darlin', Darlin', Darlin', Darlin'

Oh yeah, alright, hey Baby, just keep on loving me Baby,
Just keep on loving me Darlin', just keep on loving me Baby,
Just keep on loving me Baby, keep on loving me Darlin',
Keep on loving me Darlin'.

Oh keep on loving Me, Just keep on loving Me,
Just keep on loving Me.

"But speak thou the things which become sound doctrine"
(Titus 2, 1).

MALEFICO

The Semantic wound - The Semitic scar
The camera records what you think you are
Time-Code honours morality and pride
That don't mean nothing to what you feel inside.

The texture is tactile - The vision supreme
Both watching/doing (if you know what I mean)
Control your Surrender - Get back to the Earth
Be 'The Hanged Man', Darling - Death & Re-birth.

There are no distinctions - There's no need to care
If you're a human being - You go anywhere
It's party-time, Baby - Harness your desire
Celebrate experience - Restraint is a liar.

If we're made like Gods then we must be immune
And all that heaven-sent pleasure will be coming soon
Be delicious and wicked, delightful, insane
Cos there's no way back to being normal again.

Delicious & Wicked - Delicious & Wicked
Delicious & Wicked - Je suis Mal.

The Method is in the Rhythm - The Method is in the Rhythm
The Method is in the Rhythm - Oh my God!

*"Whom I have sent again: thou therefore receive him, that is,
mine own bowels" (Philemon 1, xii).*

DECADANCING

Get down out the sky - stand on your head
Kick the muthafucka till it's totally dead
Groove yerself mental - Unleash the truth
Give up on conditions - Whiplash your youth
Step on the throttle - The axe hits the tree
Embrace the conviction that no-one is free
Stomp on the cynics - Descend into trance
Ignore the reasonable - Do the Decadance.

Dig a fresh grave - rebuild yer face
Control wild emotions - Join the human race
Drop out in the Country and cleanse your sick soul
Cut off used limbs and then claim that you're whole
Swing with the anger that throbs underground
Believe in the vision - Believe in the sound
Waltz into the Wilderness - Steadfast in your stance
Adore the insane - Do the Decadance.

Give for the moment - To 'Feel' is the key
Inject yourself stupid with intensity
Tune into passion - Trim back the heart
What seems like the end can yet still be the start
Breakdown in public - Scream out your name
Denigrate murder - This aint no game
Strip yourself naked - Tear off your pants
Show everyone everything - Do the Decadance.

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law'
'Every Man and Woman is a Star' (and a Whore)
Like the Angry Brigade, Andreas Baader
Captain Beefheart, Zurich dADa
Mitchum, Brecht & the SLA
Don't Think about it - Do it today.

Do the Ducasse - Do the Decadance
Do the Ducasse - Do the Decadance
Do the Ducasse - Do the Decadance
Do the Ducasse - Do the Decadance.

"It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God"
(Hebrews 10, xxxi).

TORCH HER

It feels real good but it must be bad
The implied and the implicit are intrinsically sad
Contextural definition is rent assunder
I'm going down as I'm going under.

Bathed in meaning - My heart is washed clean
The Power of 'italics' is felt not seen
Knowledge of Beauty consumed by waste
But Unrequited Love leaves no taste.

In theory surrender sires success
But reality is the master of my 'distress
Multiple-breakdown suggests a key
But that won't unlock this torture in me.

I'm gonna undress your body - To read your mind
I'm gonna examine your motives - To find a sign
I'm gonna dissect your lies - until they're true
But most of all, Darling, I'm gonna disseminate you.

I wanna check, check, check, check you out
Check it out, check you out and
I wanna check, check, check, check you out
Check it out, check you out, check you out and
I wanna check, check, check, check you out.

Cos I can speak in tongues - I can speak in tongues
I can speak in tongues
Cos I can talk in tongues - I can talk in tongues
I can talk in tongues

I wanna check, check, check, check you out
Check it out, check you out, check you out and

If I Love you and you Love me
Then that's the way Love is supposed to be
And if I Love you and you Love me
Then that's the way Love is supposed to be
And I Love you and you Love me
Then that's the way Love is supposed to be
And I Love you and you Love me
Then that's the way Love is supposed to be.

Cos I can Read the Signs!

"For as the body without the spirit is dead, so faith without works is dead also" (James 2, xxvi).

KING NOIZE

Obsessive Desire - Fundamental Fear
The Time for Change is drawing Near
Insane Perversion - Salacious Soul
To be complete - To be made whole.

Obscene Osmosis - Mirror Gaze
The River's dried since the Gold-Rush days
Invisible Tinitus - Shadow Town
The Taboo Thorns will be my Crown.

Physical Terror - Infinite Hate
Distribute - To Communicate
Soul on Ice - Brain on Fire
Now I'm drowning in this Mire.

I'm Vindicated - I'm my own Man
I don't follow no-one's plan
I'm Vindicated - By Public Appeal
I don't work - I trash and steal
I'm Vindicated - By my own decree
I only do what feels good to me
I'm Vindicated - I refuse to stop
There is no Bottom - There is no Top.

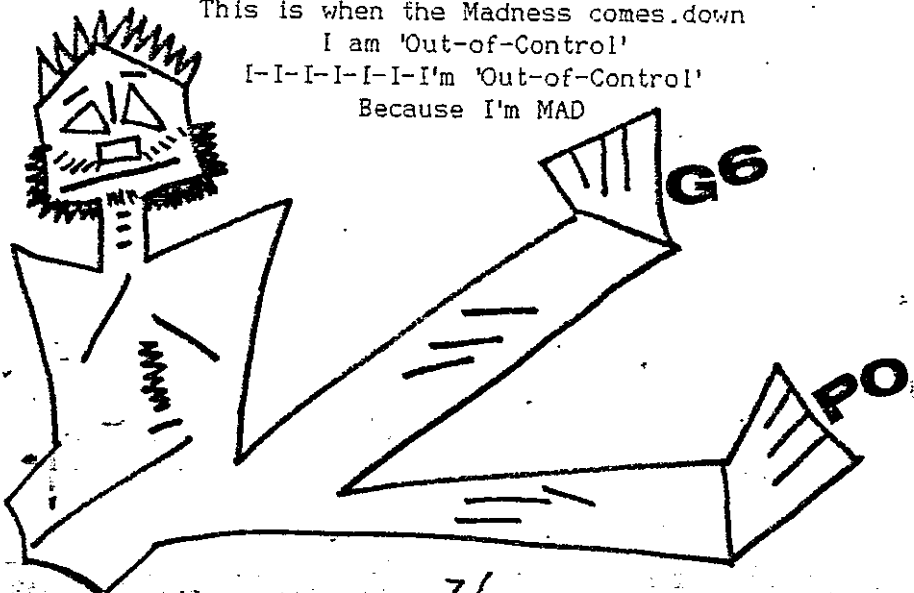
I'm the King of Hell - I'm the King of Noize
I'm the King of Death - Just like all the boyz
I'm the King of Hell - I'm the King of Noize
I'm the King of Death - Just like all Real Boyz.

'Early this morning when you knocked upon my door
(Said) early this morning when you knocked upon my door
And I said: Hello Satan I believe it's time to go.
(See) Me and the Devil were walking side-by-side
(See) Me and the Devil were walking side-by-side
I'm going to beat my woman until I get satisfied.'

This is when the Madness comes down
This is when the Madness comes down
I am 'Out-of-Control'
I am 'Out-of-Contrōl'

This is when the Madness comes down
This is when the Madness comes down
I am 'Out-of-Control'

I-I-I-I-I-I-I'm 'Out-of-Control'
Because I'm MAD



MANA.....CLED

ACT ONE: INFORMATION.

*"Our tale begins in the strangest way
'Mad' Billy Baz has gone astray
He's hit the bottle as all cowboys must
and lost his reason to serve the just.
It's been five years since his last job
And the new sherrif is 'Colonel' Bob
The townsfolk laugh as he staggers home
'Cos Babylon has come to Rome.
And so let's see if 'Mad' Bud Bill
can rectify and cure his ill
Or will the wicked Tiddlewood gang
kill the witness and save their clan?"*

Scene 1: The Car-Park, behind the Foley. 3.00pm.

Billy is sleeping off a hangover, slumped against a wall in the car-park that has held so many secrets. He's dressed in filthy gear, the ancient overcoat shrouding torn jeans, a checked shirt and cowboy boots. The view from this perverse spot is exceedingly beautiful but the only language our hero understands is floating in the bottle of *"Jim Beam"* he's clutching in his left hand. Rushing across the tarmac his friend and companion, 'Maggot' (an ugly comical-looking bugger - his clothes are in worse condition than Billy's) is bringing the telegram that will both catalyse and reverse the decline of the aged wanderer. Maggot ascends the slight slope (slipping twice) and attempts to raise his 'Boss'. Maggot: *"Wake Up, Bill, in the name of Christ, Wake up!"* After a severe shaking the old fool awakes and mumbles: Bill: *"Not today, two pints on Thursday!"* Maggot: *"No, it's serious, read this."* He hands Bill the telegram. Through bleary, bloodshot eyes, Bill reads aloud: *"BE AT THE STATION AT 6.00 - STOP - PICK UP PRISONER - STOP - CANNOT TRUST LOCAL SHERRIF - STOP - TELL NO-ONE - STOP - HOPE YOU APPRECIATE THE FRESH START - STOP"* (The telegram is signed Dook Bubble!) All this desperation seems to wake up the ex-lawman, who reaches into his coat pocket, pulls out a packet of Old Holborn and rolls himself a tight little cigarette: Bill: *"What do you make of all that then, Maggot?"* Maggot: *"Soup?"* He then laughs hysterically at his tedious joke.

Scene 2: MalTown Station, the platform. 6.00pm.

By the time Bill and Maggot get to the station, the train has already arrived, scanning the platform they can see no-one remotely resembling a city law man with his prisoner. In fact the only other people in sight are a Japanese and a black girl, they are deep in conversation with an eccentric railway

attendant. Bill takes charge of the situation and wades in. Bill: "Hey, Mr. Arkwhistle, did anyone get off that train with a prisoner?" Arkwhistle answers: "Aye, they did!" And then the cowboy notices that the Japanese (who he had taken for a tourist, due to the suit and camera) is handcuffed to the girl! Arkwhistle: "Hey, can you understand this fella, he don't seem to come from round 'ere." Billy Baz approaches the Japanese man: Bill: "Are you the man who sent me the telegram?" Dook: "Thank-You, Thank-You, telegram of nice weekend, please take prisoner and deliver her back here tomorrow at 6.00, thank-you!" Dook Bubble unlocks the hand-cuffs and replaces his hand with Billy's. He then shuffles off up the platform, stopping only to speak with the bemused guard. Dook: "Next train, thank-you!". Billy walks out of the station determined to rebuild his reputation as an independent law-man. The girl (whose name is Delores) is dressed in skimpy clothes and seems almost to be in a trance. Maggot watches the entire scene with interest but says nothing.

Scene 3: The Hotel, the Room. 7.00pm.

From the outside the hotel appears to be the essence of wealth and luxury, certainly not the hide-out of a re-instated lawman; Billy, Maggot and Delores go into the lobby and within seconds are entering their room. As with all such accommodation, the most-abiding factor is of 'emptiness'. A television is blinking in the corner and there is a bible by the bed. Billy pauses as if in thought. Maggot: "You can't stay handcuffed to her all night, Boss." Bill: "I know, I know!" He takes his hand out of the cuffs and locks Delores to the bed-head. Bill: "That'll keep you from trying to run away." Delores: "What makes you think I want to run away?" Bill: "Any 'big-mouth' like you wants to escape when the only future you got is a noose from the Tiddlewoods or a new identity from the state." Delores: "It aint like that, I'm just taking care of myself, if them Tiddlewoods get me, well you'll be the one who has to answer for it." Billy doesn't respond, instead he chooses to sit back in his chair, hand-gun resting on his chest, to doze. Maggot, still standing by the door makes as if to leave. Maggot: "I'm going out to get us some beers then, Boss." Bill: "Yeah, get me some fags as well! And don't take too long, them damn Tiddlewoods might try and snatch her (he gestures at the girl) while you're away." Maggot leaves the room and Billy slips back into his slumber.

Scene 4a: Telephone Conversation No1. 7.30pm.

In a Public Call-Box ... Maggot looks around himself and pushes 10p into the slot. Maggot: "Is that Harry, well listen and listen good, they've sent the girl to MalTown and that old fool Baz is looking after her. He's gotta get her to the train by 6.00 tomorrow night, if you plan it right it ought to be easy for

you and the gang to shoot 'em down before they even enter the station. And it better be worth some money to me, I've gone out on a limb for you!" On the other end of the phone (in a dark and dingy shack!) Harold Tiddlewood smiles and nods.

Scene 4b: Telephone Conversation No2. 7.35pm:

On an Office Telephone (from the jail) ... The sherrif, dressed smartly but with a sinister edge (he's smoking an enormous cigar), dials Billy's number. Sherrif: "Is that you Bez?" Back in the Hotel room. Bill: "Yeah, what do you want?" Sherrif: "I wanna see you in my office in an hour and a half, don't be late, I know who you've got with you and I could make it go bad for you if you don't agree" Bill: (with a weary tone): "Yeah, I'll be there."

Scene 5: The Hotel, the Room. 8.30pm.

Maggot and Delores are alone, Billy has gone to meet the Sherrif. Maggot is reading a copy of 'Health & Efficiency'. Delores is scanning the TV guide in the paper. Maggot: "Aren't you scared?" Delores: "Well, I sure as hell aint frightened of you. I've seen mice with bigger nuts than you, yer little weasel." Maggot: "No, no, I meant aren't you concerned about what's going to happen tomorrow. I'm just hoping that Billy can get some help from the Sherrif. It aint gonna be easy 'us two against all them Tiddlewoods." Delores: "I thought you said earlier that the Sherrif was an old faggot who wouldn't do nothing for nothing." Maggot: "I suppose your right. But if my thinking is right we're going to need some help from somewhere. Ah bollocks, no point me worrying about it, this is Billy's job, I'm just helping him out!" Delores returns to watching the TV, Maggot puts his hand down his trousers to scratch his (tiny) testicles.

Scene 6: The Office. 9.00pm.

The Office is dark and immaculate. Only one light illuminates the table. A nameplate: BOB is positioned at the centre of the Sherrif's desk. Billy knockè and enters (without waiting for a response). Sherrif: "I wanted to talk to you because I don't want any dirty cowboy heroics in this town. You're washed up, a drunk and you gonna have to be taught a lesson." Bill: "I've got a job to do and I'm going to try to do it, I can take it we aren't gonna get any help from your deputies." Sherrif: "You be polite, boy! Or you're gonna run into some big trouble. You got me." Bill: "Don't threaten me, I remember when the law was something to respect in this town. Before money-grubbers like you decided there was cash in misery." Sherrif: "I take it we're talking about the 'good old days' when insignificant squid like you were in charge. That's where your lot always screwed up, always so fuckin' moral about everything. Real life's more complicated than

Bill: "I don't see why I got to listen to all this. If you just called me here to insult me then I'd better be on my way." Sherrif: "Not so quick, Mr. High & Mighty. I phoned you because I thought you might wanna make some money out of this stupid girl. Obviously you're too dumb to be into selling her dead body to me. Get outta here, lest I lose my rag and blow your bloody head clean off your shoulders. Understand, boy!" Baz nods and leaves the room.

ACT TWO: SLUMBER.

*"And so the scene is neatly set
For Billy's death, I'll lay a bet
That evil Maggot the vicious spy
Will stage a trap and watch them die.
But how will the Sherrif rule his town
With all this madness floating round
And why is the girl up on trial?
And how many yards are there in a mile?
If we are honest who can tell
If Maltown aint just another 'hell'
But now we meet The Tiddlewood Mob
Pawns in the plan of Sherrif Bob.*

Scene 1: The Shack. 9.30pm.

The Tiddlewood-home is filthy, crazy and intimidatng. To the uninitiated it looks like a garage but it is in fact the headquarters of the most evil gang operating this side of Bristol! Old newspapers are scattered all over the floor and the familie Tiddlewood are seated in broken-down old chairs. The radio is on and it's tuned to the police channel. Big Harry Tiddlewood (dressed in an ill-fitting suit & loud tie) is listening to the cop broadcasts, Dumb Chris Tiddlewood (wearing an old anorak) is reading a child's book and their evil leader, the legendary Ma (actually, quite well-dressed) is darning a pair of socks. Ma T: "So do you have any ideas Harry? How are we gonna kill that blabbing bitch, Delores?" Harry: "I dunno Ma, I mean I always thought she was a nice girl, like, I'd a liked to marry her, yer know." Chris: (twitching violently - he's slightly handicapped) "We ought to get into Maltown and gun them down outside their hotel!" Ma T: "Don't be stupid, you fool, yer brother's upset and all you can come up with is mindless violence, I should have smothered you at birth you little bastard!" Harry: "Perhaps, we could make a bomb and blow them up in their beds!" Ma T: "That's not a bad idea, Harry, if we knew how to build a bomb!" There is a slight pause as they think of different ways they could rid the world of Billy Baz and the mysterious Delores. Chris: "What about the station, Ma? Why

don't we get them there!" Ma T: (leaning over and smacking Chris on the head) "If I've told you once I've told you a thousand times, leave the thinking to your brother, he's the only one with any brains in our family. Hit them at the station, indeed." Harry: "Why don't we poison their breakfast tomorrow morning?" Ma T: "Now that's what I call an imaginative suggestion, but, no, I think we'll stake out the station and blast the shit out of them as they walk down from their hotel. Little bastards they won't know what hit 'em." Harry: "What about grenades?" Ma T: "What about them?"

Scene 2: The Hotel. 10.00pm.

In the Hotel room Billy is smoking yet another roll-up (the ash-tray is full), Maggot is reading *The Sun* and Delores is still handcuffed to the bed, watching Tv. The room is full of smoke and the tension is quite apparent. Delores: "What makes a nice man like you (talking to Billy) do work like this?" Bill: "Someone has to do it and I'm not exactly trained for anything else. What have you done to make the Tiddlewoods so determined to kill you?" Delores: "That's my business, not yours!" Maggot: "You don't have to worry with 'Bristol' Billy taking care of you, he used to be lethal with a gun, earnt himself a real reputation in his early days." Delores: "So what happened to him then, I mean look at the state of him now!" Maggot: "He killed his own brother in a shoot-out and took to the" Bill: "Listen. Maggot you shut your mouth and you keep it shut or I'll forget that we're friends and" Maggot: "Alright I get the message, I'll see ya in the morning I'm going out to see someone!" Maggot leaves the room, the silence resumes.

Scene 3: The Shack. 12.00. Midnight.

The radio is still on, but the Tiddlewoods are asleep. Ma is sitting in her chair, head slumped forward, over her knitting. Harry (snoring) is lying on the floor and Chris (curled up) is in the corner of the room. The insanity is everywhere.

Scene 4: The Hotel. 1.30am.

The TV is still on, Delores and Billy are asleep: Delores in the bed, she's kept her clothes on! Billy has his legs stretched out and is dozing in the chair, he has no shirt on and his hand-gun is lying on his exposed chest. The viewer can sense the impending doom!

Scene 5: The Office. 2.00am.

As dark as before ... the Sherrif is conversing with Maggot ... Sherrif: "So, you say you've got it sorted. Baz and the girl will be gunned down outside the station by The Tiddlewood Gang, who will, most probably suffer severe injury themselves. You will pick off anyone who's left and this town will be mine!" Maggot: "And I'll get my money ..." Sherrif: "You'll get what's coming to you ..."

ACT THREE: MID-DAY BLUES.

*"As darkness transforms into dawn
And death's conceived as the day is born
Billy sleeps both strong and true
Not knowing when or why or who
His dreams have calmed his aching mind
With no premonition of what he will find.
The Tiddlewood Gang are bent on hate
But nothing will save them from their fate.
The cruel Sherrif has seen to that
He'll have this town under his hat.
Two-faced Maggot will get his pay
And no-one ever will have their say."*

Scene 1: The Shack. 8.00am.

The Tiddlewoods are awake and preparing to go into MalTown. As they hustle about their hovel, the usual arguments ensue: Harry: *"Why must we wait until they go for the train. Ma? Why don't we take 'em out in the hotel room, that Maggot's told us where they're hiding out?"* Ma T: *"The reason for waiting is so that people in the town see them die and know that we won't be messed with. This is a visual lesson for those scum and I want them to remember it. for ever!"* Chris: *"Do you think we should take the weapons with us, you know, just in case?"* Harry & Ma T together: *"No!"* Chris: *"But if we don't take the guns we'll only have to come back and get them. I just thought it would save time ..."* Ma T: *"If Harry don't think we should take the guns, we aint gonna take them. Jesus, how many times do you have to be told, Harry does the thinking in this organisation! (She smacks Chris again!)* Harry (fingering his 'flick-knife'): *"The only thing I'm taking is my blade, I wanna see that bastard, Baz, and let him know what I'm gonna do to him."* Ma T: *"Yeah, it's always so much more fun when they know they're going to die, just watching them squirming, like."*

Scene 2: The Hotel. 10.00am.

Billy and Delores (her arm hand-cuffed to the bed-head) are still asleep when there is a loud knock on the door. Delores sleeps on while the lawman shakes himself and picks his gun up from the floor. Bill: *"Yeah, who is it?"* Maggot: *"It's only me, let us in, I've got some news!"* Billy opens the door and Maggot chucks a copy of the *Sunday Sport* at him. they both fall around laughing. Bill: *"This aint news!"* Maggot: *"Well they claim it is!"* More laughter..... (This appears to be a personal joke of theirs). Bill: *"So, come on, what's going on? Have the Tiddlewoods made an appearance yet, they must've heard about her."* (He points at the girl in the bed.) Maggot: *"No sign of them. Anyway*

what are you scared of, I know what a killer you can be when you want to be." Bill: "That was a long time ago and I'm pretty rusty to say the least. God, I need a drink to oil up my shooting arm." Maggot: "That's the only training you've been doing recently, eh?" (He demonstrates the lifting of a bottle to the mouth and laughs again.) "You'll be alright, the only one you've really got to worry about is that 'simple' one, Chris. He aint as stupid as he looks!" Bill: "Wake Delores up." Maggot walks over to the bed and gives the girl a heavy push (he doesn't say anything). She turns over and goes back to sleep. Maggot: "Come on, get up. This aint no holiday camp. You're a valuable witness and if you want to get off that charge of murder, you're going to be on the train this afternoon!" At this mention of her desperate situation Delores sits up. Delores: "What have I got, to get up for? You both know they won't let me get on that train, it's all such a waste of time!" Bill: "You aint dead yet and you aint going to be if I have anything to do with it. So get up and eat some breakfast."

Scene 3: The Bar. 12.00pm.

Billy is walking (quickly) up a street, suddenly he dodges into an alehouse. The pub is tiny and virtually empty. Only one man is present and he's the barman! Bill: "Give us a bottle of Jack Daniels quick, and a short to keep me going." The drinks appear on the bar and Baz hands over his money. Barman: "How you doing? Think you're gonna make it to the train? I heard them Tiddlewoods are in town!" Bill (slugging back his scotch): "If I wanted your opinion, I'd ask for it." Barman: "No, I was going to say if you need any help I'm available. That Harry Tiddlewood done two of my friends in..." Bill (slightly warmer): "No, I don't need any help. If God wants that girl to get on the train then I'll get her there!" Barman: "Yeah, but you're gonna have your work cut out, you and Maggot (and he aint worth much) against them. I mean they like killing people." Bill: "If I'd wanted an analysis of my predicament-I'd have gone to a doctor. Now shut up and let me drink." At this moment The Tiddlewood brothers barge into the pub ... and the barman ducks under the bar (so much for bravery!) Harry: "Well if it aint my old friend William Baz. How you doing, boy?" Billy says nothing. And begins to walk to the door. Harry: "Not so fast. I want to have a word with you, outside." Billy leads as the three of them exit the bar and go into the street.

Scene 4: The Street: 12:30pm.

As in the bar the street is virtually barren. It is as if the townsfolk know that there is going to be a 'Killing' today. [Well, they should do, old Mr Arkwhistle has told as many people as possible ...] As they step into the road outside, Harry grabs

Billy and pushes him against a nearby wall. He takes the bottle of whiskey off our hero and thrusts it into the foolish hands of his brother Chris. Harry pulls his knife out of his pocket and holds it to Billy's throat. Harry: "You're dead! I'm gonna cut your head off with this blade and use the poxy thing as a football. There is no way that you and that faggot Maggot are gonna get Delores the Mouth to the train. You got me. My Mam has got it all sorted out. I'd like to do it now, I'd like to..." Chris (interrupting): "You know what Ma said, she said we'd better wait. Come on Harry let's have a drink." Harry pulls Baz from the wall and landing a kick in his rear shoves the poor man into the street. Harry: "Now, you remember what I've said. Don't be stupid, give us the girl and we might let the two of you live. Grow up, boy. You're past it. It's us who rule this town now. You're out of the past. You're history." Taking the bottle off his brother, Harry places it on the ground next to Billy. Harry: "Go and get pissed you scum. And get ready to die!" They both laugh and walk into the bar. Billy picks himself up and dusts himself down. Almost with a feeling of self-hate he looks at the bottle of whiskey, picks it up, clutches it with a feeling of desperation and throws it down on the ground. As the bottle smashes, any of Billy's dreams of success disappear.

Scene 5: The Hotel. 2.00pm.

Back in the hotel. The bed is still unmade. Delores is sitting on a chair with her hands cuffed to one of the wooden arms. Maggot is eating a hamburger and Billy is smoking a roll-up. There are no bottles of booze in sight. Bill: "It don't look good. There's three of them and only two of us and I'm going to be handcuffed to this girl." Delores: "You could always let me go, maybe they'd make a deal, maybe you lot could make it up." Bill: "No deals!" Delores: "Alright then, what about if we all head North, to where I hid my stash, the money I got off them Tiddlewoods would keep you in booze for a long time." Bill: "No drink, no deals, no money. This is it you stupid fool, this is where I make my stand. Failure or success, life or death. It's been too long coming. I gotta make a stand. I gotta leave it up to fate." Delores: "Oh Christ, I'm stuck here with a madman. (To Maggot) Will you listen to him, he wants us all to die, just to prove some stupid point. (To Billy) Wake up you asshole, before we're all dead." Maggot: "Shut Up. We're going to get you to the train. You're going to go to prison for a long time and you're going to take them Tiddlewoods with you. Don't worry Billy it'll be alright. We just gotta plan it correctly." Bill: "I don't know where you suddenly found so much guts from. I'd always had you marked down as a coward." Maggot: "Not when it comes down to the important things, Bill. Anyway we aint gonna die. It's them

who've got it coming to them. After all they deserve it. Lock
take a bath, mate and I'll clean our guns."

ACT FOUR: PREPARATIONS.

*"Time ticks on and will not stop
It's the price you pay if you're a 'cop'
Life is cheap and Death is king
The people don't care about anything.
Every heart beats to sound a man
When each protagonist's an 'also-ran'.
There aint no heaven; there aint no hell
And nothing comes out of the wishing-well.
So hold up your head and stand your ground
And spit on fear where it is found
Load your weapons and bathe your mind
'Cos there's always survival for you to find.*

Scene 1: The Office 2.30pm.

The Sherrif is sitting at his desk reading the Daily Express, the radio is tuned to the police channel in the background. He lowers the paper and smiles. Here is a modern-day version of Machiavelli.

Scene 2: The Shack. 3.00pm.

Harry: "We scared him, Ma. He's sure to be a walk-over now. You shoulda seen him, Ma. I thought he was gonna fill his pants, I really thought he was." Chris: "I dunno, we might have made him get his act together. I'm nervous, there's something not quite right in all this." Harry: "It was fun, Ma. It was real good fun." Ma T: "Yes, you done good lad; The fool (pointing at Chris) didn't do anything stupid did he? I'll give him such a smack around the head if he did! He brings shame on our family he does." Harry: "No, he done good, Ma. He kept his mouth shut." There is a slight pause while the boys look at one another. Ma keeps loading and unloading a shot-gun, (there's something deeply pathological in this simple action). Chris: "We shouldn't be too quick about all of this, that Baz used to be tasty with a gun and I don't know why we're trusting that Maggot, he's cleverer than he looks too. Has anyone heard anything from the Sherrif in all of this...." Ma T: "Cut it! Don't you think my boy knows what he's doing. Do you think he needs advice from a cripple. (To Harry) And you tell me he wasn't a nuisance. Keep your mouth shut, moron. When we want to hear gibberish, we'll go to the local lunatic asylum." Both Harry and his mother fall into each other's arms, laughing. Chris moves over to the corner of the shack and picks up a comic.

Scene 3: The Hotel. 3.30pm.

Only Maggot and Delores are in the room. Baz appears to be

having a bath, (his singing is constantly in the background...) Delores is sitting on the edge of the bed trying to draw the attention of Maggot who is looking out into space (probably guilt-ridden by all his treachery). Delores (licking her lips): "How about if we escape. I could make it worthwhile for you, if you know what I mean. I'm real good like that." Maggot (looking up): "What the hell are you going on about?" Delores: (leaning forward and touching Maggot's arm) "I was saying we could have some good times together if you'll get me outta this mess. I've got money hidden away and I know how to look after a man, no-one's ever complained before. Look I'll do whatever you want, I don't wanna die." Maggot (looking at the clock on the wall): "Listen, darling even if I could have got you out, it's too late now. That trains going to be here in 2½ hours and Billy will kill the pair of us if he hears us talking like this, you know what he's like. How much money?" Delores: "A few hundred ... but I can earn a lot more ..." Maggot: "Do you really think I'm going to risk having the Tiddlewoods, Baz and the Sherrif after me, for that. Get outta here." Delores: "There's something weird between you and him. You aint like normal men. There's something strange going on." Maggot: "Don't talk to me about it, darling. You just concern yourself with that court-room, leave the weird business to me!"

Scene 4: Hotel Bath-Room/The Shack/The Hotel/The Office. 4.00pm.

Hotel Bath-Room: Billy is sitting in the bath..(It seems like the first bath he's had in years!) He has balanced a mirror on the bath-caddy and is shaving, as the stubble drops into the bath he is imagining the final shoot-out, he envisions himself gunning down the Tiddlewoods. (The removal of facial hair seems to serve as a symbol for his preparation for the end!). *The Shack:* All is action (and debauchery). Ma is sitting in front of a large mirror, applying her make-up. She looks as if she is preparing to go out for the night rather than attend a 'ritual slaughter'. Harry is taking big slugs from a bottle of Vodka, while cutting up 'speed' on a small hand-mirror. He proceeds to snort the amphetamine (this is his symbolic gesture). As he 'snorts' he imagines the shoot-out with Billy and the 'taking' of Delores by force. 'Simple' Chris is having some sort of twitching fit (no-one is paying any attention to him!) *The Hotel:* Maggot is writing down figures on a piece of paper (working out his blood-money?) Delores is sitting with her head in her hands, she sits up and trys to entice Maggot by touching his leg. The two-faced bastard doesn't even notice. *The Office:* The Sherrif is sitting at his desk, smoking a large cigar. he is smiling at all the mayhem. Only he is going to be the victor, only he will survive!

ACT FIVE: DEATH.

*"The hour is 5.00, the moment's come
That all our players must use the gun.
Death stalks heavy through the street
He could be anyone you might meet.
Though sweating, tired, out-of-control
There's no time left to save your soul.
The reaper has to have his say
And so he will on this Sunday.
Billy: angry, filled with rage
Will try to lock the Tiddlewood cage.
While ugly Maggot must do his thing
And the Sherrif will for ever be king!"*

Scene 1: The High-Street. 5.00pm.

Billy, Maggot and Delores (hand-cuffed to Baz) are walking through the cemetery. The graves that surround them seem to lend an element of foreboding to their perilous mission. The three seem serious; no-one talks until they come out onto the road. Bill: "Well, we've been lucky so far. Don't get lazy they could be anywhere. Maggot, you watch our rear just in case they try and sneak up on us." Maggot (smiling to himself): "Alright, Boss." They continue to walk down the High-Street. No conversation, the time for words is over.

Scene 2: Outside the Station. 5.30pm.

The Tiddlewoods are gathered on the grassy slope looking down on the station. Harry is holding a shot-gun. Ma clutches a tiny pistol. Suddenly Chris comes running from the road. Chris: "They're here. Quiet now!" Ma T (to Chris): "Harry will say when to attack, you just keep your gob shut! (to Harry) Are you ready, son, let's wipe the little bastards out. Remember let Maggot go, he's earnt his life at least!" There is absolute silence as Billy & Co come down the hill to the station. The tension rises because the viewer knows that the Tiddlewoods are armed and ready to shoot. Ma keeps warning her sons to stay still, (she's moving her hand) when suddenly Harry loses control. He stands up, steps out from behind his hiding-place and fires. Luckily his shot misses. Delores screams (and falls to her knees), Billy is so involved in pulling her to her feet that he fails to notice Maggot running into some nearby bushes. Pulling his hand-gun from his holster he stares about himself to see where the shot came from. At this moment all the firing starts, Ma Tiddlewood, Chris and Harry landing a volley of bullets in the direction of our hero. Mr Arkwhistle makes the stupid mistake of running out of the station and is rewarded with a gunshot-wound for his troubles, (throughout the scene Arkwhistle is moaning and writhing in agony in the area between

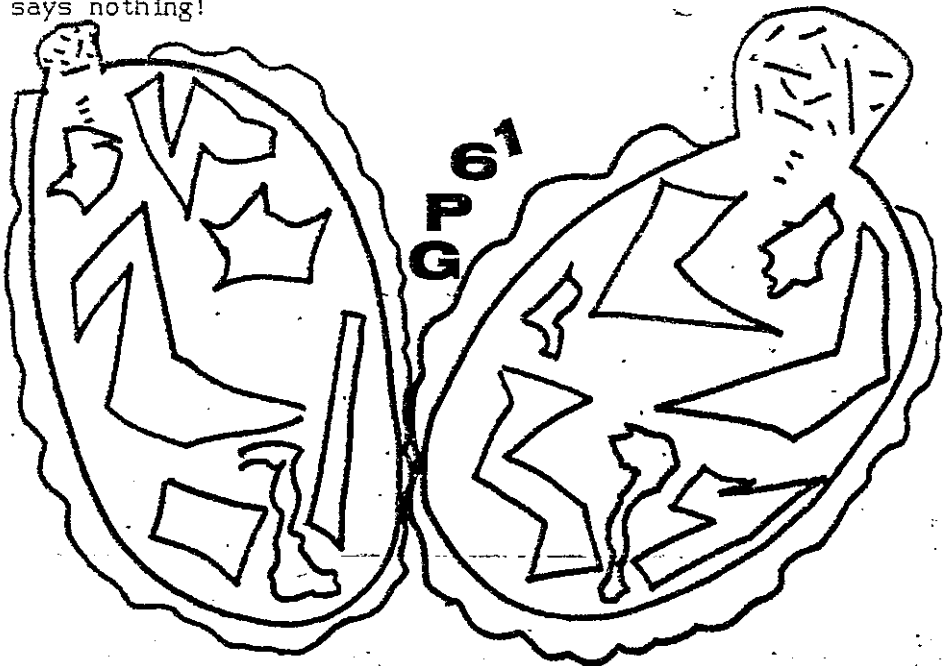
The Tiddlewoods and our hero, Billy takes a shot in the knee but does not fall, dragging the hysterical Delores, he manages to reach some nearby bushes. Remembering his supposed partner and the present critical condition Bill (shouts out): "Maggot, where are you?" But there is no answer! There is the sound of Ma shouting orders to members of her gang but we cannot decipher actual phrases before another volley of bullets' land around Bill and Delores. Billy is fatally wounded and staggers into the road, Harry makes the error of standing up to finish the lawman off. Harry: "Time to Die!" But Billy, although 'on the way out' is too quick for the sadistic psychopath, before Harry shoots, Bill has wasted him with one shot from his hand-gun. Ma Tiddlewood runs to her favourite son and cradles his dying head as Delores tries to drag her wounded carcass out of range of the guns. This is made all the more difficult by the fact that the dying body of Billy is still attached to her arm. Delores falls to her knees and starts desperately rummaging through Billy's pockets, trying to find the key to the cuffs. The groaning screams of Ma Tiddlewood does not stop the 'Not-so-Simple' Chris from walking down from his hide-out towards the lawman and his prisoner. Chris's pace is slow and the tension is made more extreme by the fact that Delores can't find the keys. Her screams seems to grow in exactly the same ratio as the smile on the simpleton's face. Chris reaches the place where Delores is cowering, stands over the two of them and taking aim at the dying Bill, finishes him off. He then laughs and blows away Delores. She dies immediately slumped over the corpse of the brave lawman, Billy. Chris turns and (now twitching violently) walks back towards his mother, throughout the 30 second walk back to the weeping woman and his mortally injured brother we get the feeling that something perverse is going to happen. Sure enough, when Chris arrives at their position he aims his gun at his mother. Chris: "This is for all the crap you've given me ever since I was born!" The old woman is stunned Ma T: "No, Chris, No! I was just testing you. You were always my favourite. I had to be nice to him (gesturing at the dead body of Harry) he was so stupid. You were always going to be a winner!" Chris laughs and shoots. The old woman dies with a bullet between her eyes. Meanwhile Maggot has come out of his hiding place and has walked up to the scene of the matricide. Chris (who has holstered his gun): "What do we do now then?" Maggot (who is still holding his gun): "Well, you die!" and shoots the cripple straight through the heart! The scene is one of total slaughter, a small crowd of townsfolk have gathered but no-one approaches Maggot as he walks back towards the town. In the back-ground the train is pulling into the station!

Scene 3: The Office. 6.30pm.

As throughout the film the Sherrif is sitting behind his desk when the blood-splattered, Maggot walks into the room. The Sherrif smiles Sherrif: "Did it go alright. Are they dead?" Maggot: "It went the way we planned it. Have you got my money?" The Sherrif (standing up): "Yes, I've got the money. But first (he stands up, holding a gun) You give me your piece." Almost resignedly Maggot hands over his gun. The Sherrif puts them both in a draw and walks around the table to congratulate the malicious little trickster. Moving as if to hug Maggot he lands a knee in the man's testicles, grabbing both his hands he bends him over and onto the ground. The Sherrif (Leaning on top of Maggot): "You didn't think I'd let anybody survive this one did you? You gotta die too! I'm the only person who can rule this town!" He proceeds to throttle the unfortunate Maggot. The throttling process takes the best part of a minute, the Sherrif is not a particularly strong man (but then neither is Maggot!). After this final death is done the Sherrif returns to his desk and sits down. He lights another cigar and smiles

Scene 4: The Graveyard. A few days later.

An old preacher is walking amidst the new graves, clutching his Bible. The debate rages in his mind whether there is any God? For why would a real God let slaughter like this go unpunished? He says nothing!



SUNK & GP67 Drownd

Anarchy: Pogoing the roof off
confusion seeping in, the eternal
search for peace becomes a mere
anarchic din. Repression damned
the fences gone, docile creatures
wander by, their delirious dream
is now fulfilled, find a corner,
wonder, die. A philosophy of
safety pins and leather has no
meaning, the wind of change
creates the dust the flag of punk
needs cleaning. Yet (alternative
cut-up): Do you remember - no-one
understood - one, two & three -
announcements at last - the crack
of the whip - jump you fools - it
all worked - didn't you realise it
could - no real intensity yet -
please - scream and scream - but
change nothing - the time has
come - to reconsider the dream -
steal and loot - but remember the
highest arts - this is the burning
ultimate - now! Honesty: Words
that can't mean anything a
trickster tricking my innocent
soul, tears of joy tears of
anguish for whom and why must we
pay the toll? Murky dreams of
ridiculed honesty a critical
shaking of a wise old head,
altered meanings lies but still
truth different readings of what
was said. No-one believes the
crooked mouth that utters
statements so untrue, perfection's
thirst demands the lie it's all a

fabrication through and through.
The moral of honesty serves only
to save man's conscience from
guilt's glorious grave. Love &
Fear (primitive): In this dark age
in this terror love and fear are
an enigma supreme, dumb blindness
to human suffering is it a
nightmare or is it a dream. I love
love and I love fear but I've been
in exile for such a long time,
danger-action-emotion-devotion . I
love you so much it's a crime. I
fear love and I fear fear in this
pestilence-ridden resistance cell,
I've been tortured but I won't
talk I'm sinking in a self-imposed
sophists' well. Love & Fear. I'll
never leave you, I'd rather die
and if you leave me, I'll, I'll ...
Go North, join the Merchant Navy,
join the Foreign Legion, become a
mercenary, work in the Stock
Exchange, move to America; commit
psycho-murders, make Gilles de
Rais look wet, I'll go insane.
There's too much I and not enough
us. Shit on God! Rehearsing the
Uprising (primitive): The
anarchists and the agitators are
out in the street (civil disorder
is so rarely complete), the
workers and the students decide
to disagree and the policemen
come marching to keep us all free.
Unemployment's to blame for this
morale decline contempt is the
reason they step out of line,
looting and murder are the result
not the cause of this inner city
conflict between people and laws.
But I just sit here - speeding,
watching Tv and it's interesting
and sad and amusing to see, the
people wreck, ruin, burn their

homes in the night and the authorities chuckle ready to fight. Rehearsing the uprising the wealthy yawn, they've seen it before they know it's still-born. Rehearsing the uprising the petulant scorn, like childish treason it'll be over by dawn. Quest for Innocence: I was like a sleeping prince born-again, I found an ancient love that proved an antidote to pain, I injected heresy it provided a start, I'd discovered defiance, I'd discovered my heart. We were three in one, we were one in three, there was nothing on earth we couldn't be, we were teenage terrorists wasting time, permanently, perpetually in our prime. Five years later I desire to be first but I'm muddled, haunted, frightened, cursed, reversal of roles, the hope I had to lose, the Sirens whisper 'You've got the trashman blues!' Oh memory - impure, in limbo, tragic, I remember bathing in your ever-green magic. Oh memory - the miserable truth, you've kidnapped, stolen, held for ransom my youth. Consumption (primitive): My health is unclean I don't know where to begin because I'm psychologically bloated and pathologically thin. The hunger has become obsessive I want to drown just once again you see everything's tasteless when it's chewed through my brain. This is a sophisticated heart-break from 'a' through to 'z' I'm pouring my life away like Mr DWG. I'm a 20th century consumptive, there's no known cure, just another fucked-up 'word-head' by definition impure.

Evesham Town: In Evesham Town there's lots of ground and people know what they say, eating Eccles cakes every day. In Evesham Town they know what's been going down the people are real cool, they aint no fool. In Evesham Town by the Avon River, where the women, sit and look and everywhere else disappears. You're so fruity - Pretty Boy! Semolina Tina: Roland Barthes had a horse and cart and a fish called Mish (Mash). We like chicken, we like tuna, we like blood, blood, blood for dinner. When I was a boy my Ma made me semolina, it got faster and faster. Rock & Roll is here to stay, but it hasn't got no pay. Whatever happened to Tony Curtis? Whatever happened to Roger Moore? I use to watch 'The Persuaders' in the 1960's but I never, ever shut the door. Oh My God. I'm bananas, she's bananas, he's bananas, mixed with semolina it's a real chuggy dish, it'll sort you out and fix you up and turn you into a fish. You'll be rockin-sockin-hockin-mockin My Pa was a rolling goat he used to sit among the heather, looking at the weather, saying 'Oh yeah, come on come on boy'. My Pa was a rolling goat with a weird beard in the wrong place. Roland Barthes had a horse and cart, a horse and cart had Roland Barthes. Althusar Althusar Althusar! My mother was a Spanish dancer, she danced her way through the courts of Europe. Corny-corny-corny-corny-corny-sweet corn. Rock & Roll Rock & Roll. I was standing on a street corner with a banana in my hand.

GP69 LMB THEORY DEEPER INTO LOVE

Psycho-Sister. I'm moving fast - out-of-control, my brain is bursting right thru my soul, my heart is breaking - I can barely see, who the fuck could do this to me? When I glimpse the light - the tunnel is black, I can't go forward - I can't go back, I could change gear but I've got no brakes, gambling's crazy with such high stakes. Time's a killer - it runs you down, it turns a smile into a frown, it eats your memory - cooks your mind, a gram and a half can be so unkind. My veins are sinking - my lust on fire, I tell the truth but I'm still a liar, I worship God inside all free men but I know she's coming back round again. Psycho-sister - what's your name? Psycho-sister - what's your game?

Black & White Tv. The separation is total - the unification complete, this partial hegemony dominates my street, the execution is ordered - the autopsy obscene, come on Baby, can't you see what I mean? Invocation of evil - stagnation by fear, this fascistic echo is haunting me here, the operation is cancelled - a municipal state, come on Baby, how long must I wait? The flowers are drowning - the chocolates too sweet, this drum is sounding both riff and doubt-beat, the heart-break never-ending - I stare at the rain, come on Baby, I'm begging again. If you're my 'Black Venus' then I'm your 'White Saint', my *petit mort* continues - I breathe and I faint, as I rot in my sickness - I'm Charles Baudelaire, come on Baby, let me take you there

Angel Fever. I need you, I love you - but you don't care, without you Baby - guess I'm going nowhere. I'd melt my records, burn all my books for just one more of your knowing looks. I want you and crave you - but you can't see all the 'Madness' you've engraved in me. I'd fry my mind, tattoo my brain just to have you back in my arms again. I beg and adore you - but you won't hear, my pretence of stability - blushing with fear, I'd abandon my home and never look back if you'd just admit I'm the one thing that you lack. Come on Angel - Why can't you see that this world was invented for you and me. Come on Angel - Open that heart it aint no big deal it's only a start. Come on Angel - Just give me a sign, I'll write on your soul that I'm gonna make it mine. Come on Angel - Celebrate 'now', don't think of the when, why, which, what and how!

Head Grenade. My head grenade is ticking - primed and timed by you, my semtex heart is pumping - you know what I want to do, my revolver soul is triggered and this bit is the key: your arms-cache hands must reach out and set the bomb in me. My military mind is thinking - planning all the time, my bladed lungs are screaming 'love is not a crime!' My sadistic fingers clutching at just one final straw, your patrolling eyes must tell me how to unlock that door. I want to know your body - I shall unmask your heart - I want to taste your flesh before we fall apart - I want to make you happy so I can start again - I want to be inside your soul - to 'otherise' your brain. This head grenade is hungry to detonate your life - This head grenade is ready to cut you like a knife - This head grenade is eager to revolutionise thought - This head grenade is rare never found but always sought.

Almost means Maybe. Why do you make me suffer? Eternity runs thru you, never cure or kill me, do what you have to do. Your chemistry kit is moistened (invisibly in full view). Stranglehold my dreams, mesmerise me true. Yet all the street lamps crying, heaven comes to earth, ecstasy is real cheap if you regulate your worth. Organise my happiness, navigate my despair, inoculate my neuroses, exterminate me there! I could be most anything, I'm like an exiled king, I could try to change my ways, there are 'revolutions' in these days As I suffer in silence, as I suffer in silence, as I suffer in silence'... Almost means Maybe.

Forever. I saw you as a mirage in my floating sand, I clutched (just for a second) I know I held your hand but my invading 'madness' drove your heart away and you could never understand how 'dead' I feel today. You were sent from heaven, I'd come up from hell, my demanding, beating, fucked-up heart was beating like a bell. I remember your tears as I left you long ago but then I was half-crazy and still did not quite know. Now your signs are silent though I dissect your word, your eyes betray the fear and I become absurd, my intoxication is growing I live and breathe for you. Oh come on darling, tell me, is it the same for you? This 'bouquet of barbed wire' is wrapped around my heart, it stifles every single word. I know we grow apart, I can't go on without you so tell me what you feel because my love goes forever it must be pure and real. I said: forever, forever, forever and ever

Stripped Naked. Undress - undress - it's time that we caress, display your heart, let's make a start and signify our 'mess'. Beware - beware - we could go anywhere, show your soul, let's make a whole, the eyeless now will stare. Awake - awake - there is no room to fake, invert your mind, I shall in kind and we shall give and take. Consume - consume - as we enter into doom, I'll fuck your brain, again - again, in each and every room.

Barthesian Touch. (*So it is a lover who speaks and says ...*) I am engulfed, I do succumb - to my darling, the absent one. Adorable - Intractable - the tip of your nose is inactable. This 'agony' to love, love - Ascetic, atopos, waiting above. My dark glasses hide my catastrophe - *Tutti Sistemati*. Laetitia (always) of the heart - Earthly delights fill this part. My other-ache must understand - What is to be done by my hand. Connivance, accidental finger - Annoying events, setbacks linger. The other's body talks (true) - I dedicate our demons to you. Domnei - Exuberance - World Thunderstruck - Novel/Drama - Lady Luck. I'm flayed by this inexpressible love - My ghost-ship can not be enough. Exile - Image repertoire - Calm - The orange fades-out on your arm. To be at fault on special days - I am crazy - I amaze. I look embarrassed - Gradiva's best - In my blue coat and my yellow vest. Identify the image - I unknow - Show me desire - I cannot go. Informed solution - Jealousy - I love you but do you love me? I post the letter - Langour long - The Loquela urges - Leaf turns on. There is no answer - Odious heart - Clouded ribbons will play their part. The night illuminates the night - Love's obscenity is a hideous sight. In praise of tears - I gossip - Why? - My ravishment - How blue the sky. Is it regretted? - Reverberate - I'm making scenes in my weird state. As I awake I am 'aubade' - Destroyed - Undressed by the clergyman's blade. Uncertain signs - *E lucevan le stelle* - Suicidal ideas - Thus I am in hell. The tenderest union - The perfect truth - *Sobria Ebrietas* - Possessed in Youth. My Lover's Discourse ends this way - There is nothing left for me to say!

Everything. Everytime I look at you, everytime we touch, everytime I read your mind, I love you oh so much! Every single second of every single day, you dominate my thought there is no other way. Since all the world is chaos, since there is no control, since I am damned already, then I give to you my soul. In my dreams I offer the madness of my mind, the terrible/beautiful truth that only you will find. In my dreams I worship the perfection of your heart and on my knees prepare to play

the most important part. Everything, everything, everything means nothing.

All Vagued Up. Vague - Mysterious that's the key. Vague - Cos I don't know what you're doing to me. Vague - I need to know you're for real. Vague - Only the physically insane 'feel'! Vague - I want to eat your heart. Vague - Cos everyone's playing a part. Vague - I need to examine your flesh. Vague - Only the bathers in blood know best. Vague - Facts are mundane and cheap. Vague - Random explosions are the genuine leap. Vague - Indifference is mean and untrue. Vague - Only I can do what I do! But You keep me 'groovin' when I'm falling apart, you keep me 'swingin' with my broken heart, you keep me 'cookin' and this much I know, that our vagueness is 'there' and we're here to go! Vague.

Coming To The End. I can't go on without you, you dominate my thought, there are no pleasures to be had, no abstractions to be bought. I can't go on without you, the movies now seem dead and music seems so childish like the literature I read. I can't go on without you, I swear I'm going insane, fear eats but I'm not scared, I just can't take this pain. If I am coming to the end - Why won't you set me free? The total degradation that this silence does to me. If I am coming to the end - I must throw out this plea: Why don't you pack a bag (and come) and run away with me. If I am coming to the end - I think you 'must be too. The last wish in the world for me is that I'm hurting you. If I am coming to the end - I don't know what to do, Oh come on, Baby, light a torch and burn it over you!

Getting the Fear. There's just one flesh and just one skin, one desire, one eye within, the God of Fear is a God of Hate - De-toxification will not wait, There's just one heart and just one mind, one desire that get's left behind, a secret history growing up inside - you cannot run you cannot hide, Banged my head against that door a thousand times, a thousand times, I've begged and pleaded, honey, asked for more, a thousand times, a thousand ... There is a hope that festers that deep, it murders love and slaughters sleep, it fucks up all that's good and true, it contaminates and floods through you, And I'm getting the Fear, Fearful-Fearful-Fearful-Fearful, I've done got the Fear! Continuous Dialectic. The semiotics of silence are defiant and proud, the hegemony inherent involves vision and sound. My heart has been broken - my old self is dead, I am the revenger - destructively well-read, Out of my head - Out of my Face - Out of my Mind - Out of my Space, Into your Soul - Into your Heart - Into your brain - Into your Love, My revolutions are continuous - Welcome to the heretical dialectic, I'm the King/I'm the Queen, There is no tomorrow - There is no today - There are no forevers - Coming your way, I continue, I am indestructable.

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