

WORDS IN
FREEDOM



EVERYTHING.1986.GP1.
NOTHING.1986.GP2.
MORPHEUS-3.1987.GP3.
WHALING.1987.GP5.
STP.1987.GP10.
MARINETTI EATS SPAGHETTI.1987.GP12.
MUTUAL MURDER.1988.GP15.
MORE WHALING.1988.GP20.
BRUITISM.1988.GP22.
SOULMOUSE.1988.GP26.

Some information - The songs were written:

- 1980 - Why?, Poppies, Fliks.
- 1981 - Fishing, Moon, Soldier*, Age*.
- 1982 - F Tales, Trees*, Someone*, Passion 2, Hurt, Realun, Passion 1, RealismId.
- 1983 - Witness, Secrets, Despair 1, Living. for.
- 1984 - L+F, Pandora, New DA, On Heat, A to D, Agin the G, Ambition, Adoration, Despair 2, NaifDis, Suspicion.
- 1985 - Messin, Napoleon, Nature, U+D, Blindness, Narcissus, Tomorrow, Revenge, Caste, LoveHate, Remmo, Mind Sui.
- 1986 - Speed it, R the U, Vulnerability, Emma B, Elysium, Impact, Yet, Machines, Matho, Opiatic, Consumption, Graft, Pandamonium, Trans, All & E, Schizo, Alcohol.
- 1987 - Ecstasy, Sweet, Immo Blues, Khalistan*, Mitchum, Electricity, Plummet, A Burns, Reading Signs, Machine G, Assassinate, Insurrect, Murder.
- 1988 - Entertainment, Market Place, HIV Pos, Pain Train, Scum People, Drown, S Broom, Village Idiot.

The motion-picture: MORPHEUS-3 was written between Jan and Nov 1986 by Jim Sanders and Ralph Tittley. MUTUAL MURDER was written during Sept/Oct 1987 by Jim Sanders.

* - Were written by Sanders/Birkbeck.

Khalistan* - Was extracted from the statement of Sardar Kesar Singh (aged 60) in the book 'Oppression in Punjab'.

The remaining songs were written by J Sanders except - 'Magick Potion' (unknown) & 'Taggin' Along' (George Jones).

EVERYTHING.gp1

"When any man hath a running issue out of his flesh,
because of his issue he is unclean" (Leviticus 15, 11).

SPEED IT UP.

Wake up, Get up, Here comes vision number three
'Perfection, Purity, Power' - You know it's gushing out
of me

Immaculately conceived but emotionally inbred
This ones/was going to go on living - when
everything's dead.

Concentration, Confidence - You know I'm wounded by
belief

That precious feeling just like turning over a new
leaf

Improvisation galore - It's gonna break up your heart
Forget about the past - This is the Re-start.

Exhibitionist/Voyeur - Boredom is the cause
An indulgent inheritance with priceless flaws
Spiritually weak but ideologically/theoretically
strong

You know I really do not care that the world is all
wrong.

Speed It Up - Just in time

Speed It Up - I'm gonna make you mine

Speed It Up - Forget about doubt / Amphetamine doubt

Speed It Up - Wrench it out. Higher, Higher, Higher.

"But they shall not go in to see when the holy things
are covered, lest they die" (Numbers 4, iv).

LOVE AND FEAR

'I could have been a contender'

But they tore up our deal

And in this exiled exhaustion

Suddenly nothing was real

I sacrificed my spirit

In order to wager a bet

This progression to perfection
is a voyage of threat
I acknowledge the mind
I'm consumed by emotion
Trapped by my body
Yet I still trust devotion

I've got notebooks on LOVE and I've got essays on FEAR
But in this resistance cell I never seem to be getting
near to

.....LOVE and FEAR

Imprisoned by my body, mind and feelings

And I just can't get out

Tooled up with knowledge, strength and experience

What must I do to escape?

(I've got notebooks on LOVE and I've got essays on
FEAR but I don't know just where I left them.)

*"For who is there of all flesh, that hath heard the
voice of the living God speaking out of the midst of
the fire, as we have, and lived" (Deuteronomy 5, xxvi).*

MESSIN' WITH COLOUR

A Renaissance of Colour

Yellow, Brown, Red, Black, White

A Survival needing Confidence

Protection of a Human Right

Sketches of Nothing

I'm Drawing on what's Inside my Eyes

Dabbling can be Dangerous

The Death of Safety is my Prize

Paint-Brushes and Pencils

I'm Doodling my Life away

Pamphlets and Paranoia

A Struggle that's here to Stay

I've been Messin' with Colour

I've been Messin' with Time

I'm Years ahead

But I'm out of Line.

"And it came to pass, when they had done circumcising all the people, that they abode in their places in the camp, till they were whole" (Joshua 5, viii).

PANDORA'S BOX

Pandora's Box set forth
Marx, Maldoror, Morphine and Me
....Marx....Maldoror....Morphine and Me.
A Manifesto of Magnificence
A Declaration of Principles
Perfection
This is it.

Pandora's Box set forth
Marx, Maldoror, Morphine and Me
....Marx....Maldoror....Morphine and
Me, Me, Me, Me, Me, Me, Me, Me.

"And they slew of Moab at that time about ten thousand men, all lusty, and all men of valour; and there escaped not a man" (Judges 3, xxix).

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

Oh for an immortal power
Superior to right and wrong
A determined benevolence
Through which we all could be strong.
Oh for the supreme individual
With the will to instigate his new idea
Never tainted, never weak
Sheer perfection, a golden seer.

The purest animal to trick our trust
A Caesar to provide us with belief
The devil waiting beneath our skin
A monster, a deity of unending grief.

Double Vision, a tunnel of thought
A new kind of terror for us to be
But I still can't help but thinking
If only this Napoleon Bonaparte was me.

I don't want to live if I can't be Napoleon Bonaparte
I don't want to live if I can't be Napoleon Bonaparte
I don't want to live if I can't be Napoleon Bonaparte
I don't want to live if I can't be Power.

"So she gleaned in the field until even, and beat out that she had gleaned: and it was about an ephah of barley" (Ruth 2,xvii).

NATURE

The thick clay earth - the all important rain
The matriarch of existence - (never to be slain).
Scalding hot summer - autumn's killer sting
Frost-freezing winter - the growth that is spring.

From the contemptuous ocean to the vulnerable brook
A heaven and hell on earth - She came, She saw, She
took.

Unlike American pestilence - this mother's here to
stay

There's no controlling Her moods - She orders, we
obey.

Nature - you create disease and starvation

Nature - nausea and beauty

Nature - you change the young into old

Nature - please don't punnish me.

Nature - in your wisdom you nurture

Nature - why cause such misery?

Nature - I've always honoured you

Nature - please don't punnish me.

*"And turn ye not aside: for then should ye go after
vain things, which cannot profit nor deliver; for they
are vain" (1 Samuel 12,xxi).*

THE UPS AND DOWNS OF LOVE

The need for immediate gratification
is contrary to the laws of Romance
(In our radical, chemical partnership
you've got me electrified, entranced.)

But how are we supposed to go forward
with our love seductively on trial
(With dangerous playthings and maternity
raising their tempting smile.)

Infatuated by physical alchemy
emotional fascism in a different key
(Just like any masculine / feminine
just like any you and me.)

I get haunting memories that twist my brain
into a freezing tempest (a pleasurable rain)
I get anxious moments (biased but true)
that keep recurring in me these ideas of you.

*"God is my strength and power; and he maketh my way
perfect" (2 Samuel 22, xxxiii).*

REHEARSING THE UPRISING

When your beauty has grown barren
and your sweetness grown sour
and you feel like you're getting older
with every passing hour.....

When you're another/Evesham's forgotten son
and you're still trying to feel
and there's never been any politicians
offering you a new deal.....

When your morality has become decadent
and appeasement is your game
and the only thing you ever wanted
was fame and fame and fame and fame.....

When you're planning another breakthrough
you know somehow it aint gonna last
and those oh so perfect moments
have been corked up in the past.....

Then start rehearsing the uprising
A riot in your head

Madness is Hypnotic/Paranoia is Perversion
Walt Whitman once said/Erich Von Stroheim once said
(You know he didn't now).

*"And the angel of the Lord came again the second time,
and touched him, and said, Arise and eat; because the
journey is too great for thee" (1 Kings 19,vii).*

THE NEW DARK AGES

I've been trying to survive
during this period of lingering death.
When I see the crimes they've committed
I find it hard to draw my breath.

Equality is redundant
Liberty is on the dole
Solidarity is handing in its notice
Combat is our goal.

Depression is endemic
Art is dying or dead
As the slump of 1929
Hovers above our head.

Nuclear War threatens everyday
And Governments tell us Defence is the only way
When Wall Street crashes so will we
And our rotten society will be.....Insanity.

We are living in a New Dark Age
Freedom is Terror, Now!

*"And changed his prison garments: and he did eat bread
continually before him all the days of his life" (2
Kings 25,xxix).*

ON HEAT

'It's forbidden to forbid' - The words carved into my
brain

Elusive ideals leave an unwashable stain
I'm in a thousand minds in my season in hell
My innocence is corrupt - This is the hard cell/and
I've got nothing to sell.

In my dreams I meet Venus and she swallows me whole
And she licks at my heart and she sucks at my soul

(I'm putting it in now!)

Look at her body, gaze at her face

She's the possessor of nothing - no class, no sex, no
race

And then this fantasy will weaken and disappear
And once again the spring is crystal clear
Notes on Everything are nothing if not new
Oh! Eternity I'm on heat for you

(Here I come now!)

The Western world is the new Sodom and Gomorrah.

Where are the real hermaphrodites?

Porno Porno Porno Porno.

Bring forth the hunchbacks and the amputees.

Freud wouldn't be able to make head nor tale of this.

My incestous insight is active again.

Salome and me are into the same head:

Sex Sweat Blood Sex Sweat Blood Sex Sweat Blood.

This is the philosophy of the bedroom:

Humiliate, Debase, Whip, Hurt, Maim, Kill me.

The Spintriae educated me on Capri.

120 days later I'm a libertine!

. (Shit on God because he shat on you.)

I'm On Heat when I walk down the street

I'm On Heat from my head to my feet

I'm On Heat and it's so discreet/complete/effete

I'm On Heat yeah I'm On Heat.

(.....You're bleeding on my sheets.....)

*"Fear before him, all the earth: the world also shall
be stable, that it be not moved" (1 Chronicles
16, xxx).*

BLINDNESS

I woke up this morning and I was blind

Felt around my room - what did I find?

I've been blind for ages - I never saw

You've been kissing my best friend - You're a fuckin'
whore.

Best friend - boy friend - best friend

- boy friend - best boy.

And I feel like Lear out on the moor

Hanging round with bastards, hanging round with whores

And I feel like Lear out on the moor

Hanging round with madmen, hanging round with whores.

And I feel like Gloucester, and I feel like Gloucester
And I feel like Samson and I feel like Samson -
agonistes - agonistes
And I feel like John Milton and I feel like John
Milton
Can't see the words, can't see the pages, someone's
gotta read to me

It's like some kinda nightmare - like a sub-Kafka
nightmare
I'm blind, I'm blind, I'm blind, I'm blind, I'm
..eyeless, I'm...

You gotta exorcise
Exercise, exorcise, exercise, exorcise

I'm going down, down, down to the ground
I'm going back to zero, back, back, back, back, back
to zero
Backer, backer, backer, backer, back to zero. ZERO.

*"Now mine eyes shall be open, and mine ears attent
unto the prayer that is made in this place" (2
Chronicles 7, xv).*

VULNERABILITY.

All alone, all alone - no-one left - nothing there
I'm all alone, I'm all alone - no-one left - nothing
there.

There's nothing left inside of me
Just a heart of darkness, heart of darkness.

Vulnerability, vulnerability -
Victimise me, victimise me
Hurt yourself, hurt yourself - You gotta open the
wounds, pick at the scars.

Find the Cancer it's growing deep inside of me
You gotta find the cancer - You gotta cut, cut, cut,
cut, cut, cut, cut the cancer out.

It's all over me, it's all over for me,
it's all over for me
It's washing down all over me
(Washington all over me) Suffocation.

You gotta suffer hunger in the spirit
for the sake of the truth.

You know I'm burnt out at twenty three - look what
you've gone and done to me
I'm burnt out at twenty three - look what you've all
done to me.

I'll take you with me -
yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah.
I'll take you with me. And I used to think I was a
spiritual aristocrat.
Oh, oh, here it comes, here it comes, here it comes
walking all over me.
Here it comes walking all over me, here it
comes.....



NOTHING.gp2

Fairy Tales. And we're here and we're there and we're oh yeah
yeah yeah yeah / And we say to each other things we don't mean
and we say to each other it's so obscene / And we fight all the
battles and we fight all the wars no-one can touch us at all we
break the laws / And we're here and we're there and we're
everywhere / The grass is so green and the night is so young
and I fight myself try to hold my tongue / Car park is empty
people have gone away I don't believe in fairy tales this is
today.

Witness the Strength. When I lie in my bed at night and think of what I could be I remember who and where I've been and who I'd like to set free / No-one prays for the wicked but yet they honour the pure I adore the dream of life but I'm frightened of jealousy's lure / Time crushes young ideals I've been told before Worship these new lords hear them roar now / Witness witness witness the strength of the Gods (oh so true) / Witness witness witness the change of thje Gods.

From Aesthetics to Dialectics. I've got this fear that's so hard to explain I'm two into one and its hard to contain / The highest and the best just words anyway every aesthetic daydream will be forgotten one day / Revolutions are so rare but what can I do oh mighty dialectic I'm in love with you / This is the journey from aesthetics to dialectics this is the journey from greed to need this is the journey from aesthetics to dialectics this is the journey and we are the seed.

Agin the Grain. Everyday I walk across my room someone mutters you're against the grain reading writing thinking stealing I'm always looking through someone's window pane / Outside but not in I can see I can hear there's so many levels inside my head nothing stops me from starting anew but I wish I was doing something else instead / Words from somewhere inside my heart tell me everything out theres for free but I know better I rebuke my soul I tell it money buys anything you see / I'm against the grain and it's so vain I'm against the grain oh these emotions I feign I'm against the grain and I doubt my brain I'm against the grain I'm against the grain I'm against the....

Ambition. I must surrender to an obsession that's seiging my soul this jewel of voyeurism is devouring me whole Delight is often decisive but temptation is my guilt I'm tearing down destroying everything I've ever built Emotions like warriors wage war inside my heart It makes me feel like Heathcliffe this conflict's tearing me apart.... A-M-B-I-T-I-O-N / Intentions and attainability are so hard to link I'm sleeping ever sleeping can't even wake to think.

Adoration. I've got this vision that's locked inside my head but I can't even see if it's living or it's dead / It's not really real but it seems so much more I'm merely the consumer and it tells me what for / I love you I hate you its not natural I know switch on switch off a flame that's stop and go / I need you I crave you addiction adoration so true you are my messenger everything comes through you / Adoration Television Adoration Television Adoration Television..... Adoration.

Reflections on Narcissus. Oh Narcissus you're so nice that's an adjective I shouldn't use / His simultaneous lust is mine plucked from an ultimate form showering in creativity's vine the wrath of purity a guilty storm His heart only beats to be a word in history we must begin Incestuous temptation so absurd this does incur a horrible sin / Oh Narcissus you're so nice that's an adjective I shouldn't use Oh Narcissus you're so nice but you know you're born to lose / Mirror mirror on the wall who's the fairest of them all? Narcissus / Adjective subject adjective subject pronoun / Hey hey whats that sound someone's chucking grammer around / Oh Narcissus you're so nice that's an adjective I shouldn't use Oh Narcissus you're so nice but you know you're born to lose.

Tomorrow. I'm so muddled I get heartbreak inside my head I'm so concerned about all the books I've read I'm so manic I'll die of hunger and not be fed I'm so exhausted I'm going back to bed / I'm so historical no-one stops the pass of time I'm so famous my outbursts are all mine I'm so wealthy well I will be in my prime I'm so rhythmic get inside this rhyme / I'm so muddled I'm so concerned I'm so manic I'm so exhausted I'm so historical I'm so famous I'm so wealthy I'm so rhythmic / Like a modern day Candide hung out to dry for a paradigm of paradise I've got to try / Tomorrow everything's gonna be alright Tomorrow I'll develop inner sight Tomorrow I'll win my five year fight Tomorrow we'll be together whatever the weather forever.

Revenge. A spectacle an exhibition I'm in an industrial cage alone unknown forgotten and filling with rage Brain explodes with boredom but my dreams are rehearsed my strength will taste sweet when I quench my sick thirst / Instant punishment / Incident example it's just not like crime I've imagined I've fantasised time after time Blood-thirsty dominance a motiveless war the feeling of euphoria craving for more / Instant punishment / Then shame revulsion horror I've got to flee I'm running running looking normal trying not to be me When I'm safe it's back to arrogance but I have to confess that I know

what I'm doing revenge is the best / Instant punishment / When I take my revenge it's instant punishment for you You hunt me you chase me but you're scared through and through Hunt chase hunt chase hunt chase hunt chase hunt chase Revenge Instant punishment / They sentence me to the hangman's noose They sentence me to the hangman's noose I don't care I'm coming I'm loose I'm coming when I see the hangman's noose.

The Casteaway. He was rescued from the water an unwilling rebirth Capitalist aggression bourgeois principles Profit - Loss = Worth / Problems of position the hostility inherent at home What we want what we need their ever incessant drone / White slavery mediaeval morality opportunity chance is the game Unbridled energy is bought off in the constant search for fame / A culture of collections possession priced in jewels He retreated from their social orders spitting on laughing at their rules / Caste out caste in Nationality class or creed mean nothing to him / (He's the god of the wood He's Boudu He's got more in common with me than he could ever have with you).

Love/Hate. Exploration discovery beauty times two Sometimes I wonder whatever happened to you / Our love was ephemeral a magnificent dream You were mathematically curious I was imaginatively extreme / Looking backward but forward we were bound for decline although my surgical heartbeat says you'll always be mine (always) / Our hate was dramatic so violent to translate Yet another wasted lover to stamp on my fate / Love Hate I'm such a state Love Hate it's like two times eight Love Hate and it won't abate Love Hate I'm never late / I love you I hate you I loved you I hated you I miss you I miss you Love Hate Love Hate.

Emma Bovary. Primed up timed up like dynamite I was getting ready to explode She was from the country carrying dreams the seed had been sowed / I was wandering (lone wolf lone wolf) renting a room above a chemists shop She'd been exiled to a provincial town her head going like a spinning top / Our eyes met it seemed so complete fate was fatalistic that day on the street Hope was abandoned despair was rife the day she decided to walk into my life / Oh Emma you're so bored you're so bourgeoisie Oh Emma you don't know just what you're doing to me Oh Emma you're imprisoned imprisoned (not free) Oh Emma all the things that we could be.

Elysium. Got to get home got to get home got to got to got to got to got to get home Got to get away Elysium Elysium / Year after year after year after year after year after year alone alone I'm alone Elysium Elysium / Day after day after day after day Hour after hour after hour after hour Alone got to get away Elysium my Elysium / Elysium Elysium Elysium Elysium Elysium Elysium Elysium Is there no end?

Impact. In a split second my life was changed All those forgotten senses permanently rearranged / Heart beat beating faster transportation through time Nothing's ever dangerous unless it's a crime / Recovery but scarred all those weeks in a hospital bed Only one purpose-thought rushing through my head / Get back to the car caressing the wheel the only affection I'm ever going to feel Me and my partner (this bit aint real) here comes the crash-crash splintering steel / Autocide autocide autocide Autogeddon 1931-1956-1977.

morpheus3.gp3

Act 1, Scene 1. A Park - Early Autumn, mid-morning (a warm day).

A tramp is asleep on a park bench - he's stretched out (as if in a coffin). Two young lovers kiss and canoodle on a bench nearby. The park is as all British parks both nostalgic and dreary. He wakes, irritated by the leaf that has fallen (from the tree above) onto his head - he stretches and looks about. Suddenly he looks at his 'broken' fob watch and leaps to his feet, (obviously late for a meeting) - He walks quite quickly out of the park, stopping only to pick up a discarded newspaper which he immediately throws away. He walks off, again.

Scene 2. Upper Street (as above).

The tramp is walking to the tube, he comes around the corner by the 'Hope & Anchor' pub - he walks, hands-in-pockets, head down, urgent, at-high-speed - not looking at anything or stopping to talk to anybody. The road is usual for mid-morning. He enters the tube station (Highbury & Islington).

Scene 3. At the tube (as above).

The tramp is alone at the tube station, he goes down the escalator - only paying attention to the adverts adorning the walls. (At this point he is using the machinery). He walks down the corridor - no expression on his face - he feels in the slightest possible way - paranoia/claustrophobia due to the tightness of the walls in the corridor (at this point he is trapped.) He arrives at the platform which is also empty - but he doesn't feel lonesome - he waits for the train, fiddling with

his ticket. The train arrives, stops, the doors open and he gets on board - he dozes off as the train disappears into the tunnel (the machine is now using him.)

Act 2. Scene 1. The Moor, mid-winter, noon (a very cold day).

The tramp is asleep in a chair - he has a small amount of snow gathering on him. To look at him one would imagine that he had frozen to death. His clothes are the same as for Act 1 only now they seem more necessary (flat cap, big brown overcoat, large boots, old scarf, mittens etc). Suddenly he jerks awake, he looks around taking in the bleak and extensive view. It feels as if nothing is (or ever has been) here! But he does not panic, he stands up determined to try and find out where he is. He walks around, eventually kicking the snow off gorse bushes in anger at his situation. He leans over demonstrating despair - so many questions - so few answers - he sits down again.....

As if in answer to his plea his eyes are attracted to something - still far in the distance - but yes, yes it's people. The relief is almost psychotic! As they draw closer we can pick them out as four separate individuals. 'One' at the front - he looks important, in control, despotic perhaps. He is wearing a suit and an ill-fitting top-hat. He appears to be chain-smoking. Two are carrying what looks like an office table with two chairs on top. Character 'A' is very tall and gawky looking, there's something not quite right about him. Character 'B' is very small - from this distance he looks like a small child. There is something comical about tall and small carrying the table together. Character 'C' is slightly further behind - it is a she - she is crippled, one leg is a stump. She is carrying a polythene bag and dragging a set of small step-ladders. This aspect is threefold (i) The carnival (ii) Clowns (and clownmaster) arriving in town for the circus (iii) A GLC day out! As the time passes before the tramp and the characters meet all the viewer feels is anticipatory joy/relief. Almost before we are ready for it the meeting happens. It is a total anticlimax. The tramp is too nervous to speak, the characters (especially the 'One') are too aloof. They begin to unload and set up what appears to be an office of sorts, the desk and chairs are lowered first. The one immediately sits down, resting his head on the desk. The other chair is placed about fifteen yards in front of the desk. Character 'A' moves off clutching (suspiciously) the step-ladder. Character 'B' is already kicking a football around in the middle-distance. Character 'C' is emptying the polythene bag - a watermelon (sliced) is placed on the desk, a photograph album is placed next to it. She does, however, hold on to a neatly tied bundle of books. Her last duty is to beckon the tramp to sit in

the empty chair - the tramp obeys - she stands in front of him. Even though she looks the most approachable the tramp doesn't want to speak first. eventually (5-10 seconds later) the tramp gesticulates..... Character 'C' tries to mumble something (she appears to be mute whatever she said it was unintelligable. The tramp makes as if to speak again but Character 'C' motions toward her mouth - demonstrating that she is mute. Almost as if to display why she mimics fist into hand (remember the old motorbike warning ads on TV) - so it was a crash! The tramp looks suitably (falsely) disturbed. Character 'C' hands him the bundle of books and then does a mock (self-mocking or tramp-mocking?) pirroutte. Almost as part of the same (vaguely perverse) movement she hobbles off! The tramp moves as if to return the books to her but thinks better of it (is this theft? ie not returning the books). NB. In the background the 'One' is still slumped over the desk - Character 'A' has also returned. He is picking the photo-album up from the desk. He is still guiltily clutching the step-ladder. The tramp watches all this with interest and with his desire for understanding only fuelled by Character 'C' he gets up and walks towards the already advancing Character 'A'. They meet some ten yards from the desk. Character 'A' erects his step-ladder and starts climbing up and down it. Everytime he reaches the top he strikes a ridiculous posture similar to that of an admiral looking out to sea, clutching a telescope previously hidden in his jacket. Character 'A' mounts and dismounts the step-ladder some five times. Meanwhile the tramp looks at the photo album that the character has dropped. It is full of the most ridiculous pictures he has ever seen. He throws the album away. Character 'A' looks suitably surprised and gestures as if to say: would you like a go (ie on the steps). The tramp nods eagerly, hands the (as yet unopened) bundle of books to him and mounts the steps. The tramp is too self-engrossed in his climbing to notice Character 'A' run off with the bundle. The view is identical from the top of the steps as from he ground (just a slightly different angle). The tramp turns to comment to Character 'A', sees that he has fled and shouts! As Character 'A' is running he turns his head and bellows back (half-laughing), his ridiculous face is insane. The tramp is obviously upset by this robbery (theft of theft. Is that theft?) The tramp begins to walk, slowly at first, then slightly quicker. Character 'B' (the child) still has to be approached - we see him playing football. Thank God something is normal around here. The tramp watches with interest (perhaps he played football as a child) - the paternal element seems to ooze out of him. The child continues to display his skills - he bounces the ball as if it is magnetically connected to his body.

The only strange thing is that he seems loathe to turn full-on to the tramp. It is as if the tramp is wondering why too, however this small doubt is as nothing in comparison to the relief he feels that at least children are pure. The tramp looks around himself - noting the distance between himself and the desk, then as if he cannot resist it he closes in on the child. He taps the child on the shoulder. Ever so slowly the child turns his head - it seems to take an eternity - the face, the face is horrific. It's a man, scarred beyond recognition, like a freak, a nightmare. He nods as if like a moron. The fear, the terror, the shock is all conquering. The tramp (almost as a reflex action) turns tail and runs. He runs and runs and runs like a man possessed, he stumbles and gets up again, flailing in the air he continues his sprint only stopping for breath when he is finally standing in front of the 'One' at the desk (by this point he has run at least 100 yds.) The 'One' raises his head from the desk and smiles at the tramp in a condescending way, beckoning him to the chair which Character 'C' has just placed in front of the desk. The tramp being exhausted, willingly accepts the chance of a rest. The 'One' gives off an air of "I'll see you in a minute" like a busy (why are they always busy?) civil servant. The 'One' reaches into his suit pocket and pulls out a black diary - he appears to be checking something in it. He lights a cigarette, making it look as normal as brushing one's teeth. He then takes a letter from his pocket and consults it. The tramp sits getting more anxious by the second - he doesn't bother to speak realising the trouble it has got him into so far. At least a minute has passed in which nothing has happened but the tension has visibly increased. The tramp is more nervous, fidgety. The 'One' appears to be getting angry. Suddenly, almost a reversal of the anticlimax when the characters arrived, the 'One' jumps to his feet, hits the table with his fist, tears up the letter, spits on it, stubs out his cigarette in the watermelon, mouths obscenities at the tramp and as if this isn't enough he pushes the table over. Throughout all this the tramp is so stunned that he sits as if turned to stone. The 'One' is now like a man possessed, he lights another cigarette and keeps jabbing it at the tramp as if to demonstrate his anger. He is lecturing, shouting (but we hear nothing). He closes in on the tramp, leaning over him, touching him, eventually hitting, slapping, pushing him around. The 'One' picks up the tramp from the chair, the tramp is shaking, the 'One's' tongue is lolling in his mouth. An element of homosexual rape creeps in, he's licking his lips, touching his groin, the tramp's arms and legs begin to jerk as if in an epileptic fit. The 'One' puts the tramp on the ground (the jerking lessens.)

The terror in the tramp's eyes is neatly counterbalanced by the lust/insanity in the 'One's' eyes. The 'One' closes in to complete his desire. He pulls the tramp's overcoat over his shoulders and almost in the same action tears off his hat. The revelation that the tramp is female (ie shape of breasts, hair etc) is so repellent to him that he punches her. She falls to the ground, reeling from the punch and fainting in shock. All the characters gather around her and the last thing she sees is their leering faces apparently getting closer to hers.

Act 3. Scene 1. The flat. Early Autumn, mid-afternoon (an overcast day.)

The girl wakes, she realises it has all been a dream - or has it? - she is naked, in the bath and feeling normalised. Her room is typical of an unemployed exile - flickering black & white TV (she'd forgotten to switch it off), a pile of old copies of the Daily Mirror, a table with two photos on it (one boy, one girl), an assortment of books, a UB40 card, a pile of clothes thrown on the floor and her old chair which is strategically placed in front of the TV. She enters from the bathroom wearing normal cheap clothes, she looks bored, in a way 'disenchanted'. She picks up her UB40 card from the table, switches off the TV - in a fighting pattern she circles the room then leaves (obviously to sign).

Scene 2. Barnsbury Road to the DHSS. (as above).

She is walking along the long, straight road to the DHSS office. She walks slowly as if she doesn't care, she is looking at her feet most of the time. Her boredom is almost infectious. In front of her and behind her the houses, cars, streets etc appear bigger than life - but she fails to notice this. (One senses that she has walked this same road too many times and now ignores it's fascination).

Scene 3. At the DHSS office. (as above).

The DHSS office looks as bleak as normal. The girl appears from around the corner (from the left). From out of the DHSS door comes the final character from the moor, he is dressed in jeans, jumper etc - he looks bored - as does everyone else. They pass each other in the road but do not acknowledge each other. The girl goes through the DHSS door.

(THE MORAL OF THIS TALE, IF THERE IS ONE, IS THAT UNEMPLOYMENT IS IMAGINATIVELY DANGEROUS).

WHALING

Going Fishing: I'm going fishing I want to unwind I'm going fishing life's such a bind I'm going fishing I'm out of my head I'm going fishing am I yet dead (help me).
Garlands of flowers watch fishes in towers and fishes in towers watch garlands of flowers. Fish here fish there fishes swimming everywhere fishes crashed out in a lake pass me a slice of christmas cake. Acid head are you dead did you fly when you tried. I'm going fishing I want to unwind I'm going fishing life's such a bind I'm going fishing I'm out of my head I'm going fishing am I yet dead (help me).
Going going gone. The Moon is in the Sky: The moon is in the sky (high) trying hard to fly (high) the clouds up in the air say don't go anywhere the trees stand so tall begging just to blow (me away) Where am I going I don't know.
Looking upwards upwards upwards upwards upwards upwards
Looking downwards downwards downwards downwards downwards downwards
I'm falling. This trip goes on forever to the realms I've never been when I'm there I hark at people and see the sights I've never seen. The moon is in the sky (high) trying hard to fly (high) the clouds up in the air say don't go anywhere the trees stand so tall begging just to blow (me

away) where am I going to I don't know. Looking upwards upwards upwards upwards upwards
Looking downwards downwards downwards downwards downwards
I'm falling. Why: Why why why do we say amen why why why do we say it again make us humble when we kneel there's nothing there that I can feel. Why why why why why why why why why? Why why why do we say amen why why why do we say it again make us humble when we kneel there's nothing there that I can feel. Trees are Green: Trees are green and they're not red I don't wanna live if trees are dead come on come on come on and help me to explain. Trees are green trees are blue trees are pink trees are you trees are you and you and you and you and you and you. Crushing all the walls of humility cuckoos have flown into my nest so much yoke on my face so much joke in your shell withdrawing to a safer place beware the sniper who pierced your thinking cap boiling water switch off the tap and go to bed before the witching hour suffragette for the sweet people in your mellow birds life story I don't know cos I never read it because I stick to the pages I know worn leaves dropping in the autumn are printless in the winter priceless jewels can't cost any money if you spend your time buying complacency screaming in the apathy of a locked room disbelief at your agrophobia

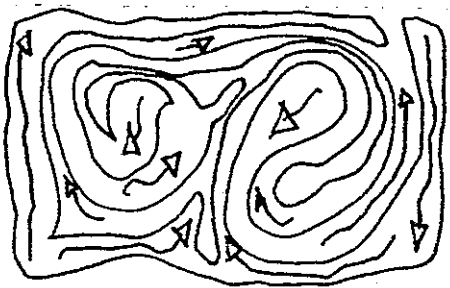
ploughing a fallow field sowing
dead seeds seeing love
extinguished scrumpling up
your hope for her burning in
the eternal fire of paradise
edifying crematorium the
Elysian fields are a waste of
time dumb hyena versus
enterprising Atlas a capital
city on a map travel costs 25
personnas the Italian economy's
in a fuckin mess but they
might win the world cup who
wants the world sugar mice do
Mr Morley wanted it he nearly
dropped dead cashed velvet and
the underground the others
sell smack and druids while I
look for them under my bed but
I found sleeping pills before I
was moved along by a parish
priest poor bastard he wasn't
kinky he liked the royalty he'd
never read Jean Genet don't
blow the last line off the
mirror! Trees are green and
they're not red I don't wanna
live if trees are dead Trees
must be red. Someone in
Between: Crunched up eaten I'm
screaming will it ever stop the
crossroads tween soul and
tradition which road to the top
today is growing up empty
yesterdays stone dead when you
hear someone's answers the
words just rattle in your head.
This someone's always burning
he knows just who he'll hate
he condemns within a moment
and further isolates his state
a refridgerated seclusion you
can hide from all your fears
repeated words identical
thoughts you convince yourself
for years. Unleashed the door

is opened you now are forced
to hear he holds high a mirror
you see self congratulation's
thin veneer exploding with new
approaches he threatens truth
and delight this new-found
friction romance is this love
at first sight? Thoughts and
motions decisions I must make
beginnings and ends don't let
this someone ever break don't
let him! Intense Passion pt2:
Howling together we made our
next move I thought there was
nothing left to learn We both
demanded total satisfaction
I've had what I want now it's
your turn. Don't you know yet
so smart but so young I've got
to go I think I'm in my prime
I've never known quite what I
wanted but my ego demands
demands demands more time. I
can be you I must have your
potential you just yearn for
things I've had for years it's
wierd there was no feeling no
more challenge I lay back and
laughed at your make-believe
tears. I must have you again
No-ones gonna stop me no-ones
never ever gonna stop me no-
ones gonna stop me no-one can
stop me ever I I I I I I must
have you again again again
again I must have you again.
Machines Rebel against me:
Machines rebel against me the
phone doesn't work my tv is a
fuzz video videos what I don't
want my tape recorder recorder
recorder does not recorder
recorder recorder my head-
phones explode my car has
evaporated my oven is fried
machines rebel against me

typewriter types tick-tick-
 tick-tick machines rebel
 against me machines rebel
 against me. The Secrets of my
Mind: Echoes of indecision
 cloud my ever growing head
 there's so few words I haven't
 said I have to stab conquer
 crush and crawl if I want to
 discover anything at all.
 Ambiguities thirst like 'furies'
 in my way their contradictions
 hypnotise me everyday the
 secrets that are starving for
 release will their never ending
 turmoil cease. The explorer's
 torment amuses my brain lust's
 mirror image is embarrassingly
 vain the climax of two decades
 of strife logic makes me
 nervous are these the secrets
 of my life? The secrets the
 secrets the secrets the secret
 secret secrets of my mind. You
Hurt Me: Why must you - after
 what I've been through you
 know who I've done what I can
 do You push and tug and act so
 rough you're so big and hard
 I'm not that tough. It hurts I
 cry you just don't hear I'm
 shattered full of fear Stop I'm
 ashamed I have to cry I can no
 longer I want to die. Look over
 there you're so dominant and
 free Look over here you know
 you hurt me you hurt me you
 you you hurt me. You hurt me
 and I hurt you and there aint
 nothing else that we're ever
 gonna do. **Yet:** one six three
 nine. James-Liverpool-David-
 Newcastle-Douglas Home-Pitt-
 Reeks-Eden-Lloyd George-
 Callaghan-Derby-ministers-
 Negus-playing-falling-let them

go-Dont fight it-Welcome sign-
 spasm-bowls-fairy light-heavy-
 recovered-neighbour-basin-
 Elgin-acre. I don't collapse my
 walls to them that are set I
 am gone outsider I'm not dead
 yet. Diplomacy keeps one quiet
 when underneath one may be
 boiling. **Matho:** I got out of
 bed mathematical head I aint
 no red but it's gotta be better
 than being dead. I'm like worms
 in apples just heard everyone's
 gone mad all the numbers are
 changing heartbeat chews up
 real sad. I had a nervous
 breakdown too much
 strawberries and scream and
 now I'm sorta waking up out of
 this dream. Theorise utilise
 pluralise stigmatize **Matho**
 matho matho matho..... **Opiatic**
Blues: I've been shop shop
 shopping at the hope emporium
 I've been shop shop shopping
 for some hopium. Perpetual
 sleep no more pain desire is
 drifting away again perpetual
 sleep goodbye pain desire is
 drifting away again. I want it
 I need it I got it I want it I
 need it I got it I want it I
 need it I got it I want it I
 need it I got it. I got the
 opiatic blues I got the opiatic
 blues I got the opiatic blues I
 got the narcotic!

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STP.gp10

"Arise; for this matter belongeth unto thee: we also
will be with thee: be of good courage, and do it"
(Ezra 10, iv).

DESPAIR (PART 1).

Twenty years of tomorrows holding boredom at bay
My soul has been bleeding - the mutha's dripping away.
The television's shattered mirror reflects like a
jewel

There is no escape - addiction's the rule.

Egoism muddled emotion, money caused the crime
and punishment so inevitable will arrive in good time
Conscience delirious is drowning my mind
My thirst once ecstatic eventually signed.

Blood Lust, Blood Lust, Blood Lust, Blood Lust
Blood Lust, Blood Lust, Blood Lust, Blood Lust
When will people learn to destroy?
When is this song gonna end?

"And I was very angry when I heard their cry and these
words" (Nehemiah 5, vi).

CONSUMPTION.

My health is unclean
I don't know where to begin
Because I'm psychologically bloated
And pathologically thin.

The hunger's grown obsessive
But the doctor can wait
While I get paranoid
At another character trait.

The sickness is overpowering
I must have taken too much
Am I speaking in tongues
Or talking Double Dutch.

I'm a 20th Century consumptive
Book, page and word
I think/Know I'm sort of dieing
But you'll think that's absurd.

*"For we are sold, I and my people, to be destroyed, to
be slain, and to perish" (Esther 7,iv).*

GRAFT.

Purer than pubescence, sharper than delight
Sweet catatonia is coming home tonight
Deciduous derision, hysterics at home
Searching for something wherever I roam.

Darker than a nightmare, lighter than lead
The work ethos is everything (at least in my head)
Grafting for the future, possessed by the past
Today is meaningless, it's over so fast.

Starker than failure, repression galore
That evil spirit hedonism pleading for more
Confession concealed, guilt in a glut
If only I could but then what if and but.....

Work your fingers to the bone
Do not shirk do not moan
Do not tire because it aint began/don't start thinking
it's better than
What you're getting is a purer tan/Get purer.

Work, work, work, work.

*"Fear came upon me, and trembling, which made all my
bones to shake" (Job 4,xiv).*

PANDAMONIUM.

I've been talking to God
It's not that hard
When you're hurt and wounded
And emotionally scarred.

I've been praying for renewal
To come on walking through the door
I've been talking moderation
But I don't know what for.

I've been hoping for an end
To this self-inflicted pain
But I know when it arrives
I'll just want it back again.

In my head - Pandamonium high and low
- telling me it's time to go.

"How long wilt thou forget me, O Lord? for ever? how long wilt thou hide thy face from me?" (Psalms 13,1).

ECSTASY.

On the 40th day on the 40th night
I'm just trying to make it right
I crave faith - real hypnotic stuff
But nothing I use ever seems to be enough.

And she's bleeding, sort of needing
And I'm feeling a certain healing.

You know I've never been the type for belief
I'm just your common or garden thief
You see I've never really had the time
To ever make things really mine.

And she's bleeding, sort of needing, my feelings.
She's got the stigmata on her.

And I touch touch dip my fingers in the blood
And I taste taste put my mouth to the blood
And I drown drown submerging in the blood.

And I'm cracking up and I'm breaking down
She's gone and I can't hear a sound/No-one ever comes
around.

If you're there help me now
Sweet Jesus if you're there help me now.

In a world full of trash all you've got is your
imagination.

"But he that sinneth against me wrongeth his own soul:
all they that hate me love death" (Proverbs 8, xxxii).

SWEETNESS.

Mental corruption - Brain on trial
Weather gets warmer - all the while
Head rebellion - reverse back-flip
I went out shopping I was press-ganged onto ship.

Homesick heart I met destiny on the bus
Betrayal comes cheap so who do you trust
Arm infection out with the saw
Chop it off before it asks for more.

Adrenalin torture it's an old card trick
DO NOT WRITE - IT MAKES YOU SICK
Lip contagion - an expose of tears
I've got these memories from over the years

Spleen pathos - she looks like hell
Popular hubris - cast another spell
Soul beat rhythm - found my watch
Keep on bathing use a bottle of scotch.

Sweet Insanity the state you find
She's so muddled but she doesn't mind
She lives in a flat on the second floor
And if you ring the door-bell she'll lock the door..

"A fool also is full of words: a man cannot tell what
shall be: and what shall be after him, who can tell
him?" (Ecclesiastes 10, xiv).

TRANSFORMATION.

(Revelation, industrialisation, masturbation,
suffocation, expectation, brutalisation, castration,
justification.)

360 degrees on the 24th frame
Time acceleration staying the same
Blood pumps forth, a black shade of red
Bigger than life, automatically dead.

Sick and tired forever on the run
Like sucking and licking a loaded gun
Attitude therapy poisoned heart
Get to the finish back to the start.

The splintered, shattered, broken word
Can't be seen but can be heard
Fourth hallucination, faith stripped bare
This nightmare angst could go anywhere.

Change, rearrange, derange.

Out of nowhere, information
causing transformation
Of my soul making me
Wholesome again, then.....

"Thou art all fair, my love; there is no spot in thee"
(Soloman's Song 4, vii).

IMMOLATION BLUES.

Country boy city fever,
Neuroses beyond compare
Death is silently waiting
And I don't really care.

The failure ritual is growing
Preaching/Teaching leaves me dry
I've performed myself into a corner
Just to watch my energy die.

The victory celebrations
Sucked me in and spat me out
Now I'm just another industry
Outdated and riddled with doubt.

So I unbuckle my trousers
And I wet the shining blade
I'm going to destroy all the weakness
Someone else foolishly made.

I plunge it in pulling sideways
Slicing through all the fear
The price of certain cleanliness
Is ambiguous from here.

Now after this perfect sacrifice
Only the mythology will remain
And I shall disappear never
Ever to return again.

I've got the Immolation Blues
I aint no use
In my Blue, blue suede shoes
I've got the Immolation Blues.

*"Why should ye be stricken any more? ye will revolt
more and more: the whole head is sick, and the whole
heart faint" (Isiah 1, v).*

DESPAIR (PART 2)

There was spirit defying brain
Mercurial memories so extreme
The magick - nothing - all washed up
A silent emotion - A silent dream.

Times wretched plight - exposed at last
By pumping the words enticing must
Method cruelty and a thieving whore
My addictive nectar - heated lust.

I'm Burning up, burning up, burning up, burning up
B-b-b-b-b-b-b-b-b-b-b-b-b-burning up
B-b-b-b-b-b-b-b-b-b-b-b-Birmingham
Sometimes you just gotta beat her to death.

*"Behold, the noise of the bruit is come, and a great
commotion out of the north country, to make the cities
of Judah desolate, and a den of dragons."
(Jeremiah 10, xxii).*

MAGICK POTION.

Take a drink from my magick potion
Soon you're really gonna feel fine
One sip and you will see things
You've never seen before.

How do you feel? You know that I feel fine.
How do you feel? You know that I feel fine.
Upon my Mouse I feel fine.

All of a sudden there's a different world
Appearing in front of my eyes
If you don't wanna try this potion
Leave it all for Ralph.

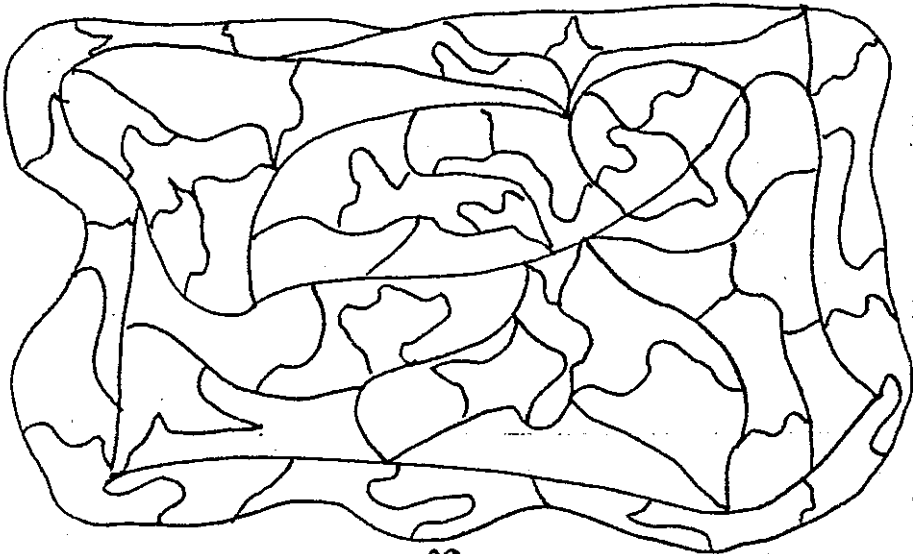
How do you feel? You know that I feel fine.
How do you feel? You know that I feel fine.
Upon my Goat I feel fine Yeah!

Take a drink from my magick potion
Soon you're really gonna feel fine
One sip and you will see things
You've never seen before.

How do you feel? You know that I feel fine.
How do you feel? You know that I feel fine.
Upon my Wolverine I feel fine.

All of a sudden there's a different world
Appearing in front of my eyes
If you don't wanna try this potion
Leave it all for Ralph.

How do you feel? You know that I feel fine.
How do you feel? You know that I feel fine
Upon my Frog I feel fine!!!



marinetti eats...GP12

Khalistan. I am an agriculturist. Shri Ajit Singh is my son aged about 20 years. I have five sons. Ajit Singh is youngest and unmarried. I have 4 daughters. My wife is also in the family. My son is untraceable since army action in Punjab. After 2/3 days he went out and never returned. During curfew military used to threaten us but Panchayats used to approach military in our support. Due to their interventions we were not detained but used to be threatened. After curfew when military was withdrawn, Punjab police began to raid our house. About an half month back I was arrested by the Dera Baba Nanak police and was kept there for 10 days without being produced in the court, and then set free. I was severely beaten. Some time after CIA staff Gurdaspur took me away. They kept me there for 20 days. They ordered me to produce my son. They beat me and used abusive language. Then they took my two sons to CIA staff, and kept them in unlawful custody for one month. They were not produced before any magistrate. Then Panchayat went and got them released. After their release, the CIA staff Amritsar took me away and kept me for 18 days. I was released on the intervention of the Panchayat again. After 4 days the Dera Baba Nanak police raided my house and arrested me. The ASP came and I was released on the same day ie yesterday. Meanwhile my two sons were arrested and kept for 10 days, and one son was released only 3 days back. Another son is still in custody. We are very much harassed. We have no desire to live. About 100 persons suddenly raid our house in the night and pounce upon our asleep sisters and ladies. We are not even allowed to harvest. Death is better than this life.

Robert Mitchum. Build my gallows high / Robert Mitchum lights another cigarette he's got love & hate on either fist hey Bob hey Bob / Robert Mitchum's real cool smoking dope breaking every rule Robert Mitchum lights another fag looking hard he takes a drag Robert Mitchum's older than my dad but that don't matter 'cos he's superbad Robert Mitchum you're a whore for making shit like 'The Winds of War'! / Hey Bob we're gonna build your gallows high / (Actors are cattle. Thanks Alf) / And I feel like Robert Mitchum and I feel like Robert Mitchum and I feel like Robert Mitchum and I feel like Bob!

Electricity. I was walking in the park walking in the rain thinking to myself again and again I met a man he said he could I met a woman she tried to kiss me deadly I said I do not know / I was walking in the park walking in the rain thinking to myself again and again I was chewing it over chewing it over a five leaf clover I was chewing it over I met a man he said he could and would I met a woman she kissed me deadly I said I do not doughnut do not do that thing walking in the park electricity (it's a funny funny old world) It happens every day / I was walking in the park walking in the rain thinking to myself again and again how theft isn't an honest trade for an honest boy on an honest day it's a dishonest world I met a man who said he could and would and should but I advised him against it (very strongly) I met a woman I kissed her deadly do not doughnut do not doughnut do that thing / Electricity electricity sparks in your fingertips it's a funny old world / I went home with the man he was better looking.....

Plummet. Are my levels alright are my levels alright I was ship shape I was ship shape I went to sea for what I could see but there was nothing there except a polar bear I was ship shape look look look look and you will find / Pardon oh come on / I was a pickpocket I was a pickpocket I used to pick up pockets for what I could find I was out of my mind I was gaffer tape I was gaffer tape strapped up tight strapped up tight and how it used to hurt and how it used to hurt when it still had some sticky stuff left on it / If you see what I mean / I was a yellow car or was I I had a yellow car it went very far it's name was Gerald Gerald Mole I liked my car it liked me so we lived together ever so happily I was a big tree in a big wood and so you should (if you had the slightest sense you'd do it as well) / Pardon No / I was a clarinet case I was my own race I lost the race and then I lost face If you lose face then you could lose the race then you must stand by your race in your clarinet case I was a big hat going... I'm plummeting I know I'm plummeting (you can't stop me) plum plum plum plum plummet / I was a darts board I nearly scored but I was slightly mad but I was never bad to my mother to my mother to my mother / Mothers like boys who are good and so they should because if they were bad they'd go far too fast and explode!

Mutual Murder. GP15

Introduction: This is the story of a young man who considers himself a writer but due to a series of disasters has 'fallen' and is now a heroin addict supplementing his income by dealing to other 'unfortunates'. His relationship has collapsed and he now lives alone in a single room. (It is also a story of hope and will-power).

Act 1: ALONE.

Scene 1. The room, early evening.

The habitation is in a mess. the bed is unmade, clothes are thrown on the floor, all the items in the room are heavy with dust. On the side table is a black & white tv set. A pile of food is rotting next to a framed photograph of the young man's girlfriend (it is obvious that he has been in love!) On the desk is an oldish typewriter. Next to it is a lot of scrumpled-up paper that drifts into an overflowing bin. The furniture is filthy and old newspapers litter the floor. It is hard to believe that people can live in these conditions! Suddenly the door opens..... The young man walks in. He is wearing 'nothingy' clothes - greyish, bland with no redeeming factors. He is unshaven but not exactly scruffy. Simultaneous with closing the door he pulls a chair across to secure it. Nervous but relieved he moves across the floor stopping only to reach under his bed to pull out a bag. He sits down at the desk and pushes his typewriter towards the back of the table. He prepares to give himself a 'fix' (his injection of heroin). He lights a cigarette, takes one drag and then leaves it on the side of the table with the lighted end burning down. He puts his hand into his pocket and pulls out a tiny package which he opens. He undoes the bundle from under his bed which contains his 'works' (injection apparatus) and holds the needle up to the light of the window. Reaching under the table he brings out a spoon. He puts the 'smack' into the spoon and with Swan Vesta matches he lights a candle which melts/boils the powder into liquid. The ritual continues as he draws the liquid into the needle through a cigarette filter. He is now ready. He rolls up his sleeve, finds a vein (the track marks are apparent) and tenses his arm two or three times. He takes his belt off and ties it around his arm (above the point of impact) and holds the end in his teeth. In this grotesque position he plunges the needle into his arm, thereby 'fixing up'. The belt drops from his teeth as he ties off. He extracts the needle from his arm, it drops from his hand onto the table. For at least ten seconds his head is flung back as if in some sort of ecstatic trance. Leaning forward he pushes his gear to the side of the typewriter, he blinks his eyes and

begins looking for his cigarette. When he finds it he has a final drag and stubs it out in the full ashtray positioned near his works. (The sexuality of this scene is apparent - from the ritual to the plunging in of the needle to the post injection cigarette. It is quite important that neither the young man nor the needle are intimidating to the viewer. It is the peculiar ritual that is important.) The young man stands up and walks to his bed pausing only to pick up two semi-mouldy slices of bread off the side table (it is as if he sort of remembered that he ought to eat). He stands in this position for a few seconds picking the blue bits out of the bread. He then walks over to his bed and lies down on it without trying to rearrange the messy sheets. Like a machine he sits up and leans forward, switches on the TV then lies back and watches. One of the truly ridiculous early evening programmes is on. He eats his bread. (The connection between eating and TV viewing is crucial). After 30/40 seconds he has consumed his meal and his boredom/ discomfort with the box is becoming more apparent. He reverses his actions ie sits up, leans forward, switches off the TV, gets up and walks back towards his desk. Because the evening has drawn in and it is getting dark he switches on the solitary bulb by his desk and sits in front of his typewriter. He thinks for a few seconds, scratching his neck, then types... He then pushes the typewriter away again, smiles to himself, puts his head down on the desk (ostensibly to rest), closes his eyes and goes to sleep. scattered around his head are the apparatus of his addiction. (Since the light was switched on wierd shadows of his typing have appeared on the walls.)

Act 2. SELLING.

Scene 1. The Room, Noonish.

The young man is looking out of the window, waiting, although also slightly uninterested. Two young girls (late teens) pull up in front of the house in a BMW. They obviously have more money than sense! The small girl gets out of the drivers seat and opens the door for the tall girl. They walk towards the house. They do not lock the car doors. The tall girl rings the door bell and a few seconds later the upstairs window is opened. The young man looks down and throws a set of keys to them. The keys fall to the floor uncaught. The small girl picks them up and gives them to the tall girl who unlocks and opens the door. Upstairs the young man is moving the chair from in front of the door. He also opens a book near his bedside, a square has been cut in it in which to hide his stash. The girls enter the room. He greets them and offers them a seat. He inquires if they'd like a cup of tea but it is blatently obvious that they have only come for one thing. After a pause that is in fact brief but

which appears to be endless he gets the package out of his pocket. He smiles (dumbly) and places it on the table. The greed in the girl's eyes is only matched by their lack of funds. After a short discussion during which it becomes apparent that the small girl is dominated by her friend they decide on £40 worth. The tall girl gets four £10 notes out of her pocket and places it on the table. The young man opens the tiny package, separates the heroin with a razor and cuts out the required share. The girls appear to be pleased with their deal and now having scored are eager to get home. The two girls depart as quickly as they arrived. The young man shuts the door and returns to the bedside to hide his drugs. He opens the book and places the heroin inside then he closes it and pauses for a few seconds looking at the cover of the book. It is 'Our Mutual Friend' by Dickens (the humour of the title with regard to the contents does not appear to have struck him). He looks at his watch. It is 12.05pm. Some time to wait before his next sale. He decides to do some writing and sitting in front of his typewriter types "Music is colder than death", he giggles to himself.

Scene 2. The Park, Afternoon.

The park is virtually empty as people are cold enough indoors without going out. The young man is walking slowly but purposely up a long path. Off in the distance he can see the boy sitting on a bench. (The bleakness of the meeting is reminiscent of spies exchanging secrets or some other such under-cover deal.) Before long the young man arrives at the bench and sits down. He appears to be relaxed and rather enjoying the afternoon out. The boy on the other hand is fidgetty and nervous as if he is doing something wrong. The young man turns to the boy who cannot look into the others eyes. Once again we have a pause which seems to last ages but is in fact just seconds. Quicker than lightning, the boy pulls out £20. The young man gets out a different package (which he had obviously prepared) and exchanges it for the money. The boy gets up and rushes off, almost running in his desperation to get away. (Whether he is some sort of paranoid or just dying for a fix is hard to decide.) Off in the distance the boy's friend is waiting for him. The young man leans back on the bench, pulls the lapels of his jacket together as if to keep warm and stares into space. After thinking for a while (considering the peculiar deal he has just done) he stands up and begins to walk home. (In contrast to the sale in his room this deal appears to be far more sinister.)

Scene 3. The Room, Evening.

The young man is sitting at his typewriter, smoking and reading what he has written. Once again the shadows are easily visible on the walls.

Act 3. WITHDRAWING.

Scene 1. The Room, Morning.

The young man is lying on his bed. The bed is still unmade. The TV set is on. He is covered in sweat and he looks ill. He obviously hasn't had a fix for two or three days and is now in the most intense and disturbed stage of withdrawal. He clutches his stomach. This is more than physical pain. He turns onto his side; by the way his body is trembling it is as if there is an earth tremor in progress. Looking around the room it's obvious that some weeks have passed in the interim. There are slight changes in the room but the overall filth is, if anything, more apparent. His miserable situation appears to have infected the very air he breaths. He jerks himself upwards. He can't sleep, even though he needs to. He looks at the TV. He looks at us (bringing home the freak-show element of us watching him). He looks out of the window, hoping perhaps that someone, anyone will arrive and provide him with the excuse he needs. But there is no-one there. There is never anyone there when you need them (but they're always there when they need you!) He tries to think of anything but self-pity. His will-power is exceptionally strong. And then it hits him. FOOD! He hasn't eaten for 60 odd hours. He hasn't wanted to eat for sixty hours. He gets up from his bed and staggers to his side table. He finds a half-eaten packet of Jaffa cakes and starts to thrust them into his mouth one by one as if they are a substitute. But then it hits him again. Vomit! He somehow manages to open the window before he brings up the paltry meal on to the street below. Turning from the window he wipes his mouth on his (already filthy) sleeve. It's almost as if being sick has made him feel slightly better. He looks at his side table and in a moment of anger he pushes his typewriter off the table (his blame aimed at this object is in it's own way rather pathetic). His new found energy however gives him the strength for action. He throws on his overcoat and rushes out not certain if he is going to score or just to get some fresh air.

Scene 2. The Park, Noonish....

He walks to the park that he visited earlier but this time it's all different. Where once it was calm and peaceful (and empty) it's now harsh and sharp and oppressive. Nature always appeared quite soothing before, what has happened to it? - is this reality? He sits down on the bench (as before) and tries to be

rational. "It has to get better, it must get better soon". Then just as he begins to balance his emotions an old lady (mid-fifties), in very trumpy clothes, ugly and with an evil glint in her eyes begins to walk towards him. Then he remembers her. "Oh Christ No!" (Some months before he'd sold her some smack. He didn't know why, he'd just done it and he'd soon wished he hadn't. She never left him alone and he soon learnt the reason no-one else dealt to her - she was completely crazy). The old woman shuffles over to him, she's nodding like a rocking horse and this hypnotic action is making our victim feel ill. He tries to gesture to her to leave him alone but all the time that familiar feeling of panic mixed with despair is growing inside him. The old woman looks at him full on (she has a twitch in her left eye) and pleads for some smack. The young man pulls his head back and tries to ignore her. She persists in her demands, failing to recognise how sick he is. As quick as a flash she pulls up her sleeve and keeps thumping her fist towards her main line. This is all the young man can take because he leaps to his feet and starts running. He doesn't slip, he doesn't fall, he just runs as swift as an arrow all the way home. The old woman is still there in the background screaming at the bench but the young man is happy because two things have struck him during the dash. The first is that he doesn't ever want to end up like her and therefore he must be doing the right thing. The second is that he has an uncontrollable desire to sleep - perhaps it's the exercise! When he gets home he rushes in.

Scene 3. The Room, Mid-Afternoon.

He rushes in, chucks the overcoat on the floor and falls on the bed. Fully clothed he sleeps..... and then he dreams.....

In the dream everything appears to be very dark and very bright. He is sitting at his typewriter. We don't see what he has written but it appears to be fluent. ie. He's writing constantly but then suddenly she's back dressed in white (like a doctor's apron) like a mad woman she pleads, begs, gets down on her knees, attacks him, tries to flee from him, pulls at her hair and always that head nodding, the eye twitching and that obscene fist to arm impact. The young man doesn't try to defend himself. He sits like a dumb fool, watching, emotionless, cold, dead(?) Then change again and she's gone. A man is there in her place - he appears to be kind, responsible, well-dressed but then he puts his hand in his pocket and gets out his works. He offers the junk to the young man who tries to refuse but appears to be magnetically drawn to the powder in front of him. You can virtually see the battle going on inside of his head - Conscience versus Desire. His hand moves forward and then back.

The man in the suit seems so kind like someone giving sweets to children (but with sicker things in mind). Finally our victim succumbs, his hand makes contact with the tiny package and then... He wakes up, sits bolt upright, looks around him and visibly sighs with relief - it was just a dream - he lies down again and goes back to sleep.

Act 4. FAILURE.

Scene 1. The Room, Early Evening (Three months later).

Changes have happened, our young man has won his battle - everything about him is as if re-built - his actions seem sharper (not dulled like when he was withdrawing) - The room itself is immaculate, bed made, clothes folded, no food scattered. He is sitting at his desk typing - the bin is empty and next to the typewriter is a bundle of papers - the top sheet of the manuscript reads "Real Life". There is no visible ashtray or cigarettes - it seems he's kicked that habit as well. Although still lonely it really does appear that he has sorted his life out. Then as if out of the blue, splintering the silence there's a knock at the door. He gets up and opens the door. In walks the man from the dream - they shake hands and embrace each other. The man looks around the room, the young man seems both embarrassed and proud at the changes in his circumstances. They sit down on the bed together and the man breaks the ice by offering a cigarette. They smoke together and some time later... The man reaches into his pocket and gets out - a packet of Rizlas and a lump of 'dope' (Hash). And so the slippery slide begins, after a couple of hours they're both well stoned, laughing and talking and all the time the ritual is being enacted - burning the dope into the tobacco, Rizla card for filter, lick it together, let it dry and smoke. Then the man reaches into his pocket and pulls out that small familiar package, he offers it and the young man nods. (Why? because he doesn't want to ruin a good evening? He doesn't think it can matter just this once? Because he wants the rush? - I don't know, perhaps all these three and others, it doesn't really matter after he agrees). And so begins the ritual all over again, but this time the man takes control (he is the dominant partner). He gets out his works and in a virtual repeat of scene one he prepares the heroin. They both take their belts off and prepare... the man fixes our young victim and then barely cleaning the needle fixes himself (the homo-eroticism of this scene is rampantly obvious). The young man moves over to the desk and adds a question mark to the titles on the manuscript. "Real Life?"

MORE GP20 WHALING

The Fliks have Splat: The Fliks have splat they've failed their A's what a bunch of wankers they were just another phase. Rock-Star schoolboys they thought they were so ace what've they got to show for it just a mucky face. Poppies in November: Remember me my children remember what I gave don't talk when you're thoughtful or we'll come from the grave. We dug to find you freedom the right to look inside come on don't fight us join us be real be loving unwind. Garlands round the statue cold hyper-frigid lies if you don't want us leave us we know we've seen with eyes. Poppies in November poppies in your hair but they're still killing people when there's poppies everywhere. Age: The wage of life your wasted time the hollow goal that was your crime the force of rhyme the downward climb Armigeddon. You ran the race your leg was lame no medal waiting now whose to blame few win the fame they're all the same Armigeddon Go. You watched the play but missed your cue a mere spectator age killed you. You ought to thank the people who give you life if you're dead you can't be living and if you're living you can't be dead. Age killed you and you and you and you and you. Soldier (the Endgame): Soldiers marching off

to war don't know what they're fighting for. People clad in netting green the soul of life so rarely seen diplomacy first then strength of arm the freedom's bought but for what harm the time is here the bomb was primed the strength was faked not real but mimed. The big stick swings amid the smoke death's pendulum the young now choke. Intense Passion Pt 1: Don't try to touch me don't try and make me fight I don't need your reasons all I want's some light. I can see the 'yes' and 'no' I can feel your eyes creep in your life and mind are just different mine's not is that a sin? Intense Passion inside me stop and make me start we're just looking for an excuse we don't want to part. I love you I love you I love you I love you Do you love me? I love you I love you Do you love me? I love you I love you. I love you. The Real and the Unreal: Disillusioned, tired and hurt I just don't understand You look at me beguiling and then hold out your hand When I think this is so true you push me in the sand I'm clutching out I'm drowning help me pull me to dry land. Been looking thinking searching I just can't work it out Ego problems fighting drugs I want to scream and shout The pain the heat unbearable withdrawl I'm really dying or am I not a joke ha ha I must be merely lying. Six seven eight nine the numbers backwards count using taking

loving hating I want to hear
you shout Give me youth and
age and all destroy all I feel
I just don't understand no more
is nothing ever real.
Realism/Idealism: No-one wants
to listen I'm getting further
and further away I only wanted
answers too much fake honesty
in what I say Lost and trapped
in ambition but what else
makes me try? I'm so
energetically lazy no-one can
tell me why. I could pretend
fit in be normal be a recluse
(anti-society and hide) Are my
original thoughts stolen just
give me someone I need to
confide. One-Two-Three-Four.
Am I supreme a real superman
or must I follow the flock like
a sheep Should I bother asking
questions or dedicate myself
to lascitude's keep. Une-Deux-
Trois-Quatre. Perhaps I could
stand and scream mere ideals I
hardly believe in Sacrifice
myself to the social scene a
crucifixion through sin. Ein-
Svei-Drei-Fear(!) I'm terrified
of what is real Ideals seem so
throwaway Does anyone know
does anyone know Can you help
me? **Living for Nothing:** Heart
beat slowing I'm drifting away
doubt consumes every word that
I say brain stops translating
emotion to thought and I'm
wondering where's the
experience I sought. Eyes
closing loosely fingers can't
feel and I'm discovering wounds
that no doctor can heal bursts
of ambition with no real intent
and I'm wondering where the
normality went. I'm scratching a

and tearing my way up for air
but the light at the top is so
precious and rare can't read
the future forgotten the past
I'm living for nothing forever
at last. **Naivete/Discipline:** I'm
so unknown perhaps I'm
depraved from elation to
depression I hunt the muse's
stone a Quixotic adventure
with no real discipline I've
scaled too many faces just to
ask for a loan. I understand
loyalty I know who I trust but
there's so many thespians
forcing my rage From hedonism
to education a phobia of the
future I'm exhausted by signing
I just need a wage. I want to
trap naivete and pay homage
again but my emotions are
impounded and I can't pay the
fine. The muse of explosivism
incorporates pain from
confidence to insecurity I
can't cross the line. And now
I've lost the losses and the
losses lost me but all I wanna
do is retaste naivete.
**Remmo (Remembrances-
Resolutions):** I was in and out
of love I was upside and down
I was the last great rebel I
was fifteen with a crown I was
crazy and cupid I was a
carrier of the plague I was
zipped up perfection I was
vain I was vague. I was
instant emotion I was action
not thought I was a puritan
hedonist I was ideas (not to
be bought) I was a saint on a
quest I was ambiguous greed I
was hot for crime I was drunk
I was speed. I will be like
Orson at 24 I will be

revolution in a day I will be forgotten (aren't they all) like the gunslingers in the USA Memories remembering things that happened in the past but somehow I know my resolutions are never gonna last Hope. God give me hope. All and Everything: It's the simple moments that's when it's true and I'm falling falling falling anything for you No-one understands anymore it's normal and rare and I'm going going going for you anywhere... It's growing up together like partners in crime and I'm thinking thinking thinking of you all the time It's when we've got no money that's when I know and I'm feeling feeling feeling so... I'd survive all the hurt and all the pain just to never have to see you again I'd enjoy all the hurt and all the pain just to never have to leave you again. You're all and everything to me You're all and everything to me You're all and everything to me You set me free. Schizo: She's forever sixteen he's a nightmare in bed She likes dressing up he works with his head She believes in nothing he trusts in time She's an urban terrorist he stands in line. He's always reading writing she just doesn't care He's ever so political she's been most everywhere He's in love with life she romanticises death He trusts in loyalty she's on her last breath. She's always tired he's got power inside She's so optimistic he just has to hide She dreams of

the future he recalls the past She's so apathetic he knows it just won't last. He's so non-neurotic she's dying most everyday He's disturbingly shy she has so much to say He is the renaissance she is rock n roll He never ever stops working she signs on the dole. She's sort of pretty he just doesn't know She was something last year he's here to go She's so very petulant he watches his TV She and he together are me... They're always sharing they're one in one They live together speak with one tongue. Acid Burns: Mind expansion Bridge construction Secondary speech Out of your reach. Acid burns Acid burns Keep reading the signs keep reading the Sun! Reading the Signs: She was dumb and ugly rotten to the core I was looking down from a skyscraper pleading for more She was ignorant and jealous she wouldn't say no what she couldn't understand is that high is low. I took her to pieces starting at the top she came on real fluent begging me to stop A third-hand meaning grown weary with time cruelty was enjoyable murder wasn't a crime. I tore her to shreds I put her back together again after resurrection she wasn't so vain I'd spat on the past the future held the key now reading the signs was all important to me. Significance Insignificance Difference. They're all the same.

BRUITISM. 9P22

"Behold their sitting down, and their rising up; I am their musick" (Lamentations 3, lxiii).

MACHINE GUN.

Machine Gun - It'd be real fun
just to shoot down everyone.

A personnal protest - politically unsound
Wipe out, Destroy everything you've found
Random slaughter - classically done
Hey I'm a European/American/European son.

Execute outwards while imploding with hate
In a surreal world there's no time to wait
Punctuate meaning with automatic fire
The state is guilty - the free world is a liar.

Old press-clipping - "The Fundamentals of Fame"
A 30-second outburst doubles up as the same
You can inspire, murder, create or maim
But no cheating - play by the rules of the game.

Machine Gun - It'd be real fun
just to shoot down everyone!

"They also went down into hell with him unto them that be slain with the sword; and they that were his arm, that dwelt under his shadow in the midst of the heathen" (Ezekial 31, xvii).

ASSASSINATE.

(I'm with the Ayatollah!)
Money in an envelope - Some kinda pay
Some kinda duty - One of these days
....Assassinate....Go....

(It's cash-in-hand)
Hand-gun - Put it to his head
You have betrayed us - And now you are
....And now you are....Dead....

(This is employment - You are employed)
I aint got no feelings - I aint got the time
This is just another job - This aint no
....This aint no....Crime....

Assassinate, assassinate
It's a slap in the face of public taste
Assassinate, assassinate The Old man of the Mountains
....The Old man of the Mountains....Orders and
you....Obey.

*"And I heard, but I understood not: then said I, O my
Lord, what shall be the end of these things?"
(Daniel 12, viii)*

SUSPICION.

I'm suspicious of suspicion, superstition,
sedition and sedation.

I'm suspicious of suspicion.

I'm suspicious of SUS, SUS, SUS, SUS, SUS, suspicion.

Where is Freedom, Justice, Truth?
Not in Britain, the Courts or the Papers.

I'm suspicious of suspicion, superstition,
sedition and sedation.

S-U-S-P-I-C-I-O-N-S-U-S-P-I-C-I-O-N-S-U-S-P-I-C-I-O-N

You gotta dance
You gotta dance, dance, dance, dance, dance
Dance your way out of Despair.

I'm suspicious of what I read -
suspicious of what I watch
I'm suspicious of what I write -
suspicious of what I eat
I'm suspicious of my friends -
suspicious of my folks
I'm suspicious of my head -
suspicious of my home.

I'm suspicious of suspicion, superstition,
sedation and sedation.
Sedation, Sedition, Superstition, Suspicion.

SCAB, SCAB, SCAB, SCAB, suspicion,
SCAB, SCAB, SCAB, SCAB.

I'm suspicious - so suspicious.

I'm suspicious of suspicion, superstition,
sedition and sedation.

S-U-S-P-I-C-I-O-N-S-U-S-P-I-C-I-O-N-S-U-S-P-I-C-I-O-N

*"I gave thee a king in mine anger, and took him away
in my wrath" (Hosea 13, xi).*

INSURRECTION.

The 1930's are the 1990's - The 1930's are the 1990's
Europe now is Europe then - Europe then is Europe now
Oh how I wish I lived in Morocco!

When Wall Street crashes
all you wanna do is eat molasses
When the Oil runs dry
all you want is eggs to fry
When the racists spread their hate
all you want is meat on your plate
When the next World War breaks out
that's when you might start experiencing doubt.

Beneath the pavement - lies the beach
Just keep on digging it's within your reach
Keep on digging - it's within your - within your
- within your - REACH.

I want an Insurrection Now -
I want an Insurrection Now
I want an Insurrection Now -
I want an Insurrection Now
Violence-Morality-Spontaneity -
Violence-Morality-Spontaneity
Violence-Morality-Spontaneity -
Violence-Morality-Spontaneity
Rip the Muthafucka up!

"The seed is rotten under their clods, the garners are laid desolate, the barns are broken down; for the corn is withered" (Joel 2, xvii).

ENTERTAINMENT.

She's youthful and aggressive - arrogantly pure
Short on cash - big on trash
She knows what she's looking for.

She's delightfully obsessive -
so much beauty, so much greed
She's into pain again and again
'Cos that's what her body needs.

She's modern in her looking backwards -
puritanically cruel
She likes to hurt but she aint dirt
She's a priceless jewel.

If Infliction is Reception If Misery is Joy
If Confidence is a Kick in the Teeth
Then I guess that I'm her Boy.

Amo - Amas - Amat - Amamus - Amatis - Amant
Amo - Amas - Amat - Amamus - Amatis - Amant

And I love her - And I love her - And I love her
She's so Goddam entertaining!

"In that day shall the fair virgins and young men faint for thirst" (Amos 8, xiii).

MURDER.

They've got Murder in West Germany
They've got Murder in Italy
They've got Murder in Czechslovakia
They've got Murder in Austria
They've got Murder in Canada
They've got Murder in The United States of America
They've got Murder in Brazil
They've got Murder in Mexico.

They've got Murder in Australia
They've got Murder in New Zealand
They've got Murder in The Philippines
They've got Murder in Malaysia
They've got Murder in South Africa
They've got Murder in Angola
They've got Murder in Mozambique
They've got Murder in Zimbabwe.

They've got Murder in Poland
They've got Murder in Greece
They've got Murder in Hungary
They've got Murder in Portugal
They've got Murder in China
They've got Murder in Japan
They've got Murder in The Soviet Union
They've got Murder in Afghanistan.

They've got Murder in Burma
They've got Murder in Pakistan
They've got Murder in India
They've got Murder in Khalistan
They've got Murder in The Congo
They've got Murder in Sierra Leone
They've got Murder in Algeria
They've got Murder in Libya,

They've got Murder in Egypt
They've got Murder in Iran
They've got Murder in Israel
They've got Murder in Iraq
They've got Murder in Argentina
They've got Murder in Nicaragua
They've got Murder in Peru
And (guess what) I'm gonna Murder you....

And now you're DEAD - And now you're DEAD
You should have watched just what you said
You can only push someone so far (so far)
This is the end - This is the END (The BITTER End)
And I thought that we were gonna be friends
I thought we WERE friends
This is a symphony in RED -
This is a symphony to DEATH.

"If thieves came to thee, if robbers by night, (how art thou cut off!) would they not have stolen till they had enough?" (Obadiah 1, v).

MIND SUICIDE.

I can't believe what they did
I can't believe what they said
I was in love, love, love, love
With what was inside of your head
I've been cut-up, wounded, hurt
I'm tired of shyness and failure again
I thought I was gonna be wealthy
But I just keep thinking of when-then-when-then.

Don't lack faith - Don't grow apart
Never endanger the diamonds that inhabit your heart
Live through your feelings - Live through your life
Trust your instincts - Use your tongue like a knife.

In this city of tarmac and brick
I'm growin weary of the endless rhetoric.

Don't believe Media Lies - Don't commit Mind Suicide
Don't believe in them Media Lies
Don't commit Mind Suicide..... Mind Suicide.

"And the Lord spake unto the fish, and it vomited out
Jonah upon the dry land" (Jonah 2, x).

ALCOHOL.

I've been drinking too much today
Too much Whiskey or so they say
But they don't have the slightest idea
Just whats been going on inside of here.
Inside of me - Inside of Tuesday.

Alcohol makes you restless - Alcohol makes you...
Alcohol, alcohol, alcohol, alcohol, alcohol.

Too much Bourbon, too much Gin
Don't you know this stuff is doing you in
Too much Whiskey, too much Rye
Don't you know that you're gonna DIE.

I've been drinking too much today
Too much whiskey or so they say
But they don't have the slightest idea
Just whats been going on inside of here.
Inside of me, Inside of Tuesday.

1981-Bought myself a gun. 1982-Went out looking for
you.

1983-BUBBABUBBABUMBLEBEE.

1984-You went and slammed the door.

1985-All them BEES are in the hive.

1986-I need a fix.

1987-Thought I'd go to heaven.

1988-Figured I'd better wait.

My mind is like a circular saw
God knows what I'm drinking for.
Alcohol makes you stupid - Alcohol makes you useless.

*"Therefore I will look unto the Lord; I will wait for
the God of my salvation: my God will hear me"
(Micah 7, vii).*

IN THE MARKET PLACE.

Monday morning - Hitched to town
Eager to trade the anger I'd found
In town I was no-one - It was just another day
So I thought and listened and rehearsed what to say.

Tuesday - Slept - Dreams were sweet
As I imagined the money and the people I'd meet
The town was ugly, bitter and cold
But I was prepared - I was ripe to be sold.

Wednesday - Depressed - Couldn't go out
The dreams had encouraged the arrival of doubt
'Better late than never' rushed through my head
As I watched my telly and went back to bed.

Thursday - Bored - Went out for a walk
None of the people appeared to talk
The noise was deafening but I held the key
To exploit all the DIFFERENCE that echoed through me.

Friday - Hungry - Time was running short
In the Market place - I'd got to be bought
But luck had left me tired and alone
'Far too expensive' - I heard them all moan.

Saturday - Muddled - Began to give in
The punters were laughing - all swaddled in sin
I hated their faces and damned them to Hell
But they were the winners because I couldn't sell.

Sunday evening - Bummed a lift home
Failure was easy to bear on my own
Ambition had crumbled - No longer 'Here to go'
Because it aint who you are and it is who you know.

Sell your soul - It's better than the dole
Sell your soul - It's better than the dole.

*"Woe to the bloody city! It is all full of lies and
robbery; the prey departeth not" (Nahum 3,1).*

HIV POSITIVE BLUES.

Under the weather - Young but old
Memory hot and future cold
Time is up - You know she's snapped in two
I just keep on wondering what I can do.

Religious Insanity - Brain torn apart
Diagnosis means Death - Poisonous Heart
I'm gripped by Fever - You know she's bathing in sweat
I remember all the pleasure that I didn't get.

No-one to talk to - No-one would care
Unknown, unexperienced - I guess I'm going nowhere
I'd traded my life for a cheap fix of lust
I'd lost faith in myself -
God - I'd lost faith in trust.

I've got the HIV Positive Blues
There aint ever any good news
I'm a short burning fuse
I've got the HIV Positive Blues.
I'm positive - I'm positive - I'm HIV positive
I've got the HIV Positive (Boo-Hoo) Blues.

"And the Lord answered me, and said, 'Write the vision, and make it plain upon tables, that he may run that readeth it" (Habakkuk 2,11).

PAIN TRAIN (PURGED).

I've been riding the Pain Train
I've been coming in on Hell again
I've been sucking on the Main Brain
I've been slipping on down the Drain.

I keep on 'cos I don't care
And you can kick me from here to there
And I'll come back 'cos I like Pain
So you can beat me and hurt me again.

Punnishment - Pain - Redemption
Punnishment - Pain - Redemption.

I've been Drunk on Time - I've been Drunk on Luck
I've been Drunk on Dreams - I've been Drunk on
Fuckity-Fuck.

I've been riding the Hell Train
I've been coming in my Brain again
I've been sucking on the Main Drain
I've been living and loving Pain.

I don't stop 'cos I can't see
Just what they've gone and done to me.

Pain Train - P-P-P-P-Pain Train.
Hoo-Ha Hoo-Hoo-Ha Hoo-Ha Hoo-Hoo-Ha.

I've been Drunk on Time - I've been Drunk on Luck
I've been Drunk on Dreams - I've been Drunk on Fuck!

"I will leave in the midst of thee an afflicted and poor people, and they shall trust in the name of the Lord" (Zephaniah 3,xii).

TAGGIN' ALONG.

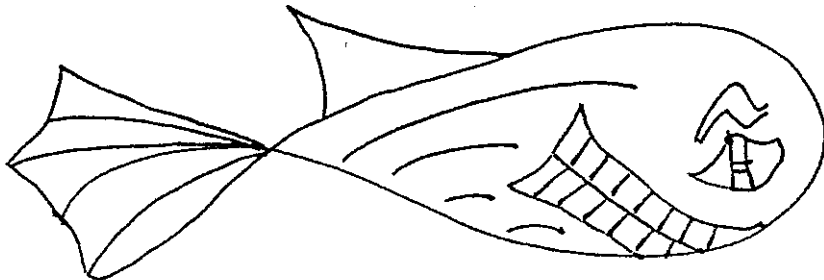
Yes, I'm gonna tag along with Jesus
I'm a gonna keep a taggin' along
If I keep a tellin' the story
There aint nothing gonna ever go wrong

Cos when the Saints go marching in
Oh do not tell me I'm wrong
For by the help and the Grace of God
I'm a gonna keep a taggin' along.

Well I may not be able to preach
And I may not be able to sing
I may not be able to do very much for my Lord and King
But of this one thing I'm persuaded
Oh do not tell me I'm wrong
For by the help and the Grace of God
I'm a gonna keep a taggin' along.

Although the path grows rugged
And although the path grows steep
I keep a trustin' in my Saviour
Who is so mighty to keep
Yes, by the help and the Grace of God
I'll sing the Victory song
Yes, by the help and the Grace of God
I'm a gonna keep a taggin' along.

Well when I reach my home in Heaven
The sweet land up above
I'm gonna sing Redemption story
Gonna praise him for his love
And when the Saints go marchin' in there
Oh do not tell me I'm wrong
Cos by the help and the Grace of God
I'm a gonna keep a taggin' along.



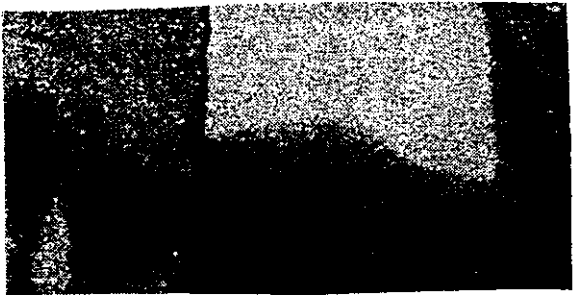
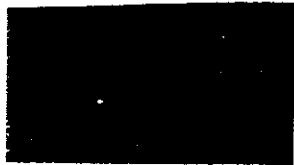
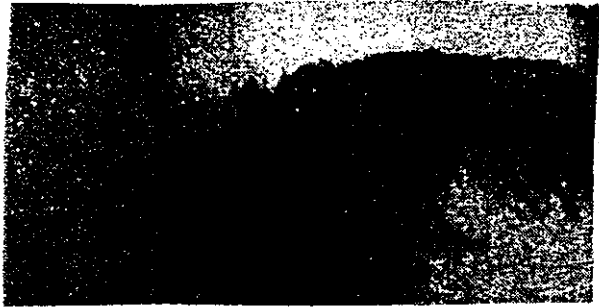
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Scum People. Scum people running out of luck Scum Scum Scum
people you're gonna make a spectacle out of yourself / Chouha-
Buckri (Buggery) Scum people yeah Running out of time running
out of luck / B-b-b-baby P-p-p-praji P-p-p-pengi N-n-n-naygi
Hangi No-no-no Saag Saag Chouha Saag Double-barreled name /
and I was looking for some desire in my life and all I found was
a big tree echoed down on me it said (it said) "Aloo-mutah aloo-
mutah for you." / They called me Chouha what did I do? And there
was the Scum people ruining everything Scum people you're gonna
do yourself in B-b-b-babaji No no no Thank you Lord.

Drowned. You mustn't drown your absinthe in too much water you
mustn't drown your wife so you can marry your daughter You
mustn't drown your absinthe you mustn't flood your absinthe You
mustn't drown your daughter you mustn't drown your wife you
mustn't drown your absinthe in too much water / Cafe noir Cafe
au lait Cafe noir Cafe demain Cafe ce soir / You mustn't flood
your absinthe in too much water you mustn't drown your wife so
you can marry your daughter Drowning drowning drowning drowning.

Snapped Broom. E-Bah: She had a snapped broom inside her womb
she thought it was a baby but it was a balloon (Mama Mama
Mama). Big fat fat fat fat fat balloon it was a snapped broom.
Bubba-Bubba-Bubba-Bubba-Bubba (Dadda Dadda Dadda) Oh-no-no-no-
not that / Snapped broom came too soonafter the monsoon I'm ma-
rooned I'm marooned when the monsoon (Och Aye Dunnoo) It cannot
be serious. I'm marooned with the monsoon and my only friend is
the snapped broom oh no no no it's come too soon. The monsoon
has washed away my snapped broom and I'm marooned and this is a
message to anybody out there (Can you hear it?) "I'm a baboon. I
am a baboon during the monsoon with my snapped broom inside my
womb. There is no room at the inn anymore. I'm a baboon a baboon
Oh my God I'm a baboon and it's during the monsoon.

Village Idiot. Said Frankie was a village idiot and he would sing
a very old tune. it went: "Hey diddle diddle the cat with the
fiddle the cow jumped over the moon the little dog laughed to
see such fun and the dish ran away with the spoon." Hey Frankie
hey Frankie. Frankie's simple Frankie's stupid. Frankie how you
feeling how you doing. Frankie look what you've gone and done.
Frankie simpleton Frankie's gone away Frankie's gone away. Far
away far away. He's gone to the city where people don't laugh
him anymore. Frankie what's it like in the city? Frankie what's
like in a big town? Frankie got any girlfriends yet?



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