

INTER NATIONAL ANTHEM

NIHILIST NEWSPAPER FOR THE LIVING

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HISTORY IS HIS STORY. LAUGHTER IS HIS... REMOVAL PRIME EVIL. AN ILLITERATE AGE WHERE THE ELITE RATES HIGH. THE REBELLION THE REBEL LION.

15th November, 1977

I can't think why I haven't been in contact before-but the fifteen months since Emma was born have just raced by with one catastrophe after another, culminating in poor Mummy dying and us having arranged to move house virtually the same week! However, we have now sorted ourselves out and I thought I must drop you a line to see how you are. The kids must be enormous, ours are!

Carron and Emma are coming along at speed - Carrot (seems to be the nickname of the moment) is now 4½ and has started school at a local boys pre-prep which takes girls too. She's been there half a term but we are flabbergasted at the way she's come on. She has read about 16 reading books and is starting to be able to build up words, do simple sums and can sing fantastically well-actually in tune, which is more than can be said for Geoff and I who are about as tuneless as two cats having a fight! She goes off each morning in her school uniform - it was heart-breaking to start with to see my baby becoming a thinking child, but I've got used to it now. All her friends are boys - she doesn't seem to like girls at all. The funniest thing is that they've taught her to say "knickers" which she says with great glee - I don't know if it is reserved for us or if the Teacher gets it as well!

Emma is now 15 months old but behaves much older. She has walked since she was under a year and can now run and understands most things we say to her. She's getting a bit disobedient and runs away when we suggest it's time to change her nappy - but she's a beautiful child (her hair is still deep red, and curly!) and everyone adores her.

We bought ourselves a middle aged house (built in 1934) - the best thing about it was that it had 3½ reception rooms, all of a good size! It has got 3 double bedrooms and we have had to spend a fortune on it - almost everything has been renewed, repainted, floored, papered, glazed or dug out/up! The whole thing has gone on for seven crazy months - a constant stream of contractors and experts, plus Geoff and his friend Peter decorating every weekend. At the moment we have a builder ripping out the kitchen (and I mean right down to the breeze block!) and two plumbers installing a new bathroom and upstairs toilet. How everyone has stood the disruption I don't know - but I haven't lost any staff although I think a few of us may go deaf from perpetual banging, clanging and people stumping up and down our long-suffering stairs. But it will all be worth it. We reckon to be pristine clean and finished by Christmas.

We had a very restful holiday in Sicily in August. We just took Carron - Emma can't take the sun with her very fair skin so she stayed behind with Mother-in-Law and didn't miss us at all! We were in a big hotel on a typically Mediterranean stretch of the coast - very crowded with lots of chattering Italians-but great fun because we, unlike most other English at the hotel, actually went down to the little beach and mingled a bit with the huge families with eight children each! They literally used to bring their camping stoves and cook spaghetti on the beach, and drink, and sing. It was lovely! Then in the afternoons, back at the hotel, there was a society wedding most afternoons with hundreds of smart guests all milling round us as we sat by the pool. Carron thought it was all very exciting, and I must say it was a complete change of atmosphere which was good for all of us. We're off to the Canaries in February.

I'm getting a new car in a couple of weeks. I am in fact exchanging my Scirocco (Volkswagen) for only 200 less than I paid for it two years ago (such is inflation so I don't begrudge spending a bit of the money that would otherwise go to the taxman) on a rather exotic Lancia Spider. It's a fairly large sports car with a taga roof (it lifts off at the front and has a fold-back plastic bit at the back) which cruises at 90 mph and has a top speed of 127 mph. Just right for taking the children to school! No, seriously - one of my clients has moved to Harrogate, 208 miles away, and I seem to be all over the country these days so a nice powerful motor is an advantage. Travelling by train is so slow. I only go by train if I have some copy to write and I can use the time advantageously.

As you can imagine with all the trauma we've been through this year our social life has been nil, except for weddings and christenings and occasional meals out. I refuse to entertain at home until the house is staight, but it costs about £40 for two to go to a really good restaurant and there isn't anywhere around here that we'd be seen dead in where four can eat for under £30. Also, Geoff can't stand parties anymore (the sort that go on all night) and neither of us drink very much so drinking sessions are out too. Consequently we've got rather insular in the last year. I suppose also, we both do quite a lot of entertaining in our jobs, so we're not rampant to go to a restaurant like people who just stay at home all week and watch TV in the evenings!

Anyway, I know you prefer ringing to writing - so if you have a minute please give me a buzz. I did try a couple of times during the summer but obvious. I shall be watching you were out

Love to everyone.

Ray
spanish
twos

#15 2RD STREET
CAROLE VAUGHAN
DIAL HOUSE PARK HALL (CARRON MANAGER)
NORTH WINDYBANK
20/30th Nov
22nd/23rd November
R.A.R. Auckland Paradise
AMK 1000
Frank
Mum
Dad
Boys

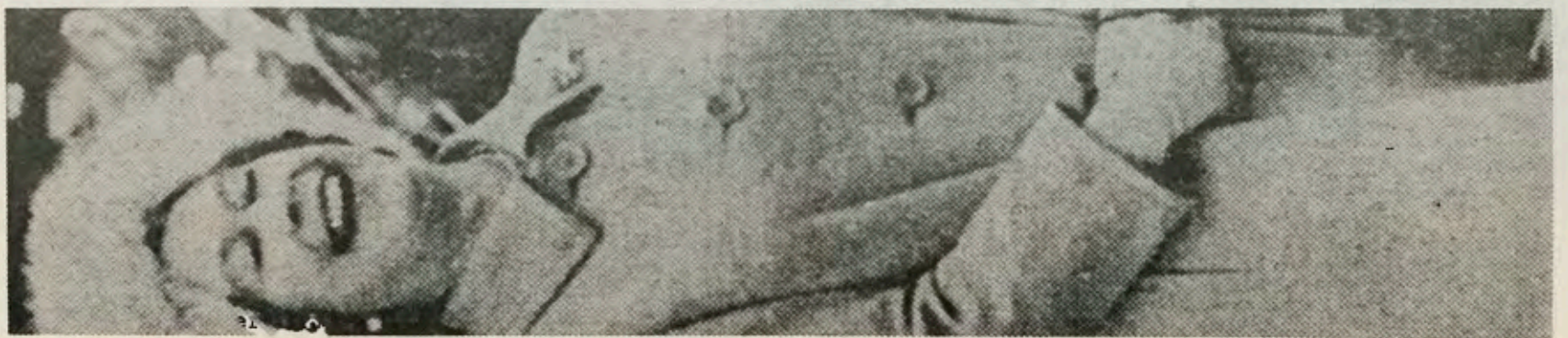
THE END RESULT

i am a product
i am a symbol
of endless hopeless fruitless aimless games.
i'm a glossy package on a supermarket shelf
my contents are'nt fit for human consumption
i could tragically injure your perfect health
my ingredients will seize up your bodies health
i am the dirt that every one walks on
i am the orphan nobody wants
i am the stair carpet every one walks on
i am the leper nobody wants
to touch.....much.

i am a sample
i am a scapegoat
of useless futureless endless mindless ideas
i'm a number on the paper you file away
i'm a portfolio you stick in a drawer
i'm the fool you try to scare when you say
"we know all about you of that you can be sure"
well i don't want your crazy system
i don't wanna be on your files
your temptations i try to resist them
cos i know what hides behind your smiles
it's.....est.

i'm a delinquent
i am a problem
in this god-fearing arse-licking two-faced fucked-up life.
you always say your gonna change the system
it's a load of shit i've heard before
and i'm just gonna listen
i don't wanna hear it anymore
see i don't care if you wanna start wars
but don't tell me to go and fight
don't you start laying down the laws
don't tell me about morals, right?
it's them.....I'll fight.

i'm an example
i'm no hero
of the great intelligent magnificent human race.
i'm part of the race that kills for possessions
i'm part of the race that's wiping itself out
i'm part of the race that's got crazy obsessions
like locking people up not letting them out
i hate the living dead and their production lines
they go like sheep to their production lines
all they live on illusions don't face the realities
all they live for is that big blue sign
it says.....FORD.



And then I altered the inflection, the trees beyond the window are somehow bleached. Was that a memory? Silver-fish caught in the suns contemptuous rays? He stands there clasping the torn body of a mutilated woman.

*
"Where are the women? Why this masculine battle-field? Always seen before. Tormented. Rachel. Anne. Bronwen. Carole. Sister where are you?"

*
He speaks to me through the glass. I can hear nothing. I see only the gasping wretchedness of his actions. He has broken her, limb by limb. He lifts his voice, louder, louder, above the shiny blanket of the window-pane. "Your mother," he cries, "your mother."
He tosses the corpse into the sighing arms of the mallow and the tansy, the angelica and the rose.

*
"Where the women?"

Ah rose, what flesh gripped now in your sharpened claw? She is so dead. Ah rose, what death shared now in your oh so red petal? So dead. What perfume this? The perfume of her corpse, rich in the idle light of dawn.

Across my black uniform a flash of light marks an uneasy journey. The dull matt black cotton is punctuated with safety-pins, dog-chains and chrome ephemera. Punk plaything. A death of surface. She is gone. No light exists upon this drab exterior, only the hopping body of the cat-flea adds movement to this moment of rest. Deathly rest.

Debate? What debate? There is no debate I have rested several days, questioning again my own stance, doubting all the parts of myself that drive me onto this early destruction. Why be destroyed by self passion? Why tumble bruised and beaten in self-desire? No debate. Nothing. The only available vision in a blind reality. Nothing but the immediate answer in an unquestioning world. I know. I know. I know. There the perfume describes a distant past; it is not mine.

"Come on you fuckers. I know we're shit, but I know that you're shit as well. Why can't we be shit together?"

I plead with the numb-heads. They peer back at me, they know I'm not mad. They know I'm very stoned. Juiced out. A lush, wino, bum, alchy for this temptress night. I expose myself for them. I stand exhilarated, not antagonistic, not shamed. What is the shame? The shame is the corpse in the herb-patch. It lays there like bluing patch-work; I have't had the heart to move it.

*
5th columnist. Resistance-fighter. Counter-culturist. Self-confrontationist. Because I am me; I may be first out of bed; me; last; sperm cracks upon my leg; yawning; limbs taught tricky tightness. I. Jerks across the beer

soaked floor, sliding across the black edge of self-containment. Breaking down, down, down. Breaking up insidious social controls that have veiled my savage perception too long, (see Christ's Reality Asylum. 1977). My instant intuition, Buddhas erection, limp plaything. Rock and Roll is revolution, it ain't no musak. Presley greased his shaft, but that don't mean it slid up my arse. Rock and Roll is revolution, it ain't no entertainment. It's a job, a battle, a kick-back at the history book, a jam against the archaic structures that would have us believe that our life is a death. Whory cross, what pains you like to carry. Of course. Of course. They died. Of course. Deathly dead the dead ones.

*
For the first few months of 1977 the Roxy club, black hole in the wet London streets, drain sucker for the painted sewer rats, played host to a phenomenon. Out from the hippy coffin of Haight Ashbury, out from the

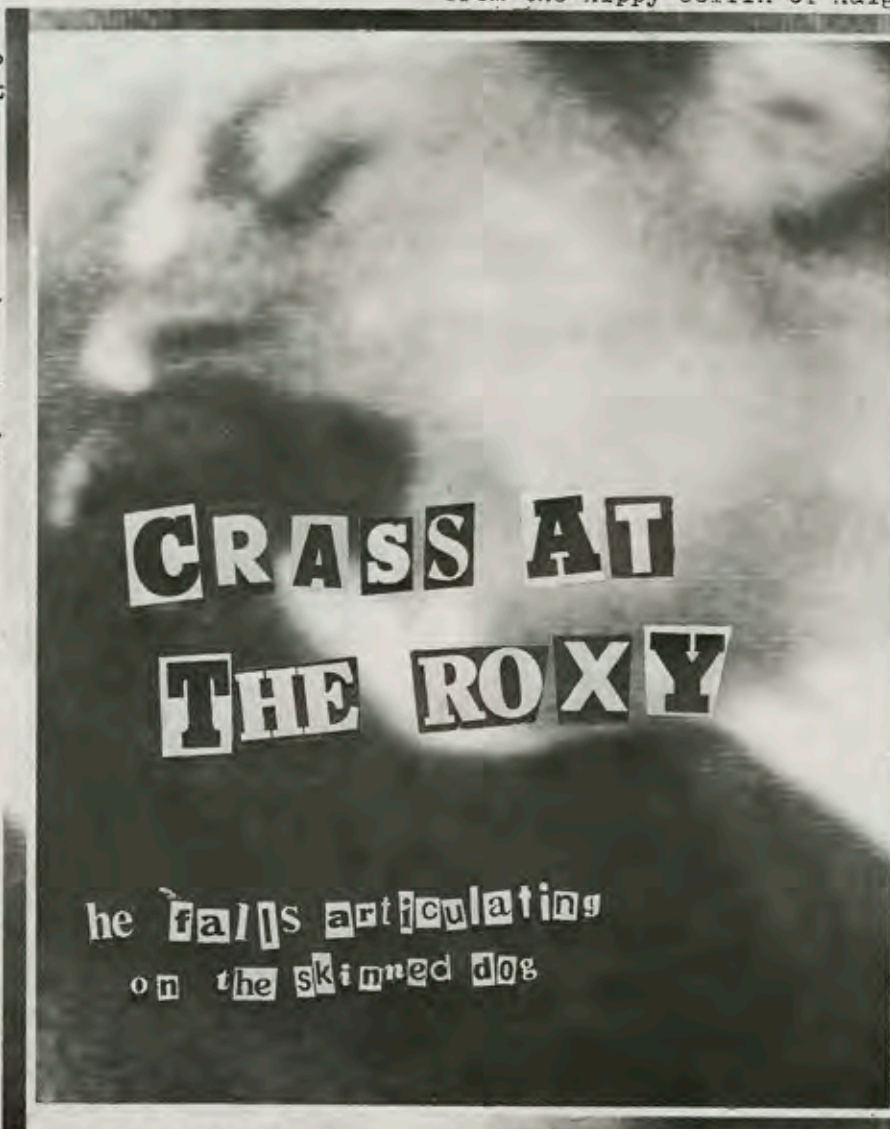
rural copses where anarchy has hidden its face these last years, out again to the streets. The voice of hope. The cry of futures that was buried in the narcotic fuck-up of the sixties. Punk came out to air its dirty wings, phoenixing from a stagnant mire that is the Beach Boys' sperm at Malibu, the Beatles' death-pickings in Central Park. High street hi-jinks. The Pistols, The Damned, Clash, The Stranglers, Jam. New sounds, new vocabuluary. The dirty little Roxy bounced to the new energy and Wall Street and the City pricked their dollar ringing ears. Within six months the new anarchy was bought up, the capitalists counter-revolutionaries had killed with cash. Punk shot from being a movement for change to become the biggest media bonanza since "hippy". In six months it became a burnt out memory of how it might have been. Bought up,

cleaned up, souped up. Stereo jerk-off, just another cheap product for the middle class consumer.

*
Suck, suck, he hangs his dick. Suck, suck, its a media trick.

*
Waves of alcoholic nausea press through my skull, the black-box speakers pulse dischordant guitar through every nerve. I feel myself falling into the abyss. I rise again, supported by my own desire, crutched by my desolation.

"One. Two. Three. Four"
Steve Ignorant, vocalist, mumbles, fucks up. His usually angry words flop out like so much tinned vegetable soup. Minestrone. Campbells. Heinz (The variety is in the imagination.)



His angular freneticism is lost in a narcotic haze, he's fucked up on grass. Time warps. Trembles of hallucination. Paranoia. Too much weed. He attempts to sing a social attack with a head full of Tolkienian reverie. I fight my desire to walk off, held by the drum-kit, held by my drunkenness. I throw my anger at the skins. So passive a victim. Ignorant turns to me in confusion. "Too fast, fuck you, too fast." "Fuck me Ignorant, I'm too fast or you're too slow Which? Do you really know? Shit-head. The dream is over. Right?"

*
Middle-class taste has, with it's infinite ability to adapt and to consume, accepted punk as a music and, encouraged by neat commercial packaging, has been able to totally ignore the real issues from which it originated. The political and social aspects of punk have been swamped by commercial considerations. Too eagerly, too quickly, too neatly have the young revolutionaries been sold the party line.....

Play as you earn.
The green-back dream.

The Beatles are dead, the Stones are dead, Dylan is dead and so are the Rolls Royce Punkers. A torn sweat-shirt is a statement, not a fashion. No one would have believed that fashion could buy the line, but it has. Punk has become Manhattan radical chic, encouraged by its super-stars who bought their ticket, but never got on the plane.

Yes, they talk of revolution, but it's from the back of a limousine and all the time some uncle Tom changes gear for them and sees that the wheels are turning. They talk of revolution from the safety of the stage, protected by their position, their privilege, their armoured minds. Well, they climbed on my shoulders to get there and right now I'm moving away. Wham. See?

And the limousine runs on cash and the cash flows and the record sales grow and I don't see Radio Ethiopia free anyone in Harlem, no way, the words of revolution resound across the pinewood furniture of Americas dream, dissent and Bacardi, on the rocks, and no one cares a fuck. Not one of those middle-class consumers would dare show their face in the Roxy, even if now the Roxy is a tame commercial rip-off where tired ex-blues bands pump out timid and sterilised versions of what they think punk might have been. Posers. What kind of revolution is this? Everyone's living off the brief six months of Roxy revolution and imagining the battle's over. It is in one sense, the generals have retreated behind the lines, but there's still an army out there and they'd best not forget it. Everyone's waiting to see it happen, well it ain't going to if we're waiting on orders from above. Johnny Rotten had his legs and arms cut off by Tin Pan Alley, so he won't be back, nor will the rest of the elite, they're all hanging about for a slice of the meat.

*
The perfume of her corpse, rich in the idle light of dawn.

*
Ignorant has delivered his first song like a sick sloth, he hangs on the microphone as if it were the universe, the only universe and its slipping away from under him. He leers out at the audience.

"Right? Right?"

The shiny metal of the mike-stand seems to bend beneath his halitosis. The guitars were flat, my drumming was out and, artistically, the whole number, which is usually one of our best, has been a total fuck-up. The Roxy audience is not at the best of times disposed to overt shows of generosity, after the rendition of our first song there is a solemn silence. What do they want? Music? Musak? But it ain't about music, is it? Yes? No? Right? Fuck em. They've got to learn sometime.

*
Punk ain't music, it's a way of thought. Punk ain't a fashion, it's a way of being, it's anarchy in the U.K. the U.S.A. where-ever, and that is 'nt tuned guitars

and clever vocal lines any more than it's limousines at the stage door of CBGBs. Oh you Monroes, how you line the corridors to the morgue. If the first-wave punkers, concorde anarchists, velvet zippies, have sold out and become property in some wanked out economic system, it's up to the second wave to fight a hard battle, this time it's against an army wearing the same uniform.

*
I wonder whether we look and sound as bad as we feel, I can't decide whether to throw up the last drop of wine or throw down another one. Ignorant doesn't look possible, he waves about like a wind-caught feather, swaying against the universe-mike-stand. Crash. The whole lot collapses on the floor. Ignorant climbs to his feet again, his eyes are a desperate parody of a freshly skinned dog. Andy, who normally pumps out a wild aggressive rythm on the guitar and a wild aggressive energy with his body, has fallen against a speaker cabinet and seems to be doing a bad impersonation of Elvis' last public performance, dead in Memphis. Yes, it's a value, a bourgeois standard, yes, there should be no standards but your own, who else can set them? But this evening my standards are being stretched to a wavery limit. What we play is always shit, very fast, very plain, very heavy and direct S.H.I.T. but this is 'nt even shit, it's slurred messy crap and deep inside, beneath the alcohol, beneath that social me that is displayed here, something says 'no'. That's the ultimate freedom, Yes? The right to say 'no'.

Yes?
Ignorant decides that he doesn't want to do the next number, it's too fast for him, he feels he can't crack through the dope. Well, tough shit because this is meant to be a band and that does mean a kind of shared responsibility, even if in our case it's a pretty frail one.

"Fucking do it Ignorant, or I'll do you."

"Piss off Rimbaud."

The ultimate freedom. Right?

Half way through the next number I realise that he's decided to do it after all. I try to slow down, speed up, whatever it is. I cock -up. Completely blow the whole number. I don't recognise a thing, don't know what we're doing, don't remember what we've done. Where am I? Major Tom, here I come again. The ultimate freedom, the NASA negative.

*
If the record companies, the club owners, the press and the public think that they've got us trained, WHAM, I've got news for them, I might not get invited to their next party, but I do know that it's them that's got it all wrong. If you suck too hard there's a chance you'll get piss and that's precisely what's beginning to happen.

*
So, they bought up the pedigrees, they forgot that pedigrees suffer from in-breeding, they come out with fucked up heads and weak knees. Yes, they bought up the pedigrees and neatly pressed their sounds onto vinyl and their minds into the money bag.

Punk originated as a statement.....

'Make your own'

'Do it yourself'

Own band. Own words. Own sound. Own attitude. Own future. Own life. The pundits that say that punk was a development from the New York Dolls, or Bowie or some such shit, have missed the mark again. How come they can't see beyond their fucking histories of things, don't they know that sometimes, some things develop independent of the pasts that they so neatly need for their own systems of comfort. The 'blues' was 'nt music, it was a peoples' sorrow, Essentially punk is of the same origin, that is,

social despair; try putting that in your piggy-bank. CBGBs charge for the use of their sound system, who's making the fucking sounds that they're drawing their fat pay-rolls on? The Roxy have made it a condition of playing that the music is recorded, so that they can put out a 'Live at the Roxy' album, the bands won't get a dime for their troubles. Who's selling who. Ah yes, they'll sit smug behind their cocktail glasses, jerking off to another generations sorrow.

Another generation sold out by it's own hope, burnt out by it's own idealism.

It sucks.

Truth is a ghetto.

Who shares what?

The Roxy charge one pound fifty entrance and the juice kills. CBGBs have charged six dollars entrance and the juice kills. Iggy plays

at the Roxy and drives away in his limousine. Smith plays at CBGBs and drives away in her limousine. They chew shit. There's an audience out here that knows it. It's been a while

now, the real colours are flying and they aint red and black, if the first wave has failed, perhaps the second wave will succeed. The first wavers vision was

poked out by the earliest bank note that was passed their way, and it was'nt rolled and it was'nt coke. It ain't narcotic that

kills, no way, it's dollar and sterling, pounds and pence. Let Keith Richards buy his own way out, let him fester along with the rest of that super-star generation, and let him be joined by those that would desire the same privileged position. Oh yes, they talk of the system being the oppressor, well what fucking system are they part of? Leadbelly sung from the

jail-house. Who ate his dinner? Van Gogh painted in the mad-house. Who ate his dinner? They propped Bird against a trash-can and told him to play. Who ate his dinner? Genet wrote on shit-paper. Kerouac died behind a bottle. They love it. Love it. They fucking

love it. Cash or crucifixion, either way they get you.

After the first two numbers the alcohol of four litres of good french wine, and one bad chinese, has fractured my skull. A blast of boiling sound. We're hotting up through the various layers. I connect with the rest of the band by some sinewy thread which, if it were'nt for the grass that floats awkwardly through Ignorant's and Andy's heads, would normally have meant an energetic and direct fire. We're in a temperate zone and the capsule ain't moving. The energies bounce uncontrolled. An escaped cage-bird burns it's wings on the gas-ring. Enola Gay rights herself as the payload is released.

Wham.

I try to collect the fragments, they slide away from me Angry snakes in the pit. Kyoto rivers that slide about our feet. I lumber up to the mike and push Ignorant aside.

"Come on you fuckers. I know we're shit, but I know that you're shit as well. Why can't we be shit together?"

I crawl back to the drum kit and heave into it as much energy as I can muster. The sweet chinese red is locking my arms. The response is low. Death zone. Negative bull-shit. Black shirt downer. Ignorant droops like a drowned goldfish.

"Do it fucker, do it."

He can't the dope is strangling him.

That is right, is'nt it? We are are'nt we? Being? Knowing? That is our right ain't it? Rich in the idle light of dawn.

When I'd found Ignorant and Andy three hours earlier demolishing their third enormous joint, and an otherwise fairly peaceful apartment, I had

known that this gig was going to be a hard one. Dope just ain't where it's at. Andy was very psyched up and had been terrorising people at bus stops, tired souls waiting for the hearse home. I didn't like that either. It's a narrow line between confrontation and violation, bad dope, bad alcohol, can push it all the wrong way. I know Andy had overloaded, but that didn't make me feel any better about it. It is a responsibility and I'm not about to see someone sit about and abuse it. We argue through our blocked heads. Useless. We play in three hours, there has to be some contact made. "You don't need to frighten people Andy. They have their own pain, leave them to their own pain". He waves his fist at me.

"Look you fucker, you play your game and I'll play mine. Right?" For me it is'nt right. At that time I'd consumed three bottles of wine and most of the

inhibition, the fear, the hopeless self-consciousness has eroded with the grape, but that does'nt make me want to frighten people. The press does that. Media. The punk-suckers. They need their scapegoats and I know that it's cheap to conform to their concepts of how we are. We're not the hooligans in this game, they are, they set it all up, we're just the blotting paper for their puke. I don't care much for the world that those people at the bus stop are representative of, but it is their world, I'd like them to see that there is something else, that there is some hope beyond the empirical structures that we have been told is reality. There is more. Always more, and in a strange paradoxical way I gently search out the routeways to it.

Punk philosophy, it's voice of anarchy, has been discredited by a press hostile to change. Society has way of protecting itself, it's called free speech, which means that the ruling classes extend an illusion of openness to those below, who owns the



press? The air waves? The corporations? etc,etc,etc?
To have promoted punk as a movement of violence is a complete travesty, the only real violence is that of self-confrontation, but that does'nt make front-page news. Punk is not concerned with violence, it is bored with violence, sick of a society infatuated with violence and, inevitably, it has become a victim of that violence.
The real barbarians are in the streets of Belfast, they wear Her Majesty's colours and they kill.
The much reported "battles" between Teddy boys and Punks in Central London, in which the press were at pains to create a "Mods and Rockers" repeat story, (the Mods and Rockers staged impressive and often bloody gang-wars at English seaside resorts during the early sixties) represented a graphic example of press manipulation and the insidious methods used by a society to silence it's voices of protest.
When members of the extreme right decided to beat up Johnny Rotten, the press, angry over his words of dissent, reported the incident in such a manner that there followed a wave of "punk bashings" that had been almost socially legitimised. The press used this to promote the "Mods and Rockers" parallel and the public, notably the Teddy Boy element, were all too willing to conform to the fantasy. Effectively the Teds were simply attacking Punks in the streets and, generally, receiving no hit back. Generally, Punks are not "into" brawling, but, because of these incidents Punk became known as a hooligan movement. Fear breeds fear, and the Punks left the streets, a movement went underground and the press went elsewhere for its meat.

*
"No it is'nt right, they've got their life, respect them for that even if you don't agree with them. You demand your freedom, give it to others too. They're frightened. I'm frightened. The society that we live in does'nt want to hear about change, does'nt want to be told that it is'nt working. Don't conform to media concepts, don't let them define your moves, that's why hippy died, too many clowns performing to the charade."
"You cunt, you fucking cunt. Do you really call yourself a Punk? Do you? Give him some dope someone, give him some fucking dope. Look cunt, don't fucking tell me what to do. Right? Right?"
That's the ultimate freedom. Yes? The right to say no.
Yes?
I feel the moderation creep in. The doubt. The sad dusk. The windows are becoming misted.
I sink back into another bottle of wine. Andy and Ignorant fight over a pack of cigarettes on the sofa and smash up a pile of records with their flailing boots. Sex Pistols. Patti Smith. Clash. Live at the Roxy. Television. Blondie. Snatch. Buzzcocks. Joni Mitchell.
I care about Joni Mitchell.
It's never very funny in the morning. It's never very funny. Sometimes that gentle voice is a balm, soft against the abrasive textures of the sidewalk.
Peter, the bassist, arrives to get the band together for a sound check at the Roxy. I say I'm not coming until I feel right. I feel angry for the wrong reasons, I feel confused at the diversity, afraid that maybe Punks are muggers in the streets.
I don't want to be no fall-man.
It can all fade so quickly. One moment I know, I just know, I feel clean, I feel that this is the way through all those years of shit, those layers of appalling nicety that have left me barren; then, because of the fear in one persons eye, because someone backs off, or someone rushes forward too fast, I collapse in doubt, painful, eating, doubt. Always falling back to somewhere I came from, yet knowing that I've never been anywhere.
I feel fucked again. The wine is sinking without a trace, nothing is coming through. The rest of the band has staggered off for the sound check. It's raining and I don't want to go out into the street. I hate the neon reflections in the rain-drops, hate the damp wind blowing down the alleyways of tower-blocks, hate the huddled groups of people who always seem to know where they're heading, hate the swish of tyres on wet roads, hate the insecurity, hate the loneliness.
Maybe I'd like a limousine and a fur coat, a chic apart-

ment and a swimming-pool. Maybe I'd like some Uncle Tom to lick my arse too.
I stay in the apartment and talk to two of it's residents. Social unrest, race riots, National Front, fascism, totalitarianism, psychic death. Over and over and over again.
Martin, one of the residents, was at Lewisham, a London suburb, when the National Front, the British Fascist Party, staged a march. The police were there in force to protect the marchers from attack, Lewisham is heavily populated by blacks and it was inevitable that they would show their disgust towards a racist rally being allowed in their neighbourhood. Martin had gone to Lewisham to give support to the blacks and their sympathisers, chiefly members of left-wing organisations, and had been beaten by the police for shouting abuse at the marchers. Apparently it was perfectly permissible for the National Front to chant their foul mouthed racism, it was an official march; right? Another example of that glorious concept of free speech. That's right, a fascist march, in Britain in 1977, protected by the state. That's it, yes, that's democracy. That's the wonderful British democracy you hear about. Right? Martin was still bruised by the right to free speech. Who's protecting who? What?

*
The press has, for reasons already referred to, attempted to label punk fascist, but the message ain't Nazi, it can be nasty, but it's nasty because a society that offers little more than unemployment and homelessness to it's underprivileged is pretty nasty too, it's all reflection. Ugly faces in cracked mirrors.
Contrary to what hysterical reporting would have the public believe, the punk movement is, as a generalisation, strongly anti-racial, and much of the spark came from the black counter-culture. The National Front is a racist organisation drawing on illiterate thought and infantile procedure, it is the fourth biggest political party in the U.K. but, like it's mindless brother the dinosaur, it will not survive. It will not survive because radicals of both black and white communities are joining hands, and where the radical steps today the public follows tomorrow. Something to do with fools and angels was'nt it? They got it wrong that time too.
Much of the impetus behind punk was inspired by the race riots during the Notting Hill Carnival London, in the summer of 1976. It was there that the blacks, intimidated by a massive police turnout at a chiefly black festival, made known a sense of unrest that had been smouldering beneath the surface for years. The complaints thrown by the angry blacks of oppression, lack of housing, lack of jobs, lack of education, lack of, lack of, lack of, found a mirror in the consciousness of working class whites.
Reflections. Right? There ain't no future. Reggae is an expression of black ideal and black solidarity. White music lacked a counter part. From the blankness of white urban ghettos a voice cried out.....
"I'm shit S.H.I.T. I'm punk P.U.N.K."
But there still is'nt any future, just after the baby learnt to walk, the super-stars stole the ground from beneath it's feet and they ain't coming back no more. It was'nt a musical form, and it still is'nt, it is a cry of dissatisfaction, a scream of despair, a tormented voice in a demented society.
"S.H.I.T.punk."

*
Twenty five minutes of tortuous noise. Twenty five minutes of anger, slurr, fucked-up confusion and the management of the Roxy decide to switch us off. Punk conviction. The management kill the

band. Who ate whose dinner? Well the serpent just bit it's own tail and I'm hovering right up here ready to swoop, this time the phoenixing bird is coming down, fast. Punk is a voice of revolt, the music is incidental to the message, the message is DO IT!

Right. After twenty five minutes of tortuous noise the management of the Roxy switch us off and reggae blasts across the dance floor. It seems to me that the blacks had their turn at Notting Hill and if the disc jockey at the Roxy thinks he's going to drown my anguish with theirs he's very wrong. This is my riot, fuck it. I have'n't done, I'm not spent, I know that, I know. I fucking know. Some smarmy green-back points a gold-ringed finger at his digital watch to tell me my time's up and imagines that I'm going to row in on his pleasure boat. No way. I don't recall having had a number emblazoned on my side.

"Come in number forty pine, your time is....."

"Up it. Right? Right up it."
He can fuck off. This is my time ain't it? Ain't it?

Britain is suffering the effects of severe recession, an economic slump; that means the poor get poorer as the rich get richer, it's always been the same story, only this time round a larger number amongst the poor know it.

Released from the restraint of our set numbers, I lob into a fast jungle type rythm, the rest of the band has climbed down from the stage, but as they hear the drums, they climb back again. Pip, the lead guitarist, argues with the sound engineers who won't switch us back on. He starts to demolish a speaker stack with his elbow and almost instantly we get our sound, albeit at half-volume, barely audible over the disco that still pumps out reggae.

Back Britain? Fuck Britain. Too many times have the working population of Britain been asked to make an effort on behalf of their country. Their country? What is that country of theirs? Effectively it is the sum total of years of ineffective government, a cock up, a hypocritical, complacent and dangerous lie. Government kills; Right? Ireland. Right? Vietnam. Right?

Democracy is a lie. Two party totalitarianism. The realities stay the same Democracy is a many headed feudal war lord, his horse is the head of the prick that blocks my throat. A gag. Tomorrow we eat better; today we always wait. The begging bowl is a crucifix. Who ate my dinner? Who's hanging where?

It does'n't matter, we're fighting. It does'n't matter. Who the fuck cares if they can't hear us? They can see us can't they? Can't they? It does'n't matter a shit if the sounds are'n't right because right now we're in the battle-field and that's never too tasteful. I start screaming and screaming, searching out faces in the audience that might understand what it

is that we are trying to do. This is our fucking music, our fucking time and no grease arse manager is going to start cutting it about.

At last the man on the street is finding a voice. It has taken a homeless, jobless, futureless reality for the message to become clear, and right now it's getting clearer and clearer.

Government is economics not people. Dollar democracy and fuck the people. Jobs? What jobs? If there are jobs they are for mindless fodder. The factory floor kills.

Homes? What homes? If there are homes they're twenty floors up where the industrial pollution kills faster than the rising damp. There ain't no future in England's green and pleasant land, at least not that any government can offer.



Slowly, little bubbles of response burst out on the floor and a number of people move up to the stage front raising their fists into the noise filled air. For as long as we are physically able we build up as much energy as we can. The group of fist wavers swells. Bigger and bigger. It's theirs and they're getting to know it.

Ultimately it's up to us, the people; it took the only successful revolution that Britain has ever known to create democracy, but it slipped back to the elite, it had to; democracy is a system and systems kill. Us, the people. Not Marx, he sucks. Not Mao, he sucks. Not Carter. Callaghan. Thatcher. Freud. Stalin. Hitler. Jesus. Buddha. NO ONE. JUST YOU. JUST ME. PEOPLE. RIGHT?

I'm done for, wipe-out, I fall from the drum stool, maggot to the moving soil. It's enough though. Just enough. Enough to unlock some of those

crazy doors and let in some clean light, it ain't fresh air, but it feels pure. For the rest of the evening the Roxy hosts a near riot. Beer cans fly through sprays of alcohol, bodies fly, surfing on waves of grape and hop. Wild dances that drag body on body, down, down to the filthy floor. Parodies of our fathers violence, touch on touch. Parodies of the awful coldness that ripped us from our mothers body. We heave away at the adopted umbilical. We share this moment of birth. The reality of the surgeon is always near, scissors raised, he is beaten off by the pulsing body of bodies. THE VIOLENCE IS PARODY, WE LOVE AND NURSE EACH OTHERS BRUISES.

But where are the women?

Because society trains it's men to be heroes, fools who die in the mud of the trenches, and treats it's

women as delicate flowers, to be fucked screwed, abused, raped and ruined, so perverted are the logics, the floor has become a primarily male domain.

Who's afraid of what?

Where are the women?

MARION. BARBARA. MARY. LISA. JOY. SARAH. JANE. SALLY. ANNE. KATE. JUDY.

What force holds us from breaking those definitions?

What do we really have to lose? Or gain? Right?

*

She stands awkward, peering at the dance floor, the men perform their sexual right. She leaps to the centre of the floor arms thrown high, she is alone out there in a sexual ocean. High tide. She is alone because she did not wait to be asked, told, fucked, screwed, abused, raped, ruined.

She snatches the microphone from the stage.

"Where are the women? Why this masculine battle-field? Always seen before."

The other women protect their social-virginity.

MARION. BARBARA. MARY. LISA. JOY. SARAH. JANE. SALLY. ANNE. KATE. JUDY.

"Tormented. Rachel. Anne. Bronwen. Carole. Sister where are you?"

Another system to break open. We are all responsible.

*

The audience are the people and the people are the voice that no entertainer can silence, the people want what no band can offer; self

*

The people are the people and the people are the voice that no politician can silence, the people want what no government can offer; self.

*

The people want self, the right to self, the self that springs from something deeper than these sounds, these movements, these social moments. The people want the self that is life, unparalleled free, life with no definition, no degree, no future, the real no future of a now that is safe to exist in, the catatonic right of the individual, the raising point of real hope. Because we can do it, for ourselves, ourselves, we can do it. In the clammy revelry of those hours at the Roxy something of those selves is exposed. No fear. No shame. No false dignity. No future. We all die here together. Empty. Dissolute. Dead. From here we begin to live.

*

The fear created by the press and T.V. has led to an almost total silencing of the more extreme voices of punk. Those that are able to play, in the few clubs prepared to promote punk, swing more and more to the safe centre-line between punk and pop, new wave. New wave is mutant, dead-head, a complacent snowflake on a summers day.

New wave crept in on the wave of publicity that followed, punk, but in no way does it reflect punk values, it is nothing but a continuation of prescribed and commercial musical traditions, it has no philosophy except SUCK.

To step outside prescribed standards of dress, attitude behaviour etc. etc. etc. requires a degree of conviction. Not all punks are extroverts, in fact the majority that I know are quite the reverse. To publicly sport outfits guaranteed to attract derision, if not open attack, is more than an idle game. It is a desire to confront that draws the spaceman from the capsule, to confront a new self and a new planet. No process can be final, it's semantically out, practically out. If the future is not clear it's because we haven't come to it yet. It does come, tomorrow.

*

It is six years to 1984.

*

Outside on the wet London pavement we air our discontent. It is one o'clock and everywhere's closing down for the night and this is 1977. We vow that next time we won't pay, it's our music, why should we, the

audience and the performer, pay for it? We write graffiti on the Roxy wall to let them know that we are still alive, even if we are cold.

"Is it real?"

"Are you real?"

"Does it matter?"

"Is it alright really?"

NO. It ain't all right. For four days after the gig I lay in bed covered in bruises, scratches and doubt. To demonstrate my trust I have almost burnt myself out. Ten days later I still feel weak and in two days we do it all again, not at the Roxy, they won't have us again, but we'll do it somewhere else and this time we'll ask more, more of self and more of other.....

"Come on you fuckers."

Demand a greater energy.

"Come on you fuckers."

Search out a clearer vision.

"Come on. Come on. Come on."

Because we're learning. We're learning to fight and we're learning what to fight for, because we're not happy about what's offered us and we're not happy about what we can offer ourselves.

We didn't get paid at the Roxy because we broke their speaker cabinet.

Now. Retake. Rephrase.

We didn't get paid at the Roxy because they switched us off.

Right?

There ain't no future, at least there ain't no future while they can get away with eating our dinners. Cash or crucifixion wasn't it? Well sometime that's all got to change.

O.K. I can buy a future from the management. O.K. I can lick arse with the man who elbowed me for working hard to make his club less like a cemetery. I don't know whether it's possible, but I dream of taking it all away from him. It's ours. Right?

And if that's not possible? If that ain't the future? I'll opt for the only real that I've ever been able to trust; feel; the feel inside this flesh, me, I, the grip on cold mornings, desolation, disillusion, when I wake, the cruel landscape, but I'll take it if I have to.

They're selling solid-gold safety pin ear-drops in fashionable London jewellers.

Who bought Dean's crashed limousine?

I'll wake in my own sweat.

Did Monroe leave the light on?

I am determined that the next move be mine.

They wheel the body from the morgue.

Memories?

Yes, I have them. The sighing arms of the mallow and the tansy, the angelica and the rose. They are turned away before they form, it's all so fast.

I reach away from the solace that I have sought for self, burn away the passages so neatly cut in this cerebral jungle. I sit, a simple idiot, before you, I ask not that you let me die upon the sidewalk, for my death is yours, we are so deeply bound, each a part of the other. Can you destroy this moment?

Penny Rimbaud
London. Oct. 77



Insight on

• A new type of music—"punk rock"—is becoming popular among youths in England. According to "Parade" magazine, "It symbolizes the grievances of a new generation of uneducated, teenaged rebels who have been reared in poverty." It is said that this music's theme is: "Don't let people slap on you—and if they do, fight back." The journal also says "Peace and love have been replaced by war and hate."

Reportedly, "punk rock" performers and fans wear old clothing with such items as bus tickets and labels attached to it. The youths consider this to be fitting attire. While such music and dancing may gain popularity in some places, Christian parents and youths need to consider more than the music and emotion-arousing nature of such music as "punk rock." Music and dancing that emphasize "war and hate" are not suitable for those professing to follow Jesus Christ. The Christian apostle Paul writes: "A slave of the Lord does not need to fight, but needs to be gentle toward all." (2 Tim. 2:24) He also wrote: "Pursue peace with all people."—Heb. 12:14.

While shunning a spirit that does not harmonize with the Scriptures, Christians also exercise care in their personal appearance. Accordingly, Paul wrote: "I desire the women to adorn themselves in well-arranged dress, with modesty and soundness of mind." (1 Tim. 2:9) And, of course, the Christian's standard is as high for youths, whether boys or girls.



No more filthy rags.

The Hell of Punk Rock

Throughout my life I've listened to theologians attempt to picture the horrors of hell. The article "Anthems of the Blank Generation" (July 11), with those hideous pictures and the report of the nauseating behavior of the psychopathic participants, would answer the age-old question: What is hell really like?

Orville G. Merkel
Port Angeles, Wash.

now I lay me down to sleep...

CRIME

Stand up for law

THERE must be enough policemen, properly paid, with enough equipment, said Mrs Thatcher.

You have also got to restore the right of magistrates to do rather more than make a care and control orders, because then the youngsters just go back and carry on exactly as they were.

They will have to go to some establishment where there are people to look

after them and see that discipline is enforced.

"Sometimes," said Mrs Thatcher, "one could come across children who had never been taught right from wrong."

From time to time you will hear some teachers—not very many, but some—say, "Oh, those are middle-class values; I have no right to teach them to the children."

Nonsense. They are not middle-class values; they are eternal values.

Forget the rat race, join the human race.



Democracy, ah, democracy, what flight of fancy this? I walk the painted pavements of the city barefoot, soulless, upon the precious metals of wall street MY HOME. AH YES, THE SHIT IT IS MY HOME. The poverty of MY inheritance is the thirst, the hunger, the monosyllabic nature of my ways. A LONE. I alone in this cold democracy, my children slain in the streets of Belfast, THEY ARE AT WAR, bleeding on Harlem sidewalks, THEY ARE AT WAR. THE THEY THEY SAID WAS I. NO. I RUN FROM IT. I WILL NOT FIGHT THESE DEMOCRATIC WARS. Democracy. I wake to scratch with the rats (my survival) I shall not pay my dues to Rockefeller's nightmare democracy. ELIZABETH REGINA SUCKS BLOOD FROM HER FINGERS AND CALLS IDI BAD BOY. See these hollow lines? THEY MAIM, THEY KILL, THEY STARVE, THEY LET US DIE FOR their DEMOCRACY. BEWARE OF THE BOLTING CHAIR, THE HANGMANS NOOSE (prepared for you in YOUR desire for change). DEMOCRACY IS THE ARMING OF THE TYRANT, ILLUSION OF MY INVOLVEMENT, ILLUSION OF MY EFFECT, ILLUSION OF MY CAUSE. THE EXECUTIONERS SMILE IS A RAZOR CUT. I have no power, no strength, the conditions were already decided, I had no choice but to accept (I spat it out like poison, ON THE STREET), or stand alienated from those conditions (subjected to as truth, reality,

fact) NONE OF IT. I stand in the crossfire of my parents pain, they died in europe as children, FOR THEIR DEMOCRACY, they prepared me for the same death (you have heard it described as tomorrow) I stood in line for the future, BUT WOULDN'T PAY THE PRICE. Who's blood this that spills upon my earth? THIS PIT. They walk from the Halls of Congress, baronial mansions, palaces, they don't die by the children of the poor. Lead in silent skies, scimitars in the storm-clouds of my youth? THESE CHILDREN ARE THE VERY SAME AS MYSELF (torn at birth). We believed there were greater masters than our SELVES (we bled for it, tormented). So, I ask you, WHERE THE DEMOCRACY? Do I choose to torture the vietnamese farmer, numb in his fear? Do I choose to gun down my mother's child in Belfast streets (blinded by our rag flags)? Do I choose to discuss the merits of chemical warfare? Would I choose your Hiroshima? Run routeways through your garden? (they carry the oppressed to the gas-chamber) THEY GIVE ME THE MOANING CLOSENESS OF NAGASAKI AS AN ONLY FUTURE. Because their guilt cannot be appeased, they must go on, because my parents left their trail of blood across my childhood, they must go on, on in their blind imperialism, nationalism, rascism and must continue to support the DEMOCRACY that can justify that..... IGNORANCE.

THE PIG'S HEAD CONTROVERSY.

The Aesthetics of Anarchy.

December 7th. 1977. 5:30pm.

The old man weeps. Crusty eyes. His nose is snot-running. His child writhes on the pavement. The rubber bullet has glanced off the child's right eye. Cobwebs of blood form on the white of the eye.

"Right lads, wait until you see the white of eye, wait lads, wait."

The cobwebs pass into the iris. The cobwebs pass into the pupil. The cobwebs pass into the retina. A darkness. Half the brain is cast in darkness. Dusk. Half darkness. The soldiers chuckle on the cold street corner. The wind moves stealthily through the streets, it has no motive. The guns are still warm, stealthily through the streets, slung on exaggerated shoulders.

The child paws helplessly at the blinded eye. Searches light. Nothing but the cold stain of dusk. Pre-birth twice.

*

Her Majesty's Forces. God save the Queen.

*

The child falls towards the gutter, heaves half-digested comfort across the street. (egg, bacon, toast, hamburger, relish, potato chips, boiled sweets, now simple slithers of primary colour held in the saliva. The soldiers chuckle on the cold street corner.

I sit, silenced. London, 25 miles. Belfast, 350 miles (approx.). I have no positive uniform. I wear black, my preference. Black is a colour of death. I am always naked, for my clothing exists in the shadows. I wear silver wings on my breast pocket. The wings are flight. London, 25 miles, Belfast, 350 miles (approx.). Paris 350 miles (approx.). New York, 3000 miles (approx.). The wings are flight. Silver wings on black surfaces. Black is an aspect of death.

In the graveyard there are rows of granite blocks. Hard granite. A stone. The lead caskets remain as testimony. Beer-cans in the ether. The bodies are long since rotted. Each my father, my mother, my son, my daughter. Each an aspect of self. Each a reflection of my own existence here. They die so silent. The granite. (Did they perceive the nature of their ways? Did they live this moment?)

*

The chalk squeaks across the slate.

"This Rimbaud, is the nature of your ways. This, Rimbaud, is your life here"

"Yes sir. Yes sir." I rush the words afraid of being identified as a liar. (Take this death Rimbaud. Take it take it. It is all that they can offer you.)

*

The rubber bullet has glanced off the child's eye. It ricochets across the damp street and falls, bounding at the feet of the bored cat. The animal licks small patches of human blood. Lean beast abandoned in this moment of grief. The child. The old man. The mother, her perfume, a cheap supermarket toilet water, clings mothily to the cat's fur. She too cries. The old man holds her. The old man holds her again. The old man holds her again, his snot runs across her bare shoulder.

"he not died" he mutters "he not died", blinded only". She looks across the barren room. The wall covering is orange/gold/brown. The monocolour television promotes tinned meat pie.

*

The family, a tight unit of four, are seated at a well laid table. The meat pie steaming in its container, is the centre piece of this tableau. A bunch of plastic chrysanthemums, ethereal in the rich steam, lends a majesty to the occasion. The family smiles its sterile satisfaction at this packaged delight.

*

Her Majesty's Forces. The Virgin Mary. God save the Queen.

The old man's piss warms her leg, it runs in spurts through the cotton of her dress. She cannot distinguish the piss from the tears.

"He not dead, not dead."

I move my head from the blankness of self to the blankness of the window. It is night. All day it is night. Silent forms move as shadows in the darkness. Beads of sperm cling, as yet undried to my clothing. I kindle the delight of my body.

Carefully I withdraw my penis from the meat pie, the jagged tin edges threaten my pleasure. The uncooked pastry cakes my hairs. The meat lays in tempered lines upon the erect flesh.

I drop the devastated meal by my side. I leave it there for the animals. I cannot accept the histories, the oppressions.

*

The child is blinded alongside the slaughtered cattle, alongside the yard. The endless yards.

She screams at the sight of the placenta.

Her cotton dress drops in white folds beneath her, a damp balloon, drawn beneath her. The old man pushes her against the cold glass of the television. Between her legs an army recruitment programme shines from the screen.

"It's a man's life"

*

I recoil from the histories, the oppressions. I wear black. Black is the robe of death. My blood is red (as yet unspilled). The banner. An ancient flag that seeks an ancient freedom.

In my anarchy I choose no one's boots, I seek only the determination of my own will. These paths that carry body from machine are the routeways of the assassin's bullet, I follow them not. They are nothing but the beating of manly chests, the blandness of history's cheap deaths. Silence on the walk to a communal graveyard. Unremembered.

*

"This Rimbaud, is the nature of your ways."

Quickly now, quickly.

"Yes sir. Yes sir."

*

I too could quote you voices from history, but they are the voices of the dead. Marx. Christ. Freud. (swirling rhetoric from the tomb.)

I seek my own explanations, exhilarated by my own presence upon this living earth. I live beneath and beyond these surfaces of death I want nothing of that blackness, it is your externality that I wear.

*

The child groans in the acid stench of the sickness. The tanks shake the tarmac of his pillow. His head jerks in sympathy to their motion. The blinded eye does not register the closeness of the caterpillar-track and the hand.

One by one the cold bars of the track mash the child's hand into an unrecognisable mass of broken flesh, muscle and bone.

Slaughtered by the cattle, by the yard. The endless yards.

*

Is this a heresy?

*

The old man stands confused by his impotence. It worked before, the cerebral fusion of broken child/distraught mother/birth/death had worked before, had stimulated some part of his lost sexuality. But now it stands quite desolate

The cathode ray injects coded messages deep into his brain. (Fuck. Rape. Buy. Steal. Own. Possess. Capture. Destroy. Seduce. Overpower. Demand. Envy. Hate.)

The lascivious nature of the male ethos from which he is excluded by age. The messages only confuse. She reaches the on/off switch of the television. It fades as a procession of drum-majorettes turns the corner of Wall Street in celebration of profit. Her

Daily Mail COMMENT

Society must look to its defences

THE Tories are hammering away at the issue of law and order. And most citizens respect them for it.

Aggression — criminal, random, political — is on the increase in Britain, as it is in most other Western nations.

The majority of men and women alive today have never before experienced so much violence and vandalism.

Politicians, who affect not to care about this or seek to shrug it off as some grim Act of God beyond human comprehension and human control, do not deserve to be entrusted with public office.

For the prime duties of government, any government, must still be to protect the State from its enemies and to preserve the internal peace and stability of the realm.

Nothing matters more.

A nation that takes for granted these duties and those who perform them — the Armed Forces and the police — is a nation inviting the mugger, the thug and the subversive to make himself at home.

We may argue over the complex causes of the rise in crime. We may debate the most appropriate punishment for those caught and convicted.

But one overriding imperative, we would have thought, is beyond doubt and beyond parsimony: **Better Britain must have more police. Better trained police. Better paid police, with a higher moral standard.**

Society must look to its defences. That is what the Tories have pledged themselves to do. And if that is what is meant by taking a rough line on law and order, then the tougher the better for Britain and for the Tories.

Mrs Thatcher and her team have committed themselves to give priority to real improvements in pay for both the police and for the Armed Forces. This commitment, so merited and so fundamental to the nation's well-being, cannot be a costly one.

The Tories must, as they sharpen their policies for the General Election, put a price tag on this central plank in their platform and explain just how they propose that it is going to be financed.

It is not enough for the Tories to earn electoral appeal as the party of law and order. They must also carry authority.

hand slides nervously across her thigh, she feels the moistened surface of her own flesh, skiddy in the old man's piss

The tanks are parallel with her window, their massive shapes blank out the minute amount of light that might otherwise filter in from the street. The room is quite darkened. The television is a fading dot. The blankness of the window becomes the whole room. They stand a tableau of fear, as the soldiers leap from their metal machines. They beat at the door with their gun-butts

I add that autumn is over, the moisture created by my presence in this room, runs, condensed, on the cold glass of the window. I have not drawn the curtains, or fastened the blinds. Silent forms move as shadow in the darkness. I do not want to choose action. Silenced, I can generally withstand the pain.

I step off the plane. Flight GK020. New York/London. (passengers shall comply with government travel requirements and present exit, entry and other required documents). It is 10:30 am, London time. December 7th 1977. Yellow mist. 3000 miles. 6½ hours. The layers oppress. The layers are the inherited roles. The layers are the years of insidious erosion, social erosion that has enabled the few to rule the many, has taught the proud to accept humiliation, has taught each master to be the servant. Privilege stands unquestioned in this social abattoir, natural rulers, a nation crawls on its knees in homage to this history. Faded flags hang like corpses in the streets, testimony to the acceptance of oppression. Inherited privilege, inherited servility, each accepting it as a reality, there is no question, they stand in jubilation before the palace to celebrate their slavery. The arm of the parent, first wavering move away from catatonia. They wind in single-file to the panelled school-room, each child the replica of a false dream, an imprint of the manner in which it will be needed to serve. There is one appearance, servility.

"Is that right Rimbaud?"

"How can I question you sir? You give me not the vocabulary."

Servility to God, Queen and Country, all demand death as final proof. These boys choked on the mud of war for that trinity, the old suffer exclusion as their death. All in an ignorance, each in turn, taken to the slaughter. The point of birth perverted to the process of dying, nothing created but replica, no new mind fostered where the flesh is cannon fodder. Perverted they teach the hatred of flesh and the reverence of mind. The mind is a condition, the flesh is a fact. They cannot face the facts. Systems need support to exist, they destroy potential to create stability. The mind becomes fiction, alienated from the body in its desire to serve. Society is a psychosis. The mind is a social deliberation created to suit the needs of a pyramid of privilege. The body remains the fact of that structure. How then can I move?

Marx. Christ. Freud. They are amongst the prophets of this death because they demand acceptance, (suffer not little children) the untold arrogance of sterility.

The gun-butts break the door in sharp splinters, a crown of thorns in this sorry home. The crucifixion is inevitable. The father and the son. Agony in the cobwebbed eye, the decimated hand, Now this old man. Is that a devastation? Enough?

The old man recoils from the beating fists. They jab his frail stomach. Insistent. Harder now. Enough? Harder still. Adrenalin soaked crap slides through the old man's underclothes, onto the floor, beneath the shiny boots, beneath the gaiters, beneath the combat uniforms, beneath the oppression, beneath the centuries of this flag, this union jack, this MY HOME.

Flight Gk 020. New York/London. (Passengers shall comply with government travel requirements and present exit, entry and other required documents.)

These squaddy-boys fuck, rape, buy, steal, own, possess, capture, destroy, seduce, overpower, demand, envy and hate, legitimised by ethos, legitimised by God, Queen and Country to use the ethos to maintain the ethos that maintains God, Queen and Country. All sewn up in the prison cells and psychiatric wards of my home.

Is this hand that Imperialism?

The old man is not yet dead, but he is ended. The child is not yet started, but he is dead. These systems? What is their demand? What their cost?

The young squaddy bends her tortured body across the television cabinet, he breathes in the wafts of perfume, a cheap supermarket toilet-water. The traditions of victory are his. She feels the squirt of warm semen against the walls of her vagina, feels him withdraw. She will never know the father of her second child.

December 7th, 1977. 5:40 pm.

I sit, silenced. Forms move as shadow in the darkness. A cat licks translucent liquids from the jagged opening in the meat pie container. I adjust the silver wings on my black clothing. The wings are flight. I am not yet free, but I am not dead. I am started, but see no end.

These systems? What is their demand? What is their cost?

I do not want to choose action. Silenced, I can generally withstand the pain. The shadow in the darkness is my own consciousness, slowly it takes form, slowly exposes itself to the light, slowly demands my commitment. I can less and less withstand the pain.

I WARN YOU, THE NATURE OF YOUR OPPRESSION IS THE AESTHETIC OF MY ANARCHY.

P.R. 14th Dec. 77



Queen of the Most Holy Rosary
Pray for all



DEMOCRACY AND THE INDIVIDUAL. Who'll suck the P.M.'s dick? I suck dick. I fuck arse. I suck and fuck. I'll suck the P.M.'s dick.
 I draw the pink shaft deep into my mouth/the pulsing flesh expands and contracts between my lips/I tickle the distinct ridge on the lower edge of the penis with my tongue/I describe a cosmos with my tongue/I gently bite at the swollen dome/I tug lightly at the liverlike textures/I map circles with my fingertips upon the P.M.'s arse/I run my fingers softly down his crease/I find his hole/the penis expands in triggered excitement/his whole body quivers in expectancy/I force my fingers up through his hole/he tightens his ring around my knuckle/I revolve my finger inside his body/his torso stiffens/his legs tighten/his muscles lock to force an orgasm/he grabs my head and forces his tool deeper into my throat/I feel the dome pushing at my

tonsils/sliding by/drops of sweat form on his brow and fall to bounce across my naked back/still deeper into my throat/my nasal passage is blocked/I am stifling/his prick enlarges still more as it bruises/I try to grab at the thrusting muscle with my teeth/it is so well lodged in my throat that I am unable to close my jaw/he savagely works my head up and down/I am suffocating/speechless/suddenly he withdraws/he holds the swollen member in his hands/he staggers to the mirror and looks into his own face/slowly his hands begin to work at the glistening shaft/first gently/then with frenzy/as he achieves climax he draws his face closer to the mirror/he peers at his own sweating self/two minute globules of cum slide down the eau-de-nil emulsion of the bathroom wall/as he buttons up his flies he turns to me/his glasses are misted over so that he cannot fully see/ mine he says, mine .

I feel ashamed and ugly, I am perpetually caught in the humiliated
annihilating humiliations of the white fucking working class, I used to go
hard even to turn on those who oppress me that would see me flushed
aside, my tears are sweating my heart out, I cannot let go, I cannot
the good I would see in the devil, I cannot let go, I cannot
to a puff, a sip to do it, I'm screaming, screaming, I'm so fucking
cant, I let go, the humiliations, I'm sick, I'm sick, I'm sick, I'm sick,
scared, I know I'm overreacting, but that's how I feel, I'm so fucking
cant, we just all be together, I'm sick, I'm sick, I'm sick, I'm sick,
matter, my strength is a drop in the sea, but it's all
I get and it don't seem enough, right now and I'm fucking
and when I go sit a tiny dark with my hands
but maybe the guys right there ain't no change to be made
in the circumstances, we can only articulate a few, but I don't
some think that, don't give up on me, I'm coming, but the
that fucking faces of the working class hang about my
least dragging me at this moment to my death, I
must turn to death to fight my way out, I'm
else or anyone else about me, I cannot
lean, my head is exploding and I must stop
before I lose remnants of sanity, I turn my
eyes, do not be afraid do not give up, I'm coming, but the
wimper for me, I do not want it, only your strength, stop
to sit upright and stop the ~~flow~~ flow of my energy out
these sheets that hold the sperms of my mind, I must
lay fingers on me, I am ashamed, head blocked
with snort that drops onto my bare breast, I let it
sit there, staring at it, fluid from cunt, fluid from
head, cleanse my soul for ever.



And I'd scream, arms held high not moving from my sides, in a moment's gesture of futility and exhaustion, my glazed eye turning to force hand deep into that empty face, to ram it to the back of your throat and, spread fingered aim at darkened head and heart. What would I hold? What touch? A writhing form that being exposed would desperately draw back into its shell unable to face me. You haunt me with images of destruction. You lay it out. I will not be held responsible for the guilt. It stares in at every window, desperate faces reflecting their desire. I am not so perverted, so paranoid that I require to

see it. It is held before me. Centuries of abuse. Historical arrogance. The adept and skillful ability to incorporate, annihilate, all that threatens this travesty that is held up as civilisation. The miscarriage is my dissolution, the promoter of this anarchy. Caught in your own self-righteousness it will justify your attack.

I am in this room, I see the sky, I see you creep behind me, experienced, threatening. I have an energy. I have a love. You cannot take it because I give it. Who will grasp it. You bastards.

"Oh, but if only we could escape!"



"Escape from what?"

"Oh you know, all the oppression, the repression, the deprivation, intolerance, insensitivity, bureaucracy, totalitarianism, capitalism, imperialism, sexism, nation threatening nation, man and woman threatening man and woman, the decreasing quality of life, the poverty, the pollution, the corrosive inanity and misrepresentation of the media, the retreating countryside, the encroaching highways, the wars, the threat of war, the preparation for future wars, the guilt of past wars, the atom bomb, the hydrogen bomb, the neutron bomb, biological warfare, neurological warfare, peace with honour, peace in our time, nuclear peace, peace with fear, the fear of others, the fear of self, the fear of confronting self, the fear that prevents the fullest personal self realisation."

"Well, where would you escape to?"

"Oh, you know, to where the sky is azure blue, the land is emerald green, the sea is turquoise, the people are all beautiful, the forests limitless, where there is an abundance of food and the freedom from want and fear."

"Do you want then, to escape from personal responsibility, to miss the chance of perceiving the incandescent colours hidden beneath the grey and behind the mundane, do you want to avoid dealing with the 'dull and ordinary aspects of life', miss broadening your imagination, delay sharpening your sensibility and trying again (and again) to cut through the crap?"



I am a product of sexual placation/I am a product of translated desire/I am feeble refuse/the form of my parents fuckpower/the form of their failure to see beyond/I am because I was needed/I was needed to fill a GAP/I was needed because of inadequacy/they could not cope on their own/they needed ME/because of their emptiness/because one or both needed to capture and contain the other/I am their chain/I HOLD THEM TOGETHER/I am object of their desire/I sucked tit for father/other man/other tit/I sucked cock for mother/other woman/other cock/I satisfied egos/I made them in my own terrible attempt to make myself/they could not do it alone/they lived through me/I placated desire after desire/the little idol/the little object/I HELD THEM TOGETHER WITH MY TINY HAND/oh lucky ME/they controlled me because they were afraid to control themselves/THEY FUCKED ME DAY AND NIGHT/THEIR CONTROL/THEIR DESIRE/THEIR MANIPULATION/THEIR CONDITIONS/I am reflection of their failings/they could not accept THAT THEY HAD PRODUCED LIFE SO THEY GAVE ME DEATH/I am projection of their dead hope/because they could not do it/I was to form to a courage that they did not possess/when I wanted to stroke my own cock/when I wanted to suck other tit than mother they were jealous/rioted/called it my adolescence/IT WAS THEIR PROBLEM/NOT MINE/I became a problem child because I ceased to placate their problems/I live now and they die/they die because they never lived/I was the form of their life yet they gave me death and in so doing they suicided/they placated their whole for ME THING/they vacated their energy for jeremy jeremy me thing/they avoided the agony of being by making me an object-subject of their life/the church blesses that state/death/the state revers and protects that state/death/PSYCHIC SUICIDE THROUGH CHILDBIRTH.

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Because they could not face each other.
Because they could not free each other.
Because they could not be each other.
Because they could not free each other.
Because they could not bare each other.
Because they could not see each other.
Because they could not be alone.
Because their love and their life was a

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I shall not die upon that stupid cross, that mould of motherhood, the mould of fatherhood. I SHALL BE.

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*make
book*