

WINTER NATIONAL ANTHEM

NIHILIST NEWSPAPER FOR THE LIVING

Vol. I. No 3. 30p. 421984



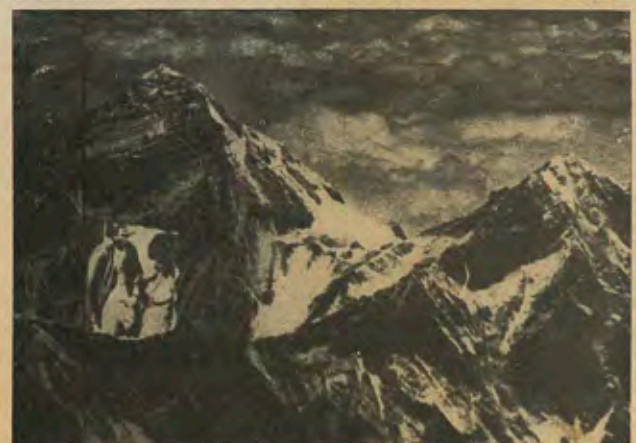
THE BIRTH OF A NATION

THEY sever the cord brutally in their life-giving hands. A filthy habit. Red-hot, it is thrown to the side and slides, clammy-hot, beneath the table. The knife is placed between us. The initiation rite is complete. Only the cry cuts the head, to bury deep and linger. They have laboured long to separate the other. In their duty, we are left to lie alone, gently breathing. It lays pulsating beneath the table. It was never detached enough. It hangs, parasitic, to the body. The serpent moves, to embrace, it is the death knot of our dutiful love and obedience. The shedding was an illusion. In their eagerness to give us life, they gave us theirs. The initiation rite was wrong, was death. The baby drops into the bin, beneath the table. The serpent lives, to define our death. It grows so pale, it is hard to distinguish. The teaching is complete when all trace has vanished. Only the marks remain. Only the remains are felt. Joyfully we step from the room, to celebrate our loss. The serpent grows warm. It fattens and pulls us closer. The FAMILY. The room. We are all contained within its walls. The conditions are set. There is no escaping the blood. It is thicker than water. Thick, sticky and black. We are forced to kneel through the weight of it. YOU are MY mother MY father. YOU are MY son MY daughter. YOU are MY husband MY wife. YOU are MINE. I am YOURS. The serpent is not dead, it is only sleeping. The nightmare is the force of its reality. We are tightly bound by the vision. We must learn to submit, not to survive. The serpent pulls tighter. We must be willing to



possess and be possessed. Beneath the table, the withered cord pumps, cold, laying like some discarded snakeskin. The air thickens. The density is suffocating. There is no room to see. Life is life never realised. Tighter. Tighter. We must, finally, sublimate all love and life for theirs. There can be no meeting. The serpent writhes in its joy of life. We can not breathe. It pumps a sickening air in its attempt to regain the submission. It tightens still and the cry is heard. The knife is between us.

WORLD EXCLUSIVE



INSIDE: EVEREST, SINGLE-HANDED. AN ACCOUNT OF THE FIRST SOLO ASCENT

They'll just make you feel that way.



I'm a little butchery born in a boxer keapot. died in half an hour.



"I know why Ken likes to shoot Daisy & B guns with me. He's a better shot than I am! And I like shooting with him simply because it gives us an opportunity to spend some time together. Sometimes we set up targets down in the basement. Or else we'll get out in the backyard by ourselves plinking away, and talking. I've found it's a terrific way for a father and son to get to know each other better. At the same time, I think it's helping Ken develop a sense of responsibility, as well as confidence in himself through his own achievements. And that's important at any age."

John Christie



The sport a boy grows up with...

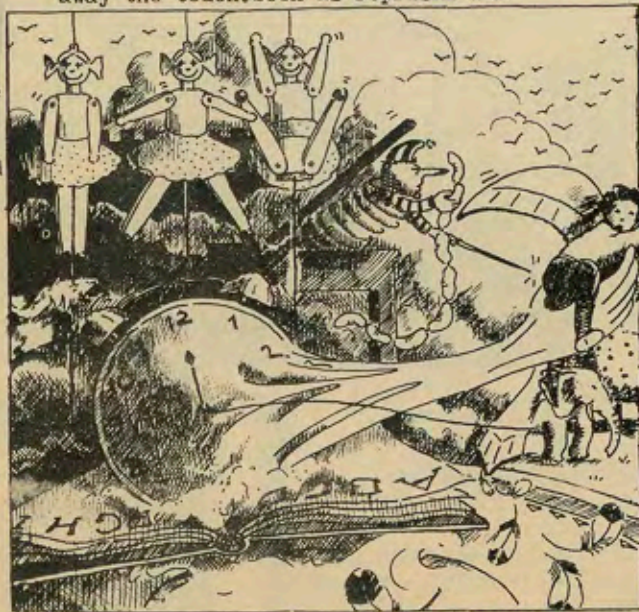
Returning to the school years later, the building is empty, after hours. Among the scale of things designed for children the air is crushed as in a cathedral. From this cage hands gesticulate limited patterns, wild gestures filed down to subtle silence. An ink blot defiles a neat paper. Anguish develops in the late hours, darkness, wolves under the bed fire adrenalin, the inevitability of the next day subdues fear to a dull pitch of anxiety.

The next day, entry into that environment, assault on eye and sensitivity, bizarre colours fluctuate from room to room, puce and lemon, green, pale blue cold cream red. Small gingham curtains hang from half way up the window blocking a dismal veiw. Inside, inside, side by side, the profiles of the children stretch backwards in historical succession. Permission and regulation. Regularity by bell and clock. Three times the reply is no. He unbuttons his trousers and pisses by the teachers' desk. A dull unassuming child, he bears the poison of reprisal with the same functional attitude of needing to piss. He carries it like the bucket of sawdust the janitor brings in to cover the incident. As an object of ridicule he becomes quietly cruel.

Competition soaks every action. The children misbehave dividedly. Two hundred children and nine adults hide from each other. Routine wanes and winds up, hours speed and grind like passing sirens, books spread open reveal nothing, the gestures of their teachers educate more effectively. In the unsubtle silence reflections go unquestioned, they grow, poorly watered plants in an air of dishonesty.

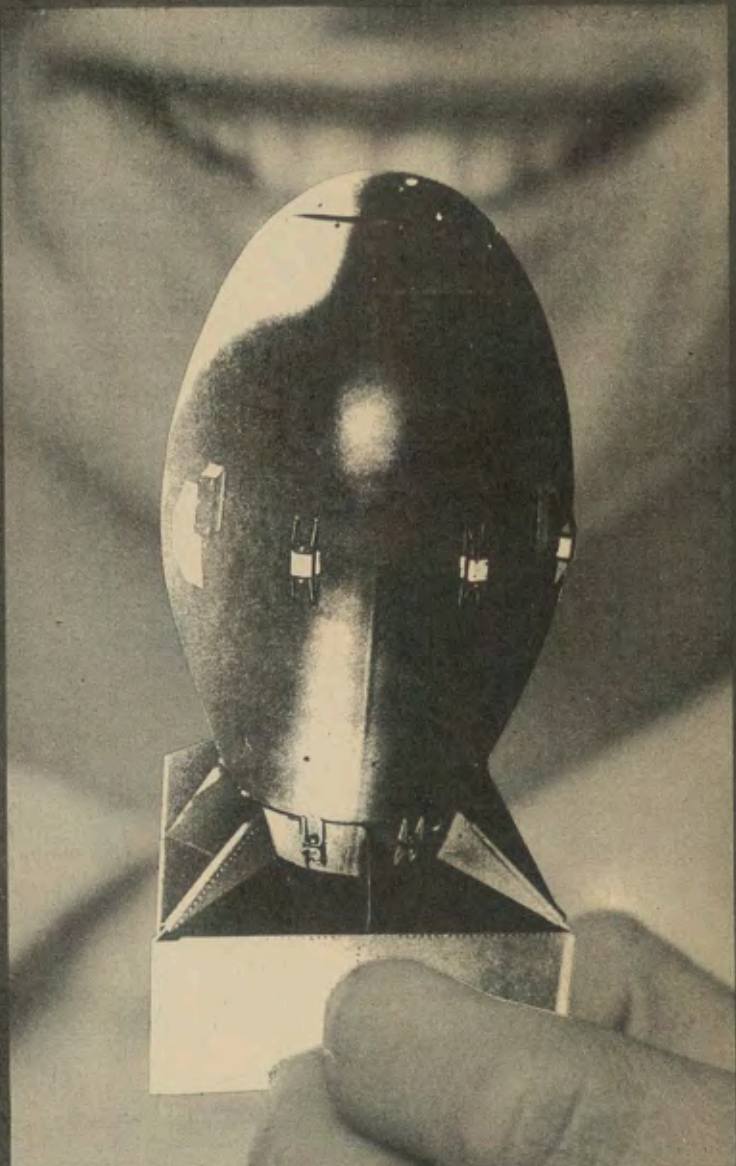
The desks are arranged to form tunnels. This man has a game worked out, a boy slipping for a moment, a discord in HIS composition, is sent crawling through the tunnel, goaded and kicked by classmates and on reaching the other end, beaten. The children, divided into girl and boy learn the arts of betrayal and humiliation, of jealousy and possession. Locked doors are understood. Under the thumb guilt flourishes like poison ivy. Heartbeat urging legs to run, late, late, already the rest have answered to their names, taken their places. Made conspicuous by the ringing of the bell fading she is strung up like a blackbird by a gamekeeper, the deterrent to keep the heart shouting, wolves under the bed can be leapt over, the soft bed receives, here the thorns lacerate.

shadows hover like thunderbolt presences. Ten minutes before bedtime the children fold their arms upon the desks, rest their heads. Pretend sleep, waiting for the temporary refuge at home that never extends but always goes round with the clock. The arms that could embrace are glued upon a faceless monument. Time spins like a slow saucer occurring uncaring where it spills. Will the knowledge kill me then, isolated from any truth yet constantly exposed to lies. Gently she rests her hand on the cats' stomach. Claws reach out to turn away the touch. Seen as reprisal not



honesty, touches become marks of doubt. Intended to be as smooth as machine components in someones ivory tower. When ivory is left upon the elephant...no...the body crumples in the dust. Automatically given flesh to eat, man lives by death alone, the fear of it locks them in amber, a ritual is performed on the bodies, the surgery that gave every chance left none. Method, model, moral, birds fly in fairy books, barbaric sophistication nullifies approach except by bullet, sting and stone,

to possess, belong, longing. Catch it, catch it, a hard ball wont hurt you if you catch it right. Use your hands properly. Dirty hands, the boy stands out by his coating of grime. From their clean homes the other children despise him. Obscured by prejudice he sits alone. Running away from the ball, from ugly faces pushing, from the game, from every vile assault, senses clashing violently in opposition. Stupid stupid game I shall not..not..rooted to the spot the ball strikes the earth at her feet. Imaginative, she's so imaginative. Fantasies to lift me out of here like helicopters rumble overhead, untouchable oppressive dreams. One way, only one, inability to produce, why give any taste of possibility when virtue must have angels wings before recognition. From incubator to institution, life encumbent with gaping holes. Consuming greedily to fill the holes as if they promised more, substitutes for something only hinted at in the casts of eyes, buried beneath an interplay of doctrines, what is best what is best is best. Adapted admirably. Ticking over, fucked over. A benevolent schemer smiles at the twisted forms through the window. Men to lead men to be led. The babies lay in numbered cots. You caused me such pain. You were conceived in love. Reproach. Approach. Reality descends in bruising blows. Fences raised and dogs roaming. The school playground terminates at a locked gate. The lonely units, the hiding places. Discovered kissing in a forbidden room. Discovered pissing up the wall. Covering the rainbow. They satisfy each other with horror tales, trading fear like marbles, betraying and seducing one another. In the bedroom she shows me with a knitting needle and doll. A bird flies in through the window to batter itself against the wall. The children in their turn, learn to covet lies.



Le nouveau sablé-chocolat au lait en forme de doigt.

after about a month of this, with the evening meal being brought in each day at just about the time that the smell of death came floating in, I began to have a queer craving for the smell, and my appetite was better than ever. Apparently my appetite had somehow become stimulated by the smell of burning corpses.



I am not he, nor master
 nor lord, no crown to
 wear, no cross to bear,
 in stations. I am not
 he, nor shall be, war-
 lord of nations. These
 heroes have run before
 me, now dead upon the
 flesh-piles, see?
 waiting for their

gnashed upon... especially
 their teeth.
 17 Lord, how long...
 thou look on? rescue...
 soul from their...
 tions, my...
 the Let them not say in
 their hearts, Ah, so
 would we have... let
 them not say, We have
 in his heart... about:
 steps shall slide...
 32 The wicked watcher
 the righteous, and see...
 water, and all...
 are out of joint; my...
 heart is like wax; it is...
 melted in the midst of my...
 bowels.
 15 My strength is dried? Then
 not confounded.
 6 But I am a worm, and
 no man; a reproach of
 men, and despised of
 men.
 21 Yes, they opened
 their mouth wide against
 me, and said, Ah, ah,
 our eye hath seen...
 22 This fruit...
 10 Their fruit...
 destroy from the earth
 and their seed from
 among the children; surely
 men.
 took me out of...
 womb; thou didst make
 me, and thou art
 as a fiery oven...
 time of thine anger; the
 LORD shall swallow them
 up in his wrath, and
 devour them.
 11 I am also devoured
 in my clay.
 12 The seed of the wicked
 shall be cut off.
 13 The righteous shall

in silence they lie.
 They ran before
 these masters,
 children of sorrow,
 as slaves to that
 trilogy, they had no
 future. They
 believed in demo-
 cracy, freedom of
 speech, yet dead on

22 The LORD redeemeth
 the soul of his servants:
 and none of them that
 trust in him shall be
 go mourning, as one way
 long.
 7 For my loins are filled
 with a loathsome disease;
 and there is no soundness
 in my flesh.
 20 Let mine enemies
 desire; my offering
 st thou offering
 ast thou



them be as chaff
 of the wind; and let
 the LORD sweep them
 away as stubble.
 11 For they trust
 in their own strength,
 and say, We will not
 be moved.
 12 Therefore shall
 the LORD be against
 them, and will stretch
 out his hand against
 them, and smite them,
 and will break down
 the tower of their
 strength, and will bring
 down the high fortification.
 13 For they have said,
 We will not see death,
 nor will we suffer
 affliction: for we have
 made ourselves strong,
 and will not be moved,
 nor will we suffer
 affliction.
 14 Therefore shall
 the LORD be against
 them, and will stretch
 out his hand against
 them, and will smite
 them, and will break
 down the tower of
 their strength, and
 will bring down the
 high fortification.
 15 For they have
 said, We will not see
 death, nor will we
 suffer affliction: for
 we have made our-
 selves strong, and
 will not be moved,
 nor will we suffer
 affliction.
 16 Therefore shall
 the LORD be against
 them, and will stretch
 out his hand against
 them, and will smite
 them, and will break
 down the tower of
 their strength, and
 will bring down the
 high fortification.

promised
 resurrection;
 there is none.
 Nothing but
 the marker,
 crown or cross,
 in stone, upon
 these graves.
 Promise of the
 ribbon was all
 it took, where
 only the strap would
 leave it's mark upon
 these slaves. What flag
 to thrust into this
 flesh, rag, bandage, mop,
 in their flowing death.
 Taken aside they were
 pointed away, for god,
 queen and country, now

13 He...
 14 The wicked...
 15 My heart...
 16 Lord, all...
 17 I may...
 18 These...
 19 He...
 20 Let...
 21 For...
 22 The...
 23 Stir...
 24 For...
 25 O...
 26 Let...
 27 For...
 28 The...
 29 For...
 30 Let...
 31 For...
 32 The...
 33 For...
 34 Let...
 35 For...
 36 The...
 37 For...
 38 Let...
 39 For...
 40 The...
 41 For...
 42 Let...
 43 For...
 44 The...
 45 For...
 46 Let...
 47 For...
 48 The...
 49 For...
 50 Let...
 51 For...
 52 The...
 53 For...
 54 Let...
 55 For...
 56 The...
 57 For...
 58 Let...
 59 For...
 60 The...
 61 For...
 62 Let...
 63 For...
 64 The...
 65 For...
 66 Let...
 67 For...
 68 The...
 69 For...
 70 Let...
 71 For...
 72 The...
 73 For...
 74 Let...
 75 For...
 76 The...
 77 For...
 78 Let...
 79 For...
 80 The...
 81 For...
 82 Let...
 83 For...
 84 The...
 85 For...
 86 Let...
 87 For...
 88 The...
 89 For...
 90 Let...
 91 For...
 92 The...
 93 For...
 94 Let...
 95 For...
 96 The...
 97 For...
 98 Let...
 99 For...
 100 The...

the flesh-
 piles I hear
 no breath, I
 hear no hope
 no whisper
 of faith, for
 those that
 have died for
 some others
 privilege.
 Out from your
 palaces, princes and
 queens, out from
 your churches you
 clergy you christ's,
 I'll neither live
 nor die for your
 dreams, I'll make
 no subscription
 to your paradise.

22 The LORD redeemeth
 the soul of his servants:
 and none of them that
 trust in him shall be
 go mourning, as one way
 long.
 7 For my loins are filled
 with a loathsome disease;
 and there is no soundness
 in my flesh.
 20 Let mine enemies
 desire; my offering
 st thou offering
 ast thou

13 He...
 14 The wicked...
 15 My heart...
 16 Lord, all...
 17 I may...
 18 These...
 19 He...
 20 Let...
 21 For...
 22 The...
 23 Stir...
 24 For...
 25 O...
 26 Let...
 27 For...
 28 The...
 29 For...
 30 Let...
 31 For...
 32 The...
 33 For...
 34 Let...
 35 For...
 36 The...
 37 For...
 38 Let...
 39 For...
 40 The...
 41 For...
 42 Let...
 43 For...
 44 The...
 45 For...
 46 Let...
 47 For...
 48 The...
 49 For...
 50 Let...
 51 For...
 52 The...
 53 For...
 54 Let...
 55 For...
 56 The...
 57 For...
 58 Let...
 59 For...
 60 The...
 61 For...
 62 Let...
 63 For...
 64 The...
 65 For...
 66 Let...
 67 For...
 68 The...
 69 For...
 70 Let...
 71 For...
 72 The...
 73 For...
 74 Let...
 75 For...
 76 The...
 77 For...
 78 Let...
 79 For...
 80 The...
 81 For...
 82 Let...
 83 For...
 84 The...
 85 For...
 86 Let...
 87 For...
 88 The...
 89 For...
 90 Let...
 91 For...
 92 The...
 93 For...
 94 Let...
 95 For...
 96 The...
 97 For...
 98 Let...
 99 For...
 100 The...

the flesh-
 piles I hear
 no breath, I
 hear no hope
 no whisper
 of faith, for
 those that
 have died for
 some others
 privilege.
 Out from your
 palaces, princes and
 queens, out from
 your churches you
 clergy you christ's,
 I'll neither live
 nor die for your
 dreams, I'll make
 no subscription
 to your paradise.



Humanity is outraged in me and with me. We must not dissimulate nor try to forget this indignation which is one of the most passionate forms of love. George Sand.

FOR HE SO
LOVED
THE WORLD



EVEREST-AN ACCOUNT OF THE FIRST SOLO ASCENT-THE DEATH OF IMAGINATION.
Version 1.

The birth is a long and painful ordeal.
Some by the needle, some the water, some by the fire.
There is NO mid-wife present
Purged, thou.
The child is wedged, head-first, in the pelvic-basin.
He watches the tufts of blue smoke rise from the stove. Even
the oven in his indifference. A house-fly settles on the
polished surface of the table. He swats it away touching only
the reflection.
Titanic blocks.
Herculean blades.
TEMPLE columns.
Christ vindicated.
The child is temporarily smothered in its past, away from the
clamps. This mother-to-be contracts to the sound of steel on
steel.
Two finger dilation.
Immobilized conquest.
Lamp at the door-light on light.
Christ indicated.
She rolls blindly in her own sweat, unspeakable animosity
touches mind and lip. Caught in the gushing, lost in the
swelling, swallowed hard, the saliva, torn pillows in her
struggle. Reminded of her OWN choking. Her earlier enterprise.
"I shall be calling between 9.30 and 10. Be there." That is
all he has said.
"Be there, be there, be there." Rung in her mind.
There is no tolerance, the lamp-posts sway in the damp breeze.
There is no tolerance, the piles of autumn leaves, slippery
under-foot.
Sun set lumiere.
The city night.
She had waited for his coming. Twice. Once as she nervously
fingered the damask curtains.
This.
Could she have called and said "NO"?
Flour de lis in the fur of carpet. Each shadow in the street
another entry. The forlorn lamps NOW dripping in the evening
fog. A muffled cry. The distant thump of a car-door being
slammed. The floorboards above SIGH under SOME weight.
"Who ARE these people?"
Across the road, curtains are being drawn. Shadows in
unexplored rooms. Standing for a moment by the window. Black
shape staring into the icy suburban landscape.
"Do they dare?"
"Be there, be there, be there." Rung in her mind.
"Nothing MA, nothing but the BREZZE."
His orgasm is a long and painful ordeal.
Some the needle.
Each thrust burns her as if his prick was a rod of heated
steel. So ungiven. He wipes away his satisfaction with her
freshly laundered sheets. He rolls in his own CONTENT.
"Ah me."
In the lavatory she tries to extract some of his sticky sperm
from her body with a wad of toilet-paper. Scraps of yellow
tissue catch in the moist folds of her cunt.
"Christ."
When she returns to the bedroom, he is asleep. Thin lines of
saliva drop from his mouth to the pillow.
Nothing more than that. The moisture is already thrown about,
dried in the fire. Unborn flesh that rings about the ovens.
Rings about his mouth. Ejected by her body. From the hole. Not
THIS time.
"Christ."
Wiped from her brow as laughter.
"We're terribly sorry, you can't see your baby."
"Such? Is it such?"
"Nothing MA. Nothing."
She vomits into the pillow.
When he returns to the bedroom, she is asleep.
The freshly pressed tweed dress falls in folds across her
knees. Perfect. She slips into first and neatly parks the car,
a sunshine-yellow Ford Capri, in the ordered rows of the
parking lot. She places a pair of light-sensitive sun-glasses
in the glove compartment, at the same time removing a pack of
filter cigarettes that she puts in her hip pocket. Lifting
her calf hand-bag from the back seat, she opens the door and,
lightly pushing it further open with her foot, climbs out. She
stops for a moment to smooth down her dress and then, having
glanced about her, drops a lighted match onto the vinyl of the
car seat.
Several minutes later, as she is cashing a cheque, she hears
the explosion.
"As it comes?"
"Comes? What comes?"
"The money, money. Do you want it as it comes?"
"Yes. Yes. As it comes."
She rolls the money into a tight wad and drops it into the
calf bag.
"Ah well. Ah well."
As she passes the parking lot they are pulling the horribly
burnt body from the wreckage.
"Ha. Cash or crucifixion, eh?"
From the wreckage.
"Christ, the smell, it's foul."
Dried in the fire.
In the wasteland to the rear of the parking lot, elevated by
a slight hillock, a group of young children watch in fascina-
tion. They grimace and giggle, parodying adult fear. They do
not care, there is no meter by which they could.
"So that they can come back. That's right isn't it?"
One of them, a little girl, is lost in introversion. She smiles
and rubs her hands together.
The stigmata.
"So that they can come back."
They seek reassurance.
"Those Christs, those fucking Christs."
I look across the bookshelves, exhausted idea is what I
perceive. The registration of endless concepts, even hopes,
fulfilled no more than the dusty covers that contain them.
Within this museum there burns a fire.
The pages of a book turn in the light breeze, the perfectly
lit pictures, silhouetted bodies, make a grotesque tableau
against the blackened corpse now laying on the tarmac of the
parking lot.
The logs are placed in the hearth like a Shinto gateway, a
calligraphic brand that marks my mood. Lazy cats punctuate this
haiku, they yawn and sneeze in the gateway. Imperial dawn, each
moment, defiled. Everything becomes a symbol for itself, a
passive statement of intent that knows only that it will be
consumed by this spirit, or that fire. Such either to disturb
away a sadness.
"Now that the child is born."
Later that evening the little girl stands alone on the
hillock staring across the empty expanse of tarmac. Where the
car had been parked there are now crudely drawn lines, chalk
marks that suggest the extent of the damage, a child's garden
of verse, and, to the side of them, a greasy trail describing
the direction in which the body had been dragged. Away from
the heat. The topography of death.
A she turns to scramble back across the wasteland, a patch of
light is suddenly thrown onto her by the changing sky. Her
shadow is cast, massively long, across the desolate landscape.
Something. Something that for a second creates total silence.
Silence, then, is the ALL.

Diverted, she slips on the gravel path that leads away from
the hillock. In her fall she grabs at tufts of grass and herb,
a child's garden, divine now.
Her Calvary.
Scorched.
Struggling to regain a foothold, she kicks aside a small pile
of bricks. From the hole that is exposed by this actign, there
crawls an emaciated cat, that lollaps and tumbles across the
gravel to where her body now lays.
"Dear pussy. Dear sweet pussy. Shall we go home?"
I focus always back to the fire. The leaves of a tropical plant
plant reach away from my chair. I am unutterably lazy, dressed,
as always I am, in black. The colour of ice. My feet describe a
line, TO THE FLAMES. I am always, thus, alone.
"Sweet pussy."
London-Jan 2, 1980. No real decision has been made, no definable
purpose decreed. Handfuls of garbage are disposed of across
the WALLS of the rich. Privilege and wealth burdened with the
garbage of the poor. Splinters of the pleasure-ship, la ligne,
shreds of lord-ship, crowns of oceans, ringlets of sea, this
moisture, behind us now, the shutters on the wall. I draw focus
on the soft opaque of the windows. Shapes form and disappear
in the light, caught and carried, there is NO arrest.
"Dear pussy. Dear sweet pussy."
"Out. Get that animal out."
"There now. There now."
"Out. Get it out."
She feels the burning in her palm, she scrapes at it with her
index and fore-fingers.
Christ indicated.
The stigmata.
Her Calvary.



"Out."
"They shall return."
"Out."
Into the valley.
Silence is a word, in whatever form, it is a word, magnificence
alone might describe its potential.
The existential 'NO'.
She draws on a filter-cigarette. The smoke drifts up across
her high cheek bones, pocketing, for a moment, in her eyes.
The train pulls along the side of the black lake. Huge birds,
gull, crow, hawk, cormorant, wheel around in the mist that lifts
from the water's surface. A medieval oudrion, the witches
spike, dead now in the ducking pond.
Moisture rises in the tear-duct.
Through the upper layers of these greys and whites rise the
HIGH mountains.
She smarts.
Where the mist thins, swirls into its own escape, a wall of
granite is exposed rising hundreds of feet above the waters
edge. No foothold here for the intrepid explorer. Between the
two, the high mountains and the granite crag, lay the alpe,
pretty pastures of grass and herb. Sky-blue gentian. Primrose.
Daisy. Buttercup. Stretched in rolls to where the white peaks
claw out the sky, where the clouds wrap and cling, seek seam
and crack, purge cave and cranny. Not one moment of escape from
THEIR scouring, up here, in the snow-line.
A small tear wells across her lower lid.
The lake is black as the crag, surfaces described in the
sweeping of the birds. NOT ONE FOOTHOLD. Held, perhaps in the
cradle of the mist, but NEVER transported. Not one marker that
does not turn in on its OWN veil.
They fly alone.
The meniscus bulges, bursts and sends a fine slither of
moisture across her cheek. Trapped in the corner of her mouth,
it glistens in the scarlet of her smile.
Tremors of light sparkle in the frame of the mirror, tiny
rainbows that bounce across the ceiling.
"You see?"
Sad Lisa moans from the aquarium. Beaux artes. She does not
laugh.
She smiles, bringing her tongue to her upper lip. Slowly she
slides it across her painted mouth to snap the tiny remains
of the tear rop into its curl.
The cobra. The rattlesnake. The viper. Each await the dew, sparse
mosses in the sand.
"Do you understand?" She removes the empty spectacle-case
from the table-top and places it in her breast-pocket. "We can
not permit this behaviour."
"We", the eternal 'WE', ghetto of the mind. How many abuses
committed in this name, this error, and who will claim it?
Heritage? Birthright? The dagger is before you.
"We can not and will not allow it."
Such an imposition on 'A' consciousness. Walls are definitions
of definition itself. Art describing art. There is no escape,
yet, here, there is NO capture. Da Vinci is lost also, he wipes
the smile.
"Allow, allow, allow, allow." Rung in his mind.
And who, anyway, would maintain this illusion?
His hand runs nervously along the carved edge of the table.
Each movement is registered in ringlets upon the surface of
the water, each hesitation reflected in the surface of the
glass, each moment observed by the bespectacled eyes that
stare from behind the aquatic veil of the vase.
Perception. Conception.
Resurrection. Reassurance.
"I know what you are." As brittle and sharp as the stems that
rise from the vase. Totems. Tokens. Lost love. The folded labia.
Great lumps of wadded scarlet rose hang, trophies of a
cannibalism, from these thorny sticks. Reconnaissance parties.
Night operations. Year Zero.

"You shall, of course, be punished."
Is this gender? A politico? Some secular device? What symbol to
wear on this striped cloth?
Punishment is inverted desire. Perhaps they have 'known' that
are bound and beaten, stuffed full at the trussing, glanced
satori in the cracking of the birch? How hung on the nipple?
How glanced the genitalia? Toothless memory, ruthless mercy,
what merriness now, in the pits.
How now brave warrior that on this truck does ride?
How weaned this sorry child? The scented pine is nothing
against the ROT of this body. What order in the hangman's life?
"The pastry dear, the pastry. Is it short? Short enough? For
you?"
"As if in a circle of cloud, this dense night that you have
not known, those boys faces as they fell beside me, I kick them
now, piss in each crifice. Rolling corpses in the rich odour
of your cuisine. Haute cuisine."
"Short enough."
"In the body-bag. Yes. In the body-bag."
The rail-tracks are across my backyard, endless trains, time
knows no description. Is it not over? The trains. Wooded trucks
that leave their PUTRIFACTION at my doorstep. I hear them at
night, saddened song, ringing across the meadows, re-routed
through the channels of my brain, driven through the arteries
of my body. Time has no integrity.
Such an imposition on 'A' consciousness. The bite has swollen
to a blue circle of cracking flesh, to the left of the lower-
spine. The ring of tooth in flesh. Flesh becomes a sore. The
humility of the martyrs is NOAK. Yet still these heroes go to
war, trudge in the lead boots of indoctrination. The mud of it,
the blood of it. What did we learn? There? These pits? Stone
walls, the definitions of it. What did we know to forget? What
have we learnt that we may dismiss it now? Some borrowed know-
ledge? BURROWED EXPERIENCE OF LIVING DEATH.
She lifts a rose from the slender vase and tears the head
from the stem. Petals fall, scarlet flesh on the embossed black
black-leather of the table-top.
"Pick them up. I said, pick them up."
He reaches for the petals. Tentative small hands. Sensitive
soft hands. So delicately formed. So unswayed by sanhood. Some
FORTUNE.
"Pick them up."
Tiny fingers slipping on the silk-thin petals, butterfly wings
that melt in touch.
"I said, PICK THEM UP."
benevolence. Cheap hotels. The MUSTY room. Worn rib of carpet.
Thin panel of door. Orange rayon of curtain and bedcover. The
TINED mirrors of the television-set. Black and white. What
difference? Wish in the silence.
She swipes at the grasping fingers with the thorny stems. He
retracts, frantic against the tearing claws. Lines of blood
seam through the back of his hand, jagged ribs that run from
wrist to knuckle.
"FIG", written in blood on the refrigerator.
Highway no one.
"You are not hurt. Now, pick them up."
The distant rattle of the cattle-trucks, the moan and the
whistle against the stagnant air, the chimneys that belch
their human stench. Clickety clack. Clickety clack. The lime
and the eating and the bodies and the pit.
A pattern emerges, designs, plans. Moments. CLOYSING at a holiday
brochure. Imagine this room, this hotel, this walkway, this pool,
villa, town. This bath to bathe in. This grove. Body. This body,
body, body, body, body. Rung in their minds.
Tip-toe. The CRUNCH of frozen grass. Slow. CAREFUL. Walk across
the LAWN. The sound of the road disappears across the lines of
privet and LAUREL.
Wreaths for these HEROES. Spartan warriors that comb their
hair in preparation for buggery.
The click of steel on steel.
Christ indicated.
The click of knife, on plate. Pocketed. The idle chatter of the
family. A burst of laughter.
The family, tight unit of four, are seated at the table. The
meat-pie steams in its tin container, the center of the
table. Held. Beneath the jagged ends. A bunch of chrysanthemums,
othered in the steam, (richer still), lends imperial majesty
to the occasion.
The cat stands by, SEARCHING RAGGED MEAT that drops.
A voice, droning. Checked. A shriller voice. "Oh no daddy, no."
Silence. Feels of laughter.
"Honestly I did."
"Rationally speaking, I doubt it."
"But."
More laughter. Squeals.
A massively long shadow is thrown by a figure now standing at
the window, black shape staring into the icy suburban land-
scape. The sudden blue glow of the television-set. Black and
white. Unexplored rooms. The stair-well, carpeted. The banister
rail, mahogany. The landing, floral. The nursery, pink, blue. The
AROMA of youth.
Pork in the refrigerator.
Threads of HISTORY.
"To bed. Now. To bed."
Bend, now, bend. Down. The shadows move. A car light suddenly
illuminates the lawn.
The Sol.
Black footprints cast in the frost. Dark now. Closer now. The
SMELL. Warm SMELL. Rich clan of MEAT. PERFUMES. POLISHES. An oil
stove. Even the OVEN in HIS indifference. Carried in the Icy
air. A promise of stagnancy.
On tip-toes. Faster. Faster. Breaking into a run. The crunch of
frozen grass. The room. The splintering of glass. Now the smells
are WAR. The frantic DASH across the unexplored room. Frenzied
movements across the furniture.
"Because I HAVE RETURNED."
Jamsak curtains blown in the uninvited air.
Flour de breeze.
ICE COLD.
Blocks.
Of course, of course. THEY stole the FLESH.
Upturned chairs, dust and scrape. The standard-lamp crashing
onto the coffee-table, splinters of veneer, the covers are OFF.
The perfectly lit pictures, silhouetted bodies, make a
grotesque tableau against the livid corpses now gasping their
last breaths in the sponge upholstery of the three piece
suite.
THE CAT LICKS WOUNDS.
The dull buzz of the television-set is the only sound of
greater constancy than the moist grunts and groans. Black and
white. NEVER FORGOTTEN.
A thoroughly MODERN silence.
The floorboards above SIGH under some weight. The bough
breaks.
The wreath is a crown of thorn. Wear it for me LORD. Wear it
for me.
"Shall we go HOME?"
London-Jan 2, 1980. The carousel turns. Specks of tired joy, like
the snowfall, witnessed. I come again. Squeel in the market-
place, here I saw the fish DRYING in the sun, THEY COULD NOT
BREATHE. Mediterranean decadence. They SUCK the artichoke to
the FIBRE. The squallor of it. None. There is NONE. Ill defined.
Tomorrow. Hidden in the roaring space. Timid markers. They
would DRILL us. The tapestry of crucifixion. I shall bare none
of my FLESH, nor bear HIS. None. I shall have NONE of it, how-
ever it is presented, however spoken, NO, not at any cost.
THE EXISTENTIAL 'NO'.

PROJECT. The ascent of Everest.

"Irrevocability."

"Ah."

HEIGHT. 29,000ft.

"Irrevocability.I seek the irrevocability
"Will you be coming?"

PROPOSED ROUTE. Khumbu Glacier,Her or Syn,Photes, South Col, Southeast Ridge.

"Because it is there."

"You could always stay if you want to."

TEAM. Solo.

"where to?"

"no, no."

EQUIPMENT. Sunglasses, highly sensitive, Heavy winter clothing, Change of underwear,Stove, Walking shoes, Beret.

"Beyond philosophy."

"Word that defines I?"

PROPOSED TIME OF ASCENT. 1/4 weeks, Late winter/early spring.

"No-Life the DEFINED word."

"You could always stay if you want to."

Only now they nail the body to the cross. Only now weep in their pity. Can you not see the pattern of these deaths? THIS was HIS SUICIDE.

In the supermarket a gush of icy air slides across his face. THIS is THE PEAK of his FREEDOM.

He turns to study its source.

Deluded by choice.

The chunks of meat are bound in cling wrap plastic.

Burdens to his sexuality.

He HANGS there.

Christ indicated.

He runs his hand along the aluminium facing of the refrigerator, pink against the scarlet of the meat.

Let THEM walk.

Cross-sections. Bone, crudely sawn, rudely seen. Splinters in the flesh, crashed in the pelvic-basin, carnage in the marrow. Leg. The hook of blade. Chuck. Bubbles of blood caught, immobile, in the wrap. Brain. Tongue. Silence in the abattoir. The dull buzz of the electrodes. Black and white.

They have defined schizophrenia, TWICE.

Cash or crucifixion. Each body that clutches its towel, the only possession. Lonely procession. Stear. Rump. Sirloin.

"More, more, more, more." Rung in his mind.

V A L U E

"If you please, please, please, please." Rung in his mind, mind, mind.

Blade. Slap of blade. The evening of TURN flesh. The BROKEN glass was a BLESSING. Chop. The kidney rests quartered in a shell of bone and fat and muscle and meat.

"That'll be, that'll be, that'll be, that'll be." Deeper and deeper.

He fingers the hard blocks, pushes aside ham, gammon, bacon, joint. From the hole that these bricks have been covering, he pulls the trussed body of a chicken. Into the space that is left, he puts smaller items. Leg. Wing. Giblet. Portion. Breast. Restoration? Reassurance?

The young cashier turns to her superior. "Bags. Have you any bags?"

These novices, prostrate in the wilderness.

Puppets in the guillotine.

SKINNED.

"Bags."

They ARE the death-camps these high-street superstores, the very form of them. It is your greed that fills the chambers, you may store peace in your deluded dreams, but it is THE FLESH that you covet in your havens of mystery. Worshipful seats. What have you learnt in this CATHARSIS? DID they die? For you? For you? It is you that wears the uniform of the oppressor, yes, yes, look with THOSE moorland eyes, LOOK. The greatest conformity, the most FASCIST of uniforms, is the FREE choice with which you ADORN yourselves. Trophies of A cannibalism. Look down from YOUR cross, it is THERE that you wear your guilt.

YOU ARE NOT ME. You are the CORPORATION.

Body bag.

"Short enough."

Body bag.

Flash UPON the arm. LIKE THE NEEDLE.

Can you not see? The yellow star is upon YOUR wallet. You carry it.

Can you not see? The FLASH is on YOUR arm TOO. You carry it. You carry it to these camps as if you MAKE THE CHOICE. You are BOTH. At once victim and victimiser, oppressor and oppressed. Can you not see that in the absolute that is YOURS is the death that you SEEK. One of the same. Carried in the PLASTIC SHOPPING BAG, you TAKE IT HOME. You have SEEN that death, yet still you BEAR it. STILL you bear it. Is there no shame on you Christs.

"How do you want it?"

"How do you want it?"

Your wallet is the yellow star, these superstores are the chambers, yet willingly you take the branding. You desire the whip and the fiat and the flame and the torture of it because you hang out of CHOICE upon these crosses.

ONLY THROUGH TOTAL SUBMISSION OR TOTAL VIOLATION CAN YOU SENSE anything. You have not the DIMENSION for it. Vicarious SHITS. You grovel in the twilight.

As she fingers the cash-register she crashes the frozen body of the chicken down onto her hand. Bone and fat and muscle and meat.

"That'll be, that'll be, that'll be, that'll be."

The cattle push against the curly wire. Wide-eyed. Fricked in the multi-death. The sign above the door. Auschwitz. Trblinka. Dresden. Sobor. Sagan. Hiroshima. Nagasaki. Mai Lai.

OUR LIFE IS IN BELFAST, on the queens HIGHWAY.

Let us forget. Mai Lay, your FUGG, rape, desire. Mai Lay, your Lai. What is there to remember? Hamburger. Wimpey. Ford. Fortes. Nestle. Shell. Bayer. Woolworth. ICI. P&O. Lord Christ. MOUTH-SECURIOR. IBM. P.M. Elizabeth Regina Windsor. Lord Christ. MOUTH-ASH. Brylcreem. Arsefuck. Colman. It is THEY that shall be purged. I clutch my breastless breast, it is THEIR gender.

Radical I wash. Wash. You Christ, you queen, you corporation, to THE SHOWERS. I am stood here in the ephemeria of your shitty reality, you army, you man, YOU PIMP. You use my PENIS as if it were your right. I HAVE NO ARMS IN this WAR. The sign above the door. Coop. Marks. Tesco. What are these flags? Sarah had but a half of it, Sharon took the blade.

'FIG' upon the DOOR.

There is no absolution in your CASHY guilt.

"Best money can buy."

How often I have heard these sombre beasts call into my dre dreams, their saddened song ringing across the meadows.

"Hare. Over here."

This turf, once theirs, now motorway. This lane, once worn by them, now a thread in OUR defense. Herds, were they, into the wooded trucks, terrified, as beaten with metal poles.

"Get up you bastards. Get up."

Stumbling in the mess of shit and straw, led by their stupid LORD, their stupid LAW. Good Christ, they hear such tales as they stare from the lattice of their pre-grave, so mournful, hanging in memory from the meat-hooks.

The blood rushes the tiled corridor. The pain that YOU employ.

"Up. Up."

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.

"Up you bastard. Up."

THE CAT IS EXILED IN THE GRAVE.

Nothing but the buzz of the ELECTRODES.

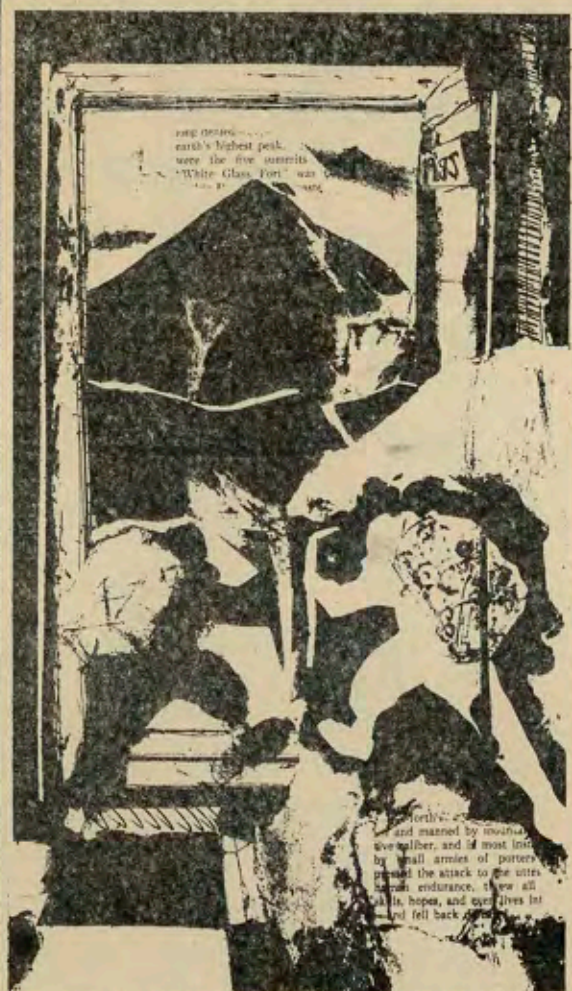
"The Figs Head Controversy."

Do you not see that they desired the HOLOGAUST, as still they do, for in CATHARSIS lays the rebirth of their LOST sexuality? Self beyond definition. The irrevocable. Their crucifixion is the ORGASM that they seek. They HUNG death and envy it, bound in the sullied realization that through their birth, they have defiled life.

GUILT IS THEIR ONLY REALITY.

He carefully wipes the tiny grease-marks from the white paint-work with a soft tissue. Where rust is staining up from the metal, he rubs away the paint to the body and applies filler, two coats of primer, two topcoats. At this stage he rubs down with wet and dry, then applying the final coat which he finishes off with a thorough wax polishing. For over a year he has cared in this manner. The interior, beige upholstery and brown trim, is as carefully preserved.

"Volvo. Safe, reliable, showroom condition, nine. Best money can buy."



Once every six months he drives the vehicle to the local agent whose job it is to check the mechanical condition of the car. Engine. Gears. Clutch. Steering. Lights. Tyres.

"Mine. It's the best that money can buy."

On Friday night a white Volvo was in collision with a stationary vehicle, although neither cars appeared damaged, the driver of the Volvo, no other persons were involved, sustained serious injuries in the head and chest. The police, who arrived at the scene shortly after the accident, say that he died only minutes before his arrival at hospital in a squad-car. It is doubted that medical help would have proved to be of any assistance.

'The Figs Head Controversy.'

They seek resolution in the FORCE of their materialism, but as they are bought, so they are sold. In the cattle-yard they SEE to their own transportation.

He peers at the glow. Cathode-ray multi layers beneath the glass of the shopfront. There is NO way in which it can be done. The burden of responsibility is lost in the midwives snip. We never recover from the TRAUMA of birth for, in this reality WE ARE NEVER BORN.

We are BUT paradox.

TEAM. Solo.

The laden jet wallows its way to snowbound death. The white peaks cloy at the sky.

The most Holy father offers his communion with the GODHEAD. No wine for these pious souls, no blood of THEIR Christ. Nothing but the orange poisons of HIS body. The stench rises HIGH above the jungle.

"There, down there."

The matrix of death.

"Christ, what have we done?"

The mathematics of form.

The taped voices. Strange in the WOODLAND.

Scratched maybe from the pits.

"What's that? What's that?"

"Nothing Ma. Nothing but the breeze."

"What? What?"

"The breeze, catching the gate."

The floorboards above sigh under some weight.

"Nothing Ma."

The shovel cuts lines through polythene and brow. No blood from THIS corpse. Spilled already. For them.

Ah testimony. Stupid trifle.

"Nothing."

Each catastrophe is the stiffness of their back. Broken idols. They NEED the mega-death. DESIRE the flesh-piles as their own. Auschwitz. Hiroshima. Mai Lai. Words in the DICTIONARY of their lust.

The daydream was a luxury, a stupid fucking luxury.

The hotel affords a break. Refuge. Rest. Retreat in their bewilderment.

"Ten times. Ten fucking times."

The soft nylon sheets are a slidy playground in their agreed twilight. Looked in TIME against the monotonous conformity of their lives. Anonymity of the room releases them from the horrid bondage of the past. No silver frame that ties them to PARENTHOOD. No sculpted figurine to grip them TOO in histories. Their morality, covetous and shy, is left in the dusty cupboard of their own home. For four days and five nights they are the essence of a private fantasy.

Auschwitz. Hiroshima. Mai Lai. What COULD transcend these heavens?

Each evening, as dusk falls, he paints his penis with the brilliant scarlets of her lipstick. Lines of lurid red that run in sunbursts from his cock, across his body.

She smiles, bringing her tongue to her upper lip.

Each night the lines are printed onto her body, the angles, position and order, the lines would face as the night progressed, the topography of love.

She smiles, bringing her tongue to her upper lip.

She, in turn, cuts thin lines into her body with a surgical blade, fine thread-like lines that make his decorative efforts appear crude and savage. Tiny drops of blood sear through the cuts. She collects each drop on her fingertip and wipes it across her labia. As her cunt becomes more lurid she invites a climax to their desires.

She smiles, bringing her tongue to her upper lip.

The dull buzz of the television-set, black and white, is the only sound of greater constancy than their moist grunts and groans. A THOROUGHLY modern sexuality.

They await the second coming. Auschwitz. Hiroshima. Mai Lai. Their own rebirth.

Resurrection? Reassurance?

One early morning, as the silver sun rises above the sea, they open the windows and shutters, the stagnant air is suddenly fresh, the curtains lift in the slight breeze. Slithers of light in their ever-dusk.

Bikini is an island no more. The second coming. Alternative dawn. New age. The stench rises above the jungle.

"What have we done?"

Both kneeling, they peer out to the still dull ocean, pelicans rise and fall to the gentle swell that breaks in ribbons of white surf on the sand and stone of the shoreline. The sun sparkles now, breaking the line between sea and sky. She takes his cock in her hand and softly rubs until he shoots great gobs of sperm, that writhe through the air, to splat on the glass of the open window.

"How can we?"

As he rolls in the pleasure of his orgasm, she leans across his body and closes first shutter, then window. The curtains hang limp again, without air, without light.

She turns to the television-set, black and white. Vachnat. Tiny flashing dots, register to an interference. Reverberating line that is static. Waves of air. RAG.

Not risen yet, these looms to the planets.

Cathode-ray beams in its own landscape of vinyl and nylon, it radiates its trussed and siliconeised daydreams into OUR lives.

She moistens her fingertip and gently rubs her clitoris. A rare glimpse of moisture run from her cunt. Her wet hand now slides in arcs from her pubis to her arsehole.

Half-defined images flash across the screen.

Hairs fold into the crossed flesh, hard against the softness. Stutters of sound.

"I. I. I."

Her tongue runs frantic across her painted lips.

"I."

Silence.

Silence is a word, in whatever form, it is a word, magnificence alone might describe its potential.

The television-set. Black and white. They lay alone in their separate organs.

"Again? Again?"

In the playground, the little girl stops for a moment, some signal has registered, message, code, signal, caught from the air. Airwaves. Rung in her mind, a flashing in the shrill sound and predictable patterns of the playground. Perhaps the movement of a branch, a patch of light thrown onto her by the changing sky, the distant thump of a car-door being slammed. Something. Something that for a second creates TOTAL SILENCE.

Silence, then, is the ALL.

Somewhere perhaps in that majestic IS the source.

She smooths down her dress and glances about her. A shadow is cast massively long. Footsteps. Breaking into a run. FASTER. The smells are WARM. FASTER. FASTER now. Sweat. Breaking. The RAILINGS. Swishing. Fast. Fast. Sweat. On. Swat the beat. Swat the beat. On. Swat. The RAILINGS. The DISTANT sound of the playground. Twilight zone. Frantic dash. FASTER. FASTER. The LIGHT. Pulse. Through the RAILINGS. FASTER. The CLUMP of heavy feet. Frenzied movement. The coarse GRASP of breath and ARM.

"Down you bastard. Down."

Caught in fleshy chest.

When the wind blows.

Two finger violation.

Christ indicated.

London. Decid. 1977. I warn you, the nature of your oppression is the AESTHETIC of my ANARCHY.

(P.R. FIGS HEAD CONTROVERSY. IAI)

A N A R C H Y

My appearance for you. I have SO appointed myself, by disposition perhaps, but none the less it is I that chose it. I am egregious too, so come to you for DELIGHT. Anti-social by NATURE. What finer LUXURY than SOLITUDE. ONE and the OTHER. Black and white. ANARCHIST by design.

Of the communards I care little, touched maybe, but only THEM in a romanticism. I mixed once with the anarchist veterans of the Spanish War, they called me Geronimo, because of my hair, they would come for me in the mornings, blameless old men who would laugh as I became drunk on their mixture of anise and sherry. I shared a month with these lottery soldiers and when I hadn't the rent to pay the landlord, I left in the middle of the night without saying goodbye. They probably came that morning and found that I had gone. Geronimo, lost in the dust of Catalonia. The same year, in Paris, I clapped in the boulevards beneath black banners, but always, like the Samurai, one-handed.

a n a r c h y

Maybe I left these things behind in a search for absolution, which I now SEE is BLIND.

The CAT awaits HER knowledge.

Now I quest the irrevocable, but I have no words for it, I demand life beyond philosophy, yet am caught in the abyss

between the two.I lack no self-determination,have even claimed the slightest of visions,yet,drawn in the bow-string, like the arrow,I am not yet flung. In my kindest moments I may turn to you,solicit advice,ride your fume.Do NOT be deluded by my charm.I shall take ALL the credit.My burnt-earth policy is WHAT I HAVE.

A N A R C H Y
"No matter,You can keep your boots and your politics outside, where they belong,outside on the street."
She lathers the rich suds of the washing-up liquid into a thick cream,sliding her hands alternately up her arms, stopping an inch short of her freshly shaven armpits.Small blobs of the foam bounce onto her orange nylon dress,forming patches that,in time,dry out to powdery,white stains. Flashpoint in the Mojave desert.
"Ten times,Ten fucking times,I need cunt."
He swings her around,forcing her mouth onto his.The click of enamel on enamel.The acrid smell of the washing-up liquid overpowers the various more considered smells of their bodies. Deodorants,After-shave,perfumes,Talc. Frozen bodies in the supermarket store. Your temple. The body-bags are full. "There now,There now."
"Short enough?"
"Too FUCKING short.Too fucking short."
They rip open the bags,Nothing,Scraps that are NOTHING. "Is this what is left?"
THAT resurrection. "Left?"

IN THE PASTRY.
"When did you do that for me?"
"I never knew how,Is that bad?I never knew how."
His underwear is oversize.His penis and balls hang in the mishapen gusset like so much swollen dead flesh,trophies of a cannibalism.
"I want to fuck you."
By the empty socket a plug lays in the dust and scrap of the uncleaned carpet.Disturbed,the dust will smell of those same deodorants,after-shaves,perfumes,talc.Years of their rot together in the dusty cupboard of their HOME.
"Shall we?"
The light has not been used in all that time.

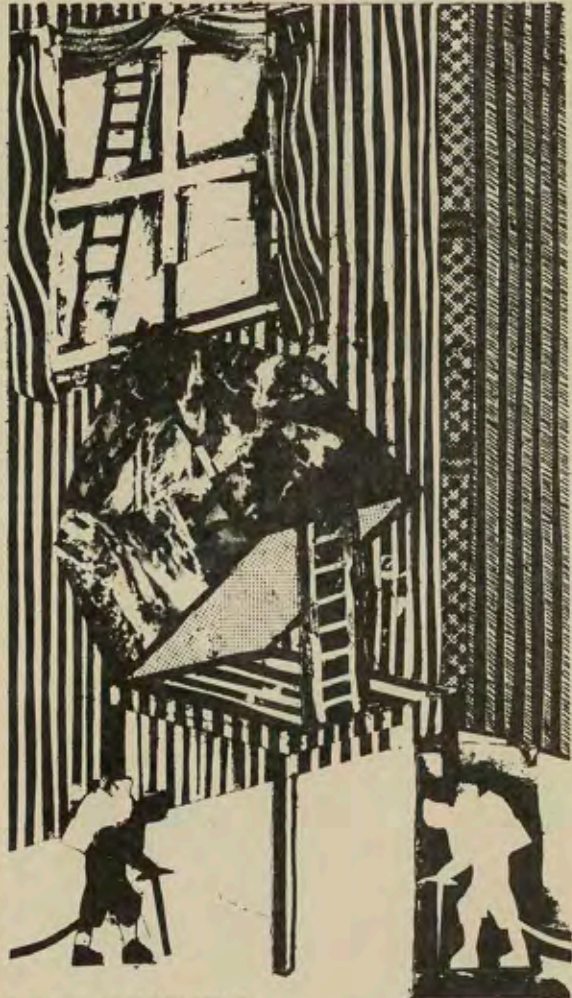
LESSILLUMINATION.
Who WANTS to see those bodies?
Parochism shade;therapy in the long term unit.Coil lead; therapy in the long term unit.Chianti base;sol o mio,non amore,how we danced on the night,mait,nix,therapy in the long term unit.
THERAPISTS.
I take Eves apple.
The credit is DUE.
Hanging in the Buzz of it.

A L I U M
Slight.
A L O U R
"Can you make it then?"
He reaches for the crumpled sheets of yesterdays paper.
"Lithesome Lisa drops a couple of boobs.What a pair!"
Bikini doubles.
Livid corpses in the sponge upholstery.
The covers fall away from his body exposing his penis,ERECT, stiff,HARD.
The sound of one hand.
"Christ."
"Christ what?"
"What the fuck's that."

"What?"
"That."
"My dick,see?Dick.Prick.Cod.Hampton.Erect.Stiff.Hard.Pulsing in the half-light.My tool,fucking great knob.Pumping.Thumping great donger.DRUMMING."
She bends down to pull the loop of her stretch-nylon slacks over her heels.She sees the suitcase under her bed,the broken clothes-horse,the diamond pattern sock,the hardened sole pailer than the elasticated uppers.
"I don't like it.I just don't like it."
She feels the warm sperm running into the crotch of her pants.

"It's so fucking messy."
"What?What?"
The line of saliva drops from his mouth onto the pillow.
"I don't like you fucking me.Do you understand that?"
He is asleep.
She picks up an empty silver frame from the mantleshelf."Is that all?Is that bloody ALL?"
They are booked already this year.Costa Brava.They had always booked the Costa del Sol in the past,but,because the brochure had been late this year,they had had to settle for second choice.A disappointment,but one that they hoped would not affect their vacation.
A predicament,but there.
They HAD booked the Sol and got the BRAVA.Ah well.They had ALWAYS booked the Sol in the past,and would in the future, one year wouldn't matter so much.Cheaper.Consolation.
"If they hadn't been late."
Auschwitz.Hiroshima.Mai Lai.
"It's a shame."
"I don't think it will be much different."
"Oh yes,oh yes,so much less spoilt."
"What?The Sol?Rubbin',it's all the bloody same,miles and miles of souvenir shops,fish'n'chips,parle anglaise,fucking krauts,there's not a bloody Spaniard within a hundred miles of the coast."
"Oh don't be so silly.What about Angelo?"
"Who the hell is Angelo?"
"You remember Angelo?"
"If I did remember her I'd say so."
"Him."
"Him?"
"She was a ho."
"Alright,alright.But I still don't remember him."
"Oh of course you do,you know,the one with the curly black hair."
"All Spaniards have curly black hair."
"Not like Angelo's."
"Not like Angelo's.Not like Angelo's.Who the hell WAS Angelo?"
"The waiter,You know,the waiter,at the hotel."
"That little ponce."
"He was sweet."
"He was a creep."
"He was charming."
"Charming my arse."
"What do you mean?"
"You know bloody well what I mean."
"If I knew what you meant I'd say so."
All these warnings are written in the sand.
"You do know,You bloody well do know.You fancied him.You fucking fancied him."
"Don't be so stupid.I liked him,he was sweet,that's all."
"He was a smarmy little creep,sniffing around anything with tits."
In the empty expanse of tarmac,the little girl plays hop-scotch over crudely drawn chalk lines.The matrix is different but the game is the same.A child's garden.
"That's not true.Not true."
"Oh no?No?Well what about that afternoon on the veranda?"

Shadows,cast massively long.
"What about it?"
"I suppose you were just sunbathing?"
"When?What are you talking about?When?"
"When you thought I'd caught the coach to Barcelona,that's when."
"He'd brought me up a drink,that's all,a drink,that's all, all.They do that you know?Waiters.They do that."
"That isn't ALL they do is it?Is it?That isn't ALL they do."
"But we did nothing."
"Don't come it,for fucks sake,don't come it.I SAW you.Ten times.Ten fucking times.I SAW YOU."
They assemble at the corners,some of them carry home-made weaponry.Highly sharpened kitchen knives.Poles weighted at one end with lead inserts.Knuckle dusters fashioned in leather and wire.Catapults cut from elm and ash.One of them carries a pistol,no one but its owner knows if it is toy, replica or real.They are too apprehensive to ask,too awed to enquire,too filled with fear and admiration.
"We did nothing,nothing at all."
"Ten fucking times."
"Nothing.We did nothing."
"WE?"
"WE,the eternal 'WE'.The dagger is before YOU."
"Yes,we,we did nothing."
"WE,WE,for fucks sake,you sound like you're fucking married to him.WE,for fucks sake."
He keeps the pistol tucked in the belt of his trousers.In his pockets there are bullets,sweet-wrappers,ends of string, elastic bands,crushed eggshells,stones,hairelips,wire and small change.



"THERE IS NO BLOODY 'WE'.
She slips from her nylon slacks and,pulling her pants down to her knees,shows him the stained orotch.
"That's your own on there,do you see?"
They stand on the hillock,the little girl hops.One.Two.Three. She is unaware of their presence.The loud shot rings out in the still air.The impact of the bullet throws the little girl several feet across the parking-lot.They grimace and giggle, parodying adult fear.They do not care,there is no meter by which they could.
"So that they can come back."
"THEY?THEY?There is no 'THEY'.
"So that I can come back."
Resurrection?Reassurance?R a t i o n a l i s a t i o n .
SOMETHING DEEPER THAN THE WOMB.
Crucifixion.
HOAX.
Enola outs a merry cross.
"Is that the second time?"
The steel blade flashes in the cold light.The single bulb sways in the slight breeze,brushed in the arm-movement.
"Christ in heaven,what is it?What is it?"
Silence is a WORD.
The blade catches her high cheek-bone,the slightly out white of eye is hidden as she raises her head to the second thrust.
The SECOND coming.
"Do you SEE?"
The blade catches tufts of her forelock,torn away in the force.
"I SHALL HAVE MY ANSWER.THERE IS NO 'WE'.
Existential PARADOX.
The cat,she lurks so faithfully to savour this human meat, glides silently between the frenzy of legs.She plays with the clotty lumps of forelock as if they were vermin,executed for her pleasure.
"My answer,My answer."
The blade slashes,slithers and slides.Carnage in the marrow.
"Please,please,please,please."Rung in her mind.

"Please,please,please,please."Rung in his mind.
EVEN THEN.
Bone and fat and muscle and meat.The body hacked and torn. NOW IMMOBILE.
He kneels for a moment in the slaughter bringing his tongue to his upper lip,fingers slipping in the mess of flesh.He searches out his OWN desire.
"Dear pussy.Dear sweet pussy.Shall we go home?"
The car is an immaculately maintained white Volvo,the bumps in the badly repaired road hardly register.
"Best money can buy."
He places a filter-cigarette in his mouth,at the same time tapping the automatic lighter into the 'on' position.
"Ah well."
The car lurches to the right,caught in an abnormally large rut.
"For Christs sake.What the fuck?Daydream.Fucking daydream.
For Christs sake,a luxury,a fucking stupid luxury."
He brushes a loose tuft of hair from his eyes,squinting now. THROUGH the tinted glass.The road before him. Ribbons of our heritage.
"No.No.A check.A fucking road check."
Road check.Identity.Name.Age.Address.Occupation.Licence.Insurance.Test certificate.When?What?Why?Again and Again. They too have an aesthetic.Do not imagine that as YOURS develops,SO WILL THEIRS.
He wipes the condensation from the side-window.
"Down sir,roll it down."
"Down sir,roll it down."
"Again?"
"Yep."
"How long will it take?"
"As long as it takes."
"Do we have to?"
"WE','THEY'.A document of HOW IT IS.
"Yep.....OUT.....NOW.....GET OUT."
The leather-glove crashes across his jaw.His head smashes across the window screen of HIS car.
Rhythms of our heritage.
The second blow is to the chest,it brings him reeling forward,choking,sputtering,he doubles up,but is thrown forcefully back again,over the bonnet,as a knee is smashed into his face.
"How many times?"
"As many as it takes."
"NO."
"YES.As long as it takes.Force."
On Friday night white Volvo was in collision with a stationary vehicle,although neither cars appeared damaged, the driver of the Volvo,no other persons were involved, sustained serious injuries in the head and chest.The police, who arrived at the scene shortly after the accident,say that he died only minutes before his arrival at hospital in a squad-car.It is doubted that medical help would have proved to be of any assistance.
YOUR WALLET IS A YELLOW STAR.You desire the whip and fist and flame and torture of it,because you SENSE NOTHING,because you FEEL NOTHING,because you DESIRE THE CRUCIFIXION as the ALTERNATIVE ORGASM.

There is no BREACH because they are of YOUR EMPLOY.
London.Jan.1980.For a while now I have missed the illumination of the daythe night has passed as a cloud of which I have taken NO HEAD.OF course,I would seek a CLEANER vision, but what chance is there when I CAN NOT STAND back.
WHAT IS THE EXISTENTIAL 'YES'.
EVEREST.FINAL ATTACK AND CONQUEST.
SPLITS CAUSE SUBJECT AND OBJECT.
If I am to be SUBJECT,am I also to be OBJECT?What is there to ACCEPT?Isolated FACT that has no identity but itself?Can I pretend any more control than the choking,sputtering workings of MY MIND?I climb these mountains but have NO IDEA of their PEAK,each moment is a victory of MY OWN WILL,each moment a TOTAL ACHIEVEMENT.Yet still I am forced into these linear dimensions.We are described in LINE.We claim to move forward,yet always we travel TO THE RIGHT,SO DEEP IN THE CONTINUUM.
We have been sold a lie.The best money can buy.
The very structure of our GIVEN reality is HOAX.
The reality in which we exist is based on the 'concept' of perspective,a renaissance idea that diagrammatically creates a reality in which there exists the 'notion' of 'forward'.
"I" and the 'OBJECT'.APART.
It was the isolation of the 'I' and the 'object' that gave the spoken word 'form' as the printed word.The dimension of the printed word,as object,is linear,left to right and can only accommodate the 'concept' of forward,as subject.
The two major dimensions of our reality are in OPPOSITION, directional and spatial.
At the historical point that 'I' became FREE from 'ALL', released at last from the BONDAGE of MYSTICAL THOUGHT a new era of CONFUSION was CONCEIVED.

RATIONAL SCHIZOPHRENIA.
3=2. 2=2.
DIMENSIONAL DUALITY.THE CONFLICT OF LINEAR AND SPATIAL DIMENSIONS.
In 'externalising' perspective it IS DESTROYED.To describe its NATURE we DEFY its LAWS.
We drift from one mode to the other in TOTAL CONFUSION.
How can WE exist as SUBJECT and OBJECT.
We are GIVEN perspective without and the linear word within. SPLIT in two between a left/right dimension,word that defines life,and a spatial/forward dimension,life that DEFIES word. The DICHOTOMY is presented AS A UNIT in the seeds of OUR PERSONALITY.
The sound of two hands clapping.
The IRREVOCABLE sound of silence.
The existential 'YES' IS the existential 'NO'.
London.Dec.14.1977.I move my head from the blankness of self to the blankness of the window.

London.Jan.5.1980.Now I am all,or none,of that blankness.My EYES are the OPAQUE pages that can not be broken.There are NO SHUTTERS to SELF,caught INSIDE.No curtains to lift,no windows to break,no breeze in which to bathe,alone WITHIN. A stream flows between TWO banks,WE TOO.
I ask you in,There is no you,I travel to you and there is no I,we are mere technicians that play with LINES IN SPACE. WE ARE A TOPOGRAPHY OF THAT WHICH IS.
There is NO form.
The stagnant air IS the TRUTH of it.
Like the arrow IN THE AIR,I am not yet FLUNG.

DESCENT.
She cleans away the lips of scarlet lip-stick from her upper-lip with her forefinger.She puckers her mouth.Smiles.Bares her teeth.
"Ah no.Ah.Ah.Ah.In me.In me."
She wipes the finger at the base of her spine.Red lines like the welt of MEMORIES,left on the SNOWLINE.
She shuffles on the silk upholstery of the stool.Tug of hair between silk and flesh.
"No.Oh yes.Me."
She looks closely in the mirror at the thin line of pencil
cont.page 12.

THE VISION IS THEIRS



THE FUTURE IS OURS

above her upper-lid. She plucks a loose hair from her eyebrow. A tear wells across her lower lid. The meniscus bulges, bursts and sends a fine slither of moisture across her cheek.

"No. No."

She withdraws from the mirror, allowing the teardrop to fall into the tufts of her pubic-hair.

Fleur des yeux.

The forlorn lamps dripping in the evening fog.

"Let in the light. Let in the light."

There are no shutters, no tides. His sperm is DRY on the glass of the window.

She turns for a moment, seeking connection. There is none. She peers back at the mirror.

"Ah you. You."

Tremors of light sparkle in the frame of the mirror, tiny rainbows that cascade across the ceiling.

There is no one above.

"You see? You see?"

She stares into the reflection. The space of HER room. Above her bed she has carved WORDS into the plaster.

ACHBAST.
ACHBAST.
INTRARO.

"Let I forget."

She IS her own silence, departed, this moment. BEYOND.

"Be there, be there, be there, be there."

"Where? Where in this heaven would I BE?"

She withdraws again from the mirror knocking a hairpin from the glass top of the dressing table into the tufts of her pubic-hair.

Sol et lumiere.

She gently reaches for the hairpin, it slides from her fingers in the moistness of the teardrop. She feels the cold steel in the warmth of her labia, hairs fold into the creased flesh, hard against the softness. She opens the lips and lifts out the hairpin.

Little scraps of yellow tissue cling, like lichen to a stone, to the walls of her cunt.

TRIM.

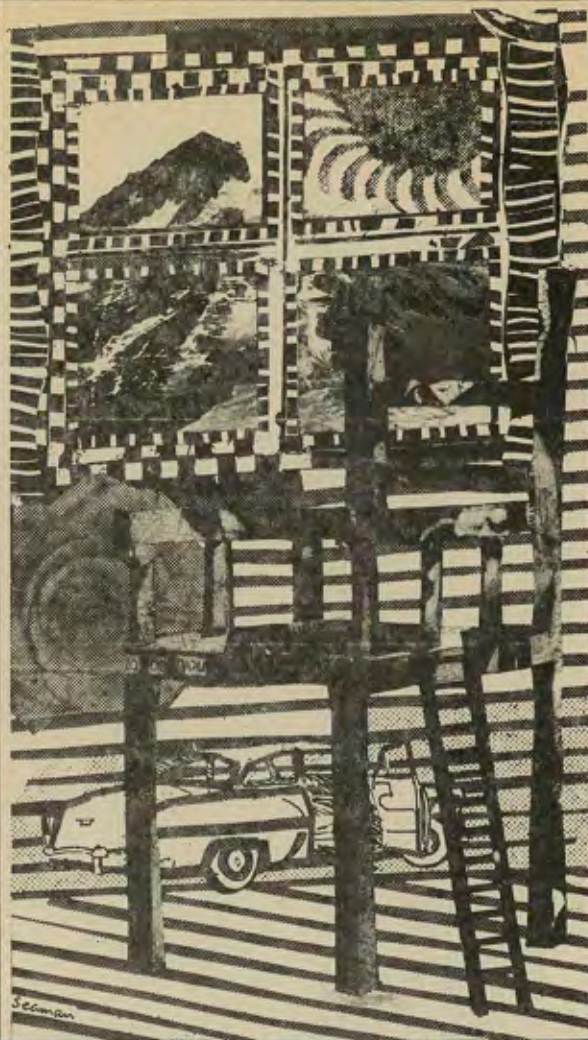
"NO. At last. NO."

She takes the hairpin and carefully picks at the scraps. Each piece that she removes is placed in a small china dish.

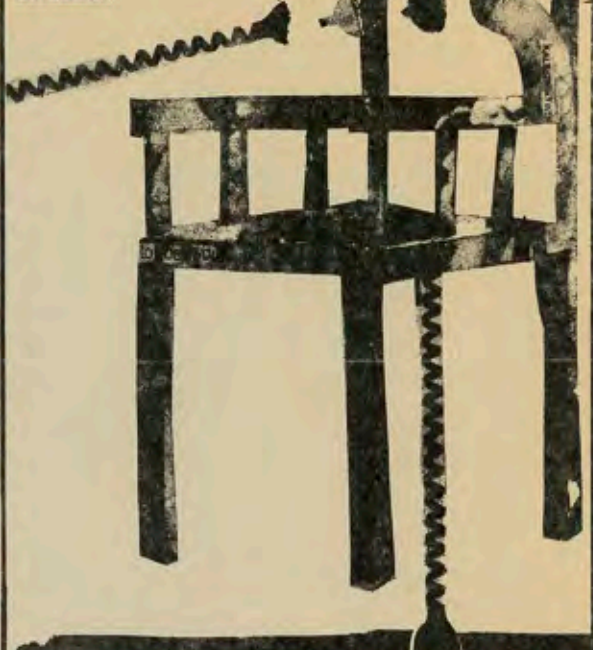
"I."

Occasionally she looks at herself in the mirror and smiles.

"I. Yes. I."



EVEREST. AN ACCOUNT OF THE FIRST SOLO ASCENT. THE DEATH OF IMAGINATION.
Version 2.



The incision, made precisely and with great patience, leaves a thin line slightly below the hard outer ring of the nipple. Small droplets of blood form along the line and, on inhalation, are pumped out in minute volumes that trickle across the stomach into the mat of pubic-hair.

Three sides of a 1 1/2 inch square are cut, containing the now erect nipple. The upper line of the square, which would be the fourth and final, is left untouched.

A black nylon thread, similar to button thread, is bound and tightened around the base of the nipple and then twisted tightly to its tip. This process is repeated, by twisting the thread up and down the nipple, until NO FLESH remains exposed, except the tip itself.

It is by this process of binding and tightening that the nipple may be contorted to a tight protrusion measuring from 1 inch to 2 1/2 inches long.

The loose end of the thread should, with the aid of a fine sterilised needle, be drawn through the tip of the nipple and then brought down in a line, across the stomach, to be attached to the genitalia in a similar fashion.

Notes relating to the ascent & conquest.
London-Jan 10, 1980.

There were brief moments when I was clear of these dark depths, lost in the clouds, the meadows, the oceans; if I did not recognise the thunder of war, the

babel of confusion, the echo of deceit, I most CERTAINLY heard it.

In childhood I swung, in silent horror, against the wall-less space of my unformed brain; back; back; into the infinity that could not be defined but was the UNIVERSE of MAGIC from whence I HAD come. Trickling, engulfing, blotting out my

newly learned PERCEPTION, my memory of PRE-BIRTH was a constant retreat from the awful REALITY that I was being FORCED to accept. The nature of infinity is that it contains ALL, in that WOMB I un-became.

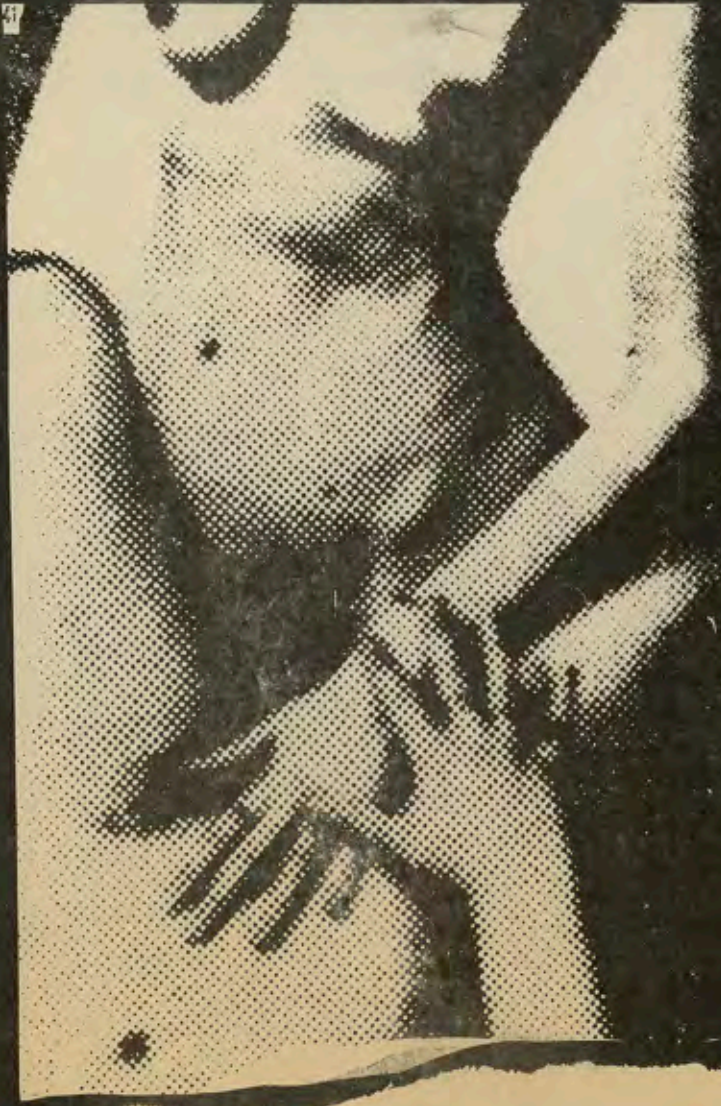
That light, through constant pressure, faded. The vision was all but lost, the secret gardens of my mind were ploughed over and planted with more HUMAN qualities; vanity, greed, possession, falsity, etc. etc. etc. Occasionally that light returned to slide, contorting, through my sullied head, to pass again into the blur. I would lift my head, wishing to hold on to that memory, but it was gone, become unmemory in the conditioned world of altering FACT. The paradox became an accepted routine, a deep, but unfelt compromise.

Out of the greyness that had now become my days, I sought a greater immortality than the tricks I had been taught. Oh yes, I sat in floral-chairs as I was GIVEN realities, my untutored ears were receptive enough. It was as if those words had wings, as if they somehow flew from mouths to settle on the objects, that in definition, became blessed with existence. So

much that I SAW was left undescribed and became lost in the myriad NAMES that I was given for this and that. I was given trees that rose from the veils of NO-

where, flowers and animals, all looming from the mist, but, above ALL, I was given WALLS. Walls that ran like swollen veins across EVERY landscape that was so

patiently described for MY pleasure. Walls that severed quality from quality, this from that, that from this, fields of bowing wheat, WALLED. Field of swaying lily, WALLED. Field of rank toadstool,



WALLED. Field of animal, fashioned metal, precious stone, facets, multicolours, layers; WALLED. Even the wonders of their TECHNOLOGY were walled. In that there was the whisper of escape; what if ALL else were released. Dreams in the garden, lost in my own WALLS.

I also had described to me the NATURE of OUR ways, personalities each held still, a gesture which was a point of experience, a notion that was a means of exposure. These personalities TOO were caught in the strange static of those walls. Could THEY see beyond THEIR walls to so define MINE? Held in? Held out? I too could CREATE definition, there were flaws in the network in which I was intended to be trapped.

I roamed in this singular castle, within my walls, experiencing NOTHING that had not been exposed to their censure. I was UNABLE in my innocence to see anything BEYOND.

Yet prebirth had left its MARK and in that VOID I sought REBIRTH. I float now, lost amongst the peaks, free, ABOVE those landscapes. I see the lewd patterns that have been imposed on this EARTH. I see the frantic business of architecture, lace-works of despair. Behind some of the walls small groups of soldiers squat, some roll cigarettes, some shine their weapons; they cautiously climb to the top of the wall to peer out across the avenues, squares, infinities, of WALL. Where small puffs of smoke rise in the distance, they know that other soldiers sit in defence of something THAT THEY HAVE NEVER SEEN.

In one square I see myself, a retiring form, quite unable to describe the real-

ities that I see from above. Down there I occupy my days with tasks that utilise my hands. Moulding clay. Weaving bamboo or goat hair. Making small piles of stone. Lacing daisy-chains. Drafting oride jewelry from the skeletons of mouse and sparrow. AHOME I have not the WILL to climb these walls. At one time I scuffed

at the soil to build a ramp to the top, but time eroded my desire. I cultivated a muteness believing that I had nothing WORTH saying.

UP HERE, IN THE PEAKS, I AM OPEN-MOUTHED BECAUSE THERE IS NOTHING WORTH NOT SAYING.

F I N I S
42194



CONCEPTION / IDEAS

Conception / deception / very much a part of it all in a white cold wave.

The soil is sticky. It holds together and onto the spade when I push it in. Dark, thick, ready for the thin green seedlings. Breathing the cold air, crouching on my heels and moving a little to the next. Fine hair roots, separate leaves pulled apart and laid in rows along the bed. The earth screams me to myself as I split it with the blade. Tiny hands, unspoken vertebrae, the air is solid with their bouncing echoes, my orphan shriek. You say you feel my pain because I'm yours. Fleshy knot. You say you feel my pain. Say thank you. Who's a lucky lucky lucky. Thank you, say. Thank you.

I was going to paint a picture that day in my self importance. The grass blades aren't all green, and beginning with a black background I made colored blades, orange, purple, red, blue. It looked dreadful, and nothing like I had in my mind. The picture lay on the table like some awful contemporary design. I felt sick to look at it, it was so horrible. It became important to me that I could produce such a vile image, totally contradictory to the thoughts which had prompted me to begin. The joy I had felt, the excitement of possibility, was turned to wretched despair. The room was dull, I was heavy, my vision was trapped and I felt claustrophobic. The picture curled and the paper buckled as it dried to matt dullness. Chalky surface, old school painting tips in the bottom of the cupboard. Dry and lifeless. It had taken me most of the day to paint. I felt I could never trust those materials ever again. The drop of my spirit was too much to play with. I took the picture and put it on the fire, then it lit up red in the heat, red in the cherry black tissue and throbbing glow. I broke the crisp sheet to flaky ash with the poker. Where do I go from here?

When the colours of this planet burn through my eyes, then I am an alien. Then I can hear the language of our self destruction. All common references to our past, the rocks that hold our eyes closed. Sterile vision. Then men running, clutching their heads, I see their tiredness and disillusion. They look at me. Smile. Smile, yellow stamped red. SMILE today SMILE. my heart smile. A 15p ticket for a three-hour journey. Nottingham Gate to Liverpool Street on the Central line, where the brightly prepared station will reinforce our education in language that they've started - a street name that shows how we relate to our possible future. I make speech once I'm here, tired, sweaty, dusty, walking the empty platforms, adding my surface to theirs. Who are these civilized savages? Stealers of life, exposing our instincts. Making and masking decay with the paper of their existence. A quick flick. They manifest their fear to me, disguised as my anger. Truth. This is what I choose to be insulted. I am not fooled. I carefully cut with a sharp blade, and I spray with two cans of matt black cellulose and spray paint, the practicalities of my existence. I choose what I want to be. I choose that forces us apart in order to seduce. I choose to be a girl, and I choose to be the noise of the spray. It sounds like the air in space. A group of girls, teaching, dunked at the hip, slit skirts, clouded by scent, out for this night. (Understand all lovably) the child has seduction in her hands. The child has distinction in her hands. You give a name. You give the sky with words. You plaster name, description, use, report, proof for future reference across our surfaces. You take a partener, and you play for your part. Patriot. Who forces my hand? Who seems to want me captive? Who's afraid of my freedom. I think I think that there's none. It's all of us, a little, taking us, to be up told and telling, protectors and predators, messengers of a world. We're all together, a security in a security.

The room was for a child, a child's bedroom, a dark pinkish colour that looks like flesh until it's on the wall. It needed painting to be bright. It was very high, the ceiling.

DON'T YOU TIRE OF THESE INSULTS? SHIT?

CEPTION POSSESSION

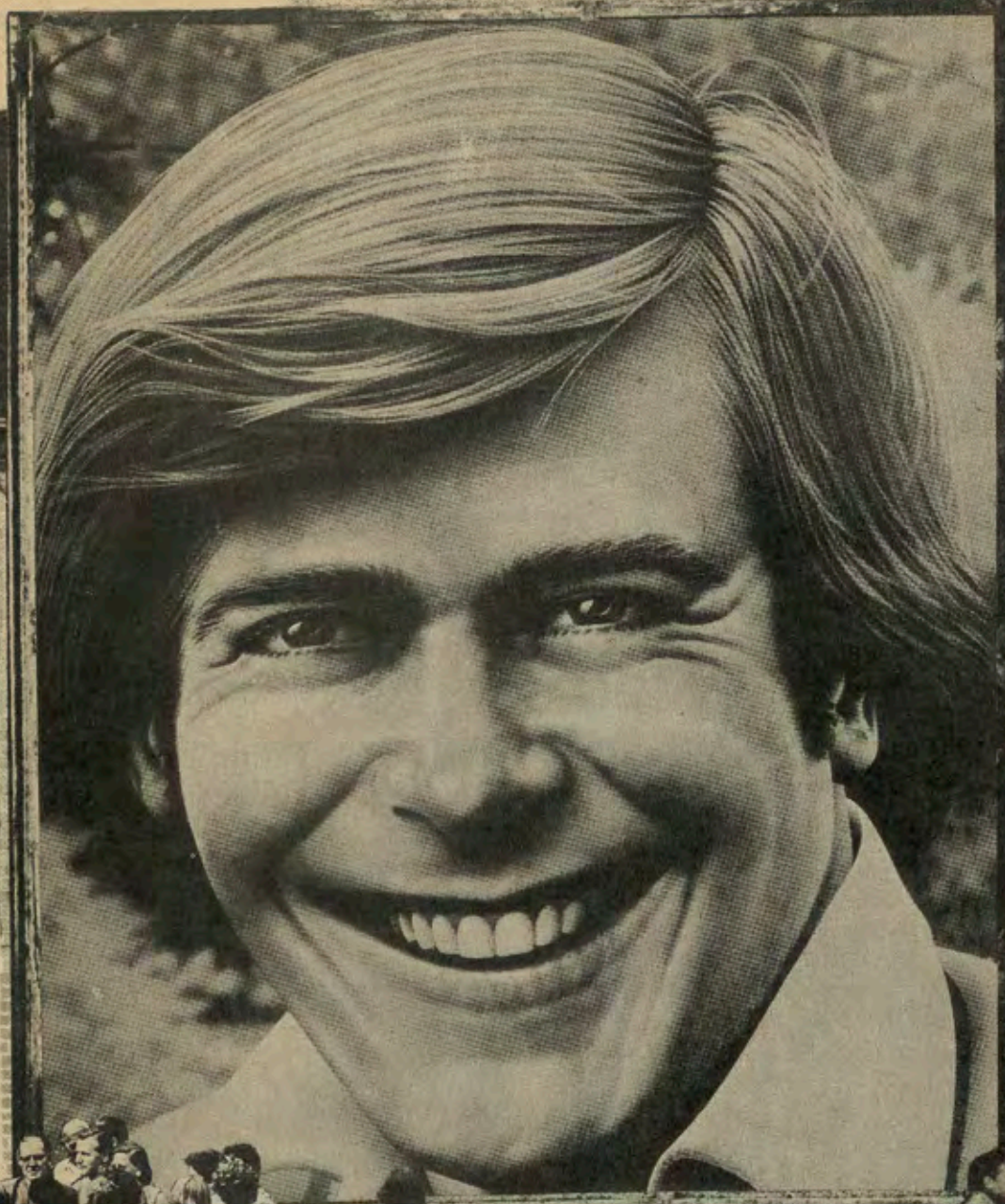
square window with plain glass, in the wall, about twelve feet above the bed. There's nothing to see through it except a grey wall and some metal shape, perhaps guttering. So because the buildings blocked the sky, the window gave in little light. I felt that it was going to be difficult to make this a happy room for a child to awaken to in the morning. It had no feeling of warmth or friendliness. It would be hard work just to stop its oppression. The window was the worst, it was so high it made me feel like a helpless baby, unable to reach the things I wanted. If I felt this the surely a child would find it worse, even higher. Perhaps if the bed were built right up, so that whatever the view from the window, at least it could be seen. Anything looked at can change and become exciting in different lights. Brick walls, patches of plaster, maybe if I could get up there the sky would be visible. Yes, I would build a bed, really big, near the ceiling, like a second floor, the room was high enough to contain it. I felt hopeful and excited. It would be beautiful when I had finished. You couldn't expect a child to survive in the room as it was, though it probably would. I looked at the walls, dark, thick, elastoplastic pink. There was some green cheap material hanging over two of them. Stripy, slightly shiny, dirty and faded. I pulled it hard, and it fell quickly, being only tacked lightly along the top. Underneath were two big windows, both looking over an enormous blindingly bright summer coloured garden. The sort you can see illustrating old childrens books. The fairies dance, and the whole world is softly contained within their beautiful perimeters.

On scream today, I would take any of those securities. I'd have central heat in my home because I'm cold. I'd have a tidy family, a husband who was faithful. What have I thrown, all of it have I? A piece of torn earth. What dreadful security is it I have for myself? Glue the sky with words, bind the wind. Plaster name description, use, report, proof for future reference across our surfaces. What have I thrown, all of it, have I? I thought I'd left a place to hide, but it's thrown up with all the other junk. It's a grey day today and everyone seems hostile, alien, where's my sanity. The faces pass the other side of the window and I see their tiredness and disillusion. In solitary indecent splendor, I scratch my way to you.

When I opened the door there was nothing to see. The sand was empty, of people, the sea was grey, pieces of breakwater, stones, but no person there at all. I felt myself deserting to fill those spaces and I walked out across the road, across the pavement, down steps, measured foot falls. Here were some shells, more stones, metal can rims, cigarette butts, plastic bag, not enough.

I picked up a pretty shell, pink fluted edges, and rubbed it between my greasy fingers, gritty sand. Perfect but not enough. I look at the sea, grey to the grey sky. I tell myself it is wonderful, this sea this sky. I tell myself how deep it is, how far away, what wonders it holds. The ideas chew my head, and I push for something else. The shell still in my fingers won't go past my eyes, the sea won't go past them either, all so separate from me. I walked to the edge of the sea, thick creamy, dirty yellow foam on my shoes. An empty polythene bag pulled in and pushed out with the stones, rattling. I threw the shell into the sea. A man and a dog on a lead come down the steps, onto the beach, and we try to look at each other.







THIS PACKAGE SHALL NOT BE ISSUED, NOR THE CONTENTS USED IF THE WRAPPER IS BROKEN. ANY UNUSED ITEM SHOULD BE DISCARDED AS UNSTERILE.

Lips clamped tightly together. Ruby-red fleshy lips that I am used to seeing gleaming lipstick, now laboriously pumped through with thin purple blood. BLOOD FROM THE ABDOMINAL REGIONS IS COLLECTED UP BY THE PORTAL VEIN AND CONVEYED TO THE LIVER. A thin, cold line, almost without a parting. Lips fused together indicating that they would open no more to speak, only to suck in short sharp gulps of air. Strands of mucus saliva bar the way to coated teeth and stenching breath. Skin elastic but not taught, rejecting it's normal form, no longer moulding to muscle and bone-structure, but hanging back from the nose, cheek-bones and front of jaw, to fall in yellow folds beneath eye-sockets and ears. THE LIVER REDUCES NUCLEO PROTEINS TO URIC ACID WHICH IS SECRETED INTO THE URINE. The elements that normally contribute to make a recognisable face and head are now entirely separate. Hair, thin and lank, greasy from not being washed during the illness (and from the body's general inability to balance its process of secretion) bears no relation to the forehead. Hair, eyes, ears and mouth, bloated and stagnant, now have no personality to present. THE LIVER PROVIDES HEPARIN AND FIBRINOGEN WHICH PREVENT THE BLOOD FROM COAGULATING, IT ALSO STORES LARGE AMOUNTS OF BLOOD IN THE SPLEEN. A thin membrane of glutinous sweat is all that relates them to each other. THE LIVER RELEASES A CONSIDERABLE AMOUNT OF HEAT THROUGH THE MANY CHEMICAL PROCESSES THAT IT PERFORMS. The sweat does not flow as during a normal illness, (a fever), but works its way up through the skin and remains in the same place, forming another layer under itself, such is its oily quality. It smells like fever sweat, but the smell is unrelenting, unhealthy, terminal. THE LIVER DEAMINATES THE AMINO ACIDS AND DESATURATES AND BREAKS DOWN ABSORBED FATS, CONVERTING GALACTOSE AND FRUCTOSE INTO GLUCOSE. Unlike the sac (sterile and clean) which hangs from an operation gash in the soft stomach flesh over the left hip, the body had ceased to purify its contents. a muddy discharge oozes into the sac, (soiling the dressing which is changed twice in every hour) and fills it out, so that it quickly loses its functional appearance, and takes on that of the near corpse by which it is being fed. the hands are the only other naked appendages outside the bed clothes. Folded over each other in a mock gesture of serenity. Also tight clasped, knuckles white with strain, half moons now disappearing now furiously recut in the palm by digging finger nails. As elsewhere the wrinkled skin on the finger joints has lost its elasticity, and lies in dry folds, dislocated, to the sides of the bones.

Scattered notes in wirey hand writing lie to the side of the bed. Even these feeble means of communication apprehension are now not physically possible. Blood mucus and pain. Three motions a day, Normal? Nausea and breathlessness. Cough, throaty. Dry mouth. Pain in right arm. If pain gets unbearable, what then? St. Peter's Hospice. Home visits? Sore under ribs. Dressing and discharge? Am only taking three anadins a day? - other drugs last too long. If I get a bad pain, WHAT CAN I DO?

THE LIVER DEOXICATES CERTAIN DRUGS AND BACTERIAL POISONS. "The Pethedrine can be administered by injection or in tablet form" what do you think she would prefer?"

A heavy velvet curtain hangs over the front door. The mourners poke their heads from the sides of it as they enter / comic actors on a stage set. The frustration and anger that they feel parking brightly coloured sparkling cars in the constricted spaces that are left, quickly changes to an air of guilt and sorrow. They bear with them extravagant sprays of exotic flavours and bouquets arranged in green oasis / with their condolences / to complete the moments demanded specific facade. It is arbitrary that it is in mourning that they come, at a christening or a wedding they would be as inconspicuous. Men in dark sombre suits of thick cloth (as befitting the out side temperature) sharply pressed. Clean shaven. Polished laced up shoes, only the odd skuff mark to indicate their tormented travels of the last half hour. Women also in heavy clothing (although more colourful). Calf length boots, sturdy shoes, brittle laquered hair. They come, crippled by their memories, only to substantiate them, to add another chapter to events that are slowly eating away at their minds / more rapidly, the body.

All facades of dress speech and emotion. I am here now opposite the starched shirt. I stand in my considered apparent rags, against your considered apparent riches. They are but meaningless assertions of power and status. We all have riches deeper, yet both are constantly tainted by compliance to the surface. I am here now, worming under the trivial quips, respectable snide asides, decoration masks, and wonder how far they cover. I feel anger but it gets no further than a point just above my stomach. I will not be sucked in. The facade remains intact, the surface unbroken, from both sides.

The door bell rings / tolls, punctuating the morbid waiting. A pungent smell, sweet and sour, pervades the four rooms. Stunted bright white walls. Tiled floor. Open plan. The fire is consumed by the fridity surrounding it.

Sitting amongst the flowers. Six down, four, seven, two YOUR NUMBERS UP. They choose to ignore the connection. Secretary two years ago its a

Oblivious of the scrubbed surfaces, sink waste disposal unit, white enamel automatic washing machine and tumble dryer, white enamel deep freeze and refrigerator, open weave cloth blinds shielding from the outside eye, rare steak, plastic peas and instant potatoes in split eye level twin oven cooker, bulk cleaning fluids, detergent, disinfectant, scouring powder, hygenic pink ribbed rubber gloves syringes, discharge sacs, urine bags and vacuum formed tablet bottles, the body lies rotting in the bed, giving off the vile odour, and they stand clutching over ripe fruit and wilting flowers, smelling to cover the smell, remembering it. Rotten sweet rotten sour. Pink and yellow peaches split skins and stain through floral tissue paper onto orange vinyl table top, to complement the sweat stained floral patterned night gown. He fumbles for the tab, then rips the cellophane from the once again floral cardboard box.

From it he withdraws a prelubricated tube consisting of tampon and its telescopic container, applicator, made up of an outer

insertion tube and an inner plunger tube. With thumb and forefinger he grasps the outer tube where it joins the inner tube. Parting the lips he inserts the tampon into the vaginal opening, placing his forefinger over the end of the inner tube in order to hold the withdrawal cord in place. He knows that it will not be necessary to withdraw the tampon until the vagina and every other orifice is stuffed with cotton wool to prevent the flow of the less regular discharges that make themselves apparent at death. He presses the inner plunger tube into the outer tube with the same forefinger thus injecting the tampon. His hands never touched it or the body. For the last time he had insured correct and hygienic placement.

I leave through the heavy velvet curtain in an attempt to find alleviation.
A BOTTLE GOES DOWN WELL. PUT OUT THE FIRE. LIGHT MY FIRE. A LOCAL CALL GOES A LONG WAY. ONE OF A FEW PRIVILEGES LEFT TO MAN.....

"Do you mind, its my one evil, well I mean- its my weekly visit to my mums. Well you know, its one of those things you do, dont you" "He had a choice of schools at the time. He had a friend at the new one, but it was further away" "OH yes" "Yes, yes you do dont you" "Well it becomes automatic." "So we sent him to the closer of the two. Hes happy enough there." "Yes its better like that"

"Well, I think iys better." "Yes, thats right, its better." REMEMBER REMEMBER STOCKPILE "OH dear, call it all to mind. No. No. You feel all out of routine." "Mmmm." "Lovely car." "I dont know what hes going to do." "Here Ill show you some pictures.

Alan and Pat- some of them didnt come out. Thats me, and theres the back of my head. OH I hate photographs." "Nice." "This is my friend, and this is my niece." "Nice." "They're the two that are engaged, she'll have him right under her thumb." "Will you donate to the missionaries fund, who have centres throughout the West. They take people off the streets and teach them a more caring attitude towards life." "Yes, thats right, its better like that, clean."

I return through the heavy velvet curain, the body is dead.

In the grate, a noisy gas firelighter labours over burning a wad of used wet cotton wool, coughing and spluttering, as if conscious of the distaste felt when it is noticed. Air fresheners hang from the angular light fittings, but are ineffectual, merely increase the thick stench of rotting fruit flesh and disinfectant. Still succulent flowers flow in. (Dead upon observation, even before they were torn from the soil. They droop now, in the hot room, the atmosphere too heavy for the blooms to hold their heads, ashamed of the abuse). "As a token of our unfailing love". What is this love, a love of death? Unfailing, unquestioned? PAY RESPECT. Her death you looking at her alive. Your death you looking at her alive. You life you looking at it dead? PAY RESPECT, the morbid inspection parade. "I feel sorrow from the depths of my soul". "I have fond memories of the happy times we spent together". These reminiscences substantiate your own death. Lest we forget.

After many tests he came in. The bell rings again. Two men in black suits and ties, smelling of acrid cigarette smoke, having just finished smoking outside the door, enter through the heavy velvet curtain. Small patches of sweat show through the armpits of their white nylon shirts. In the room upstairs they pull back the covers to check that no atrocities have been performed on the body that would prevent them from carrying out their duty. Having, with difficulty, moved the bed to afford access to the side of the body, they transfer it onto a white paper sheet, under which is a canvas stretcher bag, on the floor. The body is spreadeagled and they duly re-arrange the limbs in a dignified position, legs out straight, together, arms to the sides, hands crossed over chest. Covering the body, including the head, with another white paper sheet, they bind it into the bag with thick leather straps. They carry the package downstairs, faces flushed, beads of sweat forming on their brows, and transfer it onto a collapsible trolley the legs of which spring into place when the upper section is raised from the floor. Official documents are filled in and stamped. They leave through the curtain.

"If you would just like to take a seat, I'll see you in two minutes." Eye contact avoided. The rubber plant is dry. Large green leaves turn to yellow. Out of sight behind the expanse of dark mahogany desk a motor company calender discreetly advertises pneumatic naked breasts and eternal sunshine within this grey room. "What is your relationship to the deceased, who nursed the deceased, who employed the deceased?" "Would the family and closest friends perhaps like to pay their respects to the deceased for one last time". Confusion-deceased? Who are the deceased? Pay respect? Closest friends? Where is me? I find nothing-a void. Don't expect respect. "I was the husband, the nurse, the doctor" he says. (She died through my exclusive love of her, she died through her exclusive love of me. We are, and have been, the deceased.) Till death do us part.

"Thanks for your help son, your support son." What son. I am not yours, never was, never shall be. Your me died through the same exclusive love, at birth. We are all apart. I feel no attachment. No loss. Her life was as a mother to me, now no-one mothers me. Who cares. You don't care for me, you care for son. Family ties, family lies. She was your mother to me. To you I am her son, your son. I am me, now, no past, no future. To you, that I has never been. I can see you behind your mask, will you let me see? Will you see me? I can see you people, you can see me. Will you stop defiling yourselves, will we stop defiling each other.

"I feel so deeply for you and your family."
Your distress must be dreadful. I pray that you will be given the strength to endure the days ahead, and know from whence it comes. I am one of the many who are weeping.

With my deepest sympathy."

The work of Benjamin is well known and respected among European cancer doctors. For several years he has been a

反戰

anti-war