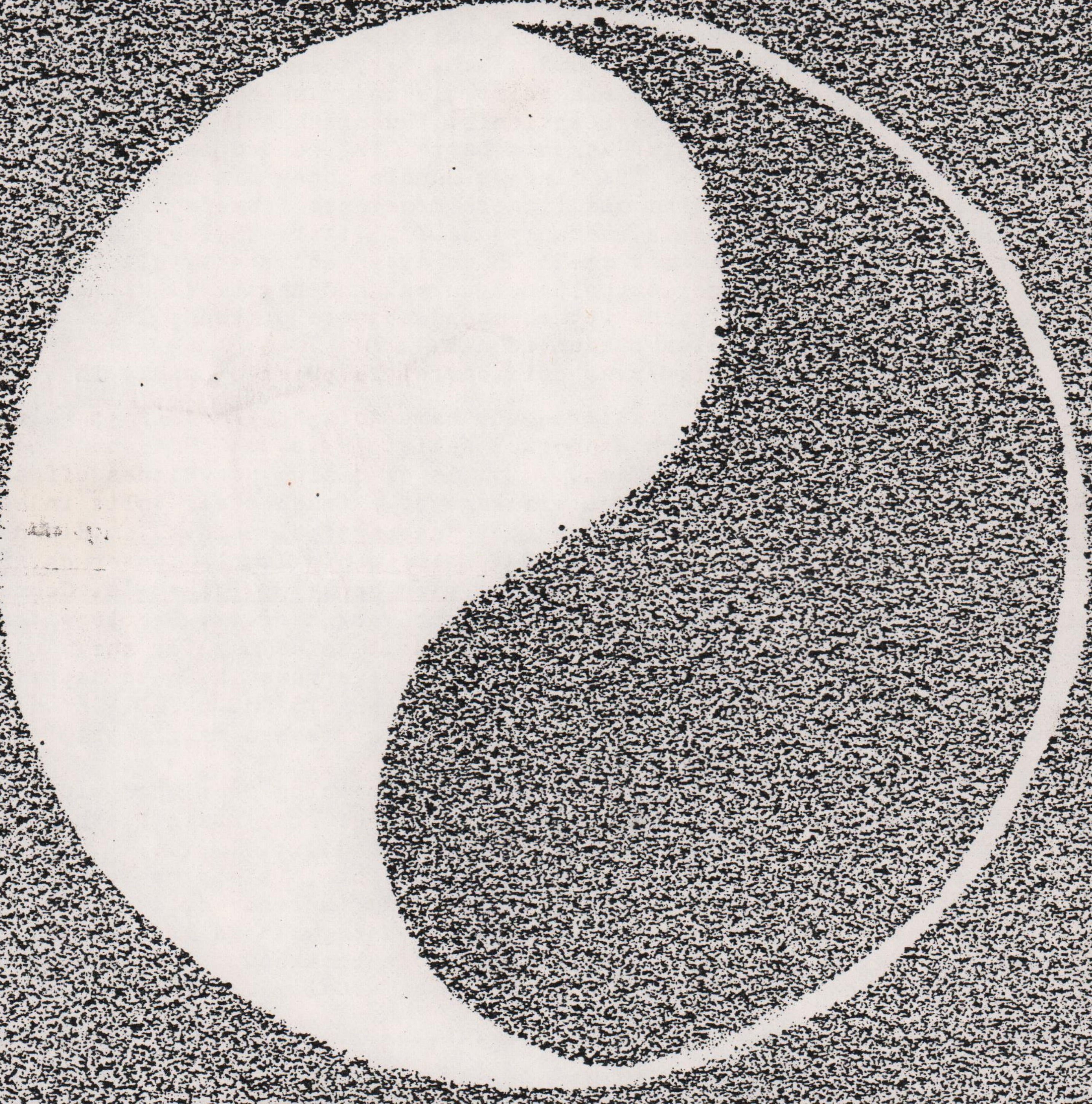


15p



KISS THE EARTH



.....and he sat there, like he had done every morning for these past nine months 'Can i help you please' He says in dull monotone voice in the way the company taught him to on his guest relations course. 'Good morning' Echoes from the walls for the thirtieth time in one hour. Underneath the desk he slips the bullets into the black, cold and heavy Colt.45. Five bullets are blank, one is real, DEATH is engraved upon it's outer shell. His crime is living, tedious, monotonous and boring. His sentence is death, pure, simple, painless and self inflicted. 'Good morning, Eden Park Hotel, can i help you' He says politely and clearly over corporation telephone switchboard in a tone that stinks of decadance and hotel S.M.I.L.E. service hidden behind pathetic hair style, suit, clean shirt, tie and name badge so South African

Nazi guests can identify stropopy receptionist. Russian Roulette in the garden of Eden?? --Finger squeezes trigger as cold barrel is pressed calmly into temple-- CLICK! His fingers handle money/his fingers handle money/his money fingers handle /his fingers money handle/his handle fingers money/his fingers handle money/that he can never hold. He .S.miles .M.iserably .I.f .L.ittle .E.lse; Teeth, white and clean, polished aqua fresh and smell Oh so clean and pretty plastic. His mouth feels like his brain, hollow, polished, unreal and negative. His brain feels like the humans he works with, tho wether these objects of cheap labour are human is a thing which has always haunted him.

--Finger squeezes trigger as cold barrel is pressed calmly into temple--

CLICK!

Managers are basically bastards who have sold their souls to gain a promotion, sure, they have a laugh and crack sexist jokes, but come the time to play big brother, believe me, they do.....His head always switches off at work, like a frail body trapped within the wreckage of a smashed car, split in half, the human brain numbs the body and cuts out the physical pain.....His head always switches off at work, unlike the T.V. set in his little poster covered room with it's sinister hotel video network with house of god eye's. Comfort Hotels International (CHI) exploit people without work permits. People without work permits exploit CHI. Everyone is underpaid, it helps pay for the managing directors rolls royce petrol. 'Everyone is happy, everyone is Oh so happy'.

CHI VIDEO/CHI CARPET/CHI HOTELS/CHI RESTAURANTS/CHI BUILDINGS/CHI BOMBS?

--Finger squeezes trigger as cold barrel is pressed calmly into temple--

BANG!

.....His brains spew forth, frothing from inch wide hole in the side of his head. The bills turn red and bits of grey brain flesh splash into the gathering pools of a dark, thick, rich liquid.....

The hall Porter scoops the pieces into the bin, his hoover sucks up the stains from the CHI carpet, the limp, twitching body is removed, like in hospital silently, so people dont even notice. The desk is repolished and the bills are retyped. It's just one more resignation. One more breakdown. One more victim of full time employment. Meanwhile, it's business as usual!

\*\*\*\*\*

'KISS THE EARTH, FUCK THE CORPSE' - written by Lee.



\*



9/0 56 Brougham Road, Hackney, London, E.8.

... Special thanks to Robv. ...

[Thanks also to - Kim, Frater Perdurabo, Graham (interaction).]

HELLO CLAIRE

HI PADDY

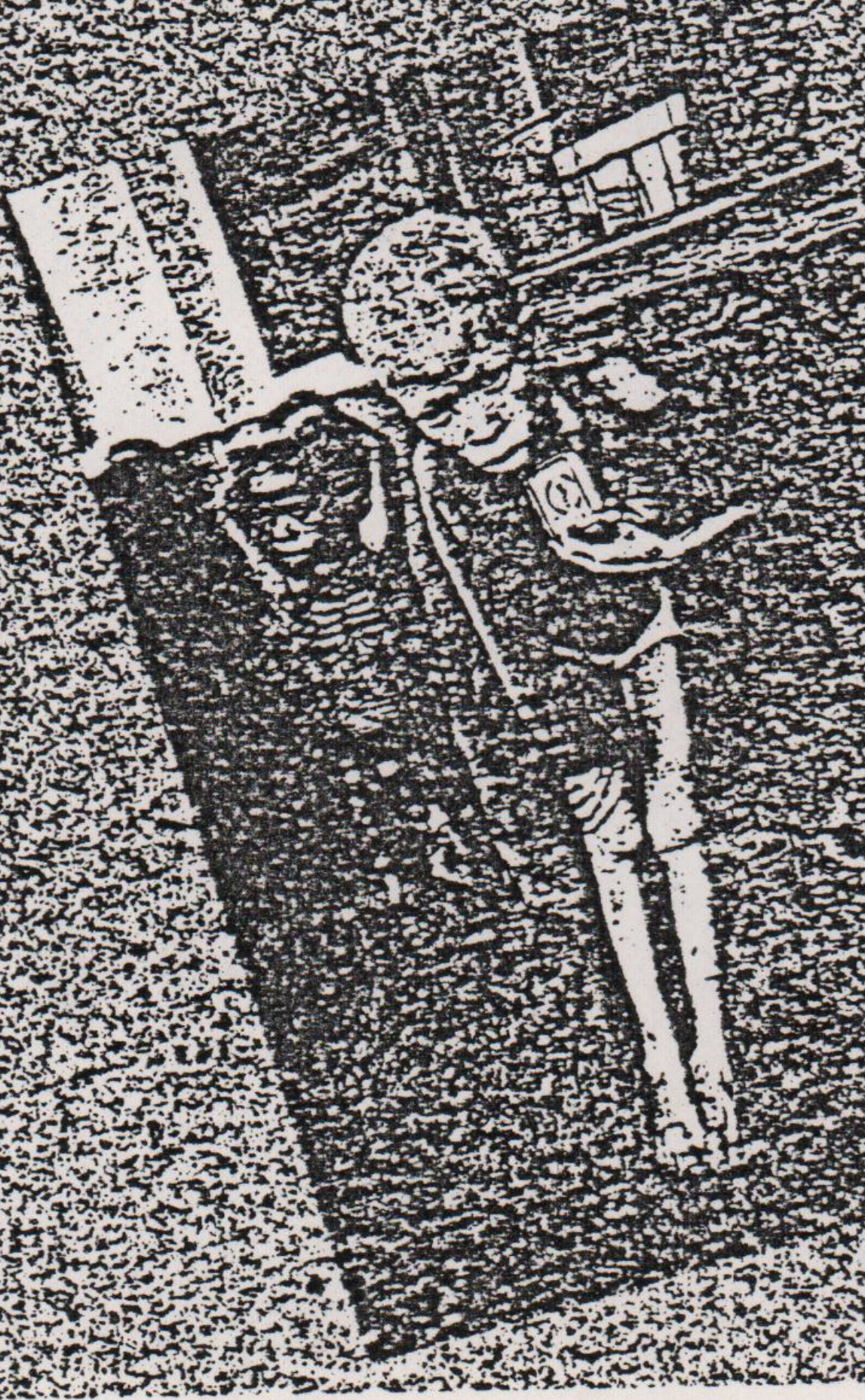
THE LIGHTNING STRUCK TOWER

# CREEPING...

STEP BY STEP DOWN DECADANCE AVENUE CRIPPLE BY  
CRIPPLE SMASHED INTO THE CONCRETE SLABS OF A HAZARDOUS  
OXFORD STREET. FUCKER BY FUCKER THEY RUSH PAST ME, SYNTHETIC  
FOOD CRUSHING ALL HOPES OF SELF AWARENESS, TAKE AWAY EMOTIONS  
FLICKERING BEHIND PETRIFIED EYE'S CRUCIFIED WITH A VOICE LIKE  
CANNED LAUGHTER. SPASTIC BY SPASTIC PLAYING HARMONICA IN HOPE OF VEIN  
CASH CONSCIENCE MONEY FROM EQUALLY SPASTICATED MEMBERS OF THE ENGLISH  
PUBLIC. PERSON BY PERSON, BUYING AND CONSUMING, UNHORRIFIED BY THE ELEVEN  
FUR SHOPS, NUMBED BY ACCEPTANCE OF "This is the way it's always been".  
HUMAN BY HUMAN BROKEN DOWN AND SPLINTERED INTO QUIVERING SHELLS BY THE  
DRUGS OF NORMALITY, THE SYRINGE OF SUBURBIA DANGLING FROM PALE ARMS, THE  
RUSTING FILTHY NEEDLE OF SOCIETY, WELL EMBEDDED INTO BLUE VEINS. POISON BY  
POISON CIRCULATING AND GATHERING AND CORRODING ALL THAT BREATHES LIFE.  
STEP BY STEP WE GO HAND IN HAND.....STEP BY STEP TO THEIR  
PROMISED LAND.....STEP BY STEP WE FALL AND BUY.....  
.....STEP BY STEP WE FORGOT HOW TO CRY.....  
EVERY DAY IS A FESTIVAL AND POVERTY IS THE REALITY OF YOUR  
INDULGENCE.

...SUBURBAN...

...SICKNESS.





Pity the  
killed ...



Pity more  
the killer.

PAIN  
OF  
MOON

A swastika has burnt since birth into your stomach, i must say i had'nt noticed it's english accent before, i mean it's so obvious that it's almost transparent, i mean to say have you ever noticed anything which pissed you off, well, i mean to grumble and i often applaud violence, i've got a thousand reasons for my misery and only one or two could make me happy. I'm tired of the priests fucking the sinners, tired of the Presidents classic joke one liners, tired of Mr Primeministers seductive little war, all trussed up like never before in dead sheep, black skirt, silk stockings and those oh so rapable high heeled shoes with bulging soldier of fortune breasts and hip hip hips, the rape of truth and the fourth world has never been so glamorous.....

A priest hangs like all priests should, by his neck from an Autumn tree. A rapist screams as a knife sticks into his guts, but self defence is no crime, and these times are getting harder, so let's fuck em' with hope and throw a brick thru a butchers window, listen to your hysterical laugh as the glass cracks.....

And i mean to say that i'm tired of ticket collectors taking my money and spending it stupidly, and i mean to say i'm fucking tired of complacent revolutionaries happy with fuck life now they've made a name for themselves, rubbing shoulders with their selfish selves self selves!

An' positive punk is just another grey abattoir screwed by all who need to screw, y'know, like cash ejaculation, monee sex, pound note orgasms on a bed of fleet street credibility..... You didn't smash the system with punk rock and you failed with anarchy peace and gloom, so now drift into happiness, colour and drug lost loneliness, survive one death to die another, you beat THEM by being you, but who needs advice when there's seven bible's at hand, who needs love, I DO. "I wanna hold your hand.."

And i mean to say, i'm tired of greedy old bank managers swinging on peoples poverty and conflict, pissing it up on the cash earned from childrens pain, i mean to say, i'm just sick of ALL boss figures fucking up people like always before, i mean to say, what choice have i been given? and why is my mind my prison? I GUESS I'M JUST OVER REACTING TO THE SNARLING SMILES OF THE 56 MILLION FALKLAND WAR VICTIMS!!

There are still some things we have yet to imagine.

"Come on, hurry up" "Come on.."  
"No..i.....i cant"  
Frozen fingers clutch a green can of holy  
Carlseberg lager, the wind bites into my  
face. "The tree's have no leaves for now  
is winter". I've climbed into your park  
after midnight when the police have closed  
it to the public. "Children of the night..  
..listen". You reach a certain point in  
this park where the roar of the city  
traffic turns to the roar of the sea..waves  
crashing against the rocks, lapping and  
frothing and crawling up the battered  
beach, only to beat a hasty retreat. "Y'know  
i feel like....like that doll clenched in  
your fist...you stick pins into the figure  
and my nerves splinter into a thousand  
fires....and as you smile....i scream.."  
This beautiful park can be a nightmare.  
"Come on, hurry up!" "I cant..i cant move"  
The Sea within a city. "No one swims for  
very long in this place". We are all at  
various stages of drowning. FACT--The  
price we pay for sex is death! QUESTION--  
Do mice have hope? '..needles and pins...  
..love...' blasts from the jukebox resting  
patiently in the corner of an East end pub,  
those people live, yet know not why, nor  
where they go, nor where they even come  
from. How can people live and ask nothing  
of themselves nor their world? The luxury  
of being blinded by comfort, silenced with  
state valium happiness illusion, wrapped in  
celluloid sealed with animal fat! FACT--A  
singular cell can never die. A cell that is  
capable of duplicating, multiplying or  
reproducing is a cell thus born to die,  
therefore SEX=DEATH. ANSWER--Yes, mice do  
have hope, for we have proved it! CHILD-'I  
dont like mice mummy' MOTHER-'No one does  
dear' ME-Does this condemn all mice to  
eternal hell and damnation?.....And now  
back from this park...i used to love you  
like nothing before, now you are so distant  
and all you do is help me reflect upon my  
own pain and bitterness. What has changed  
between us? Those feelings seemed so pure,  
unselfish and intense, now we neither of us  
care.

How we struggled to make it known  
that each of us ended the relationship  
before the other, that it was our decision  
(Incision). Is there some satisfaction in a  
claim of the glory of the destruction of  
that joy, that love? What pleasure being  
first? What pain being last? "But surely  
Lee, you've missed the point, these things  
just dont happen in true romance."

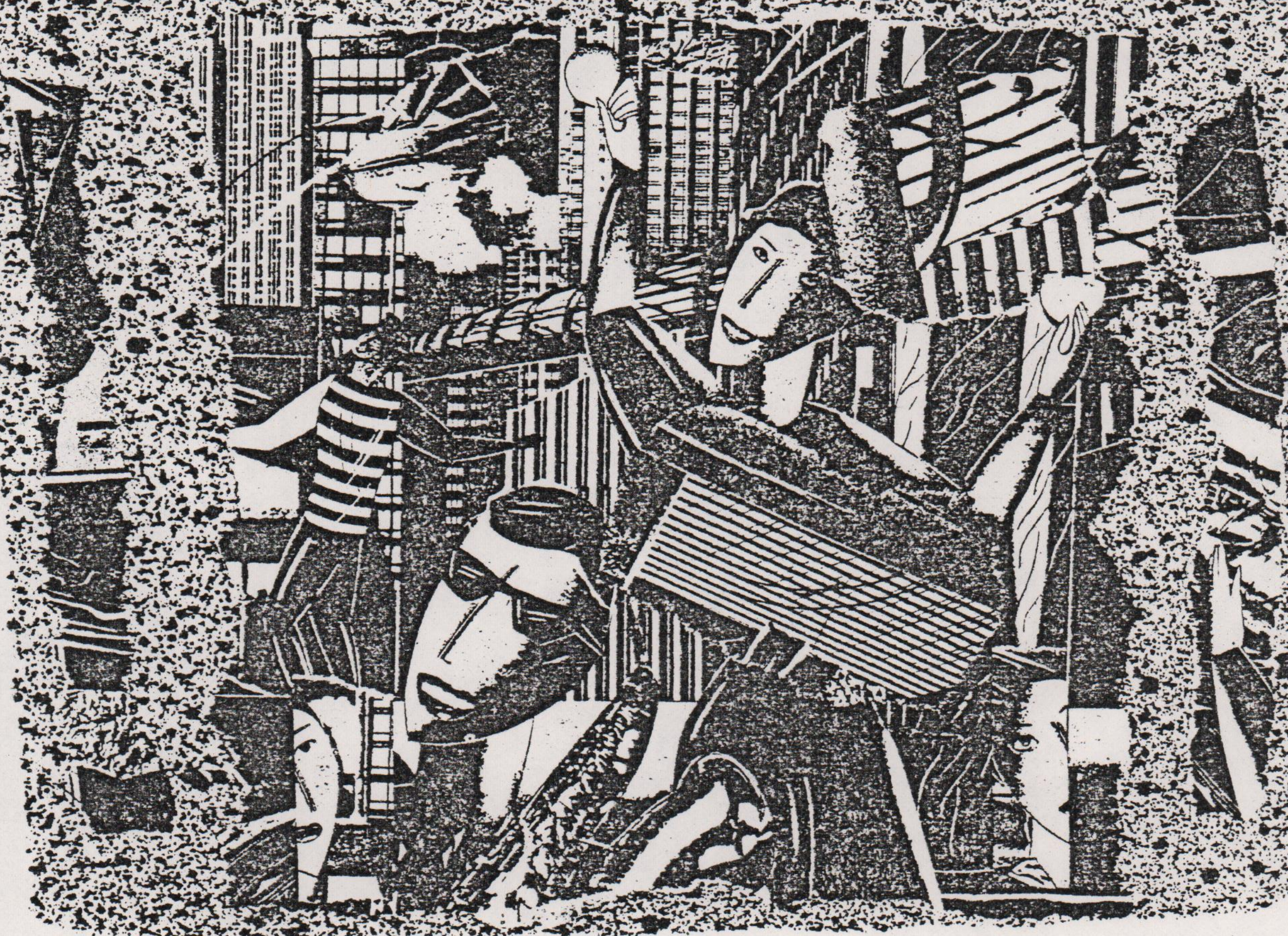
ROMANCE IS MERELY A LANGUAGE OF NICETY  
COVERING UP THE CRACKS IN CHARACTER.  
CHA RA CTER IS BUT THE CRACKS COVERED UP BY  
NICETY?THE MERE LANGUAGE OF ROMANCE.  
"Ahh, i see what you mean, you've been hurt".  
"No..no...no.....yes.."  
'WE TAKE A WHITE  
MOUSE AND PUT IT IN A GLASS TUBE. WE FILL THE  
TUBE WITH WATER. JETS OF OXYGEN ARE BLASTED  
INTO THE TUBE, SWIRLING THE MOUSE AND CONFUSING  
IT. THE MOUSE MUST SWIM OR DROWN. A FTER ONE  
HOUR OF CONSTANT SWIMMING THE WHITE MOUSE  
GIVES UP READY TO DIE..... "But can you  
define love?" "Yes, quite simply" "Well then,  
well then, how..how?" "Love is a fish in a  
lake, love is the fisherman with his bait, the  
fish is wise and knows the hook behind the  
bait, the fisherman is aware that the fish  
knows his obvious trick, the fish cannot resist  
and when the fish bites the bait, the hook and  
barb chew into its flesh, at this point the  
fisherman loses interest and throws back the  
fish, back into the lake of love! "Hmm, very  
profound" "Read again and learn twice as much"  
ONCE THIS MOUSE HAS GIVEN UP WE PLACE A HAND  
INTO THE TUBE AND LIFT IT OUT. LATER WE PLACE  
IT BACK INTO THE GLASS TUBE OF SWIRLING WATER  
AND THIS TIME THE MOUSE KEEPS SWIMMING. SOME  
MICE SWAM FOR UP TO EIGHTY HOURS BEFORE  
GIVING UP OUT OF COMPLETE EXHAUSTION. FACT--  
Mice do have hope! CHILD-'Nor do i like  
vivisectors mummy' MOTHER-'No one does dear'  
ME-'Does this mean we can give the animals  
hope, or give them what is naturally theirs?  
And if so oh bastard human, what is ours to  
give? And why is this so?  
Not the end...never the end...but this is  
enough for now.....!

DURING THE COURSE of a disturbing  
dream I went to bed and to sleep.

SENSES SEDUCED BY SEXUAL COLOURS  
SEXUAL SHAPES AND SEXUAL FLOWERS  
SEE THE WASHING HOW IT GETS WHITER  
SEE THE FORD SIERRA HOW IT GETS FASTER  
NOTE THE MONOLOGUE ALMOST SOOTHING  
THE SEDUCTIVE VOICE GETTING LOUDER  
SEX IS UPON YOUR TELEVISION SET  
SO PURE AND WHITE, SO FLASH AND FAST  
IT'S ALMOST TOO GOOD TO BELIEVE  
IT'S ALMOST TOO GOOD TO BE REAL  
THE TECHNICOLOUR ORGASM ADVERTISING DREAM  
SHATTERS THE GLASS IN YOUR T.V. SCREEN

\* \* \* \* \*  
AND BROKEN GLASS FALLS UPON YOUR FUCKING CARPET  
YOUR HARD EARNED CASH SUPPORTS THEIR FUCKING MARKET  
SEX ON SUNDAYS? SEX IN BED?  
SEX SELLS MEAT, SEX SELLS DEATH  
AND THE GLASS UPON THE FLOOR CUTS YOUR FEET  
AND YOU BLEED.....OH HOW YOU BLEED  
AND THEIR SEXIST TRASH FUCKS YOUR CHILD  
THE SOUND AND VISION CORRUPTS IT'S MIND  
BUT YOU STILL LISTEN TO THE MOANING VOICES  
BUT THE HARD CASH PRICK IS OUT OF VIEW  
NOTE THE SEXUAL SUBCONSCIOUS SUGGESTION....  
MY GOD! HOW IT RAPES YOU!!

\* \* \* \* \*



# HAIL CHRISd

HAIL CHRISd ENTANGLED IN BARBED WIRE  
UPON A CROSS OF BLAZING FIRE  
HIS HALO HANGS LIKE A LOWLY SMILE  
BODY LIMP LIKE A SEXLESS CHILD  
HIS FEET ARE CLOVEN  
WITH A MIND OF DEATH INCEST  
HIS WORDS ARE WRITTEN  
IN CHRISd INVEST YOUR INTEREST  
HIS SKIN HAS TURNED BURNT HAIR  
BODY SMASHED INTO THE CHAIR  
HAIL CHRISd TANGLED UP IN DEATH ROW  
GAURDIAN ANGEL, THE CARRION CROW  
PICKING MEAT FROM HIS RIBS  
HIS GOLDEN DIRT EYE'S SILICON CHIPS  
HAIL CHRISd HAIL HIM LOUD  
CONSUMED BY THE FIVE STAR SHROUD  
BOW DOWN RITUAL SALUTE TO EAST  
KISS THE FACE PRICK OF THE PRIEST  
HAIL THE EARTHQUAKE OF DESTINY  
HAIL US ALL IN SACRED MISORY  
HAIL CHRISd IN PALE JEW SKIN  
OPEN OVEN THROW HIS RACE IN  
FASTEN THOSE LEATHER ATHEIST BOOTS  
AND KICK HIS CRUCIFIED FACE TO BITS  
DANCE A HOLY DANCE IN THE LIGHT OF ARMAGEDDON  
FIGHT A HOLY WAR IN THE DARKNESS OF JERUSALEM  
HAIL CHRISd IN PURITAN BLASPHEMY  
HAIL CHRISd IN BLACK MASS MATRIMONY  
HAIL A MAN JEEZUS WITH NAILS IN HIS HANDS  
HAIL THE CARD FOOL DOING A CLIFF EDGE DANCE  
FUCK THE MOTHER VIRGIN MARY  
FUCK THE CHILD AND FUCK HIM HOLY  
CHAINED TO CHURCH THE HOME OF SCHOOL  
HAIL CHRISd----THE STATE'S ULTIMATE TOOL!





unmindful of their part in a great, familiar drama



Some of us have the  
luxury of cracking up.....

"....SHE WAS AXED TO PIECES BY A MAN...."

...And then the English man reclined into his comfortable arm chair, comfortable because it was nearly as old as he was, stained with alcohol from Saturday night watching match of the day, burned with careless cigarettes, and old mouldy peanuts wedged in the corners, only to be discovered when his wife cleans up just before Christmas. He feels secure in his little sweet industrial home, surrounded by the things he has acquired in time. His strength thru joy, his freedom thru work, his dignity in labour, his stubborn arrogant pride..... like a blindness.....

"....BY A MAN WHO SAT AND WATCHED T.V. FOR TOO LONG...."

...And as he relaxed, Newcastle brown ale contaminating his already poisoned blood, Poison;; For the destruction of parasites. He flickers his eye lids but fails to see the blue/grey cathode rays bouncing against

the bland wallpaper, smashing into his blinded eye's, hacking his subconscious, shining like bright winter stars thru the half inch glass screen. This man works in a filthy steel factory, full of rats like people, stray cats, crap air and dead seventeen year old kids from Darlington, and this man believes in democracy, (dishonesty).

"....WATCHED T.V. FOR TOO LONG AND TOOK THE IMAGES...."

...Mind now beaten to a disgusting messy pulp, a non-look look in his eye's, he idly switches from channel to channel, the instant change of dots, colours, musaks, images, feelings and dialogue stimulates something deep within him, so deep that he's not even aware of what it is..... This is his blindness. He eventually turns off the tv set and takes a sip from his sticky glass, the 'brown' is now warm, he drinks it and enjoys its bitter taste. He places the half empty (half full?) glass onto traditionally dull colourless coloured carpet, and picks up a news faker, the death and gore headlines catch his hungry eye's, the naked female body in strangulation pose catches his hungry mind.... sex and death and beer and fags and tv and war and porn and work and snuff movies, the recipe of English bliss, the comfort, the Union Jack (boot) dream!

"....AND TOOK THE IMAGES PUMPED INTO HIS MIND...."

...the print declares the old new tales of rape and violence. The Polish chambermaid of forty who seduced six year old school children with bribes of ice cream in return of certain sexual favours (flavours?). The instant collapse of a P. Thatcher's political career. The horror tale of a biology teacher who faked being a doctor and performed abortions and vasectomies without his patients knowing the truth (thing is - does the fetus know the difference?). The lobotomised man begging for pennies by playing flute in circus Oxford! The murder house where thirteen bodies were discovered by accident. The token tales of black transvestite child molesters, and also the dirty squatters who refuse to move from their only home and the agony of the mothers of deformed children who need the building to set up an alternative school.....

....He read lots of trash like this in the daily horror. He comments bitterly about the state of the world to his mute wife sat stupidly in pathetic settee knitting a green cardigan for neighbours baby to be (if it's mother doesnt visit the biology teacher that is!) The mute wife is strangled in the wedlock problems cum obsession of keeping fat pig corpse eating husband for twenty three years in idle normality. She thinks he is all wise and thinks he holds all the answers to the worlds violence because he has found so many people to blame (dont they always?) He shouts at her, swilling the 'brown' and gripping the glass tighter as he works himself up into another rage....She says nothing....because she has nothing to say!

"....PUMPED INTO HIS MIND SINCE CHILDHOOD...."

....Before retiring for the evening, he reads the letter that arrived that spring morning from their loved son serving in Germany in the Queens armed forces..... for some reason unknown to me at that time, he understood the letter very easily, it made him smile tenderly. The fact that certain words had been obscured and that the envelope was already open didnt seem to bother him. Outside, a vulture called british telecom spreads it's wings (5th Reich?) and as it flys, a huge dark shadow looms over the englishmans little home, and ten thousand ears listen in to his private and most personal telephone call, and the information is instantly relayed to the british polices computers. They can now track down any U.K. individual in less than thirty seconds, after all, it's not only your Doctor who has uses for your medical records!

"....SINCE CHILDHOOD, OUT INTO THE BIG BAD WORLD...."

'Fuck off/Fuck off/You minless lot'-He screams out loud to the switched off T.V. set with distant glassy eye's, and to the crumpled up newscaster he yells 'The answer, well it be simple....simply be!', and it's edges burnt in the wicker waste paper basket. The newcastle brown ale spilt upon the carpet carpet, gently frothing like sewage, and the mute wife sprawled upon the floor in hideous position. He screams and cries and kicks and tears the bland patterned wallpaper with his factory oil stained fingernails clawing and frantically scratching, trying to dig out all the things which have long been buried so cleverly deep within him.....

"....AXED TO PIECES BY A MAN WHO SAT AND WATCHED T.V. FOR TOO LONG, AND TOOK THE IMAGES PUMPED INTO HIS MIND SINCE CHILDHOOD OUT INTO THE BIG BAD WORLD...."

....And so, the tired gentle man cried, sobbing at the funeral of his wife, feet buried in last years leaves, splintered emotions in every single drop of dew that trickles from the corner of his eye....his fragile mind once again a huge patriotic industrial town vacuum of nothingness....His home still stands but it has no soul....he wears a penetrating worried frown, and with exhausted deep set eye's, he realises that he cannot afford the funeral of him-self.....

\*\*\*\*\*

While others just Die !!



ΚΕΦΑΛΗ ΙΔ

ONION-PEELINGS

The Universe is the Practical Joke of the General  
at the Expense of the Particular, quoth FRATER  
PERDURABO, and laughed.

But those disciples nearest to him wept, seeing the  
Universal Sorrow.

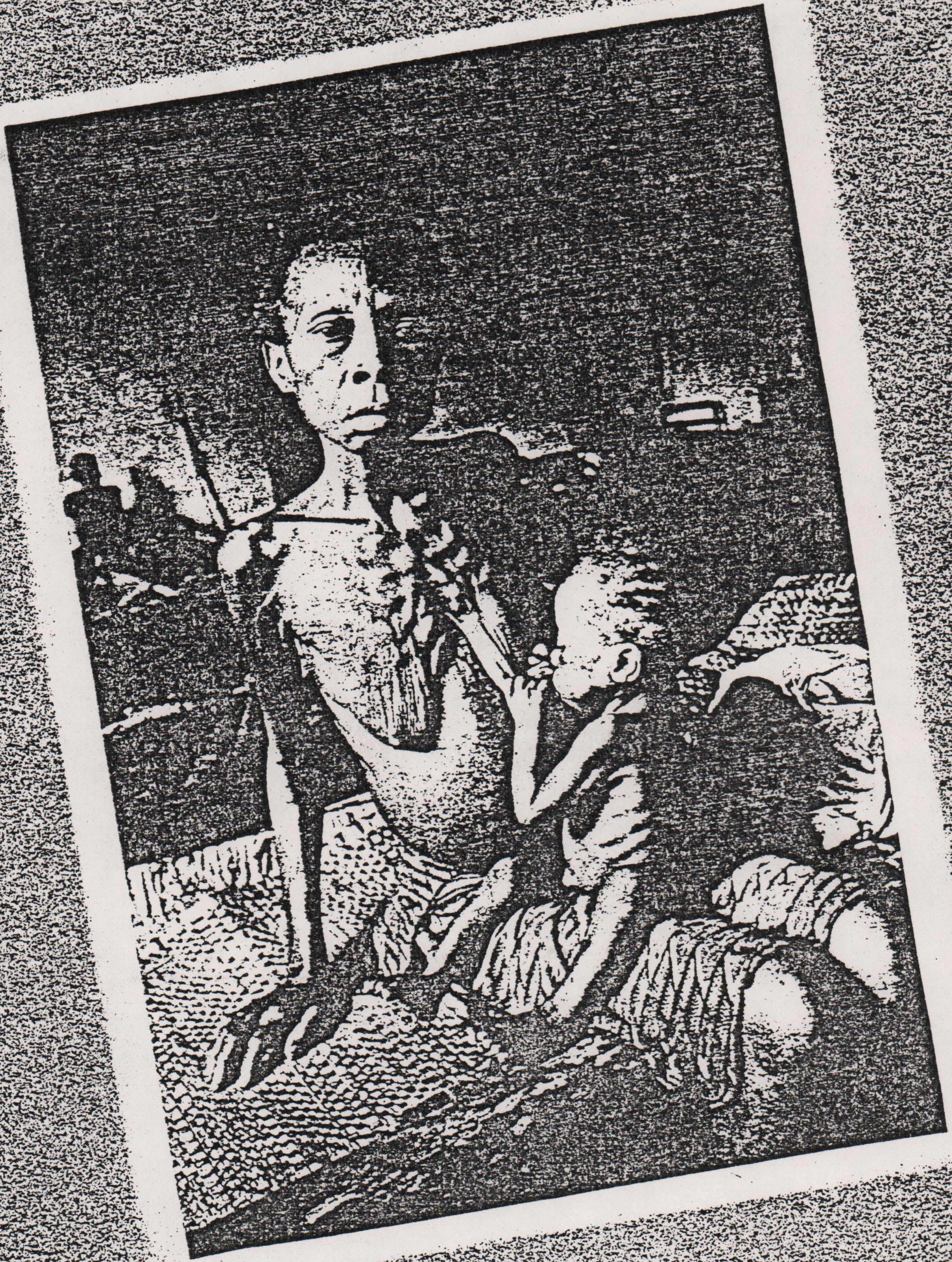
Those next to them laughed, seeing the Universal  
Joke.

Below these certain disciples wept.  
Then certain laughed.  
Others next wept.  
Others next laughed.  
Next others wept.  
Next others laughed.

Last came those that wept because they could not  
see the Joke, and those that laughed lest they  
should be thought not to see the Joke, and thought  
it safe to act like FRATER PERDURABO.

But though FRATER PERDURABO laughed  
openly, He also at the same time wept secretly;  
and in Himself He neither laughed nor wept.

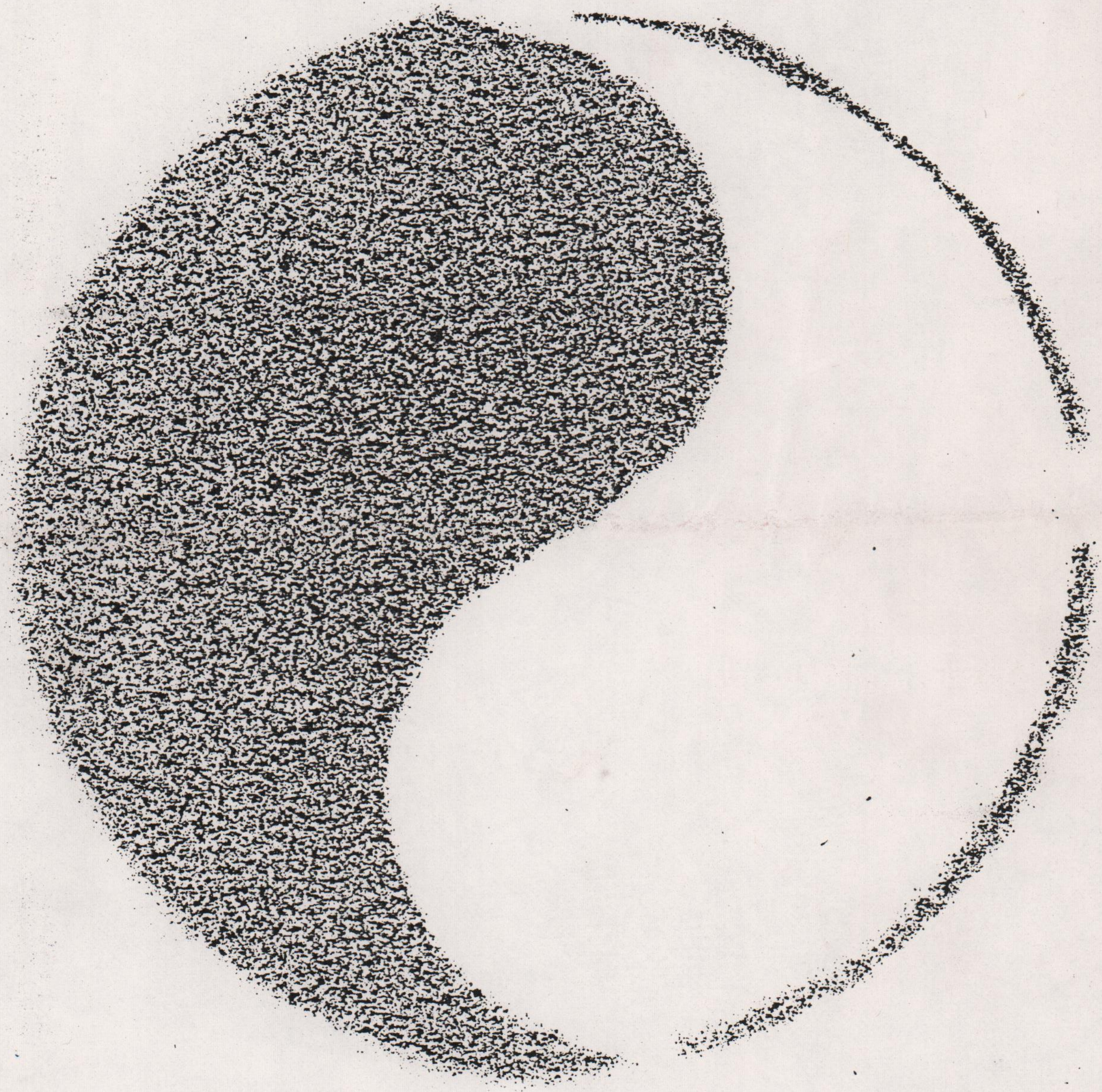
Nor did He mean what He said.



Here i am, Swimming in Rat City

Splashing around in the Rat Race

Where the biggest Rats always win.....



AND FUCK THE CORPSE

bye  
bye.