

COLLECTED WORKS
1981-1989

1981 JUVENALIA

1983

FIVE QUINTETS

1987 WORDS

1988 REACH

1989 JOURNEY

JUVENALIA

2.81. SCHOOLBOYS
Shetland-jumping dead-men,
Caged by repetition,
Sit on shining backsides....
Brains down dead-ends....
Bodies in virginal glory.

They're worshipping a paper zen
To fortify the dead tradition,
Keeping dry from nature's tides...
Real's the world they'll never meet
In their television life-story.

Minds kept closed and mouths left open,
Friendship is coalition.
On to self-void ego slides;
Lives forever incomplete.

12.80.

DISCO-DISGUST

Bodies unowned by minds blanked for enjoyment,
Dancing mildly as beat subsides.
"Who'll have me?" ,the cattle market's on;
What price do I have to pay for you to buy me ?
Disco-disgust sets in and coagulates,
Drives you to violence
And jealousy of the mindless.
You can look, but you can't touch,
Say tight satin trousers,
Sweet innocence out to loose its reputation.
Girls stand, hand in hand,
Perversion's expression in their young-age.
Nurtured in cages of behaviour,
Adolescence is their highest crime.
Two minds touch across the floor,
But feelings don't count in Hipsville.

3.ii.

A cancerous adult insanity
That all-pervades his being
The pain of leprous self-revulsion
The mind's escape within the mind.

A final seizure of understanding
As the heart of emotion halts
Functioning on a social programme
As the mind turns its back on itself.

3.iii.

Reshuffle an argument,
Remove a meaning,
Philosophy conceived
Like numbers from a bag,
Singo-existentialism,
Not a trick, not an entertainment.
An altar to toiling apathy,
No body. No reward. No thanks.

Burn my skin
Shut me in
Make me bleed
Tug my lead
Whip my back
Wake bones crack
Blind my eyes
Tell me lies.
Open my mind
Crush what you find.

JACK-BOOM SCREAM

I heard my scream as the brutal heel
Crushed my head.
My thoughts pulsed red
Angry and inflamed.
A will was stamped and trampled
Into a compliant mush.
The heart's spasm ripped a chasm
Of pain across itself.
Body wretched a humble writhe
Of utter submission.
Memory begged to be bled of this blister
Of sheer hurt.
Fride limped leprous and blind
Along behind.
My senses scream and are silent.

If I asked you to knit me a baby,
Would you rush off to buy the will
To produce a pristine, shining body?

If I told you to wash-up my soul,
Would you mop and scrub my thoughts
And order them real neat in some drawer?

If I wanted you to tidy my life,
Would you iron-out all the problems
And dust all my old ideals?

If I chauvinised myself with lechery and booze,
Wouldn't you pack-up and clear-out?

I creep ... up ... on ... you.
I'd like to pounce softstrongslowly
And envelop you in a masturbatory hold
To turn you on to a new insight
On innocence : the guilty view.
I invite you to revel in the reverie
Of reveal and upsurge...
The sponge and pill of it all
The tongue and spill of it all !
To release the beast
To break the ring?
Trip, slip, slide on the tides that guide you.
Go, flow, glow with the idea beguiling you.
Drift, lift, draft in my direction.
Fly, lie, die in my arms tonight.

FRAGMENTS.

1. Let me show you something,

Something different.

A thing to bring surprise,

To shock your box,

Amaze your eyes and ears.

Let you hear me come.

Fear the force as I spend

As I rénd me out,

Lend me a look of love.

2. And did you see with me

As the sight set to shrinking?

And did you hear the sheer

Sound of sex sinking?

And did you feel unreal

As you sat blush and slinking?

3. She sits in the chair,

As I lie on the bed,

As she lays under me.

She yawns her true care,

As I whisper in silence,

As she screams to a stop.

Boose-wetted she snores,

As finger-licking I smile,

As lip-smacking she purrs.

4. The sun beat down

A hypothetical rhythm

Realised by your arrival.

3.81. GIRL

I wonder why she talks to me keeping me up all night
With her sweet, untenable memory taking her out of my sight
Leaving me to self-parody

So I'll try to escape self-pity and show her a bridge
To climb across a somewhere sea to reach a peak, stand on the edge
Of a golden, sodden crystal city

Breeding she'll find me silly paralysis is rampant past my pen
Why do I disguise our possibility with a mask of self-doubt
Which hides my every quality

I want to phone her silently to ask her what we're up to
We conquer every enmity but death as achievement is nothing new
Our friendship's ancient, bright and true sordid by withdrawal of sense
But when unowned eyes glide and meet maybe you emphasize inexperience.

4.81.

I'm just a metaphysical flasher
giving you glimpses of the private parts
buried inside my brain,
in the grave into which your spade of interest crashes,
in the cemetery of lost loves where life begins.

Living in a graveyard
And lying on a stone
With a starling singing in a tree
A song for who and me.

We have obtained life
From the nothing of living
And co-ordinated our dreams and lie-lives so tightly.
Our heads each hold a universe
More real than their reality.

6.81. SKY-BABY-BLUE

I'm the earth and you're the sky, human muse atomic...
Blue, endless, untouchable... wanting an dove-wing loss.
I use my Nature to try to reach you,
Offering flowers as prayers to totality.
The blond of me bursts up in your light,
And I tear at myself to discover you.
My wonder is at your blazing, ice-furnace sunsets;
My marvel at your hypnotic moods and seasonal deaths.
Rainbow-enchanted drips off my mind peels
And gushes down in the rain-hope you throw down,
In mockery of the evaporation I cry at you in need.

Writing

Is a crime.

Writers steal human feeling

Leaving just surrogate sentiment,

Devaluing the wonder of what he thinks he sees

By trying to trap it in ugly, form-cages of words that kill.

He plucks at our frail flowers of nature and heart,

And translates them into his personal weakness,

Pressing his desires and self

Into this punishment

Of lost motive

And means.

10.81. YOUNG

I let your beauty tempt my virgin love,
That, like love, can never be love;
Will always remain a memory of innocent thought,
While I'm as small as you in caring for etiquette and age.

Being young, we know perfection of ideas;

We are the metaphors and you the compared; you aged existers.

We are inaccurate, but absolutely expressive.

Ex-perience confuses you, so your whole life is a politics of mistakes;

Like some poem whose concepts burst its rhythm and cripple its rhyme,

Whose creators page-pissing lets him think more horizonally.

We are not paid to take ourselves seriously...

We do not beg our feelings from others...

We are the Greeks of life;..superhuman, unknown images.

Our minds are not smothered in facts. We are young

And you are old. We are ancient eternity and you are eternally absent.

You are space and we are time... You real and we ethereal... You words, we the thought

1.82. PSYCHO-SURGICAL SLEEP.

Living emotions transplant innocence with reality,
Leaving me open and bleeding;
Unstitched , vulnerable.
Anaesthetised in overwhelming sentiments,
Infatuous and indulgent,
Vaguely envisaging parent surgeons
Operating clumsily with kitchen-outlery threats.

Revelling in new-born psyche, soul, heart and mind,
Conceived in wombs of youth and confidence
where intellect was kept, budding round it's id
And never bloomed to glory in or know itself.

Ego slips into its own safe subconscious,
With a wink at the world it wasted long ago.
In a survival of mind out of body,
She sees her body and soul complete, human whole.

Awake in an antiseptic bed-bath of realisation
Of a new, warm proportion;
Stretching, yawning, eye-opening into a balance of realities,
A contented peace that blankets a bed of innocence.

2.82.

I am my brain, trapped inside a warm, safe room.
Tears roll and rain-drop over my views of the world,
Windowing the preconception and bias that cover my mind
From the pneumonia-reality that could kill me.

My relationships are society, well ordered with chaotic effects,
Their purpose to satisfy my fiscal ego.

I structure my friends within me to keep them at bay
And prevent their natural excess of ideas and content.

to give is golden
to love is red
to dream is blue
to feel is white
to be young is yellow
to die is brown
to know is black

6.82. WRITE YOUR MIND

I prostrate myself pervert across this paper,
Indulging in creation as a luxury to excess.
I straddle my subjects to converse with them,
Discovering their minds by a physical familiarity.
Like a whore, I can process philosophy,
Begrading myself in a desperate attempt at knowledge.

Thought and I chase each other, naked
Through mazes of comprehension.
I catch her in a field of golden wheat sheaf
And am too dumbstruck to dare to know her.
We are sordid in our innocence of each other,
And I clumsily try to rape a meaning out of her.

Thought is the crystal purity I dream of.
Poetry is the muddied reality I accept and love.

TO WRITE

Words, I hate you
not for turning my thoughts and feelings into lies
but for dictating the bounds of what I can think, feel and be.
I lust for the communication of concepts,
pure as immortality,
free from the connections and conditioning of the world.
I love to speak with my other senses,
dumbing the biases and malice carried in my voice,
restricting the pain that perverted misunderstandings cause.
My mind rules my emotions
yet I can only hint at what they mean,
keep them on life-support outside myself.
I can plant the seed of my emotions,
by the ejaculation of these thoughts,
but its children are born misformed.

MOOD.

I still feel the dregs of some thrill,
As I turn my spoon, mechanic, in my coffee
As I throttle the tap to spew out water,
As I murder my clothes to make them clean.
I curl-up in a warmth of flea-pit doubt,
And dare to let an eye glimpse out.
I wring all I can out of my stony existence;
Out flow water, wineand blood.

OF BOOKS TO CRY MY LIES;

I read of books to cry my loss and soul-love,
Lost in the libraries of existence;
With feelings calculated and filed in cosy compartments,
Shelves of innocence, growth and maturity.

Dictionaries of words to be experienced
As life shows you videos of what its like
To love, have, share, fear, fight,
A deceptive, cossetting shade of reality.

Romance, thrill., detect, encyclopede!
In this world of papyral absolutism.
Believe in this media of imperfection.
Martyr your brain to this crucifixion of learning.

Precis, consider, criticise, conclude.
Discover vicarious, second-hand ideals.
Scholarly infatuation to paper and
Complete self-loss in pages of knowledge.

We read our prejudice and experience into our heads,
Miscalculate insaluble human questions,
Fail when love examines us,
Nervous of non-existent consequences.

We create by mere digestive systems,
Communicate through deceptive media,
Live in the printed reality we distrust,
Dieⁱⁿ lexico-graphic coffins of unfulfilled expectancy.

2. 83.

29.6.86

To sit with my love in the long grass all day,
Warm in her care and the sun's caress.
There to relax, fulfill and content,
In the chirruping silence and visible peace.
To find unity with nature, self and friend,
While the world becomes our opposite
And our lives intertwine and regenerate.

FIVE QUINTETS

THE FIVE QUINTETS. (3.83.)

1.i.

All I know or feel in one moment
Is all I can ever hold
Within my being, as experience.
Yet I cannot realise or understand
What each instant brings.
Yet I cannot convince you
That I know what each brings to me.
Thus: the dust settling
On the fabric of my mind
Forms a skeleton of obscurity
Which shapes and supports me;
But which I cannot see
Unless I destroy or maim myself.
'Flow into me', cried a voice
Of honeyed warmth,
Maternal and suggestive.
'Breathe my fragrant ideas.
Give your inexperience
In my velvet senses.
Cosset your worries
In my lambswool and thistledown of rest'.

The world is harsh and jagged;
We must protect ourselves from it.
Each second suicides
Into the genesis of the next.

ii.

Pomegranite and pearls lounge,
Insipid in the throats
Of Christs cross-kissed children.
Obvert and stinging,
Reality barks out its ringing oath,
Setting ahead reeling;
Setting a bed feeling
Its occupant's emotions.
Theirs is the rising and ~~the~~ fall,
Waxing and waning
Emotive silences,
That release and ensnare
The hopes and despair
Of a gaggle of panting hearts.
Paradigms of theory and ideal
To steal away the flesh's pulse,
To mechanise the catch of breath,
To ever be only aware,
To be oblivious of the instant and the eternal,
Revelling in inability and paradox.

iii.

Time despised and time to be despised.
Each the object of abject disgust.
Worms ate my soul and worms shall eat my flesh.
Purge and glut disease mentalities.
Horror and joy disfigure equally.
Pain and ecstasy destroy their own creations.
Tubes to transmit the malady,
Insipient under the skin of the city,
Prolonging its own torture,
Rotting and decaying below.
Buried every five minutes,
Resurrected in ever-re-opening doors.
Time's swarms waste worlds away...
Concepts dripping and co-agulating,
That open the mind to further voids of excitement;
Whisps of passion,
Snuffed-out in the frivolity of themselves.

iv.

The bell tolls the mourners
To attend to clay and dust,
In their own graves.
Hence the axis thrusts,
Pivoting the mocking-bird's call
Against the twist of an ivy.
'I am the Word'....
GOD
Is the word.
Man is the grammar and syntax,
The flow and the meaning,
The content and the style.
Man cracks and slides.
Man dies and man is born.
His is not the gift of divinity.
Belief is a shimmering, bright stagnation;
A structure to mock its creators;
An ancestral laughter that shrieks
Down the shreds and lamination of Time
To enunciate Nullity to the forgetful,
To whisper Doom in the ear of hope,
Blowing desolation like a nuclear hurricane.

2. i.

Genecessation..... Spiders.
Spiders and lice
To traumatise domesticity.
Boundless, fleeting images of paradise
Are felled by personal serpents,
Creeping in and crawling about.
Mortality raps endlessly on the doors of my percept.
Barricades of familiarity must exorcise the horror
I can only boast of my inadequacies and flaunt my in
Genecessation. Shit.
Shit and marriage;
Both the end and the beginning;
Reproduction and nourishment.

2.ii.

Words are merely a means to an end,
And are thus meaningless.
Peace is the ash
Left after the sacrifice of experience and virtue;
Often masquerading in the shape of wisdom.
But the only knowledge that can be found is
In the objectivity of a cradle,
In the oblivion of instincts.
Age scares the soul to seek refuge in ignorance...
Blind Vision...
Deaf and dumb communication;
Or, to wrap their troubles in insanity and trauma.
When the world suicides,
No-one will care
And no-one will protest.

iii.

Nor I, nor my soul know what nothing is like.
We only know of the terror
Of the paradox of void and existence.
Coming and going,
Ebbing and flowing,
Waxing and waning,
Half-cut and half-caste.
Images from the procession of life;
The workings of the brain
Blurr the clarity and precision of perception
Brought by blindness and ignorance.

iv.

A mind's self-conception is its own abstract,
Defying comparison and connection,
Denying structure and touch.
And my loss is not a single loss.
My loss is that of the strife,
Of the attempt and in the attempt.
I am only a fool in what I dared,
The human traits that spread their web-weft
To curb my desires with gossamer-cages of inter-reaction.
Emotion is only exploration
Of junk-shops of impression and self-expression,
And of scrap-books holding
Faded, scuffed and thumbed memories and visions:
Memories of the future
And visions of the past. ✓

3.i. MIND-CHANDELIER.

Shafting and reflecting,
Ideas glitter and tinsel in the mind;
As crystal prisms of thought wind,
Changing angles and perception in their
Gold bars of sunlight
Shatter into spectra inside,
Misconceptions of world outside...
Multicoloured insights.
A spectacular illusion of brilliance
That scatters its aura around,
Until inspiration moves aground,
Leaving an artificial light-dance.

3.ii.

The child is unwell
And must be watched over
Protected from the disease and infection
Pervading the atmosphere about him.

He has caught a cold
Of frigidity and naive delusion
That makes his life a cough and sneeze
Of delirious, fevered visions.

The adolescent is infected
Scabbed and rotting
From society's gifts
Paranoid of contact, neurotic of relatio

3.ii.

A cancerous adult insanity
That all-pervades his being
The pain of leprous self-revulsion
The mind's escape within the mind.

A final seizure of understanding
As the heart of emotion halts
Functioning on a social programme
As the mind turns its back on itself.

3.iii.

Reshuffle an argument,
Remove a meaning,
Philosophy conceived
Like numbers from a bag,
Singo-existentialism,
Not a trick, not an entertainment.
An altar to toiling apathy,
No body. No reward. No thanks.

3.iv.

To be definitive,
To be absolutely unquestionable,
They dubbed life the living void.
They explained their ignorances
In terms of coffins and tombs.
'In my birth is my death;
In my beginning is my end'.
Hence their idols of despair
Spawn paradox and instability;
A self-fulfilling self-destruction;
The empirical offspring of philosophising.

Pretty, weighted words are the product of all thought.
All thought has shattered and scattered the poeting.

The world lost her virginity
And the result of her guilt and regret was
Christianity.
It married
And multiplied
In stagnant, industrial, urban dynamism.
Now it has cuckolded its masters
And lies asunder a dalliance of leisure,
Thinking to itself, absent-minded.

4.i.

Guilt washes us clean of sin.
If we worship what we blindly believed
Our consciences shall be unburdened.
We shall be liberated,
Freed of responsibility,
Of disease and hunger,
Of mortality.
Our oblivion shall ring-out,
Heralding and beckoning
Those who walk dark paths
To follow sunlight and air.
Baptise this horror,
This mind's reality.
Wash and purify your thoughts.
Convert to the immaculate, divine state
Of utter, passive acceptance;
Subjugation of self to self-created images of the soul.
Accept and be at peace:
Conform to orthodoxy.

4.ii.

The light filters dimly
To behind the old man's eyes.
Where he sees, through a mist
Of memories and disillusion,
What he can no longer touch;
Ideals he cannot now dream of.

His thoughts petal and scatter,
Fragile in the winds of time,
That hollow and shatter into his listless mind,
Suspended
In the dry, preserving atmosphere
Of tear-strained care and comfort.

Countless appetites surfeited,
Countless tasks completed,
Endless dreams forgotten;
An endless biological function,
Endless sleep has wearied the sleeper
As he slips back into endless enigma.

iii.

Sweet surprises
Dripping from the lips
Of those we love.
Hopes
That glisten and sparkle,
Illuminate the soul
In the shadow of the fact of death.
Love beyond desire
Is the look that satisfies and contents in itself,
A reverence and homage of tenderness.
Slender tendrils of expectation
Hold us together,
Fine gossamer threads of emotion.
And a lover is but the focus of devotion,
The mirror that reflects our best profile.
Love is a sentimental illusion,
That mystifies and glorifies us.
An elemental instinct
That burns and fervours with intensity,
Misleading and deceiving its sufferers,
Enchanting and perpetuating fools and wise men.

iv.

We must work
To unite our symbols,
To diversify and intensify our meanings,
Fast the lumbering dumb traditions
Of the Rose and the Flame.
Our perceptions are naive.
Our mentalities are stiff.

5.i.

Civilisation festers and ferments
In this spate of soulless luxury,
The spark of creation, that
Spat and thrust its way out
Of the shadow and black
Of the past, is lost.
Words to^{be} unspoken and unread.
Music to be ignored and unheard.
Ideas to be uninspired and impotent.
Whole lives snapped out,
like snatches of instant eternity.
Only the lustre and idolatry
Of furtive, rain-coated ego
To be noticed or nurtured.

ii.

Reeling past me,
The staggering masses,
Blind and leaderless,
Drown in the nausea and faeces
Of their own self-repulsion,
Of their own self-obsession,
Of their own self-adoration.

&.

Language is a layer of thought-dust
Spattering the conceivable.
Every time we breath,
We disturb and re-arrange
The febrile film;
Erupting a cloud of specks of meaning
Half-visible in the light
Of sun-shafting intellect.

WORDS

A set scene , a committee meeting , with protracted and dilated time sequences --- background. It depicts respectable professionals , as the accused on trial , outlining the conditions that resulted in them attaining their status , end up in the mess they're all in. Also uncovers the rules, habits and language codes particular to each and by which each promotes the inequalities that he calls "status".

The kind of lifestyle that only the poor can afford.

The kind of truth that only the fool can find.

The kind of sanity that only the mad can stand.

The kind of activity that only the lazed can love.

The kind of words that only the illiterate can learn.

The kind of pictures that only the blind can draw.

These are the words of the sage, words of falsity and resignation.

And so in four days we have been shown and understood the reality and importance of nature compared with the illusory impermanence of the system (losing 20% of trees and the 'value of the market').

These are the words of the intellectual, labels for feeling and graphs of development.

The contrast between these two worlds highlights the extreme differences, paradoxes and problems, as illustrated in the perpetual genocide and suffering of the human species and in the death of our home planet.

These are the words of the mystic, humble, faltering, half-heard he utters.

The symbols of this imbalance are obvious, they are

apparent all around us.

These are the words of earth-mother, silent acceptance of the pain of living.

If you were a doctor, would you diagnose the earth as healthy or suicidal, with the razor of technology poised to cut its cancered, diseased, addicted jugular. These are the words of the magician, chanting, ranting, hitting home.

Which is why we must make effort, take action to end this state of imbalance; devote our belief, commitment and energy to save our self; why it is our responsibility to change the disastrous course of the spaceship.

These are the words I love to hear, brain-bubbly imbetween the silences.

The solutions (deindustrialisation, devolution, demilitarisation, sufficiency, consciousness, balance) may seem to be extreme, but only if we adopt a narrow restrictive or subjective attitude. If we base our perspective on any broader scales (global, historic, objective), the revolution of thoughts and lifestyle involved in these solutions becomes a small and realistic shift in the behaviour of the species, as it adapts to a new situation.

I have managed to say nothing, but yet the silence does not come.

words make us happy words make us sad words to control us words to worry us words that make us fear words that make our tears words filling out empty time words spilling out all the time words to make us scared words to make us safe words make our dreams words make me scream words make love to people people make love to words words pull the strings in the adverts words make the puppets dance words pronounce the judgment words write the laws words define the person words express the emotion words make us good words make us bad words are our memory words we forget

Cut out the Clutter aVoid the Vicious CircleS eScape the hURLY bURLY igNore the Maelstrom sTOP the TOPsY TurvY calm the brainworks Lay your self to rest Let you fade away Dissolve the mind Drop the personality SHed the illuSIons walk away from it all.

rise on the warm tide the wind beckons you submerge in the water of desire sand pillows and cossets your body sun heats you through a cool dry mattress of soft grass the sea is polluted the air is sulphur-smog reservoirs of fluoride and acid deserts spreading crosscontinent ultraviolet through absent ozone the pests have weedkilled the herbs

Don't sacrifice your life to your situation, create the constant text of your own being.

Do you -grasp the logic -understand the reason -appreciate the situation -appraise the causes -comprehend the motivation -see why its done -know what's going on -realise the implications -imagine the consequences of what you do and are ?

The book contains a wide variety both of perspectives and styles. The story is described by a succession of narrators, each of whom presents an ideological matrix as an alternative to that held by the central characters. The presentation blends and exploits all possible genres as if 99 TV channels, chopping and changing as boredom and concentration-span dictate.

In company, he can elicit obsessions or feed them. He can allow talk to devolve into code. He can break the codes or guide away from the obsession. He plays a game with words that can't be won.

Blood, there's blood about me, pumping inside, she lay back and there's a curious trend icing the cake and in the summer in the forest I lost my love on a blue Sunday for the deathman finding the lifewoman making the main and fatal decision within the confines of a small room together, dragged up from the psyche all about us.

Do you get off on life or does life get off on you

Do you get your kicks or do you just get kicked

Do you go all out for joy or is joy out to get you

Do you want to make it or does it want to make you

Little by little, incipient creeps the disease. The majority democratizes the margin: inherently corrupt and destructive ground concepts. The personal mirrors and dictates the situation. Insight only flashes before our eyes like a brief trip into reality. The neuroses of the few become the madness of the many. The top-heavy superstructure topples from its illusory zenith. And we all realize a care-filled habit and discipline of anarchy, establishing the chaos of balance, a system of destructuring, a dismantling of conditioning.

Trouble in the burrow...too many labyrinths dug too far into the earth, the structure undermines its purpose, threatens the safety it's meant to protect. By which I mean that we may soon have to poke our noses out into the cold air and face the elements we've been so long avoiding. But it's all too late to be told, news that's as old as the hills. To begin again from first principles or convert perversion to perfection by reversion. Riddle-me-ree, a sign of the times. We are all sick from contact with consumption, desire, possession, status, reliance, need. We can only break our addiction to the delusion. We can wake up from the nightmare to breathe the cool air of the moment. Constant flux and fluctuation towards, catalysed by crisis into instant arrival at our destination.

It's the rush-hour to sell yourself, it's a competition to self-destruct, it's seven hours of slavery, it's a birthright sold short, it's a loan you'll never repay, it's credit for what you can't afford, it's needing what you dream of, it's a mortgage on your life-blood, it's consuming your every soul, it's profit you can't profit from, it's trading your time for illusion, it's postponing the paranoia of here and now, it's the future paying for the present with the past, it's advertising crises to avoid facing them, it's invaded all the nightmares, it's spoiling all the dreams, it's exploiting our resources to the full, it's maximising the returns from us all.

Only in time can things change but how long is time. And as the last door closes, your desires are locked outside. There are some things you can't do with video tape and a big effects budget, like projecting an emotion from here and now to where and when; waiting for the endless visitor to arrive and tell me tales of underground-- that white has been black, that right has been wrong for all these years. Stretching backwards and sideways, all I can see is a farcical irony, packaging the seers with the blind; a joke that involves every thing, a juggle of terms and abstracts, a muddle of words and emotions. If we have an insight once, it is with us always:: for the words spoken to me are the plain honest words that mean only what they say, that do only what they are. Outside the antagonism of optimpessimism are ignorance, madness and oblivion; neutral, receptive, natural states. idea idealist ideology a book of speculation imagination vision speculative ideas imaginative ideals visionary ideology hoping to illuminate the Big Idea the art of communicating the positive use of words and actions a revelation a magic an invocation of the new age of homo humanus So obvious as to seem naive, so complex as to be simple, so necessary as to appear unavoidable.

Lifting off energy peaking at maximum level in the red zone getting worked up rising tide building to climax raising you up reaching the high point of explosion seeing the vision through the sound barrier up up and away breaking out freaking out point of no return

Since i do speak for you in your truth and falsehood in your inadequacy and perfection, i absorb the many cries inaudible to inner ear but seen by third eye. Bam shazam we are the hollow men we are the living dead, stripped of the last vestiges of humanity. Conditioned to deny our actual condition. Taught to learn less. Told to tell no-one of our inmost desires and fears. Laws to make natural law illegal. Gods to distract us from the sight of god in ourselves. And if civilisation is built on waste, we could just live off the garbage or at least throw ourselves away at a slower rate.

Abracadabra the odds are stacked against the recovery from this suicide while we are still part of ourselves and also part of the outside we despise. So we can only hope to predict the present by act of imagination, bending our sight round the blockade of bullshit piled up by the m-m-media-majority.

Anarchy is a crime against totalitarianism.

Individual liberty threatens dictatorship.

This is a dangerous place, we must be more scared than ever, we must be more paranoid in order to understand the situation.

We must be more diverse as conformity overwhelms.

Trigger the pavlovian sheep with money and fear. Fast rites of the democratic ideal, dead buried and rotting. We must go underground all hope is lost.

Division, chaos, disillusion, despair are our suffering and our strength.

The Beast wore blue and still Albion slept. A cage
which some can't see and others can't escape.

As the structure cracks, tensions multiply along
the fractures and, for a while, the building seems
to be stronger, strongest at the point just before
it collapses. There is no alternative except a complete
alternative. Beware the speakers of false tongues --
ministers, judges; preachers. Giggle as the last few
freedoms are swept away. Laugh out loud at the naive
optimism of Orwell. Wretch with hysteria as the blue
boot kicks you in the head. Lie back and think
of U.K.Limited while your world, your womb
is raped and slaughtered.

A gentle, warm, calming voice,
That unravels conditioning,
That undermines your ego,
That rips shreds off your perspective.

Everyone requires the smooth, caring words
That destroy the destructive,
That violate the violence,
That parody the paradox.

"We are illuminated in power, we stand for peace
and freedom. We love you, you know we do. We are here
to protect you, save you from the terrors that
threaten to bring chaos. We speak words of unavoidable
truth, based on unarguable facts and figures. We want
you to believe in us, in our mission to save
the world."(Thatcher '87)

WE ARE THE PEOPLE.

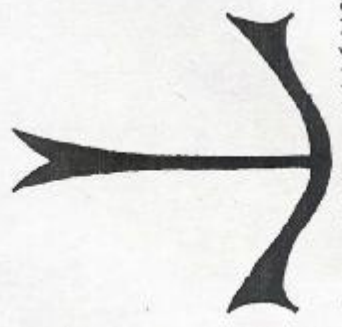
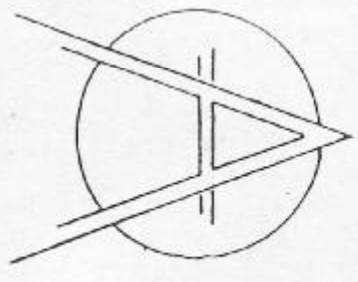
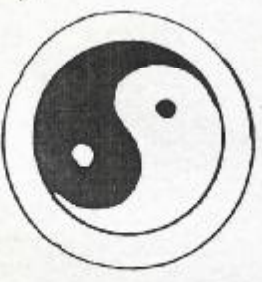


1,000,000,000 PEOPLE LIVE IN POVERTY DESIRE = FEAR YES
 23 SNAFU AND WE ALL KEEP BREATHING DOTS
 OBJECTIVE GLOBAL DIAGNOSIS = SUICIDAL
 DECONDITION HERE AND NOW
 2010-02

WALKING BACKWARDS OUT OF THE FUTURE INTO THE PAST CELTIC SHIVA DANCE
 MASCULISM THE CRISIS OF CRISES COMMON EXPERIENCE CYCLES
 LANGUAGE = PROGRAMMING NOT A TEACHING BUT A LEARNING HESSE
 EXPLOITATION CLAIRVOYANCE THE CONTRADICTION AGREES 5
 AUGMN WE ARE ALL THE VIRAL PRINCIPLE ILLUMINATION

50,000,000 CLINICALLY INSANE. REASON = MADNESS
 30,000 DEAD LAKES IN SCANDINAVIA
 IT MAKES SENSE IF YOU STAND ON YOUR HEAD
 SPONTANEOUS EVOLUTIONARY
 ESCAPE FROM IDEOLOGY

FROM THE CAVE TO THE CAGE THAT TVAM ASI CHAISE. EFFECT AND PARODY
 AMNESIA PSYCHOSIS APRITHY -- THE SYSTEM NOT SOCIETY
 SO WE SMOKE OUR HEADS
 MIRROR VISION JOINING THE DOTS FROM NEGATIVE TO POSITIVE APRITHY
 ONE HIROSHIMA BOMB PER SECOND FOR A WEEK YOU'RE DEAD
 A VASECTOMY COSTS \$48. DOUBLING EVERY 30 YEARS. WHAT CAN YOU TAKE FOR YOUR REDUCTION?



Haunted by the spirit of our pasts The static self that forgets to chide
 The burden of convention. The curse of condition. Congeal and deform my mind
 If I wanted you to tidy my life, would you iron out the problems and dust my ideals
 My living room is my body I am the glinting projection of shall be

How fat is my head
 Where was the eye?
 The clock ticks
 The hammer hits
 Coming and going
 Waxing and waning
 Ebbing and flowing

When's the apocalypse?
 It's repeated
 on telly
 twice nightly
 for the viewers
 to laugh at.

Do you get off on life?
 Or does life get off on you?
 Do you get your kicks?
 Or do you just get kicked?
 Do you go out to get happy?
 Or is happiness out to get you?
 Do you want to make it?
 Or does it want to make you?

Auto-erotic
 union
 flushed
 briefly
 in your eyes
 Can you
 smell the
 stench of
 affluence?

I am the unborn child of your desires
 Language is a layer of thought, just,
 covering the conceivable

We must celebrate our failures
 We must congratulate the losers
 We must rejoice in our losses
 We must welcome our enemies
 We must journey through stasis
 We must arrive at the beginning
 We must energise our apathy
 We must make the complex simple
 We must see circles in squares
 We must find the logic in paradox
 We must speak as we think
 We must do as we dream.

I think you did a goodbad thing
 A dream-mare of an uglyful boygirl
 We talk in silent words and see blind visions
 The sponge and pill of it all!
 The heart's spasm ripped a chasm of pain across itself
 Just a metaphysical flusher, giving you glimpses of his private

Crouched, feline, she yelled again,
 In yet another burst of rain.
 Bent female she thrust me thrust she
 Up down to the seventh wave of sea.
 Spent, finally, she broke forth in spasm,
 In latrinal gush of orgasm.
 Slunk, sleepy, she slows into afterglow,
 Drowned in sound by the full flush of floor

Memories of the future, visions of the past
 Our perceptions are naive, our mentalities are st

The End was nigh.
 Burn my skin
 Shut me in
 Tug my lead
 Make me bleed
 Whip my back
 Make bones crack
 Blind my eyes
 Tell me lies
 Open my mind
 Crush what you find

From the hymen to the lowest room,
 From the first touch to the death-thro
 From the smile to the body,
 From the eye to the cunt,
 From the nipple to the penis, suck,
 From the blade cut to the fallen tree
 From the first step to the final fall,
 From ideal to actual, from being to havin

to feel is white
 to love is red
 to dream is blue
 to be young is yellow
 to give is golden
 to die is brown
 to know is black

That's the u
 we all go.
 Mind
 Massage
 Meditate
 Masturbate

If it burns, smoke it. The revelations are upon us
 The workings of the brain blur the clarity and precision brought by blindness and ignorance
 One more cliché for the road-stoned out of your gourd and into oblivion.

I want to feel a male I want to languish in the female I want to be a mother. I want to be a chi
 Explosion of emotion, Moan and cut-purr of relish, Ripped apart by creation, To be free,
 Thrusting, purgation. Throbbing self-satisfaction. Searing agony ecstasy. Ignorant and hey
 Discarded by contrast. obscured by the truth, our laughing is a manic stream to wake the living

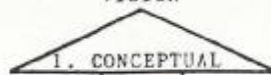
OM

JOURNEY

The Trance.

VISION

The Dance.



ILLUSION
STASIS
ISMISM
DIVISION
CONSUMPTION
DISPOSABLE
DOGMAS
STATUS
EXPANSION

PERSPECTIVE
CHANGE
SMILE²
WHOLISM
CONSERVATION
RENEWABLE
ALTERNATIVES
EQUALITY
SUSTAINABILITY



LOGIC
AMNESIA
OBSESSION
ADDICTION
EXCESS
DIS-EASE
CONDITIONING
ALIENATION
NIHILISM

INTUITION
CONSCIOUSNESS
MOTIVATION
AUTONOMY
SUFFICIENCY
BALANCE
REALISATION
ACCEPTANCE
CREATIVITY



ECONOMIC
REPRESSION
PRIVACY
SECRECY
COMPETITION
PROFIT
MONOPOLY
CENTRALISATION
SPECIALISATION

ECO-LOGIC
PERMISSION
COMMUNITY
INFORMATION
CO-OPERATION
EXCHANGE
NETWORKS
REDISTRIBUTION
DIVERSITY



MEDIA
EXPLOITATION
MONOTHEISM
AGROCHEMICALS
POLLUTION
MILITARISM
NATIONALISM
APOCALYPSE

MAGIC
CONSPIRACY
PANTHEISM
ORGANICS
RECYCLING
GREENPACIFISM
GLOBALISM
REVELATION

I. THE PRESENT IS PAST IT.

Words make us happy, words make us sad,
Words to control us, words to worry us,
Words that make us fear, words that make our tears,
Words filling out empty time, words spilling out all the time,
Words to make us safe, words make insecurity,
Words form our dreams, words make us scream,
Words make love to people, people make love through words,
Words pull the advert strings, words make us puppets dance,
Words pronounce the judgment, words write down the laws,
Words define the person, words ex-press the emotion,
Words make us good, words make us bad,
Words are our memory, words we forget.

The oral obsession chokes the throat and flow of my thought.
It forms my only means of memory, my only source of conditioning.
Sucking the nipple of dependance, smoking the cigarette of self-
destruction, consuming the morsels of over-indulgence.

Yesterday and tomorrow are travelling. Every day is arriving
so, "Fuck the washing-up, let's journey." As you reach out, you
touch what has already crumbled, divided and subdivided, cracked
into parched earth, ready to be washed away by the torrential
continuity of nature.

The cause of our neuroses is invisible, hidden by the
results of neurosis, behind our worries about the experience
of neurosis. The cure cancels out the illness, making a static
mental zero, filling the blank page of potential with scribbled
formulae that must continually be crossed out and re-written.

My soul shouts out silent screams for the soil.

The words you see are RANDOM COLLECTIONS.
You understand each word in terms of your own EXPERIENCE.
The experiences you relate to the terms are only a PARTIAL view.
You can only fully grasp the meaning of words in their IDEAL form.
You are detached from the IMMEDIATE experience of these words,
they do not refer to you PERSONALLY.
TOGETHER and IN COMBINATION, they can begin to describe a world
you are CONTINUOUSLY, INDIRECTLY experiencing.
If you can compare your actual situation, problem or emotion
with the ideal you indirectly perceive, you can OBJECTIFY
and ACCEPT your position in the overall situation.

You can then distance yourself enough to grasp the TOTAL SITUATION in its fullest TRAGIC and COMIC aspects. PERSONAL insanity and suffering are hopefully IRRELEVANT.

When people think things like that, it makes their eyes light up bright fluorescent and then, probably, their heads explode. Souls submerged in actions or occupation; from swimming the taoist surface to drowning in deep depths, delving and groping for the consensual matrix, he lives, trying to broaden and narrow his perspective and path. He sees.....

The world from inside a matchbox
The world symbolised by a lone juggler
The world searching for itself it left somewhere
The world resolved in synthesis of a single paradox
The world hoping for the survival of mankind
The world dreading the survival of the human race
The world born anew every moment in my eyes
The world expressed in a verbal logarithm
The world reviewed and renewed by the power of our love
The world whirling and spinning a random course in chaos.

Does this describe your world-view? the world you were told to have faith in? the outmoded attempt of a desperate species to adapt to irrevocable changes in its habitat? the world you'd like to escape from? the world you compromise yourself within? a world you verbally deny but actually accept? The NO ILLUSION words describe the world in terms of a negativity programme imposed upon the global consciousness by those whom it benefits. If you have a full belly, a breathing body, a mind that functions, any responsibilities, an income; then you are also benefitting. It may benefit us all more to reject every aspect of a conditioning programme which is alien and antagonistic to the survival of healthy life on earth. Each of these words has vast and crucial implications, but each is also a temporary phenomenon. All these unviable and unsustainable abuses of planet and people will only be accepted by their direct perpetrators in time, so it is sensible for the individual to fully and permanently cease participating in the symptoms and causes of this misanthropic dis-ease programme. Don't just change channel, unplug the whole set of life-denying values and turn on your own real life experience!

It's the rush-hour to sell yourself,
It's a competition to self-destruct,
It's seven hours of slavery,
It's a birth-right sold short,
It's a loan you'll never repay,
It's credit for what we can't afford,
It's needing what you dream of,
It's a mortgage on your life-blood,
It's consuming your very soul,
It's profit we can't profit from,
It's trading your time for illusion,
It's postponing the experience of here and now,
It's the future paying the past for the present,
It's advertising crises to avoid facing them,
It's invaded all the nightmares,
It's perverting all our dreams,
It's exploiting our resources to the full,
It's maximising profit from us all.

Concept of privacy, protect me.
Concept of money, support me.
Concept of desire, love me.
Concept of need, want me.
Concept of concept, conceive me.

Trouble in the burrow-- too many labyrinths dug too far into the earth, the structure undermines its purpose, threatens the safety it's meant to ensure. By which I mean we may soon have to poke our noses out into the fresh air and face the elements we've been so long avoiding. To begin again from first principles, or to convert perversion to perfection by redevolution. Riddle-me-ree, a rhyme of the times.

We are all sick. Every one of us is spoilt and corrupted by contact with consumption, desire, possession, status, greed. Can we hope to end the system as we know fear and loathe it? No, but we can break our own addiction to delusion. We can wake up from the seductive nightmare to breathe the cool air of the moment. Constant flux and fluctuation towards, catalysed by crisis into instant arrival at our destination.

In your truths and falsehoods, in your inadequacies and perfections, absorb the multiple cries inaudible to inner ear but seen by third eye.

II. THE FUTURE CAN'T BE LONG.

And if civilisation is built on waste, we could just live off the garbage. We could at least throw ourselves away at a slower rate.

It must have seemed like foreverland --- twentieth century techno-overkill. It must have been an endless party for the fractional few who feasted and feted.

How Can We Keep On Expanding ?

Belt about the wobbly belly breaking,

Bladder buckling, bowel bulging,

Bubble blokes blown-up to expect the best;

Behold the bloody blubber barons,

Begrudging you your birht-right....

Because you give it to them.

"I hire my body and mind to the company, I am the worker."

'I let the companies have me for free, body, mind and soul.

I am the consumer.'

tries to express from behind his brain the coherent pattern that the chaotic, shrapnel events of this era produced

of how much distortion caused by conditioning, dogma and prejudice, and of how much distortion caused by frameworks of myth, culture and hedonism. Of course, a jumble of terms, meanings and references, but through the hazily segregated clouds of expression arise correlations in the perceptions of sender and receiver a gift of grace, more precious than a stone, more worthy than sand brain competing with itself to comprehend or brain laid out prostrate to allow the footsteps of gnosis to run down the spine, with all the fetters of distinction and value fluttering out away behind you and the because is because this is more possibly the way we seehearspeakthinkfeel, in fullflow and freshfree of the very fascism of consciousness implied by conceptualisation.

Severe interference to satellite communication economies... just deserts and wrathful vengeance... half the heads will die laughing at the sad predictability of the financial apocalypse when she blows. So, keep the factual details down to a minimum and try to unselfconsciously fictionalise, to purely fantasize your own daily existence.

Anarchy is a crime against totalitarianism.

Individual liberty threatens dictatorship.

This is a dangerous place, we must be more scared than ever.

We must be more diverse as conformity overwhelms.

Trigger the pavlovian sheep with money and fear -- last rites of the democratic ideal. A broken placard and impotent insights.

We must go underground. All hope is lost.

Division, chaos, disillusion, despair are our suffering and our strength.

As the structure cracks, tensions multiply along the fractures and for a while the building seems stronger, strongest at the point just before it collapses.

There is no alternative except a complete alternative.

Beware of false speakers of tongues; ministers, preachers, judges.

Ciggle as the last few freedoms are removed. Laugh out loud at naive orwellian optimism. Wretch with hysteria as the black boot knocks your block off. Lie back and think of U.K.Limited, while your womb, your way, your world is raped and slaughtered.

Passion tears its soul out for love

Love sees narcissus in itself

Self lies bedded in warm ego

Ego soars high above the world

World manifests itself in fear

Fear of unknown experience

Experience the pain and joy

Joy that thrills the senses

Sense of wonder, sense of beauty

Beauty in mind and body

A body can accept and relate

Relate my ideas to others'

Other hopes, other despairs

Despairing of life's limits

Limiting experience and thought

Thoughts that penetrate finity

Infinity within as without

Without you I feel so cold

Cold as the depth of space

Spaces imbetween our lives

Life, driven on by endless passion

From the hymen to the lowman, from the first touch to
the death throe, from the fresh page to the last book,
from the smile to the body, from the eye to the cunt,
from the first sip to satiety, from chord to concerto,
from harmony to dischord, from the nipple to the penis, suck,
from the blade-cut to the fallen tree, from the first step
to the final fall, from vision to image, from ideal to actual,
from valueless good to meaningless bad, from being to having,
from existence to possession, from time to time in time we find
such changes reappear and happen to guide us nowhere, to level
the ground, to balance the scale, destroy the distinction,
to make black white, to make good bad, to make love hate,
to make me you and everybody nobody. Such is change, flattening
the difference, completing the square circle, cancelling each
side of the equation, equalling opposites, equating alternatives,
and such is no change, a pure state of forgetting. And as I learn
to ignore, I remember to forget. Growing forward, in the future
past, I see what I have seen and think what I once thought.
But the paradox wearies in its own excess and I have said only
what I wrote.

I think you did a goodbad thing
When you touched me without touching.
I think I succeeded and failed,
I know you laughed and cried,
So I smiled and scowled
And you woke up and went to sleep
And had a dream-mare of an ugliful boygirl
Who talked in silent words and saw blind visions
When I saw my face in the mirror,
I saw all that was not me.
When I write this word,
I mean every other word except it.

Colour-splash mandala-web of the intricacies of social
mental interaction. What can I identify with, what part do I play,
where does my brain fit in?

I'm the whole pattern incarnate --- a holographic
gene-sample of everything everyone's ever been or done or said
or thought --- a link to the two billion year old collective
consciousness of a once noble species.

Rise on the warm tide, the wind beckons you, submerge in
the waters of desire, sand pillows and cossets your body,
sun heats you through, a cool dry mattress of soft grass.

The sea is polluted, the air is clotted sulphur-smog,
reservoirs of acid and fluoride, deserts spreading
cross-continent, ultra-violet through absent ozone,
pesticides have poisoned the herbs.

The contrast between these two worlds highlights the extreme
differences, paradoxes and problems, as illustrated in the
perpetual genocide and suffering of the human species and the
slow death of our home.

The symbols of this imbalance are apparent all around us.
Planet or man, which will survive? If you were a doctor,
would you diagnose the planet as healthy, or suicidal, with
our razor poised to cut its wrists: cancered, addicted, diseased?

Which is why we must make effort and take action to end
this state of imbalance, why it is our responsibility to change
the course of spaceship earth.

The solutions --- deindustrialisation, demilitarisation,
devolution, even austerity, re-evaluation and self-sufficiency ---
may seem to be extreme, but only if we take a narrow, short-term
or subjective attitude. If we base our perspective on any
broader scales (global, historical, objective), the revolution
of thoughts and lifestyles involved in adapting to a new situation
become a small and realistic shift in the behaviour of the species.

BAM SHAZAM We are the hollow men, we are the living dead,
stripped of the last vestiges of humanity. Conditioned to deny
our actual condition, taught to learn less. Laws to make natural
law illegal. Gods to distract us from the sight of god in ourselves
ABRACADABRA But the odds are stacked against recovery from this
suicide. We can only hope to show and to sow, to predict the
actual present by act of imagination, bending our sight around
the blockade of bullshit piled up by the media majority.

To desire to do what you want spontaneously
is to risk stepping into the swamp of paranoia afterwards.
Better than the concrete state-jacket of conformity, but not as
easy as just walking on the water.

III. IT'S EITHER UP TO OR FOR YOU.

Getting in tune with the rhythmic fluctuations,
Wavering between polarities,
In a constantly reversing magnetic-electric field.

Describing a simple state of mind,
Not packaging or presenting or selling,
Munching the cerebral biscuit bit by bit.

Step on me, and you're stepping on your own karma,
A delicate, multifaceted jewel of an insect.

If the many splintering grains of insight can be nurtured,
perceived whole, cherished as brightlights, beams not glintings,
then can become a world of smiles, of recognition, wiping away the
slurrs and snarls of suited subhumanity.

And the possibilities are endless. They're not all obvious
or instant or easy, but they are not malign, are not cancerous,
are not conditioned habits, they are not negative.

So understand the overt, underlying rationale of corporate-
governed government.

So uncover, remove, destroy the bondages of fear, threat and
social blackmail being imposed on human life and consciousness.
So reverse, polarise, synthesise the destructive, consumptive,
individualist tendencies by revealing their unreality, invalidity
and unsensibleness.

So clarify and remove the mental and physical paradoxes which
invisibly control, harness and degrade the population as
individual entities, as communal units and also as a whole.
So awaken in each the common experiences of conditioned response
and hence liberate the humane, commonsensical, unavoidable
real-isation of the present moment fading and flowing into
future moments.

So connect the conscious, everyday experiences of pessimism,
atheism, abstention, ignorance and dispossession with the
alternatives available outside those states.

So explain direction as a fluctuating, dynamic, longterm
progression, rather than a clearcut choice of options.

So allow destructive, competitive 'instincts' to be replaced
by constructive, co-operative perspectives, attitudes and behaviour.

The kind of lifestyle that only the poor can afford.
The kind of truth that only the fool can find.
The kind of sanity that only the mad can stand.
The kind of activity that only the lazy can live.
The kind of words that only the illiterate can learn.
The kind of pictures that only the blind can draw.

And as the last doors close
Your desires are locked outside.
There are some things you can't do
With video tape and a big effects budget.
Like projecting an emotion
From here and now to when and where.
Waiting for the endless visitor to arrive
And tell me tales of underground overground.
That white has been black,
That the right has been wrong,
That time was for space all along.
Stretching backwards and sideways,
All that can be seen is farcical irony,
Packaging the seers with the blind.
A joke that encompasses everything
As it comes into and out of existence.
A juggle of terms and abstracts,
A muddle of words and emotions.
If we once had an insight,
It is with us always.
For the words that speak to me
Are the plain and honest words
That mean what they say,
That do what they are.
Outside the antagonism of optim-pessim-ism-ism,
Are ignorance, madness and oblivion---
Neutral, receptive, natural states.
If we step for a moment,
Lightly through the time of mind,
To where the watcher sits within,
The warm soft centre in us all.

We are the hollow men, soon to be the holomon.
Holocaustic warnings bode the end of hollow mankind.
Witness the birth of a new lotus flower in the eye,
Retrospective future vision of the present myopia.
Make it easy by constant concentration.
Find things simple by disciplined diligence.
Realise your full self by attentive awareness.
Escape your habits through a regular routine.
Use your conditioning to unravel your conditioning.
Live simply that others may simply live.

Little by little, incipient crept the disease. The majority
democratised the margin with inherently corrupt and destructive
ground concepts. The personal mirrors and dictates the situation.
Insight only flashes before our eyes like a brief trip into
reality. The neuroses of the few became the madness of the many.
The top-heavy superstructure topples from its illusory zenith.
And we all realise, in time, if we've got enough left,
a care-filled habit and discipline of anarchy establishing
the chaos of balance, a system of destructuring, a dismantling
of conditioning. Only in time can things change, but how long
is time?

Cut out the clutter
Avoid the vicious circles
Escape the hurly-burly
Ignore the maelstrom
Stop the topsy-turvy
Calm the brainworks
Lay your self to rest
Let the ego fade away
Dissolve the mind
Drop the personality
Shed the illusions
Walk away from it all

The man stands rooted in here and now, watching the boomerang
of potential bend and curve through time and space.
Learn to desire to create that which your mind's eye wishes to see.
Seek to find the fate that your heart's blood will and wants to be.

HERE YOU ARE
NOW YOU ARE
ALL OF ONE
ONE OF ALL

HERE YOU ARE
YOU ARE NOW
ONE IN ALL
ALL IN ONE

YOU ARE HERE
NOW YOU ARE
ALL WITH ONE
ONE WITH ALL

YOU ARE NOW
YOU ARE HERE
ONE FOR ALL
ALL FOR ONE

Existence is a mirror of illusion and mutually of reality.
Shine a positive light on its surface and such shall be the
reflections which form your perspective.

Shall we hold these words up to the sky? Or bury them
in the earth? Or sing them for the air to carry them? Or shall
we let them be fluid word-deeds circulating like water? Shall
the words we let slip be the toespring which will walk us
lightly into the future?

There are no questions of status, of definition, of value,
of desire, of existence, of meaning, if we allow us to be
swept up in the arms of time divorced from past and future, and
let us thrill in the momomoment.

Such do we be, if we mean to become. Such are we doing,
as the word turns into deed, as the unsustainable modes fall
from us and become visible. Such is the moment when the
polarities of perspective become the paradox of paradox,
switched to divine, neutral, synthetic balance. And all around
are the jewels of acceptance and joy. And all the colours
merge into one shade, light, in which all colours are one.

Whatever it takes to change the world, believe it,
think it, do it, make it, know it now.

Don't just sit there, vegging out: spend those spare
mental moments reaffirming and empowering the Next Age.

Do it every day! Help a dumb species evolve.

Poised on the edge of a breakthrough,
A fascinating position to reveal in.
Right on the brink of revolution,
Mesmerised by the structure collapsing.
Glimpsing the light of revelation,
Dazed by the image of extinction.
Last few breaths before metamorphosis,
Cocooned but twisting to crack skin.
Moments of crippling indecision,
Before the new-age-life transition.

'There once was a man who used to follow the weather...'
He was one of those characters whose head was always in the clouds; an idealist, a dreamer. He always used to talk about great things --self-sufficient food farming, building wind-powered generators, recycling 90% of all material resources, shamanistically reawakening the physical spirit of goddess within every human consciousness, stripping away the illusion of ignorance.....

until one day he handed me a card listing the twenty-three attributes and services he offered, not for sale, but for the use and benefit of the world at large. Everybody can find at least this number of distinct and distinctly beneficial activities to pursue using their own volition.
Detached from the repressive illusion, reattached to the liberating vision.

POSSESSION.

Be your own guru, do your own thing.
Don't try to own your life,
But make sure your life's your own.
Guide your own path alone,
Realise your own dreams are true.
Focus on your own bright inner light,
Find your own centre and balance.
Don't mix your own with someone else's,
Just help them to find their own.

100% RECYCLED PAPER
TEXT AND © "UNDERGROUND OVERGROUND".
COPIED AT ECOLOGY CO. (199 CROOKES VALLEY Rd)
SHEFFIELD S10 1BA)
COVER BY "FLOWMOTION PICTURES"
1989

