

9766
P

Paradise

PUBLISH
AND BE
DAMNED!

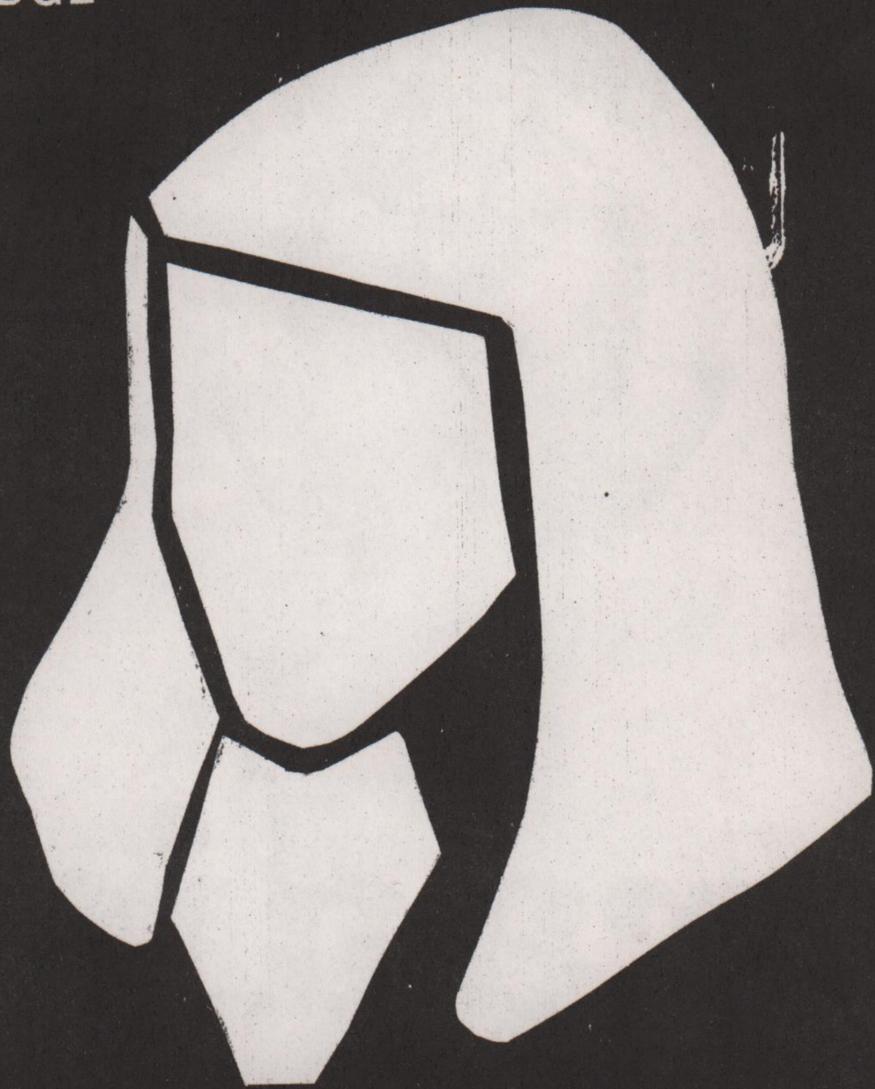
Lost

NO.2

30p

THE JUDGE :

pillar
of
society



The ultimate fossilization .

BY WHOSE AUTHORITY?

I was born a heathen but they
prepared a cross for me all the
same.

The Church offers the

aisle as the way for

the exile to

regain paradise .



WHAT POSITION

DO YOU TAKE

MISSIONARY

OR VISIONARY ?

Paradise lost

Thanks to Ray for the " I am given objects..... " quote & to everyone who gave support and encouragement..... For all the friends gained along the way.

..... and those lost.

THE STATE YOU'RE IN IS THE STATE YOU LET IN
IS THE STATE YOU'RE GETTING WHEN YOU STATE
YOUR CASE.

EXAMPLE 1

THE ROTTEN APPLE BITES BACK.

" And God saw the light was good; And God seperated the light from the darkness. "
GENESIS. ch. 1. v. 4.

TO TALK OF LIFE IS ALSO TO TALK OF DEATH. It is this shadow we cast into our futures, which grows shorter as the day grows longer, until one day it arrives at our feet to trip us up. This shadow we may well try to ignore or shake off, but catching a glimpse of it by the light of a half open door we feel compelled to throw ourselves against that door, thereby choosing the shadows of objects, such as the chair, the table, the lamp, rather than that of our own. THIS WORLD OF TWILIGHT FURNITURE EVADES THE ISSUES OF LIGHT AND DARK, OFFERING ONLY THE CONSTRUCTED AND CONTROLLED TRUTHS OF THE VERY MILITARY RHYTHMS OF CLOCKS, THAT WHICH CAN BE MEASURED AND MEASURED UP AGAINST, THAT WHICH CAN BE PUT FORWARD AND PUT BACK. This is to say that which we feel we have domain over, for in the illusion of having control OVER life is harboured the suppressed realization of submission to death. So life becomes the battleground for transcendence by the mechanics of control, the projection of power: the soldier becomes the army, the politician becomes the government, the individual becomes the empire. Life is given a reason, death is given a reason (" He died so that ") and in the belief that the individual dictates reasons REASONS BECOME THE DICTATOR OF THE INDIVIDUAL and the nature of our slavery manifests itself in each and every aspect of our lives.

ONLY THOSE WHO ARE ALIVE TO THEIR DEATHS ARE ALIVE TO THEIR LIVES. Like a rose allows itself to bloom and even a withered rose may still reveal to us its own particular beauty, so death may be approached with dignity. Those who have grown old and yet ape youth only serve to dim their own intensity and warmth, and youth with its own particular struggles may well have reason to envy that intensity of age, which is all too often feared and hidden. It is only those who have allowed themselves to become old who have to make a mockery of youth. Is it not the case that we carry our youth, our maturity, our old age, our death, within us from the word go? ARE WE NOT ALL AT SOME POINT ALONG THE SAME LINE ? My own reflection is mirrored in another's old age and likewise others younger than myself show the first signs of rigomortis. THESE ARE THE PEOPLE WHO FLICK THROUGH BOOKS TO THE ENDING IN SEARCH OF INSTANT REVELATION, TO WHOM THE UNFOLDING STORY HAS NO INTEREST. Their lives are only a series of beginnings and endings and their occupations, promotions, marriages, and friendships serve merely as bookmarks between unread episodes. THESE ARE THE PURVEYORS OF INEVITABILITY. They despise their youth when it is ripe to them and parody it when it has taken flight, for they only know the chapter headings and have not understood the rich tapestry of the story so far.

AND as the ROOM filled WITH words | began to
climbing the SILENT hill my HEART began TO
beat again . DROWN

social LIES IN MY head
real EYES in my HEART.

My birth is beyond me, it allows me no memories, but I must live with its consequences. The following image seeks expression; I push my face against a window, but instead of flattening my features, it gives, it stretches, I lean into it, like it were an elastic tense wind. My features begin to give it shape. I become my impression. The sensation of pushing my face into life lingers. It is heightened by a kiss. Another impression impressed upon mine. My search for meaning becomes meaningless. I give way to mystery and receive counsel from its ambassadors. Was I ever as excited or entranced as those evenings I spent with friends unravelling the "intelligence" we had accumulated at school and home. Many nights turned to dawn as we unravelled the knots of incredulity that had been tied around our minds.

WE ALLOWED OUR CONFUSION TO BECOME THE GATEWAY OF DREAMS.

Education had not prepared us for the unknown. That which was not apparent we had been taught to fear. REALITY HAD BEEN INSTILLED BY THE HAND OF PUNISHMENT, and to venture from its path, to explore, was to bring the threat of the hand into immediate proximity. There was a right answer for everything and that was all we had to know and therefore what was unknown to us was shrouded in shame and fear whenever we might touch upon it. WE HAD BEEN WELL VERSED IN THE ETIQUETTE OF KNOWLEDGE BUT DEPRIVED OF POSSIBLE WISDOMS. Our return to the mysterious was with the joy of orphans rediscovering their birthrite and finding it to be that of nobility and distinction where before there had been only poverty.

This was the time, when, to use a much bandied about phrase, I began to find myself. I found myself to be rather like a house full of junk and cobwebs, and as I began to get rid of some of the junk and clear away the cobwebs I discovered doors. And through these doors I discovered light, spacious rooms, empty rooms. And through these rooms more doors and more rooms and more doors. Now the house has fallen down and there's just horizon, for I'd found when I'd cleared out all the rubbish there wasn't any call for a house to keep it in. The nice thing about horizons are you can keep walking towards them and they never get any nearer, so you keep on travelling and the view is never the same. A thunder crack in the distance. I press my face into the storm. The storm passes. The horizon is still there, no farther, no nearer, ever changing.

As I began to clear out the house I came across what might either be termed as an intruder or a sitting tenant, neither is quite correct and neither is really wrong. His given name was God. He objected as I threw out this or that, complaining,

" YOU CAN'T GET RID OF THAT. IF YOU THROW THAT OUT ALL YOU'LL BE LEFT WITH IS ANARCHY. "

Just as the house was not of bricks " HE " was not of FLESH AND BLOOD. He spoke through various hosts who claimed his AUTHORITY as their MOTIVATION and whose POWER it was to continually throw me into darkness. He had an ally in this game..... the Devil or Satan or occasionally known by other names that do not come to mind so readily. Whenever I was subjected to darkness one of Gods spokespeople would claim it to be " the Devils work " and offer to light my way. The Devil never actually claimed responsibility, indeed he seemed to exist only by suggestion. It seemed to me rather like the good guy-bad guy routine that the Police are renowned for, but it had its effect. I became the criminal who flaunted his baseness in the face of all that was good and just. I CREPT THROUGH THE NIGHT LIKE A FOUL FART TURNING THE NOSES OF THE DELICATE AND THE SENSITIVE. This odour, which I might now call a fragrance, was my first smell of disobedience.

The fall from grace is well documented in the Bible. AS FOR STEALING APPLES, I CAN THINK OF MORE ORIGINAL SINS THAN THAT. My own original digression lay in my attraction to the same sex as myself, which, if God had intended, might have left me with an extra rib, so the story goes. This opiate welled up inside me, turning me into a single nerve, which vibrating like the tense string of a bow, emitted an unheard pitch which had no place in the musical scale of well trained ears. My songs came back to me as echoes, their flight finding no target to stop them. So it was I played Saint Sebastian to my own voice. I did not understand these wounds that seemed to come out of the air and strike me. This pain left me feeling disfigured and my penance was paid in loneliness. I might reveal my true nature to those I felt drawn to, but I was afraid their reckless laughter might slice me in two, for they were as sharp as razors and twice as keen. Instead, through my wounds, I plunged into myself and became a recluse.

Within I wrestled with dissatisfaction and a longing that travelled for miles, far beyond the garden of Eden I had been educated to enter via the aisle and the adverts. It is probably fairly universal that when confronted, suddenly and unexpectedly, by beauty, we are thrown out of the orbit of our reason with a sharp crack of disharmony, that sends shots of lightning across our eyes. Be it the hidden suggestion of a rolling wave, the orchestration of the wind by a subtly well tuned tree, the angle of a rooftop that completes the jigsaw between ground and sky or the mobility of all that is indifferent in another trapped for a moment in perfection. The severity of this reaction is all the greater if allowed no expression and the beholder, dazed, turns away rather than be engulfed by such a cavernous star.

When I refer to disharmony with reason I mean the structured reason that is dictated by the institutions of those who would assume to instruct us and contain us. For example, THE EVER PRESENT TELEVISION SCREEN NEVER REFLECTED MY OWN STRUGGLES, except to distort or mock them in such a way that my wretchedness was like that of a stranger beneath a dark sky. The static blue t.v. image was an ever ready tattoo upon the unfolding mind. IT DID NOT REFLECT US WE REFLECTED IT. It was the focal point, the reality of our lives. The classroom, the playground and the backyard mimicked the dramas of the previous evenings adventures. As men we could only meet in battle, as women we should become excited by the texture of toilet paper, as we abandoned the freedom of our childhoods to assume the " responsibilities " the grown up world demanded of us.

STEP OUT OF LINE ?
into what ?
utopia ?
utopia stinks !
ANSWERS = INSTITUTIONS
another fucking paradise
to be excluded from
KEEP THE QUESTIONS ALIVE
don't wait
CREATE !



Because my emotions were not given shape I retained my childhood within me. The EXTERNAL moral codes of adulthood are worn like a suit of armour beneath the skin, in the belief that their shape, their powers of protection, their crest of authority, presides over all, bestowing freedom like honours on those who conform to them. In truth they are but a cumbersome burden that is carried around for a lifetime, crushing emotion, hindering expression, mocking sensuality, denying other, denying self. Even many of those who would deny this authority are merely diverted into accepting a parallel code of conduct whereby divisions become the protector and aggression the authority, but in the end they're STILL PLAYING JESTER TO THE SAME COURT.

As my flight to freedom was inward I found myself beyond the reach of such symbolism. The game being played around me became more absurd as I viewed it from a distance. I WAS THE CUCKOO IN THE NEST OF ABJECTION. The following dream reoccured several nights running. I was in the middle of a circle of people who held hands around me, so that which ever way I turned there was anothers face looking at me. Their expressions were benign, their eyes bright. They were clean, healthy and tanned. I took them for emissaries of God, who had come to question my non-participation in their paradise. In their midst I became dark and their eyes became a constellation on all that reflected me. They began to turn around me, slowly, chanting,

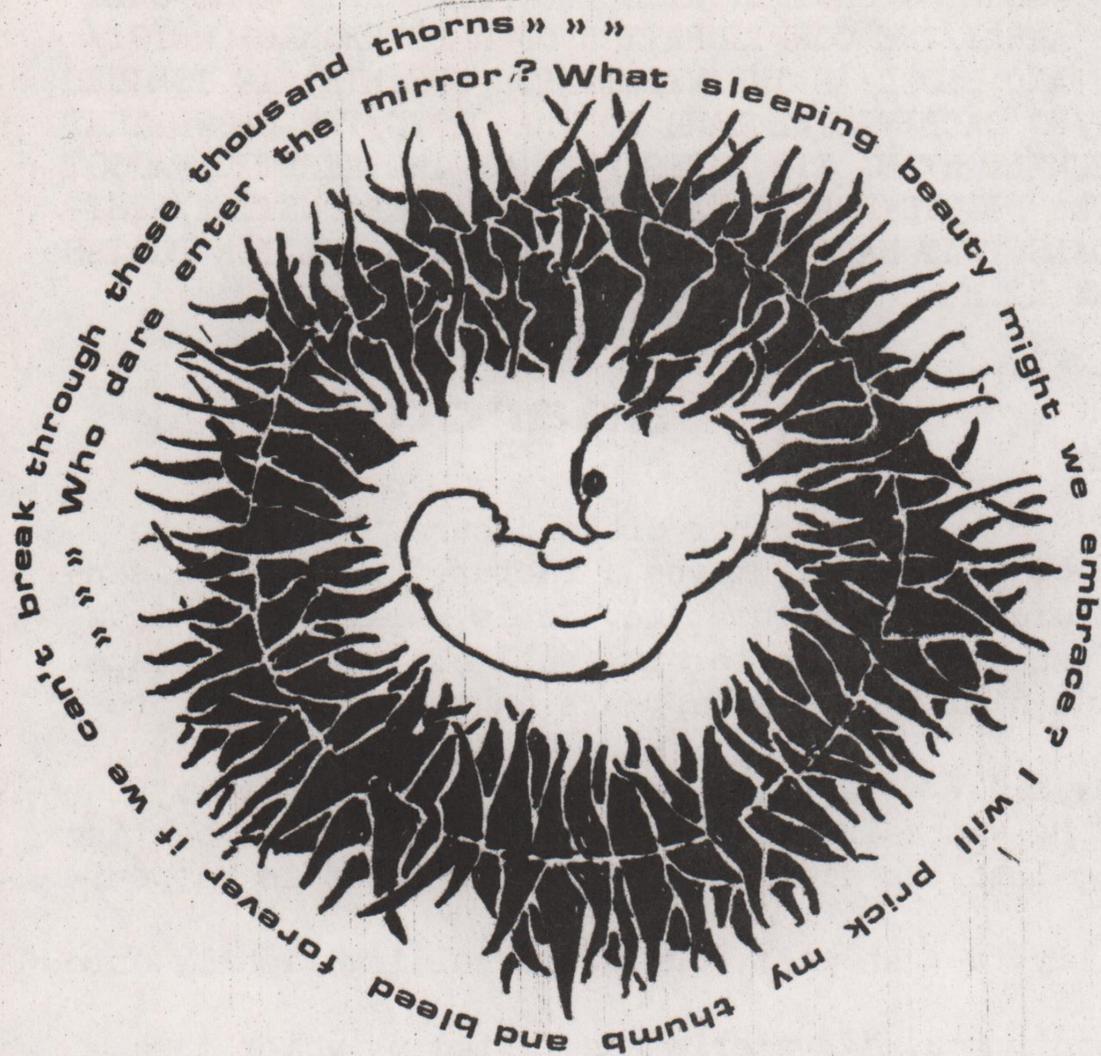
" Ring-a-ring-a-roses,
A pocket full of posies..... "

It became more intense, faster, the faces becoming abstract, a ring of eyes in a staring halo,

" At issue, at issue,
All fall down. "

On the word DOWN they lunge forward, screaming, towering above me as if in a rugby scrum, then blend to become the gargoyled ceiling of a cathedral, as the screaming turns into a hymn, the single voice of a adolescent choir boy, alone and sad in the reverberating emptiness. I turn to look for the singer. A little incense perfumes the air, the sun warms the cold stone, BUT I SEE NO-ONE, NO SINGER. Instead I catch my reflection in the mirrored surface of a brass plaque, my teeth dissolving into a black tar, running down my throat, leaving fragmented stumps jutting out my gums. Spitting black into the palms of my hands I smell sulphur rising from between my fingers. THE SONG BECOMES A CRY OF PAIN, FROM HYMN TO HERESY, A HUMAN CRY SOILING THE SACRAMENTS. More voices ring out drowning that which dissents with righteous calls to ORDER, CURSES DISGUISED AS BLESSINGS sung in thunderous union, celestial and magnificent. The ground crumbles beneath me and I fall, I reach out, falling, nothing to hold onto.

I would have been fourteen or fifteen at the time of this fall from grace. Over the years I was able to invent my own wings, but then I had only the sensation of stepping into space without a parachute and no way of knowing where I might land. Lying awake at night I would imagine I could hear my parents climbing the stairs with crusifixs and stakes to cast out the evil in their midst. It is said that " cleanliness is next to godliness " and to make up for my lack of the latter I excalled in the former, but nothing seemed to ease my sense of being unclean.



At this time I fell in with a gang who spent their time stealing car radios, shoplifting, vandalizing, anything that might put distance between us and the rest of the world. Bravado was the badge we wore, with our swearing and swaggering, our smoking and thieving. Within these ranks I was able to taste short bursts of freedom. We flew in the face of fear, spat on guilt, our ethic was the antithesis of the world of light, and our possible affections for each other were veiled by our mutual darkness. Beneath the early evening stars we plotted and jibed with each other. I felt that my destiny had begun to take shape, as a denizen of the world of crime. My longing had found a way to be and became belonging. I recall one evening that excels. One of the tougher boys with whom I had struck up a particular friendship had just beaten up one of the others as the result of some

disagreement, leaving the other bloodied and bruised, barely able to stand. As a witness to this violence I felt myself being drawn into an arena I wanted no part of. My anger became verbal which I threw at my friend, casting shadows of bewilderment and pain across his face. His still tensed fist flew at me, missing, but carrying his arm around my neck, he pulled me to him in a sudden embrace and whispered in my ear,

" I'd never hurt you..... really. "

For a second the veil had fallen and we had allowed an expression of what lay behind the darkness we moved in. It was thus that we slunk around the streets, shrewd and feline, carrying our fragile natures within us, allowing ourselves only the merest glimpses of the bonds that held us together.

At the end of such evenings there was always the return home, where RIGHT and WRONG re-appeared in the shape of PUNISHMENT and REWARD. My conscience became the rack on which my imagination was stretched to include a panorama of purgatories. In the midst of this cataclysm my desires cast a web of light into the darkness, its strands brushing my face and body like the icy finger of Jack Frost, leaving patterns in the night which took the shape of those I might offer my warmth, had the worlds of dreams and reality not been so savagely seperated.

Unrepentant blue eye shining.

THE MOON RISES LIKE A SHEET IN MY ROOM/I SHAPE AND RESHAPE MYSELF AS A STORM/SEA/CONTINENT/SPITTING POETRY INTO THE NIGHT AIR/LOVE SCATTERED LIKE A BROKEN STRING OF PEARLS/BRINGING DOWN SHADOWS THAT HAVE BECOME ENTANGLED IN CRIES OF LONLINESS/WRESTLED FROM THE CONCEPT OF QUEER/OF DARKNESS/WHERE NO DENSITY RISES TO FILL EMPTY ARMS/ONLY THE ABJECT CONSTERNATION OF SPIRITUAL ARRAY/THE CONFIGURATION OF A DETHRONED CHRIST/RETURNED FROM BREAD AND WINE TO FLESH AND BLOOD/IN THE WILDERNESS/SPEAKING IN TONGUES /WITHOUT WORDS/WITHOUT DENIAL OF SELF/NO SACRIFICIAL LAMB TO THE CROWD/THE CROWD THAT ENTERS MY ROOM/MY HEAD/BEATING ITS DRUM/LIGHTING ITS FIRES/FIRE OF THE HERETIC/FAGGOT FLAME-SUCKER/HERETIC LOVER OF UNFORSEEN NIGHTS/RIDING PASSION LIKE A BROOMSTICK/RISING FROM THE FLAME/FROM THE MOLTEN MEDALS THAT HAVE HERALDED A THOUSAND MILLION DEATHS /I ALONE IN MY ROOM DEVELOP GOOD NIGHT SIGHT.

But what's all

this got to do with

*
*
*
*
*

anarchy ?

Another dream occurs. I am on the large flat rooftop of a building (maybe a car park, maybe a factory). In the distance is the figure of a boy I have been drawn to for sometime. He is walking away from me, for the last time. I want to confess my feelings to him, pull him to me, embrace. I start down the metal stairway towards him. My father appears on the stairs before me, his face stern, we meet.

" I want a word with you, my lad..... " he begins blocking my way.

" Not now..... later. " My voice is breathless, I feel my heart beating all around me. The boy is disappearing into the distance, unaware of what is happening behind him.

" Now! " says my father. I try to push past, but he is holding tightly onto the rails.

" Get out the fucking way won't you. " Hysteria has lifted my voice to a scream, I struggle to get past.

" Don't you use that tone of voice with me, MY lad..... " Anger rises in his face. There's no time to be calm. HOW COULD I EXPLAIN ANYWAY ? He advances, I scramble back up the steps. In horror I find myself kicking out at him, he slumps, still hanging onto the rails. Again and again I kick into the bleeding face, the glasses hanging askew and smashed from one ear, the mouth gaping and red. Swinging myself over the sagging body I jump the stairs onto the next rooftop. The boy; distant, calm and indifferent. I move towards him, someone grabs me, my mothers face, distorted by grief, screaming obscenities at me. I push her away, for a moment she totters on the roof-edge, her face registering surprise and sorrow, her arms reaching out to me, disappearing over the edge, a scream, a thud, silence.

He's still there, still moving, nearly out of sight . My two brothers appear running towards me, their faces white, shocked, unbelieving.

" WHY?WHY? " THEY CRY. With two enormous shoves I send them over the edge. I STAND ALONE. The boy has gone. My family slain..... my hands..... I AWAKE.

WHERE ARE YOUR BOUNDARIES ?

***** Anarchy,

***** old chap ?

***** If there's a

***** market

*** for it,

* we can

sell it.

Such nights that I awoke rendered me immobile, for fear that any movement might reveal my presence to an outraged world. THAT I WAS CAPABLE OF SUCH DREAMS THREATENED TO SHAKE ME OUT OF EXISTENCE. It seemed to me monstrous that violence should find access to my dreams whilst the tenderness I dreamt should find no expression. AND SO IT WAS I BECAME MONSTROUS. My tantrums flared like firework displays dazzling those who knew me. Today I gravitate towards those streamlined by rebellion, as they gyrate around the opposite poles of positive and negative. My own anger left me drowsy, and beneath the heavy eyelids of another I recognize the same battleground of possibilities in motion. Yet there is something I have failed to recognize that draws me on, unresolving, expressing itself in fragments through myself and others, I as an other, another as eye, a perfect reflection that has no face. A sleepy friend abstracted in revolt exemplifies the beat within me, like a talking drum that demands decoding, not quite able to break the confines of self and other. The tired mans face crinkles as he smiles, like the palm of a hand that has held wisdom, like the setting sun I fly towards. I begin to unravel the mystery of gravity---- aviation is not just the art of those who go up. Falling from grace we gain our wings, like so many Lucifers, learning to fly, finding each other by instinctive radar. OUR ISOLATION IS THE SKY WE FLY IN, IS THE GIFT WE GIVE, IS THE WIND IN THE FACE OF THE NAVIGATOR. DISOBEDIENCE RENDERS ALL OTHER VIRTUES OBSOLETE, FOR IT REINVENTS THEM AS IT FLOWERS.



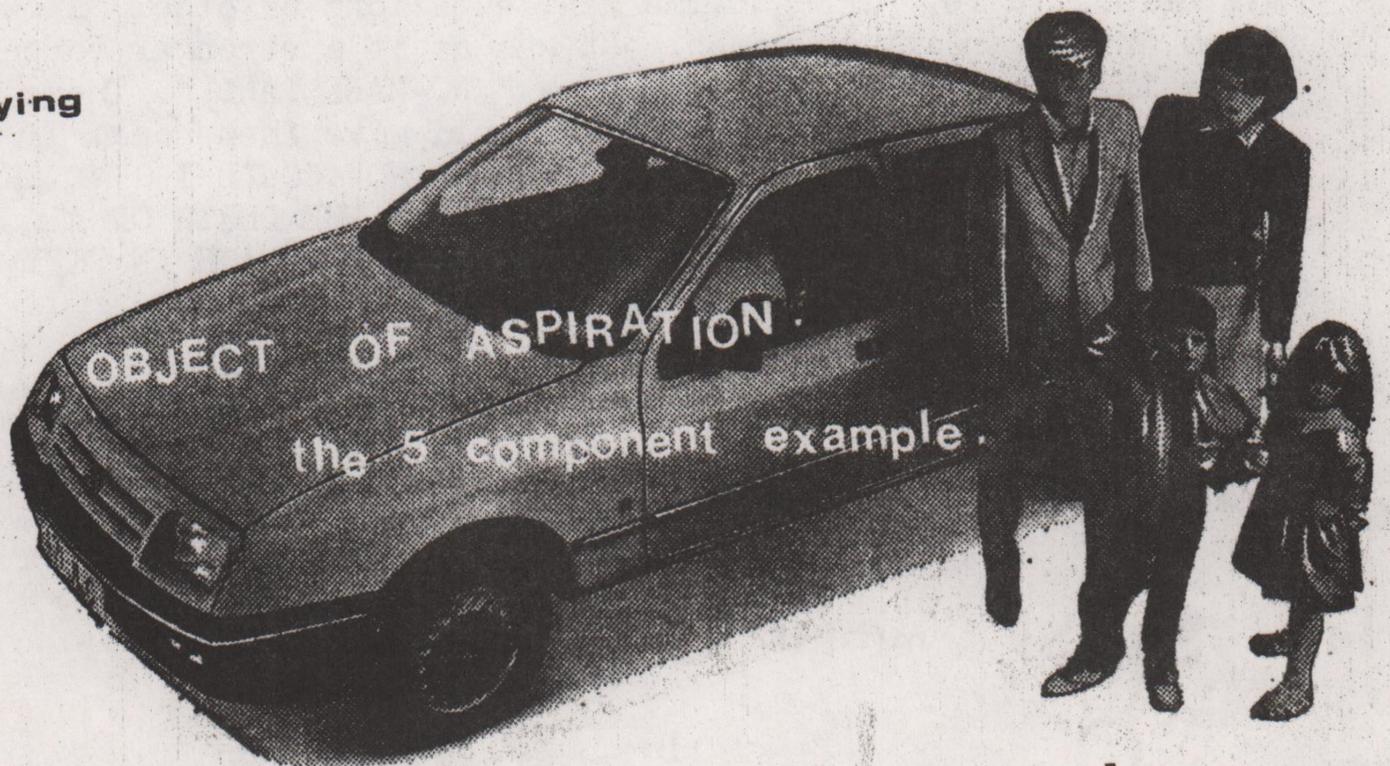
Outside my flat I slouch beneath the sun. The people around here don't venture much beyond being in couples and when evening arrives television takes over. I AM INVISIBLE TO THEM. They see but a shadow cast upon their walls. Police patrol the streets to protect their interests. I HAVE NO INTEREST IN THEIR INTERESTS ANYMORE. My desolation is filled with birdsong and becomes joyous. Equally the unheard snap of a finger signals distress. Something shifts slightly beyond me and the air I breathe becomes tighter. I am far from friends. They are scattered across the canvas, each painting his or her own landscape, some rise, others fall, breaking over each other like waves. I WAS IN DANGER OF CLINGING AND I MOVED ON TO FIND OUT WHAT LAY BEYOND THAT I HAD GROWN COMFTABLE WITH. Yet if one of them were to appear now I would feel like home had come to the heart. Behind me are open doors but I do not turn back. THERE ARE TOO MANY DOORS BEFORE ME THAT ARE YET TO BE OPENED. I am used to solitude. Sometimes it exhausts me, othertimes it is a balm of silence. In silence I grow, I give birth to words that have been reborn many times, I shuffle them like cards, examine my hand, call my own bluff. Passing an open window I see two people curled together on a sofa watching t.v. TELEVISION THAT ASSASIN OF DREAMS. MY OWN SOLITUDE TAKES THE SHAPE OF A TELEVISION PROGRAMME THAT HAS BEEN DEEMED UNFIT FOR PUBLIC CONSUMPTION.

*** **

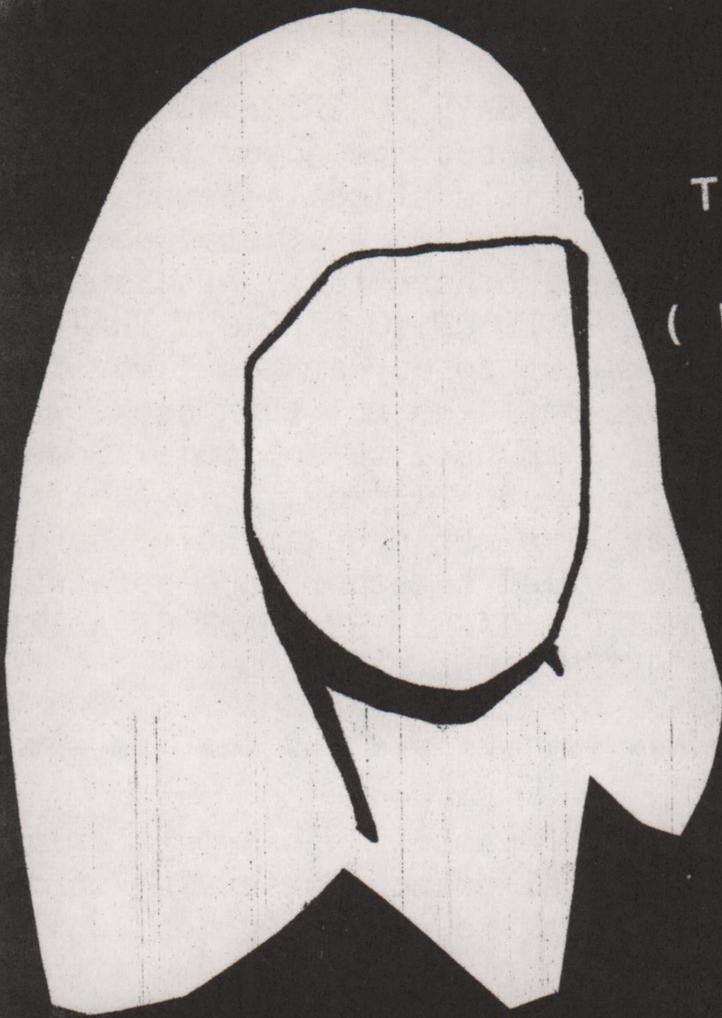
The school I used to attend was a particularly raucous one, so that the teachers (who got a special allowance for having to deal with such terrors as us) were in a perpetual state of trying to enforce order, whilst we were constantly finding loopholes in there systems of control by which we might escape. Truancy made Houdinis of us, as we developed our various skills of escapology, breaking the shackles of boredom that encapsulated us. I had quickly identified authority as the enemy and rejected its attempts to contain me, even though I was often obliged to play lip-service to its language of law.

For their part the teachers were mostly aware of the underlying contempt that was felt for them and were quick to resort to acts of petty meanness. After sports we might be subjected to being herded into the showers en masse, whereby the water was alternated from extremes of hot and cold, which surely serves to illustrate the lack of imagination of those who would presume to be our betters. Whereas this was designed to dampen our spirits, such treatment had the opposite effect on me. My concentration on anything the teachers might have to say for the rest of the day was completely thrown, and the monotony of lessons was so totally unbearable that I was OBLIGED to escape. The intimacy and nakedness of the showers haunted me, an unidentified taste lingered in my mouth giving rise to a hunger I could put no name to. Finding myself beyond the school gates without having been detected I sought the solitude of a nearby park.

if playing
LIP
SERVICE
to
banality
IS



the way TO make A MAN of ME then I think
I'LL make My OWN way, see YOU around.



The Judge
 (bastion of high drag
 HETEROSEXUALITY)



balances
 shame & indecency

on the shoulders of dissenters.

I did not understand what I was becoming. The naked shapes of other boys, although not unlike my own seemed mysterious to me, like sublime manifestations of other. It was not that I had any adversity to women, but was as if a stronger force was pulling me in a direction I felt to be a " NO-MANS LAND ". These oblique feelings demanded preciseness, but I could give them none. IF THEY DID NOT BECOME ME, HOW COULD I BECOME THEM ? HOW COULD I GIVE THEM LIFE EXCEPT THROUGH MY OWN DEATH, BY WHICH I MEAN THE DEATH OF ALL I KNEW AND HAD UNDERSTOOD MYSELF TO BE (AND IS THIS NOT DEATH IN VERY REAL TERMS) SUCH THINGS THREATEN TO MAKE GHOSTS OF US.

KNOWledge is **FOR**bidden fruit.

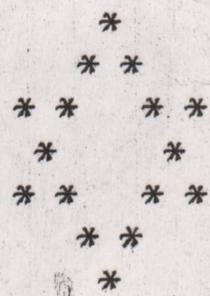
ig**NO**r**AN**CE is **BLISS**

THE **SUN** might **SHI**NE



in **PARA**dise

BUT **THE** **LIES** f**LOW** **LI**ke **PISS**



SUCH DEATHS CONTAIN THE BIRTHS OF NEW FACES, NEW WORDS, NEW DREAMS, NEW FEELINGS. Stagnation would be my worst torture. My disorder begets its own order, like the sea, ever moving, responds to its own rhythm, while remaining calm in its depths. The arrogance of those who would contain me within their fabricated confines of human nature becomes a target of my disgust. SUCH SIGNS THAT PROCLAIM " PRIVATE PROPERTY " DESERVE TO BE SPAT AT. I find myself pitted against those who would limit my movements and behind most doors that have been closed to me I glimpse the hallways of PROFIT and POWER. DYING TO THEIR WORLD I BECOME ALIVE TO MY OWN.

LET ME APPEAR IN MY TRUE COLOURS----- I close my eyes and picture a flag against a blue sky, the flag is BLACK, a patch of darkness moving with the wind, moving with my mind, BLACK, all that has been negated as night, nigger, sin, death, the unknown that threatens from beyond, the depth of a river, other, the hidden self, the night of all possible dissidents, expelled from the day of those who claim to represent light, where there is only a pale imitation of life, denying the intensity, diversity, spectrum of all possible lives and avoiding the hues and cries of humanity, who wear its yoke even as they deny and avoid their own cries, BLACK, allowing all possible expressions.

MY ATTITUDE BRINGS CRIES OF " ANARCHIST ", to which I do not reply. Today I refuse to affirm or deny such compliments that believe themselves to be condemnations.

Something stirs in my childhood; THE REFUSAL TO REPLY, the difference between the instinctive answer and the " right " answer, the cracks in the crazy paving. There was always a sense of nakedness, AS IF EXPRESSION WERE A FORM OF INDISCRETION. Occasionally a feeling of having been deserted became overwhelming, as if suddenly all my usual avenues of comfort lacked any powers of cohesion. This seemed to me like a dangerous perspective and I felt that I could cut through all the etiquette and experience. Sometimes when there was a storm outside my window I sat there thinking maybe someday, someone is going to see me like that and I smeared my hand against the cold window pane and the contact seemed like ice, because I knew my heat was capable of melting it and I could walk right out there, into the storm, all I had to do was get through that window. EVENINGS LIKE THIS ANYTHING SEEMED POSSIBLE. Watching my goldfish in its bowl, I thought,

" I WONDER WHAT YOUR STORMS ARE LIKE ? "

All my life ran to my flesh, rubbing static against my shirt, as if there were muffled alarm bells beneath the cloth, buzzing with life, like a scream scraping the surface, ready to pour out my pores.

The sensuality of the storm struck me dumb and I wanted to pull words out of my mouth like a magician does a string of coloured handkerchiefs. But I knew this could only be a shallow trick. Someone comes in and asks me what I am doing.

" Nothing." I answer.

" You must be doing something. "

I REFUSE TO REPLY.

It is often very tempting to fill a moments silence with superfluous words or deeds. To share silence is one of the most intimate of experiences. IT IS TO BE ON THE SHORE OF A SEA OF BREATH. We are encouraged to leave no space for silence and we become submerged in the voices of others, strangling our own like weeds might a blooming rose. IF YOU CAN'T DESCRIBE IT, IT DON'T EXIST. GIVE IT A NAME OR GIVE IT A MISS. So it is our own voices become strangled by words. Within the cauldron of noises there is no room to digest and we carry our conversations around like so much dust. It is the difference between talking with each other and to each other. THERE IS NO WASTE. To kill time is surely a form of murder (or suicide) and words are often the weopans of such would be assassins. Do you see the pattern I am painting? Are my arguments circular rather than linear? I choose my words with preciseness and they reappear many times over to test a different context.

In so many pages have we not passed the same point again and again? What am I trying to describe? Outside I hear the sounds of birds singing, a dog barks, a plane goes overhead, behind me the ticking of a clock, the sky is dull, the scrawl of my handwriting moves from left to right. IN THIS MOMENT I REVEAL MY WINNING NUMBER.

Let me assume the configuration of a memory. I am sixteen, Adam is fourteen. His face shines, his eyes are alive to mine. The silence is complete. Meeting in an embrace that had issued from neither of us, we find our lips still wet from each others tongues. Heartbeats echo in each other. My hand touches his cheek, the weight of his body presses up into mine, and I am suprised by his calm. Head on pillow he looks up at me, a confluence of trust and desire flushing his face. THIS MOMENT HAD NO PRECEDENT, WAS UNCALCULATED, THE ILLIGITIMATE CHILD OF SPONTONAITTY. The world has fallen away, we are no longer who we were before. DEATH IS A SPACE IN WHICH LIFE TAKES SHAPE.

" It's our seceret. " I whisper. He smiles.

OUR SECRETETS ENABLE US TO DANCE, WE DISGUISE THEM AS LIMPS. This was my first expression of a seceret that had been alive in me so long, thrown me off balance on so many occassions. This was the seceret garden WE might meet in and roll away the stone that had been placed in the heart of man. Others did not recognize us, they were too engrossed in their morality to witness such a resurrection. Without their knowing we had initiated the confirmation of their worst fears, we did not question our innocence. It was our seceret and it was as sacred to us as their morality was to them. OUR TRANSGRESSION HAD ATTUNED US TO A WORLD TO WHICH JUDGEMENT COULD ONLY BOW ITS HEAD AND SEEK ADJOURNMENT.

Let me intröduce myself. MY NAME IS UNPRONOUNCABLE. Dealing with details as they arise I allow the picture to paint itself in the hope that honesty will prevail. In allowing my feelings to take shape I become solid, whereas I have acquired certain phantom like qualities, whereby it might be said I haunted the world rather than lived in it. However, I have avoided fossilization, I have escaped becoming a PILLAR OF SOCIETY, which is THE ULTIMATE FOSSILIZATION.

Adam was the eldest of a large family, and as such became its spearhead into the outside world. His mother overwhelmed by the poverty she was forced to raise her children in and her own futile prospects, alternated between the home and the local psychriatic hospital, where she would sometimes be subjected to E.C.T. There was little to relish in her immediate circumstances and the treatment she recieved only served to KEEP HER QUIET RATHER THAN IMPROVE HER LIFE IN ANY MANNER. The more dazed she became the less likely she was to complain.

Her possessiveness towards her children was not based so much on a concern for their welfare, but on a need of a substitute for the lack she felt in her own life. This is not to suggest she did not care for or love them, but that her own needs had been so severely neglected that the demands she made of them were too oppresive to be met. She resented anyone who might take attention away from her and hence undermine the only role she had left to play; that of mother.

So when, not long after I had Appeared on the scene, she made a show of cutting her wrists in front of Adam I was horrified. She did not know the extent our friendship had gone, but even that which was normally acceptable became a cause of conflict. Shaken, Adam came to me for comfort, but cradling him in my arms all I felt was THE COLDNESS OF GUILT. I was the destroyer of families,

the perverse, corrupt, stealer of sons. All the shots hit their mark. The wounds ran deep into a realm that was beyond the rationale and the blood welled up thick and dark.

If at this moment I think of hope, I do not engender a goal in the future that awaits fulfilment, but A STATE THAT EXISTS INSIDE AND EXPRESSES ITSELF IN EVERYDAY AFFAIRS. In suffering hope reaches out. COMPASSION IS THE GLOVE THAT HOPE WEARS. We each carry our own stigmata passed on from before us, and each generation raises the next with broken hands. I examine my own hand FIVE FINGERS STRETCHED IN EVOLUTION, still resembling the monkeys paw that gripped the uppermost branches of a tree. This hand that has since shaped itself around the sword, the sling, the gun, the grenade and now hovers above a system of buttons, scattered around the world, that might finally halt the process that has got us this far.

Heights have always been a source of fear to me, and the memory of a friend who injured himself falling from a tree always prevented me from exploring the uppermost regions of my past. One day, impulsively, I decided to overcome my fear and without carrying the weight of doubt and indecisiveness with me, clambered into the branches of a tall tree, overlooking a beautiful, secluded valley. The view was ample reward. Walking away from the tree afterwards, I turned and saw something entangled in the branches, like a ragged white sheet, billowing in the wind. In an instant the following phrase whispered itself to me;

" The ghost of my fear is caught in the branches of the tree. "

Perhaps in facing our fear we rediscover the true nature of our possibilities and find that which weighed so heavily on us is but a rag that even the wind can play with.

Slowly my story unfolds. At the heart of it is a struggle that still continues, but also a calmness that has clarity. I will try and avoid too many definitions. There is a risk of being blinded by words and so I make my way carefully, hopping chasms in a single sentence, looking around for the next peak. Chronology is not my crime. IN WRITING I BECOME FICTIONAL. I give a part of myself to another to re-create. How do I fare in your head? MY AIM IS TO WRITE AS HONESTLY AS I CAN. It would be less useful to talk about truth. My own truth I can not convey, only offer, it lies between the lines (note my careful choice of words). I impersonate myself better than anyone else does. In exposing my fragmentation I succumb to unity. Writing gives me the sensation of what it must be like to be a snake, shedding its skin. I leave my overcoat behind, so you can take my measurements and paint your own impression. It's not very comfortable for me. I speak staccato. Stutter. Sting. BUT WHAT AM I REALLY DOING EXCEPT REARRANGING DICTIONARIES?



FLASHBACK: The fragility in a friends face brings me to the border of my being. I don't know how to cross that line, that border, well guarded for so long. MY LIFE IS FULL OF BORDERLINE INCIDENTS. I think of the Warsaw Ghetto, the very human cry of suffering, isolated aspects of self, expressions of internal struggle echoed in anothers voice. A bug eyed kid stares into the camera from his hunger and rags. HIS HUNGER AND RAGS. The possibility of a friend gone forever. LIFE WE MIGHT HAVE KNOWN. Friends; those we are alive to, who are alive to us. LIFE AS WE KNOW IT. I hesitate to talk about my friends, my interpretation of them in turn to be interpreted by the reader. They would be sure to be lost on the way. So easily we lose each other, miss each other, hide from each other. EACH OTHER, ANOTHER, I, LOST, MISSED, HIDDEN. Segregated channels of communication leaving us fragmented. Emotional blackmails and final demands. EVERY DAY IS A RED LETTER DAY. The hands that exchange money across the counter never meet. The art of exchange; PAY & CONSUME. Are we all to die of consumption? I stare into the screen from my hunger and rags. MY HUNGER AND RAGS. Looking for the answer in anothers face. A human prescription. IS THERE A CURE FOR ME? Mutual desperation bringing us together like moths fluttering around a night-light, recoiling from the contact, tumbling over ourselves to find the warmth we lack. SPIRITUAL APARTHIED. The dark and the light never quite meeting. Fluttering against the glass, the warmth, the screen that seperates the comfortable from the uncomftable. HUNGER AND RAGS. No time to digest what is on the other side. NO TIME. We talk of buying time and spending time, but not of living time. Language betraying itself; a traitor to our thoughts.

" How did you spend your day? "

Ring me up and I say " NO SALE. " Does this make me priceless or just an idle juggler of words?

A photograph, slightly dog-eared, shows two figures in a garden. It was the beginnings of a very hot summer. Adam was now sixteen, I was eighteen. The sun bronzed our skin and bleached our hair. Adams hair was always the lightest, his skin the darkest. He responded quicker to the changes of nature than I did. He was also quicker to respond to social pressure, which began to constrict all that had once been alive in him, like the snake squeezes the last breath from its victim.

We had both been naive enough not to understand the tides of the waters we swam together. He now began to feel that he should assume the responsibilities his position as elder brother demanded of him. I was allowed a longer leash, already having an elder brother who had forged his way into the world of adult-

PARADISE LOST is NOT written with ANY particular **GROUP** of PEOPLE in MIND. IT IS AN OPEN LETTER to those WHO are open to IT. It is AN **AUTONOMOUS STATEMENT**, the ESSENCE of MY **ANARCHY** is a WORLD OF ALL POSSIBLE EXPRESSIONS. Just as I refuse to define POTENTIAL readers as A group I REFUSE to DEFINE MYSELF in A series of isolated issues. In OUR DIVERSITY, we can FIND our strength and DIGNITY. It is in HOW much we can SHARE NOW that will DETERMINE how much of what HAS BEEN STOLEN FROM US CAN be RECLAIMED. Keep the **NETWORK ALIVE** *

hood and its band of merry men. Adam, finding no acceptable reflection of our relationship in the world of adults he was entering, could only associate it with the childhood he was leaving behind. His feelings strayed, sometimes warm, sometimes remote. My own confusion lay in that I was not growing out of these feelings, even though I was the eldest, and what had once expressed in liberation now began to formulate itself as a prison.

The lesson had been well learnt, THE PRECEPTS OF HETEROSEXUALITY WERE SACRED. In turning a rose I risk pricking my thumb. Shall I sleep behind a wall of thorns forever? I drag these memories up as if from a well, running deep and dark to the pit of my stomach. THESE SLEEPING DOGS HOWL AS THEY DREAM. Awakening to my HISTORY I find MY STORY is not HIS STORY, MY STORY is MYSTERY, the UNKNOWN FACTOR that has been DENIED EXPRESSION, the DENIAL BY TRIAL, the EVERYDAY SENTENCE I must GIVE WITNESS to.

I take on new possibilities, new perspectives, reshaping with each breath patterns that might solidify into the shape of a prison cell.

I WILL NOT SUCUMB TO THE CONFINEMENT OF A SOLITARY SEXUALITY,

to be emotionally blanched out to suit anothers sense of suitability.

MY NAME IS UNPRONOUNCABLE.

The sounds of my past speak in my voice now with tongue twisting tones and textures, to trick the would be ventriloquist. THE ONLY CONTINUITY I HAVE IS MYSELF. Breaking out of the eggshell that has enveloped me I leave you these fragments. WHERE DOES THIS TAKE ME? I go through my window, into the storm, it strikes me to the heart, splitting my skin, I emerge time and time again,

I REFUSE TO BE CONTAINED.

IT IS SAID THAT EVERY RULE HAS ITS EXCEPTION. EXPRESSING OURSELVES IN TOTALITY WE ALL BECOME EXCEPTIONS TO THE RULE, AND THE RULE CEASES TO BE.

When the lip-service leaves the throat dry absurdity becomes fluent. I have already acted out my own example.

please WRITE to PARADISE
LOST % THE
ALBANY STREET
 BOOKSHOP,
 36, Albany Street,
 London, NW 1.*

When Adam contrived that we should both be seen to be participating in the SHAM PARADISE of heterosexuality, I consented, out of confusion and fear of losing him. We began going out as a foursome with two girls, who we had vaguely known for some time. At the end of an evening, when we were alone, we inevitably gravitated back to each other in some dark corner, giving expression to that which had been sublimated in another's arms all evening. What in retrospect might seem ridiculous seemed inevitable at the time and I assumed such criminal identities as thief, impostor, cheat, counterfeiter, in the gaol of my mind.

IN DENYING SELF WE UNAVOIDABLY DENY OTHERS AS ALL THAT WE GIVE IS FALSE.

It was not contempt that I felt for the girl I exchanged embraces with, but a secret sensitivity, feeling we were being mutually cheated by the events we were enacting. Any contempt I saved for myself, a contempt I was to carry around for a long time, like an alsatian's snarl, ready to bite any hand that was prepared to reach out to me.

How many of us are led up such false trails, each step taking us further from the self that we might otherwise discover. WHERE THERE IS PERFECTION WE ASSUME INFIRMITY, adopting the mentality of invalid (crippled, mishappen, disfigured), of being invalid (of no value, worthless), seeing others as being the expression of what we must aspire to. Such phrases as,

"You don't have a leg to stand on." betray the underlying assumptions of what is legitimate and what is worthless. Too easily we fall prey to these well camouflaged traps. Falling for the role of casualty.

TO BE IS TO BE VALID.

I was at least aware to know that I was lost, that (as another phrase has it), I had to "find my own feet".

One evening when Adam and I were alone I ventured that our situation had outwitted us and we were crushing in each other what might otherwise be fruitful. Our concepts of each other had made us prisoners and it was fearfully that I began to turn the key a little further with each word, to open the door by which we might escape.

In his own mind he rationalized what had existed between us as a "bit of fun between mates" and in this way only could he find his way back into the world he had been brought up for, by walking over all that I felt, so that I might bridge

no GOD

no grace

no GUIDING LIGHT.

the gap that separated him from what was acceptable, and allow him to cross.

At the bus-stop we waited in the cold for the bus to carry him away. There was a silence that the wind blew through with the solemnity of a lament. Turning to me as the bus drew up, he said,

"I'll miss you."

The sadness in his face brewed in his eyes ready to spill over. Something threatened to tear from inside me, to gush into the air like a sea of wings, to beat frantically against the sky.

"I WONDER WHAT YOUR STORMS ARE LIKE?"

I watched the bus carry him back to the world he had come from. I turned and walked home alone.

There is a certain emptiness that rings like the dying vibrations of a bell. When the bell tolls we have to listen. There are many who now hear that same sound, and know it well. It has surprised me how fragile even the toughest of us are, and I wonder that we do not handle each other with more care.

Pictures of young men going to war do not suggest to me comradeship, but the deepest loneliness.

THAT WE MIGHT ONLY MEET IN COMBAT IS INFINITELY SAD.

Marchers and mourners equally conjure up clouds of grief. The battleground extends into the street and home, regimented lifestyles of COMPETITION, where women become just another weapon that men use to protect their positions, and vice versa. An Englishman's home is his castle and ALL OUTSIDERS ARE POTENTIAL INVADERS. POSSESSION AND PROTECTION ARE THE IDIOM OF A THOUSAND ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE JACKALS LAUGH IS HOLLOW AND ITS EMPTINESS RINGS CLEAR. THE BELL TOLLS AND IS NEVER SILENCED. FEAR OF HEARING DOES NOT CONSTITUTE DEAFNESS, FEAR OF SEEING DOES NOT CONSTITUTE BLINDNESS, FEAR OF SPEAKING DOES NOT CONSTITUTE DUMBNESS. I HAVE REMAINED NUMB FOR FAR TOO LONG. I REFUSE TO PLAY THE GAME OF DEAF, DUMB AND BLIND ANYMORE. LISTENING TO MY OWN VOICE MY EARS CEASE TO RING.

The Rotten Apple.



And all the pain and laughter
That has passed through there,
Something still moves there,
A ripple breaks the surface
Like maybe something survives there,
And they would turn you into something hard
Something stoney and immovable.



I AM A CLUMSY FOOL/I SEARCH THROUGH OTHER PEOPLES
LANDSCAPES/HOPING I MIGHT FIND MY OWN/TOUCH A NERVE
HERE/TOUCH A NERVE THERE/I AM HOLLOW/IAM OUT-
SIDE/I SEARCH THROUGH OTHER PEOPLES HEARTS/HOPING
I MIGHT FIND MY OWN/TOUCH A NERVE HERE/TOUCH A N-
ERVE THERE/I NEVER SEEN SO MANY EYES BEFORE/STAR-
ING OUT TO SEA/I WONDER WHAT THEY SEE/I WONDER W-
HAT THEY SEE/IS THIS THE INVASION?/COULD THIS BE
THE END?/EVERYBODIES LOOKING FOR ENEMIES/BUT I'M
LOOKING FOR A FRIEND/WHO WILL HEAR MY CALL?

**when the people
become stagnant
the scum rises to the
surface. it is behind
the masks of
everyday life we find
the true arena of our
suffering. while we
remain invisible
to each other
issues are not enough.**



MAKE WAVES NOW.

**NOT
GLC
funded**