

ANATHEMA

PRESS: CHRISTINA STAMBOLIAN FOR OP DESIGNS



N°2-30p

The face of fashion

"People in Britain don't write like this"

OP DESIGNS

REMINISCENCE

As the mist rises from the water, lakeland, holiday time, pleasure cruise down Windermere time. Forget the blues and forget where you came from, to where you must return. So enjoy yourself while you can because soon the reality will creep in ... slowly ... as the smog rises from the City, any City ... Wigan or Perth, Birmingham or Middlesbrough, I know all of them well the smog exposes a dull, almost lifeless area of buildings, billboard posters to catch the eye of the passers by. Bingo halls and their flashing lights. Cinemas showing soft porn adventures of Pinocchio. Nightclubs catering for the young. Almost like a Cattlemarket. Housing estates, all the same. As I once travelled from Manchester to Wigan, I remember thinking how all the houses looked like cereal boxes. I suppose that in a manner of speaking they are. Back to boredom with that familiar sense of dread in your gut. The routine begins and never ends, the pipe dream. A tower of thoughts. And a face like a mile of bad road. The British so called sense of humour. We laugh at ourselves when in a mess. Chemical pipes circulate the factory. Engines pump poisons through the massive network of steel pipes like blood through our veins. On the Leeds skyline I see almost a dozen tower blocks. Flats. Little rooms where people live. A few jump out of the windows but I've never seen anyone do it. And as I pass through Edinburgh, heading out onto the A1 I write a poem about leaves and ice and throw it away. The sea goes on for ever. Faceless people peep from behind doors and a little girl waves from a window high up in the sky. A crumpled glue-bag lies on the lift floor. Surrounded by graffiti, the boy of fourteen collapses going up to floor seven, lungs gasping for air, almost collapsing, saliva running down his chin in a constant flow, thinks his teeth have fallen out. What's happening. And the legs dance and kick in final life and then go limp, the rope is secure around the wooden beam, the body dangles in space. And when I was at school a screaming boy jumped off Yarm Viaduct crashing into the river below. It only takes one mouthful of that polluted water. There are no fish near the pipe sticking out of the river bank, it spews out a yellow burning liquid that mixes and mingles with the water. Chokes it and kills it. Some friends go drinking with a friend of a friend. Slowly getting pissed, one of them is a soldier on leave, just got back from Belfast. Tells them how his friend was blown into pieces by a booby trapped record player. Someone later makes a comparison between the soldier on the streets of Belfast and famous actor Richard Widmark, at this point the realities are confused. Is this how they see war ... An image on a screen. Celluloid image on a screen..... I suppose its easier to turn the horror of it into a fantasy like something safe you saw acted on TV but the dead people don't get up and walk away once the filming stops. This has been your first lesson on how to write. There are two types of writers, Parasitic writers and spastic writers, the parasitic writers use imagination and anything else possible. The spastic writer is used by people for an end. Spastic writers support the chains that restrict us.

THE END.





The Killing of The Crow.

All things bright and beautiful/All creatures great and small/
All things wise and wonderful/The lord god made them all.....
In the village of Longnewton/Sunday gospel, sunday sermon/
The call the culprit Neville Jones/Vicar prepared the killing
of the crows/Tree's growing high into the sky/Crows with young
that cant yet fly/They were messing up his wall/So he decided
to kill them all/Christian neighbours complained of the noise/
Farmers with guns like kids with toys/Shotgun shots into the
nests/Tarmac littered with the bloody flesh/And i saw the
killing of the crow/Yeah i almost cried at the killing of the
crow/The vicar he didnt want to know/I felt sick inside at the
killing of the crows/Young injured birds crawl the road/Vicar
smiles with a holy gloat/The man of god arranged the kill/A
society man with a mind of evil/All i called him was a murdering
hypocrite/I should of posted a body to him/Mothers screaming for
their dead young/He didnt mention that in his sermon!

MANDI FLEE -82-



DRAWING BY
MANDI

