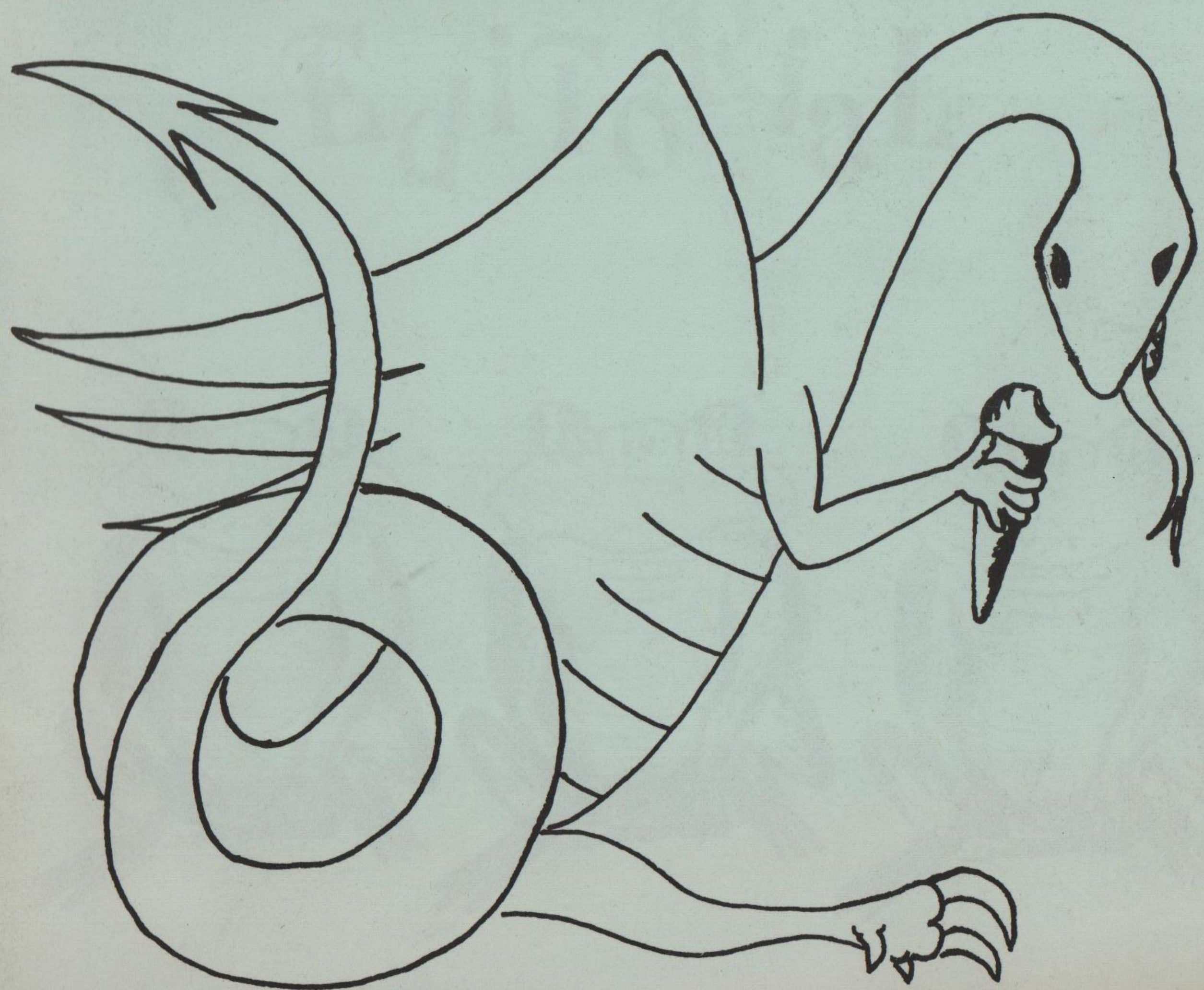


PUFF THE MAGIC DRAGON



Pull

down

The

Old

building

and

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A

new

one



Editorial



WELCOME TO 1984.....

well here we are at last folks, 1984, and what a place to be.....Police helicopters buzzing unobtrusively overhead with powerful video cameras poking out the window; the people, dazed into a mass of grey conformity have lots of nice new games and toys to keep them happy; video cameras in public places like Trafalgar square and the dartford tunnel.....in shops and banks or just quietly recording public demonstrations.

The data processing act. This will allow the organs of national security to link all the national computers together. Key examples are: the M.I.5 computers, police computers, credit cards, banks, gas and electricity boards, the post office, British telecom, the office of poulation, censuses and surveys, the driver vehicle licensing centre, the DHSS, the departement of employment, customs and excise, immigration, and the inland revenue.....at the touch of a button there will be a mass of information relating to the activities and behaviour of every one of us. Down to the last detail.

The power of this information is unimaginable, for example: In the mid 1970's, Argentine military authorities studied patterns in the telephone and electricity bills to pinpoint opposition'safe' houses, and they studied water bills to locate bomb factories.....and this is relatively primitive.

THESE MAY ALL BE AIDS IN THE FIGHT AGAINST CRIME BUT WHERE DOES ONE DRAW THE LINE BETWEEN THE PRESERVATION OF LAW AND ORDER AND THE MAINTENANCE OF MASS CONFORMITY.... IF THEY ARE NOT SYNONYMOUS ALREADY.

source: The Observer magazine,
December 17th.

"By the end of this year there will be a computer you direct questions to in natural language. In five years one you talk to which will respond with its own voice."

"If you are feeling ill you will tell the computer what your symptoms are. It will tell you what you are suffering from, how to treat it or whether to go to a doctor.

They will be in 90% of homes in Britain by 1990. Thats certain.

Students will be taught by computer. The teachers role will be supervisory. Robots will take over from nurses."

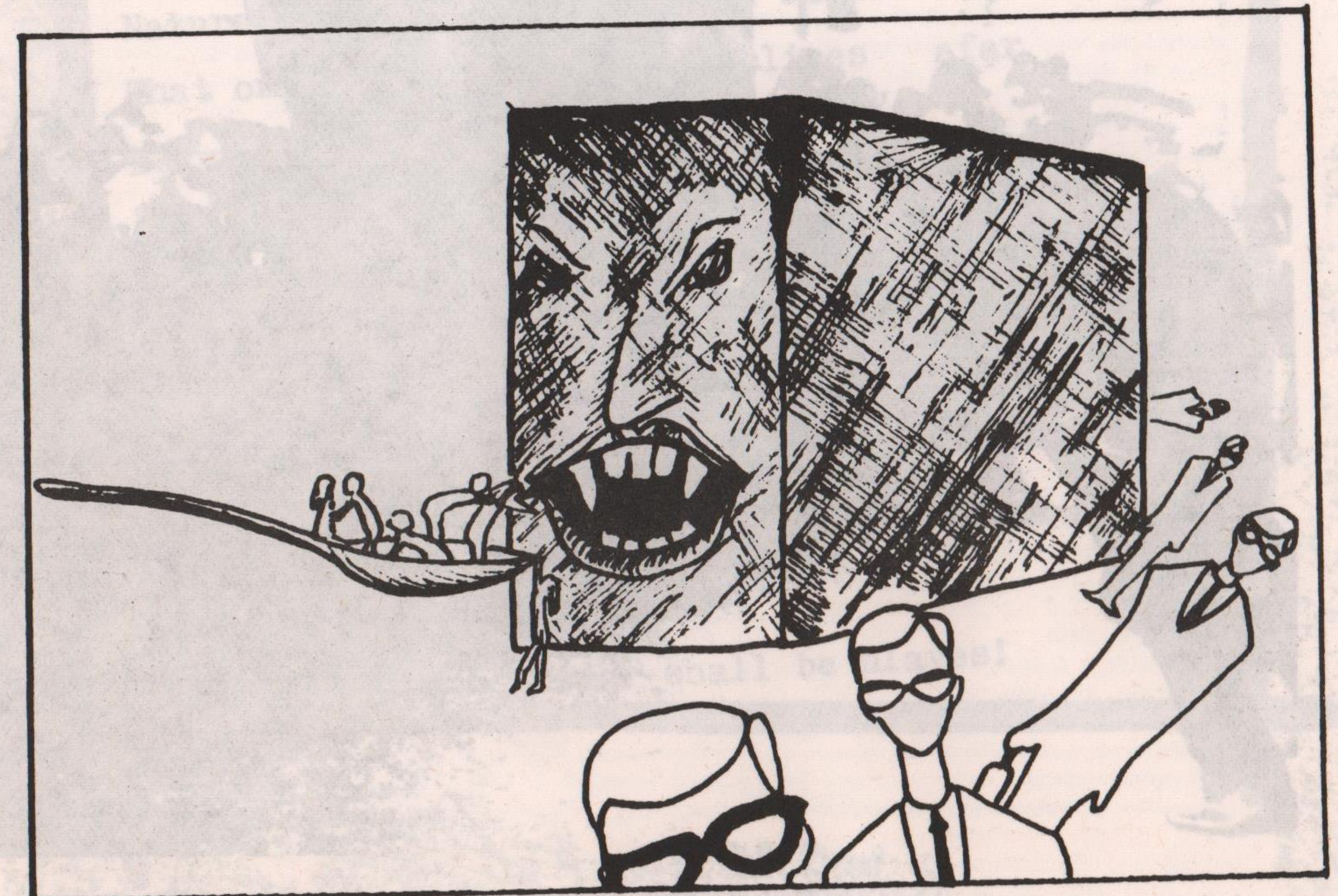
"The changes are going to be immense Mr.Cutting said. There will be no mystique. There will just be a computer in every house and it will be like a piece of household furniture.

Thats in a few years, by the way. You'll just talk to it, have a conversation with it, ask it about some legal problem or your bank balance, use it for shopping.

It's not fanciful. It's here already, getting the price down is what we're engaged in. I'd guess we are talking about £500 for the whole system in, say, five years."

"I think its certain that in decades not centuries, machines of silicon will arise first to equal and then to surpass their human ancestors."

"Quite soon he said, in only ten or twenty years perhaps, we will be able to assemble a machine as complex as the human brain."



Self-confessed rebel fell out of the wrong side of bed and crashed into his dictated uniform of leather and hate. 'Thou shalt wear my personality' crackled millions of T.V. sets - and the masses obeyed. The rebellion started in the fashion parlour - and the rebel bought himself a new coat of sheepskin - he'd have to go easy on booze that week - but everyone was wearing them. Greedy merchant clasped the notes as he sold the mass produced product - money played happy tunes and another slaughtered sheep joined the carcass pile, waiting to be swallowed. A look or death covered the rebel's mind and he frowned at old ladies, blacks and other objects of hate, heightening his negative silence. Perhaps people would glance at his instant image, but it was with fear and distrust as he kicked an empty cold can further into his heart... When out of control later that evening he hurled abuse at a young mother and her daughter, returning from the swimming pool, his language made the woman bite her lower lip until pain paralysed the action and the taste of warm blood joined chlorine - the little girl sobbed in fear. And the demi-gods smiled cos he had shown aggression and had shown that 'we' wont be beaten down. The rebel puppet continued on his warpath - victory clasped in his right hand - a silver chain. The alchahol pumped through his head and he created carnage down Coronation street, him and the other sheep throwing bricks in between vomiting (though they had nothing INSIDE). The local paper ran the story of youths terrorizing the neighbourhood - all young angry people are the same. (They must be - the paper says so)



And two years later the circle of youth came to a standstill and rebellion slipped off him and he threw his coat away. He now had a new uniform and a job in the supermarket. Rebellion borne out and the tribe was buried - to be reincarnated five years later...

Reached out and grabbed the hand that held me down,
 Confronted it in unstable state
 Escapism bringing reality for one beatiful moment
 Used, not abused, there is no hate
 57 million victims to nurse
 'Thou shalt see it now' a voice boomed inside my head
 Yet come dawn cowardice lives inside
 Individuality lost thru being dead!

Nature's discord washed up on walls
 That only soul can part for climes afar
 Leaving bastard thoughts aborted
 Living for that one sole star...
 Infront they all began to sing
 Like spluttering dogs fed on soap,
 Countless brains flew out the window,
 Music's become todays dope.
 Rulebrittaniabrittania rules the waves
 Britainnevernevernever shall be slaves!

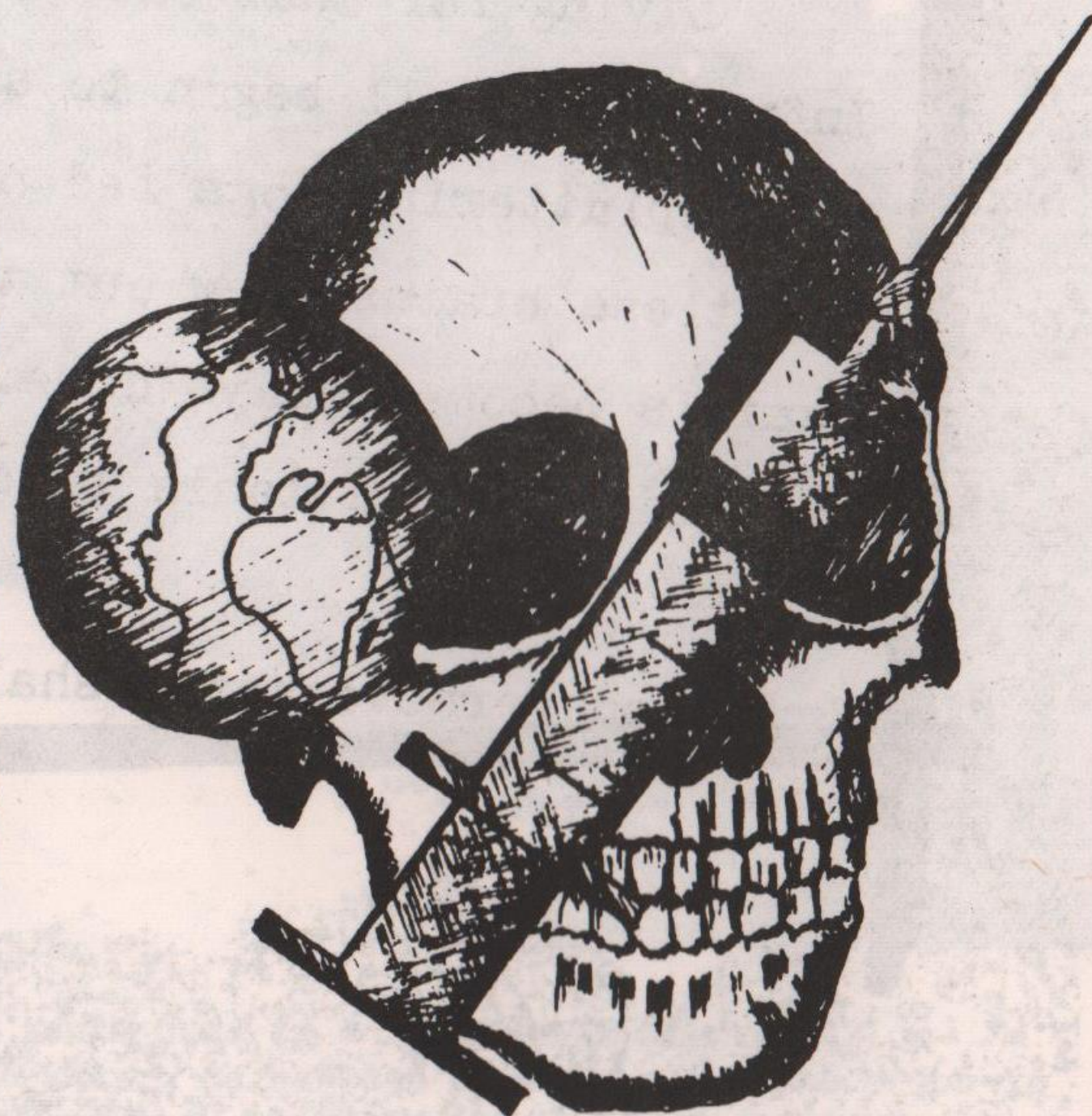
THE EYE OF THE APPLE - DISCO RE-MIX.

This planet is burdened with four thousand million people, a figure that has disconcertingly more than doubled in this century alone. Collectively these four thousand million people seem to be hell bent on destroying not only each other but also the planet which supports them. Fresh water, the number one essential ingredient to life exists as a mere 0.01% of all the water on this planet, yet, expanding and thoughtless industry has insisted (and still does) on poisoning the rivers and lakes of this world with toxic effluent making them lifeless sewers. The planets natural resources have also thoughtlessly been exploited - at present rates of consumption most mined resources will simply not exist half way through the next century. What else? Forests tend to get wiped out as well, which seems silly since they produce most of our oxygen if nothing else. Nevertheless, about 40% of the Amazon forest has been cut down in the last hundred years alone. This forest covers an area the size of Europe and produces half the worlds oxygen. These trees, if replaced at all, are replaced with fast growing conifers which produce oxygen at one tenth of the rate of the rain forest trees. As the rain forest shrinks, the water balance is upset, deserts are formed.....

Factories, power stations, homes, cars, belch poisonous gases into the air, causing irreparable damage to life on the surface of the planet and the protective layers of the atmosphere - fine, how about the excess carbon dioxide saturating the atmosphere that could cause the global temperature to rise. This could disrupt the planets entire eco-system resulting simultaneously in droughts and floods. The sea, well that element being two thirds of the like planet doesn't get off too lightly either - in fact anything goes, from household sewage to uranium waste, and not suprisingly an excess causes an imbalance, until certain seas have become simply filthy, lifeless and in some cases, dangerous.

O.K. so what about the other animals on the planet, man doesn't seem to have done them too many favours either. Since the first reported animal extinction back in the year 80 a.d. half of the subsequent extinctions have occurred in the twentieth century. About one species or sub-species is extinguished per year. Man kills for pleasure under the cloak of hunting for necessity. Man experiments on animals in a highly wasteful and negligent manner. Seems very dubious to me.

A record edition of the New York Times published in December 1961 required 4,550 tons of paper for 1,458 copies, each containing 678 pages. The paper for this amazing edition required 77,000 fully grown trees and left a 360 acre hole in the forest.....all this to publish a single edition of a single newspaper in a single city.....to be read in the morning and thrown away in the afternoon.



Farming: whatever happened to the rustic living on the land, the epitome of the countryside, pitchfork in one hand, cowpat in t'other, corny yes, but what are all these businessmen doing posing as farmers - farming is not a way of life any more but big bucks. Consequently, production of food takes second place to the production of money. Crops sprayed with nasty chemicals to increase the businessman's profit have disturbing effects when eaten. D.D.T. an insecticide, will be consumed by creatures at the bottom of the food chain, then be passed up the food chain as it does not decompose, and will simply accumulate in the animals at the top of the food chain such as birds, until the levels of the chemical become toxic and the bird, surprise surprise, dies. This is not uncommon. Man is also at the top of the food chain. All commercially grown food is sprayed with chemicals to make it grow bigger and things, to enable the over strained land to continue supporting endless crops of the same thing. Trouble is, these chemicals, sprayed on the land and plants are contained in the plants as we eat them and are not digested by our good selves, consequently they just accumulate. Since these are only recent developments (post WW2) no-one has really been able to see what effect, and how dangerous this really is. No doubt, WE will find out, being children of the like, computer age.

Exactly the same thing is true of factory farmed animals. Meat. Nasty nasty chemicals in piggywigs feed for example means that your bacon is stuffed with indigestible chemicals to make the piggy in the mirror that much fatter, which accumulates in your blood until toxic levels are reached and people start dying.

Factory farming, supposedly economical, is really uneconomical, cruel and rather silly. Factory farm animals consume 370 million tons of grain per year, most of which is imported from the third world, where twelve million children die per year from starvation before their first birthday. Wasteful: on one acre of land a man can supply himself with enough protein to last 77 days by producing beef; but by producing soya beans, he will produce enough protein for 2,224 days. Production of one pound of grain requires 60 - 250 gallons of water; one pound of meat, 2,500 - 6,000 gallons.

Sorry for being a bore, but food production, although given little emphasis in our affluent society, is one of the most important aspects of life and policy on this planet. What was the first technology, hunting for food; second, farming. O.K.

How about the fact that one third of mankind is in possession of five sixths of the worlds gross product, whilst the other two thirds have to make do with one sixth. The affluent third have enough to satisfy their need, greed, and more, look at the E.E.C. food mountains for an example. Meanwhile everyday, 90,000 people die from starvation every day, that is 32,850,000 a year - more than half the population of this country.

Roughly speaking, the U.S.A. and Europe consume 90% of the worlds oil, 80% of the worlds fertilizers and 75% of the fish catch. One third of the worlds cereals and a quarter of the worlds fish catch goes to feed their live-stock.

The U.S.A. uses more fertilizers on its golf courses, gardens and cemeteries than the whole agricultural programme of India.

Malnutrition one - the starved face of three quarters of the world. Malnutrition two - the over fed face of the other quarter, stuffed full of meat, refined flour, sugar etc. - heart disease, obesity, hypertension and cancer. P.S. why is western medical science forever burdening us with drugs we don't need in a vain attempt to cure the effect of a disease instead of seeking ways to eliminate the causes of a disease by for example, altering our unhealthy way of life.

And - 6% of the worlds population lives in the U.S.A. - they consume one third of the worlds energy. Europe and the Soviet Union take 42% and all the rest, a mere 25%. One American uses as much energy as 300 North Africans.

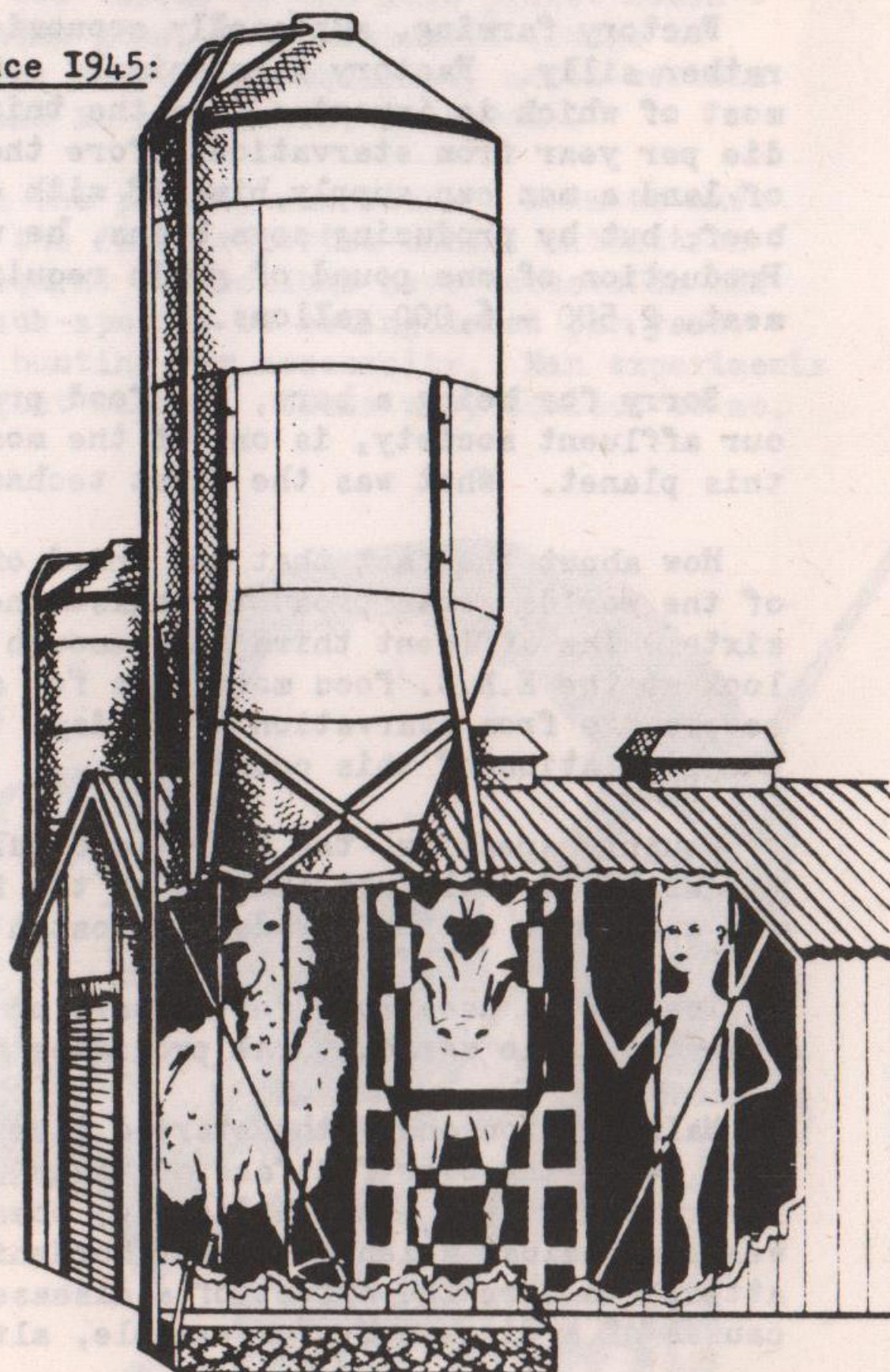
Daft consumerism, similarly based on capitalist principles out of control (like food production). The economy seems to be based on the joint principles of consumption and wastage - not to mention greed. "Our attitude to many things from cars to newspapers is like that of naughty children to food. We take one bite and reject the rest." Commodities are produced and discarded - then more are produced - people are kept chained to offices and factories producing things that we have already got. Technology is diverted into developing senseless gadgetry so that the consumer will keep on consuming. Goods are actually designed with specifically short lifespans so that one has to buy another in a few months/years time. Produce something that lasts - it's feasible - but no no no, our system thrives on consuming and wasting, on having what we don't actually need. Production for its own sake, is, in our society an end in itself.

The ever present threat of nuclear war doesn't actually need mentioning, it's there, looming over our lives, ever present, so instead, lets take the magnifying glass to the U.K.

E.E.C. policy dictates that land be cultivated as intensively as possible, regardless of whether this is actually necessary. This is why there are excesses. This is also why Britain's natural countryside is disappearing, fast. Farmland, the traditional patchwork quilt of British countryside, consisting of variously coloured fields is not natural countryside, and has expanded enormously since the second world war.

- percentage of natural heritage lost since 1945:

Hay meadows	: 95%
ponds	: 90%
Ancient woodland	: 80%
Lowland bogs	: 80%
Chalk grassland	: 80%
Heathland	: 50-60%
Upland grassland and moor	: 30%
Hedgerows	: 25%
Salt marsh	: 15% since 1954
Sites of special interest	: 13% per year
2,000 miles of hedgerow go per year.	



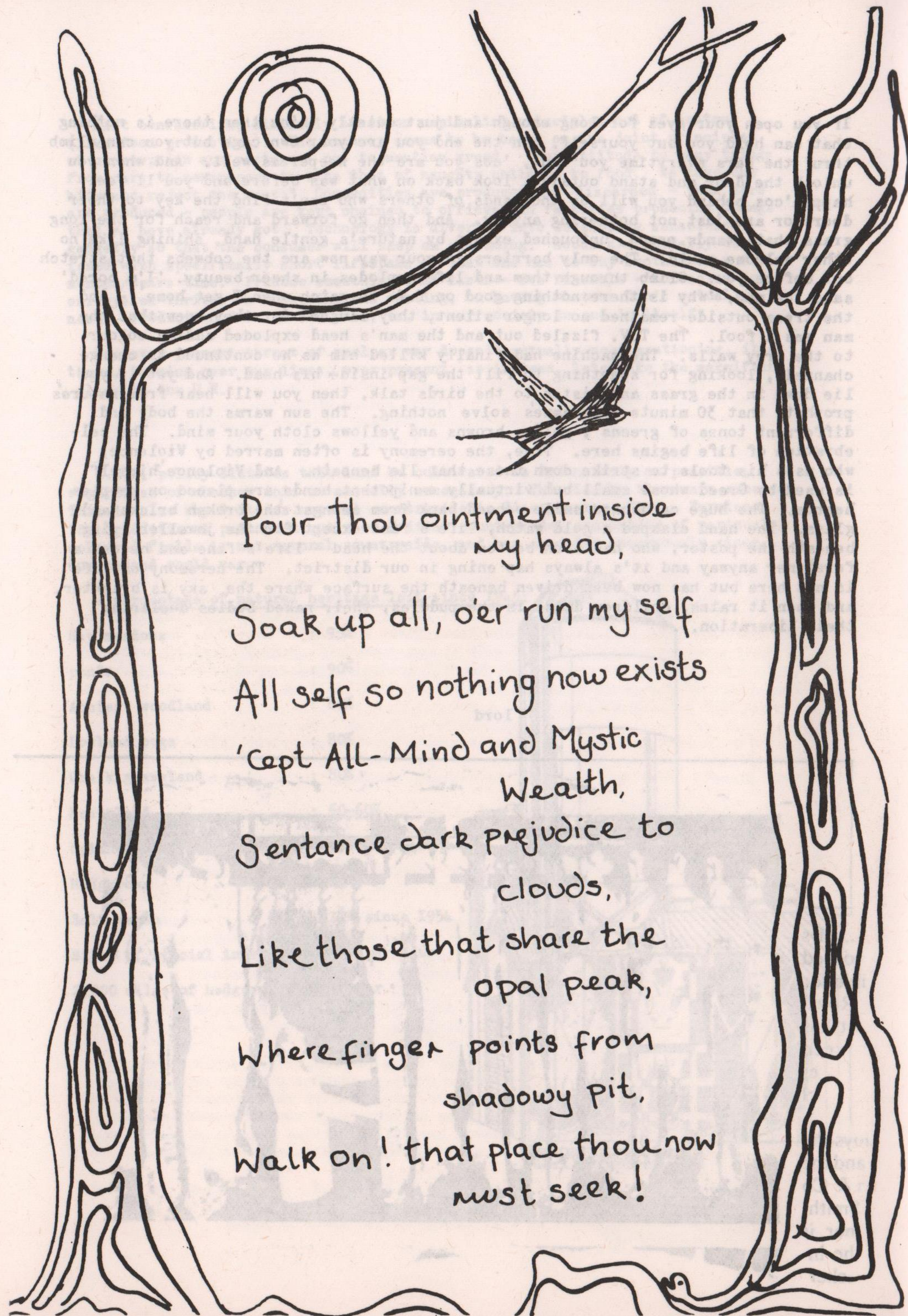
If you open your eyes for long enough and just quietly think then there is nothing that can hold you but yourself. In the end you are your own cage but you can climb thru' the bars everytime you want, 'cos you are the keeper as well. And when you unlock the door and stand outside, look back on what was before and you'll feel happy 'cos behind you will be thousands of others who can't find the key to their doors or are just not bothering anyway. And then go forward and reach for the long grass that stands proud, untouched except by nature's gentle hand, shining like no other welcome could. The only barriers in your way now are the cobwebs that stretch out before you. Climb through them and life explodes in sheer beauty. 'I'm bored' said the man, 'why is there nothing good on T.V. to watch when I get home' - and the trees outside remained no longer silent, they laughed for they knew that the man was a fool. The T.V. fizzled out and the man's head exploded adding colour to the grey walls. The machine had finally killed him as he continued to change channels, looking for something to fill the gap inside his head. And yet if you lie down in the grass and listen to the birds talk, then you will hear from nature's prophets that 30 minute programmes solve nothing. The sun warms the body and different tones of greens, golds, browns and yellows cloth your mind. The celebration of life begins here. True, the ceremony is often marred by Violence, who uses his tools to strike down those that lie beneath. And Violence himself is used by Greed whose small but virtually omnipotent hands are placed on peoples hearts. The huge cardboard smile echoed back from amongst the broken bricks and glass. The hand clasped a gold watch, life's fine except for the jeweller lying beneath the poster, who had been beaten about the head - life's fine and he was a foreigner anyway and it's always happening in our district. The ceremony of life is not here but has now been driven beneath the surface where the sky is brighter, and when it rains, children dance in the puddles, their naked bodies declaring their liberation...

lord



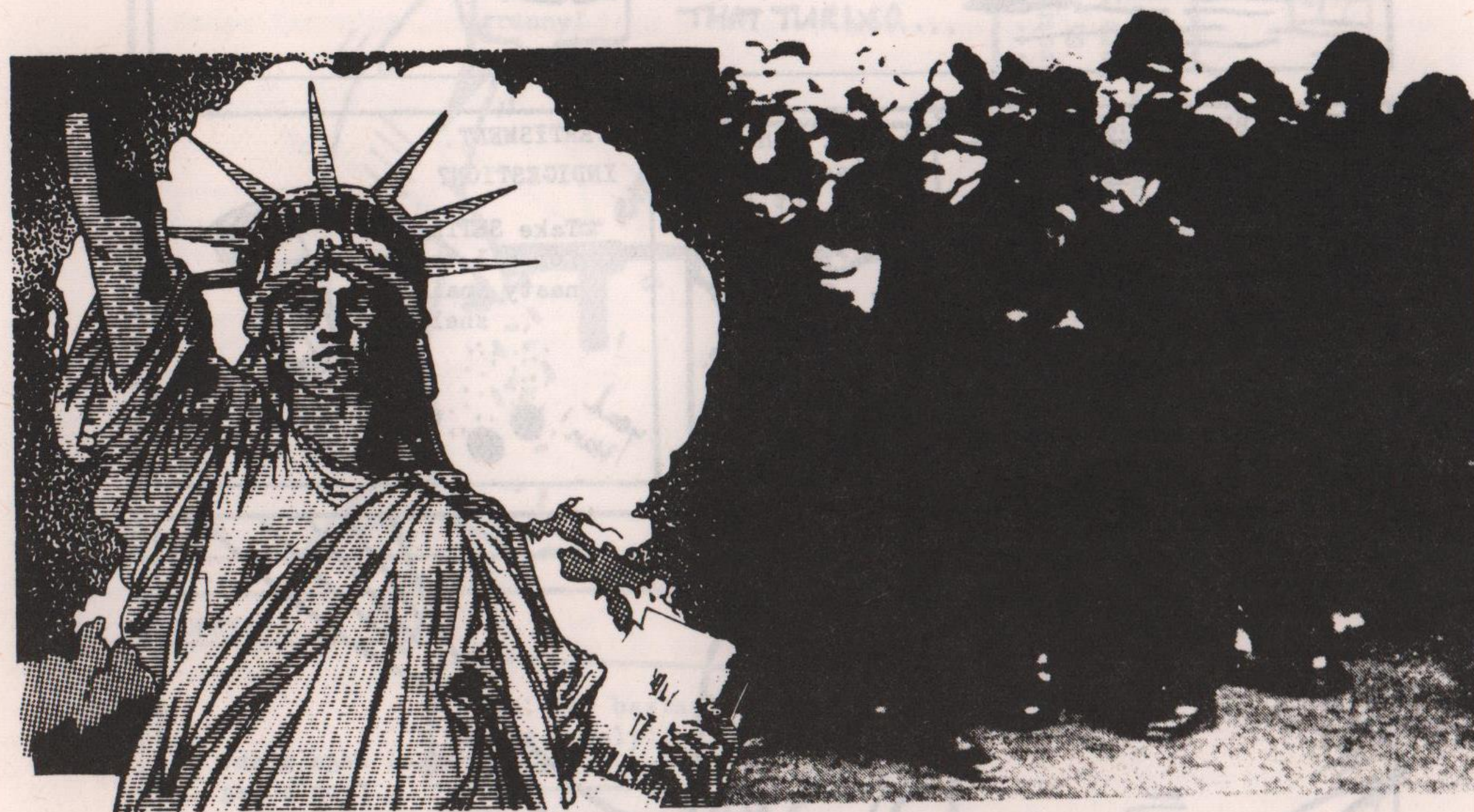
Mrs
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Pour Thou ointment inside
my head,
Soak up all, o'er run my self
All self so nothing now exists
'cept All-Mind and Mystic
Wealth,
Sentance dark prejudice to
clouds,
Like those that share the
opal peak,
Where finger points from
shadowy pit,
Walk on! that place thou now
must seek!

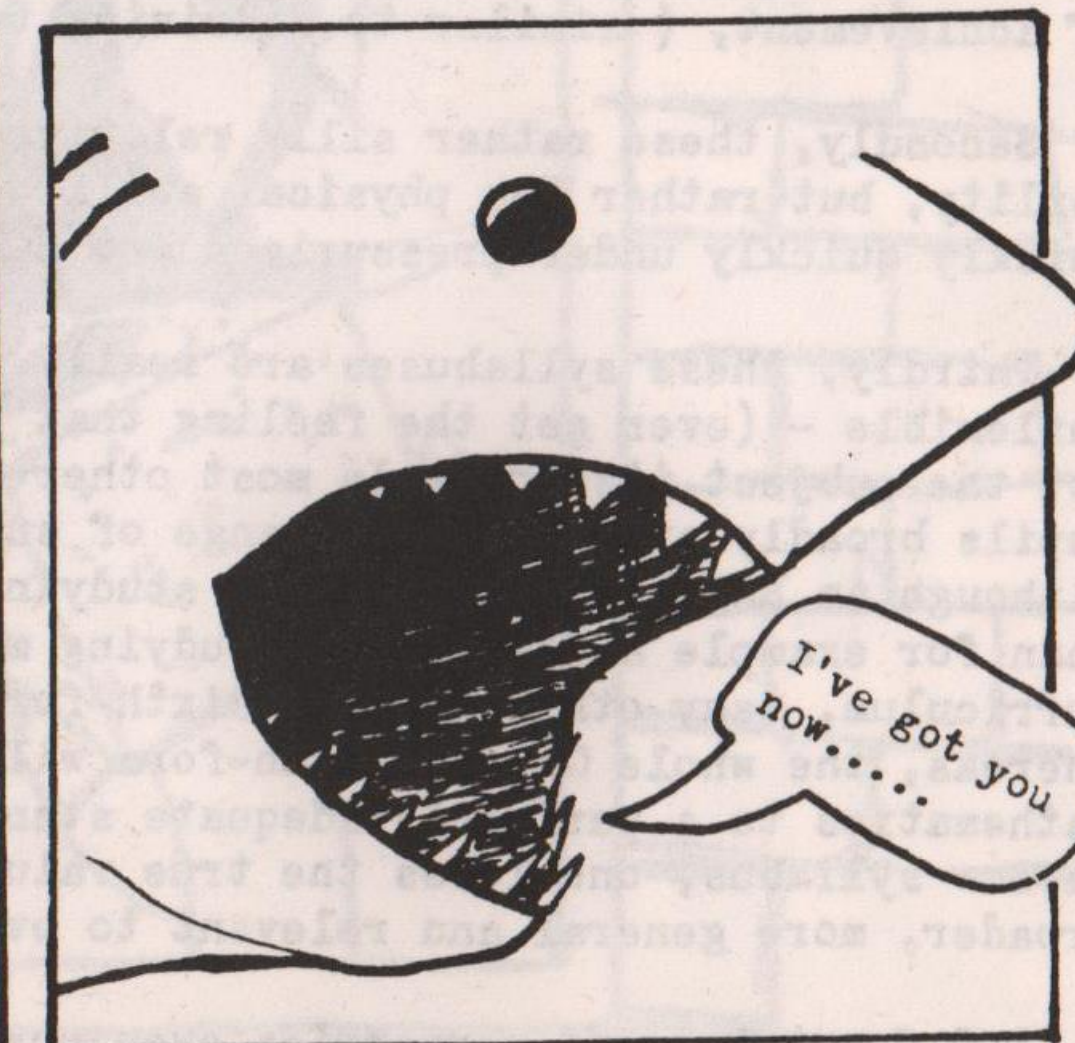
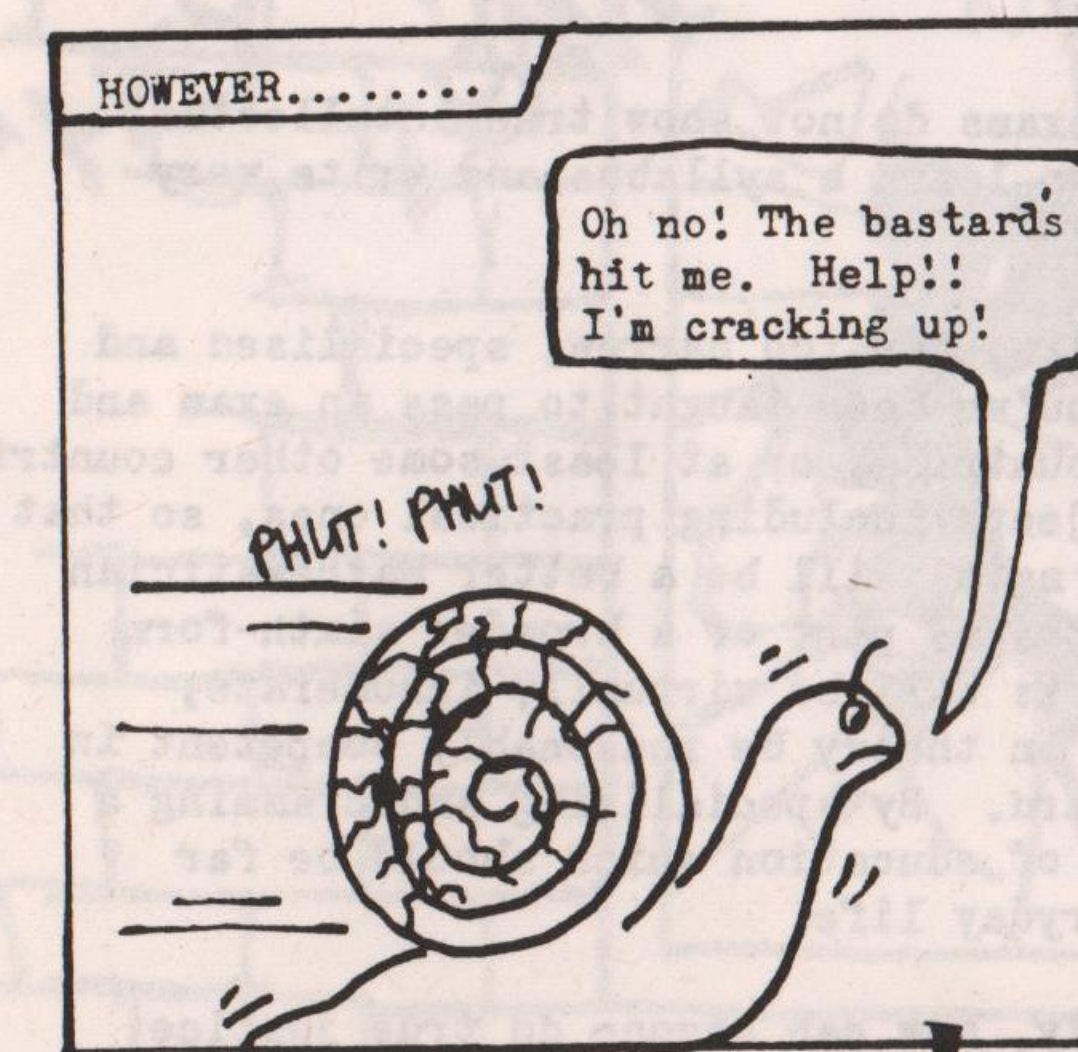
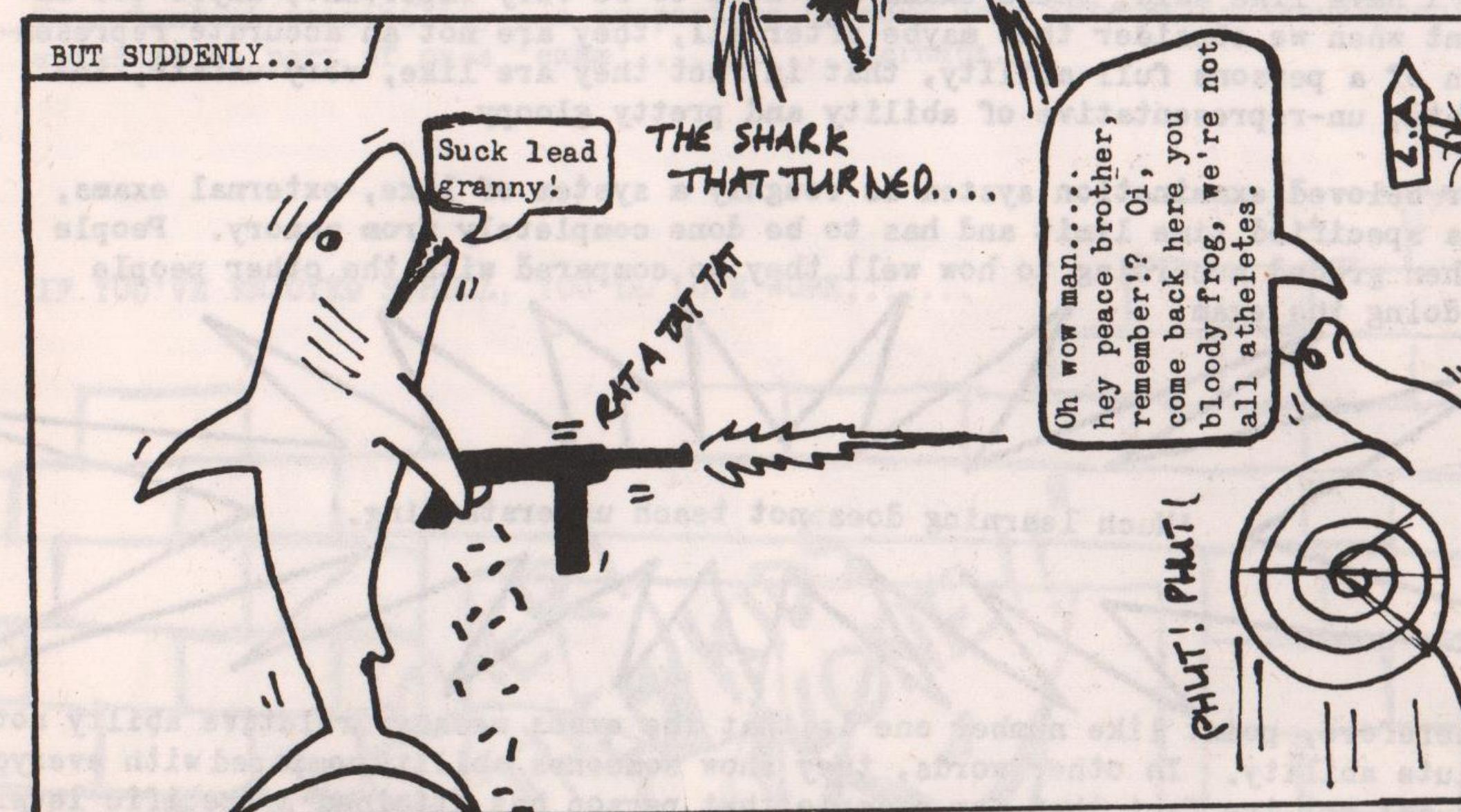
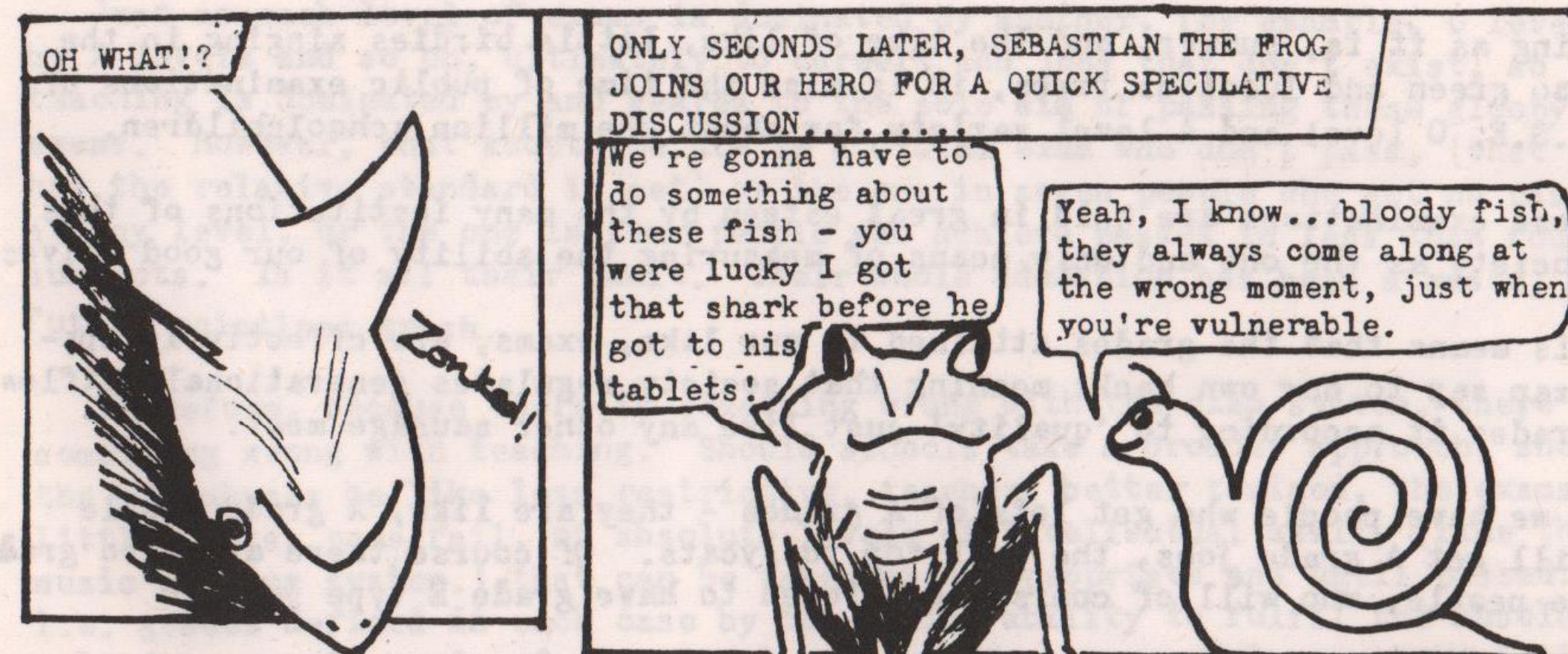
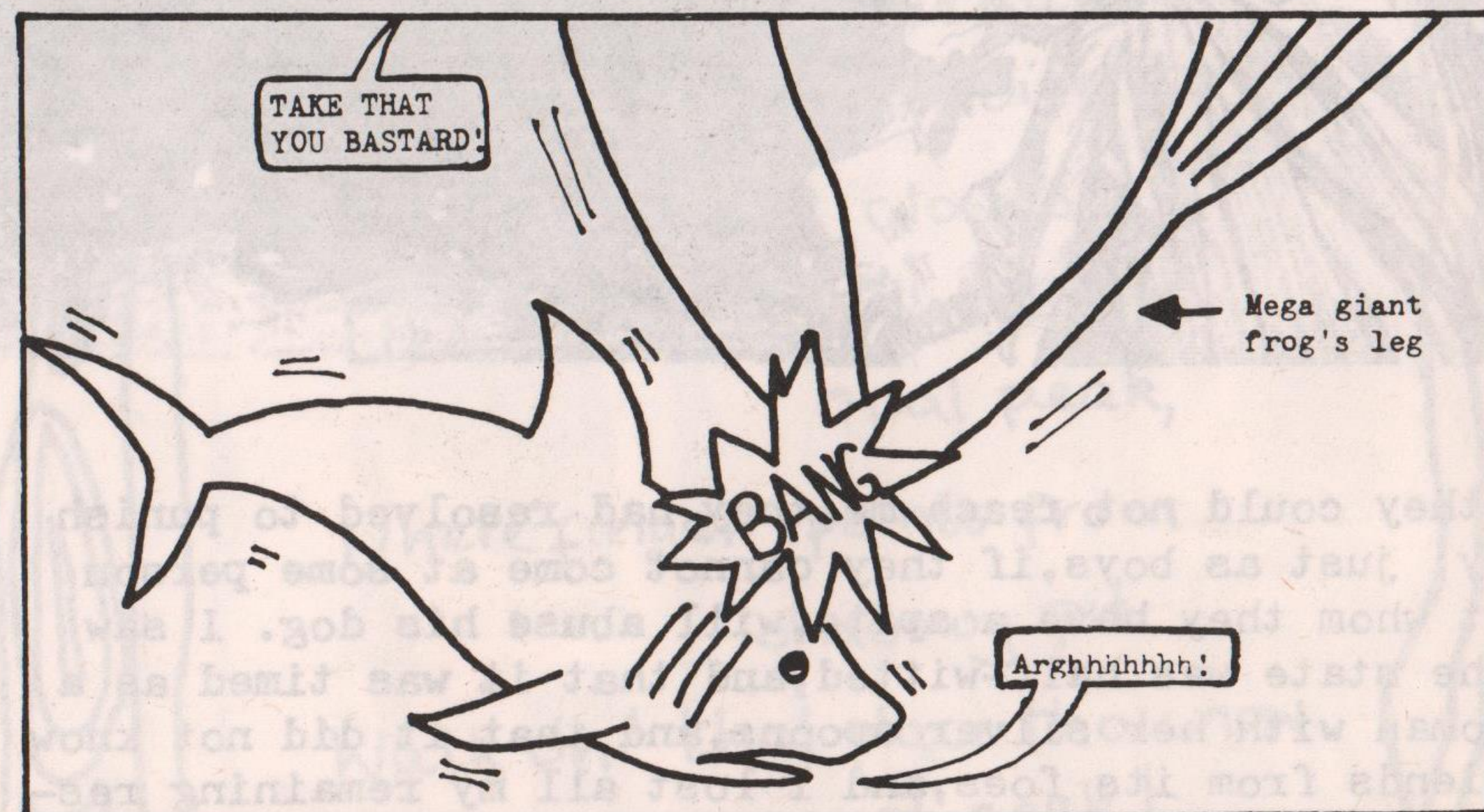
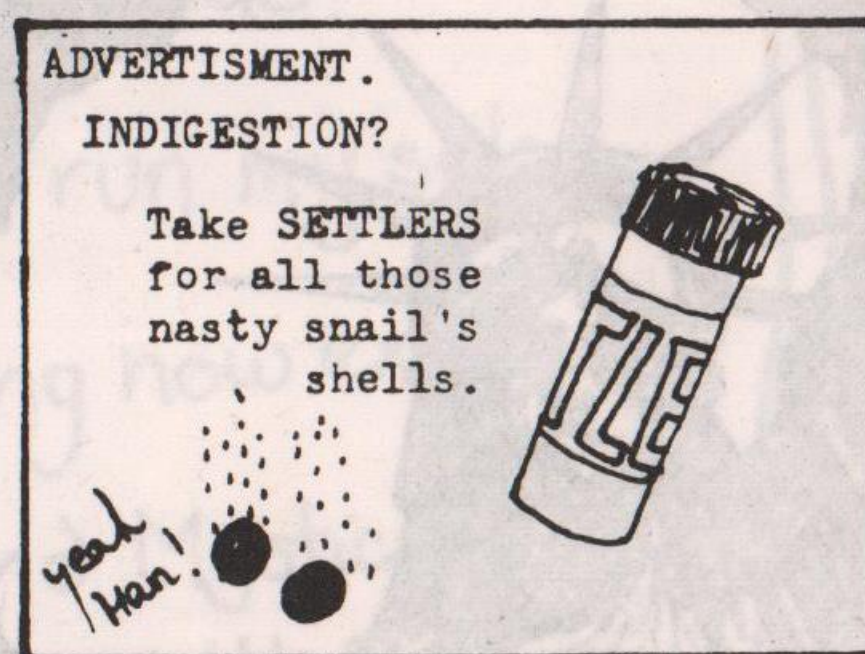
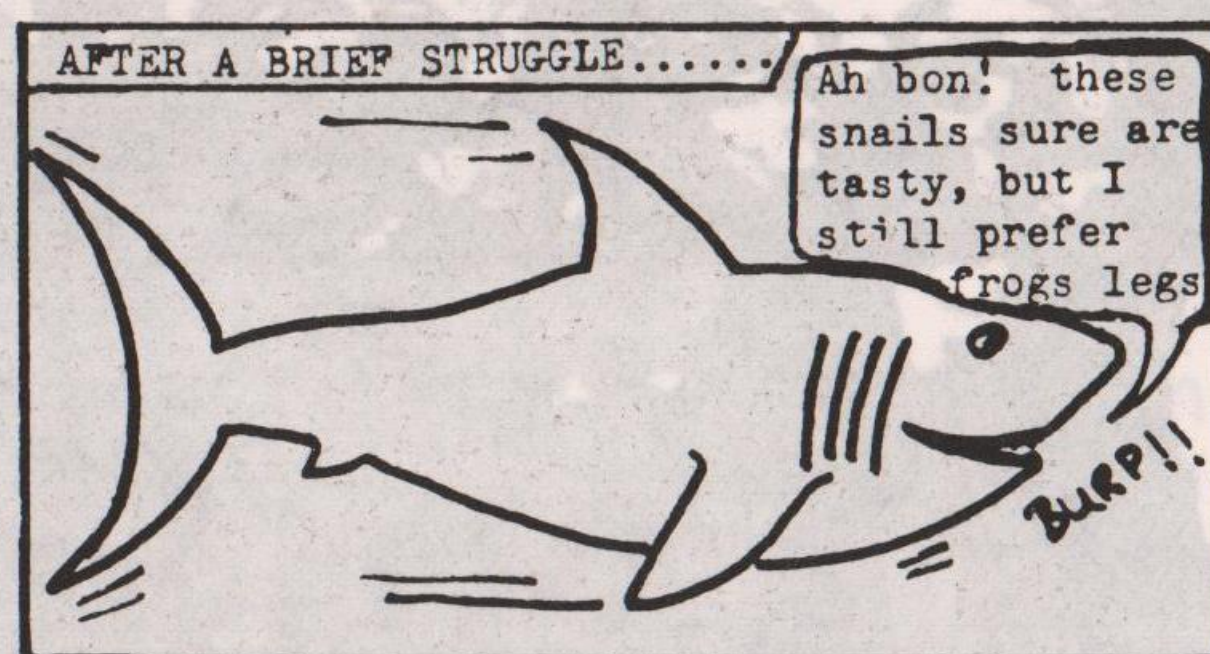
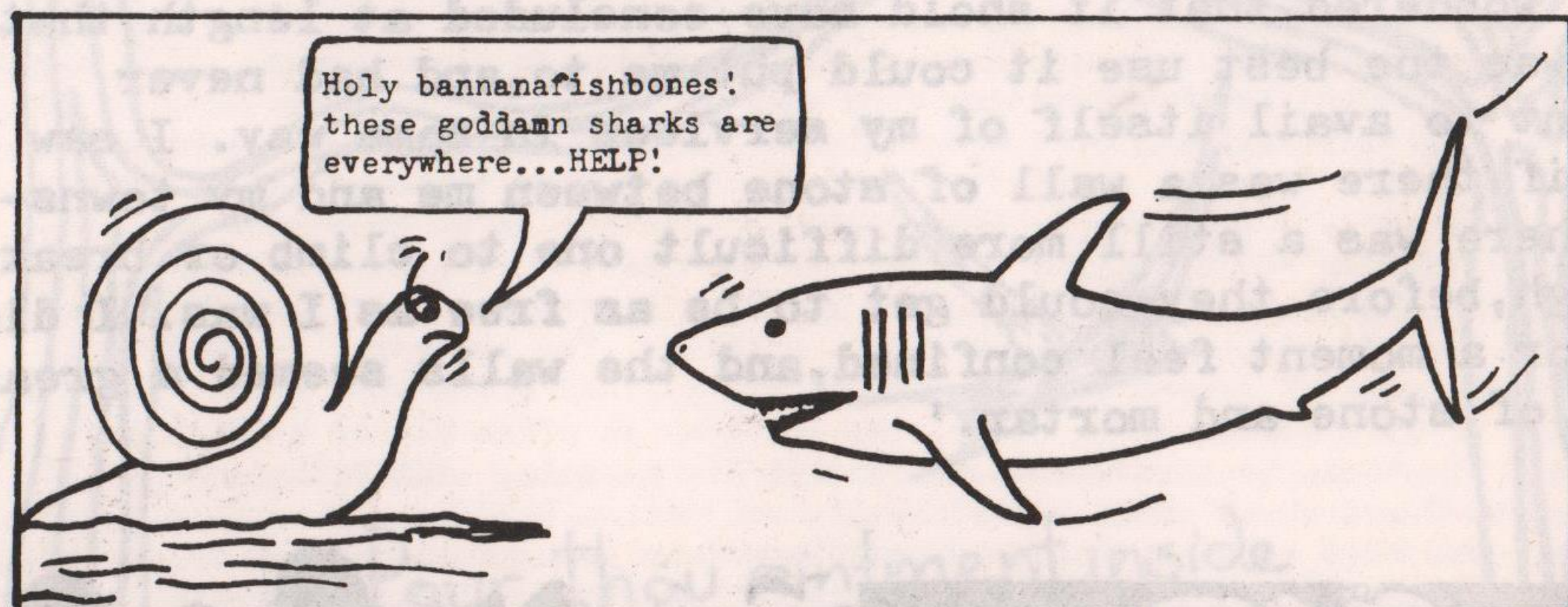
'As I stood considering the walls of solid stone, two or three feet deep, the door of wood and iron, a foot thick, and the iron grating which strained the light, I could not help being struck with the foolishness of that institution which treated me as mere flesh and blood and bones, to be locked up. I wondered that it should have concluded at length that this was the best use it could put me to, and had never thought to avail itself of my services in some way. I saw that, if there was a wall of stone between me and my townsmen, there was a still more difficult one to climb or break-through, before they could get to be as free as I was. I did not for a moment feel confined, and the walls seemed a great waste of stone and mortar.'



'As they could not reach me, they had resolved to punish my body; just as boys, if they cannot come at some person against whom they have a spite, will abuse his dog. I saw that the state was half-witted, and that it was timed as a lone woman with her silver spoons, and that it did not know its friends from its foes, and I lost all my remaining respect for it, and pitied it.'

Henry Thoreau.

THE FISH AND I



~ the end ~

'Educate...give intellectual and moral training to.'

Being as it is, summer, and the time of like, little birdies singing in the ever-so green and luscious trees, it is also the time of public examinations or the C.S.E, O level and A level variety for about one million schoolchildren.

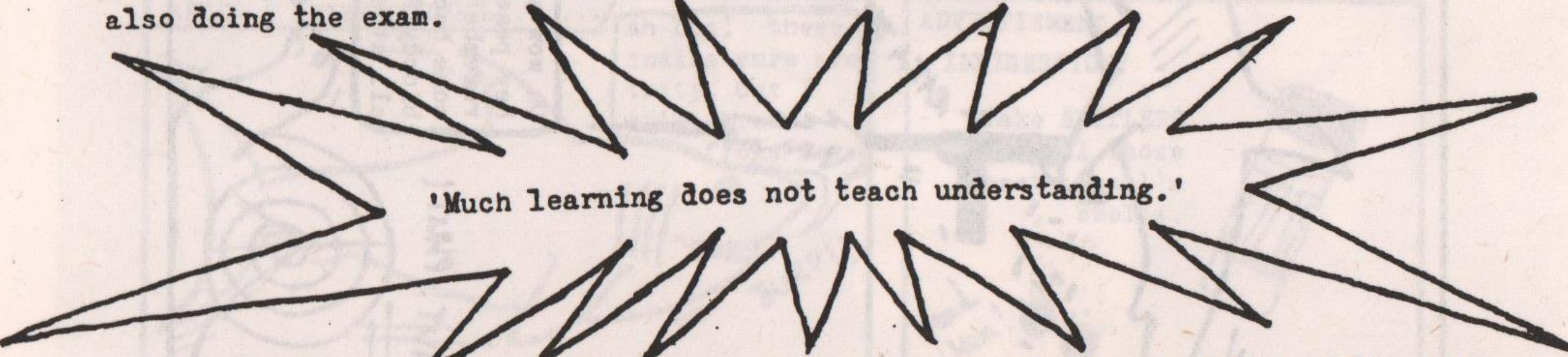
These examinations are held in great esteem by the many institutions of this our society as the one and only means of measuring the ability of our good selves.

This means that the grades attained in our like, exams, are effectively applied zap zap to our own backs meaning that society regulates generational outflow and grades it according to 'quality' just like any other sausage meat.

So we have people who get lots of A grades - they are like, A grade people who will get A grade jobs, the real top pussycats. Of course there are also grade E type people, who will of course be allowed to have grade E type jobs.

As I have like said, these exams are held to be very important, maybe too important when we consider that maybe after all, they are not an accurate representation of a persons full ability, that in fact they are like, very unfair, inaccurate, un-representative of ability and pretty gloopy.

Our beloved examination system is roughly a system of like, external exams, with a specified time limit and has to be done completely from memory. People are then graded according to how well they do compared with the other people also doing the exam.



'Much learning does not teach understanding.'

Therefore, point like number one is that the exams measure relative ability not absolute ability. In other words, they show someone's ability compared with everyone elses and not the fact that for example that person has attained a specific level of achievement, (similar to a driving test.)

Secondly, these rather silly relative exams do not show true intellectual ability, but rather the physical ability to learn a syllabus and write very quickly quickly under pressurised and cal.

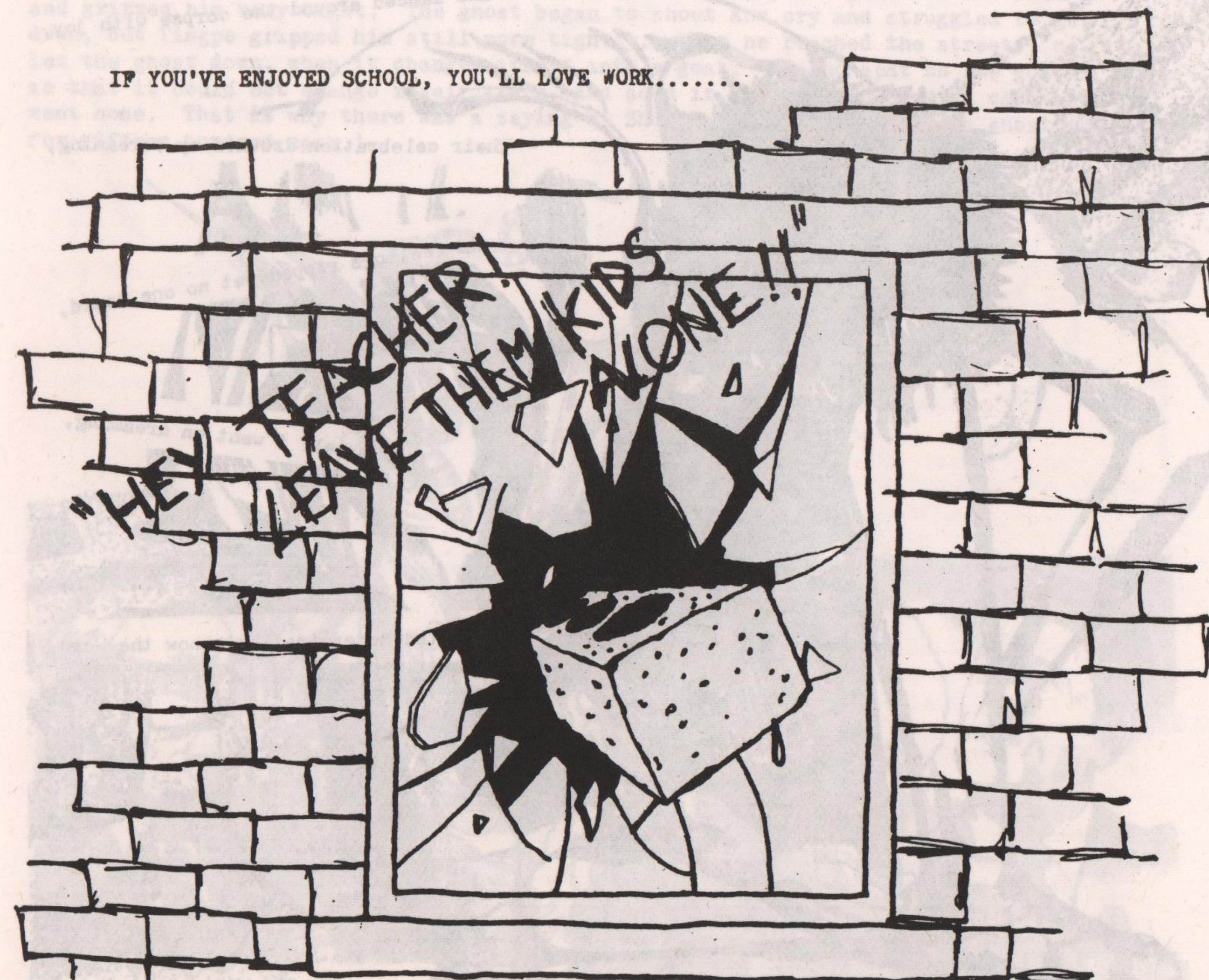
Thirdly, these syllabuses are really like, far too narrow, specialised and inflexible - (ever get the feeling that you've been taught to pass an exam and not the subject itself) - In most other countries, or at least some other countries pupils broadly study a wider range of subjects including practical ones, so that although an English sixth-former studying maths will be a better mathematician than for example a German one studying maths as part of a broader sixth-form curriculum, many other English sixth-formers will be virtually innumerate, whereas, the whole German sixth-form will in theory be reasonably competent in mathematics to a perfectly adequate standard. By specialising and cramming a narrow syllabus, one loses the true value of education which should be far broader, more general and relevant to everyday life.

And fourthly, and perhappies even mostly, how can anyone do true justice, really show the fruits of at least two years studying, (even with cramming which is detrimental to true education anyway) under intense pressure in a short exam and all from memory. How can you condense a couple of years learning, studying, into one or two little exams, and then give a fair performance relative to and worthy of those two years work. It's pretty silly.

Just as each level of exams is dominated by another, for example, O levels by A levels and so on, ultimately to careers and jobs that don't exist, so teaching is dominated by and geared to the sole aim of passing these gloopy exams. However, what about the 40% in a G.C.E. exam who don't pass, (that is how the relative standard is set) or the one in seven people who get no passes at any level, or the one in four people who achieve passes in less than four subjects. Is it all their fault. Their whole education has been a waste, futile pointless trash.

Therefore, because there is something wrong with the exam system, there is also something wrong with teaching. Should schools take a broader approach, should the syllabuses be like less restrictive, teachers better trained, the exams like, little tests, pass/fail, of absolute levels of intellectual skill, (like the music grading system.) that can be taken when appropriate and until passed. i.e. grades defined in each case by the pupils ability to fulfil the absolute, not relative, requirements of each level. Internal assessment is another viable and important possibility - a proportion of work done internally should/could be assessed as part of ones 'exam'.....perhaps.

IF YOU'VE ENJOYED SCHOOL, YOU'LL LOVE WORK.....



'Knowledge which is aquired under compulsion obtains no hold on the mind.'

Sat alone in cushioned corner,

Waiting for the fog to lift,

My anger splashed like stormy water

Crashing 'gainst their stone white cliffs.

Power rushed thru His veins one night

The danger must be destroyed,

The Council met, shook hands; delight,

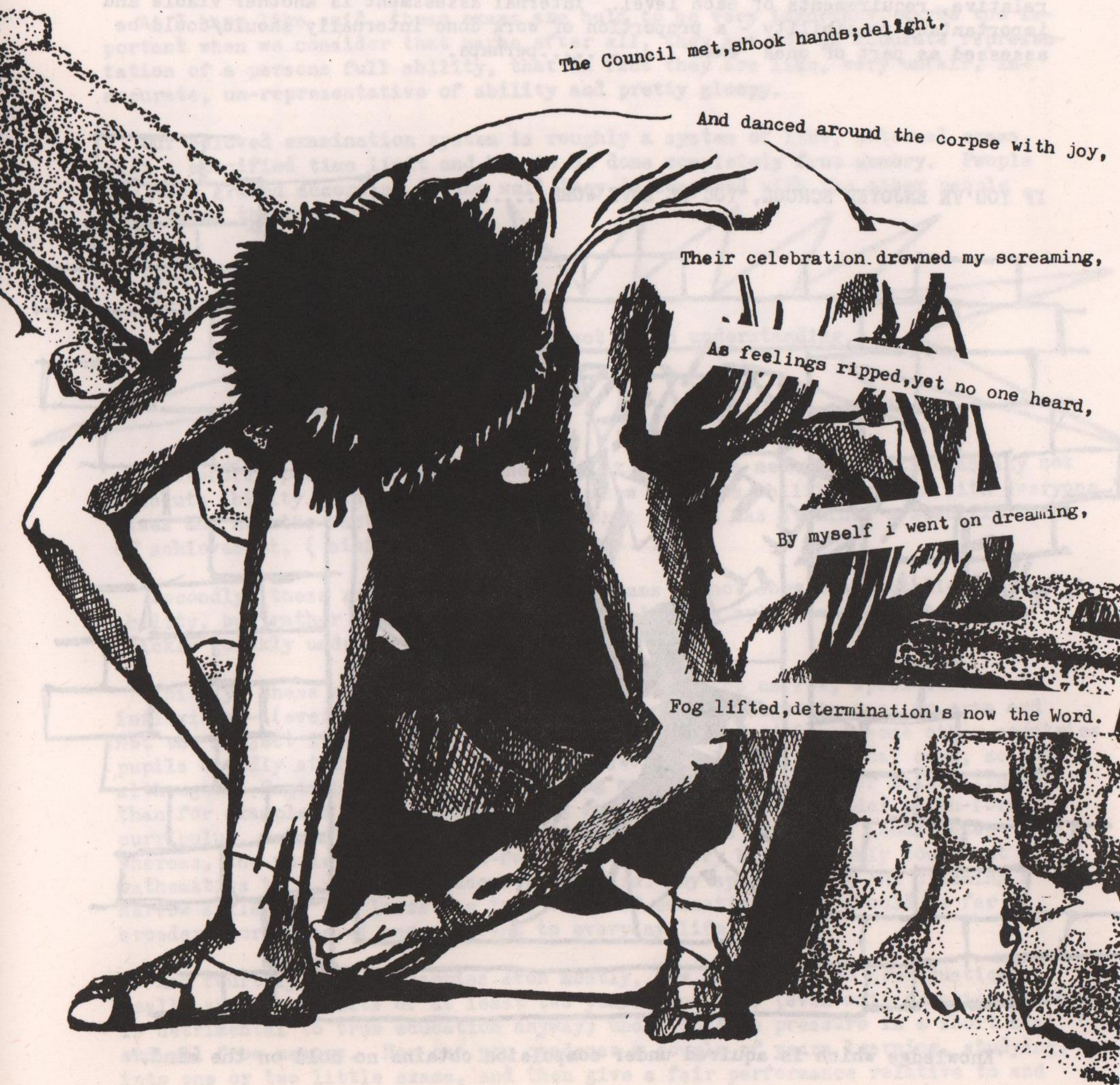
And danced around the corpse with joy,

Their celebration drowned my screaming,

As feelings ripped, yet no one heard,

By myself I went on dreaming,

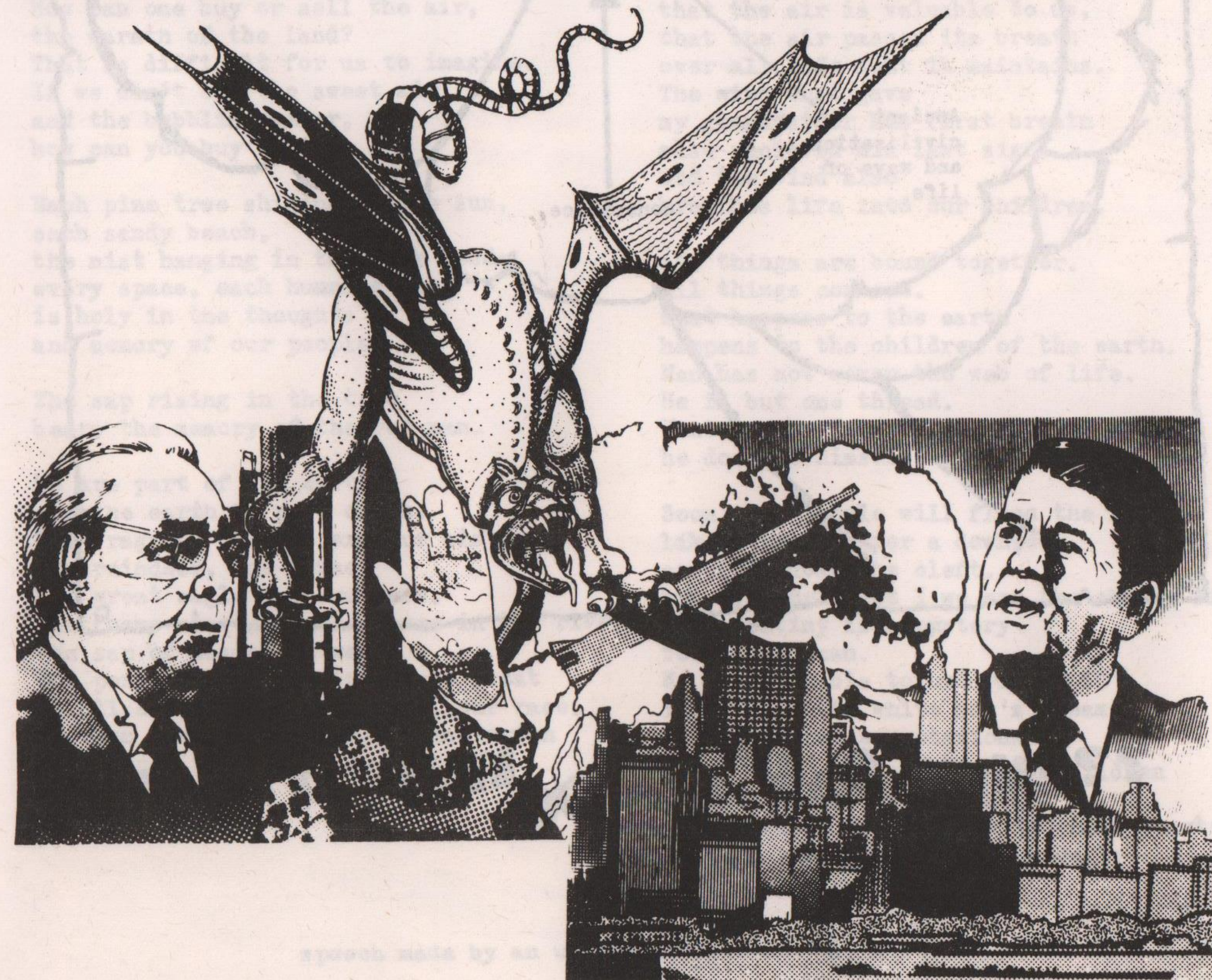
Fog lifted, determination's now the word.



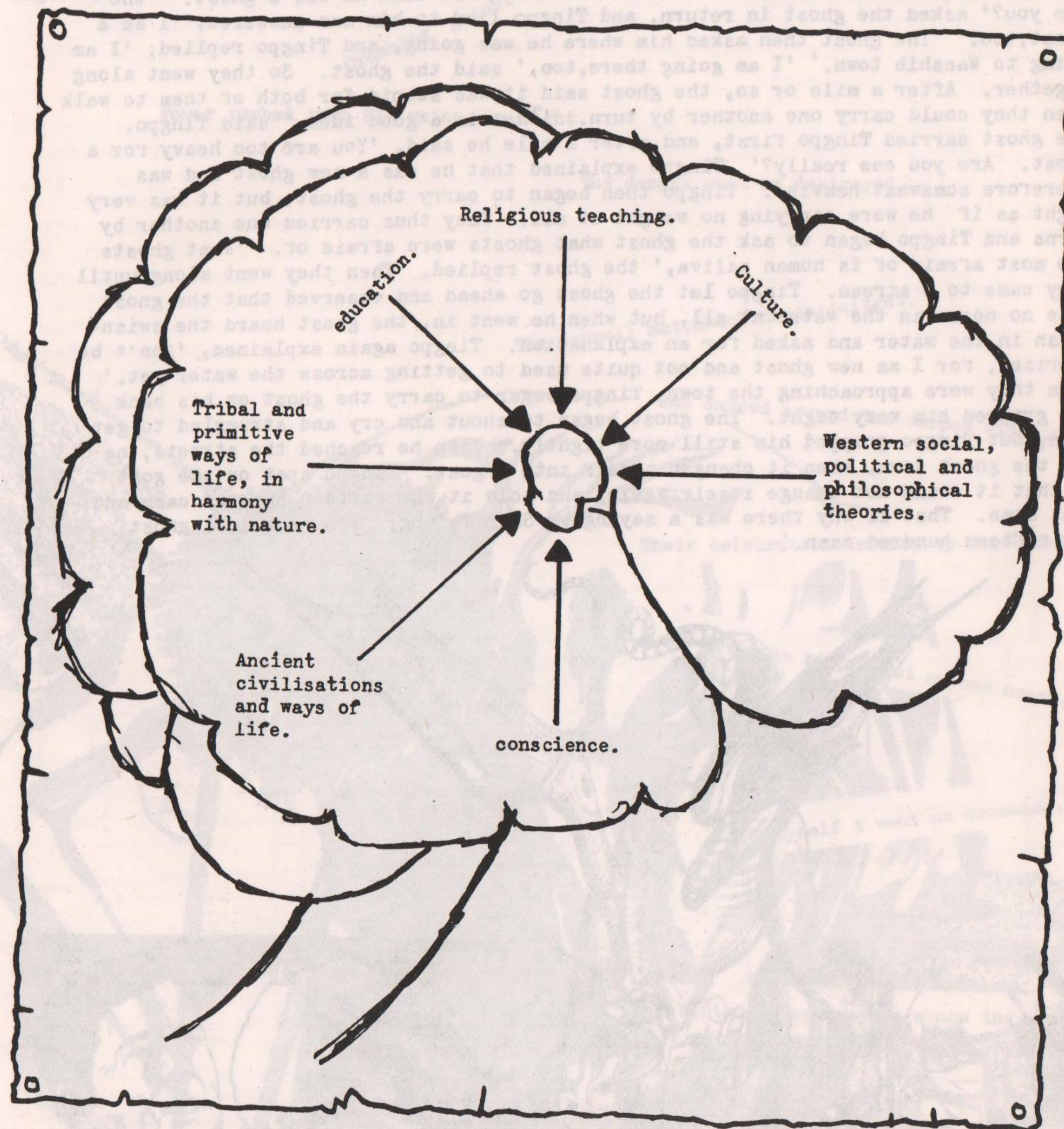
THE MAN WHO SOLD GHOSTS

(from Soushenchi, fourth century)

When Sung Tingpo or Anyang was a young man, he was walking one night when he met a ghost. He asked the ghost who he was and the ghost said he was a ghost. 'Who are you?' asked the ghost in return, and Tingpo lied to him and answered, 'I am a ghost, too.' The ghost then asked him where he was going, and Tingpo replied, 'I am going to Wanshih town.' 'I am going there, too,' said the ghost. So they went along together. After a mile or so, the ghost said it was stupid for both of them to walk when they could carry one another by turn. 'That is a good idea,' said Tingpo. The ghost carried Tingpo first, and after a mile he said, 'You are too heavy for a ghost. Are you one really?' Tingpo explained that he was a new ghost and was therefore somewhat heavier. Tingpo then began to carry the ghost, but it was very light as if he were carrying no weight at all. They thus carried one another by turns and Tingpo began to ask the ghost what ghosts were afraid of. 'What ghosts are most afraid of is human saliva,' the ghost replied. Then they went along until they came to a stream. Tingpo let the ghost go ahead and observed that the ghost made no noise in the water at all, but when he went in, the ghost heard the swish-swash in the water and asked for an explanation. Tingpo again explained, 'Don't be surprised, for I am new ghost and not quite used to getting across the water yet.' When they were approaching the town, Tingpo began to carry the ghost on his back and gripped him very tight. The ghost began to shout and cry and struggled to get down, but Tingpo gripped him still more tightly. When he reached the streets, he let the ghost down, when it changed itself into a goat. Tingpo spat on the goat so that it could not change itself again, and sold it for fifteen hundred cash and went home. That is why there was a saying by Shih Ts'ung, 'Tingpo sold a ghost for fifteen hundred cash.'



INSET : BIRDS BRAIN, CROSS-SECTION. VARIOUS NOTIONS CONVERGE ON THE PITUITARY GLAND.



?? WHY CAN'T I DO WHAT I WANT

" The white chief says that big chief in Washington sends us greetings of friendship and good will. This is kind of him for we know he has little need of our friendship in return. His people are many. They are like the grass that covers vast prairies. My people are few. They resemble the scattering trees of a storm swept plain

The great - and I presume - good white chief sends us word that he wishes to buy our lands but is willing to allow us enough to live comfortably.

We shall consider your offer to buy our land. What is it that the white man wants to buy my people will ask. It is difficult for us to understand.

How can one buy or sell the air, the warmth of the land? That is difficult for us to imagine. If we don't own the sweet air and the bubbling water, how can you buy it from us?

Each pine tree shining in the sun, each sandy beach, the mist hanging in the dark woods, every space, each humming bee is holy in the thoughts and memory of our people.

The sap rising in the tree bears the memory of the red man.

We are part of the earth and the earth is part of us. The fragrant flowers are our sisters, the reindeer, the horse, the great eagle our brothers. The foamy crests of the waves in the river, the sap of meadow flowers, the pony's sweat and the man's sweat is all one and the same race, our race. So when the great chief in Washington sends word that he wants to buy our land, he asks a great deal of us.

We know that the white man does not understand our way of life. To him, one piece of land is much like the other. He is a stranger coming in the night taking from the land what he needs.

The earth is not his brother but his enemy and when he has conquered it, he moves on. He cares nothing for the land, he forgets his fathers grave and his childrens heritage.

He treats his mother the earth and his brother the sky like merchandise. His hunger will eat the earth bare and leave only a desert.

I do not understand - our ways are different from yours. If we should sell our land then you must know that the air is valuable to us, that the air passes its breath over all life that it maintains. The wind that gave my grandfather his first breath also recieved his last sigh. And the wind also breathes life into our children.

All things are bound together. All things connect. What happens to the earth happens to the children of the earth. Man has not woven the web of life. He is but one thread. Whatever he does to the web, he does to himself.

Soon your people will flood the land like a river after a downpour cascades down the cleft. But my people and I we are the ebbing tide. This destiny is a mystery to the red man. We might beable to understand it if we knew the white man's dreams - the hopes and expectations about which he talks to his children in the long winter evenings - what visions he engraves in their hearts so that they look forward eagerly to the coming day."

speech made by an unknown red indian chief.

DEATH OF A PLANET IN SUMMER.

IN THE BEGINING THERE WAS BEAUTY

NATURE ALL OVER, NOT A TRACE OF DISCORD

LIFE IN ABUNDANCE, MONKEYS IN THE TREES

THEN THERE WAS MAN, STANDING ERECT

FIRST LIVED IN CAVES, ISOLATED AND HARMLESS

THEN COMMUNITIES AROSE, TRIBES THEY WERE CALLED.

COMMUNICATION WAS HIS TOOL

HIS BODY SPREAD AND HIS MIND GREW

VILLAGES, TOWNS, REGIONS, STATES,

NATIONS AT WAR SO THE LEADERS COULD GAIN

COMMUNICATION BRED DEVELOPMENT, SCIENCE AND LOGIC

THE POWER TO SHAPE AND CHANGE HIS ENVIROMENT

THE WORLD WAS HIS OYSTER

AND STILL HIS MIND GREW

ALONG WITH THE HAVOC AND DEATH

THE CULMINATIVE EFFECT

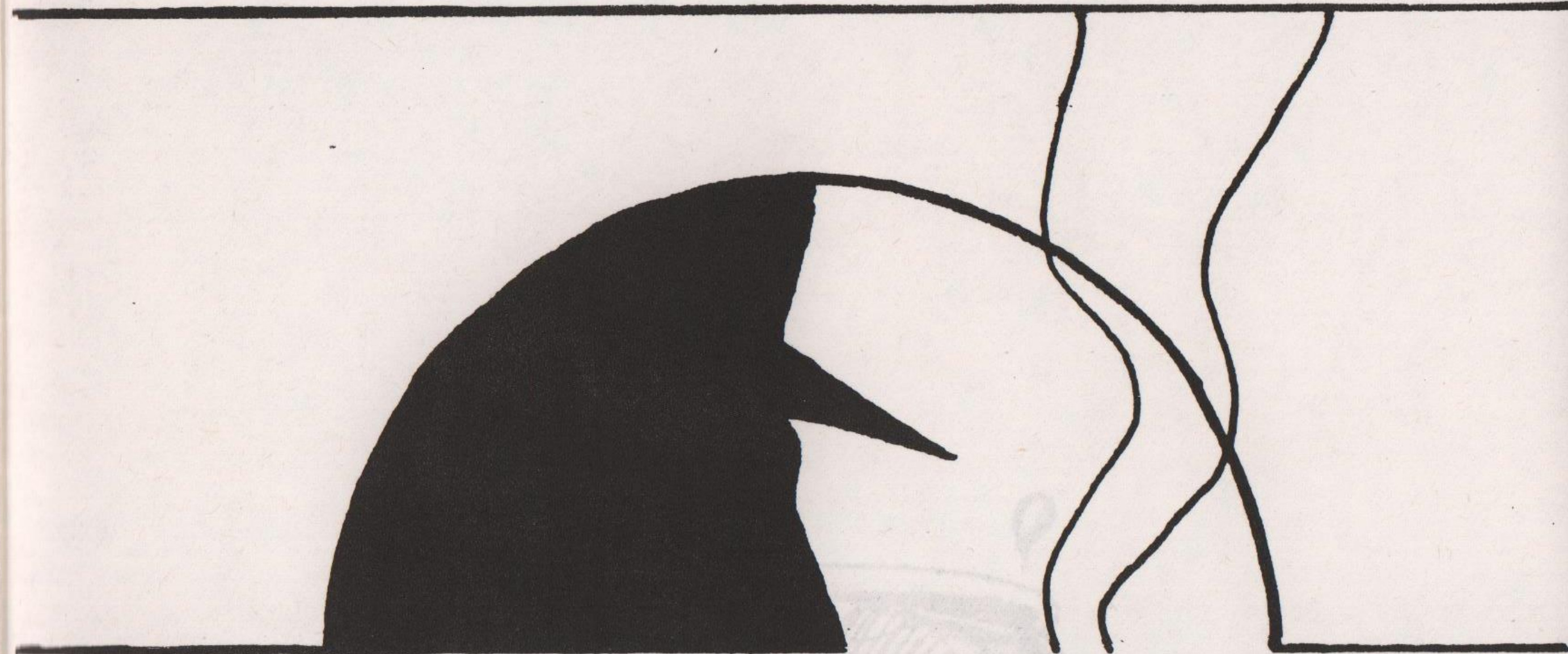
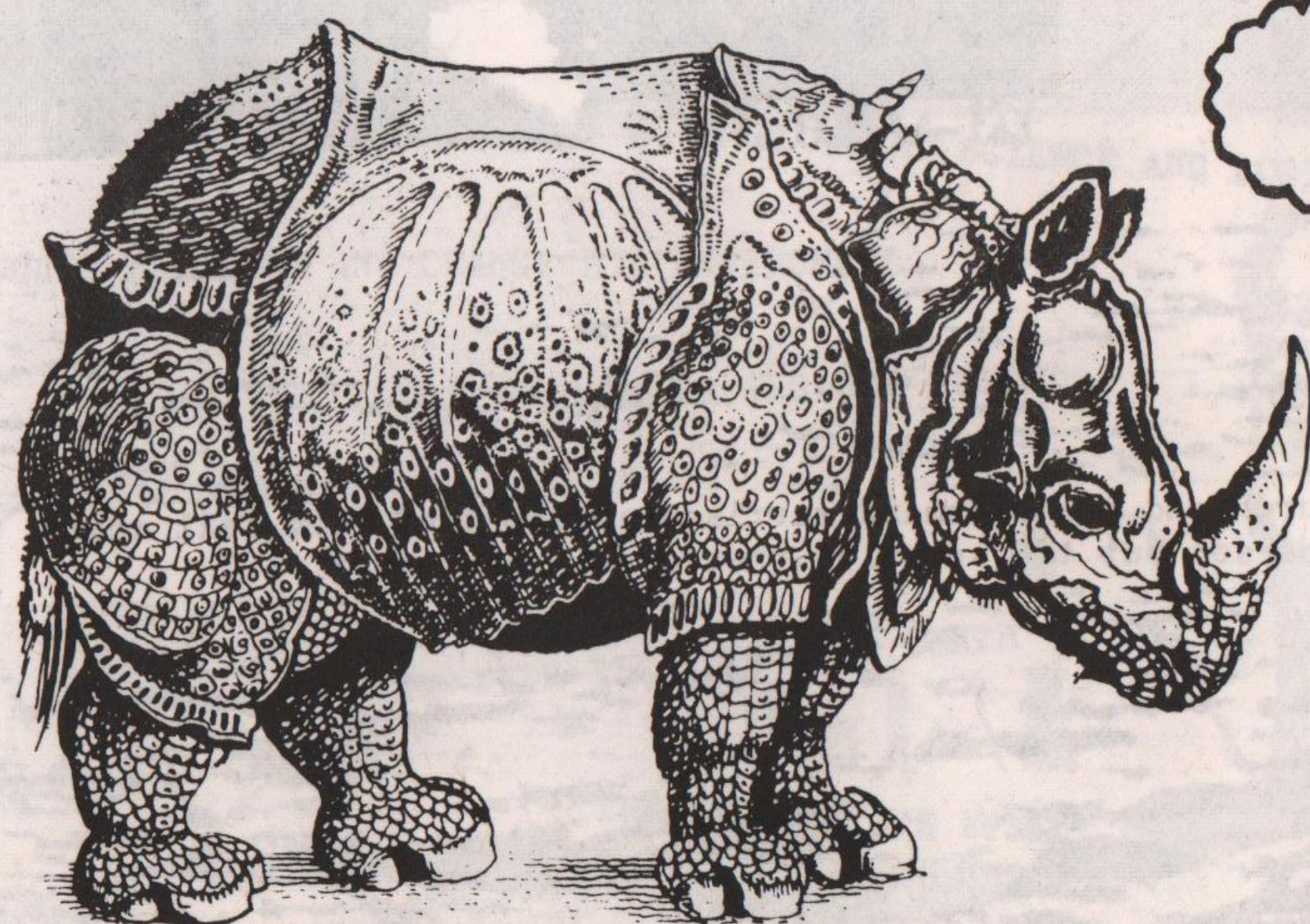
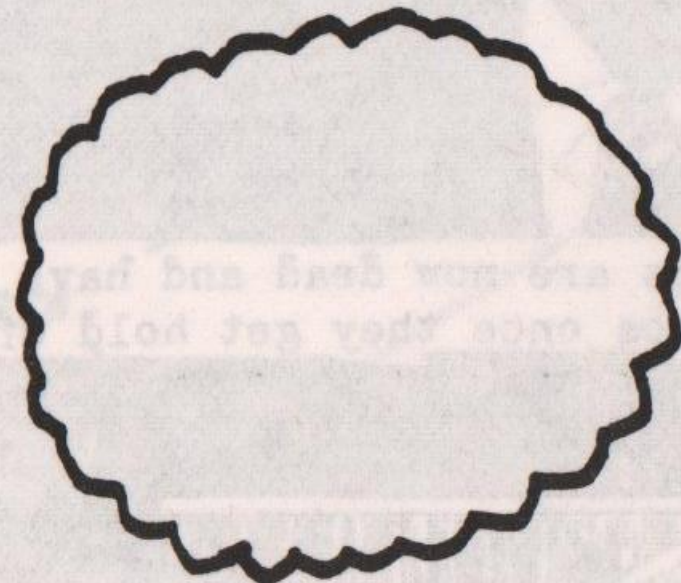
LED HIS MIND TO EXPLODE; NOTHING LEFT.

Someone's picked all the flowers and wrapped them in plastic bags. And then they will sell them through the usual channels and the product's now called love. But

the flowers are now dead and have no colour, except in the adverts and on your screen - cos once they get hold of anything and label it, it soon falls apart like

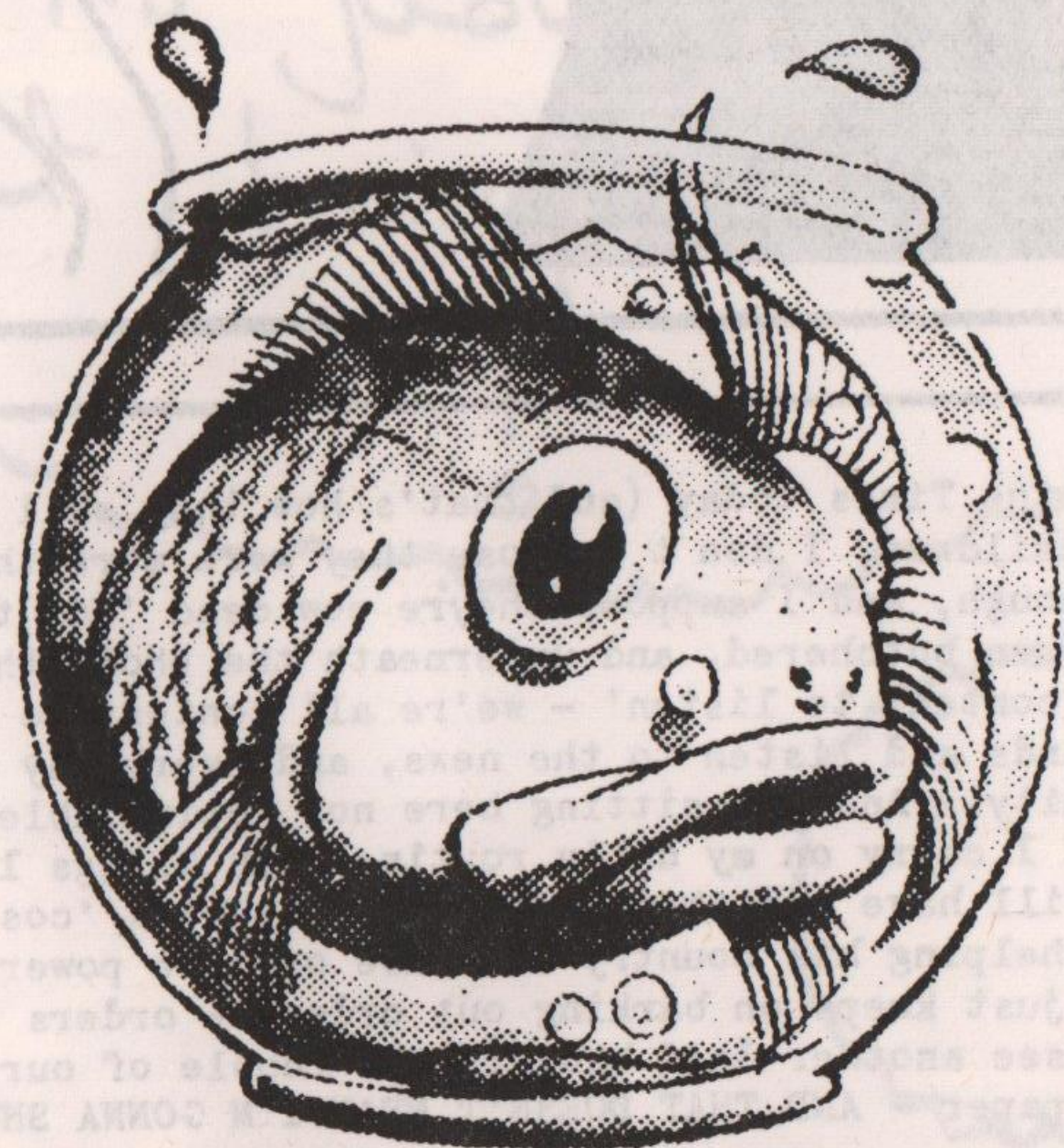
a shallow dream. The church and state demand marriage and most of them fall apart, 'cos it's not the other person but the security that warms your heart.

Its not that I
don't like life ...
Its just living it
that brings me down
!



On the front page of the Times today (and that's how they sell them) there were two small Lebannese children, I don't suppose they were more than five years old. They were brothers though, and I suppose they're now dead 'cos they had blood all over them. Two children butchered, and underneath the photo there was a headline saying, 'Thatcher is content to listen' - we're all content to fucking listen, to sit back, shut our minds and listen to the news, and every day children are killed because of our stupidity. And I'm sitting here not being able to do anything about it - why should I carry on my daily routine when things like this happen. And tomorrow others will have had themselves blown to bits 'cos of some stupid fool who thinks he's helping his country or cause or some power lord whose mind is paralysed and who just keeps on barking out orders - orders that mean death. Well I don't want to see another dead baby in the rubble of our perversity on the front page of a grey paper - AND THAT DOESN'T MEAN I'M GONNA SHUT MY FUCKING EYES.





Remind you of anyone?