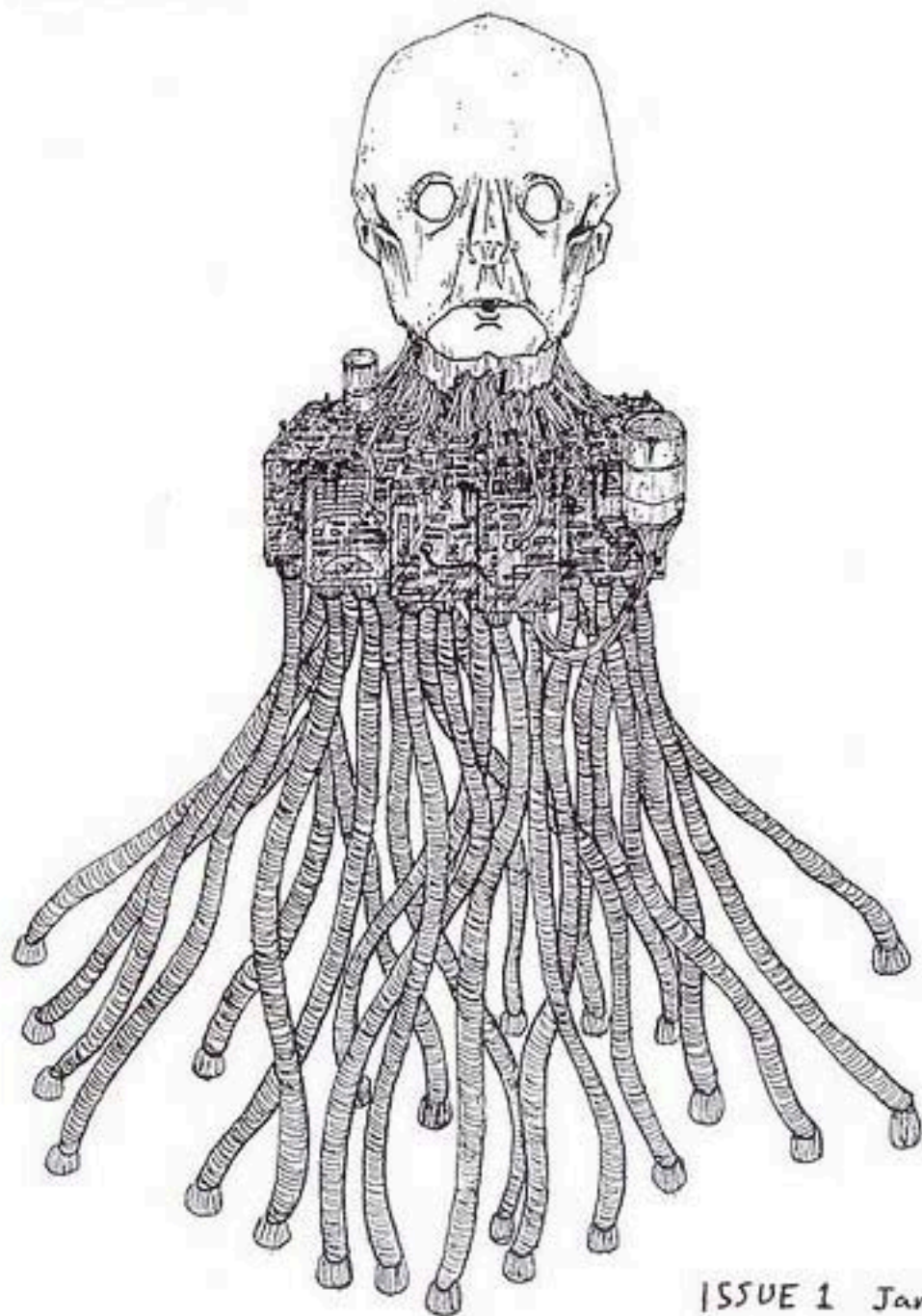


TALK

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If most of us where wind ~~up~~ up toys
could we trust the few of us that
werent, to wind us up when necessary?

I think NOT.

We would be a separate repressed minority
even if we were in the majority
It would still be that way.

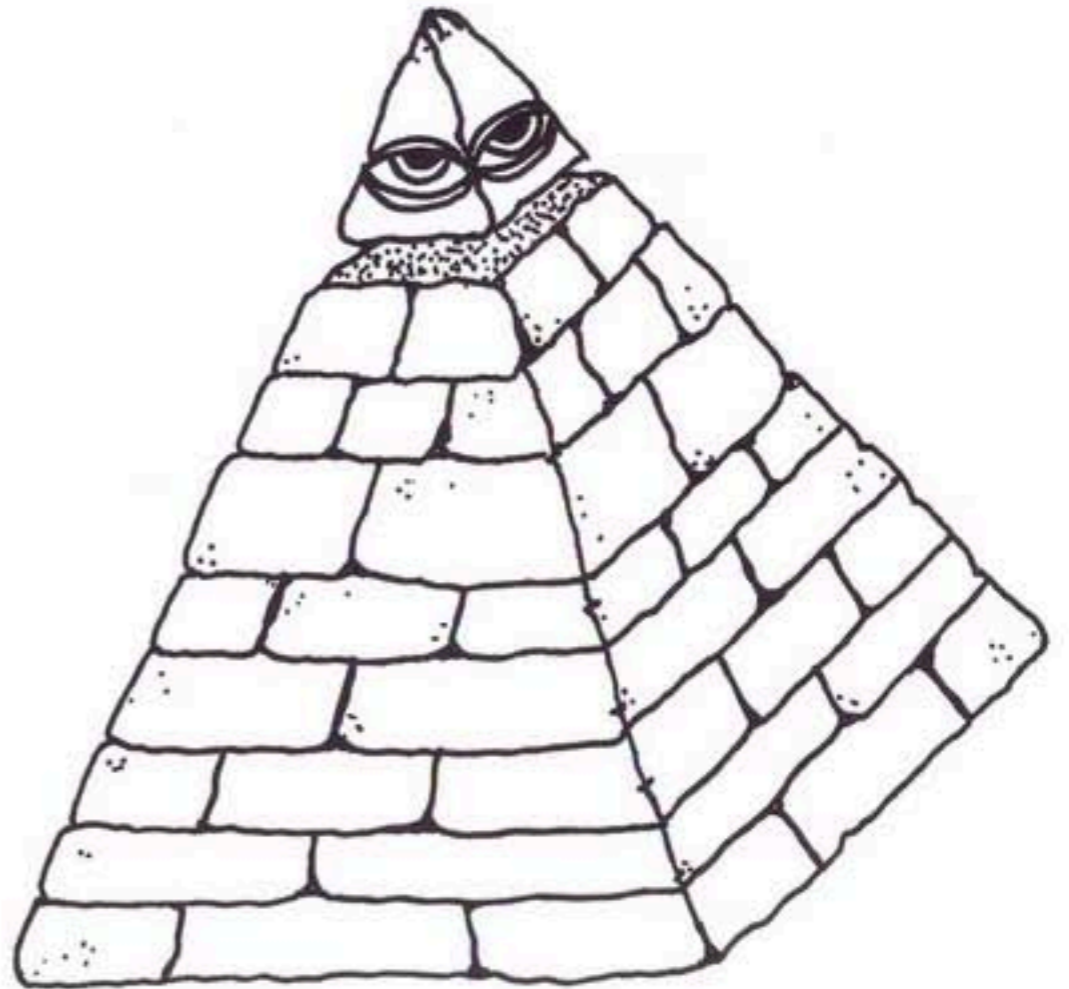
The ones that werent wind up toys
would have the upper hand
And we would have to look out for
each other, because they wouldnt.

They would only wind up those that they
saw fit, those that conformed to there
ways.

If most of us where wind up toys
it would be in our interest to learn to wind
ourselves up, or wind each other ~~up~~ up

thats reality.

thats the way it is.



John. S. Hall



Ben's Bend

Not long back I was burning books in the

winter to keep warm, I was eating my breakfast at MacDonald's and I was refuging in everything's a pound" when the rain swelled over the land. My youth was spent standing on the bend at Linkskill waiting for a car to send a wave of rainwater over my head and progressed to drinking Londis's pulse at Lord Collingwood's feet. But then I was living in North Shields, How I longed for a girlfriend that hadn't already had three children. I'd had enough, it was time to move.

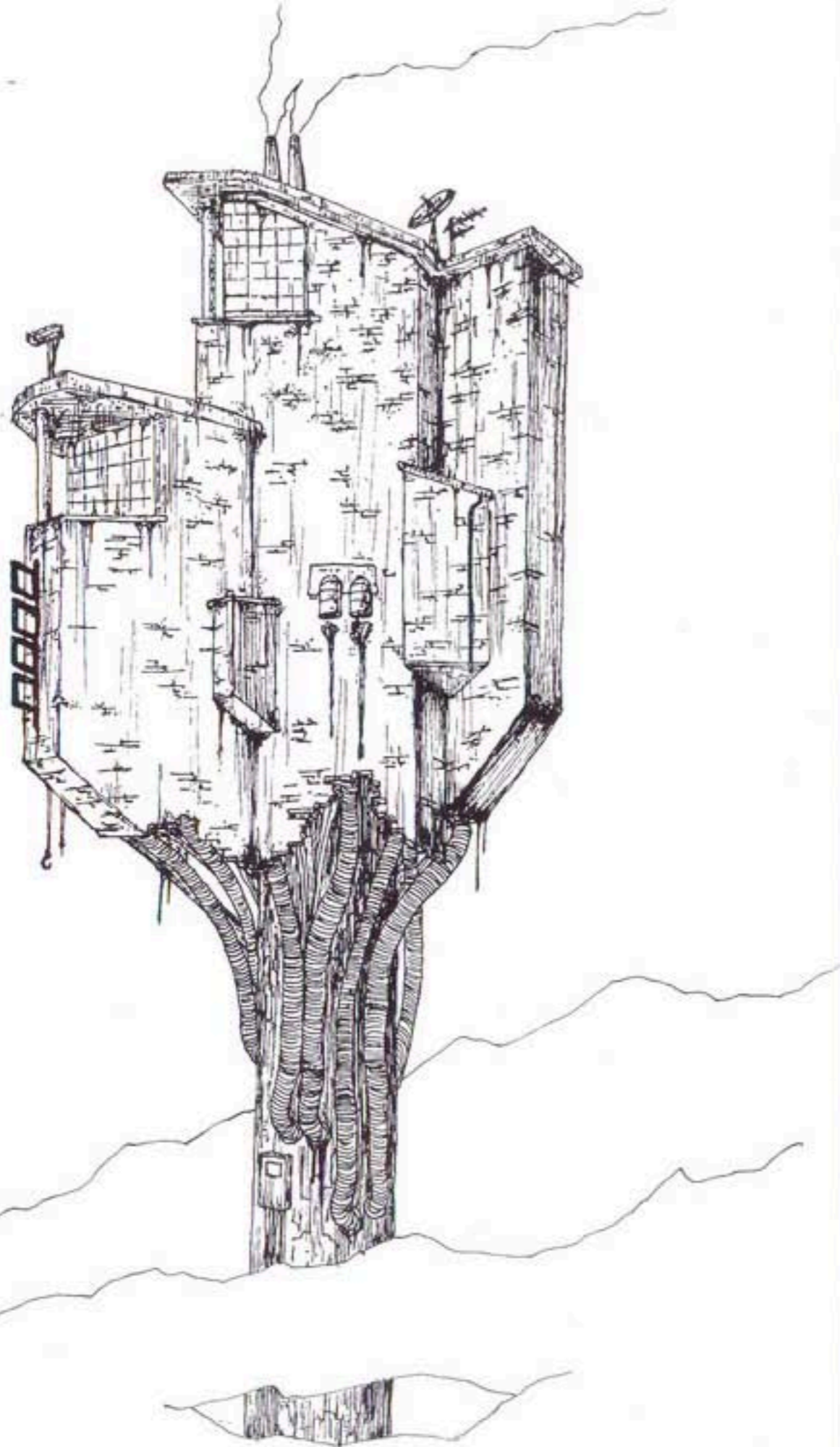
Whitley Bay had an air of majesty about it, we would stand our ground in school and fight our class war against the royal trends of the children of Whitley High. It was obvious, to raise my standard of living I needed to be there, become what I strove to hate, once the immaturity wore through i realised coffee shops, skate parks and books weren't the enemy. It wasn't long before I had replaced my battered mars bar to a mars bar smoothies, wearing torn jumpers I had found by the magistrate courts with knit wear from St Oswald's and instead of sliding down the hills of Northumberland park on a battered fish I was grinding the coping at Skate City.

Life was good. Whitley Bay playhouse stands proudly rebuilt, the Dome has it's reign over the rooftops once more and there is a new groovy place for the kids to skate at the coast.

A few weeks back I read a leaflet posted through my door, rejuvenation at the coast, apparently they plan to build a artificial reef in Whitley Bay which will increase the surf, I couldn't believe my eyes. But the charm didn't last, where once Woolworths had stood laughing, there now pleads a hapless B&M bargains, now the third standing for the bargain shop of the year award on the bays corners, MacDonalds is preparing for global Domination starting across the road and the mighty Primark has ordered 2000 of it's most senior child labourers to fulfil the heavy demand of it's new store by the house of god.

It started with Home bargains, and I was reluctant to go but then it grasps you in it's illusion of building the perfect house on a fiver, every time I ended up with a house filled with cushion covers with cats on and hair products, my hair has been shaved for a while and still they mounded up. But every time I walked away I was greeted by Iceland, fl a lasagne, cheapest milk around without having to hike the hill to Morrison's, and then Pound Stretchers, which will soon find home in the centre of Whitley Bay, I'm reluctant to divulge about Pound Stretchers, so I won't.

The coffee shops have went out of business, Blue Mango is no more, Run-A-Mocha is on it's last legs, park view's culture is on it's last legs, I thought that the super bargain shops had driven them out of business, but it's not them.. it's us, it's the population of Whitley bay. We now strive on the Bring down the price, fashion, even if it does bring down our culture parallel. I guess it was only time before North shields caught up, North shields was once going to be the City of the North East before it became what it is. Maybe it's the salty air?



Soiled

Wandering through a farmers field, that's covered by alarms
They're growing out the ground, and telling me to keep calm
The clocks start to coil, and coerce my legs into the soil
There's no need for a stopwatch, when I'm watching everything drop
I drop down so slow through the sediment and dirt
I inhale, and then a gale fills up my lungs with earth
I circulate, then contemplate if I'm six feet under
I mumble, then grumble, and then the ground crumbles
Send a search party to look inside this ground
The holes are getting smaller, and it doesn't want me found
Looking up at an aperture, that's contracting quickly
It closes and the smell and the texture make me sickly

I feel sick
And I feel tricked
And then I'm kicked
And I land on some bricks
And I break through
Into a room
And everyone there
looked like they didn't care

They all stare at me coldly, and asked what I'd done
Said I was on a summers walk, now I can't see the sun
They asked me for the time, but I saw the watches that they wore
I asked them where I was, and they told me I was at the core
My arm felt like an anchor, so I looked down at my wrist
A watch was getting tighter, and my blood started to constrict
Spinal fluid rushed to my head, and then my ear drums burst
The residents gathered some, and quenched their collective thirst
I watched them and I wait, for an injection of pain
I feel the same, I feel no pain, but then their faces change
And now all the people in the room look just like me
I listen for objection, but I can't hear my plea

Their watches all explode, but mine just grows
And then my skin corrodes, and my body turns to coal
I'm back on the surface, but I am not myself
I'm part of the soil, but apart from my mental health

Now I'm waiting in a farmers field
Looking for a face to steal
And if no one treads on me
I'll be here for eternity

I had been sitting there for a while before she walked in and almost immediately asked me if I'd had my breakfast. And I said no, no time. "Oh dear! You must eat your breakfast" (there was an overpowering smell of medicine and stale cigarettes)

"I've had two wheatabix" she said and there was silence again, so I started back at my book, it was hard to concentrate. She was making some awful smacking noises with her mouth, her tongue sounded inflated and medicated, and so did her speech.

"Do you want a cup of coffee or tea? You can make one here you know"

"I know, No thank you"

"Thirteen patients failed to turn up you see?" and she pointed at a sign which was hanging from the wall just next to the door. "It's the same at the GP's"

At this point I was struggling to think of things to say in response to her comments. I was also aware of the younger man who looked at me intensely and kept a tight hold on his plastic bag as he sipped on a glass of water.

"Milk doesn't last these days!" she started again and before I could think of something to say;

"Once you've had tea and cereal there's not really much left and it's so expensive"

"Really?" I said trying to sound enthused

"It's 51p a pint in the... the local... the one by the corner..."

"Co-Op?" I said

"YES!! Yes 51p and it's 60p if you buy it from the milkman."

"Oh I don't really drink milk so I wouldn't know." This seemed to upset her, so I continued with my book as she continued to make sickening churning noises with her mouth. Suddenly the young man was called out of the room and he bolted up and shot out, his bag hit the door on the way out. It was just me and the medicated old lady left. She was very short and her back hunched over but her head didn't droop towards the floor, her face looked rubbery, and she sat with her hands clenched on her lap. She had a very loud, strong and well educated accent, defiantly not a local accent. I wondered what she was on.

I could hear some laughter coming from somewhere in here.

The clock is making too much noise, and the plants look fake, plants in institutions always do I think. There's also a picture on the wall of three cats staring at a clock.

The laughter is getting louder.

For a very short period of time an older looking man, who was quite short and stout wearing a suit jacket and pants, with a white vest, a black buckled hat and a string of Hawaiian style flowers around his neck came into the room and fiddled loudly with a small radio that was in the corner of the room. He couldn't get it to work, and then he was called out by a tall bird like man who looked too clean.

Soon after the old lady was called out by another woman who had glasses round her neck on a bright coloured string. The old lady seemed very pleased it was her turn and asked the woman how she was doing and if she'd had her breakfast.

Now I was alone in the room and I stood up and stretched my legs, I felt like I had been sitting there for hours, I'm not sure how long it actually was. I went over to a poster on the far wall and started to read it when two men came into the room. One was extremely tall and well built, but had a very boyish face, the other was a man I would say was in his early twenties who smiled politely when he came in, the tall man avoided eye contact. I guessed that the smaller younger man was the tall mans carer. There was a silence filling the room, I would occasionally catch eyes with the young man and we both smiled uncomfortably. Then the taller man asked me what I was doing and I told him I was waiting. He told me his name was Steve and his friend was called Paul. Steve was very eager to know how long I had been waiting he looked like he was getting increasingly impatient, I told him I wasn't sure and that it felt like ages.

"You know, you make one mistake, one time, and for the rest of your life people will judge you, once you get a label it's almost impossible to get rid of it, and people will treat you differently."

I wasn't exactly sure what he was referring to, it seemed out of context but I assumed it had something to do with why he was in this place.

We talked for a while and it turned out Steve had been experiencing problems for quite some time. He seemed very open to tell me of his experience with institutions and medicine, he also mentioned how he used to be married with a son, but there was some reason why he couldn't see them anymore, this was one thing he wouldn't tell me. I decided not to push too much to find out. That made me more curious to know, he just referred to it as "the mistake" and I didn't know in what way he meant.

Paul told me stories of travelling in Europe, of the characters he met and the places he visited, I was envious of the places he had been. It turned out he had just decided one day that he needed a massive change in his life so he just got the coach over to France and went from house to house staying wherever he was welcome. He told me of a specific time when he was in a small bar with people he had been with and his mood had changed.

"I remember making a ridiculous comment to whoever it was that I was sitting next to, and suddenly realizing that no matter how hard I tried there was nobody in the room I could communicate with, not because of the language barrier, you must understand, it was something else so I sat back in my chair and closed my eyes, which now I realize was a mistake. At this time in my life I was merely a puppet to anything that had the influence to control me. I lost the ability and the will to even try and pretend that I was interested in any kind of conversation, and even if I was I couldn't have formed a coherent sentence."

"What happened next?" I asked

"I left" he said

He seemed very calm, I wondered what had happened as all his previous stories of travelling had been positive and upbeat especially those about the people he had met.

I started to think that he wasn't Steven's carer





Coming out the woodwork

ZAM and still Perpetually falling into the floorboards. Plummeting, then catapulted back. Accelerating through the rotting wood, starting again inside the dull bulb. Slow down now! My mind is murky. Perception only offers a grotesque smudge. Say, sing, shout something! Mouth move now! Move your mouth, I mean my mouth. No resistance just no movement. Feels like my jaw is locked. Fuck is my mouth is full of cement? Move your arm, feel around your mouth! Stop yelling, I mean thank you. Sorry what's your name? Can't think of name. Pardon? I'm you, remember? Oh. What! What's wrong with my mouth? Hello? where did you go? Think clearly. What? You Muddled my thoughts, you subhuman. Why is everything white now? Am I still falling? It doesn't look like I am. What do you think? I mean look it feels like ground, but if everything's white, I could still be falling. I don't know. Whoa what the fuck was that? Looks like some kind of corroded jelly. I hardly heard that hitting the floor, man my ears feel blocked up. Our ears! Fuck off I'm trying to sort this out. There's some more. Right by my foot, feet, ours, our feet, sorry about that I keep forgetting you're here. That didn't seem like it came from the heavens at all. Am I in heaven? More like purgatory. What does that mean? I need some sleep, tiredness kills you know, I haven't slept for 5 days. So What? Where did that Jelly come from? Look up mongoloid. Nothing but eternal white up there. There's some more. What more whiteness? No jelly. But I didn't see anything. Is our face cold? No it's just a different texture. Well aren't you going to investigate? OK then. I think that jelly is on my face. Yeah it defiantly is. It not on my hair though. Why are my ears. AHM! Our ears why are they so blocked? That's where the jelly's coming from. Are you, I mean are we sure? Where else could it be coming from? I think we might be right. Argh it's clogging our brain. Get the plunger then. I'll just use my finger. It's expanding! Is our head made of plastacine? I'm in. Feels a lot different to jelly. Caution! What? The exit's closing. I'm trying to get it out. Make sure you pull out the obstruction, it's sawdust. What is? It was in our head now it's in my hand. My hand! It's both our hands. What's that buzzing sound? Are bugs in his lungs? Who? Our lungs I mean. Do you feel sickly? No I feel fine. How about now? Now you mention it my back is losing some vertebrae's. No! Our spine it's trying to escape. The cement is crumbling. Push it back! I'm trying, but it seems quite intent. Push harder. Did you say pull? No don't! Well, look what you've done. It's fine, my spine is fine, it was just an umbrella. Umbrella? Is our head wet? Is that rain? Why is it black? I'm afraid out here. Quick use the umbrella, judging by recent events this will probably makes you turn inside out. Us! I don't like it here by myself. Ourselves! What's happening to the ground? Is that sand? It's the rain! It's changing the ground. Maybe we could do with a day at the beach after this ordeal. White sand, are we in the tropics? It's stopped raining. What does that sign say? 41 casualties in 3 years. Where are we? I think it starting to wind. What? I mean, we mean it's getting windy. Bumps ahead. Whoa shit what gale force is that? Oh sorry we forgot to bring our baro... Argh get it out of my eyes. Is the ground a big mirror now? There's only a little bit of the sand left.

"Mate, are you back yet?", who is that? Where did we go? Why am I looking into a mirror? why is my face fine? why is that sand still here? what is sand doing in someone's living room? whose living room?

"Jason, are you back yet?" Who's Jason? Where am I back from?

~~From the way~~
~~From~~ you're

BOB DYLAN, can kiss my arse
Bobby dylan, gonna have to ask

BOB DYLAN, really stupid,
Bobby dylan, stupid!, stupid!
really totally say. hey!

Bob Dylan, doesn't even like me
When I met him
When I met him
He was sick on my shoes

11/11/09

Sixteen days.

There's a region surrounds
That draws a circle around.
The ~~the~~ clasping hands of
modesty.

Your thoughts profound.
a glimmering hope within
a muffled sound

Sixteen days to go
and you can't stop ringing me.
I like it when you let me talk
silly.
But that wasn't meant to be a
joke. And now you're sorry
that you ever spoke

Every day the same
over and over again
changing the day
all seconds the same
last, changing over
and again every
again every day
the same over
and the same
and all the same
always the same
all seconds chan
never and never
over and never
as always never
days, changing
again always
again the
same always
same ever again
Same ever again

every day changing
in every second
over again
same as the
over and over
change the same
changing
and over again
all the same
never change
never changing
changing the days
all the seconds
again the same
again days and
the same never
changing never
same and the
again forever the
and never
ever day always again

21 Playout: Parade
ENERGY BIRD

Instrumental

LET'S
FUCKING
GO!!!

FURCK

THE
CAT ~~ROMANS~~
ROMANS
AT THE
SHANGHAI
BALLET
2010

