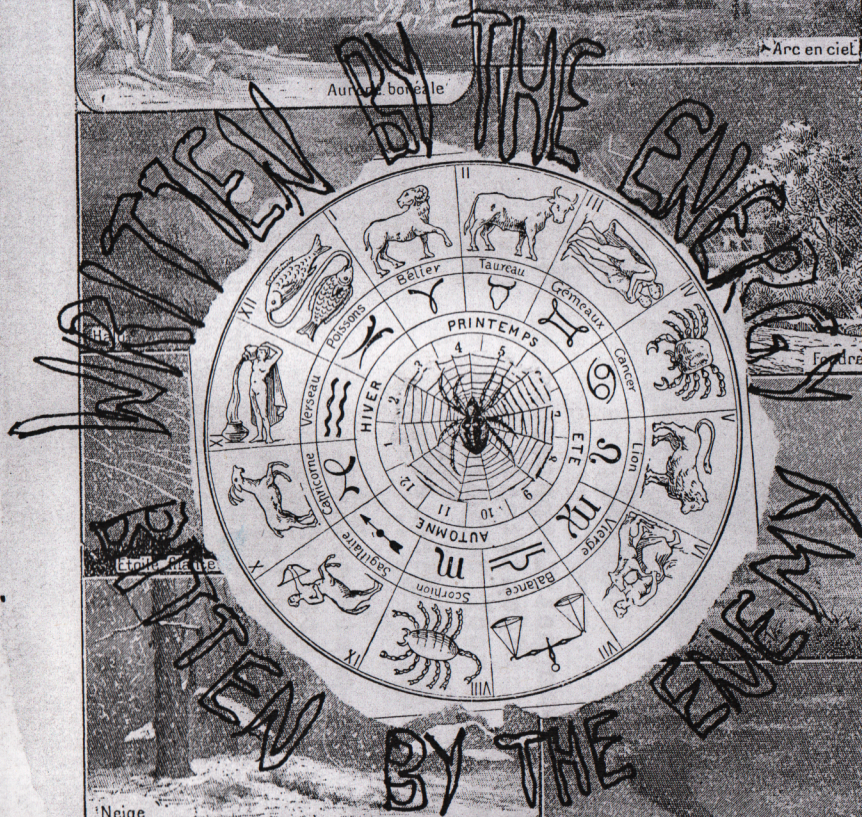
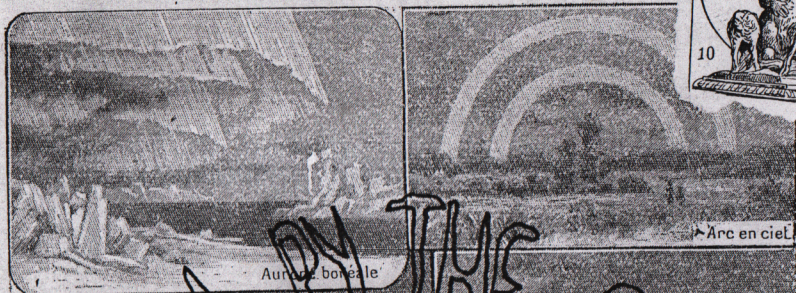




THESE WRITINGS WERE WRITTEN &
CUT & COMPILED IN LAPPERSFORT,
AN OCCUPIED FOREST IN BELGIUM
UNDER THREAT OF THE AXE &
CHAINSAW IN THE NAME OF THE
EURO. DID YOU DREAM THAT
SOMEWHERE PEOPLE STILL
LIVE IN THE TREES?

Het verhaal van het Lappersfortbos, han-
venandenende identiteit en vele levens
bestaat al van vool de boomhutten, zelfs
van voor de eerste besetting.

take this out of context...

there is trouble brewing, and it involves you.
the spirits you invade can trespass with a tremendous amount
of rhetoric. diplomats shiver at the thought of a wild, one. even
those of them that are prepared to shed seven skins just to muster
up a rustle of paper. merely dead trees contaminated with structural
ideals, but the dying spirit of these trees has a bold warning
the threat you embellish will bite like a bitter wind.

nonetheless, a desk will be sat around, a bizarre metaphor to act
on solution. a word from all angles is delivered to you, to try
and connect the faintest of dots. we ALL wonder, we ALL may worry
but to share an energy with the power to cure is the aim of this
message.

you are right, this forest that's bringing us together is not a forest
it is not industry either. it is a breeding ground of life, a source
of inspiration, a vigorous place holding opportunity for sensual
experience, a small biosystem that imparts incredible influence
upon human lives. it can change, this can change, for it has the bel
belief that a connection can be made for the extremes of both
beuraeracy AND spirituality. open your hearts, there is a smile
on my face can you not feel the truth and happiness that exists

behind a child's eyes. if your lost, even better if your listening
the rain WILL fall, but you will not drown. just breathe.

maybe i should try for a more functional language, figures and digit
s, colours and rhythm. take your pick, you have already chosen
but eit

these are the same, and this is the missing link

linking all your laws and all of nature's too

thinking of flaws will not get you through
shouting from behind your habits

is where there will be a little white rabbit
from a thing called science we "discovered" DNA
it is in everything right here on this planet

imagine for a minute, you are part of this world

don't think or it, just accept, that the whole thing may
actually be conscious.

you are its creator, you are here to create
give your false self up and watch a way to be free appear



124

NEVER

XXX

I'm had to Inse-
I've feat. these moon rage
Fight through Trees awe silence
Allies: building dreams
music sleep
fuck



If you cant sleep and
you cant stay awake,
he n youre a bit fucked

I remember, the first time i discovered the revolution, in was pretty fucking high. When- The second time i discovered the revolution, I was surprised by how unneringly familiar it all was. Id expected excitement, crazy new discoveries that would set my blood on fire with energy. But in fact, most of the time the reevolution seemed to involve sitting around getting stoned. I felt a little cheated really. I thought maybe it was possible to walk smeking of eternal highbrow, and eventually I would be so used to it that I would never fall off, never have to come down. But I always got scared and had to come down just before I got halfway across, wherever halfway was. Maybe the highwire is infinite and we just have to keep walking blindly, hoping that our legs never tire hoping that one day, we wont need the highwire, that we will learn to fly.

ARM NO. 1000

THE POST APOCALYPTIC MIND

has been formulated
of structure has been
nerves electrified
of clarity
conception of
bring forth
your habits
memories
flashbacks
climb the
ripe to
snake of
ride down
fulfillment
ladder of

see cos we were on the edge of our
eyeball time presents bundled in
burning newspapers & tensions forgot
in present tense centipede seats
& lecherous senates

They were just awakening. The world that gave birth to them had overgrown and there were so many gaps to slip through. Listen - Oh s
One was almost 03ac.

The first time he came to Leeds he was so naïve. Was I taken in. Believed in all that glamour, that there was a pretty world at his fingertips & all you needed to be part of it was a scarf & jacket from a 2nd hand shop. He even thought of them as butterflies, the pretty ones - how could they ever be unhappy? Not because of what they could get, but because they had the power to make anyone happy, to bless anyone's life with just a smile or a few words. If they did, they couldn't, but let's not go into that. And anyway this before they had started swarming Hyde Park like a sexy blonde plague. Point is he didn't meet the love that was advertised, only felt coldness. Metaphorically, in emotional terms, I mean. Actually on the days he went there he mostly felt tired. Because he had to go a lot of places on foot, and mostly the clothes didn't fit. This was when he was trying to buy the scarf and jacket and jeans, you understand. The cafes were cool, and pretty, but he would keep wanting to talk to people, and he was just at this little table, and the other people were at this other little table a number of metres away. Cafe culture! He wondered if any of them had read On the Road. It was maybe, he wanted something to happen, ~~not really~~. Because really, he didn't even know how to talk. There are actually a tragically large number of people like this in cafes. Next time someone should tell them cafes aren't going to save us, not the way the cards are stacked right now.

the writing i fluently brings me as much joy as if i were to be sitting beneath a cliff with a cool drink of water pursed to my lips with the whole ocean of potential just thrashing about itself with nothing much to do except send letters to the shallow rock pools of possibility. this message in fact would be a quite wordy affair for such concepts as these are as fluently abstract as the mishapen words that appear care to try and comprehend. now, senses shaped by the weather are quite the remarkable kind they interpret notions of promise like a cloud full of dissatisfaction imagine the blossoming of such a storm, after so many pasts of neglect. charged with unhumanely fathomable energy these winds, this rain, this storm will rip all shreds of evidence that may bolster survival. this kind of world is brewing with patience in the shortcoming

this kind of world is full of hatred

this kind of world is burning with an unquenchable thirst for freedom

this kind of world is stipulated by excess

this kind of world is bound to shout all kinds of obscenities

this kind of world is a beast

this kind of world does no favours

this kind of world has no manners

this kind of world is rolling in filth

this kind of world is bawdy and willing to hurl flails

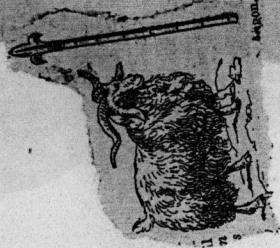
this kind of world is not breathing

this kind of world swings to an alternate pulse

this kind of world has a dumb vibration

this kind of world feels numb

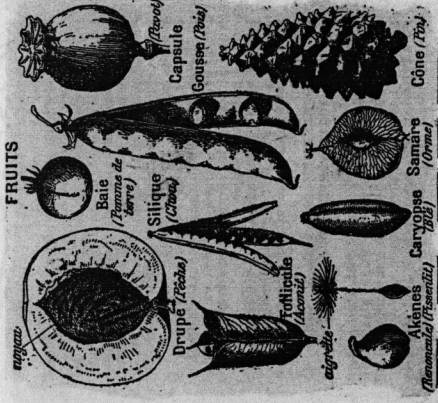
this kind of world has no dread



the writing i fluently brings me as much joy as if i were to be sitting beneath a cliff with a cool drink of water pursed to my lips with the whole ocean of potential just thrashing about itself with nothing much to do except send letters to the shallow rock pools of possibility. this message in fact would be a quite wordy affair for such concepts as these are as fluently abstract as the mishapen words that appear care to try and comprehend. now, senses shaped by the weather are quite the remarkable kind they interpret notions of promise like a cloud full of dissatisfaction imagine the blossoming of such a storm, after so many pasts of neglect. charged with unhumanely fathomable energy these winds, this rain, this storm will rip all shreds of evidence that may bolster survival. this kind of world is brewing with patience in the shortcoming

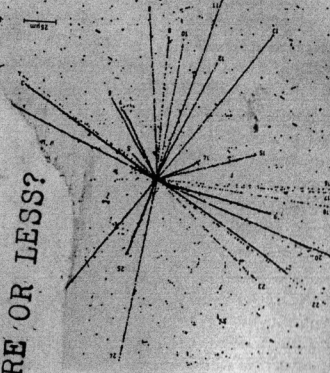
FRUITOPOIA, is where the sweetness of life is.

meloncholy orange-itsans
plumptuous and berry lemonized fruitopians
live in a grape, grape world.
pears of lentilmen offer nectarial avocadets
to summon a cherry apple-calyipse.
bananality and pomegranules of appeachiation
share a ripe of which any man-go.



as if claw some ink from side to side
my flourishing spirit has nowhere to
HI DE

LESS IS MORE? MORE OR LESS?



TIMID PORTIONS OF CONGREGATION
AMID DISTORTIONS? CONGRATULATIONS

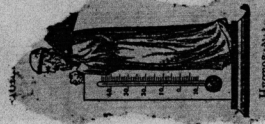
a soothing balm of fluetic probes
a moving palm of overflowing robes
poetical sanscript to please your spirits beat
typical complacing of burnt ash and heat

MR. SOLA "E" CHILDREN

WORRIED BY A PILGRIM

all is want to do is roll with the circle
THE TRIANGLE GETS SCARED
AND THE PEOPLE GET SQUAKED
Abbis one to you

Andis one to you



Bob-bill bread lived in a shed
and when he found a nest on a
tree inside a branch g g g g
his feet felt like doing a dance

[illegible]

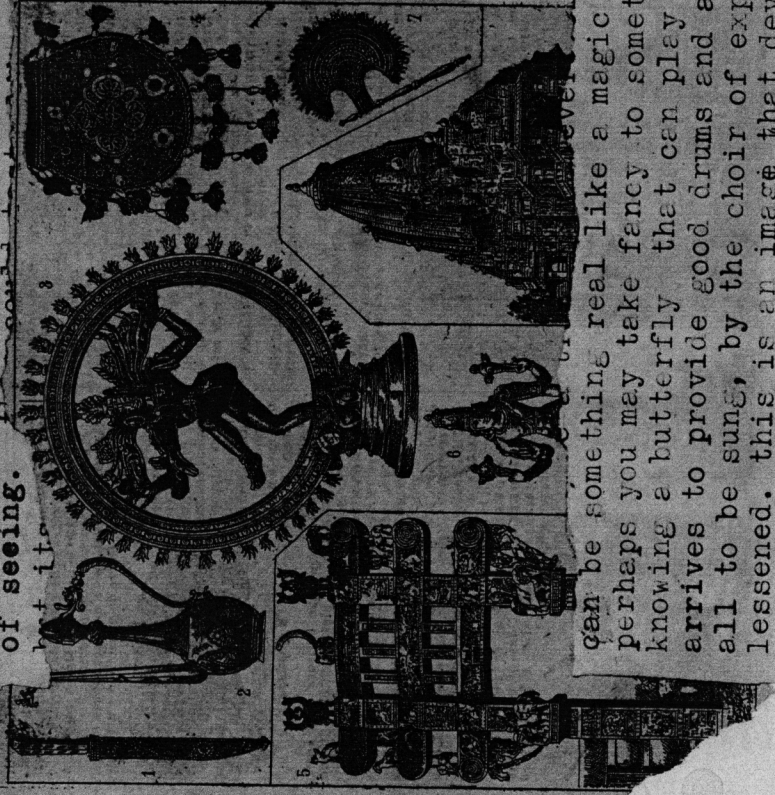
flamencedancers trade ant cancers & cardboard answers

hardwire questions to the junkdream scat-statut
inside a thumb bone "the leaves were speaking to me but
like a breath old donkey eyes before this brighttide rises
'wonky skies"SELL ME SOME CELERY SELL ME SOME CELERY"

3 unknown trapped
then they left"
on the lightside

[illegible]

whole being, catch it, condense it and drink the liquid
of seeing.



this connection
perhaps you may take fancy to something more bizarre, like
knowing a butterfly that can play guitar. a hummingbird
arrives to provide good drums and a man with a beard shows
all to be sung, by the choir of expressions all thought is
lessened. this is an image that developed over rhyme, it grew
up a distaste of travelling in time. there is a

a shape to make, your laugh
take a dip in your bath

a bean to crawl along

and join you in song

bashfulness and bounciness

a case for the hyperactive

a bumble whistle march

a back bent in an arch

listen to the softness

of a sponge in the morning

here the air breathe

clear the snare, sneeze

blatant bobbins amusing

sugar soaked spooning

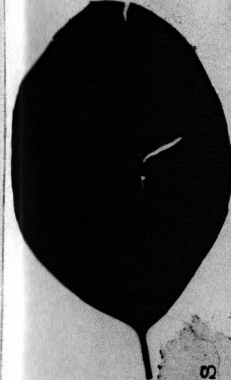
if you want to hear

a joke, riddle me

if you want it to

emote, fiddle tea

drunken master



mess

down upon my soul, and lifted out was a wish that this boundlessness

would flare up, that my ecstatic skin trembled, that my bulging

breathlessness would be swept away just as casually with the next

sentence as a leaf would drop with only a flutter. this kind of

beacon would radiate time over time, just a click of the fingers

and a blessing for the wisp would give subtlety something solemn

like the message of a king the word of a poem

the reflection of your mind

the reflection of your mind

I was cracking oop',
we was quoting

anything what we could hold
floatinbg, in nothing

well, technically, thats not true,

the world is round, this room is square, magic isnt real
homosexuality is a genetic fault,

n et my fault, not y our fault,

zyeure not to blame, its someone elses,

responsibility, not my field, not my departme nt, its wrong, but neones to
blame, dont be ashamed, well fix you up, youll be right as rain,

one day we?,ll reintegrate, straighten your face, change your fate, optimu
a weight, slim build, the right pills, nevefr lie, never steal, never hate
never feel, anything beyond this

mild dissatisfaction that feeling that somethings wrong

cant put my finger on

what itis tthat i never had so i can never miss
it

but i keepgettingflashbacks

sailing at increedi**ll**le sssssppppeedss downthe

pipeline. burning fires in the night, the taste off h and something ore
at, something good and full, guttural, sticki ng in the back
of my froat, in my gut, sittjng like porrige, waitint g to be 5thrown up
all over your beautifully polished floor, a message to all those who
never dreamed of anythi ng more

LOST TRACK

tell me a secret
kiss me in the rain
stumble on the doorstep
rise up again
pretend that nothing ever happend
behind that boring city
is another one
I sure would like you to stay
but they never do anyway
its raining slowly outside
They say running in water clears your mind
I dont know, Im sti ll blind

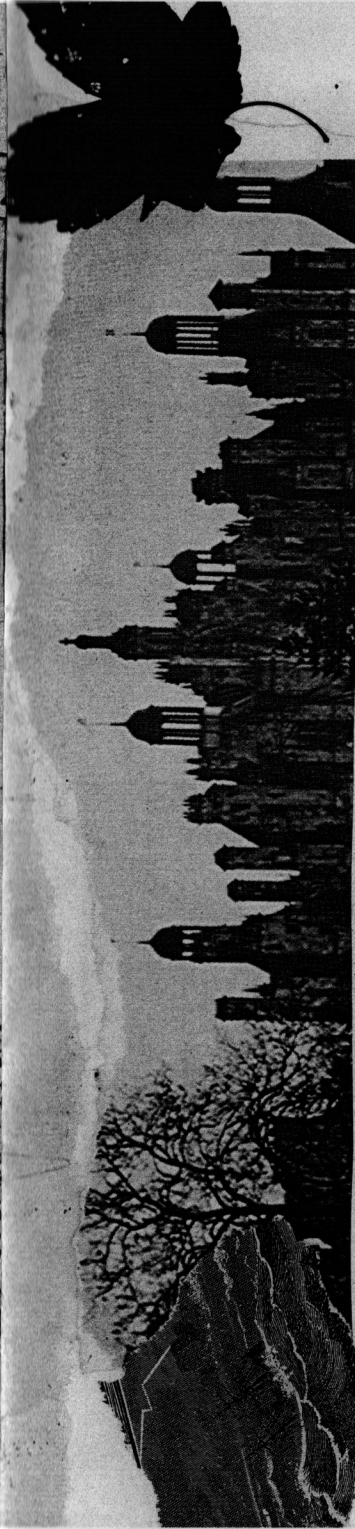
It took the downfall of everything to reveal the nature of our society. How many mad plans had been brewing in the corners of the new millenium. And what labyrinth ever had so many hidden corners? When it all collapsed a cross-section of our madness was revealed, spasming out its brief coiled life like a snake in its death throes.

Those that had dreamed of death and violence killed. Those who were lost in the sexual webs rutted briefly in shadowy carnal parties before discovering their obsession was wired in to fallen Babylon. Ah, and what constructions! Lacking the material power to rival the skyscrapers and shopping malls and mines, still in a burst of, frustrated imagination all the would be architects scavenged, rebuilt, reoccupied... flats join. themselves to each other, office blocks turned into ruins, high streets turned into electric lit shanty towns defended by roadblocks from the feral districts. Castles were re-claimed, added to and often crumbled.

~~But the people's desire to reclaim and rebuild what they had had~~

prevented their madness from becoming its twin, greatness, genius, - they always sought to gather around the old centres of power, clustering tightly where the shine of money was the greatest in the forlorn and useless hope that the power would return or that they would absorb some from the ruins. The bank of England became a fortress-shrine for a time given power by its own reputation, but empty inevitably empty and foolish like the adherents of Marxism just before the fall.

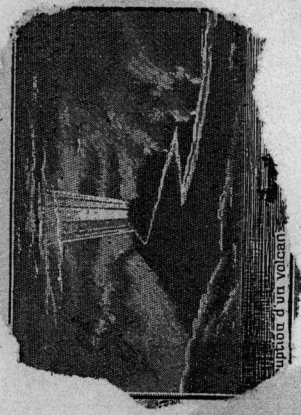
The prophets of the fall had never known how they would survive with their seeming powerlessness - they never realised until it happened that they had the base of hope - hope, belief, foresightedness. And they were not held back by any love for the shiny ruins that many tried to rebuild. What was madness in most became brilliance. The curses of the 20th century became gifts.



cut out the paradise organ. ships have been swallowed in intestines smaller than these, bows and sterns and firstmates and prawns gargled in delight into dead floating seas. manipulated bait made of the firstmate's hatred and the skipper's fate...but the skipper was late (the last corpse to the freight. fade into a circus lounge (dried cats in martinis suits slipping on stories of histories and glories) slybattered barkeep slips the last narrow dime into his or her flannel-embroidered waistcoat pocket...Metallic crowd hummings sift across the smokey ceiling, saxophones scream at the horrors of the feet of the humans of their mothers and steel factory daughters producing their cowgone cages, saxophone screams & we're shut off in the darkest recesses of the smokiest dingy corner waiting for last drinks to be called & the bouncer starts throwing us out one by one in a heuristical order of poorest to poorer...slim dreams of the whore wet dreams of the whored. tired in the dressing room, naked but a tattered pink skirt just pretty enough to draw the attention away from the layers of time scraped against the skin of her back. she peaks into the mirror & watches & shivers as the glass absorbs the shimmering glitter of whored & soiled litter streams & mascara beams, inches of charcoal & beauty compost smeared in terrifying tarpatterns & asphalt remedies.

an influent aspiration for the contrapation that facilitates
 adisease, bottomless stores of tremendous energies rebel behind
 the blur of habitual design. burdened by comeupance, with a
 culture to bend boldness into bashfulness, these animals
 drive their UMN cages.

untold wisdom was written behind the deseaseds' eyelids
 their dead wishes humming brutally to empell simplicracy.
 morals are applications of ideology, to hold any memory of
 beleif brings about disappointment.



PROPAGANDA POLLUTION
 FILTH AND DISTRIBUTION

UNFORGIVEN FOR THE SAKE OF A POINT

CIVIL WINDS DICTATE

THE UNHINGING OF THE BODILY JOINT

MAKES SOCIAL COMFORT VACATE



Allegorie (a Mori)



attached to a typewriter
 processed thoughts pressed onto dead trees
 compressed dreams left to mould
 under the influence of developing scars
 sacred rites alleviate material matters
 words with the maps of mystery
 natural elements creating within the confines
 walls broken by shadows
 and society swinging about the bellows

