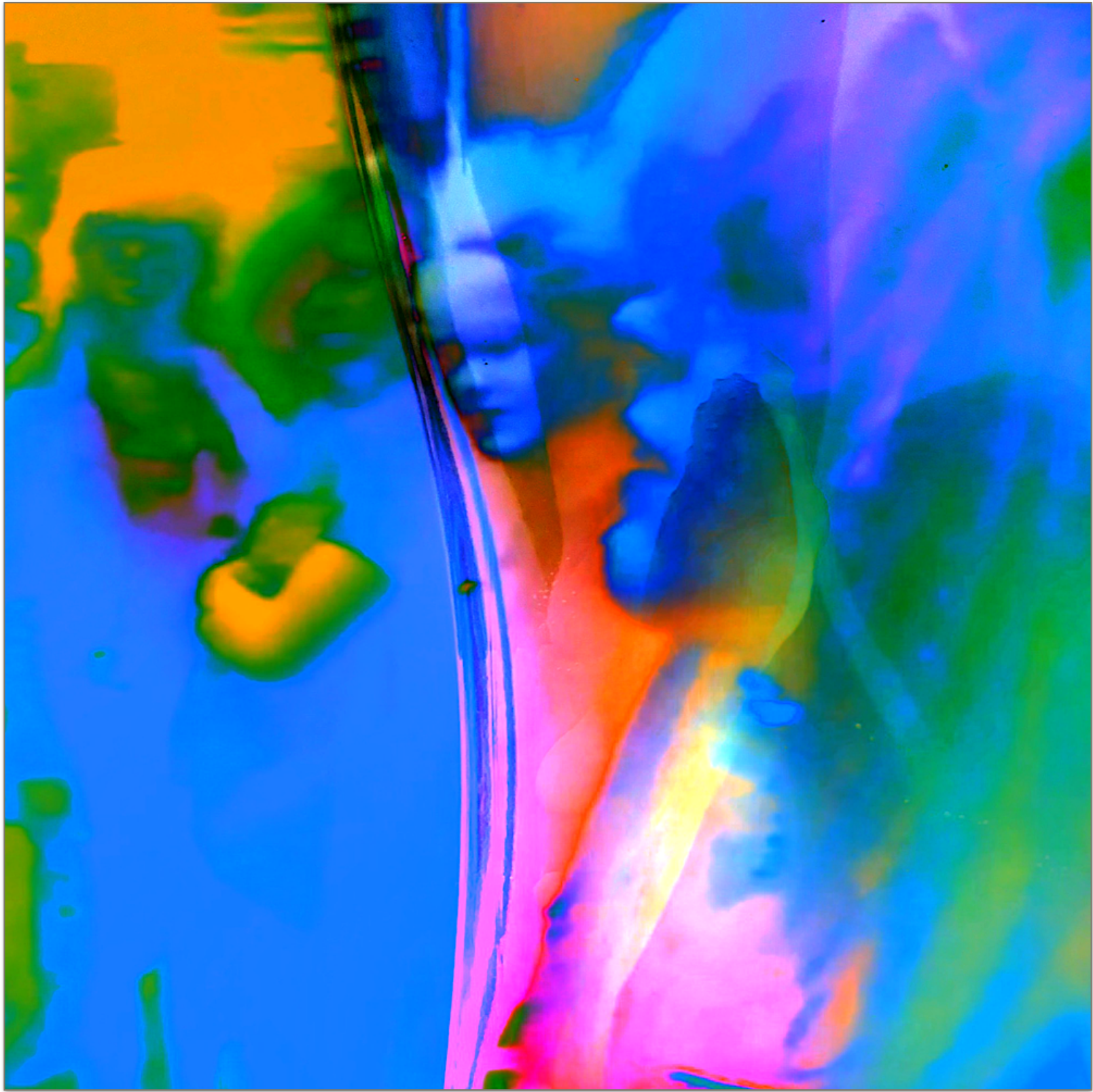


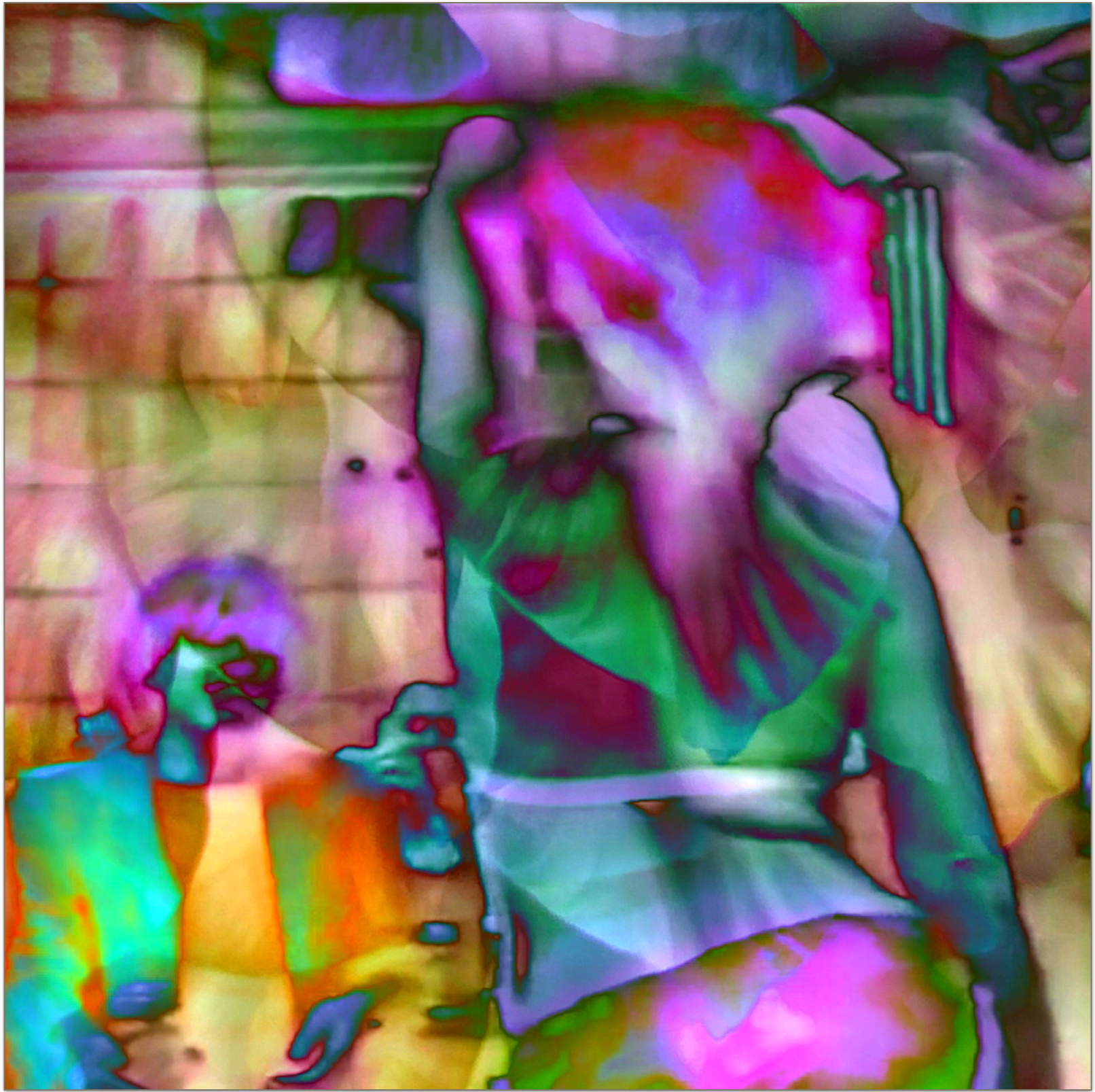


BLUE: ELECTRIC BLUE



PEOPLE ARE TURNING INTO GOLD





SOMEWHERE

THERE'S AN OCEAN

The vacuity of it all: image, pose, look, colour, emptiness, shallow dreams of fame and fortune. An excess, anything out of reach. Not rejecting (nothing to reject). No future, every past collapsing in. Believe in the mystical power of TOTP. Yes: someone is going to fix it. He'll fix it for you. With the look, the moves, the vacant stare. This is nothing. You have joined his gang. All you ever wanted was to be in his gang. Now: move on.



Nothing.
This is nothing.

This is not too afraid
Think

This is nothing.

||



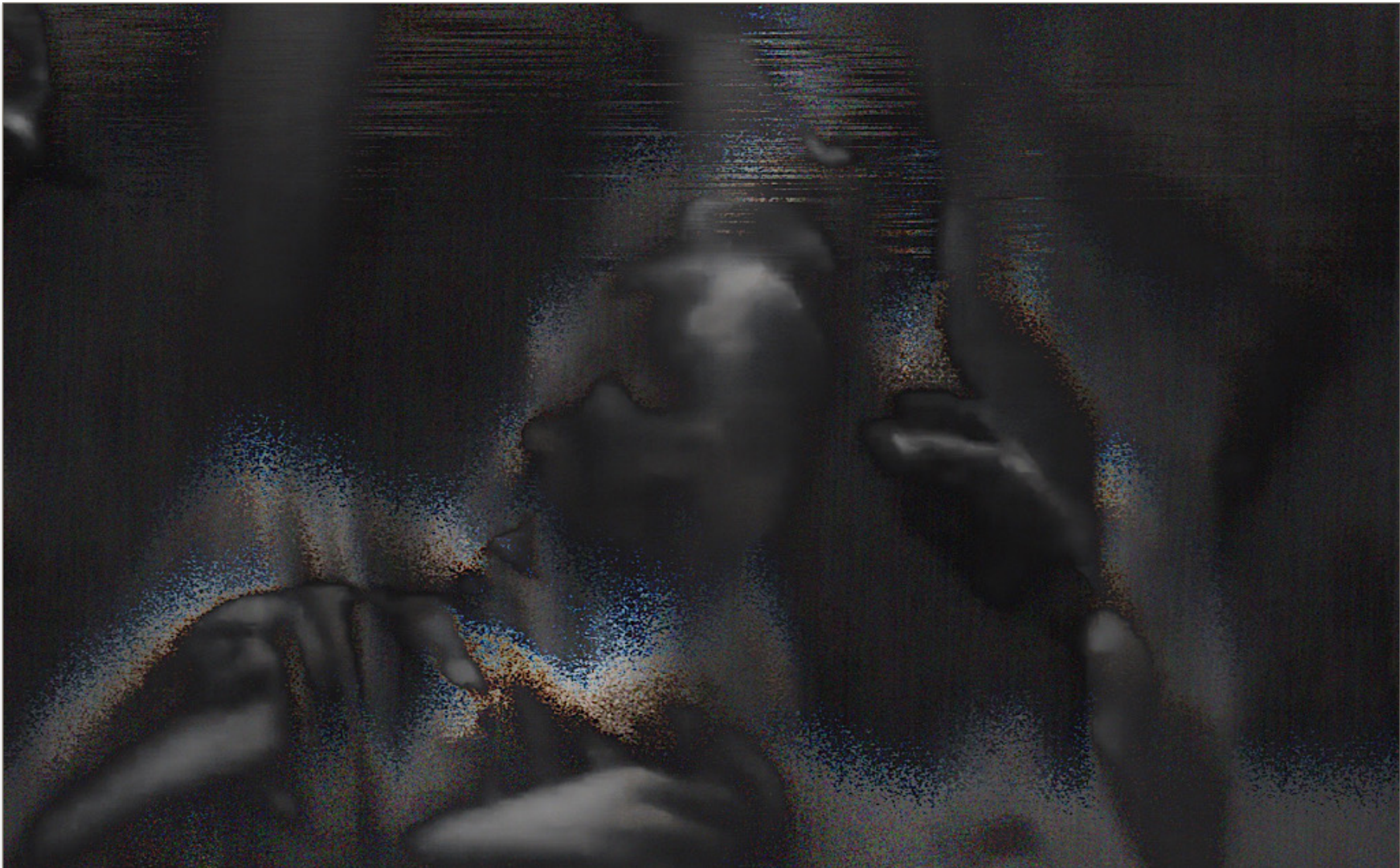
FEAR OF FLYING

NO NOT ME

Find your own way, on night trains and into new careers. Whatever. In a world on a precipice it helps if you can float. Look again: the boys elbowing their way to the front. White faces, so many white faces. Painted in lines with words: primitive, romantic other, savage, escape routes in exotica/erotica. No one questions, everyone plays. Is "he" one of "us"? No need to ask. Just reject at the door. Snap decisions, the only ones which matter. The costume: sole arbiter of acceptance. Beneath the surface: a void. No clearer mirror could be found.



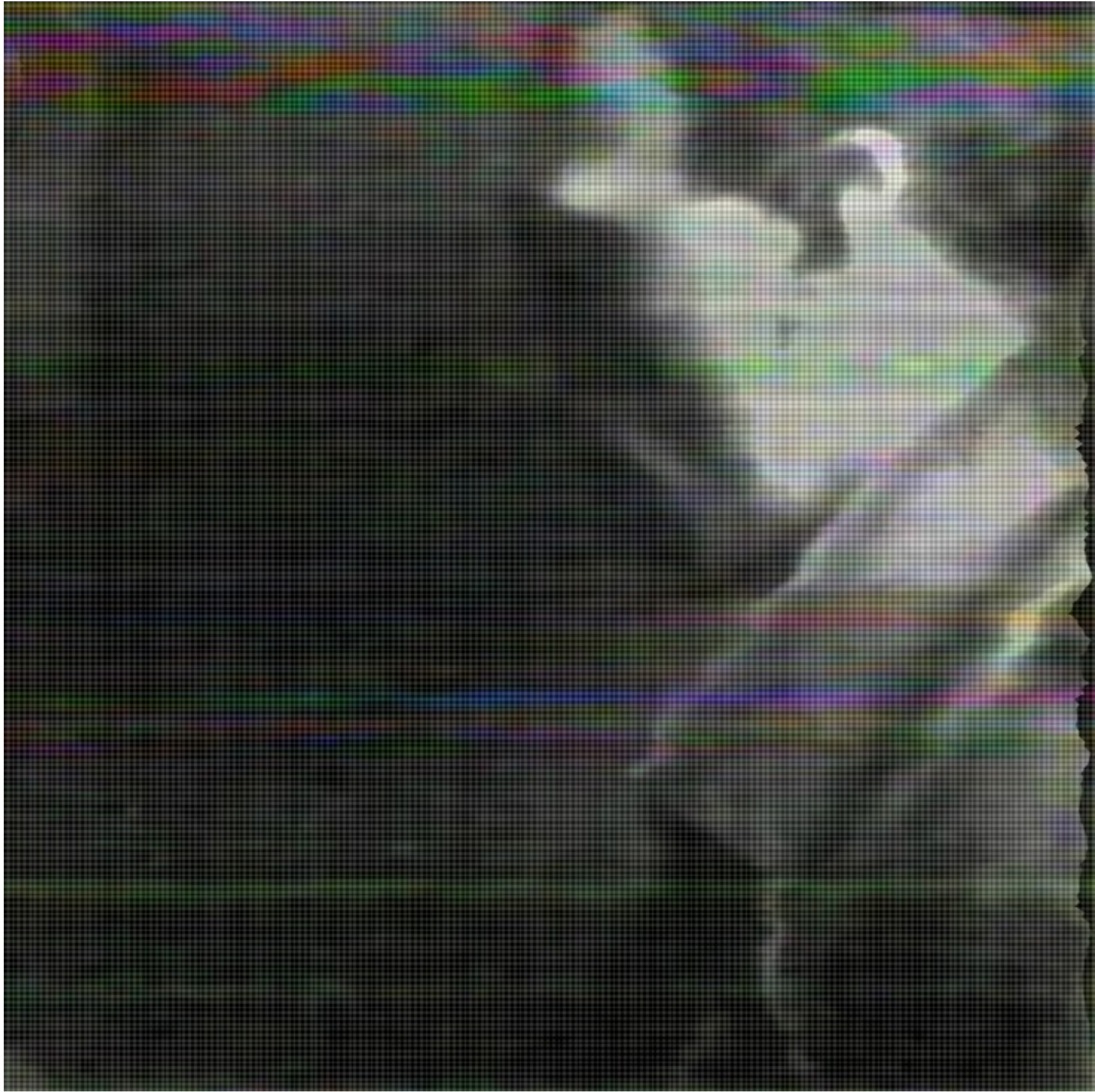
ON A LONELY PLATFORM

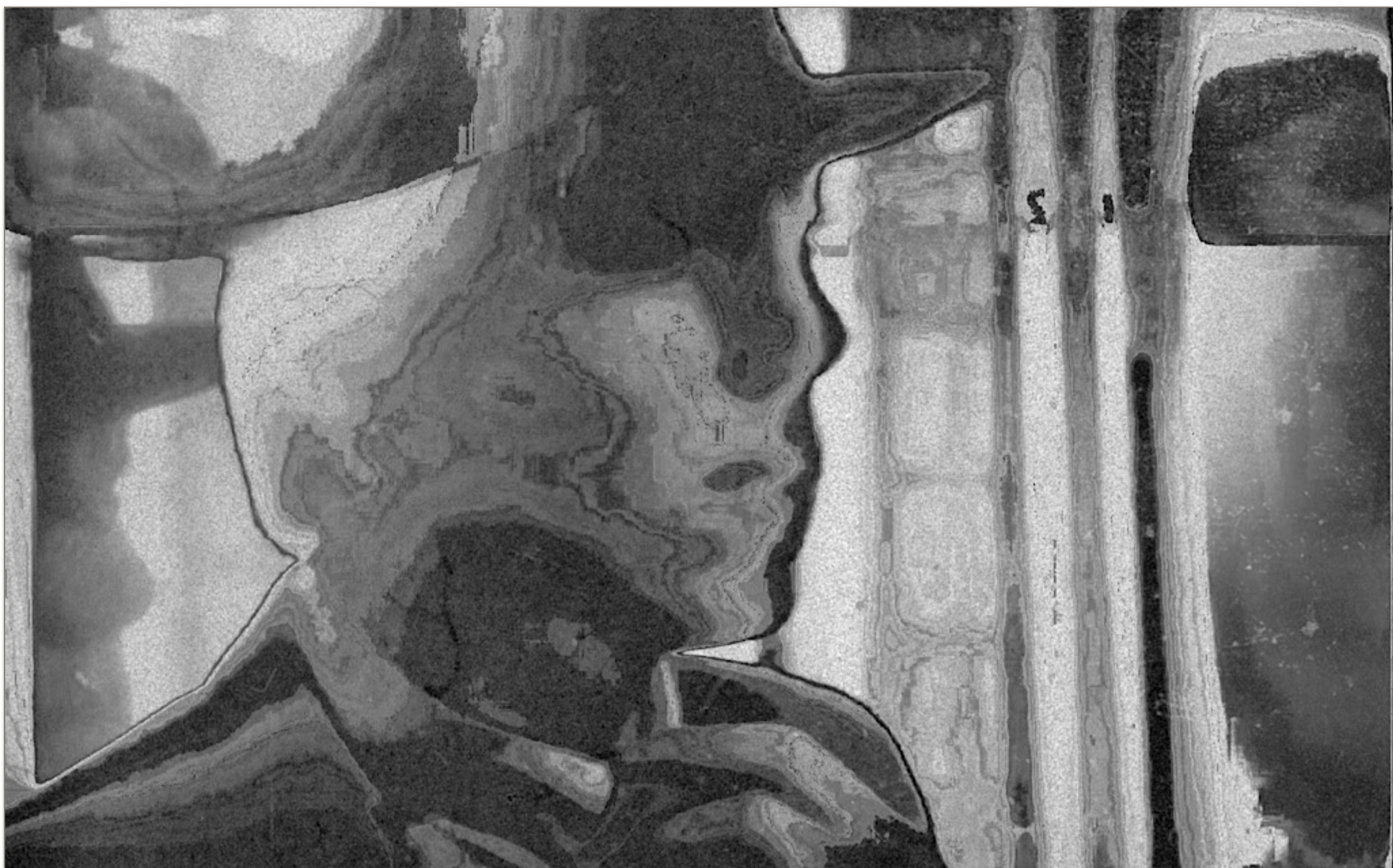


WHERE THERE IS ERROR

MAY WE BRING TRUTH

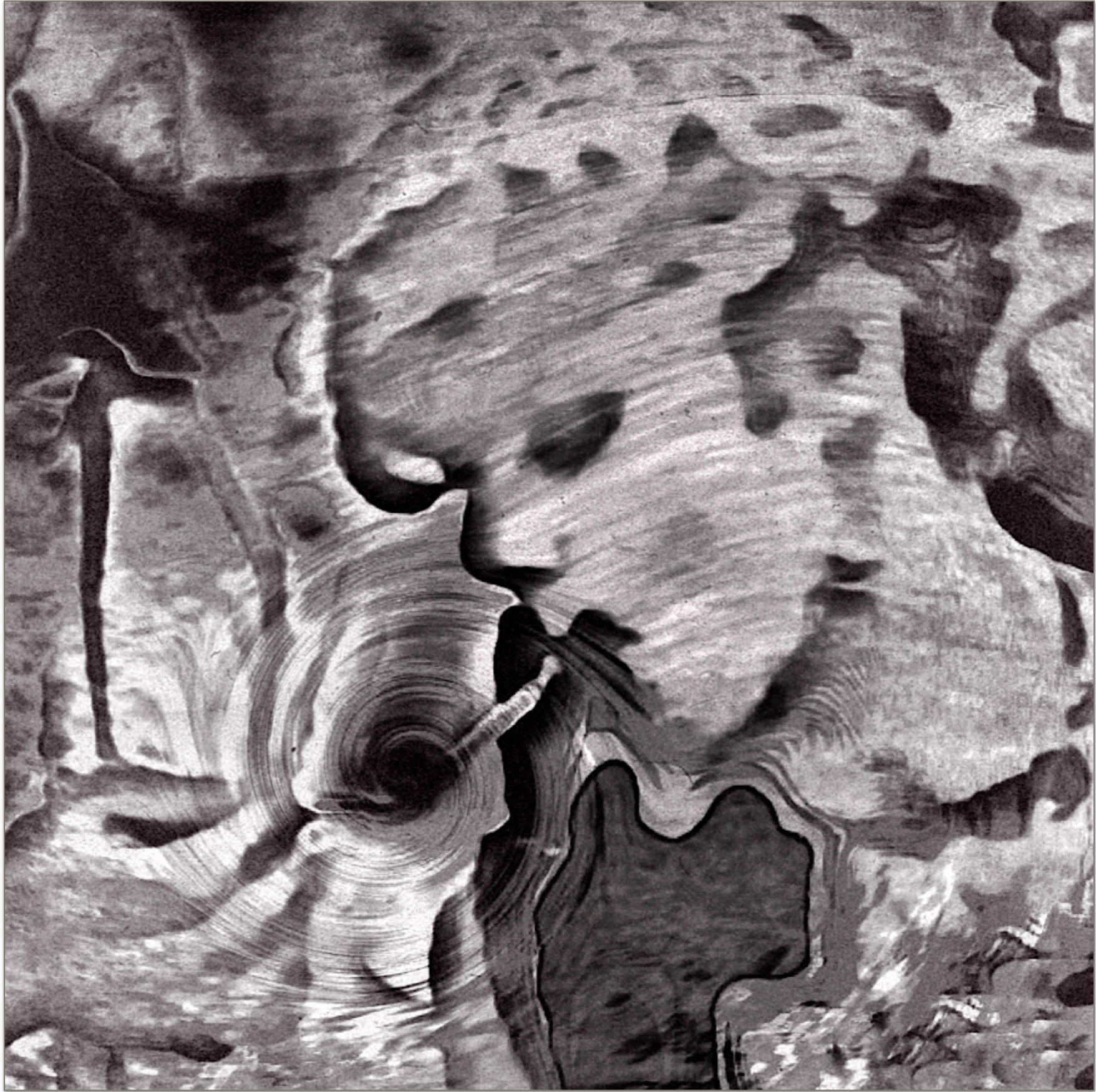
Have you missed your target? Plug another synth on the pyre. No one works here. All you have left is a colour code and a number to transform into once a fortnight. Nothing stands in your way. Avoid saying it, just live it. Be it. Follow the new queen, follow her wherever she may lead and never, ever, question. Wear the cut, just so. Be seen in the right places/palaces. The old one weren't no human being.





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The Damned Don't Cry!



ANOTHER PLANET

IS COMMUNICATING WITH YOU

Something's on the wind. Catch the breeze. You can't say no now. You can fight. You can spit your teeth out in their face and burn every pound note you find. Beauty Beast distraction. The competition is all now. No prizes for guessing who wins. It's always been so. At the end of the line, lines and lines and ever more. Thursday line in grey framed glass. Saturday line in glitterball dance. Do you think you are going to escape all this? There's a man in Washington DC and he has the one and only way. Your new queen is not going to stand in his way. A kiss is still a kiss.



A FUTURE

NO FUTURE ONLY PAST

Bowie White Boys Club Visage Lodger Baudrillard
Duran Duran Scary Monsters Super Creeps Land-
scape Station to Station Sex Pistols Heroes John
Foxx Low The Damned Stage Thatcher Live in
Nassau Kings Road Young Americans Reagan
White Boys Club Bowie