



Source: Edward Wong, 'Draft Iraqi charter backs Islamic law', *New York Times* in *International Herald Tribune* online, 20/07/05

Tags: [streets](#), [language](#)

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They call 'em twisted human wreckage...a fusion of metal and skin...Mutants. That's what they call 'emself, citizen. Some type of bizarre dolled up cretins, is what I hear...living life like it's no big deal...They like the obscure angles of an open wound, the juxtaposition of vomit and food, the rusted knife, the bloody pledge, catching electric impulses zinging off livewires, the stinging stench of burnt brakes and clutch fires. If they had their way...Yeah, they roam the streets...yeah, I reckon they do it for fun. Gimme more! Gimme more! I heard 'em screaming once for no reason. Gimme more...scum...I saw some pictures of 'em in the paper this morning, pointing podgy blistered fingers at me out of the frame, their jaws clenched, some showing, like, fangs, acting all furious...yeah, insane...You tell me, who's to blame? What's up with these dudes anyway? Vile sex between rancid girls and boys...people have seen 'em making love in open concrete drains...ripped shirts and reeking jeans...these are the bastard sons and daughters of sin soaked angels, dipped in the frothy black waters of hell. What do they care? They don't care. They'll eat the scraps of manna falling off tables anywhere. Yeah, they like to be called delinquents. If they don't know it then it ain't worth knowing...that's what they say, that's what I heard, I tell ya...So what's it to ya, citizen? Just what have you heard?

Yeah, right...A mate o' mine knew this guy...had a run-in with those devil-swine...He was just mindin' his business, just drinkin', y'know, and swears as god is his witness, they strut right past, all up in his face, called him a 'fat fuck', for no reason, so he says. Mind you this guy's not one to take a backward step, he's keen of mind, see, strong of arm, see, tough as they come you have to

believe. A veteran of a few altercations, maybe some violations. And he's like 'Tone the language. You can't speak like that around here, there's ladies within earshot, you pack of foul mouthed curs.' And there's finger jabbing, back-talk, an escalation of voices and before you know it, there's three on one, hammer and tongs, fisticuffs, bodies knocked to the ground. Then from where...I don't know where, a knife comes out and blood's spattered all around, everywhere. So they run off, like cowards, like snakes, off to their holes where they live and breed. Yeah, Mutants they call themselves, citizen. They certainly ain't like us.

There's no pattern to the way they're doing things, they go just where they feel and feel what they do. The people, the paper, the magazines say this feeling, this mood, they're creating in the city taking over the streets. These freaks aren't about revolution, but they don't stop for nothin' or no-one. Everyone on the outside don't understand. They're too busy fighting the antagonism happening within. It's all about another way you see. Another way to be. This bunch got mighty big plans, yeah, to rewrite history with their wicked scratched up hands. They don't discriminate, they're the open sky. Like streaks they fire past. They like speed. Hey! The speed of life, you know, you can't stop them, there's some weird kind of darkness on their side. You gotta know, citizen, the Mutants are here! The Mutants are now! The Mutants aren't going away! They're here to stay!

Anyway, citizen...that's just what I heard...yeah, that's just what they say...

*Adapted for performance by Barbara Campbell from a story by Ross Murray.*