

Story for performance #551  
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There is a man who runs a brothel on a distant street. He eats young children instead of sleep. Things come easy for him—he has many friends—it's the others who don't want to play his games that offend.

Mind you if you think about it, he is quite literally insane. To neutralise the pain I trouble myself trying to understand: how do they pee? Each in black from head to toe...sporting an oversized black sock stretched over head, I guess, in case they're standing next to a mate and...don't want the length known.

Would this make me feel better at the local bar? The urinal is not a place I choose to star.

They shoot their bullets into gravity—I wonder where they land and if they perhaps return to pierce an innocent's hand? Maybe it will return to the barrel—rather than create dead. Clumsy. Alas, many will be, and no sooner than I finish this there will be another gone from an attack or three. Could be a good bloke or a rat—how can you tell when they're all dressed in black?

I'd like to simplify this silly war—kick back with my radio and listen to the score—I can recommend it for stress. Why don't these men have cricket to listen to instead of the sound of lead? I have heard this said.

To the really hardcore: music is a sin—though I am sure that most would sooner some plastic to spin. Better a discothèque to be in—than stomp through the streets pretending as if already dead. Yes...music is a sickness but I love it just the same. Being talentless at music and prose: frogs, crickets, birds and an inaudible piece of Mozart, I rely on it to drag my heart along—and sometimes the Dead Kennedys to clear my head.

Then there is the woman—whichever gender—we all need that other person, a friend. Once we're ready we hop in the sack and will try to remember yet again: the correct order of attack.

To steady my mind I see an image of the Mahdi on our ceiling—all those great guys in black full of feeling. It slows me down to see them scrape down the street in close order rank.

It must be hard with so many friends and foe already dead. Hard to believe in anything that is not already in your head.

Two thousand years of pudding becomes the proof, twisting the truth to fit the aim as any psycho will attest: it is hard to put your head through a nail-hole in a fence. But there it has to go to prop up the wall with yet another pound of flesh.

As the brothel keeper will argue, second thoughts are to be resisted and being idle is a sin. Like music the thought of questioning the great text is a quick way to become dead.

In our town the brothel keepers are mostly women but without moral parade. Politically incorrect or not—if it offends you switch the damn thing off and let me say my piece alone. As my friend the Mufti said: you become a creep without expression, reason, rationality and a home.

Regarding the local brothel keepers, I don't know if they know what's what or if their strategy is a crock but they do keep their customers in their sites and *petite mort* does not last forever and is much better than an AK47.

While the world goes around the mad brothel keeper dressed in black, tells his acolytes to 'ready for attack'.

Did I say before they are not all hacks?...well probably not and it is not just rhyme that caused me to give it a shot...Oh sorry! Poor pun intended; a shot is not always a shot or something...I digress, instead of piercing some poor far-away hand, that pun landed dead in the sand.

Alas, I barely know how to explain myself as I speak, the words come out and the head screams freak! Hopefully an example might make the idea clear. This is the tragedy of a potentially brilliant mind made dead by the images put in his head.

One reads 'The Book' for clarity, recites and recites, but unlike the act of doing, reassurance is merely spin.

No parrot can be happy as the joy of rhythm dissipates and is followed by a certain...perfect though private disgrace: one realises, practice does not make perfect unless you have a face.

The whole thing might be a mistake.

Best to help others, acknowledge they don't have to be in rows—maybe they're slouching or picking their nose, each has something that may change your day.

So when you get the urge next time—when the death squads call upon you—and you're feeling kind of frisky, needing that darkness fix, say a little prayer in advance of the mess. Your God's chosen—spare the expense, someone else will pay for it.

And that brothel keeper bloke, too distant to touch, who keeps on reminding us that God is really great: is really just average—another fool who thinks that his life is more real than the rest. Anyway, I ain't about to suggest that I know more than the rest but I can say this: that no-one knows God and never did no matter how much they insist.

A humble man—a dickhead but not screaming for a fight; no matter where—he's alright. Give me a nose picker or a dude in tights than any callous bastard aiming for a fight, no matter what side he is on he's simply full of fright.

*Adapted for performance by Barbara Campbell from a story by Derek Kreckler.*