

## **Side One**

But I felt did you feel, listen I felt, this is wrong I know this is wrong but I felt, maybe it's only – did anyone else feel – and it is only a feeling, but a feeling is a feeling and I think that should be honoured, you know? If you know what I'm saying? Okay, okay, I'm going to say it, I'm going to tell you, I'm going to tell you what I what I felt, standing in the crematorium and suddenly she's there with her Manager or whoever the, she's there and I want to scream at her: Cunt.

God.

Yes, just open my lungs and scream at her: 'Cunt. Cunt – this is your doing. You did this. You see this casket? You see this casket, see this cheap horrible wooden casket with our friend Sally in it? You did that. That was you.'

God.

'It was you who killed Sally.' God.

'Because none of us was meant to be wealthy, none of us was meant to be recognised, none of us was meant to fly. We're the Group. And there's balance. And you took away the balance. One of us goes up, then one of us goes down. It's a natural law. Don't you understand the most basic natural law? Well of course you do – understood it and ignored it – on purpose – and killed Sally. Chose to kill Sally. Cunt. Cunt. Cunt.' And if I could I would have torn her hair from her head and torn the clothes from her body and spat into her cunt right then and right there. That was what I . . . Did anyone else . . . ?

No no no no one else. I see. I see. I see.

## **Side Two**

'You are small people. You have always been small people. Ever since the day. There are small people and there are big people. And I am a big person and you are not. Yes? Yes? Yes?'

'Oh I've held this in all these years but no more.  
'I have talent. I have vision. I am blessed. You are not.'

'You can graft if you like but that is all it will ever be. Whatever you do none of you can ever touch me.'

'You thought I didn't see all your jealousy and hatred all these years? Of course I saw it.'

'And Sally and Ray died because they were too weak to live, to live and make art.'

'I am the only one of you strong enough ever to really live and nothing you can do will ever destroy me. Because I will always be the stronger.'

'So write to me please from time to time and let me know about your small lives.'

## **Side Three**

And the great absent thing is lying at our feet and we're thinking:

This is right. This feels – there is right in that.

I'm sorry you had to suffer, I'm sorry there's this pain – but there is justice in this. Something is shaping our ends.

For Sally, for Ray, for us, this had to be.

You see you flew – yes – you reached out your wings and you flew above us. And that's okay. You tried and congratulations.

For trying. But you thought that could last? Flying above the ground, looking down on our lives in the city below? You really thought that could last? Of course that couldn't last. And now you've crashed right down. And that hurts doesn't it? I understand. That hurts.

This feels good. This feels wonderful. Look at you. Hah. Hah. Just look at you. I am great.

There is strength in me. Oh the strength in me I never knew I had.

You bitch you bitch you bitch you bitch you bitch you bitch you bitch.

And we

Maybe you will die. Maybe death will come for you. And if it's come for you, it hasn't come for me. That's me saved for another day.

## Side Four

And we're here. We're here. We're here in the room with the camera and the sunlight coming through the blinds.

Hello. Hello. It's us.

Please wake and stop us. Don't let us do that. You don't have to burble on. Just open your eyes. That's all. Do you know how much we used to—you were just so much a part of us and now . . .

And we hold the camera down by our sides.

Come on. Just look. And see. And feel. And care. It's a natural human thing. But we . . .

And you see now – look – what it's done to her. Now the blood's been cleaned away. The body bruised and swollen into shape no other human's yet achieved. Her limbs in plastic. Her neck in plastic. Her mask. The drips and the tubes. And the machines that inhale and beeeep. A moving . . . a timeless picture of the . . .

Our friend yes but also . . . The line of the machine . . .

The purple of the bruise . . .

It appeals. It tempts. There is beauty here. We know, we've spent our life hunting it out and there is beauty here.

And we stand and we look and at last we're moved by the intense beauty of that image.

If you'd been in that room with us then maybe, maybe you'd have felt the same. Because today we are all artists.

And the light was good and the potential for composition was all there – and to be honest it was easy easy easy easy to come up with those images that later seemed so striking.