There are a lot of bad things wrong with this country right now. This is a society under tension and fear and murder and despair and the middle class is all set and determined, determined that things are going to be better next week, next year, the next ten years, the next fifty years, the next one hundred years. We are all set and determined that things are going to be better next week, next year, the next ten years, the next fifty years, the next one hundred years. We are all set and determined that things are going to be better next week, next year, the next ten years, the next fifty years, the next one hundred years.

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who seem to be satisfied by their possessions, their money, their attractive wives, etc., and you just wish to hell you could make it like that even just for a while.

And you don’t understand that these people are all aced into space. They’re even more aced into it than you’re thinking about, and because of this, they seem to have made it. It’s just too bad.

And you know, it’s not that you’re wrong.

Hell, you’re OK. You’re just human. And that’s OK. Difficult sometimes. But OK.

So then what’s wrong?

Yes, ain’t our society what’s wrong.

Our society is just so bad, and it’s just you that that feels its bad, and it’s not just that you’re wrong.

You’ve gone wrong and that everyone else is right and you’ve got to struggle to believe really and truly that you are a person with your own thoughts, your own values, your own beliefs about your future, your new fridge, your new holder, that your husband does love you more after that, that soap powder really did wash cleaner.

And baby, it’s just NOT BLOODY TRUE.

You and all shit-inside trying to pretend it is.

And you just know, just know it is.

And IT’S NOT YOU THAT’S WRONG.

SPLATTER/STRUGGLE * SPACELAPSE

DO NOT ASSIST YOURSELF THE SAME

SOCIETY

Someone somewhere said recently that society has a much greater share of the problem than the individual. That it is a University in our society, not a University in our society if they’re different places at all.

There is, is there isn’t, there is no one going everywhere “mad” and being put away. There is no one going into the crazies who aren’t really still among us in our society. Somehow it’s getting harder and harder to tell.

And what makes it hard to tell?

The fact is that this society that you’re all living in is so bad for everyone.

SOCIETY

Yes, I mean, just imagine what an inter-continental visitor would see if he flew by this society that is, for the first time in man’s history, capable of supporting the whole of man, directly through the Bomb and through the Drug and through the Society and through the War and through the Mega.

People producing fruit and gardens and families and all that daily threaten all healthy life.

And there are no social barriers and people walking around in the middle of this at them and among them and now, and in all.

And people living close to each other like ants in a colony or bees in a hive, always working, always buzzing, always working, never spending one second or one instant to think what the world is for.

He’d see people fighting each other and killings each other.

He’d see people killing each other...
It was organized loosely, being too much of a performance, no line. Everyone spoke at once, at the same time, and there were no specific instructions except for the sound of the music. The evening was long, and it was filled with a sense of tension and foreboding.

This atmosphere was heightened by the presence of Modus, who remained on stage throughout the evening. His presence was at once reassuring and ominous. He was the center of attention, and his every move was watched closely by the audience. As the evening progressed, he moved closer to the center of the stage, his movements becoming more erratic and frenzied.

The performance ended with a scene of total confusion and chaos. The audience was left to sort out the implications of what had just taken place. Some were left feeling exhilarated, while others were overcome with a sense of disorientation and despair.

The next day was spent in relative peace and solitude. The performers were scattered across the city, each occupied with their own thoughts and emotions. The atmosphere was one of quiet reflection, as everyone tried to come to terms with the events of the previous night. The city was left to pick up the pieces and move forward, one day at a time.