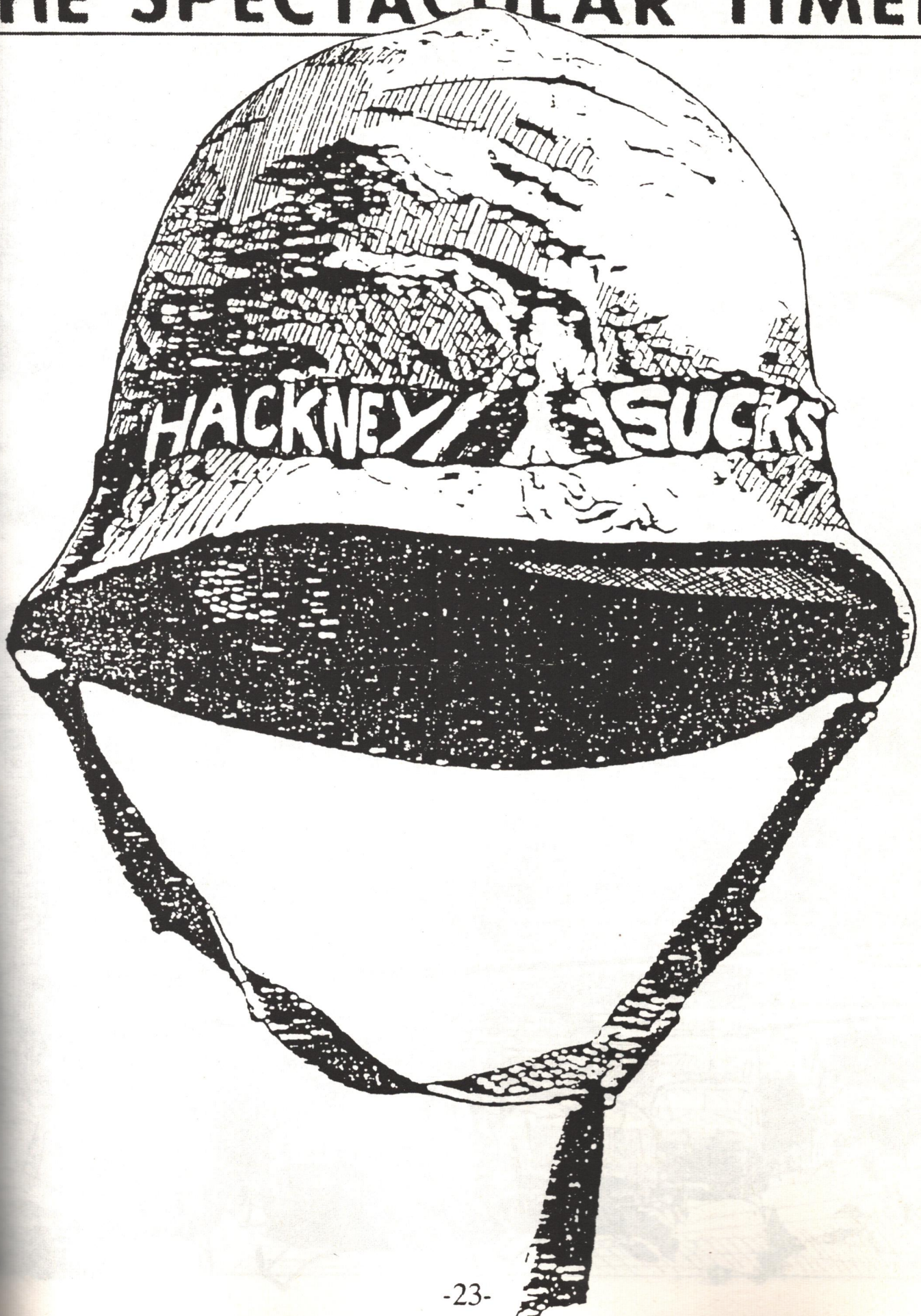
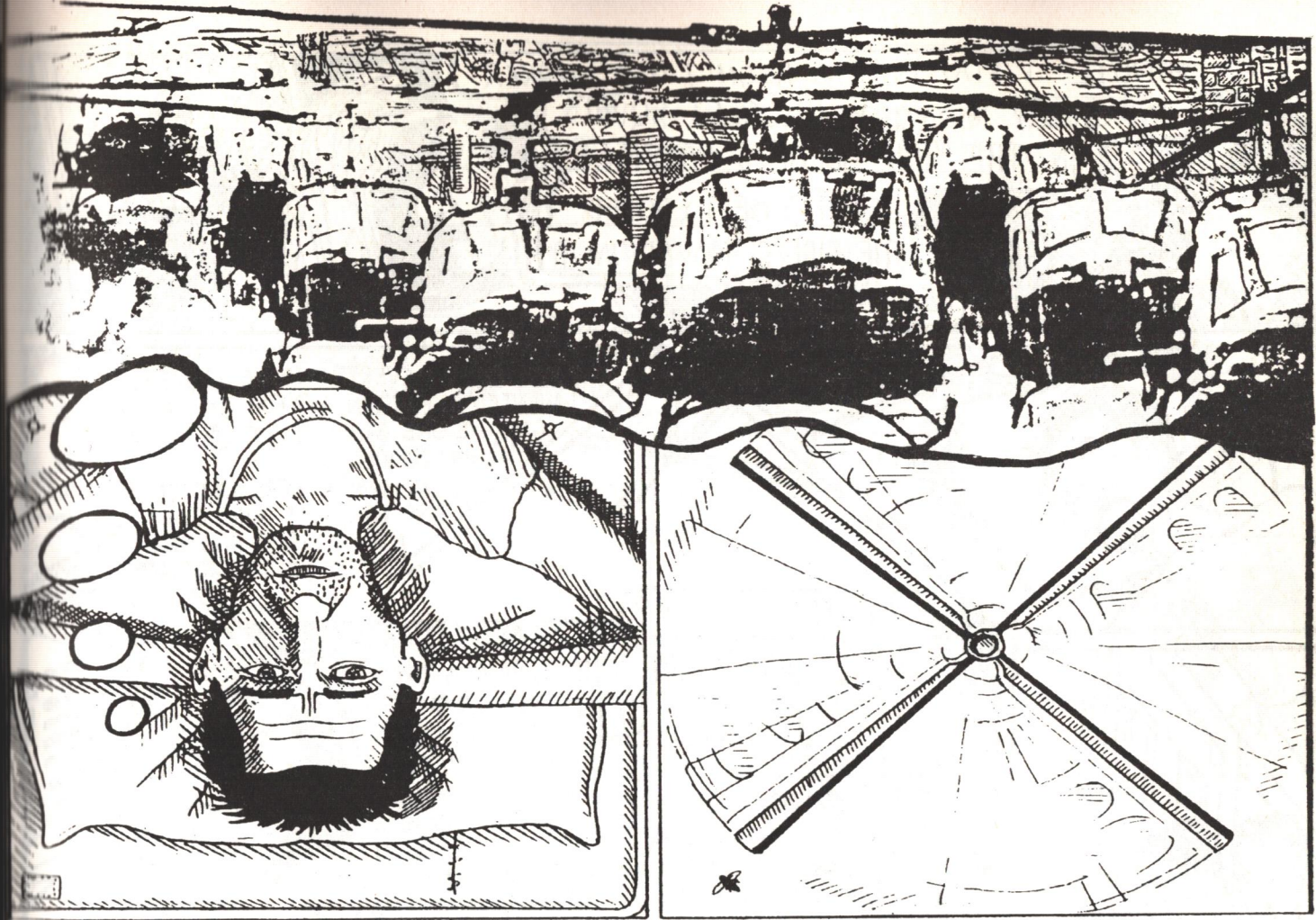
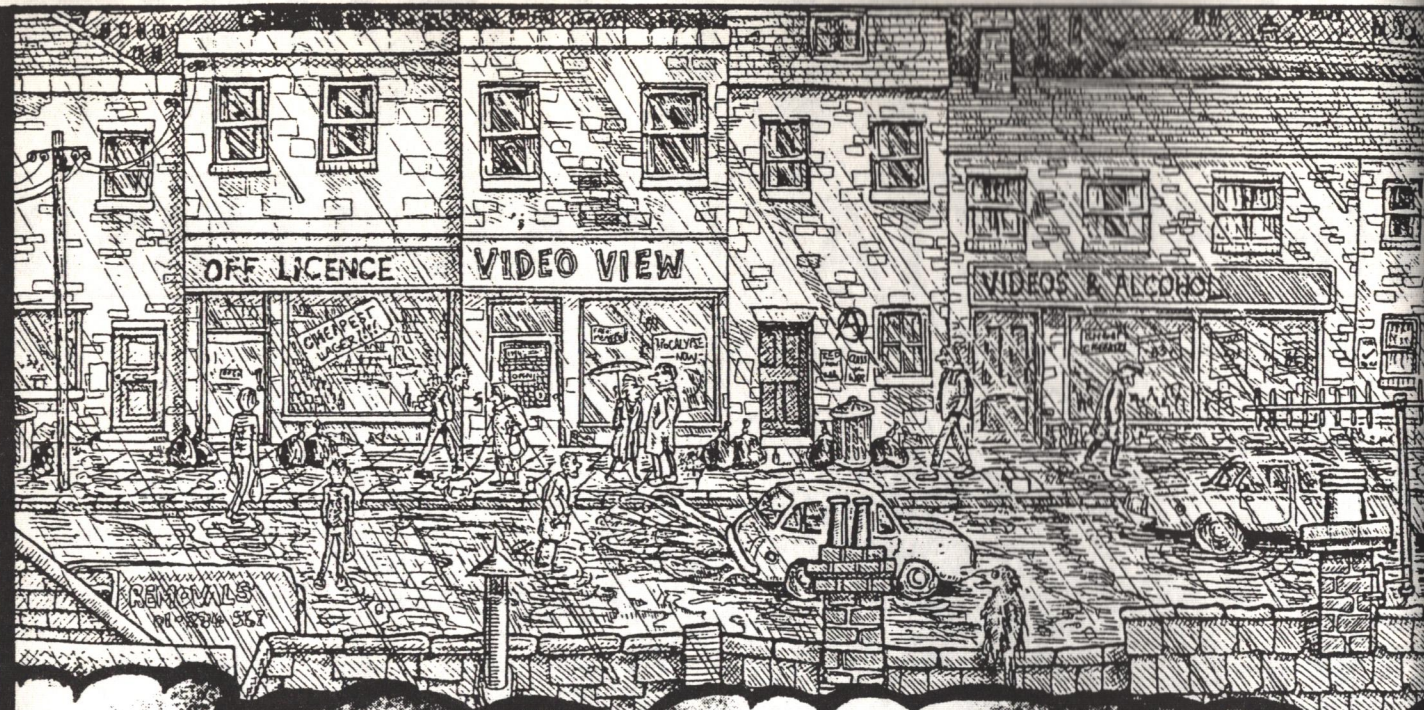


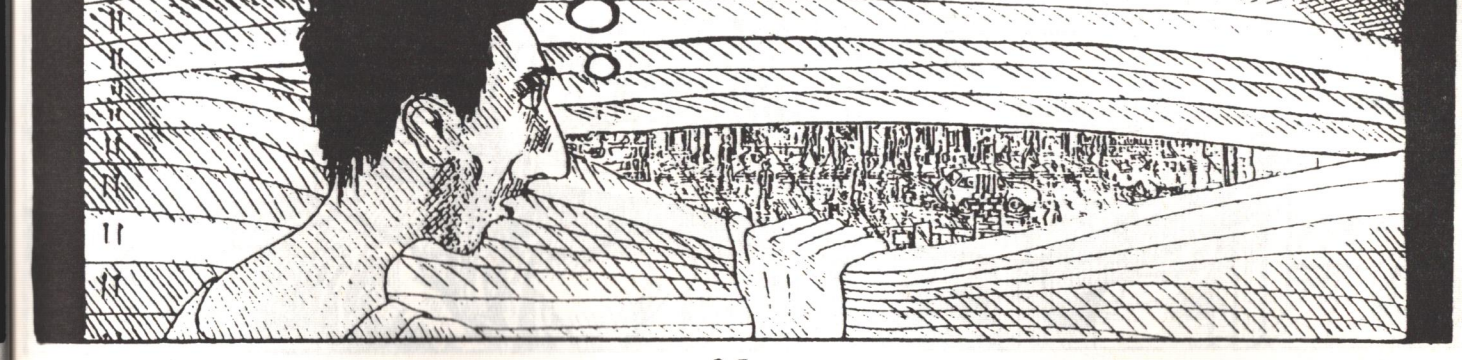
# VAGRANTS

## THE SPECTACULAR TIMERS





STOKE NEWINGTON...SHIT...I'M STILL IN STOKE NEWINGTON..WHEN I WAS HOME TO FINISH THE LAST VAGUE IT WAS WORSE. I'D WAKE UP & THERE'D BE NOTHING. WHEN I WAS HERE, I WANTED TO BE THERE. WHEN I WAS THERE, ALL I COULD THINK OF WAS NOT GOING BACK TO STOKE NEWINGTON. I'VE BEEN HERE 4 YEARS NOW, WAITING FOR A MISSION, GETTING SOFTER.



EVERY MINUTE I STAY IN THIS ROOM I GET WEAKER AND EVERY MINUTE HELLCREW SQUATS IN THE BUSH HE GETS STRONGER. EACH TIME I LOOKED AROUND THE WALLS MOVED IN A LITTLE TIGHTER.

EVERYONE GETS EVERYTHING HE WANTS. I WANTED A MISSION AND FOR MY SINS THEY GAVE ME ONE. BROUGHT IT UP TO ME LIKE ROOM SERVICE..... IT WAS A REAL CHOICE MISSION AND WHEN IT WAS OVER I'D NEVER WANT ANOTHER.

ARE YOU ALRIGHT, TOM?  
 HEY BUDDY, ARE YOU GONNA SHUT THE DOOR?  
 TOM, YOU'VE GOT TO SEE MICK MERCER HAVE'NT YOU?  
 WHAT DID I DO?  
 NOTHING. COME ON, TOM, YOU STILL HAVE A FEW HOURS TO GET CLEANED UP... TOM!... DAVE COME HERE AND GIVE ME A HAND..... C'MON TOM, LETS TAKE A SHOWER, COME ON, HERE WE GO.....  
 TOM, YOU IN THERE?  
 ARGHHH!

I WAS GOING TO THE WORST PLACE IN THE WORLD AND I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW IT YET. MINUTES AWAY & HUNDREDS OF YARDS ALONG A BUS ROUTE THAT SNAKED THROUGH THE CITY LIKE A MAIN CIRCUIT CABLE — PLUGGED ME STRAIGHT INTO PORRIDGE.

TOM VAGUE REPORTING, SIR.  
 GOOD, COME IN, THANK YOU, STAND AT EASE.

MICK MUG MICK

YOU'VE WORKED ALOT ON YOUR OWN HAVE'NT YOU, TOM. YOU'VE INTERVIEWED A FLOCK OF SEAGULLS, THE CURE, THE COCTEAU TWINS

I'M NOT PRESENTLY DISPOSED TO DISCUSS THOSE OPERATIONS.

DID YOU NOT SELL T-SHIRTS FOR CLASSIX NOUVEAUX AND THE CULT?.....  
 ...DID YOU NOT INTERVIEW JOOLZ IN APRIL 1985?

I'M UNAWARE OF ANY SUCH ACTIVITY OR OPERATION, NOR WOULD I BE DISPOSED TO DISCUSS SUCH AN OPERATION IF IT DID INFACIT EXIST.

TOM, YOU'VE HEARD OF GENESIS P. ORRIDGE?  
 YES, I'VE HEARD THE NAME.

HE WAS OUTSTANDING...IN SOMEWAYS. AND HE WAS A GOOD MAN TOO. A HUMANITARIAN MAN. A MAN OF WIT & HUMOUR. HE STARTED PSYCHIC TV....  
 ...AND AFTER THAT HIS IDEAS.....METHODS BECAME.....UN SOUND...UN SOUND.

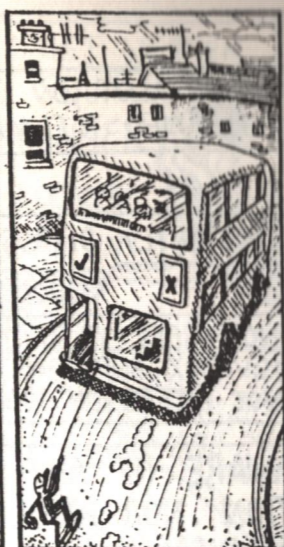
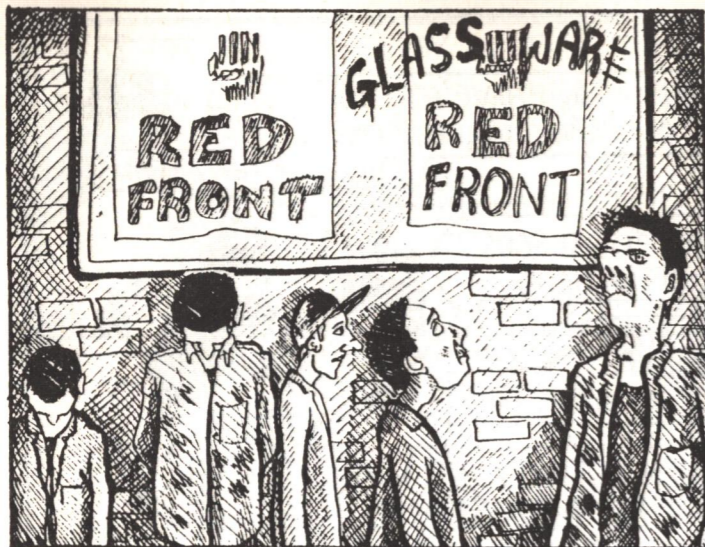
NOW HE'S CROSSED INTO HACKNEY WITH HIS PSYCHICK YOUTH OF HIS, THAT WORSHIP THE MAN, LIKE A GOD, AND FOLLOW EVERY FASHION HOWEVER RIDICULOUS.....

WELL, YOU SEE VAGUE, THINGS GET...CONFUSED OUT THERE. THE POWER, IDEALS, MORALITY & PRACTICAL COMMERCIAL NECESSITY. AND OUT THERE WITH THESE COCKNEYS IT MUST BE A TEMPTATION TO BE GOD. BECAUSE THERE'S A CONFLICT IN EVERY HUMAN HEART BETWEEN THE RATIONAL & THE IRRATIONAL, BETWEEN GOOD & EVIL & GOOD DOES NOT ALWAYS TRIUMPH. SOMETIMES.....THE DARKER SIDE OVERCOMES WHAT KRIS NEEDS CALLED THE BETTER ROADIES OF OUR NATURE. EVERY MAN HAS GOT A BREAKING POINT. YOU AND I HAVE. GEN PORRIDGE HAS REACHED HIS & VERY OBVIOUSLY HE HAS GONE HIPPIE.

YOUR MISSION IS TO PROCEED UP STOKE NEWINGTON HIGH ST. ON A 73 BUS, PICK UP PORRIDGE'S PATH AT DALSTON JUNCTION, FOLLOW IT, LEARN WHAT YOU CAN ALONG THE WAY, WHEN YOU FIND PORRIDGE INFILTRATE HIS GROUP BY WHAT EVER MEANS AVAILABLE & TERMINATE HIS COMMAND.

HE'S OUT THERE OPERATING WITHOUT ANY DECENT RESTRAINT, TOTALLY BEYOND THE PALE OF ANY ACCEPTABLE MUSICAL CONDUCT & HE IS STILL IN THE BUSINESS MAKING RECORDS.

TERMINATE....  
 TERMINATE WITH EXTREME PREJUDICE.

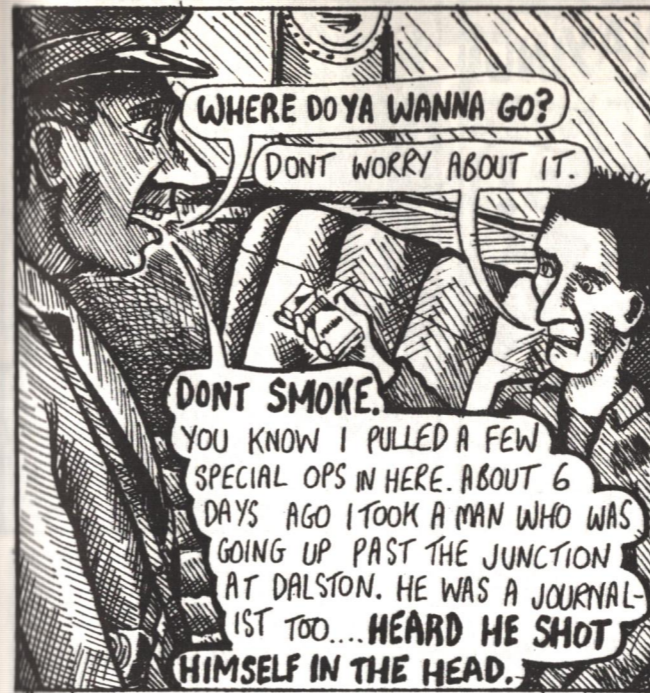


HOW MANY GROUPS HAD I ALREADY SLAGGED OFF..... SHIT, CHARGING A GROUP WITH BEING DODGY IN THIS PLACE WAS LIKE HANDING OUT SPEEDING TICKETS AT THE INDIE 500. I TOOK THE MISSION—WHAT THE HELL ELSE WAS I GONNA DO BUT I REALLY DIDN'T KNOW WHAT I WAS GONNA DO WHEN I FOUND HIM.



I WAS BEING DRIVEN DOWN THE ROAD IN A 73 BUS. A TYPE OF PROLETARIAN TRANSPORT, PRETTY COMMON SIGHT ON THE ROADS. THEY SAID IT WAS A GOOD WAY TO PICK UP INFORMATION AND MOVE WITHOUT DRAWING A LOT OF ATTENTION AND THAT WAS OK. I NEEDED THE AIR AND THE TIME. ONLY PROBLEM WAS I WOULDN'T BE ALONE.

THE CREW WERE MOSTLY JUST KIDS, ROCK'N'ROLLERS WITH ONE FOOT IN THEIR GRAVES. THE ONE THEY CALLED STRINGY WAS FROM WALTHAM CROSS. HE WAS WRAPPED TOO TIGHT FOR STOKE NEWINGTON, PROBABLY WRAPPED TOO TIGHT FOR WALTHAM CROSS. JOHN, ON THE TAILGATE, WAS A NOT VERY FAMOUS SKATEBOARDER FROM THE SANDPITS SOUTH OF LEWISHAM. TO LOOK AT HIM YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE HE'D EVER PLAYED A GUITAR IN HIS LIFE. GREEN, MISTAH GREEN WAS FROM SOME SOUTH SIDCUP SHITHOLE, I THINK THE LIGHT & SPACE OF STOKE NEWINGTON REALLY PUT THE ZAP ON HIS HEAD. THEN THERE WAS PHILLIPS, THE CONDUCTOR, IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN MY MISSION BUT IT SURE AS SHIT WAS THE CONDUCTOR'S BUS.'



WHERE DO YA WANNA GO?  
DONT WORRY ABOUT IT.  
DONT SMOKE.  
YOU KNOW I PULLED A FEW SPECIAL OPS IN HERE. ABOUT 6 DAYS AGO I TOOK A MAN WHO WAS GOING UP PAST THE JUNCTION AT DALSTON. HE WAS A JOURNALIST TOO... HEARD HE SHOT HIMSELF IN THE HEAD.



WHAT'S THAT?  
HELLCREW WILL NEVER SEE THEM OR HEAR THEM, MAN!

EVERY TIME I HEAR THAT SOMETHING TERRIBLE HAPPENS

LET'S HAVE A LOOK.

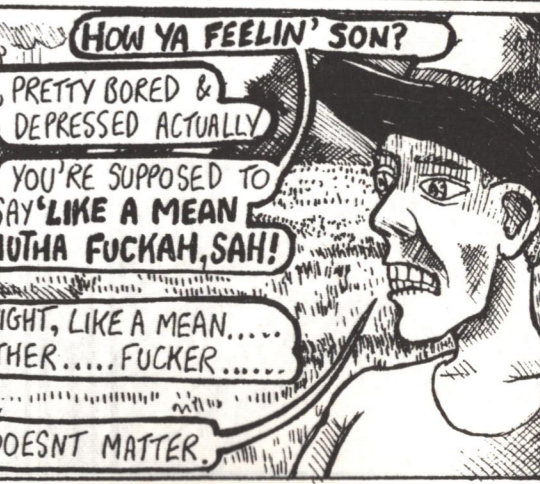


GO ON! GO ON! KEEP GOING!  
DON'T LOOK AT ME! JUST GO BY LIKE YOU'RE PLAYING FOOTBALL!  
LIKE YOU'RE PLAYING FOOTBALL!

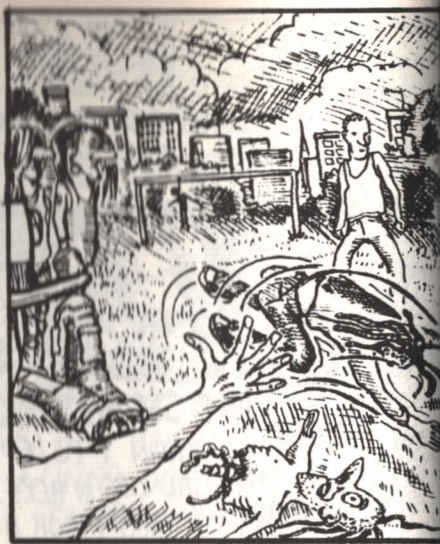


IT WAS THE STAMFORD HILL LOBOTS, 1st XI, OUR FORWARD LINE AND MIDFIELD. BUT THEY WERE'NT SUPPOSED TO BE IN THE SCRIPT AT ALL. WELL, THE HILL LOBOTS, THOSE BOYS JUST COULDN'T STAY PUT.

THE HILL LOBOTS WERE OLD SQUATTERS WHO'D CASHED THEIR JACKBOOTS IN FOR TRAINERS AND GONE TEAR-ASSING AROUND SPRINGFIELD PARK LOOKING FOR THE SHIT. THEY'D GIVEN THE HIPPIES A FEW SURPRISES IN THEIR TIME HERE, BUT THEY WERE JUST LOBOTING NOW, THE OTHER TEAM HAD'NT TURNED UP.



HOW YA FEELIN' SON?  
UM, PRETTY BORED & DEPRESSED ACTUALLY  
YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO SAY 'LIKE A MEAN MUTHA FUCKAH, SAH!  
OH, RIGHT, LIKE A MEAN... MOTHER.... FUCKER...  
ALRIGHT, IT DOESNT MATTER.



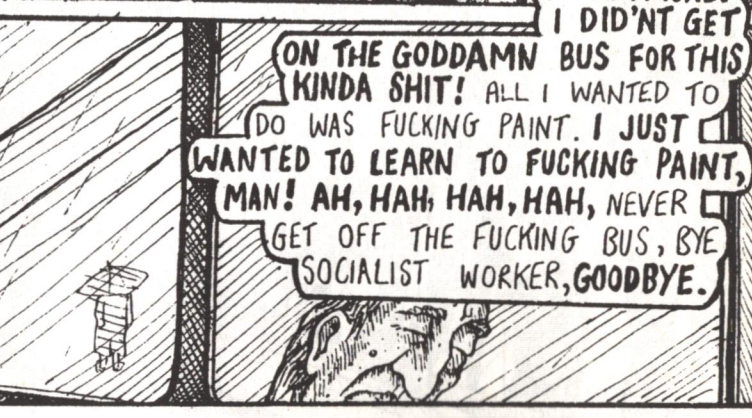
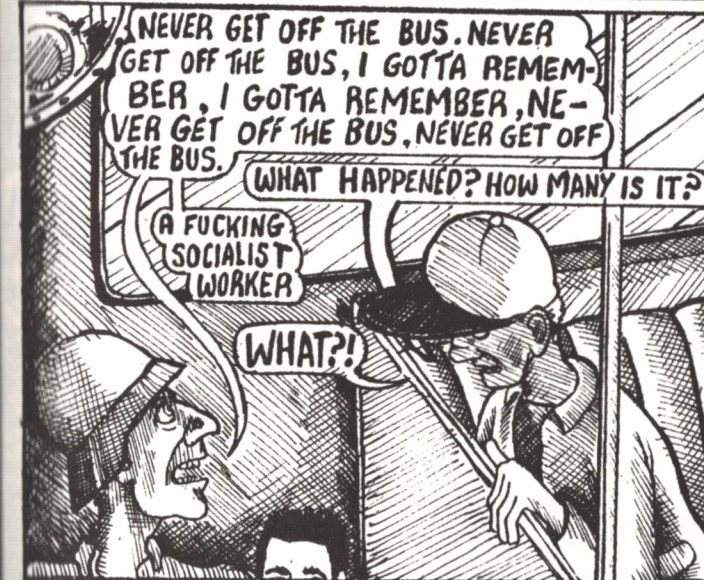
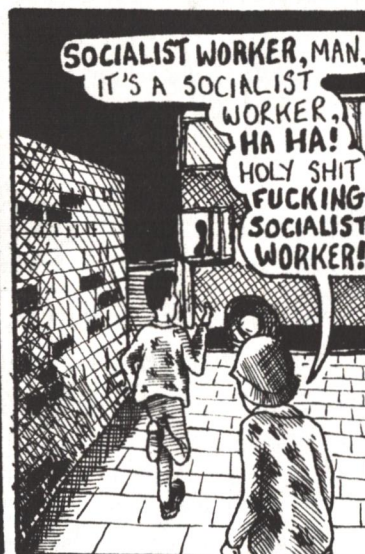
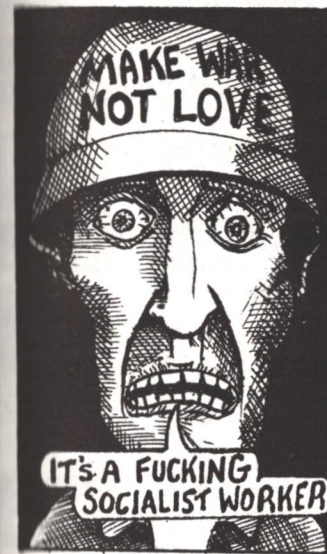
RALGEX, SON. NOTHING ELSE IN THE WORLD SMELLS LIKE THAT. I LOVE THE SMELL OF RALGEX IN THE AFTERNOON. YOU KNOW ONE TIME WE HAD A GAME UP THE HILL, FOR 12 HOURS, AND WHEN IT WAS ALL OVER I WALKED UP! WE DIDN'T FIND ONE OF 'EM, NOT ONE STINKING HELLCREW BODY! THE SMELL! YOU KNOW THAT CHANGING ROOM SMELL! THE WHOLE HILL! SMELLED LIKE ..... DEFEAT ..... SOME DAY THIS CARTOON STRIP IS GOING THE END.

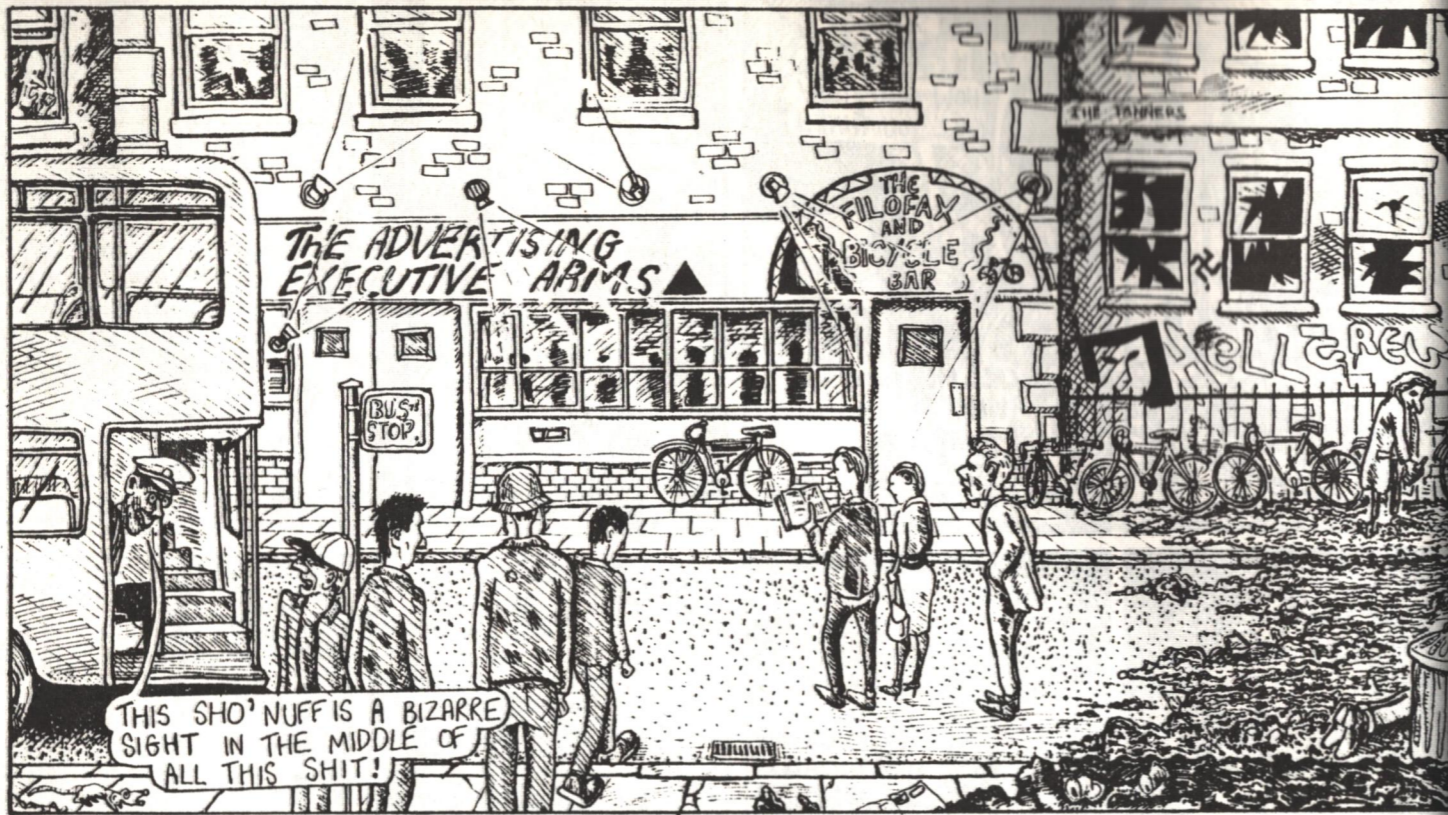
SOME DAY THIS CARTOON STRIP'S GOING TO END. THAT'D BE JUST FINE WITH THE BOYS ON THE BUS. THEY WERE'NT LOOKING FOR ANYTHING MORE THAN A WAY BACK TO THE STORYLINE. TROUBLE IS, I'D BEEN BACK THERE AND I KNEW THAT IT JUST DID'NT EXIST ANYMORE.....

I'M WALKING THROUGH RIDLEY RD. MARKET GATHERING MANGOS & I MEET JAMIE LEE CURTIS. I MAKE ANICE MANGO CREAM PUDDING. YOU KNOW KINDA SPREAD IT AROUND ON US. HEY, TOM, I WANNA GET SOME MANGOS.



LOOK, STRINGY, YOU DONT HAVE TO STICK SO CLOSELY TO THE MEAN SCRIPT. I WANT A PISS TOM. I WAS TRYING TO BE DISCREET. NOTHING WRONG WITH A BIT OF REAUSM. ONLY DONT GO OUT THERE BY YOURSELF. YOU DONT WANNA GO OUT THERE ALONE. NOT UNLESS YOU REALLY KNOW THE TERRITORY





THIS SHO'NUFF IS A BIZARRE SIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF ALL THIS SHIT!



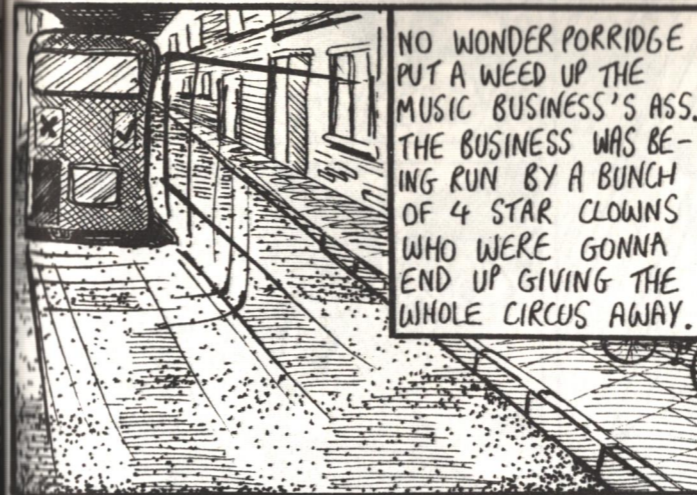
I'D LIKE TO OPEN A NEW KIND OF BANK ACCOUNT...



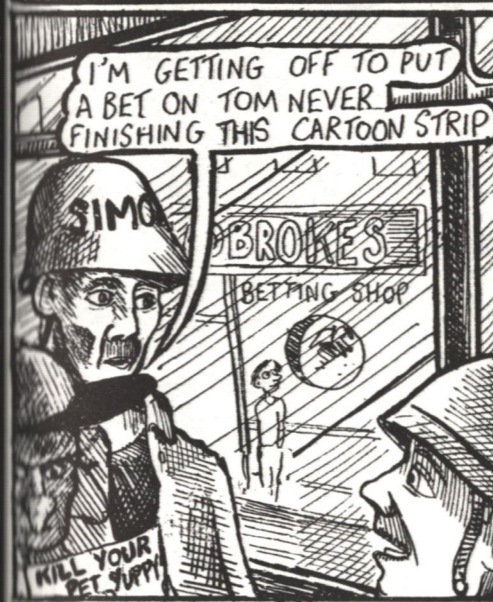
GO AND GET FUCKED, YA YUPPIE BASTARD!



ONLY THE YUPPIES COULD BUILD A PLACE LIKE THIS IN THE MIDDLE OF HACKNEY, ONLY THE YUPPIES WOULD WANT TO. HELLCREW DIDN'T HAVE MUCH USE FOR FILOFAXES. HE WAS DUG IN TOO DEEP OR SNIFFING TOO MUCH GLUE. HIS IDEA OF GREAT R'N'R WAS CIDER AND A LITTLE RAT MEAT. HE HAD ONLY TWO WAYS HOME. DEATH OR... NO, DEATH'S ABOUT IT REALLY.

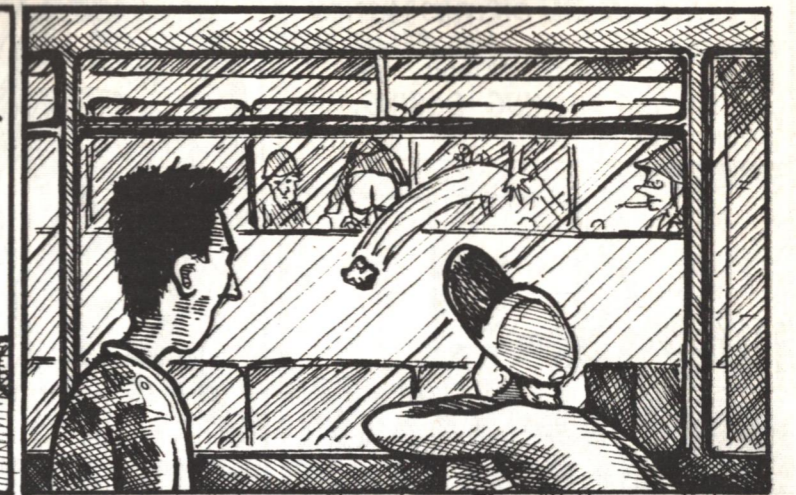


I'M GETTING OFF TO PUT A BET ON TOM NEVER FINISHING THIS CARTOON STRIP



WHERE'S SI GONE?

IN SOUTH VIETNAM, JUST ABOVE THE MEKONG DELTA.



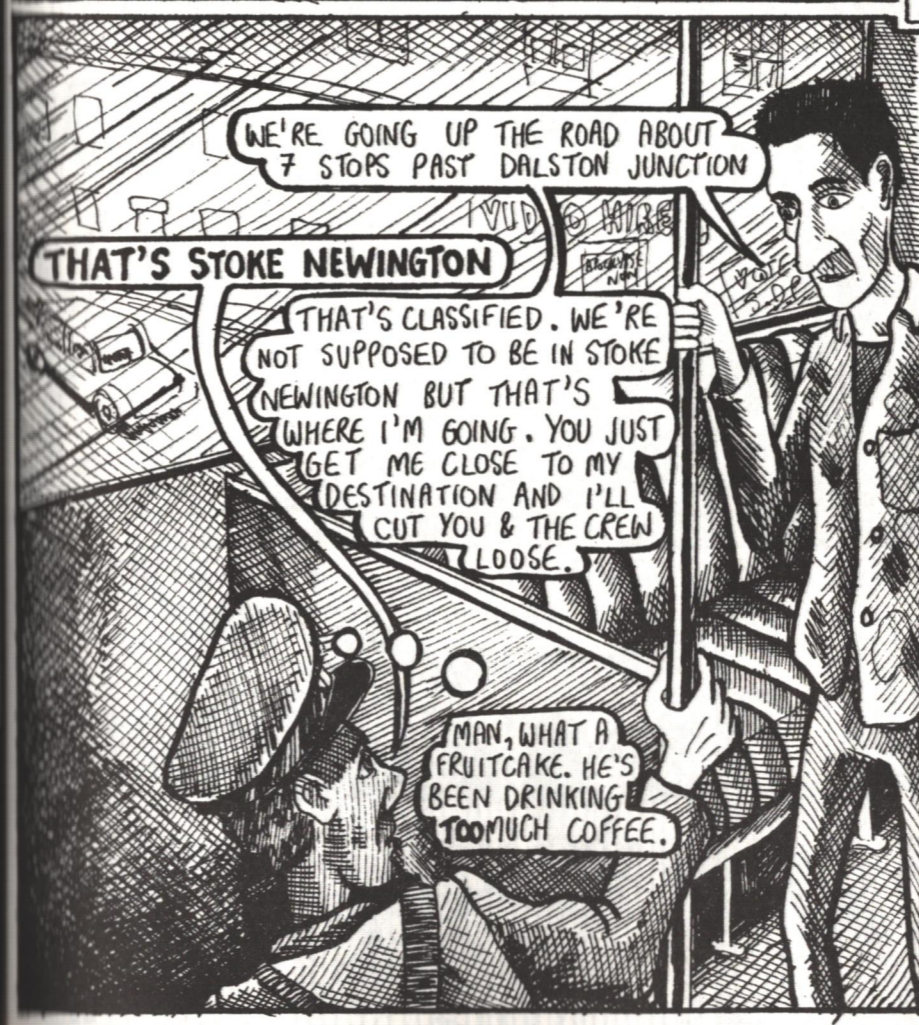
HOW LONG'S THAT KID BEEN ON THIS BUS? ABOUT 10 MINUTES, SAME AS YOU, WHY?

HE'S REALLY SPECIALISING IN BUSTING MY BALLS

OH YEAH! IT'S VERY POSSIBLE HE THINKS THE SAME OF YOU

WHAT D'YOU THINK CONDUCTOR?

I DONT THINK. MY ORDERS SAY I'M NOT SUPPOSED TO KNOW WHERE I'M TAKING YOU LTD, SO I DONT, BUT ONE LOOK AT YOU & I KNOW IT'S GOING TO BE HOT-WHEREVER IT IS.

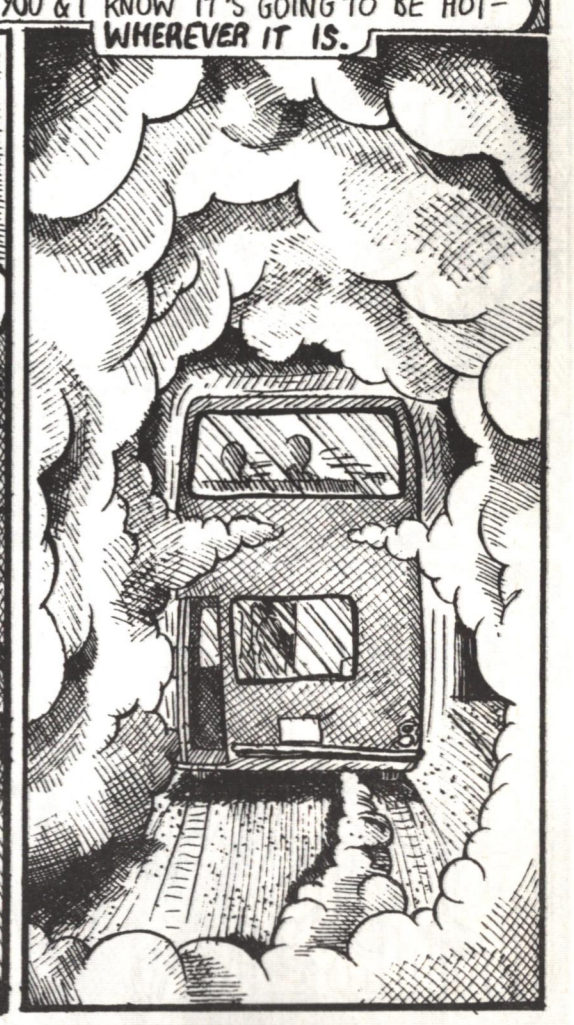


WE'RE GOING UP THE ROAD ABOUT 7 STOPS PAST DALSTON JUNCTION

THAT'S STOKE NEWINGTON

THAT'S CLASSIFIED. WE'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO BE IN STOKE NEWINGTON BUT THAT'S WHERE I'M GOING. YOU JUST GET ME CLOSE TO MY DESTINATION AND I'LL CUT YOU & THE CREW LOOSE.

MAN, WHAT A FRUITCAKE. HE'S BEEN DRINKING TOO MUCH COFFEE.



I DIDN'T BELONG ON THIS MISSION ANYMORE, BECAUSE I HAD BEGUN TO DOUBT IT. QUITE FRANKLY IT WAS GETTING FUCKING BORING. EVEN FOR ME.....



HEY, MAN, DO YOU REALISE THAT 'NAM' IS 'MAN' SPELT BACKWARDS?!



STRINGY! KNOCK IT OFF! WHAT DO YOU THINK THIS IS! THIS AINT THE CONVOY, AND STOP SMOKING THAT DOPE!



DAVE, HEY DAVE, WHAT'D YA THINK?

IT'S BEAUTIFUL

HUH! I MEAN WHAT'S THE MATTER WID YOU? YOU'RE ACTING KINDA WIERD

HEY YOU KNOW THAT LAST BARREL OF E.S.B. I WAS SAYING?

YEAH

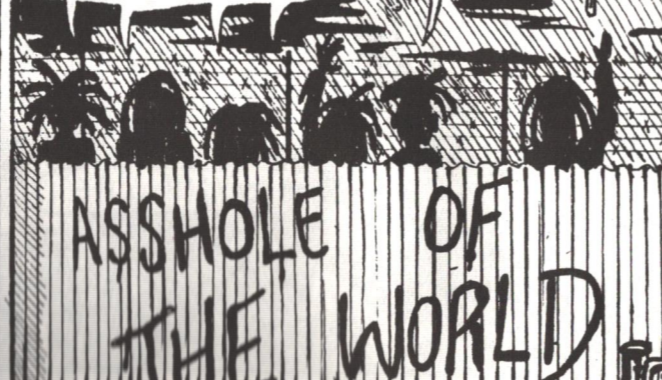
I DRANK IT YOU DRANK E.S.B? FAR OUT!



YOU ARE NOW ENTERING THE ASSHOLE OF THE WORLD



YUPPIE! YUPPIE! YUPPIE, FUCK YOU! YUPPIE, FUCK YOU!



HEY TOM, DO YOU KNOW WHAT TIME IS IT?

...YEAH

MOTHERFUCKERS

YUPPIE, FUCK YOU! YUPPIE...



HE WAS CLOSE .HE WAS REAL CLOSE. I COULDN'T SEE HIM YET BUT I COULD FEEL HIM. AS IF THE BUS WAS BEING SUCKED UP THE ROAD & THE ASPHALT WAS FLOWING BACK INTO THE CITY. WHATEVER WAS GOING TO HAPPEN IT WASN'T GOING TO BE THE WAY I THOUGHT WHEN I FIRST HAD THIS SILLY IDEA.



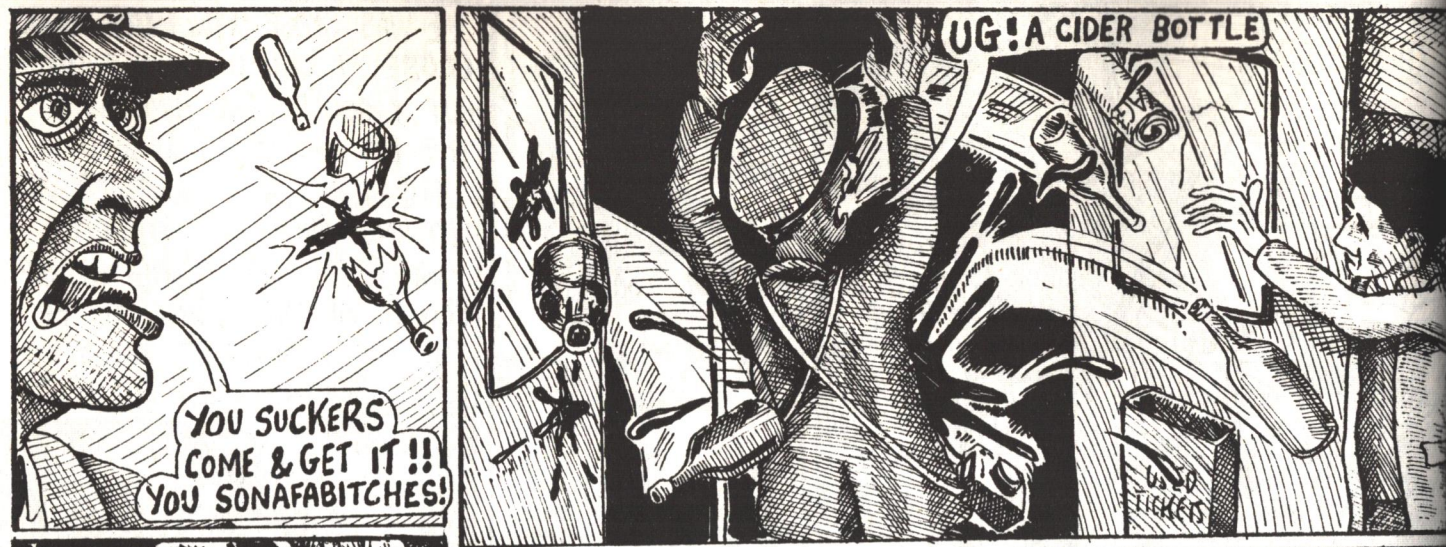
CIDER BOTTLES!



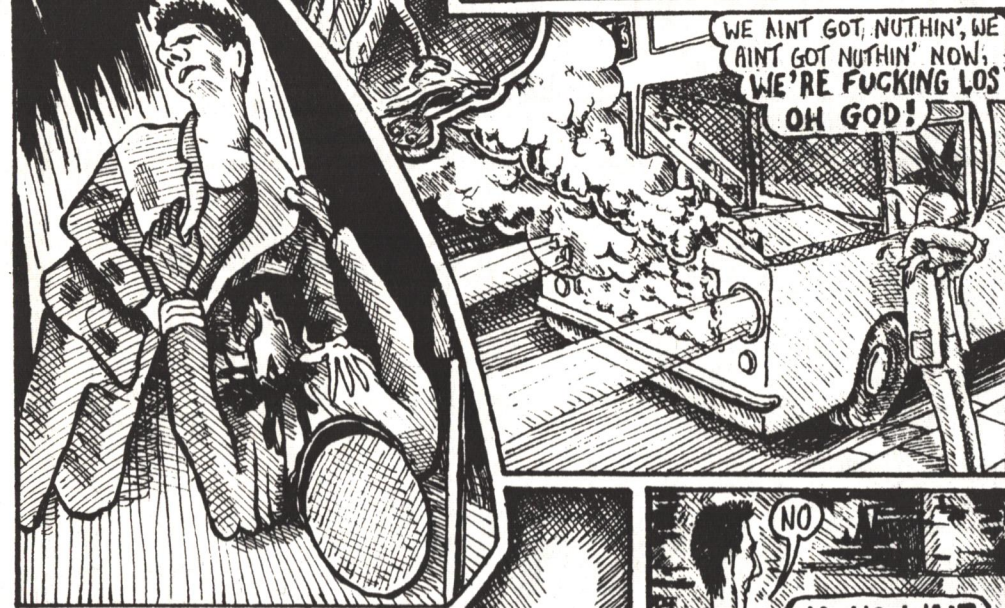
CONDUCTOR! TELL 'EM TO STOP THEY'RE JUST TRYING TO SCARE US!



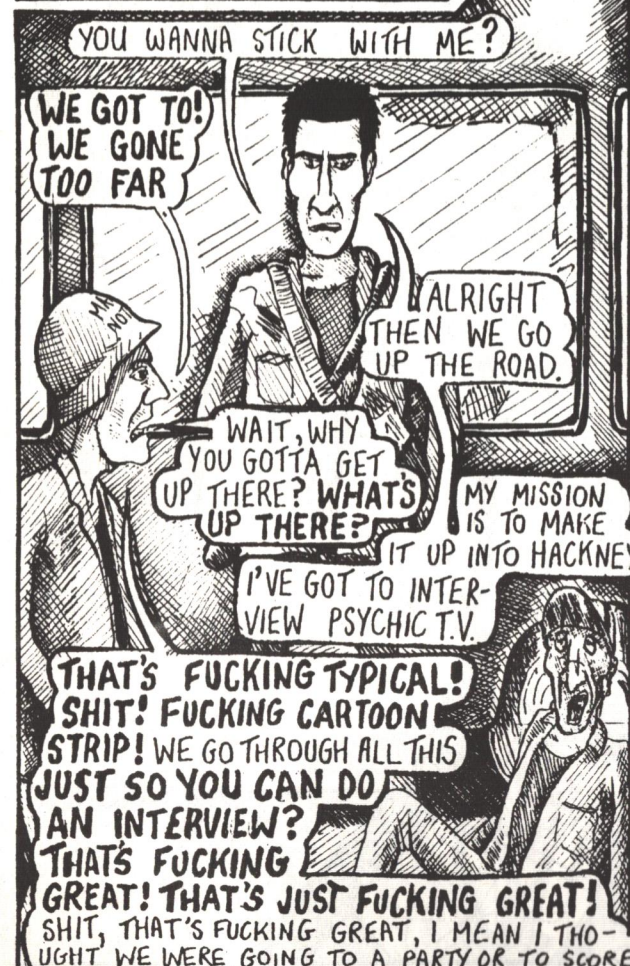
YOU GOT US INTO THIS STUPID CARTOON STRIP & NOW YOU CANT GET US OUT BECAUSE YOU DONT KNOW WHERE THE HELL YOU'RE GOING DO YA! DO YA! YOU SONAFABITCH! YOU BASTARD!



YOU SUCKERS  
COME & GET IT!!  
YOU SONAFABITCHES!



WE AINT GOT, NUTHIN', WE  
AINT GOT NUTHIN' NOW,  
WE'RE FUCKING LOST,  
OH GOD!



YOU WANNA STICK WITH ME?

WE GOT TO!  
WE GONE  
TOO FAR

ALRIGHT  
THEN WE GO  
UP THE ROAD.

WAIT, WHY  
YOU GOTTA GET  
UP THERE? WHAT'S  
UP THERE?

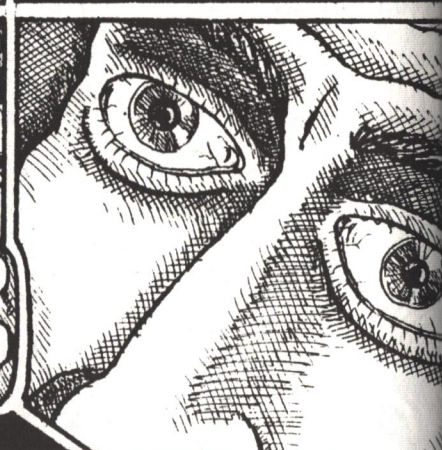
MY MISSION  
IS TO MAKE  
IT UP INTO HACKNEY.

I'VE GOT TO INTER-  
VIEW PSYCHIC.TV.

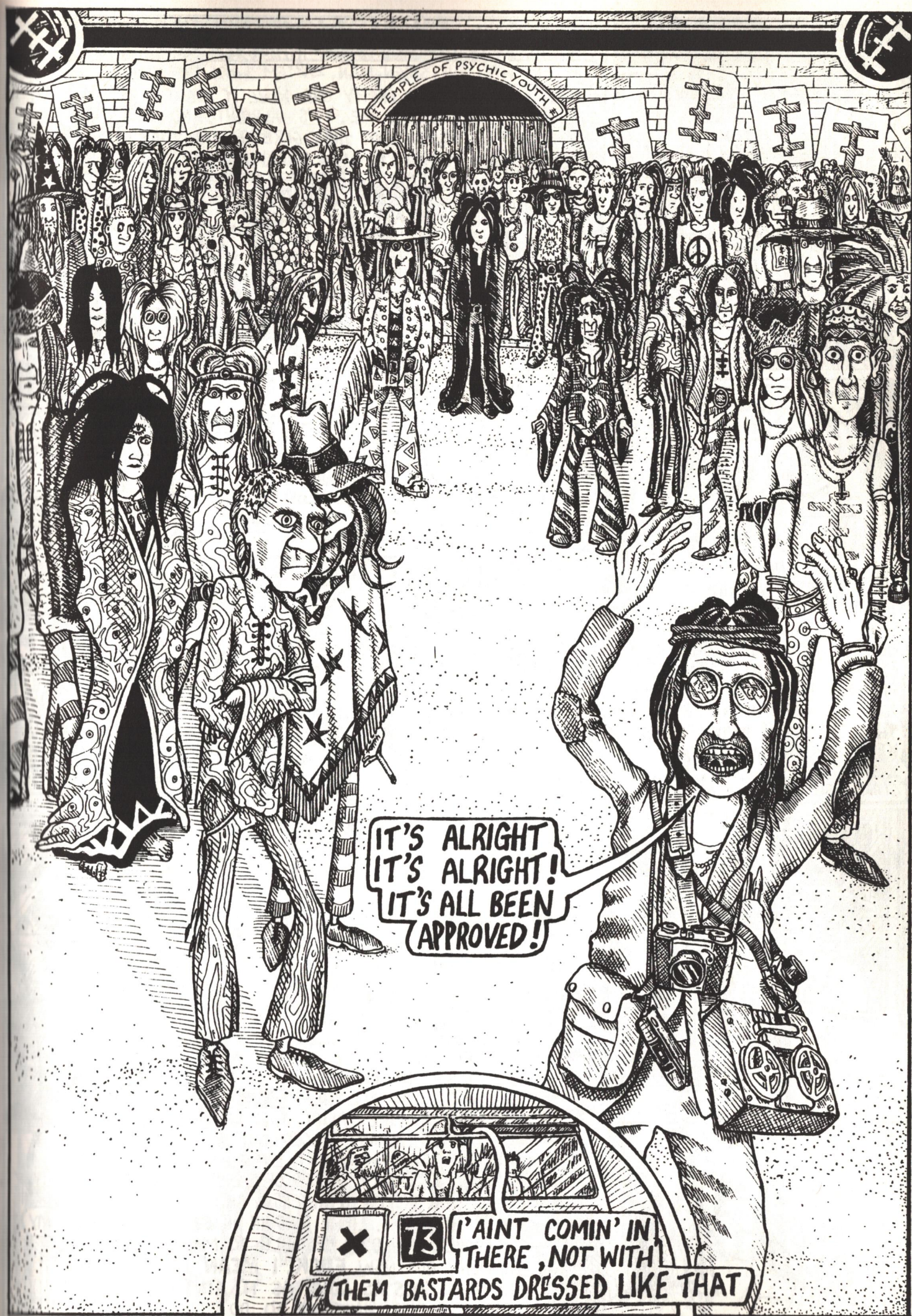
THAT'S FUCKING TYPICAL!  
SHIT! FUCKING CARTOON  
STRIP! WE GO THROUGH ALL THIS  
JUST SO YOU CAN DO  
AN INTERVIEW?  
THAT'S FUCKING  
GREAT! THAT'S JUST FUCKING GREAT!  
SHIT, THAT'S FUCKING GREAT, I MEAN I THOUGHT WE WERE GOING TO A PARTY OR TO SCORE SOME DRUGS OR SOMETHING?



NO  
NO, NO, WAIT  
WAIT. WE'LL  
GO TOGETHER.  
ON THE BUS.  
WE'LL GO WITH  
YA. WE'LL  
GO UP THERE,  
BUT ON THE  
BUS.



PART OF ME WAS  
AFRAID OF WHAT I WOULD  
FIND AND WHAT I WOULD  
DO WHEN I GOT THERE.  
I KNEW THE RISKS OR  
IMAGINED I KNEW THEM.  
BUT THE THING I FELT  
MOST, MUCH STRONGER  
THAN FEAR,  
WAS BOREDOM.

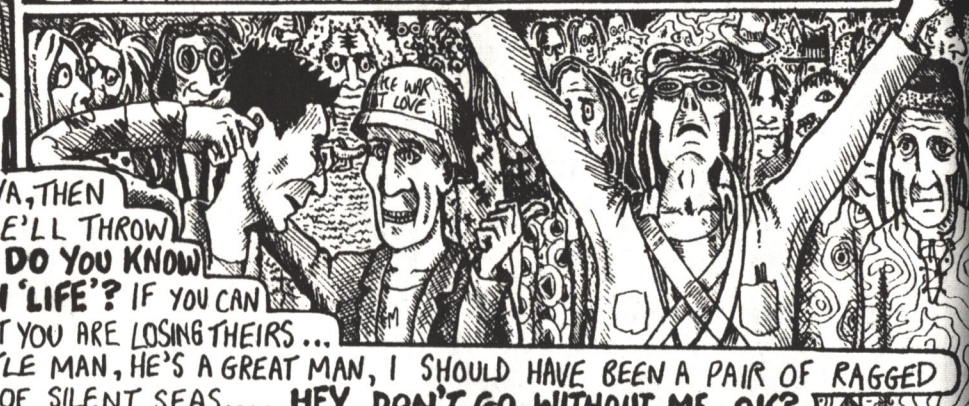






ZAP 'EM WITH THE SIREN, MAN, ZAP 'EM WITH THE SIREN.....AH,  
 THAT'S A PRETTY ONE. MOVE IT RIGHT IN  
 TOWARD ME. IT'S ALRIGHT, AND  
 YOU'VE GOT THE CIGARETTES AND THAT'S  
 WHAT I'VE BEEN DREAMING OF!  
 WHO ARE YOU?  
 WHO ARE YOU? HA HA HA.  
 I'M A 'SOUNDS' JOURNALIST. I'VE  
 COVERED THROBBING GRISTLE.  
 I'VE BEEN IN HAM-TOTTENHAM, BETHNAL  
 GREEN, MILE END, COOE EE! COOE BABY!  
 I'LL TELL YA ONE THING THIS BUS IS  
 IN A MESS, MAN.  
 WHO ARE ALL THESE PEOPLE?  
 YEAH, WELL, THEY THINK YOU'VE  
 COME TO TAKE HIM AWAY & I HOPE  
 THAT IS'NT TRUE  
 TAKE WHO AWAY?  
 HIM, GENESIS PORRIDGE. THESE ARE ALL HIS  
 CHILDREN, MAN, AS FAR AS YOU CAN SEE. HELL,  
 MAN, OUT HERE WE'RE ALL HIS CHILDREN.  
 COULD WE TALK  
 TO GENESIS?

HEY MAN, YOU DONT TALK TO  
 GENESIS, YOU LISTEN TO HIM.  
 THE MAN'S ENLARGED MY MIND,  
 HE'S A POET WARRIOR IN THE  
 CLASSIC SENSE. I MEAN SOME-  
 TIMES YOU'LL SAY HELLO TO HIM,  
 RIGHT & HE'LL JUST WALK RIGHT  
 BY YA, HE WONT EVEN NOTICE YA, THEN  
 SUDDENLY HE'LL GRAB YA AND HE'LL THROW  
 YOU IN A CORNER AND HE'LL SAY DO YOU KNOW  
 THAT 'IF' IS THE MIDDLE WORD IN 'LIFE'? IF YOU CAN  
 KEEP YOUR HEAD WHEN ALL ABOUT YOU ARE LOSING THEIRS...  
 ....I'M A LITTLE MAN, I'M A LITTLE MAN, HE'S A GREAT MAN, I SHOULD HAVE BEEN A PAIR OF RAGGED  
 CLAWS SCUTTLING ACROSS FLOORS OF SILENT SEAS.....HEY, DON'T GO WITHOUT ME OK?



NO  
 SMOKING  
 THIS PORRIDGE GUY, HE'S WACKO,  
 MAAN! HE'S WORSE THAN CRAZY,  
 HE'S EVIL! I MEAN THAT'S  
 WHAT THE MAN'S GOT SET UP  
 HERE, MAN, IT'S FUCKING  
 PSYCHEDELIA! LOOK ARO-  
 UND YA! SHIT, IT'S LOCO.  
 THEN YOU'LL  
 HELP ME?  
 HELP YA? FUCKIN' A,  
 I'LL HELPYA. I'LL DO  
 ANYTHING TO GET OUT OF  
 THIS JOINT! WE COULD  
 BLOW ALL THEM  
 ASSHOLES AWAY, THEY'RE  
 SO FUCKING SPACED OUT  
 THEY WOULDN'T EVEN KNOW IT.  
 I AIN'T AFRAID OF ALL THEM FUCKIN'  
 SKULLS & ALTERS & SHIT, I USED TO  
 THINK IF.....IF I DIED IN AN EVIL PLACE THEN MY  
 SOUL WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO MAKE IT TO  
 HEAVEN, BUT NOW FUCK, I MEAN I DONT CARE  
 WHERE IT GOES AS LONG AS IT AINT HERE! SO  
 WHAT D'YA WANT ME TO DO?....



**THE HORROR! THE HORROR!**  
**DROP THE BOMB! KILL THEM ALL!**