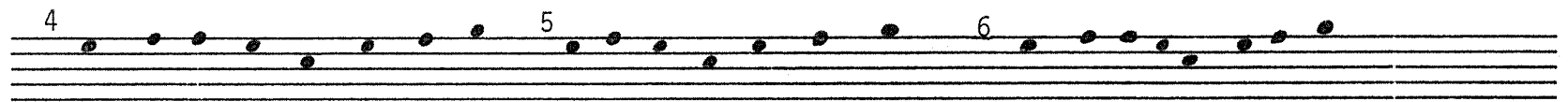
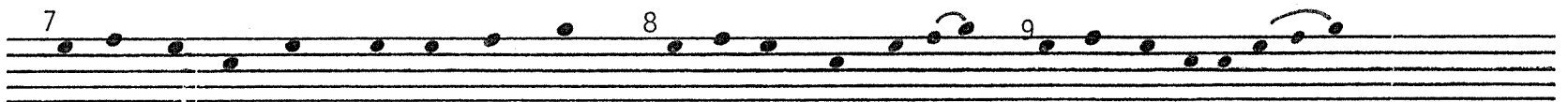




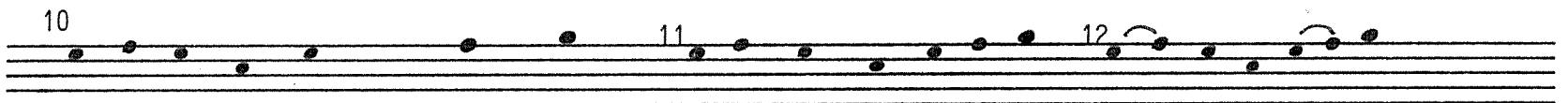
Kuwait pays the price    Wealth more than mere riches    Time of stagflation



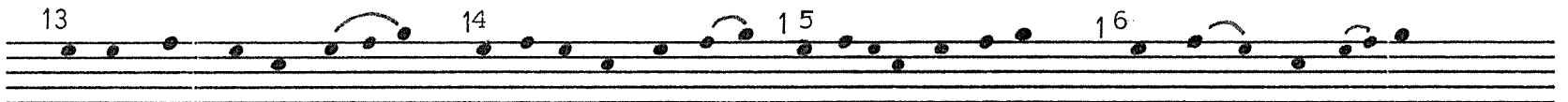
Must unite to stop aggression    City celebrates with songs    When calamity overwhelmed



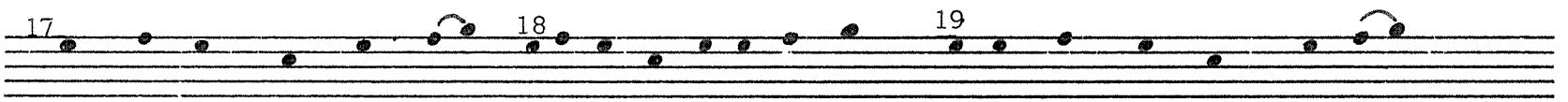
A war machine built by willing hands    Embassies far apart    A rude awakening



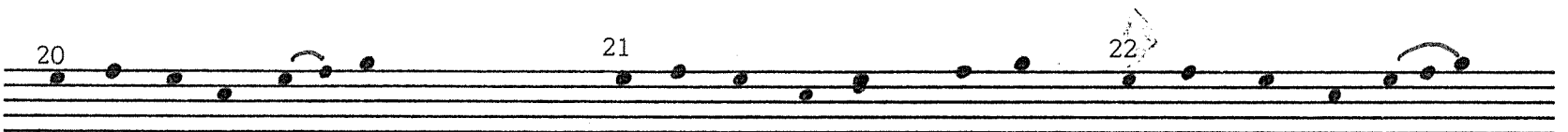
Beurocrats sit twiddling their thumbs    Human touch of confusion    Death in detention



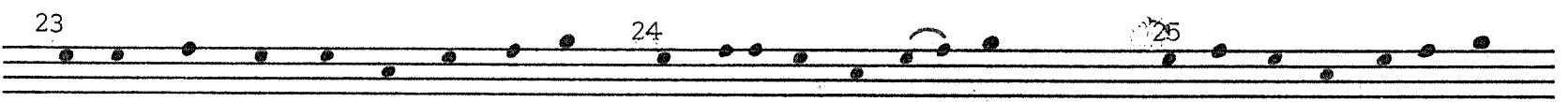
Government under threat    A hurricane of debt, Monopoly 'illegal'    Big League and F.A.



AIDS victims' fight goes on    TV seen as ideal teacher    Comic plays for laughs in drag



Remains on war footing    Dismal tale of missed chances    Airline files complaint



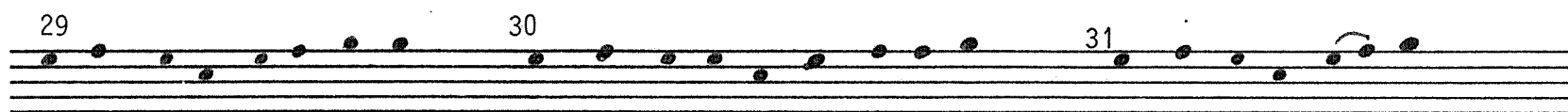
Middle Class mortgage arrears crisis    The only seed to survive    Profit before principle



Britain pays for mistakes    Cost of ground plans soars    The high and mighty Lords

- 1 -

This work for two male voices was first performed by Andrew Toovey and James Mavor at the Partington Summer School in 1990. We alternated between headlines and quotes we collected from the Newspapers at the time. It is also possible to add other pieces (sections from my 'Combine' piece for example) to accompany this work.



Fragile order into turmoil      Conquest as a means of survival      Beijing under curfew



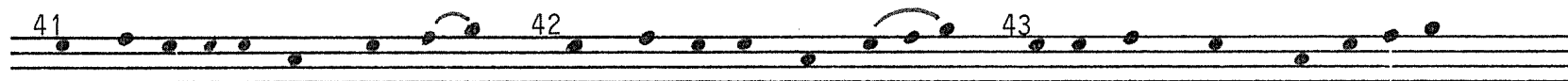
Paying the price for past error      Market forces neglect the needy      All talk and no action



Second class death as in life      Scattered resistance continues      Fear and gunfire in a city



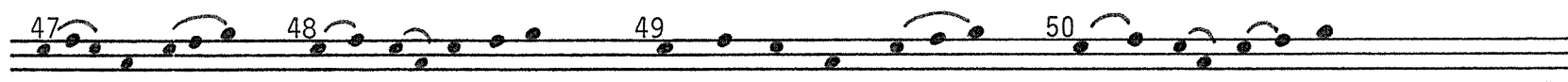
World leaders condemn naked aggression      A ruthless and brutal operator      Muted reaction



The curriculum fails the test      Urged to settle AIDS claims      Bitterness haunts remembrance

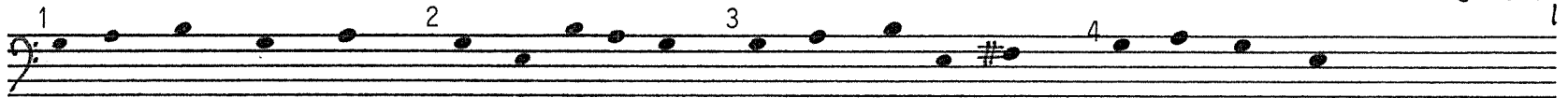


Multiple prisoner dies in prison      Town stubs out its public smoking      U.S. war plane 'buzzed'

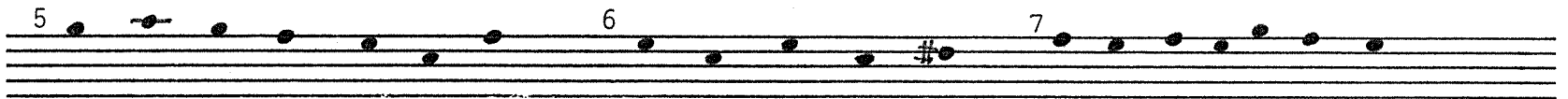


Pure or Poor?      Parts for a poet      Shaking the dust off      Scream of Silence.

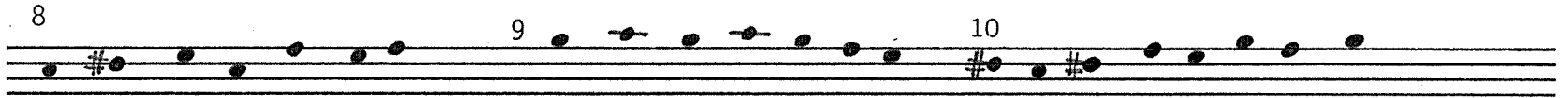




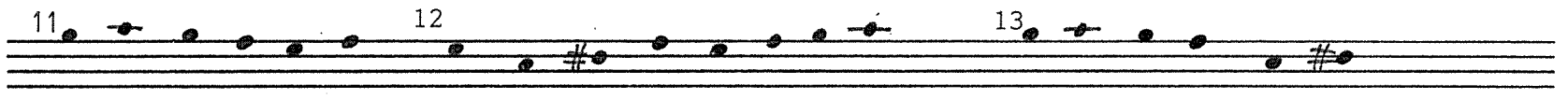
I would not blame them    What we expected    We can't let it rest    We want it closed



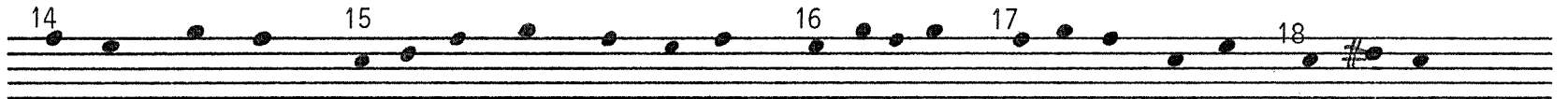
Know when something does get out    Your way round the world    It tips us over the brink



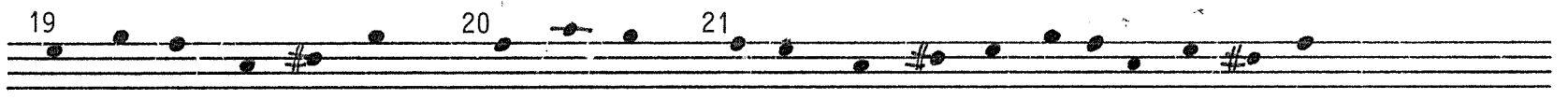
We will take a mild approach    Keep all our options open    If we went to a public vote



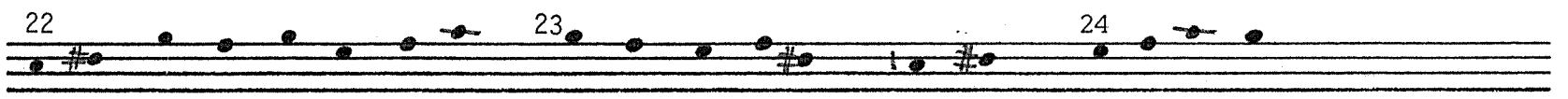
Keep them out of danger    They will pick up such a language    For some of what they say



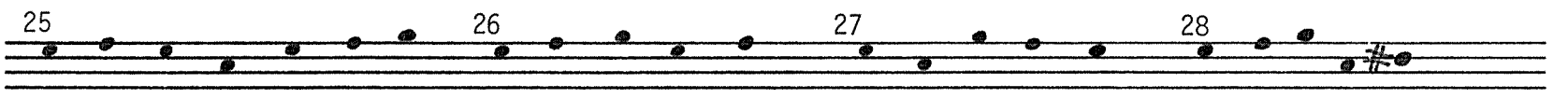
We could have won    We do not judge the judges    My family    A private person    Our concern



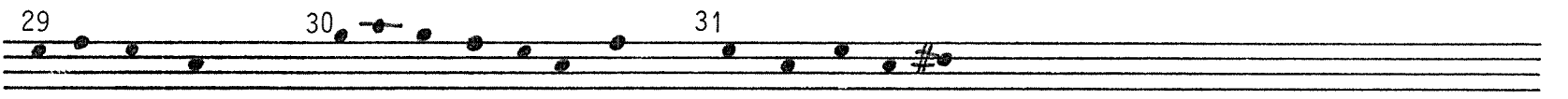
Our brothers are with us    They find it    For us, there remains only sorrow, anger



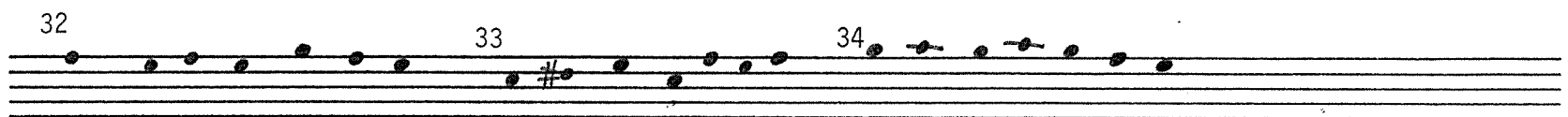
I ought to have run him closer    These men were different from us    We only want



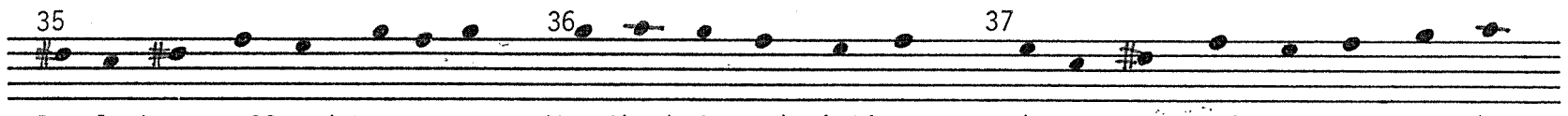
Remain, missing you always    our son was murdered    our muslim brothers    Oh, Arab leaders



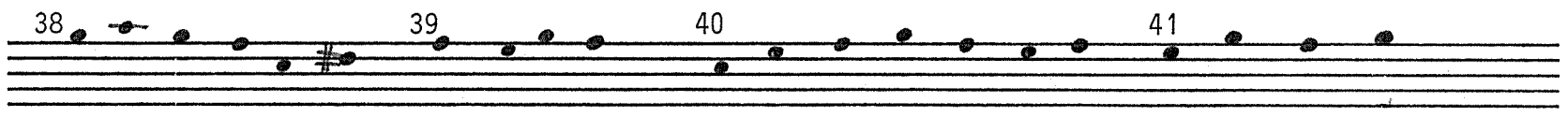
I was so tired    A feeling of impotence    An arm and a leg



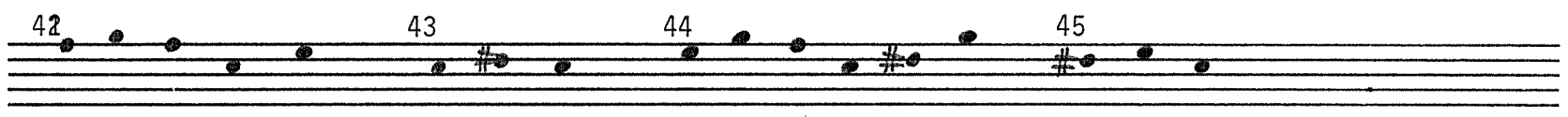
Right over the top of us      Now we are isolated      It has to be politics



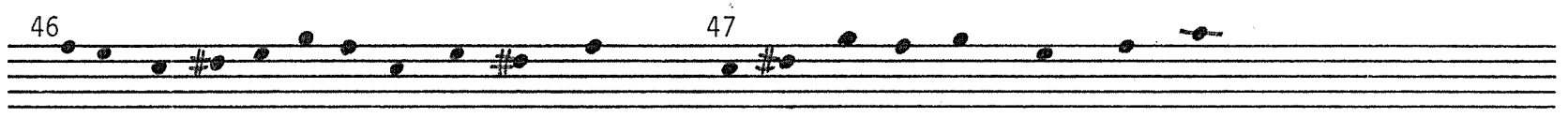
People have suffered immensely      We, the betrayed victims      Present the facts on what they do



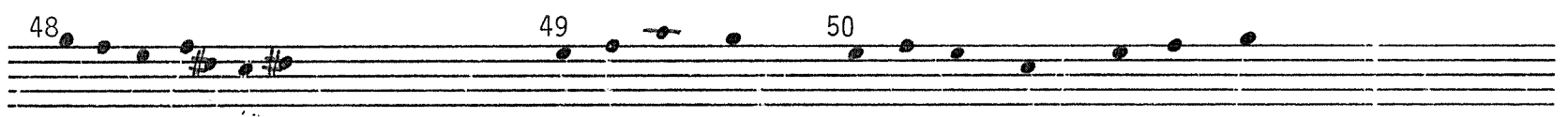
Forgotten, disappeared      Oh, Arab Kings      We now have to work harder      I could not wait



Can do what he wants      We know best      We are getting better      Against me



Total loss as a result of this treatment      To see the person's point of view



My responsibility      We believe you      Bitterness haunts remembrance.

