

## Thurston Moore

I distinctly remember walking along 13th Street in the East Village with Lydia Lunch in the 1980s, after she had returned from one of her restless travels investigating the outlier pathology of late-20th-century psychosis, when she eagerly confided to me her epiphany of a strategy to disarm the prevalence of fear, hate and oppression in Amerikkka and beyond: kindness. Flood them with kindness. Saturate and devastate the evil tick of greed, thought control and emotional fascism with what her enlightened consciousness and wisdom, both intellectual and physical, have naturally informed her to do: Love them all. Teach them love. Spread love. Share love. Free love. Love for sale. Love-itis. Love bites. Kill 'em with kindness and love. The war pigs cannot escape the heart of Lydia Lunch. As an artist defined by the soul-eyes of the innocent, who populate her charged and layered collages, and whom she is in reflective honor to, she has only one mission: to slay the bastards with kindness, with love, with a tongue-lashing they will never forget. Lydia Lunch and the love she nurtures like a neutron bomb are the heat-seeking weapon this wound-up world is begging for. I assure you, when she goes off, you will never know what hit you.