

KEEP ON PUSHING

This issue has been a long time coming. But, its been a very good + healthy experience for me to write about what I have. Hope to hear back from people that feel me or have been through similar situations. Its always empowering for us to bind together + make connections to build a network of freaks + weirdos that can look to eachother for help, or just to unload to.

Wiener Society as a whole wouldn't be what it is without certain people, places + things. I'd like to list some

- ... FANORAMA SOCIETY DISTRO.
- LIPSTICK SUICIDE (IMPULSE) my lady, janice + le tigre, maggie + nihil ex, thorn, bri the duke queen, APB (he did the centerfold), jimmy uane, SLUG + LETTUCE, clair sewell, anita "mary duh" fixx, chills, all day dirge, listening to POISON IDEA, RELAPSE RECORDS, cd scams, duke green paper, CALIFORNIA DEPT. OF CORRECTIONS, homophobes, mix-tapes, flyers on my cell walls, EAR WHACKS radio, Matty Matt, Ninja Death Squad, angela agitprop!, falling in total platonic love with G.B. JONES, zines like KWEER CORE, BITCH NATION, CUTLASS (duh), FANORAMA (of course), SHORT FAST + LOUD! + GLASS HOUSES.

AUDIO RELIEF THIS ISSUE

NEVER

uncurbed spazz



in my eyes



ninja death squad



exclaim slayer



krigshot

atreyu w x h x n ?



black fork



burnt by the sun



iron lung summon



an old X-FILES too. He looks at me over his nose-propped glasses, from beneath the white plumes of his eye brows.

"Yeah, I do. What is Hepatitis C?" I say, my voice not sounding too good. The little room echoed strangely. Words came back to you like boomerangs.

I tried to pay attention as he larely sketched out the basics of the blood-born liver virus, telling me I got it through needles, either tattoo or drug syringes, + that the likelihood would be for cirrhosis or liver disease or cancer to kill me..from anywhere between 10 to 30 years. Depending on how I treated my body. Depending on if I cared. Depending on me. Depending on if I still stuck dirty needles in my veins. Or drank alot of cell-made pruno wine. Or tossed back loads of pills that wem't mine.



FUCK YOU! I'VE GOT WHAT?

A chronic disease. Fuck. I guess I always knew it would fuck come down to something like this. Its just so fuck "my life", it makes perfect sense. You know, like fate + karma just ain't never gonna let me alone, ya know? Its like, hell no you fuck fuck, we got your jawd damn number boy, there's no escape for you, at least not in THIS fuck lifetime. You burned your bridges one too many times, you tested the confines of luck + teased the hard of death, like you owned the rotherfuckin world, like you were invincible, like you didn't fuck care. Oh, you'll CARE. We'll make you cringe little boy, we'll make you fuck sorry you rebelled against our fuck order, against our guidance. Against our beliefs. That you never respected life, or love, or truth.

Nothing to stand up and give notice to

there's a thousand tiny pissed off new viruses bursting out of the dead cell, to spread + attack. This happens everytime a virus conquers another liver cell. Well, the liver has a very tough time trying to regenerate new cells + fight off the virus, + continue its workload as the entire filter for the whole human body. As cells die in large quantities they merge into scarification. This is the beginning of cirrhosis, which is pretty fuck deadly. And a bad way to go, talk about fuck painful.

Milk Thistle performs two major fuck tasks. One, it coats un-contaminated cells with a protective coating that for some reason the HEP C virus can't burrow through, therefore preventing wildfire like viral spread. Two, it helps bolster + nurish the regeneration process for cells. So, its like Miracle Grow, + a Kevlar body suit..+ it doesn't make you fuck sick or kill anti-bodies along with the virus like chemo-like INTERFERON.

After a summer of suffering some of the worst fatigue, weightloss, nausea, body deterioration + all around suck ass fucked up sickness I had ever gone through over a sustained period of time..I began a 30 day cycle of Milk Thistle herbal pills. Within a week I felt strong again. Within a few I gained my weight back. Soon, I was bouncing off walls again. Eating normal. Sleeping right. I even kicked out a new zine. Everything was getting back to being NEIL.

Ha, then my brain decided to take a vacation.....

HAVING SHOWS WHERE ALL THESE SUBVERSIVE SHOWS THINK OF WHAT WE COULD DO IF WE PULLED ALL OUR RESOURCES AND TALENTS TOGETHER TO STOP THE EMPTY TALK AND MOVE FORWARD WITH ACTS THAT MAKES UNITS HAPPEN.

WE'VE SEEN I APPRECIATE

LOPE.....

THANK TO NEIL BOGAR

JOE SKELETON & C

IT PEOPLE WRITE

AVE APT. 411/ENFOR ANY 4327/056

DECEPT' CRESCENDO.....

ABDULLAH FRANK ATTWOOD

BY ELSE THAT DESERVES

AMERICAN BREADWARE

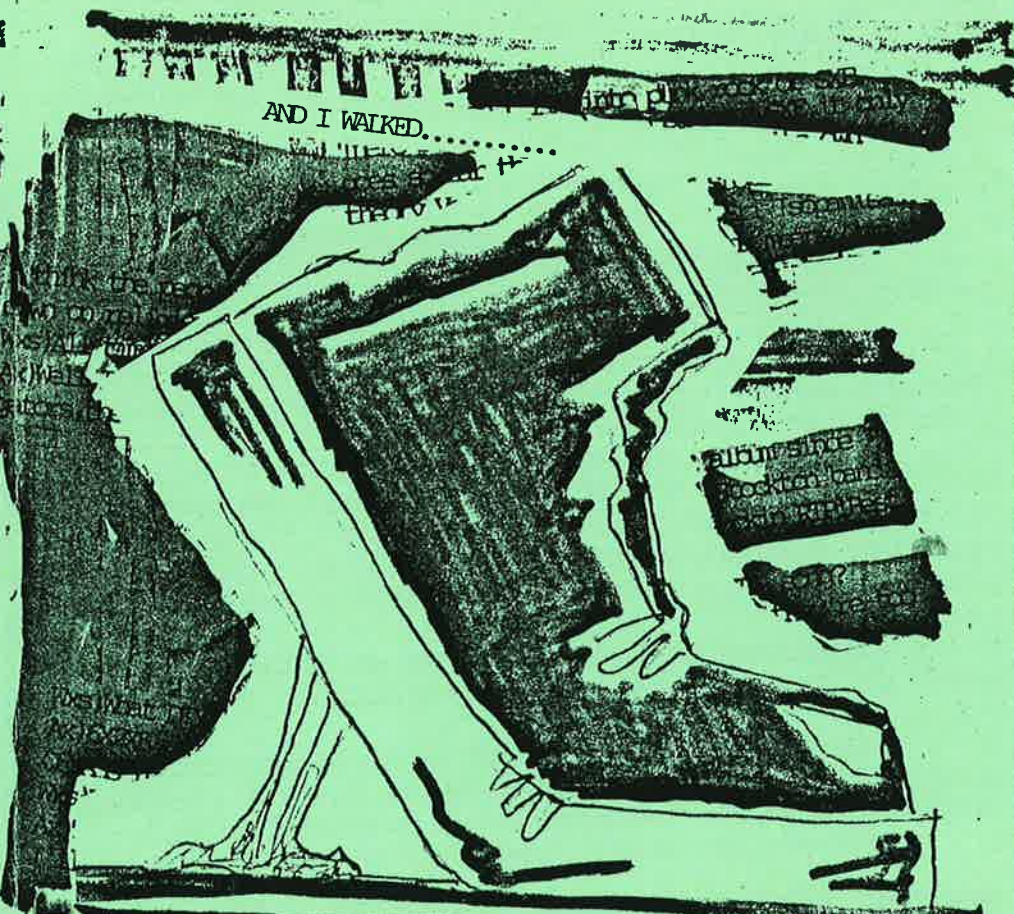
The concrete pushes from all around. Everything is cold when touched by my fingertips. My box, a coffin for the dead years of lost time being pulled from me, second by agonizing second. The sound of the steel door sliding shut the symphony for my beaten back to worse mind..the sounds in my head echoing around themselves. The clusterfuck enough to cause madness where once there was only benumbed tolerance.

Doing time, so fuck high strung. Everything is magnified times insane. The boredom is engulfing. The loneliness haunting. The anger driving. The repetition sickening. The change inside fuck permanent. The violence maximum. Prison alters every motherfucker that walks its intestinal tiers, is pushed too far by the vampiric officers, shivers from the morbid chill, feels the evil collecting in the corners like things invisible + cringing.

My eyes will always be darker than one who never will see out from

was a bigot just to fit in so I could be down with the guys who had the dope + the juice, becoming just another in the homophobic prison frat boy club, whoring myself again, just for a fix. And finally it all led me to a clinging sickness bred from dirty blood. Molly has a song, + it sings in me still, the words all fatally chronic.

That was over 6 years ago. Drug addiction is gone these days. As are the phoney affiliations + nazi tattoos. I sit in a cell still. They call me "protective custody" these days. I got enemies that abound. The white supremacists cuz they uncovered my fraud. The dope connections cuz I burned em all. Old "friends" from the street life who now know I'm both queer, a sell-out + a race-traitor. Whatever that all means..I'm still a convoluted being, but at least I belong to ME finally. But the remains of those years are heavy on my caged back. The irony is although I beat drugs, after losing everything because of them, the day I die will be because of the bloodline born in a needle. I'll die a junky death.



AND I WALKED.....

I remember a time when all I would do is walk. All night, through the day, alone, dirty, tweaked out, depressed. I felt the whole world was merely an empire of enemy energies. I wasn't connected to what was going on. My feet would hurt but still I would step along the sides of urban streets, like a human peice of litter, just another product of modern civilization, a useless outdated commodity, something no longer relevent. Rebelliousness had driven me to being a drifting spectator, never participating in the neo-ethos that had created S.U.V. oil tankers, media mind influence + population density. A contagion, a fever, infecting nothing but cracked sidewalks, I'd roam in a dimension of isolation, a noisy, loud, overcramped world of gadgetry + vain technology lurching around, every eye gazing at me would see only defeat, confusion + dirt.

During the day I'd dodge patrol cars humming along, scanning for failures like me, a doped up truent, trying to slip through the cracks of an organized system of personality construction. Instead of school, I went to the hand of the speed dealer, then to my lonely route through the city grid decay, feeling hollow + insipid.

Anger was so strong in me, only overpowered by grief + disgust. My drug habit only heightened what was already in me: a displeasure for what I was taught should be my life + the sick world I didn't choose to be born into. Thrust into a decade of misanthropy, the refuse of the planet the very race I was related to. Hatred was injected into me with every moment I inhaled chronic air, drank polluted water, ingested unnatural food.

It was in a deserted suburban park I happened upon in the early warning light of morning grey. I was 16, swore to CONFLICT + PROPAGANDA. Bundled in beanie + corduroy, flight jacket druggie boy. The dew splattered the grass with mini sparkles, the black swing seats covered in damp film. I crushed through play ground sand, ended up in the smelly concrete bathroom stall. On top of the metal toiletpaper dispenser I dumped out the yellowish chunky powder, using a razor blade to chop + trail out dual lines. I snorted through an empty white BIC pen, feeling the chemical lodge at the apex of my nasal cavity + begin to melt into my burning membrane.

I tapped some speed into a glass pipe, sat on the filthy toilet + smoked the spiralling fumes, feeling my body overran by synthetic possession.

I remember the way it began, that episode of deterioration, another breakpoint in the sequence of my inferior mortality. I sobbed with sudden revelation, the clarity exploded + I understood painfully.

With tears carving salty trenches down my sunken pasty cheeks,



I never found Molly again. But my life was raped with her memories everytime I used a needle. Hollywood used me up rather quickly. I wasn't cut out for it I guess. With abscesses on my body + an ass that had been sold more than a few times just to have something to put in my needle, I headed home. To a bedroom I missed. To a band that refused to have me in anymore. To a stint in rehab. To county jail. To a marriage proposal to the gurl that was so pop-punk maybe she could cure me from my problems. To her getting fucn pregnant. AND to the realization that no matter what I did...all I wanted to do was get high.

Soon I was married at 19 (had to have been in the top five of dumbest choices of my life..), the father of a gorgeous baby gurl (who I named Sid after my anti-hero + proverbial godfather of addiction..) + a steady speed addict abusing the needle in a secretive double life. The sickness Molly had led me to, it spread to infect all I was, or all I wasn't. Lies, destruction + crime was all that remained.

And prison was unavoidable then. Especially in California, Guys like me are system fodder. The joint brought me to more hate, mainly for myself, more foolish associations, I put swastikas on my skin next to the needle marks, more self-repression, pretending I

Molly reached into my storm + pulled me out with a ravenous kiss. Time wasn't working right, we moved faster than a nuclear detonation, but I felt far away + lurching. I was sped to the bed where I was stripped. She pulled my pants off to find the silk black panties I had almost pissed in during injection. Her dress + pink panties joined the pile of poor kid punk fashion on the carpet. Like I was suddenly freed from the temporary freeze + pumped full of elephant hormones, the lust in me magnified + usurped control of my mind + body.

I was a toothpick with a boner running on pure chemical. I reached out for her + she fell into my crashing world with a moan.

Our skinny bodies writhed with sexual need of two lost souls swimming in disgrace + intense euphoria tasting of dope sack. I ate her mouth as she found my cock. Her body bent down, her spine in an impossible curve, + she tongued my pulsing dick. My eyes found her pussy, bare + shaved, a dark red slash in her bone white flesh. Bruises adorned her body like checkers on a ska flier. A dab of blood sang out on her arm where the needle had loved her with its hate. I wanted her more than anything. Well, her + another shot of coke. She was dirty, just like me.

I pushed her off the bed onto our clothes, crawled to her feet + began chewing + licking her toes. She was moaning + spitting out crazy bestial sounds. I attacked her thighs + spread her thin legs widely. Her nails were scratching my back. Her pussy lay open + I devoured her with a creepy fixation bordering on demented need.

Somehow we ended up in the closet, up against the back, my ass on the floor + back to the wall, her standing up against my face as I ate her out savagely. When she came words shook out of her mouth.. "OH..I..HATE..YOU..BOYS!"

So was born my needle romance. That squatter gurl plagued my life for nearly two months longer as my coke habit grew. My body shed its previous identity. I followed her to Hollywood one day when we were binging on coke. I learned her street name then..it

was Scissors. I was a lame junked out "house punk" to her crew. They ditched me the first night on those streets. I ended up fuck jonesing so bad for coke that I turned some tricks on the blvd., men in suits + glittery cars seemed to pull over quicker than any one for a teen boy with hunger on his face.

use) What I'm speaking about could be any number of times when the government has fucked up. The specific instance I'm talking about now is the genocide in Rwanda. I wonder how many people will know about

I hurled the pipe into the stall's corner, it shattered, spraying shards of burned black glass + hardened crank residue. I slumped to the floor, veins in my neck pronounced, floods of sadness draining from my tear ducts, sounds of animal death from my haggard voice box.

What was there for me but this? Was this the lifelong choice I had made? To inhabit dirty public bathrooms, depressed + self-oppressed, hiding from the glare of a vengeful society, surviving on man-made intoxicants + petty crime, homeless, no destination, simply existing by default? What else was there? I hated this.

The razor felt cold + sharper than the last time. My paranoia fixated on myself, the only escape was through the shutdown, no more energy throttling through my nerves then no more absolute sadness. I slit into my arms + carved in my chest. The amount of blood was calming, like being plunged in cold water, as I bled the madness drained out, escaping from my body, cells of liquid life now coagulated death. I lay there for awhile..or moments. I heard cars driving by outside, the awoken world heading off to begin another day of production, another lesson in manufactured humanity. I got up.

The water in the steel sink stung the gashes. I washed away as much of the stains as I could + pulled on my thermal. My arms were wet with blood + water. In black + despair I entered the world again. On my way to nowhere....

But all Rwandans were... with cars labeling their heritage. Basically can

Depression is such a fuck up part of being human. I don't know why I was always so prone to such inner turmoil, I've been diagnosed many times as certifiably "clinically depressed", "emotionally disturbed". The first time I went to a fuck shrink I was young, like not even 10 years old yet. My mother wanted to get me "help" because I was reclusive, anti-social, considerably foul mouthed, enamored with being a miserable child in perpetual trouble, wouldn't accept "Jesus into my heart" as I was urged to by my family, + had already been arrested for "breaking + entering" in a house up the street. Obviously there was something amiss in my brain. It just couldn't be that I was a natural product of a life plan gone terribly wrong. She didn't realize that I was being molested on a regular basis by my uncle. She didn't realize I was already quite a sexually obsessed creature. She didn't realize that I was impossibly lonely, + much of it was her fault. Most children have the opportunity to learn "social skills" or whatever in correlation with other kids their age through school, + of course for many kids its a fuck experience. I did to the survivors? There are so many why's and questions that I began to feel as if I had this book. Who's at fault? What a complicated question. There are many more

would never know. My mother home schooled me, which in many ways, academically, greatly improved my love for knowledge + my respect for the human mind, awoke a fascination in me for understanding, for searching in unorthodox methods of research, to comb through the debris of "civilized man" + his "higher learning" for things I found relevant. But, in many ways it greatly stunted me I believe, on terms of emotion, interaction + developing "social skills", all that rhetoric. Maybe I woulda been the lame kid with crooked teeth covered in braces + wearing stupid out of fashion clothes gettin picked on by all the "cool" kids, or maybe I woulda been the weird kid everyone was scared of, who knows. I was the kid at home getting taught BIBLICAL PRINCIPLE + how it "proved" scientific theory as false. Oh yeah, Mom was big on the heavy-handed religion practices,



+ thought she could raise God-fearing minions of glory through trying to re-write curriculums + applying new ways of teaching young minds to embrace Creationism + Patriarchy. The thing that was fucking me up was this benevolent "god" wasn't doing shit to intervene as I was being raped by a family member on every other weekend. Funny how such things as true experience are the factors that really shape who we will become, or who we think we must be.

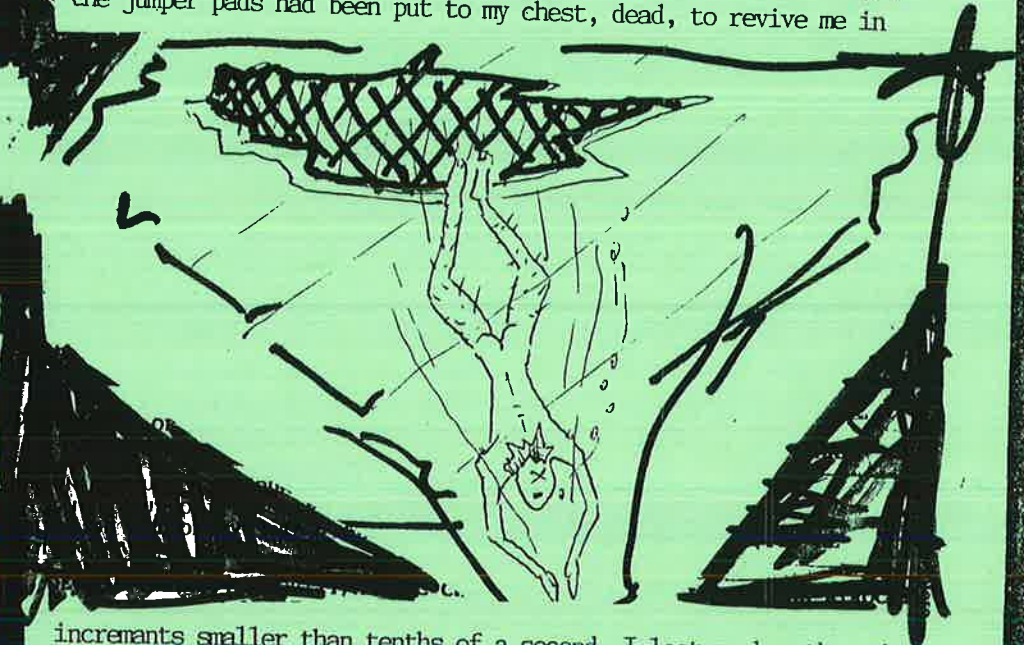
The out-of-whackness was already rampant in me. I didn't realize I was actually a very disturbed child. I had only other disturbed children to compare myself to. Family members that were as distorted + as abused, siblings that were huge pillars of "Christ-likeness", + kids at Sunday school + youth group who weren't allowed to hang out with me by orders of their loving parents cause I was obviously a "bad seed". So being one used to his own crazed voice as being the sanest around, I grew to think that an existence of confusion, anger, pain + emotional chaos was life itself. And so it was.....

Snagging the coke bag she flew into her Mom's bathroom. I followed like a lost cub, with confusion + delight over her seeming skitzophrenia, the excitement in me exploding just peeking at the bad habits of this gurl. She had used the indentation in the counter for the soap to mix-up the shit with water. She had a gulp size puddle. She frantically searched until she found a Q-tip, then tore a small piece of cotton off + threw it in the pool of dope. She drew liquid into the syringe with one long pull.

"You ever slammed coke little boy?" she sternly asked, with a melodramatic effect. Her face was twisted into hungry beauty. The white of her eye with a shiner was shot with blood. I thought she looked like a punk-gurl Terminator. Without really thinking I just nodded to her. She laughed. "Yeah, sure you have killer! Fuck fat liar..give me your little precious arm."

I did. The needle went in easy. Blood flowed into the clear liquid when she pulled the plunger back a bit, like a lava lamp of cocaine + crimson cells. She pushed the plunger down with a steady hand.

And my body felt like I had pumled through the ice of a frozen lake. The rush was annihilating. I felt like I had died, + the jumper pads had been put to my chest, dead, to revive me in



increments smaller than tenths of a second. I lost my breath + when it finally came I wheezed. My eyes saw an angel shooting up inches from my face. My ears were clanging, it sounded like wind chimes made of glass exploding in a sleet storm.

Oh fuck. I realized then I had never felt a rushing high so fuck powerful. And I knew I was now sick with it. I had crossed the threshold over into that place I had always promised to never go. The initiation was complete. I would be a junky for life.

But I had never slammed, not then. I used to wear a padlock on a chain in homage of Sid Vicious + always considered it a talisman against becoming a hype.

"Too many great minds became junkies," I'd say. "And they would die for no fuckin' reason. I will never shoot up. I swear."

And I meant it...then.

I closed the drawer, sat down on the bed + dumped out a pile of the white shit on the table top. It was fine + not chunky. A tip of the finger taste told me it wasn't speed as I hoped. It numbed my tongue tip. It was coke.

I had done lines of coke at a party once one night, line after fuckin' line, + ended up walking home a few miles alone cuz I couldn't stand being around + acting social with other druggies while blitzed that much on a drug I wasn't used to. Tonight I had my car, though, I could just bone out. I lined out a few thick ones + used a rolled up dollar bill to snort them. My nasal passages went numb. My brain blew wide open, endorphines dumped out into my cells like a sinking tanker losing millions of gallons of crude oil. I was now polluted.

I heard something. Glassy eyes turned to see the door open. FUCK! I had locked it I was sure. No where to go I prepared for the worst. My freaked out over-stimulated mind screamed cops...my eyes saw the beat-up face + red plaid dress.

It was Molly + she looked pissed.

"Who the fuck are you + what the hell are you fucking doing?" she said with a voice kinda guttural, like she had just had her tonsils out. She stepped towards the bed + slammed the door. My ears were buzzing with noise MAN IS THE BASTARD would appreciate. I wasn't sure what to say.

"Uh..I'm Neil," I said stupidly.

"Yeah? And?" she quipped. I thought she was gonna start swinging on me. I smiled to diffuse her.

"And..uh..I was just lookin' around, I wasn't gonna take nothin', just wanted to have some privacy to do a few lines. Want one?" I hoped.

"Where did you get that?" she said, eyes narrowing with disgust.

"Honestly..found it in that drawer." I pointed.

With the grace of an alley cat being chased by a horde of rampaging doggies she sprang to action. I flinched but she didn't come at me. She attacked the drawer. An evil gleam came to her eyes as she raised her hand from the depths, the thing grasped with fingers thin + skeletally butch feminine.

"Oh yeah Neil, you little fucker, we're gonna go to hell soon," she breathed. Her eyes were fixated on the syringe in her hand.

At first I took a certain amount of pleasure in knowing that according to normal standards I was a fucked up specimen of a human child, it was pleasing to me because obviously it refuted the blind-faith theory of my parent's beliefs, I found this humorous + damn fulfilling. For some reason being shrouded in a cloud of darkness gave me an identity that set me apart from the stupidity I was surrounded with. It also made me believe I deserved all the abuse + pain I was receiving, in a way I guess then it didn't seem like life was unfair, because I was being punished for being "wrong". These types of thought structures are what became the foundation of self-deprecation + inner-hatred that would birth into total emotional shutdown later in life. Or at least that's what I've been told by professionals.

The shrinks couldn't pigeonhole me. They didn't know what was wrong. I would just sit there + stare with glazed eyes, a game I came up with quite early to really freak adults out. The eyes are windows to the soul + mine was definitely blotchy. Sometimes I'd force myself to cry by biting the inside of my cheek. Tears would roll down my young face as I assumed the most grievest expression I could muster. Still I would say nothing. Always the outcome was that I was "disconnected" + harboring some inner pain..yeah? Ya think? Medication was a big method of personality manipulation. The pills didn't help, they did make me feel pretty cool though. I had more excuses now to get in trouble, + a scapegoat, I was a "sick kid".

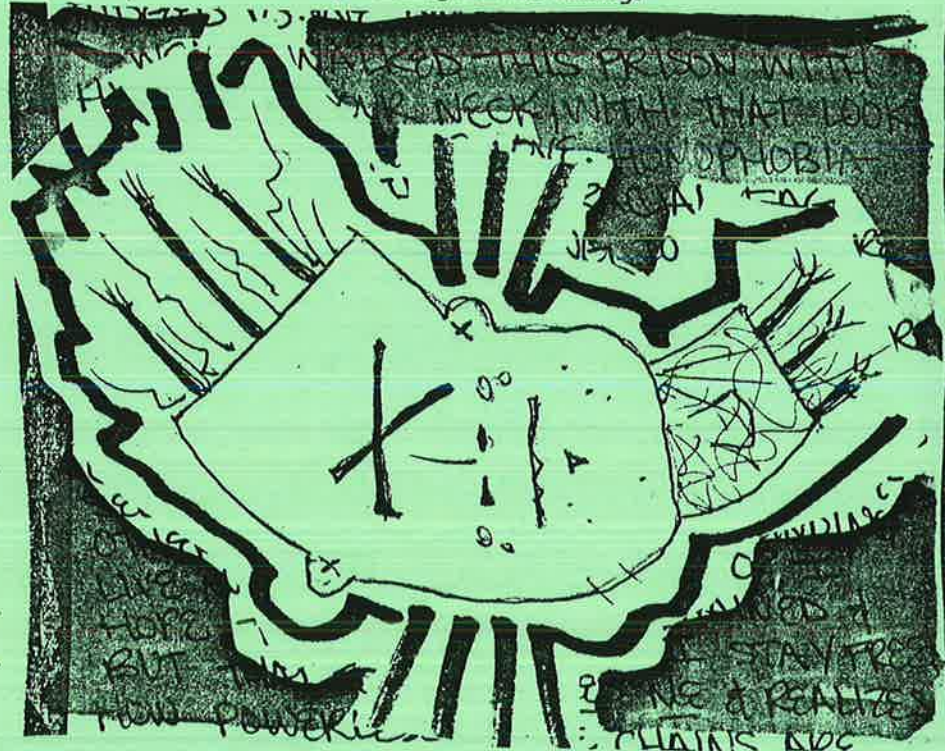
When I started abusing real drugs my problems began bleeding through. The chemicals pushed the shit in me out, + I walked around like a perpetual ticking timebomb, my emotions twisted into paranoia + disgrace. When adolescence took hold I was already a lost cause..my distorted ways of dealing with life + my shorted out coping skills were inborn by then. I was through + through an imbalanced human being. The rest of my life would be chock full of unravelling the knots so tightly wound inside of my brain + heart. In other words..I was primed for being fucked. And fate didn't disappoint me.

Suicide attempts were really just a form of self-punishment. There were only a few that I really WANTED to die, + luckily in hindsight, I was too much of a coward I would scare myself before I could do too much unrepairable damage. So self-rutilation became a common escape, just like getting high, being promiscuous + lying all the time. Basically every day was just a track to further self-destruction. It was inevitable. I never tried to "do good" or "clean up" or "get help" because I was convinced beyond all reasonable doubt that no matter what my life was bought by the hand of suffering. This was most likely created in the young boy that "god" had forsaken on the few occasions the child actually prayed for salvation from the torment of his young days of molestation. No answer meant that I was alone..alone + deserving of it all.

I wasn't going to let myself down by reaching for a cloud with silver

linings that didn't exist while my fate beat me to death..instead I decided if going down in flames was the outcome then it would be by my own choices + my own designs. So, that was how I lived my life, with a death wish + a craving for dismantling all hope for survival. Somehow I never checked out. And one day, sitting in a prison cell I realized it was time to sift through the wreckage.

There was a broken boy waiting for re-wiring.



Having HEPATITIS just made perfect sense, it was like my old profile being reinstated. The sins of the past revisited + all that drama. I felt quite foolish at first for all the "progress" I had made in life change. And a bit helpless + frustrated at it all. But the depression didn't actually blossom just because of me + my self-pity. It was the realization that now that I cared about myself + for a few people who had been brought into my heart + life, that there would be further irreversable suffering + complications that would never go away. One day I would most likely plummet into very bad health because of liver related disease, + the few who had decided to join me on my path of life would have to go through the deterioration with me. I couldn't ever share a toothbrush with my object of affection, or toe nail clippers, or a razor to shave my face, for fear of transferring my diseased blood to their clean blood. I would always have to worry that maybe, somehow, through an inconsistency in my routine that I would infect someone I loved because of my darkened past of needles + gutters. That is a very suck ass feeling.

I had the locked door open in seconds, I slipped in + locked it behind me. The room was empty. I deflated a bit when I realized my stoned drunk mind had hoped to find street curbed Molly bangin' herself in the bed her mother slept in waiting for me to search her out. Fuck, I'd been spending too many hours with porn. Before I even thought about it I found myself digging in drawers of the dresser. Nothing shiny to look at + no toys to play with..until the drawer next to the bed. Right next to beloved Mom's red vibrator was the fat bag of white powder chemical. My heart nearly stopped. I picked it up!

And there was the end of me singing my burial dirge. A hypodermic syringe.



I'd seen movies of people shooting up before. The glamorization of the junky complex. I'd heard dudes talk about it, when I was in juvy, at slum houses, hanging with fuck-ups on the street. The rush, the seduction. I had an aunt that preferred the street to her family, that lived as a hooker, existed on crack + heroin, the worst product of my full family unit. Besides my molesting uncle..+ I pulled in the close third. I had a half sister that would die of a heroin overdose later that year, who I shed tears for laying on my county jail bunk, wondering why it had to be her that died.

I stood up + went into the backyard. Gene + his brother were on the patio bonging out. "Hey Neeel, wuz up brow? Wanna bowl?" He offered the porcelain skull bong up like a sacred relic, in both hands.

"Naw man I'm fucn faded..but why don't you page up Stevo + I'll get us an 8-ball?" I ventured.

His budded eye slits popped open at the mention of crank then reverted back to "totally baked". He said Stevo wasn't reachable. Fuck. I wanted to smoke some speed + get amped. I wanted to be a spun-out psycho.

The living room was dead, Ethan + Amber were making out. Pat was having a blast air guitaring to DRI + I heard Demarra in a conversation about "the god Jello Biafra". Totally bunk party, I thought so bored + vexed. I drained my 40 + hit the stairs. Molly had to be somewhere, I wanted to find her + ask if I could kiss all the bruises away. But first I found the bathroom + puked. Fucn St. Ides.

I found a kid's room with Barbi dolls littering the dirty carpet + cluttered with too cute little gurl stuff. Besides the bathroom, where I had just puked up Lucky Charms + malt liquor, + the kid's lair, there was only one more door. It was closed + locked. I was nosey though + on a quest for the beat-up gurl of my never dreams, + a pretty good street criminal too. I went back down into the kitchen + rooted around for a butter knife. Kelly walked in.

"What ya doin with that knife?" she quizzed.
"I'm gonna stab everyone + bury them in the backyard, + then me + you are going to smoke all the weed + raid the fridge," I dead-panned, brandishing the blade like I was a murderous movie villian.

"You got puke on your chin," she intoned, rolled her eyes + started looking around for more alcohol.

"Who's house is this anyway?" I wondered. "Does Molly live here?" I ended while wiping my chin with a flannel sleeve.

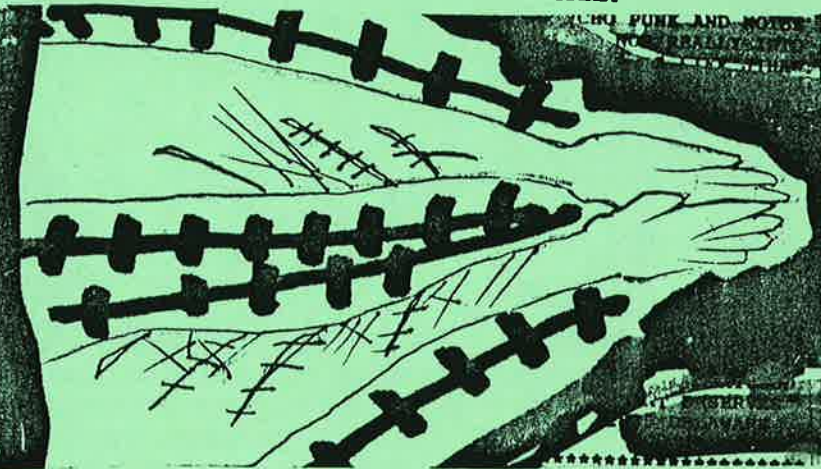
"Fuck no! She fucn squats in Hollywood! This is her fucn Mom's house or some shit..."

"Where's her Mom?" I asked.

"How should I know?! Why? You want to fuck her Mom too?" she sneered.

"CH, THAT'S CUTE," I said + left. Someone was in the upstairs bathroom now, more than one from the giggles I heard. No light from under the door, some kids were being naughty. I wondered if one was Molly. A fucn squatter from Hollywood throwing a party in her Mom's empty house an hour away from her stomping grounds + her squatter crew...kinda provocative.

The old feeling of "this is what I get" came rushing back in, + self-defeat quickly grew strong. I had let my guard down. I had took the bait that was dangling + thought that I could escape a self-imposed sentence of total annihilation if I just tried hard enough, or wanted it bad enough, that I had the power to do anything. Such devoutly idealistic abandon has a way of being stripped of its pristine glow, to reveal the ugly contorted truth of all reality..that nothing is beyond taint. That purity, of intent or destination or belief or desire, is ^{NOT} sacrosanct + therefore protected from the reverberations or ricochet of man-hating, vindictive + reviled existential occurrence. In other words, there is no way around that which will happen, wether it be pre-ordained as some chose to believe, happenstance, of complete randomness, of consequence birthed of factors both seen + unseen, of circumstance or chance... the axiom + absolute remains, that as a being of mortality we are but powerless blobs on the face of a globe of destruction, bouncing around like microbes on a broke down computer terminal, blinking to the impulse of the program, or the sequence of numbers + commands.



When I allowed love back into my chest cavity, coaxed color + life back into the blackened + groveling corridors of my heart chakra, peeled open eye-lids that had been caked with the ilk of modern destructive social decrepit death to see past the grey rags of hideous malformation that I KNEW to see that which COULD BE..when I found ways to implore my existence with positive resistance to the decline I had so been bent upon, instead to chase after ardor + peace + understanding + completion (if there was such a thing..) + fulfilment + non-destructive hedonism (if there is such a thing!)..I did so with such faith in my abilities to eradicate that which I had been, + to remake myself into the thing which maybe I had been created to be, I wasn't entirely prepared for any form of fatal ultimatum that wouldn't bother to check in with me first for permission to be. Ha, + such is the folly of ignorant righteousness. Once again I allowed myself to fall victim to vanity, though I did so in all the purity of high idealism.

The depression was like shooting up a huge syringe spilling over with china white heroin. That mixed of a bag. Like, utter revulsion + shame along with this sick feeling of fulfillment + the sense of a long forgotten familiarity. Like fucking an old burnt out gutterwhore you had once swore you loved while trying to commit dual suicide with shared needles + body fluids co-mingling in hot withered flesh. I swooned with majestic self-betrayal, welcoming the black feelings with arms of tattered scars carved in ridicule of + worship to the old days of that blackness. And instantly I wanted to sacrifice all attempts to obtain a life of healthy being for the servitude to misanthropic self-battery ritualisation, where I could feel once more like "I deserved it".



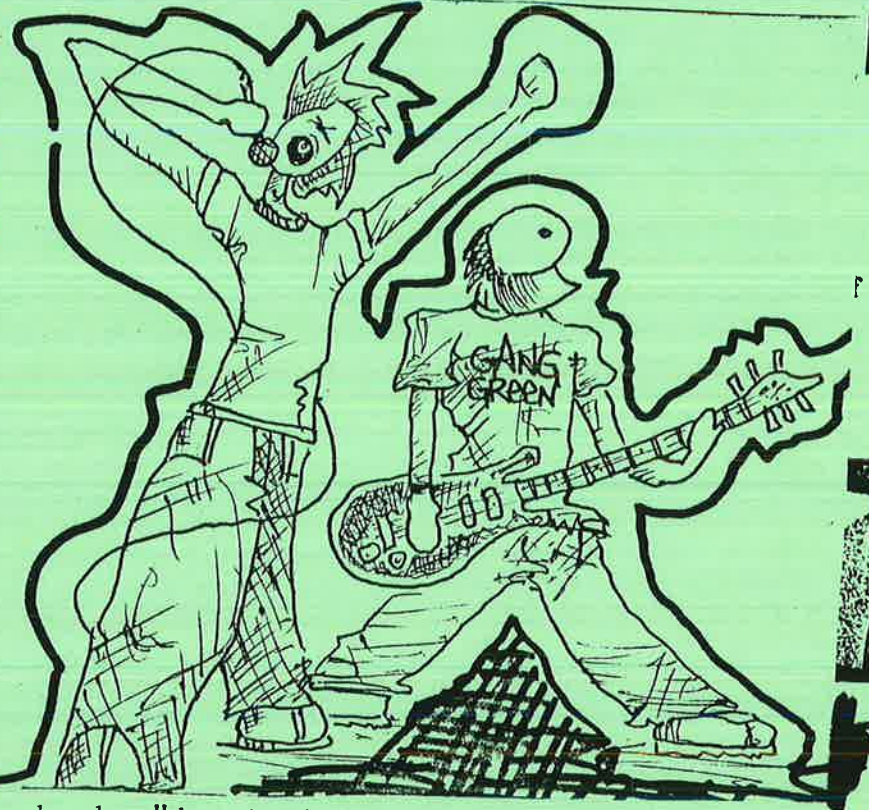
Such a sick twist I put into effect without even thinking about it. That's what pisses me off, is that I have to be constantly on my toes, otherwise I, myself, will slip in + cut my own throat. That's what still soars me, that even when life is good, or better than it was heading towards being, when my needs are met, I am wanted + needed, I am cherished + looked after, that I'm not crumpled in a corner screaming, that still.. I am drawn to this inner desire, or urge, to just fuck it off.

And that sucks when you love people + know you have it in you to hurt them badly, just because you got problems that have been around as long as you can recall, + most of the time you don't even remember are there. That's when I begin to feel like this type of predator just waiting to feed on the prey closest to me. I hate it.

In the first initial months of the depression revisitation that was considered a "symptom" of a psyche faced with the realization of having a

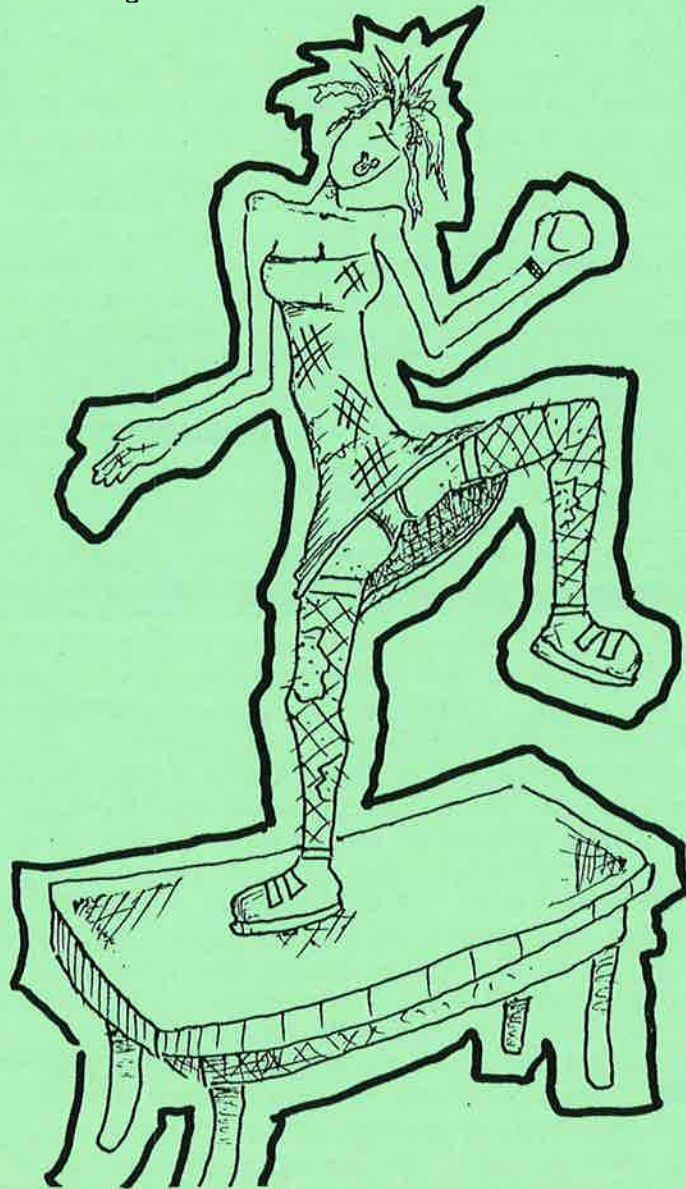
front of me. One of her eyes was black + she looked beat up. She made a face that communicated disgust quite well + dashed out of the room. "Nice gurl huh?" said Demarra to me. I nodded + felt kinda human again. I smiled + asked, "You give her that shiner?" She shoved me + kicked my shin. "No, but you want one?" She was a tiny thing of a gurl, but she was a meanie + everyone knew it. She could box like a street thug + had the heart of a circle pit at a basement FAST TIMES show. I laughed + asked what the gurl's name was. "Oh, well.. that's Molly from Hollywood."

Kelly had thrown VICE SQUAD under the needle + Ethan had rolled a bunch of fat joints. I was sitting on the coffee table talking with Pat about the backyard show his band JARHEAD had played a few months before. "Yeah bro, it sucked man cuz hardly no one even



fucn showed up," he grieved while taking three huge puffs on the severely resinated joint. He handed it to me. I said, "Fuck man I barely remember shit of that night but drinking 100 proof + fucn cough syrup! You fools were a blur but damn you had that Boston sound down! Fucn GANG GREEN Jr..."..we laughed. My mind was stuck on something other than that fuzzy night though..it was all wrapped up in Molly. It was like one of those instant crushes, but I didn't crush like a normal human being..i fucn obsessed instantaneously.

just stood there till the song ended, staring at her mock of all things groove. No music now but she didn't stop + it reminded me of some drug crazed blitzed out gurl hippy from a CHEECH + CHONG movie gone punk + starving.



Ethan nudged me out of my trance + said, "Whoa dude, snap out of it fool..." + went to the couch to drink. I looked around the living room where about 10 people were "partying", which consisted of looking bored + guzzling beer. I recognized everyone but the gurl in the green generics. Kelly was at the turn table + I noticed shy Amber

BURN THE TEMPARY BODY TO ASHES
WITH ANTIHUMAN RE...

chronic disease (Depression is actually quite high on the list of symptoms for HCV + related liver illnesses..), I really just dove into the deep end quickly. I called my boy friend Richard up, all the way in Rhode Island on the other end of the nation, + came unglued + raged about how fucked up of a human I was, how it was all hopeless, that no matter what I did I couldn't escape the death sentence of my past. That no matter how I tried to paint it, I would always just amount to a fuck convict violent criminal infected from mainlining drugs that I gave up my life + freedom for, just some miniscule + tortured junky. That I was useless, + no good + totally not worth anyone's energy or time.

I honestly was believing that he, + my lover of a lifetime Spooky, the gurl who had made me believe in love again + who I had planned such an elaborate + intricate future with (once sprung from the halls of cells + razor wire..), would be better off without me. That they had made mistakes in allowing themselves to take such a chance with that old stickler FADE + fall in love with something like me.

And through this I caused more pain. I penned Spooky + simply said, "You'll never hear from me again." Like that would be sufficient. Just as cold + bitter as I had once found every day to be to me.

Through a few months of tears + stupidity found in a plastic cup full of imate-manufactured alcohol (yeah, take that liver..what a loser..), I let the depression have me. I just was gonna let it all go, drop my hands from the wheel, + let my life careen off the edge, if in fact that's where it would end regardless of which rode I decided to take.

And the sickness broke me apart so easily. I lay on my bed in the cell listening to a HOPELESS RECORDS sampler, + the lyrics to this fuck gummy bear cotton candy sweet pop punk song began to dig through the noise of apathy clogging my ears. It was THE MARIES, + the words were of one of those sad break up songs..+ I missed her so bad, my Spooky, who was so far away, + who I had so cruelly just hacked up with out remorse, just to PUNISH MYSELF. Yeah, I got severely emo, + I cried like I had just left a fuck funeral. And it sorta was a funeral, one for my mental + emotional health. I realized then how far out my wreckage inside had taken me away from who I was. How utterly fucked up I could become, to myself + those I loved. And I decided that I'd rather be one of those guys with blind faith in something worth fighting for who gets cut down in a pursuit of something amazing, than one of the used + self-corroded dudes that shrivel up cuz the thought of existing is too heavy.

But where the fuck could I start? I took the easy rode I tell ya... I put a request in to see a fuck psych. fuck man, talk about full fuck circle, right?

to the... how do you think... as an...
full...
... ..

The pit of it all was my life of incarceration + the struggle against institutionalization in my behavior, + the pendulum swinging down towards me was disease, unease, despair, + a decent into old patterns of disregard. I spilled out my life into the open air swimming between her face + my own. I told her of my hopes, of my fears, of the years behind me, + of years that I yearned for ahead. I told her of Spooky, the one who had brought life back to me in ways she would never understand, seeing something in this fuck prison boy that no one had ever seen in me before, who had made me feel valued + relevant in the big giant world where I had been invisible + inconsequential for so long. I told her of my daughter, who I really didn't know, who I didn't want to let down more than I already had, who I wouldn't see until I parole, when she would be nearly a full grown woman + I would be trying to dust away the grime of a 14 year prison sentence. I told her of my Richard, my truest boy love ever, who gave me creation + the ability to make magick + dream bigger. I told her of the drugs that had caged me, the ways I had overthrown them, the years of fraudulent nazism in prison white gangs + on the street with skinhead street thugs. And I told her of the childhood, the institutions, the diagnosis, the professional conclusions.

She listened like no other psych had that I had ever met. She was mid 40's I think, over weight when held next to societies ridiculous standards, but beautiful in voluptuousness. Her name was long + strange, very foreign, + her heredity was mixed between some Asian relatives + possibly American Indian. Her hair was long + flowing, black, with streaks of grey at the brow, which reminded me of the Eternal Polgara, the powerful + beloved sorceress in David Eddings' books. She exuded this very enticing feeling of ~~_____~~ sincere caring, like an All Mother, her eyes were full of compassion + understanding, her face soft with love + soothing wisdom. She heard me.

I talked with her many times for about three weeks. She kept bringing me in, even though she had to cancel appointment with other inmates who were on her case load, just to dig deeper into my unravelling, just to try to make sense of things for me. She made me feel very welcome always + never once made me feel inferior.

Through sessions with her I really had a chance to think things out in voicing my thoughts. The compulsive obsessiveness I had been so used to, but had never noticed really, became evident to both of us, + it was clear that the depression always came from the pattern of obsessing on matters so compulsively that I bog myself down in negativity + defeatism.

She wanted to medicate me, not drastically, but just with a dose of anti-depressant, to see if it would help me get a grip once more. She called it an "adjustment disorder" that I was floundering in. So, with a

— It turned out Kelly wanted someone to buy her some alcohol, + someone to make out with. On the way over Ethan + I decided all of the night's events would permanently be sealed in the vault. "Let's just get crazy tonight bro, whatever's clever ya know?" I said, high on weed + banging my spikes to DIS-gods. ~~_____~~

— Kelly was all over me quickly, smelling like a brewery. Amber was Ethan's age, like almost 17, + a runaway. She looked shy but drunk + wore an emo sweater (when no one wore them as fashionable except the grunge kids cuz emo wasn't on MTV when I was barely 18). They climbed in the back + we sped off to the liquor store. The clerk always sold me 40's + porn, we had it like that in them days.

— Smoking joints + driving drunk we pushed off to the "punk rock party of the year", as Kelly was sloppily referring to our destination, only to find a dark house with no cars in sight.

— The lawn was over grown + the porch was dark. Kelly knocked hard while Ethan + I held 40's like burping babies. It was one of my favorite PISTOL's songs, PRETTY VACANT blaring from the inside. The door opened + I drank the scene down like I would a tall cold glass of Ovalteen..it was delicious as fuck. ~~_____~~

— It was Demarra who let us in, her long thick dreads were purple now, I hadn't seen her since the last show at Del Sur Garden's. That was the night Rhythm Collision + Stalag 13 played with our friends FED UP! + a bunch of nazis I got high with got beat up for yelling

"white power!!" in the pit when someone played MINOR THREAT. I gave her a 40 then a hug, but my eyes were focused on the gurl dancing on the coffee table. ~~_____~~

— She was trashy. Her hair was self-cut no lengths matching + splotches of green were swimming in blond + pink. She was skinny, thinner than me, to an obsessed looking brittleness. Her legs were prickly + had bruises like she had spent the week end on a skate board trying to do Christ Airs off of 4" curbs + falling alot. The bruised shins + upper legs were decorated in mutilated fishnets + the street chic ensemble was complete with a strapless micro-mini red plaid dress that rode up riskily high on her superlong thrashed legs. She danced to Johnny's belches jerkily, with a strange sort of anti-rhythm, her green velcro Pro-Wings kicking up off the table, high enough I noticed she had on pink panties. ~~_____~~

— I stood dumbstruck. It was like I had just been delivered to the place I had always searched for. It sounds ridiculous now, but I was high, young + the dancing gurl was the sickest looking female I had ever seen + she exuded a triumphant glee in her savage existence on this fucked ass earth. I wanted to jump up onto the table + act out a perversion of a FLASHDANCE scene with that gurl, but I

us alone + we were fucking with vicious passion. We hadn't talked in months. I had shown up in the dead of night, high + needing off the streets, her lush Mom, drunk + half-dressed, let me in + we shared a few shots + some conversation while Kelly slept. Somehow we ended up naked + sprawled all over the couch in drunken slumber when Kelly came out to find some breakfast. I got woke up with one of her little fists desperately trying to punch one of my eye balls back into my skull. We hadn't spoke since I stumbled out of her apartment complex that chilly morning, a hangover making me dense + her venomous high-pitched voice chasing after me, calling me very colorful terms, all of which I had been called many times in life. I was a rat bastard I guess.



The THC in me made me laugh at her plea for a ride. I mentioned I missed her calling me names + promised I'd be on my worst behavior for her + her friends. "OK, get yer ass over here then, we'll be waiting outside..+ its cold," she hung up. I looked at Ethan's stupified face, leering at the TV. "Let's go to a party!" I said, grabbing the weed, my keys + my DISCHARGE tape.

a little apprehension, + even a bit of shame (I had always rallied against + ranted about how psycho-medication was really only a form of personality manipulation of the sorry state of SOCIAL SUPERIORITY, + how their drugs only robbed you of YOU!) at the fact I was now ready to go head butting with my own "ethics" considering psych meds, I agreed to 20 miligram doses of PROZAC, the fun wonderdrug, every morning after breakfast.

I read a column in MAXIMMAGAZINE only a few days later that kinda had me trippin, about how statistics showed that PROZAC actually heightened suicides in severely depressed patients, + some other disturbing things. But within a week of my personal treason, the chemicals began to align or smething, + I began to calm down. Maybe it was fun placebo. I don't know, but rational thought came pouring back in, the dark depression that had held me was falling away, + my compulsion to obsess on all the things that were wrong with MY LIFE, dissolved.

Now what.....

ZOMBIES + POSERS.....

I'm chilling in the pill line one morning. Always a fun strange experience to go through in the morning just after eating some fun slop ass state breakfast puke on a tray. The pill line is the congregation spot for pretty much the lowest common denominator of the prison population. You got the weirdos out in full fun force. Its their motherfuckin territory, I tell ya, it took me awhile to get used to standing there for 20 minutes to get my rat ass PROZAC magick pill.

The characters act out, way out of line shit going on. There's just truly disturbed folks zombied out, slouched back, shuffling towards the small little window in the big concrete wall where the MIA lady is gonna slip them their handfull of pills just so they can fun exist through another day of hell being them. Its a sad parade. And I found myself smack in the fun middle of it. How gross. Fuck, how the fuck did I get to this?

I pretty much was just the silent dude with the funny hair + all the fun tattoos leaning against the rail, eyes hidden behind dark ass sunglasses humming some barely audible tune under my breath, trying to build a fun bubble around me unpenetrated by the negativity bursting like napalm bombs all about me. Some days it worked. Other days I found myself entertaining pretty insipid thoughts about how much certain loud mouthed sum bags telling crass homophobic jokes or leering like slobbering reptiles in my close proximity

needed to be introduced to the only back of my tattooed punk rock fists. And I hate feeling violent, its so regressive. But for the rest of my life, the past that I've lived, the madness I've been through, + the rage dwelling in my gut, will forever be this violent nest of larvae just waiting to burst out + make me hurt something. But, I keep a lid on my anger, try to hear Pig Champion's guitar riffs in my head or think about how I can't wait to get back to the haven of my cell where I can throw on "THE FIRST FOUR YEARS" + just gestate on Chavo's spittle fly vocals. Yeah, singing about a six pack while my liver dies slowly inside me. If only I could drink a motherfucking beer. I never should again. But I probably will. Who knows.

So, one morning I'm just waiting in that gawd awful line, like a peice of a string of jittery insects, + this dude walks up a few feet behind me to join the legion of zombies. I look back + realize I had wanted to talk to the guy when I spotted him across the yard a few days earlier. He was new, + usually I don't pay attention to new faces, not like I'm trying to be the popular guy with all the "cool" friends in this bottom-feeder joint. But this dude I was fucn interested in first time my eyes laid on him. It was the big bold fucn BLACK FLAG bars boldly exclaiming his love for punk on his neck.

"What's up man, you punk rock?" I ask. He fixes his sorta sad but disgusted at the world eyes on me + says hell yeah. The wait in the line that day wasn't bad. We got deep into convo over our lil' stories, where we were from, what bands we dug, the whole run down prattle. He was one of the original SICK BOYS from Orange County. Had lot's of cool reminiscent look backs at shows from back in the day of the golden years. He told me to call him VAMPIRE. I liked the fuck out of him instantly. Another good fucn in-the-know punk I could spend some of this pointless fucn non-stop time with, + comiserate over the joys of hardcore music + the ills of the shit hole world. Its a rare gift up in this goat's butthole of a place.

Me + Vamp started hanging pretty much everyday. He had this funny thing of making up punk rock songs on the spot, my favorite one being "NEO-NASCAR RED NECK PARTY", which is just hilareous. I shot him over a pile of zines to check out, a few being early issues of Wiener Society. I wanted him to know my whole trip, + see how I was doing something positive, + staying in connection with the scene as much as I could. The next morning in the pill line he told me, "Just to let you know, I don't trip on that pickle puffer shit, I ain't no fucn homphobe." Classic dude man. Punk rock strikes again.

One day we were just shootin the shit + HEP C came up somehow. I told him I had it. And that a whole lot of motherfuckers did. It was everywhere. I knew he had a big past of being in the needle, so I asked him if he had it too. He said one of the funniest fucn things to me then, + it still makes me laugh, in that MENICRS songs are funny sort of way, everytime I think of it.

Molly, Pistols + Shaved Genitals.....

It was supposed to be a "party", but when we pulled up outside the house looked deserted. It was old, two-stories, dark + the neighborhood that spread out was quiet + kinda classy. I figured the night would end up being spent smoking out in my car up on a hill somewhere out of the way + maybe, hopefully, some form of oral sex.

"Looks like a killer party," scoffed Ethan from the passenger seat. We were both pretty stoned + his comment made us burst into teary laughter. I got slapped from the backseat by a small black-nailed hand.

"Fucn assholes! Fine, just leave us here + go home to finish watching whatever brainless TV show that stimulates your retarded smoked-out infantile brains," Kelly said, while trying to open my door, simotaneously pushing my seat forward squishing me into the steering wheel. My infantile brain stimulated my smoked-out self to laugh harder.

"OK, calm down, we'll all go in..place looks kinda creepy, might be fun.." I say + we pour out of the tiny car with a back-window nearly choked out with hardcore stickers, into the street. That's when I heard the music coming from the dark house...it was the SEX PISTOLS.

Ethan + I had been sitting on my couch gorging on huge bowls of Lucky Charms watching KIDS IN THE HALL + smoking huge joints in my living room when Kelly called. This was not a normal activity in my house, but a special situation..my family was on vacation + I was house sitting. When they pulled away + headed North, to the mountains + Oregon, I dialed up Ethan, a buddy from way back when from the true skater years, + told him to bring a sack over. The vacation would last a few weeks, plenty of time to wreck the place + put it back together..a few times. We planned to thrash the big picture with a complete beating + smoking out in the living room only a few feet from my Mom's well read Bible was just the beginning. We did destroy in the spirit of mass destruction, but that is another story....

This one began with Kelly's phone call, begging me to drive her + her friend Amber to "a big fucn party goin on tonight over at Molly's house". I didn't know Molly + almost didn't go cause I did know Kelly. We had a strange history going back to high school. Basically we hated eachother, treated eachother really bad..but get

in this bitch ass fun prison system, got so fuckin lucky. I'll tell you, I got shined on when my life got blessed with Spooky + with Richard. There's just no other explanations. When I had slobbered verbally all over Spooky's boots in letter form + over a [redacted] phone call, in total regret + sincere apology over my inhuman capacity for being a fun basketcase, she somehow managed to not rip me a new asshole, + shower me with so much love + constructive scolding, that I was beaming with



so much heart swelling pride at just knowing such a gurl, let alone having her as a life partner. Sometimes things work out in the queerest ways. She told me.. "I don't care about your fucking manic depressive shit, or about your fun hepatitis, I still want to fuck you all the time.. stop being so fun melodramatic gawdam it, + just let me love you.." ...Damn, ever felt just totally stupid? Yeah, its a pretty good feeling to get when you really think about it, cuz its fun got RELIEF as an aftertaste.

And Richard he stayed fun gung-to the whole time. He just kept telling me that it was all gonna work out, that I was going to be healthy, + happy + OK, + that he was always going to be there. He was like this unbending tree that waved above me as I rotted into the mulch beneath.

Both of them helped me so much, + in my daily life of NOW, just another punk ass ex-junky with an emotional hair-trigger disorder on purple PROZAC pills hating these fun prison walls, dying somewhere deep in my scarred up liver, listening to BLACK FLAG + SOURVEIN on a fun little boombox sitting on a steel desk in the back of my dampish hot prison cell + writing these stories of babbling madness out of a form of therapy.. SPOOKY + RICHARD... they save the fun day.

NO MATTER I TRAVEL I WILL NEVER KNOW JAIL... I WILL NEVER KNOW MANY THINGS I FEEL TOO... SHELTERED? 50 YEB, YOU HAVE 50 MUCH VOICE... JULIAN ROYCE/SOUTHERN BOWL QUEER + TOTAL HOTTIE "OUR COLLABORATIVE LOVE ENERGY WILL WEAK HAVOC WHEREVER WE GO... PLANT SEEDS OF JOY + INSPIRATION - REP/FANORAMA ZINE + MY BOY

YOU'RE A DUMB FAG, TELL MIRR TO PRINT THAT!" - ERICA/MY DAUGHTER'S MOM

"UNOPPOLOGICALLY QUEER + PUNK AS FUCK..." - MIKE THORN/MRR 2330

"YES, I AM NOW A HUGE FAN." - ANGELA/AGITPROP/RECORDS + QUEEN MUSIC TASTE

"TOO MUCH QUEER SHIT, STOP MAKING YOURSELF FOUND 50 GAY." - STUART/UNRULY KID, NEEDS SPANK

"YOUR COLUMN IN MRR MADE PRISON SOUND REALER THAN THE MOVIES... DO YOU LIKE THE DISTILLERS?" - AIMBE/50 CAL GURL, HOT TOPIC CONSUMER

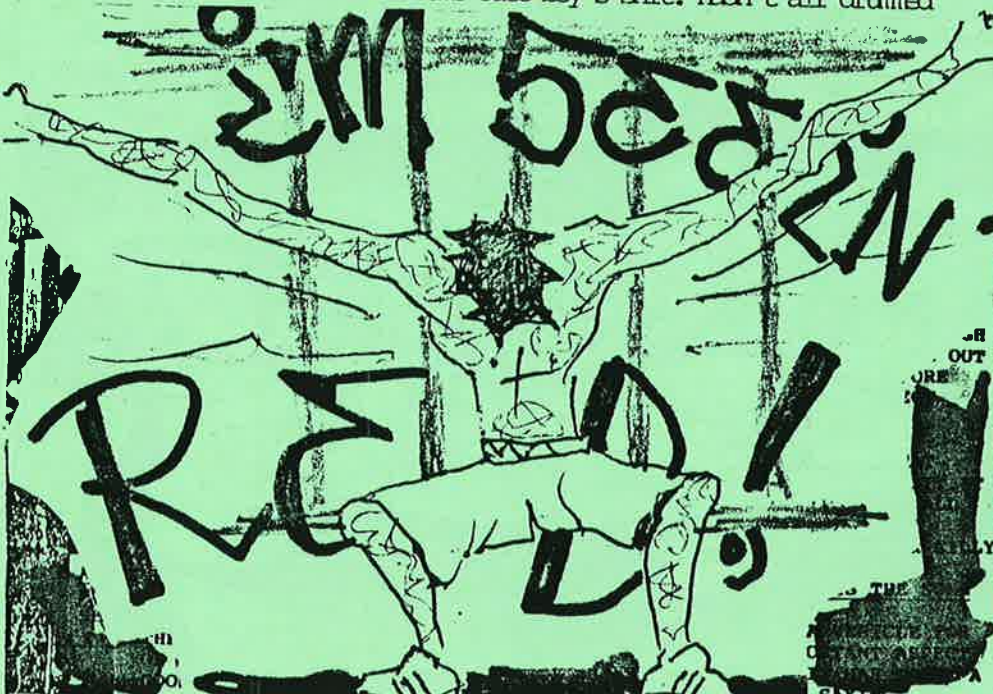
"I DONIT EVEN KNOW YOU + I WAS IN SUCH DISMAY TO LEARN OF YOUR HEPATITUS C." - VEN SMITH/DC KID + YEAH, HEIS 50X

P.S. THANKS FOR CARING! NEIL

recognizable urges to inflict mayhem. My life was tilted, my mind one of the jilted.

It became as much of me as my cluster of tattoos or my longing for freedom. But sickness comes in many forms, + that waiting cell was the edge before the big plung into FUN SICK.

I knew there was something REAL wrong with me, but I thought maybe I was psychologically fuckin shorting my molecules out, maybe I was fuckin "hard-timing", where I give in to the stress + shock of doing years in prison + start losing it to numbness. I hadn't bounced off a wall in months. I hadn't slept well in longer. My dreams were riddled with no-fun guilt-inducer nightmares. I had lost positive mobility. I didn't want to write. Didn't want to read. Didn't want to fuck eat. Didn't want to jack off or even hit some cute boy's shit. Hadn't air drummed

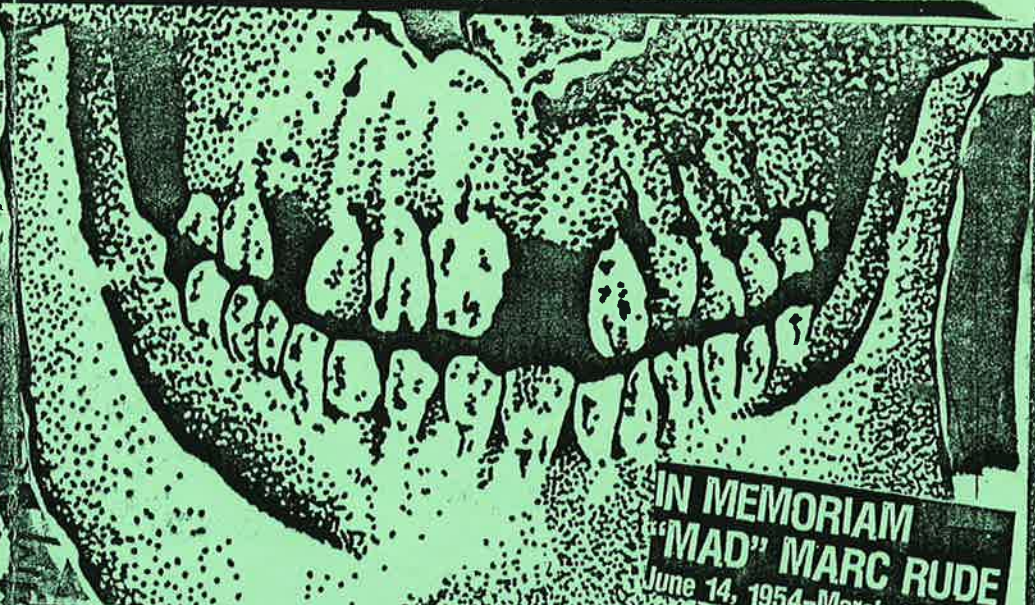


to MINOR THREAT for as long as I could remember, or hollered along with DEVON on my boombox to "I.B.U. I.T.C.". I had adopted the displeasure with life that spawned the whole grunge rock thing. I felt like I had been handfulling habituates + they just made my stomach ache. I wasn't normal.

I had noticed these behaviors emerging in my daily patterns. I ignored them at first, not really thinking it was anything. But as the months flew by me my body grew heavy. I grew lathargic, like the DAVAD ep. I thought maybe it was my diet, or maybe just sadness. Why should I be sad, I had poly-amorous lovers who gave me hope in my future, I had a worldwide network of friends, I had creation in my fingers, I had words that told of my struggle to build anew. I was off,

Clevis "Horseplay Leads To Tragedy"

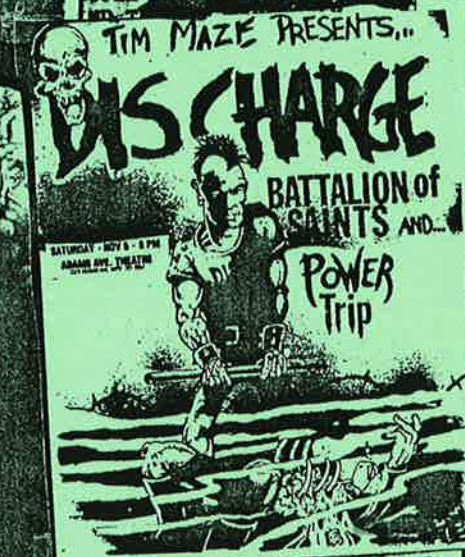
Looking to check out Mr. Rude's music...



IN MEMORIAM
"MAD" MARC RUDE
June 14, 1954-March 14, 2002



RUDE
ON A SMALL SCALE, BUT
THEY WERE DESTROYED
BY THE PEOPLE



Punk rockers everywhere lost one of their own last March when "Mad" Marc Rude passed away

MARC HOFFMAN—better known in the punk rock and underground art circles as "Mad Marc Rude"—was one tough son-of-a-bitch and a damn fine artist who left this earthly world on March 14, 2002. Covered in tattoos and with a voice that made Tom Waits sound like a soprano, Rude did the LP cover artwork for the seminal cow-punk album classic *Tex & the Horseheads*, the Battalion of Saints' *Second Coming*, Misfits' *Earth A.D.*, and The Offspring's first album, as well as work for the Little Kings, the Screamin' Sirens, the Ringling Sisters, Elvis Hitler, and, more recently, the Ohio oi band GC5.

Additionally, many of Rude's fliers were included in the book *Fucked Up and Photocopied: The Instant Art of the Punk Rock Movement*, and his drawings illustrated Dwarves' frontman Blag Dahlia's first novel, the outer-space detective story *Armed to the Teeth with Lipstick*. Moving easily within various media, Rude also designed skateboard decks (his first design for Tony Alva sold more than 1,000 its first month out) and became a tattoo artist in his later years.

With a signature pen-and-ink stippling style that would have caused lesser artists to go blind, his labor-intensive work was influenced by Virgil Finlay and Edward Gorey; his influence also may be seen in work by younger artists such as Pushead. Rude showed his work at La Luz de Jesus and at the Zero One, among other galleries.

Music and art were the salvation of this self-taught artist, who was known as much for his proficiency with his fists as with an ink pen; Marc often said that if he didn't become an artist, he would have likely wound up a serial killer, and those who knew him didn't doubt that statement. Though he's gone, friends can almost hear the outspoken artist kvetching, "Look what I had to go to get into *Juxtapoz!*"

Underneath a tuff-as-nails exterior could be found, however, a loyal and surprisingly gentle, albeit troubled, soul. Rude not only illustrated the punk rock movement, he lived it every day, and he loved music practically above all. At various times, he worked as a club booker, bouncer, band manager, and bartender, probably most notably at the old Zero One after-hours club/gallery.

Marc often said that if he didn't become an artist, he would have likely wound up a serial killer.

MEANS DOING FOR MYSELF AND HELPING OTHERS OUT WHEN I CAN. IT MEANS TREATING OWNERS WITH RESPECT AND DIGNITY AND PROPAGATING MY ANARCHIST BELIEFS.

NEVER BE A PONEGUS ASSHOLE OR ATTEMPT TO TAKE THE WORLD THROUGH THE MASTER.

HOW DO YOU PROMOTE IT? GET INVOLVED WHERE'S THE

REASONS: PRISON IS A TERRIBLE EXAMPLE OF THE STATE. REVOLUTIONARY MUST ATTACK THE SYSTEMS OF PRISON.



TO ACKNOWLEDGE ALL KHALI POLITICAL PRISONERS OF WAR. PRISONER WHO BEHAVED. OMAR WALE ASHANTI. SHAME ON PEOPLE DOWN IN TEXAS WHO DON'T UNDERSTAND WRITING BOTH OF THEM. A WHO EDUCATES HIS NEIGHBORHOOD WHO WRITES ESSAYS AND LOSS AND THE P R M C

SCRE



SEND ME DEAD FLOWERS EVERY DAY AND I WON'T FORGET TO ROT



My whole damn life I've been too hyper for my own good, full of idle destructive energy, firing on all spark plugs, + impulsive as I was unaccountable. Flickering with chemical reactions, I spazzed out for days on end, only to crash into brutal depression fits that clung to my body like the soars clung to my wrists. I was a posterboy for the manic depressive suicidal youth lost cause, amped up on go-no-where-rebellion, pissed off, junked-up, going down quick, full speed ahead, laughing with grief, jarred with each collision I drove into with no concern. Life was a joke that was lost on all but me, + it made me cry with hysterics, while I slammed the pedal down for more juice to ignite the rewed engine wreck.



This was a taint I guess, a sickness of myself, a disease of structure, my grid was lugged with glitches + there was a name for it I heard over + over again in the nasal voices of high-brow "experts" using my existence as a specimen to poke at for a pay check. Behavior disorder. Adjustment disorder. Nervous disorder. Emotional disorder. Manic. Bi-polar. Obsessive. Compulsive. Different. WRONG. I've always felt of an un-normal paradigm, always set apart, not of the "good one's", but of the disfigured, ostracised, outcast. I always felt sick in some form, emotionally, academically, socially, mentally. No self esteem, no fuck dignity, full of addictions + unrec-

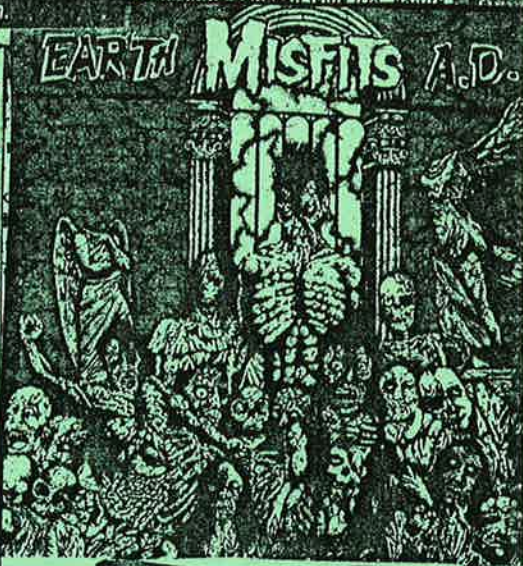
I squinted + watched a raven lazily fly about above the gun tower. We followed the circular path, a road that lead nowhere like that Ozzy song, in the slow cadence of the nonchalant cool convict, who knows going anywhere fast behind these walls is only like that saying, "hurry up + wait". We count our time in years, not hours or seconds. It takes a few years to get used to, then its second nature. There's no hurry, kill time like teenage time killers. You can always distinguish the dude that just paroled next to the average socialite with their schedules + fast food mentalities, the parolee is slow like a SEVEN FOOT SPLEEN weed-head jam session, kinda like heroin dazed doomrock kids in slow-mo. And we drag our feet.

At the clinic on the other end of the circle track we were herded into a waiting cell + locked in behind a door with chicken-wire anti-shatter window panes, like dying puppies in a contamination chamber, eyes sad with parvo, the MED TECHS looked at us. Blue clad nobodies, bottom of the barrel, socially inferior, the plague of the DEMOCRATIC UTOPIA ORDER, those who broke sacred laws, + therefore would pay, with had medical treatment as one punishment. We the fun organisms, the prison a systematic matrix of germicide. The human ROUND UP chemical.

It got hot in that crowded cell, too many sick dudes smooched into benches against dingy non-white walls posted with bi-lingual announcements about the medical rights of prisoners + a poster that informs the hypochondriac that AIDS KILLS. A few dudes were coughing up lung hutter. I felt pretty fun horrid myself. An older cat was muttering to himself while raking his flakey skin with beat-up nails. I began to chew mine in discomfort.

Being jammed into a small space, flooded with sickly green florescent light, thigh to thigh with guys I don't know always makes me feel fun claustrophobic + jittery. I get sweaty, my feet start tapping double-bass tempos, + I bite my nails. I didn't know why I was at the clinic anyway. Follow-ups to check-ups usually never happened without a submitted request, + I had just been in that wait-tank 3 weeks before. I had my blood drawn into those big test tubes for lab use. I was all convinced in my life as a boy-fucking, dick-sucking, drug-shooting, street living, snelly gurl licking, Hollywood + Vine hooking bun thug I had contaminated my future happiness with the very real possibility I had AIDS. Turns out I didn't though. They had told me I was "non-reactive" for HIV only days before, + though I still felt less-than-explosive, I knew I was not sick with "that shit", as we call it in here. So, I felt kinda stressed that day for being there unaware of why, + relieved that I had got out into fresh air, even if for only a short walk. You gotta take the good with the bad, take it as it comes, cuz it don't always come so good.

To read more memories of Marc, please visit the Loyal Order of the Water Buffalo's website at www.loyalorderofthewaterbuffalo.com.



Rude battled Hepatitis C, diabetes, and a heroin/methadone addiction in his last few years. The triple threat would eventually prove deadly, but just to show how tough this son of a Bronx cop was, doctors were said to be amazed when he walked into the emergency room with virtually no liver or lung capacity and said "he wasn't feeling well." Born in New York, Rude lived in San Diego before moving to Los Angeles in the '80s and then returning to New York in the late '90s. He spent his last four years living in Las Vegas.

At his memorial service on March 24 at the Shamrock Social Club (longtime friend Mark Mahoney's tattoo parlor on Sunset Boulevard), friends recounted their memories of Marc, and wife Lyn Todd read a letter that Marc dictated from his hospital bed. The event was organized by writer Iris Berry. Marc's longtime companion from his punk rock days. Among the many guests in attendance were Robert and Suzanne Williams; Tequila Mockingbird; Norwood Fisher of Fishbone; DeDe Troit; Pleasant Gehman; Mackie Osbourne; Michelle Carr; Gary Mann; Andres "Pegleg" Boutillier; Patti Lagana; and members of the Loyal Order of the Water Buffalo Lodge. Stevo, former Vandals front-man, made a long-distance condolence telephone call from Hawaii. Marc was a member in good standing of the Loyal Order of the Water Buffalo Lodge. He is survived by his son, Loran, his wife of 5 years, Lyn Todd, and a legion of punk rock comrades. May he rest in peace.





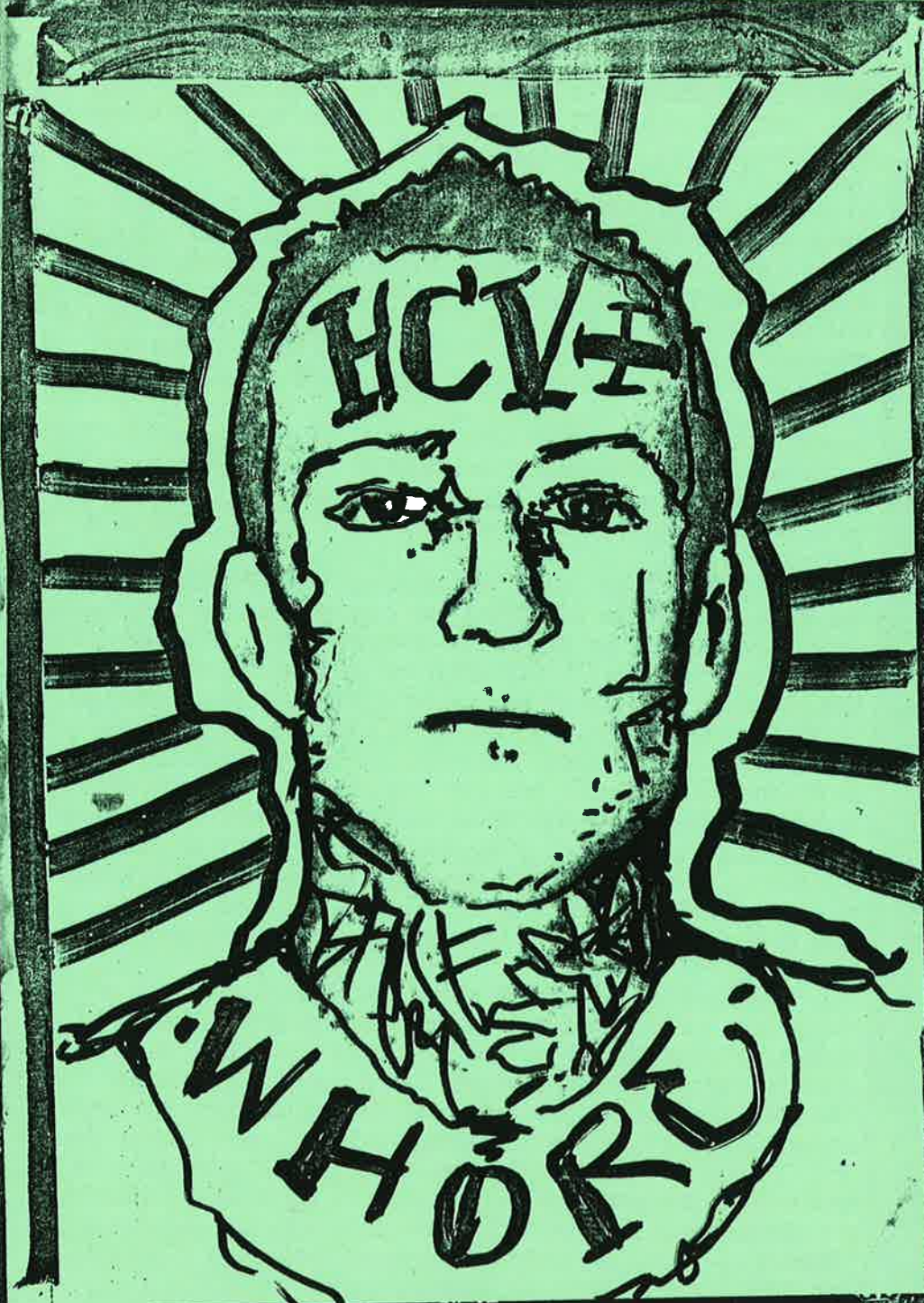
disorder

The prison yard was on lockdown, just one of those things as a convict you get used to. Get fuck comfortable + mellow out, cuz that cell will become your whole world for as many days as it takes for the Administration to decide they are sick of delivering food trays + med pills cell door to cell door. Its funny, everytime we get slammed down it seems like the weather outside I peek at through the back window slot gets drenched in beauty, + I'm breathing recycled air blowing from a vent dull grey with the sound of last gasps. On lockdowns I ride my bed rack under a sheet, overloading on book pages + headphone rock-outs. Its just too tiny a space to clog the cell floor with traffic. I stay in bed.

I heard my name garbled over the building loud speaker in a string of names + cell numbers. Paged to the clinic. My cellie at the time, Pory of Gutterdm, looked up from his METAL MANTACS mag as I got dressed, I saw a twinkle in his eye. We had been trapped in that box for days with no privacy. I knew he was going to play with himself numerous times while I was out..shit, I would. I told him if he wanted to sniff my dirty boxers they were in my laundry bag under the beds. He flipped me off + put on SLAYER. The door buzzed open + I eagerly stepped out. I wanted some sun in my eyes + some fresh air to unclog my lungs.



The cop with his black beater stick out lead the line of us out into the breeze. It was hot, June of '02, the grass on the field looked plush, the grey cell blocks wavy in the heat. Perfect fuck day to kick back on a concrete bench, soaking up Cali sunbeams, singing along to some MADBALL or UNCREED. Instead I'm getting escorted to some quack appointment.



day I...
ded to cross a line

year old man... I wish...
 for her at a...
 I guess sometimes that past crater that you left is just to fun
 deep to totally dig out of. Is it? I mean, does karma take into fun
 about sincere transformation? Does fate realize when one finds respect
 + gratitude? When a filthy human overthrows his own inner dominator?
 When a kid becomes a man with a bit of wisdom? When remorse sets in?
 W
 ALL: DANK
 Does it matter? It might not....
 go away
 day & realized she had been there all along
 part be injected with her... love

MANIGIFUCN?



DEPRESSIVE
SUICIDAL
KOUTHILOST
CAUTION!

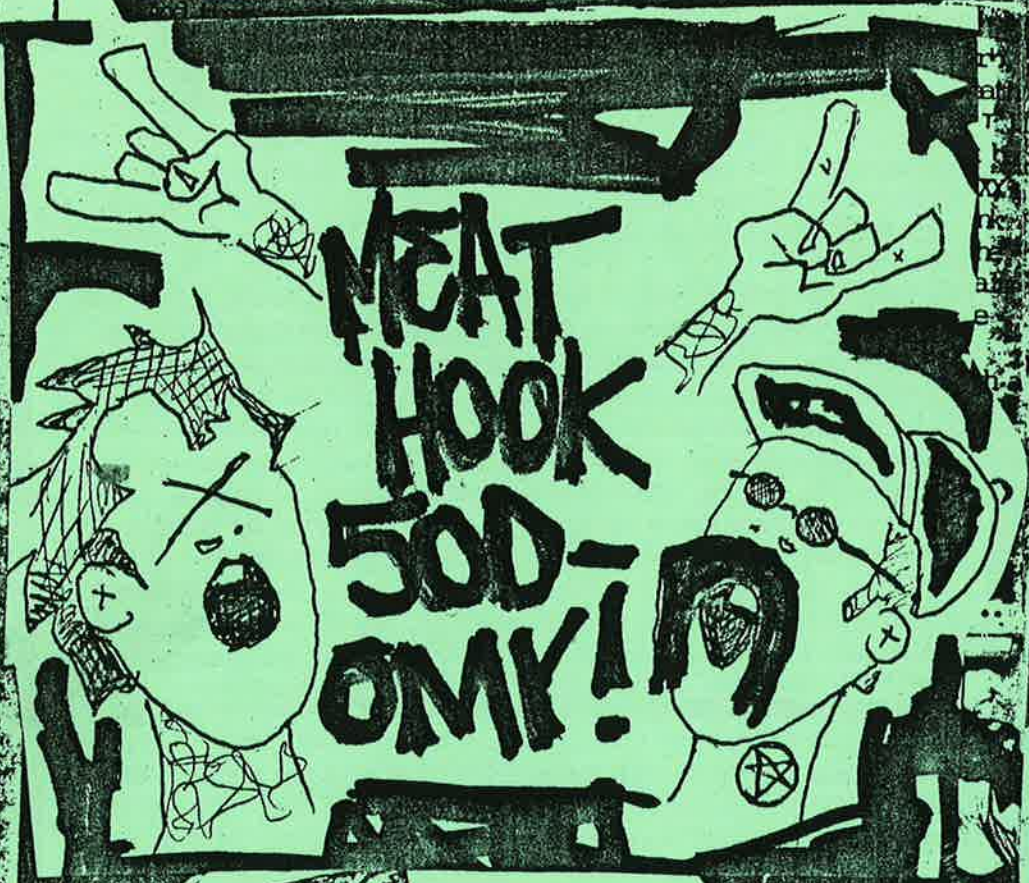
dick. That shit just don't add up. I don't fit in those fuck guidelines they pass off as truth, you know the whole BLANKET COATED ISSUES thing.

Anyway, Dirge found out something about himself, that people can change thier outlook, when they are faced with a real good reason that proves they should. Dirge + I became basically best friends, which is a steep statement to make about a "friendship" between two dudes in prison, those types of things rarely happen. Dirge + I became cellies actually, we inhabit THE THRASH CAVE 2.0 (the original THRASH CAVE went down in flames when Pony Gutterdeath, my old cellie, wanted to argue with me over putting on some punk rock..he was in favor of TWISTED SISIER.), + we don't give a fuck. I got mass respect for that motherfucker, he's made alot of growth as an individual + stepped away from the old reputation mentality that basically got him twisted up in prison politics so long ago. One things for sure, Dirge is my motherfuckin dog.

When Dirge + I met he was just going on INTERFERON therapy for his HEP C. Yup, another dude dying just like me. When his cycle began we were both working job assignments behind the wall. He walked up to the classroom I was in, knocked on the window to get my attention then pulled up his jeans to show me his upper thigh. He had only gotten the shot maybe an hour before, + there was a big ol nasty ass bruise on his leg. He looked like he had about a week old flu. He told me the shit was kickin his ass. Fuck that. He got pretty sick when the cycle first started, he said it was like having "cotton fever" which is something junkies get if a tiny piece of cotton they are using as a filter in thier spoon gets in the needle + then injected into the blood stream. Its no joke. Body temp plunges, hot + cold flashes, mass fever, teeth chattering, bones aching. Like full on deterioration.

That summer in my hovel of a cell I studied up on what it was I fuck had. I wasn't real fuck excited about going into INTERFERON therapy. At least through my fuck inner rot I was holding on to a few fuck personal ethics, like..can I find a more organic cure? Unfortunately "cure" is just out of the fucking question. But turns out Mother Earth indeed had some medicine for me..well, besides the weed I'd come up on every now + then for \$5 per fuck tiny joint out on the yard. The name of the wonder stuff is Milk Thistle. Basically, its extract from a wild thistle plant. Clinically its called fuck SYLIMARIN, + its a very healthy alternative to chemical therapy for the liver, + for HEP C in particular.

When the HEP C virus rushes into the liver what it does is it begins invading liver cells. Once through the outer membrane of the cell it slays the cell's life, then incubates. Next thing you know



He walked up on me one day on the yard + says, "Dude, I got to ask you something, man.." + I knew that someone had told him in that gossip queen prison yard drama bullshit that I was a big ol fag. I figured he woulda heard it first time someone saw him even talking to me. For some reason my name + the word FAGGOT seem to taste really good together in dudes mouths.

"Oh, someone let you know I'm a queer?" I ask. He looks at me with a crooked brow. Obviously he didn't see it. "Yup, I am bro. I hope that don't change nothin..honestly it shoulnd't, I mean its no big deal."

I found out that he used to be one of the guys on the mainlines that hunted for the fags so he could get em whacked. Straight fuck hate crimes + shit. But meeting me had shattered his resolve about the whole thing. He told me he just couldn't believe it. Once again stereo-type strikes again. I don't look like a queer, don't talk like a WILL + GRACE fag, I have tons of evil ass tattoos, so I can't like to suck

"I feel that what is true with all passions is what is true to the moment. Without that, you're not being honest with yourself."

—Paul from TRAGEDY.....

I feel like IN CONTROL, the persistence of positivity surmounting to the realizations of a life submerged in negativity. Not so much defeated, more like fatalistic. It sucks, just last year at this time I felt invincible. Now I'm wallowing in sickness. I was soaring in idealistic abandone, fighting my good fights, pressing forward with a steady step + a jutting baby smooth chin, daring my life to try to drag me any lower. Now I'm just sitting in the center of a haze erected by anger + self-disgust. I'm still in the very same prison cell, surrounded by the very same golden-hearts + back stabbers, missing the same soft lips on mine I did then, the same warm hands holding mine..but I'm full of disease, discontent, apocalyptic self-observations + fuck nightmare induced insomnia.

I can't appreciate the moment, the gift of breath I still have, the revelation of still existing against the odds, even if the odds have changed. It scares me to feel like this. It reminds me of all the bad choices I've made, the years of addiction + the related wreckage, the burnt bridges + broken hearts I left in my wake of rage + betrayal.



This is one of those times that I just hate my past so much I can taste blood in my mouth. Where I despise my stupidity + the damage I dealt my life when I was too young to care about how I would feel now..26, doing 16 years, + with a chronic disease, all because of them fuck needles. But, if I took it all back I wouldn't be the guy I am now..I wouldn't have fallen in love with the most beautifully pale gurl in the world through a fuck punk rock prisoner column..I wouldn't of stumbled upon the man of my dreams in the pages of CUTLASS..I would maybe be fuck dead..or in a psych ward somewhere in a fuck cold ass straight jacket bouncing off walls deciphering messages from Hades I hear in my head. Who knows. I do know that this prison term fuck saved my life, + that's sorta the sad fuck truth. I wasn't learning shit

out there in the dirty streets in the embrace of my ever beloved drug addictions. I was only tearing down any possibility at ever becoming any type of productive human organism. Any possibility of ever knowing, or giving, or touching, real love. Ensuring I would leave a daughter behind on this fuck blackened planet with a sad story about a Daddy she never knew..just like a million other kids.

Looking back tastes shitty. But not as shitty as it could I guess.

When I found out it was Hepatitis C I sorta panicked out. When I got back to my cell I fell into my bunk + just let my mind spin. I was pretty clueless about the disease. The old fuck doctor told me I could live + die by the actions I took NOW. Prevention was over, it was all fuck damage control from here.

I definately felt burned by my own fuck years of nihilism. It was that old joke rearing its head, laughing at all attempts I would make to DO SOMETHING with my life. For awhile I felt like it had all been fuck worthless. Why had I got clean off of the dope life? Why had I tried to build meaningful relationships with good + real people who didn't deserve to be tethered to a foul human like me, that no matter how I tried to obtain positive things would be tainted by the adolescent fuck ups I so whole heartedly loved? How could I find any form of psychological or emotional health if my own physiology was fuck teeming with viral infection + belching it out into my blood stream with every beat of my heart?



That's when I started noticing what the symptoms really were, + actually how bad they had gotten. I became ever greater of a reclusive cell slug. It was the summer, one of my favorite times of the year, + I was hovering in depression + weakness in a dark dusty cell, feeling sorry for myself. I emerged only a few times in all of those months. To go see the doctor + feed my own paranoia, + to go pick up a few CD orders..EXCLAIM + KRIGSHOT. Everytime I hear them kids I'll be reminded of that shit hole summer where I almost gave up.

The thing was, the sickness was real, but I'm sure I was feeding it with my total surrender to all things negative. Faith was something I had come to trust in the few years before while putting my life back together from the ground up with a cell as my headquarters. But now it eluded me..it was like all the no-self esteem + self-doubt I had thrived on when I was 16 had gotten a bit more wickid + came back with friends.

Richard my boyfriend, + Spooky my future wife really helped out, as much as they could from so far away. Long distance romances are always tough, add a poliamorous bi-sexual love triangle, a prison, + a separation of a whole nation, plus a boy like me that is prone to go into fits of depression + freak out sessions periodically on the best of days. So yeah, it became difficult. It still amazes me how fuck down for me they both were. My family stepped up too. My mom got real worried there for a minute, + even the mother of my kid seemed to care about my well-being once more, for a few seconds.

What was really strange was once I was aware of this disease it suddenly seemed to spring up all around me. All fuck kinds of dudes I knew here had it. My good friend Hot Water Ricky got diagnosed around the same time as me, but they told him his liver was already

so fuck off he might have liver cancer. About 6 months later his father, an old school convict doing hella time in a New Mexico joint, died suddenly of end stage liver disease. He hadn't even told anyone he was sick. Dudes left + right were telling me they had it when I'd bring it up in a conversation, or be waiting in line to get my blood drawn. The alarming number shock me. Its what you call a motherfuckin epidemic, a black plague sweeping through the bodies of the lowest common denominator of the American population..the prisoners. The convicted are dying off, yeah pretty slowly, but alot faster than we would if someone besides ourselves gave a fuck.

All Day Dirge showed up here straight out of years of treacherous shit out in the mainlines + SHU housings. This is where they come to hang up the guns, a drop out yard, where we end up for either having too many enemies, burning too many big name dudes, getting added to a WHACK LIST, being a victim of numerous violent attacks, or because you turned straight rat + decided to testify or somethin. Everyone's got a different story. If you've been with me from day one you know mine. I once was a fraud ass nazi skinhead. I got right with myself. For karmic reasons, + in the pursuit of truth. I'm here cause race traitors got nothin but big pieces of steel coming out there in the general population.

Dirge + I hit it off. We had a few things in common, mainly a chewing tobacco habit + a love for sick music in the forms of black-metal, old punk rock, 80's thrash, + goregrind. We both had CANNIBAL CORPSE on our cell locker shelf. We both dug the fuck out of COVEN'S "BONELESS CHRISTIAN". We both associated with the darker side of hu-

Back issues of WIENER SOCIETY always available!! Write FANORAMA SOCIETY PUBLISHERS for a list of zines we distro..if you're a prisoner zines are free or stamp donations, free worlders send 2\$-3\$, stamps or bomb ass trades! Also, will send zines for CD-Rs of your band or mix CDs of crust,grind or hardcore.

WS#1..the beginning of it all, introduction to my littered past, rant on homophobia, story of "her", fucked childhood memories...

WS#2..MRR Top 10, thick as fuck, interviews with SMUT, MILEMARKER, OPEN CLOSE MY EYES, + FALSE IDENTITY, skinhead history, x-mas in prison, prison boy homo love, tonz more..

WS#3/4..full-size double ish, interviews with ANTHONY ARSENAL, RIFF-RAFF, DECIMATION OF AUTHORITY, THOUGHT BOMBS zine + AS IT STANDS.. zine..more true prison stories, introduction to SPOOKY, DORKY-ASS ANTI-THRASH..

WS#5.."the think about it" ish, MRR Top 10, homo boy prison love affairs, dealing with homophobia, AIDS test, loving REB + more..

WS#6..full-size, huge, interviews with xLIMP-WRISTx, FANORAMA zine + BLOODHAG, queer hystory MEN OF THE PINK TRIANGLE, queer prisoner life, illogical love triangle, lots more..

Send me cool letters, pics of you + your record collections, flyers from a show, submissions for this zine or interviews/scene reports/band photos/hardcore columns/record reviews for my other zine OBSCENE EMISSION. Get involved in something.

WIENER SOCIETY, 109 ARNOLD AVE., CRANSTON, RI 02905, USA...up the punx + queers!

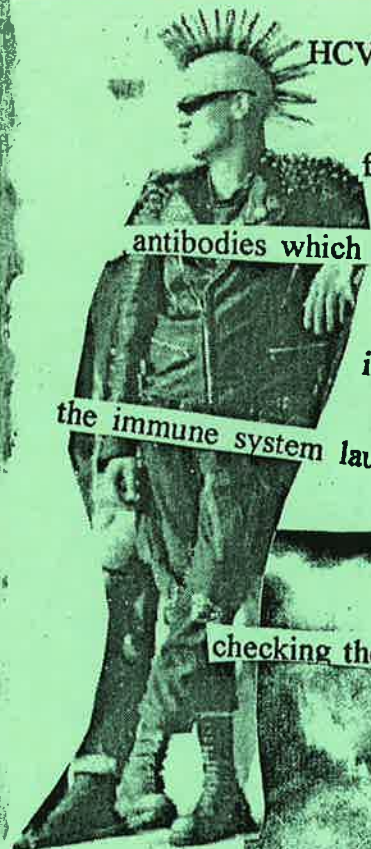


Places like here + now. Phone calls to Spooky's cell phone. Reading fantasy novels. Making art. Lovely letters from kids like Jesse. Fighting a divorce. Basically, all these things, + a few more, make this prison bound death sentence barable. Thank you + blow jobs for the whole crew. Everything is written + drawn by me, NEIL WIENER, except for the centerfold, that's all in Adam Bruce.

IT SHOULD ONLY BE NATURAL TO WANT TO FIGHT BACK

Prison zines you need to check out are CHAIRMEN OF THE BORED + 99 to LIFE. They rule, you suck if you don't support em. Write me for their hook-ups...

Neil Wiener, 109 Arnold Ave., Cranston, RI 02905, USA..



HCV causes the spillage of enzymes into the blood

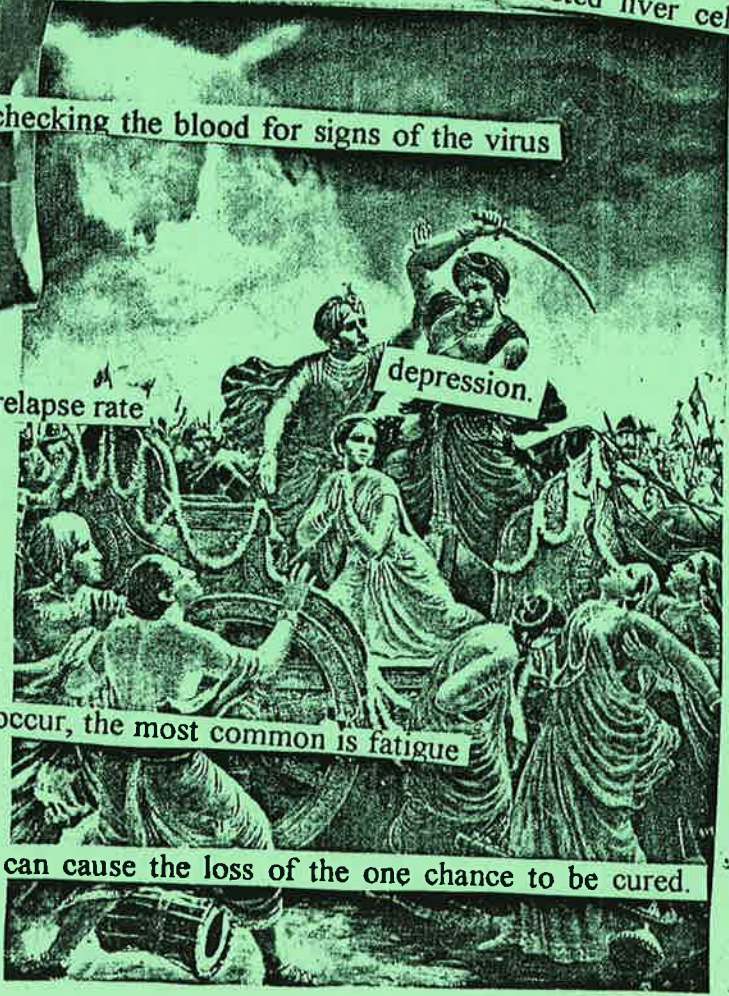
fatigue, body aches, chills, and nausea

antibodies which attack HCV by sticking to the virus

injections three times a week for a year

the immune system launches an attack against infected liver cells

checking the blood for signs of the virus



a 70% relapse rate

if symptoms occur, the most common is fatigue

To do nothing can cause the loss of the one chance to be cured.

"We know that 90 percent of our inmates are going back into the

Prisons are custodians of the largest population of people with hepatitis C - a silently raging epidemic that so far has infected an estimated four million Americans, threatening hundreds of thousands with severe liver damage. But New Jersey and most other states are ignoring the crisis, even as prisoners are dying.



community someday,"

"They're going to take that hepatitis C back... if it's not dealt with while they're with us."

About one-fourth of all prisoners have the virus, according to states that have screened for it. That's because a huge number of inmates have histories of injection drug use - the easiest way the blood-borne virus is spread.



KILL ME

I AM TIRED OF BEING DEAD
I WANT YOU TO PLEASE KILL ME

1984

APB