

KMFC

SEGMENTS

THE LATER JOINERS

HOMIELESS

MOOKLAND DAY CENTER

THE DARK NIGHT

SUN SHINEY DAY

MEETING MISTER ONE HUNDRED

KICKING IT AT THE CRIB

REHASH BROWNS AND TOAST

KMFC CONVO

THE MAN FROM FAR AWAY

TEACHING ON THE ESCALATOR

SERMON ON THE MALL CAR PARK ROOF

THE LATER JOINERS

"There ain't nothing special about that fucker. My big toe's got more charisma than that guy. He's up to something."

"He was always buddying up with the crackies, having animated discussions and laughing but there isn't really a lot of laughs in that trade."

Bez said, "He just seemed like a loudmouth you know. Contradicting anything someone said. But he was no tough guy. Anyone could have took him."

"He was a local face. Another time he had a weird Christian sort of tee on showing an anguished Christ on the cross with a tiara of a crown of thorns. In dripping blood lettering it said, 'Of course it fucking hurts'."

"It was no big deal. I was running with the 99's and we sometimes hung out the cripside usually with SLC and we just kicked it with the KMFC one day and they said join us."

"No one likes a boss. It is what it is. But there was something seductive about him. When he talked you listened. When he told you how it was, there was no shouting or looking deep into your eyes but your body, your whole body knew that every single word was the truth."

"We used to think up expansion packs. PWG....Patriots with Guns was one that lasted a whole afternoon and came back like a bad burrito, but we needed the short and snappy but also incomprehensible to the man. Lotta guys charged with this and that wanted revenge on the California code that got them jailed. So it was stuff like 142 mofos or 187's been done a million, but numbers and letters. So when our set found KMFC, we were glad to join and not try and start a new one of our own."

"I went looking for my girlfriend. I knew she'd gone to score and someone said she thought she had gone up the gang crib. I was nervous cos I expected to get in there and find her naked getting banged by local niggas. I walked in all sweaty and this guy in a lion tee said he had been waiting a long time for me. My girl was laughing cos she knew what I'd been thinking. And fuck, it was sort of like coming home to your family".

"You can ask a dozen people and get a dozen answers. There is no rationality. Everyone believes what they feel is right. Reason is only by the Devil for the damned that think they thinking things thru. They deserve to die for being a fool."

"I like art and I started seeing these new tags about so I started doing these logos and built a website and when I had some really great stuff, I went down their crib, well one of their clubs. I knew from the street that they were up for

joiners and wunt beat you down just for saying hi to them. Though I did later hear of some journo that tried to join.....and.....erm.....”

“Hey dog, lissen you get out the joint and even tho you got the bus fare and a room for a couple of nights, what you really want is to get fucked up and loaded. So you go to the gang crib. Any crib. You can get totally fucked and crash right there in a shadow. And then, if they ask you to run something or get a tat showing affiliation or run over and cap a dude, well it seems very fair. No one else ain’t giving you nuffing man.”

“You may well wonder who the fuck would be glad to join a gang? Well I’m not saying it’s a reason but if you be homeless and have no one to even get a twenny offa, well lemme tell you, you will lissen to anyone. You might be wondering where is their wallet and can you get something from them. You lissening but not as your eyes roam around their pocket areas looking for a roll of twennies. There’s a lot of people that will join anything if it looks like they will roll out drugs for ‘em”.

“It’s all about respecting the territories man. Someone encroaches and you put ‘em down.”

“I thought it was an offshoot of 18th street you know, but they take anyone, not just la raza.”

“He would teach us about human nature, and he would ask that we pass it on to others. Knowing the knowledge. One that struck me was when he said, ‘All friends are false. All enemies are real.’”

Ok I’m gonna put in my two cents. I’m not sure that you can convince anyone about the rules of life or human nature. They may listen and nod and seem to take it on board. Howsoever, it is only your own personal experience that forms a cast on your ideas and belief. I used to believe everyone was fundamentally goodish and then I was robbed. Later I got stomped and avoided a potential fatal slash. I had to revise my views on human nature. It took a long time for life’s lessons to seep in.

From being basic good, I had to think that many were basic bad and only chastening made them rein all that outward hate and aggression in. They had themselves to get stomped before they could see my point of view. It took a long time before I could smile again at a stranger.

For no especial reason, other than being a bit broke and not wanting to be in the regular hood, I had a long summer of being homeless in LA. Eventually, with no real plan to it, I reconnected with everyone back in the hood and got into the pipes again. Not much seemed to have changed at first.

But first I want to write a bit about the good and the bad of being all on your own with no roof, no real crib

HOMIELESS

It's not all about stealing or getting off your nuts on drugs. Much of it is just being unable to economically cope with the world today. Many people live paycheck or benefit payment from one to the next and never have no cushion. A couple of bad months is all it takes to sling your ass onto the hard sidewalk and then you may indeed embrace larceny and getting wasted.

I just got behind on the rent until I hadn't enough to rent another place and pay the bond. And then once you without a crib, it's very hard to crawl back up again.

If you have friends or family, you may and indeed do throw yourself on their mercy or help but that can only last so long. It is never a life option.

But being a bit shunned and basically on your own a lot of the time can make you a poet. Being homeless is certainly a poet's existence, or that being a poet can lead onto a homeless lifestyle.

Someone would start on in,
"Man I aint got no money,
And I need....."
It could be for gas or a present,
For a daughter.
Another might say they had,
No money for booze.

Old Murph'
Fly low and avoid the radar was one of his faves

Bit a bit,
On the wet end Of
the cigar, Clenched
in his teeth Like the
Penguin did. In
Batman.
"Then steeeeeaaal",
he would say.

See. It's not all about drinking. Being homeless can be also about poetting or even borrowing indefinitely. Here's another log for you's to chew on.

I call it.....
Early morning breakfast Burrito from the supermarket.

Shoplifting in the early morn,
Is always less sure.
There's more staff than customers
And morning coffeed alert,
Before fatigue sets in.

But I have an aptitude.
Not the one I would have chosen.
But God given,
It would be a sin,
Not to use it.

Drinking champagne in the gutter whilst looking up at stars is something people that aren't homeless never do. They also just walk down to the john if they need a dump. On the street, you have to find a public park or some rich house with bushes and macdonald napkins if you remembered to put some in your pocket. You can see why even church people aren't overly pleased to see the homeless in their hood.

I decided to get drunke, so I did. A whim of iron that makes a destiny, but then I didn't have anything else to do. Now most people like to take the small case over to someone's, sit and bore them with their problems. Serious drunks go to a bar where they know someone will call an ambulance if necessary. And there's a whole sublayer of people that don't relish anyone's company when they get it on, not even their own. They drink and brood in silence.

The first couple of drinks make them talkative and they make phone calls or talk to strangers, but the professionals know that the well ploughed furrow is best done with a solitary tillerman. Maybe a tillerwoman. That way, there is never no criticism of the ploughed farrow. Not one scuzz to try and come up with something when there is nothing to be said.

A real drinker never buys a lotto ticket, because they know they won't win.

Do I sound bitter these days? Do I look bitter?

Apart from the breakfast burritos, there were other foods easy to walk out with like salad dishes from a whole food place. Students with wispy beards could hardly care less if someone paid or not at the tills and running after someone yelling didn't seem to be part of their ethos.

The tuna salad I stole from the slow witted vegan types paid me back though. That's one of the reasons I don't like to pay for such schlop. I was suspicious of it from the off. I mean who puts carrots in their tuna? Cucumber would be best but probably turns to mush the quickest. A bit on onion might be in there but carrots, those fucking indestructable shavings of just sheer shite? After that I had some grapes. Now maybe they caused a chemical romance. Schlop plus Grappa equals BLAAAH. So I'm in my bag in the mission gardens tossing and turning. Every turn produces more than normal belches burps and gas. I attempted a fart to let some out, but it was almost a wet one with that sickly putrid slime smell so held it steady.

It wasn't a good night. The figs on the tree above smelt sickly and maybe that was part of the equation.

Three more roving homeless walked inches away from me. One of them spotted me but the bigger more menacing others didn't. That wasn't a good omen. Three on one is always a difficult combo especially when you are already on the floor. In a bag is like well, a punching bag. Three on one are pretty much able to rob who they like.

A couple of hours passed and then up came the puke as a backwash against the floodgates of my teeth. I managed to put it away from me, but more was coming so I had to get on all fours to put it even further. Some serious heavage had me in a sweaty illdom. Now I needed a bushy bush or some flotsom and jetsom of napkins to wipe away the flecks. The other end started to go too. I thought about a planter which was the same height as a john but out of consideration sprayed the jet of sewage into a bin. I had to tip it but at least it was clean.

Maybe I'd picked up some bug in New Orleans. Maybe it was some sort of coca excess reaction. Whatever it was, I was one sick puppy. Like a quivering mockingbirds ass as someone I once knew liked to say.

On top of all this, I was reading a book near the end over the last couple of days and had just been to see a film. This uberreality was adding hallucination to my delirium. I wasn't sure just which of someone's dream I was still living in.

And if you was organised and had some kind of addy, then you got the golden state EBT card, a couple of hundred bucks worth of food a month paid for and you didn't need to put some salad in your bag. You just swiped a card.

I'd also been accosted by a street preacher earlier. I'm always suspicious as to why they pick on me, but we'd chatted. He said he wanted to see me in heaven. How about seeing me right now, living on his couch? And I'd given him the benefit of some of my opinions about what it is that God really wants. I think he just wanted me to agree with him even though he expressed that it wasn't just a numbers game. The witnessing to the world game then.

So it may have been some kind of punishment for my flippant attitude and freewheeling interpretations of God's will. But don't we all do that? Even without thinking it out. We like the bits that we agree with and ignore or deflect the unpalatable stuff that we don't want. Maybe God's buffet for me is all tuna salad. Tuna salad supreme my ass!

I punished the purveyor of puke making tuna salad by robbing them of a sage deodorant spray. Reading it closely, it says it doesn't even prevent sweat, just reacts with it or some bullcrap. Man, I hate the smug natural crowd. I need fried fat and proper deodorizer to cover up it's rancid smell goddammit.

One place where you could eat out of date crap or slightly stale junk food was the day centre where shopkeepers or volunteers would bring in pallets of junk that would otherwise be dumped.

MOOKLAND DAY CENTRE

A place where I could lay down without causing a ruction was the homeless day centre. There were city parks, but most of them didn't have a john.

The day place has some drawbacks like standing in line for a hotdog next to someone with shoes they'd had on for ever. Or their armpits if it comes to that. Smelly is part of the deal but there are gradations of subtlety that you learn to appreciate.

Sitting in the main hangout room is a collection of beat characters. Old, black, Mexican, tattooed up the ass. It can seem kinda serene. You can sit there reading a paper or chomping on giveaway bread trying to keep the flies off you, when suddenly there'll be a rolling toxic cloud of shit. Not the smelly fart we all love, but someone half in a coma or their own madness who literally has shat their pants. It's like water off a duck's back to most of the homeless. But me, I have to run outside and seek refuge among the flies and spluttering smokers.

Now the odd thing is when the big load of shit comes in a tidal wave, no-one bats an eye. I looked around and without an individual sniff test, you can't tell the culprit. A load of innocent kids, one of whom just had chocolate stuffed in their pants. A full load evacuation and every motherfucker sat comatose around the big table is casting accusatory glances. It was probably an oldie or one of the zombies that look like they don't give a shit, but clearly they can and they do.

There's a couple of comedians amongst the regulars. They usually have the snappy witty lines to describe situations. There's a Hispanic guy with a big head and goatee professionally trimmed that you wouldn't take as a tramp who can be hilarious. The other day he had some Mary Quant little mod chick boots and he was acting out walking in them all camp and moving the little boots at the same time as if walking with them. I noticed that in his locker, he has a shitload of tee shirts all neatly folded like on a store shelf. Yeah, there are lockers you can use to store stuff which is pretty handy if you don't have a vehicle to put all your shit in.

There's many others with a good intelligence and witty to show that their situations hasn't gotten them beat and looking it to the max. Then of course, there are certainly the somewhat dour and aggressive guys that if they are having a bad day, want to make sure that you have an equally shitty one too.

One guy has a strand of barbed wire tatted on his forehead. He has angry eyes behind some glasses burning with that rare kind of hatred that can make a killer. I noticed him first when I'd seen him berating someone (who I haven't seen since), and I've seen him snarling around with his predatory eyes several times. He seems humble when he mooches a cigarette off someone, but he was trying to overhear my phone conversation one time which to me means he will thief from you if he gets a chance.

Aggressives come in all types though anyone that has a tat on the forehead is usually a good indicator.

Doug with three dots on his Neanderthal sloped head attacked me whilst I was doing the laundry but I could make attackers bounce off me and injure themselves.

At the day centre a typical aggressive move is to stake out their territory. Usually by putting their crap over an area that someone might want to use. I've noticed that people are very careful about moving anyone's stuff. In fact, half eaten donuts and the like will sit as a still-life undisturbed by others. That is one of the main drawback to this place. The goddam flies. Many are inured to it. I suppose if you are truly hungry, then you will eat anything, but how they can chow down on stale sticky donuts that emit a few flies as you reach towards them has me beat.

But then there's lots of activities I won't do. I can't stay at the night shelter. It's like a prison. You queue a long time and then go thru some admissions crap to get in for a slop meal and sleep in a dorm full of guys like a mega prison cell. Fuck that. So long as I have a car, I'll drive to wherever I can find a place to roll out my bag. Free, if a little curtailed by the forces that curtail free sleeping.

For instance I can be anywhere.....on the freeway or in a coffeeshop, when something out the corner of my eye immediately recognises a cop car without even having looked at it. You can sense them. A glimpse alerts you to their presence and you can just sense their shape and markings before you have fully focussed on it. All except the time they follow you with lights flashing the time you get popped. That time, you are completely unaware of their presence until they make you do the hoochie koochie on the pavement.

But don't get me onto police stories.

The aggressive guy at the centre will also stake out a shower by monopolising a chair or even two outside a shower stall with a towel and stuff. Then, typically they will get distracted by a phone call or the need to go have a cigarette leaving others wanting a shower but having to wait until they return and clear their marker. You could just move their stuff, but I'm sure there'd be a problem.

It pays to get in the shower fairly early. That way, the floor isn't slimed by old cold shower water washing up a detrius of thick black hair clumps and someone's old and melted soap bar or spilling shampoo. It's all free stuff from hotels such as Harrah's or motels that have either donated the stuff (new product covers) or liberated by a loose network of hispanic cleaner women.

The worst part of showering in there is the holes in my shoes that immediately soak up a puddle of rinse water if I'm careless enough to step in some. And the floor has a mottled shiny surface, so you end up stepping away from a clean surface and into a swamp of someone's old skin.

The worst guys at the centre are the ones that move too fast. They are here, there and everywhere. Speed freaks, methheads, on ice or just wired different, but their sudden darting movements is too predatory for the zombified glacial speed of most mooks.

One guy has his eyes too wide apart. He looks like a criminal. Hell, he almost looks like an alien, and I'm sure any interaction with the police is going to start with the cards stacked against him. But he doesn't help by zipping around and getting in on everyone's conversation and stuff. Always looking, always rooting around like the animal that he clearly is.

One great thing, is you can roll out a bag or even an air cushion on the lawn and snore your head off in the daytime and no-one gives a fuck.

I've seen people roused out of Barnes and Noble in the chairs. They're a bit hard to sit in them for long. I can skim thru three or four art and music mags and feel glad I never paid to read their pages of advertising as there's often less in them than you might hope. Can't see myself falling asleep in there though.

My daytime schlep of choice would be the county offices that has comfy sit on seats, even though they never vacuum the bits at the back between the upper and sitting on seat. Of course, the place is full of big bottomed employee women and sheriffs so it's not a place I suspect you could snore away for too long. Although there doesn't seem to be a building security guard as such, so you might get away with it by default.

You can get a coffee at the day centre though they make you wait until the red light comes on. By that time, a full 45 minutes from switch on, the coffee is almost too strong but if they let people grab a pre red light fresher cup, they tell me people complain that there isn't enough left for them. Mountains out of molehills eh?

The toilets, the shitters, they flush themselves when you arise. Some of the users are either so damaged or just impolite that they won't do it by themselves. So it's just as well I guess, as no normal peep wants to see or sit down to turds already in the bowl.

Most of them have poot sloop instead of proper turdys anyhoo from all the slop they are given to eat. Fly sucked beans and corn mush and the cheapest imaginable macaroni and cheese dishes are served up by churches that want to somehow punish the homeless. Once in a blue moon, one of the meal things will be fried chicken or pizza or what I'd call real food.

There's something ludicrous about the line of healthy robust drinking types being served a surfeit of food by frail and elderly Christians. I know they mean well and maybe as they approach their end, are trying to atone for a life of sin, but surely they are not so naïve to understand, that they are being played for suckers by the takers.

Back to the shitters. I never use those ass gaskets, those tissue things you put down to distance yourself from the last person that sat their sticky ass down.

Usually I check for other's piss droplets as I don't mind my own undies having the whiff of urine but your ass cheeks having the urine stench from others is a bit much.

And if you do sit and sense the sticky sweaty asses of countless others that have sat their ass down and splatted all over the inside of the bowl where the flush doesn't quite reach, then let me be the first to say that it can be messy. It doesn't enhance your self-esteem and make you feel good about the human race either.

Seeing the people snoozing all day at the centre, I must confess, I had a rather jaundiced opinion of those that had seemed to choose a nocturnal libertine lifestyle. But having suffered myself at finding a place you can put down a sleeping bag for more than a couple of hours before the light, or passing pedestrians or the scrunch of soaking sprinklers coming to life, I know that you wake on every turn and your radar tries to warn you when a dog or raccoon or some other animal or pirate is near.

I got the last showing of an art film at the art theatre. I was somewhat resentful of the fat lesbian style duo that seemed to be manning the joint. I heard the door sentry let some girls like them in for no charge, so I was somewhat pleased to evade their man check that seemed to target hetros for payment. I had offered to pay half price as I did have a two for one coupon, but being unable to find anyone, I had to go alone. It's rare enough to find someone that knows about art films.

Somehow I think the humanity of her situation and mine was lost on fat les. But then people don't have real empathy or at least very rarely. Mostly they are mired in their own situation me me me and the differences blind them to empathy.

I felt obliged to go back down the homeless day center to show I was still alive after a day and night of schnozzling. I like the amenity and the warm brown eyes of the helpers remind me of big shaggy Saint Bernard's. Hell, lots of people look like dogs. Not in the derogatory sense, but their scrawny manes or droopy eyes or some such remind me of a black lab or a poodle or a terrier or something. The guy with wide apart eyes looks like one of those rabid bull terriers but often they just resemble abandoned pooches down at the pound. Sad weary eyes with greasy manes. One guy has a slicked back mane like a 70's disco coke star. He could be a porno actor or a lion. On his worse days, he just looks like a golden retriever that's laid in a muddy puddle.

The stories of pathos that led to their downward spiral did have some lines that I heard more than once....."My mom never liked me", was one.

"I was always breaking things."

"I just had the one drink....."

Sometimes, it was a unique story like the hulking brute turned rapist that fell in love with some angel. I suppose unrequited love is fairly common but not everyone goes nuts on it.

So it wasn't always a chemical dependency that contributed to people being homeless, though once you have lost everything, you may feel like having one. All soldiers smoke because they know tomorrow a bullet may get them so what the fuck.

Mental issues seem to be the main reason for homelessness in that a lot of people can't cope, even when they have a job. Now I have no job, I often wonder how I managed when I did have one. Doing laundry or shopping can take such a chunk of the day, working seems so time consuming.

A dollar easy is better than two dollars hard.

I've always tried to make everything look easy and I relish in the joke about having worked hard...I remember it well...it was a Tuesday afternoon.

And if you are in the life, getting tweets and phone calls and texts here and there all day long, is it really that much more connected than a dumbass with a bottle between the knees staring at a freeway?

There's a Budha like bliss in not having a phone constantly chirruping with offers or friends that you have to entertain and stay in touch with.

The young who are social because of their age insist on sharing every mundane moment, but as you get older and learn to separate the wheat from the chaff, you really don't feel the need to have a social frenzy.

If you have a family, then the life is so all consuming that you don't have a moment's reflection on anything. You might think some kind of holiday may provide it, but other than the odd sit down in the sun or stroll around with a glace, you are still enmeshed in the thing. For most people, life and family life is the best thing for them. It is a fulfilment and the very essence of life and they live in the moment. I don't begrudge them their destiny and completeness.

For the single unattached person, the temptation to indulge in a vice is real. And if you get old without being part of a family then what have you got? Not much. Most male mates have to get smashed on drugs or drink to have a good convo with each other. People just don't get together and have a chat. There is the drink or something and even the anti drinkers get a rabid bonding on that worse than being drunks.

Eventually the people all alone develop idiosyncracies that keep them alone. Maybe it was always in them, but mental issues like ocd become a defining part of the projection into the world.

You project thru a family or you go mad.

Not everyone is mental problemmed. You have to develop animal cunning to deal with people much like yourself. The first experience of the day centre is that it is full of fukwits that have failed at life. They are using the resources at mook central because they have no other place to go. Otherwise they wouldna be anywhere near here.

A lot have animal cunning and can be predatory. I fall into the prankster category and theres some like me that like to fuk around with each other. I tore a picture of a cat swimming out of a mag and then sidled up to a couple of peeps I thought might appreciate it and offered to show them a wet pussy.

Another guy had a decent prank. He had one of those conch big sea shells and either someone would ask about it or he would put it to their ear.

“Tell me if you can hear the sea.”

They would listen intently and then he would add, “Can you hear the foghorn?”

And then he would rip out a giant long bubbly fart.

They would hand the shell back and he would look pleased with himself. Playground humor at it's finest.

Outside the main room, they would have tables with piles of clothing donations. The clothes were always washed and often brand new and people would just help themselves. If you ever wondered why some wino or tramp had new clothes on, they had prolly just been to a place like this. And if it was all ill fitting and mad colors, they most certainly had.

If the stuff was too good, the sharper ones, usually the women, would bag it all up, stash it and then sell it someplace like a fleamarket. One woman told me she had sold thousands of dollahs of Oshkosh kiddies clothes to dealers that she had gotten from giveaway clothes.

The churchy types, all smiling would often stop by with boxes of the stuff that had to be cursorily run by a member of staff first and then emptied on the tables. I'm sure they imagined how grateful the great unwashed might be of a new pair of jeans but mostly the day center peeps were just looking for good stuff they could sell or trade for drugs.

They had it loosely separated into male and female tables but I couldn't help myself grabbing a few pair of knickers once in awhile. Apart from the pervy interest, this led to one of my best ever pranks.

I got a pair of big girl knickers. They were freaking huge! This guy in a jacket was nearby and also rummaging at the table so I stuffed them in his pocket. Then I just watched. It took about about twenty minutes when he was sat with the lads at the outside furious smoking tables. He reached into his pocket looking for a roly or a lighter and fished out the huge pair of diaphanous knicks. His face said WTF as he looked in wonder and unintentionally was holding them up so the whole table was admiring and laughing at his trophy. I was a good twenny yards away but man I laughed so much, it really did hurt.

After that, I was always on the lookout for big girl knickers, the bigger the better, and I honed the gag into slipping it into a pocket or bag and then razzing some mook about the size of their girlfriend.

Not everyone can take a joke tho and think any laughter is at their expense. I'd make a joke many a time, what I thought was a funny one liner and the real deadbeats wouldn't laugh or respond, no way.

Some people on the free tables would look at labels and then try and take it back to the shop and try and get a refund of some type or a credit note. I don't think the retailers were ever fooled by this tactic, but sometimes you might get a dippy girl on the desk that would issue a refund out of pity or to get rid of them. Most of the local homeless were instantly recognisable to the straights. The homeless were out in the sun more than most so often had burnt skin and blistered lips. The incongruous clothing. The couldn't give a fuck attitude.

The last I saw of barbed wire head was in a red county jailsuit. I was in court for my own case when he came in cuffed. The judge adjourned it immediately so I dunno what he was up for but that's the thing, I doubt he cared. Three hots and a cot is what you get, and for many people, that's a fuck lot better than just roaming around the streets trying to hustle a few bucks for a room or to get high whatever. At some point, you just don't care anymore.

There was one guy called Ryan always out in the parking lot, smoking and I'd see him near my vehicle a lot. Now my ride was no pristine brand new thing and had a few dings and dents but I started to notice a few deep scratches where someone was keying it and a cracked light where someone had hit or kicked it. Since Ryan always had that sideways look at me, I figured it was him, so I smeared some butter where he liked to sit. That dint seem to faze him so I put a spare lock on his locker that meant he couldn't get in until someone with a boltcutter helped him out.

Petty war, minor skirmishing, like the first US flag said with a rattler and 'Don't tread on me' on it.

There's bigger fights at the center tho the staff women usually keep a snuff on it as soon as.

One big mook drinking a big carton of milk got into it with a chubby chops sat at the main table. I dunno what started it but the raised voice immediately gets everyone's attention. No one bats an eyelid at someone shitting their pants but a raised voice and eyes are darting and everyone else stops talking with a hushed expectancy that forms an immediate arena for the battlers. So big mook throws his milk cartoon that sort of forward splashes on sat down mook before bouncing off his face.

For a moment, sat down mook's head is covered in that white stuff with just a pair of eyes blinking a window thru it and milk clogging his eyelashes. Just like those cartoons where a head is covered in splosh.

Scrape! The chair is pushed back as sat down mook gets up. Sam is his name, and I dunno if the violent chair scrape backward sent a vibration thru the joint but the clock fell off the wall hitting a spectating hippyish type who yelled out, "Good lord Jesus Aaaargh."

By this time, the women were out of their offices. The fat dykey one had Sam by his arms and still dripping in milk was marched out of the communal room and to the gate.

The head woman didn't restrain throwing mook but said, "Mister man, you might think you're cool in your independent hat but I'm the one in charge here. I'm the one getting paid.

Then one of the mook women stood up and suggested a group hug but was brushed aside by her still getting her thing on by berating the instigator of the incident. Well, the throwing man. I suppose there is a kind of power reversal operating at this place where transgressing males can be sanctioned and yelled at by women who are training to be cops. Big mook was a bit of a docile beast and so he was talked to and ejected and given a month ban from the premises. This was a real hardship and meant you couldn't bullshit with all the other mooks whilst getting fed and sort of clean. Those two would no doubt cross paths around town or in a drinking and meth encampment and either have forgotten all about it, laugh about it or start it all again with more violence now that there was no authority to stop them.

I dunno why I was happy to chat with everyone and anyone. I was no paid researcher and I wasn't trying to prove a point one way or another. I had no axe to grind. Just an interest in common humanity. Most of the convos with homeless peeps are a kind of low down mirror of the straight working world. A lot revolves around getting money, getting things for free or cheaper and so on.

Fat girls or women are often talkative. Friendly and all that but can have the nasty side like in that film, 'Misery'. You always get a few around these centers. It's sad that they have been treated bad just because of their physique or abused but the ones from a poor background, white, black or Hispanic, tend to get abused. They have to get pregnant to get a support system and some of them do but if social services take their kids away and they have a taste for the pipe, then they can soon find themselves sitting around a day center table wondering where it all went wrong.

They do get preference at the night shelter if they want it. And a life in this little jail can sometimes bridge the gap and help them into an independent state of being. Sadly, most options for women to earn money involve being a sex worker or an abusive man that supports them. I don't really have any solutions. I observe what is and how it always seems to have been and wonder how things can be made better. The efforts to do so, can ironically create some other trap. The best deal for everyone is to find a kind of love. That can be a family but that often doesn't work.

There was a couple of bbws as they liked to refer to themselves as regulars at the day place.

They were out in the lot as I was passing and one was telling the other to take an injured bird home with her, she thought about it and declared, "I ended up taking a mouse home last night and six dogs. Hey Circle of life, look it up".

There's always something of interest whatever situation you are in. and there is often an individualism which leads to an expression or turn of phrase that is fresh. The best thing about being in with the lowest on society's totem pole is the lack of pretension. We are all equals in the toilet. The sun can shine on us all equally.

THE DARK NIGHT

Social activity maybe started as a way to fend off the darkness. People would rather be with others on a night. And yet, you get a bunch of people together, they need something to bind them in a group mind. Religious nuts do it by chanting but most normal people like a little intoxicant to smooth the bumps in the road of social interaction. Never trust anyone that doesn't drink. Never trust anyone that doesn't need or welcome a little something.

But then there's predators, both humans and animals like a coyote that hunts at night. Getting a bit intoxicated will screw their predatory ability. Humans can get a little wasted and still be predatory like the shitcreep who might steal stuff at an otherwise good party.

For the homeless, it can be dangerous lurking about at night. I often used to wonder why the tramps would prefer to catch a few zzs on a bench right on a busy road in full sight and the roar of traffic. These were people that had been attacked in dark corners and came to learn that they were safer in sight and under bright streetlights.

I found a dry schlep away from sprinklers and only the late night canoodling students to break my repose. Maybe the police will be up there too, but so far, it seems relaxed. Up the campus canyon above the suits and the student hoi-polloi. It was alumni night or something and there was a million rich cunts all over the place admiring their places in the firmament. I wonder what Bukko would have done if he'd gotten into academia. I'm sure he got offers later when he was more famous than drunk. Professor of Poetics at Stockton City College perhaps?

I'm sure he was jealous of those kind of literary fucks who seem to get money for not doing very much and up to their leather elbow patches in cute female earnest seekers of truth and cock. Hey, who wouldn't be?

But then, just like the real estate and other professions, you have to enjoy sitting down with overfed mooks and smiling more than is necessary and talking bullcrap at most opportunity. There's a kind of honesty in just getting fucked up by yourself that doesn't garner any academic awards. The well cleaned hallways of tenure don't seem to relish the experiences of life if it can't be neatly clip clopped into a presidential speech from the podium with wine flutes and gentle hubbub all around. The pleasant murmur of self satisfaction doesn't usually gibe with the madness of truth.

The police did cruise my dry camp spot. Several night hikers passed me too. None of them saw me. I was a little bit in shadow but fairly obvious if you looked directly at me. A blimp in a bag. I used to think paranoia and adrenaline would keep me ever slim. False hope or I've become innured to them. I guess your metabolism just changes and as youth converts into age, then your body converts into blimphood. Anyway, the secret of blending into the background is to be unexpected. If no-one is expecting you to be there, they can scan across you and never see you.

Some of the chunkier women at the day center got motel vouchers either from mental services or family social services and you could get a motel room by romancing them if you could be sweet enough for an hour.

Most homeless, like most people are creatures of habit and will return to a quiet spot where they had been before. In a big city like LA, it was damn hard to find a place where you could lay out or put down a roll. Sprinklers would come on in the middle of the night, and any good spots would soon become busy with others looking for a place to do drugs uninterrupted or whatever and the cops also knew the favored spots.

I found a sleeping solution that usually worked, but you really needed a car and a neighborhood that wasn't completely quiet. Preferably a renters area that cared less. But empty houses up for sale or rent could often give a quiet yard spot for sleeping. One drawback was that a neighbor might see you going in and call the cops, and trapped in a yard, you usually had no other way out. Even with the drone of traffic noise and assorted sirens and other city noises, there's something about an approaching crackle of po po radio that can bring you into immediate focus.

Most peeps are homeless on an economic or mental downer. Well in my own case, it was none of that. I had bros and family in the hood, and I just hadda get out of it for awhile. I was still in LA and surprisingly for such a big place, you can still run into people you know.

I resisted contacting but I had a place to go back to. I don't think I want to go into all of it but part of it was a desire to just get away from it all. I didn't go far and I didn't have any money so I ended up homeless just a few miles away from a bunch of peeps I knew.

Now most people knowing all that would just take the easy option or can't imagine why I might live by shoplifting and never being tempted to just go back to the hood and stay in that groove like nearly every fucker does.

All I can really say is that many or some people just want to be independent of everything, and can feel a rare freedom by doing so. I ain't a loner really because I enjoy mixing it up with others. Best I can explain it is that you have to be alone to really think. And you have to be without a usual grind to think free. You might be in the sweetest spot and have the best girlfriend and like plenty of rich successful people, you still feel that something is gnawing at ya.

Something that can make you bust up with a great partner or sabotage long time things. It's like rich kids, yeah I know they spoilt brats, but they will be desperately unhappy.

Now I ain't doing no unhappy but I did need to be in one of those rooms where there is no sound. I wanted to be in the world where there is no distraction.

The night can provide some of this and maybe it's a predator thing, some racial memory where you need to be apart from the pack. Most people are in the moment jiving away but for some people, no matter how astute or critical they feel, it's not just that.

Maybe it's a search for God except I hate all religion as being for those of weak minds that need structure. The wailings and the repetitions are those that need certainty because their minds are too weak to make enquiries of their own.

Rambling thoughts like this are briefly possible in the company of others, but best indulged when you are perhaps in the wilderness alone.

We all do philosophy, but as it is ever impossible to sum up the world or morals or human nature in a hard and fast way, it is like unravelling spaghetti, and we move swiftly onto something that can be done with certainty. Even if it is just deciding on a burger with mayo or not.

Some of those not too burned out will entertain the possibilities and probabilities of life. Some of the older heads can have little nuggets that guide their lives and beliefs. Hippy types like down Venice Beach have some sincerely held views that can also be backed up with reasoning or examples and life experience. You nod and believe whilst being hospitably treated or passed a bong, at least you consider it as truth. Later, you can sometimes think of an example that disproves what was said. But then that illustrates two things. One, that the snappy comeback is often delayed to a point it is no longer useful.

Two, that actually all sayings have an opposite which is believed just as much. So you can't base a philosophy on one liners. So you can have 'Many hands make light work' but the opposite is there too as, 'Too many cooks spoil the broth'.

Or how about, 'Never looks a gift horse in the mouth' about taking the opportunity I guess, but then there is 'Look before you leap' urging caution.

I have some other examples scribbled down on various tissues and stuff that I write as they come to me and I may unravel and find them whichever pocket they are in or I may have used them....and there's another truth... wisdom gets covered in shit.

A lot of homeless hang at the cinema. It's okay at the multiplex if you aware and want to catch up on all the moovies and can live on discarded popcorn for the day. Some just get in there to snooze thru a feature which is the perfect response to consumerist pap. You have to change cinemas every couple of hours and some spotty student worker may challenge you. The manager will almost certainly get you if they see you thru the whole day having to use the john and especially if you bin rummage.

It's an air conditioned refuge on a hot day and it can be easy to bunk in as a real punter. You can use the old switcherooni trick especially when there are two ticket collectors where you approach one but then switch to the other and each assume you have been tabbed. And best pick up a discarded stub, even if it is for Despicable Me 5 to have some make show for any uppity gung ho I got you babe shitbox.

I first got into cinema by accident when strolling around a back alley, an exit door opened and I went in just to see where it led. It gave me a taste for subtitled films that I would never pay for in any case. Most of those subtitled stuff aren't really giving out value for money but it can be nice to see other landscapes and goatherders and stuff.

And if you scan the seatage before the brush and tidy peeps get in, you can get a phone or a wallet. The cleaning spotty and fat people are often in as soon as the lights come up for those very same perks.

I should write a freeloaders bible. Most of it gets learned by necessity. Maybe a shoplifter's guide? Though generally all these little dodges get discovered eventually. If you are a regular at anyplace, the security will focus on you at some point. If you are on camera going in, not buying anything and then leaving, well you just asking for trouble.

Most homeless can look a bit odd so are immediately suspicious anyway. And even if you are a good stealer, eventually you get greedy and overreach or get careless, and you will get caught. That stick of pepperoni might only be under five bucks, but it is never worth it when you are in the back room of a store whilst the police run your prints and decide whether it is worth a ticket or a lock up.

Junkies of course, steal a lot more than that. Great big joints of meat that they can sell to the trailer park people, women's cosmetics that they can sell openly around the bars, or top brand clothing they can sell to the rich kids smoking weed in the car park. One junkie I used to know managed to get hundreds of dollars of clothing every fucking day from a department store until they went bust natch.

As for the basic shoplifting tactic, I've discovered that you can jam something in your armpit pretty easy. A good resting place for a sandwich in my case as there's no other junk I want. I buy most food, but once in awhile when I see an overpriced sandwich, I feel like giving it a try first. Scolari's make the worst sandwiches with crumbly french bread that covers you like a snowstorm. I don't want theirs at any price. And either way, buying or boosting beats a fucking hour long bus ride there and back to get a free munch.

I've been giving it to the carrot sandwich supermarket again. I looked on the ingredients label on their meat sandwiches and carrots and sprouts which make up a quarterweight of them do not seem to be on there. So they must be punished.

But ya, you all get caught when it's a regular daily thinking. If you can do without man, it's better. The truth is man, is that there's a huge army of paid lackeys trying to catch the poor and the addicted and the dumb taking without paying.

Now if you rich, there ain't jack shit looking over your shoulder. You might be unlucky and get a tax audit but the thing is, rob a bank with a gun and you in federal jail forever. If you own the bank and you rob it thru bad loans and creative accounting then you likely to be praised as a pillar of the community.

Being homeless, I met whole families that had made shoplifting a career choice. You get to recognize theivers around the locale like this girl I met at the Trader Joe parking lot one morning.

This guy comes along and starts loading all the houseplants from outside into a shopping cart.

The staff are inside and trust you to go in and pay. So anyways I watch him trundle off with all these potted plants then this tweaker long haired girl with bad teeth shows up and rides his bike around the parking lot. She yells that she's his lover as I watch and eventually parks the bike and comes over to talk. She's bouncing around and motormouthing it, but when she sees him she runs across the road to give him a hug.

She told me that her guy, the shoplifter, had once walked out of WalMart with three thousand dollars worth of stuff, and that when the alarms went off, they stopped the people in front and behind him. She said it was "mind over manner, not matter" and some other tweaked philosophy. You got to have a van tho' to shoplift on that kind of industrial scale. They go down the swapmeet/flea market or just have an impromptu yard sale at some empty house.

It's a fucked up world aint it? You could be wandering thru a field in Europe lets say and you just not causing any trouble or nothing and some sucka tells you that you trespassing. So you ask this loc dog how come they got all that landscape and you might hear some story about how their great great a zillion times ancestor fought the French for this land or they fought the Duke of dipshit whatever. So you roll up your sleeves, if you got any and say, "Muthafuka I will fight you right now for this land."

All you gonna get is the rich twat running away or calling in the gendarmes but not prepared to fight with you but get some state organ to fight on their behalf.

And even in the States you gonna get something similar. Someone bought a tract for a cow that is now worth a trillion dollah. The whole system of lucky fucks getting a free pass on having to worry about money because of some ancestor is here as much as anyplace. The American dream died in 1777 maaan.

Buckwheats all around might even it out a bit. The vested interests can prolly keep a lid on it tho. People like me aint got nuffink to lose but marching to the federal building and smashing a few cars don't amount to a hill of beans as someone said in a movie someplace.

And getting any unity or forming a pressure group is a thankless stab in the back task. There isn't no real legit solution to pressure a change for the better. You stick your head up, you become a target like King or Kennedy. You are only volunteering for trouble.

There's a fraternity amongst most of the homeless and the felons. Before they get to know each other that is...lol. You all know that you aint got much and that's part of why gangdom is great.

You might be the worlds biggest drunk or the biggest fuck up, ugly, whatever, but you join a gang, you suddenly got something. You got respect. You got homies to call on to protect your back. You got something you don't have as a lone fuck up.

The experiences you have on the street can make you a loner but you thrust to interact with others to get the basics and the needs of everyday life. It's one of those things that the less you have, then the less you learn to do with. But the less you have perversely makes others who also don't have much, despise you for what little you have.

It is only the gang that gives you unconditional love. Well there are some conditions but you know what I mean. From being homeless or rootless, you can have a crib. From being unloved and chastened by the courts and chased by officialdom, you suddenly have peeps that smile when they see you. The gang is the way of the future, yo. Word.

SUN SHINEY DAY

There are various day centers around the Southland. Most are downtown where skid row has become accepted so that you can pitch yourself across a pavement without the hassle that this could cause in say Beverley Hills.

Of course, you can just as easy be robbed or hassled by others all the same.

Whilst I was homeless, the day center becomes a kind of clubhouse crib and you start to get to know all the regulars and it is sort of like one big homeless gang.

One of the women that isn't what is considered attractive, I do find weirdly fascinating. I suppose she resembles an Intuit and must be AmerIndian. I could look at her for a long long time, but she must have been wounded by a man as she shies away from conversation. Another one is a mom with her partner and is Mexican, but has wide sexy features that draw one in, in to her face.

I did talk with a tatted up guy from Phoenix who has the big broad and tall girlfriend. He has a hammerhead shark on his neck and claims an Irish heritage. His name is Harry and his gal is Tina. He also has a Grateful Dead tat on his arm but said his fave band is Megadeath. I won't say killer couple, but when his big eyebrowed gal pats his freshly shaved head and whispers gossip into his ear, there's something, a whiff of sinister. Maybe it's just their glasses that distance them from the normal world. Tina who is 6'2" was showing around a photo of her family and they were all big.

I also talked with the little guy that who used to come squealing in on a mini-bicycle. Now he (Mark), and his girlfriend (Sherry I think), get like 1500 a month and she works at Subway too, they have bought a van (for 500) and live in that.

It's strange or maybe not so, that a place that provides the basics of washing and some food becomes like the family house and everyone feels related. And your family is an interesting mix of people who have been to the edge and over it. Within this family, they aren't shy about shouting or singing out loud.

Most of them are interesting people who have had interesting lives and bear you no malice. The ones a little bit overhyper or overfriendly or overly talkative usually indicate meth or a hidden agenda of wanting your shit. Some are prone to fighting and offence. Someone like a guy called Detroit who has his front teeth missing must have been in one hell of a fight.

With such a cast of characters, there's often slippage or breakage or some snafu. One of the best slapstick moments happened just to the right of me. Sam was snoozing and as he put it, "minding my own goddamn business". This mook sat down after messing about with his breakfast, got out some kind of milk and protein drink. He may have slipped, but I think he tried shaking it up with the top off, and it volcanoed onto snoozy Sam who awoke with Goddammits as he brushed the energy liquid from his clothes.

The washroom has a new nazi. Funny how these trustees start to relish their domain and set rules and don't like anyone in there unless invited. The new one is a pint sized Philipino (I think), called Albert. He scrutinizes me if I go in there for something as if he is the rationmaster, and I've noticed he is like the first in line in the morning, eager to get to work.

One of the centre workers who seems a bit of cokehead/methfreak herself to me is Shine. She's actually very nice but has that look. She said she doesn't work at the bar in A-town no more. I think she may even be slightly les'. I can't tell for sure, but when I showed her my biker girl book, she claimed there'd be some stories about her in there.

Christina doesn't always wear her boots, she had on her pink sneakers yesterday. In fact she always wears something interesting like a mao cap or a floral scarf. Today was the toppermost though in her camel toe jeans and a glimpse of a gnarled silver belt. I complemented her on always wearing something that catches the eye and asked if she had an arts background. Maybe she misunderstood what I was asking so I started with asking if she'd been to college and what was her subject. Fashion design....aha so I was exactly on the money.

Sometimes she seems friendly and sometimes she seems a bit schoolmarmish. There's a plate of condoms at the front desk, and I was hoping to catch her there and engineer there to be only one so I could lament the fact and offer to share it with her. A fantastically funny pick up line methinks but maybe she'd frown and zap me with her freckle power.

She reminds me a bit of an angel. I could help her with her make up methinks and darken a thinner line on her eyebrows and use that white lipstick and blue eyeshadow to angelise her better.

I'd wondered what had happened to Dave who used to be singing the lyrics to most of the oldie station songs. Then I bumped into him at the library. He'd moved into an apartment (353 a month) with two roomies.

There's two sisters who come in with their mom in a VW convertible. They're all a little chub, and the blonde more attractive sis with humongy bazoomy has the kid. I chatted with her a bit.

Another attractive woman is Cecelia with wild long apache hair, who comes in with her two kids and hubby.

There's also a couple of women that must think they are attractive. One is almost certainly a sex worker as she stares directly and has those droopy kind of eyes that I have noted in swinger or nymphomaniac types.

Another one that seems to be a bit touchy feely is a little woman who looks like an alkie but is always made up and hugging people.

A girl glommed onto me in the line. She was nice but spotty. . Originating from Grass Valley, she said North San Juan was where the hippest diehards lived.

One of the more interesting transients that I've seen in the vicinity is a guy that carries a cat on his back and shoulder. It seemed to be on a leash and used to this piggybacking as it wasn't frantic to escape.

I saw the guy that used to dress as a Marilyn Manson cowboy coming out of the downtown apartments. He still had on the boots but a plastic bag and a do-rag on his head instead of the wide brim.

Ron, a black guy regular there and about the only guy I've ever seen seriously drunk was in the shower spitting everywhere and hawking loogies big time. I'll never have a shower there if I see him coming out.

Sam's a bit of a joker. He went boo at the shower window. I laughed but the other guy in there didn't seem to think it was funny. The library guy now has braids and is called Will. He was listening to Turkish music on his ipod. He seems slightly camp but has a son.

Harry and Tina were arguing about something. He was swearing and she was whispering. Well the moon is waxing and the winds are blowing and that seems to be a combination that makes many people irritable. Plus it is heating up. Now this threefold combination can dry people out and cause fights. They call such winds the Santa Annas and they also dry out the bush and spread wildfires quick.

The day center supplies some social interaction. Always some excitement when there is friction or a bird gets trapped in the building. Unintentional humor is guaranteed when eavesdropping on the goofs as some kind of malaprop is guaranteed. One geezer was talking about whether Rolf's had a pharmacy which was refreshing until he was corrected as to it being 'Ralph's'.

Another yock was to be had at the following exchange.....

"She's 64."

"Huh? She's six foot four!?"

A new couple arrive in a people carrier stuffed with possessions. Her name is Camilla I think and he wears a jaunty peaked cap and vest. He opened up the outer khazi with a knife which was impressive as it looked to have a complicated ridged bolt on it. He says he can get into anything, cars locks etc and that he picked it up in Fresno though they'd been in Arcata and places like that.

There's also a diminutive girl called Cynthia with a big cleavage and unfinished tats. She has an unfinished butterfly on an upper arm, next to a death's head sliding thru a rose, though it's hard to tell until she says what it is. Below these are three skulls with what is supposed to be skin sliding off. I think that is unfinished too. And then on a shoulder all by it's lonesome is what looks to be a trident symbol for no nuclear though she said it was lightning bolts or something.

A staff gal called Darlene seems about the easiest going and least rule enforcing. She had a shirt on that said, 'Revenge', one day.

Lee is a nice lawyer lady, though specialising in family law and abused kids kind of thing. She helps with breakfast and then sticks around to give legal advice

Sometimes they will have something nuts over there for breakfast like gourmet chocolate cake. It's like Christmas!

Since it's not worth you to save the sachets and bottles of shampoo once opened, you use them all in a luxurious wash as in the hotels the shampoos and conditioners come from.

It can all seem somewhat luxurious but then another day, the coffee is piss poor and the urinals are overflowing and someone has shaved in the showers and left their chest hair and beard floating in a stagnant pool, and flies are sucking all the sugar out of the stale donuts, it can seem like hell.

Richard an older slightly hunched guy is still there. He sits in the same place and sorts letters and bills from some life. He's like a careful teacher who dots the l's and crosses the t's but has gone mad. He has two front shirt pockets stuffed with little ring binder notebooks, and he occasionally shouts out when his sums don't add up.

A lot of names recur. Another Richard is a tall guy (6'4"), who totes a big bag around and sits minding his own business.

The big Meccy guy who has a funny attitude is still around. He just got out of prison he said. He has some fashion uniquenesses like tying kerchiefs around his knees, something I haven't seen before.

Among the newbies (well to me) are all kinds of people and couples. One kinda metal couple is a big guy called Cory who has tats all over and his blonde very preggers pint size girlfriend (Trisha), with a dodgy eye but nice demeanour has tats too.

Another new to me schmo is Walter. He has a desperate Dan chin and gappy teeth so is almost a caricature of 1940's thugs. He's funny sometimes as in arguing with this cross eyed chick who was telling him off for something. His response was to mishear and keep saying, "You want to see my what?" until she waved him off..

The old woman with the askew long haired wig and big shades still comes in and resembles the Thing from the Addams or Munster family. She doesn't communicate with anyone or I would suggest a bowler hat. She has like a fixed grimace like a Michael Jackson mask and is truly awesome in the original sense.

There's a black mamma (Natascha) who comes in with six young kids. Five boys and one girl and one set of twins amongst them. The kids are mellow and well behaved unusually, instead of bouncing off the walls from all the sugared snacks they eat. I don't think they're homeless just needing some diversion and of course it helps to have food handed out. The food is mostly down than up. The usual hotch potch of lasagne, beans, salad in various combinations. A rare beef stroganoff or fried chicken really makes a difference. Sloppy Joes, taco salad are okay

I spotted Del Mar sliding into the line instead of waiting in the hot sun when the line snakes around the front.

I chatted with the Meccy/ Aztec family a bit more. He has tats from prison and is originally from Pico Rivera. Their daughter is like a little doll. Another guy that shaves his head is originally from adoptive parents out of Tucson. He's completely tatted up and has a woman on his back, which according to Raub, means he likes to get it from behind. Although he is friendly enough and spends a lot of time in the showers and toilets. Usually he shaves at the end mirror which catches the reflection of the shower people going in and out.

Dave Singalong turns out to be from Pico Rivera too. He paid a rare visit back and only when I was trying to concentrate on computer pinball did I recall what a motormouth he was. A simple question will have him reciting lists for hours. I tried to sic him on chatty cathy (Rebecca), who also likes talking with no end in sight but they didn't stick.

The shaven woman, Chris has Maria tatted on her neck. I asked her why she sleeps so much and she said it's just out of boredom.

Dave has a tat on his dick. He says it is a rose stem with thorns and leaves. Some bird of his said to get a tat of a fly on the head he said, so that when it was big, it would look like a 747. Weird but lots have tats all over.

There's a tall friendly curly blonde haired guy around called Ron. He's a drinker and is often redfaced or drinking early. One day he was wearing sandals and all his toenails were painted green.

Degenerate news. ..lol.....Kathy found a guy in the parking lot giving his marijuana plant some sun in the passenger seat, and asked him to leave.

Mr Mook has been a lot more talkative recently, talking up a storm about conspiracy theories and hollow moons and waving his hands around. Must be on meds.

Heather who I think is hooked up with is a petite Aphrodite. Even Shine is always stroking her. Anyhow, she has a 4 year old daughter and a camper truck with tailgate that she often hangs out on. She has a shapely distinctive sashay of a walk.

There's a young boy kid called Jacob who is funny and seems to like asking stuff of the adults. He always announces to the room when Scooby Doo or Tom and Jerry is on the kids room. Oddly he told me that he wants to be called 'Thunderball'.

I've also talked a fair bit with George, a mexican american from Baldwin Hills. He speaks without an accent though has only been to the Meccy border towns. He seems very literate and interested in history and politics. He said they worked the strawberry fields near Salinas when teenagers, and got like 250 a week back then, twenty years ago. Enough for even schoolkids to buy a tricked out car over the summer.

Then there's Peter, a chubby blue eyed guy who is going to Holland where his parents live for a few weeks in August. He too, seems highly intelligent, and decided to get on the beer and pot ssi bandwagon in Arcata when he'd seen others doing it. He just comes over for lunch as he lives right across the street. He's become a regular chat to. Even coming for a beer down the shack. Some girl called Stephanie seems to have had an impact on everyone there, though is now in lock up for shoplifting. Mother of four, apparantly schizo or nutso and petite with a boob job.

Obviously she had a huge impact on his life as she seems to be a popular topic and I rag him for not carrying a pic of her since he likes to talk about her so much.

Peter loves the shack. He brought some boob who was a housemate of his too. I don't think he'd been out in public for awhile as he had on a holed tee and looked ratty and unwashed but was a sound engineer. Mook house!

He did actually and eventually bring pics of his girlfriend over one night. She looked coquettish with her hair wet and an eyes too wide apart but a petite decent bod otherwise. She had some intuitive healing biz cards printed up. She was thrown in the slammer for shoplifting at that posh department store next to Ross.

The girl he dated and then dumped and met again when she was rich who then gave him some shit. The sisters who'd treat him like an uncle and sleep with him at his garage, and get naked in front of him but not fuck him. The bird who he was living with and one day he came back to find even the phone gone. Everything in the cupboards emptied and just a pair of his jeans left on the floor. So, two kinds of strippers. There's no end to the she done me wrong stories at the clubhouse.

And more so over beer. Chatting with Mark in the shack about the wrongs of the world over cheap beer. He shared some living with chicks stories and yearns for Hawaii or a boat. I explained to him that women always have someone in the wings so are rarely without a boyfriend.

There's no drinking of course at the day place. Anyone caught is instantly banned for 30 days, so apart from all the interactive talking fun we have with each other, playing wino tag in the car park is as much fun as anyone has. Or playing computer games on the much in demand 'puters there. Some people still won't get off it despite being asked when their time sheet is up.

As for being highly territorial, I'd have to say Frank, an older guy with a white Edwardian moustache gets that tag as he got a little loud when someone moved his chair of clothing in the shower room.

I talked with the Mexican grandmother who comes in the big old yankee car with her chubby daughter and chubbed out grandchildren. She's nice to talk with. Her grandkid boy is almost her size and only like eight, often toting a skateboard.

There's an Asian heritage guy that comes in too with his backpack and plays on the games, and a fat girl with a lipring and all kinds of people I haven't mentioned. It can seem kinda pithy to reduce personalities to one note lines but this is how stereotypes keep on. We memorise people by the one characteristic and describe them that way to others.

Jim who comes in has apparently been homeless and using the facility for 15 years! I thought Ryan's 3 and a half years was a lot.

George is a cabinetmaker. Joe, who I thought was part red indian is apparantly a stoner New Yorker from Italian heritage. He's even lived in Sardinia. He showed me his passports with stamps from all over in them, Greece, Tel Aviv, Egypt, Nederland. His van has no windows in it but he seems blase about attracting cop pullovers. "What they gonna do? It'd be like putting their dad in jail".

Talked some more with Dave from Tucson (adopted there but born in Seattle). On closer inspection, I suppose his all over tats are mostly flaming and screaming skulls. I asked if he'd gotten them in prison, but said it was his biker gang youth that he didn't want to talk about.

He did tell me that he went 130 feet in the air and thru his truck windshield when driving drunk and hitting some transformer protection ramp. He was in a bodycast for six months and that explains all the dents in his head. He's now classed as paralysed, which explains his slowness. He claims he is saving up dough from his monthly cheques for the basics like car and pad. All the SSI guys and gals get over a grand a month plus other benefits. That's 30 bucks a day, and I'm surprised that so many of them still show for the stale doughnuts. Of course, there are others that never show. Maybe to avoid someone like barbed wire tat head or some other mook.

There are some dangerous mooks of course amongst the newbies. And downright serious unfriendly menacers. One guy who was lit up like a candle was rejected because he wouldn't take a breath test. He looked like a rapist to me the way he was getting in the female faces, and was a good looking guy and tall to boot.

A guy who sometimes comes in with his front teeth missing looks like a brawler. His girl with those black dead kind of eyes has 'Bitch' in tat handwriting on her neck. 'Nuff said.

Another tall looking bruiser has FTW tatted on the back of his neck amongst many other tats. He was wearing a rolled down beanie over most of his bonce and had his pants hanging above his bum crack. I noticed him staring in a not nice way at someone reading, clearly having predatory thoughts. He was also wearing a bandaid across a blood red scar on his nose a la Nicholson in Chinatown. He's called Daniel.

Some people make themselves look more mooklike over time. One guy that resembled a company director shaved his head and now resembles an alien or one of those Ufo death cultists from San Diego. Another galoot is a beardo who talks and rants sometimes about politics though has a hard to fathom accent to me. It just sounds like gobbledygook. He's usually playing Civ IV extensions on his laptop.

Maybe everyone keeps showing up for the stale women. The place is very much a schoollike throwback where everyone is in the same class, and often talking to a stained woman is better than talking to no woman at all.

The half finished tat on cheeky monkey boy's upper arm looks to be like a sausage and two fried eggs. He says it's actually the initials JS of a gone girlfriend and has had some kinda thing on the tat to remove it and that's why it looks half finished.

Another new couple is Jeremy who wears funny tees like luminous green skulls or one that says 'I got a rifle for my wife'.....(then in smaller letters).....best trade I ever made. He has another girl giant, pregnant this time in tow.

That big woman I used to see last year has shown up again. She seems friendly but any conversation seems to dredge up her past or inner demons and she gets tirade ready. Just after I wrote that, she was warbling to herself reliving some argument of a conversation, and was getting asked to do her chore, and I think Corina thought she was arguing with her, so she got the hoof too.

But she was back after a couple of days having conversations with herself. Funny stuff like, "Oh yeah TV goggles, right? No, you are the nazi."

Chris is often seen in his Vanagon or with guitar has Hebrew style lettering in the dust on his window. Him and his buddy Ben, I had taken as christian cultists as soon as I clapped eyes on their besmocked or betuniced, bearded forms. Ryan confirmed that they were part of some bay area based group that focussed on the Old Testament.

Ryan likes to winkle out info nuggets about my free life as in the movies or motel breakfasts. I don't know why as he seems reluctant to discuss his own predilictions and seems to sleep in the library more than he does any research or writing. Still that's the kind of energy level you get when you are a veggie. He also talks so whispery that I am forever saying What?

At the New Ratdropping and Old Carrot supermarket, it is stock full of unheathy looking veggies and new age schmagers. . I often overhear grandular snippets of bs as I sit outside at one of the tables or sometimes inside at the microwave. Typically some old bat is warbling about the ascendent masters who have a plan for her as a potential cancer polyp proved benign or are urging someone to attend some seminar of some Brazilian health guru who only costs 145 a lecture and 345 if you need an individual consultation. I think these loons just want to have someone to talk to and will spend whatever it takes to engineer that.

He's from Boston apparently and politics gets him excited. He tried getting me to agree that the Kennedys were going to get Arnold to be President terminator. He's called Tony but I think if mublemouth had told me himself, I would have thought he'd said "Macaroni".

Denver said something happened to his laptop. Not sure if he dropped it or lost it. He smells quite rancid when he first sits down next to you. So I didn't probe too much, just went out for some fresh air. He had some photos of the center and the people that I'd wanted him to email to me.

Later he told me he'd gotten mad at it and had punched it's lights out.

Sometimes, sex health workers show up with a little table and condom giveaways. They had chinese food cartoon with 30 of them in there as takeaways.

One morning, two different sets of sexperts showed up. One lot was a Hispanic guy and an older white lady in shades.

I prefer the college girl who has cleavage and a sense of humor. I suggested using them as water balloons or small ones as hackysacks. One of these days I'll ask if she wants to share the last condom.

The gravel voiced guy, who has 'Wolf' tatted across his belly is often scoping out the women at the table. I frequently see him moving his machete sized knife from one pocket to another. He seems friendly enough. His name is Ron.

Amongst the other nam vets of which there are several is Mike. He's a nicer guy than I recall him to be last year. His dog is always tied up outside the gate and I felt sorry for him when it got impounded. Some drunk who had just been thrown out claimed it had bitten him and so the dog pond van and a squad car came to take it away.

Charles, a guy with the worst psoriasis I've ever seen is always there but a new hippy girl has shown up. Plump but sensual featured and long red hair. I think her name is 'Rainbow'. The big gay sort of guy called Robert with a stud in his chinny knows her.

Ill health isn't too obvious. There are some diabetics. One guy is very white. Meth teeth is the most common sign of less than 100 per cent health. One disabled guy with a leg and a foot missing pushes his own wheelchair in that he uses for his stuff like a supermarket trolley

An interesting tidal bore is the rush at the day center at opeing time as those with bikes and on foot rush in as the center is pronounced open. It would make a good painting or a visual cameo for youtube or somesuch. The rush to stand in line to check in is almost awesome. Not sure if they are all busting to use a toilet or just have a place to sit.

Most of these people are lifers in the systems of social support.

Not having a car is a whole other level of vagabonding.

Later, the cops stopped by and took away one of the unpleasant little older women for stealing something off someone someplace. She's the one that insists on toasting four slices of toast at once and making people wait till she'd done. I'd also seen her snatching food.

Mind you, the craziest food antics I saw was the droopy eyed overly friendly probable sex worker gal who was eating food from an up high fork as if she was performing fellatio or swallowing a sword. Maybe she was doing it for my benefit as no-one else seemed to notice.

It turns out that Daniel the thug but fashionable dresser with bandanas around his beanie and shirts tied around his waist and the cross eyed thick red brush haired girl who also seems quite tough are brother and sister. She has a good sense of humor and is hooked up with Walter.

I don't know that there is a king of the place. Generally, each has an immediate clique of four or five regulars that they converse with. I would say Chris is a prince of the place as he often takes it upon himself to bring food in for several. One morning he cooked egg burritos for everyone in the room that snaffled one.

The mook who resembles Marshall Applewhite (Ti or Mo?) from the Heaven's Gate cult changed the radio not five minutes after I changed the channel. He would rather listen to ten minutes of ads rather than my kind of music.

Walter was on top form announcing that someone was going to buy him breakfast but that he'd turned it down..."Hell no, I'm going to the center". Then later, Shine put a full container of sugar out and someone swiped it all and she was on the hunt, Walter said "Uh-oh someone's making pruno."

Shine gave up on the sugar detectiveing as no-one fessed up and went around swatting flies instead. I offered to get one on her so she handed me the swatter, so I asked her to bend over a little.

The chunky woman who is in and out all the time has a clone of a kid, who is starting to get top heavy. She's probably like twelve or thirteen but she stands around, seemingly proud of her 'just got em tits'. It does seem a little odd that the families and their kids are in such close proximity with potential degenerates. When people come in, and they check your name if they don't know you, there's actually a back list of hundreds that are barred for all kinds of things. I scanned thru it. Stuff like violence and stealing or more obscure regulation violations.

There's a new abrasive big chunk of a guy at the centre who I like called Steve. I like him not for his pleasant manner but the way he acts towards everyone else. He almost fought JJ for a beanie tiger I gave away. He also sits on the phone for an hour saying stuff like, "Get me the fucking supervisor, NOW." Haha.

He also gave Tina and her female compadre shit by moving their bags out so he could sit down. When she reappeared to find the bags moved wailing about her seat, he just said the seat had been empty for an hour and promptly went to sleep. Ha ho what a character.

Met one of the 'outlaws' who came to the gate for a bagged sandwich and bag of chips. He'd gotten banned for 120 days for calling Corina a dyke and arguing. All over a misunderstanding about signing in. He'd been in Santa Monica and was talking about a church on Rose that serves breakfast and gives a bagged lunch. Jay cycled up too with his curls in a tight headband like a tennis guy.

Every drop in kind of place like this has people who always have a cap on, usually the same one. Anthony is one at this centre, a friendly big kid, often sat at the main table with his dull magenta cap. Another guy, a cyclist has a cap with badges and emblems all over it. I think every town and every place has a bebadged person. Always a capper with badges.

Guys come in to supposedly work on the bathrooms every few weeks. Usually they spend a couple of hours in there with clipboards rather than tools and you have to wonder what the hell they are doing as nothing changes inside. I guess they get paid by the city and by the hour so there's no big rush on their part.

Typically the plumbers show up with clipboards and eventually tape up the doors and go away. It's some kind of racket.

Now they are leaving the showers for a few days claiming it needs to dry out and then they can see where the leak is. I've no idea which loon goes in there and decides the slow plumbing plumbers need to be called. It's the fucking showers, who cares if there's a tiny leak. There's worse things in there that need attention like keeping 'em clean

I noticed Sheryl's locker was now emptied of clothes and filled with medicines instead. I asked if she sold them on to other shops or something. No, she said she had another lock-up storage where she moved stuff out to!

Marco, the leather pant clad ex-punker started talking loudly about some rape in the main room and then left or was asked to leave. In one day, I saw several arguments or outbursts. Dunno if it was because it was just after the first of the month and many had gotten their money so maybe were more wired up than usual or what.

Even those who usually hang low can be bouncing off the walls, looking white faced (the white anger type. One guy followed another into the toilets and then came out muttering "short fuse".

So Alena starts doing her yapping of odd phrases that makes people turn around in case she is saying something bizarre directed at them. They are quite funny and always out of context so here's a couple of them that are suddenly said out loud for no reason.

"Oh yeah, my brother can't drive so let him drive a bus."

"See this chin, there's no other chin like it."

Of course it is never the same odd phrase repeated but a continuously created stream.

I also learned more of the details of Stephanie's arrest. Seemingly, she had been looting Mervyn's unchallenged which encouraged her to go further afield. So she went for a lifting spree but Cole's were more alert and nabbed her as she went straight to her van. The police found other loot in there, and she was a borderline felony case. A telling aspect though is that she never lifted anything for Pete.

Eventually he went to see her in the jail where she told him straight, to fuck off. She was mad at him not bailing her out (2k).

There was a lot of jail talk, about peeps in and out and stuff going on. One guy who had been in Folsom was telling me how guys who were getting out and going back to their wives and girlfriends would still fuck their bitches the night before.

Was talking with a new guy in the shower about the zoo that is LA county jail. He said he got bunked up with some og's (black and white) that remembered him as an acid selling kid. He described the layout of the second tier and how he'd get high by opening the bags of pruno and inhaling. He had

a horned devil tat amongst others on his torso and said his name was Matt. Oddly I didn't see him around the centre after that.

I listened to an ex-trucker tell a tale of how in Philly, they used trucks to pull alongside a car they wished to strip. Like a pit crew, a bunch of guys with wrenches would jump out, and shielded by the truck would take every part off the thing.

So it is like having a huge extended family. If there's a day center or shelter then it's not too dissimilar to having a family home to hang at.

If you new or you been longtime with family in all the main bits of Los Angeles, Valley, downtown, westside or east or way out like Perris. I like that silly joke I used to hear where someone says your pop is a lush and you have to play it. So you say well he got to be the thing he wanted...the town drunk. And then there's some more banter and you end up saying or making the other guy say...the town drunk of all LA.

Today that same joke is more twisted so you riff on him being the biggest crackie in town or....well whateva is the thing in the news.

Out of towners come to LA and see the bars on the windows but they also see that big old sun in the sky shining down on the palm fronds and houses with driveways with cars on em and think, hey this aint too bad. And compared to some barrio in San Salvador or freezing public housing in Buffalo, yeah I get it. So did the ancestors of all these hood peeps. And it's true, it's only a few days and nights in winter that you need a heater. The further inland, the more you need it, but most winters are only two months here. Some places, winter is fucking eight months and costly.

And it used to be a factory town for the movies. It's not really that no more but you will meet people working in the biz. Set builders, actresses, waiters who are writers. Some of them will have a clear plan and make a real professional career for themselves. Very few will become stars.

But even as a shitbum, you will meet peeps with the glamor. Now Glamour means something dark...I forgot what exactly but I had a listen once as someone went into it.

In LA, you will definitely meet people working in the movies. You will hear of 'em thru friends and aunties or you may just bump into peeps at parties. High on a line and it's hard for someone not to big up some Hollywood connection. Eating out or bars, you will hear a lot of this kind of talk. If you live here, then it is just par but if you are an out of town person, you can glom onto this brush with celebrity in a way that is a bit sad and a bit unhealthy. I had a friend once that was a plumber's apprentice and his big story was about unblocking a turd blockage in George Clooney's house. We used to be at the same gatherings and the story mutated to where he had Clooney;s megaturd encased for posterity in Perspex and he was willing to sell it for the right price.

You will meet someone who powdered Brittney's ass in a video shoot in the supermarket. Or like me, you might meet some trust fund girl who's mum was

married to the guy that wrote some classic film and kept the family in Spanish style houses, Mercedes and coke and stuff for like ever.

If you hang in the Irish pubs, you will meet nannys for the rich and famous. Sundays used to be nanny night when they got the night off and in between all the celeb goss, you could get a fuck if you faked up some Hollywood connection for them to add to their long gossipy chats to their less fortunate pals back home.

Some people have a kind of encyclopaedic thing going about the celebrity scene and as they age, are eager to unload on well anyone really. I was in an Irish pub in Santa Monica sucking on a brewski and fuck knows how we got onto it but some middle aged person that had seemed okay started unloading about Zuckers which used to be some deli or café back in the day.

People live a life and then find they have no family or are gay or something so download their memories on any passing person.

And when you live someplace on the Westside, you will soon pick up from locals that such and such a film was shot here or that some mobster lived there. It makes you wonder what else can these people think about? Why dwell on such things? Does it validate their existence somehow?

So okay, we got the nice environment. But then you need the moolah. It used to be more than now but non Californians would describe the place as being full of fruits and nuts. Maybe in the 70's when anyone could live for little. Nowadays you gotta have a financial brain to juggle the utilities, the city taxes and the motherfucking rent. You might get a slide for awhile from a friend or a relative or the odd rich fruit and nut but it costs so much just to stand still that you gotta have something coming in. That coming in tends to dominate everything. And you end up as either a straight out shitbum at the day center eating stale donuts and begging for drug money or you trying to make it. Not make it as in Hollywood but just trying to keep gas in your car and pay rent. And pretty soon you gonna burn someone or they gonna burn you. Someone sooner or later is going to say those magic words, "I will pay you tomorrow".

It doesn't seem that bad at the time but as the days fly by and you are calling and they not answering or vice versa, another piece of human trust and optimism flies right out the muthafuckin window.

The trust fund babies, well their rich parents all bought em a townhouse in Venice and the trust pays them the income to run their shit whilst they try and break in the movie biz by hosting big parties and inviting everyone from the hairdresser's list that they know.

Straight up bangers are living with gramps who came from Guadalajara a few decades ago when Venice shacks could be got for 50k. So its gramps then city then auntie's then county before a final shooting puts em in the state joint. Being in federal is pretty cush tho.

It's not a bad alternative to be in the pen. For a big start, you don't have to worry about paying no rent. It brings you kudos from the streetrat muthafuckers. And when you do get spat out, you do have some bank and state helpers to get you to stop being felonious. And if you do feel like just

grabbing some azz, a ride some baggie or just getting whateva you muthafukin want, well the pen can be like one big networking party.

California has the most peeps in orange than just about anyplace. It's kinda like it's own finishing school for the poorer members of society.

It's a community college of hope. It's a university for the thinking fuckwit. Except you don't graduate with a cap and gown. You grad out with taking off the red or orange onesie and even tho they only give you bus fare, unless you a snitch, there will always be someone waiting with tinted windows outside the gates of the muthafuckin joint.

Why is that?

Well for one thing, you leaving makes you interesting to a whole lot of homies on the outside. You know what kites are, right? Well if you do or if you don't, theres peeps that want em. Everyone in the joint is in a gang and everyone on the outside wants to know what news you might have of their bro, their vato, their enemy....you get the picture?

This organisation means you getting out has a currency. It might not last so long but right when the gate or door bleeps or slams shut behind your azz blinking at the sudden sun, usually, well you have bank sucker. You carry the latest wishes and thoughts of the OGs that aint ever gonna hear the slam or bleep as the door of the ejection processing unit leaves you back in the world.

And it's tradition. That night you will have the best night you had for a long time. All the muthafuckin crack whateva you can neck. And some beautiful girl is gonna rub her tits in your face, and you will be well taken care of.

Tell me that isn't better than an unaffiliated idiot having to wait an hour at a bus stop to start again with the thieving and arguing bullshit.

Being in a gang man is hard to avoid but why the fuck would you? And sometimes they eject you from the joint at like 5.30 am, but actually that is they best. They think they might be messing up your thing, but eventually the homies get you and before long you sitting on the park bench smoking a fatty and giving it all the big man just got out the joint stuff to the new crew on the block.

The guys that run things on the outside, the real guys who count the money and bank it and are the real shotcallers are the ones you have to give up whatever it is you are tasked to do. You have to show respect to these ballers and not get so fucked up right away that you can't tell them apart from a failed jock on the park bench. You give them the kite and or the knowledge. You speak in a measured way and make sure they get the right word from the inside. Because for one thing, they will be talking later in the code that will catch you out if you just playing them. Assuming you do good and that only involves being cool, then you have the big party as a show and the mariachis will sing your praises.

And then, you don't sweat it. You will be homed. Even a temp stop at the crib as a gatekeeper type will big you up and the skills you show and the skills your homies inside say you have will be utilized. You drive or you persuade by

leaning on people or you a rocker or a shooter. There's probably more job descriptions than there is down the local employment joint.

You only ever go down there anyways to get a rehousing cheque or a benefit card. The gold card. The EBT that either you use or pass onto someone that can.

Banging is a stress free life cos the OG's got everything took care of. You in, you out, you shake it all about. And so long as you do what you do without the ructions, then you okay.

There's a lot of people out there too that leave gangs. Usually 'cos they get accused of snitching or spying or some shit. It can be true and it can be faked up. No doubt.

Some guys get the family thing going and they stop the crazy drugs and move away. Some OG's are just psycho and vent on their own loyal bros. So it's stress free to a certain kind of person who ain't got anything to lose but it can also be very stressful once you see or hear something you don't rightly like.

There are jobs in the Southland but they all suck. You can plant pakisandrum for a landscaper or do the leaf blower thing. They pay and no one really gets on you about a day's work and you can go home to a homegirl that works in the nail salon and bambino that makes you both so happy.

The other big work is the restaurant. I don't care if it's a fancy Italian or fancy French or fancy fancy whatever, you go in the back rooms where workers are cooking, it's all Mexican in the kitchens. You get the odd tweak washing dishes with the steamer or you get the Euro chef trying hard to make some kind of neo Californian cuisine name and they all doing lines bought off Albert who smashes up the cardboard boxes and hangs in the alley so knows all the hoods.

There's not much of a choice as a poor person. You work at a shit job or you can hang at the park with the thieves and the fuckups sharing tips on getting hand outs. The cops always show up just when you getting a decent buzz on and even a code word shout like "Six up" will not give you enough time to smash or hide the pipe. The rock, you can toss into the long grass and even the drug dog will have a hard time finding it.

And there's always a guy called Raoul or Hector that wants to bust your ass hard because secretly he thinks you are shaming the Raza. Also secretly, he gives out info to his cousin on the border that gets the merch and the peeps over. It's all a fucking joke.

But there is work. After all, that's what people came for. Gramps cam in 1956 not because he loved working in the fields and picking strawberries but because he got thirty times what he could have got picking something in the fields of Manzanillo.

A couple of generations later and a few big ass trucks to match that old greasy campesino white hat, then who could say he did wrong. And he has pride.

You can see the pride as he imparts his thoughts to the young bangers in white sox and long black shorts and ironed white tees. They listen but aren't

completely convinced but will go to church for the family and they will try to please the old fucks.

The young don't really have a finely defined view of human nature. They know how to act when somewhat dissing or trashing your shit but the elders are still the latino kings in most families and going up against that big time is still not on.

Even the banger fresh out with all that respect will only enhance it by deferring to the the old timers. It's how it is and this en famille vibe is very much part of LA.

The blacks have a lot of absent fathers and they are slightly jealous of the tight family bonds of the Hispanic streets. There is a lot of interaction despite what you might think. There is none in the joint but people know each other from high school and just the hood so they see each other in the food joints, parking lots and work.

Most of the blacks I know with jobs have stuff like fast food and cinema ushers and valet parkers going on but there is a lot of real wealth going on in Baldwin hills. There's plenty of black kids with rich folks in corporations and business. They all would still rather be a rapper like Jay-Z than a sad victim like Trayvon but many of them are too soft from affluence to be proper bangers. It's kind of like that thing about having a big dick. Yeah some have a humongous one but those that don't then have to hide theirs so they don't get mocked. And on the street, you can be like fresh prince and still have a laugh but the hyenas can sense that sheltered front and you will be called out.

You wanna be a real banger but from the hills with a credit card, well let me tell you, you can keep that front up whilst you selling drugs and bigging it with all your fake mates but sooner or later the real xxx is gonna show up at you door, make you suck his dick in front of your little homegirl and a pistolwhip and losing your baggies is never as bad as losing that façade. The suburban streets are full of fucks who got their ass handed to 'em. Most bad ass niggah consider it just educating them. If you not dead, then hard as it is, you got an education.

Most people today aren't hard. They know nothing about the ravenous beast that is human nature.

Cops are pretty good psychiatrists.

Idealists become cynics.

Even everyday stay out of trouble workers can have their ravenous moments. I suppose everyone is on opportunity watch.

There's a whole subspecies of workers that glom onto the rich in the hope they can steal something or sell their scandal story or just scam it. Yes it's very sick. They start out looking after someone for cheap rent and then move onto more in depth help that puts 'em in the inner circle and soon they running the show and signing the cheques and that long ago dream of meeting a movie star or becoming a player themselves has become sucking on a teat of

no rent and helping someone with a walker buy a diamond to give to a granddaughter that never visits.

Yeah, someone once said that LA is a sunny place for shady people.

MEETING MISTER ONE HUNDRED PERCENT

The first time I saw him, he was a beefy guy with one of those tees with a huge animal face all on it.

He was wearing a lion head on his tee that covered the whole chest.

"My friend said to come and do some crack and that. And we was all high and shit and he came out of the shadows on the street. There was a hedgerow and he stepped right out of the shadow of it into our faces, and said, 'I need you to do something for me'.

And so we did. Natch we was expecting to be compensated.

Me and Chazzer are sat in the shoebox in West LA talking about the guy who was called 100 per cent.

Yeah yeah, we know all about fiddy and this name seemed like a guff riff all big ups but anyway he just looked like a regular beaner to us. Just a guy asking for something and not giving off the evil eye fuck you kinda thing.

He was bulky but he din't look like a killer. Killers sometimes have those dead fish eyes and he was always engaged with eyes that looked right at you.

He didn't promise anything straight but just said, "Come. I need you to do this for me."

We was willing. A bit loked and so long as it dint take us mega from the hood, would give it the shot.

He pointed at a building, just looked like a three storey apartment building and asked us to fuck everyone up in there. Natch we had weapons and looked at him and looked at the building and he did the right move by simply passing the big rolled up wad. At times like that, you don't get all county but someone wadding around like that, you just assume they run the local shit and are on your team without all the backchat. He obviously wasn't crippled out but he cudda been V13 no doubt about.

Most young kids on the street sort of get excited about killing someone. It is a rite of passage and proof of your commitment if you wanna join a proper gang.

Soldiers are paid to take people out so it is simply a matter of doing their job and being a soldier in a gang is really no diff. You expect to do it, get used to doing it and after awhile you don't feel right unless you are doing it.

Me or someone else I'd go down the hood with was getting a dove or sometimes some other thing to smoke, snort or slam. And it's only really thinking back that I realise he was there a lot. All the time actually.

Our little crew were schoolbuds but not really a gang because we crossed the racial divide. In prison we wouldn't be talking with each other but you know, we all went to Venice and high.

Effy and Hector were the latin kings. Dollah Bill and Shirl were the crip section and Chazz, me and sometimes Sli were the white kids.

We were tight. Like anyone is that is in their own hood. We lived right there, knew everyone and maybe weren't the baddest of asses but we had each other's back.

Bros.

So anyways, there's a couple of other gangs around but not in enough numbers that will make us trip.

We are the homeboys and it's a big racial foodstamp mix but friendly enough. Apart from the mooslums. They had bagged up women, ran the stores but weren't really friendly you know. Scowlers.

Things were changing and we sloped along getting high and all that and the odd rip for ourselves. The other gangs are in there cos they is running the odd crackden or bringing in. The cheapest shit would come in and they were the providers. The cheapest provider is often the gang that you might see the most of. So it's not like you might see on TV or a film where one set is all murder on another. They mix cos one might get stuff cheaper than the other. And sometimes it's downright funny friendly stuff like you walk down the street, see someone new that you ain't seen before but you know they from someplace so you ask who you with or flash your own sign ...down low of course. They often claim a different set just to fuk around and see how you react. So a blood might see a crip but then claim to be part of 18th street just to crack everyone up. For those who don't know, the 18S is Salvadoran.

Now most peeps just don't get hood life but it has it's rhythm and rhyme. Perhaps surprisingly, single multimoms are very popular. They always have a steady stream of dough and so can often be relied on for a borrow. And they are often soft and needy so their apartments become cribs. The guys hang out and run things from there and they make great stash houses. They easy to fuck and are grateful too.

You can't beat being in a gang. You against the world and all that. Your homies will back you up better than any fair weather friend or even your family. You can't expect others to be there for you no matter what or when unless they are exactly like you and you'd do the same.

There's a few things you can learn from various crews. Jamaicans who 'steam clean' shops and stores by steaming in and grabbing en masse. Or the quaint anglo tradition of bottles and bricks and mobbing up and fucking with rival team hoolies or whatever. But generally, deep down most people are cowards and will only kill in company or otherwise get excited enough to take on another group with peer approval. Groups attract attention. Lone wolves

are always the most effective when it comes to keeping the coming mayhem a secret.

It's just that teenagers are drawn to violence. It will always be so.

Well I'm rambling now. Let's just get into it shall we. The gospel according to me, the epistle of Hector maybe. I'm certainly no better than you dude. But I know one or two things. And maybe this will hit you right. I'm sorry to be the one that tells, but someone's gotta. I can't believe it's not already been told.

KICKING IT AT THE CRIB

There's always a few inside places around the hood where everyone kicks it. Some are sheds in backyards. Some are welfare mom's apartments and some are an empty or abandoned house turned into a crackden that doubles as a makeshift place to get some tats done or show off your weapons.

In the crib, oh yes we soon got that sorted, we rocked and talked.

We would sit watching the Crip motherfucker knock out artist 'Kimbo Slice' on some youtube vids. He was a scary no fear guy. Steamed straight in and knocked the other down until they surrendered. Great technique for that kind of strongman. It was old footage but dynamite stuff.

There's the most basic philosophy going on in crackdens. We talked about how a representation of someone like an etchasketch by a famous artist can be worth more than the person. It's always pretty deep by about 4am motherfucker. Most times none of this deep down understanding and philosophising is gonna get recalled. It's all not as clear or even rememberable when you roll out the cocoon eventually.

Our main guy would be in there and talking politics and we would talk about the world and everything. He said the weeds of society grow just as easily alongside the good stuff in society. He called them tares and at first some of us weren't sure if he was taking a dig at the crackies. I think it was Effy who asked him about that.

But no, he said the afflicted are the blessed not the cursed and that the weeds were the Satanists who were all around us worshipping satan. And Baal. And it became clear that he hated them with a real passion. More than any other gang he hated them.

Another strand was about how America was the place to start the fight with the Satanists. And how great it was that Americas were discovered by Columbus in 1492, the very year that the last muslims were kicked out of Spain.

As far as I know, he came from Huerozingo. It's near Cholula. I also heard Zacatecas mentioned. Not that any of it is crucial because he first became known to the police for running with a Guatamalean gang or was it from El Salvador?

As best as I can tell it, snatches I heard from himself or overheard and bits the brothers would tell me as we loked and partied out about what he'd said, many streams of information about what has gone on.

I remember a lot of stuff about what can seem accidental is the real destiny of a person willing out. It's not a higher power lighting your path ahead of you,

but that your ultimate destiny or calling will keep throwing a path in front of you, and when you're on that path, then fuck, you on it.

Then there was the obtuse stuff. He once said, as he caught a fly in his hand, that he always knows the spot a fly will prefer to go. He said he knew where they liked to hang out. Hey the one a fly would look up to hey?

Other stuff wasn't about anything specific but once when someone said someone was sooo cool, he snapped that the coolest will one day be the hottest.

After that first shoot em up, we walked the alleys and heard the sirens converging from around the flats of the Southland. Everyone was at the main crib and our new boss was there showing the love.

“Good work. You are all now founder members of the KMFC.”

If you're thinking football club. Put this book down now, Yes, I know it sounds like FC and all that. But it's not. It's the initials used by the gang to obscure what it meant.

Does that mean I'm like the Judas because I now write? Does that mean I sold out the story of what the boss says?

We all liked the initials 'cos it was a bit like KFC and there's very few peeps that don't like a bit of fried chicken. Pretty soon, we had tagged the area for blocks, then miles.

As time went on, we developed symbols and our own private tagwords that only meant stuff to us. We were all tight and hadn't gotten in with the many Southland sets so this was a way to proclaim our independence. And as we came to understand it's main thing and why, we knew we were special and had a new thing than all the other bangers.

We busted out. We busted hard, and we were proper buster moving.

When we fight, the boss suggested we yell out Santiago. We all yelled and then he said to yell Ramiro or Palayo, and we did it whilst he looked to be thinking. Finally he said they were okay as battlecries but not strong enough. He said we needed something simple that anyone could yell in unison.

We discussed effective slogans. We discussed tactics to get the enemy. He had some odd slogans he liked but hey ho,

After awhile, we sloped off to another crib which was all about 40s, the juice and yaya. I got my dick sucked by two different women that night.

With Effy and Joel in their crib on Vernon, we tried not to overlive the recent events. No one should fixate on the past. You yap away on something and it sucks in a psychic vortex. By talking even to yourself, you are putting it out there. If you don't want to jinx urself and charges, then stfu.

Effy had been bust some time back for selling weapons out the trunk of his car, so once in awhile the federales will pull him over and check for junk in his trunk. So he was telling the story of his latest pull. How they like to do it here is have both your hands out the window in sight and eventually you form a crucifix and then kneel with your hands behind your head and they generally take you down. You want the helicopter light on you, because then you know you probably won't get shot by a corrupt cop who's gonna say you reached for something.

So Effy was not what you could call a fan of the feds. We talked about them as much as anything as if our hate could deflect their attention. All bangers psyche themselves up with that as a defense and that way you don't incriminate urself. As that song went... You better check yourself before you wreck yourself. There ain't much truer bro, and that newer song as well....dont fuk urself ...don't down urself...don't even rap about itmaaaaaaan.

We all had scars. What Joel called the Venice kiss, a mark from a streetfight or two. We all had the hate that comes of unfulfilled dreams. I remember Joel telling me about something in school where in a class everyone was saying what they wanted to do or ambition was. Joel had said he would like to go to Paris and this cornrow princess had cackled out, "You ain't ever going to Paris you beaner."

REHASH BROWNS AND TOAST

Peso asked me if I needed a rock. I told him I aint got shit. He said a dove's only twenty. I told him to give me whatever he had and I'd sell it for him. He wasn't so sure but gave me a couple of rocks, and watched discreetly as I basically held them up and said, "Who wants this?"

Anyway a few days later and selling a shedload of rocks had finally made me some bank. I was proper fucking minted even though like I hadn't slept for a couple of days. I tried the stuff of course and made some new friends that way too.

It didn't take long but pretty soon I had every crackie in the basin offering to do something for me. That wasn't what I really wanted.... a subservient crew ekeing out a rock by sucking dick big time but anyways. One day this guy who'd followed me for like a mile and kept asking me for shit I hadda set on.

"Listen I'm doing business here and you aint got jack"

"Anything you need taking care of man, I'm the star."

"Fuck. Okay what's that piece of shit over there?"

"I dunno. Some fucking religious bollocks"

"Yeah well, go over there and make a show. Pop some fucker."

Homebox went dutifully over there and hung in and out of the shadows like a three legged hurdler. After about ten or fifteen, I'd had enough but the place emptied like a roach motel. It was a mosque and rockhound was bouncing in and out of the shadows like a demented vagrant like he was.

He was one fucking hesitant motherfucker but I know how it is. These guys couldn't punch their way out of the proverbial paper bag, still I hadda give the cunt credit for persistence and when some old guy with a cane and a white beard came out, he stepped right up.

He circled then hit. The old idiot folded like people do when it comes out the blue. Then the guy trying to give the big show crotchkicked until fluid came out. It was San Andreas gameshow all over again.

Then, despite the FBI probably watching these sort of places, the shithead made a beeline straight for me.

I gave him a rock and told him to "now fuck the fuck off."

He wanted to buddy buddy but I could not get away fast enough.

Of course that kinda sealed a rep. They were either at my feet or at my throat. Fuckers from all over the basin were offering to help me out if I help them out. But anyways I'd made some bank and I quite liked the shit so fuck.

I started to get the hangers on. People like me that just needed the family. My brothers were lining up. I wasn't trying to steer the ship I'd got but the damn thing just went.

These scum of society were my clients and also later recruits to our gang. They couldn't be trusted but they were good at spreading the word and many of them made good simply by being the keenest. It was a bit like the hashish assassins really where they were addled with drugs and convinced to have had a glimpse of paradise and then would go out and do as they were told in the belief they would regain heaven. Except this was promising the drug but not pretending it was a path to heaven. Maybe it was.

So I got the point man job. It certainly gave me status and people had seen me talk.

We never had paper records or even weapons or the dopey at the crib. Everything was cleaned out every morning and everyone left taking shit with them. Now there was like a screwtop thing flush with the floor that things were put into that needed to stay right there. It was in the bathroom, under a carpet and under a floorboard so unless you knew it was there, you weren't gonna find it unless someone had bubbled you the say so.

I certainly never saw the other end of it, but I kinda figgered it was on a need to know basis so the intel crew and of course the comeback kid.

So I'm crib gatekeeper and I think it's like Wednesday morning fer sure. We got internet and a few phone lines and I'm just chill on the net and tidy. And that's when I entered into Spookland. No plan to. No desire to. But you get what you got.

The door went as it did every ten anyways and there's a muttonchop brother but no hood monkey that I'd ever seen before. I was alone so I guess they had it watched s. They probably had drones or satellites or something that sussed the crew. Who the fuck knows?

So anyways Mister Pulp fucking fiction Samuel Jackson straight out asks if he can come in.

"You look like the shit. Fuck off"

"Okay man but I'm on your side fool."

So's I closed the door on him. We had the kiddo looky loos but unless it was like a convoy or guys like they was a packing that they didn't recognise, no-one was going to eat it.

A coupla days later I'm at Norms. The one on Pico. There's a few of them, and you get the three course meal for like under ten so it's the calorie bomb of choice when you gotta do the works.

So I order and I'm all alonesome 'cos I'm not really up to anything and then I see the fuck over in the corner. Now I know he ain't followed me in 'cos he a pushing a plate for the waitress to take away. He winks and I just stare a little ad wish I'd never laid eyes on him. But now I do, then I gotta keep looking over and scoping on.

The food came and I looked everywhere but at fuckboy even though he was the focus of it. The fuck even picked his teeth and too pretended to be looking anywhere but.

He had the standard desert.. a jello thing with whippo on top, and I wasn't hungry anyway so maybe against my better judgement I left a Hamilton on the table and made to leave.

"Are you following me?"

He reacted with wavy long fingers and gave it like we was oldtime.

"Nah. C'mon man, I got a proposition for you."

Fuck, do you fall just by listening?

So I sat down and gave the eyebrow. He spoke quick and low and still ate some jello.

"You don't want the thirty year drop. And I got a medal for you."

"You the man. I don't think much of your outfit."

"Nope I'm strictly military and we support what you do"

"And what do we do?"

"You scare the shit out the muslims. We know the hoo-haw."

I had to laugh and leave in case he wanted some trout.

"You're the fucking hoo-haw. Go fight. Go dogs."

He like threw a card at me with military stuff on it.

"I'm your friend. Just think on it. We can help"

I took the card anyway because I wanted to look on it. It was some kinda set up for sure and I took it not so straight back to the crib and gave it to mister one hundred.

Waay back in the fuck of my mind was some fantasy about facilitating the ops with the Feds and making me a vital cog in the machine. I'd also sucked on the shit, but I did the right thing. All upfront.

He didn't even look at the card, just sort of twirled it between the fingers and said, "Okay make the call"

"But we know it's spooks"

"Don't give it up but see what they can facilitate."

"But we say anything and they know we're in the game"

"Then don't say anything"

KMFC CONVO

I found out the correct spelling is Huejotzingo and according to wiki is the site of one of the earliest so called fortress churches.

There's a whole shedload of 4am philosophy that I recall. What was said and what was agreed with and what was met with a stare or an anger.

There's almost too much so it gets so you don't know where to begin so I'll just keep it bite sized chunks and throw it up here and there.

So anyhoo our lives rolled on. We had some gear and between the dealers, the dopers, the inbetweeners, there was always action. We was rolling it out 24/7. Some of the guys started getting the serious bling and rides like the wheels and the escalades and even buying into music studios and shit.

It was kinda like the husband comes home from work or vicey versa and the spouse spills all the gossip about the day and what went on. Except this was a dozen times over.

And with all this action, there was no shorts of hangabouts. He gave a name for the gang one day when he told all the fools damn straight.

"If you want to be in the KMFC, there's an initiation."

The atmosphere changed because jump-ins were the usual for a gang where everyone beat you down and you showed heart by getting a few pops in before you were completely stomped. And then of course, you'd had the worst on offer apart from getting shot or stuck, so you was like in.

Some gangs had a higher standard of course, and that was to waste some fucker from a rival gang.

That was what ours turned out to be. But in some ways it was easy. Men, women or children were all classed as a kill. And you had to renew your dues like every so often.

The victims were just like in the very first beginning and maybe that was the jump-in that was accidental but destiny you know? And we all did it. Slayed shitloads of the fucks.

But I'm getting ahead of myself here. Let the Comeback Kid lay it out for yous all.

After setting up our crib in what turned out to be an old crack den, we really set to styling. No gang problems 'cos no-one thought we was a gang and the odd lone buster, we threw hard.

Eventually all the little chisellers came around and I told 'em straight. You either fucking join KMFC or fuck the hell off. Of course that made all the little people go round spray painting the whole fucking hood and even a few freeway bridges with KMFC to show they were down. They were all shitting themselves that they were all going to get a solid beatdown but I told 'em, all they gotta do is go to that motherfucker mosque and take one out. We preyed on that fucker. It was easy I know and after awhile the FBI and the Feds of every description was there and so we moved to others.

They were springing up everywhere and so a road trip would always find a place for our prospects to do their thing.

Pretty soon as muzz were getting offed left, right and centre, the mosques started closing instead of opening. Areas where they opened had a lot of eyes looking for family muzz to be earned. Any black brother that came into us saying how he converted to islam in the pen or some shit never knew what happened.

Those fucks we rolled down freeway embankments into the brush. Two months later, a caltrans crew would find them and the newspaper would say another transient had been found in the bushes. Those bushes burnt with righteousness brother.

At first the crew would be figuring out KMFC. They knew not to ask me direct and a couple started to go down that route but snapped back elseplace damn sharp.

The early shittalk went, "Well where the fuck is KM Boulevard, anyways?"

There was a whole discussion group wondering about the missing ingredient in Kentucky Fried Chicken.

Once the slaughtering started in an orderly and steady fashion though, they knew.

"Kill Muzz". Michael was the first to have said it and I went and kissed his head.

For the rest, I said..."Final Crusade"

It might seem strange to start a religious extermination in a place where no-one gave much of a muchness about religious anything. Getting high and getting paid was the name of the game. Getting pussy was up there and once we started to get the rep, everyone all put out.

I told the crew though. No inner workings. No giveaway of the entry code or you is out. Motherfucker.

It seems that in a dozen people, you will get one that bucks. One that wants more or to be the boss or some shit. So I organised them into squads of nine. We talked a lotta lotta stuff about the best battlegrouping. It was refined banging.

We had little groups of a main man and three or four on it guys. So the main dood would have a little blood loyal set that could hide or transport his arms and so on. The lesser ones that wanted to be part of the bangs but were actually useless by themselves even tho they knew what it took and why, and sometimes they had been shot or something in the past so they weren't the main players, but we took 'em in.

After awhile no-one actually gave it that much of a thought other than getting in, doing what had to be and then getting out with no heat. Since we weren't banging with Crip or Blood gangs, they just came by once in awhile to party. They asked of course what the fuck our operation was all about but outa respect, they knew they could not put the bite on us to tell.

I heard some shit about how we were all superheisters with some forgery or banking scam going. My squadleaders kept the little fish in line that would piss it all out if they knew that they'd be no chance of comeback. But we was everywhere. When you take an area, even the schlepps that aren't in the gang are offering up what any little wazoo said.

My top guys, Michael, Francis and Joel and Effy became the nucleus of the intel unit that had their own sitdowns and made sure we wasn't on no front pages and also liased with the other gangs in prison and the streets to make sure they didn't fuck with us, or if they even thought about it, we was on it before any real shit went down. They were all connected with the MM thru family connections and so we got the drugs from them and they made sure there was no heat in our direction, by stopping any potential snitches dead.

Francis got popped on a possession and was sweated for info. The usual, we have a statement against you crap, and he went down for ten. A mixed blessing I suppose as he was built like a KW and became our man on the inside. He fed us the names of the converts and when they got out so we could give them extreme parole.

You all know a corporation works on the vitality of many right? Well a gang is the same only with more dedication. You can take the leader out, but the thing goes on with it's own dedicated servers.

Even more so than a simple job entity. Gangs are 24/7 and will work to prove themselves without prompting.

One time, three G-man came to the crib. Amazingly, everyone else was 'at work'.

"Excuse us but we have this place showing up as a gang related hideout and would like to know exactly who lives here?"

No warrant was mentioned and it was clearly a fishing expedition.

I gave them a stare long enough for them to start looking at each other then recited a kiddy rhyme to give them something to talk about later.

"Ladybird, ladybird your house is on fire and your children are gone.
Fly away, fly away, go home before all is lost."

And then slammed the door with a force that almost blew them away.

So the heat was coming down. We hadn't left calling cards or any statements. We were a sober business. Apart from getting high that is.

I sorted Mike, Effy and Joel as the nucleus of our intel and explained that we needed to do field trips for our prospects. Effy's wife worked at city hall putting shit together for so-called disenfranchised kids to explore the world beyond the ghetto. Great.

We didn't get all the funding but what we really needed and gotted was the official seals and seed funding to send our youngsters out to the UK, to Turkey, to Fuckistan, anyplace we wanted all as a kind of cultural bullshit awareness.

Our lads (and one girl who was up for it) were back at the crib before any rat droppings were even discovered back in their shitboxes.

Of course, the odd thing went wrong, we had one guy cap a muzz in Paris right outside the Louvre instead of following them to the nest as instructed.

He was 14 so the gendarmes didn't even hold him and he'd dropped the gat down the grate anyways. But then of course, the shooter got found and was a local supply gun but somehow the French kept looking for the American connection and our little party of art lovers were in the spotlight once or twice squinting our incomprehension.

Local suppliers were also suspect since they didn't have the central cohesive crib thing, but we always found a talker and always had local pick-ups as I'm sure you realised that there is no carrying of pieces thru customs anymore. Maybe on private Lears, but we weren't there yet.

There's a game I wanted the prospects to play. Follow a muzz.

It weren't that hard at all. Basically you hang out where the mosque monkeys like to wail, and maybe especially on Friday prayers and you tail 'em home.

You ain't packing no hammers, so even a pull, though you should never get a pull...it means they are onto you azz. So you follow and it is all good boyscout training. Now, if you want to go the extra points and brick the window or fire the door, then that's on you. I'm suggesting the muzz tail as training only.

Pavlo Lapshyn was a Ukrainian who started his own personal crusade but got caught.

I started the junior prospects on this. Now we ain't no neighborhood strength gang. We ain't got shit when it come to the Meccy 13 gangs or the local Crips and Bloods who are actually more tight. Currently, though these things change every half year, the top bangers are the Avenues gang. That's like north of LA downtown off Figgy.

But as Jesus says, give me your poor, fucked up and downright nasty, we took in the little wannabes who had no family and hated everyone because of that. We had a mean crew that wouldn't quit.

So no, we didn't have Johnny two shoot and we didn't have doc gat, or Alpo, but we had skinny ass beanpoles that wanted to belong someplace and our field was as good as anything.

It's the volunteers, the hey ho lets go joiners who are all a passion that are the hotheads that will just as easily give you up and have another passionate hobby.

What we were trying to do was establish self perpetuating cells of anti islamicists. A reverse to the al queerda franchise.

We had the spooks sniffing around, but everyone that held to the template could act and not be connected to any other branch.

Having been homieless can help you in the constant cops and spooks versus being just a peep down on their luck. You learn to seem to be helpful to their interrogations without giving anything away much more than name rank and serial number. Yassah!

Most places, the homeless are an easy bust for a lazy cop so they chase em around without too much overt racial profiling or targeted harassment but just enough. They can always claim someone called in a suspicious character, and many homeowners do just that. From behind their mortgaged walls, they watch out for anyone not having a home and prepare to shit on them for a change. You can't lie about your name but you can lie about your intentions and where you were going and all that.

THE MAN FROM AFAR

I flew down to LA. It's a funny thing, those in El Norte think they are up and the rest of the Americas are down there somewhere. But those in latin lands think the USA is kinda down there. Over the horizon. A dipperty dip dip below it.

Los Angeles is an interesting mix of humanity. Heaven and Hell is right there. You can manufacture your own and you can just sidle into one ready made. With no dough, you might think there's only one choice. And you know what, I took that choice. That's where I belong anyhow. You know with the ballers, the hustlers the get the fuck outa my way upcomers. I wandered around the so called skid row. People living in cardboard boxes. Hundreds of 'em. It's a trip if you never seen that.

More than most cities you know because, well I suppose its the weather. And the missions and stuff feed everyone. Everyone who can be bothered to form a line and not throw their food about anyways.

The sun shines and it's all just peachy. There's a bit of trouble as anyplace and the sirens are always going but what I'm about is a man with no family here. No-one. Not a fucking cousin twice removed or anything so I have to get some friends around me however I can.

I liked the gang set up of being a ready made template of friends and bonded homiedom. People that would kill for you. And I thought, this is something common to human nature and maybe has existed all thru time, but right here right now, it is something that I can enjoy and yet also bring an enlightenment unto.

The Muzz invented the assasins, a group of drugged up, paradise seeking lone wolves who killed a leader and then were themselves killed by the bodyguards.

But we aren't about martyrdom operations. All non muzz life is sacred. Intelligent incisive attacks that preserve our assassins are what we need.

Run away to fight another day.

Fuck them but save yourself. As Jesus said, we must all be saved.

We had compassion tho. We were not the bloodlust animals of the cultists and crowds. We only went for those who were mature and had many opportunities to turn away from the cult. Those that persisted in their wrongness. They had years to choose another path but instead clung onto the cult of the false prophet and wallowed in the cultish demands of dress and daily rigor. The only learning they loved was the words of an unholy man sent from Satan to deflect the less worthy from the godhead of understanding.

These people loved death and so were awarded it. They claimed to love martyrdom so there were not to be any complainers to be left alive. They chose wrong.

We love life. And we love those that love life. But we have to protect them from those that yearn for their destruction. Those satanists are literally dying to kill those repulsed by their cult. It is only the truly good that prevent that and speed the blasphemers to hell.

A gang may seem to be a cult like thing where the word of the head honcho gets carried out, but although there is a tendency towards conformity, there is no way that a gang resembles a Satanic cult like islam. Let me list a few definitions of a cult that I found on a French website. I'll just use theirs rather than a rehash as they put it as succinct as anyone else.

Think about the attributes of a religious cult.

1. A leader (dead or alive) who is considered absolutely infallible.
2. Proscribed food and dress. Everyone must adhere to the standard.
3. Repetitive and frequent sessions to reinforce behaviour.
4. Violent and often brutal treatment of backsliders or people that wish to leave.
5. A cult tells you what God is like. There is no individual contact with God.
6. Regulation of every aspect of the day. From dawn to dusk.
7. The leader often breaks his own rules set for the others.
8. Outsiders are demonised and cult members are discouraged from contact or friendship with people outside the cult.
9. Cults are never tolerant.
10. Obsessive ways of doing things are a hallmark of a cult.
11. Emulation of the leader.
12. Absolute certainty that they are right. No doubt is allowed or encouraged.

Think about what a cult is, and then apply these characteristics to any religion you wish.

How many out of these twelve match?

Now apply the above cultic traits with Islam.

1. Mohammed was beyond criticism. Even when he took a six year old girl as a wife and had sex with her at nine years old.
2. Food and dress is rigorously regulated. It is a form of control to insist that followers can only eat this or at certain times and must dress a certain way.
3. The daily regime of stopping work, whatever to bow to Mecca five times and say repetitive prayers is reinforcing behaviour.

4. People who leave islam are supposed to be killed. People who transgress Islamic rules about showing a female arm or ankle are whipped in the street as the Taliban did and Saudi religious police still do.
5. No muslims are allowed to talk to God themselves. They are told how God is. Only the top guy is allowed to have had divine contact and they then limit God's ability to talk to anyone else.
6. The whole day is full of prayers and all behaviour from eating to washing to going to the toilet has rules.
7. Mohammed frequently broke his own rules saying it was okay for him. For instance, he said no man can have more than four wives but he himself had eleven.
8. The Koran is full of exhortations like "show harshness to unbelievers" or to "take not Jews or Christians for friends".
9. The barbarity of Islamic terrorists is obvious.
10. Saying "peace be upon him" every time they mention muhammed's name is an example of cultic obsession.
11. Emulation of muhammed extends to dressing, defecating and sleeping as they think he did. Muhammed didn't use chairs, so many muslims sit on the floor to eat. Of course, this is all selective snobbery. Muhammed didn't read, didn't drive a car or use a mobile phone too but no-one seems keen to copy this.
12. There is no encouragement of questioning or consideration in islam. Religions usually have a path of learning and being wrong and maturity. Even Jesus had doubts. Muslims aren't allowed to entertain "what if" notions.

One of the worst things about a cult, is that it stifles original thinking. This is why the islamics have never invented anything.

Religions encourage a personal relationship with God and seek to increase understanding. Islam insists only on absolute slavery.

Can children that repeat the Koran over and over and over again be really said to be getting wisdom?

No they are simply being brainwashed to the point where they cannot think or dare to criticise or simply question many of the contentious issues. They have spent their lives learning a book that they are not then about to reform or even question but simply parrot passages.

The Islamics have made themselves into zombies. Murdering zombies that have no right to religious tolerance.

One of the best places to visit was Turkey. Get a minibus down to some archeological site and thru the police checkpoints. Down in the south east was a huge mosque all by itself. We'd already recc'ed it as a potential membership fest. Anyway, Friday comes and all the wailing and headbanging starts and we come in with the heavy duty rpg and boom, we have five kids as new members. The locals of course had sunni, shia, kurds every fucker who spoke Turkese as their bastards. I'm not saying the muzz are stupid cos they are cunning fucks when it comes to taking advantage of the naive and gullible, but hit them unexpected and they'll blame Americans every time, maybe the Joos. Their muzz corrupted brains ain't up to Sherlock Holmes that's for sure.

Tourists can go to many of these islamofascisthellholes, sharia shitholes like Dubai, Oman, and with just a bit of net research, you will suss that pretty good arms, rockets even semtex are locally available to someone that speaks with a local dialect. So you recruit one or find one with relatives in the target zone. They go ahead visiting uncle and also line up a suitcase full of what you need. You do haveta watch for double agency but by picking the helper, you can get a pretty good lock on whether they are for real.

Of course, the belly of the beast in Saudi won't allow you in as a tourist but you can do that haji thing and fake em out. There are no ways to get the semtex locally though, unless you can bluff it bigtime as bin Ladens long lost buddy. We let 21 of them in to hijack planes and smash 'em into targets but funnily enough, the Saudi fucks won't allow marines in to give em some payback. And certainly they won't allow in the Joos. Daniel Craig, mister 007, we need you to blue eye blindside those goatfuckers.

These merchants of hate are truly the sons of Ismael. Not many know that Medina was the Jewish city of Yathrib. You never hear of the right of return or favoured refugee status for all the jews driven out genocide. That's because they get on with it wherever they are instead of always playing the whining victim that the Islamics play. Baksheesh, baksheesh and fuck your mother.

This is my war of the flea to you. Pick only those that have already matured into reasoned argument against the cult. Those that maybe flirted with it, dabbled with it and even visited mosks looking for an answers to life and everything. And these impassioned and keen types who have self-realized the fallacies and the lies and the devious strategems used by the muzz. Well my friend, my habibi, these are the finest warriors of all. They know how the enemy think. They too travelled the same broad highway but turned around before it was too late.

So this kinda esprit goes on for a long long time, but as we all know the muzz are building the world stage for armygeddyon. My crew and cadres are experienced and getting good at it without anyone even knowing they exist.

And to this end, there is no escalation of antagonism. No taunting in the street or disdain. No pulling off of burqas. No hostility except that shown, if any at extermination.

To prove your worth, you have to get these devils and kill them. Spend the billions of muzz to make the world a better place.

You may wonder at how a gang involved with drugs has any moral authority but if you want to clean out the sewers, then you need to be deep in the shit. I'm a broke azz niggah. I've met all you guys about hundreds of times already. You don't recall because you are wrapped in your non self examined life.

No matter. I will remember you.

TEACHING ON THE ESCALATOR

I was at the crib with like a dozen others and the main man came in and suggested we go to the mall. It was a bit like a school field trip but I wanted to scope out Footlocker and some others wanted to do Hollister and those places.

I think our captain just liked the vitality of such places. You are surrounded by loads of people generally having a pleasant time up, below, all around you. There were no headbaggers or wailers or people sticking their azzes into the sky to really sour the mood.

The city malls all over the Southland are good places to hang out. You can pretty get most clothing items that you might want and there's cinemas in there, all kinds of eats at the food courts and so on. There's big ones in Inglewood, Santa Monica and the Westside pavilion and others like the one in Sherman Oaks. You get into the San gab valley and there's one heavily into Korean or Chinese boutiques and products and there's Vietnamese in Orange county and if you like shopping, then you will never run out of shopping.

Like most guys, I shop out of necessity rather than just to feel good about myself. Having been used to the free giveaways in shelterland, I don't value most threads the way others can do.

I'm like Macklemore having a ball in the thrift store. But shoes and trainers, well you can't be wearing a dead man's shoes and shit looking like you have clown shoes on, so I'm happy to drop a couple of Benjamins on decent footwear.

Every banger in town goes to the same places that stock hot trainers. I'm no NBA junkie, but everyone wants comfortable and flash treads. You can't steal from these joints. Well, you can if you get a job there, otherwise you gotta pony up the bills.

The newest sneakers were in black with a zap bolt stripe of green. There was another pair which were red with white racing stripes. Our main man came over whilst I was looking at these shoes. He held them together.

"Notice anything?"

"New style and zappy colors."

"Those are the colors of the horses of the apocalypse."

"Nice."

"Consider the colors of islamist flags...pale which is greenish, red, black and white. All the same colors."

"So the islamofascists will provoke an apocalypse?"

“Well the colors match. Possibly all those places may march on Jerusalem and that will provoke something serious. And it may take several months to bury the dead infidels. But not as serious as those treads.”

I got the black and green ones bagged up and left the red and white behind.

Money wasn't really an issue. I just liked those better. No point in cluttering up a crib with shite. We had money. We all had money from gang deals. If anyone asked what I did, like other peeps, I liked to joke around. I've always tried to make everything look easy and I relish in the joke about having worked hard...I remember it well...it was a Tuesday afternoon.

After a couple of hours of trying stuff on and getting some baggage, and of course part of the mall vibe is scoping on the poochi, a few of us broke for a bite to eat. The good thing about the food court is we can all get different stuff but sit at the same table.

Right now for me, I had a yen for a burrito al pastor. Six or seven bucks will get you a fat one. If I remember on ordering, I tell them to leave out the beans and you get more marinated meat. Most of us get to marinate our meat.

You get other bangers in the mall natch, especially at Fox Hills but it's a neutral zone so sworn enemies will maybe flash a sign and a scowl but they just get on with their purchasing and meandering. Part of the jokery is that a crip will sign a Blood sign as they pass a known red who knows they a blue. Most everyone knows it's a big laugh. It's only later when you looked up in the flatlands and you see the slobs on your turf that it's a green light for loosing fire. These rituals aren't all that different to stylised combat in the animal kingdom except that the animals aren't quite so murderous.

When someone is wounded in animalland, they let them slope off. Here, on the street, when someone is wounded, all the little bangers want to join in and be the one to cap 'em fer real.

We moved on to more clothing outlets, and regrouped with the others. We got the escalator to the higher level. Albert and Paco had been thinking of what had been said in Footlocker earlier and had clearly been thinking, and without being too loud started in on some questions.

So dood what the fuck. What is this all about?

You know exactly what this is about. We must all strive to make the world a better place. THAT is the mission of humanity.

Does killing people really help?

Spending people is not the issue. It is that you must prove yourself worthy of life by ensuring that you will fight for righteousness.

Isn't that just blindly following what you ask?

Only if you blindly follow, but I am not asking for blind faith, but to act with your eyes fully open to the tares that grow alongside the good crop.

This discourse started on the metal stair but we moved onto the roof of the car park where we had parked up. There, with the backdrop of the city and the mountains came more and I have wrote down as much as I can.

If you have managed to get this far in the narrative, then kudos. Big up yourself. You are a true seeker of knowledge and wisdom and worthy of joining.

THE SERMON ON THE MALL CAR PARK ROOF

It's always sunnyish in LA, but today we had a few clouds. But they broke to let a distinctive shaft shine on the roof of the mall car park. It wasn't narrow like a spotlight but rippling like a stream as it shone on us.

What had started inside on the way up a level on the escalator became an in depth outline of our philosophy.

All religion is full of hypocrisy and sanctimonious bullshit. However, the sincere efforts of a few to teach a good and pure life is mocked by Satan that manufactured a cult that looks like a religion and uses a terror document to spread hatred around the world.

Satan chose an epileptic, a feverish and lustful and greedy and bloodthirsty worst example of a man to convey a faith that hates everyone. Even the ones of the same faith thought to be not faithful enough. And this man mocked the true prophets of old by being hailed as a prophet yet prophesized nothing. This sham of a religion provided cultic certainty for the weak minded and easily led. It provided repetitive chanting praising Baal and his false prophet.

The horns of this Satanic God are clearly replicated for all that have eyes to see. And in the unholy book, you will not find anything about God's love but it is all about hellfire for unbelievers. Only the worst of human minds that seek not wisdom or enquiry will be beguiled by this cult, and these are the chaff that need to be separated from the good wheat.

Their message of hate is often unchallenged and we hope to carry their jihad back over their own doorsteps and countries.

The cultural relativism of today has not produced the standards or morality that are needed to allow the wolf to dwell alongside the lamb. The freedom for each to sit under their own vine is rare. Instead, our society is prey to those that wish fear upon us. Our duty is to protect by attacking the terrorists in their lair.

In the short term, we have to preserve ourselves from imprisonment yet fight the islamofascists.

On a practical level, we live in a world where the criminal has more help than a victim. The free speech of Satan is protected whilst that of common sense is denigrated. To reverse the tide of evil is no easy task, nor can we expect help from existing organisations. Anybody that wants to help in this crusade can go at their own speed and ability.

I invite new crusaders to arise. Last century, the world had to defeat political fascism and now it has to confront religious fascism from the largest cult ever seen.

Wherever there is islam, there is evil, indolence islamists act as rabid dogs that have to be utterly put down.

This backward culture only ever creates corrupt failed states and explains why there are so many people that flee Islamic rule but then they seek to replant the tares anew or their children do, recreating the intolerance and backwardness that made them flee in the first place. Wherever, there is a mosque, the unholy wail causes others to leave the area and this ghettoization is but the first step to creating a useless and unproductive sink of scowling misery that always plays the victim and demands unearned respect.

There is no enquiry in this death cult. There is no independent thought. They are all zombies who go to school to only learn Satanic verses by heart which convict them in their error. There has never been a civilisation to be proud of, although the libtards will bend over backwards to try and pander to them. Any flowering of craftsmanship was solely due to the last expression of enslaved peoples and all learning was translated by Christian scholars from Greek into Arabic. No new knowledge was added by the musselmen.

And if you doubt that so many people can be completely unable to produce anything other than slavery, consider that when the St Sophia building in Istanbul needed to be repaired, they could not find any mohammedan artisans in the whole of their empire to do it and instead had to import Armenians to do it.

The revisionist historians would have you believe that some slave owning ruler in Granada that had some gardens and a few fountains built was some peak of civilisation, when actually the Romans built much much more a thousand years earlier. Triple tier aqueducts and water for cities. This paltry example shows how desperate the revisionists are to include the meagre examples of building as being indicative of civilisation. They really have to scrape the barrel for examples.

Another bogus claim is to say the arabs invented nothing as in the symbol for it. Yes they stole the idea from Sanskrit texts just as they stole most mathematical ideas from the Greeks. But it is somewhat funny to proclaim the Islamaniacs invented nothing!

When the library at Alexandria was completely destroyed, and the learning of epochs lost, the musselmen rejoiced saying if it had existed, it could only confirm the Koran and if it didn't then it had to be destroyed. They were troubled by knowledge, by enquiry. And this is why the only Greek books that survived thru the dark ages were ones that didn't seem to contradict the Koran such as books on Algebra and Geometry. This inability to progress is why they don't win any Nobel prizes. A few converts have won some minor ones and a terrorist was awarded the peace prize but muslims are unable to invent anything useful and are only good at making devious things like IEDs or ass bombs or underpant bombs. Like Satan, they are only good at lying, deceit and killing.

Lying is considered okay if you do it for islam. It is called taqqiyya and is dissimulation to be used for advantage. This moral code where all kinds of evil are okay to advance the cause of this cult is what has allowed it to advance against naïve or disbelieving people. The devil cult has never been spread by missionaries but instead by terror and demands and armies.

There is an over-zealous nature to people who lack true confidence, they yell and try to convince you, and surround themselves with crazies who will validate their opinions. They act as if they know, and this sucks in many followers, but few will allow their belief to be challenged. So this is why they yell that their god is great at every opportunity and especially when death is present. The noise and fury blinds them to their cruelty, inhumanity and lack of Godliness. They have the pride of Satan and not God.

Most slave trade routes were established by moslems exploiting black Africa. Some of this slavery is still around today and hamhead himself had black slaves who he called raisin heads. It must be a kind of Stockholm syndrome whereby the enslaved are prepared to follow the cult that has nothing but contempt for them.

Part of the deception that Islamists employ is to tell their slaves that islam is the black man's religion and inculcate hatred of learning to keep them ignorant, as in Nigeria. The libtards in the West help perpetuate revisionist history as a foolish attempt to make Islamics feel included in the march of human progress. But they lie. Islam is retrograde and you can see echoes of Baal in the counterclockwise processions around the blackstone that they think fell from the moon. The moon, the lesser light is their baleful dim bulb that doesn't quite illuminate their horns on their houses of Satan.

All people are required to attack this evil. I have used Christian terms as a convenience, but Sikhs, Buddhists, Hindus and others have all suffered from the evil of islamaniacs.

Christians especially are not used to calls for muscular action but even Jesus said he was not there to negate the old testament but to confirm it. When Jesus went into the garden of Gethsemane, swords were brought for defence and a centurions ear was cut off. Thereby not all were arrested by that muscular defence. And that others can escape to fight another day. Churches and such espouse the stuff about God loving everyone and being all about love. Really? If you care to look for your own godforsaken self, you will find perhaps some contrary stuff here on this subject in the Bible.

Christians think wrongly that we should love our enemy and that unjustified anger is wrong, but as Mathew 5:22 affirms when there is a cause, it is understandable.

1Corinthians 15:25 confirms the need to subdue the enemy, and Luke 19:27 is pretty clear even though it is tacked on as the end of a parable: "But those mine enemies, which would not that I should reign over them, bring hither, and slay them before me."

Many fall short of the ideal, but by showing the heathen the error of their terror, we can redeem ourselves. A common wrongheaded approach is to ask what Jesus would do, but as he showed with the tables of traders at the Temple, he could get angry and violent and would indeed so with anyplace displaying the horns of Satan.

What Jesus supposedly did according the mohammeddians was make a bird out of clay and make it fly away. So when they say they 'revere' him as a prophet, they are basically saying he was a good magician.

If they really revered him, then they would have no problem with churches being built in Saudi.

Any mention about Jesus in the Koran is nothing like the bible. None of Jesus' parables are in the book that passes for law in shitholes around the globe either. Since he is supposedly so revered, you might think well why don't they feature what he actually said in the bible? Not one word. Only made up stuff that he didn't do.

Now let's consider God.

It says in the Q'ueer'one that God can do anything but oh no, he can't have a son. Yes he can do anything apparently but not have a fleshy rep on the ground.

Just who are the Muzz exactly to dictate what god can and cannot do?

The muzz say that God could not possibly have a son. Nice of them to say GOD CAN DO ANYTHING BUT NOT THAT ISN'T IT? See a contradiction here? Hmmm?

That would be the muzz, the scuzz muzz who claim that La La Ali or whatever they call their God can do anything. Has a hundred names and a lot of attributes and all is possible. But can he have a son? No, they wail. The Muzz say God can do anything but that.

Kind of shows who is the real blasphemer by such limits. Kind of shows that someone wants to say what God cannot and can do. A muzz, certain in their intensity. Blind forever to the hell that is their eternal promise.

Or are you going to tell me that there are logical reasons and constraints for making God act one way but not another?

'My middle name is jealous', God proclaims in the OT, but even in the NT such as Revelation, it is said that he eschews as many as he loves.

In Revelation 3:19, God says that he will rebuke as many as he loves. As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten: be zealous therefore, and repent.

Is God a racist? Well he sure favors the Jews, so yes you could say he has a racial bias. In fact the more you look, you will find that Goddo doesn't have a PC bone in his non body. Despite what the multi cultural liberal elite says that control the media, God has a whole different view.

He doesn't seem to approve of sodomy either. It may suit the modernizer to indulge their lusts and seek approval from those that were once empowered to prevent it. The church has become apostate and is indeed a perversion of the original intention of being a united community against evil. No matter, as individuals we can all act against the evil in our midst. We don't have to espouse any religion or sect. We just have to recognise Satan and act.

The apocalypse is ever with us as light battles evil. It is not a choice to ignore this but a surrender. If you value your soul, you will choose wisely.

The principalities and the territories being fought over are not something that can be seen or have a boundary line. They are in your soul. If you are lazy and do not seek the true will of God or wisdom of such, then perhaps you are best suited for the empty repetitions and certainty of the false prophet. Take the broad path that leads to your own destruction. Take it.

To the muzz, I say this, "You are you and we are we."

Rationality does not pierce a cult, only a weapon. Realpolitik is the order of battle. Rationality does not sway and convince but to force a victory for the sons of righteousness over the sons of darkness takes real force.

The Muzz have spread across the world like a virus. A parasitic cancer sucking the life out of healthy welfare systems.

Clogging up healthy hospital systems and all the while demanding that you, the non muzz pay homage to their cult.

Muzz medicos refuse to wash their arms up to the elbow as others are supposed to do, and expect you to respect their carrying superbugs and other infections around as a biological bomb. Their unclean practices and spitting deserve to have a superbug that just targets the hajjis.

Their war of attrition on all fronts will attract a backlash. Perhaps even a reconquest.

The Reconquest is not just of the world but also one of gaining control over yourself. It is often easier and more effective to do that as part of a group. So the franchise of KMFC is thrown open. Just three or four can start a grouping.

There is no need for churches and certainly not mosques. Destroy shrines whether they are in Mecca, Medina or Jerusalem or along the way. Wallow in the shallows and die in the shadows.

This is a rollback. It's like all evil. It is either at your feet or at your throat. Uncontested, it will destroy you and your children. Once you engage with it, you will find that the cowardly hordes that yell alloo akbar as they slaughter children and bound captives are just the big bullies of old that cannot stand in front of soldiers prepared to mete justice to them. Kill the cowards. Kill the bullies no matter how big their beards. They are zombies of Satan and must be destroyed to show your own commitment.

Forget about charity. Forget about faith. Forget about hope. Throw yourself into scything the chaff to protect the wheat.

Some would say well this is just as bad as Islamism, but no they started it. Politicos and libtards pretend that all this terror, this worldwide killing by jihadis is a misinterpretation of islam. But how can it be when the jihadis will themselves tell you that verses such as sura 9:14 or 9:29 clearly exhort the muzz to subjugate the non muzz and enslave them or kill them. Google it.

When someone wants to destroy you, you cannot pretend it doesn't happen, won't happen and enable them to carry on.

There may seem to be too many of them to get them all but we have to start the just harvest.

Wherever there are muslims, there is unhappiness and killing. Women are raped and then blamed for it. Women are another form of enslaved people to these evil supremacists on a par with the Nazis. They are racist and supremacist and admire Hitler for what he did. It is ironical today that so called anti fascists and libtards defend these misogynist anti semites. As someone once said, the future's fascists will come in the form of anti-fascists.

The left is certainly performing doublespeak and mental acrobatics these days as it seeks to accommodate immigrant muslim fanatics. They kind of support them, yet if it was a right wing fat white guy calling for women to be kept at home and to execute homos, they'd be outside their house bricking it.

Be a mullah and hold the same views and they obsequiously ask for political support. Go figger!

Very few lefties realise that islam is the fascism they need to fight. A few small groups do, like Roberto Sandalo of the fighting Christian Front.

The Muzz will state that anywhere not totally Islamic is a theatre of war. They rile even the peaceful Buddhists and provoke them to violence. The Sikhs long ago realised that the Muzz have to be fought and with the spread of atrocities and the internet to publicise them, only the wilfully blind choose to play down the rather obvious rabid dogs amongst us.

You don't have to hate dogs to love cats, and you don't have to be a Christian to revile the muzz. You only have to see what is plainly before you. Atheists or simple political activists all need to step up to repulse the evil alongside us. Joseph Conrad has this in the "Heart Of Darkness".

"Like unto whited sepulchres, which indeed appear beautiful outward, but are within, full of dead men's bones."

Is not every mosque, the synagogue of Satan and even churches built on such?

If you need to talk with God, you can do it on your own bed. If you don't even have your own bed, then you can do it in a closet. Anywhere private, you can ask. You may not receive, and you may not get satisfaction or alleviation for distress. But you, and every one of us can talk to God. We don't need an impressive building, and we don't need to be surrounded by others. In fact, it is better that we are alone and speak our heart. It is better that we are humble. It is better that we have not paid to be represented.

But for all the faults of organised faith and all the people that take advantage of the sheep to promote their own agenda, there are many that are strong in their search for wisdom. With their enquiry and individual thought, they show the only kind of humanity that counts. It is hard to ruggedly persevere with one's own arrived at beliefs. It is ploughing a lonely furrow when all around are those that seek safety in numerically superior sympathy.

I have often noticed that the people with the strongest character, the most principled and the most truly noble are those that go against the grain. They eschew popular support for their sincere beliefs and endure slander for their beliefs.

In such a category, I would also include members of a small cult or a religion, who adhere to their creed despite massive hostility whether it is neighbors or the state. It sure must have been hard to be proud of your Jewish heritage in Warsaw as Nazis mobilised troops to destroy you. Even Abraham, who was commanded by God to slay his son, kept to his beliefs despite every reason in the world to abandon them. The moral backbone of such human giants is never celebrated in this modern world of expediency and fluff.

Each one of us has to look to our own selves. We have to set our own boundaries for right and wrong and I may give pointers that you agree with but you have to arrive at your own conclusion. We are an underdog gang so are not seeking the approval of the masses. And the drugs thing will never win us civic minded plaudits. We are uniquely collected individuals dedicated to pest control and taking out the trash.

We indulge the enemy and appear to be just like any uninterested citizen that allows their feverish dream of a caliphate. But when we strike, we strike as an implacable hand to curb the tide of filth. A small check perhaps but one that establishes our own credentials as a soldier of knowledge. We don't fear secularism or any ism. We welcome the chance to be a better scholar of the enemy subject than they themselves. But we know that rationality is a sham and with our own awareness of self, sometimes forged thru drugs, we are better than the supremacists. And we will hunt down every one of those Nazis smug in their belief of perfection. Wherever there is a synagogue of Satan, we have a focus.

Wherever there is a salafist's beard, remove the person wearing one. You must thresh the wheat from the chaff. The sons of light work in the threshing room of humanity to stem the tide of evil.

Most people are blind to evil. And they naively misunderstand the stoppers of evil as perhaps the evil ones. The mark of the beast is clearly visible on the foreheads of the islamicists. Do not be swayed by those that insist the evil ones are benign. We know evil and have indulged ourselves in it. We know it well and are best equipped to stop it. Sinners, we want you.

We are all sinners but it is often only the convicted or accused that have the cojones to acknowledge that. That perspective and chagrin is exactly the moral maturity that is valued. Being homeless and friendless can also reveal a wisdom that is not valued by man. Most people are busy with life and that doesn't allow much of an examination of one's life. The prescriptions of most philosophers or religious peeps have some truth but never the whole truth. Too many pretend to follow a path, a brown brick road of self delusion that they are the chosen or that they are doing good. Every one of them is a hypocrite. Every one of them will go to hell for their conviction.

Sadly the world is full of hypocrites, of the unjust and of wolves masquerading as sheep. Sadly their lives are for nothing. The only lives worth anything are those that cut thru the chaff to get to the wheat. There are no signposts and most are on their own paths to destruction.

An individual seeker of wisdom is extremely rare. They get no reward in this world. Only pain and the joy of Sisyphus struggling uphill forever.

But the real sinners, those that are of the beast, well the damned mark is right there on their forehead. There is none so blind as those that will not see, but it cannot be presented any more obviously. The false prophet never prophesized anything apart from expecting to win the battle of Uhud where he had to flee for his life. The false prophet is clearly not a prophet and the mark of the beast is on his followers. They are all bound for the fire.

Atheists, Sikhs, Budhists, everyone, can and should fight evil. Because I have a Christian background, I can address them specifically.

Too many Christians today concentrate on the good works, the charity that demonstrates faith, but Romans 13 suggests we fight evil.

Charity is an indication of faith, and Jesus said to love thy neighbour as yourself and the example of the good Samaritan crossing the road to help is a model of humanity. We should certainly act well to those around us, and be helpful when help is needed. However things not in our immediate orbit are not considered matters to require our aid.

Remember the parable of the birds that have no thought of food for tomorrow. Don't worry about it was the message of that.

John 3:8 similarly describes those that are of the spirit, like the wind and don't know where they are going.

Those that cross continents rather than roads to do charitable works, well aren't they also ignoring cases closer to hand? Are they stepping over the injured to help favoured others? Most do-gooders are doing it for themselves and their prejudices. Their assumed saintly robes are merely stained rags. Jesus warned some would claim to work in his name.

Luke 18:10-14 says that someone listing their good works isn't good at all and perhaps they will be told to get away for he never knew them? Luke 18:10-14 says that tithing is never as good as a sinner repenting.

Good charitable works are undoubtedly noble, though the frequent spectacle of millionaire celebrities appealing for charitable donations for their pet disasters and causes is sanctimonious. It is a personal conceit to assume that God is solely about love and charitable goodness. As someone pointed out, if God created visual beauty, he also created the worm that bores through eyeballs.

Consider the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah. God punished Sarah for deigning to look at it. Those that would rush to the scene for charity and humanity could actually be defying God's will. So you see that simple charity as doing the work of God is a personal conceit used to justify such actions rather than a divine commandment. We are saved through grace not by works, and pandering to the evil of mohammedianism. Tolerating their cult is perhaps a greater sin. Equating God simply with love is allowing yourselves to become prey to predators and evil. Remember that Jesus in John 16:12 said, "I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now."

Turning the other cheek is a Christian message. It means not to respond to provocation. Rather than escalate a situation, Jesus asks that if something offends you, then to pluck out your eye. To give someone the shirt from your back if asked. These are good and noble responses but it doesn't mean that murderers, rapists and thieves should be allowed to indulge themselves. Turning a cheek does not mean that you should simply roll over and expose your underbelly and enable evil to operate unchallenged.

Turning the other cheek means you resist the temptation to turn petty arguments into bigger conflict, but neither should you tolerate a bully always demanding more.

Mathew 12:9 (also in Mark) says that it is necessary to bind the strong man in order to spoil his house. This is Satan being spoken of.

There are calls to arms from Jesus that are ignored by the lukewarm teachers of the established church. In Luke 12:4-9, he says "I am come to send fire" and that "He that is not with me is against me" (Mathew 12:30).

Jesus himself got mad and violent as when he scourged the moneychangers and overturned their tables in the temple compound. As Mark 5:22 allows, anger is okay when it is right.

What is not acceptable are those of an angry disposition that have no just cause such as the mobs of muslims always perceiving some criticism as deserving death.

God himself is often made angry and in Exodus 34:14 states that "Jealous is my name". But what he really hates is the chasing after false gods, making false accusations as the islamicists do, falsely playing the victim yet having a conspiratorial mind to smear the innocent. The pure in heart and spirit are free of such behaviour, despite allegations from the evil ones.

Jesus was not simply a do-gooder, a worker of miracles. 2Peter 3:5-8 warns of those stored up for fire.

1Corinthians 15:25 and Hebrews 10:13 says that his enemies are to be made a footstool.

1John 2:22 and 2John 7 clearly says that he who denies Christ is the antichrist, as mohammed does in the Koran.

Galatians 1:8 warns that not even an angel can change the word of God and that Lucifer himself can change himself into an angel of light (2 Corinthians 11:4). Since mohammed supposedly was visited by an angel to receive the koran, this goes against what was said in the New Testament. Even though the Koran claims the bible as the higher authority, there are innumerable differences.

Muslims will claim that the Koran was given to clarify God's will but as most of it is a direct contradiction of what is said in the Bible, you have to wonder who really was the source.

The numerous divisions and sects within islam show that there is no clarity of message anyway. Koranic passages and muslims contradict themselves constantly though they simply deny it.

The false prophet is spoken of in Revelations and who else but mohammed fulfils this description? The synagogue of Satan spoken of is the mosque that has the horns of the beast atop them. Just as the the mark of the beast will be on the foreheads and is clearly seen on pious muslims such as the Egyptian associate of bin Laden. It is a hardened calloused horny bump that comes from frequent banging of the head to the floor. God also says (3:19) that he will rebuke and chastise as many as he will cherish.

God also demands that we prosecute the war against evil vigorously for as Revelations 3:15-16 says, if you are neither cold nor hot but lukewarm, then you will be spewed out.

So even Christians must take up arms. The symbology of the crucifix is also that of the sword that must be taken up. Luke 22:36 commands that those with a purse or scrip must use it to purchase a sword, even if they have to sell their garments to get one.

Jesus fully expected to have the sword brought against his followers, and his own crucifixion show a more soldierly expectation than the current apostate church body. A minister had a sword to attack evil not for some vanity but to use it.

Romans 13:4..a minister of God, a revenger to execute wrath on those that do evil.

Soldiers are not exhorted to lay down their arms and as in Luke 12:4, Jesus himself said that he was here to send fire. Isaiah 66:16 spells out that 'By fire and by his sword will the Lord plead with all flesh, and the slain of the Lord will be many'.

The muzz are indeed the enemy. Religious or not, they have declared war on non muslims and you must fight them whatever religion you are. They lie to deceive so we have apologists claiming that islam means peace. It is a lie. Salaam is the word for peace and islam means submission.

We are also told by revisionists and dhimmis and apologists that alloo akbar means God is great. It doesn't. It is the cry of the supremacist saying that his god is greater. They lie in interfaith dialog to pretend that everyone just has different names for the same god but if that was really true, why do they not allow temples, synagogues and churches to exist in places that they used to be? They are deceivers who even deceive themselves with their supremacy and self righteousness. Not one of them has any godliness within them. They are satanic zombies that can only be stoppered by whittling away the chaff.

Do not eat halal foods. The animals are cruelly slaughtered and the sacrifice has a satanic prayer said over it. The animal is sacrificed in the most barbaric way possible.

Wherever there are mosks and members of the cult, there is unhappiness and violence. The harsh wail makes a monoculture around it.

They perpetuate victimhood and a sense of grievance to demand more and influence more and make you into a dhimmi paying respect to their cult. They are controlling, fascistic.

They seek to regulate your very thoughts. They have done a number on normal people already by corrupting the western media. The snakelike Saudis that spawned most of the 9-11 hijackers, and the Saudis continue to sponsor jihadis, salafis and murderous islamics around the globe. They vie with the Qataris and the Kuwaitis to spend billions on promoting hatred for non muslims. They have bought the media silence and politicians, so no righteous indignation is ever heard about them.

There has yet to be a reckoning and payback with the sheiks of Satan. The real Americans will destroy your towers of Baal....eventually.

Do not be played. The enemy is at your door and inside your house pretending to be a friend whilst plotting to rape your children and cut off their heads. Prove yourself and never trust them. Kick them until they break. Stopper the tap of evil. They lie for advantage proclaiming peace whilst practising jihad and call that lying for islam and they call it taqqiya.

They bomb and behead the easy targets wherever the islamoNazis have a mosque, preying on the innocents and naïve. They play the victim whilst murdering in Thailand, Nigeria, Kenya, in fact everywhere you find muslims, you will find devotees of the death cult.

Sell your coat and buy a weapon. Get those with the mark on the head wherever you find them but preserve yourself to do it again. And again.

Eradicate them. Spend as many muslim fascistic supremacists as possible. Do not spare.