

"Welcome to PLANET EARTH, Little Fallon!"

I just got off the phone with my son Scotty and my Mom and found out he and his girlfriend had their Baby over the weekend! I'm happy for them all and hope their lives never get anywhere near as bad as mine has! I'm sure there's no worries there though. Can't wait to get photos of her. I'm also hoping my son Scotty gets reapproved to visit so he can bring her up to see me. Scotty has been brought to visit me since I started this life sentence. What an ironic title to a retaliatory punishment that takes your life. It's actually a sentence of Death because it's not over 'til you die in their custody. I guess I'm getting a tad side tracked. Anyway, Scotty has visited me since he was six yrs old. Twelve yrs later, when he turned 18, he had to apply to visit under his name as an adult, and of course he was not approved! The Hate-filled Lt. at visiting claimed wrongfully that Scotty has a felony on his record as a teen which is a lie. My son has one misdemeanor, that's it. And they told Scotty that he can't reapply for six months! It's been almost 3 yrs now that I haven't been "allowed" to see my son. I have 4 sons, but Scotty is (or was) the only one I have been able to see over this Death Sentence. The State hates that we have families. Maybe 'cause deep down they know that sentencing someone to prison forever hurts the families more than it hurts us. They should be tortured with guilt for hurting all the children, but they probably don't. They just thrive on all the Blood money they get.

Okay, there I go again on a tangent. It's hard to put all this out of my mind. Even after 13 yrs. It's hard to let it go, but the thought that I have a Beautiful little Pinkerton girl added to the family makes it easier. Hopefully having a Baby will help focus my son Scotty and he'll do what me & his mother weren't able to do. which is put all our...

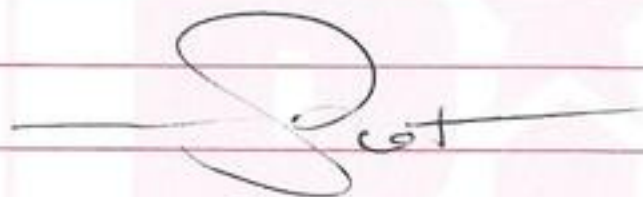
wants and needs and dreams aside. I wasn't mature enough. That and the fact that the Govt. already had its talons in me and my mind was so abused by so much pain that the only relief I got, the only way I felt I could live was by doing drugs. They made me feel like a different person which is what I wanted to be. I've been self medicating since I smoked my first joint at 8 yrs old! And I started on speed at age 16, then Heroin at age 20. which, again ironically, was the day I met my future wife, Ellen of APE LEATHER. IN ONE DAY: . One of the worst things to happen to me and then, with Ellen, one of the best things to happen in my life. Since I can't keep my mind on one subject right now anyway I'll tell that story. I was at Sue's house in Glendale with my Homeboys Jimi ^(HRP) & Midget ^(HRP) and someone came by with some Super Kools. (PCP) After we were thoroughly wasted, I hate PCP by the way, Carlton from LADS showed up trying to find someone with \$3.00. I had it so he dragged me to his car and we flew down town LA to 3rd & Broadway where he bought a \$20. bag of Heroin. We went to some 3 story building on Winston & Los Angeles St. and into a vacant apartment on the 3rd floor. Carlton gave me my first shot of Heroin and I wasn't too thrilled with it because I was already on Super Kools which I hate, and the Heroin just made me sweat and puke. Anyway, we then went next door which was Ape Leather and I was surprised as Hell to see a room full of punx and goth types in there making spiked belts, bondage belts, etc. There was a Hot Red Head in the room so naturally I gravitated her way, even tho' I was loaded as Hell! I was sweating like a fat man and she (Ellen) pulled a fan over for me as I tried to have a understandable conversation w/ her. All I remember is her smiling and I couldn't tell if she liked me or she was laughing at my mohawk which was probably flopping all over the place. I was very English-style punk Rock then. Big fin, 6 Liberty spikes, leather, pegged pants and busted up Paratrooper boots, Held

together with one of the lace-ups from my horsehide leather jacket. So anyway... I was again surprised as we were leaving when Carlton told me that Ellen wanted to meet me at the Fetish Club that night. That was in Hollywood on Sunset so I'd be there anyway. Hollywood, that is. So we hit it off pretty damn good to say the least. We spent the next 3 days together until, for some stupid reason I talked her into going to the Cathay de Grande, 'OUR' club. (HRP) Ellen had been living with a guy named Chuck but had been trying to dump him. I didn't know this. I also didn't know he was from LADS and all his Homeboys were at the Cathay that night! We felt the bad vibes and Ellen wanted to leave. I argued a bit, telling her all my Homeboys were there, too, but I wanted to keep hangin' out w/ her, not get in another fight. Something me & my Homeys did 4 or 5 times a week. Back then, back then, PUNX fought! Everyone! Including each other. Anyway, we were in Ellen's '62 Cadillac and it was in a lot a couple of blocks over. As we got there up jumped Chuck w/ a Hammer in his hand and also Frankie V. and John B. Well, I was outnumbered and outgunned so I took off. We were in a fenced in lot so I ran in a big circle inside of it w/ Chuck about a foot behind me swinging that big ass hammer! Frankie tried to cut me off, but thought better of it when I ran right at him. I then spotted a metal pole by the exit and I stopped & grabbed it, but they decided they didn't want to face me on those terms so they ran out the gate & took off. Whew! That was a close one! The next day Ellen packed Chuck's crap and I moved in. I'll leave that story there. I ended up being pretty good friends with Frankie and Johnie. Oh yeah, another thing I just remembered! Carlton came by that next day to Ellen's apartment which was in the same space as Ape and when I told him what happened he told me John & Frankie were asleep in the squat next door! I was going to kick

their door in and stomp their asses out, but since they were friends of Carlton we just went in there and Carlton chewed them out and told them I didn't know about Chuck before that night. Damn they got lucky! I'm glad of it 'cause I really like both those guys. Ya know, almost everyday back then had some crap like that jumping off. This incident stands out because this was my first times w/ Ellen. It was actually a non-event 'cause no one actually got the Boot. We spent years stomping around Hollywood, with an emphasis on stomping.

I'll end this for now. Talk about gettin' side tracked! Oh well. That's how my brain works nowadays.

All my love to Lil Fallon!



PS: I wrote "HRP" by Jimi & Midgets name but this occurred in early or mid 1984 so that was before HRP. Midget was still FFF and Jimi was pretty recent of DC and the original "Rat Patrol". HRP was a year or maybe less away. We kind of claimed HASP, which was Hollywood Alcoholic Street Punks.