

"THEY TORTURE AND THEY BEAT YOU,
BUT DON'T LET YOUR SPIRIT BE SIAKEN!
JUST REMEMBER: TODAY'S PIG,
IS TOMORROWS BACON!

WE'LL TAKE IT NO MORE!

WE'RE BURNING DOWN THE DOOR!
PIGS! PIGS! PIGS TO SLAUGHTER!"

- OI POLLOI -

I GOT A LETTER YESTERDAY FROM MY HOMEGIRL MELISSA AND I WISH I'D GET MORE LIKE THAT! APARENTLY IT WAS PERFECT timing and, not to put her business out there, but I am so happy I was able to help! HANG THE FUCK ON, MELISSA! I HATE X.MAS OF COURSE BECAUSE THE HATED STATE TOOK ME AWAY FROM MY FAMILY, MY SONS, MY WORLD, THE GOVT. DOESN'T WANT ME TO EXIST, BUT I'M STILL HERE, MUTTA FUCKER! I'M HAPPY I COULD BE THE "DIM BULB" THAT SHINED A LITTLE LIGHT ON YOUR X.MAS. I'M JUST SORRY IT DIDN'T LAST! BUT THEN AGAIN: NOTHING LASTS ON THIS MISERABLE PLANET. NOT EVEN THIS LIFE SENTENCE! I'M GONNA BEAT THIS SHIT LIKE A RED-HEADED STEP-NIGGER! (JUST A FIGURE OF SPEECH. DO I STILL HAVE THAT RIGHT? PROBABLY NOT.) ANYWAY, MY WRIT OF HABEAS CORPUS IS FILED AS OF LAST THURSDAY W/ THE CAL. SUPREME COURT - WHICH WILL DENY IT ON GP - THEN ITS ON TO THE FEDS WHERE -HOPEFULLY- THEY'LL HONOR IT LIKE THEY'VE HONORED EVERYONE ELSE WHO'VE USED THIS ARGUMENT. I HAVE A LOT OF CASE LAW BEHIND ME SO WE'LL SEE. SO, MELISSA, "THERE'S ALWAYS A TREE" I READ THIS STORY/FABLE/WHATEVER THAT GOES SOMETHING LIKE THIS: YOU'RE IN THE MIDDLE OF AFRICA AND YOU ARE ABOUT TO BE EATEN BY A BIG ASS LION. YOU HAVE NO WEAPON, YOU HAVE NO ESCAPE, THERE'S NO TREE TO CLIMB - WHAT DO YOU DO? YOU CLIMB A TREE! BUT THERE IS NO TREE! BULLSHIT! THERE'S ALWAYS A TREE. THE MORAL (I GUESS) OF THAT STORY IS - NO MATTER HOW FUCKED UP YOUR SITUATION SEEMS, NO MATTER HOW BAD THINGS LOOK, THERE'S ALWAYS A WAY OUT. YOU CAN CALL IT "LIGHT AT THE END OF THE TUNNEL", WHATEVER. MAYBE ITS JUST FALSE HOPE, BUT FALSE HOPE'S BETTER THAN NO HOPE AT ALL! I KNOW ALL ABOUT BEING "READY TO LEAVE". HOW COULD I NOT?

I've been forsaken, forgotten, persecuted, prosecuted, crucified and left for dead. I've got all those notches in my belt. (Ape leather!) But I've also got some tricks left in my bag. I'm not done yet. I really (finally) feel that I am so close to the end of this ride. As much as I hate the governments laws, that's the only weapon I can use to overcome this shit! There's always a tree! Anyway - Melissa, I'm happy you're okay and I hope you stay that way. I miss those hours and hours of conversations we had on the phone. What were we talking about? Who knows? We were both drunk! And I'm not done talking to you so hang out, chick!

"Nothing is permanent in this wicked world. Not even our troubles"
 - CHARLIE CHAPLIN -

By the way: Hi to JR. CRVSTER. I think the last time I seen him was on Yucca at Bob Lush's house when I was gunnin' for duel. I could be wrong though. It was a long time ago and a lot of shit runs together. I remember I was at Bob's when he just got back from the DR. Telling him he can't drink anymore or he'll die. Talk about a broken heart! I've got a million crazy stories from back then in Hollywood. Some already on paper - just rambling memories really, about things and people who should not be forgotten. I'll post some soon.

"It is thus that life is bitter-sweet, and that which has been done becomes eternal."
 - BRAM STOKER -