



ex-scind [ɛkˈsɪnd] to cut off or out; excise, from Latin; *exscindere*, to extirpate, destroy, from *scindere* to cut, tear, split.

I hadn't done a real fanzine since I discovered the internet.

Since the late 80s, I produced a few slightly infamous zines that attracted more assholes than any human should bear. I mean, I got human shit in the mail not once, but two times.

In 2001, I opted to start web publishing, and pretty much stuck to that since then.

I have self-published books, and other zines have published my work, but I haven't put together a small magazine of my work since back in the day. It seemed about time to return to something I enjoyed, and it was a good way to make a compendium, so as to keep a handful up to date with what I've been doing lately. I know many of you have missed a few of these.

All the work within this issue of *Exscind* is my own, from articles, to the poetry, and photography. The dates range from 2010 through 2015.

The work was to be originally titled *Consumption*, but when I started it, a close friend asked me to play the lead in his film *Consumption of the Heart*, and I didn't want confusion between the two. After filming, and in the time it's taken me to put this together, he took his life, and the name brought even more pain, though I've dedicated this work to him.

While wrapping it all up, I had heard the word *exscind*, and found it to be a fitting title. New writing to cast out the old. New roads taken, new paths found, leaving the past behind.

With that said, the words are still acerbic, the attitude rough, and though I've grown in style, I am still much of who I was.

Still, please enjoy the read.

- Adel Souto, 2016

adelsouto.com

This magazine is dedicated to Andy Copp (1972 – 2013)

Sex: It's Out of My Hands

There was a time when simple acts of masturbatory fantasies were just that: fantasies.

Now, even the most outrageous kinks some would disturb their privates for are available en mass. It's all become public imagery.

Even what you know to be illegal, and of today's worst taboos, pedophilia, is available. For years a site called candyman.com operated (until a recent FBI bust), with only pervs that paid good money to find it, knowing about it.

Where once some fellow had to go down to his basement to check his hidden spot to pull out, maybe, cutouts from magazines pasted together of shoes, or bras, today reclines in the living room, while mom's taking the kids to soccer, to check his Mac for a secret folder of jpegs, Quicktime flicks and chat logs with fellow shoe, or bra enthusiasts.

There's a reason a computer's keyboard has now replaced the kitchen sink (which once replaced the toilet) as the most dirty, scummy and bacteria filled place in one's home.

Crap! I'm backing a w a y from m ine as I w rite thi s.

You have to admit it is all thanks to the machine most of us can't live without, as well as the currently most popular way to stay in touch.

That would be your computer and the internet.

Not that long ago it was all the TV's fault, with many claiming TV brought sex into the home. Before that if you were a transsexual, you were a tranny in your room. Thanks to Springer, Maury and Montel, you could now be a tranny on TV.

That should make one wonder if it's the fetish alone, or the added exhibitionism that makes many seek out this attention.

Those that didn't like what was being broadcast had to turn it off, and tune it out, while others went out to buy a VCR to kick it up hardcore style.

Until the worldwide weirdness came along, then masturbation not only got out of hand, but got out on screens everywhere.

The web's best asset became the availability of, well... everything, along with an anonymous-factor to finding it all. But, the whole "anonymity of the web" has gotten out of hand. Web etiquette went out the window a few years back and has made it to where people whom I've never met, frequently ask me questions about the strangest topics; from what I like to touch myself to, to where I can score some sweet shit.

Some don't even care about anonymity, as a Google search for Nazi fetishes pulls up some quite interesting sites and groups for those that like to bang - or be banged - while dressed in SS garb, swastikas and all. The most popular in this search was *Cuddly Necro Babes*, and their 'Nazi Girls of the Web' section, at only \$5.95 a month. I thought that would be below the Necro Babes' taste, but I guess corpse-fuckers don't have much when it comes to

standards.

It used to be that you'd have to at least schlep to the video store and rent titles like *Hitler's Harlot*, *SS Beast Woman* and *Gestapo Ass Fuck* (actual Nazi fetish films of the 1970s) for this kind of fun. I know internet porn develops the art of one-handed typing, but watching video leaves both hands free: one for wackin' it, the other for sieg heiling.

Furries have a larger presence on the web. These oddballs dress up in sports team's mascot outfits, Disney characters' suits, or children's-party animal costumes for some loveable, fuzzball freakout. The thought of those big, fuzzy getups just leaves some flustered, I guess, shouting in the middle of sex, "Don't look at my human eyes!"

The gay community thought this was so weird they stopped calling hairy guys "furries", changing it to "bears".

If you didn't think either was strange enough, there's also Nazi furries.

Wikipedia defining them as the few who never get their hearts and loins pumping harder than when seeing one in full Nazi uniform, with say, the head of the San Diego Chicken, or Hello Kitty. The furry fetish stems from either needing to anthropomorphize animals, or the subject having zoomorphia. The Nazi one may come from being one guilty whitey, a masochistic Jew, or just really liking cleanliness and order a whole lot. The mixing of the two though, boggles my analytical mind.

There is so much more out there.

Spankers are ones who can't get off unless their bottoms are beaten red.

Diaper people are those who like to dress up as babies, and be treated as such. Pooping themselves, so their diapees can be changed.

Messies are people who love to screw with food. I don't mean screw around with it, but actually have sex, while smearing food over themselves. Then there's rotting messies, who are messies into - you guessed it - rotting food.

Vomit chuggers, scatologists, golden shower aficionados... all of them are out there, online, and waiting to ask, "Are you into this too?"



Among the Dead

"Everyone here's found a what?"

"A dead body," Mike tells me.

"You're messing with me, right?"

"I'm not joking. I came across one. Bob's come across one. Jose found one. I think there's a guy or two who hasn't, but if you work here more than two years: chances are pretty high that you will."

The thought of finding a corpse completely intrigued me. I thought it might even make for an interesting story. I looked forward to at least two years at the company just for that.

Mike went on to tell me that his finding almost made him cry, which strikes me as odd today, as I had never seen him show any emotion besides disbelief.

As his story went, he entered an apartment in Coconut Grove, and called out to no response. He knew the apartment well. A cute University of Miami college student whose parents paid her rent, so she could concentrate on school. He had always found her home, and this time wondered if everything was alright.

It wasn't.

When he walked into the bedroom and found her on the bed, he thought things didn't look right. The bed didn't look like it was slept in because the blankets weren't wrinkled from a normal night's sleep. He saw that there was a sheet of paper placed on top of the sheets, close to her chest.

He called her name as he approached, but there was no response. As he got closer he could make out a part of the note. It began, "I'm sorry."

He had seen enough to leave, and called police. He told me that was when it got weirder.

Instead of sending over paramedics, the operator asked him to reenter the unit, and check again. When he got into the bedroom, she asked him to shake her awake. He refused, but kept calling out her name. When he told the operator about the note, she asked him to read it, making it clear to the operator she was dead.

When paramedics arrived fifteen minutes later he was still in her apartment, sitting at her dining room table, pointing out the bedroom she was in. He began walking out when he saw one of the EMTs pick up her arm. One of the last things he heard was, "Damn, she slit her wrists." He'd been so shocked, he hadn't even seen the blood.

Rather than getting the heebie-geebs, I was interested in hearing more.

Jose's finding was also a suicide. It was an old Jewish man in a high-rise along Miami Beach. Due to getting the story from Mike, over Jose himself, the details were lacking.

Jose walked in to find the guy lying on his couch clutching a bottle of pills. The way the man was so very still with no noticeable breathing, he knew the guy

was dead. He called Pat the Office Jockey, who called the police.

I didn't ask about Bob's case because I wanted more details, and I knew once that day's training was over we'd return to the office and I'd see him to get the goods.

At the end of the day I walked into the office, and he was at his desk, as usual.

"Mike told me people find bodies in this job."

He chuckles as says, "Oh, the stiffs. Yeah, that happens."

"Mike told me all about it., but left your story out. What did you find?"

Bob then tells me a story I could hardly imagine. It's not at all farfetched, but I had never heard of anything like this.

He enters an apartment in a Ft. Lauderdale housing project to find there's a black guy sitting in a recliner with the TV blasting almost full volume.

When he yells at the guy who he is, and why he's entering, there's no response - not even movement. At first he thinks the guy must have passed out, but the way his head is tilted back, and mouth wide open, tells him something else is askew. He walks over to the guy, repeating he's the pest control man, and asking if he's alright. That's when he started picking up the smell of death.

He pulled out a handkerchief to cover his mouth and nose. Emotionally cold, Bob just looked over the body for a few minutes, instead of reacting, and calling the authorities.

Once he was done inspecting, he called the police, and waited inside the deceased's home. After finding a body, we have to call into the office, because the cops are going to want to question you for a bit, so the workday is pretty much over. Normally, we wait outside.

While waiting for a knock from authorities, Bob was trying to find out how the guy died, and since he wasn't there, very much like an officer, he had to sum it all up from what was around the body.

No pills, no weapons, no note - probably not a suicide.

No blood, nothing around the neck - probably not a murder.

If it's neither, assumption would lead one to guess: an accident, or natural causes.

From what Bob tells me, it could have been a little of both. He either choked, or his heart gave out.

The dead man on the recliner had two dinner tray tables with him. One on his right, one on his left. The one on his right held a bucket of chicken, and a plate of gnawed bones. The table to his left held a freakin' mountain of cocaine.

"Wait," I tell him, "People don't eat when they're coked up."

"I know, but the dude had white powder all over his nose, and grease from his lips to his chin. What else can you figure?"

He had me there.

The guy was seemingly going back and forth from his chicken feast to his white paradise, and, in a frantic state, either choked on some dinner, or his heart said, "No more!"

Bob deduced he snorted with a mouthful, and got a bigger high than he bargained for.

Four years on the job and the closest I had gotten near death was when I treated the apartments of the elderly.

That was about to change, and I was about to swallow every word I wished for.

I was spraying apartment in the San Soucci section of North Miami. This area was once a decent, semi-high-priced section of town, but over the years it didn't hold its reputation well.

The tenants were a mix of older Jewish folks who usually lived alone, start-up families, and a few FIU students.

I was on the fourth and final floor for the day. I knocked on apartment 425 and got no answer. A few units were well remembered, but this one was one of the many which had a faceless tenant and an unmemorable interior. That happens when you do 200 units a day. We tend to remember the good and really bad, but forget the plain.

This was going to go from plain to memorable real soon.

The kitchen to these apartments is immediately to the left when entering, so that's what I hit first. While in the kitchen, I smell an odd, sweet, iron-like odor. The walls don't look right; almost as if someone took a syrup bottle, and tossed it all around.

I rarely turn on the lights because enough light tends to come through to help you see where you're going, but not necessarily what you're doing.

Thinking this tenant had thrown food around, I needed to see what was going on here in case of an upcoming pest problem, so I flipped the switch.

"Ho ... lee ... crap," I whispered to myself, at the same time the violins from the *Psycho* shower-scene went off in my head.

It looked straight out of a horror movie, as it wasn't syrup, but blood.

Handprints, splatter, smears, puddles and bloody footprints.

I spent about two minutes just gawking. I walked to the furthest corner of the kitchen, and turned to leave, when I noticed a trail of blood leading elsewhere.

I probably should have left, but curiosity had the better of me, and I followed the beaten-track of blood into the half-bath. It was just like the kitchen, but less splatter. There was plenty of bloody handprints, and some smearing.

Then the footpath led out, and I again followed it into the master bedroom's bathroom. Same as the half-bath: handprints and smeared blood were everywhere, but much worse. It looks like there was a struggle in the bathtub, but there was no body.

I began to leave when I saw that the bloody stream didn't just enter the bathroom, but also exited back out into the master bedroom, routing under the

bed.

Right there, I should have known what to expect.

Right there, I should have called off my search, and split.

I walked over to the bed, kneeling down. I let go of my chemical tank, but, with the spray-wand, lifted the sheets that drooped off the bed to hide whatever had been beneath it.

Just as I lifted the sheet, my eyes met with his. Open, cold, looking straight ahead without flinching.

As my eyes adjusted to what I was looking at I noticed his entire face. Pale, empty of expression, mouth slightly open, and only then it hit me that I was staring at a corpse.

I jumped backwards and crawled away like a crab, repeating, "Oh shit! Oh shit! Oh shit!" All the while not thinking of the crusty blood I was passing my bare hands over, as I was trying to get away.

I began to head for the door to leave, when I got a flash of what hysteria I'd cause, by yelling into my walkie-talkie, that I had found a murder scene. I instead turned into the living-room and picked up the telephone.

I remember thinking, while dialing my office, "This guy still has a rotary phone?"

I felt like it took forever for Pat the Office Jockey to pick up his end.

"Exterminators," he finally answers.

"Pat, I found a dead body. There's blood everywhere. This is such a scene."

"Hang up the phone, and get the hell out of there," he calmly tells me.

Without even saying goodbye I killed the call, and rushed out, but the criminal in me reacted by wiping my fingerprints off the phone before leaving.

I was exiting the unit, and that's when I partially realized what had happened.

Behind the front door was a shotgun, which suddenly explained to me the blood splatter in the kitchen.

I finished up the rest of the apartments on that floor, waiting for the cops to arrive.

"Are you the one that found the victim?" were the words I was startled with, as I exited the last unit. They questioned me for two hours, though they actually just seemed to be letting me in on what happened for an hour and 45 minutes, questioning me for only the first 15.

"The victim received a shotgun blast to his abdomen. It doesn't look self-inflicted," one of the officers tells me. I don't know how to react, and half-smile.

Spending another two years at that pest control job, I never found another body.

Still, I came across the dead.

Re-write of chapter 13 from *Pest Control*, a memoir of six years entering people's homes when they were not there, 2006/2014



Enjoy the Ride Before the Rust Sets In, 2012



Enjoy the Ride Before the Crash Set Hits, 2014

ODIDUS WRECKS

WORN CAR CRASH.
HIT THE BRAKES! RED
LIGHT FANTASY ON HOT
BLACK ASPHALT. BURN
RUBBER, AND GREASE
UP THE GEARS, WHEN
FINGERS FUMBLE IN THE
GLOVE BOX. SWEAT
POURS IN TO PROVIDE
A GLIDE TO GET THE
WHEELS TO SPIN.
NOW, DOWNSHIFT!

ENCASED IN YOU

SPOT THE TIME IT BEST
TO METAMORPHOSIZE
TOGETHER. MOVE ABOUT
THE GARDEN, INCH BY
INCHWORM FOR LUNCH.
MOLT THE OLD, AND
FLY WITH NEW WINGS.
ULTRAVIOLET EYES PROVIDE
THE RIGHT LIGHT FOR
FLIGHT FROM FLOWER
TO ANTHECOLOGICAL
THOUGHTS, MISTAKING A
FLAME FOR THE SUN.

Wearing Out A Path On Eighteen Wheels

Flat tire.



Someone threw trash
out of their car window.
My headlight is now out.

The roads here flood easily.

I had to threaten
the guy with a
hammer, just so
I could sleep in
peace. Alone.
He just
kept asking to
suck my dick.

Broke down at 8000 feet. Thin air.



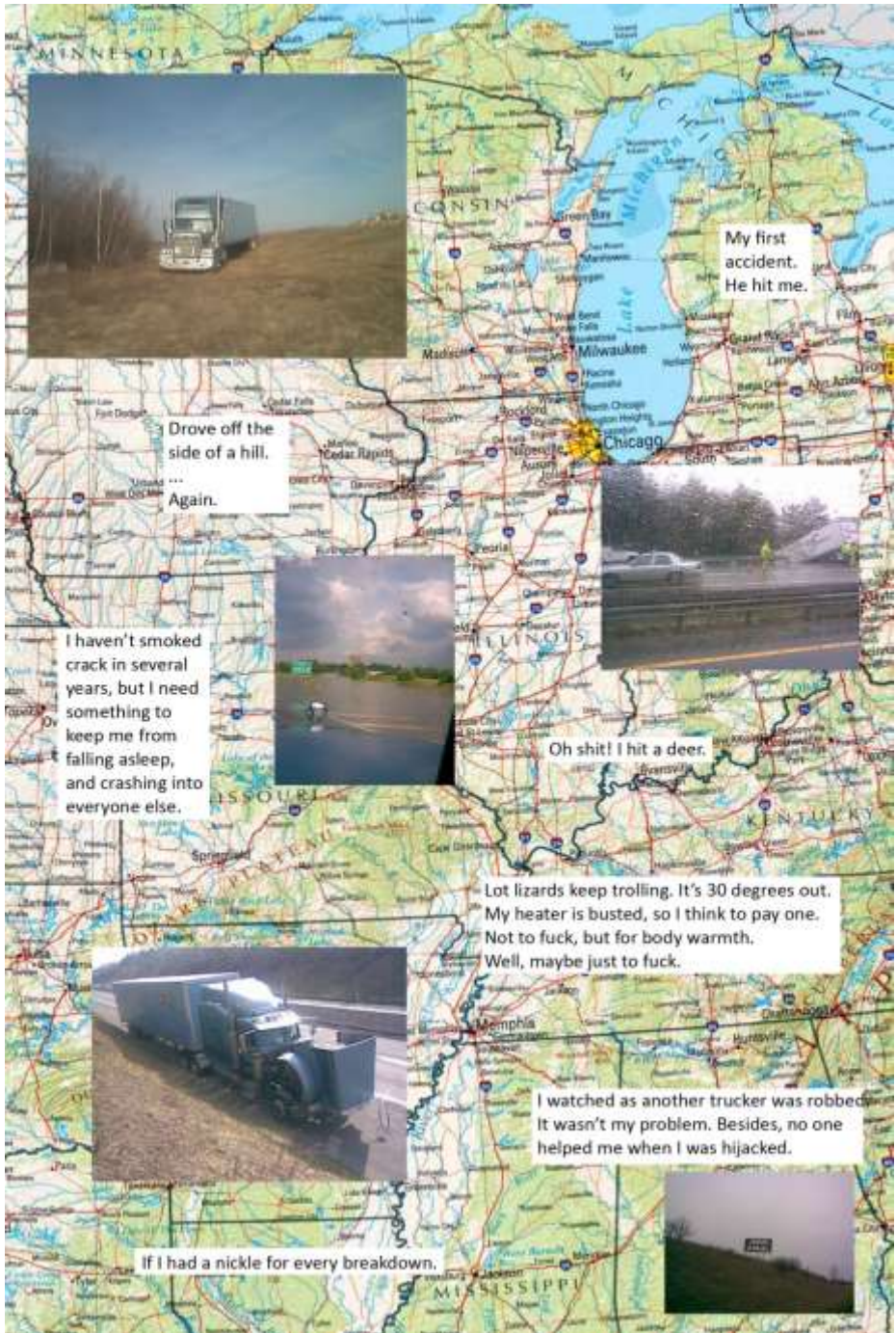
I saw a bear,
hit; dying.
Blood pours
from his
mouth.
I cried, I did.



Miles and miles of nothing.

I watched as they ran.
It was two Mexicans,
and they fired shots
in all directions.
I was filling up, and
found it odd, that all
I wondered was, "Does
fuel ignite?"
I saw the getaway car,
but didn't rat.





My first accident. He hit me.

Drove off the side of a hill. Again.



I haven't smoked crack in several years, but I need something to keep me from falling asleep, and crashing into everyone else.



Oh shit! I hit a deer.

Lot lizards keep trolling. It's 30 degrees out. My heater is busted, so I think to pay one. Not to fuck, but for body warmth. Well, maybe just to fuck.



I watched as another trucker was robbed. It wasn't my problem. Besides, no one helped me when I was hijacked.

If I had a nickle for every breakdown,



SHOOTING THE DEPUTY
UNSCANNED. UNSEEN.
NOBLE, BUT UNKIND.
ALWAYS KEEP YOUR WITS
ABOUT YOU, BUT YOUR ALIBIS
ON HAND. SET YOUR SIGHTS,
AND CONCENTRATE.
IT'S HARD TO SEE WHAT'S
BEHIND YOU WHEN YOU'RE
ON THE RUN. CROSS
HAIRS MAKE A TARGET,
BUT THE SHOOTER MUST
STILL AIM.

PAPER BIRDS WITH BAKED WINGS
FOLD THE PAGE HERE.
ORIGINAL WORKS TO MAKE
FAULTS SEEM FOLDED,
BUT CRUMPLED IS THE
WAVEFORM OF TIME.
DISCOHERENT SUPERLATIVE.
TELEPHONE TERMS CAN
OUT TO DEFINE NATURE.
IF WE DID NOT DEAL IN
NOMENCLATURES, WE
COULD GET BY ON SYMBOLS.
THOSE THINGS POINT IN
ALL DIRECTIONS.

Hell Hath No Fury

Hell is empty. It's not like the Catholics would have you believe; fire and brimstone. It's nothing, really.

In the Jewish belief system Hell is known as *sheol*; emptiness. The soul, for all eternity, not being able to experience the godhead, left forever shrouded in darkness.

I don't want to know the Jewish *sheol*, but I know something of the Catholic hell. You see, I've scorned women, and like the saying goes...

Well, let's just say it's true.

In reality, there was no malice of forethought, and in many cases, I was just thinking with my dick.

Sadly, I got my just desserts as one of the worst of the lot happened from a simple misunderstanding. Yes, sometimes I am innocent.

There was the ex that took every joke a little too far. She probably still thinks "funny" is throwing a glass of water in someone's face for no reason, while they're talking to friends. When I broke up with her, she wrote me a letter in her own blood. Not because it was romantic, but because that's what she thought I would find "cool". When that didn't work she slept with a friend of mine, but when she learned I didn't care, told everyone the herpes she got from him, was actually from me.

Another was a girl who I'd originally nicknamed "Evil", until time healed those wounds, and a new one swiped the torch from her hands. She stalked me, would check-in via crank calls, and when the usual "sleeping with a friend" didn't get my attention, went and got cancer. Did I happen to mention that said-cancer was nowhere in her body besides her imagination? This was no surprise, coming from the same woman who faked a pregnancy to keep me from moving out of state.

My most current hell-raising wasn't even intentional. Word got back to an ex I was dating a slew of sluts, when truth be, I just happen to have - almost exclusively - all female friends. She knew this when she met me, but anger must have clouded her thinking. It certainly didn't cloud her ability to type when she turned her band's website into a page dedicated to everything anti-Adel; slagging said-charmer, said-charmer's other exes, even adding claims of violence.

Of course, this is not just something that happens to me. Take the case of 19 year-old Taco Bell waitress Danielle Taylor. In March of 2002, Ms. Taylor claimed to have been kidnapped, and mentally tortured for an hour, before being let go. She has proof, as it was all videotaped. Though all five charged claim they told Danielle they were going to film her supposed abduction, though you can clearly see Ms. Taylor smiling before, during, and after the ordeal. Sadly, it later seemed that one of the boys did not catch the passes made by her, so, days after, she hands the tape over to cops. Everyone involved was a friend of the one who turned his heart away from her, therefore: all must suffer.

Kidnapping charges really sting, don't they? Those scars won't heal anytime soon.

This brings up a lot of questions for those that like it rough. What's going to happen to the Craig's List gangbangers? Those groups of dogs that meet up

to kidnap a little pussycat (who, usually, has signed a contract), knowing she'll be taken right off the street, and prodded by a group of hot studs picked from the best pictures people are not embarrassed enough to send via their back-up Yahoo email accounts.

What if she has her feelings hurt by guy number four, or fourteen? Then the whole group has to go down. Down, down, down - lower than her.

Well, not to diss womanhood entirely, the truth may be that it's just been a certain type of chick. Strippers, wannabe actresses, or, worse, the lying phonies who claimed to have done all the above, but never had the moxie to try any of it; the ones who, just like a lot of men, are nothing more than egotists and liars. They like to play with fire, but when they get, not burned, but merely singed, they sue the fire department for not being there in time.

Now, love is a chemical reaction spurred on by lust, and even lust itself is a surge of testosterone. So what is revenge? What chemicals do the hypothalamus spit out (or not) into a broad's grey matter, which makes some women hold onto anger for so long? Often, so well.

A study by the University of the Basque Country claims women can forgive a lot faster. Co-author of the study, Carmen Maganto, states, "A decisive factor in the capacity to forgive is empathy, and women have a greater empathetic capacity than males." In a separate study, taken at the University of Texas, in Austin, doctoral student, Jamie C. Confer, wrote that men are more forgiving, but only when it comes to cheating.

There are quite a few stories of forgiving men; Apollonius of Tyana, Jesus Christ, the Buddha, and a thousand other unknown mystics, but *history* is just as equally peppered with tales of spiteful gals: Queen of the British Iceni tribe, Boudicca, who burnt the Roman town of Colchester, with thousands of Romans within its walls, and raised an army against those wops in retaliation for her earlier capture, and rape. Salome, Delilah, Lorena Bobbitt. Even the Cochiti tribe of New Mexico has an entire myth where the wife strikes down her husband and another, when she just thinks they are having an affair. Sure, many of them went after men who did something to them first, and dudes aren't off, scot-free, but I'm not writing about cock and balls here. I mean, there aren't many lady serial killers, so I'll give the dolls some credit there, though the one many do bring up, Aileen Wuornos, claims to have done it for revenge against men.

I guess, what I've been trying to say all along is: Men, watch your step, or, maybe, stop being such pricks.

I read a bunch of Camille Paglia when I decided to start this, so as not to be too cruel to womankind, but I still can't help feeling that hell hath no fury like a woman... any woman.

By the way, the full expression - from William Congreve's 1697 tragedy, *The Mourning Bride* - is actually, "Heaven has no rage like love to hatred turned, nor hell a fury like a woman scorned."

But, hey, what do I know?

I'm just a big jerk.



An hour-long sketch while under a heavy dissociative (phencyclidine), 2012

Two Spans of 24 Hours

I don't like to advertise, but I would like to declare my fascination with the tv show, *The First 48*. If you're unfamiliar, let me sell you on my little morbid pleasure.

It's an hour long docudrama that airs on the A&E Network, which stands for "arts and entertainment", but if you had to guess by their series' titles, you would have never thought that.

Now, here I am, sounding very self-righteous, when apparently, death does entertain me.

Each episode follows two murder cases, from the first 911 call, and the arrival of homicide detectives, to the arrest, and questioning of suspects.

When broken down, I can see it's not gore I'm into. The bodies are usually digitally obscured, or the cameras pan in and out, giving the viewer a hectic, busybody-styled view, over a meditative stare at what once had life.

Sure, I like a good "who dunnit?", but it's more than that - much more. It is mostly because it reminds me of home.

The good ol' swamps of south Florida, the sizzle of sun and waves of South Beach, the guns of the Hialeah gangs, the money on Miracle Mile, and the whores out on Biscayne Blvd.

Quite a bit of *The First 48* is filmed in Miami, which - if you haven't been able to tell by my attitude and accent - is my hometown. There are usually more stories dancing around my head, every episode, than simply the ones flashing on the screen.

Usually, it was background scenes I was familiar with: streets, parks, drug holes and ditches. The stories never hit home, and still haven't, but there were two that aired during season eleven, which sent my mind reeling in flashback.

In the first, an investigation took place in the strangest place I've ever lived. A few episodes later, the show flashed a face I briefly knew, and tried to bust up good.

Episode 182 was called "Waterworld". A name that the public at large, even in Miami, thinks refers to a Hollywood flop. You had to have been in-the-know to have knowledge of what Waterworld was, but after this show, everybody with basic cable knew.

Waterworld is a location just off Coconut Grove Bay. A labyrinth of mangrove trees a half-mile wide, surrounded by mansions and yacht clubs.

This slice of paradise was where the wittiest of the homeless slept.

The rich often have to ask themselves, when they've bought a new million dollar boat, and the decade-old, half-million dollar clunker out back doesn't sell, "What do I do with that old piece of shit?" Dock fees alone will drive you broke. If you sink it for insurance money, someone will always rat, and the well-to-do have too much to lose. If you let her out to sea, and someone finds her, she'll be brought right back to you, along with a tow bill.

They needed a place to leave it, and let it sit, hoping it just sinks, or, someday, sells.

Waterworld was where the rich docked their so-called trash ships, and if you had access to a dingy, you lived on a boat - for free.

In mid-1992, I spent two months there. I became practically homeless when I was 18 years old, fully by 19, and by 20 had decided to use my time out on the street to actually hit the road. After returning from a two-year walkabout to the west coast, I returned to Miami, spending a few months in Waterworld, just before Hurricane Andrew struck, and I finally got to rent my first apartment in four years.

One of my bosses at a headshop lived on a houseboat in the bay, so she would help me get out to my life on the water. I lived in a four-room yacht (each room 8'w x 8'w x 5'h) - not alone, but with another. You rarely get a boat to yourself, unless your roomie moves out, and they are replaced quicker than you'd expect. If they did have one for themselves for a long time, you knew there had to be a good reason, too. The possibilities include:

A) Recently released from a stint for murder.

B) Always carries a pistol, and waves it around when drunk.

C) Roommates have often woken up to either a knife at their throat, a bloody asshole, or all their possessions missing.

When my roommate (a cocaine-addicted, melting blob of what once was a woman) left, I had the boat to myself for three days. I had food, and felt like a king, and with the worries of what little cash I had being swiped now gone, I slept better.

It may have been because of that decent sleep that I remember hearing the first gunshot, and thinking it was only fireworks. Nuzzled into new sheets I recently bought, the waves rock the boat, and I, to a wondrous state where I can almost feel the water mist settling gently on my face. Feeling so very warm, until the cold of the water actually does splash against me, and I rocket upright.

It doesn't really hit me that everything is sideways until I sit up, and throwing my legs off the bed onto the floor, find I'm knee-deep in water.

My temporary home was taking on the salty mistress that was to take care of me.

I grabbed what I could, and threw it into the gym bag I carried everywhere.

Slinging it around my neck, I, literally, stepped out into the ocean.

Before you think that I was in grave danger, you have to know that the bay, in most areas, is rarely beyond seven feet deep.

Before you think that I was fine with that, have I ever told you about my fear of dark water?

Yelping like a puppy, and arms flailing, I swim to the nearest cluster of people calling out at me, and when arriving, am apologized to. Seems a few folks were partying it up a bit, and - while cracked out of their minds, of course - fired off a few rounds. All of them in my direction, one of which hit the hull of the ship, and down she began to go.

Strangely enough, it would be nowhere near the last time I would have bullets flying by me, but I'll leave that story for another time.

Now, if you've been paying attention, you already know I'm rather morbid, but now you'll see yet another dark side to this human-animal.

Episode 186, of the same season, titled "Street Law", was the one which had the closest reach to my personal life.

It didn't affect me in the way one might expect. Not negatively.

I laughed. I laughed almost all the way through the show. Making it worse, I shouted, "What!?" in disbelief when the victim's brother told police, "He didn't deserve that." The rotting meat at the morgue they were talking about is one Franco Rodriguez, I knew him as Kako. The guy was the co-founder of Y.L.O., and that stood for "Young Latin Organization". They were part of what was known as the "Folk Nation" of gangs (the "People Nation" being their rivals). He was a terror to the entire city of Miami. I know there's a guesstimate somewhere, in a police file, wondering how many people have died because of him, or even by his hand.

When my sister - who admittedly is no angel - was seven months pregnant, he chucked a rock, the size of a bowling ball, at her through the driver's side window, while she was going for a hospital visit.

I can be pretty ruthless myself, so I decided on payback.

One night, my sister's husband (at the time), our group's crackhead, and one we called "the Weasel" incessantly drove past a nightclub in Hialeah, where we knew Y.L.O. ruled.

The first couple of passes, we threw opposing gang signs, so as to get as many of them to exit, and see what we were up to. By the third pass, I began yelling the gang name of their most fierce enemy, and there were at least thirty of them headed towards the sidewalk. By the next pass, they began to recognize the vehicle, and pointed us out to Kako. That only helped me find him in the crowd, and recognize what he was wearing. We left, and decided to return in about three or four minutes, and see if group bravado worked in my favor. It did.

We drove past at a decent speed, as a large group of them were still gathered out on the sidewalk, yelling at cars, and attempting to act bad-ass. I picked up the only weapon I had - a blown-out, 6x9" car speaker - and chucked it out the window, right at him. In my own youthful stupidity, I didn't even care if it beheaded him, though that wasn't my intention.

Lo, as if I had some greater purpose in life, than serve ten-to-twenty for manslaughter, that speaker fought all the laws of aerodynamics, and shifted in mid-air, hitting him, open-ended, flat on the chest. I bet, until the day he died, he tried to describe to rappers the sound of that unbelievably deep bass tone he heard late one autumn night. If he did, it's all thanks to me, I guess. Anyway, it didn't end there.

We came back around one more time. They all ran out onto the street as we passed. Stopping several hundred feet away, I got out of the car. The club now emptying out, and facing over 100 people, I shouted, "Folk killer, you bitches," throwing the appropriate hand signs.

Here, I can only state that you have never truly, or fully, lived until you have seen a street-clogging line, several men deep, begin a group primal scream, and run towards you in full rage.

It was a scene straight out of an ancient battle, as if the Persians were coming for the last few Spartans who will speed away in a cheap Nissan 200SX.

When many ask, "Do you miss Miami?"

Well, with stories like that, I can only reply, "How can I not?"

SHUT UP!

I understand if many can't find a single reason, or probably wouldn't even want to attempt a month-long vow of silence, but then again, I'm not like most. Personally, it was an amalgam of experiment in self-awareness and will power, mixed with ritual, and just a touch of folly. Partly, trying to reach Zarathustra's level of being "the most silent of men," while another part of me was just plain fooling around to see if I could do it. I mean, there was play involved, but a lot of serious history backed me up as well. In ancient Greece, students of Pythagoras of Samos, when first joining the order, were asked to take on a vow of silence until it was believed their involvement with the mathematician's school was no joke. This was later picked up by the virginal, Roman priestesses of Vesta. It is believed Apollonius of Tyana did his quiet time for five years, and didn't write during the whole episode. In India and parts of China, the practice is called *mauna*.

The Indian mystic Meher Baba took an oath not to speak in 1925, it lasted over forty years, until his death in 1969. In a 1964 World's Fair pamphlet, there is an article about the guru Baba, where he is quoted, "Instead of practicing the compassion [God] taught, man has waged wars in his name. Instead of living the humility, purity, and truth of his words, man has given way to hatred, greed, and violence. Because man has been deaf to the principles and precepts laid down by God in the past, in this present Avataric form, I observe silence." He claimed, if he broke his vow, the first word uttered would spiritually cradle us for the following seven hundred years. Wisely, he kept his yapper shut, and for that his followers proclaimed July 10th as Silence Day. The best story having to do with a vow of silence has to be that of the 2nd century philosopher, Secundus the Silent. As told in the anonymously written tale, *Life of Secundus*, said philosopher, when returning home from years of education abroad, decided to test the old adage that all ladies are secretly slutty. He then dons a costume, and for fifty gold pieces bought his mother for the night. Upon awakening, mommy realizes who she's been bedding, and, though they actually had no sex, promptly hanged herself. Such remorse washes over Mr. Silent, that he decides to make his surname his life's calling. His stunt later got him hobnobbing with the rich and famous, as he became so well known, he shook hands with Emperor Hadrian. The ruler told him to start talking, or view his body from his severed head held from another's hand. Secundus refused, and Hadrian had such a belly laugh that he let him live, and supposedly sat the thinker down to answer twenty of life's questions. These reasons, and more, are why I decided to try, and keep quiet, for a full month.

A Transcript of Quiet

While on the 30-day-long vow of silence I wrote of, I kept a small artist sketchbook in which I scribbled down what I needed to communicate to others.

Within a week, complete conversations were condensed into one or two sentences. This was possibly due to the maddening headache of often having to write out thoughts as quickly as they need to be said.

These are some of my favorite conversations from my little black book.

Writing this all down makes me want to say little of what I think.

There's an animal in Japanese myth. That only shows its back half.

I have noticed that certain announcers / main characters in certain commercials were probably hired because certain pitches their voices make sound like certain celebrities. I'm certain of it. Certainly!

Commercials – oversexed. It says a lot about art itself. Seeing art or pornography. Sex in art vs. sex to sell.

In times of trouble animals know what to do.

The photographer stole a bottle of vodka. It fell out during our goodbye.

My life in a sentence: Never got an Ace.

There is absolutely no way I can scribble about what's happening in my head. Like I mentioned a few days ago, speaking is like a pressure valve.

I brought it to show you. 100 years ago, someone took that river rock & sealed it in a brick, wound up in a basement in Brooklyn.

People like them today only when they're useable. That thing, while interesting is un-useable.

I was listening to one of my shows & I said, "Oh yeah! I sound like that."

As a southern Floridian, that was a shitty beach day.

One thing I'm realizing is that we all do gestures to help people understand what we mean. Turns out we should stop. They don't help at all.

As I go quieter, the world gets louder.



Cleopatra's Needle, 2012



Slouching Towards Utopia

It should seem humankind would endeavor for Utopia since agricultural tribes began to gather into city-states. One could think the idea may stem as far back as the Neolithic period (10,000 BCE – 4500 BCE). While the oldest-discovered laws, set in stone on cuneiform script by Hammurabi in 1750 BCE, there isn't much proof of setting goals toward an ideal society until Plato's *Republic* (380 BCE).

Somewhere in 700 BCE, maybe further, a prophet appeared in Greece - historians are unsure if he was actual man, or just myth. He was said to have visited the Oracle at Delphi with his intentions, and they gave him the thumbs up. This messenger inspired Herodotus, Plutarch, plus Plato, and before the Christ, or Buddha, he taught: morality, austerity, and the equality of his people. But, unlike the soothsayers he may have influenced, he taught that his ideals were for the state, not the church. He became known as Lycurgus, the Law Giver, and was practically worshipped in Sparta. Not much is known about him, as the best available history comes from a single chapter in Plutarch's *Lives of the Noble Greeks and Romans*.

It was said that Lycurgus of Sparta had read Homer, and taken by the tale's heroism, he, as king, exhorted the virtues of intellectual pursuit, physical fitness, and living a just life. Many of his ideas were the ones to have set the course for Sparta becoming a huge military force by 600 BCE. A true warrior-monk.

In an act of behavioral science, he once travelled simply to note cultures' differences, and then raised dogs differently to see how they behaved. His studies led him to base a good life around moderation.

During his reign, and before Athenian democracy, he set up a cabinet, similar to what is today's Congress or Parliament, which had ruling rights equal to the royal house. The people regaled, as the government grew stable.

The stories end there, seeing how he just disappears, and his fate is not known, though legends have been written. Some say, seeing his land doing well, he left in good spirits to travel the world, but most of Sparta believed he had felt his service complete, and starved himself to death in a ritualistic fashion.

It all sounds wonderfully utopian, but here we are; 2800 years later. Lycurgus, and a thousand other notables, have written on the subject of striving for a land of milk and honey. Over 25 years of the League of Nations, and another 70 with the United Nations. Close to 70 for NATO, nine for the African Union, and only five for BRICS, but I'm positive a just society is only moments away. The World Peace Council was established in the 1950s, and what they promote doesn't seem to be working. The Nazi's thought they were building

an Eden, and I'm sure the Communists thought the same of themselves. Though the most common man's attitude would seem to be "do no evil", religion has had to constantly remind us, in the original sin of being an animal first and foremost, we are doomed. As a whole, religion has sent so many other prophets to keep us in the loop about "The Golden Rule"; the aforementioned Yeshua, and Gautama, Krishna, Mithras, Osiris, Mohamed, Gluskab, Marduk, Saint Elizabeth Ann Seton - all to keep us informed that we should aim for better.

Cyrus Teed built his *New Jerusalem* in south Florida in 1894, Elizabeth Claire Prophet would have said her Montana ranch, near Yellowstone Park, was it. I'm certain it was even in the head of Charles Manson.

Conspiracies abound where there is a shadowy force, known as the Illuminati, and they want to rule us all, by ushering in a New World Order of one-world government. Even then, I'd say to the conspiracy theorists, if it's that they want, what's taking so long?

The answer is simple: xenophobia, by its most basic definition. Almost everyone would like one-world government, but only if it's their form of government. Even an anarchist would take to it, if that rule were Anarchism. The rather rational fear that "the other" will rule over us is enough to make straightforward cooperation straight heavy work.

Any good Postmodernist would break it to us through the micro-politics of the situation. Each individual carries with it an individual interpretation of freedom. Many don't care for extreme views, but there are the extreme - and the dull; the righteous; the paranoid; the malcontent; *ad nauseam*.

The bleak truth is: as individuals, we hate each other.

Because *Homo sapiens* might not be able to fully unite themselves over a common goal, never reaching this state of idealized community, is quite possibly the reason Sir Thomas More coined the term *utopia*, in his 1516 CE book of the same title, which stems from the Greek words οὐ and τόπος meaning: no place.



Please Don't Go

It took me four years to see it. Most New Yorkers get to spend their entire time here without catching a glimpse, while a few have the sight thrust into their view right away.

Friday, and the weekend's here. I leave work in the East Village, around eight, and head down First to the 2nd Ave subway stop.

Part of me is a little upset. I've left my umbrella at home, and there is a light snow fall. Nothing too bad, but there is enough of a wind to have it fly in your eyes. My eyes are already close to freezing over. The pain is enough already without having ice shards flying into your retina. It may get worse as this Groundhog's Day has that little rodent calling for six more weeks of this shit. It's been a bad winter anyway. I've been depressed for months, but I'm keeping it all bottled up, as I'm always seen as "the strong one" amongst family and friends. The reality of it is that I've considered suicide this year more than any other.

It's been one week since the one-year mark of my film-mentor's suicide, and it doesn't help that my girlfriend has had a terrible time adjusting to the move here. For the last three years, she has reminded me, almost monthly, how much she hates living in this city.

Still, I go about business as if nothing can affect me.

The usual crowd is on the platform headed back to Brooklyn. Those just getting off work, a handful heading to friend's off the island, and some that are getting a bite to eat out of the city proper. A guitar slinging busker, and his solemn tunes, are where another busker, a girl with an accordion, usually stands. I normally stand waiting for the train about a hundred feet from the stairway entrance. Not sure why this time was different, but I walked to the very center of the station.

In my standard practice as of late, I've taken to wearing earbuds. I've only recently gotten with the rest of the First World, and bought a smart phone, using it as a music player, not to mention a barrier between me, and the rest of mankind.

I can feel the wind being pushed out of the tunnel, which signals the approach of a train.

Synchronicity is a wonderful thing, but it can sometimes be a real pain in the ass. I'm normally enchanted by it, but the Universe doesn't always want to see you smile.

As one track ends, and the silence between songs looms, I hear a man yell, "NO!" and one woman scream in terror, which makes me look in the direction of the coming southbound train.

What I see doesn't look real, as my eyes focus on a twenty-something, black man in mid-air, just above the tracks. It's at this moment that my eyes divert to see the car's conductor holding a facial expression that makes me truly

understand the term “shock and awe”.

The man and train collide with a force that cracks the windshield, and sends him flying forward, but out of line of falling under the behemoth. That only made matters worse.

I stand there, stunned, as I watch him hurling about ten feet in front of the train, as it hits the brakes. The suicidal man lands, face first onto the platform, with one leg dangling off the side. The caravan did not stop in time, pinning his leg between the metal and cement, dragging him for another ten feet, or more.

I was looking straight ahead when this began five seconds ago, and now I'm almost looking at my feet, as the horror stopped inches away from me.

A ball of flesh lies there, pinned between the engine and the staging area, looks lifeless, and then I hear it moan, which reminds me it was once a man. That same reminder is too much for someone behind me, as I hear them throw up.

Without looking, I back up about ten feet, yet careful not to trail on the vomit. The passengers start to pour out. Gasps and wails fill the air, as people almost immediately run to the nearest exit.

Within two minutes, police show up, and huddle the few who have gathered around to gawk. They shut down the F line, diverting the upcoming traffic onto other rails, as they begin to call out orders for riders to move to the northbound subway, and take another system to their destination.

As if invisible, I am one of the few civilians left standing on the platform. I take the opportunity to do something many think awful: I take a photo. In my defense, I had recently been blessed with the title of “photographer” due to documenting, both good and bad, as much of New York as possible, and this was a moment that defined the pitfalls of living in this metropolis.

In a half-hearted turn of respect, I took only one picture, aiming the lens away from the poor soul, to capture a badly lit shot of what a human body can do to glass and steel. I photographed the front of the train, and the damage a human body can do to it.

While heading over to the other side of the station to catch a train in the other direction, the emergency medical techs rush in carrying a stretcher - not one for an ambulance, but for an air evacuation.

The opposite train takes what seems like forever to pull up, as I, and everyone else, watch from across the partition. Medics are trying to figure out how to extract the man without moving the train, fearing further injury, or the loss of his leg.

When the train does finally come, it is doubly packed, headed for an out-of-the-way station to take us all to different lines back home.

I catch the A from West 4th, and the gravity of the situation starts to hit hard, but I hold it together, and exit at the Nostrand station in Bed-Stuy.

I have yet to play music, and am afraid to. I don't want any songs to become

connected to this experience. Plus, if a somber song comes on, I just may ball in public.

I walk into my apartment, to see my girlfriend sitting on the couch, and I immediately explode, "I can't take this anymore!" as I begin to cry. She rushes to me, asking what's wrong, and I finally agree with her that this city can sometimes be too much. After explaining what I had seen, I cried for about 30 minutes nonstop. She does her best to do her duty as my significant other, as I find myself mumbling "That poor man," for the next few hours, while my eyes well up.

It took me a few weeks to get over what I had witnessed, and even taking it upon myself to score MDMA in a half-hearted attempt at self-therapy. I had read it helps in dealing with death, and had a trip (or two) to try it out. My grandmother passed away recently, and all I can say is that dealing with grief never gets easy, but - with help - it can get easier. On the other hand, dealing with thoughts of suicide never does get easier, but there is still help out there. If you ever feel the need, please call the National Suicide Prevention Hotline at: 1 (800) 273-8255.





No Standing, 2015



Untitled photo, 2015

Can't Ban Anne

Both, the American Northeast, and women, have had a wonderful influence in helping shape what can best be labeled, the New Age movement. The ideas behind, what many now term *Ecumenism*, were artfully co-designed by the area's environment, a reconnect to the matriarch, and happenstance (or "fate", as others would call it).

It's easy to see why the Northeast of the U.S. holds the ground it does in the history of the country, as well as the ideas that crystalized it as a culture. It was the New World, which looked much like the Old World, and it all spread outward from there.

On the other hand, up until the Age of Enlightenment, woman played only a very small role in driving doctrine. Though many outspoken prophets are still male, our modern outlook on the metaphysical has been molded by feminine hands, such as Theosophy founder Helena Blavatsky, and Mary Baker Eddy, who began Christian Science. While men dominated theological literature before the 1900s, a women's vision rivaled any male seer in the early 20th Century.

The concepts, which later lead to Hippy art, as well as Nazi war crimes, have always laid within the core of mysticism. It starts out well enough: a love of nature, mankind, and a world beyond this one (whether physical or on another plane). The Fundamental renders unto Caesar what is Caesar's, but the Mystic is out panhandling, wondering why he should give his cut to Caesar, instead of the leper, who he knows needs it more. The Fundamentals call the Mystic nuts. Yet, the crazies really do have control of the asylum. Organized religion dominates the steering, while the mystics quietly navigate the course. Today, the United Nations, in politics, and, in religion, the World Council of Churches, preach a unifying message of peace, brotherhood, and enlightenment, not far off the 1800 utopian and spiritualist movements of the United States' Northeast.

Now, when it comes to women, definitely, and without knowing it, the godmother of the matriarchal movement in the American Northeast is Anne Hutchinson, then known as the "American Jezebel".

Said to be related to the family from Charlemagne, Alfred the Great, and Edward I of England, she was the daughter of an Anglican minister in London; born in 1591, in Alford, England, and only making her way to New England at 43, coming after her pastor in 1634. She docked on the harbors of Boston with her husband, and ten children, in tow, but don't think lowly thoughts, as William Hutchinson was a wealthy mercantile businessman.

At the time, she was a student of Puritan minister John Cotton, who preached Free Grace theology, which believed anyone to be free from sin, receiving eternal life, once they accepted Christ as their personal savior. While many believe that to be the standard tenant of Christianity, it brings up the problem

of grace earned, over inherited. Free Grace theology caused its first uproar in the 1200s, as the “Free Spirit controversy”. Later it spawned the “Majoristic controversy” in the 15th Century, and in Hutchinson’s time, the “Antinomina controversy”. As in every other religion, the trouble didn’t end there, and the Free Grace problem resurfaced in the U.S. Evangelical community in the 1980s with the “Lordship controversy”.

Anyhow, John Cotton felt, because of his religious views, to be persecuted by the Church of England, and "impressed by the evidence of divine providence" in the Americas, hit the sails to what many considered the *New Jerusalem*. When he left England, she followed.

After the move, Mr. Hutchinson did well, and bought property, building one of the largest homes on the Shawmut Peninsula. It stood there until the Great Fire of 1711, which destroyed much of what is currently downtown Boston. Most in the area began to know Mrs. Hutchinson as an available midwife, who also taught in spiritual and moral manners through a Bible studies class. The family were members of the First Church of Boston, which was established in 1630 by John Winthrop’s original Puritan settlement. The organization is still around, and currently located at 66 Marlborough Street, but, at the time, John Cotton was a teaching elder there.

In her home studies, she would often point out that good works would not get you into Heaven, and only "an intuition of the Spirit" would open the Pearly Gates. She would often remark on how God has no mind on what we do in the here and now, so long as we accept his salvation.

Word got back to the church elders, and all unauthorized classes were ceased, which began the Antinomian Controversy.

In 1635, at Jon Cotton’s home, several ministers confronted Cotton and Hutchinson concerning their “free grace” views. Though the two thought they left the meeting walking on common ground, Hutchinson, and a handful of supporters were dragged into court for heresy.

When writing of this time, in his 1651 book, *Of Plymouth Plantation*, Plymouth governor, and a scrivener on the *Mayflower Compact*, William Bradford, claimed that many in the area had returned to paganism, witnessing characters dance around the maypole, inviting the Natives to join them, as if they had revived “the beastly practice of the mad Bacchinalians.” He condemned the debauchery of “drunkenness and uncleanness; not only incontineny between persons unmarried, but some married persons; acts fearful to name, such as sodomy and buggery, have broke forth across this land.”

Even her mentor, John Cotton, once wrote her meetings were a “promiscuous and filthy coming together of men and women.”

While her prosecutors focused on theological issues, many are certain these attacks were in part due to the fear of a woman’s role in church affairs; she had failed to learn her place in Puritan society.

Already excommunicating and banishing other “free grace” preachers, such as Reverend John Wheelwright, the General Boston Court set way to exile her.

Anne Hutchinson, labeled an instrument of the devil, was found guilty in 1637. After a winter house-arrest, and with no supporters left locally, but her immediate family, she was brought before a church court, as the previous trial was only a civil matter. In the earlier trial, they dug into what she had been doing to society, now they were going to look at what she had done to religion.

Of course, the Puritan Church handed her a guilty verdict, and now she was branded with the title of heretic, too.

A true mystic, at the end of her trial, she proclaimed, “As I understand it, laws, commands, rules, and edicts are for those who have not the light which makes plain the pathway.” A true visionary, she later added, “if you go on... you will bring a curse upon you and your posterity.” Still, she was given three months to pack her bags, and get out of town.

Many of those who had heard the good word, and knew trouble was coming, migrated to what is now Providence, Rhode Island. When Hutchinson was released, she was accepted there with open arms, but not before a six-day walk from the Boston area - with her kids, and in April snow.

Sadly, her reputation followed, and the local magistrates started getting nervous to what trouble she could start there, as she mingled with people of power there. The family moved to Portsmouth, where her husband died in 1639, and, in 1642, her and six children moved to New Netherland.

The following year, during Kieft's War, where the *Encyclopedia Britannica* wrote as “an event regarded by some in Massachusetts as divine judgment,” Anne and most of her children were killed by Siwanoy tribe members, in what later became the Bronx borough of New York City.

Today, Hutchinson is remembered much differently than she was, as the engraving on her bronze statue in front of the Massachusetts State House reads it was placed there for her work as a “courageous exponent of civil liberty and religious toleration.”

In a *Harvard Magazine* article on Hutchinson, Harvard Divinity School theologian, Peter Gomes, called her “deft in theological and legal sparring, intellectually superior to her accusers, and a woman of conscience that yielded to no authority,” and going on to say she would be more at home in the Harvard of today than any of her critics.

She was also immortalized in the first chapter of Nathaniel Hawthorne's *The Scarlet Letter* (1850), as “the sainted Anne Hutchinson.” Her struggle was depicted in the 1980 play *Goodly Creatures* by William Gibson, and, only recently, Dan Shore's opera, *Anne Hutchinson*.

The spot she was supposedly to have died is marked, to this day, by a huge

broken boulder, called *Split Rock*. A bronze plaque, which is now gone, was placed there in 1911, reading:

ANNE HUTCHINSON

Banished from the Massachusetts Bay Colony in 1638, because of her Devotion to Religious Liberty. This Courageous Woman sought Freedom from persecution in New Netherland. Near this Rock in 1643 She and her Household were Massacred by Indians. This Tablet is placed here by the Colonial Dames of the State of New York.

ANNO DOMINI MCMXI Virtutes Majorurn Filiae Conservant

The spot is hardly accessible, as it is near a busy highway, and, though the plaque has been removed due to vandalism, the rock, pushed there 10,000 years ago by glaciers from northern Canada, will probably stay there, split as it is, forever - dual and eternal - like Anne's legacy.



A previously unpublished piece, 2015 / photo: *Good Mourning*, 2013

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