

**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 18<sup>th</sup> 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 glaze, 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.

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