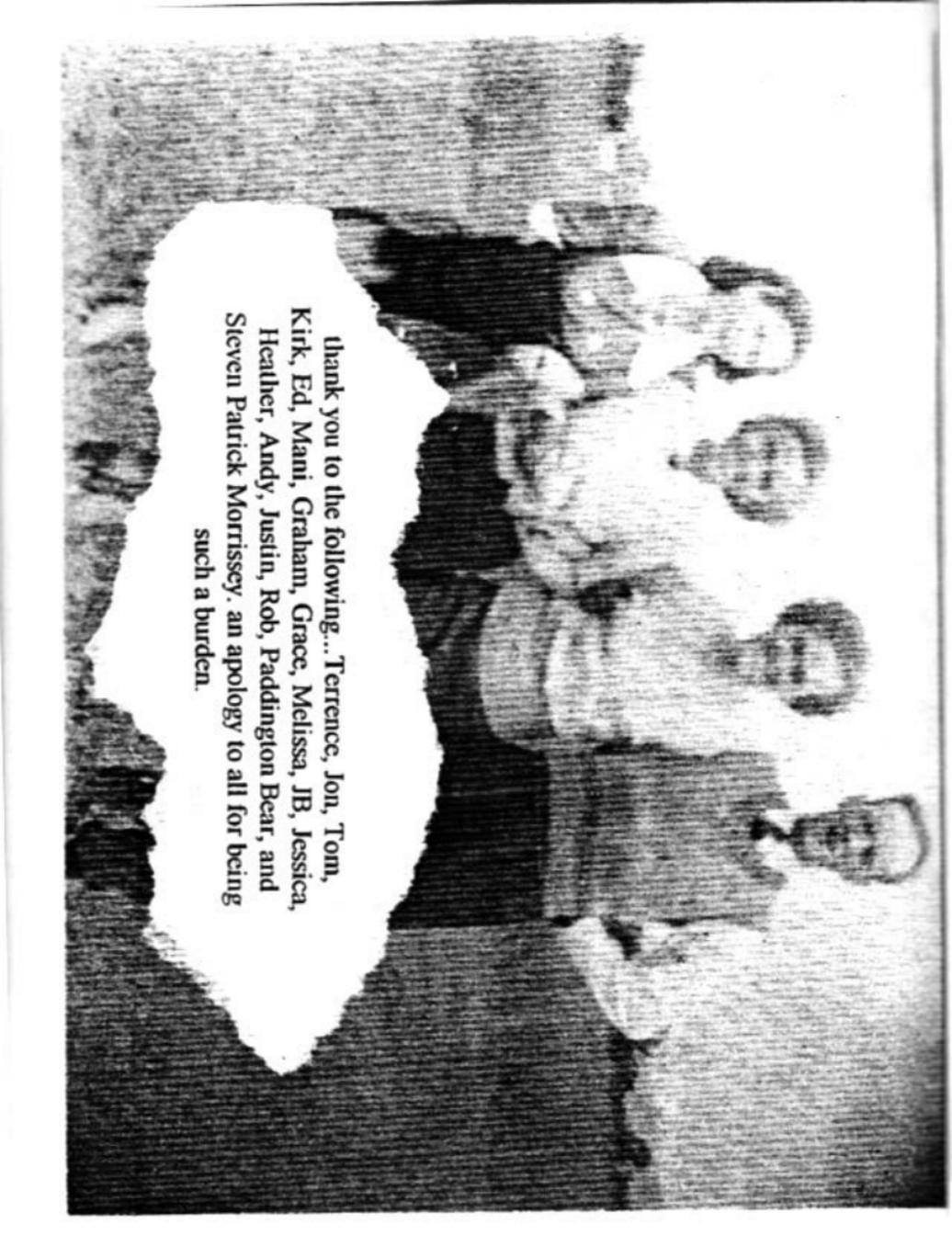


more.

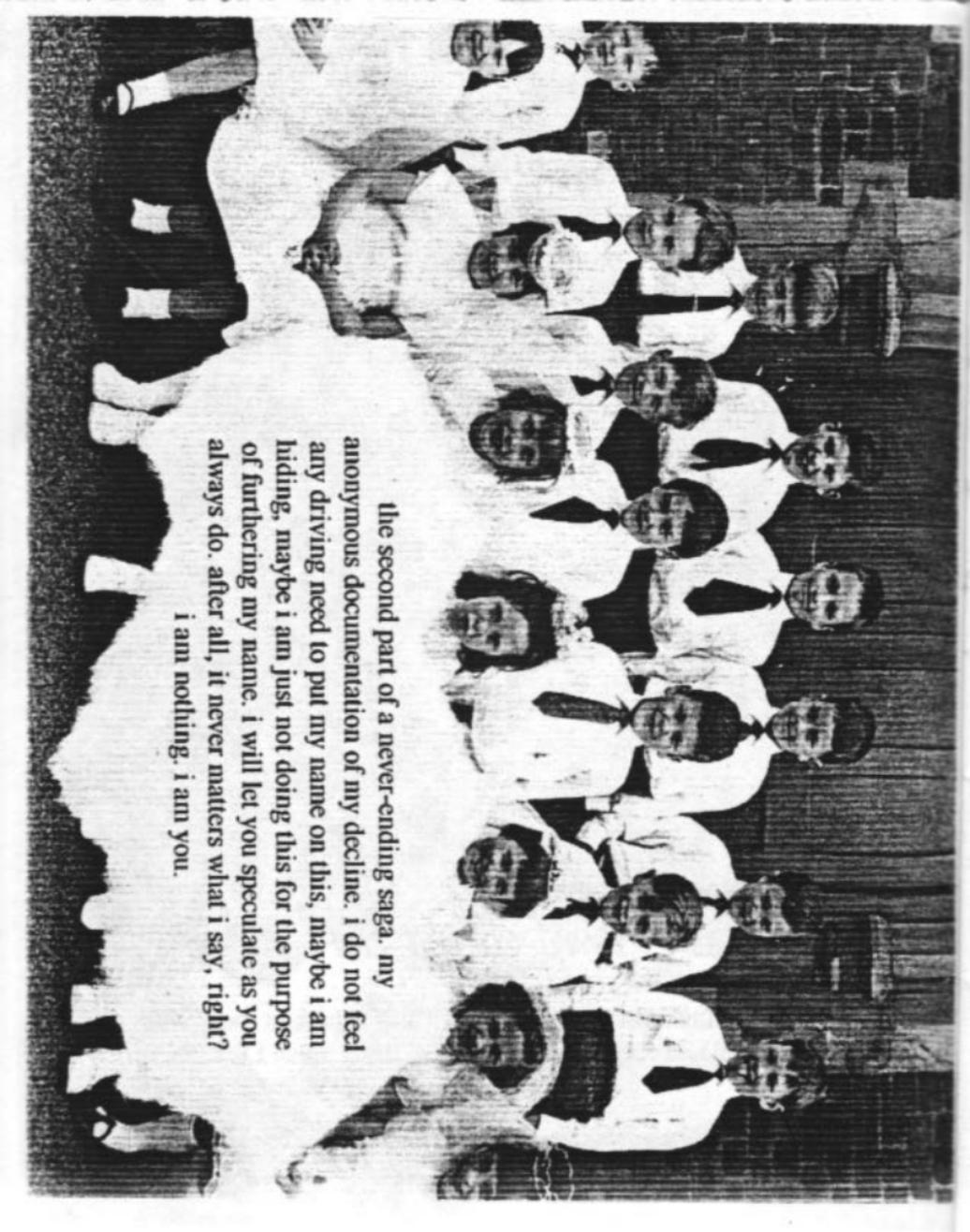
two.



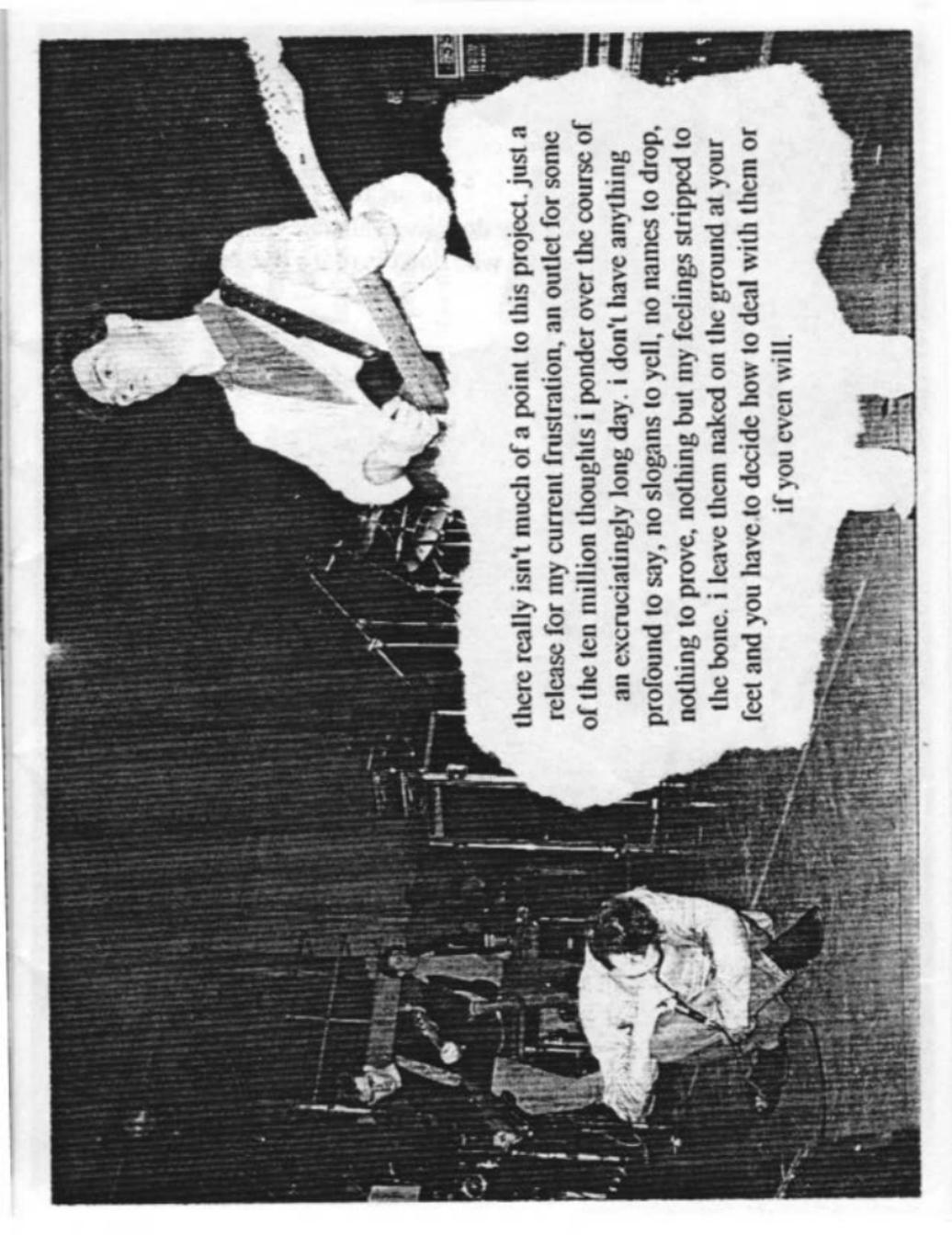
thank you to the following... Terrence, Jon, Tom,
Kirk, Ed, Mani, Graham, Grace, Melissa, JB, Jessica,
Heather, Andy, Justin, Rob, Paddington Bear, and
Steven Patrick Morrissey. an apology to all for being
such a burden.



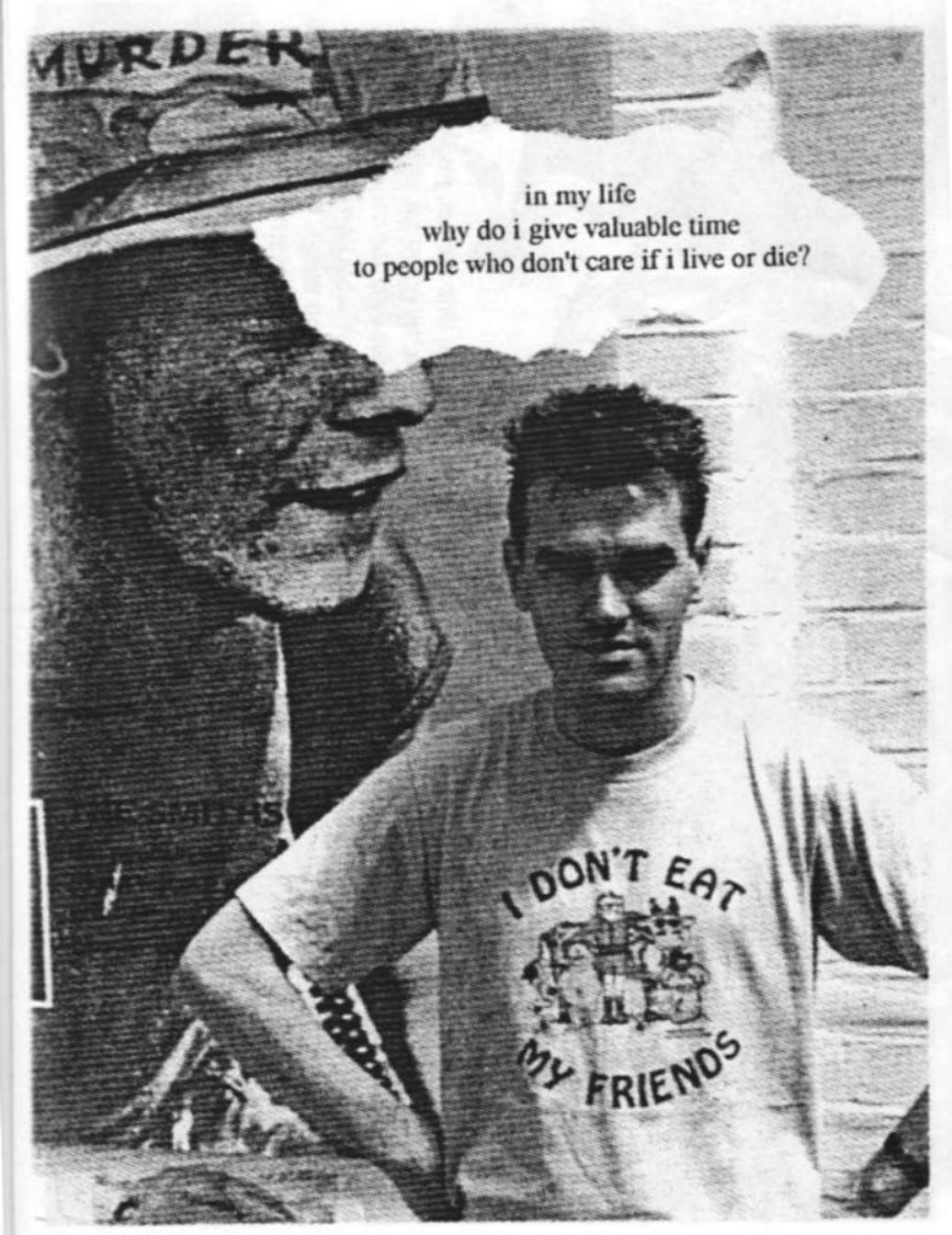
this issue dedicated to clearly canadian mountain
blackberry. it feels like an eternity since i felt you on
my lips.



the second part of a never-ending saga. my
anonymous documentation of my decline. i do not feel
any driving need to put my name on this, maybe i am
hiding, maybe i am just not doing this for the purpose
of furthering my name. i will let you speculate as you
always do. after all, it never matters what i say, right?
i am nothing. i am you.



there really isn't much of a point to this project. just a
release for my current frustration, an outlet for some
of the ten million thoughts i ponder over the course of
an excruciatingly long day. i don't have anything
profound to say, no slogans to yell, no names to drop,
nothing to prove, nothing but my feelings stripped to
the bone. i leave them naked on the ground at your
feet and you have to decide how to deal with them or
if you even will.



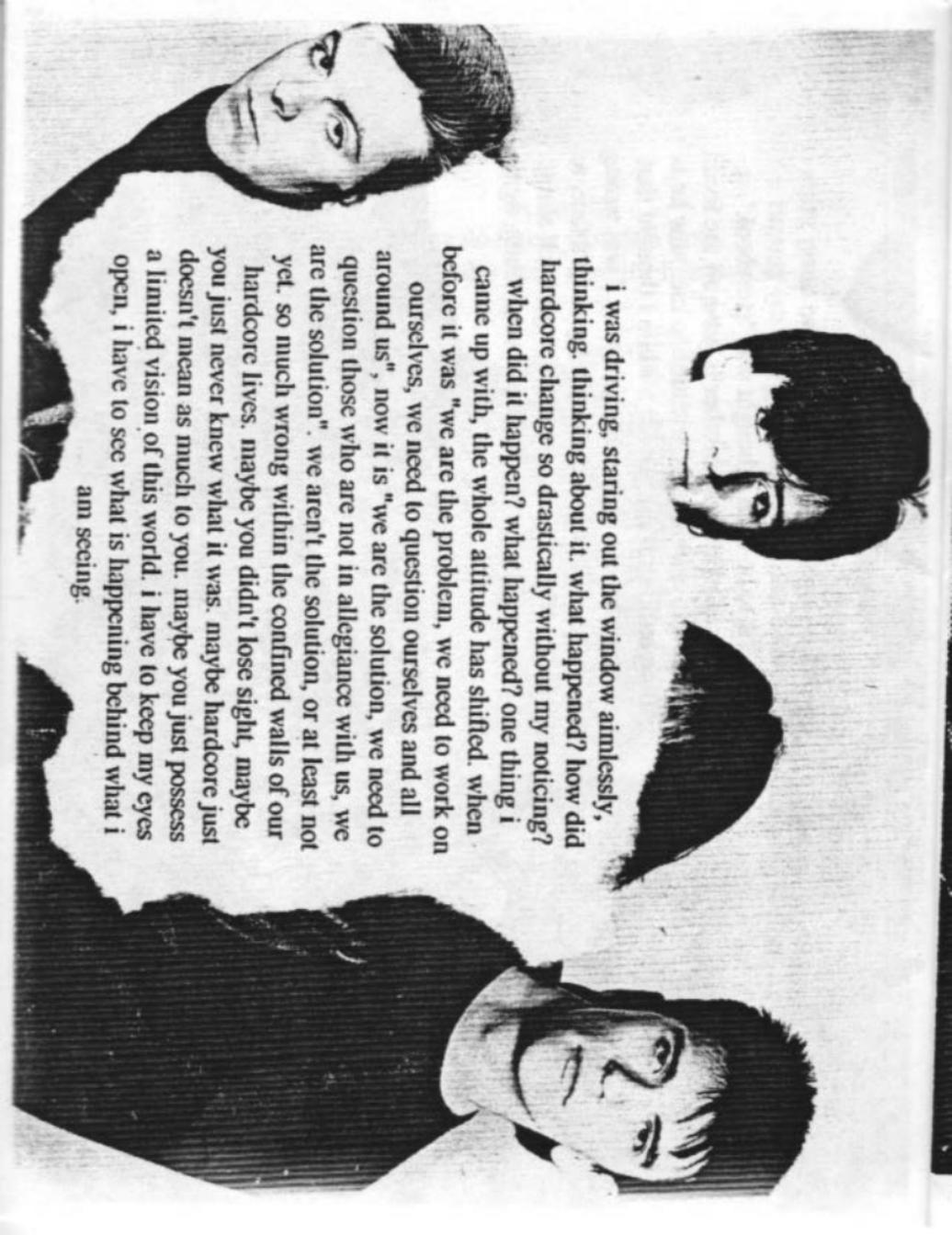
in my life
why do i give valuable time
to people who don't care if i live or die?

I DON'T EAT

MY FRIENDS

my dad is toying with me again. for so many years i wanted a normal relationship with my parents. i wanted it to be what i thought was "storybook". it never was. now that my brother is gone all the focus shifts to me. now he pays attention to me. now he is willing to do stuff for me. for a while i thought that we were starting to make some progress. i was wrong. he's doing stuff for me to rub it in my mom's face, to make her feel bad. he's using me to get back at my mom. yeah, i believed for a while...i was wrong, again.





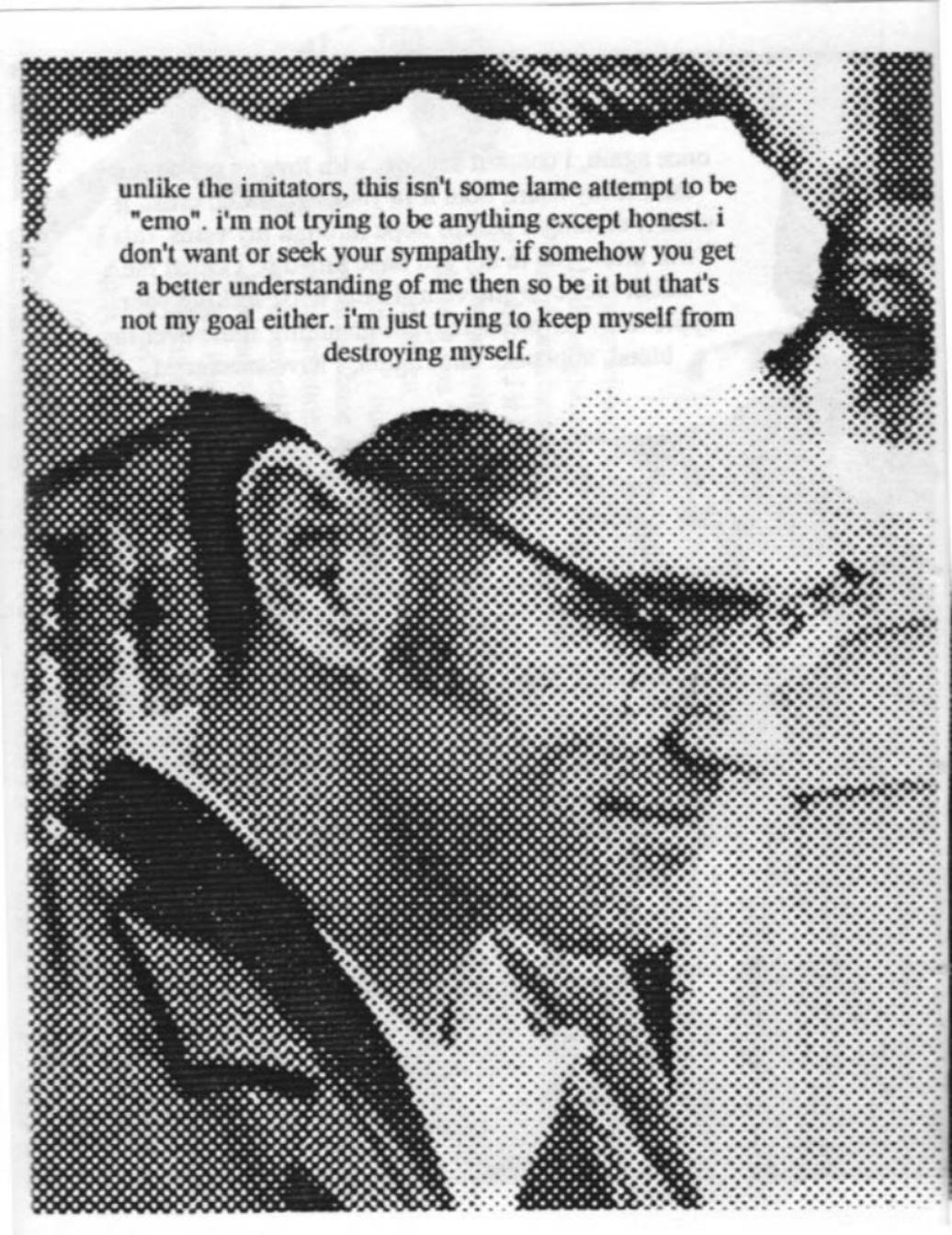
i was driving, staring out the window aimlessly, thinking. thinking about it. what happened? how did hardcore change so drastically without my noticing? when did it happen? what happened? one thing i came up with, the whole attitude has shifted. when before it was "we are the problem, we need to work on ourselves, we need to question ourselves and all around us", now it is "we are the solution, we need to question those who are not in allegiance with us, we are the solution". we aren't the solution, or at least not yet. so much wrong within the confined walls of our hardcore lives. maybe you didn't lose sight, maybe you just never knew what it was. maybe hardcore just doesn't mean as much to you. maybe you just possess a limited vision of this world. i have to keep my eyes open, i have to see what is happening behind what i am seeing.

once again, i commit suicide. with love as my dagger.
extract my heart, hold it in your hands and crush it
until it no longer pumps hope through my veins. this i
will allow you to do. you have killed it. i killed me.
watch me sever the veins in my wrist seeking your
approval, your pleasure, your gleaming smile over my
blood. applause. once again, i have succeeded.

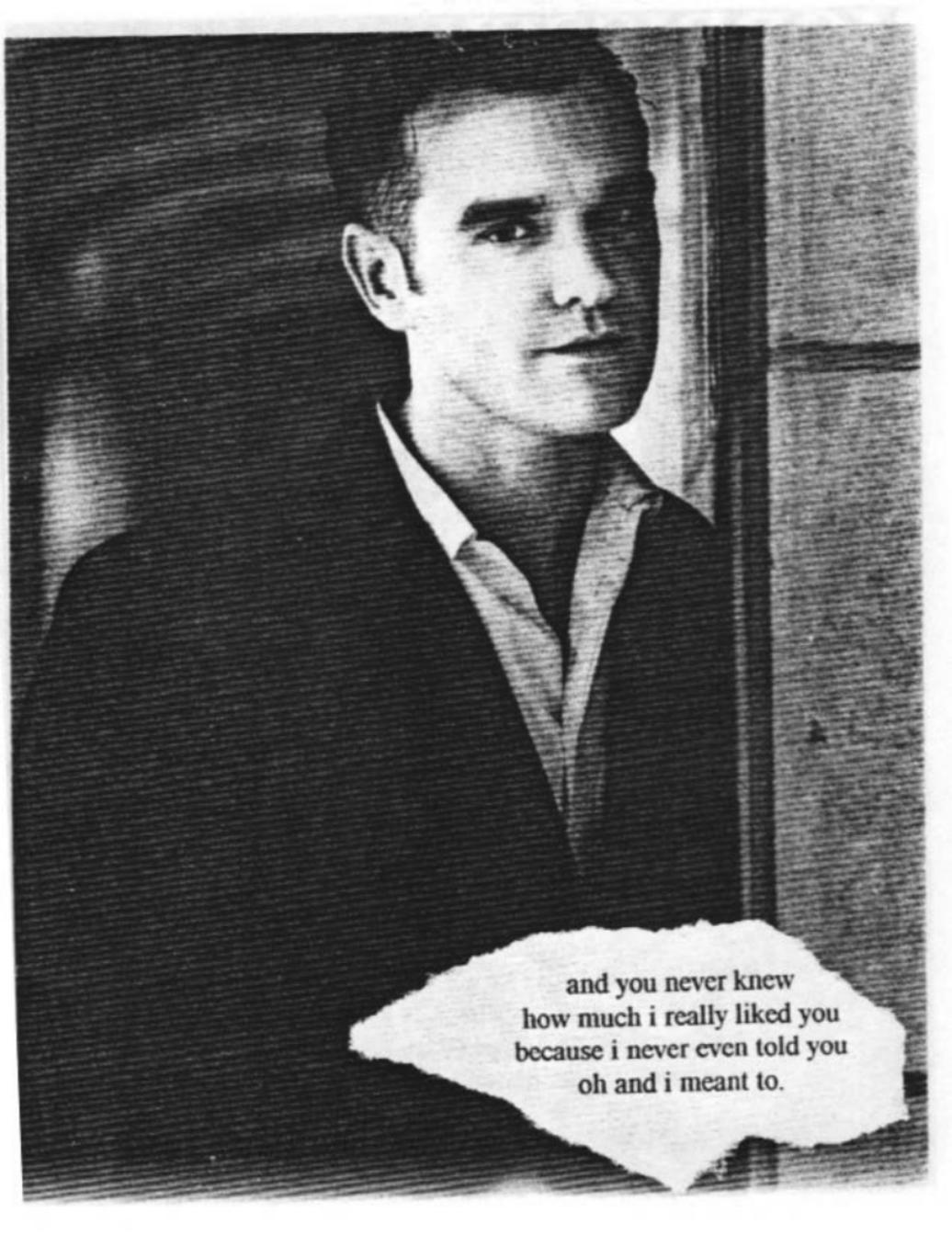
MORRISSEY

JACK THE RIPPER

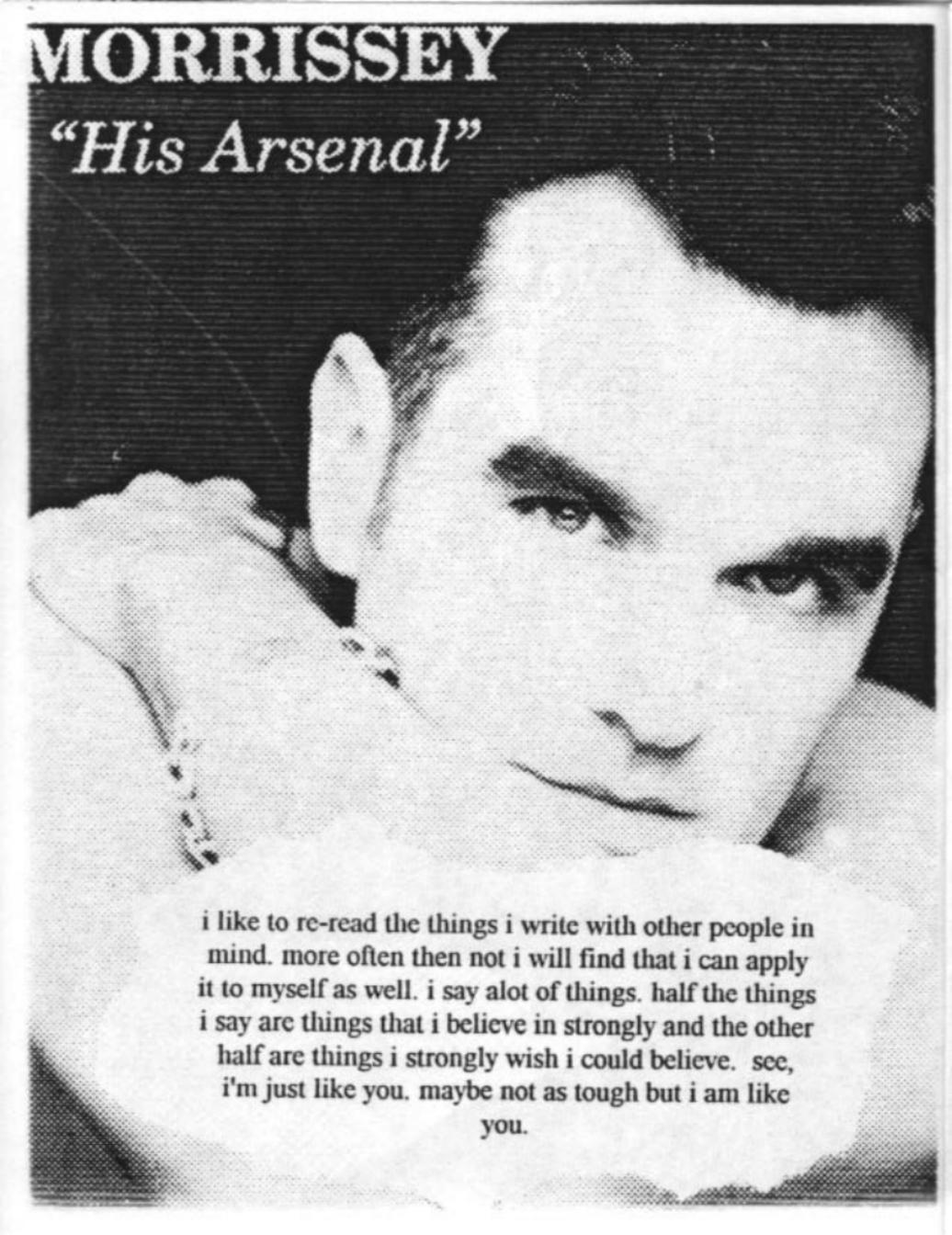
PROMOTIONAL COPY



unlike the imitators, this isn't some lame attempt to be "emo". i'm not trying to be anything except honest. i don't want or seek your sympathy. if somehow you get a better understanding of me then so be it but that's not my goal either. i'm just trying to keep myself from destroying myself.



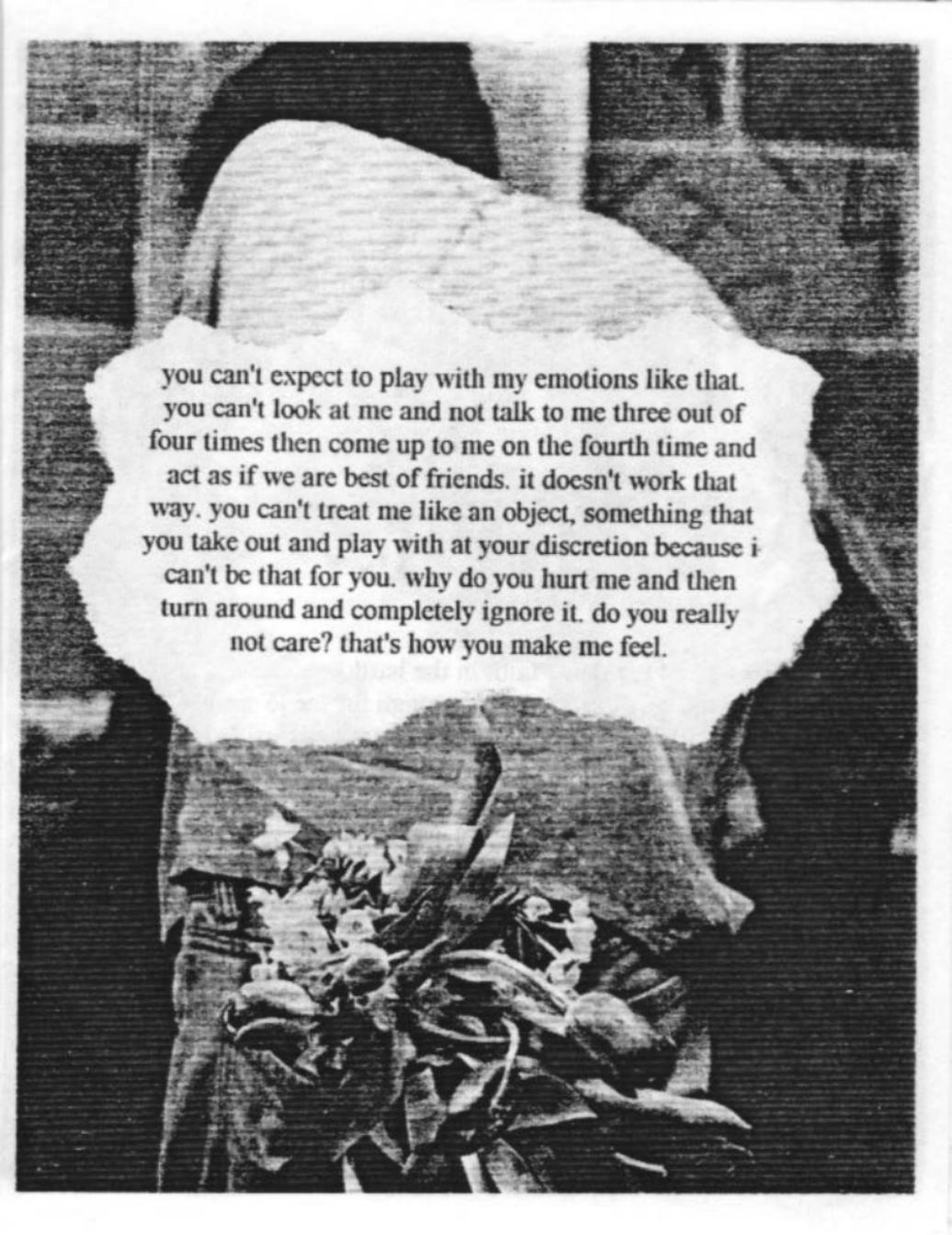
and you never knew
how much i really liked you
because i never even told you
oh and i meant to.

A black and white, high-contrast portrait of Morrissey. He is looking directly at the camera with a serious expression. His right hand is raised to his neck, with fingers slightly curled. The background is dark and textured. The text is overlaid on the top and bottom of the image.

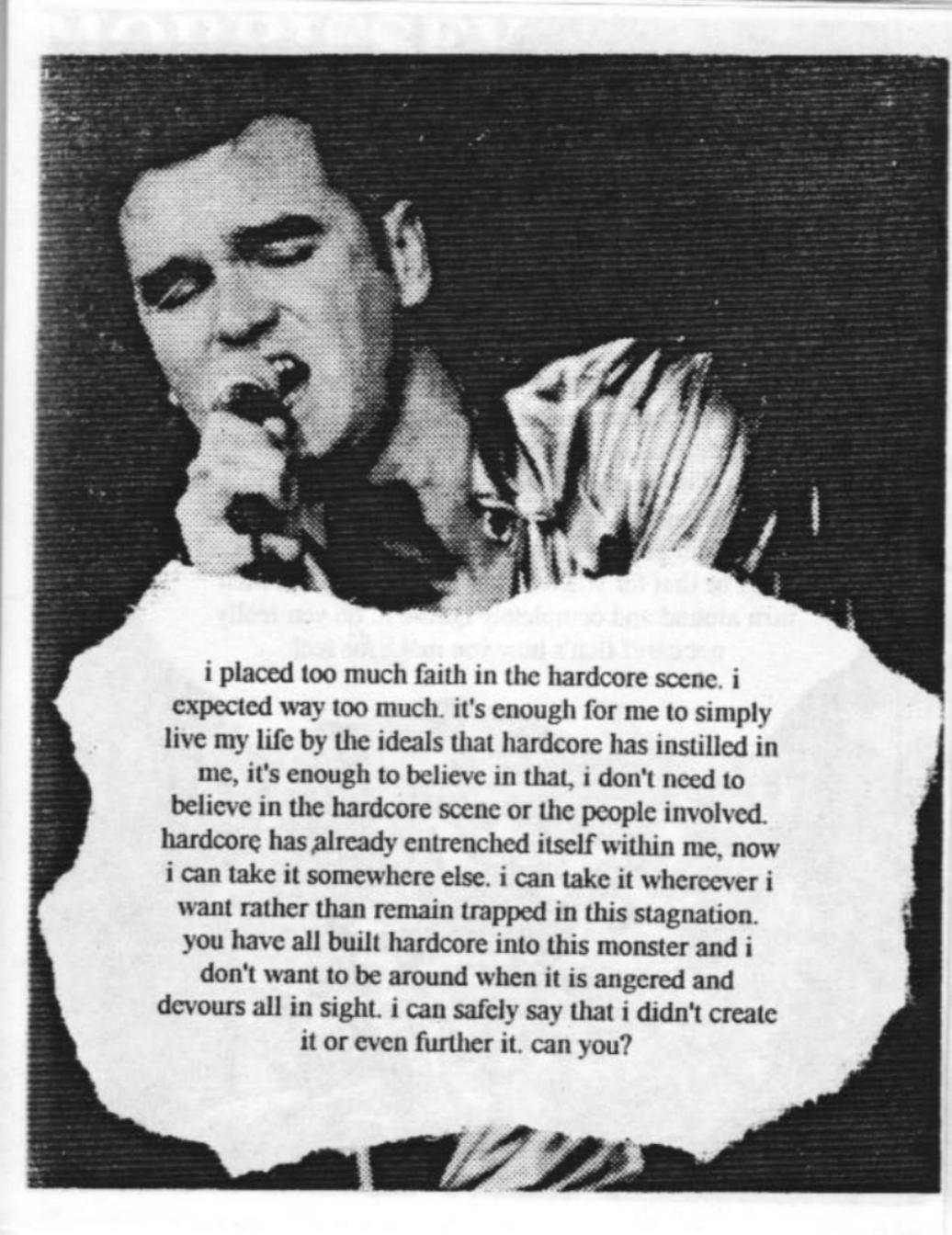
MORRISSEY

"His Arsenal"

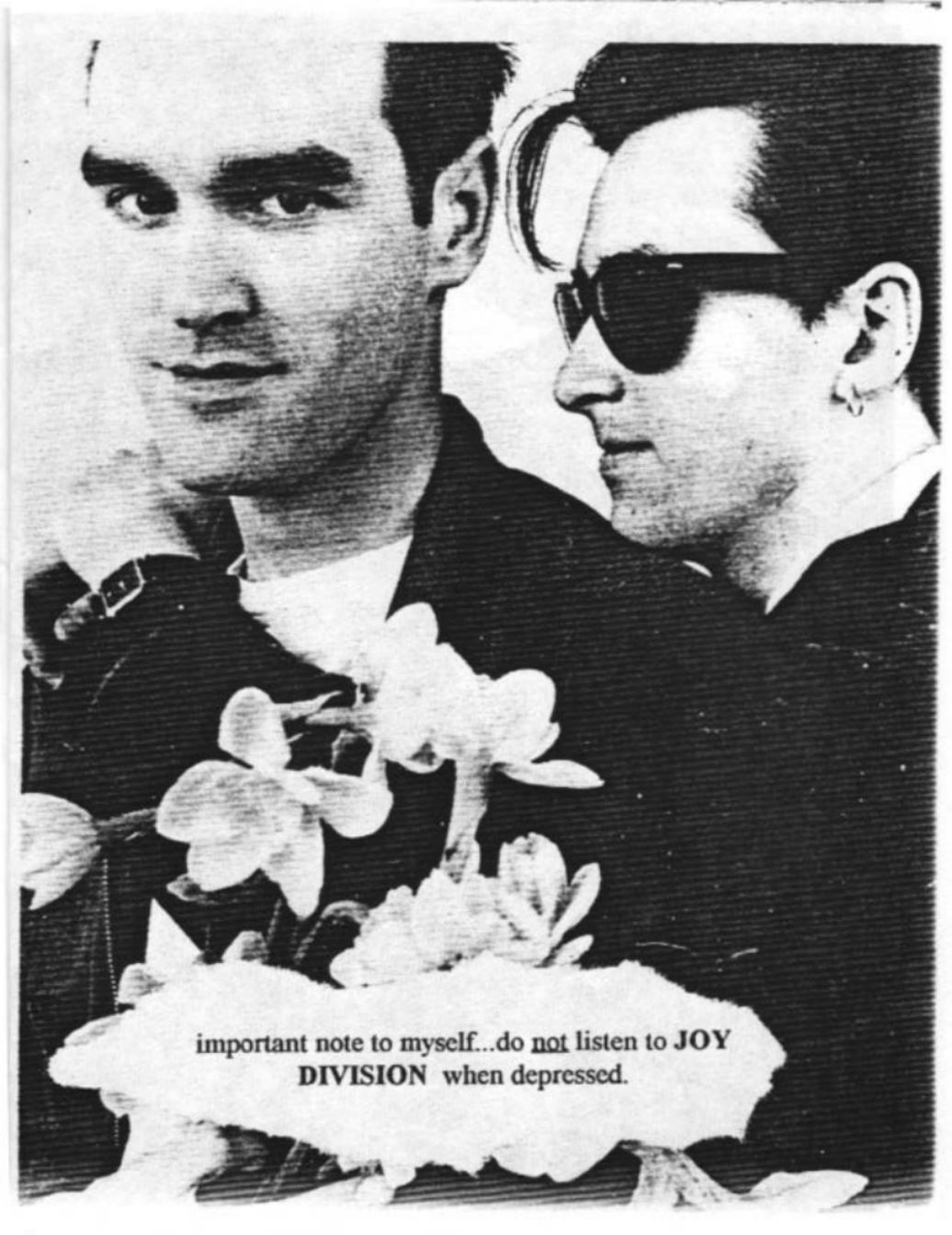
i like to re-read the things i write with other people in mind. more often then not i will find that i can apply it to myself as well. i say alot of things. half the things i say are things that i believe in strongly and the other half are things i strongly wish i could believe. see, i'm just like you. maybe not as tough but i am like you.



you can't expect to play with my emotions like that. you can't look at me and not talk to me three out of four times then come up to me on the fourth time and act as if we are best of friends. it doesn't work that way. you can't treat me like an object, something that you take out and play with at your discretion because i can't be that for you. why do you hurt me and then turn around and completely ignore it. do you really not care? that's how you make me feel.

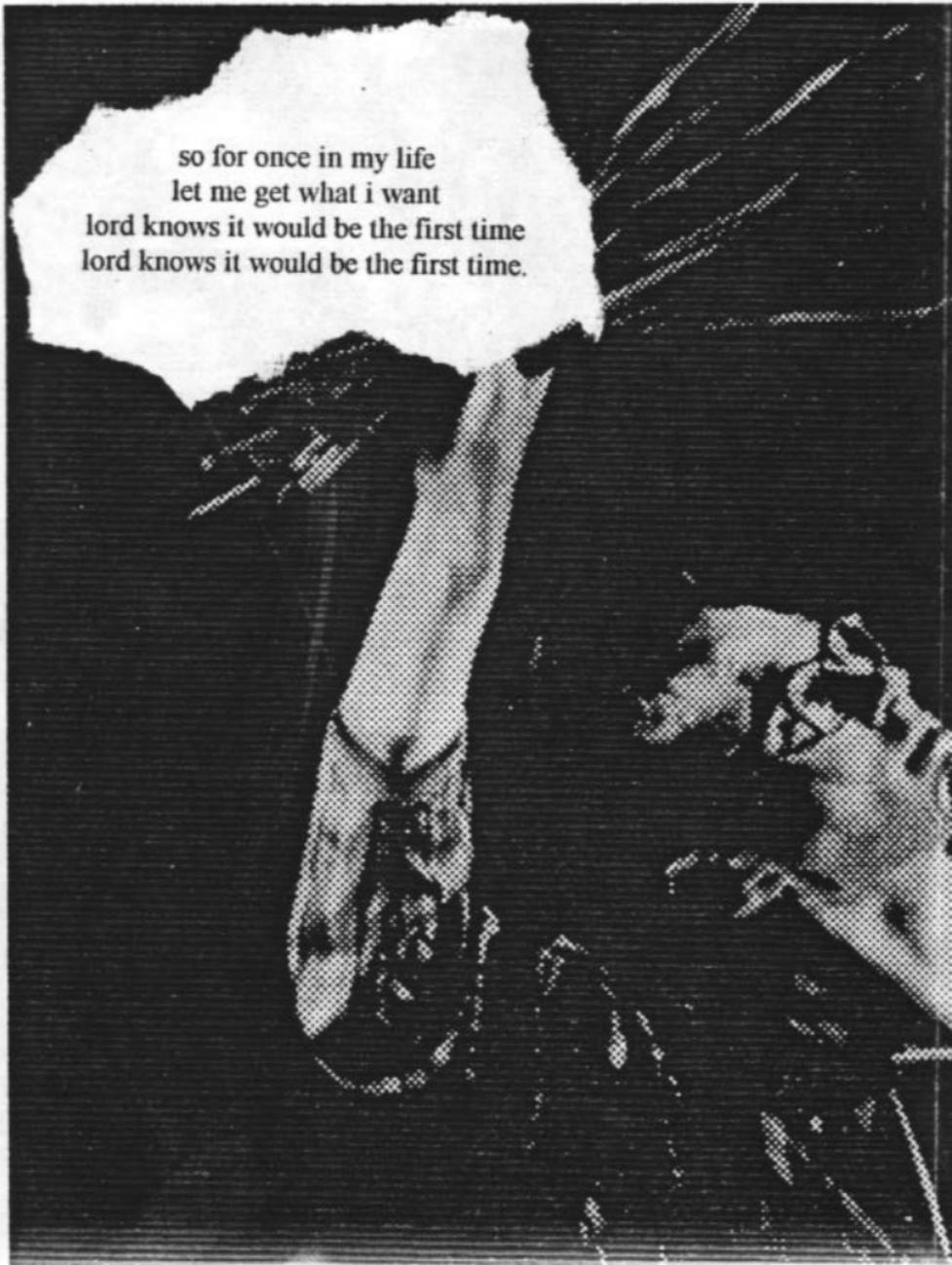
A black and white photograph of a man singing into a microphone. The image has a grainy, high-contrast aesthetic. A large, irregular white shape, resembling a piece of torn paper, is superimposed over the lower half of the image, containing a block of text.

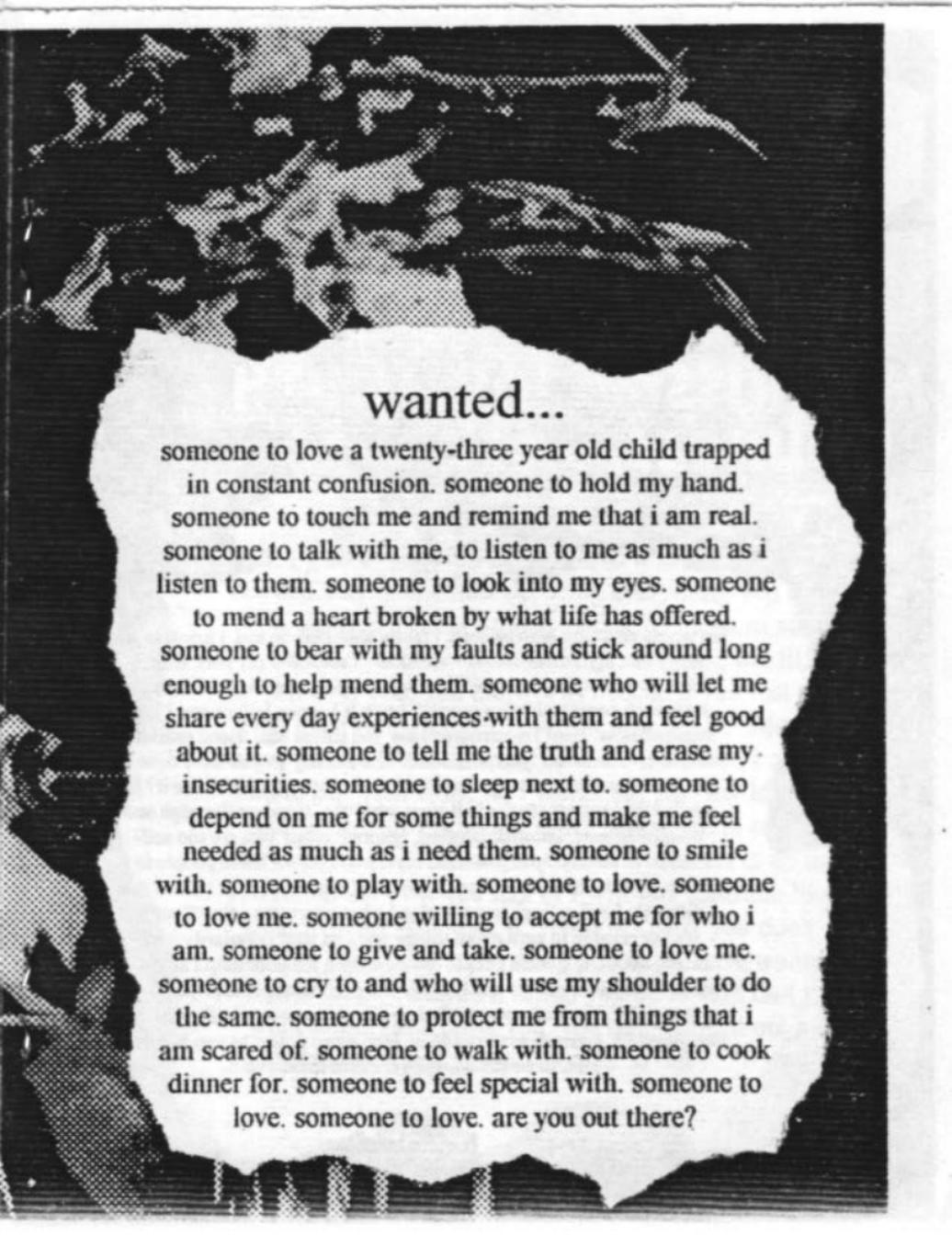
i placed too much faith in the hardcore scene. i expected way too much. it's enough for me to simply live my life by the ideals that hardcore has instilled in me, it's enough to believe in that, i don't need to believe in the hardcore scene or the people involved. hardcore has already entrenched itself within me, now i can take it somewhere else. i can take it wherever i want rather than remain trapped in this stagnation. you have all built hardcore into this monster and i don't want to be around when it is angered and devours all in sight. i can safely say that i didn't create it or even further it. can you?



important note to myself...do not listen to **JOY**
DIVISION when depressed.

so for once in my life
let me get what i want
lord knows it would be the first time
lord knows it would be the first time.





wanted...

someone to love a twenty-three year old child trapped in constant confusion. someone to hold my hand. someone to touch me and remind me that i am real. someone to talk with me, to listen to me as much as i listen to them. someone to look into my eyes. someone to mend a heart broken by what life has offered. someone to bear with my faults and stick around long enough to help mend them. someone who will let me share every day experiences-with them and feel good about it. someone to tell me the truth and erase my insecurities. someone to sleep next to. someone to depend on me for some things and make me feel needed as much as i need them. someone to smile with. someone to play with. someone to love. someone to love me. someone willing to accept me for who i am. someone to give and take. someone to love me. someone to cry to and who will use my shoulder to do the same. someone to protect me from things that i am scared of. someone to walk with. someone to cook dinner for. someone to feel special with. someone to love. someone to love. are you out there?

SOUNDS

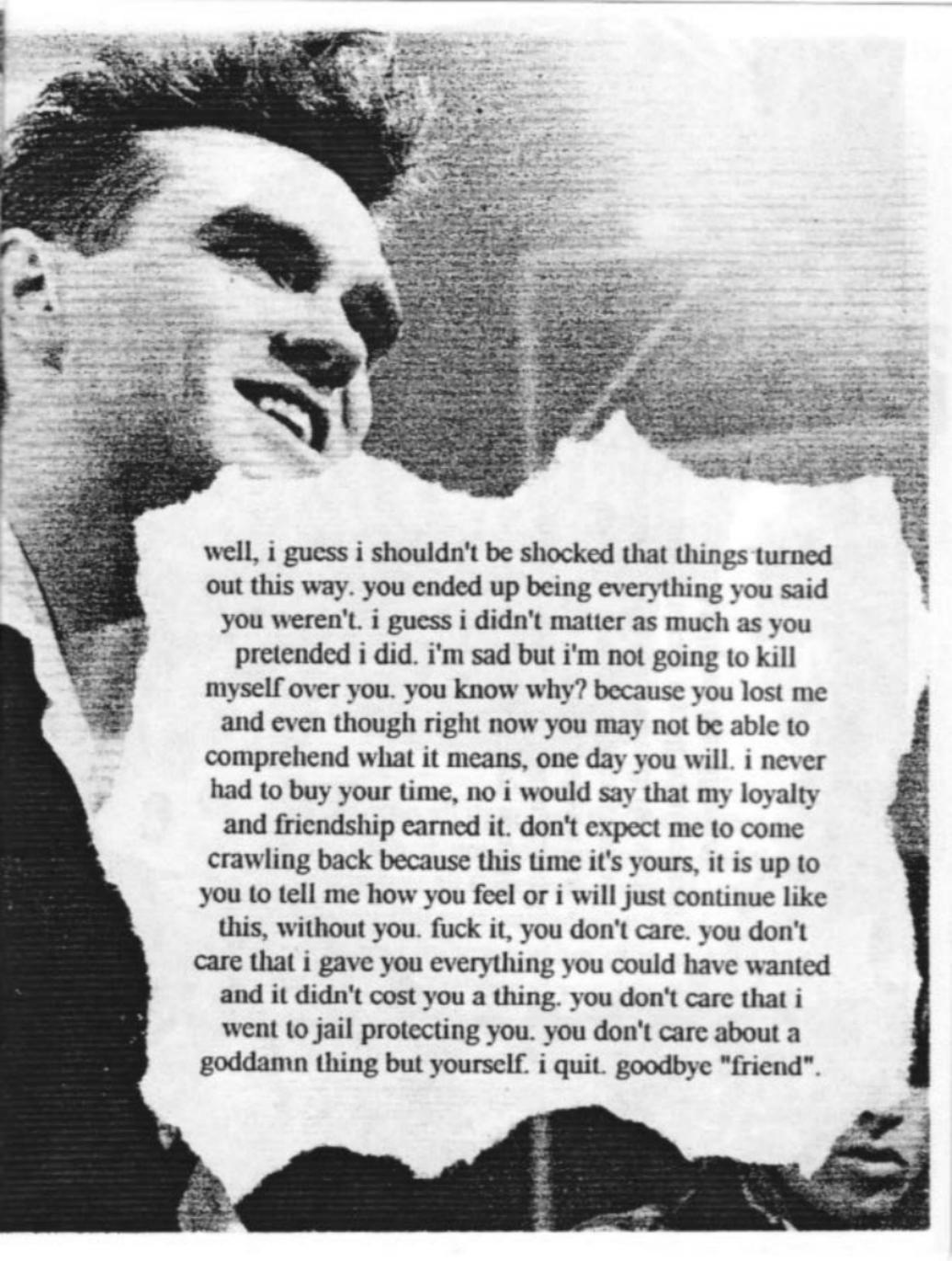
MORRISSEY BIGMOUTH BOUNCES BACK!

the whole situation is so twisted. i really shouldn't be sad. i know in my heart that i gave more than was asked of me, i did my part. sure, i didn't do everything but i did so much. why should i be so distraught over such compassionless people? i saw it happen before and i just realized now. i just remembered how you called him friend until he encountered troubles. you abandoned him exactly as you have done to me. it was you who nearly drove him to death. why didn't i see it? he needed you and where the hell were you? you stood on the edge and pointed fingers, taunted, laughed, ignored. either you are too self-centered to see it or you just don't care. i was one of those people to a certain extent. i'm sorry. i'm so fucking sorry because now i know that i didn't try hard enough to understand what you were going through.

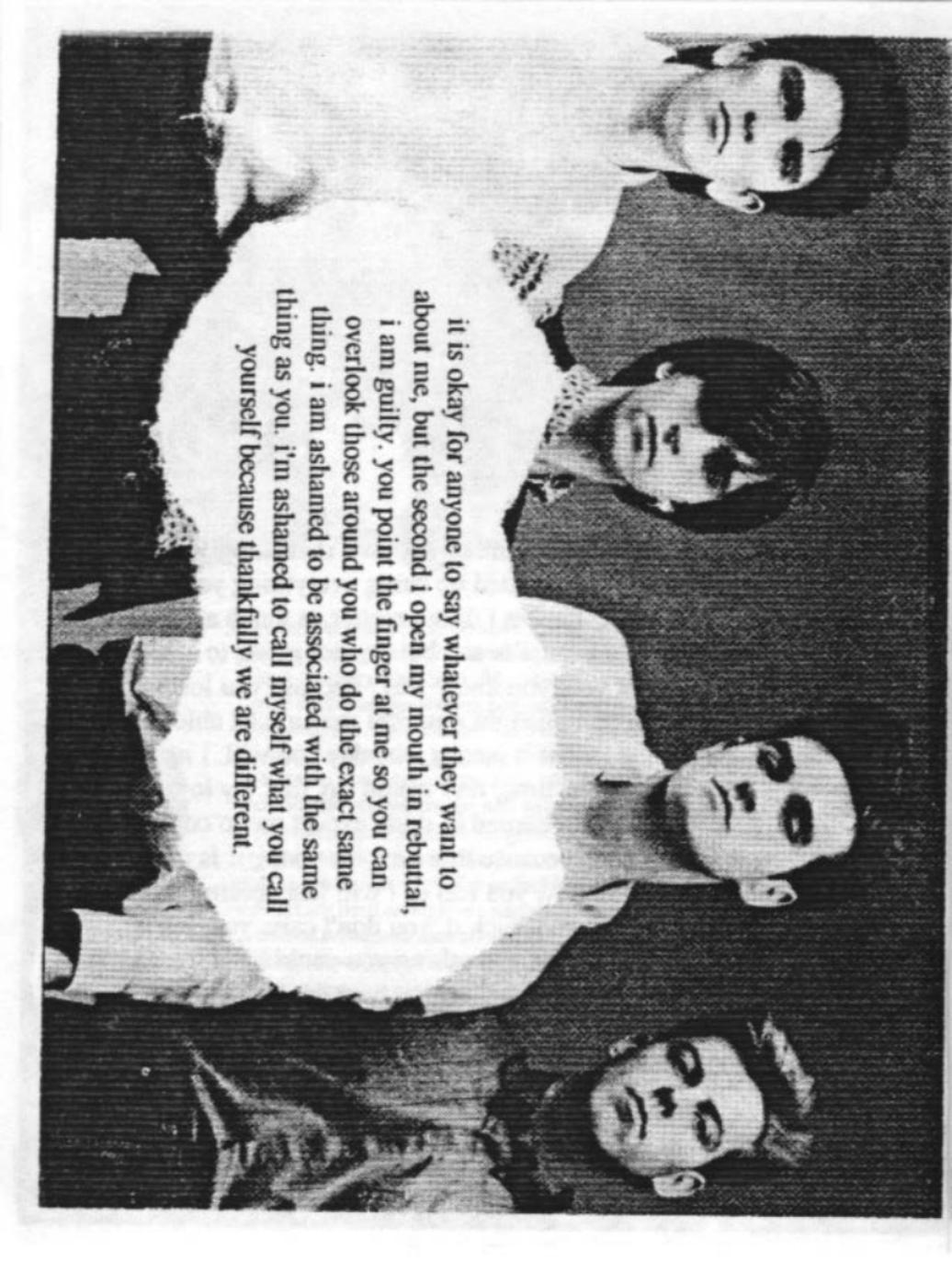
it's not enough to care about things you can gain popularity over caring about, not when people drown asking for your help. i am not ignorant to ask it of you any longer. you don't want to help. you don't want to care. you don't want to change. you have created this safe little institution for yourselves to reside in. hey, more power to you but don't look to surprised when it caves in on you.

THE CHUR

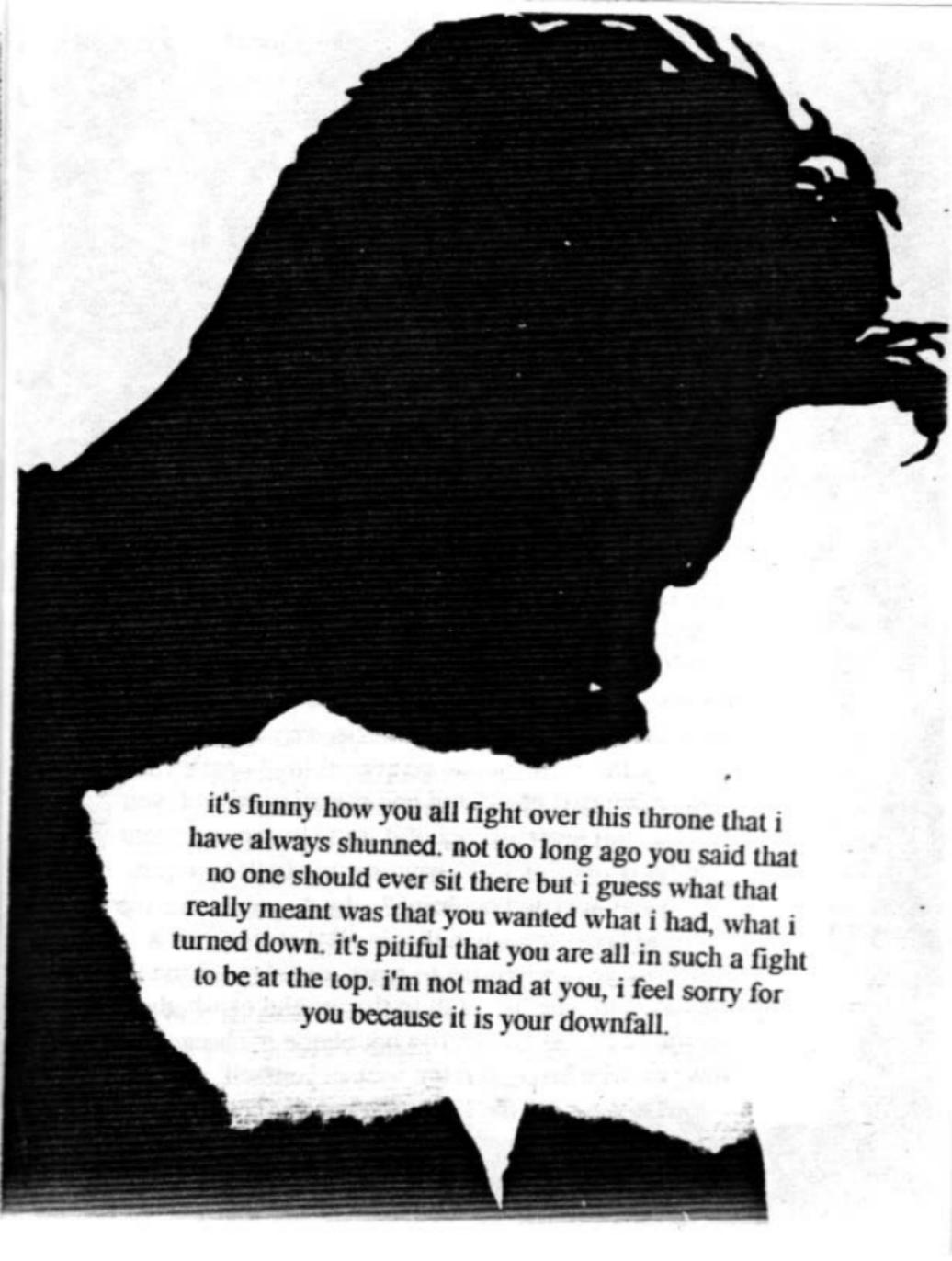
LOVEBUG STAR



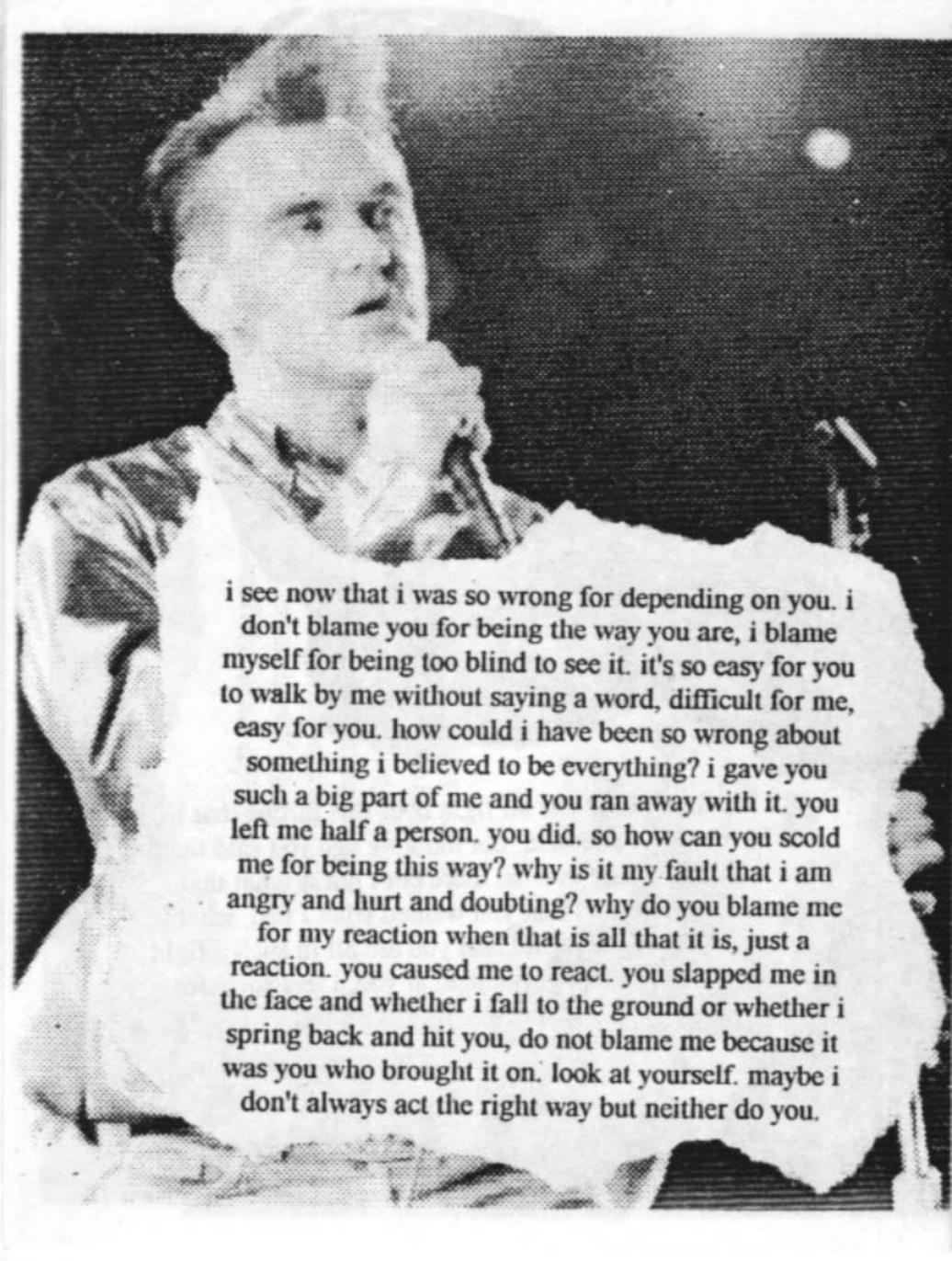
well, i guess i shouldn't be shocked that things turned out this way. you ended up being everything you said you weren't. i guess i didn't matter as much as you pretended i did. i'm sad but i'm not going to kill myself over you. you know why? because you lost me and even though right now you may not be able to comprehend what it means, one day you will. i never had to buy your time, no i would say that my loyalty and friendship earned it. don't expect me to come crawling back because this time it's yours, it is up to you to tell me how you feel or i will just continue like this, without you. fuck it, you don't care. you don't care that i gave you everything you could have wanted and it didn't cost you a thing. you don't care that i went to jail protecting you. you don't care about a goddamn thing but yourself. i quit. goodbye "friend".



it is okay for anyone to say whatever they want to about me, but the second i open my mouth in rebuttal, i am guilty. you point the finger at me so you can overlook those around you who do the exact same thing. i am ashamed to be associated with the same thing as you. i'm ashamed to call myself what you call yourself because thankfully we are different.

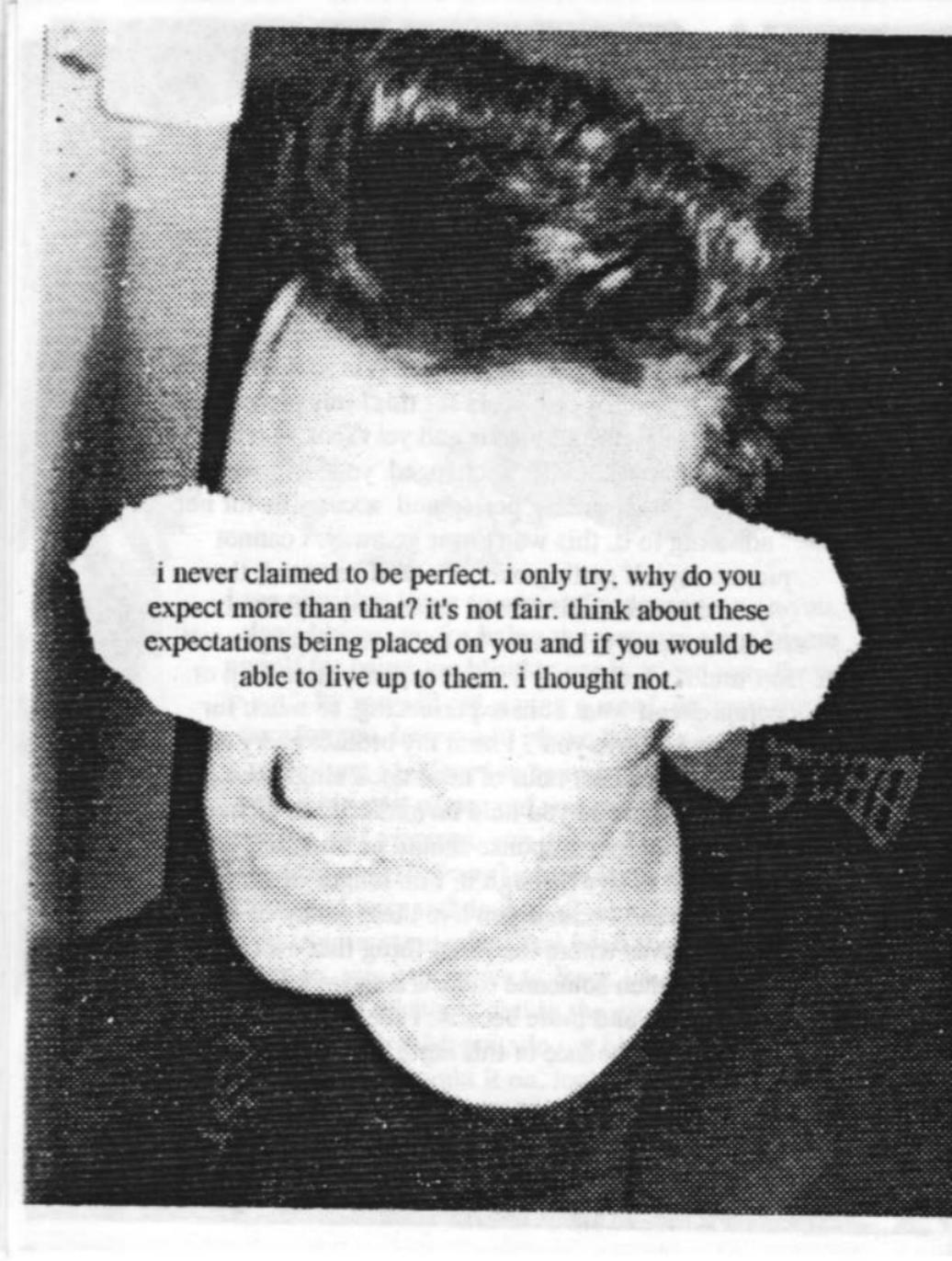


it's funny how you all fight over this throne that i
have always shunned. not too long ago you said that
no one should ever sit there but i guess what that
really meant was that you wanted what i had, what i
turned down. it's pitiful that you are all in such a fight
to be at the top. i'm not mad at you, i feel sorry for
you because it is your downfall.



i see now that i was so wrong for depending on you. i don't blame you for being the way you are, i blame myself for being too blind to see it. it's so easy for you to walk by me without saying a word, difficult for me, easy for you. how could i have been so wrong about something i believed to be everything? i gave you such a big part of me and you ran away with it. you left me half a person. you did. so how can you scold me for being this way? why is it my fault that i am angry and hurt and doubting? why do you blame me for my reaction when that is all that it is, just a reaction. you caused me to react. you slapped me in the face and whether i fall to the ground or whether i spring back and hit you, do not blame me because it was you who brought it on. look at yourself. maybe i don't always act the right way but neither do you.

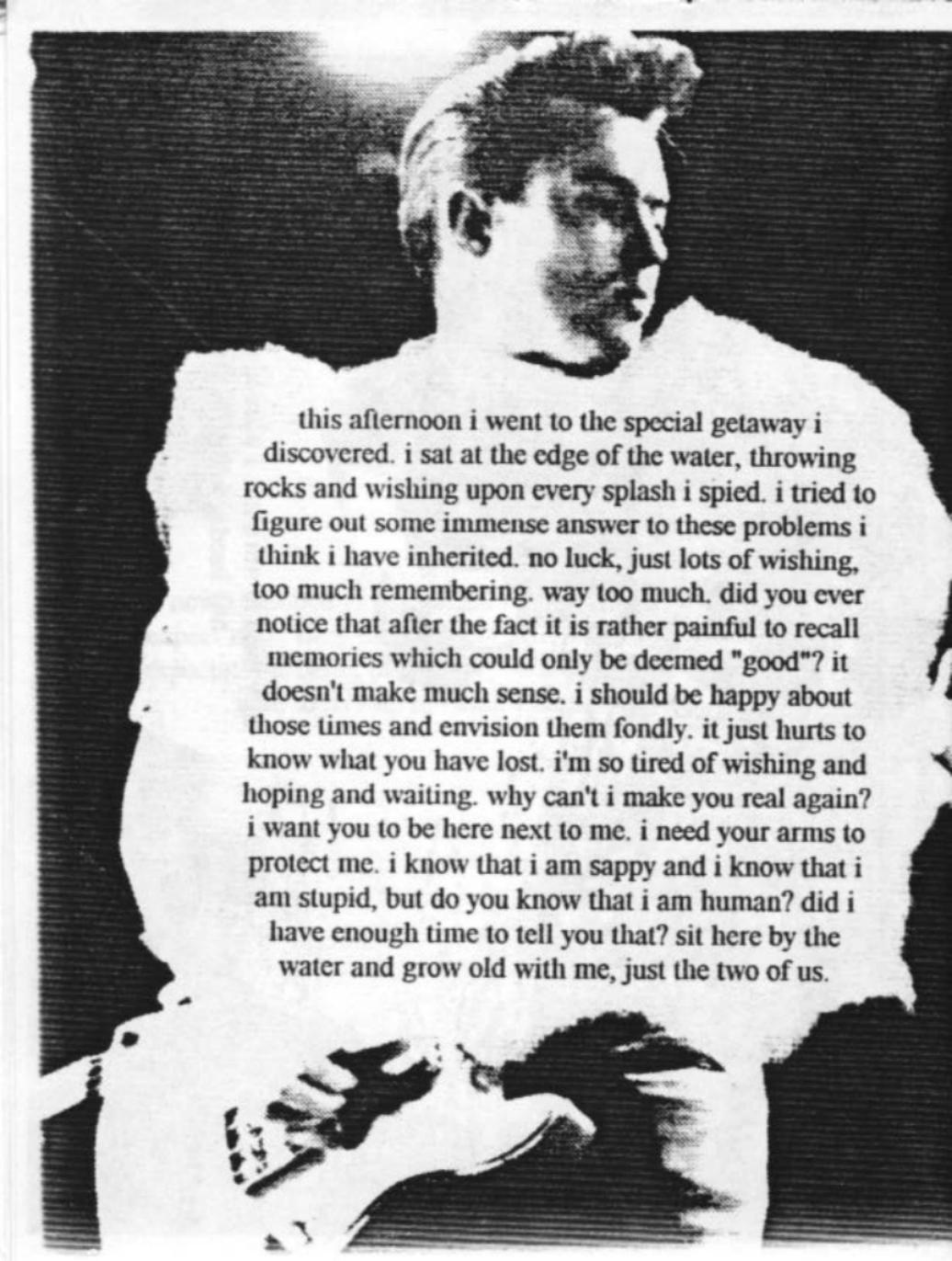
i miss my brother. sometimes i believe that he's still here but that's just wishful thinking. my brother is dead. he's gone. every ounce of wishing will never bring him back. you don't understand. unless you have been there you will never understand. you can't understand it. so many things in my head i want to say. i'm looking at his obituary and it is so worthless. you lived twenty-one years for this? this piece of paper is so fucking hideous and yet i look at it day after day. my whole life is changed. you keep me on this restricted mourning period and accuse me for not adhering to it. this won't ever go away. i cannot picture myself getting over it. and if i am sad, then you had better realize that i have every right to be. and if i am angry, i should be no matter what you tell me. and if i feel lonely i won't expect you to help or comprehend what i am experiencing. so much for caring and "i love you". i miss my brother every day. and in my greatest hour of need not a single one of you were there so you hold no authority to dictate what my proper response should be because you haven't had to live through it. i no longer expect you to understand because you live these candy-coated hardcore lives where the worst thing that ever goes wrong is when someone cancels a show. i miss my brother more and more because i see that he was the last person on the face of this earth who cared for me.



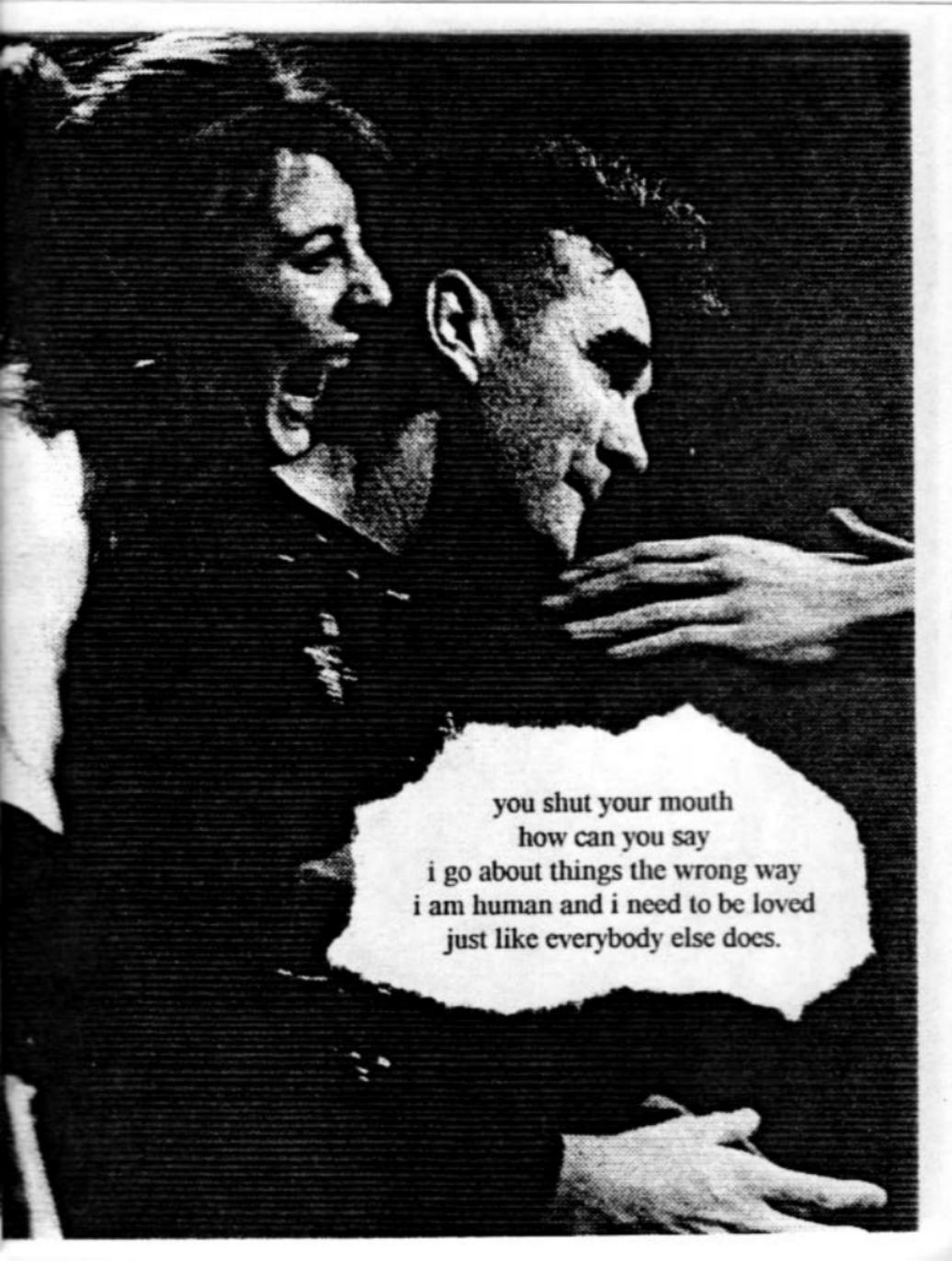
i never claimed to be perfect. i only try. why do you expect more than that? it's not fair. think about these expectations being placed on you and if you would be able to live up to them. i thought not.



they tried to warn me. i warned myself. i did not pay
any heed. i fell in love. you left me.



this afternoon i went to the special getaway i discovered. i sat at the edge of the water, throwing rocks and wishing upon every splash i spied. i tried to figure out some immense answer to these problems i think i have inherited. no luck, just lots of wishing, too much remembering. way too much. did you ever notice that after the fact it is rather painful to recall memories which could only be deemed "good"? it doesn't make much sense. i should be happy about those times and envision them fondly. it just hurts to know what you have lost. i'm so tired of wishing and hoping and waiting. why can't i make you real again? i want you to be here next to me. i need your arms to protect me. i know that i am sappy and i know that i am stupid, but do you know that i am human? did i have enough time to tell you that? sit here by the water and grow old with me, just the two of us.



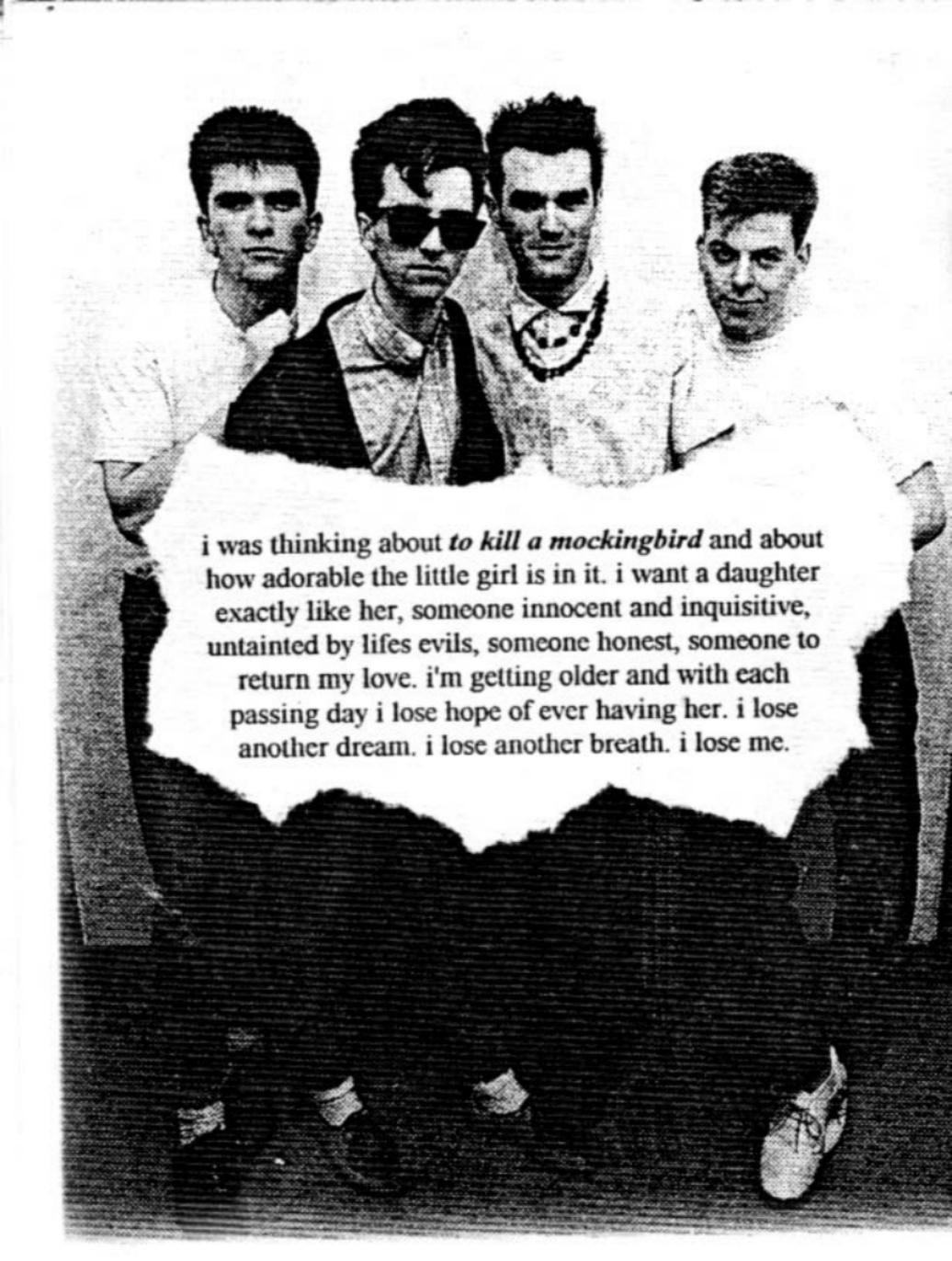
you shut your mouth
how can you say
i go about things the wrong way
i am human and i need to be loved
just like everybody else does.

who can i turn to? who can i trust? when this storm
sweeps me away where will i land and will anyone
care for me? pain and pain and pain. repeat. i wrap
my arms around myself, frantically trying to hold
myself together because i feel as if i am coming apart
at the seams but also to make sure that i am still here ,
to check and see if i am still alive. no. i'm dying, i can
feel it. please don't watch. allow me the dignity of
privacy during my last futile heartbeat. i know that i
died because it erased my feeling. now i am just
watching to see if anyone will shed a tear on the soil
that hides me from your eyes. caught in the rush of it
all, i died.

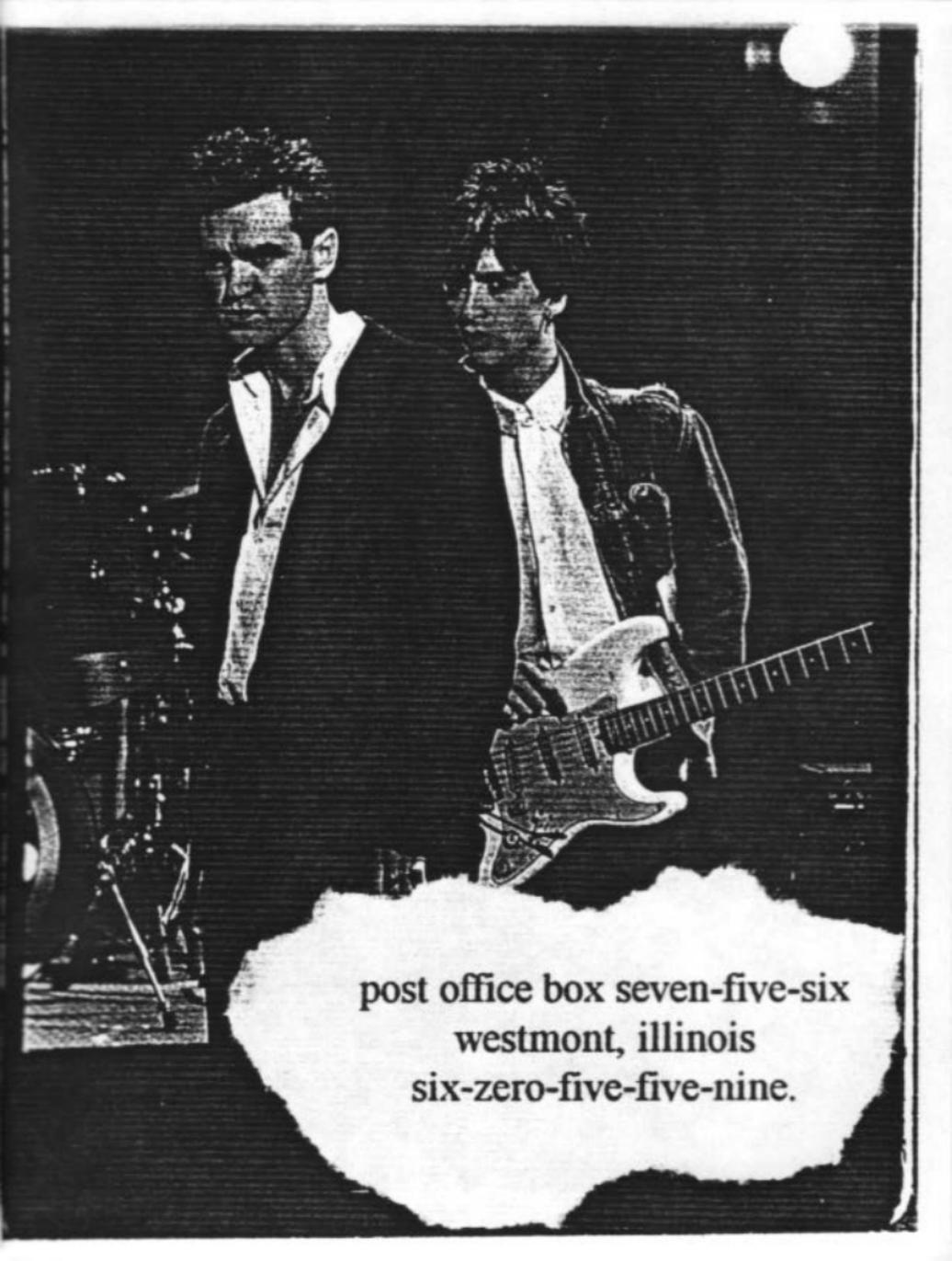


this may be the last time i do one of these. that joke
still isn't funny and it never will be. remember that.





i was thinking about *to kill a mockingbird* and about how adorable the little girl is in it. i want a daughter exactly like her, someone innocent and inquisitive, untainted by lifes evils, someone honest, someone to return my love. i'm getting older and with each passing day i lose hope of ever having her. i lose another dream. i lose another breath. i lose me.



post office box seven-five-six
westmont, illinois
six-zero-five-five-nine.

that joke isn't funny any

