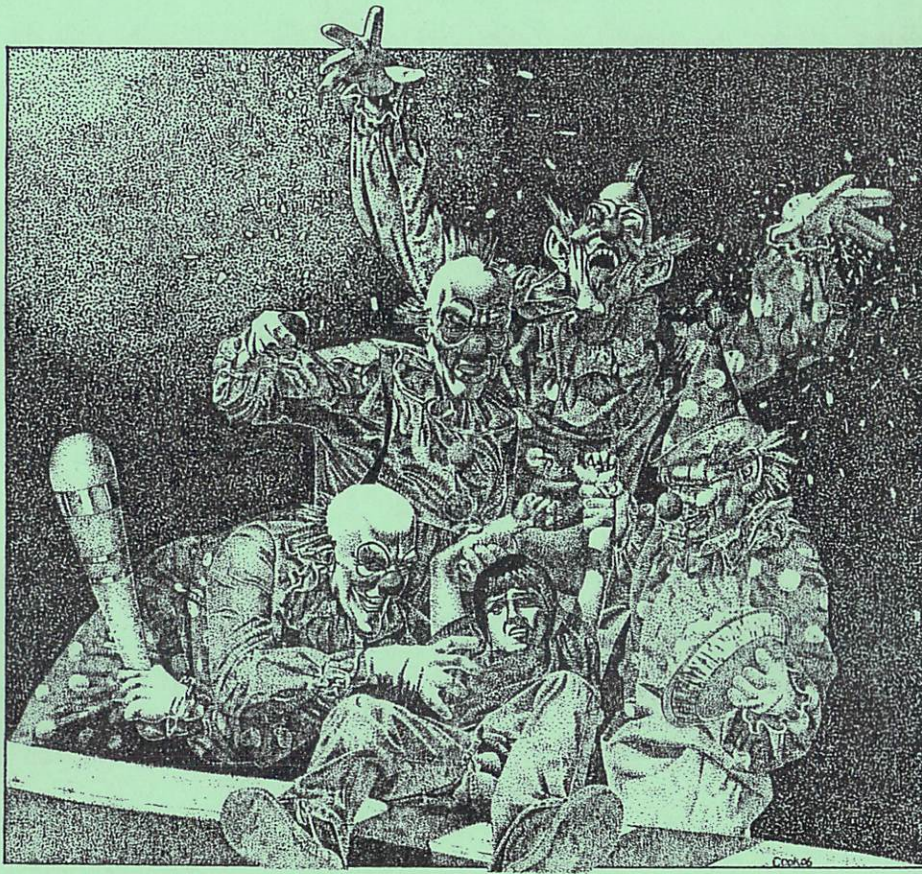




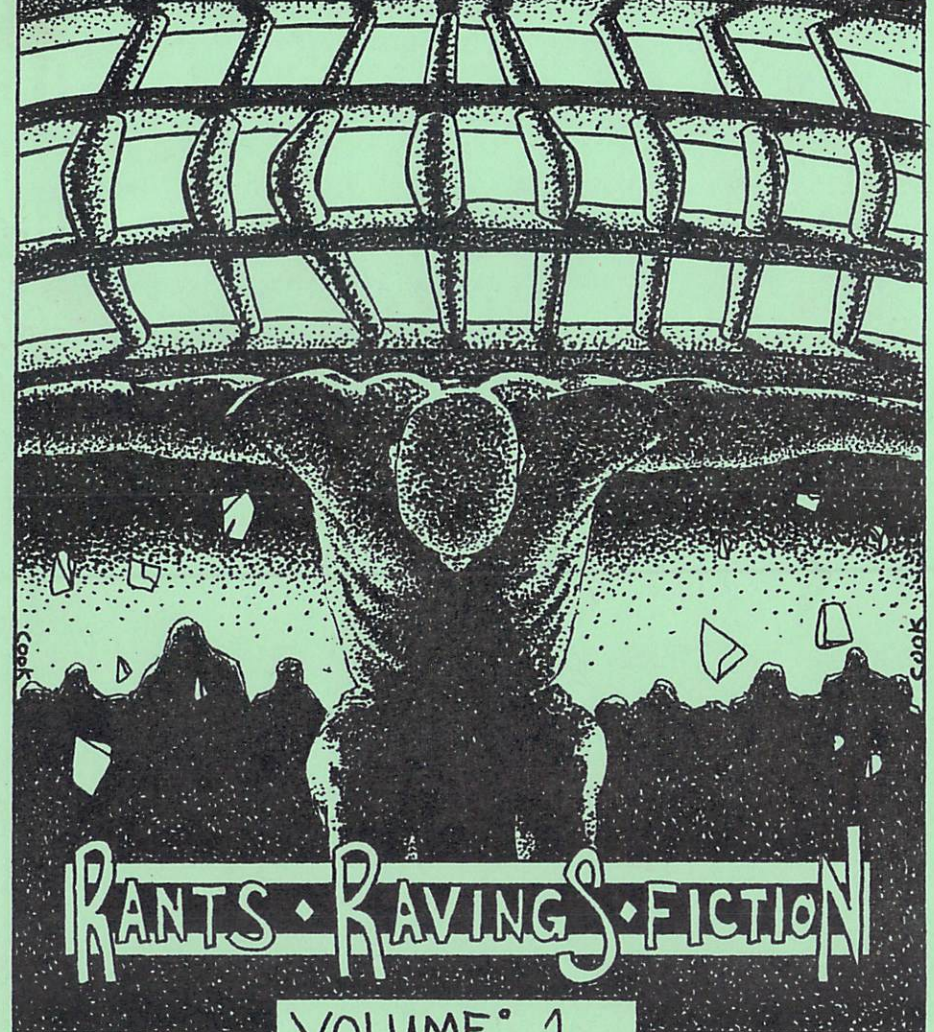
HE WHO FIGHTS WITH MONSTERS MIGHT
TAKE CARE LEST HE THEREBY BECOMES A
MONSTER.

AND IF YOU GAZE FOR LONG INTO AN ABYSS,
THE ABYSS GAZES ALSO INTO YOU.

-FRIEDRICH WILHELM NIETZSCHE-

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RAISING THE BARS



VOLUME: 1

Agitation Statement

I am a liar. I am a soothsayer. I am a prophet.
I am a truth-teller. I am a truth-slayer. I am a saint.
I am a [909]. I am God if God is man for a man
am I. I am and therefore I will be and this means
that I was.

WELCOME

What you will find in these pages are words I, and
a few of my colleagues, feel were important enough
to string together. It is not our hope you will agree, believe,
or disagree with anything we say. It is our wish, our
AIM, to further voice our social dissonance, to share
a piece of our minds so that it may agitate you to
challenge your current way of thinking. That we may
provide a drive to move you from the static life you may
lead. That you may come to realize that:

Perception is a gamble

No pure action was made without agitation. No
true action was made that was not a re-action.

May You Be Agitated

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Portland, OR 97211 ← same address

want another issue?:
Ask for: Raising The Bars

So. Chicago ABC Zine Distro
Publisher & Distributor
P.O. Box 721
Homewood, IL 60430

* Please note we are incarcerated, any blatant discussion of
Anarchy can result in our being disciplined regardless of our own
personal beliefs. We thank you for being discreet.

Transformation Statement

The transformation sequence can be explained with
the following, simple equation:

$$\begin{array}{c} \text{Agitation} + \\ \text{Realization} \\ \hline \text{Transformation} \end{array}$$

What is transformation and why is it so important? If
you're asking this, you may be agitated.

So I want to transform, where do I start? If you are asking
this, you are agitated and you are searching for realization.
You're hungry.

I am already transformed, I don't need to do so again.
If this is you, then you are truly lost.

Share your agitation, your dissonance, your voice.

But remember and understand that the Realization has to be
-Yours-

Learn from others but do not assimilate - make it yours.

The Iron Rule states: Do not do for others what they
can do for themselves.

You can lead a mule to water but you cannot make him drink

Do you understand? Do you want to understand?

-YOUR JOURNEY BEGINS NOW-

ZINE REVIEW

Angry Yound & Poor's; Mispent Youth^{#2} (write to: So. Chicago ABC Zine Distro; Publisher & Distributor; P.O. Box 721; Homewood, IL 60430): Three different voices bring a variety of thoughts. A good, clean, fun time with a message.

Anthony Rayson Interview with Talib Y. Rasheed (Also, So. Chicago ABC Zine): Not only opened my eyes to anarchist misconceptions but also drove me to create this zine. A must have if you want to get into the mind of a true anarchist.

I haven't gotten a hold of any others, but I'm sure that will change with the next issue of this. Until then, here's a couple places for those locked up or those who know someone locked up:

Cell Shop (P.O. Box 1487; Bloomfield, NJ 07003): Catalog full of decent gifts to get loved ones.

Edward R. Hamilton Book Publisher (Falls Village, CT 06031-5000. This is the full address): By far the best place to order books if you're locked down. Inexpensive, cheap shipping (\$3.50 no matter how many ordered), good selection. Ask for a catalog or go online to edwardrhamilton.com.



WHAT YOU SEE ABOUT THE
UNIVERSE IS ONLY RELATIVE
TO THE INSTRUMENT YOU VIEW
IT WITH <INCLUDING YOUR OWN
INDIVIDUAL NERVOUS SYSTEM/
MIND>

2
Do You Understand? By Kit

If you correct those for misunderstanding,
You've misunderstood

If you make others do things in the name of
your just cause,
You've misunderstood

If you find perfection beyond forgiveness,
You've misunderstood

If I find myself an exception,
I have misunderstood.

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to be re-created a second time by will, intention and purpose. A second birth.

A further application of this process lies in intentional imagination. This is quite different from mechanical imagination - the exhalation of ideas, images, songs, and mental chatter that goes on incessantly in most of us. If we use the mind intentionally to organize ideas along specific lines, we can more easily and swiftly direct them toward a particular goal. This purposeful imagination is an essential factor in reconstruction.

When images and memories fuse together by this use of intentional imagination, they find expression through some manual or mental skill, art results. So does science. We seek to establish techniques that are measurable and repeatable. Such art and science, at its best, produces a planned re-creation or reconstruction of the scientists'/artists' experience of and hope for, the world. It involves the regeneration of past experience and it shares the nature of this general process.

From the death of community organizing arose the Industrial Areas Foundation, the resurrection of Power Within and Among agitated-catalyzed by Saul Alinsky's ideas. It was through his use of intentional imagination that the seeds of Relational Culture Training were planted. It is through an use of this intentional imagination that they will grow and evolve for those that will follow to learn and practice the science and art of organizing a culture of Relational Power. Once Power is understood as a tool, it can be used but beware the user: it is the human who becomes corrupted - not the Power. - Powerfully inspired by Rodney Collins' "The Theory of Celestial Influence" who was in turn influenced by the teachings of G.I. Gurdjieff and his pupil P.D. Ouspensky - these inspirations were pooled together by Musa Olsen of Phoenix Rising Transitions

42 - Power Analysis -
Power Over (Dominant) Power Within (will) Power Among

Power Over (Dominant): Substantially the predominantly way power is understood today. When power is wielded this way it creates a sense of powerlessness, fear, alienation, and can foster a culture of isolation. It is obvious in our current society that this is prominent. But understand that this does not have to be absolute.

Power Within (Personal/will): Seen when we can look inside ourselves without judgements or socially/culturally conditioned expectations. Remember, perception is a gamble and to see ourselves as we are, not as we perceive can be very difficult. This is our purpose, or 'True will.'

Power Among (Relational): Is initiated, established, organized, and directed in a balanced way on a societal level through broad-based, grassroots organizing efforts.

Consider, now, how Power is applied to the history of organizing in America:

First, organizing is fueled by the Power within all people. oppression causes the friction that heats up the passions (or agitation) and passion is the force that birthed unions, churches, and other forms of grassroots community organizing in America. Next comes the end to these institutions once Market Sector and Government Sector Leaders (Power Over) recognized that a disorganized community yields not only more money but more Power to those on top.

When we look at what has transpired in this way, a possibility of a process emerges, a process that can be termed 'resurrection' or 'regeneration'. This word can imply re-engendering, a re-creation. Its simple suggestion is that something was first created naturally, and is now

Between The Lines

Fiction by Josh Cook

There is a book in my lap and on the cover are the words: KILL YOUR NEIGHBORS @ 11:15 PM.
FURTHER INSTRUCTIONS WILL FOLLOW

This is not the title of the book. These words are not actually printed on the cover. They may not even be there. And I know what you're thinking because I thought the same thing. But let me make something clear: I am not crazy.

A lot of things, they'd tell you otherwise. I am sitting in a broken recliner. I have an old, rusted shotgun in my lap, under the book. A hatchet leans against my chair. My shoes are dirty, as are my teeth. The room I am in, a cell really, is a converted studio apartment that shares a wall with the other half of a garage. It's crowded with magazines, books, newspapers. I sleep on the floor, in my clothes. I've collected phrases and quotes, spelling out answers to questions other quotes have asked. These are taped to the walls, the ceiling.

The Recliner

There are pornographic photos glued to the wall with mustard - an homage to the late Hunter S. Thompson. Some of the porn, it's been cut up and added to photos of political leaders. A black, obese, transsexual, he has his erection pressed into a magazine cut out of the President's face. The caption reads: The President is Mystified Under The wrath of Hurricane Katrina. Condi Rice has a white erection, a huge phallus, glued to her crotch. The erection is penetrating

1) a bent over old woman who has Bushes face pasted on it. The caption reads: Condi Rice ~~INSERTS~~ herself as a powerful force in the White House. Dick Cheney, his face is glued to a large black man fighting another man. I have superimposed Bushes face over this other man and have also drawn lines under his lips so he now looks like a puppet. In the background are the heads of various lawyers and judges like trophies. The caption reads: ~~Who~~ is leading our Country?

There are others, all similar, all political if not for object enjoyment.

I am, of course, ~~concerned~~ by the direction our country is headed.

But please understand, because I need you to know something: I am really not crazy.

Looped.

Unrational.

I am ~~NOT~~ Tom Cruise.

Mel Gibson or Gary Bussi.

Ad infinitum.

My bathroom, if you choose to call it that, is an old port-a-potty. It is the kind that would have been in a motorhome. It sits, mostly alone, in the corner. I have to use a hand dolly, take it outside, out back, and dump it. I do this once a week whether it needs it or not. I have spilled some on occasion but I always forget to clean it up. When I have company, they hold their breath. I have warm, bottled water on the floor next to the toilet. Whenever I offer one to my company, their eyes will stay on the toilet.

No thanks, they'll say. I need to go.

But we have to stay bused here, stay on track.

The words on the book look childish, some letters

or that enough.

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I could go on. I could lay it all out and fly off the handle. The bottom line is, it's not about who is right or who is wrong, or about erasing all previous models. It's about respecting other people's perception, other people's truths. Understanding the concept of self-interest and knowing that doesn't mean selfish interest. Regard the label's you choose and accept for yourself with concern and choose what you believe. Be open to other perceptions.

Then again, I could just be some asshole who doesn't have any idea what the hell I am talking about.

But what if I did?

"What is history, but a fable agreed upon?"

-Napoleon Bonaparte

"Blinding ignorance does mislead us, O! wretched mortals, open your eyes!"

-Leonardo Da Vinci

if it isn't necessary. Really. Sounds like truth is a salesman's trade.

So, if truth is so subjective, what's the point right? we have to believe something, don't we? Like modern religion, truth (or life) and its facts have become a cafeteria of acceptable and discarded beliefs. Yeah, uh, I take some modern science - hold the quantum mechanics, but heavy on the "we are not alone," a side order of confirmed politics, some technology, a uh, dash of reasonable spirituality (you know, for the sex), and you know what? Toss on some delusional superiority, due to me being a (fill in the social blank with one of the following: punk, prep, Christian, jock, sociolite, ~~artist~~, anarchist, democrat, republican, etc.)

Belief

1) trust or confidence 2) a firmly held conviction or opinion. 3) something believed or accepted as true, especially a tenet or body of tenets (tenet: a doctrine or principle held to be true). The problem is, we fill our tray full of a smorgasbord of social, political, religious, scientific truths, disregard what we don't like, and shame those who refuse to believe. Some even attack those who are non-believers. Where is the deeper understanding? Why are we labeling ourselves like we're picking teams for a playground game of dodgeball? How do you make a stand if you're knocking over the wrong people? Some how we've accepted the universal belief that the sky is blue, water is wet, the sun is hot, ice is cold, and it's become apparent this blind acceptance has leached over into different areas. For the racist, it's racial superiority. The capitalist, the importance of money. The geek is ... the punk is ... creating self-fulfilling prophecies. We buy into them, giving these labels the power to constrain and limit. It gives us the power to say "you aren't this enough,

capitalized when they don't need to be. The words are very clear, regardless of this. I have taken a polaroid of the cover and the words are still there, in the photo, perfect and clear.

I understand that someone, someone, has used this book as a sturdy place to jot down a note, a list, a phrase, an address. To write down an equation, cryptographs, launch codes. That they indented the shiny, protective book tape the library has put on the cover to protect it. I understand this, that the letters are random, the numbers, none of it is meant to display this message.

Noted and filed away. ~~Thank~~ you very much.

This does not, however, change the fact, simple as it is, that the words tell me to kill my neighbors. They, these letters, have even been so kind as to offer a deadline. I think about my neighbors and say to myself: what a coincidence.

It really is a small world.

I was thinking this very same thing just the other day. Someone, anyone, should kill these people. I mean, really wipe them out. Here, on the cover of some random book I picked up from the library, this miscellany agrees with me.

There is a show on tv that has distracted me. It is showcasing plastic surgery disasters. A woman has had a tummy tuck and gained the weight back. Her scars are mountain roads weaving down her sides. She is still depressed and is sure that liposuction is the only answer. The doctor who did the tummy tuck, he was a ~~hack~~ and it's not her fault she's gained the weight back, she tells the host.

She's been influenced, she says, by magazines. By ads and movies. These ads, they don't say: lose weight or else.

The movie stars don't hold up signs that say: Yairis overweight.

That say: Fatty!

I'm pretty sure, but don't quote me on this, that the billboards do not carry slogans like: Get skinny now or never be loved.

or: Surgery is the only chance you have, the only option.

This poor woman. (poor... action?) Obviously the messages, she'll tell you, are there.

Another woman has gotten a face lift. The doctor had left part of the tip of a scalpel inside her face after sewing her up. The blade caused an infection that rotted her face off from the inside. She was attractive, though old, before the surgery and now she is muppet like and hideous.

And still ad.

Now, she says, she's a freak show. She slurs that she can't go outside. Her husband has left her for a younger, less bitter woman. Now, she tells us, she just wants to be loved for who she is inside. The elephant woman who just wants to be human.

Maybe I'm crazy but I'm pretty sure people didn't turn her away at the mall saying: You're too old and ugly to shop here.

Shouting: You old hag, get a face lift.

Botox mishaps where women get injected with low grade copies of the original and are left permanently disfigured.

A man with an average penis gets an implant that backfires and causes him to lose all functions of any penis large or otherwise. Unless he uses one that requires batteries or a strap.

Women, he says, like them big. He is having a balloon installed that will allow him to force himself into a sort of weird semi-hard state. He won't be able to feel a thing but maybe he can still please the ladies.

A woman has people's dead cells injected into her lips because men, they love full lips.

have you butted into someone else's conversation to insert your own truth?

What is truth?

Well, the American Heritage dictionary defines truth as: 1) Conformity to fact or actuality. 2) a statement proven to be or accepted as true. 3) sincerity; honesty 4) Reality; actuality.

Conformity: 1) similarity; agreement, 2) behavior conforming to current customs or styles.

Accepted: widely encountered, used, or recognized.

I will let the wheels turn...

If this book is to be believed in any way, then truth is... agreed upon? It says nothing - alludes to nothing definitive, absolute. In fact, it basically says that truth is only true right now but may not be when customs or styles change. This is why propaganda is so powerful.

We should also consider 'proven' or proof: 1) The evidence or argument that establishes an assertion as true. 2) convincing demonstration of something. 3) Determination of the quality of something by testing; trial (there are further definitions regarding alcohol and the trial sheet of printed material).

Prove: 1) To establish the truth or validity of by argument or evidence. 2) To determine the quality of by testing; try out 3) to be shown to be as such; turn out.

Fact: 1) Information presented as true and accurate. 2) something having real, demonstrable existence. 3) something done.

Let me see if I have this right, because I want to be accurate here. Truth is a majority vote and depends on the argument given, usually proven through experience or trial-and-error, but doesn't have to be, strengthened by evidence, though

Someone explained gravity and because other 'smart' people decided he too was 'smart', then his explanation must be true. And anyone who disagrees is stupid, an idiot to knowledge. But we continually prove them wrong, then re-prove the same things. The earth was the center of the universe until the sun was. You show an uninitiated shaman in some obscure village a television and you've shown him magic, and maybe it is. Can you tell me how one works? No, please don't borrow dialogue out of a book written by someone else, I mean really show me how one works. Seems fairly magical to me no matter how used to it I am. We've agreed upon its existence, & at least other people did and we just accept it. Is it real? Of course it is even if I can't explain it... so why not aliens or God or telepathy or multiple dimensions or psychics or or or...

Acceptance

We have accepted many things as truths but regardless of how often we are disproved, we'll pick up the next set as our own and defend them. We decide who is telling the truth, accept it, and swear it around. Or, we fight over it. We create a model or a map and then abolish any previous models or maps, unless we can assimilate them to our own. Think: Constantine assimilating pagan holidays to make Christianity easier to digest, then creating a smear campaign to have women cast as eternal sinners (temptresses, resulting in 3 million + deaths. How often have you heard two people talking about something and you've thought "Ignorant feds, they don't know what they're talking about," or seen something miraculous and taking the easy road, thought, "There's a rational explanation, I'm sure." or maybe you accept anything at face value, a bit gullible. How often

getting implants because men, they have large breasts. It's a self-fulfilling prophecy. After the implants, she shows them to everyone or is upset because men won't stop staring and then shows no one. Before she couldn't stand the idea that men would objectify women. But at \$8,000 (or is it less?), she can't very well keep them to herself. Now, maybe, she enjoys the attention. She says she enjoys being shown to the world.

Finding the message.

A statistic shows how most women who get breast implants to cure depression and insecurities still feel depressed and insecure after the surgery. Imagine that.

I haven't done the research, but I'm pretty sure that magazines don't have articles that say: surgery will make you happy.

That: Men, all men, all desirable men, only have large breasts, plastic faces, perfect labias. Is it shallow for a woman to believe her only chance at happiness lies in a 'D' cup? Or is it shallow for her to secretly think that by getting the implants it will enlarge her dating pool giving her a better choice of men? Am I qualified to ask these questions?

But she's ~~devoted~~, Tom, and sacrifices have to be made - the big announcer voice says.

These women, these men with their calf implants, their butt implants, cock implants, cheek implants, skin dyes, nose jobs, hair plugs, these plastic models of those they want to be, these 'victims', these 'brave souls' who pay for their acceptance based upon what they imagine others find desirable. They understand there are no words that actually spell out: Be beautiful and if you can't then pay someone to make you so.

And I wonder to myself: Does welfare carry plastic surgery in the services they offer?

These people know the risks, know the statistics. Sacrifices have to be made. They read between the lines, see the intended

2
scripture on the proverbial novel cover, and they have become obsessed with the image they see there. Obsessed with what they imagine other people want. Oh and: I just want to be loved for who I am... ~~After~~ these bandages come off this \$4,000 nose job.

When studying those who are learning to speak in front of people, basic public speaking, it was found that most people ~~imagine~~ they did a worse job than they actually did. That they compared themselves to the point they felt they were terrible speakers when, in fact, they did pretty well. These studies, they showed that even though the audience is secretly rooting for the speaker to do well and that they feel embarrassment for that speaker if they make a mistake, the speaker imagines the audience is ridiculing them and hoping for ~~failure~~.

The couple are on now. You've probably seen the show. This man with a weak chin, bad teeth, mismatched eyes, and a big nose. This woman with a flat chest, flat ass, weak chin, sagging cheeks, and receding hairline.

Jesus Tom, the announcer voice says, these two are gonna need a complete ~~overhaul~~.

These two had never met each other. They were victims of their looks and unlabeled. Unable to truly be themselves in social situations due to paranoia, because they believed they were so ugly that that was all people could notice. After the surgeries, while healing, their faces covered in bandages, they meet. They sat, talking, sharing their insecurities while hiding behind their new faces. Mummies. ~~Unrecognizable~~. These people, they weren't allowed to show each other photos of who they used to be and so they fall in love based on how they might think they will look. They know the surgeries could have gone wrong but they fall in love in spite of this, fall in love based on what is inside.

3
"Everything one invents is true"
- Gustave Flaubert
(Some ramblings by Josh Cook)

I am God, the sky is not blue, the earth is not round or egg shaped or square, and you are not reading this. In fact, I am telepathically beaming this message to you using sophisticated, alien technology and the only way your mind can process what is occurring is to give you the perception you're reading this in some zine.
Can you hear me now?

Maybe I'm crazy, I've been called worse. Maybe I'm the smartest motherfucker in the room. Maybe you all aren't even real and I'm imagining all of this. Maybe I really am God.

Can you disprove me? Common sense, science, religion? What do those dictate. What if I use the magic words and add a neat, little PhD to my name or say "research has shown" or include "studies reveal," will this allow you to buy what I have to sell? Once upon a time, the world was flat, until it was round, and then sort of pear shaped. Sugar was healthy but now it's poison, as was tobacco. Jesus was a man, was a god, was a myth. You look at a basketball and maybe you see a game, maybe I lack depth perception and I see a disc. Maybe I'm color blind and see something else entirely. Who's right?

Ok, a lot of this has been ridiculous, pretentious, preposterous and plenty of other -ouses that I could rattle off, but is it really?

Faith

Sounds simple, this faith gig. The unknown is given a name and an explanation to make it easier to digest.

THE TSOG IS NOT WELCOME

DISCORDIAN
POPE
CHURCH OF THE SUBGENIUS

We create a model, a map, a religion,
a science, and then we attempt to
erase all previous existing models,
maps, religions, science all in a quest to
prove we are right, correct. But
what we see about the universe is
only relative to the instruments you
view it with, be it a microscope, a
telescope, a book, a spiritual or
metaphysical experience, your own eyes.

ROBERT ANTON WILSON

- Naive Realism -

Form different Reality Tunnels
Be open to different perceptions

Aw. How inspirational.

But lets get those bandages off those daisie 'D's.

But how permanent are those cat implants?

Will you need to replace those veneers?

Do hair plugs fall ~~off~~?

women who have surgeries to come home with a perfectly
sculpted labia, they say they wont show men after the surgery
because they say it looks too perfect. sculpted after Jenna
Jannerson, what if her boyfriend recognizes it? what if men
only want to have ~~sex~~ with her because of how gorgeous her new
lips are? what if shes with a guy and he thinks shes a porn
star?

I look down at the book in my lap. Down at my own billboard,
my own magazine ad.

My own ~~perfect~~ labia.

kill your neighbors at 11:15 pm. Further instructions will follow.

I use my thumb nail to add corrections and ~~fix~~ the
misspellings. I use the upside down carrot my grade school teacher
taught me.

In my professional opinion, if I were, in fact, a professional, I
would conclude, by the evidence shown here, that I am, in fact:

~~Not~~ Crazy.

Not insane.

A little off and/or a little soft I am not.

No sir.

I laugh, though, because of the coincidence. Just yesterday
I was thinking of brutally murdering my neighbors and ~~here~~
today, I get this message on this book.

I feel I should explain some things, so you'll understand.
These are important facts I need you to consider. The murder in
mind, it is ~~not~~ with ~~out~~ good reason. It's not senseless. Think of it
as a ~~reality~~

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like recycling.

Pay attention, though, because i'm only going to go through this once and I hate to repeat myself.

My neighbors are ~~happy~~. Let me just say: they're very perfect.

That: perfect is just another way to say they're better at hiding their skeletons. They give it more effort.

The wife (mother, let's call her Shirley. This way or may not be her name, it doesn't really matter. I imagine Ward Cleaver but not one with bigger tits. A little (RE: A lot) sexier. Shirley, she's a stay-at-home mom/wife who fucks the pool boy.

She ~~fucks~~ the cable guy, the pizza guy, delivery guy, if she can, the plumber.

The mail man.

Shirley is Ward Cleaver if Ward Cleaver were, in fact, a desperate whore. She, Shirley, receives her payments in free pool services, premium cable,

extra toppings

~~Attention~~

Let's not get into the construction crew that remodeled the kitchen and threw in some work on the bathroom.

She has contracted chlamydia, crabs, herpes. I know this because I have seen her apply the crab shampoo.

Let's make this clear: I am playing with a full deck.

That under no circumstances am I a ~~freak~~.

loopy.

She is usually able to get away with this on a regular basis because she gets rid of the diseases before her husband finds out. Her doctor is extra discreet because he is a man. And honey her husband, and his name may or may not be Carl, is a salesman. He travels regularly to get out of the house even

RAVINGS

TAKE CARE
FOR THIS WAY
LIES MADNESS

11 The plan is to turn many of the condemned logging roads and trails to be newly state recognized pathways for OHV and general use.

An easy contact to see what might be happening in your area is the United Four Wheel-Drive Association (AFWDA.com). They are holding a national event, the first saturday of october of each year. The site will help locate an event or OHV club near you. Their program is about adopting a trail and help to maintain it so everyone can use it. You can also donate to any non-profit such as the ASA, AFWDA, sharetrails.com, treadlightly.com, cal4wheel.com. As an offroading community we just ask to be aware, to do your part, so we the land we all love.

This was written as an incentive to get more people interested in keeping the things we do have. The first step is knowing how to go about taking care of our lands, the next is to watch out for your own actions in waste and trash dumping. If you notice something that may be harmful, like abandoned cars, dumping, or vandalism, let your local groups know so they can take care of the issue before it results in more closed land. From the offroad community, have fun and tread lightly.

though he usually goes places he isn't selling anything. After having gone to Las Vegas and experiencing the famous Bunny Ranch, he decided to move on to bigger places. When he is out of the country, he regularly has ~~sex~~ with underage girls he pays money for. The girls, he says, make him feel like he has a large penis.

The differences between an American whore and a Philippina whore is age, quality, and cost. An American whore, well tell you, is 19-25 at best, no chance is she a virgin, and will still cost around \$300 for the basic stuff. A Philippina, well gladly recall at a local bar after a few drinks, she can be 14, maybe 15, more than likely a virgin and for fifty American dollars, she can be yours for the whole night. To do whatever.

we won't get into what whatever is, it can be graphic.

He is not a very good salesman and has been unhappy in his marriage for at least three years. When he is home, and this he won't tell you, he likes to spike his wife's water or drink with a high grade, untraceable, date rape drug. He will sometimes then anally rape her for punishment after she has slept around on him. Sometimes she takes unconscious while he does this and orgasms.

In my professional opinion, if I were a professional, I would say that this fulfills some sort of need for intimacy she does not otherwise find in their marriage. She is like an abused child who will get into trouble so that she will be rewarded later, after the punishment, with love and even apologies. That she will receive some sort of attention.

or maybe she's just some sick bitch who's into this shit.

When Carl, as we've been calling him, isn't causing some permanent scarring to his wife's asshole, he's providing this same service to his daughter's psyche. When he isn't brutally raping his wife, he is doing so to his daughter. Her name may or may not be Tiffany. If it isn't now, it will be when she becomes a

2
stripper or porn star. Sometimes in a single night he'll start with his wife and finish with Tiffany, causing her to have bladder infections, urinary tract infections, crabs (depending on whether her mother has cured hers or if the Vietnamese whore was, in fact, clean). She doesn't know it but she probably has herpes.

She is a sophomore in high school and has developed early. She has taken to irritating this ~~contact~~ sometimes waking her father up.

She is getting an A+ in mathematics and social studies because her teachers are also perverts/child molesters. She has already gotten an abortion and has had gonorrhea.

They, by all appearances, are a perfect family. They go to church. Mom is in the PTA and supports PETA. Daughter is a cheerleader. Daddy votes republican.

But Bob, says the announcer, let's go to the tape.

I've installed cameras inside their house, microphones. The equipment was bought online with a credit card (it may or may not have been Carl's) and is monitored wirelessly. While they were away on vacation I rigged this hidden equipment up. I have recorded and recorded.

And I have edited.

There's the video of Shirley examining her asshole after a particularly brutal day and night of anal penetration. She has a smile on her face and may be enjoying herself. Tiffany is thrashing up and thrashing up and thrashing up after almost all of her meals. Carl is here with his first juvenile encounter with his daughter where he ~~came~~ on the floor before even making it to the bed or touching her. She was awake and is there cleaning up the mess with tears in her eyes. Tiffany is in the mirror with a razor and is holding her breast. She can't bring herself to cut them off but calls them her curse in

for the decline in the plants numbers. Through study of rainfall and seedlings, it was proven that the decline and subsequent endangering of PMV was due solely to lack of rain, not OHV use (for more information on the study, contact www.americansandassociation.org). These studies took time and man power, much of it was volunteered and the results are obvious. Something seriously wrong is going on with our land.

Unhappy and undeterred by the initial limiting of the Glamis area these 'activists' initiated another lawsuit aimed at severely limiting (RE: eliminating) OHV use in all of the California deserts, equaling over 10,000,000 acres. With their around-the-clock attorneys and in-pocket organizations pushing accusations and severely altered studies to reach that 10 million mark, these 'activists' have proven one thing: Conservation, as it turns out, is in fact a multi-billion dollar industry. When top leaders began to make six-figure incomes it stopped being a passion or a hobby but a capitalistic career. Income to pad their luscious accounts can and does come out of your pockets.

With the chips stacked against us, we are starting to accumulate many more large companies supporting OHV land recovery and maintenance. Many hold public meetings and pay for clean-ups, to let us all know what is going on in each others neck of the woods. An example is in Riverside California. 5 fully armed OHV groups sued Riverside County on four separate issues to make air recreation a little easier to enjoy. There are thousands of cases and issues every year and many where you live. Watch your local papers and offroad club forum boards to know how to support us in our cause.

Locally in Oregon, where I write this, SEMA has written a bill for us to open 125,000 acres in the Mount Hood Region.

2) Tread Softly - By William Timmins, an article

Let me first say, I am very passionate about off-roading, dune buggies, trophy trucks, sand rails, and rock crawlers, that's like talking dirty to me. But while millions of Americans are enjoying Off Highway Vehicle (OHV) lands every year they are not thinking at all about what is happening to millions of acres across the US. Americans are losing accessible land hand over fist, while most of the people who care at all don't feel they can or know how they can help. Concerned OHV enthusiasts have been fighting with highly paid, government sponsored / controlled environmental "activists" who have been getting laws passed for 30 years now, many of them uncontested by the community. It's time everyone finds out how we are being swindled out of our precious land.

Fairly recently advocates of OHV enthusiasts have sprung up. While under funded and lacking strong supporters, these organizations have done their best to make a stand. Grant George, president of American Sand Association (ASA) is one such advocate. The ASA is a non-profit organization devoted to providing a voice for OHV enthusiasts. They have been focusing on one particular case since 98: an ongoing battle for the Imperial Sand Dunes otherwise known as Glamis California. The "activists" suit claims that OHV use is endangering a particular desert plant known as Peirson's milk-vetches. In 2000 they won the suit and PMV is now protected by the endangered species act (ESA), thus closing 10's of thousands of acres in Glamis alone. For the past 5 years the ASA has employed the help of Dr. Art Philips to discover the real reason

her journal. She is throwing up again because to be popular, ¹² she says, takes sacrifices. She has not slept with her boyfriend for ~~year~~ hell know she isn't a virgin and that she won't enjoy it.

Here's the wife with the plumber.

The pizza guy. Would you like extra cheese?

The cable guy. That's no charge on the HBO package.

The four man construction crew. Your bathroom, we can hook that up for you but, uh, it'll take like a week. Maybe longer.

The pool boy is also a sophomore. He actually goes to Tiffany's school and ~~fucks~~ Shirley every other Tuesday. He is a little jealous of the mail man who gets her more often. I heard them argue. If you're a guy you're thinking: way to go kid.

Maybe you're thinking: lucky him.

on video, the daughter has invited her math teacher home while her mother is at the doctor's office. If you're a guy, you're saying out loud: pervert.

You tell people: ~~sicko~~

If you're with other guys, you're saying: child molester.

But you're thinking, secretly: lucky him.

You won't admit it, but you're thinking: sweet he for sure.

More tape of Tiffany throwing up. Shirley is checking for crabs and decides to shave. This will be one of the very rare times Carl will have consensual sex with her.

Video of Carl watching a tape of himself with two under age Mexican girls. One is ~~crying~~.

I'm thinking, this book, the writing on the cover between the lines: Man, this book has it right.

Sacrifices have to be made.

Look at the tv and I see that the show has changed. It's a late night airing of a daytime talk show. This daytime talk show is usually on network television. These shows, they basically have six formats:

There's the: who's the daddy and feel ~~sorry~~ for me because I don't know, format. Somehow these these women, these obviously drug addled, loose skinned women, their faces like car crashes, these caws, they end up stepping with ten, twelve, twenty guys in a two week period. They beg their husbands, their boyfriends to forgive them. These are the bread and butter episodes, the ones people are more strongly ~~attracted~~ to. Think: the heroin of the "other people's drama" world.

The second format, and these are not in order, is the: I didn't sleep around, the lie detector is wrong, type. Some men, this is the fourth or fifth time on the show with the same wife. The men, they say they are the victim of a disease, that they're a sexaholic. It's in his blood and he needs help. He's sick.

The 3rd format to these shows, to keep on track, is the: I'm a freak of nature, stop staring at me, show I'm a person too. Dwarves, lobster boys, tall men, siamese twins, etc. They beg, don't look at me but see me for who I really am. I'm not sure but I don't think we heard them say, I need plastic surgery, I was born with ~~humps~~.

My entire body is covered in hair, I need a procedure. They don't beg, I look like a crustacean and can you please operate?

The fourth format is one of the fun ones. This one is the: You used to make fun of me and look at me now. Very similar is the: I have a secret crush on you, show. Some homely girl, something with buck teeth, she's made fun of her whole life. It's made her stronger, though, she says. Maybe she's gotten some work done but really, it's all dedication. Maybe she's a stripper, a ~~model~~. She reveals her new look and the man/boy who used to mock her (who maybe has a weight problem) can't believe his eyes. It's not about what you think, she'll tell him, but I thought you should know, I thought I would come out to

Book Review

Screenwright: The Craft of Screenwriting By Charles Xlibris
Deemer Corporation P.O. Box 2199 Princeton, NJ 08543-2199

The only book you'll ever need on writing screenplays, this book describes how easy and lucrative the craft can be as well as how misunderstood. An accomplished playwright and college teacher of various writing classes this book is aimed at the student not at the profit. Short and to the point, this book could easily send you on your way to writing screenplays.

21 corrupted mixed with the sincere has made this very hard to stand up to. One suggestion is to create a national data base of victims to watch for retreads and suspicious doctors. Another is to throw out suspect and frivolous claims early, like judge Janis Jack has. She has sent 10,000 or so claims to the burn pile. Jacks, disgusted, said, "if yaire going to sue for a disease, ya've got to have it." It also helps if yaire alive.

This pandemic has got to be given a clean slate. The larger this gets drawn out the more we pay from our own pockets. This has me personally disgusted considering the legitimate victims \$60,000 pay off doesn't begin to dent their medical bills and pain from a miserable and debilitating disease. What about all those layed off and have to press on now, maybe lose houses, spouses, families? In my eyes, no one really won, unless you count the doctors and lawyers who will pay dirt.

I think I will keep my morals over dirty money and the knowledge that I haven't hurt millions of people for profit. So I thank you mother, yaire a true example for me and everyone lucky enough to have met you.

national television to show you but it's really about me. 112

Don't think yaire important just because I remembered you for the last ten years and you don't even know my name.

The men, the boys who were snubbed and unpopular, they are now dedicated body builders who also happen to be male strippers and models with huge packages, they will end up with the girl who rejected them.

I did it for me, they'll say.

And the audience those watching at home, they think: I'm glad I was mean to so-and-so because now they're a hot stripper/model.

The crushes revealed is really just an excuse to bare flesh as well. Women too scared to tell these men what they think, instead they will strip, and give lap dances, and cover themselves in whip cream to have a blind folded man lick it off, they do this on TV.

But they're shy, they'll say, until the booty music starts. The men are not always attractive but those are the men receiving the dance. The men sharing their secret crush are all muscles and dance moves. They all secure a date by dancing on TV, by putting the other people on the spot.

I'd always been too scared to ask her out.

I was scared he'd say no.

The fifth format is a big one. An extravaganza, it's the: Am I a man or a woman? show. These men are so good at portraying women, it's tough to tell. Or is it that the women mostly look like men in drag? Some are obvious, five o'clock shadow pressing through make up and you can't hide THAT Adam's apple, buddy. A 'G' string on some girl and those tits are way too real, lady. But the men with the practice and extra money, you can't tell. Every man in the audience is a ~~master~~ he knows what a woman is. He can't be fooled. Every straight guy in the audience, is thinking, after they discover the hot blonde is in fact a Charles, not a Charlotte, a Frank not a Francis, they

think: id still do her. Him. whatever.

They da'nt say it out loud but think: id let her give me head. out loud, they're saying: id beat his ass if he tricked me for real like that.

They say: ~~Freak~~

They say to their friend who thought he was a woman too: You're gay. There's no going back.

But they're maybe thinking: id look better in that dress.

Probably they're thinking: A dark alley...

Wondering: Can he have sex ~~after~~ the operation?

And: i bet that shit is tight.

The Sixth format, and maybe there's more but for sure there are these six in constant rotation, this format is the outrageous sex tapes and disaster footage. This is what they show when they're low on baby's daddy footage and homoerotic fantasy filler. A radio personality or a gossip monger, they describe the scenes what you're seeing here, Jim, is a disgruntled employee peeing, can I say that on air? Ok, he's urinating in his co-workers' coffee. The audience, those watching at home, the film crew in studio, they go to work, they smell the coffee first. Maybe they da'nt drink it raw. Some think: what an incredible idea.

Suddenly people are a little nicer to their co-workers.

video of people gored by bulls, stomped by stampedes, killed in parachute accidents, caught spying on female co-workers. videos of babies being abused by nannies, nannies robbing their employers. child molesters, suicide bombers.

The audience claps with every commercial break and those watching at home da'nt go anywhere because they'll be right back.

This one, the news reporter tells us, is a man catching his wife in bed with another man. The man, we find out ~~later~~, has been hired by the reporter to seduce the woman. the reporter-

due to work environments. To confirm the illnesses, doctors read the x-rays at \$30 an hr. using fill-in-the-blanks forms and rubber signature stamps, pocketing an extra \$35 a reading. over \$1,000 an hr. isn't bad for a rubber stamp.

To recruit newly illness ridden victims, lawyers did a massive campaign to find people through radio, tv, and direct mail ads. Small shacks with x-ray equipment were set up in parking lots so they could lure in these unsuspecting victims. Before long there were thousands chomping at the bit for money. Many cases didn't even show the clients' work history to prove they were at direct risk.

on April 16, 2004, Joseph Gibson, an attorney from Houston, TX, made an offer of a settlement, that would compensate 9,000 clients, to 47 companies equalling \$900 million or face a slaughter of \$1.5 billion in pretrial costs which would then result in one by one suits of millions a piece. Scared to death, companies took advice from their attorneys, telling them to settle. Many of them folded, leaving 60,000 people out of work. Insurance companies have payed out \$59 billion throughout '05, \$34 of it in cash. After all was said and done, only \$60,000 a piece went to the victims.

out of sheer greed, many started claiming they also had the other illness. This double dipping is very hard to prove due to the monumental amount of paperwork and cases being filed. One humorous account is that of Leroy Trotter, 50 years of age, who had won substantial amounts of money due to asbestosis but that well was now dry. So it was payday again with silicosis. In-depth work-ups of his lung ailments provided for the suit. Meanwhile Trotter hasn't been doing too well having passed away about 4 months before the claim was even filed. Thousands of the

2) The Business of Sickness - An Article By William Timmins

On a chilly holiday weekend a thoughtful, loving grandmother searches for gifts to give her two grandsons. The lights outside are dim with the stars out and the weekend coming to a close. On her way to her car, it's too late to catch herself as she hits the pavement with an unexpected crash. Dazed and hoping someone would come help her up, she realized that dressed all in black and with no paint on the speed bump she'd tripped on that no car would see her lying there. Struggling to her feet, my 64 year old mother, in pain with her destroyed glasses, black eyes, bleeding forehead made her way home. Many would have screamed lawsuit! Money! and as her son I even saw green for a moment. But not my mother. She sees yellow stripes to prevent this ever happening again. There's something to be said to only want what you're owed and what would protect future victims. Now those are stand up morals, what's everyone else's excuse?

We live in a world full of greedy and immoral people that will crush anyone it takes for the smallest of goals. A fine example of all this madness is the business of sickness. Take 80 years of asbestos and silica use, a good amount of ill people that deserve adequate compensation, then mix in one part money hungry lawyers and one part dirty doctors, and you get a \$40 billion scam.

There was no way to pin-point origination of any of the two diseases and within no time, 10s of thousands of lawsuits and claims came cruising in at big companies pocket books like a military airstrike. Put together by two illnesses, chest x-rays were used to determine if you had forms of silicosis or asbestosis, two unrelated (but similar) diseases that form

then tells the husband that not only is it happening - again - but where. Cameras are waiting when they all meet and Boom! ratings.

The show that's on now, there is a woman on tv who is testing man number twenty one. This makes this format number one for those playing at home. The woman has left overweight behind and went ahead into obese territory. She may have never been attractive, she is no longer healthy. The man is young and arrogant, a playa and gangsta leaving his seed. He denies being the father, says she's a skank. He has had sex with her more than once.

I do not need to tell you that there is something seriously wrong with this picture.

The test results are in and he is not the father. He cheers, jumping out of his chair to dance for the audience. The audience is cheering, laughing. He's won the new car, won the championship game and he is not a gentleman in victory. He taunts her, ridicules her. This is the climax, the prestige, the revealing of the results everyone has waited for. The woman is crying, hysterical, and will be back for another episode.

I look back down at the book. Nothing has changed about it. I turned it over and written on the back are the words: Have you checked your watch?

I check my watch. The time is now 10:20 pm. If I want enough time, I need to go now.

I wonder to myself, where does the time go?

I think, how'd it get so late?

I look back at the tv and see Shirley's face instead of the obese housewife's. I see Tiffany, she'll be up next, maybe again next week. The father, he'll be on tomorrow.

Over the housewife, I see my mother, but let's not get into that. I stand up and check the shotgun. Rust falls to the floor as

I open it and insert two shotgun shells. I found the gun in a creek, the shells lay beside it. My pockets are full of shells and I'm pretty sure that none of them will fire. In my other pocket is a DVD I have burned with what I like to call: The Greatest Hits. The plan is to host my own Outrageous tpe show. The family will be tied up and forced to watch. After each clip, each segment, I will fire the shotgun into one of them. I won't be close enough to kill, only maim.

Somehow, I'm sure the gun won't fire.

I also think they will become desensitized to the firing after a while, to the video. Somehow I am sure one of them will go into shock. I hope the wife hasn't been knocked out yet. I plan to bring the hatchet, in case the shotgun doesn't go off. I'll cut their phone, their power, round them up in the basement. I have already disconnected the video and microphone equipment. We are far enough away from other people that I am pretty sure no one will hear a thing. Screams can carry.

I can't help but to think, as I stand up, that I may be hurting this show's ratings in some way. That they'll have to get someone else who's grown to enjoy being raped by her father. Someone else who has to test twelve blue collar workers to find the father of a baby her husband didn't sire. A man who becomes a woman because some outraged father has sliced the man's penis off. A teacher who is serving time for fucking his underage students. And if you're a man, you're saying to this: You deserve what you get freaks.

You say: Sick fucking pervert.

But you're thinking: Lucky bastard.

Maybe you're thinking: Was she hot?

Probably you're thinking: I knew I should have been a teacher.

If you're 30 or older, you think 18 is ok but 17, well 17 is just wrong, as if that fear the state allows, that there is some

a non profit to raise money for his case, and donate. Pass the message on and lend your support. If you want more information, then I encourage you to visit the site or write to him:

Sterling Correctional Facility

Nathan Ybanez #102794-1505

P.O. Box 6000

Sterling, CO 80751

Authorized Mail: Letters, photos (no polaroids), newspapers, books, and magazines (from approved source, with a receipt or invoice), filled out greeting cards and post cards. All books, magazines, and religious literature must be sent from the approved source.

by a lawyer a \$90,000 flat fee to represent his son. Here's how effective that was: After the DA gave the portrayal of Julie as a self-denying Saint and Nate as a brat in a punk rock band called Troubleband, Craig Truman, Nate's lawyer, hired no investigator, called no abuse experts, and ignored the pleas made by the Tenses and the Bakers to testify. He took 4 pages of notes, produced no witnesses, produced no evidence. He called Nate's abuse a sham and freely admitted Nate killed his mother and may have had "a hole in his soul." After such a stellar representation it was no real surprise that a guilty verdict was reached in less than two days. Nathan received LWO.

But he hasn't given up. Terrence Johnson has taken the case over and is pushing for an appeal. He says it should be obvious that there was not only conflict of interest with the abusive father paying for the lawyer but that Nate was fully denied due process. Johnson admits to the fact Nate should have been given a manslaughter charge that carries an 8-12 year sentence. Unfortunately the funds the Tenses provided have dried up and Johnson has been working pro bono. An appeal seems eminent but it costs money to fly in legal experts and Nate is destitute. \$50 a month working in a furniture factory isn't going to cut it.

Nate is not seeking sympathy, he admits and is not proud of his mistakes. He is seeking an opportunity to be treated fairly in a court of law (as fair as that can get). He seeks the opportunity to be normal and safe. Since his incarceration, he has sought and received his GED and has been teaching himself geology and quantum physics. He converted to Buddhism and meditates regularly. Send him your zines, your letters. Go to: friendsofnathanbanez.com,

instant maturity. That somehow the law allowing 18 to be legal somehow turns a 17 turning 18 into a woman not a girl. I'm distracted again...

The ~~ax~~ is heavy in my hand and I can't help but to hope the shot gun fires at least once. That I will have time to visit the math teacher, maybe even the social studies teacher. I opt to mail copies of the DVD to the administration, the media, and the local police. I almost write an apology letter, telling the world I am sorry there will be one less drug addicted stripper/hooker/porn star, one less dehumanized wife to grow fat and disgusting, one less father to be imprisoned for rape and incest, one less series of television shows and news broadcasts. The thought passes through my head as I turn the tv off that maybe it's the shows that create the perverts and victims, or is it the victims that create such watchable and addictive television? Who is validating ~~who~~?

Please understand, and I cannot stress this enough, I am, actually, running on all cylinders.

The elevator, it does, in fact, go to the top floor. Just... maybe I got off a little early.

Let the door stay open as I cross the street.

623 END 96
3 1

The Department of Human Services, though, did nothing. The Baker's found out that the DHS doesn't much care about boys over 13, they, it seems, can fend for themselves.

By his own account Nate ran away a dozen times, trying to hide out with friends. Between fall and spring a total of six police contacts were recorded. The police even admit Nate begged for relocation but they either took him home or gave him over to Julie. They never even called DHS which is required by law.

Nate slipped into a deep depression, drinking heavily before breakfast, eventually moving on to hallucinogens and then onto speed. Nate had had enough when his parents threatened to install him into a brain washing Christian boot camp or an ex-con friend of Roger's would rope him until he broke. Nate begged to be taken home but made plans with Eric to leave for good.

That night, though, things didn't go as planned. Julie came home and there was a fight. Eric, told to wait, came to the door. What happened after is still speculative considering the three different versions. But in Nate's version, he swung a fire poker at his mother. He hit her with it more than a few times and eventually choked her to death with it. With the help of his friends, Eric and Brett, they cleaned up the blood and tossed as much of the evidence as possible. It was a group decision to turn themselves in. In less than a day and a half of trial, Nathan Ybanez was given life without possibility of parole.

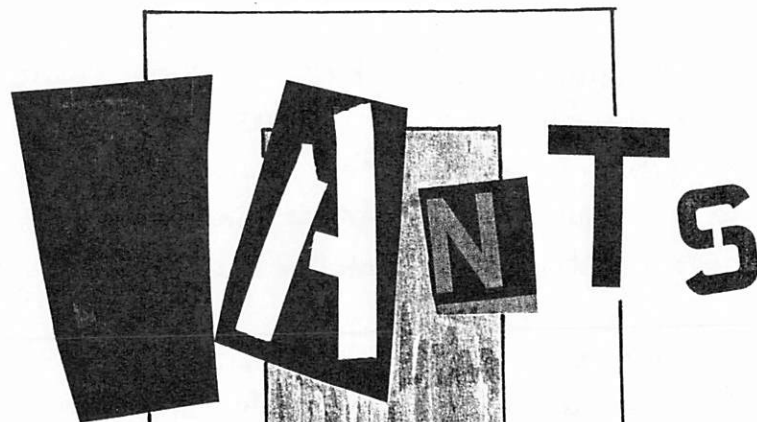
A lot of states appoint an independent legal council (called a guardian ad litem) to minors charged with serious crimes, someone to help the minor charged make informed decisions and point out any conflicts. Regardless of the abuse at home, no one batted an eye when Roger payed

guitar, hidden in his room, as a way to escape.

Eventually, 1996, they all moved to Colorado where they were able to settle in finally. Julie found a job selling radio ads while Roger worked as a golf pro in Denver. Nate, now 14, was allowed to go to a Christian prep school but got caught doing drugs and left, working at a pizza place, close to suicide, things changed. He met Brett Baker, a boy with a Porsche Carrera and a close knit group of unhappy rich kids, who also happened to play guitar. Nate met Erik Jensen who fronted a band, Troubleband, and also was looking for a rhythm guitar. It was no time before Nate was joining the whole group in Erik's basement.

Rich punk rockers, they were generally just pissed off. Nate fit right in. Nate even met some girls, though he was unable to cast off his shy and awkward demeanor to go much further than making out. None of his new friends knew quite what to make of his obviously troubled home life or his equally troubling parents. One girl said Roger was a 'monster.' It was inevitable the abuse would continue and so when Roger came close to killing him by strangling him with his bare hands, Nate took off.

Nate made it to Brett Baker's house where he convulsed into sobs and for the first time told his whole story. Brett's parents called the police, demanding Roger be arrested on assault charges. The police, instead, threatened to press charges against the Bakers for harboring a runaway. The police then forced the terrified Nate to return home. Afterwards, Roger paid the Bakers a visit with a friend and a baseball bat, threatening to kill everyone. The police were called again and they again did nothing more than politely ask Roger to leave. The Bakers made the decision to tell the authorities. Filing a report with



LIFE'S BECOME AN OPEN-BOOK TEST. YOU DON'T NEED TO KNOW ANYTHING. THERE USED TO BE VALUE FOR MEMORY. NOW YOU CAN JUST GOOGLE IT. ÷ MARK CUBAN, MAVRICK BILLIONAIRE ÷

The Blindworm's Tail By HYDRA 11-25-87

See the blind worm crawl
from the depths of his lair,
his first breath of fresh air
expelled in a bawl
of confusion, of strive

Then greeted his ear
the profusion of life,
and the cry of a bird,
an incredible word
for a worm to hear.

The winged one spoke
to be heard of the worm,
a most cruel stroke
an insidious germ
to one so blighted,

"Thine eyes go unused,
they spirit's abused
by this life in a cave,
shall I open thy grave,
free the benighted?"

"O, blasphemous thing!"
quoth the worm in his turn,
"This makes my blind worm's
mind to burn!"

And mine ears to ring!
For how might I see?
And mine ears to ring!

But give me the chance
to witness Life's Dance!
thou couldst take all that's mine
for one miniscule glance
at that sign."

So the bird fluttered down,
cocking his head, sporting a frown.
he spoke one last time,
this most singular rhyme,

"'Tis only through giving
that Life goes on living."

Then attacked he with speed,
accepting the token,
ingesting indeed
the worm that had spoken!

And mounting his pyre
of frankincense and myrrh,
his movements a-blur,
he gazed towards the sun
before lighting the fire.

They then from the ashes arose as one,
thus the work of the Phoenix
was done.

And Begun.
Amen.

Life Without - An Article By Josh Cook

There is the possibility that Nathan Ybanez will be spending the rest of his life in prison. The sentence was given to him when he was a tall, thin, mild mannered, depressed 16 year-old boy. Now 25 he is counting on an appeal that may or may not come. A chance at a retrial for killing his mother. This is his story.

Nathan was born to Roger and Julie Ybanez. He was born into an abusive cycle. Roger was the victim of brutal beatings and eventually adapted his own brutish, brawler style. He joined the Army, a haven for Alpha males, and took Julie, his pretty, blonde, high school sweet heart, with him overseas. This strange couple were constantly moving, obtaining at least 35 known addresses and Roger his aliases, they lived like paranoids. He sold insurance before becoming a bankrupt baker and moved on to becoming a golf pro. Julie was a devout Christian who constantly gave him grief for his sinful rock music, gambling, and what have you. Roger ran his house like it was an extension of the military, often beating a young Nathan when the boy would fail at doing random chores 'just so.' Never predictable, Nathan says the abuse was similar to training a dog.

Nathan was first sexually molested by his father, often in the shower, when he was younger, maybe 5 or 6. His mother took over this role when he became older and Roger was no longer in the house. The molestation eventually culminated into forced sexual intercourse on at least one occasion. Confined to his house, verbally abused (called a loser, told he'd ruined his mother's life), sexually confused, he became a reclusive and brooding young man. He taught himself