



## Rorschach's Journal / October 13th, 1985

Slept all day. Awoken at 4:37. Landlady complaining about smell. She has five children by five different fathers. I am sure she cheats on welfare. Soon it will be dark. Beneath me, this awful city, it screams like an abattoir full of retarded children.

New York. On Friday night, a comedian died in New York. Somebody knows why. Down there...somebody knows. The dusk reeks of fornication and bad consciences. I believe I shall take my exercise. First visit of evening fruitless. Nobody knew anything. Feel slightly depressed. This city is dying of rabies. Is the best I can do to wipe random flecks of foam from its lips? Never despair. Never surrender. I leave the human cockroaches to discuss their heroin and child pornography. I have business elsewhere with a better class of person.

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