

Fall, The "Hostile"

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Nobody ever gave him a good turn. What do you expect? He was always let down. They never wanted to let his action down. But also they wanted it sublime [capitalism] and [equarty] equally. He was always in the middle for him. On the fields of Brooklyn. They said tone it down. Hill understood them. But he is hostile. We are the elite gansters of the damned, criminals of the damp. Just troubadours, and put-down to hostiles. For years they have believed we were inspired by the Holy Spirit and the work of God. They still recognize that many prominent M.C. members are wonderful people. They're warm, intelligent, but terribly misguided. Slowly, painfully, he become disillusioned. They call us "shadowy." Anti-hostile. They demand to know, with a touching, naive faith of the individual. Hostile. Many times, brothers, have they tried an aesthetic against rhythm. And now we're old, elite of the damned. Anti-hostile.

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