



INDESTRUCTIBLE WOLVES OF THE APOCALYPSE JUNKYARD

Indestructible Wolves of the Apocalypse Junkyard is Max G. Morton's seven-story porthole into the sacrilege unknown. Morton takes us from the suburban wasteland of the 1980's and onward to the creepy crawls of a New York that no longer exists, while blurring and crossing cult cinema and music's line between fantasy and reality. From arson-happy skin-heads to shootouts with snuff-collecting undercovers, and from Patty Waters' voodoo love to Cupid's syringe, *Indestructible Wolves* is a sexually charged frenzy of a drug-addled memoir, a true testimony of an authentic original.

This is Heartworm #13, of course, and is a depressingly beautiful filth-filled hard-cover, 100 plus page book accompanied by the illustrations of Mark McCoy.

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to get your copy now!**

About the Author

Max G Morton is an aquarius, collector, high school dropout and heartless romantic. A product of witchcraft, the seventies and American hardcore, he is currently trying to forget and let go of all he knew before he moved to the desert with his pet chihuahua, Ruby. His interests in spaghetti cinema, taxidermy and nocturnal pursuits, however, continue.

For Press inquiries

Please contact:

Marisa Handren for Four Paws Media
908.310.1821
pumpkin@fourpawsmedia.com
www.fourpawsmedia.com

"Finally! Unrepentant teen degeneracy has a voice! With his luridly acidic prose and rambling narratives, Morton has more than captured the predatory allure of juvenile depravity and the darkly romantic beauty of aimless self-loathing. Who says youth is wasted on the young? You haven't lived till you've died a million mental deaths like this."

Jim Sclavunos (Nick Cave & the Bad Seeds, Grinderman)

"Reading the words of Max G. Morton is like being in an acid tinged dream (or nightmare) of Hubert Selby Jr. or a male Lydia Lunch if they were teenagers growing up in the seventies or maybe eighties in a seedy town this side of nowhere-ville. I was hooked like a pig in a donut shop from the first sentence I read. "We pitched in for a hooker that looked like a dusted blackploitation starlet in a made for TV movie about the rise and fall of the Mary Jane Girls." Enough drugs, sex and monster references to satisfy even the most retarded, reminded me a bit of my life growing up in suburbia."

Bob Bert (BBGun Magazine, Pussy Galore, Sonic Youth)

"A continuous crank-fueled train wreck of a Proustian memory engine. The speedometer's busted and the furnace is about to blow somewhere around the next paragraph."

Dick Blackburn (Co-author of *Eating Raoul* and writer/director of *Lemora: A Child's Tale of the Supernatural*)

"Who knew that growing up so wrong could be so right? Max G's gross, glorious, and psychedelic transgressions have produced a grosser, more glorious, and psycho-sexual howl from within. Junkyard Apocalypse Now! "

Kid Congo Powers

"Max G Morton is someone you would cross the street to avoid passing. Beyond hip, beyond hellish, beyond hilarious, Max's world is one you don't understand but want to, need to. His stories of teenage horror, rock n roll, sex, hard drugs, dirty old men & dirty young girls are unparalleled. He chews these subjects up & spits them back in your face via the printed page. Remember, paper cuts as deep as razor blades. He has sentenced himself to a long stay in the desert to forget all this. He won't come out 'till the time is right. By then it might be too late. Get it while you can...and don't forget your hand sanitizer (or Astro glide, depending on how dirty you really are...)"

Howie Pyro (D Generation, Danzig)

"NIGGA'S GOT PROBLEMS..."

Rev. Paul Bearer (Sheer Terror)

"Max G. Morton's deliriously detailed descriptions of growing up demented in the toxic shadow of the American Dream are a hallucinatory fresh breath of laughing gas cutting through the stagnant air of today's politically-correct, dummed-down, post-Bush cultural wasteland. This shit is the real deal, a stinging bitch slap in the pink, optimistic faces of the latest batch of maudlin, nostalgic memoirists. And proof positive that whatever doesn't kill ya makes you weirder. Should be required reading in all suburban classrooms of the New World Order."

Jonathan Shaw (Author of *Scabvender - Confessions of a Tattoo Artist*)

“How had I become a teenage zombie living for feedback, dirty magazines, and blood? How had I become such a hooker happy heartless romantic? Why had I spent so many nights of my life sprinting down alleys and running from the cops? What had caused me to relate to the rawness of grindhouse cinemas when I was only 12? When had I started seeing life from the motel room floor? How had I gotten stuck with this misanthropic life that no one else wanted?”

From, “New Wave Hookers Hand Out One Way Tickets to Mystery City for all the Frantic Romantics in Love with Teenage Kicks and Pure Mania”

Around one thirty in the morning, back at home watching *Pretty Maids All In A Row* on the television for the second time in a week, I thought about that girl for a brief second. That brief second led to some mental pornography featuring Angie Dickenson bathing me, and that was it. Those types of girls never went for me, and I knew it. Life was still exciting for me, so I guess I did not need to pursue every girl that I didn't stand a chance with. That night and that club was the last place on Earth that I thought would land me in a filthy-rich, bi-curious, teen pussy goldmine. It made perfect sense that Tesco Vee and his meat army would bring out those insane razorblade babes to corrupt and prey on teen blood like mine. Girls who looked and smelled like girls were suddenly starting to flock to my secret underworld of spleen and misery where love was unthinkable. Maybe it was all the hideous skater fashion that had become popular down at the mall. Maybe word had gotten out that some young buck telemarketers were making the scene. I was clueless as to what yielded the change but for whatever reason, there was always some big-eyed slut-puppy with a hot pink switchblade in one hand and my heart already in the bloody other. I was young and wanted a cool girl that liked my record collection for the same reasons that I did. But wishful thinking in a sunshine hell never got anyone any farther than cellblock 23. Down the line I learned that falling for girls that also liked Negative Approach because it made them feel better after being beaten by their pops never made for an ideal love story. The bottom line was that I just didn't want to be alone.

From, “The Death of a Girl Captured in a Black Sunday Atmosphere”

With all the downtown hellion in great eyeliner to drag me down, I had come full circle, injecting bug poison-cut Puerto Rican smack with the girl who had first turned me onto this disease. Naomi. The girl who had left the swamps and me far behind years ago, had fallen so far that she had been frozen in amphetamine crystal. This new age dope filled cocoon was magical in the sense that it allowed me to catch up to her world. It brought me to the day where she would finally need me. She was homeless, embraced by Hepatitis C, and banned from every corner. I was catching up fast. I had been dead and living in New York for about six months. When I ran into Naomi, we were both standing in line for methadone. She looked nothing like she did on the night that she bedazzled me into snorting her demons. I had started selling off all my records, since the funds I had put away from selling my clothing store were rapidly dwindling away. I was trying to get it together and had just lost the exclusive rights to my dungeon of mental decline. We shackled up in a roach motel on Saint Marks for a week and called it love. Laughing about how many people had died in our current hole, we agreed on all standing positions since it was obvious that the motel never changed their sheets. Finding ways to fuck without touching any of the slimy green walls, liquid red sink, or still damp furniture when you could barely stand took some practice. Methadone wasn't created for me but the gesture was appreciated. Hell, it brought me one of my first crushes a zillion days and a million dollars too late.

