

When one friend found out what had happened, he looked right past my matter-of-fact report. He assumed he knew what I was going through, and he was right. He barely knew me, we had written, we had e-mailed, we had met at gigs but had rarely opened up to each other. But this is what he did now. He told me about his own devastation when his lover left him. He told me about the kindness and openness of other punks all over the world who wrote to tell him their stories and how this was such a great help to him; knowing he was not alone and that other people sympathised. And for me; having this connection as punks, as broken hearts, as experiencing a common, but temporary, despair; these levels of kinship were such a great help. I found that the more open I was with other people; and it was hard to be so; the more open they were and the more we could support each other.

