

Eugene Ormandy & The Philadelphia Orchestra;
John, Walter, & Houston Sam;
Lewis & Clark;
Steak & Eggs, DiMaggio's 56;
didn't or don't exist.

THE SEMINAR

this gal we know was doing her
sociology homework in the 49-er tavern.

"What's up?" we asked.
"I've got to list the
ten dirtiest words I know
and after cunt, clap, syph,
I'm running low."

We helped her out:
guilt
reality
junior high school
Regan
Orange County
Love Story
Rod McKuen

We could have done better but
she was only taking the course pass/fail.

THE MANLY ART OF SELF DEFENSE

everybody knows the champ
whether it's the Brown Bomber, John Garfield,
M. Ali, Kirk Douglas, or
the Sweet Swatter from Sweetwater.

and the boys in the prelims have
a following, too. their fans come
early for a burger and a beer
to beat the traffic to the punch.

but how about the cabinet makers who ply
their trade after the main event?

marty the mauler's one of these.
34, he's never fought a windup or a champ.
his record's 90 won and 90 lost and 90 by KO.
he has to fight to supplement the wage
he makes as part time honey dip and onion topper.
still he takes pride in his work.

he's so expert at his craft the promoter
tells him what he wants.
if there's been no cuts all night,
marty can bleed like Ali McGraw's heart.
after a dearth of knockdowns,
he can play the canvas like a trampoline.
you like snortng? he'll sound like porky pig.
is footwork your thing? he'll give you
Willie Pep, Fred Astaire, or Sugar Ray.

of course, nobody watches. the customers
are all filing out. he plays to their backs.

later at home his wife will ask:
"How'd it go tonite, hon?"
"Terrific! My new fall makes such a thud
five people actually turned around."

-- Charles Stetler

Long Beach CA

SANTA CLAUS COMES DOWN FROM THE MOUNTAIN

a thermos of vodka under his arm
and his girlfriend braced beneath the other
we three ambled down a 1000 steps
toward the crowded dinning room

for his poetry reading. he said to her:
"someday you will give readings
and you won't need booze. this is my courage --
you were born with it."

after a few more steps he continued:
"they want to drain every immortal drop of
my blood, and I've got to give it to
them. I'll let them ask questions

after each poem." we arrived
at the room and I guided him to the
stage where he immediately sat down
and poured himself a drink.

I crossed my legs and listened as
the master of wordsmen and toughness
tried to give away some of his spoiled blood;
his \$300 check folded in my shirt pocket.

someone asked him to sing melancholy baby
so he broke forth a few bars, then someone
brought up the free press and he said:
"the free press is shit and people only