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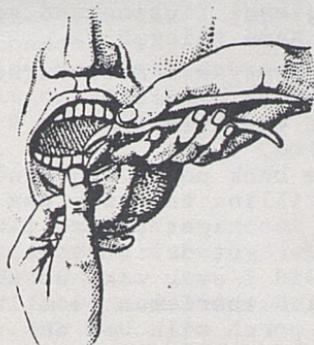
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### MORTALITY TOES

I saw my 72-year-old uncle's feet in sandals the other day and now I know why a lot of old guys wear socks when they wear sandals. He has thick, cracked, yellow and black nails that hang over the end of each toe.

I saw Mother Teresa's feet the other day in a photograph (it was her birthday) and her toes were all crammed together and pointing at a 45 degree angle away from the main part of the foot. My theory used to be that restrictive shoes ruin feet. But Mother Teresa always wore sandals in every photograph I ever saw of her. So maybe that's just what happens to feet.

Except, of course, in Hollywood, where ugliness equals death. I'm sure they have some sort of cosmetic surgery there for feet to keep them straight and as beautiful as feet can look.

Maybe that's why all those wacky religions and practices come from Hollywood. You know, Scientology, and past life regressions, and est, and the thing with the crystals: it's like people in Hollywood think they have some say in the matter of death; that people don't really die, or if they do they're only a phone call away from their agents

and swimming pools and next big break. They can't face gnarled, bent, sagging body parts and appendages: Toes holding little, cracked, yellow and black billboards advertising mortality; Toes bending as signposts toward the unknown.

#### SCIENCE FICTION AND NOSTALGIA

"Whatever happened to the guy walking down the street with his hands in his pockets whistling a tune? Science fiction and nostalgia have become the same thing."

-- T Bone Burnett, The Wild Truth

Whatever happened to the whistling milkman on his white-uniformed, bow-tied, 4 a.m. route? I remember, as a little kid, going to the back porch and finding clear glass bottles of milk filling the milk box and the old bottles that we left out the night before taken away. Did I dream this? Did milk ever get delivered to houses in shapely glass bottles? Did I ever wake up and look in the refrigerator and find there was no milk for my cereal, then look in the back porch milk box and find it full with glass bottles of milk? Did I ever hear the whistling milkman clanging the empties into the back of his truck and driving off? Weren't people afraid of having their bottles of milk stolen off of their back porches and smashed in the street by vandals — all that white goodness left to spoil in the wreckage and dirt on that hard, hard pavement?

#### SQUANDERED

I don't know how TV works, but I know it's a miracle: I could be watching something in China or Australia in my living room as it happens.

Today, in my living room, a group of models are in a round-table discussion. One model says to the moderator, Cindy, The Model of the Moment, "I think you opened a lot of doors, with the, you know, mole on your upper lip. It said that we didn't have to look a certain way to be considered beautiful."

All the models nod and clap.

The show is called "The House of Style." Someone produced it, photographed it, wrote it, edited it, directed it, and bankrolled it. Thousands of people made it possible.

## CELEBRITY SPOKESPERSON

I want to be a celebrity.  
I want people to ask me my opinions about things and for those opinions to be taken seriously.  
I want little kids to act stupidly because of something I said to a reporter.  
I want parents to be angry with me, and to call up talk shows and complain about me.  
I want other celebrities to be asked to respond to my opinions.  
And I want the questions to be phrased in such a way that it will be easy for the celebrity being asked the question to condemn me.  
And I want the celebrity being interviewed to avoid naming me directly or to simply tap dance around the question because I can make it hard for him or her in The Business.  
I want a percentage of the gross.  
I want final approval over scripts.  
I want to complain about the post-concert buffet.  
I want my manager to defend me when I overturn the not-to-my-liking buffet.  
I want dozens of fresh flowers delivered to every one of my performances.  
12 dozen: 12 is my lucky number.  
I want my picture taken during my five-minute stay at a children's hospital.  
I want to be photographed with my arms around smiling kids in wheelchairs.  
I'll allow the picture to appear on a fund-raising flyer. Free of charge.  
I want to be a celebrity spokesperson.  
I want to make a video-recorded plea on behalf of a charity.  
But I'll only let them film one side of my face. The good side.

## THEORISTS AT THE BARBECUE

"A theorist is another name for a bullshitter," I said.

"Einstein was a theorist," my brother said.

"Exactly," I said. "What did he do? Helped create the atom bomb and came up with  $E = MC^2$ . What practical use is that?"

"Well," my father said, "if you left earth travelling at twice the speed of light, when you got to Mars you'd be younger than when you left."

Silence

"Einstein was a genius," my brother said.

"The theory of relativity," my father said.

"He had a great hair-do and looks good on a stamp,"  
I said.

— Paul Agostino

Holbrook NY

### THE FAMOUS

it's always struck me as  
funny who Americans select  
as their heroes.

think of all the people  
that are famous because a  
magazine put them on a cover  
and said they're famous.

think of all the people  
that are famous by simply  
being famous or having famous  
names or famous relatives.

think of all the famous  
that get rich and famous by  
doing a TV series and then  
proclaim they would rather be  
singers or doing little theatre  
in the midwest.

think of all the famous  
that can't stay famous because  
they're not doing TV or they're  
too old.

think of all the famous  
that died in obscurity because  
their death came in a year  
when somebody more famous  
died.

think of all the famous  
that do commercials, talk shows,  
game shows, and celebrity sports  
to keep their hand in.

think of all the famous  
in England, Germany, Italy and  
France that aren't famous  
here but are trying to get  
famous here.

think about the famous  
that died young or from diseases  
you've never heard of.

think about the famous  
that did only one thing  
to become famous and haven't  
done anything since.

some people think they look like  
somebody famous and start  
to act and dress like the famous  
they think they look like.

if you can't think of somebody  
famous, ask your kids  
who's famous.

they'll tell you.

TO D.W. GRIFFITH

you gave us the close-up.

you gave us the cross-cut.

you gave us the crowd scene.

you gave us the cut from the  
crowd scene to the close-up.

you gave us the silent screen  
before radio talked.

you gave us movie language  
before movies talked.

you gave us movie houses  
decorated like temples for  
the gods that they now  
tear down or use for porn.

you gave us "Birth of a Nation"  
in 1915.

you gave us "Intolerance"  
in 1916.

you gave us a hundred others.

and after everyone saw what  
you gave us  
and used it up  
you went and died in a hotel  
room on Hollywood Blvd.

alone.

## STYLE

my father's passion  
was the opera.  
he went to the Seattle  
Opera and always looked  
the part of  
"Mr. Opening Night."

he was dressed  
in a black velvet  
jacket and slacks; an  
18th Century styled  
white shirt with ruffles;  
hand-made Latvian jewelry  
— silver brooch  
by his neck and silver  
rings with spangles  
on his fingers —  
and opera glasses  
in hand.

with grey, wavy hair  
(parted in the middle)  
and a small moustache  
— my father had an  
abundance  
of old world,  
European style.

the big money  
— old and new,  
man or woman —  
looked like they  
dressed from a  
department store  
compared to  
my father.

the press photographers  
knew it too.

the next day,  
the only photograph  
in the paper would be:

"Uga Alberts, Latvian-  
born painter and architect,  
at the opening night  
of 'La Traviata....'"

at the opera  
my father  
was in the paper  
more than  
the mayor.

— Ulvis Alberts

Belfair WA

#### DANDELIONS

"Don't call any more, it's killing me," she screams,  
and slams her front door in his face.  
He tells himself it was too good to last, drives  
twice around her block, then home.  
He hugs his wife, finds the dandelion-digger in  
his garage, and kneels on his brown lawn  
Beside green dandelions still growing strong despite  
three mowings in four weeks.

His digger has a wooden handle and steel blade forked  
like a stick for pinning snakes.  
He drives it in beside a dandelion, thinking of hot  
sheets; cool, slippery showers afterwards.  
He loved dandelions as a boy, their yellow suns  
changing into white space helmets  
Made of seeds which, one by one, would float away  
like planets in the solar wind.

He feels around for the tap root, branching like  
cancer, sucking life from decomposing stone.  
Simply watching her breasts emerge, soft sculptures,  
from her bra's cloth mold,  
Could pull him out of the tar pit into which marriage  
and job were sucking him.  
"You know you're grown up when your life feels like  
a soap opera," she said.

In his hand — gloved against the dandelion's  
protective spines — its fibery stalk

Stirs the earth like a spoon stuck in dark coffee. With  
a faint ripping sound,  
It's out, roots clutching little chunks of rock. Even  
uprooted, in hot sun,  
It will stay green for days. It wants to live that bad.

#### NOT A NATIONAL ENQUIRER KIND OF GUY

He wasn't a highschool misfit.  
He's not deformed, and had no horrible  
disease that changed his life.

His mom and dad weren't alcoholics  
or drug-addicts or circus-freaks,  
and never abused him. Politically,

they were middle-of-the-road.  
He could always talk to them, but rarely did;  
he had things well-pegged even then.

His marriage is in decent shape;  
his kids, normal in every way.  
He doesn't fool around, though if he did,

no one would know. He doesn't believe  
in reincarnation, space aliens, ESP, or God,  
though he doesn't rule them out.

He doesn't have visions but does have interesting  
dreams, which he won't relate because  
they're personal. Besides, he forgets them.

He's achieved his great success by being smarter,  
better looking, and luckier than most people.  
It's as simple as that.

#### LE COMTE DE WEEB, CONNOISSEUR OF FINE WINE

The sign says FINE WINE TASTING — FREE!  
Weeb whips his Beetle into the parking lot.  
While Jane samples abalone earrings,  
he heads for the tastery.

"First, are there hidden costs?" he asks  
the long-haired drink-dispenser.

"Nope."

"Do I have to spit it out?"

"Naw, that's tv stuff."

"let's go."

The guy starts pouring  
big two-mouthful shots.

"Would you like a sweet wine?  
How about a white Chablis? Dry Burgundy?"

"Great."

"How was that one?"

"Great."

By the time Jane joins him, Weeb is tanked.  
Five shots later, he rushes outside to experience  
"What a grape feels, ripening in the sun."

Jane stays inside to thank the drink-dispenser,  
buy some wine to show appreciation,  
and, in general and as always,  
smooth the wake left by the passage of Weeb.

#### HOLLYWOOD CONFIDENTIAL

Sometimes it works like this: You're born in Fort  
Drudge, Iowa. You love movies, but Iowa  
Has no film schools; so you do Law, and take  
A Greyhound to L.A. You're scraping by,  
Writing wills and chasing ambulances  
When something goes Pop! in your brain:  
Cerebral hemorrhage. Coma for a week.

You recover, but changed. Your cloak  
Of immortality has slipped off, so you find  
A partner fast, and found a movie company.  
Your brain's still hemorrhaging — movies drenched  
In blood: It Conquered the World, The Amazing  
Colossal Man, Reform School Girl.

Rock-and-roll has just created teenagers.  
Drive-ins spring up and fill with '54  
Chevies and mating pairs. You recoup  
Your investment twenty times daily.  
Future stars work for you — cheaply,  
But they work. You are accused of undermining  
The morals and minds of Western youth.

Walt Disney snubs you in a bar. Your rabbi  
Mutters chazerai. You laugh all the way  
To the Savings & Loan, but after Amityville  
Horror becomes your biggest hit, you merge  
With a more respectable company which,  
That night, transforms into a giant leech,  
Sucks you dry (screaming!), then swallows you alive.

## VANDAL KILLS VINE SCULPTURE AT CAL STATE LONG BEACH

"No pleasure but meanness."

— Flannery O'Connor

Five quick snips with pruning shears  
and the Lavender Starflower vines  
that campus groundsworker Sarah Fish  
spent two years training into bushy  
green letters — C S U L B —  
on the brick wall facing Seventh Street,  
begin, like brains cut off from oxygen, to die.

Sarah cries, seeing the eighth-inch gaps  
across which life's spark doesn't fly.  
Who is to blame? A professor  
denied tenure? A dumped boyfriend?  
A working stiff whose father screamed  
"College my ass, you'll get a Goddamn job!" —  
whose face the letters slapped each time  
he passed them, bound for his dead end?

Or just someone out walking with the roar  
we all keep in our skulls these days,  
who saw a meanness — full leafed,  
purple-flowered — waiting to be done?

— Charles H. Webb

Los Angeles CA

## RIPARIAN BLUES

After Butch dumped her, Evelyn gave up her brief but  
intense flirtation with Jesus, attempted suicide, did  
not succeed, then resumed her old hobby of bar-trawling  
for unsavory men, much to the dismay of a concerned  
small circle of friends.

And then — this prediction had resurfaced with her  
regression to old ways — she disappeared, didn't come  
home from one of her night prowls, foul play suspected.

Two transients were picked up in her car in the Ralph's  
Super-Store parking lot. They had a story about finding  
the old bomb out on the rutted dirt path that looped  
behind the Riverside Drive-In complex out in the valley,  
keys in the ignition.

This information, true or not, set off a police search  
of a dense riparian woodland between the Santa Margarita

River and the theaters, and a couple of death-smelling dogs located four bodies in shallow graves in the sandy soil, planted here and there amidst the arundo grass and cottonwoods, none of them, apparently, Evelyn Lamuraglia's. All of them men — illegal aliens and down-and-outers, folks who could disappear without stirring up much of a fuss.

Transients were roused from hootches and shanties, and the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers were unleashed early on a planned flood-control project, with their tree-chomping, brush-eating hydro-ax with its high-powered hyper-rotational blades that chewed up dense bushes and magnolias and wax-myrtles and shacks and abandoned cars and lost grocery carts. Then they brought in the big machinery, bulldozed the woodland down to bare sand, and rolled three more bodies from their narrow graves — one of them fresh to the point of near warmth, presumed to be — though a dental check was needed, the face having been smashed then worked on by things that crawl — that of Evelyn Lamuraglia.

#### EVELYN GETS A COUPE DE VILLE

The body they found down by the river turned out not to be that of Evelyn Lamuraglia. It was Pepper Sopko, sixty-four-year-old teacher's aide, grandmother of ten, who had been abducted from a grocery store parking lot to suffer a quick death — rock bashed on the back of her skull — after several hours of horrid degradations. As Pepper was being bashed, Evelyn Lamuraglia was on her way to Vegas with one Palmer Cheadle, who wrestled her car keys away from her (and dropped them in the parking lot) because, "Sweetheart, you're too damned drunk to drive," That he, Palmer C., was also too damned drunk to drive was a thought that apparently did not occur to the man. He dragged her across the parking lot, slapped her hard enough, as she writhed from his grasp, to knock her into an alcohol-enhanced slumber that allowed him to lay her out gently in the back seat of his Coupe de Ville.

He hit Highway 76, winding his way alongside the river, then blasted up onto Interstate 15, Vegas bound he would tell her, if she should wake up and start to squawk; but he really intended to hand her a fate similar to Pepper Sopko's, somewhere out in the empty desert north of Victorville, where her boney old body wouldn't be found for years, if ever.

"Wasa, wasa?" Evelyn rasped, her bird's nest hair-do popping into Palmer Cheadle's rear-view mirror. Three a.m., and the Coupe de Ville had just crested the Cajon

Pass outside of Riverside/San Bernardino. "Jus' you lay back down and relax, Sweetheart," Palmer blared. "You an' me are gonna hit Vegas in a high-roller mode, Jus' a couple o' hours now."

Evelyn did not find this at all comforting. She had no memory of her new escort's unsophisticated pick-up lines, or of the three double bourbon and cokes he'd bought her. All she knew for sure was that she was half-drunk in the back seat of a strange car, a loud man with a large crew-cut head behind the wheel, rolling through God-knows-where on a black star-speckled night. And her warning light — that was normally nonfunctional when her tank was full — blinked back on, brightly: "Let me out, motherfucker." Palmer Cheadle chuckled at this request; he'd heard it before, and never complied, not until he'd gotten them where he wanted them. "I intend to, Darlin', I surely do," he said, his mean grin twinkling in the mirror.

He let her out behind a row of low sandy hills a half a mile off the main highway, and chased her (Damn, she's a feisty one) nearly two hundred yards into the desert before he caught her and — winded to near collapse, so out of shape from the long years of tobacco and drink was he — ended up on the receiving end of a sound thrashing, a cornered weasel attack that featured fingernails to the face and a foot so hard and deep to the groin that it laid him out, incapacitated; a turning of the tables, as it were, for Palmer Cheadle. He was usually the one possessed of his full facilities in these little tussles; it was the ladies who were laid out via several quick punches to the face before he killed them with his bare hands, thumbs sinking deep into crumbling tracheas.

Evelyn didn't have the strength to go the bare hand route, though, so she ran back to the Coupe de Ville and drove it out to the prostrate Palmer and ran him over, back and forth, a dozen times, feeling the vibrations of large bones breaking through the leather upholstery, as the souls of the man's seven previous victims danced over their separate graves in a five-mile radius of Evelyn's victory roll.

#### FOUR DAYS SLOPPY DRUNK

Palmer Cheadle had been a man of shallow roots, so his disappearance had caused no consternation. He was in the thoughts of not a soul on earth when the scavengers slunk in to work him over as he lay dead in the desert, crushed under the wheels of his own car by a woman who was to be the next victim of his series of sexual attacks that culminated, always, in murder.

He'd underestimated the woman — Evelyn, she'd said her name was. Whippet-thin and as drunk as she could be when he picked her up in that juke-box dive down on the coast route in that dingy little beach town, she seemed the perfect mark. How was he to know that she'd come off that heavy drunk with her senses intact, warning light flickering; and how was he to know that, once he'd finally caught her, she'd put up a fight like a cornered weasel and incapacitate him with a karate kick to the balls?

So Evelyn Lamuraglia survived the attack of Palmer Cheadle, and she had the presence of mind — after she'd run him over back and forth a dozen times — to get out of the Coupe de Ville and take the wallet with damned near five grand, hard cash, from his back pocket. Money that Palmer had stockpiled during a recent two-week stint of running fifty-pound backpacks of marijuana across the border in the desert out east of Tecate in the dead of the night.

So as the ants hollowed out his eye sockets and chewed away his soft swollen tongue, Evelyn Lamuraglia holed herself up in Whiskey Pete's out west of Vegas, got a room with Palmer's fat wad of money and tried to drink her brief relationship with him out of her mind, without success.

After a six-day stay — four days sloppy drunk followed by a short recuperative dry spell — Evelyn located a pit-stopped tour bus coming off a twenty-four-hour Las Vegas turn-around and slipped the driver a twenty to drop her off in Loma Alta on his way down to his Chula Vista home base, leaving Palmer Cheadle, and his Coupe de Ville, to bake out in the desert sun.

— Dan Lenihan

Oceanside CA

HUPI

The beauty of the  
idea that you  
never accumulate  
enough of anything  
to ever  
retire.

— Hugh Fox

East Lansing MI

kindling? no, the bats  
from a game played  
with an iron baseball

a tossed-in rock  
jingles the coins in his cup  
the blind man says, "Thank you"

fish swimming  
beneath the pond's dark surface  
through the moon

amid tall grass palm  
fronds atop a tree pulled straight  
down into the earth

through Venice  
a canal route, from a dentist  
a root canal

Italian, Jewish,  
and Chinese scouring powders:  
ethnic cleansers

— William Woodruff

Pasadena CA

# Time Is The Biggest Trick Of All

I'm an all-over-the-place  
don't-fit-in-anywhere  
expatriate  
poet

I wonder what I would have become  
if we never left Clarktownship  
New Jersey when I was 14  
& drove across America  
to L.A. in a new 1950  
torpedo back  
dark green  
straight-8  
Buick with 4 portholes on the fenders  
& flashy red seatcovers

like Blake I may have lived my lifetime  
in a 50-mile radius with cosmic sunflowers  
writing poetry in the backyard

innocence & experience  
balancing each other out

I live on the edge of the universe  
on the biggest island in the world

## Billy Jones

## HIS CASKET WAS COVERED WITH SUNFLOWERS

maybe it's the inevitability  
of death that makes us crazy  
religion no answer  
no one knows  
anything  
about  
god

those who say they do  
most certainly don't

art comes close  
the Dutchman came close  
so close he went over the edge  
& shot himself in a wheatfield

everytime I see a sunflower  
I think of Vincent Van Gogh

## SNAKE EYES

big noise in studio  
things knocked over  
as I lie on the bed  
I get up to check it out  
spill beer on my t-shirt  
there it is along back edge  
on my writing table  
under the Aboriginal Madonna painting  
green with a yellow belly  
green laced with bars of blue  
gazing at me with swaying hypnotic eyes  
pink tongue flickering  
he's after the treefrog that sleeps  
behind the Black Vincent portrait  
9 more live in the kitchen  
I like sharing my house with frogs  
treesnakes eat treefrogs  
swallow them alive  
I chase him out  
with the long-handled shovel  
wondering if he'll return  
if he does I may have to kill him  
I get nervous with snakes in the house

sometimes poetry is like wrestling  
with a demon

I react  
to angst  
with art

## THE MUSE

"you write" she said "with  
the same fever that you eat"  
"that's good" I said "I'll  
use it in a poem"

the muse can be booze  
the muse can be orgasm  
the muse can be music  
the muse can be silence  
the muse can be goddess  
the muse can be bitch  
the muse can be bastard  
the muse can be luck  
the muse can be crazy  
the muse can be promiscuous  
the muse can be faithful  
the muse can be nature  
the muse can be city  
the muse can be universe  
the muse can be everything  
the muse can be nothing

some poems come easy  
some poems come hard

## 3 MORE RUNS TO MAKE MY CENTURY

another 600-page hand-bound  
acid-free blank beauty  
ready for me: v. 98

I've been keeping a journal every day  
since June 28  
1975  
almost 20 years

smoking  
drinking  
writing  
drawing  
& all that  
that implies

I started it 5 weeks after my then lady  
was killed in a car accident  
it was creation  
or destruction  
& I chose creation  
pictures & poems  
to help me heal

I put everything in my journal  
the freedom of autobiographical art  
is  
awesome  
smithereen saga  
of my dingo  
man soul

#### HOW TO BECOME AN EXPATRIATE

if I hadn't met that Swedish girl  
in a bar in Pasadena  
I never would have married her  
& followed her to Stockholm

I don't speak Swedish  
I didn't like the 6 mo  
40 below zero winter  
not having the air-fare  
to get us back to California  
to try & salvage  
our shakey marriage  
we migrated to Australia  
with our baby boy

she left within a year  
she didn't like Sydney  
she didn't like L.A.  
she didn't like the sun  
she was homesick for  
those long freezing winters

that was 28 years ago  
I still live in Oz  
I still haven't the money  
to return to America  
& even if I did  
maybe I wouldn't go

I'm just an emotional expatriate  
torn between the land of his birth  
& the land of his salvation

#### KEEPING A JOURNAL

I painted a frog  
in my journal  
in a rectangle

bottom half yellow  
top sky blue ink wash  
but it ran & I made  
lame excuses thinking  
well if Matisse can get  
away with blotchy colors  
so can I

meanwhile I draw a dingo  
in my journal howling  
at the moon

I was going to leave it b & w  
but something started niggling at me  
Matisse or no Matisse  
the blue sky was too streaked

a grinning green frog  
on laughing yellow ground

I play god & paint the sky black  
& dot it with immaculate stars

sometimes it feels good  
to grin like a treefrog

#### LITTLE REDHEAD

beautiful little redhead  
girl in line at the bank  
maybe 2 years old  
glowing little darling  
of a girl laughing  
running away from her mother  
coming back  
tiny  
trusting  
blazing blue eyes  
bay blue eyes  
haven eyes  
when she smiled at me  
I felt purified

that was over a year ago  
but the feeling returns  
as I type the poem  
this sense of being renewed

## BUDDHA POEM

I saw you around  
when I was stationed in Japan  
I saw you at shrines  
in warehouses & bars  
in the tiny rooms of streetgirls  
even in back of a rickshaw-taxi

the clump of sacred bamboo  
in front of my work table  
on the porch reminds  
me of you

I see you  
now in the constant grin  
of the treefrog who lives  
in a vase in the kitchen

I'm not a Buddhist  
I'm not a Christian  
I'm not anything  
just like the universe  
isn't anything

I like your blissful  
nitty-gritty grin

## IT'S ALL PART OF BEING A POET

sometimes I'm called selfish  
just because I'm a poet

I've never heard lawyers  
called selfish just  
because they're lawyers  
or teachers just  
because they're teachers  
or truckdrivers just  
because they're truckdrivers  
etc

it's ok to make money  
but not to make poems

## RISING SUN BEER

I began to drink  
when I was 20  
in Japan

the beer I liked  
had a rising  
sun label

red sun  
red spokes  
white background  
just like the Japanese flag  
I liked the Japanese flag  
I liked the label  
I liked the beer

most of it was free because  
I was on Shore Patrol  
in the Military Police

I met a lot of stunning streetgirls  
& went to bed with some of them  
one of them introduced me  
to Sun Tory whiskey  
also with rising sun label  
but more elaborate & fiery

I began to drink  
fuck whores  
question everything  
in my own quiet way  
& at the same time  
I began to write  
just letters to a girlfriend  
but they were my start

Japan was one of the most  
beautiful periods of my life  
women  
booze  
liberty  
power

I was the buck sergeant  
in the Military Police  
who wrote poems  
with a siren

#10

I had a grandfather I never met  
who went to the opera every week  
for 30 years in Boston  
he worked for the railroad  
my mother said he was always  
singing or whistling arias

he disowned my mother  
for marrying a non-catholic

rain pounding  
on an old torn roof  
makes me write this down

it was here at Mary Smokes  
I first heard rain as symphony  
as opera  
as atomic jazz  
as music so evernew & emotional  
I could never come to the end  
of its beautiful intensity  
never hear it too often  
never tire of its simple  
yet intricate power

the sound of rain on rusty roof  
of this dump will haunt me  
for the rest of my life

#### TORCH POEM

the center of a flashlight  
beam is the darkest part  
then a ring of the brightest part  
& a less bright ring  
next to a dim one

I saw this as I walked  
up a grass lane between  
rows of fruit trees  
custard apples & lychees  
Pleiades to my right  
Southern Cross to my left  
blazing bull's eye cone  
of my small black torch  
showing me the way

#### DADA

whenever my dad  
went into a bar  
after a few drinks  
strangers flocked around him  
because he told stories  
straight whiskey no chaser stories  
straight from his drunken heart

so ahead of their time  
no one knew they were art  
not even him

I do now  
40 years later  
& so does my typewriter

#### COCKROACH ART

left volume 27  
of my journal out  
overnight unprotected  
in cockroach haven kitchen

thus it was vulnerable  
i.e. patches of dye  
devoured from sky  
colored cover — like  
fleecy off-blue clouds

#### #29

I found a honeyeater  
in the bushes  
mauled by a cat  
a scarlet honeyeater  
with a hurt wing  
hanging loose  
& fanned out

my girlfriend's son  
nursed her back to health  
fed her honey on the tip  
of his finger that she  
lapped up hungrily with  
long brush-tipped tongue  
bright eyes glowing  
like tiny black pearls

I felt her life-force  
tingle my nerves as  
I held her softly  
in my hands like  
a wounded heroine

a week later she flew away  
with a flash of orange  
under her brown wings

little creatures like this  
mean more to me than  
most people do

#### RAINY NIGHT

"straight  
no chaser"  
red light  
rain-speckled windscreen  
car radio jazz poem  
scrawled as I wait  
for green to go

poetry  
can happen  
anywhere  
anytime  
anyhow

#### JAPAN

I liked the way  
colored guys said  
motherfucker in Japan

it was good getting  
to know Negroes  
in the Marines  
in Japan

& Mexicans  
Polacks  
Jews  
etc

I know it ain't  
fashionable but  
a lot of good  
things happened  
to me in the Marines  
in Japan

I discovered Whitman  
Dostoyevsky  
cherry blossoms  
streetgirls  
whores  
bars

I became a poet  
in the Marines  
in Japan

#### GOOD GUY POEM

when I found CRIME & PUNISHMENT  
& LEAVES OF GRASS in Japan  
a Marine corporal  
in the Military Police  
I was a good guy  
in a bad job

I went back to high school  
on the G.I. Bill  
then on to college  
eventually I became  
a graduate school dropout

I quit work  
I quit marriage  
I quit the gym  
I quit my car  
I quit rent  
I quit just about everything  
all I wanted to do was read & write

I became hooked on freedom  
hooked on the gamble of the poem  
hooked on the fire of living on the edge

I was a good guy  
in a good job

#### SHALE POEM

I still have a piece  
of striated  
blue-gray shale  
I found in a ditch  
I was digging  
as a laborer  
in Caloundra  
22 years ago

I'm a sucker  
for magic  
mementos

DINGO-MAN

big black butterfly  
with white & red markings  
on cement block wall  
pulsating his wings  
as I pee on the grass  
alongside the house

sometimes I have the soul  
of a dingo  
the dingo grinning  
at the door as I  
wait for the next check  
the next bit of money  
to save me from destitution again

I suppose a man like me  
who sometimes has the soul  
of a dingo can expect nothing else  
but the life he has skirting  
the fringe of poverty rich  
with priceless power  
of releasing the poems  
& pictures locked  
in his butterfly  
dingo-man heart

all I'm really good for  
is to write & draw  
& be my own boss

Jesus it feels good  
to write this down

#27

I've written a poem  
for a killer after  
watching him on the news  
lock eyes with the father  
of the 2 teenage boys  
he murdered  
& say  
a long silent sorry  
just before he died  
in the gas chamber

why I wrote it  
I'm not sure  
maybe it's because

I feel sorry for anyone  
faced with the last  
split-seconds  
of their life

#37

trees swaying  
in the bar room window  
they seem to move  
with a will of their own

I sit alone  
writing  
in a crowded pub

it was late  
when I got back  
just a curl of smoke  
at the gate where  
the pile of bulldozed  
wattle was

100 YEARS LATER

we know  
this lady  
who went  
to the Van Gogh  
show & said

"so what  
I could  
do that"

& she  
calls  
herself  
an artist

FOR A WASP

break on porch sofa  
with a beer & a smoke  
after writing all morning

a mudwasp  
with orange bands  
on its long black belly  
it flies by slowly  
back legs dangling  
mud in its mandibles  
for its wall-side nest

I sit here between poems  
lulled by buzzing fury  
of a friendly wasp

#32

when I was a boy  
I spent a lot  
of time alone  
in the woods  
because the magic  
only happened when  
I was  
alone

I'd climb a maple  
to my favorite crotch  
sit there quiet & still  
until the squirrels  
came right up to me  
& what I saw in  
those dazzling  
dark eyes still  
haunts me 50 years later

wild gentle eyes  
of unforgettable glory

#12

just enough rain  
to make the crickets sing  
louder than the truck roar road  
just enough money to pay the rent  
just enough food to get by  
just enough sleep to wake  
with a renewed spirit  
just enough grass  
to make my  
poems  
come  
true

## SLEEPING BUM

that time  
I was drawn sleeping  
in a park in Sydney  
felt like I was  
being caressed

when I woke there were  
3 drawings of me  
on the grass  
at my side

3 students waved  
as I looked at their drawings  
there was an art school nearby

I waved back  
no fixed address  
no book yet  
no exhibition  
just this intensity  
that kept getting me  
into impossible situations

the drawings weren't very good  
but the intention was there  
so I kept them for years

they were just what I needed:  
I began to write  
& draw again

#34

mysterious  
mischievous  
min min lights  
of n. west Queensland  
"devil-devil" the Aborigines  
call them saying they appeared only  
after the whiteman started killing them

scientists claim it's just  
static electricity  
in areas with  
a lot of  
quartz  
in the  
ground

the white race tends to  
explain the unexplainable  
murder the magic  
rape real religion  
pollute orgasms  
pillage the planet  
ignore the universe

my skin ain't white mate  
it's off-white

#### UNIVERSAL LOVERS

her eyes have the purest  
wildest  
craziest  
look I've ever seen  
when she approaches orgasm  
"ohhhh stop" she moans  
"STOPSTOPORI'LLCUM"

we stop awhile  
we like to make it last  
for as long as we can  
she's never more beautiful  
than she is then ...

in every woman  
lives side by side  
the goddess & the slut  
in every man  
god & the beast

to lie there linked  
on the crest of climax  
brings us close even  
when we're  
apart

#### SPLITTING UP?

"I'll never find  
another dick  
like yours"  
she said

she won't find  
the rest of  
me either

LAZY POEM

crickets  
cleaning  
my ears

few understand  
the fire of useful  
laziness

like sitting here on  
porch sofa smoking  
a joint & reading  
a book with gaps  
of nothing but  
cricket throbbing silence  
as clouds move in  
like ramshackle mansions

CAT HOUSE

keep getting flashes  
of Snowy my dead  
cat around  
the house

sideways glances quicker  
than the speed of light

she's been dead about a month  
died in the shed alone  
when I was away  
I feel bad about that

what was there for her  
was the roar of the rain  
on the iron shed roof

now & then I catch these ghostly glimpses  
of her whiteness burning  
with split-second  
flames of her spirit

I don't want another cat  
they kill too many birds

ALMOST 60

the dark green blue-tongue lizard  
poking his head out from between  
porch sofa cushions  
again as I write  
makes me smile

the older I get the  
more I feel like an animal  
& the less I feel like a man

#38

Hokusai waves  
Van Gogh stars  
Bukowski beer

I'm just a snake  
in the redbelly grass

WAITING ON A DESPERATE CHECK

it's scary waiting  
for hardup income  
via the mail  
payment for a picture  
what happens if it's delayed  
or gets lost but you've never  
lost money in the mail  
before so you check the mailbox  
hoping for that big fat overdue check

just a bundle of 6 Wormwood Reviews  
my first appearance in a mag  
with Bukowski

money  
isn't  
everything

STIR-FRY POEM

I watched  
the  
noodle  
water  
boil

DINGO AT THE DOOR

wine  
grass  
food for 2 days  
typewriter switched on  
a room to work in  
electricity paid  
month ahead in the rent  
20 bucks left in the bank

writing  
smoking  
drinking  
happy & content  
as I can possibly be

I roll another number  
pour another glass  
of red lambrusco  
finish off another poem

what can I say  
when silence sings  
with voice of a cricket

writing feels better  
than anything I know

#28

go easy mister  
I whisper  
to myself  
feeling  
great  
even  
though  
I'm broke

no matter how high I get  
sooner or later  
I'll be down  
& vice versa

gives me an edge  
keeps me vulnerable

SKINK EYES

as I'm reading  
on the sofa  
suddenly this  
little darting  
dark shape  
appears & stops  
half hidden  
under my leg

it's a skink  
I like skinks  
& I think it  
knows that

even as I reach  
for the folded  
paper & felt pen  
its tiny black eyes  
look around

focus on me  
curious  
intelligent  
trusting  
black pearl dot eyes  
feeding me  
the fire of  
this poem

MY 1ST HERO

ok  
it's 9:15 am  
I'm stonehenge stoned  
I'm thinking about heroes  
my very first hero  
my hobo uncle Eddy  
dark smouldering eyes  
5 foot 3  
quiet  
shy  
bearded  
nattily dressed  
even though he  
was a hobo

just a little unassuming guy  
yet when he walked in  
god walked in

HEROES 2

heroes  
fail  
too

just like  
anyone else  
we know that  
yet we hang  
on to the  
few we  
have

— Billy Jones

Upper Caboolture, Australia

## THE JAMES DEAN VARIATIONS

### 1. HOUSES

somehow, stay in the mind, remembered —  
a piece of a porch, a lighted window  
rectangular light in the darkness: Jonah says  
this is where Jimmy lived. This is where  
he had people who kept him — not his parents —  
we are both fuzzy about relationships  
but I'm impressed: they seem to know him.  
O yes. Friend of Jimmy's. Rode that  
motorcycle. O you're always welcome  
do come in, they are urgent  
out of the night.

### 2. HOW THINGS LAST

What stays on, long after  
the kids are all grown up and gone  
is some reminder: this basketball hoop  
nailed to the tree

or, later, in town  
we'll see how the house leans, lonely  
on a corner of two-bit shops and stores  
where Jonah says farm buildings were —  
sheds and silos — their house  
his father built, where Jonah was born.

The long, tall windows in front were salvage  
he says, like the rest of the house, trash  
lumber, whatever was at hand. God, he says  
I hated those windows; no curtains  
who could afford curtains? the light  
one naked bulb, hanging down

and that light was brighter than heaven  
he tells me. Here I was, a fat little kid  
thought the whole world was looking in

I was dying, of embarrassment, he says  
but I had my moment: James Dean  
let me ride behind on his bike  
and we found the sky.

### 3. ONCE WHEN I WAS

Natalie Wood, I wanted to ask him O James Dean  
how did you manage to pick up that  
bottle of milk and roll it

O, like Jonah, like anybody  
across the brow like a savior  
delivering relief — O James Dean, our own  
icon at the drive-in, now lost forever  
it was something about the eyes  
just like Jonah, dark-lashed  
depths and shadows of eyes  
saw too much, had seen  
too much; it was way later  
a stout sleazy queen down south  
remarked O how remarkable, those eyes

get you in trouble, Jonah would sigh; wish  
(he often said it) I had any other kind of eyes.

Remarkable, saw the same eyes in a photo of Jack Kerouac.

#### MEETING GERALD LOCKLIN AT THE HOLIDAY INN BAR IN GREAT BEND, KANSAS

was this incredible  
thing because, years and years so many years  
like an old pair of scissors we have occasionally  
crossed blades in the same places — that is, our work  
occasionally cohabited on the same pages, which  
does not instantly make for could you say "bonding"?  
(I was afraid maybe what I laughed at  
was supposed to be taken serious) but

O, incredible, Toad's a Teddy Bear, which just  
proves maybe if you live long enough  
and everybody's patient  
Sonya Heinie wins the gold, the Cavalry comes  
over the hill in time, and Fortune smiles.

— Ruth Moon Kempher

St. Augustine FL

#### MEETING THE TOAD

we're introduced in the tiny lobby  
of bbc radio humberside  
and trade small talk about magazines  
before our fifteen minutes on the air.  
"been in pearl?" he asks.  
"yeah."  
"how about wormwood?"  
"nah, he hates my stuff."

the toad has never heard of me  
and i've been reading his poems since college,  
yet he's gentlemanly and attentive,  
giving me copies of his books,  
telling me the names of editors  
i ought to try when i get home.

i wait for him to bait me,  
to size me up and slice me down,  
but he's just interested  
in where i've published, what i know.

no real surprise, of course.  
it is the most consistent rule  
i've learned about writers:  
the poet who's feted for his gift of tongue  
is only looking for a lay,  
the guy you're sure will be a prick  
is generous and kind.

#### THE LADY LE GROS PUB

i get on stage and do my schtick.  
a few to make them laugh,  
a few to make them think  
i've looked inside myself.  
okay. not bad.  
i slouch back to my pint of bass,  
happy i didn't choke.

the toad lugs an armload  
of books up to the podium.  
for forty-five minutes  
he calmly delivers the goods,  
his breathing labored  
above the laughter and applause.

his final poem  
is unexpectedly solemn.  
"that last one,  
about your father's death,  
really kicked my ass,"  
i say when he is through.

the toad stares at me  
through lenses thick and smudged.  
he doesn't say a word.  
he doesn't have to.

## THE TOAD'S WILD RIDE

after the broadcast the toad and i retire  
to the pub across the street.  
a couple pints of bitter later  
i offer to let him share a lift with me:  
though i've only met the people  
i'm staying with once before,  
i'm sure that they won't mind.  
adam, the husband, a suited man  
with bald crown encircled  
by wavy frantic hair, says, "right.  
who's this? turns out his wife  
has called him out of work  
and mentioned nothing of the toad.  
that's when it begins,  
our swaying swerving jolting dash  
past postal vans, hard into space  
vacated by lorries one second earlier,  
adam whispering fierce curses,  
horn-pounding, brake-stomping,  
screeching around every corner  
on the wrong side of the road.  
"where do you work?" the toad ventures once.  
"in a factory on the other side of hull."  
that ends all conversation  
but the toad's quiet directions  
to his hotel. when i apologize later  
the toad just shrugs, "what the fuck.  
maybe i'll do a reading at his factory.  
i know how the poor bastard feels."

— David Starkey

Florence SC

## SITTING

here reflecting  
as the thermostat  
clicks  
and the heater  
turns on

## I'M TRYING HARD

to clear some of the  
bullshit from my writing,  
to get down to the basic,  
simple idea of each  
poem and then move on.

FOR GERALD AND DAN

it is very hard for someone  
who doesn't like to be

misunderstood to write short poems  
take my word for it.

— Mark Begley

Fresno CA

MARK MY WORDS

when the young people in the bar  
are deriding orange county — its  
republicans, its bigots, its wealth —

i warn them, "after you have a couple  
of kids, you may find yourself wishing  
you could afford to move to  
orange county."

MITIGATING CIRCUMSTANCES

a woman who overhears me say  
that my daughter's first child was  
delivered by a midwife says,

"i would imagine that you must  
have been concerned by that."

"you would imagine otherwise,"  
i say, "if you knew my opinion  
of the medical profession."

THE FRYING PAN AND THE FIRE

a bright young female friend of mine  
writes me, concerning gynecologists,

"what sort of man would want to look up  
a woman's skirts all day every day?"

i see what she means.

on the other hand,  
what sort of woman doctor would?

#### DON'T BLAME ME

a newsletter just arrived  
from women's studies  
and, honest-to-god,  
the lead article is entitled

"busy beavers."

#### AMERICA FIRST

this morning a toyota pulled aside me  
with a person appearing to be  
of japanese extraction in the driver's seat.  
as the day went on, i noticed  
hondas, nissans, mazdas, mitsubishis,  
and isuzus, as well as the toyotas,  
piloted by persons appearing to be  
of japanese extraction.  
why aren't these people driving  
american cars? I wondered.  
they are americans now — why are they  
supporting the economy of their ancestors?

after all, i don't drive an irish car.

i drive a korean car.

#### NO WONDER THE ARABS WEAR ROBES

toad considered it  
a cruel inconvenience  
of our military leaders  
asking our servicemen  
to function for weeks  
in a "no-fly zone."

#### HE DIDN'T FEEL A DAY OVER EIGHTY-NINE

the plague cut short the careers  
of many major talents of the sixteenth century,  
giorgione, for instance, dead in his thirties,  
and titian, snuffed at ninety.

#### BETTER LONG HAIR THAN SHORT

"where'd this come from?" she asks,  
lifting a long hair from my shoulder.

"john's dogs jumped up on me," i say.

"that's not a dog's hair," she says.

"if it's a woman's," i say,  
"she must have been old and gray."

"not gray," she says, "blonde."

i shrug and go back to unpacking.  
she shrugs too, secure in her belief  
that no one else would want me.

#### "MAY BE TAKEN WITH YOUR FAVORITE BEVERAGE"

when the toad reads that  
on the metamucil package,  
he wonders if they realize that  
his favorite beverage is cream sherry.

#### GREAT EXPECTATIONS

he urged his daughters  
into eastern universities  
where they learned to regard him as  
remote from "the canon."

#### MAYBE THEY THINK ALL POETS DRIVE THEM

yesterday i received in the mail  
a large four-color fold-out poster  
inviting me to a special test-drive  
of the latest-model BMW.

either they know something i don't know,  
or else they've noticed how often my poems  
in the wormwood review set the table for bukowski's.

— Gerald Locklin

Long Beach CA

## OF OKIES, CHEESE, CHICKEN & BREAD: ROAD FOOD

"I wonder if eighty-four-year-old Colonel Sanders ever gets tired of travelling all around America talking about fried chicken?"

— Richard Brautigan

us Okies never ate Brie  
i never even knew the stuff existed  
until moved back East  
in my 30s  
it was of a flavor & consistency  
that took some gettin' used to  
— rich people food —  
but us Okies is generally hungry  
all the time, at least us males  
of the species are  
tho i much prefer a hard sharp longhorn cheddar  
& a hunk of sour-dough bread  
& a heartily spiced fried chicken  
crispy wing.

## SHE

likes to think that  
she's the medical expert  
in this household  
and was exasperated  
struggling to figure what  
this Dunlap Disease was  
that i kept referring to

when she finally got up enough nerve  
to ask and reveal her ignorance  
i said, "Dunlap Disease is  
generally endemic among the male  
of the species  
diagnosed by a characteristic  
large stomach or belly  
that has done lapped over the belt."

## ETIQUETTE

another one of my Grandfather's tricks  
was  
when he was about to burp  
after a hardy meal  
he'd call one of us kids over  
and say, "Here, pull my finger"

which we would do  
then he'd belch  
and say, "Thank you, I needed that"

usually we would want to  
explore this phenomenon further  
pulling on his fingers  
but he'd chase us off.

#### SUPERBOWL SUNDAY MORNING COMIN' DOWN

asked Janet if  
she ever wanted to be a cheerleader  
she said not even for a minute  
did such a desire cross her mind,  
"besides, I didn't have the body type  
to be a cheerleader."  
"Well," i said, "I'm sure there's a lot  
of chubby girls that have wanted  
to be cheerleaders."  
we were watching a bunch of them  
bouncing around in their tutus on tv  
shaking their money makers.  
"I actually never understood why  
anybody would want to do that. I  
always wanted to play," she said.  
and even though the girls are  
awfully cute  
doubt i would have ever done  
such a thing either.  
Janet says nowadays they give  
college scholarships to cheerleaders,  
which, amazes me.

#### A DRINKING BUDDY

he's exactly twice my age  
and i have a grey beard

of all the poets one reads  
in the little magazines

unless you move to Albuquerque  
there is no thought of meeting them

on the phone Judson asks  
"You do drink don't you?"  
"Sure do, sometimes too much."  
"Oh good! Then we have something in common."

PENSIVE

Judson took a photo of me yesterday  
and afterwards said, "You looked rather somber  
in that one"  
and i said, "Pensive, that's us poets, we're nothing  
if not pensive, that's one of the main requirements"

actually,  
like most times when somebody is taking my picture  
i don't know what to do  
so i just stare at the floor.

— Mark Weber

Albuquerque NM

INTERVIEW (1983)

what would you do if you had 5 minutes to  
live? he asked.

nothing.

really?

yes, nothing.

all right, suppose you had 2  
weeks?

nothing.

come on, don't give me that, be  
serious!

I think I  
am.

all right, suppose you had 2  
months?

either hold up a bank or take  
up  
water-skiing.

you're not being realistic  
about this whole  
thing.

oh yes, you're giving me  
longer and longer to  
live ...  
what would you do  
if you had 2 months to  
live?

well, he answered, I'd  
drink and fuck,  
plenty.

o.k., put me down for  
the same.

now you're talking!  
he said.

for a man with 2 months to  
live  
he looked pretty  
satisfied.

#### SNAPSHOT (1985)

flailing away at infinity  
the tiny winged night bug  
on its back  
under the desk lamp  
kicks and struggles with  
thread legs  
under the heat of the  
light  
as in the corner of the  
room  
my fat yellow cat  
lifts his left leg  
high  
and licks his precious  
parts  
as in the harbor now  
a boat suddenly loosens  
a horn sound

the cat stiffens, stops  
licking

the bug becomes  
motionless

then,  
both at once,

they return to their  
former  
divertissements.

#### THE FOOL DINES OUT (1990)

I am with others, including my wife, it is a dark and overexpensive place, we order wine right off, high-priced stuff, the waiter brings it, applies corkscrew, pulls, and the prong rips right out of the cork leaving said cork within the bottle, so he reinserts the corkscrew, tugs, and here it happens again — corkscrew in the air, cork in the bottle.

"having a little trouble, eh? " I ask him.

my wife digs an elbow to my ribs, the waiter goes off for another bottle, returns, digs the corkscrew in again — same thing: out comes the corkscrew without the cork.

"you need another opener," I suggest.

I get another dig in the ribs, the waiter glowers at me, he's totally enraged, gives it another try, same result.

"wow!" I say.

the others at the table look at me as if I had just been convicted of child-rape and now everybody is enraged except me as the waiter goes for a third bottle, returns, and as he inserts the corkscrew he fixes his eyes upon me, he is in total fury and I silently (of course) wish him luck and this time he makes it.

I am the wine-taster, he pours me a bit, I give it a sip, wait a moment, nod to him that the wine is all right.

the remainder of our stay there the other people talk around me as if I am non-existent but upon hearing the conversation I am most happy that I am excluded.

upon leaving I pay the bill, tip 20%, and we walk toward the parking lot, they feeling that they have acted properly in a civilization of overexpensive restaurants, they even say goodnight to me as the valets rush for our overexpensive cars I

wonder what the waiter will do with those two bottles with the ruined corks, I always dug the corks out, drank the wine, cork and all, and I figure that the waiter will do the same, especially if he is tabbed for the loss.

meanwhile my wife is waiting to tell me, when we get into the car alone, that I had treated the waiter quite horribly, didn't I know how to act in public?

and I won't answer.

— Charles Bukowski

San Pedro CA

LITERARY NOTES::

Andy Jenkins' i check the mail only when certain it has arrived: letters from people i didn't know, 1986-1994, \$8.95 fm. Bend Press, P.O. Box 886, San Pedro CA 90733. ¶ Rod Anstee's A Review of Jack Kerouac/Selected Letters: 1940-1956, \$3 fm. Water Row Press, P.O. Box 438, Sudbury MA 01776. ¶ Looking for manuscripts that have been rejected by all other editors! smellfeast, edit. by Mark Begley & Staven Bruce, \$3/copy fm. 2644 N. Maroa (#B), Fresno CA 93704.

MODERN CLASSICS::

Joan Jobe Smith's trying on their souls for size, \$5 fm. Smith/Doorstop Books, the Poetry Business, the Studio, Byram Arcade, Westgate, Huddersfield HD1 1ND ENGLAND. ¶ Thomas Wiloch's Decoded Factories of the Heart, unpriced fm. Runaway Spoon Press, P.O. Box 3621, Port Charlotte FL 33949.

VERY HIGHLY RECOMMENDED::

Last Call: A Legacy of Madness (tribute to Bukowski); poetry & prose by Gerald Locklin, Raindog, Jay Alamares, Tracey Young-Cleantis & T. Thrasher, unpriced ltd. edit. fm. Vinegar Hill Books, 381 W. 6th St., San Pedro CA 90731. ¶ Scott C. Holstad's Binge, \$2 fm. Undulating Bedsheets Productions, P.O. Box 25760, Los Angeles CA 90025. ¶ Kevin Bowen's Playing Basketball With The Viet Cong, \$10.95 fm. Curbstone Press, 321 Jackson St., Willimantic CT 06226; also Michael H. Cooper's Dues \$11.95. ¶ Dan Nielsen's My Mind Rolls On Like A Deodorant, \$2 fm. BGS Press, 1240 William St., Racine WI 53402. ¶ Continued in WR: 140

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