

**WR: 81 & 82**

**Buk**



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## TUNA

-- for Jim Cloonan

Whenever Jim felt depressed he sat down and opened up a can of tuna. He was very careful not to spill any tuna or tuna juice on the guitar he happened to be playing. His philosophy was obvious. He'd say something like, "You open up a can and there's food inside. There's food inside every can in the cupboard. You open them up and eat what's inside -- especially tuna!"

Conversely, when the world was treating him well, Jim knew exactly what to do in order to enhance his bliss. He would sit back and enjoy a can of tuna. "Yeah," he said when I asked him why he eats tuna when he's depressed and why he also eats tuna when he's feeling good, "there's nothing like a can of tuna. Besides, I like fish."

## THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN POETRY AND POULTRY

Poetry is the corpse you stumble over after jumping out of bed late for work again.

The alarm clock says, "No time for a shower" and the corpse prone on the carpet suddenly sits up and offers, "That's ok, Joel. You run off to work. I'll take your shower for you."

Poultry, although delectable when barbecued, is never so considerate.

## NIGHT SHIFT

The night watchman leans against a beam and lights up a smoke. His feet and head ache, he's an insomniac by trade. With no one to talk with he's surrounded by questions. Comes with the job, the late night territory.

Things resembling Direct Questions fly up before him without so much as a warning. Surprise the hell out of him. When he makes his warehouse rounds he always bumps into Rhetorical Questions, frozen like hot dogs in mid-air. They drop to the floor and shatter; an upsetting noise in a deserted warehouse at 4 a.m. His nerves aren't what they used to be. His heart has grown fragile as a glass parakeet on a glass roost.

When everyone in the world is crawling to work through the morning light, the night watchman slinks home to his insanely jealous wife of thirty-five years. She keeps him awake for hours with bright lamps trained on his face, all the while nagging, applying the Third Degree.

-- Joel Dailey

Endicott NY

## WISE BUTTON

Once wise button's  
pushed I start  
lecturing. Anyone  
who listens sees  
too much tell  
not enough show.  
But I roll arrogantly  
along until some kind  
bastard riddles me  
with armor piercing  
stuff & recognition  
paralyzes me.

## SAFETY CHECK

Push pedal down  
& hold it  
checking for limits  
& find I'm  
driving a  
good old car.

-- Phil Weidman

North Highlands CA

## INSIGHT

Leland Way  
never bought a pink shirt  
in his life  
but there it flaps on Bonnie's  
clothesline  
she found it at a yard sale  
and told the other women  
This color will drive my husband  
crazy  
but he will wear it when I tell  
him  
it only cost a quarter

## AFTER EASTER

It's a poor dry plant  
he got it cheap  
at Alpha Beta, one drooping  
bud may open yet  
and show itself a lily

## SLEUTHING IN NEW MEXICO

Small town darkness  
barking dogs  
weathered houses  
searching for a cousin  
down a pothole street  
when a window pops out  
square  
with yellow light  
and the aroma of frying  
onions  
pinpoints cousin's house  
before I read the number

-- Wilma Elizabeth McDaniel

Tulare CA

### EXCERPTS

Three hummingbirds in the space of ten seconds crash headlong into the plate glass picture window. Two of them are dead, but the third, its tiny beak broken, trembles feebly on the flagstone patio.

The wagon loses a rear wheel, the axle bonking on the ground. The driver climbs down, unhooks the axe from the sideboard and, spitting on his hands, hacks the loose wheel to pieces, counting the blows. Twenty.

A lonely bachelor, after a morning of great anxiety in the office, spends his lunch hour begging his boss for a raise. At the moment everything is settled at work, his home phone is being rung long distance with news that will change his life irrevocably.

An old man, shading his eyes from the sun, watches a small boy put a heavy sinker on a cheap rod & reel and cast out from the pier. The spinner jams, tangling the line. The man, smiling, moves to help. He lowers his hand, and, with the sun in his eyes, sneezes full in the small boy's face.

A carpenter, alone on a small job, reaches for the keyhole saw he used half an hour ago. He has owned that saw for eighteen years. It is gone. He looks everywhere, but cannot find it. He will never see it again.

An elderly woman rides a bus home from church on a Sunday which happens to be her 81st birthday. She witnesses, from the moving window, exactly at the moment she glances at them, two merchants closing their shops, a mother slapping her child, two window-shades being drawn and a motorcycle policeman being struck by an antique Model T Ford painted gold.

Applying for credit at Sears one morning, Emmett Dee, who is new in town and has spent his life explaining the spelling of his name as "two M's, two T's, two E's," suddenly cannot think who he is.

A mediocre New York painter is sitting in a coffee house window on a rainy day sipping tea, fantasizing the sudden death of a successful colleague who is, at that moment, lying dead by electrocution in his Staten Island bathtub with his dog.

Distressed and anxious over continuous quarrels with her father, a young woman, on her coffee break one morning, wringing her hands in the women's toilet, breaks the little finger of her left hand.

A salesman from Cleveland, a compulsively scheduled man who has been traveling the same route for sixteen years, awakens in a motel in Minneapolis from a dream of extreme peace to find that it is 4 p.m. in the afternoon of the next day and that firemen are standing in the room with resuscitation equipment.

A Philippino healer, who has cured 161 cases of cancer with minute doses of arsenic, is shot to death in his cheap room by a woman he was treating. She tells police that he was the devil and had to die. The bullet, silver, 22 caliber, entered directly between the eyes, was deflected by the back of the skull downward, and left the body via the anus, thence through the seat of the chair to lodge in the floor in the center of a mandala just finished being painted there by the victim before his assailant entered.

-- Donald Schenker

Berkeley CA

## TWO SIDES OF THE SAME POEM

### i.

She was surrounded by jonquils,  
forsythia, a hedge of unclipped roses  
-- purple red -- the color associated with greed.  
A black dog hung at her side and on command  
would offer his paw, devoted beyond  
all human understanding.  
Together they sat by the fish pond  
and observed daily sky.

Her flowers, her dog, her tanned face  
and flat belly could -- she knew --  
be taken as signs of contentment.  
This is why she painted over her mailbox,  
clipped the telephone wires and was,  
for five years, conveniently lost to everyone.  
Other than that, she did nothing

for on her underside, tied  
to the network was a man.  
Not any man, but a man who suffered  
from hay fever, who disliked the sun,  
its heat, and her daily ritual of  
snapping ticks from the dog's neck.

One by one she gathered them  
between thumb and forefinger  
until the collection spilled over  
and their bloated bodies  
rocked on useless legs.

At the moment she brought down her heel  
and they split like overripened grapes,  
emptying purple red, he screamed,  
always he screamed,

and afterward, when she followed him inside,  
telling him the dog was grateful,  
the tick blood smeared onto the cool linoleum  
leaving a trail.

For five summers this was  
an undeniable fact of their everyday;  
yet they continued.

### ii.

In Mebane, you may remember,  
there was a green yard with yellow flowers  
and a black dog who loved me.

Every May third, Mr. Walker  
mowed a path from the pear trees  
to the fish pond, clearing the view.

After May third then,  
for every one of those five seasons,  
I had in addition to flower and animal,  
the luxury of landscaping.

It was enough without a man  
but he was there also  
on the inside  
in a shade-drawn bedroom, reading.

He did not speak when he read  
but I heard the words,  
so many words.

Every sundown, I stretched  
the water hose from the pump house  
to the flower garden.

I wore, like my grandmother Meads,  
a billowing straw hat with red band.  
At ninety, she is trying to leave a man  
who died before she could.

When I tell this again,  
I am determined to keep the connection  
between my grandmother and myself

more ambiguous,  
to establish our love  
of gardening first.

Then the end will fall to jonquils,  
a loving dog and scenery,  
the more positive approach.

-- Kathy Meads

Brooklyn NY

#### A KNIGHT

A knight wakes one day with a giant smile on his face.  
Which is odd since he's a serious fellow, even grave.  
He tries and tries, but can't stop smiling.

He walks to court head down, putting his eye to eye with the jester, a dwarf. "I'm supposed to be the jolly one," quips the dwarf. "Have you heard the one about the commoner's daughter?" and he tells it.

The knight smiles beneath somber eyes.

"Well, it's not my best stuff, but you don't have to sneer!" says the dwarf, giving him a terrific kick in the knee.

The knight hobbles off, smiling.

He nods at a lady-in-waiting who he's loved, shyly, from afar. Thrilled at his sudden smile, she speaks up. "Oh, Knight, I've admired you for your gentle ways. Not like some of these jokers at court."

The knight tries to look earnest; narrows his eyes, wrinkles his forehead, giving him a truly wicked look. "How dare you leer at me like that! Sir, I've been deceived about you!" She slaps him with her fan, flounces off.

Face smarting, he limps to his appointment with the king.

"We must speak of grave matters," says the king, "so be serious."

The knight smiles.

"Wipe that smile off your face this instant!" commands the king. "I'm not doing it, your Majesty, it just happens!" "Why, the man is quite mad," fumes the king. "You're hereby banished!"

The knight goes off, wanders from kingdom to kingdom; always alone, tears streaming down his smiling face.

#### A PRINCESS

A princess is bored with handsome, but shallow men. I'll marry the man who moves me with his words, she announces.

Suitors are ushered into her chamber, one by one.

The first is an engineer. You're pretty, he says. Very very pretty. Is that all? she asks. Your

superstructure is truly amazing. He pulls out a diagram. Sort of like this bridge I'm building. Go build a kite, says the princess.

Next comes a farmer. Your breasts are melons, your thighs like stalks of corn, he proclaims. Rather poetic, she says, do go on. He scratches his chin. We'll sprout children like beans, live like two peas in a pod. I'm coming down with a bellyache, says the princess. Kindly take your sprouts and scam!

An astronomer appears, studying his notes. Your eyes are stars, your breasts are full moons, he reads. Trite, she says, but continue. Meteors! Constellations! Galaxies! he blurts, so excited he floats off the ground. How uplifting! How cosmic! How boring! says the princess, and he floats out the door, crestfallen.

Next comes a psychiatrist. You're a fascinating maze, says he. I've come to liberate your id. Next case, says the princess.

They keep coming, and talking, talking. Till they sound like bees or the humming of birds' wings.

One day a millionaire arrives with bundles of clinking coins. She grabs his arm, and they're off. It seems she's developed an ear for music ....

#### THE JESTER

The jester is gaunt with great, sad eyes. Give me a break, he says to a king, I'm really amusing. The king prods a lady-in-waiting, and jeers. A face like that will keep you unemployed, he says, and the court titters.

The jester moves from kingdom to kingdom, his face growing longer, his wife beginning to nag.

He comes to the court of a good-natured king. I'm a jester, he says, let me do my act. The king nods, and summons the court. The jester does his waltzing chicken routine, surely a foot stomper! But, he looks so mournful quacking, waving his skinny arms, that the entire court begins to weep. Then, the jester begins to weep.

The king blinks. What an idea I have, he blubbers, what vision! And he pronounces the jester official mourner.

From then on, no funeral is complete without the droopy visage of the jester. If there's a lull in the weeping, one has only to look at his face for inspiration.

The jester beams. An audience is an audience he says to his wife ....

#### A PARROT

A parrot arrives at a tiny pet shop. An ordinary looking parrot: green and gold with a dash of blue.

His first day at the store, a woman gives him a cracker. "Vous êtes Française?" asks the parrot, and proceeds to speak fluent French with a flawless accent. The woman leaves, pronouncing him "charmant."

The owner gawks! Asks the parrot if he speaks English. "I expect you might say it's my native tongue," says the parrot, slapping his thigh with his wing. It turns out he speaks many languages, including Olde English, Bantu and some Greek.

Great thinkers flock from all over the world to see him. They discuss esthetics, quantum physics, the energy crunch, etcetera.

While having a friendly argument with a Viennese analyst Freud, he notices throngs of people at the window. Kids jam the store, shrieking. Alas, he's become famous, a freak! And no more talks with his interesting friends.

To top it all, a TV crew appears. A ridiculous man shoves a microphone at his beak. Sadly, the parrot looks at the pet shop owner. "Polly want a cracker," he says to the camera. "Cra--cker! Cra--cker! Polly want a cracker!" he squawks.

-- Judith Berke

Miami Beach FL

GOLDY LOCKS MADONNA: 1

has been in every bed

GOLDY LOCKS MADONNA: 2

tries one bed  
then tries  
sleeping around

MADONNA OF THE SEVEN DWARFS

is into feminism  
likes to tower over men  
thinks of them all as dopey

ROSE RED MADONNA

is wild but friendly  
lets bears near her fire  
untangles dwarfs  
cuts their beards  
when caught  
in odd places  
don't ask where  
marries the prince  
or at least his brother

SHAKER MADONNA: 3

needs a lot of  
space around her  
in her room space  
between her  
self and her  
clothes air  
and wood be  
tween her self  
and men others  
call her life  
bare she calls  
it uncluttered

PRAIRIE ROSE MADONNA

hardy blooms in  
large clusters  
late in the year  
when others have  
gone good to cover  
walls old trees  
unsightly buildings

TIME DEPOSIT MADONNA

likes to see a  
lot of interest

is interesting

is interested  
in your interest

CHRYSALIS MADONNA

sheds her skin  
is vulnerable  
in the stages be  
tween what she  
was and will  
be

CANDIDATES' MADONNA

gets her hand  
pumped instead  
of anything  
else

PINE CONE MADONNA: 1

drops into your  
arms makes your  
car smell sweet  
burns easily

PINE CONE MADONNA: 2

is at your foot  
a prize you  
might not notice  
unless you take  
her home she's  
full of hidden  
places makes  
your drawers  
sweet

VITAMIN MADONNA

when you eat  
her you think  
you feel more  
calm feel  
your skin soften  
your bone grow  
hard and strong  
as it couldn't  
without her

NOSE CANDY MADONNA

has you down  
on your knees

CENSUS MADONNA: 1

has more than  
one box that  
must be filled

CENSUS MADONNA: 2

wants you to fill her  
then send her

CENSUS MADONNA: 3

her form compells you

CENSUS MADONNA: 4

the way her form is set up  
you got to fill it in

PALM MADONNA

for each part  
of her each  
frond that grows  
and opens the  
brightest green  
something darkens  
falls away

-- Lyn Lifshin

Niskayuna NY

GAGAKU

preposterous waste to put the cigarette out  
half way through  
to skimp on lungy tars

will rimbaud baudelaire artaud give a  
shit if I live

another day? the demons care  
without me they're lost  
they'll help me survive merely  
to describe  
them

pointed ears  
rabbitlike  
red eyes  
black haired

cloaked in black cotton  
and silk velvet  
and terry cloth

god helps me also by turning on the refrigerator  
when I get the murdering urge  
and the heater  
when I'm warm and right with my  
mind

GAGAKU

this is his fifteenth poem this morning  
he still  
has not  
learned

writing poems is the act of children and  
fools

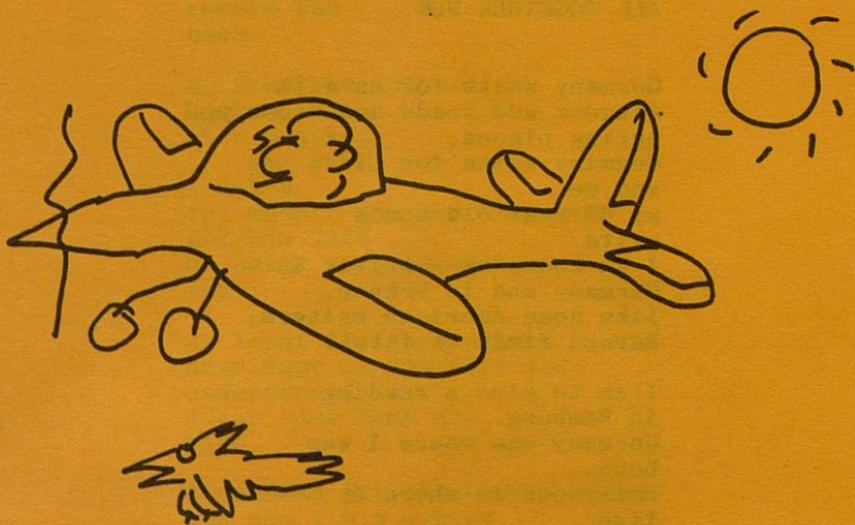
his cat still ignores him  
especially after  
meals

GAGAKU

the demon  
take the demon  
let your imagination  
set his features  
out for you  
describe the demon  
in your art  
this has so far  
saved my  
life perhaps  
it will save yours  
a hideous mask it wears  
big wens and white chalked skin  
sprouting horns from  
all over its face  
and the horns retract  
and come out again  
the horns glow a yellowish light  
a yellow orangish through the lampshade  
sort of glow  
seeing this  
with my eye  
seeing here  
on my poem page  
has made the things called  
human that are out  
in streets seem  
angels by comparison

-- Steve Richmond

Santa Monica CA



CHARLES BUKOWSKI'S  
GOOD-BY TO HOLLYWOOD  
(PLUS FOUR DRAWINGS)



BUK

ALL TOGETHER NOW

Germany waits for us with  
fingers and roads and rooms and  
eating places.

Germany waits for Linda Lee  
and me.

my 90 year old uncle  
waits.

I am known as a writer in  
Germany and in France.  
like some American writers,  
Europe finds us first.

I am to give a reading  
in Hamburg.  
Germany was where I was  
born.  
Hollywood is where I  
live.

I am going to Germany  
to  
get away from the horses  
and out of this  
room.

Sherwood Anderson will ride  
with us.  
I remember how his books were  
food to me  
when I had no food.

we'll all be together:  
Sherwood, Ernie, Ezra and  
Linda Lee.

we'll give the pilot trouble  
we'll accost the stewardess.

drink in hand we'll  
cross the long Atlantic  
a German publisher to pick up  
expenses  
a French publisher to pick up  
expenses  
in Paris  
in September.

we might as well look around:  
camera and notebook to

record the  
bash.

up from the gutter!  
look at us!  
it's a joke.

I smile  
for when a man has been poor  
all his life  
he never forgets about  
that.

at least in America they  
have kept it sensible and  
underground:  
I can come back and  
hide.

I've read all the damned books  
and now I'm a writer  
drink in hand  
crossing the long Atlantic  
with Sherwood, Ernie, Ezra and  
Linda Lee.

#### HOLLYWOOD RANCH MARKET

she was 32 years younger  
than I  
with a body built for the  
gods  
and it was 4:30 a.m.  
we'd lived together for  
8 months  
and she shook me,  
"Hank?"  
"yeah?"  
"I have to have some chicken  
gizzards!"  
"what? again?"  
"I've got to have them!"  
"all right."

we got up and dressed.  
outside it was  
raining.

we drove to the Hollywood  
Ranch Market.  
she ordered her  
chicken gizzards  
and I ordered an ear of corn  
and a roast beef  
sandwich.

it was beginning to rain  
and as we waited  
a man without legs  
rolled up on a platform.  
he had a very dramatic face  
with a large nose.  
he grabbed my woman around  
the calf of one of her  
legs  
with a hand the size of a  
table radio:  
"HEY, CLEO, BABY! HOW YA  
DOIN'?"  
"BEEFO!" she answered back,  
"YOU SON OF A BITCH, HOW YA  
DOING?"  
"GREAT, BABY, GREAT! GOT A  
LIGHT?"  
Beefo had a king-size in his  
mouth.  
she bent over and lit him  
up and one of her breasts almost  
slipped out.  
"YOU'RE LOOKING GREAT, BABY,  
GREAT! WHO'S THE GUY? THAT YOUR  
OLD MAN? HEY, MAN, HOW YA DOIN'?"  
I bent over to shake and  
my hand vanished into his  
which seemed filled with  
cold cream and desert  
sands.

Beefo rolled off into the  
rain and she said,  
"I want to run down and see  
Billyjohn, Billyjohn's got one  
eye and he's the neatest guy  
you ever met! be right back!"

I paid for the orders  
and stood there holding the  
bags for 5 or 6 minutes.  
then Cleo came back,  
"Billyjohn's not there, I  
can't understand what happened  
to Billyjohn ...."

back in bed we sat upright  
eating. I finished my corn  
and my sandwich. she put her  
gizzards down.  
"they just don't taste right,  
they just don't taste like they  
used to."  
she stretched out.  
then her mouth opened  
covered with brown lipstick  
and bits of chicken  
gizzard. she began to  
snore.

I sat and listened to the rain  
then I switched out the  
light.

I had to get out of east Hollywood.  
they didn't even bother to  
fix the streets  
anymore.

#### EDITH SENT US

you just get in from the track  
after losing  
and taking the wrong freeway  
lost in the dark  
the workers roaring around you  
eager to get to their tv sets.  
you feel very subnormal,  
idiotic.  
splendid people don't get lost on  
freeways.  
you finally get off 91  
onto 7  
into 405  
into the Harbor freeway  
into the Hollywood freeway,  
off at Silverlake for your 3 bottles of  
wine.  
then down Hollywood Blvd.  
to the side street and on in.  
a book of poems in the mail.  
you read 5 or 6 poems in the bathtub  
then hurl the book from the tub to the wastebasket  
get out, towel, then into the yellow robe

for the first drink.  
there is a banging on the door.  
they want to see you.  
2 boys with motorcycle helmets.  
"Edith sent us," says the bald one,  
"she said she knew you and it was o.k. for us  
to drop by anytime we were in town."  
"I don't know an Edith," you tell them.  
"we thought we'd get a case of beer and talk,"  
he says.  
"look," you say, "I just got my ass beat  
at the track. I even got lost on the freeway.  
I was just going to have my first drink. I'm  
beat. I was just going to sit down ..."  
you indicate the glass of wine by the  
Olympia.  
"we thought we'd get a case of beer and  
talk," he says.  
the other one never says anything, he just  
looks.  
"I'm beat, don't you see?"  
you ask.  
"look," he says, "suppose we come by some Saturday  
with a case of beer when you're not  
so beat?"  
"no," you say, "I'm no snob but I just can't  
do it."  
they go into the night with their helmets.  
they'll get on those freeways  
they'll roar in and out  
angling through steel without  
doubt or fear or confusion.  
they don't need you.  
  
you sit down.  
the first drink, as always, is  
the best.

## NIGHT SCHOOL

at the drinking driver improvement school  
assigned there by Division 63  
we are given yellow pencils  
and take the test  
to see if we have been listening  
to the instructor.  
like the minimum incarceration for a

2nd drunk driving offense is:

- a) 48 days
- b) 6 months
- c) 90 days

there are 9 questions.

when the instructor leaves the room  
the students begin asking each other  
questions:

"hey, how about question 5? that's a  
hard one!"

"did he talk about that one?"

"I think it's 48 days."

"are you sure?"

"no, but that's what I'm putting  
down."

one woman circles all 3 answers  
on most questions  
although we've been told to  
select only one.

on the break I go down and  
drink a can of beer  
outside a liquor store.  
I watch a black hooker  
on her evening stroll.  
a car pulls up.  
she walks over and they  
talk.  
the door opens.  
she gets in and  
they drive off.

back in class  
the students have gotten  
to know each other.  
they are not a very interesting  
bunch of drunks and  
x-drunks.  
I visualize them sitting in  
bars  
and then I remember why  
I had started drinking  
alone.

the course begins again.  
it is found out that I am  
the only one to have gotten  
100 percent on the test.

I slouch back in my chair  
with my dark shades on.  
I am the class  
intellectual.



#### THE OLD PINCH HITTER

comes out of the dugout in the last of the 9th  
2 out. the winning run on 2nd  
he's 7 for 20 on the season: .350  
he walks slowly to the plate, seems relaxed but  
deliberate. faces a fireballing young pitcher,  
18 years younger than he.  
takes ball one. ball two. fouls off  
the next two. then runs it to 3 and 2.  
the fireballer gets his sign, checks 2nd  
blazes it in as the runner goes

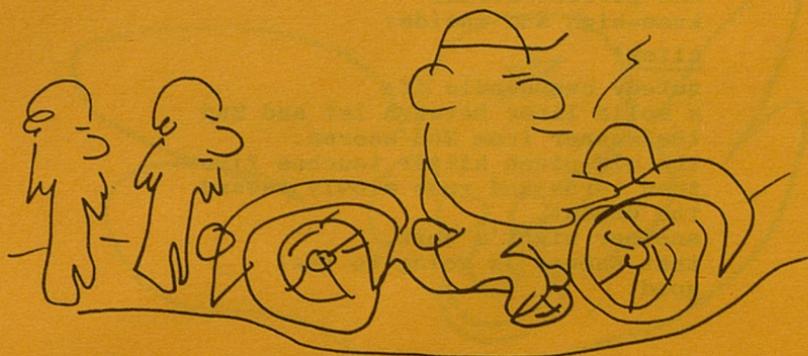
the perfect pitch  
the perfect strike  
knee-high and inside:

click!

nobody can handle it:  
a solid liner between 1st and 2nd  
the runner from 2nd scores.  
the old pinch hitter touches first  
then turns and runs slowly toward  
the dugout.  
another night's work.  
that shower is going to feel  
good.

#### SCARLET

it's so strange afterwards when it's  
finished, when it has been finished  
for some time.  
in her bedroom she sat on the bed and  
I sat in a chair, and I had to tell her  
how strange it was:  
"nothing against you  
but when I look at you now  
I can't understand how you ever made a  
madman out of me, how you got hold of my  
feelings ...."  
she just sat there and smiled  
her body the same,  
her red long hair as long as ever.  
she had never loved me;  
it only mattered a little to her  
that I had gotten away.  
she was working on other prey.  
she sat there and told me about him.  
I listened.  
when I left I didn't kiss her  
goodbye. I got into my car and drove  
away.  
after driving 4 or 5 blocks I was no  
longer thinking about her.



#### A FRIEND

I went down to get the Sunday paper and he was there when I got back, the tutor of children, the world-traveler, the writer.

Linda called out, "guess who's here?"

and I walked out on the porch and there he was, pacing, he'd just been by the night before: Bernard Rifko.

"hello, Rifko," I said, and he said, "I came by to bring you that poem you once wrote, it's a great poem, I was going to mail it to you."

"only," said Linda, "he couldn't find a stamp."

so he had driven from his place to mine, a good 15 miles. I read the poem. I didn't like it.

"it ought to be in one of your books," said Rifko.

he walked into the house and began pacing up and down.

he said, "I've been writing poems, I get very tense when I've been writing poems, I almost go crazy."

I followed Rifko into the room, then he spun, walked toward me, stopped:

"I told you to read Berryman and you're never going to read Berryman, are you?"

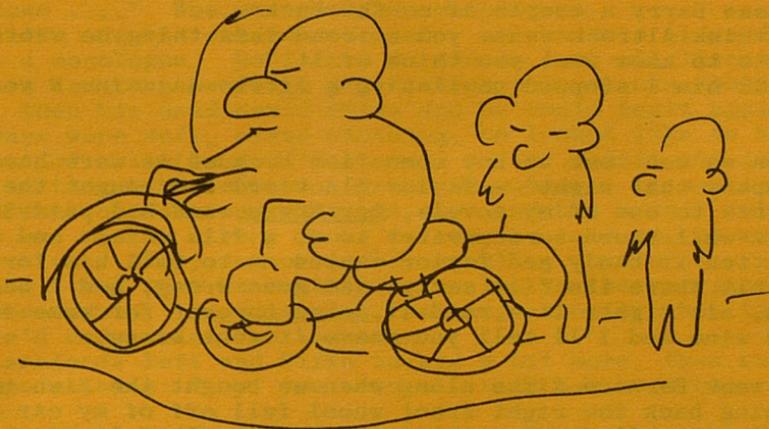
"no."

"I saw Kenneth Rexroth and he said if he ever saw you he was going to get you from behind with a telephone pole. he claims you killed Kenneth Patchen."

he lit a cigarette. "don't you have any coffee? I've got to have coffee."

"we've got some herb tea," said Linda.

"no, I have to have coffee. Balzac drank 50 cups of coffee



a day and look at the novels he wrote. you ought to get me a can of coffee and put my name on it."

Rifko stepped out on the porch. "this sunshine is dangerous, it can destroy one, drive one mad, it's an Algerian sunshine. it's the angle of the rays this time of the year ..."

he came back into the house. "god, I've been in bed most of the day!"

I told Rifko that a man needed his rest.

"no," he said, "it wasn't that. I was in bed with a woman!"

"oh ...."

"I can still smell her perfume, her perfume is all over me!"

"does your wife wear perfume?" I asked.

"I've got a letter from my girlfriend in France. I'll read it to you."

"no," I said, "it's all right."

it was on blue paper. he stared at it, folded it and put it back in his pocket.

"someone told me I looked like a Viking," he said.

"oh?"

"you know who else looks like a Viking? Kenny Stabler, the quarterback for the Oakland Raiders."

"maybe so."

"Thurman Altrock wrote a long thing on how Kelly Barry tried to murder you."

"he did?"

"yes, he mailed it to me, it was written on red paper. Kelly Barry comes by to see you and for some reason you won't let him in. when he leaves you find a gun on the front porch that had dropped out of his coat."

"I saw Barry a couple of months back ...."

"I think Altrock wants you to read this thing he wrote, he wants to know what you think of it."

"tell him I stopped publishing a little magazine 8 years ago ...."

then we went out to buy some fish because we were having company that night -- Taylor Blackford had bought the film rights to one of my novels, Dry Sperm, and had paid \$15,000 to a well-known screenwriter to do a film script and he had written it badly and Taylor wanted me to tell him for gratis where the film script had gone wrong, and I had told him, all right, I've read it, come on over for some fish and wine and I'll tell you where it went wrong.

we took Bernard Rifko along when we bought the fish but coming back the right front wheel fell off of my car and while we called for a tow-truck Rifko walked 11 blocks to get his car and to pick us up, which was damned useful, so that night I suggested that he stay for dinner and meet Taylor Blackford and his wife and his son and Rifko said all right but he wouldn't say anything, he'd just sit there.

and he was all right until his second wine and then he started talking, and with each succeeding wine he talked more and more. it was mostly about people in the media and about the left wing and he told Blackford's wife what a great woman she was and he kept insisting that Taylor's 7 year old son drink more wine: "here! drink up, my boy!" well, it was good wine, it cost me \$4.75 a bottle.

whenever Taylor began to question me about the movie script Rifko would raise his voice and that was all we could hear. he was well-read, he told us who had written the first novel, as the novel form is known, and then he kept repeating four or five opening lines of one of his poems, it was something about taking a leg out of a refrigerator, and the lines evidently contained some hidden meaning, and then he told us he was a member of the Wobblies, and somebody said "Eugene Debbs" and the flames of the candles wavered. Rifko then told us that he was going to Russia next year and he poured more wine for everybody.

Rifko mentioned again that somebody had said he looked like a Viking and then he told Taylor: "I really like you! I really do! and your wife is a marvelous woman!"

I excused myself and went into the other room. Rifko followed, he caught me and said, "I'm really good tonight! I'm coming on sharp! seriously, I'm fantastic!"

Linda had started on the dishes. Rifko went back to the table and continued talking. I opened the newspaper and checked the race results at Los Alamitos. Linda walked in with a tape machine: "they'll be in here in a moment. I can't believe how sickening he is. I want to get some of

this down ...." she switched the machine on. soon Rifko and the others came out. he was into it good, it was a monologue. he talked on and on. we all listened. now and then he would pause, look down at his shoes, smile, then his head would raise and he would begin again. he always wore soft, clean clothing, he looked like he had come out of a little doll's house. no, he didn't get into Ibsen, although he touched a great many bases, it mostly became what he felt and what his mind and his spirit felt, and he was really a very funny fellow, he told us, he was really a very funny fellow in his bumbling sort of way, you know. and then he went into the leg-in-the-refrigerator poem again, in medias res, smiling, knowing that this time we'd understand the innuendo.

the Blackfords left and Rifko talked a bit more, then saw the tape machine: "hey! you mean all this has been recorded?"

we told him it had been and he asked to listen to it and we let him listen to it and afterwards he said: "I can't believe how good it is! can I have this tape?"

we told him sure he could have the tape.

"listen," he went on, "I need something hot to drink. I need to shower. I've got to leave. I told my wife I'd be in early. she can make things very uncomfortable."

Linda fixed him some tea, herb tea, he drank that and walked into the bathroom. he was in there quite some time. we waited. then he walked out. "don't let me forget that tape."

we put Rifko and the tape into his automobile. he backed out the drive, spun left, stalled, his head looking so round in the moonlight as he pumped at the throttle. we waved him away over the top of the hill.

we went back in for the nightcap. Linda went into the bathroom, came out, "you know, it's dry in there. he didn't shower. he just sat in there."

"maybe that's what Vikings do," I said.

the next day the phone rang at 9:30 a.m. I was taking a crap. Linda answered the phone: "well, I don't know," she said, "you'll have to ask Hank what he thinks of your tape but he's on the toilet right now ...."

later she told me: "it was Rifko. he couldn't make work today but he remembered some of last night. he listened to the tape again and he said he thought the tape was great, that it was astonishing ...."

for the remainder of the day I forgot about Rifko. about 6 p.m. the phone rang again. I answered it. it was Rifko: "listen, do you have Altrock's phone number? I've lost it and I'm sure he wants to know what I think of that thing

he wrote about Kelly Barry murdering you."

I told him just a moment, and I looked for the phone number but I couldn't find it.

"that's all right," he said. "by the way, Hank, what did you think of me last night? I was really great, wasn't I?"

"I didn't hear all of it ...."

"well, I did ... I heard the tape and somewhere on it you said that I appeared to be an asshole ... are you mad at me, Hank?"

"no, everything is all right ...."

"it's a great tape. I'm going to send it to Germany. I'm going to send it to Carl Weissner in Germany ...."

"all right, Bernard ...."

I hung up.

"you should have told him the tape was horrible," said Linda.

"it's strange that he couldn't tell, couldn't he tell?"

"no, all he heard was his own voice ...."

"well, he helped us when the wheel fell off ...."

"how long are we going to owe him for that one?"

"literary types are a special breed: they save the best of themselves for the creative act and then sometimes they don't do that very good."

"have you ever come across a writer who wasn't an ass?"

"have you ever come across a left-handed shortstop?"

"what are you going to do about Rifko?"

"I'll have to step on his toes."

"you've done it before but he only withdraws for a little while ...."

"I'll have to stomp his ankles then ...."

"how you going to do that?"

"I'll write a poem about him ...."

"oh, how dreary ...!"

yes, it's dreary. I've got to stop.

HAVE A NICE DAY

there's no mercy,  
said the truckdriver.

there's mercy,  
said the nun.

there's no chance,  
said the hangman.

it's war,  
said the service station operator.



I gotta pay for my education,  
said the doctor.  
our nation is evolving,  
said the president.  
I can't sleep,  
said the general,  
I have to get my teeth fixed,  
said the dancehall hostess.  
I've got 3 years left,  
said the cornerback.

I've got 3 years left,  
said the truckdriver.  
I have to get my teeth fixed,  
said the nun.  
I can't sleep,  
said the hangman.

our nation is evolving,  
said the service station operator.  
I gotta pay for my education,  
said the cornerback.  
it's war,  
said the dancehall hostess.  
there's no chance,  
said the president.  
there's no mercy,  
said the doctor.

#### CHILL

I walked out to my car  
and there was a note under my  
windshield wiper:  
"Hey, old man,  
give me a call some time.  
I'm listed in the phone  
book."  
and she signed it:  
"the light brown stare."  
I knew who it was,  
the hard large writing was  
recognizable without the  
signature.  
she'd had me on the cross for a  
year.  
she'd followed one who'd had me  
on the cross for five years.  
I tore the note up.  
the new one came walking up  
to the car.  
"ready to go, Popsie?" she asked.  
"ready to go," I said.  
we got in and drove off.  
we needed lemons, bread, fish, a  
vegetable, olive oil, wine and  
toilet paper.  
and cat food and maybe onions  
too.

## THE TRASHING OF THE DILDO

one week I had 6 different women in 6 different beds (I took a Thursday night off to rest up) and I only failed sexually one night, the last night of the week: it went down while I was in action. she took it personally. but being a heavy drinker and nearing my 60th birthday I was disappointed but not disheartened.

I am now down to one woman and I don't cheat on her. when you find you can get fucked easily you find you don't need to go about simply fucking women and using their toilets and their showers and their towels and their insides, their thoughts, their feelings.

I now have a nice garden outside. she planted it. I water it daily. potted plants hang from ropes. I am at peace. she stays 3 days a week then goes back to her house.

the mailman asks me, "hey, what happened to all your women? you used to have a couple of them sitting on your porch when I came by, real lookers ...."

"Sam," I tell him, "I was beginning to feel like a dildo ...."

the liquor delivery man comes by:  
"hey, man, where are all the broads?  
you're alone tonight ...."

"all the more to drink,  
Ernie ...."

I've done the town, I've drunk the city, I've fucked the country, I've pissed on the universe. there's little left to do but consolidate and ease out.

I have a nice garden, I have a lovely woman.  
I no longer feel like a dildo. I feel like a man. it feels much better, it does. don't worry about me.

A BAD NIGHT FOR MY BUDDY

he made me his friend.  
he sat next to me every night  
and told me of his life  
and his ideas.  
the work was hard  
but it wasn't as hard  
as listening to him.  
he kept telling me how  
intelligent he was  
and how he had all these  
sexual conquests  
and how he was  
also a  
literary genius.

one long night  
on overtime  
he told me that he could  
speak 7 languages.  
he named the 7 languages that  
he could speak.  
another worker said,  
"say something to us in French."  
my friend remained  
silent.

it was a terrible and an  
embarrassing time for  
him.  
we were all somewhat crazy  
in that place:  
that's why we were willing  
to work so long and so hard  
for so little.

my friend couldn't speak French.  
he couldn't even speak  
decent English.  
neither could I.

the truth about our lives  
was so hard  
that some of us had to  
lie.

it was our way of  
dreaming.

ACTION DOWN ON THE CORNER

a man hit a pregnant woman  
he seemed to know her  
knocked her down on the sidewalk  
outside the Mexican food place  
she was in a black dress with  
orange dots  
she fell on her back and screamed  
she had a bloody nose  
and the man was fat  
in workingman's clothes  
and a crowd gathered:  
"you son of a bitch, what did you  
hit her for?"  
"we oughta cut your balls off!"  
he just stood there  
looking down at her  
and she sobbed  
the blood from her nose  
running into her  
mouth.  
the people gathered  
there must have been  
50 people.  
"let's waste the son of  
a bitch!"  
"yeah!"  
just then an old battered black car  
with headlights on  
at noon  
came down the street at  
70 m.p.h.  
swerving to avoid a car  
he flashed by with 2 wheels  
momentarily on the  
curbing near the  
crowd.  
"SHIT!"  
"JESUS!"  
then he got the wheels down  
fired through the  
red light  
without hitting a thing and  
was gone.  
when the people recovered  
and looked about again  
the pregnant woman  
was still on the  
sidewalk  
she almost looked  
asleep  
but the man was  
gone.

"the son of a bitch got  
away," somebody  
said.  
one man glanced toward the  
sky  
as if looking for an invasion  
from space.  
the cook from the Mexican cafe  
stood in his  
dirty apron.  
then somebody moved forward and  
helped the pregnant woman  
to her feet.

#### THE GERMAN HOTEL

the German hotel was very strange and expensive and had double doors to the rooms, very thick doors, and it overlooked the park and the vasser tern and in the mornings it was usually too late for breakfast and the maids would be everywhere changing sheets and bringing in towels, but you never saw any hotel guests, only the maids and the desk man and the day desk man was all right because we were sober during the day but we had trouble with the night man who was some sort of snob and not very good with getting the corkscrews and ice and wine glasses up to us and he was always phoning us saying the other guests objected to our noise.  
what other guests?

I always told him that everything was very quiet, nothing was going on, that somebody must be crazy, so will you please stop ringing?  
but he always kept ringing, he became almost like a companion to us through the night.  
but the day man was very nice, he always had little messages of importance that either meant money, or a good friend coming to see us, or both.  
we stayed at the hotel twice during our two trips to Europe and each time we checked out the day clerk bowed ever so slightly, he was tall and well-dressed and pleasant and he said each time: "it was nice to have you with us. please come here again if you return."  
"thank you," we said, "thank you."

it's our favorite hotel and if I ever get rich I am going to buy it and fire the night clerk and there will be enough ice cubes and corkscrews for everybody.

-- Charles Bukowski

San Pedro CA

## WAITING FOR THE MAILMAN

All morning I've waited  
like a sick lover for the world  
to stick its nose in my metal slot.

Mailman, you may drive a machine  
that resembles an army surplus toy  
but you're just as heroic

as the first pony express rider.  
You suffer exhaust fumes, dogs, wind  
which blows Mace back in your face,

modern complexes where the names change  
with the weather to reach me  
across this populated abyss. And I wait

for you. At the first jangle  
of keys along the walkway, the ivy  
climbs forgotten seams of mortar, birds

screech like freed felons. Adrenalin  
traces a network of forgotten friends  
and lovers from my eyes to my toes.

Perhaps the hatcheck girl from Singapore,  
the one with the strawberry lips and skin  
of cocoa butter will write confessing

her dormant passion for me.  
A publisher will exclaim, "Joyce,  
you're a cross between Beckett, Thurber,

and Martin Buber. The office girls  
are in stitches. Send your personal  
letters. We're nominating you for ...."

At the first click of key that tips  
the metal chutes, I charge  
like a dainty bull out the door

down two flights to receive  
unexpected but due acclaim.  
The mailman gives me a deft smile.

He has the last joke on a world  
that pays him no heed. His one  
thin offering grants me passion's

promise at a discount rate. "Bring this  
card to Esmerelda's Massage Parlor.  
Meet the girls, Vicki, Nikki, Jackie, and Jane."

## THE POET IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOL

Everyone knows fags write it  
as a compensation for limp wrists.  
The coach sees it as a threat  
to the Wing-T. His beefy guards  
might caress blocking dummies  
if they were ever afflicted by it  
and have to be taken to the edge  
of town and talked to, man to man.  
The principal knows it's federally  
financed and smiles and waves  
when he passes the poet in the halls.  
English teachers wait for the bearded  
one to do something zany  
in iambic pentameter before moving on  
to the chapter on dangling modifiers.  
Housewives look for headlines, the word  
RAPE attached to a picture of the prettiest  
cheerleader disembodied in a bluebonnet field,  
a love poem pinned to her panties.

Which leaves the kids, as if  
kids ever counted for anything.  
The younger ones write of King Kong  
toying with Fay Wray or their puppy  
dog they hug and hug and hug  
till the visiting poet has them  
run it over with a Mack truck  
to inverted haiku, 7-5-5.  
The best of the older ones want  
The Poetry Club to tack under their pictures  
in The Zephyr, next to the Glee Club,  
Archery Club, Future Mums of America Club,  
which leaves the poet clubbing flies  
and drinking Thunderbird at 3 a.m.  
dreaming of indifferent, brown-skinned  
girls moaning to metaphors  
in abandoned cornfields all summer long.

-- William Joyce

Austin TX

### THREE WOMEN

Regrettable.  
Regrettable.  
Regrettable.

### COMMON SENSE

A breeze on  
sunned concrete  
and sweaty bodies.

## OUTDOOR JUNK

## FORMALITY

## SHORT STORY

Rustier than  
indoor junk.

How are you?

We never saw  
eye to eye.

-- Guy R. Cochrane

Hayward CA

## NURSING HOME POETRY CLASS

Who me?

I don't have anything  
To write a poem about,  
He whispered,  
Cautiously clearing his throat,  
Except maybe for the time  
One Independence Day  
When we were just kids,  
We played a trick on our old rooster,  
The one that was always  
Looking for tasty tidbits,  
Pecking at anything  
That came his way.

My girlfriend Kathleen said  
No, don't do it,  
But I threw the firecracker anyway,  
Telling everyone  
Not to move a muscle,  
My legs shaking just before the deadline  
As we watched the old rooster go for it  
With a neck-stretching greedy peck,  
An explosion of feathers, dust and squawking  
Filling the hot summer air,  
And then the sudden realization  
That Kathleen was running away  
And that I would never see her again.

But I guess it really  
Doesn't make any difference,  
Because it isn't important,  
And I don't think anyone  
Would want to listen  
To an old man anyway.

## CARDIAC ARREST

I was doing all right, thanks,  
Until you charged along,  
Playing your heartless detective games,  
Making the arrest when my pants were down,  
Accusing me of what you called "contrived randomness."

And how you gloated in your pants  
When you proved  
That my Forms in Japan book  
Was deliberately  
Left open to page 51  
And placed at precisely  
A 42 degree angle  
On a trunk which only looked old,  
But was not,  
That my denim jeans were the consequence  
Of bleach and number 36 sandpaper,  
And that the single lemon  
On my cutting block  
Was not, in fact, to be cut,  
But only there to match  
The yellow daffodil in the window.

But it's my gift of metaphor, I pleaded,  
Hoping you'd have a change of heart,  
But no, there was your righteous warrant,  
The indecent exposure at the heart  
Of what makes me tick,  
Regulated by no pacemaker,  
But surer than any liable lemon.

## WATERLOO AT LITHIA SPRINGS

The plaza, they call it in Ashland, Oregon,  
And the station wagon tourists have come here  
With hopes of making a memory to take back home,  
Lining up to taste the Lithia Springs mineral water,  
Never knowing they are drinking this town's history,  
Never knowing there were once dreams  
To make this town a health spa,  
"The Saratoga of the West."

"Ashland grows while Lithia flows"  
Was the spring fever slogan  
Which spawned 100-acre Lithia Park  
Designed by John McLaren of Golden Gate Park fame,

And the extravagant Lithia Springs Hotel,  
Once the tallest building for 700 miles  
Between San Francisco and Portland.

But the spa never happened,  
The park and renamed hotel  
Have faded from former glory,  
And in the winter, the plaza is deserted.

But come summer, there are the tourists,  
Cowlicked siblings pushing, giggling,  
Rattling impatient potato chip bags,  
Hesitant parents sharing  
Screwed-up faces and babble  
As they experience the water:  
"Oh, our Aunt Emma swears by this stuff.  
We found out last week she doesn't have cancer  
And we're all just tickled about that.  
Oh Johnny, stop shoving your sister  
And get back in the car.  
It's time to go."

And if they hurry,  
There may be enough time left today  
To make still another vacation memory  
Somewhere on down the road.

-- Michael Anderson

Ashland OR

ROY

It was the saturday before christmas with the hot black-smiths working overtime, ringing the bells of parrots in the mile high gums. The car climbed round the narrow bitumen and through the rusty tunnels of breadboxes and mail boxes, with the airmail greetings handled three days ago by the cold-handed, blue-faced mail sorters in fox-shouldered London.

I stopped at the CHANNON STORE, the petrol pumper was a quiet farmer and the storekeeper wasn't much more active. He went to fetch the cold beer from out back, I looked around the store and up at the black saddle riding the metal bracket from the wall. It was cheap. For a black saddle it was very cheap. Near the door a motor in a wire cage shook the worn boards and rocked the baby food on the curved shelves. There was a lot of second-hand

stuff about the place, some so old that only a museum would make an offer. Through another door was the post office with the big knobbed stampers and the inky fields of the stamp pads. Also old and yellow blank telegrams, for out here there is no hurry and no emergencies. A lady was banging material from one pile and building a precarious tower with another. Her husband returned with my beer, I paid him and we exchanged the season greetings, the motor turned itself off and our voices blared like a Sunday radio. On the veranda I passed a hippie girl with insect bites dotting her legs, I nearly said merry Christmas. Seated in the car I tore back the metal fingernail of the can, took a long drink, then secured it between my driving legs. The motor started up again, then a typewriter began from the post office. Like a colony of chickens I thought. The storekeeper came out the door followed by the hippie girl, and began pumping petrol into her ancient holden.

I took the turn that said UPPER TERRANIA CREEK ROAD and was soon traveling through pools of brown dust left by a beat-up old combi van full of hari khishna.

I found his roadside mail box and drove down the dirt track, across the concrete causeway with its visions of easy flooding, and up the other side to his house. We shook hands and I carried the beer inside, his two kids hung from me like large albino flies and asked me questions of my grown up status. I told them I just bought Australian at an auction.

I first met him about four years ago, we worked for the same bricklayers, the same bastards. For fifteen years Roy had shorn his way through western N.S.W., laid bricks in Sydney, and had a champion boxer named Bimlo Griffin who weighed over seven stone. Now he was up here on the far north coast, living with his family and cattle dogs in the knap of the rain forest. He was considered the unluckiest out of us crowd. If he sold his beef and went into pigs, beef would skyrocket and the arse would fall out of the pig prices. And if it looked a good year for tomatoes the hail would come and smash the yellow-green flowers. And there was the year he came into the pub with bags of beautiful corn, and we bought it and ate it hot with butter. It was too small to market, but we thought it o.k. We all agreed that he would one day win a big lottery, but maybe men like him don't need a lottery, he has survived this long knowing luck is only a snotty nosed little kid. And a win would only be satisfaction rather than a windfall.

We sat talking and drinking the ice beer, he showed me his goldfish that swam lop-sided like a disabled submarine.

It had been like this for six months he said. I suggested the fish may have suffered a stroke, a stroke of bad luck Roy grinned. He said he now rented a few acres of bananas out at Jiggi which explained why he seldom fronted at the hotel. They were doing all right too he reckoned, steep country but safe from the prevailing winds. In the conversation I mentioned following the hari krishnas. They had a commune on the farm next to Roy's and he often saw them in naked circles performing strange rituals and had once fired at their dogs after two of his ducks went missing.

He laughed and told me of how, in the summer, the kids on the school bus would crowd the left side of the bus to see the hippies swimming naked in the creeks. He was a born story teller and a better teller of jokes. He had 'em for any subject, we'd try to fool him by pulling a vague subject from the air and he would always come good even if he had to improvise or ad lib. His other gift was blowing smoke rings. He would never blow them if you asked him, but sometimes sitting in a still building at dinner time, in the semidarkness, he would blow one. A big ring from the center of his mouth and a small one from each side of his lips.

By now evening was coming on the air, he took a Hessian bag and we walked down to the big vegie garden near the poultry run. Working the shovel into the good soil and filling the bag with spuds and other marvels growing in the rich fowl manure. On the way back up to the car he stopped at an old packing shed and showed me the dozen or so sheep living beneath it, all shapes and sizes. The shearer still living in him I wondered? We said goodbye and I drove down the dirty road into the blaring sun, yes, a man with a character like that, you could be forgiven for forgetting that he was born in England.

-- Allan Jurd

Lismore, N.S.W., Australia

ALL WORK & NO PLAY

augusta lived in the center of a circular skyscraper on high density row. she worked across town for a demolition company. augusta was well rounded. though thin. strong. she thought of herself modestly. as a renaissance woman. a modern one. she read brief philosophy. on saturdays. on sundays she merged with nature.

augusta knew the dangers of all work. she walked alone in the forest. augusta loved the feel of threaded webs on her face. she laughed at homeless spiders. at logs turned to sawdust under her feet. at branches breaking off in her grip. at the snap. in her poetic moments she imagined a yelp of pain. pinocchio memories. this sunday she discovered a treasure. a pile of white deer bones. eagerly she gathered them up. with creative foresight. brought them home stringing them as a wind chime. that dusk she hung them from her one foot square window. augusta had spent such a refreshing day. a renewing experience. one with nature. after a day of play ready to face monday. with her remarkable courage.

#### SIMON THE SUPER-REALIST

he didn't whiten his face. didn't wear a black suit. wasn't duck footed. but simon was a mime. a contemporary mime. he didn't believe in tradition. it was old hat. simon didn't bother with any kind of costume. didn't try to create for his audience. didn't bother with illusions. o he'd been to study with the greats. in paris. in england. even spent a time in japan. but it wasn't necessary. simon wanted the greats to teach him what they'd never done. simon was a realist. with new ideas. an innovator. simon was tired of seeing invisible walls. when simon performed his audience didn't know what he was doing. didn't see what he saw. but simon was a realist. he walked about the stage naturally. without style. he didn't care about form. you could say he was a bit clumsy. but no one did. simon's audiences were bored for two hours but they knew it was art. no one was kidding them.

-- Naomi Rachel

North Vancouver, B.C., Canada

#### A STORY OF LITTLE

A man named Little is obsessed with the miniature.

It all starts with those H-O gauge electric trains. He believes in them.

A village with minikin people and houses is needed, streets with bushes and lawns. Cars and pets, traffic lights and loading ramps, stores with tiny lights inside.

Large millworking hands tenderly carve and arrange the pieces just the size of Little's teeth. His love for the tiny burns like the wind. He quits his job and sleeps beside his miniature land in the cold garage.

One day his wife stands in the doorway like a bomb and threatens to leave him, but he can't hear her now. And one night after she has gone he carves himself a tiny woman and moves her into the vacant apartment beside the tiny railway station.

His miniature village has no little problems with living, no illness, no organs or glands. There are no compromises or pressures to perform. It all stands in this frozen light of yesterday and tomorrow, a perfect stillness never meant to obtrude; until one night Little takes his knife and carves the life out of himself.

-- Larry Smith

Huron OH

#### SMALL-TIME FINANCIER

last month i sent in checks  
for my master charge and bankamericard bills  
on monday,

and my paycheck didn't get deposited until friday.

the bills cleared first,  
and consequently i ended up in effect  
charging my credit card payments  
to my credit cards.

when the transfer notices started rolling in,  
i felt a little like bert lance.

#### A COLONIST

We're drinking with the exchange student from England  
and a young guy asks her how long she thinks  
it will take to anglicize her accent.

THE FALCON CANNOT HEAR THE MALTESE FALCONER

My friend Ray Zepeda wrote himself a note  
of an idea for a poem,  
"Women I Might Have Had,"  
and it fell into the hands of his lady Marcia.

"What the hell is this?" she said;  
"who the hell are all these women  
that you think you might have had?"  
"It was just an idea for a poem," Ray said,

"Yeah, well it sounds like Locklin poem to me."

"That's it!" he said. "It's an idea Locklin  
had for a poem!"

"But somehow it got out of Locklin's shirtpocket  
and into yours?"

"That's right," he said,  
and Marcia walked away,  
grinning and shaking her head.

I told him he should have added that, previously,  
it had somehow gotten out of Bukowski's pocket  
and into mine, and before that  
it had mysteriously made its way into Bukowski's pocket  
from John Fante's.

Maybe Fante got it out of Dreiser's pocket  
or maybe Mencken's.

The literary dicks haven't got a line  
on Fante yet.

POEM SHORTER THAN ITS EPIGRAPH

"But knowing now how they both (Plath and Berryman)  
died, I can no longer believe that any art -- even  
that as fine as they produced at their best -- is  
worth the terrible cost." -- A. Alvarez

Apparently they both thought otherwise.

-- Gerald Locklin

Long Beach CA

PRESS NOTES:.....

Gargoyle 15/16 contains an interesting 25-page round table of small press editors (WR didn't contribute) \$3.50 fm. The Paycock Press, P.O. Box 57206, Washington DC 20037.

NEW MAGS:.....

The Pikestaff Forum (edit. James R. Scrimgeour & Robt. D. Sutherland) \$2/copy fm. P.O. Box 127, Normal IL 61761. ♪ Home Planet News (edit. Enid Dame & Donald Lev) \$5/yr. fm. P.O. Box 415 Peter Stuyvesant Sta., New York NY 10009. ♪ This Is Important (only very short poems) unpriced fm. Important Poetry Press, 361 N. Park Way, Santa Cruz CA 95062. ♪ Gorilla Extract (edit. Steve Kowit) \$3/6 nos. fm. P.O. Box 1851, San Diego CA 92112 (no. 2 reprints 2 Wormwood poems without credit).

MODERN CLASSICS:.....

Kirk Robertson's Origins, Initiations \$4.50 (finely printed bargain) fm. Turkey Press, 6746 Sueno Rd., Isla Vista CA 93017, also his Reasons and Methods (with tyloglifs by karl kempton) \$3.50 fm. Duck Down Press, P.O. Box 1047, Fallon NV 89406. ♪ Bruce Bennett's Coyote Pay A Call, unpriced fm. Bits Press, Dept. of English, Case Western Reserve Univ., Cleveland OH 44106. ♪ Wilma Elizabeth Mc Daniel's Tollbridge, \$2.50 fm. Contact II Publications, P.O. Box 451 Bowling Green, New York NY 10004, also her This Is Leonard's Alley, unpriced fm. Stone Woman Press, 853 North F St., Tulare CA 93274. ♪ Gerald Locklin's A Clear And Present Danger To Society, \$4 (finely printed bargain) fm. Four Zoas Night House, 7 Sherman St., Boston MA 02129, also his Two Weeks On Mr. Stanford's Farm, \$2.75 fm. Rumba Train Press, 6023 Village Rd., Lakewood CA 90713 and then his Last Of Toad, unpriced fm. Maltese Books, P.O. Box 781, Redondo Beach CA 90277, and then also his Two For The Seesaw And One For The Road, unpriced fm. The Northwoods Press, P.O. Box 249, Stafford VA 22554. ♪ Gloria Oden's The Tie That Binds, \$4.95 fm. Olivant Press P.O. Box 1409, Homestead FL 33030. ♪ Jim Daniels' On The Line, \$2 fm. The Bellingham Review, 412 N. State St., Bellingham WA 98225.

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CA 95153. ¶ James Drought's Writer In Exile (contains both Learning To Laugh and Learning To Love) \$2.50 fm. Mexamerica Magazine, 124 Compo Rd. N, Westport CT 06880. ¶ Paul Fericano's The Condition Of Poetry In The Modern World: A Stoogist Manifesto, 5¢ fm. Poor Souls Press, P.O. Box 236, Millbrae CA 94030. ¶ Gerald Haslam's The Wages Of Sin, \$4 and Al Masarik's Nonesuch Creek: New & Selected Poems 1969-79, \$4.50 fm. Duck Down Press, P.O. Box 1047, Fallon NV 89406. ¶ Kirk Robertson & Dave Barker's High Fallon, Southern Comfort, \$2 fm. Maelstrom Press, P.O. Box 4261, Long Beach CA 90804.

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"...seeking an art based on fundamentals to cure the madness of the age, and a new order of things that would restore the balance between heaven and hell. We had a dim premonition that power-mad gangsters would one day use art itself as a way of deadening men's minds...."

-- Hans Arp in "Dadaland"



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