

## SOUR GERMAN

There was Carlos, a blond Mexican, Rico, a fair-skinned Black, Len, a small-nosed Jew, and me, an Anglo-Irish-woman, sitting up at a bar in Long Beach one afternoon with beers, having cashed our welfare checks. We were listening to a cowboy talk to the bartender:

"Trouble is," he says, "them fuckin' kikes and niggers and wetbacks and fuckin' paddy papists on welfare kickin' around drinkin' beers while us real citizens do all the fuckin' work. Fuck, I'm German, an ya know what? If Germany had won the fuckin' war this world would be organized. Fuck, if ya got them fuckin' papists and pussy kikes and niggers and put them in fuckin' chain gangs and sent the fuckin' wetbacks back to TJ to suck dicks, fuck, buddy, fuck ... life would be OK. Yeah, chain gangs, buddy ... best place for a fuckin' nigger or kike or Irish Mick, an' all them other scumbag fuckin' assholes ...."

We picked up our chains, sauntered over to the guy, and I sat right down in his lap and sank my fingernails into his balls, and Carlos got his chain round the guy's neck and twisted it until the guy turned purple. Then Rico gave him a couple of friendly broadsides with his chain, and Len cut the guy's ass with a razor, and we stuffed a few napkins in his mouth to stop the screaming and carried him outside, shoved him into Carlos' van, and drove to Sears. I picked up some white sheets, scissors, needle and thread, returned to the van, and proceeded to fix up the neatest Ku Klux Klan outfit you ever saw. Later we pulled up outside the meanest Black liquor store in town and just shoved the KKK Kowboy through the door, then took off.

They had a neon sign: SAUERKRAUT SANDWICHES, outside for weeks after.

## IRISH CHURCH

Judy was being held at a mental hospital in London near the Catholic presbytery where her Irish Uncle Simon, a priest, lived. So one night he and two of his nuns took her out on a pass to the West End.

After her third Guinness at the sixth bar the older nun, Sister Catherine, started flirting with Uncle Simon, and the younger nun, Sister Winifred, having observed this over four gin and tonics, said, "Sister Catherine, your nose is too big for sex." Sister Catherine looked hard

at Sister Winifred, then grabbed her by her cape and threw her to the ground. Sister Winifred in turn got up and punched Sister Catherine in the eye, knocked Judy off her stool and staggered out.

Judy lay on the floor drunk on a combination of Thorazine and Bloody Marys until Uncle Simon and Sister Catherine (with a growing black eye) picked her up and carried her back to the looney bin with the late night soccer fans on the Underground.

#### POET A AND POET B

-- after a poem by RVargas about "the perfect wife" and "the other woman"

I "discovered" Poet A many years ago, and immediately fell in love with his poems. They were always witty, unusual, concise, and macho in an agreeable way. I bought his books and all the magazines he had work or interviews in. And I would have stayed up to 4 AM to hear him talk on a radio or TV show, but he never got that famous.

Anyhow, I have found him to be opposite to Poet B, whose work has never appeared anywhere but in a few college magazines. It has always been meatless and squeamish and dragged-out, to the extent that I would frequently wince at the sound of his name, or quickly turn the page when I saw it.

But recently I have tried to be more mellow, to read Poet B's poems less imperiously. They are getting pre-tentious to the point of genius, and I am beginning to be impressed.

#### LADY-LIKE

A "gentleman" allows a "lady" to hit him without retaliating, so these white folks were allowing a black woman to read her black racist poems, laughing as she told them off for being honkies. But I'm no gentleman, and said, "fuck off," once loudly enough so she glanced at me in surprise. I believe I was the least white supremacist person there.

-- Nichola Manning

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