

drunkenly to a Vietnamese family about his subversive former acquaintances; mentions leaving a bomb in a museum in London.

v.

At the airport, waiting at Customs to meet someone off a plane, he chats with the customs officer about all the hash he's snuck into the country in special suitcases. And when the "friend" arrives he and she drive away down Sunset, with brakes that must be double-pumped, with very little gas, and with a stolen M-16 rifle in the back seat.

Epilogue

If he'd been a coward, he would have been deported a thousand times, dead or alive.

-- Nichola Manning

Long Beach CA

AND THEN WE GOT THE GREEN

she comes in and tells me that she has just seen a dog run over, only the wheels didn't crush him, the car rather passed over him and he came out dazed and dizzied, no dog collar, very thin, starved ... she says we ought to go get him and I say that somebody ought to call the dog pound and she says that they will kill him if we do.

that evening we go to dinner and as we are driving back we pass a station wagon with a rack on the roof and she says, did you see that? and I say, what? and she says, there was a little boy tied to that rack with ropes. I laugh and she asks, what are you laughing at? it's only kids playing, I say, cowboys and Indians, Superman or whatever they're into now. used to happen to me often, they always tied me up. I'm going back, she says, I'm going back to see what's happening. I laugh.

we stop for a traffic light and I notice that the paint job on the car is looking dull -- going to have to get a Simonize job soon. she stares straight ahead and I turn a disco station up loudly on the radio.