Mickey Mouse is 55 years old today, and they kidnapped Mr. Heineken and his chauffeur, they want ten million ransom, that's just like kidnapping Santa Claus, I've drunk at least a thousand bottles of Heineken (I like the green, not the brown) and why don't they kidnap Mickey Mouse? Mickey Mouse is more nothing than anything I can think of; I mean, you can't even hate Mickey Mouse because there's nothing there, and that's good for the children, it doesn't get them upset, they don't have to think about a thing and when they grow up they can keep on doing that until Mickey commits suicide or gets hit by the mafia or falls out of a blimp and busts his rodent ass, but Mr. Heineken, that's not nice about him, I've seen his name on too many beer bottle labels, there's a kinship, maybe he's too rich and maybe I helped make him that way, Mr. Heineken is even older than Mickey Mouse and has made me feel better, and I look in the papers every day searching for developments, and right now I only hope he doesn't get hurt or his chauffeur either, I remember how a bottle of that cool green in the morning was the best cure for hangovers around.

-- Charles Bukowski
San Pedro CA

THE ANNUAL WORMWOOD AWARDS:

Since 1961, the Wormwood Awards have been named for the "most overlooked book of worth for a calendar year." The following awards are now official:


1984: Kirk Robertson's Two Weeks Off (with drawings by David Barker, 48 pp.) $5.00 fm. Floating Island Publications, P.O. Box 516, Point Reys CA 94956.