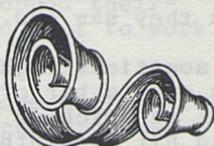


**WR: 101**







### SIX LUCKY MEN

At Bien-Hoa, garbage run was the most popular of all. Every Thursday, six men would be chosen to ride shotgun atop a heaped deuce and a half to a jungle dumping ground. Their purpose, other than riding shotgun in the event of an enemy attack, was to open the tail-gate and push the garbage out with their feet and their special garbage run snow shovels. The six were chosen by roster.

But the real reason for the garbage run's popularity with the men was the garbage run game. Long ago, no one knew exactly when, the game had been invented by some of the men who had preceded them, as far back as the middle 1960s. The game was financed by the company enlisted men's club. For every beer or shot of whiskey sold, ten cents in MPCs was thrown into a box that became known as the Garbage Run Pool.

Each run was allotted two cases of bar soap and a case of Coke for ammunition. Once the six men chosen were finished with their garbage duties, they would break open the cases, sit up along the sides of the deuce and a half box, and peg Coke cans and soap bars at the scavengers.

Ten cents was awarded for a hit, twenty cents for the genitals, fifty cents for the head, and five dollars for a knockout. There would be the usual arguments over who hit whom where, but they would never argue seriously. They had too much fun to be serious.

And since the scavengers welcomed the Coke and soap as potential black market merchandise, they made excellent targets. When the throwing would begin, they would stand exposed, their arms at their sides, their legs wide apart and

their genitals thrust forward. They knew a good thing when they saw one. They knew what the men were after.

And sometimes fights would break out among the scavengers over a bar of soap or a Coke, or over some half-eaten sandwich or half-full can of vegetables. They would hit each other with their fists and claw at each other's eyes. They would bite and scream and wail like banshees.

Once the six men returned to the Company, triumphantly riding the sides of the truck, their weapons brandished like jubilant Freedom Fighters entering Paris, they would collect their money and spend all afternoon and evening in the club, drinking their winnings.

And it probably would have continued forever, except one raucous afternoon in '69, the week's lucky six went out drunk without their Coke and soap and played the game for real.

#### ASYLUM

The asylum was in the most hotly contested area of Bien-Hoa Province, near the tiny hamlet of Tam-Hiep -- a few dusty, isolated weed huts along the muddy banks of the Bien-Hoa River. The asylum was three hundred yards away from the village, surrounded by a high cement fence topped with embedded glass to keep the insane in and the evil spirits from drifting over to contaminate the village. The Vietnamese considered insanity catching.

Since the insane were locked in and no one wished to be contaminated, the patients were left to fend for themselves. There were no attendants. The courtyard of the asylum was piled high with bones, discarded paper, feces, and busy rats.

Once a day, in the early morning, their food was brought by an old man from the village in a creaky water buffalo cart. He placed the day's ration on a squat table just inside the gate, and left again until the next morning. There would be a caldron of rice, a pot of meat, ten large French loaves, three packs of Park Lane cigarettes, and two small boxes of matches.

When the Fifth Infantry broke through to the village and entered the asylum grounds, they were appalled by what they saw. They stared with drooping mouths at the incredible filth. They couldn't believe it.

Then something drew them to it. They dropped their weapons and other gear at their sides and went to work. They didn't hesitate. They dug right in.

They opened the doors and windows and drove out all the rats. They buried and burned all the garbage. They brought out paint, boards, and nails, and all the other equipment they had lugged along for the pacification of the village.

All the villagers from Tam-Hiep came out and looked on, amazed once again at the strange things appearing before their eyes. They watched the men work all day and on into the evening. They took a spontaneous holiday. They watched as the infantrymen fed those who had difficulty feeding themselves. They watched giant, battle-hardened soldiers take grown Vietnamese men and women onto their laps and delicately feed them with their mess-kit spoons. They watched them fix and paint and clean. They watched them and smiled. They shook their heads.

Once it grew dark, the men set up camp on the asylum courtyard grounds. They pitched tents, cut trenches, and ate C-rations and leftovers. The villagers returned to their weed huts for their own meals. As they squatted around their ricepots and shoveled in from their bowls, they chatted noisily. They grinned and smiled and laughed often. These Americans. They shook their heads. Strange people, these Americans.

Later, after the men of the Fifth Infantry finished eating and smoking, for a little relaxation and amusement, and to relieve the tension they had been under, they raped and killed all the villagers. Then they burned the village down.

At dawn, they broke camp and left. The insane waved goodbye from the courtyard gate, and the men waved back. The village still smoldered as the men fanned out into the black-green jungle and disappeared. The insane ambled happily back into the asylum and went about the business of being insane.

-- Rick Christman

Mankato MN

## SLEEPING DOGS

Apropos of nothing, she said, well, what do you think?

He said: you've gotten old, ugly. You're boring me. I'm depressed. My job is a dead end. I don't feel well and my twenty year old mistress is getting married. I love you, in a way. I'll stay with you, I guess. What choice do we have?

She cried a while, cheered up and blew her nose. Well, she said, what do you want to do tonight?

## THINK JAPANESE

On the plane, after two drinks, the tile salesman spoke up: Few years ago, driving near Logan, Utah, I met this guy. More of a creature, really. Loster red. Ears down to his chin. Mouth like a belly button. Been traveling through space, he said. Now, this Milky Way of ours is nothing but a cloud in the sky of a planet fifty times its size. And all time past and all time to come is no more than a hour.

O.K. I says to him, Creature, can we do business? You want tiles out there? You like red ones, we got red ones. Green ones? We got green ones too. You know what, doesn't the son of a bitch go bad on me, getting bigger and bigger and starting to smell like a barn. Well, I say, if that's the way you feel, you ain't worth beans, and I leave him there on the road. Listen: think Japanese and forget about space.

## SO HELP ME GOD

Yesterday, my boss said, do me a favor? Lay off the secretaries. Sure, I said.

Later, some wino asked me for a quarter. I told him, gee, sorry pal, I just got the can myself.

And near Madison Square Garden, a guy wanted me to sign a petition outlawing the neutron bomb. I'm still working on it, I said, and not allowed to get involved in politics. His eyebrows jumped a foot.

When I got home, Marilyn yelled, where in hell you been, dinner's spoiled? I thought of saying that I was out drinking with the boss, but it just popped out that I stopped to watch a big fire. She was surly all night, but the burnt dinner tasted better than the cooked ones.

Later, when Marilyn was in the bathroom throwing mud on her face or whatever, I got Trudy on the phone. She was crying I didn't love her. I said, listen baby, I've been lying all day, don't you think I want to tell the truth? She got happy. I looked up and winked at myself in the hall mirror.

In bed, Marilyn yawned and asked what time it was. Twenty to two, I mumbled, too lazy to look. She wondered how in hell it had gotten so late.

#### THE HAND OF THE POTTER

Al got off booze by making rifles. I helped him.

We used to work all night, every weekend in his basement. Al sanded and drew designs and I packed bullets. We never talked. Sometimes, we took a break and looked through gun magazines. We went to bed late. It was nice to stand by the window, looking out at the snow.

One night, Al loaded an 1842 Range Shooter, put the barrel to his head and pulled the trigger. It didn't work. He grabbed a Colt Scout Pistol, put a bullet in the chamber, stuck it in his mouth and shut his eyes. It didn't work either.

We cleaned up the shop, tossed the magazines in a corner and went up to bed. The snow blew against the windows.

Next morning, a little after dawn, he started drinking.

-- John Lowry

Brooklyn NY

## NIGHTMARE

i was being divorced  
and thinking about all my problems  
had had a couple of drinks  
and was feeling a little sorry for myself.  
i was just feeling bad  
so i decided to go out for a walk  
and set off for a stroll down st charles road.

three blocks from home  
this squad car screeches to a halt  
six inches away from running me over  
and this cute young girl gets out screaming  
that i was the guy.

and i thought to myself  
you know, with a little bad luck  
you could end up getting into some real trouble.

## GOOD JOBS DON'T GROW ON TREES, YOU KNOW

it was a tuesday morning  
typical mid february chicago  
gray chill gray cold damp gray.  
so i drove 122 miles an hour  
down some crummy short cut side street  
during the morning rush hour.

i could tell that the lawyer was worried  
and not too thrilled with my prospects.  
he explained that they've got new laws in this state  
and one never knew where the next undercover agent  
was going to turn up.  
all sorts of things had changed recently  
and he couldn't give any kind of guarantee  
for any amount of money.  
we were going to go in and present a case  
where i've had it tough lately  
and maybe hit the skids a little bit  
but see, we've cleaned up our act  
we're clean shaven and dressed nice  
and back on track and hope for the best.

so there i was  
thinking about how much i hate this little town  
and this stupid little life i'm supposed to live,  
telling the judge i was sorry and ashamed  
about what i did and so on.

the sad truth of the matter is  
i was really lucky i got arrested.  
otherwise, i'd have got fired  
the minute i showed up at work  
drunk as i was.

#### NO QUARTER

it was so typical.  
i was driving on an expired license plate sticker  
hoping to sneak by for a few days till payday  
when i could buy a new one.

by now you've probably guessed  
that i got the ticket.  
that's typical enough for the average person  
but i got this ticket  
just down the street from the currency exchange  
about five minutes before i'd have bought the new  
sticker.

how could they possibly expect me  
to be a decent, law abiding citizen  
after that?

#### SOAKIN DONUT

we stopped at the dunkin donut  
for coffee and sweet rolls.  
i paid the cute young doughnut girl  
with a twenty dollar bill.  
when she gave me the change  
she accidentally got my twenty  
mixed in with it.  
i was only too happy  
to call her over  
and give it back to her.  
she was very grateful  
thanked me profusely  
wished me a long happy life  
and so on.

about ten minutes later  
she asked if we'd like refills on our coffee.

when we said yes  
she poured the coffee  
and cheerfully requested  
seventy four cents for it.

pretty big of me  
i thought  
not to strangle her  
right on the spot.

-- Paul Stroberg

Lombard IL

### STRAWBERRY LIP GLOSS

For too long now, I have been employed as a bouncer at a nightclub near my home. It is not intellectually stimulating work and I have not met many girls there that I wanted my mother to meet also. But, it is okay work if one has big muscles and little ambition. I am told I have both. When I am not busting heads, things can get pretty dull at work. It can be boring. My mind when left idle tends to ruminate over all my body's infirmities. Usually, I like to concentrate on my most debilitating injuries, but sometimes, as a change of pace, I suppose, I like to think about trivial, but vexing, maladies like canker sores, rug burns and plantar warts. On one particular evening, the evening I am preparing to tell you about, my mind fixed on my chapped lips. Now I know that chapped lips aren't exactly spinal meningitis, but let's be fair, chapped lips, seriously chapped lips, can be very painful. I tried not to think about them. I tried very hard to just ignore them. I tried and tried. Try as I might though my lips still hurt. Chapped lips don't just go away. They require chapstick. And chapstick I didn't have. I started bitching about them. Bitch, bitch, bitch, bitch, bitch. Finally, the ticket girl offered me some of her strawberry lip gloss. It wasn't an act of kindness. She was just tired of hearing me bitch. What I mean is, it's not as though she were the Florence Nightingale of chapped lips, or something. Anyway, I accepted her offer to use the strawberry lip gloss.

Normally, I am a proud man, too proud to wear a girl's strawberry lip gloss. But a man with seriously chapped lips can't afford to be proud. Chapped lips are very humbling. I put the lip gloss on. It was the most cloying odoriferous strawberry scented shit I ever hope to smell. It undermined my masculinity. You could smell it a mile away. But it really did help my lips. Forgot all about them, in fact. So time comes, as I knew it would, when I had to kick some guy out. As luck would have it, he was a pretty big guy, too. Furthermore, he was with a friend of similar stature who was equally adverse to his leaving. And I smelled like a pie. "Gotta go," I said, smelling like jam. The redolence of strawberries wafted through the air. "What?" asked his big hard-of-hearing friend. "HE'S GOT TO LEAVE. HE CAN'T GRAB THE WAITRESSES' TITS!" I said, trying to look big and slightly deranged, while smelling like a preserve. "Oh," he said. "Oh," said his hard-of-hearing friend. They did leave, too, but not with the degree of urgency that I was used to. They didn't exactly run out the door, screaming and begging for their lives. They probably realized what most people have known for some time now. A guy wearing strawberry lip gloss can only be so tough.

#### I WAS NOT A BUNNY

"I was not a bunny," she said. "I was a centerfold." I had made the mistake of addressing her as a former bunny, which she was not, rather than as a former centerfold, which she was. "Bunnies," she said, "are the girls with the ears and the tails. They work at the clubs and the resorts. They're like waitresses, sort of. The centerfold is the model at the center of the magazine with the staples in her navel. The fold out. I was a centerfold." I nodded my head. "I see," I said. "Sorry." "Don't be," she said, "everybody makes that mistake, confusing the bunnies with the centerfolds."

We were sitting in the physical therapy section of a Pasadena chiropractor's office. The ice pack strapped to her knee and the hot towels draped over my shoulder were

supposed, if administered daily, to make our injuries go away.

"Of course, it was much classier then," she said, "being a fold out was. I mean, we didn't show every single thing like they do now. I was pre-pubic."

She smiled. She seemed pleased that she had remained virtuous, glad that she had posed before the moral decadence that demanded a centerfold drop her pants.

"You know what?" she said, scratching her ear, "I used to practically live at the mansion, not that long ago, either."

She went on to tell me all about her life as a fold out: parties at Hef's, backgammon, all the movie stars she'd met, etc., etc., as girls in pastels carrying clipboards walked in and out of the physical therapy room.

We sat silently for a bit.

I thought about how strongly her hair resembled white nylon. I don't know what she thought about.

Maybe about those parties at the mansion.

Maybe about the general public's obsession with pubic hair.

Maybe she didn't think at all.

Who knows?

Then, out of a clear blue sky, she asked me,

"how old do you think I am?"

She looked forty. She was probably thirty-five, but she looked forty. I scratched my head and tightened my lip trying to look as though I were giving the question very careful consideration.

"I'd say thirty," a safe underestimate, I thought.

She bounced up and down on her chair, tossing her hair from side to side, and clapping her hands.

"That's what everyone thinks," she said, smiling. "Really, that's what absolutely, positively everybody thinks."

"She leaned towards me shielding her mouth with her hand and whispered, "I'm thirty-four."

I hung my head, shaking it slowly. "Sure fooled me," I said. "I figured you for thirty maximum."

"Thirty-four, huh?" I said, slightly wide-eyed, apparently skeptical.

She nodded, smiling even more.

"Wow," I said.

-- Eric Grow

Brea CA

## QUICKER THAN A SNAKE

A human's quicker  
than a rattler.  
Takes a muscular  
heart & sixpack  
of foolishness but  
you can test it.  
Just move pointed  
finger slowly  
towards its nose  
until it strikes.

## BRONCHOBUSTER

Bobby Barleese  
an Indian kid  
who became a  
bronchobuster  
beat me up  
when I was 10  
& bullied me  
till I bloodied  
his head with  
baseball bat  
waiting behind  
him for my ups.

## FEELING THE PRESSURE

Jim S feeling  
the pressure  
asked me  
if I drilled  
a hole right  
here between  
my eyes would  
the pain go out?  
Sure I said  
but what about  
infection? He  
said he hadn't  
thot of that.

## NO BAD EXAMPLE

Ain't no Oakie  
yet sound like  
one. Ain't no  
bad example yet  
look like one.  
Kids in my charge  
know me &  
accept me  
even though  
I mumble  
& make mistakes.

## BUFFER, GRETTEL & BEAR

Starting to lace  
up boots dogs  
think they know.  
Tell them just  
going to Safeway  
for Sunday Bee  
but they don't  
listen jumping  
barking whining  
nuzzling me to load  
them into truck.

## LECTURE

Stopped lecturing on  
intricacies of negative  
space & asked yacking  
student to be quiet.  
I didn't say  
anything, he said.  
Hardly thinking I  
slammed dictionary  
on table under his  
face hard enough  
to sprain my thumb  
& between clenched  
teeth said you

hear that? Yes  
he moaned.  
I didn't  
I whispered.

TRIP

Going to Chicago  
scares Sue

worries she  
won't make it  
back alive  
afraid of  
what relatives  
might think when  
they find her  
naughty photos  
so burns them  
before she leaves.

-- Phil Weidman

North Highlands CA

THINKING IT'S MONDAY, WAKING UP ALONE

uprooted as the birch  
that fell, pulling what  
held it with it,  
a tangle of branches  
wreckage beautiful  
as the most dangerous  
cells. woman in the  
mirror turns 12, 24  
is heading toward 40  
like a car in a skid

CHICAGO WORLD'S FAIR 1893

a city of white  
one woman walked  
from Galveston to  
Chicago along  
the railroad  
tracks some  
sold their  
kitchen stoves,  
their burial  
money to  
be there

IT WAS LIKE

being stranded  
on an ice cap  
and seeing a  
plane fly by  
unaware of flags  
or howling  
or like  
being the  
man with a  
heart attack  
lying on con  
crete seeing  
his guard dog  
growl fangs  
keeping the  
CPR at  
bay

THE POEM LIKE PIROUETTES

it takes so long  
to make it seem  
natural easy  
as if you could  
do it in your  
sleep so no  
one guesses at  
all that aches,  
is sweaty one  
wrong move,  
everything  
collapses

SHE WORE BLUE CONTACT LENSES

drove tractor  
on the prairie,  
talcum powder  
under bib overalls.  
her hair smelled  
of rootbeer and  
bacon and the leaves  
she knelt in  
whispering he  
loves me he  
loves me not

MADONNA OF THE OVER REACTIONS

is like her  
skin, missing a  
layer of fat  
between what's  
inside and out  
of her what's  
inside glows,  
trees of blue  
branches what  
comes near  
stains bruise  
leaves a rose  
of blue in the  
shape of his  
hand

THE BOTTLE WOMAN

first I'd go  
to the dump  
bring back junk  
bits of tv sets  
picture tubes to  
put plants in. I  
made a house  
of junk stained  
glass butterfly.  
Every day I add  
some glass or  
wire. I was 13  
when I married  
lost all my kids  
so I made what  
no one could  
take from me,  
out of this  
junk, dolls.

OH YES

150 million  
dollars delegated  
for the protection  
in case of nuclear  
attack of government  
officials 20

million for  
the rest

because this  
is classified  
it can't be  
discussed

BACK ACHES  
LIKE CERTAIN MEN

usually there when  
you have something  
important to see  
to, interfering

MADONNA'S RESPONSE TO ANN LANDERS' "70 PERCENT OF WOMEN  
WOULD PREFER CUDDLING AND HUGGING TO 'IT'"

wonders what  
happened to  
good old  
fashioned  
wall rattling  
window steaming  
hot cha cha

MADONNA OF THE MAN WHO WRITES BORING LETTERS

not hearing from him  
is like hearing from him

-- Lyn Lifshin

Niskayuna NY

#### BETRAYAL

For the first 23 years of my life,  
I felt secure. My parents, I knew,  
would have walked through fire  
for me. My first marriage  
when I was 19  
may as well have been arranged  
for all I had to do with it.  
I stayed at the campus  
and my mother  
got to book the musicians,  
pick out and rent the hall,  
choose the decorations,  
set the date up with the church,  
and make all the other plans.  
And she loved it.  
All I had to do was be there.  
It didn't occur to me  
that if I didn't care enough  
to make my own wedding plans  
then I didn't care enough  
to be married. His military job

sent him away for a year,  
so I went back to school  
and I was delighted.  
By the end of that year  
I'd found the man  
I wanted to live with  
and did so  
without my mother's arrangement.  
Not only did my parents scream  
and yell and try to kidnap me  
-- I still don't know  
what they thought  
Arthur was going to do to me  
-- but they wouldn't come  
to our wedding.  
I had the grace to come  
to the one they planned for me.  
It's been eight years  
since Arthur and I were married.  
It's been two years  
since my parents were inside  
our home, and also  
two years since they've seen  
the granddaughter I gave them.  
Now, it's nearly Christmas.  
I wonder if we'll get a card  
from them. They didn't  
send me a birthday card.  
Arthur's parents  
are flying 3,000 miles to spend  
Christmas with their son and  
the granddaughter I gave them.  
My own can't even drive  
the 40 miles it takes  
to visit me. Neither can  
my brother and his family  
nor my uncles and their families.  
I know all about betrayal.

-- Kit Knight

California PA

## THE PHOTOGRAPHERS

They hurriedly snap photos of 'The Kiss' and trail the couple to the hotel room for large prints of the 'First Night.' The bride and groom, in their bliss, hardly notice. Mom and Dad want pictures.

After the wedding when life settles into a normal pattern, the photographers idle nearby, not letting that ordinary, unrehearsed shot escape their lenses. They accompany the couple grocery shopping Saturdays and to church on brisk Sunday mornings.

After church each week, the photographers are treated to breakfast by the grateful couple. First names are tossed around, the possibility of children (complete with action shots), optimistic plans for the future.

There will photographs capturing every moment; flashbulb orchids will blossom in the couple's retinas for years. Not one memory will be lost or forgotten.

And the photographers, having discovered purpose, are eternally happy.

-- Joel Daily

New Orleans LA

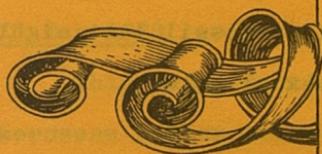
## COMMON FRAME OF REFERENCE

The tuna fisherman often caught dolphins and ate them on his month-long cruises.

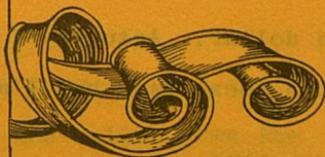
Upon returning from one of his trips, a friend asked him what dolphin meat tasted like. He thought long and hard. "Well, to be completely honest," he replied, "it tastes quite a lot like camel."

-- d. h. lloyd

Long Beach CA



JENNIFER  
STONE'S\*  
NOTES\*\*\*  
FROM\*THE  
BACK\*OF\*  
BEYOND\*\*



"I'm moving into Prose, U.S.A.,  
a small unfurnished room."

— Joanna Griffin

14 May 1983

This village by the bay doesn't like its name in the papers. That's OK by me. I've been here three days now and the beach is beatific and so are most of the people. I want to feel I've found a holy hideout, I want to keep its secret beauty untouched. Of course beauty must have its flaw. Yesterday evening as I sat on the rusty remnant of a decaying pier and watched the ponderous pelicans dive for their dinner, a graying professorial type approached me with a shell in his outstretched hand. Did it remind me of the female genital, he wanted to know. What would he have thought/felt had I approached him and interrupted his evening meditations waving a kelp bulb in my hand, asking him if he thought it resembled a phallus.

15 May 1983

The beach is a sand blast one day, a Zen garden the next. Found my first fossil this morning: a black stone

sand dollar. Actually I found my first fossil last night in the local bar, but I'm on heterosexual hold.

16 May 1983

Coffee in the cafe. The young woman who brings the croissant tells me she's just been East and heard the poets June Jordan and Carolyn Forché. She doesn't feel these women speak to her experience. She thinks/feels the women's movement has gone too far. Too far where? I ask, quoting the horrific statistics on the feminization of poverty. She tells me her boyfriend has told her you can't trust statistics. A sea of innocence, she expresses fears for a future in which women will no longer exist, in which we'll all just be people.

Remember Virginia Woolf's prediction, made in 1928 in A Room Of One's Own: once liberated, she suggested, the pressures on women will be as devastating as those on men. Women will die off so fast that people will go about saying, "I saw a woman today," as one used to say, "I saw an aeroplane." Virginia was joking of course, but even she believed that women enjoy some patriarchal protections, the comforts of the cage, which must be paid for with the corsets of conformity. My waitress tells me that she wants to work to bring men and women together, not to do anything that might separate them. That's good, I tell her. We talk about our children. She has a little boy but she left him with her mother because he was upsetting her relationship with her new boyfriend.

17 May 1983

This morning it's chilly and damp. I get the kerosene heater working and warm the rolls. Use the immersion heater to make coffee. No money left to eat in the cafe. Last night the mosquitoes dive-bombed me on the beach. This morning there's a minus tide and the kelp stinks of iodine. The sea and sky are laquered green and blue. I collect volcano shells to make a rattle for my Celtic rites. The White Goddess is sympathetic, but she laughs at the pretentious sign on my door: The Hecatage.

18 May 1983

Again this morning I am on the beach in the first light. The fog boils soup thick off the sea. Walking the shoreline, I can't see my feet. I find two cowrie shells and a shark's spine for my rites. In the village, someone has run over the dentist's dog. A local is yelling at the driver of the car. The driver is cross, says the dog was in the road. The local is furious, yells hell, man, dog don't know road! In a shop, I buy an old army jacket to wear on the beach. In the pocket is a matchbook cover with a phone number and a message: 'let me take you out to dinner, no strings.'

19 May 1983

I burn the matchbook cover along with several of my old poems. I cut my hair and mix it with the ashes. I

bury this mess in the roots of a Druid oak tree, hoping new poems will grow. It's an old spell I learned from the Goddess Hestia.

Outside my window the honeysuckle twines with the mingles of nasturtiums and the hummingbirds are no bigger than butterflies. Bluebirds pull at the Spanish moss on the trees. Frogs croak in the creek as it grows dark.

20 May 1983

I break my tooth. Sitting in the dentist's office, saying I'm sorry about the dog, I leaf through an old Village Voice. In an article written for the February 1, '83 issue, a Ms. Munk quotes George Orwell:

"One sometimes gets the impression that the mere words 'Socialism' and 'Communism' draw towards them with magnetic force every fruit juice drinker, nudist, sandal wearer, sex maniac, Quaker, 'Nature-Cure' quack, pacifist and feminist in England."

Would it were so, George, would it were so. Ms. Munk goes on to state that it is reductive to say Orwell was an Edwardian in Socialist clothing, or that he had the fantasies of a misogynist, as well as a mildly S & M ex-cop paranoid loner, regressive idealist, and self-pitying pessimist. After all, he was also a humane and cheerful anarchist on his good days. Remembering my own notes on Orwell, I recall he was dying when he wrote 1984, which might account for certain elements in its tone. Be that as it may, 1984 will be my fiftieth year and I

don't look forward to it with a grin.

The dentist gives me a fragment of my filling. It's not as good as a real tooth, but I keep in anyway, to use when I'm ready to cast my next spell. I put it in a box which contains the fingernail parings and pubic hair of one of the two males presently enrolled at U.C. as undergraduate majors in women's studies.\*

#### 21 May 1983

No work today. Typewriter in trouble. The letter a is stuck. I decide to clean it. To accomplish this, I sacrifice my One Night Stand toothbrush, which is to say the tiny spare toothbrush I carry in my backpack in case I find myself in a foreign bed all night and have no morning minister . . . perhaps it won't be missed.

#### 22 May 1983

Last night the ghosts in my dreams were made of cobwebs. Then the dream drifted and I was sitting on the top floor in a house of burgundy, asking the women there if we could all stop wearing lipstick together.

On the beach at dawn, a young woman with hair the grilled-cheese color of her horse, rides nude into the sea, letting the waves slap her face and breasts.

---

\* This year, 1983, at the University of California at Berkeley, 1,200 students attend classes in women's studies. There are 50 undergraduate majors. Two of these are men.

23 May 1983

At the library table, I spread out my notes. Got to write something for money. I haven't a popular thought in my head.

24 May 1983

There's a lot of Zen and alcohol hereabouts. The word Zen has become an adjective. Zen fascist, that sort of thing. A local who's had too much to drink, explains to me the difference between Zen and Christianity, or as he sees it, between East and West. In the West, our choice is 'to be or not to be.' In the East, the goal is 'to be and not to be.' I buy him a beer and tell him that for me to bed by ten means more than Zen.

25 May 1983

Back down the cliff to the beach for the last night. I grow old, I grow old, the center will not fold . . . Dover Beach blues? A blue plastic Pampers diaper washes up by my feet. The sky, stones, clouds, sand, are all a painterly sunset pink. Pelicans, gulls, cormorants, sandpipers, sandfleas, the usual crowd. A seal floats on her back, gliding with the tide as it rushes into the lagoon. I sit outside a sea cave, a sacred grotto.

After awhile, Demeter's mother, Rhea, sits beside me. We watch a seahawk circle the bay like a Japanese kite. We strike a few moral black matches. She points to the rusted barrels on the beach, the ones the kids roll in and out of the water and ride on in the shallows. Nuclear waste from the dump site near the offshore islands? Death by technology now, she says, like the Black Plagues of the Dark Ages. As the medieval mind blamed God for human suffering, so the modern mind blames 'the system' for the industrial blight and plague of technology.

I agree with her that it's later than we know. History can't last much longer. But then, neither can I. I mean to use the time that's left. Oh sure, dear, she says. All we need for happiness on this earth walk is apples and orgasms. Just make do with what comes old girl.

Rhea's always been glad to see me at the seashore. She hugs me and says. "It's Herself again, Apple Annie, the Sweetheart of Forever High!" I miss her when she isn't there, when I've had too much yang and not enough gin. Tonight fires glow among the rocks and the gold horsewoman swims on the crest of the wave just off shore. Emerging from the foam, she too might be an ancient one, one of the tens of thousands of mothers behind me, one of

the countless women of past generations who were my  
mother.

The full moon rises from behind a cypress tree.  
From the cliff far above my head, a beer bottle pitches  
down, the amber glass shattering on the rocks.

Journal entries in May 1983

-- Jennifer Stone

Berkeley CA

\* \* \*

Jennifer Stone is a media critic and fiction writer. Her first story appeared in Mother Jones in 1976. Her play, Three Hands Clapping, was produced at The Berkeley Stage Company in 1976. Her prose collection, Over by the Caves, was published in 1977 by The Berkeley Poets Workshop and Press. Her radio show, Stone's Throw, can be heard on KPFA Pacifica Radio.

\* \* \*

## MADONNA HOUSE

Gypsies lived in our house in a Spanish neighborhood before we Moved in. One day the drunken Bunch Bar-B-Q'd a Doberman Pinscher in the back yard. In their Celebration, one painted a Madonna Mural on the east-facing side of The house.

When we moved into the house two Years ago, we left the Madonna.

Our house is the only one on the Block that's been untouched by either Rival gang's spray can graffiti.

-- d. h. lloyd

Long Beach CA

## THE OREGONIZATION OF RAIN

"What are you going to do in Oregon this summer?"

"If it falls on a Sunday, I think I'll play golf."

Lifers call it Diane Arbus grey.  
And we've been famous for it  
Since our written history began.  
"Vile, thicke, and stinking fogges,"  
Grumbled Frankie Drake in 1579.  
Cape Foulweather was named in 1778  
By a wet and whining Jimmie Cook.  
And in 1805, Billy Clark  
Of Lewis and Clark fame, bitched:  
"Eleven days rain and the most  
Disagreeable time I have experienced."

Later, our writers fretted about it:  
Bernie Malamud called the Oregon rain  
"Ubiquitous, continuous, monotonous, formless."  
H. L. "Honey" Davis complained:  
"The rain never stops -- and the light never quite starts."

And Kenney Kesey quipped:  
"The rain is there -- it will not go away."

Even our word Oregon appears to come  
From the French word ouragon meaning "violent storm."

But now listen, I tell you,  
The rain does have its advantages:  
It makes us appreciate the sun,  
It promotes social and political moderation  
(Just look at all those fanatics who live in the desert).  
It provides us with a supporting ecosystem  
(We don't have to steal our water from somewhere else).  
And then, it brings us closer together --  
A sort of common enemy.  
And then, too, it gives us  
Something to joke about  
("Oregonians don't tan -- they rust").

But you, a refugee from Los Angeles,  
Here only two rainy weeks,  
Are not joking at all  
When you turn to me and say:  
"Now just when is this  
Damn rain going to stop anyway?  
And who's this Diane Arbus chick?  
Another one of your ex-girlfriends?"

#### ANOTHER BEDSIDE HISTORY OF ANGST

"It's always something."

-- Roseanne Roseanadanna

No matter how many times  
I blow my nose  
It tweaks itself  
And keeps on  
Whistling and whistling  
Like the soundtrack  
From some spaghetti western.  
"Too bad you're not in politics,"  
Jokes my nose doctor,  
"You could have a great  
Whistle stop campaign!  
But seriously," he frowns,  
"You're not just whistling Dixie --  
It's all in the alignment

Of your nasal hair.  
And I'm afraid you're stuck with it --  
Science has yet to come up  
With a decent nasal hair realignment."

The diagnosis pushes my life into a nosedive:  
Girls call me "whistle bait,"  
My no-longer-favorite bartender greets me with:  
"Didja come in to wet your whistle, Anderson?"  
And the girl next to me at the office  
Had the nerve to ask if I take requests:  
"How about 'I Cain't Say No'  
From 'Oklahoma!'" she chuckles.

And if all this  
Weren't a noseful enough,  
Now comes the real angst  
When I've run out  
Of nose jokes  
And there's no Locklin,  
Koertge or Bukowski nosing  
Over my shoulder to get  
Me out of this damn poem.  
We all know what happens  
When you run out of nose jokes.  
Ask Jimmy Durante.

-- Michael Anderson

Ashland OR

#### OREGON CRISIS HOTLINE

i get a call in the middle of the night:  
another friend of ours is thinking  
of moving to oregon.  
the call comes from a fellow member  
of the oregon crisis hotline.

i swing into action.  
within minutes our posse is bearing down  
on that house.  
possessors of an open-ended warrant,  
we smash our way through windows and doors.  
we find our friend on the phone to western airlines,  
his wife and kids packing bags and pulling on socks.  
protected by gas masks,  
we subdue them with

a mild thorazine spray.  
seconds later they are being rushed by ambulance  
to a geographical deprogramming center.

when they emerge in a month or so  
with their sanity cards revalidated,  
they will thank us from the bottom of their hearts.  
they will walk and talk like humans.  
they will do all the things that men and women do,  
in the way that men and women do them --  
not like ducks.

#### THE FOG COMES IN ON FREE VERSE

when i first came out  
i would panic in it.  
i couldn't tell the ceiling from the floor.  
i would end up on freeways i had never heard of.

i still don't like to drive in it,  
but it seems less thick now,  
though i know it isn't.  
i know it comes when desert days meet offshore nights.

i never saw the end of sunday bloody sunday  
because we were at the lakewood drive-in  
when the fog itself drove in.

there was a bowl game televised from florida  
and you couldn't see the football  
because a fog rolled in. perhaps the refugees  
from haiti brought it with them, like a curse.

in california people speed up in the fog.  
they drink more to brazen it.  
they bulldoze light-posts  
and each other.

i never believed in humidifiers.  
i don't want the fog in my lungs.  
or in my poems. let london poets  
see their poems in front of their faces.

they say the seasons don't change here,  
but hayden fry, the iowa football coach,  
went home with a 28-0 rose bowl loss  
and pneumonia.

some words for you to look up  
in your o. e. d.: fogbow fog-dog

fog-fruit foggage. apparently the word,  
perhaps the thing as well, came from denmark.

fog is ontological.  
it takes  
the world  
away from you.

#### CEREMONIAL

my bald bartender friend, paul hyde-nor-hair,  
had been living with this very attractive woman  
for about a year. i think he'd been supporting her  
financially as well as emotionally.  
one day she said she wanted him to marry her  
and he said, "give me time."  
so she gave him nine days  
and then she married a guy she'd only known  
for a week. she arranged to hold the ceremony  
on the sidewalk in front of the home  
where she knew paul always got together with friends  
on this one night of the week. then she invited  
all the friends she'd met through him  
to the reception, which was held  
in the luncheon joint right next door  
to paul's bar.  
she and her very new husband  
subsequently took up residence  
in a trailer across the street from the bar.

did i forget to mention that,  
before moving out of his apartment,  
she stood on the street in front of it  
and abused him at the top  
of her considerable lungs?

i suppose it's redundant to mention  
that paul seems to miss her.

EASY ENOUGH FOR YOU, JEAN-PAUL SARTRE, TO TURN DOWN  
THE GODDAMN NOBEL PRIZE

i never could plot worth a shit.  
i could write, but i couldn't  
think up plots.  
i wondered why.  
the other day it came to me.

i was reared intellectually on existentialism.  
for the existentialist there are no plots  
because there is no Plotter.  
a story happens into existence  
and creates its essence as it goes.  
in this state of chronic uncertainty,  
in which all choices are made,  
the characters, not to mention the writer,  
experience existential angst.

i'm now convinced my existentialism  
has prevented me from concocting  
commercially marketable manuscripts.

if i get much poorer, i intend  
to become a structuralist.

#### MY RETIRING COLLEAGUES

##### i.

they made an offer they couldn't refuse  
to my colleagues near retirement age.  
it's known in academic irony  
as the golden handshake.  
it gives incentive to retire early  
they say it will make way for new blood.  
i didn't see anything wrong with the old.

##### ii.

when i was still untenured  
this old military-man-turned-professor  
wrote the advisory committee that i should  
be let go because i dressed like a slob.  
he said my image was not conducive  
to taxpayer support for faculty salaries.  
the chair of the committee  
(of which i was a member)  
was about to entertain discussion  
when neither skarsten spoke up:

"we don't have a dress code.  
it's none of our damned business.  
i move to table."  
and so they did,  
and the threats to take the matter higher  
never materialized.

iii.

i'm convinced that blaze bonazza's  
one glass eye can x-ray female attire.  
the godfather of the fifth floor,  
for years he reigned as disraeli of the back bench  
in the academic senate. when my first thin sheaf  
of verse appeared in 1966 in an edition of 300,  
blaze immediately invited me to read to a literary  
circle in his home. he began his last speech  
in the senate with, "i may be a lame duck,  
but i'm not a dead duck yet. this, however,  
may be my last quack. and incidentally, why did  
the previous speaker refer to me as  
'the former gentleman?'"

iv.

you never listened to dick lyon  
for five minutes without learning something.  
i lived in fear of displaying my ignorance.  
i stood for a lot of things he disapproved of  
but he seemed to have made a unilateral decision,  
years ago, that he'd not disapprove of me.  
he stood for culture. he was a model  
of the educated man.

v.

charles brooks helped to hire me  
and had me to his home.  
abraham avhi and arnie schwab  
encouraged my poetry and only gently  
castigated my grading standards.  
luster williams let me teach  
any course in the catalogue.  
bucky buckland visited my new-born child  
and assured the elders my awkwardness  
was that of youth. charles allen always  
showed the light side of the solid scholar.  
sue wilson put up with me  
with a seafarer's wisdom, and audrey peterson  
joined us at the forty-niner's tavern.

vi.

new blood, indeed;  
the old blood was, like st. emilion,  
high and dry.

UNTITLED BECAUSE IT DOESN'T DESERVE ONE

i start to say, "did you know  
john cheever had an older brother  
who did much better than he did  
in school?"

and she says, "wait, stop,  
i've got it -- his name was arnold  
but he always signed it

a. cheever. my god, it seems like  
i've been with you for ages."

"the romantic age? the renaissance?  
surely not the victorian?"

"no," she says, "the dark ages."

-- Gerald Locklin

Long Beach CA

LITTLE AGONIES

It's a feeling,  
more than anything.  
It's the way  
the dryer hums  
in the afternoon,  
the way the registers  
rattle like old bones.  
Little things become big.  
We've only seen the sun  
three times in a month,  
but we hate to complain.  
Other people have it  
so much worse.  
A letter comes  
from a friend; Bob says  
he'll divorce his wife  
one of these days.  
The final humiliation  
will come, but  
indecision is agony.

I file Bob's letter  
under D for dreams,  
right before dust.  
I know Bob's complaints  
like my own.  
Librettos of lament.  
We went to school together,  
had the usual dreams.  
Came to this.  
When we were kids,  
there was a reed  
we used to cut.  
When you blew thru it,  
it made a high  
agonizing whistle  
that hurt your ears  
for days afterwards.  
We kept doing it,  
even though we  
never understood why.

## EMPTY SPACES

When my system  
began to go into shock  
because I hadn't had  
a drink in days,  
I'd sell off  
some of my signed books:  
westerns and mysteries,  
none of them worth much,  
but half a dozen  
could buy me a bottle  
20 years ago.  
The books by  
people I'd liked best  
were last to go.  
It hurt to look  
at the empty spaces  
where books had been,  
but brandy, water  
and bad times  
didn't wash away  
what I'd had.  
A week ago, I sold off  
old letters and things  
I'd accumulated  
over 30 years  
and pretty soon  
I'll get a check big enough  
to make a down payment  
on a house out west.  
I'll be able to go home  
someday. Meanwhile,  
these aren't bad times.  
I always have  
enough to drink  
and a wife  
I want to stay with,  
not one I want to leave.  
But while I watched the men  
haul the stuff off,  
box after box, in the snow  
the day seemed dark.  
My wife said,  
"The house is neater now."  
I looked at the empty spaces  
and nodded  
but my hands shook,  
just a little,  
when I poured a drink.

-- Arthur Winfield Knight  
California PA

GAGAKU

the gold fish  
with those bulby eyes  
need to be fed

I have two of them  
and they're swimming very  
quickly  
very jerkingly up  
on top their water  
because  
they are  
hungry

I'll feed them soon  
soon as I finish off  
here

when someone asks me what I do  
I do not tell them  
I'm a feeder of goldfish  
nor  
do I say what I really am  
what I only am  
a writer of poems  
and occasional prose

no  
I keep these things  
secret

no 'occupation' sounds worse  
to the ear  
than "I am a poet"

to say "I am a feeder of goldfish"  
is not so bad  
but still suspect

so I keep quiet  
I tell them I'm unemployed  
and when they ask how I make a living I tell them  
I inherited some money  
this always seems to strike them  
in a favorable way

I don't say a word about  
demons

GAGAKU

they are hammering  
nailing shut wooden boxes  
unvarnished raw wood  
like orange crates

but apples instead  
fill the boxes  
They stick their long snake-  
like tongues between slats

and lick the apples they  
have packed  
now they look  
at me and their  
eyes fall out  
dropping down  
their cheeks  
like snails crawling  
down cheeks

slow as snails  
now they catch those downward  
moving eyes on their  
curled tongue  
and bring their own eyes  
into their mouth  
and chew  
swallow  
burp and  
smile

content  
demons  
they leap up  
and down  
now

-- Steve Richmond

Santa Monica CA

## GALLERY

saw this photo of  
T.S. Eliot as a young man  
and damn  
if he didn't look like  
this fool who used to  
get on my ear  
all night long  
on the swing shift  
telling me how many times  
he'd gotten laid that day  
that week and  
how many  
he'd turned down.

saw this photo of  
Ezra Pound  
and damn  
if he didn't remind me of  
this black guy  
who I saw catch a cat  
in the railroad yard  
bang its head against a boxcar  
kill it  
skin it  
in a minute and a half  
and  
he held the fur pelt up  
admiring it.  
this guy and Ez looked alike  
except for the skin.

saw this photo of  
F. Scott  
and he reminded me of  
this guy who told me  
he used to stick his dick  
through this hole  
in the crapper wall  
at the Y  
and get a great blow job  
each time.  
"if you can't see it ain't  
a woman, it don't matter,"  
he told me.  
I maintained that it did  
matter, somehow.

and H. L. Menkin's photo  
reminded me  
of this guy they caught  
who had been climbing  
through the windows of houses

during the depression days  
of the 30s  
stealing  
radios, waffle irons, cans of  
beans and so forth.  
I saw the cops come get him.  
it was high noon  
and there were 4 or 5 cops  
and they had the handcuffs  
on him from behind  
and the sun shone and  
glittered  
on the handcuffs.

the photo of D. H. Lawrence  
reminded me of this  
sex fiend highschool kid:  
he got little girls  
little boys  
and then he got found out  
and they took him away  
only I didn't know until  
after they got him.  
he was my friend  
we used to play handball  
against a garage door  
and he seemed to talk and  
act about  
like anybody else.

the photo of Hemingway  
I didn't connect with  
anybody.  
no, come to think of  
it, he reminded me  
of that old bum  
I gave 50 cents to  
the other day.  
yet the head wasn't quite  
as round  
but he did have the white  
scraggly beard.  
maybe I was only trying to  
make him into Ernie.  
actually  
he had long red elf-like  
ears that  
quivered as he spoke, very  
fascinating --  
you could see the sunlight  
through them  
as he took the money  
and walked away.

## HANDS

I am a fairly large man but I have small hands.  
this is a disadvantage in fist fights  
but being in my sixties moving toward seventy  
I have long since retired from that --  
I haven't swung at anybody for a couple of  
months (I was intoxicated New Year's eve, help-  
ing my intoxicated part-time gardener up the  
drive -- down the drive -- toward his auto  
when upon a thought I straightened him for  
a shot, swung and missed).

all right. this is about hands. back to  
this.

I buy my fish at this small San Pedro shop.  
the old boy, the keeper, he has been there  
for years  
a fine fellow.

we always make small talk as he weighs and  
wraps the fish.

after that  
I pay with some bills and he comes back  
with the change.

I hold my hand out and here comes this huge  
hand of his and  
he drops the change into my little hand.

I pocket the change, pick up the fish and  
walk toward the door.

"take it easy," he says.

"you too, buddy," I tell him  
then walk out the door toward my car.  
always thinking, this guy should have been  
my buddy in the old days of the schoolyards  
when I had to fight off and bluff away  
the bullies  
it would have saved me much of the old  
mental agony.

meanwhile, his fish are fresh, the  
best in town.

-- Charles Bukowski

San Pedro CA

LITERARY NOTES OF NOTE:.....

A Bell Ringing In The Sky (edit. S. Safransky), collection fm. the first 10 years of The Sun (Chapel Hill NC), \$12.95 fm. Mho & Mho Works, Box 33135, San Diego CA 92103. ¶ Latest fm. Curbstone Press, 321 Jackson St., Willimantic CT 06226: Sara Miles' Native Dancer (\$5), Roque Dalton's Poems (\$7.50), Otto Rene Castillo's Let's Go! (transl. Margaret Randall, \$7.50), enlarged re-issue of Klaus Rifbjerg's Selected Poems (\$4.50), June Jordan's Bobo Goetz A Gun (sgnd. ltd ed., \$15).

NEW CLASSICS:.....

Mervin Lane's Going To Town, unpriced fm. Sadhe Publishing, P.O. Box 4513, Santa Barbara CA 93108. ¶ John M. Bennett's Blank Wall: 17 Labels, unpriced fm. Laughing Bear Press, P.O. Box 36159 Bear Valley Station, Denver CO 80236. ¶ Boletim Diario: Project Cinco E Meia, fm. Museu de Arte e Cultura Popular, Universade Federal de Mato Grosso, Wlademir Dias-Pino, Cuiaba -- MT -- CEP:78.100, Brasil.

VERY HIGHLY RECOMMENDED:.....

Steven Doering's Old Alcohol, unpriced fm. Ron Androla, 1547 W. 24th, Erie PA 16502. ¶ Abandoned Latitudes (Robt. Crosson/John Thomas/Paul Vangelisti) \$6 fm. The Red Hill Press, P.O. Box 2853, San Francisco CA 94126; also: Italian Poetry, 1960-1980 (\$7.50), Humps & Wings: Polish Poetry Since '68 (\$5), Rocco Scotellaro's The Sky With Its Mouth Wide Open (\$3). ¶ David Barker's The Gambler, unpriced fm. Barker Books, 1595 Saginaw St. South, Salem OR 97302.

HIGHLY RECOMMENDED:.....

Steve Kowitz's Passionate Journey, \$7.95 fm. City Miner Books, P.O. Box 176, Berkeley CA 94701. ¶ Judson Crews' The Intricacy and Dennis Gulling's In A Loney Place, unpriced fm. road/house publications, 900 West 9th St., Belvidere IL 61008. ¶ Chandler Brossard's A Chimney Sweep Comes Clean, \$3.50 fm. Realities Library, 2745 Monterey Hwy. (#76), San Jose CA 95111. ¶ John Yamrus' New And Used \$4.95 fm. Applezaba Press, P.O. Box 4134, Long Beach CA 90804. ¶ James Magorian's Travel Expenses (\$2) and To Taste (Dan Raphael/Karl Kempton/Loris Essary), unpriced fm. Laughing Bear Press, P.O. Box 36159 Bear Valley Station, Denver CO 80236. ¶ Joyce Odam and Ann Menebroker's Dark Pleasure: A Poetic Dialogue, nicely produced by Barry Da-peer, P.O. Box 422, Citrus Heights CA 95611. ¶ Cornelia Veenendaal's What Seas, What Shores, \$5.95 fm. Rowan Tree Press, 124 Chestnut St., Boston MA 02108. ¶ Brian Pratt's broadside Voyeur At The Intersection, fm. author, 406-855 Jervis, Vancouver B.C., Canada V6E 2B2. ¶ Chuck Taylor's Amerryka! Poems For Performance, \$4.95 fm. Ruddy Duck Press, 4429 Gibraltar Dr., Fremont CA 94536. ¶ Patrick

O'Hayer's Border Wars, unpriced fm. Byzantium Books, 2014 Burlison Dr., Urbana IL 61801. ¶ The Complete Films of Corrado Costa (transl. by Paul Vangelisti), \$4 fm. The Red Hill Press, P.O. Box 2853, San Francisco CA 94126.

RECOMMENDED :::

Jim Normington's Animal Spells, \$2 fm. Red Chrysanthemum Press, P.O. Box 4974, Berkeley CA 94704. ¶ Ann Menebroker's Biting Through The Spine, \$6 fm. Sacramento Poetry Exchange, Box 266, Folsom CA 95630. ¶ Rob Brezsny's images are dangerous, \$5.95 fm. Jazz Press, 345 Coral St., Santa Cruz CA 95060. ¶ Suzanne Lummis' Idiosyncracies, \$4.95 and Laurie Fox's I Love Walt, \$1.95 fm. Illuminati, 8812 Pico, Suite 203, Los Angeles CA 90035. ¶ Roberta Metz's Women The Children The Men (\$2.95), John M. Bennett's Jerks (\$3) fm. Laughing Bear Press, P.O. Box 36159 Bear Valley Station, Denver CO 80236.

VITAL STATISTICS :::

The edition of this issue has been limited to 700 numbered copies, the first 70 being signed by Jennifer Stone. The copy now in your hand is number: **558**

THE PATRONS OF WORMWOOD:

Allen Berlinski  
Anonymous: J.C.  
Lloyd R. Gág  
In Memoriam: Two-Ton Tony Galento  
David D. Ginsburg  
R. C. Gross  
Anonmyous: D.H.L.  
Anonymous: G.I.L.  
In Memoriam: P.J.M.  
Anonymous: J.J.M.  
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