

When I returned the next day to go under the needle,  
he only charged me \$50,  
half the original price,  
after he, "read the fuckin' poems."

Shit, I thought, the book only cost \$12.95  
not counting shipping and handling.

#### COUNTER GUY

Considering the fact  
that no one looks at each other  
when they're shopping for porno  
in the adult bookstore,

it amazes me that the clerks  
are so friendly.

I get to the counter  
and the guy wants to know  
if "that's all," counts my change  
out slowly to make sure  
he's giving me the correct amount,  
sends me off with a smile  
and a "have a nice day."

Like I'm buying milk or cigarettes.  
Only more friendly.

#### THINGS I'VE BEEN WHEN DRUNK

A world traveler who has seen  
the graves of both Jim Morrison  
and Ezra Pound as well as  
negotiated the deal for the first  
McDonalds in Russia.

A huge underworld writer  
in the vein of Bukowski.  
Of course, you haven't heard of me,  
I'm much bigger in Europe.

The author of the AFTER SEX  
COOKBOOK FOR LOVERS. Well, actually,  
I'm just one of three authors  
along with Linda Lovelace and Dinah Shore.

A Greenpeace volunteer. You didn't  
see me on that boat running down  
those duckbill platypus poachers?

And, mainly, most importantly, I've been  
insane enough to fall in love

which is why I look forward to  
the next beer so much.

— David Newman

Westland MI

SHE WAS RUNNING

the last leg on a  
relay team at  
the Millrose Games  
for the best track  
team in America  
and her old man  
was someone I  
threw out of bars  
every day of her life.  
She was good  
and I was rooting  
for her as she came  
down the stretch.

THE BARTENDER AT PAULY'S

leaned out the front door  
when he saw me and sd.  
"How can you tell it's Spring?"  
I thought it was the lead-in  
for a bad joke and sd.  
"Beats me."  
"The Evangelists are out."  
Sure enough they were handing  
out pamphlets all over Quail  
and Central and before long they'd  
want to know where I'd be when  
I died. I thought they might  
have remembered me and made  
the mark of Satan on the bus  
shelter as a warning but apparently  
God guys have a short memory  
so I decided to make a swap,  
when he handed me his pamphlet,  
I offered him a hit on my  
pint of Old Smugglers.  
It was a crude but effective move.

— Alan Catlin

Schenectady NY