

or that in those days a man was not a man without a reasonably wide experience of women. no need to expect them to believe we ever felt guilt (although i'm not sure that we should have). no point in reminding them that our "other women" usually had husbands and boyfriends of their own. no point in alluding to fun, freedom, sociobiology.

no, no apologia for that man's world need expect a sympathetic hearing. not from our daughters; not now. their fathers, who doted upon them and whom they once idolized, are reduced to mug shots illustrating a sorry chapter in that dark pre-history before they and their mothers were allowed to have a man's life. the world of their fathers is to be ridiculed, vilified, expunged, extirpated, irreversibly reversed.

they cannot even allow themselves to remember how their fathers once loved them beyond all love, including that of self, and still do.

I AM NOT GERALD LOCKLIN

i have always hated the name "gerald." i used "gerald" when i was first writing because i thought a writer was supposed to use a formal name. i even, as only marvin malone and a handful of others remember, sometimes stooped to "gerald ivan locklin" to lend a spurious poeticism to my fledgling literary productions. today i still use "gerald i. locklin" on official documents because there are obviously so many "gerald locklins" running all over the place.

i was named after an uncle gerald who died young, before i was born, of tuberculosis. he was supposedly a very nice man, but, even aside from the consumption, i never wanted to be him. as a child i didn't even want to be "gerry": i was given that name in school. at home i was "jodie," a name i personally garbled for myself in the crib. presumably i did

not also give myself the female spelling of the name, but that never bothered me.

today only two people still call me "jodie": my only surviving aunt and ron koertge. sometimes ron calls me "bear," which was given me by my first and only good karate teacher twenty-five years ago, just before he got busted in a hot car. "bear" is flattering, so of course i don't mind it. sometimes my wife also calls me "jodie," but there is mockery in her voice. i call myself "toad" sometimes, especially in poems, although that toad is not always myself. john owen also calls me that, loudly, when i run into him in public. george carroll does too. and paul the bartender. they call me that affectionately, i think.

i guess my favorite nowadays is simply "ger." when people call me that they seem to be really getting a kick out of it. i have always enjoyed being a source of amusement for people. frankly, i often find myself rather amusing. and "ger" sounds youthful, boyish, as i frequently wish i still were. yes, just call me "ger," and i promise to spare you all tales of white whales.

ANARCHY, SI; CHAOS, NO

for years cars piled up on the traffic circle. the legend was that the designer of it was killed driving it on the day that it opened. the city constantly re-aligned the lanes, and motorcycle cops wrote reams of tickets attempting to reinforce each new configuration. but nothing could stem the tide of vehicular blood.

things went on this way for decades.

then one day the lane markings were paved over and the old directional signs came down, no doubt in preparatuon for new mandates.

motorists immediately made those adjustments that made sense and the collision rate