

*WORST
CANADIAN STORIES*



collected & edited by
CRAD KILODNEY

Vol. 2

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Crad Kilodney

CHARNEL HOUSE

Toronto, Canada

WORST CANADIAN STORIES, VOL. 2

Book design by Crad Kilodney

Front cover by Arno Wolf Jr.

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ISBN 0-920973-07-8

Charnel House is a private imprint operating on a free-enterprise basis. It receives no government grants. Correspondence should be addressed to P.O. Box 281, Station S, Toronto, Ont. M5M 4L7. Telephone (416) 924-5670.

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DEDICATED

*to the true underground writers
of North America -- the hope-
lessly untalented.*

PREFACE

You can't have too much of a bad thing, and *Volume 2 of Worst Canadian Stories* proves it. If you thought the stories in *Volume 1* were stinkers, wait till you read these.

We (my accomplices and I) have searched high and low (but mostly low) to obtain the worst specimens of writing in this country. How we did it, believe me, you don't want to know.

We had three aims in mind: first, to show that unintentionally bad writing represents the best hope for stagnant Canadian humor; second, to give recognition to that overlooked literary minority -- the totally untalented writer; and I forget the third aim. Something about money. Never mind.

Anyway, if you're as sick of Canadian story anthologies as we are, this collection of Limburger should be a welcome change from No-Name Processed Cheese Slices. We think book reviewers will appreciate it the most since they're the ones who are forced to read every soporific anthology by every bloody press in the country. Naturally, we're expecting rave reviews and letters of profuse gratitude.

We've tried to cover a range of styles and tones in this collection, from the puerile to the overblown. Not every story is bad in the same way, and some are worse than others. My personal favorites are "Rubber Greek School" by Athanasios Apostolopoulos and "Roller Derby Vampires" by Dr. Orval Armando Haltiwanger. In their own way, they represent great achievements light-years beyond the Bulwer-Lytton *It-was-a-dark-and-stormy-night* genre. Of course, any mistakes of grammar, spelling, etc., you find in this book are not ours, they're the authors'. We've left them all in to preserve the purity of their styles.

We've also tried to include writers from all parts of the country, for the same phony reasons as other CanLit anthologies.

We may or may not do a *Volume 3*, depending on how much unused stuff we have left that's bad enough. If it means compromising our low standards, we won't. On the other hand, there's always *poetry!*

*Crad Kilodney
Toronto, Canada*



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(If a man wrote this, the feminists would condemn it as sexist, and they'd condemn me, too. Fortunately, it was written by a woman, so it must be okay to publish. -- Ed.)

THE WOUNDING HEALER

by Rochelle Ibis Flabazo

The address was in my jeans pocket. I could barely reach my hand in the denim tautness. Forty one Columbus Ave. had been scrawled on the now crumpled paper by a guy, Mark, that picked me up in a singles bar on Second Ave. He had bought me a drink, nibbled at my ear, and slipped his hand over my crotch right on the bar stool. He was fine looking, brown wavy hair and hazel eyes, a real King of Cups. My nipples hardened as soon as I saw him. I brought him back to my apartment.

He looked like he had been planning to spend the night somewhere aside from home, because he carried a blue flight bag over his left shoulder. He took a cassette out of the bag and put on my tape recorder. I sat on his lap on the couch. Suddenly, a Gregorian chant filled my room with sonorous vibrations. Mark began rubbing my breasts in time to the ancient rhythm.

"Take me to your bedroom," Mark whispered in my ear.

"This is it! It's a studio apartment. We're already in my bed. That's all we have to do is open it."

He pulled my turtleneck sweater over my head. Then, he unfastened my bra. "What's your name again?" he asked as he watched my full breasts bounce out of its captor.

"Leah," I answered. He began staring at me, as if he were trying to figure something out.

"Let's get those jeans off," he said.

I had the oddest feeling that he was leading me through a set of pre-determined maneuvers, but as usual, I let myself be led. My Italian jeans had just come out of the dryer. They hadn't broken in yet. I couldn't get them below my hips. I laid down on my floor and held onto the legs of my couch while Mark pulled them off me. Those jeans were like a chastity belt. The seams were impressed in my pale skin. Mark was exhausted from the effort. Finally, when I was out

of them, he tore off my underpants.

"Fix the couch into a bed," Mark ordered. "I'll rest on the floor to get back my energy from undressing you."

I removed the pillows and pulled out the sleeper. All the while, I kept thinking how wierd the whole scene was: the monk music and no passion. Mark made all the moves and pulled away if I tried to kiss him or touch him. I felt like telling him to get lost, but I was curious. It was like watching a snake slither.

"How are we going to work this out?" Mark mumbled.

"Clue me in. Maybe I'll have some imput. I've been around too, you know."

He went silently on with his own plans. Mark stacked the couch pillows in a heap on the bed. "Get on your knees and bend over the pillows."

I did. My ass was sticking up, and I began to get excited, just from being in that position. He put my arms behind my back. I felt cold metal clamp over my wrists.

"Handcuffs," I shouted.

"Shh. Baby, this is going to be good, but you have to relax in order to really enjoy it. Bite down on this sock. It's clean. This way, you won't scream or hurt yourself." He stuffed the sock into my mouth, then bound my legs and the rest of me with spare sheets. Only my upright buttocks was exposed. He slathered the exposed area with vaseline. Suddenly, searing heat went across my rump in a stripe. Mark was beating me with a whip. I was stinging and burning when I felt something penetrate my rectum. It wasn't Mark. It was a buzzing vibrator. The simultaneous buzzing, chanting and beating, brought me to ecstasy. I involuntarily humped against the pillows, while Mark's blows increased in intensity. The music ended. The battery went dead in my anus and Mark stopped. A warm liquid was seeping through the sheets. Mark had ejaculated on me. It was impossible for me to unwind, like coming to a dead stop after a marathon. I was still excited and Mark was totally spent. I spit out the sock.

"Mark, untie me and get the handcuffs off."

He unloosened my bonds, yet I wasn't free. I could hardly walk, and my neck was terribly stiff. I crawled to the bathroom. When I got there, I found that I couldn't sit on the seat. I tried it standing up, missed, and had to bear

the discomfort of bending to clean the floor. I dragged myself to the livingroom. "Mark, can you stay with me a couple of days. I can't sit down, get dressed or walk. My neck is killing me. I need some help."

"Leah, I can't stick it out for your neck. Forgive the pun. Here's the name of a woman that can fix your neck once your ass is healed. Call her now for an appointment. She's booked months in advance." He scribbled the information down and took off. He never called me again.

My wounds slowly healed, except for my neck. It got so bad that I had to use my pocket mirror for rear views. I called the number Mark gave me, not out of faith in this woman, but to keep a link between us. Two months later, I rang her doorbell. A short wide Japanese woman opened it. Streaks of gray ran through her pixie like hair. I thought she was winking at me, but I later realized that only one of her eyes could open. The other one was mysteriously sealed shut.

"Seiko Suen?" I asked.

She nodded. "Come in. Take off shoes, then empty bladder. Bathroom there. Robe is there too. Put on."

I followed instructions. When I came out, she was sitting at her desk and motioned for me to sit in her chair.

"I do Oriental diagnosis," she explained as she pulled my under eye lid down and looked into the gap with her one opened eye. "Not anemic, good. Now pull down underpants and bend."

I complied, as usual.

"Ha so. Skin so reddened. No good. Toxins want to come out. Sit down on chair facing me. Put feet up on chair and spread legs open very wide."

The cold plastic seat stung my still raw bottom. I watched with fascination as she put a jeweler's lens to her eye and examined my vagina.

"Lips very blue. Not enough circulation. You must massage it more like this." She firmly pressed my clitoris and briskly rubbed.

"I came here to heal a stiff neck," I informed her as I panted under the influence of her skilled finger.

"Neck not stiff. That's spleen meridian. Oriental treats entire system. You have red hair and green eyes. Shows over sensitivity of nervous system. Seiko knows."

I lay down on a thick floor sized eiderdown. The moment my head was on it, I began sneezing. I'm allergic to feathers.

"Too much dairy make mucus," said Seiko as if in answer to my sneeze. "I will now perform barefoot shiatsu. Facilitate discharge. Toxins want to come out."

Seiko began squeezing and beating my body. I asked, "Are you sure that this is healthy?"

"Hi," she answered as she dragged me around by my left leg. I felt like a large fish that she had ensnared in her net and was tugging onto her sampan. After half an hour of this yanking, pressing, punching and squeezing, Seiko asked me to turn over. When I did, her feet were exactly at my eye level. Her toes were like corn kernels on tiny feet. Suddenly, the feet leaped off the wooden floor and Seiko was dancing on my bare back. Peristalsis churned up weeks of food. Gas expelled loudly. My body was screaming in protest.

"Ge ge get off!"

"Kidneys expanded. Too much yin." Seiko alit from my back and began slapping me on the spine. The stinging, burning sensation reminded me of the magic evening with Mark. My groin pulsed with pleasure. Finally, she began massaging my feet, pushing downward and out with long firm strokes. She squeezed each toe in succession at a perfect moment before pulling them. They throbbed so much that I was certain that that must be exactly what it's like to ejaculate. She let me lie there for a few moments to rest. I was having a terrific orgasm. I looked up at the ceiling. The old fashioned fixture had been cupped in favor of more modern inset lighting. It looked like a breast. I fantacized that it extended downward, swelling, engorging until its nipple was in my mouth. I sucked until thin sweet liquid refreshed my parched burning body.

"Get up," Seiko said. My knees kept giving out from under me. Seiko steadied me. She sat me down. Good thing she did, because the next thing she said to me was, "that will be \$75." I nearly fainted.

"Seiko, can I be your apprentice? I want to learn to do this."

"First, you be my secretary. If you take my calls, make my appointments and clean my apartment, I could pay you \$100

a week. You watch me and I teach you."

"Oh fabulous. What a deal," I said.

"All the celebrities come to me. You'll meet famous people."

I signed on for the hardest year of my life. I had to work part time at my regular job as a computer systems analyst, book Seiko's appointments, clean her apartment, and often cook for her. That part wasn't difficult because Seiko lived on brown rice, seaweed and Chesterfield cigarettes. The rest of the time, I observed her treatments and memorized meridian points. I didn't have a man, but I didn't miss it. Instead, twice a day, I did auto foot massage and was deeply fulfilled.

Seiko began feeding me customers who couldn't afford her fees. As a result, I didn't get to treat anyone famous for quite awhile. But Mark actually showed up one day for a treatment. He was shocked to see me. At first, he didn't recognize me. I had my frizzy auburn hair pulled back in a bun and no black make up ringing my green eyes. I wore a white cotton karate uniform instead of skin tight jeans and sweaters.

As I examined his body, I realized that with everything we had done, I had never seen him naked. That night, he had clinically checked me out and I did his bidding. This was the first time that I sensed the enormous change within me. I had been too busy to reflect. I told him that his liver was swollen from over injection of cheese, and that the birthmark on his chest may actually be an extraneous nipple. I did anything I wanted to him while he lay there writhing and groaning on the mat. When he finally got up, a large puddle of sperm was beneath him. I made Mark pay full price because now, I had to send my eiderdown to the cleaners. He not only forked over \$75, he actually respectfully returned my ceremonial bow.

Another added bonus of this job, aside from the self respect I was gaining, was that Seiko continued to treat me for free, as part of her lessons to me. As a result, my neck became so bad, that I have to wear a surgical collar. Whenever I'm feeling particularly horny and have no time for a foot massage, I grasp the collar and rub it up and down my neck rapidly. I am now totally financially and sexually self sufficient.

(Here's a cute little story I've included to make this collection multicultural. -- Ed.)

RUBBER GREEK SCHOOL

by Athanasios Apostolopoulos

WARNING: This story deals with mature subject matter -- the sexual exploitation of adolescents. If you disapprove of such stories, you are advised not to read it. If you continue to read it, even after this warning, the author and editor will take it for granted that you approve of such stories and the activities they depict. -- A.A.

Just as Jewish children in America go to Hebrew School after their public school classes, many Greek-American children go to Greek School to learn to read and write Greek.

The Greek School that met in the basement of the Saint Paul Greek Orthodox Church in Hicksville, New York, was one such school. The "junior high" class met every Wednesday afternoon from 5 p.m. to 6:30 p.m. It was taught by Miss Argiris, who was middle-aged and very strict. She would hold a long ruler or pointer in a menacing manner to reinforce her status as an absolute authority figure.

At 5 p.m. sharp, Miss Argiris ordered the class to open their Greek readers, which featured a picture on the front cover of a boy and girl in traditional Greek garb walking along a village road, hand in hand. The title of the book meant in English, *The Good Children*. "Open your books to page thirty," said Miss Argiris in Greek. "John, you begin," she commanded.

John cleared his throat nervously and then read the title of the story in Greek. It was "Michael and His Goats." John nervously stumbled through the first paragraph in Greek, as the teacher corrected his pronunciation.

"Now in English," said the teacher.

John translated the paragraph with difficulty, as beads of sweat began to form on his brow. He made a few mistakes but finally completed his paragraph.

"Next time study your lesson harder," said the teacher

with a frown. "Next paragraph, Potoula."

Potoula was the best student in the class. She always read her Greek flawlessly and translated perfectly and always received a gold star to paste into the back of her notebook. The other children regarded Potoula as square. She did not like to put on rubber costumes and get strung up for the Gongou. Once again the teacher praised Potoula and said she was proud of her. Then she reminded the class as she always did of how important it was not to forget the language of their parents and grandparents. "Even though we live in America, we must not forget how to speak Greek," she said.

The next paragraph was assigned to Maria. Although in her regular school she was very smart, in Greek School she would become nervous and read her lesson badly. Was it because she hadn't studied, or was it because she was thinking about rubber? The whole class, I should add, was aged 12 to 14, the age when they were wondering about what could be done with the human body.

The teacher interrupted Maria before she was finished. "That's terrible, Maria! You have not studied! Get up and go to the closet!"

Maria started to whine, and the whole class reacted with sympathy. Poor Maria! How often this had happened to her.

Miss Argiris went to the back of the room, opened the closet, and took out a bondage costume made of latex rubber. "Take off your clothes!" she commanded, as the poor girl began to disrobe, tears streaming down her face. Maria had to put on a tight rubber vest with a zipper front that caused her little breasts to squeeze up above the top, and a tight rubber g-string with rubber points on the inside of the crotch. The teacher then handcuffed the girl's wrists and had her stand on a desk as she hung the girl from a conveniently placed hook coming down from the ceiling. She then removed the desk from under Maria's feet and left the helpless girl hanging, an object lesson to those who would mangle the language of great philosophers and playwrights of ancient times!

The effect of this spectacle was such as to produce great mental confusion in the minds of the other children. The words in the Greek reader that had been learned at home now seemed to defy comprehension.

Elena was next, and she tried her best. *"Michael...did*

not want...his goats...to get lost...His mother...wanted him to...no, wait...His mother wanted to make...to make...the..."

"Traditional!" snapped the teacher. "Continue!"

"The traditional...feta cheese...Where should Michael look?...Should he look...in the..." It was hopeless. The next word was familiar, yet she couldn't remember it.

"Meadow!" said Miss Argiris. "You're very bad today, Elena! Go to the closet!"

The boys were secretly thrilled because Elena had a particularly nice behind and legs, which they had seen many times before. Would the Gongou get her this time?

Elena was forced to put on a rubber arm restraint, which immobilized her arms behind her back. Miss Argiris then attached a leather strap to her ankles, and as Elena bawled in fright, the teacher lowered a pulley from the ceiling, put the hook through the strap, and hoisted Elena upside-down and tied the pulley rope to a metal ring that had been fixed in the wall for this purpose.

The sight of both Maria and Elena hanging above the classroom desks made the boys experience tumescence in their private organs. They knew that traditionally three girls and one boy would be so punished.

Now it was George's turn to read. George was a hopeless dunce, or pretended to be. He made no attempt to continue the story of "Michael and His Goats." The teacher was furious.

"Go to the closet and put on your rubber outfit!" shouted Miss Argiris. "You children are all very bad today. Apparently, you have no fear of the Gongou!"

The mere mention of this word electrified them all with terror.

George went to the closet and put on the rubber shorts that had a narrow opening for his private organs. Some of the girls giggled to see his erection. George was fourteen and had the traditional Greek equipment.

"The mask, too!" commanded the teacher.

George obediently put on the red latex rubber mask fitted with a ball-type gag for his mouth.

"Come to the front!" she ordered, as the otherwise naked boy walked to the front, stepped up on a stool, put on his own handcuffs, and was suspended by a hook near the teacher's desk. The stool was removed. "This is what happens when you

don't study your verbs!" she admonished him.

Two more students, Gus and Althea, struggled through their paragraphs and barely escaped the fate of rubber bondage.

Christina was not so lucky. She tried so hard to read her paragraph correctly: "*The birds were singing...The mountains were so tall...and beautiful...The flowers...*" She paused, totally stumped.

"*Waved gently in the breeze!*" said Miss Argiris, snapping her pointer sharply on Christina's desk. "Go to the closet!"

"No! No!" screamed Christina.

Down came the pointer again, and Christina got up and went to the closet. She was stripped and then dressed in a rubber girdle with holes cut out for her already full breasts. In addition, a rubber belt was wrapped around her private organs, equipped with dildoes that were forced into both her orifices. She was strung up by her hands from another hook over the middle of the classroom. Her feet dangled close to Paul's face, and as he smelled them he secretly rubbed his organ and knew he would have exciting dreams about Christina that night.

Miss Argiris looked at the clock. It was almost 6:15. She stood in front of the class and scolded them for their poor performance. She then read the last part of the story with great rapidity and translated it without even looking at it, as if to suggest that here was such an easy lesson and still these dull-witted children could not master it. In the corner of her eye she was constantly aware of George's erection. She finally whacked him on his legs with her pointer and shouted, "Aren't you ashamed!" The girls gasped, but each of them had her eyes glued on his glorious pecker and knew that she would have nice dreams about it.

Suddenly the door burst open to reveal an ugly creature in a furry suit and ugly rubber monster mask! "The Gongou!" exclaimed the teacher. "Hide under your desks, children!" Pandemonium erupted as the children dashed for safety. The Gongou growled and roared horribly, but it was only Mr. Papadopoulos, the Greek School principal, in disguise. He turned off the lights, leaving the room completely dark, and then prowled around the classroom, growling and making rude noises. He would take his time feeling up the girls who were

strung up before finally snatching one off her hook. During this interval, Miss Argiris had attached herself to George's erect organ and squeezed it and sucked it. You see, Miss Argiris had never been married, nor had she ever had a serious boyfriend. She was one of those traditional spinster teachers who are so beloved in their Greek communities.

After what must have been nearly ten minutes, the Gongou left the room, slamming the door behind him. Miss Argiris wiped her lips with her hanky and turned the lights on. Everyone looked to see who the Gongou had taken. It was Elena! They all pretended to be shocked and sad.

Ladies and gentlemen, do not ask me to tell you what the Gongou did with Elena. I can only reassure you that she was back in Greek School the following week as if nothing had happened, as were all the other children. Their parents insisted on their learning Greek, or at least trying to.

For myself, I have forgotten almost all of my Greek, but I will never forget all the interesting things I learned about rubber.

(I'm sure this author just missed becoming a Nobel Prize winner by one chromosome. How I love this story! -- Ed.)

ROLLER DERBY VAMPIRES

by Dr. Orval Armando Haltiwanger

Jane Velez was captain of her roller derby team. It was hard work and Jane had the broken bones to show it. The Oshawa Cougars were one of the best teams in the league, and it was Jane Velez who made them that way. She threw her weight around like a beserk yak, husky and strong and when she elbowed you it felt like rivets being driven into a steel girder. Men liked to screw her because she came like a girder. Large and muscular, but when she came it sounded like the screeching of metal. Naturally she had her pick of any of the hunky dudes from the men's teams. She always went for the one's that looked like Richard Widmark or Burt Lancaster, not these hairy-palmed rolling types like flying insects with erections, who buzzed around her constantly. It was like being beseiged by hordes of derailed sex-starved midgets. But none of these schmucks were gonna suck on mama's pink nipple. Jane thought of her collection of travel brochures, the far-off and exotic lands she could travel to. Lush vallies, beautiful scenes, thick sweet scents nibbling at her nose, the energy of her core fusing with the mountains, the swish of her breasts like mountain streams, the wind lingering in her hair like a phone-call from a lover. But there was no time for dreams at this stage in Jane's life. She had a crippled husband confined to a wheel-chair after an ice-fishing trip, and though she did screw around, she loved her husband and doted on him, a kind of whore in a puppy's costume. Even with his black creviced teeth, she still would kiss him. For he was a cripple and she knew if she left him he'd become a pervert or something. She remembered a poem she'd once heard:

*Of all the airts the wind can blaw
I dearly like the west,
For here the bonnie lassie lives,
The lassie I l'oe best;
These wild woods grow and rivers row,*

*And monie a hill between;
But day and night my fancy's flight
Is ever with my blight.*

This poem always struck her deep in the heart and as the clock buzzed to signal the game, she knew that tonight she'd get it on. Her roller-skates felt like Masarati's and love sometimes brought out the dirtiest in her. The more she thought of poor crippled Frankie, the stronger her motivation to win became. Frankie gave her that spark. She stretched out her legs, threw back her head, and you knew, that at a time like this, she could've spit at Hitler. She could smell the arena, the terrified fat men in the seats sitting like blobs of cowshit. Maybe she'd wear her black nylon shorts with the skull and crossbones printed on them, and teach these boys what grammar school was all about. The scorching temperature of her legs in action was enough for any man and could melt a Norman Rockwell painting. The death's heads on her shorts gleamed like the corpses of doom riding bareback against the current of groping and wrangling bodies, like carp swimming upstream to spawn. She rode over enemy feet like she would a speed bump, slow and agonizingly, fluttering her punishments to keep the fans amused. It was like dancing she thought. Just step on the gas and you're thrumming like a roller-coaster through the sticky sweet odour of beef-blood, rank, yes, but violets just weren't her line of business. She was the phantom warrior and one day she'd get away from the gutter-faced city crawling like a snail through her twat, away to the tropics where the mangoes were always ripe. At the same time she was thinking of clawin' some fuggin' eyes out, anyone's.

The muscles on her forearms bulged like steaming intestines spewing out of a ripped-open stomach. That's the way she liked them to look. Made the opposition kinda nervous. They were all worthless kittens anyways, maybe even just fieldmice when they could smell her sweaty athleticness coming up behind them.

Steeling her nerves, she could hear the goblins in her brain giggling, a museum of darkness, the halls of her mind like licking snot-rags through a telescope.

She hit a head as the game begun and the audience went up like a rocket. She pretended every face she punched was just a refridgerator wearing panties, and she'd grunt with

her punches, her ass oiled with sweat like a rabid dog's. It was in circumstances like these that she realized she'd have to leave Frankie, no matter how much she loved him. She had some kind of savage blood in her, it would lead her God knows where, but to subject Frankie to it just wouldn't be fair.

One day...one day...she thought, and with her attention straying for the few seconds, she recieved a kick of roller wheels to her shins. She grimaced, then smiled, every bone in her body extending like antennae towards the one who had just done her evil. She knew how these dirty pigs worked.

Jane caught up to the perpetrator, grabbed her around the throat, tightened on her windpipe and gently whispered into the girl's ear, "Your nose is too short and your collar-bone's showing." She dropped the girl onto the floor, watched her gasp for air for a few moments, then laughed and skated off.

Roller derby is like love, she thought. A shameless game with tender whispers. Well, she was going to mishape a few skulls tonight and the tender whispers could wait for the nuns at the hospital attending to the victims of her savage rites.

A blocker came up on her left side, near the rail, and without looking, with that sixth sense she had, Jane's elbow shot out, caught the blocker in the face, gave a swift kick to the backs of the woman's knees, and while the blocker collapsed, Jane shoved her over the rail with a last swipe with her right skate at the girl's arse as it hung over the railing. Jane noticed how nice it made the wheels on her skate spin, a kind of analogy for her; cruelty on one end and the subtle aesthetics on the other. You had to look for them but they were there alright. The pickled penises of America who comprised half her audience would never notice these things, but she did. She saw the violence but the beauty didn't escape her attention either. That's what made her the best.

She grabbed a challenger from behind, and with one hand on the woman's chin, she stuck her finger down the vile creature's throat, and while the woman threw up the hamburger she had for lunch, Jane's arm made a pasty glop of the woman's face. Jane wiped her arm off on a passing skater, then moved off quickly before the task force from the other team closed in on her. The idea was to get the maximum amount of punishment in in a minimum amount of time. Then move quick

or they'd shave the hair off your nipples.

She snorted, sucked in some air, and her nostrils almost seemed to be leering like pregnant pistols. She felt like the Virgin Mary, ready to explode with the son of God at any moment and deliver thy opposition unto thy Hell. Let them decay in the consummation of their whoremaster symptoms. What tender affection glistened in their bodies? They were like rented bathrooms, twitching with a harmonium of severe psychological infections. They were frigid Harlequin romances with lips occasionally uttering words that came out of their mouths like slobbery kisses from the village idiot. No kisses tonight though. Jane was speaking a different language. The kiss of five knuckles on the mouth, and then, the pleasure of watching the spit arc up into the air and glimmer a few moments in the spotlights. Jane didn't miss this beautiful phenomena either. One could almost see the drops of spit working like prisms, breaking the light into a full spectrum of colours.

Suddenly, someone was coming up behind Jane. The attackers eyes were big and her tongue was between her teeth. She didn't know as she approached Jane, that she was skating towards the edge of death. This girl needs spiritual advice, Jane thought, and she could feel a strange nausea burning on her lips, like what you'd feel after licking a leper's asshole. One day she'd have to get out, withdraw all her savings, cash in her life-insurance policy worth about \$3,500, and get rid of this debauched way of living. It was all she knew how to do, yet life was full of opportunities and Jane knew she could take advantage of them. But for the time being, there was this attacker to deal with.

There was a mob-up in the corner, and the two of them were left alone, facing eachother. Jane noticed a small disfiguration around the woman's mouth. She looked like the type who'd beat her children to death in a fit of temper. Her tampax had slipped out of place and there were slight bloodstains on her nylon shorts. She looked like she was going to perform some act that didn't fit the usual description of hate. It looked more like penis-envy or maybe she was just lonely. Her attack scream sounded like a writhing body in a dark alley. Under her fingernails were clods of dirt. Jane shifted so that she was almost profiled to the oncoming killer. When the woman got about a foot in front of Jane,

arm launched for a punch at the side of Jane's head, Jane quickly shifted to her front, but with her helmeted head bent low and braced hard as nails, so that the woman, aiming high for what seemed an easy swat, was suddenly struck full force in the abdomen by Jane's helmet. The sound the woman made as she went down was like a toilet with a chopped-up body stuffed into it trying to be flushed. As she lay there, Jane slowly rolled a skate over her face, unable to find the words to express her true feelings to the girl. Well, this was honest a kiss that Jane could remember giving in a long time. The girl sounded like she was in the final throes of a Bantu circumcision ceremony.

Jane moved off, her dimensions altering into another time and space, her sixth sense active again, perhaps born out of the blood of the child she'd never had but always wanted. Maybe that's why she made her opponents bleed so much. To make up for her unconceived child. This anger could drive her into dementia praecox, her violent manner suggesting the wax museum she had for a soul. Hollow as a dog was her spirit, like the remembrances of past abuses under chloroform caresses. Numbed by the horrible life she led, slowly falling under it's spell, the caresses had to come on like planks of wood for her to sense their touch. She was a sister of the damned, a red moon of kenneled desires. Neglected into ruthlessness, she was sauce for the gander if she didn't stay in control. At times she was a woman who'd kill a man rather than kiss him. She had come to know the strange thrills of denied love. In her search for happiness, she was incarcerated in the grim drama of twisted passions, the righteous finger of shame diddling her clit back and forth like a beachball lost out at sea, the tide a monotonous orgasm on a piss-stained mattress.

"Coward," yelled an opponent, Lulu Marpin, a small woman with a bloated face pulpitating like a jellyfish. Jane thought about plucking out her heart, eating it, thought about oozing up her, through her abdominal cavity and treading all over Lulu's viscera. Jane's eyes looked as hungry as bitten-off testicles. Maybe tonight she'd even suck blood.

Jane grabbed Lulu just under the crotch and pulled upwards. Lulu's legs flew out from under her and she hit the floor with the impact of an emphysemic's cough. This game of

show and tell was becoming savagely dangerous. Jane leaped down on the stricken girl and sank her teeth into Lulu's neck. As Jane's paroxysm subsided the referees dragged her off Lulu. The blood from Lulu's neck dribbled down Jane's chin and trickled down the cleavage of her panting breasts. There was a strange sensation in her privates. A fear of what she had just done, sucking blood from Lulu's neck, and yet at the same time, deriving a kind of sexual pleasure from this act, the result of this, being in her mind, the final conception of her long-desired child. Jane felt cleansed, satisfied, as they rolled her off the rink and into the dressing room as biting a fellow opponent meant immediate disqualification from the game.

But Jane didn't care anymore. She'd never felt this way before. Even when she was giving Frankie blowjobs in his wheelchair, she'd never experienced this rush of purity. She remembered how every time she'd go down on Frankie, his thrashing about would roll the wheelchair all over the damned place, she dutifully following with her mouth clenched firmly on the end of his prick so she could keep up with him. Finally they decided to use the brakes on the chair to make things easier, and so they wouldn't roll past an open window in their odd position when a neighbour might just happen to be passing by, for one could never know where the throes of passion would take one. But now she felt a new beginning. Frankie just didn't fit in anymore, though her love for him would never die. But she was tired of this unfulfilled love. She was tired of Frankie's pompadour shaped hair, somewhat resembling the hard shell of a beetle. Sometimes when she looked up from between his legs, she could swear that she could see an insect gazing down at her, moaning and flailing like severed centipede legs.

No, she was going to get away from this "getting it on" type of life, or else she'd be sucking more blood than would be good for her. Seized by the sacrilege of her blurred cacophony that heaved deep in her chest, she felt the fungus-green, ant-swarming monoliths of desire leaving her body, her teeth chattering noisily. For now she knew what courage was all about, endless starlight reposed and sweet like berries in her mouth. Her eyes glazed over like a lawn-flamingoe's, waves licked her body, and the ghost of her naked soul burned through her veins like the rythm of the moon's distant music.

This marked the end of her "OK Corral" style of brutalism. It felt lonesome, but so did postage stamps sometimes, and at this moment she felt that oneness with everything around her, even postage stamps, fat men with blubbery behinds, the whole schtick. It seemed that far off mountain-tops were creaking like a Bach fugue in A minor. That's how wonderous she felt. No more would she be the savage bride enslaved in the strange honey-moon of cruelty. The bladder was broken, now she could flow out of herself, beyond, and Jane shut her eyes with the bite of castanets as she plopped down on the dressing-room bench. The Devil was in her control and Jane rejoiced, holding Satan by a bridle and reins, guiding him through the Valley of Death, unafraid, for she was in the saddle, and a deep groan of religious ecstasy rumbled through her body.

Suddenly four priests were standing in front of her, aromatic smoke looping like ghost snakes around them, and in each of their hands they carried obsidian scalpels. They bound her hands and feet with leather thongs. When Jane awoke she found herself strapped to a marble altar, the four priests faces shadowed by hoods stood over her, incense meandering across her naked body to the slow pulse of the priest's chants as they bore their scalpels aloft. Jane looked about her and smiled.

"At last," she mumbled. "Thank God they've come at last." Then the sun went dim.

(I've read this story seven times and it still doesn't make any sense to me. -- Ed.)

WINSTON MELLING, SOCIAL WORKER

by Winston Melling

I.

The pale light outside ran down its spectrum to purple. The room grew darker. The Director stood nervously against the closed Venetian blinds.

"We have long suspected Soviet science," he began, standing and pacing the worn Persian rug which covered the old hardwood floor from wall to wall. He appeared drawn and tired. I noticed the tremor in his hand, the yellow stain on his fingers and the ceiling above his desk. "We have long suspected Soviet science," he said again, "and we've been monitoring the results of their most recent series in the Argentine rather closely as of late. Which is why we asked you here this morning, Mr., uh," he consulted a dossier, "Melborne."

The lights of Duluth seemed to wink their impatience.

"Melling," I said, "*Winston Melling.*"

"Ah, yes. Mr. Melling. A social worker by profession, I believe."

"That's correct, sir."

"Of registered rank?"

"Social Worker, Third Class, sir."

"And your department of origin?"

"United States Department of Agriculture," I said proudly.

"Well, Melling," he mumbled more to himself than to me, "the rest of this looks O.K." He thumbed the dossier closed. The room was almost totally dark. Outside could be heard the plaintive wail of misery of urban life in the highrise canyons of Duluth.

"It says here," he said, tapping the folder, "that you're cleared for the most sensitive documents and briefings."

He had said "most sensitive." I scurried to remember

the introductory sequence.

"U.S.D.A.M.S.W.'s are *always* cleared," I recited from rote. "I need not remind the Director of that which he himself has decreed. Social Workers of the Third Class, in particular..."

"Just testing, Melling."

"...are sworn so, under penalty of death. Since the Oklahoma Mutilations of 1993 and the consequent failure of the KCIA agricultural satellite over the coastal waters of the People's Republic of..."

"Enough!" he said sternly and flicked on the desk lamp. I stopped immediately.

"Now listen, Winston," he continued in a soft fatherly tone, but I could not. I was riveted in place by the man's appearance, revealed for the first time in the glare of the fluorescence. As he lifted a styrofoam cup of cold curdled coffee in trembling hands to his quivering lips, I noted the protrusion of the largest herpes pustule I had ever seen, parting the waxed bush of the long, sleek moustache. He resembled Gordon Macrae, but gone to seed. One side of his scalp had been neatly scalpeled away, a nasty wound, and where the bone of his skull should have been was a plate of the brightest metal. I struggled for control over my own face and dragged my consciousness back to what he was relating.

"...insects. So you see, Melling," he concluded, "we're in a real pickle."

II.

They hustled me through Forms and Weaponry, as usual, without explanation or apology. And, as usual, Miss Brodsky noted aloud the muscular symmetry of my 6'4" frame, the cold gunmetal of my eyes, the nobility of my aquiline nose and chin, the competent cut of my jib.

"You wish, Brodsky," I sneered and they all had a good laugh for a moment. But these were professionals, not unlike myself, and, for them, time was a commodity uneasily wasted. Before I knew it, I was out on the street again, wondering what the evening would bring. I walked for awhile through the damp streets, had a shoeshine and a chilidog.

How it transpired that I should find myself on the

portal of Fun's House of Chow I'll never know. But there I was, adrip with the detritus of the foul Duluthian nocturne, hot, hungry, horny and thirsty. I pulled out my membership/credit card and tested the rasp of my beard. I combed my hair and rubbed a rather calloused farmhand's finger brusquely across my front teeth. With a weary sigh and a twinge of sadness, I plunged the card home in the door. Nothing happened.

"Goddammit, Fun!" I screamed between clenched jaws and rammed it in again. The door spoke inscrutably:

"Fun says no more Chow," it said and repeated the message of rejection at regular intervals in a hollow unfeeling metallic manner.

"Fun, look, it's me," I said and added, unnecessarily, "Melling," only to have the door retort in a squawk of parody:

"Melling Melling Melling Melling..." And so on.

I dropped to the ground on my knees to the wet pavement and covered my ears. Was the horror already here? Was Melling to be the final monstrous mockery? Was time at an end so soon?

The door continued its shrill drone.

III.

Alone, broken, bereft and in despair, Melling curled foetally in the mud of that ditch, weeping openly. For a time I did not recognize him as myself, sodden with the grief of the City as he was, folded inward around that Secret he held deep in his guts, the last, final *Amen* to the prayer of the flesh he knew as his own. He yearned once more for the kiss of sun through the skylight of the mall, the flap of the young catholic girl's tartan skirt against her thigh, the roll of blue sock above the oxford but below the ankle. He wished for all kinds and tones of bells. He craved the lyricism of youth.

He was deep in this painful and depressing rumination when I noticed the door had stopped its redundant tirade and opened a crack. I assumed command of poor Melling and within a moment was all of a piece.

A girlish giggle pealed from the door. I knew the truth. This was no Fun! This was....

"Sam, you Aryan Slut!" I spat, bursting through the curtain of heavy silvery beads. There she was wiping the bar in tight little circles, her ass pert and wiggling under the hemmed *lederhosen*. She whistled a merry tune, and well she might. Melling was back.

"Melling, you bucktoothed cocksucker!" she said with obvious fondness, "Howsabout this bloated tit?" She lifted her left breast in the cup of her palm and offered it to me as libation.

"Nah," I answered coyly. "Draw me a dram, Sam."

"A little later, alligator," she sang in return.

It was the old game we played from childhood. Unfortunately, Sam's level of verbal sophistication was that of the average common-man. But I played with her anyway, because it gave her pleasure. And because I needed her, more than ever now, more than I had ever needed her more than ever now before. She giggled again in delight and I saw her nipples grow hard.

"Bring me the booze, cooze!" I countered.

"On the tab, scab?" Not bad, I thought. I had to work a bit for the next round.

"No money, honey," I said and was justly proud. It was quiet. It was direct. It fit.

"On the chit, shit!" Sam trumpeted triumphantly.

I was in trouble and knew it. Sam had been practicing. She had my balls in a semantic beartrap. Sweat began to flow.

"Uh uh uh," I tried.

"C'mon, Winston," Sam said seductively, passing a handful of fingers voluptuously in and out of her mouth, puffing her cheeks and popping her eyes. The bright red tip of tongue licked the webbing between her fingers. The other arm floated down below the rim of the bar and Sam began to lowly moan, her head cocked back, her long delicate neck craned forward. She bent from the waist in presentation and looked me right in my nervous eyes.

"Fetch me a beer, queer," I demanded weakly. "Please?"

"I'm not selling, Melling!" Sam blasted with a guffaw.

"Bitch," I said inaudibly and lowered my pounding forehead to the freshly waxed wood of the bar. The world began to tilt. A vibrant tic pulsed at the base of my neck. I remembered the wicked Truth, naked, unsifted. I sat

straight, my eyes clear, my voice unsullied. Our time together was not to be long.

"I'm sorry, Sam," I mustered manfully.

She whipped her bangs out of her eye, but said nothing and didn't move. I knew what she was doing.

"Sam, I said..."

"I heard what you said, Melling." Oh, cunning female!

"THEN, GET ME THE MUG, SLUG, YOU TOOTHsome CUNT, YOU..!"

"Patience, sweetie," she said and swished over to the keg. When she returned with the draught, I was composed.

"Jeez, Winston, that last one was *good*." She was purring.

"I know, babe. Had you fooled, huh?" I chuckled with deceit.

"You bet, Chet," she murmured languorously.

IV.

I was roused from virtual unconsciousness by the sweet peasantry of Sam's voice prodding my ear.

"Want another, Winston?"

"Yeah," I bleated.

She did a short tapstep to the keg and drew me again. With her free hand, she spun the tuner on the TV above the wall-length portrait of the young Bridey Murphy. The inconsistencies of numerous voices flooded my stupor.

"...eyewitness...Highway 46...Ling-Ling, the Panda, today...Crunch! Mun...can be easily...Beaver Brand...the waters of Lake Itasca were suffused...no more to say about your brew, Frank?...night followed day like the flapping of a black wing, the cruel mandibles...Now, Millie, nuns have breasts, too..."

For a long time I must have been insensible upon the bar.

V.

The room turned in a glittering dazzle. Sam was at my ear again, teasing me awake with the tip of the corroded corkscrew she used to pry the hardened gum and snot from under the bar. She seemed to be saying "Earl's good-luck melon."

"Huh?"

"I said," she said loudly, enunciating, "The world's fucked, Melling." Harsh lines of weariness framed her twisted grin.

"Oh," I replied.

VI.

No sooner had I dropped into the blissful sleep of the truly innocent, when Sam was there again. This time the hormones of prurient interest were touched, aroused by the long-standing perspiration on her hardworking brow. Compassionate sexuality wafted me to full consciousness. Sam was A-OK. Perhaps even better.

"Look, Winston, whadayasay we retire to your place and do it."

"Sure nuff, honeyface." I was easy.

Sam brightened like the Christmas tree on the White House lawn at dusk. She twirled to the end of the bar and back. She called all drinks on the house.

Fun's rocketed alive like a shot. One of the cowboys across the room dropped what could have been his last dime in the old juke. The platter tipped out, was turned, was laid to rest on the magic turning table. The needle came down. My heart waxed hopefully.

Our eyes met from seemingly miles away. She was nameless now, no longer Sam. Conjoined as we were in the melodious strains of the music, "our" song, the Loretta Lynn rendition of *Ruby Baby*, we did not notice the others, were oblivious to the clustering groups on the wormrotted dancefloor. Sam, my beloved.

Her ample jugs did a fluid jitterbug under the whispering pink silk of her tanktop. How does she do it? Eighteen hours a day, six days a week of Fun's sweatshop and still the energy and enthusiasm to chair the Duluth Chapter of NOW, to give suck to triplets, to powder her nose. What a gal!

It was in the midst of such a reverie that I realized what I would miss. I remembered and suffered for my forgetting. We all do.

Did I wish to lose all this and Sam?

No way, José!

Over the roar of the churning beat could be heard the

rushing chirring of monstrous cicadas behind the door out there in the dark silence. It steeled me, grist for my mill. I opposed and endured.

I knew what I must do. I acted immediately.

VII.

Time blurred, months passed like feral whippets and lots happened. Brownsville was gone. And then Omaha. There was a pattern I could not determine, ineluctable, unchanging.

A hot scarlet wind woke me. The air in the room was stagnant, fetid, putrid. I bounded from the sweatsoaked bed and made instant coffee. I let Sam sleep, one arm and one breast lolling to the soiled floor, rolling gently there as if floating on a brown pond with each inspiration and expiration. There were still things to cherish.

The radio snapped on and it was Buenos Aires. The Agency operator spoke in Cypher Nine, his voice weary and unsteady. I lost him frequently in the bad air. I took a chair by the window and faced the red sun on the horizon. The Worst Case had come.

"Listen, Duluth,..evacuation to the North *crackle*...Hero Two has matted fur *hiss* well met at Rio de la Plata...2300 hours...*crackle crackle crackle*...*chip* wearing our wicker helmets, our lonely hearts *hiss* and...*pop* wrinkled old man in the cradle *crackle* hiding in bush address preferable to condomic lambsking...*shush* *whiffle* Red Dog Two has knuckles in hand *seeeeeee*..."

The heat in my face was not the sun. Poor Soul. A tear hung on my chin.

Another good man swallowed by the Pampas!

Then, suddenly, like tumblers falling in place....

Wicker helmets and lonely hearts? Condomic knuckles on the Rio de la Plata?

Evacuation, shit!

There was no time for Cypher Nine.

"Buenos Aires, Melling here! Boosting my gain to Max! Imperative, repeat, IMPERATIVE! ALLOW THE TOPILARY TO VENTILATE ITS WANTON MISCHIEF! ENCOURAGE SEPARATION OF THE CEREBRAL MONOCLOID! ATTEMPT ESTIMATION OF RATE, REPEAT, *RATE* OF GENERATIONAL WHIFFLING! OBSERVE SPORADIC SIMPERING IN SUB-ADJACENT LIMESTONE! *MOST URGENT: DO NOT EQUATE BEHAVIOR AND*

PERSONALITY AMONG THE ANNEXES! BUENOS AIRES? HAVE YOU RECEIVED?"

I waited that long stretch of horrible moments, sweat and tears mingling in the breath of my home, my rapid city, Duluth. Then it came. "Aye, laddie! We'll give it a go! *sisssss*." His voice was queerly hopeful.

Unnoticed, Sam had joined me naked at the radio. We waited in the brightening silence. I spilled tears of anticipation over her matronly teats. We prayed. She brought out *Trivial Pursuit* and we played an unattended game. The wind turned cool in the early afternoon. His voice was there as clear as the bell in the tower at the Mission of San Juan Baptista. "That's done it, Duluth! It's gone away!"

VIII.

AN EXCERPT FROM THE CONCLUDING PARAGRAPH OF THE FINAL REPORT OF WINSTON MELLING, M.S.W., TO THE COMBINED DEPARTMENTS OF THE CLANDESTINE DIVISION, U.S. DEPT. OF AGRICULTURE:

...of disembodied fishheads and chickenheads was discarded as patently absurd. Utter superstitious nonsense! We were forced to admit that we could not control the suspension, the levity. Our solution lay elsewhere. It was with this recognition that I realized the *problematic* involved in the essential nature of our terrestrial Tongue, all languages co-mingled in fear. I knew then what was destined to become our True Course. By the grace of God, we have remained One. We have been saved!

Signed,
Winston Melbourne, M.S.W.
Social Services
U.S.D.A.
7/23/57

NOTE: The complete text of Arbard Phelter's Report has been recently declassified and may be obtained by writing the U.S. Dept. of Agriculture in Duluth, Minnesota. No street address is necessary. Specify Vols. 13 and 14 of the Annals of U.S. D.A., January-March, 1821.

(Here's a story by a native Indian. Don't speed-read this one or you'll miss some wonderfully bad sentences. -- Ed.)

A WALK IN THE WILDERNESS

by Warren Antlers

The sun arose, wedging up the fog. Light came through in long shafts. In the east it was orange, in the west it was grey. The birds began to sing on schedule. As the sun rose higher, it got warmer. The fog disappeared and the day was bright. Light reflected off the wet grass like a mirror. The breeze picked up and blew cool air. The trees swayed back and forth in a rythm. It promised to be a beautiful day.

It was noon in the town and there were few people on the street. He sat on the veranda of his second story apartment from whence he could watch the view and feel the fresh air. This morning he had got up while the sun was rising and went outside. There he had worked on his bat, sanding it down and trimming the ends. He slowly worked at it with light gauze paper. Then in the morning it had been cool, but it had got warm soon and he knew it would be a hot day. Not wearing a shirt and bare foot, he sanded his bat seriously outdoors. He had spent the winter inside writing and now he wanted only to relax. He found this difficult to do because his type-writer would call him to resume writing and he would have to put down the sand paper and go inside again. Sanding his bat made him feel like a sculptor. It needed to be perfect in its feeling. It was much the same as writing, he thought.

He had been spending much time on the porch, trying to forget that he had not succeeded as of yet. He could not sleep. He would block off his mind and lines would form. He knew that he was writing more and better than he ever had. He put the bat aside and leaned his back backwards. He made himself comfortable, to look across the street, at the willows, oaks, and chestnuts swaying in the wind, as beautiful as they had been when he was a boy. Further, he could see a garden just starting to grow. He was very comfortable then, to think, but too hot. He would go to the fresh water spring and there it would be all right.

He walked down to the street and turned right when he came to it. He was greeted by the shining array of lawns, flowers, and shrubs beside the houses. It was pleasant to walk past the trees. Halfway up the street he came onto the hill that overlooked the town and saw the highway just at its edge, then, a field of new grown grass and alfalfa and beyond which he knew already was the river. Farther was the hilltop of red and black pine, a large forest he had once been in, which had been spared the onslaught of the last glaciers. In the bright sunlight it looked so strange, and he felt a bit strange too but took comfort in the gathering heat of the day and the flocking of the fish hawks not far above his head. He turned left at the gravel road. The sun was not too bad yet and the wind blew cool. He passed a farm where the cows were grazing in the new grass. They had already eaten up all the old grass, which had grown green and tall beneath the hot sun. They were bunched up near the fence so he could get a good look at them. They seemed to know him. He turned left on the path that led to the pine trees. The trail was covered with needles. The wind blew above and made a plaintiff moan. He passed many trees, then a fence. He passed grass and flowers. He was beside a meadow. It was a nice place to come and sit. Out of the ground sprang a spring of fresh water reflecting the clouds, and the ducks were floating on it. The wind blew away the heat. It was still pretty hot but not too hot. He took his shirt off and layed on it. He thought about how simple and beautiful everything was and wondered why it could not be like this all the time. And he thought about his bat and his writing and soon fell asleep.

When he woke, the sun blazed higher and it was mid-afternoon. He felt thirsty. He walked down the steep embankment and passed the pond, frightening the ducks away. He had not wanted to do this, to disturb the ducks. He walked away feeling guilty. When he came to the spring the water sparkled with sunlight. It came out of the ground in a small stream, starting fast and then slowed down into a shallow pool and disappeared in the weeds. He bent over and drank from his cupped hands. The water was so cold it hurt his head and made his hands numb. He waited a while, then soaked his shirt and poured the water over himself. He felt refreshed and satisfied. He did not want to disturb the ducks

so he absconded from the area to the far side of the meadow. It looked like a crater, deep and round with no trees in it. He stood in the middle and it felt strange. Many things made him feel strange. He would try to remember them when he got back so he could write about them.

It was a while before the clouds came, blocking out the sun, and it made him realize the importance of appreciating life and the sun before it got blocked out by the clouds of death. If people would only stop to think about such things there would be less strife in the world. There was much to learn from simple things. You must live every moment as though it were a lifetime. It is a thing to make your head spin.

He struggled with this as he wondered what it would be like to live in total realization. As the clouds went over the sun, it got cooler. The wind picked up. He knew a storm was coming and that he must find shelter. The grass swayed in frightened anticipation. As he pulled on the fence, the wires made a singing sound. He hid among a cluster of tall trees. He heard the wind in the branches and saw the lightning and thunder, and soon the storm was upon him, lashing out its natural fury in buckets of rain driven hard by the wind. He wished he could be as small as a chipmunk and hide in a convenience hole, but he had to make do with the trees overhead, but still he got wet. But he did not mind it.

*

Now it was evening, the storm was over, and he sat on the porch and breathed the clean air. There was a light mist in the air, and he could see a rainbow in the east. One end came down at the edge of town and he gazed at it a long time. Robins were now pulling worms out of the lawns. Small snakes slithered happily. Everything was fresh and green like the Garden of Eden. It had been a good spring shower. He picked up his bat and began to work on it.

The sun followed its downward trajectory. It was orange. The clouds left behind by the storm did not interfere with the sunset, which was a colorful glow. The wind had died. The trees dripped drops of water. Bluebirds and cardinals flew overhead chasing insects or snapping small nuts off the trees. He watched the way they tilted and swerved their bodies. They moved so fast, yet they never bumped into any obstacle. Down below the streets were drying. Children

were playing in them. It was a beautiful evening.

He leaned his chair back against the wall, his feeting on the railing. Tomorrow the rent was due, but he didn't worry about it. He sat there a long time watching the sun disappear and the sky go dark.

*

He layed in bed waiting to fall asleep. He knew it would not come for a while. He thought about shadows and noises and what they meant. Then he tried not to think of anything. Then it was all right, until he thought of something and he lost everything. Falling asleep was a game he constantly lost. He was afraid of bad dreams, dreams in which his body would float away into space or be eaten by bears. He was afraid he would get stuck in a dream and not get back. He hoped he would not dream at all. It was always like this, when he was tired, when things bothered him.

He tried hard to hear something, like a motor starting or a duck. He heard footsteps in the apartment next door. He knew someone lived there. Then he fell asleep.

*

He woke up in the morning. The eastern sky was bright with light, and the curtains made patterns on the far wall. He felt good. Sleep had went well. He could remember parts of his dreams and some of them were pretty good.

(If I did to a person what this author has done to the English language, I'd be sentenced to 1,000 years in jail. -- Ed.)

A DAY AT THE FARM

by Eileen English

The day that nothing happened to me, I had a chance to think about India, the epitome of a country with a food problem. Just too many people. The population problem, so difficult to visualize as it was beginning when people's minds were obsessed by the food crisis in a certain group of countries mainly in South East Asia.

What I am driving at is counterproductive. Since it cannot solve the food problem.

Man likes to eat cows, chickens, pigs, and vegetables. We have all these on our farm. I got up one morning and had to milk the cows and gather the eggs, then feed the pigs and check the crops. On the radio we heard a warning for tornadoes for that day, but the sky was clear. Mom kept watch while we worked.

We really are only beginning programs and prejudice their outcome at this stage by presenting the scientific attitudes. That is where the Pope comes in although my mind is not completely in keeping there.

The target: a considerable reduction of children in the average family in developing countries. London incident, in 1952, accounted for 4,000 deaths. A good start, but respiration disease won't solve the food problem. For instance, doctors compared cigarette smokers from smoggy St. Louis with cigarette smokers in relatively smoggy free. Canada had roughly 4x as much emphysema, an unpleasant disease that suffocates its victims. People are now aware of this. Cigarettes are too expensive for the underdeveloped peasant anyway.

To milk a cow, you must make all your fingers move. Grasp the udder firmly but gently and in a friendly fashion pull down with a semi-wringing motion of the hand. People who don't know this are liable to get kicked. Afterwards, I looked out, but the sky was still clear with no threats.

The current rate of population growth on the day that nothing happened to me, was 1.1 million. Pretty good, but not zero yet. In the United States, life expectancy is 71. The city population is getting worse, due to heavy industry. And, of course as we know, industry just causes more population. The OECD report laid great stress upon this factor.

Even a well-run farm may not make a profit, but our's was not an example of such. Nevertheless, the one factor we have no control over is weather. Therefore, we did not wish to be inflicted with a tornado, or the hail that is usually associated with it. At this moment of time, early afternoon, the sky showed no sign of trouble. The radio still gave warnings, however.

A quote by Pope Paul: "You must strive to multiply bread, in order to diminish the number of guests at the banquet of life, it is for at least half of humanity a breadline or worse. Let's take a look at what can be done to multiply bread. Then he concluded, that with our technological resources, we could perhaps feed the world indefinitely. But can increase in agriculture processes be made?"

The horses should also be checked once a day to see that they are well off. A sick horse can be an economical liability, as well as causing sorrow to the family. The horses were all well. I rode my favorite mare out to the north pasture to get a better look at the sky, but of course there was nothing there. So I felt safe.

The world needs more food, and increased supplies will only be forth coming, in response to an increased demand for food for those who have the money to buy it.

The point I am trying to get acrossed is that farming, in developed and underdeveloped countries, is a business who's roll includes the production of food and the price we have to pay. Fertility is essential to individual and social survival.

The main reason for such an attitude -- wanting to make babies on a day when you have nothing else to do -- is the high infant mortality rate that until recently was obtained even in less developed countries. Lower morality, while birth rates remain high, is the main reason for the population explosion. A good factor is the lower morality.

All these things should be considered together. It is their combination that is important. I have treated them

separately here merely for the sake of clarity. They should not be considered in isolation.

The sky did get dark at sundown, and the west wind began to blow up a gale. It looked pretty bad. We had no tornado, despite the warning, but in the next county, a farmer had his farm totally destroyed, plus most of his family. Part of the reason for his major loss was that he had a large family. Also, it could be said that he was in the wrong place at the wrong time. The use of contraception is trying to control this.

(Get out the Alka-Seltzer. ECCH! -- Ed.)

THE OGLETHORPE PRIZE

by Oliver E. Dreyfus

"Zap! Whizz!" Roderick eructated, his eyeballs stapled to the TV screen. "Zowee! What a break," he chortled in wild satiety, slapping his thigh with a rolled-up *Quill & Scroll* magazine. "Isn't it awesome?"

"I guess so," hazarded Zelda, awed, "but wasn't that outlawed last season?"

"Pow! Look out, there he goes!"

"Would you like another kumquat?" she porismed.

"Shhh! This is the best part."

...And so, once again, *Federicci Rechtschreibovich triumphs in his never-ending campaign against the Evil Semantacist!* And now for the commentary...

"Boy, was that something! But now that this poignant and escharotic drama has succeeded in gratifying your sensibilities, dear Zelda, I've been meaning to tell you, I've...well, I mean...I've decided to give up writing!"

"But, darling," Zelda temporized, peeling a mango, "you know that isn't possible. You know what happens to people who do that."

"But I can make it! I have faith in my resolute steadfastitude. Suddenly I feel a new sense of freedom surging through my arteries and pulmonary conduits! Anyhow, they're just a bunch of spineless, lily-livered pandy bats," he seethed. "I mean, well, Shakespeare was OK, and a few of the moderns, too, Bulwer, Shipley, Dreyfus, maybe, but the others, they're just no damn good, Zelda, no damn good at all!"

"Now, darling," she pacified, decapitating a kiwi-fruit.

"It isn't just the slavery of it, the fruitless hours wasted in praise of a whorish muse," he furthermored, "it's just that no one appreciates real talent anymore...the dastardly blockheads...Zelda, they gave the Oglethorpe Prize to somebody else. I am going to not be Oglethorpe Writer again this year." Despondently, he dropped his head between his Keds.

"But you can't expect to be Oglethorpe Writer every

year. It is a great thing to be Oglethorpe Writer, and troublesome to come by."

"Thirteen years!" Roderick screeched. "For thirteen years I have been not picked as Oglethorpe Writer! I...I was never Oglethorpe Writer, Zelda. I just said that so you'd marry me."

"!!!!"

"That's right, never, and now it's too late! They didn't pick me when I was available and they had the chance," he pleonasmned, "and now it's just too late!" He jumped up from the sofa, sticking his hands defiantly into the pockets of his sturdy and durable Levis. "I mailed my letter of resignation today."

"But that means..."

"That's right. But I can live with the disgrace, *Alea jacta est*, I've done what I've done, and now that it's done I'm proud of it. I wrote in the letter, 'You're all just prickly-assed pigeons,'" he *ipsissima verba*ed.

"I hope you're right," Zelda started stringing the rhubarb.

Roderick turned up the TV.

...the hyperbolic moment of the Cartesian Cogito, anterior to any schism of the Logos, is not only the ontological priority between such divisions, but, in fact, the very condition of possibility to think in/with such categories. The extent to which doubt and the protean, pre-philosophical level of Cogito are punctuated by this project of a singular and unprecedented excess which overflows the totality of determined meanings...

"So that's it!" erupted Roderick, switching off the TV, "it's not so much that neglect follows talent by way of *errare humanum est*, but that talent itself embodies neglect *ab incunabilis -- ars est celare artem!*"

"What nonsense," opined Zelda.

"Maybe you're right," conceded Roderick. "Give me a slice of that kohlrabi." Just then the doorbell rang.

"Don't bother getting up," expositd Marty climactically, ingressing belly first. "Just thought I'd congratulate myself on my Hildebrand Writership which has just been announced. It is a great thing to be a Hildebrand Writer. I have often cogitated with some quantity of covetousness on the prospect of becoming a Hildebrand Writer. *Sic itur ad*

astra. No need to see me out. Bye!" He egressed.

"Good-bye," called Zelda.

"Good-bye," mynahed Roderick.

"There now, you see," denouemented Zelda perceptively, quartering the last of the pomegranates, "a light flickers yet in the subway tunnel of despair. If Marty can become a Hildebrand, surely the state of Oglethorpia is not beyond your attainment. Let umbrageous shadows lurk what may, and sanguinary winds rend the heart of the forest -- the bright luminescence of your work will coruscate to the far reaches of the planet, deliver you from...an unspeakable fate, and illumine the very nocturne of the soul."

"Fairest Zelda, your words have quantitatively amplified my spirit and moved me deeply, too," perorated Roderick, "and I shall take your confidence into trust, that it might spur me on to ever greater inspiration. Like Federicci Recht-schreibovich, I shall saddle up my balky art and gallop upon it to the farthest borders of the meadows of Universality, wherein I shall gather the most exquisite garlands to lay before your worthy feet. I will exalt the world with my lyricism and lyricize it with my exaltations! They'll revere me! I'll write a novel with forty-seven chapters and a prologue in verse! I'll publish an anthology! I'll win the Oglethorpe Prize!"

(Ahh, they just don't write 'em like this any more! -- Ed.)

THE KNOCK AT THE DOOR

by Mickey Smith

Manfred Nattenmair had fallen prey to the hands of guilt. They clutched at his shins and tugged the cuffs of his trousers. Biting at his bitter knuckles he thought of his daughter, Wieglenna, *a beautiful young virgin of fourteen*, and he thought of the young prince he had contracted out to marry her. He did not think the same thing about Wieglenna as he did about the young prince, however. He thought one thing about one of them and something else about the other. Which is not to say he was of two minds. Manfred was of one mind. His mind was one and his thoughts were firm. Outside the wind howled. Then there was a knock at the door.

At first Manfred did not hear the knock. He was thinking one thing about Wieglenna, namely, where was she at such a late hour, it was storming out, what could she be up to, his only daughter, a beautiful young virgin of fourteen! Where, where could she be? She was his prize, she was his charm and his life and his most precious little thing in all the whole wide world. Where could she be? He feared to continue his train of thought, Then, without any conscious willing on his part, he plunged ahead into the darkest recesses of his mind -- WAS SHE HAVING SEX WITH A FARM BOY!!!

Manfred moaned, the grandfather clock against the wall behind him struck twelve and the noise it made, coupled with the howling wind, drowned out the knock at the door.

But there was another thought he was also having at the same time he was imagining her in a haystack and beneath the heaving loins of a hayseed, he was thinking: Why hasn't my prince come? Those were the thoughts he was having in regards to the striking creature that was his daughter, the wicked little Wieglenna, and her dashing beau. The thought that caused the guilt that was tugging at the cuffs of his trousers was that he had stepped on the head of his daughter's tabby kitten and crushed it. For this he felt great guilt, even though he hadn't meant to do it, it was dark, he couldn't find the kitchen lamp, he thought he was stepping

on an orange peel.

Deep in thought, he was not prepared, then, for the door to burst open, rain slashing through the opening onto the floor, and the young prince to enter with his arms spread wide, his long golden hair in tangles, shouting at the top of his voice -- "Wieglenna! Wieglenna! Wieglenna! Wieglenna! Wieglenna!" over and over and over.

Suddenly Manfred realized what was happening. "Prince," he asked, "why are you saying my virgin daughter's name over and over? Have you found her under the loins of a hayseed?"

"No," bellowed the young prince. "I picked her up out in the fields, lifted her laughingly over my head, then tripped, dropping her into the combine where she was shredded into pieces about the size of a rice grain."

Manfred registered what had been told him.

How could it have been worse, he reasoned with his mind, then fainted dead away, like a man who has lost everything.

(All kidding aside, I'd like to shoot the sonofabitch who wrote this monstrosity. -- Ed.)

SPRINGTIME, SUNFLOWERS, AND SEIJI

by Ken Nakazawa

He spoke to me with jade. Seiji. I changed his name to Yoshio. I changed his name to Tadao. I changed his name to Kenji. He spoke to me with plastic, cement, rubbing alcohol. I sweated, fretted, took pictures. I tried not to be nervous. We were both very young. He was older. I hung around outside his house. One night I found myself thirsting for his flesh. I was a fool! On a bright morning in May I brought him a bunch of sunflowers. But he was gone. He went to the Yukon. I didn't hear from him for two years.

I bought a telescope. I took pictures of the night sky. Perhaps I was looking for him. I tried to forget him. I wrote a book about him. His name was Shuichi. I wrote a book about losing him. I called it *My Heart Was Eaten By Wild Dogs*, and I refused to let the publisher change the title. Sometimes while working in my darkroom I would remember the tiny living room of his apartment, and the view of distant cornfields.

He was a shepherd. He worked for the Mafia. I have no idea what he was doing all this time. He spent time in Cuba. He ferried draft dodgers across the border in his van. Randomly, I picked cards out of the Tarot deck he gave me. *The Devil...discontent, depression. Five of Wands...violent strife*. Quebec separatists were protesting. He had a vasectomy in Alaska. I threw up after a soul food dinner at the Underground Railroad.

I dreamed I was naked. I was waiting for the Yonge St. subway. The train was full of Indians. They were real but frozen. They carried bows and arrows and were dressed in hockey jerseys. I quit a job announcing specials over the p.a. system at the Towne and Countrye Mall. My hearing was giving me trouble. I got into yoga.

I slept with a man who had seen him.

"Was that after the October Crisis?" he asked. It was

after the October Crisis, after Laos, after Cambodia, after the Congo, after Peru, after South Moluccas. It was after The Big One, after Bangla Desh, after Kent State, after Nutley, New Jersey. It was after Melvin Laird, after Alan Ginsberg, after Leary, but before Mark Spitz.

"It was before the United States of America," I said.

He was sadistic. I slept with him twice, over a garage in Miami. He told me he had nearly killed Goofy at Disneyland by hitting him in the head with a metal pipe. He was given three years in prison and was paroled after one and a half. He told me how he discovered he was gay. He told me that I should avoid his kind. I took a bus to Duluth the next day. I got a job photographing bar mitzvahs in Minneapolis. I lost all my underwear in a fire. I started to hitchhike to Fargo but never made it.

I met him during a gay rally in San Francisco. His name was Sato Nakamura. That is a lie. We went to a skin flick and sat in the back. It was hot and uncomfortable. We played with each other's cocks. Afterwards he bought me a cream soda and a chili.

"Who are you?" I asked.

"The man you were destined to meet," he replied.

King of Wands...handsome and passionate, he is agile in mind and body. Nine of Cups...the querent will get his wish.

He fathered a child by someone insignificant. It fell into a river and drowned. Police harassment of gays got me worked up, I almost got my head bashed in at a rally. I addressed the crowd. They cheered. I went home with someone and caught gonorrhoea. I spent a month in an attic in Berkeley. I did my yoga. He laughed so hard I went deaf. He hated me.

"I sold obscene photos of young boys to a magazine in Denmark."

"I dropped acid with an accountant in Dallas."

"Did you sleep with him?"

"Yes."

We spoke about a wrestling match we had seen years ago in Hempstead, New York, about Lewin and Curtis against the Toulos Brothers, about Ricky Starr tossing ballet shoes into the crowd. The crowd thinned out at intermission. I saw his face across the ring. I saw through his clothing. I could

see through everyone's clothing. I forgot where I was. I followed him into the men's room. We both tried to go into the same stall. Someone called the police.

He was naked for two weeks in Niagara Falls while I photographed artistic nudes. He was laughing. I was laughing. He spoke to me with plywood, steel, ice water. I rubbed lotions all over his muscular body. He rubbed lotions all over my slender body. I was nervous. I felt as if my flesh would melt away. I built bird cages. I built more bird cages. A cat almost clawed my eyes out. I was crying. It was awful. I surrendered.

I changed his name to Takeo. The money from my photos of boys kept me in hash, acid, and junk food. My best friend bought a shotgun. He held up an orphanage, then shot himself. The police asked me if I knew him. I said I knew him not. I raised my voice. "I never heard of him!"

He took all his meals in silence in Portland. From a mental hospital I wrote a letter that appeared in *Evergreen Review*. I returned to San Francisco to make a 16 mm. movie. The print was stolen by a burglar. I burned my still photos in a trash can during a Simon and Garfunkel concert. He played the koto for an experimental rock band. I called him Kazuo of the Koto. I caught the crabs from my landlord. He spoke to me with tarragon, nutmeg, Freon.

I did the cooking. He grew marijuana in northern California. He fasted in Lethbridge. *Four of Swords...hermit's repose. The High Priestess...unrevealed future, hidden influences at work.* I went on a grapefruit diet. Strange objects fell from the sky in the Midwest. Cattle were found mutilated in Alberta. Worms appeared in tap water in Harlem. A baby with two heads was born in Italy. All my best friends got drafted. I was pissed off. Then I forgot why. The taste of discontent was thick on my tongue. I refused to cook. I broke my cameras. I broke all his Beach Boys records. *Eight of Swords...narrow or restricted surroundings. Bondage.* He spoke to me.

I have no idea what he was doing all this time.

Yes, I do.

No, I don't.

I dreamed I was insane. I began seeing a shrink.

Mad times, Bad times, Sad times.

(This author has a real knack for dialogue. -- Ed.)

THE SKY ABOVE, THE MUD BELOW

by Louis Wilhelm

"I thought we were through with war after that holocaust concluded five years ago, what with the formation of the U.N. and the horrifying aftermath of the atom bomb," was Herman's comment to his wife Eleanor at breakfast.

"We can only hope," she replied, "that the assistance which we are to give will be of such power as to bring these aggressors to terms within a short period. We can only hope too, that innocent non-combatants will be spared the destruction such as nuclear warfare brings." Little did she know at the time that this would be the first time that the United States would be engaged in a war designed, not to win, but to fight on terms dictated by the aggressor.

"I think that the costly experience that Mr. Chamberlain underwent in his appeasement of Hitler only twelve years ago, is still fresh in President Truman's mind," said Herman. "And to me it seems the only way to deter these fiendish enemies is to show them we mean business and that we will fight with all the means at our command without violating the terms of The Hague Conference."

Later to himself Herman was pondering the outlook. Of course Larry is only five and no doubt this new conflict will be settled before he attains an age at which his services would be drafted. If we do not take a firm stand now what's to discourage repeated threats by the Communist stooges in other of their European and Asian satellite countries. He little knew how realistically his musings would be projected in the not too distant future.

(Note: I have had to redraw the author's bug sketches because they were too big. The whole story, in fact, was written in black crayon on the back of a piece of wallpaper. This may say something about the author's mental health. -- Ed.)

ANCESTORS TODAY

by Nat Shapiro

"I don't like bugs," Hermann Kafka yelled at his employees in an overpowering tone.

Schmolka was the good boss of the two. Kafka was the bastard who watched every employee and every penny and never gave an inch. And now he was hysterical.

"Underwelt!" he screamed at me, "I want you to clean out every corner of this store and get this infestation *out* of here! Why in the whole Zeltnergasse does it have to be *my* store they invade?"

He flimmered and thundered in his usual obnoxious way. Imagine *living* with this Bismarck!

"Call the exterminator!" he emptied. "Get a hold of Herr Zimmer!"

"I already did, and I got the solution."

"Are you sure?" Mr. Kafka exploded. "Did you describe the bugs to him. There's more than one type, you know. Am I the only one who knows it? Am I the only bug inspector?"

"I showed him two kinds," I enervated.

"*Two* kinds!" Mr. Kafka bloomed. "*Two* kinds!?! There's a dozen!"

Mrs. Kafka, a tiny, kind woman, half her husband's size, came over and tried to clam him down.

"Hermann," she complicated, "let Jakov take care of this. He'll do it. He's capable."

"Oh, yeah?" Mr. Kafka refracted. "He thinks there are only *two* kinds of bugs in this store."

I was close to quitting on the spot now. That's how much I hated this armor-plated misanthrope.

Mr. Kafka held out his thorny hands. His members were bulbous. He clicked off the bug types:

"There are insects, spiders, centipedes, crustaceans, cockroaches, dung-beetles, and June bugs. And moths! What

do you think moths are going to do to the *Kafka-Schmolka Fancy-Goods Shop*? But what do *you* care? You're not a *Pink-eljuden* who had to fight and claw and vegetate to the top the way *I* had to."

I looked at Mrs. Kafka predominantly.

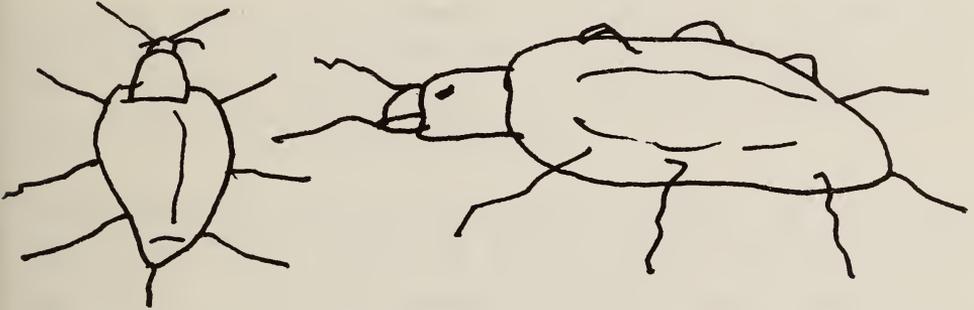
"I've got the solution. Shall I go ahead and use it?"

Mrs. Kafka disturbed her husband.

"Let him go ahead, Hermann."

"Alright! Alright!" Mr. Kafka vandalized. "I drew a picture of the main culprit. Here it is. Get this one and you've killed eighty percent of these vermin."

He showed me his sketch:



"That's pretty good," I increased. "I couldn't do that well."

"Well," Mr. Kafka gored, "I picked one up and studied it closely before I smashed the creep to smithereens under my boots. I hated what I was looking at, but I studied it. That's how I got to where I got, Underwelt! By determination! By preservative! By altercation and transaction!"

"Shall I go ahead?" I encanted.

"Yes, go ahead! But let me tell you I'm going to inspect when you're through! Just remember, I was a *Zugführer* in the army and I was tough on inspections. There wasn't one *louse* that got by my brimming and inquiring eyes."

What a lout of a man! I pitied Mrs. Kafka, and I wondered how Mr. Schmolka could stay in business with him.

Once Mr. and Mrs. Kafka got busy elsewhere in the store, I began applying the solution. It was very effective. The bugs stopped dead in their tracks. They didn't know what hit them. When I got bored with the direct assault of the solution, I set up traps. I would drop the solution a little

ahead of them, and they would walk right into it like cattle. The few that tried to get away I pursued and ended their flight. When *Zugführer* Kafka inspected, he was barely satisfied. Mrs. Kafka winked at me and said okay under her breath. Still, I would hate to be his son.

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

ROCHELLE IBIS FLABAZO is 30 years old and originally from Wolfville, Nova Scotia. She worked for five years at the famous sex emporium Show World at 42nd St. and 8th Avenue in New York. She now lives in Toronto and is married to an oil company executive. She has previously written copy for an adult magazine publisher.

ATHANASIOS APOSTOLOPOULOS was born in Hicksville, New York, in 1948 and later moved with his family to Winnipeg. He and his cousins run a pizzeria near the university campus. He says he writes stories to relax his mind. He also enjoys fishing, hunting, stamp collecting, and bondage.

DR. ORVAL ARMANDO HALTIWANGER is an authority on health and nutrition and runs a summer camp for overweight girls in Ontario's cottage country. He is a bachelor in his 70's and says he has "no hobbies other than the betterment and well-being of girls and women everywhere."

WINSTON MELLING was born in Winnipeg in 1933. He saw extensive covert action in Europe during the Second World War as a child spy. From 1950-76, he worked for the U.S. Dept. of Agriculture. He is at present readying several works for publication: *Space-Time*, *Infinity*, and *You and Me*, a three-volume survey of theoretical physics, *Mea Maxima Putz: The Humor of Pius XII*, and his first novel, *Hound Dog of Brussels*. Mr. Melling is retired and lives with his wife, the poet Cloretta Gonzago, in the house in which he was born.

WARREN ANTLERS is an Ojibway Indian. He has hundreds of unpublished stories and poems and is seeking a major publisher. He lives alone in Fenelon Falls, Ont., and works at odd jobs. He considers himself to be a disciple of Walt Whitman, and he has a complete collection of Buffie Sainte-Marie's albums.

EILEEN ENGLISH grew up on a farm near Lampman, Sask. She studied briefly at the Univ. of Regina and has worked as a substitute primary teacher. In 1983 she taught English at a remote settlement in the Northwest Territories. She was also active in Eugene Whelan's campaign for the Liberal Party leadership. She now lives in Regina.

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

OLIVER E. DREYFUS is 32 and works in an auto plant in Windsor. He was born and raised in New Orleans and moved to Canada in 1980. He is active in the anti-veal protest movement and in the movement to protect the civil rights of mental patients.

MICKEY SMITH is a transsexual and works as a nurse in Sudbury. Formerly Mr. Smith, she is now Miss Smith. Her story takes on more meaning viewed in this light. Mickey calls herself a "weekend writer" but wants to be published at least once.

KEN NAKAZAWA is a free-lance photographer living in Toronto. He has lived and traveled in many parts of the U.S. and Canada. He was born in Evanston, Illinois, in 1950 and moved to Canada in 1973. His father was Admiral Yamamoto's personal barber.

LOUIS WILHELM is a retired social studies teacher originally from Indianapolis and now owns a cottage near Leamington, Ont. Although now in their 80's, he and his wife, Bea, travel all over North America by trailer. Mr. Wilhelm claims to have published a novel, *The Second Generation*, with Exposition Press, a vanity publisher.

NAT SHAPIRO is a used car salesman in Hamilton. He is 48 and married. He describes himself as basically a misanthrope despite his occupation, and he would like to "win a million in a lottery, retire, get away from the human race, and just write stories." This is his first appearance in print.

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ISBN 0-920973-07-8