



**MAGIC
BULLET**

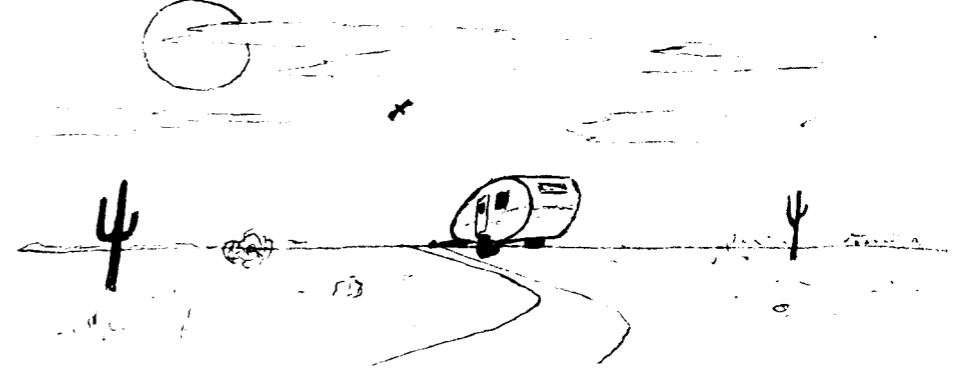
Jan.-
Feb.
1988
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2 YEARS OLD AND GOING LIKE
GANGBUSTERS!



A FAR LEFT POTLUCK circa 1984

I stood erect and listened for the sound I knew would come. Straining like a lifter to catch the first airy note. Roberta and Juan coiled like snakes around the core of their mad hope. Longstreth picking banjo and singing country songs. Felix Mixing the elixer of existence. Constance dancing from fence to fix. Glen picked up a pocked and rusted chunk of castoff machinery. Some literary device long past its usefulness. He cast it upon the waters. It sank without a trace. An Indian weaver sitting stringing ancient beads to form tokens of primitivism for sale to tourists. Little Rebecca with her nose pressed to the windowpane. Ice floes with their unwilling cargoes of hapless sea lions. Killer whales surfacing, breaking the ice into dalquirls; with all the sea lion blood and their pitiful walls. Me? I was just trying to express myself in my haphazard and ill disciplined way.



Harriet became insanely jealous whenever he would talk about Amanda and the dog. Living with Morgan in the trailer was sometimes nice but most of the time, trying. Whatever she did, she could never compete with Morgan's past. The pit of which he always spoke was somewhere, about fifty miles to the southwest — no longer there, the site of an all night mini-mart. Evidently they had used it to bury the large gas tanks to fill the cars and trucks that ran along the new interstate. Morgan had taken her there once but, because of his frustration about how the place had changed and her frustration about not being able to comprehend the change, he has never gone back — pretending that it still existed as it did so many years ago.

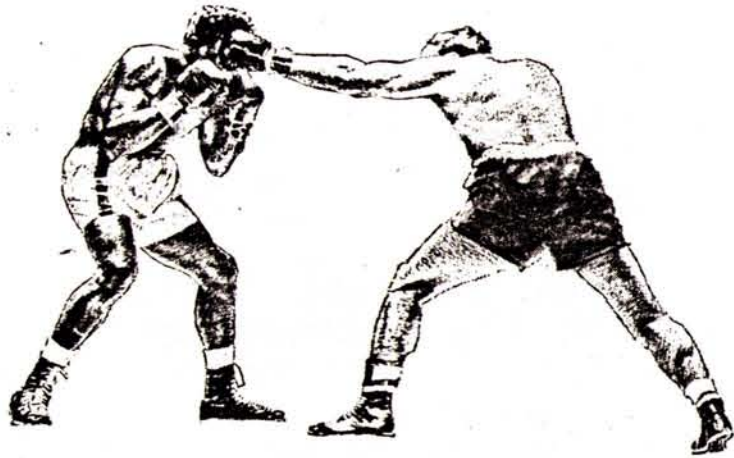
Morgan did absolutely nothing these days. His time was spent between watching the spanish station on TV (the only one that their small antenna would pull in) and long walks in the desert.

Harriet had long ago stopped asking Morgan about his walks. He would deny it, but she knew that he was out looking for the dog. he had given up looking for Amanda years ago, but the dog still obsessed him; even though it had been so long and the dog was surely dead.

"I'm nothing without the dog," he would mutter to himself sometimes. He would scream in the night, in his sleep, about being buried alive and would spit as if his mouth were full of dirt.

Harriet wondered. She had thought about leaving Morgan but what can you do when you're ninety-one years old and have outlived all your children? You get used to having someone around and you get used to the extra Social Security Check.

WHAT INGO MUST DO TO WIN



We clean the bones
We open the bodies
bring out your dead



We kill the little
We kill the genius
We kill the big
We kill the ignorant

We grow the flowers
We stock the furnace

— peter/paul

In the Face of Denial

To deny your drinking is to speak of it, is
To defend its bloodshot eyes, and purpled nose,
And puffy face.

So the contradictions come down to
Denial,

To assertion of the will
To drink;

For he who has pain
Has alcohol to pour

And to deny such truth is to deny
Your life,

Especially its infancy
And youth.

— Michael Graves

Project

Rock N Roll

Part 14.

Reinhold Speck watched the motionless form of Wanda Ases in his rear-view mirror. He wondered if she were only pretending to be sleeping. He didn't like the way his comrade insisted on holding his revolver against her head. He didn't believe that revolutionary zeal should completely obliterate one's capacity for human respect. Still, it was just such moral weakness that got one strangled from behind. Better to be safe than sorry.

Wanda was brusquely shaken awake sometime in the middle of the night. She fought to clear her head and maybe catch a hint of her whereabouts. They led her across a starlit farmscape, toward an adobe cottage.

They brought her inside and instructed her to sit in the chair by the table. There were heaps of papers all around and in the corner, under a tarpaulin, Wanda could make out the shape of a printing press. Strwn about the table and floor were propagandist leaflets and scraps of musical notation.

"Why have you brought me here?" she demanded, "What do you want?" Speck sat down opposite her and looked into her eyes with a tenderness that she recognized immediately as true religion.

"I beg a thousand pardons, Miss Ases," he said, "but you are about to be afforded the highest honor to which a Buena Salidan can aspire."

"Torture?" she prompted, icily.

"No Ma'am," he told her humbly. "I bring you here at the orders of our greatest Freedom Fighter, Archard Venango."

"Freedom Fighter!" she scoffed. She shuddered to think how many Seven International landed lords had been tried and beheaded in the name of the outlaw Venango.

"Let me assure you," he insisted, "This visit is entirely for your benefit." Wanda then flashed on the strange apparition at the airport; the staggering man and the message that had been her welcome upon landing in Buena Salida: *everything that's done is done for you.*

They directed her to the back of the cottage, where she found a wall hanging that covered the opening to a small cave. In the center of the cave, bathed in incense and candlelight, sat a mild gray man in peasant homespun cotton. "Hello, Wanda," he said.

She took just a moment to recover, and the tension inside her spent itself like a spring snapping. "Hello, Carl," she said, "I had wondered about you from time to time." And, just like she'd done that first time in his filthy Princeton apartment, she sat down lotus position in front of him and opened her soul to his pleasure.

-- To Be Continued! --

