

# Waging Love

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William Sylvester

Dear Bruddles:

Hi.

What in the world happened when Mom and Pops went to see you? They came back looking awful. Just godawful. Mom goes around with her lips all pinched up, as if she wanted to kiss somebody to death, if you know what I mean. Pops still asks me how I am, when he comes home at night, but he's always thinking of something else. He looks at mom as if she had too much weight. I think she does.

This new English teacher we have is a mess. I mean he's a mess. He smells like a gymnasium, and he has a couple of icky hairs on his chin. It's supposed to be a beard, something way out and wild for Nebraska. He wants to start an advanced placement course, but what good would that do. I mean, just for one semester. Do you remember Joe. Well, I guess I better not start on that.

Love

Sis

P.S. Have you had a bath recently?

My dearest, dearest Sunny boy:

Your father and I had a delightful ride on the plane, after our wonderful, wonderful, wonderful visit with you. I am very sorry that I did not have an opportunity to discuss with you the courses you are following and the professors you see. Perhaps we will have more leisure on our next visit. Kindly convey to your young visitor the assurances of my regards, if you ever see her again.

The sky was overcast, as we drove to the airport. I made a preliminary accounting, estimating the mileage to go, and when we returned the car to the agency, I discovered that I was only 13 cents off. I knew that once we got above the clouds, the sun would be shining gaily. I told your father to get a seat by the window. When we checked in, they had one of those diagrams with tabs, for the seat numbers. I could see that all of the outside seats were taken,

so I told your father to ask the man at the desk if any had been returned. It never does any harm to ask. Your dear father is so attentive to every little detail, but I daresay he was preoccupied about something, because he didn't say anything at all. Fortunately we were first in line, by the time we got to the gate, and so I sat by the window anyway.

How can I describe the glory of those sunkissed clouds below us? Such lovely white mounds, such beautiful softness. One expected everybody to jump out of the plane and revel in them.

Please forgive my saying so, but I do hope that you will keep your room in a somewhat neater fashion. Outer order creates peace within.

Do write soon. The long silences between us are very sad.

Your ever loving  
Mother

Dear Mother:

Honestly I was very glad to see you and father again, and I honestly think that the silences between us will break down. There are too many silences, and people do not really say what is honestly on their minds. I mean, it is difficult to express emotions. I honestly think that I have no problem in that direction, not any more.

But isn't this really a problem for you, mother? I mean, quite honestly, did you really want to send the "assurances" of your "regards" to Maria? Is that all you felt in her presence? Wasn't there some other emotion. Honestly, mother, I am not angry, and I do not in the least think that you rejected Maria, or that you are anything but the good, sweet mother that you really are, basically. What bothers me is that your feelings never have really come out, directly and openly. That's been the difficulty all along.

I hope you do not mind my saying so, but if you look back over the letter you wrote me, I mean about the flight home, honestly, mother, weren't you being a little aggressive to father? I mean, all that business about pulling tabs, and jockeying for position, and getting ahead of other people? It's the sun that counts, true enough, but just see the sun itself, without metaphor, without simile, just see it like it really is.

Maria has just returned from the store, so I'll tell you more in my next. Tell Father not to work too hard.

Love

Bruddles

Dear Sis:

How sweet of you to write!

I haven't the foggiest notion of what you mean about Mother and Father. Their visit was pleasant for me, and they enjoyed themselves, as much as they can enjoy anything.

Your references to an English teacher distressed me, not that you should be concerned with his beard or other minor infractions of middle class values. What bothers me is the fussing with credits, with prestige, with the kind of course you take. Dear Sis, what good are "credits" in an education structure that is status

hungry, and white oriented, where people are not seen as people, but as functions of society. I believe in person-person relationships. Forget your English teacher. Tell me about Joe.

I believe in peace.

Never have I been so full of peace. It is just something that glows within.

Love,

Bruddles

Dear Son:

The world's work will not get done if we merely discuss our emotions but I will not hide the fact that I was hurt, yes, I was hurt, by your suggesting that I was in any way aggressive toward your father. I don't see how you could harbor such a thought, to be aggressive to such a poor, hardworking, earnest, serious man, who is not in the best of health anymore, and will not give up cigarettes . . . And most certainly I was not trying to get ahead of other people, but merely to bring a little sunlight into your father's life.

If you are to lecture me about my emotions, you must be prepared to hear the full truth. I sent my regards to that young lady because I felt regards and nothing more. I do not in the least wish to interfere with your private life, but I should like to point out that there are such things as manners and behavior. If you would only keep your room neat, you would get to know a nicer group of girls. I have nothing against Maria per se, you understand, but she does not dress neatly, and her hair is in a most disreputable state. I do wish that you could find a two room apartment so that your entertaining could be done with more decorum. Surely such sloppiness is not the way you feel inside, and sloppiness is no indication of honesty. The new English teacher at High has an enormous beard, and I am worried about your sister's education.

Dear boy, I am so deeply concerned for your happiness. Work hard and enjoy life for my sake.

Love

Mother

Dear Bruddles:

You asked about Joe. He's on the debating team, advertising manager for Key and Lock, and editor of Shining Armor. The other girls call him the prestidigitator.

Heh heh.

The magic of adolescence.

I've been thinking about the other things in your letter, the white oriented, status hungry education we get. I went to my English teacher and told him outright, I wanted a person-person relationship with him.

He was floored.

That "peace" jazz you keep going on sounds kind of finky, I don't suppose you go in for anything so middle class as a T.V. set, if you did you would have seen real torturing in Vietnam, and officers whipping girls my age right on the ass. All this on our side, too. It's a fact, and I've never forgotten it.

Please write again. I don't think Mom and Dad ever really cared to talk to us, but I can't prove it, not yet.

Love

Sis

Dear Mother:

Can't you come out and say honestly that you don't like Maria, that you didn't like her from the moment you saw her? Mother, you should face the fact that you are jealous. Every mother is jealous of her son, and there's nothing wrong in that. It's hiding the feeling that's wrong.

I realize how painful it must be for you, because Maria does not live up to suburban oriented values. I know, I know, you will say that Nebraska is not a suburb, but the values are the same. I do not say it to hurt you mother, but to break down the barrier of silence between us. You are hurt because quite obviously Maria and I are living together.

There.

It's out in the open.

I hope it clears the air so that your next visit will be more pleasant.

Love

Bruddles

Dear Son:

Your last letter didn't set too well with your mother. Why did you have to tell her? A man has to know when to shut up. Here's an extra ten bucks for a night out.

Dad

Dear Bruddles:

Jesus H. Christ. What in the world did you write to Mom and Dad? I think she is going to piddle little green worms. Have you turned homo or something? Shoot the dirt to me fast, I want to spread it all over this dull school.

Whatever it was you wrote, Mom has been so shocked that Dad hasn't worried about my virginity for a whole week. Heh heh.

The hell with sex.

We got the advanced placement course. I can't decide whether I should do a term paper on Kafka or Ken Kesey. The only teacher who understands me is my English teacher, and he flunked his general exams for the Ph.D. Nebraska is still the same old a-hole.

Are you on pot?

Love

Sis

My poor dear boy:

When I think of what you once were, I want to weep.

If you could only see yourself as others see you, you would truly understand. Do you really think that your parents are so naive? Have you forgotten how we have brought you up, hoping that you would have a happy, healthy attitude toward the body, and develop a robust view toward living? I have done my best to make you feel free from guilt, and thus lead an active, happy, productive

life. Not for one minute did I ever expect you not to have some sort of puppy love. That's your business. I'm not in the least bit concerned about that. Of course you might have some little affair or other, but that is no reason to become so involved.

What bothers me, and worries me dreadfully is your slipping into a slough of despond, unable to work, to do anything. I am not jealous of Maria, but distressed by your giving incompletely, all along the line. Of course one should be against the war, but that is no reason to be impractical and to forego R.O.T.C. Of course one should cultivate the mind, I have always been in favor of cultivating the mind, but that is no reason not to go out for sports. I am tempted to feel sorry for that poor, misguided girl, but if she likes your clutter, your hideous orange colored poster, that awful smell of burning alfalfa, the dried tuna fish eaten out of the can, then I daresay she deserves all the things you spell out in such detail in your disgusting letter.

My poor dear boy, can't you stop wallowing in this filth. Can't you forego the laziness, the indolence, the dirt? Oh, what would your sister say, if she found out? Think of that, my dear boy, think of it please.

Love

Mother

Mother dear:

I pity you Mother, truly I do. You must be very lonely indeed to say that I have spelled things out in disgusting detail. Why should "details"—which I had not given—be disgusting? Why wouldn't they be warm and friendly? And by a curious sort of irrelevance, you mention Sister. Don't you see that poor Sis is struggling to be free of the same status seeking that I am? I have told Sis, again, and again, not to worry about her school work, which, by the way, seems to be taking up too much of her attention.

No doubt you see Maria as the ruination of the prestige you had so profoundly hoped that we would all achieve, Father, me, Sis. Perhaps I can reassure you on one point. Marks do not represent the person, but the relationship between what the person has done, and what other people do, and this relationship is, I am sure you will agree with me upon reflection, is essentially an aggressive one.

Sis is too sweet for the posturing, the pretences, and the lies that go into mere achievement. For a child her age to be worrying about "advanced placement" strikes me as ridiculous. You and father have been restless because you have placed yourselves in such advanced positions. Consider the agony beneath Father's wry smile when he speaks of the "rat race," or every time you go out to the P.T.A., the Fund Raising Committee, the Great Books course, Father would sigh and say "I wish we didn't have to go out tonight," and you sighed and said, "I wish we didn't have to go out tonight either," and then you'd both sigh and wish that you stay home and read a book.

Query.

Why didn't you?

Please, for your sake, as well as for Sis's, ease up on her, even if you can't understand me.

Love

Bruddles

Dear Bruddles:

Now look, don't you be a fink. Mom has been pounding on my back for a whole week now. She wants to know exactly what I've been studying and how much, and I simply can't tell her. Please, please, please, whatever you said, forget it. Don't say it again. Things are bad enough around here.

Do you remember Joe? Well I haven't seen him much lately. I'll tell you more about what I've been doing later. An awful lot is going on right now.

Love

Sis

Dear Mother:

You have in effect betrayed my confidence. Even though I opened my heart out to you, you in turn seem to be taking things out on Sis. Instead of reassuring her, you are apparently driving her on to "do things."

Right there is the problem. In those very words, doing it. You and Father have always been "doing" things, and you never accept for a moment "not-doing."

Did you ever stop to think of the sexual implications behind the phrase of "doing it" as in "everybody is doing it?" "Doing things" implies an outward drive, and "doing it," implies aggression, not love, "doing it," is a kind of force that inhibits the flowering of peace. You first saw Father as a doer, his chest beribboned from the doings of World War II, and as a young girl, you saw him explosively, as a bombardier, and later when you were married, the memories of killing, of mass executions, of crumbling cities, an aggression made exquisitely intense by the righteousness with which the war had been waged. Everybody was doing it, and against such an emotional background, I was conceived.

I hope that this will clear things up for you mother. The truth is that aggression is not necessary. There can be love. And peace. I know. I have found it. I hope you find it too.

Love

Bruddles

Dear Bruddles:

You goddam fink. What a time to stir things up. Do you remember Joe? I'll tell you when I find out whether or not I'm on probation.

I hate you,

Sis

Dear Sis:

Cheer up, my dear sweet sister. It is good that you are on probation. Have the courage to disregard work. You will be a happy, darling girl once again. Do not say that you hate me, because I love you, I truly do.

Bruddles

Son, if I may still call you such:

You are full of hatred, you hate your sister, you hate your Father, and you hate me. You hate everything nice that we tried to provide for you, and you hate the nice house, the nice town, and the nice country you live in. Your mind has turned into a sewer that spills out a stench, and filth that engulfs everything, that corrupts the very paper you write on. Never mention that whore to me again. Or perhaps she is not a whore, perhaps you do not pay her.

I am returning your letter to you. I do not wish to have it around the house.

Mother

Dear Bruddles:

Oh Bruddles, oh you turd, oh you are hopeless. You are so icky, really. I'm on probation because I *did* work, that's the whole trouble. How can I take things easy, the way the world is today. And what a fink my English teacher turned out to be. What a fink. It's beyond belief.

Remember all that jazz you gave me about person-person relationships? Well, I told my English teacher and he told me to express myself, and I did. I wrote a poem, a long poem. And I let the administration have it right between the eyes, all about the establishment and the corruption of education and status seeking, and a white oriented society. I called it "Kill the Motherfuckers." Honestly, Bruddles, I truly think it is different. Other kids try this sort of thing, but when they do, they write iambic pentameters. I didn't. I wrote trochaic trimeter. Notice the title. That's trochaic trimeter too. I mean to tell you it was a long poem. 37 pages long. Single spaced. I didn't pull any punches, believe you me.

Well, when I showed it to my teacher, he turned pale, right down to the itty bitty whiskers on his chinny chin chin. I told him I wanted to print it in *Shining Armor*, but he blew his stack right then and there. I called him a fink, and I stole a ditto master, dittoed it myself, and spread it all over the advanced placement class. He found out and finked right on over to the school principal.

Oh Bruddles, I was scared, underneath it all I was scared, the dirty dirty fink, because the principal, you don't know him, he's the second one since your day, anyway he's a real nazi type. When I was in his office, standing before his desk, I couldn't help remembering those shows on T.V. about the South Vietnamese officers.

He said: "You write this."

I said: "Why do you ask?"

That made him bellow. I thought he would split. He shook the poem in his fist, all 37 pages of it, and he held the title page right under my nose.

Sooner or later I had to admit of course that I had written the poem. I mean there was the title, fitting in with the rest of the poem—the title too was trochaic trimeter, you see what I mean. So I thought I'd make some points along the way, before the confession was wrung from me.

"A poem about the tyranny of school authorities?"

"Did you write this poem?"

"About the establishment in education."

"Don't you bandy words with me young lady. Unless you deny it at once, I

shall simply send the whole thing to your father, with a recommendation that he give you a hiding, and I mean it.”

I didn't for an instant think that Daddy would give me a hiding, but I felt sick inside, and I almost became a fink myself, I don't know why. I said

“The title is ironic.”

Suddenly he was calm, very calm, “Very well,” he said, “if that's the way you want it, I shall send the poem to your father.” He smiled a little. “Only the author could comment upon the irony.”

I couldn't figure it out, whether he was telling Dad because I had confessed, or because I hadn't, but it didn't seem to make much difference. He had decided to tell Dad anyway, and he was yelling at me because he liked to yell I guess.

I don't care what anybody says. I'm right, and I know it. But the truth is, I feel sick anyway.

Please don't say anything about this to anybody. Please.

Love

Sis

Dear Father:

You say that I should not tell everything. Perhaps not. Let me merely say that Sis's emotions are more important than what she is doing at school. Thank you for the extra ten bucks.

Love

Bruddles

Dear Bruddles:

Wow!

Something came over Pops. I mean, when the school principal called Pops said to me, “What's going on at school,” and I said, “Nothing much,” and then he got that grim look. I don't know what was going on inside of him, and I guess I'll never know, because I found out that he doesn't really think of me at all, which is just as well I guess, because it worked out in a funny way. Not in the least what the principal thought.

I was there right outside the office, and the secretaries were busy typing. I mean they were busy. I think they did a whole week's work during the twenty minutes or so that Pops was in the office there. I had the situation all wrong in my head. I thought the principal was reading Pops off, telling him what a lousy daughter I am, and a bitch, and a nigger lover, and how I ought to get a good hiding. And I bet that's what he wanted to say, too, and I bet he wanted to think about that hiding a good long while.

So when the voices began to rumble, you know, you couldn't hear the words, but just the rumble, I wanted to plug up my ears. Anyway, I had the whole thing wrong, and I guess Pops must have been reading the principal off. I tried to catch a word or two, but I didn't hear a thing until Pops exploded, I guess, and then you could hear right through the closed doors, every single word, you could hear Pops scream:



“Fire the sunuvabitch. Fire him, I tell you, or I’ll nail your balls to the front door.”

Pops lost his cool.

Believe you me, the room was silent. The secretaries weren’t typing. unh unh. Not in the least, but when the door opened and Pops slammed it shut, hard enough to break a window, but a window didn’t break, why, you thought you were in a steel factory or something, the way the typing began again. Pops can be a real western type, I guess, and I thought to myself, hot spit, nobody ever blew his cool like that to the principal. I was really surprised, because Pops is usually so quiet, and what hurt me was learning that he was thinking about something else all along, just the way, he usually is, even though he had been screaming. Here he had made this terrific scene, but he hadn’t been thinking of me at all. He ran across the room, in front of the railing that rails off the secretaries, right past my chair, and he had reached the outer door before he even remembered me. He had his hand on the door, and then he remembered me.

He looked at me, and then he knew that I had heard, and that’s what hurt him. All of a sudden he was breathless and sweaty and gray, and beaten up. There wasn’t any use in telling him that he had been just grand, because it had just been another fight with another man. If I had said anything, he would have been hideously embarrassed. He had to believe that I don’t know such words, or would be upset if I heard them, and all that jazz. He looked so awful that for a while I didn’t mind pretending to be a little girl, a dumb little girl. For a while I almost felt sympathy for Mom.

So that’s it. I have a lot to say about Joe, but I’ll tell you in my next.

Love

Sis

Dear Father:

Thank you for the telephone call. I’m glad to hear that Sis is off probation, and I’m sorry to hear that her English teacher has left town. Frankly, I could not understand a single word about the rest. I know you are dreadfully upset, and for the first time in my life I have heard you utterly incoherent. I am genuinely worried. Please compose yourself and tell me what has happened.

Love

Bruddles

Dear Father:

I regret very much that you refused to answer my collect call. I regret that I am out of cash to pay for one myself. Please get in touch with me.

Love

Bruddles

WESTERN UNION

PLEASE WRITE AT ONCE. WORRIED.

Dear Son:

Sorry not to write sooner, but to tell the truth, things haven’t been going very well. Please don’t let on to your mother that you know the whole story, it would

break her heart, if it isn't broken already. To cut a long story short, it's your sister.

It sort of puzzles me. I got her off probation, but never mind about that. She was on probation and I got her off. I don't expect gratitude. Any father would want to get his daughter off probation. But she just doesn't cotton up to us any more. Anyway, to make a long story short, your mother and I went out to some meeting or other, about backward areas. Everybody at the meeting seemed to agree pretty much that things were rough all over, and so the meeting broke up and we got home early.

Do you remember a fellow named Joe?

Anyway, he was there. He had been there while we were out. I wish I could pretend that nothing had happened, but to cut a long story short, this Joe was in your sister's bedroom.

Well, sir, I guess I raised a ruckus.

Mother kept yelling at me not to touch him, and I guess she was right, because if I had, I wouldn't have done him much good. When you drop bombs, or something like that, there's nothing personal, but face to face it's different, and I guess he left pretty fast. The moment he was gone, I was kind of sorry that I hadn't killed him. I just let go and began pounding the wall with my fist, until I broke my hand, and then I threw up.

I put a wet towel over my fingers, and listened while your Mother tried to drum some decency into your Sister. Your mother said outright that Sis ought to be ashamed of herself. She wasn't. Mother said, what'll happen if Bruddles finds out, and then Sis said some things that caught me off guard. I didn't know she knew such words. Anyway, to cut a long story short, she said we'd be lucky, if you got caught with a girl. She said that cool as a cucumber. I felt flat as a pancake.

Your mother began slapping Sis around somewhat, began to rough her up for being so sassy, but your sister began to scream that she was safe, safe, safe. She couldn't get pregnant.

That made us both sit up and take notice a bit, because we'd been so upset we'd forgotten about the danger.

"I can't," Sis said, "I just can't."

Your mother said: "You little fool, nothing is safe. Nothing is ever 100 per cent safe."

"I'm on the pill."

Your mother wanted to know how often she took them, and where she got them and so forth, but your sister just kept on saying, "I'm on the pill, I'm on the pill," and your mother nearly started beating her again, but your sister screamed at her, "I'm on your pills."

"Whose pills?"

"Your pills."

Right then and there, your mother understood. I think she understood but I didn't. I've never seen your mother so tuckered out, bent over, and old, and pale, and a little too dumpy. The blood was oozing out of my towel, and was drop-

ping on the floor, and the vomit was still on my shirt, and to tell the truth I didn't feel too good myself.

"Honey," I said, "you took the wrong pills." You see, we didn't keep the pills in the medicine chest.

"I used the bottle on the top shelf of the linen closet. Way back."

That shook me up a bit.

"Honey," I said, "this is important. You couldn't have taken those pills. We keep strict count. I keep strict count, don't I mother, and so does mother, don't you mother. We have our separate tallies, and then we compare them, regularly, to make sure one hasn't been forgotten."

While I was talking, your mother kept shaking her head, and looked pale. She knew all along I guess, and while I couldn't figure it out, your mother had, I guess, because she said:

"What did you put in their place?"

"In their place?" I said.

"In place of the ones she took out," Mother said.

I still couldn't believe it, and I couldn't see how it was done, whether Sis took one pill out at a time, or swiped the whole bottle or . . . what.

"Sugar pills," Sis said.

Sugar isn't too good for your mother right now. Don't get me wrong. I don't say that she has diabetes. What I mean is, sugar isn't too good for her right now.

I never will find out how she learned where the bottle was, what it was for. I'll never learn now, where the sugar pills came from, and how they got to look alike. It's too late to find out now, and I didn't ask at the time, because there was only one question in my mind. Why did she do it? And I thought of her as a little tyke, and how I felt when I held her in my arms, and when your mother said that Sis had a temperature, I'd kiss Sis on the temple, and there was a little spit curl on her forehead. And I wondered what we had done. Why had all that love turned to hate? What had I done to make her hate us so? And I asked her outright. I looked her straight in the eye and said:

"What did you do that for?"

She just turned inward. Her eyes began to look inside of herself, and I knew that she was gone from me for good. She'll never tell. She'll never talk. She's polite; she lives in the house with us, but we might as well be dead, as far as she is concerned. It's all over between us. Nothing's left. Nothing.

That's all there is to it.

There's nothing more to say.

Course, I get some good natured kidding, now that I'm going to be a father again, at my age, and you're going to have a baby brother. I hope it's a brother. I look forward to a boy, to a son. I want a son, a young son I mean. Maybe we'll have good times together. Maybe when he grows a bit, we will be able to talk to each other, or not bother if we don't. I won't be disappointed if it's a girl. I hope it grows up to love me. I know I'll love the kid. I won't be able to help loving the kid.

Here's an extra ten bucks for a night out.

Dad

Dear Bruddles:

I suppose you've had a very distorted story about what happened. There's not a word of truth in it. The true story is that I asked mother point blank if she was a virgin when she married Dad, and that's what made her angry.

Mom and Dad never really wanted children. I know. I found out. Never mind how I found out, but I found out. And another thing, Dad would never have yelled at the principal like that, he wouldn't get away with it if he had been a Negro. Daddy didn't win because he was right. He just had more squirt.

They want me to see a psychiatrist, but I can't see anything in all that Freudian jazz.

Love

Sis

P.S. Forget Joe. He runs away from a fight.

Honey:

I still want to call you honey, and I hate to leave you in a way, but I'm going to be married. He's a sales Engineer for International Latex, and in his new position we will be on the move pretty much all of the time. We've agreed to try marriage for a couple of years, so if we want a divorce we won't be bothered with children. So far, everything has been fine.

I feel sorry for you, I really do, and I still love you in a way, but I just can't stand all that chatter about your family. Where do I fit in? I hate to leave this place, with the incense spilled all over, and the beads on the floor, and the withered flowers. I'm sorry I couldn't help you. I'm sorry I couldn't take your mind off the war. Have fun.

Love,

Maria

My dearest, dearest Sunny boy:

I daresay that you have heard the glad tidings. I can't tell you how happy I am. Although I have to omit salt and sugar from my diet, and must watch my weight like a hawk, and wear extra thick stockings for my varicose veins, I am very, very happy. Everything is wonderful, except for your sister. I don't know whether your father has told you or not, but your sister is not paying sufficient attention to her studies, and this is a source of concern for us, and I hope it will be for you too, dear Bruddles.

My dearest, dearest boy. We have had our differences, but everything is changed now. You see, dear Bruddles, your father is older than I, and is in his declining years. Statistics are against him, and he has not given up cigarettes, and so he will probably have lung cancer in the foreseeable future, or some other disease. The sad truth is that your father has no reasonable likelihood of surviving Baby's Ph.D. The image of a man is a very important one for a child, and so, dear Bruddles, you have a new responsibility. You must find an honorable vocation, and be a manly standard for Baby.

Consider what your example has done to your sister. I must say, point-blank, that much of her dilatory attitude is an imitation of you. I do not blame you

for what has passed, but call these matters to your attention, so that you can profit from the past and change your ways.

No matter what you do, no matter what becomes of you, no matter how much you hurt me, I shall always forgive you.

Love,

Mother

Dear Frank:

Maria has left me. It'll be o.k. to move in here, but just on a share the rent basis. At least for the time being.

Please give your mother the assurances of my kindest regards.

Love,

Bruddles

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## **NEXT ISSUE**

Poetry: John Carpenter  
Norman Dukes  
Mary Gordon  
David Kubach  
Sandra McPherson  
and others

Fiction: Fred Busch  
Robert Canzoneri  
Stuart Dybek

Criticism: "A Symposium of Young Poets," edited by Michael Ryan, with poems and essays by:

Jon Anderson  
Norman Dubie  
Louise Glück  
Thomas Lux  
Jack Myers

Gregory Orr  
Stanley Plumly  
Maura Stanton  
James Tate  
James Welch

and a comprehensive essay by Merle E. Brown