## THE LOVER'S GRAMMAR & COMPOSITION HANDBOOK

First of all, if you wish to write full-length books, you should be married to your work -- although a few introductory chapters are often sufficient affairs to sound out probable conflicts. Episodic narratives are sometimes interesting; however, one-sentence paragraphs may or may not be acceptable, depending upon their periodic or non-periodic functions.

Of course, it barely needs mentioning that any liason with paper requires pencils which are sharp and pens well-supplied with ink. Or, if you type, you must raise your key pressure quite high, in order to make the hardest and clearest impressions possible.

As to the quality of the paper, that is your own business. Nevertheless, you should choose wisely with regard to weight, rag content, whether it is lined or unlined, bonded or unbonded, etcetera. Also, you need to look closely to ascertain which side is the better one to write on. And it occasionally matters whether you begin at the bottom or at the top of the sheets.

And now, for those among you who feel more comfortable with plain talk, please turn the page.

-- Clyde Fixmer

Pentwater, MI

NAMES

Samuel Taylor Coleridge hated the name Samuel Taylor Coleridge with such a passion that he made a nickname out of his initials and liked to be called S.T.C.

S.T.C. -- it could be something you pour in a crankcase or a pill that makes you hallucinate.

He especially abhorred his first name, Samuel: it was, S.T.C. maintained,

the worst combination that vowels and consonants had ever been susceptible of.

One night during the Romantic Movement S.T.C. carried his howling baby son outside into the orchard to show him the full moon;

S.T.C. watched the baby's quiet face and the moon reflect each other like circular mirrors and he held up the weightless life of his son's blue, watery head and forgot about his awful name.

His son's name was Hartley, after a philosopher. His wife's name was Sara. His mistress's name was Sarah, too. His partner's name was William

which is also my name which I never much cared for. William: it sounds like the name of a king or an A student.

## SILVER DOLLARS

My great grandfather was the man who held

queens over fours

in the hand that Wild Bill Hickock had the now dreaded aces and eights.

It turned out to be the second best hand (nobody else had shit)

so he took the pot, Wild Bill having been shot in the back by a runt.