

estate living included. Miss Pola and I still do our work conscientiously, after Mr. Veneer has been sprayed and bathed. He is looking a bit yellow these days. Marsh tells me it is the same with Lenin.

And the servants are just as conscientious: cook prepares meals for all; the gardener still tends to the grounds with oriental quiet; Albert, our chauffeur, takes cook into town to buy the groceries and sends out Mr. Veneer's letters to his ex-wives. We sometimes entertain Miss Aphid and the lawyers whose names I am not at liberty to divulge (according to the will). I believe they avoided probate.

Yes, it is a very formal age now. I don't do much secretarying any more, but the writer-in-residence job keeps me busy: Mr. Veneer's diary, for instance. Today I wrote something about the way his hands are tightening. Then, there are letters to the ex-wives, letters to a few friends, and, of course, the sonnet.

Yes, Mr. Veneer is a man most sumptuously served. No man could desire more thorough service.

### Goodbye To California

Goodbye to California  
Goodbye to the everlasting spring.  
Goodbye to the blurred wine  
and images of women  
out of focus  
away from home  
high on grass  
sweet in the musk of sex  
goodbye.

Goodbye to Griffith Park  
to the Sunday love in  
without love  
to the drum thudding  
men sexless in their quest  
for everlasting sex  
for the ultimate lay  
the supersonic orgasm  
goodbye to the lonely  
men on Spring Street  
and Hope Street  
in the guts of MacArthur  
Park waiting for the return  
of Jean Harlow  
Laurel and Hardy  
Charlie Chaplin  
Greta Garbo. Human decency.  
Goodbye.

Goodbye to Simon Rodia  
and his crazy tower  
of sad coke bottles  
busted dreams  
cracked tile  
impotence  
rising out of Watts  
where the people are beautiful  
hopeless  
sweet as the earth  
dying of tuberculosis  
shunned by all the friends of the friends  
of the friends of the friends of the poor  
black  
sick  
underfed, unloved  
motherfucking  
forgotten  
Americans.

Goodbye to the U.C. Regents  
and the acting governor who couldn't act.  
So long to Steve Richmond  
who struggles alone  
shouting rockets  
of light  
into the darkness  
unheard  
trampled on  
stuck in jail  
with the insane  
seeing what is there  
by himself  
in this country of the blind.

So long to Charles Bukowski  
who waits with the surging strain  
of language  
in between his legs  
bubbling white flames  
from the purest  
skull  
torn out of the porcelain  
gas stove  
exploding its city lice  
dead men on doorsteps  
the tyrant's step  
crushing the garbage can of lies  
down with democracy.  
So long.

Goodbye to the local branches of the FBI  
and the Veterans of Foreign Wars.  
So long to the people of Bel Air

with their frosted hair  
gold teeth  
pools filled with champagne  
liberality  
shouting "ecology now"  
with their love of money  
dead end ideas on art  
politics  
economics  
love  
so long to their income tax  
exemptions  
their capital gains  
the way they get their dumb kids into  
Ivy League schools.  
Their love of country & how  
they hate the war!

So long to California  
to the oil companies who love the people  
and take their beaches.  
Goodbye to the water we steal from Mexico.  
Goodbye to the new sex  
for old men  
fucking away the last years of their lives  
in castles at Topanga.  
Goodbye to Santa Barbara  
where the banks are burning  
and no one knows why.

Goodbye to Jeffers' home  
surrounded by cliffs shaped like the Apocalypse.  
Goodbye to Venice where the dead float face up  
in the canals to avoid the filth.  
Goodbye to Edward Teller of Livermore  
with his Forest  
Lawn vision for America.

So long to California.  
So long to the Missions  
where Indian bones rot beneath  
the Spanish cross  
and guns.  
Goodbye to the whores on Alvarado who wanted to be  
actresses.  
Goodbye to San Francisco  
to the topless  
supreme  
court  
to Mayor Alioto and his little  
black hand  
to the bigots in the San Fernando  
Valley. Goodbye.

So long to Palm Springs  
where the great Bob  
Hope  
goes after road shows  
or academy  
awards to wash his mouth out  
with the best of tax exempted soaps.  
Goodbye to the major studios.  
I heard you died.

Goodbye to Howard Hughes  
the Mandarin.  
Goodbye to Napa, Sonoma and Mendocino  
to Caryl Chessman and his friend Pat Brown  
to the Oakland Bridge  
to the Golden Gate  
that is orange  
to the war  
demonstrators  
and the Berkeley irregulars  
the Weatherman  
Muir Woods  
Yosemite  
it all tires me out.

Goodbye to communal living  
communal killings  
drugs  
progressive education  
the ACT  
Judy Garland's rainbow  
the Metro Goldwyn Mayer lion.  
Goodbye.

So long to earthquakes  
to the San Andreas Fault  
to Mama Cass  
and La Jolla sunsets.  
Goodbye to Harry Langdon  
true symbol of America.  
I hope you don't all  
fall into the sea.  
I hope there will be room by 1990  
maybe deep down below the oil  
for burials.

Goodbye. The air is killing me.  
I hate to leave you  
with the whole thing burning down.  
Goodbye though. I'm going to France and China.  
Goodbye to California.

-- Ben Pleasants

Beverly Hills, CA