

The Found  
**Bukowski**  
Poems



Insurers to Homeowners: Drop Dead! **(Mike Davis)**  
Waiting for *Hollywood Babylon 3* **(Charles Fleming)**

# LA WEEKLY

FREE

Milken: The Sequel

VOLUME NO. 12 JULY 5-11, 1998

# Lost and Unbound

The new (old) Bukowski poems

When he stumbled on the trash pile on a Los Feliz street nearly three years ago, Gary Stella thought he had found the perfect container for his letters. Among the damaged chairs and decrepit carpet was an aged metal file box painted gold — the kind of find only a true junk connoisseur would appreciate. But once he got to his apartment, the 33-year-old assistant film editor was in for a discovery: Inside were 68 original poems by Charles Bukowski, several of them previously unpublished, written in the '50s and '60s while the writer was involved in the late Stanley Kurnick's poetry workshop at the First Unitarian Church of Los Angeles. The box also contained 90 poems by Bukowski's girlfriend, Frances Dean Smith, which are in essence bickering responses to those by Hank. Stella recently consigned the poems to auction house Butterfield and Butterfield, which estimated the collection's value at \$8,000 to \$12,000. But when put on the block Tuesday, June 25, there were just two absentee bids — of \$6,500. Stella, who controls the originals but not the rights to publish them, plans to put them up for sale again — either as a collection or individually. The following poems, published here (or anywhere) for the first time, are done so with the permission of Black Sparrow Press.

—Libby Molyneux

## FOR A WOMAN WHO MIGHT SOME DAY BECOME A NUN:

she writes me from Paris  
with a forwarding address in Athens  
that she did not join the missionaries,  
which is good.

I'd hate to waste such  
stuff.

poets need meat  
with their wine,  
and if she blows  
into my place  
smoking a dutch cigar

I'll have to show her  
a few tricks

I learned from a Spanish whore  
in a small room over a bar  
outside the Plaza Monumental

de Tijuana  
the afternoon Capetillo  
Orsuna and Rosas  
were on.

then,  
we'll discuss  
Rimbaud.

## THE STRANGER

he came in with  
a knife in his  
back, a pocket knife  
sticking out  
like a small branch,  
and he had on a  
small derby hat,  
this sweaty round  
face,  
not New Orleans really,  
mainly old European,  
and Gus was playing  
the guitar,  
it was a yellow  
varnished guitar,  
and the man walked in  
from the street  
and fell across  
a table  
and somebody said,  
"you son of a bitch,"

Art S

and fell across  
a table  
and somebody said,  
"you son of a bitch,"  
and then somebody else  
saw the knife  
and said  
"shit."

Gus put the  
guitar  
down.  
the night was  
really ruined.

## INEPT

everything is inept everywhere,  
see torn butterflies  
bad verse  
bad love,  
no man is wise enough to stay  
wise,  
cool hollow of dim pities  
where blood stank  
is soft now  
and not precious,  
we are struck through  
mixed with kittens and tigers,  
some life and  
no life  
at all;  
no army lasts, no night, no day;  
friend, these wallpaper flowers now  
without sun—  
they may last longer than even my  
dimmiest concern, and  
properly so—yet  
why am I so  
sad?

then,  
we'll discuss  
Rimbaud.

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## INSIDE

- Very scary aliens
- Very cool Hungarians
- Very Julia Sweeney
- Anita O'Day, verily
- Plus, Cluster-Musik