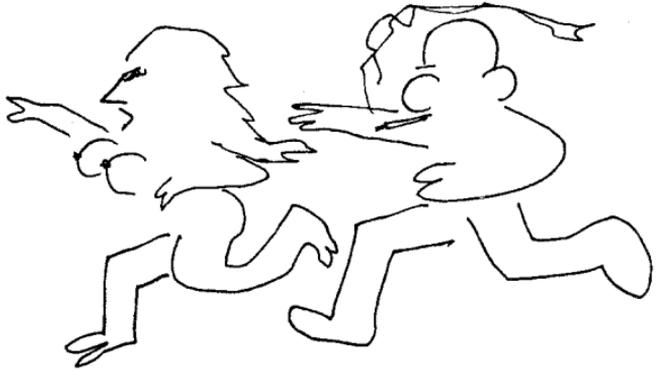


LOVE LOVE LOVE

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After Jane Cooney Baker, probably the greatest love of Bukowski's life was the sculptress Linda King whom he met in 1970.

Linda's first impression of Bukowski was that he was too old, too fat and too drunk to be of interest to her. She didn't even want to tell him her real name.

'It's Morona,' she said, when Peter Edler introduced her to Bukowski at De Longpre Avenue.

'OK, Morona, sit down,' said Bukowski. 'So you write poetry?'

'Yes, I like to SCREAM mine.'

She got up on the coffee table and declaimed a poem about a nervous breakdown she'd suffered. Yes, she was a looker, thought Bukowski, but wouldn't you know she'd be crazy, too? He turned up the radio so he wouldn't have to listen, and Peter Edler was so embarrassed he tried to put his hand over her mouth.

When Edler said he had to go, Linda said she'd go with him.

'Oh no, you're staying here with Hank,' he said, and left them together.

There not being much else to do, they kissed, just lightly, almost without interest.

'You're a tease,' said Bukowski.

'Yes, I'm a tease.'

He tried to kiss her again, but Linda got up to go, pausing in the doorway for one more touch before skipping out the door and along the avenue to her car. As she drove away, she told