

# CHINA NIGHT

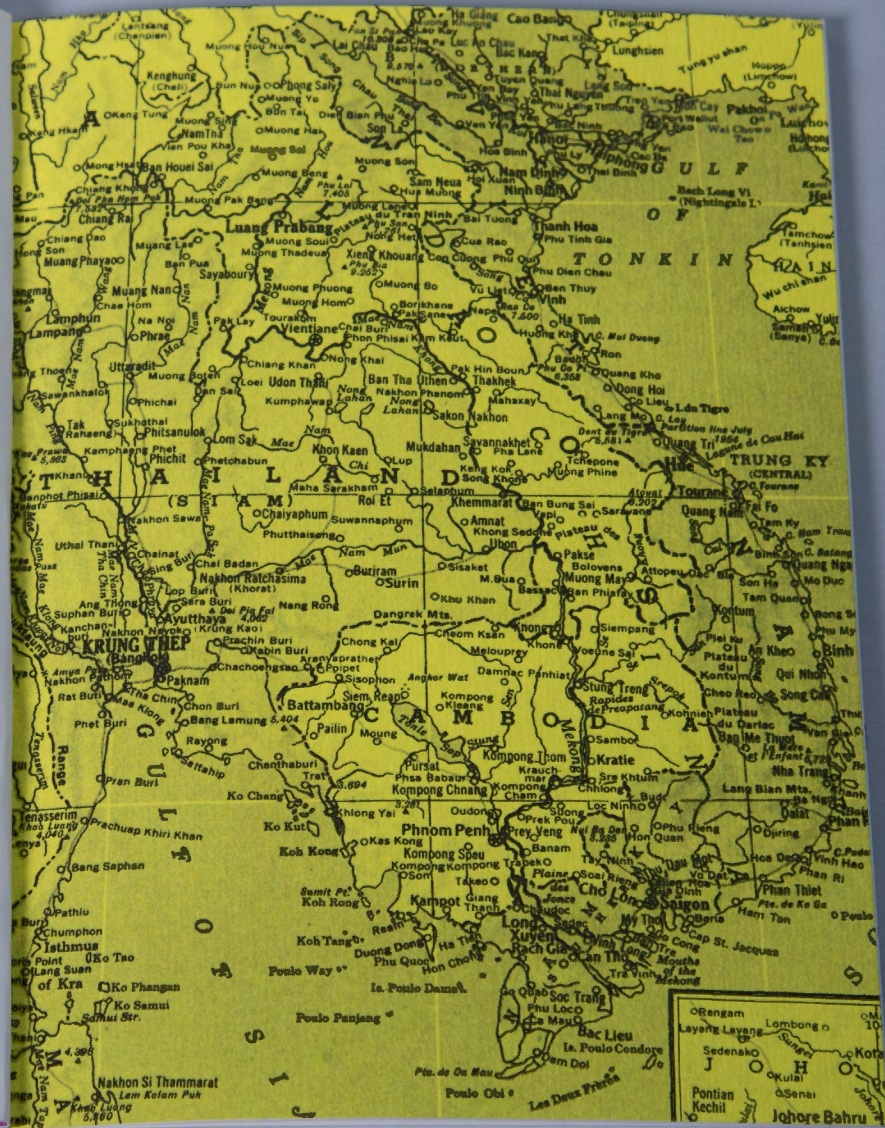
Terry Allen



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offered scholarships all over... big schools... but do you know the little **censored** wanted to be? He wanted to be a **censored** ranger... a **censored** forest ranger! Wanted to live up on some drink beer... no ambition at all... so, instead of going off to some big powerhouse, he chooses **censored** Texas Western down in El Paso because they had a forest school... and Ha! The little **censored** hadn't even seen more than three trees in his whole life and they were probably on tv or a postcard or something... I mean this isn't even a jungle around here you know... but he goes there and takes forest classes and runs track... breaks all kinds of records his freshman year and I guess that's when he picked up to being called THE ROADRUNNER, "The High-steppin Chaparral" some sports writer called him... "N.M.'s Olympic Hopeful"... and it stuck because later he went over to Juarez and had one tattooed on the back of his legs... right back here on the calf muscle runnin' all the way from behind his knees down to his heels... two of them just like that "Bleep Bleep" **censored** in the cartoons... but in a Mexican version you know? We was out in California by then, so I just heard about it... Mona Nell's mother wrote and said his mother was just sick about it and we all got a big horse laugh outta that... I never actually saw the tattoos either... until that day I told you about when I saw the polaroids... I... I... anyway, we pretty much lost touch after I left to get this job in Downey... just a few rumors now and then, but everybody was off into their (sic) own life... mostly gone... moved to Dallas or in the pen or car dead or drugged out... that's when all that peace n love **censored** was getting into high gear... course we smoked dope years before it became the national pastime because we ran to Mexico every weekend soon as we could see over the dashboard... but even then we didn't know the difference between marijuana and horse **censored** cigarettes... remember them? Had **censored** on the label he he... terrible tasting... but, like I said, we lost touch... uhhh an... but I guess he kind of went down hill in the running department after he discovered the old "Wazoo"... sure didn't break any more records... least none the NCAA would care to know about... We got enough tape? Okay... yeah... anyway... huh? Oh ahhh yeah... anyway... he ahhh... ahhh... oh yeah he ahh (INAUDIBLE) must have gone in sometime in late sixty-six... trained at Bliss cause he was right there by it and went over in sixty-seven

## Panel 3

just when it was really starting to heat up... we didn't hear about him getting killed though until several months after it happened... Mona Nell's mother... the biggest **censored** mouth in America... ha ha uhhh... she called us one night and told us... I uhhh... Well I was real upset... she didn't know any details... just said he stepped on a mine and was dead. I uhhhh... can we turn it off a minute? I have to take a pi

CLICK

Is that okay... have you got a signal... you want to check it? Okay Mona Nell turn down th... huh? It's okay... okay... uhhh all right... here wait a minute I

CLICK

CLICK

I drove over to see his folks... I guess it had been over a year since it happened and we'd come back a few weeks to help try and sell Mona Nell's brother's house after he was killed... I... what? **censored** no... can't you see we're trying to **censored** wait a minute would you... I'm

CLICK

h... in a car wreck... uh, yeah... just out of Clovis... he and two friends got hit by a bunch of drunk Mexicans running on the wrong side of the road... his wife Raylene lives over in Las Cruces now... married to some one-armed guy who runs a restaurant in a motel... she's doing fine I guess... Mona Nell doesn't hear much from her except around Christmas time... he'd just come back from over there too... but I don't think he was in any of the fighting because he was an accountant... used to say it was just like working on the thirteenth floor of a big corporation for a year... he came back with the clap though ha ha... Buddha's applause ha ha... hey... I'm only kidding Mona Nell... just relax will ya? Naw... he was a good guy... smart too... figured out all kinds of stuff when he worked for the city here... did all our taxes... Momma's too... for nothin... good guy... ahhh... uhhh... anyway... where was I? OH ahhh yeah... anyway, I drove over to see his folks... wanted to call on them and say hello... pay my respects you know **censored** like that... since we'd been tight in high school and all before he got up... it was this trip to see them that I read the letter an saw polaroids... and it was a VERY SICK SCENE man! We all sat



### THE PRISONER SONG

Start dead center  
Rob a Toot n' Totem  
Run to the lake  
Shoot up and dance

HA YA YA YA  
HA YA YA YA

Fuck the cops  
Flip them the bird

Go to jail  
Draw some pictures

HA YA YA YA  
HA YA YA YA

Look at the window  
Look out the world

Write her a letter  
Put gum on the wall

HA YA YA YA  
HA YA YA YA... then

Tear off your dick

HA YA YA YA... and

Gouge out your eyes

HA YA YA YA  
HA YA YA YA  
HA YA YA YA  
HA YA YA YA

sweeten the fields of fire







GRACE

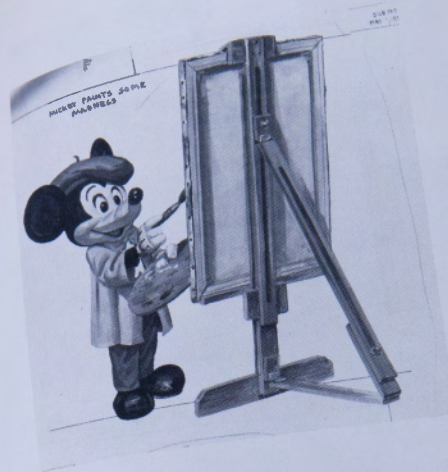
for one moment  
the anger is gone  
but that's all



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hope



... there is a difference between what people know, what they think, what they believe, what they tell you, and what they do. These are all separate categories, and you should not assume there is any communication between them.

Francis FitzGerald





don't mean nothin  
never happen  
there it is