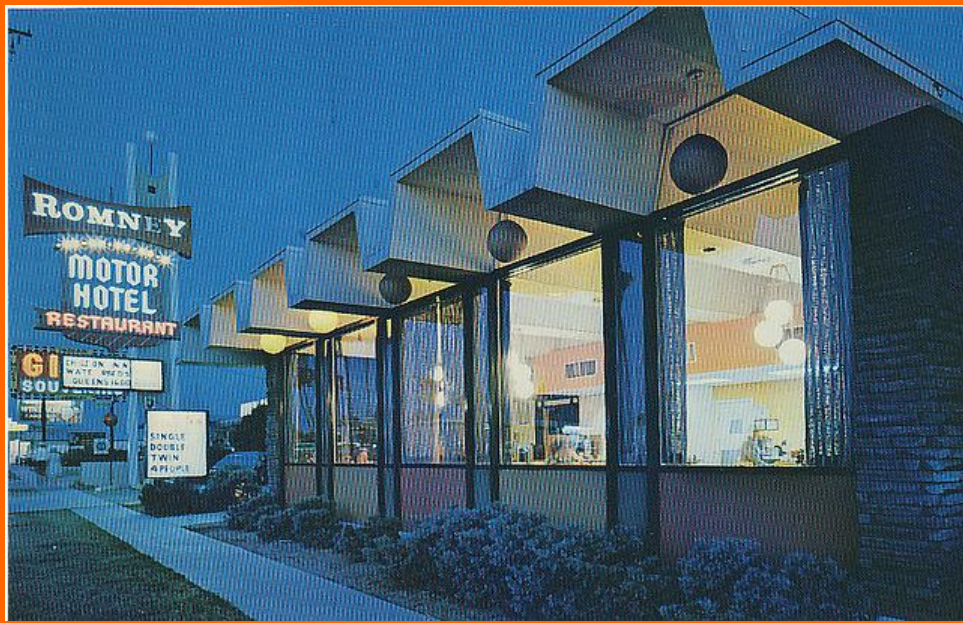


Phoenix Noir



O foenix culprit! Ex nickylow malo comes micklemassed bonum.

I washed dishes in the Romney Motor Lodge, Phoenix, AZ., during February and March 1975, between stints as a golf caddy (Goldwater's brother was a client), phone solicitor (non-salacious division), and orange picker.



Prince, subject, father, son are things forgot
 For every man alone thinks he has got
 To be a Phoenix, and that then can be
 None of that kind, of what he is, but he.

