

Blue-Collar/Working Class

If the late, great Maxwell Perkins, who worked with the likes of Ernest Hemingway, Thomas Wolfe, F. Scott Fitzgerald and James Jones, and was often referred to (rightly) as “Editor of Genius” were still around, or even someone anywhere near his integrity and ability, I’d have opted to go that traditional route myself (submitting with lit agents and/or major publishing entities).

Sadly, editors of his caliber are far and few between or even (closer to the truth) do not exist these days. It’s mostly (if not all) about *ka-ching*, the bottom line. Alas, lots of soulless sh*t gets put out there that lobbies of chain bookstores are crammed with and that I (and others who feel as I do) do our very best to avoid and sidestep.

Mr. Maxwell was one of a kind. Yes, it mattered that a book racked up numbers, generated funds, but art, as in heart-and-soul in the prose was just as integral/mattered as much—if not more so.

My option? And other writers who love and believe in books and how dire they are to our continued existence as civilized beings? These days? Only option? To go it *our* way. Yes, peeps like me, pay for professional proofing, cover design and topnotch formatting. Other than that, we put out the books: whether they be thrillers (or dabble in other popular genres), or what is considered not as in demand: Lit-Fic. Books about work. Blue-collar sweat and toil.

There are scribes out there who can’t wait to label tomes of this nature as “navel gazing,” while eagerly promoting their plot-driven/blatantly commercial tales as the only valid product (with actual worth), when in reality—far as I’m concerned—most of it is and will be deemed (in time/eventually) as downright worthless and without merit.

Are there exceptions? Of course. Too few to mention. The late Derek Raymond’s *I Was Dora Suarez* (and the rest of his crime factory series) being it. There is also Horace McCoy’s excellent noir tale *They Shoot Horses, Don’t*

They? Not many others come close or are even worth mentioning. Yes, peeps buy ‘em, airport book racks are bloated with ‘em, but so what? I equate this crap with the ever-popular hot dog. Folks consume ‘em, not for their nutritional value, merely to keep the belly from grumbling—until they can get a chance at a real meal.

These tomes, like *Paycheck to Paycheck*—in my not-so-humble opinion—is (pretty much) the only type of “fiction” that has real worth and is about *what matters to most working peeps* across the board: survival, in a world rife with *sick-with-greed, dog-eat-dog shortcut experts*, who not only break the rules every day of the week, but have the means to avoid being taken to task for it.

Not saying that this type of prose, dealing with manual labor (or even any type of 9-to-5 dead-end gig), should not be, or need-not-be interesting and keep the reader engaged, merely that classics of this nature, as in Tom Kromer’s *Waiting for Nothing*, or Jack Black’s *You Can’t Win*, or Knut Hamsun’s masterpiece *Hunger*, or George Orwell’s *Down and Out in Paris and London*, way too often, are dissed (as stated above) as “navel-gazing,” by certified hacks who excrete their McTales the way certain fast-food chains crank out their lame-ass/pathetic burgers. K.A.

HIGH PRAISE FOR KIRK ALEX

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“Kirk Alex gets right down to it. There’s not a wasted word. If you don’t know his work, you should.”

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“Good read.”

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“Great book. Dark—yes. Grotesque—certainly. Sexually explicit—without a doubt. And the writing is excellent. Character & dialogue, is as real as it gets. A terrifying, non-putdownable horror.”

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**14 Tales of General Degeneracy, of Mayhem & Debauchery – for the
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–Dan Fante, author of **Spitting Off Tall Buildings**

BY KIRK ALEX

Crime Fiction:

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Backlash: Love, Lust & Murder – Book Two

Ziggy Popper at Large – 14 Tales of General Degeneracy, of Mayhem & Debauchery – for the Morally Conflicted & Borderline Criminal

Horror:

Lustmord: Anatomy of a Serial Butcher

Zook

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Overlapping Contradictions

PAYCHECK
TO
PAYCHECK

Chance “Cash” Register Working Stiff Series
Book One

KIRK ALEX

Tucumcari Press



Tucson – 2020

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“A word is not the same with one writer as with another. One tears it from his guts. The other pulls it out of his overcoat pocket.”

—Charles Peguy