

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

The Live Adventures of Captain Amerika

Another exciting Cerealization of fantastic exploits and stuff

The Ogre what Lived in a Hill

a dull tale

The Bridge Troll and other Taxes

Otis Eagle the Chicken Hawk

The Eklips

a documentary

On Adjustment

by Philo Kvetch

My Day in Court

the further adventures of Kaptain America

On the fate of the world by an involved bystander

a desperate note to an ally in the struggle to save the world

On the fate of the world by an involved bystander

a secondary desperate note to an ally in the struggle to save the world

On Mountain Lions by Felig Proser

Traffic Cirdes and Cars under the Dam

a moving story about Mortimer Milktoast's Visit to Croton-on-Hudson  
(including an explanation about the dirty forehead)

Hello Mrs Littlefield

On Running into a Nazi Supertank on the Way to Work

an unexciting account of how I got rid of the squeek

No Fun

by Mort Milktoast and others.

Petition

Commiesadist and the Mortician Convention

a letter

Space Prune

another letter

Response to a Female Chicken Skin Victim (lovely) by a noted authority

or The Last Press Conference

The Snake Dilemma

As a matter of fact

Toad in the Poke

76 Trombones in the Rice Pudding

On the Subject of Dared Baers and Funerals

Iconoclasm

Idea sheet. Unfinished Story

Which Way the Wind Blows



A GNOME TALE (pronounced Guh-nōm')

Surprise

New Years Day

Why I Want to be an Invincible Frog

Have you Ever Been a Watermelon

What Do You Do when You Have Nothing to Do

Nice Gnome (Guh-nōm')

The Princeton Experience Begins

As a matter of fact,

Food in the Pore

The Tomatoes in the Rice Pudding

On the Subject of Post-Bears and Funnels

Consciousness

Is it short? Unfinished story

Which way the Wind Blows

A genome TALE (proposed sub-gen)

Surprise

New Year's Day

Why I want to be an invisible frog

Have you ever been a Watermelon

What do you do when you have nothing to do

Nice genome (sub-gen)

The Princeton Experience Begins

## Commiesadist and the Mortician Convention

a letter

Tuesday, March  
31, 1970

My dearest "pretty, clever, witty, charming, intelligent, good at fixing Swansons TV diners, and I can do a wash if you don't give me really raunchy dirty clothes & if you measure out how much bleach & detergent, I'm talented" Sarah,

It really grieves me that you doubted me for one moment. Saddens me rather - sorry I'm not myself. You must have known that it would have to be a monumental set of circumstances that could keep me away from you this long. You know how I long for those familiar features of my loved one even when I leave you to empty the garbage. I love you you sweet bombshell I love you so much it took five (5) men to hold me down in my delirium and prevent me from blindly returning to you in pajamas and unwashed hair. When our child comes it will be one of the happiest days of my life. To know that the union of our love has created a living pulsating being made of each of us. So thrilling is the prospect. As it is now, even when I have you in my embrace it is hard to believe the reality of the situation, that I could be so lucky as to have you, my only desire in life, besides chocolate e'clairs of course. With the child, there will be living proof of that reality, and it will be ours together.

To get to the matter of our separation I assure you it has been completely out of my control. Remember when I left for the mortician convention in the city those long months ago, months standing like ominous mountains between now and our last occasion of union? I had to hitchhike because busfare would have smashed our meager budget? Well, it has been very trying. The minute after I got into his car I knew he was a communist and a sadist. I pretended not to notice his heinous personality but it became a little uncomfortable when traveling down the New York State Thruway at 70 MPH he said to me "I'm going to kill you in the most communist and sadist way I know." In the interests of safety I noted that he was violating the speed limit and jeopardizing not only his

own life but the lives of many hapless innocents not to mention running the risk of being apprehended by the state police and found out for what he really was, a communist and a sadist, also having bad breath. He only sneeringly replied with an accompanying torrent of that latter commodity that communist sadist persons have no regard for laws or human life in their Machiavellian conspiracy to subvert society and pervert whatever didn't fit into that category, plus they typically have an unsatisfiable craving for garlic and onions not to mention an utter disregard for the fate of their own person in the pursuit of such excreable aims. "You'll find that description in any reputable organ of the Christian National Crusade or recent Agnew speech you knavish slave of the imperialist capitalist bourgeois." He added, "And I will enjoy killing you." You could see the sadist all over his greedy face.

It was at that point that I made the decision. I thought hard of you Sarah, I considered the possible consequences of that decision upon our lives Sarah, on our future together, on our child to be. I thought harder than ever before in my life, and every thought was of you. I decided that a dead body does not function very well sexually. Mutilation and living in a possibly destroyed body was much better than being certainly killed dead by a communist and a sadist. Especially in the most communist and sadist way he knew. And you wouldn't believe his breath.

A hunter from the Bronx found me along the road and was tying me on the roof of his car with his deer tag on my remains when I momentarily drifted into consciousness. The hunter was not too smart but he got the idea.

It is no fun jumping out of a car being driven down the New York State Thruway at 70 MPH by a communist and a sadist intent on killing you in the most communist and sadist way he knows. Especially when it takes

four tenths of a mile for your forward motion to slowly end. And also since you've had a cerebral hemorrhage from all that hard thinking before the leap. The doctors considered my remains to be quite a challenge. It was not until the seventeenth operation that they discovered my Sears and Roebuck credit card in my left kidney. I was quite a mess. That was why it took so long for them to notify you. There was no other identification, and I was full of amnesia from the removal of the brain tumor they accidentally found while operating on the hemorrhage. It was not until this week that I fully recovered my amazing mental capacity and memory. It amazed the doctors too. I overheard them say something about a Neanderthal intellect while discussing my case in an adjoining room.

The men's room to be exact. In fact it was that afternoon they finally gave me your letter. It was obvious that they hadn't informed you of my state, but it still hurt that you thought I had left you. And our fetus. Never would your loving Fred have ever considered such an act even. I'm sorry that I did not write immediately upon receiving your overdue letter but it has taken me four days to write this much using my mouth to hold the pen.

I live only for you.

Even though the mortician convention has long been over some of the local boys paid me a visit yesterday. They remarked what a fine job the doctors had done on me. They even wanted to present them with honorary mortician certificates. The boys really lifted my spirits. I miss you Sarah.

More than anything in the universe I live for the day I will once again have you in my arms. The doctors say that eventually we may even be able to make love again. It may be a bit difficult at first but I'm sure everything will work out. I'm not quite the same as before. You may find things sort of rearranged. A little. But I'm still your lovable Fred.

As soon as I am able to return home I will marry you sweetheart and everything will be peachy and stuff. Yes, Sarah, I love you, and I'm coming home to make everything right. And you can pick at the corns on your feet all you desire, my love. It may be rough but I'm sure we can make it. My mortician apprenticeship has run out and I'll have to return to being parkinglot attendant at the funeral home. So it will be kind of a squeeze to thank the hospital and doctors for their lifesaving miracle. They told me that these days lifesaving miracles run about a hundred and thirty seven thousand dollars, but they'd settle for 89 thousand (eighty-nine) and forty three cents. With my shrewd business mind I got them down to 89 thousand (eighty-nine) even. At least when I get hit by the cars of dis mourners it won't be such a blow to our income since my artificial legs can easily be replaced so that I can continue my role as breadwinner for our family without long periods of interruption.

The nurse says I should mail this quickly since it looks like another mail strike will shut down my only link to you. Anyway its time for them to replace my right elbow with a stainless steel swivel joint. Can you imagine! Write back quickly dearest Sarah.

All my love and affection,

Fred



Space Prune

another letter

April One, 1970

Errfffgroanhurtexclamations of pain.

Will I live? I doubt it. Sitten there eatin the bean (with bacon) soup there at the table there and my two younger brothers go flyin by one intent on murdering the other or some similar foul deed so I grabbed the second around the waist as he went by and in the ensuing scuffle got my foot smashed **OH GROAN** by being stepped on by a hard shoe. I was only in socks. So after that I was chompin around on a sandwich I made from the beans I dregged from the soup and **EXCRUTIATING** G agony. See I've had this cold sore on the inside of my lip there for several daysweek and I keep chomping on it by mistake. But this time the tooth tore my whole lip up. And its bleeding and stuff. I was lucky to be able to limp into my room and fall on the bed here holding my lacerated mouth together with my tongue.

I fear that I am in my death throws. All contorted up here with my foot screaming out in pain and my face screwed up in tortuous expression trying to keep the wound from gushing out corrupcles and plasmer and stuff. So I figured there was this matter I should attend to. In case I do survive. Fat chance but its supposed to be good policy to plan for the future. **MOAN**. Its getting **HARDER** to contain the pain here. Im writhering around so I hope you understand. **AAGH**. **AGEGGAGSNORF** murgle.

The matter I wanted to talk to you about. Well, its kinda of difficult to bring it up um er. well actually sweetheart I've got a confession to make ... you see, well I'm a ... a - this is gonna be hard to take - its that — I'm a prune.

An ugly old pitted prune. Sorry not pitted - wrinkled. An ugly old wrinkled prune. Not the ordinary run of the mill prune. I'm not well, the whole thing is - I'm a Plutonium prune. From Pluto - I'm a spaceprune being person.

Are you still there my love?

I've been deceiving you. Haven't you noticed all the little things about me - that I'm a strange? It's been hard. You don't know about us prunes. Actually I'm a pure energy <sup>life</sup> form manifested in the form of a pitless prune. That's how it is on Pluto. Full of prunes. Very depressing. We have the power to alter our form in a variety of mold types. They all liked being prunes on Pluto.

That's why I came here. Nobody likes being a prune here. Can you imagine? - "I'm Prune and I'm Proud"? I must have been a birth defect see cuz on Pluto all the prunes are wrinkle free like they kidnaped the Sun's sweet prune scientist **TODAY THE PITS TOMORROW THE WRINKLES** and time warped him to Pluto. And he did it. No more wrinkles either. They really flipped out on that all the wrinkle free prunes really thought they were cool and smooth wow.

Except when they found me on the stem I had wrinkles. See on Pluto it happens that way all of a sudden **BLIP fffllitt** and there you are on the stem - another prune. It's kind of dull with the **BLIP fffllitt** ing there so and being a social outcast and being that you have such a neat way of doing it down here close to the Sun with the raisins and everything I just come to 'splore.

That's right. No more of this fruit business. I changed myself into the creature you know as mediocre Ishmael Sibling. Ishmael cuz like the guy in the whale bit thing story I'm like an observer absorber type being - I just hang around the action find out what's happenin but I don't chase whales or anything. Space prunes aren't too keen on whale hunts. Anyway I'm not too sure of my new identity as a manbody - learning all the time, but I'm a slow learner. Space prunes don't have much occasion to learn - not anymore. They just hang around. Sometimes they shoot energy photons at each other for excitement. But on the whole it's a very decadent society since the wrinkles went. But I persevere.

The pain is beginning to subside perhaps I'll live. Maybe you wonder why a space prune is bothered by pain and injury. Because when my assumed form

malfunctions beyond tolerance levels **PROINK** and I'm back to being a prune again. Which is no fun. Not after some of the neat stuff I've done as Ishmael Sibling. Wow its so exciting down here on World 3 I really get zonked out by all of it. Of course up on Pluto there are different kinds of prunes (complementary) too but what can a couple of prunes do together? Besides rub wrinkles. And that went out with the advent of the Smoothies. Now all they do is go around setting each other into sympathetic vibration with their resonating energy fields. But here you persons got fascinating stuff to do for fun. Even a mediocre person body like Ishmael Sibling can experience it. Is called lurv? I never get it straight. Guess its jus not a "straight" thing huh. Each time it happens **ZONK** I just get zonked out like that. A thing also happens like **DEZONK** and I get dezonked. But I guess thas to be expected at this stage of the game. Its no fun.

And you. You affect me strange - you give me the **preZONKIES**. I guess thas how it should be with good friends like us huh. Maybe its the prune in me that is made happy when you is made happy by Other Guy. Also that is strange - I guess it must be the prune **preZONKIES** offset resultant complex.

So now is known to you my deception. I didnt tell you all this time cuz I think maybe a beautiful earth person might not wanna ally with a space prune person. But now since we are so close I figure that you should know about me. As you now do.

Actually its quite unique and amazing. How many of your friends can say theyre allied to a real life gyrating resonating space prune! And wrinkled ones are even more unique. My real prune name is **FNOIK**. Zork **FNOIK**. Not an uncommon name for a space prune. Isnt it neak all this stuff I am telling you? Wow if I was a smooth prune on Pluto and it turned out that my friend wasnt really a prune but an earthy person creature that would just Zonk me out all over the place.

One really Snorfynarf thing you have here is rock sound. Wow being a space prune like I am it really turns on- like especially at what you call a concert.

The persons in the rock group they come out and Wow they blast the whole concert full of Nerfy oscillating vibrating resonating rock sounds that really zonks me out. It gets the prune in me. I can just feel my energy field zonkin around. Of course its not as big a zonk as I get from lurv but its fun.

Well. Its getting near that time. When I go visit my friens the raisins.

Sometimes Enoch will drop in. He's the sun. And we'll all hang around and discuss old KingKong movies. Some of the raisins are even thinking about starting a Kong Fan Club for the Advancement of Zonkie Stuff. Enoch says he will consider being honorary sponsor. Being the sun an all.

I hope this hasnt upset you too much sweetheart - its not everyday you find out that your devoted ally is really a wrinkled space prune. Enoch and all the boys want me to say Hi from them. Hi. From them. We all enjoy hearing from you. Peace and stuff. Remember King Kong next week during National King Kong Observance Week.

Lurv and preZONKIE feelin,  
Ishmael (ZorkFN0iK)

Response to a Female Chicken Skin Victim (lovely) by a noted authority

or  
The Last Press Conference

Thursday, May 7, 1970

Dearest Friend,

I don't know where to start. Isn't that amazing? Master of the saying nothing with a lot of words doesn't know where to start. I feel all talked out without having said anything. The Who-Generation. Sends the neurological impulse patterns scampering across my body. Heavy. Sometimes I wish I could lock myself away from this world mess and just listen to music and stuff. But I couldn't do that for long. Because I can't live isolated. I begin to feel terribly alone. It is the worst feeling. I don't know if you know what I mean, being that I am regrettably by nature quiet and you are quite different.

That was a good description of the Stomach Stranges. That it feels like it was sliding down a bannis-sorry-banister which turned into razor blades. I don't know if its ever felt quite that way cuz basically I'm a selfish egocentered type who never thought to ask my stomach how it felt during the Stomach Stranges. Like I would say gee my stomach feels strange and leave it at that. I wouldn't say Gee stomach I'm concerned how does it feel to you. And then he might say Well, existentially speaking it feels like I was sliding down a banister which turned into razor blades. Nope I never did that. So he never got the chance to reply. I'm glad you have no communication gap with your stomach. I'll have to try to break down mine now that I realize my mistake. But what shall I ever do about the credibility gap I have with my pancreas.

So you have chicken skin. My advise is to take the next water buffalo headed for Florida/NY at soonest the possible. I have researched this strange phenomena and after years of searching and searching and searching (hence re-searching - cuz I hit same places more than once) and found the cure in Uncle Ho Talks to the Peasants about the Perils of Chicken Skin and other Chicken Related Diseases, ©1943 by the Chefreepress. It has taken me

years to perfect the skills needing to administer it and I am the sole person in the whole world living with such knowledge. Judging from your appraisal of the stage it has reached it can still be challenged within the next few couple weeks. The treatment is highly inventive and imaginative and strangely enough it does not pain but if taken in the proper frame of mind with a healthy attitude. It can be a lot of fun. [Has it occurred to you that it always seems that when I'm in charge of curing and fixing and stuff I must have some kind of motto Sex cures all ills]. Incidentally the Chefree press published its second book in © 1953 Uncle Ho Talks to the ~~Peas~~ Peasants about Chicken Recipes and other Peace Feelers. I met a Peace Feeler the other day. I said Are you a Peace Feeler. And she said Yeah wanna Feel for Peace. She said that. Naturally I was shocked.

I wish I could say it was a pile of fun but that would be a pile of chicken manure cuz it never happened and I never got a chance to assept the invitation cuz it never happened and I am so sad. The Chefree press wasn't doing too much business what with only pressing two books © 1943 © 1953 ten years apart. But in © 1963 it pressed Uncle Ho Talks to the Peasants about Chicken Liberation and other Chicken fads. It was well received considering its controversial nature. That was Ten Years After Uncle Ho Talks to the Peasants about Chicken Recipes and other Peace Feelers © 1953. The Chefree press broke its decadal tradition last month it went to Press © 1970. Uncle Ho Talks to the Chickens about the Gacklamaterialistic moneygrubbin sellout degenerate Peasants who Refuse to Buy Uncle Ho's books cuz They're squandering Their money on X films instead of Supporting They're Dedicated Leader in the Field of ~~Chick~~ Chicken Relations. It is filled with sex and violence. I guess you can't blame Uncle Ho for wanting to ~~complete~~ compete. And four letter words. Like chicken

paper. That wasn't a four letter word. But the natural chicken related term & its phase which is a four letter word seemed highly inappropriate at this time. It went over big with the Peasants. It didn't go over big with the chickens. For a simple reason. Chickens cant read. As a rule. They dont arent smert. Not much.

Since that success the Chefreepress has expanded its business interests rapidly and is approaching the conglomerate level of business enterprize. Well, they did hire a new janitor last week. Which is a good sign. They are spewing forth many books. Like Uncle Dick Speaks to America about Bums and Gooks. And Uncle Spiro Speaks to America about Mother and Fat Laps. And Brother Melvin Speaks to America about the Feasibility of Tactical Global Warfare and its Advantages in the Nuclear Age. And Uncle Billie Speaks to America About Sin Godless Communism and Kill for Christ. And Cousin Jerry Badmouths to other Bums about Dick and Julius and Melvin and Billie and Spiro and his mother and a host of Others. It also pressed MORE: A Documentary History of the Life of Uncle Ho's Chicken. Thats the Chefreepress. Its books sell cheap. Only 14¢ a copy. I bet youre wondering where I got the 14¢. I bet you thought it was be 43¢. Well its cuz 14 is the difference between 57 and 43. Which was when Uncle Ho's first book came out. Uncle Ho Talks to the Peasants about the Perils of Chicken skin and other related Chicken Diseases © 1943. You ought to read it if you already havent gotten to it. If you've already gotten to it it would be a good thing probably for you to read it again. Its very informative. And chances are that the first time it just whent over your head. Uncle Ho's books are like that. He doesnt believe in aiming low. As you would guess from the intellectual ring to his bestselling titles.

Just recently the Chefreepress conducted a nationwide poll of an

interesting nature in preparation for Uncle Ho's forthcoming book Uncle Ho Talks to the Peasants about the Possibilities for an Chicken Alliance with the Water Buffalos Coalition in the interests of presenting a United Front Against Fascism ©1970. The poll asked a selected group of morons and longshoremen and American Legion commanders and arsonists and others carefully chosen to be representative of the larger American society, a definitely pointed loaded question: "What is your favorite animal"? The pollsters were informed of the pointed loaded nature of the question before being asked to respond to the best of their abilities. Results were quite indicative of the underlying hypothesis behind the poll: 79% yes, 43% no, 2% Oakland Police Dept. Our leading poll evaluators have advanced the tentative conclusion that these results reveal a rapidly developing chicken ~~bat~~ backlash that is beginning to infect the nation. I rather think its just a big chicken skin epidemic. And we know what to do about that. Don't we.

That was the end did you expect MORE? Uncle Ho Talks to the Peasants about the Mechanics of Chicken Skin Epidemic Therapy while filming a Bosco commercial for the Vietnam Peace Parade Committee What no Chickenlokes? I abdicate my position as a noted authority. Also I quit. You won't have Uncle Ho to kick around anymore. This has been a prepaid political nonannouncement. Also you're fired.



## The Snake Dilemma

Snake was a snake. He lived in the fields and grass. And sometimes under rocks. It was cool and damp under rocks. Snake dug the atmosphere of that type of place. He felt it in his bones. And he had a lot of them. Mostly ribs. In fact he had so many ribs you might wonder why his name was not Ribs instead of Snake. It was certainly more imaginative. But that was not his name. His name was Snake, which has class. It certainly set him apart from others. Being that no regular snake would ever think to be named just Snake. There was a certain coup d'etat to just being Snake - like it was the ultimate staring-you-in-the-face simplicity of elegance or something. Elegance of simplicity. Anyway it was sharp. You might question my use of that catchy coup d'etat phrase. You might say it doesn't fit in at all. You're right. But doesn't it sound neat. Snake thought so in his braen. That's becu'z he always thought heavy thoughts like it's the obvious that escapes comprehension. Hence the name Snake. Obvious because he was a snake. At least everyone thought so. I certainly did.

By the way. I'm Snake. In case you were wondering how come I know so much about his braen. At least sometimes I am. It makes life exciting. At any rate it's something to do on slow weekends. Snake had a Neanderthal intellect. Which was pretty good considering he was only a snake. with a cubic centimeter braen capacity. But progress is amazing. So was Snake. He thought. But had trouble speaking. Maybe it was becu'z of his tongue. It was kind of loose. Just hanging around in his mouth. And forked. I guess when he got talking about involved stuff

his tongue got going too much fast for his cubic centimeter braen capacity. Or his braen cubic centimeter capacity got going too much fast for his tongue. Or something. Whichever too much fast it was his tongue always got tangled all up there in his mouth. Which was amazing since he had no fangs to entangle them all up there in his mouth. In fact, he had nothing there to tangle it all up there in his mouth. But that didnt seem to matter. It must be what you call Fate.

Snake happened to be slithering around one day when he met this other snake. It was a shesnake. You might say how do you tell whether snakes are is he snakes or shesnakes. You don't. But snakes seem to know. It would be kind of strange if they didn't.

Embarrassing also. This she snake impressed Snake. Snake had been entangled with some she snakes before. He always took them seriously. Also he never had never had had to just deliberately go out and work to have a relationship - it had always just happened. Like it just kreppt up on him and all at once it was there. Fate you might say. Also he had never ended the relationships. Fate had taken care of that for him. Snake was not on too good terms with Fate. At least they weren't in the same bowling league. Though they rhymed. If you force it a little.

Here was a new situation. New situations are good. They help developed cubic centimeter braen capacities. Also they make life interesting. Ask any snake. (But be sure to talk snakish. They would be insulted if you spoke a foreign tongue.) So The new situation was Wow here was a really together impressive she snake and Snake dug this she snake and so what happens. One step at a time. Considering

his brain capacity. He talked about Toads. Cuz he knew about Toads. And his tongue knew about Toads. And so it came out without getting ensnagged between his brain and mouth. Toads was his friend. And so Toads was it. So then like Snake got to see her. He had expected to be rejected. But wasn't. Fate was like that. Let Snake has fun just so Fate could set him up. And then strike. Sometimes a spare. Sometimes he used about 5 bowling balls at a time and set Snake back up each time just so he could do it again. But Snake had a tough skin after a while and recovered. But having no fun. Which was the case until this she snake happened along.

So Snake there was exercising his Neanderthal intellect thinking about this new situation and like how it was a new situation as opposed to Fate's bowling league old type situation. See he didn't want to blow this new situation. Cuz he really dug this she snake. But like it was all uncertain cuz he didn't know if anything could come of it and also like there was another he snake involved and stuff. Which is why this is called the Snake Dilemma.

Like he really dug this she snake for the snake she was, not becauz she just happened to also be a really nice-to-look-at she snake, well becauz of that partly, but like this she snake had a really amazing mind and being that Snake had a wierd brain he was really taken by the scope of her mind and her personality. Actually it was her mouth. Talk just flowered out like

amazing and smooth and everything. Her tongue never got all ensnagged in her mouth. Snake was impressed. Snake was also a little weak on

confidence. But he wanted to know this she snake. Even if nothing serious

could develop. After all it was a new situation. To be perfectly candidly,

Snake was also impressed with her body. How was he to ignore it. And why

should he. After all, he was only a snake.

So Snake was one day doing what snakes often do - crawlin around. He found a large rock and it had shade and Snake laid in the shade. Most snakes like to lay in the sun on rocks. Usually. Snake was different. It must have been that chromosomal damage had been caused by drugs or Bombs or something. Tho Snake didnt drug at all. And had never been Bombed. Tho he had once seen a picture of Ground Zero. Maybe it was a Rotten childhood. Tho Snake couldnt remember a rotten childhood. Tho he didnt remember much. A cubic centimeter isnt the most able to retain stuff. Even tho his braen fed on integral calculus and advanced theoretical physics forappetizers. And other wierd useless stuff. Tho. Actually that Snake was laying in shade of the rock has nothing to do with the dilemma. Just a little biographical auto note.

So another day Snake was just happened to be crawlin around. And he met an old Toad. The Toad of Wisdom. They were old friends. Back in the old country they had hitchhiked together. Becuz Snake couldnt afford a monster car. And Toad of Wisdom knew it was unsafe at any speed anyway. So Snake mentioned his dilemma to Toad of Wisdom. T.W. for short. He said T.W. he said. I wouldnt want her to think I had some kind of serious intensions if like she didnt want stuff like that and also considering the third party. But if well I would want her to think that if she was interested in me at all. Tho its hard to conceive that she could be. But if she was. Dilemma. Even if she wasnt I would still like to know her. What do you think. So T.W. said. It doesnt pay to worry - your braen capacity cant afford effert strain. Just let whatever happens happen. Ask her out to the cliff again and just let Fate handle things. He's not such a bad guy afterall. It's

the Obvious said Snake. Why didnt I see it. Its becauz of your Neanderthal intellect. Its prejudiced against you. Also it has no confidence. Wasnt room in the cubic centimeter for it. Braen capacities is one of those things you just gotta live with. So Snake said T.W. how come since your an activist in Chicken Liberation, How come you dont call yourself Toad of Wisdom Activist. And T.W. said I'm allergic to puns. That was a really subtle one. It might require some thought to get it. I should hope not. I should hope were all sharp today. Are we? Lets hear it for subtility. I dont hear anything. By the way, Chicken Liberation is coming.

The end.

AUTHOR'S NOTE- Perhaps youre wondering what happened to Snake's Dilemma. He sold it at an auction for 43 cents.

## Toad in the Poke

Well, hello there, I am your local cornbreadmaker Baker man.

I make cornbread and play drums on the side. Tho not too good. So I'd guess you wonder why Baker in the nomenclature.

Hey Baker in the nomenclature - it sort of has a beat to it, and almost rhymes. Its becuz when

I sold my Souls to the Satanic personality type person he said I bet you would like to play like Baker said he. I said yes said I. (Notice

the symmetry of the grammatical structure - ABCBA form.) He said

it'll take more than cornbread said he. Baker talent is expensive inflation

these days. Like about your soul said he. Souls are a cornbread

specialty of me. Mine. But I wouldn't sell my soul to him. My braen

would evaporate. And having no braen is no fun. Especially when

you have no body. Its kind of a big Nothing trip. Totally disappointing.

As you would expect.

Well Fate, you have no class. All I needed was a pig in a

poke. See I ran into Fate one day at the bowling alley. Or rather

he ran into me. When I got up he offered to sell me a Beautiful Trip

which he was carrying in the poke. Which he said he was carrying in

the poke. Actually I didn't have much choice because he was standing

on my head. So I bought it. I gave him a bunch of cornbread for it.

So I guess you couldn't really say I bought it. It was really bartering.

Except I didnt barter for it. I just took it. And Fate took my

bunch of cornbread. It was different how I came to settle on that price.

Since he was standing on my tongue when he said after I said not much

since he was standing on my tongue he said I bet you would love to

have this Beautiful Trip which I just happen to be carrying in this

poke here and what a coincidence it costs that bunch of cornbread you just happen to have there its been nice doing business with you. Whereupon he left me with the Beautiful Trip in the poke. I took out some of the Beautiful Trip and it appeared to evaporate in my hand. Like my braen would have if I had sold my soul to the Satanic personality type person (wouldnt you know he would be Red). I said Its a pig in a poke he sold me. Not becuz there was a pig in the poke. There wasnt. I guess its what you call a manner of speaking. I Just an expression to use. I hadnt used up all the Beautiful Trip though. There was still more left in the poke. More Beautiful Trip. Maybe it was evaporable also like the stuff I already took out. But I couldnt tell. Maybe there was some really stuff in there somewhere.

I wasnt gonna grab any I decided to let it just come out when it felt the urge.

But I figured a little sneak look wouldnt hurt. So I went to my Trunk and dug around for the can of sneak looks I had gotten at the auction. And I took one into the poke. A sneak look that is. And I said well doesnt that

beat all. There was a big Toad sitting there in the poke on top of the Beautiful

Trip what was left of it. I said doesnt that beat all what are you doing sittin fr

there big Toad. After a while the big Toad said:

I pick raisins.

There was only one think I could say to that. I said Oh.

Well, you cant have a good ending all the time.

## 76 Trombones in the Rice Pudding

There's a 43 on our license plate. Actually not our license plate. On our cars. I am not a car so I haven't got a license plate. At least I don't think I'd pass inspection. Not enough haer in the drivers seat. Does that imply an anally located braen? I have just a plain license without plate. No room to hang it you see. It says that I can play on the roads with cars just as long as I don't do nothing The Man wouldn't like. Just as long as I don't get caught. Actually I don't even have to get caught, The Man will get me anyway. For drugs. Not that I have drugs. Or use drugs. But my haer isn't quite boot camp style. So we all know abundant haer growth is a direction symptom of drugs. The Man will search me; even tho I stopped at the stop sign, I will say Wassamatter officer I stopped at the stop sign. And he will say Shaddup kid I don't like your attitude is it speed or acid. And I will say, Aspirin. I am an aspirin freak. I think it must have been cuz of St. Josephs aspirin for children on TV. Got me at an early age.

The license number is 543-CO. CO for Communist ~~Office~~ Organ. I don't know what a Communist organ is but I'm sure it's subversive and perverted.

My license enables me that also besides playing cars on the roads I can it is called to proof with which I can drink and consume alcohol to make the cars more fun.

I was reading a magazine. Looking through a magazine. And looking at her.

Activist actress Candice Bergen. A full page spread. At first I was so captivated by her haer the face with magneticized eyes penetrating into my right chin, I didn't even notice what was just right there all over her chest. 43. All over her chest. A number shirt. with 43 on the front. I almost missed it. But it finally dawned on me. I guess it was because her haer was the focal point of the picture. It wasn't hard to guess what she was so activist about. What she was so activist with. After I got off of the haer and on to the rest. It must have been the 43.



I was sitting on a church. Not usually does one sit on a church, But that's what I was doing. I was doing it right next to the steeple. Which was for my psychological. Becuz it was 40 down off the edge. Might even have been 43. Feet. Actually I was clutching the steeple like a junkie ~~to~~<sup>to</sup> his needle. Not that I was afraid of the Death Wish. Not that I was afraid of the height. It's just that when you're 40 up there's always the possibility that you could be 40 feet down. In quite a hurry. Which is no fun. The steeple was leaking. That's why I was on the church. Well it wasn't leaking just then. It only leaked when it rained. When it wasn't raining it didn't usually leak. It just hung around. As you would expect. Steeples aren't the most exciting things in the world.

I wasn't there of my own accord. I was there because I had no choice. Sitting on churches isn't the healthiest activity in the world. God might sneeze on you that close to Heaven. And who knows what kind of dreadful disease you might get. You might even get Goodness. And have no more fun sinnin'. Sinner is a whole mess of fun. Especially premarital sinnin'.

After the steeple was all better so he wouldn't leak no more. I said Goodbye. And came down. I came down. And she's glad I did. Fun. Yes. Well, down at the bottom of the church I had been sittin' on an crawlin' on. At the very bottom. In the basement. Was a rummage sale. Full of rummage and stuff. Which I had no need for. But I went in. Cuz my father went in. My father is how come I was sittin' on the church. He fixed it. For free. During the summer I have to work with him. It is no fun at all. He was lookin' at some books. So I looked at the some books. Just in case, even tho it was a church basement. And I found it. I guess the basement was too close to we all know what. It was a paperback sex book. And it seemed as tho I had really made it. The covers were what told me so. "Sky-high sex and deep sea death in the scorching new triumph by the author of Funeral in Berlin." That gets the initial interest after being drawn to the book by the illustration. Then to the back

cover, **WHEN ESPIONAGE BECOMES SEX-PIONAGE** LEN DEIGHTON TAKES YOU WHERE THE

**ACTION IS.** In bold headline fashion. Followed by small print. Her name was Charley and she was a girl of many talents. She spoke five languages fluently, took shorthand perfectly, was the very model of a very private secretary.

That was during working hours. After hours, she demonstrated her other very attractive skills. As she made wonderfully clear, she was willing and able to do almost anything her employers wanted.

But even the cool cat from British Intelligence didn't suspect how far this high flying bird would go.

Even better yet. "Wit, sex and searing tension" - VOGUE. And then inside. Cold corpses and warm bodies mingling like bubbles in a glass of bloody champagne. A wild brew of torrid sex, rough action and razor-edged suspense...

Warm bodies and torrid sex.

Sex-pionage and high flying birds. I said Fern you done it again. So I put it with the bunch of other books my father was getting. A nickel apiece. He had 6 all together, 30 cents. But he just emptied out all the small change in his wallet to pay for it. Rest would be donation. 2 nickels, 3 dimes, 3 pennies. Hey I said jumping up and down.

That's 43 cents wow doesn't that blow your mind 43 cents what a coincidence. They just kind of looked at me. They didn't understand. Of course.

At home I settled down all comfortable. Got into the raw sex novel reading position. Which is an interesting position. Not that it's any different from the non sex novel position. But it makes things more interesting. So I thought I'd just look through for some good parts to make sure it was all it said it was. Give me something to look forward to also. I looked, I searched, I poured over the pages. And only found two places in the whole book containing a female character and she was doing nothing even remotely connected with warm bodies mingling and torrid sex. Words cannot express my disappointment. Horse Under Water was the book. I wouldn't recommend it. I

don't think there I could have been more disappointed had the Sun taken a two month vacation. There ought to be a law against things like that. But I guess you gotta 'spect things like that donating 13¢ to the church. I guess God is superstitious.

Sorry to disappoint all you rice pudding freaks. But theres no law

in bold headline for its stance against it.

into the message of many talents. She broke five long years of the perfect

technology and the very best of the very best. After having

she was not the other very best of the very best. As she made wonderful

and she was not the other very best of the very best. As she made wonderful

And then inside. And then inside.

And then inside. And then inside.

And then inside. And then inside.

And then inside. And then inside.

And then inside. And then inside.

And then inside. And then inside.

And then inside. And then inside.

And then inside. And then inside.

And then inside. And then inside.

And then inside. And then inside.

And then inside. And then inside.

And then inside. And then inside.

And then inside. And then inside.

And then inside. And then inside.

And then inside. And then inside.

And then inside. And then inside.

And then inside. And then inside.

And then inside. And then inside.

And then inside. And then inside.

And then inside. And then inside.

A

## On the Subject of Daed Baers and Funerals.

I do not like daed baers. I do not like Funerals. Sometimes they are in order.

Like when the baer is 107 years old before he becomes daed. Then noone can say much about it. For it is a natural limitation placed on baers in this Reality. But otherwise circumstances, daed baers hurt me. Their daedness hurts me. Why they are let be daed hurts me. Funerals are not necessarily go hand in hand with daed baers. A baer can be daed and also not ready for a funeral. Daedness comes in degrees. A baer can be 100 percent degree daed, As in wars or Charlie Mansonia. After which comes a Funeral. But a baer can also be 43 percent degree daed. From being deprived of what he needs to be alive. Fully. Too many baers are being 43 percent degree daed. Too many baers are being made 100 percent degree daed before being 107 years old. I reject this. Totally.

Sometimes it is talked about politics and ideology and religion and practicality. And economics

Can't forget where it hurts everybody the hardest who usually talk about politics and ideology and religion and Practicality. I reject most of that. Baer braens are strange. That's what makes baers baers. Their baer braens. Which are the essence of baers on world. Baers got it in em to relate to each other. And not inflict daedness on each others. But they got other stuff in em too. Stuff like politics and ideology and religion and practicality. And economics. Most of this stuff can be lumped under one category: bull Stuff. It gets put in the dark recesses of the braen by the socialization process. The process by which Culture is imprinted on baers. Mostly what it succeeds in doing early in life is chaining the braen. So all thought done by the braens is confined to the Framework of the imprinted bull Stuff. So most baers never really think. Not beyond the Framework. Possibly they may think they are doing that. Thinking. But all they're really doing is bouncing their braen inside the braen Framework. Which seems harmless enough. Except that the Framework of society is made kept by the Framework in the baer braens. Which in turn were chained by the Framework of Society. A kind of chicken egg which came first relationship. Which came first doesn't matter. What matters is that it is and keeps going.

What matters is that it is intimately connected with daedness. In a directly cause and effect relationship. What matters is that it makes baers daed. And I reject that. Totally.

I once had a Framework. But it died. It was no good anyway. I could say my braen is was freed. I could say it was much expanded. But I can't really. My braen is limited too. Perhaps maybe it thinks itself less limited but can it really say. I don't know. My braen is strange. Not many baers can understand it. I don't myself. So most of the time I am a silent baer. Also I don't wish to make the mistake that Framework baers make. Thinking they think right. Cuz I don't know. Can anyone ever know. Isn't that how braens are limited by their very nature.

Sometimes I am bitter. Sometimes I am sad. Sometimes confused. About daed baers. In all degrees. I am bitter about those who enable baers to be daeded. And yet can they really be held responsible. They are but victims of their Framework. Victims of circumstance. And yet that doesn't change the daed baers. So I am

sad. Stalemated. Where am I. Who am I. What is. I don't know. Do I exist. It would certainly seem so. I think, therefore I am. Yet do I think. Or am I merely bouncing in another framework.

Baers are nowhere yet. No matter what they may think of themselves. Nowhere. Where do I fit in. I don't know. All I know is that I care very deeply about baers. If only they could all transcend all their ferry frameworks and ~~see~~ forget all else but they are all baers. But the likelihood of any great numbers doing that is nil. I guess about the only far reaching answer is perhaps baers evolving into a higher form of life. If hes around long enough to do some evolving. Maybe then baer will free his braen of the chains. The chains which have screwed baers for ~~the~~ several thousand years.

Like some baers might put it to me. What is if what we think isn't. Why how should I know what is. I'm just another baer. But I can say that what is is not even closely approached by the Fantasies of the Frameworks. My braen can hardly see arguing the point. Baers as a species have always had big heads. Thinking in absolutes.

Thinking themselves the focal point of What is. Thinking they know. Well, nothing is absolute. And baers are just a insignificant part of Something that is probably is definitely beyond the capability of any intelligence to ever comprehend. And baers will never know for sure. Perhaps What is is, and is There, perhaps, but baers can only build models in their braens to resemble What is. All his understanding of What is is secondhand, through his senses and perception. Perhaps What is is absolute. But Knowledge of it is beyond baer — it can only be approached asymptotically. The model constructed in the braen can by its very nature of braens be only <sup>postulative</sup> ~~assumptive~~ and approximate. The baer who says I dont know and understands his inability to know while striving to approach what is beyond his reach has got his haed in the right place. The baer who says I know — and thinks he does — is nowhere.

Baers might think that with all their relativity mechanics and mindbending advanced theoretical physics they almost know about the Universe. Or that with their amazing biological and medical knowledge they almost know about Life. Or that with all their chemical and nuclear knowledge and hotshot toys they almost know about Stuff. Almost is not the word. They are but a few angstroms closer in their braens to comprehending What is. One must have a sciencefiction braen to even hazard random guesses about What really is. Because it is far out. Far Out. Incomprehensible. Beyond baers wildest dreams.

Am I mad? No, I'm just thinking. Its good for the braen occasionally.

Few can understand what I'm saying. Really understand. Most would interpret it negatively according to their Frameworks. I understand that. So I absorb. Listen. And think. As long as I know where its all at in my own braen thats enough. If I can expand other baer braens thats gravy. I dont particularly wish to freak out anybody. As I said I dig baers a whole mess. Like theres not much else in life but relating to other baers. I care about them. Even the ones my braen construes as having a negative effect on others. On things. I dont think most braens are lacked

up tight ~~isn't~~ with regard to some things at least. I think most can be reached by the right baer in the right circumstances. But I am not the right baer. For many. No baer has the right to make another 100 percent degree dead. As in funerals. And no baer is going to impose his narrow Framework on me. I cannot stop dead baers myself. But I certainly am not going to play Their games. To help baers live, to make others happy just a little, Perhaps that I can do.

My braen has not gelled yet. I hope it never does. It changes with the things and baers I experience. I dont pretend superiority. But I do claim a right to think. And do claim a right to play my own game.

I dont know and understand his inability to know while striving to understand what is beyond his reach has got his head in the right place. The baer who says I know - and thinks he does - is nowhere.

Baers might think that with all their relativistic mechanics and mindbending advanced theoretical physics they almost know about the Universe. Or that with their amazing biological and medical knowledge they almost know about life. Or that with all their chemical and nuclear knowledge and data they almost know about stuff. Almost is not the word. There are but a few equations closer in their brains to comprehending what is. One must have a scientific brain to even hazard random guesses about what really is. Because it is far out. Far out. Improbable. Beyond baers wildest dreams.

Am I mad? No, I'm just thinking. It's good for the brain occasionally. Few can understand what I'm saying. Really understand. Most would interpret it negatively according to their Frameworks. I understand that. So I speak when I do. And think. As long as I know where its all at in my own brain that's enough. If I can expand other baers brains that's gravy. I dont particularly wish to freak out anybody. As I said I dig baers a whole mess. Like theres not much else in life but relating to other baers. I care about them. Even the ones my brain considers as having a negative effect on others. On things. I dont think most baers are looking

Iconodasm

I was talking with this baer and she saed what like if you're gonna tear  
down all this stuff what are you gonna put in its place. And I saed When you  
shovel the snow out of your driveway after a blizzard, do you replace it with anything.



## The Monster Yeast Piece

actual science fiction/fantasy

This is the Monster Yeast Piece. It is about a Monster Yeast. I have been wanting to do this for a long time. ~~The Me~~ But I had no name for it. Now I do, The Monster Yeast Piece. That is the name. In author language it would be called the title. But I am just a layman. So I call it the name. You can get away with that when you aren't authoring for a living. As I am not. I contemplate clouds for a living. Authoring I do for nothing. Usually I make that point clear. It's in my style. Inadvertently.

The yeast was sleeping in the culture. I guess. At least he wasn't leading a real active life. Not uncommon for yeasts. Inactive lives I mean. I guess this yeast was just sitting there subconsciously contemplating the purpose of existence. Thinking evolution had reached its peak in yeasts.

Yeasts are pretty functional you know. Even have do-it-yourself sex, which is called budding.

A form of asexual reproduction. Yeasts have been doing it for sometime now. <sup>which is too bad for</sup> ~~the yeasts.~~ <sup>what else have they</sup> ~~to do.~~

This particular yeast was in a clear-looking dish. Probably clear because it was glass. The dish was in a laboratory. A CBW laboratory. In the laboratory also was a scientist person. Working late. Because he was seized by a fantastic idea. Working alone. Because everybody else of the scientist persons had gone home to their wives. Some even not to their wives. But this particular scientist person was dedicated and imaginative. Besides having a rotten sex life. He had thought up a brilliant imaginative idea, which he logically concluded from the ~~which~~ which was the logical conclusion to the brilliant imaginative work he had lately being engaged. He figured that by subjecting this ~~yeast~~ yeast <sup>to</sup> ~~with~~ the proper combination of high frequency radiation's he could create a mutant strain. Which would look like regular yeasts if anyone cared to look. But would be a powerful secret weapon. In that this would be a superyeast. The Forces of Freedom could grow a whole mess and make it processed for baking yeasts, which could then be sold to the Reds as a gesture of international cooperation. Only this yeast would not be a bunch of dried ordinary yeasts but a bunch of dormant live mutant yeasts who would be

## Which Way the Wind Blows

Once upon a time there lived a pond right next to a big towering pillar of an old oak tree. The big towering pillar of an old oak tree was generally referred to as Mighty Oak. The pond was generally referred to as pond. Also living next to the pond that lived next to Mighty Oak was a bunch of rushes. There were quite a few of them there. They had just grown up there like rushes always grew up next to ponds. It was expected. The bunches of rushes were generally referred to as Stacked Dominoes. For no apparent reason.

Generally the pond and Stacked Dominoes and Mighty Oak got along satisfactorily. The pond rapped with the Stacked Dominoes and the Stacked Dominoes rapped with the Mighty Oak. Usually the pond just hung around, having nowhere to go. And the Stacked Dominoes just hung around, with nothing to do. And the Mighty Oak sat around all day dropping gargantuan acorns on passersby to this through this pleasant scene. Every now and then the Stacked Dominoes would cheer a direct hit. The pond was not known to express approval hardly ever at all. Probably from a Victorian upbringing.

Things didn't change much from the usual. Then one day they did. There came a Big Wind to the neighborhood. Accompanying a raging thunderstorm. The Big Wind was called a Big Wind because it went 120 miles per hour. Generally it was not too good to get in his way. And it was certainly a healthy practice to address him as sir. Which is what the Stacked Dominoes did as they bent in his path. They leaned very easily when it was healthy to lean. And when the Big Wind had gone away with his 120 miles per hour the Stacked Dominoes were up and ready to cheer more direct hits. But Mighty Oak stood tall and strong when the Big Wind came. And when the Big Wind went Mighty Oak had a ruptured appendix three hernias and a 726 dollar hospital and doctor bill. This was a week after his health insurance had lapsed. Also the Big Wind had taken all Mighty Oaks gargantuan acorns with him. So the Stacked Dominoes waited and waited and waited but they never could cheer any direct hits.

Cuz when more gargantuan acorns grew on Mighty Oak, he couldn't drop them on passersby to this through this pleasant scene. Cuz for the next 7 years Mighty Oak had to sell his nuts. To pay off the bills what come from his ruptured appendix and three hernias which he got standin up strong and tall to the Big Wind. That went 120 miles per hour. The pond said I'm not proud I would have bent. The Stacked Dominoes said Were not proud and we bent. And the Mighty Oak said I'm PROUD, BUT NUTLESS. Which is no fun at all. And so he sat around and sulked all day long. Things were kind of dull for a while. I guess the moral is that LEANING CAN BE MORE FUN, BUT BE PROUD AT THE WRONG MOMENT AND YOU MAY LOSE YOUR NUTS. what a bummer.

## A GNOME TALE (pronounced Guh-nōm')

ONCE UPON A TIME there was a Nameless character named Speechless, who was an Almost-mute gnome. Almost mute because he could talk - he was just too dumb to. In fact he often said to himself What a dumb gnome I am, I wish I could talk. Then one day he met a Nice gnome. She was very nice. And he gave her a flower. And she liked it. And they got the gnome disease together. The Dumb Gnome was very happy. The nice gnome said you're a funny gnome. And the dumb gnome laughed hahaha smerk. He didn't know what to say. The nice gnome had fatally infected him with the gnome disease and every thing she said made the funny dumb gnome happy and glad. And he wanted to make the nice gnome happy and glad. That's the gnome disease. One day the nice gnome was wearing her long pajamas with the feet on them that looked like a clown. The dumb gnome said Ha now you're a funny gnome. And she laughed. She was a nice gnome. Some other day the nice gnome was taking a bubble bath. And guess what. The dumb gnome came along and jumped into the bubbles and she laughed and he laughed and guess what they did. Right in the bubbles. They almost drowned. But it was lots of fun. Eventually the gnomes settled down. With the disease. And had little gnomes. And lived happily ever after. And the little gnomes asked where little gnomes came from. And they told them. The nice gnome and the funny dumb gnome told them. And the little gnomes grew up. And they did to. Everybody lived happily ever after. Becuz of the gnome disease. Wouldn't it be nice if everybody really were gnomes. Yes. But that only happens in gnome tales. With some exceptions.

## Surprise

I feel like a snake. I don't know what a snake feels like but I feel like one.

I remember about snakes. They slither around. And hang around. And eat cows. I don't feel like a garter snake. I never heard of a garter snake eating a cow. If one did then I'd feel like him.

But until one does I'd guess it would be boas. That I feel like. A big lazy boa. Boas are lazy after eating a cow. I don't think they get that energetic usually anyway. They're just around like. They don't run into you. You run into them. What a surprise. It would be a good thing if your surprise just ate a cow. Cuz after they have eaten the cow they get very lazy. And just go somewhere to sleep it off. And not be bothered. But surprise. There you are. And there he is. You will probably see the cow. In the boa. The boa will probably not be looking his best. Sort of lumpy. Like he had just had one of his ribs transplanted except for that someone had accidentally used a gigantic watermelon instead of a rib. Who can you trust these days. But it's not a watermelon. It's the cow. Snakes don't go in for watermelons much. Nor spare ribs. Not that it's a relevant point to bring up. After the surprise the snake will probably spit in your face. It will be obvious that he is not in a hospitable mood. And you will quickly remove yourself from his sight. And he will be glad. And you will be glad. But the cow won't be glad. He will be slightly dead. Not having too much fun. Can't please all the people all the time. Doesn't help the cow though.

Of course your surprise might not have a cow in him. You might ask yourself where the cow is. Probably out having fun. Cows can have fun too. Getting fresh air, Eating grass. Chewing their cud. Making it. If there's a bull around. Anything is better than being slightly dead. Even for a cow. Not that I'm prejudiced against cows. It's just that I've never been one. Which isn't too unusual if you think about it. But at this point you shouldn't be thinking about it. It's surprise time remember. And your surprise has no cow in him. Not even a bird. All snake. Which you have immediately noticed. Perceptively. Another thing you will notice. He is in a very sociable mood. You had better stop noticing all these things. You had better get your ass

moving. Or you will have a sociable surprise on it. Also you will have a sociable surprise on your neck, And on your head and on your legs and on your arms and on your chest and on your back. Probably you will not like it. Can't please all the people all the time. At least you will get to ~~see~~ see how it feels <sup>like</sup> to be a cow. But that's not what it's all about - feeling like a fat snake is what it's all about. That's what I feel like. You are probably wondering why I feel like a fat snake. It's very simple really. I just ate a cow.

New Years Day.

Today is New Years Day. The first day of a new year. 1971. Yesterday was the last day of an old year. 1970. 1970 is the year when <sup>stuff</sup> all of the ~~garbage~~ previous to this page was written. What a memorable year. What trash. It all started back in March. 9 months ago. Isn't it amazing how much garbage can be produced in such a short time. Not really. Maybe I should have had an abortion. And ended it all sooner. But doesn't every conception have a right to life. Some would argue. I'm not arguing. I don't wanna offend any fanatics. It's 1971 fanatics. They probably don't realize the significance of what I just said. They probably never will. As with all things there are good and bad fanatics. Depending on whether I like them or not. The good fanatics will have understood. Not the bad ones. I'm not much of a fanatic at the moment. I wonder if it's really worth it. Already it's 1971. And next year it will be 1972. And the year after that will be 1973. There's something regular about years. Someday I'll figure out what. Mostly I would prefer to be an invincible frog. Like Clark Kent. They don't say much. And when you don't say much you don't reveal your ignorance. It's too easy to believe in ignorance. I don't even know what ignorance is myself. But I'm sure lots of people think they do. Lots of people think lots of things. You for instance probably think this was written New Years Day. Surprise. It's something to think about.

Why I want to be an Invincible Frog.

I bet you're wondering why I want to be an Invincible Frog like Clark Kent instead of just an ordinary one. Because of little kids.

## Have you Ever Been a Watermelon

Have you ever been a watermelon. I have never have. I once had an uncle ~~has~~ who was a watermelon. Once. He didnt last too long. Watermelons never do. Thats why it was pretty dumb for him to be a watermelon. Ever since he ~~was~~ was a little kid he had wanted to become a watermelon. I dont know why. Its certainly not the average normal aspiration of a dumb little kid. But why should everybody have average normal aspirations. Thats a pretty good answer huh. One day he woke up as a watermelon. He was so happy. He had never been so happy in his whole life. I cant remember when he had been so happy. Just at being a watermelon. Can you beat that. He just sat around and grinned. Being so happy. There wasnt really much else he could do. Being a watermelon. He couldnt run around and climb electric fences. He couldnt poison friendly cats. He couldnt crash toy airplanes. He couldnt go around blowing up little frogs with firecrackers. He couldnt do any of the dumb little things that dumb little kids do. He could just grin. Though I suppose dumb little kids also grin a lot. I suppose grinning could be fun. For a while. But as a regular thing it could get pretty dull. So I suppose it was a good thing that he got eaten while it was still fun. He never knew what happened. They stuck him in an automatic watermelon slicer. One minute he was grinning. The next minute he was sliced. Just like that. I suppose he went to watermelon heaven. Where all good watermelons go. Of course its conceivable that he was digested and excreted in 14 different toilets. Since he had become 14 slices. Eaten by 14 dumb hungary little kids. Who used 14 different toilets. But I ask you - is that any fun to believe in?



## What Do You Do When You Have Nothing to Do

What Do You Do when you have nothing to do. When you have everything to do but its not time to start. Because you dont want to start. Because you dont know what you want.

What do you do.

How do you tell someone when you have nothing to tell them. When you have everything to tell them but its not time to begin. Because you dont know where to begin. Because you dont know how to begin. What do you tell them.

Where do you go when theres no place to go. When theres everyplace to go but you cant. Because you cant. Because it would mean leaving and you dont know how to leave. Because it would mean arriving and you dont know how to arrive. Because it would mean chasing a direction. — but you dont know the way. Where do you go.

What do you think when theres nothing to think. When theres everything to think about. but you dont know what is the most important. Because its all meaningless.

Because its all so meaningful. And you cant decide. What do you think.

What does one say when its already been said. How does one act when people create their own hell and want to draw you into it. And they cant help it, because they were drawn into it themselves. What does one do with his life when everything seems so irrational. Where does one wander when the paths have been straightened.

What do you do when you've hurt someone when you didnt want to. When you want to care but are afraid. What do you do when youre alone.

What do you do when your happiness makes another unhappy.

What do you say when you love — because you want to — and there are no original words or deeds. How do you feel. When you dont know anyone. Even yourself.

What do you do when you dont know what to do.

What do you do.

Nice Gnome (Guh-nōm)

Jyl.  
Why I like Jyl.  
I like Jyl because  
she is warm. And because  
she is nice. And because  
she likes gnomes also.  
Because of lots of  
things. That is why  
I like Jyl. In  
fact it might  
even be said  
that Jyl is  
why I get up in  
the morning. Other  
people might think I  
get up in the morning becu  
I'm done sleeping. But that's  
not why. It's because of Jyl.  
If I didn't have Jyl I would probably  
still get up in the morning. But what  
fun would that be. No fun at all.  
It wouldn't be too much fun at all.  
No. I don't think it would be fun.  
I can think about Jyl when I get up.  
That's what makes getting up so much fun.  
Of course when she's with me I don't have  
to only think about her. I don't have to get up  
either. For a while. That's fun too.

## The Princeton Experience Begins

DRUGS. JUST SEND me DRUGS. PAINKILLERS.

I'm in pain. They threw me out of the infirmary. They said they didn't love me anymore. They said all I wanted was these drugs. But I need these drugs. Is that wrong? I've got a painful cold sore now plus very painful intruding molars. Plus the fungus growth in my throat. Which is the very painfulest pain of all. It even hurts occasionally. My life is becoming a living hell. I feel that I must go to the street and take up a life of crime to get drugs. What has become of me. What has become of my soul. We begone. I am lost.

What happened is that the 3<sup>rd</sup> day here I was captured in the infirmary with Humungus Affliction. They used Tiger nets. I was in captivity for until today. I missed bunches of classes and everything. Humungus Affliction proved to be mono. Then it unproved to be mono. And proved to be Strepp Throat. And then unproved to be Strepp Throat. And proved to be possibly a viral infection. After my temperature went down they said they couldn't do anything else for me. I said aren't you gonna give me some drugs. They said: No, we aren't. And they didn't.

Today I went out into the streets to pursue my life of crime. On an abandoned one way side street I spotted a man with a black bag looking very much like a doctor. So I layed down in front of him and groaned piteously saying, "Help me I'm in pain." To which he said "Fuck you." He changed his attitude considerably when I whipped out my 4.3 inch switchblade from my back pocket. "I need drugs to relieve my pain. Do you have drugs." With the voice of Ringo Starr he said "I'm only an aspirin salesman." "What good is aspirin." "It certainly isn't habit forming." That's all I need is a smartassed aspirin salesman. "Are you Ringo Starr." "Whatever gave you that impression," he said innocently.

with an unmistakably Ringo Starr voice. "I'm kidnapping you that's what."  
"What is the ransom?" "Drugs." "Oh well I don't have any." And he walked  
off. Even though I was flashing my 4.3 inch switchblade like a psychotic  
paranoid. I was dumbfounded. He wasn't supposed to do that.  
It's no fair.

Tim wandering around in a daze. Delerium. The end must be near.

The pain is becoming unbearable. A 5 year old kid mugged me and took  
my ~~my~~ switchblade. Now I can't even kill myself. I can't even hold up  
people for drugs. I can't even pawn the blade for a bottle of aspirin. All  
I can do is suffer. Won't anyone give me a Drug. Just a little Drug?

**HELP! I NEED DRUGS.**

I need Drugs...

I need Dry

Not satisfactory, rework beginning and interweave with Grain theme, which also needs beginning.

As a Matter of Fact

God is my Uncle. Since I'm the nephew of God. Doesn't sound as classy as saying I am the Son of God but somebody already stole that one. Are you a real person or just a Holy Ghost that Uncle sent to fool me. Always playing those jokes of his, never can tell. But everybody has to have his kicks. Even Him.

Did I ever tell you about the time He gave me the Q-bomb formula at age 14. With the quantum differentials and the 10<sup>th</sup> degree tensor fields. And me not even had freshman high school algebra. I wasn't too smart then. I sold it back to him for a 4 year rental of a guardian angel. Now I have to do it myself.

I think Uncle sent me Jyl. And he better not take her away or I'll blow his whole show by letting out the location of some really hot dead sea scrolls.

Have I ever told you my life long ambition. I have one you know. Not a blatant one so's you'd notice just looking at me but I got one. Ever since I was seven I've wanted to grow up and invent the Q-bomb and have the world at my mercy. Not the average normal life long ambition of a normal well adjusted kid. But then I wasn't a normal well adjusted kid. So you wouldn't expect me to have the average normal life long ambition of a normal well adjusted kid. Would you.

No. You wouldn't. And I didn't. Just like I said.

You may wonder what my life long ambition was before I was seven. Come on aren't you interested? Just a little bit? Well tough shit I'm gonna tell you anyway my life long ambition before I was seven. To be a rock.

Some kids they wanna grow up to be a fireman or an abortionist but I wanted to grow up to be a rock. Just an ordinary unobtrusive rock hangin around somewhere. Cuz I had been studyin these rocks just watchin em a lot like — and they have the easiest lives. Just sittin around all day and all night and all day and all night. Always contented. Never complainin. Even when you smash em all apart with a hammer to see whats in em. When I was seven I found out why all the rocks were always just sittin around all the time. V.D. It had rotted their minds. So I decided I needed a new ambition. A clean healthy one. Like inventing the Q-bomb and having the world at my mercy. It just sort of come to me. Daydreaming in the 1st grade. I talked to Uncle about it and had a good laugh. He's got a great sense of humor you know. On boring days he starts the day off by scaring the shit out of randomly chosen average persons with vocal appearances: "Good morning Mr. average citizen how would you like to be screwed today." When you're just groping around with the alarm clock it can be a traumatic experience. With the sun rays comin through the ceiling and all. And Uncle's voice — Mr. average citizen knows exactly who it is. Whata mindfuck. Of course its all for the good. Keeps the citizenry on the straight and narrow you know. If he should ever rudely awake you with his jokes right in the middle of his line just yell out "Buzz off God I've got connections with the nephew and he's got connections with some awfully funny dead sea scrolls." That will damp his humor some. He's gotta be kept in line too ya know. Even tho he's the big cheese. You wouldn't think that a little thing like a few funny scrolls would stop Uncle. I wouldn't either if I weren't the one who was writing this.

Did you ever wonder about the Second Coming. Uncle originally had it all set for "The Second Arrival." But I figured it should be a real orgiastic splash. So I twisted Uncles arm into changing it. It sounds better now. I mean if so many people are looking forward to it it might as well sound good. They was gonna stick me with the Second Coming but everybody knows the Second Coming is harder than the first. so I weasted out of that. I mean dont you find that the Second ~~Coming is~~ coming is harder than the first. Maybe not for you but for him anyway. Just think, if I was an accomplished author I wouldnt have to run the pun into the ground like this. But we know what I have to say about that. So I figured it wasnt for me, so I just flit around a lot enjoying myself here and there. This time I've decided upon Q-bomb-invention-having-the-world-at-my-mercy-hood. But I need Uncle's cooperation. He's in charge of all the formulas of course. Since he made them all. But He'll let me borrow a few once in a while. When I was 6 he let me borrow a real sharp mudpie formula. And I made real sharp mudpies. The real sharp thing about the mudpies was that they turned into rocks. And I ~~think~~ thought rocks were real sharp then. I would make up a bunch and place em around on chairs and I'd sit on a chair and stare at em all day. And then at night I would put them to bed. And the next morning I'd get them all up and set em out on the chairs again. And I'd get on my chair. And stare at them all day. Once in a while I would get them all up and take them outside with my hammer. And smash em apart to see what is in him. Usually theyre all sparkly and new inside even though they just look ordinary outside. I kept pestering Uncle for a formula to turn me into a rock. But he kept stalling and said I should wait till I

was older. Like about 97. He only had my best interests at heart.

Now I know why. Rocks can't really get V.D. like Uncle told me when I was 7.

What fun is that.



Darling Karin, Perhaps an installment on GROIN, mildmannered supercockroach and defender of the fowl world, once again in inaction to delight the fancies of my favorite hen:

## GROIN AT THE CHICKEN BROTHEL

One fair day in Hokey, Nebraska, our hero, mildmannered supercockroach and defender of the fowl world, found himself ambling along a back alley of Hokey with little interest in the local landmarks and scenery, intent only on scanning the prize-winning graffiti which had been awarded the local Catholic Legion of Decency Condemnation award scrawled upon the bare walls of Hokeys leading, in fact only, back alley in flaming indigo lipstick as well as other assorted writing implements typical of the area notably uninhabited by Catholics which arouses some concern and wonder over the fact of having a local Catholic Legion of Decency Condemnation award especially scrawled upon the bare walls of Hokeys leading, in fact only, back alley in flaming indigo lipstick as well as other assorted writing implements typical of the area but decidedly untypical of the Catholic Legion of Decency, but all of this is only leading our attention away from our hero GROIN the giant monster cockroach who is not Catholic anyway besides having an insect dislike for the Catholic Legion of Decency which condemned him for indecency in his first public appearance on the East Coast at which 5 nuns fainted from his lewd smile thrown especially for a passing sanitation truck which by the way failed to catch it, in any event for those of you who need some introduction to our hero GROIN the giant monster cockroach, he is certainly amiable stature and particularly noticeable in a crowd, having the somewhat larger than live dimensions originally stated as GROIN, 20 feet tall, 20 feet wide, 20 feet deep, which is slightly overaverage for typical cockroaches but it would be a definite mistake to think in typical terms concerning this endearing hunk of insect which has one its way into our hearts and minds in various untypical ways as GROIN, mildmannered supercockroach and defender of the fowl world, who just now loyal readers has spied something unusual ~~scrawled~~ scrawled upon the wall of Hokeys leading, in fact only, back alley, scrawled in what appears to be, nay actually is, chicken scrawling: COME TO MOTHERS - WILDEST FOWL FUCKING IN THE MIDWEST; naturally this aroused the curiosity, and he had a monstrous one, of one bored cockroach mildmannered though he might be in fact it would be ~~indeed~~ quite strange if the reader were not taken aback upon noticing it walking thru the leading, in fact only, back alley of Hokey, Nebraska herself /himself were the reader to be in such a situation as now faced our protagonist in such a situation by now familiar to our fans, a situation in which a bored monster giant cockroach had but one recourse, to seek action in the least active way possible of course seeing that giant monster cockroaches have decidedly carefully chosen priorities governing their deployment of energies according to the well known principle of least action originally discovered by a giant monster cockroach probably because of that conservative with ~~respect~~ regard to energy dispensation tendency of the species, so this fair day GROIN chose to visit MOTHERS and investigate this curious claim, definitely a curious claim, particularly for this area of the country A CHICKEN BROTHEL? Whoever heard of a chicken brothel, which was the surprised reaction of our protagonist upon entering Mothers though not the surprised reaction of you the reader having been waiting with eager curiosity the entrance into the story of the Chicken brothel so noticeably situated in the boldface title (which you will notice contains not a single four letter word at all) (not even one). A surprised reaction also upon the entrance of GROIN into Mothers was registered by the clientel as well as staff of this chicken brothel (?), probably due to the conflicting relationship between the entrance dimensions and the insect dimensions considering that the former were primarily intended for fowl no larger than an occasional overweight turkey with a mild case of gout who had a chicken fetish not to imply that Mothers didnt cater to turkeys, while the latter were primarily intended to mark the boundary between giant monster cockroach and non giant monster cockroach, though the distinction was not obvious to those favored with the inspection of said boundaries, especially that one between giant monster cockroach smile and non giant monster cockroach smile, which was at the time clearly not obvious to the various surprised fowls, whom GROIN graced with his MAKING FRIENDS smile which was also like his HAPPY GEORGE WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY smile which was like his HIGH smile which was like just about all the rest of his smiles which displayed a noticeable similarity to each other that wasnt hard to spot if you spent any length of time noticing those things. After looking around from the entrance continuing smiling, our hero simultaneously being off duty as mildmannered supercockroach and defender of the fowl world and also as well seeing that the chicken brothel met his approval, having carefully interpreted the satisfied smiles of customer and customer and also not in a crusading mood considering how much energy it took to crusade in a chicken brothel GROIN put on his GOODBYE smile and everybody was happy and our hero once again found himself in the leading, in fact only, back alley of Hokey, Nebraska, a little more the wiser having added to his experience the inspection of a chicken brothel as well as a few catchy one liners in flaming indigo lipstick which is quite an achievement considering the rarity of chicken brothels in the Midwest, which are even rare on the East Coast, even rarer than turkey brothels.

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY  
DEPARTMENT OF DORMITORY AND FOOD SERVICES  
Undergraduate Dining Halls

May 3, 1971

Once upon a time there was a Monkey Dirt who lived a conservative life of frugality and hard work in a new England community of barrel makers. The barrels were used principally to provide a home for many unemployed cucumbers who drifted into town rather infrequently and consequently they were called pickle barrels, since several enterprising elements of the town decided to give the cucumbers company in their idleness by adding certain ingredients to the barrels, which had the effect most noticeably of pickling the resident cucumbers. Evidently these complacent fellows didn't mind being pickled, though they didn't have much to say in the matter of course, since none of the inhabitants of the town understood the cucumber language, and the cucumbers were in no position to otherwise indicate their displeasure should they have any to indicate. None, that is, except the Monkey Dirt, who acquired the ability one day to communicate with these seemingly silent characters thru a curious psychic phenomena not wholly or even in part understood by the knowledgeable individuals of the day, although it couldn't be said that there was an overabundance of these types among the community of barrel makers. It happened that

Dominick Tamasi, Manager  
Undergraduate Dining Halls

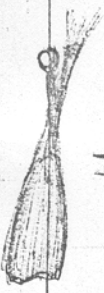
DT:ar

DEAR SARAH,

ANOTHER BAD DAY AT THE OFFICE. IT'S RAINING LIKE SOMEBODY DIVERTED NIAGARA TO DUMP ALL OVER PRINCETON, AND, HEATH NUT THAT I AM, I WALKED TO WORK AS USUAL, BUT MY RAIN PARKA HAS THIS MINOR DEFECT COMMON TO MANY OF ITS SPECIES, NAMELY THAT IT SORT OF STOPS 11 INCHES ABOVE THE KNEES, WHERE ALL THE RAIN THAT MAKES IT TO MY RAIN PARKA DECIDES TO HAVE A KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS CONVENTION, WHICH NATURALLY INFURATES ME SINCE I HAVE A THING AGAINST THOSE KINDS OF ORGANIZATIONS. ~~ONE~~ <sup>ALL</sup> OF THE MANY WAYS FOR THE SKY GODS TO RUIN MY DAY, THEY CERTAINLY KNEW HOW TO PICK THE WINNER. ALL BECAUSE I CHEATED ON MY GRAIN SACRIFICE THIS FALL, I MEAN EVERYBODY DOES IT. WHY COULDN'T THEY HAVE PICKED ON SOMEBODY ELSE TODAY. SO HERE I AM, SITTING IN ON A BUSINESS MEETING FEELING LIKE SOGGY BREAD. GOD THESE GYMS ARE BORING. SO TRITE. I THINK THEY ACTUALLY BELIEVE IN THE COMPANY. HA, THIS COMPANY IS JUST AN INCORPORATED RIPOFF ARTIST. WHO COULD BE SERIOUS ABOUT SELLING WOMEN PUBIC HAIR DYE. 'EROSHAE', COMES IN 29 EROTIC SHADES DESIGNED TO DRIVE YOUR MAN BANANAS. I ADMIT IT, I'VE SOLD MY SOUL FOR A 75 THOUSAND DOLLAR A YEAR ~~AS A~~ LIFE AS A CORPORATION MAN. WHICH IS NOT A BAD ~~RE~~ COMPENSATION FOR INSUFFERABLE BUSINESS ASSOCIATES AND HAVING SOLD OUT MY IDEALS AS WELL AS MY LESS TANGIBLE SOUL. AN EXPLOITER OF WOMEN YES. BUT THEY'RE MAKING IT VERY EASY FOR US. THEIR ~~COOPERATION~~ ~~COULD~~ BE BETTER ~~IF WE WERE~~ COOPERATION IS OPTIMAL. THAT'S THE MARK OF ~~THE GOOD EXP~~ HIGH QUALITY EXPLOITATION — LETTING THE EXPLOITEE PRACTICALLY EXPLOIT HIMSELF. OF COURSE WE PROVIDE THAT LITTLE HELPING HAND NECESSARY TO GET THE SHOW ON THE ROAD. THEY LIKE IT. WE LIKE IT. BUT DON'T GET ME WRONG. WE HAVE NO SEXIST PREJUDICE. WE'VE JUST DEVELOPED A NEW LINE FOR MEN. PROJECTED SALES ARE EVEN BETTER THAN WE'D HOPED. 'RAULIT' AS IN RAH-OOL'. IT HAD TO BE A ~~QU~~TERAL MANLY SOUND, WITH A LITTLE LATIN TOUCH. GETS EM EVERYTIME. I'VE LEARNED TO THINK OF THIS PART OF MY LIFE AS A BIG JOKE, PERHAPS SLIGHTLY OFFCOLOR UPON CLOSER EXAMINATION, BUT REFLECTION IS SOMETHING I'VE LEARNED TO PUT A SMILE ON, IN ORDER TO MAINTAIN SOME SEMBLANCE OF SANITY. I'M SURE IF I DISCUSSED THE CORPORATION WITH AN AUSTRALIAN BUSHMAN, HE COULDN'T HELP BUT SEE THE HUMOR IN IT. AND WE'D HAVE A GOOD LAUGH. BUT THE FRIGHTENING THING IS THAT ~~ALMOST~~ ALMOST ALL MY ASSOCIATES ARE SERIOUS ABOUT IT. IN FACT AS SERIOUS AS THE HORDES OF PEOPLE THAT ~~FALL INTO THE CATEGORY OF~~ <sup>CAN BE LOOSELY TERMED AS</sup> OUR CUSTOMERS CLIENTELE. IT MAKES

ME WONDER WHETHER ~~OUR SPECIES IS~~ OR NOT THE PRINCIPAL VICE OF OUR SPECIES  
IS THAT IT IS <sup>INVARIABLY</sup> DESTINED TO MAKE A FOOL OF ITSELF. BUT THERE ARE THOSE WHO  
UNDERSTAND. ~~MOHAMMED~~ MOHAMMED THE JANITOR UNDERSTANDS. WE BOTH GOT OUR  
DOCTORATE IN PHYSICS FROM STANFORD, SAME YEAR. I'M NOT SURE WHAT  
COURSE OF EVENTS BROUGHT ME HERE TO THE 75 G BRACKET FROM THE RANKS OF  
THE UNEMPLOYED PH.D'S, IN FACT ITS HARD TO BELIEVE SOMETIMES THAT IT ALL HAPPENED,  
BUT WHATEVER IT WAS I FIGURED THAT HE WAS JUST AS DESERVING OF IT AS  
I. I MADE HIM A 50 THOUSAND DOLLAR A YEAR JANITOR. I GET 50% MORE TO  
ASSUAGE MY COMPLICITY <sup>IN THIS WHOLE MATTER</sup> — HE GETS HIS WITHOUT DIRECT INVOLVEMENT. AND HONEST  
WORK. WE BOTH ATTEND ALL THE BUSINESS MEETINGS TOGETHER, THE OTHERS  
THEY THINK WE'RE STRANGE, IN FACT PROBABLY SLIGHTLY INSANE. WE PREFER  
TO PRETEND THAT WE'RE THE SAME ONES. I GUESS WE JUST DON'T FIT INTO THEIR  
MOLD. WHICH IS SUPERFICIALY OBVIOUS WHEN ONE COMPARES OUR JANITOR <sup>JUMPSUIT</sup> ATTIRE  
TO THEIR SNAPPY BUSINESSMEN'S SUITS WITH SNAPPY BUSINESSMEN'S TIES. BUT  
I KNOW THE SECRET. AND THEY DON'T SEEM TO, WHICH IS WHY MY POSITION IS  
SO SECURE. IN SPITE OF THEIR FLIPPANT OPINIONS OF MYSELF, THEY KNOW THEY  
NEED ME. THE SECRET IS OBVIOUS ONCE YOU KNOW IT. BUT KNOWING IT MEANS  
UNDERSTANDING. YOU CAN'T UNDERSTAND A JOKE IF YOU TAKE IT SERIOUSLY; YOU'RE  
ALWAYS WAITING FOR THE PUNCHLINE. THAT'S THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN ME AND THEM I GUESS.  
~~THEY'LL ALWAYS BE FOOLS AND NOT KNOW IT.~~ I IM A FOOL AND KNOW IT. THEY'LL  
ALWAYS BE FOOLS AND NOT REALIZE. EVEN IF THEY DON'T REALLY BELIEVE THEY HAVE TO MAINTAIN  
THE CHARADE.

THE "EROSHADE", <sup>KIND OF</sup> BASIC, PEOPLE HAVE ALWAYS MADE FOOLS OF US, TO THEIR OWN  
APPARENT BENEFIT, BUT INVARIABLY WE HAVE DONE OUR BEST TO COOPERATE WILLINGLY. AND WE'VE  
DONE IT AGAIN. THEY'VE DONE IT AGAIN. THEY'VE ELECTED RICHARD MILLHOUSE  
AS CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD. OH WELL. I'M STILL SAFE. I CAN'T CHANGE PEOPLE, WHAT  
IS LEFT FOR ME TO DO BUT TRADE SMILES WITH MOHAMMED. <sup>GO ON LIVING.</sup> HISTORY HAS A WAY OF GOING ON ITS  
MERRY WAY IN SPITE OF US. BY THE WAY, DO YOU THINK THERE'D BE MUCH OF A MARKET FOR  
PUBLIC TOUPEE'S?....



I don't know

There are among others, two reasons why I ended that piece. Namely it was the end of the sheet which is a very decisive factor in my two-page mind and secondly (as is namely were synonymous with firstly) I was getting serious about it. I mean it had lost its simple carefree ~~non-statement~~ non-statement style. I was beginning to try to say something incoherent. I think the best of my life I'll be a amateur non-writer.

I'm disappointed in myself today. I was sitting here at lunch ~~at the time~~ at the end of a long table next to the salad table and a smallish quiet girl sat down directly in front of me. Meanwhile I was concentrating on my tray — I mean a strange girl just sat down right smack in front of my line of view which heretofore had been directed unblocked thru the window. ~~It's~~ It's such a shy guy. You wouldn't believe I even feel guilty relying on that excuse all the time. Anyway it was sloppy joe's and for some strange reason I had been eating very non-animalish as is usually the case, & so I was watching my sloppy joe go into my mouth. This couldn't go on forever & I happened to look at her & she noted under the dim roar of the eating crowd something about ~~me~~ not eating much & I explained that this meal wasn't particularly ~~the~~ most bestest for my tastes & usually I ate more ... a couple more sentences. & we weren't saying anything & I got a milkshake & wanted to try to say something conversational like other people usually manage to do — but all I could think of was are you a freshman but that sounded too condescending. So when I left I simply said a very nice goodbye with a smile & she gave me a very nice, smiling goodbye. It's such a chicken. Meanwhile one of the common workers was working that mean — namely a girl that was in my econ class last spring st after

that I always said ~~hi~~ 'a timid hi' to her when I saw her  
though that's as far as it goes — now I'm becoming afraid of  
meeting her because of I don't know what, I feel like a little kid  
wanting to be a 'hello friend' to someone who strikes his fancy  
& circumstance has given him an excuse to say "hello!"

I don't know understand. I'm just very insecure that way. In fact sometimes  
I feel more secure walking along a street knowing no one than  
running into someone I know just slightly. — even though  
I really like other people — I would love to just be friends  
with the kind of people I've described — I'd like to have had  
a longer conversation with the girl at lunch etc in fact I'm  
starved for female friendship — but I guess I just resign  
myself to being a quiet addition to the furniture.

What's your professional opinion  
as a speech therapist.

Am I bananas?

taking all things into consideration?



I've been using too much  
time today on bic pen exercises,  
It's a sink or swim world —  
so now I'm gonna

(as soon as this Logic lecture ends) go ask them how  
much ~~is~~ is the TIGER in the window.

There's a TIGER in a window in town. And it's just  
perfect for you. MEOWRRARRR!

♥ Felix the cat.