



an erratic al expression of wandering thoughts
looking for a home

by Fred F. Fred , known to have forty-three (43) different
recognizable identities,
including the water buffalo

THIS VALUABLE
LITERARY
WORK

BELONGS TO

ROBERT  JANTZEN

PLEASE TREAT WITH LOVE AND RESPECT

OR IT WON'T LIKE YOU.

This semi-bold leap into a unique
type of expression I dedicated to Karin,
a really warm & beautiful person, a constant
source of ups and inspiration to go on in the
games of life, without whom I would not have
been able to make it through unfun times as well
as I did...

my ally in the Fate of the World trade.

not copyrighted but the
author would not appreciate
if it were plagiarized

This semi-hold had a unique
type of expression I dedicated to Ken
a really warm & beautiful person, a constant
source of ups and inspiration to go on in the
games of life, without whom I would not have
been able to make it through rough times as well
as I did...
my ally in the fate of the world trade

not copyrighted but the
author would not appreciate
it if this stuff were plagiarized

Directions on use.

Handle carefully. This is the original manuscript. It was not written to swat flies with.

Not meant to be sped read. Read slowly. Like you were going to be napalmed at the end. Pause at periods. Pause at Pauses. Pausing in between syllables is allowed also.

Do not mark with red pen. Or any other markable instrument. This is not a spelling test.

The Live Adventures of Captain America

Another exciting Cerealization of fantastic exploits and stuff

Fred F. Fred was walking along the street. At an unenthusiastic pace of 0.5 MPH. Fred F. Fred always walks along the street at any unenthusiastic pace of 0.5 MPH. He's that way. I know. I'm Fred F. Fred, The F stands for Asparagustus And I lead several lives. One is Captain America. I'd like to tell you about one experience I once had it was quite interesting of course that's to be expected. I woke up this Tuesday morning at 5:43 AM because the alarm clock went off. I turned off the alarm clock. This must be a mistake. But it wasn't, It really was 5:43 AM. And the sun was up in the middle of the sky. I said Captain America should do something about this. So he went back to bed and when he woke up the next morning at 5:43 AM it was dark. That's the way it should be I said. And got up. I called it the Case of the Sun Misplaced at 5:43 AM in the Morning. But of course that was routine. Of course.

I really wanted to be a janitor when I grew up. And sweep floors. With brooms. But now I've decided upon giraffes. I mean when I grew up I want to be a giraffe. They are blotched and have keen eyesight. Also no ~~ack~~ ackanee pimples. As it is now I am only Captain America and must take drugs and also vitamin A and white gob externally applied to combat the ackanee problem. Plus I am half blind. If I were a giraffe I would not have these problems. But then I would have to worry about getting a date. I don't know too many giraffes in my neighborhood. They are standoffish creatures. I once had a friend who hung up a sign outside his place of business GIRAFFES NEED NOT APPLY. He said it to me. There's a reason that giraffes need not apply, when I visited the zoo at the age of 7 I was crawling around the reptile house when a giraffe entered from the men's room and dribbled saliva on my ear; Never have been the same. Traumatic experience. That's what he said to me. But I convinced him of the merits of

giraffes and how it was probably an accident that he had been dripped on and he agreed to take down the sign and begin treating all giraffes indiscriminately and also nice. And I said that not only should giraffes be given a fair chance but all God's creatures, even anacondas. Captain America type persons say things like that. It's expected. Anacondas are huge long slimey snakes what hang in the Amazon jungle waiting for big movie stars to come along on their way to the Lost World or Aztec Treasures or elephant graveyard. When they come along they get squeezed and entangled by the snakes but usually they always get away. That's no fun. Actually there are no elephants in the Amazon. So it's kind of strange for the movie stars to be going to the elephant graveyard when they have a friendly encounter with anacondas. But the average movie watcher isn't too smart. Friendly encounter? Yes. Actually anacondas are very affectionate creatures and that's how they be friendly. If you met a ravishing movie star in the Amazon jungle wouldn't you do the same if you had the opportunity? Anacondas are very misunderstood creatures.

One time I was taking a bus ride to nowhere in particular on a nondescript bus. As opposed to a descript bus. And I was sitten there in the seat reading a book on Quantum Mechanics and Other Garage Workers when all of a sudden my great powers of perception as Captain America noticed perceptively that all the bodies on the bus were in a deep sleep and had blank expressions sitting on their faces.

Quickly assessing the situation, I realized that an unscrupulous THEM agent was in control of the bus having impostered the real bus driver and subjected the bus persons to a secret nerve gas to which I was immune due to my super immunity and was driving them to a secret Them Headquarters Agent Base to use them for evil purposes as subjects of secret THEM experiments. Detrimental to the Fate of the Free World. Even the unFree one too. Little did they know that Captain Amerika would once again frustrate their evil plots & wicked attempts to mess with the Fate of the

World. I said This is a job for Captain America. I didn't say it too loud. The element of surprise is always an important factor. So I nonchalantly strolled up to the bus driver and said May I have the key to the restroom, very demanding. Very surprised that one of the bus persons hadn't been affected by the secret nerve gas, he looked up at me and said Oh, you must be Captain America when I press the button all the people will return to normal and the rest room will self destruct in 5 seconds may I have your autograph? So Captain America told him it was okay about the rest room and gave the THEM agent person his autograph. I returned to my seat and he pressed the button and it made a big siren sound and everything was back to normal again. The persons still had blank expressions on their faces but I saw one scratch his ear and another blink. They were back to normal. When we arrived at nowhere in particular the bus people got off the bus unaware that the fate of the world had just been saved. I waited until all the bus people were off. Then I proceeded to leave. As I passed the bus driver agent person Captain America gave him a spontaneous highly emotional Reform speech and as I left the THEM agent person was in tears babbling about how he was gonna be a good nice person from then on having seen the error in his ways. Of his ways? He was wrong anyway. THEM control loses more agents that way. I'm not too popular with them. It is not to be expected.



Blank expressions
sitting on faces
of bus
persons

Once I got a package in the mail. The mail truck stopped. The mailman walked up to me lugging the package under his arm, It was heavy. He said are you Fred F. Fred? I said yes if its Wednesday. He said its Tuesday. Come back tomorrow I said. So the mailman got back into the mail truck and went back to the US post office place. The next day he came back. He walked up to me lugging the package under his arm. It was heavy. He said are you Fred F. Fred? I said yes if its Wednesday. Its Wednesday he said I have a package for you. I'll be glad to accept it I said. So he gave it to me. By the way he said who were you yesterday. To which Fred replied yesterday I was Jethro Tull inventor of the seed drill. Oh he replied. And left. In his mail truck for the US post office place. Thats where he came from. With the package. It was a nice package. It had 40 million dollars worth of stamps on it because it was so heavy. And my address was carefully handwritten on the top. I knew it was the top because of the sticker. The sticker said "Top". It was the biggest package I ever got. It was the only package I ever got. I'll never forget the time I got the package. It had a carrot corer in it. I ordered it 'cuz I'm allergic to carrot cores.



The Ogre what Lived in a Hill

a dull tale

I once knew an ogre what lived in a Hill. Actually the ogre was me, I was going threw my Thorstein period. This ogre he wasn't a bad fellow. His name was Ecclesiastes. His friends just called him Marvin. That is if he had had any friends they would have called him Marvin. Marvins problem was that nobody liked him. Tho everybody seemed to know him. Cuz ever time Marvin met something I means somebody they addressed him by name. They said "ECCH!" And ran away. This was not good for Marvins ego. In fact much of the time he was full of morose and depressed. He even felt bad. One day while Marvin was out walking he met a little gur she must have been only four years old sitting on a tricycle. It was not far from Marvins Hill. She was crying. Marvin asked the little gur why she was crying. The little gur said I am crying because nobody will tell me a story and all my friends get told stories so that must mean nobody loves me and cried more. I know how you feel said Marvin. Nobody loves me either. Nobody tells me stories. They just say "ECCH" and run away. Would you like me to tell you a story? The little gur wiped a tear out of her eye and said Oh would you please Mr. Ogre? You may call me Marvin said Marvin all my friends call me Marvin that is if I had any friends they would call me Marvin. Oh would you please Mr. Marvin? Said the little gur. Yessaid Marvin. Once upon a time there was a crosseyed toad who wasn't really a crosseyed toad but a crosseyed fairy prince who got canned by a crosseyed witch. Now this toad could not only not see straight, but also could not have meaningful sex because what fun is it for a toad who's really a crosseyed prince to love a stupid toad who's not even really a crosseyed fairy princess. Its no fun. So this toad went to the local goodnik witch for advice & she said that he should entice a beautiful princess to kiss him & then everything would be all peachy-keen nice. So

this toad who's really a crosseyed prince hopped into a beautiful princess's boudoir in admirable toad fashion & enticed her to kiss him. Then, in a big blinding flash, a loud trumpet sounded. As the smoke cleared, the change was immediately apparent. The toad turned into a crosseyed prince & the princess turned into wart, but the crosseyed prince who used to be a toad who was really a crosseyed ~~toad~~ prince couldn't tell the difference becuz he was crosseyed, so everything was neat ever after or something. The only thing is, they had little crosseyed warts who grew up & ruined the neighborhood. GeeWhizz! The End.

Don't be shocked by the high level of this story. The little gur was mature for her age. So when Marvin was finished the little gurs tears were all gone and she smiled at him and gave him a kiss on his hairy cheek. Ogres are hairy creatures you know. And she said Gee Marvin you're nice I love you. And then she merrily skipped back to the village where she lived not far from Marvin's hill and told all the townspeople how nice Marvin really wuz. And the townspeople said Marvin the Ogre? And the little gur said yes Marvin the Ogre he's nice. And they said Oh. So after that when the towns persons met Marvin they did not runaway. But they still said "ECCH". Habits are hard to break. But Marvin did not mind because after all that was his real name. Ecclesiastes. Well, almost. And Marvin and the little gur became good friends and Marvin told her stories often much of the time. He even invited her to his hill sometimes. Marvin was happy. And the little gur was happy. And even the towns persons were happy even though they still said "ECCH".

The Bridge Troll and other Taxes

Ezra Tax was a bridge troll. He lived under a bridge. Which is where most bridge trolls live. Ezra took care of the bridge and put up slippery when wet signs when the time was appropriate. There were many ~~bridge~~ appropriate times in the spring when the rains came. He put a sign on each side of the bridge so it would be seen no matter which way you came. He put up the signs because he cared about others. Ezra was that way. It was a free bridge. That means it didn't cost nothing to use. You could ride over it or you could walk over it. You could even crawl over it if you were in a crawl in mood. Anybody could use the bridge. Even worms. Mostly they were noted for crawl in moods. But sometimes they rode across. On rare occasions. Ezra would wave at the somebodies using his bridge. And he would smile. Sometimes they would stop and talk. Ezra would tell them about his philosophy. And would try to help them if they had some problem. He didn't pretend to know anything much, but somehow his caring seemed to help. His philosophy was that people should care about things. Everythings. His philosophy was that there should be love for others. That's how Ezra was. He was for real. Ezra liked flowers. He had a flower bed by the bridge. He kept it all pretty & nice. People said that Ezra had the nicest flowers in the county. They said that Ezra could win big prizes for them. But Ezra didn't grow his flowers for flower shows. He grow them because he liked them and he gave them away to anybody who crossed his bridge. Some people didn't like Ezra. They didn't like him because of the flowers and love philosophy and long hair. Trolls have long hair. They called him a commie pinko hippie radical degenerate. They weren't too smert. Ezra let them use his bridge. And he gave them flowers. And he smiled at them even tho they called him a commie pinko hippie radical degenerate. They didn't like him becauz he was a troll. They went to church.

Ezra Tax had a lot of relatives who lived in other places and sometimes they came to see him. And visit. Ezra would put them up under his bridge. Ezra enjoyed having his relatives come to visit. They would talk about the old country. And joke. And tell stories about ~~the~~ the fire till late at night. One of Ezra's relatives was Arthur Tax. He was a knight troll, Sir Arthur Tax. They called him Sir Tax for short. When he came he came riding over the bridge on his gallant steed. His gallant steed was named Tenpersent. It made a lot of noise when Sir Tax came riding over the bridge. Clipclapclipclapclipclap. Horses are like that. That's what steeds are - horses. Ezra had a place for Tenpersent under his bridge. It was not a terrific place but it was adequate. Ezra liked Tenpersent and Tenpersent liked Ezra. Trolls and horses get along like that. They were no exception. Another one of Ezra Tax's relatives was Revered Enu Tax, the Kurstian minister troll. He was not a stuffed shirt minister - he was a regular guy. All his friends called him Rev Enu. He had a lot of friends. Ezra really enjoyed it when Rev Enu came. They would talk philosophy and religion. They would have interesting discussions. Rev Enu rode over the bridge on his bicycle when he came. The bicycle didn't make any really interesting sound on the bridge. It was an orange bicycle. It had a sign on the fender. It said Property of Rev Enu Tax, Kurstian minister. Ezra had a lot of relatives. Sometimes they would all come to Ezra's bridge and have a big get together. The local neighbors were invited too. They would all come and everybody would have a good time. It was a big event. The Tax Convention. It was something to remember. Ezra was glad that it made everybody happy. You could tell. Cuz he would sing to himself I'mso glad I'mso glad I'mglad I'mglad I'mglad. He was a Cream fan. That was some time ago.

Otis Eagle the Chicken Hawk

Otis Eagle was a Chicken Hawk. Usually. He lived on top of a high mountain. It was a long climb to the top where Otis lived. It was also a long climb from where Otis lived to the bottom of the mountain. Naturally. Usually if you're a chicken hawk that means you are a hawk that digs chickens. For utilitarian purposes. Like eating. That's not what it meant with Otis. There are chicken hawks and there are chicken hawks. Otis was a chicken hawk. That means he wasn't none too brave and intrepid if you don't know too much about chicken hawks. He was afraid to fly. He walked places. Like down the mountain. Where he ate berries. And visited chickens. He liked chickens. For friends not for eating. They couldn't fly either. Otis was a young chicken hawk. The earliest he remembered was sitting on the mountain one morning. He was just there. Which was kind of strange. But Otis didn't know that. Of course. At first Otis didn't know about flying so he couldn't be afraid of it. He thought walking was the natural way for chicken hawks to get around. You might say But what about his instincts. Well, maybe Otis was a little slow. On his first walk down the mountain he met the chickens. As tuck would have it the first chicken he met was not awful smart. In fact he was kind of dumb for a chicken even. Not that I have anything against chickens. But this chicken asked him who he was. And Otis didn't know. So this chicken said Otis Eagle is a pretty good name. He thought Otis was an eagle. Some chicken. Some eagle. The "eggle" didn't say too much and the name stuck. After all this was his first day and his first trip down the mountain and his first chicken. Otis was pretty busy takin all this stuff in. As you would expect. Luckily Otis met smarter chickens. One chicken he met was Lester. Which is kind of a strange name for a chicken considering that there are chickens and there are

This is what happens
when you have the
carbon paper
accidentally facing
the wrong
way.

Otis Eagle the Chicken Hawk

Otis Eagle was a Chicken Hawk. Usually, he lived on top of a high mountain. It was a long climb to the top where Otis lived. It was also a long climb from where Otis lived to the bottom of the mountain. Usually, if you're a chicken hawk that means you're a hawk that digs chickens. For Otis, it was a different story. Like eating. That's not what it meant with Otis. There are chicken hawks and there are chicken hawks. Otis was a chicken hawk. That means he wasn't here to have and intend if you don't know too much about chicken hawks. He was afraid to fly. He walked places. Like down the mountain. Where he ate berries. And visited chickens. He liked chickens. For friends not for eating. They couldn't fly either. Otis was a round chicken hawk. The earliest he remembered was sitting on the mountain one morning. He was just there. Which was kind of strange. But Otis didn't know that. Of course. At first Otis didn't know about flying so he couldn't be afraid of it. He thought walking was the natural way for chicken hawks to get around. You might say but what about his instincts. Well, maybe Otis was a little slow. On his first walk down the mountain he met the chickens. As luck would have it the first chicken he met was not a real smart. In fact he was kind of dumb for a chicken even. Not that I have anything against chickens. But this chicken asked him who he was. And Otis didn't know. So this chicken said Otis Eagle is a pretty good name. He thought Otis was an eagle. Some chicken. Some eagle. The "eagle" didn't say too much and the name stuck. After all this was his first day and his first trip down the mountain and his first chicken. Otis was pretty busy taking all this stuff in. As you would expect. Luckily Otis met smarter chickens. One chicken he met was faster. Which is kind of a strange name for a chicken considering that there are chickens and there are

BLANK PAGE except for words

"BLANK PAGE except for words

"BLANK PAGE except for words

"BLANK PAGE except for words

"BLANK PAGE except for words

"BLANK PAGE except for words

"BLANK PAGE except for words

"BLANK PAGE except for words

"BLANK PAGE except for words

roosters. But this chicken wasn't THAT smart. And Otis didn't know about such things. So anyway it was Lester who told Otis about flying. It was a pretty big shock for Otis. I mean how would you feel walking around all your life and then one day somebody comes up to you and tells you that you don't walk you're supposed to fly. That's how Otis felt. He said "What's flying". So Lester explained to him about flying. The idea scared Otis muchly. Otis said to Lester How come I'm supposed to fly and you're not supposed to fly. Lester said "It's self-evident". Otis couldn't argue with that. He was not in a very rational frame of mind. In a few minutes having thought over the matter very hard, he said very determinedly I like walking. And if it had been up to Otis he would have been walking up and down the mountain the rest of his life. And he would have been happy. But Lester knew about flying and he figured it was only natural that Otis should fly.

So he got it into his brain that he should find a way to get Otis to fly. He had nothing better to do. Being a chicken.

So one day Lester walked up the mountain with Otis. It was pretty ~~sten~~ strenuous for Lester. You don't often have chickens climbing big high mountains. Especially this one. This one was 8 miles high. Chicken miles. It was so high that there was a song about it. 8 miles high. That was the name of the song. It was a rock music. Which is only fitting since that's what the mountain was. Rock. Mountains are like that, you know. ~~It was a rock mountain~~. And Lester was at the top all tuckered and also tired. It didn't bother Otis. He was used to it.

Well said Lester this is quite some place you got here. Yes said Otis I'm satisfied. It has a nice view. And Otis walked over to his view perch to look at the view. It was some view. Hills and mountains and streams and telephone lines. Trees and rocks and fields and abandoned cars. Otis really got involved in watching the view. Hawks have good eyesight.

Lester came over to the view perch and he looked around too. He was thinking hard how to get Otis to fly. If this were a regular story Lester would have just bumped Otis off the view perch. It was 4 miles straight down. 4 chicken miles. So Otis would have a lot of time to think about flying on the way down. But this ~~is~~ isn't a regular story. And that didn't occur to Lester. Lester came up to see the view. It was a long walk down the mountain. For a chicken.

It was interesting how Lester finally got Otis to fly. He invited Otis to a chicken pot party. There is no law against chicken pot parties. I guess maybe it's because it would be pretty hard for a narco to pretend he was a chicken. Anyway Lester passed Otis a joint and after Otis was good and high he took Otis out to a clearing and he said You are King Kong. You can fly. And Otis said I am King Kong. I can fly. And he flew. It was kind of strange that he could fly because he was King Kong. King Kong ~~he~~ never flew. But it seemed logical at the time.

So now Otis could fly. He rather liked it. Now he could fly up and down the mountain. Tho sometimes he would walk. For old times sake. It was such a strange new exciting thing. Flying. He was really glad that Lester had made it all possible. He was so glad he often took up Lester for a ride. He carried Lester upside down from his chicken feet. Lester thought it was neat.

The Eklips

a documentary

It was the Solar eclips. Capital The. The only one around here for 54 years to come. It was a big day. I was making tomato soup. It was noon. I was reading the newspaper when I heard the soup. I had forgotten about it. I rushed over to the stove in time to see the tomato soup rising in the pot like a nuclear mushroom. It was kind of helpless watching the soup go over the sides as I grabbed for potholders in a drawer. It was too late when I picked up the pot. With the tomato soup in it. With some of the tomato soup in it. I set it in the sink. And began cleaning up the mess. There was soup on the floor. There was soup on the stove. There was soup under the burner. There was even soup under the thing under the burner. Tomato soup. Burned black onto the bottom. We ate ~~the~~ what was left of the soup in the pot in the sink in the kitchen. I had crackers in mine. And a jelly sandwich. Grape jelly. And milk. I think that was all. Then I had to clean up the table and put dishes in dishwasher after removing the clean ones. Then I got back to the tomato soup in the stove. What a mess. I must have been cleaning there for hours. With scoops and spoons and sponges and brillo pads. It all didn't come off. It was burnt. Then I went outside to see the eklips. Then I went outside to not see the eclips. Couldn't look at it. It was very disappointing. Got the white papers and pins and boxes and aluminum foil and stuff. And made a solar eklips viewing machine. Very rudimentary. Got to see an eighth inch sun crescent on the white paper. It didn't even get dark. Not much. After a while I went in so I wouldn't ~~and~~ accidentally look at the eclips and get blinding and/or destroyed retinuz. After a while it was over. There was some leftover tomato soup to remind me of it. The Eklips of the century.

I did it again.

Not everybody's perfect.

The Eclips

a documentary

It was the solar eclips. Capital The. The only one around here for 24 years to come. It was a big day. I was making tomato soup. It was noon. I was reading the newspaper when I heard the song. I had forgotten about it. I rushed over to the stove in time to see the tomato soup rising in the pot like a nuclear mushroom. It was kind of helpless watching the soup go over the sides as I grabbed for both holders in a dither. It was too late when I picked up the pot. With the tomato soup in it. With some of the tomato soup in it. I set it in the sink. And began cleaning up the mess. There was soup on the floor. There was soup on the stove. There was soup under the burner. There was even soup under the thing under the burner. Tomato soup burned black onto the bottom. Waste ~~the~~ what was left of the soup in the pot in the sink in the kitchen. I had crackers in mine. And jelly sandwiches. And milk. I think that was all. Then I had to clean up the table and put dishes in dishwasher after removing the clean ones. Then I got back to the tomato soup in the stove. What a mess. I must have been cleaning there for hours. With spoons and spatulas and brillo pads. It all didn't come off. I was burnt. Then I went outside to see the eclips. Then I went outside to not see the eclips. Couldn't look at it. It was very disappointing. Got the white paper and bus and boxes and aluminum foil and stuff. And made a solar eclips viewing machine. Very rudimentary. Got to see an eighth inch sun crescent on the white paper. It didn't even get dark. Not much. After a while I went in so I wouldn't accidentally look at the eclips and get blinding and/or destroyed retinas. After a while it was over. There was some leftover tomato soup to remind me of it. The Eclips of the century.

On Adjustment

by Philo Kretch

When I'm not Fred F. Fred or Kaptain Amerika or Jetho Tull inventor of the seed drill, sometimes I'm Philo Kretch international spy and daring espionage agent for Fred F. Fred's secret complex. None of us have told you about Fred F. Fred's secret complex yet. It's secret. Usually I write about international spying and daring espionage. But not today. Today I'm gonna write about a neat word I read yesterday. Adjustment. The d is silent. I looked in the dictionary and it said stuff I didn't understand. But that doesn't matter. I have an intuitive understanding of the word. There are many kinds of adjustment. If you are stripping an abandoned car and you are working on the left rear tire and have the hubcap off which you are also gonna take and you have an adjustable wrench in your hand to remove the nuts so you can abscond with the tire, before you can use the adjustable wrench you gotta revolve a little screw type thing on it with your thumb and forefinger. At least that's how I do it. The process of turning the screw type thing which opens the jaws of the wrench to fit the nuts on the tire is called adjustment. That's why it's called an adjustable wrench. It adjusts. That's one kind of adjustment. If you burn down your factory for insurance money there is another kind of adjustment. The insurance adjustment. A man called an insurance adjuster will come and examine the books and the ruins. He will determine how much would be a just amount you should receive for the losses caused by the unfortunate disaster. An act of God. He doesn't know that it wasn't an act of God. Why shatter his faith. Then you get money for compensation to go to Switzerland with it cuz the bunco squad is after you. Actually it was dumb to go to Switzerland. They have extradition laws. That's life. It's called an insurance adjustment. In biology

they have adjustments too. Like if your a thousand year old lion. Probably by that time you won't have much teeth left. You won't be able to be a big old carnivore. You will have to be a big old vegetarian. Herbivore. That's also called an adjustment. The dictionary says these kind of adjustments are "not transmittable to its progeny". Thousand year old lions don't have many progeny at that age. They just make adjustments.

Another interesting adjustment is the climate adjustment. It happens with a change in environment. An eskimo must adjust to the climate of an Amazon headhunter village where he is being held captive. The Viet Cong must adjust to the New York and Washington climates when they come over in their rowboats and capture America. If you believe in hell and stuff like that you gotta make a pretty big climate adjustment after death. It is not good when you don't make an adjustment like these. You might end up like dinosaurs. Extinct.

Just the other day I was reading something on adjustment in *Renewal*, a magazine. Well it wasn't exactly just the other day. Actually it was 15 months ago. That's sometime if you think about it. Time goes fast. This is what the magazine said:

"I adjusted to everything pretty well. I made good grades in school. I was on my way to a business career. I even adjusted well to the Army until that day in basic training when the instructor showed us how an M-14 bullet could travel 300 meters, split a pine tree in half, and kill the man standing behind the tree. I couldn't adjust to that. So after much thought I adjusted myself on to a plane for Sweden. I think ~~I will~~ I'll make a good adjustment here."

That kind of adjustment is called AWOL. It is frowned upon.

My Day in Court

the further adventures of Kaptain America

One beautiful spring day as Kaptain America I was out waging the battle against evil, bad persons, arch criminals and other fiends, fulfilling my obligations as hero and upholder of good. And other nice things. When all of a sudden (things happen that way when you're a superhero) I came face to face with Sordid Man, perpetrating some obviously evil and also bad fiendish plot against society. Sordid man is known for such rotten stuff. He is not nice. Caught with blood on his hands, as they say, redhanded and face to face with Kaptain Amerika he had no choice but to abscond away with haste, saying *Once in the morning and it lasts for hours...* egad what breath. For a moment I hesitated, could it be I'd made some dreadful mistake and nailed the Green Phantom instead? But no, there could be no mistaking Sordid Man - it was his diabolical trickery once again engaged in foul play. After him I went leaping through the city streets intent on apprehending this professional hardcore evildoer. I would have too. If it weren't for this overdiligent arm of the law - a street cop. He got me for jaywalking. I'm sure he didn't understand. About the Sordid Man chase. He just said *Up against the wall you freak.* Jaywalking is a serious offense he explained. Besides you look pretty suspicious. I guess he thought I looked pretty suspicious in my Kaptain Amerika uniform outfit. That's right he said. As he frisked me. No smart moves buster, he added. What are these pills you acidhead degenerate possession of dangerous drugs is a felony waddaya got to say for yourself. Those are my Kaptain America superhero power pills which enable me to wage battle against evil, bad persons, arch criminals and other fiends I patiently explained. All you college kids are the same always

giving me lip. wise guy you'll have your day in court save it for the judge.

So I had my day in court. I said I think there's been some mistake you see I'm Kaptain Amerika a wger of the battle against evil, bad persons, archcriminals and other fiends. I was out fulfilling my obligations as hero and upholder of good and other nice things when I espied the diabolical Sordid Man perpetuating some obviously evil and also bad fiendish plot against society whence I gave chase and was almost at the point of apprehension when this unfortunate incident occurred. And the judge looked at my costume and then he looked at me. And he said ~~de~~ drily. Son he said, we don't allow insanity pleas for traffic violations all you gotta do is pay the ten (10) dollars and Having admitted your guilt and paid the fine I will say case dismissed and then you can go and chase your fiends and brogy mans till supertime just as long as you observe the laws of this peace loving city now I don't wanna hear any more nonsense about how you shouldn't have to abide by the rules that everybody else abides by becuz you're some kind of super-freak you could have been kilt out there on the streets - I can't be kilt I'm super invincible I interjected - you could've dented some poor guys fender the laws are meant to protect the persons you med the guy with the dented ~~fender~~ fender I hope you have learned something from this young man. Tribals Sir, I said, theres a water buffalo sitting on your desk. The judge looked at the water buffalo. The water buffalo said "Erff". The water buffalo just said "Erff" sir. That's what they all say isn't it son. Said the judge. "Erff" said the water buffalo again. Water buffalo have limited vocabularies. I don't have ten (10) dollars with me sir. How much do you have son. 43 cents. I'll take it case dismissed. Your lucky this time son. How is that sir. It costs \$1.50 to get into the zoo.

RATED X
slightly boring

ON THE FATE OF THE WORLD BY AN INVOLVED BYSTANDER

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

PREFACE. This is a preface explaining the femininity of the ally and the clean beautiful friendship existing between the involved bystander and his Ally. And how any certain implications in the following material concerning "nono" topics were merely friendly tongue in cheek flirting used as a pressure release from the intense responsibilities and dangers of having in hand the Fate of the World.

- Editors note

Now that I'm alone I can talk - They are trying to kill me. I know it. They keep following me, watching me, talking notes & looking obtrusive. My horoscope says that an unknown landing party from Sigma 5, Andromeda has chosen me to observe for a period of several months after which they will abscound with my body & kill me dead so that they can imposter me. They foresaw my future and They know that at the age of 26 I will discover the ultimate weapon in my Sears & Roebuck physics lab & take over the world to make things better & get rid of all the cold warriors (I will keep them in an old folks home in the Antarctic) & racisms & bad people. But these sinister beings space persons will substitute a one of theirs for me & when the time comes when the fake me takes over the world the Sigma 5 persons will control Earth & eliminate all feeling in human beings from the waste down cuz They consider us as a population threat to the universe. They have calculated that at the present rate there will be so many bodies that they will overflow the solar system into the rest of the galaxy like bread dough flowing out the cracks in the doors of an oven in 2000 years. Unless you help me, you've only got 9 more years of it. It's not a threat - it's a plea. I want it too. Here's what you gotta do. From now on save all the

asparagus tops you find & also all the centerfolds from your janitor's Playboy mag. When I visit you people rendezvous schedule nine code gnu the decisive action must be taken, because that is the time They plan to make their move. First of all I will closely examine all the centerfolds for a period of 43 minutes ~~at~~ upon arrival to clear my mind of all unessential trivia that could hamper my judgement. Then, when I'm all psyched up & will take the asparagus tops & together we shall make diluted asparagus soup with water from the Hudson River, plus 1 (one) dead toad eye. When the concoction reacts according to a secret organic reaction it will generate the equivalent of a 5-megaton stinkbomb (however we shall all be wearing masks) which will kindle an unbelievably unsatisfactory-unsatisfiable desire in the male Gurzorkfflitt in the Brazilian Amazon jungle whose acute sensitive senses of smell will detect our signal & he will fly here on his 43 foot wing span with 4.3 minutes (the sexual lust induced by the potion will give him the strength of 430 Clark Clents) from the Brazilian jungles & upon arrival he will lay an egg on the roof of your dormitory and ~~he~~ fly away. Quickly we shall crack open the egg and scoop out the embryo & take it carefully to my mad scientist friend who lives in the Ithaca sewers; he will grow the bird on laser treatment using LSD incentives. That bird will turn into the strongest biggest Gurzorkfflitt ever lived & we will all get on him- (he will be able to communicate with me becuz our intellects thrive at the same exact level- 93.43 IQ) & fly to the Sigma 5 persons who will be congregated at their spaceship analyzing the new pollutant in the atmosphere (our potion reacted) & we will fly over & our 43 foot wing spanned Gurzorkfflitt will take deadly aim & wipe them out with a 43 lb hunk of the most foulest smelling hunk of bird dung ever produced by the mankind's ingenuity. AND WE SHALL HAVE SAVED THE WORLD TOGETHER.

RATED X
slightly boring
(and technical)

ON THE FATE OF THE WORLD BY AN INVOLVED BYSTANDER

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

PREFACE. The preface to the preceding was actually intended for this desperate note. If certain inconsistencies may seem to occur between & within the two (2) notes it must be noted that in the interim interesting new developments have taken place and also that the business of looking out for The Fate of the World is not a simple business. - Editors note.

There's not much Time. So little left. But perhaps enough. I think there's one of Them reading a magazine on the other side of the Library. I can tell maybe because the magazine has a picture of an earth rock & is entitled The Latest News for Them People from XKS Andromeda sector Planet Tralfalgotore. He's not sinister looking. In fact he resembles Melvin Laird at 14. If ya know what Melvin Laird looked like at 14. Kinda like a bald Nike or Poseidon in sheeps clothing. No expression. Maybe because no face. Yes perhaps you're right. Maybe I'm not the prime target. Just because at the age of 26 I will control the world & I shouldn't get conceited & bigheaded and think that I'm important enough for Them to really want. It's my fourth uncle twice departed that They're after. Fred F. Fred.

The F stands for Asparagustus. He's a vegetarian and he picks onions for a living all year. Even in the middle of winter he's out there in the snow pickin onions, even tho there aren't none there to pick he picks what aint there. Always thought he was kinda strange. It's them strange guys you gotta watch out for. His shack must conceal the entrance to a gigantic underground nuclear development and making complex stuff

by 500 of the top scientists of the world plus 500 technicians plus 1000 complementary sex bodies who perform other various & sundry functions plus the greatest minds living today plus 43 janitors I meansanitation engineers and custodians. Who all got together and are working on the Secret of the Universe and who will save the world from the ThemS by getting the Them what imposters my body and then impostering the Them who's a postering my body so that when I thought I was taking over the world for chocolate e'clairs, lemon cake and romantic love, and when the ThemS thought Their man was taking over the world for Queen Victoria, the Universe, open manholes, and other sinister reasons like to stop sex, The secret complex of my fourth uncle twice departed Fred F. Fred (F stands for Asparagustus) will have taken over the world to save it from the ThemS, only see the ThemS don't know about Fred F. Fred (ditto about the F) 's secret complex but being that Fred F. Fred is so ~~strange~~ strange they have grown to suspect that it must be he who knows the telephone number of Raquel Welch and are after me to get him but still I get kalt either way because theirs no avoiding my fated 26 year takeover of the world BUT, I will fool both the ThemS & the F.F.F people by having a blue kazoo imposter me and then the ThemS 'll imposter him & FFF 's will imposter the Them person and then... I will imposter the FFF person impersonating the Them person, impersonating the blue kazoo impersonating me. The fate of the world is in my hands, I must not fail. I am alone in my venture you are the only to know. Ther was no choice - while the impostering business chain takes place before I do my bit I must have a secret hiding place and my field equations have shown that the only safe place free of either of the impostering organizations detection microsexant observation waves is under your bed (if I find any commies there I will

explain about the fate of the world and stuff and I'm sure they will understand) With one added complication - because of the orientation change caused by the earth's rotation the plasma ~~free~~ free field that has evolved under your bed will shift up its center of distribution 2.43 ft at 12:01 am every night and will remain in said orientation for 6 hours and 43 minutes. The obvious consequences of this shift are that I must move with it - you don't ~~feel~~ fool around when the Fate of the World is in your hands. Only one perhaps touchy matter I forgot to delineate. While the field absence has shifted you must remain within it because it is generated by your remarkable neurological wave quanta of which you are the source and while it is in the delicate shift stage it cannot have an independent existence as during the complementary day hours. Ha. Ha. Remember the Fate of the World.

I have not yet calculated when I shall execute the proper moves but I shall keep you informed, my secret hiding with you shall only last several days at the most. It's of utmost importance that every move be carefully thought out and planned before the actual events Polymerization potentials for equalization substitutions are being generated at this ~~very~~ moment on my selfmade computer which is actually in my radio I keep it running every possible moment and the groovy music covers up the real secret of its inner manufacturedings for anyone who might have reason to suspect. I gave it intelligence when I built it ~~and~~ the first intelligent thing ~~it~~ she said was You have a zilched social life. Gotta make sacrifices in the Fate of the World business. I guess. When this is all over we're agreed to fix it up. My zilched social life. But to get back to the point, I need consultation on my ~~latest~~ latest figures in connection with the statistical ~~forces arising from local~~ probability of the nitrile

unit events presupposing logical development of minor externally generated forces arising from local variance in the temperaturelectromagnetic existence field predicted by my theory. It has a 99.9943% probability of not affecting the total picture regarding further event decisions but a .000043 factor of accelerated chance could snowball effect in the TEME field & alter certain provincially directed sources crucial to tolerance limits specified by aforementioned field equations. What is your opinion, stalwart companion and faithful ally. The World's Fate is in your hands now too. Kinda grunchy animal to hold huh.

Just returned from driving my invalid bro's (home from college) to the draft board to look at his file - tomorrow he has an interview with the Board over his discontinued 2S classification & L-O application (conscientious objector). If that board doesn't give him renew his 2S or does something equally bumner - I will hastily construct an ICBM (Intercommunity Ballistic Missile) and launch it from my sandbox at 12:43 a.m. some night. It will have the effect of vaporizing the Draft Board & all the files and stuff. That's my ultimate weapon in its infantile (embryonic stages) stages. I suppose I should reveal to you the Power. My Onion Field Theory. You see, energy, matter, time, existence, nonexistence, - they're all manifestations of the Tzomic Field; intrinsic properties of an omnipresent phenomenon that's the one basic postulate of my Onion Field Theory. You'll recall that Einstein spent the latter part of his life searching for Unifield Field Theory - in which the mass-energy equivalence of his General Relativity could be the basis for a field theory of the universe and all its phenomena - everything would be field (energy) in which matter (mass) would merely be considered as localized concentrated field or energy. With general Relativity

and average mass distribution measurements taken of the universe, a finite universe was predicted. The Tzenismic Field is the solution. A much more embracing theory that is the Universe itself. Encompassing much more than mass, energy, and kinematic, and electromagnetic and gravitational relationships — but striking right into the heart of existence & nonexistence — and reveals the elusive nature of time itself (in relativity theory, time is relegated to distant clocks aligned by electromagnetic wave signals which show difference times because of the finite speed of such radiated signals — a quite uneasy notion only substantiated by mathematical invariance transformations). Whereas relativity and present day theoretical physics consider the finite universe as an unavoidable consequence, it doesn't answer the longshoreman's question of What the hell is out there if the goddam _____ universe don't go on forever. My theory deals with such earthy questions which I consider just as valid as from Dr Van Braun, a philosophy quite different from those held by uppity "smart" people in science. The finite universe question is answered by the Onion Theory — our universe is merely is merely a pocket of existence in a sea of nonexistence, basic properties of the Tzenismic Field. I haven't gotten far enough yet to determine the exact nature of this property pair — whether it is absolute or relative. Were it absolute, conventional ideas of motion will not suffice to breakout of our pocket but that still would not eliminate the possibility of transferring to other pockets should they exist, since aspects of other properties of the Field might be exploited. If the latter case were true, that they are relative, then perhaps quite different conclusions could be drawn. Whereas in conventional present day theory there is an energy mass equivalence & conservation law, in mine there is a wider aspect in which the field itself, or rather its intrinsic manifestations, obeys a general onion conservative law — and perhaps as mass is merely concentrated energy or field — existence is merely concentrated nonexistence, as the presence of mass alters the nature of space

You don't know how
much this hurts me
when I turn over a
sheet to discover
I've erred again...

I feel physical pain it bugs me so.

and average mass distribution measurements taken of the universe, a finite
universe was predicted. The tensorial field is the solution. A much more
embracing theory that is the universe itself. Encompassing much more than
mass, energy, and kinematic and electromagnetic and gravitational relationships -
but striking right into the heart of existence & nonexistence - and reveals the
relative nature of time itself (in relativity theory, time is related to distant clocks
aligned by electromagnetic wave signals which show difference times because of
the finite speed of such radiated signals - a quite uneasy notion only
substantiated by mathematical invariance transformations). Where as relativity
and present day theoretical physics consider the finite universe as an unavoidable
consequence, it doesn't answer the long-standing question of what the hell is
out there if the dogma _____ universe don't go on forever. My theory
deals with such earthy questions which I consider just as valid as from Dr von Braun
a philosophy quite different from those held by uppity "smart" people in science. The
finite universe question is answered by the Union Theory - our universe is merely
is merely a pocket of existence in a sea of nonexistence, basic properties of the
tensorial field. I haven't gotten far enough yet to determine the exact nature of
this property pair - whether it is absolute or relative. Were it absolute, conventional
ideas of motion will not suffice to break out of our pocket but that still would not
eliminate the possibility of transferring to other pockets should they exist, since aspects
of other properties of the field might be exploited. If the latter case were true, that
they are relative, then perhaps quite different conclusions could be drawn. Whereas
in conventional present day theory there is an energy mass equivalence &
conservation law, in mine there is a wider aspect in which the field itself, or
rather its intrinsic manifestations, obeys general conservation law - and
perhaps as mass is merely concentrated energy or field - existence is merely
concentrated nonexistence, as the presence of mass alters the nature of space

in its vicinity in present relativity, perhaps the presense of existence within nonexistence alters the field, thus attributing to all the properties we now attribute to our universe — our packet of existence. Wild. Life is too short. And what with trying to save the world at the same time it's kind of a hard to solve the ultimate secret of Existence itself. But to explain the "vaporization" effect on the draft board, I have deduced enough knowledge about the Field to have a practical use in altering the local manifestation of the Field, according to the Onion Conservation Law. The temporal, mass aspects of the Field which is the Draft Board Building ~~is~~ I shall merely change the field manifestation so that it no longer exists, the Draft Board Building that is. Like the ~~rest~~ release of nuclear energy, the mass-energy conversion, I shall merely cause the place to cease to be. If the Movement people knew that I knew what I knew... But I can only do this on a very limited scale and only upon the expendation of much of my available resource — my discoveries at the age of 26 (predicted by my use of the Seldon Functions suggested by ~~the~~ Isaac Asimov in his Foundation trilogy for psychohistorical statistical treatment of human conglomerates which can with much complication & certain probabilities be used to predict the future of individual subjects) will open the door to vast concepts hardly feasible to imagine in the human mind — the wildest excesses of your imagination will be in my hands with the Fate of the World & I will use it to finally give mankind a new direction, toward the threshold of a dynamic society based on love & peace & happiness.

Well, can't go on forever. I think I've been on an antihero trip lately. I think the word "smart" has no real function in human society. Hardly. Smart is no way to judge people. The day is drawing near when once again we shall meet. Nearer. Remember my love sweetheart. I shall remember you.

LOVE PEACE AND HAPPINESS,
Your dedicated mad scientist most likely to be
impostered, COLD TURKEY

On Mountain Lions by Felig Prosnier

Mountain lions are just big ole cats. Big monstrous cats that live in mountains. In America. They get to be 8 feet long; a foot, seven inches wide. Them a lot of inches. But ~~them~~ about right for a lot of cat. They are beautiful to look at, they are beautiful to watch in motion. But what really makes them beautiful is that they're a shy & peaceful type creature. Not violence freaks like a lot of men.

You see, never has there ever been a recorded attack by a mountain lion on a man. They're just kinda curious about us persons. But shy. They'll watch us. Stalk us. But not come to close. Just curious being cats you know. Cats are curious. Mountain lions, since they are big cats, are just mighty curious. It's natural.

Man doesn't seem to understand about mountain lions, Man has bounties. He kills them off by the hundreds. It might be understandable were they some kind of big menace. But they aren't. Like there's this thing called balance of nature. Lions balance out the deers. It's natural. Once in a while they'll get a sheep or two. Then I s'pose it's alright to protect your property. But most sheep graze on public land. One or two sheep is a small price to pay for a beautiful creature like mountain lions.

It would seem. When the lions are cut down, the deer get out of hand. Hunters like that. easy to bag in numbers. People think maybe we can do without mountain lions. Maybe. Men also eliminate eagles and hawks and coyotes and foxes. The predators. Then their prey get out of hand and half to be eliminated: mice, rabbits, gophers, porcupines. But the deer are always around a lot for hunters.

People think maybe we can do without eagles and hawks and coyotes and foxes and mice, and rabbits and gophers and porcupines. Maybe. Men want to cut down a lot of big trees. Old old trees. Maybe we can get along without these old trees. Maybe. Men are paving the land. Chopping out a lot of trees. Maybe we can get along without them. Men are polluting the oceans. Killing off billions

of minuscule animals and plant life which, along with trees, gives us the oxygen we live on.

Maybe man can do without all these things individually, but there'll come a point when maybe the earth could do without man.

Maybe then nature will act to adjust the imbalance man has created. Maybe then man won't be able to do without a lot of things that just aren't around any ~~more~~ longer. When it's too late.

That's why we need mountain lions. And trees and egrets and oceans of healthy little stuff. We gotta start caring about mountain lions. Big lovable cats they mean us no harm. But we gotta start caring. Cuz if the mountain lions perish, maybe we will too. The mountain lions and the trees. Nature. They're ~~our~~ our friend. We can only survive by recognizing it.

STOP PUMACIDE AND SAVE THE WORLD

TRAFFIC CIRCLES AND CARS UNDER THE DAM

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

Mortimer Milktoast was not visibly excited, but it was The Big day. The day of the Visit. It was Saturday the 14TH, the day after Friday the 13TH. Probably a coincidence. That Saturday the 14TH just happened to follow Friday the 13TH this month. The same thing will happen in the year 2043. Becuz its remainder upon division by 28 is 27. It also happens that way when the remainder is 10 or 21. Exciting isn't it. March is that way.

Mortimer, Mort for short, had directions from his ally whom he was about to visit. She had written them up explicitly and even with her personality showing through the directions. It was fun to read them. The only problem was the traffic circles. They're sort of hard to understand. He made the wrong turn. The trooper said he couldn't back up, he should turn around at the gas station down the wrong turn. Mort said, Thankyou sir. He had backed up. He was lucky. That was the only snag. And then he was there.

And Mortimer Milktoast met his ally Sarah Hoberdinker. Whom he hadn't seen for 556 days. He couldn't remember her; all he remembered was that she was worth remembering. He was right for ance. She was worth remembering.

The first thing they did was lunch. Vegetarian vegetable soup, hamburgers, salad, carrots, celery. Stuff like that. Mortimer Milktoast was famished.

He was a growing boy. And growing boys need lots of food. Among other things. They talked in the afternoon. And walked the dog. But the big thing was when they went out driving to see scenic scenery. They went to see the big dam. Second largest manmade structure in the world next to the pyramids. Well, maybe not the second. It held water in a reservoir

for New York City. Sarah showed where her name was written on the dam with some shnoock's she had known in her early womanhood. She was 18. She had been that way since 11. Kinda nice.

Then they saw another scenic scene under the dam there. A big old powerful green GTX. Stuck in the mud. It doesn't matter to the mud that you're a big old powerful green GTX. All cars act the same in the mud. Hopelessly stuck.

The guy in the GTX was rockin it & his friend was pushing. They weren't getting anywhere. So Mort thought he should help. He tried help pushing.

Didn't help. Then he said, I have a rope in my car I think maybe that would help. So he brought his car over and it had a rope in it sure enough.

which they tied between the bumpers. It didn't help. In fact it broke twice.

It was a good rope. It still is - only a little shorter than before. Then Mort suggested rocks under the tires. So they trudged around the mud and

got some rocks and putum under the tires. It didn't help. They thought it was ~~helpless~~ hopeless. Then a couple several (3) wierd kids & a girl in

a monk's robe and granny glasses happened along. The kids all got together and the five of them pushed while the guy in the GTX rocked it.

Little by little progress was made. And they conquered the mud. That's how Mortimer Milktoast had a dirty forehead. From his dirty hands.

Fighting mud is a dirty business.

The two guys in the GTX said thankyou and everything and Mort was happy that he had helped somebody. Mort was like that. So then the

couple several (3) kids and the girl in the monk outfit and granny glasses

wondered if Mort and Sarah were going their way. Mort wasn't but he asked how far it was. Six miles. So Mort said Sure why not. Partly because he

liked doing things for people. Partly because the girl in the monk outfit and granny glasses reminded him of a girl he had once messed around with.

Mort was like that.

So then they drove around and saw Croton. And Croton Harmon High where Sarah had graduated from last year. And a park by the Hudson. Where they walked around. And looked at the Hudson River. And also the Croton dump which was on the way. Some dump.

And they stopped at an art type store. And Mort was exposed to culture by Sarah. It was fun.

Upon returning home Mort washed his hands and forehead. His shoulder was about to fall off from pushing the GTX. Sarah and Mort discussed it. And they decided Mort would live.

And they had dinner with the family. Formal type dinner. Mortimer usually ate like an animal, being uncultured. But he ate good for them. Being that he wished to respect their different social values. He sat next to Sarah. When Sarah passed the string beans he said Thank you. When Mort passed her the meat she said Thank you. Mort said You're welcome. That's how the dinner was.

The topic was license plates and airraids drills. It was concluded that Westchester County licenses had V's or W's. And that the airraid drills in the elementary schools were kind of senseless. Being that Croton was 35 miles from ground zero. It was also discussed how the president of the student council was plotting to take over the Croton PTA. Crafty little devil.

Then Mort and Sarah went back to the sofa to spend the evening talking. About the alligator in the sewer system and the horrid painting on the wall. The horrid painting was a gift. From an amateur artist. Besides being horrid it was ugly. It hung over the sofa.

At 9:25 pm Mort began thinking about leaving. Becuz he had looked at his watch. Sarah looked at the clock and noted that it was quarter to eleven. Mort said Yeah how about that. Mort's watch was not too cool. But then neither was Mort.

Leaving was a traumatic experience. She got his coat. And he put his dirty shoes on. And he was standing by the door saying goodbye and stuff. And he was thinking he would like to kiss her goodbye like he would kiss his cousin goodbye. Being that he might not see her again. And since she meant so much to him as an ally. Actually he didn't really want to kiss her goodbye like he would kiss his cousin goodbye. Actually he thought it would really be neat to kiss her goodbye like he was John Lennon & she was Yoko Ono. Sarah was really lovely.

But Mort wasn't John Lennon and she wasn't even his cousin. Mort thought if he pulled something awkward like that it would ruin the relationship. Mort entertained no delusions of grandeur. He also had no confidence.

So Mort just left. He was like that.

On the way back Mort met the traffic circles again. The first one was not too bad. He got the turn the second time around. But the second traffic circle was a harrowing experience. He kept driving around it reading the signs. They didn't seem too clear at that time of the night. So finally he picked the one he thought was right and took it. Immediately afterward he realized it was not right. But you don't back up in wrong turns. As he had found out that morning. So he went down a ways & turned around and came back to the traffic circle. And proceeded to drive around again. It was hard to commit himself after one failure. But finally he stopped driving around the traffic circle and committed himself. It was the right one. And so Mortimer Milktoast continued on in his journey home, happy happy that he had at last seen his ally after 556 days of not seeing her. She was lovely. Sarah Hoberdinker was her name. She really impressed Mortimer Milktoast.

But Mortimer Milktoast was a shnook. As you would expect. Being a Milktoast. Sarah wasn't too impressed. That's life.

SUNDAY MARCH 15 1970

Hello Mrs Littlefield.

This is Mortimer Milktoast come to sit in your green chair. After sitting in one of your wooden ones for 4 (four) hours it was kind of hairy. Hard on the anatomy if you know what I mean. So I decided to come over here to your typewriter and sit in your green chair becuz it looked more comfortable. It is. Except for the back. But thats not important. The reason I came over here just now was becuz I was copying over some story and made a long error. And had no eraser. I thought there might be one lying around somewhere. There wasn't.

So I stopped. I figured you wouldn't mind me sitting at your green typewriter chair becuz I was doing some creative writing. I was writing a story: TRAFFIC CIRCLES AND CARS UNDER THE DAM. a moving story about Mortimer Milktoast's visit to Croton-on-Hudson (including an explanation about the dirty forehead). That is the whole title. Well. I just thought I'd write you a note about how much I enjoyed your green chair.

Thank you very much

Mortimer Milktoast.

P.S. Have a pleasant day if you happen to notice this.

On Running into a Nazi Supertank on the Way to Work

an unexciting account of how I got rid of the squeek

I really don't know where to start I guess. I suppose I won't know where to end. In fact I don't even know what will go between neither of them. Probably it will be a bunch of words. Words are fun. They can accomplish so many neat things. Neat like in the Frank Zappa sense. Like suppose you had to turn down an invitation from a really stimulating looking type female to help her with her coordinate geometry because you had to make it to the store early enough to buy some many fresh carrots which are on sale at an outrageous giveaway price of 43¢ per 5 bunches. And you get to the store and you go to the fresh vegetable department and say I want to buy 17 bunches of many fresh carrots at the outrageous giveaway price of 43¢ per 5 bunches sir. And the person behind the counter says Do you have an outrageous giveaway proof of purchase carrot seal. A what you say. An outrageous giveaway proof of purchase carrot seal he replies. What you need to buy carrot on sale with. Oh you say. That means you can't get the carrots on sale. That was the whole point. You say for this I turned down the chance to derive a bunch of stuff beginning with coordinate geometry with the really stimulating looking type female. And the guy behind the counter says. Gee. Like what would the encounter have been without the neat word. Gee. You probably wouldn't even have kicked the guy in the shins before you ran at your quickest speed possible cuz he was 2 feet taller than you and weighed 352 but I'm getting away from the object of this narrative. Which is how I got rid of the squeek.

The squeek in my bike. Every morning going to work it squeeked. You may wonder why my bike every morning went to work. Maybe it was becauz it liked my company. Every morning I went to work also. I sat on the bike,

since it was going my way, which is when I heard the ~~ee~~ squeak.

It was annoying. Becuz I have hypersensitive ears. I got them at an auction last year. Auctions aren't what they used to be. One

day I was on my way to work. It was not particularly much different from any other morning. Except for the Nazi supertank I ran into.

It had been parked there in the road temporarily. By some Nazi persons. I ran into it cuz of not paying attention to the traffic while thinking of what an exciting day I was going to have at work. Actually it was just gonna be another day like any other but it was fun thinking about it being exciting.

I read that in a book somewhere. The book was called how to make your work exciting. A straightforward title. When I ran into the tank it

didn't move. You wouldn't expect it to. You would expect me to fall on my head. That is what I did. Right on my hypersensitive ear. One of the

Nazi persons helped me up. It didn't scringe my bike hardly at all. I was only going 2 (MPH) at the time. The Nazi person said Pardon mesir could you direct us to Argentina we only have a 1943 Standard Oil travelers guide and we seem to have taken a wrong turn in Chicago. A likely story I said. It was probably

the ~~sp~~ speed trap in Peoria Illinois you tried to avoid. Could be he said. We ran into a traffic circle there. I've had that same problem.

I said. And then proceeded to give them directions to Argentina. It's real easy if you follow the signs I said. That's what Hess

said about orders he commented. I see what you mean I said.

Is there anything we could do to thank you for your timely aid sir. The squeak

I said. You must have heard it. The squeak? I said. Yes, the squeak in my bike. It won't go away no matter what I do. Perhaps you could look at it.

He did. He said there's an elephant on ~~g~~ the fender. Makes the tire rub.

Oh you mean Felig Prosnier my business affairs manager. Yes.

The elephant. It squeaks from the elephant. He said.

I always thought it was the bike.

Well now you know.

I

Ido?

It's not the bike.

Oh. Well in that case I guess maybe you

can't fix it huh.

He thought for a moment. And replied We could use

an elephant on this trip. In case we get stuck in the mud. And you wouldn't have the squeak. To put up with.

My business affairs haven't been too

well these days. I admitted.

So they went on their way to Argentina with

the elephant Felig Prasner my business affairs manager. And I continued on on my way to work. My bicycle didn't squeak now. It wobbled.

From running

into the Nazi super tank parked temporarily on the road on my way to work.

I discussed the incident with my analyst. I said Does God Hate Me?

He said my analyst that is said No God Doesn't Hate You.

But your bike does.

~~And I~~

I continued to ride to work on my bike. Even tho it hated me. And wobbled.

Joggled my brain somewhat riding on my wobbly bike,

I guess

I'm just a masochist.

No fun

by Mort Milktoast and others.

We were standing there leaning against the wall me and my clothes. I suppose we had just as much right as anybody else to be standing there. The wall didn't mind. I was sayin to my clothes Clothes I said hows it goin. Me and my clothes communicate by mental telepathy. They said Its no fun. I cant argue with that I said.

The first time I suppose is the worsted. Its bad enough when she takes 4 thousand years to get it across that it's over. Then at least you can feel yourself and continue hoping. But eventually the feelin is over.

Eventually comes the end. And you know its the end.

Then there's the first time after that when you meet as just people again. Maybe there'll be a token encounter she'll make some how feeling obligated to at least that. But its nothing. And then when youre standing up against the wall like me and my clothes after that first token encounter.

And she ~~goes~~ goes by without even a glance. Several times even.

And we pretend not to notice her.

Its not until that first moment of being strangers that you really know what its like.

Its no fun. For you. You didnt want it to end.

Like me and my clothes. We didnt want it to end. I guess thats what King Kong said on top of the Empire State Building. Fat lot of good it did him. I kinda liked King Kong. Must be cuz of us always being the loser Kong and me.

Its really kinda strange those first few times. In fact its really kinda strange for a long time when you didnt want it to end. You are just ordinary people again. Ordinary. Meaning like you never did what you did. Like you never felt what you felt. Like you never opened ~~the~~ up each

~~the~~ of yourselves to the other and said the things you said.

Like you never loved her.

Just people again. But not for you. You can't forget. You're never relaxed knowing she's around. You get uncomfortable when people mention her name. Or when you pass each other. That is how it is.

Loving. And not being loved. Wanting. And not being wanted.

They say you get over it. But do you ever really.

You're a different person after that. It's never the same.

The past seems so unreal. Did it ever happen you wonder.

So unreal. Emptiness.

You're right I say to my clothes. Perhaps sadly I say that to my clothes.

You're right. It's no fun.

Petition to End the War
on People and the environment
as well as other living things.

Stop Hating and Start Caring.

SIGNED,

Fred F. Fred
Captain America
Jethro Tull
Marvin the Duck
A Little girl
Extra Tax
Rev. Gnu Tax
Sir Tax
Cross-eyed Todd Prince
a wart
The Involved Husband
Mort Milktoast
Eding Prossner
Philo Kretsch
Otis Eagle
Letta the Chicken
Sordid Man
a Blank Expression
Mort's Clothes
Fred F. Fred's secret complex

HUNGKONG
The Judge
Street Cop
Fang
A PUMA
Empire State Building
wobblybike
Gurzark FFilitt
AWOL
them Agent
Bus Person
Fate of the World.
One Giraffe
the water buffalo
And Others

What if they gave a war

And nobody came.

Peace?

bro - OT

The ind