

# The Poetry and Stories of Andy Kaufman

Andy Kaufman

2000

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## Publisher's Note

In the interest of authenticity, this collection of POETRY AND STORIES by Andy Kaufman is published unedited and true to the original manuscripts. The inconsistencies of style, punctuation and spelling are the author's and are intentional. The dates and times, where they appear, are the author's notes and do not necessarily pertain to their corresponding pieces.

Readers who are familiar with Andy Kaufman's other books, THE HUEY WILLIAMS STORY and GOD...and other plays, may recognize certain characters. If all three volumes were compiled into a single chronology, one could, perhaps, follow those characters from their conception in Andy's imagination, through their evolution on paper, and, ultimately, into their fruition as the featured stars of his performance art.



# Preface

"Hey, boys and girls, come with me on a wonderful, fun adventure!" That may have been Andy's call to us had he written his own preface to this collection of poetry and stories spanning his lifetime.

The intention of these poems and stories, when written, may not have been to entertain us, but they do. They may not have been written to excite or make us wonder, but they do. This adventure into Andy's land of "Once upon a time" is not an ordinary journey, nor does it follow a traditional story line sequence. Why should it? His live performing didn't either. Rather, it gives us a peek at the "real" Andy Kaufman, a glimpse into his inner thoughts and feelings, private ruminations and ponders.

Although his performance art, by its nature, was a reflection of his true inner essence, it's expression left many wondering "who was that masked man?" The real Andy remained elusive throughout his career to all but a privileged few.

His writing, in contrast, allows us into a sacred place of quiet time with Andy and sheds light on that elusive nature. His poems and stories break down some of the barriers that separate us from Andy's personal reality.

As a storyteller myself, I read a lot of folktales, myths and stories. Andy and I share a common interest in using the story form to open our own hearts, as well as others'. Spinning a yarn is a family tradition, something we experienced and learned from our father, Stanley, and his father, Grandpa Paul. I remember, as a child, questioning whether or not Grandpa was fooling around. He was our first put-on artist. It was also our first lesson in how to maintain the tension of opposites in developing a character.

Our father carried the jester gene into the next generation. Andy was not only his son, but also his student. He observed Dad and gathered information on how to build that tension, and the timing of the "put on." Our father demonstrated frequently that it's not always effective to tell those you're fooling that it's all a joke. Initially, the "I'm only fooling" was briefly delayed. Eventually, it was pushed further and further away from the event. Sometimes, it wasn't until the next day that Dad remembered to tell us "by the way, I was only kidding yesterday." Perhaps, those times when he completely forgot to disclose his joke were when Andy gleaned the most in perfecting his own technique.

Stories can carry timeless, universal themes that cross cultural boundaries. They offer us ways of understanding our world and what it is to be human. Through his poems and stories dating from early adolescence, we see the emerging Andy Kaufman through the characters he created on paper and later performed. We get to live for a moment behind his eyes and witness how he reconciled his world.

When words cannot explain a person, sometimes a story can. Here is a story, a metaphor, to help understand my often misunderstood brother. There is an old parable told by the Rabbi Baal Shem Tov that begins ..."Once there was a wedding taking place in a house. The musicians sat in a corner playing their music while the guests were dancing. Meanwhile, outside the window, a deaf man was passing by. He looked inside the window and saw people whirling themselves around, gyrating their bodies in all directions. He said to himself 'see how those people are flailing their arms and legs all about - it is a house full of madmen,' for he could not hear the music to which they danced."

Andy's writings and poetry are our vehicle to hear the music that Andy heard. As his sister, I know that Andy's wish was to help people hear the music, their music. His hope was that you would cast aside your inhibitions and dance, dance, dance!

Carol Kaufman-Kerman

# Poetry

# A Chosen Few: A Love Poem

October 17, 1963

"My hope is like a hollow skull." \*

It is like the fire at night - - And it burns out.

I want a hope.

A hope to save me in this cage of morons.

I follow my hope, one that I will hope to love and—- revere

I follow it day and night. Under the tree,

To see it meditate - - - or is it just thinking.

I follow to its home - - - where - - it sleeps at night.

I follow - - - - I follow - - - - I do meet it, and talk to it.

She says, "I love life - - - I love humanity - - -

I love what the world has come to." I say, "I hate you."

\* That phrase is an idea from the program "Hootenanny".

# Eidandrofields

October 17, 1963

I curse the world, Eidandrofields.

Do I hate the world?

There's a chance.

The world has good potential - - - -

But the people ruin it.

*I AM A HUMAN BEI NG*

My comrades are morons.

Eidandrofields.

I stop short for not to hit a lady.

She calls me an imbecile.

"What's a matter lady?" "Shock you lady?"

"Stop short for your own good, lady?" She is stupid. - - Many are like her. Stupid is stupid.

Eidandrofields.

Eidandrofields is my den, My place of escape.

Where I keep my flowers - - - yet am I a flower lover? Where I keep my records - - yet am I a music lover? Where I keep my writing and poetry -yet am I a writer? I curse people -yet do I hate them?

Oh, Eidandrofields, Eidandrofields.

# The Lark

October 21, 1963

"You're as dumb as a dog," I hear you say.

Because the dog cannot talk as we do.

And yet, win space, we are compared to dogs, as compared to those in planets.

Hark, You hear a lark.

Coming closer, and closer, and still closer.

It comes to You, You talk.

It does not reply. Instead, It makes

funny noises that you cannot understand. Fantastic utterances beyond your comprehension.

You call it stupid, because it sounds funny and you cannot understand it.

It goes back to its world.

And this lark, this very same lark tells its fellows how stupid it

Thinks you are.

# Saint or Sinner

October 23, 1963

Harken, for the dark as come, the quietness of the night has set in.

You walk the darkness of the streets, not knowing what will come out and grab you, walking in this jungle of animals, beasts, and gentle folk.

You descend upon a sight.

A drunkard, in the light of a bar room. "Stop, my friend" says he.

"What do you want of me", you ask. "I will get you your wings,

I am a saint, "Never committed a sin in all my life."

"But, you drink." "I'm Happy."

"You curse." "I escape" "You sin."

"I don't."

"What is God?"

"God is a damn fool. A stink, a dope, and a moron."

"What!" says YOU. "You fool. Do you Believe in God?"

"God is the great creator," says he.

Both of you are now in heaven.

"Go to hell," says God, To someone who praised him. Always prayed to him.

"Go to hell," he says to you.

"Damn you, God," replies the drunkard.

"Oh, my friend," says God to he "My drunken friend, my cursing friend."

"Your denouncing friend," says he to God, "You sonovabitch."

"Here are your wings." says God.

# Hi

October 24, 1963

Hi, Hi, Hi.

That's what they all say.

The hi to my friend, for my enemy.

*I love the hi,*

Here comes one that I know, or knew.

Should I say hi to him.

Here comes one that I just met.

Should I say hi to her.

I'm sick of the hi.

*I hate the hi.*

Here comes my friend.

I'm too tired to say hi.

But will I turn away? Will I not say hi?

Hi."

Here comes another.—

I did not say hi. I call him up that night. He hangs up.

I did not say hi. (So he thinks.) I am mad at him.

I did say hi. Hi means, "Like I'm not mad at you or anything." Hi is void.

# He gets illusions that his fly is always open

October 26, 1963

He gets illusions that his fly is always open.

When he goes to work.

When he goes to school.

To him, people will notice,

to him, people will always be looking at him.

He gets illusions that his fly is always open.

When he walks down the street. When he  
goes to dance.

He gets illusions that his fly is always open. *Who gives a **damn***



# What will happen if

October 27, 1963

What will happen if I tell my teacher that I hate her?

She will send me to the office. That is all.

And what will happen if I get bad marks at school?

And do not go to college? And do not get a job? And die in my twenties?

Nothing. I will not feel pain.

What will happen if I w good marks in school?

And get praised by my father? And go to a good college? And  
make

a billion dollars? I will be part of the camouflaged unhappy competition.

And what will happen ifl get bad marks in school? And get beaten

by me father? And don't go to college? And move down to the village? And be h.wulY?

What will happen if? — What will happen if? — Ask yourself: What will happen?

# The Faggot

October 29, 1963

He stands erect and straight, And has a husky build.

But he buttons his top button.

And minds his own business.

Then the popular ones come, with their high pitched voices,

and say, "Look at the faggot!" "Who is a faggot?" "He is a faggot."

He will not fight back. There is no need.

Instead he asks, "What is a faggot?"

"A boy who acts like a girl, " they reply. "And who is a faggot?"

"You are a faggot."

"No. You are all morons," says he.

"You're crazy," reply they, and the whole school. "No," says he, "You're crazy."

# A modern Twilight Zone

November 1, 1963

The time was halloween, long, long, ago.

The sky was dark, yet bright.

For you could almost see the witches flying through  
the sky,

And children dressed in happy and melancholy costumes, their pride and joy.

At one house, they would trick or treat.

And get a 5c candy bar, a bag of popcorn, and a steak.

At another, a dinner maybe, a ticket to a show, and a record album.

Kids were all trick or treating, big and small, young and old.

Ten year olds, who wouldn't touch balloons.

And above ten, who would take advantage of the giving away of candy in their neighborhood.

The time is now halloween, with the sky dark, yet bright.

But you cannot see the witches flying through the sky.

And children are dressed in costumes, *for the heck*.

At one house, a piece of bubble gum is given away.

At another, an M & M.

Little kids are trick or treating, and big kids are laughing at the candy.

Ten year olds are killing each other.

# Escape

November 4, 1963  
He hates the life he leads.  
He wishes it were  
But he is afraid end  
wishing that he where there  
and  
just not be.

escape to a place, no normal people,  
can act how he feels.  
Won't have to be friendly, and can  
He would like to escape the hustle and bustle of city and country.  
But how will he do this?  
How will he escape?  
Here comes a lady, walking down the street, He takes out his knife. He kills her. He is arrested.  
He acts his way into an insane asylum prison.  
*He has just escaped,*

# How Wonderful

November 10, 1963

How wonderful it is - - to walk down the street,  
And hear the birds singing, the bees buzzing,  
See the birds flying And the beauty of the trees.  
You love the world, and are angry with no one.  
But now you approach your friends, who like to talk.  
You cannot hear nature, now.  
Because you must listen,  
And must talk to your friends.  
You walk away angry, mad at everything. How wonderful it is, *now*.  
to walk down the street, and feel the birds  
pecking at your head, bees stinging your arm,  
and trees falling down on you.

# “The Sorrow and Gladness” or “Drip” or Drip-Drip-Drip” or “The prompting of my heart.”

November 13, 1963

\* "My heart is like a *drip-drip-drip*."

The raindrops coming down hard. At times the drip is kind.

At times the drip is mean and evil.

It is hateful, it is lovable.

It is cold,

yet it is warm.

I hate that *drip-drip-drip*.

The depressing inferiority - or superiority. The drip of my heart - and soul.

The drip of my madness - my anger. Of my kindness - my mercy.

I meet someone - it hates me. shall I mourn?; or shall I take it as

*Kismet*.

I find that I have reached something happy.

shall I jump or take it as -

And sometimes, it is amusing to see, the other drips of other hearts.

It is laughable, but I do not laugh.

And it is tearjerking, but I do not shed

Tears.

Again, I hear my own *drip-drip-drip*.

\* From the movie, "The Greenwich Village Story."

# Relax

November 16, 1963

&lax., For the wilds of the unknown are coming closer-and closer.

The beat of the earth in the background.

You cannot get the beat out of your head.

The beat of the drums, the music of a rage.

And you rise up in a fit of  
rage.

&lax.

For the beat is still in your head.

You love the beat?

&lax. For the tension is drawing closer.

&lax. The beat is going on, time on time. Relax. The tension snaps.

The beat in your head.

*Monotony personified, You hate the beat,*

*You hate your head,*

# Nineteen question marks

November 26, 1963

There were two boys from planet

*Earth.*

They were friends right from their birth.

And then one day, the boys to hate.

They formed two groups, from that very date.

It was not the groups that did the hate,

but it was the boys,

and then came that awful fate.

The fate that was feared to happen, the boys had a fight.

It happened on a dreary night.

One got kicked in the shins, the other, hit in the nose.

One in the face,

And one on the toes.

One, then, got clobbered on the head.

And before long, the two boys were dead.

The two groups disbanded that day, and were no more.

Just because of the foolishness of the

Large, great war.



# Oh people, funny people

December 8, 1963

Oh, Oh people, Funny, funny people

Making like they're cool, making like they're great.

Look at all the funny people, making like they're working/

As though they will accomplish something though they are serious.

But they will not accomplish something, they are not truly serious. - - - - -

*And they know it?* And yet they laugh at the Buddhist - yet they laugh at the Beatnik

Oh ritual, funny ritual.

Funny people go by ritual.

*Then Comes The Death!*

Then comes the ritual.

People dance, people yell, people scream!

As though they may bring life to the dead.

And when wrong comes, ritual comes. Look at all the funny people, acting as though they may mend  
the wrong done.

Oh, oh ritual funny, funny ritual,

made by funny, funny people.

# Damn Them

December 9, 1963

Damn them!

The ones that are great, the ones that are nice.

They always smile, they always talk,  
they always brag!

Damn them!

The ones that ruin my existence,  
the existence I try to live peacefully. Then the great ones come in,  
they beat me, they talk to me,  
they joke with me.

Damn them! The ones that will cry.

Damn them!

the ones that will laugh.

They are glad, yet they are sad.

Their minute brains cannot comprehend their lives.

Damn them! I do not hate them.

Damn them!

They are lovable!

And all the damn morons.

# I'm tired

December 9, 1963

Oh, don't bother me, soul.

I'm tired.

I would like to go to sleep.

I can't stand the pain of being tired. My eyes are closing,  
but they can't stay shut.

My back is sleeping. but it can't lie down,

My head is about to fall, but the best that I can do  
is for it to fall on a rock.

I'll go into a subway, and lie down there.

With my clean shoes over the seat where people sit.

I'll go into a lounge, and lie down there.

I'll fall upon the floor.

People will come, and call me a bum,

and say that I'm lazy, but I will not care,

for I am tired,

do not want to be bothered by them,

the unhappy people who are tired, but won't lie down.

# The Messiah

December 10, 1963

I wake up in the morning, but oversleep that day.

And do I care?

Why should I care? I am a fatalist.

I look at the animals caught in the zoo of

THINK.

They include me, too. But they should not. For I am the Messiah!

The feeling of disclusion, closing in on me.

And people laugh, people cry,

but I—stand expressionless. I am truly a Messiah.

Am I making myself?

No, no No, no. Yes.

Am I false to myself?

Will I make the discovery public?

And will the people beat me? —Yes, Here they come,  
screaming for my blood.

Will I change my mind? -●●●

It hurts.

May I realize, they are killing me.

But the pain is all in my mind, and this is something I must take,  
in being an outsider ●●●●The Messiah.

It is a good thought, but there is no Messiah  
in me.

May I wake up.

And although a Messiah I may be, I cannot be a savior, —  
or maybe yes.

But that is just how things go in being - - - - The Messiah.

# 'Tis Amusing

December 16, 1963

The Ugliness of a smile, the stupidity of speech.

I am sick of all these things, but I do get carried away.

The stupidity of people is taking over my soul.

And I do care. But - - - - -

'Tis amusing.

I must laugh.

They are honestly stupid.

And yet they think they're not.

I HATE THOSE DAMNED MORONS!

I will kill them, Kill them all,

let me rise up and

SCREAM But - - - - -

'Tis amusing.

To see them at their play. And I must laugh,

For laughing is ugliness,

And everyone ugliness.

# The extreme success

December 16, 1963

Mr. X was a failure so far, but hadn't had a chance, yet.

For he just started.

Mr. X is a playwright; Mr. X is a poet.

Mr. X is both.

He wrote a poem, and put it in his play.

It got to be promoted.

And got to be produced.

It was opening night.

Mr. X was very happy.

With all his friends to come and see, the stage with actors,  
the theater sold out.

It was the largest success of plays that played.

At end, they called him up.

He then took a bow.

The applause was almost deafening, and Mr. X went off.

He put his hand in his pocket, and took out his gun.

He had the broadest smile of anyone, as he shot into his head.

He was Dead!

# Scared of the dark

December 26, 1963

The time is one o'clock A.M.

And you are tired so you go to bed. But it is very dark outside,  
and inside, it is pitch black.

You are too scared to go to sleep. The time becomes 1:01,  
and you are scared as can be, And what are you afraid of? You're afraid of the dark.

*FEAR IT!*

*FEAR IT!*

The time is 3:00 A.M.

You are perspiring, and tossing and turning. And you are about to *SCREAM* .  
And you scream.

You go to sleep and wake again at six,  
and, although it is much darker, you are not afraid.

For the night has past its prime.

*AND THE DARK?*

*TAME IT!*

TAME IT!

\* Can be tried to be read Old English style.

# The cage

December 26, 1963

As I look out into the street, I see all the people:

I see the intelligent, I see the ignorant.

They laugh at me, because I am in a cage.

And as I look upon the street, I see the cars,  
rushing to get their destination.

There is a cage between us. To separate the chosen from the rest.

There are bars between us.

To separate the laughable from the laughed.

And I laugh,

for are in a cage.



# Leaning back in a cafe

December 26, 1963

The lights shined, the music played.

The time was passed away with joyous beat,

I saw the singer playing, the audience singing.

I smiled.

I even laughed - - as I put my head back

*And hit a bump!*

I cussed - - and praised I despised the music,

I despised the lights,

I even despised the audience caught in the act of singing.

Knocking my head out against the wall,

I caught myself singing.

# Lonely

January 3, 1964

There goes him there goes her, there they go.

I am lonely.

Just me and someone, in a sad cafe.

With no one here

to laugh and cheer.

I donot have to talk.

The silence overcoming. The guitar in the background.

I LOVE TO BE LONELY.

# Trapping

January 15, 1964

I look out onto the cage of the world.

I see the grass, the flowers,  
the trees.

They are free? No, they are not.

For they are bound, bound forever.

In that same ground, forever and ever.

In that same place in the ground, forever and ever.

But they do not mind being bound in the ground.

They get examples of warmth  
and of cold.

And once a year, every year,  
they may wave in the wind for their exercise.

But once a year, every year,  
they are trapped, by white particles sent from the sky to catch them,  
and take their freedom.

But when the particles go back, they will wave  
in the wind.

And once more will be free  
Again.

# The sad cafe

January 19, 1964

People, people: walk in , walk in  
to a sad cafe.

"Let's go, people yell, 'to a happy cafe."

They walk in md they sit

md they laugh md they smile

ven cheer, - - - - But mostly laugh.

And the poet is where?

;tanding there. He is crying,

md yelling, and screaming, md smiling,

md laughing.—But mostly crying.

People cry at home,

:l.nd come to cry some more, md see the poet state, 'Again I must repeat: Welcome to Cafe Beat."

# Give up

January 25, 1964

(On back of postcard Macdougall East - Manhasset)

Go to school Go to bed

Eat your meal Go to work End this life.

But No - - - - There is a savior.

Go to the savior Love the savior Love your life? Concentrate meditate  
think and learn. Get beaten.

Silence everyone.

The throbbing of silence. Take off your clothes Give out a yell.

"Go to Hell."

# Experiment at a train station

January 25, 1964

(on back of post card Macdougall East)

Walk to the train Fall down the stairs Live- - - -

Wrong train.

wait and wait and wait Here comes the train down the track - - - - The force - - - -

is pulling at you - - - - walk sideways.

Fall into the tracks. Escape

Here comes train knocks you down. Escape.

Enter the train ride between cars Fall between cars Catch yourself.

And escape. Live Destination

Fall down train stairs start running

Trip and die

From fists.

# They laughed

March 25, 1964

They laughed at the old woman as she walked

and as she talked

they laughed at her wrinkled face her brown eye-brows

her red skirt

the sad old woman the kind old woman.

"How are you?" "Shut - up!"

They laughed at how she tried and laughed when she cried

Trip - - fall - - ha-ha "And all that rot?"

They laughed and cursed she went to bed

limp Pain

heart thumping Mind living

They laughed when she fell - - - - And laughed - - When she beat them up.

# Based on my dream last night

April, 15, 1964

I found Hazel, Helen, Haret, Jane, and Sarah to be bad. My hope was lost until Jezebel came. Jezebel, the light in a lost world. The spring in the winter. The girl of my dreams.

"She's the ugliest creature that I have ever seen!" friends told me.

"I think she's pretty." I said, although I had never seen her from a close distance.

Hazel, Helen, Haret, Jane, and Sarah were bad (maybe), but were nice.

I said, "Hi, Jezebel," as she just walked by without a reply.

Hazel, Helen, Haret, Jane, and Sarah were standing on the corner. I said, "Hi," and they replied, "Hi." We talked and kissed and it was nice and they ran away. I searched for them and found them on another corner, gathered around guess who. There she was. Jezebel, in all her gleaming splendor.

I stood speechless as she replied. She said it slowly. For the first time, I saw her from a close distance. Her lip moved and

I heard her voice say, "H-e-l-l-o," as I saw her eyes burnt to a crisp.



# April 15, 1964

(lunch: cafeteria)

He saw

Hazel, Helen, Haret, Jane, and Sarah They were bad

and all hope was lost until Jezebel

light in his lost world spring in his winter girl of his hope.

others called her acutely cute although

he never saw her face except from the back he called her hello and waited but she

just walked by

hazel helen haret jane and sarah were nice and stood on the corner

he said hi

and they kissed and it was nice

and they ran away

he searched and found them standing on the corner

with who

yes there was Jezebel

in all here gleaming splendor she turned around

he heard her talk she said hello

as he saw - - - -

her eyes - - - - burnt to a crisp!

# Untitled

May 7, 1964  
I live to live

# The intellect

March 31, 1964

I've got a feeling  
of painful Maricho and a beat of Farce dripping down  
like rain  
and drops - - whirling  
in the daydreams of a liar dreaming in a den  
of horrors  
and terrible children Temachus cannot see for he  
is dripping like rain (too) and waiting  
for his day (to come) and his number (up)  
and a chain of wonderful  
ideas  
coming from the wonderful(?) Brain of a man  
who swells with pride in being - - a person he is  
whatting the difference of faith  
healing  
against the minds of time pressing in - - humanity agam

# April 1, 1964

With all that we can know who says and that again  
for if we mumble words for praise  
and brains of herds -falling –  
with in mind keeping in mind  
that everlasting breath of life  
everlasting  
in the whirlpool of a brilliant sky and mind  
of llaret  
in which he cannot forget  
too, the things that brought with him speak  
and say his mind what he please  
for which there is no evil and no mind  
but confusing resonance in a cloud of figuring pain pam  
of a negligent being  
called for the final saying of right NQR wrong  
in the last breath of a drum  
knocking in his grave the part of .Lifu  
and calling for the first  
in the line of parades the king of king is king  
so that not to be overthrown  
in the essays of peace  
A gold fish  
swimming to its heaven on a splurge of  
the miniature tub in its bubble  
can reach the time appointed narach  
in which it sees its duties to fulfill  
its soul on a high  
angel above  
the wall of anything everything  
through eyes of pity of mercy  
for what it could be cannot be  
but could stand on the verge of end  
the faith  
in personage for which it is made and dies -from drowning  
in its .QIYll air of richness  
in money  
and Rubles  
In the lost horizons of knowledge  
verging existence  
calling from a sea of Hate inning of the final abolishing of all  
and tanning bottoms of a lake in which cars sail  
and people float

in bulging bottoms  
taking in their last breath  
and call  
for bread and water in irresponsibility  
of a human being suffering mammals biting at each other's throats  
for which do not see  
holy whales and eagle - eyed bats  
people for whom the truth is spelled out and catfish gentling their way  
into the world  
of Suffering friends relatives of blind love and a U.S. dictatorship Russian democracy  
*Swiss Communism* in full blooming its way into universal  
flowers  
and pines -needling themselves away from each other's  
throats  
who but who can save but the title of  
a continent full  
of people and slavery for speech  
cannot hold  
its final stronghold of a shepherd for the guillotines  
giving heads to victims  
of the passionate existing force  
and which *No One* can see but :w.e.  
and cannot tell the truth or lies about the age  
of the earth.

## April 3, 1964

Like a bird on wing just to sing its word about life  
and knows what's going on in the spring air – of a dove sitting  
in the light of THINGS and – thinking  
in the light of state so that it may be again  
coming  
to a ball of fire musing  
to an earthy beat where people will see and defend  
the bird  
in the shadows of a likable tenant moving earth  
and boulders and mountains to hear ideas  
coming for the first time settling upon the state of life  
forfilling its goal to love  
like a blind eagle  
human beinging its way through a world of passion  
the evil of When and then  
it comes to being again

# Kochlok Ideas

pressing in the face of time  
budding  
in the normals of being  
in a kumloch threshold of mighty peace  
and gentle war  
pals with arms around necks in .thm dens  
of existence blooming flowering  
their way into time  
so that they may remember the past  
with little blue-eyed girls and boy's curls  
freckling into trouble so to be moved  
NIDY.  
and then horse  
headless – on  
to the heavens above to go  
on being  
one to be blamed  
and fight for wills of iron will never be fought without pain  
or the will of a soft-ironed man blinding his way to H.cll.

## April 4, 1964

Like toupees floating in the air caring not  
what happens at end but a cool  
hog  
up in front of everyone sing  
dance prance  
with joyous sobs of hate  
laughter at  
a man with holes in his shoes and bare feet  
with odor infinitive journey, journey  
oh wise man toot your way in theaters  
and playgrounds for fun and cheer of crowds  
and toads of people  
with their feelings of Maricho centering attention on  
the running man playing at his work  
enjoying every century of it coming close to the part  
of life  
where he must – be born  
into salvation – of a duckling  
of the cool man who thinks  
gaming into existence their way of  
purging rambling of an ox-cart forging into caves with sentiment  
of sentimentality leafing its comb but within  
is reality (?) what it really For (?) It is infirmative again its says  
states– the living for what it is  
and dreams – of lovable persons taking in their final rest  
for som'thin' awkwardly askin' fo' ith to be  
ina fat chanth  
ina state of factth For' da, final askin' of fait  
shocked legitimately  
but who would think



# April 7, 1964

Far away  
that – the voice creepmg m fading  
in a large mist cannot compensate -for fast Jazz  
or slow Jazz  
schooling around its way  
to say  
for what can be Yes  
the promise of the feeling  
of painful Maricho to be found again and again  
rise – ing  
to a beat of fate  
for which not to be seen and which not to. blab the pain  
but speak of it – as speakable ever  
turning  
In  
the  
away again

lust

for

given  
and

taken  
Hell, my friend  
is kind to all  
but  
to those who  
are Kind  
whirling  
to be cast off in shadows tempting  
to be  
and forgive not forget but live  
out life  
for out at chance far out – and  
off the beaten path musing  
at wealth screaming  
for the chance to be rich (again?)  
but how to be and question it in formulas  
and pyramids

**April 12, 1964**

Damn asses  
merging together

# April 26, 1964

to the obnoxious point  
where their greatness lies within the part of truth  
to their forgotten misery infinite in all ways catching  
as prisoners holding  
as guards  
in pain – and truth to a point of amusing love  
firing into the past insane  
in all ways (but so)

# April 28, 1964

Traveling on to where Stranger  
the point in meet  
go to where you'll be gone  
look  
at milk

Floating in the sky call it the milky way child's eyes  
hit as you walk out of our door laugh at the knifings and  
cut the child's eyes floating through the sky so stranger will float too

# May 4, 1964

The boy who sits in the back of the room sits in the back of the room  
a reason he has  
for sitting there  
he is why  
he sit does  
in back the room of Because the sky bright is and moon not out  
boy is cool afraid sunshine shine on  
blac -k  
jacket  
sweating with teardrops and jacket off – take scheming  
to be seen IIQ1  
but sm el  
t. (!)

# May 16, 1964

'Siz funny  
how some coolness lordso called p  
are nts are  
always having head aches  
treating he adaches  
like property giving cool like cool  
and owning their property

# May 26, 1964

Off Mr. Cool

how is your lonely street in the pavement

lasting

everlasting– for those to walk on whoever

may feel like it if they want

to yes man cool it may be your street but it is my property so get off and don't chase me off mr.

or else I'll give you a good sock

in the mouth if you're not careful with me.

compassionately cawls!

# June 1, 1964

Man man crack knuckles man it is good for you.  
Crack them till your hands run dry  
it is bad for them  
so tomorrow you will stop (eh?)  
Today is your last  
so crack to your heart's content  
until the stroke of  
strike  
man cracks knuckles till disjointed  
Thou canst - - - !)



# I witnessed — — death.

July 3, 1964

Last night I witnessed love At night I went to a -heaven Where I met Friendly  
Both stuck in a coup Against a common force When contact was made  
And minds in on the same Frequency It (she) was smooth on in the same And smiled —  
She got me out, "Man." But I —  
Did not even get her Call Letters  
When she left— Turned a corner – And I  
Realized that I would never see her aga  
m  
Last night I witnessed death  
– But I did not tear my hair out I did not cry  
(I grinned –  
It was a spakkan experience)

# He waits by the roller coaster

July 3, 1964

He waits by the roller coaster Waits for his turn

He goes alone She goes alone

They ride together in the roller coaster She asks His name

He says His name

He waits in the roller coaster For Her name

But –

No words come from

His mouth Therefore

No words from Hers No Goodbye

a smile two smiles Nostalgia

He don't know where to find her So

He waits by the roller coaster Day by day —

(100 miles away)

# Old women

September 29, 1964

Who is thatte

Calling my name - - - - ?

It is an old woman - -

with black hair and

penis erectus.

Calls my name and asks why

what

how

who

when

?

What is when she calls - Att-h here is another, with

silver cock and shining balls rolling in the sun

shine away

and kiss her ass.

again, I will heed the call

her call

and talk talk talk talk talk talk talk talk talk talk.

For everyone is an old woman to me

and I just wish they'd go

fuck themselves!

# A single pebble

October 1, 1964

Don't go over that single pebble it may stop your car  
and blow it up to itty - bitty bits and pieces

That pebble may bump and try  
and steer  
and drive

so your car may up and out so don't persist in driving your car over  
little pebbles One of them may contain

TNT

And cars don't like to be TNT'd  
just as little people don't like to be  
pushed around by

green - eyed purpled toothed monsters As big guys better  
watch

out For the little pebbles  
just may contain TNT.

And big guys don't like to be TNT'd

# Let's get him or gulp

October 1, 1964

Who stole the gnong?

No one?

gulp, gulp, gulP, guLP, gULP, GULP, G U LP,  
(bow head when gulp.) I didn't steal that gnong.

BUT HE GULPED.

Painfully he gulped. humorously he gulped.

WICKEDLY HE GULPED.

(Gulp) let's get him,

beat him,

tear off his clothes, throw him in the fire, where he will be  
tickled to death.

Cootchie, cootchie, cootchie, cootchie, goo. (bong)

Daddy, oh diddy, didty, ditty, ditti, Dotty.

Fist pound on end

of Gulp.- Gulp, GULp, GULP.

(He couldn't do it.)

# Built a fence built

October 5, 1964

Let us go through roads  
and walks and let us tramp the sidewalks  
Let us set our destination we will walk to our destination  
every day Let us - - faster - faster  
Let us walk less and less  
let us sing, dream,, dance, sing Let us walk in squares  
but look and  
let us take a shortcut  
for  
walking in squares is not enough fast, let us walk diagonally  
everyday will walk diagonally  
Let us -but look  
they are building a fence to stop us from walking diagonally  
and we must stop.  
But I-  
will take the shortcut  
and no fence will stop me Let me climb that fence  
to take a shortcut look at the they  
walking in squares And look at the me  
taking my fenced shortcut  
let me climb -  
I will try

it is too high  
a ga in  
OUCH - 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 W W W W W W W W  
w w w w w w w w w w w w w w w w w  
I AM BLEEDI NG  
Let me fall down  
and sob  
look at all the suckers taking the long way  
But I -  
take the short cut Let me now run down the street  
climb a truck  
truck pass by fence vaultover  
did we make it  
YES  
I MADE IT  
TI P P E E E E E E E E E E E E E E AND A HIP HALLELUJAH  
but now I must make it over the other fence or i'm trapped Let me huff -  
and puff -  
and blowwww the fence down

'tis still standing Let me climb that fence  
OWCH  
Let me go through the fence  
oowww  
look at all the suckers taking the long way  
But I-  
One day I-  
will make it over that second -  
that last  
fence

And I  
will have taken the short cut.

# Knock-knock

October 6, 1964

Knock knock

they will knock the world off its rock

sing and rejoice when they get in

And let all dogs, cats, goats, mules, kangaroos,

birds, rabbits, squirrels, pigs, ducks, cows, and paper mache asses all rejoice

For they are part of the race they are the race

race of animals, pi

ii.a

tas

hum

an s

fi sh

and

into which fit

they believe in god which is obscene

and won't let go until they have equal rights so slavedrivers

free your slaves

let them roam the streets

FREE

in a dog eat dog

society

make an enanciation nocliation freeing all dogs and cats

and

all other animals belonging to the race golden race

silver race the race

in which all people are free Let us march down to

Hall

with picket signs and rocks and stones let us sit down by the steps of

the RIAF and the LAVINRAC

and so that all may be free proclaim that

ALL MAY BE FREE

stomp stomp stomp stomp stomp stomp stomp stOmp stOmp stOMp stOMp stOMPp sTOMP

STOMP MUSH

SH SHSHSHSHSHSHSHSHSHSHSHSHSHshshshshshshsh

And now one and all

is free and everything is equal

Let us rejoice the knock has stock

the knock has stopped

ting ting ting ting - - knock boom ham

boom ham boom



boom bom home a la moo moo ik ak a doo loo  
 a boom boom beem ada da da da -ting jam gam coo  
 coo coo coo ka la mi  
 ma loo - - chinga chinga chinga chinga chuggo  
 choo choo chee cha bang bang  
 willie atmy frontdoor  
 Who dat witch knockingon my frame 'tis a ghost  
 hoo dada wadda wadda hoo dadda wadda wadda who dadda wadda  
 the dog and cat are equal All was quiet  
 the bird and lamb are equal man  
 hot doggies and  
 Great day in the morning the ghost is knocking  
 knock - knock  
 he wants to know knock - knock  
 Who's there  
 the ghost wants equal rights the ghost wants equal rights the ghost wants equalrights the ghost  
 wants equal rights THE GHOST WANTS EQUAL RIGHTS THEGHOSTWANTS EQUAL RIGHTS  
 When will he get them when you can see a ghost  
 He will get them  
 if  
 he will just keep it up  
 his knock - knock  
 knock - knock knoCK - knock knoCK - knock knoCK - Knock knoCK - KNock KnoCK - Knock  
  
 his his his his his his  
 KnoCK - KNock KnoCK - KNock KnoCK - KNOck KnoCK - KNOck KNoCK - KNOCK  
 KNOCK - KNOCK KNOCK - KNOCK  
  
 his his his his his his  
 KNOCK - KNOCK  
 and he will keep on KNOCK - KNOCK  
 mg  
 until he attains the - - - - Knock - knock.

# Ear — Plugs

October 1964  
ona tim

Once up  
e  
there was a man who fooled around he could hear as well  
as  
an e aple cou  
ld see  
ev  
ery jok  
e that could be er  
acked his sense  
of h  
umor was wonde  
rful  
because

but he could not sleep at night  
everyone would talk all night and play all night  
and sing all night  
and scream all night  
which was driving him out of his mind so he  
got  
some ear stop  
s  
ahhhhhhhh-h he  
cou ld sleep now  
he couldn't hear anything  
whi  
Ch  
we  
nt whe  
n he wok e up  
He was deaf  
he could not hear he went to work  
stupid  
he went to night school  
stupid STUPID  
i'm sorry teacher  
Icannot hear walked home with friends  
and still joked around HE was deaf  
HE was hum

an.

# Dear Lord

October 23, 1964

Dear lord

i feel like writing poetry

but i don't know what to write about

yet there are three

things

that i had in my mind but they have all escaped

momentarily last night i danced

with my invisible self i went cool

to others i went mad

i knew that i was def becoming insane i know that i am becoming insane

i was not scared

you don't have to do anything

*(unfinished )*

# Anatomy of a phone call

November 4-5, 1964

I.

Day I received a call wrong number  
but got to know  
her and she was cool  
and dug poetry and dug jazz and Freedom  
and we talked for 10 hours  
take or give a few but no call letters  
she had none  
so was her power to call she had mine  
but  
i no had hers so she  
promised me she would call again  
and did  
two minutes later and then  
said maybe  
when asked if she would call again I waited monday  
no call  
tuesday wednesday thursday

no call no call no call  
friday  
e rang

no call everytime the phon  
i witnessed death and i was saddened  
as i watched a funeral  
over a telephone  
(although she was probably very much alive)

II.

i found hope in a wrong number  
my hope (that had been like a hollow skull) had finally come  
and i jumped to the sky when it happened  
that day i was lost  
waiting  
for my hope  
and by some coincidence some quirk of fate  
she called  
and she wrote poetry  
too  
i was so happy  
could not wait To meet her  
and we made plans That we would

in  
but

the

spirited sunshine under the synchronizing cigar store  
many people were there i described myself  
she described myself  
then described herself and i could not  
describe her back  
so 'twas decided  
that we would under the railroad tracks and that i would wear  
a sign that said

MOTHER

and that she would identify me with  
that

(So we met and had a ball and skipped all over and people thought we were crazy but while they  
were thinking

we got married.)

III.

No call to return i did not have hers  
and she  
did not call me back but  
i had told her of  
my friend's art teahouse  
so went and put up a sign in the teahouse  
that said

wow

if you're here meet me and cool it

we shall

together So a chick appr

oach

ed me and said her name was Jezebel

and i said

CRAZY

wow

WOOPIE

and so we jazzed around

and played with each other and then i found out

It wasn't jezebel but i didn't care

this new false cat was cool enough for me

IV.

she didn't return the call which caused a deadlock

because she had my number but i no had hers

so i put up a sign in the teahouse no response

and so i went to her school

but i did not know her call letters but

i knew she listened to Big Daddy Schemeel

every night on the radio

so

i spent a million dollars  
take or give a few to put an ad for her  
AND SHE CALLED  
and asked what's so important  
and i said  
i dig you and she said  
fuck you

V.

I knew when she called that she sounded like mary  
so i thought twas mary but she didn't mary  
but she  
did  
say  
that she was under false pretenses so i called mary  
who was a good actress because  
it was

mary

all the time  
quizzing me

on what i really thought

VI.

so i found that she lived right here  
in my town of Pickleville  
And that she wanted to get to know me anonymously  
so i said

darling i love you and she said  
darling i love you

(And then we both got hit by a car because while we were talking cars were coming because  
we were in the middle of the street)

VII.

that call did not exist she did not exist  
she never called me back she did not exist  
Pooh.

VIII.

but esp made her call back yes  
everytime i esp'd her  
she called (so it was that  
i did  
have her number because  
instead of me calling  
she'd call when she want and i  
would esp her so  
that she'd call when i want

Crazy

IX.

My search for Evangeline  
has ended

or has it just begun i don't know  
i truly  
don't know  
will i ever see her again will i ever hear that voice  
(lovely voice)

again  
will that mysterious phone call give me  
life again like it gave me when  
she called  
it gave me life  
but now  
every day that i don't hear  
I die each day

her  
and it is giving me death i realize that  
i should not care  
for if she were the one for me  
she would call but sometimes  
we must (at least i)  
do things i shouldn't  
or maybe should  
i can't help thinking of the smile i heard  
the philosophy the questions  
that voice  
the beautiful smart babe maybe someday  
1  
shall find her  
or someone like her i shall keep searching  
for her phone call and i shall wait  
until—



# Untitled

November 10, 1964

Get thee a crewcut if you want to live right  
isee a girl with a crewcut  
man

what long hair she has  
it is very messy  
i am depressed  
blah blah blah oh shit  
i am very depressed  
when people like ecurB are not even allowed  
to talk  
"I pledge allegiance to the flag of the United States of America  
and to the republic for which it stands one nation, under God"  
ha what a farce "with liberty and justice for all"  
oh yeah  
fuck the fuck'n pledge  
fuck the shit that caresses my Fuck'n penis  
Schmeckel  
Bamboo  
as i said  
i am depressed get thee a crewcut  
then thou wou't have to  
comb thy hair  
you don't look any better this way I could get locked up for writing this  
but  
the government does not permit  
us to be free let us revolt  
nonviolently  
by doing whatever we please  
as long as we don't hurt anyone fuck the fuck'n shit that rules me  
with this goddam shitty bastard friend ha ha and a glory glory hallelujah  
his truth is marching on there  
i got it out of my system because  
i am very depressed  
That i think i just may get me a crewcut  
aw, cats

# Untitled

January 19, 1965  
Oh lord  
the tank of feelings  
closing  
In a day dream  
tired

I feel  
and  
sleepy  
Time  
coming close to a drawn out hysteria i time my pulse  
out of clouds

for it lifts me high  
where  
i cry awake  
thinking  
of time  
running out  
of  
a TIME

and

salt  
clocks may to tick  
and may tock till the soul but time will save  
Food  
running in and out of my veins with Blood  
turning the food into a scary chord  
of classical music i don't know why  
but for food

cry  
so that may live  
in a suicidal world Once again  
i fast for food and Work  
and Money and Time and Food  
with farms, trucks, boys, girls,  
running in fields  
of ate So

# Untitled

January 21, 1965

What is this shit? look all around  
as people utter  
another  
word  
it

to an  
ob  
0  
e  
is  
feeling  
me  
in the tide  
of feelings  
speaking in a field of events  
i don't know  
where to go  
but down to  
the river  
where the stream flows along happy bongs  
singing melancholy birds  
fucking  
i see  
with all the light All is cute.

# Thanks to the people who raised me right

March 23, 1965

When i was a young no did not  
have

fun

i had no se xand no gir

lfrie

Ndsi had two nagging parents who stopped me from wearing rags  
and buttons

long hair

beards

mustaches and i cursed the

ireyes

but people told

that when i would grow i would thank them

i grew with my nagsnag ging me to het with it and obtain

fair girls with curls but i refused

to wear mohair sweaters and giggle like a fag

so

i grew up

without

ever

having a teacher tell me to get a haircut without

ever

protest marching with a group of subversives

or smoking tea

but i put it off to wait til i grew to an age where i would not see my  
parents again Now i am a bigguy and

i look back upon my growing and all that i missed because was to  
oyoung

and now I don't have desire to smoke pot

lay girls

run onto a naked street and I think of my thanks

and I curse them now as tea

rsrun down my face

# Untitled

March 26, 1965

G

eei shouln't have warn this iei now can't p  
eei can't whenever i want t oi can't jump around b  
oyi am burdened for the rest of the d ayi can't stand it caus  
ei will be slave to my cloth ei hate it caus  
ei have no more freedom w elook good and w  
edig suits osh ithink

# Untitled

May 24, 1965

ecno nolu a emit

rof hcihw eh os htooms dias eht nam niaga htiw eht nedlog sgnaf tel em evorp ym htrow neht I llahs  
eh doog

os yeht tel mih og otni eht ediw dlrow nehwl nolu syad htrof emac nolu sih enots

was mih gnikiht ereht I t'nod wonk tahw dias

hguohtla neht yeht wenk nehwl yeht was mih tink Dr. Smith's a fink.

# Hamburger

June 24, 1965

(Written on men's room paper towel)

Greasy messenger of ill distress

o●thou beauty

o' thou wonderful messenger of the charcoal burner Greasy  
grease

greasing its way into my belly

i watch & sliver at thou sight

Waiting

for a munch of gromduminous joy watching

for a ready

bodding for my stomach

unburnt

unshivorous

sliver of charcoal

i watch and think

of other times in which I stood on line for hot dogs

A jerker calls but drops

a greasy burger and replaces it

I shall receive that one I always do

READY

so 'tis that i'm munching thou artful

# Untitled

April 1, 1966

Ahh, serenity in soft-soothing souls;

Peace, the gift

in God's good earth,

Places will match the time set before them

so there is no problem between

The sunflowers of the north, Gifted goals of the south,

Tall trees tripping in the west.

The amazement lies within the oak itself,

But won't show itself,

Being shy and bashful

The reason being truth and anger,

But that won't matter when people destroy

the donggies and frogs



# Stories

# ANDY'S DREAM

I'm at school. All the children are playing cowboys on make-believe horses - then I lost them: "Where are you children?"

"Don't you know where we are?"

"No."

Then I rode my two wheeler someplace. I got into trouble so I rode back with some people; I think they were women. Someone was carrying Michael. They got on my horse and held onto my chest.

When we got back Mike helped me look for the toys.

Suddenly Mommy rode up on a horse; "Hi Andy."

"Hi Mommy". We talked; Suddenly Mommy can't finish cause somebody shot her. She gets alive again and looks at all the toys. I keep asking, "Mommy, Let's go home."

"Later —"

THE END

# Trick or Treat for UNICEF

1963

Bill was walking down the street with a stick in his hand. From the bushes came the arrows & the eggs. He whipped the stick out antiseptically against it because he felt that she was no good & up to nothing. She was the kind of woman you would psydhedelicaly seize among apes & their mates surrounding.

"WHAT DID YOU DO THAT FOR?" asked Caesar as he slumped in the bushes. "Stomp Bark Swail Stomp Bonk!" said the captain as he saw Bill hit his mother.

"I don't know," said Bill.

"Escape from ex-lax of our love."

Run, run, run, run, run. That is the way we do it. Never yes, & never no, — tomorrow.

"I don't like this, but I'll do it anyway & if ya don't believe me, stick aroun!"

So he followed himself down circumnavigation the eggs & arrows of his existence.

Sam was walking around the town by himself laughing hysterically because he was gay. "I don't know what to do but I will do it tomorrow. However but not tomorrow - will we live again. For eternal life is the gift of one who sees everything." The clear light beams of chile from an epitaph of poison candle & no fuses.

So he left town in a blue puff.

# Assassination

1964

## Part 1: The Awakening

### I.

It was bright, sunny morning when L. Christopher Guchoo heard voices coming from. somewhere so he pounded on his clock radio and fell back asleep.

Later, when he was awakened again: by his dog, he went for breakfast ... "Algebra," he called to his wife, "fix me some coffee."

"No," answered Algebra as she handed him the cat o'nine tail. He took it and whipped her twice across the back.

"Oh, thank you," she cried and. gave him a kiss on the cheek..

She went over: to the stove and in an instant the coffee was ready.

He took the morning paper and started to read. Seeing nothing in the. headlines about the president, he: turned to the third page to see: the small,. five line news. item which said. that the: president was going to be riding through Mystic County this afternoon.

"Algebra," he called., "hear this." "Yes," replied Algebra.

"The president is going to be riding through Mystic County this afternoon."

"Big deal. What is so important about the president riding through a place where dont even live near?"

"Nothing, I guess. He wondered why he ever married Algebra A very "intelligent man like him married. to comparative "nut" like Algebra was not very conceivable. But ever since he had laid eyes on her, it was "true love".

Algebra turned on the radio. There was beautiful music playing. "Isn't this beautiful music, dear? she asked.

"Yes,? " he replied discontentedly. "Come on, dear. let's dance "

"I don't want to." "Oh, come on."

"I told you, I don't want to."

"Just for a little while?" She was an awful nag.

Christopher then started to yell. If you don't shut up, I'm gonna shut you up!"

Algebra answered. in a gentle voice. "Don't yell, dear." "Tm sorry." He calmed down.

"Now, let's dance , ' said Algebra. "I told you. I don't want to!" "You don't love me" she replied.

He got up and danced with her. The music stopped so he sat down again, but when the music started again, she picked him up and started dancing with him again.

He did not like that, but did not show any sign of hate or dislike. Then Algebra took him in her arms and gave him a big hug and kiss. He disliked that even more so he killed her.

As he sat down to read his paper again, he heard a faint shriek. He looked outside and sensing death, saw that his dog was just run over fatally by a car.

He was not abnormal; he was not insane. Even though he was left alone, he was not sad.

He put down the newspaper because he was sick of reading it. After he was all through puking all over the floor, the news came on the radio, but that just made him puke some more.

## II.

Carab Clives awoke with the rising of the sun. He was awakened when his two children came in and pounced upon him. Although he was quite annoyed, the happy sound of children's voices to his ears calmed him down.

He played with his children nicely. He loved them very much. "Did you sleep well?" he asked.

He went down for breakfast. "Good morning, Martha," he said "Good morning, Carab", she replied. "And how did you sleep last night?"

"Fine, fine. Did you read the morning paper yet?" "Just a little."

"Did you read about the president?" "What about the president?"

"Why Martha! You didn't hear about the president driving through Mystic County this afternoon?"

"Why Carab Clives," said Martha. "How in the world did you see that little news item? Have you read the paper yet this morning?"

"No. Don't believe I have." "Well, then how did you know?"

"I don't know. Just guess that I was naturally born interested." "Boy, for a while I thought you were psychic or something." "Maybe I am, Martha!"

"Oh come on now, Carab."

Just then, the doorbell rang. Martha started, wondering who it was while the children didn't care. Carab was afraid. He didn't know why he was afraid, or how afraid he was. "I'll get it, Martha!" he cried as he raced for the door.

It was Debby and Louise. They were old friends to the Clives family. "Come right in," said Martha.

"How are you?" asked Louise.

"Fine, fine," replied Martha. "You look fine, yourself, Louise.

And you, Debby, are as pretty as a rose."

Debby and Louise thanked Martha. Then Louise asked, "How's the kids?"

"Fine," said Martha. "And how's old Carab?"

"He's just great," replied Martha.

"Those brats of yours woke me up this morning," said Carab in a merry, friendly voice."

"What did you do to them?" asked Debby.

"Are you kidding me?" asked Martha. "Carab wouldn't harm nobody."

## III.

Mr. President of the United States woke up with his wife, First Lady, started to pat him and talk to him gently. Her gentle, calm voice woke him very happily as it did every morning.

"Get up, dear,!" she said. "We've got a big day ahead of us." "Okay," replied president and gave her a kiss on the cheek.

They loved each other very much, although his presidential life broke them up a lot. They would do anything for each other, although there were always guards around them. But they got their privacy. At night, when they went to sleep, and in the morning, in the few minutes that they awoke, they would get their privacy.

Besides the First Lady, most of the American people loved him. But not as she did. As a symbol. The American people at least thought that they love him. They really did not. They just thought that he was a good president and that was that. But since he was relatively young, they accumulated the illusion that they loved him.

There was something very different about his waking up in the morning. Something much different than other men. True, he awoke with the burdens of president on him. But there was something much different. What was it? What was so different about his awakening from any other awakening? The difference was that his children were not allowed, to see him when he awoke. They were not allowed to come up and kiss him. They were not allowed to do many things that other children were allowed to

do with their fathers. They weren't allowed to be -cause their father was the President of the United States. And it was sometimes sad.

Mr. President came downstairs to eat breakfast. There were bodyguards on every side of him.

He went to the table. The maids all gathered around him, pulling his chair out for him. They interrogated him as to how he slept, what does he want for breakfast, and is he comfortable. He gave suitable answers for each question and gave them each a one hundred dollar tip.

#### IV.

Leonard Johnson awoke with the sound of the Village traffic. He got dressed and walked out of his Bleecker Street apartment. At the corner store, where he always ate his meal. there wasn't much excitement.

"Look at this newspaper," yelled someone. "The president passed a new bill."

Questions of "Who is president?" and "What is a president?" were heard.

Answers of Roosevelt, Truman, and even Lincoln were heard. Finally Leonard answered correctly. "I knew the answer because on my way here, I saw a newsstand," claimed Leonard.

## Part 2: The Assassination

### I.

Christopher Guchoo decided to go to work, since that was practically the only way that he could make money.

He went out of the house, and passed by the milkman. "Good morning, Mr. Guchoo," said milkman.

"Good morning, milkman," said Christopher. "Is the missus in, now?" asked Milkman.

"I don't want any more milk from your company," answered Christopher.

"Why, Mr. Guchoo? If there's anything wrong with the milk, I can have it fixed." Mr. Milkman was a nice man. He always slept about one hour a night, give or take a few hours, because he was the most conscientious and best milkman there was.

Christopher Guchoos reply was, "I don't want any more milk from your company because I don't like the delivery service that I'm getting!"

Mr. Milkman could not understand this. After all, he was the best milkman around.

Christopher got on the bus. "Hello, Mr. Guchoo," said the bus- driver.

"Hello, Mr. Busdriver," said Christopher. "And how are you this fine morning." "Damn you," replied Christopher.

When he got off the bus, he went into his place of work. Everyone greeted him as he walked into the building. Although he wished that he could denounce them all, right then and there, he managed a smile and walked into his private office. Although he was an executive, he still could not denounce anyone who worked in his building. He would lose prestige that way. He really didn't care about prestige at that moment, but it was just not proper.

He went out to visit his best friend, Haimie, at his locker. "Hey Haimie," he called. "How are you doing?"

"Oh, fine. Just fine," answered Haimie.

Christopher was getting sick of the talking in the halls. He wanted it to stop. He didn't like loud noise. He asked himself as to why should people be allowed to talk? Why can't he shut them up? Only he should be allowed to talk. He could shut them up if he wanted to. He could denounce them if he wanted to. He was a big wheel. Why shouldn't he. He did. "Shut-up, you morons!" he yelled to the top of lungs.

"You shut-up," they all said in chorus. "You're all fired," he replied.

"Damn you," they replied.

"Never mind what I just said," and he stormed out of the building.

Now, whenever Christopher Guchoo was in a bad and frustrated mood, he would always like to go to hobby shops and look at guns. He stormed into the gun shop and looked at the pistols. Then he looked at the rifles. He bought one and went to rifle range, but he didn't shoot at targets. He liked shooting.

When his nerves were calmed down, he went back to his office, turned on the radio, turned it off, and made the announcement over the public address system that the president had just been assassinated.

## II.

Carab Clives did not like working. True, he did have a family to raise, but the family did the work. Now, Carab was not a slave driver, or a lazy bum, but he wasn't in the best of condition, and doctors said that he shouldn't work physically hard, so he stayed home and cooked most of the time, while the rest of the family worked.

It wasn't too hard on the family. They did not have to do too much hard physical work.

Carab decided to help with the outdoor work, so he went outside and injured his back. But gentle Carab Clives was not angry: Just annoyed.

The family carried him in and his back felt better. He decided that he wanted to go out and do something.

"Well, you can't," said Martha Clives. "Now, you just stay where you are and get rested. Anyway, I thought you called yourself a hermit."

"I never said anything of the kind," replied Carab.

"Well, you just stay here," said Martha, and the family went out to work again.

Carab Clives was gentle. He was nice, he was good. He wanted to go out and do things.

Carab Clives decided to go out and do something. He crawled out into the car and thought as to where he would go. He finally got up and walked since he realized that it was all mental illusion.

He jumped in his car and off he went.

Admiring the countryside, he sang to himself. Carab Clives loved the mountains. He loved the hills. As he drove into the mountains, he admired the hills. He also took along an object. It could have been called a toy: It could have been called any object. He pulled on it as he stopped his car. Then all of a sudden,

the toy made a big noise.

Carab Clives drove back home, not knowing whether to be proud or ashamed. After all, old men don't always play with toys like he did.

## III.

"Mr. President," called First Lady. "How was your breakfast?" "Very good," answered Mr. President in his warm, friendly, cheerful voice. It was time for him to tend to his duties for the day.

First, he went to his office to do some paper work. "What is this?" he asked an attendant.

"It is the proclamation from the king across the ocean," the attendant answered.

"What is it doing here?" asked Mr. President, again. "I don't know," said the attendant nervously.

"Well here." Mr. President handed him the proclamation and added "Take it to the house." He also added a one hundred dollar tip.

Mr. President was a warm man. He was very kind. He was loved by many.

An attendant walked into his office. "Ready yet?" he asked.

"Ready for what?" asked Mr. President.

"Don't you remember? You are supposed to ride through Mystic County this afternoon."

"Oh, yes" said Mr. President. He went out the building and into the house.

"Hi, dear," said First Lady. "Hello," said Mr. President. "Are you ready for the ride?"

"Yes, but honey, I don't know if I should go. After all, you remember what happened to our friend, Mr. Ambassador. And it only happened just a few weeks ago."

"I wouldn't worry, dear" said First Lady. "After all, you're the president. No one would dare spit on you."

"Yes, I guess so."

It was a very nice ride. People gathered around the car, but no one could have gotten close to it because it was so well protected. "See," said First Lady. "You can't say that Mystic County

hasn't been good to you."

She was right. No one called him names and no one even spit on him, but someone shot him to death.

#### **IV.**

At times, Leonard Johnson did not mind living. He was at a party when he had this feeling. Not liking regular parties, this was an abnormal party. At first, all was quiet, then everything got wild. Everyone started throwing food all over. Instead of a normal party in the night, it took place in the day. Instead of dancing regularly, they all took their clothes off and danced.

After a while, it got boring, so they acted as policemen and raided a daytime hootennanny in a cafe. The party then ended.



# The House on Cow Lane

1964

## Chapter 1: The Neighbor's Story

Hello, I'm Mrs. McGunny. I'm the next store neighbor of Mrs. Seers. I've always hated the Seers. The children had a mother and since the father of the three children died, they were too poor to get a maid and because the children went to school they couldn't do the house-cleaning so the mother had to do it. Since the mother had to do nothing but house-cleaning they had nobody to go to work and bring money home so they lived off the little amount of money left for them by the late Mr. Seers.

The reason I've always hated the Seers is the children get into my hair all the time. But, most of all Mrs. Seers, Jolly Mrs. Seers. Yes, she always hung her clothes on my clothesline when I wasn't looking. We always were fighting.

Believe me! I didn't do anything. All that I know is that I heard screams coming from the Seers house. I ran outside and saw a black car driving away with nobody in it. I always knew the Seers were up to something and when Mrs. Seers made her children stay away from school that was it. I have thought of several reasons why they disappeared.

- 1.They got kidnaped.
- 2.They were in trouble with the government and ran away.
- 3.Mrs. Seers got married and Mr. Seers' ghost got at her.

Whatever happened, the Seers deserved it. Also, I think yer all foolish cause I believe in spooks.

## Chapter 2: The Children's Story

Now we are asking the children who were the friends and schoolmates and anybody who worked in the school where the Seers children went.

"Hello, I was one of the best friends of Tom, the oldest child in the Seers family.

"I remember the time I was invited to the Seers' house for dinner. Well, I was never being felt that I was left out in all my life.

# Jankred Kreanky, Beatnik Boy

Like hi I'm Jankred Kreanky and I'm a beatnik. I live in Greenwich Village with eight other beatniks. Did you ever hear of this jazz about school? Well I have to go to it. You see, it happened like this.

## Chapter 1: Captured

As you know, I live in the same room with my eight other fellow beatniks. And, one day, the school blueboys came around. While we were playing Beating Out The Rhythm, the blueboys were spying around the corner. Like then we saw them. They were big and black. Ooops, I mean blue. And they wore big things on their lawns to keep other things from stepping on the seeds.

Then, man, like I say, my fellow beatniks were splitting and got away. But poor, idiotic, little stupid me had to do this.

First, I said, "What, when, how, where, who?" Then I was left. And, of course the blueboys caught me and now I have to go to school. Now here I am.

Now I don't think it so bad. This is why: I occupy my time by listening to a song inside of me and beating out the beat. Like so it ain't so bad. Also, my fellow beatnik Friends call me sucker but I just give them a new beat and they don't bug me any more.

## Chapter 2: The Great Egg

One day, I went to school. (As usual) Then I found out that we were writing poems so I wrote one, too. This is what I wrote:

Beatnik Wolf.

By Jankred Kreanky 'Twas A nice sunny day,  
and all through the pad, nothing was moving,  
not even a cad.

Like I went outside, to see what I could see, like guess what I saw?  
It was a chick, whistling to me. Like she was the most, she was real cool,  
she called to me, and said I was a fool.

Like I walked real Fast,  
down the path, Bubbling with rath.

Like I put up my lips, and laid an egg,  
she'd never forgive me, with all of her head, I was crying with hate, as I walked to the gate,  
I talked with my mother, until it was late.

With all that I could hear,  
My mother came up with an idea, I tried it on the chick that I met,  
and then it got me all real wet.

For the chick, well, she found another boy with a comb, cause I didn't have one, and now I'm allalone.  
The End

Then it was time to split class and eat. So I ate and here I am. Like then it was time to go back to the cage so I went, and like guess what I saw. The cagemaster was givin' me one of the "bugging" looks. So like I took a pass and like split. When I split, I took a walk around the school.

When I came back, this is what happened:

The cagemaster called, "Is Jankred Kreany here?" "Why do you want him?" asked a cagemate. "Because unfortunately he's in my class and I have every right to have him if I want him."

Then I came in and guess what I saw. I saw the cagemaster wiggling his finger at me to come to the head of the cage. I came up and he said, "Jankred Kreanky, do you see what I see?"

"Like I think so." Cause guess what I had done. I laid an egg on my seat.

"Well, what are you going to do about it?" asked the cagemaster.

"I'm going to sit on it and hatch it." And I did.

## Chapter 3: Betsy

Like one day on my way to school I asked myself this question:

How come beatniks don't like chicks? Then I forgot the question and went on my way to school. At school this chick comes up to me and says by a coincidence. "How come you don't like girls?" "What are girls?" "Well I'm a girl." "Ahh, like I know a chick when I see one." "(sob, sob) I'm not and I don't want to be one whatever what you call chick." "Well, you are one." "Oh no. By the way, what is a chick?" "What is a Chick? Ha, ha, uh, oh! Like I can't explain in square's talk." "Oh, drop it. Anyway, meet me to-night at my house. Here is my address. Meet me at 7:30 and I'll tell you all about girls." "Did you know that you're buggin me. First of all you're gonna tell me about chicks not girls. Second of all, I am going to meet you in your pad, not your house. "Well, anyway, ride over in your best clothes and don't forget to meet me. That's what you're coming over for." "Okay, I won't forget."

## Chapter 4: The Date

Like I rode over to her pad and we met each other. She was waiting on her front porch when I came around. Then she exclaimed, "I thought you were suppose to ride over here!" "But I did." "I didn't mean ride over on your bike." "But I can't afford a car, I'm so poor." "If you're so poor, how did you get the bike?" "Well, there was a boy on the corner and I just like grabbed it and didn't give him a chance to speak. I told him I'd be back at about 12:00 and he should be waiting on the corner for me." "About how old was he?" "Oh, I'd say about 8 years old." "Well, he was my brother." "Oh good now I'm assured that he'll be able to meet me." "Well didn't it ever dawn on you that an 8 year old can't stay up until midnight. His bedtime is 8:00." "Well, how should I know." "Oh, I'm fed up with you. Anyhow, come on into the house with me." Her mother said, "Who does he think he is, I thought you told him to dress in his best clothes." Then Betsy said (Betsy is the chick.) "I thought I told you to wear best clothes." "But I did. I wore my best sweatshirt." "Well anyway come outside with me." "Where are you taking me?" "Don't you know. We're going out on a date. I'll tell you about girls there."

Well, we ended up using her car after the bike crashed. She ended up driving cause I don't know how to drive. She also ended up laying out the money cause I was broke.

YES, SHE ENDED UP TAKING ME ON A DATE.

## Chapter 5: Jealousy

A couple of days later I saw the chick going to school. She was wearing skins and everything. Like she had everything. Most of all, she had looks. Betsy had them too, but compared to this girl, she was a bugging sight.

In school, Betsy was talking to me. Then like this new chick comes over to me and says, "You shouldn't go around with a homely thing like her, you should go around with somebody like me only

don't go around with me cause you're homely too." Then she thought to herself, "Hey, I like to steal boys from girls. Going around with this beatnik will give me a chance to steal him from this girl, Betsy. Then she said, "Okay, you better come over to my house at 7:30."

That night, Susie (the new chick) ended up taking me out.

Man, like she had bread,

Also, that night Betsy came up to me after she saw me. She came up with the accompaniment of all of the other chicks and a hand kerchief over her face. Tears were coming down her face. She said, "(Sob, sob, sob) Y-y-you b-big (sob, sob)." Then she turned and the other chicks helped her to go away.

I said, "What did I do?"

You're going around with that boy-stealer. That's what's wrong." answered one of her friends.

I (cause I'm a beatnik) am stupid so I didn't care. I went around with this Susie for a while.

Then this new girl named Jezebell moved into Greenwich Village. Like she was real cool. SHE WAS A GIRL BEATNIK. The poem that I wrote in the cage was just right for this moment. We spent all our free time snapping our fingers together.

The next day in the cage was the first time I ever listened to what the cagemaster said. Then the first two chicks were whispering to me things like this: "What's the big girl going out with that beatnik girl." And they said other things which detracted from what the teacher said. When the teacher saw that I was not paying attention I got in trouble. My fellow beatniks bugged me about going out with girls.

Now I'm in my pad. I'm reading what squares would call junk. I'm listening to Jazz all the time. Cause my motto is:

POOH FOR GIRLS. THE END.

# THE POWER

April 6, 1965

Sixteen year old Tom Butcher was an anarchist. He was angry at the United States government for outlawing prostitution, marijuana, and profanity. He wanted to legalize many things, so, to begin, he sent away for a button which read "I AM FOR SEXUAL FREEDOM."

"Any mail for me?" asked Tom as he arrived home from high school.

"Yes," replied his mother.

"Great!" he exclaimed, ran up into his room with it, and

slammed the door. It was a fairly large envelope, enclosing a brochure about the League For Sexual Freedom and the button. "Beautiful," he said and pinned it on his shirt. After a few minutes, he thought, "Maybe I'd better not wear it around the house. If my parents find out about it, they may take it away and then I won't even be able to wear it in school." So he took it off and put it in his notebook. "Can't wait until tomorrow in school," he thought as he washed his hands to eat.

The next morning, Tom awoke early, eagerly looking forward to the coming day when he would wear a button showing his views for the first time. He got dressed, washed, ate breakfast, and ran to catch the school bus.

Upon arriving at school, he put on his button. "Wow! This sure feels good," he thought while walking through the halls.

"Hey, are you serious?" "Sure am."

":wha.t. does that button say?" "I am for sexual freedom."

"That's what I thought it said."

"Hey, that's a cool button. Where can I get one?"

This went on for about three weeks. In that time, Tom made a few friends, got the attention he wanted, and became friendly with, whom he thought, was the "coolest chick in school," his Venus, Rosie Banchel.

One morning, as he arose from his bed, Tom had a strange feeling that something different was going to happen. For most of the day, nothing happened, until seventh period. "Do you realize what you're advocating?" asked his math teacher after class.

"Yes."

"Well, I wasn't sure if you know what 'sexual freedom' meant. You realize, I hope, that I shall have to report you to the principal."

"Do what you want to. I hope you realize that I have been wearing this for just about three weeks."

"Then I should have reported you three weeks ago."

The look of anger started in Tom's face. That night he began to worry. "What if they call my parents?" he thought.

The next morning in school, he was called to the principal's office. "Where's that badge you've been wearing?" asked the principal.

"In my pocket," replied Tom.

"Give it to me." Tom lifted the button out of his pocket and the principal grabbed it. "Tell me," he asked, "Why do you want to legalize prostitution?"

Tom started to reply. "Because——"

"Never mind," the principal interrupted. "Do your parents know about this?"

"Uh--well--no." Immediately the principal started dialing. "Ooh," thought Tom, his look of anger growing every second.

"Just wait."

"Hello. This is Mr. Soman, principal of the High School. May I please speak to Mr. Butcher? -- Hello. Mr. Butcher, your son has been going around our high school wearing a button which says 'I am for sexual freedom.' Do you realize what this means?—"

"Dammit it!" thought Tom. "Here it comes." When he got home, he was beaten by his father and all his privileges were taken away. He was made to get a haircut, not allowed to read certain "trashy, subversive material," and had to dress "nicely." "Wait," thought Tom. "just wait until I'm eighteen. I'll get back at them someday!"

\* \* \*

If you take a can and put water in it, it will eventually fill up until it is ready to burst. When you open it, all the water will spurt out in a vast attempt for freedom. It is the same way with the human animal. For two years, Tom Butcher had to be a fine, all-American boy, shaking hands with high, influential friends of his father, growing until he was ready to burst. Now Tom was eighteen, and free. He was free from his parents' "tyranny" -- free from the fear of getting beaten up or punished -- free from the conventionalities that his father had adorned on him. He had a certain freedom and would let no one take this freedom away.

He walked the streets at night and took advantage of bars, sometimes not coming home for days. "Well, it's about time you came home," his father would say. "Don't do this again."

But Tom did do it again -- and kept doing it. "Just let him try and stop me," he would think to himself.

The time was coming for Tom to do what he had waited in all his adolescent years for: To start his own country. He would show everybody what Tom Butcher was really capable of doing. He got together with his two best childhood friends, Jimmy Leret and Robert Malshus. They met regularly for months, formulating plans for Tommy's country, realizing that the only land in the world not occupied yet was Arctica and Antarctica.

"Isn't it kind of cold in those places?" asked Jimmy.

"Yes, but we can always dress warmly. The cold won't bother us," replied Tom. They finally chose Antarctica and rounded up anarchists from all over the United States. "We shall be the only country in the world with real freedom. We shall have anarchy!" preached Tom. The government and newspapers became interested in Tom's country. The newspapers wrote articles about it, while the President of the United States made a speech about how great he thought it was and if it worked, "It will be great for the world."

Tom's country did get started. It was very cold in Tomstarctica, as the Tomstarcticans soon found out. It was decided that they would have a government to make and enforce only the necessary laws. "We must have a government," Tom said. "But don't worry. I shall rule you kindly. Don't forget that Jimmy Leret and Robert Malshus are helping me. You must obey them, too." At first, there were some who objected to this, but Tom and his friends had machine guns that they had brought from the United States, so these objectors were executed on the spot.

As months passed, Tom became a dictator. He sent some men to the United States and the Soviet Union to kidnap scientists in order to develop "the perfect weapon."

One day, the U.S. government, unaware of what was going on in Tomstarctica, sent a representative to see how things were. By this time, there were no more individuals in Tom's country. He had them brainwashed into a mass.

Mr. Highman, U.S. Congressman, arrived in Tomstarctica wearing a fur lined, heavy clothed, hooded parka. He wanted to see the people of this "new and wonderful" country, so Tom called all of his citizens into a Capitol, which was a sturdy, fairly large tent. As

he welcomed the U.S. representative warmly backstage, the people assembled outside, hate building up in them, almost to their bursting point. Their subconscious chanting could be heard for miles:

"We hate him!" "We hate him!" "We hate him!" "We hate him!" "We hate him!"

Tom did not want them to say this. Stepping out on the platform, he started to speak. "Halt! Do not say those words! You love me! You love me! Do you hear what I say?"

"We love you!" "We love you!"

"That's right. Now, repeat!" "We love you!"

"We love you!" "We love you!" "We love you!" "We love you!"

"Very good. Now, our scientists have just developed the most powerful bomb ever known to man. It does not emit radiation or fallout of any kind. Tomorrow, our planes shall swiftly attack the United States, the Soviet Union, and all other world powers. THEN I SHALL BE RULER OF THE WORLD!"

By this time, the crowd was practically maniacal, clapping, yelling, and cheering. "Mr. Butcher," said Mr. Highman, horrified, as he approached Tom. "When my government hears about this, you shall never carry out your plans."

"But your government shall not hear about it." "I beg your pardon."

"Take him away and shoot him!" ordered Tom.

As they carried the congressman away, Jimmy Leret approached Tom. "Say, Tom, Don't you think you're going a little too far?"

"Why? What do you mean?"

"I mean all this killing – and now this talk of you ruling the world."

"What's wrong with it?"

"It just doesn't seem right. Please don't do it, Tom. As your friend I'm telling you, please don't do it."

"Are you mad? We'll rule the world – together – you, Bob, and I."

"You'll never get away with it. Please —"

"You mad fool! — Take him away and shoot him!"

\* \* \*

The next day, the planes carrying the "Perfect Bomb" attacked the Soviet Union and the United States. By the time they conquered these two largest world powers, all the other countries surrendered to Tom. "Well," he said, upon hearing that he, at eighteen years of age, was ruler of the world. "No more of this horrible cold weather. We shall all fly to the United States today."

On the way to the continent, he was asked by Robert, "What are your plans now?"

"I guess," replied Tom, "that I will divide the world into two parts. We shall call North and South America, just plain America; and the Old World shall be called Eurasia."

"Do you plan to live in both places?"

"No. I think I'll live in America and, although I will really be ruling both territories, I will need someone to take charge of Eurasia, since I won't be there."

"Do you have any idea who you want to rule it under you?" "Well, it will have to be someone I trust."

"Uh—um—well – can I please do it."

"Um – let me see – yes! Why of course, Robby boy!"

"Gee, thanks!" Robert flew to Eurasia the next day. Before leaving, he was reminded that he shall still take orders from Tom.

As many months passed, Tom got back at the people who "tortured" him in his childhood– the teachers, principals, and parents. He was, literally, the king of the world and it felt good.

Meanwhile, months had passed in Eurasia, too. One Friday, Robert called a meeting of all Eurasian residents. No one had to travel very far, since everyone was living relatively close together. On Friday afternoon, as the citizens assembled outside of the Capitol, their conscious chanting could be heard for miles.

"We hate him!" "We hate him!" "We hate him!" "We hate him!" "We hate him!"

Robert did not want them to say this. Stepping out on the platform, he started to speak. "Halt! Do not say those words! You love me! You love me! Do you hear what I say?"

"We love you!

"We love you! "That's right. Now, repeat!"

"We love you! "We love you! "We love you! "We love you! "We love you!

"Very good. Tomorrow, we shall attack America with the world's most powerful bomb. Then I shall be ruler of the world —"



# Untitled

1965

The time is the a.m. and in our souls we see David, a child of fifteen, running away from his own mind; seeking the New Embryo in far off places.

He is carrying a bag of breeches, on his left foot a sandal, thinking of his father when he smiles.

He thinks of the kind heart who gave pleasure to walk; the one who beat him when only three for spilling paint all over the sofa.

When walking towards a train thinks of Kind Daddy who smiled early one morning after being awakened by the loud playing of his son.

Carrying a tube in one hand and a guitar in the other; going to Greenwich Village to try and have a good time.

Crying over self-pity, self-annoyance; thinking of the good time he had:

of friends and teachers who carried Hie. torch for him, breathing Hi\$. breath through his nose.

Carrying on now like a little, whining child of 8, pulsing through experience of hate.

Drooling through an error which shall carry one and more. Boarding the train of the Winter Follies.

The time is 1:30 and in our dreams we see his mother. . . .

# Bambi

May 6, 1965

Bambi had one long, beautiful pony tail and walked with a childish stride. She was 15 years old and a sophomore in high school. Gregory, also a sophomore, was 16. He was tall, with black hair, and had a lost expression on his face. He first noticed Bambi when sitting in study hall, on a morning when all seemed hopeless and there was nothing to live for. She walked up to the teacher's desk as he was reading a book by Tony Almarra. Catching sight of the lovely black pony tail, he dropped the book and looked up to see her freckled nose and smiling mouth. "Wow!" he told himself. "Wow!" he told his friend, "Get a load of that!"

"Of what?" said Bob.

"That cute little girl talking to Mr. Teacher." "What's so great about that?"

"She's the cutest girl I've ever seen."

Then she left the room, hips wiggling back and forth. His eyes were bulging, his head not thinking about her legs or arms, but of her face, her stride, and her childish walk. He looked at the teacher's register to find that her name was Bambi.

That night Gregory thought only of Bambi. He couldn't concentrate on homework, so he decided to go to bed. "Bambi, oh Bambi" he cried, turning in his bed. "I must meet Bambi. I love Bambi!"

Bambi, light in his dark world of thoughts, her shadow clearing up foggy nights in gloomy mists; mistakenly calling her name to the heavens; praying to the heavens: could she be the one? For days and days, he thought about nothing but Bambi. Every night he turned in bed, moaning.

Months passed, and Gregory had not yet met Bambi, although, as his friend, Bob, put it, "He still went King Kong over her." Every time he thought about her, he would jump up and down for joy, although there was an overall depressed feeling inside him because he wanted to meet her, but didn't know how to go about it. One day, after school, while waiting for the school bus,

Gregory was talking to some of his friends when along came Bambi. "Wow!" he thought. Then he said to a friend of his, "Wow!"

"Nah," answered the friend. "Wow!" he said to another. "Nah," said the other.

Her hips wiggled and school. Her pony tail followed her into the street.

"How can you say wow?" asked a friend. "She's wow!" replied Gregory.

"Oh boy, she doesn't even like boys," said the friend. "Why not?" asked another friend.

"Because I guess she's immature."

Gregory listened attentively. He knew the answer. *They* were immature; not she. At least that's what Gregory thought.

Gregory had a girlfriend who was sort of the platonic type. He wasn't very serious about her, except when they played house. Her name was Jane. One day Gregory asked if she could introduce him to Bambi. "Sure," she said. "Come on over to my place tonight at 8:00, but not a bit earlier."

"Thanks Jane," said Gregory. "Wow!" he said to himself. "Tonight I shall meet Bambi!"

That night he went to Jane's house. When he reached her door, it was 7:55.

"Ding-dong!" said the bell. "Moo-moo!" said the cat. "Pint-pong!" said the dog.

(And the walls came tumbling down.)

He opened the door. Walking in as quietly as possible, he tiptoed to Jane's room. His heart was beating 100 times per second. Thinking of her, bursting with mediocrity and pleasure, he opened the bedroom door and was shocked. He saw, to his dismay, Bambi making love to Jane! Gregory was

heartbroken. Oh, man. He was madly in love with a gal who turned out to be a lesbian. What could he do? Could he commit suicide? Join the foreign legion? Write obscenities all over the sidewalks? Steal money from panhandlers? No, he had to do something logical.

Tuesday, May 18, 1965

It took weeks to prepare. He worked hard for this supreme sacrifice. Whenever he became discouraged, he would think 'I'm doing it for Bambi!' And he would be encouraged again. After weeks of preparation, he felt that he was ready.

One beautiful Monday morning in May, he walked out of his house towards the high school. On *his* way, he saw Bob. "How are you?" he asked Bob, running towards him. "Fine," said Bob. "And you?"

"Fine, you going to school now?" "Yeah"

"Wanna walk with me?" "Okay."

"Let's go." Then they started walking while Gregory put his arm around Bob, smiled, and kissed him on the cheek.

# On The Road Again

Originally published in the Great Neck GuidePost,  
Friday, May 14, 1965

## PART 1

Note about the *author*: And y G. Kaufman has traveled around Greenwich Village and San Francisco with such people as Allen Ginsberg, Gregory Corso, and a few girls. During the summer, he plans to travel across the country with Jack Kerouac, Dean Moriarty, and a few girls.

It is funny how things can come up so suddenly. With me, the thing happened on a Sunday afternoon. That morning, my father had driven me to Sunday school. In the car, he had yelled about my not having a girl friend. That afternoon, I was about to take a bottle of sleeping pills when the phone rang. "Hello," I heard the sweet little voice of a girl about my age.

"Hello," she said.

"Hello – uh – who would you like to speak to?" "I'd like to speak to Geoffrey Andrews."

"Oh, this is he. Who is it?" "This is Janet Brown."

"Oh." There was a pregnant pause. "And who would you like to speak to again?"

"Geoffrey Andrews."

"Well, this is Geoffrey Andrews, but I don't know a Janet Brown." It turned out she was some girl from Rockville Centre, there was another person named Geoffrey Andrews, and she had called me by mistake. "Well, I'm sorry," (I really was. She had a very sweet voice) "but you must have the wrong number."

"Well, isn't this something. Would you please tell me about yourself?"

"What–err–uh–yes–um–what do you want me to tell you? "Oh, you know. Thinks like –what are some of your interests?"

I told her that I wrote poetry, read it in Greenwich Village cafes, and played the bongos in Washington Square Park. That was it. That phone call was God. She dug it too! She played her guitar in the Park and she dug poetry. After a few hours of talking, we were in the cool.

"Do you want to ask me anything?" she asked.

"Well – could you tell me your call letters?" I replied.

"No!"

"Why not?"

"Because I'm sort of calling under false pretenses." "What kind of false pretenses?"

"Well my name isn't really Janet Brown." "What is it?"

"I can't tell you now – but never mind that. Have you ever read Kerouac?"

We talked until the sun burned out, and I dug every minute of it. There was just one hangup: She was too embarrassed to give me her real name, address, and telephone number. She said she would call me some day and give that so - vital information to me but did not say when.

The next day, I waited for her call. I waited all day without any success. Tuesday I waited, but she did not call. I waited all week, thinking maybe she'd call on a Sunday again, but no success. I waited for four months, each day her image becoming more godly, until I finally became disgusted with waiting and told myself that I had to find her.

She lived in Rockville Centre, which had also become godly to me, since I had never been there. I planned to go there with a piece of paper pinned to my jacket saying "Geoffrey Andrews," hoping that she would recognize the name. I started to go with my road buddy, the Prophet, but we didn't make it all the way. I promised myself that next week I would try again, alone if necessary.

I woke up. It was a beautiful day. Although it was the middle of winter, there was no snow on the ground and sun made it seem like spring. I awoke with the thought that today I would travel to Rockville Centre all-the-way-on-bicycle for the first time. I remembered that there was a book in the public library I wanted to pick up first. I would have to go there and bring the book home.

I didn't want to ride my bicycle the short distance so that I could save my cycling power for the long ride later on.

I was still in bed when I heard my family getting ready to leave in a few minutes. I didn't know where they were going but immediately I thought, "Ah, the golden ride," and jumped out of bed, got dressed, and ran outside to the car. My father dropped me off at the library where I got my book. I was unwashed, unshaven, hair uncombed, teeth unbrushed, and I was facing the world. I walked home, telling myself that I would wash, shave, comb my hair, and brush my teeth. I got home, ate breakfast, danced, sang, and ate lunch. Then I hopped on my bicycle, still singing, and rode into the

beautiful sunshine, still unwashed, unshaven, ungroomed, and teeth unbrushed. I didn't care. I was riding. I was free until evening. There was freedom in the air, and it was surrounding me with a wonderful fragrance.

I was still in Great Neck when I stopped. Up ahead was Lake Success. I said to myself, "Ho! Stop! Time to make a money check. Let's see - total assets: One dollar and eighty-five cents. Hmm, do I think that will hold me to Rockville Centre and back? Yes, I think it will" I rode on. "Whoa! Time to make a time check. Hey, we're making pretty good time."

I rode on. "Pardon me. Can you tell me how to get to Rockville Centre?" "Thank you." I passed the Prophet's old house that he had pointed out to me last time. I stopped and gave it a handclap. People must have thought I was crazy.

I rode on. After I had been riding for hours, I reached Hempstead, the town where Eliza and I had stopped last time. I asked an officer of the law if he could please tell me how to get to Rockville Centre. He was pretty nice about it. He told me to go straight down Franklin Avenue from Hempstead, and turn left on Merrick. I thanked him and was on my way. "Man, on my way," I thought, "down one big road to Rockville Centre." I kept a sharp lookout for Merrick, at least as sharp as I could. There were many jazz houses to distract my attention. Franklin Avenue turned to Hempstead Avenue. I thought that maybe I had missed Merrick. I drove into a gas station to ask. "Pardon me. Can you please tell me where Merrick is?"

I was talking to a big man with some black teeth. He gave a great big smile and out of his mouth came some crazy sounds. I realized I was talking to a hillbilly. "Wale, ah don' rahtly know. Which Merrick you talkin' 'bout?"

"A street called Merrick."

"Is it Merrick Road, Avenyah, o' some such other?"

"I don't rightly know." Oh man, he had me talking like himself. "What's the difference?"

"Wale, if it's Merrick Avenyah, it's in a different spot than Merrick Road, and if it's Merrick Boulevard, it's still in another. Then again, it could be Merrick Drive."

"Could you tell me where all these Merricks are and maybe I could figger" (there I went again) "it out myself."

"Wale, Ah don't rahtly know where's any of 'em 'cept Merrick Road and that's raht down the street. Only goes left."

"Thank you." I rode on. I thought the road would never end. Finally, I came to Lynbrook where Hempstead Avenue ended, and turned left on Merrick Road.

I asked a policeman, "Am I on the road to Rockville Centre?" "You're as close as can be, Geoffrey Andrews. Whatsa matter?"

You lost?"

"Well—"

"Why you got that paper pinned to you saying 'Geoffrey Andrews'?" he asked in a friendly tone.

"I'm looking for someone and I don't know her name or what she looks like, but she knows my name."

"Well, you're in trouble." I thanked him as I rode away. He said, "Good luck Geoffrey Andrews." I thanked him again and rode on.

After going about a mile, I saw the golden sign that said "Rockville Centre" and kissed it: I had just kissed God. "Now we're in Rockville Centre. Wow! But where's the town?" I asked myself. Just then a woman who looked old enough to be my mother came walking down the street. I rode up to her and asked, "Could you please tell me where everybody is?"

"Eh?"

"Like where is everything happening?" "Uh, no speak Ingles. Only Espanol."

"Oh." I turned around and got ready to move on when she called to me.

"Come, hombre." Having taken Spanish in school, I knew that "Hombre" meant "Man," therefore, she had really said "Come, man."

"Hey man, I dig you!" I said, and I followed her. "My daughter know Ingles. She tell you."

She led me to an apartment building and up the stairs to her apartment. When she opened the door, I saw the prettiest girl in the world. I learned that she was about my age. I heard her say something in Spanish and then came to me and smiled beautifully. I almost went out of my mind but didn't show it. "Hello," I said.

"Hi," she said smiling. "You must be tired and hungry." "Yes indeed." (I wanted to say "baby" but restrained myself.) "I shall fix you something to eat."

"Oh thank you." Then she went to the stove and cooked me some food. After a few minutes, she brought me some of the most delicious stew I had ever tasted. Then we talked.

"What is this called?" I asked. "Is it good?"

"Delicious."

"Cat's eyeballs stew," she said. "Favorite dish in Mexico." I

almost vomited. "I'm only fooling. It's really Hungarian goulash." After we talked and dug each other the most, I showed that I was tired, so she brought me to a couch and I lay down. Then I had a nice little nap and when my eyes opened, I saw her standing over me with a beautiful smile. I sat up. She sat down next to me.

"Have you any brothers or sisters?" I asked.

"No."

"Where is your father?" "Dead."

"Oh-I'm sorry." "For what?"

Then there was a pregnant pause. "You know, you've got something there." I then saw that she was hip.

"Are you shy?" she asked me. "Yes, I think so. Why?"

"Would you like to put your arm around me?"

"Uh-huh." So I put my arm around her. We sat there for hours. In those hours I got to know her and began to love her. I was just saying to myself, "My trip wasn't wasted. I've found a chick," when her mother came in the room yelling something in Spanish. The girl yelled something back. It was an out and out battle of words. I stood there gaping in awe. Then, all of a sudden, my little chickadee shoved me towards the door. Before going out, I asked her if I would be seeing her again. She said no, and that she was sorry, but they were moving back to Mexico.

Then she said very calmly, "I'm sorry I acted so strange just now. I was angry. I hope we can meet again someday."

"I hope so, too," I said. Then she told me that she loved me. I went downstairs, got my bicycle, and rode on. It was almost dark and at the rate I was going, I would get home in time for dinner.

## PART 2

Friday, June 11, 1965

I was sort of confused on my ride home. My Mexican chick said she loved me. I didn't know whether she meant this sarcastically or not. I would probably never see her again, any-

way. I came to the conclusion that although I had a good time, I did not find what I wanted, and my trip was a wasted one. I wanted to meet "Janet Brown" very badly. "If only she'd call," I thought.

I was passing by a jazz house. Slowing down, I looked inside. It was a real blast. Everyone inside looked as though they were really digging a crazy beat. I stopped and put my bicycle down. Paying the cashier one dollar admission, I went in and sat down. There were two guitars, one bass, two brass instruments, and a drummer. They were frantic. Finally, I started jumping up and down with them, sweating, not knowing what time it was or caring. In the late evening, when a new band came up, the place began to drag so I cut out. I paid the cashier for the coffee and snacks and I had and found that I had no more money left.

I rode on, realizing that I'd catch holy hell when I got home.

I also realized that I had spent all my money in that jazz house.

Just then, my pedals locked. I got off the bicycle and tried to fix them, but the whole chain came off. The bicycle was falling apart and I was cursing. I even made up new curses and used them. Then I ditched the whole bicycle and stuck out my thumb to hitchhike.

Almost immediately, a car stopped. A fat, middle-aged lady was driving it. "Get in!" she said.

"Gee - gosh - wow - thanks - a - lot - I - really appreciate this!" She looked as though she wanted to tell me to shut-up, so I shut-up. She could only drive me a short distance, because where there was a fork in the road, she had to make the wrong fork. I thanked her and walked quite a long way, or so it seemed, with my thumb in the air. Finally some teenage-type cats in a convertible stopped for me.

"Come on! Get in!" They all said, good-naturedly. I got in and they turned around.

"Hey man, this isn't the way I'm going," I said. "Yeah, but it's the way we're going," was the reply. "Could you please stop so I could get out, then?"

"No. Don't worry, kid. We'll stop at a real cool place" I was scared. I didn't have any money so they could not rob me, but they could beat me or maybe even kidnap me.

Surprisingly enough, it was a nice ride. They asked me all sorts of questions: Where do you live? What school do you go to? What's your name? What are you doing here, tonight? I answered and they laughed and had a good time. I laughed too, but didn't have such a good time. Then they stopped at a very bright ice cream stand. We all got out of the car and got ice cream. They pitched in and treated me to one. While I was eating mine, I saw them trying to

make it with some girls. Then we got back in the car and drove on. After a while, one of them said, "Well if you want to get to Great Neck, this is where we gotta let you off."

"Thank you. Good-bye."

"Good-bye - and good luck. - Hey, wait a minute." One of them fished into his pocket and brought out nothing but his hand. "Oh, never mind. Good-bye."

I thanked them again and waited while they drove away.

I had met many cool people that day and would probably never see any of them again.

Just then I saw a bus that said Great Neck on it. "Oh man. If I only had some money, I could get home on the bus. Maybe I could ask the bus driver -Wait a minute!" I saw the bus stop. I saw the bus driver. He was my good buddy Shepherd! He was driving with the biggest Shepherdly smile I had ever seen. I jumped up and down for joy. He let me ride free.

"Shepherd!" said I. "Shepherd!" said he. "Como esta usted!"

"Como esta usted to you, too!" I sat up front with The Shepherd and we talked madly.

I finally got home very late and, just as I had expected, caught holy hell from my old man. Reviewing the day's events, I figured that if I couldn't find "Janet Brown" there was nothing to live for.

I was about to take a bottle of sleeping pills when the phone rang. "Hello," I heard the sweet little voice of a girl my age.

"Hello," she said. "Geoffrey, this is Janet Brown.

Remember me?"

"Oh man," I thought. "A guy can't even commit suicide these days!"



# Dear Aunt Matilda

May 19, 1965

Dear Aunt Matilda,

I am a lonely soul. Because I am lonesome, I never take a bath or brush my teeth. Because of this, I always have a wonderful aroma surrounding me. At first, I thought that it stank, but now I have gotten used to it.

The other night, my father came into my room and saw me for the first time in three years. While holding his nose, he ordered me to take a bath. When I refused, he pushed me into the shower. I was forced to wash my body and brush my teeth. Ever since, I have been made to brush my teeth once a week and take a bath once a month. Now the aroma isn't around me any more. Every time I try to reason with my father, he puts me down as though its unusual for a boy never to take a bath or brush his teeth. I am very frustrated about this. What should I do?

Frustrated

Dear Frustrated,

Why don't you tell your father where to go? He has no right to tell you what to do. If he objects to you talking back to him, give him a left upper-cut to the right jaw. If he can still beat you up, call me and I'll handle him for you. If he can beat me up, I guess that's tough on you (although it may hurt me too). If that be the case, I think you'd better forget my advice and do as he says. After all, he may be extremely stupid, but he is bigger than you.

# THE FIGHT

May 26, 1965

And it was to be in three weeks. They had all signed it and was up for bids. Finally for a New England state up in Maine where they would sell for \$150 a seat.

Two favorites to be fighting, one who was a champion where people had rooted him on as an underdog, the other an ex-champ, to be given up in tremendous upset.

So forth and so on the boxers were to fight at high stakes but Jade lived with his family in the hills so they were poor and bothered consistently by a landlord supreme came knocking. One day at their door said "Get out or pay!" and two boxers to fight in three weeks.

It was a great carnival as he walked down the street looking for employment. "Morning Jade" "Morning Lou. How're things?" they would say. One time to watch a filler but none to except - at least not a Jade - fallen from the hills - black teeth to chew on.

Walking towards the door (home) and "Any luck?" but a sad no to tell a sweet smiling mouth with nothing but kisses.

"You going to pay?"

"We just can't make it, Ma" and a bright o'yes we can.

Always turning in bed at night wondering how to manage.

Again the next day walking through town with no luck. "The kids are starving" "Don't worry, we'll get by." Yes and so it was they did get by on eggs and sand.

But in town news of a FIGHT comes quickly. Two boxers anticipating victory. "George" calls a voice but no answer. "O'George."

"Yes?"

"Bet?"

"On what?"

"Fight."

"How much?"

"Give ya five to ten odds on Moonboy." "Take ya up on that. I got Crowlegs." Yes two boxers anticipating death.

"We'll never get by" calls a voice to his loved one. "No, never."

Carnival streets as a slumped figure walks, unemployed.

"But I wish" calls a voice. "You'll never get by." "Pay or get out!" Figuring, thinking, and crying, moves along worrying.

"George?" Still no answer.

"There's a fight in three weeks." "Who?"

"Moonboy against Crowlegs." "Sounds nice."

Crowlegs falling four months ago; Largest box m the business; Moonboy bragging.

"I don't know what to say." "Well, think about it."

Going home; talking with wire; A big fat "No!" in his face. "But honey we've got five kids to support." "No bets."

"But if I win we'll be all right." "And what about losing?"

"But it's a sure thing."

"I don't know don't agree just don't with it." "What else can we do?"

"I don't know do what you want I don't care at this point." "We've gotta win." '.

"Do what you want."  
 "It's a sure bet impossible to lose." "I don't care anymore."  
 Carnival again - this time with a purpose. "I shall" hands money "Place the bet."  
 "Only two" takes the money "hundred dollars here. Two thousand dollar bet."  
 "On credit have I'll have the rest on credit. Anyway, it's a sure bet - can't lose."  
 "Dar tootin' can't. Smart boy." "Your tip."  
 Rest on credit. Shall rest on credit. Credit-mileage for a forsaken knot. Credit-home for a hobo.  
 Credit-one thousand, eight hundred dollars.  
 "We're gonna win!"  
 "Yippee" with a swing-your-partner to celebrate. Spend many money upon the glorious set up - and food. Fit for a king food  
 - no more scrambled scrambs.  
 "Yes. Eat up Charlie. Two-and-a-half more weeks. A FIGHT."  
 "FIGHT."  
 "Rich we shall be; Five to ten odds. Bet two thousand - win two hundred and fifty thousand."  
 "Really?"  
 "Sure thing. Eat up my boy."  
 Eat steaks and duck and ham and Roast. "Eat my tired starvings. We shall be rich."  
 Credit-topsoil in a tired man's casket. Credit-betting upon the life of starvation.  
 "We're rich! All is credit!" Yes - all is credit.  
 "I love you honey I'm sorry that I objected you're smart and we'll win let's start enjoying it now."  
 Two fighters looking forward to the end of a two week wait. "Shall go out for dinner."  
 "Tonight?" "Every night."  
 Family going out for dinner. Aggravation of slow service from polite waiters - big tips. Smacking lips: "I'll have a roast of burger, please." "Yes sir!"  
 Tired and hungry food is brought to a place. Eat and be merry. Thought to a mindgiving. "My credit card, sir." "Thank you will there be anything else sir." "No that will be all sir." Smacking kips once upon a-gain.  
 "Don't you worry?"  
 "Of what? Nothing for worry." Dreams delighting in a heartsoul.  
 One more week and a "Come on we must get a haircut so to look good for the FIGHT." When becoming rich must be looked upon for society - rich.  
 "We are really living." "Two dollars a haircut please." "My credit card, sir." "Thank you."  
 One more week to go - Credit, the root of all \_ \_ \_ \_ and two boxers anticipating love.  
 \* \* \*  
 Groggy and Bretty making a meeting - of two minds to deal. "My boy should win this time. Moonboy is so young and fresh."  
 "Yes I agree." Bretty says while teethpicking. "And Scotty what says?"  
 "Yes I agree" calls a Scotty.  
 "Then it's settled" calls a Groggy. "Your Crowlegs shall dive."  
  
 "Mm-Hmm." And Crowlegs shall — "Ah don' 'gree with it. Ah won' dahv."  
 Settling arguments in a so way. Moonboy smiling. Crowlegs groping, refusing.  
 Carnival streets amusing - father taking child's hands.  
 BIG FIGHT TONIGHT  
 "I want that daddy." "Yes you may." "And I want that daddy." "Yes you may."  
 Spending spending spending. Giving giving.  
 Living.

Hair all cut and walking down holding children and wire. "George." No answer. "O'George?" No answer.

"Gonna listen to the fight tonight Jade?"

"O' I don' know. I know who's gonna win anyway." Oh."

Walking hopping skipping jumping. Everyone talking about the big fight.

"Big fight big fight big fight." "Moonboy against Crowlegs." "Ah ya foddas mustache."

"Ya mudda wears suspendahs."

Walking home with beauty in his mind, holding hands.

With a rented television set.

Settling down in a credit easy-chair. Drinking credit beer watching credit T.V. (rented).

A family activity. Joining in with song. Little one singing by the fireplace. Smoke and ashes joining.

"Let's go Crowlegs!" "Crowlegs!"

"Our man, get 'im Crowbaby." Yes, a bet on Crowlegs

AND IN THIS CORNER THE HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION OF THE WORLD MOONBOY  
-YAY BOO.

AND IN THIS CORNER THE NUMBER ONE CONTENDER CROWLEGS -YAYBOOYAYY.

"That's our man, Crowlegs!" "Yes!"

NOW WHEN YOU HEAR THE BELL COME OUT FIGHTING. BONNGGG.

Crowlegs: Moves out of corner slowly. Moonboy: Lunges forward.

Crowlegs: Stands ground. Moonboy: Left jabs to the jaw.

Crowlegs: Keeping arms up to protect himself. Moonboy: Hard right to the jar.

Crowlegs: Looks as though he may fall. Moonboy: Goes into jolly dance.

Crowlegs: About to cry.

Moonboy: "Come on and get me! Ya ol' feeble feeble!" Crowlegs: Stands his crown.

Moonboy: Opens up and gives large "Hoo!" Crowlegs: Puts up arms and stands his ground. Moonboy:  
Stards socking and teasing.

Crowlegs: Stands ground. Moonboy: More teasing. Crowlegs: One punch. Uppercut.

Moonboy: Falls down and goes boom. Stays down until count of seven. Gets up and starts dancing  
again.

Crowlegs: Attempts another uppercut. ("Come on Crowlegs!")

Misses and hits himself. Falls.

("Come and get up, Crowlegs!") Moonboy: Dances with glee.

("Fink Moonboy!") Crowlegs: Starts to get up.

("Hey he's getting up!")

Moonboy: Knocks him down again. Referee tells him it's unfair and he shouldn't do things like that.  
("Fink!")

Crowlegs: Starts up again.

Moonboy: Kicks him in the romp. Referee tells him 'Aw come on." Dances some more.

("Come get up Crowlegs!" (top of their lungs)) Crowlegs: Gets up.

Moonboy: Kicks him in romp. Crowlegs: Runs away.

Moonboy: Chases him around ring. Crowlegs: Keeps running.

Moonboy: Keeps chasing.

Crowlegs: "You little whippersnapper. " Moonboy: "Krup you!"

Crowlegs: Turns around and smacks him. Moonboy: Howls.

("That a way, Crowlegs!") Crowlegs: Attempts uppercut and misses.

("Come on, Crowlegs".) Moonboy: Right uppercut to jaw. Crowlegs: Falls. (KaBOOM! thud)

ONETWOTHREEFOURFIVE SIXSEVENEIGHTNINETEN

YOU'RE OUT!!

THE WINNER!!

and still champion, Moonboy.

\* \* \*

"Pay or get out!" "What shall we do."

credit Credit C'Redit CREDit CREDIt CREDIt CREDIT - "You owe the company —"

"Pay up you lost."

Jade to prove his family. Not enough money to buy a gun. Crying is not enough. Crying - mileage  
for a forsaken knot;

home for a hobo.

Crying-one thousand eight hundred dollars. "Nice fight Crowlegs."

"Thanks Moonboy." "Good acting." "Thanks."

In three weeks there would be another fight.

(END)

# The Roller Coaster

July 6, 1965

He looked and saw its curves going up & down. The ticket seller said it went 80 miles an hour. Should I or shouldn't I? he thought. He had seen it every year without fail since he was 8 yrs. old. This year he had promised himself to try it. But it goes so high, and the first hill looks like 90°. Oh, come on. What can happen? It's tested by law. Perfectly safe. He bought a ticket. 50 cents. Well, here goes. He got on line. Tickets please. Another line. Maybe it wouldn't end. But it did. Get in! All right. A middle car. Whew! They waited a few minutes. Then it started. Up and up & up. The chain pulled it, higher & higher. He looked down. Uh - oh, he called out. He was getting scared. It was approaching the top. He could see the sign which said Roller Coaster, and underneath, No Standing. Uh - oh, he yelled some more. Here we go! He was scared. Lookout! Lookout! Wow/wowee! Here we go! Here we go! It crossed the peak. A smooth peak. Then it started on its way down. Ooh, help! Aaagghhh! He felt it, pullin him in as it went down. Straight down! Aaahhg! And up again. Whew. I'm glad that's over. Say, that was fun. It quickly climbed another hill, went around a curve, and went down again. Aaggghha - ha - ha - ha - ha - What fun! It climbed again, went down and climbed some more. It rounded another curve. This time it was not so high. He heard screams coming from girls behind him. There were belts of laughter, from men in from of him. Oh man, this is too much. Up, down, up, around, down, up - - - - - Wow! He look around him. There were girls strolling on the street below him with rock 'n roll coming from the transistor radios; Puerto Ricans and Negroes were having some of the biggest laughs; hoods were strutting across traffic light intersections; fat men in undershirts were sitting on front door stairs across the border. Oh, man! I love America - - It's so rich! It kept going & gathering speed. A smile crossed his face & stayed there. It kept going. Oh, I hope it doesn't stop. It went some more, going down the last hill. Aw, gee. As it pulled into the finish, he could see the expressionless faces of the engineers saying, Ride again, 50 cents. Want to ride again? 50 cents. Come on. He smiled. The smile was staying with him.

It stopped. Ride again? He stood up & grabbed 50 cents from his pocket. Here man. He sat down. It waited for more people. He sat up front this time. It started. Here we go! he yelled. Whoa, whoa. It started to climb. Here we go! Here we go! It climbed & climbed. He heard screams behind him. His smile disappeared as it rounded the top. He felt it go up in the air, and down again. Uh - oh. Straight down! Wheewwhhh! It rounded the bottom & went up. Here we go! Here we go! Girls were screaming. Guys were laughing. Up, down, up, around, down. He looked down & saw the same girls with the transistor radios; same Negroes & Puerto Ricans laughing; Same hoods strutting across traffic light streets; and same fat men in undershirts. It went some more, gathering speed as it went along. The hills were getting smaller. The ride was coming to an end. It approached the finish, and he saw the same faces of engineers asking for money. He forced a smile. Ride again: 50 cents. Ride again? Wanna ride again? He held his forced smile. The ride was stopping. He looked around *hi* & saw his long lost relatives, all descendants of his Uncle Adam and Aunt Eve, all looking at *him*. The engineers were looking at *him*. The girls were looking at him. The hoods, Negroes, Puerto Ricans, & fat men in undershirts were looking at him. They were all standing around the Roller Coaster. He looked for his parents and brother, but they were not there. The people stared. He stared quickly. Nobody was in the Roller Coaster. Nobody was in the streets. All the other rides were closed. Everyone was standing around the Roller Coaster, staring at him. An engineer approached him with his hand out, and asked Wanna ride again? He reached into his pocket, took out the money, and handed the man fifty cents.

The Roller Coaster started to climb.

# The Hill

July 28, 1965 (tech: after midnight)

Came the morning so the dew had just descended on the morning sunrise. Light passed in through blinds of a window and a bird started singing. He turned in bed and thought of an arising of no force, but the dogbark. So what, and he arose. Ah, opening the blinds into the yellow sunshine. All that could be seen was the dogbark, not even a birdsing. He walked downstairs for a coffeecup. Oh, the beautiful sunshine staring at him through a kitchen window, and a heck let's get dressed. So he became dressed, and wandered outside, to a pingspring, and looked into the galanwater. Ah, so beautiful music and it was. But Ruff - Ruff so was called back to a gonggarage. And what else was there to do? He stared at his bicycle to member. The night before he had ridden to a place where brakes could hold. Tires drawing down in the Down. He rode. Over to a place. The Ruff - Ruff disappeared and only a Tweet - Tweet. Stood there singing. So

He rode on & on. To the place he rode & looked down, remembering the night before, where he tried but - heck - whatthehell coulda guydo when cars (big black heavy monsters) came out from sidewalk supreme? Heck - what could a guy do when he wanted to ride down the hill - Such a steep, deep, roll & rollicking hill that could take his bicycle down to further heights. Oh heck how he wished -had a wished but couldn't because he had Brakes for handlebars and

cars  
rattlesnake.

came down staring You old  
Stop

and so it was which was annoying because it was such a beautiful Hill. Oh, God

"Yes," he cried as Johnny looked down into the sunstreet. There were no cars running by. And nobody was in sight - not even gardeners. Johnny heard a bird singing. "Oh, I wish I could" "You shall" "ride down the hill without stopping." - (So God listened and heard) - And Johnny stared & thought & remembered. Then He heard a voice. - "I promise" it said "that I grant you the permit. That you shall ride down - & peddle with all your might, if you like

- & don't stop - & coast, if you like - & ride. As fast as you can,  
ride." So Johnny looked down. "Butbut what about the Monsters?"

- "Have no fear," said the voice. "I promise you no cars shall come. Ride, Johnny, ride." - So Johnny rode. And

He rode. Gleelessly smiling his face riding the sunstreet. Chah Chah chah chah chah. He started while the bicycle was in low gear Switchdglpndrf & he switched it into high. Ah, faster & faster he rode & the bicycle gained speed. Speed & speed it gained as he passed by those dpldef houses of last night, people parching the sitting, but now as they lay in died. He passed the closed stores, some of which were closed last night, some of which were open. But none were now. None were now at all the things.

He closed his eyes, the bicycle hit 25. Oowow and an ah to an afterthought in the dreamy mist. Faster faster he wanted to go. He wanted to ride. He peddled harder. The bicycle hit 30. And faster. Fast it hit 40, he had never gone this fast on a bicycle. Bicycle

-peddle - 45 - Can't go much faster, but there was till room in the golden space of a chain & it hit a Golden Fifty so. He turned & looked around him, gaining speed every second, but. It hit 55, and let's see. Yes - no - but wait puff puff - Yes! A (oomph oomph)



Stupefied 60. Could he could he? Nooneever. But – just a little faster – in a few minutes, the scenes were just whizzing by him like treads on a stationary wheel. He hit a brilliant 95 & then it came – 98 – 99 – he was doing 99 & trying for the diamond of the Hill, 100. Oomph, oomph.

Sluggish, faster, faster. He couldn't see the scenes anymore. He was moving too fast. He had never gone this fast before – ever in a car – & the scenes passed him by at 99, & in a little while, it would be 100. But

All of a sudden he felt himself go flying. With a sudden painful jerk he went. Kaboom. Thud. And he fell, down. On his hiney he fell. He could not move. Auuuuuuu. All he could see was the car that had backed out of the driveway and hit him drive away. And his battered tattered bicycle. He tried but still could not move.

The pain was too much. And

"God," said Johnny. "Oh, God." There was no answer. He lay there motionless. "Oh, God!" He cried. "God!" once more. "Why? – Why? You said it was all right wouldn't happen.—Why?" There was a stillness in the air & his head cracked on the sunstreet. There was silence but

He heard a bird chirp.

# Untitled

March 11, 1966

Here I am, just sitting, staring. Looking at the flower pots blooming fully out my garden window.  
The pansies are growing up. They are sometimes wonderful  
things to see.

I can't stand this dungeon. The prison walls are made of hard bricks, flattened so that no one can  
climb them.

Once or twice I have tried, but to no avail. The freedom chimes will ring in due time.

I am not patient. I am sick.

Louie is trying. Maybe he'll make it, just inventing a new rubber suction cup.

Oh no! There he falls with his new rubber suction cup.

I shall wait no longer. I shall climb.

I climb. I am climbing.

I have climbed. Once and over.

I drop. I am dropping and now running. The guns are chasing me. They want me.

BOOM! BOOM!

KABOOM! They say it.

The guns are scary. They fire.

Once, twice. Three times and I fall down and go boom (boom kaboom).

They just caught up to me. All they'd wanted was to give me money. (My freedom chime had run.)

I am walking into a crowded city, but I do not know where to go. There is no place in the world.

For me, everything's equal.

There is a park. There is a bench.

I am walking over to it. I sit on the bench.

Here I am, just sitting, staring. Looking at the flower pots  
blooming fully.

# Untitled

May 6, 1966

Once I was stranded in a cafe when an old woman came up to me to start begging, which I thought was her motive, and she sat down right across from me at the table so that I had no choice but to look and answer her when she spoke. She had an old crackly voice which sounded like a dry leaf being stepped on when crushed on an autumn street, and I tried to be as constantly polite as was possible, in those surroundings, but being as the rain came tumbling down outside, making thunderous noises in a lashing rush, I found it hard to concentrate on her words as much as her face, although I found that to be a little more easy her words became a little easier too. She spoke with the back of her lips and usually her tongue fell out at regular intervals, exposing her molded, almost withered away teeth which were glued into her gum sockets and just about to fall out.

"How do you do?!!!!" she cried, and fell on the floor, dead. The dark rain fell on dark streets. Tunes were easy to dis

tinguish from the steady, falling pitta-patta, pitta patta — and I knew how coachmen would react if I told them that the president was to be assassinated. I didn't care. Let them go on at their games. Nothing could bother me except this rain, which was a problem. The other had been paying my check, but that was solved when the attention was diverted in the direction of an old woman, dead. I could not believe that this black cat was run over when it crossed the path of the coach.

# Untitled

Tech. May 8, 1966 (after 12:00 Mid.)

There I was stranded among the apples of my own withering away existence of streets and lights and moving pictures and circuses and people and buses and cities and (especially) my own home where I played records and read books - alone - and walked around talking to my brother and sister who sat in front and watched the television set all day. Once in a while the telephone would ring and I answered ending up going out bicycle riding or seeing a Jackie Gleason funny picture or going to Eric's house to watch television because there actually was nothing else to do until I ran into Hank in the school bathroom and went to his party two nights later which I saw how dead I really was and just sat back trying to be friendly without any complete success whatsoever.

# Untitled

May 12, 1966

Aah, yes. Leaning back in quiet shades of day, listening and thinking to the birds singing sitting in quiet peaceful locked up rooms of my adolescence. Teddy would always look up and start singing with the bands. Sometimes I would join in but usually let them have their fun. It was often embarrassing when I try to sing and didn't know the words.

Aah, yes. Budding flowers of time coming through my windowback on the pane while yawning to a thankful sleep. Those were the days when I would rise as early as my eyes opened, and would not because I could not go back. I could afford it then.

"Aah-ha yes, when true gems of peers came walking past I did not appreciate their silver loveliness. Just their tremendous beauty, but did not make full use of it until too late, when all was gone, all that could have helped me vanished like disappearing spots before my eyes.

They gleamed.

Heaven above rang with splendor. The canorous tide rose before me. I was swallowed in her womb

---

Yes - yes

I fell before her knees, knelt before her feet.

Yes-yes

I remember well not breathing.

The laughing in the background annoying  
me no end.

But

I endured

And made it through to the other

Now the reasoning of doubt is too late to save a soul in the dark. Reassuring tides take over in her  
bosom.

No longer can she save me.

Teddy (or someone who looks like Teddy) always looks up and sings with the bands.

So do I.

# Final Assembly

May 27, 1966

It was 1:00 and Mrs. Multer's social studies class was starting. Now now said Mrs. Multer as the class quieted to a slow hum. Hmm they said as Al stood up and pulled Karen's pigtails. Now Al sit down and don't pull Karen's pigtails. All right, and he got up again and pulled Mrs. Multer's pigtails. Ouch, she screamed, and said don't pull my pigtails (you ol' rattlesnake).

"Aaaaaahh — "

"Now Al, why don't you siddown and be good — How do you expect to pass this year? You never bring any books to class, you're never prepared, probably don't study or take notes - how the hell do you expect to pass."

Al laughed and pulled Karen's pigtails again in answer. The whole class laughed. Karen turned around and punched Al in the nose. He returned the favor with a right uppercut to the left jaw.

She blocked with a right.

He kept jabbing at her ectoplactomy reziola.

She kept blocking with an occasional jab now and then. He broke her defense with a left and a right and a left. She retorted with a medium block to the right check.

He retorted with a low and arrow swing stance, when Mrs. Multer stepped in and broke it up. "BREAK IT UP!!!" she ordered, "BREAK IT UP!"

"Aaaaaaaaahh——"

"Now, sit down and be good."

David sat behind Al, laughing. "Good show, Al," she said. "Good show."

"Yeah, did you see how I got Mrs. Multer all neuroticed up." "Yeah, that was cool."

Christopher Columbus sailed the seven seas with his chin up, chest out, stomach in.

"Class dismissed!" David went home.

So, Christopher Columbus was always sailing those seven seas with that chin up chest out stomach in, heh?

Christopher said "Break it up!" when Lonny and Blackeye got into a fight. Then he put them in the cooler for a few days to cool down.

"I think they'll cool down," said Mrs. Multer to the principal.. "He's a troublemaker and I don't know how he can pass."

So the final day was set for a test that was to determine. The whole class was tense because they all wanted to pass. For awhile, Al just sat there. David sat behind him, too.

Then Al went to get a book. David just sat there. Al started reading his book. David just sat there., then he got a book, but just stared at it. Al turned around and said "Did ya find anything?"

"Find anything. Like what?"

"What we're supposed to be finding out?"

"No. I don' know whut we're supposed to be findin' out." Al turned around and read.

David sat there.

When the judge time came, Al passed. David failed. Al laughed "Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha." David was taken away; beaten; and executed.

That's why Al passed.

12:00 noon, May 27, 1966 Room 20 I Study Hall

# Untitled

**July 15, 1966**

Joseph awoke one morning and realized that he was inferior. It was not a startling shock. He had felt it coming along for some time. Yet it held him back from looking forward to a new bright happy day. It would be quite impossible to dismiss it from his mind. He would have to get used to it first.

He sat up, rubbed his eyes, and reached over for a glass of water with a bug in it. It was a little black bug, and it swam in diagonal circles on the surface of the water. Still drowsy, he fished it out and drank some. Upstairs, his mother was preparing bacon

& he smelled the aroma. He stood up, stretched, and went into the bathroom.

The same thing happened. The water trickled down his back & up his face. Cold running water was what did it. He heard his brother and sister chomping even in the shower. The water was warm & he was clean. Even so, though, when he dried himself off, he still smelled. He put his bathrobe on & went upstairs.

His brother and sister were circled around the table, still eating. He sat down at his place without saying a word.

"Good morning," said his mother.

"Good morning," he said in a monotone. That shut her up.

His dog was sleeping on the couch. He snuck a few morsels up into the mouth.

After getting dressed, he walked out of the house. This was a day that he couldn't bother with parental hassles. There was too much on his mind. It was a bright sunny day. Too bad he couldn't take things in stride on such a good day. He looked down as he walked to the main road.

The traffic was usually up ahead a few blocks. He walked it, occasionally sticking out his thumb when a passing car came by. There was no luck.

He reached the main intersection of his part of the town, putting his thumb out & standing still. Many cars passed, none stopping. A group of about 5 contemporaries walked on the opposite side of the street. He didn't recognize them. He heard them laugh.

What was wrong? What are they laughing about? asked his subconscious. He checked his position. Yes – thumb was outstretched correctly. What about his pants? – Yes, they were buckled tightly, although his feet were too close together. He spread them apart a little, & realized that he was standing completely wrong. The arm with the thumb should be extended outward not slung over the elbow, & his legs should not be so curved at the hip bone. They looked unbalanced that way. He evened them out and stood coolly for a second, realizing that this didn't look cool either. He tried several subtle variations, but none of them worked. Finally, he gave up and stood there and hitched. Gary knew how to do it. He looked cool when he hitched.

# King of The World

July 20, 1966

My world was one of isolation and pensive thought. Usually, I would walk alone, talking to myself, which was what the world consisted of. The summer had been mostly suicidal. I was not afraid to wear shorts then, if they were comfortable. My best friend had been Lewis, or Shepherd, which is what we called each other for fun. I was then sort of breaking negotiations with him gradually. Most of my Friday and Saturday nights of the preceding years had consisted of riding my bicycle to his house and going for crazy walks in which we would sing spontaneously and sometimes drink beer. At one time, I had had tremendous respect for him, but he was becoming very sickening and intolerable.

I had met Addie, who was one year older than me, before the summer. She had led a wild childhood (running away from home, disobeying parents, fucking, smoking pot, LSD) and related to me, causing my depression to build. (I had never even lied to my parents.) I asked her to be my big sister, which was somewhat comforting. (I had another artificial one a few years older than her from about two years before that Carol.) I also met Mark before the summer. He was a little bit younger than me. We became very good friends, though towards the end, he made it with Liz and I didn't see too much of him afterwards. When I did see him, it would usually be to build my depression. He lived with his mother and brother, David, and was allowed to do whatever he wanted to (no curfew at night, eat with his hands, go into the City (New York), hitch up and down the east coast). I had to be home by 12:00 every night. It was frustrating

to leave everyone at the height of a party or an evening in town.

I was afraid of my parents then. I would put up feeble arguments against getting a haircut every three weeks which put a kind of rebellious attitude in me so that when they told me to get one in midsummer, I had my head practically shaved (crewcut). There was one Saturday night when I decided to take a short bicycle ride and come back early so my parents (especially father) wouldn't become angry. I had heard music coming from nearby.

It was a rock'n'roll band. Lewis (Shepherd)

Addie

Carol Friedman Mark Klingman David Klingman Mrs. Klingman Liz Burger



# REVEILLE

August 18, 1966

Here I am sitting prisoner in blue time of my young existence spoiled by a flurry of temperance and listening to records which deep down inside I really don't really like that much but listen to by force of mind which does. This cannot be helped. I do what I think is right - smoke behind the wardens' backs - store things at my own expense. Think of things to say to the counsel when it meets. Once I had a trial, but since then they haven't bothered. The only thing to do is wait.

I think the moonlight is nice tonight. I'm not sure, though. I can't tell. It seems illegible is going on outside. I can (just) hear it.

Oh yeah. Incidentally, Louis wasn't guilty. It was a false call. He's coming to visit me tomorrow. Ah the lamp is making me sleepy. I must stay to await the inspections. (The eyes fall dreary) though I don't supposed a little nap would hurt (much). One day Leslie's gonna get me a milk shake - get it? Milk shake. Say it a few times: Milk shake - milk shake. They've gotta shake the milk. Okay so she's a friend of mine. I can't help it. I'm waiting for the day. Boy can I see it now, bubbles bubbling all over the frizzly top in a spontaneous array of extemporaneous pop.

Guitars flow all around me. The dreary may just be capable of doing it (overcome). Still they want to collapse. Hey what is this (?) eyelids (??) what are they doing closing down like this the guitars still flowing and envelop me into the melodic melodies and whither away into a background music.

Mickey Mouse is preparing mudpies to sell at 5 cents apiece and good ol' Minnie shall maybe be his agent so she is approaching to make a deal (maybe) but (snotty) Mickey holds one in his hand and walks right past her without even looking yer taking his countenance (smiling) off the "camera" and hands it to Donald (the Duck) whose face lights up and he goes "Baach Beach bachh bachh b-bbacchh". She takes it and throws it at Minnie's face but she ducks so it hits a cop who really looks pissed so Donald and Mickey look at each other with knowing looks and walk away laughing (giggling) poking each other and probably saying to each other "Boy was he pissed." They enter into a bar saloon waving "hi" to the bartender and "hey Mack" but it turns out there is a Mack in the place and he gets up and goes over and up to the guys with a mean look on his face even inhibits Mickey who turns around and his mouth becomes

huge with great big sharp teeth showing and growls loudly at the man who then runs away scared and they both laugh and poke each other some more and their beers come so they drink them like a guzzle and drink another and another and one more for the road just laughing when along came the man with another man and Donald spits some beer in their eyes and they just walk away. Actually he sprays it at them because upon seeing their face bursts out laughing and in the process (because he has a mouthful of beer) it just comes spurting out (pppp-ph-h-h-p-p-pppppp-hh-p-h-p-h-p-h-p-h) so then in comes Minnie to drag them by the ear back home.

And my eyes open gradually quite as flowing and some guy singing about the oil in his shoes which are leaking so she won't go out with him anymore, but he'll get her back because he's singing all about his tears and how he cries hard enough she'll (hear his pleas and) come back to him. Boy I am glad I got the record player. It's really Rollie's. Yeah he's a friend, all right.

Here they come to here come the inspectors to ask questions. They'll ask for reports and duties. Maybe a hassle. I can just see myself going from the bedroom with my hands up reciting the pledge and then singing "God Bless America" Dixieland style. They come in and ask questions like "Were they good?" and "Where did they go?" and "Are you ready for duty?" and I answer "Allright" and "All right" and "All right" which are perfectly legitimate answers to these questions but they think I got something

up my sleeve because I answered three all rights in a row, but that's because they asked those questions three times in a row.

So I march out of my "bed", with my hands up and the "men" behind me shouting obscenities while I recite the pledge and sing "God Bless America" in Yiddish.

I am brought to the boss. He eyes me over hastily but in an outward subtle way. Then he tells me to sit down so I do and he stands up. Then he eyes me down (showing me his heavy eyebrows) and looks me over carefully (sometimes showing his teeth) and asks me "Why what when how and hoo" but I stammer because I don't know what to say so I say "What about where and how good and am I ready?" but that just makes him more angry so in spite he asks those three questions in a row and I answer three "all rights" in a row so he grows impatient and asks "Why do you hafta do that?" What? I ask. "Answer that way?" is his reply and I explain to him that they were all right and they went all right and as to if I'm ready for duty - well, all right and he nods with a big understanding nod of his head saying "Ooohh, all right yo may go" and I go away back one hearing him yelling at his inspectors for bringing me to him in the first place. I laugh and go on, ready now to return to Mickey Mouse.

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# Down in the Valley

September 7-November 3, 1966

Dawn came and we walked down streets waiting. Coming from my house, and the walk was no picnic, we entered town with sometimes smiles. Anticipation told us that Hank would be there soon. We had nothing better to do than to go to town and shoot the bull.

"All right, boy," said Clint with his far gone smile that always entered the picture. "Watcha gonna do now? Hey? - hey? You done it now, boy. You had your chance and you blew it! Yep, you just went and blew it! Well, watcha got to say for yourself?" He was imitating his father again. Although at first it had been a fine experience, it was becoming tiring lately. Repeat performances were a thing with Clint. Somehow he took a liking to them. Maybe because that's all he could do at the time.

I told him to hush so I could imitate W.C. Fields and I put up my arms like Popeye and said "Hey - hey - my little chicadee - Where ya goin', baby?" and we laughed.

We were to meet Hank at the bank which was a little past the malt shop. A little shriveled up old lady was limping in front of us. She used a cane and we passed her and laughed but I don't know if she knew that we knew that she knew that we were laughing at her so we just passed without thinking twice about it.

We come up to the malt shop in good humor when all of a sudden from behind us two big boys came out of the bushes and took me by the scruff of the neck and pushed against the sidewall of the malt shop and one of them said "If you don't come up with five dollars by tomorrow night at nine o'clock you're gonna be sorry" and then he slapped me around a bit saying "I'm not kiddin'!" and I kept repeating, "I didn't do nothin'! I didn't do nothin'!" but he continued slapping anyway but Clint couldn't just stand there and watch this so he strutted up and tapped the real big guy on the shoulder and asked "'Scuse me what's goin' on?" and the big guy took him by the scruff of the neck and pushed him against the sidewall and we both got slapped around and then this real great big guy took us both by the scruffs of the neck and bumped us against each other (like when you're younger and a big guy takes you both and says "did you two meet yet?" and you say "no" and he bumps your heads together) and then bumped us against the wall and then he was just about to

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punch Clint (give it to 'm good) (and the other guy was about to punch me) when the old lady who'd been limping before with her cane approached and tapped them on the shoulder and said "Aw come on, leave the boys alone" and one of them said "outa my way" and shoved her carefully aside and started pummeling and she went over to them again and said "please leave the boys alone" and the one who was pummeling me (one who'd done the talking ("bring the \$5 or else")) turned around, showed his teeth, took her cane, brought his knee upward, and broke it in half, "I said -" she attempted, but he knocked 'er down. Her legs were like paper. They just folded beneath her. But her determination did not let her pain show as she kept a grim, stern look on her face. She reached for the halves, put each by each side, and, using them as crutches (or legs), started to walk.

September 23, 1966

The bullies were oblivious of her by now, and just continued pummeling us when from behind their backs came the old lady who for an instant balanced herself on one half o' crutch and with the other half swiftly clouted the "big mouth" on the ear. He said "Ouch that hurt" and turned around and told her she'd "better cut it out" and went right on pummeling so she hit him hard right in the tushy and he yelped, turned around, showed his teeth, and attempted to growl but suddenly she pushed down on the half-crutches, which made her fly up about 10 feet in the air, and on her way down real fast

she maneuvered the halfsticks in such a way to twist them over and over and flipped "big mouth" over her shoulder so that by the time she hit the ground (softly because she knew how to land (with her crutches) he was (reeling) on his on the sidewalk in "agony" stunned wondering what happened to the big guy who was pummeling (but didn't like that one bit so he said (to himself) "no old lady's gonna do that to my friend" and he went up to her with clenched fist and grabbed her by her collar and said "Oh yeah? Ya wanna get ruff, hay?" but she just clouted both his ears with one motion of each crutch and both his hands went up to both his ears while he yelled ouch with an unbelieving smirked mouth and she stabbed him satisfactorily, in the solar plexus so he doubled up and she gave him an uppercut to the jaw which sent him reeling back into me to catch him but I didn't want him so I dodged aside while he crashed into the window and the malt shop breaking it and the old lady went to look at their stupefied bodies putting a foot on a belly and beating her chest while giving an

animal shriek. Then she limped away like she did before and me and Clint looked at each other with our mouths open. Then the owner of the malt shop who used to be a hood came out and said okay who broke the window and we pointed to the bodies saying they did and he gave us a knowing smile, looked down, bent and grabbed them, propped them up by the chest and slapped them a few times and said okay you two ya gotta pay for da winda or I'll kick ya ass." Then he dragged them into the malt shop to settle this and seemed so very proud of us that we could take care of ourselves so he invited us in and gave us cake, ice cream, egg creams, English Muffins, hamburger, tomatoes, potatoes, and french fries "n the house" as he called it and then we left and continued our walk down the street to the bank to meet Hank.

# THE NIGHT BEFORE

September 30, 1966

The night before we went to a party. Actually, it started closer to them than this. I was in the bathroom looking in the mirror trying on new clothes cause of nothing better to do with Elvis Presley singing on my stereo record player in the background (actually it was my brother's stereo pet which he was letting rotting up in his room for a while so in the beginning of the summer I took it down to my room (asking his permission first of course) to set the speakers (spread them out) all over the room (not letting them stay together sticking close to the machine like my brother did) and blasting the music loud, so it seemed louder than my father's whose I had been using up till then but couldn't play too loudly: because the faggy speakers once cracked up from that and people had been telling me lately that I looked like Elvis Presley especially since my haircut in June and since I started to comb it like him because I had a crush on a hood girl which made me want to be a sort of hood in a way but when everyone started saying that I looked like Elvis who I admired a lot it encouraged this hairstyle even more so I was looking in the mirror dancing around like him (the way I had seen him do it in "Jailhouse Rock" about a month ago (now every song I heard of his I thought he danced to it, the same way he danced to "Jailhouse Rock" so I danced like that in the mirror) and even singing like him figuring that, maybe I was the "next Elvis Presley" because I was the only one I knew of who still liked him (he was then known as "the has-been") and because people told me I was him so much that I started to believe it and ended up with black pants, white shirt, gold vest, black jacket with short velvet collar, and a cross tie like the cowboys wore and I went with my grandmother to the hospital to visit my mother who'd had a hysterectomy and my dude suit made her happy (also I had just come back from getting kicked out of the house because the day of the operation I went far away and "didn't even call to find out how she was(!)" in the words of my father so I "got the hell out" and the suit made them "both happy to have me back" so after all grievances were gotten out and bygones were let to be bygones and I was welcomed back grandma drove back home dropping me off in town where I ran into a few friends who were waling and surprised to see me in the suit consisting of Rhona, Andrea, and Dick (who might before had had a sort of party which I ended up sleeping at (Clint and Sam and I had just visited my mother while I was still kicked out by calling Barbara who good-naturedly drove us to the hospital (all of us F Troop - me, Hank,

Clint, Sam, and Dave) had been planning on visiting her especially Hank (the most responsible of us all) and he even had a present for her (that his mother gave him to give) (before when we were all departing from Wassyl's house (that's where we'd spent the night because his parents were away and I was thankful for the use of his washing machine (so was Clint) but Clint never washed his clothes cause he didn't want to but since I was he did too and we ran around naked for the rest of the night (we were both famous as "The Naked People" because of how last June in one of our drunk T-bird nights we just ripped off our clothes and ran naked through the streets also riding bicycles while staying at Dave's house cause his parents were away for a week and the complaints the next morning were good (like "What were two people doing running around naked?" and "I've got kids ya know" and "I wanted to even join ya but lost, please don't let it happen again" and all this happened at 3:00 in the morning when all these neighbors were speaking through the blinds, and it had all started when Clint and me were riding Dave's bicycle down Vista Hill, the steepest hill around and Clint said "Aw shoot, man, I feel like taking off all my clothes" and that night we'd been to a sweet sixteen of a girl whose mother would not permit me to be seen by her and was fanatic about it but I was drunk so I marched in anyway (later is when Clint got drunk) and even danced when somebody dragged me out onto the floor saying

"Aw, come on, you can dance" and me saying "Naw, naw, I tell ya, I don't know how, I really don't" and "Aw, come on, I don't believe you" and dancing so I did. I just stood there and danced with full force while Clint and Sam laughed (we met up with Hank and Dave later) and finally the girl told me to leave because her mother was going out so I left with the gang behind me saying to a few of the girl's friends who'd denounced me when my hair was long (I'd just gotten it cut) "So I'm a bad influence on her, hey? - a bad influence, hey?" and some not answering me but others (like the one I danced with) saying "I never said it - I stuck up for you all the time" and me just strutting out with Clint and Sam while they (cause they were straight) took charge of the hitching back to town like they'd done from town Gust as I was getting drunk off my father's liquor (mostly gin and tonic) and finishing up the last of the pot I'd copped a few days before they called me from The City and told me to meet them in town at 10:00 (when their train would come in) and I said

O.K. though I didn't think I would be able to but I did by walking the three quarter mile (staggering sort of really) and sitting on the bench at the bus stop with two drunks just outta the bar and when I realized this I said "Oh, are you drunk too?" and they said one at a time "No I'm not drunk" but they were so in a few minutes they asked how old I was, and I told them 17 and they said "Oh, that's young" and "Yeah that's young" and we sat and goofed together and the tall one disap-

peared but the Peter Lorre one got on the bus with me and who should be sitting in the front seat all alone but Sue my first girlfriend from earlier in the year when I first started talking to girls (never even got to kiss her cause I didn't know how but we'd had fun anyway just hugging) and told her practically to go to hell when she wouldn't sleep in my bed when I put her up for Christmas and anyway then came Barbara who I not only kissed but slept with all new to me in the same night so I didn't talk to Sue after that but now I sat with her and was all apologetic for being drunk (she kept saying 'Ya don't have to be so apologetic") and I even walked her to her babysitting job after the bus ride on which the Peter Lorre asked directions and nobody answered him but then I did explicitly and he became extremely thankful and we were comrades and he gave me a comrade-slap-on-the-back and then I met Clint and Sam who hadn't seen the haircut us haven't yet people like shadows, cracks about hair and made cracks about it ("Oh my, I can't believe it!" "He looks like a faggot" "I do not" 'Yes, you do look like one of the people they got in the documentaries about Times Square faggots") all in fun of course and people like shadows who I knew but seemed so strange (some I'd spent the evening with the night before was drunk or on beer then (straight kids who must've started wondering about me maybe I was a real drunk) and I didn't give them a second thought and said hello to some others and then we started hitching) (we got a ride got stopped by the police because the driver went through a stop sign or something like that and we got out and immediately within the presence of the police got a ride from a Negro taxi driver right to the party (going back we walked half way and got stopped and frisked for just walking in the street and in the presence of the police got a ride from another Negro) so Clint and I had our clothes off surprising Dave as we knocked on someone's bedroom window of his house and he said (cause he was trying to sleep (with Sadie and Mike) "getaway" but then saw that we were naked and said "Oh my God!" and we climbed through the window and ran through the house with Sadie saying "Ooohh, yayy!" (she used to tell me how she loved to run around her home naked when no one was home and I'd heard of when she ran through Brooklyn's Botanical Gardens with her friend Sergei both naked) and running upstairs to display ourselves to Barbara who also said "Yayy" and went outside to ride the bicycle some more and Hank came out to play with us as he strummed on the guitar and later when the three of us were sitting on the curb but cause Sadie and Dave to join Sadie keeping saying 'Yayyy" Everybody smiling and laughing joyous occasion to go down forever in the realms of F Troop, me and Clint now famous as the original "Naked People") so here we were again naked in Wassyl's

house this time laughing again this time straight because we had to do it to get our clothes clean) we were all going to visit her but Sam and Clint were going back to the City with a friend who'd rented a limousine and told them to be down the block by 6:00 on the dot so Sam and Clint were going to put me up in The City and Hank was lecturing me about how I should've visited her already and that he would've and that even though I was kicked out of the house I should've called my father or something

and had him drive me and let me off where I was staying or in town and "thank him for the ride", but this seemed absurd and anyway it was too late and anyway Clint said later on that was okay because he wouldn't have done it if he was me so we left and thanks Wassyl and said goodbye and all of us had been to Hank and Dave) and we'd been planning the visit for a long time but something always got fluffed up) (so Clint and Sam and I went down the block to where Billy with the limousine was supposedly waiting and they were cursing out the people who were going to be there because Sam had seen one of them earlier and if that was "an example of the element attending" boy it sure was "disgusting" and we saw them all just as bad as I'd imagined waiting in front cracking jokes and we asked if Billy was there and they said "no, he said that you were too late" but it was only 5:30 so we sat on the opposite curb staring at them and cursing especially Sam with "Bureaucratic Schmucks!" which was typical Sam (he'd used it at the airport when he couldn't get an airplane) and I said that maybe someone else was going to the city and we should ask but they didn't want to have anything to do with them saying "You ask 'em) and I said "All right I will" and got up, marched over and said "Is anyone going to The City" but no one even answered me so I marched right back down again and sat some more on the curb and after awhile we got up and walked to town considering the possibilities of getting back to the City cursing out Billy while Sam had trainfare only enough for himself so the train was out and there was hitching or asking someone we know for a ride or as a last resort only, asking Clint's father to drive out, pick us up, and drive us back (which is what we ended up doing) so we decided to visit my mother and were calling up everyone we knew with cars and finally Barbara said she'd drive us to the hospital) (at the hospital we went in and Uncle Irving was standing in the lobby waiting to see my mother (I was wondering whether I would see my father) so I got a pass (only two were allowed at one time and already there was one up there).

# Untitled

October 13, 1966

"It's my turn!" shouted Danny, taking hold of the wheel. "Let 'im have it," said Mac to his friend and subordinate,

Jim. "If he wants it so bad, I don't see how it can hurt us."

"Yeah, I don't know. He may fool around a little too much." "Hey, let's have some quiet in the back. – Huh? – Okay?"

The 2 men looked at each other, nervously. "Shut-up," one of them said.

"I don't think he should get away with that," said the other. "Boy, that really takes gaul."

"Yeah, you got gaul, mister."

Jules looked at them both for a minute, eyeing them carefully, then he said "Look, m' boy can't drive with you 2 sitting there like that. Ya make 'im nervous."

"Shuddup," one of them said. "Look—" retorted Jules.

Mac took out a gun and shot him dead.

"Ahh—hh, whadya hafta do that for?" asked Jim.

"I don't like mouths like that." Then he turned to Danny and said, "better let me take the wheel now."

"But—"

"Better not give me no lip either, or the same thing'll happen to you that happened to ya fren'."

"But it's my turn," he cried. "Get out."

Danny stopped the car reluctantly and stepped out. Mac got into the driver's seat and drove away (with Danny in the back). "I still think it's my turn," repeated Danny.

"Better be quiet. You heard what the boss said." "Yeah, okay."

They pulled up to a Carvel stand. "Everybody out," said Mac. "End o' the line."

"Thanks for the ride," said Danny. There was no reply. He went to the road and put out his thumb to continue the journey.

Danny had a pretty high, sort of sweet voice so that when he got into Mrs. Muchey's car, she didn't know whether to trust him or not. She had been a former schoolteacher of his a few years ago, and it was funny running into her like this. She had always been fat,

and since her school days, had become an Indian, because she wore a head band with a feather sticking up. "Whey you gon'," she asked.

"Back to New York" said Danny.

"Oh. I go back to reservation. Can take only to Montessan."

"Oh, that's nice. "He was impressed that she was an Indian. He'd never seen one. Especially she had been his schoolteacher. "I came all the way out the mountains and now I'm going back," he said, either to impress her or to make conversation.

"Really? How?"

"How!"

"How'd you go?"

"Oh -by thumb."

"Well, getcha hands up!" She pulled out a gun, took off a wig, and it was Mac.

"Isn't this Montessan?" asked Danny. "Yeah."

"Okay, thank you." He got out of the car and started for the street.



"Ey," called Mac. "Ey, kid! Where d'ya think you're goin'?" "Huh?"

"Colne 'ere."

Danny walked over to him. "What now?" "Got any money?"

"No."

"How do I know you're not telling the truth?"

"Aw man." In a fit of disgust he grabbed the gun and clunked the man on the head. "This is disgusting. I'll walk." And he started to walk to N.Y.

When he arrived, the first thing he did was panhandle a quarter and obtain a shoe shine. It turned out that shortly thereafter his mother came along and picked him up only it was really Mac but he didn't bother him this time because all he really wanted was his gun back.

# Untitled

**October 17, 1966**

Mac was on his belly. He looked around and gave a couple of miscellaneous shots in disgust. Why did they do that. They didn't have to do that.

The youngster dashed down to his side. Boy, as he wiped his brow, they sure were being silly.

Yeah, agreed Mac, they sure were. "What's yer name, boy?" he asked.

"Ted," said the boy. "5th infantry cavalry division, sir." "Aren't they getting a little too rambunkshus?" added Mac. "Yeah. They really don't have to do all this."

"If they wanna fight, they should fight nice, but shouldn't haul off killin' my best friend off like that."

"Best friend?" "Yeah."

"Who was he?"

"Eddie." Mac lifted the body up by the scruff of the neck and pointed. "Right between the eyes," he ascertained. "What a bitchy thing to do!"

"Yeah, sure is bitchy," confirmed the youth. "Cigarette?" offered Mac.

"No thanks. We shouldn't smoke now. They're liable to see us."

"Aw, heck. You know as well as I do that's just sergeant's bullcrap. They can see us anyway."

"Yeah, I guess you're right, but I don't smoke" — "You knowed him long?"

"Yeah. We was kids together. I'll never forget it. What kids we were. Grew up in ol' Burnsdale together. Wish I could go back, but it wouldn't be the same without him. — Yeah, I remember the time that we cut school together. I suggested we go to his house. He thought his mother would get mad, but I said 'Nah -don't worry,' and we went and boy, did he get beat. He couldn't siddown for a week. Then there was the time at the old swimming hole when I told my good buddy Tom to go ice skating' where there was a sign up said 'No ice skating' and he went – I didn't meant no harm – I thought he would do it anyway. So he fell in with his

heavy skates and clothes on and couldn't swim so I jumped in after him but I forgot to take my things off so by that time he drowned and I started drowning so good ol' Ed jumped in and pulled me out

– he saved my life that day ya know – he was the best friend a guy could have – and now he's gone.

"I tried to save him, ya know. I tried." "What happened?"

"He ran out o' the hole, onto the field." "Why?"

"He was getting something — For me! Just for me he risked his life and sacrificed it. Of course, it's still out there."

"What is?"

"My pocketbook. I dropped it when we were running into here this morning."

"Was it advisable?"

"I guess it wasn't then. It may be now, though." "Ya think it is?"

"Uh – year!"

"I'll get it for you."

"You will? Gee, thanks."

The boy started for the field. Mac stopped him and turned him around by the arm. "Hey pal. – You're a real buddy. I really appreciate this."

"Oh, it's all right." Then he slowly stepped onto the field. It was understood that Mac would call out directions when asked, "Where?" he called.

"Straight," answered Mac.

The boy went straight for awhile. "Where," he called. "A little to the left and then a sharp right."

"What?!!" "Left."

He bore left. Then where? "A sharp right!"

Then where? -"No, never mind. I see it." And he headed in the direction of the pocketbook. He edged there slowly. Would he make it? He was getting closer.

"Yup – yup!" said Mac within himself. That's it! He's getting there. Go Teddy boy! You'll make it!

He was almost there now. A few more yards – a couple of feet. – Just then, gunfire was heard overhead and Mac saw him hit the dust so abruptly as to remain still and maybe never move again. Ted knew this was the best way. Mac didn't. "Goddammit," he said. "It's not gonna happen twice!" and he ran out onto the field trying to reach Ted yelling "Ted! Ted! Don't

worry my boy. I'm coming. Everything's gonna be all right!" And finally he reached the motionless body and found it to appear dead, but suddenly along came the gunfire again and Mac fell back, uttering one last final "Pooh!" and he was undoubtedly dead.

The gunfire ceased. Ted looked around slowly and got up. Then he gandered upon the dead body and stooped over to examine it. "Yup – dead," he said softly. Then he called for everyone to hear, "Yup! He's dead!" The expression on his face became relaxed as though some enormous strenuous task was over with. The body of Eddie sprang up from the foxhole and he went over to Ted and asked "Is he really dead?"

"Yes," answered Ted. They shook hands and he patted him comfortingly on the back, saying "Don't worry, Eddie. He was getting kinda obnoxious lately. Anyway, now we can finally see what it contained and maybe we'll be rich."

"Yeah, you're right."

"Okay," ordered Ted to everyone on the field. "You can take off your uniforms now. Thank you."

The two of them went toward the only dead body on the field, passed it, picked up the pocketbook, and carried it back home to share and use in good health.

# THE LITTLE KID

October 31, 1966

Me and Dave were in our cheap hotel room playing loud records all stoned and smoking more. The maid had come to the door in the course of the afternoon and we had gotten into a flowering conversation with her. At first, she'd wiggled her nose up and said "Oo-wee! What a smell! You bad boys, you!" She was a funny maid. We talked about dreams with her, and her old man and listened to some more records.

Finally we went out into the afternoon with a nice sun shining. The town was called El Lagra, and it was in the wild west. It was a typical western town, with cars and business people. We went into a luncheonette and ordered two hamburgers and Cokes. While we were eating, a little kid dressed like a cowboy walked in, came up to us, and said "Stick 'em up!"

"Oh yeah?" we answered. "We'll see ya outside." Then we finished our hamburgers and Cokes and went outside.

The kid had a black shirt with white ripples going across the upper chest. His pants had things sticking out of the sides, and around his waste were two guns that shot caps. He wore large boots with spurs that jingled and to top it off, he had a big 10 gallon hat, pulled down over his forehead.

"Draw!" he ordered and we all shot each other, him using his guns and us using our fingers. We all ducked down in the weirdest hiding places. The kid was behind a car and we were behind a barrel. "Bang bang" we all said, and finally the kid got tired of this. We all got up and walked a little. He told us how he was the fastest draw around and nobody messed with him. He could shoot a cowhide at 200 feet. He could shoot a tin can 3 times through the neck at 50. We told him how we once shot a herd of stampeding buffalo at 150 feet. He said, "Oh yeah? Ya think that's good, I shot a wild blockbuster fanged growler while riding on my horse."

"Hum, that's pretty good," said Dave. "Yeah," I agreed. "I could never do that."

We were walking towards our hotel so we all went in and up to our room to turn the kid on. We all sat down while Dave filled the pipe and lit it. He passed it to me. I took my toque and passed it to the kid. "What do I do with it?" he asked. I showed him how to draw

it and hold it in. He got the idea and did it well. We smoked a little and he started talking about his horse. "Yeah, I call him Charley."

"How'd ya get him?"

"Well, my father's pretty rich. He owns the Bar B Ranch.

He said he'd give it to me if I broke it in." "Ya mean it was a bucking bronco?"

"Yeah. The meanest in the country. I had to sit on that thing for 1 hours before it knew its master."

"Gee," I said. "I only had to sit on mine for 10 minutes." "Mine was about 15."

"Ya mean you got horses?" "Yup."

"Real ones?"

"Yeah, we keep 'em in the stables."

"Yeah, I usually keep mine in the stables, but it's hitched to a post outside the hotel – yeah, Charley's a good horse."

"So's mine." "Mine too."

"Well, how fast can you draw?" he asked. "Pretty fast," I said.

He gave me one of his guns and challenged me to a draw. "3 paces," he said. We walked the 3 paces and before my hand was even touching my pocket he'd had his gun out and shot me twice. Dave and I

hit out hands against our foreheads in amazement. He was faster than anyone we'd ever seen, including the cowboys on T.V.

We all decided to leave. It was getting late and the kids had to be home soon. We went out onto the street, continually shooting each other, us using fingers and him using cap guns, running in and out of cars and corners, laughing.

Then suddenly, the little kid stopped shooting and approached us directly. We had heard a few black clicks. He told us that we had to stop.

"Why?" we asked.

"Because my gun ran out of bullets.

We looked at each other and thought for a minute. Then we took the little kid and went into a store and bought him a whole box of caps for 10¢. "There you are," we said. "All loaded up and ready to go."

"Thanks pardner," he said.

We all walked back to the hotel. The kid had to be home soon. We reached it and there was a big black stallion in front hitched to the post and sure enough, the little kid mounted quickly and reared back on it like the Lone Ranger.

"Thanks a lot, pardner," he said. "One day I'm gunna run into you again and I'll have real guns and real bullets and if anybody ever crosses ya, I'll let 'em have it. Then his horse let out a whinney, he gave a wave of the hand and rode away.

# Untitled

June 22, 1967

The child was screaming by now, kicking his legs against the wall, back against the bed. His face was all red as his screams grew very louder. He looked around the bedroom, grabbed some of his toys, and threw them all around, breaking them pitifully beyond repair. His pupils grew larger and larger as he became more and more ignored. Then he saw the brand new set of walkie - talkies that his father had bought him which cost a few hundred dollars. He started pulling at all the wires and throwing them on the floor and against the wall until they were hopelessly broken, never to be used again.

"What's that racket I hear upstairs?" asked Mr. Welsh to his wife, Margaret. "That child is making a lot of noise."

"It sounds like he's troubled, Harry."

"Bah, it don't sound like nothing. I'm gonna shut that brat's mouth up."

"No, I'll go and see what's wrong."

She climbed the stairs and went into the child's room, and saw him in his temper tantrum. Running to his side, putting her arms around him, she asked, "Whatsamatter? Aw, baby, is anything wrong?"

He just screamed some more.

"C'mon, honey puss. You can tell mommy about it." "Wahh—wah! !"

"Don't cry pussycat."

He shortly thereafter stopped his screaming and started into the short whimpers.

"Uh-uh-uuuuhh—" He looked at her with a pitiful grimace. Then he exploded to a wrathful cry. "Oh, mommy—please help me!" "Aw, now now," and she patted his back as his head lolled

into her lap. "Everything's gonna be all right. It's all right, baby!" He kept his head in her lap for a while, and after that, every

thing was all right.

# The Lost Thumb

July 30, 1967

I.

Abraham lay on his back on the couch in the living room; He wore nothing on his feet and shorts on the legs. All the relatives were gathered around him remarking how cute he was, pointing to his different features and laughing. Yet he just lay there thinking nothing of it and being perfectly content.

His father was showing pictures of the baby and passing them around the room. The grandfather clock had just struck 7:30. Abraham got a kick out of it. Uncle Herbie sat down on the couch near his feet facing his face and smiled most warmly at the child. Everyone knew that out of everyone there, Uncle Herbie loved him most of all. He began to tickle his feet and shake them up and down. Grabbing the big toe, this little piggy went to the market, the next toe, this little piggy stayed home, this piggy had roast beef, and this little piggy had none, and this little piggy cried wee-wee-wee-wee all the way home.

Running his fingers over the baby's body, across his feet, legs, pants, belly, chest, throat, and into the neck, tickling him so that they both laughed just as joyously as each other. Then the grandfather clock began singing. Soon the baby joined in and they both sang together.

Pretty soon the place was jumping. Uncle Herbie always brought warmth into the hearts of the spectators.

But it stopped—short—never to go again. Herbie, the old man, died.

Abraham learned to love this song, singing it and thinking of Uncle Herbie. Whenever he came to visit, the few times that he did, they would sing it together. It soon became a ritual and the song was becoming associated with baby and man.

But soon the old man died. Abraham did not know this for a long time. All he knew was that one day he went to the hospital with his mother and was made to wait in the lobby. At his mother's suggestion, he brought flowers but didn't really know the reason.

Soon afterwards he noticed Aunt Thelma crying <WHAT! !!> abundantly and missed the old man's visits. Whenever he would ask as to the whereabouts of Uncle Herbie, he would be told that he

had gone on a long trip and would not be back for a long time. He wondered why Uncle Herbie had not taken him along and when he wondered this out loud, he would be answered with tears and an answer that he had to go suddenly and didn't have the time to even say goodbye. Abraham was only disappointed for he knew Uncle Herbie would've if he could've and that all he could do was wait.

But, after a while, when the crying died a great deal, he was told that the old man was never coming back and couldn't help it because some guy named God needed him and had pulled him up into the sky to live with him and once you went into the sky, you couldn't come back.

Soon all Abraham could do was wait until he was pulled into the sky some day and then he'd be able to see Uncle Herbie again.

August 6, 1967

II.

Just only a few years later, if that long, Abraham grew older and saw more things around him like people riding bicycles and playing baseball and climbing apple trees. As far as climbing apple trees, there was no problem because he had climbed an apple tree with some friends once in a while, although they were yelled at for picking the apple sometimes.

August 13, 1967

When Abraham saw all the boys on the block including some fathers playing baseball on the street outside his house, he felt very tempted to join them but his father said that he was too young and one day he would teach him. Abraham couldn't wait to get out there and wind up like David Reed, throwing the ball with tremendous speed.

One day the day came and Abraham was excited. It happened a few days after his first game of "tackle" which started when big George from across the street had seen him playing with a small rubber football and asked if he would play "tackle" with him. Abraham said that he didn't know how to play it so George showed him. They would toss the ball to each other, then George would run and suddenly yell "TACKLE!" Pretty soon Abraham caught on and was running and yelling "TACKLE!" Then the rest of the neighborhood big boys joined them and before long everybody was just running around in circles yelling "TACKLE!" This was nice and Abraham enjoyed it immensely. So a few days, after he'd told his father, "Father, I played my first game of 'tackle' with a football and Big George and the gang."

His father said, "Okay son, the time has come for me to teach you how to play ball."

But Abraham wanted to play "tackle." So he said, "Aw, can we play tackle?"

His father yelled at him and said that he was going to learn how to play baseball the real way and that was good enough. So they both went out onto the street and got ready for a catch. First his father threw the ball to him and Abraham missed it and had to run after it. Then he threw it back and hardly went halfway into the wrong direction because he tried to wind up the way David Reed did because he thought that's the way to do it. But his father said that that's not the way to do it and Abraham insisted because he'd seen everyone do it that way. His father yelled at him saying, "You'll do it my way, see?!" and pretty soon Abraham was crying and pretty soon the neighborhood boys came out to watch Daddy teach Junior how to throw a ball and especially when David Reed came out to watch Abraham. Abraham got a little nervous.

"Teachin' the kid to play ball, huh Mr. Gray?"

His father replied, "Yeah, y' know, he's never thrown a ball before."

"Well, let me help you. Abraham, here. You hold your arm

like this and-NO! That's how a girl does it-now remember, follow through-NO! Your throwing it just like a girl!!"

After a while, the whole neighborhood was watching and giving little tips and Abraham just couldn't for the life of him getting the hang of it. He was on the brink of tears when all of a sudden his little brother came running out with his new rubber catcher's mitt, pounding it and calling out, "C'mon, let's have one right in the ol' pocket," which everyone thought was cute and laughed and Abraham yelled, "NO! NO! Get him outta here! He's too young!" and everybody just looked at Abraham and said nothing. "He's too young!" Everybody stood still and said nothing. "Isn't he, daddy?"

Daddy just stayed silent. "Isn't he?" looking up at Daddy to hear a favorable reply.

"Well,-Daddy was ready to speak-"No, son. I guess it's all right."

And Seth, the little brother, turned out very good for his first time. He caught high flies, curved balls, spitballs, and line drives. They let him try his hand at pitching. He proved very well and Abraham wondered why they let him throw the ball like that and

not himself. They even tried him out as a batter and he proved himself more than adequate.

For the next few days, Abraham tried playing ball with the neighborhood but didn't really enjoy it too much so. After a little while, he quit for good and spent much of his time sitting in his room and sometimes glancing out the window to see how Seth was getting along with the gang until either Mom or Daddy would order him to go outside to get some fresh air and yell at him for not playing with the other fellas.

August 15, 1967

III.



Okay. Somehow he wanted to pick a fight with the kid. He must of had a reason. Maybe 'cause the kid was two years younger than him. Anyway, he felt like beating up somebody, so he saw the kid and yelled, "Hey kid!" but the kid wouldn't answer him. So he tried again.

"Hey kid!" and the kid just ignored him.

"Hey, what's your name kid!" and he knew very well that the kid's name was Fred but he wanted to pick a fight, so he asked him anyway.

"Hey, c'mere, kid!" but Freddy just ignored him and kept walking along minding his own business so Abraham persisted in pushing him and said, "C'mon! I'm gonna beatcha up." And Freddy just said, "You'd betta get outa here."

So Abraham gave him a one too many and all of a sudden Freddy's arms started flying and beat Abraham to the ground in 2 shakes of a lamb's tail. When Abraham got up in a few minutes and Freddy went away wiping his hands and shaking his head, Abraham started crying and ran home. He found his father working in the garden who said, "Whatsa matter Abraham?"

Abraham said, "Freddy Greenthal just beat me up, Daddy!"

In no time, Daddy's palm flew across junior's yelling, "Be a man, and learn to fight back! Ya don't let little boys beat you up sissy-man!" Abraham went upstairs to his room pretty well ashamed of himself.

From that day for a pretty long time, Abraham was afraid of Freddy and let him push him around. So after a while he tried to become friends with Freddy so he wouldn't have to fear nothing.

September 5, 1967 (Act. Sept 6 after midnight)

IV.

Gramma and Grampa were visiting for the day, so it was something to look forward to because Big Lovable Grampa always had something to give to the little brothers because he was a millionaire. (He'd told them so himself even after they'd guessed it). And a smart man and a strong man (the way he'd bite little Marty and spank young Daddy (of which something was heard) and always fun to be with. So the day started with Gramma arriving first somehow with Grampa to follow because he'd maybe dropped her off or something. So little Marty ran into the kitchen with Big, Fat, Lovable Gramma smothering Abraham into her big fat belly and hollering, "Here comes Grampa!" Abraham ran outside with him and they both stood on the curb watching for the white Cadillac which now was coming from way up the block and Daddy and Daddy's brother joined them, all looking with

September 7, 1967

glee and seeing the white Cadillac coming closer and everybody was smiling except Abraham but he wasn't being grim or anything; he just wasn't smiling. So the Cadillac came closer but then suddenly it stopped. The doors flew open and the car backed up the block, around the corner and out of sight. Everybody wondered, "What happened?" and all said was, "Huh?—Huh?" with all faces going every which way and when they calmed down the Cadillac rounded the corner again and came down the block and everybody watched with wonderment and amazement and here it came past the point that it reached the last time and closer but still up the block a good ways and everyone was glad that it'd past the point. But then suddenly it stopped, all the doors flew open and it backed up in reverse up the block and around the corner and out of sight again. By this time Daddy and Daddy's brother were laughing but Abraham and Marty couldn't understand what was happening. So they just smiled and the four called to Mommy and Gramma who came out to watch and some enough, here it came, traveling down the block faster than ever, past the first point, second point, and somebody said, "Well, I guess he's not going to do it but you shoulda seen before ???? the car came closer and closer and still going fast and came right up to where all of them were standing and everyone was getting ready to say hello to Grampa and could see his Big Lovable

smile when suddenly the car stopped short, doors flew open, and it sped back down the block in reverse again.

September 9, 1967

By and by Grampa made it and they all went into the house laughing, jolly, kissing, and hugging (and Grampa had wet kisses but no one knew except grownups) and Grampa had presents for everybody so they all went into the living room and gathered around the fireplace.

"Foist," announced Grampa. "For my precious daughter(-in-law) ?????." He gave her a bracelet and everybody went, "Ooh, Aah."

"Thank you Dad," said Mommy.

"And for my sons-" and he gave them 2 watches. "Ooh, Aah."

"Thank you Dad."

"And now for the children." He gave Marty a set of electric trains.

"Oh my! Ooh! Get a load of that! Aah!" "Thank you Grampa."

"Do I get a kiss?"

Marty rushed over to kiss him.

"Say thank you Gramma. It's from her too." "Thank you Gramma." And they kissed.

"Now remember," said Grampa. "Share it with your brother." "Okay."

"Now Abraham. Your present is outside."

Everybody went outside. Grampa went to the car and into the back seat. "Could somebody help me?"

Daddy went too and they brought out a brand new 2-wheeler bicycle. Everyone went "Ooh" and "Aah" again and Abraham was excited. "Thank you Grampa." He said and kissed Grampa. "Thank you Gramma." And kissed Gramma and everybody was happy.

Then the men of the family got together and said, "Okay, now we're gonna teach you how to ride it." So the rest of the people went inside while the men stayed out.

"Now remember, keep your eyes on the road." "Always look straight ahead."

"Keep your balance."

"Hold onto the handlebars." "Don't peddle too hard."

After a while, some of the neighborhood kids came out to

watch. "Teaching the kid how to ride a 2-wheeler, Mr. Gray?" said David Reed.

"Yup," said Daddy.

Abraham tried to do what the three men were telling him but at times it was hard and he had to slip up once in-a-while. The most important thing they stressed was looking straight ahead and once Abraham didn't. He almost fell down but they all caught him and said, "SEE! See what happens when you don't look straight ahead."

And a short time later, Grampa said, "If ya don't look straight ahead, I'm gonna take this back and you'll hafta stick to riding tricycles."

A short time after that, Daddy's brother said, "If ya don't look straight ahead-see that lamppost over there?"-"Yeah."-"Well, it's gonna walk over here and stop your bike and you won't be able to ride at all!"

So for the rest of the afternoon, they gave him bike lessons but he couldn't do it too well. So, that was that and they all went in to eat dinner.

September 10, 1967

Daddy was at the head of the table. Mommy was at the foot. Abraham was at one side of Daddy and Marty on the other. Gramma was next to Abraham and Grampa between Gramma and Mommy. Daddy's Brother (Uncle) was between Marty and Mommy and Bessie, (the colored maid) who'd been there quite a number of years and was becoming part of the family, was in the kitchen.

"Abraham, sit up straight." "No!"

"You better so you can eat your food." "C'mon, be a man for Big Lovable Gramma."

"I'll take the bike back if you don't sit up straight." "Oh, Okay."

"Bessie, where's the food?" "It's comin', Mrs. Grey."

Bessie brought the food with a big, white-toothed smile. "Here ya go Mrs. Grey."

"Oh, chicken." "How nice."

"Here Abraham," said Gramma. "Take some chicken." "Thank you."

"Abraham—eat with a fork!" "Sorry Mommy."

"Here," continued Gramma. "Eat your spinach."  
days."

"No!"

"C'mon. Show Gramma what a big boy you are." "Abraham! Listen to Gramma!"

"Well son," said Grampa. "Business is pretty good now-a-

"Yeah. If we could only get the details on the retail, we could

overload our margin and have a net profit coming from that too." "Really. We can't get Kluckner to cooperate, the bastard." (Gramma-) "Grampa! Don't talk such in front of the kids!" "Aaaahh. Glub-Glub-Glub."

(Abraham-) "Grampa?" "Glub-Glub-Glub."

"How much money do you got?"

"Glub-Glub-a million-Glub-Glub-Glub."

Bessie entered the room with her smile. "Is everybody enjoyin' the food?"

"Oh yes!" "Oh my yes!" "Yes Bessie."

"Good." (exit)

"What a nice maid!"

"Yes. How did you ever get one so nice as that?"

"I don't know. I guess we're just lucky to get Bessie." "She ain't so nice," chimed Abraham.

"Huh?"

"What do you mean?" "She always spanks us." "Really?"

"What?"

"Yeah. She's always given' us pops. Right Marty?" "Aw-gul-gul-it don't hurt so much, Abey."

"Oh yes it does."

"No."

"Abraham, it couldn't hurt so much. Bel'sie wouldn't harm you." "Yeah, she does."

But nobody believed him and they all finished dinner and the grownups stayed at the table for coffee while Grampa and the kids went into the living room. Grampa tickled their feet until his tummy started hurting and he made Gramma take him home so everybody went home and the kids went to sleep and that was that.

September 13, 1967

(but really the 14th because it's after 12 mid.)

v.

The next day Daddy's brother came over with training wheels for Abraham's bicycle. Abraham was very happy and rode his bike and practiced all day.

That night it was thundering and lightening. Mommy and Daddy had gone out and no one was in the house but Bessie, Marty, and Abraham. So it was quiet, and lonely and at one point when the three were sitting in the dark den in silence (but maybe a word here and there) it felt like Christmas.

"All right, now ...get on to bed," said Bessie. "Aw gee," said Abraham.

"Guh, guh," blurted Marty. "I said GET ON TO BED!"

"No!" said Marty definitely, and she popped him one on the backside which made him cry "Wah!"

"You bes' do what 'I say, chile."

"Gee, Bes," said Abraham. "I don't wanna go to bed." Meanwhile, Marty was in his pajamas and brushing his teeth. "Ya wants ta end up like Marty, chile? Bes' got to bed 'fore I give ya a pop."

"Oh, okay." And he started to get ready for bed and shortly thereafter smiled.



When he was finished, Mommy gave him a glass of milk and he said, "Aw, mom. I can't drink this," because he didn't have it for breakfast everyday and was not accustomed to it.

"You'd better drink it," said Mommy.

"Oh, all right," and he started sipping it slowly.

"Also Abey, Gramma wants to take you and Marty to the Club Thursday to go swimming."

"Oh, good!" and he spilled his milk.

"What! You little brat!" screamed Mommy.

As she fetched a rag from the kitchen sink and started cleaning up. Then she slapped him across the face left and right he started crying.

"Mommy, I hafta go to the bathroom."

"Oh no you don't! Finish your milk first," and she poured him a whole new glass of milk.

"But—"

"Finish your milk!"

He started sipping it as fast as he could but then cried, "I can't do it!"

And she cried, "Oh yes you can!" And he cried, "Oh no I can't!" And she cried, "You better!"

And he said, "Aw come on please!"

And she said, "Okay but you better drink your milk after." So he got up and started running but stopped short and crouched down low and went, "Uuuuuuuhh," with a pained expression on his face and she knew what he'd done and asked, "Did you?" and he shook his head up and down in shame and she slapped him hard

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and went into a rage and pulled his hair and screamed "Aaaarrggghhh!!!!!!!!!!!" and gave him "a lesson he'd never forget" (but a few days later he did it again and she did it again).

October 22, 1967 VII.

Daddy was working in the garden while Abraham was upstairs in his room making believe he was on television until Daddy went upstairs and threw him out of the house because it was such a beautiful day.

So Abraham went outside and just sat around and did nothing. He looked around and saw some other kids playing ball but he didn't want to join them.

"Come on Abraham. Why don't you play ball with the rest of the gang?" said his father.

"Naw, I don't feel like it." "Why not?"

"'Cause I just don't feel like it."

"ABRAHAM GET OUT THERE AND PLAY."

"No! No! Please!!" and Abraham started crying and ran into the house.

"Come back here!!" ordered his father.

Abraham turned around and walked back. "Play ball!" "No!"

"Why?"

"I don't wanna!"

"Get in there" (with teeth grit) "and play." "No (Wah! Wah! Wah!)"

"OKAY! YA DON'T WANNA PLAY BALL? DON'T PLAY

BALL! I DON'T CARE!" And he went back to his gardening while Abraham just sat around outside.

Meanwhile, there was a fight brewing in a football game and before long, the game broke up and only Freddy Greenthal and Marty were left arguing over something. Then they started fighting and Abraham became excited and his little brother was winning and he was glad but then remembered that Freddy was supposed to be his friend and was getting embarrassed because he didn't do this well against Freddy so he started yelling, "C'mon Freddy!" and jumping up and down and Daddy's (who was still working in the garden) ears perked up when he heard this and he ran over to Abraham and spanked him hard (and Abraham started crying) and said that family comes first and, "Never let me hear you rooting against your brother

again!" (and incidentally Marty won).

## VIII.

Thursday came and Gramma and Grampa, Abraham and Marty went to the Country Club. They went to the pool while Grampa went to the golf course. They all went into the ladies room and Gramma helped Abraham and Marty change into their bathing suits. Then they had ice cream cones and the kids wanted to go into the pool but Gramma said, "Wait for about a half hour so your food digests."

So they both sat around for a half hour while Gramma played cards with her friends and they went over to her and asked, "Can we go into the water now?" and she said yes.

November 6, 1967

They negotiated the pool and found the shallow end. Both were afraid to go in, however, not because the water was cold but because it was there. Bye and bye Marty went in and Abraham couldn't understand how he had the courage but just stood there trying and for the life of him couldn't and their Gramma came along and asked, "Why don't you go in the water, sweetie-pie?"

And he said that he was afraid that it would be over his head and Gramma assumes him that it wasn't and a whole big scene followed with Abraham crying and Gramma going in and after a while Abraham following but holding onto the side.

"C'mon," said Gramma. "I'll show you."

And he dog paddled to where she was and she caught him and held him up close to her breasts and said, "Now we'll go under," but he protested and she assumed him that nothing was wrong. So on the count of three, they went under and Abraham started laughing so they did it again. "1-2-3-under!" and again. "1-2-3- under." And Abraham liked it and loved Gramma and later on he met a girl who said, "Hi! How old are you?"

"Faw."

"Oh. I'm almost five." "Oh. That's nice."

"I'm older than you."

"So what?" and she pushed him in (the deep end) but he wasn't afraid no more (only a little embarrassed).

November 7, 1967

## IX.

Abraham and Cathy who lived around the corner were climbing the big beautiful apple tree which was between the Grays' yard and the Reeds' yard. Everything was fine and dandy until they started knocking the apples down and Mrs. Reed got mad.

"If we don't knock any apples down, can we stay?" asked Abraham.

"If you don't knock any down, you can stay, but be careful," said Mrs. Reed.

Cathy was fat and ugly.

They stayed up in the apple tree for awhile and came down when they got bored. As they were climbing down, Marty came out. "Ho-Ho-Ho," he said. "I see Abraham and Cathy in the apple tree."

"Get outa here!" yelled Abraham.

"Ha-ha-ha," continued Marty. "Abraham and Cathy-ho-ho- ho-sittin' in the tree—"

"Get outa here!" "No! Make me!" "You stupid idiot!"

They climbed down and Marty was standing there. Cathy smiled at Abraham and said, "Abraham-remember." Then she kissed her finger and touched his nose.

Abraham blushed. Marty laughed.

Cathy went home.

Abraham attacked. He threw Marty on the ground and lefted and righted back and fought and Marty cried and kicked and screamed but Abraham was mad and kept punching as hard as he could.

Suddenly he felt something on his back. He was thrown off of Marty and onto the ground in a supine position with a big person on him slapping him across the face and punching him in selected places. It was David Reed. "Why doncha pick on someone yer own size!" and he beat him up.

Abraham got up crying and brushing himself off. He was angry and frustrated. "You big stupid idiot."

"Oh yeah!" yelled David Reed and got him down again and beat him up again and when Marty recovered he laughed. Abraham got up and brushed himself off and David Reed said, "That'll teach ya!" and asked Marty, "Are you all right?" and Abraham ran into the house and into his room red faced and embarrassed and that was that.

November 8, 1967

x.

They were sat around the dining room table eating and everyone in good cheer except maybe Abraham who wasn't jolly as the rest but not really conspicuously so. Bessie brought out the food with a smile and everybody dug in. Potatoes, string beans, borscht-all that was good and fitting for a family to eat.

Mom my and Daddy were going out dancing that night. The lights were out.

"Whuh?"

"Huh?"

"Wha' happened?"

"Hey! The lights went out!"

Daddy said that he could make them go on agam and Abraham wanted him to. "Do it, Daddy, do it."

"Okay." He put out his hands and outstretched his arms and said, "Ooga boola-ga bing bing da," and the lights went on and everybody was happy and laughed and even Abraham clapped his hands.

They ate their dinner and dessert and dispatched from the table in orderly form to go about their business: Upstairs—Abraham and Marty sitting and burping; Mommy and Daddy getting dressed for their big night out (and downstairs Bessie washed the dishes).

November 15, 1967

Mommy had on her make-up and dancing dress while Daddy had on his suit and right after they brushed their teeth both would leave so Abraham (little rascal he was) ran downstairs and snuck outside and hid in the back seat of the car.

He lay there with a wicked grin as he heard from the house, "Okay, g'night Bessie."

"G'night, Mista and Missus G. Have a good time." "G'night Mommy." (mbfna)

"G'night Daddy."

"G'night Marty.-Hey, where's Abraham? Oh, he's probably upstairs getting ready for bed.—G'NIGHT ABRAHAM—ABRAHAM?—Oh, well.-G'NIGHT EVERYBODY!"

"G'night." ("Ha-ha-ha.")

They strutted out the front door and Abraham hit the floor, still grinning. After a few minutes, everyone was settled and the car backed out of the driveway, stopped for a second, and was on the road. They all rode along with Mommy and Daddy talking grown-

up talk while Abraham still grinned. Once in a while he glanced upwards to see where they were but all that he could see was trees which meant parkway which meant nothing to him. Then the car stopped and he heard change rattle. The next time he glanced upwards they were on some sort of bridge. So he thought that this was as good a time as any and he popped up and said, "Hi."

January 25, 1968

"Whah?" "Ho-ho-ho!"

"Why you little devil you!"

So they all rode the rest of the way to the city in good cheer and when they asked him what he was doing there, he said, "I snuck in!" and felt proud of himself but he couldn't come into the dance with them. So they called home to tell worried Bessie that everything was all right and Daddy (who wasn't even mad, even a little proud of his son) gave him a spoof spanking and they laughed and brought him up to Aunt Thelma's apartment (and went to the dance) who brought him cake and ice cream. It was a good night.

XI.

Abraham loved running around naked because it felt good. One day he just felt like it so he ran outside with nothing on but his good ol' Italian undershirt and he started running around in circles and all around the neighborhood and just about that time, the kids were outside and they got a big kick out of it and clapped their hands and sang songs and ran around with him but his Mommy came out and started yelling, "Abraham, you come right in this house this minute!" and Abraham asked, "Why?" because it wasn't cold out but she insisted and he went in and said, "Sorry gag" and put some clothes on at the hands of his mother.

For the next few weeks he noticed that he was getting more attention than he used to and sometimes the kids laughed at him. So once in a while at their request he pulled down his pants in the street and sometimes he even did it voluntarily but after a while the kids grew tired of this and didn't even pay attention to him when he came around and offered to pull his pants down.

February 7, 1968 XII.

Aunt Thelma was over and her and Mommy were sitting on the porch. "Well, at least the Big heat is over."

"Yeah," said Mommy. "Won't be long before we have cold weather."

"You're right. Before ya know it, we'll be freezin'."

Just then Abraham came outside.

February 10, 1968

"Hi, Abraham," said Aunt Thelma. "Gettin' all set for school tomorra?"

"Am I really goin' to school tomorrow, Mommy?"

"That's right. You're gonna be in the first grade." "That means I'm a big boy now, right?"

"Yup."

"And I have to stay there all day, right?" "That's right."

"What time does he get out, Florence?" "One o'clock."

"1:00!?" said Abraham. "I thought I stay there all day." "Well, almost all day."

"But-not like the big kids." "But 1:00 is almost all day."

"I thought I was going into 1<sup>st</sup> grade." "You are."

"Oh, that's no big stuff." He was disappointed. He kissed them goodnight and went to bed.

February 15, 1968

The next day Abraham went to school nervously and became shy. He sat down on the floor and watch all the girls cry. He was too bashful to say "here" when the teacher called his name for attendance and because he refused to do his work and crawled around the classroom like a dog, he was sent to the office. When asked why he liked to crawl around the classroom, he said because his daddy did it.

February 26, 1968

XIII.

Abraham was in the 1st grade. Recess was called and everyone went out to play. Abraham noticed that many times the boys played together and the girls played together. There was always one guy called the Bully and lately in one group of boys, the bully was a guy called Mark. He pushed everyone around and Abraham just observed from the side (thinking he could probably beat up Mark, but didn't bother). Then one day when Mark was beating up all the guys, Abraham noticed a beautiful girl with long black hair running down the hill. She ran smoothly with action superb right into Mark. He fell down and went boom. He got up again and the girl pushed him down again. This continued and Abraham got excited so after school he walked her home and invited her over. So next Saturday, she came over and so did Freddy Greenthal and Abraham told Freddy that Abraham could beat him up and Freddy said, "No." and Abraham asked Rhonda and she said, "I don't know." So after a while, they came out fighting and she fell down and Abraham yelled, "Get up! Get up!" but she just lay there and Freddy sat on her, smiled and said, "See?"

XIV.

Lazy Sunday afternoon thinking about Rhonda she let him down but so what. Marty came out and they set up the chairs on the porch like a choo-choo train and Abraham said, "All aboard!" and played



conductor and they played chop-chop train but soon became weary of this play and started getting lazy. Abraham said, "Let's use the car." So he put Marty in the car and said, "Sit there and the train will pull out in a few minutes." and Marty sat there and Abraham wet the garden to kill some time before the train was to pull out and got lost in thoughts about Rhonda.

Next thing he knew, he'd knocked off the flowers from their stems unwittingly and forgot all about Marty when he heard Bessie ask, "Abraham, where's Marty?" and the car was rolling down the driveway and Marty was sticking his head out the window yelling and waving, "Bye-bye," and Abraham screamed and tried with all his might to stop the car but couldn't. So their next door neighbor, Mr. Reed, did and pushed it back with his car.

That night,  
February 28, 1968

Daddy ran upstairs screaming while Mommy was saying goodnight to the boys. "Who knocked the flowers off their stems?" he screamed.

Mommy looked at Abraham, then at Marty, then at Abraham again. Daddy stood in the doorway foaming at the mouth. Abraham didn't know quite what to say so he blurted out, "MARTY!" who was immediately taken from his bed, spanked hard and taken down to the garden to see the wrong he'd done.

"Poor Marty," said Mommy. "Serves him right," said Abraham.  
February 28, 1968 (cont'd.)

## Part 2

### I.

In the middle of 2nd grade, the family moved to Hugs Point. It was a nice area, surrounded by green and trees. Abraham was introduced to two little boys who he did not later on become friendly with, but for the time being were his friends. Richie was 1 yr. older than him and Howard was a year younger. They talked and went to school together and cut through people's back yards together. Richie showed Abraham shortcuts of the neighborhood.

One day the 3 went walking through the woods to the haunted house where a haunted man was supposed to chase kids with a butter knife but didn't so they walked further until they came upon a small pond covered with ice and started jumping around on the ice and suddenly it cracked and they all got all wet (and Richie didn't know how to swim but he made it to the side saving his life).

The next day, Daddy went to see how deep the pond was and found that it was very deep.

### II.

In the 5th grade Abraham was a new man and acted sensible except that he thought everyone liked this new kind of music called rock'n'roll. So he made it a point to let everyone know that he liked it and he became very obnoxious.

However, a guy named Fred invited him to a dancing party where everyone in the class was invited and that night, nervous as he was, Abraham conducted himself like a gentleman and asked the girls to dance politely and danced politely.

However, when Gregg, his idol (because he combed his hair like Elvis and Abraham wanted to but his parents wouldn't let), invited him to his party, Abraham acted obnoxious and danced the slop and other such nonsense so all the kids said he was a foolish nut and it didn't bother Abraham except it really did, especially when Gregg said that he was a stupid no-good and threatened to hit him.

### III.

Abraham even got upset at a certain point and wanted to jump off the Brooklyn Bridge.

Minnie was having a barbecue party that night after school and Abraham was busy being foolish on the playground chasing Mimi the Chinese girl and when he caught her he kissed and everyone watching

said, "Oh my" and threatened Abraham. Minnie said, "You better not ruin my party tonight," and Gregg said, "You better not ruin her party tonight, Grey!"

Abraham went home and cried to his mother, "I ain't goin' to that party." and she said, "Oh yes you are, young man," and Abraham cried himself to sleep where he saw Uncle Herbie who asked, "Whatsamatter, Abraham?"

"Everything, Uncle Herbie. I don't wanna go to the party. If I do, they don't want me there. If I don't, they'll laugh at me and call me coward. I wanna die, that's what I wanna do."

"Don't do that, Abe. Everything is gonna be all right. Take my word for it."

"But—."

"Lift your head high, chest out, stomach in, and go to that party and have a good time."

Abraham did it and had a good time and no one even remembered about that afternoon and Gregg was even nice to him.

#### IV.

Abraham had the same exact class and teacher in the 6th grade as he'd had in 5th grade except for 3 new people. One of these new people was big fat Buzzy and one day when they were both sharpening their pencils at the pencil sharpener, Buzzy said, "Abraham, I wanna be your friend. Can I come over today?"

So Abraham said, "Sure." and Buzzy came over that day and they became good friends.

On their way to Abraham's house next time, they were fooling around and joking and Buzzy was the brunt of Abraham's jokes. Then at the house, Abraham knocked on Marty's door and when Marty said, "Who is it?," Abraham said, "Come in." and they all laughed and Abraham became the brunt of Buzzy's jokes.

February 29, 1968

This went on and more and more Abraham was the brunt of Buzzy's jokes and he couldn't stand it so he became sometimes hostile toward Buzzy and just for that one day in school, Buzzy told the teacher that Abraham was planning to do a book report on "The Many Loves of Dobie Gillis" which Abraham was reading and enjoying at the time and before he could find out Buzzy came up to him while he was on his way from the bathroom and said, "Mr. Smith says you can't report on the 'Dobie Gillis' book. Abraham got mad and said, "Why did you tell him?" and Buzzy said, "Because I was asking him for you" and Abraham said, "Fuck yerself " and didn't speak to him for 7 days but after 7 days, their friendship continued although Abraham's heart wasn't really in it.

#### v.

6th grade continued and nothing much really happened. Once a month the class held elections for class president, vice pres., and sec. and now towards the end of the year it was time for the last election. So far, everyone had gotten elected to some position except Abraham and Buzzy. Each month if Buzzy nominated Abraham, Abraham felt that by all good turns of friendship, he should nominate Buzzy. So he did and each time he did, the looks from his classmates got dirtier and dirtier till finally the whites of teeth showed.

In the last election of the year, both Abraham and Buzzy were nominated along with another girl. Since the rule was that everyone must hold a position at some time, whoever got the most votes became, pres., 2nd vice-, and 3rd sec.

It was time for the nominees to put their heads down and Abraham said to himself, "I'll show that fat balloon. I'm gonna get more votes than him."

Anyway, the girl won, Buzzy came in 2nd, and Abraham last. Luckily, Buzzy was absent that day and when he took office, he ruled Abraham with an iron hand.

Luckily also, Gregg had moved, along with his cousin, Glenn, to N. Y. C., because he would of laughed hard at Abraham during his term of office.

At the end of the year, Buzzy told Abraham that he was a fool and he didn't want to have anything to do with the likes of him and that was the end of the friendship.

#### VI.

During that summer, Abraham was sitting at the dinner table with his family and he made an announcement, "Next year, I am going to be in Junior HS where nobody knows my past and nobody knows me and I'm gonna be a new man."

"Oh, that's very good Abraham." "Oh, sounds fine, Abraham." "Whaddaya mean, new-man?" "Well, I'm gonna be popular." "Popular?"

"Hey, that's good."

"Yeah. I think I'm gonna be like Gregg." "Oh no, don't be like him."

"He's so cocky."

"Well, how then should I be?" "Be yourself."

"Start from scratch."

"Yeah-, that's hat I'm gonna do.-Be myself." "That's good Abraham."

"Yeah, that's good."

VII.

During that summer, Abraham got a letter from N. Y. C. He opened it up and it said:

"Dear Abraham,

How are you. Everything's fine in the old city here. My new teacher is worse than Mr. Smith was. I met this girl who is better than Jane Alding. Actually, living in the city isn't great but it's okay. Hope everything's fine with you and good luck in JHS next year.

Gregg"

Abraham was appalled. An actual letter from Gregg. "So he was my friend," said Abraham to himself. "He was very excited and washed the dishes with zest. "Hey!" he said to his mother. "I got a letter from Gregg!—" "Hey!" he said to his father. "I just got a letter from Gregg!"

"Harrumph," said his father because both parents didn't like Gregg too much.

Towards the end of the summer, Abraham called Gregg on the telephone and said, "How are ya?"

"Fine," said Gregg and invited him over.

The next day Mommy drove Abraham to the City to visit Gregg. They both were excited and had a wonderful time. They ate at a restaurant nearby (Gregg treated). They made phone calls to Great Neck and cursed out the people from Mr. Smith's class and called Buzzy a dirty rat. Gregg showed Abraham his new shoplifting techniques and climaxed the day with a running race to Mommy's car in which Abraham won. A good day.

Part 3

I.

On the first day of JHS, Abraham was nervous as all hell. He dressed up in nice pants and a nice shirt and kissed his mother good-bye and she said with a laughing smile, "My are you nervous." and he ran to catch the bus which he did in due time, waiting for the bus with his peers-was he nervous-were they nervous-he rode in the same seat with Robert who had known him since 5 yrs. old and they talked about the new adventure because there wasn't much else to talk about.

The bus let him off at the school and he stepped down into immense crowds of people and wondered were they all nervous? and waited in front until the bell rung and went into the auditorium which was the procedure for new students and they flashed names on a screen to tell which room to go to and Abraham went to the wrong room and filled out a lot of cards until he found out that he was the wrong Abraham and raised his hand a little embarrassed and went to the office and another Abraham had gone to the wrong room. So they straightened out and went to the right rooms where they filled out more cards until their hands hurt. Miss Leddy, the good and nice, introduced herself and dismissed them and they went home (still a little nervous).

March 2, 1968

II.

The next day Abraham went to school still nervous but not as much as the day before and stood outside the classroom quietly and slowly the other students filled the halls and sometimes bowed their

heads saying "good morning" and Abraham said it back although sometimes he wasn't sure whether to or not or if they were even talking to him in the first place.

Today, they were to meet their teachers. School started and they got their schedule cards. Then the bell rang and they said good-bye to Miss Leddy and were on their way. The first pd. was Library so they met the Librarian. Then they met their music teacher; then their math teacher (funny man); then Abraham looked at his schedule and saw that they went to lunch. So they went to lunch and sat all by himself. Then the boys and girls separated and the boys met their industrial arts teacher; then they got together again and went back to Miss Leddy for the last 2 periods for English and Social Studies.

The next day people weren't so nervous (even Abraham) and were acquainted with their teachers.

March 3, 1968

There was room for kidding around now, but Abraham was still a little nervous about it. There was one kid who had a sort of pointed head. His name was Nathan and he kidded around a lot in stupid fashion. Abraham looked around him and judged all the boys as to whether they were going to be popular or be "schmucks." He decided Nathan was a "schmuck." When they were waiting for industrial arts class to begin and Nathan started making stupid jokes and put his finger in a mechanical blade saying, "Now you see a fingernow now finger." Abraham thought that that was pretty stupid.

Annie Ted Angel Mommy

David- Judah- dormitory Gramma

Bessy Carla

Judah-bathtub-Bessy Penny (Rhonda)

Cathy-little-nursery school age Judah

Abraham- 9th grade Carlton- 1st grade

# The Rocking Chair

1967

He sat down in his rocking chair and smiled. A glass of champagne was before him sinisterly on the little table his grandfather had left him right before his death. There was a sort of silence all around. The music was about to start. The task was before him. He picked up the champagne glass in his left hand and waited. The music started. You ain't nothin' but a hound dog. Slowly he disappeared and he began to drink-just short sips at first-then gulps. He felt the alcohol tingling through his system, wild hallucinations appeared before him and he closed his eyes. Darkness developed. Now it was to begin.

Slowly he began to breathe, up went his chest, stayed there, and went down again. He threw the glass on the floor, shattering it to tiny fragments, sat back and relaxed. His smile returned as his toe tapped to you ain't nothin' but a hound dog. The chairs rocked back and forth in rhythm. He was drunk.

He sat like this for hours listening to the same song over, and over again. He hadn't had much sleep the night before. What were Jimmy and Al and the rest of the guys doing tonite. He wondered. They were probably getting drunk too-but not having as good a time as he. His breathing became faster, then heavier. As he rocked back and forth to the music, the smile disappeared once again and his mouth started turning downward into an angry frown; They probably were having fun. Let's face facts, they were probably having a hellavalot more fun than he was. But he was drunk. So what.

He arose from his chair and stepped barefoot onto the tiny fragments that were upon the floor. They all splintered into his feet, causing his wrath to stir and he went into a rage.

As I was walking down a lovely street downtown one night, I saw a man stagger from an alley, blood on his brow, hair all tousled and filthy and he wore a forlorn expression-his mouth was the forlornest I had ever seen. He staggered into the street, turned around 3 times, stopped, looked at me (his eyes were most pitiful, yet their strength was enormous), uttered a cry of, "You can't!" and collapsed. I went to his side, looked for a minute and walked away.

As I walked on, I heard screams coming from an apartment above me. it sounded as though a man and wife were arguing-or

maybe fighting. A man's voice was yelling, while a woman's was screaming. Both threw unspeakable curses at each other. I went upstairs to see to this and upon seeing their door opened, walked in.

I ducked just in time to save myself from being hit with an ash tray. I figured this wasn't good, so I stepped up to them with my hands up and said, "Hold it. Stop. Kiss. Shake hands. Do something." I noticed the man was holding a large butcher knife. Then the lady shouted, "Mind your own business." I walked out and heard a loud scream behind me.

By this time he was on his knees crying. He had tried to cut his wrists with a razor blade but, as much as he'd rifled through the room, he could not find one. He had taken to screaming, and all kinds of hellish things. He was sprawled on the floor now panting, his breathing becoming weaker and weaker. Screams enveloped him from all sides. "Go to Hell!" rang in his ears. Actually the record player had stopped long ago, but the music still went on around him. You ain't nothin' but a hound dog repeated itself to him. He reached for the rocker, trying desperately to grab it.

I stood around the apartment house, thinking of what I had just seen. By and by I dozed off on a step. I don't remember exactly what I was dreaming of, but I was awakened by a soft whisper which gave my ear the sensation of being tickled by a feather. The noise had stopped.

Where was Petunia? Why had she left him?

I looked up at the window for a few minutes and pondered the situation.

Why were these people being so mean to him? Why had Jimmy and Al, his best friends for years, forsaken him like that.

I finally decided to go up. I moved slowly, a little scared of the whole thing.

Why were people fighting tonite? He cried. He could not think of any other comfortable place but his rocking chair.

Slowly I approached the apartment-step by step-inch by inch. The minutes were drawing closer. I wondered what I'd find there.

The door was opened just as before. I entered and saw the place surprisingly lifeless. It looked fairly neat. The dishes were placed on their proper shelves. The ash trays were all neatly placed on their respective tables. There were no signs of life anywhere, though. I looked around some more and-all of a sudden, I heard a series of short, desperate pants and whispers, climaxed by a satisfied sigh. I looked in the direction of this noise and saw a door-Just 1 door. That was all their was. Slowly I approached it-Slowly my hand raised itself and touched the knob-slowly I turned it and opened the door.

At first I saw nothing. Then, towards the left where the door had been hiding my view, I saw a man slumped forward in a rocking chair. His hair was tousled and he looked as though he had just been through Hell. Upon lifting his head, I saw that his expression confirmed this. Yet, there was kind of a contented smile behind it all. I slapped him a few times, asking what the matter was.

He came to life and sort of looked at me in the eye, crying. This was brought to hysterics. "What's the matter, chap?" I asked. "What is it?" There were just hysterics. "What is it? Come, now. I'm your friend."

He looked at me and started to answer, "Why am I —?" he started. "Why am I a —?—I ain't nothin'.—I just ain't nothin'!" He started screaming, "I AIN'T NOTHI N'!—I AIN'T NOTHIN; I

AIN'T NOTHIN' BUT—." He looked up at me and a smile came to his lips. Then he spoke calmly. "I ain't nothing but a hound dog!" I immediately took it that he had an inferiority complex and made short plans to help him, but it was too late. He slumped forward and onto the floor. Then I heard a big "bang bang" from behind a closet door, and out came some people yelling joyfully. "Surprise! Surprise!" I saw Al and Jimmy and the man and wife who had been fighting (they were holding hands). Every one was happy and yelled, "Surprise!" some more. I'd been kneeling at His side. I looked up and said, "What do you mean?"

"What's the matter?" asked Al.

"What's wrong with Ralph?" He paused a minute. "What's wrong with him?"

"He's dead," I said, stood up and walked out, downstairs and onto the street. "Some joke," I murmured.

# Flamboyant Merchant

December 28, 1967

I had seen many things happen in that town. The babies turned to men and women to wives though nothing much exciting happened. Then came the night that will long be remembered by no one except me and maybe a few others. I can recall myself sitting in the Barrel House Saloon whooping it up with the rest of the boys. We were all singing songs merrily when suddenly everyone stopped and a stranger was standing in the door.

# A Review of "Yellow Submarine" With a Twist of Lemon

1967

I have always liked cartoons. Until recently, one of my favorite activities used to be getting up early on Saturday mornings and watching cartoons. This was before the recent screwing of Saturday morning cartoons. When I was very small, I used to get turned on by Farmer Gray, black and white, cheap animation, same plot (those darned cats), and mostly music for sound (with an occasional "beep" or "meow"). When I became a little older, I would n't be satisfied unless the cartoon had "real" sound (talking) and the animation was better (and sometimes had color). This was getting into more of a Walt Disney type vein, although Walt Disney never really did too much for me. As I got older, I was entertained by more or less "real people" such as Howdy Doody and Pinkie Lee. These were nonetheless still cartoons to me; the only difference was that they were not animated.

Gabby Hayes was an old cowboy. On television, he used to come on looking kind of like Santa Claus. He would talk and look at his Quaker Oats (that he was going to eat later on because it made him big and strong), and then he would pour them into this big cannon, say one two three (or Quaker Puff-Quaker Hoo-Yabba dabba dabba doo) or something like that and shoot the cannon so all these explosive Quaker oats would hit me in the face. I like that. Then he would show a serious cowboy film that I could never get into so everyday I would watch him shoot off his cannon and turn him off when the cowboy movie came on. (Sometimes I would watch the whole thing if there was nothing else on and absolutely nothing else to do just to see Gabby in between commercial breaks.)

Later on, horror movies had the same effect. I dug watching the monster go around destroying. The cartoon effect was great.

I gave up cartoons for awhile when I watched "Rock Around the Clock." "Jailhouse Rock," and "Loving You." "Rock Around the Clock," starring Bill Haley and the Comets, was not too good, but I enjoyed Elvis Presley movies, although they did not have any cartoon effect on me, perhaps because they were in black and white, but I doubt it. Something held me to attend these movies, and little did I know that after awhile I would get into them (it would take years)

and they would become the greatest cartoon of all.

Now I am much older and after seeing thirty Presley movies, I can say that they form the greatest cartoon I have ever seen. There is a formula applied to each of these, and you must put them all together with the formula:

Presley is out of sight. Presley makes girls swoon. Presley sneers.

Presley fights. Presley sings.

Presley moves in rhythm to song (very distinctive quality) Presley is hero (superman)

Presley is clean cut all American boy (used to be hood but army straightened him out. Never smokes, drinks, or curses (or screws women). Only fights for good. Very rarely will get to kiss girl. Usually interrupted.)

Presley gets girl at end.

Presley sings happy song at end.

This all must be understood when viewing an Elvis Presley movie. There is one other very important part of this formula: Nothing makes sense in an Elvis Presley movie. (Duh - hey, where is the orchestration coming from - the trees? Haw haw haw!!) In "Paradise Hawaiian Style" he's in a helicopter



with a little girl and she asks if they're on a date. They start talking about dates and sing a song called "Datin'." In "Girl Happy" and "Viva Las Vegas," when he tries to pick up a girl (leading lady), he just whips out his guitar and starts singing "Hey I'm out of sight come on with me" or words to that effect. I have viewed many Presley movies with antiPresley friends who say before each song, "Oh no - I'm afraid he's going to sing again."

The formula is applied in many ways. At the end of "Paradise Hawaiian Style," for example, he gets the girl and just as he is about to kiss her, one thousand natives charge in between them and start playing conga drums. Does Presley go back to kissing her. Are you kidding? *<Presley is out of sight!>* He jumps on the tallest conga drum, starts wiggling his hips and sings happy songs. The End. In "Live a Little Love a Little," based on a Dan Greenburg novel (How to be a Jewish Mother), it is fun to watch him include a fight scene which has nothing to do with the book, but after all there has to be a Presley brawl so he just marches into a factory and the workers pounce on him and there you have the Presley brawl.

There are always corny attempts at humor in Elvis Presley movies which never go over but are so bad that they're good which is to say that it is a kind of camp.

When Elvis went into the army, the public needed someone to take his place. The substitution was supplied in the form of several bad imitations such as Fabian, Frankie Avalon, and Paul Anka, who couldn't sing at all. Isn't it funny that when Presley came back, these imitations died right out. However, even afterwards, the imitations were put into movies and teenagers were fed garbage in the form of beach party movies. These movies followed a formula, but it was very dull. It lacked the "(Presley is) out of sight" and tried to make tough heroes out of faggots like Frankie Avalon. ("If you're lookin' for trouble, ya came to the right place!" - "Haw haw haw - oh go get lost, kid - ah ya muddah wears suspendahs.") Girls should faint over this creep?

(I made a grave error of identifying those creeps together with Elvis and I didn't see these or Presley movies for a while. I did go back to Presley when I realized that he was really "out of sight.")

Music always changes and was changing then toward a more calmed down, controlled, commercial vein like Del Shannon and the Four Seasons. Hot rod and surfing songs from The Beach Boys and Jan and Dean were coming on strong. Presley was on top for awhile but sort of died down. The King was less heard from and teenagers were ready for a new phenomenon. Let us say that Elvis Presley went into semi-retirement and bowed down to see what his domain would fall into. Be sure to understand that he was still the King and had not been overthrown.

The domain fell into the hands of four faggots from England called the Beatles - mind you - it took four of them to replace him. They started the thing all over again. Presley's grease of the fifties had started a generation of grease and leather jackets which was found in rock'n roll singers that followed. The Beatles' long hair and pacifism started a generation of hippy-types and peace. While Presley said "Everybody rock!" the Beatles said "Everybody love!" Isn't that darling? I would go along with the following formula:

Rock = Rock (and nothing else) Presley's Rock = Love (vibration wise)

A short while ago, I decided to see what hands the domain had fallen into, as I sent to see "Yellow Submarine," a cartoon starring the Beatles. Yes - it was - just like Frankie Avalon and Fabian - an Elvis Presley movie without Elvis Presley. It was disguised and camouflaged very well, though, behind psychedelic colors and visual effects.

The movie starts in Pepperland where the Blue Meanies defeat the good residents. One captain survives and hops into the yellow submarine. Thus the credits begin with the Beatles singing "Yellow Submarine." Boy, does this make one feel good - gives me

good chills all over - though I've felt ten times better when hearing Elvis sing about the title of the films during the credits of his movies. ("I really felt ecstatic in "Live a Little Love a Little" when he sang about how this is a "Wonderful World.")

The captain lands in Liverpool and goes to the Beatles' house. Now all the Beatles fans can see how they live. They are very rich. They live in a big, rich house. Oh boy. Crazy things happen in the house.

The Beatles really know how to live. Oh boy. Presley is richer, you know. Presley has never stooped so low.

The Beatles go with the captain into the yellow submarine and have a long journey which is the meat of the picture. There's not much of a plot involved here, but most Presley movies never had much of a plot either. The idea is to show the Beatles as out of sight, beautiful people - their whole trip. It's the whole Presley scene again, only camouflaged under funny colors.

They meet a crazy cat called Boob. Man, he's a real crazy cat - Presley does it all the time. Bernice Baby (the leading lady of "Live a Little Love a Little") is a crazy cat, too, only there is more involved. She is a woman - as I said, Presley has a formula. Of course, Presley gets her in the end - Presley always gets the girl at the end. (In "Spinout", he marries three girls in the end.)

At times, I said to myself, "Oh no, they're going to sing again." For example, when they meet the Boob, they talk about him and say "Hey, he's nowhere." - "Yeah, he's a real nowhere man." Then they go into the song, "Nowhere Man." The lead into it is exactly as Presley has been doing for years. Of course, Beatles fans don't mind this just as I didn't mind it in Presley movies. Still, they're both the same. The only difference is in the music.

There are the same corny attempts at humor for which Presley is kind of famous: When they first get into the sub, one Beatle says "This is smooth, hey?" or something like that. Then another Beatle comes up through the floor and says "Not when you're on the bottom." (hahaha); they see a cyclops - "Hey, must be a cyclops" - "But it has two eyes" - "Then must be a bicyclops!" (haha).

Presley refers to songs he's done outside his movies. In Spinout, they're sitting around the picnic table; somebody spills his milk; Presley says "Aw, you ain't nothin' but a hound dog." Of course, the Beatles must do this too. Ringo says, "He's got a half of a hole in his pocket." John asks "What's he going to do with half a hole?" Paul says "Fix it to keep his mind from wandering," which is quoted from a song done previous to the movie, "Fixing a Hole."

An essential part of a Presley movie is *Elvis the hero - Elvis*

*the mechanic*. He will stand up straight with his arms folded and tell

his "sidekick" that the stupid thing he's done was very stupid and he could give him a punch in the mouth but Elvis has ever-abounding patience so he remains calm about the whole thing. The Beatles (all four of them) do this when the Boob loses the sub ("You know, Boob, that wasn't a very wise thing to do (I say, old chap)."). They do the whole super mechanic thing, too. How many times has Presley lifted the hood on a lady's car and tried to fix it, only to have his finger burnt and respond with a "Hot damn!" and let it go at that. George does the same thing when the sub's motor conks out. He burns his finger and says "I think I burnt m'finger" and lets it go at that. This is an up-to-date Presley, but the original is better. (I'd rather hear "I'm a man" by Bo Diddley than by the Yardbirds. I'd rather watch Laurel and Hardy than The Three Stooges or Jerry Lewis) I could be a comparative Presley adult in a new Beatle generation and the argument could be put forth for Frank Sinatra or Bing Crosby because they actually started the line-up. Yet, Presley started the rock'n'roll of which the Beatles were an outgrowth. Frank Sinatra and Bing Crosby (who make movies which are cartoons to their fans) did not have anything to do with this.

During "Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds," they show animated satires of funky people like an old vaudeville song and dance team. Presley could have fit into this scene very beautifully, rubber legs wobbling, hips wiggling, and lips twitching into defiant sneers. (It still wouldn't have been as nice as Presley himself, although Fred Astaire movies are also fun to watch in silence.)

Toward the "climax," the Beatles reach Pepperland and the excitement of their journey falls down. They meet the captain, who says "You can sing - yes - you can sing these people into life again." This is comparable to the down scene in "Jailhouse Rock" where Presley has lost his voice and might never be able to sing again. Then he sings the final number.

The Beatles start singing. The battle against the Meanies starts. They shall overcome them with song, just like Elvis does in "Harem Scarum" where he defeats Arabs, lions, tigers, and assassins with song; just like he does in "Blue Hawaii", "Girl Happy", and "Harem Scarum", when he is in jail. (The

Presley jail scene is now classic. When you hear a down blues song on a soundtrack album from one of his movies, you can bet that he's singing it from a jail cell.)

They jump on a giant hat and sing their final songs, just like Presley and the giant conga drum in "Paradise Hawaiian Style." It takes them four or five songs to defeat the Meanies, while it only takes Presley one song (and sometimes, just one punch could do it). ("Presley always sings a song at the end." Even after he is dead, in

"Love Me Tender," the picture goes up to the sky where you see him strumming his guitar and singing.) The final song has a pied piper effect in "Yellow Submarine," as it does in all Presley movies. But the Beatles can't just conquer with song alone - they need to employ "LOVE" - "All You Need Is LOVE" - big letters across the screen: LOVE - Blue Meanies hit in the face with LOVE - this tells their whole story. Just as Presley's first movies told his story - of a boy becoming a rock'n'roll star - this movie tells of the Beatles and their whole LOVE trip. ("Yes, I do say old chap, we are good and we say everybody LOVE! - jolly good, hey?") - ("Hey man, uuuuhh, if yer lookin' for trouble, ya came ta da right place! I'm tough and I say everybody ROCK!!")

Presley could even be identified with the Meanies. He's certainly no (love) faggot. He don't need no flower. All he has to do is punch the Beatles (or the Meanies) (or both) in the nose, and sing "Happy Ending" (the final song from "It Happened at the World's Fair"). Everybody screams and claps their hands in a happy frenzy. Now, that's a movie.

I noticed the audience laughing (intellectually). Let us not forget that they are the Mass, and the Mass has ever been too smart. They are the same mass that attended Elvis Presley movies in 1957. They just found something better - new advances? Maybe one day they'll learn. I hope so. - Things are always better in the raw.

# The Baseball Game

September 27, 1968

I sat at the desk with my arm under my chin and thought about the nothing to do except that across the street they were playing baseball big league style. "Yes ...}" I thought "I shall attend the baseball game - and I shall cheer and eat peanuts and drink beer and stand up and be counted and yell when everyone yells and boo when everyone boos and I shall have one hell of a time." So I got up and went across the street to the big baseball stadium and asked questions about how to go in and where to sit.

"Well, first you gotta buy a ticket."

Okay, I was on my way. Gee whiz, but I hadn't been to a baseball game in three years and it could've proved quite thrilling.

A kid (little boy) approached me and asked "Hey, you wanna buy a box seat?"

"How much?" "Two dollars." "How come?"

"'Cause I gotta sell papers." "What's a box seat?"

"Huh? (??) - Best seat in the house right near home plate." "Okay," I bought the ticket, asked directions on how to get

in, and went in. ("Oh boy oh boy oh boy.")

The people looked at me funny (I'd heard about these people) (but I didn't care ho-ho). I asked the usher where my seat was and he yelled at me and sat me between two men who were yelling at the pitcher and had to move their coats and (I couldn't tell) didn't like me so after about two minutes I got up and sat near the bleachers where there was nobody except a scattered few, including the janitor and up front some guys (with wives and nine kids each at home) who were drunk on beer or getting there and I asked the janitor who was the good guys and who was the bad guys (who wore white and who wore blue) and he laughed and asked "Don't you know nothin' 'bout baseball?," but he told me and I said "Thank you." I went to get some peanuts and came back and offered him some but he didn't want any (I could've also offered him a cigarette if I wanted to but I decided not to).

The game kept going on and try as I did I couldn't bring myself to yell or cheer and became sort of disappointed in myself.

"Maybe you want a beer?," I suggested. "Yeah maybe, all right." I got up and bought myself a beer, drank it, and sat back down.

But I still didn't feel like cheering. The guys in front of me were cheering. They were even singing Happy Birthday to the right fielder who just tipped his hat (this was the nineteenth time this year that they had to sing Happy Birthday to him and they still hadn't hit it yet - yuk yuk).

I was disappointed in the whole night because I was disappointed in myself and I wanted to go home. I blank stared the field for a while and thought, which was nice, so all wasn't lost. Then I decided to get another beer. "Gimme a beer!" That's how I had to say it or else they wouldn't serve me. I took it aside and drank slowly while the guys who had sat in front all came along and put their elbows along the beer bar and sang songs. They sang songs that I sang to myself sometimes so I watched them and tapped my foot and hands in rhythm and after awhile started doing a jig and it was better than the baseball game and (I liked it) I sang along until they saw me and got mad and threatened to beat me up so I giggled weakly and sat back down with my janitor friend and watched the game and thought more and - HOME RUN!!!

"Yayyy!!!!"

"C'mon C'mon!!!!"

"Le's go!!!"

"All right!!!" "Goody Goody"

And those guys ran in, threw their hats and shirts, screamed, and rooted and cheered.

Everyone in the stadium stood up and screamed - except me. I just sat there - ha - and Looked - ha ha ha - at the people - ha ha hoo ha ha - and started laughing - Hah Hah HA HO HO - and laughed and laughed and - "What! - why is he laughing -" and before I knew it - ha ha ho - a big crowd - shut up - stop that laughing - around me looking grim and stern (with hatred in they-ah ahs) and the cop came and escorted me out - ho ho - by the arm - ha ha ha ha ha.

# BREAKFAST IS AN UNNECESSARY DISTRACTION.

Undated

It costs time.

Now Andy - Come on. go back and stay in the room. You know that breakfast is an unnecessary distraction. Just because that Nescafe decaffeinated and that sugar roll they give you at the Play sounds good, so does going out and playing with the children or swimming in the beach or anything else.

Everytime you go out for breakfast, you always come back and say 'I'm gonna have to stop doing that. It's an unnecessary distraction.' Even when you have something in your room in the morning, you say that. It stays in your stomach, makes you sweat, & for the rest of the morning, sometimes rest of the day, you're sorry that you went. You always say you'll stop going Mariana. Well *Today is Mariana*. So don't go.

Just because the others do it, you don't have to do it. There are also some that don't, ya know. Since when do you need early breakfasts. The others are not you.

You know you feel so much better when you stay in all day

& just round the way you should so when you get outta here you'll be that much better (real great) and you can eat breakfast everyday then. Please, be one-pointed, be good to yourself, take off your clothes and continue rounding. Really and truly you'll be glad you did, Andy. Round as much as possible! Don't waste time! Then Let *success* come galloping to you.

Love,

Andy

"Rounding" is a term from "Transcendental Meditation." By way of definition, it is similar to sets of exercises.

The original handwritten manuscript of this story is on display at Planet Hollywood in Caesar's Palace, Atlantic City, New Jersey.

# H

November 15, 1970

Robert loved Ellen. So he did a thing with Louise. They went to the movies. They had a soda. They rode the bus together with his arm around her. All to figure out the problem.

And they ended up at his apartment. In bed. Hugging. Nude. Sprawled between the sheets. Having fun. All to figure out the problem. Together (?) Which was how to catch Ellen. For Robert.

"Well," he said, after an exciting prone dance (together). "What should we do?"

"Well," she answered, looking into his eyes with nevertheless admiration for his manhood. "You can ask her if she knows where you can buy a new television set."

"Wow! That's great!" and he kissed her, so hard with such affection and they danced some more.

But of course she didn't know where he could buy a new television set and thought she was crazy so they continued their thing.

"Oh, Louise! She thinks I'm crazy," he cried.

"Don't worry," she said as she fondled his head and caressed him comfortably. "Everything will work out."

"Gee, I hope so."

"Just keep a stiff upper lip and she'll be awe-struck." "Really? Gee, thanks."

So he walked around with a stiff upper lip and she was right.

LOUISE

(uppee!)

(yayyy!)

what yes!

LOUISE LOUISE!!!!

Something to tell you!

Tonight at the apartment they were in bed, finished their dance. "Well, what happened?" she asked.

"I took your advice. I kept a stiff upper lip. She came up to me today. Said 'I like your stiff upper lip.'"

"Really?"

"Yup! Isn't that great!?"

"Yeah." She looked downward. Became sober. "What's the matter? – Louise?"

"I'm really happy for you Robert."

"Thanks. I could never have done it without your moral support." "Yeah, yeah. It was a pleasure. Listen, I think I'd better be going."

"Okay."

But they danced one more time. Vigorously. (Pregnantly.) She left. They kissed. For a long time.

I LOVE YOU

waved bye-bye

And never saw each other again. Robert loved Ellen. They lived happily ever after.

(Louise cried.)

# Genesis

April 12, 1972

In the beginning, Eliza and Jim Richards created Larry. Now Larry was a baby, just born, and all he knew was discontent and hunger. He would do nothing but cry, sleep, and eat. Eliza and Jim were always with him, raising him as a good boy should be raised. They gave him manners, humility, and all that he should have.

Larry was a good boy as he grew up. A very sweet person he turned out. Eliza and Jim were proud, and when they saw his actions with others, they knew that they had raised him right.

As Larry grew up, many things happened. There was the time when he was on his way to school. He saw the store that sold his favorite kind of candy. He went in, looked around, and picked up a bar. Just then, a friend walked in. "Hello Larry," said the friend.

"Oh, hi," replied Larry. "And how are you?" "Fine."

Larry's friend picked up a candy bar, brought it to the counter, and paid for it. "I'll be seeing you," he said.

"Okay," said Larry. He picked up the bar and went out of the store without paying.

School started at nine o'clock and it was three minutes before nine when he left the store. When he was finished racing for the school door, he realized that he hadn't paid for the candy bar that had tasted so good, so he left the building.

"Where do you think you're going," called Mr. Gillford, the school principal.

Larry became frightened and started running. He ran from the school with speed he had never used before, and he ended up at the candy store. He kept thinking as to what he should do. He could not go back to school, at least today, because Mr. Gillford would be annoyed. He could go into the store and pay his debt, but he was too afraid for embarrassment. He surely could not go back home, for what would his parents think, the ones who created him, if he was home when he should have been in school. He did not know what to do, so he traveled north. The large, beautiful mountain was in front of him, now, and he could see the green

and wonderful trees rising up the mountain.

"What am I waiting for?" he thought to himself and with that, he started climbing. It was a long, hard climb and he had some troubles on the way.



# The Entertainer

April 12, 1972

"Hello, I'm the Queen of Comedy and I'd like to tell you about a great new discovery which really isn't that funny.

"Y'know, when I was in the hospital recuperating from my nose job, my husband was so relieved that he went out to eat every night. When I came home, he was so happy to see me that he fainted. "But no kiddin', my cooking is so bad that in my house,

everyone goes on a diet at Thanksgiving.

"Now that's how it was until I discovered new "Bake it and Like it" baking mix. Boy, let me tell ya, now it's a pleasure to cook. All I do is take whatever I want to cook - meat, poultry, fish, vegetables, or even rice - place it in the "Bake it and Like it" jar, shake for a minute, place it in the oven at 350° Fahrenheit for 15 minutes, take it out, and eat. There's no seasoning necessary, and it takes absolutely delicious. Even my husband loves it. Now, come next Thanksgiving, as we're eating old Tom Turkey, we'll really have something to be thankful for. Remember "Bake it and Like it". Get some today. You'll love it."

The kitchen was enormous. The maids were perched at their ovens, each singing a song of lament. The lead cooks of each department paced up and down behind his row of ovens, each tended to by the plump mistresses resembling Aunt Jemimas. One head cook was looking at the five ovens that were cooking the vegetables. Another was looking over the potatoes. And another was overseeing the cranberry sauce, while another saw to the stuffing, and last but not least, there was the head cook of turkey. For the head cook of each category mentioned, there were about five ovens, each tended by a mistress. Not all the food was to be used, however. For example, there were, let's say, five turkeys being cooked. Whichever came out the best would be served at the big table. The others would either be taken home by the individual members of the kitchen staff, or be thrown out. The same happened with all the other foods.

The supervisor was running around like a chicken with his head cut off. "C'mon! C'mon! Let's get a move on! Is the fruit cup ready? Well, C'MON! GET THE FRUIT CUP READY!!!!"

The machine made a lot of noise. Very hard on the ears.

Some of the men were able to use them. Like a pogo stick. Others had to use just regular hammers. Ditch had to use just a regular hammer. That's why they called him Ditch the Digger, or Ditch Digger for short.

When he had first begun the job, he had very much wanted to use the big noisy machines, so they let him try it. He was a very big man. Much bigger than the others. Much bigger than the dumb ol' machine. His massive frame approached it. He encircled it a few times, and finally jumped upon it, being bucked from it like a bronco. He tried again. This time he stayed on, large muscles rippling in the sun. He couldn't stand it though. This didn't require strength. It required skill. But he couldn't stand it in front of the other guys. After all, he was the biggest of them all. Sometimes he'd felt like screaming. He couldn't stand it. He'd gone home, screamed "Honey I'm home!"

"Oh, hello dear."

"Don't 'll.EAR'. me!" he would exclaim, and proceed to yell at her. After a week of this, he and his wife couldn't stand it any-

more." You must quit the machine, darling."

"ALL RIGHT -AND DON'T DARL... all right, dear, I will."

So after one week of the ear splitting machine, he went back to the just plain hammer, where he stayed, but was so overwhelmed by that week of the machine that he still comes home yelling at his wife, catching himself occasionally and lowering his voice.

"WELL WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOIN', PLAYIN'

TIDDLY WINKS?" The supervisor's face was red. But they were used to it. They were aware of his reminder of punctuality but looked like they ignored him. One mistress, named Bessie, would sometimes get flustered and would say "All righty allright. Ah'm not runnin' bah 'lectricity, y'know."

"C'MON, C'MON! HURRY UP."

Sometimes the lead cooks would joke about the supervisor's nervous attitude among themselves. They didn't talk to the mistresses, except Cream O'Wheat. He pricked Bessie's behind and drooled. "Get yo' hands offa me fo' al slap you upside de haid," she hollered, jovially.

"Where's that Moe Tuck." "Where is that Moe Tuck."

"Look at this. It's 6:00. Where is dat Moe Tuck." The supervisors were all ready and waiting.

"Whose idea was it to give him kitchen duty on Thanksgiving."

"It was me."

"Why Thanksgiving? You know how slow he is. Why'd ya take a chance like that?"

"I didn't know."

"You didn't know. Now we'll all be in for it if he doesn't come out soon."

"He hasn't had kitchen duty for a year almost."

"So why wouldn't it be tomorrow, or next week. Why an important holiday?"

There were twelve of them. They sat around the table twiddling their thumbs, waiting. Some were blank stares. Others were more grins and impatient. They were running only a little late, but supervisors were usually chosen for their sense of punctuality so they were nervous. Finally the bell on the door shook, the head supervisor pushed the buzzer, the door opened, and in walked the supervisor of the kitchen, Moe Tuck, with the fruit cans.

April 14, 1972

Belba Fuzo was born short and pudgy with a mustache, although he was not to stay that way for long. One day he would thin out and be short and skinny.

When he first appeared, all the doctors and nurses laughed, because they'd never seen a baby with a mustache before. But then they started to think it was quite pathetic, imagine this little baby going through life with a short, pudgy, black mustache. "Eeeuu" they said, sneering.

Of course his mother loved him and thought he was cute. "You are the father a baby boy."

"Oh—Oh!—Gee whiz!—Can I-see 'im?"

"**Sure.**"

But when Belba's dady saw this, he was upset. "No son of mine is gonna have a mustache. Over my dead body!"

"But honey." "Don't honey me."

But try as they may

the mustached was to stay.

They cut and cut and clipped and shaved, but it wouldn't come off. But the baby didn't cry. He just looked and wondered.

April 30, 1972

"Mmm..... delicious," said a supervisor.

"Yes? Let me have a taste" cried another one. "I don't know. I think it needs something."

Most of the supervisors were pleased. All except one liked the fruit cup, and even he thought it was all right, but it had to be perfect unanimity.

"Send it back," ordered the chairman. "Yes sir," said Moe Tuck dejectedly.

"Wait a minute," suggested another. "Mr. Chairman?" "Yes?"

"I realize that every dish must be perfect, but it is equally important to be punctual. Is it not?"

"Yes, it is."

"Well then, I really don't think we have much time to be rejecting things on the basis of their petty imperfections."

The chairman stood silent for a while, and cleared his throat. "My good man," he began. "Let me make one thing perfectly clear! The main purpose of our job is to see that everything runs smoothly and that she gets the proper food, is it not?"

"Yes," mumbled a chorus.

"We are to see that every morsel of food that goes past us is in the light of extreme perfection."

"Uh-huh!"

"Yes!" ("Amen!")

"Come on!" called the supervisor who was assigned to the dining room. He came to the door, talking in a stage whisper. "What's taking so long? They're all getting restless. They're waiting for the fruit cup."

"All right, all right." The supervisor turned to his fellow men. "However, in light of the circumstances, this time we will make an exception."

"Yes! Yes!"

"Send in the fruit cups!"

("Hallelujah!") May 2, 1972

The years passed, and Belba grew older. After awhile he was able to play in his playpen. The relatives and friends all came to see him. "My, how cute," they would say.

"Oh yes, he's adorable."

So they would all sit around the living room in assorted easy chairs and with this strange little baby with the mustache.

Belba would sit in the middle of his playpen and go "gaga."

"Ha-ha," they would laugh.

"Ga Ga - Did ya hear that? He said ga-ga."

"What, Phyllis? I didn't hear. What did he say?"

"Oh, ga-ga. — Ha-ha-ha! Ga-ga. My, my!"

Then he might give out a "goo-goo", but only if they were a responsive bunch. When he did, though, it sent them reelking back in their chairs.

"Goo-goo?! Oh no! — Haw-haw-haw!"

hitting their foreheads.

Then he would remain sitting in the middle of the playpen and pick up a rattle. He'd look it over, making little baby noises. Everyone would sit silently, thinking how cute, sometimes whispering.

"How cute."

Then he'd say softly, "Ga ga goo goo gee ga ga," and giggle.

A little laughter from the audience. "Ga ga go gee goo ga ga."

More laughter.

He looked around to appraise the audience. Were they with it? Were they responsive enough? Yes, they were a good lot. He shook his rattle and sang in rhythm:

"Ga go goo goo gee ga ga ga ga go gee goo ga ga ga go goo gee go go ga ga gaga go go ga ga goo - - -

They clapped. They loved it. They wanted more. They hadn't seen nothin' yet.

He put down his rattle, and picked himself up, using the railing of the playpen. Then he bent down and gathered his rattle, and stepped into the middle. So there he was, standing in the center of his playpen. This alone drew sighs of "ooh" and "aah". His mother was so proud. Then he started shaking his rattle. Then started chanting "Gaga goo goo gee gee, etc."), but then started to dance. It was like an Indian dance. So while he chanted his song, he danced and rattled. Everyone gasped at first and remained on the edge of their seats. He started adding words

like "Hubba hubba

hubba hubba

and danced in a circle, covering his mouth with short staccato slaps and making high sounds like "Woo-woowoo-woo, woo-woo-woo-woo"

and looked like one of the natives on the island of Kong.

All the relatives just clapped their Indian rhythms. It wasn't too bad for them. It was soft, rhythmic, and cute. They smiled broadly. Belba was having fun. He stopped his dance and almost fell over, dropped his rattle, and stumbled over to the edge of the playpen, smiling to expose his toothless gums.

"Cootchie cootchie goo!" talked Grandma. "Ga ga" he said. Everyone felt grand. They sat there, waiting

for his next move. He started wiggling his mustache. This set them into hysterics. So he just stood there and wiggled his mustache for a few minutes while everyone laughed, but then they began to realize that here was this little child who was wiggling his very own mustache, and they all went "Eeeuu," and sneered.

And the child just looked and wondered. He should have quit while he was ahead.

May 30, 1972

The people in the village square all walked when the light said "WALK." They would all wait at the corner and watch the cars go by and then the light would say "STOP" to the cars and "WALK" to the people so then the people who were driving their cars would wait and watch the pedestrians. They came in all kinds. There were fat people, small people, skinny people, tall people, ugly people, pretty people, smart people, and dumb people. The boys liked it because there were a lot of pretty girls wearing sexy dresses or tight pants.

One girl was Mary. Mary had a pretty face - very clear and smooth and blue eyes sympathetically shining. However, one could not tell if she was short or tall because one of her legs was short and the other was tall. This was all right except for when she walked her whole body contorted, making her appear as a freak, which she was actually, and it was kind of embarrassing to look at her so no one watched her except out of the corner of their eyes to sneak a peak because she was interesting but everyone pretended not to see her, just to be polite, of course.

have any friends.

- o yes of course - so she didn't

# Untitled

June 28, 1972

(Really 29, after 12:00 midnight)

"What is the meaning of this?" asked the lieutenant sternly, seeing the clothes scattered all over the room. The frightened soldier just glanced upward, not making a sound, half covering himself with a towel and underwear, expression resembling a dog that has done wrong and knows it looking pleadingly at his master. "Just what's going on here? - Get on your feet, soldier!"

The soldier moved slowly at first. "I SAID ON YER FEET!"

He stood up and saluted.

"Why, I've never seen anything like this. There'd better be an explanation. —" He waited. "Well? —" The soldier said nothing. "Well, is there?"

There was a pause. The lieutenant stared at the soldier.

Finally the soldier spoke. "What sir?" he asked meekly. An explanation, and it had better be a good one!"

They both waited, staring into each other's eyes. Then the soldier punched him in the stomach and left.

# Untitled

March 19, 1974

Clara Bergman was taking her trash to the incinerator in the middle of the day. She hobbled along with the garbage bag in one arm while she opened the chute with the other, threw it down, and hobbled along back to her apartment. "Oh deah," she said as she found the door locked. It happened automatically every time the door was shot; a device which she had installed after several incidents of senile forgetfulness whereby she would render unnecessary the use of her key in entering the apartment after a day of stopping or visiting her great grandchildren for the weekend, due to the absent-minded incident of not remembering to lock the door.

She went inside and quickly inspected her new cashmere furniture, couch, dining table, and desk, and went on into the bedroom, clicked on the new color TV, and lay down to relax. "Ah!" she exclaimed in relief, got up and went to the bathroom to relieve herself for a half hour; a usual procedure, returned to the bed and watched the game shows.

The porter was downstairs checking out everyone who came into the building. He stood a little bit outside the front door facing the city. People walked by. Cold. No acknowledgement of his necessary presence. A tip of the hat? Nothing from the crowd. Some high school kids were playing. Walked by. "Top o' the morning to you," one of them said jestingly.

"Get outta here." "Buh huh...."

"Go on, go home," was his reply.

The buzzer rang. Clara Bergman got up. "Yes. ... Oh yes, Charley."

"A mister Plamonium to see you, Mizz Bergman." "Who?"

"A Mister Pla -Pla - mon - nium."

"Oh yes. Thank you, Charley. Send him right up."

Shortly there came a knock, and a stately young man entered the apartment. "Mrs. Bergman?"

"Yes."

"How do you do? Ralph Plamonium. Pleased to meet you." "A pleasure."

"Mrs. Bergman . . ."

"Yes."

"I'm here to make you an offer." One day.

The rain was

A few days later The sun arose

Her twinkling eyes Aaaarrgghhh

hello Mr. Palmonium "Now that's more like it." "Why, what do you mean?"

"I mean you have finally made your way with . . ." One day.

A few days later The rain drops dripped

"Okay, okay."

"Because, grandma, things are not the way they used to be." "Yes, right away."

"Now don't be smart with me grandma. Just think about it." "Okay okay."

"Mizz Bergman, hear anothah robbery upstairs." "My gosh, Charley. How did they ever get in." "Beats me, too, Mizz Bergman. Beats me."

"Grandma, I'm telling ya, get more protection! Otherwise, they're going to rob you too."

"Now now, child. Don't get so upset. If you fear it happening, it happens. If you trust in good, then nothing bad can come."

And that was her attitude toward life. That her trust in mankind was what pulled her through. To her, the kin were worry warts. So they bought her a burglar alarm. And her best friend Harriet bought her an extra lock. And she said "Oy vey is mir. They worry so much, bless them." And went shaping, not using these utilities bug leaving the door wide open in good natured defiance to prove a point.

And then she went away on a two week vacation and left the door open. When she returned, she inspected the new couch, table, desk, bed, and T.V. Nothing had been taken.

Then she went on a six week cruise excursion to Bermuda, leaving her apartment door again wide open. When she returned, upon inspecting all her belongings, again she found that everything was intact.

Repeatedly she did this, demonstrating to her friends and relatives her point that if you had full trust in humanity, nothing bad could happen. Her relatives were angry, though. "Grandma, stop being so crazy."

"Oh, come on, child, don't be so nervous."

She left it open when she went out for the day. When she went away for weeks at a time.

Then one day, she went on a six month cruise around the world. Of course, this would be the test. She left the door wide open to the protests of her grandchildren. But when she returned, she found the apartment completely untouched. "Ah," she said. "This is it. Now I know that I can always leave my door open and nothing bad will happen."

The next day, before she went shopping, she decided to leave the door completely unlocked, yet closed. "I've proven my point. No use in *inviting* trouble." And she went out.

When she returned, though, she found her door wide open and nothing in her apartment. The furniture, the bed, the T.V., the table, desk, couch, all were gone. She had been robbed. Now she was a pauper.

She cried.

Mr. Plamonium walked in. "How do you do," he said. "Ralph Plamonium here, and I want to make you an offer, Mrs. Berg..." Just then he stopped. "Why, Mrs. Bergman. Whatever seems to be the trouble?" he asked.

Sobbing, she replied, "I've been robbed clean and haven't a thing left in the world. Oh deah (sob sob sob)."

He walked over to her, put his hand on her shoulder, and said "I'm sorry, Mrs. Bergman, but there's nothing I can do to help."

THE END.

The Tragedy of SANTO:

August 21, 1974 (Arasa)

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN PRESENTING IN THIS CORNER WEARING THE BLUE TIGHTS FROM BANGOR MAINE

HERE IS PETE SOBIAS

The crowd waited, some not even caring what the newcomer's name was although as soon as it was mentioned, they all let out with a great big BOOOO and HSSSS. Pete Sobias raised his arms in anticipated victory, and in reply to their jeers, sneered and growled at them, yelling "Shaddup," but only his lips moved above the racket of the crowd. The bell rang a few times to signal them to quiet down for the next introduction.

AND NOW

STEPPING INTO THE RING AT THIS TIME LADIES AND GENTLEMEN

WEARING THE MULTI-COLORED TIGHTS WITH A RED PINSTRIPE DOWN THE MIDDLE

HERE HE IS EVERYBODY'S FAVORITE THE INCOMPARABLE

INDIAN CHIEF HAPPY LIGHT

They didn't even wait for the finish of his introduction. The deafening roars delighted the Chief and he raised his arms, danced, and smiled to the fans and they gave him a standing ovation. Then the bell rang a few times for the crowd to quiet down and the two wrestlers went to the center of the ring for

instructions from the referee. As they faced each other, Sobias tried to accurse Happy Light of some kind of foul play but Happy Light started to dance in his face and Sobias backed off.

Both men walked back to their corners. The bell rang. Happy Light was still taking off his headdress and robe when Sobias attacked him from behind. Sobias kicking Happy Light. Sobias Kicking Happy Light again. The Indian fell to the ground. Sobias jumping repeatedly on the abdomen of Happy Light. Happy Light at the mercy of Pete Sobias, a newcomer from Maine. Thus far,

Happy Light undefeated, but maybe this could have been it. Sobias climbed atop the ring-post, and jumped with all his weight onto what was meant to look like the mid-section of Happy Light, but it was really the neck. The Chief just flailing his legs in pain. Sobias going to town. Lifting the Indian up by his hair, and throwing him head first into the turnbuckle of the ring-post. Happy Light on the mat. Sobias strutting in defiant victory. The crowd booing. Throwing paper at him. Sobias just jowling back at them. "Shaddup!" Continuing his strut with his arms raised above his head.

"Get out!"

"Ya bum!"

"Go back to Maine where ya come from."

And in reply, he just growled again "Shaddup!" "Boo!"

"Hsss!"

"Boo! Boo!"

"Hsss! Hsss!"

And again he said "Saddup!", suddenly ran to Chief Happy Light, and kicked him repeatedly in the groin.

"Come on, Chief" "You can do it!"

"Vin de match! Vin de match!"

Sobias kicking Happy Light. Pulling him up by his hair. Happy Light on his feet. Sobias knocked him down. Pulled him up again. Knocked him down. Pulled him up. Knocked him down. Pulled him ...

Suddenly someone

one fan who knew

put his hand to his mouth, started to shriek, and repeatedly patted his mouth with his open hand, so as to let out an Indian war cry.

Happy Light jerked aside in sudden recognition. Sobias knocked him down again.

The fans followed suit. Gradually, everyone caught on to this Indian war cry.

And Happy Light slowly became stronger. Sobias continued knocking him down, pulling him up, knocking him down, but each time the Indian came closer to resisting.

The crowd stomped their feet in rhythm to the whoop.

Finally, Sobias, after pulling up, went to knock him down again, but the Chief did not go down. Sobias pounded on him, but still he did not go down. Happy Light, with a strained expression of pain and anger (and patience), started to dance (Indian style) in

rhythm to the fans whooping and stomping. Sobias grabbed his arm and threw him into the ropes and into them he went but bounce back dancing. The more he heard the fans, the harder he danced.

The more they saw him dance, the harder they whooped and stomped.

Sobias got him in a full nelson, of which any wrestler would easily submit. The referee asked the Chief if he gave up. "No!" said the Chief, faintly.

Say Uncle!" screamed Sobias.

"Wa Wu Wa Wa Wu Wu Wu Wu . . . ."

The Chief just continued bobbing in rhythm.

The fans just kept WhOOPPINNGGG. The Chief in one fast motion raises his arms, let them down, and broke the full Nelson. Sobias was stunned. Happy Light danced in circles in rhythm to the fans who continued whooping louder than ever. He danced a special war dance that he had learned from his great-grandfather when he was a boy and turned circles and everytime he turned in a circle a leg would strike his oponent and an arm would lash out and at first Sobias tried to counter attack but then



started to run away and Chief happy Light chased him around the ring as he danced -finally Sobias got down on his knees and pleaded for mercy but the Indian, to the delight of the fans, whisked him up by his chin and got him in his famous Indian Sleeper holder whereby Sobias was instantly put to sleep and it was all over.

Sobias on the mat. Unconscious.

The Indian Chief happily dancing around in victory.

The referee promptly ordering him to give the traditional slap on the back in order to wake his opponent out of this secret coma.

Indian Chief refusing to wake his opponent at first but then (realizing that even Sobias is a human being) dutifully indulging . . . .

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN THE TIME OF THE MATCH EIGHT MINUTES

TWENTY SEVEN SECONDS THE WINNER BY SUBMISSION INDIAN CHIEF HAPPY LIGHT

**August 22, 1974**

Silence

and little grasshoppers sleeping in the fields, not uttering a sound along with the birds

all quiet

and everyone sleeping in the little town of Crevan, on the Swiss border

darkness at three thirty in the morning all of the family snucked into their beds, the family of Crevan

all one family

grandpapas

Aunts, uncles, cousins, grandmamas,

The whole town of Crevan was one

family who liked to celebrate a lot.

Dust in the bedroom two brothers "Pepeterie"

silence "Pepeterie'" "Ugh"

"Come come, Pepeterie wake up." "Huh?"

"Shh .... it's Mardi Gras today!"

Silence

"Peeterie - you know it is Mardi Gras today." "I know."

"Come on."

"What time is it?" "Three thirty o'clock." "Ohh. Okay."

The two brothers big Pepeterie and little Brancho both got up and quickly put on their clothes. As they were gently climbing downstairs, their mother heard them and came out in her robe. "What is this?" she asked drowsily. "Why are you. . . ."

"Is Mardi Gras today, Mama!" piped up little Brancho. "Ssh!" she quickly replied. "So that's why my two boys are up

so early. What time is it?" "Three-thirty."

"Aah, three-thirty. . . . But Mardis Gras doesn't start yet.

Why are you up so early?"

"Because, Mama, we are starting it this year." "Ohh. Well, let me make you something to eat."

At first, the two boys protested a little bit but they conceded and went with her to the kitchen and ate a fast meal of orange juice and eggs, gobbling them and running in great excitement.

"Wait!" she called. "You forgot your things." They went back. "Here's your drum, Pepeterie." And he strapped on his big big bass drum that only very very strong boys could carry and this year was the first time for him to have the privilege. "And here's your kazoo, little Brancho. And little Brancho blew a short blow on the kazoo. "Shh, you'll wake Papa."

Then they kissed their mother goodbye, with the understanding that they would see her later, and went into the street.

"What do we do?" asked little Brancho. "Just start right now just like this?"

"Yes," answered Pepeterie, "Come, I'll start. You follow." He paused on instinct, then started to pound the drum, and started marching. Brancho followed him and played a tune on the kazoo, once in a while stopping in order to giggle, occasionally laugh, along with Pepeterie, who perpetually engaged himself in the joyous activity.

# Ovation # 1

Tuesday nite, October 22, 1974

(really Oct. 23, 3:00 a.m.) Holiday Inn, Philadelphia

Larry Bethesda stayed on stage for forty minutes and gave it all he had. The people grumbled some, looked down, and talked to each other in confidence. Larry did not want to be there but the manager of the niteclub had said that he must stay for forty minutes

- no more and no less.

"Boo" cried a little old lady with glasses and a cane. "Get off the stage, ya."

"Aw," replied Larry. "Shuttup, lady." The whole audience said "0000."

"Oh yeah!" she cried, and stood up, her cane raised, "Hey lady," said Larry, "don't raise cane." ha ha ha

"Why, you little whippersnapper, I'll get you yet," and she ran on the stage.

And Larry ran off the stage.

And she chased him out the door, into a beautiful pond where lillies bloomed and lotuses were serenely in the water. Hello water. And how are you today? Feeling well? Oh good.

"I love you," she said.

"I love you too," he replied. "But I love the water more." "What?"

"Yes, I love the water more."

"You love the water more?" Boo-hoo-hoo," she cried.

And he loved the water more. everybody:

Repitite uted:

"He loved the water more" no response

oh come on: "He loved the water more."

Everyone looked down or grumbled, talking to each other in confidence, but no one repeated the phrase.

"Whaddya think I'm up here for, my health?"

(laughter)

"I mean, look it'm gettin' paid to do this."

(laughter)

"I could care less if you sing along or not, ya know?" (lauder laughter - "hey, good line")

"I mean, come on."

(little patter of laughter just trickling)

"Ya know something? You people make me sick!"

(laughter)

"You're disgusting!"

(hysterical laughter)

"Um, um, how could you say such a thing."

"But Isaid it!"

"Well, hu."

"Yes, but I'm so depressed."

The water continued. "I mean, you bought me here to tell me that you love the water better?"

"Yes."

The little old lady took off her glasses. She was crying. Tears emerged down her cheeks, both cheeks. She glanced a last desperate look of (bottom of the barrel) love into his eyes. He stood steadfast, with no response. There was stillness for a while. Neither one spoke. Then, with a last heave of effort, and a sigh, she stood up, raised her cane, and broke it over her knee,

(He gasped)

and she turned, and walked away, without saying  
goodbye.

The audience clapped. They cheered. They stood up inovation.

He done good.

"Okay. One more time!"

This time they all joined in. "He loved the water more!" "Thank you very much. Good night."

The end.

# The Last of the Custellas

April 20, 1975 (about 5:00 a.m.)

took out the soap and started to scrub himself until he was black and blue but didn't know that it hurt until she cried.

"Uncle! – Uncle! – Stop! – please! – oh my!"

"Ya gonna stop?" he got up and let her off me ya big babboon whaddya mean by getting so hot under the collar like that you no good sonovagun just watch me and I'll show you something that you'll never forget.

The people all formed a gigantic semi-circle but John was already outside by the time they started their dance around the pot as the cannibal screamed for mercy.

"Shaddup!" yelled Custella. "ARRGGGHH!"

"Shaddup!" he ordered, slapping the cannibal across his face. "Oh no don't how could you" asked the lady.

"Fine," said Custella. "And you?"

"No, I don't!" she said with a tinge of snot in her voice. "At least I don't think so."

(It is very important to note here that she stated very matter of factly that she didn't think so. She could have been terribly wrong, but just the fact that she admittedly "didn't think so" was enough to indicate his good intentions.)

Now back to the story. Wait.

Why stop here. Why not go back.

How come we stopped to point out that one item was missing. It's dreadful.

To stop the story for just one item. Sixty days in a boiled oil drum.

(And you should be ashamed of yourself.) Oh no not you again.

"No not that!" pleaded Custella.

"Get in there!" they ordered. The Cannibal was already burnt to a crisp, mistakenly boiled too long, ashes ready to crumble at the slightest touch of a finger; however, he was smiling at The Custella's dilemma.

"No, please," pleaded the Custella. (You didn't know he was a Custella.)

"No grampa. We had no idea."

'Well children, he was only a Custella. You see, in those days - just a minute grampa whaddya mean those days

there had been quite a few different Custellas." "Really Grampa."

"Yes" - cough cough - "really. And he was the last remaining one."

"But what if they hadn't found out?"

"Then he would have gone on eating cannibals for lunch, and you and I wouldn't have to LIVE IN THIS WORN OUT SHACK!!!! ARRRGGGGHH! !!!"

Jumping into the pot, taking out his new Beauty Health Bar which he had bought from the local health food store that day and started to scrub himself until he was black and blue but didn't know that it hurt.

The little children cried.

# Untitled

October 7, 1975

I want ice cream.

I want it very much. But I had some just a little while ago and if I eat more I won't feel very good and besides, it doesn't taste really all that good anymore when my taste buds are so used to it like they are now.

And chocolate milk just won't do the trick right now because it is so liquidy with no substance like steak except that I became a vegetarian a few years ago so I can't eat steak and really don't want to because it sets heavy in my digestive system and stays there, making me feel drunk, dull, and stagger around. Cake would, if we had it, give me that burning sensation up near the middle of my chest and I wouldn't sleep good if I had it this time of night. Just

like bread. But I would have some anyway if there were some around because I really want to do *something* like that and I won't, I just won't, have any ice cream because when I had it before and

said to myself that I would have it only once tonite because last night I had it twice -once after dinner and again before going to bed and woke up not feeling as well as I thought I could if I hadn't had so much so I said to myself that I wouldn't have so much tonite and not so close to bedtime.

# Golden Boy

January 15, 1981

2:08 a.m. Greenvally Rd.

I remember the first time I ever saw the Golden Boy. It was on a local television show in which he was wrestling for the undisputed championship of the world. I had been turning the channels, looking for something suitable for my little brother and myself to watch while my parents were away for the evening. It was past our bedtime but the baby-sitter was on the phone with someone, I think it was her boyfriend, so we stayed up and watched T. V.

As we turned the dial, we stopped at each show that was on, watched it for a few seconds, and then changed to another one. When we came upon the wrestling show, we sat there mesmerized and watched the whole thing as Golden Boy kicked and choked and cheated his way into the championship behind the referee's back. After he won, he strutted around the ring with his newly won crown and flexed his muscles as the crowd booed. That night my brother and I became addicted.

For the next two years, Golden Boy remained Champ. He would use every trick in the book to win his matches and when he couldn't win, he would purposely get disqualified so that he didn't lose the championship, because the rules stated that a title could not change hands on a disqualification. The public hated him and hoped for the day when he would lose. However, my brother and I got caught up in the man's charisma, and became avid fans of his.

Sometimes he had a manager who interfered in the matches, stabbing the opponents with his cane if they were besting his champion. We loved watching this manager brag obnoxiously during interviews as Golden Boy nodded his head in agreement, flexed his muscles and said intermittently, "That's right, daddy."

"One time, he was supposed to jump, from the top rope, onto the stomach of Ric Davis, the man who claimed to have a cast-iron stomach. Davis claimed that nothing, including Golden Boy's famous knee drop from the top rope, could penetrate or hurt his cast-iron stomach. Golden Boy claimed that he be able to hurt Davis, and as he climbed to the top rope, the tension moment, and Golden Boy jumped down, landing his knee directly on the windpipe of Davis' neck. Davis started flailing his legs in pain while

Golden Boy strutted around the ring as the announcer expressed disgust at the display of the betrayal. Then Golden Boy and his manager both attacked the fallen man, and he had to be carried out on a stretcher, which Golden Boy repeatedly kicked, over as the medics tried to carry him out. When Davis recovered a few weeks later, he swore he would get even and the grudge match was to be held at MSG, untelevised. We wished we could go, but had to resign ourselves to just hearing of the results on T. V. because of our young age.

It wasn't until 2 years later that we finally got to go, because our father promised to take us for my birthday. Until then, we constantly followed the matches and developing plots every week, missing the mostly climax because they were not televised. We grew to love Golden Boy. He was such a nasty villain. One thing which distinguished him from the other villains was that he had class. Instead of screaming, "I'm gonna tear his eyes out!" during interviews, he would subtly say, "I don't have to come up here and brag because I know I'm the greatest." He never overdid it. He was always believable. He was also good looking, as opposed to other villains who were usually overweight, funny looking and gruff. He had bleached blonde hair and a youthful, exciting, vibrant look.

During his reign as champion, we witnessed him betray many a cohort, as he once refused to tag when live tag team partner had been in trouble and refused to help as his manager was beaten to a

pulp by a wrestler during the interview segment of the program. He lost all his friends, but made new ones, only to betray them also.

Finally, my father, brother, and myself went to MSG to watch one of them untelevised matches. This was going to be our first time seeing our idol in person. He was defending his title against Strong Jackson who had been operating a clothing drive for underprivileged orphans and all the fans had sent in clothes week after week as the pile grew into an enormous collection which was situated to the side of the ring so the people at home could see how much pile was growing every week. One week, during interviews, which Jackson and the ring announcer had had their backs turned to the pile, Golden Boy snuck up to the collection and lit it on fire. The fans booed thunderously called out, trying to warn the hero, but by the time he turned around, it was too late. The clothing had been burned and Golden Boy stood there laughing. Jackson tried to catch him but Golden Boy ran away. Jackson swore he'd get revenge. Later in the show, Golden Boy swore that he wouldn't. Now we were going to see the outcome. Actually, we knew that Golden Boy was

going to get out of this, but we were anxious to see how. The rest of the fans hoped dearly that Jackson would win. We knew he wouldn't. Golden Boy was too good a champion. People came every month to hopefully see him lose. He made a lot of money for the promoters. They wouldn't make him lose. Not as long as he was so hot. We were excited. They were introduced. The crowd booed. The crowd yayed! Golden Boy attacked Jackson as he was walking back to his corner. The bell had n't rung. Jackson retaliated. He swung Golden Boy up over his shoulder and got him in a back breaker. Golden Boy got up. The match had lasted 42 seconds. Jackson was the new champion. Golden Boy never wrestled again. We stopped watching it on T. V. It wasn't the same. However, I always felt that Golden Boy was the greatest showman who had ever lived and as I grew older, I tried to emulate this great man.

## Part 1: LITTLE JIM

So the party was just one big fiasco. Little Jim had tried his best to make everyone happy. All that day he had gone shopping and bought food and decorations for the party. He had been thinking about it for weeks, planning it. And the whole last week he was real excited about it; for there were going to be a whole lot of people there, all in his house. He bought cold cuts, soda pop, milk, ice cream, fruit juice, vegetables, fruits, cake, meat, fish, poultry, eggs, streamers, balloons and all the other things needed for a good party. He was determined to try his best to be a good host and show all those people a real good time and fun. He had had it all ready and waited for them to show up. Then they showed up and were all there, but someone complained that there wasn't any liquor. Then it turned out that the delicatessen that he had bought the cold cuts from had hired a new woman who didn't know how to make them right so the cold cuts were no good. The ice cream accidentally melted and the milk was spoiled. Also, the cake was stale and everyone said oecchhlle as they bit into the first bite of each of these things. Also, nobody knew anybody else and didn't like each other so no one got along and Little Jim ran around introducing everyone to their resentment and was embarrassed when word got around about the food and when he asked someone if they were having a good time they said no and then left and everybody said at different times for a period of a few minutes "Aahh" disgust and left, ashamed of him.

So the party was just one big fiasco and Little Jim was all alone. He looked at himself in the mirror for a while and decided to just go to bed and clean it up in the morning. He tossed and turned over and over and decided to clean it up, get it out of the way and then go to sleep. So he cleaned it up and tried to again go to sleep but still he was so ashamed of himself and every time he almost fell asleep his trembling body kept him from it.

He wanted to phone someone. He sat up and thought about who he could call at 3:00 in the morning. Certainly no one who had been at the party. Then he realized he could phone his best friend, Pal. He



dialed the number but there was no answer. Oh, if only Pal was home, he could talk to him and would feel much better. Then he tried Maggie, the girl he had gone out with once, but she hardly remembered him and said that he was a no good dirty idiot for calling her at that time of night. He thought more about it and decided to go to Lonnie's house because he really wanted someone to hug him and she was motherly so he figured maybe she would hug him

and smile at him but he had to go there in person because she hired in people and one of them might answer the phone and resent him calling so he got into his little buggy and drove over to her house and threw pebbles against her window. She came to the window and opened it and said, "Yes?" with a pleasant smile.

"Lonni, could you please come down, I've gotta talk to you." "Why?"

"Because, please?" "Just a minute."

She closed the window and spoke to someone else in the room, excusing herself and then appearing at the front door.

"Yes? What can I do for you?"

"Lonni, I'm so depressed," said Little Jim. "I just need to talk to someone."

"Please Pal. I've gotta talk to you." "At 3:00 in the morning?"

"I figured you'd understand."

"I understand your problem, but I'm not quite sure who you are?"

"Why, I'm Little Jim. You know me."

"No, I don't remember. Well anyway, I hope it all works out for you. Excuse me. Right now I have to get some sleep. Goodnight." And she closed the door and went upstairs.

"Doggonit!" he explained quietly. "If only Pal was home." So he went over to Pal's house but Pal was not home.

He drove over to the beach and parked his buggy on the sand, walked over to the pier and onto it until he got to the end, and jumped in. The waves carried him to shore shortly and he limped, all wet and messy, back to the car to drive back to the town in which he lived, but on the way, his clutch broke, all four tires busted, and the springs all came loose and the engine caught fire so he got out and started to hitchhike but a truck hit him and broke his leg so now he was crawling and sprained his arm and just lie there on the sidewalk and cried. A group of people who were window shopping passed him and said sarcastically "Aw, look at the crybaby - stupid sonovabitch - ha ha ha!" and walked away.

A policeman came by and said, "Get up! Get up or I'll place you under arrest! -you stupid jackass!"

Then he saw Pal. "Pal," he called. "Pal!" But Pal didn't hear him. He just lay there and waited. Then Pal came by again, but did not see him and went into a store, Little Jim waited patiently and when Pal came out again he called "Pal!"

This time Pal heard him and came over. "Why, Little Jim.

What's wrong?"

"Not in this condition I can't talk to you. Listen, call me when you're feeling better." And he walked away.

Little Jim opened a box of candy and ate. Somehow he felt a little better. He managed to crawl home and he slept until 6:00 in the evening all day. When he woke up, he felt much better. Of course he had to wait several months for his leg to heal, but he felt really good.

Finally, several months later, his leg healed and he was all better. So he threw a party to celebrate.

This time nobody came.

## Part 2

So the party was just one big fiasco. Little Jim was all alone. Nobody had shown up. He felt terrible. He got into his car and drove around. Nobody would talk to him. Nobody liked him. Also, nobody knew him. So he got a knife and went around killing people. The police caught him and put him in jail. In

court, he pleaded insanity due to depression, so he was sent to the insane asylum. After a few years, he was released so he went home but someone else was living there because he had not paid his rent. He realized that he'd better find a place to live by sundown or he'd be sleeping on the street. He didn't find a place so he slept on the street. When he woke up, he looked around a little but ended up sleeping on the street again and every night over and over and this continued until one day . . . . .

**Back Cover**

Ahh, serenity in soft-soothing souls;  
Peace, the gift  
in God's good earth,  
Places will match the time set before them  
so there is no problem between  
The sunflowers of the north, Gifted goals of the south,  
Tall trees tripping in the west. The amazement lies within the oak itself,  
But won't show itself,  
Being shy and bashful  
The reason being truth and anger,  
But that won't matter when people destroy  
the donggies and frogs

# The Ted K Archive

A critique of his ideas & actions



Andy Kaufman  
The Poetry and Stories of Andy Kaufman  
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