

The Collected Writings of Andy Kaufman

Andy Kaufman

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Front Matter

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 #1

"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

Preface #2

My brother, Andrew Geoffrey Kaufman, was a prolific writer.

From the time he was 12 until his death at age 35 in 1984, he wrote constantly. Poems, short stories, plays, even novels. He would write on paper napkins, small scraps of paper, address books, spiral notebooks, looseleaf paper or lined legal pads. Occasionally, he would type his work, but mostly it was all hand-written - or more accurately, hand scrawled.

Most of his early writing was done unbeknownst to the family. While Andy's classmates were awake in class, Andy was asleep. While his fellow classmates were sleeping at night, teenager Andy was awake into the wee hours of the morning, writing about his observations of the day, giving vent to his boundless imagination and developing characters and acts which we would later recognize as having been germinated during this stage of his youth. I became aware of this when I started reading his work after he died. Andy dated almost all of his writing, usually including the time of day, and after he graduated high school, would scribble the address of where he did his writing.

After graduating high school in 1967, he spent the next year driving a taxi, a delivery truck and washing dishes. While most of his affluent classmates went on to college, Andy worked, saving enough to buy a \$400 used Cadillac limousine. He once had our father dress up as a chauffeur and drive him around Great Neck while he lounged in the backseat, waving at pedestrians like a star on parade. Andy used his limo to pick me up from my summer job parking cars at a fancy country club, entertain his friends, and otherwise have a grand time doing something most kids wouldn't have imagined.

In September 1968 he enrolled at Gram Junior College. He began learning transcendental meditation on December 5 of that year and two months later started writing .GOO. While Andy was a freshman, LBJ was

President, gasoline was 25¢ a gallon, and the Vietnam war was in full swing. Andy, at 20 years old, had successfully avoided being drafted into the Army by scoring a zero on the psychological exam.

.GOD. was written during a time when Andy was exploring and challenging the norms of the world. Actually, when wasn't he? Having been brought up in the Jewish faith he was taught to have a certain view of God. But Andy always had a devilish, impish "what if" quality to him. Along with his newly found discipline of meditation, he was exploring the boundaries of what one was allowed to think, let alone, write.

To the best of my knowledge, .GOD was the only one of Andy's plays ever performed. He had it produced by his classmate, Al Parinello, who managed the coffeehouse on campus. Andy showed the world his ability to walk in and out of different characters, and be totally immersed in each one. The few people who were fortunate to be his audience at that time witnessed up close what the rest of the world would later discover, Andy's amazingly convincing ability to instantly transform characters.

When you read ilQI2 think of the different characters of Andy that you know. Nice Andy, mean Andy, innocent child Andy, wrestling Andy, Tony Clifton Andy, Foreign man Andy, Vic Ferrari playboy Andy, and all the other Andy's or possible Andy's. You'll see one full page of "tee-heehee". When he performed this piece, he said each of the 124 "tee-heehee's", giving meaning to every one of them. He was not merely being cute or filling up a page with this innocent girl's giggle. He has another page of a baby's "ga ga goo's." Again, each goo and ga had its purpose.

Most of Andy's writings, from his poetry and plays to his short stories and novels, are a self-exposition, if not self-exploration. As such, many of his writings are somewhat obviously autobiographical. While

GOD is not as obvious, I challenge you to see Andy in the story. Is he Larry Prescott, a delivery truck driver like Andy, who goes on to become an entertainer more famous than Elvis? Larry Prescott becomes even more famous than Goel. Is Larry Prescott Elvis? Andy? Or is Andy Tinctured Puncture, who has magical ways and doesn't find it necessary to speak, which his family doesn't understand. Is Gina his ideal girl: Innocent with a magic to her? Is the "nasal tone" character the first signs of Tony Clifton? The Queen beats up her macho King, just like bravado Tony Clifton would get beat up by females. A King as a vulnerable wimp?

Go figure! But, don't limit Andy to being any one of these characters - there was probably a little of him in each.

Andy brings some personal, however innocuous, tidbits into 001). He adapts part of the Camp Lenox alma mater, "High on a Stately Mountain High," a sleep away camp he attended for three years as a child. He works in the words to part of the Coasters' hit song, "Charlie Brown". He works in the nursery rhyme "4 and 20 blackbirds" as part of a sentence.

Andy loved amusement parks, where one could escape into a world of fantasy without being looked at funny. He viewed life through the eyes of an innocent child, who saw the world as a big amusement park. Our family would visit Coney Island every year, and after Andy was famous, he remained an amusement park enthusiast. Even if he had to wear the sweatshirt with a ridiculous hood that he would tie tightly around his head to be incognito, he would still go. In fact, Andy told me he wanted to put a roller coaster in Manhattan. It would go up, down, and around the skyscrapers. It might have been designed as a mode of transportation, according to his rationale. Andy liked to break down barriers, and thought anything was possible. I can still hear him saying 'ya never know. . .".

A WORD OF CAUTION: One night, early in Andy's career, my friends, Alan and Jeff, and I drove Andy into Manhattan to perform. I parked the car with Alan, after we had dropped off Andy and Jeff on the sidewalk outside the nightclub. After parking, he walked towards the nightclub only to find them in the same spot we left them. got angry and accused them of being lazy and waiting for us to help with the dirty work of bringing Andy's multitude of instruments and props downstairs. Then

I learned that Andy had already been downstairs at the club, started setting up, lost his audience in the process of dawdling and was kicked out by an irate manager. Waiting for Andy's punchline could be slow agony. On this night the audience gave him the punch. For those who waited during the subsequent dozen years of Andy's career, the wait was usually worth it, even if there was no punchline.

GOD was written to be delivered orally, by Andy. (Our Great Uncle Sidney and Great Aunt Anne were supposedly the only two people who understood the book when Andy wrote it, 88 the story goes). Reading it may be slow. But remember, there IS a payoff.

The performance pieces included in this book are an example of Andy inviting us to enter his own interior world with him, something he continued the rest of his life, no matter what he did or where he went. So join Andy in his wonderful world of fantasy. Let yourself go with the flow. You be the judge if there's a message, and along the way, enjoy the ride.

Michael A. Kaufman December 1999

Foreword

I remember September 14, 1969 like it was last Tuesday. It was the day the most interesting man I've ever known introduced me, and an audience of co-students at Boston's Graham Junior College, to his life's work. The man was Andy Kaufman, and the work he performed was a novel called, appropriately enough,

What makes this significant is the fact that Andy was in his early 20's at the time, and he was acting out his story about a life he hadn't yet lived. But only he knew that. To us, it appeared old hat to him. Sure, you may think, that's about right for Andy Kaufman, but that's because you know of his on-the-edge antics and his subsequent fame. In 1969 he was about as famous as any lonely student away from home on a college campus.

Life, as the axiom goes, throws many of us an occasional curve ball, but in the fall of 1969, Andy Kaufman was thrown into my Life Like a perfectly placed fast ball. I didn't swing for the seats. I didn't have to. Rather, I sat back and enjoyed our friendship, strange as it was. Nonetheless, Andy rocketed out of the ballpark and continued on that fascinating trajectory until his untimely death in 1984.

Surprisingly, meeting and befriending Andy as a young student wasn't spectacular. As a matter of fact, it was quite ordinary, even bordering on boring at times. We both missed our families and we both anticipated successful, albeit undefined, careers in media. Graham, as the preeminent broadcasting school in the country, was the place to learn.

I solved loneliness by running for office on the student council, and winning. My platform was to organize and open a campus coffeehouse, "Al's Place," all the rage in the 60's. Andy took a rather eclectic road to meeting people. He joined the Transcendental Meditation Center in nearby Cambridge, where he learned the art of relaxing and contemplating every moment of his life. In a particularly telling discussion, years later in my living room, he referred to "TM" as "only thing I ever did that I take seriously." One of the great honors of my life is that I was given the opportunity to be the first person to hire Andy as a stage performer...

Andy showed up one day at my "office," the back door of the coffee house, and said, in a very straightforward, if not bland, voice, "I would like you to hire me because I'm funny." My response, "Well, you don't seem very funny," didn't deter him, despite the fact that I continued to book other promising acts, such as Livingston Taylor. After two or three more rather pathetic requests on his part, I relented, driving a hard bargain that got him hired for \$5.00. His premiere coffeehouse appearance was dominated by Mighty Mouse, conga drums, foreign man, kids' songs, some very tacky party humor and, of course, the soon to be familiar feeling that something was wrong and out of control. But the finale ultimately came and quickly cured the discomfort. Out of nowhere...a perfectly executed portrayal of his idol, Elvis! I can still hear the room buzz, coeds swooning and screaming, really screaming. Something very important happened that night.

Shortly after, Andy suggested that he perform GOD, his one-man play, as he called it. He also called it his novel, his story. I negotiated another hard \$5.00 deal and people showed up to see him again, this time reading and acting out.

As you read the words to GOO I implore you to think "ANDY KAUFMAN." This is a work that needs to be more than read. It needs to be performed to get the most out of it. Andy is no longer available for the job, so I suggest that you imagine Andy in his glorious outrageous way, performing all the parts, ridiculously overacting. See him in your mind and hear his voices instantly change as he becomes the very cast of players you are about to meet. I assure you, as a Kaufman fan, you'll know instinctively just what characteristics Andy would have aptly applied to each of the personalities.

The research shows that Andy only performed the play several times. Maybe only 50 or so individuals on this planet were fortunate enough to witness the performances. As one, I can still bring back the experience, and often do so. I remember being confused, but not minding the discomfort, because there was always a goal, something more. Something to look forward to. We were all brought closer and closer to an answer, closer and closer to the middle of an ever-amusing amusement park. In retrospect, Andy instinctively knew that all of us need to be motivated to keep going on, and, more importantly, all of us are searching in some way for an answer, if we only knew the question.

I wrote a review for the college newspaper about my experience that night, the reprinted version of which is included in this book. Outside of the trite verse of a college freshman, one sentence stands out like a smack to the head with a blunt instrument "proved to be worth its weight in bottled clouds." I remember writing that sentence 30 years ago and I remember questioning myself about what it meant. I couldn't answer truthfully. I only knew that it worked to describe what had been seen. I still feel the same way. If any one person could bottle a weightless cloud and preserve its interpretive nature for everlasting enjoyment, it would be Andy. Perhaps that's exactly what he has done here.

Enjoy! It's special!

Al Parinello

November 1999

Books

The Hollering Mangoo

(The following was submitted to Michael & Pru Kaufman for use as the preface to "The Hollering Mangoo". The Kaufman's have yet to publish "Mangoo" but will hopefully use this when they do. You may notice that portions of this text have made their way into Michael's introduction to "GOD...and other stories".)

Writing was Andy's lifelong passion and his commitment to this passion was uncommon. He was forever scribbling on notepads, hotel stationary, or whatever, and the rumpled pages traveled with him wherever he went. Andy began to write at a young age and he wrote constantly. Mostly late at night, he penned short stories, poems, semi-autobiographical novels, and eventually scripts and screenplays. Andy was always putting words on a page and in 1965 those pages contained "The Hollering Mangoo." The first of several epic novels, "Mangoo" is the offspring of a bewildered and frustrated sixteen-year-old. With unbridled juvenile passion, this book is filled with rage, rebellion and humor meant to shock, amuse and offend in equal measure.

So before you begin, please understand that you'll be entering a strange, strange world - a sphere of teenage darkness - where friends and family are a bizarre collection of the concrete, the abstract and the overwhelmed. A place where violence and vulgarity flourish and no one is safe from random acts of insanity. Essential to it all is the Mangoo. The Evil Mangoo. The Misunderstood Mangoo. The Relentless Mangoo. The Hollering Mangoo.

This book is not for the faint of heart.

Prepare to enter the world of The Hollering Mangoo . . .

The Huey Williams Story

The Huey Williams Story, the fictional biography of "the world's greatest entertainer."

Generally, the overall quality of the writing is quite remarkable. Andy Kaufman is a good storyteller, and portions of "The Huey Williams Story" are very entertaining. The work suffers a bit from lack of proofreading and editing, but still provides some interesting insight into Andy nonetheless.

This book is an epic novel and fills four volumes of three-ring loose leaf binders. The information below comprises our review of "Parts One and Two."

PART I

Generally, the overall quality of the writing is quite remarkable. Andy Kaufman is a good storyteller, and portions of "The Huey Williams Story" are very entertaining. The work suffers a bit from lack of proofreading and editing, but still provides interesting insight into Andy nonetheless.

The excerpts reviewed were composed between September 3, 1979 through November 29, 1980. The time period prior to (and during) the dates noted above comprised a busy and dynamic time in Kaufman's career. A year earlier (September 20, 1978) marked the debut of "Taxi" on ABC. Throughout 1979, Andy appeared in "Cher and Other Fantasies" (NBC); performed in a charity benefit for the NYPD, "VIP Night on Broadway" (Andy sang "Tomorrow" from the musical "Annie" with a very young Sarah Jessica Parker); four days later he starred in perhaps his crowning accomplishment, "Andy Kaufman Plays Carnegie Hall"; his ABC comedy special (originally taped in 1977) was finally broadcast; he made a guest appearance on, "A Johnny Cash Christmas (CBS); performed on "HBO's 2nd Annual Young Comedian's Show"; and was nominated for a Golden Globe award as Best Supporting Actor in a Comedy of Musical Series for his work as "Latka" on Taxi. In addition to the big events listed above, Andy continued an ambitious schedule of nightclub shows and college concerts all across the nation. He began his national Intergender wrestling career during this time period, even conducting one of his matches on NBC's "Saturday Night Live" (February 24, 1979). Considering Andy's tireless schedule, writing "Huey" in his spare time (most often during late night hours) seems simply amazing.

The story of Huey Williams is really the story of Andrew Geoffrey Kaufman, and this part of the Huey Williams saga clearly captures snippets of what life, and the world, look like through the eyes of a youngster/teenager. Andy was 30- years-old when he wrote this, and it's obvious that his childhood memories and impressions were still fresh in his mind. However, despite the innocence, many of the passages are tempered with the realities of life that Andy came to understand during his adult years. For example (on page 12), while explaining the character of John Smith an old black man known as the town drunk, Andy writes, "The boys secretly want to be like him when they grow up. What a life that would be just being drunk all the time... They see it as some sort of fantasy like a movie. They don't realize the reality of it. They don't perceive the pain. To them, he is a man who decided that this is what he wanted to be in his life and so he is that. There is no reason to them; no woman who has broken his heart, no financial situation..., no failure..., or whatever the reason might be. To them, all adults are part of a distant, unreal world in which problems don't really exist like they do so badly in the teenage years."

PART II

The excerpts reviewed from "Part II" were composed between Christmas Day, 1980, through March 11, 1982. During this time period Andy was busy with his Intergender wrestling career, this includes his famous match with the now missing Playboy Playmate Susan (Miss September) Smith (October 11, 1981). He also appears on "The Midnight Special" and opens for Rodney Dangerfield at the Fairfield Theatre, San Francisco, California (January 29-31, 1981). Or should we say, Tony Clifton performed in the last two referenced performances? Andy's controversial "Fridays" shows also aired during this time period (February 20, 1981 and September 18, 1981).

His critically panned and box office disaster, "Heartbeeps" premiered on December 18, 1981. (A recent celebrity profile in "Parade" magazine featured Bernadette Peters. Her list of film credits curiously omitted her co-starring role in "Heartbeeps.") When not shooting "Taxi," Andy worked evenings as a busboy at "Jerry's Famous Deli."

Again, Andy's commitment to his writing is phenomenal.

The majority of Part II was penned at homes on Greenvalley Road and Grassfield Road. Andy apparently carried this notebook/journal with him at all times. Passages were written in Chicago (Rick & Carol's), New York City, Carson City (whorehouse?), Boston, and London. The final pages (371-373) are written in New York City while Andy stayed at the New York Hilton preparing for his first appearance on David Letterman's new show, "Late Night with David Letterman." This appearance (February 17, 1982) marks the first of many visits Andy makes to the show. As you know, the following day (February 18, 1982) close friend Bob Zmuda appeared on "Late Night" as Tony Clifton. Most of the Late Night crew were unaware that he wasn't Andy Kaufman. During the early days of Late Night, Andy was Dave's favorite guest. "In those early days," said Letterman, "there was no better guest than Andy Kaufman. You never knew what to expect from Andy, but it was always exciting and unpredictable."

In Part I, Andy lays the foundation of the Huey Williams Story. Huey's childhood days, from his first day of kindergarten to the weeks after his high school graduation are revealed. We learn of Huey's deepest fears and wildest dreams, and begin to know his family and friends in some detail.

Part II (all 373 pages) explodes into multiple layers, multiple characters, and multiple storylines. And much like Part I, the stories revolve around tales of courage, inner-strength, happiness, silliness and joy. Huey (and friends) strive for acceptance and understanding in a world where they are viewed by many as misfits. Part II features Cowboys, Indians, Country & Western singers, bullies, occasional violence, common folk, medically trained postal workers, foreigners, strange beautiful women, and assorted outcasts. As Martin Buber once said, "All actual life is encounter," and Andy fills Part II with an assortment of colorful encounters in the magical life of Huey Williams.

In Part I, Andy built the history of "The Mountain," and reference to The Mountain continues in Part II. In Andy/Huey's world The Mountain appears to represent life's possibilities and everyone's hopes and dreams for the future. Everybody secretly wants to climb The Mountain but few dare. The journey up The Mountain was lifelong and treacherous and those who did, did so at great risk. If they successfully reached the top they gained great personal and material riches, and a better understanding of themselves(?) The Mountain is the focal point for the town, a place where a family can gather at its foot to have a picnic and admire its beauty.

In the beginning of The Huey Williams Story, The Mountain stands alone - untouched and adored. This changes when The Mountain is purchased by "a rich man or conglomerate." The Mountain is soon surrounded by a fence, installed by the rich owner. They also install a Tram which provides quick and easy access to The Mountain, but the owners of The Mountain control who has access.

During the "western town history" portion of Part II, Andy continues to build the history of The Mountain with rich descriptions of the town of Auburndale. Auburndale was, established at the edge of The Mountain and named after one of their more prominent citizens, "(T)he citizens of the community named their town, 'Auburndale,' after Jack Auburn of General Store fame." Andy's writings exhibit a flair for old west storytelling as such, ".an old friend of his, Dame Lady May, known as Mrs. Martha May

Ray, of Scotsboro fame, built a hotel not too far from Jack Auburn's General Store, and the two became neighbors." The people of Auburndale view the changes to The Mountain, particularly the Tram, with suspicion and skepticism. The Tram leads to their economic downfall, not to mention some general bad behavior.

Huey's first night in Auburndale is quite eventful. After securing his belongings at a local shop, Huey explores the town and finds the Auburndale ail, home of Auburndale's one and only prisoner. The prisoner committed the town's first and only crime, and as punishment is now on permanent display behind bars.

For dinner, Huey chooses Jake Ormsby's Restaurant. The rowdy brand of people in the saloon/restaurant make Huey uncomfortable. Despite the drinking, cursing and bawdy behavior, Huey stays and eats his entire meal. Huey even tolerates the rude treatment he receives at the hands of his waiter.

As Huey begins to eat his salad a floor show begins. A toothless old man with a guitar and a gravelly voice begins to sing boring songs. Andy describes thusly, "sputtering curses in between songs, and looking mean like he'd just come off a pirate ship and had cut the hearts out of many a man and raped many a woman." (Page 251)

In shades of Tony Clifton, the singer treats the audience terribly, "During his set of music, he kept reminding the customers in the place that he resented being there and didn't have to put up with any of them, 'So shut up when I'm on the stage! I could be home right now with my shoes off, relaxing with my woman.'" (Page 251)

Huey finally gets a room for the night at Lady May's Hotel, and while there meets Curly, a famous Country & Western singer. (Perhaps it wouldn't a great stretch to believe that the character of Curly was inspired by Andy's admiration for Slim Whitman.) At Curly's behest Huey puts on a private show for Curly and his friends. After Huey fancies them with songs, pantomimes, magic tricks and some home movies, (Does this sound an awful lot like Andy, or what?) Huey plays the instrument his late Grandpa taught him to play (in Part I), the exotic "Wamagadoon." Curly is blown away by this new and mysterious musical creation and greatly admires Huey's proficiency on this weird new instrument. The Wamagadoon is described as follows, "And Huey proceeded to play the instrument just the way he had for various children years ago. He started slowly, and then let the music build gradually, until the instrument was practically playing itself as Huey just plucked it at random and arched his body forward, letting it bounce up and down with the music, smiling and eventually saying such phrases as, 'We're playing the Wamagadoon! Hey, it's time to play the Wamagadoon!' And with every pluck of the fingers or hands on the surface or strings of the instrument, waves of bliss were felt throughout the room and even outside where the men were waiting for their leader but did not start without him because they were so entranced by the sound and vibrations." (Pages 270-271)

An Excerpt

February 2, 1982 11:35 PM, NYC Berkshire Hotel

...Approaching the dam from out of the sky and coming closer with a taunt that angered the waters was the giant funnel of an enormous tornado. Now this was not the sort which came and went in just a few short minutes like most tornadoes. No. This tornado had been around for quite a while and at this point in time lived with its wife and several children up beyond the clouds near the North Pole, coming down to the earth less and less as it grew older. It did not mean to do any harm either. Those days had passed. When it had been younger, of course it would swoop down on little helpless villagers and destroy them with its tail, getting malicious joy and thrills from the mischief. But as it grew and matured, the same pleasure was not being felt anymore and it felt painful to see such mindless destruction, so it only teased by lifting citizens of the whole villages up in its funnel and twirling them around a few times, then letting them go so that they would all land in different parts of the world. No one would ever get physically hurt because the tornado made sure to be gentle with them, but it was a great big

inconvenience for them when each individual had to make a journey, alone, back to his or her village. Sometimes it would take years before whole villages were reunited, but they always did manage to get back together again.

But then, after a few years of this, the tornado met its wife and settled down. At first it reduced these escapades almost to nothing, except when it got restless and needed to go out for a twirl just for exercise. However, every once in a while, when there was a marital spat, it would leave in a huff, blow down upon a helpless village, and just for spite, lift all the people up and spin them around so that they all landed all over the globe, setting them back a number of years each time. It made sure to never hit the same village more than once, though, except for one time when it had hit a little town three times in a row. That was when there was a large fight with the wife and it was so mad that every time the poor residents of this little town finally all got back together again it would strike them again and spread them out for another few years. This depleted the morale of the villagers a great deal, but they persevered and each time ended up together again until the wife got wind of what was going on and told her husband that if it ever happened again she would leave him. Since then he caused no more trouble, especially being that his children were growing up and he felt a responsibility to his family. So from then on he mainly stayed home and relaxed, telling stories to his children and teaching them about the world they were becoming a part of.

Cast of Characters

Huey - Andy
Jack - Stanley
Waldo - Michael
Kate - Carol
Harry - Papu
Daisy - Grandma Pearl
Eddie Dunbar - ?
John Smith - Old Black Man, Town Drunk
Miss Ware - Huey's Kindergarten Teacher
Dabbsy - The "Kindly" Operator of the Ice Cream Concession
Tiny - "F-Troop"
Tommy - "F-Troop"
Danny - "F-Troop"
Scott - "F-Troop"
Jill - "F-Troop"
Marla - "F-Troop"
Ralph - The Retarded Boy at the Bowling Alley
William Dupree - ?
Carole - Curly Redheaded Girl with Large Breasts
Janet - The Blonde
Major Events/Persons in Storyline:
First Day of Kindergarten
Attendance in Kindergarten
John Brown
The Amusement Park
The Mountain
Imaginary Friends
King of the Hill
Doll on the Top Shelf

Dream Girl With the Diamond Birthmark
Grandpa the Trickster
The Evils of Cigarette Smoking
Grandpa's Death
How To Kiss a Girl
Graduation
Taxi Driver
Susan Brown the Homecoming Queen

Short 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 don't 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." "I'm 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. Oops, 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 rule 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 mediocritigaul 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*: *Andy 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 a 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 starvlings. 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 -YAYBOOYAY.

"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 CREDlt 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. Gleefully 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-ppppp-hh-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 "Alright" 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 chickadee - 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, yaaa!" (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 "Yaaa" 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 "Yaaa" 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?"

"Come '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.

Gamma 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 Gamma 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 Gamma 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 Gram pa 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 ya 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. Bessie 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 her 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.

"G'night Bessie."

"G'night children.-G'night Marty (Mlfna)-and G'night Abraham (Mlfna)."

Marty fell asleep right away but it took a while for Abraham because it almost always did.

"Hello Abraham," said Uncle Herbie. "Uh-What?-Oh, hello Uncle Herbie." "How ya doin'?"

"Fine,-and yasef?"

"Not bad,an't complain. It's good to see you again, ya know." "Yeah, the feeling's mutual. What brings you down here?" "Oh, just wanted to say hello, ya know. See how things are goin'." "Oh, I guess it's okay. Could be better, though."

"Well, we'll see how things work out, okay?" "Okay, Uncle Herbie. G'bye-bye."

"Gbyyy and so long."

Uncle Herbie turned into a mass of colors instilled by eerie,

static sounds, and "C-C-crrrackk! !!!!!!" of thunder awake Abraham into a mass of hysteria as he called for help.

September 14, 1967

He jumped out of bed and out of the room and into the hall but it was so strange because nobody came to his aid. "C-crrackk!" went the thunder again and Abraham was screaming and running in circles and peeked into Mommy's and Daddy's room, but there was no one there. So he became even more frightened and didn't know what to do. Each time thunder came, he became more hysterical so he sat on the floor rolled up like a little ball, eyes closed, mouth screaming and at one point looked up and saw Bessie in her robe and hair band.

"Whatsamatta, chile?" she asked.

Abraham ran into her arms as she patted him on the back telling him that it's all right. "Where's Mommy and Daddy?"

"Dey's gone. You know that. They went out tonite."

September 20, 1967

"Really?"

"Yeah, you knows that." "Bessie, I can't sleep."

"Oh chile. What's the wrong with you?" "Could you please sleep with me?" "Yeah-Yeah. Okay."

They went into Abraham's bedroom. Bessie stayed on top while Abraham crawled under the covers. "Bessie—?"

"Yeah?"

"When are they coming back?"

"I don' know. Now, hush up and go to sleep." "Okay. G'night Bessie."

"Guh-night!" "Kukukukukukukukukukukququququququququ." "Bessie, tell me a story."

"Aw, come on. It's too late." "Please,"

"Come awn, chile." "Just a short one."

"Okay." They both took a deep breath. "Once there were 2 little boys named Peter and James. Peter was older than James and was skinny and sickly and always complainin' about the weather. James was younger and stocky and healthy and never complained 'cept when their mother hit him. One day they went out for a walk in the woods and got into a fight whahl in da meantshm, a big bear came 'long en'—"

Abraham's eyes were closed and he was asleep. "Dey mammy come 'long en' save dem." She kissed him on the forehead and left.

October 9, 1967 VI.

Abraham awoke and went downstairs for bathroom and breakfast but first ran the water in the sink so that his mother would think he was washing his hands.

A hearty meal of orange juice, a soft boiled egg, and oatmeal was set before him and Mommy smiled saying, "Here's your breakfast, honey." He ate it comfortably because he'd had it everyday and had grown accustomed to it.

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, "Uuuuuuhh," 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 grownup 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 voluntary 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 1st 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 to 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 Chines 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 fouldn'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 over at 350° Farhenheit 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.o. 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 ruppling in the sun. He couldn't stant 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 Aaaaarrgghhh

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 anotheah 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 th bell rang a few times for the crowd to quiet down and the two wrestelers 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 usted:

"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. Greenvalley 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 oecchlllE 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

Plays

God

I.

Hearken thou: Art sinners all. I see ye in thou bloomers everyday picking some bits from one another's brows. Thou art comely into forbidden grounds.

I saw that ye were good. I loved ye more than ever. My patience hath abounding. Properties of perfunctory function. Yet I too have my limits; not that I have any limits at all. Nonetheless. I do not. Perfection overtools my regular. Yet I wish to limit my perfunct. Hast thou cherished the abdubial places of thou hearts?

THOU SHALT SUFFER

my friend.

more than ever.

THOU SHALT SUFFER

Thou hast sinned. Thou ist still sinning. Every day. All de time. Thou canst doest thist to me.

Damn you ass (baby).

ha ha ha

GO.

Down on your knees and suffer (you shall).

Tinctured Puncture

Tan face and narrow eyes. Straight mouth.

Handsome doll.

He walked down the streets of bustling city. Never grinned, never frowned. Always looked satisfied.

His legs carried his body throughout. Floated through. Arms waved back and forth in perfect rhythm.

His head above all, Float. Floating. Gold hair.

People of course noticed him, but they did not stop and stare. He was not a movie star.

Never stepped on a crack on the sidewalk.

Never moved out of anybody's way; never had to. Just walked straight.

A single line.

He stopped. Stared up at the big office building. Others looked up too. His mouth opened. Just a tiny crack. Beautiful.

He looked both ways.

Coughed. Fell. Choked. Tongue.

Gina wore the cutest bellbottoms. I mean just the cutest. You know, they fit her tight at the waist and gradually became looser until they went way way out at the bottom.

She always giggled ("Tee•hee•hee").

This time she walked down a city street and window shopped ("Tee•hee•hee"). Her short black hair like a pixie. She was just the cutest thing.

A man approached her. Confidential sneer. "Hey baby."

Tee•hee•hee.

'Uh uh said hey baby.' "Tee•hee•hee". "Ahhww."

Angry frown. "Da gurls dese days don't know a good thing when they see one!"

Tee-hee-hee.

She continued down the street. Satisfied grin. Little girl.

da da da da da-o

"Time!" cried the old man as he ran. He was almost short, kind of hunch-backed, and had a stubble-beard which made him look like a bum.

A crowd had formed. Some dared not to look, though.

"Time!" he cried. "Let me through, please." He held a bottle in front of him. "Let me through!" Police scowled.

Tinctured just lay there, sometimes coughing or choking. A doctor had tried to pull his tongue out, but to no avail.

"Time!" cried the old man as he ran. He stopped short at the body and bent down. "Here!" placed the bottle into Tinctured's mouth. Tinctured drank. Movement. In the body. In the crowd.

"All right all right! Given air! Given air!.. Soft. murmur in the crowd.

Disband! Disband!

And Tinctured stood up.

Ach. Good," said the old man."

And floated some more.

And Lany decided to stop at the window. Why couldn't people be more friendly these days?

And Gina stopped at this very same window. "Tee-hee-hee".

He heard it. Aha. Friendly. What evil is there can be found in a giggle.

He stood longer. Closer. "Uh-hi." "Tee-hee-hee".

Cute little tee-hee-hee! Innocent as hell! Wow! A friendly person! "Say, whatcha doin'?"

Tee-hee-hee."

Oh my! Tee-hee-hee! Yes!! Tee-hee-hee! Good God! "Wanna do something-together?"

l'ee-hee-hee.

Tee-hee-hee! Yes! Tee-hee-hee! All right, baby! You got me! I'll do anything! ANYTHING! for you! Understand? C'mon! Let's go!! He took her arm. They walked away together. Her hand covered her mouth with the giggles once in a while. They skipped. They danced. His arm went up around her back good.

The kingdom of Alegadonia. Lay in the mountains.

King Fluke sat on the throne (big chair) all day. Queen Silga sat in the throness all day.

What a boring job. Worse than night watchman in a garage.

Alpert walked the dog. Hutch trimmed the hedges

Baby picked the flowers. Baby got spanked, of coW'Se, not by King Fluke, but by Alga-dem, the executioner.

The Kids were kept in the nursecy. Once a day they were allowed to play Ring Around the Rosey. Esther the nurse made sure that they only did this once a day. She theorized that Ring Around the Rosey was a dangerous game when played in excess. Her job was to keep them tame. Sometimes she used Castor Oil.

Castor Oil was a slob. He spit at people. He was fat. He was bald. He was no good. The children didn't like Castor Oil.

PEOPLE IN CHINA-UNITE.

And they did the other day.

A crushed people of vengeance.

A crash of polygmy.

Slanted eyes and a tooth brush. Waded up to their necks.

A bumble bee stings when it is mad.

A Chinese man has a temper like a bulldog.

An old lady will swat one with her stick of not careful.

A bulldog will stick out its neck to save one's life-Brandy.

o no-that's a Saint Bernard-
 truly gifted dog of the alpine region of North Dakota.
 A stock bearer palls down into deep snows-of truth-pain-elbow grease.
 Sammy dug.He made sure to stay far away from the ocean. "That's a
 good little boy,"said Mommy.
 Truths abound wildly around children.
 Take stock of what you hear-it may prove valuable. Ahem.
 The girls of the chorus stood on the side of the brown dirt road and sang lonesome-cowboy-striding-
 music: da da dum da-da da dum da-daaadadadada.
 Lonesome cowboys strode down lonesome street in Old Auburndale.
 What a place!
 The girls showed their knees. Mustaches wiggled. "Woo Wee!!"
 'Wow!!"
 Va Va Va Voooom!!
 And that's just a sample of what you'll see inside," Nasal Tone was heard saying as he wiggled his
 own cotton-picking mustache.
 Yessir-I tell you! Would you believe? Rotten to the core.
 Ladies and Gentlemen
 An apple a day ...
 They all piled into the saloon. "Glubba glubba glubba." "Hubba hubba hubba."
 They all took seats.Black Bart made himself comfortable.They had a good time.
 'Well, I've been through it all. I've been through a lotta shit. I'm sicka it!"
 Sa try me! "I dey-ah ya!"
 Oh, you ain't sa tuff. "Oh yeah?"
 'Yeah!"
 Oh YEAH?
 YEAH! ah do decleah. "Well, hmph!"
 Gwan, puthcer money wheah yo mout iss.
 I c'n lick any man in da house. "Yeahm."
 'Well?"
 'Wellm?"
 'Well, g\Van. Putchah money wheah yo mout iss." "Okay!"
 POW-right in da kisser!
 me and my big mouf.
 So Larry had Gina under his arm. They walked. They talked. They skipped and jumped.
 Well, nice weather we're having, huh? "Tee-hee-hee."
 Oh my Gawd?
 They marched around a corner and under a tree. "Well, hay-be"
 "Tee-hee-hee."
 Here we are ...""
 'Tee-hee-hee."
 Just the two of us-hee hee.
 'Tee-hee hee."
 Ha-ha.
 'Tee-hee-hee."
 'Ho●ho-ho my!"
 'Tee-hee-hee."
 "Haw HAW!!"
 'Tee-hee-hee."
 HAW!!HAW!! HAW!!

'Tee-hee-hee."
'HAW!!!HAW!!!HEY BAY-bee, how 'bout a little kiss, huh?'"Tee-hee-hee."
Cum awn, I ain't gonna hurtcha.
Tee-hee-hee. "All right?" "Tee-hee•hee." ' L RJGHT!"
'Tee-hee-hee."
Just pucker up that little smacker and let's get into some action! "TEE-HEE-HEE."
'What?—all's I said was pucker up da smacker and lets get into some
action."
'Tee-hee-hee." "Oh-"
Tee-hee-hee.
Awww-
Tee-hee-hee."
Y'know-
Tee-hee-hee."
Ya make-a me mad! 'Tee-hee-hee."
Oh, you-
Tee-hee-hee. "Go ta hell!" "Tee-hee-hee."
(People just aren't friendly these days).
Tinctured Punctw-e. Floating. Just floating around. Never says a word.
Hey, you're cute,says a beautiful young lady.
Tinctured Puncture. Floating. Just straight. Not stopping. "Whell!"Young lady is embarrassed.
It is so! "It is not!"
It is so! "It is not!" "Oh yeah?"
'Yeah!"
Oh YEAH?
YEAH!
POW-right in the kisser•scroom, barn, pow, crash, kaboom, eek, wo, woch, aaarrghh.
gentlemen, GENTlemen• •
Tinctured Puncture.Floating.Just. Open arms. 'Iey."
"Hey•whaddaya say?" fights are ended such.
Sammy dug the beach. Yes-he really dug it. Mommy lay in the sun on her new Sun-Risened Beachnot
Blanket in her new Gogettum Cadenza Triple-R Soft White 2 piece Bikinibum Bathing Suit, curling
her legs at the knees and reading News in the Adventures of the Wilds (blue yonder), once in a while
curling her toes so as to crack her knuckles. Her hair bundled up into a frizz, loaded with a bang atop an
artificial net-curler. She employed a twest of sun reflector once in a while, and her red face reflected an
ominous smile on red lips satisfied for the longing of an incubationally rationale dotatingly fine sun-tan.
Can I go in do watta, Mommy?asked Sammy.
'No." Mommy came to da beach. Mommy don't go in no ocean. Too many fish. (Mommy get nice
sun-tan-so she look pretty for Daddy).
Why, maw?
"Hush up and keep digging."
If I keep digging, will I ...
Yes, if you keep digging, you'll reach China. Now hush up. PEOPLE OF CHINA-can't quit.
must go
must see and hear: "Ching chong choChing chong cho-che-
Ching chong cho chi chaFing fang fo
Ya ma ta) e vous!"
"Ya ma tal e vous?"
U te, 'Ya ma tal e vous'?" ""A wan a nob!!""
Rad na!!!

Yes
 I'm sick of all this
 Can't I find someone to understand? Oh gawd
 Why then oh why can't I? Somewhere
 Someone understands
 I wanna make sumthin of myself I wanna be somebody
 Someday
 They're all gonna kneel at my feet Wait and see
 Just you wait
 Oh lord God up in heaven I wanna be somebody.
 Ahem
 Hear ye Hear ye
 Oh that's not my job Why I'm the King
 And don't you forget it You better know it
 What I say goes
 I ain't no pushover Fluke's the name Yes-King Fluke
 Uh-huh-you better know it When you see me, you jump To my commands
 Ah hah! Yes!
 I am The Greatest! That's right
 No one
 I said No One
 tells me what to do
 They know they're messin with King Fluke The Greatest
 You better know it! Weahl weahl weahl heer I aehm
 Queen Sielga
 queen of King Fluke eahnd wut uh fleuk
 i eahm meahrried teu theaht breut eahnd yeud beahtter kneow it thaet's rait
 he is the biggest . . . weahl
 yeu kneow wut
 hnoy o buoy o buoy h u t I due sey
 wut uh schlump
 he's always talcing thuh cuvers on his side 1leahver leaves me any
 honestly
 why i ever got married
 heahven kneows
 my mother told me not to
 "he's a bum" she said
 and i do declare, he is nother but a good for nother bum
 Duh-here I am
 Just a-walkin da dog
 Everyday I walk da dog
 "Alpert, walk da dog"
 Dat's what dey tell me
 Dey tell me ta walk da dog Ho I walk da dog
 I mean dat's my job
 I walk da dog in da morning
 Sometimes I walk da dog in dee evening
 And ya know once in a while I walk da dog in dee afternoon
 If da missus is in a bad mood, I walk da dog aftuh breakfast , lunch an' dinnuh
 Sa haddaya like dat, huh? Breakfast lunch an' dinnuh Me an' da dog

belly belly belly And I'm th meanest
 ha ha
 The toughest ho ho
 The hornariest hombre to hit the south side of a toothpole belly belly belly
 Ohh-
 The kiddies are so wonderful It's just simply mahvelous Divine
 They are always right up on their P's and Q's
 I love them §2
 Yessir
 They sure know how to make an old woman feel good inside
 I just love to see them dance and play and skip and hop and jump Ring Around the ROSEY?!!!
 POCKETFUL OF POSEY!!!
 Who said that? Who saidit?
 Putem up
 I just can't fil.ailli that game
 It is subversive
 It corrupts the youth Yet—
 It is all right I suppose in moderation But in excess—!!
 Woe ho ho Bliiip Bliiip
 Blip blip I'm fat blip blip
 I've got a big red nose blip blip
 I'm ugly
 Boo-hoo-hoo
 Children don't like me UhpardonmeletmeintroducemyselfimCastorOil I don't see why it should make
 them so upset
 I don't bother anyone
 f don't hurt anyone At least I don't try to
 Yet I seem to bring them pain and grief Why oh why
 Woe is me
 I wish . . .
 I wish . . .
 Why couldn't I be made of stone, too blip
 Da beach
 Is a good place. I like da beach.
 My mommy brings me here once in a while to go swimming But she never let's me go swimming
 I just sit here and play wif my pale and shovel. I don't mind
 I like it here It is nice
 Mommy is getting a nice sun tan Matter of fact, so am I.
 Mommy says if I dig deep enough I'll reach China. Oh boy oh boy oh boy
 I can't wait
 I just keep on digging Ching ching cho
 ha ha ha dig dig dig
 I wonder what it's like down there I wonder if they got slanted eyes
 I wonder if they live in mud huts
 I wonder if they eat with chopsticks. Darling Sammy
 What a brat
 Sometimes
 But he's usually a good boy lxept when he's a pest Then he's a bad boy
 I'm trying to get some rest Peace and Quiet
 Get nice sun tan Look good for Daddy

Little brat bothers me Makes noise
 "Mommy could I go swimming Mommy could I get a hot dawg Mommy I could do this
 Mommy could I do that What a pain"
 Why don't he just be quiet Leave me alone
 Can'tche see i'm sleepin'? So I tell 'im to dig a hole So he'll reach China •
 Ha ha ha
 lle'll fall asleep soon enough Whell whell whell
 Step right up! Whell whell whell Step right up!
 Really Big shoe!
 Ladies and gentlemen!
 Whaddaya know, Joe Would you believe . . . Rotten to the core
 An apple a day Hmm . . .
 Cut the bullshit
 I know what I'm doing AndIlike it!
 Here
 Right here little boy kum here and knock the head offa the baby and win a turtle for ya mama
 Or ya sista Or ya brudda
 Aw, it don't matter What Isay
 But Ilike it!
 And don't you forget it! Ladies and gentlemen Step right up!

III.

And Queen Silga remained on top of King Fluke until he said uncle. "Uncle! UNCAL!"
 Hmph! she snorted, letting him up.
 'Hmph!' he snorted, getting up. He started pointing his finger at her, saying "Y'know . . ."but she
 started to put up her dukes so he let his arms just flap at the sides. "Well dear," he said timidly. "Let's
 go back to sleep."
 No answer. "Huh?"
 No answer.
 'Well, I'm goin' back ta sleep."
 Ya think I'd go back ta sleep with you? . . .Ya think I'm crazy or sumthin'?
 'Well no 1—"
 I wouldn't go back to bed with you if ya paid me a million dollars! "Well, 1—OKAY, ya wanna play
 ruff, hey? YA WANNA PLAY RUFF,
 HEY?"
 'Wha?"
 Put up yer.dukes.
 Oh YEAH— POW-right in the kisser.
 The king fell. In a second, the queen was on top of him. Tinctured Puncture.
 Just kept on floating.
 Watching over everything(?) I
 Making sure(?)
 A drunk old man walked down the street. "Ahh ya mudda fucka go eat shit ya lame-brained lalla-
 palooza shtang-bang yukk yukk—"And threw a stone through a nice old Jewish man's store window.
 Hey, who do you think you are throwing a stone through my winda? Why you mother fucker go eat
 shit ya lame-brained lallapalooza shtang - bang yukk yukk!
 'Wha—?"
 Fist . . . Punch . . . yukk yukk

And the old drunk man threw the nice Jewish man through his own winda. Looked up. "Wha . . .?"

Saw
Tinctured standing there up straight and erect with his hand on his hips.
'Wha?"
Tinctured smiled.
The old man straightened his posture. "What do you—Why . . .?" Tinctured smiled.
The old man smiled.
The nice Jewish man smiled.
Everyone smiled.
Shook hands
and came out of fighting.
Larry saw the boss outside the grocery store. "Say, ya need anybody to drive the truck?"
Hmm, uh aah, well . . .ya know how to drive a truck? "Yup."
Stick-shift? "Yup."
'Ya know how to deliver groceries?" "Yup."
'Ya know the town?" "Yup."
Okay. Ya want a job?
'Yup."
'You gottit."
Good.
'You'll start at \$1.35 an hour, full time six days a week, pension pending, good stockumohboy."
Good. Thank you.
Gina walked down the sidewalk. Tee-hee-hee.
She stopped at a window. Tee-hee-hee.
She stood there and watched, looking cute as ever.
The truck came a-rollin' down the road, just a-rollin' just as fast as ever. "Ho-ho-ho—do-dee-o-doe—
dee-dee-da—" sang the driver.
Hey bay-bee! called the driver from the window. Gina looked.
'Tee-hee-hee." "Oh yeah?" "Tee-hee-hee."
Larry opened the door and got out. He ran to where she was standing. "Come awn, bay-bee."
'Tee-hee-hee." "Oh YEAH?"
And he reached out to grab her but she ran away. He followed her and
almost caught her when her bells' bottoms expanded and she started flying.
'Wha?" hands on his hips. Scratch on his head. "Why I ain't never." And Gina just,flew.
'Tee-hee-hee."
The lonesome temple. Church pews.
Doors are always open.
Inside, the Lonesome Stranger sat. His expressionless face, with a dash of Mona Lisa Mouth, looked
straight ahead and up.
He knelt. His hands together in front. His lips moving delicately. buhbuhbuhbuhbuhbuhbuhbuh-
buhbuhbuhbuhbuhbuh
Eyes closed. Prayers astonished. Sat for hours. (Floated out).
Uncle. UNCAL! cried the king as the queen pinned him to the ground. "Okay okay," he said breathless.
"No moah! No moah!"
YA GONNA STOP? shrieked Queen Silga. "Uh, glub glub."
HUH?
Oh no! "UUUUUHH!"
Yes! Yes! YESS!!!!
Okay, ya dumb shmeggegy. She got off and let him up. ":And no more back talk!"
Yes darling.

Now I'm going to sit on the Throness. Do you hear me? "Yes dear.."

'Well, are you coming?"

I'll be there in a little while dear. I just gotta take a shower. "Okay, I'll be out on the Throness. You better be out soon." "Okay, okay."

'What?" "Yes dear."

She walked out for a hard day of sitting on the throness. "Whew!" said King Fluke as he wiped his brow.

Gina landed in an alley. "My," she wondered. "How did that happen?" Hhe thought, but I came out in cute little giggles. She looked down. Wiggled her tiny toes. "Tee-hee-hee." (She looked up and wiggled her little nose. "Tee-hee-hee.") She looked around her and began to dance. "Teehee-hee." She twirled around and around. A little faster and then a little faster. Round and round she went, faster and faster until she rose into the air. She stopped and descended. "Tee-hee-hee." (Hey waitaminnit. lladdidthat happen?) She looked at her waist. She looked at her feet. She looked at her bells. (No). (Couldn't be). She kicked. (Bliip). She kicked ngain. (Bliiip) She kicked again (Bliiip-fleeew) and flew up into the air (Yup-it was the bellbottoms)and flew happy, the only girl in the world with flying bellbottoms. "Ha-ha-ha." She laughed with joy.

Tinctured Puncture. Floated. Home.

On his way he remembered when he had gotten his first epileptic fit in public as a child and lost all his friends. For a while he had been incapable of normal human attributes, unable to communicate, unable to travel, unable to live. Then he had found dat man upstairs, and He was his only friend.

Every-body
needs some-body
to love-love-love

He had not seen his family for many years. He floated right into the house. Mother was in the kitchen peeling potatoes. He stood behind her and watched. "Outta my way," she said.

mmmm—

'What?" she looked around. "Why—Tinctured!" she exclaimed. "Ed—Tinctured is home."

'What, Martha?" Father entered the kitchen. "Did I hear you say—" he stopped short. "Tinctured!—What are you——?—Good to see you, m'boy. Good to see you." Father shook his hand.

Mother just stared. "That's my boy. Big and strong. Look how well he looks, Ed. Go into the living room. Make him a drink."

Tinctured stood with his Mona Lisa smile and said "mmmmmm—"

"Well," said Father as he crossed his legs and sat back in his easy chair.

"mmm—" replied Tinctured.

'My son, my son. Tell me about yourself."

Shrug shoulders.

Did you have a good time?

"mmm—"

Good. Good.—Did you miss us?

"mmm—"

Good. Good.—Did you do anything interesting?

"mmm—"

Good. Good.—Did you see anything you liked?

"mmm—"

Good. Good.—Did you go swimming? "Mmm—"

Good. Good.

Ed—How's the boy? called the kitchen.

Good. Good.—Now son. Your sister's coming down soon. You wait and see. She's so beautiful. Ya know, I think—Oh! Here she comes now!

'The stairs stepped. "Step-step." And a pretty long-blond-haired girl stepped downb from the stairs and she was Susan, the sister of Tintured Puncture. "Mom, when's dinner gonna be ready?"

In a while, dear.

Susan stepped into the living room. "Bye, Dad. I'm going skiing." She turned to go.

Susan, said Father. "Did you see who's here?"

She turned back, looked, and saw. "Is that my—Oh my!" She ran toward him with a big smile on her mouth. "Howdy bruddah!" She waved

her hand and stood up straight and erect. Stared him in the face waiting for the frantic reply that was to match her evervescent startle.

mmmm . . . was the reply. "She sat down. "How are you?" "mmm—"

Oh. There was a little bit of silence.

Father broke in. "Tintured had agood time and wants to go back and saw

II lot of things he liked and went swimming." "Oh." Susan stared a little. "Really, Tintured?" "mmm . . ."

Just what do you mean, Tintured?

mmm . . . Tintured continued his Mona Lisa smile. Very content.

Well, spit it out, boy!

"mmm . . ."

You got big ears!

"mmm . . ."

Now now, said Father. "That's not nice." "But he can't say anything, Daddy?"

Of course. Can't you Tintured?

"mmm . . ."

'Watsamattawityou, Tintured?"

"mmm . . ."

Daddy! He's dumb!

"mmm . . ."

Martha! The boy can't talk! "Wot!?"

'The boy can't talk!" Mother entered. "He can!"

He can't!

He can!

He can't!

He can't, Mommy!

mmm . . .

Oh yes he can! She went into the kitchen and came out with some potatoes. "Tintured. Ya want some potatoes?"

"mmm . . ."

She held the plate in front of him. His hand went out. She took it away. "Say 'I want potatoes'."

"mmm . . ."

'I want potatoes'.

"mmm . . ."

It's amazing! "He can't talk!"

He's DUMB!

"mmm . . ."

King Fluke took off his pants. He gathered his soap and towel and putemonthrack. Wiggled toes. He stepped into the shower.

ss "aaaaahh," he smiled.

RELAXION. ARREST. CONCILIATION.

(good)

And he wiggled his toes and stepped out. Drying off his towel and do the twist.

And King Fluke was putting on his pants.
 "A-ve, Ma-ri-hi-ah . . ."
 And got dressed.
 when all of a sudden he heard—
 "GOBBLE-GOBBLE-GOBBLE"
 and
 "AAAAAAAARRRRRRRRRRRRRRGGGGGGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHH!!!! "
 and heranoutjustasfastashislittlelegswouldcarryhim and saw the legs of Cween Silga justakickin as
 the Throness gobbled her up in one fell swoop.
 "GET OUT OF THIS HOUSE AND DON'T COME BACK UNTIL YOU CAN ACT LIKE A
 GENTLEMEN AND BE PART OF THE FAMILY AND
 ACT CIVIL WITH YOUR PARENTS!" said Father in a disturbing voice. ""Yeah, ya big stupid
 dumb,"" added Susan."
 My boy! cried Mother. "Where have we failed, Ed?"
 Tinctured exited from the house and strolled slowly on a sidewalk. l•elt lonely.
 Looked downward. Onto hard pavement. No one. Else. In the world. Maybe.
 And remembering when he had lost his peers after the first epileptic fit.
 He kind of stumbled. Downward. Now who was left?
 He stopped. Looked up. Smiled. At his Lord. "Well, I guess it's just you
 And me, old buddie," he thought. And started to float.
 Get me my advisor! order the King after witnessing the tragedy. He llood for a moment of silence.
 "At your service, sire," saluted the advisor.
 "Advisor?"
 "Yes, sire."
 "Look.—What should I do?"
 "Just what has transpired, sire?"
 Why—the Throness has gobbled up the queen in one fell swoop! "Oh my!"
 "And I don't know what to do. What should I do? Shall I mourn her loss forevermore?—By the
 queaths of Sanantobar Quitallia, I shall have her back!—Shall I not, good advisor?"
 "Thou mayest speakest truest, 0 noble king. ""Howest mayest thist beest donest?"""
 'There art tongue spokest, Your Majesty Sir, of a man in the outside land-"
 'A normal Lay Man."
 'Yessah .—I mean, yes Your Majesty. He is spoken of as only good. He is notably good, sire."
 And from where does he hail?"
 From whence he came, I cannot tell, but wherever he is needed most, chances are that there he
 shall be.
 Really?
 'Yup."
 Good advisor. "Yessah."
 Go out and find this—this— "Tintured Puncture, the blessed one."
 'Yes. Tinctured Puncture. Go out and seek him and find him and ask him if he can come back with
 you and bring me back my queen."
 'Yes sire. It shall be done. Your Majesty." "Good."
 And the good advisor went out in search of Tinctured Puncture
 And Sammy kept digging deeper and deeper and pretty soon all the bathers went home because the
 sun went down and it was night but Sammy just kept digging.
 And Larry drove his truck 'cause he was so happy in his truck and loved to shift from first to second
 to third down to second and delivered the groceries. He'd slam on the brakes, pull up on the emergency,
 take a last sip from his can of beer, fly open the door while throwing the can on the street, run around

to the side of the truck, pull down on the handle and open the side panel in one swift motion, search for the appropriate

box, find it, grab it, prop it up on his shoulder, walk to the back door of the house, drop the box on the "welcome" mat, ring the doorbell, wait for the answer, and say "Hello, groceries" with a smile on his face.

Come right in, said the lady.

He picked up the box and entered into the kitchen. "Put it right down there, boy."

"Ugh."

Here. And she handed him a quarter. "Thank you." He walked out. "Goodbye." "Goodbye."

And went to the truck, closed the side panel and handle in one swift motion, ran and sat back in the driver's seat, shifted into first, opened up another can of beer, and drove away, singing "doe dee o doe" as he rode.

And the good advisor Herbie went forth into the outside world in search of the one called Tinctured Puncture. He searched up and down, 1111 around. He went east. He went west. He went north and south. He ricked the city, the country; the towns, the counties, the states, the countries, the nations, the girls, the boys, the pigs and ducks and geese, the I alamazoo zonkinpups, and . . .

he saw a flying object—up in the sky—was it a bird—was it a plane—

—No! It was the girl called Gina and her Flying Bellbottoms. He saw and watched and cooed and pursued. "Hey," he called.

"I'ee hee hee," was the answer. She landed in front of him. "How do you do that?"

"fee hee hee," and she pointed to her bells' bottoms. "What?" he asked, amazed.

Her bells puffed up and she flew away.

"I must tell the King!" were his exact words.

Tinctured Puncture. Just floating. Around. A man to be stabbed, murdered in cold blood. Stopped, saved, and his pursuer cured. Such things happened at a beckoning of Tinctured. So he floated. All day long. In a bubble of well-being.

Tinctured! cried the man as he ran. "Tinctured Puncture!" and the good advisor approached him.

mmm . . .

"Tragedy has struck the Kingdom of Alegadonia!" "mmm . . ."

The King is in need of your help!

"mmm . . ."

"The Throness has eaten the Queen!"

"mmm . . ."

Would you follow me back to the Kingdom? Could you please get her back?

"mmm . . ."

Good. Thank you. Thank you very much. The King will be most gracious unto you, dear Tinctured.

"mmm . . ."

Let's go!

And they went forth to the Kingdom.

Where the King sat waiting on the Throne, once in a while glancing at the Throness with an empty, longing desire. He became bored after awhile, and rested his chin upon his hand which was upon his forearm which was upon his elbow which was upon the arm of the Throne. Hours later, the good advisor Herbie ran into the room with news. "King Fluke! King Fluke!"

Whattissit? Whattisit? "Good news—Good NEWS!"

"What!? What?! . . . Did you find that . . . that blessed one, Tinctured Puncture?"

Sho' did! He's waiting outside . . . But wait 'til you hear what I found! "Enough of your dribble. Go bring him in."

But wait 'til you hear . . .

Oh shut up! "But . . ."

Aa . . .

Magic Pants!

I said . . . what did you say magic pants?

Herbie nodded, a smile cracked across his face. Bit his lower lip. "What do you mean magic pants?"

Well, whilst I was out in search of the Blessed One, I stumbled across a sight unearthly in its expectations."

Yes, said the king eagerly.

A sight beholding to human eyes. "Yes yes! Whatissit already?"

A girl . . .

"

u

U

U"

with hair like a pixie—straw like a bone . . . teeth like pearls . . . "So?"

so then, kind sir, she was wearing bellbottoms. "Bellbottoms?"

'Yes, bellbottoms!' 'Wow! . . . Golly gee!'

. . . and was being chased by the big bad truckdriver! "Truckdriver?"

'Yes, truckdriver!' "Did he catch her?" "No!"

No?

No! She flew away! "What?! No!"

'Yes!'

No! No!

'Yes! Yes!'

'And how did she do it?'

It puzzles me too, kind sir, but I think that the power lies in her bellbottoms.

'Bellbottoms?' "Yes, bellbottoms."

'Truly, this is most amazing. Ifit be so, I must have them. I must . . .'"Just

then Tintured floated in. "Oh, Hi."

mmm . . . Tintured faced the king closely, as the king stood up and dissed his hand.

'Well, the problem at hand is that Queen Silga, (my wife), has been eaten by the Throneess." He pointed to the big chair. Tintured looked. "Well, do you think you can do anything about it?"

Tintured nodded. He put up one finger to signify "No problem. Just a minute." Then he motioned for all of the courtiers and attendants to please leave the room. Then he approached the Throneess head-on and stared her right in the eye. "Mmmmmmmmmmmhhhhhhhhh" he chanted. His hands made motions like a magician as he said the magic words.

'hmmmmmmhmmmmmmhmmmmh mhmhmhmhmhmhmhmhmhmhmhm

hm●m

and he stepped up to her and put his hand down her throat.

Cries of "Aaarrgghh" were heard and "elbbog elbbog elbbog" and screams and loud shrieks which were almost deafening (as the king held his hand over his ears) and after awhile a pair of legs appeared struggling, flailing up and down, back and forth, and, as the king said, they belonged to the queen because he "could recognize those legs anywhere." And, slowly but surely, the queen was a-born from the pit of shrieking throneess. And she was whole. And she was tired.

'Ugh." And she kissed the hand of Tintured Punctured. And she bowed. And he bowed. And the king bowed. And Herbie bowed. And everyone bowed until their heads were knocked together (except Tintured's). And Tintured floated from the room.

And the queen stood up straight and erect: A proud woman: a woman Lo be proud of: QUEEN SILGA! "Why I've never been so humiliated in all my life!" She turned to the king and wiggled her index finger at him. "And you! It's all your fault! If you hadn't taken your shower . . ."

'But dear . . ."

. . . and taken your precious time about it! But no! You had to have your goddam shower! You and your shower! I should've had my head examined before I married you! Why, I should . . .

The king bent over to Herbie and whispered in his ear, "Go get the girl with the flying bellbottoms! I must have those bellbottoms! Do you hear? Imust!"

Yes sir!

'And don't come back without them!" "Yes sir!"

'AND ANOTHER THING

YA GODDAM KING."

The queen went on and on like this, once in a while slapping King Fluke across his face.

Larry really liked his job. He really did. At first it was kind of hard because he didn't know the streets too well and it took him a long time to deliver the groceries, but the boss understood this and after a few days he proved to be very efficient.

The boss told him that he could have beers on the house if he wanted to so Larry went into the back and got a can before each run. At first, it was an adventurous and exciting thing to drink beer during the day like Ihat, but after a while, it got to be fun habit and he drank beer with his afternoon meals, snacks, and on the truck.

Riding around all day. So he would talk to himself. And sometimes the

groceries. And would sing. And pound on the steering wheel. And liked his voice. And liked singing.

And Larry drove in his truck all day delivering groceries, drinking beer, and singing at the top of his lungs, sometimes screaming real soulful, and really digging it, so all the world could hear.

The good advisor Herbie went forth in quest of the girl with the flying hcllbottoms. He started walking east, but to no avail. So he walked west.

And then south. And, last but not least, north. But however far he went, whence did the traveling commence thickest, he could not find even a trace of the fair lass.

'Ach!" he cried in surrender. "Time for a rest ." So he went into the neighborhood bar of the north and ordered a beer. He drank. His beer. And enjoyed it. "Ah," he licked his lips. "Hey Mac."

'Yeah bud?"

Gimme anuddah beeah! He got his uddah beeah and drank it. And enjoyed it. "Hey, Mac!"

'Yeah bud?"

'You seen a girl with flyin' pants flyin' around?"

No bud, answered the bartender suddenly looking concerned. "What's she look like?" The other men started coming and looking over at the two.

'Well," continued Herbie. "She has short, dark hair like a pixie . . ." "Oh yeah? Like a pixie, huh?"

'Why I'm the king's advisor!"

'Yeah? . . . And I'm Santy Claus! So there!" And the bartender said "Now get out! . . ." (kick): boooooiinngggg(!!!) "And stay out!" with his fist shaking threateningly from a bent elbow.

And Herbie's fist returning the gesture. And was on his merry way.

So the truck just come-on a-rollin' down de hill and Larry, the driver, was just a-singin' his cares away. "La la dee o doe—"

And Herbie was dejectedly strolling down the road kicking a pebble when he heard the merry melodies coming down the hill. He wved it to a stop. "Stop!"And it stopped.

Howdy doody o doe

Can ya tell me . . .

It's a won-der-ful day . . .

'Where I can find . . ."

For walkin' . . .

'The girl with the . . ."

'Yeah. and she's about so high . . ."

Oh yeah? and what about these flying pants? He winked at the other guys, who started giggling a little.

'Well, she's wearing big bellbottoms. Y'know, the kind that fit her tight at the waist and gradually become looser until they go way way out at the

Hmm . . .

Can ya please help me out?

It's a won-der-ful day

'For talkin' . . .

'And I-love-you . . .

My melancholly bay-bee . . .'

bottom.'" "Oh yeah?"

'Yeah."

Oh YEAH?

Larry was out of the truck, dancing on his tiptoes. "Well," said Herbie. "If

ya can't beat 'em, join'em." So Herbie started dancing, and singing along. And they both sang:

o doe dee o doe la la la la la

arm in arm.

'YEAH!"

Hey, said one of the guys. "I'd like ta see dis broad."

The guys laughed. In a few minutes they were showing him to the door.

'Wait a minute! WAIT A MINUTE!" Herbie cried. "Do you know who I am?"

holding hands. and dancing.

la la lee lo

dadada o doe

one-two-three-kick(!) one-two-three-kick(!) hahaha

'Yeah . . . A nut!"

(ha-ha-ha)

you got it baby!

And they stopped but Larry kept tapping lightly as Herbie asked, "Can you tell me when I can find the girl with the flying bellbottoms?"

Oh a stately mountain high? in a low, deep, Elvis Presley type voice.

Deep in the heart of the Rockies?

'And they called her Gi-na

and what else could they call her but Gi-na.

Cause a girl by any other name could not be called Gi-na.

and she hails on a stately Mountain high

deep in the heart of the Rock-ees" "U-uh-huh"

A-wella-wella-yeah!

her nose. Then a bell rang and they went back to their natural positions in the Throne Room.

Hear ye, hear ye, called the crier. "Announcing: The good advisor, Herbie!"

A drum roll.

Herbie entered. "Your majesty kind sir King Fluke." "Yehhhsssss?"

I have her! The great girl with the flying bellbottoms!

Well, bring her in!"

'Yessir!" He went out and came in with Gina. "Here she is, your majesty. Gina!"

throwing his arms out in a deep southern "Mammy!" (Man, this guy's got talent!)

Thank you!

"Dat's awwlll—

right!"

Thank you very much! And Herbie started running for the Rockies.

The execution chamber lay in back of a big wall just behind the Throne and Throness. All day long Algadem, the executioner sat in his chamber waiting for someone to execute.

Now he sat quietly, reading a very dirty book. His eyes popped and his tongue hung out as he panted feverishly while reading about a girl taking off her clothes or heads rolling down a hillside or something like that.

Once in a while he blinked his eyes in disbelief, sometimes rubbing his belly and occasionally masturbating. "Hah-hah-hah-hah-hah-" he panted like a dog that was out of breath. "Oh boy oh boy oh boy oh boy." He outstretched his arms as if he was hugging someone. "Ahh, can't wait!" he exclaimed.

Quickly he thumbed the pages, anxiously reading the next. "Cut off his balls!" he cheered. "Cut off his BALLS ya lamebrained gadembang!" He read further, a little disappointed. "Oh," he grunted. "Well, if it was me, I woulda cut off his balls."

The king was in the counting house, counting all his money. The queen was in the parlor, eating bread and honey. The maid was in the garden hanging out the clothes, when along came a blackbird, and snapped off

Tee-hee-hee.

Well, I'll be doggone. She is but a child, Herbert!" "Yes, I know. But she flies like a bird!"

Oh yeah?

'Yeah."

Oh YEAH?!

'Yeah."

Aha ha ha. She flies like a bird, huh? "Yup."

Ah don' believe it. 'Well—wanna see?"

'Yes, please."

Okay . . . Gina?

Tee-hee-hee. "Gina?"

Tee-hee-hee.

Fly like a bird for the king, huh? Tee-hee-hee."

Okay?

'Tee-hee-hee."

'Aw," said the gruff old king. "She is but a child. Why do you waste my time with such nonsense?"

Just then horny Algadem came a-runnin' out with a butcher knife yelling "A victim! A victim! Aha!! And he ran toward Gina yelling "I'm-agonnoo cut offa yer head!"

Somebody screamed. Gina stood calmly giggling with her hand cupped over her mouth. When Algadem was within an arm's reach, she rose into the air. He tried to jump but she flew too high.

Fantastic! remarked the King. "Remarkable!" remarked a courtier.

'Mahvelous! Simply mahvelous!" remarked the queen.

'Why, I must have a pair. I just illl!.fil! Fluke dear, ask her where she got them."

'Yes dear.—Algadem, go back to your chamber!"

Algadem stop chasing and said in a low, dejected tone, "Yes your majesty." "Right now!"

Algadem ran back into the execution chamber.

Now, my dear, said the king in a mild, friendly tone. "The queen would like to know where you got those magnificent bell-bottoms."

'Tee-hee-hee."

The king's face turned a little red."Really now," he continued. "She would like a pair. Where can she get some?"

'Tee-hee-hee."

CHmph, the king coughed. "Now listen, you little whipper-snapper, where can we get a pair?"

Herbie interrupted at this point. "I'm afraid, sir, that this is the only pair of its kind in the world."

'What!?!—Oh, really?—Whell, I must have the,.—Gina, darling, what do you want for them?"

'Tee-hee-hee."

I'll give you anything— "Tee-hee-hee." "ANYTHING!"
'Tee-hee-hee."

A hundred dollars? "Tee-hee-hee."

'A Thousand dollars? "Tee-hee-hee."

'A Million dolh1rs?" "Tee-hee-hee."

'My Throne!" "Tee-hee-hee." "My QUEEN!"

'TEE-hee-hee."

Fluke! broke in the queen. "This is most outrageous!" Why, I've never been so humiliated in all my life!" She changed her tone and turned to Gina. "Gina dahling. May I pleahs have those mahvelous bell-bottoms, my dear?"

'TEE-HEE-HEE."

'What! Why, this is most embarrassing! To be laughed at by a child! Fluke, I demand she be punished!"

'Yes dear——Gina, you have humiliated both the queen and my self. Now, for the last time, may we have your bell-bottoms?"

'Tee-hee-hee."

Okay! That does it! He cupped his hands over his mouth and called, "ALGADEM! COME!"

And Algadem, the executioner, scooted out as fast as his little legs would carry him. "Yes sire," he saluted.

'This girl is to be executed!"

'YES SIRE!—Public or private, your majesty."

'Um, um," the king thought. "Public!" ordered the queen. "Public!" said the king.

Algadem went back to his chamber and brought out the buzz-saw and log.

Sammy was a little boy who was very determined to see what China was like in all his childlike curiosity. He had never been so far away from home without his mommy. He had never been so far away from his mommy.

And it looked like he was really gonna make it because now he was in the center of the earth and if he could read he would have known that he was in the center because he encountered a good sized yellow ball which lighted up in all different colors and spelled in neon letters "CENTER" and burned when he touched it but Sammy didn't know the difference so he said "god" and kept right on digging.

Heh heh heh, snickered Algadem as he put the log on the buzz-saw and took out the rope. "Heh heh heh," he beckoned Gina, wiggling his finger.

'Tee-hee-hee."

Then he growled ."Grrrr."

Now, the king. "Iffen you don't give me dose bell-bot-toms I'm a-gonna saw you-all in half!"

'Tee-hee-hee."

And then he(Algadem) grabbed her! And then—

And then—

And then—

And then— And then—

Heh-heh

("Tee-hee-hee .")

he tied 'er up!

he put her on da log wit' da back of her head facing da blade!

he turned on the buzz saw!

Wella-wella-yeah! —" sang Larry as he raced along the road at 80 she he could finish up and get home early. He pulled intot the big house of Mr. Mackelblatt, the rich executive who was never home because he was too rich to be.

"Wella-wella-yeah-and-a-oh-yeah . . ." sang Larry as he opened the panel of the truck and took out the groceries and brought them to the kitchen door. "And I love you, my melancholy bay-bee."

step . . .step . . . step . . .step . . . step . . .step . . . step . . .step . . . step . . .
step . . .step . . . step . . .step . . . step . . .step . . . step . . .step . . .”

And from behind a wall peeped two innocent eyes. They followed his exit, and slowly, a child emerged. He walked warily into the middle of the room, looked around, and motioned for the others to follow.

A group of about fifteen children pranced into the middle and made a circle. They all joined hands and began to go around. And around they went when after the end of final hesitations, they began to sing:

Ring Around the Ro-sey Pocket-ful of Posey

Ash-es Ash-es

All fall down!

‘Yep,’ said Mr. Mackelblatt from behind the double glass sound-proof room. ‘That’s my boy!’ and he puffed on his cigar as Larry sang.

You ain’t no-thin but a hound-dog

a-just-cryin’ all da time

And Larry was a little meek at first but started to get into it.

You ain’t a-nuth-in but a hound-a dogg-a a-just a-cryin all da time

And put some feeling into it.

And started moving his knees.

a-wella-wella yeah

And his hips.

Grrrrrhhhhh And screamed like a madman.

AAAAAARRRRRRRGGGHHH

And Moved, baby, I mean moved!

Perfect! Yelled Manny Mackelblatt as he ran out. ‘That’s it! That’s a t ake!—Boy, you’s e goin’ places!’

And the song ‘You Ain’t nothin’ but a Hound Dog’ became a tune whist led on the lips of everyone throughout the world. The name Larry Prescott bounded into the lips and minds of people everywhere.

Girls thought of nothing but the famed sensations. Glory abounded from nil sides.

His records became the biggest sellers of all time. They even sold records of him going ‘Uuuuuuuuuu’ for a dollar.

Boyfriends became jealous, but admired the shining youth for his vim nod vigor.

He was hired to sing at record hops, and each time he sang, he moved, baby, I mean moved! And everytime he moved, he wiggled his hips. Girls Hcreamed very loud and orgiastically when he did this, and fainted in large quantities when he sneered and went in a low, harsh voice, ‘Awwwwww’ and he absolutely sent them out of their minds, but as time went on, his name was too expensive for just little ol’ record hops so he Just did big record hops and then bigger record hops and finally only biggest record hops until he cost so much money (\$1,000,000 for a smile)

t hat no one could afford him anymore and he stopped singing publicly, nlthough he enjoyed walking down the street and having all the girls chase him and scream over him.

Then one day, as he was bathing in his green bills, Mr. Mackelblatt walked in with the news. ‘Larry baby,’ he said. ‘You’re going on coast-to-coast television!’

Really?

‘Yup! Really! The network has offered two billion dollars for you to do ‘Uuuuuu’ and ‘Awwwww’ and sing ‘You Ain’t Nothin’ But A Hound Dog’ !’

Gee, that’s great! ‘Good!’

Good! When do I start?

And the big night came when a Larry-starved world was going to see their idol. People’s mouth watered . Girls shivered in rapturous delight at the thought.

And backstage, preparations were intact. A knock at the door. "Come in." "Hey keead," said Mr. Mackelblatt as he entered the dressing room.

Hi, Manny. What's up? "Y'all set?"

'Yup."

Good. There's just one thing. "Okay . . . shoot."

It's been requested by the censors— "Yeah,—"

'Well, you know you're gonna be on network television." "Yup."

'Well, there might be kids watching—so anyway, they don't want you to wiggle your hips."

Larry was taken aback. "Don't want me to wiggle my hips?" "Or your knees."

Or my knees?!

Sorry, keeahd. I did the best I could. "I know, Manny. I know."

llut look at it this way, keeahd. They're payin' ya two billion dollars. Yeah, that's right .—But I don' know about this."

Well, Will ya try?

Yeah . . . but it's gonna be hard."

Okay. Just remember, two billion dollars. ' Yup ."

I' RESCOTT-YOU'RE ON

And Larry walked slowly to the door. Lights from flash cameras flashed

HH he opened it, and continued over the stage as people tried to touch him.

AND HERE HE IS NOW

Remember, said a producer. "No wiggling."

"Yes sir."

LARRY PRESCOTT

YAAAAAAAYYYYYYYYYYYYY

AAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHRRRRRRRRGGGGGGGGHHHH

The screams wee deafening. Maybe fifteen minutes later, the place was 11i lent as Larry stood up straight and motionless, arms hanging at his 11ides.

They all waited.

The world waited.

You could hear a pin drop.

The his mouth opened slowly. Screams started from the back. A little wider. A littler wider.

And finally "Uuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuu"

AAARRRRGGGHHH

Then

AARRGGHH ARGH

AAARRRRGGGHHH

and the girls really flipped.

Awwwwwwwwww"

ARGH-ARGH-ARGH-ARGH

(pant-pant-pant-pant-pant)

Girls screamed and fell and ran up to the stage to be met by policemen barricades and all over the world in every living room people were watching and hearing The Voice and people even walking the streets heard The Voice and reacted and Manny sat back and smiled and chewed gum.

And now stillness reigned supreme. Larry stood still-waited for the reactions to die their last. The big number was coming up and everyone knew it. He took one last glance off stage at Manny who just smiled a three-ring encouragement.

Larry faced his public. He took a deep breath . Everyone across the face of the globe took a deep breath.

And here it went, like plummeting down the first hill on a giant roller coaster, he screamed:

YOU AIN'T NUTHING BUT A HOUN DAWG

A-JUST A-CRYIN ALL DA TIME

And even a hermit couldn't help but hear The Voice, and the joy of the world as it carried its message across continents.

The studio was a sight not to be believed. It was the center of the world.

(Some older people looked at this on their television screens and started

to say "This is ghastly! An abomination!")

YOU HAIN'T NEVER CAUGHT A RABBIT

AND YOU HAIN'T A-NO FRIEND OF MINE!!!!

and then he stopped.

the world stopped.

He spoke:

AH-AH CAIN'T HE'P IT! AH JUS' CAIN'T HE'P IT! AH GOTTA MOVE!

AH JUS' GOTTA MOVE!!!!

And the knees just started a-wiggling. And the hips started wiggling. Round and around went his knees, and he moved, and baby, I mean he really moved! And through all the sweat of his brow, a contented smile broke out all across his face as he sang:

WEEEEEEELLLLLLLLLL

THEY SAID A-YOU \VERE HAR CLACE BUT DAT WAS JUST A LAH

Thunderous beat underbounding. This drove people to the floor. Girls fainted. The world drove crazy. (Even the older people smiled red-faced).

Stop it!—STOP IT!! Ordered the producer. "What? Said an engineer. "We can't stop this!" "Well then don't show his hips!"

Ho the picture fizzled for a few seconds and all that could be seen from then on was Larry Prescott from the waist up as he finished.

YOU HAIN'T NEVAH CAUGHT A RABBIT

YOU HAIN'T NO FRIEND OF MINE

dada dada dada dadada

The lawyer's office. It was full of books on shelves. And in the middle had a big table.

Ladies first—so in walked Esther the nurse, holding Baby by the hand; then came Alpert, the dog walker; Hutch, the hedge trimmer; and last but not least, Castor Oil. They all walked in slowly and carefully, everyone a little nervous, except Baby. They had never been in a place of such dignity in equal standing, because in the king's palace they were only servants, but now they were cordially invited. They sat down and waited, not speaking a word, once in a while taking a fast glance at each other, mostly twiddling their thumbs. There was a flower vase in the middle of the table and Baby plucked the flowers from it.

The lawyer walked in, gave a professional smile, and sat down. "Hi," he said.

Nervous faint "hi's" answered.

I suppose you all know why I called you here? he asked. "No, Why?" asked Esther.

'Why, for the reading of the will.' "Will?"

'What will?'

'Yeah. We don't know any will.—Do you know a will, Hutch?' "I don't know any will!"

'Why,' broke in the lawyer. "The King's will!" "The king's will?!"

'Yup! The king's will!"

'Wow, I didn't know he had a will."

'Well, he had to leave his fortune to someone, didn't he?

'Yeah, but since everyone in the palace was killed, we didn't know he knew anyone else to give it to.'

He knew you five, didn't he? "Yeah. Vaguely, though.

However, you're the only people left in the world that he knew, and, suffice to say, you each get properties worth ten billion dollars all together!

What!
What!
What!
What!
What!

Yup. Each of you has two billion dollars. He was talking to himself. They nil had fainted (except Baby, but she couldn't understand what he meant anyway).

So he poured water on them and they came to. "Gee," said Alpert. "This is good. What are you gonna do with your share, Castor?"

"Well, I don't know what I'm gonna do with all of it, but first I'm gonna get me a wig and a nose job. What about you, Alpert?"

"I donna, but I do know that I'm gonna get a bone and a mate for my doggie."

I'm gonna get me a new, modern hedge-trimmer so's I could cut more hedges faster and easier.—Why I'm gonna be the best doggone hedgegrimmer in the world!

I'm going to buy a nursery for the children. "Ga ga goo goo."

The Good-Time Bar was having a good time. All the population of Auburndale was there.

Roll out the barrel. We'll have a barrel of fun.

Ihey sang. J.usta-dancin' and a-singin'.

"Hailem enna left, and a hailem enna joey, a-right to ya lef', and a-right lo ya hoey, doe-see-soe, <leemdeemdeemdeemdeemdeem,

prawmenade—"

And Whiskers played on dat piano like there was no tomorrow. Everyone Rmilin' and laughin' and singing' and gigglin' and yellin' and flirtin and IIAPPY BUCKEROOS-

YA-H00000

When everything stopped! The stranger at the door.

silence. Stood straight and erect. One minute.

And everything started again. Continued from where it had left off.

"Roll out the barrel.

We'll have a barrel of fun. ""I've got a hurt child out here!"

"Roll out the barrel.

We'll send the blues on the run Is there a doctor in the house?"

Sing Ta-ra ra ra

sing out and tell and cheer Ev-ry-bo-dy roll-the barrel because the gang's all here hahaha

I SAID IS THERE A DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE!!!!!!??

silence.

Everyone stopped. Stared at the presumptuous stranger.

He strided into the middle of the saloon. "Could I please see a doctor?" Silence. He walked up to the bar. "Is ANYBODY a doctor?"

si—lence. "THERE'S A SICK CHILD OUT THERE!"

silence.

He waited a few minutes. Then started on his way out. Somebody threw a cup that bounced off the side of his head. He stopped and turned. Everyone laughed and continued from where they had left off.

Roll out the barrel.

We'll have a barrel of fun

The stranger went outside and at the side of Gina while the music faded into the background. He looked her over once or twice, and moved his lips and prayed for her.

A man stumbled out of the saloon, hiccupped, and came over. "Howdy! M'names's Johnson! Doctor Rudolph Johnson at yo' service-hie-What can Ah do fo' you?"

Mm.The Stranger pointed at the girl. "What's she-hie-sick?"

The stranger nodded.

The doctor looked over once or twice. "Aw, it's nothing. Just a case of mild shock. She'll be awright. Jes' let 'er rest."

Mmm.

And the doctor stood, staggered, and hiccupped in that order, and stumbled back into the saloon.

The stranger kept his eyes glued to the girl as he prayed. After a while she opened an eye. Then the other one. She saw him. The she giggled "Tee-hee-hee." She sat up and rubbed her eyes. Looked around in childish wonder. Smiled a most charming.

And he stared.

And she spoke. "Hi." And he just stared.

Hi.

And he just stared.

Why don't you say anything?—Tee hee hee. "Mmmmm."

'Tee hee hee.'

Mmmmm.

'TEE-HEE-HEE.'

Mmmmm.

'TEE-HEE-HEE-HEE-HEE

HA-HA-HAW-HAW.'

Cie looked at her pleadingly.

She stopped. Looked back. In the eye. "Hi." "Mmmmm."

Oh Tinctured.—Tinctured Puncture! Say something! He shrugged his shoulders. "Mmmmm."

Say—'hi'—

Mmm.

You can! Ya know.—You really can.

His Mona Lisa smile broke into an almost sob trying to be held back as his lips went downward.

Come on, Tinctured. You can talk. You can do anything you want to!

He looked up at the sky. Smiled. Looked at her again. And attempted a sound. "Mmuhh."

Come on!—

Mmuuuhhh—

'You can do it—'

Mmmmmuuuhhh—uhhhh—hahh!

'You diddit!' she clapped. "Now, try it again." "Mm-hah—hi!"

HI!!

'Hi!'

'HI!!'

'HI!!!!'

'HI!!!!—Oh, Tinctured," she hugged him. "See. You can talk. Now, say something else."

He put his finger to his mouth. "Duh.-Da boy went to da store!" "Yes! Yes! That's right! Now say, 'the boy went to the store'." "The boy went to the store."

Right! That's right! And she gave him a big kiss. He smiled. Really smiled. He ws proud of himself. He glanced skyward for a moment and back down again. She was proud of him. "See. You can say anything you want to."

'Yup,' he agreed. And he pointed his finger up as though mimicking as speech. "There's a sick girl outside."

'What?'

Oh, that's what I said before when you were unconscious . "Oh." She smiled.

'There's a sick girl outside I said.' And he went on and on until he began singing.

And they both stood up and started walking holding hands as he sang, "Is there a doctor in the house" and she chimed in with, "Yes-yes-you gott il, baby!" and there hands went up and down, back and forth as they walked and skipped and finally rose up into the air together as she flew and he floated

and he could be heard speaking "E equals MC squared" and "Four score and seven years ago" and she laughed "Aha" and his arm went up around her back good.

'There's a sick girl outside

Is there a doctor in the house."

Sammy had surpassed the center a while back and his childish intuition told him that he was almost there. A little more he dug and dug and smiled excitedly because he knew that he had finally reached his goal and when he fell through and landed with a thud and opened his eyes he knew he was there-China! Yup. He was really in China. "Oh boy," he said. Beautiful country. Green trees and rice all around. Bamboo standing in places forlorn. And he started to look around. He walked. And walked over the horizon and sat down upon a hill overlooking the Union, and saw all these Chinamen running after each other with butcher knives. They were dark with buck teeth and long pony tails. When one was caught, the other would cut off his pony tails. Sammy watched in glee, stomping his feet, clapping his hands and laughing. Yet, he was overheard. Just as a Chinaman was about to "scalp" someone, he turned and saw Sammy. His eyes popped open wide. Sammy saw that he saw him and got up to run. "CHING CHONG CHO!!" yelled the Chinaman, and one hundred other Chinamen followed as he ran after Sammy over the horizon and back to where he'd come from.

Sammy, made it, though, and he jumped into the hold and ran. The others passed the hold, but two bright-eyed brother spotted it. "Fing fong!"

'Hoo koo choo wall"

Gal yuk ka tuma ma dae!! "Ich gal!"

And they climbed into the hole and followed after Sammy for many days and when they finally caught up with him when he was almost back to "da beach" but all three were tired out that they just laughed and made friends and talked for hours.

Larry had made it. He was rich and famous, bathing in billions. For a while he dug it, but after contemplating the actions of the consequences, he became kind of bored with the idea that he had so much money that he didn't know what to do with.

'Well, ya could invest it in the stock market," suggested Manny. "Nah. That's too dull."

'Well, ya could give it to charity."

That's kind of good, and I will, but I still want to do something else that's really outasight.

And he pondered the thought for days until he went on a spree to Coney Island and rode on the 250 foot Parachute Jump and the world's largest roller coaster. This gave him an idea: Open up an amusement park. Yup-he would open up a really big amusement park that was so outasight that everyone would love it. For days, he thought about his mythical amusement park and dreamed of it. It would have to be immense. He needed a large plot of land for it.

He traveled throughout the country looking for land but the largest was the Arizona Desert and that wasn't even big enough. Then one day, as he was reading the morning paper, he read that "Scientists have discovered a method of converting water to air. Lakes and oceans can be easily drained."

Aha! he snapped his fingers. "I shall buy the Atlantic Ocean and have it drained!"

So he went downtown to check the business angle and found that on top of being a very expensive project, the shipping industry and the fishing industry (just to name a few) would be very mad. He would have to buy them out! As many billions as he possessed, Larry did not have quite enough for this project. He needed partners.

The office was full of books on shelves and in the middle had a big table.

Ladies first-so in walked Esther the nurse, holding Baby, the flower picker, by the hand. (They were dressed so nice and purty!) Then came Alpert, Hutch, and last but not least, Castor Oil. The gentlemen wore tuxedos; the ladies wore evening gowns, including Baby. They all walked in slowly and carefully, but with more confidence. They were rich and they knew it, but they still retained the humility that kept them beautiful. They sat down and waited, not speaking a word, and their hands were folded on

the table as they waited patiently like good ladies and gentlemen. There was a flower vase in the middle of the table and Baby plucked the flowers from it.

Larry walked in and said "HI." They all answered "HI."

I suppose you're all wondering why I called you here? he asked. They nodded.

'Well, it's like this: How would you all like to invest in a great thing?" "What thing?"

'Well,—a great big amusement park."

"Amusement park?"

'Yup. Amusement park. Y'see, I want to open one which will be so good that everyone in the world will come there. It is very big and cost a lot of money, but it'll pay off really well."

Hm, started Esther the nurse. "Just what are you planning, Mr. Prescott?"

Oh, just call me Larry. "Oh, just call me Esther."

Okay Esther. I'm planning on buying the Atlantic Ocean and all subsequent businesses that use the Ocean, having it drained and opening up an amusement park which will be so much fun that everybody; no matter what age, will enjoy it. People will leave their homes from all over the world just to come there. The ground will be made of foam rubber cotton so everyone will bounce and float as they walk. We'll have angels playing harps and anti-gravity machines and roller coaster sliding pons.

Hey, said Alpert. "Dis sounds great." "Yeah," agreed Castor.

GOO GOO suggested Baby.

Uh, just what do you intend to call this place? asked Esther. "Well, I was thinking of some ethereal name like Heaven." "Heaven?"

Wow!

That's great!

Well, continued Larry. "Is anyone interested?" "I am!"

Me too!

You got me, bud!

And don't leave me out! "GA GA!"

And construction began the next week and before long Heaven became a reality.

V. Heaven

The Atlantic Ocean stands immense running thousands of miles across the globe. Look at a map and ye shall see that it is accessible from North America, Central America, South American, Antarctica, Arctica, Africa, and Europe. It is a very big place. Such is the grounds for "Heaven, I he Place of Paradise." Heaven is the result of many years of planning and construction, investment and work. Its doors are open to all kinds of people, whether they be rich or poor, large or small. One(s) can always find some satisfaction in Heaven.

Let us start with the foundation. It is a very light and easy one, existing from the softest materials unknown to man. The ground is made of a combination of foam rubber and cotton, so that one feels the soft, bounces as he walks, and smiles as he bounces. There is a mist in the air, fed by pumps, which gives the illusion of being on a cloud, and girls dressed as angels in robes and halos playing harps occasionally passing by to radiate their gleaming splendor. If one wants to, he may poke one to see if she is real, which she is.

When one first enters Heaven, he may, depending on from where he enters, find himself in a wide open green field like the ones that used to be featured in old cartoons where the family went on picnics, with the f. {Ood ol' swimming hole on the side and the "no swimming" sign posted on a tree. He may walk this field or lie in it for a while. However, when he wishes or a little after, he will find himself in the amusement park prop

Pr.

Heaven can be entered from all sides: Africa, Europe, North America, South America, etc. There are some entrance gates and ticket booths every few miles along these former "coasts." The amusement park is divided into layers, or circles. These layers run kind of parallel to each other almost evenly in a circle around the whole, getting smaller as they come into the center.

The first, or introductory, layer varies in some entrances. It is the only one like this. It is the aforementioned green field. In some entrances, you enter right into the amusement park, and in others, you enter into the field. As said before, you may walk the field if you like. A singing group called "The Brothers Four" have been hired to roam around this field with

guitars and sing "Greenfields." It is really a very soothing introduction to something nice. People entering from Manhattan, for instance, could really dig it.

The first layer of the amusement park proper is like a kiddie park. It consists mostly of rides that are short and simple and clown 'n' things. Towards the inner part of this layer are fun houses and even a spook house here and there. Then it gradually turns to the next layer which is a little more daring and resembles a Coney Island, with a big roller coasters, ferris wheels, and a 250 foot parachute jump. Nasal Tone's brothers work in this part and bark for each attraction.

Of course, to get the most out of Heaven, the idea is to walk from the outer layer to the center, and as you walk, everything gets bigger and better, so as we walk to the next layer, we find exaggerations of our Coney Island rides. There is a roller coaster modeled somewhat like the Cyclone, whereby the first hill is almost ninety degrees, yet its height is magnified to about 250 feet. There are other variations of this roller coaster, such as the "Squirm Worm," where each person is individually put into a capsule on his belly and the capsule is the roller coaster. At a certain point, the capsule ejects the person and the rest of the roller coaster is a sliding pon, whereby the person is the roller coaster. There is even a part where the tracks, or pon, end in mid air and the person falls at an angle so scientifically designed so that he lands on another part of the ride.

There is a spook house in this section which says "level ride" outside. You board the little car and take in the usual antics of spook houses which seem so real here, and suddenly, without warning, you are whisked downhill and before you know it, you are on a blind roller coaster underground.

As we go towards the center, the attractions become more daring and original. There is a ride called "The Water Molecule," whereby several people sit in a transparent ball which is put into a large hose and is powered by the water, as gradually it becomes part of the water. The ride ends with the "molecule" going down a waterfall.

"The Brooklyn Bridge" is a large bridge over a body of water built especially for the ride. If you choose, you may ride it by putting on special roller skates and being carried to the top of the cables on let down again. If you'd like, you may experience the thrill of jumping off the Bridge by donning a special suit and just jumping of.

As we get closer to the center, we transcend the rides and thrill to more atmospheric attractions such a Little 01' New York, which of course has

been a feature of other parks but in Heaven, for the sake of authenticity, each patron of this section must put on, upon entering, a special costume, HO that everyone looks real.

There is a reenactment of The San Francisco Earthquake, which is done by underground machines. You enter this section at your own risk.

There is a section called "The Twilite Zone," where very weird things happen such as spirits through the use of mirrors and recognizing your mother with a mustache.

Then there are the attractions for only one person at a time. Unfortunately, only wealthy people can go into these because they require lots of money to produce. For instance, there is "Your Own Heaven," where you have your own guardian angel and your own world where everything goes just fine and you get anything you want.

There is "The Sahara Desert" where you are stranded alone and almost die of thirst whereupon you come to an oasis and whenever you're almost dead or can't find the oasis you just push a button and you are back in the amusement park proper.

There is an artificial cloud above the park where stands a castle and inside a hired giant. A real beanstalk leads up to this cloud and anyone who pays to go into "Jack and the Beanstalk" will end up being chased by a giant who will give the illusion of murder but one will be saved in time.

There is an "Alice in Wonderland" attraction with a rabbit hole and a real live rabbit who sings "I'm late-I'm late-for a very important date!"

There is a protective dome high above Heaven, which can hardly be seen, but keeps out the rain and keeps in the atmosphere so the place is open all year round.

Needless to say, these are just examples to give an impression of what Heaven is like. This is only a small portion. For Heaven is very big place. The idea is to make a journey to the center. Everything gets bigger and better and more unbelievably good as you approach the center. Because of the vastness of the place, if you are to really get the most out of it, it takes quite a few years to make the journey. Of course it is possible to take the wife and kids there for a day, but you might end up frustrated.

There sleeping accommodations for all kinds of people in all walks of life and many people, rich or poor, give up their present lives or take out a few years from it, to come enjoy Heaven, for it is so nice.

If one journeys to the center, once he does reach the center, he shall see

something that he shall never forget. Almost to the center there is a large stadium where only the utmost in performance value is seen. No one can attend Lurry Prescott anymore, yet the stadium can hold literally millions

of people. Occasionally he appears there. He cannot be seen anywhere else. This is something worth journeying to.

For older people there is a helicopter service which will bring them close enough to the center so that they can make a proportional journey being that it is physically impossible for them to walk the whole way.

When one gets within about a mile of the center, he can see nothing but it. As he walks, he sees the people coming from it. He sees their eyes. They are walking very slowly and have extremely contented smiles on their faces, as if to say "I have seen the center!" One wants to see the center. Sometimes he runs. Even cripples can run to the center. It is the ultimate attraction of the park.

It is to be good. After one sees the center, he has seen the center. His journey is complete. He can walk away. Slowly. Nice.

Larry has created all the attractions. They are good. There is only one that he has not conceived. That is the center. What can he put in the center? He does not know yet. He's working on it. Don't worry-he'll do it. He has time. It'll be a while before anyone reaches it.

He's thinking.

VI.

I hearken thou!

Sinners all!

Sacreligious dolts!

THIS IS THE LAST STRAW!

I hast created thee in mine own image! 'T'hou hast abused the privilege!

Thou hast to be punished!

What must be done must be done! THOU SHALT SUFFER!

Thou ist almost creating idols!

Heaven! Pah!—Only I can live in Heaven! I leaven ist not made for that!

To be made fun of!

What!?

The idea!

Just you wait!

And SUFFER!

Hahaha thisllhurtmemorethatitwillhurtyou

God jumped down from his perch and landed with a thud upon the Earth.

Heaven was doing very well. It was crowded with all kinds of people happily roaring good times. Everything was in full swing as music filled the air and people were brought into full communion with each other.

Tinctured and Gina were there, too. Larry was dressed in a tuxedo with a flower in his lapel. "Enjoying yourself?" he asked them as they

nodded and Tinctured bought the tickets for the roller coaster. They sat in the first car as it slowly climbed up and up and up to the top of the first hill and straight down as girls screamed merrily and Gina giggled intensely while Tinctured kept his protective arm over her and it said "don't worry, nothing's gonna happen to ya."

The ride ended and everyone who exited exited smiling radiantly. Some stayed on for seconds. Tinctured led Gina out and they walked and laughed and completely enjoyed themselves.

Step right up and win a teddy bear for your girlfriend! called one of Nasal Tone's brothers.

Okay, said Tinctured and he broke three balloons, winning a big teddy bear for Gina and they laughed and started to skip away when it started to rain.

Pitta patta Pitta patta

At first, people did not notice. But then big lightning bolts filled the sky and loud thunder accompanied close by and the whole place murmured so up went the dome and out went the artificial sunshine and everyone went about their business again.

But in the outside world it rained and rained and lightning and thundered.

And inside people wondered when the dome was gonna go down but really didn't care except Tinctured who noticed that it was raining for a pretty long time.

And it rained for forty days and forty nights though no effect took place in Heaven but Tinctured politely excused himself and said to Gina "Lissen, I'll be right back" and she said "Okay" as he floated away.

And landed atop a high mountain where he saw Him: The old regal figure with a long white beard dressed in robes! And he realized that it was God!

And God just stood there with his arms outstretched, every few minutes waving them in a certain direction and saying ".AND TAKE THAT!" and thunder and lightning happened ".AND THAT!" and more as the world was flooded.

Father! called Tinctured as he floated to His side. "Father! Please!"

God turned and stared. "Out of My Way!" he ordered, and sent more lightning bolts down on the earth.

father!

WHAT!

Stop!

NO!

Hi!

HI!

How are you?

FINE, THANK YOU! HOW ARE YOU?

Fine. It's good to see you.

WHAT? WHY DO YOU PERSIST IN THIS FUTILE DRIBBLE? DON'T YOU SEE YOU ARE INTERRUPTING MY WORK?

Aw, c'mon—Stop.

WHAT MUST BE DONE MUST BE DONE!!

Oh, Father.—You don't really have to do this. "NO?"

No. Of course not. Look at you. Getting all worked up over nothing. "What?"
Yeah.—Why get upset? Really. But I—●"
Aw c'mon, man. Don't do this. Be nice. "Well—"
Be good.

—
Have some compassion. "My son●●"

Yes.

You are right. I've been a fool, given way to a flimsy temper tantrum. I've let my emotions get the better of me—and made people suffer in the meantime. What I just displayed was unforgivable.

'Aw, Father. Don't feel so bad. No one will know.'

'Ah. I'm getting old, son. It's moments like these that remind me of what I must really do.'

'What is that?'

I must go back to Heaven and watch! "Yes. That is good."

I shall go now, my son. Bless you, I shall be with you as always. "Thank you Father."

Goodbye my son.

Goodbye, Father. Nice seeing you.

God waited as Tinctured floated away. Then He closed His eyes and stood for a few seconds. He opened them. "Hmm," He said. Closed His eyes again. Nothing happened "Hmm." A little frustrated. This time He flapped His arm. Nope. Nothing. Then He tried jumping. Landed on His feet with a thud. Held His back. "Aahc, m'back!" Tried again. "Goddammit! Getting old! Can't fly! Can't even jump! How the hell am I gonna get back to Heaven?"

Tinctured floated around the amusement park looking for Gina. His float wasn't as pure as it had been. He was a little disillusioned. He found her not far from where he had left her.

Tinctured! You-Hoo! she called.

He joined her."I see they took down the dome." "Yes. It stopped raining."

Good, he said as he took her hand. He looked up for a second. They continued their journey.

The old man straggled slowly up to the gate of "Heaven, the Place of Paradise." He had an unusual look in his eye. It was a look that made people stare. The sign said "ADMISSION—\$2.00" He started to walk through but the gum chewing ticket man said "Hey buddie! That's two dollahs!"

'Aw shit," mumbled God as he reached into his pocket and handed the man 2 dollar bills.

'Thanks." And he let Him through.

The old man walked, or kind of limped like Amos McCoy, slowly through the park. People stopped and stared. There was something about llim. (Some of the dumb ones laughed). Some found contentment in his presence. For He was God. Once in a while He stopped, straightened His back, and mumbles "Aw shit." He walked and walked, looked around, took in all these sights. A little kid ran up to Him and asked "Can I please have Your Blessing?"

Aw, He mumbled, and touched the kid's head. Then a whole crowd ran up to Him to ask for His blessing but He waved them away.

Along came Larry. He approached Him. "Hi!" he said cheerfully. "Hi," mumbled God indifferently.

Well, how do you like the place? Then he stopped. Saw the gleaming i;plendor radiating from the Eyes. "Wait—Wh—who are you?"

'Why, letmeintroducemyself. I'm God."They shook hands. "God!?" Larry was taken aback. "The God?"

Yes.

"Well, uh-um, what are you doing here?"

"Well, uh, how do you say-I guess I'm stuck here, so to speak. ""Stuck?""""

Yes. You see, I've become so old that I can not fly or even jump back up to where I came from. So now I am doomed to wander this mortal earth until I can figure out a way to get back.

Really? Larry thought a minute. "Aha!" He snapped his fingers. "Say, how would you like a job?"

A RABBIT YOU HAIN'T NO
 FRIEND O' MINE
 into high screams of joy and worship
 WEELLL DEY SAID DAT YOU
 WERE HAH CLACE
 BUT DAT WAS JUST A LIE
 and while this whole frenzy carried on God stood in the background
 stroking his beard and "hm" ing in amusement, not knowing whether to
 be mad or not.
 Hearken Thou
 I AM THE LORD THY GOD
 THOU SHALT WORSHIP NO OTHER
 GODS BEFORE ME
 He thought for a moment and walked toward the stage.
 YOU HAIN'T NEVAH CAUGHT
 A RABBIT YOU HAIN'T NO
 FRIEND OF MINE
 "Larry finished his song. The noise was deafening. People screamed.
 People applauded. People fainted."
 GOD
 stood on the platform
 straight and erect.
 Silence
 reined everywhere.
 He stared at everyone and everyone knew that he was watching
 each and everyone of them.
 He spoke: "You ain't heard nothin' yet!"
 AARRRGGGHHH! ULP!
 Short bursts from the audience.
 Whispers: "God gonna sing!"
 'Hey! God's gonna sing!"
 He's gonna rally sing!
 We're gonna really hear God sing!
 DRUM ROLL (wiggle)
 AAAARRRRRGGGGGHHHH
 he wiggled his hips Lhat knocked about half of them unconsc1. 0us.
 UUH
 he said
 that took care of a few more
 DRUM ROLL (wiggle)
 lmd a few more
 and the remaining millions just screamed
 their hearts out as He sang:
 AAAARRRRRRGGGGGGHHHH
 wowwwww
 WELLA WELLA
 YEAH
 AND-A OH YEAH
 YOU HAIN'T A NUTHIN
 wiggle wiggle wiggle wiggle-pelvis pelvis pelvis pelvis

AAARRRGGGHHH
 YAYYYYYY
 BUT A COTTON' PICKIN
 ONCE IN A LIFETIME
 EXTRACATIN'
 PALPATATIN'
 HOUND DAWG
 UUH
 AAH
 OOH-OOH-AAH
 OOOHHHH—MY! ARGH
 it built up and up and up
 YOU HAIN'T NEVAH
 AH SAID NEVAH
 OH NO NEVAH
 MAH GAWSH NEVAH
 DON'T STOP, BABY! DON'T STOP
 YOU KNOW NEVAH
 clap yo' han's
 ONCE MO' NEVAH
 those that were able sang along
 DRUM ROLL(wiggle)
 DRUM ROLL(wiggle)
 DRUM ROLL(wiggle)
 DRUM ROLL(wiggle)
 dada dada dada dadadadada
 YYAAAAAA
 He bowed. C-c-r-rack
 went the back.
 Oh-huh-m'back
 as he sat
 back
 AND AH SAID NEVAH
 RAHT NOW NEVAH
 EVAH
 REVAH
 BEVAH
 NEVAH EVAH EVAH
 CAUGHT A RAB BIT
 AND YOU HAIN'T
 NO FRIEND OF MINE
 dada dada dada dadadadada
 YYAAAAAAYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYY
 He bowed. C-c-r-rack
 went the back.
 Oh-huh-m'back
 as he sat
 back
 in the chair again.
 I'm gettin' old.

'That was great, Man!'
 Can't do like I used ta."
 You were really great!
 lluh?
 [said you were great!
 Oh, thank you m'boy. Thank you. He mumbled to himself, "Gotta get
 outa here." He called, "Hey you. Little girl."
 ●●ree-hee-hee."
 Please come here.
 "l'ee-hee-hee."
 Gina sat on his lap again.
 Now, please. May I please have your bellbottoms?
 "l'ee-hee-hee."
 Aw c'mon.
 ,vree-hee-hee." shaking her head.
 Why not?
 Cause their mine!
 What!?
 She got down. "Pooh." And stuck out her tongue.
 Why you little whippersnapper! I'll get you yet! And the next thing He
 knew, Baby was sitting on His lap.
 Goo goo.
 Oh hi, little girl, He said indifferently.
 Goo goo. And suddenly she pulled his beard to see if it was real.
 OOWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWW
 was heard all over the world.
 !'HIS IS THE LAST STRAW!!
 And He stood up.
 With fire in His eyes.
 Outstretched His Arms.
 and sent out lightening blots.
 People screamed and ran every which way. Everything was turmoil.
 Tinctured grabbed Gina. They flew away, trying to dodge destruction,
 looking for a place of sanctity. It was too late for anything. The world was
 coming to an end.
 Ching chong cho, said Sammy. He was getting his Chinese down pat,
 now.
 It was just he and the two Chinamen who'd chased him before. They were
 hangin' out in the hole that he'd dug. Now they were best of friends.
 Ching chong cho-cho.
 Ching chong cho chi cha-cha.
 Fing fong fo.
 hahaha
 They all laughed. Made jokes.
 'Yach," said Sammy. "Ac king lo meh dong sih hu," which means "My, sure
 is raining a lot lately."
 Gahng (Yeah) they agreed. Looked up and the final destructive storm of
 rain, lightening, and thunder.
 'Ach mi ku du wah."
 El go menowitz a la.

Pen do me go tu wehnu.
 And Sammy looked up and saw among the rain two lost figures. They
 were a man and a woman who looked like they had no where to turn.
 Hey, he called. "Come on down."
 The couple heard him but did not know from where. They put their hands
 to their ears.
 Here, called Sammy. "Here we are."
 They looked down and saw him. They entered the hole.
 'Welcome,' said Sammy.
 Kang, said a Chinaman.
 Kang, said the other.
 'Ya ma tal e vous,' said Tinctured.
 Huk! said a Chinaman.
 Huk? said the other.
 Soh! U ted it, ah?
 Well, 1—
 U ted it! U te ya ma tal e vous! Raht!
 Well, 1—
 Wah, ah out kin u lahv, and he started toward him with a shiny butchPr
 knife.
 Now now, said Sammy. "Come on. Let's be friends."
 O, okeh.
 And they all shook hands and stayed together in peace until the rains
 abided.

VII.

Came the sunshine. Awaken. Awoke.
 Tinctured Puncture. Floated. Just.
 Gina flew next to him. Thank you. Goodbye. And out. Into the bright,
 beautiful sunshine. They just floated and flew, looked at everything.
 Nothing. No one.
 The world was dead.
 All silence.
 Real Silence.
 Ve ry Silence.
 No birds singing.
 No grasshoppers.
 Not even a cricket.
 No gree n.
 No trees.
 No flowers.
 Nothing.
 Not a thing.
 Just sunshine.
 Not a word uttered from them. Just sorrowful stares. And they flewtogether.
 Came upon Him.
 The Creator.
 Lord thy God.

WHAT WAS DONE WAS DONE!
HAD TO BE DONE!
THOSE BASTARDS DESERVED IT!
He stood on one end of the mountaintop.
They watched from the side.
THEY HAD IT COMING TO THEM!
THE DIRTY SINNERS!
HIAH !
1-IAH!
And Hah!
What have I done?
Now who can I talk to?
Who can I watch over?
Who is-?
What is left?
I le went to the other side of the mountaintop and sat. "What can I do now? What is there left? IS THIS ALL THERE IS? Surely there must be more. Who can I talk to now? Nothing. Nobody."
Gina started toward Him to comfort but Tinctured extended his arm in front of her and she stopped.
WHAT HAVE I DONE?! !!!
The old man lay down his head and died.
Tinctured and Gina looked at each other in silence. Tinctured gulped.
!hey stood with heads bowed for a long time. Turned. Started to move.
Gina started to fly. Tinctured started to float but fell.
Tee-hee-hee.
I le looked at her pleadingly.
She covered her mouth quickly.
I le looked up in the sky. Then at her.
Gina reached out and took him in her arms.
He held her tight as she flew.
"And when he was ready, he let go of her and started to float.
And took her hand.
And they flew away-together.
THE END"
In the beginning...

The Shameless Bohemian

Cast: 1.

Jackson: The intellectual type. Doesn't like to be bothered by nonconventionality. Is always wondering about things. Doesn't jump to conclusions. Clean shaven, except for a very short set of hairs (where beard and mustache would be). Dresses in plain clothes, not any sort loud. Very neat and quiet sweatshirt (black).

2.

Curtis: Calls himself a "beatnik". Has a short beard. "Is rebelling against society" (so he thinks). A grown man going through the "snapping finger beatnik" stage of life. No mind of his own. Not like a child going through the same stage of life. Dresses a little louder than Jackson. Tight pants, but very tight. Very sloppy sweatshirt (red).

Scene: Very simple and cheap lamp hanging in center stage back. Two wooden cheap chairs in center stage front (wooden). They face each other and audience in a diagonal angle favoring center stage (Each other).

Act: Jackson is sitting on chair at stage right reading a book. He is not wearing glasses. Nothing happens for about thirty seconds, then there is a knock. Jackson is still reading his book and does not look up when he speaks (until indicated).

Jackson: Who is that knocking at my door?

Curtis: It is me.

Jackson: And who is me?

Curtis: Curtis. Your companion.

Jackson: Companion?

Companion: Do you not remember? You were not occupied with anything to do tonight and you wanted a companion. You called for me.

Jackson: Ah, yes. I remember now. (looks up). And you came at a needless time. When all was well; when I was not being held prisoner of the solitude of my house.

Companion: But who broke the solitude for which you were being tortured?

Jackson: Which!

Curtis: All right then, which?

Jackson: My book. And aren't you tired standing, in the dark of a hall; With your feet aching, and your back itching?

Curtis: No. I am sitting on the floor.

Jackson: (walks over and behind scenes for about a second and unlocks door for Curtis.) (Walks back and sits down.) (About fifteen seconds pass.) (Starts reading his book again.)

Curtis: (walks in) (about ten more seconds pass.)

Jackson: Hi.

Curtis: Like hello. Although hello isn't really a nice word.

Jackson: Do you believe in saying hello?

Curtis: No.

Jackson: Tell me. Where do you live?

Curtis: I do not know

Jackson: Oh. (pauses for about three to five seconds.) Would you care to smoke?

Curtis: Very immature.

Jackson: I think that I smoke.

Curtis: Are you the type that hangs around in the beatnik cafes?

Jackson: Yes.

Curtis: Then I think I'll smoke.

Jackson: But I don't hang around the beatnik cafes.

Curtis: Come to think of it, smoking is very immature.

Jackson: Would you like to smoke?

Curtis: I think I said no.

Jackson: Good, because I don't have anything to smoke, anyway.

Curtis: Oh. (Sits down.) (Pause for about five seconds.) What book are you reading?

Jackson: I don't know.

Curtis: You are very sure of yourself, aren't you?

Jackson: Yes.

Curtis: (Pauses for about ten seconds.) This is a very nice room that you have.

Jackson: (gives him a combination dirty-confused look.) You are not very runny.

Curtis: Why? What do you mean?

Jackson: Well, now. I have no bed in which to sleep. And I think that if I was on top, the roof would most likely leak. I have only a mattress on which to sleep, and only two chairs in which to sit and to call my furnit ure. And you call this a nice home? Next thing will be: this is where t hey'll be at. When I say "they", I am talking about rats.

Curtis: I would not mind to have a home like this.

Jackson: Are you kidding me? You must be, of course.

Curtis: No. I am not. (rises.)

Jackson: Where do you live, again, Mr. Curtis?

Curtis: I told you, I don't know.

Jackson: But you must sleep somewhere.

Curtis: Somewhere?

Jackson: Somewhere.

Curtis: Somewhere, yes. Sometimes in a theater, and sometimes in the park, sometimes on a rooftop, and sometimes in a cafe.

Jackson: You are then a bum .

Curtis: You are wrong, my friend. I am not a bum. I am not a hobo. No, I um none of these. I do speak as though I would be ashamed to be one of t hose, but what is there to be ashamed of. Just because a person does not t hink it necessary to own a home, does that mean that he is lazy? No, Mr.

Jackson, I am not a bum .A bum is one, if there are any in the world, who ls truly lazy. I am just one who does not find it necessary to do the things that normal people find necessary to do.

Jackson: Tell me, were you ashamed sitting on the floor in the hallway, outside my door?

Curtis: I was not ashamed. You see, I don't think that I should be nshamed to do anything that deals with regular, normal human beings. It is just like you, or me, going into a nursery classroom with all the litt le brats. Would you care what they thought of you?

Jackson: No.

Curtis: I have brains more than any man on earth, and even if I don't, I use them.

Jackson: And how do you use them?

Curtis: I think! Do you think?

Jackson: I don't know.

Curtis: See.(sits down.) You are dumb like all the rest. Just plain ignorance.

Jackson: And you jump to too many conclusions, my dear fellow.

Curtis: What do you mean?

Jackson: Don't you think that you should learn a little more?

Curtis: (stands) Education! Education! That's what they all say. Who needs it?

Jackson: I put it to you. What would you do without an education? When would you be if you had not gotten an education?

Curtis: I agree, now that my education is over, that I would not think well if I hadn't gotten educated, but they shouldn't carry it so far. Just to the point where you could get along and think, and then make it optional. They just wasted some years of my life. I also do not find it necessary to have an education.

Jackson: Don't talk foolish, boy.

Curtis: It is not foolish. "Education," everyone says, and I am foolish not to have an education? Just because I don't believe that an education is right for me. I do not need one. What good will an education do me if I want to live a very settled and content existence. So that I can do some thinking, and get a job in a cafe. They say that I am foolish because I do not know how to square dance.

Jackson: Boy?

Curtis: Yes?

Jackson: I understand that you do not know how to square dance.

Curtis: Isn't that horrible?

Jackson: Yes. Isn't it?

Curtis: Damn you. What do you know? What good will square dancing do me if I hate dancing?

Jackson: Boy?

Curtis: Yes?

Jackson: I understand that you do not know how to either read nor write.

Curtis: Isn't that horrible?

Jackson: Yes. Isn't it?

Curtis: Damn you. You think that you are smart. What good will reading and writing do me if I plan to live in the wilderness of the unknown.

Jackson: Boy?

Curtis: Yes?

Jackson: It has been said that you do not have neither an occupation or job.

Curtis: I don't have a job?

Jackson: That is right.

Curtis: I don't have an occupation?

Jackson: That is correct.

Curtis: Isn't that horrible?

Jackson: Yes. Isn't it?

Curtis: Damn you. You think that you are endowed with the intelligence or have accumulated that knowledge that you could make the judgement, but what do you know? What good will a job do me if I hate money? And why must I have an occupation? Why must I always do something? Can't I, can't everyone relax and take it easy; Take time out for a break on life? I say that I will live supposedly civilized; That I will supposedly live three-hundred-and-sixty-four days of the year.-

Jackson: Supposedly? (Curtis gives him a dirty look)

Curtis: Supposedly; literary quotation marks.

Jackson: Sorry. Go on.

Curtis: And that I will take time out on my birthday.

Jackson: Time out from what?

Curtis: Time out from my life. And then I think .Why don't I live uncivilized and take time out three-hundred-and sixty-five days of the year. I say now that I will live uncivilized and take time out on one day of the year.

Jackson: You do not have a hobby?

Curtis: No-but either do you!

Jackson: I guess you have me there. (pauses) Do you know what?

Curtis: What?

Jackson: I love you.
 Curtis: Ah, you are a queer.
 Jackson: Now I have you caught.
 Curtis: You mean, you don't love me?
 Jackson: No, I do love you, but I mean that most beatniks are queers.
 Curtis: Then, I love you.
 Jackson: Oh, don't you know, fool, that I am only playing?
 Curtis: What do you mean?
 Jackson: I don't know what beatniks do.
 Curtis: But I do.
 Jackson: And, may I ask why?
 Curtis: Because I am a beatnik .
 Jackson: You are a fool.
 Curtis: Then, to you, beatniks are fools?
 Jackson: Oh, no! I have a lot more respect for beatniks than I have for normal people.
 Curtis: Then why did you call me a fool?-I know why you called me a fool.-Because you are covering up. You are trying to get in good with me because you want to join my crowd. Well, I've news for you. I don't have any friends or-crowd .And I am not ashamed of it. Who needs friends. We n il don't, but it just seems that we do.
 Jackson: (pauses) The dictionary-
 Curtis: You read the dictionary?-Oh, you conventional moron.
 Jackson: As I was saying, the dictionary says that a beatnik is one that belongs to the beat generation.
 Curtis: That is a nice definition.
 Jackson: No! It is not!
 Curtis: Yea. I guess it is not a very good definition.
 Jackson: It is a horrible definition!
 Curtis: It is a terrible definition!
 Jackson: At first, a beatnik is one who goes around wearing a beard. Then he rebels against society. Then he turns to non-conformity, and then he dresses sloppily. Then there is no such word as beatnik, and then it becomes as escape word. The rest is up to you.-Do you think that you are a beatnik?
 Curtis: By all means, yes.
 Jackson: Then you still do not know what I am talking about fool! (pauses) Curtis.
 Curtis: Yes?
 Jackson: I love you.
 Curtis: You-are-a-queer-a queer? Oh, man! I don't know what's happening.
 Jackson: (smiles triumphantly) Now I think you understand things a little better.
 Curtis: (Shows sign of shame and defeat) (pauses) I am a beatnik! (There is a pause for about thirty seconds. Jackson starts reading his book again while Curtis sits restlessly on the stage let chair.All is annoyingly quiet during the pause.)
 Curtis: You are awfully quiet, aren't you?
 Jackson: Oh, I don't know.
 Curtis: Well, it's annoying.
 Jackson: You don't like it?
 Curtis: No. I don't.
 Jackson: Well, then why don't you leave.
 Curtis: (doesn't sound too sure of himself) Oh, I don't know.
 Jackson: Maybe it is just that I have gone through what you are going through and have thought so much that I find no need to talk about it.
 Curtis: Well, this is assinine.
 Jackson: I told you, you can leave if you like.

Curtis: But I don't want to leave.

Jackson: And why not?

Curtis: Oh. Because somehow I just maybe I'm too lazy.

Jackson: Could be.-Or maybe you like it here.

Curtis: Oh, I doubt it.

Jackson: (Strong feeling) Then why don't you leave. l'urtis: Do you want me to?

Jackson: I don't care.

t 'urtis: Well, somehow, I have a certain feeling about this place. Maybe

t hat if I walk out the door, I would feel emptiness. I told you before that I don't have nay friends or crowd. I have no one to be with, and if I left now: if I walk out that door, I would have nothing to do tonight. Nobody 10 b with. I would be very lonely. If I stay, I have someone to be with, Pven if it is torture. It would be more torturous if I left.

Jackson: Why don't you go to the cafes,-

Curtis: Bah! Cafes. (looks and sounds disgusted)

Jackson: Where do you come from?

Curtis: I lived with my family in a high class suburban town. I lived with my mother, father, sister, and brother. Then I started coming out to the village. I fell in love with the cafes, so I decided that I lived here, I could o to the cafes every night. So I picked out the cheapest apartment that

I could find and went out to look for work. When I couldn't find any, they kicked me out of my apartment. I was afraid to go back home for fear that my family would not accept me back and I feared embarrassment.

Jackson: I should also think that you didn't want to give up your freedom.

Curtis: Freedom? Are you kidding me? We have freedom?

Jackson: Sure. In the United States, we have a democracy. We are probably the country with the most freedom of any other in the world.

Curtis: And that is why I hate the world. Because we are supposed to have freedom, yet we don't. Therefore there is no place in the world to turn to.

Jackson: Tell me. Why isn't there freedom in the United States?

Curtis: I wanted to move at the age of fifteen, but the government wouldn't let me because I had to go to school. So I waited until I was sixteen, and again, the government stopped me, because you had to be eighteen lo live alone and without your parents. Then, once I had moved, someone t.old me of death. For the next few days I would not be allowed to smile. They say that we have freedom of speech, but do we? We do not! If I say what I think and people disagree with me, of course, the government will not punish me, but the people will. They say that we have freedom of press, yet the press is afraid to say what it thinks for the commercial purposes. We cannot, the press cannot, the communication facilities cannot say certain words because the lord high government will not permit a certain jumble of sounds coming from our lips. They say that we have freedom of religion, yet when I converted to Buddhism in my suburban town school, I was demonstrated against and even rioted against. This, my friend, is not true freedom.

I hate the life I lead.

I wish that it were done.

But I am afraid to end it,

wishing that I could escape to a place, where there are no normal people,

and where I can act how I feel. Where I won't have to be friendly, and can just not be.

I would like to escape the hustle and bustle of city and country.

But how will I do this?

How will I escape?

Suppose I see a lady, walking down the street.

I take out my knife and kill her.

I am arrested, so I act my way into an insane asylum prison.

Ah.(strong feeling) I then will have escaped.

Jackson: (pause) Tell me, you hate the life you lead because you think that there is no freedom?

Curtis: That and other reasons. I just think that there is too much hustle and bustle. The struggle is not worth it. I cannot make the struggle. I try to just live, and find myself starving and living in streets.

Jackson: You wish that it were done, but are afraid to end it?

Curtis: At times. You see, mostly I just want to escape. But once in a while, I want to live. I am afraid that if I end my life, I would end all the possibilities of living with escape.

Jackson: You want the easy way out.

Curtis: No, I do not. I would just like to live contentedly. I hate walking and if there is someone I know, saying something to him. Or feeling that I must always make conversation. I want to leave all this. I want to go someplace where I won't feel obligated. Someplace like an insane asylum where they are all nuts, which is comparable to the playpen that I told you about before.

Jackson: Then why don't you treat the normal people like the playpen; When you go to a cafe, when you walk down the street? You claim that they are ignorant, and that you are brilliant. Why don't you treat them like a playpen?

Curtis: Because in living with normal people, I am required to do things that I don't find necessary to do.

Jackson: Like what?

Curtis: Like work.

Jackson: The more you tell me, the more you sound like a bum.

Curtis: In your eyes, I may be a bum-but let's not talk about it anymore. (Pauses) Jackson?

Jackson: Yes?

Curtis: I hate you.

Jackson: And why? (shows some interest)

Curtis: Because I like you.

Jackson: I don't believe I understand you.

Curtis: My little inner voice.

Jackson: I think that I am beginning to understand.

Curtis: It is as though a little inner voice is saying I love Jackson, and then it says that I hate Jackson and I say to it that I should not be thinking such thoughts. I then ask it as to what is so bad about such thoughts. 'When a beat comes into my head. At first, I like it. Then I begin to hate it and I tell it to go, but it won't. It stays.

Jackson: (starts beating on chair. Makes nice bongo like sound.)

Curtis: Yes-that's it.-It stays.-I cannot make it go. I become outraged-and then, I think. What am I angry about?

I say to myself relax,

I should think out my problem,

For the wilds of the unknown are coming closer-and-closer. 'The beat of the earth in the background.

I cannot get the beat out of my head.

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

Relax.

For the beat is still in my head.

I love the beat?

Relax. For the tension is drawing closer. Relax. The beat is going on, time on time. Relax?-The tension finally snaps.

The beat in my head.

(strong feeling) Monotony personified. I hate the beat.

I hate my head!

Jackson: Well, I think I know a remedy for the situation.

Curtis: Yes? What is it?
 Jackson: (satirically) Relax, and don't hate your head.
 Curtis: You are not very funny.
 Jackson: I was just trying to be a little witty.
 Curtis: Well, from now on, don't try to be witty. I don't think I appreciate it.
 Jackson: Okay,-Beatnik!
 Curtis: (strong emotion and feeling) I hate you! I love you!
 Jackson: Why don't you just sit down and rest your warped mind?
 Curtis: Why don't you just shut your fat mouth?(starts for the down) (calms down) Oh, what's the use. I can't leave. I don't know if I hate it here or like it here.
 Jackson: He hates the life he leads. He wishes it were done. But he is afraid to end it.
 Curtis: (looks disturbed) Shut up! You are an animal.
 Jackson:And you are a jumper. Anyway, where do you get that I am an animal? I don't see it connecting with a little poetic wit.
 Curtis: I'm sorry. They should never have had the word animal.
 Jackson:And why not? There is good use for the word animal. Just think: What kind of usage would we have if there was no such word? Before people had the word, they were probably ignorant.
 Curtis: Who says they aren't now?
 Jackson: No. I mean that they were probably more ignorant, and then came progress. Isn't progress good?
 Curtis: No. They invent something called television. Is that good? It only makes the ones who watch it more ignorant, filling our young ones' minds with assinine thoughts. And moving pictures only show us the most unrealistic ideas that could be.
 And what about inflation? What about overpopulation? You call this good?
 You remember, I'm sure, the other night of Halloween. This was modern Halloween .
 You couldn't walk the streets at night .
 And you had to stand guard outside your home,-if you had enough courage.
 You probably don't remember how Halloween used to be.
 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 five cent 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.
 A nd above ten, who would take advantage of giving away of candy in their neighborhood.
 Now let us look at today's Halloween. 'l'he sky is still 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,
 u nd big kids are laughing at the candy. Ten year olds are killing each other.
 Jackson: I see your point, but is that progress?
 Curtis: Of course.

Jackson: You are wrong. There are two directions in which to go. Going huckwards is one way, and going forward is progress.

Curtis: Now you are wrong. Both are progress, so you just admitted there
Iii bad progress.

Jackson: But most of it is good.

Curtis: I thought that I just penetrated your head in that most progress
Iii bad.

Jackson: You must be an angry young man, but you will pass that stage soon. I was once mad at the world, but then started thinking, just like you claim you do now. I have learned from this thinking patience, just as you will probably do. You see, sometimes I am disgusted with people, then I calm down and start to laugh.

Curtis: You don't look like the laughing type to me.

Jackson: You are right. There is not anything to laugh at or even smile at, but does that mean that I don't enjoy life. One does not have to laugh, or smile, to enjoy life, even though I smile inside.

You see, my heart is like a drip-drip-drip; like the raindrop 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-er 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 fate.

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.

Curtis: Hey man, you are really with it.

Jackson: Oh, shut up.

Curtis: (looks depressed; this time, does not talk back.)

Jackson: Don't be so-cool. (drags the word out a little bit)
(pause for about ten seconds)

Curtis: I was only acknowledging the greatness of yourself.

Jackson: Man, don't bother me.

Curtis: Okay, I won't bug you. (starts snapping fingers.) Gee, I wish I was in the cafes.

Jackson: I thought you didn't like the cafes.

Curtis: I never said that. I may have sneered at them, but does that mean that I don't like them?

Jackson: It may be controversial, you schizophrenic.

Curtis: Schizophrenic?

Jackson: Yes, you have a split personality.

Curtis: And how, may I ask, do you get that?

Jackson: We all have split personalities.

Curtis: What are you talking about, you nut?

Jackson: (takes deep breath, gives disgusted, deep, tired look) Suppose, one day, you take a walk down the street, you see all the funny, stupid people. At one moment you hate them, at the next, you find them extremely amusing.

For instance, some days, I like to go to the park and just spend a day looking at the people.

Some like to rush, some take it slow. Then I think;

Who is right? Who is wrong? How am I?

What am I?

Should I rush? Should I slow up?

I find that I love doing this. Then, I become disgusted.

Ho you see, it is the same with the cafes. Sometimes you love, sometime you hate.

Did you ever think? How wonderful it is

to walk down the street,

And hear the birds singing, the bees buzzing, Hee 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 angrily, mad at everything and everyone.

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.

Curtis: Do you have a place of escape?

Jackson: At times, yes. I often call my apartment, yes the room that we live in, I call it the dark room.

Curtis: Why, the dark room?

Jackson: Because it is most often my place of escape.

Curtis: When I had an apartment, I had a place of escape. I guess we all need a place of escape.

Jackson: Why?

Curtis: Because I hate the world.

Jackson: Why do you hate the world.

Curtis: Because I curse the world.

Jackson: I do, too.

Curtis: Ah, then you hate the world just as I do.

Jackson: No. I do not.

Curtis: But you must.

Jackson: Why?

Curtis: Because you curse the world

Jackson: And therefore I must hate the world. Yes, I do curse the world, but aren't you sick of hearing people who say that they hate the world.

Curtis: Surely, you don't expect me to say that I love the world?

Jackson: I didn't say that. I will tell you something.

I may curse the world,

and I would like to escape to my dark room.

Do I hate the world?

There's a chance.

The world has good potential-

But the people ruin it.

I AM A HUMAN BEING.

My comrades are morons.

I would then, when thinking these thoughts, like to escape to my dark room.
 I ride down the street on a bicycle, let us imagine, I, then, stop short for not to hit a lady.
 She calls me an imbecile.
 I ask her to myself, What is the matter lady?
 Shock you lady?
 STOP SHORT FOR YOUR OWN GOOD, LADY?
 She is stupid.- Many are like her. Stupid is stupid.
 And I want to escape.
 The dark room is my room, my den, My place of escape.
 Where I keep my flowers-yet am I a flower lover?
 Where I keep my recordsyet am I a music lover?
 Where I keep my writing and poetryyet am I a writer?
 I curse people-
 yet do I hate them?
 Oh how I would like to escape!
 Curtis: You have got something there. I think I agree with you, but I still Hay that I, I don't know
 about you, but I hate the world.
 Jackson: Yes, could be. But aren't you sick of hearing people say it? Aren't you sick of saying it?
 Curtis: No.
 Jackson: You probably will be.
 Curtis: I don't think so.-Oh, man, I don't know what I want, where to go, what to do. I want to kill
 myself.
 Jackson: You'll snap out of it schitzo.
 You should have hope. Haven't you any hope?
 Curtis: Hope? Yes, I have hope. It resembles many things. I remember, in rny suburban town school,
 I wanted something, someone like me. I followed it, and met up with a tragic ending. I still feel the way
 I did then. Yes, I have hope.
 My hope is like a hollow Hkull.
 It is like the fire at nightAnd it burns out.
 I want 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,
 Io see it meditate-or is it just t hinking.
 I follow to its home-where-
 He sleeps at night.
 I follow-I follow-
 I do meet it, and talk to it.
 It says, "I love life-
 I love humanity-
 I love what the world has come to." I say, "I hate you."
 Jackson: You are a fallacy.
 Curtis: What do you mean?
 Jackson: From what I gather, you do want a friend, but you told me before that no one needs them.
 Also, how do you know, just because it tells you that it loves things, that it is not the one for you.
 Curtis:Jackson?
 Jackson: Yes? (says it unwillingly)
 Curtis: I hate you.
 Jackson: Oh.
 Curtis:Wouldn't you say that blind hate is bad?

Jackson: Very bad.
Curtis: Wouldn't you call it a sin?
Jackson: Oh, I don't know. I may call blind love a sin.
Curtis: That is bad, isn't it.
Jackson: How should I know? How should we know? How should anyone know?
Curtis: Did you hear me correctly? I said a sin.
Jackson: I heard you.
Curtis: Well, isn't sinning bad?
Jackson: I don't know. Mr. Curtis, what is a sin?
Curtis: Well, as sin is-well, now?
Jackson: Can't you answer that?
Curtis: Of course I can answer it. A sin is-I guess I'm tongue tied for words.-But a sin is bad!
Jackson: There you are. Okay, Mr. Curtis, suppose we take an example. You are in your house, bored with the daylight. You wait for the dark to come, so that you can roam the streets for something to do. Harken, for the dark has 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 barroom. "Stop, my fiend," 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,
II dope, and a moron."
'What!" you say. "You fool. Do you l,(\ieve in God?"
God is the great creator, says he.
Both of your lives are over,
IInd you both ascend to heaven.
Go to the land beneath, says God, to someone who praised him. Always prayed to him.
'And you, you go to hell, too," he says to you.
Damn you, God, replies the drunkard.
Oh, my friend, says God to he. "My drunkard friend, my cursing friend."
'Your denouncing friend," says he to God.
You moron .
Here are your wings, says God.
And you say, "But he just cursed you! He just sinned!" "No, he did not," replies God.
"He just,
n nd always, committed a saintly deed.
Curtis: You are crazy to repeat such trash ."
Jackson: There you go, again, jumping to conclusions. Cu rtis: You must be out of your mind!
Jackson: You are then, probably, calling me an oddball.
Curtis: Yes, you are.
Jackson: You are one yourself.
Curtis: Oh, yes. Thank you. Now I remember, how some people treat me m; a dog.
Jackson: What is wrong with a dog? 'urtis: They are dumb.
Jackson: Many people jump to conclusions-(pause)

'You're as dumb as a dog.'
I hear you say.
Because the dog cannot talk as we do. And yet, in 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.
Curtis: Yes, I see. How do we know for sure?
Jackson: How do we know anything for sure?
Do you know that there may be life on other planets?
Curtis: Yes?
Jackson: Do you also know that their intelligence is compared to ours as our intelligence is compared
to dogs?
Curtis: (thoughtfully) Maybe; but I am not as ignorant as other people. I am probably smarter than
those outer space beings.
Jackson: You are a snob.
Curtis: I am a snob?
Jackson: You are a snob. I think that I am endowed with more intelligence than other men, but do
I go around bragging about it? No, I do not.
Curtis: If you think that you are smart, then you are a snob.
Jackson: Wrong! I may think something, but do not talk about it. You may think something, but
do talk about it. Therefore, you are a snob.
Curtis: And this lark, this very same lark,
goes back to its world and tells its fellows how stupid it think you are.
Jackson: Okay, okay. I get the idea. I am jumping to a conclusion, saying that you are a snob. Oh,
my! I forgot to get that new book that I wanted. I would have liked to get it today, before the store
closed.
Curtis: Why rush?
Jackson: Because, if I don't, I won't get the book at all.
Curtis: So, that's the way the ball bounces.
Jackson: Are you a fatalist?
Curtis: Sort of.
Jackson: And you believe that everything is planned beforehand by fate.
Curtis: No. I am my own kind of fatalist. I say that that is the way the cookie crumbles.
Now, what will happen if
you do not get that book?

That is the way the cookie crumbles.
 And what will happen if I do not eat tonight;
 and maybe even starve to death? What is the worst that can happen?
 Okay. Let us say that I go to school.
 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 mark in 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 get good marks in school?
 And get praised by my father?
 And go to a good college? And make a million dollars? [will be part
 of the camouflaged, unhappy, competition.
 And what will happen if I get bad marks in school? And get beaten by my father?
 And don't go to college?
 And move down to the village?
 And be happy? (says it with strong feeling) What will happen if?
 What will happen if? Ask yourself:
 What will happen?
 You will surely get,
 with intellectual thinking:
 That is the way the ball bounces.
 Jackson: Did you meditate and get all of this?
 Curtis: Meditate?
 Jackson: Yes, you know. Zen Buddhism.
 Curtis: I have read on Zen Buddhism. But they are dumb like all the rest.
 Jackson: Why do you say that?
 Curtis: Well, I thought that they were cool guys, but (covers side of mouth
 as tough whispering), they believe in dressing a certain way when they meditate.
 Jackson: Why do you whisper? There is no one around.
 Curtis: Oh! Why ust I be careful in every move that I make? Why must I try to do everythmg
 supposedly right? I am not out to impress anyone. (Feels pants to see if his fly is open).
 Jackson:What did you just do? Where did you just feel?
 Curtis: Oh, you were conscious of it?
 Well, I get illusions
 that my fly is always open.
 When I go to theater.
 When I go to a cafe.
 To me,
 people will notice.
 To me,
 people will always be looking at me.
 I get illusions that my fly is always open.
 When I walk down the street.
 When I go to a dance.
 I get il_lusions that my fly is always open. (strong feeling) Who gives a damn. (strong feeling)
 Jackson: Yes, now I see why you grow a beard, and do not comb your hair.
 And why you dress sloppily-
 Curtis: Supposedly sloppily!
 Jackson: Yes. You want to live negatively, just relaxing and owing no obligations to your fellow man.

Curtis: Is there any crime in that?
 Jackson: No.
 Curtis: But many people think that it is.
 Jackson: People may be ignorant, but they are trying to learn, and think, just like you are trying to do. Don't blame them if they seem annoying and if they think that they are smart. It is the fault that they have. We n il have faults. Even you, because we are human beings and it is human nature to have some faults.
 Curtis: Okay. I agree with you. It is not their fault if they are not as intell igent as me, but do they have to take from me my freedom? Must they make for me obligations?
 Jackson: Obligations like what?
 Curtis: Like saying hi.
 Jackson: Hi?
 Curtis:Yes hi. Hi, hi, hi.
 That is what they all say.
 The hi to my friend, for my enemy.
 Do I love the hi?
 Let us say that I do.
 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 lo her.
 If Iloved the hi before
 It was the cause of society's pounding. Now, I am sick of the hi.
 I hate the hi.
 Here comes my friend. But I am too tired to say hi.
 But will I turn away? Will I not say hi?
 I end up saying hi.
 Here comes another.
 Cf I do not say hi,
 i t will be mad at me. But if I did say hi,
 all is well. Hi is void.
 Did you ever have a friend?
 Jackson:Yes, I've had a friend.
 Curtis: Did you ever see your friend?
 Jackson:Yes, I saw my friend.
 Curtis: Then, you know what I am talking about. Hi, in other words, is telling your friend that you are not mad at him or anything like that. Very few times do we mean the word hi.
 Jackson: But sometimes, it gives me a good feeling.
 Curtis: How often does that happen?
 Jackson:Very seldom.
 Curtis: Then, those are the few times that you mean what you say. (small pause) Hi.
 Jackson: (disinterested) Hi.
 Curtis:You are sad, aren't you?
 Jackson:Again, you jump to conclusions .-Curtis I've learned a lot from this talking. It has taught me much.
 Curtis: I told you that I am brilliant.
 Jackson: No, no! Not only did I learn from you, but because of you, I learned from myself.-!want to thank you. (Gets up, goes over and shakes hands with Curtis)
 Curtis: (Shakes his hand om Get off me, you queer!
 Jackson:What! All I am doing is shaking your hand.

Curtis: Well, it is faggy!

Jackson: You remind me of something.

Curtis: (sarcastically) Tell me, sweetheart.

Jackson: If you are as smart and observant as you claim to be, you should know. You went to school. You remind me of a situation.

A situation with a boy

This boy, who we will call 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 to look at the faggot! Followers ask as to who is a faggot.

The popular ones answer to "He is a faggot!"

The followers then carry it on.

But He will not fight back. To him there is no need.

Instead he asks as to what is a faggot .

They reply correctly.

"And who is a faggot?" asks He. "You are a faggot," says they.

He tells them that they are crazy.

They tell him that he is crazy.

The whole school tells him that he is crazy.

And he,

this very same boy-

Curtis: Are you saying that I am a faggot?

Jackson: No.

Curtis: Are you saying that I am crazy?

Jackson: (Takes an innocent gulp) No.

Curtis: Well, it seems to me, from what you just said, that the crazy one is the one who accuses. .

Jackson: In this case, that is true, but it doesn't refer to everything:-By the way I think that we have talked enough. I think that we are sick of

Pach other. Go home. Cry on your mother's shoulder.

Curtis: But my mother died the other day.

Jackson: Oh, I'm sorry.

Curtis: Shut-up! You have nothing to be sorry about. You were not responsible for her death, were you?

Jackson: No.

Qurtlli: Then what are you sorry about?

Jackson: I guess you are right. After all, I am sorry for you. You probably feel badly. You are also a bit irritated.

Qurti§: No, I am not.

Jackson: It is okay. I'll help you forget. Qurti§: I told you, I feel no sentiment!

Jackson: Didn't you love her?

Curtis: Probably more than anything.

Jackson: Then, you must be sad. . .

Curtis: True, I loved my mother, but she died. There is nothing I can do.

Jackson: How about mourning?

Curtis: I put it to you. Would that bring her back to me?

Jackson: No.

Qurti§: I would like to forget her.

Jackson: You are-

Curtis: Disrespectful? No. I'm sure that she would have wanted me to be happy. Anyway, I will one day join her in being dead. Then I will have no feelings. And if there is eternal life, I will one day join her and be with her forever.

Jackson: Well, I guess that is how you feel about death. I have different feelings about it; but I will respect your opinion.

Curtis: My mother died: That is how the cookie crumbles.

Jackson: Oh, my. You certainly have got a lot to learn.

Curtis: What was that?

Jackson: Oh, well. I am going to admit it. I used to be like you. I went through the stage that you are in now. I passed from stage to stage and into the one that I am in now by intellectual talks. I have only been playing with you. Inside myself, I was laughing at you. To me, you were made a fool of.

Curtis: A fool of? -Playing with me?

Jackson: Are you mad?

Curtis: No. I don't think so.

Jackson: I think that maybe you've learned patience, tonight.

Curtis: Is that good?

Jackson: Yes.

Curtis: Jackson-I love you.

Jackson: Are you ashamed?

Curtis: No.

Jackson: Welcome, intellect.

Curtis: I am not a beatnik.

Jackson: What is a beatnik?

Curtis: I don't know.

Jackson: Very good. But you still are a comparative fool.

Curtis: Let us talk more.

Jackson: Okay. (Both sit down)

Curtis: I believe that a person should do everything he can at least once in his life time.

Jackson: (Is not pleased anymore; looks puzzled) What do you mean.

Curtis: At least once, a person should jump off a building and still live; at least once, a person should speed down a highway at one-hundred miles per hour; at least once in his life a person should kill!

Jackson: What a warped idea. Don't you realize that you will be harming someone that way?

Curtis: (Looks concerned) But is it all right?

Jackson: Of course not.

Curtis: (frowns) Oh, no! (strong feeling) I killed a person the other day.

Jackson: Were you ashamed?

Curtis: (Almost crying) No!

Jackson: You should realize that you were dealing with more than human beings. You were dealing with a life!

Curtis: (crying) Oh! No!

Jackson: You should be ashamed of yourself! Do not kill! Do not kill! Be ashamed! Be ashamed!

Curtis: I'm ashamed! I'm ashamed! (runs out of room almost hysterically)

Jackson: (Sits back down quietly and starts to read book again.) There is II knock at the door.) Who is that knocking on my door?

Voice: It is me?

Jackson: And who is me?

Voice: (Leonard is not seen. He is only heard, therefore he can be played by Curtis.) Leonard. Your companion.

Jackson: Ah yes. I remember. (Stands, puts book on chair walks to door at
Stage left, pantomimes opening it.) You know, I do not claim to be a :murdered. All I am is an
intellect experimenting with new ideas and philoso
phies. (Takes a knife out of his pocket and stabs Leonard once to death.)
THE END

Bohemia West

a musical play (comedy?) January 5, 1964

Cast: Turn to end of play for cast.

Scene: There will not be a description for each new scene but a name. You can use scenery if wished, but can also use bare stage using props. Outside curtain, stage right: electric guitar. Stage left: bongo player.

Act: A different type of oddball trying to join a group of normal [ILLEGIBLE].

Act 1. Introductions

Scene I

It is a club meeting of "The Beatniks". A group of seventeen or eighteen year olds who have acquired the reputation of "beatniks" and formed a club naming it after their reputation: They are in a room or clubhouse. The props are ten chairs for ten members and a cheap table and chair for the chairman. We join them in the middle of the meeting. All of them have mustaches.

Mr. Chief: (standing at stage left.)

Okay, now. Albert Oddball wants to read us some poetry he has written. All right, Albert.

Albert Oddball:

(walks up in front of table while Mr. Chief sits down. He starts reading from a piece of paper. Unfolds it and starts reading.) Hoody-daddy hootenanny (bongos play.)

likes to have a ball.

Hoody-daddy hootenanny loves one and all.

Hoody-daddy hootenanny is lots of fun.

If Hoody-daddy hootenanny would be me,

I would be him.

I Iee-hee-hee-hee. (bongos stop.)

(there are now cries and sobs coming from the members. Also a few l'ries of "how heartbreaking" and "how serious" and "how tearjerking")

Mr. Chief: (stands)

Very good, Mr. Oddball. You may sit down, now. (Albert walks to his chair and sits down.) I'm sure, men, that we have a poet in our midst. (Members clap lazily and quietly in agreement.)

Mr. Actor:

But I'm an actor.

Mr. Chief:

Yes, you're an actor. Mr. Actor:

And I'm a good actor. Mr. Chief:

(shaking head) You're a great actor. Mr. Actor:

(Holds belly with hand and other hand in air.) Thank you.(dramatically) Thank you very much.- I shall return.

A Member:

Not if I can help it. (Assorted quiet laughs.) Mr. Chief:

Okay, man. Like don't act your age. (pause) Now. I been talking to Miss Chief of the girl beatniks and we both decided that we should all wear beards.

Dopey:

Iven the girls? (Member laugh.)

Mr. Chief:

(waits a few seconds giving Dopey a dirty look.) All of us are going to grow beards.

A Member: Why?

Mr. Chief:

Because it's in style with queers.

Another Member: It's different.

A Member:

Yeah, man. People are gonna laugh at us- A Member:

But we'll get the last laugh. Dopey:

(along with very quiet applause.) Yaaaaayyy.

Mr. Singer:

(in a high tenor voice. Holds one note on "oh". Assorts notes badly for rest of song. No accompaniment.)

Oooooooooohhhhhhhhhhhwwweellll I'm so happy,

I'm so sad.

Ho-ho-ho-ho-ho-ho-had.

La-da-da-da-da-dee-da-ho-ha-hee,

(Mr. Singer cont'd.)

I love life-and it loves me.

("good even friends" tune.) But I hate the world.

Mr. Chief:

(In sneering tone.) Ah, come on. Ya bunch of dirty beatniks.

Dopey:

(only one applauding.) Yaaaaayyy.

A Member:

Why don't we use fake beards until our own grow in?

Mr. Chief:

I don't think that it would be too good an idea.

The Member: (morbid tone)

Yes, but that way, we won't have to wait so long. If we don't use fake beards, we'll miss lots of fun.

Dopey:

(Thinking of the fun, gives a fake chuckle.) Hoo-hoo-hoo-ha-ha.

A Member:

Fun. (Morbid tone.)

Mr. Chief:

See, the girls might use fake beards, but we're not. A Member:

But aren't we for equality of the sexes?

Mr. Chief:

Yes. And that's why the girls will wear beards. The Member:

But, if everything's equal, they are going to wear fake beards, why shouldn't we? Mr. Chief:

Don't you want to wear real beards? The Member:

Yes. But the problem is equality.

Mr. Chief:

I know! And we both wear beards! What are we for?

All Members: Equality!

Mr. Chief: Equality of what?
 All Members: Equality of the sexes!
 (All members sing the song "Equality of the sexes"):
 Mr. Chief: Well what are we for? (Bongo plays) Members: E qua a li ty
 Mr. Chief: E qua a li ty Members: E qua a
 Mr. Chief: li ty Members: E qua a Mr. Chief: li Members: ty
 Mr. Chief: Well, what are we for? Members: E qua a li ty
 E qua a
 Mr. Chief: li ty Members: E qua a Mr. Chief: li ty Members: E qua a Mr. Chief: li ty
 Members: Equality of what? Mr. Chief: Equality of what?
 Everyone: Of the sexes! (Guitar comes in) Mr. Chief: E qua li ty of
 Members: girls Mr. Chief: and Members: Boys
 Mr. Chief: And boy oh gee Members: E qua a li ty
 Mr. Chief: E qua a li ty is fun
 A member: It's cool Mr. Chief: It's great
 Everyone: It's in tel lee tu al Mr. Chief: E qua lity
 Members: I i if boys wear shorts girls should wear shorts
 Ifboys wear pants
 girls should wear pants
 Ifboys wear beards
 girls should wear beards Everyone: E qua a li ty
 E qua a li ty
 Oh we love E qua li ty
 A member: What are we? Another member: Equalitists Members: E qua li ty
 E qua li ty
 Mr. Chief: Yeah yeah
 Members: E qua li ty E qua li ty
 Dopey: Yes yes Everyone: E qua li I ty If girls grow hair
 boys should grow hair
 If girls talk high
 Three boys: (in high voices) Boys should talk high Everyone: If girls wear stock ings
 Three boys: Boys should wear stockings? Everyone: E qua a li ty (two members exit) E qua a li ty
 (two more exit)
 A Member: We're human beings (two more exit) Another Member: Yeah, man
 Members: We're for it to be(two more exit)
 E qua a li ty (Last two exit; Only Mr. Chief is left on stage) Mr. Chief: (Does not sing it, but yells
 it and jumps in air)
 E qua li ty! (BLACKOUT)

Scene II

A medium size living room. This is where the star of the play makes his first appearance (Barry Banick). This scene is a dancing party of Barry's good friend. Barry is unpopular among his schoolmates and doesn't get along well at parties, but his friend(Peter Poplar) has invited him because they've known each other for so long (ever since they were five years old). As the scene opens, the Guitar plays and we see a teenager trying to sing (rock 'n' roll). There are, besides Barry and Peter, seven girls and seven boys making fourteen characters in this scene. Seven girls and seven boys.

Rock n' Roll Singer:
 (Good rock tempo. In other words, up-tempo.)
 Oh baby

don't you take the chance
this is gonna be a cool romance Don't you know
lhat I
love you so?
Baby. Baby, baby
don't you want some love and kissin' ?
Ineed you. Weeeeell-
You for me
(Rock n' Roll singer cont'd.) me for you
Ba ha ha ba ha ha boo Yeeaaaaahhh,
Oh baby. Yeeaaaaahhh, Oh honey.
Rock oh rock oh rock oh rock right now.
Well, I'm a real cool cat right off the bat
so come with me and we will see what RATS
look like. Oh yeah
Uh huh like man
I love you. Hoo hoo.
Well, you look beat eat some beat
sit on a seat don't be obsolete walk on feet turn on the heat
it's gonna be neat
and then we'll burp! (burp said in an ironic low voice) I said
And then we'll burp! (That concludes the song) Peter Poplar:
(claps and walks over to Barry Banick) Well, Barry. How did you like that?
Barry Banick:
It was all right (doesn't sound too enthusiastic).

Peter:

All right? Are you crazy? That was great! Didn't it make you want to dance when he said ba ba ba ba boo? And didn't it get you right here (makes a tight hand fist and hits his left chest as though hitting heart) when he said well I'm a real cool dat? And what about right off the bat? All right? Only all right? Man, what's wrong with you?

Barry:

Well, I'm sorry, Peter. I just don't like it. It doesn't make me want to get up and dance.

Peter:

Oh, I know what's wrong.

Barry:

I just don't like dancing.

Peter:

Now, look. I invited you here to dance, not sit around and pick your nose.

Barry:

I am not picking my nose.

Peter:

Never mind. Why don't you get up and dance? If I hadn't known you since we were five years old, I wouldn't have invited you here. I got it. You don't know any girls here. Stay right where you are. I'll be right back with a

l{irl for you to meet. (Barry stands there silently for about ten seconds. Peter then comes back with a pretty girl.) Well, Barry. This is Lisa. Lisa Louse. Lisa, this is Barry Banick. Well, you two. Play nicely. Tee hee. (walks away.)

Barry:

Well, how do you do?

Lisa:

Nice. And you? Barry:
 Nice. (pause) My name is Barry.
 Lisa:
 Nice. (Smaller pause) My name is Lisa. Barry:
 What's your name, Lisa?
 Lisa: Lisa.
 Barry:
 Hm.
 Lisa: Hm.
 Barry:
 Hm.
 Lisa:
 Hm.
 Barry: Well
 Lisa:
 Don't change the subject.
 Barry:
 (Desperate for words) This is fun, isn't it?
 Lisa:
 (Becoming bored with him) Yes.
 Barry:
 Did you like the singing before? Lisa:
 Oh, yes. Didn't you?
 Barry:
 Nope. I didn't care for it too much.
 Lisa:
 (falling back partly) Didn't care for it too much? You're crazy.
 A Boy: (the same rock n' roll singer)
 (Walks up to them) Hey what's up, Lisa? This punk botherin' ya.
 Lisa:
 He didn't like you're singin'.
 The Boy:
 What! Didn't like my singin'?
 Lisa:
 I tried to tell him that you're the greatest.
 The Boy:
 The greatest? I'm tops. (Sings "The Best Thing In Life is Me". Sung to the tune of "The best things in life are free"):
 Oh, I'm a gifted sonovagun, The best thing in life is me.
 Oh, I'm my little honey bun, The best thing in life is me.
 Yes, I am the king
 (Can only use this song with permission from MAD Magazine.) Of all those who sing;
 My voice is divine,
 It's mine, I'm mine.
 So that's why I tell everyone, The best thing in life is me.
 (That concludes the song.) And you don't like me.
 Barry:
 I never said that. I just said that I didn't like your singing.
 The Boy:

Why you-(Makes a fist and punches Barry in the face, Barry falls, but is not unconscious. The Boy puts his arm around Lisa and they walk away.)

Barry:

(Gets up.) Boy. (Tears start coming down his eyes. He wipes them off and tries to hold the rest back.)

A Boy:

(Happens to walk by. He is the only witness to the crying.) What a crybaby.

Barry:

(It is obvious that he is crying.) I am not a crybaby. I never cry. (Stops crying. Says to himself.) Wise guy.

Peter:

(Walks up to him.) Well, how are things goin'?

Barry:

(Sort of misty) Great. (Sarcastically.) Just great.

A Boy:

(Walks up to him.) Hey, I hear you didn't like the singin' before. Is that true?

Barry:

Leave me alone.

The Boy:

(Chanting.) You didn't like the singing.

(Boys and girls hear it in the background. They all crowd around Barry and ask him sort of ad libbing if it is true that he didn't like the singing. Then they form a circle around him and walk around him, going into the song, "You're Crazy.")

A Boy: You're crazy.

A Boy: You're stupid.

A Girl: You're nuts.

A Boy: You're insane.

A Boy: You're crazy.

A Boy: You're nuts.

A Girl:

You don't have a brain.

A Boy:

You act around like a stupid idiot.

A Girl:

And you don't have a worthwhile thing to say.

Barry:

I'm not crazy. Boys and Girls:

Yes you are.

Barry:

I'm not stupid.

Boys and Girls: Yes you are.

Barry:

I'm not nuts.

Boys and Girls: Yes you are.

Barry:

I'm not insane.

Boys and Girls: Yes you are.

Barry:

I'm just a sweet little boy with a loving smile
and a face

A Girl:
(Bends over him and makes and shakes a fist in his face.) That I'd like to change.
Barry:
(Bend back. Gets up. Sort of "I give up" look.) Well, if ya can't beat em
Boys and Girls:
(Throwing arms up in air as they march around him.) Can't beat em.
Barry:
Then just join em. Boys and Girls:
Join em.
Barry: And I must
Boys and Girls: Oooooohhh
Barry: Concede and say
Boys and Girls: And say
Everyone: That I'm (Barry)
He's (Boys and Girls) Barry:
Crazy
Boys and Girls: That's right.
Barry: I'm nuts.
Boys and Girls: Uh huh.
Barry: I'm insane.
Boys and Girls: Insane!
(BLACKOUT)

Scene III: Same as first scene.

Mr. Chief:
(As though riling them up.) Okay! We'll get em from behind. Right?
Members: Yeah!
Mr. Chief:
No more opening doors for females. Right?
Members: Yeah.
Mr. Chief:
And no more putting on the mannerisms like holding your fork the right way when eating with
them.
Members: Yeah.
Mr. Chief:
Eat with your hands.
Members: Yayy.
Mr. Chief:
Because males and females are exactly the same.
Members: Nooooo.
Mr. Chief:
No. Did I just hear my club say no? What do you mean, we're not the same? Why, you bunch o'
faggots. How aren't we the same?
A Member:
(To another member.) I'd better tell him.
A Member:
No. I think I should.
1st Member:
Now look. He's gotta learn sometime. I know how to tell him.

2nd Member:

Oh, all right. You tell him.

1st Member:

(stands slowly.) They've got something that we haven't got.

Mr. Chief: Spill it.

1st Member:

Well, er ya see it seems that-they well, they've got chest muscles.

Mr. Chief:

You stupid bunch of animals. We've got chest muscles, don't we?

Members:

(After thinking.) Yeah.

1st Member:

But They've got something else that we don't got.

Mr. Chief:

(Looks somewhat bothered.) What is it.

1st Member:

They've got long (looks around and sees the long hair on everyone.) Long hair? Okay. You win. (sits down.)

Mr. Chief:

Now, I've made a deal with the chief of the female section of our club. We decided that it would be a great idea if we have co-ed meetings from now on.

Members:

(Ad-libs of "Oh, baby", "How cool", and "I just love co-ed meetings", and things to that order to give the impression of extreme happiness of the members at the mention of co-ed meetings.)

Mr. Chief:

Okay, okay. I believe in being honest. As a matter of fact, I hate anyone who isn't honest, so, we must vote on it. Everyone put your heads down. This is going to be like a secret ballot.

Members:

(put their heads down.) Mr. Chief:

Now, remember. All this voting jazz is for the sake of honesty. Those in favor of co-ed meetings, raise your hands.

Members:

(No one raises their hands.) Mr. Chief:

(Looks a little discouraged.) Hm. You can put your hands down. Those against having co-ed meetings, raise your hands.

Members:

(Everyone raises their hands.)

Mr. Chief:

Okay. You can put your hands down.

Members:

(Put their hands down.) Mr. Chief:

It was almost unanimous. You voted that we have the co-ed meetings.

(small pause.) The girls voted for it, too. A Member:

When are they coming?

Mr. Chief:

Well-(hear, in the background, sound of girls singing.) Here they come now.

Members:

Yayy.

Females:

(All of them march in singing "The March of the Female Beatniks.")

We are the females female beatniks
We do anything we want because we're beatniks.
We can go around our school with no shoes on.
We can make like we are cool because we are.
We march around like a couple of pigs and slobs. We march around like a couple of slobs and pigs.
For if we didn't march around like a couple of pigs and slobs
we wouldn't be called female beatniks. We eat with our hands because its right. We sleep in the day
and sing all night.

We do all these things because we're proud proud of being
female beatniks.

(That concludes the song. They all sit down.) Mr. Chief:

Is everyone ready? Come on, quiet down. Today, we're going to have some
wrestling.

Members:

Ooh. (In gladness.)

A Male Member: Co-ed?

Mr. Chief:

(Nods his head yes.) Members:

Ooh.

The Member: Shorts?

Mr. Chief: Not quite.

Members: Ooh.

The Member: Shorts?

Mr. Chief: Not quite.

Members: Ooh.

The Member: Bathing suits?

Mr. Chief: Sort of.

Members: Ooh.

The Member: Bikinis?

Mr. Chief: (Eyes him.)

A Member:

Ooh, I just love this legalized prostitution.

Mr. Chief:

Okay, now. Our first match with be betweenim and-Sue. All right you two.

Jim and Sue:

(Get up. Get and stand on either side of circle, or arena or ring.) Mr. Chief:

All right. Go!

Jim and Sue:

(Start circling each other.) A Member:

(To another member.) They really love each other, ya know.

Jim and Sue:

(Go towards each other. Standing referee's position. All of a sudden, they pull each other towards
each other. Start making out.)

Members:

Aawww. (Expression of disappointment.) A Male Member:

They're not wrestling. Another Member:

They're just kissing.

Members: Aawww.

Mr. Chief:

Okay, you two fiascos. Siddown.

A Member:
 Hey, why don't we have Helen and Bill.
 Mr. Chief: Helen and Bill?
 Members:
 Yeah. Helen and Bill.
 Mr. Chief:
 Okay. Helen and Bill, come on up.
 Helen and Bill:
 (A boy and girl get up.) Mr. Chief:
 Now, in this corner, we have (points to girl) Helen.
 Members: (Small applause.)
 The Girl:
 (In deep, almost a man's, voice.) I'm not Helen. I'm Bill.
 Mr. Chief:
 (Looks amazed.) Huh? And who are you? (Looks at the boy.) You're ?
 The Boy:
 (Nods his head "yes".) Mr. Chief:
 You're Helen? Oh, no. Why? What's the story?
 The Boy:
 (Sort of high voice.) Well, ya thee, I forgot what my firht name wath, tho when friendth would athk me what it wath, I'd thay I don't know, tho they named me Helen. (Makes motions and sways around like a girl. Blows a kiss to Mr. Chief.)
 Mr. Chief:
 (Looks a little embarrassed.)
 A Male Member:
 (In a sort of high voice.) He ith a faggot.
 The Boy:
 Who ith a faggot? The Member:
 You ith a faggot.
 The Boy:
 (Sort of whining voice.) I am not.
 The Member: You are tho.
 Mr. Chief:
 (Sort of high voice.) Come on, thit down. (Lower voice, now. Shakes his head.) What amIsaying?
 The Member, Helen and Bill (The Boy and Girl.): (They all sit down in their places.)
 Mr. Chief:
 Come on. Who wants to wrestle?
 Members:
 (Small pause with quiet thinking.) Mr. Muscles:
 Ido.
 Mr. Chief: Mr. Muscles?
 Mr. Muscles: That's right.
 Mr. Chief:
 Okay. Mr. Muscles, get up.
 Mr. Muscles:
 (Gets up. _Stands in one corner of wrestling circle.) Mr. Chief:
 Now, who wants to wrestle Mr. Muscles.
 Females: (Ad Libs):
 Ooh. Not me. He's to muscular. He's too strong. He'd win in a matter of seconds.
 A Girl:

I'll wrestle him. Another Girl:
 But you haven't a chance.
 The Girl:
 Thank you. (With a smile on face.) A Girl:
 You're too puny.
 The Girl: Thank you.
 A Girl:
 You're too weak.
 The Girl: Thank you.
 A Girl:
 He'll beat you so bad. The Girl:
 Thank you very much. (Small pause. She stands.) I want to thank everyone for the wonderful compliments, but I still want to give it a try.
 Mr. Chief:
 Okay, get up there. (Small pause.) Go!
 Mr. Muscles: (takes clothes off, there is a bathing suit on underneath.) (Stands there flexing his muscles.)
 Females:
 (Screams of admiration.) Ooh.
 The Girl:
 (Circles him. Tries to get him down by pulling on his arm.) Mr. Muscles:
 (Straightens his arm and with no strain, she falls down. This keep going on for about twenty seconds.)
 The Girl:
 (Grows tired of this so she goes behind him and kicks him in the rear end.)
 Mr. Muscles:
 (Stops flexing his muscles, puts hands behind him covering up his rear end.) Ooohh.
 The Girl:
 (Crawls under his legs.) Mr. Muscles:
 (Looking all around for her, but staying stationary, can't seem to find her.) The Girl:
 (Crawls up from under his legs and in front of him. Punches him in the face.)
 Mr. Muscles:
 (Covers up his face.) Awwww.
 The Girl:
 (Steps on his toe. All her actions seem like female clumsiness.) Mr. Muscles:
 (Takes one foot in hand and hops around.) Aw-aw-aw-aw-(etc.)
 Barry:
 Hey, teachers aren't supposed to talk like that.
 Students:
 Shut-up; What do ya wanna do?; Ya wanna get us in trouble?; etc. (adlibs.)
 Teacher:
 (Looks at Barry with a dirty look.) Barry:
 (Looks back at her.) I'm sorry. (Sits down.) Teacher:
 You should be. Now, apologize.
 Barry: But I did.
 Teacher: Apologize!
 Barry: I'm sorry.
 Teacher:
 The correct way.
 Barry: Correct way?
 Teacher:

The way I've taught you.

Barry:

Okay. Will you please accept my apology.

Teacher: NO!

Barry: NO?

Teacher:

Now, I won't accept it until you apologize to me the way I've taught you to apologize to teachers.

Barry:

Oh, teacher. I'm sorry, you should've told me that you wanted me to apologize to you the way I'm supposed to to teachers.

Teachers:

Go on.

Barry:

Okay. (Stands up, walks to front of the room, gets on his hands and knees, bows down to her.) Oh, dear teacher, please accept my apology, dear, kind teacher. (Gets up, faces class, goes into song.):

Oh, dear teacher oh dear teacher

(Barry cont'd.)

please accept my apology.

I love you, dear teacher I love you dear teacher I'll do anything you say

before you can count to three. If you'll accept my sorrowness I'll jump up in the air.

I'll fly around the school ten times It's because you are there.

Oh, dear teacher oh, dear teacher

Please, oh please be kind to me.

And I'll bow down and kiss your feet.

(Faces teacher, bows down, kisses her feet.)

Teacher: _

(Rubs her feet, one by one. Then, goes to wash basin with water in it, takes off her shoes, puts her feet in the basin, stands there for about five seconds, steps out, takes a towel, dries her feet off, puts her shoes back on, walks over to her original position.)

Barry:

If only you please accept me. (That concludes the song.) (He bends over, and kisses the teacher's hand.) Oh, noble madam, please accept my most humble apology.

Teacher:

(Must move and talk sort of fast.) No. (Slaps him across his face with the back of her hand.)

Barry:

(falls on floor.) Teacher:

(Ignoring him.) Now, students. Let's go back to our lesson.

Barry:

(Quietly gets up, walks towards his desk or seat.) Teacher:

(As though she has been interrupted. She is quite disturbed.) Just where do you think you're going, young man.

Barry:

Back to my desk.

Teacher:

Do you realize that you just interrupted me.

Barry:

(Disgusted with her.) I'm sorry.

Teacher: You're what?

Barry:

I'm sorry, dear teacher.

Teacher: Apologize.
 Barry:
 (Points to floor.) That way?
 Teacher:
 Yes. (Nodding her head.) Barry:
 Oh, no.
 Teacher: Go on.
 Barry: (Bows down.)
 Teacher:
 (Walks over to Barry.) Barry:
 (Kisses teacher's feet.) Teacher:
 (Kicks him in the face.) Barry:
 (Is lying on the floor.) Teacher:
 Get up. This is no time to be lying down.
 Barry: (Gets up.)
 Teacher:
 Now, get back to your studies.
 Barry:
 (Walks over to his desk. Sits down.) Teacher:
 (Sarcastically.) Thank you.
 Barry:
 (Slight pause.) You're welcome.
 Teacher:
 (slight pause with a dirty look on her face. Then she cheers up a little bit.) Now, class. Who discovered America?
 A Girl:
 (Sitting in the first seat, first row.) Henry Goldberg.
 Teacher: Very good.
 A Boy:
 (Sitting next to the girl.) Henry Goldberg.
 Teacher: Very good. A Girl: .
 (Sitting next to the boy.) Henry Goldberg.
 Teacher: Very good.
 Barry:
 Christopher Columbus.
 Teacher:
 Christopher Columbus?
 Boys and Girls:
 (Ad-libs.) Are you crazy?; What?; What do you mean?; Christopher Columbus?; etc.
 Teacher:
 You wise guy. Face the corner until you feel that you are ready to join us with the right answer.
 Barry:
 (Gets up or stands, walks to a corner of room, stands there for about two seconds, turns around, walks over to his desk, sits down.)
 Teacher:
 Now, do you think that you could tell us without fooling around, who discovered America?
 Barry:
 (Without enthusiasm.) Henry Goldberg, sir.
 Teacher:

Sir. See, class? This is an example of how we could sway someone into believing something. Mr. Banick. Be realistic. Who discovered America?

Barry:

(Shrugs shoulders with no reply.) Teacher:

We know Henry Goldberg didn't discover America.

Barry: Christopher-?

Teacher:

No! Shut-up! Don't be funny. Okay, Mary, you tell us who discovered America.

A Girl: Sammy Rubin.

Teacher: Correct!

Barry:

(Very confused look.) (BLACKOUT)

Scene V

This scene takes place in the school, also, but does not take place in the schoolroom. It takes place in the hall or corridor. When the scene begins, a crowd of ten boys and girls, five boys and five girls, are congregated in the hall or corridor. They then exit except for one girl and one boy. They can be one that we haven't seen, but the girl is a member of "The Beatniks". Later on in the scene, more characters make appearances such as Barry and Peter, but they will appear when indicated.

Eight Girls and Boys:

(Four girls and boys exit to stage left and four girls and boys exit to stage right.)

Beatnik Girl:

(Nods her head to the boy.) The Boy:

(Nods his head back. Then, after small pause :) Hi. (Says it nervously.)

Girl: (Unwillingly.) Hi.

Boy:

Why did you say that you don't like it?

Girl:

I'm not like other girls.

Boy:

Not like other girls? What do you mean?

Girl:

(Goes into song, "I'm The Type Of Girl".)

I'm not

like other girls I'm not the type

who gives a damn.

I don't

wear any curls. Because I don't care what people will say.

I don't

put make-up on.

And don't

make my hips move.

(Girl cont'd.)

I know

that I'm a girl.

And I've got nothing to prove.

When I walk I walk alone.

I don't want anyone to talk to.

And when I talk

I talk alone.
I don't want anyone to reply to.
I'm just
the type of girl who never takes a bath.
I find
no need to talk or smile
or laugh.
I don't want to obligate myself to anyone else.
I'm the type
who likes to drink and sleep
and eat.
I'm a beatnik. I'm a beatnik.
And I'm very beat.
(That concludes the song.) Boy:
And you're nuts.
Girl:
(Very dramatically, or, obviously dramatic. Shakes her head, for example.)
No, you are.
Boy:
No, you are. (Same thing about the dramatics.) Girl:
You're Crazy.
Boy:
No, you're crazy.
Girl:
You're crazier than I am.
Boy:
No, you're crazier than I am.
Girl:
You're the craziest person in this school.
Boy:
No, you are.
Girl:
You're the craziest person in this city.
Boy:
No you are.
Girl:
You're the craziest person in this state.
Boy:
You're the craziest person in the United States.
Girl:
So you're even crazier than that.
Boy:
You're the craziest person in the whole, wide world.
Girl:
You're even crazier than that.
Boy:
So, you're the craziest person in the whole, wide world and no one could go over it.
Girl:
(Pause.) You're even crazier than that.
Boy:

(Sincerely.) I love you.

Girl:

(Sincerely.) I love you, too.

Boy:

Let's make love.

Girl: Okay.

(They start making out for just a few seconds.) No, not that way. Let's make love the beatnik way.

(They are punching each other in the arms as they exit to stage right.) (Barry and Peter enter.)

Peter:

So, why didn't ya like Lisa?

Barry:

Well, I guess she isn't my type of girl.

Peter:

And ya hate her?

Barry:

No. Of course not. I'm just not seriously interested in her, but I still want to maintain good relations with her.

Peter: Oh.

Barry:

Of course, I have nothing against her.

Peter: Yes.

Barry:

But just don't exactly love her.

Peter:

Mm-hm. Okay. See ya around. (Exits.) Barry:

Yeah, see ya.

Voice:

(From offstage. Is not seen, but heard.) Hello dere, Barry.

Barry:

Like hi. "Ey, who are you. How come I can't see ya.

Voice:

Like I am your conscience.

Barry:

Hi, conscience.

Voice: Hi.

Barry:

How are you?

Voice:

I'm fine, thank you. And you?

Barry:

Fine, thank you. (Pause.) What did you come here for? What do you want to talk to me about?

Voice:

I want to talk to you about-things.

Barry:

(As thought, "Now I understand" type tone.) Oh.

Voice:

Now, listen. I understand that you're not happy. Is that right?

Barry: That's right.

Voice:

And that you go around with a glum look on your face. Is that right?

Barry: Right.

Voice:

Well, what seems to be the trouble, Barry?

Barry:

I don't know, I guess.

Voice:

That sounds nice.-How do you think we could help the situation?

Barry:

Hm. Well, I don't have a companion.

Voice: Companion?

Barry: Companion.

Voice:

Oh.-What kind of companion, Barry?

Barry:

(Smiles sort of like infantile.) A girl.-Tee hee.

Voice:

What kind of girl, Barry?

Barry:

Well, ya see, I don't want the normal type of girl. What I want is an unusual girl. Maybe the type who has gotten the reputation of a beatnik.

Voice:

But why one with a reputation of a beatnik?

Barry:

Well, even though she may not be one, if she has earned the reputation, you can be sure that she's unusual. See, I want the type of girl who wears her hair pitch black.

Voice: Pitch black?

Barry:

And combs it straight down!

Voice: Straight down?

Barry:

And wears it real long!

Voice: Real long?

Barry:

Yeah. See? I want the type of girl who's different. (Goes into the song "I want the type of girl". Sung to almost the same tune as "I'm not the type of girl".)

I want the type of girl
 who doesn't give a damn.
 I want
 the type of girl
 who will take me for what I am.
 I want
 a girl who frowns and clowns around a lot.
 And
 a girl who knows what she's got.
 A girl
 who doesn't care what people say.
 And if she's called a castaway Then that's
 the girl I'd like to see for she'd be the girl
 for me.
 (Concludes the song.)

(Pause. Then the conscience. Very obnoxiously:)
Hey-hey-whaddaya say?
Voice: You're nuts.
Barry:
Thank you.-(After realizing what has just been said by his conscience.)
What?!
Voice:
Haven't you ever thought that there may be someone like _ that?
Barry:
I've hoped-but not thought.
Voice:
What about Jezebel?
Barry: Jezebel?
Voice:
Yeah, Jezebel!
Barry: Jezebel.
Voice:
(Loud, annoyed voice.) The girl who just walked out of this school with Bob, the boy.
Barry: Bob, the boy?
Voice:
Yeah, Bob, the boy, stupid.
Barry:
Oh, boy. Bob the boy!-Who da hell is Bob, the boy?
Voice:
The guy who just walked out with Jezebel.
Barry:
Oh.-What's so good about Jezebel?
Voice:
She's the type of girl for you.
Barry: For me?
(No reply from voice,) For me?
(No reply.)
Ey, conscience. Conscience? CONSCIENCE! !!
Voice:
STUPID! Don't you see? I'm shaking my head "yes." Barry:
(In whining tone.) Well, how do ya expect me to see?
Voice:
(Small pause.) Well, what do you think?
Barry:
I think that this is all very silly.
Voice: Why?
Barry:
Because, there's nothing to stop them.
Voice: Oh.
Barry:
I've been thinkin'. How am I gonna meet Jezebel?
Voice:
No problem.-What is she a member of?
Barry:
The beatniks.

Voice:
And what part of the beatniks?
Barry: The females.
Voice:
Which means that there are probably males, right?
Barry: Right.
Voice:
Which means that you can join them. Right?
Barry: Wrong.
Voice:
Why "Wrong"?
Barry:
Because, ya gotta prove yourself to them.
Voice:
Like man, what do you mean? Ya Gotta beat up somebody, or somethin'
like that? Barry:
No. Beatniks don't believe in beating up somebody or somethin' like that.
Voice:
Then, how do you prove yourself to them?
Barry:
I don't know. I think you gotta prove to them that you're different.
Voice: Yeah.
Barry:
That you're a beatnik.
Voice:
Yeah? Man, that shouldn't be hard.
Barry: Huh?
Voice:
For you it shouldn't be, anyway.
Barry: Why?
Voice:
Because you are a beatnik. It shouldn't be too hard proving to someone that you're something that
you are.
Barry: That's right.
Voice:
Now, you're supposed to get in good with the males, so I want you to go and find out who they
are.-Go on. Have fun.
Barry:
Okay. (Exits to stage left.)
Voice:
(Singing himself.) Hm-hm-hm-hm-hm. Hm-hm-hm-hm-hm.
Hm-hm-hm-hm-hm.
Hm-hm-hm-hm-hm. Hallelujah.
Weeeell,
I got a girl named Algebra. I hate her guts.
She hates mine too.
We make a perfect pair. (That concludes the "song".)
Barry:
(Enters running. Very enthusiastic. Enters from stage left.) I found out who's in the male part of
the club.

Voice:
(Very unenthusiastic.) Oh boy. What did you do?
Barry:
I found out who is in the male beatniks. Isn't that what you told me to do?
Voice:
Chee! I didn't know you were this dumb.-I told you to mingle.
Barry: Mingle?
Voice:
Yes, mingle.-!told you to go out and have a good time. Get to know them.-(To himself.) Found out who they are. Chee!
Barry:
So ya want me to go out and get in good with them?
Voice:
(Yes.) Mm-hm.)
Barry:
Oh, boy.
Lisa Louse: (Footsteps.)
Barry:
Ey, conscience.
Voice: Yes.
Barry:
I hear someone.
Voice: Someone? Barry:
Yes. I hear it coming near. Footsteps.
Lisa:
(Enters from stage right. Walks in place toward stage left which is where Barry is standing.)
Barry:
It's Lisa.
Voice:
(Sarcastically.) Your old friend. Barry:
Oh, come one. It wasn't her fault at what happened that night. It was that rock n' roll singer.
Voice:
Do you still like her?
Barry: Well,-yeah.
Voice:
Ya wanna maintain good relations with her, huh?
Barry:
Yeah. How did you know?
Voice:
Like who am I? Barry:
My conscience.-Oh.-You're with me all the time, hey?
Voice:
To the very second.
Barry:
Well, tell me, conscience. Should I say hi to her?
Voice: To whom?
Barry: Lisa.
Voice:
It seems to me that if you want to get to know her, you should start off by saying hi.

Barry:

Yeah. I think you're right. I should say hi to her. After all, if I don't say hi to her, I'll never get in good with her. It would be like both of us passing each other in the hall, I would look at her, she would look at me, and we just wouldn't say anything to each other. That wouldn't be too good-wait a minute. That would be great. Isn't that part of my ideal of the world?

Voice:

What? That no one should say hi?

Barry: Yeah!

Voice: Oh, boy.

Barry:

I wish there was someone who I could get to know who doesn't believe in saying hi. Then, I could get to know her by just walking by her without saying anything.

Voice:

Why don't you give her a dirty look? That'll really get er.

Barry:

Yeah.-Oh no. Can't do that. She may misunderstand. She may think that I really mean it.

Voice: Mean what?

Barry:

The dirty look.

Voice: Oh.

Barry:

She's coming closer, conscience.-Should I say hi to her?

Voice:

Say hi to her.

Barry:

That's what I think I should do, too. I'm gonna say hi to her.-But wait. She's not my type of girl. Jezebel is.

Voice:

Don't be pickie. Let's face it, man, you're desperate.

Barry:

Yeah, I guess so.-But I don't have the guts.

Voice:

Oh, man. Will you say hi already.

Barry:

Okay.-(Puts hand to side of mouth for shouting. At first, "shouts" very softly. When all capitals, it is loud.) Hi.-Hi. Conscience? She doesn't hear me.

Voice:

What do you expect? Come one. Give it a yell. HI, YOU STUPID BAS

TARD.

Barry: SSSSSHHHhh.

Voice: Why?

Barry:

(Thinks for about two seconds.) Ooooh, because ya make wake up the baby.

Voice:

What baby? Come one. Yell it, man, yell it.

Barry:

It's too late, conscience. She's coming this way.

Voice:

Well, now you could really say hi to her.

Barry: I'm scared.

Voice:
What are you afraid of? She's not gonna bite ya.

Lisa:
(Starts really walking in his direction towards stage left.) Barry:
Not gonna bite me?

Voice: That's right.

Barry: Well, okay.
(Lisa passes him. At that exact moment, he speaks.) Hi.

Lisa:
(Walks over to him. Bites him.) Barry:
Oooooooooowwwwww.

Lisa: (Walks away and exits through stage left.)

Voice: (Sarcastically.) She likes you.)

Barry: She does?

Voice: Of course not, silly. What you need is a companion.

Barry: Oh.

Voice:
Someone like Jezebel. But, you just won't listen.

Barry: But I

Voice:
Instead, you insist on following around those stupid idiots, who don't know a damn thing about life,
who you could never get in good with.

Jezebel: (Footsteps.)

Voice:
Hey man. Like I hear footsteps.

Barry:
I know. I hear them, too.

Voice: Like look.

Barry: It's Jezebel.

Jezebel:
(Enters from stage right. Walks in place just as Lisa did.)

Voice:
Now, this is someone worth saying hi to.

Barry: Should I?

Voice: Of course.

Barry:
This is a girl who I know won't bite.-But conscience?

Voice: What?

Barry:
What happens if she doesn't believe in saying hi and I don't believe in saying hi but I say hi to her
and she says hi to me and then she gets the impression that I believe in saying hi and she won't like
me.

Voice:
I'm sure she'll understand.

Barry:
Okay. Here goes.
(Jezebel really walks toward him and passes him. At that exact moment, he speaks.)
Hi.

Jezebel:
Schmuck. (Walks off stage. Exits through stage left.) Barry:

(Falls on the floor. Kicks his legs up. As though in ecstasy. Rolls around on the floor yelling ad-libs of awwww, man and oohh.)

Voice:

What are you so happy about.

Barry:

She talked to me.-She talked to me. (Gets up. Still excited, but calmed down a bit.) Conscience? She talked to me.

Voice: I know.

Barry:

Did you see it? Did you hear it?

Voice:

I heard it loud and clear.

Barry:

She has a beautiful voice, doesn't she?

Voice:

Yeah. NOW, DO YOU WANT TO GET TO KNOW HER?

Barry:

(Calmed down.) Yeah.

Voice:

Then join the male beatniks.

Barry:

Well, what do I do, conscience?

Voice:

Hmm, ya gotta really play it cool.

Barry: Play it cool?

Voice:

Yeah. Ya know, like cool it.

Barry: Oh. Cool it.

Voice:

Yeah. And ya know, make wit' da big words, like cool, man, dig.

(Voice cont'd.)

Okay? Ya gotta show them that your one of them.

Barry:

Oh. Show them that I'm one of them. I got it.

Voice: Ya got it?

Barry:

Don't worry. I'm gonna really show them that I'm one of them.

Voice:

Go to it, Barry baby.

Barry:

O kay. (Very enthusiastic. Skips off stage. Exits through stage left.) (Curtain.)

Act 2. The Talent Show

January 24, 1964

Scene I

Same as scene I of Act I. This time, the male members have partial beards, but Mr. Chief still has his full grown beard. The Female members do not have beards yet. The wrestling is still going on. Mr. Chief is talking with a male member at stage left (foreground.)

(Grunts and groaning of the wrestlers and rooting of the members in the background.)

Mr. Chief:

That's all right. Do you think so?

Member: No.

Mr. Chief:

Then why did you do it?

Member:

Idon't know. Mr. Chief:

Did you do it?

Member: No.

Mr. Chief: You must have.

Member:

I did not do it. Mr. Chief:

You did so. Member:

I did not.

Mr. Chief: Go to hell.

Member:

Okay. (Walks over to rest of members.) Females:

Yay. (After girl just won wrestling match.) Male member:

(Walks over to Mr. Chief.)

Mr. Chief: What happened?

Member:

The girl just won.

Mr. Chief: (Sarcastically.) Great.

Member:

Yeah. (Sarcastically.) Mr. Chief:

We just won you We just did.

Mr. Chief:

Oh, you stupid female, you.

Mr. Chief:

(This starts the song, "Victory March of the Female Beatniks".)

Come on, females let's show em.

Females:

(Get in line and march around the stage.)

We are the females female beatniks

We do anything we want because we're beatniks.

We can go around our school with no shoes on.

We can make like we are cool because we are.

We march around like a couple of pigs and slobs. We march around like a couple of slobs and pigs.

For if we didn't march around like a couple of pigs and slobs

we wouldn't be called female beatniks. We eat with our hands because its right. We sleep in the day and sing all night.

We do all these thing because we're proud proud of being female beatniks.

Well we just beat you to the fight It's because of all our might

And we just gave you a lick Because we're all
 Female beatniks.
 We kicked you and fought you till we're dead We knocked you and beat you in the head.
 We now weigh one hundred twenty pounds.
 So we're destined to beat you down.
 You won't get another chance from us. Cause we're as strong as a rolling bus.
 (Females cont'd.)
 We won't stop till you give in And say that we're
 Female beatniks. A Male Member:
 How do they do it? I don't understand.
 Mr. Chief:
 Come on, we'll tell ya We'll give you a hand. (Change of tune.)
 Females:
 First we walk up to the males.
 (They all march up to the males. Each females takes one male.) (Pause.) Give em a kick.
 (Lower.) Right in the face. (They kick each male in the face.)
 Then we crawl through their legs.(They crawl through each male's legs.) Give em a chop (Each
 female gives each male a judo chop in the back of the neck.)
 (Lower.) Back of the neck.
 Be e carefree everybody's carefree
 (The females start dancing on their toes, dancing in circles orbiting around the males.)
 This is how we beat those males.
 Bop (as each female is dancing, she hits each male in the face with the back of her hand.)
 Bop a shoo bop (Each female his a male again in the stomach.) Bop a shoo shoo (Kicks in the
 stomach.) OOOOOooooowwww- wop (Kicks in the shins.)
 This is the way we beat our foes(as they sing, they dance and keep hitting and kicking the males.)
 beat our foes
 The End.
 The Mirror
 A Monologue Play
 January 29, 1964
 Cast: David-In his early twenties. He likes to appear as a "slob". He is very dramatic.

Scene II

A bathroom. There is a mirror at stage left almost perpendicular with the audience, but on a very little diagonal angle. There are towels hanging at midstage sort of messy from a rack. Later on, there will have to be someone standing in back of the mirror who looks like David. The scene begins with David yelling at the mirror. He has a bathrobe on. Underneath, he has only underpants on. He has a pair of slippers on.

David:

SHUT YOUR DAMN MOUTH! GO TO HELL, YA DAMN, LOUSY, BAS

TARD! Let me shave. (Takes out a towel, puts it over his shoulder, takes his brush, puts some shaving cream on it, and starts applying it. Then starts talking in a mimicking tone.) It's too bad I can't afford an electric shaver.-Aw, shit.-Who needs an electric shaver? (Applies the shaving cream for about fifteen seconds in silence. Then stops. Looks at himself silently through the mirror for about ten seconds. Then speaks.) You think you're so smart, don't you? WELL, YOU'RE NOT. You stink.

YOU THINK THAT YOU COULD GET AWAY WITH IT? Well, you can't.

Your gutz smell.-You're sight?-You're sight disgusts me. (Bends over the sink to the mirror. Breathes on it.) Even your breath.-(Starts pacing

Captian Bikini

1964

After credits are given, words on screen:

Captain Simon R. Bikini died in a state of sexual excitement. After he and his pirates had looted the town of Frankfort (named after the hot dog), he was on his merry way to bed with Jim when he died.

His kid took charge of the boat. Therefore, everyone called the lad Captain Kid. After the same type of incident occurred, the crew broke up. Now, eighty-three years after Captain Simon R. Bikini's death, the young Leroi X. Bikini lives with his mother on the boat, just outside the town of Hamburger.

Scene 1

Inside the boat. It is like a small room with a kitchen and beds.

Leroi is in his twenties and is with his mother.

Leroi: You know, mom, this pirate jazz sounds fun.

Mom: Well, I tell you no lies. Grandpa Simon was one of the most daring pirates of his time. Piracy died when he died.

Leroi: I wish I could be a pirate. Mom: They aren't around any more.

Leroi: Oh.

Mom: Anyway, it wouldn't be nay fun for you. There wouldn't be any girls around.

Leroi: Really?

Mom: Sure. Don't you know how Grandpa Simon died?

Leroi: Sure. He went to bed with a girl.

Mom: Son, I think it's about time you learned some facts of life. It was a man.

Leroi: A man? You mean Grandpa went to bed with a man?

Mom: That's right.

Leroi: But why would he do a thing like that? Mom: Because he was horny.

Leroi: Horny?

Mom: Yes. You see, pirates could not bring girls along with them and since they hardly ever saw any, they would get desperate, so they would play with each other.

Leroi: Boy, I would never get horny.-Mom?

Mom: Yes?

Leroi: How old am I? Mom: About twenty-five.

Leroi: Then I'm old enough to go out into the world and see what I can do, right?

Mom: That's right.

(Leroi disappears making some noise and after about five seconds, returns.)

Mom: Where are you going?

Leroi: Out into the world.

Mom: Okay, but out your jacket on before you go out into the world. (Leroi puts his jacket on and walks out.)

Leroi: Goodbye Mom.

Mom: Goodbye. Oh son, you forgot to brush your teeth. Oh, too late. Be home for dinner.

Scene 2

A bar room in town. It is filled with men drinking and laughing and talking. Enter Leroi.

Leroi: (To a man in front standing) Hello, Sammy.

Sammy: Hi, Leroi. How ya' doin'?

Leroi: Fine. Listen, I'd like to talk with you about something.

Sammy: Alright.

Leroi: Did you ever hear of something called pirates.

Sammy: Yes.

Leroi: How would you like to be one?

Sammy: Huh?

Leroi: Ever hear of Captain Simon R. Bikini?

Sammy: Of course.

Leroi: I'd like to get a crew together again.

Sammy: And you're askin' me if I'd like to be one?

Leroi: (With a great big smile of confidence) Yes ma'am.

Sammy: (Gives him a look)

Leroi: I mean yessir.

Sammy: Well, anything for kicks.

Leroi: You mean yes?

Sammy: Yup.

Leroi: (Hugs and kisses him) Oh boy!

Sammy: (Pushes him off and smacks his face gently. Then talks moving in a feminine way) Please.

Leroi: Sorry.

Sammy: Need more of a crew?

Leroi: Uh-huh.

Sammy: (Called to another man) Hey, Joe. Joe: Yeah, Sam.

Sammy: Wanna be a pirate?

Joe: Alright. (comes over to the two men.)

Sammy: How would you like to sail with the grandson of Captain Bikini?

Joe: What?! The Captain Bikini?

Sammy: That's right.

Joe: You bet! Boy, I can't believe it. I'm gonna sail with a Bikini.

Sammy: Okay, now. Go get some of the boys to be on the crew. Joe: Okay. (Leaves)

Leroi: Thanks, Sam.

Sam: It's all right. By five o'clock this evening, we'll have a crew ready and over to your houseboat.

Leroi: Great. Goodbye.

Sam: 'Bye.-Wait. (Grabs Leroi so as to not let him get out the door)

Leroi: Yes?

Sammy: What are we gonna sail in?

Leroi: The houseboat.

Sammy: Oh.

Leroi: (Exit.)

Scene 3

The houseboat. Leroi and Mom finishing supper.

Leroi: Well, mom, I'm sailing for sea. Mom: That's a nice place to sail for.

Leroi: We're leaving after dinner.

Mom: Who's we?

Leroi: The crew and me. Mom: Who will be captain?
Leroi: Guess.
Mom: You?
Leroi: Uh-huh.
Mom: Well, Captain Bikini sails again.
Leroi: Yup (Bites into a pickle) Hey, mom, this pickle-Mom: What about it?
Leroi: My pickle tickles. (Sound of men's voices outside) That must be the crew. I'm going outside.

Scene 4

On the ship's deck. The whole crew is waiting. Enter Leroi with an apple in hand)
Leroi: Well hello mates.
Men: Hello, Captain Bikini.
Leroi: How are you.
Men: Fine.
Leroi: Ready to sail on a voyage with Captain Bikini?
Men: Yes.
Leroi: We're gonna have loads of fun. A man: What kinda?
Leroi: Pirate fun.
Some men: Oh.
Another man: Wait a minute. Who's gonna be captain?
Leroi: If it's all the same to you, I'd like to be.
A man: I think Leroi should be captain. After all, his grandfather was one of the greatest captains that ever lived.
Men: Yeah.(More shouts of agreement.)
The Man: I don't think you should be captain.
Another man: Why shouldn't he be?
The Man: (To Leroi. Thinks for about two seconds) Uh, I don't like your hair. Too long. And your sideburns are abominable.
Leroi: I like my hair. The Man: I don't!
Leroi: I do.
The Man: Well, I don't!
Leroi: Oh yeah?
The Man: Yeah!
Leroi: Yeah?
The Man: Yeah!!!
Leroi: Yeah.
The Man: Why, you little whippersnapper. (Draws his sword)-Alright.
Leroi: What do you want me to do?
The Man: Draw your sword! I want action.
Leroi: All right. If you want me to. (Draws sword and quickly jumps towards to man. The man gives a little screech and jumps out of the way.)
The Man: ON GUARD.-TUSHAE!!!!
Leroi: (Jumps toward him again. This time the man falls down.)
Leroi: (Says it gently) On guard. Tushae.
The Man: (As he gets up) You little stinker. I'll get you yet!
(A duel follows. It lasts about two minutes. All through it, Leroi keeps eating his apple and sort of duels the man sometimes without even looking at him. He makes the man look like a fool all through the duel. Towards the beginning of the duel, the following conversation takes place between two bystanders.

1st Man: Is this kind of fun he meant? 2nd Man: Yup. This is pirate fun.
(Towards the end of the duel, when Leroi speaks, his is still dueling)
Leroi: I say, good man, don't you think we should stop this fooling around. As my grandmother used to say, from too much fooling, nothing good comes out.
The Man: NO! I'm gonna show you a thing or two!
Leroi: (Shakes his head a bit as he talks) Okay. (Gets the man in a position where the man is helpless and on the ground.) Have you had enough?
The Man: (Talks in a tone of defeat) Aaahh-You come around on a day when I ain't tired. I'll kick yer pants off. (Stands and puts his sword away)
Leroi: (Puts his sword away) Do you wanna sail with us or not?
The Man: Yes. (Shakes Leroi's hand.) Let's give a cheer for good ol' CAPTAIN Bikini.
Men: Hip-hip-hooray!
A Man: What shall we name our ship?
Another man: I have an idea. Captain, what do you like most in life?
Leroi: (Thinks for about two seconds) Eating.
Skinny: What do you like to eat most?
Leroi: Pickles.
Skinny: Then our problem is solved.
Sammy: What do you mean?
Skinny: We'll name our ship after Captain Bikini and call it The Good Ship Pickle.
Men: (Sounds of agreement)
Sammy: Yeah, that sounds good. Let's give a cheer to our ship, The Pickle.
Men: Hip-hip-hooray!
Leroi: Now, Pokey and Pudgie, go paint the name on both sides of the bow.
Pokey and Pudgie: Aye, aye, captain. (Both exit)

Louis XVI: A play in 7 Acts

April 24, 1983

Act I:

Scene I

The play: opening songs

'My name is Louis':

My name is Louis

We're gonna have a lot of fun today

We're gonna have a lot of fun today

We're gonna have a lot of fun today

in the Good ole Fran-ce ...

Chorus Repeat:

Louis: Oh I'm just a normal kind of guy

I have no pretentions

I sit at my table and eat my food

without any apprehension

Oh I love everybody and everybody loves me

And That's why my name is Louis Lou-is

And I just would like to mention

that ...

My name is Louis ...

(Refrain)

(song ends knock on door)

L: Who is it?

Voice: Open up! It's the council.

L: The council? Oh right away!

(opens door)

Councilman: Is your name Louis?

L: (singing) My name is Louis

My name is Louis

And I have a lot of fun each day

C: Your name is Louis

Your name is Louis

in the go-od old Fran-ce

L: What's on your mind councilman?

C: Well, Louis.I What is your last name?

L: Sixteen.

C: Really? I thought so. Do you have a grandfather by the name of Fourteen?

L: Why, I believe I do.

C: Well, have I got news for you!
(singing) You're gonna be king!
boom-boom
You're gonna be king!
boom-boom
(Councilman singing cont'd.)
Because the other day
Your grandpa passed away
And according to the law so fine
You are the next in line
So my friend
it's a pleasure for me to say
That you-
Are gonna be king today!
L: (singing) Well, thank you thank you thank you
But I don't know how
All I want to do is eat my chow
C: But Louis can't you tell by the
Sound of my voice
That you really don't have any choice
So pack your things and come with me
Ho-ho-ho and a hee-hee-hee!

Scene II

(The different councilman waiting for arrival of Louis and his escort, Councilman |||||))
A Man: Where are they?
Man 2: What's keeping them?
Man: I don't know. Palonius went to get him an hour ago.
Man: Well, they should be here any minute now.
Really? They should be here any minute now.
Maybe something happened to them. Perhaps they met with ill fate.
We should be so lucky.
How do you mean?
Are you jesting with me? The man can't rule. He knows nothing of it.
But his grandfather was-
Was the greatest king our great land ever saw.
So why is it you say ?
Because the big lug has led a sheltered life, pampered by his mama, resting on the laurels of his great ancestor. He is ruled by the dictates of his stomach. All his awareness belongs to his oral cavity and all that will fit therein.
But what is to become of the kingdom?
Surely you jest. Do you not realize the if we play our cards appropriately, the kingdom is ours for the taking.
How do you mean?
Follow my line and tell me if it does not make sense to you logically. The man is ignorant of the throne.
(Men cont'd.)

Right.

He has no knowledge of rulership.

Correct.

And yet he loves his people and desires to do only right by them.

Yes.

So do you think that under the circumstances, the fool would ever attempt to rule the kingdom in a singular manner?

I suppose not.

Right! He needs assistance. And if he does not know this as yet, we shall bring it to his attention. And who do you think are the most likely to become his advisors?

Ah, tis sound logic.

Right, and even if not, we shall make it so.

(Enter A Herald)

Herald: Hush! Hush! Yonder he comes!

Man: We shall continue this later. For now, we bid him welcome.

(Enter Louis and the councilman, Palonius.)

All: (except Louis) Welcome! Welcome!

(song: "The coronation song")

Here's your crown

Here's my crown

Here's your robe

Here's my robe

Here's your scepter

Here's my scepter

Here's your throne

There's my throne

Now the time

For us to say

You're the brand new king of ole, France!!

(Exeunt all except Louis and Palonius)

P: Congratulations, Your majesty. How do you feel? . . . L: I feel fine except for the fact that there is one problem which weighs

heavily upon my brow. . . P: And what might that be, my noble king? . . . L: It is simple this dear

Palonius: I love my people so much, and I wish

to do what is only right and good for them. And yet, I have not the faintest idea of how to meet their needs. I am but a neophyte in a world of men whose experience far exceeds mine. Tell me, Palonius, any advice you may give me, if indeed there is any.

P: Why my dear king, you have said it yourself. If in fact there are others who far exceed you in this knowledge that you seek, why not take

them into your employ. . . L: This is a good plan, but I know not where to begin. . . P: Ah dear King Louis. Your council is made up of the finest minds in

the land. We shall see to it that you make only decisions which are in the best interests of your subjects.

L: Thank you, thank you dear Palonius. Thank you, thank you. I cannot thank you enough. You are a true friend. What might you suggest be

my first act as a king? . . . P: Ah, dear Louis. It is quite expected for a king to be married. Or

now

One rule from the throne without a queen sitting at his side. can

f .£ Therefore, I suggest that you take unto yourself a Wife.

L: Yes, but what would be in it for me? . P: Well, think of it. Each morning, upon waking, you shall have a roll in the hay.

L: Oh, this sounds very good

(song: "I'm getting married")

(singing) I'm getting married

I'm getting married

And each morning I'll be rolling in the hay

I'm getting married

I'm getting married

In the good ole Parlez vous Francais.

P: (singing) He's getting married

He's getting married

In the merry merry month of May

He's getting married

He's getting married

(sing) Polly wolly diddle daddle dey

Scene III

(Marie's boudoir, she sits at her vanity)

Marie:(singing) Oh I feel pretty

I feel so pretty

Doodle diddle daddle deedle doodle dey

feel so pretty

Oh I feel so pretty

Ho ho hee hee hoo hoo ha ha hay

(knock on door)

Marie: Who is it?

Voice: Come in.

(her mother enters)

Marie: Oh hello mother.

Mom: Oh hello dear. Guess what?

Marie: What?

Mom: (singing) You're getting married

You're getting married

You're gonna have a lot of fun today

You're getting married

You're getting married

In the merry merry month of May

Marie: I'm getting married?

Mom: You're getting married

And you will do just what I say

Marie: Who will I marry?

Mom: You're getting married

To the King of ole Fran-cais

(end of song)

Scene IV: (Bedroom)

(Louis and Marie are waking up. Bed is staged background. In stage foreground is: stage left: Marie's vanity table. Stage right: Louis' dining table. They both wake up and stretch.)

Louis: Good morning, dear.

Marie: Good morning, Louis. . (They both get out of bed and she goes to the vanity. He goes to the dining

table and proceeds to eat as she looks in the mirror admiring herself and occasionally applying make-up.)

L: Dear, why don't we talk. We never talk.

M: Okay. What do you want to talk about.

L: I don't care. Anything.

M: Okay. Do you think I should go brunette?

L: Mmm. This roast beef is good.

M: Do you think my eyebrows should be thick or thin?

L: Mmm. This pudding pie is delicious.

M: This mascara does wonders for my lashes, don't you think?

L: Mmm. This break really fills my tummy well.

M: Ye s. This rouge lipstick is quite becoming.

L: And this beverage makes me smack my lips in tasteful ecstasy. . M: My new powder puff works like a charm. It is such a refreshmg change for my cheeks.

(Both start to sing respective songs simultaneously.)

M: I fe el so pretty (Sung to a tune similar to "Monarch of the Sea")

So very pretty

And I am such

a lucky girl today

I am so pretty

so pretty pretty

L: Oh I love to eat my chow

And I love to eat it now

And it feels so good when the food goes down

And I drink my beverage to wash it down

ho ho hee hee hoo hoo

ha ha hey

So what do you think of that

Scoodameroo diddle a deedle-ee

(Knock on door at end of song.)

Both: Who is it?

Voice: Come in.

P: Good morning, your majesty. (To king.)

Good morning, your highness. (To queen.)

Both: Good morning, Palonius.

(During following dialogue, it is obvious and looks in mirr, conscious only of her hair and appearance. L is eating, but does participate m the conversation.)

P: The people are restless. You must raise the truces.

L: But isn't that bad for them?

P: No. They love it. They need to know that they are being ruled by a

firm hand.

L: But what if they have not enough money to pay?

P: Don't worry. They have a lot of money.

L: I only want to do what is right for them.

P: You are. This is the best thing for them and will make them all very very happy.

L: Good. Because I love them all very very much and when they are happy, I am happy

Scene V

(In the streets, a group of citizens)

All:(singing):

We are so hungry

So very hungry

And we haven't had a drop of food for days

We are so hungry

So very hungry

And this Louis'd better change his ways

(Change of tune)

Oh he's a wicked man

A very wicked man

A wicked wicked wicked wicked man

(All singing cont'd.)

He's such a wicked man

Why he's so wicked that he's

Very very wicked that

When he goes to bed

He's a wicked wicked man

And he is also a terribly wicked man

In the morning when he dresses himself

He is a wicked wicked man

One Person: I don't like him

All: because ...

Dada dada da da

He's a wicked wicked man

One person: And he makes me mad

All: Yes he makes us mad

Solo: And I hate his guts

All: Yes we hate his guts

Solo: because we don't have any food to eat or money because of too many truces

All: That's right that's right that's right

Uh-huh

He's such a

Wicked wicked man

And he's fat and ugly and

Solo: And he makes me sick

All: Yes he makes us sick

And we can't take too much more of this.

And we won't take it anymore
He's a wicked wicked wicked man
boom boom
(End of song)
(Enter a reporter)
Reporter: What seems to be the trouble? I'm a reporter for the Daily Press.
A Person: Why, it's that Louis.
A Person: Yeah, I can't stand him.
p: He's no good.
(All start yelling negative about Louis, inaudible because they're talking at the same time.)
Reporter: Just a minute! Just a minute! One at a time, please. Now you, sir. What's your problem.
A Man: Well, it's like this: He's overtruced us, so I've had to sell my house and now my whole family is on the street.
p: Yeah, you think that's bad? Not only are we on the street, but my kids and wife Haven't had a bite for days.
Another p: Yeah, well, we haven't eaten nor slept for 2 weeks.
p: And we haven't seen the light of day for a month.
p: And we for 2 months.
p: Well, it's been 4 months for us.
(All start yelling again.)
R: Just a minute. Just a minute. We'll never get to the bottom of this if you all talk at the same time. Now who is this Louis?
a person: Some ass who took over the throne and doesn't know his head from his elbow.
another p: Yeah. Plus he's a mean, wicked man who is trying to starve us so that he and his little wench can get richer and fatter at our expense.
R: Oh, that's terrible! I'm gonna get to the bottom of this!
(He exits.)
(Enter a man, stumbling, carrying a loaf of bread.)
a person: Look! It's Habbib!
another p: Habbib! Habbib!
p: Where did you get that bread?
Habbib: (hardly able to stand or speak) Two of my children are dead. My remaining 3 daughters are breathing their last. My wife is on her final legs, and I am soon to collapse in the ultimate. In desperation, I was forced to obtain the loaf from a can of garbage.
p: But where, may I ask, were you able to find such garbage that would contain said loaf?
H: Near the palace. It was waste from the royal kitchen.
(Exclamations of resentment from the crowd.)
a person: Why, the bastard. Wasting such precious sustenance while we the people are starving.
p: He should be hanged.
p: Hanging would be too good for the scoundrel.
(Enter the royal guard)
Guard 1: There he is! (Pointing)
Arrest the knave!

(The guards apprehend Habbib.)

A Guard: You are under arrest for thievery! Say your prayers swine!

(They take him away.)

Scene VI

(Throne room. Louis and Marie sitting on their thrones.

In front of them sits the remains of a huge birthday cake. He is munching on a piece of cake. She is filing her nails and powdering her nose.

They're both murmuring a tune:)

Both: La la

La la

La la

La la

(Enter Palonius.)

P: Happy Birthday Your Majesty. Good news. The tax is successful.

Let's do it again!

L: Okay. If you say so. Is that all right with you, Marie?

M: Anything you say, dear.

(Enter a Herald.)

Her. : Hear ye. Hear ye. A Mr. Pierre La Quat has requested an audience with your majesty. Says he's from the Daily Press.

L: (To Palonius.) What shall I do?

P: Send him in.

L: But what will he say? How shall we answer? Both Marie and myself are not well versed in political oratory.

P: Fear not. I will stand behind your throne and prompt you. Just repeat what you hear me say. Now send him in.

L: Send him in.

(Palonius goes behind throne. Herald goes to get reporter. Brings him in and announces him.)

Herald: Mr. Pierre La Quat, Yo ur Majesty.

Reporter: Good day, your majesty.

L: Good day, Mr. La Quat. What can I do for you?

(During the following dialogue Marie powder her nose, oblivious to the conversation until noted.)

Reporter: (Taking out pad and pencil.) We ll, your majesty. Rumor has it that your subjects are growing weary of your tyrannical rule.

L: Really, I-I. . .

P: (whispering) Psst ... Psst ... The people are happy.

L: The people are happy.

P.: They are not! There is much suffering!

P: Psst . . . Psst . . . No there isn't. I am doing all I can for them.

L: No there isn't. I am doing all I can for them.

R: But what about all these taxes?

P: Psst ... psst .. I have a plan. In the long run, it will all turn out good for them. They should just be patient.

L: I have a plan. In the long run, it will all turn out good for them. They should just be patient.

R: But how could it be good for them if they are starving to death?

(Marie looks up and takes notice.)
R: Yes. They haven't any bread to eat.
(Louis is dumbfounded. So is Palonius. There is no answer to this question. Marie notices the birthday cake and the ring of icing around Louis' mouth and she innocently points to it and says:)
Marie: (shrugging her shoulders and pointing innocently): Let them eat cake! (Then she goes back to powdering her nose.)
(The reporter writes this down, astounded by this utter display.)
R: Let them eat cake!?! This is disgusting! You should be ashamed of yourself! You wait until my readers hear of this!
(He exits.)
(Enter guards with prisoner Habbib.)
Guard: Your highness. This man was apprehended with a loaf of bread in his possession which did not belong to him.
L: (to Habbib) Where did you find this loaf of bread, sir?
H: In the garbage, your majesty.
L: Why did you take it?
H: Because I have no food and my family is dying.
L: Well, surely there is nothing wrong in that. Let us give him fresh bread and ever more food for his family.
H: Oh thank you, your majesty.
P: Ahem. (Comes around from behind throne.) Your majesty, the man should be flogged.
L: But why?
P: To serve as an example.
L: Yes, but he-
P: If everyone was to behave like this man, anarchy would reign in the kingdom and your beloved subjects would be unable to walk the streets in safety. Disorder would abound and lives would be lost.
L: Oh, Palonius. I don't think like that ...
P: (sternly) I know what I'm talking about.
(A pause where both P and L stare at each other.)
P: Give the order! - Please!
L:(Reluctantly) Okay, if you say so ... flog him.
(Exeunt guards and Habbib.)
P: Good. Now I shall tend to other matters of state. If you'll excuse me, please. (Exit.)
(M and L are close on thrones. They sit as before. Crowd noises from outside build up to indicate unrest. M and L continue to sit, he eating, she powdering and filing. Crowd noises get louder and louder. Finally, sounds of a wall breaking. Enter the citizens.)
A Citizen:(pointing) There they are! Take them!
(They apprehend L and M and drag them away as they puzzlingly struggle.)

Scene VII: (jail)

L: (singing) (slowly and sadly) (As he sings, he looks lovingly through the jail window, a light shining on his face.) O sweet Marie
I Love you

I'll always be thinking of you
Although we may not see a new tomorrow
Now as we must part I feel such sorrow
And now as I must lose you
It means my very life to me
You were my queen and as you die
I love you
My darling, my precious sweet Marie
(End of Song)
(Sound of crowd echoing in the distance: "Off with her head! Off with her head!")
(Louis' Soliloquy):
Ah, my sweet Marie. How I shall miss you. You were my lighthouse in turbulent sea. My life has no meaning until you came. And now they've taken you from me. I know not what is to become of me. Probably just to rot in here in this jail cell. Oh, how could I bare to spend the rest of my mortal days here alone, without you by my side, tortured by the thought of your awful demise and knowing that it was all my fault! O that it would have been me instead! Oh, how I wish that I could share your fate! Would it be asking to much? (Gets down on knees to pray.) Oh, dear Lord, please let me join my dear Marie. Unchain me from these earthly binds. Ah, how I long for the sweet caressing arms of death. Let me feel the blissful pain of the guillotine knowing as its blade quenches the last vestige of life from my bones, that it is the same fit that was met by my beloved, and that soon I shall be in her dear embrace forever.
(Enter citizens. They grab Louis and force him out.)
(Exeunt)

Scene VIII

(Citizens escort a struggling Louis to the guillotine.
Louis on platform of guillotine. Citizens surrounding him, crying for his death. He is stamping his feet and protesting in song:
L: I am innocent
I am innocent
Citizens: No you're not!
No you're not!
L: But I am innocent!
But I am innocent!
C: No he's not!
No he's not!
L: I didn't know what I was doing!
C: Yes you did!
Yes you did!
L: I'm sorry if I made you all go hungry.
C: It's too late for that!
It's too late for that!
L: Please believe me I did nothing wrong!
C: Off with his head!
Off with his head!

L: No! No! No!

No! No! No!

C: Ha! Ha! Ha!

Ha! Ha! Ha!

(End of song. Louis is beheaded. Citizens dip hankies in his blood, hold up his head and yell:)

C: Viva La Republic!

Viva La Republic!

Etc. etc.

(Fade)

(Curtain comes down. Piano music, while cast takes curtain call. Curtain comes down for final time. Houselights may go up, or complete darkness. Then an amplified voice is heard after a substantial pause.)

Scene IX

Voice (over P. A.): Cast notes in 5 minutes on stage. Repeat cast to the stage for notes in 5 minutes. Hurry up and get out of costume and come to the stage so we can break early and have more time for dinner.

(Lights up on curtain, which remains down for following scene. Action takes place in front of it. As each performer enters, they bring a chair to sit on.

After a silent pause of substantial time, the first character enter.

Enter an actress carrying a book. She sits on chair and reads while waiting for the others.)

The End.

Back Cover

"Sammy was a little boy who was very determined to see what China was like in all his child like curiosity. He had never been so far away from home without his mommy. He had never been so far away from his mommy.

And it looked like he was really gonna make it because now he was in the center of the earth and if he could read he would have known that he was in the center because he encountered a good sized yellow ball which lit up in all different colors and spelled in neon letters "CENTER" and burned when he touched it but Sammy didn't know the difference so he said "good" and kept right on "digging."

"...stillness reigned supreme. Larry stood still-waited for the reactions to die their last. The big number was coming up and everyone knew it. He took one last glance off stage at Manny who just smiled a three-ring encouragement.

Larry faced his public. He took a deep breath. Everyone across the face of the globe took a deep breath.

And here it went, like plummeting down the first hill on a giant roller coaster, he screamed, "YOU AIN'T NUTHIN BUT A HOUND DAWG-JUST A-CRYIN ALL DA TIME."

"People screamed and ran every which way. Everything was in turmoil. Tintured grabbed Gina. They flew away, trying to dodge destruction, looking for a place of sanctity. It was too late for anything. The world was coming to an end."

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 cursed - - 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 and they sit

and they laugh and they smile

even cheer, - - - - But mostly laugh.

And the poet is where?

standing there. He is crying,

and yelling, and screaming, and smiling,

and laughing.—But mostly crying.

People cry at home,

and come to cry some more, and 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.cl.

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 infirmitive 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 pebbes
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 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 blowwwww 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.

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 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
ahhhhhhh-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
I
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 sex and no girl

friends

Ndidi 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 nagging me to get 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

be young

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

run 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 nopus 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 nehws nopus syad htrof emac nopus sih enots

was mih gnikiht ereht I t'nod wonk tahw dias

hguohtla neht yeht wenk nehws 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

Letters

1969

Elvis Presley

Feb. 27, 1969

Kaufman

Leavitt Hall

645 Beacon St.

Boston, Mass., Room 629

Dear Mr. Presley,

Hi.

Here I am at the old college desk writing you a letter for the first time in my life.

Here I am twenty years old. I have been an "Elvis Presley fan" since my grandfather bought me a copy of Elvis' Golden Records ~~at~~ when I was seven. (Since ~~then~~ I have acquired every record you ever recorded, except blues.)

You are Elvis Presley. I am Andy Kaufman. One day I shall meet you. I shall shake your hand. I shall say "Hallo."

I know you, ya know?
I really do know you. I have seen

as yours). It's just an idea, but if
it can't happen, can you arrange for me
to just shake your hand and say hello?
I mean, I've gone through a heckuva lot
these past few years, turning people on
to you, dragging friends and parties to
your movies. I don't even drink, smoke,
or curse anymore.

Thanks for everything.
(No kiddin', I feel like I'm
writin' to Santa Claus or somethin'.)

Sincerely,
Andy G. Kaufman

1970

'The Maharishi'

Dear Maharishi,

I realize that you are a busy man and probably don't think about people's personal problems very much, but I have one which I would like to tell you about. Please listen. ... I will have to begin with a short "life story": My life has been going in definite 4 year cycles. ... It seems that every 4 years, a few months are lived happily, then in around February things begin to drop and get worse and in that summer things are terrible and remain so for a few years until the good part comes around again in another 4 years. Things start picking up around the year before the good year. . . . The good part of the good year lasts only a few months. (I am referring to things in my mind and feelings.) ... I began meditating in December 1968 and was due for a "good frame of mind" period in fall 1969. Things started climbing and the summer of 1969 was very nice and the fall and early winter were very good and I kept remembering that according to the pattern, things would go bad, but I didn't think it would happen this time because I was meditating. However, in February, everything fell apart and things got progressively worse. . . . Now I feel terrible. I think I'm more unsociable now than when I didn't meditate.

1971

Dad

Jan. 12/13, 1971

Dear Dad,

Tonite I worked unloading a truck full of boxes filled with books. I made \$5.00 for 45 minutes of work. It really felt good doing real labor like that. It reminded me of when I used to work for Grady. I kind of forgot what work like that was like, all these years at Graham.

The reason I'm writing you this letter is because there are a few things I've been wanting to tell you but I've found it hard to say them. I've been meaning to say thank you for quite a while but I guess it sounds awkward. Anyway, I really do appreciate all the things that you've done for me and I want you to know it. I'm aware that I've put you through many hard times.

I want you to know that in all seriousness I do plan to become a very accomplished performer. Ever since I was very small I've fantasized about it. Do you remember the "shows" I used to put on in my room? This is a very definite goal of mine. After all, look at the actual experience I've had: 12 years of entertaining at children's parties. The first step, Graham Junior College, is finished. I apologize for it taking so long and don't blame you for being a little bothered about it. As far as procrastinating, you're right. I've always been lazy and a procrastinator. My methods for attaining my goal might seem a little unusual to you. I consider myself an unusual performer. I must, if I am to make it. My next step (going to Majorca) may seem wrong, like another procrastination. Meditation has helped me a great deal. I am extremely pleased with it and sincerely feel that I would have not been able to do as well in my performing without it. The next step toward pursuing my goal is to go to this meditation course. Please rest assured that it is not another procrastination. It is an essential part of my career. One day, I shall be an extremely accomplished performer.

I must say, after our talk that night when you said that from graduation I'm on my own, I was left with a scary feeling. I guess it's normal. However, there is a certain element of excitement also. I'm on my way ("I shall be heard") and I welcome any suggestions that you might have. Thank you for everything.

Love, Andy

1973

Family

1

Feb. 8 [really 9], 1973, Dear Mommy, Daddy, and Carol, I had a very prosperous day today. I auditioned at a niteclub of the type which I attended with Uncle Sammy in L.A. and was asked to perform tonite. The man who runs the show really understood my act much more than anyone else I've met in this business . . . and I've been asked to return this Friday and Saturday nites. Tonite's show went well and Jackie Mason was in the audience. So it was a good day. And Mon. nite I am at the Improvisation and Wed. nite I audition at Dangerfield's. So everything is going well. Thank you very much.

2

Dear Mommy, Daddy, and Carol. They liked me at the Improvisation and I can come back, so I'll probably be doing two shows a night—one at the Improvisation, and one at Catch a Rising Star. Thank you verr-rry much.

1978

Taxi Staff

It s a pleasure working with you. Im proud to be a member of the cast of *Taxi*. P.S. Lets all break a leg on Friday. Love, Tony 'Nick' Clifton.



The Library of
Unconventional Lives

Andy Kaufman
The Collected Writings of Andy Kaufman

This is just a preview of what the book could look like. There are many errors as I only had badly scanned up books to do automatic conversions on. So, I'd need to see the original pdf or e-book files to do a good conversion to docx, epub & html, or else spend a lot of time hand correcting them if the original files are lost.

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