

Tues. Nite, 1/15/63

Tamara

Nickle-lo

Nickle-dast

Ergly Pergly

fingerwhiffzle.

Damn, man

Can = Can!

antidiseestablishmentarianism

franky blues

Charlie Parker

Liberace

Jack Kerouac

Grace Metalious

E. E. Cumming

Ogden Crash

Rah, Calgate!

Up I staka!

We want the Kingston ^{T. 110}

Miechylkrocher somna lacha samectisti, azuki
Kobuki Gyun 'you grand stand Han Shon, Man!

6/21/57M. 290T

Jeswalla! Filler gutch, scragglemont,
alabaartad!

(Quotation marks) (unprintable word)
(question marks) (Quotation marks) said the
spider to the fly ~~with~~ on the sly with
a stye in his eye. Said she bug to the
mug as they chugged up the rug, "Whosent
fickslequincey Thomas de Hoosier hat-shaps,
and furthermore, ersatz is kustin' stant balls
claw!"

This morning, after eating my dally namng paper
and reading my toast ad lectn and dissolving my
question marks with a tranquilizer, I picked up
my briefcase, put on my hat, kissed my wife
goodbye, and went back to bed

where I shot myself in the head

in a dream

or so it seemed

and woke up smiling

because they were piking
the earth above my seminary
in the cemetery.

Next, because I was an artist, I took
a canvas, blue, multicolored gobs of paint

at it from 20 feet back, layed it on the floor, pissed on it, and forced my faithful dog to lick up the piss-pot-paint until I had a finished masterpiece, complete with canine saliva and an odor, which is unbearable. This great painting I titled "Piss, Piss, and Tears", and mailed it to the metropolitan museum of art.

Then I turned on the three AM and one FM radios ~~the radio~~, the phonograph, the TV, the garbage disposal, and the washing machine, to flood the house all day with beautiful electronic music.

Feeling rather scuzzy, I buried my body in the stupelish, gasping for a breath of ammonia and a drink of sperm.

Eviscated my felistande, rigulating my stintel, I bawen it was luckysso. Fuckle finger never did get hot lips page, who, in case you don't know it, is the greatest bronoon player Lawrence Wells ever bread. Walbey in darkness, I was blinded by a flash of cosmic phillase

Malorca, felasidide expant jyzmel singston. Gleasy berry (Wallace). But as I said, I was blinded. "Good night!", I cried, "that light! Such a blight not right, I will fight, that light."

my bite
will a light
from you bite
never.

And: "Out of sight!

Oh, bright
no light
no bright

all dark
all stars
far sharks
to come and park,
Hark!

Whail, Whale!

Phelanus made a Monk-ey out
of me. And you know how well jazz pays
off when Stan Getz, Buddy Rich, Maxine Holiday,
had no darkey, so his fair lady, a cat-
fraily, would not let him in. Boys, the
best place to get pussy is, naturally, a cat
house.

If at first you don't succeed, find a new girl.
Blastelphelpembottenheiger, My God, Mondien,