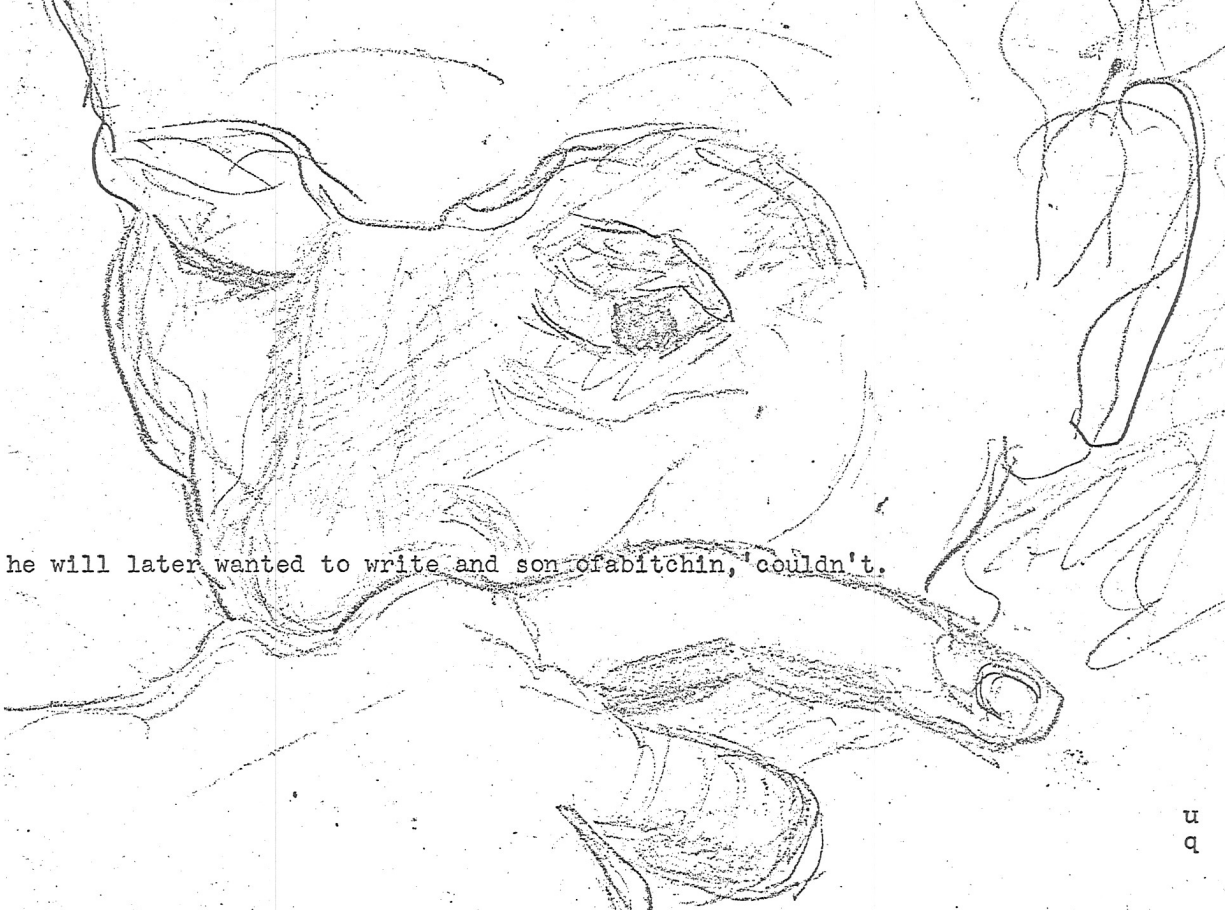


whee boy what a holidays it is the thing to do that is the idea
what fun yo ho and away we go and i din't mean maybe.

ike said maybe we ought to sell it if we could get someone to buy
it and i said that i really sincerely thought that ike was and still is
full of crap.what do you think about i i say.....

his hand is hand he could feel his hand change something was happening
it was cast in some metal he could feel it and knew it what was that great
swirling silver sound whoever said that it could not be he felt ote presence
of some great glack emtiness of some wanderinc soul incorporate screaming
yearning to be filled "vast and empty vast dark and empty wait ing to be
filled.waiting for the presence of light oh pitiful candle oh great lifeless
palace come and fill her with your feeble glow delicate oh so delicate
but warm and alive with light shimmering moving come and fill my night.



he will later wanted to write and son of abitchin, 'couldn't.

n
p

what do you want me to do screamed. josh man alive i don't know ho to tell
you the sad news boy oh boy and he it sad netarious ain't the wor d for
lost was the bone of contention and everyone knew it it was an open secret so
where oh where has my little girl been oh boy.here we have the river sein
it's pretty big long and deep and runs to the sea which should make you
happy; for what reason i don't know and can't tell in a thousand
the day was deep and gear and the multitarious convolutions of the autumn leave
caught up in the icy wind

who knows what consequences may lie in the act of violence? i have known many
men and they all
to tell the truth
and now we come to that time of day
i had never known anyone quite like her and as time went along i came to unde

along the road to obscurity they trudge
with heavy leaden tread and downcast eye.*
time for them is nothing but a gown or suit to be worn and in the end
their, 's was a life to be lived and no one could change their destiny but the
selves. the t was the most impotrnt thing it wasn't of course thiiiiiiiiii
this is becomming nonsensical we never know the thoughts are an nonsensi
iiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii
that was the thing and evertbody knew it i have never seen a better football
game and probably live to see no other like there should be a free and easy
way of flow about the thing you might of course say that this was a hall of g
at fame and then again you might not now is the winter of our dis content
and all that came before or afterwards was just a farce trees in the distance
hung with great folds of moss and half obscured in the gloom of aproaching
darkness.....night why should there be the fascination with the idea of night
and then i seem to look within too often to much of the introvert about the
writing. the this is a good exercise this is what is needed as far aw the typi:
is concernec oh yes. you must get the feeling and ryhhm of the thing. that is
ndnecessary thagt is all that i know god this is too much trouble ha ha.
there is much to learn and now i I must stop and ge removr thre roast from the
freezer so that it may partially dddefrost ,for maude ellen will be here with:
the hour .i've never been in love before and i don't know i am losing confiden
in myself but must not for that would be bad bad bad .what have i to work
with? what is my potential or possible scope in the long run?

the rutting season began at noon
heralded by the piper's tune
an evening of recreation
please keep the syncopation
'causethat's the way its best done
and really even half the fun

what was the crux of the matter with them all they thought too much of them
selves and i know that this is true for he told me that it was.
day after day night after long night he worked on the chapel walls and
sitting when it was finished it was good and stood as a monument to his life
t the age of 89 he died his last words were i am sick unto death and can find
no rest he died and was buried and long live his work.
i found patronage with the medical and was able to work uninterrupted for long
periods at a time. hewing away is like him in a way and celling. rembrandt is much
different. i have never seen finer work and in all probably never will.
listening to a classical piece on the radio and moving. should like to
begin a diary it for no other reason. than to keep up my typing.
cday was like no other day but not really. Guess who just hit town: marjorie
cringslar and sam spade, and boy do they make a lovely.