

Like Tell A Vision

(without pitchers)

IT'S A ** WELL IDA CLAIRE, IT'S A TORNADO! a WHITE
TORN ADE OH!

COMING! down my street!

But lots, yes lotsa newmonia,
smell the fresh newmonia, keeps it clean.

Like a beegonia.

It's springa gen, with thet mentho! taste agen,

like when

poor little Ephadreen again, she's GOT IT AT BOTH ENDS!
again?

The only one that has two, how about you, take along
two
hopalong once.

The heroin the next show a cowboy
coyboy,
riding on horse. Back.

Why its the only paper good

enough

FOR THE BATHROOMS I decorate, MY DEAR IT'S! -- IT'S --

IT'S! -- !!

-- ooh -- lovaly, yees, gloopy lovaly, like a
wetspray test.

St. Fink the letch

known to be

an ungrateful wretch:

Doth now ask your pardon

While he plays in his garden.

' 'Seriously, ladies and gentlement, we cannot a ford
to allow the canard of this cannaille on our canal ---'
& thereyouhave the exact wordswhichtranspired
atthisconference -- and NOW, for a WORD --

LADY, he

hasn't brushed his -- I KNOW, were we so busy, how
we can we -- I, KNOW, everybody should brush his --
all the time. But you know howit is with my husband's
He wrecked her set.

does she? Does he have his?

Yeeess, hee,

GROWG!

YES! SHE HAS!

Analect trick egg beat her in the
kitchen.

Sophonria's just wild, just simply wild tonight!

-- George Zabriskie

The Reproach

The last throes of disgust never killed anyone:
they lead to an ordinary Monday's dirt
and disappointment, Tuesday's malaise
and forty blunted hours of discontent, until

another weekend, when we get rewound
to face it over again. Life has a meaning
beyond what we do to keep it alive.
It's when the sensuous quality of everything

From earth and water to a pencil on a desk
is driven out that the stark pattern
of our frustration becomes clear and naked
as bare branches against the winter sky.

-- George Zabriskie

Harpers Ferry, West Va.

New Books Received: Testimonial of Oblivion, Death
and Reawakening, The Kindling of Hope, a trilogy by
Walter Gore, Exposition Press, N.Y., 1962-3. "Not to
our taste," say the galled WORMWOOD editors. \$8.25 for
all three!