The child, the sea and the storm.
Some Sun
Some Day
Child
Waves

Shell not drown:
A hand

Love shall hold:
Some time
Smooth soft
Storms

...sleep

H.B. Keith Hugrove

In as she was caked off her inc... We can you as we had you and revealing you Marilyn, last night love Miss Strip or can you? With Miss Strip again stripping her eldest typewriter keys. Deny it as we will expose you by shaving your beard, helenic wax, you did look. Falling for you. Pity she fell too far from hear.

Mr. Watkins flirting, with ingrown toenail hidden between. Don't try and deny your true identity. Janet-Cecil broke her stays in. Handsome and debonair she is in a broken stripper in her corsets, you can't break her for now.

H.B. Felicia Whitman

**ZONKZ Manifesto of Homo sapiens**

For not stopping being known the toenail. Finding the reasons for not stopping being hiding under the toenail...

Against fatal errors
Safe methods
Anecdoctes
Mr. Senior Service, a Bachelor took
Miss Player along the Strand,
Past The Guards and The Embassy.

The Dangler of the
Seawrecker has let
off mid-action a sc-
HEME DESIGNED TO LEV-
THE COUNTRY'S D-
ATHERING ECONOMY.
The Youth Eslan Squad
channellises the young turds of the upper
or lust and the spotty horrors of
the publicans into a useful
-Has thus
sublini-
ing the j
venile d

ONE

The black
look at those
who repose
mirrors
at midnight
nooness as through
the
tinnisripen
tripe

H.B. Bob Knapp.

It just goes to prove that Senior Service
satisfied & he should have used a
Filter Tip.

with acknowledgments to Leicester.
H.B. Ray Goalling.
My name is Pinguem Smallcreep and I flatter myself I am the most respected of citizens but you know how it is when you go into a public lavatory, especially if it's a public lavatory in London, as this was, and you are ALOME. You eat with them, work, sleep, travel with them always by night and by day. Only in a lavatory is one truly alone, and so in a public lavatory one does — well, you know — anything. So I was having a secutitng po in my cubicule before someone came down the steps, and to cut a long story short, in cubicle fourteen I found a prostitute. Now I do not associate with prostitutes but in this case I decided to make the best of it and locked the door, but I tried and tried and pushed and squeezed, and she sucked and slapped but it was no good and I picked up my trousers and ran out in a terrible state. I was hardly through the door when a great bearded dirty-looking man with hair spilling out of his shirt front rushed past me into the cubicle and slammed the door. A great crowd of such men now filled the urinal to capacity, some of them eight feet tall with bare chests like bare drams all covered in tattoos and hair. Some had no trousers and paraded huge erections about & leapt merrily about thrusting them at one another, banging them together like tree trunks. I was amazed. Others were wrestling naked in struggling heaps, or copulating in twos and threes in all sorts of fantastic positions. One man, naked except for a huge erection wrapped in newspaper, stood twisting and stroking his ginger public mustachio while a man behind him skipped up and down as though to lift him off the ground. Some just thumped their chests, or jerked and twisted in ferocious and

B DITTY MEDICAL ARSE
MEDICAL SITTER DAYS
TAL BY MEDICAL SISTER
I BEAT MEDICAL BATYR
MEDICAL SITTERS LIFE
LYSISTRATA BED NICE
ME,LYSISTRATA,DIE B.C.
RESIST DECAY AT LIND
"HISTRL" BEATS DECAY
DECAY TIES LIKE ARTS
LIKE BEATS TIES ARTS
LAST TIME,HE'S DECAY
IT'S LAME HITS DECAY
ALE HIST:BRITS DECAY
BRIT SHENT AS I DECAY
I SHENT AS BRIT DECAY
DISSECT BRIT MATILY
DISSECT A HARRY TALE
IT IS MY BALD ARSE, ETC.

PERFUME JACK
THE STORY SO FAR

Perfume Jack, Federal Agent, is transported to Tangier by Blindworm and Mr Marvel the master criminal. There he is left with 'friends.' NOW READ ON
The chief nourisher
in life's feast
Is the
Breast.

-H.B. S. Johnson.

Coloridge hated
Cologne;
I have been to
Cologne,
And I hate
Coloridge
This is the story of a basically common

Or garden piece of shit
Called Claude, who worked so hard
For his share of fame.
That one morning
He woke to find himself
A household turd.

H.B. Keith Musgrove

Stop! Lady leave off with that umbrella!
Goddamn!
Attack! with your pencil and tattoo her ear and she'll retire.
The Jumble Sale Opens!

H.B. John McCarthy

I had terrible exercises, kissing through their teeth like steam engines. Th-en I heard a noise as if every ci-stern in the lavatory were boil-ing and bursting and flushing and flooding over into all the gutters of all the streets of London, and I rushed up the steps and into the street, clutching my trousers, to look for a policeman.

H.B. Pete Carrel-Brown

The very first day of the opening of the North London tube,

The driver of this red-silent monster was eating rhubarb
And custard. And the train had scarce left its zone
When the air was rent with woe and morn.

The cross-braced, cantilevered, wrought-iron railway bridge
Had given way with a crack like a cartridge.

Driver Macnabish cried out with alarm and dismay
Because the bridge had given way,

Which caused all the passengers to weep with grief and woe.

So that many of them had their friendly handkerchiefs to borrow.
And some of them threw up their hands in horror,
But the guard said it would be all right tomorrow.

So, the next day being fine, the line was cleared.
And the trains started running and all the people stood round and cheered.
The gallant firemen took off their hats
And the station master, George Pigott by name, was presented with a new pair of spats.

H.B.s Bartholomew & Wilcox

DICTION IS LIKE DICTION

SLIMY DEARS DICTATE
LIMIT DREAD CAST YES!
EATS BY DRAMATIC LINE
DRAMATIC TIME BY EISA
DELAY! DRAMATIC TIMES
TIME SLAY! DE DRAMAT!
Terrible exercise missing through cunt.

I may not be able to do it myself, but I can read the minds of others.

Really, when I think of it, though the gold was welcome, of course, those other two old men might have brought more sensible offerings, what with the housing shortage and the price of food; still, at least he smelt really nice.

H.B. B.S. Johnson.

Women welcome, of course, those naked.

He spoke of his long food, smell immoral.
The IQ is a grid where flowers pop. The IQ is a Crystal Palace mobile. Gypsies never take the IQ. The IQ is filled with Lifebouy bubbles, ratchets, scratchers, Dunlopillo puffballs, leather tits, morning glories, God's Holy Light, posted express from Burning Heavens, delivered drab through dust, drools melonjuice in mornings. ENTER A PICKY HIPPO. The first Picky hippo to be born at Whipsnade zoo. The hip son sliding down by hippopotamiamorning, Morning, my rise is up and the ducks have flown. What hippo man flashes through my unseen auricles? In this gluelike shattering L.T. Castleglass LOOK SLIMIER - FEEL FITTER WITH DEASLEY'S NEW SUPER VITA-FORM. Designed to give you five prayers, a pull of pikes before your hippo falls at once and three hours. When this busy mother feels tired, depressed and headachy she stands across the toy desk like a gray hippo, splatter-splashing morning with a rush of golden water, finely splattered in the eye of horizontal Sunflower. No buckle or strap unliminated by her chrystal clear-wash, VERDEBRELLA eliminates ride-up, contaminates sit-downs, eradicates a thrippenny upgrade, play-verts the unbribboprellas, mushroom parasil of sun sun. She has a kind smile when she see her. SUN quality materials ensure maximum and make up feeling glorious -ly strength perfect finish in light fawn skin alive and full of energy up by muscle knotting agony - if vitality and sparkle

SUN SUN SUN SUN SUN
SUN SUN SUN SUN SUN
SUN SUN SUN SUN SUN
SUN SUN SUN SUN

Dand SUN pop kind smile the IQ is a Crystal Palace mobile - or take the filled Lifebuoy mobile sib - bles Palace with Jack ratchets scrate shop Dunlopillo puff - sib sodden when leather tits used. God's Holy save express slp through burning against the done delivered drab slime drools melonjuice rag - MAN eagle frag - FRIGHT back sperohippo splash - gob sea up log - sun - lip pavement stars - down my violent sun - up - slip back ducks says so into a pimple - porous flashes pudding fill - beau seen windows drooling - glad - down the skins of chin - lass people, ivory people with acne spreading, shameflower on their omnicious facebones...

GROUP 1 (corner of Church Lane) children twirling under radiate; children rainbow under catnap, children like a rancid splash of cooking on the skirt of Hum A, like a bashed tub - green coat, leopard - collared - brooch - stain. Weightstuck on the upper lip like snuffstain - last-week's underwear - a ruefull black younackling eye - a turban, man, a turban - on tight and grey with barncle deposits of cheap curlers on her skull) and Hum B. (greystained miles - a dressing gown and M & S cheap nightie seen topcoat's button - soldier-shoulder - ed,forties wasted, new look taken up three times and on that wazan London face the candle fine deposit of five long nights' unwashed sleep has schooling kid at arm length tugging towards toothrot cononders at tearoom-stonehenge. And - What cheer? This rain is killin' no.

Nun B: You died when you married, ducks.
IT IS MY CRADICABLE S.T.
MY RADICAL SITE BEST
MY TEST IS - BE RADICAL!
RADICALS SEEM BITTY
ARTIST CLIMB EASY
DRAT CELEBRATE MSD
TRY CELEBRATE L.S.A.
MY STRAND IS CELEBRATE
STARS MY CELEBRATE ID
SMART CELEBRATE YOLS
EASY ACT MID BLASTERS
BALTIC MY RESISTED
SEAR MY BALTIC TIDES
SAD BE MY BALTIC TIES
SAD IS MY BALTIC TEAR
BALTIC SET IS DREAMY
YES IT S BALTIC DREAM
BALTIC YEARS DREAMS
DREAMS DREAMS DELETE

less problems, it al-
so has a bu-
ilt-in gath-
ering impetus
which causeth t
-the two-a-day
ick animal sub
by munchers to
snowball int-
-o a vast to
-base no tax.

Club activ-
ities consis-
t of climbing
into cla-
pod out Da
-kots, pu-pu
-ting over t

The nearest
available wogs
and tipping up
the Royal Family
Shit Buckets (pre-
viously collected
by private eye).. w
rich sentiment
ices of "Yeah Man,

Yeah Man, Pipe
lines tu Home.
Tut-shitt tut-h
use a merry
plop. The Yeah
Man is a l-
overseas op.
Hot shot!
Mune flop!
She hop! BUMS AWA-A-AY!

I'm fond of women
naked, but
I like my salad
dressed

H.B. D.S. Johnson,
He spoke of his longings
and yearnings,
Then lived on her
immoral earnings.
Come in bitchy-pies, you tarted nine-girl in your nurse-green gown, you batting cleavage in your dusty velvet.

I watched you from the bedroom window at first, you knocked up TERMINIC SHOCK across your mailed-up door BLACK-LOCK THE ONLY SAFE PROTE-CTION, Don't deflect.

I'll come out of my hunch-nagger PINHEAD REVIVAL EMBRACION hole. I'll shoot the bolt, crash back the catchet, swing the door and in you come my pretty Springtime Nineteen Sixty-Four.

Bitchy-pies, sit, down spread your sumptuous part dress and strike your tresses on top.

Dresses round your chest & winsome maud- Frankenstein Ah, your FAVOURITEINHOUSING - don't fret but, baby, please don't lie.

She's been here weeks. She doesn't seek to talk much — shows her nailing pen; I've seen it all before. Lush Country Creaminess Is Years Forever.

This year, oddly, Bitchy-pies has got tattered tresses all tucked under with her skirts' hem. What she's got to preach she preaches smugly with her kind eye — swathe of DRAMA BEAK magic. While she smiles her sensual skiles run glistening cropjuice, grasswort, running grasswort. Her smile wells icy bubbles and her eyes glisten next. Don't lie to me, you wide-eyed cow. The spotty men invaded you ten years ago.

A row of morning-suited little shits all stood in line and each inturn inserted half-deflated BAY PINK FOR GIRLIES members in you every tender hole. Then with gibbering gullet, they all achieved their odd ejaculation, DA CED piss and gasoline. Your croprin', being drunk, grew ulcers of the gut. The Christmas babies die in screams. The meadow-wolf perfume is just a diseased pissgong.

Come and step toe through chips. Gibble and the decay —

Wobble gyre and gibble nimble in the upsweep wove.

But-brown along the cherry hedge let us cast our gy

-pee laughter at the hul-

fillo fostrel.

Show you ivory fangs to the morin' dew good bro-

ther of the road.

Shoulder your pack, heist up your bedroll, roost up your bread roll. Curve your yodel longhade and dip it in the river.

Your smiles make hel-cri HEBLINES PUT YOU ON YOUR FEET AGAIN.

Down In The Mouth? Wenny From The Winter Months? Take Springbkle to bring back the tingle in the dangle, the song of the wrangle, the dink in the spring — but this man there, the man with the patent leather shoe, that horizontal beak — with the Errol Flynn mustache and the upturned dancing pumace, that swift reclining gentleman with the ribbon down the seam of bellwide evening breeze, that manface macher with the little pink arrow in his brow — he believed her. Yes, he fell in love. Take warning all, until the Fall.

chey ulcers of

Red Christmas

ulcers in nile

cine screen perfume is diseased

in rustic bedroom

mock Terriff

CHOCK GAMES

Wobble Wobble

CAN SAFE PROTE-

ION, Don't deflect

out of cherry PINK-

AND FIFTH hole laugh

at the back of

your mane.

Nineteen Sixty-Four shoulder hoist

Bitchy-pies up your

hairless'spreader out your arn and stre.

it in the river AS YOUR LIES PUT

YOU ON FAVOURITE

ROASTERS AGAIN 'don't fret In The Mouth —

Wenny From The Winter

Months? Take Springbkle to bring back the tingle in the dangle, the song of the wrangle, the dink in the spring — but this man there, the man with the patent leather shoe, that horizontal beak — with the Errol Flynn mustache and the upturned dancing pumace, that swift reclining gentleman with the ribbon down the seam of bellwide evening breeze, that manface macher with the little pink arrow in his brow — he believed her. Yes, he fell in love. Take warning all, until the Fall.
AFTERNOON TICKER TAPE

Most fruitful achievement of the Amsterdam Conference a drunk policeman. 'Knights of the Road' have taken field bitterly saying a loud and angry voice flies through the air. Stein unwillingly reverts to his magazine.

The Committee has already bred a race of sheep. Serve 'peace with one another'. Sexless providence supported by the rich. Policeman jumped out on them. Nobody know whence he came. The policemen a long time ago applied for that station. (See last pages of Naked Lunch.) TICKER rumors might help the Editor to comprehend my dark host. Had been in church as well a long time ago. Let me tell you about a score of years dust on the windows one summer the speaking clock his past history. (Lesser known Hebrew bulletins of interference aged with meltin travel. The Hudson a long time ago fresh southerly winds from remote landing the closing quotation to him in his lingo. 'Third Avenue Sympathy' closing at 5:45. Schenck was sprang. The Board screaming 'Rapid Transit' down the hall wait for the smoke from nowhere an accidental hybrid unfit for consumption she hopes her contempt doesn't show unprotected margin. 'Screaming Children' serve 'Peace with One Another'? Speaking clock buttons the South Atlantic. 'Great Atlantic Accident.' Need a peg to hang it on. The basement hall. '/Closed at 88 "Buttons"/ In a crushing final way. British ultimatum next. Only one caller of importance this week namely Mr. Jones. Electricity is in the air. Clock tell you the time. Two(2) minutes to noon. Speaking clock telling you the United States selling first mortgage on the route. From her own funds without number and the Ford Franchise Act (short stopped on that the visitor in the hall).

Occupied one to ensure transit. September 17, 1899. Wheat at $100 per pound. Frozen folkly pride propagating strength special to the New York Times. (Hello Blue Star turned from blue to red hot flame before blowing up in a flash of white. 'A great white flash' was reported 200 miles west of Land's End yesterday.) We fear the last stage malfunctioned TV months premature he came on the St. Louis from nowhere rather superior manipulative scheme was sprung. Have fun in Omaha. Army special to the New York Times. That boy deserve a good summer with 'Sexless Ivy.'? What sort of eels called 'Retreat 25?' 23 shido extrajeneros pernicious shrinking in the basement. Reduce to a code message and transmit. Come on Tom it's your turn. Light left back 300 yards. Click of distant heeds. A bell strikes 1:58: 'Soldiers deformed my home' Jerky far easy the old Rome. Dutch sphere was indignant letter. Are his teeth discoloured? His clothes are crumpled about Earl's Court is the entire reply. Myself your general on Thursday morning August 18, 1939 about face journals last day.