

Tomara-

Mon-Mon., 1/21/63
Eng. Class

Boredom, nothing to do but listen to this stupid kid reading poems to the class. I'd rather write something, so I write this.

Gacch, I feel not ten this morn. So goddam sleepy I could lay my head on my desk and drift off.

Oh! I dreamed a wild dream last night, about Ben, and me and Jon and Kit - I must tell you about it. Dreams are beautifully senseless.

Dream No. 1

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DREAM No. 1 Jan 21, 63

Ben and I were on the hill to the south of his house, only instead of the alpha beto market there was a gigantic grandstand full of high society people, men in tuxedos and women in white hats and jewels. Ben and I came running down the mountain toward the grandstand.

For some reason, they had all of Ben's records out there in a row. I accidentally ran into them and kicked them loose, and they rolled down to the top of the grandstand. A few people looked around. I began to pick them up, but Ben said, "C'mon, damnit, they'll have the cops on us, so we ran off down the road,

where a bulldozer was running, ran
past it, and stopped in front of
a log cabin. "Hey", I said, "you know
who lives here?" "Who?" he said.

"Kit Halliburton!" So we
knocked on the door and out she
came, looking like no one, I can't
explain the way she looked. She
looked feverish and sweating and
her skin was chapped. I don't remember what
we talked about.

Wild.

Dream No. 2, Jan 21, '63

I was going to run away from home,
and so I took the bus to Guma,
Arizona, which place I despise.
Anyway, after walking around in a
department store for a while, I went

out into the desert and hid in
the sand, so the police wouldn't find
me and send me home. I started think-
ing, though, and finally decided to
go back home. I came over the top
of the Dune and who should appear
but Henry Miller, driving an old Model T.
"Henry Miller!" said I. "Need a ride?"
he. Said I, "Yeah, all the way to
El Cajon, Calif." "Hop in," he said.

Well, I slid down the
dune and right into the coils
of a waiting rattlesnake, who
promptly bit me. And I died.

READ OTHER
ONE FIRST!

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ONE FIRST!

My mother and I went out to Tamara's house. It turned out to be a big old mansion in the country, but swampland country, not rolling hills, etc. Tamara said she had a gift for me, "a surprise" which turned out to be some damn junior science kit. Then we were inside listening to Bartok on the stereo, and her little brother came through, holding a portable radio, on which they were playing the theme from "The Young Savages." And we were now trying to listen to Charlie Byrd. I asked him to shut it off. He refuses. I started to talk to Tamara but suddenly found that it was her little brother. So I asked him, "What is your big sister going tonight?" and he said (although he looked like he was saying it), "absolutely nothing." So then I asked him where she was and he said he didn't know and I got up and walked out of the room. In the other room I found Kit madly kissing some spectacled "intellectual"

asshole, and, thinking it was ~~James~~ instead of Kit,
I grew insanely angry and began to hurl a long
torrent of put-downs. I don't remember what I said,
but it was a combination of disillusionment, anger
and neurosis finally let out.