
ROUGH DRAFT #93

Vol. 16, No. 3

24 Dec 65

As a writer of some sort I make it a
ciubt skwats. Foosh. It is Christmas
Eve at FISTFA and I just put my right
hand one space over to the left on
the keyboard. *sigh* I was gonna
tell you all about how I always carry
paper and writing utensils in case
the fit siezes me to set down some
immortal fragment. I was gonna tell
about riding home on the subway from

seeing a free preview of the new Albee play, MALCOLM, when I got a sud-
den urge to write some poetry.

However, I always carry paper in my shirt pocket, which is rather
unsightly, tho usually I give a faint damn about that. Accompanying
me to the play, however, were two beautiful girls, and I cleaned my
pockets out before meeting them.

No paper... Then I remembered my cigarettes. The devotion of the
poet to his craft is something fearful. Ripping apart the pack and
strewing the weeds from right to left over the subway car, I obtained
a certain amount of white . writeable space.

And I wrote my poem.

I was going to quote that poem here. But there are a bunch of
atheists and Jews in the next room singing Christmas carols, and my
cries of @Bah, Humbug, fanec is all@ are fading into silence,

Merry
Christmas!

