

THE ET OU SONT LES BROOKLYN SMARTS D'ANTAN GATE

By AUGUST HACK

In Ebbitts Field, in Ebbitts Field, where wings of fans is stacked fur loot tuh owl-light hoot, every god-damn single lousy ting on dis lousy oith from coises tuh kisses tuh beer bah ells in woils of swoils flys uhround youse toe uhlee crapped up walls of pain id poils: Hit dis here sign. Get uh free suit. Hit dee Ump. Get uh lousy law suit.

Except fur dough, dere ain't no green youse is ever seen dat matches dis emerald diamond of sperled pool table green. Oh say is dat erster sheen of Brooklyn Dodger night game white sateen still shootin trills up duh boinin lights of duh pairuhdice uh poifect class?

Hey Joik. Down in front. Yer brains is uppa youse pastafazooze. Ump! Youse is uh bum. Dat was uh balk. Youse eyes is fulluh duh booze. Up yaws wit gauze. Madam. Please refrain from speaking so crass. O yeah. Screw youse. Please, not while the Duke is up. The Duke has class. O yeah. Well screw youse too. Big Shot. Screw youse brain. Screw youse guts. Screw youse ass. Hay. Who is dat duh Barbuh of Civility on youse radio? Be a pal. Toin up duh blass.

Bases ah loaded. Bottom of the ninth inning. The Truth is pitching. Paidea's on first. Arête's on second. Beauty's out left field way. The Good is at short. Argo Fuckyourselfand-getaheartattack is catching. Game all tied up. Dodgers have three. Those pesky Cards a Trey. Well. Here comes the pitch. The Duke swings. Zing. There's a peculiahly piney whiney high fly ball sashaying like lazy hay with a splendid powuh out Bedford Avenue way on dionysian wing. Pee wee on third with sunset eye sighs the terrible fly in the sky. O Doctor! Take it from the old Red Head. In

some obscure way, Plato, and even that pesky Keats hadn't a better way of supplicating The Truth in one direction or another. Well. Anyway.

Don't cry, Poil. Life wins it all. Life is great. How sweet it is too. Wheeze is still young. Youse is dirty and eyes dirty too.

Shuddup rat face. If youze is tellin me, youse stupid sleeze, dat when wheeze got married, wheeze dint marry enemeeze, den tell me dat uh stool pigeons acid boined eyes don't squawk. Tell me dat duh money's in Porto Rico. Dat duh sky's in New Yawk. Tell me dat Harry duh Hat could bend his back. Tell me dat Joltin Joe's heel got no crack.

Tell me dat duh Sultan uh Swat uh Ex-Lax nevuh had to took. Tell me dat Willie Sutton weeps in Sing Sing as he reads duh good book. Dat Jacky nevuh stole uh hundred mile lead offa toid base. Dat Duh Lip couln't con uh hoid of Jint toid outta toid place.

Tell me dat Geezuz Crys ran duh numbers and made book. Dat Abraham Lincoln was uh real short an bald an dumb schnook. Tell me dat Ike's uh great President. Dat Dick ain't uh lousy Vice. I knows, don't say it, if eyes is so smart how come eyes don't make so much dough?

OK. Tell me dat Carl Furillo, even wit duh lousy crap dey don't pay him at all, can't throw duh ball a mile right trew uh lousy Brooklyn Eagle little o. Tell me duh Bums can't do it all.

Tell me dat Stinky Stanky nevuh stole uh walk. Dat Sal duh Barbuh nevuh trew at any cocks an balls wit vaseline. Tell me dat Oisk nevuh perfohmed uh balk. Tell me dat Campy's muskles aint uh smooth rock blastin machine. Tell me dat duh telephone guy wit duh wings on his feet got uh bunt past Harry duh Cat Brecheen.

Tell me dat Clark Gable got real ears and real teeth. Dat he don't wear no girdle cause he don't got no pot like uh Chrissmus wreath. Tell me dat duh Splendid Splinter can't see duh ball. Dat Two-Ton Tony Galento nevuh took duh fall.

Tell me dat when youse was a kid youse dint go in youse pants and bawl when youse seen dat goddam witch in Snow White an dose goddam Seven Shrimps in duh goddam Radio City Music Hall.

Tell me dat Stan Duh Man nevuh slammed a rope. Tell me dat Charlie Lucky nevuh sold dope. Heh. Heh. Tell me dat Rita Haywoith couln't make duh Pope.

Tell me dat duh great Toskininee couln't conduct, Duh Woims Crawl In Duh Woims Crawl Out, witout any Flatbush awe Ebbitts Field awe any Fateful awe any Gladys Gooding awe any Dodger Sym-phoney. Tell me dat dese moiderous bombshell bums could ever be uh goody-goody sperled money cry baby dat couln't hit Abbot an Costello's asshole wit Sterile Errol's jint baloney.

Tell me I din't die every time Pistol Pete Rieser's poor head hit dat goddam lousy wall

Tell me I din't cry when duh Cards called Jacky a nigger an all. O. Dey nevuh did dat at all?

Tell me dat only God can make a wall, awe rats in City Hall, awe beat up babies ball. But fer Cry's sake, Joik, don't youse ever tell me death craps out life wins it all.

Stars shine bright on sha err light. Great lights bigger den night stars shines like uh million boids on uh classy Branch yaps: Yoiks. Yoik. Yoik. Dat's dis must be 'dee imaginary garden filled wit real toads' primeval, Death Dodgers.