

THE TRANSFORMATION
OF A STERN NUTRITION
IST INTO A COLLOSSAL
ROMAN LUNIC TUNIC
BRAINED HOT FUDGE
SUNDAE TRIUMPH GATE

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Heming
way, Liberator *of Paris,*
The big two heard river of pu
bescence, once referred to himself as
Ernie Hemorrhoid, the poor man's Pyle.
Ernie Pyle, the celebrated war correspondent,
the rich man's hemorrhoid, once said in his book, The
Story Of General Issue Joe, that the only time he was afraid
of dying in the second world war was of food poisoning in a mess hall on

Bolts.
"Lightning"
I. Ghtning-
Ingott L.
Major
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I first read of this *on the bulletin board outside the neo-Gothic wood arched and beamed* high *beeswax* and polish timbered high lead pane windowed *dining Hall of Judson Court, the dorm I lived in at the University Of* Chicago in 1950. I liked Major Ingott L.I. Ghtning "Lightning" Bolts. *She was nutritionist of* Burt-On-Judson Courts, two *Oxfordish* quadrangles comprised of *Salivabury house, Thyn House* and so many other *English pretense fortresses of child* mayhem. I always enjoyed putting four pats of butter on my food tray in the *food line as my friend* Ronny *Moss*, the only citizen of South Orange, New Jersey, man or dog, who ever smiled at *me when I said hello*, would *laugh* very hard when Major "Lightning" would invariably slap my hand when I reached *for the fifth* pat of butter *and snap*, "OK Four butters are too good for you, ☼ you over-complicated little Jew." "Lightning" Bolts ☼ introduced *me to* wonders of urine fritters with *roach* bacon and staple syrup, *ra zor thin* can beef with *invisible secret* gravy, and, of course, frog feces on dead toast points. Th *ese were* unknown wonders *to me, when* I was 15. Major "Lightning" Bolts would be in style today. *She knew* how to force people to *believe* that eating less than nothing with absolutely no pleasure was the *height* of an emotional-nutrition-excellence. Major "Lightning" Bolts was perhaps the first *nutritionist* to prepare Earth for the food famines of the 21st century and I believe it was the *in estimable* Charles Mason Jacobs, the *Brooklyn* Odysseus, never at a loss for wine dark *solutions, who* had told me, that on March *21*, David Padwa, The Bronx *Hermes*, filled the huge *aluminum olde* englishe water pitchers on the huge oak dining tables with *Moet et Chan don champagne*. He then told everyone after dinner that they had imbibed his urine *and they* believed it unto pubescence pukessence and then he said Major "Lightning" (*h* a heavy water drinker, was seen running around the dining hall *with* *Bo* *ls* *e* huge gobs of whipped heavy cream all over her hair and a *giant jar of* *Be* *r* *maraschino* cherries self-poured over her white nutritionist *uniform* and globs of *Bosco Chocolate Syrup* all over that with *brown* sugar, *au* honey, and walnuts o'er *her* face, a slender *ice* cream *was* spoon stuck in her kisser, *singing* to Mendelsson's *Spring Song*, *a nu* her delicate fingers flinging tiny silver pastry stars around *clear* the technicolor sweet fluttering springtime birds chirping *physi* the air above her head o'er the hall, "You dyed you *r* *cist*) blonde, ivory pure, househead blue when you hit *s* shower head loaded with blue Rit, you all *Hershey* bars bit while you stood and watched the sidewalked body of a student suicide groan and schvitz, but you ain't goin' to get to me you little civilian shits for, Yo! I am become spam to grits an invincible durable no nonsense utilitarian stainless steel *laurel* wreath mobile unit how sweet it fuit, hoc *Thee. Thee. Thee.* *Thee. Thee. Thee.* *Way* tunic punic runic eunuch hot fudge sundae triumph brained with *twinkle sprinkles* on it." *Stars shine bright on shatter light. Martialis say to earn living as suspicious depriving kids of delicious inauspicious. That all Folks is.*