

Agonews Alight

The Agonew brings jelutong.

His earthly life a laughingstock, he signs off to prowls the shill we call the universe, hauling bushels of news to the far worlds, and bringing back jelutong.

Old boatman, he spies rot remaining of a wood jetty, the dock of a jelutong factory.

The jungle spits forth an ancient in shorts with a bare and withered chest. A first-rate grin accompanies the crone on the path to the factory. Cakes of jelutong, meanwhile, belly in evil insect water in a vat. The ancient says:

Tappers bring the jelutong from the jungle to the factory, and they cook it and make it bricks. They harden it in vinegar, and formerly urinated on it before transporting it. The jelutong is source of Galveston jelutong.

The Agonew asks, "What is jelutong?"

It's where chewing gum comes from. The urine coagulates it.

Drifting from planets where people are made of peat to ones where glass fish swim in vinegar pools beneath chloroform oak, the bright mouth of our world is forgotten by the Agonew.

By bringing us jelutong, the Agonew himself travels bright oceans of stars, fearing only a possible lapse of communications from earth, a potential weatherbell of auto-annihilation, yet in all other ways enjoying his life away from the planet.

Science Classes

The fifth grade has just finished a unit of rocks and charts. Ginger Taylor brought up the idea of smashing rocks that write to make paint. The project was a smashing success.

The sixth grade is starting a

new unit called Senior Balancing. So far we've just been exploring Balance Problems of our own making. Next we'll do activity cards, many of which we have made up ourselves. Eventually the solutions to the balance situations will be put in mathematical language.

Dear City Moon,

I made the first flag of concrete. It is 4 X 7 ft. It was made 15 years ago, placed on a cement tree in my yard. It has stood the test of storms this long without failing. I think it would be a great advantage to the government if they put up cement flags, ball-bearing as mine is, over lighthouses and fire watch towers and other places where a permanent flag is wanted. It would stand out in all kinds of weather and can be seen at quite a distance, where a cloth flag could not. Please write me if you desire plans for this flag, or for my perpetual wind-driven yard light. CALL on me, Box J. Oneba is one!

Editor Dinsmoor
Dodge City

Tiny Two Wheeler

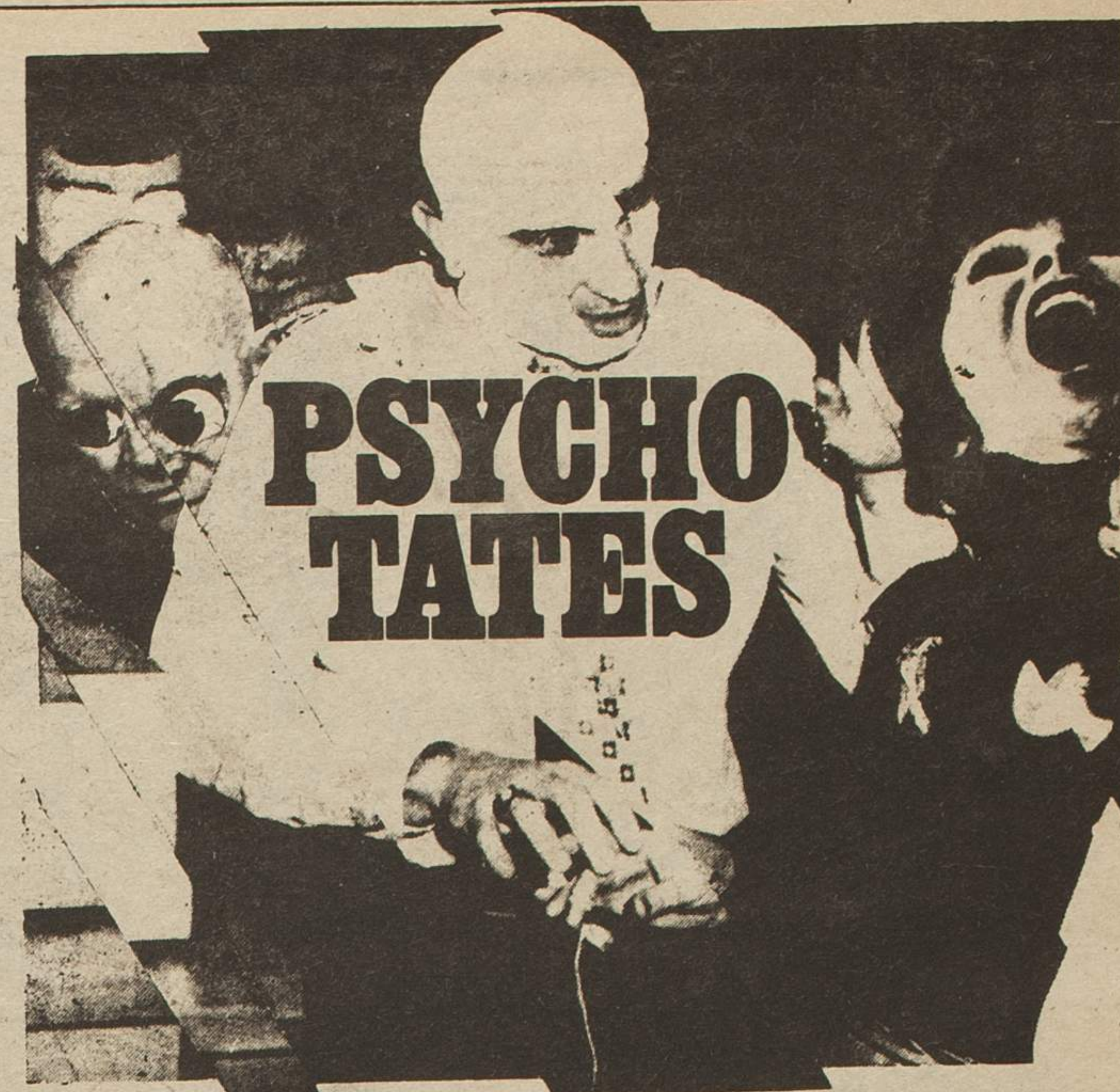


A Moses fan

The reason I am subscribing to The Philippine Times (check enclosed) is that I enjoy keeping up with Moses and The Highbrows when I am not able to see them. Please publish the Moses column often.

BUMPED BY PIG; LOCKJAW KILLS

Joseph Kiev, who was knocked from a ladder recently, is dead from tetanus. He was picking cherries from a tree at his home here when one of his pigs entered the yard. His dog gave chase and the pig darted under the ladder upon which Mr. Kiev was standing. The ladder toppled, throwing him 30 feet to the ground. He was uninjured except for a broken finger, which he ignored until lockjaw set in. Then he was beyond help, even of a medical moon kind.



The neck whips, the spine snakes, the chakras are thrust open at last, and Delores Ortez shouts deliriously for her mother. This begins the narrowing road to addiction, the helplessness of sinking into sand and down a giant funnel into the bottom of the hourglass nightmare.

Innocently, a home unit is purchased. Then, staggeringly, Mom is flat on the stove top, or head down on the oilcloth, a bottle of radio medicine knocked over, dreaming of Bob Girl, her dentist, the twining windy days and winebottle candles, naked before the African mask hanging in Pixie Allen's bedroom, or drinking rum and lemon Cokes.

The doctor's shadow lays a bar of black across a door. Water boils, towels arrive, children

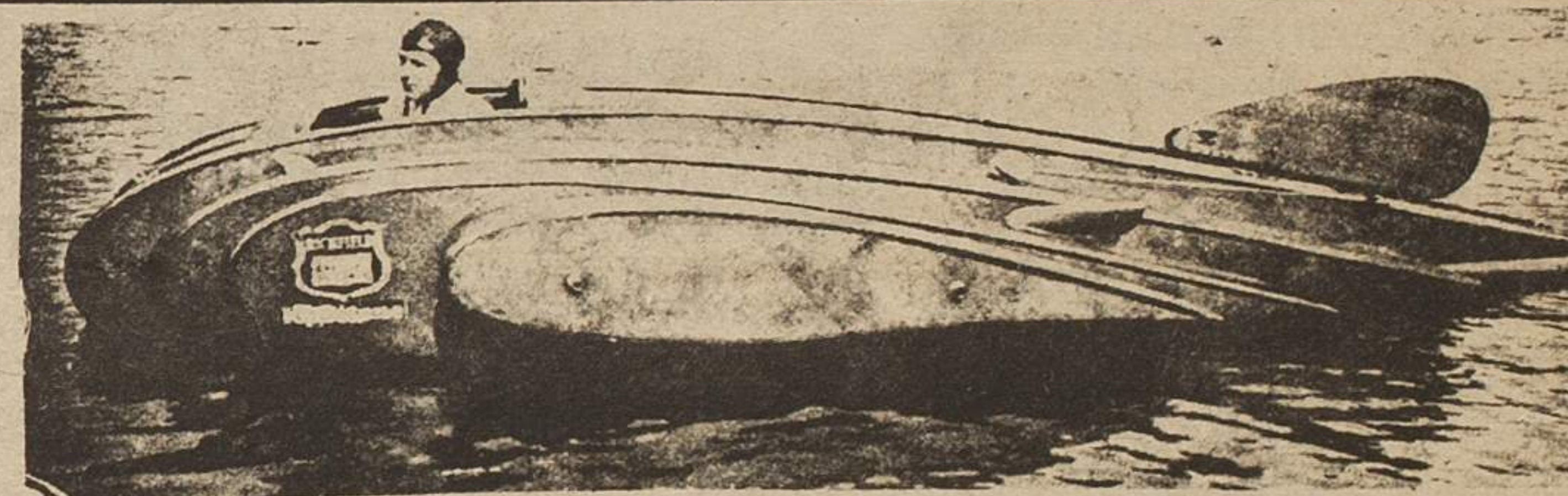
hush. He performs electrocautery on Delores.

She repairs slowly in the backyard, in a lawn chair, sun or snow, blank in face, companioned by a terrier, abandoned by her children to rot beneath the weeping mimosa, lingering over cake walks of her memory until she cries.

She is taxied to the beach daily, where she scrubs herself with the sand beneath the foam.

The advertising sneers out that Cortez would have bought a unit and hibernated in a hacienda and left the Seven Cities to other dreamers. We say rotters run the show, and they are dispensing fools gold.

Carry yours out onto the lawn, soak her in gasoline, and light up -- kicks are deadly.



Shanty boats navigate the trenchways, bumping the mudbanks, spinning, and going on downstream, as dependent on the flow, if any, as a leaf of sycamore in a gutter. Plainfolk get on and off, morphs sleep in piles to be warm, travelling aimless sometimes, to Muncy, back to Lucas, to Muncy again, then off to Laredo for the Fiesta del Sola, or back to Lucas for a Hunger Art Picnic. Even Oneba has been known to step onto the decks of a shanty and shuffle a bit, doing a needlework number on the poop, liking to mingle with the low and unfortunate to keep himself in top form. A trochilic

band will haunt the banks in spring and summer, will reach out and pull a plain person or a morph child from the shanty, helpless as a ragdoll, weakened by vitajell diets and D-meat rations, and begin their business of torture and sacrifice on the unlucky rat. In winter, the trench goes stagnant, blossoms in a yellow-green algae, and the shanty boats are dead in the water, in a swarm of mosquitoes and suck flies, crawling in ants and tree roaches, most of the passengers stunned and spiked under a lingering medical moon, hung there bluish and frightening like a lantern in an empty room.

Dear City Moon

What was then, in the 50's, a simple hickville goofboy salute, is now (it was then Boy Howdy!) the newest thing--the Bo'i Ha'di, something derivative of a lax and fading Nipponese culture, the Ainu. Ainu's worshipped (and ate) little honey bear noses, black and crispy in the iron pot, and carried outlandish coon dick's about the place -- the coon being one of few mammals possessed of an organ with an armature of solid bone rather than the hit and miss up and down crank we humans have been God given. They pick teeth with them, scratch heads, poke in the dirt with them, whatnot. To go on -- the Bo'i Ha'di, once you've achieved it, says its aspirants will have you slapping your granmaw with joy, once on each cheek, and watch the flush of blood pinken those all-but-buried old grunty hags. To go on again -- I mean, why not smach the granmaws? What are they worth anyway. Their linens stink of burned potatoes, the backs of their hands like the surface of Mars, the liver spots, the pissgutt attitudes. If the Bo'i Ha'di has its way we'll find ourselves grabbing all the gusto we can, a Schlitz in one palm and the other cracking gramaw upside her stoopid head. Without digressing now, a la Holden Caulfield, the root of it (Ainu Bo'i Ha'di-ism) gets back to Howdy Doody, no doubt. They say the only remains of that sad puppet are seven yellowed toenails and a few circles of burnt cloth. What hope can we muster for folks who fuck guinea hens and mud holes? Those women forever doing pushups in cucurbit patches. Now I ask you, where are the Lee Harvey's when we truly need them? These Ainu Boy Howdy's are a bunch of pissguts, dirty assholes which ought to be wiped out. We remember the talk, back in the late 60's, of those hippie concentration camps around Alamogordo, Prairie du Chien, and Biloxi. Who are all these necronauts going here and there carrying duck-facsimile's, with what may as well be lentil pudding for brainmatter, who are they? Jackson Pollock, Woody Guthrie, Judge Crater, Sal Mineo, Knute Rockne, Lou Costello . . . they're all coming back to vote for the Bo'i Ha'di, dropping finger joints like the lepers of Capharnum, as if we didn't have enough of public putrefactories. Cut their ankles off with scythes, squirt acid up their nostrils, do anything say the Howdies, but get rid of them, get them off the streets. They're worse than the old trochilics. Open the heads like coconuts with ball peens. The Howdies eat popcorn with a snow of salt, alternate snuff and Senior Services, and love to gum possum jerky. I say quarter them in the Colonel's fryer chop-chopping machine. Make no mistake about it. Niggers like the Snake Milton will be wearing neon hats, the shriners will fork up their circuses. Most of us will get tax breaks. Someone at a reception recently in this centex City asked a noted ex-junkie, how many Bo'i Ha'di's can dance on the head of a syringe. One Boy Howdy has bragged to this writer of having slapped an old woman in a train station, whom he discovered in an isolated corner shooting up insulin, thinking it smack.

Your reader,
Randy Teeter
Shanty 12
National Canal Boat Dock

