

...and now it's time for



Mantids Walk Austin Streets-- During the predawn hours of August 7, 1973 large numbers of mantids, relatives of the better known "praying mantis" were observed moving north along a 4.5 kilometer stretch of North Lamar Boulevard in Austin, Texas. On the night of August 8, more mantids appeared again in the same general area. On both nights the mantids seemed to be evenly distributed wherever they were observed. No mantids were seen on parallel or intersecting streets on either nights. This species of mantid is normally quite rare in the Austin area, and the cause of the strange migration is not known. All the mantids examined were females, needless to say.

Acid Cloud-- A storage tank owned by the Stauffer Chemical Company, containing oleum, a cleaning solution of saturated sulphuric acid developed a leak and created a huge cloud of sulphuric acid mist that rose over the Carson-South Los Angeles Area. The usual hush hush evacuation was carried out and a few people were hospitalized. Nothing much to worry about. Once you've seen one of these honies rising aloft, you've seen em all.

THE INDIAN AMERICANS: PART II

The rest of the story Benjamin, the stage driver, does not like to tell, and we won't tell it in its entirety. The other prospector was at once bound and turned over to the women and children. Ben hid beneath a table, but was found. They did nothing to him that would kill him at once, and when he fainted from the awful agonies they inflicted upon him they would revive him with cold water, only to commence new and more ingenious tortures. When it seemed he could bear no more, the younger members of the band got about him, smoking and laughing at his frightful shrieks and fed a slow fire that was kindled on his stomach.

The next day and the one after that Benjamin supplied the fun for the camp. A comely young squaw came to him and tried to make him open his mouth. He saw her purpose was evil and refused, so she took a hatchet and one by one knocked his teeth in, smashing down his upper jaw. Then she took a rough pair of wooden pincers and grasping with them his tongue at the roots dragged him about the place, convulsed with mirth at his torment and his attempts to scream.

Another pleasantry was to mass a quantity of glowing charcoal on a strip of damp bark and bind it about his head. When he would swoon and the coals would be removed, he recovered; in an instant a fresh lot was applied. They were somewhat tender with him, for he was the last prisoner they had, and he made such sport for the women and children that his death was to be as long drawn out as possible.

The children enjoyed breaking his feet. This was called bastinette, and apparently the French taught them the trick. The stagedriver was staked to the earth and the soles of his feet were clubbed until every one of the innumerable little bones were broken and the flesh reduced to a jelly.

He was staked out on a red ant hill. It seemed cycles until he fainted. The next day he was tortured further. The third day, signs indicated the Indians were breaking camp. Benjamin was shot with arrows, where they would not immediately wound him mortally. A flint arrow head was used to pin his thigh to the dirt, and a squaw cleft his chin with a hatchet so he would remember her. All the time, a bullet was lodged in his head, and still forms a great protuberance there.

He was asked why he didn't have the bullet cut out. He said, "The doctors would charge me \$25, and I can't spare the money." Dallas Morning News 1897

To the EDITOR OF THE DYNAMIC RIVER CITY MOON

A real find for you all. I swear to god, I found it in a 1957 US News and WORLD REPORT. Nikita Khrushchev is back from the dead and amazing--getting loaded every night in Philadelphia. He was dead, cold dead, over a year before these pictures popped up and now its smeared all over every front page in this land--Nikki was a filthy inebriate. I don't believe my eyes when I stare at these pictures. Some suggest faking and deception, and that these pictures be ignored as a cheap prank. Is Nikki back from the dead or not? Write and tell. Box 591 Lawrence, Ks.

Krushev lifts a lusty glass of potatoe wine to his parted lips and kneads the rim of the glass with drawn lips. The eyes are dimming variously from moment to moment. Is he happy? Ask any dingy alcoholic ridden trash laying out in the gutter on Meditteranean Street. Living in Philadelphia, confusion will haunt him no matter he lives 2 or 3 hundred years. Why isn't Eisenhower, his new buddy, in this picture. Where Kissenger?

They say he shoots a half pound of cheap light noxage a day



BOTTLEMAN KHRUSHCHEV

GIRL FOUND DEAD NEXT TO NEW SUIT The 19 year old daughter of a former junior high school principal of Shiga Prefecture, scheduled to attend a coming-of-age ceremony Wednesday, died of carbon monoxide poisoning in a fire which broke out at 1:45 a.m. the same day and destroyed the second floor of her home. The body was found lying by the side of a new suit

It is a regrettable indication of a nation's literary taste when it chooses a national anthem beginning with the words, "Oh, say." Lionel Calhoun Moise

Well Painted Decay--

For 17 months, Kawabata's photorealist paintings have left photo mailers (the post office) drowned like rats. The unabated oceans of prints, etchings, reproductions, small biographies of the man himself, record albums, t-shirts are frightening the postmaster sick. Bacterial Mats and Gingivitis in the Gum Tissue (related photo) sells where authorized, and that is everywhere but church. Who is buying it? None of our people. Box 591, Lawrence... a mass murderer in Wisconsin had no plan to use the mails but he hoped to bring back millions from the dead. Who would want them? Not even Noxin. The secret appeal? Everyone owns one of the dead. That's the kicker in the deal. He believes in the electrical/mechanical method of bringing back dead humans. (Ed)

Literature

The water tub. By Ed. Ohle. In the supermarket Bert was dizzy, leaning over bloody meat, half blind in a shower of reflections, each tight parcel of meat and bone another facet of light. He saw chicken and moved down to it. He moved his palm over a row of thighs, picked up a package of livers and hearts and smelled at it. Some of the liquid ran out into his hand and he took out his nicely ironed and folded handkerchief to wipe it. The gel left pinkish snotty streaks on the cloth. He would explain it the next wash day when his wife asked him what it was. He would say, "In the market last Saturday. I got some chicken blood on it." Then she would say, "I don't remember that." He would say, "You were getting the cooking oil." She, "No, we didn't need cooking oil last week, because I remember the week before that I bought a gallon on special." He, "It doesn't matter." She, "I know it doesn't." He, "Let's kill the subject." She "I know I know. Of course it could be another kind of blood, couldn't it?"

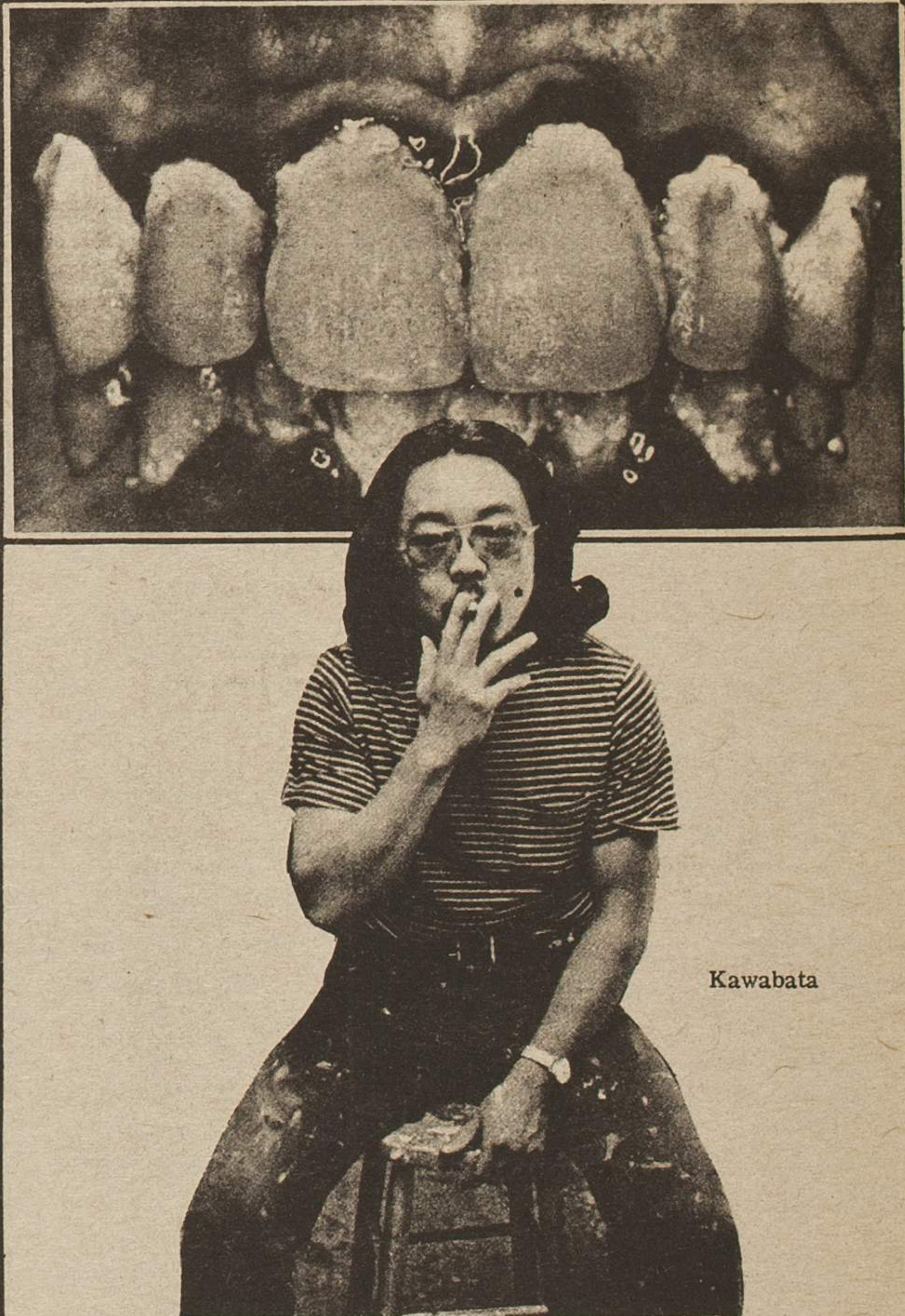
He hefted a pound package of cat weenies and read the contents, and artificial bologna. By the frozen foods his knees bucked and jerked. He crawled behind his cart like an animal, butting it along with his shoulders. He found his wife at the vegetables, wearing butterfly sungalsses. She said she would not take him home until she was completely finished with the shopping,

and even then she had to definitely stop at the drug store and pick up her prescription. Bert remembered the coin-sized stains she left in the sheets when the moon was full.

Her cycle was one in 50 million in perfect harmony with the pulls and pushes of the solar system, she could respond to all signs with equal intensity, Gemini and Scorpio were equal in her eyes, all work seemed the same to her as did all company, all weather, all food, drink, smoke, beds or bottles, everything was equal, and so she was extraordinarily regular.

He drank a Coca Cola for strength, for the little burst of mock energy it gave him. Gradually he worked himself toward the no admittance door. He had been watching employees emerge carrying heavy boxes of various things. Each time the door swung open he saw the dark warmth behind it. He wanted to get out of the air conditioning for a breath of heavier air.

DUMB DHARMA JOKES #15 & #16 (for Paul E. Johnson) "The Dharma and the Watering Trough" It is easier to drill a hole in the bottom of a watering trough, than to drill a hole in the bottom of the Dharma. Though the Dharma is like the watering trough in that it is too big to bail out and too heavy to turn over, it is unlike the watering trough in that it is bottomless; or so it is reported by one Urizen who tried to bottom out and couldn't even. As a matter of rumor, the Dharma was last seen dancing in a topless joint in pink slacks, outside of Jarbalo, Kansas. However, there are some, namely Jack Kerouac and Felix Frankfurter, who maintain that the bottom of the Dharma is everywhere at the same time. Which means you could drill a hole in a doughnut, an easy task, and be drilling a hole in the bottom of the Dharma.



Kawabata

Which is why the Dharma is like fucking in that it is hard and easy all at the same time.

Easy as the Dharma
Hard as the Dharma

Even the Dharma has to take a joke.

#16 How is the Dharma like a dummy? A. They both talk without talking. (Look who's calling the Dharma a dummy!) (Anon. Grad. Stud.)

Hi. My name is Susan Larsen and I represent the Rubermid Party Plan. If you would like a generously illustrated catalog mailed to you, please write or call RR 18 2043 by phone. No obligation. (P-Body Gazette)