CHINESE WOMAN DEFILED

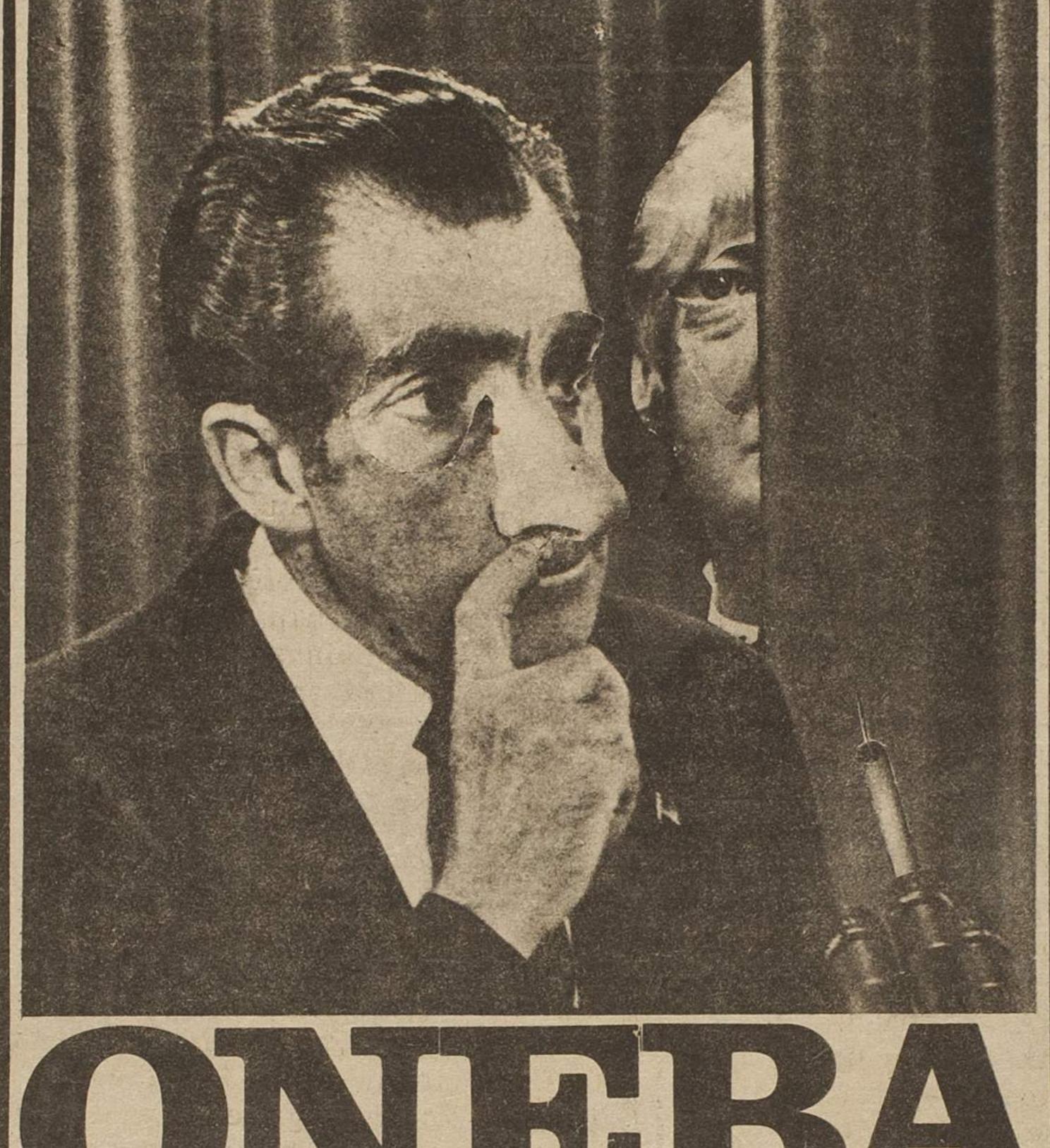
Kim We Chu, 27, Oread Street (1200's) was arraigned last night, on a charge of First-Degree assault, and Vagrancy One. This is the last time we will see her around here if the teeth on the gears of justice have not yet worn smooth from the almost incredible beating they have taken since 1952. It was then that the pathetic general from Liberal ascended, as smoothly bland as Millard Fillmore a century before, as excitable as John Quincy Adams was in the late Virginia days. Kim We snuck into the rear end of a laundromat located on Mississippi Stree secretly owned by the Maisley Brothers. Here she caught a woman alone, a little Chinese woman with long hair hanging behind the chair, and Kim We visciously cut her hair, hacking it with a dull knife of some sort, claimed Rosie (from Eudora, Elm-Street) who claimed to scream during the cutting, drawing a carload of Topeka Men who were said, by Rosie to have struck Kim We and then her, saying that they were going to cluster f--them, calling up every male in town and telling, going out and forcing the leaders of the town out to be part of the gang f --- and then bring out a bull that they had nurtured, his penis sheathed in leather. Kim We discounted this story, however. There was no trace of the gang, but Rosie swears the story is true. Was anyone out there in the audience of the Moon there that day? Perhaps driving past? Send us cards and letters telling us what you know. B. 591

Coming on Stern's ADDRESS TO THOSE now seems WHO WOULD BE GOOD tum men Mo case a so vehicle rib a ter fore any thou cha cult thing ght can be given to a reversal mo men tum (An example of zombie composition.)

ONE BA SEES

Send all dreams to ONEBA now. In this column he will explain, interpret, and so forth. His dreamwork is known around the globe. His experience in dream travel is long. He says when he was a boy of eight he saw in a dream a lattice covered in rose of sharon. Behind it, as though it were a doorway to wider and more spacious horizons, he saw the City shimmering. In this dream he sees the following meaning, and the joyous miracle water pours from Oneba's lips again: He believes the human skull to be a kind of living shell inclosing the meaty computer, the medium of all dreams, the amazing human BRAIN

Dear Dr. Oneba: I have had the following dream which I would like to describe, although I am a really bad writer. Please excuse my English. Here goes: I am in this room with a refrigerator and a little bed, a wooden cross on an oak or hickory table in the middle of the room, and I am pregnant, even though I am a man, actually, in the dream, but not in reality. Anyway, there is a pine forest next to this room with all kinds of little animals in it, but I don't see them in the dream, only knowing they are there. Rabbits, snakes, for example. At the end of this pine forest where I don't get to, in a clearing, is this bed, and I think I see my husband laying in bed. He is fat and lazy, like my father was in his real life. Well I never get there and have to go back to the room because I see a small bed in the corner of the room, a little wooden hickory one. I go back and there is this weird thing that happens when I look at the light coming out of the refrigerator. It is nothing like what happens later



though when I am out on the path again and this goat comes wandering down the path just about the time the guy who is in bed is gone. The first thing the goat does is to drop all these turds on the path while he is walking toward me in the dream. Anyway I'm in the bed in the corner of the room laying down and the goat starts licking me on the hand, then on the breast and the damn thing was really starting to bug me and I took it around the neck and stroked its throat and when I had it calmed down I popped out an eye, just ran my fingernail across it. It went wild and started banging across from wall to wall. I got out. Walked down the path but the goat came after me. To make a long story a whole lot shorter, and that is merciful to a bunch of dear readers who have stuck wi5h me so far, I fell on the bed (there was a hole in the mattress) because my stomach had opened and a black prune color gas was coming out of me and the goat got in bed too, and when I got up there was a little thing on the matress springs, half-dead, red the color of chili sauce, not human, definitely, and then I walked back to the room with the refrigerator and the cross was knocked over, along with the table and the little bed in the corner was as empty as before.

Sincerely, Billye Ray

I see it clearly. It is perfectly clear. The goat could be the devil, though perhaps an early rural life is indicated. The gas that swells out from the belly and the light from the refrigerator are one in this city-country dream.

FACT! THE NEW ONEBA LIFE PRODUCTS ARE AVAILABLE NOW! IN RECENT DAYS SMALL HALF LIVING PONIES, SOMETIMES ARE GENERATED

THE OLD MOON WATCHES THE WORLD--HAS ITS
SAY--IN THIS COLUMN

The roaring lion of the mechanical age has been transformed by modern medicine into a timid kitten. Crime is just another word in the criminology textbooks, and, in this city, police cars dry rot in police garages, precinct houses changed almost miraculously into green houses where new age vegetables are grown for the health and well-being of the neighborhood, be it Italian or White. The rich leave their greenback-jammed suitcases at neighborhood houses. Poverty has been worked out-all men now have an equal footing at birth. Pollution is coming to a halt as boy scouts marshall together and burn garbage, in the streets, in city yards. In short, ANXIETY is a whimpering, fast-receding puppy-dog, driven from life's yard with an angry stick.

Persons everywhere speak of Meditation X, a new form of yoga in which deep bellows-like breathing is used to cure anxiety and banish choler. A small pinkish tablet has helped America through its painful 200 year birth, the amazing drug Estella-G. Once nervous cripples are now seen on their lawns reading newspapers and listening to the new portable hi-fi radios, the sweet songs of eternal peace finally heard with total clarity for the first time. The cold wars are finally over. Noxin relaxes, easing into a necessary clarification and rethinking period, moved by a single obssessive idea: that to computerize governmental bureaucratic processes would be a very, very good thing. So beside him, humming in a tiny tin, on silver paper, sit the pills, the Estella-G, a small service revolver, and a mimeographed schedule.

In the old days, philosophers spoke of the world as born and composed of a mortal body. They dealt with it as a concourse of matter that laid the foundation of land, sea and sky, stars and sun and the globe of the moon. Of the living things that have existed on earth, and which have never been born; how the human race began to employ various utterances among themselves for denoting various things; and how there crept into their minds that fear of the gods which, all the world over, sanctifies temples and lakes, groves and altars and images of the gods. After that they would explain by what forces nature would steer the courses of the sun and the journeyings of the moon, so that we shall not suppose that they are running on their own free will with the amiable intention of promoting the growth of crops and animals, or that they are enacting, in any way, a divine plan. Those philosophers were concerned what was seen overhead in the borderland of ether. They saw the people saddled with cruel masters whom they believed all-powerful. They saw, these philosophers, how a limit was fixed to the power of everything, as an immovable frontier post. And how Oneba oversaw everything.

Then, in 1765, from this ethereal beginning, haunted by their loss of fundamental Gods to believe in, Vasco de Gamma Y Muerto accompanied Cabeza de Vaca to America, and travelling North from Biloxi they entered what is now Joplin, found themselves in an apprentice shoemaker's scruffy dwelling, slugging pure codeine from an ox horn. On this exciting new experience of total calmness, the two explorers whent South again and sailed east to Santa

Domingo where codeine was commonly processed from the alkaloid pinkish root of the pawpaw tree. It was then manufactured in great quantity by native slave workers and distributed widely over the North American continent. And many people drank it and slept away its soporific doldrums in contentment, including some native Indians, until it was suppressed back in the crusading thirties. This entire mechanism of addiction and stupor inevitably tumbled out from the rotted superstructure of religious belief, the fine work of Lucretius the cynic.

Poor Cabeza! He sat in his living room in the steamy French Quarters of New Orleans, drinking delicate glassfuls of codeine and turpentine and sweating yellow beads of codeine body moisture, watching hair balls blow hither and thither in the drugged consciousness. He pulled himself out of the chair with the assistance of a young colored boy and a rope fixed to a beam in the ceiling. He then tossed off his hemorrhhoid cushion and walked to the window and looked upon the narrow streets. He saw black vodoo queens and delicately featured brown quadroons, thick, lovely and sensual in the Southern sun. Some of them wore red bandannas and called, "Blackberry, ten cent a bag." Many years Cabeza spent this way, getting up from the chair only occasionally to look out, and otherwise benumbed and in a sorry state of mental transfiguration because of the old cough medicine, the mad frames of old horse time broke loose and he had a vision of the present (remarkably accurate): Of Noxin leaving the White House, the new president, Folbot, photographer, bidding him a farewell at the door as Noxin strode down the long empty hall to obscurity, Folbot, the foot raised in mock salute, Noxin pursing his lips as if Folbot's foot, rather than his own acts, had sent him sprawling forth from the Oval Office. And then Noxin found his peace. Tortured by hideous dreams that kept him spinning, off balance, in public and private life, Noxin was driven finally to the counsel of Oneba the First One. Through grueling interrogation, Noxin was driven into his senses. Oneba's unusual therapy, which involves the presence of his wife at each dream session, to act as a refining medium through which messages from dead dreamers may be transmitted, acted on Noxin as mineral water and whiskey may act on others, with differing problems.

And now Oneba is President, America's first entirely new politician. He's no machine gun Ronnie or Jerry Apodaca. He points to a plot of ground, says to grow turnips and potatoes in it, and points with a spindly digit at the gardener. "A little earth will grow a very large and suculent tomato vine."

Baboonery and cartoonery, the twins that controlled American politics for so long, were soon banished from the realms of power. One sensed a new mysticism surrounding the presidency for the first time in U.S. History. Cabeza's nightmare changed from a toothless hag into a beautiful jewelled princess wearing a sparkling emerald tiara. For the first time, a president was endowed with the gift of being able to glimpse into the muddy flow of the river of the unconscious, and to see the bright, and sometimes not so bright, fishes that swim therein.

Unfortunately for Cabeza de Vaca and Vasco De Gama, these dreams were assumed to reflect the pres ent condition, rather than the condition of our own age, which is far, far better than that of the world of 1765.