Sports Special to the Moon by Editor Ohle, Superbowl 75.

The blue and silver whisperjet from Kan City, the proud home of the now reduced and shameful Chiefs, circled over the green swamp of the Crescent City, over the fabled Lake Pontchartrain, the Bonne Carre spillway which holds back the swollen Mississippi twice a year when the water from the North churns down loaded with shit and garbage and various deadly chemical combos, and landed at what once was Moisant Airport in my boyhood there, now called the New Orleans International Airport. We bellied in over the squat brick houses of Harahan and I saw kids waving in the yards. They had eyes the color of rats eyes. I new the parents were inside sucking Kools and Springs and drinking Gallo sherry to burn off the noise of the the jets. I felt oddly guilty and sad. I remembered the Watergate, my jet landing in Washington, the tedious taxiride in the city heat. I went to the stainless steel lavatory before I got off the plane to urinate, so I wouldn't have to do it in the crowded terminal around the desperado's that hand fuck you in their minds after they leave, and while you're there they stand around coughing, washing their faces in the sinks. In the taxi I fell sleep. I had already asked the driver to take me to my 80 a day room at the Sonesta Hotel on Royal. A nigger porter gently tugged at my shoulder and woke me up. He said, "Yo bags in in yo rooms arready, suh." I went upstairs, stretched out on the bed and turned on the massage. A white boy brought ice and a bottle of Pimm's Cup #3, a cold cucumber, and a silver knife to cut it with. I got on the phone to Smetzer, the Moon correspondent who usually works this area, and asked him what was what. He said Scally fixed the game. It would benefit me to stay in my room, suck dope, drink wine, eat po-boy sandwiches from the Desire Restaurant down a block and over on Bourbon St. Anything, but stay away from Tulane stadium. When Scally fixes a game, it stays fixed. The fans would be in serpentine moods. I thanked him for the advice but decided to go anyway. I called down and told the lobby to ring me at 5 a.m. I finished the Pimms and went to sleep hearing leather slap, thinking of scrambling Tarkenton patting the buttocks and bearded face of Bradshaw after the game. I saw Mean Joe Green and all the others. Smetzer said it was Pitt all the way, there was no doubt of it, as Bing Crosby says on the orange juice commercial. When they rang me I went down in my robe and took a naked dive in the pool below my window even though it was 40 degrees and raining. I knew I wouldn't be bothered under those conditions and I wasn't. After that I walked down to Madame Dunbar's New Orleans and had a Cuba Libre while I waited for my table. The place was crowded with red cheeked yankees in wingtip shoes. I remembered the times at Palace Orienta, where I would order a light breakfast wine, a Chateau Neuf, and hot French bread would be brought to me. I had had poached eggs over triangles of fried trout with a winesauce of some kind at the Palace in the North. But even here, at Madame Dunbar's in the south, the eggs were round, as perfect as golfballs. I couldn't figure out how they did that, but I didn't ask. For desert there were fresh strawberries and vanilla ice cream. At the table next to me there was a dish of bananas foster filled to the brim. The waiter poured Triple Sec over bananas frying in a silver skillet in sugar sauce and lit it with a match, and of course during all of this I sipped a dark roast coffee with fresh cream. I then took the taxi to the stadium, the last year it will be used. The new Superdome may be ready next year, as it was supposed to be this year. I walked through the wet grass, the sky threatening rain. A boy scout usher in the stands took me to my seat. Scally and Pitt took it easily, 11 to 9. Scally held a giant street celebration for Pittsburg, and danced on more than one car hood though he is pushing 74, and quite vital.

A SUCCESSFUL RAPE IN THE MEN'S DRESSING ROOM OF THE LAWRENCE MUNICIPAL SWIMMING POOL.
by William Gallagher

In the men's dressing room
two niggers are raping
a twelve-year-old white

First they offered her money;
then they showed her a knife.

She pretended fear
and took the money.
But mainly she wanted them,
their almost purple, shoe-polish blackness;
yellow drug-addict eyes they roll back in their brains;
flesh-colored tongues flicking
in and out of their mouths like lizards;
the black snakes they keep coiled inside them.

They are nigger age, she thought,
trying to guess.

It really wasn't very much, they came so fast,
afraid the attendant they bribed
would call the cops anyway;
jabbering a language she couldn't understand.
She lay like a rock and they drilled her.
But she kept her eyes open.

Only once, with the second one,
she reached up to touch the steel-wool head.
Savagely, he bit her shoulder.

bulls of the public waltz

人間はなぜ失恋自殺するの?

Why do so many people fail in commiting suicide?

Dearest Oneba,

William Carlos Williams and his wife were at a small party -- he and I were talking about Kipling and Kipling showed up. Kiplings stories came under discussion, and I told him that I had always loved Gunga Din. I admired its imaginativeness, but Williams turned rude, suddenly, and said that that story wasn't made up, or imagined at all, that it was fact. I said what? He said it was a straight dream report, and then spit on my shoe and vanished, shortly after he refused some dope that was passing around. Say what is meant here.

Dolly Roddy

DR. LAUMAN DROWNS

The body of Dr. J.H. Lauman, who was drowned in Blue river yesterday, was recovered about 9 o'clock last night and brought to this place. The doctor was one of a fishing party of six. Armstrong, an ancient enemy, and the good doctor rode their horses into the river to give them a swim. This was just above a deep and dangerous place in the river, known as the jump off, where there is a sheer descent from comparatively shallow water to a depth of 25 to 30 feet. Lauman, being a good swimmer, boldly rode his horse over the ledge and they at once sank from sight. The horse soon surfaced and swam ashore. Lauman appeared a few second later, but sank again almost immediately and rose no more. In some way Lauman had received a blow from his horses hoofs which stunned him so he was unable to swim. Armstrong surfaced seconds later from the churning foam, his hair hung with the roots at the turgid bottom of the pool, and matted with greyish clay. Dr. Lauman was a young man of splendid character and attainments and most popular. He formerly lived in Dallas. Contributed by Dallas Evening News

From the Philosopher, Burton: "What's the world itself? A vast chaos, a confusion of manners, as fickle as the air, domicilium insanorum, a turbulent troop full of impurities, a mart of walking spirits, goblins, the theatre of hypocrisy, a shop of knavery, wherein every man is for himself, his private ends, and stands upon his own guard. No charity, love, friendship, fear of God, alliance, affinity, consanguinity, Christianity, can contain them, but if they be any ways offended, or that string of commodity be touched, they fall foul."

from Astrology: "The moon represents Instinct and Habit, born of heredity, the Personality, feeling, memory, imagination, receptivity, impressionability, Desire for new experience...It signifies the mother, the wife in a male nativity, the common people, sailors, shopkeepers, those whose work is connected with liquids. If afflicted, there is passivity, caution, negativity, moodiness, fancifulness and inconstancy."

When you start searching for 'pure elements' in literature you will find that literature has been created by the following classes of persons:

1. Inventors. Men who found a new process, or whose extant work gives us the first known example of a process.

2. The masters. Men who combined a number of such processes, and who used them as well or bettern the inventors.

---POUNDS

"As among Chaucer's canterbury pilgrims, or oriental ones, there was no lack of variety. Natives of all sorts, and foreigners; men of business and men of pleasure; parlor men and backwoodsmen; farm-hunters and fame-hunters; hereiss hunters, gold-hunters, buffalo-hunters, happiness-hunters, truth-hunters, and still keener hunters after all these hunters. Fine ladies in slippers and moccasined squaws; Northern speculators and Eastern philosophers; English, Irish, German, Scotch, Danes, Octaroons and swarthy Spaniards; Santa Fe traders in striped blankets, and Broadway bucks in cravats of gold; Kentucky boat-men and Japanese looking Mississippi cotton-planters; Quakers in full drab, grinning Negroes, clay eaters and Indian chiefs solemn as high priests. In short, a piebald parliament, an Anacharsis Cloots congress of all kinds of that multiform pilgrim species, man."

SPECIAL TO THE MOON--PRESIDENT IN TOPEKA. The new president Rocky fluttered down to the plain like a bustard on a greenworm. AirForceOne, the flying object lesson. He anticipated the faces in the plain crowd awaiting him. A blind vendor made the rounds through the reporters and public officials selling lemonade soda and cotton candy. And Pepsi Cola only. It was oddly warm on the tarmac that February day. Rocky was coming, the man who will always smile and shake your hand, a goodfirm grip, but so much like palming a dead carp on the bank of the ugly Kaw. The governor is there, the good Wunty, the governor of the jayhawk state, or is it sunflower seed state? The grain alcohol basket of the National drunk. The governor pitifully tries to make political hay out of the President's visit, but it's like a dead cat in the drying machine, stinking up the state's laundry. No one here who watches television or owns a goat could have anything but contempt for the man, but here he is in the bread basket, on the banks of the National Trench. In the oval window of the great AFO I see him picking at a crust in his nose, feigning a casual nose-hair extraction. He was half asleep, the suit rumpled. A common man indeed. His eyes are like black cherries, the face like vanilla custard. Vern Miller, like Noxin, is still alive, at least not dead enough to bury, as Beckett sad of his mom and dad in Molloy, or perhaps himself, perhaps he said it of himself. Security. I'll mention security at the arrival: Robots. Knowing what a drab cliche it is I say Robots. No, it won't be like the Sci-Fi adolescents will have it. No robots. Not even sinister ones. It'll be plenty more cancer and cardiac arrest. We will sip chemical soda, sitting around with nothing to do, waiting for the end. It won't be a sudden whoof. We will have little pains here and there, teeth will rot, the breathing will sour. Here is the best security for this ass hole in a dark suit and three unshaved whiskers spiraling on his throat. I hate the man on sight as I knew I would. A blue eyed robot, rigid, with eyes shifting systematically in the gridwork of the small assemblage. Farts are mostly methane? A fart can explode. None of us dare fart around the president. We must wear baloon like sacks hanging out of our asses. I suspect Rocky really did play with his helmet on in those days, despite the rumors, but alas he has it off now. President Rocky likes to smoke Flying Dutchman in a hickory pipe, and so do his kids. While house majority leader under President Lyndon (R.I.P.) this president used to criticize Lyndon on the grounds that the latter was not fighting nearly enough or spending nearly enough money in Viet Nam. Frenzied clutch of people grasping to see him, bankers pushing little girls away, lapels pulled rudely, police like black dogs moving with Rocky. More carp handshakes. No niggers in the crowd. All wimpy whites. At one point it was over, the time frame closed on the episode. He gets back on the plane and flies off in a wake of black smoke and hideous noise. The leader. Fact: he was never elected president or vice president. But we (kissy Kissinger) prefer that other nations elect their officials by popular vote. Who elected Buford Watson? Who elected the Lawrence City Planning Commission? Did you? Heart heavy--Reporter Milton.