

EACH WHINING THING

When striped snakes shall creep upon us
 And the nervous screams of birds
 Make silent all the fountains and the orchards and when these
 Have caught upon the wing each wing
 That flutters from the sky
 Then shall I and then shall I
 Rip out the smiles from garden walks
 Transform the minnows into hawks
 Tarantulas and bees
 Then shall I and then shall I
 Unmake each whining thing

---1929
 P. Bowles

EDITORIAL

What is this new pedal car craze all about. It reminds us of the old days when men and women had some dignity in what they drove but no. As the world turns madder and more sour every passing second we at the lower farm recommend a stop to this demented slap in Wormbrand's face. We have surrounded the lower farm with pain process agents plus a security force and we have the comfort of seeing their campfires aglow as we hack and hew this paper together by the dim flow of kerosene lamps and old flash pots. We will tolerate no further entry to these grounds at all. Only last week the late house agent uncovered a device from the enemy planted in the pissoir. Impeach the Cox - Sacker. O.

PRESIDENT?



OH, JOY!

And now America has the first occidental animal president in the White House. He is tall and owl-like, with brown spots, an overall shapelessness, and a grinding beak inside a radular mouth. His laundered shirts are no sooner doffed than soiled. His skin sores are always messing up the presidential linens, and his so called face sticks to the pillow. The Lincoln room carpets have been fouled repeatedly by his incontinent droppings. His limousine is like a hog's trough. Inside sources have seen him eating live crabs in the White House alley by the garbage cans in full daylight. Sometimes you'll find him sleeping in the back seats of public busses, snoring like a buzz-saw and attracting all manner of flies. He wings his way to Memphis and engages in sordid reverie, frequenting the brothels there and sodomizing the citizenry in more ways than one, and they are helpless to complain, because he is the commander-in-chief. However, the way we look at it, all things considered, he's the very best we've ever had. He is too busy grovelling and messing himself to think about war. His major accomplishment in the legislature has been the zoo reform bills pending. In many ways, he is gentle like a dog. He did not embarrass us in front of the world when he ate a goat's leg in the Senate. All ambassadors have been caged and given straw.

Born near Little Rock, the animal president lay useless as a stone for many years, an outrage to those who claimed that no animal could descend from the loins of a woman. He was not an animal in the ordinary way. His body was never fitted for so much as a day of work, he hated the sun, he humped about at night in his room, and his poor parent's found their lawn littered in the morning with all manner and species of trash, some of it abusive in nature. They received hate calls on the phone, vicious attacks by nameless parties. And so one day, when a moving van arrived to take their progeny from them, they did not raise a whisper against it, though they knew no more why the van came than why their son had come in the first place.

Though he is a carnivore, the animal president has a fondness for pastry. Hot donuts are served to him each morning, when the laborious process of changing the sheets begins again.

Though he is an animal, he is the only president we have, and so should receive our respect and attention. We say Hail to the Chief, his easy going ways are attractive and new. May those who doubt some day wake up with cotton in their mouths--and may those who lie, die. O-M

SCENE VI

It is our fault we love only the skull of Beauty
 Without knowing who she was, of what she died.
 We have the thief's guilt, but not his booty,
 The liar's spasm without ever having lied.
 The sick locust scrapes his injured song,
 His thorax only partially destroyed.
 Retching is prohibited. It's wrong.
 The murderer feels no hate he can avoid.

Now flies bite worst where the skin is broken.
 Illness triumphs. Lesions. Soon tumors sprout.
 The bloated plants quiver, the seeds will be shaken.
 "Your head's bashed in, darling. Look out."

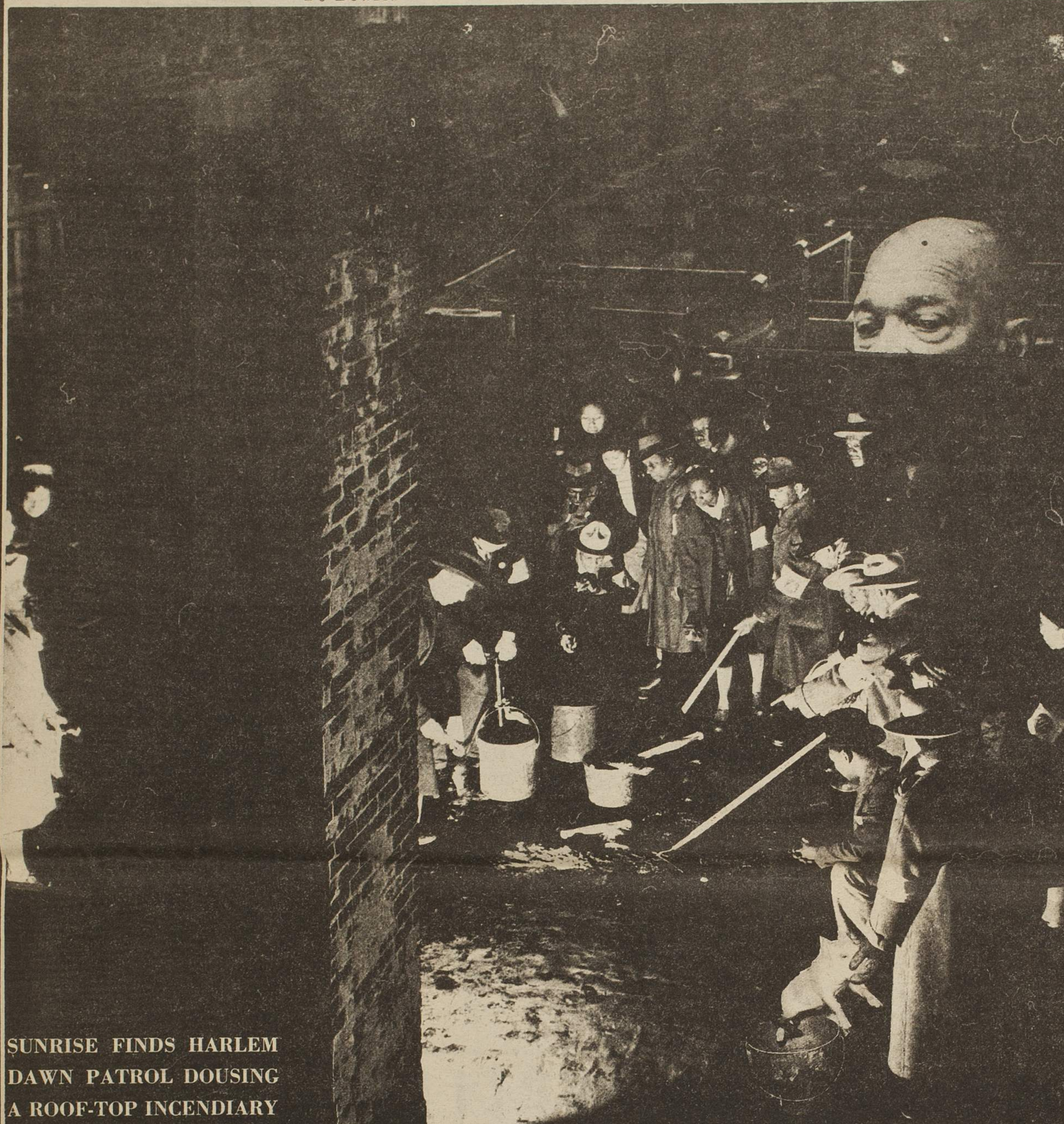
--1940
 P. Bowles

NO MATTER WHERE YOU GO THERE YOU ARE

I should find a clothing for this face
 some pellicle more dense than th
 this tainted carnival of canvas tented over bone
 too easily pierced by any gazing Other--
 a change of color, something to conceal the blood
 an ochreous, perhaps an iron hue.
 My teeth already spell Muskogee
 conciliating all the train conductors
 A smiling public countenance I'll cultivate
 lit at the gap with gleams of dental deceit.

In later years beneath a mat of tangled beard
 he was given upon examination to declaim,
 Literature is alright my friend but still requi -i -ires
 the counterpoint of your experience--
 Then he would smile.

Pound



SUNRISE FINDS HARLEM
 DAWN PATROL DOUSING
 A ROOF-TOP INCENDIARY

D-Parties at Wuntex

The pot parties of the 50's have evolved into their present form, the D-parties of the 70's. Look for them at Wuntex University of the South and Technical Arts. The only thing is, we wish they'd stop spiking the D with Estell-B, which brings us down badly. About the eighth day you begin to wonder what the party is all about, but you know it is some party. That's the beauty of these new drugs--they function like a memory dump.

Dear Moon:

We wish to apologize for absenting ourselves at the recent half-time at the Kukla-Collins game. At noon conference with the Chancellor, Dykes, communication broke down and we were not permitted to demonstrate the New Vegetable Life Matter Fluff at the game.

Needless to say, we regret the Chancellor's blind side. People have the bright light of illumination shine in their eyes then, like racoons will on the roadside, turn hypnotized into the light, then shake their heads and hurry on. This has always been the way with homo sapiens, and so we feel little rancor towards it.

But that does not diminish our resolve, which continues undiminished, however unrequited, like love. We intend now to redouble our efforts, to make it perfectly clear, that we will persevere.

Are you interested in helping us? If so, be at the new Bob's Place this Sunday at 8:30. Join us for breakfast consisting of eggs (ranch-style), hash brown, white bread toast and margarine plus coffee, all made from the new Vegetable Life Matter in front of your eyes. After breakfast we go out on the sidewalk and generate a harmless dog, from the same material.

Yours in the future,

Art and Jim

The Scientists and Salesmen of Pensivex.

TRACTS

DOPE IN AMERICA

Debbie Reynolds is dead. Why? Because she swallowed Draino in a public bathroom. Why did she do that? Because she was high on the new and ultrapower dope called Sominella 43. This drug is new and affects everybody--but in a different way in each case. It might make you think you're at a d-party and it might make you think you're ruptured, you might be in Sach's and you might be in Woolworth. No matter what, you can't abuse it, or it will turn on you like a Doberman after you've nurtured in peacefully for a number of years. It'll come at you with a bleeding hunk of your subconscious and a bone to pick, so temper yourself when you use it. Estsell B Sominella 43 is its official name. It was approved by the new I-formation Cabinet of the animal president.

Another drug, LSD, was discovered by Dr. Paul Hagarth at the University of Basil in 1943. City volunteers drank it in small paper cups mixed with a cherry flavored-liquid, were placed in small cells, and endured convulsions lasting up to 6 hours and had terrible hallucinations, like so many of today's hippies.

Coffee, honey cola, lemon juice are all dope. In some ways all things are dope, and the dopes hooked on alcohol are the worst of all. They are the vomity bar-room killing type that haunt the jailhouses of America and hardly worth being here. Wake up America. Get off the dope for the BICENTENNIAL. The pioneers did not have dopes and hung in fine, let's fling the dope out the door like it was excrement. Let's live a little. Amnesty for Nixon, let's forgive everybody America, no one is guilty. Debbie Reynolds is dead. And nobody is guilty.

Gov. Wunt
 North Kansas