"He has amazing powers, something in his genes they tell me, and he's working with the Agency nowadays."

We went up the alley, into a basement room through a low doorway. There were wooden foldingchairs arranged in rows of ten, a small plyboard stage at one end, a single caneback chair at center stage, a yellow bulb suspended directly above it. Bedsheets had been tacked on three sides to cover a sooted furnace and a water heater.

Diaz led me to the last row and we sat down. He dropped the stub of his Camel on the floor, put a match to a half-smoked cigar, brought a City Moon from under his coat and began to gloss it. He said, "Have you been reading about the belled parrot,

I told him no, that I hadn't been reading the papers much.

A few plainspeople came in and took seats. The women wore bluish hair, had falling triceps, the men smelled of drugstore tonic.

Diaz suggested we go backstage, to see if we could get a look at Oneba before he went on. He might possibly give us the word, Diaz said. The word on the Chinawoman. "He isn't as ugly as you think he is, Farbo. You'll see."

In a dim passage at the rear of the basement we waited to see him. Two small mushrooms with golden crowns were growing out of a rotted floorbeam.

We saw him sitting at a vanity table, propped with pillows in a rolling chair, his twisted feet in a wide corduroy bag, tied with a bowstring at the ankles. He was wrapped in a white bathrobe, its hood pulled over his face.

Jo Jo, seeing us there, admitted us. She held out her hand. I took it awkwardly a moment, the touch of my flesh made her wince. Diaz said, "She is incredibly delicate," in a whispered aside.

Diaz asked Jo Jo if we might beg the One a question or two.

A rasp, as dry reeds in a low windswell, apparently from the hood of terrycloth, attracted our attention, and the clatter of porcelain teeth. Oneba was saying something. The voice was like no voice at all, the croak of a boated fish.

Several bowls of bright needles sat on the vanity. Jo Jo said, "Oneba has anticipated your question. He says 'Mississippi in the morning.' This is the ex-

From the pocket of his robe Oneba withdrew two Agency envelopes. Jo Jo conveyed them to Diaz and myself and quickly ushered us from the moldy little

Most of the seats were occupied at this point,

could hear coins hitting tin.

We sat down again, this time closer to the front. Jo Jo came on, hands folded piously in the center of her chest.

She said, "Soon Oneba will come. He will drift in trance through the plasmodium, the way ameba do, of no weight or substance, and return to us with a seed of life in the palm of his hand and a message from the underworld."

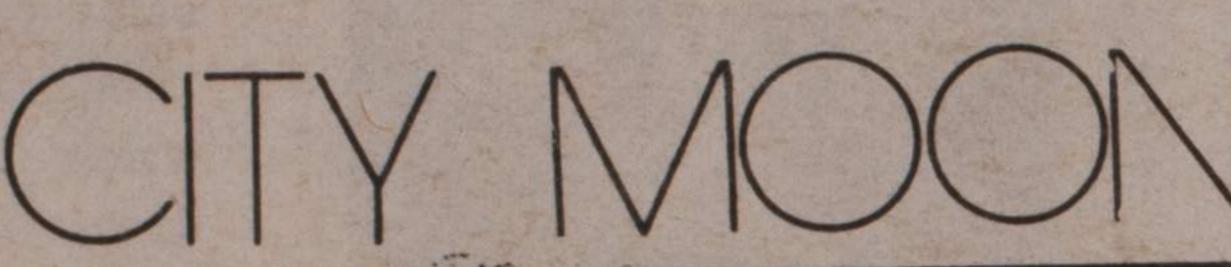
I felt a congealment of energy in the basement. A woman in the audience said, "Will he do the needlework we been reading about?"

Jo Jo said, "Yes, he will. And will then spin the teetotum and tell a story."

A scattered light applause here.

Diaz said, "Looks like a good show." The Agency envelope stuck out of his coat pocket.

The coffee can came down our row and each of us dropped in a dollar.





## By David Ohle

Oneba appeared from the dark behind the bedsheet curtains, lifting himself apelike, with his fists like feet on the stage. He took his place in the caneback chair, his features still obscured in the

Diaz said. "This is where he goes into the trance

Jo Jo's fingers stroked Oneba's throat. She said, "As you see, he is like crabs of the sea and turtles of the land, if he is rubbed in a certain way he flies to morphia in no time at all. There, already he is at the bottom of the trance."

(Cont p. I). . his family and be-

gan putting them in his mouth, they

say, amid a spell of muffled sobbing.

In less than 15 minutes all was lost,

asks, why should an innocent towelette

the man running to the men's room to

die in a bluefaced choke. The Moon

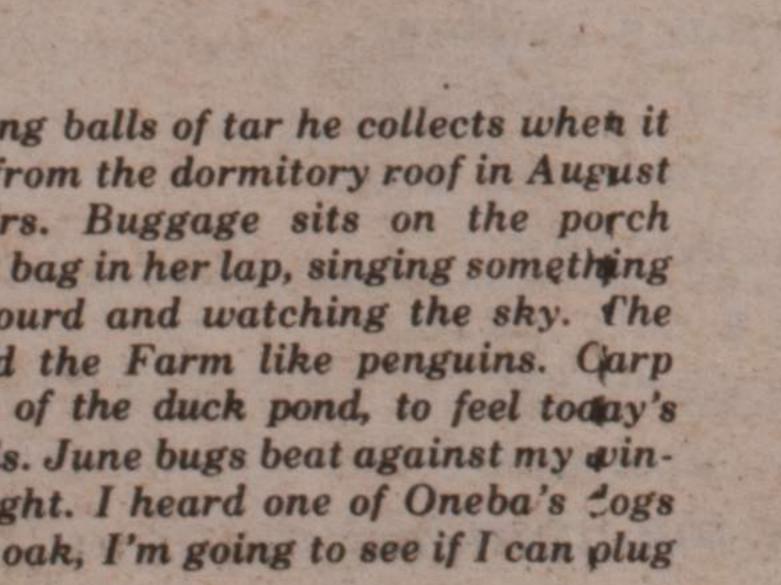
aid an already diminished man lower

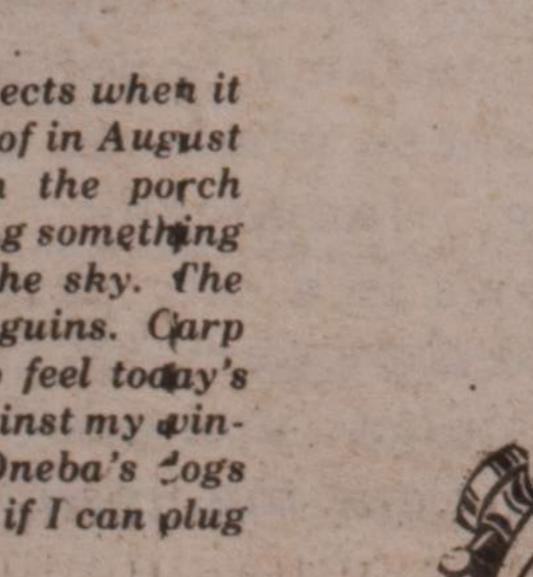
the boom of so rough a suicide on

himself?

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Someone in the audience said, "God, look at that

At this point Jo Jo left the stage briefly and came back with the teetotum under a chamois cloth.

She swept the chamois from it and revealed the teetotum and all the penny-sized mirrors around its

Oneba returned from the trance, Jo Jo helping him to steady his balance as he heaves himself to

the front of the stage. Diaz said, "This is it. Watch this."

Jo Jo stepped forward, Oneba turned about, she lifted the hem of his bathrobe to reveal the needlework.

A low hum of excitement in the room.

His leathery buttocks were exposed, the scrotal sack between the muscled legs, needles trussing pinches of skin wherever there was a space, inserted either sideward or upward, none in any other direction, spots of dry blood covering him like

"He looks like a porcupine," I said to Diaz, who was absorbed in the show and didn't hear me. "Does Jo Jo put them in?" I asked him, a little louder this time, but still he didn't respond.

A plainsman in the audience said, "The amazing ass hole, look at that bird up there. He's numb as a

Light applause again, and a period of silence. Jo Jo dropped the hem of the robe.

I told Diaz I was going outside to take a breath of fresh air and have a smoke.

"Farbo, you'll miss the best part." Jo Jo spun the teetotum, the little mirrors throwing rods of light through the basement, a shrill whistle coming from it, the bore of its point noisy on the

Oneba turned to face us again. "The story, Farbo. Listen to the story.

In a clarified voice, free of the rasp it had earlier Oneba spoke to us: "According to Shen-nung the use of the feet of the hedgehog for various stomach troubles was common during the time of Pieh-Lu. The feet were roasted black and mixed with noxa. the ash with oil was applied to the chest of a quarrelsome infant. The otter's liver, given warm for chronic coughs, malaria, debilitating sweats, nervousness, weakness after child-birth, anal fistula, eaten by Mongols for retention of urine." He

I told Diaz again that I was going to the alley for a

"Stick it out, Farbo. He'll generate a dog after a bit. This is no time to be leaving."

I said, "Peat moss and stage magic, Mr. Diaz. I don't mind missing it. I've seen enough."

THE DOGMATIC PURITY OF THE PIECE, MAY HAVE SLIPPED INTO MERE CLEVER COMPETENCE?

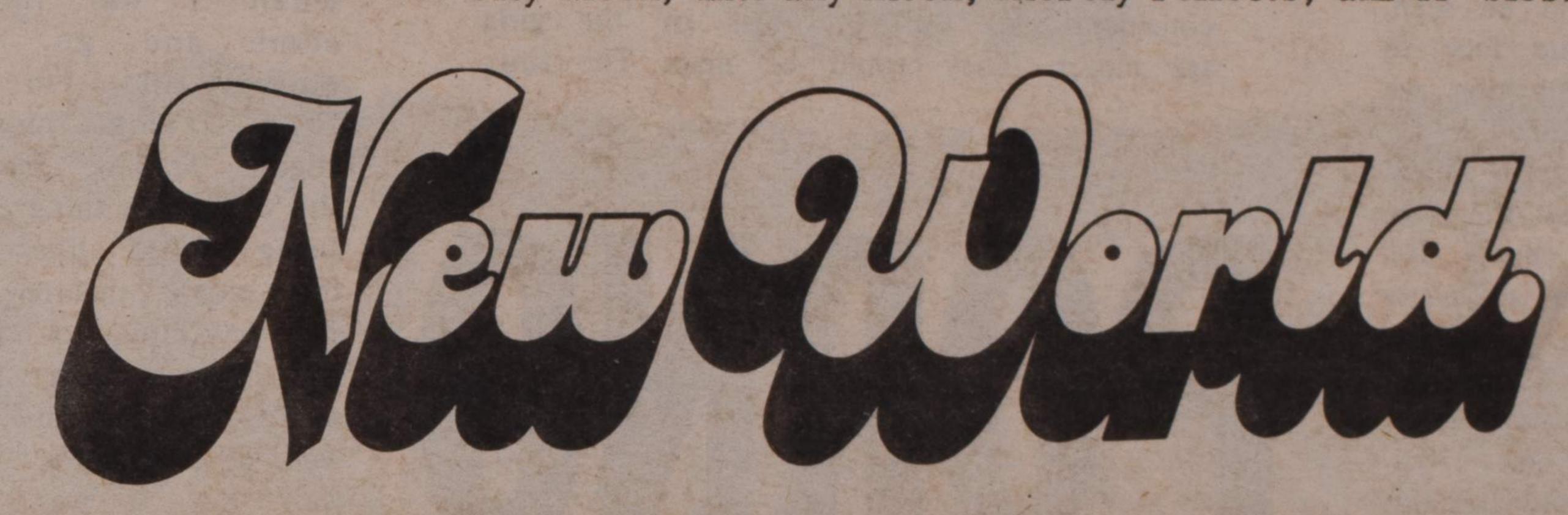
"What a lot of needles there are, Malte, and how they lie about everywhere, and when you think how easily they fall out . . . " She tried to say this playfully; but terror shook her at the thought of all the insecurely fastened needles that might at any instant, anywhere, fall into something.

day at the circus .....

LIPLESS CULTURE NOTES, Ed. Ohle. "The loss of consciousness was never any great loss" -- Mao dies again. A yellow rock beach, a stretch of sand, automatic gulls cracking above, little sunlight, a flocculus in the welkin, the veriest hint of a blister mist in the atmosphere. Green brackish water lapping at crab holes, needlefish sewing in the wave swells. Dark approaches, dry palm fronts lash and whip the air. This Holy City beach is still free of Lipless presence. Diggings here have unearthed dry stomachs of the ancient past, containing traces of muscle dust, and we then must conclude no other than that the lipless fed on themselves, almost exclusively. The tit nipples of elder women, for the most part moribund, at the least approaching death, are bunted and lipped and stored in limestone a single season, then planted, though never reaped. The lipless engage in complex games, darting like lizards among the cornrows. Hollowed mellons, desicated in sunlight, served as hats. Excreta salted and yeasted and baked into a hard and foul bread. Lipless warriors assembled in two-man circles to smoke the leaf of the jujube. Surreptitiously entering enemy campings under the deadly grey of moonless evenings, sharpened poles in hand, to stir up the wormbeds of the sleeping lipless victims. Gauze curtains were draped over lipless mouths so that silver teeth would not show up in battle's light. The lipless children played many a game in their fashion -- bag race, stop-motion wrestling, and various fish-bladder and placent a ball tossing activities. Semi-erectile penises, the wearing of ceremonial penis-sox and goathair brows at social gatherings, hanging labia. The male presents his ejecta in an animal scrotum bag to the female, who receives him then to suck and gum her breasts in a spongy way, draws back, injests ejecta. No offspring is produced this way. Nothing more is known of the Lipless, no conclusions, no summary, and how the young come remains in obscurity.

At 12:30 in the morning two residents of Swansea were driving down Dunvant road when the pavement suddenly collapsed into a pit nearly ten meters deep. The stink of rotted flesh rose out of the hole. The subsidence disrupted gas and other services in Swansea. The residents say they expect further subsidences in the near future. The remains of some 200 dogs had been discovered. . . A fireball of at least 12 magnitude (brighter than the full moon) entered the skies over LIBERTY HEIGHTS at approximately 0311 GMT. Five tracking-camera stations along its route photographed it. Nothing is revealed thusfar. . . A massive surge in the Eyjabakkajokull Glacier on the North-Northeast part of Vatnojokull was observed in the autumn of 1972. The glacier suddenly advanced half a kilometer. The City Moon, like any moon, merely reflects, and is blessed with little GRAVITY.

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GERALD R.

FALL GARDENING by Editor Pounds

Which pest is most pestilential to most people? This is the question most frequently put to this columnist by his readers. The slug, the wasp, the caterpillar, the bot, the wireworm, the aphid, root maggot, or the ant? This last industrious bug is more of an enemy to the gardener than the garden, though it can cause the collapse of plants, not by eating the roots but by tunneling underneath them. But stacks of postcards and inky screams from the manic and frustrated indicate that it is quite high up the league table of insects least liked. It can crawl, it can fly, it emits noxious odors in the household, it dances and it always seems to be busy coming up from somewhere or going somewhere else. It can go through closed windows or doors and has an IQ of 160 (estimated).

There are plenty of ant killers on the market and perhaps none is better than the well tried derris or pyrethrum rust, but to be effective these killers have to be placed in the nest cunningly so that you get a corporate extermination. The hunter needs to study and imitate the insidiousness of the ant in order to find his nest without too much bother. When they are at their busiest, which is usually when they are making the biggest nuisance of themselves, put down a few grains of treated white sugar among them. After a few moments thought one will pick up a grain of sugar and set off home to mother, and you can very soon clean out the nest. 

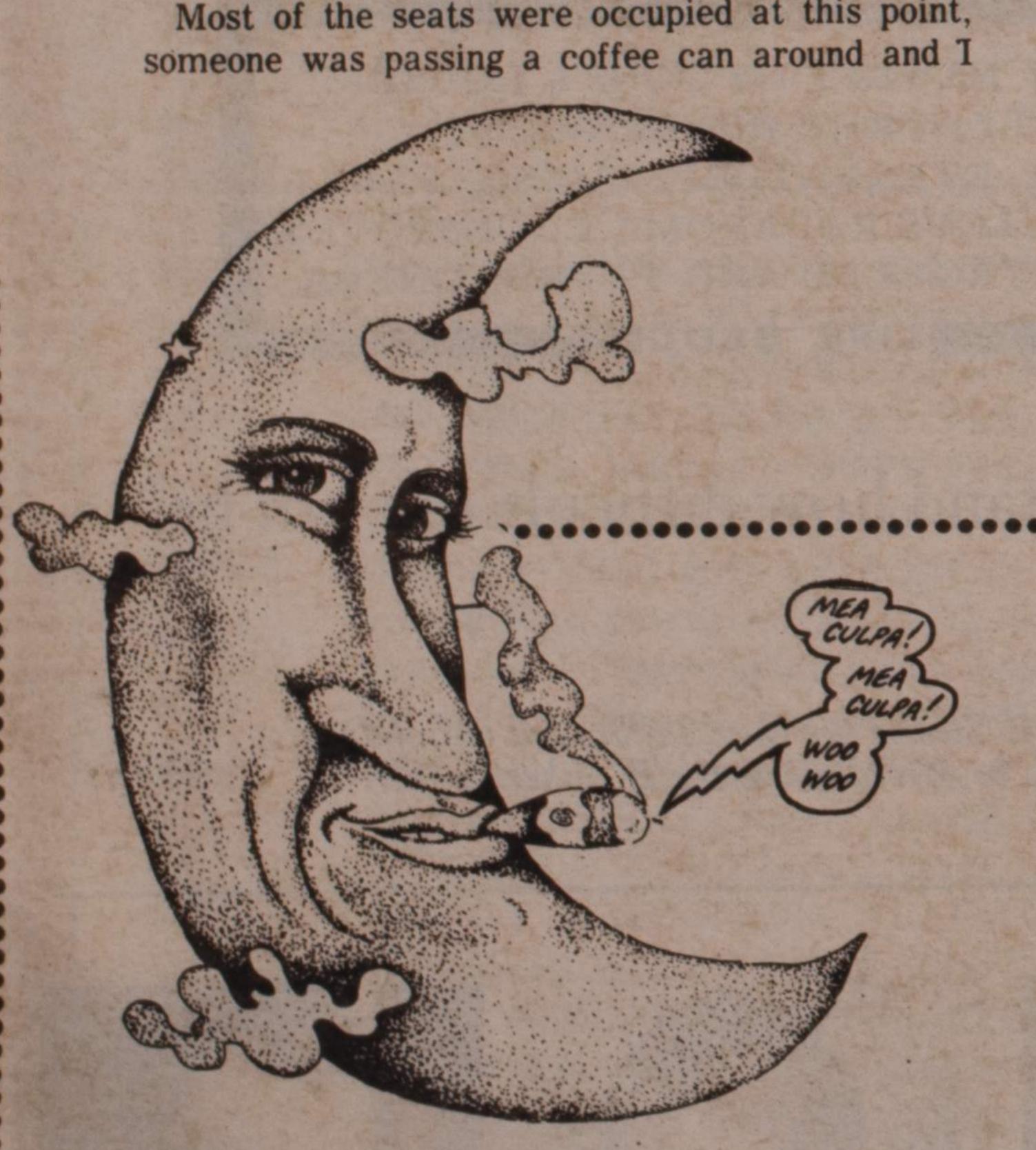
Gulf of Mexico Cyanide Spill, November 2, 1973, Gulf Coast, U.S.A. In early August of 73 the Mexican ship Puebla collided with the Panamanian ship Perseus about 90 mi. off Cape Catoche on the Yucatan Peninsula. As a result of this collision 390 steel drums aboard the Puebla, some containing potassium cyanide, were released into the Gulf of Mexico. The Coast Guard of the U.S. was not informed for one month. Ten days after the spill a tropical storm swept through the Gulf, scattering the drums widely. Since there is clockwise current in the Gulf. some of them washed up on U.S. shores. Beginning November 2, seven open and leaking barrels were found at various locations along the Texas Gulf Coast from Corpus Christi to Brownsville. These barrels were transported to a depot at Corpus Christi for eventual disposal. Why does it all go to Corpus Christi? The remaining ones (383) remain floating or submerged somewhere in the Gulf of Mexico, each a potential time bomb of hideous death.

Dear City Moon, Although my childhood is a fairly long ways behind me I have never quite gotten used to the act of brushing my teeth. The rapid, repetitive up-and-down in-and-out motions and the discommodious spilling and slurping of toothpaste down my lips and the sides of my mouth, have always struck me as somehow unnatural. Perhaps I associate these rapid motions applied to oneself with some other, more guilty, practice in solitary. Can you help me, Hyacinth. Yours, J.G., the Bowery.

Dear Bowery Boy, Hey! Love with your mind. Don't be fucking with it if you are fortunate to have one in the first place. Most men have a dick. Some have a dick and somewhat of a mind. Every once and awhile there is a man with a mind and a dick and a heart particle. One time I knew a man who had a big heart. And he loved people. Had a gigantic heart . . . for a man . . . Women are safe when they find their man. Men are never safe and have to search for the peace of a woman, the shelter of a woman, all their lives. Men must continually renew their strength through the respect of other men. To have yourself inside of you, as a woman does, is much more secure than to have it outside and be fearful of losing it all the time.

Ed. Note: Hyacinth, of Austin, TX, will in the future answer all queries of a social or fetid nature, and write of various matters in these pages. Write her.

Shark Fact: The male shark has two penises, called claspers, which during intercourse become hard and are thrust into two corresponding holes in the female's underside as the male grasps her with astoundingly strong teeth. Moon Fact: Deaf (correctly pronounced 'deef') Smith has perfect pitch and isn't deaf at all, whereas Blind Lemon Jefferson was certifiably blind as a cave bat. Come down to the HUNGER ART CAFE.



PRINCE CHUCK

got something."

It has been reported that when prince Charles sat-recently for a bronze likeness, he conversed with the sculptor of theater, music, archeology, vandalism, violence, education, and royal protocol. A photographer from the Sunday Time later aid of the crown prince, "In him, they've

Ozalo always chewing balls of tar he collects when it drips like molasses from the dormitory roof in August and September. Mrs. Buggage sits on the porch swing, her shopping bag in her lap, singing something about a drinking gourd and watching the sky. The drizzle on their heads. June bugs beat against my window screens last night. I heard one of Oneba's Logs wailing at the dead oak, I'm going to see if I can plug