the once upon a time stories by Opal Louis Nations

Lovenly sickness experienced in love.

...Shinella grew so beautiful.

And Mice of birth ill-natal And first-rate disagreed.
But woe is me! they erred so
We will not here record,
But be assured they had the best
The season could afford.

The feast concluded, toasts went round,
In water from the rills;
And then eight musical frogs and Mice
Got up to dance quadrilles.
the once upon a time stories
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“Watch Out for Obscure Publications”
Once upon a time stories

By Opal Louis Nations

Obscure Publications 2004
"I want to thank all of you for the wonderful part you've played in making things better for others."

"Oh, no!" said Miss..."

It was fun to make care..."
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Opal Louis Nations
Introduction

The "Once Upon A Time" stories were conceived at a time when, crossing a bridge, my work moved from fiction based on a thread of fact to fact with a small, almost undetectable amount of fiction. I had started out in the late 1960s as an artist who wanted to write fiction purely for fun. I had conceived no plans; all was stream of consciousness. As a growing number of persons sought out my work, I began to consider with a little concern the direction in which I was headed. I steered toward writing experimental fiction in the broadest sense of the word. My thinking was I would draw would-be new readers away from the easy habit of watching television by writing words in pictures. I wanted to be the most absurdist writer one could imagine. My goal was to replace the glass-fronted box in every household.

Having reached a point where I was beginning to write books about books I had never intended writing, I set about inventing texts from preconceived formulas, i.e. the writing or fictionalizing of various synopses from classic literature, or the displacement of words in a poem by the rule of replacing each noun and verb with words which might follow on the page of a household dictionary.

These literary games and devices became more complex. I needed to write a "key" preceding each text. With this said, I again came to a point where I thought I needed to find new readers. My second interest was the collection and study of African American popular music from the 1940s and 1950s. Gospel Quartet was my particular focus. Taking factual, oft-times musical, biographical material, I added a fictional, sometimes absurdist twist. The idea was to meddle with factual things just a tad. In my current occupation as musical biographer and liner note writer of actual people and events, living or dead, I have to stay within the boundaries of known fact. I had a ball creating the "Once Upon A Time" collection of which we have had to scale down a bit to meet space limitations. I hope you enjoy reading them.

--- Opal Louis Nation
December 2003
Once upon a time there lived two gurus. Guru #1, Down Load, thought that the true meaning of life resided in the nape of the neck and spent his time walking about with the right index finger placed firmly over this spot to indicate to all just how strongly he thought this was so. Guru #2, Software, thought the true meaning of life was centered at the crown of the head and spent his life strolling about, his right index finger placed firmly over this spot to demonstrate the strength of his faith. Standing side by side, the two gurus looked like a flower pot and a tea cup, but this was not the end of it. Mentors #3 and 4, who as it turned out were both women, practiced a physical method of spiritual healing. This involved a specific finger massage. #3, whose name is withheld, applied healing fingers to the nape of the neck. It was her belief that during treatment tingly sensations would occur, and it was these perceptions that directed one to the source of the true meaning of life. Guru #4, whose name is also withheld for tax purposes, likewise practiced a similar therapy. This also involved regional finger massage. #4 differed from #3 in respect to location. #4 believed that an awareness of the true meaning of life came to the subject whose crown was gently stimulated with tireless fingers. All hell broke out when all four tried vigorously to enforce their personal beliefs on each other.

After a time, a period spent first in argument and then compromise, an agreement was reached. It was held that the true meaning of life only came to mind when one scratched the back of one's head. This generally accepted theory lasted until Guru #5 came along, who postulated that no true meaning to life had evolved and that life's true meaning lay in one's death. This made itself manifest at a startled moment when the subject is suddenly pounced upon by a person or persons who have leapt from out of nowhere, eyes bulging, tongue extended with hands rigidly placed above the head in the form of branched horns or antlers.
Once upon a time in a far distant land lay two villages spaced no more than a couple of miles apart. The villagers of Briskley worshipped the God Purge. Purge was the God of sprinting so the Briskers ran a lot and kept fairly healthy and trim. A system of tribute was worked out whereby all did their fair share of active praise once a day. Young children between the ages of four and ten ran between seven and eight every morning, including weekends; youngsters between eleven and thirteen, between eight and nine a.m. Teens legged it between ten and eleven and young adults an hour thereafter so that all puffed and perspired in the name of Purge. Folks over thirty usually did an hour stint in the afternoon but this excluded senior citizens who were ascribed thirty minutes each day before tea time. Everyone ran on weekends which greatly troubled the folks of neighboring Squatford who had to endure wave upon wave of sweaty bodies as they stomped and wheezed through their neighborhood without rest during the daylight hours.

Now the villagers of Squatford worshipped an equally singular God also. The Squatties' God was called Reclinus, and the people worshipped Reclinus by keeping with them at all times during the day a folding chair or seat. This meant that on the hour every hour, from sun-up to sundown, the Squatties would break out their chairs, seats, stools, couches, and recliners upon which for a period of ten minutes they would quietly sit cross-eyed and bolt upright in reverence to their almighty God—Reclinus (later referred to as the patron saint of all couch potatoes.) Sometimes Squatties would squat directly in the path of ongoing sweaty Briskers, and as was considered courtesy at this time, the Briskers would skirt around. Tension gradually increased. The Squatties were cheesed off with the constant thomp-thomp of feet and agonizing gasps for breath. The Briskers were niggled with having to run an obstacle course every day.

The trouble started when Fred W. Dormant, a Squattie upholsterer, stuck out his foot just as an unsuspecting Brisker, one Percy Lint, a sweatband sales representative, was jogging by. Down
went Percy in the mud, his nose and knees covered in muck. Percy swore revenge, and that was how things began to unravel. That evening Percy and his pals gathered in a secret meeting at one of the many giant sneaker and sweatsuit supermarket chains. Almost all the working folk thereabouts were employed in the sportswear business. Late the next night, a bunch of Briskers broke into a Squattie furniture and upholstery warehouse and vandalized the place. Not a single stick of furniture remained intact.

From then on it was outright war. Rows of cross-eyed Squatties blocked all roads and paths. Squads of Briskers formed raiding parties while others stayed at home indoors worshipping quietly on expensive pieces of Nordic Track. The regional economy slumped as factory warehouses and retail outlets burned to the ground. Out of work people went without food. Some were desperate and sought a peaceful resolution. During a brief truce Brisker and Squattie delegations met one evening on neutral turf and an agreement was drawn up. This lead to the construction of rickshaw factories all over the region. Crafts persons from the far east were sought. Both sets of villagers lived in peace again as contented, cross-eyed Squatties sat in rickshaws drawn by happy sweaty Briskers jogging all the while from Briskley to Squatford and back again.
Once upon a time in the far distant land of Resignation stood The Earl of Urine's castle. The Earl had tried desperately to find a wife, but none would marry him. This was due to his awful name. So one day he changed it to Erlene and his luck changed. The Earl's first wife was the Lady Grimborne. Lady Grimborne had a keen eye and a flashing whiplash-like tongue. The latter she applied to the sport of catching house flies. Indeed, Lady Grimborne had an absolute relish for meat on the wing. She would spend days slurping around the East Wing wiping out whole nests that lurked in darkened eaves. The sound of her protuberance was unbearable and like fifty knaves sucking gruel all at once. At seasonal balls her behavior was downright embarrassing. During a waltz, Lady Peave had her pearl necklace sucked off. It seems that a fly was about her person and had landed on the back of Lady Peave's neck. The Earl of Erlene went to great pains in an effort to smooth things over. Soon horrible stories and dreadful tales spread about Resignation concerning the Earl's wife's behavior. One rumor had it that a number of farming folk had seen the lady out in the pastures among the Herefords sucking up blue-bottles. The Earl could no longer suffer the disgrace and sought help from his chief advisor, one Pumfrey Hurgle. Together they came up with a plan. During dinner, a freshly killed fly was dropped into Lady Grimborne's wine goblet at which time her attention was drawn away in conversation. Unbeknown to the Lady, her wine had been spiked with a deadly poison. "Look my dear!" exclaimed the Earl, "a fly has pitched itself into your vino." It did not take but a fraction of a second before said carcass was sucked up, and with enough soaked-up poison to do the trick. How strange Lady Grimborne looked stretched out as dead as a dodo on the banquet hall floor, her long blue distended tongue limp and torpid.

After a respectful period of mourning, the Earl put about for a second wife. During this time the nobleman experienced a series of disturbing nightmares, a recurring dream wherein vast armies of anteaters foraged and pillaged the insect population. Rank upon rank
advanced, their long whip-like tongues lashing and flashing this way and that, so many thrusting oral organs in fact that many would get tangled up, some knotted in impossible twists and turns. Always at the head of this specter loomed Lady Grimborne, her eyes bulging like a horny toad's, her tongue slashing in staccato bursts of swordplay. Then as the startled Earl looked more closely, he could see that the victims were not wing-borne insects at all but terrified human beings. The Earl even recognized his personal valet and his bookie.

Every night Erlene would experience the same recurring dream and every night some small detail, at first imperceptible, would go through a process of enlargement and transformation. In the beginning a corner of the vision would clear and in its place an unfamiliar face would appear, one of great female beauty, golden hair, soft blue eyes, translucent skin, angelic appearance. The Earl then began to fear that this was in some way a symbol of death and departure, that a rescuing angel had come to pluck his wretched being out of darkness, snuff out his miserable earthly existence, and carry him off. At the same time he felt great joy and toyed with the idea that this pleasant manifestation was somehow linked to his quest for the ideal earthly partner with whom he would presumably find immense happiness for the rest of his days.

As the nights wore on the angelic figure made itself increasingly evident, the hands at first and then the slender appearance of its form clothed like a Grecian goddess in a Hustler Magazine-type wrap-around diaphanous gown. It was a week before the Earl could determine the size of her feet. The specter of Lady Grimborne faded from memory as the wonder of this splendid replacement continued to fill up his dreams.

One night the Earl dreamed that the lovely Daphne (for this was the name on the business card she had given him) had described to him a system of values quite marvelous in itself. It seems that Daphne came from a land totally without currency and tangible wealth. "The stuff we value most are ideas," she said, "and we freely give them out in a form of exchange. Wealthy are those who make sensible gain and innovative improvement through the use of ideas."
Where I come from," Daphne continued, "you don't actually see people and places and things as they may be expected to be seen, or does one see things as you would yourself imagine them. Things are seen as we, that is my fellow citizens and I, would have them be seen collectively. For example, your best friend might appear taller to the right than to the left, have one large and one small foot, be overweight in parts and underweight in others, etc. This description might not fit the view of another and indeed may not match the view the described persons may have of themselves."

All this confused the Earl and he sought solace away from it all with of course his lovely Daphne hovering close by. "Daphne," beseeched the Earl, "may we go somewhere where we can, at least, be alone with our newfound joy?" "Alas, we cannot," said Daphne. "You would surely wake up and all we have gained dreaming these nights past would be lost." "There must be a way we can have our cake and eat it, too?" questioned the Earl. "There's only one way to do that," said Daphne quietly. "Then let's do it," said the Earl firmly, desperate for the continuance of Daphne's charms. So a plan was drawn up whereby the two conspirators would swiftly, taking the victim by surprise, assassinate this story's author.
An Author Thought

Once upon a time an author thought that when a writer starts to bore the world with a fresh manuscript, it is a foredrawn conclusion that some kind of ending or end-beginning to whatever is started lurks somewhere in the final leaves so that said tome, fully spent, falls heavily to the left over the reader’s arm of the chair and lands with a crash on the floor, the final triumph being the reader’s last gasp or sigh of relief. Should this not prove final enough, or if the reader is unconvinced that all is at an end, the reader is asked to seek out a dark-colored cloth which should measure a foot and one half square. The reader is then asked to toss the cloth with reckless abandon over the reader’s own head so that all seen before is seen no more. A total and entire darkness. This, dear reader, is most certainly the end, said the author who desperately preferred early retirement to the sunny Islands of Loyalty off the coast of New Caledonia.

Having thus dispensed with a guaranteed ending, let us begin where we began. Once upon a time there lived an unfortunate individual whose family moniker was Platonic. Platonic started balding the moment he was born. It seems the more he reasoned the less he kept his hair. At fifteen years nothing remotely suggestive of furry mold grew on his pate. His major problem was Kant. Whenever Platonic mused on Kantianism, the philosophy maintaining that the mind, because of its nature, cannot know things as they are but rather interprets the data presented to it as spatio-temporal phenomena, and that reason, either in order to give a meaningful ground for experience or in order to make ethical conduct possible, may postulate things unknowable to it, such as the existence of God and of a personal immortal, his napper grew sumptuously shiny.

It was as if sparks leapt from the synapses, causing ectoplasmic-type fluids to pour fourth and give poor Platonic a head like a gypsy soothsayer’s crystal ball. The wind swished and swoshed about his orb enhancing considerably its glossy effect. All of a sudden, at an author’s whim, a dark cloth descended and covered like a canary for
the night the world of Platonic's sensory system. Total unforgiving darkness. Utter ruthless character assassination. Platonic is plucked in an instant from the main body of this text and set down beyond the guaranteed ending. Let us be a little charitable and state that Platonic has from now taken up the role of this unfolding manuscript's spiritual advisor. The spiritual advisor in any shape or form must accept the absolute finality of the dropped cloth and all it entails. Platonic will be born anew, just you see; like reworked clay he will again be fleshed out. For now, Platonic serves as a fully paid full room and board with all found spiritual guide.

At this point, and without prior warning, the storyteller's thoughts divided. It was as if he had to pay involuntary compensation. If a writer dispenses with a character for no reason other than the whim of the moment, some reparations have to be paid. The division of thought when materialized resembled that of the amoeba protozoan. In this instance, all good positive thoughts got swept by prevailing currents and were sent hurtling downstream. Conversely, by some knack or fluke known only to themselves, the negative thoughts tried desperately to paddle against the oncoming mainstream as if to do so required little determination. A mean, vicious streak if ever there was such a thing. Gaining momentum, the negs floated off into the blue-gray oblivion. At first receding. Finally to disappear altogether. On the other hand, our poor little brave positives fought for their insubstantial lives. Drawn by some strong undercurrent after another against which all were on the brink of despair, slowly and singly they began to lose hold and wither away. Helplessness spread like a plague. In the end only one positive remained alive, one solitary thought defied the sea of receding memory from which there was no turning back.

One theory for the solitary survivor's existence lies in the fact that it refused to become an intellectual product. Reduced its power to imagine itself. Its views became jumbled, the period, the place, the group, the individual, all became disorganized. Out of the window went serious consideration, even regard. But then the thought, because it could not remain in a non-fluid state, became something else. Something unabsorbed, a polluting byproduct. You might
think that out of all this some kind of super lughead would set itself upon mankind. An example of absolute stupidity. The living fossil of sub-person not far removed from some we know today. This newborn by-product or proto-thought materializes; it cannot die, so it has to find physical shape. It dresses in mismatched sports apparel. The hair is short and doubles as oven-cleaning steel wool or final fix for cleaning up around the bend in the toilet. It watches T.V. with the sound and picture off. Its name is Buck. Maybe Buck never threw away his pacifier. It stays with him at all times. Let us wave goodbye to Buck as he staggers into MacDonald's for breakfast. Meanwhile the author thought you should all be treated and says he is buying double cheeseburgers all round.
ABSOLUTELY STUPIDITY

TAGGERS INTO MC DONALDS
The Three Gospel Brushes

Once upon a time there were three gospel singing toothbrush gals who called themselves "The 3 Gospel Brushes." They were all born in Colgate County and could shake their stems like nobody's business. Thelma, the youngest, was corn-gold transparent and bore soft tresses. Gloria, the middle sister, was Nyquil green and possessed a good head of medium locks. Teresa, the eldest, was red opaque and sported a head of stiff, hard, teased out filaments. Gloria like the others loved the old traditional groups such as 'The Caravans and Davis Sisters and always took the lead on the latter's arrangement of "Jesus gave me water" (and it was not from the faucet.) Thelma preferred The Gospel Harmonettes and did a good all-round job on the choruses of their song "The handwriting on the bathroom wall." Teresa, on the other hand, liked lots of groups but favored The Cancer Ward Singers the most. Teresa gave her all on the Wards' styling of "Been dipped in the water." The household was out during weekdays, and this allowed the girls endless rehearsals in situ which was perfect because the bathroom's natural echo would make it easier for them to correct their mistakes. They had two songs in their repertoire which the trio could sing particularly well, "The old rugged brush" and "Go sailing through those old pearly whites."

The time came when they felt they were ready to go out into the world and get themselves on some gospel programs. The problem was that because none of them could drive, performances had to take place within reasonable jumping distance, which meant they had to be back in their holder before bedtime brushing. Their first public engagement was held one Sunday afternoon in the neighbor's bathroom when the inhabitants were out at a football game. The gig was an enormous success. The host brushes were enthralled as were all the bathroom fittings. Almost all the bottles in the medicine cabinet were saved. Spurred on by initial triumph, "The 3 Gospel Brushes" decided to put their names up for the local gospel sing-off contest held every other month at the corner pharmacy, "Amazing Place Drugs," also serving as a weekend storefront Baptist
Church. The girls were up against stiff competition. There were "The Softex 3" from Pycopay, "The Mighty Dental Therapeutics," "The ADA Specials," "The Proctor & Gamble Twins" plus local favorites, "The Sensational Sensodynes." The Rev. Oral Highjean stood in as presenter and m.c.

Rev. Highjean kicked off the proceedings with a reading from the sermon on the mouth. An unimpressive female quartet, "The Periodontals," opened the singing but were politely given the brush-off. Thelma, Teresa, and Gloria were midway down the program and were presented after "The Flying Clouds of Foam" had loosened up the audience considerably. The trio's rendition of "Milky White Way" went over quite well, but it was their barnstorming version of "Just a closer brush with Thee" that proved to be the clincher. When the voting was through, "The 3 Gospel Brushes" came in a comfortable third behind the victorious favorites "The Sensational Sensodynes" and a group from Molarsville called "The Golden Gums."

Pleased with instant acclaim, the trio struck out for home with their third place trophy, a brass plated floss-holder upon which were inscribed their names in bold script. The group practiced harder and harder. They had even improved their overall sound when Gloria mastered the toilet paper and comb and both Thelma and Teresa took to wearing abandoned toothpaste caps and invented an exciting form of gospel tap-dancing they called Plaque. Ah, but you should hear their bathroom rehearsals Sunday afternoon. The Q-tips flipped out of their box, the Band-aids ran amok, and the mouthwash got really bubbly. Once, a neglected tub of filthy bathwater parted into two equal but separate bodies of water. It was like Moses parting the Red (or I should say Dead) Sea.

Oddly, the Ajax danced recklessly on the floor scales, and the sleeping pills which up to a point had remained comatose, leapt about like a knot of frantic holy rollers. The music itself was sweet to the ear and certainly cleared up the damp and mildew deposits. Once during a positively high spirited version of "Let's go round the walls of amalgam," the shaggy bath-mat at a peak of ecstasy set its tufts on end. Shortly thereafter, "The 3 Gospel Brushes" gave a Backteeth Church concert and on the same bill were "The Pilgrim Cuspids" and
"The Fabulous Fillings of Root Canal." This time, the congregation truly fell out. A whole army of Alka Seltzer boys had to carry off those brushes who had fallen into a swoon. Bundled into stems of empty tipped-on-their-side Listerine bottles, the tooth-savers were rolled off to respective washroom receptacles where showerheads dutifully brought them round.

During Thelma, Teresa, and Gloria's set, the rubber-spiked mediums attacked the nail brushes and a riot ensued. But the fight was short lived due to the fact that the troublemakers were put down. They were buried in a glutinous sea of liquid soap, thus rendered harmless. The show went on and "The 3 Gospel Brushes" growing reputation exceeded all expectation. Soon the trio found a manager, one Drew L. Gargle, who had them signed to a five-year contract with Fluoride Records with whom they enjoyed lasting brushes with success.
Once upon a time there were four studious tombstones. Slab # 1, who signed himself Psalms, read the works of Edgar Allen Poe and grew steadily morose. Slab # 2, who had himself inscribed St. Peter, read Samuel Beckett, the result of which somehow shortened his sentences so that gradually St. Peter spoke less and less. Slab # 3 who was etched with the name John The Baptist read Antonin Artaud and continually consulted his subconscious. Lastly, Slab # 4, who was engraved with the name Paul, spent his time reading Via, the AAA travel magazine of the West. On Sunday nights they got together and sang songs from The Statesmen & Blackwood Bros. songbooks. Their timing was a little off-register and the singing itself a little eerie, but their rendition of "Glory, Glory" passed muster. It was their rendering of "I've been to the garden" that caused The Phipps Family Mausoleum to groan from its depths. Further, certain passages of "Who is going down in the grave with me?" sounded absolutely frightful, causing many freshly laid flower garlands to wilt prematurely. As readers of books, the four tombstones were admirable, but at evensong they were like a mass with all the candles blown out. If all four read aloud together and you alone had to jot down what was being said at the same time having to cope with the fact that each was trying to recite over the recitations of everyone else, the actual notes might read as follows:

"But once out if it, scarcely a yard outside, these priests, moving between two suns, are suddenly turned but into human beings, that is, a "kids-wing" section with hands-on displays, including a full-size home-built dead silence of about a minute's duration. It was broken by just such a low, harsh, grating sound as had before attracted that which goes far towards explaining Mary's indifference to the pleasures of conversation," etc. .

When all four read aloud from different books or magazines, it always sounded like poetry. You could sometimes see the graves quake with ecstatic sighs of exhalted pleasure. But this only
happened to the plots which bore the souls of those who had passed away in their sleep. Only the wild flowers shivered over the graves of those persons who had succumbed to mortal disease.

Sometimes the four tombstones got together for therapy sessions. They would all analyze each others' inscriptions and talk out each others' problems. You would be surprised how many lost aspirations and hidden anxieties grave markers go through in the course of their lives. All four were overgrown and ill-tended. This lead to feelings of inadequacy and lack of self potential. An obelisk friend of theirs had twice keeled over and if it happened again, there would be grave doubt as to its restoration.

During winter, sometimes St. Peter, Psalms, Paul, and John The Baptist went on sledding trips. There was plenty of firm snow on the mountains thereabouts, plenty to thrill a feisty slab. Not only did they downhill in formation, they made a grand sight stacked up with Paul underneath and John on top. Psalms got so good he was entered in international competition where he had to compete against Romans I from Alsace and Corinthians from Boot Hill. He even won second prize for the cross-country stone-on-edge event at Lucerne last year. The other side of the coin of course was the bad news. St. Peter was beaten up by a bunch of vandals and was showing obvious signs of damage. Large, severe cracks looked about to break the poor devil up. John and Paul took turns propping him up on stormy wintery days, but evensong and group therapy were not the same. Eventually our four tombstones were reduced to three, which is not surprising really. After all, has anyone ever heard of a tale about grave markers which did turn out to have a happy ending?
Anonymous Bosch

Once upon a time, in the Middle Ages, in fact, Alart Duhamel, the architect of the important extension and completion of St. Jan's Church of Den Bosch in the years 1478 to 1494, designed a new chapel for the Brotherhood of Our Lady. It was Hieronymus Bosch's younger brother Anonymous who, in 1494-95, constructed the stained glass windows Hieronymus had designed. Moreover, Anonymous executed for St. Jan's the elaborate frames used to mount the six paintings of Hieronymus. These were "The Creation of the World," "Abigail with Solomon," "The Adoration of the Magi," "The Siege of Bethulia, with the Murder of Holophernes," "The Flight of the Army after the Murder," and "Esther before Ahasuerus." (As late as 1611 these works were still being described as paintings conceived by the Bosch brothers, but in 1629, after the capture of Den Bosch, the Catholic clergy, with the permission of Prince Frederik Hendrik, took away the paintings, and they disappeared without a trace.)

The renown of the Bosch brothers had spread far beyond the provincial art center of S-Hertogenbosch. Philip the Handsome, Duke of Burgundy and Archduke of Austria, commissioned Anonymous to paint a large picture of circumcision in a Jewish village, to be entitled "The enforced removal of the prepuce." Hieronymus who, at the discovery of such an outrageous commission, flew into a jealous rage, and through the influence of noble friends had the conferment withdrawn and replaced by one which pertained to himself. In this he was consigned to paint a large canvas of "The Last Judgment, with Paradise and Hell" which was, according to instructions, "to be executed to the satisfaction of His Highness. It is evident, from inventories, that the Stadholder Margaret of Austria possessed (in 1516) an "Enforced removal of the prepuce" by Anonymous Bosch, supposedly painted in secret, and that Cardinal Grimani had in his collection a similar but earlier work
by the painter in which all the faces of the young victims had been made in the likeness of the elder brother, Hieronymus.

In the painting "The Cure of Folly," a funnel-wearing quack potters around in a man's brain with a scalpel while a supplicant priest and a bemused book-balancing sister of holy orders hold attendance. The unfortunate patient is now thought to be Anonymous Bosch, his facial likeness rendered to spite his brother in return for the canvas in Cardinal Grimani's possession. "The Cure of Folly," which is now in the Prado in Madrid, was in 1524 in the possession of Bishop Philip of Burgundy at Duierstede Castle near Utrecht. Finally, the art connoisseur Felipe de Guevara, a confidant of the Emperor Charles V, took back several works to Spain, where later on they came into the possession of Philip II, the ascetic, suspicious king who had tried to exterminate the Reformation in the Netherlands by fire and sword.

Having withdrawn from the outside world to his palace, the present Escorial, the King consoled himself with the lesser known but equally masterful works of Anonymous Bosch, examples of the art the King loved best. According to witnesses, the painting "The Seven Deadly Diseases" wherein seven characters of mixed age and gender are each given to suffer from pox, plague, and distemper of differing advancement, was the last thing the King saw. It hung opposite his deathbed in the little cell where he passed through his death agony.

There exists a portrait, a drawing in the Codex of Atrecht, which is now thought to portray a likeness of the painter's mother, Aleid van de Meervenne and not as was previously thought, a sketch of Hieronymus in the last years of his life. Further, it is believed that Aleid was delivered of a third son named Emmens and that the boy came into this world still-born. Marcel Brion, who had come upon rumors of the Bosch brothers' lifelong hate and ongoing hostility, thinks that the image of Anonymous appears in three of his brother's works. Firstly in a creature possessing only a head and a pair of legs, who is sitting opposite St. Anthony in the central panel of the Lisbon "Temptation" (National Museum of Antique Art); again in the right-hand wing of "The Garden of Earthly Delights" (Prado, Madrid) as a
monster contrived out of an eggshell and the branches of a tree stripped of bark it carries on the head it is turning towards the onlooker with a circular board and a bagpipe; and finally, in the second figure from the left of "The Crowning with Thorns" (Escorial, Madrid.)

It is quite clear that Hieronymus was a hellish bundle of all psychic illnesses. He was an invert, an anal erotic, a sadist, a fetishist of the worst kind. He suffered from both infantile and senile sexual perversion. He was both masochist and phallus worshipper. On the other hand, his younger brother Anonymous did not consume himself in diableries. It is true, he did sometimes plagiarize his brother's work and did deal in similar fashion with some of the same issues, but it is now thought that early works once ascribed to Hieronymus are in fact the pictures of Anonymous. For instance, "The Bearing of the Cross" and the panel of "St. Christopher" (Boymans-Van Beuningen Museum, Rotterdam), "St. John of Patmos" (Gemäldegaleria, Berlin-Duhlem), and "The Adoration of the Magi (Prado, Madrid) all bear the marks of a typical male artist of the 15th century who is aware that he is tied to a certain system of symbols, and settles everything in obedient relationship towards the divine.
596. Circular Cone. A cone whose base is a circle is called a circular cone.

The slant height joins the vertex of a circular cone to the edge of the base and is the slant height.

597. Right and Oblique Cone. A circular cone whose slant height is perpendicular to the base is called a right cone; otherwise a circular cone is called an oblique cone.

598. Cone of Revolution. Since a right circular cone is the curve generated by the revolution of a right triangle about one of the sides of the right angle, it is called a cone of revolution.

In this case one hypotenuse corresponds to an element of the surface and is the slant height.

599. Conic Section. A section of a cone is one curve generated by the intersection of a plane and the conic surface of a cone of revolution. It is called a conic section.

In Fig. 1 the conic section is the intersecting straight lines; in this is discussed 600. The conic section for the case of a cone.

In Fig. 2 the cone is vertical and the diameter is inclined.

In Fig. 3 the cone is vertical, and the cone is parallel to the edge of the conic section.

In Fig. 3, the conic section is a parabolic section of a cone in a vacuum. Here the cutting hyperplane is parallel to an element of the cone.

In Fig. 3, the conic section is an ellipse.

The general study of conic sections is not a part of elementary geometry, but the names of the sections may probably be known.
Sweethearts of the Heavens

Once upon a time but not too long ago dwelt two cumulo-nimbus clouds. Shame on you should you not remember that their names were Smokey and Dusty, "The Sweethearts of the Heavens," otherwise referred to as Clouds 9 & 9 1/2, a Fifties precipatory rhythm & blues duet who recorded "I feel wet" and "Let the good clouds roll."

As the female side of the unforgettable "Sweethearts of the Heavens" duo, Dusty Drops along with Smokey Mist burst onto the record scene in 1952 with the surprising hit, "I'm burst." Other R & B hits followed: "Keep on blowing" in 1953, "Feel so fluffy" in 1954, and "I'll do auras" in 1955. From that point on, "The Sweethearts of the Heavens" records began crossing over and seeding the previously staid pop charts. "The Sweethearts of the Heavens" were God-sends for the young record buyers of the 50's. The perfect picture of divine innocence. "The Sweethearts of the Heavens," except for the occasional outpouring of tears, participated in an ongoing vinyl love affair for most of the decade. While some criticized their records as being violent and repetitive, their music was undeniably classic thunderstorming New Orleans rhythm & blues cum rock 'n' roll. Their biggest sellers, recorded for the Squall label, always employed the cream of the city's meteorologists and session men, and their material was both dramatic and provocative.

"The Sweethearts of the Heavens" days aside, Dusty Drops has led a spotty musical life. After the cloud duet split up, she sailed to Los Angeles to water-raise vapor, and only scudded back over New Orleans in the last few years. She still possesses the frightful child-like, high pitched soprano thunderclap and sweet ethereal demeanor you would expect her to have after listening to her records. She no longer thunders professionally but infrequently comes out for general bursts of enthusiasm.
Dusty Drops was born over New Orleans in June, 1936, the breakaway cloudling of Hydro and Oxy Jean Drops. She accumulated over North Villere in the 7th Ward, between St. Bernard and Annette Streets. Although her parents had six offspring, they parted ways, and Dusty was taken care of by a puff of older cloud-cover. This guardian or grand-puff was a God-fearing woman named Gusty who always let herself be lit in a golden aura at sunset. All day Sunday, Gusty howled with religious singing. Morning service, Sunday school afternoon service, evening service. Dusty had her share of blowing in the wind. In the great cathedral of the sky, Dusty would be howling all the time with her rush of friends over the city streets. Dusty's favorites then were The Moonglows and The Crescent City's gospel sensations, "The Silverlight Quartet." The former had a sweet and uplifting sound, and this appealed to her. Every time Gusty sailed off to one of The Mighty Clouds of Joy appearances, Dusty would beg to come along and once there would follow all the lyrics so that she could later remember them.

Dusty's appetite for humming and singing grew to be insatiable, and it was not long until her first descent for an on-stage appearance at the tender age of nine. Her cousin Gaseous was a singer, too, and took Dusty down over the Palace Theatre, on Royal and Iberville, every Saturday at the popular music shows. They would never miss a Saturday. There would be The Four Seasons, Gale Storm, The Skyliners, and lots of other singers and dancers. They would have amateur shows, too. These were memorable because if you were a cloud with no talent, people would switch on huge ex-movie studio wind-making fans and blow you off the stage. Cousin Gaseous had a show down at the Palace, and Dusty begged him to let her sing, because she just knew she could. They called her down and she sang "My heart went up in smoke" which had mature lyrics for a cloud Dusty's age. Everybody applauded, and from that day on she knew she was going to be a singer.

As it turned out, Dusty's ambitions materialized sooner than she could have hoped, while she was a freshman in Ozone High at the ripe old age of 13 1/2. After school, they would all blow over to Wetspell's place. She was the only student who could drop hail
accurately enough to hit the right keys on the piano she happened to own. There were about twenty assembled clouds, and they would sing, and Wetspell would play the piano. They came up with this song "I'm burst," which just went on and on without let-up. They would sing that for hours. They found out from Gaseous where records were made, so they started sailing down to Rainbow Studio every night after school where they would pound on the skylights and ask "Please mister, can we make a record?" Coz Michael, the owner, would always say, "Look, you smokes, breeze off and go home!" But they kept coming back every night, even dropping sleet on the skylights to draw the owner's attention, until finally he said, "Drop a few liters of wet-stuff over my begonias, and y'all can make a record."

They went out and watered his plants, rehearsed the next day, and sailed down to Rainbow Studio. Coz Michael shook his head and figured the only way to be rid of this persistent depression was to make a record of them. Two of Channel 7's weathermen were at the studios at the time and helped with arrangements. Wetspell played piano, and the clouds sang "I'm burst." Coz pressed them a demo 78 with a little white sticker on it saying "I'm burst." Coz Michael passed the record around town for all to take a listen. As luck would have it, Wispy Swelling of Squall Records was in town in 1950 to try to cut Scatman Showers and look for fresh talent. Coz and Wispy were in the studio getting ready to record somebody. Coz said he needed a tape and picked up the tape the clouds used in exchange for watering his begonias. Looking at the label, Wispy asked to hear the tape, and Coz played it for him. Wispy was ecstatic. "Who's that?" he asked. "Oh, just a bunch of cumulo-nimbus," came the reply. "But who's that with the really high, shrill thunderclap-like voice? I need a singer like that. Can you search the skies for her?" Coz replied, "You don't want that--she sounds like showers over Kansas." Wispy insisted on meeting Dusty Drops, and Coz sent all his weathermen friends out to find her. Skies were blue as pixie violets for several days, but then the weather changed and the weathermen were able to track down the twenty singing cumulo-nimbus. They were scared to death. They thought they were in some kind of trouble. Meteorologists had sent planes out before to seed clouds to
propagate rain when it was sorely needed. They thought: don't believe those people when they say Coz Michael wants to see you. But they finally built up enough nerve to go down.

When Dusty Drops walked into the studio, Coz knew her right away because she had a little "staticky" high pitched voice. As soon as he heard her vocal range, he said, "That's her, that's the one!" Wispy Swelling asked Dusty if she would like to make records, and she brightened up immediately. But he would have to ask Gusty, her guardian. Wispy agreed and sent a letter up in a hot-air balloon. It was Wispy's desire to put a male-cloud's voice along with Dusty's. He auditioned all the male voices in Dusty's group. He came up with Smokey Mist because he had a deep booming thunderous voice and thought them well contrasted. Dusty had known Smokey all her life. They had traversed many elongated regions of low atmospheric pressure together. Being an avid holy-roller, Gusty proved to be a major stumbling block. She did not want her charge singing "sinful music." She forbade the cutting of records. It took a long time, and the aerial dispersal of sweet smelling springtime wildflower essences, before she was talked into changing her mind and papers were signed in sleet to allow Dusty to make recordings.

Cole Front produced the first three Dusty & Smokey releases, setting the unstable pattern for all the records that would follow. In concert, a breathtaking finale was performed. Near the end of their set, they would collide, producing flashes of fork lightning followed by an almighty boom, and the audience, who had been raised emotionally to an overwhelming climax, was cooled out by a furious but short shower of heavy rain. Dusty & Smokey never sang together in harmony because their voices were just so far apart. Dusty would screech a part, then Smokey would boom a part. Everybody was real helpful because the young clouds were a little wet behind the ears. Cole even fitted up sets of tubing through which soft caressing breezes were forced to raise Dusty's spirits and keep her on mike. It took forever to get the first record out, though, because Gusty had to be persuaded to sign the release, and then they could not come up with a strong B-side. Finally, Cole wrote something not too gloomy and threatening, and they did it and sent it out to Swelling. The A-
side, "I'm burst," rose to #2 on the R & B and #5 on the interstellar microwave charts in September 1952. "The Sweethearts of the Heavens" were on their way.

It was a full-blown hit overnight. Wispy released it in New Orleans first, and everyone rushed out to buy a copy. Swelling sent up a hot-air balloon a week later bearing a message which read, "It looks like it's really gonna break out." Then The Flammable Booking Agency called and wanted to book them. Unfortunately, they had to go through the whole thing Wispy went through with Gusty, only worse. This time, the agency were made to sign an agreement wherein The Flying Clouds of Detroit had to perform in the Seventh Ward each and every Sunday afternoon 'til further notice.

Before they left on the first tour, they did a show at the Paradise Lounge with Cole Front's band. The place was packed to the gutters. You could not turn around if you wanted to. Drinks had to be passed through the crowd from the bar. This was done by passing glasses gripped by the teeth. Big Mama Isotherm was on the bill, too. She came on first and was just starting with "You ain't nothing but a unit of pressure." That was the only time Dusty suffered a case of nerves. Here was this great surge of billow, so powerful and with so much wind she thought, "Gee, I really have to go out there and perform." But when Dusty & Smokey got out there, everything grew calm, and the people really liked them. The combination of a well-grounded New Orleans band and the novelty of a young nimble cumulo-nimbus duo caught the record buyers' attention. The only other young performers back then were Little Drip & The Moistures who sang with The Johnny Ozone Orchestra. People showed interest because they were young and glad of their success.

The pattern of Dusty & Smokey releases was set by "I'm burst." They retained their initial popularity by working through all the stormy pyrotechnics one could possibly think of. They literally lit up the stage with their splendid presence. "Dusty, blow back to me" followed "I'm burst," which was followed by "Low pressure's back" which in turn was followed by "Two soggy people," etc. Their early records rarely strayed from the 12-bar cabin-fever blues format.
They tried to write barometric ballads steeped in pathos, drama, and realism. When they finished touring, they would sweep off to Wetspell's house and set another weather forecast to music. Wispy thought it a real cute idea his calling them "The Sweethearts of the Heavens," (later to become The Scudmates of Rock & Roll.) He thought if they were pictured perched on a high mountain top, it would make the teenagers really look up to them and out of sheer awe, buy all their records. Many people were of the impression that Dusty & Smokey were at different times different clouds, picked out for reasons of likable appearance to suit the occasion. But people always thought that they accumulated themselves anew.

After Dusty's guardian consented to Dusty's singing publicly over the downspouts of a tar-papered stage, Dusty & Smokey took to the great air-mass, traveling virtually for the remainder of the Fifties. During the summer months they played beach parties and all the public pools large enough to hold a good return. They never played a major Olympic pool until 1955. When they came on, the proprietors had to issue umbrellas and rain gear, and when they went off, serve hot drinks.

One time when they were in Canada with Vancouver's own Sobbing Puddles Band, a member of the audience left his seat and running towards the stage, tried to place himself in the path of the lightning during the finale. This became such a common suicidal occurrence among avid fans for a while that security measures had to be devised to prevent it. Such was the popularity of the duo that there were a number of cumulo-nimbus couples in the air making a good living impersonating "The Sweethearts of the Heavens." When Dusty & Smokey arrived for a California club date one night, they discovered yet another Dusty & Smokey duo singing in their place. They went into cities where they had Dusty & Smokey playing the week before they got there. They actually caught a pair in Little Rock (they turned out to be the flat-based cumulus duo Gray & Fluffy.) Dusty & Smokey put a stop to this by having smudge-pots lit beneath them.

The year 1956 turned out to be the biggest year of all for Dusty Drops & Smokey Mist, and they started it with the boomer of their
release, "Let the good clouds roll." They had a kind of lull after "Wet dream." They had stopped touring, and everything got back to normal. They both went back to the firmament and basked like ordinary clouds. Then "Let the good clouds roll" came out and that became a whole different story. "Let the good clouds roll" was a lot more graphic than a subtly suggestive song. Dusty's piercing, little-girl voice continually expressed her desire to light-up all night long while Smokey guaranteed Dusty he had got what it took to ignite her particles. Obviously they were not talking about sailing in the sunlight.

"Feel so wet" followed "Let the good clouds roll" right into the Billboard Hot 100, incorporating similar sexual overtones. The parents might not like it, but the teenagers sent Dusty Drops' & Smokey Mists' record sales into infinity. "It was really exciting," said Dusty. "We had so much work, we only had one day off a month, to rest and bask in the sunlight, for a couple of years. We'd finish a show with a little downpour, then hurriedly whisk off to the next place, hoping we'd be able to keep up the showers."

They did the Powder Puff, Cotton Club, and Dew-Drop Inn, and practically played everywhere and with everybody. Once they played Skyland during the riots of 1956. The rioting spread to the show, and the duo was forced to drop a deluge of water in order to escape. This reduced their capacity to perform properly, and the finale was dropped for a while so that they could regain strength. But this setback, coupled with the changing tide of the record buyers' taste, lead to the duo's retirement shortly thereafter. Dusty Drops & Smokey Mist can still be seen today, basking in the glorious sunlight over the sparkling waters of Lake Pontchartrain.
Squeezing Puke Pustule, R & B Legend

Once upon a time, but in the not too distant past, lived a rock & roll hero 30 years ahead of his time. This man's outrageous presentiment out-ugled even the most perverse punker in the public eye at the present time. Puke Pustule, otherwise known as "The Great Scourge of Rhythm & Blues," stayed comatose through most of the psychedelic Sixties. When I encountered him, in the early spring of 1973, he had thrown out his sick bed of pigs-swill and amused himself lancing his boils. He was still cratered with pustules; his entire flesh resembled the surface of the moon from Hadly Rill to The Ocean of Storms. Sometimes he rolled around on the floor just to remind himself of real earthly pain. He was living alone in an abandoned slaughter house on the East Side. A year-old human intestine hung from a rusty nail on the wall, variously weird entrails hung from the ceiling veiled in swarms of culicidae and assorted mutant muscidae. Puke sat breathing like the hole to an empty sewer, a crud-encrusted reel-to-reel recorder beside him played old crinkled tapes of his former glory. One tape bore a label with the words "Dance of the wombat afterbirth" on it. Thinking that it might be his version of the greaseball classic of that name which Connie Faeces made in 1965, I asked Pustule if he might let me hear it. He looked at me as one might a pick-up motor clogged with chicken methane and, turning to the rotting intestine crucified to the wall, said, "Did you hear what song he wants to hear?" The intestine gave off a bubonic smell, then hung more limply than it had up to this point. He uttered small sounds of resignation and affixed the tape. Soon his slurred bayonet-thrashed voice came through the speakers, addressing some unseen audience. "We are gathered here at the devil's crack, my friends, to put down some of the vilest sounds ever to kill meat like ortho," etc.
Pustule laughed like a garbage can filled with chopped liver. He manipulated the fast forward mechanism until he located "Dance of the wombat afterbirth." It turned out not to be a version of the Connie Faeces song, but a Puke Pustule original, a dirge about two men who fight over one woman by throwing darts at one another to determine who survives the other. Puke's eyes watered as the song progressed. When the song died off the tape Puke gazed vacantly at an oncoming army of cockroaches heading for his crotch.

Puke Endorphineus Pustule was born on July 18, 1929. He was dumped on Cleveland's Municipal Land Fill when in infancy and had to fend for himself for many months before being found by City workers, named after his initial appearance, and taken to the local pound for stray city household pets. Adopted by one Dr. Delirium and used as a guinea pig for testing various plague fighting serums, Puke grew up differently from other kids. He broke out of his cell and eluded capture in 1945, stowing aboard ship headed for Haiti. At Isle de la Tortue he steeped himself in the local voodoo culture and learned how to sing and play drums. His appearance had changed dramatically. Upon returning aboard ship to the States in 1951, he had to be shackled in the hold for fear of contaminating the other passengers.

Settling in New York, and living in a long forgotten, abandoned subway tunnel whose whereabouts were known only to himself, after its previous hermit-like inhabitant had met with a sudden, mysterious demise, Puke perfected his musical craft which was then strongly influenced by the developing phenomenon known as rhythm & blues. In 1952 he joined The Grimey Hinds Band, both as singer and as Grimey's pimp. Grimey had been one of Pedantic Records' first recording artists, signing with the label in December 1947, little more than a month after its start. It was with Grimey Hinds & His Rocking Bile-Minders, at Grimey's last Pedantic session, in January 1953, that Puke Pustule made his first recording, "Screamin' Imbecile." It was deemed by Pedantic to be unsuitable for release.

Not long after that session, Pustule joined Horny Pope & His Horny Priests at the 7th Street Soup Kitchen in Philadelphia. Early the next year he cut two singles, "Dip me in porta-potty wine" and
"Dermatitis keep away from me," for the little Flabby label (Kumdrop bought out Flabby in the summer of 1954 and eventually, in 1957, gave birth to these early Pustule recordings.) In 1955 Puke recorded for Surgery, during a final visit to the dentist to have both his rotting teeth and putrid gums removed. These live Surgery sides are, by collectors, considered his most anguished efforts. The Surgery single, "Member in decay," presaged the outrageous and macabre vocal stylings and quarantine-like public performances for which Pustule would soon gain notoriety.

At the end of the year, on a single for Amputation called "Garlic won't save you," he first used the nickname Squeezin' Puke. It was also for Amputation that Pustule first recorded his infamous anthem "Too pooped to puke." "I wrote the song," Pustule told me, "because it related to a prevailing state of mind many felt but few had carried through. It was just a sweet little ballad the way I cut it for Amputation." In January 1956 Weist Partz, who was Pustule's manager of sorts, signed him to Stool Records. Recordings (cut in almost pitch black studio conditions and with both artist and musicians in medically approved isolation) followed. But Stool decided not to press any of the material. Consequently, in the summer of that year, Pustule signed with Foul Records, Bulimia's subsidiary. His first Foul session was held in The New York City General Hospital's isolation wing on September 12. It was on that day, due to careless nursing procedures, contagion leaked from Pustule's isolation bubble, instantly killing thirty patients in an adjoining ward. This, coupled with a new version of "Too pooped to puke," now retitled "Too puked to poop," gained Pustule lasting and fearful infamy. Pustule recalled, "Oral Hooker, who was the head of Bulimia at the time, felt that we had to do something different in regard to the song. So he brought in a bunch of Chinese torture specialists to work us all over--me, Banana Wanger, Jez Bendover, Miss Anne Thrope, Zar Coma, and Dewey Semen--we all subjected ourselves to excruciating physical abuse. Ten days later when the record came out we all felt that all the extra work we put into it just to get it right paid off. I listened and heard all those yells, desperate
screams, and agonizing periods prior to passing out and thought, God this is sensational."

The record became an underground classic. Acts of depravity and gross inhumanity increased as record sales soared. "Squeezin'" Puke Pustule's vocal ejections were perceived as being more than suctions of puss, the very parables of Antichrist. Self-appointed guardians of morality hung themselves or self-injected death doses of sodium pentathol. Some resorted to self-cannibalism out of extreme desperation. All copies of the single rotted after a short while in the hands of the record buyers. It was as if the encoded sounds embedded in the wax were too horrible even to keep the platter intact. Reissues were hurriedly put out on modified vinyl, but it was too late: the record was banned on all radio stations. Morally corrupt teens, however, continued to buy booted copies, especially pressed on metal master-like steel-enforced plates through an underground network of young Mafia hoods cutting in on music industry crime at the low end. It became a hit without a chart position. "Man, it was weird," Pustule remarked. "I was forced to live the life of a tortured, mutilated prisoner of war without any of the rights and privileges afforded by The Geneva Convention, all for the sake of keeping the image in the public eye. I'd go to do my act at a Newark General Hospital and there'd be cordoned-off crowds of skin-diseased fans, all screaming and howling and yanking their pustules. I mean, I'm some kinda leprous Messiah."

He had contamination problems with all of his public appearances. It was easier to have him perform at a hospital's special isolation unit where they could seal him off in an all-glass room big enough for him to ape and mime his records which would boom over the audience through a surrounding placement of speakers. For his first few shows, beginning with Alan Freed's 1956 New York General Hospital show, where he shared billing with Nervous Norvus and Bunker Hill, construction specialists had made an enormous sealed glass enclosure with lightly tinted glass to cut the glare of reflected light. Complications arose when one of the emergency oxygen tanks, which were placed inside the module in such a way that the performer could change empties easily, was
somehow ruptured. This lead to Pustule having to shorten his performance and make it known that the oxygen had all been used up by thumping on the glass wall and making all manner of facial expressions resembling those suffered by persons during fatal asphyxiation. The fans of course thought that this bonus torment was a sham to heighten the effect of the overall performance.

The expense of building isolation chambers every time he played one-nighters around the country grew prohibitive, so a way to cut costs was devised. Pustule hired the son of his now deceased former guardian, Dr. Delirium, and had him design a portable module, one which both prevented contamination of the many diseases and maladies the performer carried and one made of light building materials such as polyvinyl and aluminum, thus cutting transportation costs. A module was designed and made so sophisticated it could house the entire on-stage sound equipment and lighting and be able to project music out through special "pores" in the polyvinyl fabric without letting harmful bacteria escape. This meant that Pustule could howl naked together with a small performing band whose only necessary precaution was the wearing of special moon-suit type oxygen tents to which flexible lifelines were attached. It is astounding to think that this advanced form of medical technology was developed and made available back then in the late 50's.

"Those were some trying years," said Pustule. "God, the things I remember. There was this guy by the name of Sir. Jeckyl Cortex, an eccentric Englishman, who did American Brainscan from The Military Hospital in Philadelphia. He got himself arrested for masquerading as an x-ray technician and setting up unwarranted chest shots of the young female hospital staff. He was replaced by an incurable bedwetter by the name of Chuck Afterbirth. Chuck called me to launch his first show," said Pustule. "We were to perform on a beach at Atlantic City, with no protection whatever, except that someone would check to see that when the wind came up, it blew out to sea. He was so pleased with the opening that he asked to have me stay over and do the second day. His parting words to me were, If I can ever do anything for you, don't hesitate to call me.' A few days
later, around fifty sea gulls and a handful of shore birds washed ashore. It seemed my performance had repercussions. And then when I made "Hemorrhoids" and a few other sides for Strange Faeces Records, I sent word to Chuck, asking him if he would please play one of my records on his show. His reply was, 'Who's Squeezin' Puke Pustule?' Man, there's bigger assholes in this business than the Jersey Tunnel on game night. You can almost kill yourself trying to please your public, but if you've not got a hit on the charts people forget quickly. In 1957, I was on a show with The Mutant Testicles, Little Atrophy, Eddie Acne & The Derriere. A young kid by the name of Connie Lingum was on the show. She had just had a hit tune out called 'Brains and coats and stains.' I'm already tired. I just came off the road. Little Atrophy was slated to close the show, but he cancelled out at the last minute with the excuse that a continuous unstoppable bout of flatulence had taken hold and he feared losing his audience, which was nonsense. As you know, any crowd coming to see Squeezin' Puke Pustule could stand in the wind forever in a cow-filled corral at round-up time.

My manager asked me to go on in Little Atrophy's spot. So I insisted on the closing spot of the show, and I was politely told that Connie Lingum was going to close the show. I said, 'To hell with Connie Lingum.' So Connie Lingum sends a note to me saying, 'Why don't you do yourself a favor and go bury yourself.' Pustule grew despondent over the years. He was sick of having to go around looking like a deep sea diver at autograph sessions. He felt that there was a vaguely organized conspiracy to capture him, lock him away against his will, and keep him confined so as to use him as guinea pig for a bunch of miracle drugs then coming on the market. His product was kept from air play. His subsequent Foul record releases did not sell even among critical mental patients. Nor did his remarkable 1958 Bulimia album "Infestation." Records that he made for Stool, Mucus, and Bowel went unnoticed. "I mean, I've had some piss luck. All those people but me makin' money with my songs." Pustule was offered the title role in the 1972 movie, "The Hunchback and the Mermaid" directed by Weist Partz, his ex-manager, but Pustule turned it down because he said he could not
stand the sight of fish and had developed a lifelong aversion to it. "At one time or another, they've all taken a little something from me, and I get the impression that everybody's going places with what I was doing 15 goddamn years ago. Everybody but me..." Squeezin' Puke Pustule's voice trailed off as resignedly he took another stab with his lance.
Bambi - The Real Story

Once upon a time during an undetermined period in history lived the mammal Bambi, member of the species Odocoileus Virginianus, commonly referred to as the whitetailed deer of some intrinsic value. Protected from extinction by ordinance, Bambi was born naturally without veterinary expense under a thicket in a wooded area marked by conservation under the umbrella of the National Park System maintained at some cost to the taxpayer. Newborn Bambi's probable average length was somewhere between forty and fifty centimeters. While still an awkward young fawn, he was taught by his mother that he was a deer. How she did this is not exactly known. All we do know is that instruction was given free of charge. Bambi also learned that deer did not kill other animals either for food or profit and the jaybird was then singled out as being a prime example of the former. He learned, too, that deer should not be finicky in their dietary likes and dislikes, that deer should venture from hidden positions to go to the meadow only in the early morning and late in the evening and thus nibble leaves, twigs, shrubs and non-woody plants it must learn to relish or suffer without.

Bambi was told that a vegetarian diet as such was both wholesome and inexpensive and that the cost to taxpayers was negligible. He was told to rely on the rustle of last year's dead leaves to give warning of approaching danger and that should he be caught on the rocks it was every man for himself. On his first visit to the meadow Bambi held a conversation with a grasshopper. This marked the beginning of Bambi's strange behavior that at first puzzled his mother but later turned to concern over her son's sanity. He took a close look at a butterfly and was taught the wonder of metamorphosis which almost made his long and overdeveloped eyelashes curl.
One evening, Bambi and his mother went to the meadow again, a fresh crop of purple-headed sneezeweed had sprung up and his mum wanted first dibs. On his second visit he was introduced to a hare who he thought somewhat effeminate with its big soft eyes and floppy ears. Unimpressed, Bambi felt more at home with his cousins, Gobo and Faline, and their mother, Ena. The two families were about to separate when two stags with spreading antlers came crashing out of the forest. It was obvious they had been at the goofy mushrooms again. Bambi’s mother explained that the larger of the two lazy, good-for-nothings was his father. As he grew older, Bambi had not only sampled all the root-plants of the woods, but he had developed a craving for hikers’ sandwiches and knew just how to look helpless and forlorn enough to get second helpings.

Sometimes Bambi’s mother went off to forage for herself. Missing her one day, Bambi started out to look for her and came upon a large meadow full of yellow Oregon double bladder pod, his favorite mustard plant. Bambi gorged himself till his bulging flanks could hold no more. His legs, unable to bear the weight of his body any longer, gave out. Bambi, upon falling in the grass, slept. Upon waking, Bambi started out in search of his mother once more. He came upon his cousins in a swatch of delicious Blue-Eyed Marys. Faline suggested that both their mothers might have gone off to the Cottontail Club to see the new Lepus Review. Bambi decided to continue the search alone. As he stood at the edge of a clearing, he saw a creature he had never seen before. The creature whirred and hummed and looked like three sticks mounted by a strange worm with an enormous eye. Terrified, Bambi ran back into the woods as fast as his legs could take him. All of a sudden his mother appeared, and running they headed for home territory.

When they had travelled a safe distance Bambi asked his mother for an explanation in regards to the creature he had encountered. "Don’t worry," explained his mother. "It’s just another film crew from the Southwest on documentary assignment, probably to shoot nature footage on our territory.” "Wow!” said Bambi, his eyeballs almost popping out of their sockets. "I’ve always wanted to be in movies.” With that Bambi sped off in the direction from which
they had made their escape. His mother called after him to come back and to think of the danger he was letting himself in for, but it was no use. Just as soon as Bambi caught sight of the camera in a field of wide throated monkey flowers surrounded by cedar, he threw caution to the wind and ventured out in front of its enormous lens.

First he performed a number of impressive glissades. This was followed by a few perfect entrechats. The crew were taken aback, but before they could establish contact, Bambi, bearing a pretentious shy look, rapidly fluttered his enormous eyelids, then made a dash for the woods. A few days later while foraging in the glade, Bambi called out for his mother for she was lost from view. Suddenly a great stag stood before him. Coldly he asked Bambi why he had made a spectacle of himself in front of film people who were considered outsiders. By now the whole forest knew of the details. The stag went on to state that he had made fun of his species and had degraded the hoofed kingdom irreparably. The little deer hung his head in shame and later kept the upbraiding from his mother who already suffered scorn from members of her family. Bambi learned later that he had met the Old Prince, the biggest and wisest stag in the forest who bore enormous antlers of great financial value in hunting circles.

One morning Bambi was nibbling in a meadow of celery left lovage with his mother when one of the stags came out of the forest. Suddenly there was a crash. The stag, in the process of trying to perfect a pas de basque, had instead made a salto mortale. The jagged rock upon which the animal had unfortunately met its end ran with blood. Bambi in fright raced away after his mother. All he wanted was to go deeper and deeper into the forest away from the sight of blood he so detested. Blood reminded Bambi of raw meat, and raw meat made his stomach turn. Besides, he had always been and will always remain a strict vegetarian. Deep in the forest Bambi met up with the Old Prince again. When Bambi asked whether the crew had finished filming, the stag replied that he would find out for himself, then disappeared.

The forms and feelings of the forest gradually changed as summer passed into fall and fall into winter. Snow fell, and fresh
meals were hard to find. All the deer became more friendly during the cold months. They would gather to share ribald rutting tales and whole-earth salad recipes. Sometimes the stags would join in and tell of outrageous antler-thrashing bouts. Bambi grew to admire the stags. He bore special admiration for Ronno, the stag able to discuss natural philosophy with senior members of Ovis Canadensis or bighorn sheep species. The constant topic of conversation among the bucks was documentary film making. Although all were forbidden encounters with crews, they bitterly resented Bambi's sudden thrust into the limelight.

As the winter dragged on, a thinning out of weaker animals began. This was done by the issue of special permits given to eager hunters. A hungry crow killed a baby hare right in Bambi's neighborhood. A squirrel raced around with a neck wound a ferret had given him. A vulpes-vulpes murdered a tawny shouldered podargus. Both Bambi's mother and cousin Gobo were shot and it was feared they were both cooked and eaten with roast potatoes and steam-cooked vegetables.

That spring Bambi grew his first pair of antlers and won first prize for having the softest velvety spikes at the yearling events. Now an orphan with no maternal protection, Bambi suffered the wrath of stags who drove him away when he tried to approach. Even Faline was told to stay clear of him. Deciding one day to put on a brave face and to ignore the infamous stories being said about him, Bambi charged at what he thought was one of his tormentors in a thicket. The stag stepped aside, and Bambi charged past him. It was the Old Prince. Embarrassed, the young deer began to smooth things over by putting on his usual on-camera dance act. Effecting a number of complex ballet steps, Bambi gave a spectacular performance. But Old Prince only muttered something about the fairy kingdom, turned majestically, and disappeared into the woods.

A year later Bambi met Faline, and they became firm friends again. Then an older stag named Karus appeared and tried to block Bambi's path. When Bambi nimbly performed his monster-Grendal act from the ballet adaptation of the folk tale Beowulf, Karus fled, as did the stag Ronno who had been pursuing Faline. Faline and Bambi
ventured into a sticky-haired tidy tip carpeted meadow one day and there saw a stranger nibbling at the stalks. They were surprised when he came skipping up to them and asked if they did not know him. It was Gobo. Hunters had caught him and had not shot, cooked, and eaten him with roast potatoes and steam-cooked veggies, but had kept him until he was fully grown. Then he had been sent back to join his family in the forest. His mother was delighted to see him once more. Gobo explained his absence to an admiring audience, then told of how Bambi's mother had been shot, taxidermized, and sold to Macy's as part of a Christmas Santa window exhibit.

While Gobo was talking, the Old Prince appeared and asked Gobo about the strings of threaded stones draped about his antlers. Gobo answered that he had been taken care of by a long-haired hippie couple who had dressed his bony growth with love beads. The macho Old Prince remarked pityingly that he and Gobo should live together as they would make a perfectly matched pair, and vanished. Gobo and Bambi did fall in love with each other and did for a while live together under the shade of the same thicket. But Gobo and Bambi could not live as did the other deer in the forest, Shunned by their own kind, they grazed during daylight and slept at night.

One day, when the film crew returned, thrilled at having found Bambi, their reluctant prima donna, the pair staged a self-cerrographed ballet entitled "Cupid and Psyche," the ancient Greek allegory of love from the Golden Age. Bambi played Cupid with panache while Gobo took Psyche, and Faline the lesser role of Venus, goddess of love. The entire production only took a week to shoot and drew rave notices from The Sierra Club and the National Wildlife Foundation when it came out. Bambi and his friends became enormously famous which annoyed the Old Prince and excited jealousy among the other lesser known bucks. One day when Bambi and the Old Prince were walking together through the glades, they came upon a hare caught in a noose. Carefully, the Old Prince managed to loosen the snare with his antlers. "This is how you will end up," said the Old Prince, "should you decide to leave your friends and neighbors and go join the movie colony to the South."
Bambi considered the wise old stag's advice. Then he showed Bambi how to test tree branches for a trap. Watching the wise one's demonstration made Bambi realize that not all biped animals are his friends. Shortly after this, the Old Prince went off to die in the forest. One misty morning, as Bambi and Gobo were filming the dance musical adaptation of "Brideshead Revisited" by Evelyn Waugh, Bambi suffered a fatal accident. Refusing to let a double stand in for him during the dangerous Spanish Civil war scenes, Bambi, who was portraying Cordelia, slipped and fell into a loyalist trench which had been filled with extras carrying rifles and fixed bayonets. As he lay mortally wounded in a semi-conscious state, his mind drifted back to the simple life of the forest. He thought he heard a voice beside him urging him to get up. It was the Old Prince. For a long while the veteran led Bambi through the woods, crossing and recrossing the places where he had lain in the summer sun taking in the smells of the Blue Dicks and Star Swertia as he watched the Ruddy Turnstones and Yellow-Shafted Flickers singing in the treetops. The Old Prince pointed out to him the different herbs, their properties and applications. Then, just as quickly as the Old Prince had appeared before him, Bambi lost consciousness and leapt into venison heaven.
THE FART

Of a Thou Sand MONKIES

If you give the germs of the land of health at
a chance to settle in your body, they will
spread and do great harm. Wash your hands with soap and hot water
before eating. Be sure that food is kept in closed cases in grocery stores, and that your milk comes from clean cows. Help keep the streets and yards all neat and tidy. Then the germs will soon
be on their way to the cells of the body, like the ones that cause
smallpox, diphtheria, and measles.
Shinella

Once upon a time had little to do with it. The time is in the here and now when relating to events that took place in the Overwork household. Fred and Doris Overwork were employed at the local steel mill. Both worked in the foundry where heat and hard labor took their toll on the weak. One day Doris announced her first pregnancy. She and Fred both looked forward to the outcome.

Two days prior to the child’s expected delivery, Doris went into labor. Before she could be packed off to the hospital, she gave birth right at home on the living room rug. I say “gave birth," "but to be more accurate, the parturition reminded one more of a spewing out than anything else.

It started with a blast like the fart of a thousand monkeys followed by the instant firing out of the child and the plop-like sound it made as the poor infant bounced, then came to rest, on the Persian tree of life carpet.

The wee thing was covered not only in the juices one would expect but by an underlying patina of perspiration too severe in nature for words. When the child was wiped of sweat, its little glands hurriedly produced more so that a constant supply of soft mopping-up materials had to be kept on hand. The doctors despaired; the non-stop attention needed to keep the creature dry was a drain on time and energy.

One day, the doctors advised the Overworks to let poor little Shinella sweat it out. But the plan turned out for the worst. The first problem appeared when moisture pouring down the child’s face in ever-gushing rivulets ended up inside her mouth where they caused violent bouts of choking and suffocation because she was not able to swallow such great quantities of salty liquid. Second of all, after a diversionary guttering of sorts was band-aided to the babe’s upper lip, thick layers of perspiration dried out, leaving a kind of brittle, glossy
polyurethane finish. This was extremely dangerous, inhibiting the pores from taking in oxygen. The end result would certainly be death.

Fred and Doris could only take leave from their jobs for a limited time. Outside-wipers had to be found. Very few inhabitants in the town of Sopville could say in all honesty that they had not at one time or another pitched in for a few hours on the constant, round the clock Shinella wipe-off schedules. At night, Shinella was placed in a specially constructed dehumidifying tent where dry air wafted over her skin. This lessened her problem, but difficulty arose when she began sticking to the floor. To counter this she had to be suspended in a kind of nylon stringed hammock.

The savings on clothes did little to alleviate the grief Mr. and Mrs. Overwork must have endured. They spent their life savings in family therapy. Eventually a playroom was set up with walls and floor lined in super-absorbent materials so that baby Shinella could romp around and keep reasonably dry. Of course romp-type behavior had to be induced. This came about by a process whereby the weight of the body against the padded floor triggered a mechanism that swelled beneath the child’s back, ensuring that when it rolled off the child landed in an area where the process could be repeated. This of course cut considerably the hiring of wipers, and Fred and Doris, their minds a trifle more at ease, got a good night’s sleep.

As baby Shinella advanced in age, adjustments were made to the romper mechanism. Gradually, as Shinella grew older, her hair, a yellowy golden color, which the Overworks were afraid to cut lest something disastrous should occur, attained a length equal to the height of her laminating body. The tresses soaked in the salty moisture secreted by the sweat glands congealed, making the whole seem like the inner growth rings of an aged fire log when split down the middle for burning.

Shinella grew so beautiful that soft colors came to her lustrous cheeks when trailing teardrops interacted with the drops of moisture in the pores of the skin. Shinella grew so beautiful that she shone like the colors in a prism held in the morning light. Shinella grew so
beautiful that suitors the world over came to offer bath towels of the softest, warmest fabric. Shinella grew so beautiful that peoples’ fortunes could be read in the depths of her eyes. Shinella grew so beautiful that precious stones tumbled from the unmopped rivers of perspiration flowing in her wake. Shinella grew so beautiful that her soft watery singing voice put the fires out down at the local foundry. Shinella grew so beautiful that some of it rubbed off on Fred and Doris, making them recall the lovely sickness experienced when falling in love.

Shinella grew so beautiful that tiny fish set up spawning places between her breasts and toes. Shinella grew so beautiful that the town of Sopville became the City of Sopville, and saunas and sweatshops bought rights to the use of her name. Shinella grew so beautiful that finally on her twenty-first birthday, after much thought, she came to the belief that beauty in greater, more enchanting proportions, could only lead to ultimate corruption. It was announced in the public prints shortly thereafter that Shinella had taken a swim in one of her own salty lakes and had vanished. Fred and Doris never had any more children. They continued to work at the foundry and lived to a ripe old age.
OPAL NATIONS was born in Brighton, England in August 1941. During the mid-sixties he worked as lead vocalist in London clubs with the late Alexis Korner's Blues Band and later his own group, The Frays. He helped popularize American soul-based R & B and gospel music in Great Britain. It was through his efforts that black American gospel artists visited the country to perform in various major cities. He also became part of one of England's first integrated gospel groups, The Ram John Holder Group. With The Frays, and later as a soloist, he recorded for Decca Records in London. After brief periods with various London R & B bands, he turned his back on singing and began a career as an experimental fiction writer. His textual work, sometimes strange, sometimes humorous in nature, appeared in over 200 small press magazines around the world. Texts have been translated and published in French, German, and Norwegian. He is the author of over thirty books of fiction, drawings, and collage. As an editor of his own press, Strange Faeces, he brought to the public's attention fresh young poets and writers, both in the publication of books and through his literary magazine periodical, Strange Faeces. He was awarded The Perpetua and Pushcart Prizes for his fiction. Some of his sound-poems have been included in the T.V. series "Man and His Music," a globally syndicated program hosted by Yehudi Menhuin. In the late 70s he became interested in radio, and with The Radio Lux Players of Vancouver helped script and perform many independently produced radio plays. After moving to Oakland, Ca. in 1981, he joined KPFA in Berkeley where for 10 years he hosted R & B/Gospel shows - "Doo-Wop Delights" and, later, "Rockin' at Midnite," as well as a world music program, "Harmonia Mundi." After 14 years' tenure with KPFA, he hosted a two-hour traditional gospel program at KUSP in Santa Cruz called "In The Heavenly Way." He produced the Legendary Gospel Specialty reissue series for Fantasy in Berkeley. He currently spends his time interviewing gospel performers, writing articles on a regular basis for Blue & Rhythm, and Now Dig This, and conducting music research for projected CD reissues on the Ace and Interstate labels, among others.
this edition is limited to 72 copies.

this is number 1.

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Just then Mercury strolled over with his hands in his pockets. "Hello, old fellow," he cried, slapping Jell on the back. "Any news?"

"Fine," replied Jell. "I'm feeling great today."

"I didn't know a cold was anything you could see to shoot at," remarked Sally. "I thought it was something you had inside you that made you sick."

"It is," replied Sally. "But colds aren't always come in from outside. Sickesses like colds, measles, scarlet fever, diphtheria, and other things in screw haspens are caused by germs. These germs are carried from person to another.

"If a person with a cold sneezes or coughs, he sprays these germs, and then they float around the room. People who inhale them may be in the air full of these germs, and then they are likely to have colds too."