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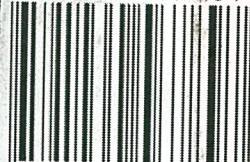
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INSIDE JOKE

KATRIN A. ABEL



ISBN 978-1-2345678-9-7



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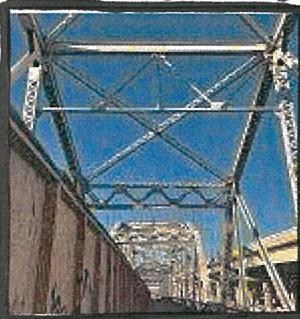
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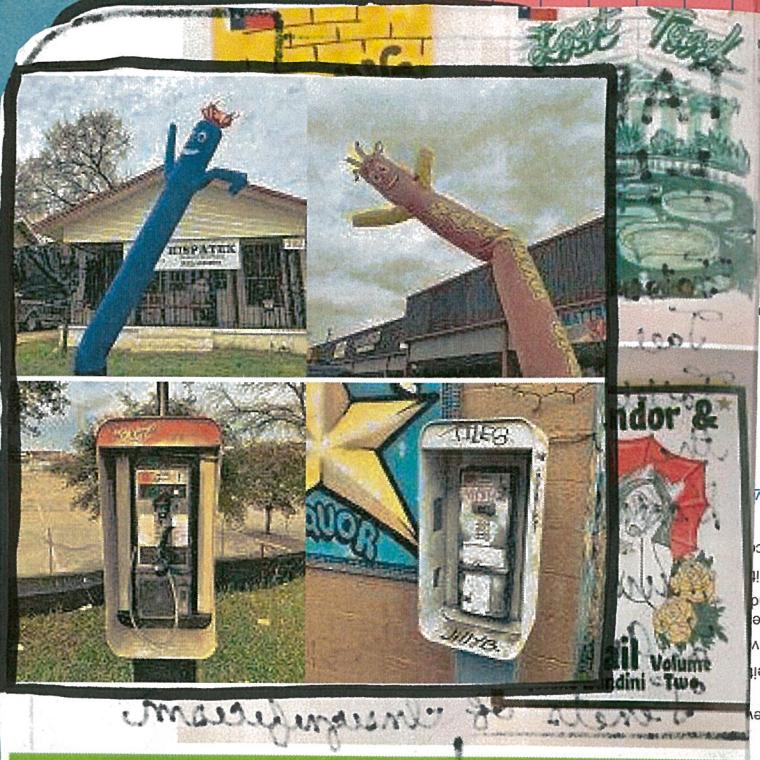
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COMING SOON:
closure 10 -
Jolly Rogers



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Just Don't Eat the Ox's Heart!

Translated from the Cape Verdean Criolu by Katrin Abel

Once upon a time, there was an enormous ox, an ox beyond measure, an ox that did the work of eight strong men. Near the ox

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lived a hungry rooster. One day, the rooster was so hungry he wanted to die. He had overturned every stone and found not one grain.

So he sat down by the sea and thought of throwing himself in because he lacked the means to survive and to support his wife and sixteen children—seventeen gaping mouths to feed, eighteen including his own. And every day the food became scarcer.

None of Rooster's children was old enough to work, and when they cried from hunger his spirits fell and he cried, too. He was thinking this all over, sitting by the sea, when he heard a man call:

—Ei, pxiiiiiii!!!

The rooster said:

—Who is it?

The man said:

—Hey, you, what are you thinking about over there?

He said:

—I'm thinking of sweeping across the bottom of the sea.

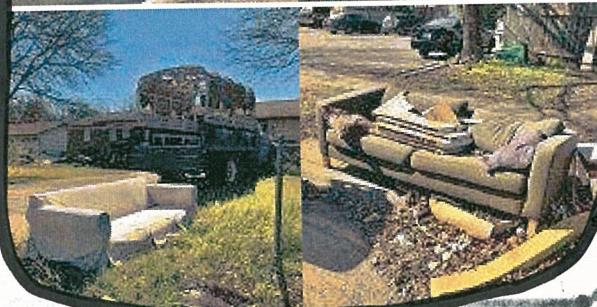
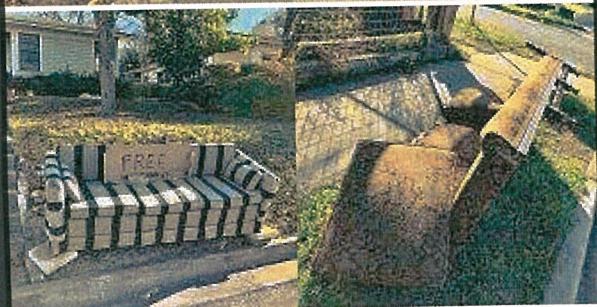
The man said:

—Is there something valuable down there?

Rooster said:

—Everything I need is at the bottom of the sea!

Irritated, the man said:



—Listen up, Rooster, do you want me to give you something that will keep you going for your entire life?

He said:

—I don't need anything to keep me going if I jump into the sea!

The man said:

—Think it over for a day. Meet me at 3:00 tomorrow afternoon.

At 3:00 the next day, the man brought the rooster to the enormous bull, whose owner left him alone from 2:00 to 4:00, during his afternoon nap. The man, who happened to be a wizard, instructed the rooster:

—Listen carefully, Rooster, we'll do this together. When we approach the ox, say "Open mouth" and the ox will do so. We'll climb inside, and he'll close his mouth behind us. We'll eat his insides, then say the magic words again and climb back out.

They approached the ox, and Rooster said:

—Open mouth.

The ox opened his mouth and let them in. The wizard continued his instructions:

—Now, Rooster, you can eat everything inside of this ox as much as you want, and come back every day. But don't touch the heart, or the ox will die!

The rooster said:



March 2015
Toledo, OH

March 2006
Portland, OR

March 2009
Austin, TX

—Don't worry; I won't bother it.

The rooster ate one organ after another after another. Every day he went back and ate until he could eat no more. And every day whatever he'd eaten before had been replenished. He brought meat back home with him to his wife and children, who became healthy and fat. The rooster was fat, his children were all roly-poly, and his wife became smooth and round. When she walked, her back end shook from side to side, and everyone took notice of the beautiful woman. One day, Old Wolf caught a look at her and said:

—Goddamn woman, what've you been eatin'?! How'd you get so fat?!

She replied:

—My husband must work harder than you.

Enraged, the wolf said:

—Bullshit! Which day did that old rooster work harder than me? No, it's me who works harder than him, so I don't know where he's getting all of this food!

Later he went home and told his wife:

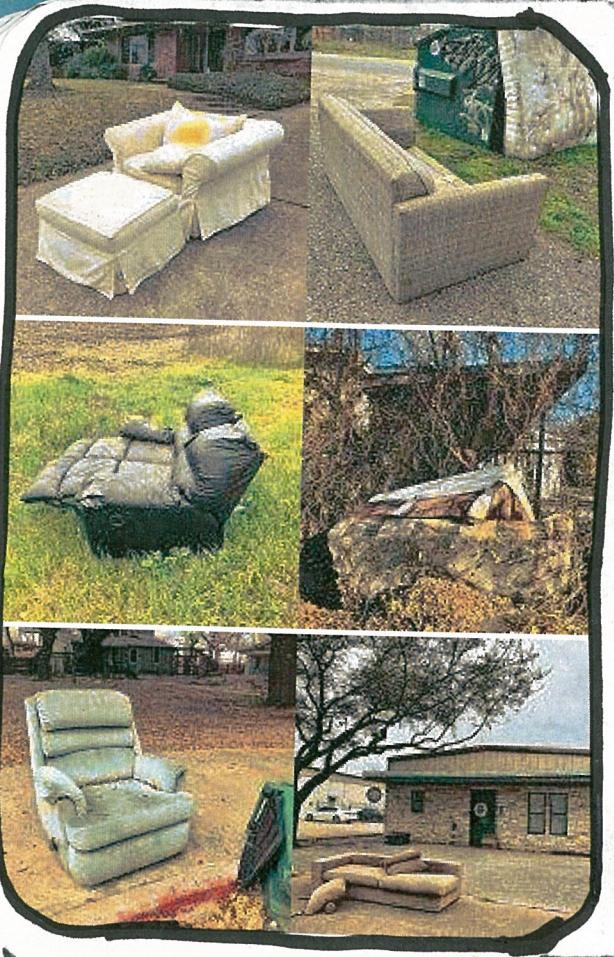
—Woman, I'm going to go lie down, cry, scream, and pretend that I have a terrible toothache. When Rooster comes to see what all that fuss is about, I'll get a hold of him and find out what he's been eating to get so fat while I'm so thin. When I get the

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bottom of this, our children will be all roly-poly, and you'll be the one shaking your ass to-and-fro.

When dawn came, Old Wolf started crying and screaming from inside of his bedroom. His wife and children cried, too. When Rooster's wife came to see him, he said:

—Isn't your husband around?

She said:

—Certainly, he is.

Wolf said:

—Here I am with a toothache driving me out of my mind, and my old friend, Rooster, doesn't even come to check up on me?

The wife said:

—He didn't realize that you were suffering. I'll go talk to him and send him over here.

She rushed back to the house and said:

—Rooster, hurry over to Wolf's house because he has a terrible toothache and can hardly think straight. He needs your companionship.

Skeptical, the rooster said:

—Axáááá, woman, that old wolf doesn't have anything the matter with him. I'll go visit him, but I refuse to play his little games.

When he arrived at the wolf's house, Old Wolf began:

—O Rooster, Rooster, woe is me! Come here, Rooster, and take a look. My tooth is killing me! This pain will be my end!

Rooster said:

—We can fix that right up. I'll take you to the dentist right now and we'll have that tooth out!

Alarmed, Old Wolf said:

—No, Rooster, don't remove my tooth! That would leave a big gap in my mouth, and I wouldn't be able to eat properly. Besides, I think it's just something stuck between my teeth that's hurting me.

The rooster suggested:

—Why don't I take it out with a long pin?

Wolf said:

—No, not with a pin, because a pin would enter into my gums and infect them.

Rooster proposed:

—Okay, then I'll use a blunt needle.

Wolf said:

—That's still too sharp!

The rooster, running out of patience, said:

—Look, here's how it is. I already said I'd take you to the dentist, but you didn't want that. Nor will you let me use a pin or a needle, lest I infect your gums. What choice do we have left? How about some floss?

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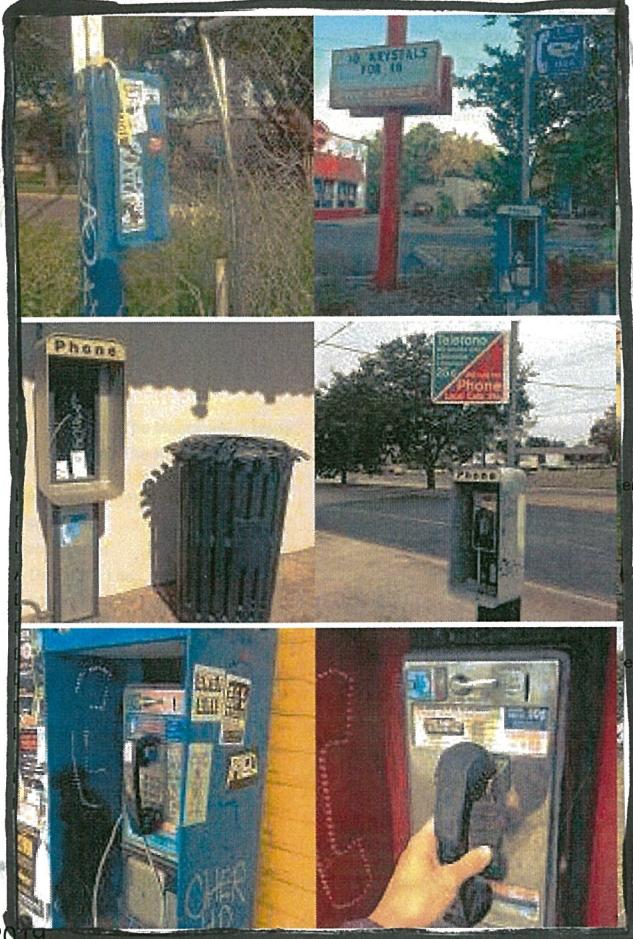
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Conoce Tus Derechos
Consumption

Color Squad Collective
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Austin, TX

Wolf shook his head and said:

—We don't have any floss.

Rooster:

—Well then, what are my options?

Wolf:

—Pull it out with your fingers.

Rooster:

—Okay, fine, if that's what it takes. Open wide.

Wolf:

—Reach farther back. There's something really deep in there.

As soon as the rooster reached in, the wolf clamped down and held him firmly. Through gritted teeth, he cursed:

—You son of a bitch, you tub of lard with your nice, fat wife, and here my family is thin as can be, all of us withering away. Understand one thing, Rooster, that you must show me what you've been eating right away.

The rooster said:

—Let go of me this instant. You can't threaten me, Wolf, and this is no way to treat a friend.

Wolf said:

—I swear to God I'll kill you. Fat as you are, you'll make a tasty meal.

The rooster said:

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—Let go, Wolf, you're hurting me!

Wolf said:

—It's just going to get worse, I swear it!

Desperately, the rooster said:

Let go of me now and I'll tell you what I've been eating!

So the wolf released the chicken and learned of the magic ox. At 3:00 that afternoon, Rooster took Wolf to see him. They marched up to the ox and said:

—Open mouth!

The ox opened his mouth, they entered, and the mouth closed. Rooster explained:

—Wolf, you can eat whatever you want from here, except for the heart. If you eat the heart, the ox will die and we'll be trapped.

Wolf said:

—Never fear; I'll stay away from the heart.

The wolf ate and ate and ate, until his belly threatened to burst. He ate until there was almost nothing but the heart left inside the ox. Concerned, the rooster said:

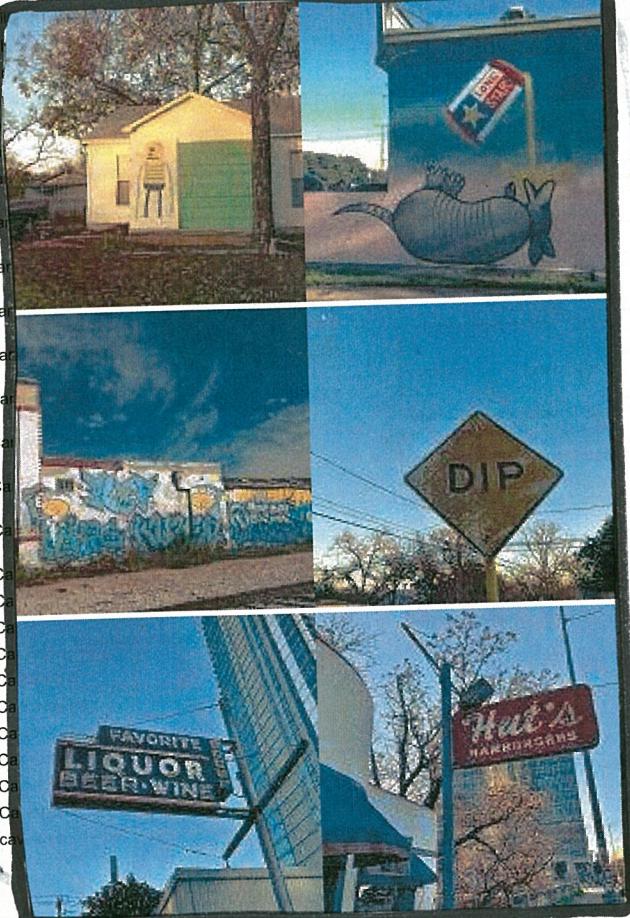
—Wolf, we need to leave before his owner returns. We can come back tomorrow.

The wolf griped:

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La Calle Primera



Creative Action

Ray Ray Book

<http://tiny.cc/meyarw>

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—Don't rush me, Rooster; I've only just begun.

The rooster said:

—Listen here, Wolf, there's hardly anything left and we're running out of time. Give it a rest until tomorrow.

They struggled and struggled until the wolf gave in:

—Fine! Have it your way!

Pacified, the rooster noted:

—There's still a bit of meat. Why don't you take some liver and tripe home to your family?

That's just what Wolf did. He returned day after day, and his family fattened like Rooster's. Every day he arrived a little earlier, ate a little more, and left a little later.

One day, just a few minutes before the ox's owner was due back, the wolf refused to leave. Rooster tried to reason with him:

—Come on, Wolf, it's time to go. The owner will be here any minute, and all that's left is the heart. You promised not to go near it.

The wolf said:

—That's true, I did, but I'm still not ready to go. You can go if you want, but I'll stay here. There's still a little meat around the edges.

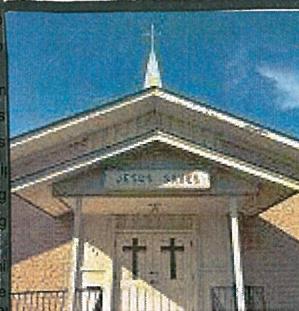
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The rooster grumbled:

—Suit yourself, Wolf. I'm going. Just don't eat the ox's

Streams #2

Drifting Clouds: Writings on Consent

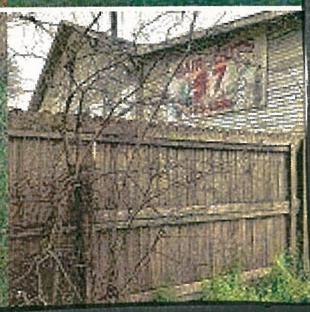
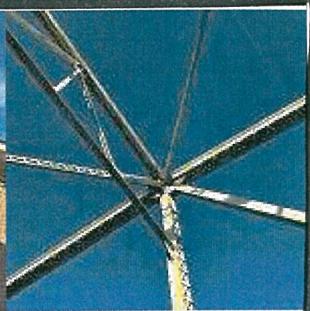


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heart, and remember to say, "Open mouth" when you want to leave.

Wolf answered:

—Who are you, my mother? You don't need to teach me this again; I got it the first time.

The wolf ate and ate and ate, until he could eat no more. Greedily, he eyed the heart and said:

—Aha! I'm taking you to my wife and kids!

But as soon as he ripped out the heart, the ox fell dead on the ground. Though the wolf yelled "Open mouth," he received no response. He was trapped.

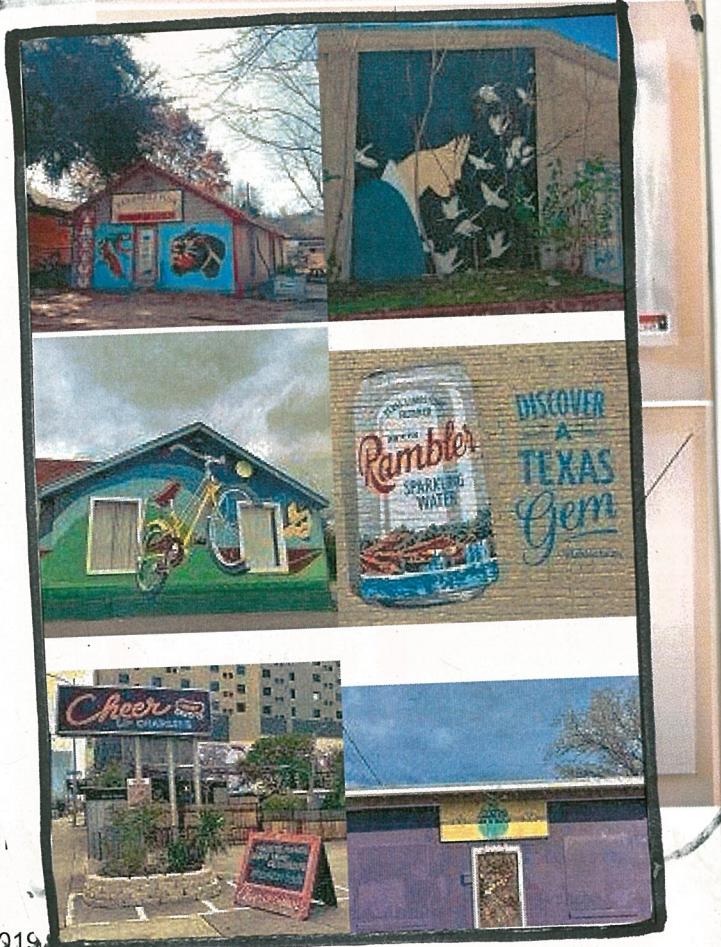
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When the owner came to feed the ox, he found him lying there. Astonished, he reported the death to the king, who ordered the bull prepared for a royal banquet.

The king's men hauled the ox's body to the palace and began to butcher it. Inside, they found no organs but a big, fat, cowering wolf. Before the wolf could spring away, they'd butchered him, too, and carried him to the kitchen to be prepared alongside the ox.

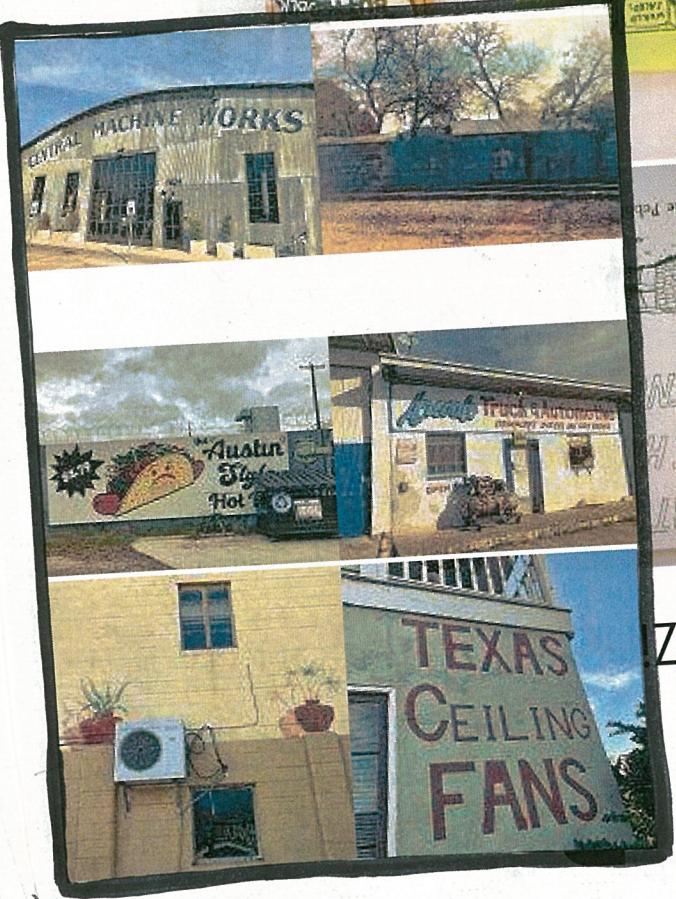
The king's subjects gorged themselves at the banquet, the finest in memory. Their wives became smooth and round, their children roly-poly, and nobody went hungry for a long time to come.

* * *



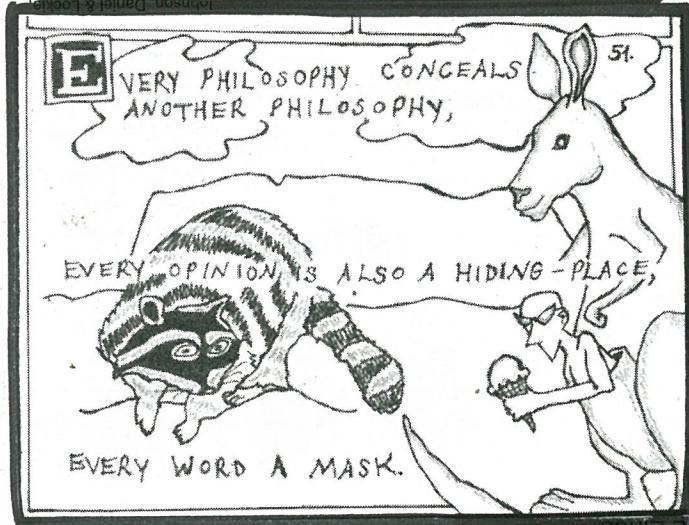
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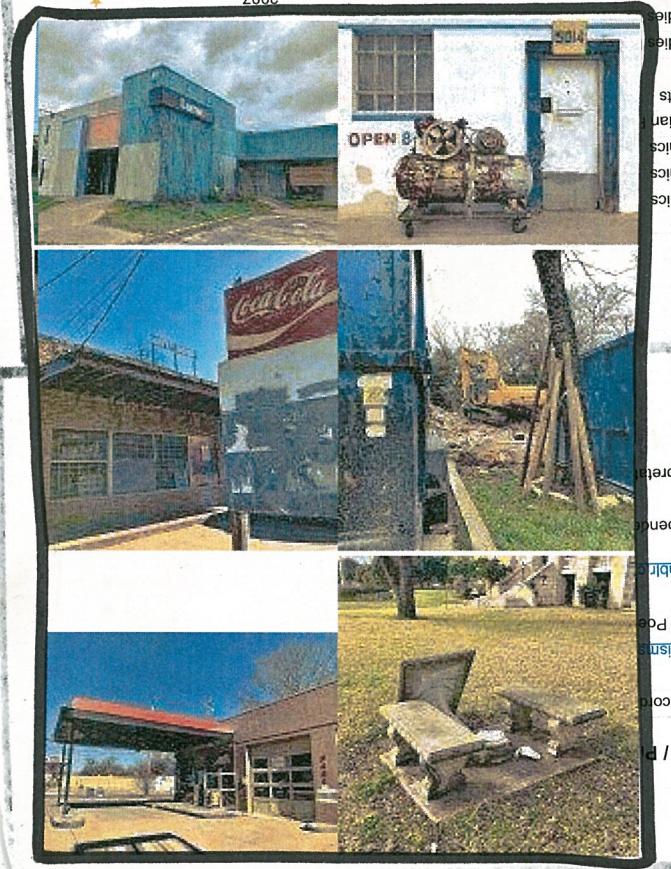


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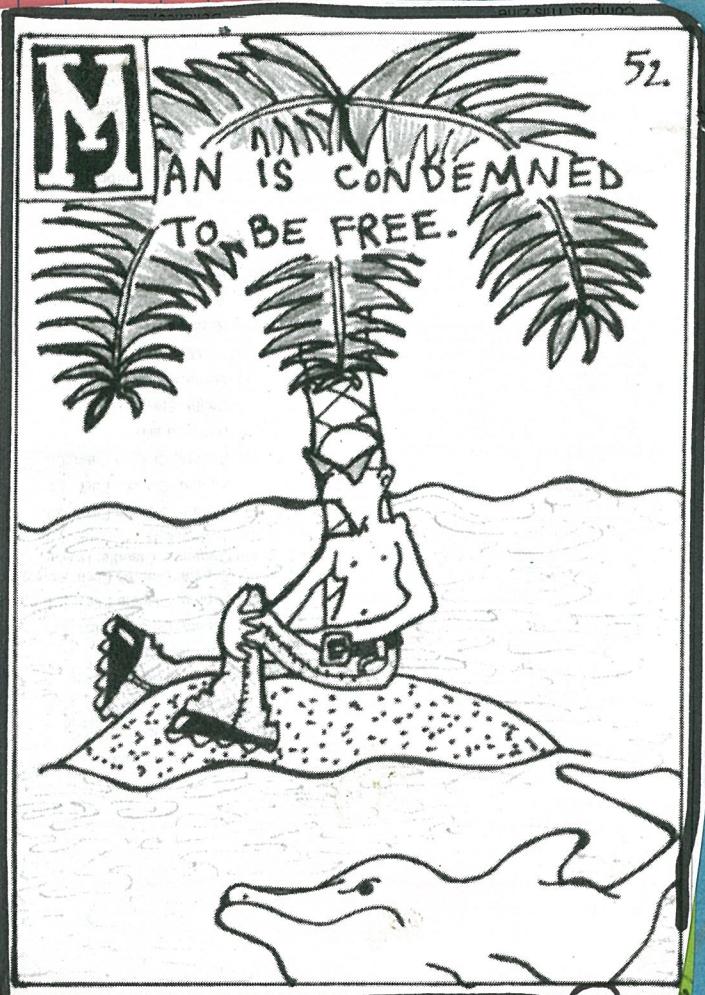


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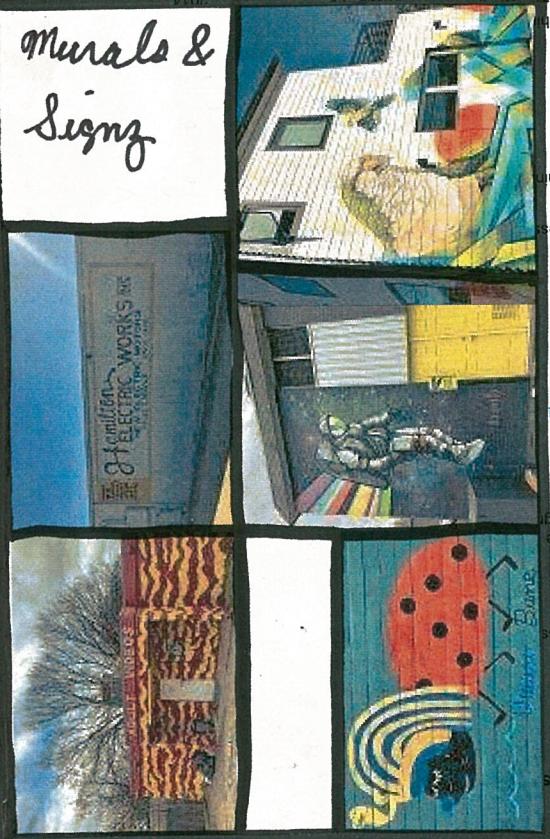
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Murals & Signs



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LIFE IS A BRIEF FLAME
IN A BOWL OF OIL

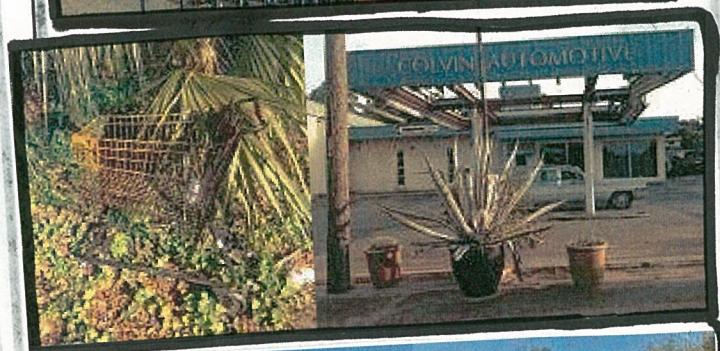
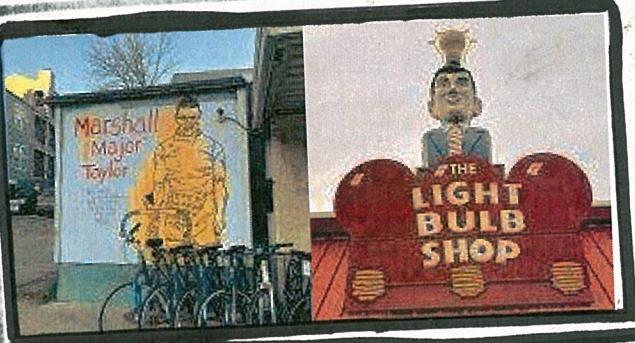


BETWEEN ONE
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AND ANOTHER.

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