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# TITANIC RAISED

## 3 DEAD 6 HURT 11 WILL HANG

Fast, she sank. We fought for the cabin we have occupied continuously, three generations, since the teens of this century. Hideous fist banging against our door would not move us to sacrifice the space designed to save our girl baby, ourselves, and our parrot, Vagina. We drifted bottomward for hours. We heard the steady thunk of the air compressor in our closet, preserving us, a bubble in the bloodstream of the ocean was all we were. Shortly we ate squid tentacles and whale's eyes and relished the tasty brain of the porpoise, though we convulsed with shame the first time we broke open the skull of that king of underseas life. We believed ourselves alone until the day we began to receive the transmission of Radio Universal in the electric light bulbs informing us in a simple, informational way that

the City of Mind, the mind of a species, is a synedrium. It cannot be conquered except by another synedrium of a greater number in its cube. Radiola does not intend to permit you to exist without contradiction, because he knows that if you ever reach a state of harmony within yourself, he cannot hope to stand against your city, your mind, or your species. The sunken Titanic exists as a physical reality and a place of dwellings, inhabited by the bleached people. The children of the Titanic culture belong to all its citizens. That's what

Radio Universal said to us shortly after we bumped against the ocean floor. As the years brought the soldiers of time against us, we saw the prophecy of Radio Universal as our skeletons glowed through our blanched bodies and talk turned to adopting abyssal fish as gods.



# THE CITY MOON



In the far future, when the moon shall have faded from the sky, and the sun shall shine at noonday, a dull cherry red; and the seas shall be frozen over, and the ice cap shall have crept downward to the equator from either pole, and no keel shall cut the water, nor wheels turn in mills; when all cities shall long have been dead and buried in ice, and all life shall be on the very last verge of extinction on this globe; then, on a bit of lichen, growing on the bald rocks beside the eternal snows of Panama, shall be seated a tiny insect, preening its antennae in the glow of the worn out sun, representing the sole survival of animal life on the earth--the melancholy bug.

# frozen

At left, Ed Gein, heinous neutrodyne, who, in 57 wore the first meat shirt, is not at all troubled by these gloomy forecasts. As bleached as his eyes are, they see no portent of a frozen calamity, even in the distant future. He says, what's more, that prior by many years to the next turn of the century, neutrodyne convict leaders like himself will be frozen, rather than cruelly gassed, or shot, or hung, and then eaten by the poor of every nation. He says you just can't beat human meat when the future is at stake.

## *A Meal You'd Never Forget*

### DOG HUNTER

A 31 year old white woman from Dewey Avenue reported to police that she had seen a man shoot a dog in the head with a bow and arrow in front

of the City Refectory. She identified him as a 31 year old white man named Ozalo. She said that after the dog was hit, the man began to skin and dress it with great surgical precision, cubing and salting the meat, then put-

ting it in burlap pouches which he carried in a backpack, leaving a mound of bone and entrail and running north on Dewey Avenue.

(See related article inside)