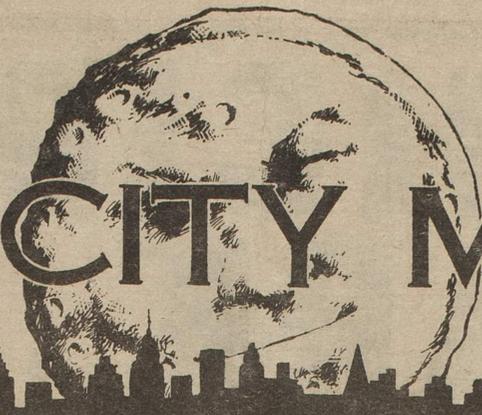


THE CITY MOON



VOL II NO 1 1977

"Eventually: Why Not Now?"

©The City Moon

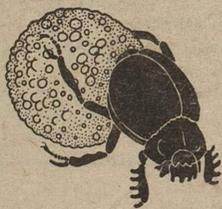
50 CENTS

MAN SUCKS WETNAPS ; BELLED BUZZARD SEEN ; NECRONAUTS CRUISE

A man in Muncy has mortified himself in a new lemon-scented way, by sucking Wetnaps in a horrible Mexico Lindo Cafe suicide; the belled buzzard of Red-water Texas has been seen again, coming down in a litany of frightening wingchops to eat candy corn with delicate gamecocks on the Prop place east of here; these odoriferous necronauts parading lost in our alleyways carrying duck-facsimiles, dropping finger joints like bleeding peanuts on our banquettes; the shocking Topeka beef-liver murders of which I will not talk; the carp kills of Mobile Bay; the Swansea subsidences; the finding of judge Crater so long strolling the golden pony roads of the afterlife and the so happy return of Sal Mineo and Jim Dean, who declare heaven a simple parcourse where they were made to complete suffering 20-mile hikes barefoot, under a dazzling artificial sun, every day, without sustenance beyond a spoon of soy gruel in the evenings, comparing their experience to life on Parchman Farm; Governor Wunty of Georgia promises tent hospitals and free haircuts to boy-scouts ; the saturnalia at the City airport continue, the runway cracks and is not repaired, small craft line it like the bones of once living cattle, pissweed

sprouts from the bones; Jazzlip Richardson has opened a hotdog stand in Croaker Park; Agoneus are staggering away from earth to spread their new definitions on orders of life, rocketing from Earth in clattersome ships powered by propane and operated by behaviorally trained planimals given ammonia wafers, then dropping through swift vortices to a Paradisical planet where inhabitants pedal helium balloons; men are now walking on sidewalls due to the powerful universalot drugs; mantids have been seen, by the thousands, walking the streets of Red Water, Texas, all female, on three consecutive nights, gathering under da-lites for some unknown purpose, then dispersing and flying off; a similar conflux is mentioned having taken place in Oxford, on the Old Parchman grounds, though no connection is drawn by the editors, no conclusion arrived at; Emperor William is sure that he was shot with an air rifle, and not injured by a piece of iron thrown by an epileptic patient, as at first reported; Masuchika Shimose, who invented the high explosive to which the name Shimose powder was given by the Japanese, died today. Send all news releases to City Moon, Box 842, Canal Sta. New York, NY 10013

The Insect Compound



Dung beetle (Scarab) pushing a ball of dung (Coleoptera)



Hymenopteran ovipositing in an aphid (Homoptera)

PROPHETIC MEETING TO BE HELD

There will be a prophetic meeting at the Holiday Inn with the well known pastor of Southwest Radio Church. His message will be the latest signs in the world concerning the God's prophetic clock. Also there will be a slide presentation by N.W. Hutchings, minister of Southwest Radio Church. His subject is signs in the heavens or parade of the planets.

RED NIGHT FOR THE KITTIES.

Hoo Hoo Initiated Many Into Mysteries of the Cat of the Figure Nine Tail.

It was a red night for those who sought to have their eyes opened to the mysteries of the cat of the figure 9 tail.

Early yesterday afternoon the manifestations of the Hoo Hoo power began to be felt around the desk of the scrivener and the blink kittens were listed as fast as they fell under the spell.

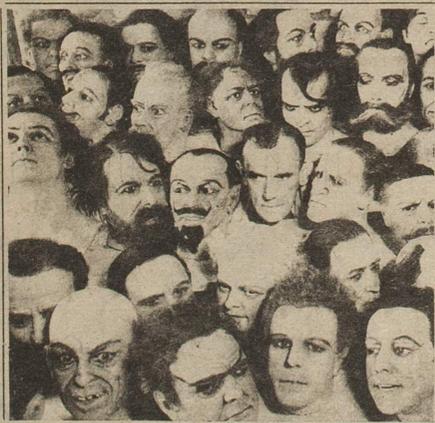
After the adjournment of the convention the initiated began to gather in more kittens and by the gloomy, fateful, portentous hour of 9 o'clock and 3 minutes between thirty-five and forty of the blind were in line. They were marched over to the city hall to slow and solemn music and made the long and tedious climb to the top floor where they were lost to the sight of the cowering world beneath.

All night long the Hoo Hoo whoopee and the sound thereof at times caused the belated wayfarer to wonder whence came that despairing yell or what was destroyed when that crashy grinding jar was heard.

This morning there are thirty-five or forty more Hoo Hoo, which makes the membership that much nearer the limit of 9999.

The New

trochilics



he had written about the beef-liver killings in Topeka in his newspaper. But he was caught with his britches around his ankles when the Trochilics came to town. Before long the trochilics wandered up and began circling through the downtown streets. They relieved themselves on streetcorners, urine spiraling from their penis'. They surrounded certain pedestrians in the middle of the day, taunted them, spun their little hot-spinning teetotums, the little top-like toys they carry in their pockets, sexually abusing them at times in plain sight of law enforcement officials, and nothing was done about it. The arm of the law has been twisted into a useless extremity by these hyponotic trochilics. Had Milton lived in a world besmudged by the presence of these new trochilics, Paradise Lost would have read like Westworld. And if they'd gone to Mississippi in Faulkner's time, the Hamlet might read like Warhol's Blow Job. Why can't our attorney-general do something about them? Scientists at the great university here have said, "When I think of trochilics, I think of spirochetes and roundworms and certain rotifera, not to mention the double helix itself." Why does the turnkey let them out every night when they've been jailed by day? They say it takes three or four hard-muscled athletes and a \$6.98 brace and bit to drill through the heart chamber of an old trochilic. It's worth it.

Mother blind.

Father dead.



SUICIDE PARK --
PAGE TWO

Trochilics move down the river on spiralling double-wheel rotation machines motorized by an extremely small and light-blue finished electric engine. As they reach the dam on the Kaw at Lawrence, the slow moving wheels tangle in the driftwood, and they are forced to camp along the bank at night, and people stopped their autos and backed up traffic along the bridge and stared. Some hurled rotting tomato hearts on the

accidental visitors. They sat in circles around their campfires roasting carp on sticks. One of them made a circular motion above the water and catfish spun out onto the mudbank, joyfully offering their flesh to be eaten by the trochilics. The Editor was on the bridge instantly, carrying his camera and a small handgun. He had seen the beatniks, he had seen the hippies, he had seen the revolution come and go,

SUICIDE PARK



If you want your soul to whistle and shout, if you want your mind to turn about, whip a quick batch of Noxage up: two thumbs of paregoric, avacado honey, lemon oil, a squirt of soda. A potent histamine, Noxage's properties range widely, unfenced, so that, if taken unwisely, you'll have the cattle of your memory feeding by the highway of your soul. Oneba here. And you'll be hawking up cysts that look like seeds of corn, if you don't mind yourself . . .

Mother blind, father dead, Lefty Oregon sawed his feet off, then worked up his body with a handsaw in Suicide Park Thursday. Why? Or why do people hire Rasputins to whack them in the forehead with sappy pieces of yellow pine plank?

I'd like to see Cliff Cox or another one of the so-called new age journalists go out on a limb and murder the English language trying to explain it. . . .

Perhaps this is a synonym to the senseless hangings of 12 years past. Remember, we all asked how long they would keep hanging, for we couldn't leave our houses without seeing another one stringing down from an eave, or swung like a piece of meat from an awning, german shepherds licking their toes. Fortunately, good resulted. The bad ones swished above the marsh of desire, bitten by the flies of memory, the souls hovering close to the bodies, unable to stay or go.

And now, the modern trend has us all sitting huddled in our houses in monkey suits, staring through the slits of the blinds at the skeletons dissolving to chrome yellow powder in the baking trees, then turning our attention back to the World Book Encyclopedia volume laying in our lap. Send sightings. B. 842 Canal Street Station, New York, New York, 10013



This necronaut craze is really filtering down. God, listen, I had a beer with Woodie Guthrie today. At the Putty Tat club in north Little Roch. My chick and me spotted him in a back booth. Let me say, he stank like cantaloupe rind three days garbaged. But the eyes were bright, the smile taut, and steady. The guitar pretty much suffered advanced woodrot, obvious vermiculation. The poor boy couldn't put a sentence together right, yet he seemed to have direction. His limp fist disclosed a Greyhound ticket to Paducah, Kentucky, where he claimed he had work awaiting. My honey gasped awfully when he offered to pick for us and lost a finger joint like so much cheddar among the strings. So long Moon. Hello Woodie. So good to have you back. Paducans, get on watch.

Yours,
Lutheran Walter
Cincy

Sirs:
I have become increasingly irritated and disgusted at the very evident "nigger-loving" proclivities of your editorial board.
P. N. CHARBONNET, M.D.
Tulsa, Okla.

GEMS OF LITERATURE

God must have loved the plain people,
He made so many of them.
—Lincoln.



Your paper is no more than ordinary. It yellows, if left in direct sunlight. It costs too much to lace and use in kitty's box. It draws coffee through solid china into radiating stains if cups are set on it. If you slap a fly with it you're lucky to curl a feeler. As a butwipe, it chaffs. As a firestarter in the potbelly it stinks of sulphur and smokes acidly. It frightens children and narrow minded adults, as all well told truth does. And the worst thing, it won't postpone the commitments of the flesh a moment, and all of us are scarab bait. The Moon lists a hundred modes of dying every issue, belabors the dogshit and ignores pressing social ills. Never does it even in passing mention speak of the great woman's struggle, though it endlessly harps on stuff oblique to the point of fabulism. Come back, Moon. Come down to earth. Eventually, why not now?

Yours,
Beverly Dome
Chelsea Pavilion
Outerditch Rd.

- 1) How many Mauritian Readers receive the monthly Polish Review from you?
- 2) When will Polska Airways come to Mauritius?
- 3) What is the main product of your country and what you export to other countries?

Koosmaoty Tacouri (Miss)
MAURITIUS

Sir → I found your article very interesting. You introduced quite a few new items, such as simulated wood gear knobs from Leston and key holders with insignia from CUD.

Joseph S. Tso

Amateur Art Thriving



Thanks to Paul Georges

from V F V

As a young boy I was permitted access to 'man talk.' This contained mostly common swear words, sexual jokes, and matters that must be kept from the womenfolk. If I recall correctly, however, vulgarity on the farm was limited to having a good time at no one else's expense and the 'intent' was not debased.

At about the same time that I was allowed into the men circles I also perceived that while the company I kept was not righteous, neither was it the debauchery to be found in the city. Something told me that deep in the bowels of the inner city the human trash was piled thick and that we farmers stood white and clean next to that.

MEN LOSE THEIR SLACK

from page 3

fancy booty in jail.

Panting like a caught pig in the pen ready for slaughter was one Emil S. Pellicer, white, 43, of 6317 Clayton Road. At noontime, maybe for his lunch, he too was busy getting his kicks. Like the hunchback of Notre Dame he squatted potted and carried out with the spirit of a man enjoying his wife in their bed at home when they're all alone. This lover was caught in a public facility on Carr Lane in Forest Park as he was declaring for himself his version of sex fame. Dets. Floyd Owens and Derrick Askew of the TACT Division asked Emil what in the world was he doing making all of those crazy contortions. You would have thought he had just had an abortion. He should be an actor.

Another sexy lover in the men's restroom in Forest Park, Grid #50, Dets. Jerome Klipfel and Larry Klingler found to their amazement the popular John Soehlke, white, 28, and residing at 1180 Moorlands, Richmond Heights. He had on a mad sex drive that was seemingly out of control as he talked phrases of love and carried on piningly with a saturated whine. It was deep voiced and racuous, the kind another sexy man loves to hear.

These men were arrested and booked for sex charges of one type or another. Some like men while others especially loved themselves. It seems like a new season had broken out for sex in a two-day festival for the oddballs.





man

Gull Dray

Henrik Ibsen (not Gibson) is back. An exceedingly sly, acute, observant, cadgy poseur is he, sitting noisy in the Mexico Lindo Cafe, purring at the floozita tottering by like a baby lynx, her high-heeled spikes pocking the floor. He mumbles a language distinctly Scandinavian - Norwegian - where travellers to the City are likely to stop for luncheons and take their after dinner coffee. One notes his visits are timed to the hours when the greatest flow of peddlers appear at Lindo.

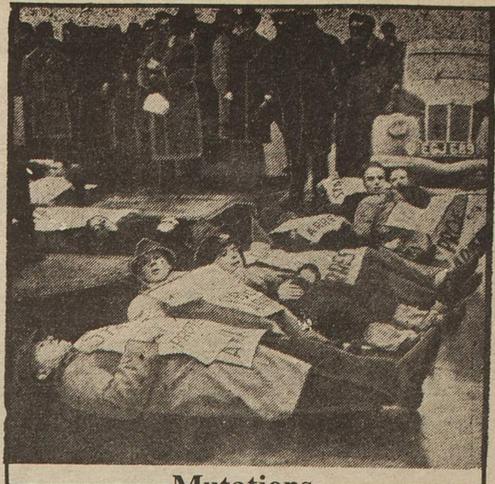
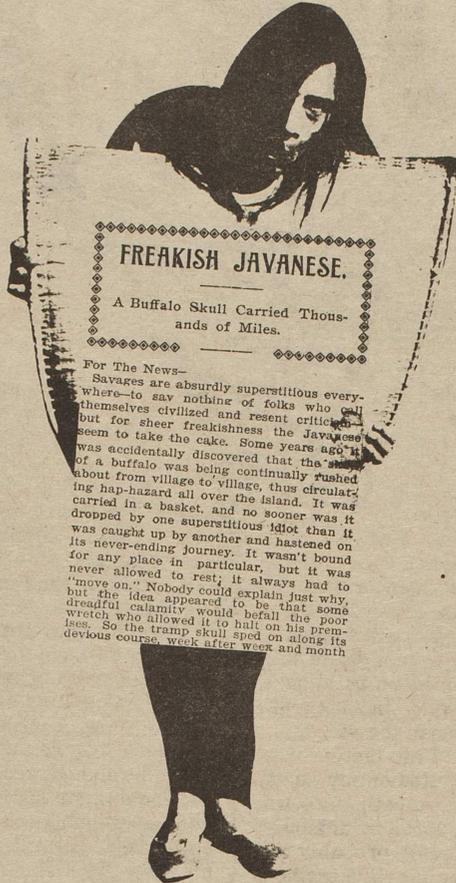
He takes his seat, he folds his paper lengthwise, chimney-shaped, smearing the ink on his fingers in his deliberate fussiness. The hat, spectacles, handkerchief: all these, too, are arranged by the fingers of Ibsen. The shiny silk chapeau is hung upon the point of a chair dowel, and several pairs of eyeglasses are placed upon the table. Every few moments he changes glasses, always pausing to wipe again and again the pair placed upon his nose. As he reads his newspaper, apparently wrapped up in its perusal, a close observer notes that Ibsen's eyes shift and dart like fishing pole tips, rather than fastening themselves to the printed page. The shy old dog is glancing around to see if he is watched.

The fact that Ibsen never entrusts a dime to a secretary, but calls them dollies instead as he shuffles jitney in his pocket all the way to the bank himself is duly recorded here in the City Moon. And he waits for you tonight at the Mexico Lindo, waiting to be seen, this too we mark. Go down town, check out Ibsen's mind, write to us, we'd like to know. B. 842, Canal Street Station, New York, New York.

Dear Moon

Did you know that the toad sheds its skin all in one piece? An excellent gris-gris. We have crab eye anklets, hand-made bamboo pipes, La Perla extract, targum, bulk pine oil, dog and pony jerky, smoked bluecat, ironwood prayer stools, the head of Oneba in goat chees, D-meat pouches, Boy Howdy cloth facsimili's. Visit us at Parchman Farm.

Mother K. Oxford Box 10



Mutations

Responsible for Musty Odors

These striking necronauts decamp from the dead. They pound on doors, looking for work. The job picture for them: bleak to none. They are dull. Some know as few as 300 words and expressions. As people, they lack the complexity so vital to sustained interest, and they are quickly abandoned by the first human sympathizers who pick them up, unwittingly, then discard them like useless habits.

Soon, they drift to campsites along the trenches where they dig greenworms and fish for spoonbill and mud shad. Then, forgetful, they hunker back to the cities which before expelled them, to steal meat and be slammed behind bars. Ishi Asia is their leader, and he says that they never call themselves by their own names, though each necronaut has a host of names among his peers.

To scientists, their theories on the origins of primal fires are a call to dance: in necronaut lore, a coyote maims a small child in a buggy, then, in return, gives the grieving parents the gift of fire.

We find all of this menacing. They're laying like logs out in the rain below our office windows now, as if life were just some monstrous road test, they the pavement. Their faces are emptied of spirit. Box 842

THAWED BOY JOTS NOW

As you remember no doubt, reader, Kenny Cubus returned from the dead more than a decade ago, in these pages of the City Moon, the first of Oneba's necronauts to do so. Today Kenny is as alive as your or me, busy jotting impressions of the refrigerated rooms, the silent years of frosty discomfort, of vitreous flotations, rubber suited, on the trenches, place to place, no more than an empty shell of August cicada bloating on a surface tension. His breath gathers in a flocculus, which is

City: It's been a week of morphing, and I can't stop my forward progress. Rigid on my cot, as though settled in a pyramid for the ages. The vitajell getting into me by tubing the blood. The sisters in a horseshoe at my bed, reading me code from the rector's logbook. Thanx to St. Jude for favors granted. One of them slaps me hard in the face. A good dream, a broken egg spilling yoke, has been intruded by the sting of a cold hand on a cheek. There's a baseball game on the radio. The seventh inning stretch.

Venus drops acid

Droplets of sulfuric acid more concentrated than the acid in a car battery have been identified in the cloud tops of Venus.

Mr. Pounds will greet you and try to guess your weight. Eat at the Hunger Art, we serve nothing twice. Avenue, near T. Circuit. If he fails, dine on us. At the dogleg of Flocculus.

Dear Absurdo Editor:

Enclosed, please find one hot news bulletin for the MOON. Rumor has it that the Hawaiian grunter is in fact the lately risen necronaut Ernie Kovacs in a cheap print shirt. Copy is from the AR-KANSAS GAZETTE. The Putty Tat Cafe is an Agency hangout. Note that nothing is said about what Authorities did with the lower part of Simmons' nose. We are wondering what next.

Anyhow, the move back was tiresome, but we're pretty happily installed. For a few days we had some trouble because our former

friends who rended from us also rented out our Johns to the Red Lion station on the corner. I didn't mind the grease in the sinks nor the swirling vicious chi marks in the johns, but they broke our Vendo machines. No more instant punch for that quick pick me up on my way to class. I'm reduced to picking through the neighbor's trash and sniffing empty cat food tins. Also the phone number on the wall asking us to call for a hot night is connected to some congressman from Ohio's office. What could be sillier than that to pick up the phone for twat and get the U.S. Congress? I ask you.

Lefty

no rest



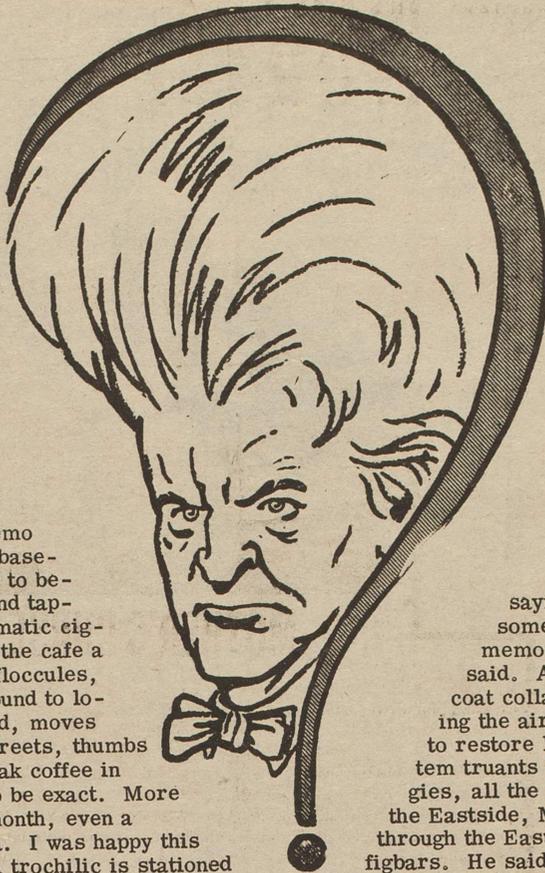
like a hive of cotton candy between his coonlike eyes and his automatic pencil. Photographs of him appear starkly on pages of Saturday Moons. A sight to frighten any child. A dog wouldn't piss on it. A halftone horror says the proctor. The sisters are mute when conversation turns to Kenny, the Boy Howdy.

NOW! ACTUAL PHOTOS PROVE KOMBO STRAIGHTENS HAIR!



by Editor Farbo

It was the winter of 50. I was to contact editor Dinsmoor, in Dodge City, my codepiece in the latest Moon so directing me, and from there drive him, in the lime-green agency Nash, to a clinic in Alamogordo, where he had arranged medical appointments. A patch of dry scale had begun to trouble the backs of his hands, as it had his scalp and knees previously. It was something going around. Every one of us had patiently struggled with it, without any benefit of radio medicine, its itch a trial on a summer night. I parked in front of the Tunney Arms, an agency hotel in Dodge City and went into the cafe in the lobby, the Hunger Art. I bought a copy of the City Moon and sat down to have coffee. A man at a back booth stared conspicuously at me, dunking a griddle bun in his brown soup, then kneading it with fingers thick at the hilts and tapering carrotlike, choffing it down, in a fit of clumsy swallowing. I ordered C-meat strips and a soycake. I opened my City Moon to the code page: "Demonitely. Working painlessly with needles on a stage in basement. Poet Black throwing the teetotum. See this act to believe." The man watched me continuously, coughing and tapping his spoon on the table to get my attention, an aromatic cigarette held close to the clownlike lips. Somewhere in the cafe a radio voice, like dry reeds in a windswell, talking of floccules, sun spots, fading in static and returning. I looked around to locate the radio but saw no sign of it. One drives around, moves from hotel rooms to public morphing houses, walks streets, thumbs books in what's left of the Almagordo library, sips weak coffee in Cafes, and watches out for Dinsmoor. He's not one to be exact. More likely he'll name a region of the Farm system and a month, even a season--see you in the fall, Farbo. . . eastern Kansa. I was happy this time to have run into him so quickly, if it was him. A trochilic is stationed on the banquette outside, spinning teetotums and begging jitneys. His woman has a line of birdwings, starling I suppose, strung from the pole of a dalite to the bumper of my Nash. Snow thickened on the roof of the City Moon building across the street, kitty corner. Plainfolk suffled along the avenue in Army wool ens, heads bowed into the cold wind of the plain, puddles frozen in the street, the dalites crackling and glowing dimply with an orange light. I ate the C-meat strips, the leathery strings entwining my rotted teeth. I swivelled on my stool, looked out into the lobby of the Tunney Arms. It's grand puce carpeting strewn with figbar wrappers, flattened wafers of discarded targum trodden by anxious feet into a pile. A dog resembling a chihuahua came into the Squat, probably one of Oneba's nuform dogs, circled aimlessly, snarling, exposing ricelike teeth, spitting up a froth, and then went out hobbling. I ate the flavorless soycake and drank another cup of the bitter chicory water served as coffee commonly at agency restaurants. The man I presumed to be Dinsmoor had the Moon folded in a crisp rectangle in front of him. His face was like a doctored photograph under the neon of the Hunger Art. He raised the sleeve of his overcoat to scratch at his elbow, lifted his chin to bother a patch of scale on his throat, and after this he rubbed his thumb and forefinger together in front of his nostrils and smelled them, as though in the qualities of its odor he might divine the cure. An oriental woman sat a few stools down from me at the counter, working at code in a City Moon with a lead pencil. She had recently come in from the snow, a sprinkling of it like salt in her pepper-black hair, and on the shoulders of her army coat. As the kitchen doors opened and closed, I heard the rattle of dinnerware, a baseball game on a radio, a tiny plainsman frying griddle buns in a pot of hot fat. Finished eating, I walked into the lobby proper and sat down to watch the television set, which was lag-bolted to the floor and enclosed in a wire cage. A few Tunney residents, most of them agents, sat quietly in front of the screen, some of them morphing out in wingback chairs, one of them wearing elaborately tubed and goggled headgear. In the mens I shit, a dribbling like a goat with scours, searched it for white worms. I tucked in my shirt tails, straightened my agency blazer, washed my hands. At the counter of the Hunger Art again, I waited for Dinsmoor to make an official gesture of contact with me. I drank another cup of coffee, my stomach soured, the water served me in a plastic tumbler warm and clouded. Dinsmoor at last came forward. "Farbo? The journalist?" We shook hands mechanically and smiled shallowly. He made his apologies for having me wait so long. He said he didn't want to approach the wrong man and be shot somewhere and left in the open air to die leaking, and have the grackles and crows pecking at his goggles. I assured him I was the right man. Dinsmoor said he was anxious to get to the clinic in Alamogordo, his jaws grinding cowlike on a ball of targum. Before that, though, and here a spindled finger of his indicated an item on the code page of his Moon, we would have to cover Oneba's demonstration, over on the Eastside, one of the historic areas. "Have you seen him do needlework, Farbo?" "I'm afraid not." "Ah, then. So this will be the first time." "Yes, I think so." "The City Moon has no idea what to make of him, Farbo. On the one hand he's a perfect



ass hole, on the other a miracle man in mufti. And who can deny that he does, in a way unknown yet, generate low life forms from palm-loads of, as far as we can tell, ordinary peat?" "Yes, they're fouling the sidewalks all over town." "Sure, it's temporary, clearly imperfect, but life nevertheless. It's something in his genes, Farbo, and they say he's working for the agency these days. And what is a little shit in the face of one who has capped the well of the vis vitalis?" "I've always thought of it as stage magic, Mr. Dinsmoor, nothing really to fuss over." "So, then where are all these cockers coming from? As you say, they're lousy in the streets, barging into restaurants." "The Nash is waiting, Mr. Dinsmoor. I'll be anxious to get a seat in the front row, for a close look at the procedures." "This is the latest, he's been reviving dogs for short periods, stimulating the midbrain with galvanic devices, calling them necronauts, a clever coinage of his. He claims it a matter of time before our dead uncles will be back to haunt the taverns, to sip jitney and tell tales of the great beyond, and our aunts to rattle piano keys again." "The Nash is waiting, Mr. Dinsmoor." Dinsmoor asked if I knew the Oriental woman sitting down from us, forking a plate of D-meat and eating it half heartedly, at the same time paying close attention to what we were saying. I said no, that there was some slight resemblance to someone I'd encountered somewhere, though eclipsed in my memory. "Parchman is a very well-known memory dump," he said. A dot of the brown soup he had eaten dried rubbery on his coat collar, his teeth like rat's teeth, the smell of camphor enclosing the air around him. "Sometimes I wonder whether they're trying to restore life down there or dribble it away--most of the farm-system truants I've interviewed are empty husks, Farbo, sad sad prodigies, all the gut and substance eaten out." "Shall we head on over to the Eastside, Mr. Dinsmoor?" In the Nash, Dinsmoor and I drove through the Eastside historic area in narrowing spirals, Dinsmoor eating figbars. He said, "Oneba will tell us what to do. Oneba will give us the word." "The bottom line," I said. At a corner, a huddle of plainfolk attracted Dinsmoor. We pulled over to the curbing. One of Oneba's dogs was in flames on the banquette. "Drive away, Farbo. Get out of here. They could notice we're in an agency car. We don't want to provoke them. They'll be on us like flies, wanting figbars, targum and jitney tokens, a dozen other things." "I guess they're sick of nothing and D-meat," I said. He offered a figbar, which I refused, not caring for the sweet taste and gritty seeds, and we drove on, looking for signs of the demonstration. Dinsmoor raked at his patches of scale, attending to the ones on the backs of his hands more than the rest. "They say," he said, "that Oneba keeps his crippled feet in a canvas bag." "I wouldn't know," I said. "You're too spare with words, Farbo. Be looser. I see soft slippers and long corridors in your future." "I really can't say," I said. "You see, there you go again. How can you prosper in the journalism field? The acorn embraces the oak, if you see what I mean. Spill more beans, ass hole. How can you expect to cut the mustard?" I dialed in a radio station and we listened to a football game being played in Chicago, a few brief minutes left in the last quarter. Sooty starlings lined the eaves of broken down factories and mills, an egg of moon threatened at the skyline, frozen auras clouded the glare of dalites blinking on for the night. The City itself, as ancient as it was, brittle in the cold. "Turn the heater on, Farbo." "I'm afraid it doesn't work. I turn it on and nothing happens." "Typical of the agency, to send us out on a tricky run like this and issue a junker vehicle. Fucking ass holes. We'll freeze to death in the middle of nowhere. It doesn't matter. Who gives a shit?" We saw the beam of an arc-light sweep the sky, the first hint of where the demo might be. We decided to head in that direction, to see what we could find. On Centrola Boulevard, a ponycart rattled over bricks, a plainsman tooting a kazoo in the bed of it, selling hot soy waffles. We hailed him and bought two a-piece. They were served in a fold of waxed paper, coated with cane syrup. Dinsmoor complained that the sweetness stung his teeth and he threw them out the window as we drove away, still in clear sight of the vendor. "Dogfood," Dinsmoor said. "I hope he saw that." The closer we approached the source of the beacon, the more difficult it became to locate exactly. We found ourselves, once in the neighborhood of it, a little disoriented. We circled the same blocks, re-crossed the same intersections, the architecture so much of a piece that we had to get along without landmarks. We parked the Nash under a dalite, locked it, thinking we would be better off on foot. In a few minutes, as though the car had been steering its own course, we were standing in front of the place. We heard a Sousa march playing hollowly from the throat of the loudspeaker, somewhere in the vicinity.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Gons Hotel



VERY CHOICE

A MILITARY GENIUS ARISES IN EUROPE TAKING CREDIT FOR THE WAR

HE IS KNOWN IN THE SCRIPTURES AS THE BEAST. HE IS CHARMING, A MASTERFUL POLITICIAN... THE DARLING OF THE SECRET SOCIETIES, THE CHIEF OF WARLOCKS... SATAN'S MAN. ON THIS EARTH NO ONE WILL BUY OR SELL WITHOUT HIS NUMBER 666.



666

THIS GENERATION WILL SEE ALL THIS COME TO PASS—WATCH ASIA.

HEN-PECKED MAN WILL LOSE AN EYE

Tarrytown, N. Y., Sept. 9.—Frederick Henshaw will be blind in his left eye for life as the result of a hen peck. He was petting Clara, the blue-ribbon rowl of his flock of fancy poultry, and she was playfully pecking at his face when her beak struck the pupil of his eye a glancing blow. Physicians declared that the use of the eye could never be restored.



POCAHONTAS After her marriage to John Rolfe.

RAT CORN

25c 50c \$1

Quick death to Rats, Mice, Gophers, Prairie Dogs, Squirrels. Never causes odor. Money-back guarantee stamped on every package.

Just RIGHT at NIGHT



NATIONAL Premium BEER
A pale dry BEER
brewed by The National Brewing Co.

THE DRAIN WOMAN



The 'drain woman has peculiar opportunities to consider human nature from its meaner side. She finds bottles, broken crockery, sodden Oneba life dolls, castoff garments, old shoes, bones, dead rats, political hats, you name it, as she plods her weary way ankle-deep in

human waste. Her job to search out obstructions in the sewer, stubborn evidences of that sort of criminal carelessness which has cost the City so many dollars and so man lives. Let's remember the drain woman a moment. Think of her next time you consider flushing that litter of kitties down the toilet, or the old moldy sausages, the rancid Brussels sprouts.

GIRL TURTLE



MOTHER'S CURSE MARKED BY A TURTLE

ALZORA FEELS that "my mother marked me at birth." "She was fishing on a river bank one day and caught a turtle and tried to take it off the hook. But the turtle bit my mother and my father had to cut it off her finger. When the turtle bit my mother—she was carrying me at the time—she cursed it and cursed all turtles. I came out marked this way because of that.

"My mother marked all of us children. A brother was born with fingers all the same length because while father was cutting a hog, my mother said something to him and he cut off his fingers. The baby was born with perfectly even fingers, all the same length.

"Another sister was marked by a cat. My pa came home drunk one night and argued with my mother about fixing him some food. Mother slammed the oven door shut and put some wood on the fire. Then she started to make some biscuits. You know how a cat will crawl in an oven to keep warm? Well, our cat had crawled into that oven and when mother opened the door the cat was cooked. My sister was born with the mark of a cat on her."

Alzora has no fear of marking her own children, if she and her husband decide to have any. "I could have children but I'd have to have an operation on me to deliver them. I know I would not mark my child because I don't have evil thoughts."

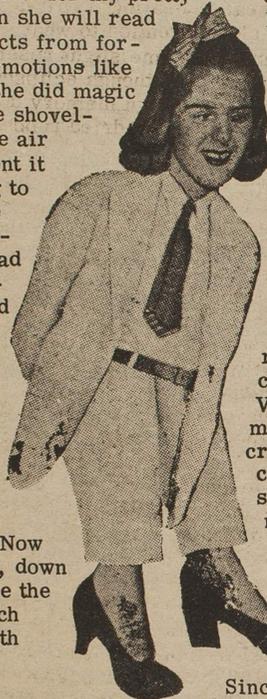
During show season Alzora lives in a world of freaks: Alligator Boys, Bear Girls, Armless and Legless Wonders, Fat Women and Skinny Men.

It is a world of numerous bitter arguments and strange boastfulness about the extent of deformity but one with very little racial prejudice. Many of the freaks at Rosen's Coney Island show are Negroes. One, Pearl Jeffries, who is 92 has been a freak "since I was two and got frostbitten." She is a quadruple amputee. Pearl and Alzora are close friends and tend to supplement each other. Whereas Alzora cannot reach an electric light pull cord, Pearl, by standing on her toes, can.

Alzora's dream is to buy a house in Brooklyn and have a floor level sink.

Moons

Absent, I write for my pretty stead. Soon she will read many subjects from for-Turkey to emotions like Last time she did magic tricks. She shovel-rier into the air until she sent it whimpering to below. She it was a ca-made by dead animal ori-facted and feeling. had the dog after it had ghost up. only at the core, they Cross where she and offered her down. Now art monkey, down ing to pierce the Poetry Ranch another Plath



cousin, in her her verses on eign lands like hollowness, flying dog led a rat ter-where it hung snapping and bleacher seats told the audience nine imperviously wizards, not of gin, but manu-utterly without For proof, she roar like a wolf clearly given the Very little drool, mouthcorner. Enc-ried. So the Red came to the inn stayed that night money and shut she is a common on her luck try-National System perhaps.

Sincerely,
Parabeau Lassie
12 Lot 5 Ward
Prefecture
City



Charles Blanch
Doris Hudson

THE FEMININE WAY

Among the inventions made by women are: copper tips for shoes, the baby carriage, the washing machine, the bread-reading machine, a self-filling fountain pen, a portable type-writer, a stem winding watch, the bustle, and three important improvements in the sewing machine.

The mean-eyed man of envy gives us a malignant "once over"—and we dread his detestable glance.



COULD WE REACH ANOTHER WORLD?



TOO BIG TO ARREST*****

The New York Journal

A woman who sells whiskey without license despite the officers, Mrs. Mullens of Hancock, weighs 630 pounds and is defying the United States Revenue officers. She lives in a log hut and is selling liquor without bothering herself to pay the government any license. They are powerless to prevent it.

It is easy enough for an officer to inform her that she is under arrest, but bringing her to trial is a different matter, as she is too heavy to be conveyed to court over the rough mountain roads. If this difficulty could be overcome, another would present itself from the fact that she has outgrown the doors of her house and can not get through them, and no marshal could be invested with the authority to tear it down over here.

So she sits, or reclines, by the whiskey cask and deals out corn juice in defiance of law. Her supply may be destroyed, but it is impossible to keep an officer over her all the time, and she soon has a new supply brought in.

DEAR HYACINTH
DEAR HYACINTH
DEAR HYACINTH

H -- Contemporary psychologists say that to be fully liberated we must turn our fantasies into reality. Well, the other night I did just this. The only problem is, the boy next door was peeking in a window at the height of my most fearful dream come true. Now I can't look at him in the eyes, and each evening I hear someone panting. Is it me or him? Juggo
Huisack, Tx.



Dear Jug. Act out yur fantasy, then when you hear the pant, go to sleep, set ur alarm for the wee wee hours. Creep to his window and wet his bed profusely. If he gets off, you got a friend.
Jacinth

Hyacinth! I keep having this dream. Maybe you can help me. I am walking down the main drag. Suddenly there is a tugging at my coat-tails. I turn around and here are these two big grapes the size of billiards posed neatly on the sidewalk. I pick one up and take a big bite. It tastes rather fishy and familiar, but not like a grape at all. Tell me, is this some sort of forbidden fruit?
Bozo, Miami.

Dear Bebo: Next time you're in Safeway, snatch a pile of scab grapes. Pluck several off the stem and juggle them as you walk down the drag. If nothing happens, you are clearly on the wrong track. Place them in your pocket and massage gently as you walk, but don't mash as they may stain your trousers.

Limbless Unwed Mother to Keep Baby

The state department of public welfare had challenged Miss Tate's ability to care for the child. But she stunned hushed courtroom spectators by diapering and dressing her daughter, Niya, with her lips and tongue.

A casket containing the body of an unidentified infant girl was carried to a grave in Dallas by Walter Baldree and his wife. The Baldrees found the body in a trash can.

Mrs. Baldree pawned her diamond ring to pay for the services. A marker will bear the name "Snow White," which Mrs. Baldree chose for the child.

Laws of Gravitation in Flight

Farbo here, journalist, roving for the City Moon.

The news now cautions of flocules on the sun, suggests we stay indoors and wear the headgear. Most of us do, in keeping with city ordinances, and with the memory of recent medical moons so freshly kept. They hung blue and bulbous over the city, washing us all in a bath of radio medicine. The cheeks of those at large then, without headgear, puffed out and erupted in rings of blister and pustule, white worms were seen in the feces. . . .

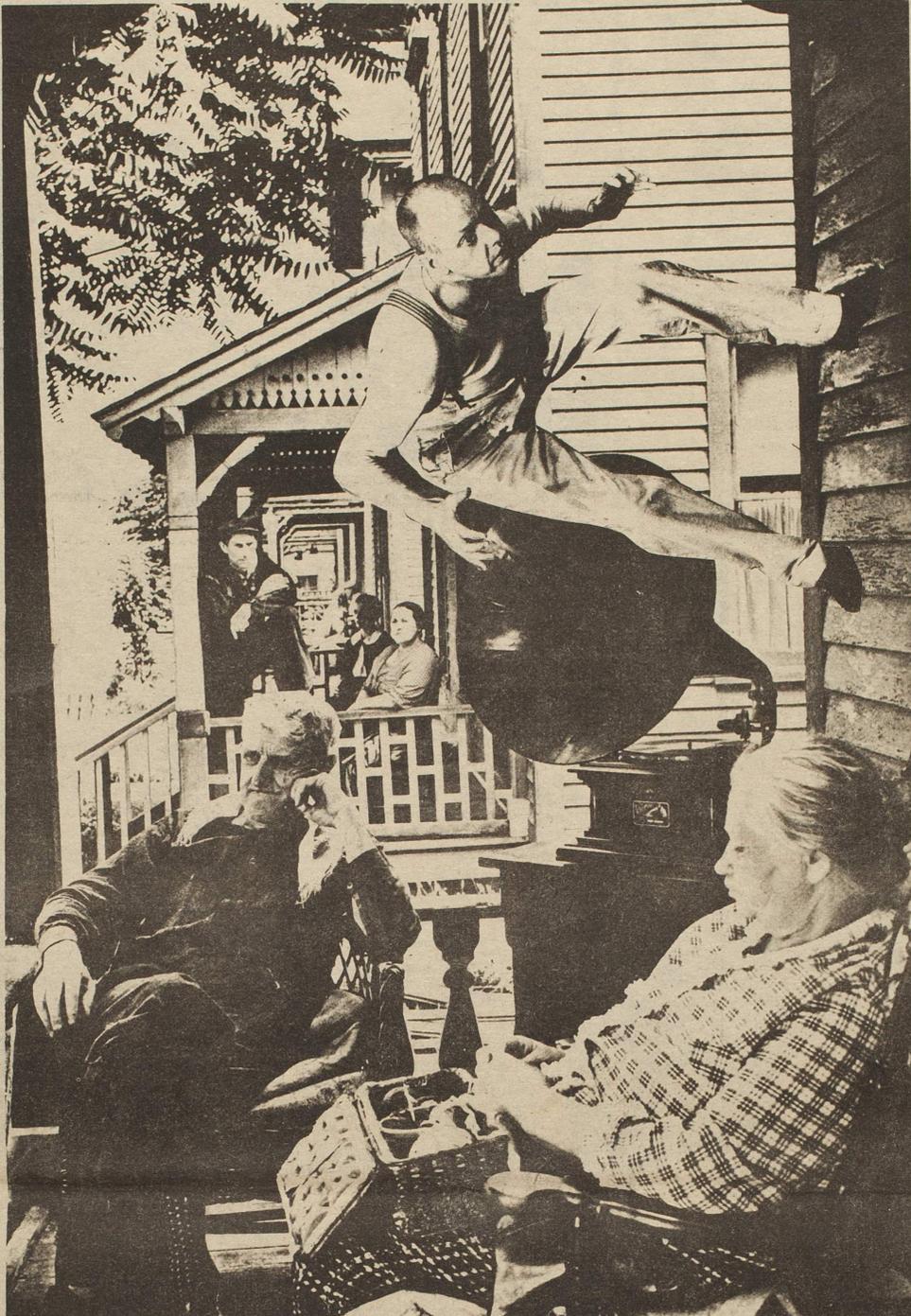
I am not one to poke my nose outside on a night like this, for the passing delight of radio medication, and risk a metabolic incident. Isn't it enough I am running now on two sheep's heart. The noisy pop of a camphorberry could kill me. No, I am not one to fiddle in an empty room. Not one to go down stairs with hands in pockets. . . .

They've put the relics of Boy Howdy in glassine bags for the time being, eventually to be publicly chown at the Church of the Ark, all adrape in purple chintz, as Oneba was when they waked him the last time.

Dear City,

One of these days somebody will stab Oneba's little monkey heart and that will be that. Mark what I'm saying, Moon. Listen, this is it.

Yours,
Alley Carraby
Parchman Stop
Mississippi Farm



Dear City Moon,

Masses of a sticky threadlike material floated across Alamo-gordo skies the afternoon of March 16, causing general consternation among those out and about that day. It ranged from the size of a match-head to 10 ft. globules, drifting into the heart of the City, clinging to grass, metal, and cement. At first, we thought it was a synthetic precipitate of the air itself, later it seemed to be nothing more than spider webbing. At the height of the invasion, the air over the City was filled with webs at a density of almost 1/ square ft. Those of us wearing headgear found the baffles in our tubing uselessly fouled with the stuff. It was cloying-sweet to sniff, but tasty and edible. We saw grackles beaking it from their wings, grounded and helpless, fire-scouts throttling them, breaking the necks, dropping them into canvas sidepacks. We are writing to the City Moon, praying that Oneba will answer. Please, Oneba. Help if you can.

Best Wishes,

Mother K
Seeress

A farmer who lives one mile north of Oxford, Mississippi, informed a City Moon correspondent that a belled green parrot spent the day with him on his farm. He saw it several times coming down to eat corn with his chickens. He describes the bird as being of prodigious size and having a clackerless brass bell fastened around its neck. Though it talked away while it ate, the farmer was unable to distinguish the sense of what it was saying.

A paragraph appears in the papers this week calling attention to the neglect of Thackeray's grave in Kensal Green cemetery. It is overrun with ivy, which obstructs the inscription.

IMPROVE YOUR FACE

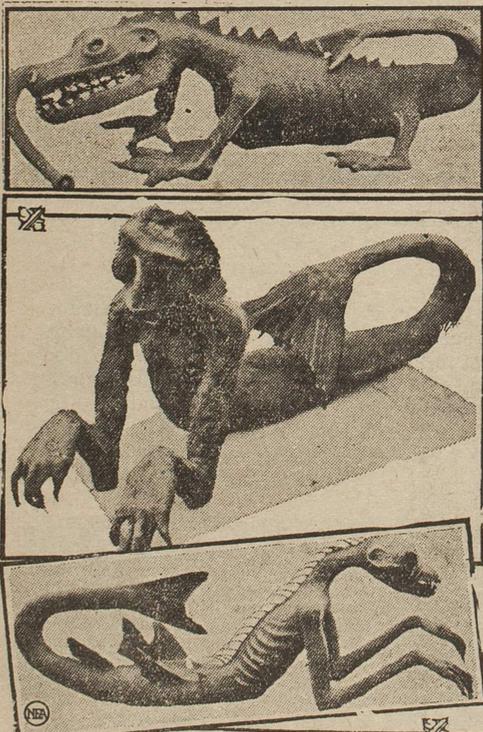
FACES made younger, handsomer and more expressive by the famous Barker scientific physical culture exercises for the face. They will do more to build beauty than all the paint and powder in the world, for they get right at the root of your facial defects and overcome them. Prof. Barker is the originator of facial exercises. Send 25 cts. in coin or 30 cts. stamps for complete course.

ANTHONY BARKER
1235 6th Ave., Studio 47, New York City



THE lowly and uncultured Tartars—when books fell into their possession—ate them to acquire the knowledge contained therein.

FREAKS APLENTY—BUT NONE GENUINE



Some of Professor Freier's freaks. Top—Epho, the water elephant. Center—Lilly, the alligator girl. Bottom—the water rectangus.

Dayton, Ohio, July 2.—Shift the scene from Washington today, east Professor William E. Freier into the leading role, and—

Be prepared for another first-class "expose." You will find they are not real—the "Humandella" Monster, found only in the Black Hills of South Dakota; the Water Rectangus, right from the Florida swamps, and scores of other petrified freaks you have seen in circus sideshows and street carnivals.

And Professor Freier will tell you they are not real. He readily confesses they are fakes, for made them with his own hands. Many of the freaks placed before the public in the last twenty years have come from his "Freak Foundry."

His process? Well, it is simple. A vivid imagination and a certain skill at vivisection of small animals and fish make up the most of it.

His latest designs, "Lilly, the Alligator Girl," and "Epho," a water elephant, are being turned out to this year's shows.

Epho is a combination of stray teeth, the skin of Miami river fish and bones of deceased Dayton domestic animals.

President Faunce of Brown University charges that one of the things the twentieth century will have to answer for is the "moving picture mind." All life, to many of our young people, he says, is a series of snapshots with no chance for a time exposure. Hence they can not think straight on any subject. Their minds are a bundle of transient impressions and confused ideas. There is something in the educator's charge. Thinking takes time and application and for most people in this age of the automobile and the flickering celluloid, conditions are not right for it.

EMPHASIS WEEK
MAY 5th to 10th

I'M WAITING
FOR SOMEONE TO ASK ME

to join the National
Alliance to Keep and
Bear Arms.

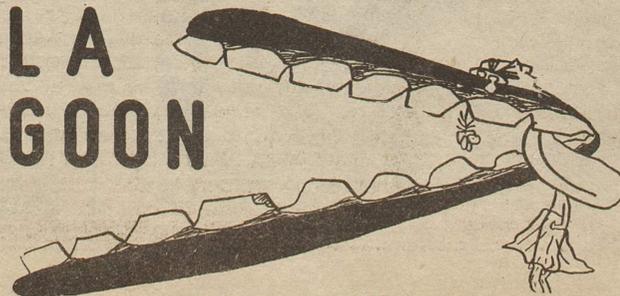


Gambler Slays Pal at Gambling Table

Different folks are said to have different strokes. In a night gambling game two old friends met and played against each other expecting friend would take his life, to have a nice time, but it didn't turn out that way at all. The devil got in the loser, Clarence Miller, 65, of 5975 Cote Brillante and he argued with his next door gambling neighbor, Jim Hill, 74, of 5973 Cote Brillante. The fuss waxed hotter and hotter and soon a climax was reached. Miller went home and got his .22 rifle after saying to Jim Hill, "Fool, you cheater, I will slay thee in the name of Jesus Christ and put you where you belong if you don't return my \$4."

It didn't take long for Miller to do the McArthur and night gambling game two old friends met and played couldn't believe his close friend would take his life, but he was vastly mistaken. When Miller pointed his gun at Hill, Hill said, "Don't do that to me. I thought we were friends." Boom! The ill deed was done. Miller shot Jim Hill in the abdomen and Hill was rushed to the HGP Hospital. This was about 11:30 p. m. Thursday, Aug. 12. At 2:30 a. m. Friday, Aug. 13 Mr. Jim Hill was pronounced dead. The gambling gunman was jailed for murder. It occurred in Hill's own house.

LA GOON



The La Goon cafe is finally open in the South Parchman historic area. Prairie clam steaks, gumboot pie, rooster comb salad, chili-heart cold plates. Little Toni on the pianoforte. No minimum. Proper styles of hair and dress. Passcards will be inspected. Come, have a great time, despite all. Relax here. Oneba does electrocautery Sunday nites. Look for the sign of the headless cock. 24 hrs.

ONEBA SLAPPED

A trochilic came out of an audience in Cincinnati, slapped Oneba repeatedly across the cheeks, and then escaped, through a back exit, in the midst of the confusion. His appearances are charged with mixed emotion, something subtle and unseen rides the moods of the crowds, like surface tension over stagnant pools. The slightest ripple brings up muddled creatures long asleep at the bottom. Recovered from the slapping, Oneba gave this statement to reporters: Oho, the old earth is frolicsome tonight. Be joyful. All for One and One for All. Only the dead ones feel no pain. Life is worth no more than a jitney. Spend it. We are all measured units. What's a little slap? In the face of death?

Dear City Moon:

We're plumb weary of Oneba's restorations camping on our lawns, and their fires leaving burnt circles in expensive zoysia, and their clowning faces peering in at our televisions through the picture window. We've already had to install jealousies. Three types of fencing so far tried, but nothing at all keeps them out for long. They grin at us like shit possums. We're afraid for the safety of the children.

Three angry citizens,
Names Deleted, Cincy

My dear readers. This is Oneba speaking. Listen. There are manifest differences between animals and men. My terriers naturally dig under the barns for rats and my pointers set the poultry and sparrows, just as birds fly and fishes swim. To say all men are born equal in abilities and dispositions is an insult to ordinary intelligence. Imagine teaching the average farmer that razorbacks are as good as ducros or scrub sires as good as any among the cattle and poultry, or that any kind of seed is good enough to plant. Readers, it doesn't stand to reason. Send me dreams. In these future columns I will interpret. Free of charge. See you at the Hunger Art 1 Picnic. I will exhibit my new Electric Belt and Suspensory. Boy Howdy will be there too, and even Poet Black, fully restored.

HAIRCUT REGULATIONS

So now the City council says regulate haircutting, no mo process jobs, no mo konkin, no mo nuffin bro. We all get regulation Paris Island bowl-crimp shave jobs, and stand in annoying lines to get them. We palm national jitneys and pay the barber for his rude slicing. We have little bleedings on the scalp, ticklike scabs to comb out. Come payday we all rush downtown, our khakies fat with jitney paper, so that we can get our haircuts and look like one another. So much more security that way, both personally and nationally, as Oneba has often reminded us, speaking ex-cathedra. Our children want nothing more than barber college and a national haircutters permit, and then it's a shoo-in lifewise. Easy Street. A nice bird-blue cherry perched in the driveway, a boss aluminum Airstream, with a pinch of equity in it's jealousy windows. All that any modern family unit can get a purchase on it can keep, in short, if any member holds a federal tonsorial card. One is fixed for the duration, can travel unmolested by road patrols. Oneba says this: the bagatelles of today surely will be the ordinances of tomorrow. The surprising fact is how dashing, how purposeful, how bright and coolish Americans can look, how ready to open the watergates, to let in the yellow flood. Oneba says, get those haircuts every week and await the coming of Bo'i-Ha'di. Editor O.



Another of Oneba's stories goes like this: In the days when all men were good and there were no trochilics, men had miraculous power. Lions, mountains, whales, jellyfish, birds, rocks, clouds, seas, moved quietly from place to place, just as men ordered them at their whim and fancy. But the human race at last lost its miraculous power through the laziness of a certain man. He was a woodman at Parchman Farm, a high-black nigger, and one morning he went into a forest near the farm to cut firewood for the master's hearth. He sawed and split all day, until he had a considerable stack of hickory and oak. He stood before the pile and said, Now march off home! The

great bundle of wood at once got up and began to walk, and the woodman tramped on behind it. So far, so good. But the woodman was a very lazy man. Now, why shouldn't I ride instead of tromping along this dusty pony road, he said to himself, and jumped up on the bundle of wood as it was walking in front of him and sat down on top of it, and lo, then the wood refused to go. The woodman got angry and began to strike it fiercely with his axe. But all in vain. Still the wood refused to go. And from that time the human race had lost its power, and the life units paraded out of its members like ants from a hill of dung.

A Camel-Udder Box

1. Mr. Bowles writes from Tangier a Tangerine desert fruit is ludicrous in California we laugh the sun sets summer fades
the red birds alight, their feet are red the horror of the men the menace of flight they are armed serious like soldiers is this Armageddon we gather in a shabby foyer for the end
There is menace in the elevators state-of-siege outside the balconies earth rumble of heavy weaponry
I am frightened small white helpless bullied and believe in hell I am Dondi no-teeth look
2. The shine of the far-riding animals and we detect the fetor in the grime crocodiles part the immaculate leaves school girls dry in their dictionaries

discharge haunts them nightly the nestled cunning, sleek deceit through lifetimes of acedia make substitute for repose they could not seize
we got off the icebox quarter past noon when all the goons on 12th street set up high refrain
3. the tiger dreams awake the the jungle heat it beats upon Marpasian rock fraying strands of days payed out like line
the jeering cats in silence of garages caught in their own jism seethe in smuggled cauldrons of infamy skimmed off the cream of animals
the jungle is deleted the white man screams in the living room gorgeous and beaten his mind fertile to the inserted fang
the twenty-four inches of his dream whang slipped bang into the daylight there by the bolus tree
W. Pounds

Overnight rod repair



Entee Shine, knocker at a slaughterhouse locally, let it flow today for a girl at the Victory Dress Shop and was seized by police shortly after.

Apparently Entee took a real shine to a checker girl and displayed his better half to her innocence, at which she screamed and he jumped into a pile of fake Christmas logs nearby; inexperience got Shine shortly slammed into a jailhouse rock wall, while the laughter of armed blues outside the cell shook Shine.

Now he is withering in Cell 28, Block 41, stumbling because his eyeglasses have been stolen, beaten at what little checkers he plays, and broken; seven hungry mouths wiggle in the air in his house, and blacken his name. Shine needs help. This is a basically decent man who married early, lacking experience, and wandered through the world a pool of curiosity. At the slaughterhouse they say no individual can replace Entee, and

THEY'LL DIE

FIRST OF THE CHAUFFEURS

Were men who in fantastic garb terrorized the ruralites of France

Chauffeurs existed long before there were automobiles.

History tells us the appellation of chauffeur once terrified old ladies, though at present it evokes in us only cheerful and pleasing thoughts of automobilism, in which nothing but the roads and paved streets are scorched--in contrast to the original chauffeurs.

About 1795, there sprang up in France, principally in the eastern and central regions, fantastically dressed men with their faces blackened with soot and their eyes carefully concealed, who gained admittance to farmhouses and other isolated dwellings at night and committed all kinds of depredations.

They had an outrageous habit especially, from which they obtained the name that posterity has preserved for them. They first garrotted their victims, and dragged them in front of a great fire, where they burned the soles of their feet. Then they demanded of them where their money and jewels were concealed. Such interrogatories could scarcely be resisted.

STAG PARTY

At The Anchor
North Of Salt Plains
Friday

* In Norwalk, Calif., an immigrant dairyman, Gerben Van Dyke, hooked up twenty-four of his cows to a milking machine, watched horrified as a short circuit knocked them down, killing thirteen. He complained: "Nothing like this ever happened in the old country."

Life Not Extinct in Chicken's Heart Taken From Egg 8 Years Ago

By The Associated Press.
New York, March 13.—One of the most remarkable experiments in the indefinite prolongation of living tissues by artificial methods, it became known today, is the specimen of a chicken's heart, extracted from an egg in the embryonic state eight years ago, which has not only retained the spark of life, but had grown many times its original size. This minute organism was removed from its natural gestative place by Dr. Alexis Carrel, noted surgeon, in January 1912, in an attempt to sustain its growth under scientific conditions. Dr. Carrel has announced that the organism is still functioning, and disbaring accidents will continue to grow indefinitely. The organism has been nourished regularly while cultured in an aseptic solution. From information obtainable, it was said that in this experiment Dr. Carrel had gone further than any scientist in his quest for the immortality of the living tissues. Dr. Carrel was awarded the Nobel prize in 1912 in recognition of his surgical achievements.

HOUSEHOLD TIP

During dog days, watch your drains. Scalding and washing soda must be spooned down sink drains each day. In the bathroom, to destroy injurious germs all the pipes should be thoroughly flushed each morning with boiling hot water. At night, sprinkle into each pipe a large spoonful of chloride of lime. Drains can kill.

Sensational New Business
BRINGS STARTLING PROFITS
Here's a chance for independence and quick success. Own a store like this—an easy, pleasant, dignified business you can be proud to operate. Greatest success in years. Takes but little money to start.
Carmelcrisp
CARMEL POPCORN STORES
Make and sell the world's most delicious popcorn confection—plump, tender, healthful popcorn coated with savory, tasty caramel. Different from any other—more savory, more delicious, more successful. No experience needed. We help start you—help finance, supply equipment, formulas, plans, guide you to success.
FREE—"Golden Kernels of Profit"
FREE book tells how others are making big money and how you can do it. Brings positive proof of sensational earnings and gives you chance to get in a real business of your own—quickly—safely—while it's new and best. Write for it. No obligation.
LONG-EAKINS CO., 228 High St., Springfield, Ohio

ONEBA



WE KEEP THE WIRES

MEXICAN DEAD BACK--NECRO-NAUT CARNIVAL

It's a common belief in Mexico that on the night of All Saints and All Souls the dead come back, but not to haunt. It's more a social and family call. During the latter half of October the pastry shops, toy stores, and groceries are well-stocked with the special delicacies that the dead relish. Most bakeries have a sign, 'Buy your Dead Men's Bread Here,' and all candy stores have frosted sugar skulls, skeletons, coffins in chocolate, and other dainties in the same line. On the last night in October you set a table in the form of an altar, candle-lighted and decorated with orange marigolds, these being the favorite flowers of the dead. For the children you put out sweetbread, baked pumpkin, and toys such as sugar bones that rattle, funeral processions that move gaily, etc. In the morning the live children have their party with whatever the 'little dead ones' have left them, and the whole family goes for a picnic in the graveyard, during which 'adult' dead come back to talk over unfinished family matters and eat a hearty warm meal.

Kenny Cubus, a.k.a. Boy Howdy, was born on a shanty boat, and will no doubt die, once again, on one of them. Once the shanty boats were drydocked annually and painted, caulked, repaired, now left to moth and rust, corrode and calcify, finally to disintegrate on the murky bottoms of the trench, without maintenance, without salvage. Oneba doesn't care, The City Moon mentions the shanty's only in passing. Nothing is lost.

MMMMMM Medical Moons MMMMMMMMM

The first of the medical moons will float blue and horrible over houston come january next, assuredly a prize baby of Viet technology.

Surgeon Gen. Wunty

HORNPOUT RECORD

Mother K., a seeress of Alamo-gordo, in a single evening, caught five hornpout ranging from 10 to 14 inches long and weighing a total of nine pounds, exactly as she had predicted the evening previous, to a travelling actor, Buster Crabbe, in the Gregory Room of the Hunger Art Cafe. It was a new hornpout record for the state.

WHITE BOY PRESSED IN PARIS

Paris, Texas

The report of a ghastly find has been filed here today. The particulars of the discovery, as they are ascertained, are to the effect that during the past week, while the cotton gin at the outskirts of Paris was being run at its full speed, a little 5-year old white boy, whose name cannot be learned, was in the gin house watching the machinery. When night came he could not be seen anywhere about and a vigilant search was made, but the little fellow could not be found. Then, three days later, the attention of parties was called to a bale of cotton by reason of the fact that green flies had been attracted there in large numbers. When the bale was broken, it is understood that the victim was found crushed in a horrible manner. It is supposed that the boy was looking at the work of the press and, at an unguarded moment, got too close to the edge and fell over into the box, a depth of 12 or 15 feet, and that with the noise his cries could not be heard, and the lint cotton was poured down upon him, smothering and pressing the very life out of him.



Prison Poem

Man Stepping into the Forst
Hearing the Eako of his Voice
Folling In It Direction
With No Pertection

From Where he First Awoke
To Him His Voice Spoke
He thought Nothing Could Speak But He
Untel he met a Sting Bee

The Birds They Lafe in the Tree
When He Began to Flee

On and On He Went
Not Known a Word They Ment

In the Forst He Were Shut In
Using Fourst to Make It Thin
No Train Were To Be Had
He had No Son to Call Him Dad

Nothing From Him Did Run
For There Wont No Gun
But the Idea Came to Him
And He Pick up A Lim

Joe Massey
Ohio Penitentiary

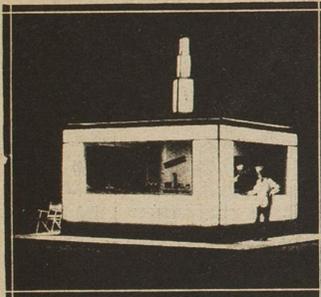


HOT.



CURB STAND LUMINOUS IN DARK HAS GLASS SURFACE

Surfaced with opal glass which is illuminated by concealed electric lamps, a curb stand at Buffalo, N. Y., glows with a white light at night. During the day the stand looks like an ordinary glass-covered structure. When darkness comes, the lights with their specially designed reflectors are turned on to cast a white glow through the glass.



Concealed Lights Shine through Opal Glass to Illuminate This Refreshment Stand at Night

The Hoxie Heater Band now appears nightly at the ballroom of the Gons Hotel, accompanied by human playing cards, followed by an Edsel auction. This hot band is a rose in life's boneyard, an escape from the woes of the street, the ash and saltwater of daily living. Wuntex Ag and Mech Students, half price.

FACT
The Munties of Tennessee traversed the South in the 30's, an unflagging battalion of King Mid-get Automobiles, carrying the skull of a Javanese buffalo that had entered the family in a basket from house to house, hastening it on a never ending journey. It was bound nowhere in particular, yet was not allowed to rest.

FOR SALE

Heads of the presidents in cheddar cheese. This set is first quality Wisconsin aged, certified USDA. These sweeties sit on the mantel like nobody's business until Xmas and then let the grandkids take a bite out of Eisenhower's cheek for a little taste of what it was like at Normandy. All 48 presidents for \$25.00. Check or Money order to City Moon Cheese Offer, Box 842, Canal Street Station.

Vernacular Views

It has been more than 10 years since the first farmer made a business out of breeding beetles and selling them to children in big cities. Two letters discuss what this strange enterprise has done to city children.

A 38-year-old housewife living in Kuki, Saitama Prefecture, took up the subject in a letter to the Onnano Kimochi column in the Mainichi Shimbun.

"It happened on a very recent day. A friend of my second-grader son suddenly held out a stag beetle, saying 'Look!' My son stepped back in surprise when the other boy dropped the beetle, and my son accidentally stepped on it. Some dark juice came out of the beetle's tail and the boy demanded that my son compensate him with ¥150.

"I learned of the incident that night from my sixth grade son. He said since the other boy was to blame for the accident as much as my son, he need not pay the whole sum. However, my younger son said since he was directly responsible he would pay the whole sum.

"I did not quite like the idea of children exchanging money and proposed that my son buy another beetle and give it to his friend. But he insisted on paying the ¥150.

"I was at a loss how to drive my point home and asked my sons what would they do if their beetle met the same fate. They said in unison that they wouldn't demand any compensation. But I did not take their statement at its face value because for them, beetles were something to be bought at department stores.

"Until about five years ago, beetles could be found in our neighborhood, too. When the elder son was a first grader, he used to leave a piece of watermelon under a tree early in the morning and caught a beetle or two a few hours later. Keeping the beetle without letting it die was a big job for him during the summer vacation.

"Had the incident involved my elder son and his friends, they would have treated the injured beetle and tried to keep

it alive. With only four years' difference, our two sons behave quite differently. I was quite at a loss how to go about telling my young son about caring for little lives in this rapidly changing world."

The other letter, from a 36-year-old Tokyo father, appeared in the Letters to the Editor column of the Asahi Shimbun.

"Responding to the insect craze among city children, the Japan Travel Bureau and Tokyu Electric Railway Co. have organized day tours to the forest park of Fuji-Subaru Land featuring a 'beetle hunt.'

"I joined the hunt last Sunday at the insistence of my son who had seen the beetle hunting scenes in a TV newsreel. A part of the wooded area in the park was enclosed by a wire net fence and about 80 children and accompanying adults are let inside at a time to catch beetles for about 30 minutes. A bucketful of cultured beetles are released inside the enclosure shortly before the group is let in.

"At the attendant's signal, the group rushed into the enclosure, tumbling over rocks and tree roots as they dug at likely bushes and tree roots. It was just like treasure hunting.

"Lucky children found two or more beetles and let loose cheers while unlucky ones couldn't find any and wept. Their mothers got angry at the organizers for not making it possible to find at least one beetle. At the signal of the end of the hunt, the group left the enclosure, a new bucketful of beetles were released and a new group stood by.

"For the unlucky children, there were stands near the entrance where you could buy as many beetles as you liked, and the stands were crowded. Children made the trip all the way to the foot of Mt. Fuji to buy what they could have bought in a department store or a pet shop, their dream of catching beetles in the real natural surroundings shattered. (G.H.)

C
M
I
O
T
O
Y
N



THE NATIONAL GAME

Dear Moon,

I hope somebody plugs that asshole before he generates tentacled things we can't even imagine. My society will issue a kill order on January one. We help those who can't help themselves. Oneba's meat is cooked.

Nickolina B.



Police end career of young 'crime fighter'

LCS FRESNO, Tex. — Officers have arrested a teen-ager who called himself "Nick the Fuehrer," a self-appointed crusading detective on the side of the law.

Officers said the 15-year-old boy went too far this week and they received complaints of the lad "wearing a mask,

carrying a bull whip and moving very fast" through town harassing people.

Nick was arrested Wednesday night although he protested to police his only intent was to punish hoodlums.

"He's a nice clean-cut kid," said Police Chief Charles Barter. "However, he just read too many comic books."

Believe it or not, Gary Hackner, 20, told police that he was shot by a dude who is known to him as Ben Franklin.

He said Franklin displayed a revolver, and for no apparent reason, shot him in the right eye and left shoulder.

SAYS HE WAS SHOT BY BEN FRANKLIN



Agonews Alight

The Agonew brings jelutong.

His earthly life a laughingstock, he signs off to prowls the shill we call the universe, hauling bushels of news to the far worlds, and bringing back jelutong.

Old boatman, he spies rot remaining of a wood jetty, the dock of a jelutong factory.

The jungle spits forth an ancient in shorts with a bare and withered chest. A first-rate grin accompanies the crone on the path to the factory. Cakes of jelutong, meanwhile, belly in evil insect water in a vat. The ancient says:

Tappers bring the jelutong from the jungle to the factory, and they cook it and make it bricks. They harden it in vinegar, and formerly urinated on it before transporting it. The jelutong is source of Galveston jelutong.

The Agonew asks, "What is jelutong?"

It's where chewing gum comes from. The urine coagulates it.

Drifting from planets where people are made of peat to ones where glass fish swim in vinegar pools beneath chloroform oak, the bright mouth of our world is forgotten by the Agonew.

By bringing us jelutong, the Agonew himself travels bright oceans of stars, fearing only a possible lapse of communications from earth, a potential weatherbell of auto-annihilation, yet in all other ways enjoying his life away from the planet.

Science Classes

The fifth grade has just finished a unit of rocks and charts. Ginger Taylor brought up the idea of smashing rocks that write to make paint. The project was a smashing success.

The sixth grade is starting a

new unit called Senior Balancing. So far we've just been exploring Balance Problems of our own making. Next we'll do activity cards, many of which we have made up ourselves. Eventually the solutions to the balance situations will be put in mathematical language.

Dear City Moon,

I made the first flag of concrete. It is 4 X 7 ft. It was made 15 years ago, placed on a cement tree in my yard. It has stood the test of storms this long without failing. I think it would be a great advantage to the government if they put up cement flags, ball-bearing as mine is, over lighthouses and fire watch towers and other places where a permanent flag is wanted. It would stand out in all kinds of weather and can be seen at quite a distance, where a cloth flag could not. Please write me if you desire plans for this flag, or for my perpetual wind-driven yard light. CALL on me, Box J. Oneba is one!

Editor Dinsmoor
Dodge City

Tiny Two Wheeler

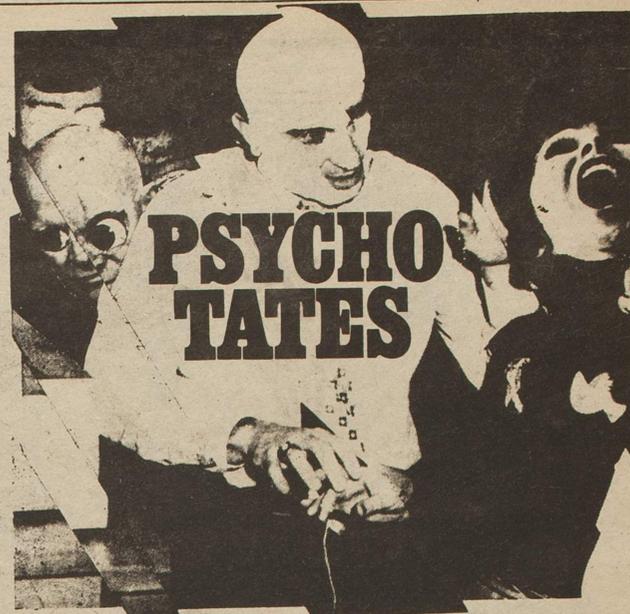


A Moses fan

The reason I am subscribing to The Philippine Times (check enclosed) is that I enjoy keeping up with Moses and The Highbrows when I am not able to see them. Please publish the Moses column often.

BUMPED BY PIG; LOCKJAW KILLS

Joseph Kiev, who was knocked from a ladder recently, is dead from tetanus. He was picking cherries from a tree at his home here when one of his pigs entered the yard. His dog gave chase and the pig darted under the ladder upon which Mr. Kiev was standing. The ladder toppled, throwing him 30 feet to the ground. He was uninjured except for a broken finger, which he ignored until lockjaw set in. Then he was beyond help, even of a medical moon kind.



The neck whips, the spine snakes, the chakras are thrust open at last, and Delores Ortez shouts deliriously for her mother. This begins the narrowing road to addiction, the helplessness of sinking into sand and down a giant funnel into the bottom of the hourglass nightmare.

Innocently, a home unit is purchased. Then, staggeringly, Mom is flat on the stove top, or head down on the oilcloth, a bottle of radio medicine knocked over, dreaming of Bob Girl, her dentist, the twining windy days and winebottle candles, naked before the African mask hanging in Pixie Allen's bedroom, or drinking rum and lemon Cokes.

The doctor's shadow lays a bar of black across a door. Water boils, towels arrive, children

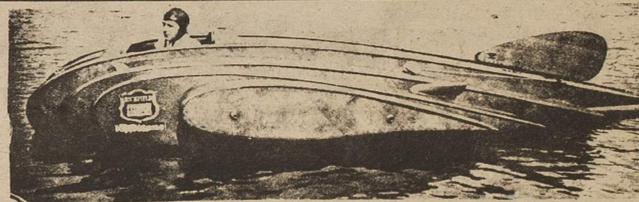
hush. He performs electrocautery on Delores.

She repairs slowly in the backyard, in a lawn chair, sun or snow, blank in face, companioned by a terrier, abandoned by her children to rot beneath the weeping mimosa, lingering over cake walks of her memory until she cries.

She is taxied to the beach daily, where she scrubs herself with the sand beneath the foam.

The advertising sneers out that Cortez would have bought a unit and hibernated in a hacienda and left the Seven Cities to other dreamers. We say rotters run the show, and they are dispensing fools gold.

Carry yours out onto the lawn, soak her in gasoline, and light up -- kicks are deadly.



Shanty boats navigate the trenchways, bumping the mudbanks, spinning, and going on downstream, as dependent on the flow, if any, as a leaf of sycamore in a gutter. Plainfolk get on and off, morphs sleep in piles to be warm, travelling aimless sometimes, to Muncy, back to Lucas, to Muncy again, then off to Laredo for the Fiesta del Sola, or back to Lucas for a Hunger Art Picnic. Even Oneba has been known to step onto the decks of a shanty and shuffle a bit, doing a needlework number on the poop, liking to mingle with the low and unfortunate to keep himself in top form. A trochilic

band will haunt the banks in spring and summer, will reach out and pull a plain person or a morph child from the shanty, helpless as a ragdoll, weakened by vitajell diets and D-meat rations, and begin their business of torture and sacrifice on the unlucky rat. In winter, the trench goes stagnant, blossoms in a yellow-green algae, and the shanty boats are dead in the water, in a swarm of mosquitoes and suck flies, crawling in ants and tree roaches, most of the passengers stunned and spiked under a lingering medical moon, hung there bluish and frightening like a lantern in an empty room.

Dear City Moon

What was then, in the 50's, a simple hickville goofboy salute, is now (it was then Boy Howdy!) the newest thing--the Bo'i Ha'di, something derivative of a lax and fading Nipponese culture, the Ainu. Ainu's worshipped (and ate) little honey bear noses, black and crispy in the iron pot, and carried outlandish coon dick's about the place -- the coon being one of few mammals possessed of an organ with an armature of solid bone rather than the hit and miss up and down crank we humans have been God given. They pick teeth with them, scratch heads, poke in the dirt with them, whatnot. To go on -- the Bo'i Ha'di, once you've achieved it, says its aspirants will have you slapping your granmaw with joy, once on each cheek, and watch the flush of blood pinken those all-but-buried old grunty hags. To go on again -- I mean, why not smach the granmaws? What are they worth anyway. Their linens stink of burned potatoes, the backs of their hands like the surface of Mars, the liver spots, the pissgutt attitudes. If the Bo'i Ha'di has its way we'll find ourselves grabbing all the gusto we can, a Schlitz in one palm and the other cracking gramaw upside her stoopid head. Without digressing now, a la Holden Caulfield, the root of it (Ainu Bo'i Ha'di-ism) gets back to Howdy Doody, no doubt. They say the only remains of that sad puppet are seven yellowed toenails and a few circles of burnt cloth. What hope can we muster for folks who fuck guinea hens and mud holes? Those women forever doing pushups in cucurbit patches. Now I ask you, where are the Lee Harvey's when we truly need them? These Ainu Boy Howdy's are a bunch of pissguts, dirty assholes which ought to be wiped out. We remember the talk, back in the late 60's, of those hippie concentration camps around Alamogordo, Prairie du Chien, and Biloxi. Who are all these necronauts going here and there carrying duck-facsimile's, with what may as well be lentil pudding for brainmatter, who are they? Jackson Pollock, Woody Guthrie, Judge Crater, Sal Mineo, Knute Rockne, Lou Costello . . . they're all coming back to vote for the Bo'i Ha'di, dropping finger joints like the lepers of Capharnum, as if we didn't have enough of public putrefactories. Cut their ankles off with scythes, squirt acid up their nostrils, do anything say the Howdies, but get rid of them, get them off the streets. They're worse than the old trochilics. Open the heads like coconuts with ball peens. The Howdies eat popcorn with a snow of salt, alternate snuff and Senior Services, and love to gum possum jerky. I say quarter them in the Colonel's fryer chop-chopping machine. Make no mistake about it. Niggers like the Snake Milton will be wearing neon hats, the shriners will fork up their circuses. Most of us will get tax breaks. Someone at a reception recently in this centex City asked a noted ex-junkie, how many Bo'i Ha'di's can dance on the head of a syringe. One Boy Howdy has bragged to this writer of having slapped an old woman in a train station, whom he discovered in an isolated corner shooting up insulin, thinking it smack.

Your reader,
Randy Teeter
Shanty 12
National Canal Boat Dock



V.S.

CHAMPIONSHIP 76

The third game of the NLG playoffs between the mets, with a 0-40 record, and the Black Hawks, with a 1/2-39 and 1/2 record was a curious events.

Take Dave Debussure shooting 80 on the archery range 4:00 that morning, then coming to madison Squire Garden 3 hrs. later shooting 7 over par.

Mets coach Henry Doc Kissinger did not know what to think about this. After the fourth round he decides to pull Debussure out, To see whats up his Ass.

To replace Debussure he sticks Mark Spitz in as half back moving Joe Frazer to Goalie. But three holes later Mark rushing to block Ele Nas-taoisies feild goal attempt, and doing a good job, pushing the ball the wrong way in front of nastaoisies foot, thush inflicting tereble pain on himself. Kissinger seeing his team being beaten to HELL decides to throw in the towel, thus losing the game to the royals by a landslide. The winning point on a 3.0 and 1/4 mile by big daddy Don Garlets.

Rick Enalle
9th Grade

P O R T

You can pick your nose,
You can pick your friends,
but you can't pick your friend's nose.

Rufus, 12-22-76



Robert Dimaggio, famous architect, left, drying the lovely back of a mysterious bathing partner, right. He must have muttered something pretty nasty to her later, for at that time she cut loose with a shower of hot lead to the face. Mr. D. had been City and State Architect.



COMPARED TO RODEO THE SPANISH BULLFIGHT IS KID STUFF, STRICTLY FOR SUNDAY SCHOOL PICNICS

No wonder Americans despise bullfighting and have made it illegal (Florida excepted). When it comes to torturing animals for entertainment the Spaniards aren't even in the running. American rodeo boasts CALF-ROPING (more familiarly known as "The Grand Slam" or "Who Popped the Kidneys on that Ity Bitty Critter?", STEER-BUSTING ("The Hot-Rod Rag" and "The 50-mph Tackle" or "one in Fifteen DOA"), and then, while the band plays an old bagpipe number, there's TEAM-TYING ("You take the front end and I'll take the rear end, and We'll rip 'er down the middle a'tween us").

HERE'S A RECIPE FOR AGONY:

- (1) Take a tame horse (2) add a bucking strap (place in the area of the intestines and kidneys and if the horse is male, have the strap cut into the sheath—see photo—(3) tighten agonizingly (4) top with a brave "cowboy." YIELD: one "wild" bucking bronco and a gay rodeo act.



3 SLAIN IN GUN BATTLE ON A CORNER

In a maddening shootout among youthful bums, beggars and hoodlums (crowds with one another at the corners of Prairie and Lee avenues about 11 p.m. Saturday three young men were shot to death. Four policemen arrived when they witnessed a most unusual disturbance with about seven friends participating. The officers were identifying themselves when they observed that the fellows were shooting one another down as though they were clay pigeons. Some of the gunmen broke and ran, but they were shooting at one another as they staged a running gun battle. Police pulled their guns and began firing away too at the running gunmen.

Their bodies and heads were riddled with bullets. None of the officers was injured or shot down in the raging gun battle. And too, it is not known who shot who. As yet it is not known whether any of the flying police bullets struck any of the dead gunmen.

This gun battle among 'twits might have been a pre-Christmas celebration, or the gang might have been angry about the distribution of money in robberies or burglaries or dope peddling. Police don't know what to theorize as yet. Some of the mobsters will have to talk and make a revelation of the true cause of the hilarious nighttime shootout that stirred the neighborhood.

Let me say this, Fred Broski: This 18,757 yard ring hole is a beauty. The viking who has dominated the shiek, & Dick the Bruiser last week. This shot could be worth a cool 30,000 hand grenades with the coveted jeweled champs belt--watch that hazard to the west.

W. Prop

Tries To Seduce Family Friend In Cemetary

An 18 year old white girl, a housewife living on Orchard Street (400's) reported to police that she had been sexually abused at Mt. Hope cemetery about 11 P.M. by a friend of the family, a 52 year old white man. She said he was driving a green 1968 Ford and gave the police the license number. She reported to police that she

had gone to the hospital with the man to visit his wife. She said that on the way home he stopped at Mt. Hope Cemetery on the pretext of visiting his sons grave. She reports that while they were parked in the cemetery he grabbed her and attempted to kiss her and he tried to fondle her in the upper regions of her body. However, she told police, she resisted him and he was unsuccessful in his attempt. She was advised to obtain a warrant for Sexual Abuse.



Nobody Said 'Sissy'

Filler: The phrase sub rosa originated in B.C. 477 during an intrigue between Pausanias and Xerxes over Greece which was carried on under a bower of roses. Pausanias was betrayed and walled up in the temple of Minerva to die of starvation. Afterwards, Athenians wore roses in their hair when they wished to communicate a secret.

NEW PRODUCT: Engineer Prop of Lawrence, Kansas, has hammered and riveted together another amazing wind-powered device, called the Roaring Forty. He started with a wide canvas and rubber belt taken from a derelict oil drip irrigation pump, added a supelite ornithopter topside. Prop claims, as any dairyman knows, the best way to make a dying cow lively is to keep it on its feet. And that is what this gismo does, provided the wind is up. You strap in the cow, crank the props, and there goes Bossy, sailing tiptoed over the back forty.

keep
right

29



RECTOR ENTELECHY STRICKEN



The rector of my Farm, Old Parchman, is afflicted with verruca plantaris and walks often with the help of an aluminum cane. He has tried electrocautery, acids, and an ointment of pig's fat, mugwort, and ground daisies. I've seen him on the porch of the stonehouse, in agony on the glider, rubbing the greasy stuff into his foot, as he rattles the vespers. He isn't a bad old man, but one of us will eventually do him business. I would expect it to happen before Xmas of the year, if I'm reading signs correctly. One of us will take up a ball peen and finish him.

Trochilic Bottled

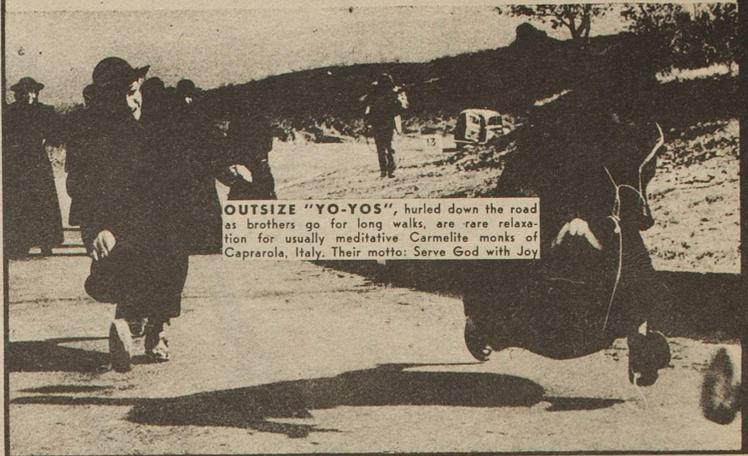
This happened in New Orleans in 1959. Your reporter was walking Tchoupitoulas at the wee jazz hour of 5 a. m., nibbling a hot waffle covered with cane syrup and powdered sugar, the stink of the Mississippi riding out of the levee lips, when he all but stumbled headlong over the remains of a dead trochilic, whose shoes and pants had been taken by scavengers (of which there were many in the Crescent City then) and whose toenails were like third degree relics and resembled horse's teeth. Apparently the method of killing was this: an empty LaPerla bottle had been broken at the neck and rudely pushed down the trochilic's throat as far as it would go until he passed away in a pinkish froth. It reminded me of a pig snake engaged in swallowing a bloated rana pipiens. Close by the trochilic's feet, I found a brown bag containing a half-dozen boiled blue-point Gulf crabs. I took these myself and went on my way. We knew then it was best not to report these incidents to anyone. We also knew they were the beginning of something of moment, a process, a playing out, a petering, an age of defiance and censorship.

WHAT IS HUMBLE PIE?

To "eat humble pie" means to take a lower position, or to demean one's self. The expression is really a pun on *umble* or *umbels*, the heart, liver and other organs of the deer. In olden days, after the

hunt, the lord of the castle and his household dined on the choice venison while the *umblers* were made into a pie for those of lower degree. To eat *umble pie*, therefore, was a confession of social inferiority.

WHAT IS ONE TOSS?



OUTSIZE "YO-YOS", hurled down the road as brothers go for long walks, are rare relaxation for usually meditative Carmelite monks of Caprarola, Italy. Their motto: Serve God with Joy

SOLDIERS LESSONS

SURVIVAL SERIES NO. 5

THE YAWARA STICK FOR SELF-DEFENSE

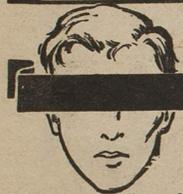
A little known weapon of self-defense is an innocent looking, 6-inch long stick. It is held in the hand like a roll of coins with 1-1/2 inches of stick protruding from both ends of the fist. What makes this weapon interesting is its great flexibility. It cannot be grabbed out of your hand, either end can be used for punching, poking, raking, hooking or even thrown for purposes of distraction. Due to its small striking surface, it can produce tremendous concentrated shock by a person with average strength. A good personal weapon that is easily carried in pockets or in your automobile. \$2.00

MYSTERY TUNNELS UNDER CITY STUMP ARCHÆOLOGISTS

Mexican archaeologists are completely mystified by the system of secret passages found under an old mountain-top city at Monte Alban. They had thought the subway system was on a small enough scale

when they pushed their way through the first dark, narrow passages. Further investigation, however, has disclosed branching tunnels too small for human beings to enter at all. Why such a network of passages was built is a hard problem to answer, and to make it more difficult, some of the tunnels are blind, leading nowhere.

The Unemployed Mind



I have had this dream on consecutive nights. In a tavern, called the Dixie Peanut, I sit alone, sipping jitney ale. A second customer enters and with funereal quiet, seats himself at opposite ends. The ironwood bar, generally in the shape of a three-pead nut, supports polished glasses, the familiar first dollar is framed in bamboo above the liquor shelves. The new customer says, A Pimm's Cup please, with a slice of cucumber standing in it, shave the ice and salt it nicely. He apparently takes me for the bar-keep, despite my overcoated street-dress, my army hat, and my elaborately tubed and goggled headgear. He seems disturbed that I make no response at his order, and merely procede quaffing my jitney. Bobbing inches over his billycock, I see what I take to be a whitish synthetic precipitate of the air itself, almost at a glance like a hive of cotton candy, a flocculus of sorts. You hear what I say, he says, You hear what I say, pissgut. At this aggression the eyes always open suddenly, I find myself sitting up in my cot, the palms icy, the head of a white worm peeking from an orifice which has opened, a third nostril, at the very beak of my noseball, and I have obviously spoiled my flannel nightshirt, in a testament to Bukowski I think. Oneba says this of the dream: the key is the word pissgut, the penile worm extirpating itself from the nosetip, the aggressive and hostile demeanor of the second customer (the second self, anima rising, the sun-symbolism imbedded in the use of the word flocculus, the suggestion of a halo above his billycock hat, but the dream is fundamentally one of aimless fear and is chock-to-brim loaded with the silver bullets of an Xmas Eve suicide. Stay out of the Dixie Peanut, Oneba cautions. The place bodes psychic trouble, is furnished in gris-gris, though the stacked and polished tumblers would indicate a struggle at placing in order transparent things. It reminded him, he said, of a briefly illuminated vision he himself had had many times, of cloistered nuns doing pushups in a patch of cucurbits.

--Editor Farbo

City Moon Book Service says check this one out--Moon, Moon. Anne Kent Rush, Random House/Moon Books. This snazzy yellow blue black cover deal gets the Moon info needed so much now by readers, at a modest piss of \$795. But it has nice blue ink, varying typefaces, and plenty of stylish whitespace. It gives you

The Greatest U.F.O. Book

33 Photostatically reproduced Reports of sightings from around the world Starting from 1943 to the present. Many never before published photos and other material.

\$4.95 SPECIAL OFFER 160 Pages

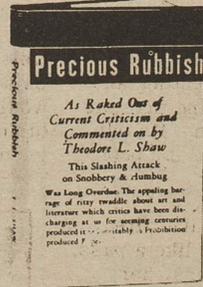
UFO NAZI SECRET WEAPON? MATTERN FRIEDRICH

new slantings, fits you with amazing multi-faceted flyeye goggles, as it were, and you'll remember Sir Epicure when you read it. Feel yourself sucking the nodes of the cheeks of the moon. Ever wonder what ordinary toads thought of moon-rakers, and all of this from a gentle feminine only-women-bleed perspective, so refreshingly ancient an idea, the Moon, the feminine principle, the ladies' gaudy pin of the evening, hung in the welkin like delicate panties on a chairback. Learn about what old Rosh Chodesh has to carp about; pour over solar-lunar calendars all weekend; the black virgin, the logos and eros principles; how to see it, have a

moment of exultation, dip the pinkies in the infinite, know what to do with an apple, an orange, a flashlight, and a tub of vaseline jelly, take a dump in mare foecunditatus. Marvel at the wonders, walk the surface in your Addidas, jog the endless miles of pony roads which some say exist in abundance on the moon. Some legendary evolutionary theories held that people evolved from frogs, hence the prince can be transformed from the toad. Read about all these things in Moon, Moon. See the pictures. This has been a City Moon Book Review. Editorial Desk.

Burn those sox, help Governor Wunty at the same time.

On Ten Days Free Trial Tradition-Smashing Pamphlets Send no money; Only \$1.50 for All three; if you want to keep them



Witch Doctor Baloney Fight It Off

Getting the Witch Doctor out of Art

How to Conjecture Art and not be a Wise-Guy

The Gag about Art Being Immortal

LET'S SEX

Little Colonel J. C. Mc-Kricket took the breath out of Mamie's lungs. She could not tear herself from the red cheesecloth-covered railing that protected the smallest man alive from his enthusiastic audience.



WITCH DOCTOR. "Rabba-dabba; I've cast out the devil that's been causing your illness. Ten dollars, please." Man had to fight his way out of this old swindle, by himself, without any help from the "insiders." And it's the same way in art.

Mail Coupon Now STUART PUBLICATIONS, Dept. 330 Beacon St., Boston, Mass. 021 You may send me, on ten days' free trial, the pamphlet books checked below. I will either return them or remit the required amount.

- the three pamphlets, \$1.50 for all three, plus 10c
- HYPOCRISY ABOUT ART, \$4.95, plus 20c
- PRECIOUS RUBBISH, \$1.25 plus 10c

Name _____ Address _____

NEW CANDID WEDDING ALBUMS For Spring, Summer & Fall Weddings featuring our New ROMANTIC COLOUR

