

SUICIDE PARK



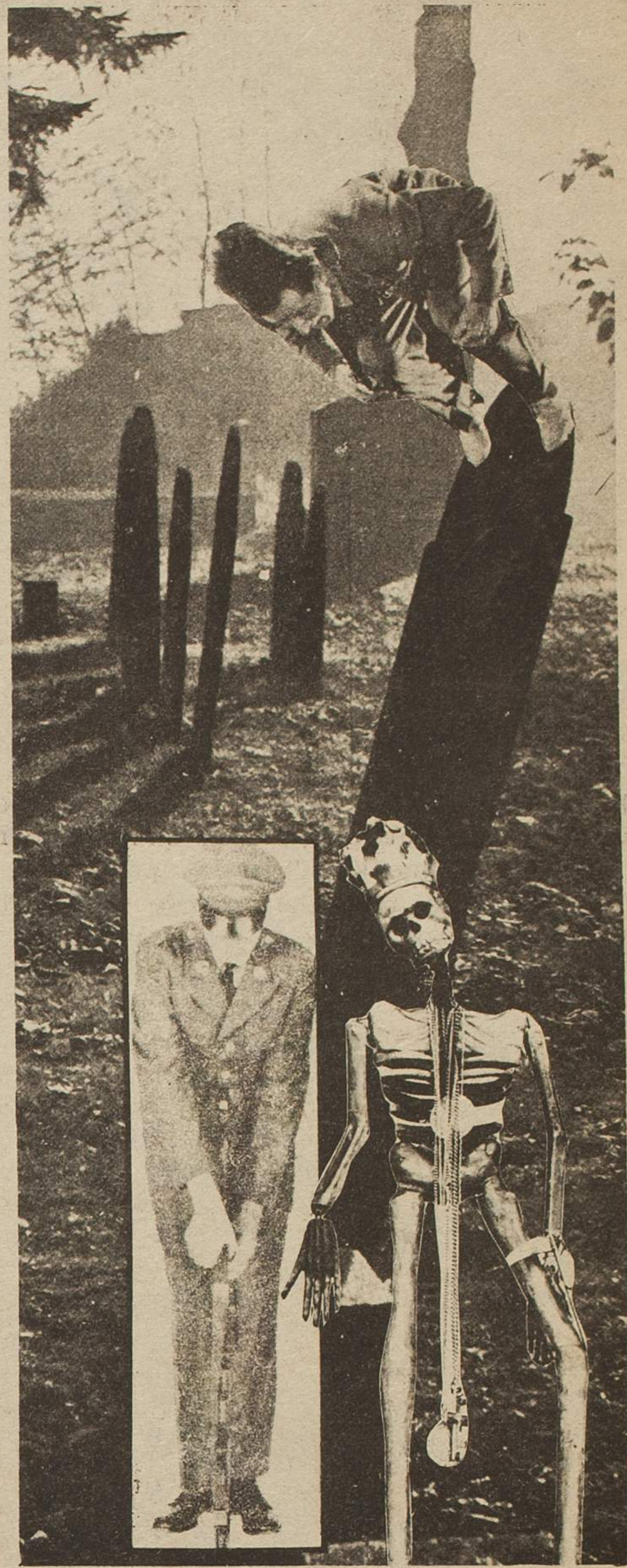
If you want your soul to whistle and shout, if you want your mind to turn about, whip a quick batch of Noxage up: two thumbs of paregoric, avacado honey, lemon oil, a squirt of soda. A potent histamine, Noxage's properties range widely, unfenced, so that, if taken unwisely, you'll have the cattle of 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.

