



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.

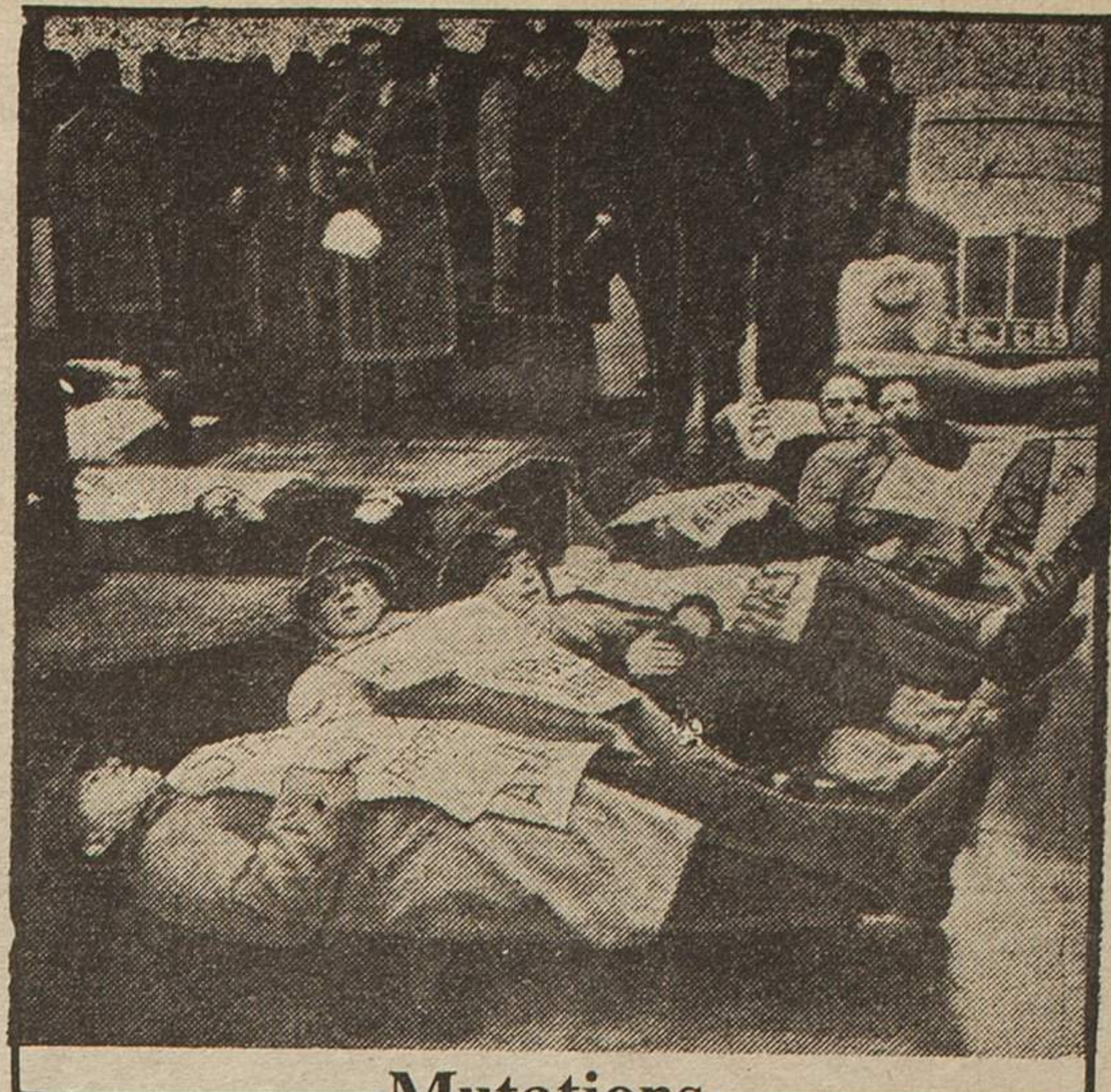
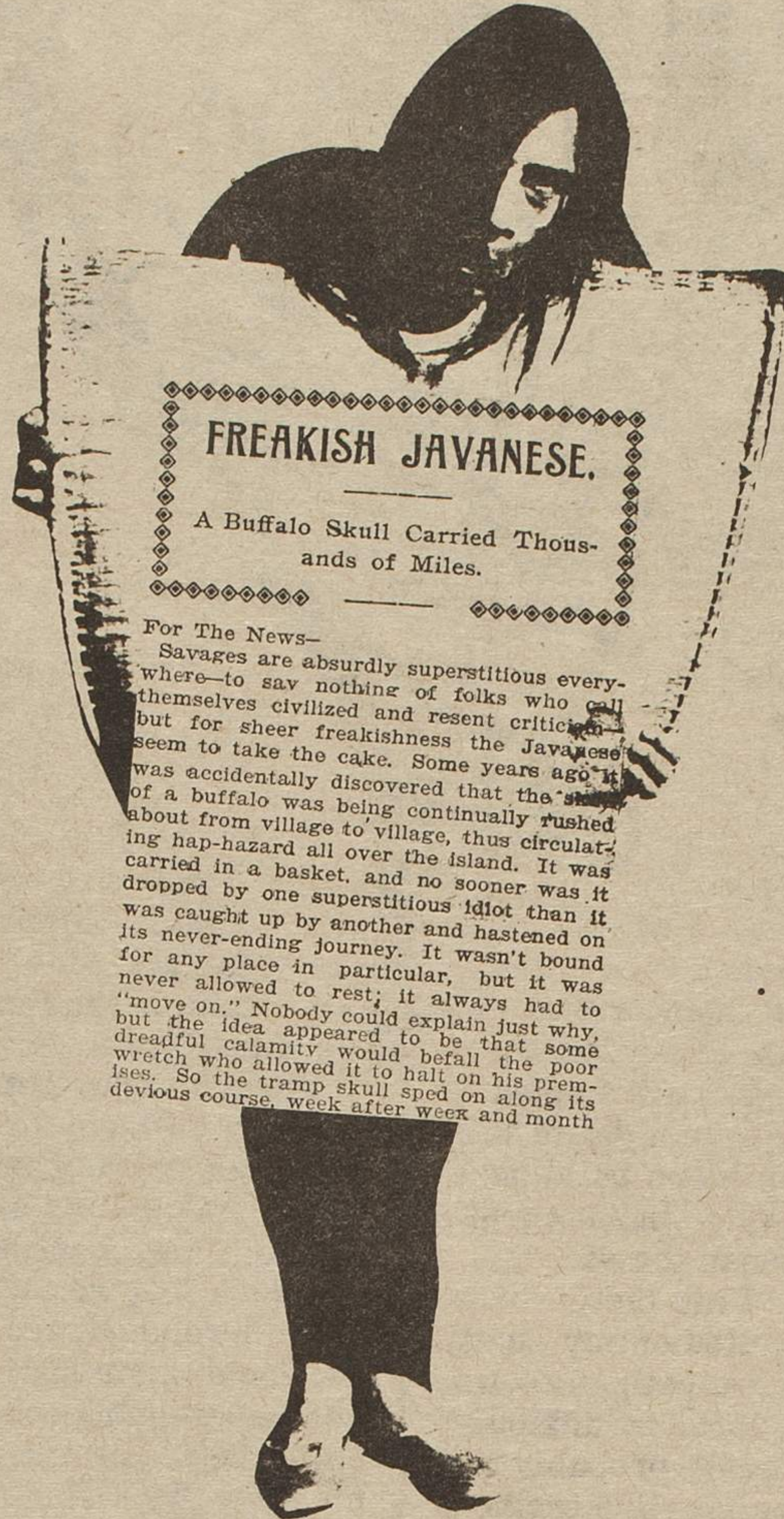
He takes his seat, he folds his paper lengthwise, chimney-shaped, smearing the ink on his fingers in his deliberate fussiness. The hat, spectacles, handkerchief: all these, too, are arranged by the fingers of Ibsen. The shiny silk chapeau is hung upon the point of a chair dowel, and several pairs of 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 vicous chi marks in the johns, but they broke our Vendo machines. No more instant puppy 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!

