

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

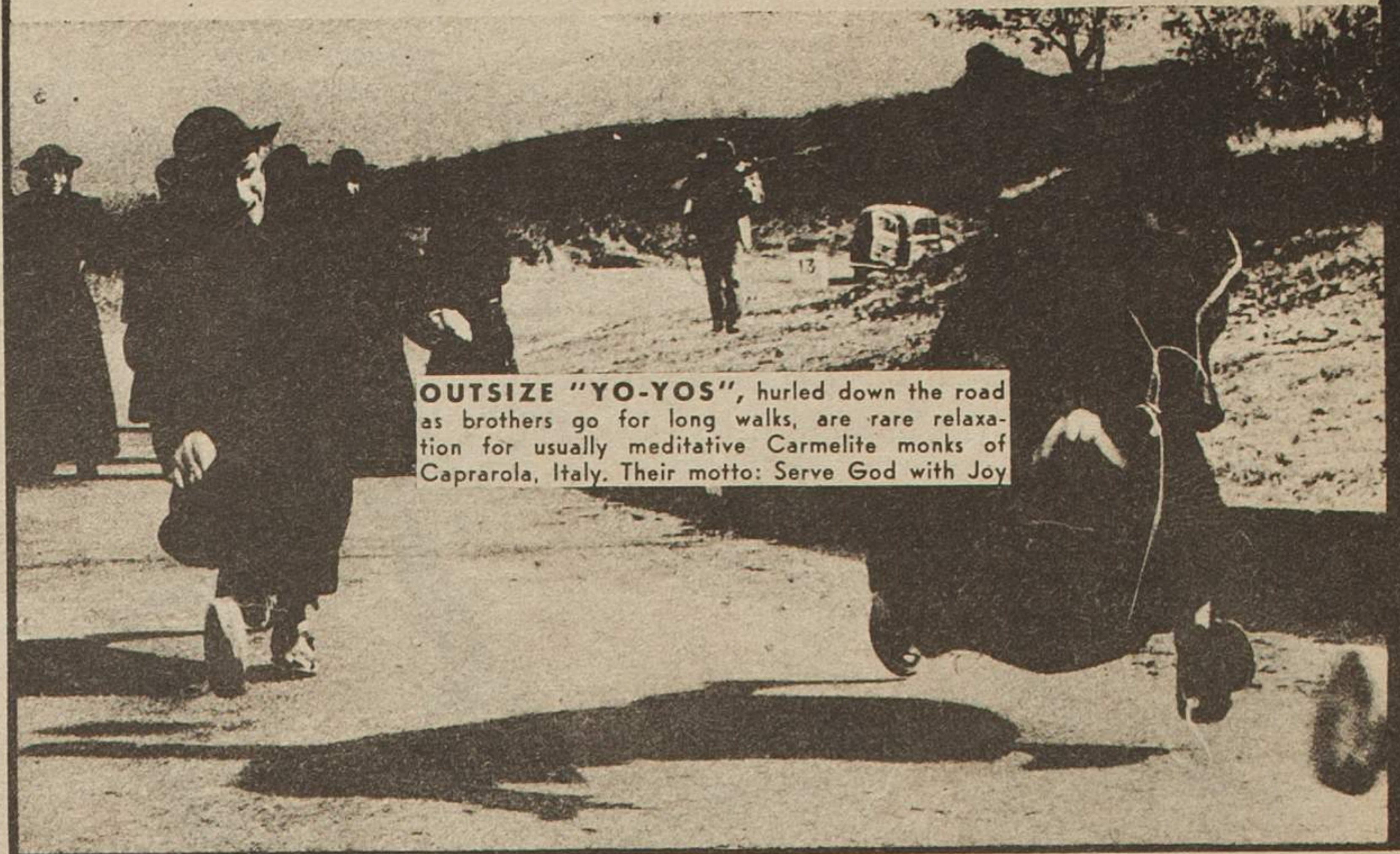
This happened in New Orleans in 1959. Your reporter was walking Tchoupitoulas at the wee jazz hour of 5 a. m., nibbling a hot waffle covered with cane syrup and powdered sugar, the stink of the Mississippi riding out of the levee lips, when he all but stumbled headlong over the remains of a dead trochilic, 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

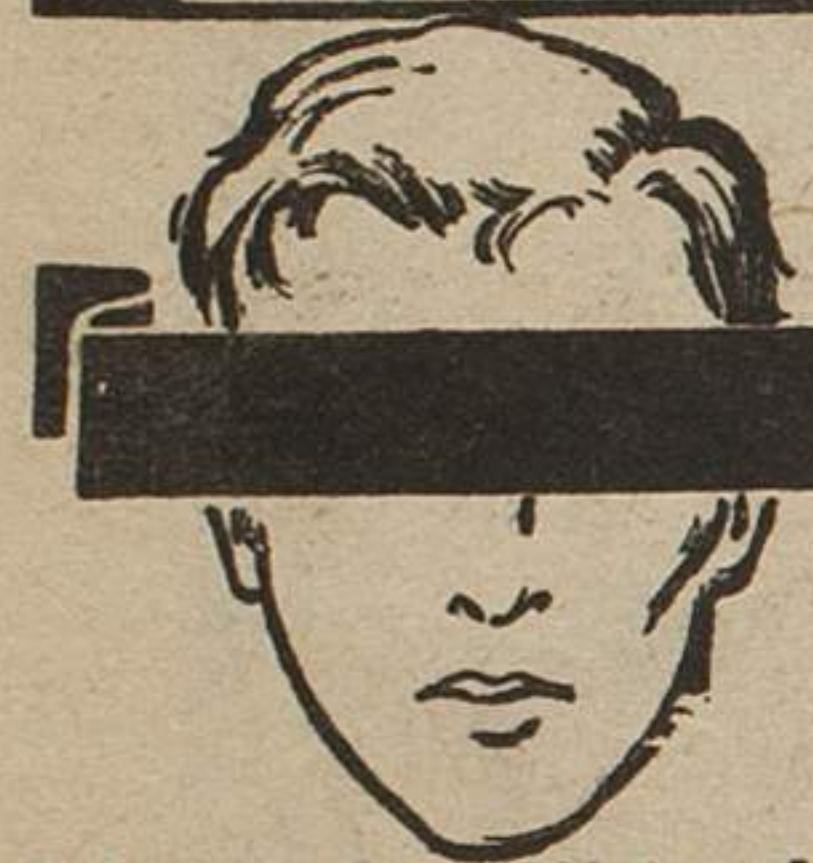
A little known weapon of self-defense is an innocent looking, 6-inch long stick. It is held in the hand like a roll of coins with 1-1/2 inches of stick protruding from both ends of the fist. What makes this weapon interesting is its great flexibility. It cannot be grabbed out of your hand, either end 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

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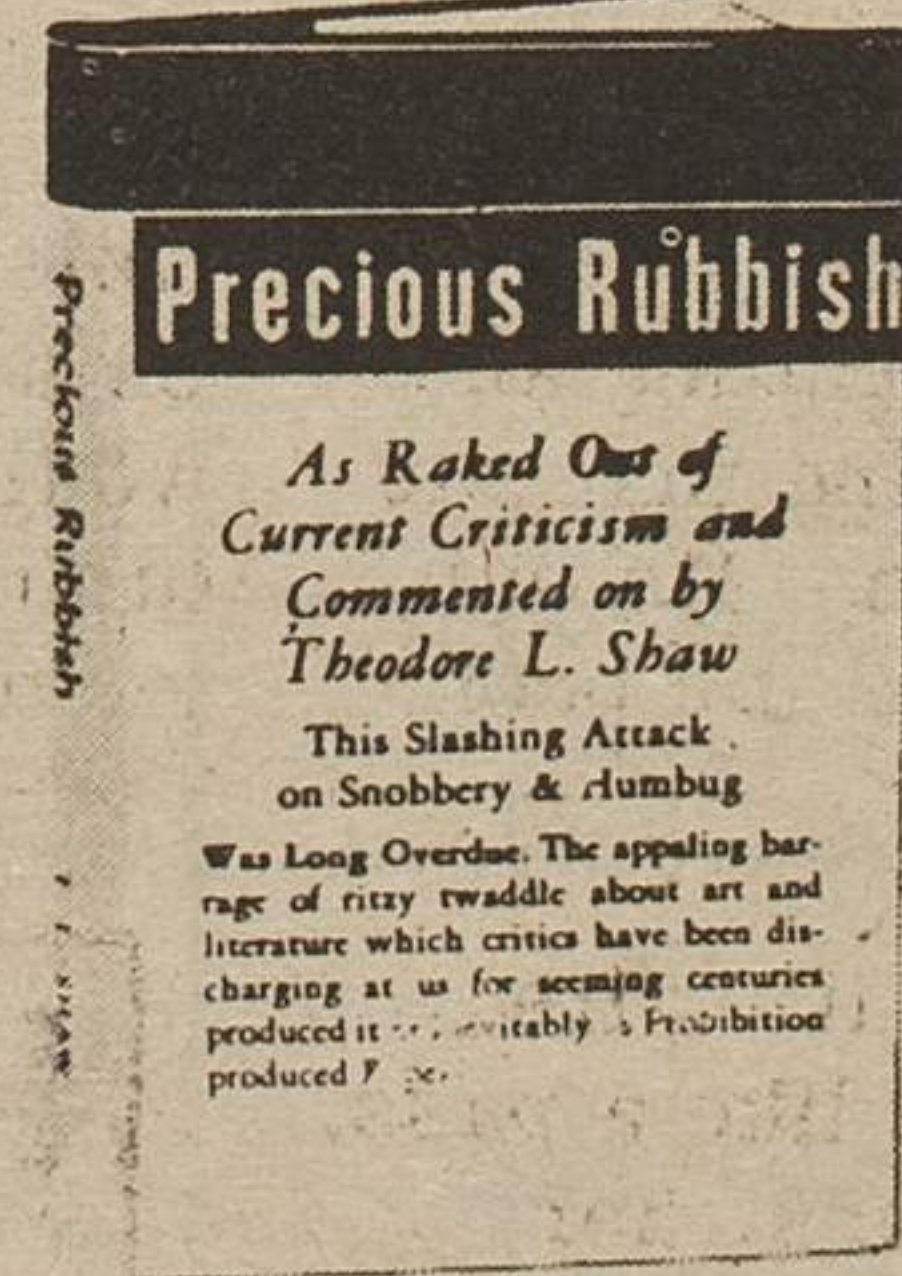
UFO NAZI SECRET WEAPON? MATTERN FRIEDRICH

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.

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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.



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