Here's one from my book, The Floccu-

Oneba is One The Boy is too Nothing is me Nothing is you

The trochilics found offense at something in the words of the poem, arched their backs like angry cats, as is their habit, took a few in terrorum steps toward the firescouts, finishing in a posture of genuflection.

Dutch, the barkeeper, said, Ain nuffin woof doin pay no money, messuh Fa bo.

Carte of attalant of the

Yeah, I said, It's almost Xmas again.

There was a baseball game on the radio behind the bar, an old game re-broadcast. The names of the players were unfamiliar, before my time, famous long ago.

The jitney, steadily gulped, kept me next to morphing out, the clip-clop of

She Makes Waffles for the White House Now

pony shoes on the cobbles of Cherry Street drumming me to sleep, Dutch already nodded with his ear at the radio, over which, in a rattan frame, stretched his first commercial dollar, pinned there like a butterfly.

Poet Black and two firescouts came inside, sat themselves down at the bar, talking at Dutch long enough to wake him up, ordered coffee and lit up cigarettes which smelled of clove and camel dung.

Poet Black said, Isn't this anachronistic, a nigger by the name of Dutch.

One of her firescouts said, More coffee, Mr. Dutch, stay awake and see our cups are warmed with regular-

Poet Black said, Bring us hot griddle buns and bowls of chili heart.

Dutch said, Kitchen been close a long time, miss.

I said, There's food at the Squat and Gobble, down the street, in the lobby of the Tunney.

She said, standing now, It's written all over him, scouts, he works for the City Moon. Don't talk to him about anything. The editor is dead. Let's eat.

They went out, strutting south on the banquette.

In the street trochilics gathered up their teetotums and followed,

Dutch said, Shee, mo'fo foo.

Dear City Moon,

It is desirable that we, the citizens of Oxford, make a good display at the National Week exposition in Philly in order to counteract the unfavorable impression made concerning our City of the destitution which is the result of grasshopper raids.

Thank You Councilman Crabbe Parchman Farm Unit

Make pigeon pot pie with the ones

last, how odd it was to walk to the

rain of squirt, how we remember-

you get free from the City,

Thousands of them have for

years aimed little hot green

have a chance to get even at

ed the last of the passenger

cloacal bomblets, and now we

bus with parasols against their

CAZAZZA HITS

Monty Cazazza, the wife Monica Zazza, well-known and oft spotted San Francisco art bandits, now supported to the tune of 10 megabucks a year by the National Endowment for the Arts, have attacked something quite sacred in the name of Process Art. What they have done is cart off Edgar Bergen's Charlie McCarthy, Buffalo Bob's Howdy Doody and Phineas T. Bluster, Paul Winchell's Jerry Mahoney, soak the things in coal oil and burn them publicly in the National Capital Rotunda. We saw dozens of Capital visitors turn in horror, thinking it children cindered there on the government marble. Mind you, we the taxpayers picked up the tab for their plane flight from S.F. to Washington. The City Moon wants to spill cookie just hearing about this cracky behavior. It's no better than what's his name, the one we've read about who goes about squeezing the shit out of dogs. Good jesus, readers. Get out and give these creeps a happy Zen smacking in the mouth. They deserve it. Imagine Jerry Mahoney's wide red lips ablister and flaming so ugly. Save your jitneys reader. The State of the Art is coming apart.

Emily Bronte Reads Sacher-Masoch by Rich Bastian

The old girl is at it again. Her pale, plump thigh

overflows the cup of the buccaneer boot she is wear-

ing. Her bare other foot is on Karl's head. The head

her knees bony. She snaps them together and delights

is, of course, submissive. Emily's legs are thin,

in the pain. She isn't sure whether it is the giving

She is startled. Her room has been invaded by a

wuthering wind. The candle is extinguished. She

can hear the elfin feet of Branwell: they kitten the

rug. Em shrugs. Safe in the dark he would kiss her.

She shudders even before her dog, Gnasher, growls

and causes Bran to skitter exactly as he does in the

portrait by Rossetti. The boy's ears are frightened

and perked; he has heard a cheap, paperback whis-

per, the slap of the cover. She had been reading and

and he could tell by the pitch of her breathing that she

was either excited or about to be sick again. He did-

n't care which. He reached out and touched the book.

"You stole it," he clawed. "Stole it; stole it." He

His tongue was a circus of hissing streamers, her

scratched a light and his face was smirked like a puss.

or receiving. She imagines . . .

Dateline: the Manse.

He knew it.

after he had quieted.

said methodically). "

that is, of removing small pieces of bons from the living head-is very ancient and widely spread. In his recently published book, "Prehistoric Problems," Dr. Munro has devoted a chapter to "Prehistoric Trepanning and Cranial Amulets." bout the same time Drs. H. Maibot a R. Verneau published in l'Anthropologie (tome vii) a memoir on the Chaouias and the trepanning of the skull in the Aures. The Djebel-Aures, "Mountains of the Cedars." form the southeast border of the Algerian plateau; here and in the neighboring Djebel-Chechar is the center of trepanning, says Nature. The natives are carefully described; they belong to the Berber stem; a portion-perhaps one-eighth-are fair; thus the external, as well as the cranial, characters show them to be a somewhat mixed people. The method of trepanning is very fully described, and a native doctor showed Dr. Malbot a skull with over a dozen circular holes, two slits and a large, irregular orifice, all of which had been pierced when the man was alive. The skull, though taken from a grave, wa kept hidden, and it evidently was used a an example by the local doctors. The Chaulas respect their tombs, and on no pretext will rifle them; the love of science alone can explain this profanation on the

part of our trepanner. It is the same sentiment which has led to our possession

of the specimen." Dr. Malbot describes how he acquired the specimen which is now in

the Museum d'Historie Naturelle in Paris.

The natives have recourse to trepanning for blows or wounds on the head; it does not matter how long before the blow may

have been given, if only a sick person can

remember that he has had one. The opera-

tion is by no means a severe one, as the

people have a most remarkable recuperative constitution. A woman, tired of the

conjugal yoke, has been known to call in

the services of a trepanner in order to procure a divorce from her husband by pro-

ducing a piece of her skull, which she af-

firmed had been broken by his ill treatment.

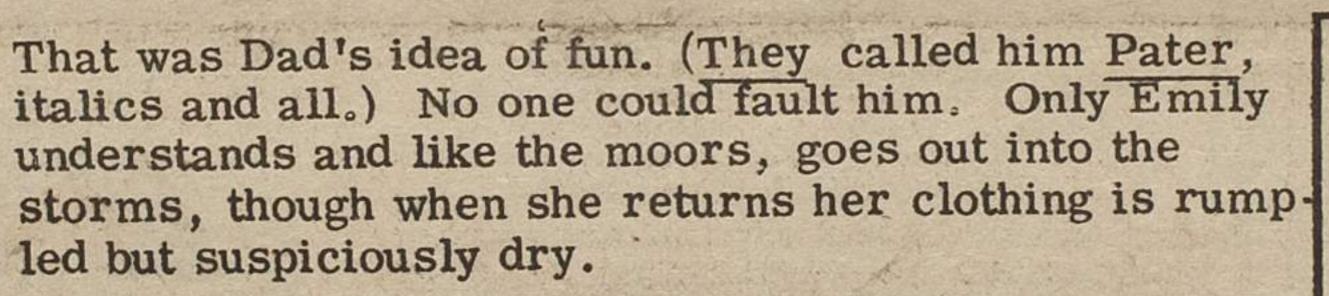
Can Easily be Yours Trados Model No. 25 acturing Nose Shapers is a Model 25 jr. for children, and free booklet, which tells M. TRILETY, Pioneer Noseshaping Specialist ent. 2410 Binghamton, N. Y.

-- Copyright, Underwood & Underwood, Washington, 1921.

This is Inez, family cook of the Hardings, whose specialty is making

waitles. She is said to make the most wonderful waitles ever and de-

clares the Hardings could not do without her. The new President is



foud of wafiles.

And look at his estate crumbling around him. That was his idea of horror, to notice the deterioration and helplessly watch them succumb, and his idea of fun was to march across the moors when the weather --"This beastly English weather! " == allowed. It hadn't, not lately: it was, most recently, north Teutonic winds and cold sleet out of Ultima Thule; the wuthering wind and the razor-edged sleet, the very elements conspired against him. He was forced to retreat to his den. And what could he do there? Just sit, his weapon primed and cocked, on the ready to raise it and shoot through the door; though not even that stopped the demons, who were not only indestructible but vicious and delighted in dancing infuriatingly close to the children. Pater was discouraged and would sit, writing sermons in black, rusty ink, shaking his head at the condition of Man: it was a side-to-side [LMERS] walks with their incontinent gesture, for he was agin them.

To be continued.



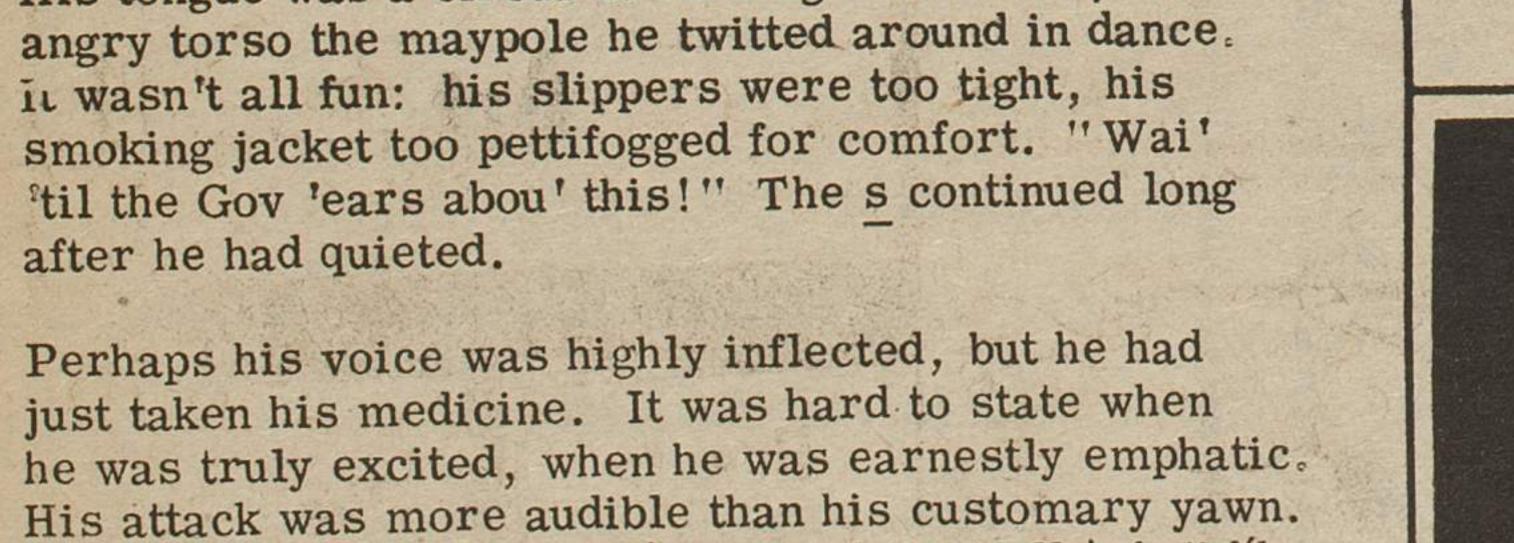
by Sarah Land

1,89

slice



pigeons dying in St. Louis, But this is it. Boil them with celery and onions for a savory and economical stew. Another Citizen says pigeon baked in barbecue sauce is No. 1 for the taste buds. The City Health Committee deci-Boogerloaf San-ded recently that it had to do Peacock Pie, 59 something about the health hazard created by the huge flocks of pigeons that roamed the downtown area, roosting in the eves of buildings and beshitting sidedroppings. The Solution: trap the birds and give them to local residents for food. To date, 30,035 pigeons have been trapped and given to charity cases and welfare mothers, The Red Cross snuff patrols are out on the streets again, watching traps and collecting pigeons, "One man came up here from Muncy and got 150 pigeons, "a Red Cross worker said. He said the birds are tender because they don't fly much and they eat mostly grain. Some residents have asked the patrols to set traps on their roofs. Pigeons carry insect pests as well as the spores of fungal diseases such as histoplasmosis. But he said any germs or pests are in the feathers and do not affect the quality of the meat. Nothing beats a pigeon leg fried and dipped in mayo. Eat up, readers. Dog is next and it won't be soon enough, or so thinks this City Moon reporter.



The father -- this will explain the quietness, the serenity of the cottage -- was not home. He was, most definitely, out of it, out on the moor, bareheaded though balding, his black coat swoops, perspired and st---, adhering to his back. He was happy; he enjoyed being out chasing those demons, those infernal lepers whose diseased brogue ridiculed his sermons. How ruddy-cheeked he would be when he returned, especially if he had been fortunate enough to have knobbed a high hat or two with the root bulb of his hawthorne cane.

Other variations read, " '(he said delightfully), " " '(he

VANCE CHILD VICTIM

Thursday last Smith picked up little Myrtle Vance, aged three-and-a-half

years, near her father's residence, and carrying her to a pasture near the outskirts of the City, first viciously assaulted the innocent little babe, and

then took one limb in each hand and literally tore her in twain, then covering the body with leaves and brush he lay down and slept calmly through the

night by the side of his victim. Another crime art escapade this nation can be proud of. If this another pearl from the legacy of Bo'i Ha'di?