



It is a pity that Ark On Leo and Yuk Lin Leo plunged from a window of their fourth-floor apartment while about \$74,000 cash was erupting in flames in a gold ancestral bucket in a marbled corner of a decayed but elegant hotel, apparently to appease some Manil-an deity, for this senior citizen-aged stage and film duo will now die with the taint of their last and worst cinerama production staining their reputations in the immediate future: The Death of Sinowe Kesibwi. This is a rotten 3 reels of cinerama, all vermiculate with earthbound metaphors, hanging like hags from this infantile plot: police have shot to death 9 pigs that were terrorizing the neutrodyne camps at Manila. The shootings precipitate a feud between the neutrodynes of Piggy Lane and Warren Picillo, owner of a 400-pig farm adjacent to the camp. Neighbors had complained for years that unpenned sows dug up sidewalks and chased children to protect their piglets. Sergeant Pajak, played by Ark On Leo, and his men went to the camp area Friday and killed ten pigs. Picillo nursed three more sows that were wounded, but only one remained alive. He claimed Pajak's men crossed into his woods to shoot the pigs, and in the process had wounded two of his best buck neutrodynes. Then the shooting began. As is typical of the

This is Cinerama?

Manila cinema, Yuk Lin Leo arrives at Ark's side at this point, a deus ex machina, appearing neither young nor old, angel nor hag, man nor woman. Is she a dream figure? Why do others arrive, lacking organic connections to the plot, forcing us to provide our own uneasy explanations of their presence? Picillo meanwhile tries fresh strategy in the gun battle. As Yuk gathers his ghosts around him, Picillo, riding atop a large elephant, Big Burma, drives his remaining pigs toward Ark On Leo's frame and newspaper house, delivering a sermon with a bullhorn, wearing big floppy ears, and standing upon a tailor-built perch. As Ark Lin Leo is being seduced by the confident chatter of ancestors, Picillo stampedes his zoo through the walls of the house. Ark On Leo has once more ground over the old theme: look closely at the angel and you'll see the devil. As Sergeant Pajak's pandering crew materializes in the movie he fails to see them as being as valueless as dream money to him in a real fight. We left feeling any meaning the movie may have been building toward was certainly erased in the final, meaningless minutes.

CIVIC SORE

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Hornpout have been speared by the ton with pitchforks in Ten Sleep. The flooding of the Little Red there yesterday afternoon due to heavy rainfall, covered the streets in the centre of the City with hornpout, hag, and croaker. The populace joined then in a fishing bee. Men stopped work and with pitchforks laid in a supply of fish. The pout weighed from 3 to 30 lbs. The Italians are the champion giggers, one family of them having gathered more than a ton for the winter cabinet, to be salted, iced, and put up in wooden casks.

The mind of Iskcon is a whirl these days. The worst civic sores we have are citizens of European countries who send packages to the U.S. that somehow float in Iskcon's Jordan when their course is run. Middle Speels, originally from Chicago of the United States, sent a hag through the mail to a prominent Chicago publisher who doubted the European Hag described by Speels in a manuscript could exist. Speels packaged the hag well enough to ensure its safe delivery to Winegar, a shepherd living 12 miles south of our Iskconian Chicago, who called a powerful Iskconian publisher to ask him about the box which was by then ripped open. Receiving a positive response, the shepherd brought the soaked, torn box, empty, to the publisher, saying, "Well I found a hag down the river today earlier. I wrestled with this one and hemmed it with ropes. As I towed it ashore, it ripped away from my boat. It was small and it kept fighting."

The question is always the same: why another misguided package, another spare part from a hostile planet? We've taken enough guff from Atlantic City, and we're tired of aluminum siding and scrap plastic hogging our rivers and now Hags on the silt of the Jordan River bottom.

WAR WONDER

A MASTER DYNE by the name of Gatlin Bang, who was traveling by shanty from Stull to Tonganoxie, is dead by the sucking of a hagg. He was asleep in his hammock on a lower deck reserved for neutrodynes, when a massive hagg, often sighted on Iskcon and called Paisano by the local trenchers, wormed its way over and attached its eight-tentacled mouth just around his navel, extruded its horned tongue, and with the efficiency of a trocar, mascerated and sucked out enough of Bang's contents to kill him. His remains were painted with resin, wrapped in linen, and disposed of, under the command of Captain Silent Smith.

OUR INSTRUCTION never to sleep beside Iskcon's trenches is rarely regarded by strangers. Roy Rogers died in the belly of a sturgeon many years ago. And now Alley Carraby, a stage hand, at the Jack 'o' the Clock Theater on Atlantic Avenue, had decided to snooze by the shallow water of the Little Red Trench while his two companions went fishing elsewhere. The Sergeant at Arms said, "The Hagg apparently lunged six feet from the water and gobbled Carraby quietly in the shade of an old cypress." His companions searched the area but found only his rifle, watch, hat, and shoes piled nearby. Somehow the Hagg discharged a great heat in the carrying off of Carraby, such that there was nothing of the shrubbery left but a burned circle where the two had struggled. The Sergeant exploded a charge under the water to stun the Hagg and then shot it as it surfaced. Carraby's body was recovered from one of the fish's stomachs.

IT IS A WONDER OF WAR THAT PATRIOTS WILL DALLY WITH CAPYBARA

The Sergeant in Charge has been informed that a petite, grey haired neutrodyne woman of Ten Sleep, now living at Legion Camp #2, is dallying in apparent harmony with a housefull of capybaras. "You can see dozens of them from the window," says a neighbor. "Tails hanging out all over, heads sticking out, the pellets dropping into the peony beds." When the Sergeant surveyed the home in the beam of a flashlight, bright red eyes peered

back. "There must have been 20 or 30 capy's looking out through the jalousies." Then the door opened. The woman stood there with a head of lettuce in hand. "I looked into her living room and there's capy's, two or three feet long running around in the filthy debris." The Sergeant reports that then he said, "Lady, you got capy's in your house." She thereupon slammed the door in his face, saying, "I'll take care of them." The Sergeant, finding no violation of the law, took no action.

"IF THE WAR WITH EARTH IS TO BE WON, IF WE ARE TO BE FREED OF THE PLAGUE OF THE HAGGIS, THEN CAPYBARA MUST NOT BE HOARDED. A TRUE PATRIOT WILL CORNER THEM, ROPE THEM, AND CALL THE I.A.F."----- Commander Lindy.

