I send Dear Process these to take the place of the Paritus Ani sketch which you know as well as I is abortive, however I will only release copyrights upon condition that you guarantee to do no processing of the enclosed. I wrote 'em like I want 'em an I want 'em like they are. E. POUNDS

BELLED BUZZARD HEARD OF AGAIN

It passed near Bonham, followed by a hawk

City One, Texas Nov. 15 Three miles from Oneba's Texas House in City One, the belled buzzard, plainly visible, flew, a bell roped to the neck. The sound was clearly heard in Bonham. The belled buzzard was followed by a hawk and another buzzard.

Triumph for New Journalism: Johnsonians Penetrated: Confidential Report

The cracked hag's name was Eros, she said, if I could buy her line, salted as it was and raw as the eggwhite and lidless gaze she pickled me with across the ink reeking linen strewn with stippled glass and nickelware be tween us. I had imagined it in advance, this constitution, but in the act our relatives were only alphabetical, an anonymous arrangement of chipped dishes and one that carried an almond-cream business card promising foreclosures yet to come.

Her gaze I could not penetrate, opaque as malted milk, or else it was effects of atmosphere, to call it that, the ratty air of stoke-hole summer, emissions of the Kansas Johnson Society, trapped in the tatterdemalion earnestly eighteenth-century ballroom of the Eldridge Duke Hotel, where no one had danced since Center City burned sometime before the war. The war, the one two wars before the last, and this was the unobstructed navel of the old downtown. Its quiet, so parlor perfect now for thirty years, was the measure of the ordured casket-top between the hag and me hunkered there on tan folding chairs beneath the freighted foxfire of great terraced chandeliers, stained ancient hornwork broken now and then with forty watt bulbs, some burning. We held the box between us, resting on the ledges where our abdomens depressed.

Mine was brown, I knew well, and no light chocoate cheesecake brown either, so I had no doubt to fire the paper kidney of this heathen bitch with the tested weight of its sincerity, even across the chopped-heart trashcape of the casket-cloth. I said, 'Mine is Molly," and her slack machinery caught in the freezing insensate of numerical ablation till the ear-cropped file-card dropped in the gate, and the slant of the floor jammed perpetuate. by Wayne P.

Dear Process Sirs,

I, a long man, was observed, alone. I saw the gar, oysters sucking out the gut meat, red, hot and wild. Officers noted that I did not have a camera or a fishing rod, and that raised their suspicions that he might be intent upon doing himself deadly harm. He was placed under custody, and a Moon reporter got from me the following story. My name is Ansel Drucker, I am a Liverpuddlian from England. I have taken a teaching job at Colby College in Western Kansas. One of my students, a male, Ambrose Bocchi, curried favor with myself, known as Drucker. He complained with rancor and bitterness to all the town citicens, about Drucker's technique, in bed. I counseled him over a period of several weeks. The condition didn't improve, so I suggested that they meet in my apartment for a therapudic session. Of love-making. On Drucker's own pullout bed. Soon after, the couple plighted their troth, and Ambrose purchased from Mass Street Jewelers a 3 hundred dollar wedding set. Unfortunately for me, and Drucker too, a person (name withheld) told Bocchi's priest. There was great hue and cry over the length of my council and my Liverpuddlian method. By Drucker's measuring stick, things were exaggerated. I was fired from my position and destitute, unable to return to Liverpuddle, was on the verge of throwing self into the Kaw. Drucker has since been given shelter by an unnamed Lawrence matron. Since this story was first reported there have been twenty-six citicens of Kansas to come forward and offer me free meals and lodging, at least temporarily. One is constantly refreshed to be so reminded of the goodwill in a Christian community. Chester S.

Special to the Moon Jangle, Ks. An unknown crazy negro was found in the railroad yards here last Saturday and taken in charge by the officers. He was not sufficiently rational to give any account of himself, but it has been learned that he came from Chappell Hill. He died last night in the City jail.

Dear Moon

Do you really want tales of power or is this another cheap hype? Patronize local talent, which you could see, or I could see for you, find for you, if you weren't so intent upon the universal application of private thrills. Lawrence's own Carlos Castenada -- whose visit here was heralded some issues back, wasn't it? or was that more hype?--it works like this. Take the situation of DC's four books, subtract Don Juan (the teacher), compress the whole thing into one short story, add violence as the medium which replaces the teacher -- that is, now the means which introduces the student to esoteric knowledge is sudden (violent) confrontation with the thing itself, that black bird/man/moth form that flies out from the peyote bushes -- and you got a very realistic shudder-story that everyone can believe and relate to. Afterall, everyone can't have a geru; they're expensive, esoteric in their own right (Hindoo fat boys don't count), but everyone can have an exposure to the esoteric primitive knowledge in his own psyche if he encounters something strong enough to strip away the civilized veneer which alone marks us off from the hottentot who is the real Don Juan. Write me at this address or in the columns of the New City Moon. I have contacts abroad. E. Pounds

EDITORIAL: Today's conditions in Red China -- Confucianism, Taoism, and Buddhism in China have all been gigantic failures. Whatever can be said of China, we can't forget that the Great Yellow Empire is dominated by the Sour Stuffing, Onerous Iron rule of exclusiveness and hatred of the light. To Confucious, China is all under heaven. Worshiping the past, it abominates progress. The joke on this big yellow nation is that it is 'an old man lying in its cradle." It is the hughest expanse of undeveloped human cabbages growing in a graveyard to be found on the face of the earth. They worship ancestors. The four spirits of their living dead rule this friable nation. We could have the big bombers over there in a quick minute.

Dear Moon

There is another letter which I want to write you about a whole other very complicated subject and is forthcoming. It has to do with Lawrence's own rival to the Happy Narrator of the We story about Ed Gein's Big Grief. EP

P.S. I can also be found at home.

## Birds Zero In on Detroit Fruit

Carload Of Crazy Soldiers

Special to the Moon.

Passes Through El Paso En

El Paso, Tex., Nov. 15 The

Southern Pacific passenger

train from the West tonight

United States negro soldiers

negroes were under a strong

guard. They are en route from

Manila to Washington, and will

there be placed in the asylum.

from the Phillipines. The

brought in a carload of insane

Route from Phillipines

Detroit (AP)-A fruit-filching flock of giant parakeets has invaded Detroit's eastern suburbs, and Audubon Society officials wish Polly would be content with a cracker.

The bird lovers' brigade at first ignored reports of apple-munching "parrots" spotted in suburban fruit trees, but finally called in the bird man of the Detroit Zoo to reconnoiter the invasion flock. Keith Kreag, the zoo's general curator, identified the invaders as "monk" parakeets, a foot-long, South American member of the parrot family. Officials believe that smugglers brought them into the country, without having them vaccinated and quarantined, and that the birds escaped.

Beuerman is the little handicapped man who became so well-known in past years with his operation of a specially equipped tractor and the use of his special perambulator to get around the downtown area. Centron Corp. made a movie about Leo and it was nominated for an Academy

Our teeth will not let this story pass. If the primary adaptive mode of the australopithecines was aggressive hunting with weapons, how can we explain the supervegetarian grinders that linger on for five million years?

MUCHO GUSTO -- Have you dined yet at Mme. Dunbar's ? Try it. It's on the corner of 12th and New Jersey in the City's new east side historic area. You'll be treated to cuisine of seven seas, prepared in the most elegant style of the French and this includes freshly baked hard crust bread (from brick ovens, served with saltless butter.) Try the turtle soup. We loved the delicate tongue salads and the fluffy lemon souffle. We were in fact astounded by the butterflies and Persian honey we had on toast Sunday morning at Mme. Dunbar's. The best restaurant in Lawrence. No comparison. The Cock Divan (the President's Favorite) is fabulous. And on Saturdays you can have oysters on the half-shell, opened fresh before your eyes. And the best part is the price. Nothing on the elegant menu is more than \$2.50, even the pompano en papillot, and the wine cellar is full of the very best. Please, next time you're wishing you were back where the food was palatable, try Mme D's. Oneba is One.

Afrocomb Ear-Killing: How It Works

CASTANEDO IN CITY

Increasing fascination with horrific techniques of Afrocomb killings brings this report from Jimson Cochlea, the Oneida man in Ottowa:

The afrocomb enters the cranium between the earbones, cuts down the auditory canal quiet as a kitchen knife in a melon on a hot Sunday afternoon down home. When the first perpendicular tooth of the comb is flush against the exterior of the cranial wall, the point of the comb handle has penetrated eardrum and semicircular canal, the eustachian We saw your baseball game laying in some proppy alley tube is pierced, and the grayboy dies without a twitch, absolute as the

> City Moon A review by W. P. Special for the Moon 'A unique newspaper-format publication edited and privately printed by two staff members of KU's English Department and devoted to processing the chaff which usually passes for news, transforming news into matter of more permanent value by revealing the substructural patterns of absurdity, inconstancy, anxiety, and boredom."

Carlos Castanedo has come to Lawrence and lives quietly on a melon farm south of Tonga. He keeps to himself for the most part, finished writing the Don Juan things now, looking for isolation. We've seen him in the Wheel now and again, sometimes at Mme. Dunbar's sipping the good absinthe frappe. We saw him drunk once in front of the Blue Cheer. We are glad to have such a distinguished writer take up residence here.

SPORTS NOTE

like garbage can. It looked strange there, sliced up wit unseen underside of the iceberg. a Sheerito utility knife. From the appearance given nobody could unfold it. We went back the next day, but only saw some guy in a baseball suit ducking behind the memosa tree, then disappearing, slithering away into nothingness like some catfish into his overhead hidden overhang hole. We tried your game, now, how about some real bats to swing at. J. Scherbel, Aussie

CRAZY NEGRO DIES IN JANGLE

Belled Buzzard in Hill County

Chain Saw Here

Somewhat Celebrated Bird Seems to Be Touring the State

Free U. Chain Saw class Mondays

South Park. Class will begin after

featured. Enroll before holidays.

Steel toed shoes advised.

dark. Small pines, other soft wood

Bring your chain saw and fuel to

W. Prop, a farmer who lives one mile north of Woodbury, today informed The News correspondent that the celebrated belled buzzard spent the day on his farm, with him, yesterday. He saw it several times and distinctly heard the bell which he described as having a tin sound. Some months ago he read in the Moon that it was seen in Northwest Texas.

FACT: Syrups of figs acts pleasantly and promptly, cleanses the system gently and effectively when bilious or costive.

The Dead Lemonade Kenny

Lemonade Kenny was perished at home in his bed with a very very white little knife stuck upside his kinky funny head. In the street Lemonade Duck and Lemon Eddie Head stared at people to keep them moving around the solid brown body of the brother which was not very bad but was cold and stiff. In the house later the brother woke up for awhile and commented on his fatigue. He was pretty cold again though in short order. He had three names, Lemonade Man, Jive O.J. and Fish Eye. To his gang he was a philosopher king. One time on a city bus it took quite a few brothers to stop the muscular Lemonade once he had started on a white man.

"The Duckman and Eddie Head man you know, they was some col dudes and they had a numbuh goin and was passing it over the cold body of bro Kenny. Even with a knife in his head, Lemonade was so bad that he just flip his eye open and stare at the Lemonade boys like they wuz booshit. Ain nothin moving on the body cep the knife moves a little in the head. He is such a bad little man that they have him laid out with the knife still in his head. The boys was gamblin and but for they voices Celophile Bros Mortuary is a quiet mothuh fuckah They was drinkin whiskey and that knife headed nigguh under glass spit on the mothu fuckin glass." We know brother Lemonade was alive at the hospital 24 hours before, from talking with a man we know there, and that he was croaked. Christmas Action have electrocuted and executed his last nigger.

All of this we know from tal ing with Laverne of East Louis, Mississippi.

Many soldiers in the Orient have. it is said, become deranged from various causes, and the medical corps of the army is puzzled at the situation, though it was reported the Negroes were, universally, costive, and for the most part mollified. Tho

some were considered dangerous