One ob de things dat has

caused considruble botherment

to de worl' in genewal am de

question ob which way de tail

ob a pig done curve—to de

leftward or to de right,

QUOTH HE, 'THE OLD EARTH IS FROLICSOME TONIGHT.'

vol 5 25¢

NO 9

NOTICE--We have picked up dead animals for years and are still picking up dead animals free

Mb. 6

THEY WAIR THE TRENCH

At 3:30 this morning, a special train on the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Road will leave for the National Trench. They reach Petaluma in the Fall, after a stay in the lovely hotels they've built at the bottom of the National Trench, the ones under the bubbles; they're walking the trench bottom, folks, from Cincinnati to Box, Wyoming. At the deepest point of the trench, beneath the great divide above, they have built an underwater monster thrill ride they call The Green Carp or The Perveslime.

FAR FROM THE TRENCH

We are frightened. How in the world can rocks have life? Yet they do and are moving, some toward us, some away, some indifferently, and some not at all. Gneiss and schist are the worst offenders in this case. They don't move fast. Buy a time-lapse camera, and watch the shadows. Or is it another of these Heisenberg indeterminacy cases? Drop your rocks. Box 591. Lawrence. Fast movers-10 dollars a head.

AWAY FROM EARTH

Two weeks ago they were delivered to a lawyer's office in a primitive crate. They were trimmed out like Christmas trees in human entrails. The boxes were stamped with Nazi insignia. The mayor fled as the farmers bled, the jails spilled out the boys, and the music stopped everywhere, including the New Music of the Sky which had so recently begun and promised such rosy hues for the future. Excuse me friends, Oneba here. I was carried away as I sat to write this prosy view of a hideous dream from last nights dream reports. These babies are aging me faster now. Here is a short one from Tennessee, 'They acted mysterious and vaguely gave the impression that they were from another world and had enlightenment to give us. Bill looked like an earthling, but Jerry had wrap-around eyes; the slits extended around the side of his head." There is so little I can say to dreams like this. Or, "I attended an MUFON seminar in Kansas City, June 16, 1973: J Hynek has wraparound eyes hidden behind heavy glasses, like the invaders. Others were more disguised -- by plastic surgery with rubbery scars, facemasks, beards and hair. A short negro sat behind me, carrying a camera; from his direction, I could hear an ultrasonic tone and my head couldn't think clearly. While I tried to explain I had information to forward, they induced a galvanic action in the wrist holding the phone, sort of a wavering involuntary flexing, not spasmic, not shaking as with fear. I ran out of coins and the operator cut me off." I'll leave the analysis of this dream to the younger men. Oneba no longer accepts night calls. Write Oneba, Box 1, City.

Dead Want World Wall

Dividing Into Two Camps

New rumor: rising sentiment among the dead for the construction of a cinderblock wall, somewhere, 40-50 yards high, stretching 2,000 miles if that is necessary, to 'make a community." Head of Bureaucracy Ike is handling himself worse these days, since he is not being used in negotiation with the dead. There are more dead, they say, than are alive on earth now, and many of these former citizens are angry when they read the newspapers and are told the same tiring lie--that there are more living now than the cumulative sum of the dead. . . dead writers are sending manuscripts to us now...upstarts like Cheever are quaking from hot letters sent around by FYODOR DOESTEOYEVSKI. . . on another front, bear worshipping is decreasing. The curious Ainu race, which originally occupied the whole of the Island of Yezo, is rapidly vanishing before the influx of Japanese emigration. According to recent investigations they now only number some 16,000. They are the hairest race in the world, are filthily dirty in their habits, and terribly addicted to drunkeness. They worship bears. And snakes. And in some cases live in caves like the troglodytes of the Red Sea. Their skeltons have many peculiarities in common with those of the ancient cave men found in European strata... The reason those coming back want the wall is to split the world in two. The only problem is the dead's claim to the two Americas and Canada, which, even with the National Trench, is the most luxuriantly rich and abundant land mass of earth. What do the living get in return? Grandfather Europe, with its antiquated farmers and blindly stupid caste system. Get ready American readers, the future is to the East. Federal money has been pried from every safe in the States to make this hefty movement of more than 300,000,000 possible. All



will go. Too bad the energy shortages have sucked away our last precious gallons of fuels, and our last vats of noxage. We're finished.... And yet there is the wall. Build it through New York and down through woody Maryland? America will be a ghost town, is that what you want? Write and say. Box 591, Law.



"THEY CLEANED ME OUT"

They finally did it, they broke him. Ike is penniless in Tucson. It is a national shame of course. His L.A. split level sells for \$350-00. After, he's taking a train to Tucson where he stays at Valley Acres Motel under a friend's care, tucked into a bright bed under the cleansing waterfalls of hospital glucose, blood and marrow making vitamins. He's a little ghostly in the face, ashen, livid, really, quite a nice old fellow who wants an even cut of the new emerging America. God help Ike.

Rolla Dilts is driving a new Larry Jones is sporting a sharp blue pickup. Larry Jones is sporting a sharp new hair style.

"Going to celebrate our day, Socrates?" asked Jefferson.

'I'd like to, " said Socrates, "but times are hard and I can't afford to buy any fireworks."

"Why don't you get your wife to help? She'll blow you up for nothing," suggested Jefferson.

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A GREAT MODERN DRAMA-ONE OF THE FEW THAT DO NOT LEAVE A BAD TASTE AFTER YOU HAVE SEEN IT.











