FACT: DINSMOOR, CHAMPION OF NECRONAUTS, SLEEPS THE DAYS AWAY IN A PILLOWED AND ROLLABLE BATHTUB, WITH A GOURD OF AQUA-VITA BOUNCING LIKE A MELLON ATOP HIS SHRUNKEN BELLY. . . . . JUDGE CRATER, GONE TO HALFLIFE THESE MANY YEARS, HAS BEEN FOUND IN A JERSEY BOTTOM, PERFECTLY PRESERVED IN A BOG, AND THE SPARK OF LIFE EVIDENT ON THE SCREENS OF EEG'S. HIS LEATHER BRIEFCASE IS STILL INTACT AND PLIABLE, THE GUM IN HIS MOUTH FRESH AND ALL BUT CHEWABLE. Follow Crater's story in the coming issues of City Moon.

## 'Life' in Jello Blob

A blob of jello, giving off electrical signals of 'life' underscores the problem of proving that a human brain is indeed dead, says a Canadian neurologist. Dr. Adrian R.M. Upton of McMaster University in Hamilton placed a mold of lime jello, supplied by his wife, on a plastic likeness of a human head— on a table in an intensive care unit. Then, using a brainwave recording machine he attached 23 electrodes to the Jello, in conventional brain positions. (Editor's note: Readers, you will recall the article in one of our numbers many moons ago, which described Dr. Wuntex's similar experiments that were then being carried on at the Lower Farm in Mississippi.) In wiggling lines the machine recorded varying signals of electrical 'life,' says medical Tribune, a publication for Agency Doctors. Upton claims it is extremely difficult to get a flat EEG even in the presence of apparent brain death, because of the ARTIFACTS. There are hundreds of these-- tongue movements, sweat, microreflexes, intravenous drips, respirators, people walking in the room. This news from stringer T. Miller, via N.Y. POST

# DOG KILLERS LOOSE

### Roosevelt Dug Up

### Preserving in wine, in spices, or as chutney

This is the latest scam, these process artists, on the streets at all hours, like jack o' the clocks, calling themselves the new niggers, pockets full of nutmeg and other spices, sidepacks bulging with dogbones, sipping hot LaPerla and snuffing puppies. The Moon sees no virtue in the common alley pooch. Throughout a flearidden history they have done little more than beshit our sidewalks and puncture the cheeks of our children. Dogbite infections are now as common as blister bugs in the Jersey swamp, our editors carp over their typers, complaining of sliding to work on films of stinky dogpat. We note here the all-too-typical American patterns afoot-- dramatic and awesome waste, tediously steady chaos, well-planned confusion, cultivated ignorance of this vital issue, gutless peanut-style leadership in the offing, none of the candidates spouting the dogshit issue, or taking a stand on it this political season. Sure, we admit the need for a cheap protein source to stiffen the pots of the poor, and to extend America's billion plus burgers, sure we admit that need-- but why are these ass holes trooping around town slaughtering dogs in the middle of busy intersections, roasting the acrid meat in plugs at the ends of curtain rods over shiplap campfires on the lawns of the prominent, the wealthy, and public officials? Who can say that a cube of dog's tongue might not be the tastiest item at the next fondue party? And what about preserving them in wine, or diced and spiced into good chutney? More divine than starling pie, many say. How sad that even so modest a commodity as rooster combs are 69 a pound. Even gombos are out of sight. So, why not, readers? Shall we get these millions of wasted canines boiling on the National stove? A few citizens have been cultivating panneolus subbalteatus in milk cartons in a mixture of the abovementioned excreta and a bit of peat. CITY MOON EDITORIAL

It is universally known that if the gonads be ablated in early life, great stature results, due to a secondary activity in the pituitary gland. Thus the eunuchs.

## Food for Thought

OOP DIES , ORPHANS ANNIE

The relation of the pituitary to the gonads needs hardly to be stated.

Some believe eating a jackal's heart will cause a child to grow up a coward!

THE EVENING PAPER "EL TIEMPO" OF GUATAMALA PUBLISHED THIS WEEKEND A LONG REPORT ABOUT A NUCLEAR TEST CONDUCTED IN YUCCA FLATS, NEVADA, THREE MINUTES AND THIRTY-THREE SECONDS BEFORE THE EARTHQUAKE WHICH DEVASTATED GUATAMALA. THE TIME CORRESPONDS EXACTLY TO THE TIME REQUIRED BY THE WAVES PRODUCED BY THE EXPLOSION TO REACH AND DISTURB THE SIQUINALA FAULT, SUPPOSED TO BE THE ORIGIN OF THE QUAKE. EL TIEMPO ADDED THAT THE TREMORS SUFFERED RECENTLY IN COSTA RICA, MEXICO, AND CUBA CORRESPOND TO THE SAME POINTS AS OTHER SUCH ATOMIC EXPERIMENTS CONDUCTED IN THE UNITED STATES . . . (El Tiempo, Vol. iii #60)

Brandywine creek ACIDSPILL--An estimated 7,000 gallons of nitric and sulphuric acid spilled into Brandywine creek near Downington, Pa. when a tank car overturned and ruptured, then fell from a bridge into the creek. The acid released caused a yellowish cloud to spread over the City of Downington and 2,000 were evacuated from their homes. Since the City of Wilmington, Delaware uses the Brandywine as a source of drinking water, the pumping facilities were closed for 48 hours as a precautionary measure. . . (World Events, 73, Smithsonian)

MAPLETON ACRYLINITRILE SPILL . . . ON XMAS EVE AFTERNOON THIRTEEN CARS OF FREIGHT DERAILED EASE OF MAPLETON, ILLINOIS, RUPTURING ONE CHEMICAL TANKER AND SPILLING 1,200 - 1,400 GALLONS OF THE HIGHLY TOXIC AND POTENTIALLY EXPLOSIVE SUBSTANCE ONTO THE ROADBED. EVACUATION FOLLOWED AS ALWAYS. THIS CHEMICAL WONDER IS POISONOUS BY INHALATION, INGESTION, AND SKIN ABSORPTION. BIG EQUIPEMENT CAME IN AND CLEANED UP THE CONTAMINATED DIRT, THEN SENT IT ON TO CORPUS CHRISTI TEXAS, THE CHEMICAL DUMP OF THE NATION. (Ibid) And last of all, The U.s. Navy ECOLOGY report network observed a three-mile long TURD ISLAND FLOATING IN THE CARRIBEAN 50 miles Northwest of Barranquilla, Venezuela. Please report all sightings to City Moon, Box 842, Canal Sta. New York, NY 10013. The Moon does not seek to frighten, but to enlighten.

## Quiz:

WHY IS THE DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR BUSILY ERECTING VERY HIGH ELECTRIFIED FENCES AROUND THE RESTING PLACES OF BOTH LEE OSWALD AND JACK RUBY? Correct response will win lifetime Moon benefit. Send explanation to Box 842, Canal Sta., NY 10013 now

# REMEMBER THESE BOOKS

THE CITY MOON, even rolling over earth, penetrating the veil of illusion with beams of well told truth, scanning the literary horizon for anything interesting. We are sad to say that in general too many sweet pine trees are being felled to print much foul sleazola, and as always MONEY TALKS. We think the new tri-color cover idea was brilliant. You'll see it now on all the pop-theory (Greening of America, i.e.) books, to catch the eye and hook the pocketbooks of ass holes. Nevertheless, we did find a few items worth buying: TALES OF BEATNIK GLORY is Ed Sander's latest. By far the funniest book this reporter has read in years. (Stonehill, $8.95) Don't bother on this one unless you actually were it was at in those days. FROM THE NATURALISTS NOTEBOOK, by David Hann, drawings by Diana Dunkley. This book is a real charmer. Give it for Xmas. Read about the Maggot Hawk (Pequeno Matador), the transit rat, the prairie clam and the low-plains urchin, the musical carp, the limp-billed snipe, and many more delightful NUFORM animals. Write City Moon, $1.00. And last, always the best, BUKOWSKI has a new one out, called FACTOTUM, and once again he compares the male member to a turkeyneck. Black Sparrow Press. If you havent already, sample PILGRIM AT TINKER CREEK, Annie Dillard.

# TEETERS

FOUR POOL BALLS

TEETERS, City Moon time reporter, pedaling his little wooden car out there in 1984 or therebouts, send us this: The Nightly rain of red brick dust has frozen my room. My neighbor to the south is knocking on our window, right on schedule. He wants to hear what I have seen in different rooms during the day. I've tried twice to clean the elephant vines from his street window, but no use. This failing leaves him at last only the view of the smogwell from his bathroom window. He says he has lived on the 77th floor all his life. He gives me my phone messages, the old fool still thinks there is a government. He says his new name is Ladue--he recognizes me by my red ploff and floppy hat. There's no protection on these windy cornices from fairy's trash as is the common term for it, here in '84.

IN ONE MOUTH

You've seen it--sometimes it just suddenly blows into the room and floats on the air in tiny black threads. As you know I am employed washing windows at the AMVIC building-- In the morning I grab my squeegee and rub it and twist it--it seems bigger after the night. Mexico says there's a chance the vines might lift. In my time the government would have sent out a goon squad in no time, nothing flat. Now Mrs. India's got her hair up--I have to arrange a meeting. Not sure how many agents still alive--Personally don't see why Uncle Bear doesn't get me a phone. Where is Ruby, where is Pearl? God bless the girls--I'll draw a bath-- hm hm hm hm hmmmmmmm great steam . . . maybe later visit Castaway ---------- Ed. G-holz/staff processing O.

## Called By Death

## FOUND MISSING

NICKOLINA SERAVOLA BLACK
A lady poet, N.S. black is dead in the Brandywine, having flung herself there in 1941 , so to end her stay in Delaware. She lies now in a state of preservation- a dozen cosmetologists busy at their tasks. She is the first of the miraculous BHA mummies.

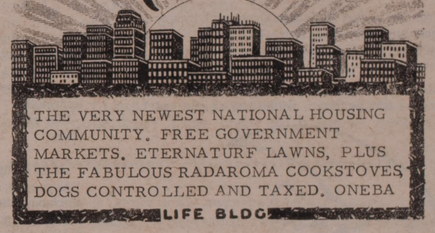
## DEAD IN RIVER

Many are dead, afloat upon the National Trench, heading down the Parcourse, riding styrofoam litters, their families trotting on the bank throwing dahlias, weeping in handkerchiefs. None think of the plague germs brought here on a shard of the Moon, All await ONEBA'S RETURNING


*Steaks*

BETWEEN Five & Nine o'Clock in the Evening, Guefts may order a fine SIRLOIN Steak, ferved with baked Potato, a mixed green Sallad, and Beverage

LIBERTY HEIGHTS




We understand how difficult life can be.

N. B. *As thefe Steaks are charcoal broiled out-of-Doors, they can only be ferved when the Weather is fair.*


ONEBA SEES

Oneba here, greatly vivified since my last writing. Howard Hughes is finally dead enough to bury tra-la-la. The man who ran the world from hotel beds. I see Mexicans spilling up from Mexico, Canadians down. Russians arrive with steamer trunks in New York harbor, which is all but jammed in a hopeless confusion of junks, cayuco's, Japanese whalers, and so on. I see nations intermingling. Jamaicans 'making it' with pale Cincinnati Jews in a city park. I see the Russian necronaut Khrushchev serving out a four year term as U.S. President, and performing about as well as any have. Send me dreams.

Could the President Be Altered?