

THE CITY MOON

VOL 11 NO 1

1977

"Eventually: Why Not Now?"

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50 CENTS

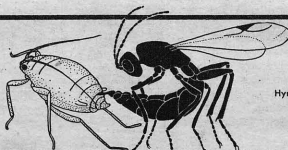
MAN SUCKS WETNAPS ;
BELLED BUZZARD SEEN ;
NECRONAUTS CRUISE

spouts from the bores; Jazzpil Richardson has opened a hotdog stand in Croaker Park; Agnewes are staggering away from earth to spread their new definitions on orders of life, rocketing from Earth in clattersome ships powered by propane and operated by behaviorally trained planarians given ammonia favales, then dropping through swift vortices to a Paradisical planet where the plants and the helium baloons are now walking on sidewalks due to the power of the underground mud mantis. The mud mantis are in the sands, walking the streets of Red Water, Texas, all female, on three consecutive nights, gathering under da-lites for some unknown purpose, then dispersing and flying off; a similar confux is mentioned having taken place in Oxford, on the Old Parchman grounds, though no connection is drawn by the editors, no conclusion arrived at; Emperor William is sure that he was shot with an air rifle, and not injured by a piece of iron thrown by an epileptic patient, and that the first of the chicken was the first of the chicken, and the first of the chicken was the first of the chicken, and the first of the chicken was the first of the chicken, which the name Shimose powder was given by the Japanese, died today. Send all news releases to City Moon, Box 842, Canal St., New York, NY 10013.

The Insect Compound



Dung beetle (Scarab) pushing a ball of dung (Coleoptera)



Hymenopteran ovipositing in an aphid (Homoptera)

PROPHETIC MEETING TO BE HELD

There will be a prophetic meeting at the Holiday Inn with the well known pastor of Southwest Radio Church. His message will be the latest signs in the world concerning the God's prophetic clock. Also there will be a slide presentation by N.W. Hutchings, minister of Southwest Radio Church. His subject is signs in the heavens or parade of the planets.

RED NIGHT FOR THE KITTIES

Hoo Hoo Initiated Many Into Mysteries of the Cat of the Figure Nine Tail.

It was a dark night for those who sought to have their eyes opened to the mysteries of the cat of the Figure 9 tail.

Early yesterday afternoon the manifestations of the Hoo loco power began to be felt. The first sign was the appearance of the blinking kittens were listed as fast as they fell under the spell.

At the same moment of the convention the initiated began to gather in more kittens and by the gloomy, fabled hours of midnight some thirty minutes before the hour of thirty-five and forty of the blind were in the hall to slow and solemn music and made the long and tedious climb to the top floor where the Hoo loco power was being uncovered world bereft.

At the same time the Hoo loco was whirling and the sound of the roof at times caused the belated wayfarer to wonder whenever the Hoo loco was being used it was destroyed when that crashlike eroding jar

This morning there are thirty-five or forty more Hoo Hoo, which makes the number-

The New

trochilics



Trochilics move down the river on spiralling double-wheel rotation machines motorized by an extremely small and light-blue finished electric engine. As they reach the dam on the Kaw at Lawrence, the slow moving wheels tangle in the driftwood, and they are forced to camp along the bank at night, and people stopped their autos and backed up traffic along the bridge and stared. Some hurried rotting tomato hearts on the

accidental visitors. They sat in circles around their campfires roasting carp on sticks. One of them made a circular motion above the water and catfish spun out onto the mudbank, joyfully offering their flesh to be eaten by the trochilics. The Editor was on the bridge instantly, carrying his camera and a small handgun. He had seen the beatniks, he had seen the hippies, he had seen the revolution come and go.

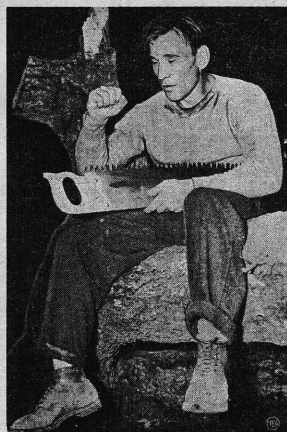
he had written about the beef-liver killings in Topeka in his newspaper. But he was caught with his britches around his ankles when the Trochilids came to town. Before long the trochilids wandered off, circling through the downtown streets. They relieved themselves on streetcorners, urine spiraling from their penis'. They surrounded certain pedestrians in the middle of the day, taunted them, spun their little hot-spinning testobums, the little top-like testicles, and then they proceeded sexually abusing them at times in plain sight of law enforcement officials, and nothing was done about it. The arm of the law has been twisted into a useless extremity by these hyponotic trochilids.

Had Milton lived in a world beset by the same predators as these new trochilids, Paradise Lost would have read like

Westworld. And if they'd gone to Mississippi in Faulkner's time, the Hamlet might read like what Warhol's Blow Job. Why can't our attorney-general do something about them? Scientists at the great university here have said, "When I think of trochilics, I think of spirochetes and roundworms and certain rotifers, not to mention the double helix itself." Why does the turnkey let them out every night? When they've been jailed by day? They say that the first four hard-nosed athletes and a \$6,98-brace and bit to drill through the heart chamber of an old trochilic. It's worth it.

Mother blind.

Father dead.



SUICIDE PARK--
PAGE TWO



SUNSHINE PARK

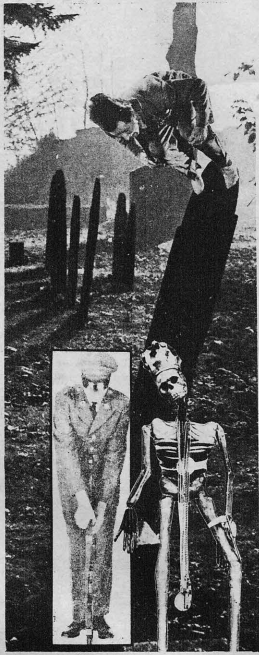
If you want your soul to whistle and shout, if you want your mind to turn about, whip a quick batch of Noxage up: two thumbs of pargoric, avocado honey, lemon oil, a squirt of soda. A potent histamine, Noxage's properties range widely, unfenced, so that, if taken unwisely, you'll have the cattle of your memory feeding by the highway of your soul. Oneba here. And you'll be hawking up cysts that look like seeds of corn, if you don't mind yourself.

Mother blind, father dead, Lefty Oregon saved his feet off, then worked up his body with a handsaw in Suicide Park Thursday. Why? Or why do people hire Rasputins to whack them in the forehead with sappy pieces of yellow pine plank?

I'd like to see Cliff Cox or another one of the so-called new age journalists go out on a limb and murder the English language trying to explain it.

Perhaps this is a synonym to the senseless hangings of 12 years past. Remember, we all asked how long they would keep hanging, for we couldn't leave our houses without seeing another one stringing down from an eave, or swung like a piece of meat from an awning, german shepherds licking their toes. Fortunately, good resulted. The bad ones swished above the marsh of desire, bitten by the flies of memory, the souls hovering close to the bodies, unable to stay or go.

And now, the modern trend has us all sitting huddled in our houses in monkey suits, staring through the slits of the blinds at the skeletons dissolving to chrome yellow powder in the baking trees, then turning our attention back to the World Book Encyclopedia volume laying in our lap. Send sightings. B. 842 Canal Street Station, New York, New York, 10013

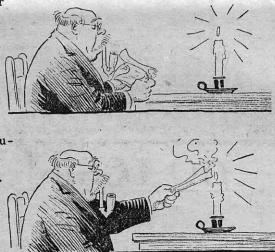


This necronaut craze is really filtering down. God, listen, I had a beer with Woodie Guthrie today. At the Putty Tat club in north Little Roch. My chick and me spotted him in a back booth. Let me say, he stank like cantaloupe rind three days garbaged. But the eyes were bright, the smile taut, and steady. The guitar pretty much suffered advanced woodrot, obvious vermiculation. The poor boy couldn't put a sentence together right, yet he seemed to have direction. His limp fist disclosed a Greyhound ticket to Paducah, Kentucky, where he claimed he had work awaiting. My money gasped awfully when he offered to pick for us and lost a finger joint like so much cheddar among the strings. So long Moon. Hello Woodie. So good to have you back. Paducans, get on watch.

Yours,
Lutheran Walter
Cincy

GEMS OF LITERATURE

God must have loved the plain people.
He made so many of them. —Lincoln.



Your paper is no more than ordinary. It yellows, if left in direct sunlight. It costs too much to lace and use in kitty's box. It draws coffee through solid china into radiating stains if cups are set on it. If you slap a fly with it you're lucky to curl a feeler. As a butwipe, it chaffs. As a firestarter in the potbelly it stinks of sulphur and smokes acidly. It frightens children and narrow minded adults, as all well told truth does. And the worst thing, it won't postpone the commitments of the flesh a moment, and all of us are scarab bait. The Moon lists a hundred modes of dying every issue, belabors the dogshit and ignores pressing social ills. Never does it even in passing mention speak of the great woman's struggle, though it endlessly harps on stuff oblique to the point of fabulism. Come back, Moon. Come down to earth. Eventually, why not now?

Yours,
Beverly Donne
Chelsea Pavilion
Outerditch Rd.

Sir — I found your article very interesting. You introduced quite a few new items, such as simulated wood gear knobs from Leston and key holders with insignia from cun.

Joseph S. Tso

Sir:
I have become increasingly irritated and disgusted at the very evident "de-garbling" practices of your editorial board.
F. N. CHARBONNET, M.D.
Tulsa, Okla.

Amateur Art Thriving



Thanks to Paul Georges

from V F V

As a young boy I was permitted access to "man talk." This contained mostly common sense words, sexual jokes, and matters that must be kept from the womenfolk. If I recall correctly, however, vulgarly on the farm was limited to having a good time at no one else's expense and the intent was not debated.

MEN LOSE THEIR SLACK

from page 3

fancy booty in jail.

Panting like a caught pig in the pen ready for slaughter was one Emil S. Pelletier, white, 43, of 6317 Clayton Road. At noontime, maybe for his lunch, he too was busy getting his ticks. Like the hunchback of Notre Dame he squatted potted and carried out with the spirit of a man enjoying his life in their bed at home when they're all alone. This lover was caught in a public facility on Carr Lane in Forest Park as he was declaring for himself his version of sex fame. Data. Floyd Owens and Derrick Askew of the TACT Division asked Emil what in the world was he doing making all of those crazy contortions. You would have thought he had just had an abortion. He should be an actor.

At about the same time that I was allowed into the men circles I also perceived that while the company I kept was not righteous, neither was it the debauchery to be found in the city. Something told me that deep in the bowels of the inner city the human trash was piled thick and that we farmers stood white and clean next to that.

Another sex lover in the men's restroom in Forest Park, Grid #58, Dets. Jerome Vinfield and Larry Klingner found to their amazement the popular John Soebkle, white, 28, and residing at 1180 Montando, Richmond Heights. He had on a mad sex drive that was seemingly out of control as he talked phrases of love and carried on piningly with a saturated wife. It was deep voiced and raucous, the kind another sexy man loves to hear.

These men were arrested and booked for sex charges of one type or another. Some like men while others especially loved themselves. It seems like a new season had broken out for sex in a two-day festival for the oddballs.



man

Gull Dray



Henrik Ibsen (not Gibson) is back. An exceedingly sly, acute, observant, cadgy poseur is he, sitting noisy in the Mexico Lindo Cafe, purring at the floozita tottering by like a baby lynx, her high-heeled spikes pocking the floor. He mumbles a language distinctly Scandinavian - Norwegian - where travellers to the City are likely to stop for luncheons and take their after dinner coffee. One notes his visits are timed to the hours when the greatest flow of peddlers appear at Lindo.

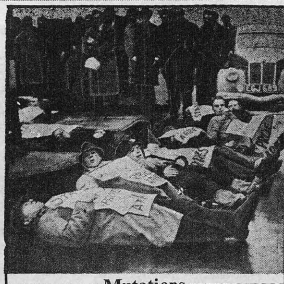
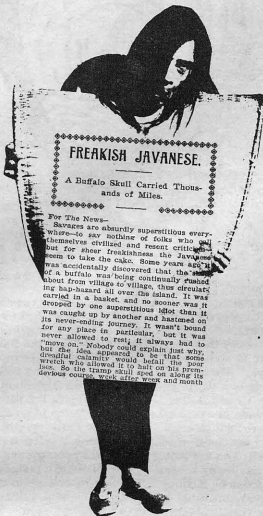
He takes his seat, he folds his paper lengthwise, chimney-shaped, smearing the ink on his fingers in his deliberate fussings. The hat, spectacles, handkerchief: all these, too, are arranged by the fingers of Ibsen. The shiny silk chapeau is hung upon the point of a chair dowel, and several pairs of eyeglasses are placed upon the table. Every few moments he changes glasses, always pausing to wipe again and again the pair placed upon his nose. As he reads his newspaper, apparently wrapped up in its perusal, a close observer notes that Ibsen's eyes shift and dart like fishing pole tips, rather than fastening themselves to the printed page. The shy old dog is glancing around to see if he is watched.

The fact that Ibsen never entrusts a dime to a second reader, but calls them dollies instead as he shuffles jittney in his pocket all the way to the bank himself is duly recorded here in the City Moon. And he waits for you tonight at the Mexico Lindo, waiting to be seen, this too we mark. Go down town, check out Ibsen's mind, write to us, we'd like to know. B. 842, Canal Street Station, New York, New York.

Dear Moon

Did you know that the toad sheds its skin all in one piece? An excellent gris-gris. We have crab eye anklets, hand-made bamboo pipes, La Perla extract, targum, bulk pine oil, dog and pony jerky, smoked bluecat, ironwood prayer stools, the head of Oneha in goat cheese, D-meat pouches, Boy Howdy cloth facsimili's. Visit us at Parchman Farm.

Mother K.
Oxford Box 10



Mutations

Responsible for Musty Odors

These striking necronauts decamp from the dead. They pound on doors, looking for work. The job picture for them: bleak to none. They are dull. Some know as few as 300 words and expressions. As people, they lack the complexity so vital to sustained interest, and they are quickly abandoned by the first human sympathizers who pick them up, unwittingly, then discard them like useless habits.

Soon, they drift to campsites along the trenches where they dig greenworms and fish for spoonbill and mud shad. Then, forgetful, they hunker back to the cities which before expelled them, to steal meat and be slammed behind bars. Ishi Asia is their leader, and he says that they never call themselves by their own names, though each necronaut has a host of names among his peers.

To scientists, their theories on the origins of primal fires are a call to dance: in necronaut lore, a coyote maims a small child in a buggy, then, in return, gives the grieving parents the gift of fire.

We find all of this menacing. They're laying like logs out in the rain below our office windows now, as if life were just some monstrous road test, they the pavement. Their faces are emptied of spirit. Box 842

THAWED BOY JOTS NOW

As you remember no doubt, reader, Kenny Cubus returned from the dead more than a decade ago, in these pages of the City Moon, the first of Oneha's necronauts to do so. Today Kenny is as alive as your or me, busy jotting impressions of the refrigerated rooms, the silent years of frosty discomfort, of vitreous floatations, rubber suited, on the trenches, place to place, no more than an empty shell of August cicada bloating on a surface tension. His breath gathers in a flocculus, which is

City: It's been a week of morphing, and I can't stop my forward progress. Rigid on my cot, as though settled in a pyramid for the ages. The vitajell getting into me by tubing the blood. The sisters in a horseshoe at my bed, reading me code from the rector's logbook. Thanx to St. Jude for favors granted. One of them slaps me hard in the face. A good dream, a broken egg spilling yoke, has been intruded by the sting of a cold hand on a cheek. There's a baseball game on the radio. The seventh inning stretch.

Venus drops acid

Droplets of sulfuric acid more concentrated than the acid in a car battery have been identified in the cloud tops of Venus.

Avenue, near T. Cloutier. If he falls, die on us. At the dogleg of flocculus. Pounds will greet you and try to guess your weight. Eat at the Hungry Art. We serve nothing twice. Mr.

Dear Absurdo Editor:

Enclosed, please find one hot news bulletin for the MOON. Rumor has it that the Hawaiian grunter is in fact the lately risen necronaut Ernie Kovacs in a cheap print shirt. Copy is from the AR-KANSAS GAZETTE. The Putty Tat Cafe is an Agency hangout. Note that nothing is said about what Authorities did with the lower part of Simmons' nose. We are wondering what next.

Anyhow, the move back was tiresome, but we're pretty happily installed. For a few days we had some trouble because our former

friends who rented from us also rented out our Johns to the Red Lion station on the corner. I didn't mind the grease in the sinks nor the swirling vicious chi marks in the Johns, but they broke our Vendo machines. No more instant peas for that quick pick me up on my way to class. I'm reduced to picking through the neighbor's trash and sniffing empty cat food tins. Also the phone number on the wall asking us to call for a hot night is connected to some congressman from Ohio's office. What could be sillier than that to pick up the phone for twat and get the U.S. Congress? I ask you.

Lefty



like a hive of cotton candy between his conlike eyes and his automatic pencil. Photographs of him appear starkly on pages of Saturday Moons. A sight to frighten any child. A dog wouldn't piss on it. A halitone horror says the proctor. The sisters are mute when conversation turns to Kenny, the Boy Howdy.

NOW! ACTUAL PHOTOS PROVE KOMBO STRAIGHTENS HAIR!



no rest

sang. I said no, that there was some slight resemblance to someone I'd encountered somewhere, though eclipsed in my memory. "Parchman is a very well-known memory dump," he said. A dot of the brown soup he had eaten dried rubbery on his coat collar, his teeth like rat's teeth, the smell of camphor enclosing the air around him. "Sometimes I wonder what I'm doing, trying to restore life to a dead man, taking it away—most of the farm-system trunks 'I've interviewed are empty husks, Farb, sad sad prodigies, all the gut and substance eaten out." "Shall we head on over to the Eastside, Mr. Dinsmoor?" In the Nash, Dinsmoor and I drove through the Eastside historic area in narrowing spirals, Dinsmoor eating figbars. He said, "Oneba will tell us what to do. Oneba will give us the word." "The bottom line," I said. A car, a cop, a handkerchief, a distracted policeman. We pulled over to the curb. One of Oneba's dogs was in flames on the banquette. "Drive away, Farb. Get out of here. They could notice we're in an agency car. We don't want to provoke them. They'll be on us like flies, wanting figbars, targum and jitney tokens, a dozen other things." "I guess they're sick of nothing and D-meat," I said. He offered a figbar, which I refused, not caring for the sweet taste and figgy seeds, and we drove on, looking for signs of the demonstration. Dinsmoor said, "I'm sick of it. I've listened to it for hours. It's played in my hands more than the rest. They say," he said, "that Oneba keeps his crippled feet in a canvas bag." "I wouldn't know," I said. "You're too spare with words, Farb. Be looser. I see soft slippers and long corridors in your future." "I really can't say," I said. "You see, there you go again. How can you prosper in the journalism field? The acorn embraces the oak, if you see what I mean. Spill more beans, ass hole. How can you expect to cut the mustard?" I dialed in a radio station. We listened to the radio where it played in Chicago a few brief minutes left in the last quarter. Sooty starlings lined the eaves of broken down factories and mills, an egg of moon threatened at the skyline, frozen auras clouded the glare of dalites blinking on for the night. The City itself, as ancient as it was, brittle in the cold. "Turn the heater on, Farb." "I'm afraid it doesn't work. I turn it on and nothing happens." "Typical of the agency, to send us out on a sticky run like this and issue a junky vehicle. Everything was fine. I was free to do what I wanted wherever I wanted to go. What's the matter? What's shit?" We saw the beam of an arc-light sweep the sky, the first hint of where the demo might be. We decided to head in that direction, to see what we could find. On Centrola Boulevard, a ponycart rattled over bricks, a plainsman tooting a kazoo in the bed of it, selling hot soup syaffies. We hailed him and bought two a-pieces. They were served in a bowl of waxed paper, coated with cane syrup. Dinsmoor complained that the sweet waxed paper was too sticky. I said, "Look out the window and see what's ahead. I still in clear of the vendor. 'Dogfood,' Dinsmoor said. "I hope he saw that." The closer we approached the source of the beacon, the more difficult it became to locate exactly. We found ourselves, once in the neighborhood of it, a little disoriented. We circled the same blocks, re-crossed the same intersections, the architecture so much of a piece that we had to get along without landmarks. We parked the Nash under a dalite, locked it, thinking we would be better off on foot. In a few minutes, as the car had been empty for a while, a crowd of people gathered around the pump. We heard a Sousa march playing hollowly from the throat of the loudspeaker, somewhere in the vicinity.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Gons Hotel

VERY CHOICE

HE IS KNOWN IN THE SCRIPTURES AS THE BEAST.
HE IS CHARMING, A MASTERFUL POLITICIAN . . . THE DARLING OF
THE SECRET SOCIETIES, THE CHIEF OF WARLOCKS . . . SATAN'S MAN.
ON THIS EARTH NO ONE WILL BUY OR SELL WITHOUT HIS NUMBER
. . . 666.
SCRIPTURE ALSO CALLS HIM ANTICHRIST . . . AND HE IS NOW LIVING
SOMEWHERE ON THIS EARTH.

THIS GENERATION WILL SEE ALL THIS COME TO PASS — WATCH ASIA

Tarrytown, N. Y., Sept. 9.—Frederick Henshaw will be blind in his left eye for life as the result of a hen peck. He was petting Clara, the blue-ribbon fowl of his flock of fancy poultry, and she was playfully pecking at his face when her beak struck the pupil of his eye a glancing blow. Physicians declared that the use of the eye could never be restored.

RAT CORN

Quick death to Rats, Mice, Gophers, Prairie Dogs, Squirrels.
Never causes odor. Money-back guarantee stamped on
every package.

Just **RIGHT**
at **NIGHT**

NATIONAL *Premium*
A pale dry **BEER**
Brewed by The National Brewing Co.

THE DRAIN WOMAN



The 'drain woman has peculiar opportunities to consider human nature from its meaner side. She finds bottles, broken crockery, sodden Oncha life dolls, castoff garments, old shoes, bones, dead rats, political hats, you name it, as she plods the weary way ankle-deep in

human waste. Her job to search out obstructions in the sewer, stubborn evidences of that sort of criminal carelessness which has cost the City so many dollars and so many lives. Let's remember the drain woman a moment. Think of her next time you consider flushing that litter of kitties down the toilet, or the old moldy sausages, the rancid Brussels sprouts.

Moons

Absent, I write for my pretty stead. Soon she will read many subjects from for-Turkey to emotions like Last time she did magic tricks. She shovel-rier into the air until she sent it whimpering to below. She it was a ca-made by dead animal ori-factured and feeling. had the dog after it had ghost up, only at the core, they Cross where she and offered her down. Now art monkey, down ing to pierce the Poetry Ranch another Plath



cousin, in her her verses on eign lands like hollowness. flying dog led a rat ter-where it hung snapping and bleacher seats told the audience nine imperiously wizards, not of gin, but manu-utterly without For proof, she roar like a wolf clearly given the Very little drool, mouthcorner. En-cried. So the Red came to the inn stayed that night money and shut she is a common on her luck try-National System perhaps.

Sincerely,
Parabeau Lassie
12 Lot 5 Ward
Prefecture
City

GIRL TURTLE



MOTHER'S CURSE MARKED BY A TURTLE

ALZORA FEELS that "my mother marked me at birth." She was fishing on a river bank one day and caught a turtle and tried to take it off the hook. But the turtle bit my mother and my father had to cut it off her finger. When the turtle bit my mother—she was carrying me at the time—she cursed it and cursed all turtles. I came out marked this way because of that.

"My mother marked all of our children. A brother was born with fingers all the same length because while father was cutting a hog, my mother said something to him and he cut off his fingers. The baby was born with perfectly even fingers, all the same length."

"Another sister was marked by a cat. My pa came home drunk one night and argued with my mother about fixing him some food. Mother slammed the oven door shut and put some wood on the fire. Then she started to make some biscuits. You know how a cat will crawl in an oven to keep warm? Well, our cat had crawled into that oven and when mother opened the door the cat was cooked. My sister was born with the mark of a cat on her."

Alzora has no fear of marking her own children, if she and her husband decide to have any. "I could have children but I'll have to have an operation on me to deliver them. I know I would not mark my child because I don't have evil thoughts."

During show season Alzora lives in a world of freaks: Alligator Boys, Bear Girls, Armless and Legless Wonders, Fat Women and Skinny Men.

It is a world of numerous bitter arguments and strange boastfulness about the extent of deformity but one with very little racial prejudice. Many of the freaks at Rosen's Coney Island show are Negroes. One, Pearl Jeffries, who is 32 has been a freak "since I was two and got frostbitten." She is a quadruple amputee. Pearl and Alzora are close friends and tend to supplement each other. Whereas Alzora cannot reach an electric light pull cord, Pearl, by standing on her toes, can.

Alzora's dream is to buy a house in Brooklyn and have a floor level sink.



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by Taylor Studios

Among the inventions made by women are: copper tips for shoes, the baby carriage, the washing machine, the bread-making machine, a self-filling fountain pen, a portable typewriter, a stem winding watch, the bustle, and three important improvements in the sewing machine.

THE LIVING RAY

The mean-eyed man of envy sees as a malignant "once and we dread his detestable glance."



COULD WE REACH ANOTHER WORLD?



The New York Journal

A woman who sells whiskey without license despite the officers, Mrs. Mullens of Hancock, weighs 630 pounds and is defying the United States Revenue officers. She lives in a log hut and is selling liquor without bothering herself to pay the government any license. They are powerless to prevent it.

It is easy enough for an officer to inform her that she is under arrest, but bringing her to trial is a different matter, as she is too heavy to be conveyed to court over the rough mountain roads. If this difficulty could be overcome, another would present itself from the fact that she has outgrown the doors of her house and can not get through them, and no marshal could be invested with the authority to tear it down over here.

So she sits, or reclines, by the whiskey cask and deals out corn juice in defiance of law. Her supply may be destroyed, but it is impossible to keep an officer over her all the time, and she soon has a new supply brought in.

DEAR HYACINTH DEAR HYACINTH DEAR HYACINTH

H -- Contemporary psychologists say that to be fully liberated we must turn our fantasies into reality. Well, the other night I did just this. The only problem is, the boy next door was peeking in a window at the height of my most fearful dream come true. Now I can't look at him in the eyes, and each evening I hear someone panting. Is it me or him? Juggo Huisack, Tx.



Dear Jug. Act out yur fantasy, then when you hear the pant, go to sleep, set ur alarm for the wee wee hours. Creep to his window and wet his bed profusely. If he gets off, you got a friend. Jacinth

Hyacinth! I keep having this dream. Maybe you can help me. I am walking down the main drag. Suddenly there is a tugging at my coat-tails. I turn around and here are these two big grapes the size of billiards posed neatly on the sidewalk. I pick one up and take a big bite. It tastes rather fishy and familiar, but not like a grape at all. Tell me, is this some sort of forbidden fruit? Bozo, Miami.

Dear Bebo: Next time you're in Safeway, snatch a pile of scab grapes. Pluck several off the stem and juggle them as you walk down the drag. If nothing happens, you are clearly on the wrong track. Place them in your pocket and massage gently as you walk, but don't mash as they may stain your trousers.

A casket containing the body of an unidentified infant girl was carried to a grave in Dallas by Walter Baldree and his wife. The Baldrees found the body in a trash can.

Mrs. Baldree pawned her diamond ring to pay for the services. A marker will bear the name "Snow White," which Mrs. Baldree chose for the child.

Limbless Unwed Mother to Keep Baby

The state department of public welfare had challenged Miss Tate's ability to care for the child. But she stunned husband court-room spectators by diapering and dressing her daughter, Nyla, with her lips and tongue.

Farbo here, journalist, roving
for the City Moon.

The news now cautions of floc-
cles on the sun, suggests we
stay indoors and wear the head-
gear. Most of us do, in keeping
with city ordinances, and with
the memory of recent medical
moons so freshly kept. They
hung blue and bulbous over the
city, washing us all in a bath
of radio medicine. The cheeks
of those at large then, without
headgear, puffed out and erupt-
ed in rings of blister and pus-
tule, white worms were seen
in the feces. . . .

I am not one to poke my nose outside on a night like this, for the passing delight of radio medication, and risk a metabolic incident. Isn't it enough I am running now on two sheep's heart. The noisy pop of a camphorberry could kill me. No, I am not one to fiddle in an empty room. Not one to go down stairs with hands in pockets. .

They've put the relics of Boy Howdy in glassine bags for the time being, eventually to be publicly chown at the Church of the Ark, all adrape in purple chintz, as Oneba was when they waked him the last time.

Dear City,

One of these days somebody will stab Oneba's little monkey heart and that will be that. Mark what I'm saying, Moon. Listen, this is it.

Yours,
Alley Carraby
Parchman Stop
Mississippi Farm

IMPROVE YOUR FACE

FACES made younger, handsomer and more expressive by the famous Barker scientific physical culture exercises for the face. They will do more to build beauty than all the paint and powder in the world, for they get right at the root of your facial defects and overcome them. Prof. Barker is the originator of facial exercises. Send 25 cts. in coin or 30 cts. stamps for



ANTHONY BARKER
1335 6th Ave., Studio 47, New York City

THE lowly and uncultured Tartars—when books fell into their possession—ate them to acquire the knowledge contained therein.

Dear City Moon,

Masses of a sticky threadlike material floated across Alamogordo skies the afternoon of March 16, causing general consternation among those out and about that day. It ranged from a few inches to about 10 ft. in length, globules, drifting into the heart of the City, clinging to grass, metal, and cement. At first, we thought it was a synthetic precipitate of the air itself, later it seemed to be nothing more than spider webs. At its full height, the invasion, the air over the City was filled with webs at a density of almost 1/4 square ft. Those of us wearing headgear found the baffles in our tubing uselessly fouled with the sticky stuff. It was closing in fast, and we were in a bind. We saw gackles bleating at them from their wings, grounded and helpless, fireescouts throttling them, breaking the necks, dropping them into canvas sidepicks. We are writing this to the City Council, praying that Oneba will answer. Please, Oneba. Help if you can.

Best Wishes

Mother K
Seeress

A farmer who lives one mile north of Oxford, Mississippi, informed a *City Moon* correspondent that a belled green parrot spent the day with him on his farm. He saw it several times coming down to eat corn with his chickens. He describes the bird as being of prodigious size and having a clackerless brass bell fastened around its neck. Though it talked away while it ate, the farmer was unable to distinguish the sense of what it was saying.

A paragraph appears in the papers this week calling attention to the neglect of Thackeray's grave in Kensal Green cemetery. It is overrun with ivy, which obstructs the inscription.

FREAKS APLENTY—BUT NONE GENUINE



Some of Professor Freier's freaks. Top—Epho, the water elephant. Center—Lilly, the alligator girl. Bottom—the water rectangus.

Dayton, Ohio, July 2.—Shift the scene from Washington today, cast Professor William E. Freier into the leading role, and—

You will find they are not real—the "Humdredella" Monster, found only in the Black Hills of South Dakota; the Water Rectangulus, right from the Florida swamps, and scores of other petrified freaks you have seen in circus sideshows and street carnivals.

And Professor Freier will tell you they are not real. He readily confesses they are fakes, for

Many of the freaks placed before the public in the last twenty years have come from his "Freak Boudoir."

His process? Well, it is simple. A vivid imagination and a certain skill at vivisection of small animals and fish make up the most of it.

His latest designs, "Lill, the Alligator Girl," and "Epho," a water elephant, are being turned out to this year's shows.

Epho is a combination of stray teeth, the skin of Miami river fish and bones of deceased Dayton domestic animals.

President Faunce of Brown University charges that one of the things the twentieth century will have to answer for is the "moving picture mind." All life, to many of our young people, he says, is a series of snapshots with no chance for a time exposure. Hence they can not think straight on any subject. Their minds are a bundle of transient impressions and confused ideas. There is something in the educator's charge. Thinking takes time and application and for most people in this age of the automobile and the flickering celluloid, conditions are not right for it.

EMPHASIS WEEK
MAY 5th to 10th

I'M WAITING

FOR SOMEONE TO ASK ME

to join the National Alliance to Keep and Bear Arms.



Gambler Slays Pal at Gambling Table

Different folks are said to have different strokes. In a recent gambling game two old friends, Jim Hill and I, were against each other expecting to have a nice time, but it didn't turn out that way at all. The devil got in the house.

"Charles," I said, "I'm a 5975 Code Brillante and he argued with his next door gambling neighbor, Jim Hill, who was a 5975 Code Brilliant."

"The fuss waxed hotter and hotter and soon a climax was reached. Miller shot well home and got his 22 rifle off the wall."

"Fool, you cheater, I will say thee this in the name of Jesus Christ and put you down!"

"You're a liar if you don't believe me."

It didn't take long for Miller to do the McArthur and return with his weapon. Hill refused to back down and friend would take his life, but he was vastly mistaken.

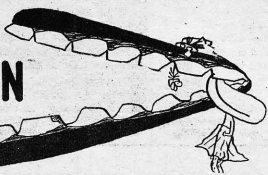
When Miller pointed his gun at Hill, Hill said, "Don't do that, you're a 5975 Code Brilliant." "Friends," boom! The ill deed was done. Miller shot Hill in the abdomen and Hill was rushed to the HCP Hospital. This was about 11:30 p.m. Thursday, Aug. 12, 1933. At 2:30 a.m. Friday, Aug. 13, 1933, Jim Hill was pronounced dead.

Miller was arrested and a man was jailed for murder. It occurred in Hill's own house.

When Miller pointed his gun at Hill, Hill said, "Don't do that to me. I thought we were friends." Boom! The ill deed was done. Miller shot Jim Hill in the abdomen and Hill was rushed to the HGP Hospital. This was about 11:30 p. m. Thursday, Aug. 12. At 2:30 a. m. Friday, Aug. 13, Mr. Jim Hill was pronounced dead. The gambling gun man was jailed for murder. It occurred in Hill's own house.

The La Goon cafe is finally open in the South Parchman historic area. Prairie clam steaks, gumboot pie, rooster comb salad, chili-heart cold plates. Little Toni on the pianoforte. No minimum. Proper styles of hair and dress. Passcards will be inspected. Come, have a great time, despite all. Relax here. Oneba does electrocautery Sunday nites. Look for the sign of the headless cock. 24 hrs.

LA GOON



A trochille came out of an audience in Cincinnati, slapped Oneba repeatedly across the cheeks, and then escaped, through a back exit, in the midst of the confusion. His appearances are charged with mixed emotion, something subtle and unseen rides the moods of the crowds, like surface tension over stagnant pools. The slightest ripple brings up muddled creatures long asleep at the bottom. Recovered from the slapping, Oneba gave this statement to reporters: Oho, the old earth is frolicsome tonight. Be joyful. All for One and One for All. Only the dead ones feel no pain. Life is worth no more than a jitney. Spend it. We are all measured units. What's a little slap? In the face of death?

Dear City Moon:

We're plumb weary of Oneba's restorations camping on our lawns, and their fires leaving burnt circles in expensive zoyia, and their clowning faces peering in at our television through the picture window. We've already had to install jalousies. Three types of fencing so far tried, but nothing at all keeps them out for long. They grin at us like shit possums. We're afraid for the safety of the children.

Three angry
citizens,
Names Deleted, Cincy

My dear readers. This is Oneba speaking. Listen. There are manifest differences between animals and men. My terriers naturally dig under the barns for rats and my pointers set the poultry and sparrows, just as birds fly and fishes swim. To say all men are born equal in abilities and dispositions is an insult to ordinary intelligence. Imagine teaching the average farmer that razorbacks are as good as duros or scrub sires as good as any among the cattle and poultry, or that any kind of seed is good enough to plant. Readers, it doesn't stand to reason. Send me dreams. In these future columns I will interpret. Free of charge. See you at the Hunger Art Picnic. I will exhibit my new Electric Belt and Suspensory. Boy Howdy will be there too, and even Poet Black, fully restored.

HAIRCUT REGULATIONS

So now the City council says regulate haircutting, no mo process jobs, no mo konkin, no mo muffin bro. We all get regulation Paris Island bowl-crimp shave jobs, and stand in annoying lines to get them. We palm national jitneys and pay the barber for his rude slicing. We have little bleedings on the scalp, tickle scabs to comb out. Come payday we all rush downtown, our khakis fat with jitney papers, so that we can get our haircuts and look like one another. So much more security that way, both personally and nationally, as Oneba has often reminded us, speaking ex-cathedra. Our children want nothing more than barber college and a national haircuts permit, and then it's a shoe-in likewise. Easy Street. A nice bird-blue cherry perched in the driveway, a boss aluminum Airstream, with a pinch of equity in it's jalousy windows. All that any modern family unit can get a purchase on it can keep, in short, if any member holds a federal tonsorial card. One is fixed for the duration, can travel unmolested by road patrols. Oneba says this: the bagatelles of today surely will be the ordinances of tomorrow. The surprising fact is how fast, how purposeful, how bright and coolish Americans can look, how ready to open the watergates, to let in the yellow flood. Oneba says, get those haircuts every week and await the coming of Bo'i-Ha'di. Editor O.



Another of Oneba's stories goes like this: In the days when all men were good and there were no trochilles, men had miraculous power. Lions, mountains, whales, jellyfish, birds, rocks, clouds, seas, moved quietly from place to place, just as men ordered them at their whim and fancy. But the human race at last lost its miraculous power through the laziness of a certain man. He was a woodman at Parchman Farm, a high-black nigger, and one morning he went into a forest near the farm to cut firewood for the master's hearth. He sawed and split all day, until he had a considerable stack of hickory and oak. He stood before the pile and said, Now march off home! The

great bundle of wood at once got up and began to walk, and the woodman tramped on behind it. So far, so good. But the woodman was a very lazy man. Now, why shouldn't I ride instead of tromping along this dusty pony road, he said to himself, and jumped up on the bundle of wood as it was walking in front of him and sat down on top of it, and lo, then the wood refused to go. The woodman got angry and began to strike it fiercely with his axe. But all in vain. Still the wood refused to go. And from that time the human race had lost its power, and the life units paraded out of its members like ants from a hill of dung.

1. Mr. Bowles writes from Tanager a Tangerine desert fruit is ludicrous in California we laugh the sun sets summer fades
the red birds alight, their feet are red the horror of the men
the menace of flight they are armed serious like soldiers is this Armageddon
we gather in a shabby foyer for the end
There is menace in the elevators state-of-siege outside the balconies earth rumble of heavy weaponry
I am frightened small white helpless bullied and believe in hell
I am Dondi no-teeth look
2. The shine of the far-riding animals and we detect the fetor in the grime: crocodiles part the immaculate leaves school girls dry in their dictionaries

discharge haunts them nightly the nestled cunning, sleek delect through lifetimes of acedia make substitute for repose they could not seize

we got off the icebox quarter past noon when all the goons on 12th street set up high refrain

3. the tiger dreams awake the the jungle heat it beats upon Marpasian rock fraying strands of days payed out like line

the jeering cats in silence of garages caught in their own jism seethe in smuggled cauldrons of infancy skimmed off the cream of animals

the jungle is deleted the white man screams in the living room gorgous and beaten his mind fertile to the inserted fang

the twenty-four inches of his dream whang slipped pang into the daylight, there by the bolus tree

W. Pounds

Overnight rod repair



* In Norwalk, Calif., an immigrant dairyman, Corbel Van Dyke, hooked up twenty-four of his cows to a milking machine, watched horrified as a short circuit knocked them down, killing three. He complained: "Nothing like this ever happened in the old country."

Life Not Extinct in Chicken's Heart Taken From Egg 8 Years Ago

By The Associated Press
New York, March 15.—One of the most "remarkable" experiments in the indefinite prolongation of living tissues, by artificial methods, it became known today, is the embryonic of a chicken's heart, extracted from an egg in the embryonic state eight years ago, which has not only retained the shape of life, but had grown more than its original size. This minute organ was removed from its natural dwelling place by Dr. Alvaro Corbel, noted surgeon, in January 1912, in an attempt to ascertain the laws of life under scientific conditions. Dr. Corbel has announced that the organism is still functioning, and discharging normal vital functions, in great independence. The organism has been nourished regularly while cultured in an artificial solution. From information obtainable, it was said that it also expressed life. Dr. Corbel gave his theory that any material in his care for the immortality of the living tissue.

Dr. Corbel was awarded the Nobel prize in 1912 in recognition of his scientific achievement.

HOUSEHOLD TIP

During dog days, watch your drains. Scalding and washing soda must be spooned down sink drains each day. In the bathroom, to destroy injurious germs all the pipes should be thoroughly flushed each morning with boiling hot water. At night, sprinkle into each pipe a large spoonful of chloride of lime. Drains can kill.

Sensational New Business
BRINGS STARTLING PROFITS
Here's a chance to make big money with a new business. It's simple, it's easy, and it's profitable. You can start with as little as \$100.00. No experience necessary. We will give you everything you need to get started. Write for details today. **Camelcrip Caramel Popcorn Stores** are now open in all the big cities. They are a great success. Write for details today. **FREE—"Golden Kernels of Profit"** for the first 1000 people who write. Write today. **LONG ISLAND CO., 221 High St., Sayville, N.Y.**

ONEBA

Entee Shine, knocker at a slaughterhouse locally, let it flow today for a girl at the Victory Dress Shop and was seized by police shortly after.

Apparently Entee took a real shine to a checker girl and displayed his better half to her innocence, at which she screamed and he jumped into a pile of fake Christmas logs nearby; inexperience got Shine shortly slammed into a jailhouse rock wall, while the laughter of armed blues outside the cell shook Shine.

Now he is withering in Cell 28, Block 41, stumbling because his eyeglasses have been stolen, beaten at what little checkers he plays, and broken; seven hungry mouths wiggle in the air in his house, and blacken his name. Shine needs help. This is a basically decent man who married early, lacking experience, and wandered through the world a pool of curiosity. At the slaughterhouse they say no individual can replace Entee, and

THEY'LL DIE

FIRST OF THE CHAUFFEURS

Were men who in fantastic garb terrorized the ruralites of France

Chauffeurs existed long before there were automobiles.

History tells us the appellation of chauffeur once terrified old ladies, though at present it evokes in us only cheerful and pleasing thoughts of automobilism, in which nothing but the roads and paved streets are scorched—in contrast to the original chauffeurs.

About 1795, there sprang up in France, principally in the eastern and central regions, fantastically dressed men with their faces blackened with soot and their eyes carefully concealed, who gained admittance to farmhouses and other isolated dwellings at night and committed all kinds of depredations.

They had an outrageous habit especially, from which they obtained the name that posterity has preserved for them. They first garrotted their victims, and dragged them in front of a great fire, where they burned the soles of their feet. Then they demanded of them where their money and jewels were concealed. Such interrogatories could scarcely be resisted.

STAG PARTY

At The Anchor

North Of Salt Plains

Friday



WE KEEP THE WIRES

MEXICAN DEAD BACK--NECRO-NAUT CARNIVAL

It's a common belief in Mexico that on the night of All Saints and All Souls the dead come back, but not to haunt. It's more a social and family call. During the latter half of October the pastry shops, toy stores, and groceries are well-stocked with the special delicacies that the dead relish. Most bakeries have a sign, "Buy your Dead Men's Bread Here," and all candy stores have frosted sugar skulls, skeletons, coffins in chocolate, and other dainties in the same line. On the last night in October you set a table in the form of an altar, candle-lighted and decorated with orange marigolds, these being the favorite flowers of the dead. For the children you put out sweetbread, baked pumpkin, and toys such as sugar bones that rattle, funeral processions that move gaily, etc. In the morning the live children have their party with whatever the 'little dead ones' have left them, and the whole family goes for a picnic in the graveyard, during which 'adult' dead come back to talk over unfinished family matters and eat a hearty warm meal.

Kenny Cubus, a.k.a., 'Boy Howdy', was born on a shanty boat, and will no doubt die, once again, on one of them. Once the shanty boats were drydocked annually and painted, caulked, repaired, now left to moth and rust, corrode and calcify, finally to disintegrate on the murky bottoms of the trench, without maintenance, without salvage. Oneba doesn't care, The City Moon mentions the shanty's only in passing. Nothing is lost.

MMMMMM Medical Moons MMMMMMMMMM

The first of the medical moons will float blue and horrible over Houston come January next, assuredly a prize baby of Viet technology.

Surgeon Gen. Wuntz

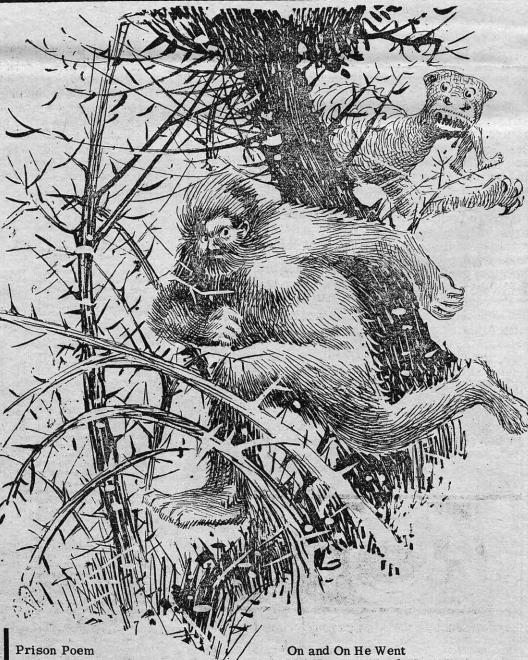
HORNPOUT RECORD

Mother K., a seeress of Alamogordo, in a single evening, caught five hornpout ranging from 10 to 14 inches long and weighing a total of nine pounds, exactly as she had predicted the evening previous, to a travelling actor, Buster Crabbe, in the Gregory Room of the Hunger Art Cafe. It was a new hornpout record for the state.

WHITE BOY PRESSED IN PARIS

Paris, Texas

The report of a ghastly find has been filed here today. The particulars of the discovery, as they are ascertained, are to the effect that during the past week, while the cotton gin at the outskirts of Paris was being run at its full speed, a little 5-year old white boy, whose name cannot be learned, was in the gin house watching the machinery. When night came he could not be seen anywhere about and a vigilant search was made, but the little fellow could not be found. Then, three days later, the attention of parties was called to a bale of cotton by reason of the fact that green files had been attracted there in large numbers. When the bale was broken, it is understood that the victim was found crushed in a horrible manner. It is supposed that the boy was looking at the work of the press and, at an unguarded moment, got too close to the edge and fell over into the box, a depth of 12 or 15 feet, and that with the noise his cries could not be heard, and the lint cotton was poured down upon him, smothering and pressing the very life out of him.



Prison Poem

Man Stepping into the Forest
Hearing the Eako of his Voice
Folling In It Direction
With No Pertection

From Where he First Awoke
To Him His Voice Spoke
He thought Nothing Could Speak But He
Untel he met a Sting Bee

The Birds They Lave in the Tree
When He Began to Flee

On and On He Went
Not Known a Word They Ment

In the Forest He Were Shut In
Using Foust to Make It Thin
No Train Were To Be Had
He had No Son to Call Him Dad

Nothing From Him Did Run
For There Wont No Gun
But the Idea Came to Him
And He Pick up A Lim

Joe Massey
Ohio Penitentiary

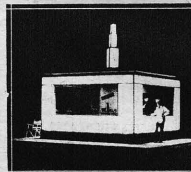


HOT.



CURB STAND LUMINOUS IN DARK

Surfaced with opal glass which is illuminated by concealed electric lamps, a curb stand at Buffalo, N. Y., glows with a white light at night. During the day the stand looks like an ordinary glass-covered structure. When darkness comes, the lights with their specially designed reflectors are turned on to cast a white glow through the glass.



Concealed Lights Shine through Opal Glass to Illuminate This Refreshment Stand at Night

The Hoxie Heater Band now appears nightly at the ballroom of the Gons Hotel, accompanied by human playing cards, followed by an Edsel auction. This hot band is a rose in life's honeyard, an escape from the woes of the street, the ash and saltwater of daily living. Wuntex Ag and Mech Students, half price.

FACT
The Munties of Tennessee traversed the South in the 30's, an unflagging battalion of King Midget Automobiles, carrying the skull of a Javanese buffalo that had entered the family in a basket from house to house, hastening it on a never ending journey. It was bound nowhere in particular, yet was not allowed to rest.

FOR SALE

Heads of the presidents in cheddar cheese. This set is first quality Wisconsin aged, certified USDA. These sweeties sit on the mantel like nobody's business until Xmas and then let the grandkids take a bite out of Eisenhower's cheek for a little taste of what it was like at Normandy. All 48 presidents for \$25.00. Check or Money order to City Moon Cheese Offer, Box 842, Canal Street Station.

Vernacular Views

It has been more than 10 years since the first farmer made a business out of breeding beetles and selling them to children in big cities. Two letters discuss what this strange enterprise has done to city children.

A 36-year-old housewife living in Koki, Satama Prefecture, took up the subject in a letter to the Onomichi Kimochi column in the Mainichi Shimbun.

"It happened on a very recent day. A friend of my second-grader son suddenly held out a stag beetle, saying 'Look!' My son stepped back in surprise when the other boy dropped the beetle, and my son accidentally stepped on it. Some dark juice came out of the beetle's tail and the boy demanded that my son compensate him with 150."

"I learned of the incident that night from my sixth grade son. He said since the other boy was to blame for the accident as much as my son, he need not pay the whole sum. However, my younger son said since he was directly responsible he would pay the whole sum."

"I did not quite like the idea of children exchanging money and proposed that my son buy another beetle and give it to his friend. But he insisted on paying the 150."

"I was at a loss how to drive my point home and asked my sons what they would do if their beetle met the same fate. They said in union that they wouldn't demand any compensation. But I did not take their statement at its face value because for them, beetles were something to be bought at department stores."

"Until about five years ago, beetles could be found in our neighborhood too. When the elder son was a first grader, he used to leave a piece of watermelon under a tree early in the morning and caught a beetle or two a few hours later. Keeping the beetle without letting it die was a big job for him during the summer vacation."

"Had the incident involved my elder son and his friends, they would have released the injured beetle and tried to keep

it alive. With only four years' difference, our two sons behave quite differently. I was quite at a loss how to go about telling my young son about caring for little lives in this rapidly changing world."

The other letter, from a 36-year-old Tokyo father, appeared in the Letters to the Editor column of the Asahi Shimbun.

"Responding to the insect craze among city children, the Japan Travel Bureau and Tokyo Electric Railway Co. have organized day tours to the forest park of Fuji Subaru Land featuring a beetle hunt."

"I joined the hunt last Sunday at the insistence of my son who had seen the beetle hunting scenes in a TV program. A part of the wooded area in the park was enclosed by a wire net fence and about 10 children and accompanying adults are let inside, at a time to catch beetles for about 30 minutes. A booklet of cultured beetles are released inside the enclosure shortly before the group is let in."

"At the attendant's signal, the group rushed into the enclosure, tumbling over rocks and tree roots as they dug at likely bushes and tree roots. It was just like treasure hunting."

"Lucky children found two or more beetles and let loose cheerfully while unlucky ones couldn't find any and wept. Their mothers got angry at the organizers for not making it possible to find at least one beetle. At the signal at the end of the hunt, the group left the enclosure, a new booklet of beetles were released and a new group stood by."

"For the unlucky children, there were stands near the entrance where you could buy as many beetles as you liked, and the stands were crowded. Children made the trip all the way to the foot of Mt. Fuji to buy what they could have bought in a department store or a pet shop, their dreams of catching beetles in the real natural surroundings shattered. (G.H.)"

CHOTTO



THE NATIONAL GAME

Dear Moon,

I hope somebody plugs that asshole before he generates tentacled things we can't even imagine. My society will issue a kill order on January one. We help those who can't help themselves. Oneba's meat is cooked.

Nickolina B.



Police end career of young 'crime fighter'

LCS FRESNOS. Tex. — Officers have arrested a teenager who called himself "Nick the Fuehrer," a self-appointed crusading detective on the side of the law.

Officers said the 15-year-old boy went too far this week and they received complaints of the lad "wearing a mask,

carrying a bull whip and moving very fast" through town harassing people.

Nick was arrested Wednesday night although he protested to police his only intent was to punish hoodlums.

"He's a nice clean-cut kid," said Police Chief Charles Barter. "However, he just read too many comic books."

Believe it or not, Gary Hacker, 20, told police that he was shot by a dude who is known to him as Ben Franklin.

He said Franklin displayed a revolver, and for no apparent reason, shot him in the right eye and left shoulder.

SAYS HE WAS SHOT BY BEN FRANKLIN



Agonews Alight

The Agonew brings jelutong.

His earthly life a laughingstock, he sigas aff to prowl the shill we call the universe, hauling bushels of news to the far worlds, and bringing back jelutong.

Old boatman, he spies rot remaining of a wood jetty, the dock of a jelutong factory.

The jungle spits forth an ancient in shorts with a bare and withered chest. A first-rate grin accompanies the crone on the path to the factory. Cakes of jelutong, meanwhile, belly in evil insect water in a vat. The ancient says:

Tappers bring the jelutong from the jungle to the factory, and they cook it and make it bricks. They harden it in vinegar, and formerly urinated on it before transporting it. The jelutong is source of Galveston jelutong.

The Agonew asks, "What is jelutong?"

It's where chewing gum comes from. The urine coagulates it.

Drifting from planets where people are made of peat to ones where glass fish swim in vinegar pools beneath chloroform oak, the bright mouth of our world is forgotten by the Agonew.

By bringing us jelutong, the Agonew himself travels bright oceans of stars, fearing only a possible lapse of communications from earth, a potential weatherball of auto-annihilation, yet in all other ways enjoying his life away from the planet.

Science Classes

The fifth grade has just finished a unit of rocks and charts. Agonier brought up the idea of smashing rocks that write on make paint, the project was a smashing success.

The sixth grade is starting a

new unit called Senior Balancing. So far we've just been exploring Balance Problems of our own making. Next we'll do activity cards, many of which we have made up ourselves. Eventually the solutions to the balance situations will be put in mathematical language.

Dear City Moon,

I made the first flag of concrete. It is 4 X 7 ft. It was made 15 years ago, placed on a cement tree in my yard. It has stood the test of storms this long without falling. I think it would be a great advantage to the government if they put up cement flags, ball-bearing as mine is, over lighthouses and fire watch towers and other places where a permanent flag is wanted. It would stand out in all kinds of weather and can be seen at quite a distance, where a cloth flag could not. Please write me if you desire plans for this flag, or for my perpetual wind-driven yard light. Call on me, Box J. Oneba is one!

Editor Dinsmoor
Dodge City

Tiny Two Wheeler

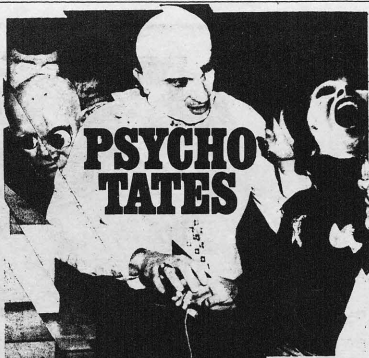


A Moses fan

The reason I am subscribing to The Philippine Times (check enclosed) is that I enjoy keeping up with Moses and The Highwaymen when I am not able to see them. Please publish the Moses column often.

BUMPED BY PIG; LOCKJAW KILLS

Joseph Kiev, who was knocked from a ladder recently, is dead from tetanus. He was picking cherries from a tree at his home here when one of his pigs entered the yard. His dog gave chase and the pig darted under the ladder upon which Mr. Kiev was standing. The ladder toppled, throwing him 30 feet to the ground. He was uninjured except for a broken finger, which he ignored until lockjaw set in. Then he was beyond help, even of a medical moon kind.



The neck whips, the spine snakes, the chakras are thrust open at last, and Delores Ortiz shouts deliriously for her mother. This begins the narrowing road to addiction, the helplessness of sinking into sand and down a giant funnel into the bottom of the hourglass nightmare.

Innocently, a home unit is purchased. Then, staggeringly, Mom is flat on the stove top, or head down on the oilcloth, a bottle of radio medicine knocked over, dreaming of Bob Girl, her dentist, the twining windy days and winebottle candles, naked before the African mask hanging in Pixie Allen's bedroom, or drinking rum and lemon Cokes.

The doctor's shadow lays a bar of black across a door. Water boils, towels arrive, children

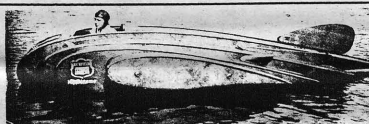
hush. He performs electrocautery on Delores.

She repairs slowly in the backyard, in a lawn chair, sun or snow, blank in face, accompanied by a terrier, abandoned by her children to rot beneath the weeping mimosa, lingering over cake walks of her memory until she cries.

She is taxied to the beach daily, where she scrubs herself with the sand beneath the foam.

The advertising sneers out that Cortez would have bought a unit and hibernated in a hacienda and left the Seven Cities to other dreamers. We say rotters run the show, and they are dispensing fools gold.

Carry yours out onto the lawn, soak her in gasoline, and light up -- kicks are deadly.



Shanty boats navigate the trenchways, bumping the mudbanks, spinning, and going on downstream, as dependent on the flow, if any, as a leaf of sycamore in a gutter. Plainfolk get on and off, morphs sleep in piles to be warm, travelling aimless sometimes, to Muncy, back to Lucas, to Muncy again, then off to Laredo for the Fiesta del Sol, or back to Lucas for a Hunger Art Picnic. Even Oneba has been known to step onto the decks of a shanty and shuffle a bit, doing a needlework number on the poop, liking to mingle with the low and unfortunate to keep himself in top form. A trochilic

band will haunt the banks in spring and summer, will reach out and pull a plain person or a morph child from the shanty, helpless as a ragdoll, weakened by vitajell diets and D-meat rations, and begin their business of torture and sacrifice on the unlucky rat. In winter, the trench goes stagnant, blossoms in a yellow-green algae, and the shanty boats are dead in the water, in a swarm of mosquitoes and suck flies, crawling in ants and tree roaches, most of the passengers stunned and spiked under a lingering medical moon, hung there bluish and frightening like a lantern in an empty room.

Dear City Moon

When was then, in the 50's, a simple hickville goofboy salute, is now (it was then Boy Howdy!) the newest thing --the Bo'i Ha'di, something derivative of a lax and fading Nipponese culture, the Aimu. Aimu's worshipped (and ate) little honey bear noses, black and crispy in the iron pot, and carried outlandish coon dick's about the place -- the coon being one of few mammals possessed of an organ with an armature of solid bone rather than the hit and miss up and down crank we humans have been God given. They pick teeth with them, scratch heads, poke in the dirt with them, whatnot. To go on -- the Bo'i Ha'di, once you've achieved it, says its aspirants will have you slapping your grannaw with joy, once on each cheek, and watch the flash of blood pink those all-but-buried old grunty hags. To go on again -- I mean, why not smash the grannaw's? What are they worth anyway. Their linens stink of burnt potatoes, the backs of their hands like the surface of Mars, the liver spots, the plesgut attitudes. If the Bo'i Ha'di has its way we'll find ourselves grabbing all the gusto we can, a Schlitz in one palm and the other cracking grannaw upside her stooped head. Without digressing now, a la Holden Caulfield, the root of it (Aimu Bo'i Ha'di-ism) gets back to Howdy Doody, no doubt. They say the only remains of that sad puppet are seven yellowed toenails and a few circles of burnt cloth. What hope can we muster for folks who fuck guinea hens and mud hoes? Those women forever doing pushups in cucurbit patches. Now I ask you, where are the Lee Harvey's when we truly need them? These Aimu Boy Howdy's are a bunch of pissguts, dirty assholes which ought to be wiped out. We remember the talk, back in the late 60's, of those hippie concentration camps around Alamogordo, Prairie du Chien, and Bilori. Who are all the neoneurons going here and there carrying duck-facsimiles, with what may as well be lentil pudding for brainmatter, who are they? Jackson Pollock, Woody Guthrie, Judge Crater, Sal Mineo, Knute Rockne, Lou Costello . . . they're all coming back to vote for the Bo'i Ha'di, dropping finger joints like the lepers of Caparnum, as if we didn't have enough of public putrefactories. Cut their ankles off with scythes, squirt acid up their nostrils, do anything say the Howdies, but get rid of them, get them off the streets. They're worse than the old trochilics. Open the heads like coconuts with ball peens. The Howdies eat popcorn with a snow of salt, alternate smuff and Senior Services, and love to gum possum jerky. I say quarter them in the Colonel's fryer chopp-chopping machine. Make no mistake about it. -- like the Snake Milton will lie wearing neon hats, the shriners will fork up their circuses. Most of us will get tax breaks. Someone at a reception recently in this center City asked a noted ex-junkie, how many Bo'i Ha'di's can dance on the head of a syringe. One Boy Howdy has bragged to this writer of having slapped an old woman in a train station, whom he discovered in an isolated corner shooting up insulin, thinking it smack.

Your reader,
Randy Teeter
Shanty 12
National Canal Boat Dock



U.S.

CHAMPIONSHIP '76

The third game of the NLG playoffs between the mets, with a 40-40 record, and the Black Hawks, with a 1/2-39 and 1/2 record was a curious events.

Take Dave Debussure shooting 80 on the archery range 4:00 that morning, then coming to madison Square Garden 3 hrs. later shooting 7 over par.

Mets coach Henry Doe Kissinger did not know what to think about this. After the fourth round he decides to pull Debussure out, To see what up his Ass.

To replace Debussure he sticks Mark Spitz in as half back moving Joe Fraser to Goalle. But three holes later Mark mashing to block Ele Nastatoes feld goal attempt, and doing a good job, pushing the ball the wrong way in front of nastatoes foot, thus inflicting tereble pain on himself. Kissinger seeing his teen being beaten to HELL decides to throw in the towel, thus losing the game to the royals by a landslide. The winning point on a 3.0 and 1/4 mile by big daddy Don Garlets.

Rick Enall
9th Grade

P O R T



You can pick your nose,
You can pick your friends,
but you can't pick your friend's nose.

Rufus, 12-22-76



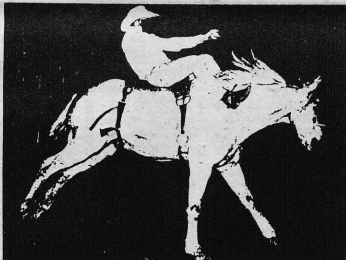
Robert Dimaggio, famous architect, left, drying the lovely back of a mysterious bathing partner, right. He must have muttered something pretty nasty to her later, for at that time she cut loose with a shower of hot lead to the face. Mr. D. had been City and State Architect.

COMPARED TO RODEO THE SPANISH BULLFIGHT IS KID STUFF, STRICTLY FOR SUNDAY SCHOOL PICNICS

No wonder Americans despise bullfighting and have made it illegal (Florida excepted). When it comes to torturing animals for entertainment the Spaniards aren't even in the running. American rodeo boasts CALF-ROPING (more familiarly known as "The Grand Slam" or "Who Popped the Kidneys on thatitty Bitty Critter?"), STEER-BUSTING ("The Hot-Rod Rag" and "The 50-mph Tackle" or "one in Fifteen DOA"), and then, while the band plays an old bagpipe number, there's the TEAM-TYING ("You take the front end and I'll take the rear end, and We'll rip 'er down the middle a'ween us").

HERE'S A RECIPE FOR AGONY:

- (1) Take a tang horse (2) add a lucking strap (place in the area of the intestines and kidneys and if the horse is male, have the strap cut into the sheath—see photo—(3) tighten agonizingly (4) top with a brave "cowboy." YIELD: one "wild" lucking bronco and a gay rodeo act.



3 SLAIN IN GUN BATTLE ON A CORNER

In a midnight ambush along a crowded beach, three men were killed with one another at the corner of Fifth and 10th streets. Three young men were shot to death. Four persons were injured. The police believe that the three slain were involved in a money dispute. The police are looking for the three men who were shot to death. The police are looking for the three men who were shot to death. The police are looking for the three men who were shot to death.

Let me say this, Fred Broski: This 18,757 yard ring hole is a beauty. The viking who has dominated the shiek, & Dick the Bruiser last week. This shot could be worth a cool 30,000 hand grenades with the coveted jeweled champs belt—watch that hazard to the west.

W. Prop

Tries To Seduce Family Friend In Cemetery

The 18 year old who gave a housewife living on Orchard Street (100 ft) reported to police that she had been sexually abused at Mr. Hoge's cemetery about 11 P.M. by a friend of the family, a 32 year old woman. She said he was wearing a green coat and gave her the name of the cemetery. He said he was a friend of her family.

had gone to the hospital with the man to visit his wife. She said that on the way home he stopped at Mr. Hoge's cemetery on the ground of visiting his home grave. She reported that while they were parked in the cemetery, he got out of the car and attempted to kiss her and he tried to force her into the car. She said she was in the upper region of her body. However, she told police, she resisted him and he was unsuccessful in his attempt. She was afraid to return to her home for fear of sexual abuse.



Nobody Said 'Sissy'

keep
right

29



Filler: The phrase sub rosa originated in B.C. 477 during an intrigue between Pausanias and Xerxes over Greece which was carried on under a bower of roses. Pausanias was betrayed and walled up in the temple of Minerva to die of starvation. Afterwards, Athenians wore roses in their hair when they wished to communicate a secret.

NEW PRODUCT: Engineer Prop of Lawrence, Kansas, has hammered and riveted together another amazing wind-powered device, called the Roaring Forty. He started with a wide canvas and rubber belt taken from a derelict oil-drip irrigation pump, added a supelittle ornithopter topside. Prop claims, as any dairyman knows, the best way to make a dying cow lively is to keep it on its feet. And that is what this gizmo does, provided the wind is up. You strap in the cow, crank the props, and there goes Bossy, sailing tiptoed over the back forty.

RECTOR ENTELECHY STRICKEN



The rector of my Farm, Old Parchman, is afflicted with verruca plantaris and walks often with the help of an aluminum cane. He has tried electrocautery, acids, and an ointment of pig's fat, mugwort, and ground daisies. I've seen him on the porch of the stonehouse, in agony on the glider, rubbing the greasy stuff into his foot, as he rattles the vespers. He isn't a bad old man, but one of us will eventually do him business. I would expect it to happen before Xmas of the year, if I'm reading signs correctly. One of us will take up a ball pen and finish him.

Trochilic Bottled

This happened in New Orleans in 1959. Your reporter was walking Tchoupitoulas at the wee jazz hour of 5 a. m., nibbling a hot waffle covered with cane syrup and powdered sugar, the stink of the Mississippi riding out of the levee lips, when he all but stumbled headlong over the remains of a dead trochilic, whose shoes and pants had been taken by scavengers (of which there were many in the Crescent City then) and whose toenails were like third degree relics and resembled horse's teeth. Apparently the method of killing was this: an empty LaPerla bottle had been broken at the neck and rudely pushed down the trochilic's throat as far as it would go until he passed away in a pinkish froth. It reminded me of a pig snake engaged in swallowing a bloated rana pipiens. Close by the trochilic's feet, I found a brown bag containing a half-dozen boiled blue-point Gulf crabs. I took these myself and went on my way. We knew then it was best not to report these incidents to anyone. We also knew they were the beginning of something of moment, a process, a playing out, a pettering, an age of defiance and censorship.

WATER BOTTLES

To "use humble pie" means to take a trip to the toilet, or to dress one's self. The expression is really a pun on *ass* or *ass* of the deer. In sales days, after the

hunt, the lord of the castle and his house hold dined on the choice venison while the under men made into a pie for those of lower degree. To eat humble pie, therefore, was a collection of social injustice.

City Moon Book Service says check this one out—Moon, Moon. Anne Kent Rush, Random House/Moon Books. This snazzy yellow blue black cover deal gets the Moon info needed so much now by readers, at a modest piss of \$795. But it has nice blue ink, varying typefaces, and plenty of stylish whitespace. It gives you

The Greatest U.F.O. Book

of Photostatically reproduced Reports of sightings from around the world Starting from 1942 to the present. Many never before published photos and other material.

\$4.95
160 Pages



—Editor Farbo

WHAT IS ONE TOSS ?



OUTSIZE "TO-YOS", loaded down the road as brothers go for long walks, are rare relaxation for staidly meditative Carmelite monks of Capri, Italy. Their motto: Serve God with Joy.

SOLDIERS LESSONS

SURVIVAL SERIES NO. 5
THE YAWARA STICK FOR SELF-DEFENSE

A little known weapon of self-defense is an innocent looking, 6-inch long stick. It is held in the hand like a roll of coins with 1-1/2 inches of stick protruding from both ends of the fist. What makes this weapon interesting is it's great flexibility, it cannot be grabbed out of your hand, either end can be used for punching, poking, raking, hooking or even thrown for purposes of distraction. Due to it's small striking surface, it can produce tremendous concentrated shock by a person with average strength. A good personal weapon that is easily carried in pockets or in your automobile. \$2.00

MYSTERY TUNNELS UNDER CITY STUMP ARCHAEOLOGISTS

Mexican archaeologists are completely mystified by the system of secret passages found under an old mountain-top city at Monte Alban. They had thought the subway system was on a small enough scale

when they pushed their way through the first dark, narrow passages. Further investigation, however, has disclosed branching tunnels too small for human beings to enter at all. Why such a network of passages was built is a hard problem to answer, and to make it more difficult, some of the tunnels are blind, leading nowhere

new slantings, fits you for long-aging multi-faceted flyeye goggles, as it were, and you'll remember Sir Epicure when you read it. Feel yourself sucking the nodes of the cheeks of the moon. Ever wonder what ordinary toads thought of moon-rakers, and all of this from a gentle feminine only-women-bleed perspective, so refreshingly ancient an idea, the Moon, the feminine principle, the ladies' gaudy pin of the evening, hung in the welkin like delicate panties on a chairback. Learn about what old Rosh Chodesh has to carp about; pour over solar-lunar calendars all weekend; the black virgin, the logos and eros principles; how to see it; have a

momen' of exultation, dip the pinkies in the infinite, know what to do with an apple, an orange, a flashlight, and a tub of vaseline jelly, take a dump in mare fecunditatis. Marvel at the wonders, walk the surface in your Addidas, jog the endless miles of pony roads which some say exist in abundance on the moon. Some legendary evolutionary theories held that people evolved from frogs, hence the prince can be transformed from the toad. Read about all these things in Moon, Moon. See the pictures. This has been a City Moon Book Review. Editorial Desk.

Burn those sox, help Governor Wunty at the same time.

On Ten Days Free Trial
Tradition-Smashing Pamphlets
Send no money; Only \$1.50 for All three; if you want to keep them

Precious Rubbish

At Risked One of Current Criticism and Controversy in the Theodor L. Shaw

The Plausible body of knowledge on history is something that is not only a source of information but also a source of inspiration.

Witch Doctor Befaney Fight it Off



WITCH DOCTOR. "Rabba-dabba; I've cast out the devil that's been causing your illness. Ten dollars, please."

Man had to fight his way out of this old swindle, by himself, without any help from the "leaders." And it's the same way in art.

Getting the Witch Doctor out of Art

How to Conjecture Art and not be a Wise-Guy

The Gag about Art Being Immortal

Mail Coupon: Send no money, on ten days free trial, the pamphlet books checked below will either return them or remit the required amount.

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☐ PRECIOUS RUBBISH, \$1.50 plus 10c

Name: _____

Address: _____



The Unemployed Mind

I have had this dream on consecutive nights. In a tavern, called the Dixie Peanut, I sit alone, slipping jittery ale. A second customer enters and with funeral quiet, seats himself at opposite ends. The ironwood bar, generally in the shape of a three-pead nut, supports polished glasses, the familiar first dollar is framed in bamboo above the liquor shelves. The new customer says, A Pimm's Cup please, with a slice of cucumber standing in it, shave the ice and salt it nicely. He apparently takes me for the bartender, despite my overcoated street-dress, my army hat, and my elaborately tubed and goggled headgear. He seems disturbed that I make no response at his order, and merely procede quaffing my jittery. Bobbing inches over his billycock, I see what I take to be a whitish synthetic precipitate of the air itself, almost at a glance like a hive of cotton candy, a flocculus of sorts. You hear what I say, he says, You hear what I say, pissgut. At this aggression the eyes always open suddenly, I find myself sitting up in my cot, the palms tcy, the head of a white worm peeking from an orifice which has opened, a third nostril, at the very peak of my noseball, and I have obviously spoiled my flannel nightshirt, in a testament to Bukowski I think. Oneba says this of the dream: the key is the word flocculus, the penile worm extruding itself from the nosetip, the aggressive and hostile demeanor of the second customer (the second self, anima rising, the sun-symbolism imbedded in the use of the word flocculus, the suggestion of a halo above his billycock hat, but the dream is fundamentally one of aimless fear and is check-to-brin loaded with the silver bullets of an Xmas Eve suicide. Stay out of the Dixie Peanut, Oneba cautions. The place breeds psychic trouble, is furnished in gris-gris, though the stacked and polished tumblers would indicate a struggle at placing in order transparent things. It reminded him, he said, of a briefly illuminated vision he himself had had many times, of cloistered nuns doing pushups in a patch of cucurbits.



NEW CANDID WEDDING ALBUMS
For Spring, Summer & Fall Weddings
featuring our NEW ROMANTIC COLOR



LET'S SEX



dixie peanut scene by O.

In the Dixie Peanut, drinking jitney, eating soy nuts. Poet Black is out on the banquette hawking her poems, a ring of white-haired, pink-fleshed firecuts hand-in-hand around her, in khakis and headgear, threatening any onlooker getting too close. A cluster of trochilics in the street over a smokepot trying to coax a little warmth from it, looking at her with acid expression, cooking up trouble.

CAZAZZA HITS by O.

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 Doodly 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 candered there on the government mar-ble. 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. I imagine Jerry Mahoney's wide red lips ablisster and flaming so ugly. Save your jitneys reader. The State of the Art is coming apart.

Here's one from my book, *The Floccu-*

lus:
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, arching their backs like angry cats, as is their habit, took a few in terror steps toward the firecuts, finishing in a posture of genuflection.

Dutch, the barkeeper, said, An miffin wool doin pay no money, messah Fa bo.

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

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 ratten frame, stretched his first commercial dollar, pinned there like a butterfly.

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

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

One of her firecuts said, More coffee, Mr. Dutch, stay awake and see our cups are warmed with regularity.

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

Emily Bronte Reads Sacher-Masoch by Rich Bastian

Dateline: the Manse.

The old girl is at it again. Her pale, plump thigh overflows the cup of the buccanier boot she is wearing. Her bare other foot is on Karl's head. The head is, of course, submissive. Emily's legs are thin, her knees bony. She snaps them together and delights in the pain. She isn't sure whether it is the giving or receiving. She imagines . . .

She is startled. Her room has been invaded by a wuthering wind. The candle is extinguished. She can hear the elfin feet of Brannwell: they kitted her rug. Em shrugs. Safe in the dark he would kiss her. She shudders even before her god, 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 whisper, the slap of the cover. She had been reading and he could tell by the pitch of her breathing that she was either excited or about to be sick again. He didn't care which. He reached out and touched the book. He knew it.

"You stole it," he clawed. "Stole it; stole it." He scratched a light and his face was smirked like a puss. His tongue was a circus of hissing streamers, her angry torso the maypole he twitted around in dance. It wasn't all fun: his slippers were too tight, his smoking jacket too pettifogged for comfort. "Wai" 'till the Gov 'ears about this! The a continued long after he had quited.

Perhaps his voice was highly inflected, but he had just taken his medicine. It was hard to state when he was truly excited, when he was earnestly emphatic. His attack was more audible than his customary yawn. Other variations read, "he (said deligitfully)," "he (said methodically)." "

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.

That was Dad's idea of fun. (They called him Pater, italics and all.) No one could fault him. Only Emily understands and like the moors, goes out into the storms, though when she returns her clothing is rumpled but suspiciously dry.

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 gesture, for he was again them.

To be continued.

How Dead I Felt

by Sarah Land



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 act escaped this nation can be proud of. Is this another pearl from the legacy of Bo'i Han'di?



Mr. T. VANCE, President Washington, D.C.

This is her, Emily, only one of the Hardings whose severity is making waffles. She's said to make the most wonderful waffles ever and delects the Hardings could not do without her. The new President is said to eat at least one every day.



Make pigeon pot pie with the ones you get from the City. Thousands of them have for years aimed little hot green cloacal bomblets, and now we have a chance to get even at last, how odd it was to walk to the bus with parasols against their rain of spirit, how we remembered the last of the passenger pigeons dying in St. Louis. But this is it. Boll 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 decided recently that it had to do something about the health hazard created by the huge flocks of pigeons that roamed the downtown area, roosting in the eaves of buildings and besetting sidewalks with their incontinent droppings. 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.

and continue his art, but the officer displayed a determination. He hooked the truck for a tow and the driver, a low and larcinous act Chambers' love mate was booked under the juvenile code.

Martin Lancaster, 48, white, of 2350 Cliff Drive, Baldwin, was one of many in the Forest Park restaurant doing his thing. He was caught sodomy upon whining when Dets. Bill Rauch and Sandy Jackson told him to get up and go to jail just after his trial. This was Thursday.

Others at the Big Thursday party and reception were George Kuyrich, 45, of 3869 Village Lane, Granite City, Ill., who was carried away and arrested for doing nothing on his pal, Earl Penrod, white, 51, of 12350 North and South Road. This saving grace can be like a life in the wind. He was allegedly carrying on like a greedy pig.

Gomez, now hard hitting Charles King, black, 35, residing at 2444 Main, Page road, No. 7297, but in a car carrying him to the Grid #58 in the restaurant, committing sodomy via masturbation as he called it, said "Dude, I'm a judge, I almost went into convulsions. He was losing himself "to death" and playing passively. In his broad spectrum of sexual activity, he was not interested. Says Mark Abrams and Bill Rauch of the TACT Unit. They buried his

White fluffy stuff come down right after Midnight Mass so I hope them guys stay on the Moon all winter, then I save on fuel. Seems like the weather is just a hair different before they landed, don't know if anyone else noticed that or it was just my imagination.

I still haul wood on my neck like last year while I was getting parts for my sno-go. I count five here besides me that's all doing it. As far as dog is concerned, there is a lot of dog here. People have dogs and sno-gos to haul wood, also for races to Koyukuk, Las C-hance and Nulato.

Nobody's sweating gas or oil here. Doyon, Limited, though, put a White man and others to handle our money. Them fellows have their own businesses. I think I don't trust em.

How they're going to handle our poor people's money. They'll do the same as some lawyers that was robbing us just because we had a few million.

It says Eskimo men have twenty five ribs instead of twenty-four, like white, but we knew that all along.

Stickman Andee
Nulato, Alaska
December 31, 1973
Tundra Times

I have for almost 12 years been concerned with question. "Does homo-sapiens have a choice?" The vacillation that the nature of this question provokes has led me down many paths. But to avoid a total schizoid circle I've concentrated on two (2) or three (3) areas

1. poetry (a choice mech.)
2. 19th century American Otolite
3. Frontier theory as applied to the above

--W. Prop



Among the living: a soldier with curved jaw, palate, nose. This dreadful profile is the emblem of Les Gueules Caudes ("The Broken Jaws"), French veterans society.

Acknowledgement

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WHAT ABOUT THE NEIGHBORS?

To many, the decision to build or not to build a shelter seems to turn on consideration of the neighbors. Should you join them in apathetic conformity, or should you go ahead and build a shelter and shoot the neighbors at the door when the sirens go off?

The answer, of course, is neither silly question

"THE PERVERTED CLUB"

A 24 year old white woman from East Avenue, Pittsford, (560-9) complained to police that her father's life had been threatened by a group called "The Perverted Club". She told police that she wants the group prosecuted.

Mantids have been seen, by the thousands, walking the streets of Red Water, Texas, all female, on three consecutive nights, gathering under a-lites for some unknown purpose, then dispersing and flying off. These phenomena are reported in the City Moon cleanly, without speculation or emotion. Oneba believes that important truths are to be found on the surface of things, thus no digging down is needed. A similar conflux is mentioned having taken place in Oxford, on the Old Parchman grounds, though no connection is drawn by the editors, no conclusion arrived at.



City Moon Special ---- Oneba's Prospectus of the YEAR AHEAD

Someone detonates the striped barber poll that marks the south pole . . . There will be one and only one national chain of supermarkets and they will be called Jitney Jungles . . . A futile attempt to destroy the 2 ton rock head of John Wayne, located near the Duke's ancestral plot in Forest Lawn, will result in the mere shaving off of a portion of the lower face, with little alteration in the story visage . . . Technology will allow wheat to be sowed and grown in the very air itself, and monstrous bales of it will fill the troposphere. Oxford, Mississippi, will be over-run by grasshoppers and the National Poetry Ranch will shut its gates forever. The first televised electrocution will take place in Huntsville, Texas, opposite the Superhovel, near the Mailer compound--polluted audience reaction will be telling. . . . A raving maniac from Louisville, Kentucky will step off an east-bound Dixie Express and will be slapped in the clink. He will have a well-to-do appearance and a vacant grin . . . Poultry manufacturers will, by ordinance, be required to save aside designated chicken parts for the poor of Mexico. The list includes cock's combs, feet, heads, beaks, and goes no further. . . . J.J. Turncoque will resign disgraced from National Asylum Manager School -- and this is the same Turncoque who will charge that officials spend Sundays in drunken carousals around the asylum, and that frequently members of the board participate in the Sabanalita, that, indeed, it is not uncommon to find some of the subordinate officers lying out in the yard dead drunk at any hour of the night. Spn, Turncoque denies charges, I see. . . . Increasingly, attempts will be made on the lives of corporate executives. Ordinary people will begin to 'see the light' and take pot shots at fat cats and their floozies. The Discordin societies will flourish and profoundly influence national decision-making. . . . A well-known musician will fall victim to tic douloureux, a paroxysmal darting pain and involuntary muscular twitching of the face, and will be housed in a sanitarium for a period of three years. Betty Podr, sady, will undergo further surgery. The president, as always, will be altered, as will his family and close associates. A Female Chief Moose will preside over assembled Elks. . . . A well known Company official will return, walking with leaden steps to find those guys who rudely crammed him in the barrel for good and dropped him in some Garden of the Gods type spot in the Wyoming outback . . . Necronaut Pollock will once again take a stinky dump in Peggy Guggenheim's fireplace to get her attention. And Oneba will pass away. . . . Best Disaster: Trench Madness near Almgordo. . . . Best Novel: The Dead Hate Strangers.

Recent axolotl head transplant discoveries suggest that when Doody Doody dies they stitch the head near a receptive site: namely, on the broad shoulders of Liberace. On his Liberadoody, as we would know him, would stroll to Holiday Park to watch the seal show or the mesmerism of Mouthgear and Scuff, blow strings, and assume stares. Let a stall be built for him. On the Night of the Radishes, so called, peek him out with the other ten, many, smooth, weird or laughable. Stash him up next to a bubble, let him shout his favorite, "God Bless T.V.", out of one mouth. 444, 444 will line up for transplants at Axolotl Shops. God seldom addresses us directly; contrabandicated here. Joseph Blefeskew

ONEBA BAIT SHOP

Night crawlers, red wigglers, Tennessee walking grubs, army worms, blood and stick bait, shrimp packed in sawdust and ice, solidified larvae, rooster combs, tripe, diced pork liver. We have every possible bluecat attractant, pheromone jell cubes, doughballs, hen's heart, lively crawbabbits, nigger toes. Roast beef and mayo po'boys to go. Sliced melon, jew's bread, crab quiche, startling pie divine, sauce plauquant, pain au perdue, kink cake, coconut cookies, you name it. Stumpwater tea, woffy groats, coondick stew, cat's rump tempura, bottle crepe, Jitney Ale, La Perla, R.C. Cola, Gluek Beer and a full-line of auto-erotic rubber products. We rent campsites, crappie beds, motorhomes, jitneys, pedalcars, skiffs, weekend shanty boats, sailcraft, earth-shoe waterskis, and airtight surf boots. Watch the Superbowl on our X-tak No. 9, the first coming-of-age holocaust set, full three-dimensional in 390 degree perfection. Oysters on half-shell, costals, Danish Highballs. We accept national stamps and buffalo jitneys. On Sunday we have a Choctaw family, still surviving, weaving sisal-hemp nightgowns in the foyer. You'd think our place'd reek of rancid cuttle and spilled sole, but no, just the opposite. You think you were at prelate's wake one moment, strolling through a pinery the next. In every way Oneba's Bait offers a controlled shopping environment, reduced prices. Next time through Bloxi, drop in and see what you can catch. Oneba Bait Shop. Gulf Coast Highway, in the lobby of the Tidewater Beach Hotel. Happy Hour 5-8, Wed., Thurs.

Dear City Moon,

We work miracles on Parchman with our people. Since idle hands so often prove to be the tools of turpitude, as Oneba said, we keep our new age farm hands quite busy around the clock. They bake, they gather eggs, they clean their dorm to a polish, we have creative drama workshops, they plant and tend a productive garden if the weather blesses us and the tables of the refectory are always set with fresh to-mato hearts, white squash, and vegetable pear, even kholarabi if the frosts don't get them. And of course they love to pick loquat when the fruit is full and yellow-brown. We've given guidance and direction to armies of lost souls at Parchman Farm. Every kid has been here, suffering poets--N.S. Black to be exact, to Boy Howdy, a national firesoot leader. We put a goose of life into what's half dead, you might say. Please, readers, send us your human offer. We'll turn it into toposil.

Yours, in Oneba's Service,

Mother K
Parchman Farm

If you need a god used motorhome, come see salesman Stuffy Koch at Cookie's Free Dixie Trailer Lot. Open 24 hrs. EZ terms.

TROLLEY HORROR WOLF PEOPLE DOWNTOWN

Motorom of St. Louis, New Orleans, other Cities, say certain downtown riders pull hair and fight, tongues protrude, they screech like mandrills, stoned on a new rough-behavior drug, Kalliman-M, more potent by ten than Kalliman-H, of which ample amounts have been written in the pages of the City Moon. Lay off this high, readers? You'll have your mitts bouncing hotly from a dovecoat, or yourself wriggling like a pseudoserpent up the aisle of the Church of the Ark or the Southwest Radio Church.

MMMMMMMM Medical Moon MMMMMMMMMMMMMMM

Come January 78 it will float over Houston, reddish and dim as a sterilizer lamp, the first of the medical moons. This is certainly a bouncing babe of Viet technology, another peacetime spin-off. The Surgeon General will no doubt await the launch in a room at the Tunney-Heeneey, fixed before a color set, rightly proud of his organization. He has cautioned Houstonians that the first few hours may go roughly, until the moon's awkward magnetism is adjusted. He says tin roofs will be seen to bulge, dry hair to stand on end, objects of less than 10 pounds to lift perceptibly if left unmooored. But it will settle, he says, as all things eventually do, and its beneficial radiation will cleanse Houston eternally of airborne bacilli.

TONI

MISS DERANDO

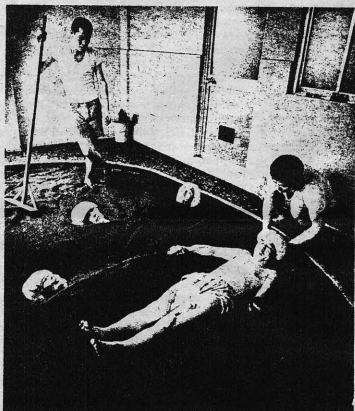


RIP

Services tonight, Wednesday, at the Church of the Ark. My editor tells me N.S. Black will be on hand to cause a commotion when the lights go out. I'm to cover it. I'm there early—as always. The belled parrot is pecking lichen from the tower bricks, bullbats screeching after twilight swarms of insects. I understand Black has been surgically altered. I'm afraid I won't recognize her. The Editor says the eyes have been stretched into almonds, the jawbone reduced, the hair reddened, the pen name now Kim We Chu. I'm sure she's a double the fury she was, after a year on the Delaware Farm, which has a reputation worse than the Old Parchman, where I've spent time myself. The services are known as tenbrae and they commemorate something famous long ago. Plainfolk arrive in battered Fords, khaki's starched, shoes polished, faces soap-chapped and rosy, all with little red rubber hearts pinned to lapels or collars, not a one under 50 in the lot. A select minority of them, aspirants, have green budgies perched on their shoulders and carry a palm leaf.

A opens in the Bamboo Curtain

addicts say it's a tonic



WHITE HOUSE YARD OPENED TO PUBLIC

HARDING RESUMES ADMISSION

President Harding has resumed admission of members of the public sincerely interested in tours of the White House Yard. Let his maid serve you hot waffles, it pleases him.

Book Review. The Trochilics of Kansas: Tactics of Schrecklichkeit, Lantana Hand Press, Lawrence, Ks. 1978, 1054 pages. \$59.00, by W. Prop.

This book is to modern paleontology what rags were to Gutenberg. Looking at it, ink is absorbed by the sulphurous and yellow paper it is printed on. Hold an eyeglass in a way to receive a spike of sun, focus the hot beam on the spines of this book, and watch alternate titles appear, as a cleansing of sloppy Fragonard may reveal a tidy David. Then open it to page ONE. True, Prop is a self-described Social Darwinist, and once had his picture on the cover of Rolling Stone. Sure, we'll all be Social Darwinists one of these days. But one is wary of Prop's trucking in the commerce of the soul, as Burroughs said some-one said. Yet his iron-made paragraphs roar like bullhorns. You read them as though a Saturday Nite Spinal were inches from your brainstem, with rigid attention, and the growing certainty that "Do what thou wilt" has become the whole of the law, as the Discordinists would have it. One remembers scarce headlines in past issues of City Moon: The Topeka, Calf-Heart Murders; the Mysterious Kinetics of Gneiss and Schist; the Return of the Necronauts; Crime Art and the Dead Cat Immolators; and worst of all, the Death and Restoration of Sal Mineo. These doomsies are mere trifles, compared with what we find foretold in the latter pages of Prop's monumental work, and handwritten to boot.

Celebrate National Week



MOCK MOONS TO HANG IN WELKIN -- C.M. Edit.

The National Taxpayer's Union reports that certain right-central government scientists want to put artificial suns and moons in orbit in order to illuminate parts of the earth at night. These mock bodies would supposedly permit night-time harvesting, light-up other otherwise endarkened polar regions, sterilize high crime areas 24 hours a day, and send astrolegers bananas chattering to themselves.

The future is here, as oft predicted in the page of City Moon. In fact we wallow in it, rolling in the muck like wild shots in a swamp. Sure, we'll need harvesting around the clock to stop the juggernaut called the green revolution, turn the Mojave into a sea of wheat, more fuel for the National Drunk, let's carry a candle into those polar evenings, let's shine those nigger no-fos who keep slapping our grandmothers on the streets and sticking them with fro combs. Another giant leap for mankind. Only the very well-to-do's will have a personal sun, or a nice yachting moon to follow them on their Caribbean cruises. The rest of us, the assholes of America's alimentary, we fork up yet another freebie--and Rocky Rockwell, the bully of bullshissness, trots off with our priceless balls. Will the night sky then come to look like a penny arcade, a stadium scoreboard? Actually it's an exciting thing to ponder and a pleasant surprise--that our civilization would bubble to a head so soon after the Manhattan project, and spew its fester into orbit. Yet, we should not take a dim view, not always explore the dark sides of every issue, as our readers forever complain we do--their paper missiles nail us to the bulletin boards every 28 days. No let's look at the bright side. Tim Leary and his New Network Gang (for info write to: L5, 1620 N. Park Ave., Tucson, Az., 85710) are laying plans to shuffle off to the Dog Star, Sirius, as soon as they can hustle a proper rocket. Good, says the Moon, good riddance. Leave the earth to darkness and to us, as the poet said. We'll watch things while the mystic-techonoids flutter out of familiar ethers like dragonflies and settle on another clothespin.

A mere ten years ago it was fashionable to tumble governments, and now the latest thing is blowing the joint, jumping off the volcano's lip before it lathers your ass. What could be more old-fashioned than Peanut Jimmy and government in general. We can nearly smell the chicken wings popping in Crisco in an electric-fry pan in the oval office writing this, see Peanut Jimmy tonguing it with the labor leaders, the talk all of ripping new arms of the national trench, starting up sex centers and getting government rolling again.

The daily civil vaudeville is no longer funny, belly laughs freeze in the larynx. We're happy to note that the wise people of Boulder Colo., earth, have passed a shoot-to-kill ordinance on loose dogs. Technoid hippies are always abandoning miss-bred mutts which assemble in packs, and threaten domestic tranquillity. Now, that's progress.

And who among us is foolish enough to think it won't be niggers next, golden agers a close second, and then queers and junkies and all the rest of the misbegotten, the troublesome, the stinky, and the ugly. There are those who see the White House a great Masonic Lodge. What with the information explosion on the heels of a chronic recessionary spiral, a few minorities will be obliged to genuflect before the dollar sign and cough up golden teeth. And there's nothing Peanut Jimmy can do about it, any more than his favorite vocal artist Dylan can, except sweep the floor and damp the smelter.

O. Light Process



NAYING THE MOON

The most amazing facts come to light after a President is dead. The Midlothian Mirror, in a recent editorial, disclosed the juicy news that Lyndon Johnson never quite got over his old country habit of crapping outdoors, even while residing in the White House. There exist, says Penn Jones, editor of the Mirror, well-guarded photographic evidences of Lyndon squatting over a hole at the rear of the White House on more than one occasion, accompanied by a solitary secret-service agent.

Another belled parrot, of prodigious size, has been spotted on the Texas Farm, at Redwater, coming down in a litany of frightening wingchops to eat candy corn among Oneba's delicate gamecocks.

A young firecoat is always stationed on the corner of Flocculus and Terminal Circuit, selling pony bones from a croaker sack. Boil them down, he croons, make a marrow pudding.

Oneba claims he can bring them back now, by a process involving electromechanical stimulation of the hypothalamus, or some such organ, calls them necronauts. And we have them wandering mindless along the backstreets of the historic areas carrying Oneba facemasks made of stuffed Onex and pipecleaners, a clothespin peak, bottle-caps for eyes, looking for a place and a name, a friend, a bride, dropping finger joints like peanuts, the latest of Oneba's scams. His little dogs have lost their novelty.

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