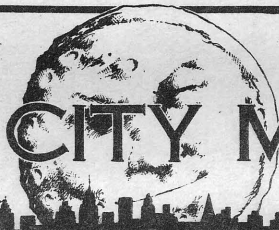


could America become a Sahara?



THE CITY MOON

Burning the Camp Fires of the Soul

VOL 9 NO 8 OCTOBER 31, 1975 "Eventually: Why Not Now?" ©The City Moon 1975 50 CENTS

Announcing

... STRANGE BIRTH ...

CLEVELAND
Gloria Hurd, a 29-inch dwarf, has given birth to an 18½-inch, 5-pound son who doctors say is normal.
The mother and child, named Anthony, were reported doing well after the birth by C-section.

section on Wednesday. Miss Hurd, 22, is known as Tiny Tina in the carnival with which she travels. Friends said the father of the child is about 6 feet tall. "When Gloria came into the hospital, she was all baby," said Miss Hurd's mother.

The City Moon would like to announce a change. Please address future correspondence c/o Editor Grauerholz, Box 842, Canal St. Sta. New York, NY, 10013. Thax-- Ed.

Wake!

SIMPLE RULES

NEVER look up.

To avoid temporary blinding by the flash, never look up to see what's coming. When you drop on the floor on the ground, keep your face in your folded arms for at least 20 seconds after the explosion in order to keep living glass out of your eyes.

ALWAYS shut windows and doors.

If the warning comes in time, shut all doors and windows and pull down the shades or blinds. Turn off pilot lights, and close all stove and furnace doors.

ALWAYS drop flat on your stomach.

Even if you have only a few seconds' warning, whenever you are, drop flat on your stomach and put your face tight in your folded arms. Even if you've seen the bomb, do the same thing right away.

ALWAYS follow instructions.

Instructions will come to you after a raid, by radio, sound truck or some other way. Follow them exactly.

NEVER start rumors.

A single wild rumor could start a panic that might cost you your life.



Will the Earth One Day Be Destroyed?

About the third day you'd feel much better and you'd get along fine for 10 or 12 days. Then one morning you might look at your pillow and find that your hair had begun to fall out. This might go on for a week after that, or until you were completely bald. During this time you'd also run a fever, and your bowels would run, and you'd feel rotten and "schez" all over. You might even have bloody spots on your skin and slight bleedings in your mouth. It's barely possible you might find that for a time you were unable to better children, although you could still have sexual relations.

If anyone near you needs first aid, give it to him—according to the rules in the Red Cross or Boy Scout handbook.

MIST of DEATH

Lozan, Texas, June 5. An inanimate object of considerable size and weight with no visible power or energy source, suddenly was endowed with life, bounding, whirling, jumping, darting, all over the street and through a plate-glass window at the Squat 'n' Gobbie Cafe. Chinaware and drinking glasses were knocked about with a splintered clatter; startled diners and passersby were panic-stricken and staggering breathless on the sidewalks. The neighborhood lay in awe and wonderment until the thing had spent its force and crumpled in the gutter panting, exhausted. All this, it may be said, is not a usual occurrence. It actually happened, however, on First North Street here, in Lozan, last evening. The amount of yellow, sulphurous mist which came in plumes from its mouth and condensed above us into an envelope, and the sun shines through it with multiplied ferocity. The cheeks of our loved ones now flower with rash and blisters. A motor-man was hauling this radical new form on the deck of a trailer van, strapped, he thought securely, encircled by eight of inch-thick iron cable. But no, it

So potent a single breath kills

rolled off at a narrow turn. It hit the pavement in such a manner as to break the valve connected to the faceplate, and then the escaping gas got into the works causing all of its manacled tentacles to uncoil and open and likewise spew the choking mist. The motor-man looked back, not believing his eyes. The thing seemed to take after him and he applied his foot to the accelerator. When the escape of the RADICAL FORM was over and it seemed to be breathing its last, some valorous soul went up to it and stroked it kindly. It remained perfectly still. Then somebody who seemed to know explained how it happened to this City Moon correspondent. ED. O.

Scientists Unveil Radical Forms

To the Moon some of the new forms are as delicate as European snowflakes, others as frightening as a pack of rabid rats fighting in the pantry over a grain of rice. In these pages we have seen the Trochilids, the various Onchids, a old Robin, the whitesaps, the afrocomb raking deaths in St. Louis, we've come to know about the new miracle life material called micro-fluff, the related life pods which killed so many Soviet cosmonauts. How we remember the hideous final dinner of carp and the National trend to Carps parties. Who can forget the life and death of Governor Muntz, the prairie clan incidents, and the white fish, Jody, looming at the bottom of City Lake. In this issue we show life and death mixing like milk and eggs how hush-puppies can be made of sawdust and chloxy, and how to order one of the W. Prop Perpetual Wind Driven Yard Lights. We feature articles on Cookburn, the newest hat in the political coronas, also known as the Washington Star. Will America become a sandy waste by 1980. Read on and find out for certain. Box 842

Parakeets Invade-- The monk parakeet, once considered a harmless household pet, has turned into a major pest that threatens to upset the already delicate balance of the urbanized environment of the Atlantic coast. This chattering little bird with grey plumage vaguely resembling a friar's cowl has long been considered the scourge of agricultural areas in South America. Yet, despite its reputation, 50,000 or more of them were imported to the U.S. as pets between 1968 and 72. Several hundred of the birds are estimated to be living wild in New York City. While usually found in the subtropical regions of S. America, the birds can apparently survive winter temperatures of less than zero by building nests in the sheltered and heated nooks and crannies provided by air shafts and ventilation ducts.

Chemical Death Spillages-- More than 10,000 gallons of toxic sulphur monochloride were released from a high-pressure vessel during a fire at the D.A. Stuart Oil Co. plant on Chicago's Troy Street. Twenty tons of lime were used to neutralize the acid produced by the water used to fight the blaze. 3/20/73

WELCOME



COCKBURN

Cockburn is not only the most recent hat in the ring, he is also a world-champion snake slayer. On his return from Pratorita, where he had established his record of 26 hours in a snake pit, this Moon reporter talked with him beneath a winged of his silver whisperjet. He tells me he is having difficulty getting used to sleeping in a bed again. "I'm bloody glad to be out," he said. "I wanted the championship and it was a challenge to my knowledge of reptiles and control of a physical body." Cockburn spent the Xmas national holidays cooped up with 6 puffadders, 6 Egyptian vipers, 6 black mambas and 6 boxsnakes at the Harborsport sanatorium. On two occasions, Cockburn says, snakes devoured other snakes. "Quickly replacements were made to keep the level at 24." "I practiced for ages to sleep motionless, in a state of readiness, and to wake up in the same position. I rest, it still poses for hours on end." And now I want to be one of the American presidents. The great round rubbery head sits hunched between the wide shoulders. Its vote-casting motion to wear latrine shoes is to use one of the new S-C-T-cowpots, which opens the small circles of people at his rallies, making any fine-tune paranoid habits. (Photo-C)



PRESIDENT?

Who's Running the Country

The question is the same wherever this Moon reporter goes, from Nancy to Laredo. Who is the president, who is in charge of things? Is it this foolish new North tramping the backstreets of Georgetown, or is it Mr. Cockburn, the Washington Star? Does it matter? It's hard to tell where the great Moto-companies end and where the government begins, as indistinct as the timberline on Mt. Whitney. We think he looks more than pitiable in his paper cape and open-tongue boot getup. Where is Oswald when we need him, so many ask. The staging of events a common practice nowadays. How surprised we were to find out that half of America was watching the other half and nobody was looking ahead. So here we are, the bow of the ship of state already rasping coral on the great REEF. Who would have ever thought a year ago that it would come to this, when we would wax nostalgic for Moxine-old rosy cheeks, the wide lying teeth. He was more of a rock than Rocky is, who can deny it? When the next election comes up the Moon suggests you go to the polls and vote. CELEBRATE NATIONAL WEEK . . .

Boo Lan

LAGOON CAPE OPENING SOON

Before you walk through the front door of the Lagoon, be sure and let Mr. Pounds weigh you. If he guesses wrong, you get a free BOO LAN basket. We feature Trout'n' Quail Egg Plat Mo. nights, when we open. Free Drinks. Onebs will do needle work on our stage, spin the teetotum, and generate a live dog with a painful of life-jel. Try our Wed. buffet-- Bluecorn taco blintzes.

In German mythology, the giants will come to battle the gods on a boat made from figural.

This fact brought to U by US



FASHIONS IN HORROR

As we crowded into the small clubhouse, the evening began to rain. The rain, behind a counter suddenly rolled back like the hidden door in the Arabian Nights.

A gainful set down a long staircase in a kitchen turned 25 feet below the street surface. We then walked for blocks through a maze of passageways until we came to a large, air-conditioned chamber.

We had arrived in the heart of one of the main air raid shelters in Berlin, part of a vast underground network of escape tunnels, storage rooms and emergency life-support and communications systems.

In six minutes, 10,000 people can peer down into the shelter through more than 30 entrances. More interestingly,

they do not have to stay crouched up like the Londoners of World War II. They can travel nearly five miles through tunnels to escape the Frig's war.

Thousands of volunteer workers have been laboring for years on the shelter system, fitting with pipes and shovels, and more years will be needed to complete the effort.

In the limonous atmosphere near Kewlin, we heard huge waves being dynamited for underground factories and hospitals. In the main square of Berlin, we saw workers digging a tunnel. All over Europe, the shelter-building goes on.

THE CITY MOON

The university lecture series is a form of popular entertainment, where spokesmen now and then plausibly condemn reckless conspiracy theory even while they support those tendencies that feed it. In a great deal of popular drama, especially on television, the line between fiction and nonfiction is badly blurred. If not erased: News is made dramatic and exciting, drama is made to sound true, authentic, factual.

—SARAH HARRIS, *Time*

Kitty Beamed--Canon City, Colo. 10/27/73. A calico cat named Misty joined an extremely small and exclusive fraternity of earth creatures who have been hit by falling stars. A meteorite crashed through the roof of a garage 2 miles north of Canon City, Colo.; it penetrated the interior ceiling and shattered upon impact with the concrete floor. Misty, asleep on a pile of oily rags in one corner was slightly bruised by the chunks of flying cosmic debris.

Montevail Sinkhole-- Two hunters tramping through the woods near the central Alabama town of Montevail stumbled on and nearly into-- a giant sinkhole over 400 ft. wide and 150 feet deep. The massive hole, dubbed "The December Giant," by the Alabama press, is thought to be the largest in U.S. This most recent collapse of substrata was heard by a nearby resident who reported a roaring noise, the sound of breaking timber, and the considerable sinking of the house. Again the stretch rose from the hole on a rouge-red vapor. *Smithsonian*

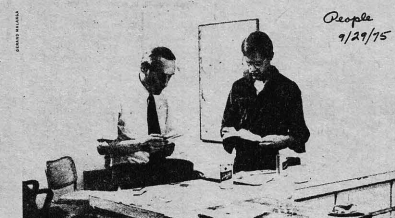
מערות ארץ

I live in Golden, Mo. Please write me. I will send you my art-photo catalog. They call me Mrs. India. I appear on television nightly in three midwestern cities advertising my FULL BODY MASSAGE ROOM that I am running here in Golden. Believe me, even if you live in Paradise, Texas, it's worth the trip. Five minute finger waves, \$5.00. In New York City you can pay upwards of \$50.00 for the same service. If you're into a flourish of peto I can have a boy scout here in ten minutes. My rubs will have you in a coma, cheap at \$2.00. The newest thing we have here now is the Pals Oil 'Round the World' Rub Job. Done expertly by Miss Marie. Box 842. Canal O



'Moon' interpretation

The best news is about the president's one son, Ham, and his three daughters, Vlyien, Macy, and Reba. He has sent them into the midwest where they work as a team door to door, coming so shortly after what many regard as a humiliating "loss" of South Vietnam. Any show of determination, particularly since they present easy targets, selling the boxed candy, greeting cards, saline, was bound to have a bracing effect on those who feared that timidity had overtaken our leadership, and it is believed Ford has strengthened himself in his own party. It is said that the business of day to day governance has come to a standstill. John Nance Garner shuffles uneasy in his grave. Missing troops are often dead ones. The nation awaits a firm, irrevocable hit. Meanwhile officials confirmed that the president continues to soak his hand in a basin of vinegar for an hour each morning, toughening the seams. (MH)



With his secretary James Grouzet, a poet and underground publisher, Burroughs sorts his daily mail.



ESKIMOS GET IN THE GROOVE WITH SKIN DRUM RHYTHM

"never thought I'd see an Eskimo dance!"

STOUT THIEF STRALS 35 TON AUTO CRUSHER PLUS TRUCK-TRAILER

LOCAL SEERESS STIRS RUCKUS

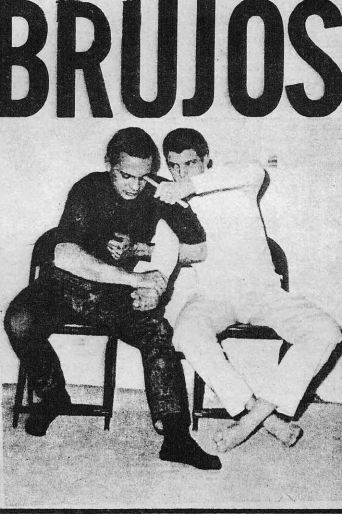
Mrs. India: "I See Horrible Things on Television."

The residents of Bayside Park a medium size residential area in Lang Island have returned once more to their homes and for the present at least the community lies relatively quiet, although no gains were made by either side in their bloody confrontation this afternoon. Mrs. Della India of Germanoid descent has issued statements from her bed of prayer to the effect that she intends to go on with her mass Oneba Vigils despite opposition from the locals and threats of violence.

Mrs. India claims she first saw Oneba rising over the Bayside Check-N-D-Lite one cloudy spring evening after a long bout with the Asian flu. While recuperating from the dread Asian sniffles she had been doing herself with a primitive Germanoid home remedy consisting of heavy oil, oil of wormwood, and lemon citric heated to boiling, and by her own account: "I was sitting at the bus stop when I heard a sound like mountains falling and looked up to see Oneba Beaming." According to our meteorological department there was an interesting and unusual manifestation that night just before dusk of the phenomenon known as Martin's Bars, this is described as a high overcast layer with lower thunderheads rising the horizon so that as the Sun sets, its rays are not only thrown out in vast patterns from behind the thunderheads in the west but also present a stunning system of converging bars of shadow against the eastern sky. The phenomenon occurs on the average three times a year in continental North America.

SCIENCE FACT: THE RAT DROPPINGS FOUND IN ORDINARY BREAKFAST CEREAL ARE MORE NUTRITIOUS AND RICHER IN PROTEIN THAN THE CEREAL ITSELF

We have all heard the stories about insect parts and human boogers found in packages of ice sold throughout the country. Now everyone knows that the adulteration of the common hot dog with beef lips is standard practice. But DID YOU KNOW that almost every popular brand of breakfast cereal contains a SUBSTANTIAL PROPORTION OF RAT DROPPINGS? This overlooked resource CAN NOW BE HARNESSSED like the swirling waters of the Nile, we are pleased to announce a new line of nutritious and tasty RAT Cakes. These discreet little boluses, of a pleasant dark brown color, contain TEN TIMES THE PROTEIN found in a similar serving of Puffed Air, Sugar Cracklies, or Frosted Fruit Gums. AND, as a special offer to introduce this AMAZING NEW PRODUCT, we will also provide FREE a large sack of our new sweet-smelling RAT DROPS! These tiny hard-candy crops are GUARANTEED to freshen the breath without harming the delicate nasal membranes.



HORROR RESTAURANT OPENS ATOP MIRRORED BUILDING

The president of Tip-Top Manufacturing announced today that plans are in the final stages for a dramatic new horror restaurant in the pent house of the American Victory Building, Elmer P. Bucky explained at a lavish press conference in the art deco lobby of the building that he intended to cover the outside of the building with mirrors. "This will make the building invisible," he reasoned. "Then I personally will see to the horror decor of the restaurant, perhaps a brief nightly stint as Count Dracula, with my secretary assistants. Of course, all the horror ghouls will be represented: Frankenstein's monster, King Kong, the Blob, Godzilla, the mighty Joe Young, and countess others - all the monsters we've come to know and love. That's our slogan: MONSTERS ARE NICE GUYS. And as a public relations gesture, we shall rope off a section for orphans, monophiles, and phreaks etc., so that the general public may see them happily eating and learn that there is a little bit of monster in each of us."

Excerpts from Raghov's Confession

"The renowned William M. Thackeray and the famous Charles Dickens had a quarrel. Just before Christmas in 1863 when they met in London, they refused to speak to one another. Fricke in his conscience, Thackeray turned back and seized the hand of his friend, saying he couldn't bear the coldness that existed between them. Dickens was touched and the old anger and jealousy gave way to reconciliation. Shortly afterward, Thackeray suddenly died."

Hughes fails to show up

NEW YORK (AP) — Billionaire recluse Howard Hughes did not show up at court Wednesday to prove he isn't insane. But a lawyer for Hughes' Summa Corp. did, and he said the attempt by two shareholders in the Air Liquidity Co. to have Hughes declared legally dead smacked of blackmail. "Inference is plain that the plaintiffs believe that they make enough of a nuisance of themselves, someone will pay them to go away," lawyer Chester Davis said in moving for dismissal of the suit. State Supreme Court Justice Bernard Baskin, who signed an order giving Hughes until Wednesday to prove he is still alive, reserved decision on the Davis motion. The spokesman for Summa Corp. in Los Angeles said the industrialist is alive. "Inference is plain that the plaintiffs believe that they make enough of a nuisance of themselves, someone will pay them to go away," lawyer Chester Davis said in moving for dismissal of the suit. State Supreme Court Justice Bernard Baskin, who signed an order giving Hughes until Wednesday to prove he is still alive, reserved decision on the Davis motion. The spokesman for Summa Corp. in Los Angeles said the industrialist is alive.

Poets are playing vegetables today

In addition to reading their own poetry, five KU poets will perform a vegetable concert at 4:30 p.m. today in the Student Union Forum Room. A vegetable concert? "The reason I'm going to play vegetable like musical instruments, or maybe we'll just play with the vegetables. We're not sure yet," Ken Chapman, San Francisco, Calif., a former KU student, said. Wayne M. Overland Park senior, said he was definitely going to play a watermelon. "The reason I'm going to play a watermelon is that I'm a liberal." Proget putzard. Also performing will be Bill Berkowitz, New York; N.Y. senior, Ken Irving, Rochester, N.Y., senior, and Hal Hama, Orem, N.J., senior. Berkowitz, Proget and Williams published a book of poetry last April entitled "Us Fom." The book was published at the Abington Press Free Press. UDX, Sept 68

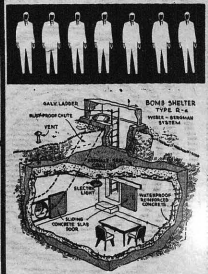


WHAT DOES THE FUTURE HOLD?

With each passing day bringing its huge toll of startling major events such as wars, assassinations, world conference failures, murders, suicides of eminent persons, flights into voluntary exile of the heads of gigantic syndicates, kidnappings for ransom, farm strikes, mob outbreaks and financial difficulties everywhere, it becomes apparent that this poor world is ready to and fro like a drunkard. It is with strange misgivings that one surveys the news of the day. The question which springs spontaneously to mind is:

"WHAT NEXT?"

Without wishing to be sensational, we here at the MOON wish to state on unyielding authority that an event is yet to occur which will give to the world its greatest shock. The shock will consist in the sudden and complete disappearance of millions of its chaotic inhabitants. The disappearance will be of such a mysterious nature that it will seem as though the earth has opened its mouth and swallowed them. However, the very reverse will be the case; they will have left the Planet! Shortly after this exciting incident, the most powerful dictator will dictate peace to the nations then at war, and being a genius, he will also cause business to prosper. The world will again forget the MOON (for many of us are among the commoner elected) and its own soul, it will become inebriated with the fumes of its prosperity and will cry: "Peace and Safety." Then comes the sudden destruction. Wars, famines, pestilences, earthquakes, signs in the heavens, on earth and in the seas will characterize that period.



Karen Silwood could hardly hear what the mutant was saying. The electro-music was loud.

"I said," he repeated slowly and loudly, so that this MOON reporter also heard, "I'll do it for you—for a hundred bucks. But if it's going to do a cheap transplant, you must do something for me, too. You understand?"

Karen still seemed confused, but she nodded yes anyway. She didn't want to offend him. She needed help, and she needed it bad, and she'd heard that Garbald was just the one to give her the kind of help she needed. Garbald was an Austrian and he really knew the ropes, everyone in Dan Square said.

"Now here's the offer," he said. "We got some business in Copenhagen, Ingus and I, so we must go over there. You'll come with us, understand, and we'll do the transplant there. The only thing is, you must carry something for us."

"Sure," she said. Nothing hard about that.

"I don't want to see you again."

She looked perplexed again.

"We're—" Karen couldn't hear the rest of it. The electro-music was really blaring now.

When the mutant came still closer, "We're smuggling some plutonium to the terrorists there," he said.

She blanched. "But I—?" She was frightened about that. American kids who get caught with radioactive materials in Europe are up against a tough system. Authorities in Europe don't like Americans to begin with, and they like being rough on U.S. kids who they catch holding a little U-238—let alone smuggling it.

The idea scared Karen.

"There won't be any problems," said Garbald. "The method is foolproof," he smiled liplessly. "We put the stuff in a vaginal suppository. There's no chance anyone would find it on you. Unless," he chuckled wryly, "you get friendly with a border guard."

Even Karen had to chuckle at that. "Hall a border guard?" Hardly. She already had enough problems, being pregnant and all, but then she thought again. "Smuggling? Plutonium?" "You'll be kind of like James Bond," Garbald laughed. "But with a douche. James Bond with a douche!"

Still, Karen thought.

"It's a great way to rip off the Establishment," he added. "It really great way. Really sticking it to them. And," he added with all the sincerity he could muster, "you'll be doing something good for the kids."

Karen brightened to that.

"Almost like Florence Nightingale, you know?"

She liked the idea.

"Bringing these really good fissionable materials!" She liked the idea even more. It would be doing something really adventurous, but almost a crusade. She'd be doing something really meaningful.

"Oh, dig, huh, yeh, dig?"

The electro-music suddenly thundered to a halt and just as suddenly there was the sharp sound of a whip cracking.

"Okay, folks," said Nasar Singh, the Indian dope dealer, stepping to the front of the small area where the band played, and cracking the whip a second time for attention. "Get ready for the show, and if you like it—remember—when the hat is passed, drop freely!"

Everyone laughed, and a few of the 60 or 70 spectators applauded as usual.

"Come on, sweet thing," said Nasar, cracking the whip again. Amy Kath walked dazedly out of the shadows, zonked to the eyeballs.

Nasar took her hand, brought her close and began to unbutton her blue denim shirt. In seconds, it was off.

She was no bra.

Nasar leaned down, cupped her right breast in his swarthy left hand, and flicked his tongue over her budding nipple. He then slipped her hand handle of the whip between her legs and began to rub it back and forth, at first slowly, then gradually increasing the tempo until it was throbbing back-and-forth back-and-forth back-and-forth like a pneumatic drill.

As Amy began to respond, moaning and moaning her hips, Nasar dropped his hand from her breast, all the while keeping up the pumping action with the other, and reached for the top button of her jeans.

To their lady, Moana watched with only half-interest. Just another freako scene, she thought. Just another wacked-out way of trying to avoid reality, trying to avoid problems, trying to escape.

She didn't like this type of scene at all. Too public, too perverted. She glanced away and began to absently swirl the wine in her glass, the wine the drummer had drugged, her mind on where she was going, what she was doing, where any of them were going, what any of them were doing with their lives.

Something just seemed empty about the entire existence, En-grossed in these thoughts, she didn't even notice Nasar's pusher as he set down next to her.

"Too much, huh?" grined, nodding with approval in the direction of Nasar and Amy, both of whom were stripped now.

"Yeah," said Moana, rising.

"Hey baby," Rick said, surprised. "Stick a bit. The party's just begun."

Moana didn't say a word.

She just raised the glass, then suddenly flipped it over, dumping all the wine on Rick, drenching him, and then turned and headed through the crowd, stepping over and around the prone bodies, easing past all the glazed faces, heading for the long corridor out.

Nearing the door, she heard the whip crack again, and the Indian yell, "BEG FOR IT! BEG FOR IT!"

"Please," came the reply. "Give the whip again. Meeting. Fresh. And a soft noose." Once more the whip. Now followed by a soft scream.

Yes, the party was beginning. And Moana knew, from seeing other people reacting, that it would end with two or three more guys, plus a chick or two as well, all simultaneously, all together, all meeting with the girl's mind and body at the same time.

Some party. Strictly freakville.

As Moana opened the front door, letting the fresh air of an early Amsterdam morning bathe her face, she heard the girl scream once more.

Only this time the scream was louder, more plaintive—more painful.

Moana slammed the door behind her and ran.

ED GRAUERHOLZ

Club Scene



"Enter! Precautions!" being the Sunday Garden Club's topic for discussion, with a prepared text by Miss Octavia, full attendance was expected. Miss Octavia included in her lecture a color slide presentation of famously solidified limes and read from the AHA journal.

Following the Episcopal bishop led the club on a petit pilgrimage through the gardens of local domestics and selected melons and cucumbers for an impromptu dinner on the ground.



Man Without a Country

EXCLUSIVE TO THE CITY MOON—THE VEEBIE PEOPLE

(From East coast stringer David Dehadendee)

This reporter remembers the Veebie People—do you? In the August 1962 issue of *Fan Fals!* readers the Veebie people were first introduced to the public's hearts and minds. The so-called founder of this patriotic appendage to the self-willed human potential movement, per se, was one Gary Addison Taylor, who is presently standing trial in Houston for three counts of aggravated sexual abuse, one count of aggravated attempted rape, the rape of a 16-year-old pregnant girl and the murder of a 12-year-old go-go dancer. As soon as she learned of her ex-husband's dilemma, Gary's estranged wife called Houston long-distance to put in her two cents' worth, just to throw the cops off the scent, she told them that when she and Gary were still a twosome he had lied her in on the little secret that he had killed

four people in Gusted. Investigators were dispatched to Gusted where they found buried inside the bedroom window of the Taylors' erstwhile low-nest, the bodies of two Toledo women wrapped in plastic bags, and in Sausalito they found another woman's body buried behind a house where Gary used to hang his so-called hat. In the old days, when Taylor was going under the non-de-nuerre of the Phantom Ship of Detroit, Richard Elveth, Dr. Robey, was quoted as saying that Taylor, in his professional opinion, was not dangerous as long as he took medication and did not drink. The Veebie People think that everybody should take as much medication as they can choke down without tripping, but if you need a teeny snort to get the big ones down, why, just go ahead, no harm done.

A LESSON FROM HISTORY

In A.D. 1196, the Persian maiten Malik al-Aziz decided to destroy the Pyramid. He mobilized tens of thousands of workmen and spent fantastic sums of money, with negligible results. His workmen attacked the Red Pyramid, the smallest of the three. Every day, with great effort, they removed one or two stones. Each stone was buried in the sand when it fell, and had to be lifted out. After eight months of exhausting work, the demolition was abandoned. From a distance, the pyramid did not even seem to have been scratched.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS: The Moon is wishing to thank the following for their assistance in the production of this Autumn issue: Red Dog Martin, Marcia Hoffman, T. Miller, Richard Elveth, Topexa P., Topexa News, David Dehadendee, Randall Lyons Beverly O., Founds, all the usual spirited graphic sources, Wilson, Hann, the Learning Bureau staff, Luther Sperberg, Alligator Gar, OCLM (whose modest grant keeps us afloat), Molek McNeill (new Moon News), Bill, Bill, Bill, Mac Kay, Ray Maguire, John Lee, others.

Dear Mons

ONLY IN AMERICA

Hey now, I tired you all. Done had me a full day, I hoe de peas in da garden. I comes in and writes yall a letter. You gota damn fine paper, you know dat? I heer your we teechus and writers mans. People sayin write yalls and tell how good yallis. Ask yourselves how colored people are at about the moon. The answer.

It insult the black male. Our brothers are learning now, in the backstages of the ghettos, the ultimate chilliness that will grate and grind against yalls minds. You are not messing with a punk. Back off or those little boys you gets to sell for you gwan to be ripped.

I say again—do not mess with the Evening Whirl at all.

I be gwan to get ahead on out in de garden wif my tractor, I gots to foitize putty gubd.

Louis "the Snake" Milton

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HARRY W. HUNT Commentary Woods Huddy, KY 41535

... SICK WITH DELIGHT

"It was just sick with delight," said Roy Ray Hemphill as he was led away from the scene of the grisly murder of his wife and three-month-old triplets. Hemphill it seems wrapped his family in a queen size bed sheet and then battered the sheet for four hours with a 10-inch trying to get the neighbors and the wildly erratic actions of Hemphill and notified police.

—R. Lyon, Memphis

OSZOL GOSZ

Tasmanian Penguins Bleed-- Hundreds of fairy penguins were found dead or dying both at sea and on shore at Tasmania's Bass Straights between February and March. According to fishermen, the stricken birds, blood dripping from their beaks, crawled ashore on the decks of boats to die. Postmortems showed an absence of any visceral organ damage. All the viscera were intact, except the lungs which were puffy, fluid filled, and eroded. In addition, the heart and major arteries showed a remarkable lack of blood. Marine dumping of smelter and industrial residue occurs close to the area where the penguins bled and died. There were high zinc levels in the water at the time. *Smithsonian - World Geol.*

A man said today that in the last two weeks there have been three violent crimes on the Bowery at East 4th St. in front of Feeb's bar and grill. Raimundo G. Johnson pleaded innocent to a charge of blind malice in a sidewalk stabbing incident, and a boy named C. David is still in hospital with critical brain damage received when the handlebars of his bicycle went through his eye and into his brain pan in a cycling accident. Richard Midred, manager of Feeb's, said in a special press conference that he considered the incidents part of a string of reprisals that the 12- to 16-year-old gang had threatened to enact. Midred did not mention the demand that they be allowed to drink liquor by the drink over his bar. In the case of Raimundo Johnson, one of the Feeb's regulars who set off for the corner gas station in search of the stabbers said that he had broken a baseball bat near in two over the head of one of the young alleged perpetrators. Truly it would require the wisdom of Solomon King to unravel this can of worms.

HUMAN HAIR THEFT

The recent human hair thefts continue in this City. Little girls, grown women, long haired men, all are potential victims of this pitiable mut. The streets are more than lousy with them these past years. This one does this. He pulls the victim down to the asphalt and applies chloroform via a sanitary rapkin. This behavior has been described many times by his shaven subjects. Some say he mumbles in a barely articulate manner when he works his magic with exototic knives and manual clippers. He has not injured anyone beyond minor abrasions and superficial cuts, although an overdose of chloroform has killed one young Negro boy. Some say he mumbles his name, which they say sounds like Oszol, perhaps Oswald or Oswald. Police are fearful of what they might find when the hair thief is finally caught and the apartment entered for searching.

MOON EDITORIAL OPINION

The moral dichotomy, like all dichotomy, has broken down. This is the period of flux and hazard; the great drift has set in. And fools are talking about reparations, inquiries, retributions, about alignments and co-ordinations, about free trade and economic stabilization and rehabilitation. No one believes in his heart that the world situation can be righted. Everyone is waiting for the great event, the only event which preoccupies us right and day: the next war. We have unsettled everything, no one knows how or where to reach for the control. The brakes are still there, but will they work? We know they won't. No, the demon has broken loose. The age of electricity is as far behind us as the Stone Age. This is the Age of Power, power pure and simple. Now it is either heaven or hell, no in between is possible any more. And by all indications we will choose hell. We are all renegades. We have been reneging since the dawn of time. Fate at last is catching up with us. We are going to have our Season in Hell, every man, woman and child identified with this civilization. This is what we have been beginning for, and now it is here. Fifty years from now the earth itself will be one vast crater. Despite the denials of the man of science, the power we now have in our hands is radioactive, is permanently destructive. We

have never thought of power in terms of good, only in terms of evil. There is nothing mysterious about the energies of the atom, the mystery is in men's heads. The discovery of atomic energy is synchronous with the discovery that we can never trust one another again. There lies the fatality--in this hydro-headed fear which no bomb can destroy. The real renegade is the man who has lost faith in his fellowman. Today, the loss of faith is universal. Here God himself is powerless. We have put our faith in the bomb, and it is the bomb which will answer our prayers.

Miller --1946



Hugo Ball at the Cabaret Voltaire c.1916

DEPARTMENT OF FANATICS

Flood Disaster of 1952

Much of the beauty of Exmoor and North Devon is provided by the lovely little streams and the somewhat larger rivers which cross and re-cross the Moor. It was these which led to the disastrous Exmoor floods of August, 1952. After a particularly wet period there was a cloud, burst in the evening of 15th August, which was followed by nine inches of rain in 24 hours. When it is considered that this was more than three months' normal fall it will be appreciated that the comparatively small streams were quite unable to cope with the volume of water which resulted. The damage was widespread and in almost every village and small town, havoc was created. Perhaps the most concentrated fury descended on Lynmouth, where both East and West Lyn rivers, unable to expand owing to the nature of the country rose rapidly. Houses, hotels and everything else in its path were washed down with the deluge and there was a tragic death toll.

It was just as terrifying in some of the smaller villages, such as Paracombe, where the river Heddon rose over the stone bridge in the centre of the village and a six ton harrier was picked up as if it were a mere ball. At Exford, Brayford, Windford, Brendon, Simonsbath, Shallowford, Dulverton and many other places, there were disastrous consequences.

I will be remembered that the various services, with a good lead from the Government, carried out amazing rescue and restoration work.

The appeal for help brought practical sympathy from all parts of the world, and a sum of over £1,340,000 was raised. Happily most of the scars have now been removed in Lynmouth and Lynmouth. Rebuilding, widening and special planning have ensured that no tragedy like this can happen again, and yet fortunately the beauty of the village remains.

The Full Story of the

Lynmouth Flood Disaster

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I saw Mickey Spillane browsing in the library. I walked across the busy boulevard to the Western Auto and bought an ice pick. I went back to the library and stuck it in his neck. I could actually feel the shock in my wrist when it hit the spinal column. His agents came up and pushed me against the wall and spit on me. When they pulled his body off I saw three turds like omelets roll out of his pants.



NEW MINORITY GROUP SLATED FOR U.S.

With the fall of the Petropoli military government in V-nam last week tens of thousands of V-namers who have been connected with the U.S. attempt to implement the loyal Republic there have felt obliged to flee their homes and in many cases their families. The V-

namer will be arriving from the Oceanian area later this month, and are slated for temporary internment at Army bases in Southern California, Florida, and Arkansas before being freed to join the dozens of other ghetto-nationalities comprising refugees from the Red Order worldwide for the last time. A scheduled arrival in Little Rock has prompted one youth organization to announce its intention to muster a force of 144,644 volunteers to be called the Gook Klux Klan. Officials fear reprisals.

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BO Warning to Church Visitors

London Tourists and weekenders visiting St. Paul's Cathedral are being warned that the building has an embarrassing problem: body odor. A firm of consulting engineers reported that the smell from 300 visitors an hour during peak summer periods is "quite unpleasant."

Unanswered Prayer

Niteroi, Brazil Leonardo Brazilio, a 57-year-old beggar, prayed to the image of Saint Joseph, didn't get the things he wanted and later smashed the image with his cane, so he said he refused to say what he prayed for.

Pilgrims Die in A Brazil Crash

Rio de Janeiro Pilgrims on their way to visit a shrine during the Corpus Christi holiday were among at least 11 persons killed yesterday in a multiple road crash on the busiest highway 176 miles north of here.

Baptists' Fate

Richmond, South Africa An evangelist and a 15-year-old boy were drowned here yesterday during a river baptismal ceremony when they mistakenly went into deep water.

WOODEN TRACTOR

TRUCK

WOODEN tractors have proved more reliable and durable than their metal counterparts. Loughborough University has placed expensive tractors, buses, trucks and tractors.

Tractors are already working in the fields with wooden parts that do not need to be replaced for several years.

The use of metal wood instead of metal was developed at the Royal Academy of Wood Technology.

Your child trips over objects and appears clumsy.



DOZENS MOURN

At three p.m. last Thursday afternoon over a quench of cottage cheese topped with A-1 sauce in the secluded but sunny patio of his modest San Clemente manse, the former President Nixon was cruelly assassinated by a young man the authorities have described as a "lone demented." The killer, dead in a faded 1938 Boy Scout uniform and brandishing a lethal assault rifle, entered the cunning Algonquin-style patio during the lunch break of the Secret Service agents assigned to guard the ex-president. He rushed up to the aging Nixxon, whose attention was held by a letter that morning from Bob Hope, and plunged the auto-comb into the neck of the former president, overtopping a major artery which spluttered spitting emitting a jellylike substance and collapsed quivering feebly. The old man slumped to the table.

The first watch was invented about 1500 by Peter Henle, who lived in Nuremberg, Germany. For this reason, and because of their round shape, the first watches were called "Nuremberg Eggs."

--BURNING MAGAZINE

"Eventually, Why Am I Here?"

THIS IS HARRY S. I want to be your next president. Here's my platform in a nutshell: Corrupt the young, get them away from religion, get them interested in sex and the low-life. Make them hollow and superficial, destroy their ruggedness. Encourage them to read the City Moons of America, the yellow vomit sheets so often blowing in our alleyways in recent years. Divide the people into hostile groups by constantly harping on pseudocontroversy and matters of slight importance. Get people's minds off the



government tricksters by focusing their attention on football games and other, often staged, colossal events, including the new so-called neoronats who pop in and out of life and walk the sidewalks of our Cities. Give them sexy novels to read, plays, and other trivialities. Always preaching true democracy while seizing power and control over the treasury of events. Be ruthless, ferretlike, take the advantage. Destroy the people's faith in their natural leaders by holding the latter up to ridicule, contempt, and scorn. By encouraging government extravagance, destroy its credit, produce fear of inflation, hike prices, speak of shortages. The only art is conceptual art. The life jail is another prison, designed to encourage false visions in the eyes of the old I am HARRY S. I want to be your next president. The lead-gate is taking us down thistle-choked lanes. The change is coming now. President Cookburn, in my dream I found dead in the room of his Cadillac and all the men of the secret service are at my door. Vote HARRY S.

THE BELBOY PRESIDENT

ART WHISTLING CITED

My aunt as it happens was in her youth an artistic whistler. She had practiced and perfected her whistling technique to a point where she could sight-read Mozart flute parts. She travelled overseas during the Second War with a USO-sponsored whistling choir. And she was sent as it happens to Italy, there to render patriotic Italian tunes in S.A.T.B. harmony. At this time she had a crush on the base whistler, who was ornish, Italian and handsome. Later he was to become an official man and her husband, renowned the world over for his fabulous nose jobs. He taught in Russia; he fixed the nose of the daughter of Emperor's daughter; he threw, with my aunt's aid, enormous

international parties on the lawn of his Grassi Krollie mansions, the names dropping like bombs on the nose. Well, as it happens the Italian expression of displeasure at a public event is to whistle. And although my aunt was and still is rather attractive, the other girls in the troupe were on the plain side, and consequently the Italian audience whistled back at the whistling choir! The girls, unsure at what was transpiring, whistled bravely on, while the men, inspired now to new heights of wolfishness, added catcalls and groans to the chorus. And it was then that my uncle, an Italian himself, stepped fearlessly forward to defend the honor of the girls. He carried a short shotgun and the matter was settled in a few minutes. Soon the whole audience was whistling quite artistically indeed.

6

MOON MEASURES STATUE OF LIBERTY

Thanks to our indelagatable East Coast stringer Gholz, who single-handedly obtained the following measurements at great personal risk, the MOON can now release the TRUTH about the world-famous Statue of Liberty in New York Harbor. For instance, it is now known that twelve persons can stand in Liberty's torch, while forty can stand in her head. The length of her right arm is 42 feet, a reach far exceeding that of the windpump of Old World Condo. The dimensions of Liberty's face are as follows: distance between the eyes—2 ft. 6 in.; width of mouth—3 ft.; length of nose—4 ft. 6 in. The statue in Liberty's hand is 23 ft. 7 in. by 13 ft. 7 in. Liberty herself stands 151 feet and 1 inch, and with the base her total height is 305 feet 1 inch. The statue weighs 450,000 pounds.



Skimming the News



This man squeezes the shit out of dogs. He's the newest of the new trochillo oriented conceptual artists, also known in S.P. circles as art bandits (e.g. Monty Cazazza the dead cat imitator). He calls himself a "human parasite of vitality." "I do dog squirts, that's my life. I sneak up on dogs and push in hard on their stomachs and literally squeeze the shit out of them, and the piss too, and once three little premature puppies." He says he doesn't hate himself, in fact is totally free of anxiety and has no earthly worries. As open as its floodgates are, the Moon can't abide this unproductive behavior. We think it's the final comedy playing out, these modern ages where creeping through, led by a series of temporary presidents, like the recent Omega ascendancy and fall, like Leon Kimball said, "Nothin worth doin pays any money." O.

PARASITES OF VITALITY

Photo at right shows Cronkite barbecuing chicken at Halflife; one of the National Housing experiment areas. Cronkite fancies himself an unsurpassed sauce maker and sprinkles the cayenne and paprika with abandon, much to the chagrin of the pasty faced hundreds standing under a broiling Mississippi sun waiting to eat. Hunter Thompson is here, Castenedo, Ray Charles and the Baygettes, and even the lately risen neoronat, Bert Lahr. The Cronkite movements are slowed, the joints dry of natural lubricant, the new life at halflife much on his mind. The chicken gut cracks and drips from Cronkite's portogrille. A truckload of watermelons is on the way. Join us at Halflife. B O.

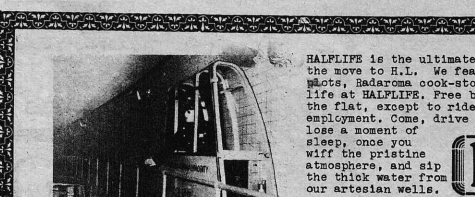


"The story-teller's star—is it not the moon, lord of the road, the wanderer, who moves in his stations, one after another, freeing himself from each?" — Thomas Mann

"... In primitive symbolism there seems to be a religious idea at the bottom of the recommendation to use the STURUM LUMEN (moon) or spem astrale (STAR SPARK, STAR MUCUS) in short of an efflux from the world of light shown us, as first material for the work of our illumination, . . . or, as the alchemists say, the hidden fire that is not to be awakened by the process." — Herb Silberer

A WOMAN of Rattle, Kansas has written to the Moon complaining of Onbe's Nuform monkeys nightly razing her from the porch swing and at the window screens. She says they come in pairs, carrying vociferous buckets. They spend the night spitting at one another and carrying on with deafening noise. The woman says they sometimes fill the buckets at her pump and sit like children, dipping their fists into the water, trying to catch the moon.

They say the Swedish astronomer (known for his prosthetic nose made of solid gold) Tycho Brahe, lost his nasal organ in a duel with a close friend. It is also said of Tycho that he fractured a leg on one occasion while stumbling through a meadow following the course of the moon, and plummeting ten feet into an empty cistern. Copernicus may have been a student of Tycho's at one time. Tycho was known as a fine observer and recorder, but poor at math and general ciphering. His daughter Lorraine of St. Germaine writes this in her diary of her fathers: In the market today, I am so embarrassed. Father cannot tell what fry fish cost and has a struggle making change. The gold nose is shining so brightly, but he cannot add the numbers." The way Tycho met his death was both tragic and unusual, but not surprising. At a banquet held in his honor, where he was to become officially Sweden's National Astronomer, given by the King of Sweden, Tycho refused by protocol to pig before his highness did and died of a burst bladder, after consuming quart after quart of stout. He is eternally remembered for his singular contribution to astronomy—the lunarencentric theory of the O Universe. He said the moon was so close that it bounced on hillsides.



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CHUBBY HANDS---CHUBBY HANDS---CHUBBY HANDS---CHUBBY HANDS---CHUBBY HANDS---CHUBBY HANDS

Here's the kind of thing you'll read in Halflife Times, "W. Prop, prison poet, made the alarming statement to a MOON reporter that a tangle man was making his hot seat rolls in the kitchen of a squid house on the Eastside. In which members of his family are suffering the ravages of diphtheria." This is a case the health commissioner might look into with profit. Subscribe to the Halflife Times

When you feel the need —

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"The newspaper is an organ that kills all who make it live."

—Robert Desnos

Schopenhauer said: "My body and my are one," and claimed that who understood this sentence understood the world. He was right, but "phenomenal existence is Idea, and nothing more," the MOON considers that this represents a description of the world as follows: This is the Noumenon, the thing-in-itself (Ding an sich). The World is the phenomenon of Will, and its nature is wholly that of Idea. From this formula the MOON draws this conclusion:

The image is a pure creation of the mind. It cannot be born from a conception but from a juxtaposition of two more or less distant realities. The more the relation, the stronger the image will be—the greater its emotional power and poetic reality.

—Pierre Reverdy

The simplest Surrealist act consists of dashing down into the street, pail in hand, and firing blindly, as fast as you can pull the trigger, into the crowd. Anyone who, at least once in his life, has not dreamed of thus putting an end to the petty system of debasement and criminalization in effect has a well-defined place in that crowd, with his belly at barrel-level.

—Andre Breton

IMAGE IS THE CRYSTALLIZATION OF WILL, BEFORE ITS OBJECTIFICATION. In Freud's language, one "cathodes" the image as a simulacrum for the satisfaction of one's desires. Image is the medium of the will; it is when it wills.

When Charles Sanders Pierce described his second trichotomy of signs, the only kind of sign which took its meaning from a naturally existing relation was the index; and this, in its meaning, is a contrived representation, and the symbol enjoyed a special relationship with its object that was wholly of human device. In fact, the symbol may be seen as a mere adjunct to the symbolization process itself, which in one sense is the final product of human mentation. The index, on the other hand, always retains an existential bond with its object. But the image is a kind of sign (here used in the sense of a "sign" that represents something by its similarity to it), it is a sign whose likeness to its object is in their "simple qualities" held in common. A diagram, by contrast, is an icon bearing a likeness to its object in the relations between the parts—of course, this is a restrictive form of symbolization.

When we speak of image in the context of this Moonifesto, however, we mean it in an holistic sense; for instance, we will speak of the photographic image, but the photograph is inessential; it is accomplished by a direct physical relation between the film and the light reflected from the object through the camera's lens. Yet it is also iconic in that it presents an uncoded message concerning the domain of the object in the photograph. This is how the visual "image" possesses some of the qualities of all things: icon, index, and symbol—and it is left to nomenclature to relegate the word "image" only to those things resembling their object by a likeness of simple qualities.

"Image" is also applied to writing; the poetic image, the Imagistes, etc. It is in this sense that Reverdy calls it a "pure creation of the mind." For the verbal image, unlike the photographic image, has no direct existential relation to the object, and in any case the components of the verbal image are themselves symbols. And yet much in language is iconoclastic; pronouns, for example, have meanings that are based on an immediate contextual relationship, as well as a symbolic aspect. Such words as "here," "there," "this," and "that" bear a quite direct relation to their objects. Verb tenses likewise depend on the temporal orientation of their usages. And synecdoches, metaphors, such as Baudelaire's correspondences, are certainly indexical in character.

So now, having placed the word "Image" in some kind of philosophical perspective, let us proceed to use it broadly and almost indiscriminately to describe the American American addition to image—an addition that is burning down the little image resources of the last ten millennia and writing bad checks on future time. As Burroughs explained in his book *AH POOK IS HERE*, this is a strange world, a world of the future, a world of the past. Their remarkably advanced calendrical system allowed them to make calculations into past and future time; and when they had burned down past time, they turned their sinister ingenuity to future time, and in the process of writing and calculating into a time crisis. This led to the ultimate collapse of their system of social control, which followed quickly on the disintegration of the communications network they had established over mail carriers. The straight, well-laid Mayan roads led into disuse as the people returned to their tribal agrarianism. No longer would the lean young Mayan courier boys race down the limestone highways through the rain forest, vying with one another in speed.

But this *nostalgia de la bout* is precisely the wrong reaction to the current rate of image consumption. It is a useless escapism, and most likely a means of a dream practitioner was Kerouac, who by reaching back into old America's soul for the memory of a time before the Terror, released a billion words, a billion images to proliferate and help to bring about the nostalgic panic of the 60s. No, we at the MOON cannot countenance this desperate romanticism. It is too late for all that. Remember that the MOON is a reflective satellite; the MOON enjoys eternal day, save when the old Earth intrudes herself.

Let us address the American syndrome of image stripping—the image consumption. Every day and night, in the news papers and magazines, on the TV channels and a dozen radio bands, a stupefying quantity of refined image is unloaded. This image has been mined from literally all quarters of the world and refined by a grossly inflated social class of media workers. The MOON COMPUTER has recently furnished us with complete and as a matter of fact unrequested statistics showing that the consumption of raw image today is triple that of a thousand years ago, while the consumption of refined image is ten times that figure, reflecting the media's sophistication in image refinement. Image is now processed through giant cranking towers, and the result is the proliferation of image at a rate never before thought possible. Yet, despite the expertise of the media scientist priests in utilizing all available raw image to the fullest, there has begun to develop a raw image shortage of crisis proportions.

This is as much the product of an artificially-inflated consumer demand as it is of the natural limitations of image reserves in nature and the rate of image replenishment, which is much slower than is usually thought. If all the human beings now living were to consume raw image at the American rate, the world supply would be COMPLETELY EXHAUSTED by 1976. If the image resources of the world were to be mined at the rate at which they could replenish themselves naturally (a "climax image mine"), and if the raw image were to be processed, refined and enriched by the most sophisticated techniques available today, the image that could be provided to each human being would correspond roughly to the image-consumption rate of an aboriginal Tasaday Indian. Obviously this would represent an extreme inconvenience to Americans, accustomed to consuming *on-demand* of the whimsical raw image. This abundance, and the development of advanced refinement techniques, have reached their present proportions in a geometrically widening spiral hand in hand with the use of powerful behavior modification techniques, the new and old, and the new and old in the American consumer. Together these have escalated each other to the present rate, which threatens to leave those in charge of supplying image to the nation with no choice between writing in a nationalistic "image syndrome" or deciding to use the most terrible option and at a stroke create enough new raw image to supply themselves for aeons.

Image is created by every atomic event—but by "atomic" I mean "indivisible" and refer to the drama. Every dramatic interaction releases a small quantity of image, which is homeostatically regulated on the ecological level. And here we mean that each individual adds more or less the right amount of image to its environment, and in return is provided with enough image to meet its needs. (It seems sophistic to ponder here whether image is even and consumed on the ecological level, and at molecular levels.) But this homeostatic regulation is occasionally interrupted in a given micro-ecology by the appearance of forces larger than the system itself, and the fragments of the micro-ecology are scattered and mutated into new systems. Human violence is one such force.

Violence of course is the order of nature. In a sense even the absorption of an amoeba by a paramecium is a brutal and terrible act, and violence is a part of the order of the human world. Rousseau's theory of the Noble Savage was discarded rather quickly when the behavior of primitive societies began to be mined for image and brought first to the reading, then to the screen. The public, he had not gone far enough, says the MOON. The "nostalgia for the mud" must be entirely literal if it is to be uncompromised.

For with the introduction of the spoken word there arrived the first real violence, and with the proliferation of the written word we have come the proliferation of all kinds of image, and an atmosphere of human violence utterly unparalleled in the history of the species. This same thing happened in the society of the Mayans; and there is no reason to believe that the same thing will happen and the image refined by elaborate ritual techniques comparable to our own. Human sacrifice has never gone out of style. The Aztecs had their annual impersonation of the sky and rain gods, and the Aztecs and the Americans offered up their Presidents. And they were never shy about offering up the people of other countries either. This was no innovation, but the character of warfare was changing from that of a war in the labor of history to that of a ceremony for image procurement. Europe was slow to recognize this, even the Marxists were confused by the new factors introduced by the spread of the media.

Now, all, a basic principle of media philosophy has been to consider absolute neutrality in the transmission of image as the ethical standard. This of course is rubbish. Image has to undergo a complete change before it can be transmitted at all. It has to be coded, and the labor of many minds and raw image are wasted. The wastage can be compared to what might be encountered if one were to gather a handful of pituitary glands for medical purposes by killing a thousand people and using their brains. And the worst part is it is that they are left over after the transmission medium has extracted what it can do not disintegrate at once; it lingers on, weakened by the loss of its vital substance but able to sustain on its remaining reserves. The Chinese President Nixon was a not-man because he had had his picture taken so many times. Nixon ingested, having somehow survived the most thorough exhaustion of personal image supply to which any human could be subjected.

ED. GRAUERHOLZ

After the medium has gathered the raw image, it is transmitted through the vast "communications" network that shrouds the planet. But this is a misnomer; the transmission of image is not communication. Mick Jagger transmits a terrific amount of image with the help of literally hundreds of people, but it can only be said that he "communicates" in a very specialized sense. Just because a Presidential press conference has the desired effect of inspiring trust and confidence (sometimes), that doesn't mean that communication has taken place. It only means that the image transmitted has been received. When, as is more often the case, the press conference causes a proliferation of unfavorable image reflected in a thousand minor, it is because the raw image transmitted included information not meant to be sent. It is all a question of what goes over the wires. Of all the means by which image is handled—pen and paper, camera, typewriter, microwave, television, publicity agencies, etc.—the only neutral medium is the transmission medium. The Post Office does not change the contents of your letters (presumably). The radio transmitter does not editorialize; the TV antenna can only add snow to the picture to register any command or disgust it might feel.

As has been said before, the extraction of image from its natural setting seriously damages the image, despite the fact that the image is not destroyed and many techniques. When it became possible to transmit visual image, the danger was multiplied a thousandfold. Because the camera presents an uncoded message (at least insofar as content), the important fact is obscured that in every photograph there is a camera. No matter how candid the shot, or no matter how the photographer may have "arranged" the picture; the image as it emerges from the familiar news paper halftone or the flickering TV screen is a single uncoded and many ways of seeing. Even a good photographic print is sharper yet, not having been subjected to the second-order coding of the film projector's shutter, the TV scanning pattern, or the halftone screen. But despite the fact that the image is not destroyed, it is always affected by the transmission, by a kind of Heisenberg principle. Again, this is old hat—it is widely known and well accepted that the apprehension of the verbal, or visual image comes from the object about to be "transmitted." However, what is usually not realized is that the subject of any photograph is actually the entire photographic situation—that as much information is sent from out-of-frame as is apparent in the print itself. The first advantage of any photograph is that there was a camera here.

This too is a kind of human violence. When in the last paragraph I mentioned the dangers of the camera, it was not referring to the camera as a tool, but to the image around us, not to mention the critical shortage of that commodity. And image is a commodity; how else to explain the way the "free" enterprise system has helped it to mushroom at a rate unimagined of even by itself? The human beings involved in handling image must number in the millions. As the supply begins first to dwindle, then to shrink, they will be the first to feel the pinch. They will scramble madly around, frantically trying to come up with the image they need in better times, and kill each other to gain the tiny bits of info leaking daily over the empty wires. This was shown by the way discarded image from recent decades has been exposed in nostalgia crazes. It is a desperate search for a glimpse of the past, a glimpse of the last bit of valuable image trash around, and to suppose that some sharer is going to be there to glean it. The really sad thing about these nostalgia decade revivals is that after, for instance, the Fifties have been around a second time, there isn't much left. It takes about two million individual images of a mass personality to equal one star, and all these mass images have been drained twice. Can they be drained again? Can they even be recycled? The MOON cannot remember the picture, and there's no joke.

But all of these eleventh-hour measures will prove to be no avail. At last a decision will be forced on those who control the ultimate wallpaper of Twentieth Century images: a decision to stop recycling the images and use the same ones who ultimately control the image system. And as they face that decision, the MOON thinks they will see a vast panorama of human bestiality around them. The image system is a vast, sprawling, and growing organism out of all supply, bounding in terror and turning upon itself. . . . It will be clear to the military advisers that that one thing, and one thing alone, will stem this rising tide of perversion and anarchy: only one thing will bring enough image into being to satisfy far more than the handful that may survive to consume it. It was said that the revolution would not be televised. . . . the MOON tells you that the Holocaust will not even be televised. The images of the Holocaust, the images of the alphas has been told. . . . there is only one righting blow that can answer the confusion running riot over the wires and airwaves of the planet, and that blow is not unneeded.

With the crystallization of will, and the planet's will is death. All image is death; image: Sex image is death image. This is not a pessimistic view—it is merely unclouded. The MOON does not fear these puny threats, any more than it fears the power of the image system. Here in our offices we attempt to recycle degraded image and whenever possible, enrich it. Image enrichment is good for you. It is the Process—THE MOON PROCESS. There is no dark side of the MOON. It is a reflective satellite, and shines only with the face you see.

"Eventually... Why Not Now?"

Artificial Humanism

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