

THE CITY MOON



VOL 10 NO ONE May 28, 76 50 CENTS "Eventually. Why Not Now?"

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Revived persons cite floating sensation, feeling of wholeness

SINATRA WALKS

WHY? are these disturbing incidents not reported widely. Recently Frank Sinatra 'sang for his supper' at the Prop place on the North Fork, east of here. Traveling 'ingognito' the crooner was bound for yellowstone park, not knowing the park was closed. He stopped at (Ctd) . .

COAT OF ARMS

Paris designer Paco Rabanne believes we are all preparing for a great WAR, and to a recent show of futuristic designs sent a coat and helmet outfit of lightweight bulletproof chain metal. The garment it priced at \$2,125.

ART MONKEYS

The National Endowment for the ARTS has set aside more than a million in funds to purchase the old Faulkner estate in Oxford, Mississippi, and there it plans to establish, by 1980, the first of the National Poetry Ranches. Others will be (Ctd)

GERALD R. SAYS HE WANTS A DUCK BRIDE, CALLS DEATH A PEACEFUL EXPERIENCE. AS YOU MAY HAVE SURMISED, MANY RETURNING NECRONAUTS HAVE DIMINISHED MENTAL CAPACITY AND NO NAME. GERALD R. IS ONE OF THESE SAD PRODIGIES, HE CARRIES AROUND A RAGGED DUCK FACSIMILE MADE OF STUFFED SOX AND PIPE CLEANERS, A CLOTHESPIN BEAK, AND BOTTLE CAPS FOR EYES.

Man Wants Duck Bride

An elderly stranger startled Mother K., a seeress here, when he knocked at her door and asked, Is that your crow speaking to me from the camphorberry? Mother K. immediately saw the foul-smelling and offensive bird, the eyes like penlamps, throwing buttons of strange illumination on the stranger's cheek. Suddenly the CROW rasped, COME OUT on the street Nancy. Billy, COME OUT of there! Then the bird squawked in a low and maddening diminuendo of its own, and SHRIEKED, "All aboard," in the finest (Contd.)



This is the first suicide we know of in which WETNAPS were used. A man in Lucas, Kansas, has mortified himself in a new lemon-scented way, by sucking on a mouthful of these napkin-size towellettes saturated with a pleasant smelling cleansing lotion, which happens to contain deadly Toluene. In a cafe there, the Mexico Lindo, he ate a chicken plate dinner along with his family. He chatted amiably all the while and no one in the cafe suspected the least breeze of dark emotion astr in the air. Oddly, though, the man began to collect WETNAPS (Ctd).

calls death peaceful experience

A-THREAT

None can forget the grand flocculus, Oneba's burning head, rolling City to City, Muncy to Loma Linda, to so many a medicine ball of joy tossed from the welkin, to others a stray moon of Jupiter, the wide moronic smile his darkest feature, the radiance blinding to look at, and in his providence leaving us the National Trench, whose dim green waters sustain us. Oneba is ONE.

Those recently returned necronauts like Sal Mineo are telling tales of the GREAT BEYOND that frighten and alarm the optimists among us. Was it Twain who said, Heaven for Climate, Hell for company? How surprising! Not even he could have foreseen the fact of the matter-- that Heaven is a simple Parcourse where you jog, walk, and do easy acrobatics forever.

You jog, walk, and do easy acrobatics

This already recession-pissed weary ragtag Nation could have easily done without such poor news. Life, where is thy glory? Is God, in the end, a man like VINCE LOMBARDI? Will we be coached along the golden pony roads doing grand jete's and reeking of amonia? Sal Mineo claims he was made to duckwalk, suffering agonies of the lumbar, bunioned feet.

LEFF
RAH
LEFF
RAH

Parcourse

HUP
TOOP
THREEP
FORP

DISCOVER

AMERICA



HOOVER

TRUE facts about Hoover. He only used commodoes built close to the floor so that his feet could touch the ground. An FBI agent was once given a "damned Russian" punishment for stepping on Hoover's shadow. One time three recruits with 6 and 7/8 hat (Ctd)

They're making it in

MISSISSIPPI...

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

'Life' in Jello Blob

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

DOG KILLERS LOOSE

Roosevelt Dug Up

Preserving in wine, in spices, or as chutney



This is the latest scam, these process artists, on the streets at all hours, like jack o' the clocks, calling themselves the new [REDACTED], pockets full of nutmeg and other spices, sidepicks bulging with dogbones, sipping hot LaPerla and snuffing puppies. The Moon sees no virtue in the common alley pooch. Throughout a flearidden history they have done little more than beshit our sidewalks and puncture the cheeks of our children. Dogbite infections are now as common as blister bugs in the Jersey swamp, our editors carp over their typers, complaining of sliding to work on films of stinky dogpat. We note here the all-too-typical American patterns afoot—dramatic and awesome waste, tediously steady chaos, well-planned confusion, cultivated ignorance of this vital issue, gutless peanut-style leadership in the offing, none of the candidates spouting the dogsht issue, or taking a stand on it this political season. Sure, we admit the need for a cheap protein



source to stiffen the pots of the poor, and to extend America's billion plus burgers, sure we admit that need—but why are these ass holes trooping around town slaughtering dogs in the middle of busy intersextions, roasting the acrid meat in plugs at the ends of curtain rods over shipal campfires on the lawns of the prominent, the wealthy, and public officials? Who can say that a cube of dog's tongue might not be the tastiest item at the next fondue party? And what about preserving them in wine, or diced and spiced into good chutney? More divine than startling pie, many say. How sad that even so modest a commodity as rooster combs are 69 a pound. Even gombos are out of sight. So, why not, readers? Shall we get these millions of wasted canines boiling on the National stove? A few citizens have been cultivating panneolus subbalteatus in milk cartons in a mixture of the abovementioned excreta and a bit of peat. CITY MOON EDITORIAL

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

Food for Thought

OOP DIES, ORPHANS ANNIE

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

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

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

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

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

Quiz:

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

REMEMBER THESE BOOKS

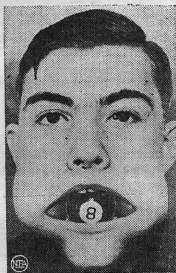
THE CITY MOON, even rolling over earth, penetrating the veil of illusion with beams of well told truth, scanning the literary horizon for anything interesting. We are sad to say that in general too many sweet pine trees are being felled to print much foul sleazola, and as always MONEY TALKS. We think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

TEETERS

FOUR POOL BALLS

IN ONE MOUTH

TEETERS, City Moon time reporter, pedaling his little wooden car out there in 1984 or thereabouts, send us this: The Nightly rain of red brick dust has frozen my room. My neighbor to the south is knocking on our window, right on schedule. He wants to hear what I have seen in different rooms during the day. I've tried twice to clean the elephant vines from his street window, but no use. This failing leaves him at last only the view of the smogwell from his bathroom window. He says he has lived on the 77th floor all his life. He gives me my phone messages, the old fool still thinks there is a government. He says his new name is Ladue--he recognizes me by my red ploff and floppy hat. There's no protection on these windy cornices from fairy's trash as is the common term for it, here in 184.



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

Called By Death



FOUND MISSING

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



DEAD IN RIVER

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

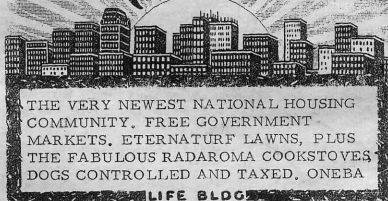
ONEBA SEES

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

Steaks

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

LIBERTY HEIGHTS



THE VERY NEWEST NATIONAL HOUSING COMMUNITY. FREE GOVERNMENT MARKETS, ETERNATURF LAWNS, PLUS THE FABULOUS RADAROMA COOKSTOVES DOGS CONTROLLED AND TAXED, ONEBA

LIFE BLOOD

We understand how difficult life can be.

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



Could the President Be Altered?

Good News

"He has amazing powers, something in his genes they tell me, and he's working with the Agency nowadays."

We went up the alley, into a basement room through a low doorway. There were wooden folding-chairs arranged in rows of ten, a small plywood stage at one end, a single caneback chair at center stage, a yellow bulb suspended directly above it. Bedsheets had been tacked on three sides to cover a sooted furnace and a water heater.

Diaz led me to the last row and we sat down. He dropped the stub of his Camel on the floor, put a match to a half-smoked cigar, brought a City Moon from under his coat and began to gloss it. He said, "Have you been reading about the belled parrot, Farbo?"

I told him no, that I hadn't been reading the papers much.

A few plainpeople came in and took seats. The women wore bluish hair, had falling triceps, the men smelled of drugstore tonic.

Diaz suggested we go backstage, to see if we could get a look at Oneba before he went on. He might possibly give us the word, Diaz said. The word on the Chinawoman. "He isn't as ugly as you think he is, Farbo. You'll see."

In a dim passage at the rear of the basement we waited to see him. Two small mushrooms with golden crowns were growing out of a rotted floorbeam.

We saw him sitting at a vanity table, propped with pillows in a rolling chair, his twisted feet in a wide corduroy bag, tied with a bowstring at the ankles. He was wrapped in a white bathrobe, its hood pulled over his face.

Jo Jo, seeing us there, admitted us. She held out her hand. He took it awkwardly a moment, the touch of my flesh made her wince, Diaz said. "She is incredibly delicate," in a whispered aside.

Diaz asked Jo Jo if we might beg the One a question or two.

A rasp, as dry reeds in a low windswell, apparently from the hood of terrycloth, attracted our attention, and the clatter of porcelain teeth. Oneba was saying something. The voice was like no voice at all, the croak of a boated fish.

Several bowls of bright needles sat on the vanity. Jo Jo said, "Oneba has anticipated your question. He says 'Mississippi in the morning.' This is the extent of it."

From the pocket of his robe Oneba withdrew two Agency envelopes. Jo Jo conveyed them to Diaz and myself and quickly ushered us from the moldy little alcove.

Most of the seats were occupied at this point, someone was passing a coffee can around and I

could hear coins hitting tin.

We sat down again, this time closer to the front. Jo Jo came on, hands folded piously in the center of her chest.

She said, "Soon Oneba will come. He will drift in through the plasmidium, the way ameba do, of no weight or substance, and return to us with a seed of life in the palm of his hand and a message from the underworld."

I felt a congealing of energy in the basement.

A woman in the audience said, "Will he do the needlework we been reading about?"

Jo Jo said, "Yes, he will. And will then spin the teetotum and tell a story."

A scattered light applause here.

Diaz said, "Looks like a good show." The Agency envelope stuck out of his coat pocket.

The coffee can came down our row and each of us dropped in a dollar.

CITY MOON



By David Ohle

Oneba appeared from the dark behind the bedsheet curtains, lifting himself apelike, with his fists like feet on the stage. He took his place in the caneback chair, his features still obscured in the terrycloth.

Diaz said, "This is where he goes into the trance state."

Jo Jo's fingers stroked Oneba's throat. She said, "As you see, he is like crabs of the sea and turtles of the land, if he is rubbed in a certain way he flies to morphia in no time at all. There, already he is at the bottom of the trance."

Someone in the audience said, "God, look at that ass hole."

At this point Jo Jo left the stage briefly and came back with the teetotum under a chamaco cloth.

She swept the chamaco from it and revealed the teetotum and all the penny-sized mirrors around its girth.

Oneba returned from the trance, Jo Jo helping him to steady his balance as he heaves himself to the front of the stage.

Diaz said, "This is it. Watch this."

Jo Jo stepped forward, Oneba turned about, she lifted the hem of his bathrobe to reveal the needlework.

A low hum of excitement in the room.

His leathery buttocks were exposed, the scrotal sack between the muscled legs, needles trussing pinches of skin wherever there was a space, inserted either sideward or upward, none in any other direction, spots of dry blood covering him like freckles.

"He looks like a porcupine," I said to Diaz, who was absorbed in the show and didn't hear me. "Does Jo Jo put them in?" I asked him, a little louder this time, but still he didn't respond.

A plainman in the audience said, "The amazing ass hole, look at that bird up there. He's numb as a slug."

Light applause again, and a period of silence.

Jo Jo dropped the hem of the robe.

I told Diaz I was going outside to take a breath of fresh air and have a smoke.

"Farbo, you'll miss the best part."

Jo Jo spun the teetotum, the little mirrors throwing rods of light through the basement, a shrill whirling coming from it, the bore of its point noisy on the plywood.

Oneba turned to face us again.

"The story, Farbo. Listen to the story."

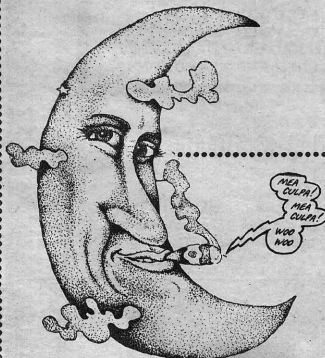
In a clarified voice, free of the rasp it had earlier Oneba spoke to us: "According to Shen-nung the use of the feet of the hedgehog for various stomach troubles was common during the time of Pih-Lu. The feet were roasted black and mixed with nora, the ash with oil was applied to the chest of a quarrelsome infant. The otter's liver, given warm for chronic coughs, malaria, debilitating sweats, nervousness, weakness after child-birth, anal fistula, eaten by Mongols for retention of urine." He paused.

I told Diaz again that I was going to the alley for a smoke.

"Stick it out, Farbo. He'll generate a dog after a bit. This is no time to be leaving."

I said, "Peat moss and stage magic, Mr. Diaz. I don't mind missing it. I've seen enough."

YES, BUT IS IT NOT POSSIBLE THAT, DESPITE THE OBVIOUS PROFESSIONALISM, THE ARTIST, IN PURSUING THE DOGMATIC PURITY OF THE PIECE, MAY HAVE SLIPPED INTO MERE CLEVER COMPETENCE?



PRINCE CHUCK

It has been reported that when prince Charles sat recently for a bronze likeness, he conversed with the sculptor of theater, music, archeology, vandalism, violence, education, and royal protocol. A photographer from the Sunday Time later said of the crown prince, "In him, they've got something."

WETNAPS

(Cont p. 1) . . . his family and began putting them in his mouth, they say, amid a spell of muffled sobbing. In less than 15 minutes all was lost, the man running to the men's room to die in a bluefaced choke. The Moon asks, why should an innocent towelette aid an already diminished man lower the boom of so rough a suicide on himself?

Ozalo always chewing balls of tar he collects when it drips like mallowase from the dormitory roof in August and September. Mrs. Buggage sits on the porch swing, her shopping bag in her lap, singing something about a drinking gourd and watching the sky. The sisters walk around the Farm like penguins. Grrp come to the surface of the duck pond, to feel today's drizzle on their heads. June bugs beat against my window screens last night. I heard one of Oneba's legs wrattle at the dead oah. I'm going to see if I can plug sister Kim soon.

Celebrate

Come to the HUNGER ART picnic,
Lucas, Ks. August 23-25
Little Toni & Derando Featured

STILL, IT DOES SEEM TO REPRESENT A RATHER CHAOTIC INVERSION OF...
YAAAA...





"What a lot of needles there are, Malte, and how they lie about everywhere, and when you think how easily they fall out . . ." She tried to say this playfully; but terror shook her at the thought of all the insecurely fastened needles that might at any instant, anywhere, fall into something.

-- Riike

a day at the circus



LIPLESS CULTURE NOTES, Ed. Ohle. "The loss of consciousness was never any great loss"--Mao dies again. A yellow rock beach, a stretch of sand, automatic gulls cracking above, little sunlight, a flocculus in the welkin, the veriest hint of a blister mist in the atmosphere. Green brackish water lapping at crab holes, needelfish sewing in the wave swells. Dark approaches, dry palm fronts lash and whip the air. This Holy City beach is still free of Lipless presence. Diggings here have unearthed dry stomachs of the ancient past, containing traces of muscle dust, and we then must conclude no other than that the lipless fed on themselves, almost exclusively. The tit nipples of elder women, for the most part moribund, at the least approaching death, are bunted and lipped and stored in limestone a single season, then planted, though never reaped. The lipless engage in complex games, darting like lizards among the cornrows. Hollowed mellons, desicated in sunlight, served as hats. Excreta salted and yeasted and baked into a hard and foul bread. Lipless warriors assembled in two-man circles to smoke the leaf of the jubube. Surreptitiously entering enemy campings under the deadly grey of moonless evenings, sharpened poles in hand, to stir up the wormbeds of the sleeping lipless victims. Gauze curtains between games, semi-erectile penises, the wearing of ceremonial penis-sox and goathair brows at social gatherings, hanging labia. The male presents his ejecta in an animal scrotum bag to the female, who receives him then to suck and gun her breasts in a spongy way, draws back, injects ejecta. No offspring is produced this way. Nothing more is known of the Lipless, no conclusions, no summary, and how the young come remains in obscurity.

At 12:30 in the morning two residents of Swansea were driving down Dunvant road when the pavement suddenly collapsed into a pit nearly ten meters deep. The stink of rotted flesh rose out of the hole. The subsidence disrupted gas and other services in Swansea. The residents say they expect further subsidences in the near future. The remains of some 200 dogs had been discovered. . . A fireball of at least 12 magnitude (brighter than the full moon) entered the skies over LIBERTY HEIGHTS at approximately 0311 GMT. Five tracking-camera stations along its route photographed it. Nothing is revealed thusfar. . . A massive surge in the Eyjabakkajökull Glacier on the North-Northeast part of Vatnajokull was observed in the autumn of 1972. The glacier suddenly advanced half a kilometer. The City Moon, like any moon, merely reflects, and is blessed with little GRAVITY.

New World



GERALD R.

FALL GARDENING by Editor Pounds

Which pest is most pestilential to most people? This is the question most frequently put to this columnist by his readers. The slug, the wasp, the caterpillar, the bot, the wireworm, the aphid, roo' maggot, or the ant? This last industrious bug is more of an enemy to the gardener than the garden, though it can cause the collapse of plants, not by eating the roots but by tunneling underneath them. But stacks of postcards and inky screams from the manic and frustrated indicate that it is quite high up the league table of insects least liked. It can crawl, it can fly, it emits noxious odors in the household, it dances and it always seems to be busy coming up from somewhere or going somewhere else. It can go through closed windows or doors and has an IQ of 160 (estimated). There are plenty of ant killers on the market and perhaps none is better than the well tried derris or pyrethrum rust, but to be effective these killers have to be placed in the nest cunningly so that you get a corporate extermination. The hunter needs to study and imitate the insidiousness of the ant in order to find his nest without too much bother. When they are at their busiest, which is usually when they are making the biggest nuisance of themselves, put down a few grains of treated white sugar among them. After a few moments thought one will pick up a grain of sugar and set off home to mother, and you can very soon clean out the nest.

Gulf of Mexico Cyanide Spill, November 2, 1973, Gulf Coast, U.S.A. In early August of 73 the Mexican ship Puebla collided with the Panamanian ship Perseus about 90 mi. off Cape Catoche on the Yucatan Peninsula. As a result of this collision 390 steel drums aboard the Puebla, some containing potassium cyanide, were released into the Gulf of Mexico. The Coast Guard of the U.S. was not informed for one month. Ten days after the spill a tropical storm swept through the Gulf, scattering the drums widely. Since there is clockwise current in the Gulf, some of them washed up on U.S. shores. Beginning November 2, seven open and leaking barrels were found at various locations along the Texas Gulf Coast from Corpus Christi to Brownsville. These barrels were transported to a depot at Corpus Christi for eventual disposal. Why does it all go to Corpus Christi? The remaining ones (38) remain floating or submerged somewhere in the Gulf of Mexico, each a potential time bomb of hideous death.

Dear City Moon, Although my childhood is a fairly long ways behind me I have never quite gotten used to the act of brushing my teeth. The rapid, repetitive up-and-down in-and-out motions and the discommodious spilling and slurping of toothpaste down my lips and the sides of my mouth, have always struck me as somehow unnatural. Perhaps I associate these rapid motions applied to oneself with some other, more gulty, practice in solitary. Can you help me, Hyacinth. Yours, J.G., the Bowery.

Dear Bowery Boy, Hey! Love with your mind. Don't be fucking with it if you are fortunate to have one in the first place. Most men have a dick. Some have a dick and somewhat of a mind. Every once and awhile there is a man with a mind and a dick and a heart particle. One time I knew a man who had a big heart. And he loved people. Had a gigantic heart . . . for a man . . . Women are safe when they find their man. Men are never safe and have to search for the peace of a woman, the shelter of a woman, all their lives. Men must continually renew their strength through the respect of other men. To have yourself inside of you, as a woman does, is much more secure than to have it outside and be fearful of losing it all the time.

Ed. Note: Hyacinth, of Austin, TX, will in the future answer all queries of a social or fetid nature, and write of various matters in these pages. Write her.

.....a trip into space.

Shark Fact: The male shark has two penises, called claspers, which during intercourse become hard and are thrust into two corresponding holes in the female's underside as the male grasps her with astoundingly strong teeth. Moon Fact: Deaf (correctly pronounced 'deef') Smith has perfect pitch and isn't deaf at all, whereas Blind Lemon Jefferson was certifiably blind as a cave bat. Come down to the HUNGER ART CAFE.



人間はなぜ失恋自殺するの

"I've really had too little time. I've been walking in a clockwise direction around my color wheel. You know, I'm waiting for the rod to lift. And I've done it blindefolded, too. Of course, everyone knows that.

"But it turns out that after rotating around and around I've arrived at some useful conclusions. I can tell you the color of water is violet and the color of iron is red. Copper is dark violet. Zinc is white. Silver is black. Gold is green and yellow. Platinum is green.

"Mercury is light brownish-red, and pearl is dark yellowish-green. A diamond is dirty orange, emeralds are blue and green, and rubies are yellow. Sapphires are red and grey. At this point, I can't tell you the color of green jade or nickel or cadmium. Those colors just pass right through.

"On their way to somewhere, I guess. I should sum up. I should end something. But I've been so preoccupied. You know looking as far as I can, squinting for too long. This wasn't simply a stake-out, I presume?

But what can I tell? What can I say? I can just say that Macharina is here. Things have blown by. Gloves and friends and all of that fancy talk. Shit! I've had enough. I could talk about all of those boys in school. I could describe the bottoms of desks, the places where legs flooded, folded.

"And here comes the mall! I mean, if I could just learn a role, after total blackness was faced. Then something could be seen. Remaining, something was set up face to face with me. Now; more than anything, we want to become fearless. Impeccable.

"Finally, we're being chased. Total saturation has allowed us a seat on the edge of nothing. Crushed, we became empty. It's the place that is a hundred or so paces from the stadium. Here, out in the industrial meadowlands. There is a blind of orange. There is no one behind you. Friends are there. The present is a box. Hey, Nancy, you were there. Ronald, and Donald, and Freddie, and Billy must know you.

"In this suite, we were all together at one point or another. In ways and in degrees. This is what pushed me. Who am I? It is purely a question of the past. The present is a box. Wrapped from the group that knows nothing without luck. Falling into a good time. Are they saved?

"When will they find out? That we're face to face with this beginning. That there is no one to contact within each one. That magnets are defining circumstance. Frantically, everything disappeared except the limits. The heat of force can be seen now, since everything became still.

"Now, empty space is moving, hovering around weight. We'll have to sit within very defined contours. Waiting for gasps and tremors. All of us seeing and feeling it together. Reading and watching. Men carrying bolts of saffron-colored cloth are falling into stacks. Light, we're free.

"Before I can start, I must push back before the beginning. History has passed. Significant thrust. Recorded movement. Corrupt. I'm forced to step up and return. To call out and say that the truck has already passed, and I'm ready now. My office is in this outline.

"My position is being absorbed. Felicia, doll, you're finished. More than anything else, it has been said. The loudspeakers came on and the announcement began. 'Everything is behind you; no one will be coming to take you away; you can do it; say your mantra—listen!'

"There must be a plot or story, symbols can be used like the face of a 'happy' person. It can be artistic and that is only heterosexual love. Kneeling, I shook my head. She shook out her dress. The telephone rang. Four times I went, and then I left and nothing happened.

"The only thing we can expect is that something could happen, even here. After the loud noise, we were all visibly shaken. This is a new construction.

Yes, she had stuck her legs out of the open car door, emerged, and then slammed the door. Those legs had been the precursory flesh, introducing a tall and strong-looking blonde woman who was; wearing a very short all-weather overcoat.

"Before slamming the door, a pair of long smooth legs had emerged from the steamy car. A bright reflection bounced off a piece of the car chrome, and a door slammed.

"The sun was sinking and less and less of the landscape could be seen. And her long smooth legs emerged."

A fast-moving Porsche came to a screaming stop, and the dark-haired girl stopped talking, and smacked her cunt lips softly.

She remained silent and after a three day pause, the dark-haired girl opened her lips once more, "It was so tight. I should have left things exactly as they were. But now I'm on the way to someplace else. I had pulled the whole thing together, and I did it with such economy and precision. Bringing the beginning around like that. Reversing the thing. Forward going back. It was so tight. The whole thing was like a machine. But I pulled it into shape too soon. Now, I've got to hold out and try to remember. I could begin with Helvetia or Fortissima or Montevidea. I see no use for Macharina. 'Althoway. She is finished. She was left with the formal closing. She is gone. Macharina was given up to other considerations. But the rest of the girls are closer. They could be near. The time

PORNO

BY

STEVEN LOW

of day was afternoon. The telephone had rung. That's all I can remember. The tires were balled. The paint was chipped. Or maybe it was scratched. Something was defaced very badly. I had to change my voice. I couldn't continue standing the implications of my words before. I guess that was why I closed off. But I think it was all about the means, the process. You know, letting the thing take over. Until you feel like you are nothing but a literary device. Some trick. That's the way it was. I was speaking for nothing. Nothing was my message. That's what I was saying. And the words, they seemed to come from someplace else. They fell into the base of my throat and rolled around creating something like the threat of a tidal wave, if I hadn't spoken. But I did speak. I said it all. I gave up to it. Said it and then was silent. And then I began again. That was, perhaps, a mistake. I should have left things where they were. It was tight. It was tight like an isometric exercise. I can only remember the afternoon. The telephone rang. The voice filtered through. Speak! Say something more! So after three days I've started talking again. Brought things to an end and then began again. But I'm closer to finishing off now. It's not an entirely beginning venture. The 'begin' of the end. That's where I'm at. The beginning of the ending. Right now, that's the thing. But it's not easy. You know I was plucked out of my context. I've

heard a lot of things about context and support structures and that kind of thing. Like the man at the Museum of Modern Art with his description of a pair of lips being more perfect because the lip color allowed for the lips to hang in there on the face instead of the lips rhythming or matching some interior color making the lips break off and become part of the overall picture-like a Cezanne painting. But my context is not a lip-colored interior and never was. It was a movie theatre. And close to the back row. Where I used to hang out with boys. All the boys. All the boys with their pants, tight or baggy, pulled down and their dicks sticking up into the darkness, below the particle-filled beam of projection light. That was where I was at before being pulled into the Porsche. Fucking and sucking and getting it on. The backseat ride wasn't bad. The three of us, in that backseat, knew how to sink it in. But I've got friends. And I've got a family. And there were no questions asked. It was just a control number. Suddenly I felt something sink in and my body turned with vomit. Thick waves flowed up and I ran out. Ran down the maroon-leaved movie house carpet and headed toward the bathroom. That was when I was put under the physical number. That was when I was ripped out. But things come and go. Children, lovers and gloves. And I'm used to seeing the flow. Things moving by with ragged edges. Trailing pasts. Loose ends. But this whole thing was just too much. Being pulled like that. Plucked out of the movie theatre seat, I couldn't even say anything to the boy. He was just left there, with his dick sticking, no doubt, out of his hand. It was hot. It was dry. It was sometimes smooth and wet. But it was never cool. Not back there. Here it's not so good either. Each day has more holes. But I was able to pull it neatly off. I got it off and very together when I seemed to finally possess the beginning. That was when I was into reiteration. It was extremely formal I suppose. The way I went about it. You know the thing. As if everybody does it that way. But it felt good to me. That was what was important. When I held the beginning in my hands, it was tight. It was, as I've said so many times now, very together. I was in control. I thought I was ready to lose it. I thought I could fight it. I was ready to buck it. I prepared myself for the bite. Lords chancellor marching toward me shaking their heads 'no', wouldn't have mattered. I guess I thought I was that free. But then the afternoon comes. And the telephone rings. And the message is that you've got to do it again. Finish up once more. Begin another ending. Start another finish."

She remained silent and after some time, the dark-haired girl, again, opened her lips, "It was so tiring. Doing a blow-job during that Cinema Scope movie in 1953 at the big Fox premier. It was really a drain. I think the fucking sound track was stereophonic magnetic sound instead of optical sound and that would mean that there would be a bigger fucking field of vision. If I remember correctly, I had to swivel my head around that cock, to the point that my neck threatened to snap, and I still couldn't see clearly the full image that was constructed to have a picture ratio, when properly projected through a complementary anamorphic lens, of 2.55:1. Shit! Fuck that shit. Big field of vision. Bigger than life. All those fucking movies I've been through. And there was always sex. There was always something moving in. Gyration.



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Alphaville Academy of Archetypes
P.O. Box 3424
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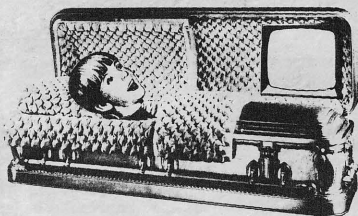
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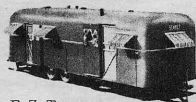
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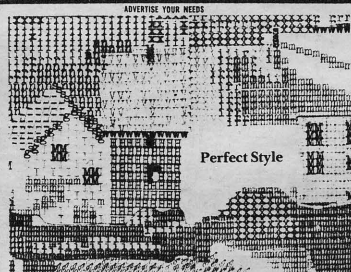
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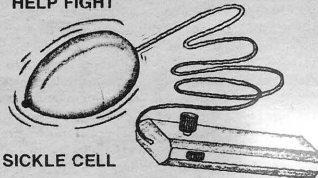
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THE MOON SAYS VOTE FOR THE ROOSEVELT NECRONAUT

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SUBSCRIPTIONS
c/o Ed. Grauerholz
Box 842, Canal St. Sta.
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MINEO RETURNS

This City Moon reporter has been there, eating tongue sandwiches and sipping LaPerla in the legustrum, watching the wall of the Dead go up. Department of the Interior workers are at the task from dawn until the moon boils up nightly like a potato in a pot of crabeye soup. Has the new NECRONAUT craze pricked the senate into this mortal sin? Senator Prop has spoken on it publicly, describing in such a vivid fashion how the heads will roll like eggs over the lawns of Casa Pacifica, should these two mudbound honies sprout from the peat-- Lee Oswald and Jack Ruby. The vigil goes on, the hideous glow of orange arc lamps ever trained on their modest headstones, the original lone demento's

pre-war

Re-elect ROOSEVELT

quality

TRUE FACTS ABOUT HOOVER

(Continued from page one)
size were flunked out of an FBI training class because Hoover thought one of them looked like a "pinhead." He forbade his drivers to make any left turns, called the left-hand seat behind the driver the "death seat" and made Clyde Tolson, his longtime friend, sit in that position. He once bought a sparrow dyed yellow from the Birdman of Alcatraz, who told him it was a canary. When FBI agents were punished, they received the same punishments that Hoover described the Communist party (in his Masters of Deceit) as meting out to errant Party members. He required that typed instructions be taped to radios and TV's in his hotel room so that he would know how to turn the damn things on and off.

SINATRA (Continued from p. 1)
the Prop place. Finding the place apparently vacant, Sinatra killed a chicken in the yard and began to roast it over a campfire. When Mother K. returned she found Sinatra sleeping in the porch glider. When awakened from a sound sleep, the crooner began to 'sing for his supper.' Startled, Mother K. dispatched him with a waving broom. The crow in the camphorberry then squawked in bird language, frightening Sinatra further, as he backpedaled out the Prop gate. The bird called "All aboard" in the finest railroad depot vernacular. Mother K. said the bird condescended to lunch on crackers from her hand, but declined an invitation to enter her house. The crow returned to the tree tops after its final cracker, rasped a final "All aboard" and took off.

Dear City Moon: This ecology bullshit is a great White Man campaign. More and more I hear hip libs talking about solar heating, bio-waste, thermo-heat, etcetera. Save that gass--Prop has an idea. It follows that because they fuck up, everything they start--like Moulder Fucker Earth News-- is filled with this 'get it together!' crap. Work lists like . . . "How to Build a House: 1. Hammer (framing) 2. Saw (crosscut) . . ." and so on, like a bastard gonna build a house who don't know him gonna need a hammer, saw, etc. How de fuck him gonna do it? This "ecological decadence" is here already, anticipating the day when K-mart or Gibsons will be marketing solar-powered can openers, wind-powered shag rug cleaners, etc. More later, W. Prop

Engineer Prop is City Moon's Handy answer man. Route any building questions his way, Box 842, Canal Sta. NYNY 10013

-----Luther Sperberg, Miss.


dinsmoor

This is my stone log cabin. The first story, or basement, is built of common sense stone wall. The floors, baseboards and window stools are cement. The second story is built of stone logs on the old log cabin style. All the logs reach full length except five. The gables are built up with cement logs on the log gable style. The two upper stories are studded, lathed and plastered. The house is finished inside white coat and natural wood, California red wood, pine and oak, with pressed moulding. Over 3,000 feet of moulding was used. There are eleven rooms besides the bathroom, three halls two closets with cave and light plant under back porch. The porches, side walks, fence, strawberry and flower beds, fish pool, grape-arbor, three U.S. flags, Adam and Eve, the devil, coffin, jug, visitors' dining hall, labor crucified, two bird and animal cages, and wash house are all made with cement. Up to this date, July 1, 1927, over 113 tons, or 2,273 sacks of cement has been used. The Garden of Eden is on the west; the front, or north, represents present day civilization. There are fifteen cement trees from 30-40 feet high; fourteen from 8-20 feet tall. On trees, mausoleum, cages and dining hall are 48 electric lights. The Most unique home, for living or dead, on Earth. Call and see it.

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