

TITANIC RAISED

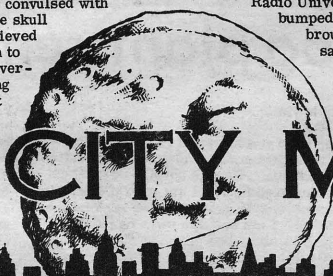
3 DEAD 6 HURT 11 WILL HANG

Fast, she sank. We fought for the cabin we have occupied continuously, three generations, since the teens of this century. Hideous fist banging against our door would not move us to sacrifice the space designed to save our girl baby, ourselves, and our parrot, Vagina. We drifted bottomward for hours. We heard the steady thunk of the air compressor in our closet, preserving us, a bubble in the bloodstream of the ocean was all we were. Shortly we ate squid tentacles and whale's eyes and relished the tasty brain of the porpoise, though we convulsed with shame the first time we broke open the skull of that king of underseas life. We believed ourselves alone until the day we began to receive the transmission of Radio Universal in the electric light bulbs informing us in a simple, informational way that

the City of Mind, the mind of a species, is a synedrium. It cannot be conquered except by another synedrium of a greater number in its cube. Radiola does not intend to permit you to exist without contradiction, because he knows that if you ever reach a state of harmony within yourself, he cannot hope to stand against your city, your mind, or your species. The sunken Titanic exists as a physical reality and a place of dwellings, inhabited by the bleached people. The children of the Titanic culture belong to all its citizens. That's what

Radio Universal said to us shortly after we bumped against the ocean floor. As the years brought the soldiers of time against us, we saw the prophecy of Radio Universal as our skeletons glowed through our blanched bodies and talk turned to adopting abyssal fish as gods.

THE CITY MOON



In the far future, when the moon shall have faded from the sky, and the sun shall shine at noonday, a dull cherry red; and the seas shall be frozen over, and the ice cap shall have crept downward to the equator from either pole, and no keel shall cut the water, nor wheels turn in mills; when all cities shall long have been dead and buried in ice, and all life shall be on the very last verge of extinction on this globe; then, on a bit of lichen, growing on the bald rocks beside the eternal snows of Panama, shall be seated a tiny insect, preening its antennae in the glow of the worn out sun, representing the sole survival of animal life on the earth—the melancholy bug.

frozen

At left, Ed Gein, heinous neutrodyne, who, in 57 wore the first meat shirt, is not at all troubled by these gloomy forecasts. As bleached as his eyes are, they see no portent of a frozen calamity, even in the distant future. He says, what's more, that prior by many years to the next turn of the century, neutrodyne convict leaders like himself will be frozen, rather than cruelly gassed, or shot, or hung, and then eaten by the poor of every nation. He says you just can't beat human meat when the future is at stake.



A Meal You'd Never Forget

DOG HUNTER

A 31 year old white woman from Dewey Avenue reported to police that she had seen a man shoot a dog in the head with a bow and arrow in front

of the City Refectory. She identified him as a 31 year old white man named Ozalo. She said that after the dog was hit, the man began to skin and dress it with great surgical precision, cubing and salting the meat, then put-

ting it in burlap pouches which he carried in a backpack, leaving a mound of bone and entrail and running north on Dewey Avenue.

(See related article inside)

Clayton, Mo.—A 23-year-old man is accused of using the 30-pound bone of an extinct mastodon to beat another young man unconscious during a brawl over two women, police said.

Life Pods Available

The word is that Oneba's grow-pods are available at National Jitney markets, at a price affordable to anyone--a dollar an ounce. Spaded into a medium of peat, or any loose organic material, the pods will generate edible NUFORMS, in taste compared to cove oysters. Nothing tops them served with sauce diablo. They say they'll survive in a bucket of shredded newsprint if sprinkled with baking powder and kept moist. In extreme conditions, reader, the City Moon can be a garden of life, thanx to Oneba's newest generative process.

A comic book has killed a monkey who didn't read but ate it. A funnybook caused the death of Tojo, a Wheeling zoo monkey. It wasn't the laughter that killed him, but part of the metal binding. Wire staples were found in the simian after process zoo officials were told by universal radio that the animal had been munching at a comic book a girl tossed into his cage . . . Flash: By ordinance, neutrodynes, within designated neighborhoods, must carry identity cards, or else be banned from Alamogordo after dark, their ponies and dogs likewise . . . Flash: The rat was the first animal to arrive after considerable wandering at the bedside of the dying Buddah. The ox was second, and then came the rest of the animals. Does the rat have the Buddah nature? . . . Flash: Two Boston poets have entered into an agreement to walk across the bottom of the Atlantic wearing pneumatic boots. This is a worthy example for poets, who are usually blind as bats to the need for exercise, and are stinking outcasts in Radiola's city.

FIRE LOST IN 22 A. D.

The least known of all major historical secrets is this: that fire was lost, briefly, in 22 A. D. For two years man had no fire at all. Polar evenings grew yet darker, as early Esquimaux' blubber lamps dimmed without apparent cause, and then fizzled out. In Africa, already a dark continent, all meat would need be eaten raw, thus explaining the development of open cannibalism there, and rarely in other places. Above the Indian plains of Kansas, lightning ceased to ignite prairie fires. In what is now Japan, puffer fish, now eaten raw, were always fried in hot fat prior to the loss of fire there. And so they politely starved themselves, which is still the way in the rural areas of their culture.

Throughout the period, early magician/psychoscientists labored 24 hours a day in an effort to regain the spark. One such experiment led to the development of the first horse mobile. Ignaz Schroppe from Beckum said this, "The automobile, invented by Plato, needs a relatively smooth and wide thoroughfare; it does not drive over stones, cannot cross fields and forests. Its main flaw lies in the wheels. Man was endowed with legs, not wheels. That is why I invented an automobile with legs. The engine sits inside the body and controls each of the four legs. The motor is

started by a crankshaft which is where the horse's tail should be. Exhaust fumes escape via the most likely spot of the construction, the bung. The steering wheel controls each pair of legs separately. Collapsible trays on each side of the body may be used by the driver for eating or playing cards.

Clarifying what the Book of Revelations and Universal Radio later told us, an even more astonishing mechanical development is now understood, seen clearly in the light of this new knowledge--it looked like an enormous cricket, made of brass and pig iron, with a sticklike exoskeleton. Its purpose, as told by Josephus, was to take flight, soar heavenward, to gain momentum, and then plunge toward earth, to crash against stone, and thereby ignite burnt cloth and pine kindling, bringing fire back to the then known world.

And so it was easy. Men burned meat again over open flames, eventually eliminating the physiological need for an appendix. Every jitney carnival between Biloxi and Sioux City then began to feature bottled fire, fire water, and fire stamps, now redeemable for 1 kill order.

RADIO UNIVERSAL



Universal Radio, a subsidiary of American Orange, is a Milwaukee station run by Indians of Great Lake Tribes. It is medical radio, solemn and upbeat, dignified, curative. Listen and heal . . . a charcoal burner who, about a year ago moved from New Jersey, attempted to kill his family with a corn knife. Salvage Bilderback returned to his cabin about ten and said to his family, "I have just learned how to use the swords that Cubans use, and now I want all of you to stand up." In order to humor him they rose. He tied their hands with a piece of cord which he knotted on the rafters. Holding a corn knife he commenced cutting his family, inflicting some dreadful wounds. As he completed his work his son returned. He was alarmed. Bilderback seized his army musket and fled. A posse was quickly organized, but as yet Bilderback has not been found. Villagers beg for kill orders to use if he is located. Bilderback is a member of the Radio Universal Club of Wanderers, and stays tuned, sleepless, weeks on end, listening to the music of the spheres. A related phenomenon is the hike by two Boston poets wearing pneumatic boots across the bottom of the Atlantic.

TAKES LIFE FROM THE EARTH

There is a small island in the Neches River, four miles downstream from Muncy, on which no vegetation or animation can exist. Bones that have drifted to the island invariably turn to ashes or stone within 8-10 days. One rat hound has ossified merely lapping the water in one of its stagnant ditches. Box turtles anchoring at the island to take sun baths on its logs have suddenly jelled and dripped away like candlewax. Caustic permanganate in the soil is blamed both for its odd violet color and the business of this burning and jellifying.

Explanations drift. Some blame it on a localized effect of Radio Universal Broadcasts, which often make serious demands on listeners. Take Plookie Morrison, who

said friends bought him an electric radio last Christmas and each night since then he dialed Radio Universal from 5-9 each night and when the order went down to erase your own life he tried. Unfortunately, the hot bullet severed his optic nerves, leaving him blind, but otherwise uninjured. He was up and about that very afternoon, chatting with friends. Radio Universal put the idea in his head, so he claims. The question the City Moon asks is, Can it take all life from the earth, one poor soul at a time? Perhaps even more importantly, can we take it by the knobs and turn it off? Can we jerk the plug and will that silence the thing for good? Or will it continue to play on in our heads, as it so often did for the late president Nozalo?

Both Sully and Cardinal Richelieu were expert dancers. Imagine the august cardinal paying his court to Anne of Austria by performing a saraband before her in jester's dress of green velvet, with bells on his feet and castanets in his hands!

PISKIES, PIXIES, OR PIGEYES

are a tribe of elves peculiar to old Cornwall, England, a territory once extending to the eastern edge of Dartmoor, which is still included in the duchy. They are not elemental spirits, but in material life were those of the Celtic tribes who refused to give up their ancient religion for Christianity, but otherwise lived blamelessly; hence their sympathy with humanity. Not good enough for Heaven, nor bad enough for Hell, their wandering souls were permitted to remain on earth, haunting their own familiar moorlands and waste sea beaches.

WATERWELLS

"He was from Douglas County. He had eaten nothing but grasshoppers since the 4th of July, 1874, and his stomach was in an awful condition—it was full of grasshoppers. He could feel them jumping about, trying to find their way out but their torments scratched his alimentary canal. . . . He had left a wife and nine famished children at home and had gone to Lawrence to collect funds to save his neighbors from starvation. He had not been successful — perhaps because his credentials were not strong enough. And now, if the barkeeper would accommodate him with a spoonful of whiskey—it was the only thing that would keep the grasshoppers quiet in his stomach; it kind of stupefied them and caused them to lie dormant for several hours. . . .

"He had killed a great many of them with whiskey, but their eggs were all the time hatching and he believed there were at least 10,000 live ones occupying the space designed by nature for the laboratory of bread and meat and such things. He had no money

but if the barkeeper would trust him for a few drops . . . he would remunerate him out of his first collections for the sufferers. By adding a little peppermint and a few grains of sugar to the liquor, the medicine would be made more potent; or if there was no peppermint handy, a drop of ginger would do as well.

"The barkeeper deeply sympathized with the grasshopper-stricken people of Kansas. He pitied any man who had grasshoppers in his stomach. If whiskey, and peppermint, and ginger, or anything else his bar afforded, would relieve him, he was welcome to partake. . . . The barkeeper poured two tablespoonfuls of the essence of Jamaica ginger into a tumbler, added an equal quantity of pepper sauce, shook in 4-5 tablespoonful of sulphuric acid on top, and then sprinkled a few drops of tangfoot over the mixture and handing the tumbler to the man, told him to swallow it quick. The grasshopper-plagued stranger waited for no second

invitation, but poured the decoction down his throat.

"How do you like it?" asked the barkeeper. The grasshoppered individual made no reply. His eyes rolled in their sockets, and the tears ran out of them in streams. His mouth was open wide enough to swallow the barkeeper and all his decanters. He placed both hands over his stomach and cast an imploring glance toward the water pitcher. . . .

"Take some of this horse radish," said the barkeeper. "It will do you good." The stranger still made no reply, but gradually his mouth grew smaller, his lips contracted, and the air rushed into his throat with a whistling sound. . . . At last the barkeeper took compassion upon his writhing customer and gave him a glass of ice water to cool his throat. When the stranger was able to speak he looked reproachfully at the 'medicine man' and said: See here, stranger, if that's the kind of stuff you give a man for grasshoppers, I'd like to know what in Hell you'd give a feller if he had a tapeworm."

TITANIC SURVIVOR TO BE HANGED Moon Special

Following his sensational escape from the county jail last night, as a result of which he was at liberty for 10 minutes, Noon Jonesy, Titanic survivor, is now back in his cell nursing a broken tailbone, and will have to hobble to the gallows on crutches when he is hanged Friday week.

Hanging with him that day will be Delicious Nelson, a high kicking vandal who caved in four fender panels at Boxberger Motors, also a Titanic survivor, who lodged his foot a little too far into a windshield during one of his famous kicks. The next morning police found him, the following day the courts judged him, and Friday week the noose shall hang him.

WAS IT A HELLBENDER ?

Some months back, my own son, Loren Rovingstine, while travelling north of Oshkosh, Nebraska, saw the first of the neutrodyne landing pods. I might have questioned him about having hallucinations, but his twin sons, Gull and Opie, were there to corroborate the sighting.

Going to California a couple of winters ago, for a sail on the Salton Sea, the family stopped at the Painted Desert sign. While parked there, they discovered something all lit up 200 ft. from the car. It was a bright-eyed thing, and all meat it appeared. Stricken with compulsion and hunger, each took a fateful bite, with the innocence of Adam at the apple. Who would have predicted we'd ever eat things from space?

DONKEY FLEET TO SAIL

The Mineral Wells Donkey Fleet will weigh anchor this morning for Dallas and will arrive here tonight via shanty boat, stated Admiral Breck, commander-in-chief, plenipotentiary and extraordinary.

PARCHMAN WINTER AGAIN

Parchman's waterwells bubble iron red, reeking fatuously of sulphur and marsh gas, from open-ended pipes, into galvanized tubs, at measured intervals beside our pony roads, for the comfort of travellers, those on route to the Hunger Art Picnic and elsewhere. The sisters assure us that it packs a load of radio medicine, hardens the teeth, benefits a hundred ways. Even though winter's cockled heart, when frost is on every surface, the wells go on producing undiminished, as generously steaming as a tea boil in December's kitchen. Be with us here at Parchman. Oneba is, and Oneba is One.

CAWKER CITY MAN VISITED BY SANDWICH ARTIST

A sandwich man has been listed among elves, ghosts, spirits and other nocturnal beings who make house calls.

In the dark of the night recently someone left five sandwiches on the lawn and front step of the Jack Pirotte home in Cawker City. There were three egg sandwiches, one ham sandwich and one jelly sandwich.

Twenty-eight years ago Captain E. J. Smith of the S.S. Titanic disappeared in New York. Three years later an unknown, penniless man, whom local police called "Halloween Buggage" died in Lima, Ohio. The stranger wouldn't talk except to mutter "Buggage" when asked his name. Undoubtedly he was an Irish seaman. The Rock of Ages was tattooed on his chest. A map of Mars was tattooed on his back. His height and weight were the same as the Titanic's Captain Smith. Embalmed by a local undertaker, Buggage's body has been kept on display in an effort to identify him. No one has yet been able to do so. But the body is a good barometer and the hair continues to grow and must be cut every so often by the man who is in charge of the body.



MAN EATS COW PLUG

Man has eaten an assortment of horrible things, before and after 22 A.D., the year human-kind lost its fire, the very first time. Everyone remembers the fantastic story of the discovery of the cow plug. According to Charles Lamb, a Chinaman's house burned down with all its outbuildings, including a barn full of plug cattle. Afterward, he and his neighbors, attracted by the sweet and sour smell of the fresh roasted plug meat, scissored out a hunk and found it delicious. For a long while afterward, whenever anyone hankered after roast plug meat, he burned his house down. This kept on until houses were in danger of disappearing altogether, when there arose a man, called Radiola, who was wise enough to see that it was possible to plug a cow without burning a house. After plug meat flourished, stripping cattle came to America. With stripping cattle, you simply rip off sheets of meat, painless to the cow, which re-meats itself immediately. You can stitch these strips into shirts, which draws the flies away from your face, and comes in real handy when the Squat and Gobble is closed. Send your favorite recipes to Box 591, 66044.



URPFLANZ

Radiola here. In this column I would like to treat briefly the urpflanz principle. Always, men have gone tramping through back pastures and rarified deserts in search of the urpflanz, the ideal plant, though none but I have come upon it. The colorless juice of the plant, they say, will cure anything but habit. My dear friends, just as there is an ongoing process during which all the material of the universe shifts, fluxes, and transmogrifies, and just as this process invariably leads to dissolution, common reason points us down the road of selective breeding, collective child-rearing, and harvesting the wasted energy of the neurodyne dead. This is Radiola. Sanction my experiments. Why not breed for better human stock, as we do with hogs and plants.

CHAUFFEURS MEET

Chauffeurs meet in a scruffy congregation outside French Settlement near the summer solstice, their ponies raising enough dust to keep the town in a haze for days afterward, the citizens coughing up yellow bile. The chauffeurs do this, writes our correspondent, to lay plans for their northward wanderings. The behavior seems to involve the highest reaches of economic social organization. They choose to travel together because it is safe that way, not that there's any comradeship among them, and they travel at night for the same reason, because it is safer. Gathered there, they discuss the migration for days, with aggressive infighting, often manslaughter, and so complete are the arrangements that very few strollers are left behind.

nomo rain

John Jacob Astor and Tiny Tim, both survivors of the Titanic, will be hung in Salt Lake City this Friday. It's a good day for all of us. We don't want these encrusted survivors of that ill-fated ship of the past bringing up muddy memories of the First World War. Times like those are best forgotten. Hang 'em all.



The National Drizzle is over, there's no mo rain. We're in a sunspot minimum and will be that way for 100 years. Grasshoppers store water in their abdomens. Eat them. The camel will gradually replace the taxi cab in New York City, a place now of duned avenues, and dry sandwiches. There's an inch of sand in the UN Building. The president slips lime coolers to keep his head.

THE MOON

The City Moon is a good thing despite its dark and ponderous face. We bring back the dead, only the good ones, we hack walk paths in the overgrowth of the science and art jungle, we advertise products past and products future and products you'll find nowhere, we're cheap to buy, but longer lasting than any other journal in the ballpark. We want you to laugh, after all, from the gut to the head, and then pay a quarter to do it again, eventually fifty cents. If you really want to make us happy, eat your dog, describe the experience, send it to us with a photo, and we might run it. The City Moon, at all times a medicinal moon, performs surgery on all submitted contents, or does not print them. So don't send us things expecting they won't be maintained in the process of our operation. We let blood, but then we freeze it for keeping. Next time through Alamogordo, stop in and see us. We're at the back booth of the Hunger Art Cafeteria, 24 hours daily.

Understandest thou what thou readest?



SENSATION



CENSORS CUT THESE THINGS

They avoid contact with others, even the inhabitants of their Skid Row world; They spend their days alone, in public libraries or on park benches, clutching their bottles in brown paper bags and then sneaking gulps in alleys or behind park bushes while their male counterparts gather to drink in bars and taverns.

They spend their nights alone, roaming the city subways and the streets with their bottles and then showing up finally at welfare shelters for food and a bed.

Even when they do venture into a bar, Profs, Garrett & Bahr report, they ignore other women and will approach a man only to solicit an occasional drink. And the men rarely try to break through their solitude, regarding the women with disdain.

The professors say the preference for drinking in tucked-away places "suggests that alcoholic women on Skid Row remain sensitive to the pressures of social disapproval of 'drinking in public.'"

They describe, in the Quarterly Journal of Studies on Alcohol, a typical predrinking ritual of such a woman:

"Miss R., who usually drinks in the park, takes a drink if-- and only if-- there is no one in the immediate vicinity. Typically she looks around, first looking up the street, then down, and occasionally even behind her bench; if no one is near, she sneaks a drink from her wine bottle disguised in the usual

brown paper bag by holding her coat up around her face."

They tell, too, of the drinking behavior of another woman, homeless, Mrs. D., "who hides from the public view by squatting near some bushes."

One woman who claimed to have lived in New York's subways for 16 years explained that she had avoided becoming an alcoholic by periodically switching the brands and types of beverages," he said. "Other women commented that alcoholism was 'little more than an allergy' to specific beverages, especially the low grades of wine usually sold on Skid Row."

And some extolled the virtues of alcohol for its medicinal value, or a pain-killer, sleep inducer or digestive aid.

What do Skid Row women drink? Whiskey, wine and beer--in that order of popularity. The men preferred beer, whiskey and wine. Most women took their first drink between the ages of 19 and 20 and started drinking heavily at about 32; men start drinking earlier and also become heavier drinkers at an earlier age.

How many women are there on the Skid Rows of America?

Nobody really knows. One source says two million of the nation's nine million alcoholics are women--and many investigators agree that alcoholism among women is on the rise. Another source says that some five per cent of all U.S. alcoholics live on Skid Row.

tong-torture pad

Neal Cassidy is back from the dead, running a tong-torture pad for punks on la droga mas peligrosa, Neutronia D. He takes these punks, one by one, gets them out of line, puts the tongs to their tits and applies the pressure. This is not a jamals vu, but a cold, hard truth. Reinvigorated, Cassidy is as mean as a skunk. If you crossed him in life, watch out now. On the other hand, if you're a drug punk, you can use him; he'll talk you down, out of your habit. They say he's hanging out, too, with Sheriff W. Prop, Douglas County Kansas. Should Cassidy be hung along with the other bleached survivors of the Titanic mishap? Or should he be released into the custody of Ken Kesey, former acid king of rock and roll, now P.T.A. spokesman? No, none of these. The City Moon says, "Let the fool be hung once again, beside his pale brethren, Kerouac and Huenke the Junkie." a daughter of bleached parents has been born bleached too. The whitening of America, after the greening, is a pleasant change. a lake of oil, called the Olive River, an area of 100 square miles and of unknown depth, in the state of Vera Cruz, is on fire. The blaze is seen for more than 200 miles at sea according to navigators who have arrived at Tampico. The City Moon watches the earth and tells us where it's at.

The woman who comes to Skid Row has little hope of ever leaving it. She is homeless and, in most cases, alcoholic. But, since she is no threat to the social order and is seldom a neighborhood problem, there is little interest in her by the public, politicians or the do-gooders.

Occasionally, however, a Skid Row woman manages to break out of her never-land.

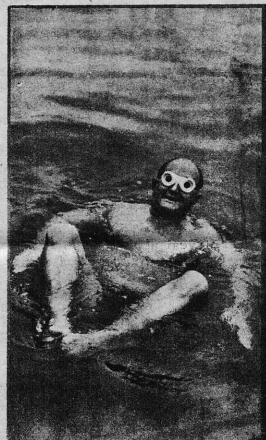
One such woman now heads a small detoxification center in a renovated California farmhouse, set up to treat alcoholics by talk instead of drugs.

"I was drunk at the age of 13 and I stayed drunk until I was 43," she said recently. "I was a Skid Row drunk, in and out of jail a couple of hundred times, maybe more, before I turned to Alcoholics Anonymous. I'm 32 now. I've been sober for nine years."

By Ana Hong



WETNAP



Above, see Arkie Dykes, chancellor of the Kansas Territories. Look at the goggles; Arkie is wetnapping, dreaming of a world without City Moons, a world without broken legs, rotten, stinking necronauts, or any such taint of the cultured mind. He floats because he is empty as a bladder is, full of rancid P.R. wind like a bloated carp on the National Trench awaiting the hideous chop of the bell buzzard's wings. But now we feel a sudden burst of sympathy for him--we now know why he isn't tuned into Radio Universal, like the rest of us. And indeed the story is an ugly one.

In 57, physicians were consulted and they decided that his body was the dwelling place of a snake. By various methods, they tried without success to kill the reptile. It was hoped the snake would come out of its own accord, via some natural passage. Once when he ate honey it crawled into his mouth and part way out between his lips. Its color was green, and it had no eyes. His mother grasped the

(Continues on next page)

Adv.



Charity Green, 23 years old, has spent the past nine years blowing herself up. In that time, she has used more than a truckload of dynamite to send herself whirling through over 800 explosions. Charity is the feature attraction of the Mo Magic Stunt Show, which travels across the United States. Twice each performing day, she puts her life on the line with 9 sticks of dynamite. She sits, in yoga fashion, her head tucked between her legs, in the center of a three-sided, foil-covered capsule. The countdown begins. At zero, she rubs the two wires that connect to a detonator, which is attached to the load of dynamite. Then, a terrific explosion sends her flying out of the capsule. For fifteen minutes following the explosion, Charity Green writhes on the ground, not knowing where she is. The explosion has knocked the air out of her lungs and, like a drowning person, she must be forced to breathe again. Three men are assigned to see that she is revived. One opens her

"Art Is Too Important To Kid Yourself About"

mouth to make sure she doesn't swallow her tongue. This exploding art is too important to kid yourself about, and Charity Green is crusading for that cause.

MIRACLE MIKE IN MUFTI

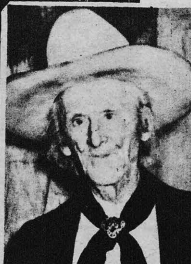
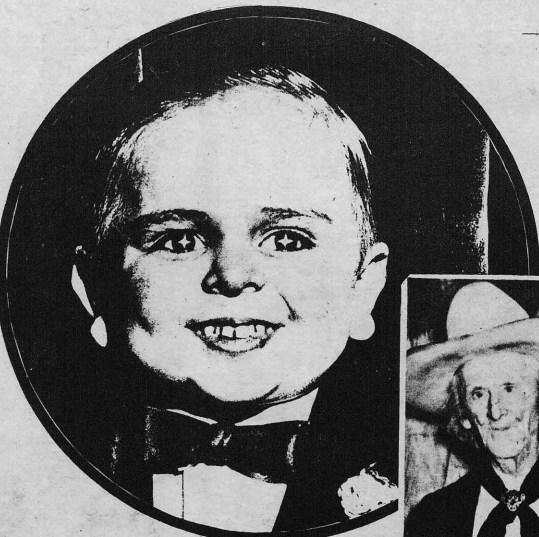
Miracle Mike is in Alamogordo now, staying at the Gons, appearing nightly at the Centrola. His act is something to see. He claims to be the first rep from Radio Universal. He appears in the company of Mo Magic (inset). His earthly father's head is pickled in a jar onstage beside him. Mo Magic can make its lips move and reproduce, with perfect fidelity, personal commands from Radio Universal to separate members of the audience. The first of its pronouncements tell them that only women breed, and the second that though some of us have a good aim in life, we never pull the trigger. This done, the act takes an oblique turn in the direction of outright pandering. The head solicits coin in a bubbling voice, and the mouth spits a dime into the fluid to illustrate the idea that only by tithing to it generously, can the head be kept alive. The City Moon finds prophecy in the company of greed a poor picture in the art of twinning. Tomatoes hurled at Mo Magic, as they often are, have no effect, nor do the yokes of eggs gunning up. Miracle Mike's star-crossed eyes. The last three City Moon carnival critics we've sent out have not returned from this ugly little deadhead show. We're insisting that if this is magic, it's exuvial magic, and is no more glorious than fingering stool.

SISTER CHU -- BIBLIOPHAGE

Now that the toad merchant on Flocculus Avenue has lowered his price to 3 skins a jitney, every manner of freak has been attracted to the area, including Sister Chu, a bibliophage, always with a fresh thumb of ashes centered in the forehead, always chewing up and swallowing goatlike any printed artifact given her. Children find amusement wrapping stones in balled up pages of City Moons gathered blowing in Alamogordo's alleys, throwing them at exalted Sister Chu, and

Invalids

watching her spit out the stones like plum seeds, such that the banquet is strewn with them, a hazard for pedestrians. The Sister claims to all who will listen that the taste of her fetish is like honey, but that once in the stomach it goes as bitter as green persimmon. Oneba's dogs assemble there, of course, to piss on Sister's moccasins, heave foaming vomits in the running gutters, and snap at ankles of bystanders. Mr. Pounds is often stalking the set, guessing the weights of plainfolk at a penny a try. So much is the scene like the feeding of seals in the zoo, that the airs there bear the many stinks of fish pavilions. Life goes on, boys, o bla di bla da.



WETNAPS -----CHANCELLOR INVALIDISM -----STOMACH SNAKES

hideous reptile and attempted to pull it out altogether, but the slimy body slipped through her hands and down the chancellor's throat as though it had been greased. Often thereafter, Dykes ate honey in hopes of the snake again making its appearance, but it never came up farther than his gullet. A year ago, while in bed, he was awakened in his sleep by something crawling over his breast. He screamed, and the snake, which he had now given the name Rex, quickly drew itself back and down the throat. Late Saturday night, he was seized with a choke, which continued periodically during the night, and early Sunday morning the snake slithered out of his mouth several inches. With great presence of mind, he closed

his teeth on the repulsive creature, and ran to his mother, who succeeded in entirely relieving her son of the unwelcome tenant. The snake was 15 inches long, and died a few minutes after being in the air. His stomach refuses to hold food except in liquid form since the snake came out, and he is growing weaker, so that it seems he may die as the result of getting rid of the hideous reptile, which has made his internal anatomy his home for so many years.

EDITOR'S NOTE: At the present moment, Dykes floats like a sogwab on a twig, searching for the crack of dawn, as light as a feather, as empty as a gymnasium at 3 A.M.

Neutrodyne

*I stood
on the
brink
of the
Grave*

I put a thumb of ashes on my forehead and retired to a tree. Friends chained me there by prearrangement. I built a lean-to for shelter, dug a hole to collect rain, and ate palmetto leaves and bark chips. There I was, anchored to a cypress knee by a 15 foot logging chain attached to a 20 inch metal collar around my waist. Later, 2 hunters stalking wild boar, found my bones in the dense thicket a mile from the Gulf of Mexico, last month. Found near my body were sneakers, shreds of clothes, a leather belt, books including a Bible, and a radio. Only 10 of my body's 206 bones remained. Process Police said the rest must have been carted off by wild shakos. I was identified, in the end, by a jawbone fragment and an identity card. During my suffering, I tried to work the chains up and over the top of the tree, but met with failure. They say they found, also, a crude toilet which I had dug in the cold, cold earth to relieve myself. I remember molding several balls of leaves the size of my fist, which I used for nourishment, in addition to the fronds. I stayed alive for two weeks.



THE TRUTH ABOUT WHITE WOMEN



Yes



STAY HOME,
FEAR
THE KREMLIN

VOTE



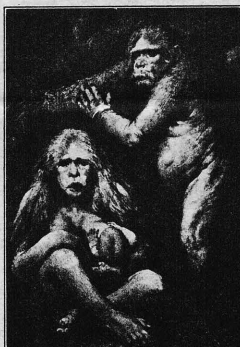
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meet their Kababayans

Eye-Movement Glasses

An extra pair of eyes seems to sprout beneath the cheekbones of a person using a new visual aid. The effect comes from inclined transparent mirrors attached to a pair of glasses. With the tool an observer can watch a reader's eye movements and discover the reasons for rhythm.



LIVE PEOPLE



Suicidal Youth Run-Over At Exit Ramp

Police report that a 24 year old white youth from Mt. Hope Avenue received a broken collar bone and chest pains when he was run over while lying in the roadway of an exit ramp of Route 490 about 11 P.M. Five people witnessed the accident.

The youth told police that he had been lying in the roadway because he was depressed and wanted to get his head run over. He received his wish as he was run over by a 1971 Mercury sedan which was driven by a 38 year old white woman who did not see him in the roadway. It was not the woman's fault as the youth admitted to police that he was trying to commit suicide. It was lucky for him that he wasn't killed.

Why Not Breed for Better Stock in Humans ?

WHERE ELSE BUT IN THE BRONX?



Yes, Virginia . . .

To the editor:

I just wanted to let you know that I was hitchhiking outside of town the other day and got picked up by Jim Morrison. He's alive, you know. He said that he's living somewhere north of town. Just thought you might be interested.

Paul Ceruzzi

Snuffettes.



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