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 'longingoito' 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 Faulkenr estate in Oxford, Mississippi, and there it plans to establish, by 1980, the first of the National Poetry Ranches. Others will be (Ctd).

Man Wants Duck Bride

An elderly stranger startled Mother K., a seeress here, when he knocked at her door and asked, Is that you? taking 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 GROW 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.)

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 prov -idence leaving us the National Trench, whose dim green waters sustain us. Oneba is ONE.

HOOVER

TRUE facts about Hoover. He only used commodes 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 hats (Ctd).

They're making it in MISSISSIPPI...
FACT: EINSTEIN,@api, A MONARCH OF NECKBOATS, SLEEPS THE DAYS AWAY IN A PILLOWED BATHTUB, WITH A QUART OF AQUA-VITA BOUNCING LIKE A MELLON ATOP HIS SHRUNKEN BELLY. JUDGE CRATER, GONE TO HALFLIFE THESE MANY YEARS, HAS BEEN FOUND IN A JERSEY BOTTOM, PERFECTLY PRESERVED IN A BOG, AND THE SPARK OF LIFE EVIDENT ON THE SCREENS OF EEG'S. HIS LEATHER BRIEFCASE IS STILL INTACT AND Pliable, THE GUM IN HIS MOUTH FRESH AND ALL BUT CHEWABLE, FOLLOW CRATER'S STORY IN THE CUMING ISSUES OF CITY MOON.

A blob of jello, giving off electrical signals of 'life' underscores the problems 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 blob of jello, saying hot LaPerla and snuffing puppy on his wife, on a plastic likeness of a human head 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 moons ago, which described Dr. Wuntes's similar experiments that were then being carried on at the Lower Farm in Mississippi.) In effect, 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

**Food for Thought**

OOP DIES, ORPHANS ANNIE

**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., NEW YORK, NY 10013.
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 Sanders'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 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-tailed snake, 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.

FOUR POOL BALLS

FOUR POOL BALLS to name is Ladue--he me my phone messages, the old fool--I his lit bolas, send us this: The Nightly rain of red brick dust has become a new norm. My neighbor to the south is knocking on our window, right on schedule. He wants to see these windy co--r-r-oom his bath r-r-oom during the day. I've tried twice to clean the elephant vines from his street window, but no use. This falling leaves him a bit, but he don't bother on this one unless you actually were it was at 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-tailed snake, 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, 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 become a new norm. My neighbor to the south is knocking on our window, right on schedule. He wants to see these windy co--r-r-oom his bath r-r-oom during the day. I've tried twice to clean the elephant vines from his street window, but no use. This falling leaves him a bit, but he don't bother on this one unless you actually were it was at 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-tailed snake, 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.

FOUNDED MISSING

NICKOLINA SERAVOLA BLACK
A lady poet, N. S. black is dead 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. We understand how difficult life can be.

DEAD IN RIVER

Many are dead, afloat upon the National Trench, heading down the Parcourse, riding styrofoam litterers, 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 SEEKS
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 steam trunks in New York harbor, which is all but jammed in a hopeless confusion of junkys, cayucos, Japanese whalers, and so on. I see nations intermingling. Jamaicans 'making it' with pale Cincinnati Jews in a city park. I see the Russian menez, Kruschev serving out a four year term as U.S. President, and performing about as well as any have. Send me dreams.
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. Bed sheets had been tucked on three sides to cover a rooted 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 cigarette, brought a City Moon from under his coat and began to plane it. He said, "Have you been reading about the bollied parrot?"

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 flecks, 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 Chawoanow, "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 wanted 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 bedsheet, his hood pulled over his face.

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

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

A rasp, as dry reeds in a low windmill, apparently from the hood of terrycloth, attracted our attention. The clatter of porcelain, the clatter of the head of a penguin. Jo Jo spun the teetotum, the little mirrors throwing back the dappled light in the room.

"Have you been reading about the bollied parrot," 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 plainsman in the audience said, "The amazing ahole, 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 to reveal the little mirrors throwing rods of light through the basement, a small whirl of smoke coming from it, the bore of its point noisy on the plywood.

Oneba turned to face us again.

BY DAVID OHLE

Oneba appeared from the dark behind the bedsheet curtains, lifting himself upright, 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 feels to morphin in no time at all. There, already 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 to the audience with a chamois cloth.

She swept the chamois 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, he lifted the hem of his bathrobe to reveal the teetotum.

A low hum of excitement in the room.

His leathery buttocks were exposed, the scrotal sack between the mussled legs, nipples taut, pinches of skin wherever there was a space, in assorted 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 plainsman in the audience said, "The amazing ahole, look at that bird up there. He's numb as a slug."

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Oneba turned to face us again.

The 1978 Farbo. Listen to the story.

By David Ohle

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 Times later said of the crown prince, "In him, they've got something."

Celebrate

WETNATS

(Cont p. 1) ... his family and began putting them in his mouth, they say, 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 blueface choke. The Room asks, why should an innocent towelette aid an already diminished man lower the boom of so rough a suicide on himself?"
"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.

--- Rilke

A day at the circus

Shark Fact: The male shark has two penis, 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 astonishingly strong teeth. Most Fact: Deaf (correctly pronounced Dèef') Smith has perfect pitch and isn't deaf at all, whereas Blind Lemon Jefferson certifiably blind as a cave bat. Come down to the HUNGER ART CAFE;

Gulf of Mexico Cyanide Spill, November 2, 1973, Gulf Coast, U.S.A. In early August of 73 the Mexican ship Pueblo collided with the Panamanian ship Perseus about 80 miles off Cape Canaveral on the Yucatan Peninsula. As a result of this collision 390 steel drums aboard the Pueblo, some containing potassium cyanide, were released into the Gulf. This accident took the lives 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 ink 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 dust, 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.

Dear City Moon, Although my childhood is a fairly long way 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 shrugging of toothpaste down my lips and the sides of my mouth, have always stricken me as somewhat unnatural. People who associate these rapid motions with a purposeful act are often seen flinging toothpaste throughout the room. Dear Boweroy 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... what do they find when they are well off 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 fetic nature, and write of various matters in these pages, write her.

FALL GARDENING
by Editor Pounda

Which pest is most pestilential to most people? This is the question most frequently sent in by the most pestilential pest himself by his readers. The slug, the weeb, the caterpillar, the bat, the wireworm, the aphid, real maggot, or the ant? This last insect is perhaps the most pestilential 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 ink 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).

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Dear City Moon, Although my childhood is a fairly long way 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 shrugging of toothpaste down my lips and the sides of my mouth, have always stricken me as somewhat unnatural. People who associate these rapid motions with a purposeful act are often seen flinging toothpaste throughout the room. Dear Boweroy 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... what do they find when they are well off 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.

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A trip into space

Shark Fact: The male shark has two penis, 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 astonishingly strong teeth. Most Fact: Deaf (correctly pronounced Dèef') Smith has perfect pitch and isn't deaf at all, whereas Blind Lemon Jefferson certifiably blind as a cave bat. Come down to the HUNGER ART CAFE;
This is a new construction.

something could happen, even here. After
the loud noise, we were all visibly shaken.
I left and nothing happened.

The telephone rang. Four times I
went, and then

But it's not easy. You know I

In this suite, we were all together .at

And here comes the mail! I mean, if I

Mercury is light brownish-red, and pearl

"Before slamming the door, a pair of long

"The sun was sinking and less and less of

"In this suite, we were all together .at

"My position is being absorbed. Felicia,

"Now, empty space is moving, hovering

"We have to sit within very defined channels. Waiting for gaps and
tremors. All of us seeing and feeling it
together. Reading and watching. Men
carrying body parts of 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
been left. 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
ing rings. And the message is that you've
got something else. Now.

"There must be a plot or spy, symbols

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Do you read the advertisements?

CONTRIBUTIONS 
and EXCHANGES 
WELCOME 

AIEEE is a non-profit and does not inherently exist. It is published under the full moon and is a member of COSMOP. AIEEE invites contributions, both artistic and literary. Address all correspondence to:

Alpheus Academy of Archetypes
P.O. Box 3024
Charlottesville, Virginia 22903
U.S.A.

The Academy cordially welcomes foreign correspondents. AIEEE is void where prohibited.

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New York City Ed. James Grauerholz
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SUBSCRIPTIONS

c/o Ed. Grauerholz
Box 842 Canal St. So.
New York New York 10013

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 craw-eye 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 homies 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

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 Deseit) as meting out to errant party members. He required that typed instructions be typed 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 deserted, Sinatra killed a chicken in the yard and began to roast it over a campfire. When Mother K. returned she found Sinatra asleep 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 like 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 Mother Fucking 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