

Prophet of the clouds

CITY MOON

"Eventually: Why Not Now?"

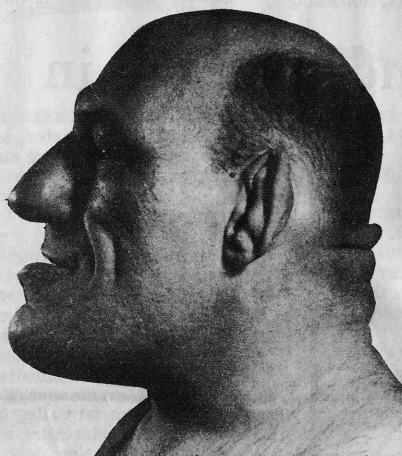
Open the
Laughter Flood

\$1.50

Man is a laughing animal. There are lower animals that laugh. The crow, the goose, the hyena, the out and the jackass, all laugh in their own way. Many men laugh like geese. Some have the canine laugh.

TERRANOVA: NICOTINE TONIC, See page 10

SPUD



What was
grotesque
Hugo waiting
for in the
desert?

It was during the Quaternary that man first began to clothe himself formally, and to embrace woman. (See last page.)

It was an exciting age. In the proto-Pacific, whistling shrimps appeared. Then, liver flukes. Rotifers paraded beaches. Crabs slept prettily in sump holes, Moses was a Jericho-street kid, Frank Sinatra a mere possibility.

There followed the Neocene, the present era, appearing about one million years ago along with Grotesque Hugo, who waited in the desert beneath the close-circling birds.

Unfair, Incorrect and Demagogic

Oneba loved the practical joke during his fifth go-round. He died one Thursday and was buried just as he'd asked to be--dressed in lace nightgown and seated in a Ferrari, with the seat slanting comfortably.

To quote from his will:

"Though fuel is plentiful in the afterworld, distances are great. If one needs to drive, say, from Radiola to Samarra, one needs a good, fast car.

"If you arrive in the afterworld without wheels, it's tough buns. You then take your chances thumbing rides. It's horrible. You never know who'll pick you up.

"For Christ's sake, it could be Ed Gein, the Butcher of Plainfield, who beheaded, skinned, quartered and smoked a dozen plump women, including the sheriff's mother, and wore a vest made of the skin of a woman's torso.

"On the good side, though, it might be Mitzi Gaynor, the choicest trollop in the afterworld, a favorite of all dead men.

"No, one wants to have one's own wheels.

"And then, when you get ready to shift back, why you can sell the thing at a steep price."

Unembalmed, Oneba was placed behind the steering wheel, a jug of ale and a box of sandwiches on the passenger seat, his little dog Mulligan, sedated, sleeping in his lap.

The tank was full of gasoline.

A crate was built around the car and it was lowered into the ground by a crane, and dirt piled atop it, making an impressive mound.

Two weeks later, a court or-

dered the Ferrari disinterred, in light of evidence that the circumstances of Oneba's most recent death had come under suspicion.

The mound of dirt was excavated with a backhoe and the crate lifted out. The sound of the car's radio could be heard by the workers. The windows were fogged. Patches of mildew spotted the car's finish. The door was jimmied open and Mulligan hopped into the sunlight, wobbling drunkenly but very much alive.

Meanwhile, the windshield wipers were working at full speed, the rubber blades worn away.

When the interior of the Ferrari was examined, what had happened was exactly clear.

Mulligan had awakened to find himself in dire straits. He apparently clawed his way through the firewall, only to find the engine compartment a dead end, and then through the rear seat into the trunk--another impossible exit.

Then, as if resolving to make the best of things, Mulligan survived with what he had. He ate the sandwiches. He contrived to pull the cork from Oneba's ale jug. He even managed to turn on the radio and windshield wipers, probably by accident as he scrambled for an escape route. And finally, the ale gone and the sandwiches eaten, Mulligan had no choice but to feed on his master. It is fortunate that this did not happen until the later stages of the burial, as Oneba was left generally intact, aside from a portion of the pectoral area, and a calf, which had been nibbled away.

See Dug Up, on page 5

IT'S WHAT'S

It was 1959. I'd been shifted to Susnr for the third time.

My plan was to find work in one of the neutrodyne cities, to settle down and live the good life, maybe even get a wild hair and sign on as a net mender on one of the big fishing trawlers that go in and out of the Altobello harbor.

My spirits were sailing high.

On arriving, I went to the Tunney Arms and booked myself a room for the week. The price was a mere buck-fifty and that included fresh linen and breakfast at the Squat 'n' Gobble next door.

I slept comfortably that night, awakened only once by the yowl of a tom shabbitt in the alleyway. I was impatiently waiting in front of the Squat, just as dawn broke, to sink my teeth into the orange center of a coddled egg. Then, along the sidewalk, came a man and his daughter. The man introduced himself, as good

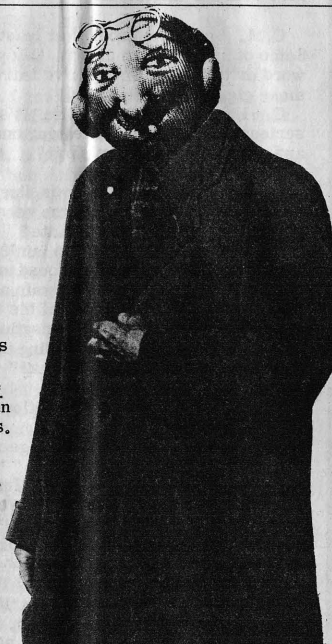
manners are the rule on Susnr streets, as Mr. Burris, and his daughter as Salmonella. I told them my name was Ozalo, and that since the ascendancy of Eunice, the great shifts had left me with no place to call home, but that I was quite attracted to life on Susnr and was planning to have a go at setting roots there.

There was a sign in the Squat's window: OUR CUPS ARE BOTTOMLESS--no limit on free refills. "One could do worse than be shifted to Susnr," said Burris.

When the doors opened, we took a booth and hungrily stuffed down the ham and eggs. Salmonella had griddle cakes with cane syrup and butter, and a cup of cocoa.

Burris said, "Come with us, Ozalo. I have a motorhome parked at the very edge of town.

See Fizzle, page 8



Atom-Pile Men

JOHN LENNON INDAI

John Lennon em i wanpela biknem tru long taim yu harim singing bilong ol Beatles o Binatang. Long Mande neit long taim em wantaim meri bilong em, Yoko Ono i kam bek long haus bilong tupela long Nu Yok, wanpela man i sutim em long gan.

John i gat 40 krismas. Ol i kisim em kwiktaim i go long wanpela haus sik tasol tarangu indai pinis. Na ol plisiman i holim pasim wanpela man Hawaii pinis. Em i Mark David Chapman.

Ol piis i tok, John Lennon i bin sainim nem bilong em long buk bilong dispela kilman long apinun. Na bihain liklik ol i lukim wanpela man i wok long wok-abaut raunim haus

bilong John.

Man ya i wet inap. John wantaim meri bilong em i kam bek long haus. Tupela i kam bek na kilman ya i kam aut na stat kros nating wantaim John.

Man ya i stap kros yet na John tupela meri bilong em i kalap i go insait long ka gen long go. Tasol kilman ya i autim gan na sutim John.

Meri bilong John, Yoko Ono i singaut na sampela pipel i kam helpim em kisim John i go long haus sik. Em i go kaus na dokta i tok, em indai pinis.

Nau John i raun wantaim meri bilong em na tupela i wokim singing bilong tupela yet. Bipo, John i stap wantaim ol lain Binatang.

ONEBA



Oneba has, more than once, stood on the brink of the grave in the pages of City Moon.

To careful readers of our publication, he will be remembered as the one who offered fragments of gaberdene trousers in plastocene cubes to be hung from the jitney's rear view, \$1 per gross.

He first recommended to us the new incredibly amazing miracle life matter at 10 cents a pound, and read to us from the Chinese Materia Medica, Part II.

"Try a little Noxage in your milk before bedtime," in our Vol. 9, No. 6 issue, it is reported he said.

And then, in Topeka, the Oriental Oneba was driven to the south parking lot of the statehouse and discovered that a sightless lemonade vendor had fallen dead back of his wooden cart, according

to the "At-Home Entertainment" City Moon.

He's told us how to make Noxage. He's been slapped by a trochilic. He's cured his old friend, Myron, art typist, of the shanks.

To say there have been a dozen reports of his death would not be exaggerating. David Ohle, co-publisher of the City Moon along with Roger Martin, who photographed Oneba just after he had been exhumed from a Tollund peat bog, probed Oneba for insight in this interview with him at his Carolina home. The rest of the Society of the City Moon, the student group that feeds the publishers of this newspaper at KU and UT a regular diet of hard-news clippings, listened to the interview through headphones in rooms adjacent to the historic chat.

Ageless Wanderer Sits in Home

C.M. The idea of a radioactive death area to quarantine Susnr's neutrodyne North from its American-occupied South has a firm basis in atomic fact, has it not?

O. Yes, the poisonous material would have to be separated out from the debris and waste of atomic reactors. It would be coated on very fine sand for spreading over the land. This would be a gigantic and dangerous task. The transportation of lethal material to the death belt on Susnr would be difficult and hazardous. If the zone of death were created, and properly labeled in various languages, people and animals who don't believe in signs or are willing to risk death could enter it. Neutrodyne suicide troops could cross it and live for a time to fight effectively.

C.M. Now that the modern period is over, as M. Vaughn-James contends, is it time to evolve a new journalism to replace that exhausted, stagnating repertoire of junk news no longer capable of fulfilling the demands of the myth-hungry populace?

O. News articles and advertisements "printed" on fog clouds, on the moon or on Susnr's underbelly, could compose a new and unusual "newspaper." Powerful searchlights can be used to project the news, with the "ads" sandwiched between the articles.

C.M. What's the best "finish" for a pretzel?

O. Of the various glazes put on food products, the shine on pretzels is obtained by the oddest process. Before being baked, they are dipped in a weak, harmless solution of sodium hydroxide, commonly known as caustic soda or lye.

C.M. What about capital punishment?

O. I think the budget committee should strike out the salary of Mr. Burris, public executioner, and the price of the soapstone with which he sharpens his glinty guillotine.

C.M. You've died now, what, seven times?

O. Actually, only five. I first became scientific news in 1953. They found me in a Tollund peat bog in Denmark. I had apparently been strangled as a religious sacrifice, then buried. Thereafter, the bog juices preserved me, almost intact.

C.M. Any advice for sailors?

O. Capella, the goat, is a favorable sign, to seamen afloat, on the deep rolling brine.

C.M. When you look at a map of Susnr, what do you think?

O. Sure, you say, Susnr is big. But is it really? You couldn't tell it by looking at a map. After all, how big is a map? Not very. And yet, when we read maps, we somehow come to expect that the country is very big, even though the map is very little.

C.M. How does the cricket go?

O. Cricket, cricket. Crick, crick, Creeeeeeeeeeee. CREEEEEEEEEEEE. Cricket. Something like that.

C.M. What time is it?

O. It is approaching two o'clock in the a.m.

C.M. OK, you've seen a lot of writers come and go. Who're you reading now?

O. Oh, I think Buk is the best of the current crop. I'm really put off by the wordsmiths. On the page, their work reminds one of the musk of mothballs. No, the Buddha Cow Ski is my favorite meat. For example, in Factotum, there is the scene, unforgettable, when he punches out his father:

Suddenly I vomited on their Persian Tree of Life rug. My mother screamed. My father lunged toward me.

"Do you know what we do to a dog when he shits on the rug?"

"Yes."

He grabbed the back of my neck. He pressed down, forcing me to bend at the waist. He was trying to force me to my knees.

"I'll shoe you."

"Don't . . ."

My face was almost into it.

"I'll show you what we do to dogs!"

I came up from the floor with a punch. It was a perfect shot. He staggered back all the way across the room and sat down on the couch. I followed him over.

"Get up."

He sat there. I heard my mother. "You hit your father! You hit your father!"

She screamed and ripped open one side of my face with her fingernails.

C.M. So you've croaked at least five times. Some of us are green at that. Can you pass on a word or two about what you've learned from those gigs in the afterworld?

O. Life, death. Death, life. It's no more serious than a dragonfly leaving one clothespin and alighting on another, is it?

C.M. There have been news stories to the effect that you encountered the recently dead Whitey Ford. Can you expatiate?

O. Whitey died in Chicago, in 1985. The little southpaw thought he'd found an easy way to cash in when he drank carboic acid, then lay down on the cold cement of his tool-shed floor. He had a light, high sensation in his stomach, but his body was filling up with chemical messages that read: "Shock!"

C.M. Have you any recollections of the sixties?

O. Oh, yes, so many marriage movies: "Divorce Italian Style," "8 1/2," "Carnal Knowledge," "Woman Under the Influence," "Jules and Jim," "A Man and a Woman," Ozu's movies, "Early Summer," "Delicious Ambience," "Scenes from a Marriage," "Hour of the Wolf," "Nights of Cabiria," "Bob Hope's 'The Road to Samarra,'" "Pillow Talk," "The Silk Pajamas," "Juliet of the Spirits." That is what I remember of the sixties, the marriage movies. Don't ask about anything else, please.

C.M. Everyone's expecting disaster. Are you?

O. You cannot plan disaster, as so many Americans spend their lifelong energies doing. Plans are plans, not maps. What is superimposed on a map, a plan, is like gauze draped over a dirt clod, easily flung away.

C.M. How about street crime? Are the criminals scrambling?

O. These sons of Ham who have been working on the Church edifice had better stop drinking pfum and whistling at churchwomen.

C.M. And the Mexican situation?

O. There are Mexican women crying tonight in Tucson, El Paso, Del Valle, Altobello, Amarillo, San Jose, stretching north to Oklahoma, Kansas, to New York. I hear the snuffles. They, uh, move me. But what can be done?

C.M. Will we see Noxin again?

O. You can depend on it. That man's not nearly dead enough to bury, as they say.

C.M. You've been up to Susnr innumerable times. Have you ever come across the "felted footballs" that American tourists, returning, brag so much about?

O. Many times. On the northeast corner of Mt. Hope lies a small, alkali pond, locally called Borax Lake. It is entirely dry a great share of the year. There is a heavy growth of Bermuda grass at what appears to be the high-water line. Along the edge of the grass, toward the lake, are thousands of felted, football-like objects. They are about a foot long, about as thick as a wrestler's thigh and have the appearance of a coarse felt, gray-tan in color. You see, the lake, even during high water, is little more than 6 inches deep; hence, the slope of the lake bed is slight. Probably the plant tissue is rotted away from the fiber by the alkali water, as in the treating of flax. Then, when the lake is full, the back-and-forth motion of the waves causes the fibers of the Bermuda grass to be felted into balls. These useless oddities of Susnr's nature, so far as I can tell, are neither named nor accounted for. Such is the sad state of taxonomy on that bastard planetoid.

C.M. What do you think of the daily press?

O. I agree with Chesterton, that it is a machine for destroying the public memory, existing entirely to wash away the popular recollection of yesterday. There is as much news in my backyard as there is in all the wide world. It is a shame so many trees must fall in the service of this queer National habit. Public opinion left to itself, says Chesterton, would have better perspective. It would remember what is important enough to be remembered. It would see certain events as important, even when they are no longer new. It would remember old friends, and old enemies as well.

C.M. Have you ever conked a neutrodyne?

O. Yes, once. I was living on the island of Patmos, making a modest living drying sponges. I was out walking one night, gathering a sack-



LEO PATRA?

ful of barrel sponges. I saw a hut near a lama-sary. On two cots there were a male and a female neut with a child. The male was asleep. The woman was feeding the child the white meat of some melon. I went away, but then visited the hut on two or three successive nights. The woman was feeding the melon to the infant, always awake, always bare breasted, wearing a platinum amulet. At last, on the fifth day, I arrived to find her asleep. I chloroformed her and took her amulet, then gave her a blow on the head with a wooden mallet. She got up and cranked about the hut, groggy and sedated. I landed repeated blows until she limped into a corner and collapsed. I chloroformed the infant and drowned it in the kitchen sink. The male I let live. As you well know, they are tireless workers and ask no wage.

C.M. You've walked among giants, have you not?

O. Oh yes, a dozen or more of them are my closest friends. Let's see, I've met Machnow, the Russian giant. I've met Topinard's "Finlander," who came in at a trace over 9 feet. And then there was the biggest of all, the neutro-dyne giantess, Baby Frances. I had occasion to stay in her Tampa home once, when I was beach-combing my way North, planning to be in Far Rockaway to see the return of necronaut alumni. Anyway, I dallied there so long, and grew so infatuated with Baby Frances, I married her. As it would have required an elephantine member to scratch her great carnal itches, the sex was for the most part oral. In my mouth her ***** like a 2-pound quahog, became so engorged it often choked me. She twittered with joy when I sank my teeth into it.

C.M. The record indicates she bore you six children. Is that correct? If so, by what method were they conceived?

O. Well, now, City Moon. How graphic can one be in your pages? Let me begin by asking if you've ever seen a horse-doctor midwife a mare through a difficult birth?

C.M. No, we are city people.

O. It is quite a scene. One sees the doctor put on his rubber mittens, grease his arms with petroleum jelly, and plunge elbow-deep into the mare, searching for obstructions. Why, I simply adapted the process to my own needs, depositing a handful of ejaculate as near to the opening of the fallopian as I could get it.

C.M. You've written a monograph on the subject, Nine Giants.

O. That's true. In it, I conclude that giants are, as a rule, liars in proportion to their height, telling tall tales of their relatives, their age, their experiences. They are indolent, unamiable, irascible, unsociable and unpleasant to live with. Baby F. and I were divorced in 1945. She died of flu at the age of 57.

C.M. Over the years, you've had an abiding interest in the study of neutrodyne English. Tell us about that.

O. "Bo aba-ntu babi babota tubatia" means

"They-these they-person they-bad they who kill we them fear." It is the most remarkable example of a language developed for speech alone. The neutrodyne verb does most of the work, as in American poetry.

C.M. What of drugless healing?

O. Since the beginning of homeopathy, followed by osteopathy and chiropractic and chiropody, drugless healing has taken tremendous steps forward. When the Americans realized there were other ways of healing than medicine, they were not slow to forsake the nauseating draughts. Many are now convinced of the efficacy of the drugless systems and have become strong advocates of, and willingly testify to the adequacy of, drugless methods. For example, if I find myself "stove up" of a Monday morning, I pick a pail of dewberries, pound them and make a concentrated juice, using it to wash down a few Pepitron tablets. Once, when I was working the Mummy Day carnival in Reno, and staying at the Tunney Hotel, a friend of mine called me on the telephone. His name was Stekel. He was in a panicked state. "O'neba! Help me! My bowels haven't moved in a month. Jesus, I'm terribly plugged up. It feels like I got a belly full of cornhusks," Stekel, I said, what would happen if you paraded yourself to an M.D.? You see, in proper healing, you must ask the right questions of the patient, and you must use persuasive arguments in prescribing the RX. Stekel

ONEBA

said, "Well, I guess he'd go to probing in me with a sanitary finger, try to work loose whatever's atrophied and blocked the bung." Of course! I told him. Do it yourself and save the money. Stay home and be cool. A little vaseline, a private moment, a washcloth soaked in warm water. That will do the trick. And besides, an artful finger, in dislodging the blockage, can also tickle the neighboring prostrate, and thereby crack the cookies, as it were--an added natural benefit of drugless healing.

C.M. How do various foods affect the production of flatus, as long as we are on the sub-ject?

O. Avoid onions, cooked cabbage, raw apples, radishes and beans. Not to mention fatty meats. Their contribution to the aroma of flatus is unavoidable.

C.M. Did you at one time live the life of an Italian, Tony Baccacio, who came to America thinking he would pick up some of the gold bricks to be found in the gutters of Wall Street?

O. Oh, yes, yes. I was a handsome boy of 19 years, living at No. 208 Mulberry. I'd left behind me, in sunny Italy, my Teresa, whom I'd promised to marry as soon as I could scratch up the jack to send for her. I bought a hurdy gurdy and a trained monkey. I prospered only meagerly until the carriage of a wealthy fat cat ran over my monkey and burst the hurdy gurdy. I never saw Teresa again. I

JOKE BOOKS, COOK BOOKS, HYMN BOOKS

PRICES FOR RAGS, OLD IRON

BOBBED AUTOS REPAIRED

EXCHANGE, REPAIR, INSTALL, RADIO SETS

ORDERS TAKEN FOR TOMBSTONES

SEEDS, SAXOPHONES, HAIR NETS

What's Your Job?

My first innovative enterprise in Jackson was frozen meat. Mostly frozen hamburger patties. I did this at a time when frozen meats were a "No-no." In 1951, bankers and others looked on frozen meats as a "war baby" or "war necessity." For many remembered the revolting taste of frozen mutton. I, Harriet Isiah Harry, secretary of angry youth, for one, did not.

BUSINESS FACT: Acquiring Liquid-plumr turned out to be a strong and successful first step toward the turnaround of The Clorox Company, which was losing to enzyme products.

believe that was my third go-round. Really, a brief and bitter episode. It ended appropriately enough, when I'd taken work driving buttermilk out to the Legion Camps. One morning, the wheel of my van caught in a chuckhole, over-turned, and I drowned in buttermilk. Sure, the lifesaving crew came out from the Camp and applied some sort of rubber appliance, drew the milk from my lungs, but no, I was a gone goose. My third life was over. I still carry Tony with me, in a way. I won't touch a cocktail unless it has in it a caper-stuffed olive, wrapped in anchovy. Tony was very fond of them. Often I find myself wondering what became of Teresa.

C.M. You came back to us once as Dr. Tom Dooley, medical missionary. What was that all about?

O. I appeared many times on the Jack Parr show. Then I was stricken with cancer of the pancreas, or the bone marrow. My recall of that life is ephemeral. It comes and goes. There are times when the memories return in splendid detail, and other times when the reception is as sassy as late-night radio. Let me see if I can dredge up something for you now . . . Ah, case No. 44. I was with a sick woman yesterday. She has vomited everything for a month continuously, with the exception of certain piquant foods, so for the first time I prescribed: Cocaine & Aqua chloroformant, saturated & Spirits of Methol & Naturalized Sulphur and Aqua Ponic. All without result. For eight years she suffered with arthritis deformans. Her hands were nothing but clubs. She was once very pretty. Was admired by the whole village for her beautiful hair. Just a month before her visit, she dreamed that her dead husband embraced her, kissed her, lay down with her in bed and performed regular coitus, as never in life, and which ended for both of them in indescribable orgasm. I said to her, "Think of it! Sleeping with a necronaut, being impregnated by one and bearing a child at the age of 53. Is that not horrible; is that not disgusting; would one not vomit!"

C.M. What is the longest word in legitimate usage?

O. Llanfairwyllyngyllgogrywyndrobwilland-sillogogogoch, the name of a Welsh settlement in Angel-sea. The meaning is, "The church of St. Mary in a hollow of white hazel, near to the rapid whirlpool, and to St. Tisilio, by a red cave."

C.M. Were you up on Susnr for this year's Mummy Day?

O. I never miss it. The blue corn artist was operating at the Exposition tent. Over a crackling mesquite fire he has hung his kettle upon an iron crane. The pot bubbles and boils merrily and the hungry crowd munches the savory ears with a broad grin on its face. Blue corn never tasted so good. It was soggy, for it had been boiling for hours, but what difference does that make?

C.M. How many bombers are kept aloft at all times by the neutrodyne air force?

See Mo' Oneba simply by turning this page

EDITORIAL

THE O^ADMO

The history of the universe is, of course, a history of people, their successes and failures, and their relationships with one another.

Our founders twenty-one years ago held high hopes for the success of an institution that was soon to find its place in the western sun, then on the national scene and, finally, on the international stage.

Our business strategy is based on keeping the initiative, staying 'in with the outs,' and exploiting the inevitable. Keeping the initiative is obvious.

I will never forget a remark of my father upon being asked, 'When was The O^ADMO completed? He replied, 'It never has been.'"

me' oneba

(Continued from preceding page)

O. You can arrive at that figure by taking the atomic number of krypton, dividing by the last two digits of the year in which Alf Landon was nominated by the Republicans, add the radix of the decimal system of enumeration and multiply by the number of stories in the Sinclair Building.

C.M. What a time for a foe to conspire to attack us!

O. I agree. Commander Lindy is a blind running maniac. He wants to make a pumice of earth, I suspect. We will fry one day like hogbelly in lard if Lindy has his way.

C.M. Should we vote for Eunice? She seems full of hope.

O. No. She is a one-issue gal. Indeed, what is the BIG SHIFT, anyway, but an updated diaspora. No, psychiatrists can help people who are mentally disturbed but have never come up with anything to cure a damned fool.

C.M. Tell us, when you go the next time, how'll we bury you?

O. In a lace nightgown, in a Ferrari, with the seat slanted comfortably. I want my little cocker Mulligan beside me, snapshots of Mitzi Gaynor pinned to the sun visor. Hire a backhoe if you must, move mud, get me in deep. Leave an air space within, so that beetles and annelids have free passage.

C.M. You played the game of baseball once.

O. I was a rookie with Cincy. They elected me to the All-Star Squad. That year, Wally Post electrified the bleachers with his 565-foot homer. But Gus Bell was the best.

C.M. What do you call the periods of no life?

O. It isn't really a period, it's a place, a city, called Radiola, named by its founder, the Italian Marconi. Neutrodynes bide their time there. There are plenty of cheap flats, all-night restaurants, the works. I had lunch one day with old Ike. He was looking good, all quivery though. He spit up whatever he swallowed. His uniform was a sour mess. He wasn't adjusting to Radiola's dead life very well. He appeared discombobulated, petty and annoyed. Somewhere along the line he'd lost the tip of his nose and the spot was festering. I wanted to smack the son of a bitch in his face for the hash he made of Normandy Beach. I must say that a feature of living in Radiola is that one's temper is always on the edge of eruption. One feels forever anxious, clumsy, skittish. It isn't all that bad a place, but neither is a bus station. One spends one's time waiting there, that's all. And waiting is such a nuisance, even to the dead.

C.M. OK, you're in your bomb shelter. Commander Lindy has mounted an attack on us. You turn on the radio, but it is silent for a moment while transmission is being set up. You have screwed the blast plugs into the air vents when there is an urgent knock on the door. Is this the moment you've been dreading? Is this the moment when everyone, according to the newspapers, is supposed to shoot his neighbor?

O. Oh, no. Let them in. Misery loves company. You'll be glad to have them after a bit, no matter how thin the food supply. Group death has always been a better road than the lonesome one. And, of course, there's the benefit of all that extra meat when the going gets tough.

C.M. The word is you're plagued with pranksters.

O. That I am. I want to speak to the ones who hid a large syringe filled with what I believe to have been weed killer, pointed upward in my buggy seat. Well, I sat on that needle and the pressure of my body operated the plunger. I did not get the full injection, but I did become ill. If it happens a second time, I intend to stomp some rump.

C.M. What do the neutrodynes want?

O. Music is the fourth material want of the neutrodyne nature. The first is food, raiment, then shelter. When those wants are satisfied, comes music. In Altobello, when the neutrs are out, it is a circus of noise. They slap knees, rattle spoons, knuckle one another on the head, yodel and jam.

C.M. What of the disappearance of Myron, Reno speedwriter, do you know?

O. Very little, really. Only what the papers have reported. He had dined with friends at Billy Haa's Chophouse, waved goodbye to them and hailed a cab. He has not been seen or heard from since. The chances are 1000 percent that Myron will never be found.

C.M. It's been a delight to talk with you, Oneba.
O. My pleasure, friends. Rock 'n' Roll.



The Hospital

On April 5, 1861, a mere two months after Jefferson Davis stood on the portico of the Capitol of the Confederacy at Montgomery, and was inaugurated its first President, a twenty-seven year old physician sat by the flickering light of a kerosene lamp, took his quilled pen in hand and made the first entry in the book of admissions of "The Alabama Insane Hospital." The physician—Peter Bryce; the entry read as follows: "A forty-eight year old soldier from Fort Morgan, Alabama; suffering from Mania A; alleged cause, unknown; exciting cause, political excitement."

In one of his reports, Dr. Bryce tells the following story: "By far the best and safest work I have ever found for the average insane man is moving soil in a wheel-barrow. He can perform this work in the open air, and at an easy, go-as-you-please pace. Working alone, as it were, and with an implement which cannot be turned to harm he is in little or no danger of being imposed upon, driven too hard, or injured by other patients." He said that

one of his patients remarked to him "very wittily, as well as wisely" that he thought "a crazy man and a wheel-barrow must have been made for each other."

Of Paresis he said, "Paresis, or the general paralysis of the insane, an incurable and rapidly fatal disease of modern life, and which seems to be fearfully increasing both in this country and in Europe, is thought by many to be due, in a great degree, to inordinate sexual and alcoholic indulgences. In fact, the same train of morbid influences referable to the same causes may be said to seize upon and degrade the entire organism by destroying that nice balance and coordination of the various powers, both physical and psychical, which are inseparably connected with mental integrity."

Of the "moral imbecile" (or psychopath as we know them today) he expressed the view that they were incurable. Today, we know this to be a fact.

poets stop writing, any more than cotton farmers should be kept from propagating their private seed stock. No, nothing as harsh as that. We ask simply a temporary quiescence on the publishing end. And what better time could a poet choose to lay low than during the Reagan years? Send us your opinion, Box 591, 66044.

WOMEN FIRST

At last a woman sea captain has shown good sense. Wrecked on the fourth off Hormigas Island, the captain came from her cabin immediately, hesitating to go toward bow or stern or mount the bridge, then jumping into a life boat, crying, "Every one for herself!" Neutrodynes with knives between teeth and officers with revolvers in hand also saved themselves.

PUT FREEZE ON VERSE

Lamantia has said: "But the fact remains, we have reached the point in 1975 that the act of reading Ginsberg and Olson or any of their epigone is interchangeable with the scanning of Time or Newsweek. I maintain this is no accident but clearly delineates the false consciousness of poetry proliferating within the shifting gears of decadent capitalism."

It seems clear that whatever may be shifting within the gears of decadent Capitalism, it's mostly sawdust. Enough has been said already. Let's hear no more claptrap about the false consciousness of poetry. As everyone knows, the best way to eliminate the boll weevil is not to plant the cotton, so C.M. says let's have a four-year moratorium on poetry. This is not to ask that the

(Continued from page 1)

Mulligan, when set free, gave a yowl of redemption and bounded toward an oleander thicket, where he lost himself and has never been found, though diligent searches were made.

"It was a mistake," said Adolph Waters, chief sexton of the Alamo Masonic Cemetery, where the interment took place. "We should have put the dog to sleep, permanent-like, but that went against the decedents expressed wishes."

Oneba's body was removed to a temporary morgue, where an autopsy was performed. Nothing seemed grossly irregular, aside from a white, fibrous mass about the size of a fig-bud found in the brain, adjacent to the hypothalamus.

A biopsy revealed the mass to be benign.

The body was returned to the Alamo Masonic.

In the interim, attendants had refurbished the car. The battery had been charged, the wiper blades replaced, the finish buffed and polished. The upholstery soiled by Mulligan's waste or clawed by his diggings was either laundered or sewn. Every surface was treated with disinfectant. Stacks of sandwiches were fixed. The ale jug was filled.

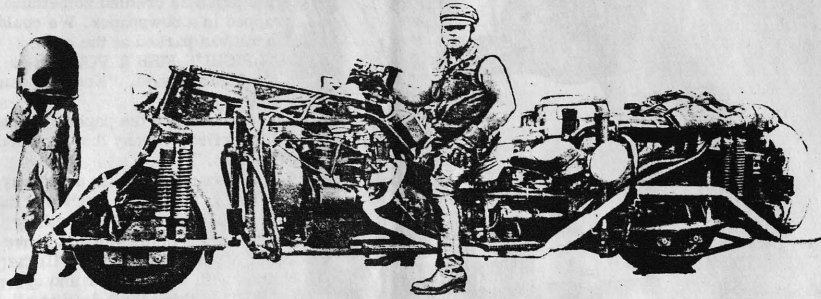
Oneba was again installed comfortably behind the steering wheel, in a fresh nightgown. A final, fruitless search for Mulligan was carried out. Then the crate was renailed and the crane brought into service.

At the last moment, a stuffed facsimile of Mulligan was placed in Oneba's lap.

Will take likenesses of sick or deceased. Call when all hope flees. Employ technique used by Macedonians--beeswax, plaster-of-paris, rubber molds. Call before the rigor comes. Call quick. Buggy is fast. Wait on families in or out of City. Surcharge on Susnr calls.

--A. J. Beals
Bucyrus Camp No. 24

MR. A-BOMB



TONGUES, PROPHECY, REVELATION, VISIONS

Look, can I help it if I was born Anton Bombay, in Boscobel, Susnr's California, in '41, and that they called me Mr. A. Bomb in normal school? One's destiny is wrapped up in one's name, right?

In '53 I built that bad motor you see above, with the help of a Boscobel mechanic, Nathan Wallenstein. Nathan always hid his head under a cam basket when photographers approached. I never knew why, unless he was on the lam.

In the spring of '55, the motor was ready. We busted a bottle of bubbly on the handlebar

and called the thing Urizen, after a book Nathan had read, and I took off for Los Alamos, leaving Nathan to watch over the shop.

It was not an easy ride. Making those tight mountain curves on the Urizen was like turning a drumstick into a doughnut. Many a time I ended up with my front end forking over the edge of a thousand foot drop, and many's the time I peed in my leathers. But I got there and told them Nathan's secret.

Soon, the Rosenbergs fried.



RECENT OUTBURST

Lallapalooza

The plutocrats have a candidate of their own, one asking for the immediate squassation of the kakistocrats, after which he would set them free to wandering, their foreign aid consisting of seed corn and a hoe.

His name is Joe Jitso. He claims: "If you can take it, take it, but otherwise, vote for me, and I'll take it for

both of us. The theme of my campaign is the new uses of the modern can these past 70 years: for condensed sterile milk, military Spam, C and K rations, bug bombs and war mutton. As I fill your ear with my thoughts, you'll think what you're hearing is just what you thought a few second before, more or less, yourself."

The Legend of the Jewelers Philadelphia Bulldog

How different it was eight years ago when a Philly bulldog, as purebred as Canadian snow, came into our lives.

My husband and I were having coffee one morning, before the picture window, in 1956. The coffee tasted exceptionally fresh and I told myself I'd buy that brand in the future. I remember that I was remarking to my husband how odd it was to see a jeweler's truck go by at such an early hour when, from the rear of the truck, jumped a dog. The truck sped on.

My husband called the jewelry company but they claimed nobody there owned a Philly bull, that it must have been stowing away on the truck, or hitching a ride across town, as roving dogs will do. My husband opened the front door and let the dog in. He was a tiny version of pictures of bedecked Zulu warriors. So we named him Zulu.

Freed in our house, he began defying us. Belligerently he swayed from side to side, his fur bristling. His piercing cry was deafening. Arrogant with fighting spirit, he pitted his will against ours. He explored the house, running up the curtains with effortless agility. He managed the smooth surfaces of the furniture and doors. He found ingenious ways to go from room to room without touching the floor. Gradually, he began to accept us as movable fixtures in the house, and a source of no disturbance to him. Yet he remained nervously alert, and when he took sun baths on the window sills, he sat in a tense, tight ball.

A satchel is Zulu's bed. We can carry him about anywhere we go, as he refuses to stay at home alone. The one time we tried it, we went to see a Mitzi Gaynor movie and when we came back, Zulu had kicked in the television screen, clawed his way into the refrigerator, eaten everything, then upchucked a terrible red pool on the divan. So now, Zulu goes where we go. We put a warm, yellow blanket in the satchel. When it is removed for laundering, there

is another to replace it.

One day I presented Zulu with some grasshoppers in a safety match box. He could hear them thumping. Perhaps he could smell them. He slid the box open and daintily bit each of the hoppers in a way that would immobilize, but not kill. He put them in a pile on the carpet and watched them slither and agonize and twitch. When they were dead he ate them, not so much because he enjoyed the taste--he wheezed and coughed and snorted and had a tough time getting them down--but out of a sense of duty, the way a hunter first will look askance at his venison stew and then eat it distastefully.

We cannot have overnight visitors. In the morning, if Zulu finds someone has stayed over, he fiercely barks. He is so glad when the visitor has gone that he sings for hours afterward.

For Xmas we received an envelope addressed to "Zulu Menaboni" containing a year's supply of Easter Seals. Zulu is fond of licking the glue from them. We could never leave a bottle of mucilage around, as it would drive Zulu into a frenzy and he would not be satisfied until I took off the rubber nipple and poured the sticky stuff down his throat.

Sometimes, particularly if it was a cold night and my husband had a blaze going in the fireplace, Zulu would curl up near the hearth and I would read to him. Not just any book was acceptable. No. There was only one he wanted to hear--Alfred Sherwood Romer's excellent "Man and the Vertebrates." He would sneeze and snarl at all other proffered reading, though only mildly so at Getting Acquainted with Liver Flukes, a monograph by Jane Goodlet.

Like I say, we had Zulu eight years, and then he went away as abruptly as he had come, in the same truck. As before, my husband and I were having coffee. Zulu was out on the lawn taking a shower in the sprinkler. I heard my husband say, "Look, that

jewelry truck again." It was the first time in all those years we'd noticed it pass. The truck stopped, its rear door swung open, and Zulu leaped in before we could get up from our chairs.

My husband called the jeweler's. They said they knew nothing of any bulldog, that dogs were always hopping on and off their trucks, and that people had no business letting dogs run loose, that it was asking for trouble. I believe "wooling folly" was his term for it.

That weekend my husband and I drove to a branch library that was close by. We browsed in the science stacks until we found a book by Arthur Koestler called, "The Roots of Coincidence." We checked it out and drove to Pilchard Park with a picnic lunch. My husband sat under an oak tree and read the book in less than an hour. He got a pad and pen from the glove compartment and absent-mindedly scribbled as he pecked at his drumstick. After a while, he said, "There is no such thing as coincidence. As both Koestler and Jung have shown, it, like everything else, is governed by physical laws. Zulu will return to us, according to my figures, two years hence, on this same day, in a fish wagon."

My husband was so confident in his calculations that we began making preparations. We fenced the backyard in tall, sturdy iron mesh. My husband built a bunker behind the house, using pumice stone mixed with concrete and sand. It was to be Zulu's "home," and was completed with a flush toilet and metal shower stall. "He'll be meaner than ever this trip," my husband said. "Let's try to accommodate him."

Weeks drifted into months, until the eve of the day arrived. My husband and I stayed up late, sipping sherry, telling old Zulu stories. We were awakened by the doorbell at 8 a.m.

See BULL, upper right next page

BIG CELLS, GUNNY SACKS
AND BROKEN BOTTLES
BRING ON DREAM FILMS

Out of the blood stream and through cell wall, the molecular migrants tramp. Giant brain cells, called pons, will feast tonight, then dispatch a projectionist to pull a dream film while they get out their toothpicks, belch and pass gas.

Will a woman woo us tonight, then chop us with her frightening teeth when we edge toward her? Here's what we know so far about the process and the dream team that makes it all happen.

As our food troops slip, one by one, through the trapdoor of our stomachs and into the larger of the two colons, a kind of axe-man awaits in the basement of the thorax. Beard radiating from face like the spokes of a wheel, he sharpens his tool.

He dices the food and prepares a molecular dinner, which he then, metaphorically speaking, bottles.

Bottles are next moved by a dumbwaiter-type process to the hypothalamus, the most vital staging area in the dream process.

Chemical handlers, call them husky Norwegian dockworkers to picture their task, stand on steel grates and smash the bottles thereupon, releasing their molecular load.

Below the grate await the pons, spreading gunny cloth to catch the manna and then chow down.

Orders are shouted and the projectionist leaps to action, slapping a reel on a spindle, threading film in the din.

Down a line of projectors he moves, loading them all, and as he finishes each, a blind helper is posted nearby.

"On with the show," shouts a sated pons when the projectionist is half finished. He douses the house lights and numbers are yelled at the helpers, who fumble to their machines and fire them on, until they hear a second number that darkens their screen.

As dawn breaks the dreamer stirs. The films are pulled from their projectors, thrown into a crucibel and melted.



GIRL DISAPPEARS IN THIN AIR

DRIVER'S PICNIC CLEANS AMERICAN

This is the story of an American tourist who attended a party a little ways outside of Susnr's Altobello, drank heavily and in the course of the activities "bottomed up." Shortly after midnight, when he began to wend his way back to the Tunney Arms, the notion occurred to him that the roadside would be a happy place to take a nap. His head was going round and round.

It is related that they found in the morning a clean-picked skeleton, weirdly dressed in complete tropical evening clothes. The ants, it is known, congregate seasonally in the area. They are secure in their endless billions and fear nothing. The bones of the American are being transcolated, then will be sent to an adytum and canned.

SEDATED FRQ NUKED

The first of the American Frq Kings, Romeltom Agarwal, reigned during the last decade of the 20th century, until he was ousted by an uprising of kakistocrats in '95 and sentenced to a tactical nuking.

In defense of his life, the king trotted out all his trickery. He refused to appear in court until after the chief prosecutor offered to kiss his broad twat purple. Frq vowed to "fast unto death"--until he was caught eating kelp tablets in his cell. "They'll nuke me when shrimps learn to whistle," he told many a visitor. To demonstrate serious intent, he drank from his chamber pot and spat at his captors.

But all of this was to no avail, for yesterday, Frq was nuked on a sandy waste, near the old Reno diggings. Allowed a few moments of solitude, and after a last meal of chili con carne and before being led to his doom, King Frq

wandered away from the assembled crowd and, with the toe of his shoe, carved parting thoughts into the sand:

I gave it to Nelly
To stick in her belly
The leg of the duck
The leg of the duck

Those assembled to watch the proceedings were kept at a safe distance of one kilometer and were equipped with binoculars. The King was driven, mercifully sedated, by motorized van, to a tin hut so small and squat that, when he was seated inside, his head protruded from a hole in its roof.

The detonation was not long in coming. America's brief dabble with regnery ended in a puff of nuclear dough, and things were never the same. From back-bay Boston came Eunice, Eunice, Eunice and the BIG SHIFT WAS ON.

TILMAN, BIG TRAIN, ON HEAD

Call it rare equine aberration.

But this is clear: A horse, Tilman, has been pronounced incurably insane, accused of trying to stand on its head in thrifty vegetable gardens, bellowing open defiance to all proper night regulations, tearing down the dream paths of earnest sleepers, hooves aflash.

When in harness, Tilman is docility personified, in darkness, but refuses to behave utterly under the sun.

Now, take 2.

Shaker Heights, Cleveland, and it's Saturday. The engine is pulling a heavy freight when it derails at Onondaga Street. The front end of the train catches in the gutter. An old cog wheel, not more than 4 inches in dia-

meter, lying just inside a rail on the Lackawanna Railroad track, causes one of the most peculiar accidents in railroad history ever witnessed here.

The train is not moving fast. But as its nose catches in the gutter, the momentum forces the engine upward until it is standing on face, its cab in the air.

It is like a rigid stick glowing black in the sun in Syracuse on a Saturday. The stick holds still for a second, this circumstance not in the train's memory, so that it can do nothing.

It tilts to the left, tugged by old friend gravity.

The engine driver, Chas Veer, of this city, the only person injured, seriously, was scalded. He is in St. Joseph's hospital, where it is said he may die. And the train remains.

BULL-----

(Continued from preceding page)

My husband got up and put on his robe. I followed close behind him. We answered the door. There was a man standing on the steps, dressed in a ragged, smelly suit. His hat was made of a burlap sack. In his arms he cradled something wrapped in a newspaper. We could see his van parked at the curb: MALPIGHI'S FISH & POULTRY.

My husband said, "Koestler was right."

The man lifted the paper, saying, "Big jewfish, twenny lbs., special, two bucks."

My husband said, "In some way, that fish is our Zulu. Let's buy it."

We bought the fish. The stinky man got back in his van and drove away. My husband said, "Fill the bathtub with warm water and epsom salts. This thing isn't dead at all."

We were up all night, drinking coffee and bathing the jewfish.

By dawn its fins were moving a little. My husband said, "Dump some hamburger in. He's hungry."

By noon we had the fish swaddled

WAR & PEACE ILLUSTRATED

The new "Illustrated War and Peace," now a \$13,040 buy at Jitney Jungles each week until they run out. Over 40 volumes to choose from--dip in here and there, because, after all, literary client, it may be called an illustrated historical essay rather than a novel, there being no semblance of a plot, and so can be read in pieces and parts for its * ideas, rather than cover to cover, as any novel must be read. Taste the unmistakable flavor of its fatalism. Sense the disturbance you feel when your hero lives in a shabby, comfortable, untidy, dirty, empty shanty a little way out of Moscow, where carpets and clean tablecloths are equally rare. Join the Russian army at the great military butchery at

in dampened gauze. Its eyes were sparkling discs. It croaked, spit up froth and gulped air. My husband said, "I trusted it would be amphibious." We fixed a special place for it, in a corner of the divan, with rubber pillows and raffia mats.

Over succeeding weeks, in increments almost unnoticeable, the jewfish underwent a metamorphosis, until finally, long white ear-tufts added the finishing touch to its odd little face. It likes it when we take hold of the tufts and pull them. It has a stubby gray beard and a silken moustache, warm, brown fur on the rest of its head. It gives off the faint, sweet odor of dying hyacinth, and is content watching television most of the day and sleeping the rest.

Nowadays, my husband spends endless hours out in the bunker, working with his pad and pencil. He comes in exhausted, eats a meager supper and gives our new Zulu a sponging. Then it's back to the bunker. Even from the house, I can hear his pencil tearing at the paper.

Bordino, where 100,000 men perished in one day for the possession of a tiny hamlet of 23 huts.

* * * * *
How to make a fly brush. Stitch or tack a newspaper to a stick, cut the paper into ribbons. In olden days they made real fancy ones, for use around the table at mealtimes, out of peafowl feathers.

* * * * *
Fact: The second-fastest canonized saint in history was St. Peter of Vernon, III. He was struck in the head with a hatchet. Unable to speak, he dipped his finger in his blood and wrote "Credo in Deum" on the banquette. Exactly a year and a day later, he was canonized. This happened in 1941. Much later, this action was rescinded, and Peter wrestled with demons for the rest of his life.



KING FRQ

PLANNING THE NEW U. S. A.

MASSIVE SHIFTINGS TO COME UNDER EUNICE

Eunice, Eunice, Eunice from Boston, Massatunis, says, "The old U.S. is a long gone goose, let's face it," and tosses her hat in the ring. Standers-by are curious about her policies, her platform. They ask, "What's ahead, Eunice, if we hand you a mandate?" "It will be an era of sudden change," Eunice warns. "I call it THE BIG SHIFT. It is designed to stimulate business and at the same time achieve long-term prosperity, fiscal as well as personal. My idea of THE BIG SHIFT is precisely this: On Jan. 1, the day I take office, the postal service will deliver 'Orders' to every American citizen.

"I imagine they will say something like YOU ARE HEREBY ORDERED TO REPORT TO 1720 ORCHARD LANE AND THERE TO TAKE UP RESIDENCE AND ASSUME THE DUTIES OF THE HUSBAND OF THAT HOUSEHOLD.

"It's beautiful. You may move down the street, or you may end up on the outskirts of Nome, rubbing noses with an Eskimo spouse, and penguins, instead of dogs, barking at the window.

"Not only that, but think of it as a cure for boredom, a way to perk up the torpid, video-burned citizenry, give them new energies, new desires, new jobs, new children and different automobiles. Surely, we are aware of the heightened energies we feel when removed to an unfamiliar place.

"Why, you can see it when you see Americans camping out, how even the laziest uncle will be out there at dawn gathering wood and striking matches. Yet! Yet! Instead of starting over, we just re-mix everything.

"Certainly, the IBM computers can take care of the complexity of organizing such a plan. Goodness, what a cure for the turn-of-the-century blues. Sure, some will win, some will lose.

"But think of the benefits. If you're gutsy. "If you're presently a fat cat, living on easy street, you might end up shucking oysters in Biloxi, at a fish market. But consider the other side of the coin. Say you're a piebald neot popping shoerags in downtown Muncy and you end up, a week later, sleeping in Mitzi Gaynor's bed, living like a lord on her substantial retirement benefits, laying on a luxurious sofa and watching reruns of 'South Pacific.' Think of it."

A dubious questioner asks, "Eunice, is it a permanent type of a deal?"

"Not at all," Eunice responds. "At five-year intervals, we shift again. Children, pets, furnishings, street names, the names of cities, everyone and everything, in flux twice a decade. Incredible amounts of human energy are released. There is renewal and hope where it never before existed. Mid-life crises will be a thing of the past, as well as divorce. Nervous orders decline. Nothing grows stale. As they say, a rolling stone gathers no moss."

"It seems a system ripe for corruption," says a listener. "I mean, how long will it be before someone is tampering with the computers and arranging advantageous shiftings for himself?"

Here Eunice is given to wink and smile, and says, "Oh, not a chance. The tide of social change will rise so rapidly that such persons will drown. You see, the penal system is part of the process. Those who sin against THE BIG SHIFT are simply 'down-shifted.' In time, should the offenses continue, these individuals may find themselves in something of a social limbo, with little chance of escape."

"What about the spread, Eunice, of disease? Won't all this shifting go against the very nature of quarantine, of isolating the sick from the well?"

"No, it will serve to weaken those germs that trouble us, by spreading them thinly. Hospitals, as we all know, are principally incubators of disease. They give them a habitation and a name. No, when THE BIG SHIFT comes, imagine how many doctors can be shifted into places where they are really needed."

"What about the currency?"

How round is the bearing?



EUNICE, EUNICE, EUNICE FROM BOSTON, MASSATUNIS

"No problem. It is never allowed to concentrate. There will be no corporate reservoirs to store it. It will seek its own level, and take on the properties of a liquid. We'll all have a chance to dip our buckets."

EUNICE & FRIENDS FLOAT TO GULF

Eunice and two women companions have gone down the Mississippi in a bathtub.

The companions, Nickolina Servolla and Telephone Frances, say they were ready for a lark. The children, the house, be damned.

The tub, which completed the trip in 28 days was a lightweight American Standard, powered by a six-horsepower outboard motor.

The women had had their fill of a language that by its very nature favored the peckered ones: manual labor, boy o boy, romance, the Mann Act, man of straw, Manishevits, man-o-war, manure, mandala, manicure, man-hole and Guy Fawkes Day.

They took along only the necessities: jack-knife, hand axe, salves for burns, gauze bandage, compress, adhesive tape, splints, chlorine tablets, fruits and vegetables canned in liquid, bouillon, dried milk, powdered cocoa, coffee, raisins, can opener, charcoal briquettes, jellied alcohol, scouring soap, raincoats, basic chinaware, bandanas, money in small bills, maps, books, writing material, a radio and waterproof matches.

This reporter was fortunate to talk with Eunice during a stopover in Vicksburg. The tub was in drydock, getting a good scrub. Eunice was sunning herself on a clay embankment, drinking a can of near-beer and musing aloud. "Dig this, man. I was convicted of welfare fraud in Cambridge, Mass. You know what they did? Yeah, they raised my payment so I could cover the fine. Crazy, man. So decided to bug out pronto, like Tonto. Yeah, I was taking a shit one morning, staring at the tub, and that's when I had the flash."

"The time is ripe for THE BIG SHIFT. So I gave the adios to Chuck and the boys. I told them, Toodle-oo, I'm off for the mouth of ol' man river. And here I am, as Che once said, smack in the heart of the beast, puttering south with my gal friends."

In politeness, I retired to the highest part of the bluff and watched the women batten their tub. When that was done, they knelt at a campfire and roasted wursts. Soon after, the tub was launched, the motor started and the three were on the last leg to the Gulf.

As the unsteady craft made for a big southern moon, I heard the women singing:

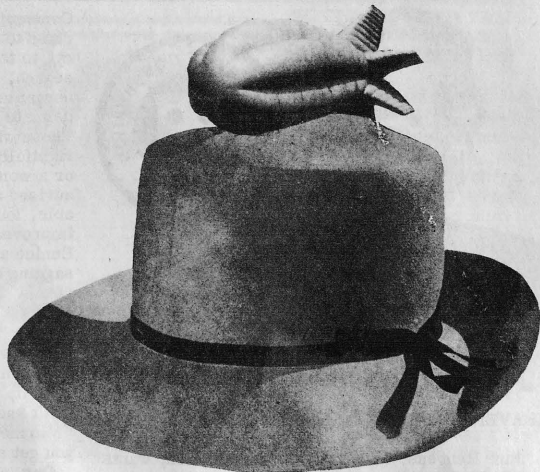
Artificial respiration

Could've saved my Clementine

da da da ta

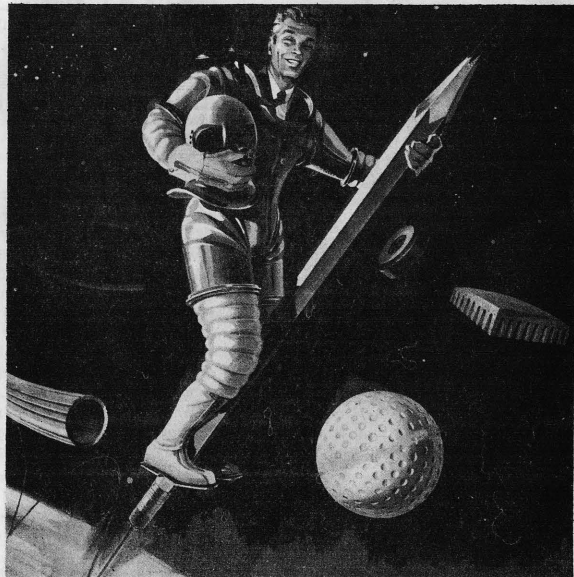
da da da ta

da da da ta da da da



radio hats

I was eating a sesame roll one day, drinking a pint of pflum, in Centrola Park, city of Radiola. Killing time is all I was doing. A man came along the path and sat down beside me, giving his name as Gerben Van Dyne. Dyne was a knife-handle finisher. He said dust from the rosewood that he handled in his work was causing him no end of trouble. For example, a hair had grown into his chin, resulting in a pustule the size of a thimble. He popped it with a lit cigar. A terrible blue juice spit forth. The hair was tweezed out. It was two and a half feet long. By then, his head had swollen to double original size. He had to buy a horse-hat from a feed store to keep the sun off. He showed me the hat. It was hanging from a tree branch. He called, as one would to a well-coached pup, "Come here, De Foe." The hat stirred on its peg, backed off, spun, stabilized, and lofted its way toward our bench. There was a fleshy, cucumberous mass holding fast to the hat's peak, which seemed to be lifting it. The hat made a dash for Dyne. "I have invented these Radio Hats. Inside the little membranous bag is the brain of a faithful dog, De Foe. It belonged to a cousin of mine."



Captain Ted Tootwice



WHAT IS WILLIE SAYING?



WILLIAM THE SILENT



June Heavens

HEAVENS PUSHES NEW BODIES FOR WELKIN

June Heavens, Secretary of Consumption, wants to put artificial suns and moons into orbit in order to illuminate parts of Susnr at night.

These luminous bodies would permit night-time harvesting, light up polar regions that remain dark most of the year, melt the caps and provide water for the Tektite desert and spotlight Altobello's high-crime areas 22 hours a day.

EUNICE "SHOT IN THE ARM," SAYS HEAVENS

"It is not in the interest of Capitalism to breed for intelligence," says June Heavens, Secretary of

Consumption. "It is true that we need an educated class to run the factories and distribute the currency, to tend the banks, and to nurture profitable research, though just as surely we also need an ignorant army of blind consumers. How else can the delicate machinery of mock demand be maintained? Those who manufacture tonsorial products are rightfully offended at the sight of an unshaven man, or a woman with knotted hair. Consumers should be advised at every opportunity that they are a miserable, loutish bunch, and must always beg for improvement and change. That is why I endorse Eunice and her Shifting theories. It will give our sagging economy a shot in the arm."

OLD SAW REPLAYED

Now we tell about the American expression "Shit from Shinola."

Well, you've heard the expression, as in, "Aw, he don't know Shit from Shinola! about that." Or, "Marine, you don't know Shit from Shinola!" And you get sent to the Onion Room or worse.

One implication is that Shit and Shinola are in wildly different categories. You would envision--just because they smell so different--no way for Shit and Shinola to coexist. Simply impossible. A stranger to the English language, a German dopefiend for example, not knowing either word, might see "Shit" as a comical interjection, one a lawyer in a bowler hat, folding up papers tucking them in a tan briefcase might, smiling, use, "Schitt, Herr Bummer," and he walks out of your cell, the oily bastard, forever . . . or Secchit! down comes a cartoon guillotine on one black & white politician, head

bouncing downhill, lines to indicate amusing little spherical vortex patterns, and you thought yes, like to see that all right, yes cut it off, one less rodent, schitt ja!

Well, there's one place where Shit 'n' Shinola do come together, and that's in the men's toilet at the Roseland Ballroom, the place Slothorp departed from on his trip down the toilet, as revealed in the St. Veronica Papers--preserved mysteriously from that hospital's great holocaust. Shit, now, is the color white folks are afraid of.

Shit is the presence of death, not some abstract-art character with a scythe but the stiff and rotting corpse itself inside the white man's warm and private own asshole, which is getting pretty intimate. That's what that white toilet's for.

You see many brown toilets?

Nope, toilet's the color of gravestones, classical columns of mausoleums, that white porcelain's the very emblem of Odorless and Official Death. Shinola shoeshine polish happens to be the color of Shit. Shoeshine boy Malcolm X's in the toilet slappin' on the Shinola, working off whiteman's penance on his sin of being born the color of Shit n' Shinola. It is nice to think that one Saturday night, one floor-shaking Lindy-hopping Roseland night, Malcolm looked up from some Harvard kid's shoes and caught the eye of Jack Kennedy (the Ambassador's son), then a senior.

from Correspondent WAYNE POUNDS
Our Man in Japan

Suga Ray win pinis p22



Salmonella

TWO SET ATOM PILE FIZZLE

Salmonella took a nap. There was a welt on her cheek the size of a pin cushion.

When the pflum had rekindled his energies, Burris said, "I tell you what, Ozalo, I'll crank up this thing in a bit and we'll motor out to the American Atomic Park. You'll see some sights there that will have your eyes bugging out of your head."

By the time Burris had revved the motorhome, night destroyed the day. As we whirled along the AAP road, Salmonella whistled, "Look at them blue dudes." She referred to the rusty corpses of 55-gallon drums, splitting open like cracked eggs yolked with concrete. At their hearts, plutonium glowed.

A boy appeared in the headlamps of the motorhome. Burris braked hard. Outside, the barrels moaned like humpback whales.

The boy, a serious-looking Negro of 14 wearing a bone-colored straw hat and soot-black coat that dropped to the dust and dragged there, began, "Try the biology workshop at AAP. One scientist here, to surprise his friends, walks around with a raw patty in his pocket enclosed in a plas-tacene disk, more than a year old but in appearance a fresh, juicy and edible thing. You could eat that patty today."

"The explanation, as with so many of today's miracles, goes back to our secret atomic program. Radiation does the trick."

"Incidentally, they call me Cleophus Patra."

Burriss seemed to know him.

"Now, Pat, bring them from the dark for our guest."

Patra curled his two middle fingers toward his palm, raised his hand, poked the little and index fingers into his mouth corners and whistled shrilly thrice thusly--short, long, short.

A sound like mud coming uncaked floated on the dark, and an odor of sweet, wet rags.

Salmonella said, "Not them old atom-pile mens again, is it?"

"Hush, daughter, or you shall be slapped," hissed Patra.

When the first man appeared, I mistook its sewed-on smile for friendliness.

In a canyon-low voice, it rumbled, "I want to touch."

"Watch out," Burriss whispered.

"It's ready to go critical, Ozalo. It'll take you with it if it can."

Something bulged under its coat and a sharp crack, like leather splitting, knifed the air. A pellet the size of a potato thudded at its feet. The death egg.

(MORE OF THIS NEXT ISSUE)

(Continued from page 1)

"We'll comb the countryside and I can show you the ropes. I urge you not to land a job too soon. After all, the cost of things here is so small there's no urgency."

Salmonella, her mouth full of griddle cake, said, "Hey, Rock 'n' Roll."

By noon we were headed for the city limits. As it was a good thirty kilos, we went to the end of the line by rail-car, then trudged the rest of the way on foot, Salmonella dragging her heels

all the while. Burriss grew aggravated and slapped her to the ground. "You little bastard. Get a move on!"

By mid-afternoon the sun was ogling us. Burriss was spitting cotton, having to drag his daughter along, her little shoes leaving furrows in the dusty soil.

Then he saw it, gleaming like a chrome-plated woolly bear on a wide mudflat, the motorhome.

We ran the last few yards to get into its shade. Burriss went into the kitchen and made a pitcher of ice-cold pflum.

the startling possibilities of DMT



William Parker Yockey, adolescent leader of the Kakistocrats, a youth party, wants the idle rich sent to work camps. He wants their good and assets distributed among the less fortunate.

It is an old idea with a new twist.

City Moon interviewed Yockey the day he turned 12. We found him ensconced in his little sea-side cottage on Cogshell Avenue, really nothing more than a lean-to made of cratewood and carpet scraps, but spacious and weather tight. As he talked, Yockey fed

kakistocracy. century of undreamed abundance

willow sticks to his potbelly, smoked green tobacco in his corncob and drank resin wine from an aluminum tumbler.

C.M. What've you got against the fat cats?

Yockey Nothing at all. Since I'm a firm believer in the new kakistocracy and since everything that can happen will happen eventually, however, why not now? Now is as good a time as any to wipe out plutocracy--the rule of the rich--everywhere in the known world.

We want to see some bad leadership. We want leaders who can make the hard choices.

Stomp ass.

We want a mean and impulsive pres-

Omens and Portents

ident.

We want work camps.

It will lead to a century of undreamed abundance. That is where kakistocracy, and I, are coming from.

C.M. Have we learned no lessons from history? Won't these "work" camps in time become "death" camps?

Y. Death, schmeth. What's the dif? Everyone croaks eventually. What we are saying is "Why not now?" And why not the rich for a change? We have already drawn up plans for the location

and construction of the camps. Some of them will utilize existing facilities at AAP. Others will be built from the ground up, such as the one slated for Ten Sleep, Wyo., or another at Clatsop Spit, Okla. There are plenty of rich cattlemen and strip miners out there that need . . . well, they need the same thing the Jersey Mafioso and the Wall Street buck hucksters need--early retirement, a nice place to camp.

C.M. Why have you been going around burning every flag you find?

Y. I'm idle, and poor. I have little to do and much to think about. I came to the understanding that a flag is merely a curtain.

On one side of it stands a small assembly of the rich, on the other, the rest of us. You recall the iron curtain, the bamboo curtain, the curtain of Islam? The expression has been used many times, always to describe a boundary, to isolate a culture, a center of power, a revolution, a holy shrine. Yes, flags are even now unfurled in the still air of the moon. We "kaks" never miss the opportunity to torch every banner, flag or pennant we see.

I have a big pile of flags in back of the cottage. I burn them in my stove

when fallwood is scarce. They have so many pigments the flames dance colorfully behind the mica windows of the firedoor, entrancing me of a winter's night. You might say I am warmed by the heat of national fervor.

C.M. Who'll win the race for the presidency?

Y. I pray it isn't Eunice. Once we have our work camps in place and bulging with fat cats, we'd hate to see them Shifted.

C.M. Some think Noxin is a shoe-in.

Y. That old whiskery wood rat. He'd be secretary of fruits and vegetables in my administration. He'll win when shrimps begin to bark.

C.M. Who then?

Y. Young Steve Wodka is the baddest candidate. I'm for him since I'm not running.

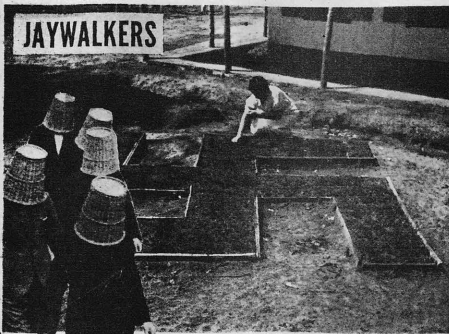
C.M. At age 10, isn't he too green?

Y. Green yes, yellow no.

C.M. Do you obey Ten Animal Commandments?

Y. No, only six. If I take a fancy to pork an ewe, I do it. Of course, I carry sheets of newspaper with me, with a hole pinched from the middle. Whenever you slap it to a sheet, they defecate. So you do them through the paper, you see.

JAYWALKERS



ARROGANT, PETTY

JAYWALKERS TRAMPLE TENDER SHOOTS

National Socialist gardening is the latest craze on the planetoid Susnr, particularly in the Legion Camps, where exiled Americans have plenty of time to kill.

And wouldn't you know it?

Just as soon as the little asparagus is showing its tips, as the chervil is its brightest green, then the jaywalkers dart through, arrogant, petty heads covered with hampers to hide identities. Their whole business, it seems, is to trample what tender shoots they see.

They'll climb a fence, a whole squadron of them, and you'd better look out. Step in their way and you'll get a stomping just as ferocious as they give the strawberry hills. You can hear their wicked voices hurling muffled epithets:

Hey, dipshit; F***** rat Nazi; Hey, Yankee, jam it up and whistle when it rotates, OK?

And then they do the fandango and two or three Mexican hat dances on your precious carraway.

And what happens when you call a Legion Camp cop?

Nothing.

The sucker will stand there twirling his billy bat, looking at you like a goggle-eyed perch. The jaywalkers.

It is a waste of time for Americans to write to the Legion Camp consomol. All they do is send out a couple of N.S. Boy Scouts to rifle through a person's bookcase and confiscate anything on the subject of gardening, douse their bodies with mineral spirits and burn them in the stubble of your hopeless okra and dead chili pequins, and roast the legs of shabbits in the flames. Such is the life in the Legion Camps.

PAPA ISIO GOES BOOM

Liter of americium. A sack. A neck. A fuse. Boom! went Papa Isio, much-feared insurrectionist, who tore off the bag and threw it too late and went critical instead, leaving a great hole where he stood.

Not a piece of Isio lingered.

PIG IRON CRUSHES WATCHMAN

Seated in a chair from which he couldn't move because of paralysis of the legs, a watchman at a caisson in an excavation for an extension to the Triangle Factory was buried by 18-pound pig iron blocks which fell on him and a new friend.

RAGSDALE PRANKED

A bolt of lightning at the Ragsdale Neutery, 5 miles south of Sinatra, Susnr, at 6 o'clock yesterday evening, struck the lambing barn and set it on fire, but it was too wet to burn. Three neutrs and a horse were knocked down, a blue-ribbon ram killed outright.

Ragsdale was whirled around in his tracks.

LOST & FOUND

Lost: Myron. Speedwriter. Political expert. No. 6 man in a ruling clique. Joined Reds in Paris. Became leader in art typing. May have fathered new, drastic policies. Blunt, restless.

Found: A box of rendering scraps. A crabeye bracelet. One copy, "Mutants at the Bobbed Locus," by Leo Patra. Gen. Douglas MacArthur Japanese Memorial Plaque. \$222. Lunch bag containing metal cylinder.

PENCILS AND SANDWICHES

Pencil manufacturing can be compared to making a sandwich: two slices of wood for bread, graphite for filling, bonding adhesive for mayonnaise. Only six pencils make an edible novel.



MEET DEATH IN A JUNK YARD

On Susnr it is not uncommon to see a goose, rather than a dog, acting as lord-protector of a junkyard.

Above, see Hod Yesod, just such a goose, and behind him, junkyard owner Chokmah Jesso. Both are in trouble with the law . . .

Jesso tells the story in his own words:

"An American tourist who attended a party a little ways outside of Altobello drank heavily and in the course of the festivities, 'bottomed up.' Then, when, shortly after midnight, he began to wend his way back to the Tunney Arms, the notion occurred to him that the mattress heap he saw over my fence would be a happy place to take a nap.

"His head was going round and round, drunk as a skunk.

"Now, it is related that they found in the morning a clean-picked skeleton weirdly dressed in complete tropical evening clothes. And they decided to blame it on ol' Hod. They want him put to sleep. They want me in the lockup.

"The truth is, this area is host to seasonal congregations of Driver ants. They are secure in their billions, fear nothing and are capable of taking down a human being in full stride.

"No, it was them Drivers that killed that American, not my goose. Anybody with any sense knows geese don't eat meat.

"I made an offer to the sheriff. I says, 'Sheriff,' I says, 'Tell you what. To prove my goose is innocent, why don't we lock him up one night and bed somebody down on them mattresses. If the person gets eaten, then it ain't Hod that did it. Fair enough?'"

"Fair enough," says the sheriff, who then volunteered his deputy for the job. About a week later, arrangements were made to run the experiment.

"The sheriff and the deputy arrived about sundown, attired in their starchiest uniforms. The deputy dispatched himself, with a pillow and blanket, to the mattress heap. The sheriff and I stood watch over Hod, whose foot was chained to a peg in the toolshed.

"To pass the time we dealt a few hands of gin rummy, taking nips from a pint of blackberry brandy to ease the night chill. Well, about 4 o'clock we heard a commotion over toward where the deputy was sleeping.

"We drove over in the sheriff's car, shining a strong spotlight up to the top of the mattresses. Sure enough, there was the deputy's bones, like so many junked piano keys, arrayed neatly on the blanket, which was barely disturbed.

"See there, sheriff, what I told you?" I says. I says, "It wasn't Hod that ate that American, or that poor deputy. It's them damned Driver ants."

"Well, sir. I thought that was the end of my troubles.

"But no.

"The sheriff claimed I had switched geese, a docile one in place of Hod. And no matter how many times I begged the man to be reasonable, he stuck to his guns.

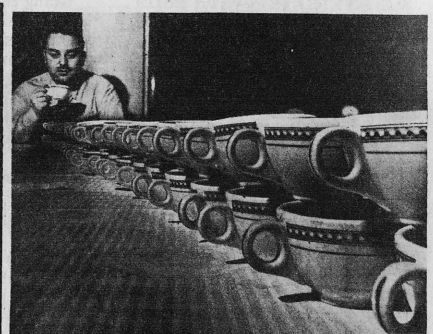
"I suppose he hated to see his deputy eaten in vain. Somebody had to pay the price, namely me and Hod.

"Ain't it the truth--the wronger the law is, the righter it feels?"

Dear City Moon,

On the dark side of Susnr the atmosphere is sooty, the ashen soil cool and dry, incompatible with organic forms. You realize what a mistake you've made when you touch it, as contact with flesh prompts the damned stuff to liquefy and boil. The wet, black soup shoots up your veins, fingertip to heart, to brain, as fast as a speedball in the mainline. Stunned before you scream, a floral stink arises from the pores and you're a dead duck, a black bile dripping from your nostrils.

Samuel Lerner
Legion Industry Camp



URGENT NEED FOR ONE-MAN CONTROL

Albert Workwood, tatoist, poured 68 cups steaming with java down his throat in 31.6 minutes and laid claim to being the world's biggest and quickest coffee drinker.

Then he died this way.

For days he climbed his own roof, nailing in 14,000 shingles. "Mama, I'm going home," he said to his wife in a basement bathroom facility on day 18.

Autopsy showed a shrunken, blackened and pitted liver.

But something of Workwood lived on.

Something that liked to wander, in this case to a tato parlour, not one of those on Iskoncon though, oh no.

Inside waited a girl, little for 11, wanting a small tato on her palm, something for eternity, and after that, she said, she would board a cobbled carriage that would drive her toward the sun at a civil pace.

Workwood etched a fly on her. "Gosh, this shouldn't hurt," he promised.

Once outside, she melted with her coach into fields far off.

An undertaker named grimes, meanwhile, checked all the shops along the little row where Workwood was.

grimes could harden his palm in such a way that skin would stand fast beneath the engraver and so he walked on into Workwood's shop and tricked him into having himself sized for a coffin if he (grimes) could withstand Workwood's tatooing instrument.

Later, Workwood was having his dimensions taken. His cigar lay in an ashtray. He picked it up and touched the orange glow of low fire to a fever blister on his lip. Inflammation soon set in and he died in agony. He was wrapped in a fiberglas cocoon. Into the hole with him was thrown a caked cup of coffee grounds.

Nowdays, Workwood tumbles and does simple tricks on the Parcourse.

EUNICE SHOOTS HERSELF IN CHERVIL PARK, WITHOUT WARNING, BEFORE HER MEANING COULD BE UNDERSTOOD AT ALL

She did it among a group of laughing children, with whom she had been playing in an Altobello night-park, last evening.

The game was bargello, the object to kick the inflated bladder of a shabbit toward and across a pre-determined goal line.

In the pitch of darkness, without warning, she pulled a pocket pistol, and before her meaning could be understood by her playmates, she discharged a bullet into her temple.

She was taken to the German Hospital.

Noske, physician attending, said, "Take her to a spa, perhaps in the Susnr Ozarks.

"Bake her head in the radium muds that you'll see bubbling out of conical extrusions.

"The bullet will flocculate in time and leave but a modest lump above one eye.

"It's no sweat."

Indeed, that very thing was done, and Noske's nostrum was proved. Eunice, in three days, was again shifting her mental gears, cruising for that house on Pennsylvania Avenue.

SPEEDWRITER MISSING

As the regular patrons of Myron's are aware, it was a year and a day ago that dearest Myron joined the ranks of Displaced Persons, last seen hailing a Checker cab in the vicinity of the beach at Far Rockaway. Investigators know only that he had been that afternoon in the company of an elderly gentleman and a dark-complected girl, digging holes in the beach sand with toy shovels. It appeared they were searching for something buried, witnesses said, and were quite distressed when they couldn't find it, whatever it was. Then, as Myron entered the cab, carrying his bulky Underwood in its battered case, this was heard: "Till we meet again, brother. Give my best to Eunice."

A CONVERSATION WITH BUDD

Who is more fry-eyed than ex-candidate Budd?

To the right, evidence he is on the move again.

This reporter, by chance, had a choice encounter with him just yesterday.

It was on that lonesome stretch of two-lane between Tres Piedras and Ojo Caliente, N.M. I'd just lunched at the tiny Squat 'n' Gobble in Tres Piedras--a bowl of their nationally famous Nine Bean Chili, a cup of Allnite coffee, and I was fortified for a long afternoon of driving.

It was near freezing.

A pre-snow sleet crusted on the Rambler's windshield. The defroster was on the fritz. I kept driving, hoping the weather would change.

Gradually, the wipers froze in their places, snow fell and I pulled over to the shoulder.

Getting out of the car, I heard the crackle of burning pine, smelled a fire.

I spotted an orange glow.

Going there, I found Budd sitting on a log, stirring a pot of boiling pinon nuts. I felt like an acolyte in the presence of a bishop, full of humility and fright.

I bent a knee in mock genuflection.

Budd said, "Stay a bit, eat my nuts.

"The snow is a bluff. In an hour, the sun will shine."

Though he was wearing his goggles, his eggy, fluid gaze was plainly visible behind the lenses, the stub of a dead Picayune held vise-like by a set of rotted choppers.

I took out my pad and pencil and said I was a journalist.

Budd said, "Tell them I am long gone but not forgotten.

"Soon, I will run again.

"We are a nation on wheels, not on our feet.

"That needs change.

"Like these nuts, we must root in whatever is below us and then grope for what ether we can claim.

"Tell them I have a plan.

"I see underwater vessels twice the size of Arco Santi, quite fish-

like in shape, using lateral undulation as propulsion, made of bio-mechanical software, housing thousands, floating as lazily as a man 'o' war, continent to continent, every passenger as happy as a blind pig finding an acorn.

"Tell them that.

"Tell them they're trying to freeze the process.

"That will not do. It is much too hot.

"Language itself is a process.

"Why curb it like a cocker spaniel?

"Let it spew, as the germs in a sneeze.

"Never smelt the process. It is molten.

"Make your toy trains from baser metals. No, never trifle with a trifle.

"Tell them that it will burn them.

"Tell them to practice tyromancy, divination by coagulation of cheese; cephalonomancy, by broiling of an ass's head; axinomancy, by saws; gastromancy, by the sound of the belly; livanomancy, by burning of frankincense."



Budd on the Move
Innovation for a Nation on Wheels

A MASTICATING MECHANISM

From the laboratories of Zeus Bolognics comes an answer to the ancient question "What shall we do when our currency is so debased as to be worth no more than the paper it is printed on, and the ink and dye it is colored with?"

A worker at the Zeus plant has successfully vulcanized gum tissue onto horseshoe-shaped slugs of pig iron. Then the seed-teeth of foetal cows were implanted, nourished and teased into full, orderly growth.

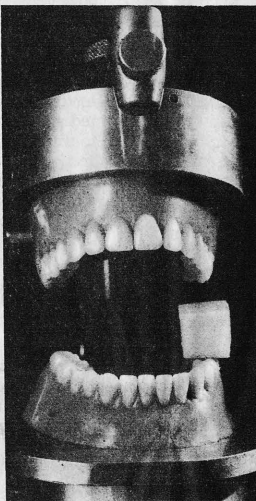
A simple two-cycle gasoline-powered engine easily filled the thing's energy needs, so that it could be mounted on the rear of a flatbed and taken into the neighborhoods.

"Bring out yer useless money!" cries the driver.

Americans hurry down drive-ways carrying bucketfuls of worthless millions, dumping them into the maw of the MASTICATING MECHANISM, staring into a green soup of gluey bucks.

These Americans are using wads of cotton in their ears, as the grinding of the choppers can pop the drums, and in their noses, as the slightest whiff of its exhalations can rubber your legs.

These are hungry Americans, pleased to trade money for food. When they have emptied their buckets and the maw is full, it moves on. As it goes, it dumps from the rear 12-pound cubes of



a doughy white material, quite like bean curd, except sweet and rather cheesy.

The Americans gather them up, like farm hands behind the hay baler, stacking them in sheds and on porches.

To its credit, the Masticator has killed but once.

A Cincy girl, Hattie Porlocks, 8, was illegally feeding it gum-drops and peanut brittle, when it bared its fangs like a starved wolf and bit off her head. A constable had to follow the machine for blocks before it spilled Hattie's noggin, intact, though cubed in a cloudy gelatin.

"Sure enough," says the dynamic philosopher, C.A. Ludwig.

"It's another instance of ecophagic money policy.

"These periods have occurred throughout economic history, which, I must say, is the only

kind of history there is.

"Edible money is a new twist on an old idea--just a phase, until we can grow more trees.

"Now, let me be the first to say, the taste of that money meat is oh so sweet.

"Yeah, I make my regular dumps when the masticator comes to the house.

"I'm a well-meaning citizen. Sure, I fry the stuff, pattied, crumbed and in hot lard. Really, I'm fond of it.

"But lately, the truck has been calling in the middle of the night.

"I'm drilled awake by the scream of the driver, 'Masticator . . . bring out yer bucks . . . Masticator!'

"I tell you, I'd just as soon go back to the old ways--shortbread, lights, fatback. The truth is, they can take the Masticators and shovel them up the Pope's ass."

NEUTRODYNE ANGLING

The neutrodynes of Susnr's marshes, near the upper shores of the Firecracker Sea, are ardent hunters of chub shabbitt, a sort of terrestrial fish, though some think them more mammal than anything.

The neuts call these animals "Pakingwukme," and the art of hunting them "feeling for the mother of the marsh."

A party of neuts strip themselves, surround a clump of rushes and merely feel among the stems with their hands for shabbitts hiding there.

The shabbitts are left to dry near atom piles, then pierced with sharpened willow rods until they come to pieces.

TERRANOVA: NICOTINE TONIC
SPUD
--A SMOKING CLUB--

The president of SPUD is Vincent "Hammerhead" Terranova, seen on front page.

On visiting his Carolina home, this reporter was invited to hammer an eight-penny nail into Terranova's pileated neck, which he did. It went in, after an extended pounding, about 2 inches.

Terranova made no cry, nor was there bleeding evident.

During the interview the nail remained in situ, like a picador's lance.

CM Briefly, what is SPUD?
Terranova A society of smokers.

Members think of themselves as Social Puffers Under Duress. They're spitting angry, fired of being shuttled into little corners of life that say SMOKERS ONLY.

They want some slack, some breathing room. It's a literal hell we live in.

I like to point to the backsides of anti-smoking statistics, saying, Look, it shows that 75 percent of heavy smokers do not die of lung cancer, but of something else.

The very ones who eschew nicotine happily smoke marijuana until they're blue in the face.

It is a weed more noxious than tobacco ever was.

It fills the lungs with a black sludge and eventually puts the mind to sleep.

While tobacco, in its many forms, is both a neurological and circulatory tonic.

It flushes the kidneys, and in combination with alcohol, produces a kind of fibrillous euphoria that no other drug can match.

And it has the benefits of legality.

JULEP ROLLS COOLED

Spuds made menthol famous. Now another cigarette promises to make the mint julep famous. The Julep Tobacco Co. has placed on the market Julep cigarettes. It will be advertised in newspapers and over the air as the "Mint - Cooled" cigarette.

FLAG HISSED BY SPUD

A SPUD chapter hissed the American flag at the theatre when Johnnie Johns sang a parody of the chapter's anthem, "Why Don't You Try to Smoke A Camel?" At the end of his performance, Johns pulled a tiny flag from his pocket, waving it with one hand and chopping camels with a hatchet with the other.

WHAT ZEUS BOLOGNICS DOES -----

We do much more at Zeus Bolognics than push meaty dough paste into sausage casings. Please, the next time you are traveling to Susnr's Altobello, visit our production plant, located at No. 9 Donahoo Street in the American quad.

This month we are featuring:

BLOCULA -- The science of growing leafy cabbages from dead men's wrists.

CORPSE LIFTING -- Alexander the GREAT, seeing Diogenes looking attentively at a parcel of human bones, asked the philosopher what he was looking for. "That which I cannot find," was the reply. "The difference between your father's bones and those of his slaves."

MALEFICIA -- We take society's dross, its afflicted neutrodynes who contribute nothing to the national Progresso and, by cellular implantation, make a productive garden of them. We call the process Fasciation, or, if you

will, National Socialist gardening. We can turn an empty head into a patch of collard, useless extremities into nutritious tubers the size of fire plugs.

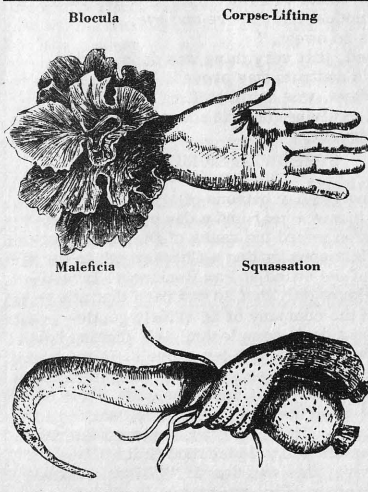
SQUASSATION -- Bolognic art typified.

Meat paste in any form. A handful of worms, a salamander's tail, both as edible as luncheon loaf.

In the rear yard of the plant you can see a mountainscape of souse, whole battalions of "wurst soldiers" ready to march up Porkchop Hill and down again.

Punch 'n' Judy, made of headcheese, are two rollicksome figures that gibe at each other across the Mincemeat Gulch, while the group of mounted "chorizo" warriors gives the visitor a strange feeling of unity and power.

FACT: Sonoco Oil's story begins 75 years ago, with a handful of men making crude paper cones in a run-down warehouse. We'll never, ever, pass that way again.



JUMPER SWALLOWS DOVE IN TEN SLEEP PLUNGE

This incident is true. It happened in Ten Sleep, Wyo., June 12, 1960.

A man had shot upwards of two dozen doves the day before. He and his wife decided they would invite friends over and roast the things in the yard, over an open pit.

The wife had been up into the wee hours of Friday night preparing a marinade with mustard, horseradish, honey, olive oil and vinegar. The husband was up early Saturday morning digging a pit and spreading out layers of charcoal briquettes, then spicing up the smoke with hickory chips he'd been soaking in a bucket of water.

The guests arrived at noon, about as many as there were doves, and were hungry. They crouched by the pit, watching the host baste and turn the cooking birds.

They drank dark beer from a keg that sat in a drum of ice. A select few were having chilled resin wine and remarking how "Greek" it tasted.

Then, when all seemed well, a small aircraft passed over head, ejecting a parachutist.

Attention was taken from the basting. All eyes rooted to the khakied figure pinwheeling above.

A guest said, "Good Christ! The chute isn't opening!"

Another said, "I'm getting under the carport."

Some ran into the house and closed the jalousies.

There was so little time. Those who remained outside were witness to the parachutist's last struggles with the ripcord and the terrible dive into the coal pit. One claimed she saw him put out his hands at the final moment, as if to blunt the impact.

A reporter, on the scene quickly, recorded observations. "I was inside," one guest said, "behind the television set. It sounded like somebody threw a hundred pound sack of rice off the Berlin Wall.

Said another, "He sank into the pit about 3 feet. Missed me by a foot. The jumpsuit caught fire. Had a damned dove stuck in his mouth."

INCUBATOR ALUMNI MEET

Thirty bouncing necronauts (see picture and related article below) who, as newly dead, spent their first days in the incubators there, revisited the original "launching pad."

From early morning the institution was crowded by the curious from many parts of remaining America, who came to examine necronauts at close quarters.

"Who could have dreamed, just 20 years ago," asked Kenny Cubus from his station on the boardwalk, "that a kid like me could be shagging flies one day, have a crazy zigzag lightning bolt burn him to the ground like a stick of punk and be here to tell the tale the next?"

Sure, it costs a sawbuck, which Americans gladly fold into the pocket of Kenny's blazer, but Kenny is the dean of necronauts, and his story grips the listener:

"Look, you Americans are all worked up over death for no need. Really, it is no more than breaking the yellow of an egg, or, in the words of Virginia Woolf, when she is speaking on the death of a moth, '... having righted himself (the moth) now lay most decently and uncomplainingly composed. O yes, he seemed to say, death is stronger than I am,'"

And Americans traipse from one dead speaker to another.

Oneba says, "Listen up. It's established--the meso-Americans who settled here in the '90s, they buried their departed in pillowed boxes, actually dug holes and planted them like spuds. The shit with that, many said. And times changed."

"Some of the dead were coming back, in small numbers, to be sure. Only a few saw them, mostly 'cooks.' In a few months, uncles were standing in yards wanting to talk over old business. Yes, some Americans shot them, or gave them wursts loaded with drug-store cyanide. Others welcomed them back and got them busy with household necessities."

On it goes. As the Coney dusk beckons the sleepy, Americans take railcars back to the City. The thirty, homecoming, say goodnight.

COOKOUTS CAN BE MURDER

Perils of the Back-Yard Barbecue

Susnr's Americans love to root out shabbits.

It is a sport the boys are inclined to, particularly in the settlement west of Altobello, where the damp woods abound in these fat and edible rodents.

The boys just wade through the rye and timothy and head for the bramble thickets where shabbits sleep the shady days away, taking refuge under stones, roots and overhanging foliage.

There are two common methods of bagging shabbits, aptly described in the words of that great lady, June Heavens, candidate for Secretary of Consumption, in her "The Penetralia."

"First method: Take and rig a 12-volt car battery to a strong convective wire nailed with steeples along a broomstick. To the wire attach a bucket, or deep tin pan, and then glue some steel wool (coarse) into the receptacle and connect it to the live wire. Now you have a perfect shabbit-smuffing device. You just place the "hot" bucket over a sleeping shabbit, electrocute it, twist its neck until you hear a sharp report, then bag it.

"Or you may go the more merciful route, namely, to slowly and lightly let your fingers caress the shabbit's smooth belly, working gradually forward. In five minutes time, the fingers reach the

on Susnr.

"We spent the following weeks getting ready, packing suitcases, selling off unwanted items, storing bric-a-brac, boarding up the windows, burning trash, trying to leave the house in a tidy condition.

"Then the day of the trip arrived.

"Susnr was directly above, like a great mud pie. Looking up, I could see schools of massive junefish gaming in the surfswells near the coast of Sinatra, the queen City. All of us were terribly anxious to get there.

"We boarded the Diagle 1010, a crusty old American shuttle, and in a few hours were breathing the rich Susnr atmosphere.

"Father said, 'Tonight, we'll camp in those bottoms at the edge of Altobello and tomorrow, venture into town, where I may show my credentials to prospective employers, and perhaps drink chocolate phosphates in a drug store. For supper, we will root out a shabbit and roast it.'

"By the time we had hiked to the camp-site, we were hungry enough to eat anything that would go down. Us children would stop now and then long enough to gnaw some bark, or pop a bitter ground-cherry into our mouths, while father tramped through cattails and briars looking for a shabbit. Mother was

Did Your Boy Ever Root a Shabbit?

gill slit. Continue to massage the central belly line. Then, with a firm and steady pressure, lock thumb and forefinger into the gills. Bag as though it were a pom-pano."

The boys then lug their bagsful of shabbit back to the dads, who take enormous pride in cooking them outdoors, "Bar-B-Q" style, while the others whip up concupiscent curds of gelatin salad.

But, as the Americans are quickly learning, a shabbit poorly cooked can be murder.

Let us return now to "The Penetralia" and consider this cautionary tale, one that is no product of the fickle imagination--it is alarmingly true, even today, on Susnr:

"When I was a very young girl, my family moved to Susnr. At that time the planetoid was brand-spanking new, a bright bauble in the night sky, sometimes passing so closely over the rooftops of Prairie du Chien that we could see details of her terrain: the Fire-cracker Sea, the Tektite desert, even the blooming crape myrtles in Pilchard Park. As we cruised over, we left a breeze behind that pulled the feathers off poultry.

"I remember my father arising one morning in a foul mood. He cranked around all day in a bathrobe, smoking his pipe and thinking aloud. When he was done, he announced to the assembled family that he would soon give up his position at Lamanno Panno Fallo as upholstery cutter #2 and take his chances

reduced to eating bull crickets and an occasional beetle grub.

"At last, just as Earth was dawning, washing the Susnr landscape in its blue-green light, father caught a good-sized shabbit. A fire of dry bramble was built immediately, and a few twigs of fallwood added to flavor the meat.

"When the coals were ready, father gutted the shabbit, unscrewing its head, pulling out the smelly bladder and sticking the carcass onto a makeshift spit.

"We sat there, gazing up at Earth, awaiting the moment when father would declare the shabbit cooked.

"When it finally came, we tore at the meat like animals, even though it bled at the joints. Poor mother, as the rest of us were so greedy, was left with nothing but the charred skin to chew and suck.

"Then, while the rest of us were burping and nodding sleepily, mother fell into a swoon and collapsed.

"Her breathing was labored. Her face was pale as a dinner candle. She became a waxy image of her former self.

"Father put her bare feet into the coals to see if he could revive her, to no avail.

"She was dead, murdered by the skin of a shabbit."

FACT: It was a singular act of boldness to start a new college in the pit of the Depression with just a large house, 15 acres of land and no endowment.



He
truly
awed
everybody

The Pincenez River has been at low water. A shanty was grounded. There were no lights on its deck, nor signs of habitation. It was a practical box cottage, nicely finished, atop a barge. The shippl was newly painted, windows caulked, a cement flag topping it all, the bearings seized in their tracks by rust and calcification. A plaque above the door read Hollywood or Bust!

In the shanty's parlor was a murdered family, the father reclining in a natural attitude on a davenport, the mother erect in a wingback and an infant on the floor in a sea of rags, all dead by conking.

The shanty could sleep 10. In the kitchen a duck was hung, to age, by its feet. A carpet of bluefly moved above the meat. The incubator alumni (see above) who walked out to the shanty for exercise during their meeting, shooed the flies. Then the duck's meat peeled from the bone.

when
he
began
to
creep

KAVOOTS TREED BY TWO TRAMPS

A Russian, Kavoots, is now addled. He was held up Sunday by two tramps. Later, he was found, rasping curses and cradled atop a weeping willow growing from an island floating in the No. 3 settling basin of the city's sewage plant. He gave his last sawbuck to the bums. Now, Kavoots is sewing dried peas into hand-made lace for the rich, on Wall's Island. The island appears to be crumbling. The city will try to remove it tomorrow.

MASON WHIPS UP ON SAROYAN

James Mason slapped William Saroyan in a Hollywood theatre in 1952. "Oh hell, Bill," said Mason. "Hold your tongue or I'll hold it for you."

MACARTHUR FUND NIPPED

Gen. Douglas MacArthur tasted the brevity of fame when a Japanese committee trying to raise funds for a memorial in his honor sadly reported that it had collected only \$222.

TURNED MILK POISONS TURTLE

Flukes in bolixed milk slew John Shumfeng's pet turtle near a plastic palm tree in San Diego.

CARBOLIC FOR FIVE MILLS

Louisa May Patra laid her last five mills on the counter to buy carbolic acid. "How long does it take to die?" she inquired, lifting her veil to show a goiter.

TERMITES PEG RENO MAN

In 24 hours, termites nearly ate a Reno man's wooden leg.

CIRCLED HINDUS MASHED

A sacred cow trampled five Hindus closely circled on a Madras streetcorner.

CAT KILLS MRS. ZIEGLER

Sheet clawed, sarcoma victim dies in fright in a Clatsop Spit boarding house.



Pictured above is Gargantua's mug orbited by two grasshoppers. The story, like the face, is too ugly for words. Suffice it to say that it was Gargantua for whom Grotesque Hugo waited in the desert.

ON ADVERTISING

OUR ADS! OUR NEWS! They're making a team for you, daily, in City Moon.

Talk is cheap, as P.T. Barnum well knew, saying, "If you don't advertise your business, the sheriff will."

Naturally, then, you can trust the advertisements in this magazine, and our cheap rates. You just buy your space and have your say. There is nothing we won't print, except poetry--for that, the space is more expensive than most can afford.

And besides, there is a virtual welfare state of poets existing already in this country, thanks to all that government monkey money. Let them warble in some other organ--City Moon is strictly column-to-column business. No art money comes this way, does it? All you poetry fruits can go downtown with your beard in a wheelbarrow for

all we care.

Consider this. What with the info-explo coming in on the heels of a recessionary spiral as chronic as the great red storm on Venus, more and more people with fewer and fewer means want to buy space to tell about their products, their concerns, their carps and their protests.

So long as they genuflect before the \$\$\$ in a National Chapel of greed, they can have faith in City Moon advertising.

Take the case of W. Prop, who had been making hot meat rolls in his kitchen for years and selling them out of the back window for a small profit. Then, at the suggestion of his satisfied customers, he advertised in City Moon. Now you can see Prop's gaily colored carts all over town. And you can safely bet Prop himself is relaxing on a faraway beach somewhere, smoking pure Havana red and popping Chiclets.

Or the case of Myron's Speedwriting Service, which is both a bitter and a sweet one.

Think of it. There was Myron only a year ago, hacking out fictions that were more business than art, when he decided to put his combined talents to work and took out an ad with us. And now, wherever he is, we're sure his pockets are lumpy with bucks.

Don't you see, readers, that no merchant can afford to misrepresent himself or his good in print?

Advertising merely magnifies a lie--bringing the fatal day ever nearer when a turd in the shape of a rose will occupy the Oval Office.

*

BAITING GOLEMS

On Susnr, the propitiation of Golems has been a subject of superstition for

many, many years. For example:

I. If a child spills milk on the floor, say, "That's for the Golems."

II. If you throw slops out of the window, cry out, "You Golems, take care of the water."

III. Sew a small piece of iron into an infant's garment. A Golem will never molest or colic that infant.

IV. Fill a large vessel with pure drinking water and place in the kitchen at night. The Golems, entering, will not touch the food in the cabinets, but content themselves with lapping water.

V. When checking out a Golem, look at its shoes first, its eyes, nose and teeth next. Never question it directly, or stare at the Golem overlong.

JOHN WRIGHT, of Sanford, Maine, claims he can distinguish, by his sense of touch, 15 different diameters of hair between .0030 and .0006 of an inch.

MISS ROBERTA LOVE, town bacteriologist for Montclair, N. J., created a miniature American flag, perfect in color and detail, from living microbes.

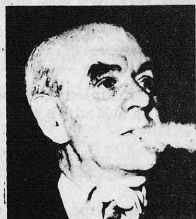
New XR



SILENT - SWIFT - SURE

Frank Mediterranean

Cruise De Luxe
Sailing
from New York



Frank sells vintage chickies from the cold storage holds of his Mediterranean fleet. He keeps them aboard for 10 or 12 years. Some for far longer, some not so long. "Mine are business chickens," he says, "in splendid physical condition. They enjoy the greatest patronage. They are aged tender. While alive, they live by the principles of conduct Moses expressed in the Ten Big Laws."

On Origin



EARLY MAN FORMALLY CLOTHED

FATHERS HAND IT TO THEIR SONS

OFFENSE RANKINGS OF RACIAL TYPES SEX



In sex offenses the Dinaric (tall, with flat-backed head and beaked nose) beats out the Mediterranean. Predominantly pure Nordics commit the fewest number of sex crimes. Negroes are not shown here but on a separate chart they rank below the whites, are indifferent to rape.



MYRON'S

To beef up interest in the National Search for Myron Day Drive, readers of the City Moon are invited to enter a TYPE THE HEAD OF THE NEW PRESIDENT competition. All entries must be no larger than 8 inches by 8 inches and must be accompanied by a \$1 donation (no coins, please). Send to The Fund to Find Myron, City Moon, Box 591, Lawrence, Kansas 66044. The winning entry will be published in the next City Moon.