Nine dreamers of Ten Sleep, on Iskcon, have been named in the stalking and slaying of Dewey, a dream figure, shown at right. These dreamers, who often met to tell the secrets of their dreams to one another, began to recognize, in common, a shadowy, poorly dressed figure standing in the shadows of their dreamscapes, and all called him Dewey. Dewey threatened the peace and the privacy of the sleeping world. The nine, thinking that dream figures would feel no pain, agreed to murder the innocent Dewey, the way one pops homworms between the thumb and forefinger—without a thought of mercy, since these creatures are universally known to be without feeling. Each dreamer, as they arranged it, would arrive by auto in front of the Mexico Lindo during the 3rd REM period on the night of December 12th. Inside the cafe, it was supposed, Dewey would be waiting to haunt them, to brandish a shiv in their faces, to spit his tobacco on their dream shoes.

On this occasion, Dewey little suspected he would be facing an organized dream-body of hostile Ten Sleepers, Iskconians bent on sending this American creeper to the dream hell of Atlantic City. Yet in through the door they arrived like a family walking into its favorite chicken house on Sunday morning after church, a mother and father with a trail of brothers and sisters. In a moment Dewey was pinned, his eggs removed.

CZOLGOSZ PLANTED LIKE SPUD

In 1881, on Iskcon, an Arab employed in a show in Ten Sleep had his hand bitten off by an enraged capybara and made no complaint. Refusing surgical assistance, he plunged the maimed limb into boiling oil.

Primitive races of Earth, especially pigmented ones, feel pain less acutely and thus enjoy a reputation for stoical endurance, the result, however, of a modified sensation.

It is not difficult, knowing this, to understand why Ekaterina threatened to kill her husband, an Arab, for being without feeling, and making a mud pie of the marriage flower.

Ekaterina was beyond reason. The more her husband, Czolgosz, tried to calm her, the more hysterical she became.

"I would sooner die than live with you," said Czolgosz.

Then Ekaterina's patience broke, like the brittle ice of March's teens.
Neutrodyne

Because most of the improvement was yesterday, to haul the trash away was no great task. Doctors, degreed homeopaths and homeopaths alike, claimed that the body of Alexander Marto, a Scandinavian aged 40, recently arrived on Iskcon, was found hanging to a tree near the Aviation camp a mile from Ten Sleep today. The man had been dead a month. Crude diagrams of airships, airchairs, and galvanic kites in his pockets and letters from patent attorneys in Seattle, Earth, indicated that Marto had been despondent over failure to interest capital in his airship plans. It is understood the remains were to be housed and maintained by the I.A.F.

When the colors of Pat Boone, richest Italian on Iskcon, were investigated in autopsy last Ash Wednesday, a wad of $1000 bills the size of a softball was discovered. Boone was well-known for the practice of eating balled-up paper money and including shavings of gold in his salads and soups. He was committing slow suicide. Infection developed when, while engaged in counting greenbacks on that day, he scratched his ear with a fingernail. The slight wound was poisoned with germs from the bills and developed into an abscess, which, joined with the intestinal blockage, killed Boone.

Hemp is used in twines, o-    alum and packing and con-        dures friction, heat and moisture. It dyes blue or violet with an aqueous io-        dine solution and is high in cellulose. For this rea-            son it makes a sturdy rope which may be used, as it was yesterday, to haul    young women by their hair down a public street in a neutrodyne Shame Ceremony.

Because most of the improve-    ments installed for Iskconians at the Camp Legion Health Camps are    novel, they are not always used. Consider the red men. They saw    plumbers install bathtubs in    their houses more than three years ago. Yet these were regarded sus-    piciously until the chief found that a pad of soft straw on the tub’s    bottom made an excellent sleeping bed.

When doctors, degreed homeopaths, brought coffee with a pinch of strychnine in it to touch the poison-resisting systems of the body, the red man gulped in re-    luctance but swallowed the brew. Now a rattler’s bite won’t touch them.

Hold up two mirrors: one to the rear end of a caterpillar with 10/10 vision and the other to a haggis. The images will match each other, inch for inch, detail for detail. The difference of the two is in-    visibly present. You can guess the function of the caterpillar’s hinder    parts, but the function of a haggis is obscure. She is a late arrival on Mother Evolution’s stage, a fresh combination from Nature’s casino. Now she will propagate on the slimy bottom of the Jordan River 30 miles from Chicago and fill her belly with river jelly.

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The Hag, as ancient a plaque on Iskcon as any other, breathes through its nose, sees through its skin and can tie itself into knots, through its skin and can tie itself into knots, by twisted strands of its own head. The Hag can live without food for more than a year, and when it is afraid hides in a globule of jellylike material secreted in    surrounding water. The Hag has four hearts, each beating in a different rhythm, which separately control its head, tail, muscles and liver. Photosensitive cells all over its gill rakers enable the Hag to ‘see’ where it is going, normally in the direction of neutrodyne sleeping    camps all along the Little Red Trench, watching for feet to dawdle in the breakish water long enough for a bite to be taken; juices sucked.
MOUSEMOUTH BROWN had scarcely reached Paris when he tendered his resignation. His clothes were torn off piece-meal by French Europeans and gypsies, people catching the shreds and putting them away as momentos. He had molested a child. The child’s father, her brother, and two uncles gathered around Brown as he was fastened to the torture platform and thrust hot rebar into his quivering flesh. He moaned, “O, Lord, don’t let it all come down with a slash and a dash.”

It was horrible, this man dying by slow torture in the midst of the smoke from his own burning flesh. So he called for rain: “Let it come, O, Lord, jes’ siz-z-zle, soz-zy-zle, driz-z-zle, droz-z-zle. O, Lord, you know how!”

As quickly as the rains fell and cooled his wounds, he was ordained a water-witch, given surgery, a reprieve, and passage was arranged by airship to Iskcon’s Ass Acre, a thirsty place in need of Brown’s talents.

On landing, Brown was given a meal and the implements for building a shelter, as well as a deed for an acre tract. He was asked to be a 9th grade teacher in Iskcon’s worst secondary school. In his English class last Monday Brown drew whoops from 50 pupils for requesting them to discover how many words there were in print in the world. The pupils tried to obtain information from librarians and university professors but failed. An indignation conclave of nurses and school authorities decided the only way to answer the question was to count, and the average student rightly refused to do this. Mousemound Brown said he knew he did not know the exact number himself, but that it must exceed the googol, the numeral one followed by 100 zeroes.

From here, Brown will migrate to Legion Camp #4. But he has left us a book which is a little window to the mind of the American neurotist as it is inspired upon Iskconian life.

United States Senator Pennkemp Park had a narrow escape from death yesterday at Ass Acre. An airplane driven by August Kukk knocked off Park’s hat at the High Lake Ass Acre. As the Senator spoke, Kukk lost control of his machine, which took a dangerous tilt to one side and swooped over the crowd, causing Park’s hat to come off.

After a ten day sleep, from which physicians were unable to arouse her, Josephine Gerbel, known on the stage as Genedrive De Forrest, died yesterday.

For three years the singer had suffered from an ulcer of the stomach. Ten days ago, while harboring much pain, Miss DeForest fell into a deep slumber. At first this was thought by physicians to be a good sign. However, the sleep continuing, the physicians revered themselves. On the 5th day, every doctor wanted a look, but the lovely Miss Gerbel fluttered awake, but it was 1 A.M. of the 10th day that she was finally declared dead, and then in disagreement, a spat by the physicians with Miss DeForest’s parents marred the waking.

CONELRAD

You open the door and let them in—you next-door neighbor, his wife and two children. With your family of five this means nine in a shelter designed for six. Food and water are not an immediate problem, but what about air? Your hand-operated blower will bring 60 cubic feet of air per minute into the shelter. This much air will sustain 12 people in comfort, and will provide enough air for 20 people to subsist on at minimal conditions.

As you think about this, you go through a metamorphosis from human to insect. The insects have the advantage of size; your great-grandfather was a mosquito. But your reaction is interesting. You are not a mosquito. You are a fly. You are not a fly. You are an insect.

C. S. Lewis said it all:

"One minute I am a fly, the next a bee. The bee has a purpose to serve, the fly has a purpose to get过了．"
A MASTER DYNE by the name of Gatlin Bang, who was it
Theater on Atlantic Avenue, had decided to snooze by the shallow water of the Little Red Trench while his heat rn the
when the
two companions went fishing elsewhere. The
of a trocar,
by the sucking of a hagg. He was asleep in his hammock on a lower deck reserved for neutrodynes when a
attached its eight-tentacled mouth just around his navel, extruded its horned tongue, and with the efficiency
beam of a flashlight, bright red

"This is Cinerama?"

The mind of Iskcon is a whirl these days. The worst civic sores we have are citizens of European countries who send packages to the U.S. that somehow float in Iskcon's Jordan when their course is run. Middle Speels, originally from Chicago of the United States, sent a hag through the mail to a prominent Chicago publisher who doubted the European Hag described by Speels in a manuscript could exist. Speels packaged the hag well enough to ensure its safe delivery to Winegar, a shepherd living 12 miles south of our Iskconian Chicago, who called a powerful Iskconian publisher to ask him about the box which was by then ripped open. Receiving a positive response, the shepherd brought the soacked, torn box, empty, to the publisher, saying, "Well I found a hag down the river today earlier. I wrestled with this one and hemmed it with ropes. As I towed it ashore, it ripped away from my boat. It was small and it kept fighting."

The question is always the same: why another misguided package, another spare part from a hostile planet? We've taken enough guff from Atlantic City, and we're tired of aluminum siding and scrap plastic hogging our rivers and now Hags on the silt of the Jordan River bottom.

"If the war with earth is to be won, if we are to be freed of the plague of the hagges, then capybara must not be hoarded. A true patriot will corner them, rope them, and call the T.A.T." "--- Commander Lady.
During my service in Manila, I happened to be wandering through a neutrodyne cemetery, generally by the way to the grave of Asia's Mr. Beefcake, a harmless horror, who was interned vertically, the custom in those days, the feet protruding from the earth, just a pile of metacarpals left, a few slivers of toenail, and a gnarled shoe.

I had a marauding, a favorite of Mr. Beefcake's in life, a box of zwieback if we get hungry, and a bottle of warm pop.

About halfway to the gravesite, I happened to see a sexton, probably a neutrodyne, boring a gravehole with a galvanic auger. It wiped its cheek with a yellow bandana.

Several Italians approached the neutrodyne then, surrounded it, and searched its pockets, telling it that money should not be worth its life. All of them were unemployed and desperate, before the neutrodyne could say a single phrase in its defense, the muzzle of a service pistol was placed at the breast of the ear and a shot fired. The dyno lay down, voided itself, and died.

Feeling hollow, I went to the baseball park to see a game. Willie Hudson, 14 year old neutrodyne boy, was watching the struggle between the Sunspot Sailors of the Legion League and the Dodge City Club from the roof of a three story building.

In the fifth inning, Tinker, the Dodge City shortstop, batted the ball into centerfield.

As a whole, the Wayfarer's lodge is to be congratulated on sub-zero warfare by a new device that keeps bottle of blood warm.

FACT: Lives may be saved in future.  They called him bum.

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Commander Lindy, seen above in happier times, is resting now in an embassy in Manila, drinking buttermilk and shouting, "Feliz Navidad," though it is the balmy heart of June. "Whenever I get into that air chair, it's like going to the death chamber. When I landed here it was like a reprieve." Lindy's perspiration has a violet tinge and stains his flying coat. He is given nuxated iron as a fixative of the blood. By morning he is sitting up, eating coddled eggs. He is placed in a pandiculator to soothe the spine and then cleansed with basic soap. When he is on his feet again, Lindy will be issued a passcard, fitted in a suit of gabardine, given a box of hag sandwiches, and put on a railcar bound for the American Camp, his nose coated in petroleum jelly to prevent its burning in the sun. When he arrives there he will tell the Americans that the Iskcon Air Force is ready when Earth is. He will say that the IAF is a tough bunch, that a man in the Iskcon Air Force can digest peas, spinach, bread, potatoes, butter, soybean meal, fish, entrail, ground bone and alfalfa meal. The toughest need the best.

"WE HAVE FOUND THEM IN THE SLUMS, EATING CANNED DOG FOOD, WITH NO INJURIOUS EFFECTS. A pound of dehydrated dog food contains more nourishment than a neutrodyne receives in a normal day's feeding." Commander Lindy
Life you can't escape it!

After an evening together at the ballet Sleeping Beauty, a Chinese UN clerk and Bulgarian translator for the Voice of Iskcon returned to their hotel where the man plunged a knife into his paramour neutrodyne's body. Then she slickly un-sheathed the blade from her belly, where it had just missed two organs and plunged her lover twice, but they still ended up laughing until the neighbors complained, police arrived, the bellboy turned the key in their lock and the two were dead before the door flew open. A note was found in the Bulgarian beauty's purse, "We are that way because Americans give us everything, everything but love."

Hot Rod Lush Packs Triple Threat

Life is cheap in Iskcon's Trenchtown, where Hot Rod Lush packs a triple threat. It is a place where kinless murderers, robbers murder merchants, hay dealers kill one another, wives murder husbands, cousins murder cousins, husbands slay wives, sweethearts erase sweethearts, sons kill fathers and friends, friends. The great variety of homicides in our town gives us a reputation on earth.

A murder of serene compassion was staged Wednesday, March 17. Hot Rod Lush and his brother Calvin Lush argued over their younger brother being arrested for raping a girl. This produced a snappy death in blazing gunsmoke from a .38 service pistol.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Another life was gone from Iskcon, and another sad funeral was arranged.

Surgeons Button Up Hearts

The young Americans were separated from its companions and fell sick. Nothing that its owner could do seemed to restore its appetite. It cared only to die. Bites of roast pig, mice chopped fine and spiced with savory herbs were no attraction for the beast.

Among the young Americans which were its companions before the separation was a slim, blue looking creature with a greenish Hag attached to the sternum. The American fell in love with it. All day long it fixed its glittering eyes on the slim stranger as if fascinated. The chum liked the gaze and used to pound the floor with its tail in pure delight.

This explains why the American went into speedy decline, suffering a hole in the heart that needed buttressing. Chief neutrodyne physician of Legion Camp did not know whether it was malaria or American lovesickness.

It is an unexplained fact in natural history that an American will live for years deep in the core of the Florida swamps without feeling the least inconvenience, but dig that American out of the mud and put it with a dozen others where they can roam around at night, gobbling up pigs and pickaninnies, watching the banana trees growing in the moonlight, then separate them and you'll see the loneliest American.

Bamboo organ comes

"A PONTOON, A BAMBOO CYLINDER OF SOME KIND IS BEING DRAWN BY MULECART DOWN FLOCCULUS AVENUE. IT MEASURES SIX BY SIX. A HOLE IN ITS OUTER PLATING ADMITS A TANGLE OF COLORED WIRE. INHALING DEEPLY, TOO NEAR IT, CLOSES THE TRACHAEA. OUT OF THE CROWD THAT FOLLOWED IT, ONE VALUOUS AMERICAN STEPPED UP TO STROKE IT KINDLY, AS THOUGH IT WERE A LIVING THING." ------ Mousermouth Brown

JUST BILL JONES

Virgil Kimberlin enjoys night drops on the burning Islands of the Neches trench, where he hauls Stix, potatoes each to the burned out camps on the Ash Coast. Our camera hounds are pleased to wire you these photos of Virgil after dark, working on another drop. In return, from the dyes he feeds, come stockings made from human hair and neutrodyne fur in a 50/50 mix, the best preventive of wet feet.

Steve Wodka, a candidate for Secretary of State, disregarded 10-year old Willie Rowe's injunction to touch no apple in the orchard of the latter's natural grandmother, in which the two lad's were playing, and is dead.

Hooked on killer sidewalk

Mr. Chatterjee

Mr. Chatterjee, Iskcon's top Sergeant, died today of a sore stomach, after President McKinley had been shot by Leon Czolgosz and a mob stormed Army Quarters, where the man was held. Mr. Chatterjee thought mob leader Pappy Ragsdale's words-- "Bang, bang, bang, poles, poles, poles" were true. Mr. Chatterjee's habit of dialing his watch in stress situations was mis-taken by Pappy Ragsdale as a sign to release the prisoner. Then Ragsdale, with a huge big-time retriever for the Lord, stepped on the gas and gave an angel with a six-gauge Buntline hand-cannon. Pappy Ragsdale is now a big-time retriever for the Lord. Chatterjee will need Tums and Then Some.

Tekittes Are Terrestrial

Steve Wodka, a candidate for Secretary of State, disregarded 10-year old Willie Rowe's injunction to touch no apple in the orchard of the latter's natural grandmother, in which the two lads were playing, and is dead.

Young Rowe ran to the house yesterday, procured a service pistol, and shot Wodka through one of his four hearts, killing him instantly.

As punishment, Rowe will go to Legion Camp #2 on Iskcon for a year, where he will tend a flock of Hags and clean up after them. Every fortnight he will be lashed with a Hag's tail, wielded by the well-known Pappy Ragsdale.

Cheeky Iskcon re-bar did the job that you see; unskilled neutrodyne workmen installed it; the owner of the Gongs paid for it; a man lived beneath it, a poet is dead from it. A simple sidewalk. A complicated, unfinished death.
I went down to the Camp Legion Fish and Produce Pavilion today to watch the Americans process their fish. The place was swarming with flies of every size and metallic hue. Just above one of the tubs where trench crabs were being boiled, hung a sign saying FIGHT FLIES FOR FLY-FREE WORLD.

Mose Howard, chief of the crew, pulls a small section from the stomach of each fish as it goes by him on a conveyor belt, whiffs it, and passes judgement. If the odor is fresh enough, the fish continues to the cooking room. If not, the fish is yanked from the belt and tossed into a pile, blackened with flies, to be converted to meal for the neutrodynes.

Mose complained that he was plagued with aching neck muscles, because of the constant intake of putrid air. Averaging one smell every 2½ seconds, Mose figures he smells 35 to 50 tons of carp, hag, and hornpout a day, working from 14 to 16 hours at a stretch. He can sniff 23,400 tons of fish and inhale no flies.

I recently saw a hag in Pershing Square in Los Angeles, perhaps thirty years old, perhaps fifty, pick up a cigarette butt, or 'snipes', as we called them on Iskcon, from the sidewalk. She repeated the process, collecting a handful, then sat down and tried lighting one. She was so nervous she couldn't make the match and the cigarette in her lips contact. So she would lay the 'butt' on a park bench to light it--take a few pulls and light another, etc. I asked a Sergeant standing near about her. He replied, "She is known as 'nicotine Nell'--has money to buy new cigarettes, but these short ones have more nicotine, so the reason." She is the finished product of nicotine addiction.

Capybara Takes Shine to Old Black Shoe

Ten Sleep soldiers are puzzled over a Capybara, black and white, keeping a vigil beside an old black shoe. The Capy, apparently an abandoned pet, refuses to go farther than 15 feet from the shoe--even to eat, a soldier said yesterday, who first noticed the loyal watchkeeping last week.

By day, the critter stays close to the shoe, now invaded by mold and beetles, along a wooded section of City trench. At night it curls next to the shoe and upset is if someone picks up the shoe, one officer said.

The soldiers, mostly Orientals, policed the area last weekend but said they found nothing they considered significant, except another old shoe--and the Capy studiously and lazily ignored it.

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How Would You Like to Spend an Hour With Leo Patra?

Leo Patra is Iskcon’s number one lunarcenrist, and in one hour he can tell you all about it. First, you must adhere to the notion that Iskcon’s earth is surrounded by tiny moons, that they range from one foot to more than 100 ft in diameter. In addition, Leo says, those little moons are much closer to us than anyone ever imagined. In fact, some have been seen to perch in the sweet-scented camphorberries along Flocculus Ave. Eventually it will be possible to net these bodies and obtain liquid hydrogen from them, to power railcars, the new Build Sleeper Coaches, the I.A.T. airchairs, to enrich the soil of the Teksite Desert, and to pacify marauding neutrons. More, Patra wants to determine the mass of the planet of Iskcon. To perform this measurement, a pendulum would be taken to the Pole and there the time of its vibration noted. Then it must be taken to the Equator, and the vibration there noted. After calculation, very little of scientific value would be known, by Petro’s estimation, but something would have been begun. And, finally, when the hour is up, Leo will tell you that the citizens of Iskcon are hanging round-headed. This change is due to the incursion here of Americans.

Please Do Not Make Me Take Drastic Measures

To Stop This Habit

IT ISN’T MUCH IN THE NEWS THAT LIPS HAVE BEEN SEWN SHUT AT LEGION CAMP NINE, AND IN OTHER CLOSTERED PLACES, SUCH AS NUNNERIES, PRISONS, AND SANITATORIA. SOME SAY THE NEW DEAD ARE BACK BRANDISHING SHARPENED STICKS, AN ORLOUE AND LIKE UNDERSTOOD TANGENT OF GANJIC TECHNOLOGY HAVING BROUGHT THEM TO THEIR FEET. THEY HAVE BEEN GIVEN A COMPELLING DIRECTIVE—TO FLY TO EARTH, TO SEE TO THE DIGGING OF A NATIONAL TRENCH FROM MUNCHI TO LOMA LINDA, TEN KILOMETERS WIDE, WHICH WILL PRODUCE, CARP, HAGG, PROVENDER TOAD, AND EEL. IN ITS ESTUARIAL MARSHES, RICE WILL BE GROWN. THE TRENCH WILL PACIFY AMERICAN NEUTRONIES, KEEP THEM SUPPLIED WITH THEIR PRINCIPAL WANT—FOOD, RECREATION, AND SANITATION. IT IS HOPED THUS TO FREE OUR SKIES OF THEIR SCREAMING MONOPLANES AND THE DROPPING OF EXPLOSIVE HAGGIS BAGS.

HALT THE EVILS OF THESE FELLOWS

A dreamer from America living on the margin of the Teksite Desert has dynamited Texo, also called The Living Rock, which has attracted thousands to the desert by its charming Indian carvings of men, bears, wolves, snakes and, strangest of all, a kangaroo. Texo towered on a corner of the desert property of the dreamer, and now quite the opposite, lay like a pile of eggshells on the post heap. The American dreamer, Augustin Carpitcher, will be tried today, sentenced tomorrow, and Friday will hang.

HOP-O’-MY-THUMB

Petey ‘Hop-O-My-Thumb’ Raydale wanted to reform the Arithmetic, but now is dead. In life, he said that numbers up to ten were expressed in words, by the name of one of the digits. Numbers greater than ten, but less than one hundred, with few exceptions, are expressed by names signifying a certain number of tens with the necessary digit added. For example, the number twenty-one signifies two tens and one; thirty-five signifies three tens and five. Forty, fifty, sixty, seventy, eighty, and ninety each signifies a certain number of tens and the names are scientifically correct. But the numerals from ten up to twenty—from one ten up to two tens—are named after a different method and the irregularity is inharmonious and confusing. Eleven, which is really one ten and one, should be expressed by the name onety-one. The number twelve should be changed to onety-two. Then should follow onety-three, onety-four, onety-five, onety-six, onety-eight, twenty (or onety-two), and so forth.

American Will Torture His Neighbor

But Little Hop, in the swelter of an August sun, gave up trying to obil himself with lemonade and a bamboo fan, and hopped into an old refrigerator with a bag of dry ice to a fatal effort to lower his body temperature. He propped the refriger- ator door open, but a sudden gust across the French-occupied valley blew the stick away and the door fell closed. Neighbors were unable to hear Little Hop’s muffled cries for help, and the carbon dioxide, sublimating from the dry ice, only quickened the suffocation. When Petey was found a month later, he was wearing only a dirty T-shirt and had fresh human bite marks at the fullest of his small fingers.

He will be cremated at his father’s behest, and Armand Henault, who immortal- izes friends and acquaintances by molding their ashes, will shape little Petey into a flower pot, in which a marigold will be planted. RIP little Mr. Raydale.
Like so many arriving on the crackpot planet Iskcon, Lom Dong and Ed Gein of Manila carry police records with them. Lom Dong was a physician among the Italians of St. Louis' Sicilian Ghetto. He died from a malady induced by the eating of too much mushmela, a taste he had cultivated since joining the Air Force. Saturday Night he sanitation forth to buy the biggest melon he could find for his money, found it in a neutrodynes' kalyard, and ate it down until all but the rind had disappeared. He lay down to sleep. At 51, he is dead of a poisoned bag masking as a melon. Mr. Ragsdale, a city dually, is said to have eaten a mixture of snow, fruit pulp, and sweetened milk. Aristide Cambeau, the inventor of ice cream, is another goner. In his youth, before the service pistol did its work in the cockles of his heart, he had connected a crank with a dasher and a churn, set the container in a pan of ice and salt, and produced delicious concoctions, commonly sold under gally-colored umbrellas all along the Boardwalk in Atlantic City.

Suicide Marches

March suicide next year, take these steps. Plan it for outdoors, such as park or beach, where guests can dress casually and let loose. Invite as many as 3, but plan on an equal number of straying neutrodynes. Plan to have a Sergeant-in-Charge on hand, chiefly to maintain discipline. Schedule the thing to begin in late afternoon and run for not more than 3 hours. Arrange simple cookout menu plus snacks. Assemble equipment for games and races. Buy candy favors and inexpensive prizes. Take guests from host's home to death site, playing a car game like "Spotting Buicks" en route. Make teams and run races, providing opportunities for rough house play. Play nonsense games, including some which encourage dancing by all the guests. Eat cookout supper and gather around the fire afterwards for group singing. On Iskcon, when we go, we go with styling.
VOTE BUDD

BUDD SLEEPER-COACH GOES TO TOWN

Call me Budd. If a thought comes to me that will make life easier and happier on Iskon, that will amuse me, or that will widen my knowledge of public affairs, I welcome it. It is not true that the reading public wants the contemptible trivialities that are now the fashion in journalism. The public would be glad to get and pay for something better.

My sleeper coach is coming to Ten Sleep March 15. There will be a rally at Legion Camp 1 featuring Commander Lindy on an airchair. Wandering neurodynes will be shot for trespassing. I promise a tidy campaign. Soot, rib, ale, beer—a free lunch—will be served.

LINDY BACKS BUDD

I BACK BUDD BECAUSE BUDD IS OPPOSED TO:

1. Any secret scientific or technical process.
2. Any process or preparation, where the essential element is not disclosed, bearing a coined name.
3. Announcements of the sudden achievement of what scientists have long sought for in vain and rediscoveries of lost arts.
4. Complaints of a conspiracy of silence against the inventor or other evidence of a persecution complex.
5. Sweeping claims of any sort.
6. Inadequate neurodynes forced-disclosure laws.

"IF ANYONE THINKS WE SHALL FORGET BUDD, HE IS MISTAKEN. THIS WILL HAPPEN WHEN SHRIMPS LEARN TO WHISTLE...."

Commander Lindy
They seemed so hungry, so white, we left 'em eggs out for them. 'Then', they were coming in packs, invading the yards of the neighborhood, squattng on every acre of the countryside, hissing and spitting at one another with a deafening noise.

They sometimes filled wooden buckets with water from the trenches and sat in the round, like children at a game, dipping their flinty, trying to catch a reflection of Iskcon's moon.

Once we stopped leaving food for them, we found a talent for opening locks. They entered our kitchens, our smokehouses, and helped themselves to what was ours. They were fond of raw yams, chocolate, and tobacco, which they didn't smoke, but ate.

We began calling them neutrodynes.

We would find the rice jar overbaked, and which was standard ordinance, provision of fence posts and fuel, and produce an abundance of berries, attracting thousands of birds, which they promised would eat all the grasshoppers.

The American women put streusel, which we call rhubarb, into cider pressure, squeezed out the juice, treated it with lime, filtered it, and sweetened it to taste.

From 300 pounds of rhubarb, they got 200 pounds of an attractively colored and delightfully flavored beverage which they called La Perle, and which gave them the strength of 46 cajuputs.

American dyne scientists. The water pistol blossomed, they claimed, of seed ideas as old as Iskcon, ancient as Nekor. It wasn't long after the fall of Nebo that the truine brain of the American neutrodyne budded in neocortical mass, says O'neba, allowing us to think in what Koestler called 'intersecting matrices'. In the case of the water pistol we have 3 intersections: the matrix of hydraulic art, the matrix of plunging, and the matrix of squirting fluid. An intriguing offshoot of water pistol technology is the celebrated "iron horn" of the Netherlands, which was standard ordnance issued to every Dutch Uncle in the struggle against invasion. The device was capable of blinding its victim with a jet of caustic soda.

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