THE REASON INDIA WANTS 50 MILLION TWISTED BB GUNS MASS-PRODUCED

THE END

CITY MOON

THE ENDR

SUSNR

Encounter with an Orbigator 50 CENT

Living Fossil

flash!

Pinhead in the Sky

The Pinhead in the Sky Coffee Corp. announces a meeting of the Susnr board to discuss plans to place a pinhead in the sky. The pinhead will be placed on the wall with a finishing nail. Eventually, all things will come to pass, and why not this? and why not now? long the motto of the City Moon. We are a magazine for lonely widows, parapaths, star-crossed lovers like Donnie and Marie Osmond, Mensa members, cowpersons, Uncle Buds everywhere, Irving Berlin who's been born again and those in the Suction Camps.

Weather: No rain in sight. The burning sands of the Sapodilla Desert are on the move, creeping south at an average rate of a furlong a month, in some parts four times that fast. When it comes to snowflakes, warm or cold temperatures produce plate and star shapes. Shade now available, Zone 11, Susnr.

This is the last issue of City Moon. We're catching the night coach to Susnr. Write us, Box 591.

The Caw County school district on Susnr has been hypnotized and enrolled its first neutrodyne pupil. Its name is Gerben Van Dyke. It tips the scale at 810. It is no dunce, and is capable of extraordinary feats of auto-fasciation. In one minute it pimps peace and love, the next it guts a peculiar boy.

The primitive art of the Elasmobranch peoples is epiphytic. They live in the Suction Camps and breed in the darkened confines of the terebinth woods. This discovery was made by Marfak, the fossil hunter. An era has dawned, but nothing is changing.

Baron Von Kemplin sailed the Firecracker Sea in a Chinese laundry ship. When he arrived at Susnr he met Jack Dempsey, the Ten Sleep heavyweight. Soon, they agreed to meet in the ring. "The loser will win a paper car," said Dempsey. "And the winner," said Von Kemplin, "will suck gaseous compounds." Proceeding according as a result of the bout, will go to needed repairs at the new home at Rockaway.

WHY are we scared of IKE? See page . . . . 4.
We had our orders: a quick reconnaissance job, and then wipe out this strange planet earth. I risked my life to change the plan. Here's why:

My name is William Burris. I am 100 years old. My daughter, Salmonella, is 50. For five days, we had been scavenging on the beach at far Rockaway. Salmonella had put many edibles in her sack, as well as a few bangles and trinkets.


"Patience," I said. "We have our orders. A quick reconnaissance job, and then wipe out this strange planet Earth."

We decided to have supper and then get busy wipping.

We boiled a horseshoe crab in a hubcap, cracked it open with an old beer bottle and ate the oily meat. Soon it was night. We built a fire of old beach rags and a shoe. Salmonella complained that her ankles were swelling up.

"Let's blow this planet and get home," she said. I had the device in an ordinary lunch sack, and these Rockaway swimmers were dumb to our plot. Big-bellied Americans walked by, a few as thin as ghosts.

We made a hole.

"We blow at midnight," I said, and buried the bag.

The roller coaster coaxed us and we made toward it. We had a few hours to kill. We had a few bucks in American OPECs to spend. We had a few thrillsone were pouring rice from bowl to bowl.

Salmonella commented, "This coaster like a big old caterpillar back to Sunur."

"We blow at midnight," I said, and buried the bag.

"By midnight," I said, "the moon will be a handsome traveler."

From a booth, we telephoned Hauerholt, the agent in Reno. "We've got Condition One, natural gas and algal matter. We've signed a treaty, wise or not. Where is your device, Burris?"

"That thing be buried good, just'like a flounder in the sand. Ain't no way we can find it," Salmonella said.

"It's a bit of cracking fun," I said. "Let's try another ride."

We strolled leisurely along the boardwalk. Under it, Salmonella saw lovers on a blanket.

She asked me what they were doing.

"These Americans call it wang-dang-doodle," I said. "By it, they reproduce. Some call it love. Others, just lust."

A vendor of peanuts approached, wearing a coat of empty shells. It was Dra Carter, my contact on Earth.

"What new, Dra?" asked Salmonella.

Whispering, he said, "Don't blow the joint."

"Sunur needs it for its bauxite, molybdenum, natural gas and algal matter. We've signed a treaty, wise or not. Where is your device, Burris?"

"That thing be buried good, just'like a flounder in the sand. Ain't no way we can find it," Salmonella said.

"By midnight," I said, "the moon will be a handsome traveler."

There was a bit of static as though someone were pouring rice from bowl to bowl. Then the line went dead.

I said, "This thrilling story will continue next issue, if there is one. It will surprise and amaze you. Its turns of events are very, very innovative. Write Box 591, Sunur. Happy Trails."

In this rare photograph of Padre Pio's hand is seen the stigmata. The City Moon has put forward several possible causes for the Padre's stigmata: divine revelation; diabolic intervention to confuse believers; and conscious or unconscious suggestion. None can be proved.

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On an October evening in the late 1950s, a pretty 18-year-old secretary, the daughter of Padre Pio, dancing with her boyfriend, in a Middle Park disco, bare in flame.

Who needs it

The End: Day Three

The flight recorder of the great airship DIAxle 1010 is found in the silo of the Houston Ship Channel. Pentagon decoders transliterate the message in no time. "We beg this information from earth. Can you point the way to San Jose?"

ERA DAWNS

Dawn: Day One

On Horseshoe Hill, a mushroom village of odd little white houses has sprouted up in recent weeks. Some are hemispherical, some barrel-shaped, oblong, round-topped, and at the topmost point of each is a bio-mechanical eye, forever gaz-ing at the welkin.

Is this the dawning of an era? On earth, as on Sunur, we found little clucking people out on the edges of Reno, giving water in the ditches. But compared to these ingeniously bleached houses, the clackers shrink.

Dawn: Day Two

A color named pink appeared in the sky. The Atwood Fat Boy is finally dead. Pokey needs languishing in the gutters. There are paper cars. Upright man has made a great advance. Harry Harriet has been arraigned in a giggly death. Our president, Dru Carter, was drowned in a public bath. The fearful live longest now. People in Boise are sitting on their la-las, waitin' for their ya-yas.

Who needs it

The End: Day Three

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New Park

1. Sapsapilla Park is a land of marbles. Pittsburgh Thompson has written, "It is a region grows no poisonous herb, nor does the querulous frog even quack in it; no scorpion exists, nor does the serpentine glide amongst the grass. Getting there was a frightening ordeal, on the other hand. In the despair of men, hideous to look on; for they be horned, and they speak naught, but Thompson has written, hard little balls and try to put each other's eyes out for pleasure.

2. Marfak, living in a tower at the top spot in Pilchard Park, oversees the whole of ancient Pennsylvania.

Marfak drove the big, coiled obrigators out of the coastal swamps and only the physics of depth set any limit on their seaward retreat. Just Marfak remains, a heavily armored scavenger, eater of mollusk and octopus, the flying trident, the root-suckers. This cold little forerunner has a mind even more visual than our own.

3. Occupying a great chunk of the Jersey barrens, Pasamunus Park has no society. It hosts but one life form: the diminutive sconch. The limit of all sconch striving is set by the scarcity of circulating blood oxygen. They lack that subtle lever which their viscous blood is loaded with protein and three hearts are hard at work keeping blood pressure high. Sconch emotions are skin deep, signaled by blushings and palings. Pushing back another in fight or love, they turn dark red.

4. Occidental Park was the last member to enter the Susnr Park system. The saying goes that at some point the park was boiled under an ogling flocculus for so many days that the ears of corn burst on the stalk and the husks took flame.

The youth of Susnr nicknamed the place Selfname, after its language, Ipsises Verba. They forgot the heat and learned to talk to each other in a straightforward and truthful fashion, mimicking the jargonese of late Americanica.

One will say, "What is that strange thing called fasciation?" and the other in response, "An un-tamed girl in one of our Suction Camps has bitten Marfak. Isn't it awful? She will be hanged." It would go on that way 'till sunset, if the sun set in Occidental Park.

5. This is Callicarp Park, what used to be Florida, Georgia, Alabama, Tennessee and the lower regions of Mississippi and Louisiana. Absolutely no life here, except Pittsburgh Thompson, Suuer laureate and carp fisherman. His poem, The Moon, serves well as the park's anthem.

THE MOON

Some one is eating an orange; look at the yellow peeling. Fallen across the lake!

6. Indole Park, shown east of the middle of the map, has been settled by the Chinese. It is the dwelling place of dragon shrimps and flower-stripe horses.

7. Cook County Park is closed most seasons. Hazardous rains at Chicago are off boundo to visiting Susnrites.

8. Palmy, balmy La Tropicana. Submarine-size watermelons grow before the eyes of visitors who watch the melons that nearby breathe. There are paths of ivory, trails of amber and jade, streams of tin and silver — these are the pathways of the world. Along them have moved salt and sugar, tabasco peppers, wheat, rice and corn, cotton, silk and wool dead animals and live ones, pigs, needles, beads was thread, wheelbarrows and shovels, rum and glass. Memory disappears in this exciting park.

9. Worried by the increasing number of seed tramps, Great Middle Park officials promise to pay $3. 40 for every seed brought in, and $1. 70 for a bucket of their ears.

10. One of Leuko Vink's wives, Decanna, a former Tucsonite, wandered upon a rare vein of clocksone near Dilbat Park, No. 10. A man waked up, Decanna sensed his presence. It was Marfak. "And are you naked?" he asked. A swollen sack of clocksone was tied to his back. "If not," he said, "get out of my park."

11. Texaco — for decades icebound.

Texaco — despite the high cost of color.

Texaco — a French settlement where violets which grow on trees form one of the most curious features of the Exposition de Chrysanthises et Fruités, in the Coura-Neume. They are seen at the stand of Millet de Flis, and the effect is so novel that dumbstruck crowds stop to look at them.

Texaco — where masses gather to capture the curved sunlight.

Texaco — the land of opportunity lost.
Ike has come back.

**The Combobulating Whole**

There's a hot time in old town tonight: Ike is back. Combobulating with a mani-
vous man by the name of Richard Tracy, Ike is wearing a new uniform.

Arrested by authorities for an overhead, the old, bald guy may have come in on
an evening Feb. 4 when he got off the school boat.

Mr. Newcombe, of Indole camp, had been
parachuting into a group of sea tramps who pummeled him without mercy.

Mrs. Newcombe, of Indole camp, had been
parachuted without success until her
husband took her to Czar Tom. Her husband,
Derek, said, "It will take some time to get used to. She's never been to Italy, you know." "It's wonderful to be chattering again," she said, "even though I have this strange accent." Three years ago, being left speechless by a mystical affliction, London housewife New-
combe had recovered her voice after visiting
Miracle Mike in Muffi, Czar Tom's healing puppet.

**Moreover**

Joe Sanchez III was really surprised Friday af-
ternoon Feb. 4 when he got off the school boat.
Many of his friends and relatives and a few idle
neutrodyne layabouts were waiting to surprise
him. Joe and his friends played with a teetotum and
won a few prizes. They all sang "Oh, Glorious Orbigator," then had ice cream, king
cake and quiche lunch. Joe received many nice
gifts . . . .

A Pilehead Park Nest is alive after accidentally
parachuting into a group of sea tramps who pummeled him without mercy . . . .

Better control over orbigators is expected
through use of galvanically charged dusts. The
process charges an orbigator first, then kills
him. Marfaik is said to have predicted pre-
fabricated concrete buildings on Susnr, and
in his book, "The Penetralia," published in '66, he wrote of "aerial chairs . . . which will
move through the sky from park to park . . . ."

A peculiar boy arrived at a
suction camp yesterday. On his
breast were numerous exquisite
pectoralis, both large and small,
including various amulets
arranged in 15 layers. Some of
these pectorals comprise many
hundreds of sections of elaborate
clothwork.

And,

Somewhere in his past were two cir-
dles, to each of which was sus-
pended a fat supercil t. "Show me
to the sucking tents," he said.

The empty casket of Bernard DiStefano, a victim of the
Occidental Park War, has
arrived, floating in a canal, on Susnr. DiStefano had been
killed two days before Christmas, 1944. The remains of the
19-year-old Italian were found
missing from the casket when it
was discovered Sunday by two
crabbers. The casket's lid was
loose, but in place, they said,
and the interior was dry.

The Canard Liner, Neutrodyne,
arriving in Zurich today, carry-
ing 500,000 pounds of Austral
Dog Boots, burst into flame and
sink in the harbor.

The fire began at the cap-
tain's table, a plate of bread
having combusted for no
apparent reason.

In a moment, two scullions
and much of the fo'c'sle were ablaze. On the
cramp deck, where the next
wipers squirmed in their
seamy blouses, balls of white-
hot flame rolled like bundles

The harbor boiled like tea
water.

In all, 55 seads departed this
life. The captain was saved,
though all the ice in Switzerland
cannot cool him down.

Don chance, Cap'n Jonson.

Oh-la-di-la-da-da, nebels.

Colobopsis

**THE WANDERING LITTLE GOD**

This was my first encounter
with a colobopsis, the little wan-
dering god of Susnr.

Somehow the bite of a colobopsis and a boomsling adder are
roughly the same. First, its
cold lips touched me at the
keel of the ear. They were
east-like and icy-cold. Then, the
wheels they entered, painlessly
they withdrew. They left a
deadened prow of flesh behind.

Colobopsis, the one way to die
on Susnr, called on me in a
puppet's uniform. I would have
been dead, via the bite, had I
not called my neut, Lemuel,
who came post haste from its
stall in the shed.

"Good God Almighty," said
Lemuel, "I'll bring out the
Master Leech."
Here's an easy story to read. No big words to jumble your head. No dashings to the dictionary on this one.

A burnished haze of heat hung over the blue waters of False Bay, a sandstone playground on an island in Chaos Skies.

During the siege of Tientin in the Boxer uprisings at the turn of the century, Tong Shao-yi's father was the prime minister of China, took refuge in the American consulate. One day, a bomb burst through Tong's roof, killing his wife and a baby daughter. Herbert Hoover, who lived across the street, rushed into the burning house and carried another of Tong's little daughters to safety through a hall of bullets.

Years later, when Hoover was director of the FBI and Chief Food Administrator in Washington, the Chinese ambassador, Mrs. Koo, invited Hoover to dinner. At one point, Mrs. Koo said smilingly, "Mr. Hoover, we have met before." Her American guest wrinkled his brow, trying to remember the occasion. Mrs. Koo solved the mystery. "I am Tong Shao-yi's daughter whom you carried across the street during the siege of Tientin," she said.

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A ship carrying Duncan yo-yo was sailing from Nagasaki to Shanghai. In a typhoon, the cargo shifted, sinking and lifting the boat repeatedly, up and down, up and down and up and down, like a raisin in a glass of fresh champagne.

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Sure I'm happy, an old neut from Middle Park once told me, "I never knew anything or nobody in my despondency."

The directions of sea-floor fractures and magnetic anomalies are the two main clues to past motions of crustal plates.

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Millions of men and women adored Monte Cliff.

WHY DO I LOVE THE

The word "berserk" came from Norway, where they invented it.

Egide Cornellis, the first berserker, carried out a macabre experiment with 20 ducks in 1888. He roasted one duck and fed it to the other 19, then fed one of the 19 ducks to another 19, then fed one of the 19 ducks to another 19, and so on until he had only one left: a duck that had eaten 19 of its fellow creatures.

The berserker likes to marry his children to each other and live in continual fear of his fate, making a go of it in black-ambling or boot-blackening. He says he will always have a pretty good race that way. That is all he'll have.

Hiram Cod, native of Sussex, invented a gas-tight bottle to keep the fire in lemonade. Since "wallop" is a slang term for blow-up, Cod never kept in a Codd bottle, "Codd's Wallop" was a drink that was worthless, compared with his bottle.

Markk was the first nucophile. He kept an orderly log, noting the name and taking a specimen of each creature he found about his house. First came the rat and then, in succession, the dormouse, toad, millipede, cellar beetle, mosquito, black beetle, black ant, flour worm, eel worm, silverfish, steam fly, cheese mealworm, earwig, woodlouse, slug, earthworm, snail, spider, fireant, sparrow, house marmot, centipede, pinceau borer, cockroach, look who was scarabs' nut, wasp, honeyly, bluebottle, greenfly, ladybird, carpet beetle, moth, woodbeetle, pipistrelle bat and the noctule bat.

As Farrell medical student a human brain to win a $1,000 prize. Orthodontics claims bodies and organs thrown into trashcans in violation of Biblical laws regarding the sanctity of the corpse.

A turkey has been mailed across the country and around the world for 20 Christmases. The bird was Christmas dinner in 1955 for an American couple of Tarrant, Texas. The bird was stored in the refrigerator, frozen, and forgotten. The next Christmas the woman made it into a centerpiece and it became the hit of that holiday. The following year a large goose, she painted it gold, sprinkled it with glitter and mailed it to her brother in Alabama. Ever since, the carcass has circumnavigated the United States and has been as far as Newfoundland and Oklahoma. Once it arrived in a small top hat, and once dressed as a football player.

The body of a dead man was sitting erect in a lawn chair. Neighbors called police after 8 days.


This is a true story. A friend and I, in New Orleans, in 1955, impressed some medical students. I offered them a chance to gain entrance to the city morgue on an impulse. It happened that a cousin of mine was an attendant on duty there and was only pleased to give us a cook's tour of the place because it was a slow day and he had nothing better to do. He said, "There is an autopsy beginning now. You two will enjoy seeing it." I was almost all, said, "Come on, I'll show you what they're doing in the back." We were taken to a room, a sterile room of white tile and a floor that slopped to a drainpipe in its center. A man cut open throat to pubis lay like Tut on a stainless steel table. His cousin said, "It's a ship's captain from Norway. Capt. Jonson. There was an explosion abroad his ship, docked here in the city. He was flown into the Mississippi. He was covered with shrimps and crabs when found, after five days in the water. I took them home and ate them. They were delicious, in fact, and fat. What we are trying to determine here, for the satisfaction of his insurance carrier, is whether the blast or the drowning killed him. Maybe the lungs will tell us that." My friend, Randy, a medical student, winked at me, anxious to see the action.

A young anatomist, standing at the captain's side, holding a lobe of the captain's liver, as though it were a pig's heart, said, "Come on in, boys, get close to the action, we've just started." A bit of my lunch hurled into my throat. Yet my adolescent curiosity brought me closer.

SEE POST-MORTEM, travel page 35.

Susaer, another baby planet, was found to be jammed, but nothing useful was gained. It varies noticeably in brightness as first the broad side, then the nar- row end, of its orbit turn around the earth. Swinging within Mars' orbit at an earth's 20 times weight, its orbit can come within 600 miles of the earth. Its orbit is regular and a very accura- te idea of its motion has been derived.

When asked how various food a-ffect the production of status, people ranked beans fifth in potency after onions, cooked cabbage, raw apples, scorn and radishes.

In Tucson Territory, after some discussion, the troops threw off schedule by having to make frequent stops for passengers on con-gested streets, the trains were re- routed so that they would pick up fewer passengers, and thus run on time.

One of the Nixon tapes contains this curious exchange:

Unidentified: Unintelligible

Unidentified: Do you know that while I'm sitting here.

Mr. Nixon: Oh, I won't go that far. (Laughter) Matter of fact, the room is not taped. (Laughter) Forget to do that.

Door thrown always add up to seven. And gorillas lead a lousy life. Each troop is under the benevolent dicta- torship of one male, who accepts the role with good nature, wandering males into his realm.

WHAT SCARES ME by 75 -- 35

In 351, Malcolm X's father was died. After that, the family's life become hard. There mother went to work herself. It was hardly to take job for widow of Negro. After that the state welfare people come to their house, they treat family like things. They have to change their eyesight. The state social agency did what they could do for them.

In case of them, there were too many children. The state people sow her weaking. In 1952, he visited hospital, his mother didn't recognize him at all. Malcolm was sent to Johannes home. He think that Malcolm's opinion is right, but it's little radical. It's an important factor of their tragedy, too.

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The whaling ship Sierra, on the Firecracker Sea this week, espied a stately, red Darracq Brougham c. 1910 and a late model Toyota Corolla. Drifting aimlessly in the midst of a don drum, the cars, taken for small whales, were pursued by the whalers and harpooned. The Darracq received one barb through a windshield. The harpoons splashed like raindrops around the corolla. Then, a foggy side window of the Darracq opened and a Russian shouted: "Tell us the way to San Jose." Quite quickly, the ship's coxswain said, "We saw a dead pelican 50 km. back. It is the only change to knock the barnacles off your cars."
GRABBAGE SPEAKS — "EET UP FIVE MEALS A DAY"

Cutter amid mother's room

The Aphothecary of Augustus Cutter

How to be god? -- Well, here's the gist. Cutter, left alone in the middle of his mother's room, finds himself dead woman. Such are the doings in Dillbat Park No. 10.

Moly Raw is Susan's first mechanical mother. She is big news in the war on biology. Neurotype mothers no longer need to pay the psychic wage of making milk, because it comes from Moly Raw's fingers in great squirts, rich in follic acid and lactose and tinted slightly with an orangeing agent. These moly's can be cultured in mothballs between kids. Or they can be crucified on fenceposts and feel no pain.

She can cook a heck of a spring pie, answer questions about simple machines, telegraph brevities, clean an oil-soaked waterfowl, never deal in petty hatreds, compute the invisible force of direction, stop Jersey starts, knock an acre of corn in the morning, measure the intermediates of sugar metabolism in birds' muscles, dig postholes with her heels, with difficulty rinse feathers, transmit power to an auto generator, harvest minnows from pastures, make fish flies, make streams of uniformly sized drops of water of different radii collide in midair at different velocities, turn junk dress into money, commit the Masonic Quiz Book to memory, write science fiction stories, pull a boot, deep fry a ham cake, diagnose rickets, wind an armature, explain the 214th to a neat, and treated with pews and cremona varnish to guard against rot, decay and termite's, will last a hundred years.

"CONTROL THE BIRTH RATE, construct mechanical mothers or starve," said Thomas R. Malhux, English clergyman, writing in 1799. The stark reality is this: readers: the food supply multiplies by an arithmetic ratio, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8; and feel no pain.

Two things have happened on Susan that Malhux did not and could not have foreseen in his time. The first was the far-reaching effect of the second revolution, which has made it possible for Susan man to increase greatly the productivity of foods and fibers, and yet spend a small amount of his energy in so doing. The second is the advent of mechanical motherhood, which Malhux, surprisingly, did foresee.

At last, it seems, mother machines have come, to alleviate those raw necessities of child rearing and free the Susan females to go about more productive business, to doubts in clothing industries, such as she culture, run running and fiscal impasto.

And yet, like Eisenhower, who saw the need of eventual destruction in the earliest prototypes of the neutron bomb, Malhux, on his deathbed, left us this warning about the automatic mums: "They will not live in private rooms, which the situation requires. They will crank abed and abroad all night long and never let you sleep.

Cutter retired to his room and dreamt an American Dream, by Norman Mailer. "But I had a view of what was on the other side of the door, and Heaven was there, some vision of the spreading cities shining in the glow of a tropical dusk, and I thrust against the door once more..."

Shit 'n Shinola

Now we tell about shit from Shinola. The two are not in wildly different categories. Shinola shoe shine polish happens to be the color of shit, and it shit and shit can both be found in the men's toilet. See next page.

CREEP WAR ON

the sovereign regime they live under

the editor to be a permanent manual for readers of the news of this and future wars.

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Armed flies

Carried flies forced a Southside man to swallow them with a beer chaser today. Later, at the tavern of B.O. Denosau, youth robs a dead woman. Such are the doings in Dillbat Park No. 10.

Crucify

Miraculous Moly Raw

Moly Raw is Susan's first mechanical mother. She is big news in the war on biology. Neurotype mothers no longer need to pay the psychic wage of making milk, because it comes from Moly Raw's fingers in great squirts, rich in follic acid and lactose and tinted slightly with an orangeing agent. These moly's can be cultured in mothballs between kids. Or they can be crucified on fenceposts and feel no pain.

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CREEP WAR ON

the sovereign regime they live under
Now that the lakes are missing, here's a way to prepare safe drinking water. Marfak says, "Be particularly careful about the purity of your water supply. Your health, your safety, your very life depend on it."

They're all going on a trip to the Light Years on Dixie 1010. It's the newest system of justice.

What is done is this: The Dixie 1010 is as tall as the old Sears Tower. It is honeycombed from top to bottom with piec, the coldest and purest material available to man, yet strong enough to bounce off a teakite. Bing and his fellow prisoners are enveloped like larvae within the 1010. At a pre-set signal, once the dixie is a light year from Earth, it bursts like a millweed pod and its human contents discharge for an eternity of traveling, sphere to sphere, quark to quark, black hole to black hole, nebula to nebula, without the benefit of eternal sleep. Bing says, "Ain't a neat made worth this. This is pure heat."

That Strange Thing Called Fasciation

Mr. and Mrs. Wood Duck are appearing at the Chelsea Pavilion, nightly.

They have a railroad car. They come in on a spur and park it. The door swings open and Mr. Duck sails out on his flying hat. Don't leave your kid to your shoulder, 'cause he'll knock it off. Meet Mr. and Mrs. Wood Duck

They'll tangle terrified, then cool at each other. He'll nibble at her bun; she'll pee in his hat and soak his beard in it. They're funnier than a barrel of monkey's. Unit cost: 3 OPECs. Starts at 4 sharp.

Chain O'Lakes Missing

Sometimes a subaqueous spring may be found near the margin of a river by paddling close in shore and trailing your hand in the water. When a cold spot is noted, go ashore and dig a few feet back from the water's edge. I have found such spring exit missing in the Mississippigol, on Earth. Some distance from the bank, by weighing a canteen, tying a string to it and another to the stopper, have brought up cool water from the riverbed.

"When traveling in an Azkali country, carry some vinegar, or limes, or lemons, or better a glass-stoppered bottle of hydrochloric acid. One teaspoonful of hydrochloric (muriatic) neutralizes about a gallon of water, and if there should be a little excess, it will do no harm, but rather assist digestion. In dearth of acid, you may add a little Jamaican ginger and sugar to the water, making a weak ginger tea."

"Clarify muddy water by stirring cornmeal in it and letting it settle, or by stirring a lump of alum in it until the mud begins to precipitate, and then decanting the clear water."

Safe Drinking Water

A husky and casual Negro, in a destitute smock, stuck at the captain's scalp and, with a razor device, cut him from the top of the left ear upward and below the widow's peak on the forehead cleanly to the top of the right ear. Then, as though she were peeling an orange, he lifted back the scalp.

The anatomist said, "Look how the liver is macerated," and put it near my eyes so I might see it better. On smelling it, I closed my eyes and swooned. I pummeled to vomit. Randy lifted me upright by the shirt collar. "That fainting is obvious," he said.

My cousin saw I was upset and said, "Let's look at some things in alcohol. Around this place, we just call them alcoholics. A bum came in last night. Someone shot him in the armpit, down by the river, for cursing Franklin Delano Roosevelt. If you lift up his arm, a little pas came out of the bullet hole. You all want to go over and look at him?"

A roar of hot belly foam hit my throat, and I gagged. I said, "If this is the way you treat your dead on Earth, I'm going to Fuji." And I did.
This is Harriet Harry, Susnr's new secretary of feminine affairs. His criminal past is documented: in 1968, he poured ammonia into a drunk man's wine. For this offense he paid a price -- he spent eight months on Wall's Island. He exposed to newgirls, and got three months for that in the same year. Then, in 1969, a white woman from Batavia reported to Susnr police that she had been drinking heavily earlier in the evening because of Harry's pen, should be a must on every store Indian, when it comes to fleshing out with Harry. But Marfah's voice is calmest:

Bargains?

I will let go at auction these collectibles: 1 bottle of depressants most samples. Hands. They reveal to me the sexual lower voices that appear as blandishments to potency. I need counsel and advice. Write Leon Csigos, Box 591, City Moon.

Don't fling communism without australian dog boots, the sneaker worn by a hireling. It is made to bore and rifle cannon and to weave the most delicate lace.

On April 10 about 30 miles off Portinho, New Zealand, the crew of the 3,460-ton Susnr fishing vessel, Zulu Marx, pulled up its net from a 1,000-foot depth and hauled on board a two-ton tori- gator. It was over 30 feet long, with four flippers, a long neck and a long tail, red and white flesh hanging from under the skeleton and a fatty white ozone dripping from the neck.

I took four color photographs and sketched the creature before it was thrown overboard. 5,10 glossy, eight dollars.

Moody Benjamin Mars Station

Cook ice cream on sale at Squeebelow's.

Anything is possible at Susnr Novelty, Discriminating Filipinos buy canapiers, here, while they eat their kalaheys. We feature model Hestoras, Edesek Burian and Ramon's Bowled Brownie Calendars for 1976. Cindy will clip you good at the HOUSE OF LORDS. No surging or talking in the chair, please. $10. New postcard. We're clearing off the suicide ramps. Guided tours at Wall's Island. Self-kissing tassels.

Sporting goods for sale: elephant goad, chip car, bent javelins (cheap), camel.

Food Ideas

Uncle Bud says, "Let's cook a book today." They are full of cell, alone, nutritious glue and, if you're lucky, a few book lice. Take a fat book, like the "Summa Theologica" or the "Principia Mathematica" or any mold tom by Harry Harriet and first crack the spine.

Then you take and boil the food out of the index. Any gray paste rising up, skim off and save for later use. Put in a bay leaf, a head of thistle, a handful of tapioca, a pint of Angostura bitters.

Take a medicine-ball workout at Harry's Gym.

1. Nutritionally, the food value of a book is more than that of a flank steak.
2. Leave your home and travel without danger to the delicate little orbigators.
3. Do it unto others.
4. Boogie 'till you puke.
5. Poke a rancho mouse.

A Message from Drs. Carter Fascination, unregulated or ill-regulated, is only wasted in the void, like gunpowder burned in the open air, and steam unconfined by water; but striking in the dark, and its blow melting only the air, it recoils and bruises itself. The blind fascination of the people is a force that must be concentrated, and also managed, as the power of steam, lifting the ponderous iron arms and turning the large wheels, is made to bore and rifle cannon and to weave the most delicate lace. It must be regulated by intellect. Intelect is to the people and the people's fascination, what the slender needle of the compass is to the ship -- its soul, always guiding the great ship northward.

A Timely Message to Americans

I am a victim of ejaculatio precox. I have few pol- luted thoughts and am very lonely."

Don't receive no wages that ain't your due.
2. Detain the wages of a street vendor.
3. Try the Twinkle defense.
4. Expectorate on the sidewalk. A neat could slip and break the street open.
5. Poke a rancho mouse.

Ms. Moody Benjamin's New Book

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