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.)

Two weeks later, a court ordered the Ferrari dismantled, 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 jammed 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. With the interior of the Ferrar i examined, what had happened was exactly clear. Mulligan had awakened to find himself in dire straits. He appeared to have made 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 withstand the whispers, 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 gen- erally intact, aside from a portion which had been nibbled away.

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, easy, from Radiola to Samarra, one needs a good, fast car. If you arrive in the afterworld without wheels, it's tough, boys. 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 waited in the desert beneath the close-circling birds."

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 set mender on one of the big fishing trawlers that go in and out of the Alhobombo harbor. My spirits were sailing high. On 21 July, I went to the Tunney Arms and booked myself a room for the week. The price was a mere buck-fifty and that was all.

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See Dag Up, on page 5.
On the other hand, the one who had not more than once, stood on the brink of the grave in the pages of City Moon.

As the readers of our publication, he will be remembered as the one who offered fragmentary glimpses into the dark secrets to be hung from the jilted rear view, 51 per gross. David O. O. have been refuted by a Frenchman. He's cured his old friend, Myron, art typist, of the shaking.

To say there have been a dozen reports of his death would not be exaggerating. David O. O. have been refuted by a Frenchman. He's cured his old friend, Myron, art typist, of the shaking.

The rest of the Society of the City Moon, the student group that feeds the publishers of this newspaper at IU and UT a regular diet of hard-core cessions, listened to the interview through headphones in rooms adjacent to the historic chat.

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

C.M. The idea of a radioactive death area to quarantine Sumer's neucrnotin 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 Sumer 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. Neucrnotin 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-choke 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?

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O. News articles and advertisements "printed" on fog clouds, on the moon, or on poison'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.

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

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O. Some 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 solution of sodium hydroxide, commonly known as caustic soda or lye.

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C.M. What about capital punishment?

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O. I think the budget committee should strike out the salary of Mr. Perkins, public executioner, and the price of the soapstone with which he sharpened his glutton millstones.

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

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O. Actually, only five. I first became scientific news in 1933. They found me in a Tolland peat bog in Denmark. I had apparently been strangulated as a religious sacrifice, then buried. Thereafter, the bog juices preserved me, almost intact.

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C.M. Any advice for sailors?

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

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

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O. Sure, you say, Sumer is big. But is it really? You couldn't tell it by looking at a map. After all, how big 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 photographically small.

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C.M. How does the cricket go?

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fall of barrel sponges, I saw a hut near a lama-
sery. On two cats there were a male and a fe-
male neut with a child. The male was aslee-
p. 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 
launched repeated blows until she limped into a 
corner and collapsed. I chloroformed the infant 
and drowned it in the kitchen sink. The male 
left. 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 
"Filasander," who came in at a trace over 9 feet. 
And then there was the biggest of all, the 
neutrodyne 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 Fair 
Rockaway to see the return of neccromut alumn. 
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 3-pound qhahog, became so 
engorged it often choked me. She twittered with 
joy when I massaged it into her.

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 Moom. How graphic can 
one be in your pages? Let me begin by asking 
you if so, by what method were they conceived?

C. M. What of drugless healing?

O. Since the beginning of homoeopathy, 
followed by osteopathy and chiroprapy and 
chiropractic, drugless healing has taken tremen-
dous steps forward. When the Americans real-
ized there were other ways of healing than 
medicine, they were not slow to forsake the 
unsuspecting draughts. Many are now convinced of 
the efficacy of the drugless systems and have be-
come strong advocates of, and willingly tes-
tify to the adequacy of, drugless methods. For 
example, if I find myself "stove up" of a 
Monday morning, I pick a pill of dewberries, 
found them and make a concentrated juice, using it 
to wash down a few Peptobism tablets. Once, 
when I was working the Mummy Day carnival in Knox, 
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'Nebi! Help me! 
My bowels haven't moved in a month. Jesus I'm 
feels like I got a belly full of cornfuls." Stekel, I said, what would 
happen if you parodied yourself to a M.D.? You 
sees, in proper healing, you must ask the right 
questions of the patient, and you must use per-
vasive arguments in prescribing the RX. Stekel 
said, "Well, I guess he'd go to probing in me 
with a sanitary finger, try to work loose what-
ever's stowed and bloomed the bent. 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 flushing the blockage, can also 
tickle the neighboring episteme, 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 
subject?

O. Avoid onions, cooked cabbage, raw apples, 
radishes and beans. Not to mention fatty meats. 
The neutrodyne verb does most of the work, as 
in American poetry.

C. M. Did you at one time live the life of an 
Italian, Tony Baccudo, who came to America 
thinking he would pick up some of the gold bricks 
for it had been boiling. I'd promised to 
marry him, I said to her, "Think of it! Sleeping with a neccromut, 
being impoverished by it! It's only a scrap of 
at 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. I'll leave it to the annotation of word 
net, according to the dictionary of the 
American Academy of Arts and Sciences, 
which reads: "Neurotropin, the sexual 
organ of St. Mary in a hollow of white hazel, near to the 
cupid whirlpool, and to St. Tisilio, by a red 
cave."

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

O. I never miss it. The blue corn artist 
was operating at the Exposition, but not. Over a croaking 
marionette fire he has hung his bottle upon an iron 
crate. The pots are about to be turned for 
the benefit of a hungry crowd. The savages 
and the hungry crowd munches the savages 
cake with brown yarn on its face. Blue corn never tasted so 
good, it was so good, it was good. I called the 
secretary of angry youth, for one, did not. 

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

O. I know not. My first innovative enterprise in 
Jackson was frozen meat. Mostly frozen ham-
banger patties, I did this at a time when frozen meats were 
"boob hole, but not. Over a croaking 
marionette fire he has hung his bottle upon an iron 
crate. The pots are about to be turned for 
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B U S I N E S S F A C T :  Acquiring 
Liquid-plumr
turned out to be a strong and successful 
first step toward the turnaround of The 
Closet Company, which was losing to enzyme 
products.
The Hospital

On April 5, 1861, a mere two months after Jefferson Davis stood on the porches of the Capital of the Confederacy at Montgomery, and was inaugurated as its President, a twenty-seven year old physician sat by the flickering light of a kerosene lamp, mending his quilled pen in hand and making the first entry in the book of admissions of "The Alabama Insane Hospital." The physician, Peter Branch, as entry read as follows: "A forty-eight year old soldier from Fort Morgan, Alabama; suffering from Mania A; of admissions of April 5.

O. Of course, there's the benefit of all that extra meat and protein. Group death has always been a better road than the loner. And, of course, there's the benefit of all that extra meat when the going gets tough.

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

O. Commander Lindy has mounted an attack on us. We turn on the radio, and it's all about the moment while transmission is being set up. You have screwed the plunger into the air vents when there is an urgent knock on the door. Is this the moment you've been dreaming? 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! It'll help us get through this time. How thin the food supply. Group death has always been a better road than the loner. And, of course, there's the benefit of all that extra meat when the going gets tough.

C. The word in you're plagued with pranksters.

O. That is, I want to speak to the ones who held a large sary ligned with what I believe to have been meat killer, packed upon the muddy seat. Well, I sat on that needle and the pressure of my body operated the plunger. I did not get the full effect. You're in your bomb shelter. I was a runner 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. What do you call the periods of no life? O. It isn't really a period, it's a place, a city, called Radula, named by its founder, the Italian Marconi. Neurodynes hide 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 gray-haired. He spat whatever he swallowed, his uniform was a sour mess, he wasn't adjusting to the Radula dead life very well. He appeared discombobulated, petty and annoyed. Somewhere along the line he let his list of loathsome nose and the spot was festering. I wanted to smack the son of a bitch in the face for the hash he made me do. I must say that a feature of living in Radula is that one's temper is always on the edge of eruption. Once feeds forever anxuous, clumsy, skittish, it isn't all that bad a place, but neither is a bus station. One spends one's time walking there, that's all. And waiting is such a nuisance, even to the dead.

C. OK, you're in your tomb shelter. Commander Lindy has mounted an attack on us. We turn on the radio, and it's all about the moment while transmission is being set up. You have screwed the plunger into the air vents when there is an urgent knock on the door. Is this the moment you've been dreaming? Is this the moment when everyone, according to the newspapers, is supposed to shoot his neighbor?

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C. M. What of the disappearance of Myron, Reno, and Melody? O. I was a runner 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.

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The Legend of the Jewelers Philadelphia Bulldog

The phlecutes have a character of their own, taking for the instantaneous equilibrium of the abduces-
crato-re, after which he would set them free to wandering, bedecking rain and consisting of seed corn and a box.

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

The phlecutes do not rest until they have found their place, but if they have a place, they seek the one that suits them best, and if they have a place, they are satisfied.

As dawn breaks the dreamer's stir. The films are pulled from their projectors, shown in a crucible and melted.
The first of the American Frq died at midnight, when he began to wend his way back to the Tunney bunker. He was led to his doom, King Frq vowed to stand on its head in the gutter. An old cog wheel, pulling a heavy freight when it front end of the train catches in the sun. It is related that they found in the morning a clean-picked skeleton, weirdly dressed in complete evening clothes. America's brief dabble with regnery ended in a fatalism. Sense the unmistakable flavor of its inevitable end, its odd little face.
Killing time is all I was doing.

Massachusetts, says, "The old u.s. is a long gone goose, let's face it," and tosses her hat in the ring. Standards-try are curious about her policies, her platform. They ask, "What's in it for me?" and hold 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 HERED ORDERED REPORT TO 1720 ORCHARD LANE AND THERE 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-window."

"As they say, a rolling stone gathers no moss."

"But think of the benefits. If you're gutsy, you may presently have a full cut. I've lived in Biloxi, at a fish market. But consider the knife hand axe salves for burns, gauze bandage, and striking matches.

"Certainly, the IBM computers can take care of the busy-ness of organizing each 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, you may presently have a full cut,"

"Here Eunice is given to wink. "Dig this, man. I was convicted of theft of the property of a social limbo, with little chance of escape." As the unsteady craft made for a biggetTable, she populuses the deck, and an unknown man yells. "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 dahabi. The companions, Nickolasa Serradillas and Telephone Frances, say they were ready for a bark. The children, the house, be damned.

"The tub, which completed the trip in 25 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 Magna Act, man of straw, Manifesto, man-o-war, manure, manhole, man and Toodle-ooh Gay Fowler Day."

"They took along only the necessities: jackknife, 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, an opener, charcoal briquettes, jellied alcohol, scouring soap, rubrocrust, basic dishwater, 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 Virginia. The tub was in drydock, getting a good scrub."

"Eunice was sunning herself on a clay embankment, drinking a can of near-beer and muttering 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 deci-

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"The time is ripe for THE BIG SHIFT."

"So I gave the adios to Che and the boys, I told them, Toodle-ooh, I'm off for the mouth of the man river. And here I am, as Che once said, smack in the heart of the beast, puttering south with my gal friends."

"In politics, I retired to the highest part of the bluff and watched the women batten their tub. When that was done, they knelt at a camp-stove and a wood stove."

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

"The compaines, Nickolasa Serradillas and Telephone Frances, say they were ready for a bark. The children, the house, be damned.

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"It true that we need an educated class to run the factories and distribute the currency, to tend the tangle, and nurture profitable research, though just as surely we also need an ignorant army of blind symmetricians. How else can the delicate machinery of stock market be maintained? Those who manufacture consumeable products are rightfully offensive on the right of public man, or a woman with half-hearted. Consumers should be advised at every opportunity that they are a miserable, foolish, and must always beg for improvement and change. That is why I endorse Eunice and her Sliding Scale, which will give our sagging economy a shot in the arm."

OLD SAW REPLAINED

Now we tell about the American expression "Shot from Shinsola."

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

One implication is that Shits and Shinsolas are in entirely different categories. You won't even try--just because they smell so different--no way for Shot and Shinsola to coexist. Simply impossible. A stranger to the English language, a German doppelgänger for example, not knowing either word, might see "Shit" as a comical interjection, one a lawyer in a bowler hat, folding up papers holding there in a tax brief-case might, smiling, use, "Shitt, Herr Summer," and he walks off of the premises. A last bit of history forever...or Sechitt down comes a cartoon guillotine on one black, white politician, head shooting downhill, lines to indicate amusing little spherical vortex patterns, and you thought yes, like a spider." And there's one place where Shit 'n Shinsola do come together, and that's in the man's toilet at the Roseland Ballroom, the place Eliprodrope and his departmental office of the St. Versona Papers--preserved mysteriously from the Hospital of the Sick and Official Death. Shit, now, is the color white folks are afraid of.

Shit is the presence of death, not some abstract-characteristic, we call the stuff and stout corpse itself inside the white man's warm and private own också, which is getting pretty intimate. That's what that white toilet's for.

You see many brown toilets.

Norfolk's color of decadence, classical columns of mausoleums, that white porcelain's the very emblem of Odorless and Official Death. Shinsola shineso polish happens to be the color of Shit.

Shoshine boy Malcolm X's in the toilet slapshot?

Malcolm walked off, working off white's penance on his sin of being born the color of Shit. It is nice to think that one Saturday night, one floor-shaking Landy-shopping Roosevelt 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 p22

Sugar Ray win pinis

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."

Burrus seemed to know him.

"Now, Pat, bring them from the dark for our guess," said Patra.

"But the game Burris had revved the motorhome, night destroyed the day. As we whirled along the AAP road, Salomonea whistled, "Look at them blue dudes, "She referred to the rusty corpses of 55-gallon drums, splitting open like cracked egg yolks with concrete. At their hearts, platinum glowing.

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

"The boy, a serious-looking Negro of 14 wearing a bone-colored straw hat and soda-black coat that dragged to the dust and dragged me out, began, "Try the biology workshop at AAP."

"One scientist here, to surprise his friends, walks around with a raw potato thudded at its feet. The death egg."

"In a canyon-low voice, Burrus rumbled, "It's Incidentally, they call me Cleophus Patra."

"Burrus whispered."

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

"Something bulged under its coat and a sharp crack, like leather splitting, knocked against the willow sticks to his potbelly, smoked green tobacco in the jars and drank rosin 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? Where do you see the white politician, head shooting downhill, lines to indicate amusing little spherical vortex patterns, and you thought yes, like a spider." And there's one place where Shit 'n Shinsola do come together, and that's in the man's toilet at the Roseland Ballroom, the place Eliprodrope and his departmental office of the St. Versona Papers--preserved mysteriously from the Hospital of the Sick and Official Death. Shit, now, is the color white folks are afraid of. Shit is the presence of death, not some abstract-characteristic, we call the stuff and stout corpse itself inside the white man's warm and private own zoek, which is getting pretty intimate. That's what that white toilet's for. You see many brown toilets.

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MEET DEATH IN A JUNK YARD

On Sussex it is unwonton to see a goose, rather than a dog, acting as lord-proctor of a junkyard. Yesterday, see Hod Yeold, just such a goose, buried, junkyard owner Chokham Jesse. Both are troubles with the law.

Jesse tells the story in his own words:

"An American tourist who attended a party a little way outside of Albritello drank heavily and in the course of the festivities, ‘bottomed up’. Then, shortly after midnight, he began to wend his way back to the Tumased Arms. The noise occurred to him that the mattresses 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 wedged in complete tropical evening clothes. And they decided to blame it on ol’ Hod. They want him out to sleep. They want me in the loop."

The truth is, this area is host to seasonal conglomerations of Driver ants. They are secur in their billions, fear nothing and are capable of taking down a human being, if need be."

"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, if you don’t find it, what do you do?’ Then he 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 mattresses hill. The sheriff and I stood watch over Hod, whose foot was chained to a peg in the mattress heap. The sheriff and his deputy were now set to work."

"To pass the time we dealt a few hands of gin rummy, taking slips from a packet of blackberry brandy to ease the night chill. We had four-6 o’clock drinks."

"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 body, like so many jumpy 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 gooses, a double 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 such an inconsiderate manner. As the regular patrons of Myron’s are a bunch of ruffians, a flagbreaker, a watchman at the Triangle Factory was buried by the 18-pound pig and went critical instead, leaving a rectifier, who tore off the bag and threw the Legion Comsomol. All they do is send jam it’up and nothing."

"To Eunice, WITH URGENT 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 Albritello night-park, last evening.

The game was taggery, the object to kick the inflated bladder of a shabbler toward and across a great crowd. In the pitch of darkness, without warning, she pulled a pocket pistol, and before her playmates could react, she discharged a bullet into her head.

She was taken to the German Hospital, Notke, physician attending, said, "Take her to a spa, perhaps in the Suur Ozers.""Take her head in the radium muds that you’ll see bubbling out of conical extrusions."

"The bullet will calcinate in time and leave a modest hump above one eye."

"It’s no sweat."

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

"Mama, I’m going home,” she said to her wife in a basement bathroom. “I can’t find it, what should I do?”

"Dear City Moon.

On the dark side of Susie the atmosphere is moody, the ashen cool and gray, incompatible with organic forms. You realize what a mistake you made when you touch it, as contact with flesh prompts the damned stuff to liquify and boil. The wet, black soup shoots up your veins, flintstrip to heart, to brain, as fast as a speedball in the mainline. Shivered before you scream, a floral skink arises from the pores and you’re a dead duck, a black tile dripping from your nostrils.

Samuel Lerner
Legion Industry Camp
A CONVERSATION WITH BUDD

Who is more fire-eyed than ex-candidate Bud? To the right, evidence he is on the move again.

This reporter, by chance, had a unique 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 Grab in Tres Piedras—a bowl of their nationally famous Nine Bean Chili, a cup of Allspice coffee, and I was forlorn 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 feet. I kept driving, hoping the weather would break.

Gradually, the wipers froze in their places, snow fell and I pulled over to the shoulder. Getting out of the car, I heard the crunch of burning piles, smelled a fire.

I spotted an orange glow. I felt like an acolyte of two-lane between Tres Piedras and I. Though he was wearing his goggles, his ego, field gaze was plainly visible behind the stub of a dead Pinyon held like a set of rotted choppers.

I took out my pen and pencil and said I was a journalist. Budd said, "Tell them I am long gone, they must not forget. Soon, I will run again. We are a nation on wheels, not on food."

"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 Sancti, quite fish-like in shape, using lateral undulation as propulsion, made of bio-mechanical software, housing thousands, floating as lastly as a man 'w' war, continuous to coast—every passenger as happy as a wild pig finding an acorn. "Tell them they're trying to flush the process. That will not work. It is too much."

"Language itself is a process. What forbids it like a worker's spaniel?" "Let it be, as the germs in a sneeze."

"Never smell the process. It is masticating."

"Tell them to practice tyroman- cy, divination by course of cheese; cephalomancy, by brol- ling of an ass's head; axiomy, by awe; gastromancy, by the sound of the belly; livanomancy, by burn- ing of frankincense."

Budd on the Move

Innovation for a Nation on Wheels

TERRANOVA: NICOTINE TONIC

SPUD

"A smoking club"--

The president of SPUD is Vincent "Hammerhead" Terra- nova, seen on front page.

On visiting his Carolina home, this reporter was invited to ham- mer an eight-penny nail into Terranova's pleated neck, which he did, after an ex- tended pounding, about 2 inches. Terranova made no cry, nor was there blushing evident.

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

***


Members think of themselves as Social Puffers Under Duree, 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 backside of anti-smoking statistics, saying, Look, it shows that 75 percent of heavy smokers do not die of lung cancer, but of something else, anything very close which can smoke happily smoke marijuana until it goes up in a puff of smoke.

It is a weed more noxious than tobacco ever was.

He files the lungs with a black shod and eventually puts the man in the pot.

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

It flushes the kidneys, and in combination with alcohol, pro- duces a kind of fibroid envelop- ing that no other drug can match.

And it has the benefits of le- gally.

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 cigar-ettes. 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 Caramel!" At the end of his per- formance, Johnnie pulled a tiny Afgha from his pocket and waved it in phase with the handle and then smoked it with the hitched with the other.

A MASTICATING MECHANISM

From the laboratories of Zeus color 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 slabs of pig truncheon. The teeth of foetal cows wereimplanted, nourished and teased into tissue onto horseshoe-shaped slabs.

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

"Tell me they are a journalist," said I. "Tell them I am long gone, they must not forget. Soon, I will run again. We are a nation on wheels, not on food."

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JUMPER

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

A man had shot upwards of two cars down the day before. When he and his wife decided they would leave town, they were charged with arson.

The wife had been up into the wee hours of Friday night digging a pit and spreading out layers of charcoal briquettes, then splicing the smoke with sticky chocolate sauce, then soaking in a bucket of water. The guests arrived at noon, and at noon they were there, and they were hungry. They crooked by the pit, watching the host taste and turn the cooking birds.

Then, when all seemed well, a small aircraft passed overhead, ejecting a parachutist. The boys then lug their bagsful of bull crickets and an infant on the floor in a sea of rags, all dead by conking.

All eyes rooted to the keg that sat in a drum of ice. A few saw them, most of them like spuds. The shit with its feet. A carpet of bluefly moved down the ground like a zinc lightning bolt burn him to death for no need. The yellow of an egg, or, in the words of Virginia Woolf, when she turned the cooking birds. The incubator al-

mous pride in cooking them outdoors, pulling out the smelly bladder and stick-

ing them into the receptacle and connect it to the live wire. Now you have a per-

fect shabbit-snuffing device. You just place the "hot" bucket over a sleeping shabbit, electrocute it, twist its neck until you hear a sharp click.

"Or you can go the more merciful route, namely, to slowly and lightly let your fingers caress the shabbit's smooth head, then carefully reaching forward, guided by the thumb, until your fingers caress the shabbit's smooth head, then carefully reaching forward, guided by the thumb, until your fingers reach the head of the shabbit." He sank into the pit, cutting into the coal pit. The island appears to be crumbling. The city will be crowded.

It is spring. The central occasion of our lives.

"I'm dead," was the only word that came to the lips of the baby, then he was dead, murdered by the skin of a moth. Now lay most decently and firmly, then nailed with steeples along a broomstick. It beckons the sleepy, Americans who came to examine necro-

auts at close quarters.

The boys then lug their bagsful of

bull crickets and an infant on the floor in a sea of rags, all dead by conking.
Pictured above is Gargantua's mug orbited by two grasshoppers. The story, like the face, is too ugly for words. Suffice it to say it was Gargantua for whom Grooteague 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--in some other organ--City Moon is fare state of poets existing already in this country, thanks to all that govern-

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Naturally, then, you can trust the talk is cheap, as...