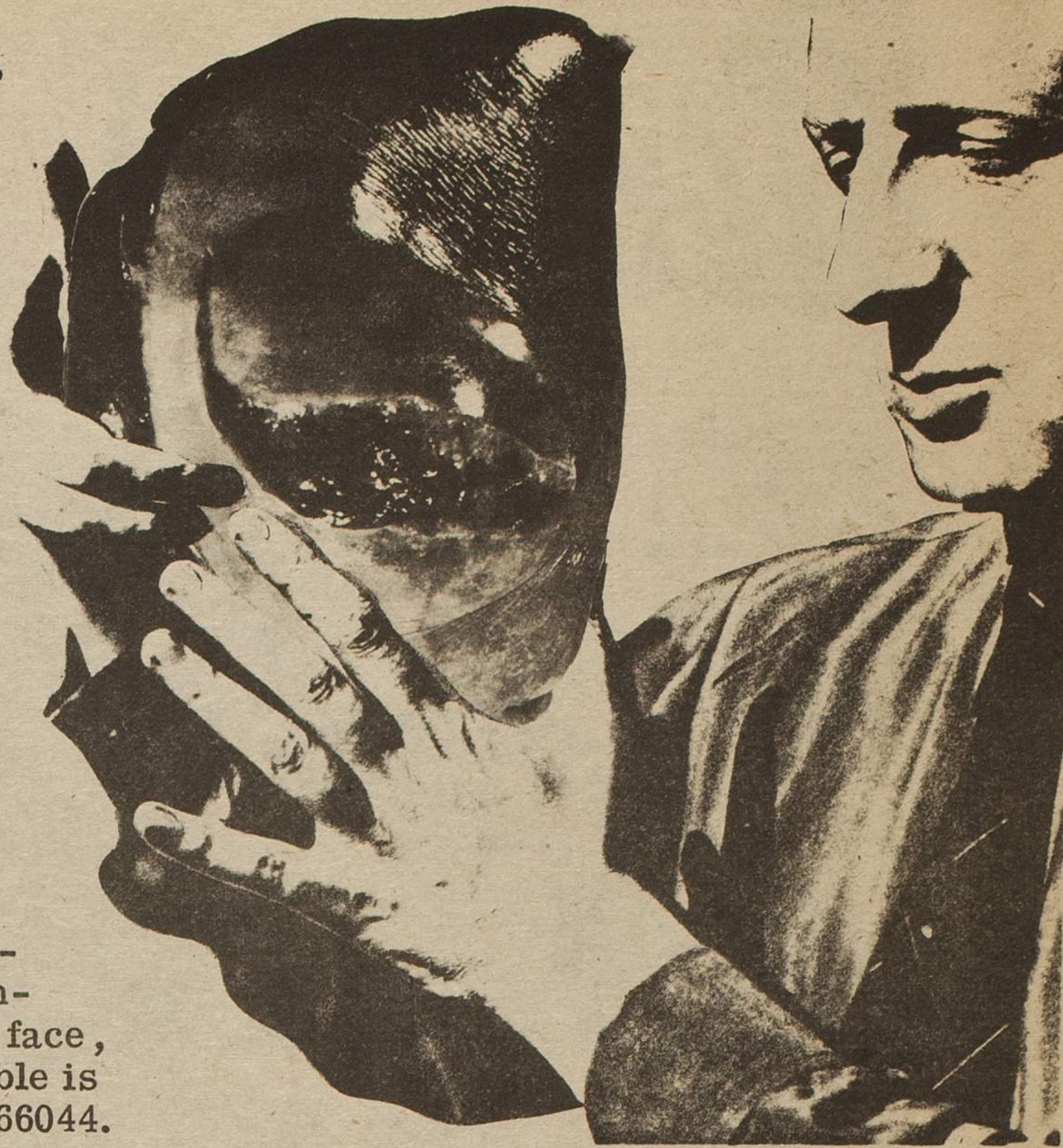


MAN EATS COW PLUG

Man has eaten an assortment of horrible things, before and after 22 A.D., the year human-kind lost its fire, the very first time. Everyone remembers the fantastic story of the discovery of the cow plug. According to Charles Lamb, a Chinaman's house burned down with all its outbuildings, including a barn full of plug cattle. Afterward, he and his neighbors, attracted by the sweet and sour smell of the fresh roasted plug meat, scissored out a hunk and found it delicious. For a long while afterward, whenever anyone hankered after roast plug meat, he burned his house down. This kept on until houses were in danger of disappearing altogether, when there arose a man, called Radiola, who was wise enough to see that it was possible to plug a cow without burning a house. After plug meat flourished, stripping cattle came to America. With stripping cattle, you simply rip off sheets of meat, painless to the cow, which re-meats itself immediately. You can stitch these strips into shirts, which draws the flies away from your face, and comes in real handy when the Squat and Gobble is closed. Send your favorite recipes to Box 591, 66044.



URPFLANZ

Radiola here. In this column I would like to treat briefly the urpflanz principle. Always, men have gone tramping through back pastures and rarified deserts in search of the urpflanz, the ideal plant, though none but I have come upon it. The colorless juice of the plant, they say, will cure anything but habit. My dear friends, just as there is an ongoing process during which all the material of the universe shifts, fluxes, and transmogrifies, and just as this process invariably leads to dissolution, common reason points us down the road of selective breeding, collective child-rearing, and harvesting the wasted energy of the neutrodyne dead. This is Radiola. Sanction my experiments. Why not breed for better human stock, as we do with hogs and plants.

CHAUFFEURS MEET

Chauffeurs meet in a scruffy congregation outside French Settlement near the summer solstice, their ponies raising enough dust to keep the town in a haze for days afterward, the citizens coughing up yellow bile. The chauffeurs do this, writes our correspondent, to lay plans for their northward wanderings. The behavior seems to involve the highest reaches of economic social organization. They choose to travel together because it is safe that way, not that there's any comradeship among them, and they travel at night for the same reason, because it is safer. Gathered there, they discuss the migration for days, with aggressive infighting, often manslaughter, and so complete are the arrangements that very few strollers are left behind.

no mo rain

John Jacob Astor and Tiny Tim, both survivors of the Titanic, will be hung in Salt Lake City this Friday. It's a good day for all of us. We don't want these encrusted survivors of that ill-fated ship of the past bringing up muddy memories of the First World War. Times like those are best forgotten. Hang 'em all.



The National Drizzle is over, there's no mo rain. We're in a sunspot minimum and will be that way for 100 years. Grasshoppers store water in their abdomens. Eat them. The camel will gradually replace the taxi cab in New York City, a place now of duned avenues, and dry sandwiches. There's an inch of sand in the UN Building. The president sips lime coolers to keep his head.

THE MOON



The City Moon is a good thing despite its dark and ponderous face. We bring back the dead, only the good ones, we hack walk paths in the overgrowth of the science and art jungle, we advertise products past and products future and products you'll find nowhere, we're cheap to buy, but longer lasting than any other journal in the ballpark. We want you to laugh, after all, from the gut to the head, and then pay a quarter to do it again, eventually fifty cents. If you really want to make us happy, eat your dog, describe the experience, send it to us with a photo, and we might run it. The City Moon, at all times a medicinal moon, performs surgery on all submitted contents, or does not print them. So don't send us things expecting they won't be maimed in the process of our operation. We let blood, but then we freeze it for keeping. Next time through Alamogordo, stop in and see us. We're at the back booth of the Hunger Art Cafeteria, 24 hours daily.

Understandest thou what thou readest?