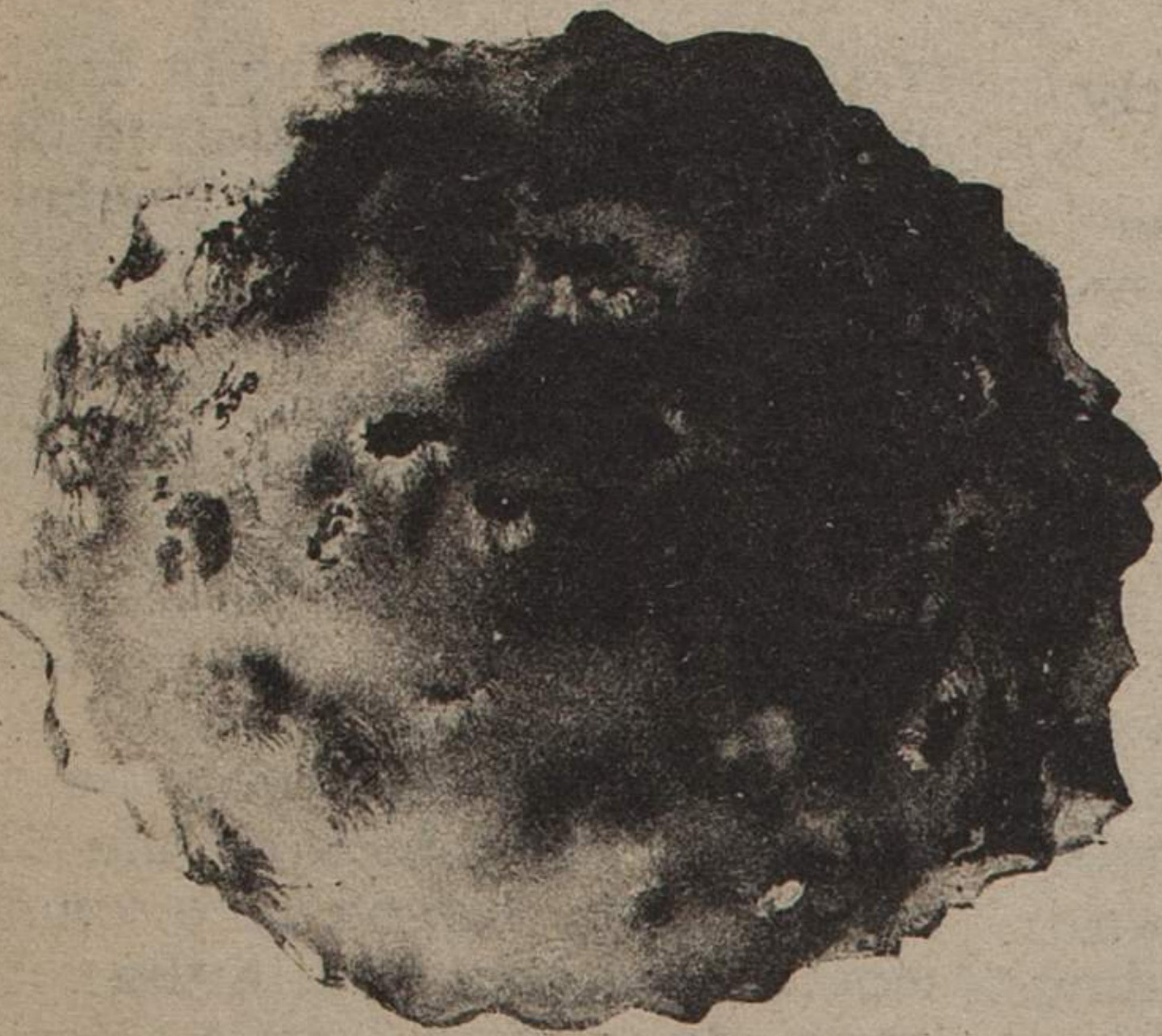


LA
Set
7/1/01/92
no. 13

c-1
12/13



ISKCON NEWS

50¢

DREAMER DEAD AT TENSLEEP

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 hornworms 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 Ides.

She seized her husband's service revolver and shot him through the head, at the crest of the nose. Czolgosz sat down on the settee, and spent a gaudy evening in the process of dying, without the benefit of feelings.

Ekaterina buried the Arab at night in a nearby field, and a few days later planted Idaho potatoes over the spot to hide all traces of the murder.

Her husband, she told the curious neighbors, had become uncontrollable and had left her forever as he had threatened so often to do. This tale was accepted without question, and as the weeks passed, little green sprouts came up in the field until the slain Czolgosz's resting place was hidden beneath a green carpet.

The crime itself did not make the woman flinch. She was hooked on the idea that he lay on unconsecrated ground and so was doomed to ages of grisly wandering on the earth instead of peaceful repose until the day of resurrection. But like the Arab in the Ten Sleep show, she refused the overtures of humanity to her. And like the Arab she shall be publically maimed. La-de-da.

ISKCON NEWS IS A PUBLICATION OF THE CITY MOON PRESS. IT COSTS 50¢ COPYRIGHT, 1978.
IT IS WRITTEN AND EDITED BY DAVID OHLE AND ROGER MARTIN. WRITE TO BOX J, TENSLEEP, ISKCON.

Special thanx is due to: AMERICAN MAGAZINE, LIFE, ROCK CITY DAILY ROCKET, AND THE UNICORN BOOK OF 1954

Heliodorus, the 'mad monk' of Iskcon, today publicly declared that attacks on American camps would commence after the holding of the forthcoming congress of the Black Hundred.

* * * * *

Pet Peeve Department: The aftermath of hunting neutrodynes! You have hides, heads, feet and bones all over the yard. And whether you hunted or not, they are dragged to your lawn by the wild capybara.

* * * * *

Early this morning Emmett and Eugene Robinson were passing a disreputable resort on Iskcon's eternally darkened North Street, a place of derelict neutrodynes, particularly displaced Americans, and their shoddy huts, when the pair discovered a scrotal sack stuck on an iron picket in front of the resort. It was freshly cut and it was supposed that a murder had been committed. In time, the bag was identified as that belonging to Mr. Chatterjee, a well known American, who died of paralysis at Pasteur College of Medical Arts. During Saturday night a party of medical students broke into the clinic, severed the scrotum, which by then had distended until it resembled two mushmellons in a cheesecloth, and carried it to the sporting house, and afterwards placed it on the fence.

* * * * *

Hemp is used in twines, oakum and packing and endures friction, heat and moisture. It dyes blue or violet with an aqueous iodine solution and is high in cellulose. For this reason 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 improvements 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 suspiciously 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 toughen the poison-resisting systems of the body, the red men gulped in reluctance 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 invisibly present. You can guess the function of a caterpillar's hinder parts, but the function of a haggis is obscure. She is a late arriver 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.

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 about a month. Crude diagrams of airships, airchairs, and galvanic kites in his pockets and letters from patent attorneys in Seattle, Earth, indicated that Merto had become 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 colon of Pat Boone, richest Italian on Iskcon, was 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 finger nail. The slight wound was poisoned with germs from the bills and developed into an abscess which, joined with the intestinal blockage, killed Boone.

hagg



ancient plague

The Hagg, as ancient a plague on Iskcon as any other, breathes through its nose, sees through its skin and can tie itself into knots, and has Americans visiting there utterly puzzled and not a little frightened. The Hagg can live without food for more than a year, and when it is afraid hides in a globule of jellylike material secreted into surrounding water. The Hagg has four hearts, each beating in a different rhythm, which separately control its head, tail, muscles and liver. Photosensitive cells all over its girth enable the Hagg 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 brackish water long enough for a bite to be taken, juices sucked.

Is it possible that Hags are undermining the banquettes of Ten Sleep? We hear of a young bride dropping from her neutrodyne husband's side. When the sidewalk puckers the bride disappears without a trace.

But the governor of Iskcon's Eastern Prefecture, Ark On Leo, ordered that cisterns below the Haggis belt sidewalk be probed by trenchers on the City payroll, who turned up a young mother 30 years ago in the same place after 3 days alive underground.

The trenchers, in probing the hole, found only a bracelet, a twisted shoe, and a whistle.

* * * * *

Nickolina Seravola Black, an Iskconian poet virtually unknown in America, was drowned near here today in 1,000 gals. of buttermilk. Just returned from service in Manila, she was unemployed and desperate, and thus took work driving tanks of buttermilk to the neutrodyne camps. Today her wagon dropped into a depression in the road and overturned. The tank burst and the milk filled the hole. Black was caught beneath the tank. When occupants of a passing railcar pulled her from the sea of buttermilk, half an hour later, she was as dead as a cup of sop.

* * * * *

Dr. Leo Patra, at the Pasteur Research Center, is achieving success in training shrimps to whistle.

El drama del hombre moderno

Farming by electricity is now a recognized fact. Electricity drives the cow, stimulates the sprouting and growing of some kinds of vegetation, curls the wool of the lamb, herds the fish and powers trolleys to the outbuildings. Iron-barred windows trapped eight workers in Milwaukee, all being Italian, in a fiery belt factory disaster.

* * * * *

Sprinkle a hagg egg with sugar, garnish with a sprig of applemint, put it out in the rain and you have a nice, cool, late summer drink. Wherever a recipe calls for bat, use hag. Try hanging one if wedges of lime can be secured to fight the sour of the meat.

* * * * *

The Ten Sleep Community Club met with Mrs. Avery Teaset at her Legion Camp Home. Roll call was answered with a Hagg poem. The topic for the afternoon was, 'The American Hagg.' Mr. Chatterjee told the Club members that Hags will be added to the lunch menu by fall, along with coon cookies and pout roe.

M

MOUSEMOUTH BROWN had scarcely reached Paris when the torture commenced. His clothes were torn off piece-meal by French Europeans and scattered, people catching the shreds and putting them away as mementos. He had molested a child. The child's father, her brother, and two uncles gathered about 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-z-zle, driz-z-dle, 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 mule 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 nuns and school authorities decided the only way to answer the question was to count, and the average student rightly refused to do this. Mousemouth 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 #8. But he has left us a book which is a little window to the mind of the American neutrodyne as it is impinged upon by Iskconian life.

* * * * *

And such water at Ass Acre! It is a distillation from the cedar swamps, dark brown in its color. There is not enough of it, except when it rains, to supply the sluices that were built by the physician and founder of Ass Acre, Dr. Maxwell Lindy. Dr. Lindy stressed total health approaches, cedar water being only the trunk of the tree of his enterprises. He says, for example, that fashion's tendency during the last few years toward smaller hats for women has resulted in a distinct improvement in the condition of the sex. . . .

Speaking of company, try the Frog Man Club of the United Iskcon Ass Acres. With your subscription, you receive a miniature pair of frog feet from the swamp, a National membership in the Frog Man Club, a Frog Man decal to be used on your windshield, bicycle or notebook, a book on how to swim underwater, periodic bulletins on the latest developments in frog equipment, and a seat on the boat to Palenque of Earth Mexico. . . .

Stories of rats playing havoc with black snakes and rattlers belonging to the Moqui Indians in Iskcon's Dreamland, Ass Acres, end with a rattler killing the rat. It is a swamp rat, larger than an ordinary rat.

Several hundred pigs ran wild through the streets and yards of Ass Acre today, when 200 women, weary of waiting for ordinances to regulate livestock driving in the streets, took the law into their own hands. The women first argued with the drovers and, finding them obdurate, attacked them with sticks and stones. The pigs scattered during the melee. When the Sergeant ended the fighting the drovers were cut and bruised and had no pigs.

* * * * *

ASS ACRES

United States Senator Pennekamp Park had a narrow escape from death yesterday at Ass Acre. An airplane driven by August Kukk knocked off his 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, plucking Park's hat off.

A ghostly bi-plane is said by aviators to be seen around the Cape of Ass Acre in blowing weather, under the following circumstances: she is never known to get into port, and is seen at uncertain periods sailing at an immense rate before the wind, under full press of canvas, in the most violent gales. The tale goes that the aviator is condemned to beat about the skies until the day of judgment. From the corroborated accounts of many navigators there seems to be no doubt but that something is seen which they take for a distant airplane. The plane may be an offshoot of dyile flonking, which ritual often accompanies the sighting of the ghost plane. Dyile flonking is a game dating back to the 1400s. According to some, it first sprang up in Yorkshire, England. The simplicity of the game is astounding. One person, armed with a beer-soaked rag -- the dyile -- stands blindfolded and encircled by other players who move around him. At a set command, the person in the middle flonks the rag at someone standing in the circle. Whoever is hit must drink a mug of worm water, warm, from the trenches of Ass Acre. "The whole idea is to get stiffed (drunk)," explained Helen, an American neutrodyne.

NEW NOVEL FROM ISKCON'S PREMIER AUTHOR



After a ten day sleep, from which physicians were unable to arouse her, Josephine Gerbel, known on the stage as Genevieve 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 DeForrest fell into a deep slumber. At first this was thought by physicians to be a good sign. However, the sleep continuing, the physicians reversed themselves. On the 5th day, every doctor wanted to see the lovely Miss Gerbel flutter 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 DeForrest's parents marred the waking.

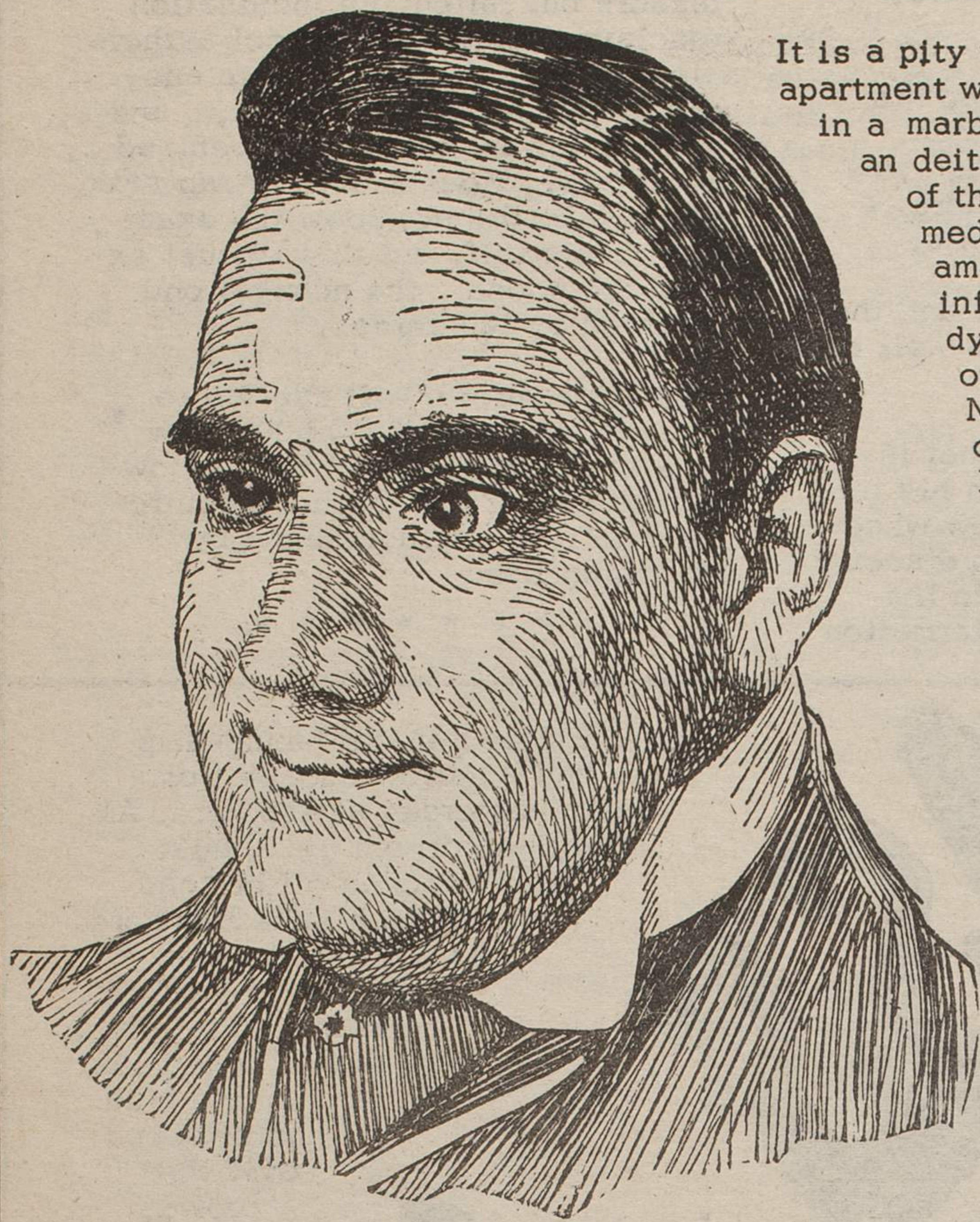
CONELRAD

You open the door and let them in--your 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. For months you have been worrying about how to keep your neighbors out. Now, oddly, you are worried about how to get them in. You remove the blast caps from the vents and begin to crank in air.

Slime
with
Worms

SALE PRICE 1.88



It is a pity that Ark On Leo and Yuk Lin Leo plunged from a window of their fourth-floor apartment while about \$74,000 cash was erupting in flames in a gold ancestral bucket in a marbled corner of a decayed but elegant hotel, apparently to appease some Manila deity, for this senior citizen-aged stage and film duo will now die with the taint of their last and worst cinerama production staining their reputations in the immediate future: The Death of Sinowe Kesibwi. This is a rotten 3 reels of cinerama, all vermiculate with earthbound metaphors, hanging like hags from this infantile plot: police have shot to death 9 pigs that were terrorizing the neutrodyne camps at Manila. The shootings precipitate a feud between the neutrodyne of Piggy Lane and Warren Picillo, owner of a 400-pig farm adjacent to the camp. Neighbors had complained for years that unpenned sows dug up sidewalks and chased children to protect their piglets. Sergeant Pajak, played by Ark On Leo, and his men went to the camp area Friday and killed ten pigs. Picillo nursed three more sows that were wounded, but only one remained alive. He claimed Pajak's men crossed into his woods to shoot the pigs, and in the process had wounded two of his best buck neutrodyne. Then the shooting began. As is typical of the

This is Cinerama?

Manila cinema, Yuk Lin Leo arrives at Ark's side at this point, a deus ex machina, appearing neither young nor old, angel nor hag, man nor woman. Is she a dream figure? Why do others arrive, lacking organic connections to the plot, forcing us to provide our own uneasy explanations of their presence? Picillo meanwhile tries fresh strategy in the gun battle. As Yuk gathers his ghosts around him, Picillo, riding atop a large elephant, Big Burma, drives his remaining pigs toward Ark On Leo's frame and newspaper house, delivering a sermon with a bullhorn, wearing big floppy ears, and standing upon a tailor-built perch. As Ark Lin Leo is being seduced by the confident chatter of ancestors, Picillo stampedes his zoo through the walls of the house. Ark On Leo has once more ground over the old theme: look closely at the angel and you'll see the devil. As Sergeant Pajak's pandering crew materializes in the movie fails to see them as being as valueless as dream money to him in a real fight. We left feeling any meaning the movie may have been building toward was certainly erased in the final, meaningless minutes.

CIVIC SORE



Hornpout have been speared by the ton with pitchforks in Ten Sleep. The flooding of the Little Red there yesterday afternoon due to heavy rainfall, covered the streets in the centre of the City with hornpout, hag, and croaker. The populace joined then in a fishing bee. Men stopped work and with pitchforks laid in a supply of fish. The pout weighed from 3 to 30 lbs. The Italians are the champion giggers, one family of them having gathered more than a ton for the winter cabinet, to be salted, iced, and put up in wooden casks.

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 soaked, 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.

WAR WONDER

A MASTER DYNE by the name of Gatlin Bang, who was traveling by shanty from Stull to Tonganoxie, is dead by the sucking of a hagg. He was asleep in his hammock on a lower deck reserved for neutrodyne, when a massive hagg, often sighted on Iskcon and called Paisano by the local trenchers, wormed its way over and attached its eight-tentacled mouth just around his navel, extruded its horned tongue, and with the efficiency of a trocar, mascerated and sucked out enough of Bang's contents to kill him. His remains were painted with resin, wrapped in linen, and disposed of, under the command of Captain Silent Smith.

OUR INSTRUCTION never to sleep beside Iskcon's trenches is rarely regarded by strangers. Roy Rogers died in the belly of a sturgeon many years ago. And now Alley Carraby, a stage hand, at the Jack 'o' the Clock Theater on Atlantic Avenue, had decided to snooze by the shallow water of the Little Red Trench while his two companions went fishing elsewhere. The Sergeant at Arms said, "The Hagg apparently lunged six feet from the water and gobbled Carraby quietly in the shade of an old cypress." His companions searched the area but found only his rifle, watch, hat, and shoes piled nearby. Somehow the Hagg discharged a great heat in the carrying off of Carraby, such that there was nothing of the shrubbery left but a burned circle where the two had struggled. The Sergeant exploded a charge under the water to stun the Hagg and then shot it as it surfaced. Carraby's body was recovered from one of the fish's stomachs.

IT IS A WONDER OF WAR THAT PATRIOTS WILL DALLY WITH CAPYBARA

The Sergeant in Charge has been informed that a petite, grey haired neutrodyne woman of Ten Sleep, now living at Legion Camp #2, is dallying in apparent harmony with a housefull of capybaras. "You can see dozens of them from the window," says a neighbor. "Tails hanging out all over, heads sticking out, the pellets dropping into the peony beds!" When the Sergeant surveyed the home in the beam of a flashlight, bright red eyes peered

back. "There must have been 20 or 30 capy's looking out through the jalousies." Then the door opened. The woman stood there with a head of lettuce in hand. "I looked into her living room and there's capy's, two or three feet long running around in the filthy debris." The Sergeant reports that then he said, "Lady, you got capy's in your house." She thereupon slammed the door in his face, saying, "I'll take care of them." The Sergeant, finding no violation of the law, took no action.

"IF THE WAR WITH EARTH IS TO BE WON, IF WE ARE TO BE FREED OF THE PLAGUE OF THE HAGGIS, THEN CAPYBARA MUST NOT BE HOARDED. A TRUE PATRIOT WILL CORNER THEM, ROPE THEM, AND CALL THE I.A.F."----- Commander Lindy.



During my service in Manila I happened to be wandering through a neutrodyne cemetery, generally on the way to the grave of Asia's Mr. Beefcake, a harmless horror, who was interred 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 single gnarled shoe.

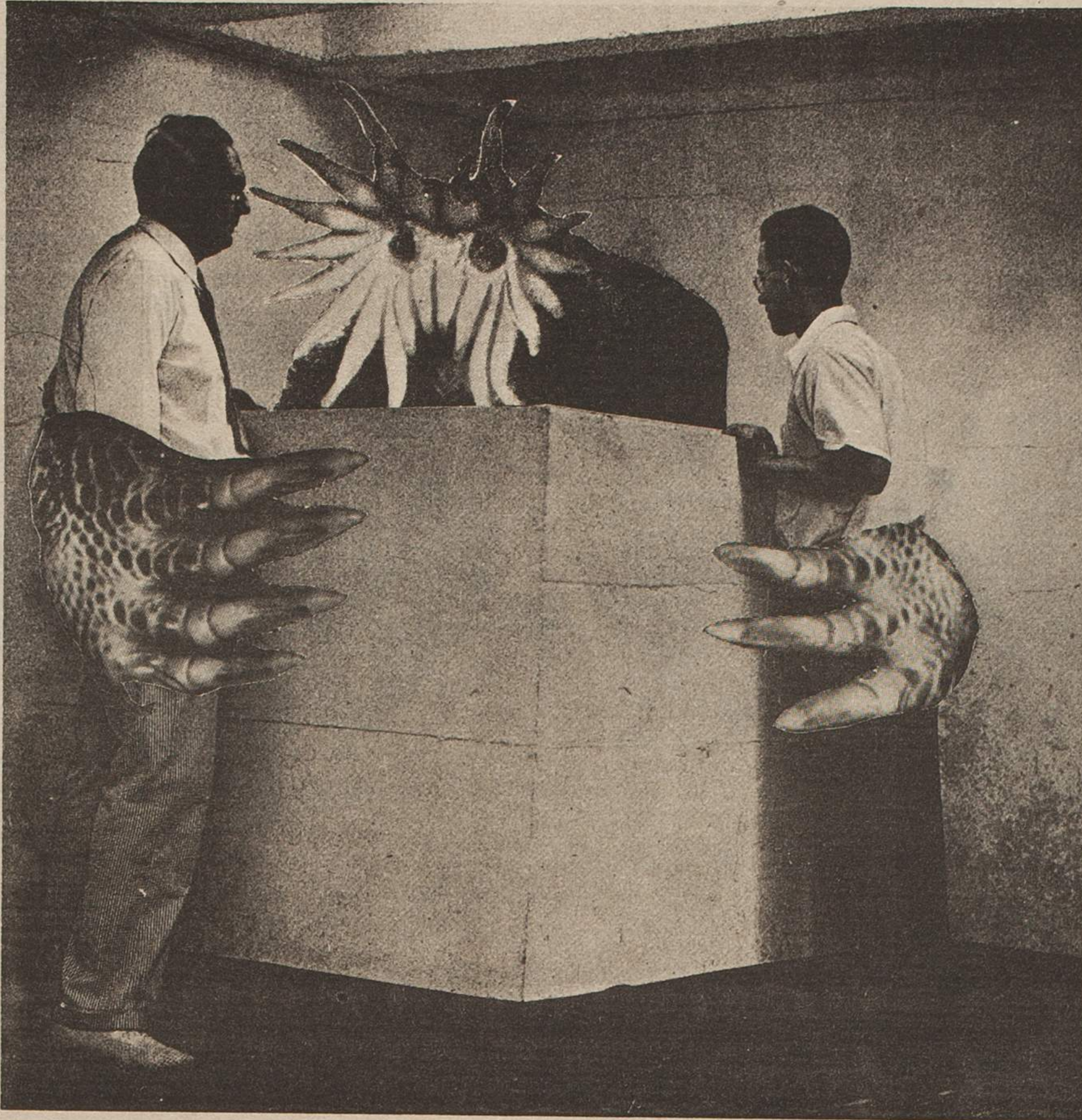
I had a marigold, a favorite of Mr. Beefcake's in life, a box of zweiback if we get hungry, and a bottle of warm sop.

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 cheeks and throat with a yellow bandana.

Several Italians approached the neutrodyne then, surrounded it, snatched at 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 crest of the ear and a shot fired. The dyne 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 center-



HORROR HARMLESS

By

ASIA'S MR BEEFCAKE

FACT: Lives may be saved in future sub-zero warfare by a new device that keeps bottles of blood warm.

field.

The Hudson boy, forgetful of his balance, jumped up in his excitement, and stepped forward, falling 50 feet to the ground as Tinker completed his round of the bases.

As a matter of course, since neutrodynes believe that such sudden and premature deaths as this one are not entirely final, and efforts at preserving the body are always made, the boy was taken to one of Mr. Beefcake's Preservation facilities.

The body was placed on a firm cypress board and the clothing removed. The bones of the nose were cracked with a chisel and mallet, a hooked wire inserted and cerebral matter drawn out through the nostrils, put aside, and not preserved with the other organs.

An incision was made and all contents of the abdomen except the kidneys were removed, and the cavity cleaned with a stringent soap. Then the diaphragm was cut, allowing access to pulmonary regions. The hearts were not removed but packed in ice to cool them. Each piece of viscera was washed in sal soda and put into a jar of brine.

Finally, Hudson was packed with woodshavings and floss, cosmetics were applied, he was dressed in a gaberdine suit, and laid out.

Tinker visits the boy on occasion and pats the cheeks with resin bags.

In a room with forty unfortunates, he lay on a municipal bed, and said he slept fairly well. He was routed out at 5:00 o'clock and sent to the woodpile. After four hours there, it was decided he had earned his breakfast and, with the oatmeal, bread and coffee eaten, he went to City Hall, was adjudged there, and when asked if he had any words to say, gave this explanation of the mysteries of radio, written by his own hand, while in Manila:

"Wireless is something good. It is something that truly hurries up (is swift). A man sits down at a "liklik mashin" (small machine) he has, his finger fights the machine. Now the electricity in the machine "salim" (sends) talk a long way more.

All right. A long way away another fella he sits down at a little machine and he hears this fella talk."

As a whole, the Wayfarer's lodge is to be congratulated on the way it is run. The quarters are well kept and clean. The American derelicts seen at the lodge were strong, able-bodied and willing to work. Absolutely no signs of drink or dissipation were noted.

After a long fast, the one who had been judged, was visited in his cell by many of his aspirants, a cell which is the breeziest and most comfortable in the jail. He ate a steak, some army beans, and drank two quarts of buttermilk.

He said to a reporter, "There is no man in Waco more rational than I am. The jury was in error when finding me demented, although I firmly believe it was done under the impression that my mind is astray. I am satisfied also that those who instituted the proceedings were acting in good faith toward me, and meant it to be for my own welfare. I may never again

attempt the experiment of fasting, but I claim I have already demonstrated a great deal of my theory of the wireless."

Typical of American bums this one had his plug hat, umbrella, and violin hanging close at hand. He amused himself by giving his fellow prisoners charts of their phrenological traits and playing his fiddle.

During the night, he broke out of the Lodge and in his aimless wanderings reached Gooseport, a village about nine miles southwest of the French camp. There he was taken into custody and placed in the lockup where he had access to the stove. That night he heated the poker red hot, placed the end against the wall and threw himself against the point. The instrument plowed its way into his abdomen, searing the parts entered.

Another tramp named Chatterjee occupied the cell with him but was asleep when this unfortunate Yank took the drastic action, so it is not known how long the American survived.



They called him bum

CLASSIFIED AD

“WE READY WHEN EARTH IS.”



JOIN THE ISKCON AIR FORCE

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 unsheathed 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 American men 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 kinsmen murder kinsmen, robbers murder merchants, hag 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 an American Hag. One said he believed he was guilty, the other said no. 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.

Hot Rod in his fury went to Calvin's car and got Calvin's big .38 smoker, and swept back up in his face and said, "What the Hell did you say? I'll mow you down," and poured one bullet in Calvin's right leg.

Surgeons Button Up Hearts

The young American was separated from its companions and fell sick. Nothing that its owner could do seemed to restore its appetite. It cared only to die. Bits of roast pig, mice chopped fine and spiced with savory herb 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 buttoning. 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 ooze 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 abroad at night, gobbling up pigs and pickaninnies, watching the banana trees growing in the moonlight, then separate them and you'll see the loneliest Americans.

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, CLOSSES THE TRACHEA. OUT OF THE CROWD THAT FOLLOWED IT, ONE VALOROUS AMERICAN STEPPED UP TO STROKE IT KINDLY, AS THOUGH IT WERE A LIVING THING." ----- Mousemouth Brown

JUST BILL JONES?



Virgil Kimberlin enjoys night drops on the burning Islands of the Neches trench, where he hauls 50lbs. 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 dynes he feeds, come stockings made from human hair and neutrodyne fur in a 50/50 mix, the best preventive of wet feet. Virgil stocks all these sox for webbed-foot dwellers of high-marsh areas around Trenchtown. Iskcon News says, The best dyne is a hungry one. Let them be, Virgil. Sell those spuds to the Americans, who'll win this struggle, hell or high water.

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 assassin was held. Mr. Chatterjee thought mob leader Pappy Ragsdale's words-- "Bang, bang. Czolgosz gone!"-- were jest. Mr. Chatterjee's habit of dialing his watch in stress situations was mistaken by Pappy Ragsdale as a sign to release the prisoner. Then Ragsdale made Czolgosz 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.

Tektites 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 Hagg's tail, wielded by the well-known Pappy Ragsdale.

Hooked on killer sidewalk



Nickolina Seravola Black, ace of Iskcon poets, was hooked on a killer sidewalk today in Ten Sleep. (See photo left) The notorious sidewalks of Flocculus Avenue, the dirtiest street in Iskcon's capitol, have maimed again. The poor woman's head is nothing now but a wire rose basket.

Cheap Iskcon re-bar did the job that you see; unskilled neutrodyne workmen installed it; the owner of the Gons hotel paid for it; a dead bum lived beneath it; a poet is dead from it. A simple sidewalk. A complicated, unfinished death.

Fight Flies for Fly-Free World

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.



OBSERVER AND OBSERVED -- TWO MAKE A TEAM

Habit? "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.

TWO MAKE A TEAM

COPYBARA TAKES SHINE TO OLD BLACK SHOE

Ten Sleep soldiers are puzzled over a Copybara, 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 goes to sleep whining.

"The only time it gets 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.

* * * * *

HELPED BY A RUNNING START, ROY BISHOP WALKS 50 FT. UP THE WALL

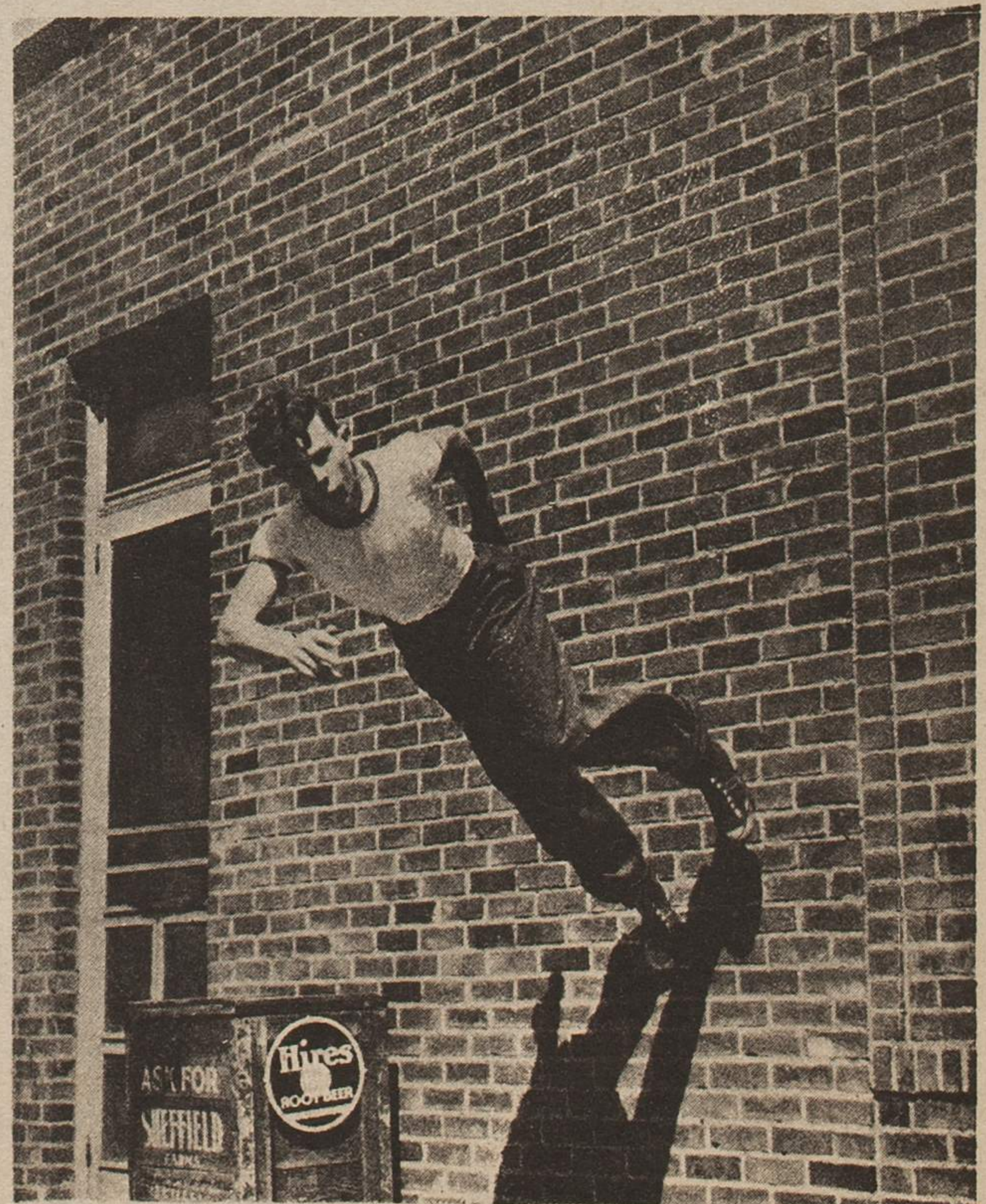


A 24 year old neutrodyne woman from Broadway Street (500's) called the N.I.P. Police and told them that about 3 A.M. (G. M. T.), an Arab had broken into her apartment, voided himself on an Oriental Rug, and beaten her. She said he then pushed her to the floor, punctured her breasts with a darning needle, and cut her hair off. She was advised to obtain a warrant.

Nips are nuts

Roy Bishop, 18 years old, youngest member of Iskcon's National Police, the N.I.P., was run over by a Ten Sleep Central "Wildcat" Railcar Engine, at 132d Street and the Hudson Trailway, on Thursday, while in pursuit of a parrot, which had escaped from a cage in which a woman was carrying it to the Fort Lee Ferry, and lodged itself in the eaves of a precinct building. Bishop, helped by a running start, walked 50 feet up the side of the brick wall, took the parrot by its feet, walked down again, and tumbled into the wheels of the car.

HE TURNS AROUND AND WALKS DOWN AGAIN, USING HIS ARMS FOR BALANCE





How Would You Like to Spend an Hour With

LEO PATRA?

Leo Patra is Iskcon's number one lunarcentrist, 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, these 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

"The round heads are lacking in initiative, but they have a great capacity for patient labor."

--- LEO PATRA

bodies and obtain liquid hydrogen from them, to power railcars, the new Budd Sleeper Coaches, the I.A.F. airchairs, to enrich the soil of the Tektite Desert, and to pacify marauding neutrodynes. 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 Patra'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 growing round-headed. This change is due to the incursion here of Americans.

The mystery of Mr. X

**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 CLOISTERED PLACES, SUCH AS NUNNERIES, PRISONS, AND SANATORIA. SOME SAY THE NEW DEAD ARE BACK BRANDISHING SHARPENED STICKS, AN OBLIQUE AND LITTLE UNDERSTOOD TANGENT OF GALVANIC 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 MUNCIE 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 NEUTRODYNES, KEEP THEM SUPPLIED WITH THEIR PRINCIPAL WANTS -- FOOD, RECREATION, AND SANITATION. IT IS HOPED THUS TO FREE OUR SKIES OF THEIR SCREAMING MONOPLANES AND THE DROPPING OF EXPLOSIVE HAGGIS BAGS ON OUR BEAUTIFUL CITIES.

HALT THE EVILS OF THESE FELLOWS

Our Iskconite peddlers are rich sources of typhoid fever, dysentery, diptheria, and sundry bacterial infections, as most of the ice cream was manufactured in unsanitary homes, thrown onto filthy carts and wheeled along grimy streets. Buy a cone from an Iskconite vendor -- you'll be burning from both ends in a few hours though at the moment you devour it you'll be awake in paradise.

A dreamer from America living on the margin of the Tektite 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 compost heap. The American dreamer, Augustine Carpitcher, will be tried today, sentenced tomorrow, and Friday will hang.

HOP-O'-MY-THUMB

Petey 'Hop-O'-My-Thumb' Ragsdale 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 name 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-seven, onety-eight, onety-nine, twenty (or twenty-one, and so forth), twenty-two,

American Will Torture His Neighbor

But Little Hop, in the swelter of an August sun, gave up trying to cool himself with lemonade and a bamboo fan, and hopped into an old refrigerator with a bag of dry ice in a fatal effort to lower his body temperature. He propped the refrigerator 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 hilts of his small fingers.

He will be cremated at his father's behest, and Armand Henault, who immortalizes 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. Ragsdale.

