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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.

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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.

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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.

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



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