

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

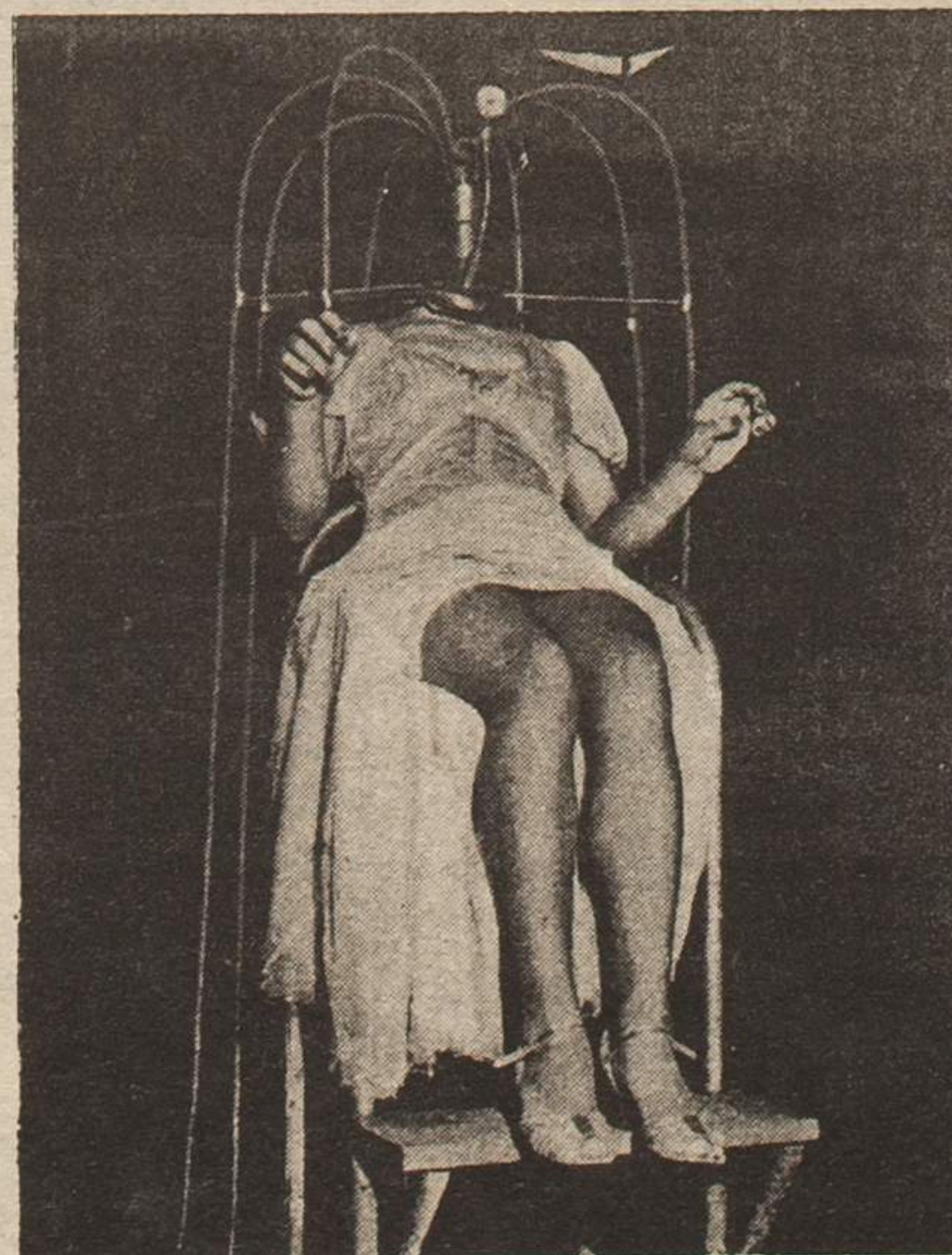


Steve Wodka, a candidate for Secretary of State, disregarded 10-year old Willie Rowe's injunction to touch no apple in the orchard of the latter's natural grandmother, in which the two lads were playing, and is dead.

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 Hagg's 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.