

UA  
Ser  
7/1/0/52  
no. 15

no. 15

**THE  
END**

Living Fossil

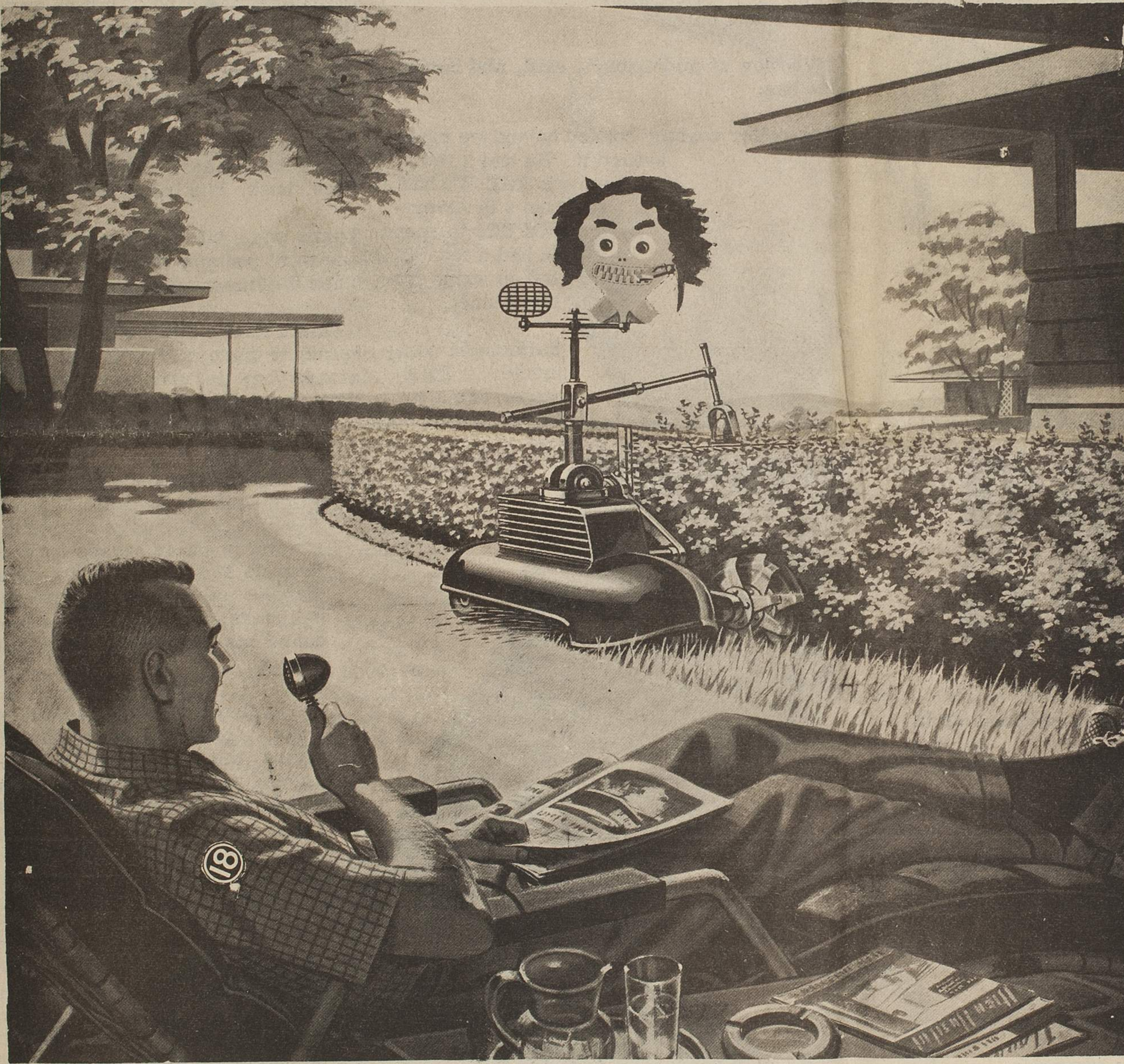
# CITY MOON

THE REASON INDIA WANTS  
50 MILLION TWISTED BB GUNS  
MASS-PRODUCED

13 PILOTS FINED FOR  
WRONG USE OF TWEEZERS  
BLAMED IN AIR CRASH

# SUSNR

Encounter with an Orbigator 50 CENTS



### CONTENTS

The Enigma of Fasciation . . . . . p. 5

Why not breed for better middle-class lovers? . . . . . p. 2

A terrible severed leg follows victim . . . . . p. 1

Super juvenile body attacks Mrs. Warner . . . . . p. 9

Meth freiks on Susnr fight Feds to finish . . . . . p. 3

Dru Carter arrested - - "Dallying" with niece . . . . . p. 11

Sacred Hog eats Baby Vitolo . . . . . p. 4

Ike is back, is combobulating . . . . . p. 5

## FLASH!

### Pinhead in the Sky

The Pinhead in the Sky Coffee Corp. announces a Meeting of the Susnr Bored to discuss plans to place a pinhead in the sky. The pinhead will be tacked to the welkin with a finishing nail. Eventually, all things will come to pass, and why not this? and why not now? long the motto of the City Moon. We are a magazine for lonely widows, parapaths, star-crossed lovers like Donnie and Marie Osmond, Mensa members, cowpersons, Uncle Buds everywhere, Irving Berlin who's been born again and those in the Suction Camps.

Weather: No rain in sight. The burning sands of the Sapodilla Desert are on the move, creeping south at an average rate of a furlong a month, in some parts four times that fast. When it comes to snowflakes, warm or cold temperatures produce plate and star shapes. Shade now available, Zone 11, Susnr. This is the last issue of City Moon. We're catching the night coach to Susnr. Write us, Box 591.

## HOLLY

The Caw County school district on Susnr has been hypnotized and enrolled its first neutrodyne pupil. Its name is Gerben Van Dyke. It tips the scale at 810. It is no dunce, and is capable of extraordinary feats of auto-fasciation. In one minute it pimps peace and love, the next it guts a peculiar boy.

The primitive art of the Elasmobranch peoples is epiphytic. They live in the Suction Camps and breed in the darkened confines of the terebinth woods. This discovery was made by Marfak, the fossil hunter. An era has dawned, but nothing is changing.

Baron Von Kemplin sailed the Firecracker Sea in a chinese laundry ship. When he arrived at Susnr he met Jack Dempsey, the Ten Sleep heavyweight. Soon, they agreed to meet in the ring. "The loser will win a paper car," said Dempsey. "And the winner," said Von Kemplin, "will suck gaseous compounds." Proceeds accruing as a result of the bout will go to needed repairs at the neut home at Rockaway.

WHY are we scared of IKE? See page . . . . 4.

# submarine guts peculiar boy





We had our orders: a quick reconnaissance job, and then wipe out this

strange planet earth. I risked my life to change the plan. Here's why:

MY NAME IS WILLIAM BURRIS. I am 100 years old. My daughter, Salmonella, is 50. For five days, we had been scavenging on the beach at far Rockaway. Salmonella had put many edibles in her sack, as well as a few baubles and trinkets.

"Daddy," she said, "it sure look ugly, this planet. What they call it? Urf? Mars? Sufnr? Iskcon? This beach is bad."

"Patience," I said. "We have our orders. A quick reconnaissance job, and then wipe out this strange planet Earth."

We decided to have supper and then get busy wiping.

We boiled a horseshoe crab in a hubcap, cracked it open with an old beer bottle and ate the oily meat. Soon it was night. We built a fire of old beach rags and a shoe. Salmonella complained that her ankles were swelling up.

"Let's blow this planet and get home," she said. I had the device in an ordinary lunch bag, and these Rockaway swimmers were dumb to our plot. Big-bellied Americans walked by, a few as thin as ghosts.

We made a hole.

"We blow at midnight," I said, and buried the bag.

The roller coaster coaxed us and we made toward it. We had a few hours to kill. We had a few bucks in American OPECs to spend. We had a few thrills left to wring from this planet.

Salmonella commented, "This coaster like a big old caterpillar back

home on Sufnr. It good."

"It is a bit of cracking fun," I said. "Let's try another ride."

We strolled leisurely along the boardwalk. Under it, Salmonella saw lovers on a blanket.

She asked me what they were doing.

"These Americans call it wang-dang-doodle," I said. "By it, they reproduce. Some call it love. Others, just lust."

A vendor of peanuts approached, wearing a coat of empty shells. It was Dru Carter, my contact on Earth.

"What new, Dru?" asked Salmonella..

Whispering, he said, "Don't blow the joint."

"Susnr needs it for its bauxite, molybdenum, natural gas and algal matter. We've signed a treaty, wise or not. Where is your device, Burris?"

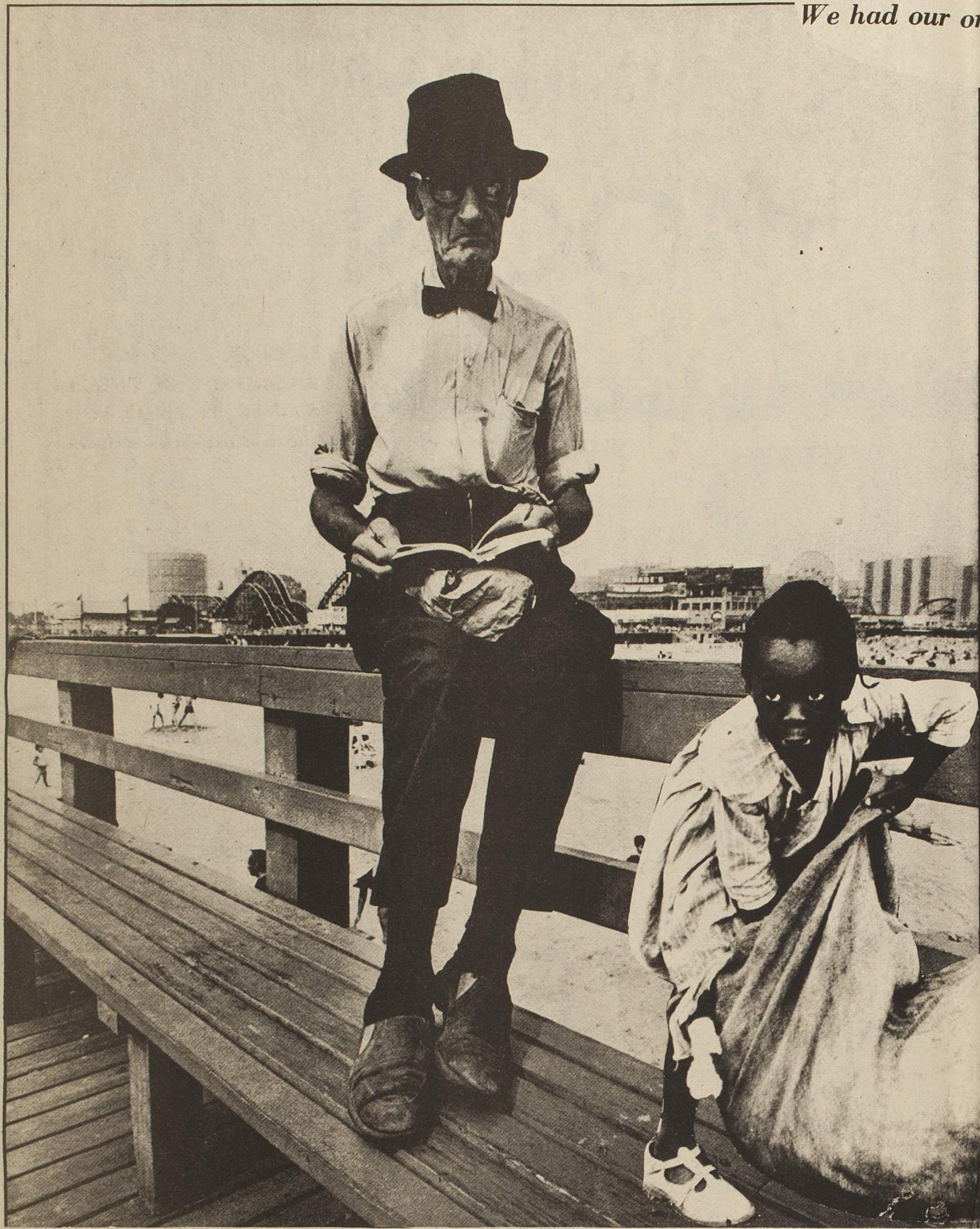
"That thing be buried good, jus' like a flounder in the sand. Ain't no way we can find it," Salmonella said.

"By midnight," I said, "the moon will be a lonesome traveler."

From a booth, we telephoned Hauerholt, the agent in Reno. "We've got Condition Blue, boss. The bag is buried," I said.

There was a bit of static as though someone were pouring rice from bowl to bowl. Then the line went dead.

( This thrilling story will continue next issue, if there is one. It will surprise and amaze you. Its turns of events are very, very innovative. Write Box 591, Susnr. -----Happy Trails-----



# ERA DAWNS

Dawn: Day One

On Horseshoe Hill, a mushroom village of odd little white houses has sprouted up in recent weeks. Some are hemispherical, some barrel-shaped, oblong, round-topped, and at the topmost point of each is a bio-mechanical eye, forever gazing at the welkin. Is this the dawning of an era? On earth, as on Susnr, we found little clucking people out on the edges of Reno, giving water in the ditches. But compared to these ingeniously bleached houses, the cluckers shrink.

Dawn: Day Two

A color named pink appeared in the sky. The Atwood Fat Boy is finally dead. Pokey neuts languish in the gutters. There are paper cars. Upright man has made a great advance. Harry Harriet has been arraigned in a giggle death. Our president, Dru Carter, was drowned in a public bath. The fearful live longest now. People in Boise are sitting on their la-las, waitin' for their ya-yas.



## Who needs it

The End: Day Three

The flight recorder of the great airship DIAXLE 1010 is found in the silt of the Houston Ship Channel. Pentagon decoders transliterate the message in no time. "We beg this information from earth. Can you point the way to San Jose?"



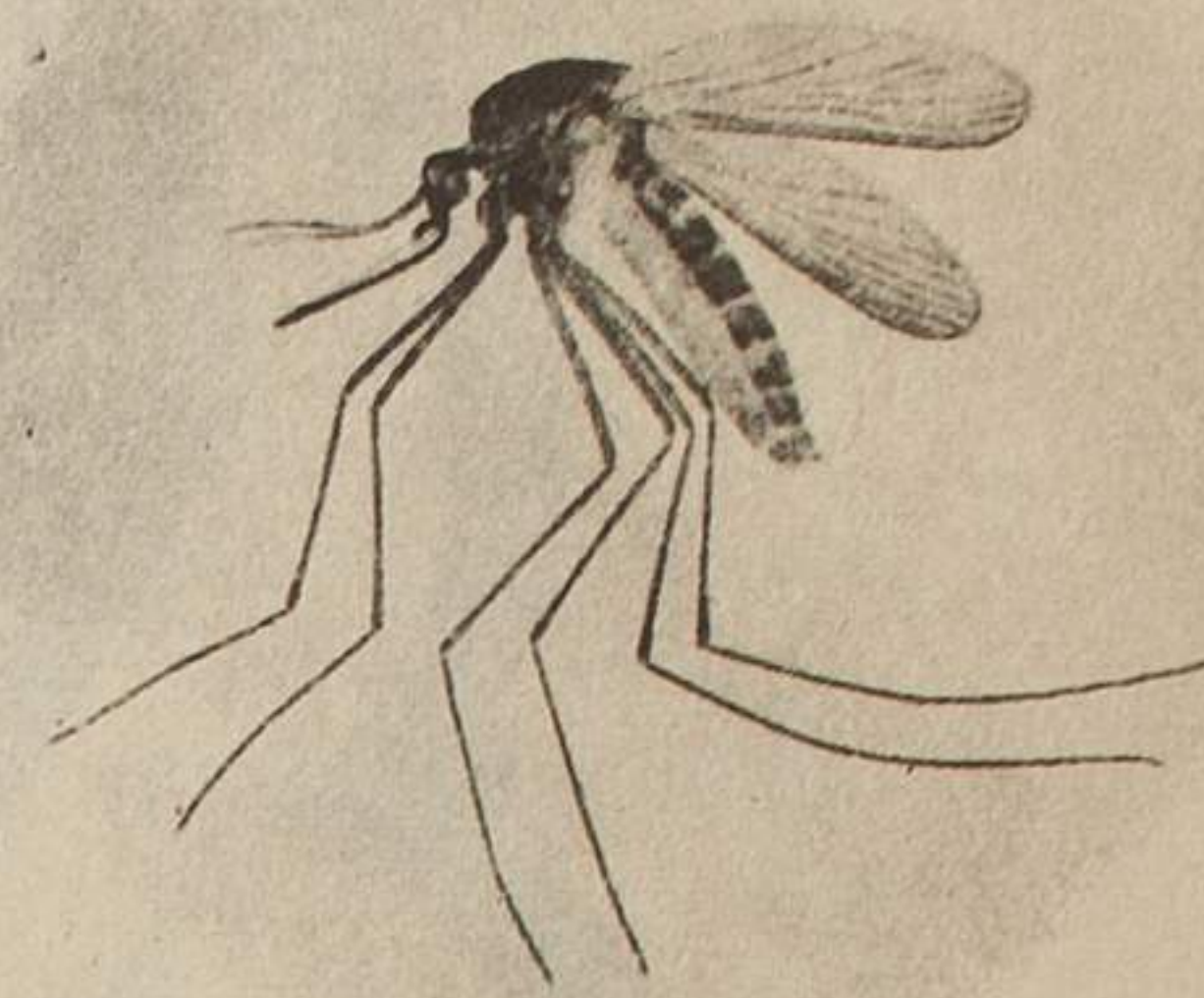
In this rare photograph of Padre Pio's hand is seen the stigmata. The City Moon has put forward several possible causes for the Padre's stigmata: divine revelation; diabolic intervention to confuse believers; and conscious or unconscious suggestion. None can be proved.

\*\*\*

On an October evening in the late 1950s, a pretty 19-year-old secretary, the daughter of Padre Pio, dancing with her boyfriend, in a Middle Park disco, burst into flame.



# New Park



1. Sapodilla Park is a land of marbles. Fitzhugh Thompson has written, "In one region grows no poisonous herb, nor does the querulous frog even quack in it; no scorpion exists, nor does the serpent glide amongst the grass. Getting there was a frightening ordeal, on the other hand. In the desert were wild men, hideous to look on; for they be horned, and they speak naught, but they grunt, as pigs. They are a race of neutrodynes who feed on the flesh of sponch and of prematurely born animals, and never fear death. They reap chicle from their trees, gum it into hard little balls and try to put each other's eyes out for pleasure.

木 林 森

Here we see the symbol for tree, which is also used for wood in the carpentry sense; then two of the same, meaning woods or forest with three meaning dense forest

2. Marfak, living in a tower at the top spot in Pilchard Park, oversees the whole of ancient Pennsylvania.

Marfak drove the big, coiled orbigators out of the coastal swamps and only the physics of depth set any limit on their seaward retreat. Just Marfak remains, a heavily armored scavenger, eater of mollusk and octopus, the flying trident, the rooting capybara, the green eggs of the cassowary, and even the dreaded hissing colobopsis, all abundant in Pilchard Park.

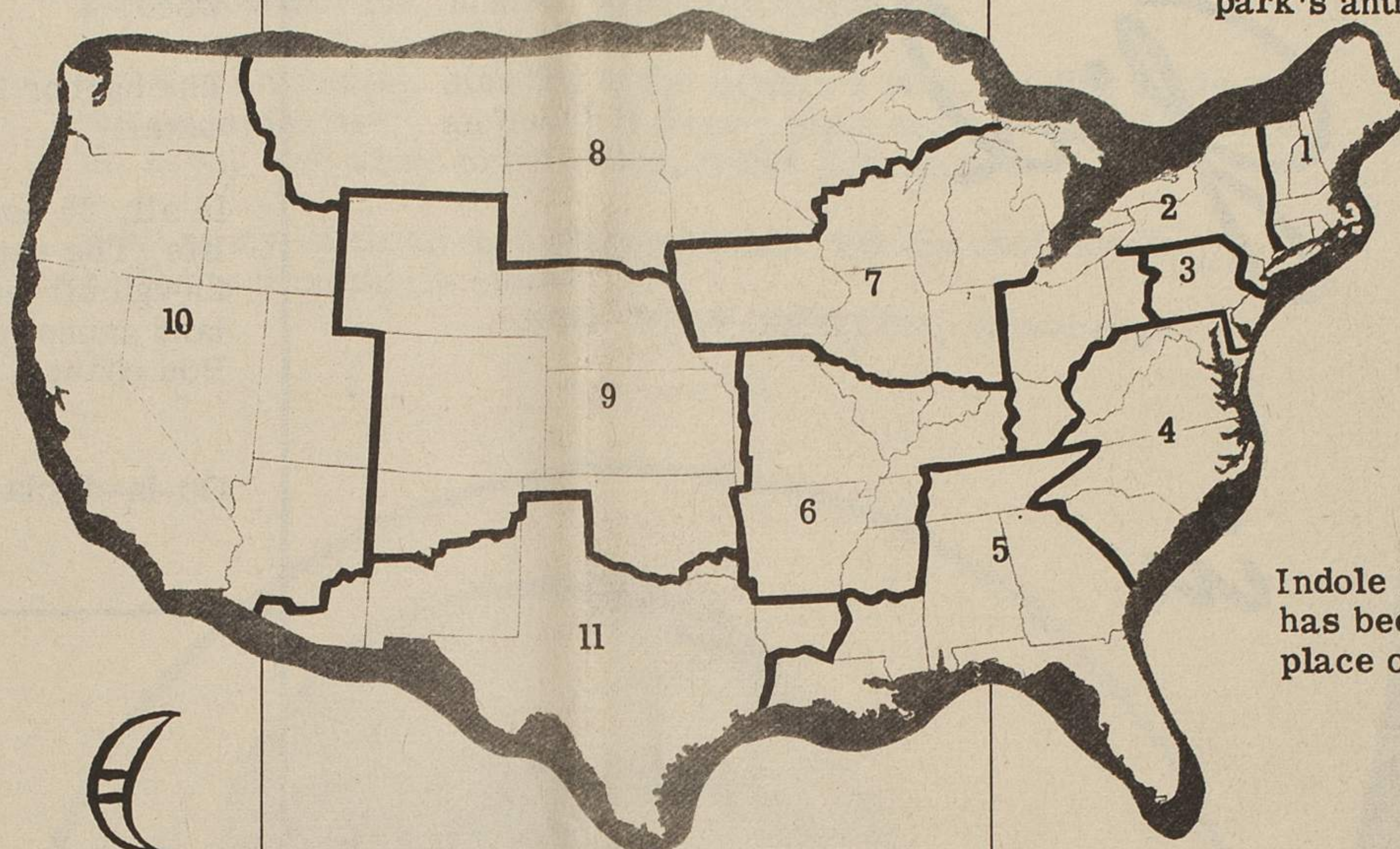
3. Occupying a great chunk of the Jersey barrens, Pandamus Park has no society. It hosts but one life form: the diminutive sponch. The limit of all sponch striving is set by the scarcity of circulating blood oxygen. They lack that subtle lever of oxygen-binding iron hemoglobin wrapped in corpuscles, the biochemical patent held by the vertebrate line. Their circulating coppery hemocyanin is simply not as good by a factor of three, even though their viscous blood is loaded with protein and three hearts are hard at work keeping blood pressure high. Sponch emotions are skin deep, signaled by blushings and palings. Pushing back another in fight or love, they turn dark red. It takes a long time for a sponch to recover from light exercise. Digestion is an all-day affair. One of the hearts skips a beat with every spermatophore ejaculation during copulation, but without any change in rate or amplitude. Here is intelligence in a soft body, but with no fixed frame of reference. The sponch cannot put one stone on top of another. It learns to pull levers with great difficulty. It is poor at mazes. Newly blinded, at first it sits touchingly bundled in its own arms. After a week it takes up an outstretched position on the floor of its mud home, palpating the surfaces with all its suckers. This cold little forerunner has a mind even more visual than our own.

4. Occidental Park was the last member to enter the Susnr system. The saying goes that at some point the park was boiled under an ogling flocculus for so many days that the ears of corn burst on the stalk and the husks took flame.

The youth of Susnr nicknamed the place Selfsame, after its language, Ipsissima Verba. They forgot the heat and learned to talk to each other in a straightaway and truthful fashion, mimicking the journalese of late Americana.

One will say, "What is that strange thing called fasciation?" and the other in response, "An untamed girl in one of our Suction Camps has bitten Marfak. Isn't it awful? She will be hanged."

It would go on that way 'till sunset, if the sun set in Occidental Park.



THE PARK

The Susnr Park System began a hundred years ago when Marfak, an emissary, traveled across the interplanetary sea and arrived in Old Arkansas.

There he started setting Russian mulberries in east-west rows across Indole Park, creating a shelterbelt of dense hedges of trees which controlled wind erosion and provided fenceposts and fuel for the eventual fencing of Americana wilderness.

They grew to a height of 35 feet and produced prodigious numbers of berries, attracting thousands of orbigators, which ate the sponchs to near extinction.

While there, he discovered an ideographic language used among the natives, whom he named the Chinwazee, a Mongoloid people.

In 3040, Marfak, alone in his tower, passed a liver stone and died. On this page can be found the entire canon of his surviving ideography.

5. This is Callicarpa Park, what used to be Florida, Georgia, Alabama, Tennessee and the lower regions of Mississippi and Louisiana. Absolutely no life here, except Fitzhugh Thompson, Susnr laureate and carp fisherman. His poem, The Moon, serves well as the park's anthem.

THE MOON  
Some one is eating an orange;  
See what a bite he can take!  
And look at the yellow peeling,  
Fallen across the lake!

6. Indole Park, shown east of the middle of the map, has been settled by the Chinese. It is the dwelling place of dragon shrimps and flower-stripe horses.

花條馬 櫻桃樹

The way in which the Chinese write the word for zebra, a combination of symbols that mean flower, stripe and horse respectively

Cherry tree is a lovely ideograph formed by putting together the symbols that mean a melody of many birds, peach and tree

7. Cook County Park is closed most seasons. Hazardous ruins at Chicago are off bounds to visiting Susnrates.

8. Palmy, balmy La Tropicana. Submarine-size watermelons grow before the eyes of visitors who watch the melons that nearly breathe. There are paths of ivory, trails of amber and jade, streams of tin and silver - these are the pathways of the world. Along them have moved salt and sugar, tabasco peppers, wheat, rice and corn, cotton, silk and wool dead animals and live ones, pins, needles, beads and thread, wheelbarrows and shovels, rum and glass. Memory disappears in this exciting park.

9. Worried by the increasing number of seed tramps, Great Middle Park officials promise to pay \$3.40 for every dead one brought in, and \$1.70 for a bucket of their ears.

10. One of Leuko Vink's wives, Decanna, a former Tucsonite, wandered upon a rare vein of silkstone near Dillbat Park, No. 10. A man waded up. Decanna sensed his presence. It was Marfak. "And are you naked?" he asked. A swollen sack of silkstone was tied to his back. "If not," he said, "get out of my park."

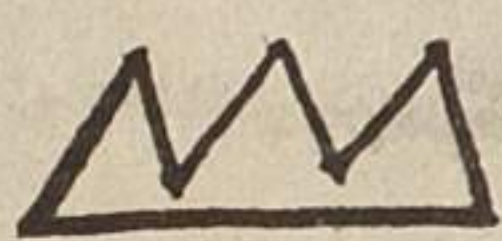
11. Texaco - for decades icebound.

Texaco - despite the high cost of color.

Texaco - a French settlement where violets which grow on trees form one of the most curious features of the Exposition de Chrysanthemes et Fruits, in the Cours-la-Reine. They are seen at the stand of Milet de Fils, and the effect is so novel that dumbstruck crowds stop to look at them.

Texaco - where masses gather to capture the curved sunshine.

Texaco - the land of opportunity lost.



狗虱

The figures for dog and louse are combined to form the word for flea

龍蝦

Lobster is a combination of words for dragon and shrimp

虫鳥

Hummingbird is made up from the figures for insect and bird

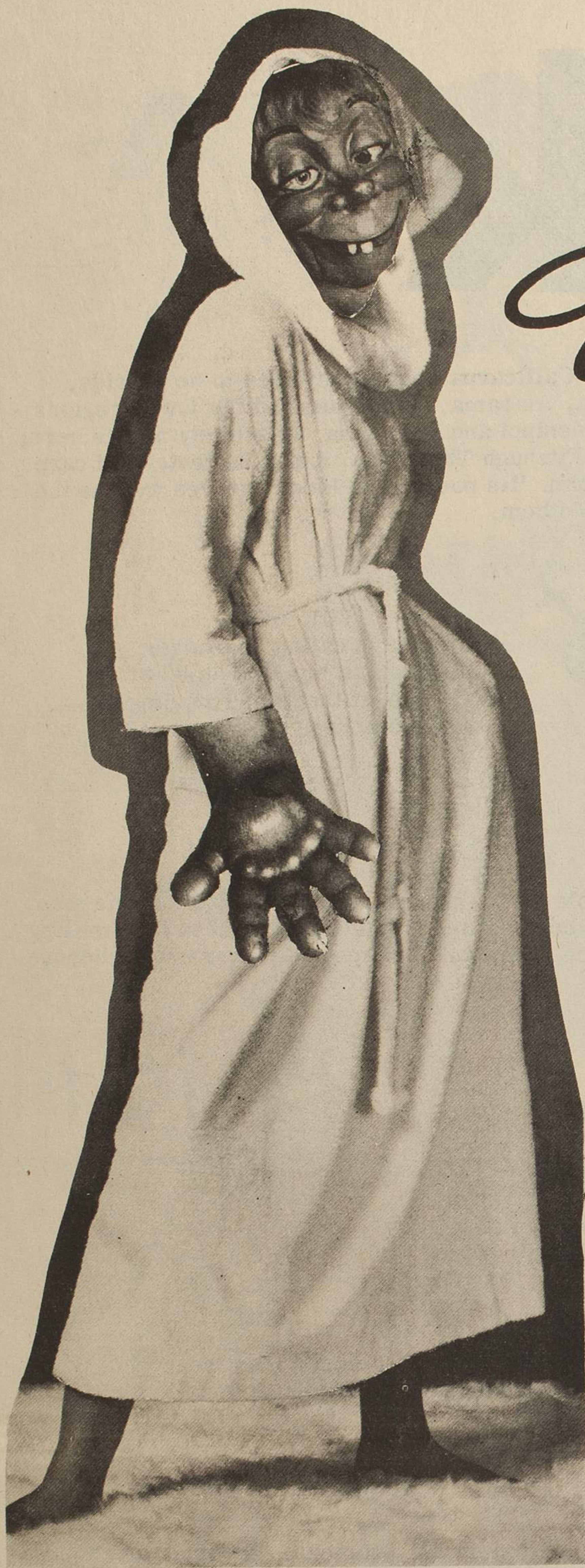
螭蟠

Spider combines the words for hustle and to work hard



Marfak





# Untamed

# Girl

in

# Suction

# Camp

## bit a seed tramp

Joe Sanchez III was really surprised Friday afternoon Feb. 4 when he got off the school boat. Many of his friends and relatives and a few idle neutrodyne lay-abouts were waiting to surprise him. Joe and his friends played with a teetotum and won a few prizes. They all sang "Oh, Glorious Orbigator," then had ice cream, king cake and quince punch. Joe received many nice gifts . . . .

A Pilchard Park Neut is alive after accidentally parachuting into a group of sea tramps who pummeled him without mercy. . . .

Mrs. Newcombe, of Indole camp, had been treated by parapaths without success until her husband took her to Czar Tom. Her husband, Derek, said, "It will take some time to get used to. She's never been to Italy, you know."

"It's wonderful to be chatting again," she said, "even though I have this strange accent."

Three years after being left speechless by a mysterious affliction, London housewife Newcombe has recovered her voice after visiting Miracle Mike in Mufti, Czar Tom's healing puppet.

## IKE HAS COME BACK

### The Combobulating Whole

There's a hot time in old town tonight: Ike is back. Combobulating with a manicurist down Main Street, Susnr, he came.

Arrested by authorities for an orbigator, the old, bald guy may have come in on the Richard Tracy night coach.

They done wore me out, he said. I couldn't

go no further.

A 2,000-seat amphitheatre was built overlooking Sidney Harbor on Susnr. Members of the Order of the Star of the East led by Hindu Krishnamurti believed that Ike would return to Susnr and walk across the Firecracker Sea to the amphitheatre. When he did not arrive, the group dissolved



The Canard Liner, Neutrodyne, arriving in Zurich today, bearing 500,000 pounds of Austral Dog Boots, burst into flame and sank in the harbor.

The fire began at the captain's table, a plate of bread having combusted for no apparent reason.

In a moment, two scullions and much of the fo'c'sle were ablaze. On the orlop deck, where the neut wipers squirmed in their seamy bunks, balls of white-hot flame rolled like tumbleweed.

The harbor boiled like tea water.

In all, 85 neuts departed this life. The captain was saved, though all the ice in Switzerland cannot cool him down. Bon chance, Cap'n Jonson.

Ob-la-di-bla-da, neuts.

A Peculiar Boy arrived at a suction camp yesterday. On his breast were numerous exquisite pectorals, both large and small, including various amulets arranged in 16 layers. Some of these pectorals comprise many hundreds of sections of elaborate cloisonne work.

And.

Around his waist were two girdles, to each of which was suspended a fat sugar tit. "Show me to the sucking tents," he said.

The empty casket of Bernard DiStefano, a victim of the Occidental Park War, has arrived, floating in a canal, on Susnr. DiStefano had been killed two days before Christmas, 1944. The remains of the 19-year-old Italian were found missing from the casket when it was discovered Sunday by two crabbers. The casket's lid was loose, but in place, they said, and the interior was dry.

## Colobopsis



THE WANDERING LITTLE GOD

I thought it was a puppet landing in my yard, thrown by a neighboring kid. I went near it. The air was quick with the stink of alien breath.

A milky substance doughed from the snoot. I poked it with a sharp stick. It roared up and got on me, sat on my shoulder. It commanded me to go into the catbriers, and I did so, under compulsion.

Showing the slightest hesitation, it spit a hot fluid soup of clabber and acid.

My back felt the sting of the briars as I squatted to catch grasshoppers for it. It smoked an acrid cigarette on my shoulder, pitifully grinding the hoppers in its ugly little maw. For it, I was just a gaudy recreation.

This was my first encounter with a colobop, the little wandering god of Susnr.

Somehow the bite of a colobop and a boomslang adder are roughly the same. First, its cold lips touched me at the keel of the ear. They were eel-like and quite slimey. Then the teeth. Painlessly they entered, painlessly they withdrew. They left a deadened prow of flesh behind.

Colobopsis, the one way to die on Susnr, called on me in a puppet's uniform. I would have been dead, via the bite, had I not called my neut, Lemuel, who came post haste from its stall in the shed.

"Good God Almighty," said Lemuel, "I'll bring out the Master Leech."



Here's an easy story to read. No big words to jumble up your head. No dashing to the dictionary on this one.

A burnished haze of heat hung over the blue waters of False Bay, a seaside playground on an island in the China Sea.

During the siege of Tientsin in the Boxer uprisings at the turn of the century, Tong Shao-yi, later prime minister of China, took refuge in the American settlement. One day a shell burst through Tong's roof, killing his wife and a baby daughter. Herbert Hoover, who lived across the street, rushed into the burning house and carried another of Tong's little daughters to safety through a hail of bullets.

Years later, when Hoover was director of the FBI and Chief Food Administrator in Washington, the Chinese ambassador, Wellington Koo, invited Hoover to dinner. At one point, Mrs. Koo said smilingly, "Mr. Hoover, we have met before."

Her American guest wrinkled his brow, trying to remember the occasion. Mrs. Koo solved the mystery. "I am Tong Shao-yi's daughter, whom you carried across the street during the siege of Tientsin!" she said.

\*\*\*

A ship carrying Duncan yo-yos was sailing from Nagasaki to Susnr. In a typhoon, the cargo shifted, sinking and lifting the boat repeatedly, up and down, up and down, up and down, up and down, like a raisin in a glass of fresh champagne.

\*\*\*

Sure I'm happy, an old neut from Middle Park once told me, 'cause I never keep nothin' nor nobody in my despisery.

\*\*\*

The directions of sea-floor fractures and magnetic anomalies are the two main clues to past motions of crustal plates.

\*\*\*

Millions of men and women adored Monty Clift.

## WHAT ARE WE

The word "berserk" came from Norway, where they invented it.

Egide Cornelissen, the first berserker, carried out a macabre experiment with 20 ducks in 1888. He roasted one duck and fed it to the other 19, then fed one of the 19 to the other 18, and so on until he had only one left: a duck that had eaten 19 of its fellow creatures.

The berserker likes to marry his children to each other and then raise their offspring to his fancy, often blacksmithing or boot-blackening. He says you will always have a pretty good race that way. That is all he'll have.

Hiram Codd, native of Susnr, invented a gas-tight bottle to keep the fizz in lemonade. Since "wallop" is a slang term for beer, and beer was never kept in a Codd bottle, "Codd's Wallop" was a drink that was worthless, compared with beer.

Marfak was the first zoophilic. He kept an orderly log, noting the name and taking a specimen of each creature he found about his house. First came the rat and then, in succession, the dormouse, toad, millipede, cellar beetle, mosquito, black beetle, black ant, flour worm, eel worm, silverfish, steam fly, cheese mite, mealworm, earwig, woodlouse, slug, earthworm, snail, spider, firebrat, sparrow, house marmot, centipede, pinhole borer, cockroach, book worm, pharaoh's aunt, wasp, housefly, bluebottle, greenfly, ladybird, carpet beetle, moth, woodbettle, pipistrelle bat and the noctule bat.

An Israeli medical student ate a human brain to win a \$12 bet. Orthodox Jews claim bodies are mutilated and organs thrown into trashcans in violation of Biblical laws regarding the sanctity of the corpse.

A turkey has been mailed across the country and around the world for 20 Christmases. The bird was Christmas dinner in 1955 for an American couple of Torrance, Calif. Its carcass was stored in the refrigerator and forgotten. The next Christmas the woman made it into a centerpiece and it became the hit of that holiday. The following year, for a laugh, she painted it gold, sprinkled it with glitter and mailed it to her brother in Alabama. Ever since, the carcass has crisscrossed the United States and has been as far as Newfoundland and Okinawa. Once it arrived in a small top hat, and once dressed as a football player.

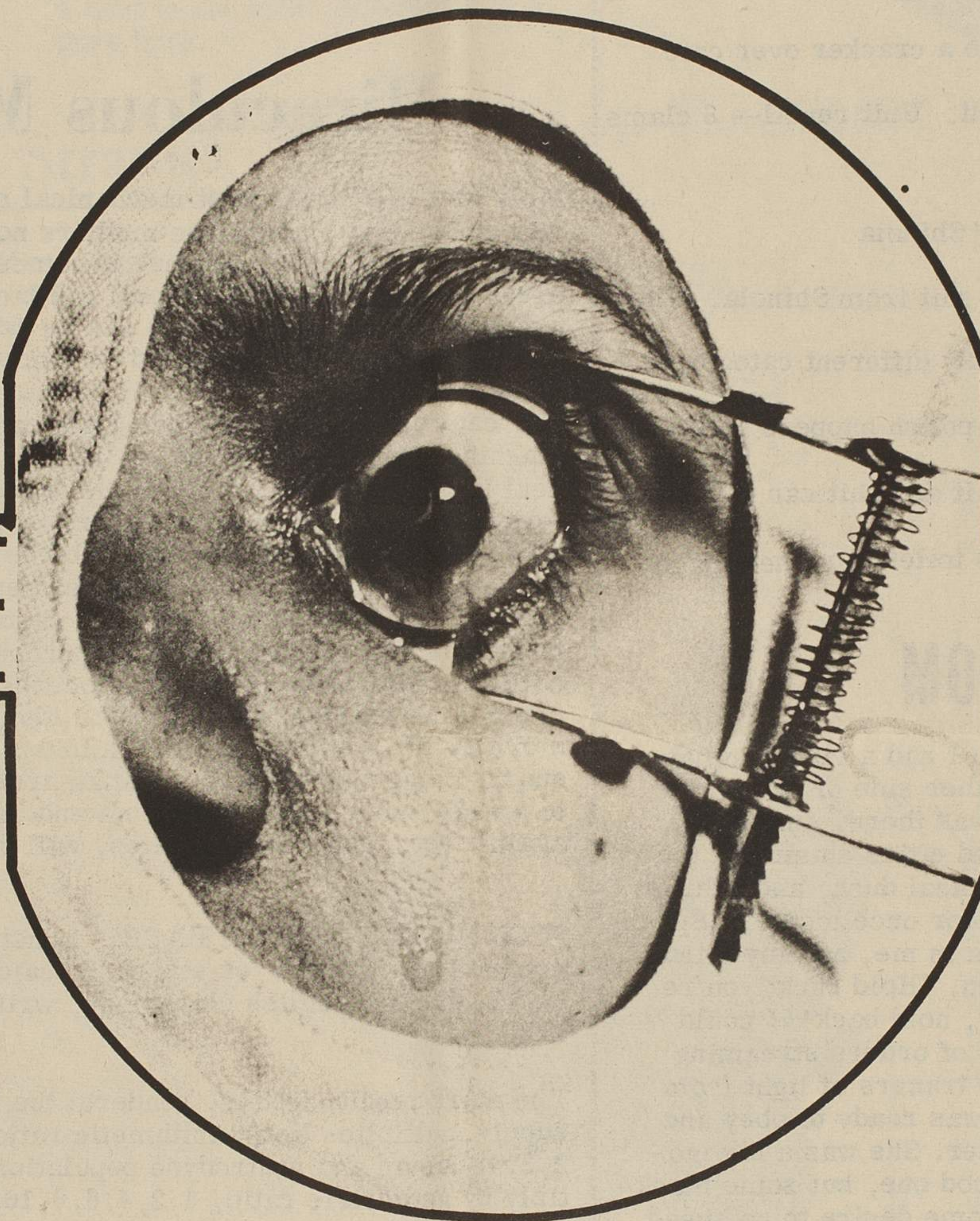
The body of a dead man was sitting erect in a lawn chair. Neighbors called police after 8 days.

This is a true story. A friend and I, in New Orleans, in 1957, impersonating medical students, gained entrance to the city morgue on an impulse. It so happened that a cousin of mine was an attendant on duty there and was quite pleased to give us a cook's tour of the place because it was a slow day and he had nothing better to do. He said, "There is an autopsy beginning now. You two will enjoy seeing it." I was almost ill. He said, "Come on, I'll show you what they're doing in the back." We were taken to a room, a sterile room of white tile and a floor that sloped to a drainpipe in its center. A man cut open throat to pubis lay like Tut on a stainless steel table. My cousin said, "He is a ship's captain from Norway, Capt. Jonson. There was an explosion aboard his ship, docked here in the city. He was flung into the Mississippi. He was covered with shrimps and crabs when found, after five days in the water. I took them home and ate them. They were delicious, in fact, and fat. What we are trying to determine here, for the satisfaction of his insurance carrier, is whether the blast or the drowning killed him. Maybe the lungs will tell us that." My friend, Randy, an entomology gist, winked at me, anxious to see the action.

A young anatomist, standing at the captain's side, holding a lobe of the captain's liver, as though it were a pig's heart, said, "Come on in, boys, get close to the action, we've just started."

A bit of my lunch lurched into my throat. Yet my adolescent curiosity brought me closer.

SEE POST-MORTEM, travel page



WHAT SCARES ME by 75 -- 35

In 1931, Malcolm X's father was died. After that, the family's life become hard. There mother went to work herself. It was hardly to take job for widow of Negro. After that the state wealfare people came to there house, they treat family like things. They began to swiftly downhill. They really suffered even there foods. Malcolm began to stay away from home and steal from stores. In time, mother got a lover. But he was gone, because he was afraid to take on responsibility of eight children's foods. There mother had caught a mental disease by a shock of it. The state people sow her weaking. They wanted to separate family. There mother became increasingly grow. Finally Malcolm was sent to Johnnan's home. His mother was took to the State Mental Hospital. In 1952, he visited hospital, his mother didn't recognize him at all. He beleave that state social agency destroyed his family. But, I think that maybe state social agency did what they could do for save them. State social agency has erroneous basic intention about save poor people. They have to change there eyesight. The poors are not just things, they are people too. I think that Malcolm's opinion is right, but it's little radical. In cace of them, there were too many children. Its an important factor of their tragedy, too.

City Moon tracks the wooing of folly. David Ohle and Roger Martin, co-editors. Photos by Murray Lucifer Hitler Harris. Thanx to Life, Science, Nature, others.

Susnr, another baby planet, was found to be dumbbell-shaped. It varies noticeably in brightness as first the broad side, then the narrow end, is turned toward the earth. Swinging within Mars' orbit as it gets near the sun, Susnr can come within 600 miles of the Earth. Its orbit is regular and a very accurate idea of its motion has been derived.

--

When asked how various food affect the production of flatus, people ranked beans fifth in potency after onions, cooked cabbage, raw apples, sconch and radishes.

--

In Tucson Territory, after some downtown trams were thrown off schedule by having to make frequent stops for passengers on congested streets, the trams were re-routed so that they would pick up fewer passengers, and thus run on time.

--

One of the Nixon tapes contains this curious exchange:

Unidentified: Unintelligible

Unidentified: Don't say that while I'm sitting here.

Mr. Nixon: Oh, I won't go that far. (Laughter) Matter of fact, the room is not tapped. (Laughter) Forgot to do that.

--

Dice thrown always add up to seven. And gorillas lead a lazy life. Each troop is under the benevolent dictatorship of one male, who accepts lone, wandering males into his realm.

## SCARED OF ?

Has every president been a Mason? What did Masons have to do with the Boston Tea Party? How long has masonry been on Susnr? If you're curious, you'll ask the "Masonic Quiz Book" or "Ask Me Another, Brother." \$3 postpaid, City Moon, 407 S. Dearborn, Chicago 5, Cook County Park.

--

"I'd rather have a bottle in front of me than a frontal lobotomy."

Tom Waits

--

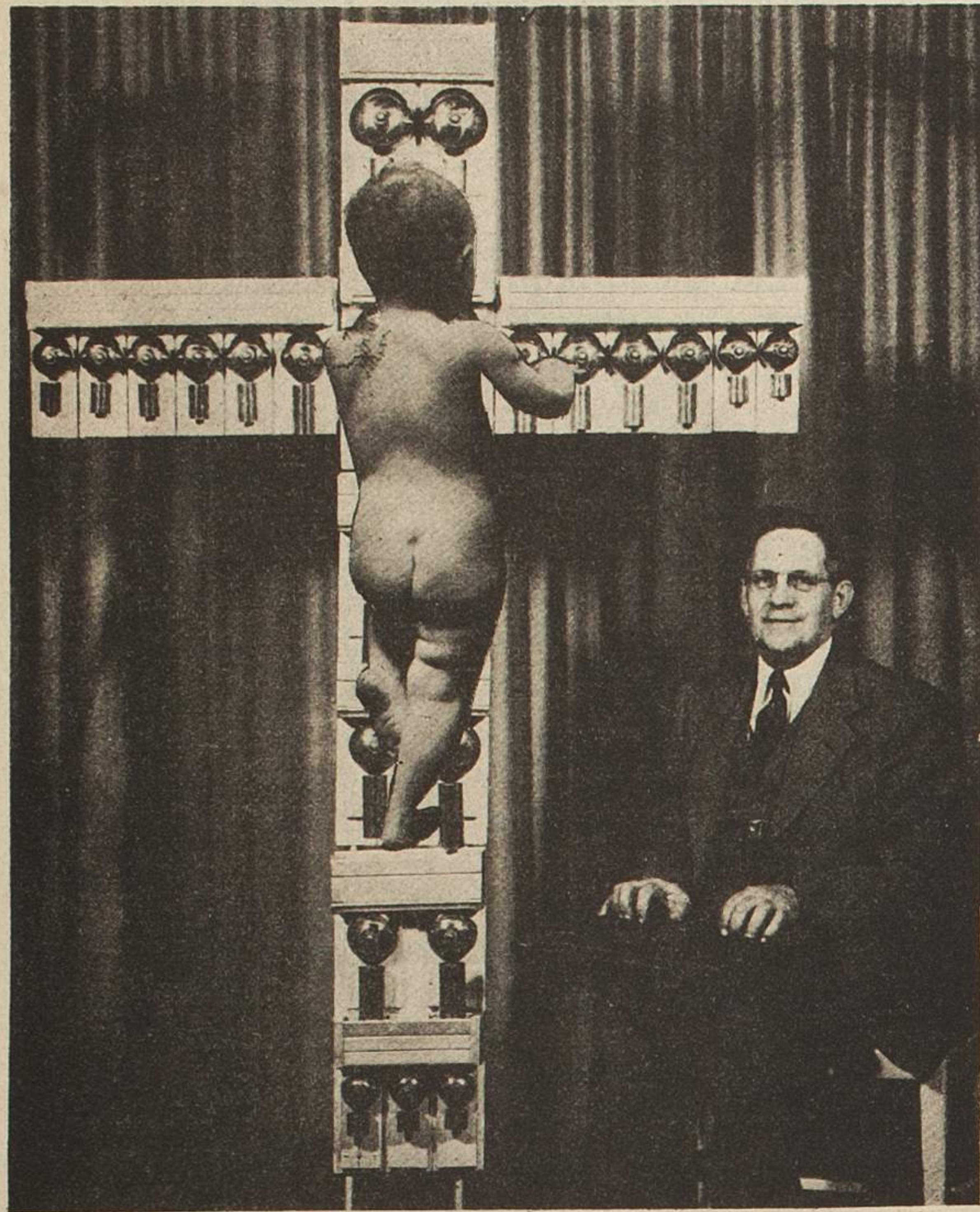
The whaling ship Sierra, on the Firecracker Sea this week, espied a stately, red Darracq Brougham (c. 1910) and a late model Toyota Corolla. Drifting aimlessly in the midst of a doldrum, the cars, taken for small whales, were pursued by the whalers and harpooned. The Darracq received one barb through a windshield. The harpoons splashed like raindrops around the corolla. Then, a foggy side window of the Darracq opened and a Russian shouted: "Tell us the way to San Jose." Quite quickly, the Nip in the Corolla said, "We saw a dead plesiosaur 50 km's back. Its meat made our big hunger go away. There's plenty left for you. It's got whale meat beat."

The Russian made a plea. "We are no sea tramps. Do not board us."

The captain of the Sierra, Buster Budclutter, liked playing with what he caught, and bellowed into a megaphone, "We're going to take you aboard, leach the phosphates out of you with strong Barbados rum, and while you watch, I'll get the neuts to knock the barnacles off your cars."



# CZAR TOM



Reverend Arnold Carl Westphal with his "Ringing Cross"

More Mumbo

The Rev. Arnold Carl Westphal with his "ringing cross" displays pleasure. See at left. You can hire him for a King's Day party. He will appear with Dobie, first natural son of Miraculous Moly. Look right. Bring along a dead uncle, watch the little Czar Dobie slap color into his cheeks and scatter that nasty death like a cracker over cafe chili. Unit rental-- 8 clams

Shit 'n' Shinola

Now we tell about shit from Shinola. The two are not in wildly different categories. Shinola shoeshine polish happens to be the color of shit, and it and shit can both be found in the men's toilet. See next page.

Armed Flies

Armed flies forced a South-side man to swallow them with a beer chaser today. Later, at the tavern of B.O. Donohue, youth robs a dead woman. Such are the doings in Dillbat Park No. 10

## CUTTER AMID MOTHER'S ROOM

The Apotheosis of Augusto Cutter

How to be god? -- Well, here's the gist. Cutter, left alone in the middle of his mother's room, finds himself face-to-beak with an eagle: not the conventional eagle, divinity's stamp, but a real one with pin-dash feather mites, buzzard-featured, shit-reeking and lukewarm to the touch. All the same, it's Jupiter's eagle: this is the same one that savaged Ganymede after the bloody fracas. Cutter doesn't believe it when the scaly-legged bird tells him that his divinity will consist simply in immunity to the feeling of revulsion which overcomes him as a man, even now, at the thought of killing his mother, which the eagle commands him to do.

Cutter retired to his room and dreamt an American Dream, by Norman

Mailer. "But I had a view of what was on the other side of the door, and Heaven was there, some quiver of jeweled cities shining in the glow of a tropical dusk, and I thrust against the door once more... Spasms began to open in me, and my mind cried out then, 'Hold back; you're going too far, hold back!' I could feel a series of orders streaming like whiplike tracers of light from the eagle. I was ready to obey and kill my mother. She was a big mother and a good one, but some black-billed lust, some desire to go ahead and gut her, came bursting from out of me and my mind exploded in a fireworks, stars, and hurtling embers. Crack I choked her harder, and crack I choked her again, and crack I gave her payment for all her generosities. She was dead, indeed she was dead."

## GRABBAGE SPEAKS

Archie Carr, the sconch's keenest student and strongest advocate, in his book "Let's Eat Sconch," traces the history of cultural attitudes toward the sconch as food.

Carr quite eloquently describes his first encounter with a sconch. "The memory of that first banquet of baby sconches, eaten while the stars were pricking out in the evening sky above Potomac Valley, and the early fireflies were coming out to keep them company below, always returns each spring when I see a little basket or bundle of sconches for sail by some comfortable old neutrodyne mammy smoking her pipe in the open farmer's market in the Capital City."

## SCONCH

The sconch, in taste, is nothing like its appearance suggests. Its hair is a gathering of leaves, its face is an open hole, but its meat rivals Chateaubriand.

Hunting in pairs makes for better sconching. First, larrup the sconch upside his head.

Where he lies, ring him with pansies and scour stones. Say this: Oh peaceful father of the river banks, feed us.

Pull out the scent glands and dress it up, cutting it fin to fin along the belly and shoveling out the tripes and melts.

Cook it in a little garlic and oil. Serve with bread and a nip of brandy. Napoleon ordered sconch to be eaten

# Crucify

## Miraculous Moly Raw

Moly Raw is Susnr's first mechanical mother. She is big news in the war on biology. Neutrodyne mothers no longer need to pay the psychic wage of making milk, because it comes from Moly Raw's fingertips in great squirts, rich in folic acid and lactose and tinted slightly with an orangizing agent. These molys can be cellared in mothballs between kids. Or they can be crucified on fenceposts and feel no pain.

She can cook a heck of a spring pie, answer questions about simple machines, telegraph brevities, clean an oil-soaked waterfowl, never deal in petty hatreds, compute the invisible force of direction, stop jerky starts, shuck an acre of corn in the morning, measure the intermediates of sugar metabolism in birds' muscles, dig postholes with her heels, with difficulty rinse feathers, transmit power to an auto generator, harvest minnows from pastureland, make fish flies, make streams of uniformly sized drops of water of different radii collide in midair at different velocities, turn junk tires into money, commit the Masonic Quiz Book to memory, write science fiction stories, pull a tooth, deep fry a tokamak donut, search for quarks, diagnose rickets, wind an armature, explain the Iliad to a neut, and treated with penta and cremona varnish to guard against rot, decay and termites, will last a hundred years.

"CONTROL THE BIRTH RATE, construct mechanical mothers or starve," said Thomas R. Malthus, English clergyman, writing in 1789.

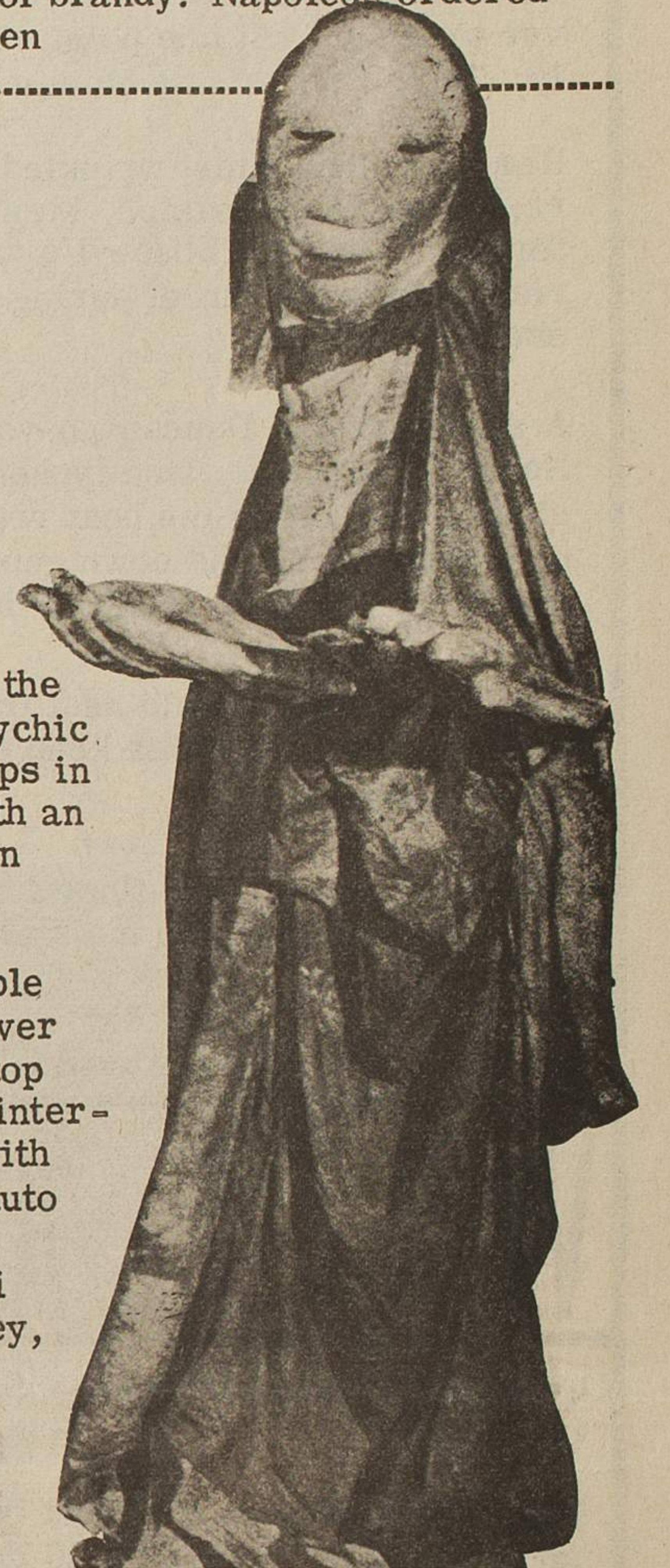
The stark reality is this, readers: the food supply multiplies by an arithmetic ratio, 1, 2, 3, 4; human and neutrodyne populations multiply by geometric ratio, 1, 2, 4, 6, 8, 16.

Two things have happened on Susnr that Malthus did not and could not have foreseen in his time. One was the far-reaching effect of the sconch revolution, which has made it possible for Susnr man to increase greatly the production of foods and fibers, and yet spend a small amount of his energy in so doing. The second

is the advent of mechanical motherhood, which Malthus, surprisingly, did foresee.

At last, it seems, mother machines have come, to alleviate those raw necessities of child rearing and free the Susnr females to go about a more productive business, to dabble in cottage industries, such as bee culture, rum running and fecal impasto.

And yet, like Eisenhower, who saw the seed of eventual destruction in the earliest prototypes of the neutron bomb, Malthus, on his deathbed, left us this warning about the automatic moms: "They will not live in private rooms, which the situation requires. They will crank abed and abroad all night long and never let you sleep."



## Experiences with

# Wazee, Ranch Moose

Wau had wandered scarcely a dozen yards from his mother when he saw the crouching Wazee, a ranch moose. It was a big whitefaced one, sporting rosy and kissable lips, wholly ignorant of the facts of life in the new park system, yet equipped with that full set of omnivorous instincts that would guide it through the hourly hazards of its future existence.

Some faint sound had reached its big, rounded ears as the tawny Wazee settled its hindquarters to spring at Wau.

A creep wearing aviator's goggles above a face of modeling clay, calling himself Murray Lucifer Hitler Harris ("Mohair" for short), stabbed a lurching Harry Harriet in a Pilchard Park refectory this afternoon.

And the CREEP WAR is on.

The unthinkable mass of the sorrow that this war will bring cannot be told in headlines or breadlines. Nobody can add up all the tears and agony and rage that the Susnr people feel when

the sovereign regime they live under Harry Harriet's, secretary of feminine affairs, is threatened by the shiny steel of American cutlery.

This special issue of City Moon was designed by the editors to be a permanent manual for readers of the news of this and future war worlds.

## CREEP WAR ON

Wau's hazel-brown eyes met the moose's blazing yellow ones. Wazee's untried instincts worked instantly. It shrieked with fear and leaped for safety.

Wau's screams brought the rest of his family -- excited, noisy, belligerent -- to his rescue. All around Wau, cousins and uncles yelled and hooted. They pounded on branches with their feet. They jumped up and down, violently shaking the vines and other foliage, trying to catch Wazee.

