

Reverend Arnold Carl Westphal with his "Ringing Cross"

Shit 'n' Shinola

Armed Flies

Armed flies forced a Southside 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

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.

More Mumbo

The Rev. Arnold Carl

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 scaley-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 blackbiled lust, some desire to go ahead and gut her, came bursting from out off 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 schonch 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 com-

pany 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."

- "EET UP FIVE MEALS A DAY"

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

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

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 oranging 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 sawed 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 Wau's screams brought the rest of his family that would guide it through the hourly hazards of it future existence.

Some faint sound had reached its big, rounded to spring at Wau.

A creep wearing aviator's goggles above a face of modeling clay, calling himself Murray Lucifier Hitler Harris ("Mohair" for short), stabbed a lunching 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 permanant manual for readers of the news of this and future war worlds.

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.

-- 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 ears as the tawny Wazee settled its hindquarters the vines and other foliage, trying to catch Wazee.

