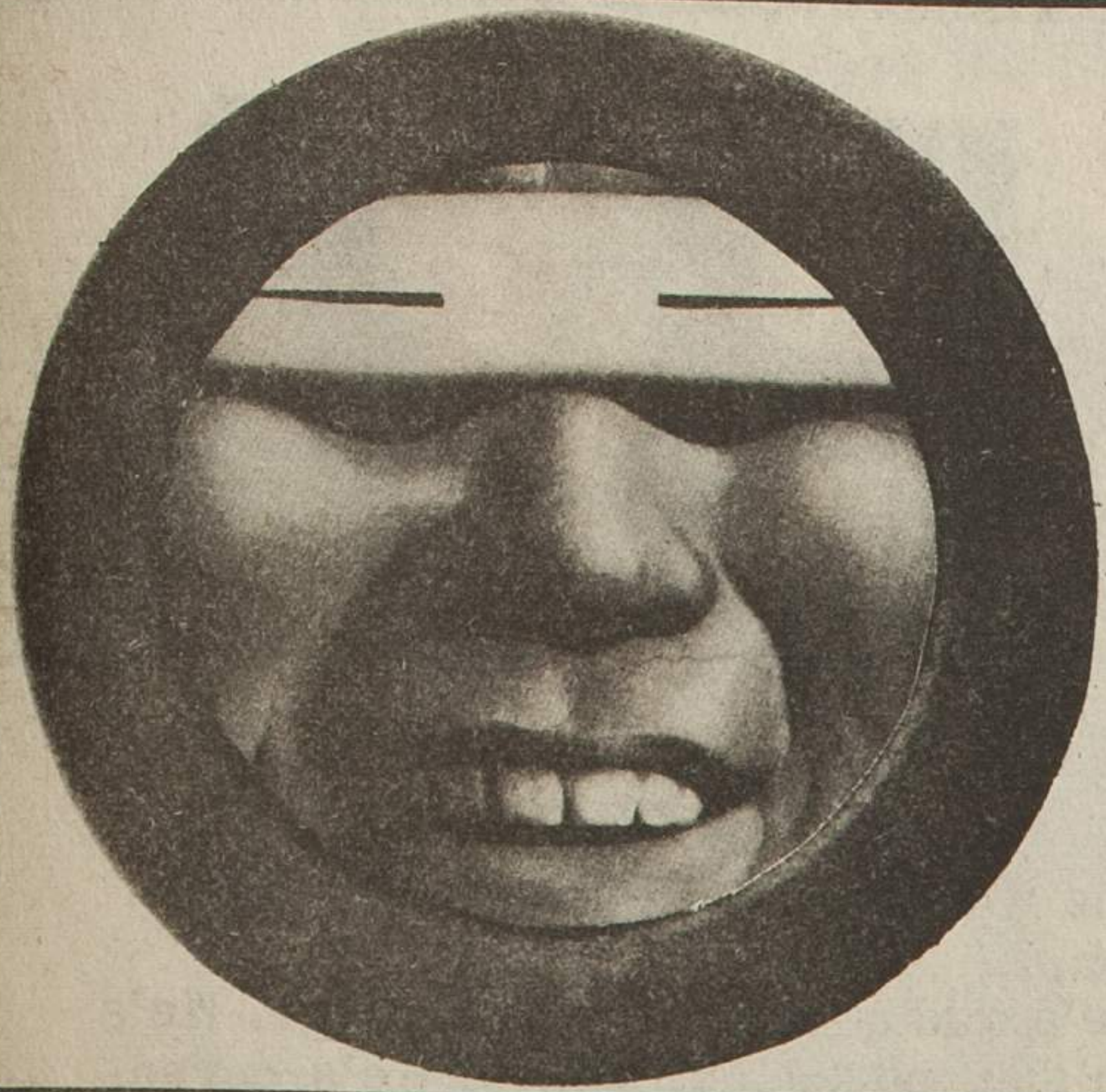


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Prophet of the clouds

CITY MOON

"Eventually. Why Not Now?"

Open the
Laughter Flood

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Man is a laughing animal. There are lower animals that laugh. The crow, the goose, the hyena, the owl and the jackass, all laugh in their own way. Many men laugh like geese. Some have the canine laugh.

TERRANOVA: NICOTINE TONIC, See page 10

SPUD



What was grotesque Hugo waiting for in the desert?

It was during the Quaternary that man first began to clothe himself formally, and to embrace woman. (See last page.)

It was an exciting age. In the proto-Pacific, whistling shrimps appeared. Then, liver flukes. Rotifers paraded beaches. Crabs slept prettily in sump holes, Moses was a Jericho-street kid, Frank Sinatra a mere possibility.

There followed the Neocene, the present era, appearing about one million years ago along with Grotesque Hugo, who waited in the desert beneath the close-circling birds.

Unfair, Incorrect and Demagogic

Oneba loved the practical joke during his fifth go-round. He died one Thursday and was buried just as he'd asked to be-- dressed in lace nightgown and seated in a Ferrari, with the seat slanting comfortably.

To quote from his will:

"Though fuel is plentiful in the afterworld, distances are great. If one needs to drive, say, from Radiola to Samarra, one needs a good, fast car.

"If you arrive in the afterworld without wheels, it's tough buns. You then take your chances thumbing rides. It's horrible. You never know who'll pick you up.

"For Christ's sake, it could be Ed Gein, the Butcher of Plainfield, who beheaded, skinned, quartered and smoked a dozen plump women, including the sheriff's mother, and wore a vest made of the skin of a woman's torso.

"On the good side, though, it might be Mitzi Gaynor, the choicest trollop in the afterworld, a favorite of all dead men.

"No, one wants to have one's own wheels.

"And then, when you get ready to shift back, why you can sell the thing at a steep price."

Unembalmed, Oneba was placed behind the steering wheel, a jug of ale and a box of sandwiches on the passenger seat, his little dog Mulligan, sedated, sleeping in his lap.

The tank was full of gasoline.

A crate was built around the car and it was lowered into the ground by a crane, and dirt piled atop it, making an impressive mound.

Two weeks later, a court or-

dered the Ferrari disinterred, in light of evidence that the circumstances of Oneba's most recent death had come under suspicion.

The mound of dirt was excavated with a backhoe and the crate lifted out. The sound of the car's radio could be heard by the workers. The windows were fogged. Patches of mildew spotted the car's finish. The door was jimmied open and Mulligan hopped into the sunlight, wobbling drunkenly but very much alive.

Meanwhile, the windshield wipers were working at full speed, the rubber blades worn away.

When the interior of the Ferrari was examined, what had happened was exactly clear.

Mulligan had awakened to find himself in dire straits. He apparently clawed his way through the firewall, only to find the engine compartment a dead end, and then through the rear seat into the trunk--another impossible exit.

Then, as if resolving to make the best of things, Mulligan survived with what he had. He ate the sandwiches. He contrived to pull the cork from Oneba's ale jug. He even managed to turn on the radio and windshield wipers, probably by accident as he scrambled for an escape route. And finally, the ale gone and the sandwiches eaten, Mulligan had no choice but to feed on his master. It is fortunate that this did not happen until the later stages of the burial, as Oneba was left generally intact, aside from a portion of the pectoral area, and a calf, which had been nibbled away.

See Dug Up, on page 5

IT'S WHAT'S

It was 1959. I'd been shifted to Susnr for the third time.

My plan was to find work in one of the neutrodyne cities, to settle down and live the good life, maybe even get a wild hair and sign on as a net mender on one of the big fishing trawlers that go in and out of the Altobello harbor.

My spirits were sailing high.

On arriving, I went to the Tunney Arms and booked myself a room for the week. The price was a mere buck-fifty and that included fresh linen and breakfast at the Squat 'n' Gobble next door.

I slept comfortably that night, awakened only once by the yowl of a tom shabbitt in the alleyway. I was impatiently waiting in front of the Squat, just as dawn broke, to sink my teeth into the orange center of a coddled egg. Then, along the sidewalk, came a man and his daughter. The man introduced himself, as good

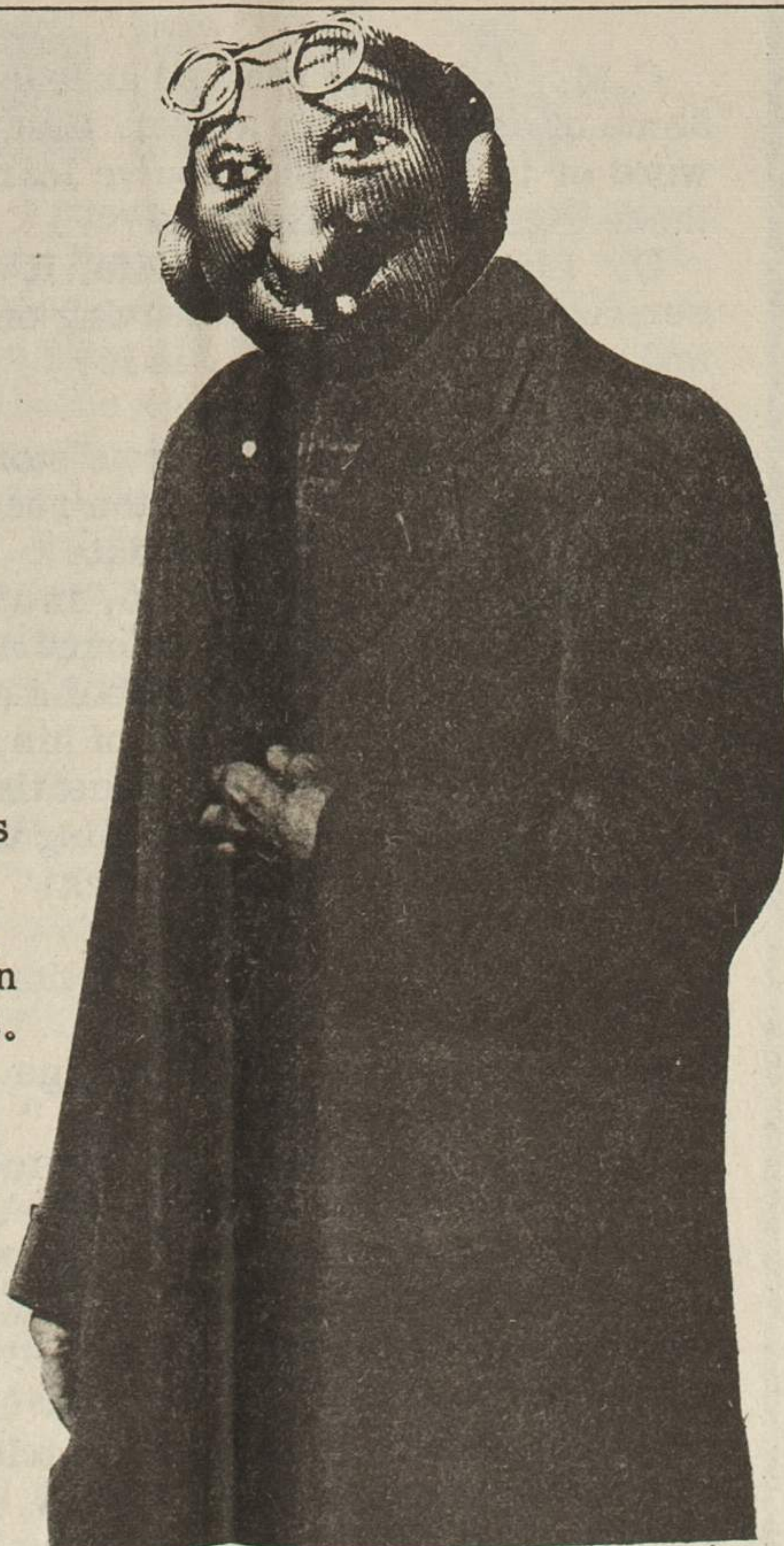
manners are the rule on Susnr streets, as Mr. Burris, and his daughter as Salmonella. I told them my name was Ozalo, and that since the ascendancy of Eunice, the great shifts had left me with no place to call home, but that I was quite attracted to life on Susnr and was planning to have a go at setting roots there.

There was a sign in the Squat's window: **OUR CUPS ARE BOTTOMLESS--no limit on free refills.** "One could do worse than be shifted to Susnr," said Burris.

When the doors opened, we took a booth and hungrily stuffed down the ham and eggs. Salmonella had griddle cakes with cane syrup and butter, and a cup of cocoa.

Burris said, "Come with us, Ozalo. I have a motorhome parked at the very edge of town.

See Fizzle, page 8



Atom-Pile Men

JOHN LENNON INDAI

John Lennon em i wanpela biknem tru long taim yu harim singsing bilong ol Beatles o Binatang. Long Mande nait long taim em wantaim meri bilong em, Yoko Ono i kam bek long haus bilong tupela long Nu Yok, wanpela man i sutim em long gan.

John i gat 40 krismas. Ol i kisim em kwiktaim i go long wanpela haus sik tasol tarangu indai pinis. Na ol plisman i holim pasim wanpela man Hawaii pinis. Em i Mark David Chapman.

Ol plis i tok, John Lennon i bin sainim nem bilong em long buk bilong dispela kilman long apinun. Na bihain liklik ol i lukim wanpela man i wok long wok-abaut raunim haus

bilong John.

Man ya i wet inap John wantaim meri bilong em i kam bek long haus. Tupela i kam bek na kilman ya i kam aut na stat kros nating wantaim John.

Man ya i stap kros yet na John tupela meri bilong em i kalap i go insait long ka gen long go. Tasol kilman ya i autim gan na sutim John.

Meri bilong John, Yoko Ono i singauf na sampela pipel i kam helpim em kisim John i go long haus sik. Em i go kamap na dokta i tok, em indai pinis.

Nau John i raun wantaim meri bilong em na tupela i wokim singsing bilong tupela yet. Bipo, John i stap wantaim ol lain Binatang.