



June Heavens

HEAVENS PUSHES NEW BODIES FOR WELKIN

June Heavens, Secretary of Consumption, wants to put artificial suns and moons into orbit in order to illuminate parts of Susnr at night.

These luminous bodies would permit night-time harvesting, light up polar regions that remain dark most of the year, melt the caps and provide water for the Tektite desert and spotlight Altobello's high-crime areas 22 hours a day.

EUNICE "SHOT IN THE ARM," SAYS HEAVENS

"It is not in the interest of Capitalism to breed for intelligence," says June Heavens, Secretary of

Consumption. "It is true that we need an educated class to run the factories and distribute the currency, to tend the banks, and to nurture profitable research, though just as surely we also need an ignorant army of blind consumers. How else can the delicate machinery of mock demand be maintained? Those who manufacture tonsorial products are rightfully offended at the sight of an unshaven man, or a woman with knotted hair. Consumers should be advised at every opportunity that they are a miserable, loutish bunch, and must always beg for improvement and change. That is why I endorse Eunice and her Shifting theories. It will give our sagging economy a shot in the arm."

OLD SAW REPLAYED

Now we tell about the American expression "Shit from Shinola."

Well, you've heard the expression, as in, "Aw, he don't know Shit from Shinola! about that." Or, "Marine, you don't know Shit from Shinola!" And you get sent to the Onion Room or worse.

One implication is that Shit and Shinola are in wildly different categories. You would envision--just because they smell so different--no way for Shit and Shinola to coexist. Simply impossible. A stranger to the English language, a German dopefiend for example, not knowing either word, might see "Shit" as a comical interjection, one a lawyer in a bowler hat, folding up papers tucking them in a tan briefcase might, smiling, use, "Schitt, Herr Bummer," and he walks out of your cell, the oily bastard, forever . . . or Scchhit! down comes a cartoon guillotine on one black & white politician, head

bouncing downhill, lines to indicate amusing little spherical vortex patterns, and you thought yes, like to see that all right, yes cut it off, one less rodent, schitt ja!

Well, there's one place where Shit 'n' Shinola do come together, and that's in the men's toilet at the Roseland Ballroom, the place Slothrop departed from on his trip down the toilet, as revealed in the St. Veronica Papers--preserved mysteriously from that hospital's great holocaust. Shit, now, is the color white folks are afraid of.

Shit is the presence of death, not some abstract-art character with a scythe but the stiff and rotting corpse itself inside the white man's warm and private own asshole, which is getting pretty intimate. That's what that white toilet's for.

You see many brown toilets?

Nope, toilet's the color of gravestones, classical columns of mausoleums, that white porcelain's the very emblem of Odorless and Official Death. Shinola shoeshine polish happens to be the color of Shit. Shoeshine boy Malcolm X's in the toilet slappin' on the Shinola, working off whiteman's penance on his sin of being born the color of Shit n' Shinola. It is nice to think that one Saturday night, one floor-shaking Lindy-hopping Roseland night, Malcolm looked up from some Harvard kid's shoes and caught the eye of Jack Kennedy (the Ambassador's son), then a senior.

from Correspondent WAYNE POUNDS
Our Man in Japan

Suga Ray win pinis p22



Salmonella

TWO SET ATOM PILE FIZZLE

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"We'll comb the countryside and I can show you the ropes. I urge you not to land a job too soon. After all, the cost of things here is so small there's no urgency."

Salmonella, her mouth full of griddle cake, said, "Hey, Rock 'n' Roll."

By noon we were headed for the city limits. As it was a good thirty kilos, we went to the end of the line by railcar, then trudged the rest of the way on foot, Salmonella dragging her heels

all the while. Burris grew aggravated and slapped her to the ground. "You little bastard. Get a move on!"

By mid-afternoon the sun was ogling us. Burris was spitting cotton, having to drag his daughter along, her little shoes leaving furrows in the dusty soil.

Then he saw it, gleaming like a chrome-plated woolly bear on a wide mudflat, the motorhome.

We ran the last few yards to get into its shade. Burris went into the kitchen and made a pitcher of ice-cold pflum.

Salmonella took a nap. There was a welt on her cheek the size of a pin cushion.

When the pflum had rekindled his energies, Burris said, "I tell you what, Ozalo. I'll crank up this thing in a bit and we'll motor out to the American Atomic Park. You'll see some sights there that will have your eyes bugging out of your head."

By the time Burris had revved the motorhome, night destroyed the day. As we whirred along the AAP road, Salmonella whistled, "Look at them blue dudes." She referred to the rusty corpses of 55-gallon drums, splitting open like cracked eggs yolked with concrete. At their hearts, plutonium glowed.

A boy appeared in the headlamps of the motorhome. Burris braked hard. Outside, the barrels moaned like humpback whales.

The boy, a serious-looking Negro of 14 wearing a bone-colored straw hat and soot-black coat that dropped to the dust and dragged there, began, "Try the biology workshop at AAP. One scientist here, to surprise his friends, walks around with a raw patty in his pocket enclosed in a plastic disk, more than a year old but in appearance a fresh, juicy and edible thing. You could eat that patty today.

"The explanation, as with so many of today's miracles, goes back to our secret atomic program. Radiation does the trick.

"Incidentally, they call me Cleophus Patra."

Burris seemed to know him.

"Now, Pat, bring them from the dark for our guest."

Patra curled his two middle fingers toward his palm, raised his hand, poked the little and index fingers into his mouth corners and whistled shrilly thrice thusly--short, long, short.

A sound like mud coming uncaked floated on the dark, and an odor of sweet, wet rags.

Salmonella said, "Not them old atom-pile mens again, is it?"

"Hush, daughter, or you shall be slapped," hissed Patra.

When the first man appeared, I mistook its sewed-on smile for friendliness.

In a canyon-low voice, it rumbled, "I want to touch."

"Watch out," Burris whispered. "It's ready to go critical, Ozalo. It'll take you with it if it can."

Something bulged under its coat and a sharp crack, like leather splitting, knifed the air. A pellet the size of a potato thudded at its feet. The death egg.

(MORE OF THIS NEXT ISSUE)

the startling possibilities of DMT



William Parker Yockey, adolescent leader of the Kakistocrats, a youth party, wants the idle rich sent to work camps. He wants their good and assets distributed among the less fortunate.

It is an old idea with a new twist.

City Moon interviewed Yockey the day he turned 12. We found him ensconced in his little sea-side cottage on Cogshell Avenue, really nothing more than a lean-to made of cratewood and carpet scraps, but spacious and weather tight. As he talked, Yockey fed

kakistocracy. century of undreamed abundance

willow sticks to his potbelly, smoked green tobacco in his corn cob and drank resin wine from an aluminum tumbler.

C.M. What've you got against the fat cats?

Yockey Nothing at all. Since I'm a firm believer in the new kakistocracy and since everything that can happen will happen eventually, however, why not now? Now is as good a time as any to wipe out plutocracy--the rule of the rich--everywhere in the known world.

We want to see some bad leadership. We want leaders who can make the hard choices.

Stomp ass.

We want a mean and impulsive president.

Omens and Portents

We want work camps.

It will lead to a century of undreamed abundance. That is where kakistocracy, and I, are coming from.

C.M. Have we learned no lessons from history? Won't these "work" camps in time become "death" camps?

Y. Death, schmeth. What's the dif? Everyone croaks eventually. What we are saying is "Why not now?" And why not the rich for a change? We have already drawn up plans for the location

and construction of the camps. Some of them will utilize existing facilities at AAP. Others will be built from the ground up, such as the one slated for Ten Sleep, Wyo., or another at Clatsop Spit, Okla. There are plenty of rich cattlemen and strip miners out there that need . . . well, they need the same thing the Jersey Mafioso and the Wall Street buck hucksters need--early retirement, a nice place to camp.

C.M. Why have you been going around burning every flag you find?

Y. I'm idle, and poor. I have little to do and much to think about. I came to the understanding that a flag is merely a curtain.

On one side of it stands a small assembly of the rich, on the other, the rest of us. You recall the iron curtain, the bamboo curtain, the curtain of Islam? The expression has been used many times, always to describe a boundary, to isolate a culture, a center of power, a revolution, a holy shrine. Yes, flags are even now unfurled in the still air of the moon. We "kaks" never miss the opportunity to torch every banner, flag or pennant we see.

I have a big pile of flags in back of the cottage. I burn them in my stove

when fallwood is scarce. They have so many pigments the flames dance colorfully behind the mica windows of the fire door, entrancing me of a winter's night. You might say I am warmed by the heat of national fervor.

C.M. Who'll win the race for the presidency?

Y. I pray it isn't Eunice. Once we have our work camps in place and bulging with fat cats, we'd hate to see them Shifted.

C.M. Some think Noxin is a shoe-in.

Y. That old whiskey wood rat. He'd be secretary of fruits and vegetables in my administration. He'll win when shrimps begin to bark.

C.M. Who then?

Y. Young Steve Wodka is the baddest candidate. I'm for him since I'm not running.

C.M. At age 10, isn't he too green?

Y. Green yes, yellow no.

C.M. Do you obey Ten Animal Commandments?

Y. No, only six. If I take a fancy to pork an ewe, I do it. Of course, I carry sheets of newspaper with me, with a hole pinched from the middle. Whenever you slap it to a sheet, they defecate. So you do them through the paper, you see.