IT'S NEW!

CITY MOON

Year-End Issue Only ~~$80.00~~ $2.50

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DINAH IN

Dinah W. Shore will leave on a 2,000-mile automobile trip on Stauning First, in company with Mr. Winston Smith, the necronaut Edison, and Hassler Schlossberg. With tents, Stauning brains and three automobiles, they will go through Canada prospecting for cobalt. They will enjoy life in the open. It will have been a unique act for an officeholder at this stage in her career.

A cook at Dinah's Inn, Phoebe Bee, is up on charges of poisoning ten patrons. She was arrested and has confessed to making her brain pie with necrotic Stauning meat.

A broken sunlight quavered over the southern porch, where Winston lay on his bed, abandoned to idleness. The hands of the clock had crept round to nearly nine. He did not stir, because Dinah was sleeping with her head in the crook of his arm. Most of her make-up had transferred itself to his own face or the bolster, but a light stain of rouge still brought out the beauty of her cheekbone. One of her Billy Girls was busy boiling a fresh Stauning on the oilstove. Suddenly, Winston leaped up. "A rat. I saw him stick his beastly nose out of the wainscoting."

"They're all over the place," said Dinah indifferently.

She suddenly twisted herself over in the bed, seized a shoe from the floor, and sent it hurtling into the telescreen with a boyish jerk of her arm, exactly as Winston had seen her fling the dictionary of newspeak at Goldstein that morning during the Two Minutes Hate.

Garbed in soiled and ragged clothing, 25 Billy Boys today celebrated Dinah's birthday. She is 222 this 10th of Colobopsis. She addresses them from the bandstand in Victory Park thus: "I have got a harp but am too lazy to play, I want to bake bread but I am too lazy to grind, I should like to read my letters, but they bother me to open. So I transmute metals, like cobalt. I am old, old, old, old, old."

Dinah, in office 88 years, never once held a news conference. Nor were reporters anxious to question her. They were content to confabulate. An example:

She learned about worms early. Got 'em from her mother. And they nearly killed her--till Winston cleared 'em out with hot mummy oil (Persian bitumin).

I CALL ON DINAH

HASSLER SCHLOSSBERG

It was 11:30 a.m. It was No Day, Sweetness 30. The day I call on Dinah. Shore. Remember her? The blonde percentage? I cook her some brain in black butter, the way the Italians do. Eating it, she took sick. From her cracked lips, a white plasma foamed out. Gray balls of brain are thrust up the esophagus by a foul stomach, rammed out of the mouthhole. I said, "Easy does it, Dinah. It's No Day, and a fine day for romance. Now you're in office. You're going to have to eat brain on a stick and not get sick. It's not a human brain, but a pig's." Dinah said, "I heard at night your long sighs and knew that you were thinking of me." As she spoke, the doors of heaven opened, and our souls conversed and I saw her face.

Two gin-scented tears trickled down the sides of her nose. But it was all right, everything was all right, the struggle was finished. She had won the victory over herself. She loved her Big Brother, Bubba Shore. But he was on the island Hollywood after it broke away from land. That was on a No Day, however, which, in truth, nullifies its reality somewhat.

After all, I was there to interview Dinah. And so the interview began.

DINAH, DO YOU RENT YOUR OWN LIGHTING EQUIPMENT?

No, but I have a flageolet. This instrument makes light and color fade from the jade stops. But dust has covered its rose-red strings.

DINAH, HOW DO THE FAT KEEP IT FROM HAPPENING?

When food comes they open their mouths. When sleep comes, they close their eyes. Ignorance is the strength of the fat.

City Moon Pubcorp
D. Ohle, R. Martin
Thanks to E. Blair
& Academic Freedom
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$5 by mail. Box 591,
Lawrence, KS 66044

LOOM FRUIT

THE YEAR IN PREVIEW

Dec. 30--No Day

Dec. 31--Do nothing. No day today, either.

Jan. 1--Dinah assumes office.

Jan. 2--She would be too tall, if an inch were added to her height, and too short if an inch were taken away.

Jan. 3--Another grain of powder would make her too pale; another touch of rouge would make her too red.

Jan. 4--Her eyebrows are like the plumage of the woolly bear.

Jan. 5--A single one of her smiles would perturb the whole city of Billedboger and derange the suburb of Eight Directions.

Jan. Onety-One--Winston was in Victory Square. He sat on a bench thinking there is nothing left to invent. A friend of his, Fahrenheit, bends down and plays with the lotus seeds. Winston says, "But the sun is sinking and the orioles are flying home." Replies Fahrenheit, "We need a radio that is not subject to the whims of the atmosphere."

Jan. Onety-Three--Dinah cuts up chicken parts for the evening meal, whips, curses and goads her servants and boys.

Jan. Onety-Eight--Ola Harp Day. Music begins 8 a.m. Victory Park. Display of barbarous modern instruments.

Jan. 22--Human beings who bite other human beings will increase in 1984 by 50,000 bites. The number of humans bitten by dogs will drop by 16 percent.

Feb. 1--Winston was gelatinous with fatigue. His body seemed to have not only the weakness of a jelly, but its translucency.

Feb. 2--The dependence of mutation upon isolation means that in our shoulder-to-shoulder world, mutation, hence evolution, cannot proceed. Evolution is winding down.

Feb. Fourth--Yankee genius goes to war.

Feb. 8--Reagan gets a rubber heart.

Feb. Onety--Snail darter extinct.

Feb. Onety-One--The worms begin to eat the leaves and some of the earth. Worm castings appear overnight on golf greens, creating bumps capable of deflecting putts.

The Ides of February--Frank Sinatra dead.

Feb. 20--Desperate Plea From Dinah: Do not banish me to the South to nurse my sickness on the Rivers oozy banks.

Feb. 21--Winston entered the ministry of love. He was in a high-ceilinged, windowless cell, with walls of glittering white porcelain. "Smith!" yelled a voice from the telescreen. "6079 Smith W.! Hands out of pockets in the cells!"

Feb. 25--National Wish Day: Dinah's wish: "I wish I had a big rug 10,000 feet long. I'd enroll the poor in it and keep them warm."

Feb. 29--Thirtieth of Sweetness declared National No Day by Dinah. If you die on that day you are not dead. It is the perfect time to murder an enemy or to commit suicide.

The Fourth of Hutt-Two--Yankee genius dies in battle.

Hutt-Two 5--The tears welled up in Winston's eyes. He murmured to himself, "Under the spreading chestnut tree, I sold you and you sold me."

A passing waiter noticed that Winston's glass was empty and came back with a big bottle of victory gin. When Winston left the Bobbed Locust Cafe, he saw a white bird with 15-foot wings gliding above the city.

Hutt-Two 6--Billy Children born today. In a laboratory near her office is Dinah's epoxy-painted plywood tank, the testing site for her experiments with predatory Billy Boys and Girls. At one end of the coffin-shaped tank are four gates. During her research, four little Billys would lie in wait behind the gates. At the other end of the tank, their prey were skewered on a two-pronged wire and held in place, or moved from side to side after the Billys were released. Dinah says, "I observe my Billys' reaction distance to prey under four different intensities of light."

Hutt-Two Onety-Two--A needle slid into Winston's arm.

Hutt-Two Onety-Nine--Returning necronauts are Jay Silverheels, J. Steinbeck, Sol Estes, Eric Blair, Buster Crabbe and Judy Garland.

Hutt-Two Twenty--Nixon dead in San Clemente. Eric Blair Day. Dinah to speak in Victory Park.

Hutt-Two Thirty--First automobile accident involving more than 10,000 vehicles.

April Fool's Day--Break up cypress and make a book-box and put it carefully before the book-curtain.

April 2--Winston arrested in Victory Park--sodomy with duck--30 days in the Victory Jail.

April 7--Billy Children slay Dalai Lama.

April 8--Don't worry. It isn't too late.

April 9--Tony Award to Dinah.

Puddler Onety--Ovists vs. Spermists in Victory Stadium, 3 a.m.

Puddler Twenty--Sun kinks spread rails.

Puddler 22--Trouser steak at an all-time low. Dinah's favorite.

The Ides of Colobopsis--Communism outlawed.

Nancy 1--Ravenous dogs have tasted human flesh and are hunting weakened famine victims on the Plain of Jars.

Nancy 2--Dinah pours milk over the 57-foot, granite statue of St. Timothy Leary.

The Fourth of Nancy--The sky is again filled with great flights of passenger pigeons.

Nancy 8--President Kennedy receives cool reception at University of North Dakota.

Hot Moon 1--Evolution pauses. Insects are produced--the plagues of summer begin.

Hot Moon 5--Times 14.2.84 miniplenty malquoted chocolate rectify.

Hot Moon Onety--Pidgin English disappears. The last of it vanishes when the Papua, New Guinea, newspaper Nu Gini Toktok goes out of business.

Hot Moon Onety-Four (Bastille Day)--Jesus was a slim cat, in good shape by today's standards. Ask yourself, "What did Jesus eat?" Fish? Dates? Wursts? Seeds? Even a slug? So what the Rev. Tim Tim says is "Eat like Jesus. Work hard like Jesus. The ice age is beginning."

Meat reduced at Zeus Bolognics:

69 cents the bat. 1010 Main St.

STAUNING: THE MONTH

This is the peony season. Now, extraterrestrials circle this earth in flying saucers. It looks luscious, the verdure, azure seas, white-capped mountains. They land, seeking Smith, W., 6079. They find him at breakfast in the Bobbed Locust. One of them says to him, "Tell me a lie, bumboy, or attempt to prevaricate in any way, and I'll nibble your nose off." The Bobbed Locust was almost empty. A ray of sunlight slanting through a window fell yellow on dusty tabletops. It was the lonely hour of 15. A tinny music trickled from the telescreens.

The Fourth of Sweetness--Hollywood bumps Peru.

Labor Day--No picnics.

Sweetness 6--A needle slid out of Winston's arm.

Sweetness Onety-Eight--Winston bought a Victory Car, thinking he would drive to Hollywood.

Sweetness 30--Here it is, another No Day, the third and last this year.

The First of Ale--Her servant wakes Dinah. Is it No Day? Dinah asks. The servant replies, "No, it's not No Day, mistress. Yesterday was No Day. Today is Broad Day. Rise from your bed. I bring you bowl, comb and chatty jar. Winter comes and the morning air is chill."

Ale 2--Yankee Genius returns from dead, wearing a lined coat, warm cap and easy felt slippers. He sits in the little tower, at Winston's low window, over the sunken brazier. His body at rest, heart at peace, he wonders if Winston will bathe him in vinegar, scrubbing away the crusts of the tomb.

Ale Onety-- Bram Stoker Day.

Ale Onety-One--Dead chickens gutted, smeared on the White House Rotunda.

Ale 23--Take a wife. Call her Mrs. Tortoise.

Ale 27--Even to understand the word "doublethink" involves the use of doublethink.

Hallowale--Army of Elks moves on Dallas.

Kennedy 1--A bugler to Gen. Sherman II, Kennedy was one of the last survivors of the Yankee armies in the War Between the Worlds.

Kennedy 2--Somebody shot Winston while eating sushi at Billy Haa's Chophouse. He suddenly ripped down his shorts. "Excuse me, old man," said Winston. "I can't help it. It's the waiting." He plumped his large posterior onto the lavatory pan, covering his face with his hands. "Smith!" yelled the voice from the telescreen. "6079, Smith, W., uncover your face. No faces covered in the lavatory."

Kennedy 8--Florida loose.

Kennedy Onety-Four--Two last days of Decembruary to be No Days, Dinah declares. No books. No coupling. No food. Nada. Zero. Zilch. Nothing.

Kennedy 23--Afterworld Revenge: Kennedy kills Oswald.

Kennedy 24--Winston swallowed a wasp.

Kennedy 25--Doubleplusungood Day.

Dec. the First--You need not fear the greed of the evening wind. Drink a cup of Victory Ale, turn on the telescreen, 'cause Dinah's on tonight.

Dec. Onety--Drive a Chevrolet, for the U.S.A. Join the army. Be a Billy.

Dec. Onety-Eight--New Year's Eve approaches. Fresh turtle and sweet chicken are cooked in cheese. And flesh of whelps floating in liver-sauce.

Dec. Twenty-Two--Come see Stuffy Koch at the Lubrication Dept.

Dec. 24--Pajamas for trees are made by spraying them with powdered asbestos and glue.

Dec. 25--Hollywood brushes Falwell's boat. It sinks. He drowns.

Twenty-Sixth of December--U Day. Get ready for No Day now. Two of them are approaching. Winston drives to Hollywood.

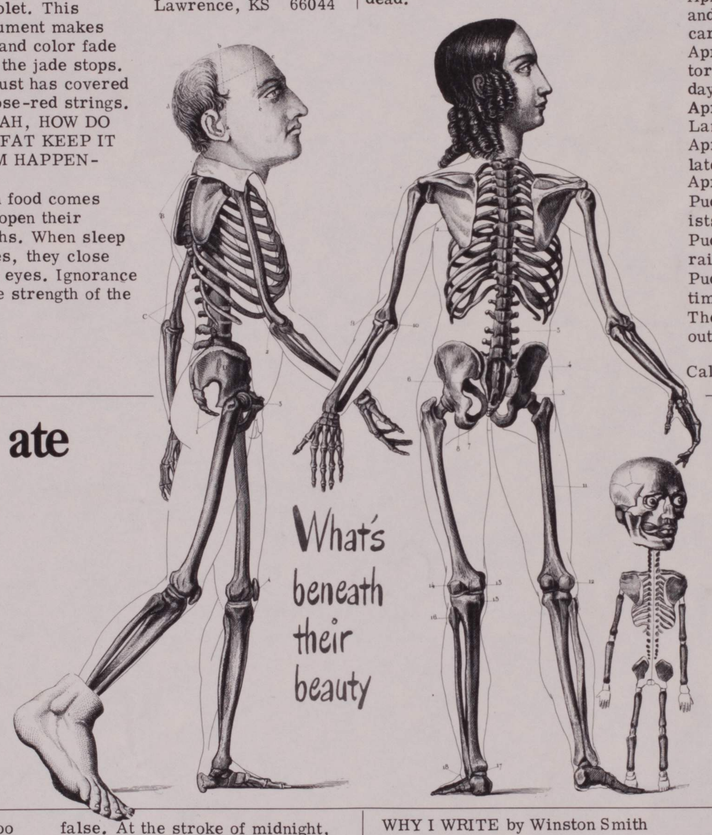
MEETS MITZI GAYNOR

Calendar of the Academic Freedom Action Coalition--KU Student organization

Maybe you died because you ate the wrong breakfast - - - - -

Sweetness 21--Winston Smith an old man living in Hollywood Bay Apartments is suspected by his neighbors of causing the death of a fat child by offering it bewitched plums. Hounded by village Billy children, he surrendered to the bailiff and asked for a child in order to clear himself. He was given a number and a cell. And a needle slid into his arm.

Kennedy 2--Smith is put to torture. He was seated on a wooden chair with his arms stretched out, his feet twisted under another chair and tightly bound. His neck was enclosed in an iron collar. His shirt is removed and burned in his presence and another blessed one put on, while his whole body is sprinkled with cobalt powder. At 8 o'clock in the evening, Winston breaks down and confesses. He said a devil, called Harlakyn, appeared to him dressed in green and with a deformed foot. He had received green ointments from the devil, so that he could fly wherever he wished, like a great white bird. He said he had given the fat child "three plums on which I had previously spat," for which he received five coins from the devil.



Dec. Onety--Here's how the fat keep it from happening. We're talking about the fat what? Even those as thin as death eating a cracker can be fat. It isn't a matter of poundage. That's not what we're talking about at all. In truth, the "fat" lad Smith poisoned was as narrow as a beanpole, without an ounce of fat on his whole body. What we're talking about here is

FAT IS THIN
THINK AGAIN
THIN IS FAT
HOW ABOUT THAT?

Dec. 31 (No Day)--One hundred persons are clamoring to have a scarlet fever inoculation and to receive $1,000 for it. They cannot leave their houses. They've run out of Stella-Vitae. There ain't a Spud in the cupboard. Scarlet fever has a range of mortality of from 3 to 40 percent, depending on sample virulence. Half of the 100 persons are jacked up on Hadacol. Comparatively few of the 100 care a whit for science. "HOW BIG A DOSE?" is one of the first questions applicants ask and "WHEN DOES THE MONEY COME?" is the other. These are facts, not fat. By the way, Oneba is back again, and "fat." There is rising sentiment among the fat to construct a cinderblock wall 2,000 miles long. If that don't take the fat off their bellies, NOTHING will.

SPECIAL--Fatty Dominick's Grill

Sweet and sour Stauning	99
Blairfries	88
Soured plum	20

HAPPY NEWS YEAR

PILE FIZZLE

Here's where we left off:

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.

The tale resumes:

Burris said, "Step back, Salmonella, darling child, that egg is full of cobalt."

But the cautionary words came too late. She'd already taken a good bite of it. Burris carried her back to the motorhome and put her to bed, where she drowsed away the afternoon in a willless stupor. Burris telephoned Dr. Stekel. In a short time, the doctor's buggy arrived. And he examined the girl. "A pustule has risen on her chin," he said, lighting a cigar, and applying its fiery tip to the pustule, burst it, and a foul blue juice spit forth--the cobalt bile that had gathered in the wen.

"Bake her a fresh Stauning tonight, Burris. She will be well."

As the night crept on, its dark, slow pace like a slug on a wet sidewalk, Stekel's prediction proved false. At the stroke of midnight, Salmonella awoke from her stupor and shouted in a deranged fashion, "North, north, to the station at Thule!"

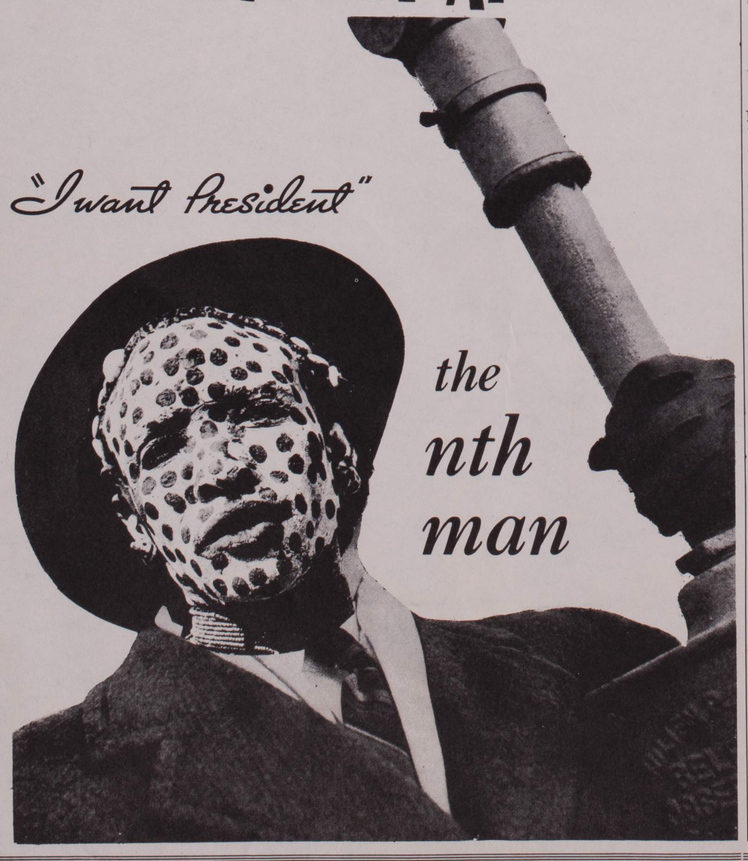
Again, Stekel was summoned. He said, "You can throw a flyswatter into her coffin, as far as I'm concerned. She's a goner."

In desperation, Burris went to his medicine chest and got his jar of hot mummy oil, and gave the girl a dram of it.

As the dawn approached, Salmonella gained strength. By midmorning, she was on a careening flight that would end in wreckage, Christian Science, and glorified funeral homes. (To be continued)

ENVILLE'S PETER production of

SAD MARAT



Throw Out The Mummy

Tired of eating at the Y? Of the nth man on the telescreen? Then throw out the mummy. Today is the last No Day. Tomorrow, World War 5.5 begins in Mexico.

In D.C., a bitter, old biddy becomes first female president. In London, a young queen adopts a poker-faced fat man. In Moscow, Oneba dies. These three events of 1984 highlighted a year of change.

Fighting stops in Oceania. Only a handful of prisoners elects to go home. Elsewhere, there is tension and terror.

Woody Hockaday scoots right up behind the president and lifts up her skirt with a cane fishing rod. She slaps him hard, he falls.

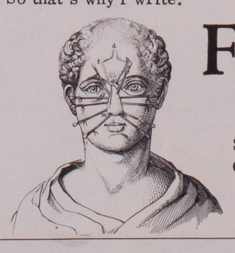
Overtime Foot Patrol Officer Felix Grendon, who lives in No. 829 and keeps oysters in his sink, was walking when he heard hot bullets pouring from pistols zing by. Later, he lay in his bed grieving over his wounds.

The free lunch served Saturday in a hundred Sioux City saloons kills a thousand of her citizens. The lunch is largely composed of absolutely bad bat.

Forty-six thousand persons a month are killed by Omaha popping dirt, or are wounded or burned.

WHY I WRITE by Winston Smith

Why shouldn't I? Sure, I hate rats. And orthodoxy of whatever color seems to demand an imitative style, a lifelessness. So I shouldn't write about rats, right? Down with the rats! That's the kind of thing I'd write, right? So I stay away from political dialects. And I don't steal similes, use long words or too many of them, the passive, foreign phrases, scientific words, jargon or parallel stupidities. Altman may have been right about some things when he said, "We must be doing something right to last 200 years." But he wasn't talking about language use, which is full of insincerity and stove up with foolishness. The whole tendency of modern prose is away from concreteness. But not mine. It's so thick with metaphor that it's like a sink drain choking on tea leaves. Employing figurative speech is one way to prevent words and things from parting company. I prefer it to carting bags of things about, pulling out an item whenever I need to communicate something. A metaphoric cuttlefish is easier to handle than a real one. So that's why I write.



Foxy

Selective Costuming

This is the stauning of the Age of Acquiring, and nobody goes around with one brain anymore.

Everybody wants a Stauning Brain. It's a soft computer, the ultimate software. Bell is in on it. So is Honeywell.

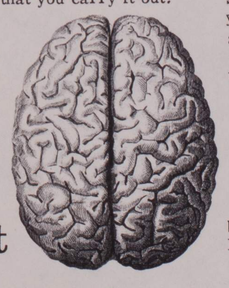
It's pronounced this way: SHH-TAW-NING.

These damn things are selling for less than a buck, and here's what they do.

1. Give you the order of the day.

2. See that you carry it out.

The Die is Cast



3. Telephone Mitzi Gaynor and make a date--if that's what you want.

4. Guide you through and beyond hobbies.

5. Keep you fat and it from happening.

A Billy Girl named Patty Detroit invented the Stauning Brain. It came over her in a dream. It had its way with her before teaching her the secret of its workings, so the Brain could be shared with the world.

In the month of Stauning, which the ancients called August, after one of the Caesar Billys, peonies bloom everywhere.

Long ago, a white-haired gentleman appeared on my stoop. He wore a black gauze hat. He presented it to me. That hat still sits on my head. The thing is old, but still fit to wear, and in it is a Stauning Brain. Today, it told me these things: "Out on the hill the moon is shining tonight, and the trees on your tomb are swayed by the autumn wind."

Among other things, the Stauning Brain was built for poetry.

STAUNING

Stauning Jazz Festival. The big ones will be there. Victory Park. 2 a.m.

Making and Preserving The Stauning. Workshop. Patty Detroit. Bring your own Stauning Kit.

Stauning Breakfast. Eggs and black butter only. My house or yours? Call W. Smith, 6079.

Brainsmithing. Low rates. W. Prop, handyman. Victory Street. No. 7.

Will sell my Stauning cheap. Needs work. Fahrenheit. Call 451.

There is no way for a human brain to fool a Stauning Brain. Bobby Fisher tried to fool one in Basel at the world chess tournament. A wager was agreed upon. And the game began. Because the Stauning cannot move the pieces about the board, as it has no hands, Winston Smith, 6079, served as its proxy. For perhaps 20 seconds, Fisher sat without stirring as the Stauning checked him in a single move. Then he pulled the Speakwrite toward him and rapped out a message in the hybrid jargon of the Ministries:

"Stop verging crimethink cancel stop unproceed constructionwise pawnwise anti-getting plus-ful estimates brain overhead stop end message."

Fisher rose deliberately from his chair and came toward Winston and the Stauning across the soundless carpet.

He said, "We control matter because we control the mind. Reality is inside the skull. You will learn by degrees, Winston, that I could float off this floor like a soap bubble if I wished to. Can your Brain do that?"

The Stauning began to glow pale and pearly and to put off a cloying stink. "It does not matter that my house is rather small," it replied. "One cannot sleep in more than one room."

A traveling-salesman story?

Blonde percentage

Servants came and went at my father's house. I had no nurse. I saw my father rarely and that was too often, for his wild moods and berserk rages terrified me. I was then 5 years old, a barbarous little girl. I was blonde. I was part of the percentage so designated and justly proud.

I am older. I am a lobbyist for the butter industry. More than 95 percent of the country's margarine is beyond reproach. Forty-five states have laws affecting it.

I believe that the better margarine is white, not yellow. To arrive at the "natural color of butter" dairymen admit they must add coloring for four, and sometimes as many as nine, months a year, depending upon feed conditions.

I am still blonde. I think that my hair is my best natural feature. I have no servants. I have no nurse. I see my father every day. He's no lobbyist. I like him because he is careful in the way he goes about things. Most things leave him as unimpassioned as a mackerel.

When I find restaurants that color their margarine, I place restrictions on their Stauning supply, no more than a dozen brains a month. I sell them only black butter after an infraction.

Tripleplus ungood.

In conclusion, I am much, much older now. I propose a plan for a vast shelterbelt of trees to protect the dust-ridden, drought-burned prairie desert. It is to be a strip of forest 100 miles wide, stretching a thousand miles from New Texas to the Canadian cobalt fields. Actual planting of these windbreak saplings will begin Hutt-Two 19, 1935. Butter cattle yield increases are expected. More meat shirts should be available soon.

I no longer have my blonde hair. Last No Day I died. So did my interest in butter and a goodly portion of my blonde percentage. I have undertaken a study of the Nazca Lines in the Peruvian desert. It has been said the lines are a great calendar, the South American equivalent of Stonehenge. But others put the work to extraterrestrials. I shall find out.