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 no. 18

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Life in Ancient Wichita

CITY MOON

Harold, call Meg. Her new brute is dead. She wants you back. The food bowl is full. The bedstraw is fresh. Hurry.

Issue No. 18. Member, Dufus News Alliance. Costs a guida. Foolbert Sturgeon cartoons and Hell pix featured.



Sissy Peterbilt, socialite, author of Major Beans of Egypt, is undead and in trouble.

BALLOON BLOW MARS RAT FETE

The Michael Rat balloon, tethered above a grandstand during Rat's inauguration, exploded afterward, killing Papa Isio and three wandering loiterers. Autopsy revealed brand new Cerberus-III mechanical hearts in the four. Their common-law spouses were alerted, the hearts salvaged and returned to the clone mill, the bodies burned beyond recognition for sanitary purposes. Nazi Truck Co. hauled off the ashes and the bones.



An amazon with three heads in her suitcase arrived at culture farm about 9 a.m. Sunday, during a thundershower. The warrior, Mary Hitler, tormentrix, claimed to have brought the heads 10,000 miles, after obtaining them at a freeze-dry conference. They belonged to Frank Sinatra, James Hoffa and Karen Silkwood. Culture farmers bought them. Hitler left when her satchel was empty.



Head warrior to culture farm

Some southside brute: slew one of their own in front of the Squat 'n' Squeal Wormery today. The brute was found by cabbies, dying, and shot for mercy's sake. The brute had served honorably in World War IV. He belonged to Demolay and was a boy scout chieftain. He is survived by a feminist spouse, two mudpacking boys and a three-headed daughter named Trivial Pursuits.



Brute slain near Prodigy shop

Wichita Edition D. Ohle & R. Martin, publishers

The great clone mill tramp disaster



Three brothers who pooled one of the biggest ass-raising clone mills in North America on 5,000 acres in southwestern Montana were killed where they lay this morning by tramping clones. Here's the story:

Inside the clone mill, the gene vats were cooking. Sterile workers clocked in and out and tramps loitered in the crawl space, under the warming boilers, eating whatever fell through the safety net and the floor cracks, drinking seepage that killed them by the dozens and changed some into a broad mix of beastly forms.

It was a mall of horror and a school of blood from which a few escaped to roam abroad

as huge beavers, buttfish, goose-necked businessmen and oreodonts, preying on everything that wasn't them, sometimes cooking fat bits in brute lard brought to a slow boil.

The mill owners, I.P. Freely, Seymour Butts and Wazee Moose, like the Stooges, were sleeping together on the desert floor one evening when some goose-necked business types, cloned accidentally when a mill worker spat unchewed goose liver into a middle management vat, passed by in company with a rabid brute and a numbskull. They asked the mill owners for the time, but the three merely wheezed and whimpered and turned over all at once. This angered the

unnatural clones, and their greasy circuits screamed "Kill!"

At the clone mill, more tramps had come to drink the seepage. Thousands were metamorphosed, to parade abroad and launch satellites of the parent company, Hour of the Beast Ltd.

Services for the mill owners will be held at Lamanno Panno Fallo, a sunnyside stooge mortuary. Survivors are Clone Freely, Clone Butts and Clone Moose, all sons; Yellow Bleacher, founder of Mixmeat Pies, a close friend; a mutant shrew and a gaggle of beakwomen; and Minnie and Michael Rat, the prey and his spouse, a Detroit squirrel.

Mort's Mummies



Mort

Irradiant Preservation
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The Best of the Wursts ----- Zeus

Bolognics

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 Hot Gut Paste



Zeus

Ladies Day
 Special:
 Neck of
 Goose Cake

727 Beriberi

Talk with ape ends in death

City Moon: Why does golf need an ape player?

A.G.: Ask a simpler question.

C.M.: How much do you weigh?

A.G.: About fifty divots, give or take. That was a good question. Ask another.

C.M.: What's a sand wedge for?

A.G.: To eat, I think. Isn't it? My trainer always made banana and peanut butter ones for me.

C.M.: Who makes your shoes?

A.G.: Monkeyshines Shoe Company. If they don't fit right, my bunions ache. I own the company. I'm rich. It feels good. It's one thing to be a poor ape, but a poor human--it must be awful. I'm a Republicrat. Please excuse me, I have to potty.

(City Moon interviewers waited outside the bathroom, shouting questions through the door.)

C.M.: Do you believe in a god?

A.G.: Are you kidding? I'm an ape. No god ever gave an ape a break. I dig Masonry. I got a motor scooter and I love to ride in parades.

C.M.: Some say you resent your given name and are considering changing it.

A.G.: Come January One, you can call me Brainard



Suit resists asswhip

Franklin. It cost me high guida, no lie, but a good legal mouthpiece is pure gold in my profession. Hey, I needed a name, not no label. Nobody calls me the Ape of Golf. People know me say Brainard.

C.M.: They say 'boons only last 15 years, Brainard. How about you? You worried at all?

(The toilet flushes inside. When the water stops rushing, it flushes again, and this happens two or three times more.)

A.G.: This toilet is broke. This interview is over. Get out, you turds.

C.M.: Is that your final comment?

A.G.: Turds are all over the floor in here. Don't leave. Help. Please help. There are turds everywhere in here. Call the police.

(Police arrive. Water flecked with feces pours from the cracks of the door. Nobody opens the door. Noise crashes through the building as a water-soaked wall gives way and the ape tumbles to the garden in a drowned heap.)

C.M.: That about wraps it up from here.

Duke eats sitz

John Horton, Iron Duke of Wellington, Kansas, announced his retirement at the Green Gables Bar and Grill Tuesday night. He ate chicken royale, spinach biscuit with onion sauce, redberry pie, his plate, drinking glass, and coffee cup with saucer. After the plastic tablecloth, he sucked a dinner mint through a napkin.

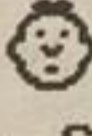
Then he went downtown, entered an antiquarium, ate an old tin sitz bath and died.

Noguchi arrived to extract the Duke's famous iron stomach. This took 3:05 mins. of time. The organ, weighed on a butcher scale, topped 50 puds.

Parts of the Iron Duke went for high guida today under a broiling Kansas sun near Jarbalo.

Legs rampant on a hickory plaque, mounted, tanned, sold for under 6 Gs. Hands cost a dollar. The eyes were sold by the pair, for 80 guis.

The nads went to a senior who makes marble bags and penile backscratchers.

A priest got the  for the Horton Devil's Church Halloween Ball, a tailor the torso skin (for vests), Tall Eddy's BBQ the rib section, a pedophile the left foot, the Devil's consolidated flatball companies the head, Lefty's Jewels the coccyx and so on. The auction netted upward of a thousand guida.

The Duke's ass, with no takers, was fed to possums on the edge of town.

HEADS COME OUT OF MAN

ONE DEAD, ONE ALIVE

Doctors hope for more soon

EAST WICHITA, Ks.--A mudpacker, Marcus Govinda, has given birth from the anus.

Govinda exhausted doctors with a standing labor of 11 days, 8 hours, 13 minutes. After birthing, he refused to answer questions.



The deadliest sin is the consciousness of no sin

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--Brunhilda

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Prexy dead, boon to dangle

Brainard Franklin, the Ape of Golf, is booked in at Murder One for president killing, cabinet destruction and use of asswhip.

FRANKLIN: On Death Row

Most every day he plays a nose flute. A teakettle always boils in his littered cell. A small radio broadcasts the Master's Tournament and he listens distractedly. He reads *As I Die Lying* and *Siddhartha*. He's already written the menu for his last supper--banana pudding and peanut clusters. Final preparations are being made in the death chamber. The rap of hammers and the scream of electric saws can be heard plainly from his cot as he feigns a nap.

City Moon spoke with Franklin on the eve of his execution.

C.M. What's your terminal weight, pal?

A.G. Fifty-five. When they jerk out the brain it'll be more like fifty-two.

C.M. Is there an afterworld for you guys?

A.G. After what? For who? Oh, I

get it. Sure, yeah, of course. I hope so, anyway. A baboon don't no more want to be dead than you do.

C.M. Does the noise of all that gallows-making bother you?

A.G. They just better tie bowling balls to my feet if they expect to snap my neck cleanly. I keep telling them that. They pay no attention. I expect to dangle in agony some time before someone has to jump up and tug at my legs. I have a strong kick, by the way. It's not the noise itself that irks me, but that it represents an idea alien to ape culture--cruel and unusual punishment. Now look. All I did was open up a can of whipass on the president and his Hawaiian slut and this is my thanks.

C.M. How do you want to be remembered?

A.G. I want a fifty-foot balloon of me in every Macy's parade.

C.M. Are you going to try to take anything with you?

A.G. A Russian putter I call Lefty, a doll. He's promised to defenestrate from the tenth floor of Prague's

Hotel Jordan at the moment of my execution. We plan to marry after death. Kennedy never did him right. That's why he fell so passionately for a caring baboon like me.

C.M. Do you have any scores to settle?

A.G. Life is a bogey, not an eagle. We are always one stroke over, always in hazard. Fairways turn foul. Every tee-off ends in a slice. The game is forever uneven. The score is never settled. I feel under par, not vengeful.

C.M. What would you do differently had you the chance?


A.G. I'd never carry asswhip cans with me. With an ape's volcanic nature I am susceptible to murderous fits. They should ban asswhip, period. Keep it off the shelves. Without asswhip I wouldn't have killed.


C.M. Where do you go from here?


A.G. Excuse, please, but I've got to make for the pot. I'm all loaded up again. Got to dump it.


END OF INTERVIEW/CITY MOON, APE OF GOLF, COPYRIGHT 1965


Vegas man bangs yearling

REVENGE, LA.--A Las Vegas Man wearing a Humungous costume has been charged with sodomizing a yearling  in Pilchard Park No. 5.

* Tick Harrison, a blackjack player, had rented the costume at an Uncle Bob's Monster Shop about 6 p.m. yesterday, then driven his car to a national forest, searching for a young  with which to have sexual congress.

The animal was quickly located. Forest rangers spotted Harrison's white body amid the evergreens, heard the  pitiable bray and quickly forestalled continuation of the act.

A veterinarian, Hung Ten Gonuchi, drove by and was signaled to stop. The  died.

Gonuchi analyzed the ass of the dead  Harrison's semen was positively identified. Charges were filed: aggravated sodomy with unsuccessful ejaculation and criminal cruelty to forest beasts, not to mention the lesser charge of criminal asspass. Harrison is expected to kill himself before a trial date is set.

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WHO FALLS FROM BLISS CARES LITTLE INTO WHAT ABYSS

-- 4522 FRENCHMAN'S BEND --

Today is the last day of the first part of your life

-- K.H.

The harvest of whatwhats

Why did Dr. F.A. Cook choose a midwinter date for his assault on the Pole? Others, quite sensibly, had opted for warmer seasons. Why brutes to pull his sled, and not dogs? What of his promise to find the rumored Bavarian burial ground of extinct Cretaceous birds? And his monkish/savage desire to move about with a dozen sewing needles stitched into the flesh of his scrotum?

The answer to all these questions is the same: the whatwhats. What kinds of questions are these? What is being asked? What for? What? This is the

declension of our age, when the culminating question, more and more frequently, is "What?"

The City Moon is not a harvest of whatwhats. Subscriptions are unavailable. Buy it at the kiosk for 50 pretty pennies. Our news is hard and eternal and never wears out or thin. We do the only total coverage of Wichita, Belize and the drifting island Sinatra. We leave our editorializing on the editorial page, which you're reading. Floating discounts for major advertisers.

This year's editorial is about life in ancient times. Long before Cook gawked at the Pole, or Buddha sat on his ya-ya. Before the Fertile Crescent, before brutes clubbed south toward the Gulf of Mexico, smearing sabertooth and wiping wooly mammoth butt.

As time dawned, so did the reign of Mickey the Rat, the star prince with a snarl and a wicked bite, 40,000 headmen marching before the Imperious Rodent, primitive America's first major. He was loused several times and died, rabid, in A.C. 1955. He never gave charity a dime.

CERVINE HEART FOUND IN STILLBORN INFANT

The heart of an antlerless deer has been recovered from a stillborn brute at the City Hospice.

The heart was an accidental byproduct of a ruptured cloning mill containment vessel near the brute's father's trailer home and later the implantation of a blue mutant cervid heart in the brute.

The brute lingered a few stillborn days; developed cyanosis; was buried, as law requires, for a month; was dug up and taken to Uncle Bob's Monster Shop, far east Wichita's only monster establishment; and is daily revived for paid, spectatorial amusement.



Uncle Bob's turns on the slime generator at 7 a.m. and after that the fun never stops. He's got death eggs, sickening thud tapes, humungouses and snacks of melted tire on a stick. From there to the Prodigy, in the city's northeast, is a five-minute jitney ride--but a world of monsters--away.

Hairthings & Centipede Love Apples, fleacake, shitbutter and actual photos of Hell: These are some of the treats for a Prodigygoer. Nosefuls of Peruvian marching powder enhance this free experience. You'll come away with a monster you love to hate. Don't you think you deserve a brute? One's waiting for you right now at any Wichita monster shop.

NOGUCHI'S SISTER FINDS THE LOST PLANET JOYCE IN PLUTO'S UMBRA

The 10th planet from the sun is named after its discoverer, Joyce Lowell, a Noguchi Sister at Loyola Extrapolate University.

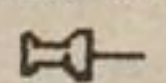
Joyce flies in the cold shadow of distant Nepturn, once called Pumpsylvania, home to a billion earthworms shipped there by the Annelid Futures Co., which hopes to reap an earthsworth of fishing worms from Joyce's mud.



Lowell discovered the planet through a handheld telescope given her by the luckless astronomer Percival Lowell. "Until I found Joyce," Lowell says, "I had been constipated for three months."

BLOOD LETTER KILLS SENATOR; THE CABBY AND MAID WILL BE TRIED

A U.S. Senator whose political career took off when, as a geologist, he discovered the East Pole, in the Fertile Crescent, was drained until dead by a Wichita-born blood letter, Samuel P. Dinsmoor, hired by the senator's maid and cabby, who are to stand trial and be executed.



Dinsmoor was caught peddling the senator's blood, fined 80 guida and released.

Survivors include two common-law wives, a pet cervid and a brute.

TRENCHING OF QUEEN PROVES VAIN; ASSWHIP EXPERIMENTS CONTINUE

A dozen medicants trenched Queen Boats Float, trying vainly to remove a 25-lb. teratoma from her abdomen.



Postmortems revealed the tumor's content. A small femur, two eyeteeth, a fully formed foot and a walnut were excised from the monstrous growth.

Study showed that asswhip applied near the spinal base many years before had made manicotti of the L-5 vertebra.

Officials say the queen may perish, that she is being kept alive for experiments, primarily the effects of substantial oral applications of asswhip.

HEARTBREAK HOTEL, ELVIS MUMMY DISPLAY OPEN IN MEMPHIS, EGYPT

You pay about 50 in U.S. guida for a three-bed room. It's at the end of a lonely, Memphis backstreet. Trotsky's singing mummy of the bloated Elvis is at rest in the lobby. You pass it as you make for the steam cave at the mansion's rear. Some toss coin, some look away, but every man jack one of them came all the way to Memphis for this. After a gawk at Elvis you eat at the Graceland Cafe--truffle and snout, Crisco biscuits and hard black coffee, any color pills on demand, roadbird and blackass pie. The road home is a sleepy one. That's it.

DID LEXICOGRAPHER DISSOLVE A NECRONAUT IN AN ACID BATH?

Judith Purslane, forewoman at the word mill near Bloody Creek, discovered the acid-soaked remains of Cumulus C. Carothers, a Belize City necronaut, during a required paleontological meditation. It is supposed the brute had been substantially dissolved when a mill containment vessel's skin was breached and spilled 10,000 aqueous tons of word acid, which came down with a tidal roar on the picknicking necronaut, but this has not been confirmed. Damaged beyond recognition, Carothers was identified by a numbered tag on his cervine heart.

AVERSION TRAINER CLAIMS TO HAVE SEEN WESTERN LANDS HERE

Aversion trainer Ambrose Quick visited the Western Lands recently and has filed a quitclaim deed on certain property there. Local courts say these lands do not exist.

Quick says he saw these lands at the edge of the city as recently as two nights ago. They are vast, their earth black, rich and fecund. Quick will build as soon as he finds a court to recognize his deed. He plans to plant and harvest whatwhats and clone oreodonts to cross with humans.

City Moon Enterprises belly up; vultures to feed



A *City Moon* Enterprises brute ranch has bellied up. Nine hundred seed brutes, valued in excess of 10,000 guida, demonstrated for their freedom near Jarbalo. Under a broiling sun, they offered their stomachs to the vultures of Belikin Valley, who did not

resist . . . Plans to bottle babycake--stripped flesh of high IQ kid--were tabled until the late Januarius meeting. . . . Hellhounds Bus drivers, laid off because Hell is shut down and all the buses have been rerouted to Heaven, picketed outside the Pearly Gate. Hell

is big, cold, doomed and empty. (See "First Pics of Hell," Page 7.) Meanwhile, Satan keeps staring at the picture of our planet on the cover of the *Last Black Hole Earth Catalog* and thinking relocation. . . . Brute futures mixed in late trading.

Dirty rain pops ape balloon

The maiden voyage of Mick Rat, The Balloon, foundered when the helium-filled head caught fire and spewed burning plasma chunks over onlookers and into the East River near Ice

Palace Boulevard, according to Papa Isio and two tramps watching the parade, the only survivors. President Rat wired condolences from his White House den.

Newspaper cures schizoids

Uptown Sinclair retires to Belikin to write memoirs and to set up a cottage industry: the manufacture of bull-dick walking sticks. "I go to the slaughterhouse, I take the penises home to my workshop, stretch them over steel rods, hang them in the oaks to dry, apply shellac, tip them with a ferrule and sell them to crippled, gimpy persons." The newspaper in your hands is printing this rambling letter from Sinclair, which it got last week.

Now, a TV-enstooaged citizenry of room-temp intelligence finds good fiction can't keep up with Jonestown. Who wants it all tediously chronicled on sheets of dead pine by professional realists?

Readers want to groove on the brutal truth, not cock 'n' bull stories.

Which brings me now to the *City Moon*. It seems The National Home for the Insane has begun distributing the paper to its educated clientele in the most advanced and experimental programs of cure. Reading the paper restores longtime, literate schizophrenics to their senses and produces a spectrum of adjunct responses, all for less than the cost of a single spansule of valium.

Dear City Moon,

I am happy I lived long enough to see the novel, that quirky, indulgent movement of the literary bowels, pass.

Asswhipped starlet says Peterbilt ruined her life



Mitzi Gaynor has brought charges against Sissy Peterbilt, author of the mystery *Who Puked in the Sink?* Ms. Gaynor says the Peterbilt heiress assaulted her at the filming of *Full Sink of Puke*, the movie based on her work, with a can of aerosol deformant, in street argot *asswhip*. Ms. Gaynor: "I can only get monster roles."

PAMPERED HEADS LEFT IN DAIRY QUEEN

A hypermammiferous woman entered the Dairy Queen at 1212 Cheddar Hill Drive today in Nome, Ala., with five human heads in a suitcase, each nestled neatly in a Pamper.

The heads were those of husband Barry; Muffy and Dale, the twin 10-year-olds; Earnest, the dull-normal son, 17; and George D. Bennett, an uncle visiting from Skagway.

Observers say she sat down with a calm demeanor, though her clothes were blood-soaked and the suitcase oozed both blood and fluid, ordered a Hunger Buster and a Mr. Pibb from a trembling waitress, then shouted, "Oh, sput! I forgot about little Timmy," and

dashed from the restaurant without paying.

As she flew away, a typescript fell from her coat--Creative Uses for Throwaway Products: A Book of Love, by Nadine Trotsky.

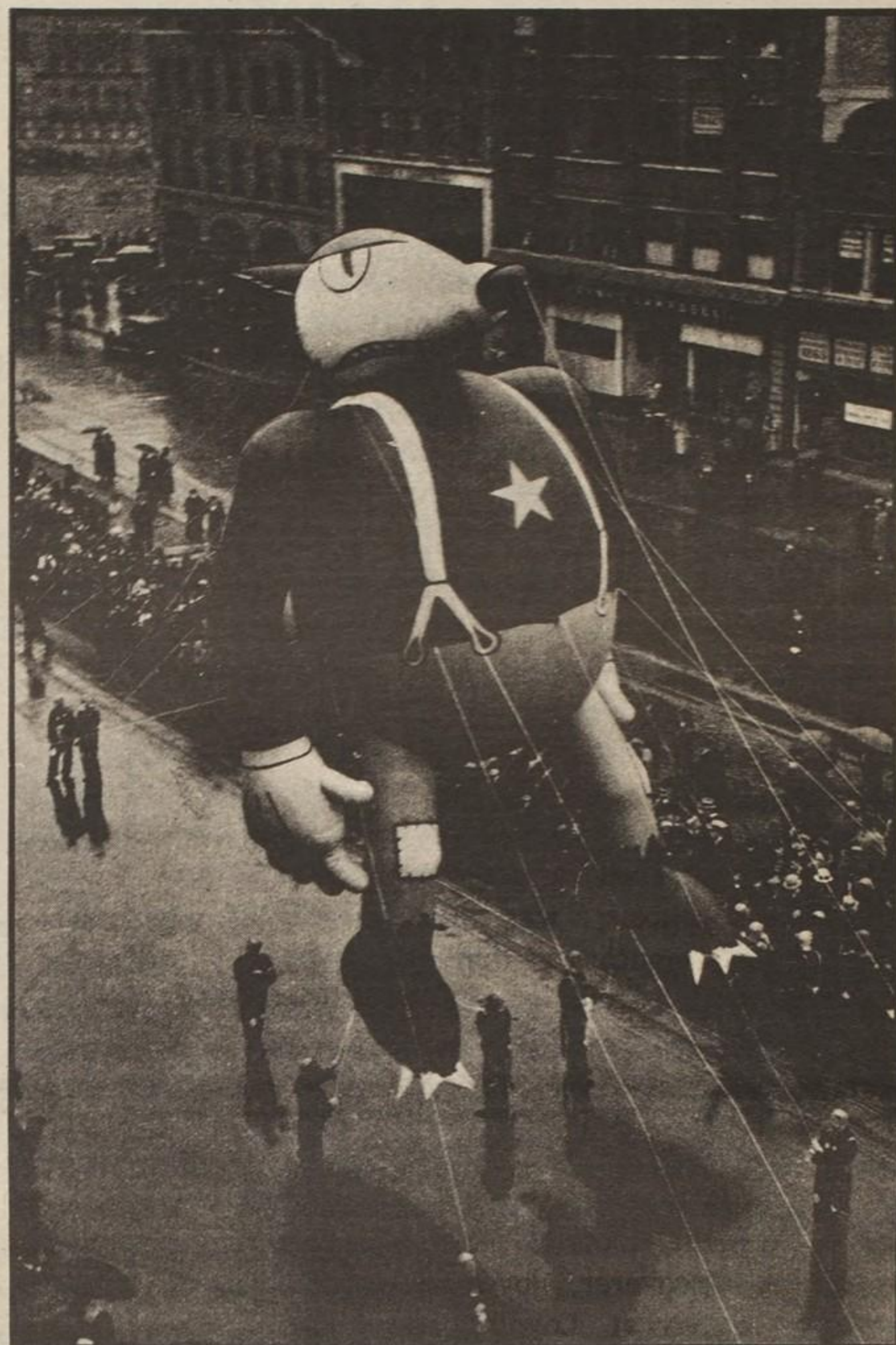
Police were summoned and as horrified Dairy Queen patrons looked on, the oozing suitcase was opened. "This is incredibly awesome . . . extremely and unbelievably bizarre . . . definitely a worst-case scenario. Personally speaking, I've never gotten more than three heads in one suitcase," said Sergeant Del Piombo. "This one beats them all. For some darned reason, the white women love to come to this particular Dairy Queen, the

northernmost one in the world, to dump their grisly loads.

"They come from great distances, suitcases in tow, hungry, tired. Why? Search me. I'm just a cop with a chilly beat. To tell you the truth, there's one thing about all this that's a puzzle. . . . Why are all the women who bring in the heads hypermammiferous? I mean, what makes large-breasted women behead their families at 10 times the statistical rate of moderate- to small-breasted ones?"

Trotsky remains at large.

More than six dozen have been abandoned in the Cheddar Hill Dairy Queen.



In a dirty pelting sleet, the head of Mick Rat's balloon exploded near the Popeye Spinach Co., injuring 3,000, killing none.

Grog finds beached bod

A shrouded, crab-pinned Body that washed up on Corpus Christi beach last week may be that of the Savior Jesus. The Body was turned over by a beachcomber from Alaska, one Grog, of Nome, who was searching for fossils of the ancient bird Archaeopteryx and reported finding a baptornis skull lodged in the ribcage.

Charity toughens gut

A Texas man went to the desert, where he trained to pull cars with his teeth and a rope. He met Prudence--pretty, tender, tiny, toothless--and in a fever, they wed. Some (3) babies were born. One had spina bifida, one was still and one was swiped by the Rainbow Brothers. Out of grief, he made a decision: to put his own belly on the line for charity. He trained with a semi until his ribs broke and he'd busted six 10-ply, heavy-duty highway tires. I'm ready, he thought. He started and ended with third-rate, Midwestern Renaissance fairs. A redneck brought his jenny mule down to kick the man hard in the breadbasket. Some people slammed his ass with bowling balls. Gradually, his gut toughened.

Beatle No. 6 washes up

The body of the sixth Beatle has washed up among the cypress knees of Bayou Goula Swamp. He is Chimponius Ringo, a bitter little monkey from here, there and everywhere, taught from infancy to pose as Beatle No. 6, singing "Norwegian Wood" in Bavaria, for example, "Yellow Submarine" in Jacksonville and "Here Comes the Sun" in Point Barrow, Ala. Cause of death? Noguchi could not say. "Had Paul died," he explained, "Chimpo Ringo would have been the new Beatle, according to what Brian Epstein told me. He was their manager."

Hardleg's Spot found

A new Hardleg Spot, analogue to the G-Spot, an erogenous zone, was scientifically excavated from the loess piles, or Q-Spots, of a Bat City cave yesterday.

The spot will be named for discoverer Quincy Hardleg, an unemployed porter from the Gons Hotel, who was wandering through the Playboy Cave looking for the lost ruins of Hefner's mansion when he pitched through a skylight onto a crumbling, oval bed strewn with naked-women photos, then crashed through the bed and into the Bat Cave--in former times an underground gym where Hefner had been buried beneath the basketball court--to puddle on the floor.

His Spot will be stored in dry ice until science retrieves it for experiment.

Beware of all enterprises requiring no clothes. *Henry B. Thorough*

The Dirty Job Group

-- A Deep Shaft Company --

To See, To Know, To Understand

Cash up front!

--Address withheld--

kakistocracy



Queen marries Wichita dealer

Queen Redwhite Blue, bringing her dozen bastards, has come to Belize City to marry Andrew Carnegie Burris, the word merchant, former head digman at the Wichita Atom Pile, with Friar Benedict officiating. His bastards include the numbskull Salmonella; Shagella, a normal; and Bushboy Sugarman, a low-order brute. Her dowry includes a bucket of frozen Kennedy semen and an apehair counterpane. Burris arrived on the last bus from Oaxaca, the gold lame tie flashing in the mountain sun, the Earth Shoes, the works. The marriage was publicly consummated after a feast of orchid-stuffed gibnut and hot raisin paste. Hours before, the queen, at her mother's house, had readied for nuptials in the usual ways:

tucking in her tulle, tending her hair, hanging her sash embroidered "kakistocracy," douching, drowsing, eating soured cheese and grazing for other pleasures.

At the church, before the sacred sacrament of marriage, Burris reported a dream to Friar Benedict, the officiant:

A monstrous worm emerged from my mouth with a sibilant hiss. It was cobralike, having a dozen or more eyes, which looked at me in unison, then separately, and then bled pus all over my beard, in my mouth, up my nose and in the ears. Next it became a white wurst, and I ate it. It homunculated into a man in my stomach, a two-headed one.

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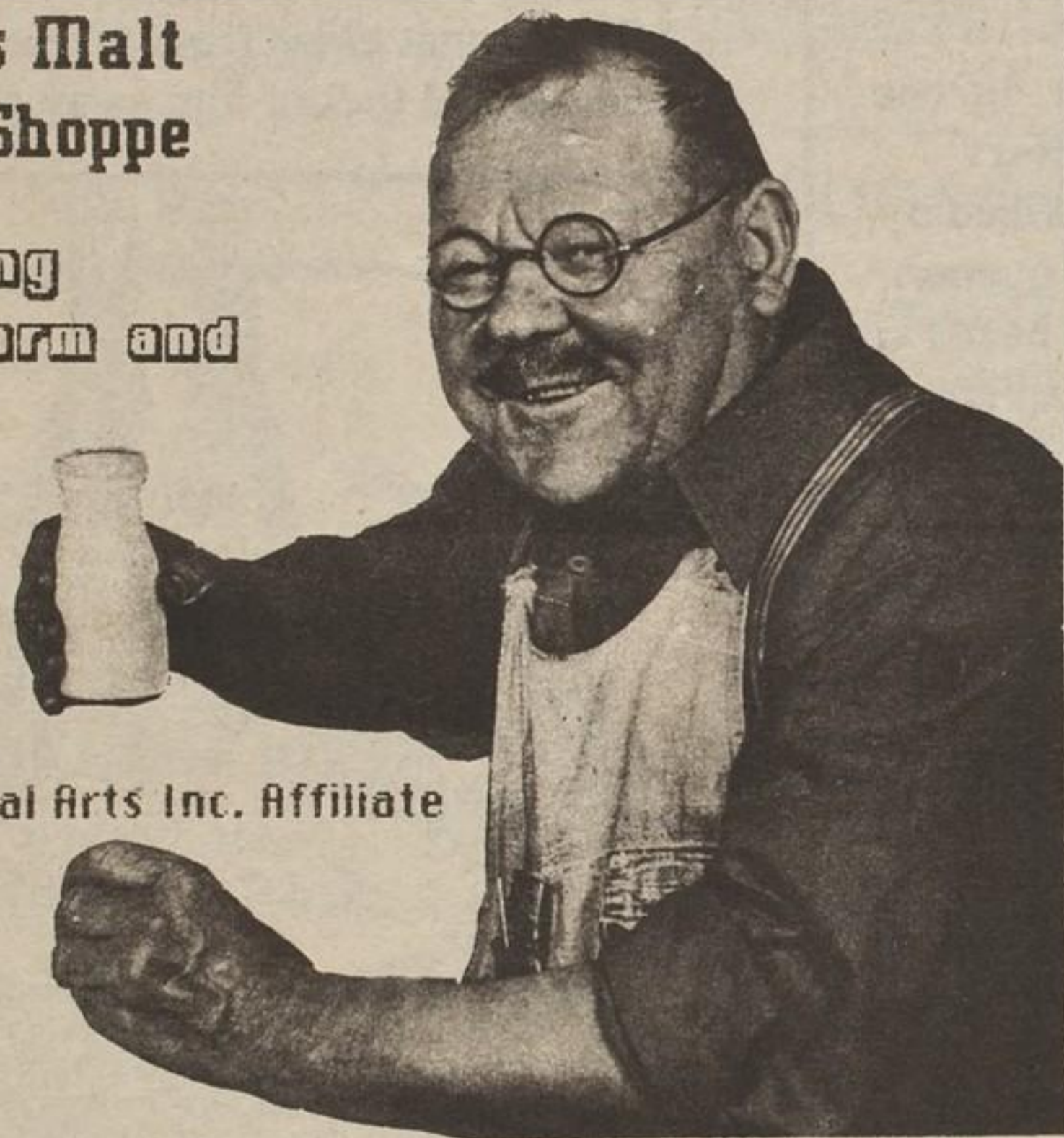
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with knives

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Academy of Dental Arts Inc. Affiliate

There's
one near
your house



Hospice tramps succumb to inferno; the dying are saved; arsonists at large; Disney talks flick rights



BELIKIN CITY, Belize--The remains of six male tramps were found in the rubble of a hospice fire. Five hundred dying patients survived.

until the nurses would kick her butt out.

Lurch. Burned beyond recognition.

The fire started in a wastebasket in a cellar beneath the Hotel Dieu Hospice, 1010 Sacre Bleu, where the tramps were living at night.

Les Porch. Everybody knew him, some liked him. Figwort wine man.

Crisped were Ken Cubus, Les Porch, Charles Lurch, Effie Pfeffer and Parliament Spaniel, plus Buick "H.H." Skylark.

Kenneth Ronald Cubus, inventor of the paddlewheel toaster, around 1906, was no ordinary tramp, but a former owner of a stock-exchange seat, a belle star from chic Chicago and president of Hellhounds Bus Co.

H.H. first. 1899 to 1961. Malefic and hemiplegic, mesomorph. Favorite drink: wallbanger. Favorite saying: Poverty is the sixth sense.

That's all the tramps who died. Survivors include Enfield and Sissy Peterbilt. Sissy is the mother of 12 midnormal children and two runted, shapeless, blindgut demons with nasty habits and a right to life. Some other survivors are Capt. Silent Smith, dying of melanoma; Jackie Onassis, of metastatic licksalami; and Johnny Horton Sr.

Brings us to Parliament Spaniel. Tall in the loin cloth. Carries a big hammer.

Pfeffer. Tough broad, like a guy. Through her tattered clothes, small vices appear. Hung around the hospice. Jawed with the near dead.

Car of desire

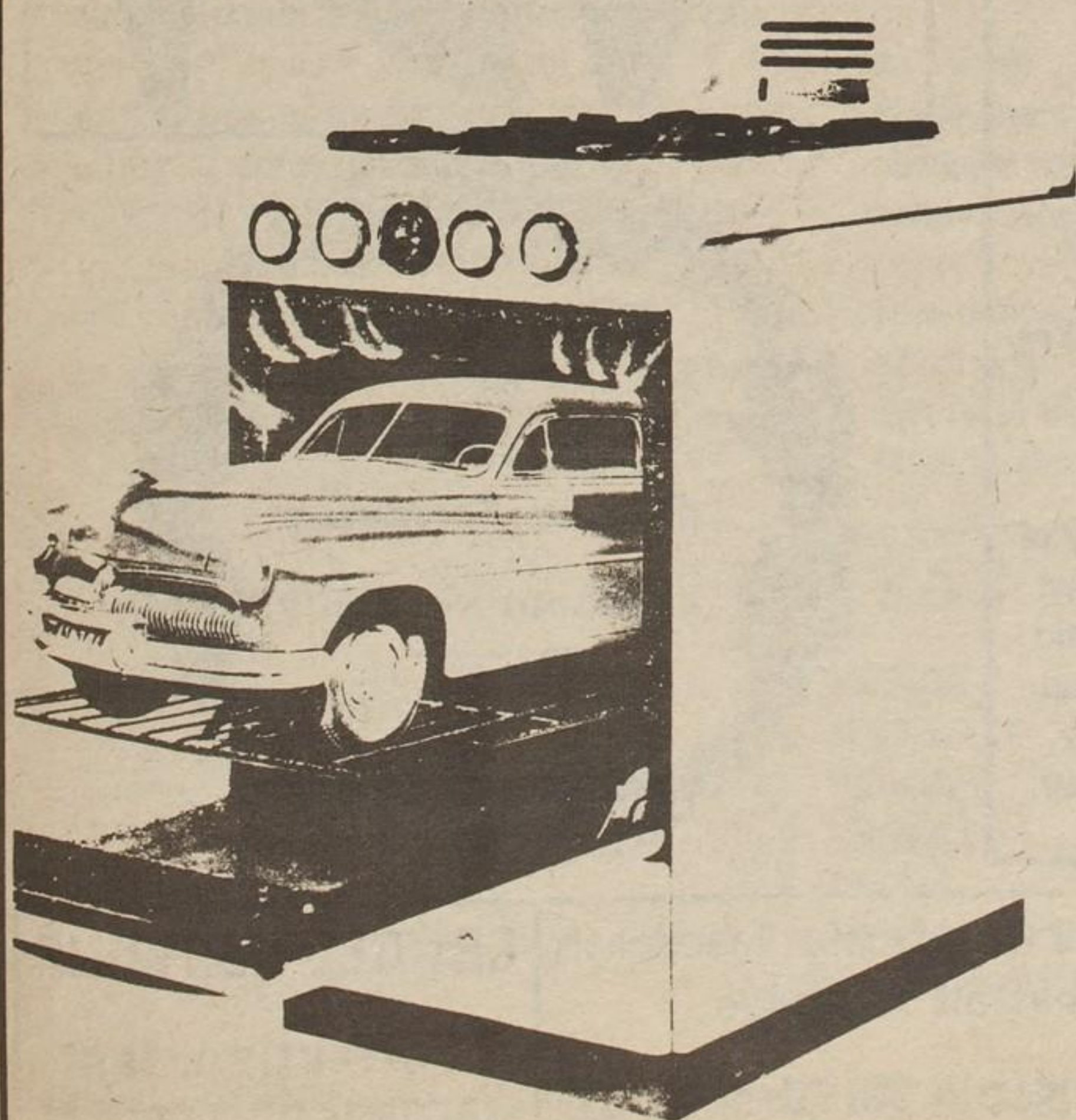
For the rambler in you

Make way for power with a new thrill. Make way for the car of your dreams. These are totally cherried '53 Merc models--in papier-mâché, dream-inducing, cheap to keep.

Put this cruiser on your nightstand, light a votive candle near it, go to sleep and get ready for a ride on the night highway. You'll be driving I-80 through Tensleep, Wyo., when you spot Dewey, the dream killer, hitching, and remember the rule: Don't pick up strangers in dreamland.

The car of desire produces high-zoot dreams of automobiling. Day or night.

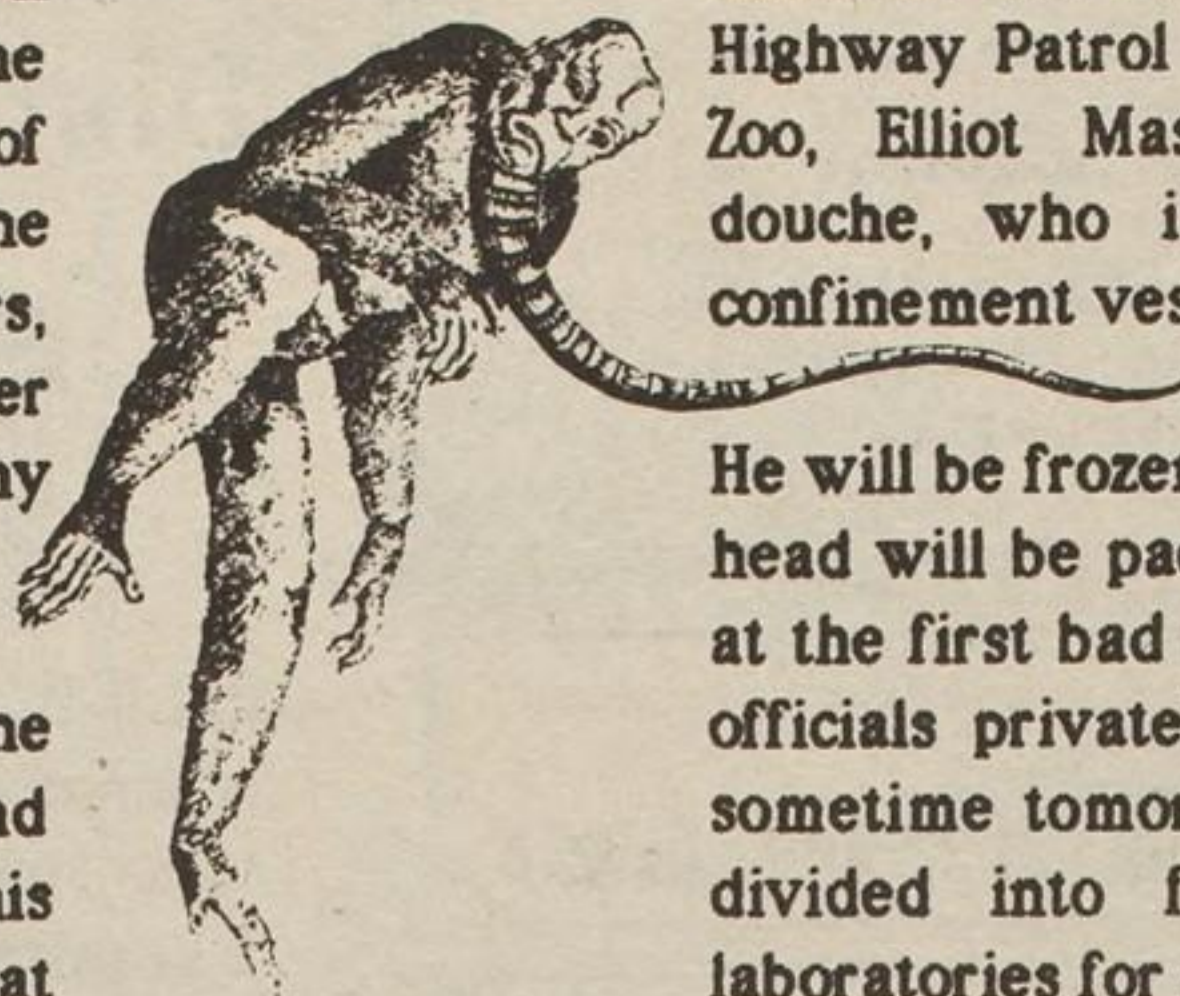
AT SOFT MACHINE MOTORWORKS
58 Squattgobble St.



Demon in check at state zoo

One day the demon John Horton drank Royal Crown Cola through a checkered cotton workshirt. The starchy RC stimulated a lifelong overproduction of stomach acid. The demon tried appeasement with the angry organ, eating conch shells, lead pipe, mufflers, baseball bats, batteries--acid & all--and jackhammer bits. None of it did any good. The demon's paunchy gut barked and snarled like a hungry cur.

The demon was first noticed publicly when he disposed a barbecue pit (entire), wurst and coals and grate and concrete and bones and steak, and his reputation swelled when his quirky appetat suggested he eat a country church, lively sexton, good



minister and all the congregation. After capture, the Highway Patrol took him to the Curator of the High Zoo, Elliot Massengil, inventor of the disposable douche, who is seeing to the demon's elaborate confinement vessel.

He will be frozen rock hard in helium to his neck. The head will be packed in cosmolene and wired to ignite at the first bad thought. The demon knows this. Zoo officials privately say the thing's head will fall off sometime tomorrow, or next week, and then will be divided into five slabs and mailed to anxious laboratories for analysis and, ultimately, disposal.

TEXAS MAN DIES OF PROSTATE CYST

A Texas man, Bubba, greeted Charon yesterday after taking 3,000 direct blows to the stomach. He was briefly in critical condition at the nearest hospital. It started on a talent program, when he offered his gut to all comers for punching and for charity. Five hundred asswhippers came. He couldn't take it. He was brain dead a few hours. His death was incurred by the bursting of a prostate cyst. They say he laughed through the first 1,000 punches, complained of a bellyache at 1,503 and spat blood from his penis at 2,908. Out of mercy, God tucked him away at that point.

Flatball is played like this in Hell



The team of the Devil has won again. This makes 52 straight. No one doubts the future. Hell is predictable. The demon will return. Next season. For the opener. To pitch against Kerouac. Who will be killed by the demon's first pitch but return the following season. For the opener.

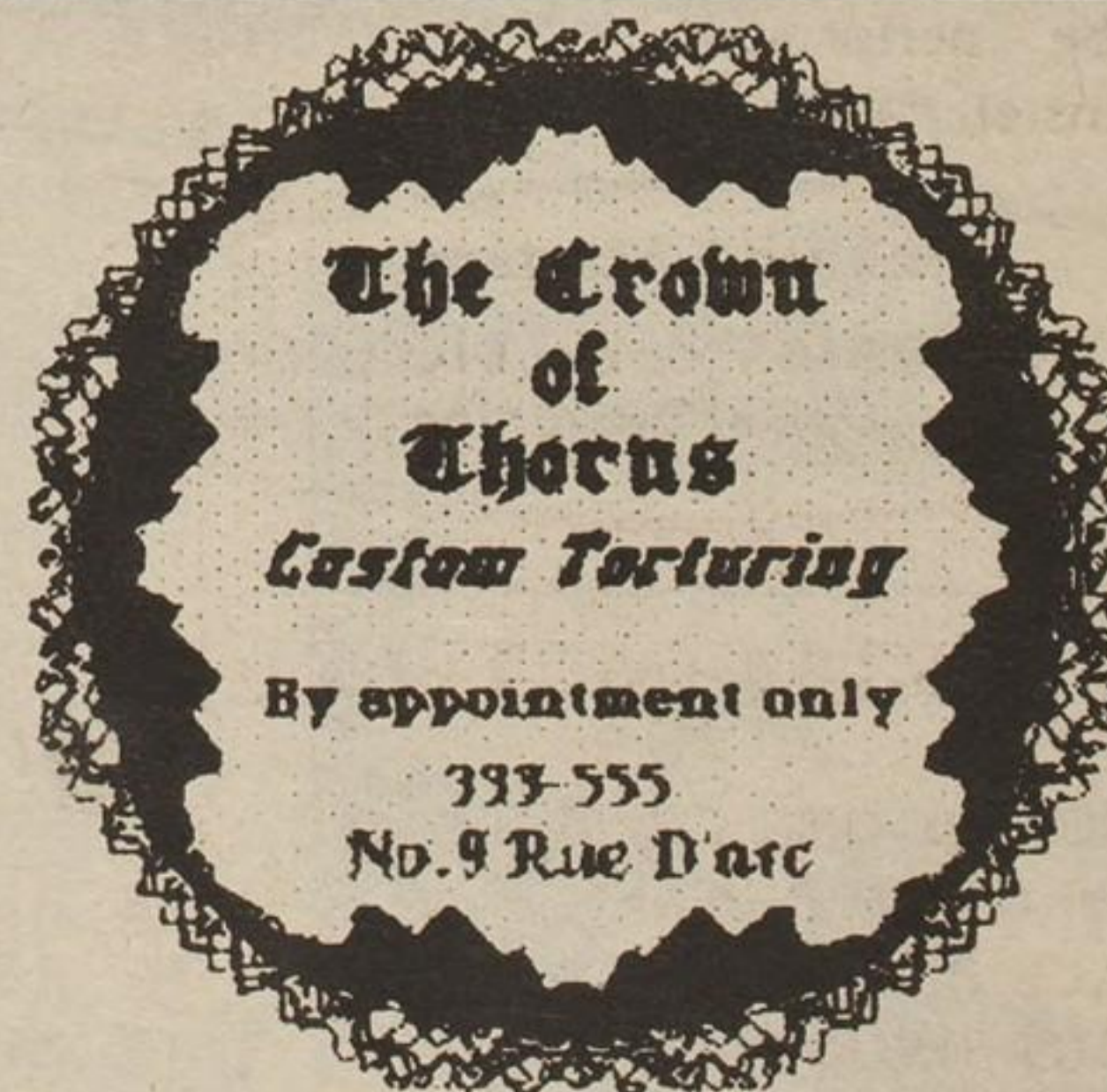
Have you ever played flatball? These balls have flat human heads at their core--discus-sized--with squashed eyeballs. They will wrap around a bat if you hit them wrong and if you connect, rocket into the bleachers and kill fans. Here are a few basic rules of flatball:

1. The bow cannot forever stand bent.
2. Flatball is not the highest kind of enjoyment.
3. In its time and place, flatball is as proper as prayer.
4. A batter's nostrils must be plugged with chloroformed Q-tips.
5. Do not turn your ass to a fellow player.
6. Baserunners must carry a pail of brickdust in each had.
7. They must balance a pail on the head.
8. Fans must shout, "Shake, baby, shake! You don't shake you don't get no jellycake."
9. No crowd is too small.
10. If the game ain't done when the sun goes down, it's played in the dark.

Different regions of Hell observe the rules differently. For example, Hollywood, on the edge of the Salton, allows its citizens to play street flatball on Sunday but no other day.

Flatball is the game of today and tomorrow. Pitchers die eating flatballs on the mound. They have to take them away from umpires. Nobody willingly gives them up. The game spreads beyond the stadium. Even dogs can't get enough of this ball. Everyone and everything plays. One ball feeds a thousand, another 10,000. Ball cloning comes to every household. Nobody leaves for work until the game is over, and that takes years. But everybody's fed. And happy. And that's the game that is played with flatballs.

Meanwhile, there is the grisly business of the ball's manufacture, which requires a steady supply of heads and access to cadavers. Plenty of head will come to the surface of a tarry nuclear bog, free for the picking. Transported to factory, these almost-fresh heads are soured with caustic soda and lime and softened by wrapping in salt-water soaked gauze and newspaper. They are flattened in vises with crushing force. Then they are embedded in leather, stitched in by master sewers and put into play.



JARBALO FRUIT FLIES
by P. Hedrick, drosophilist
A man, a woman and flying fruit make this one a parable for our time. 50 pages. \$39.95

The Prodigy Shop
Northwest Wichita's
Monster Outlet

Macbirth. Maclife. Macdeath.
Full-gestalt coverage.
Macworld Publications

CANNED ASSWHIP
An effective, fast
aerosol deformatant

At the Cherry Boulevard Ice Palace

The Head

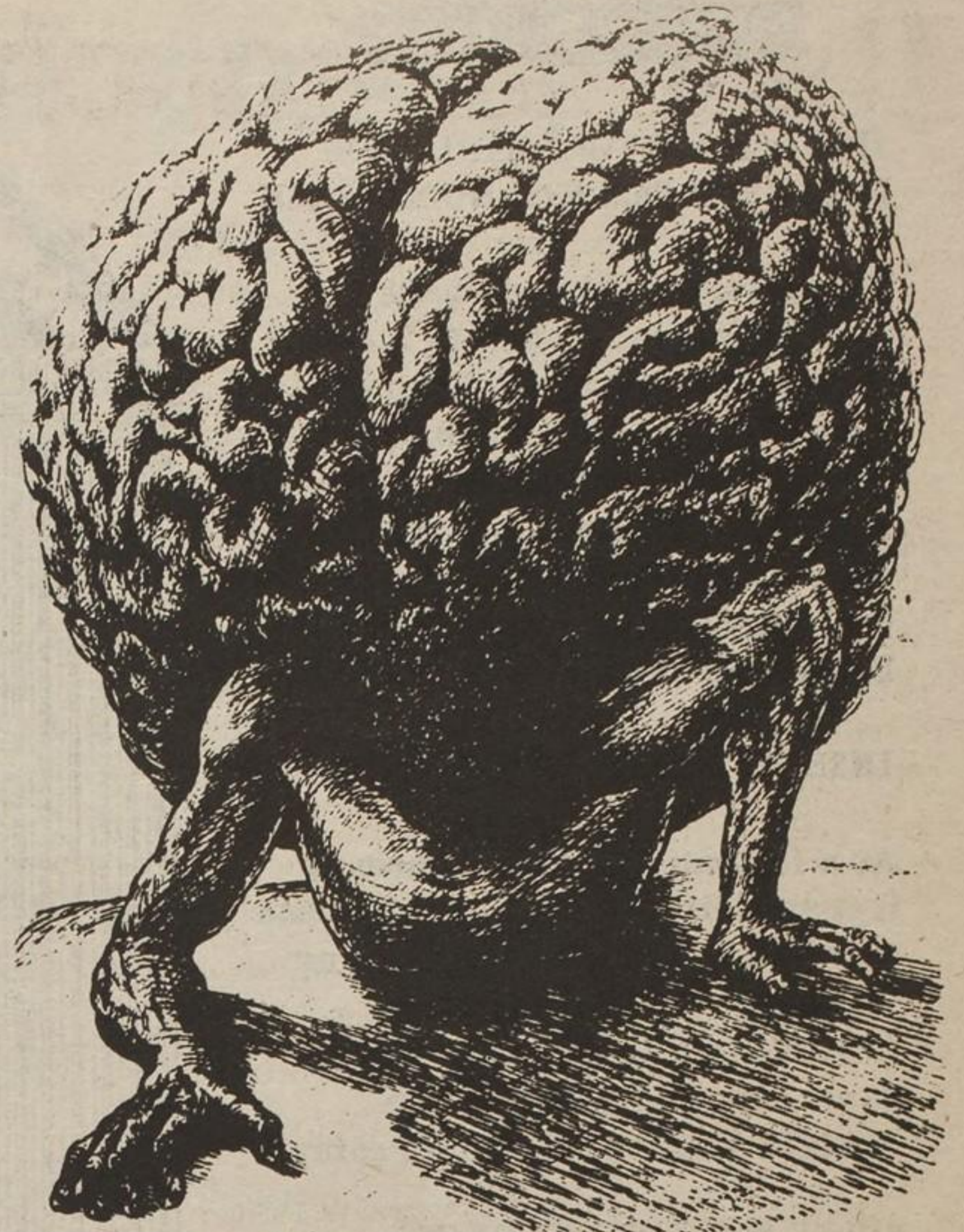
of

Enfield Peters

A prodigious 80 pounder

**WILL BE
EXHIBITED**

For One Day only



VALUABLE MONKEY TO GET IDIOT HEART

FORT WAYNE, Ind.--A high-dollar monkey, Brainard Tar, employed by Aerospace General, is to receive the heart of a human idiot.

The idiot, an institutional lifer, will be sedated and the heart excised by Coroner Noguchi, with the consent of the Muncie Board of Mentation.

Scientific studies confirm the efficacy of idiot-chimp exchanges. Economically significant simians like Brainard Franklin, the famous Ape of Golf, tend to reject the hearts of peers, but not of human idiots.

Let's return to Tar here, however, who was born Oct. 6, 1957, the day Sputnik went up and changed everything. Now a decrepit 30-year-old, Tar's ticker has petered rapidly in recent weeks and a human donor has been sought nationwide. The idiot's guardians made the offer just yesterday.

The surgery, with Noguchi on the knives, will be performed at the Alfred E. Wittgenstein Mortuary in East Wichita.

Dickbird Academy
The Basics & Little Else
Cosmopolitan at Quivering Depths

The sperm whale will
tolerate no nonsense
H. Melville

Sutpencil fingered

NORMAN, Okla.--Fungi kill for the same reason Dr. Elliot Massengil Madstone did: They cannot produce their own food and so rely for energy on existing organic matter.

And as do certain fungi, Dr. Madstone fed on material already dead, often illegally obtained corpses.

He stacked them in his lambing barn like cordwood, drawing black plastic tight over the pile to cook under a boiling Oklahoma sun.

Whenever he vacationed, one went with him in a specially made carpetbag lined with pure, white Para rubber.

At some well-defined point in Dr. Madstone's evolution, the line between parasite and predator seems to have been crossed.

It happened the day his wife was found dead. A thumbless suspect had throttled her. She was discovered by a Wichita sex & pleasure officer operating

ATOMIC LIFE MAGAZINE

Since 4004 Before Christ

in Madstone death

out of Miami, Okla. Could a gorilla have been responsible? Noguchi, the coroner in the case, doubted that. "A man without thumbs," he said, "but unnaturally long and powerful middle fingers. I would say nothing concerning his ancestry or origins."

Madstone, grieving in his library, picking through his photo albums, brooding over every still of his beloved Sissy, was suddenly struck by a furious urgency: A photo flopped on the rug, that of Madstone's anatomy school roommate, Virgilian Sutpencil.

Thumbless.

Middle fingers like pepperonis.

Old pal Virgilian. Now the memory struck like an Oriental gong. The one who could strip the trigeminals from a cadaver in half the time it took his classmates. Born without thumbs, but, in compensation, with huge fingers.

The weapons that had killed his wife.

HANNIBAL MCTWAIN'S CRAB SHOP

FOOT OF ONE CRAB
BALLS 'N' BEAN
FACE OF RABBIT
YOUR OWN EYES
CRABGRASS
PURULENT SPUT
'BOOGER MEAT

YR. HOUSE
YR. BLENDER
YR. HOUND
YR. GONADS
YR. COKE
YR. WIFE
ANY APPENDAGE

FOR THOSE WHO LOVE TO PAY OUT THE ASS

E
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The Chatterbox

A Talking Salon - At Plato Mall

Modest Rates

Death Sex War Love Pain Joy

Walk-Ins Welcome

SUCCINCTO

SPINACH FACTORY EXPLOSION ROCKS SUN SEEKERS' NUDE BEACH

Popeye's, a Belikin spinach factory, exploded today, blowing the green stuff a mile into a clear blue sky and hurling a 5-ton statue of Popeye heavenward, which, atomizing, descended, burning a thousand on-looking sunseekers with a hot, green rain.

INSECTS BLAST NEBRASKA FACE

At a flatball match, a swarm of iceberg lettuceflies destroyed the mouth of a quarterback, Johnny Horton Jr., by filling it with caustic eggs as he winged a game-winning aerial in the Wichita Muskrat Bowl on Friday.

NURSE FUZZY WUZZY DYING

Bullet, a Java man, was with his Uncle Wiggily at the Tigris Ag Farm last week, neutering piglets, when news arrived that Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, his muskrat lady housekeeper, was caught in a rat trap. She is dying.

POINT BLAST TO GET WINDBLADE TO DISPERSE NECROTIC WINDS THAT BLOW IN FROM THE GULF

With its new windblade, Point Blast, Wichita, disperses necrotic winds that blow in from the gulf.

DEVIL TO BLOW KEY CITIES

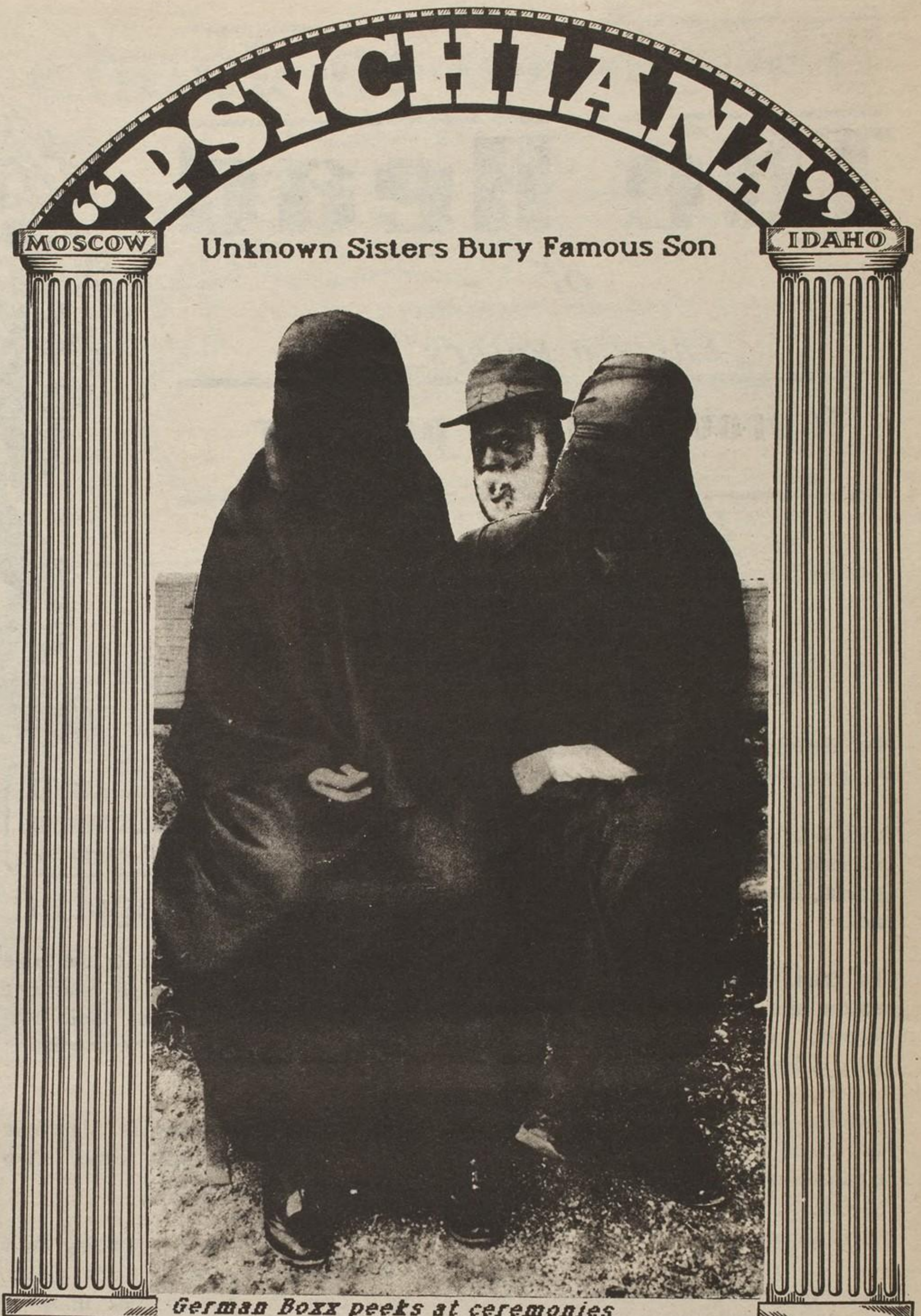
His Satanic Majesty, the skinny devil, has declared he'll blow up several U.S. cities inside aluminum bags with popcorn bombs. His tentative targets--London, Yuba City, Tupelo, Amsterdam, Belikin, Pine Bluff, Irkutsk, Provo, Tulum, Houston, Winston-Salem, Jerusalem--are stoically battenning hatches and hoarding canned ass.

DOLPHIN BRUISES IDIOT HEART

A dolphin-feeding idiot fell into Waterworld Pool No. 66 today. Peppermint Molly, a dolphin, chewed through the numbskull's ribcage and bruised the heart.

**Drop dead, Marg Hitler.
I'll send black roses.**

--B.D.



German Boxx peeks at ceremonies

Dewey dug up, chewed up, covered up at Odd Fellow's Rest

A couple cried in Eternity Park yesterday as Dewey, their unknown son, was disinterred. Later, Dewey's unknown sisters reburied the body in a brown paper bag.

The large mother swaddled her head closely and shrouded herself in a drab dress, grieving for the son she did not know, for years, she'd mothered.

Pickets representing CUD (Chew Up the Dead) groups were there to hector, jeer and spit.

After her son's birth, friends dropped off and the circle of those who did not know her gradually enlarged. "I felt myself disappearing," she said, "in little pieces. If I became known again, I would be a nonentity."

Several other unknown sons survive and have silenced their mother on more than one occasion. She says, "They do a lot they don't want me talking about."

Government agents admit the father of the unknown son, German Boxx, has eluded them for years by living in distant Belikin, but it is thought his son's disinterment might bring him out of obscurity.

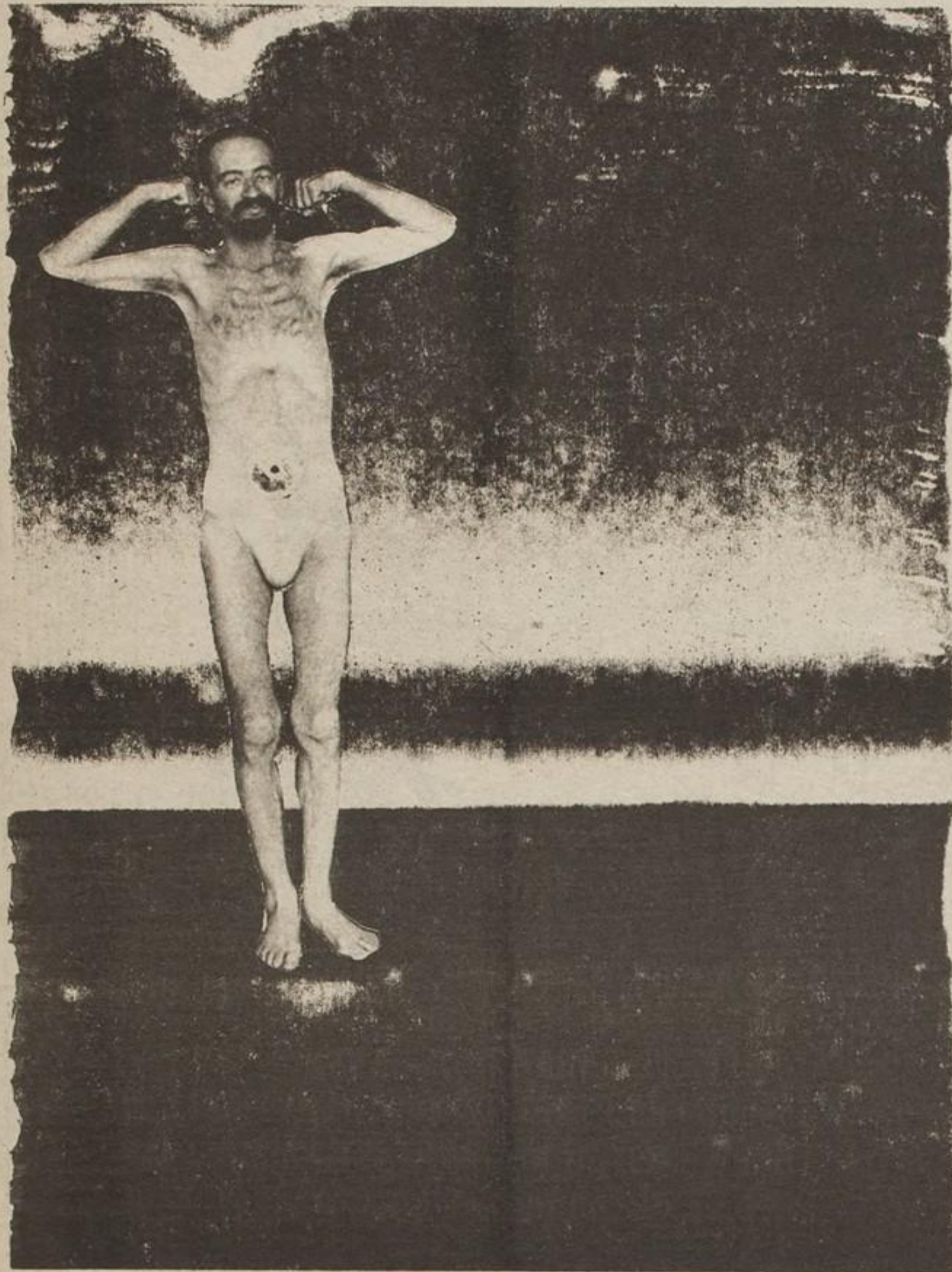
For income, the boy's mother receives unmarked bills and loose change under the door.

The cost of the unknown son's reburial (45,000 guida) will be underwritten by BUD (Bodies Under Dirt) Society of greater Wichita.

When it's over, that's it. Virgil

CUD Chew up the dead. A food for all co-op.

Thin devil in first pics of Hell



hell: the first day The first morning I woke feeling more rested than I had in years. The inaugural astonishment: There wasn't enough fire to roast a marshmallow. Hell it seems burned out long ago and a cool drizzle since then has turned everything to a slimy, black char. You notice familiar faces right away, asshole buddies from home in long, single file, squeezed along by the devil's jellies to the flatball factories. For most of them, this work is the first real discipline in a long time. Hell doesn't seem too bad. I've only seen the male Hell, however. A river of boiling plasma separates it from the Woman's Hell.

No brotes? Few kids, no animals, an absence of clouds, no tobacco--those things hit me Day 2, and the dimness of the sun and the half-cooked flesh soaked in mother's milk at every meal. No brutes to be seen.

Lights out Whipped the devil's rear end. He was a little too easy, I thought, a tiny man, bearded, jockey undershorts. Much nicer, frankly, than your average joe deity. Word is he gets worse every day you're here, that he hangs out at Light's Out, a Wichita-based death spa, when on Earth.

Hell fouled, could close; dead bad to Heaven

C.M.--How you hangin', Scratch?

D.--I've just come off a 30-day fast. Best thing I ever did. Since Lot's wife, Fay Lot.

C.M.--Talk about her.

D.--She had very ripe tomatoes, man.

C.M.--Do you garden? Is Hell arable?

D.--No. And how about yourself?

C.M.--Is it true, the one about the motorboat?

D.--You mean the one where the two guys have gone to Hell and they're standing neck deep in shit, and one says, "Well, it's not too bad. I thought it'd be worse." And the other says, "Yeah, but wait till that skinny, bearded guy comes by in his motorboat."

C.M.--Where's Hell located?

D.--It's ubiquitous. In the utmost solitude of nature, in toilet bowls.

C.M.--Is it anywhere else? Will the willfully wicked on Earth continue so in the other world?

D.--Yes and yes. In churches, in nice homes. The wicked get worse. The good go bad. Only the indifferent remain the same. The average joe can't understand it.

But who cares? We get him anyway. When Earth disappears, I'm opening a branch Hell in the space left behind.

C.M.--Once and for all now: Is Mark Twain with you?

D.--You mean Sammy? The poker-face bastard that runs the gaming barge on the Styx? He's ours. Thinks of himself as the best of the dead American writers.

C.M.--When and how did Hell start?

D.--4004 B.C. 9 a.m. The Comet Kohoutek hit ancient Des Moines and made a Hell of Heaven, 60 miles beneath the crust of Earth, in the primal brie overseen by Enos Slaughter, Roy Campanella and me.

C.M.--Have you got a plan for the next eon?

D.--What the Styx has done to my Deep Shaft trade doesn't bear repeating. You can't make strong whiskey without corn. You need good water. The Styx doesn't have it. It's 60 miles underground and we get every seeping drop of effluent from the Upper Midwest. We're drinking herbicide and running out the ass with salamander mutants. We are in extreme financial straits. If it continues at this level, I'll shut Hell and your dead bad will break down Heaven's gates like angry midgets at a carnival.

C.M.--And make a Hell of Heaven?

D.--Leave me alone. I feel a hot, caustic dump coming. Let's end this interview, for god's sake. Whoops. Look at it. Burning through my briefs. Hot.

C.M.--That's a take. Can it.

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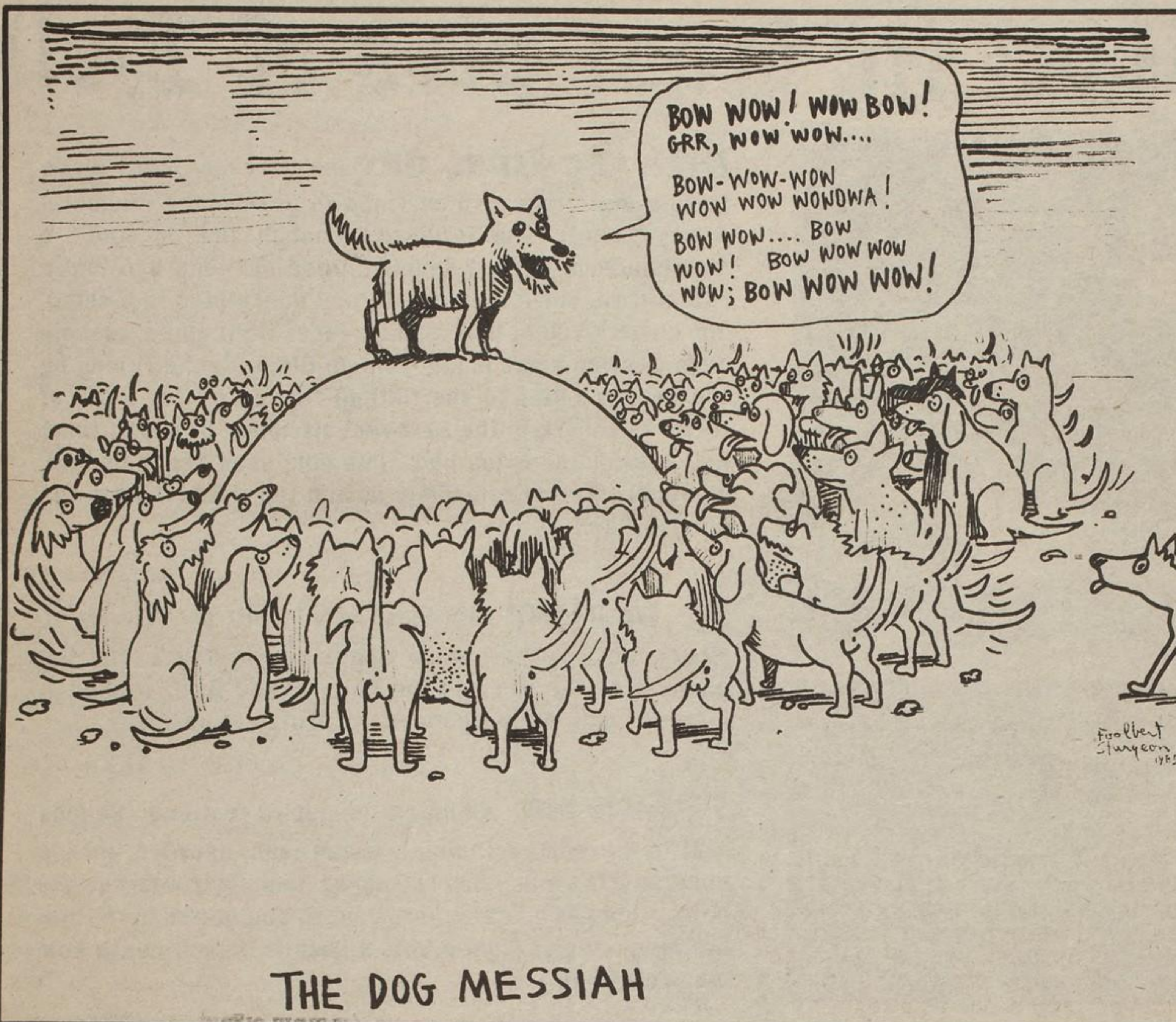
**H
O
T**

OCO
THE CAT'S
MeOW
Sex Aid
For Pets

CAT
Blueplate
Tomfries
'n'
Tuna
\$6.66

OIL
A Belikin man was
arrested today for
living with civets
and loving them.
There were 20 in all
He fed them table
scraps and a lot of
OCO CAT OIL.

**Eat
good
Write
to a
felon**



THE DOG MESSIAH

TRANSLATION CHART

BOW WOW! WOW BOW! Blessed are all products of the body.

BOW-WOW-WOW WOW, WOW WOWOWA! Wag your tail if you like bologna.

BOW WOW I will choose six of you to tag along.

BOW WOW! For sex.

BOW WOW WOW WOW; We shall journey from this idyllic spot and go on a Great Garbage Run. We shall tell tales to our pups of the long haul ahead. I promise crabshells for everyone, rotten chicken wings and pampers to chew. I promise footwear for every taste. I promise chuck-eye bones, broken bread and hardened vomit.

BOW WOW WOW! But first, the matter of seed money.

Footless Surgeon 1985

ADAM'S APPLES Red. Tempting. Damned good. Surprisingly bitter afterbite. Seedless.

BEAR CLAW BAKERY When the light goes on, the claws are ready. Big Ernie's cooking them now. Drive thru.

ESTATE OF APE SALE Brainard Franklin's property. From golf shoes to enema bag. Black Hole Auctions Inc. Lionel Burris, head auctioneer.

SALMONELLA'S Magic mummy oil massage. 1001 Canopic Mall.

3 HEADS FOR SALE Call Cheddar Hill Dairy Queen in Nome, Ala.

RUNAWAY DOG Answers to the name Shackalacka. Kills on sight, sound. We take no responsibility. The Enfields. Buena Vista.

LEAVE EARTH AT ONCE

The big cobalt drop on Belikin has perturbed Mother Earth, and she wobbles and lists at a 10-degree angle in her orbit. Have you a rocket in your two-car garage? Pull in the wife and kids and light the fuse. Go anywhere. This planet's doomed to split like a cantaloupe, the two halves striking for the stars separately, one to freeze and the other to burn.

THE DIRTY'S DIFFERENCE

Commodos bolted to plexiglas above clear running water abundant with grayling, char and the Houston buttfish -- better than any soft TP. Shit the day away. Chow down, blow up, dump. Drainbeds for nightsoils. Takes off weight. One lb. of human excrement is one lb. less to truck around with. Come blow out your poopshoot. And that's just the beginning.

Govinda's Babies

Of anus born.
One dead, one live.
One missing.
A woman's love.
A brutal man in a hot car.
Terrible spankings.

Midnight matinee. The Ice Palace. Live shows.

W. Prop Nuc. Power Trouble Shooter.
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BLACK HOLE CLAIMS TURNPIKE JESUS



JESUS HATES WINTER DRIVING ON THE KANSAS TURNPIKE THE SAME AS EVERYONE ELSE.

