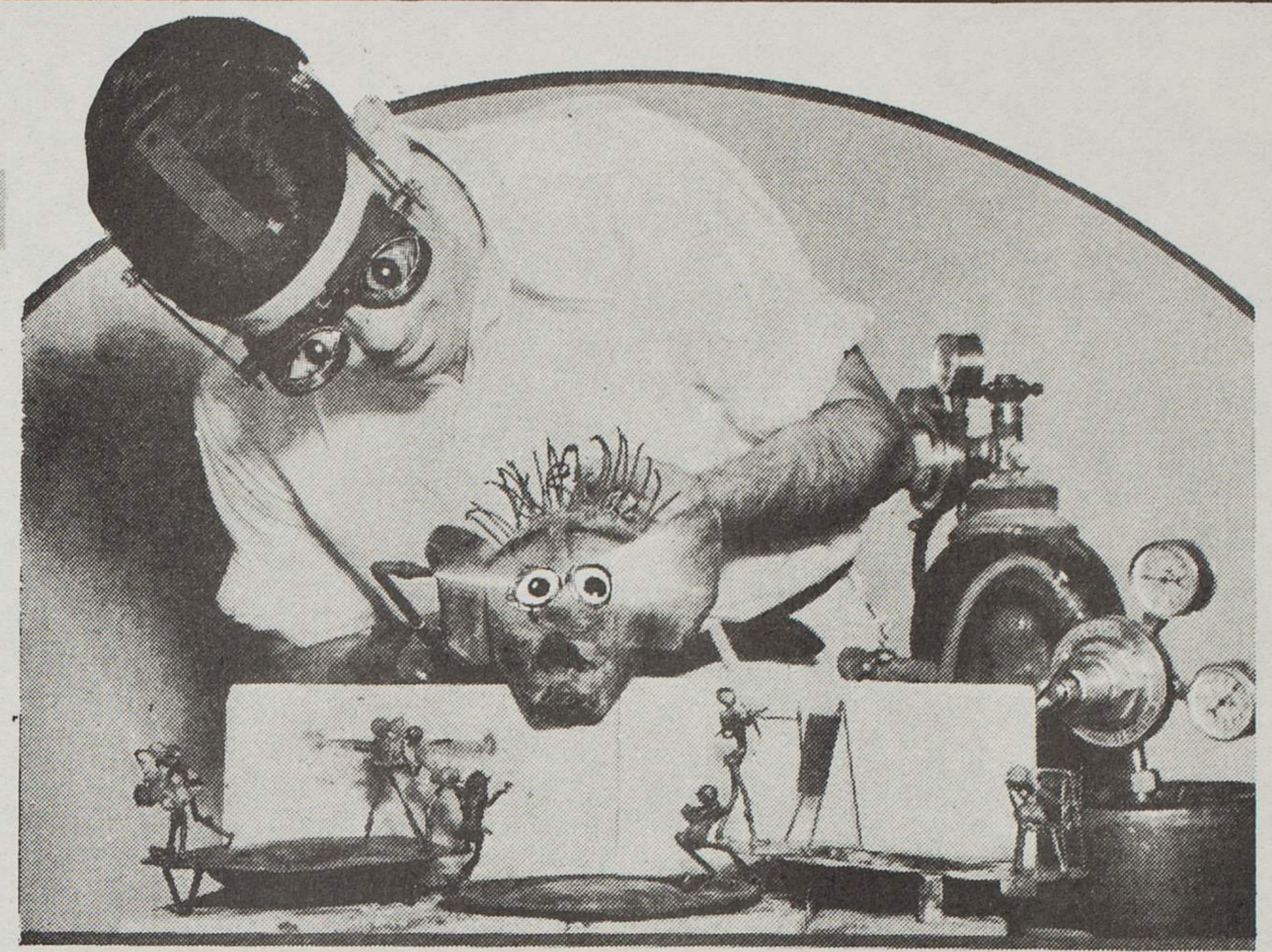


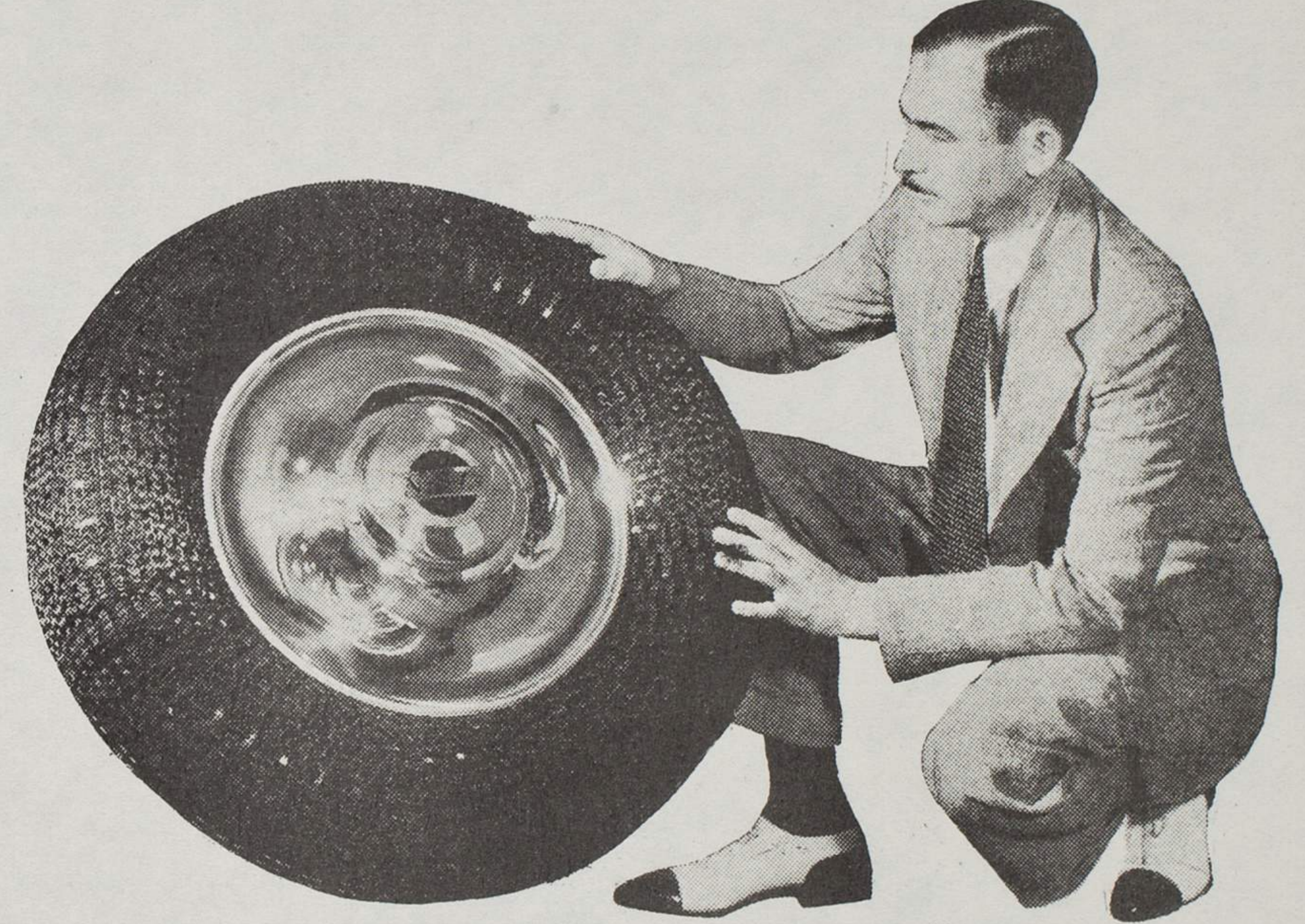
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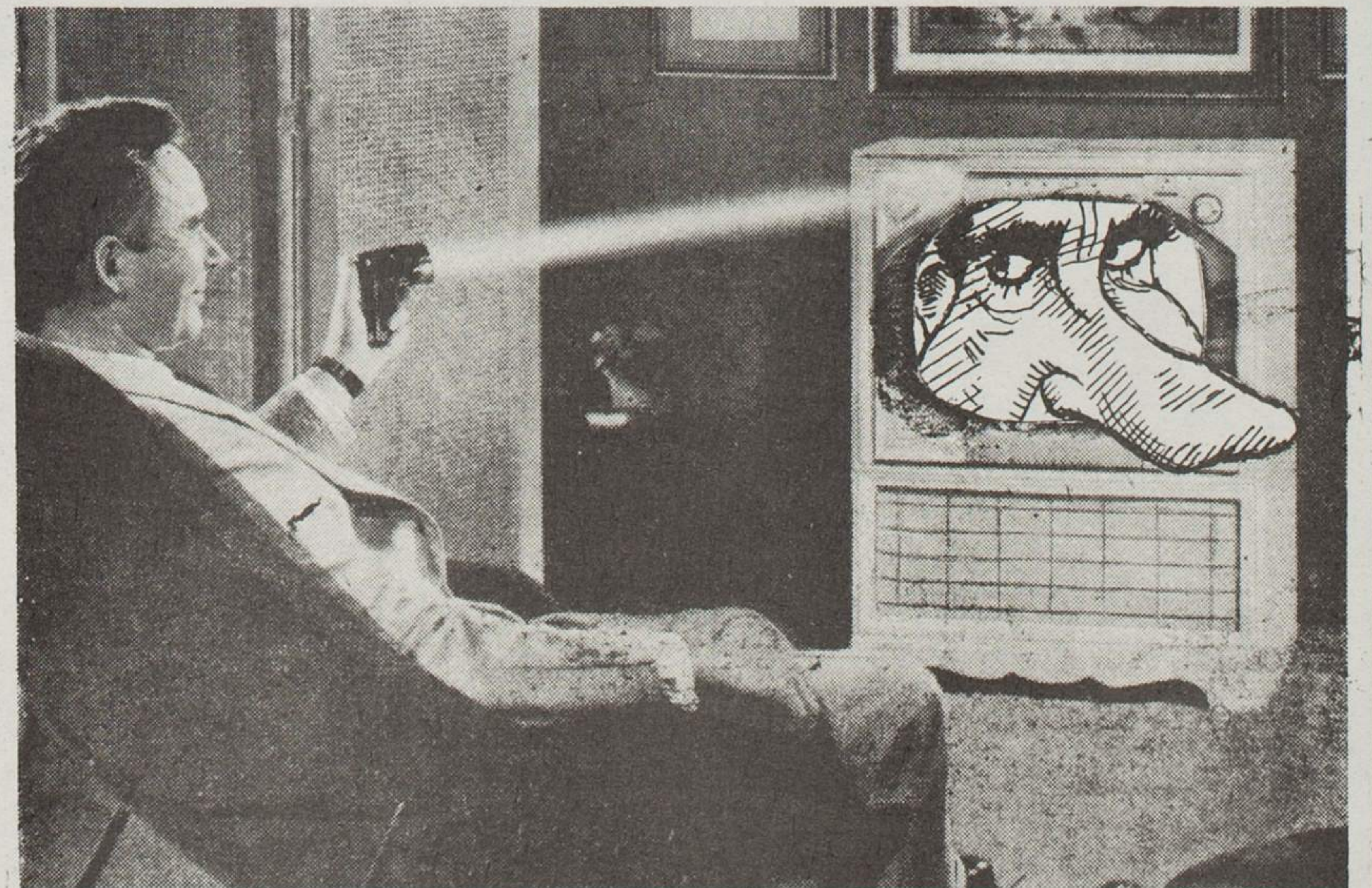
# at last



Dear WAG, what the heck is so sacrosanct about your mailbox? You sound like some kind of letter writing nut. And you call us quirky? What's this dribble about Sun-Yat's toes?-- Ed.



New Products: Several exciting new products have come to our attention and we wish to pass them on to you, the reader--Above, Ohio-Art Monkey Burner- \$12.95; Chain-mail play tires (Lemo Products, Box 591); and below the Noxnix Light Pistol--\$18.88.



At last the new knowledge is upon us and we are surprised to find out things were not so complicated as we thought. First we read in the paper (Not the Journal World--they don't know about it yet ) about Dr. Wuntex and his experiments with bioplasma on the lower farm. He takes a Petri dish of it out to the pond and sets it on a stone under the hot rays of the sun. He then attaches thin wires from the jellylike life-substance to a simple galvanic device. Returning to the lab he waits. He sips lemon tea to keep the spirits up for the duration. Then, normally 12-24 hours later the signals begin to come in. The needles jump and the green-faced scopes dance with light. Wuntex leaps to action, jotting down figures, calculating on his calculator. Wuntex says he doesn't understand the meaning of the signals, but is sure they come from the shoulder of Orion, perhaps Betelgeuse, both distant red stars. He says there is a general chatter going on between distant animated life and animal life on earth. He says government and C.I.A. have been working round the clock for a period of 6 months in an attempt to break the code so that we can listen to the chatter with some comprehension and gaining more new knowledge from them. Yes, it is surprising to find out, for example, that a mouse could learn to play the fiddle, yet they have. As a result of this new knowledge the vision of mankind changes--we no longer view him (or her) as the paradigm of living forms, but as perhaps the lowest form of all, which is suggested by all the new evidence coming in through Wuntex's bowl of jelly.

Dear Ed: The Frangible Sanity Express is high-balling through the heartland? Someone, possibly a sociopath (sic), keeps putting these quirky broadsides (sic) in my mail box--whether to dispell or create enigma, I am not entirely sure. Sun Yat-Sen had web-toes. Signed, W.A.G.