OPEN LETTER TO MOON READERS by Tom Averill

GOOD LIVING

We've got a good Idea here. I don't mean to say perfect. Like the time Verta scratched herself in public and somebody that knew we were from Vassar Swiss said right to her face: I thought where you were nobody even had an itch. Well, we never claimed it. Vassar Swiss is simply and only the newest idea for modern living and anything else you hear from rats of sinking modern ships isn't the plain truth. Paradise exists at Vassar Swiss. Vassar Swiss is solid, and we'd like to back our argument with concretes:

Drive to the outskirts of this city. We're on the edge and isolated, too, which is how we like it. All our trailers are arranged in semicircles. No trees, yet. We're only one year old this month. But those concretes: Where else do you get everything you need without leaving your mobile unit except for once a week sallies to K-Mart across the road? Where else can you visit with neighbors via closed circuit TV, or if you're a loner turn the exciting color camera on yourself and see what you look like all day? Where else do dentists and doctors come door to door begging to look at your teeth or check your bladder for cancer sign? For the little ones--we have plans for them, for they are as rambunctious and fidgety as ever little kids were, partly because of diet (which is amply supplemented at Vassar Swiss with Wunty Burger Dogs) -- there is a swimming pool and ball field. Old people can play their horseshoes.

COME ON IN AND CHOOSE YOUR COLOR

Folks swelling in every day so fast Miss Ludlow-come into the office and see her if you don't believe it--can't keep up with all the interviews and applications and ever anger of people turned away (they grin like dead possums at Vassar Swiss). Once you choose your color, you are color fast. Friends love you more. You choose green, it's green, and better not try weaseling out. Sound strict? Well, modern living isn't easy. That's what we tell them the moment they enter our doors. Happiness isn't a handout: it's the price you pay--even if that means exposing the results to a newshungry people. But everybody answers the same question with the same answer: Do you want to be happy? Yes, Yes, Yes,

So come be a witness to a good idea. We watch each other, constantly, without boredom. The K-Mart carries everything at good prices. Our children are happy and healthy, except for Billy Ray, and it could have happen. ed anywhere. Don't listen to the malicious and picky press that's against modern living. Our ball field is right next to the city's newest power plant -- you never have to worry about power failure at Vassar Swiss -and Billy Ray's ball rolled under the heavy set chain link fence. Billy's playmates boosted him up and over and he ran innocently towards the small white baseball. Some giggled, some cried, for when little Billy touched the ball, his lips froze white, his ears melted, and he convulsed horribly like a fish flung on dry land. And then Billy was laying dead in a pool of his own filth. And they're after Vassar Swiss for it and we'll fight the thing in a court. It is not our fault the power company refused to take Billy's body away for three days -- we did call them several times. What else to do but go back inside and forget. In spite of public officials, sadness and mourning are things of the past.

CLEAN LIVING

Life here is convenient, clearly happy and content-without ugly modern trends like drugs and nudity. The stories you'll hear-thank goodness not in the Moon-about the sewage tanks are not true. Any diseases we've had, it's true we ran good doctors Lemo and Munty C. ragged, were smuggled in on coverts. By taking one hypodermic our permanent residents will be immune.

We're tired of outsidrs coming in and bossing. In a mobile home you can stand at one end of it and see all the way to the other. Is it so horrible to want such a thing from life, too? We have all we need: right next door are K-Mart bargains, the wealth of all this city. Yet we are hounded by running packs of city dogs and hordes of hungry rats set out of city trucks to run and dodge between our mobile homes. Filth is dumped on the other side of the power plant from us to smell and forget. Local broadcasters jam our closed circuit TV (the lifeline of our community) substituting news and I LOVE LUCY. We have enemies. Many of them. They haunt us like shadows. Yet we build a network of floodlights for a better day. We will be safe. We will persist in our dreams. Already we are stacking junk cars around us for protection and the city bothers us about permits and sends federal inspectors. They've been friendlier than we expected, making us wish we lived in the federal government instead of this gossip city.

JOIN A SWISS PARADISE

The main thing to say--for all of us: Don't believe what you hear about us if it isn't good. See us first--Miss Ludlow, and you have to see it to believe it--will take care of you. Join a community where every-body makes happiness work. When you do, turn on the closed circuit and bathe in the ambience of soap operas of a real kind. I'll be there too, looking for-ward to the future.

Georgette
Vassar Swiss Trailer Court
Your Hope for the Future 7-You'll love
it.

ANGRY DUNG BEETLES EAT MCLOUTH
by Mike Smetzer

Citizens of this small Kansas town huddle in fear by their radios tonight, while distant artillery reminds them of the horror that has left their village a scattered pile of bones in a desert of death. A horror that gnaws its relentless scars through the very heartland of our nation.

'I saw the beetles coming. There were millions of them in the fields. They ate everything. Nothing lived. Blinded cattle were eaten as they fled. They moved upon my house. Their antenna pulsing the air. Their eyes shiny bubbles of a black and infinite hate. They bored through the walls by thousands. The timbers cracked. I ran. I ran. I..."

The dung beetles arrived at McLouth at 6:00 p.m., suppertime, but no one ate in those houses of doom. Rumors of their horror rolled like thunder before their tidal wave of fear. Unattended babies devoured in in their cribs. A farmer pulled from his tractor as he sped towards safety. 'They ate even the wheels."

Straglers report they entered the city through subterranean tunnels PREPARED IN ADVANCE. Is their malice endless? How far do their plans extend? These secrets lie buried in the millions of capillaries that thread themselves like fungus through the aching bowels of the earth.

National Guard units activated in those first hours are now supported by train loads of troups from all parts of the Midwest. Bombing runs are flown hourly against the beetle concentrations. Still the terror spreads. Their numbers are endless. They are breeding faster than we kill them. The original mass has broken into devouring hordes more hungry than before. They travel through the earth to appear without warning on the edges of towns. They have crossed the Kansas River and now threaten the state capital itself.

Mile long caravans of refugees trudge through the deepening night. In emergency centers farmers chew tobacco and spit upon the ravaged earth. The Red Cross has mobilized a national campaign to feed the starving. India is reportedly sending aid. Families sit together silent, without tears.

Only in Washington is there talk of hope. Pentagon officials have announced a two-prong plan of containment. Thousands of beef carcasses will be dropped by helicopter to appease the savage hordes while bombers surround their masses with a mile wide strip of radioactive waste. The first stage will take five years. Millions will die.

President Forb has reportedly prepared a retreat in the Azores. Billy Graham has given up hope. No one will be left alive.

YOUTH ARRESTED FOR UNNATURAL ACT WITH VENDING MACHINE by D. Normann

Olson P. Thummers, 18, white, was arrested in the City Thursday and charged with crime against nature, resisting arrest, and abusing private property. He will be arraigned April 3 in the County Court before Judge Willy T. Tibbs.

Private guard, Dooie Wells, 56, said he saw Thummers pressed close against a soft drink machine and thought, "he were trying to rob it like youths do. But then I noticed the arms was wrapped around the sides as though he were going to carry the thing off. After his head sagged to one side and his body went sort of limp, I called the police."

The arresting officers, Ptn. Jimmy Fields and Ptn. Robin Steele, came right away to Palace Orienta.

Thummers was later taken to County Mental Health Hospital where he was examined by Dr. Fritz Venise who described the youth as "a deeply disturbed young man" who has no feeling for "what is alive."

SIRS:

IN PURSUANT TO YOUR REQUEST, WE AT PROP HAVE ELICITED ASSISTANCE FROM DR. HAROLD P. SCRIMPSHAWL (WHO DESIRES HIS \$200,000 CONSULTATION FEE PAID IN SMALL COIN), IN THE MATTER OF CREATING A NATIONAL BARD FOR IRELAND TO RIVAL THE FAMED HUMOUR OF GREECE AND MILLSTONE OF ENGLAND, BY USING THE FAMOUS LUDOVICO TECHNIQUE ON E. C. YOJ, AN UNKNOWN JEWISH CELT NOW LIVING ON AN ISLAND IN PENOBSCOT BAY, SUBSIDING ON RAZOR CLAMS AND QUAHOGS. THE RESULTS HAVE BEEN AMAZING: DURING ADMINISTRATION OF THE TECHNIQUE (WHICH INVOLVES, YOU WILL RECALL, DRIPPING LUDO VICKS INTO THE CELLOPHANE-TAPED-OPEN EYES OF THE SUBJECT WHILE FORCING HIM TO READ PROOF FOR THE CITY MOON), WE SUCCEEDED IN INFLICTING GLAUCOMA AND SYNECCHIA. SHORTLY AFTER YOU'S MOVE TO A NEW APARTMENT, ON AUGUST 18TH, HE SUFFERED AN ATTACK SO SEVERE THAT FOR TWENTY MINUTES HE WAS INSENSIBLE WITH PAIN. THE OPERATION NECESSARY SIX DAYS LATER REMOVED A PIE-SHAPED SLICE OF THE IRIS; THE EXUDATION FROM THE EYE THUS IRIDECTOMIZED FLOWED OVER INTO THE INCISION AND REDUCED THE VISION PERMANENTLY. ON SEPTEMBER 8 THE EYE HAD ALMOST CEASED RLEEDING, BUT WE MANAGED TO PERFORM A JELLYOTOMY ON THE OTHER EYE WHICH WAS NEARLY COLLAPSED FROM LOSS OF VITREOUS HUMOR COMMONLY KNOWN AS VILE JELLY. WITH GREAT TROUBLE AND EXPENSE WE HAVE PROCURED FROM A BAND OF LA BIKERS LIVING IN TEXAS ON PONY AND DOG MEAT A CAPSULE OF PONY HOOF GEL, WHICH PROVED SATISFACTORILY OPAQUE. THREE YEARS FROM NOW WE PREDICT THAT PENOBSCOT ISLANDERS WILL CIRCULATE RUMORS OF YOU'S ADDICTION TO COCAINE, MORPHIA, ETC., AND THAT YOU HIMSELF WILL IN A LETTER DATED 14 SEPTEMBER 1920 TO HIS FRIEND AND CONVICTED TREASONOUS FELON THE GENTLE EZRA POUND, ASK "HOW'S THAT FOR HIGH?" WE HAVE HIGH HOPES OURSELVES THAT YOU WILL TURN FROM WRITING NOVELS PUBLISHED BY SUCH VANITY PRESSES AS VIKING AND KNOPF; HIS NEW BOOK, USELESSLY ULYSSES, BEGINS SERIAL PUBLICATION THIS MONTH IN THE CITY MOON (VOL. XXIX No. 6). THE OPPRESSED PEOPLES AND MIGRANTS OF IRELAND WILL NOW HAVE A TRUE PATRON SAINT OF LETTERS. WE AT PROP HUMBLY REQUEST FUNDS NECESSARY TO FURTHER STUDY THE EFFECTS OF INSPIRED BLINDNESS, AND BEG TO SUGGEST THAT THE LUDOVICO TREATMENT WILL BE FAR MORE SUCCESSFUL IN QUELLING GRADUATE STUDENT RIOTS IN THE SEVENTH DECADE OF THIS NINETEENTH CENTURY THAN WILL BE THE MERCURY POISONING CURE BEING STUDIED BY THE JAPANESE. ATTACHED PLEASE FIND OUR BUDGET REQUEST FOR 235 TYPEWRITERS, 200 GROSS REAMS OF PAPER, 2 MILLION EYEDROPPERS, 26 BELLS, AND 36 KILOTONS OF PLUTO WATER FOR OUR STAFF OF THREE. WE ALSO REQUEST THREE HYPERDERMIC OZONE INJECTION KITS, COURTESY ABPLANALP FOUNDATION.

YOURS, The Chairman

Excellent. Only flaw here is verbo-intellectual names.

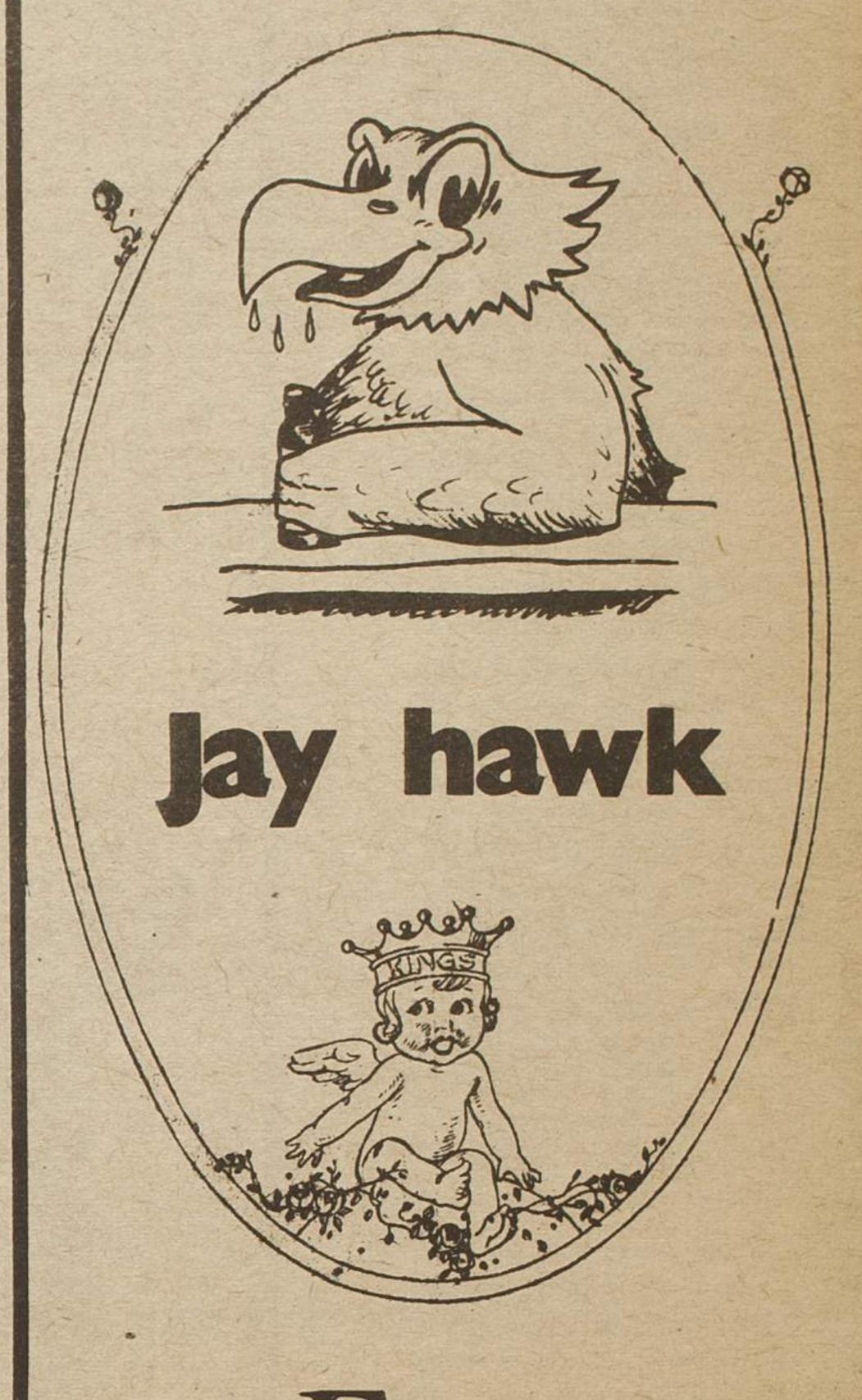
IF WE SEE FURTHER THAN OTHERS IT IS BY STANDING ON THE SHOULDERS OF GLANTS

DNLY

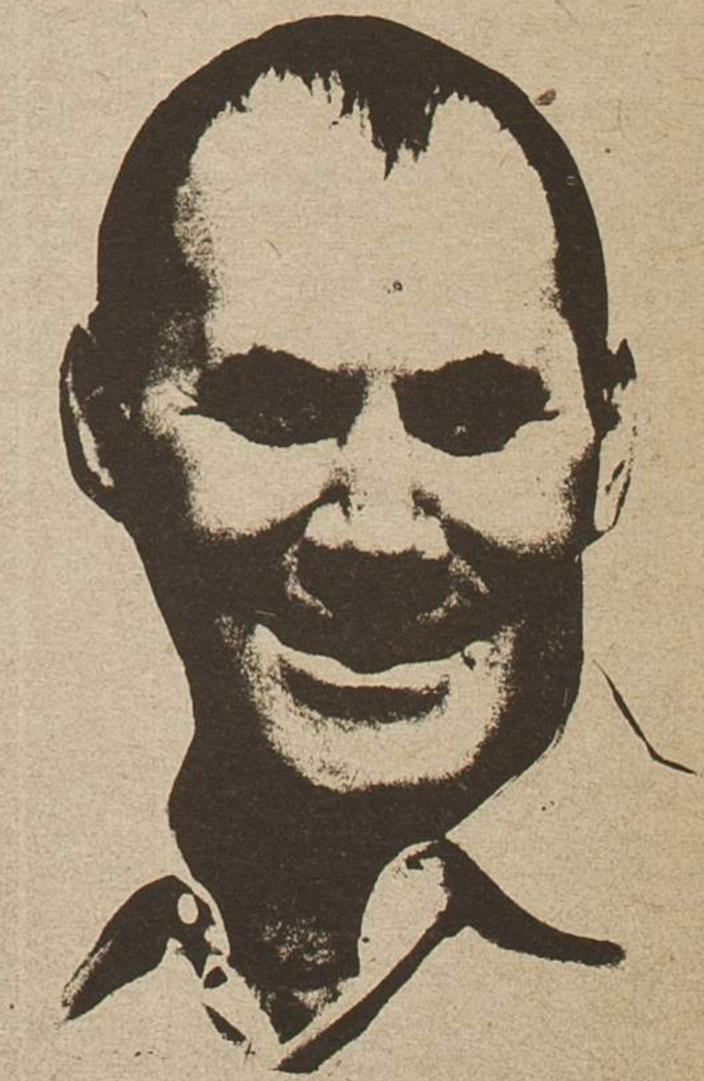
TERME TO SUIT



The University
of Kansas
Lawrence, Kansas



people who are not ashamed of brains.



Chancellor Archie R. Dykes

Call 864 2700