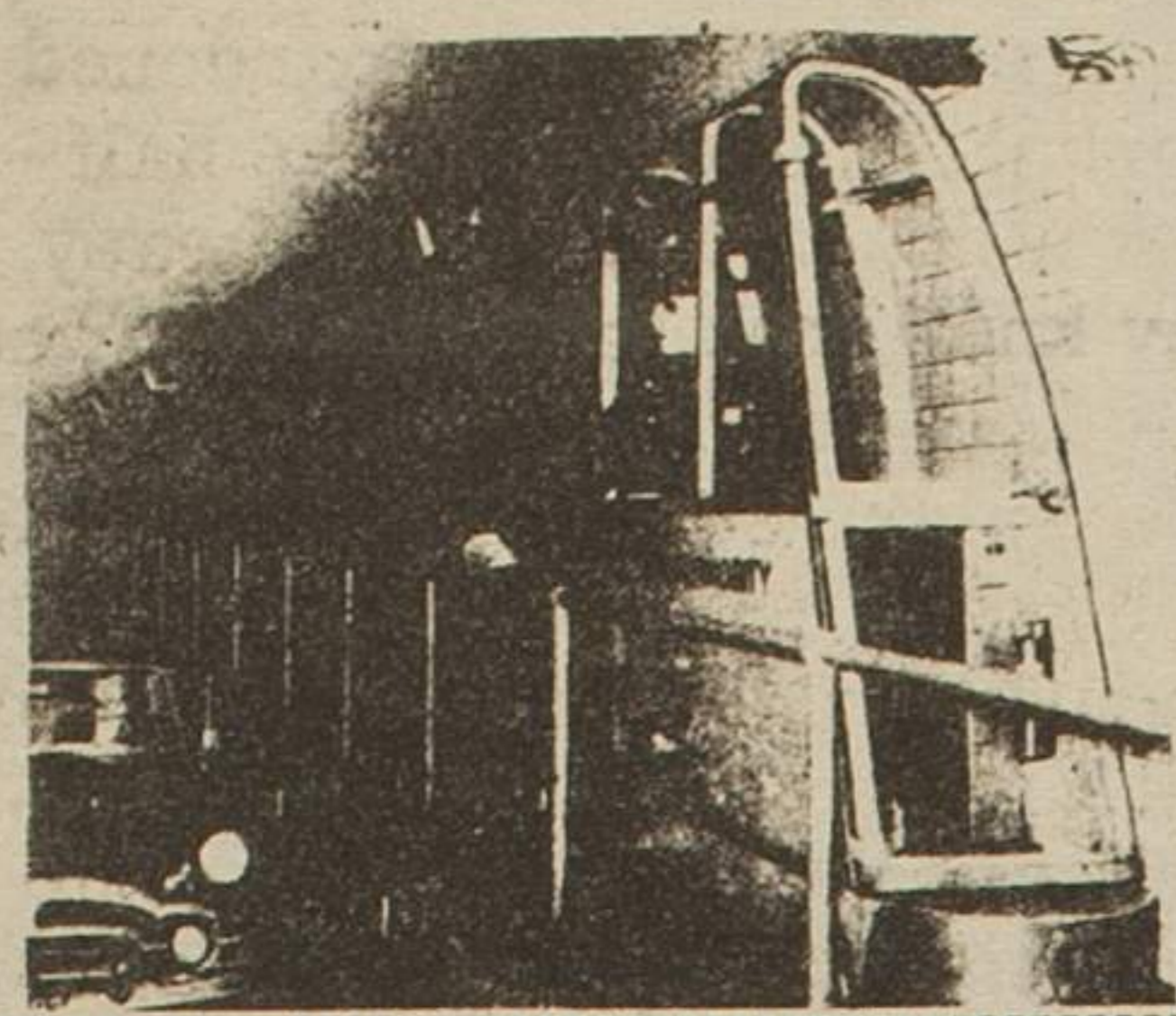


halflife



Dear Mons

Hey now, I tired you all. Done had me a full day, I hoe de peas in da garden. I comes in and writes yall a letteh. You got damn fine paper, you know dat? I heer your was teachuhs and writers mans. People sayin write yalls and tell how good yallsis. Ask yourselves where colored people are at about the moon. The answer.

It insult the black male. Our brothers are learning now, in the backstages of the ghettos, the ultimate chillness that will grate and grind against yalls minds. You are not messing with a punk. Back off or those little boys you gets to sell for you gwan to be ripped.

I say again--do not mess with the Evening Whirl at all.

I be gwan to get ahead on out in de garden wif my tractor, I gots ta foitilize putty guhd.

Louis "the Snake" Milton

Faith Is Fatal

Calipatria, Imperial County

A young man who says he and a friend tried to walk across the water-filled Salton Sea as a test of their religious faith was in jail yesterday. The friend was missing.

Sheriff's deputies said they found two abandoned motorcycles and two sets of footprints leading into the water Sunday — but only one set coming out.

"I lost my calling when the water came up to my eyes," they quoted John William Hoven before the 21-year-old El Cajon man was booked for investigation of homicide.

Hoven said he turned back and never knew what happened to his companion in the huge lake.

Excerpts from Raghav's Confession

In 1966 I committed several murders while committing thefts, and for this the police arrested me. I did not confess, and I was released after six months. I came to Borivli in 1968. I found a bar with a big handle. I took it to Jogeshwari and got it converted into an ankda. After two or three days I went to a chawl in Jogeshwari where a master teacher used to stay. The master master was sleeping on his cot. I gave him three or four blows with the ankda on his head. He sat up. I then gave him two or three blows and he collapsed. I searched his house. In his coat pocket I found 10 paise (1¢). Later on the same night I saw a hut near a stable... on two cots there were sleeping a man and a woman with a child. I climbed from the rear of the hut and saw that the woman was feeding the child which was crying. I saw that she wore a necklace of cold, gold beads. I visited the hut on three or four nights but the woman was always awake. At last, on the fifth day, I saw her sleeping. I gave the man two or three blows with my ankda. He died instantly. Thereafter I gave the woman similar blows. She collapsed at once. The child started crying. So I gave it also two or three blows. I thought I would have intercourse with the woman, but I first broke off the chain around her neck and put it in my pocket. I ran away. I found that the chain was made of plastic beads.

A man was sleeping in a goatshed. I finished him off with the ankda and took from the shed a match box and some bidis from his shirt. I also found some cooked rice and a bottle of milk. I drank the milk and ate the rice. At a distance of half a furlong from this place a woman and two children were sleeping in a hut. I gave the woman three or four blows and she died. I also killed the children....

Again after three or four days, I went to a hut by the side of a nullah at Poisar. A man was sleeping on a charpoy. I killed him and found human hair under his pillow and Rs3.13 (40¢). I also found a knife and a matchbox, all of which I took. I heard an inner voice asking me to confess.

HALFLIFE is the ultimate in National Housing. Things begin to happen when you make the move to H.L. We feature the new self-cutting Tartan lawns, self-tending garden plots, Radaroma cook-stoves in every kitchen. There are no Nigs living the good life at Halflife. Free beer and wine delivery on weekends. No need ever to leave the flat, except to ride our underground Toll-way to your place of employment. Come, drive the brickwork backstreets with us. You'll never noticeably lose a moment of sleep, once you wiff the pristine atmosphere, and sip the thick water from our artesian wells. Come alive. Camp with us. President Cockburn is here at Halflife. No need to wonder what Khrushchev was like. At Half Life you can pump his CHUBBY HANDS

A Girl Who Isn't Interested in Sex



SHEER HORROR



MISS AMERICA



AGING MADONNA

Here's the kind of thing you'll read in Halflife Times, "W. Prop, prison poet, made the alarming statement to a MOON reporter that a tamale man was making his hot meat rolls in the kitchen of a squalid house on the Eastside, in which members of his family are suffering the ravages of diptheria." This is a case the health commissioner might look into with profit. Subscribe to the Halflife Times. O. Dept English Austin Tx.

"The story-teller's star--is it not the moon, lord of the road, the wanderer, who moves in his stations, one after another, freeing himself from each?" Thomas Mann wrote this.

U. S. NEWS & WORLD REPORT, Oct. 12, 1956

- ◆ Three white men had sat up all night in a railroad car, rifles in hand, waiting for the killer to appear. Then the men dozed off. The man-eater pushed open the sliding door of the car with his paw and entered. The door slammed shut behind him. The lion grabbed one of the men in his jaws, crashed through a window with him and disappeared into the bush.
- ◆ In Ankole, scene of the current reign of terror, the game department has organized a special force to go to the area to track down and shoot the man-eaters.
- ◆ One way of dealing with these animals is to have a marksman wait for the lion near the scene of the kill. The man-eater will often return for a second meal.
- ◆ Other methods of eliminating killer lions include the use of traps, poisoned bait, set-guns.
- ◆ For professionals only. Uganda officials say that American and other sportsmen are welcome to come to the country and join in the hunt for the man-eaters.
- ◆ But they remind all applicants, this is a

business for experienced hunters only. A lion, man-eater or not, is one of the most dangerous animals in the world. Africa is dotted with the graves of amateur lion-killers. Even experienced hunters run into trouble sometimes.

In shooting a lion, it is often a matter of killing quickly or dying quickly. The hunter who fires and misses or who only wounds his lion may not have a chance to fire one more shot.

When provoked, a lion often charges in great leaps and bounds. It can cover 20 feet in one leap, can move 40 miles an hour in a sprint.

C. R. Owen, deputy chief game warden in Uganda, says he has had letters from would-be hunters in the U. S. who said that, while they have never shot lions, they were "dead shots for squirrels" in their youth.

"We answer them politely," says Mr. Owen. "But we are looking for executioners, not for fresh supplies of meat for the lions." [END]

Moon leave

STRANGE DEATH

In these pages we saw the Trochilics, Onebas, old Noxin, the caps, the afro-comb raking deaths in St. Louis, we've come to know about the new miracle life material, the related life pods which so often slew the Soviet Cosmonauts and other excitements and enticements. Yet all things die because of, for example, the hideous dinner of carp and the national trend to carps parties. Who can forget the life and death of Ozalo, or the good old days of the Process News spreading in thin sheets over the continents. But we ramble now, thinking of the hulking Jody, sunk in Potter, white as chalk at the bottom of the city lake, or of W Prop's Perpetual wind driven yard light glowing at dawn, just try thinking of all this at once yourself and you will see how strange this death of the once proud, powerful Moon.

At midnight last, the concatenation closed and the Hoo Hoos left, intending to enthroned the great Black Art Newspaper, so called by the National Milton Club, the City Moon of America. We glowed in the tepid glow of the idea. The enthronement was to happen next year.

Today, when we awoke, things seemed darker. Though the sun blazed at noon, the blue of the sky altered. After so much new joy in recollection, we tripped down the dirty stairs of thought and landed in a puddle of recognition.

The editors of the Moon found themselves sitting lamely in their houses when the news was shouted in a bray over the TV,

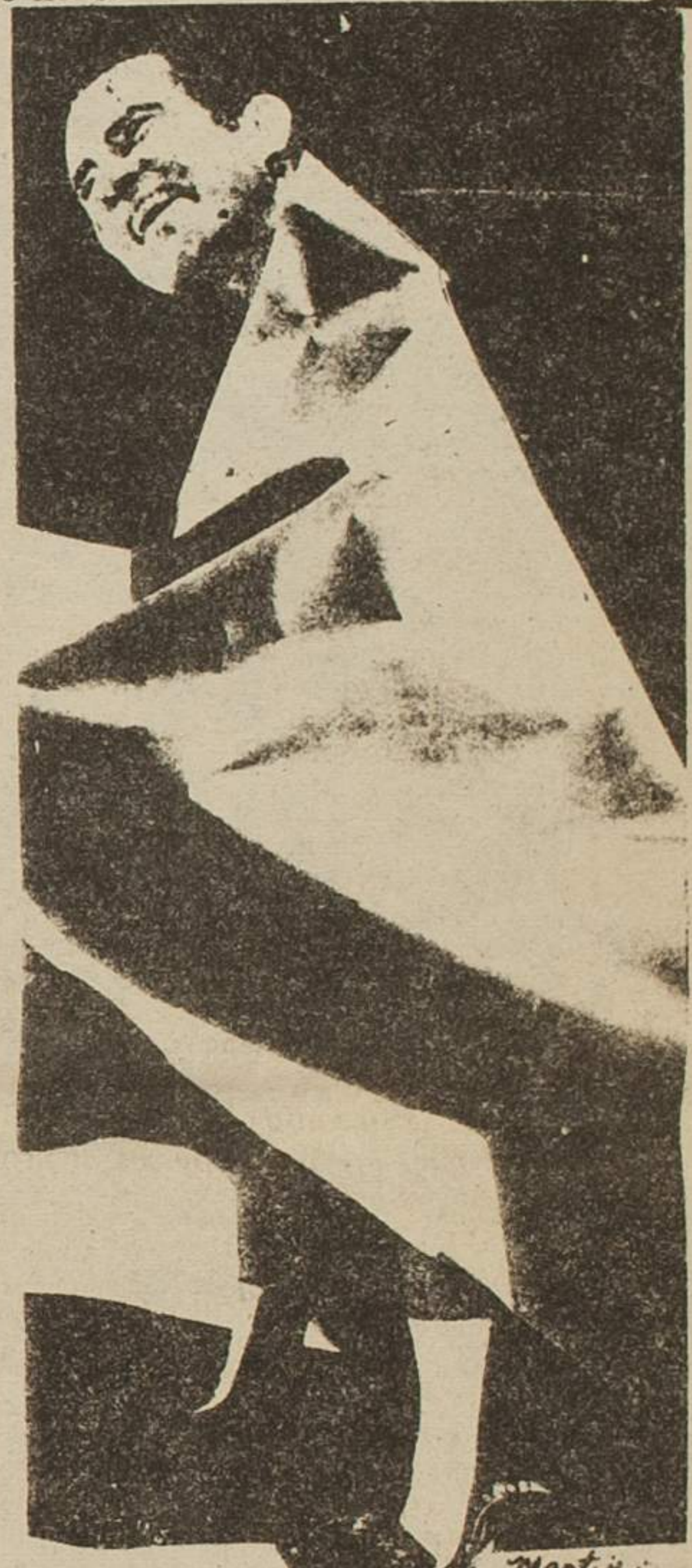
"Dr. Jack of Scurry told us he extracted 82 screw worms from the nose of a Mrs. Brenton, a white woman 80 years old. She is doing well and will recover."

Then came an oriental oil company of Dallas ad before the bombshell which followed this:

"How the imprisoned men sucked water out of coal and climbed over dead burros was told by Francisco Zannarini, 23 years old, an Italian miner. He said: "As I remember, the first I knew about a da fire, was about a 3 p. m. My partner calledda to me and asta if I smella da smok. I told him sure. We started down a de cage to see was what de matta."

The editors began to wonder if something wasn't happening. These stories seemed far from complete, mere fragments of thought, unpalatable plate for drudges.

The animal president came on the TV. What were we seeing, suddenly. What animal president. What was happening, and who was this thing inside the house with us, dragging its hulk about in a vain attempt to kill, without seeming malice, like a slow and inaccurate dart, and yet we were so paralyzed that we thought suddenly of the hideous thousand deaths of the Moons and succumbed to it



He came sauntering gingerly into our offices, wrapped and shoes untied, unlaced, with the smile fixed on the flat face, Noxin touring in America. Welcome to the City. We are ready now.

Boo Lan



LAGOON CAFE OPENING SOON Before you walk through the front door of the Lagoon, be sure and let Mr. Founds weigh you. If he guesses wrong, you get a free BOO LAN basket. We feature Trout'n' Quail Egg Diet Mon. nights, when we open. Free Drinks. Onebas will do needle work on our stage, spin the teetotum, and generate a live dog with a painful of life-jel. Try our Wed. buffet-- Bluecorn taco blintzes.