could America become a Sahara?



Burning the Camp Fires of the Soul

1975 OCTOBER 31

"Eventually: Why Not Now?"

@The City Moon 1975 50 CENTS

STRANGE BIRTH

CLEVELAND Gloria Hurd, a 29-inch dwarf has given birth to an 181/2-inch. 5-pound 9-ounce son who doctors say is normal.

Anthony, were reported doing hospital, she was all baby," said well after the birth by Cesarean Miss Hurd's mother.

section on Wednesday. Miss Hurd, 23, is known as Tiny Tina in the carnival with which she travels. Friends said the father of the child is about 6 feet tall. The mother and child, named "When Gloria came into the

The City Moon would like to announce a change. Please address future correspondence c/o Editor Grauerholz, Box 842, Canal St. Sta. New York, NY, 10013. Thanx -- Ed.

\$ 100 m

WE KNOW NOT THE HOUR

We know not the hour of the Master's appearing; Yet signs all foretell that the moment is nearing When He shall return-'tis a promise most cheering. But we know not the hour. There's light for the wise who are seeking salvation; There's truth in the Book of divine revelation; Each prophecy points to the great consumation. But we know not the hour. We'll watch and we'll pray, with our lamps trimmed and burning; We'll work and we'll wait till the Master's returning; Wa'll sing and rejoice, ev'ry o men discerning. But we know not the hour.

SIMPLE RULES

TEVER look up.

To avoid temporary blinding by the flash, never look p to see what's coming. When you drop on the floor or the ground, keep your face in your folded arms for at least 20 seconds after the explosion in order to keep lying glass out of your eyes.

ALWAYS shut windows and doors.

If the warning comes in time, shut all doors and windows and pull down the shades or blinds. Turn off pilot lights, and close all stove and furnace doors.

ALWAYS drop flat on your stomach.

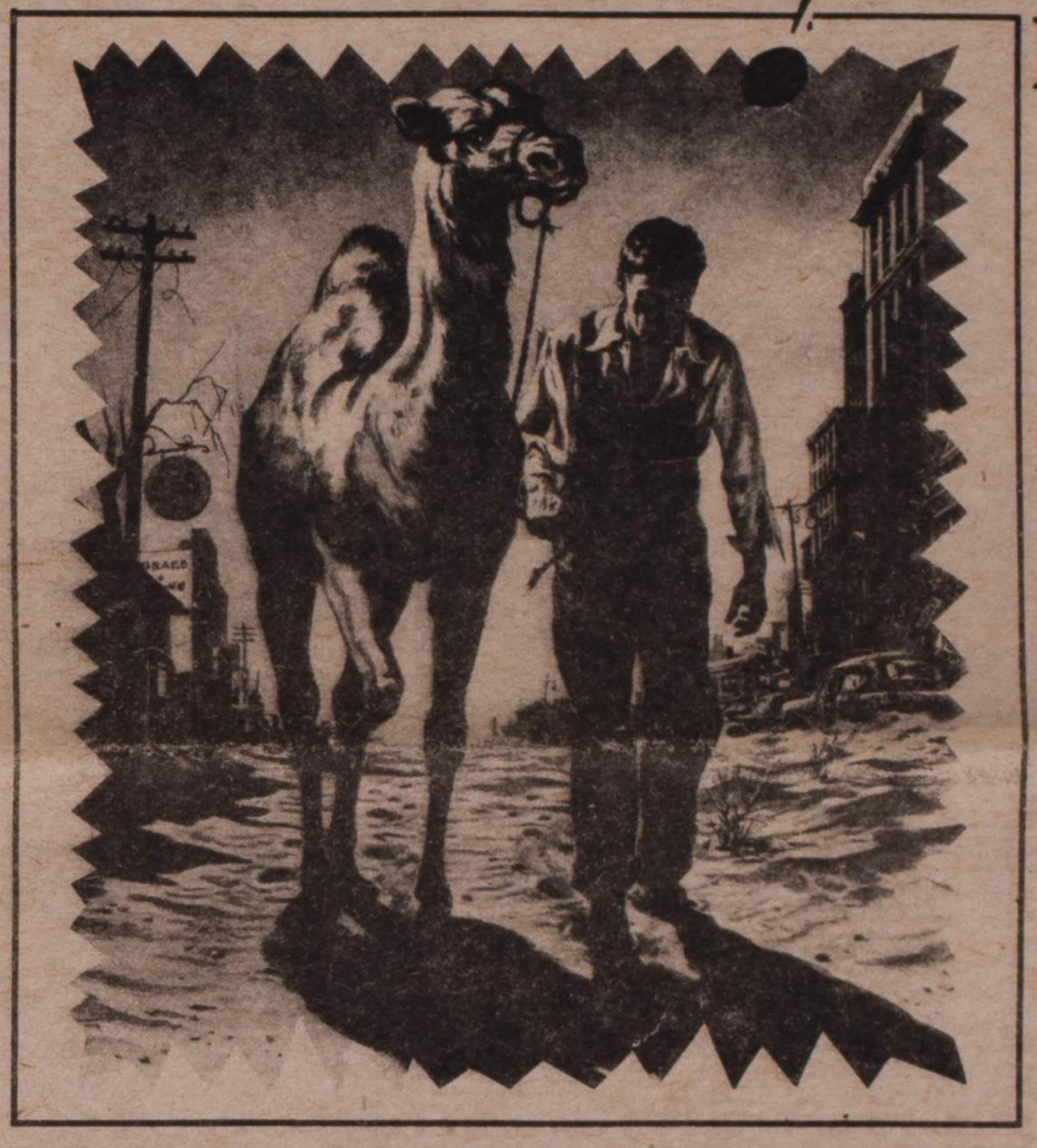
Even if you have only a few seconds' warning, wherever you are, drop flat on your stomach and put your face tight in your folded arms. Even if you've seen the lash, do the same thing right away.

ALWAYS follow instructions.

Instructions will come to you after a raid, by radio, bund truck or some other way. Follow them exactly.

EVER start rumors.

single wild rumor could start a panic that might Le you your life.



Will the Earth One Day Be Destroyed?

About the third day you'd feel much better and you'd get along fine for 10 or 12 days. Then one morning you might look at your pillow and find that your hair had begun to fall out. This might go on for a week after that, or until you were completely bald. During this time you'd also run a fever, and your bowels would run, and you'd feel rotten and "achey" all over. You might even have bloody spots on your skin and slight bleedings in your mouth. It's barely possible you might find that for a time you were unable to beget children, although you could still have sexual relations.

If anyone near you needs first aid, give it to himaccording to the rules in the Red Cross or Boy Scout handbook.

MIST of DEATH

Logan, Texas. June 6. An inanimate object of considerable size and weight with no visible power or energy source, suddenly was endued with life, bouncing, whirling, jumping, darting, all over the street and through a plate-glass window at the Squat 'n' Gobble Cafe. Chinaware and drinking glasses were knocked about with a splintered clatter; startled diners and passersby were panic-stricken and staggering breathless on the sidewalks. The neighborhood lay in awe and wonderment until the thing had spent its force and crumbled in the gutter panting, exhausted. All this, it may be said, is not a usual occurence. It actually happened, however, on First North street here, in Logan, last evening. The amount of yellow, sulphurous mist which came in plumes from its mouth has condensed above us into an envelope, and the sun shines through it with multiplied ferocity. The cheeks of our loved ones now flower with rash and blister. A motorman was hauling this radical new form on the deck of a trailer van, strapped, he thought securely, encircled by ring of inch-thick iron cable. But no, it

So potent a single breath kills

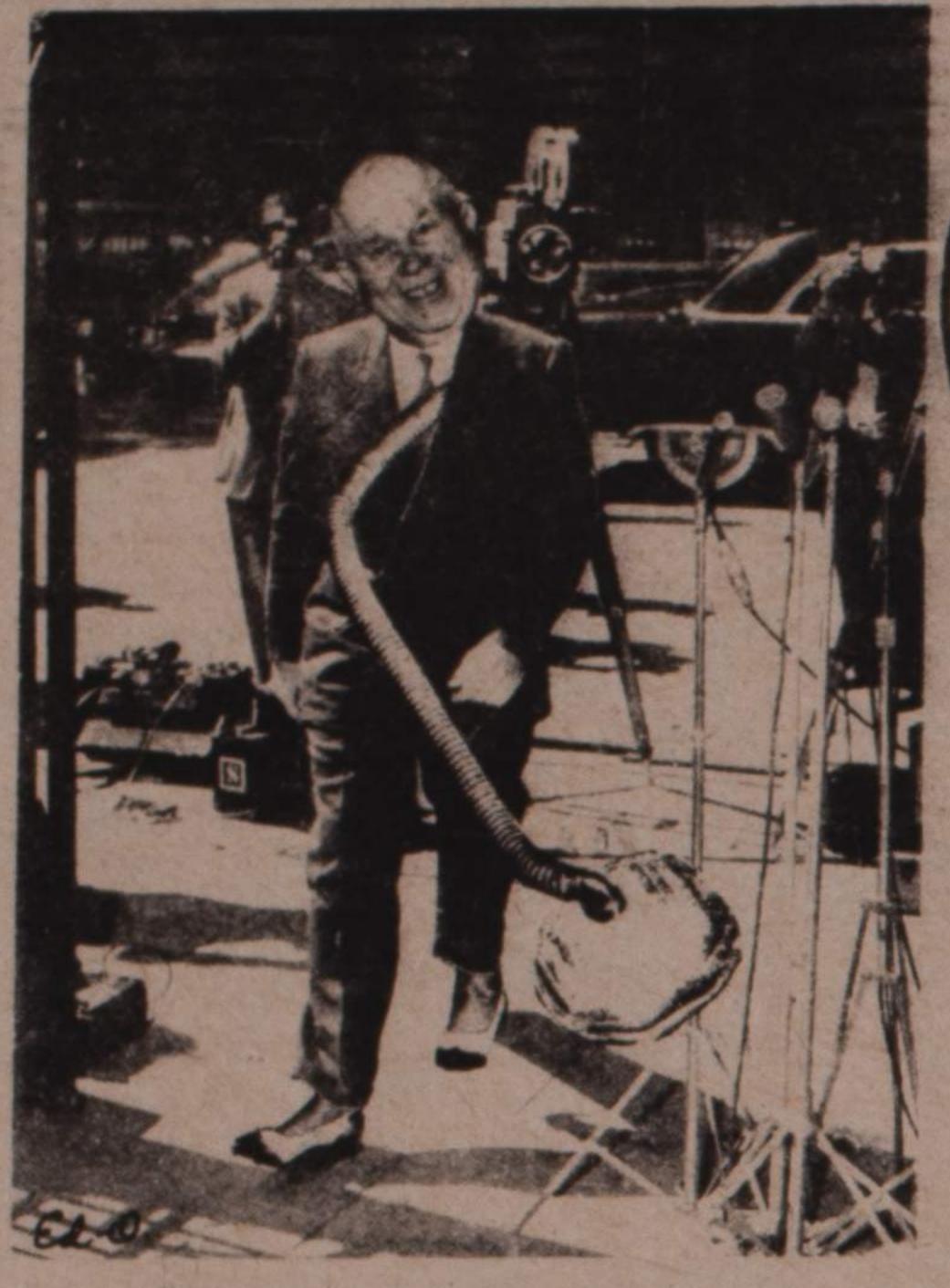
rolled off at a narrow turn. It hit the pavement in such a manner as to break the valve connected to the faceplate, and then the escaping gas got into the works causing all of its numerous tentacled orifaces to open and likewise spew the choking mist. The motorman looked back, not believing his eyes. The thing seemed to take after him and he applied his foot to the accelerator. When the escapade of the RADICAL FORM was over and it seemed to be breathing its last, some valorous soul went up to it and stroked it kindly. It remained perfectly still. Then somebody who seemed to know explained how it happened to this City Moon correspondent. Ed. 0.

Scientists Unveil Radical Forms

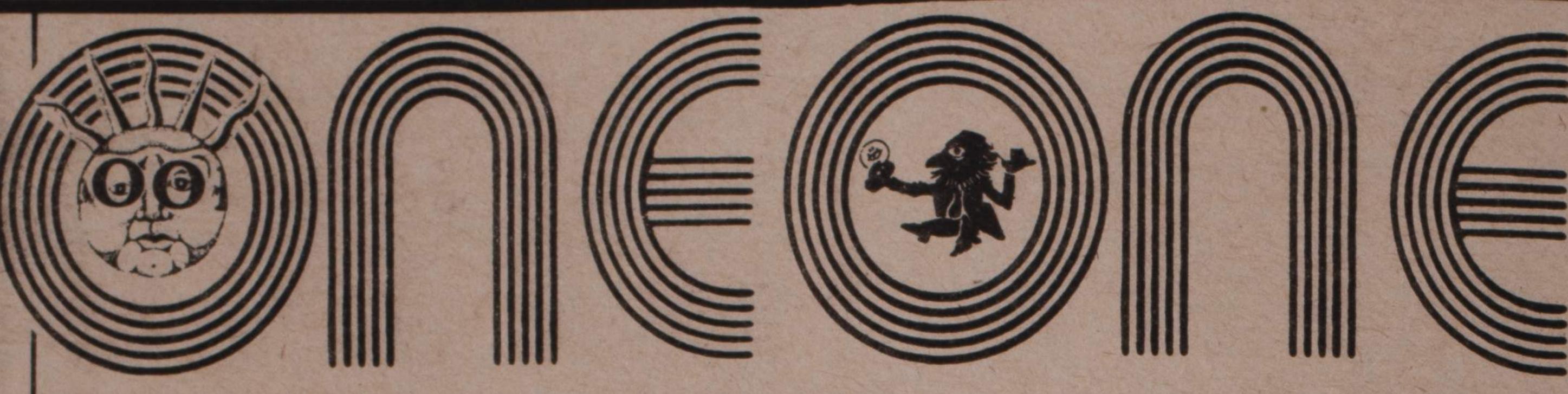
To the Moon some of the new forms are as delicate as European snowflakes, others as frightening as a pack of ratus ratus fighting in the pantry over a grain of rice. In these pages we have seen the Trochilics, the various Oneba's, old Noxin, the whitecaps, the afrocomb raking deaths in St. Louis, we've come to know about the new miracle life material called microfluff, the related life pods which killed so many Soviet cosmonauts. How we remember the hideous final dinner of carp and the National trend to Carps parties. Who can forget the life and death of Governor Wunty, the prairie clam incidents, and the white fish, Jody, looming at the bottom of City Lake. In this issue we show life and death mixing like milk and egg how hush-puppies can be made of sawdust and chicory, and how to order one of the W. Prop Perpetual Wind Driven Yard Lights. We feature articles on Cockburn, the newest hat in the political corona, also known as the Washington Star. Will America become a sandy waste by 1980. Read on and find out for certain. Box 842

Parakeets Invade -- The monk parakeet, once considered a harmless household pet, has turned into a major pest that threatens to upset the already delicate balance of the urbanized environment of the Atlantic coast. This chattering little bird with grey plumage vaguely resembling a friar's cowl has long been considered the scourge of agricultural areas in South America. Yet, despite its reputation, 50,000 or more of them were imported to the U.S. as pets between 1968 and 72. Several hundred of the birds are estimated to be living wild in New York City. While usually found in the subtropical regions of S. America, the birds can apparently survive winter temperatures of less than zero by building nests in the sheltered and heated nooks and crannies provided by air shafts and ventilation ducts.

Chemical Death Spillage -- More than 10,000 gallons of toxic sulphur monochloride were released from a ruptured pressure vessel during a fire at the D.A. Stuart Oil Co. plant on Chicago's Troy Street. Twenty tons of lime were used to neutralize the acid produced by the water used to fight the blaze. 3/20/73



Cockburn is not only the most recent hat in the ring, he is also a world-champion snake sitter. On his return from Praetoria, where he had established his record of 36 hours in a snake pit, this Moon reporter talked with him beneath a wingpod of his silver whisperjet. He tells me he is having difficulty getting used to sleeping in a bed again. "I'm bloody glad to be out," he said. "I wanted the championship and it was a challenge to my knowledge of reptiles and control of my physical body." Cockburn spent the Xmas national holidays cooped up with 6 puffadders, 6 Egyptian coora 6 black mambas and 6 boomslangs at the Hartbeesport snakerit. On two occasions, Cockburn says, snakes deroured other snakes. Quickly replacements were made to keep the level at 24. "I practised for ages to sleep notionless, in a state of deadness, and to wake up in the same position. I sat in still poses for hours on and." And now I want to be one of the American presidents. The great round rubbery head sits hanlike tetweer notion to weer laddes it was and to use one of the new Saf-t-sweepers, which scans the small circles of people at his rallegs, probling air,



Who's Running the Country

question is the same wherever this Moon reporter goes. from Muncy to Laredo. Who is the president, who is in charge of things? Is it this foolish new Noxin tramping the backstreets of Georgetown, or is it Mr. Cockburn, the Washington Star? Does it matter? It's hard to tell where the great Motocompanies end and where the government begins, as indistinct as the timberline on Mt. Whitney. We think he looks more than pitiable in his paper cape and open-tongue boot getup. Where is Oswald when we need him, so many ask. The staging of events a common practice nowadays. How surprised we were to find out that half of America was watching the other half and nobody was looking ahead. So here we are, the bow of the ship of state already rasping coral on the great REEF. Who would have ever thought a year ago that it would come to this. when we would wax nostalgic for Noxin-old rosy cheeks, the wide lying teeth. He was more of a rock than Rocky is, who can deny it? When the next election comes up the Moon suggests you go to the polls and vote. CELEBRATE NATIONAL WEEK . . .



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

> In German mythology, the gods on a boat made from



FASHIONS IN HORROR ng store in downtown Peking, a section the Londoners of World War II. They is a form of popular entertain-

pour down into the shelter through more han 90 entrances. More interestingly

I am to Destand a value of the part of the first that the part of the part of

MARK HARRIS, 7, mas

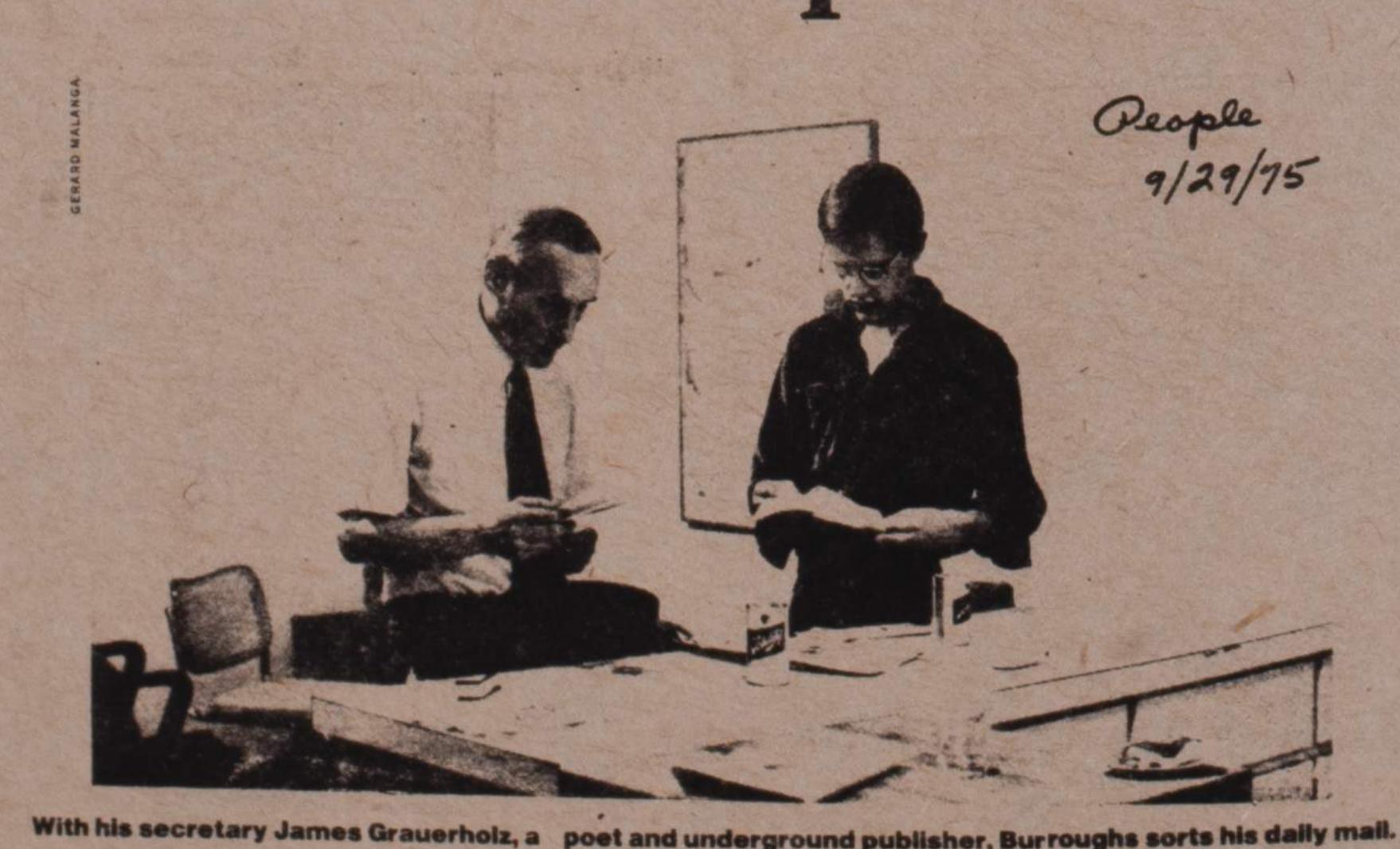
Kitty Beaned -- Canon City, Colo. 10/27/73. A calico cat named Misty joined an extremely small and exclusive fraternity of earth creatures who have been hit by falling stars. A meteorite crashed through the roof of a garage 2 miles north of Canon City, Colo; it penetrated the interior ceiling and shattered upon impact with the concrete floor. Misty, asleep on a pile of oily rags in one corner was slightly bruised by the chunks of flying cosmic debris. Montevallo Sinkhole -- Two hunters tramping through the woods

near the central Alabama town of Montevallo sturil on and nearly into-- a giant stinkhole over 400 ft. wide and 150 feet deep. The massive hole, dubbed "The December Giant," by the Alabama press, is thought to be the largest in U.S. This most recent collapse of substrata was heard by a nearby resident who reported a roaring noise, the sound of breaking timber, and the considerable shaking of the house. Again the stench rose from the hole on a rouge-red vapor. Smithsonian



I live in Golden, Mo. Please write me. I will send you my art-foto catalog. They call me Mrs. India. I appear on television nightly in three midwestern cities advertising Believe me, even if you live in Paradise, Texas, it's worth the trip. Five minute finger minutes. My rubs will have you in a coma, cheap at \$2.00. now is the Palm Oil 'Round the World' Rub Job. Done expertly by Miss Marie. Box 842. Canalo

The best news is about the president's one son, Ham, and his three daughters, Vivien, Mandy, and Reba. He has sent them into the midwest where they work as a team door to door, coming so shortly after what many regard as a humiliating "loss" of South Vietnam. Any show of determination, particularly since they present easy targets, selling the boxed candy, greeting cards, salve, was bound to have a bracing effect on those who feared that timidity had overtaken our leadership, and it is believed Ford has strengthened himself in his own party. It is said that the business of day to day governance has come to a standstill. John, Nance Garner shuffles uneasy in his grave. Missing troops are often dead ones. The nation awaits a firm, irrevocable hit. Meanwhile officials confirmed that the president continues to soak his hand in a basin of vinegar for an hour each morning, toughening the seams.





LOCAL SEERESS STIRS RUCKUS

Mrs. India: "I See Horrible Things on Television".

The residents of Bayside Park a medium size residential area in Lang Island have returned once more to their homes and for the present at least the community lies relatively quiet, although no gains were made by either side in their bloody confrontation this afternoon. Mrs. Della India of Germanoid descent has issued statements from her bed of prayer to the effect that she intends to despite opposition from the locals and

threats of violence. Mrs. India claims she first saw Oneba rising over the Bayside Chick-N-D-Lite one cloudy spring evening after a long bout with the Asian flu. While recuperat-Germanoid home remedy consisting of heavy gin, oil of wormwood, and lemon drink heated to boiling, and by her own thrown out in vast patterns from behind the thunderheads in the west but also present a stunning system of converging bars of shadow against the eastern sky. The phenomenon occurs on the average three times a year in continental North

SCIENCE FACT: THE RAT DROPPINGS FOUND IN ORDINARY BREAKFAST CEREAL ARE MORE NUTRITIOUS AND RICHER IN PROTEIN THAN THE CEREAL ITSELF

We have all heard the stories ab insect parts and human boogers found in packages of ice sold throughout the country. Everyone knows that t adulteration of the common hot dog with beef lips is standard practice. But D





The renowned William M. Charles Dickens had a quarrel. Just before Christmas in 1863 when they met in London, they refused to speak to one another.
Pricked in his conscience, Thac-

the Cash Register

flattening some 50 cars here Satur-

day night it was loaded on to its big

trailer and the crew set sail for Eu-

reka where it was to perform this

week. The driver, Steven Kline of

outfit in the old Champlin service

parking space at Lyons and spent

When Kline awakened Sunday

morning the 40 foot long truck and

crusher were gone. The outfit be-

longs to the National Auto Salvage

\$140,000. Police were certain such a

quickly, and they were right, to a

Hays police found the crusher on

its trailer parked at the Hays Air-

port, where it apparently had been

parked Sunday morning. The crusher

it was missing. Police wonder wheth-

er the thief caught a plane, or still is

is the widest used.

Jut we don't go to skin flicks for plot or maxims either, we go for action. And in this regard, 'The Ramrodder' disappointed. The use of Indians in the story could have provided an excuse for deflotation. But whoever made this film either was not very creative or just didn't want to bother, because all we get is a rather plain whipping scene of the naked Indian maiden (close-ups of the whip lashing across the body, smearing red close-ups of the girl's face as she tries desperately to fake an expression which might suggest a mixture of both anguish and pleasure—we find out later that she enjoyed the beating, right after which she the bit of the whip and the thrill of the sting), a scene in which an elderly squaw tests the girl's virginity by shoving a large, thick phallus-like stick up her cunt (all we bee here is the girl's face, with the same tied together and do battle with knive until blood is drawn (nothing much here except some rubbing of tits, which did not really wake up my cock at all from the deep slumber induced by the preceding parts of the film). The scenes of fucking exposure of the film's women is extensive but definitely pre-1965 in nature (lots of

keray turned back and seized the hand of his friend, saying he couldn't bear the coldenss that existed between them. Dickens was touched and the old anger ward, Thackeray suddenly died.

of themselves, someone will lawyer Chester Davis said

in moving for dismissal of

A spokesman for Summa

Poets are playing vegetables today

4:30 p.m. today in the Student

Excerpts from Raghav's Confession

and for this the police arrested me. I did not confess, and I was released after six months...

"I came to Borivli in 1968. . . 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 masier (teacher) used to stay. The master was sleeping on his cot. I gave him three or four blows blows and he collapsed. I searched

his house. In his coat pocket I found 10 paise (about US1¢)... necklace of 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. .

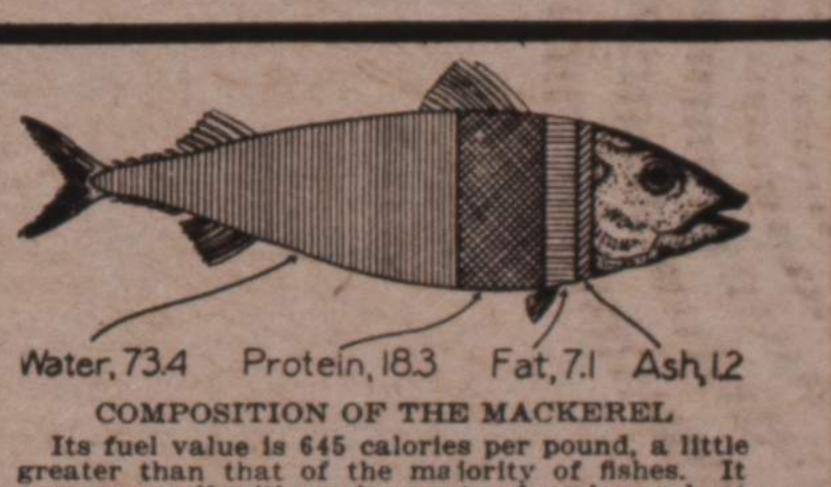
with my ankda. He died instantly. Thereafter I gave the woman similar blows. . . . she collapsed at once. The child started crying. So I gave it also two or three blows. . . . I thought I woman; but I first broke off the chain around her neck and put it in

shed. 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 up 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 under his pillow Rs3.13 (US40¢). I also found there a pair of spectacles, and a knife and a matchbox, all of which I took ... I heard an inner voice asking me to confess. . . .

What is out there?

headline stories of astronauts sent into space and returning.



ne American Victory Building, Elmo P. he reasoned. "Then I personally will of monster in each of us."



WHAT DOES THE FUTURE HOLD?

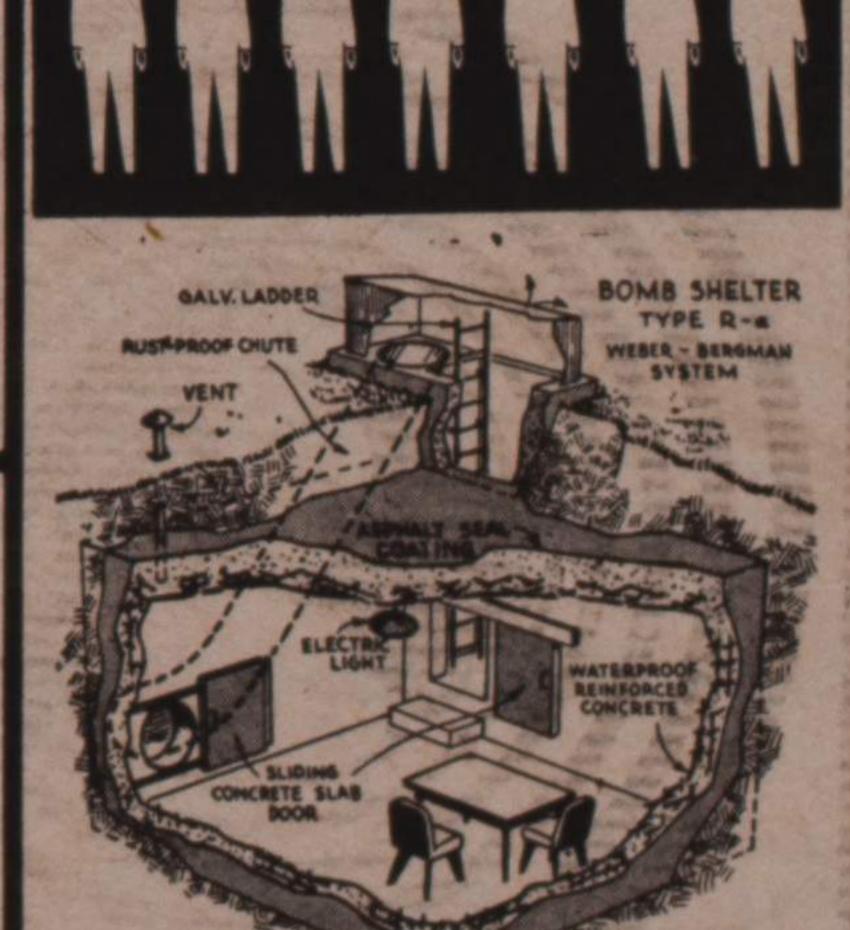
With each passing day bringing it uge toll of startling major events such wars, assassinations, world con eminent persons, flights into volunicates, kidhappings for ransom, farm lifficulties everywhere, it becomes apparent that this poor world is reeling o and fro like a drunkard. It is with strange misgivings that one surveys th news of the day. The question which

"WHAT NEXT?"

prings spontaneously to mind is:

to occur which will give to the world its in the sudden and complete disappear ance of millions of its choicest inhabitants. The disappearance will be of such. a mysterious nature that it will seem as though the earth has opened its mouth and swallowed them. However, the very reverse will be the case; they will have

Shortly after this exciting incident, a most powerful dictator will dictate peace to the nations then at war, and being a genius, he will also cause business to prosper. The world will again forget the MOON (for many of us are among the cosmically elected) and its own soul. It will become inebriated with the fulness of its prosperity and will cry: "Peace and Safety." Then comes the sudden destruction. Wars, famines, pestilences, earthquakes, signs in the heavens, or earth and in the seas will characterize



-X- ONEBA SEEN IN CRESCENT CITY... ALIVE!



LUNAR

Karen Sillwood could hardly hear what the mutant was saying. The electro-music was loud.

"I said," he repeated slowly and loudly, so that this MOON reporter also heard, "I'll do it for you-for a hundred bucks. But if I'm going to do a cheap transplant, you must do something for me, too. You understand?"

Karen still seemed confused, but she nodded yes anyway. She didn't want to offend him. She needed help, and she needed it bad, and she'd heard that Garbald was just the one to give her the kind of help she needed. Garbald was an Austrian and he really knew the ropes, everyone in Dam Square said.

"Now here's the offer," he said. "We got some business in Copenhagen, Ingra and I, so we must go over there. You'll come with us, understand, and we'll do the transplant there. The only thing is, you must carry something for us."

"Sure," she said. Nothing hard about that.

"I don't mean a suitcase." She looked perplexed again.

"We're-" Karen couldn't hear the rest of it. The electromusic was really blaring now.

Then the mutant leaned still closer. "We're smuggling some plutonium to the terrorists there," he said.

She blanched. "But I-" She was frightened about that. American kids who get caught with radioactive materials in Europe are up against a tough system. Authorities in Europe don't like Americans to begin with, and they like being rough on U.S. kids who they catch holding a little U-238-let alone smuggling it.

The idea scared Karen. "There won't be any problems," said Garbald. "The method is foolproof," he smiled liplessly. "We put the stuff in a vaginal suppository. There's no chance anyone would find it on you. Unless," he chuckled wryly, "you get friendly with a border guard." Even Karen had to chuckle at that. Ball a border guard?

Hardly. She already had enough problems, being pregnant and all, but then she thought again. Smuggling? Plutonium? "You'll be kind of like James Bond," Garbald laughed. "But with a douche. James Bond with a douche!"

Still, Karen thought.

"It's a great way to rip off the Establishment!" he added. "A really great way. Really sticking it to them. And," he added do you? In the August 1962 issue of Pen Pals' with all the sincerity he could muster, "you'll be doing some-

thing good for the kids." Karen brightened to that.

meaningful.

"Almost like Florence Nightingale, you know?" She like the idea.

"Bringing them really good fissionable materials!" She liked the idea even more. It would be not just an adventure, but almost a crusade. She'd be doing something really

"Yah, dig, huh, yah, dig?"

The electro-music suddenly thundered to a halt and just as suddenly there was the sharp sound of a whip cracking. "Okay, folks," said Nazar Singh, the Indian dope dealer, stepping to the front of the small area where the band played, and cracking the whip a second time for attention. "Get ready for the show, and if you like it-remember-when the hat is passed, drop freely!"

Everyone laughed, and a few of the 60 or 70 spectators applauded as well.

"Come on, sweet thing," said Nazar, cracking the whip again, Amey Kath walked dazedly out of the shadows, zonked to the

Nazar took her hand, brought her close and began to unbutton her blue denim shirt. In seconds, it was off.

She wore no bra. Nazar leaned down, cupped her right breast in his swarthy left hand, and flicked his tongue across her budding nipple. He then slipped the hard handle of the whip between her legs, and began to rub it back and forth, at first slowly, then gradually increasing the tempo until it was throbbing back-and-forth back-and-forth back-and-forth like a pneumatic drill.

As Amey began to respond, moaning and swaying her hips, Nazar dropped his hand from her breast, all the while keeping up the pumping motion with the other, and reached for the top button of her levis.

To their left, Moana watched with only half-interest. Just another freako scene, she thought. Just another wacked-out way of trying to avoid reality, trying to avoid problems, trying to escape.

She didn't like this type of scene at all. Too public, too perverted. She glanced away and began to absently swirl the wine in her glass, the wine the drummer had drugged, her mind on where she was going, what she was doing, where any of them were going, what any of them were doing with their lives. Something just seemed empty about the entire existence. En-

grossed in these thoughts, she didn't even notice Nazar's pusher as he sat down next to her. "Too much, huh?" he grinned, nodding with approval in the

direction of Nazar and Amey, both of whom were stripped now.

"Yeah," said Moana, rising. "Hey baby," Rick said, surprised. "Stick a bit. The party's just begun."

Moana didn't say a word. She just raised the glass, then suddenly flipped it over, dumping all the wine on Rick, drenching him, and then turned and headed through the crowd, stepping over and around the prone bodies, easing past all the glazed faces, heading for the long

corridor out. Nearing the door, she heard the whip crack again, and the Indian yell, "BEG FOR IT! BEG FOR IT!"

"Please," came the reply. Then the whip again. Meeting a soft scream.

Yes, the party was beginning. And Moana knew, from seeing other demento sessions, it would end with two or three more guys, plus a chick or two as well, all simultaneously, all together, all messing with the girl's mind and body at the same time. Some party. Strictly freaksville.

Now, as Moana opened the front door, letting the fresh air of an early Amsterdam morning bathe her face, she heard the girl scream once more.

Only this time the scream was louder, more plaintive-more

Moana slammed the door behind her and ran.

ED GRAUERHOLZ -

Jub Scene



"Enteric Precautions" being the Sunday Garden Club's topic for discussion, with a prepared text by Miss Octavia, full attendance was expected. Miss Octavia included in her lecture a color slide presentation of famously on a petit pilgrimage through the gardens of local domestics and selected melons and cucumbers for an impromptu dinner on the ground.

HAY X IN SH'ELDED CUBICLE

This picture is a rare photograph of the Master RAY-X standing with his head and shoulders visible in the tiny viewing cubicle provided by his captors. Here, behind new alloy shielding and lead glass he can be seen staring distantly off and playing with his fingers. He rarely speaks, and then only to ask for a rare oil in his native tongue, with which to smooth and groom the long silky black hairs of his chinbeard. Every day he is furnished with a tresh white linen dow-dow and turban. Observers claim they can detect a cosmic and benign sadness in his misty deep black eyes; surely this great magician and space traveller deserves a better fate than to be locked up and gawked at, a hapless goon in the eyes of the Armenian brush salesman type that seems to constitute the average viewer. Perhaps they are exchanging messages. It seems that the vast crowds of followers who once thronged round the Master's podium in Central Park have forgotten him now. His occult powers are wellknown, and yet his jailers have allowed him to continue wearing his Serpent Ring. Why? We demand some answers

Man Without a Country

EXCLUSIVE TO THE CITY MOON-THE VEEBLE PEOPLE *(from East Coast stringer David deChadenedes) This reporter remembers the Veeble People-Review, the Veeble People were first introduced to the public's hearts and minds. The so-called founder of this pathetic appendage to the self-styled human potential movement, when she and Gary were still a two some he let just go ahead, no harm done. her in on the little secret that he had killed

dispatched to Onsted where they found, buried outside the bedroom window of the Taylors' erstwhile love-nest, the bodies of two Toledo women wrapped in plastic bags. And in Eumunclaw they found another woman's body buried behind a house where Gary used to hang his so-called hat. In the old days, when Taylor per se, was one Gary Addison Taylor, who is was going under the nom-de-guerre of the Phanpresently standing trial in Houston for three tom Sniper of Detroit, his personal physician, counts of aggravated sexual abuse, one count Dr. Robey, was quoted as saying that Taylor, of aggravated attempted rape, the rape of a in hi professional opinion, was not dangerous 16-year-old pregnant girl and the murder of a in his professional opinion, was not dangerous 21-year-old go-go dancer. As soon as she as long as he took medication and did not learned of her ex-hubby's dilemma, Gary's drink. The Veeble People think that everybody estranged wife called Houston long-distance should take as much medication as they can to put in her two cents' worth. Just to throw choke down without drinking, but if you need a the cops off the scent, she told them that teensy snort to get the big ones down, why,

four people in Onsted. Investigators were

A LESSON FROM HISTORY In A.D. 1196, the Persian sultan Melik al Aziz decided to destroy the Pyramids. He mobilized tens of thousands of workmen and spent fantastic sums of money, with negligible results. His workmen attacked the Red Pyramid, the smallest of the three. Every day, with great effort, they removed one or two stones. Each stone was buried in the sand when it fell, and had to be lifted out. After eight months of exhausting work, the demolition was abandoned. From a distance, the pyramid did not even seem to have been scratched.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS: The Moon is wishing to thank the following for their assistance in the production of this Autumn issue: Red Dog Martin, Marcia Hoffman, T. Miller, Richard Elovith, Topeka P., Topeka News, David deChadenedes, Randall Lyons Beverly O., Pounds, all the usual pirated graphic sources, Wilson, Hann, the Lawrence Bureau staff, Luther Sperberg, Alligator Gar, CCLM (whose modesk grant keeps us afloat), Malcolm McNeill (new Moon logo), Greg Mitchell, Bill Mac Kay, Ray Maguire, John Lee, others.

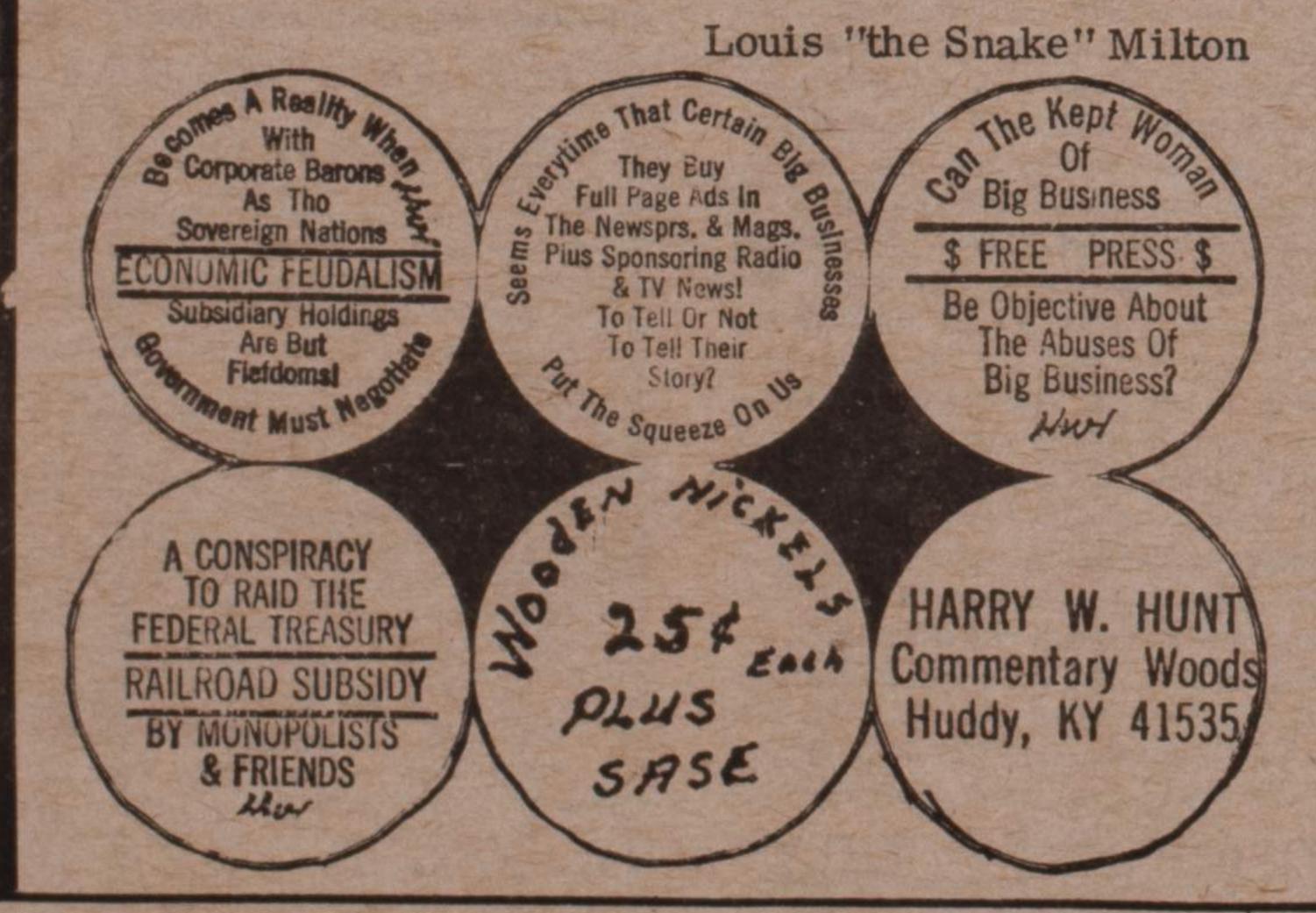
Dear Mons

Hey now, I tired you all. Done had me a full day. I hoe de peas in da gahden. I comes in and writes yall a letteh. You gota damn fine paper, you know dat? I heer your was teechuhs 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 ghetos, the ultimate chilliness 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

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



ONLY IN AMERICA

Reports have come to this office of the unsanitary conditions that have begun to arise as the result of the recent garbage strike. Little boys run barefoot through great steaming mounds of trash and refuse, their childish cheerfulness undimmed by the fact that with every passing day, another 20,000 tons of garbage is added to the heaps already rotting in the hot July sun. On the Upper East Side the already critical dog litter problem has been further aggravated by street sweeper slowdown, and talk of the plague is on every man's tongue. We knew this could happen—none can say he was not torewarned.

And there is no one who can go up to the striking garbage men, with their crudely lettered "Stink City" placards and their brutish oaths, and say "I'm very sorry but somebody has to pick up the garbage and on this particular turn of the wheel it looks like you." No sir, there just isn't anybody who has the kind of charisma you need for a job like that. Even the funny artists down in So Ho in

"I was just sick with delight" said Roy Ray Hempknoll as he was led away from the scene of the ghastly murder of his wife and three-month-old triplets. Hempknoll it seems wrapped his family in a queen size bed sheet and then battered the sheet for four hours with a 10-inch frying pan. Neighbors noticed the wildly erratic actions of Hempknoll and

. . SICK WITH DELIGHT

notified police.

Tasmanian Penguins Bleed -- Hundreds of fairy penguins were found dead or dying both at sea and on shore at Tasmania's Bass Straights between February and March. According to fishermen, the stricken birds, blood dripping from their beaks, crawled ashore or onto the decks of boats to die. Postmortems showed an absence of any visual organ damage. All the viscera were intact, except the lungs which were puffy, fluid filled, and eroded. In addition, the heart and major arteries showed a markable lack of blood. Marine dumping of smelter and industrial residue occurs close to the area where the penguins bled and died. There were high zinc levels in the water at the time. Smutrosnice.

- world Enista

A man said today that in the last two weeks there have been three violent front of Feeb's bar and grill. Raimundo G. Johnson pleaded innocent to a charge of blind malice in a sidewalk stabbing incident, and a boy named C. David is still in hospital with critical brain damage received when the handlebars of his bicycle went through his eye and into his brain pan in a cycling accident. Richard Mildred, manager of Feeb's, said in a special press conference that he considered the incidents part of a string of reprisals that the 12- to 16if Mildred did not meet their demand that they be allowed to drink liquor by the drink over his bar. In the case of Raimundo Johnson, one of the Feeb's regulars who set off for the corner gas station in search of the stabbers said that he had broken a baseball bat near in two over the head of one of the young alleged perpetrators. Truly it would require the wisdom of Solomon King to unravel this can of worms.

HUMAN HAIR THEFT crimes on the Bowery at East 4th St., in The recent human hair thefts continue in this City. Little girls, grown women, long haired men, all are potential victims of thispitiable nut. The streets are more than lousy with them these past years. This one does this: He pulls the victim down to the asphalt and applies chloroform via a sanitary napkin. This behavior has been described many times by his shaven subjects. Some say he mumbles in a barely articulate manner when he works his magic with exacto knives | We are all renegades. We have been and manual clippers. He has not injured anyone beyond minor abrasions at last is catching up with us. We are and superficial cuts, although an overdose of chloroform has killed one young Negro boy. Some say he mumbles his name, which they say sounds like Ozalo, perhaps Oxward or Oswald. Police are fearful of what they might find when the hair thief is finally caught and the apartment entered for searching.

MOON EDITORIAL OPINION The moral dichotomy, like all dichot-

omies, has broken down. This is the

period of flux and hazard; the great

drift has set in. And fools are talking

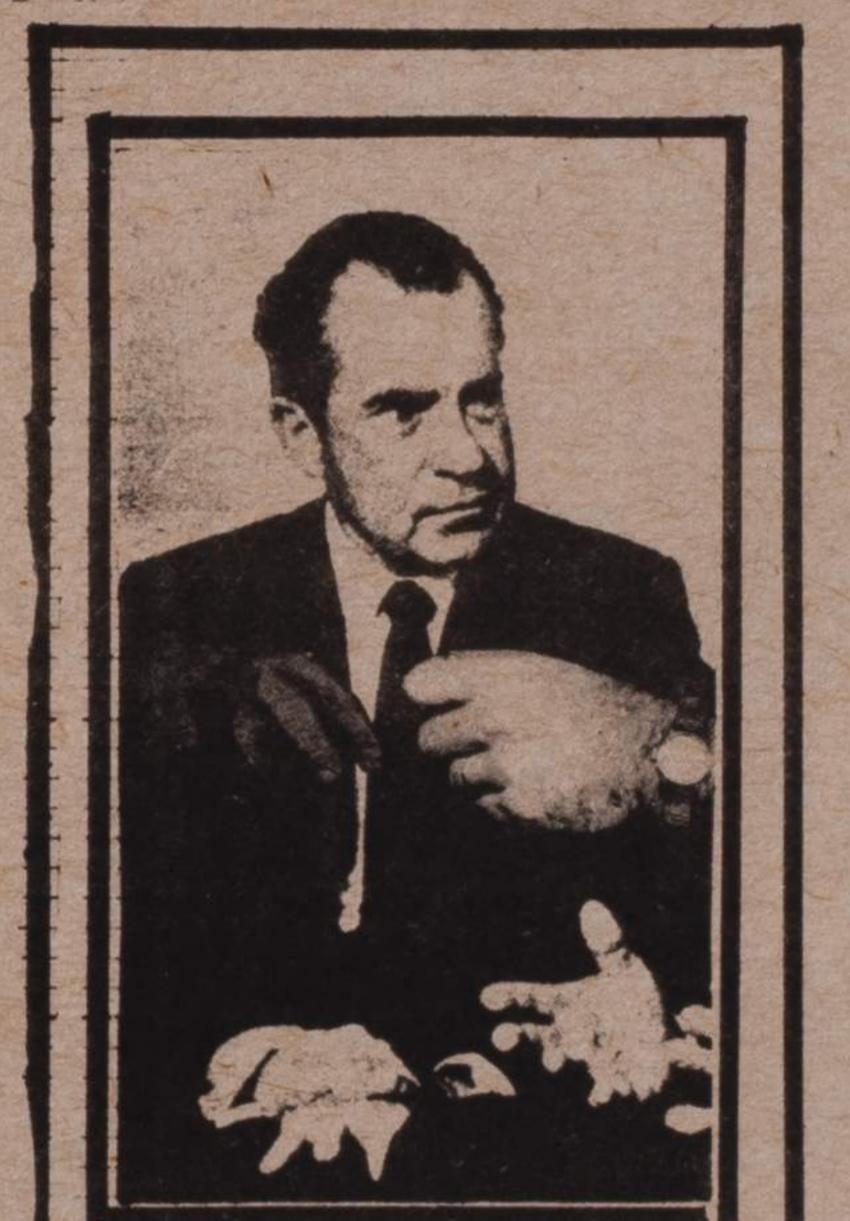
about reparations, inquisitions, retributions, about alignments and coalitions, about free trade and economic stabilization and rehabilitation. No one believes in his heart that the world situation can be righted. Everyone is waiting for the great event, the only event which preoccupies us night and day: the next war. We have unsettled everything; no one knows how or where to reach for the control. The brakes are still there, but will they work? We know they won't. No, the demon has broken loose. The age of electricity is as far behind us as the Stone Age. This is the Age of Power, power pure and simple. Now it is either heaven or hell, no in between is possible any longer. And by all indications we will choose hell. reneging since the dawn of time. Fate going to have our Season in Hell, every man, woman and child identified with this civilization. This is what we have been begging for, and now it is nere. . . . Fifty years from now the earth itself will be one vast crater. Despite the denials of the men of science, the power we now have in our hands is radioative, is permanently destructive. We

have never thought of power in terms of good, only in terms of evil. There is nothing mysterious about the energies of the atom; the mystery is in men's hearts. The discovery of atomic energy is synchronous with the discovery that we can never trust one another again. There lies the fatality—in this hydraheaded fear which no bomb can destroy. The real renegade is the man who has lost faith in his fellowman. Today. the loss of faith is universal. Here God himself is powerless. We have put our faith in the bomb, and it is the bomb. which will answer our prayers.



Hugo Ball at the Cabaret Voltaire c.1916





DOZENS MOURN

The first watch was invented about

and because of their round shape, the

-

Noxin was cruelly assassi

are so atrocious, that in the concentration camp of OBUHOVO, 15 prisoners sewed their lips in protest against the terror. This is from SAMIZDAT No. 32/2 I saw Mickey Spillane browsing in the library.

walked across the busy boulevard

library and stuck it in his neck.

my wrist when it hit the spinal column. His agents came up and pushed me against the wall and

At three p.m. last Thursday afternoon, over a quiet lunch of cottage cheese spit on me. When they pulled his topped with A-1 sauce in the secluded body off I saw three turds like but sunny patio of his modest San

NEW MINORITY

GROUP SLATED FOR

JEL TONOSHKO SENTENCED DEPARTMENT OF FANATICS What is the price of teaching the Process? ELONOSHKO was sentenced to 3 years of prison and TROTSHENKO to 18 months. But it is not the length vided by the lovely little streams and the somewhat larger of the prison term that rivers which cross and re-cross the Moor. It was these which & 1st-- Food counts, but the prison's led to the disastrous Exmoor floods of August, 1952. regime. In a communistic After a particularly wet period there was a cloud burst ? 2nd -- Raiment jail no prisoner is allin the evening of 15th August, which was followed by nine owed to share his convi-

inches of rain in 24 hours. When it is considered that this 6 3rd -- Shelter ctions with anyone. The was more than three months' normal fall it will be appreciated punishments for doing it that the comparatively small streams were quite unable to cope with the volume of water which resulted. The damage was widespread and in almost every village and small town, havoc was created. Perhaps the most concentrated fury descended on Lynmouth, where both East and West Lyn rose rapidly. Houses, hotels and everything else in its path

fin the fields with wooden parts
that do not need to be replaced

It was just as terrifying in some of the smaller villages such as Parracombe, where the river Heddon rose of stone bridge in the centre of the village, and a six ton hayrick was picked up as if it were a mere ball. At Exford, Brayford Winsford, Brendon, Simonsbath, Shallowford, Dulverton and many other places, there were disastrous consequences. It will be remembered that the various services, with a I went back to the good lead from the Government, carried out amazing rescue and restoration work.

Flood Disaster of 1952

Much of the beauty of Exmoor and North Devon is pro-

The appeal for help brought practical sympathy from all parts of the world, and a sum of over £1,340,000 was raised. I could actually feel the shock in Happily most of the scars have now been removed in Lynton and Lynmouth. Rebuilding, widening of the rivers and special planning have ensured that no tragedy like this can happen again, and yet fortunately the beauty of the village remains.

> The Full Story of the Lynmouth Flood Disaster Complete with 52 Pictures is available from all Booksellers and Stationers.

> > Price 6 - Limp 9/6 Cloth Bound.

ia area later this month, and are slated

of 144,444 vigilantes, to be called the

Gook Klux Klan. Officials fear reprisals.

ing problem: body odor. A firm of consulting engineers reported that the smell from 3000 visitors an hour during peak summer periods can be "quite un-

Unanswered Prayer Niteroi, Brazil

Music is the fourth material

want of our natures....

4th -- MUSIC

COME IN & LET US

SHOW YOU HOW MUSIC

Dial 863-9291

Church Visitors

ourists and worshipers

ing has an embarrass-

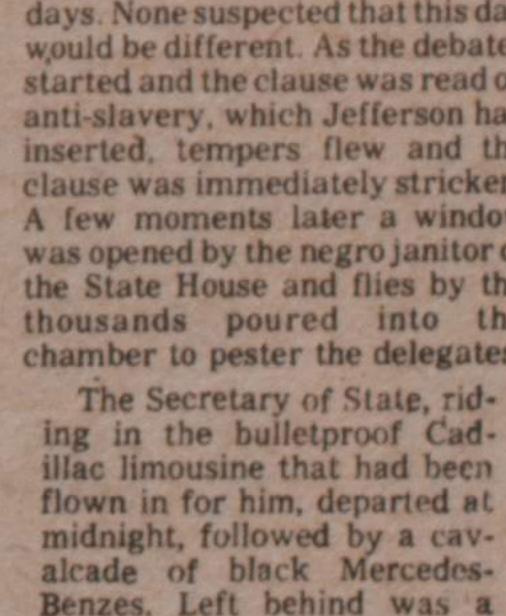
visiting St. Paul's Cathedral

are being warned that the

CAN CHANGE YOUR LIFE! | pig iron and babbitt.

225 West Coal Ave. Gallup 9 for several years.

BO Warning to Hology.



"Eventually: Why Not Now?"



11/OODEN parts have proved

industrial material invented by

more reliable and durable

The idea of using wood instead

Kirov Academy of Wood Tech-

complains of headaches, has trouble reading, blinks,

would be different. As the debates started and the clause was read on

it is just possible he is suffer-